

the Last Season

the Life of Bruce McLaren



By
Jeanne
Beeching

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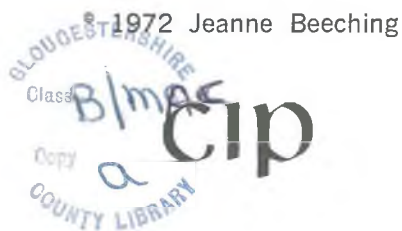
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Contents

Writer's Note	9
Prologue	11
Mosport, Ontario, Canada	
<i>Labatt's Blue Trophy</i>	27
Mont-Tremblant, St. Jovite, Quebec, Canada	
<i>Labatt Can-Am</i>	45
Watkins Glen, New York	
<i>Can-Am 200</i>	61
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada	
<i>Klondike 200</i>	75
Lexington, Ohio	
<i>Buckeye Can-Am</i>	93
Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin	
<i>Road America Can-Am</i>	111
Bridgehampton, Long Island	
<i>Inver House Scotch Can-Am</i>	127
Irish Hills, Michigan	
<i>Michigan International Can-Am</i>	141
Laguna Seca, Monterey, California	
<i>Monterey Castrol Grand Prix Can-Am</i>	159
Riverside, California	
<i>Los Angeles Times Grand Prix</i>	175
College Station, Texas	
<i>Texas International Can-Am</i>	191
(Track Maps and Race Results follow each chapter)	
Epilogue	206
Over-all Results, 1969	215
Bruce McLaren's Record	219
Prologue References	223
Index	225

Dedication

To Bruce McLaren

Who set a mark of excellence

To the Road Racers

Who strive to reach that mark

To My Family

For somehow understanding the importance of it all

Writer's Note

THE HUGE BANQUET ROOM in the Stardust Hotel in Las Vegas was jammed—the tables were filled and an overflow of people lined the walls and stood in little clusters at the back of the room. It was a festive crowd. It was a tightly-knit crowd. Everyone knew everyone else, for most there had in one way or another been associated with the 1967 Canadian American Challenge Cup Series. The last race of the Series had taken place that afternoon. It had been wildly exciting and won by John Surtees. This was the Awards Banquet and nearly all the awards had been given by now. John Surtees had received his check and a thunderous ovation—and as the applause died there was a shushing about the room and whispers of, “It’s Bruce’s turn now,” and “Shh, shh, Bruce is going to speak.” I looked questioningly at my companions and someone asked, “Have you ever heard Bruce speak before?” I shook my head. “Just wait,” my friend said and was shushed into silence. I sat in curiosity as Bruce was introduced. I had seen him race, I had read much about him, but I had never met him and thus had no personal impressions of him as an individual.

AS the M.C. finished the introduction, the room swelled with applause—there were cheers and calls and one could feel the crowd extending more than a congratulatory response to the appearance of the Series Champion—there was respect, affection. He crossed the stage to the microphone, a stocky young man who walked with a limp barely perceptible. He stood in front of the microphone silently as the applause continued. The smile started in his eyes, tugged lightly at his mouth, and as he looked out over the crowded room, the smile seemed to touch each of us individually.

SILENCE finally fell and he began to speak. I cannot remember his words—the words somehow do not seem important now—it is the feeling he evoked that remains now. He spoke of the sport, of the Series, of his competitors—and though his quiet voice carried to all reaches of the room, you leaned forward in your chair—it seemed that important not to miss a word he said. When he finished the applause and cheers again filled the room . . . and somehow the two-way give-and-take left you with a feeling of respect, and awe—and, yes, envy. For here was a man, certainly, who had found the one thing he could do the best and most enjoyably with his life. He so obviously loved the sport—and his voice had conveyed the respect and affection he felt for the men with whom he raced. Here surely was a man who was at one with himself and all about him . . . and that’s what it’s all about for any man; isn’t it?

*Jeanne Beeching
Walnut Creek, Calif.*



Prologue.

THE FORMULA 2 COOPER coasted to a stop in the pits. The driver got out of the car and sat in the corner of his pit. He was very young. He was very worried. He had just made a flying practise lap at the Nurburgring in 9 minutes, 56 seconds. A good Formula 2 time. Better than yesterday, at least. Yesterday had been terribly discouraging. He had tried so hard—but the best he could turn by day's end was 10:5, and to be competitive in the race one would have to be able to turn under ten minutes. The circuit had frightened him—so much so that he had been unable to eat. 14.2 miles of unforgiving circuit running through a section of the Eifel Mountains and down through the forests and farmlands near Adenau. Turns and more turns, lord, 172 in all, varying from slow, tight hairpins to the fast left-hand banked sweep of the Karussel. Fast straights. Rises that could send a cresting car soaring. Verges lined with hedges, trees, ditches. His experience on the flat airport courses of New Zealand had not prepared him for this, for those courses were easily committed to memory and their flatness with unimpeded verges offered wide margins of safety. In comparison, this was a frightening circuit—but challenging, challenging . . . and he wanted desperately to race here. So he had gone out this morning and turned a scary lap in 9:56. Good enough. But still he worried. A competitive time did not secure him a place on the grid. In this race, the 1958 German Grand Prix, the Formula 1 and Formula 2 sections were to be run together—and there had been more entries than could be accepted. There had been problems for many as a result. His entry as a non-works driver had not been accepted and he had been placed on the list as first reserve. Even John Cooper had had difficulties. He had wanted Brabham and Salvadori to run in the Formula 1 section, but Salvadori had been accepted in the Formula 1 section, Brabham in Formula 2.

HE waited. He worried. It was not until a half hour later that one of the accepted Formula 2 entries dropped out and he had a place on the fourth row of the grid. The tensions of the day were then added to when Dunlop told him just before grid time that one of the Cooper's tires would not last the race. The tire was replaced with a new unscrubbed one. This meant the handling of the car would be affected until the tire was properly scrubbed.

HE sat behind Harry Schell on the grid. Watch Schell's rear wheels at the start, a friend had advised. When Schell's rear wheels started to spin (which was when the flag went up rather than down) he started too. It worked very well. He followed Schell out and was fifth into the South Curve with only Formula 1 cars in front of him. He immediately found that the new tire caused the car to understeer and as he coped with this the Formula 1 cars began zinging by him. As he went down through the "esses" he tucked in behind Trintignant and held on to the tow for dear life for the next half lap . . . and half a lap here was seven miles, and seven miles of nose-to-tail driving in a dramatically understeering car did present its moments. But by the end of the first

lap the new tire was well-scrubbed, the Cooper handled beautifully and he abandoned Trintignant to pick up another tow as a faster car went by.

AT mid-distance his pit-board read: P1-2, -9 Hill. The Cooper was in 2nd place in the Formula 2 section, nine seconds behind Phil Hill's Formula 2 Ferrari Super.

HE had been worried that he would not be able to match his practise time during the race, but the tows helped and as he became more accustomed to the circuit he became quicker on his own. He gradually closed on Hill, whose Ferrari's brakes were fading badly, then bided behind him and waited his opportunity as Hill spectacularly slammed the Ferrari around the circuit, used up earth verges, kicked up rocks and clouds of dust. The moment came, he pipped Hill in a turn, took the Formula 2 lead and fled—for though Hill had brake problems and Brabham had gone out early on, a challenge was coming from Barth's Porsche in third position. He pulled out two seconds in front of Hill and quickened his pace as Barth passed Hill and started to close like a greyhound after a rabbit. As he passed the pits he received a +5 on Barth, then a +11. He drove as hard as he could. On the next lap he had a +16, and on the following he received the chequered flag. He coasted to the pits slumped with relief.

BRUCE McLAREN, the twenty-year-old from New Zealand, had won his first race on the Continent. He had placed fifth over-all behind the Formula 1 cars of Brooks, Salvadori, Trintignant and von Trips. Not only had he matched his practise time, he had turned the fastest Formula 2 lap of the race and established a new Formula 2 record at 9 minutes 27 seconds . . . so all that worrying really had not been necessary after all.

THAT Bruce McLaren should be racing on the Continent at the age of twenty seems the inevitable result of a string of circumstances that had begun ten years before. When he was nine-and-a-half he suffered a severe fall and soon afterwards contracted Perthes Disease, an ailment that affected the mobility of his left hip. For a time it was feared he would never walk again. There followed over two years of hospitalization—of enforced idleness as the boy lay in a Bradshaw frame, his legs encased in thick elastic plasters, weights suspended from the ends. During this period the growth of his left leg was affected, and as a result he would emerge from the illness with a permanent limp.

AT the end of his hospitalization he spent another long year of confinement at home as he relearned to walk. He continued his school studies there but, excluded from a normal boy's active outdoor life, needed more than studies to keep him occupied. It was during this time that his father, a garage proprietor and ex-motorcyclist, seeking to keep his son's active mind interested and challenged, fostered the boy's interest in the internal combustion engine.

WITH his illness behind him, Bruce enrolled in the University of Auckland where he would study engineering for the next three years. His father bought an Ulster Austin, in a near state of expiration, and together they rebuilt it. Bruce learned to drive it in the back garden—to the detriment of the lawn and apple trees and jeopardy of the sides of the house and garage.

WHEN he turned fifteen, in 1952, he passed his driving test and entered his first competition, a local hillclimb, and won the 750-cc class. It was the beginning. At first he raced only in hillclimbs, then progressed to sprints, beach races and road

paces. Under the watchful eyes and guiding hand of his father he prepared his own cars, progressing from the Ulster through a Ford 10, an Austin-Healey and an ex-Brabham rear-engine Cooper sports car. Just before Christmas of 1957 he acquired a 1750-cc Formula 2 Cooper through the efforts of Jack Brabham.

BRABHAM. Bruce regarded the older driver with hero worship. He had met him nearly two years before when Brabham had been in New Zealand for the Grand Prix. Their acquaintanceship grew each time Brabham returned. Brabham was tolerant of the boy's audience and questions, taken with his enthusiasm and keenness about motor racing. As Bruce progressed and grew into motor racing, Brabham watched with interest. In 1958 the New Zealand Grand Prix Association found Bruce the most outstanding of the young Kiwi drivers and awarded him the first-ever Driver to Europe Scholarship . . . Jack Brabham was on the voting board.

FOR Bruce this meant he would be leaving home for the first time—and past the plane flight to England lay a year of Formula 2 driving, all expenses paid—a year of competing on the read-about-heard-about, stunningly splendid, awe-inspiring race circuits of England and Europe . . . and Bruce was more than a little frightened by the immensity of it all.

BRABHAM met him at the London Airport. Now, for a time to come, he would look after the boy. It was not expected. But he would in his own subtle way help the youngster when necessary . . . not to make things easy for him—just to prevent them from becoming impossible. A door opened here, a tangle unsnarled there. Just enough so the boy would be able to stretch and grow, have the opportunity to prove himself by his own hard effort.

IT had been arranged that Bruce drive a factory Formula 2 Cooper, but there was no brand-gleaming-new-Formula 2 racer waiting when he arrived at the Cooper factory with Brabham. In embarrassment Bruce realized that the works would not build his non-works entry, he was to do it himself and would be allowed the use of the facilities—which was a most acceptable arrangement—but with the Aintree race so close there would not be time enough. Embarrassment gave way to dismay. But forces moved. Brabham was driving both Formulas for Cooper, and it was arranged that Bruce drive the Formula 2 Cooper with which Brabham had won Goodwood the week before.

BRUCE was excited about his first race in England—and a little lost at the same time. The people were different—strange accents, customs, and he knew no one. He drove the race with no one pitting for him—his mechanic and friend, Colin Beanland, would not arrive from New Zealand until the following week. Bruce finished a creditable ninth despite the fact that the car would not stay in gear and carburation problems prevented clean acceleration.

THERE were only two weeks between Aintree and Silverstone. Friend Colin arrived and the two boys proceeded to build the Cooper, find, secure and install the engine and arrive at Silverstone just in time for the final practise session on Friday. Bruce finished third in the race—much to his surprise, for he had had no idea during the race where he was in laps or position. His pit state was at a most sorry level. There was only Friend Colin with a few tools. No timekeepers, no lap-chart, no signaling equipment. But he had finished well and he was pleased that this car, *his* car, was better than the Cooper he had driven at Aintree.

THE CONTINENT. Lord. The Continent. The first race was on the banked Monthlheray circuit just outside of Paris. It was a circuit to be regarded with purple-lipped thoughtfulness if you were intimidated by walls—which Bruce was. The wall was brick, awesome, and rimmed the top edge of the banked section that was incorporated into the road racing section. In one place there were missing bricks at the top, a concrete plaque at the bottom. In memory of. Everyone had suggestions as to how to take the banking. General opinion seemed to be in favor of a high line—but in view of those missing bricks . . . Bruce found a line of his own that was comfortable, seemed quick—and also lower. During the race he was able to run in side-by-side quickness with his competitors through the banking. He was leading when his oil pump started to pack in and he had to wave the others by and settle for a third place finish.

AFTER his win at the Nurburgring, Bruce returned to England to place third in the International Brands Hatch meeting, then it was back to the Continent for the final races of the season—Avus in Germany and the Morocco GP at Casablanca. After his first look at the circuit at Avus, Bruce found that he disliked it intensely. It was a dangerous circuit and it seemed senseless to hold a race there. The course consisted of two 2½ mile straights joined at one end by a hairpin and at the other by a very steeply banked corner composed of rough, bumpy pavé-type bricks. The straights were actually two sides of an autobahn—which meant that a car out of control on one side could cross over and slam into oncoming traffic.

THE race ran at a fierce, frightening pace and the circuit took its toll. There were two spectacular crashes that destroyed three cars and injured one driver. Bruce ran in strong contention for second place until the Cooper dropped a rod. It was the first race in eighteen meetings that he had failed to finish.

HE borrowed an engine for the Casablanca race—an all important race for he had the chance to win the Formula 2 championship. But Brabham had more Formula 2 points than Formula 1, the Formula 2 championship was within his reach also, so it was logical he try for it. He won the race and the championship. Bruce came in second with a slipping clutch, a misfiring engine and a tooth off of third gear—and was quite happy to finish at all. This gave him second place in the championship and led to his signing with John Cooper to drive Formula 2 the following year. A most satisfactory ending to his first season in Europe.

WHEN Bruce arrived at the Cooper factory the following March, he found that plans for him had changed. There was no Formula 2 car. Instead, three Formula 1 cars were being prepared. A 2½ litre car for Brabham and two 2.2 cars—one for Maston Gregory . . . and one for himself.

1959 was a splendid time for a youngster to be entering Grand Prix racing. It possessed an array of talent that was fantastic. Any race in the season might present a field that included Moss, Brooks, Brabham, P. Hill, Gurney, G. Hill, Schell. A young driver could follow the lines of any of these drivers and learn. In a time not too distant the ranks would be thinned by retirement, injury . . . death. New drivers would enter to replace those gone and from these eventually would emerge stars of the first magnitude—but there would be an imbalance of talent as they learned—and Grand Prix racing would be hard put to again match the field of masters that 1959 possessed. It was indeed a time of quicksilver, passion and brilliance.

BRUCE'S fledgling year at Coopers was rich with opportunities to learn. For the first part of the season he prepared his own car and he found that at Coopers a comprehensive testing program was an integral part of preparation. They had found that a carefully planned test session would provide more valuable information than a week spent on designs at a drawing board. Coopers usually hired Goodwood or Silverstone. Their method of sorting out a new car generally involved putting about 20 laps on it to run it in and discover its general steering and handling characteristics. Modifications would then be begun to cure the bad characteristics. Changes were always judged by the stopwatch, for lap times would always reveal success or failure. Bruce and Brabham set up a phase in testing in which they staged a mock dice, setting steady, fast lap times for comparison with their previous individual efforts. At day's end they would run at their quickest against each other, really extending themselves for several laps to gauge the ultimate lap times of their cars with all changes made.

WHILE some drivers regard testing as a bore, Bruce always enjoyed the sessions tremendously and the testing values he learned at Coopers were to prove of great worth in years to come.

THE season was to leave memorable impressions. Bruce drove Monaco for the first time and found that extremely precise driving was demanded. A driver had to be doubly certain not to make a mistake—for if he did he greatly risked being collected by a curbing, wall or hotel. At the French Grand Prix he found heat a terrible factor. He blistered his hands. The brake pedal was so hot that braking became difficult. Rocks were flying so badly at Thillois Corner that by the end of the race his face was cut and his goggles splintered.

THE most exciting, rewarding race of the year was the last race of the season, the U.S. Grand Prix at Sebring. Brabham and Moss were in contention for the championship—but once again the championship was to elude Stirling—he went out with a broken gearbox leaving the lead to Brabham, with Bruce following close behind. The two Coopers motored quickly, carefully, with the championship within Brabham's grasp. With two laps to go, Brabham slowed suddenly. Bruce was so used to following him that he slowed also—with worry, for Trintignant was not that far behind. Brabham waved him on, and in astonishment Bruce passed him to win his first Grand Prix and become the youngest driver to ever win a Grand Prix race. Brabham, out of fuel, slowly pushed his car across the line, nearly collapsing in the heat, to finish the race and win the World Championship. Bruce's win put him sixth in the championship standings.

BRUCE returned to Coopers in 1960 and opened the season with a bang as he won the first race, the GP of Argentina. He then led the field in championship points for a part of the season and caught the attention of the motor racing press who had not given him that much notice in his fledgling year.

COOPERS built and developed a lowline Cooper that debuted early that season. Many felt it to be one of the most successful Grand Prix cars built. Brabham, trailing Bruce in points for a time, won his first race of the season at Zandvoort in June and followed with *four* consecutive wins to win the championship again. This gave Coopers the Manufacturers' Championship for the second year in a row—and Bruce iced the cake for them by coming in second in the standings.

1961 was to begin a different story for Coopers, however, for the formula change to 1500-cc found them wanting. Earlier there had been protests when the

formula change had been considered and some of the British builders, including Coopers, did not believe it would come into being. Ferrari did not follow this line of thinking at all. He had prepared a V-6 engine in 1960 and used his Formula 2 car that season as a prototype for the 1961 Formula 1. Colin Chapman, too, was perfecting the art of rear-engined design and his fragile Lotus was quick and threatening with Jimmy Clark behind the wheel.

IT was not a good year at all for the Cooper team. While Phil Hill won the championship in the Ferrari, Bruce's best finish was third in the Italian GP and he ended the season tied with Clark for sixth place. Brabham fared worse with an eleventh place after six retirements out of eight starts. During the year he and Cooper had not always been in agreement in the area of design and Brabham ultimately let his discontent be known and began working with Ron Tauranac on the first Formula Junior Brabham.

FOR Bruce, the high note of the year came in December when he married Patricia, a pretty blonde girl with magnificent blue-green eyes whom he had met in New Zealand four years before and been engaged to for two years. They honeymooned for two weeks in Fiji and Tahiti—3,000 miles away from the closest motor racing circuit.

AT the beginning of the 1962 season Brabham announced that he was leaving Coopers to build his own cars and field his own team. This elevated Bruce to team leader, a position he would maintain until he left the team at the end of the 1965 season. The new Coventry Climax V-8 was supposed to raise Coopers to a competitive level—and Bruce was expected to duplicate Brabham's achievements of '59, '60. But Coopers was still behind others in development. BRM and Ferrari had a power advantage. Chapman unveiled his superb slimline monocoque Lotus at Zandvoort. The season turned out to be between Hill in the BRM and Clark in the Lotus and Hill secured the championship by winning the last race of the season. Bruce, by winning Monaco and placing high in six other races, finished third.

EACH season since 1959 had been touched by tragedy. Gone were Schell, Bristow, Stacey and von Trips—and then at Goodwood early in 1962 Moss had crashed terribly. His injuries were grievous—but broken bones could be set and would eventually mend—it was the injury to his brain that caused concern, despair, as he lay unconscious day after day. Weeks of coma passed and finally, after 38 days, he emerged from his deep sleep. His left side was paralyzed, his speech was slurred, he could not properly focus his eyes. But the Moss will prevailed, his condition improved and within two months the paralysis had disappeared, his speech was normal, his eyesight, though not normal, had improved. He fully expected to race again that season. Other drivers watched his recovery with admiration and took bets on how soon he would be back on the circuits. But the season closed without seeing Moss' return. At the end of the year two operations were performed on his left eye in attempts to restore normal vision. On May 1, 1963, just over a year after his accident, he returned to Goodwood to test himself. For over half-an-hour he lapped the circuit—and he found that driving at 10/10ths now was the equivalent of 8/10ths when he had been at his best. It would not do. To return to racing under these circumstances would mean running at the back of the field with the also-rans. The thought was unbearable. He brought the Lotus in.

He returned to London. That evening he announced his retirement . . . and the door to an era closed.

FOR Bruce, Formula 1 driving was to prove disappointing and frustrating for the next three years. He had reached a certain maturity as a driver—but his rating fell off because Coopers could not provide him with a car that equaled the quality or reliability of other marques. He found himself either being left behind by the leaders to fight for a placing, or left stranded on the course by mechanical attrition. In 1963 he finished sixth in the standings while Clark took the championship in the Lotus by spectacularly winning seven races, five of which he led from beginning to end. In 1964 Bruce finished seventh as Surtees claimed the year for Ferrari. In 1965 Coopers decline continued and Bruce finished eighth as Clark again won in the Lotus.

THE beginning of this period, however, was to prove a turning point for Bruce. Returning from a dismal season of racing in Europe in 1963, Bruce came up with the idea of building two special slimline 2.5-liter Coopers for the Tasman Series—an annual eight race series held in New Zealand and Australia. John Cooper approved and Bruce took his first step into the area of design. Two of these new Coopers would be built as works entries for himself and Timmy Mayer, a young American driver who had been driving Formula Juniors for Ken Tyrrell and whom the Coopers were considering as a second driver to Bruce in the '64 Formula 1 season. The project got under way and one car was actually being built when John Cooper's father, Charles, decided that unless the cars were really works entries (which they were not, for they were being built to Bruce's design) they could not be run as such. In view of this, Bruce and Timmy decided with Teddy Mayer (Timmy's brother and manager) and Bruce's secretary, Eoin Young, to establish a private team. As work on the Coopers progressed under Bruce's direction, it became obvious that the project involved more organization and responsibility than had been anticipated. Bruce decided it was time to put things on a company basis and Bruce McLaren Motor Racing Ltd. came into being with Bruce, Patty McLaren and Eoin Young as directors.

WHEN the Tasman season began in January of 1964, Team McLaren was ready with two beautifully prepared cars and a compliment of four mechanics—Wally Willmott, Tyler Alexander (Timmy Mayer's American mechanic), Lenny Gilbert and Colin Beanland. The team's main competition came from Brabham's team, for Brabham had also fielded two cars—one for himself, one for New Zealander Denis Hulme. The season ran at a hotly contested pace with wheel-to-wheel, nose-to-tail racing between the two teams. As they moved to Longford in Tasmania for the last race, Bruce had won the Championship on points; Timmy had secured third place, and the official presentation would be made after the race. As the team entered practise at Longford there was pride that Bruce had won the Championship, pride that the cars had performed so splendidly. But tragedy erased all elation. Timmy's Cooper became airborne in practise, smashed sideways into a tree and Timmy was killed instantly. In shock, in sadness, the team returned home . . . and later, in his book *"From the Cockpit,"* Bruce wrote of his friend: *"Who is to say that he had not seen more, done more and learned more in his twenty-six years than many people do in a lifetime? To do something well is so worthwhile that to die trying to do it better cannot be foolhardy. It would be a waste of life to do nothing with one's ability, for I feel that life is measured in achievement, not in years alone."*

BY now Bruce had long been interested in sports car competition. He had been driving in American sports car events since 1960. In 1962 he had felt strongly that sports car racing could come into its own providing there were cars available—the type of sports car in which an American engine could be used for American racing. He believed there could be a sizable market for Coopers and explaining this, asked Charles Cooper for permission to run the sports car division. Cooper turned him down flat.

THE potential of sports car racing stayed naggingly at the back of his mind until, in 1964, he had to do something about it. Bruce commissioned Teddy Mayer in the U.S. to arrange for the purchase of the Zerex Special, the sports car Roger Penske had driven to such a sweeping success in American sports car races. Its design was based on a 1961 Formula 1 Cooper and it was powered by a 2.7 Climax engine. The purchase included an extra engine, a 4-liter Traco Oldsmobile.

TEDDY'S involvement with McLaren Racing at this point was to result in a long association between the two. When Teddy had returned to the U.S. after Timmy's death he had been very upset and at odds as to what to do with himself. He was unmarried and thus had no responsibilities in that area. Although he possessed a degree in law, he had no real desire to return to that profession. Before Timmy's death, Bruce had discussed designing, building and running cars of his own, campaigning in a field that Coopers was uninterested in as a works team. Now, with the purchase of the Zerex, it was decided he would do just that. Teddy joined McLaren Racing, bringing with him not only financial backing but his incredible abilities as a racing manager.

BRUCE ran the Zerex in a few races with the Climax, then redesigned the chassis to accept the Oldsmobile. In secrecy he worked with mechanics Tyler Alexander and Wally Willmott in a dirt-floored 500-sq.ft. shop shared with a huge earth-moving grader. The secrecy was necessary for Bruce was still driving Formula 1 for Coopers and after their experience with Brabham, they would not have been exactly enchanted to find another of their drivers building his own cars.

IN June, Bruce won Mosport in Canada with the Zerex, then followed with another win at Brands Hatch. Encouraged, he felt with his engineering background and driving experience he could design, build and produce his own sports cars. He did just that and the first-ever McLaren sports car was built in a new, 4500-sq.ft. factory at Feltham near London Airport. He entered it in several of the races in the North American Fall Pro Series. The car was quick and impressive—Bruce set a new lap record and finished third at Mosport—but fell victim to minor ills; a broken throttle linkage at Mosport, a blown water hose at Riverside, which lost him time in the pits. But all in all, a splendid debut had been made and interested buyers began making inquiries at Feltham. Unfortunately, Bruce only possessed a staff of six—not enough personnel, surely, to build production cars and attend the company's own racing needs at the same time. At best, it was felt, they could only produce six cars for sale to selected customers. This was perplexing, indeed. The production problem was soon solved, however, when Bruce accepted the offer of Elva Cars, a member company of Lambretta Trojan, to assume production in return for royalties. It was a tangible step forward for Bruce.

IN 1965, Bruce took on fellow New Zealander, Chris Amon, as second driver for the road racing season. Although only twenty-one years old, this gentle, quiet-spoken boy had been driving Formula 1 since 1962. Chris was at a very critical point

in his career. He had had no commitments for 1965 and it is likely that had Bruce not taken him on he may well have quit driving. The two seasons Chris would spend with Bruce would prove to be a valuable learning period. He was a good driver, but knew little about cars, nothing about setting them up. Under Bruce's guidance, Chris became involved with the testing programs. Bruce taught him the values and methods of testing—handling, feel, response, and how to sort out his thoughts and relay them in a language the mechanics could understand.

THE Fall Pro Season was shaping into a splendid series. The array of talent for the Riverside race alone was staggering. Clark, Foyt, Sharp, G. Hill, Parnelli Jones, Gurney, Stewart, Andretti, Parsons. There were Lolas, McLarens, Lotus', Chaparrals, Genies, powered by Chevy, Ford and Oldsmobile engines.

BRUCE worked hard to ready his car. He and his small crew arrived early and worked over a week sorting out the car for the Riverside circuit. When race time came, the McLaren team was race-ready. Journalists were to note on Bruce's standard of preparation and comment on how this was almost a text-book exercise on how a small but efficient team should prepare for a race.

BRUCE'S new McLaren with the 5-liter Traco Olds engine was quick and dependable. Bruce ran up front until a flat tire early on put him in the pits for a lap. He made up a minute of the lost time and finished third. Chris, driving a Ford GTX which had been turned over to Bruce for development, finished fifth.

COMPARISONS were being made now on the difference between Bruce's Formula 1 and sports car driving. Some felt that his Formula 1 driving possessed more steadiness than brilliance, while in sports cars he was very quick and seemed to enjoy himself tremendously. Over all, his reputation as a driver was on the upswing and he was becoming quite popular with the North American road racing fans. At Riverside a section of the stands had been filled with McLaren fans. Paying drivers appearance money was common at that time and the organizers at St. Jovite, in Canada, considered Bruce enough of a crowd pleaser to pay him \$3,000 in appearance money. Unfortunately, he blew his engine—his only engine—in qualifying. With his elimination from the race, he did not feel it morally right to accept the appearance money and told the race organizers just that. They insisted he keep the money and put him to work on the p.a. and later in the pits sending reports back to the tower as to what was going on during the race. This was not the first time Bruce's attitude had astonished the organizers. When St. Jovite was in the planning stages they had taken a mock of the track to Mosport where many of the international drivers were for a race. Of them all, Bruce had shown most interest and offered his opinions on how to make the track safe, how to set it up to the best standards of the time. In the time that followed, as the track was built and extensions added, Bruce continued to show an active interest. In the back of their minds, the organizers were afraid Bruce would charge a fee they could not afford—for he had even several times flown in from Mosport to drive over the course to check it out for them. But Bruce charged no fees, indeed would not even allow them to reimburse him for his travel fare from Toronto to Montreal. Bruce worked with the attitude that some good could come from the combined efforts of the organizers and himself, and this in turn could be good for motor sports.

1965 had held its disappointments, but at season's end Bruce was not at all

discouraged. His car had performed well for its newness—and certainly he and his small crew had served notice-of-intent to the rest of the sports car field. He looked forward to the next season with enthusiasm and anticipation.

THERE were to be changes in 1966—one of which was a change in the Grand Prix formula. This meant that most constructors would be starting again from scratch—which made it an ideal time for Bruce to enter GP competition on his own. He began making plans months before the end of the 1965 season—and in secrecy again, for he still had to finish out the season for Coopers. He hired Robin Herd to execute his design ideas, then organized people in California to destroke a 4.2-liter Indianapolis Ford V-8 to meet the new 3-liter formula. At this time, Firestone Tire Company wanted Bruce to build a prototype single seater in which he could test tires for them in preparation for the needs of the new formula. Ford Motor Company, too, was utilizing Bruce's talents. They had contracted him to prepare a special lightweight version of the 7-liter Le Mans Ford GT (in which Ken Miles and Lloyd Ruby would later win Sebring) . . . and amid all this he was building a new Mark 2 McLaren Elva.

BRUCE left Coopers at the end of the Formula 1 season and 1966 saw him emerge from the cocoon of secrecy to follow in Brabham's footsteps to become the second driver to enter GP racing in a car of his own design and construction. It was not, however, a successful first year effort. The car was 200 pounds overweight. Finding a reliable, competitive engine was a problem. Bruce's best finishes were a 6th in the British GP with a Serenissima engine and a 5th in the U.S. GP with the Ford engine—and while the Old Man himself, Jack Brabham, won the championship, all of Bruce's efforts were only worth three championship points and a tie for 12th place with Bondurant and Siffert.

IN June Bruce, with Chris co-driving, drove the 24 Hours of Le Mans for Ford in the Ford GT MK 11. They won in what certainly had to be the most screwed-up finish in the history of Le Mans. Ford had long been trying to win the World Manufacturers' Cup—and its financial output for the 1966 effort was astronomical. To contend with Ferrari's entry of ten cars, Ford fielded eight immaculately prepared cars, was backed up by five independently entered Fords, and had brought so much spare equipment that it left one certain that the factory had been left stripped to the bone. Of the Ford drivers, a win would mean the most to Ken Miles. With Lloyd Ruby as his co-driver, Miles had already won Daytona and Sebring for Ford and to win Le Mans would not only give Ford the championship, it would make him the first man in history to win three major endurance races.

WITH an hour left in the twenty-four hour race, Ford had the first three places. The Miles/Hulme entry had been leading for some time, forty seconds behind was the McLaren/Amon Ford, followed by the Bucknum/Hutcherson Ford, some laps down. At this point Ford decided that a dead-heat finish would be spectacular and as the three cars came in for final pitstops, Miles, Bruce and Bucknum were instructed to cross the finish line grouped as closely as possible. After the drivers had been sent on their ways, it was discovered that a rule existed which stated that in the event of a dead-heat, the slower-qualifying car, Bruce's in this instance, having started farther down the line and thus having traveled a greater distance, would automatically be given first place. Ford did nothing to speed up Miles, apparently afraid that if Miles

quickened his pace Bruce might try to race him and spoil the finish. They left things as they were and as the three Fords approached the finish line the drivers tried to group closely as instructed, Miles slackened his pace appreciably causing Bruce to close too rapidly and overshoot Miles to just nick across the finish line first. (Actually, if Bruce had finished as much as 24 feet *behind* Miles he would have been declared the winner.) Ford had its photo-finish and in the confusion many thought Miles had won—including Miles. He picked up co-driver Hulme and as they made their way to the podium a “correction” crackled over the loudspeaker. McLaren and Amon were declared the winners, Miles and Hulme were elbowed aside and Bruce and Chris shoved into their places to stand diffidently, in embarrassment surely, as the victory wreaths were placed about their shoulders. Ford’s need for over-statement had cheated two deserving drivers of their win and given it to two drivers who had driven a fine race but could take no pride in the victory.

IN September a new series evolved from the North American Fall Pro Season. Called the Canadian American Challenge Cup Series, it was sponsored over-all by the Johnson Wax Company, who put \$25,000 in a points fund, with individual sponsors for each of the six races—two of which were in Canada, four in the U.S. It had the makings of a rich series, for guaranteed prize monies offered totaled over \$190,000. The inclusion of accessory monies could bring the grand total to over \$300,000. Johnson’s Wax, in need of a racing director who knew the road racing scene—who could meet the public and handle radio and TV interviews with aplomb, found this in a man four years retired from racing—whose name still connoted the excitement and glamour of fine racing—the Master himself. Stirling Moss.

BRUCE entered the Series with two impeccably prepared McLaren-Chevrolets for himself and Chris. The McLaren Team’s preparation, organization and management approached that of Roger Penske (whom Bruce greatly admired), who fielded an immaculate, highly competitive Lola-Chevrolet for Mark Donohue.

BY mid-season, the Series was being called “one of the toughest free-for alls in sports/racing history.” The first three races had been hotly contested and seen three different winners—Surtees, Gurney and Donohue. Bruce had come in second at St. Jovite and Chris third. They reversed positions at Bridgehampton with Chris finishing second and Bruce third. Accidents, unfortunately, forced both their retirements at Mosport.

THE Series moved west to Laguna Seca in Monterey, California. For this two-heat race Bruce switched from 333 cu. in. Chevies to 358 cu. in. ones in both cars and installed an experimental Hilborn-based, McLaren-developed fuel injection system in his car. In the first heat, Bruce finished third after pitting to replace a burnt plug. A loose distributor lead dropped Chris from contention. Twelve laps into the second heat, Bruce, running in second place between the Chaparrals, had to pit for a sticking throttle. He was no sooner back on the course when Chris pitted to retire with engine problems. Bruce finished fifth for an over-all third place.

THE next race was at Riverside, the desert course in Southern California. The temperature, which soared to 110°, wilted the 80,000 fans, caused enough of them to faint to keep the first-aid stations busy, and eliminated one driver with heat prostration. Bruce had replaced Chris’ carburetion system with the home-designed fuel injection system and installed a spoiler on his own car. Bruce qualified on the pole, Chris took

seventh place on the grid. Bruce led the first ten laps of the race but began falling back as he lost one cylinder, then another as his fuel injection system began playing up and he finally had to drop out. Chris' engine was plagued with a persistent misfire and the race ended for him when his battery went dead. Surtees won, giving him the Series lead.

THE last race of the Series took place at the Stardust, a desert circuit located close-on to the unbelievably gross and greedy city of Las Vegas. During practise, Bruce had his crew demobilize his rear spoiler and switch back to carburetors on both cars. Chris qualified third, Bruce fifth. The race was Surtees' who took the lead straight-off to run unchallenged as he set a scorching pace no one else could maintain. Shortly after Bruce took second position on the 15th lap, he suffered a rather unnerving experience when, as he was lapping Charlie Hayes, Hayes' Nickey McLaren-Chevy lost a rear wheel right in front of Bruce and spun to a halt. Bruce was completely blinded as he drove through Hayes' dust at a high rate of speed. The experience left Bruce spooked for several laps, but he continued on to finish second while differential failure claimed Chris before the halfway point.

WITH three wins, Surtees won the Series. Donohue came in second, Bruce third, Phil Hill fourth, Hall fifth, Chris sixth. Bruce was pleased with his and Chris' finishes. He felt he had demonstrated that Team McLaren could run in close competition with the top Can Am teams—several of which were better sponsored, more financially able than his. Next year would be better still.

CHRIS left the team in 1967 for the most understandable reason imaginable—to drive for Ferrari. Bruce replaced him with fellow New Zealander, Denis Hulme (pronounced *Hullm*), who was driving Formula 1 for Brabham and would, as a matter of fact, win the Formula 1 Championship that year. Though they were acquainted, Bruce did not know Denis well. Bruce had attended the banquet when Denis won the New Zealand Driver to Europe scholarship in 1960. He had later met Denis at the airport when he arrived in England, shown him around Coopers and loaned him a Minor 1000 which Denis used for transportation for nearly a month. The following year Denis had raced his own Formula Junior Cooper in Europe. It was a period of financial struggle for him and on occasion the needs of the car would devour all his travel money, Denis would seek out Bruce and Bruce would loan him the necessary 25 or 30 pounds needed to return to England. In the years following they became better acquainted on the competitive rather than the personal level. They drove against each other in Europe and during the Fall Pro Season when Denis drove Sid Taylor's Lola. When Bruce invited Denis to join the Can Am team in 1967, Denis, impressed with the team's organization, enthusiasm and the way Bruce built cars, agreed.

THE plum to be picked in 1967 was the Can Am Series. Worth \$268,000 going in, accessory money would nudge the total close to \$500,000. Ferrari was expected in. Ford debuted at Elkhart with the lavender Holman-Moody Honker 11 (later dubbed by the name-taggers "Ford's Lavender Folly"). Other new cars included a Chaparral 2G and three Lolas. The cleanest, best-prepared cars in evidence were Bruce's two M6A-Chevies, painted orange now instead of red and immaculate in every detail.

ELKHART qualifying clearly indicated that Bruce McLaren had come into his own and his cars would be the ones to beat. Denis qualified *ten seconds* under the lap record set a month earlier by Peter Revson driving a McLaren MK-3-365 cu. in. Chevy

in a USRRC race. Bruce bettered Denny's time by 0.1 sec. to snatch pole position. Twenty cars clipped the old lap record as drivers seemed to pull out all stops to catch the McLarens. Gurney's Lola-Ford was quickest of the pursuers but still almost two seconds slower than the McLarens.

BY the end of the first lap of the race Denis and Bruce led the field by a hundred yards. Six laps later, however, the McLaren duet became a solo with Bruce dropping out when an oil cooler line broke and he ran a bearing. Denis went on to win, 93 seconds in front of Donohue.

THE Bridgehampton field possessed an impressive array of drivers. There were six top international drivers—Bruce, Denis, Surtees, Gurney, Spence and Scarfiotti; four USRRC champions—Hall, Follmer, Parsons and Donohue; Australian and Canadian champions Frank Matich and Ludwig Heimrath; two top USAC drivers—Andretti and McCluskey, and without in the least forgetting Revson and Motschenbacher, that was less than half the field.

DURING practise there was a great amount of tinkering, adjusting and changing going on (the Honker went through two Ford engines) except in the McLaren pits. Hard-put to find anything that had not already been done, the McLaren crews washed the cars to keep busy. Denis qualified on the pole with Bruce next to him—they finished in that order and of the 30 starters, only 13 finished.

AT Mosport the three quickest qualifiers were again Denis, Bruce and Gurney . . . but the race was to start without Bruce. Forty-five minutes before race time, Bruce's car developed a bad fuel leak where the Hycothan tank liner had chafed. To drain and change a liner normally takes two men two hours, but Tyler Alexander, with both crews working quickly and calmly, had the new bladder installed in thirty-five minutes. But by the time 50 gallons of fuel had been taken on, the race had started. When Bruce took to the track he was 42 seconds behind. He then began an exciting climb through the pack that had the spectators on their feet. By lap 14 he was 7th. At mid-distance, lap 40, it was Denis, Gurney, Spence, Bruce and Revson—all on the same lap. Bruce was second on lap 66 and finished 35 seconds behind Denis.

AS the Series moved west, the journalists were saying, "The first three Can Ams? Ho, Hulme." But the west would not be a repeat of the east. At Laguna Seca Gurney led the first seven laps, faded and Bruce took the lead. Denis moved into second when Gurney and Jones retired, then retired himself on lap 81 when the cam broke. Bruce won handily, a lap ahead of second place Hall. Ferrari had debuted with P4s for Chris Amon and Jonathan Williams. They were beautiful to see and left your spine tingly as their baritone song carried back clearly above the bass' of the Chevis and Fords. They were not all that quick, but at least they did not break and Amon finished fifth and Williams eighth.

ALL sorts of little dramas beset the McLaren team at Riverside. First, the pole was taken by Gurney, with Bruce qualifying second and Denis third. On Saturday Bruce's engine ingested a stone and had to be replaced with the Laguna Seca engine. Then Denis broke an engine which had to be replaced with a customer-type Al Bartz Chevy short block—on which the fuel system then had to be switched from carburetion to injection.

GURNEY'S Lola-Ford led the first lap of the race, then began to fade, urped

oil and finally expired at the far end of the circuit on lap five. Jones took the lead until Bruce flew past three laps later. While all this was transpiring Denis was having all sorts of problems. On the first lap he broke his left front fender when he hit a tire marker that had been dislodged by another driver. He pitted at the end of lap two and his crew neatly snipped away the torn fibreglass. But he was denied re-entry to the race by the official at the end of the pits. No way, Denis was told, the rules say *four* fenders. He slammed the car in reverse and drove backwards down the pit infield at what looked to be sixty miles-an-hour to discuss the matter with officials on the pitside of the start-finish line. No way, they said, the rules say *four* fenders. And that was that. Denis watched from the pits as Bruce continued in the lead, pressed by Hall who got past on two occasions to lead for seven laps, but Bruce regained the lead to hold it for the remaining 16 laps. Bruce's win put him in the Series lead with 30 points to Denis' 27. With one race left, one of them was guaranteed the Series, for third place Hall had only 15 points and even if he were to win the Stardust, he would not be able to catch Bruce or Denis.

AS it happened, Hall did not finish the race in Las Vegas, nor did Bruce, nor did Denis. Bruce dropped out of the first lap with a failing engine, Hall blew his engine on lap 20 and Denis blew *his* engine on lap 51. Surtees won the race. Bruce won the Series and Denis came in second.

TEAM McLaren had had its problems during the season, but none had approached the magnitude of some of the others. Motor racing journalist Henry N. Manney summed up the season succinctly in an article for *Road & Track* when he quoted the James Seely dictum: "*There ain't no such thing as racing luck; all other things being equal, bringing a poorly-prepared car is a waste of time.*" Manney then continued on, "*And so it worked out with the well-prepared and well-thought-out McLaren equipe taking five of six in the Can-Am series this year. Careful students of the art will note that everyone else was faked out through lack of proper preparation, too-cautious tactics, poor equipment, or crass stupidity including the day-late-and-a-dollar-short syndrome. The Dearborn effort fell flat on its face . . . even Chaparral couldn't hack it in spite of special works engines, and two happy Kiwis went home with almost all the loot. In short, we saw professionalism at work.*"

1968 saw things catching hold in the Formula 1 division of McLaren Racing. Bruce fielded two new cars; one for himself and one for Denis, who had left Brabham. The cars made a splendid showing—Bruce won the Belgian GP, Denis won the Italian and Canadian. Graham Hill won the championship, Denis finished third and Bruce fifth.

EARLIER in the year, the world of motor racing had been shocked and saddened by the death of Jimmy Clark. He had crashed at Hockenheim, Germany in a Formula 2 race. Bruce was stunned. He had thought the quiet, shy young Scotsman almost invincible—had ranked him with Nuvolari, Fangio and Moss, and to Bruce the fact that Jimmy had been killed in an accident with a Formula 2 car on a straight was almost unacceptable. Bruce later wrote an article about Clark for the English publication, *Autosport* in which he commented, "*Too often in this demanding sport, unique in terms of ability, dedication, concentration, and courage, someone pays a penalty for trying to do just that little bit better or go that little bit faster. And too often someone pays the penalty just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time when a situation*

or set of circumstances is such that no human being can control them. However, that's the way it is. We accept it, enjoy what we do, we get alot of satisfaction out of it, and maybe we prove something, I don't know . . ."

THE Can Am season was again highly successful for Team McLaren. This time Denis took the championship with Bruce coming in second. Denis was first at Elkhart Lake and Bruce second. They both retired with engine-bearing problems at Bridgehampton. At Edmonton, the new speedway in Alberta, Canada, Denis again won with Bruce right behind him. Denis finished second and Bruce fifth in a deluge at Laguna Seca. Bruce won Riverside and Denis finished fifth after losing a great deal of time and bodywork and damaging his rear suspension when he hit tire markers in a spin to avoid a slower car in the esses. At Las Vegas Bruce and Denis had qualified on the first row and as everyone charged for the first turn at the start, Andretti came up from sixth position, challenging Denis for the lead. Denis took an inside line into the turn, Andretti clanged into Bruce sending Bruce into a long, slow slide. As observers watched frozen with fear, the whole field (except Denis, who was in front of it all) disappeared at high speed through a wall of dust. When the dust settled, cars were here, there and everywhere trying to regain the track—except for the two that had been eliminated outrightly. There had been no injuries, but there had been damage to several cars—including Bruce's, and the damage cost him three pitstops. Denis went on to win handily, and Bruce worked his way back up to sixth. Denis won the Series, Bruce came in second, and that evening at the Awards Banquet Bruce grinned and opened his speech by saying that he would like to thank Mario Andretti for initiating him to the Off-Road-Racing Association.

THUS Team McLaren won the Can Am Series for the second year in a row—and part of its success had been due to the fact that Bruce had never underestimated the opposition, had always felt that others could be a great threat. Even in the final races when it became apparent that he and Denis were running against very weak opposition, he had kept his standards very high. The weakness of others *had* disappointed him. He had been surprised at the low standard of preparation, had felt, actually, that other than in the Penske area there had been *no* standard of preparation. He had expected more from Gurney and Shelby, certainly. During his own development season Bruce had been most concerned with what Hall was doing—but as that turned out, even Hall's opposition had not lived up to expectations. Although the Series had gone fairly easy for Team McLaren, Bruce did not end the season with a feeling of complacency. He expected more competition for the '69 Series—which would be expanded to eleven races—for the Ferrari had potential, Gurney would be quitting Formula 1 to concentrate on the Can Am and Indy, then there would be the new 2H Chaparral . . .

SO Bruce returned to England to prepare for the opposition that might meet Team McLaren in 1969. Work had been going on on the '69 cars all winter, all summer, and now Bruce worked full time himself, putting in twelve hours a day at the factory or at Goodwood testing the cars.

JUNE of 1969 would see Team McLaren field two immaculate, race-ready Can Am cars. The season would prove to be the most successful, most rewarding of Bruce's career—but how sadly noted . . . it would also be the last season of racing he would complete.



Mosport

Labatts Blue Trophy

Ontario, Canada



MOSPORT—60 MILES EAST OF TORONTO in a land of quiet greenness, where lakes merge gently with shore. Fields of dandelions along the way, moving in wraithlike ballet with each whisper of breeze. Farms of Christmas trees lending a different texture of green. Lilacs muted lavender at the side of a secluded house, yard tulips standing in formal rows of stark color.

THE first race of the 1969 Can Am season would be held on the 2.46 mile Mosport circuit on the morrow . . . and in the quiet of the Saturday morning a 427 cu.in. engine came alive in the paddock area, its sound cutting through the trees that sheltered the circuit to burst out into the serenity of the morning. The unseen mechanic throttled the engine up the rev scale, let it fall—took it up and down again quickly, let it idle, then began another climb, more slowly this time. There was a falter in the lower range and this was played through again and again as the tuner sought, found and coaxed out the off-key note. The true note was found and sustained, and sustained, until one's mind was filled with nothing but the sound, nothing, then the note was released and the scale played through once again slowly, then again and again rapidly, purely, in clear, deep-throated exercise. The engine was cut. The morning became abruptly silent again. But the sound still filled one's mind. It was good.

THE paddock area was filling as the morning practise hour pressed close, but still, in this moment of lateness, some teams had not yet arrived. For some, the first race of the season is always too soon. Everything piles into the last moment, activities become frantic and all night affairs; cars arrive late at the track, put together, but barely so, with mechanics exhausted and another day's work left to do in the few hours before practise—and practise itself must be used for a sorting-out period.



Mosport paddock before Saturday's qualifying session.

BRUCE had arrived two days earlier than the others. There had been a drivers' parade through downtown Toronto during the Thursday noon hour, but the only driver there other than Bruce had been Toronto's young George Eaton. But there had been Stirling Moss, a bevy of models, photojournalists C. Fox, C. Hadley and F. David Stone, it had been colorful and at its end the Mayor had officially declared this the start of Can Am week. Bruce had then caught a helicopter to Mosport where his crew waited with both cars. Goodyear had rented the track for him, and Bruce tested tires, ran-in the engines and set-up both cars to the peculiarities of the track. He turned the course in 1:19.5 in his own car, 1.1 seconds faster than the outright lap record which Denis had set during the Mosport Can Am in 1967, then contented himself with a fast lap in the mid-23s while setting-up Denis' car—finding in the process that he liked the way Denis' car handled better than his own. (Denis, along with Dan Gurney, Peter Revson and Joe Leonard were at Indianapolis for the "500" which would be held on Friday.)

AT the far end of the paddock now, the morning sun shafted off the two splendidly turned-out orange works McLarens. Powered by 427 cu.in. aluminum alloy Chevy engines, the McLaren M8Bs were the only ones in the paddock fitted with wings. Bruce leaned over his car, completing the normal last minute check with his mechanics, talking with Denis who lounged against the truck parked close on. Hulme, a big, graceful moving man, had arrived from Indianapolis (where he had retired after completing 145 of the 200 lap Indy spectacle) the night before, and practise today would be his first time in his Can Am car. A thought amused Denis, he expressed it with a chuckle, Bruce cocked his head towards him, straightened, eyes crinkling, and shared the moment with a grin. No problems. No tension. Little left for the McLaren crews to do other than apply another coat of wax to the cars, polish the mirrors and wait for practise to begin.

AT the far end of the paddock, also awaiting the call to practise was John Surtees, chin tucked down, lips pursed, his gray hair a surprise, always a surprise against the youthfulness of his face. He was driving for Jim Hall who was recovering from severe leg injuries suffered in an accident in the Las Vegas Can Am the previous November. To the great disappointment of many, the new 2H Chaparral was not ready and Surtees was driving Hall's back-up car, a brand new M12 McLaren with a 440 cu. in. fuel-injected Chaparral-modified Chevy V-8. During Friday's practise Surtees had turned a few experimental laps in the 1:26s.

PONDERING his crew's work in the area next to Chaparral was Chuck Parsons—a man who seemed always to carry a burden of heavy thoughts. Intent on the business at hand, he paid little notice to any other than his crew, and when he did his rare smile was dry and did not erase the seriousness from his eyes. He was driving Carl Haas' new Simoniz Lola T163, fitted with an injected Chaparral-modified aluminum Chevy. Although a wing had been made up, it had not been mounted. When the car arrived at Mosport it had had less than an hour's running time. In setting it up during Friday's practise, Parsons had lapped at around 1:25.

FARTHER down the paddock row, talking with a crew member, was Peter Revson. He glanced up as a friend approached, eyes sparkling with warm greeting, the smile beginning with slow, shy charm. In his rookie drive at Indy the day before, Revson had started from last position and finished fifth. He shrugged off his friend's compliments on this now, but one could see how pleased he was that comment had been made. He was to drive the Agapiou Racing Team's Ford G-7A which had originally been entered for Mario Andretti to drive. Andretti had tested the car at Indianapolis Raceway Park. The engine had blown after only four laps and Andretti had bowed out of the picture. The car was then fitted with a 605-hp 427 Holman-Moody tunnelport with Hillborn fuel injection and sent to Mosport for Revson. This morning the starter motor had gone out. Normally this is an easy part to remove and replace, but in this instance the part hung up and the car had to be half-disassembled for its removal. What normally takes only a few minutes would ultimately take the Agapiou crew $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours—and now as practise approached they were still feverishly at work.

JOE LEONARD'S crew was mounting mirrors on his car. He sat on the grass, eyes twinkling, his grin wide and easy as he watched a gaggle of girls walk by. (They did not allow girls in the paddock and pits of his USAC races.) Leonard would drive the McKee wedge, fitted with a new turbocharged 389 cu. in. Oldsmobile. Paul Goldsmith had originally planned to drive the McKee, but due to schedule conflicts with his NASCAR races later in the season, had had to turn the drive over to Leonard. While Leonard was in Indianapolis (where he finished sixth), Goldsmith had set-up the car. Saturday's practise would be Leonard's first time in the car.

JOHN CANNON'S McLaren M6B-Ford had not arrived yet and as he strolled about the paddock at loose ends with nowhere to light, a mini-skirted girl on promenade cut his path and he was momentarily distracted from his worries as he turned to watch her with appreciation.

THE MOTSCHENBACHER TEAM arrived finally. Lothar Motschenbacher, tall, with Teutonic good looks, stubbed one cigarette, lit another and directed the unloading of his car as the call for practise came. Although he was the new U.S.

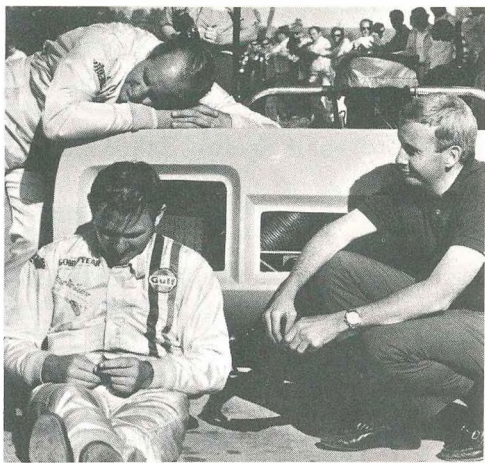
distributor for McLaren cars, his lateness was due to the late delivery of his McLaren M12. He had had only five days to fit the car with the aluminum 427 cu. in. injected Chevy engine, built in his own shop, and transport the car all the way from California to Ontario. Practise would be the car's first running.

CARS were pushed down the paddock and around the tower to the pits for the practise session—leaving behind Motschenbacher whose crew had fired up his engine for the first time and was trying to work out the rough spots. Revson's crew was still putting his car back together. Although Dan Gurney had flown in from Indianapolis (where he had placed second) the night before, he and his team were just now arriving. George Eaton was yet to arrive. Roger Penske would not arrive. Sometime earlier Penske had pulled his entry for Mark Donohue, stating to the press that the Can Am was not all it was cracked up to be and that he might not run the series at all—which struck some people as being a most curious attitude.

BRUCE was first out for practise on the winding, hilly course, followed by Parsons, Denis and a gaggle of underpowered, vintage Group 7 cars, of the type that are uncompetitive going in but always arrive to fill out the back-half of the field. Bruce lapped in the 1:19 bracket—164 mph through the long straight speed trap—and ultimately brought his time down to 1:18.3. Denis, quite happy with the way Bruce had set up the car for him, turned his best time at 1:23.1. Parsons turned 1:22.5. Gurney (whose new car was not ready) joined them in his last year's reworked titaniumized McLaren M6B with its 344 cu. in. fuel-injected Gurney-Eagle Ford 2-valve—which gave away 100 hp to the McLarens—and turned 1:26.7. Leonard was only able to turn a few warm-up laps in the 1:31s before he came into the paddock leaving a winding trail of smoke through the last quarter of the course. The impeller had melted on the turbo-charger and Leonard was now faced with a long wait through the afternoon as his crew went for parts.



Hulme with McLaren crew-chief, Tyler Alexander, 1.



*The lack of pressure on Team McLaren was, at times, most apparent. (Hulme, top; McLaren, l.; McLaren Team Manager, Teddy Mayer, r.).
Photo by F. David Stone*



John Surtees drove Hall's McLaren M12-Chevy back-up car when the new 2H Chaparral was not ready — qualified third.



Chuck Parsons (shown leaning over a works McLaren) qualified fourth in a Lola T163-Chevy.

BY this point Surtees had introduced a drama into the day that would take some hours to play out. He had announced that he intended protesting the works McLarens for running with wings. This had been brought about by the fact that the CSI (Commission Sportive Internationale) of the FIA (Federation Internationale de l'Automobile)—which is the governing body of world motor sport—had, for reasons of safety, a week earlier issued a directive outlawing the use of airfoils except of specified height and dimensions. Now, a week later, officials from SCCA (Sports Car Club of America) and CASC (Canadian Auto Sport Club) had met and ruled that CSI's ruling did not affect the Can Am Group 7 machines, only the CSI championship events (Formula 1 and Manufacturers' Championship events of which the Can Am was not a part). Too, airfoils had been used on Group 7 cars for four years with no danger to competitors or spectators. However, further consideration would be given the subject by SCCA-CASC at a later date and the decision to run wings at Mosport might not stand for the entire series. Surtees apparently felt the Can Am *did* fall under the jurisdiction of the FIA and in essence he was protesting the SCCA-CASC decision. He let it be known that he would take the protest all the way to the FIA itself if need be—and this would have meant that the prize money and points from Mosport could be held up for months.

BRUCE took a very firm position on the issue. He felt that the FIA ruling did *not* apply to the Can Am. There was the principle involved also that his cars had been built to SCCA-CASC specifications—which contained no rule on wings—and thus a regulation change for him now would have posed tremendous problems. The wings on his cars were not simply appendages that could be removed—his cars were designed specifically for use with wings and to run without them would require redesigning and modifying the cars—not something to be achieved overnight. So, as Surtees stalked the pit lane with the \$100 protest money in his pocket, Bruce could only hope that everyone would see reason and leave the wings on for the rest of the season. As it turned out, it was not until SCCA's Kaser and CASC's Hanna had appealed to Surtees at length and Hall had been called in Midland by Kaser that Surtees could be persuaded to stand down.

THERE was little to be done to the McLaren cars after the practise session and they were covered to wait in readiness for qualifying. Other crews, however, worked through the lunch break and up to and into the 3:30-6:00 practise-qualifying session. Cars that should have been as race-ready as the works McLarens formed a ragged, shell-less line in the paddock. The extent of the problems showed in the depth of the lines, the tiredness on the mechanics' faces. Engine problems—handling problems—ignition problems—and the pressure to cure these ills in time for qualifying was not a good thing to see. Not enough time. Never enough time for some. Hands shook and tempers frayed, inviting mistakes . . . and it was not a good thought to think a driver might take a mistake onto the track with him and have it undo him at 160 mph.

QUALIFYING saw Bruce and Denis pick up where they had left off the year before—Bruce caught the pole position with a 1:18.2 early in the session, Denis snuggled in right next to him later in the afternoon with a 1:18.8. Surtees qualified third with a 1:20 and Parsons fourth with a 1:21. Gurney had a cracked rear cross-member which could not be welded until that evening and so could not run hard, but

still turned a 1:23.9 which ultimately would be good for sixth place on the grid. Canadian John Cordts landed right behind Gurney by turning a 1:24.2 in a very antique McLaren Mk3. John Cannon's M6B finally arrived from Toronto and he took it out on the course only to encounter Gremlin-like problems that left his crew scratching their heads in puzzlement and ultimately left a seething Cannon in 19th position.

BY 5 p.m. most of the 21 car field had qualified—but Revson had not been out, nor had Leonard or Motschenbacher. Behind the pits mechanics now worked with grim determination. Revson stood, arms folded, patiently watching, silently encouraging as his crew rushed now to button-up everything. Leonard and Goldsmith were taking the sun on the grass in front of Leonard's car, still waiting for Leonard's crew to return with parts for the turbocharger. Revson's car was finally ready and they stirred themselves to watch him qualify. (Revson was up for the Indy "Rookie of the Year" award. He and Leonard were supposed to return to Indianapolis for the Awards Banquet and Goldsmith was to fly them in his plane.) Revson made his out-lap, then failed to appear again within a reasonable time on his next lap. The seconds ticked away and by the time 2½ minutes had passed, things were becoming abit anxious. Then finally, there he was, bringing a very sick car into the pits, and his mechanics sagged at the sound and Revson climbed out and shook his head and that meant that the one lap would have to stand as qualification time and that brought much shaking of heads and sighs and finally wry grins because Revson's lap time had been 3:7.3 and really, how bad can bad be?

WITH Revson through for the day, Leonard was all for leaving for Indy, but by now his crew was back with the needed parts and at 5:15 he went out, the impeller melted again and Leonard smoked back into the paddock area on fire for fair now—only he did not realize it—and a photographer yelled at him and Leonard looked over his shoulder, saw things all alight behind him, cut the ignition and exited the car with great alacrity. There was a great hue and cry for extinguishers and someone materialized with a dry powder unit and dusted the whole car as Leonard's crew was making a dash from the pits. They shouted for CO₂ (which is a cold carbon dioxide vapor rather than a dry chemical powder) but someone else popped another dry powder unit and the car disappeared under its white cloud . . . and Leonard and his crew stood in helpless defeat. This eliminated them for sure, for it meant a complete tear-down to clean the fine grain powder from the engine and certainly there was no time for that now. So Leonard left with Goldsmith and Revson for Indianapolis and Leonard's crew scratched Mosport and began worrying about St. Jovite.

MOTSCHENBACHER went out finally at the tail end of qualifying to match Parsons' time of 1:21, but because Parsons had qualified first, Motschenbacher was placed behind him in 5th position.

LONG after the course had closed, one of Cannon's crew went charging through the press building looking frantically for a track official. Cannon wanted permission to take his car out for a few slow laps to see if they had worked out all the bugs. But there was no way, of course. The track was closed and no exceptions could be made.

THE sky hung grey, heavy and fretful on race morning. Just before 10 o'clock practise the rain began—not heavily, just a scattering of big drops that made you think that perhaps you had only imagined . . . and here and there a mechanic would

stop his work, turn his face skyward, lift a palm upward, find he had not imagined it after all, and tire-worry would begin to etch its way across his face.

AT least half the field took to the track for practise and then it began to rain with seriousness and the group swarmed back in to discuss tires. Fifteen minutes later the rain stopped and out they went again to a practise session that would prove most revealing for some of the McLaren competition. Gurney brought his car back to the pits to find evidence of water in the oil. With no time to pull down the heads and check, Gurney elected to run that way and hope things held together. The strange ills of Cannon's car had not been cured the night before. Cannon parked his ailing car, brown eyes flashing in anger and frustration, and stormed about the paddock in a great thunderous flap, expounding magnificently on uncompetitive cars, and he was ready to say to hell with it and leave and friends tried to soothe and settle and persuade him to wait the three hours until race time to see what his crew could do—and he did settle some and he did stay—but without optimism.

REVSON was back from Indianapolis. He had arrived at the banquet late to learn another driver had won the Rookie award (a driver who had started in front of Revson in the "500" and finished *behind* him) so he had turned right around to return to Ontario by commercial flight. When friends spoke of the award, the disappointment showed in his eyes, but he did not speak of it—and it is doubtful he knew how sharply many of the Can Am people felt disappointment for him. The laps he put on the Agapiou car during morning practise were decisive. When he pulled into the pits it was obvious things still were not right. He played the throttle and the engine went erratically through the revs, backfired through an injector stack, his crew chief ran a finger across his throat, Revson cut the ignition and became a spectator.

GEORGE EATON arrived late for practise, and his lateness did not seem to bother him abit, he was that relieved just to have arrived, and he stood in the paddock talking to friends, pushing his Modishly long blond hair out of his eyes in absent gesture, his young face sunny with smiles as his crew unloaded his McLaren M12-Chevy.

THE rain that fell during the drivers' meeting and parade ceased just before the cars were called to the grid, causing a flurry of tire changes. There was time to change Denis' from intermediates to dry before gridding, but they were unscuffed. Earlier, rain tires had been put on Parsons' car and this had necessitated putting wheel spacers on the Lola's hubs to accommodate the narrower tires. Later when the crew decided to go back to dry tires they could not get the spacers off one wheel and consequently Parsons was forced to grid with knobby rain tires. Surtees' and Cordts' tires were changed on the grid. Eaton's were changed late in the pit lane and he would have to charge to catch up when the field left without him on the pace lap.

STIRLING MOSS led the pace lap in a Torino convertible, and for the observer in the pits, the lap seemed endlessly long as the cars moved over the course at half racing speed. But there, at last, one could hear the low drone of their approach. Moss appeared, pulling the pace car into the pits, and the two orange works McLarens were left in charge of the nervously impatient field as they entered Turn 10. As they emerged from the turn onto the pit straight that funneled between the wood-shedded pits and the embankment across the way, Bruce and Denis kept their speed in check and behind them cars edged and darted until they had tightened into frightening closeness with



Peter Revson managed one lap in ailing Ford Kar Kraft G-7A to qualify at back of field, but became a drop-out when car was withdrawn due to ignition problems Sunday morning.

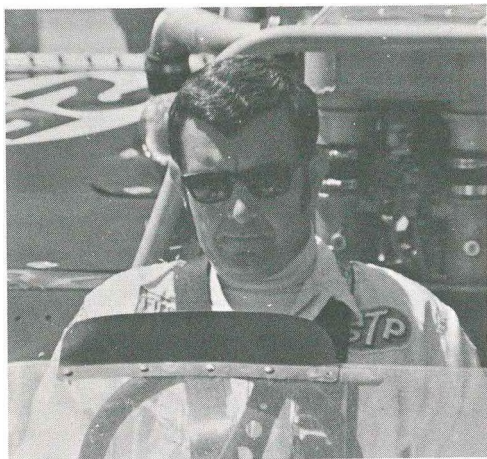


George Eaton did not arrive until Sunday morning. Because he had no qualifying time, his McLaren M12-Chevy was placed at the back of the starting grid.

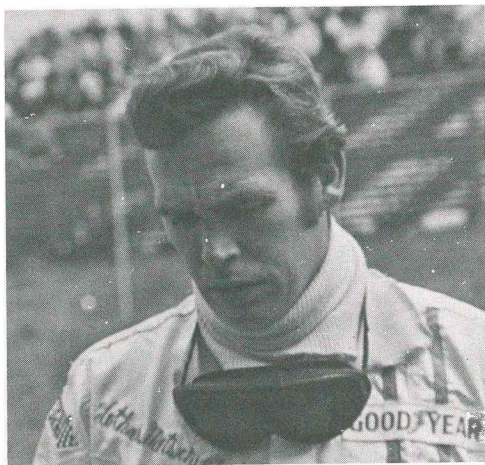
one another. As the flag fell, the field accelerated as one, leaped forward en masse scattering dust on both sides of the track, and for scant moments nothing else in the world existed for the observer, nothing at all but the sight and sound of 21 men in 21 racing machines hurtling past, filling the funnel to spilling with the sound of their passage. In one held breath they were gone from sight, disappearing in a cascade of color down the slope towards Turn 1. From behind the pits one could see them emerge from the turn, streamers of color now as they streaked along the shoulder of the hill towards Turn 2—orange, white, orange, red, blue, red—and then they were gone again from view and the seconds ticked off nearly three-quarters of a minute as they raced through the hilly back country of the course, and then—there—they burst into view from behind the trees to the right, running feet apart at 170 mph down the Andretti Straight. They streaked through Turns 8 and 9, over the pedestrian tunnel and the sound of their approach dropped to a growl as they slowed for the tight right-hand Turn 10, then shifted to a roar as the cars shot out onto the pit straight. It was Bruce and then Surtees and Parsons ahead of Denis who had Gurney and Motschenbacher on his tail, all running close, beginning to pull away from the rest of the field. Stringing out behind them were Couture, Cordts, Koveleski, Nagel—and Cannon and Eaton who had started at the back of the grid and cut a swath through the back of the field. Behind them came Galloway, Drolsom, Dutton, Terrell, Crawford, Janke, Brown, Kalick and Fustina.

THE second lap saw no change in the leading positions, but mechanical attrition had begun. Motschenbacher had lost his clutch on the first lap and would later lose third gear as a result. Cannon's fuel pump had packed in on the second lap and he had retired out on the course.

BY lap three, Bruce and Surtees had pulled abt away from the others, and Denis had passed Parsons for third place. A five lap dice then began between Bruce and Surtees as Surtees passed Bruce to take the lead on the fourth lap. Bruce regained the lead as they shot out of Turn 1, was passed again by Surtees, and ran second until he secured the lead again two laps later. Bruce's lap times were running at around 1:20 and 1:21, two to three seconds slower than his qualifying time, which would indicate



Joe Leonard was to drive the McKee-Olds, but the car was withdrawn Saturday after the impeller on the turbo-charger melted for the second time.



Lothar Motschenbacher was last to qualify. Placed his McLaren M-12-Chevy fifth on the grid.



Dan Gurney qualified sixth with a cracked rear cross-member on his McLaren M6B-Ford.

he was not extending himself. At about this point, however, Surtees' big Chevy had started to overheat and he had to cut back from 6500-7000 rpm to 5000 rpm. Behind them Gurney had moved into third place, Denis was fourth followed by Motschenbacher and Cordts. Running on a dry circuit with rain tires was costing Parsons seconds each lap and he had dropped to seventh.

BY lap fourteen, Gurney, apparently not intent on coddling his engine, had moved past Surtees into second place behind Bruce. Twenty seconds now separated the front group from the secondary group which had pretty much settled down by now—with the exception of George Eaton who was having his own time of it with his day-old unsorted car. He had started at the back of the grid and moved up into ninth position by the fourth lap. Then he had spun wildly exiting Turn 1—trading ends three times and just missing the earthen barrier and guard rails on the verge—and had had to pit on the next lap, losing nine positions which put him in last place, right back where he had started. He had then made up five places in three laps when a spin in Turn 10 necessitated another pit stop and lost him three of his hard earned positions.

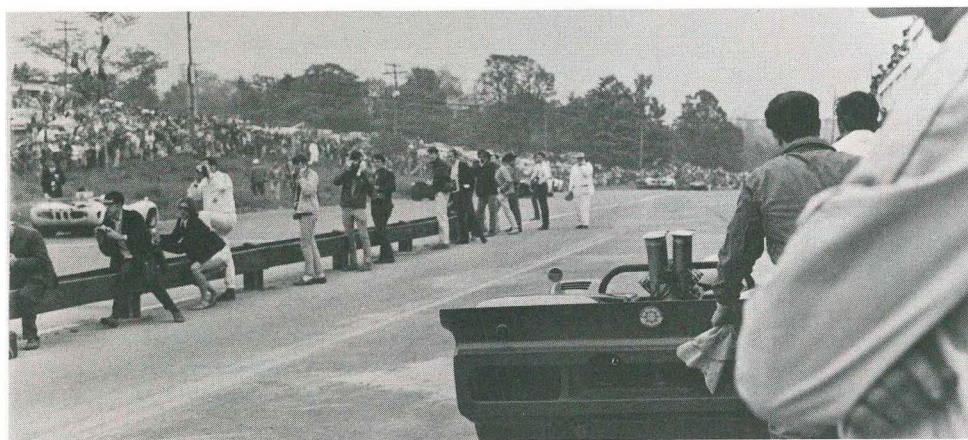
FOR the next few laps Bruce pulled away from Gurney, opening the distance to as much as six seconds at one point before Gurney, whose remarkable driving was making up for the power his car lacked, reeled him in again. On lap twenty as the orange McLaren and blue Gurney McLaren ran down the pit straight, they were separated by a straggler. As Gurney moved to the outside to pass the slower car, the other driver moved his car right into the side of Gurney's. Body contact was made several times, Gurney was forced over and they ran side by side only a breath apart, Gurney with left wheels in the dirt, both cars fish-tailing, hitting again as the other driver did not give way and it seemed certain that Gurney would rocket up the embankment and the other car would hit the inside guard rail and scatter itself through the pits—but no, Gurney somehow managed the inch of freedom he needed, shook himself free and streaked by in pursuit of the orange McLaren now out of sight. Subsequently, the other driver was black-flagged, his mirrors were examined and he was ordered to use them.

BY lap twenty-nine Denis, who had been bidding in fourth place, had made his move and passed Surtees and Gurney. On the next lap he passed Bruce and after leading for four laps dropped back to tuck in behind Bruce. It was not common knowledge that Denis was driving with a badly bruised right foot, caused by a stiff throttle return spring in the Eagle which he had driven in the Indy 500. By now a cockpit heating problem added greatly to his discomfort. There was absolutely no air circulation in the cockpit and it was as hot as the radiator. Denis could not afford to ease his pace and cool things down for Gurney was pressuring mercilessly from behind. This state continued for fifteen laps and the heat factor became so critical that at one point Denis, for the first time in his career, considered giving up in the middle of a race. But he held on and on lap forty-nine Gurney pitted to retire with a broken rear upright. Denis was able to ease off some, for Surtees was now some distance behind, and the heat became bearable, but barely so.

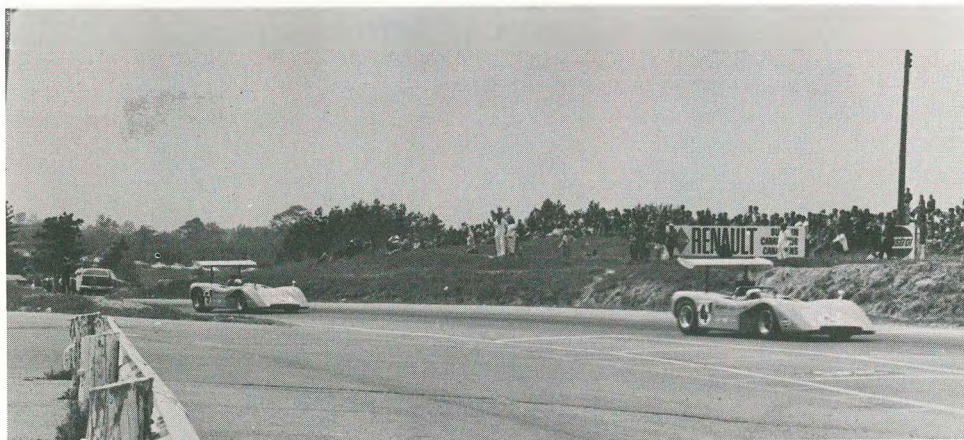
BY lap fifty, nine cars had retired—including Motschenbacher's red McLaren. Motschenbacher had driven forty laps without a clutch, third gear had gone out early on, and on the forty-first lap his oil pressure slid to ten pounds. He retired, turning his long held fifth position over to Parsons.



Of the starting field of 21, 15 cars were of McLaren make, 6 were Lolas. Chuck Parson's Lola T163-Chevy (shown here during practise) was the only Lola to finish.



Photographers line the pit rail as the pace lap gets under way. George Eaton (in pit lane, r.) was left behind, had to hurry to catch up for start.



McLaren and Hulme, well ahead of the field, entering the pit straight from turn 10.

ON lap fifty-five the complete order read Bruce, Denis, Surtees, Parsons, Cordts, Couture, Koveleski, Galloway, Eaton, Janke, Dutton and Drolsom. Eaton, who had worked his way back up to ninth after his spins and pit stops, was holding his own but with great difficulty. He was suffering from a heating problem as critical as Denis'. In his case, engine heat was being conducted into the cockpit. This was due to the fact that a reflective layer of insulation belonging between the engine and cockpit had not been installed in his car as it had in some of the other production McLarens.

ON lap fifty-six Denis took the lead when, as he later explained, Bruce "wanted to play racer". On the next lap around Denis had relinquished the lead. Miserable with the heat, Denis had no desire to play, all he wanted at this point was to finish the race and be left alone.

AS Bruce continued to reel in the laps, the order remained the same, with the slower cars at the back falling further and further behind. Five laps from the finish, Parsons' left rear tire began to go flat. On the last lap the tire expired, Parsons spun tearing it from the rim and Cordts, who had filled Parsons' mirrors for most of the race, was by immediately. Parsons, not about to give up after flogging over the circuit on rain-tires for seventy-nine laps, continued on the rim. This was the only position change in the last twenty-four laps of the race.

AS Bruce took the chequered flag, only two others were on the same lap with him; Denis, nine seconds behind and Surtees 54.7 seconds behind. As Bruce completed his victory lap and pulled into the victory circle, the remnants of the starting field straggled in. Of the Canadians, Cordts had finished in highest position, fourth. That Eaton had finished in ninth was due to admirable spirit. When he brought his car in,



By race's end, McLaren (shown here closing on a slower car) had lapped everyone except Hulme and Surtees, who finished second and third. Photo by F. David Stone.



McLaren leads Hulme to chequered flag, 54.7 seconds in front of third place finisher, Surtees.

the seat back was scorching—you could not hold your hand against it. Eaton, climbing from the car with difficulty, murmured that it “was really very hot in there,” and collapsed.

AFTER the press conference, Bruce took his ease in a friend’s mobile trailer parked in the paddock. As he talked with friends who stopped by to congratulate, to join in informal celebration, the typewriters clattered in the press room. The statistics the journalists used as guidelines were, by themselves, graphic comment on Team McLaren’s domination of the race. Bruce had lead seventy-two laps of the eighty lap race; Denis had led five laps, Surtees three. Bruce had turned the fastest lap of the day with a time of 1:19.5 and established a new track record. Denis, in the sister car had turned a 1:19.9. The closest anyone could come to them was Surtees with his fastest lap at 1:21.4. He was the only one able to finish on the same lap with Team McLaren and he had been almost half a lap behind.

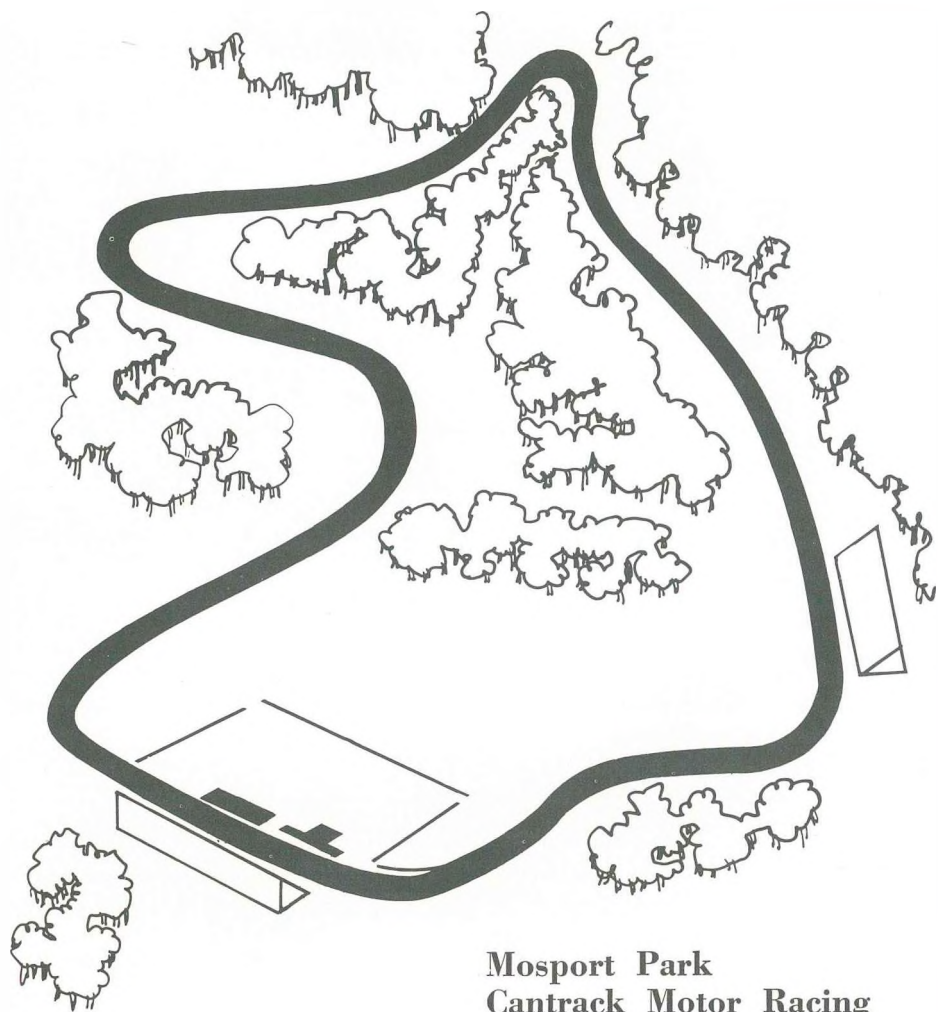


The begrimed, smiling face of the winner.

OF note also, was the fact that most of the twenty-one cars that started the race were built by Bruce. Besides his two new ones, there were thirteen others at least a year behind the new design. The remaining six were Lolas. Of the eleven cars that finished, *ten* had been McLarens.

ALTHOUGH Team McLaren had won Mosport with ease, it was still felt that some teams possessed the potential to break the McLaren stronghold. The 2H Chaparral had yet to make its debut—the backup car Surtees had driven in its lieu had had a horsepower advantage over the McLarens and it was expected that the cooling problem that had occurred at Mosport would be remedied for St. Jovite. Close competition was expected from Gurney when he fielded his new car. Although Motschenbacher had retired at mid-distance at Mosport, he had been able to run comfortably in fifth position and felt he had the potential to run up front with the McLarens. A 600-hp, 6-liter Ferrari for Chris Amon was expected to show at Watkins Glen. Some still felt that Penske would join the Series at the Glen with a new Lola for Mark Donohue. And, also, of three other new Lolas later expected, one would be for Ronnie Bucknum.

PERHAPS, then, potential did exist. Time would show how much could be done with it.



**Mosport Park
Cantrack Motor Racing
Corp. Ltd.**

60 miles from Toronto

2.46 miles

minimum 20 feet

Record: Denis Hulme

McLaren M6A

109.7 mph

1 min. 20.7 sec.

1967

Results

RESULTS of the Mosport Can-Am for the Labatt Blue Trophy for the Canadian American Challenge Cup at Mosport Park, Bowmanville, Ontario, June 1, 1969. Sanctioned by Canadian Automobile Sport Clubs and the Sports Car Club of America, Inc., organized by the Canadian Racing Drivers Assn., and listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 2.459-mile course for FIA Group 7 cars of more than 2500cc displacement. Race length: 80 laps (1 hour, 5 mins. 27.3 secs.; 97 miles). Winner's avg. spd.: 105.90 m.p.h. Winner's margin of victory: 0.9 secs. Fastest lap: Lap 44, McLaren, 1:19.5, 111.25 m.p.h. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps		Pts.	Purse
				Behind		
1	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.			20	\$10,000
2	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	0.9		15	7,000
3	John Surtees	McLaren M12-Chev.	65.2		12	5,500
4	John Cordts	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	60.5	4	10	4,000
5	Chuck Parsons	Lola T162-Chev.	83.5	4	8	3,400
6	Jacques Couture	McLaren Mk 2B-Chev.	28.3	7	6	3,000
7	Oscar Koveleski	McLaren M6B-Chev.	73*		4	2,600
8	Rich Galloway	McLaren M6B-Chev.	72*		3	2,200
9	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	72*		2	1,800
10	Leonard Jenke	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	68*		1	1,400
11	Tom Dutton	Lola T70-Chev.	67*			1,100

* Laps Completed.

Did Not Finish

Laps Completed/Reason Out

12	George Drolsom	Lola T70-Chev.	59	running	800
13	Dan Gurney	McLaren M6B-Ford	49	broke suspension	500
14	Richard Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	43	running	400
15	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	41	clutch	300
16	Leonard Faustina	Lola T70-Chev.	41	trans-axle	200
17	Tom Terrell	Lola T70-Chev.	26	broke rod	200
18	Jerry Crawford	McLaren-Chev.	11	lost spoiler	200
19	Frank Kahlick	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	5	valve train	200
20	Bob Nagel	McLaren M6B-Ford	3	blew engine	200

Mont- Tremblant St. Jovite

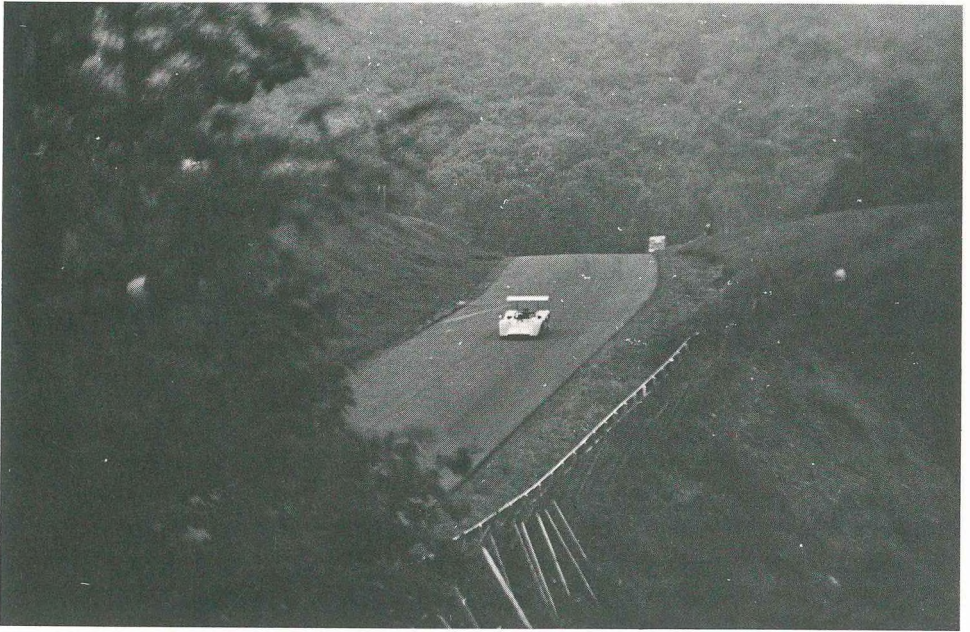
Quebec, Canada
Labatt CAN-AM



SECLUDED IN THE FORESTS of the Laurentian Mountains ninety miles north of Montreal are the ski resort towns of Mont-Tremblant and St. Jovite. There is no garish, neon-lighted reception of tourists here. These are quiet, formal towns. Ski lodges and cottages house the race teams, journalists and camp followers. Two miles from the lodges, Le Circuit Mont-Tremblant—St. Jovite curls at the foot of a ski mountain. In June the snows have long since melted and run off the mountain, laying bare the earth-brown of the ski-runs that cut a swath down through the forests of the mountainside. Below, the circuit rises, falls, and winds through the woodlands of the mountain's foothills . . . and some say it is here that the beauty of the circuit best compliments the splendor of the Can Am cars . . . and only the partisans of Elkhart Lake dispute this.

BRUCE was at Le Circuit on Thursday to run in the engines in both cars, for after Mosport the cars had been taken to Eaton's shop in Toronto where new engines from Bruce's reserve of eight (five of which were in the U.S., three in England) were installed. Bruce's car received a 427 cu.in. Chevy, Denis' a 430 cu.in. Chevy. Ducting was also added to Denis' car to combat the heating problem.

THE area offered little in the way of entertainment and that evening part of the McLaren group went on a fishing excursion on Lac Moore. This proved uninviting to Bruce and instead he drove to a near mountain and tried to hillclimb the ski-slope in his rent-a-car. When asked the next day if he had, indeed, indulged in such mischief, he had replied, "Yes," quite sheepishly. When asked how far he had gotten he answered, "More than half-way," and although the grin was suppressed, his eyes were alight with laughter.



NEARLY everyone who had been at Mosport had arrived at Le Circuit Friday morning. There were no ecstatic comments to be heard about the circuit's scenic splendor, however . . . if anything, a certain disenchantment was setting in . . . for the temperature was 90° and the humidity so high everyone was wilting by visible degrees. Whether because of the humidity or the fact that most cars were now closer to being race-ready, there did not seem to be the tense immediacy of preparation that had been so prevalent at Mosport.

AS the call to practise was awaited, Bruce sat on the tailgate of his truck talking to journalists about engine sizes and the demands of this circuit compared to Mosport. Denis discussed the stragglers in the Mosport race with a writer. He had had his problems lapping some of the slower drivers and now stated with a certain patience that some drivers weren't sorted-out yet, were still unsure of themselves, and one couldn't really clunk them out of the way for that might discourage them from coming back . . . and you didn't want to do that because the field was so thin now that the Can Am could use all the competitors it could get.

DOWN the paddock, Surtees discussed wheel sizes and tires with the Firestone people. Gurney had arrived with the same small Ford engine in his McLaren (called a McLeagle) that he had run at Mosport. Under contract to Ford, Gurney had no choice but to run the 344 cu.in. Ford against the larger Chevy engines, for Ford had stopped development on its 494 cu.in. all-alloy engine.

PRACTISE was to run from one to five that afternoon. At twelve-fifteen the skies opened and poured rain. At one o'clock it was announced that the session would be delayed because there were no corner workers. At one-thirty it was announced that some corner workers had arrived, but not the full compliment, therefore there would not be a practise session per se, but would be, instead, a Familiarization Session.

Drivers were asked, please, to use discreet speeds and simply familiarize themselves with the circuit. Understandably, there was no great thunderous rush to put cars on a still wet track under these circumstances. At two o'clock Bruce sat on the pit rail watching as Surtees ventured out, then Denis and Cannon, and even at reduced speeds their cars were leaving great plumes of spray down the front-straight, the puddles there were that deep.

IT was mid-afternoon before Bruce, Gurney, Motschenbacher, Eaton, Leonard and the rest of the field went out on the now dry circuit. The corner workers apparently had not been warned about Leonard's fire-breathing McKee Turbo-Olds and when he made his first circuit, exhausts spitting three-foot flames, startled workers followed his progress around with alarmed reports of a car on fire. Eaton then spun out and hit an embankment on the backside of the course. Damage to his McLaren M12 was negligible; the radiator was slightly tweaked—but Eaton's crew chief did sag alittle as he added: Patch fibreglass, lft. fr. (a time consuming task) to his work list.

PRACTISE times were slow and unrevealing. The most significant time was turned after practise when Bruce took Peter Roberts, the Regional Chairman of the Canadian Automobile Sport Club for a three lap ride, for even with the added weight of a passenger Bruce turned a 1:35.7 (the course record was 1:35.1) for an average speed of 100 mph. When they pulled into the paddock, a perspiring Roberts was smiling that pale, shaken smile that passengers usually smile to show how unnerved they had not been.

SATURDAY morning saw activities resume where they had left off Friday with Bruce now giving a ride to a representative of Time-Life magazines. They took only one lap and no one thought to put a watch on them, but Bruce must have gone sufficiently quick to impress his passenger, for when they came in the Time-Life man's smile was wan and his hands trembled so violently he had trouble removing his goggles.



The works McLaren's sit covered in the paddock during the deluge just before Friday's qualifying session.

MARK DONOHUE arrived that morning to confound everyone with his presence, for though he sat in uniform on a pit counter, no Penske Lola was in evidence. When quizzed, Donohue explained that he was there to try out Parsons' Lola because it was like the one Penske was readying for later in the season. When Penske arrived, he explained that Donohue was there simply because he had had a great deal of time in the Lolas and was now trying to help Parsons sort-out the handling problems he had been experiencing.

THE day was hot, the sky clearing, the humidity less than Friday's as drivers relaxed while their crews made last minute preparations for the afternoon qualifying period. Bruce sat on the pit rail talking to photo-journalists. Denis lounged on the grass by the pit apron. Donohue sat on Parsons' pit counter watching Parsons watch his mechanics; Motschenbacher supervised his mechanics while his pretty wife Marilyn watched him; and Eaton sat on his pit counter talking to the girls.

THERE was an introductory period just before qualifying. The cars were lined up on the pit lane, the drivers climbed into the cockpits and sat for what they thought would be a brief period of introduction for the spectators that lined the infield fence across the way. Unfortunately, this had to be done first in French, for this was a French-speaking province, then again in English. The French announcer went on and on, the drivers sat and sat, the sun grew hotter and hotter and finally enough was enough. The drivers left their cars and scattered to patches of shade, their mechanics covered the cockpits to keep them cool, and the French announcer went on and on.

EVERYONE but Surtees, Cannon and Cordts took to the track at two o'clock. Bruce immediately began turning in the 1 min. 37 sec. bracket, then methodically whittled tenths off each lap until he had cut his time to 1:34.6, breaking Jo Siffert's F-1 record of 1:35.1. Denis then dropped below that to 1:34.1. Motschenbacher turned the closest time to the McLarens with 1:36.6. Donohue, taking six laps in Parsons' Lola, turned 1:38.6. The rest of the field, including Surtees, Gurney, Leonard and Eaton lapped in the slow 1:40s.

AS others took their cars to the paddock to confer with their crews, Denis, apparently satisfied with his time for the moment, parked his McLaren in the pits and stood, arms folded on his car's wing, to watch Bruce go by. At a point where Bruce was of sight, the French announcer's voice rose a decibel in excitement, the only word distinguishable to the English speaking listeners was "McLaren", and this made one search in alarm for the orange McLaren on the parts of the track visible from the pits. Then after long, long seconds Bruce shot into view on the opposite side of the spectators' infield, everything quite in tact, just as the English announcer explained that Bruce had just turned a 1:33.7, cutting another *nine-tenths* of a second from the record.

AS the afternoon wore on, other teams began to sort things out. Surtees' time dropped, as did Motschenbacher's. Others, however, still combated problems that had existed at Mosport. Eaton was still plagued with handling problems. He found that he simply had not had enough experience in the car to adequately explain to his crew just how the car felt and what the difficulties were. This left him woe-begone and his crew scratching their heads. Hopefully they had, however, been able to solve some of the McLaren M12's heating problems by padding the back of the seat, the firewall,

and wrapping some of the pipes with asbestos. Leonard had taken his McKee Turbo-Olds out after a gear change, bettered his earlier time by 3.4 seconds and melted another turbocharger impeller blade—so his time of 1:39.3 had to stand, which placed him ninth on the grid.

BY three-thirty, two cars had been withdrawn—Cannon's McLaren M6B-Ford and Gurney's McLaren M6B-Ford. Cannon's iron-block 427 Ford engine had developed horrible noises after he had turned a 1:37.2 and that was that. Gurney had added two wings to his McLeagle, a small one forward, a larger aft, turned one lap in 1:44.7 (1.6 seconds slower than his two o'clock time) and limped back into the pits with what was tentatively diagnosed as a hole in the cylinder lining.

AT 4:45 Bruce joined the few now on the course. Denis lounged on the grass watching. Within a very few minutes the English announcer commented that Bruce was going quicker and quicker and had, on his last lap, turned 1:32.8—another new record. He had now lowered the track record three times. When Denis was asked why Bruce had to go quicker now when his three o'clock time would still hold as fastest, Denis shrugged, sighed, and replied that Bruce was like that in Formula 1, everything, he did it all the time. Ask him why, and Bruce would reply that it was his car and he'd run as much as he wanted.

QUALIFYING was now delayed. Bruce came in, parked his car on the access road between the far paddock fence and the grass verge at the end of the pits and joined Denis there. When the course was reopened, Bruce made no move to go out again and Denis was asked if he was going back out later. Oh, yes . . . he thought he might do that. Qualifying had been extended to 5:30 and at 5:15 Denis stretched and wandered to his car at the head of the pits. Someone called this to Bruce's attention, Bruce glanced to where Denis was getting into his car, his eyes grew thoughtful for a moment, then he reached for his helmet.

ATTENTION turned to the course and stopwatches came out as the two orange McLarens took to the track. Bruce, of course, was already fastest qualifier with his 1:32.8; Denis second with his two o'clock time of 1:34.1. There was no one else on the track that could rival their times—so if rivalry existed it had to be between the two teammates—and as they completed their out-laps and streaked down the front-straight, the watches went on Denis.

HE fairly flew for three laps and when he undercut Bruce's time by six-tenths of a second with a 1:32.2, there were nods from the watchers. On his next lap he had obviously eased-off and watches now went on Bruce. He was moving very quickly—the flat-out, ten-tenths kind of quickly, and as he passed marking points on the front-straight again the clicks of the stopwatches were audible, as were the gasps, and heads swiveled towards the end of the pit rail to see what time Bruce's crew would put on the board. As Bruce came down the front-straight again, the board went out: 1:31.7.

Lord!

EVERYONE now watched to see what Denis would do. He did nothing. Apparently enough was enough. He seemed content with his time and eased off abit now to run at a leisurely pace as he checked the instrument readings, the car's handling, and allowed the brakes to cool before bringing in the car. Bruce, however, did not slow, and as he chased each remaining second at full-song the watchers stood in puzzle-

ment, wondering why Bruce did not slow down or Denis speed up; why they did not come in now that they had accomplished what they wanted. Then Denis *did* come in and Bruce continued on quickly, quickly, alone on the course, and the watchers now questioned this, wasting, completely wasting in speculation the minutes Bruce was on the course, and more's the pity for there was such pleasure to be had in watching as the lone McLaren ran through the soft, quiet part of the day, an orange-silvered mirror of sunlight flashing down the front-straight, sweeping from sight in Turn 2, its sound diminishing, now lost, now wafting back from a far part of the circuit where it was not held captive by hills and woods, now growing stronger, fuller, announcing the car's return—and then the car was back in view again, trailing the sound in waves as it shot under the Champion bridge, slowed to enter Namerow Corner, emerged to pass the pit entrance and rush down the front-straight in quick pursuit of the final seconds to flag's fall at the start-finish line. And as Bruce took his cool-off lap, some who had watched sighed with regret that the session had ended, for the opportunity to watch a man run a splendid car at its quickest, in aloneness on a circuit, to sense the man's harmony, oneness with the machine as he did so, is a rare opportunity, indeed.

WITH the close of qualifying, the grid was set. Bruce, of course, had the pole with his 1:31.7; Denis, with his 1:32.2 would sit next to him on the front row. The closest qualifier to the McLarens had been Motschenbacher, almost three seconds slower with a 1:34.6. He was followed by Surtees, Parsons, Eaton, Baker, Titus, Leonard and Cordts, and the difference in time between Bruce and Cordts, in tenth, was *8.1 seconds*; the difference in time between Bruce and the last qualifier in the twenty-car field was *21.3 seconds*. The lack of competitive times made McLaren Team Manager Teddy Mayer shake his head and wryly comment that they had spent \$50,000 preparing for this year—and they should have done as Tyler Alexander suggested last year and left the cars at his home (in Boston) at the end of the season and simply put gas in them for this season.

IT rained early on race morning but cleared by mid-morning in time for the first of the club races, and the track was dry by the beginning of the twelve-to-one warm-up period for the Can Am cars. Most of the field went out at the beginning of the period. Bruce went out for three laps at mid-session as Denis came in. With an hour-and-a-half to go, things seemed to be progressing smoothly towards race time for everyone. One could not ascertain undo tension in the pits, activities seemed normal and unrushed. Then Bob Nagel brought his Lola T70-Ford into the pits on fire. He had the presence of mind to stop at the emergency truck on the pit lane in front of the tower. The emergency crew worked with extremely quick efficiency and, it might be added, a great amount of zeal. Dry powder enveloped Nagel's car, and a dense cloud of the dry chemical rose to the height of the tower reducing the visibility in that area to zero. Eaton, Surtees and Galloway, coming in from the course, had to be routed down the front-straight to make their pit entries. As the powder spread to waft and settle the full length of the pits, Nagel's fire was out, yes, but three other cars in the immediate vicinity now had to be hosed down, their injector systems choked, and the cars completely gone over.



McLaren sat on the pit rail talking to motor-racing journalist, Don Gray, waiting for the course to dry for practise session.

MOTSCHENBACHER started out onto the course only to have the distributor shaft shear as he was leaving the pits. The car was pushed to the lane behind the pits where a frantic ninety minute session now began for the Motschenbacher team. No replacement unit was available and with sinking heart Motschenbacher set about repairing the broken one. Forty-five minutes later the distributor shaft was welded, crudely so for adequate time and proper equipment to do the job well were lacking. The unit now had to be assembled and installed in the car, lines and hoses hooked up, injection and ignition systems timed and the car fueled before it would be ready to go—and it seemed an impossible task to Motschenbacher, for there was not enough time, surely not enough time to accomplish all this by the time the cars were called to the grid. Then Lee Muir, the McLaren engine man came to help; then Tyler Alexander; then Teddy Mayer.

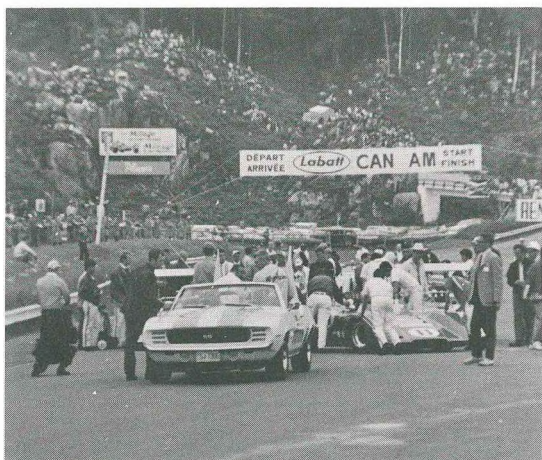
WITH scant minutes left to the five minute countdown, all but two cars were on the grid. Motschenbacher's slot was empty as was Nagel's (whose car had caught fire earlier). Photographers clustered around Bruce as he sat on the track rail and clamoured requests for him to pose with the little land turtle that sponsor Gulf Oil's PR man, Ric Holt, had decorated with Gulf stickers and a paper McLaren-type wing. Bruce accommodated them good-naturedly as they jostled, elbowed and performed a type of in-fighting peculiar to photographers who think that someone else's camera angle is better than his own. Then, with the five minute countdown begun, Bruce left the grid to see how Motschenbacher was progressing.

THE unit had been installed in Motschenbacher's car, he had fired up the engine and Muir was helping with the timing as Bruce arrived. As Motschenbacher played the throttle, it hung up. Bruce picked up a file and wrench and began filing the bracket that was obstructing the linkage. "Better get ready now," he told Motschenbacher. "Grab your gear." Motschenbacher hurried to his pit area for his helmet, goggles and gloves and when he returned Bruce had cleared the throttle linkage and Mayer was helping the crew put the bodywork back on. Bruce sat on the stone wall watching as he pulled on his helmet.

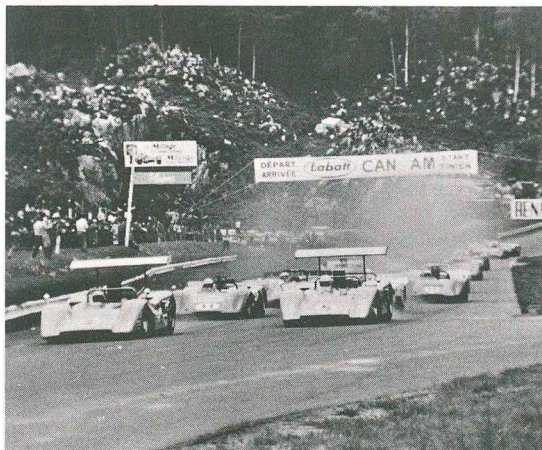
Seeing that the paper-winged Gulf turtle doesn't walk off the wing of the McLaren M8B (Gulf's PR man, Ric Holt, l.).



Motchenbacher's McLaren M12 is pushed late to the grid after a 99-minute session to repair the distributor shaft that sheared during pre-race warm-up.

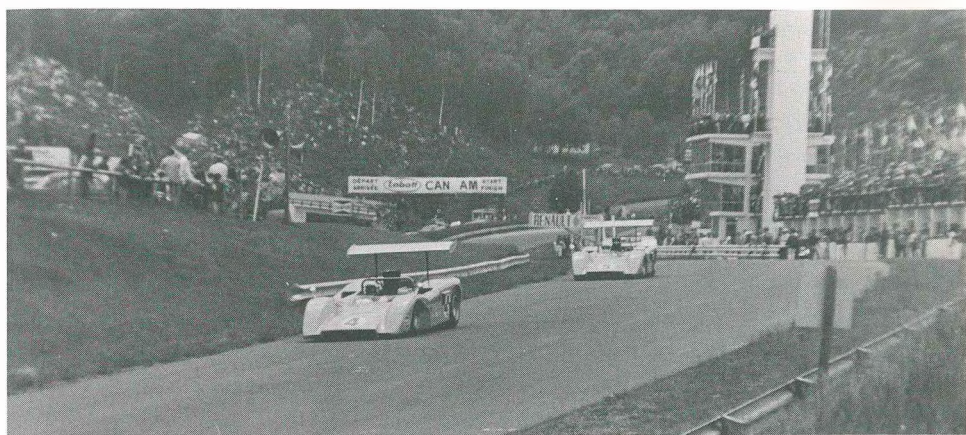


Team McLaren leads the field down the front-straight at the start.

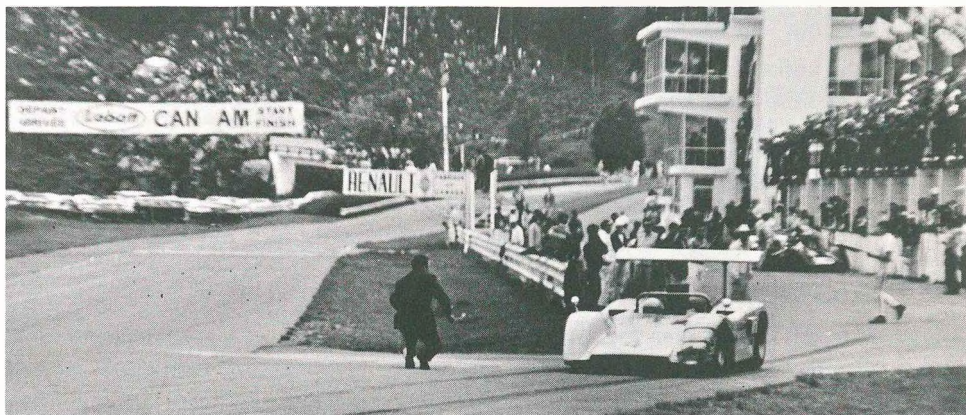




The design of the St. Jovite course offered McLaren and Hulme the opportunity to drop back and play a bit with their fellows. Here Surtees leads Motschenbacher, McLaren, Parsons and Hulme into turn 2.



McLaren (No. 4) led 7 laps, winner Hulme (No. 5) 43 laps of the 60 lap race. They were capable of lapping in 1:33.8 seconds, but, unpursed, ran the race in the 1:38s and 1:39s.



McLaren exits after a 48 second stop to have damaged left front fender taped after collision with Surtees.

WITH the car almost back together again, Motschenbacher's concern now was whether the shaft would hold once he started using the engine. It had been welded without the tools necessary to insure proper alignment and there was no way he could be certain it would turn a revolution without shearing again. Bruce read Motschenbacher's concern and tried to reassure him. "Don't worry," he said, "she'll come right." Motschenbacher nodded, wishing he could share Bruce's certainty. He glanced anxiously towards the grid as Denis strolled up. It was now two minutes past two, past race time. "Don't worry," Denis smiled, "they wouldn't go anywhere without us, would they?" and although he said it jokingly it was not exactly a matter for levity for Race Director, John Ross, Jr. It was past race time, the two orange McLarens sat driverless on the front of the grid, the third place slot was still empty, and Ross and Stirling Moss now came somewhat anxiously to Motschenbacher to see how much longer he would be delayed. Not long. Bruce and Denis waited with him now as his crew hurried to button up everything. Then Motschenbacher pulled on his helmet, climbed into the car and was pushed to the grid. Bruce and Denis strolled after him and once they were settled in their cars the one minute sign went up, engines were started, the grid cleared of crews and photographers and Stirling Moss led the field out on the pace lap. It was eight minutes past starting time.

BRUCE and Denis had planned no race strategy. It *had* been decided that they could afford to drop back and play abit with their competitors, for the design of the circuit would allow them to overtake and regain positions almost at will. And, too, it had been decided that this was to be Denis' race, for Bruce had won Mosport.

AS the field completed the first lap, it was Bruce, Denis, Motschenbacher, Surtees, Parsons, Eaton, Titus, Baker and Cordts . . . and someone was smoking alarmingly at the back of the field. Drolsom's Lola T70-Chevy was on fire. Exhaust heat had set the bodywork on fire and he came down the front-straight trailing a stream of fire ten feet long. He parked on course, corner workers extinguished the Lola's fire and he made an unhappy pedestrian return to the pits.

BRUCE and Denis now dropped back to dice with those closest to them, and when the field came around on the second lap the first seven positions had scrambled—it was Motschenbacher in the lead now, followed by Surtees, Bruce, Parsons, Denis, Eaton and Titus . . . and it became apparent in the pits that all the fun was taking place on the backside of the course, for on the next lap the front positions had again scrambled. Surtees now led with Bruce second, followed by Motschenbacher, Parsons, Eaton, Denis and Titus.

FIVE laps later, Bruce began a game of take-and-give with Surtees, wherein he would take the lead from Surtees then give it back—which delighted the crowd at Namerow Corner, for it was here he would shut off early and Surtees would shoot past on braking.

AS Surtees led and Bruce followed two laps later, Denis had moved into third followed by Parsons, Eaton and Titus—and Motschenbacher had gone into the pits. A new throttle cable was causing him some rather breath-taking moments—for the existing spring, strong enough to work the old cable, was too weak for the new. Motschenbacher found that as he would come through Namerow Corner (a third gear

hairpin just before the front-straight), the throttle would not close, he would have to pull it back with his toe, change gears and blip the throttle—and by *this* time he was in the turn with about 2000 rpms too many with the nose of the car pushing straight for the fence. He spent two-and-a-half minutes in the pits to shorten the spring and it was to no avail. He was back in the pits on the next lap for a full minute while a still stronger spring was installed, and as a consequence lost seven positions, dropping back to fourteenth.

DENIS, who had been sitting back in third while Bruce and Surtees had their set-to, took the lead on the sixteenth lap. By now the back of the field was thinning. Rich Galloway had slid into the bank under the vehicle bridge and broken the suspension on his McLaren M6B-Chevy. Len Faustina had put his Lola T70-Chevy into a fence on the backside of the course. Jerry Titus, running sixth in his McLaren Mk3-Ford, was providing his own exciting moments for the spectators by fairly storming through the downhill-uphill righthander at Turn one, tailing-out on the edge of adhesion. Each time through it looked as though he was going to go errk, sideways right off the course. His game effort ended on lap eighteen when the bearings in his engine let loose and he had to shutdown in Namerow Corner.

DENIS exchanged the lead twice with Bruce and was leading on lap twenty-three when Bruce again shut off early at Namerow Corner to let Surtees by. This time, however, as Bruce tried to get back around Surtees in the corner Surtees slowed unexpectedly in response to a yellow flag Bruce could not yet see, and Bruce collided with him. Bruce later commented, "I was well inside John's rear fender when I suddenly realized he didn't know I was there. He had let me by here before but then all of a sudden he slowed down and I tagged him. I discovered too late that there was a waving yellow flag out there and that's why he slowed down. It was my fault, but when you're traveling that close to someone you watch them very closely as you might miss something by the side of the road." As a consequence, Bruce spent 48 seconds in the pits while his crew taped the front end of his McLaren back together. Surtees continued on, the damage to his McLaren M12 as yet untelling.

DENIS, aware that Bruce was in the pits but not knowing why, picked up his pace. He was not sure what was occurring and wanted to have as many seconds in hand as possible in case he had to pit for the same reason as Bruce, for trouble often duplicates itself in sister cars.

THE damage to Surtee's McLaren was more severe than immediately thought and two laps later he was in the pits to have the rear bodywork taped. This cost him 52 seconds and three positions. By now only fourteen of the twenty-car starting field were running, and the order was Denis, Parsons, Eaton, Bruce, Surtee Cordts, Leonard, Baker, Motschenbacher, Couture, Dutton, Powell, Terrell and Nagel.

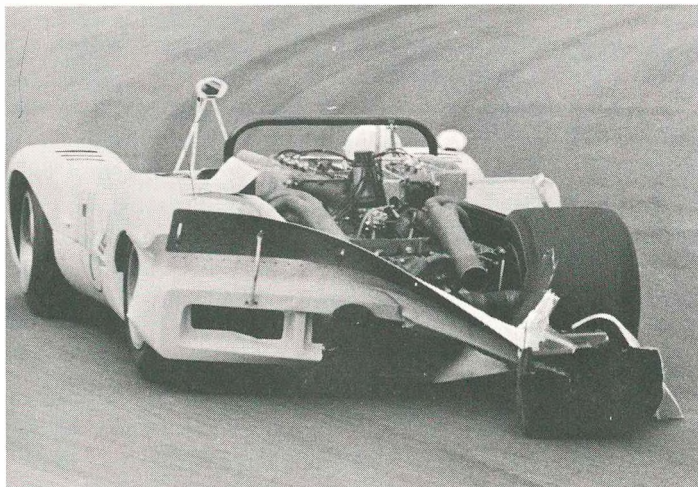
THINGS settled down for the next eight laps then juggled abit as Bruce took third place from Eaton, then Surtees took fourth place from Eaton and Motschenbacher moved past Baker and Leonard into eighth.

WITH twenty laps to go, Bruce, running in third, thought he was in second position. When his crew held up the pit-board with his lap time and a minus 34 seconds with the block letters PAR tacked on the bottom, he thought he was 34 seconds behind Denis and had no idea what the PAR meant. Par? Par what? Par for the

course? That made no sense. He puzzled this for half a lap before he realized that he was in *third* place, 34 seconds behind Parsons. Loafing ceased and Bruce turned his fastest lap of the race in 1:33.8, a speed of 101.7 mph, to duplicate Denis' fastest lap, and in five laps he had made up those 34 seconds and passed Parsons for second place.

BY now Surtees, in fourth, was experiencing difficult moments in his McLaren, for the wind was lifting the damaged rear shell and tearing it apart. He made a flying stop in the pits, his crew pulled off the rear shell in 35 seconds, Surtees dashed back out on the course only to be black-flagged on the next lap for not having the necessary bodywork.

SURTEES' retirement moved Eaton into fourth. Eaton, who had run as high as third in the middle laps, was experiencing problems of his own. The clutch was slipping and the McLaren badly bottoming-out in Turn 1. He finally had to pit on lap forty-eight and his crew found that a mounting ear had broken on the right front suspension, the shock absorber had come loose and one end had jammed into the hub. His crew worked a minute 23 seconds on the suspension and when they sent him out again the marshall held him briefly at track re-entry until traffic cleared, waved him on—and Eaton killed the engine. He hit the starter switch, the starter clicked coldly and one could feel his despair clear across the pit lane. He tried again and again, a team member and side-lined Rich Galloway ran down to help, and after another 50 seconds had been lost the engine caught hold and Eaton took to the track again. But now, pit officials, afraid that Eaton's suspension would disintegrate on the track, sent word to start-finish to pull him in. Paul Cooke, Eaton's Team Manager, sprinted to the start-finish line and the Starter actually had the black flag in hand when Cooke arrived to assure him Eaton's car was *not* going to fall apart. As all this transpired there was more than one held breath in Surtees' pit—for Eaton's and Surtees' McLarens were of the same model, which meant the bodywork was interchangeable, and were Eaton to retire it was possible Surtees could borrow Eaton's rear shell and re-enter the race. But no, Eaton was allowed to continue and Surtees' crew sighed, for without wishing Eaton ill-luck, the possibilities *had* he retired had been worth a thought.



Surtees heads for the pits with the Chaparral-McLaren's damaged rear body section dragging on the ground.
Photo by F. David Stone.

EATON'S pit stop dropped him to seventh and now the order of the field read—Denis, Bruce, Parsons, Cordts, Motschenbacher, Baker, Eaton, Couture, Leonard, Dutton, Powell and Terrell. The only changes that came before the end of the race eleven laps later were when Motschenbacher (whose distributor shaft had held after all) passed Cordts for fourth place and Leonard passed Couture for eighth. As Denis breezed across the finish line, the only one on the same lap with him was Bruce, 73.6 seconds behind.

HAD one held a stopwatch on the McLaren team during the race, it would have become clearly obvious how unpressed they were—for they had been able to stay ahead by lapping in the leisurely 1:38s and 1:39s while they were quite capable of turning 1:33.8—which they both had done to share the lap record.



Posing for photographers just before race time.

AFTER the Winner's Circle interviews had been given and photos taken, Denis was led to the tower roof where he was joined by Bruce and Chuck Parsons. Seated in the crushing circle of photographers, Denis was presented with a silver bowl filled with the race sponsor's Labatt beer. Then he was given the winner's gold medallion, Bruce received the silver for second place and Parsons the bronze for third. After interviews in the stifling heat of the press room, Bruce and Denis retired to friend Ed "Spanky" Smith's motor home to drink the champagne of victory. Soon so many people had joined them they spilled outside into little groups. Inside the motor home, Bruce and Denis changed to velour jumpsuits they had been given—of the style Stirling Moss had worn that day and looked so smashing in—and when they emerged from the trailer they were almost collapsing with laughter, for Bruce's yellow suit fit his stocky frame like a body girdle, and Denis' green suit was quite as tight and six inches too long. And as they clowned and posed for photographer friends other drivers—Motschenbacher, Parsons, Eaton and Koveleski, joined them. The tensions of the day were gone now and nonsense and laughter came easily—and the hilarity lasted until darkness began to fall and was joined by the rain that had held off all day.



A smiling Hulme wearing the gold medallion of victory.

THAT evening, after most of the fifty guests had left the excellent dinner hosted by one of Bruce's sponsors, Gulf Oil, photographer Pete Biro, to Bruce's delight, entertained at Bruce's table with his magic tricks. Bruce, as he watched Biro's very professional performance, was a study in himself, for he sat chin covered with hand, gaze hard on Biro's hands trying to discover the secret of each trick. But no, Biro was too clever, his hands too quick, and as each trick ended Bruce would be as astonished and mystified as the rest, he would shake his head in puzzlement and then his hearty laugh would ring through the room. It was a fine way to end the weekend.



**Le Circuit
Mont-Tremblant-St. Jovite,
Inc.**

90 miles from Montreal
2.65 miles
minimum 60 feet
Record: Jo Siffert
Lotus-Ford
100.32 mph
1 min. 35.1 sec.
1968

Results

RESULTS of the Mont-Tremblant — St. Jovite Can-Am for the Labatt Trophy for the Canadian American Challenge Cup at Le Circuit Mont-Tremblant — St. Jovite, Quebec, Canada, June 15, 1969. Sanctioned by Canadian Automobile Sport Clubs and the Sports Car Club of America, Inc., organized by C.A.S.C. (Quebec Region) and listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 2.56-mile course for FIA Group 7 cars of more than 2500cc displacement. Race length: 60 laps (1 hour, 37 min. 52 sec.; 159 miles). Winner's average speed: 97.55 m.p.h. Winner's margin of victory: 73.6 sec. Fastest lap: lap 9, Hulme, 1:33.8. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps Behind	Pts.	Purse
1	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.		20	\$10,000
2	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.	73.6	15	7,500
3	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	1	12	6,000
4	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	2	10	5,000
5	John Cordts	McLaren M6B-Chev.	2	8	4,300
6	Fred Baker	McLaren M6B-Chev.	2	6	3,700
7	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	3	4	3,100
8	J. Leonard	McKee Turbo-Olds	4	3	2,600
9	Jacques Couture	McLaren Mk 2B-Chev.	4	2	2,100
10	Tom Dutton	Lola T70-Chev.	8	1	1,600
11	H. Powell	Lola T160-Chev.	8		1,100
12	Tom Terrell	Lola T70-Chev.	13		800

Did Not Finish

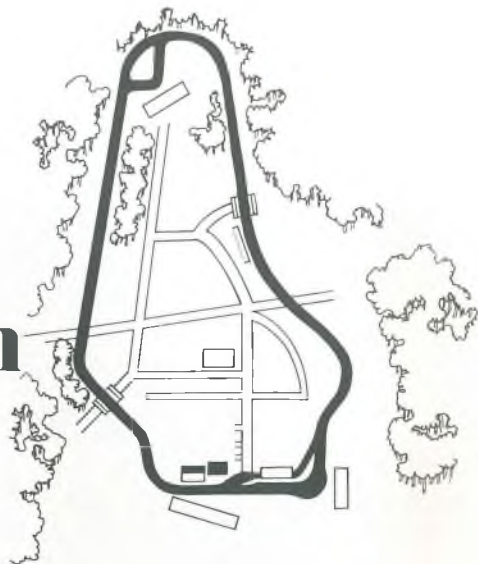
Laps Completed/Reason Out

13	John Surtees	McLaren M12-Chev.	41	broken body work	500
14	Bob Nagel	Lola T70-Ford	33	running	400
15	Jerry Titus	McLaren Mk 3-Ford	18	engine bearing	300
16	Dick Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	18	oil leak	200
17	Leonard Faustina	Lola T70-Chev.	17	crashed	200
18	Rich Galloway	McLaren M6B-Chev.	10	rock in tire	200
19	George Drolsom	Lola T70-Chev.	2	fire	200
20	Oscar Koveleski	McLaren M6B-Chev.	1	ring and pinion	200

Watkins Glen

CAN-AM "200"

Watkins Glen, New York



IN UPPER STATE NEW YORK, far from the tentacle reaches of The City, is the quiet, village-like town of Watkins Glen. It slumbers in the beauty of woods and lakes and falls—and the glen itself is lovely to the point of unreality. It does not possess the blatancy of the shopping centers and super markets of today, or the stifling closeness of too many people and too much traffic—instead, the main street, Franklin Street, whispers of yesterday with its sweet shop and five & dime and family-run grocery and firehouse across from the Jefferson Hotel—and if one arrives early, before the crowds of a race weekend, the pleasant, unrushed atmosphere of the town proves a welcome change for the city dweller and eases the fatigue of the jet traveller.

BRUCE arrived early to set-up the cars on Wednesday. It had been a frantic paced week for him. After the French GP on Sunday he had returned to England to test the four-wheel-drive car on Monday. On Tuesday he had flown to New York. On Wednesday while he set-up the Can Am cars in Watkins Glen, Denis tested the Formula 1 car back at Silverstone. While Bruce ran in the practise session on Thursday, Denis was flying over from England.

THE Glen Can Am had been looked forward to with a certain anticipation by many; the Ferrari with Chris Amon driving was to make its debut; Penske's Lola-Chevy for Mark Donohue was a probable and quite possibly, the new Cro-Sal McKee super-charged Olds with four-wheel-drive would be there for Joe Leonard. This, then, would perhaps be the point in the series where Team McLaren would actually have to start racing.

AS it turned out, Chris Amon arrived on Friday—but the Ferrari was still in transit somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean. The Lola-Chevy for Donohue had been

officially entered and subsequently withdrawn—as had Gurney's McLaren-Ford and the McLaren-Ford for John Cannon. No word filtered down as to why the Cro-Sal McKee with Joe Leonard or McLaren Mk3 with Jerry Titus did not appear.

THERE were, however, new entries to make up the deficit. Ronnie Backnum was there with the Jeffries-Robbins Lola T-162-Chevy. There was to be a 6-Hour Manufacturers' race on Saturday and six of these cars and drivers were entered in the Sunday Can Am with a rather as-long-as-we're here attitude. These were the three Porsche 908s for Jo Siffert of Austria and Tony Dean and Brian Redman of England; the two Matra 650s of France with Johnny Servoz-Gavin of France and Pedro Rodriguez of Mexico; and the Lola T-70-Chevy coupe of Jo Bonnier of Switzerland. Thus, though the Series had not sorted-out and settled down as far as regular entrants were concerned, this race, certainly, had acquired a true International flavor.

FRIDAY'S practise was confusing and trying and noticeably lacking in enthusiasm. The session, which was to serve as practise *and* qualifying, was split between the 6-Hours and Can Am entrants. The Can Am cars had the course from 11:00 to 1:30 and again for the last hour from 4:30 to 5:30. The garage area, unfortunately, was located a quarter-mile away, up the hill behind the pits. This meant that at the end of each session the mechanics had to pack up everything, move it to the garages, hand push the cars back up the hill—then reverse and repeat the process for the next session . . . so things did become somewhat gray-faced by the end of the day.

BRUCE was first on the track for the 11 o'clock session. He moved quickly straight off and in three laps was down to an unofficial 1:06.6, a full second under the Group 7 record set in the 1968 USRRC by Donohue in Penske's Sunoco Special (which was the same McLaren M6A with which Bruce had won the 1967 Can Am Series). Surtees almost tied Bruce with a 1:06.7. The flexing problems Parsons had experienced in his Lola T163 at St. Jovite had hopefully been solved. He had begun the morning in the 1:17s and was now methodically slicing his way down into the 1:10s. Eaton's handling problems were still with him. He was in and out of the pits all during practise trying to find a solution, and his lap times in the 1:12s reflected his problems.

DENIS turned a swift 1:05.1 for his openers and as stopwatches clicked off along pit row there were sighs and groans and a great shaking of heads—Team McLaren was off and at it again; Bruce and Denis would now have their flings at each other and further lower their times to a point where the majority of the field would be hard put to even keep them in sight.

IT became apparent as more cars gained the track that the last turn, a 90° right-hander that exited onto the short straight in front of the pits, was going to create some rather chancy moments for some drivers. A slight change in camber in the center of the turn made it essential that a car be precisely lined up entering—otherwise the driver would find himself motoring straight through into the field of daisies beyond—or exiting in a sideways attitude onto the pit straight. Neither procedure was highly recommended. Dean and Koveleski were finding it hard to find the proper line through. Bucknum's Lola was proving to be most evil handling and his exits from this turn were hairy to say the least.

MORNING times showed about the same differential as had appeared at St. Jovite. Bruce and Denis had accomplished the expected and cut their times drastically

to run one-two at 1:02.58 and 1:02.88. Surtees, who had brought the Chaparral McLaren M12 fitted with a new wing which looked very much like an old Chaparral wing, had brought its time down with the McLarens', but was still two seconds behind them.

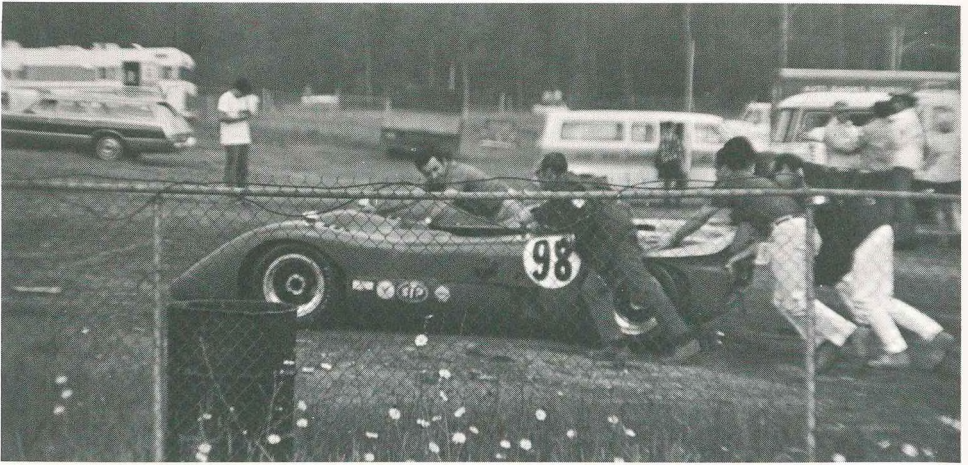


THE afternoon session saw nearly everyone take to the course—including Motschenbacher, who had missed the morning session and arrived only moments before the start of late afternoon qualifying. Bucknum's Lola handled easier for this session. Eaton was trying a new cooling system which consisted of a rather large, vile-looking hose bracketed up over the McLaren's nose and into the cockpit in an attempt to channel cooler air into the still overheating cockpit. Nagel's Lola-Chevy was making rather untidy sounds and cutting out going down the pit straight. He did, however, manage to lower his time by 12 seconds to a 1:23.95—which could not have been that encouraging; he was still by far the slowest of the field.

THERE seemed to be no group effort to lower morning times. It was as though only half the field was qualifying—and it was obvious that much sorting-out was being done. Parsons went quicker, as did Cordts (in McCaig's McLaren M6B), Brown, Bucknum, Doran and Janke. Motschenbacher, out for the first time, turned 1:13.19, and Johnny Servoz-Gavin turned a reasonable 1:10.46 for his first qualifying run with the Can Am cars. The rest of the field, works McLarens included, had at session's end turned slower times than in the morning.

THE Ferrari arrived Friday night and on Saturday the sounds of the morning were pleasing when the cars took to the course for the final practise-qualifying session—a full chorus had now been achieved with the baritone notes of the Ferrari added to the bass of the Chevies and clear tenor of the Matras.

DURING this final session Denis lowered his Friday time by 34/100ths of a second, which put him under Bruce's Friday time. The St. Jovite pattern was then duplicated as Bruce proceeded to lower his own time and better Denis'—and again



Eaton's crew pushes his Lola to the pits. Practise-qualifying sessions were split with the 6-Hours entrants — cars had to be pushed back and forth up the hill to garage between sessions.

Denis let it be. So Bruce again took the pole with Denis only 33/100ths of a second behind him.

EVERYONE watched Chris in the Ferrari with great interest. He was finding his lines quickly and with seeming ease. He was negotiating the 90° turn with a smoothness equal to Denis and Surtees and must have been traveling the rest of the circuit with like precision for his times dropped consistently and ultimately he gained third place on the grid with a time of 1:03.73—1.52 seconds behind Bruce, 1.19 seconds behind Denis—and this was the most competitive time Team McLaren had yet faced.

SURTEES, holding to his Friday time, was placed fourth on the grid. Motschenbacher, down to 1:05.69 was fifth followed by Eaton, Parsons, Baker, Bonnier, Siffert, Redman, Cordts, Dean and Bucknum. Johnny Servoz-Gavin was fifteenth with a 1:10.46 and a differential of nearly fourteen seconds existed between fifteenth and twenty-fifth position.

. . . WHEN an accident occurs, it can usually be traced to mechanical failure, driver error, or a track hazard. Ideally then, a driver, to insure his own safety, should know his machine well enough to receive and quickly react to messages of sound or feel his car might relay in a moment preceding mechanical failure. He should know his own capabilities—and those of other drivers, either by observation or reputation. He should proceed around a circuit with some prudence until he has become acquainted with it; until he has familiarized the obvious hazards that might, in a given circumstance, cause him grief. The driver is vulnerable, he knows this; he does not usually worry about it. He knows his machine, himself and those with whom he races; he knows the circuit—thus, to a degree, does he protect himself. But he has no protection against the hidden track hazard of which he has no knowledge.

JAMES LOCKE, in his McLaren Mk2, crashed during Saturday morning qualification.

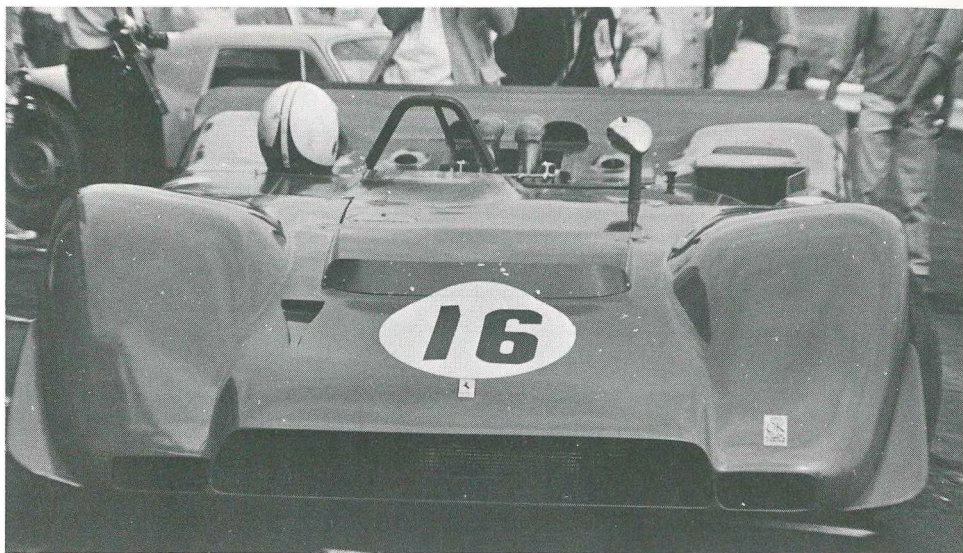
HE had gone off course without drama at the 90° turn. Getting things turned around and straightened nicely, Locke did not re-enter the track at his point of exit, for entering the course slowly this close to the turn could have caused problems with traffic.

He elected instead to drive parallel to the course on the verge towards a point where the curbing that separated track from verge ended and an access road crossed the track beyond. It appeared he intended re-entering at that point for he was moving well under control and accelerating towards it when he hit the culvert, overgrown with grass and quite hidden from sight, that ran along the access road ahead of him. The impact was severe enough to bend the front end of the car up and backwards at a point just behind the front wheels and send the front shell sailing through the air to land on the access road some distance ahead.

ACROSS the way—not a hundred feet away in the pits—men stood motionless, either in astonishment or indecision, for long seconds, and the fact there was no fire may have been the most fortunate thing that happened to Locke that day. When no one else made a move to help him, Porsche driver, Brian Redman, picked up a fire extinguisher and started across the track, a course worker then started towards the car, Denis followed Redman and their movements finally set others in motion. Denis remained there until Locke was freed and taken to the hospital. When Denis returned to the pits, his face was tight with anger. He could find no excuse as to why it had taken safety workers (of whom there were over a dozen in the pits) so long to move to Locke's aid. The extreme of his anger was caused by the needlessness of the accident. Team McLaren had asked to have the culvert filled the year before—after Denis had gone into it, farther in from the course than had Locke, square on backwards in his McLaren Formula 1 car. He had not known, either, that the culvert was there until he hit it. It had destroyed his car as thoroughly as it had Locke's—but Denis had been the more fortunate; he walked away without a mark on him. The requests to have the culvert filled had, obviously, been ignored. Of this, Denis later commented to a writer, "We had asked to have it filled in. A few truck loads of earth could have filled it—and I just don't see it. We're only trying to make it safer to go motor racing—Not from our point of view, but to *protect the public as well*. We don't want to fly in and kill alot of people, and so these barriers serve two purposes. But its terribly difficult to get the promoters and organizers to understand this point of view. What I'd like to do is put them in the damn car and let them have a crack at it. You know, you wouldn't really fly an airplane if they had the runway cut in half and put a big ditch halfway down it—you'd want some fixing somewhere."

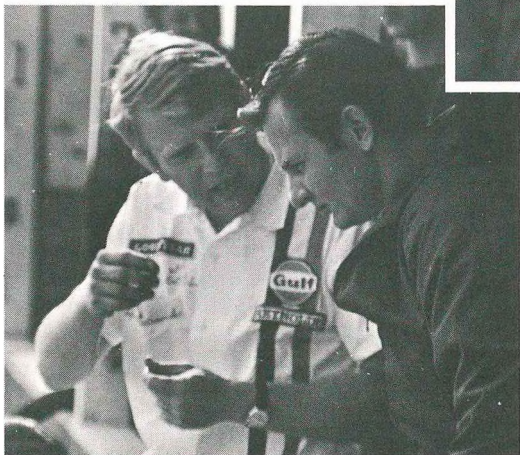
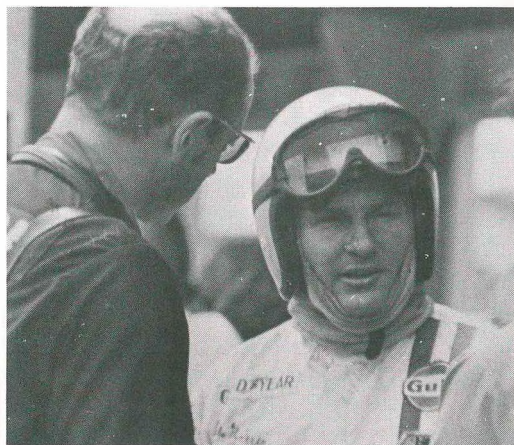
ALTHOUGH Denis was outspoken with anger, it was Bruce who again went to track officials. This time, apparently, his talk with them brought results, for they moved with some expediency during the night and the next morning there were haybales in front of the culvert at the point where Locke had crashed and a wire catch-fence had been erected in the daisy field about midway down the pit straight and in about fifty feet from the verge. Thus it appeared if a car missed the turn and angled down through the field towards the far length of the culvert, the fence would, literally, net it.

THE rain that had almost turned the first third of the Manufacturers' race into a motorboat race on Saturday had passed over by Sunday leaving behind a gray scudding sky and sharp biting air. There was unbelievable congestion and nonsense in the pits during the morning. Crowds of spectators got in the way of everyone and interrupted drivers' conversations with requests for posed pictures. Driver, Oscar Koveleski, the Can Am court jester, strolled about the pits with a miniature McLaren-



The Ferrari made its debut on Saturday. Amon qualified it third, only 1:52 seconds behind pole-sitter McLaren. This was the closest anyone had yet qualified to the works McLarens.

Talking with friends . . .



. . . listening to Crew Chief, Tyler Alexander.

like wing suction-cupped to his helmet. Pretty birds flocked to perch and preen on the McLaren pit counter . . . and no one seemed to have the heart to shoo them. George Eaton was almost thrown out of the paddock for not having the right numbered pass.

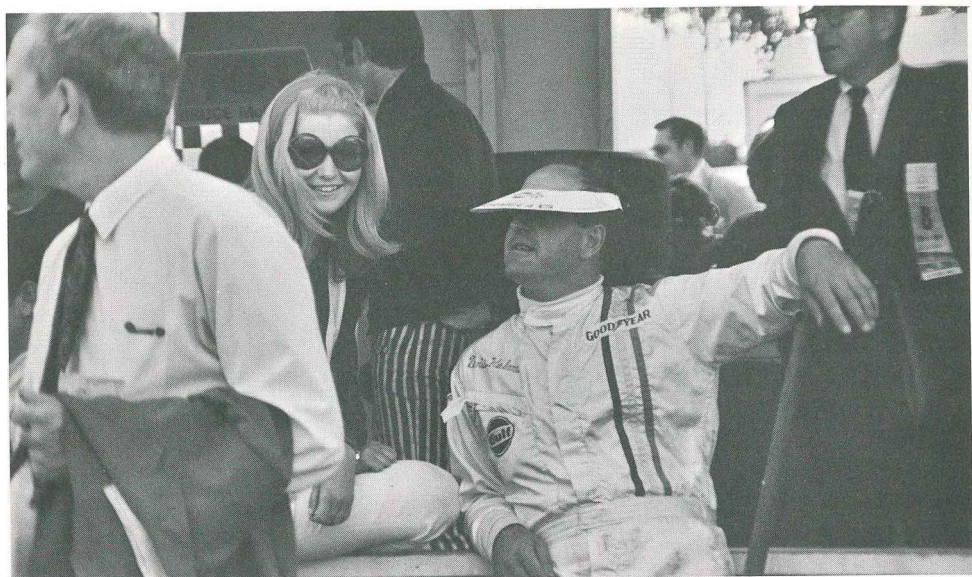
THE half-hour practise time and hour preceding the race were well utilized by some teams. Motschenbacher was having oil temperature problems with his McLaren and his crew had to fabricate scoops for the oil-cooler intake. Eaton was trying another cockpit cooling system. The hose on the front shell had been replaced by two air scoops bracketed and goodly taped on either side of the front shell. Bucknum's crew was trying to cure engine ills discovered the night before.

THE cars were pushed to the grid at two o'clock. This allowed twenty-two minutes for last minute necessities and whatever. Bruce lounged against the wing of his car talking to Chrissy as Denis strolled about through the line of cars, whistling softly under his breath, visiting with this driver and that. Ric Holt, Gulf's PR man, brought out the land turtle that had made its debut at St. Jovite, and the photographers who had missed photos there now fell all over each other trying to get photos here. Motschenbacher fortified himself with a long drink of Gatorade which Marilyn had brought to the grid for him. Parsons confounded photographers by putting on his helmet early. It was a Bell Star, which offered little of his face to photograph, and photographers were bending over and hunkering down to at least get Parsons' eyes before he put the visor down. Eaton went through his helmet ritual, bending this way and that so his long hair would fall properly so it could be tucked back up under his helmet. Surtees stuffed the inevitable cotton in his ears as he chatted and laughed with mechanics. There were two or three drivers farther back on the grid who were already in their cars and were now sitting waiting, the look of tension tight on their faces . . . but with this exception last minute preparations were relaxed. And then the five minute cannon went off, leaving many with that wide-eyed, startled, blanched look of shock that is usually the result of having a cannon go off unexpectedly from fifty feet away. Mechanics saw their drivers into their cars, checked harnesses, and then the one-minute cannon went off, engines were started and mechanics left the grid.

STIRLING MOSS led the field in the pace car, brought everyone around nicely grouped, pulled into the pits and let Bruce take them to the flag. It was a clean start and when the field completed the first lap Bruce led the first group of Denis, Chris, Surtees, Eaton, Motschenbacher, Parsons, Bonnier, Baker and Siffert. Shortly behind them Bucknum led the second group and in exiting the 90° turn got sideways in front of everyone, which tended to raise the pulse rate of all, but he got things straightened around without mishap almost before the spectators could exhale their gasps.

BRUCE and Denis did not drop back to play with their fellows as they had at St. Jovite and Mosport. They had decided to get as much lead as possible and hold it for they expected Chris to push—and traffic could be a considerable hazard later, they would be lapping slower cars frequently and on such a tight circuit with so many corners, they could get held up quite badly. While they moved out ahead, changes were taking place behind them. On lap three Parsons passed Eaton for fifth and on lap seven Surtees turned up in front of Chris in third.

FROM the look of the pits early on, indications were that a goodly amount of the activities would take place there. Brown came in at the end of the first lap over-



A nonchalant Hulme on Sunday morning.



A clowning Koveleski.



George Eaton, looking more a Mod kid than a race driver, was almost thrown out of the paddock Sunday for having the wrong numbered pass.

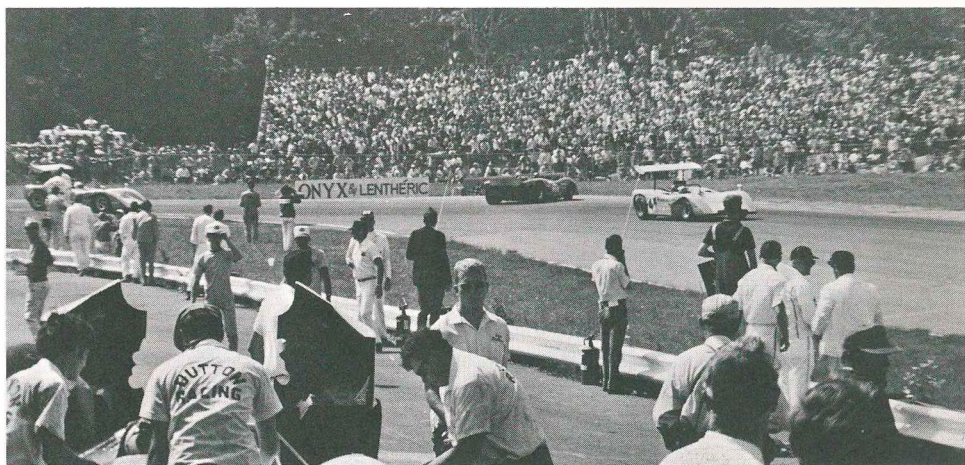
heating and had to take on water. Dutton spent seven minutes having a broken water line repaired. Heuer spent five minutes in as his crew compensated his sway bar for the full tank of gas. Brown returned for more water. Doran and Jenke pitted at the same time; both retired, Doran with a broken right rear wheel, Janke with handling problems. Dini pitted to retire with an oil leak and clutch problems.

AT the end of ten laps Bruce had turned an average of 125.40 mph and picked up the fastest lap (lap three) at 1:04.42 (over two seconds off his qualifying time) for 128.53 mph. He was two seconds ahead of Denis who was in turn 14.8 seconds ahead of Surtees and Amon who were followed by Parsons in fifth and Motschenbacher, who had passed Eaton on the previous lap, in sixth.

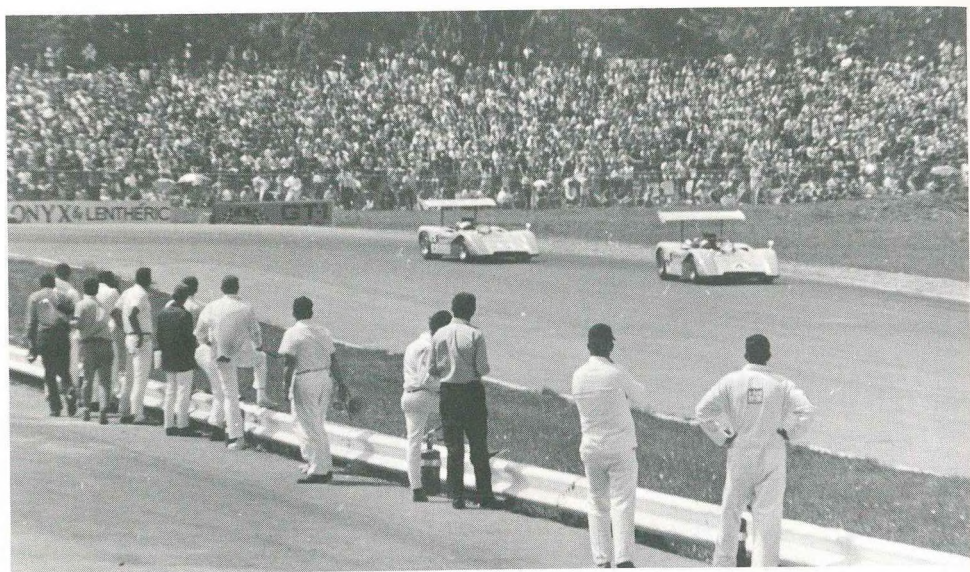
EIGHT laps later, an overheating, rough running engine forced Motschenbacher to throttle back, giving sixth position back to Eaton. Eaton was not without his own problems. His gearbox was beginning to freeze up and when it became obvious he was



McLaren talks with Amon on the grid . . .



McLaren passes Heuer, stalled in the middle of the 90° right-hander, as Hulme (far left) approaches turn.



Team McLaren — one-two from start to finish.

not going to be able to shift, he elected to run in fourth gear, feeling running at that speed was optimum for the course. He found that if he left the gears alone for about seven laps he would then be able to use them again for passing for two or three laps before they would freeze up again. (It was later found that the problem came from an odd source. Eaton had had a thermos of iced-tea mounted in the fender well with a plastic tube leading into the cockpit so he could sip the tea as needed during the race. The seal on the thermos had failed, the tea had run down into the shifting mechanism and the sugar crystallized on the linkage, jamming it.)

ABOUT this point Surtees was pointing repeatedly to the front of his car when he passed the pits. On the twenty-second lap Chris passed him for third place, then moved 2.4 seconds ahead, then 3.4 seconds as Surtees noticeably fell back, and Surtees' overheating problems became obvious as a white stream of coolant began to spray out of the overflow at the rear of the Chaparral McLaren.

ON lap twenty-five Bucknum ducked into the pits with his mirror coming off and his engine not sounding all that well. The mirror was no problem, of course, but after working eleven minutes on the engine the mechanics shook their heads and very grimly indeed Bucknum took the Lola to the paddock. Heuer came in again for four minutes to have the front suspension adjusted. Dutton again came in to spend seventeen minutes having a broken radiator hose fixed. Galloway made a flying stop to tell his crew that the car would not stay in third and fifth gears.

AS Bruce and Denis encountered slower cars Bruce would at times move out as much as $6\frac{1}{2}$ seconds in front of Denis, but once through traffic Denis would again snug in behind Bruce. Of the traffic situation, Bruce later commented, "If you're going fast, if you try to keep up lap time you've got to endeavor to pass each car where you find him—and that's dangerous and difficult. If you ease up and wait for the straight each time to pass, you're going to lose a lot of lap time. Occasionally that would happen

and Chris would pick up quite a bit of time.” Although Chris did at times move to within ten seconds of Team McLaren he was not without his own problems in traffic. In particular, one driver of a slower car held up Chris each time he tried to lap him, moving a frustrated Amon to shake an angry fist as he was forced to hang back and lose precious seconds to the works McLarens.

ON lap thirty-one things got somewhat breathy as Galloway bunted Heuer in the middle of the 90° turn. Heuer spun and stalled in the center of the turn; Galloway, with shattered left front fender and flat tire bounded through the turn and into the daisy field. Everyone in the back of the field managed to dodge Heuer as he sat vulnerably in the middle of the turn with a dead engine. Galloway managed to get back on the track but retired on the next lap with irreparable damage to the front end of his Lola. The front runners now came around to duck neatly around the still sitting Heuer, then he got his engine started, turned around and pitted on his next lap to have the right rear bodywork of his Lola taped.

THEN Brown pitted to retire his overheating McLaren M6B. Motschenbacher made a quick stop for two quarts of oil and lost three places in the process—one of which he picked up immediately when John Cordts’ McLaren M6B blew a tire on the approach to the last turn, spun through and into the middle of the daisy field to end up pointed backwards. Quite unperturbed, Cordts got out of the car, made an examining circle of it then produced a pipe from somewhere and sat in the grass smoking to watch the rest of the race. Dutton pitted yet again to spend ten minutes fixing another broken radiator hose.

ON lap fifty-two the first of the Group 6 cars pitted for fuel. Because of the different rules governing the Manufacturers’ Championship cars, fuel capacity was not sufficient for the Matras and Porsches to run the entire 200 miles. The cars contained no fuel gauges and crew chiefs simply gauged fuel consumption with stopwatches and refueling was done by flow rate. Neither Matra or Porsche lost a position during their pit stops, which were in the neighborhood of 29 seconds.

BY lap fifty-five the order of the front runners remained the same as it had for over ten laps; Bruce, Denis, Chris, Surtees, Parsons, Eaton, Baker, Siffert, Bonnier and Motschenbacher. Things shuffled about a bit when Baker pitted on the fifty-eighth lap and Surtees on the fifty-ninth. Baker retired his ex-Donohue McLaren M6B with injector problems. Surtees brought in a very hot car. The general consensus seemed to be that a gasket, or valve, or piston might have loosed itself, and although the engine was not running that well, it *was* still running, so they put in oil and sent Surtees back out to see what would happen. His stop dropped him from fourth to thirteenth.

ON lap seventy-one Redman pitted his Porsche 908 with engine troubles and became the only of the 6-Hours entrants to retire. Two laps later Parsons (whose Lola-Chevy had been sounding ragged for some laps because the throttle shaft had broken, a bolt had been swallowed and a cylinder lost) was black flagged because a broken sway bar was dragging on the ground. Parsons’ pit stop was rapid as his crew fixed the sway bar, but he did lose fourth position to a game Eaton who had managed to stick to his heels despite a scarcity of gears. Motschenbacher then brought his McLaren-Chevy back to the pits with an exceedingly flat sounding engine. He conferred quickly with his mechanics, they worked with the injection system, sprayed fuel into the stacks



photo by F. David Stone.

as he played the throttle, but the sound remained flat—and with only nineteen laps to go he cut the ignition and climbed out of the car.

WHEN Bruce took the chequered flag on lap eighty-seven, he had led the race from start to finish. Denis had run second from start to finish. Chris had run third all but fifteen of the earlier laps. Denis and Chris finished on the same lap with Bruce; Denis eight-tenths of a second behind, Chris twenty-three seconds behind. Of the twenty-five-car starting field, only fourteen finished and five of those had run the 6-Hours race the day before.

OF the race, Bruce was later to write in *Autosport*: “*The Can Am race at Watkins Glen was pretty much routine. One day someone is going to upset that routine and we’ll wonder what’s struck us. I’m still surprised at how few people make an effort in Can Am. It’s not all that difficult. Like anything else it takes time and work, but there’s no super technology involved. The Chevy engines are available over the counter. You’d think that if the Americans could put a man on the moon they could knock spots off us in motor racing. On the other hand, of course, we do use American engines, joints, hoses, aluminum, tyres and money, so maybe I’d better stop knocking . . .*”

Watkins Glen Grand Prix Course

260 miles from New York City

2.35 miles

minimum 26 feet

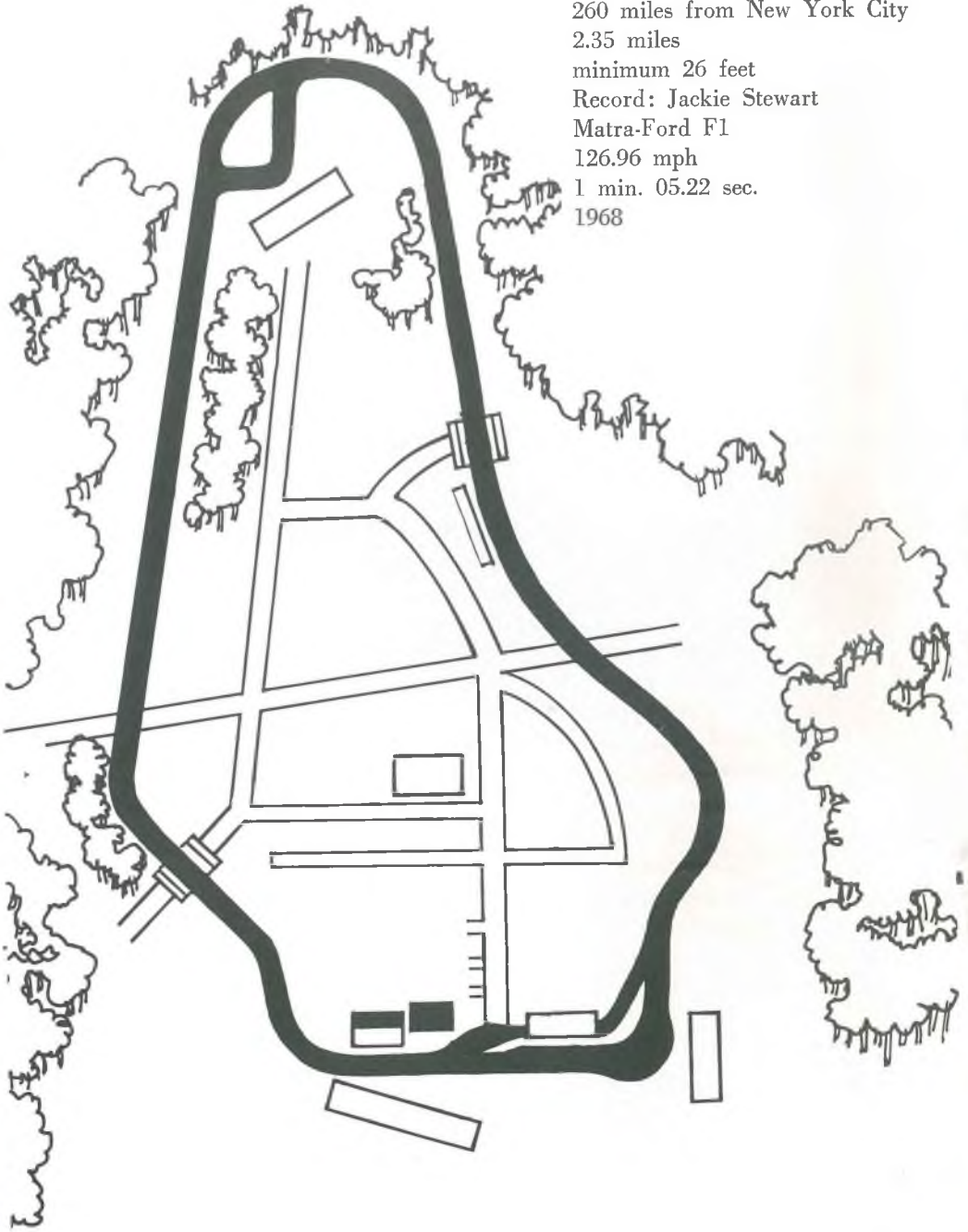
Record: Jackie Stewart

Matra-Ford F1

126.96 mph

1 min. 05.22 sec.

1968



Results

RESULTS Watkins Glen Can-Am, Watkins Glen, New York, July 13, 1969. SCCA Sanction No. C-3-69, Listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 2.3-mile course for FIA Group 7 cars of more than 2500cc displacement.

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps Behind	Pts.	Purse
1	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.		20	†\$11,000
2	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	0.8	15	7,500
3	Chris Amon	Ferrari 612P	23	12	6,000
4	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	84*	10	5,000
5	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	83*	8	4,300
6	Josef Siffert	Porsche 908	82*	6	3,700
7	Joakim Bonnier	Lola T70-Chev.	81*	4	3,100
8	Johnny Servoz-Gavin	Matra 650	81*	3	2,600
9	Tony Dean	Porsche 908	81*	2	2,100
10	Pedro Rodriguez	Matra 650	79*	1	1,600
11	Oscar Koveleski	McLaren M6B-Chev.	78*		1,100
12	John Surtees	McLaren M12-Chev.	78*		800
13	Bob Nagel	Lola T70-Chev.	77*		500
14	Harry Heuer	Lola T70-Chev.	67*		400

* Laps Completed.

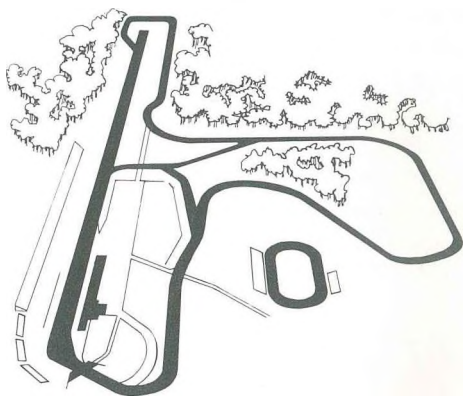
Did Not Finish	Laps Completed/Reason Out			Purse
15	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	72 engine	300
16	Brian Redman	Porsche 908	71 engine	200
17	Fred Baker	McLaren M6B-Chev.	58 fuel starvation	200
18	Tom Dutton	Lola T70-Chev.	46 running at finish	200
19	John Cordts	McLaren M6B-Chev.	43 off course	200
20	Rich Galloway	Lola T70-Chev.	37 body work	200

† includes BOAC Award for Man-of-the-Race \$1,000 to Bruce McLaren.

Edmonton

Alberta, Canada

Klondike "200"



ALBERTA IS AS FLAT AS THE PRAIRIE lands of Kansas—only greener and considerably closer to the North Pole. Rivers wind cool and calm through and about the city of Edmonton, their bridges etched sharply against a clear, low horizon broken only now and again by the crisp lines of high-rise architecture. When the Can Am people arrived, it was to a city gone delightfully daft, for Klondike Days were in progress. The populace was turned out in the mode of an era long past. There was the sound of honky-tonk pianos and banjos throughout the city. Bands marched and stage coaches rattled through the streets. Gold could be panned for in the Chilkoot Mine; blackjack and roulette could be played in the Silver Slipper Gambling Saloon . . . and it was as though two completely different worlds, a century apart, were meeting ever so briefly before receding back and continuing on in time. It left one with a strange feeling.

THE Edmonton Speedway is located at the edge of the city. In time, no doubt, the city will build around to envelope it as Indianapolis did to its Speedway . . . and on a given Sunday the embracing city will stretch and yawn its way through its motionless part of the afternoon, squandering every second, totally oblivious to the fact that tight within its circle men are taking splendid machines at near incomprehensible speeds around a two-and-a-half mile road that goes nowhere, turning their part of the afternoon into a magnificent blur of sound and motion and color in an effort to defeat each other in a quest to capture one second in Time.

BRUCE and Denis had arrived early, and on Thursday ran-in new engines and set-up the cars. (Bruce's engine ultimately turned abit sour and had to be worked on that evening.) They gave interviews and rides to two representatives of *Look Magazine*, there to research an article about Bruce.

RUMORS would circulate all weekend that Bruce was running larger engines in the McLarens—456 blocks bored out and run with special long-throw cranks to give them a slightly “under-square” engine of around 470-480 inches, but this was quite untrue—both Chevies were 430cu.in. It seemed impossible for some (journalists in particular) to accept the fact that Team McLaren could continue to win with the same amount of inches some of the other teams were running, and rumors of larger engines would persist throughout the season. In truth, Bruce was to run nothing larger than the 430s in either car—and these were rotated from his original engine supply. At the end of each race, the cars would be returned to the Norwich, New York, shop, the engines removed, taken to Boston and put on a plane to England where they would be reworked in the Colnbrook shop. At the same time, new engines that had just arrived from Colnbrook would be picked up and used for the next race.

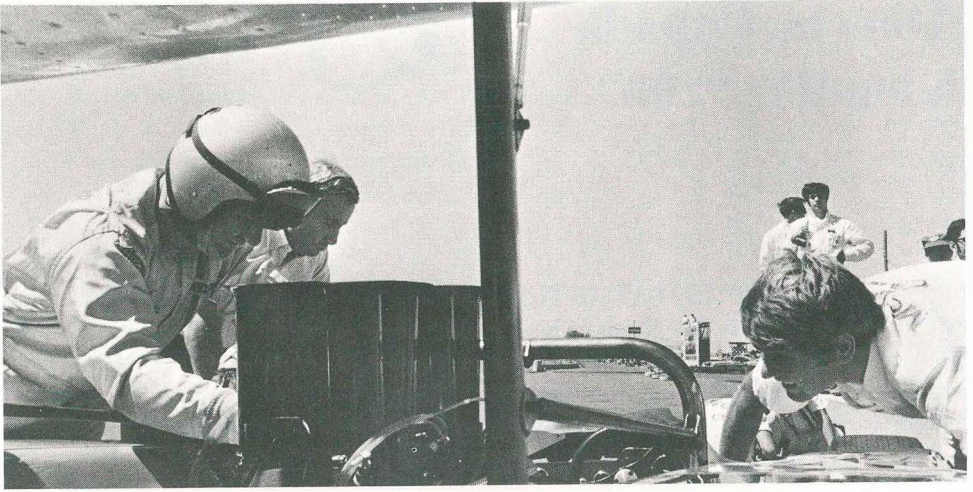
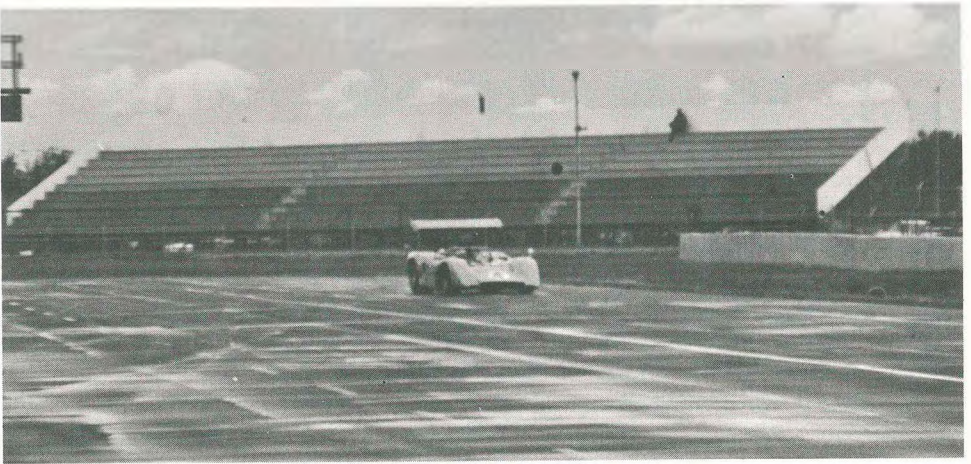


Photo by F. David Stone.

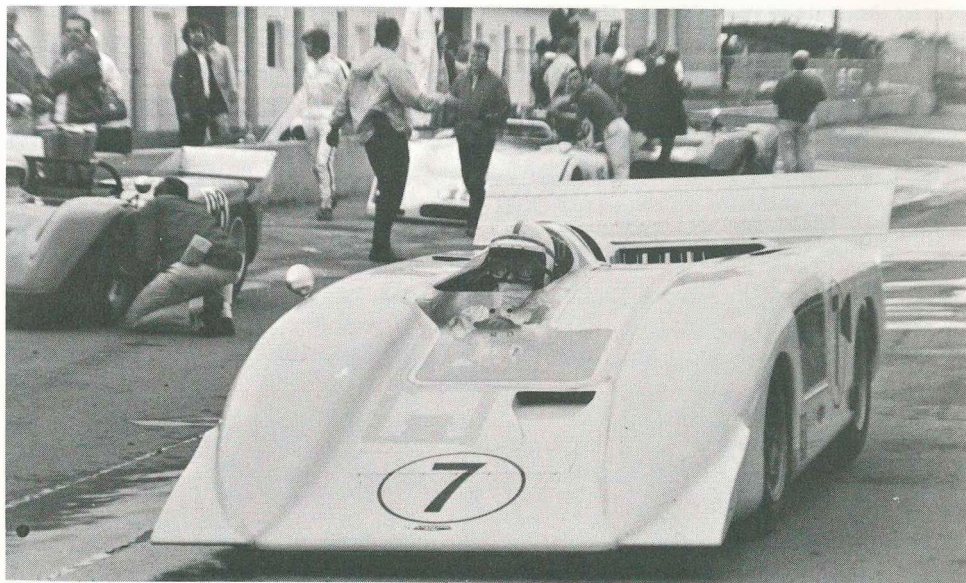


McLaren was first on the course for Friday's practise. Here he starts down the front-straight, still puddled from earlier rain.

FRIDAY morning saw the sky grey above the speedway with dark clouds building on the horizon. The wind rose sharply at midmorning and jackets were pulled on, the wrinkles shaken from raincoats and faces turned skyward to watch the clouds ride in on the wind. The rain began at eleven o'clock, great huge drops that splattered on the mirror-waxed finishes of the race cars to run off in rivulets as the downpour increased. The cars were pushed to the shelter of the cubicle garages behind the pits to be worked on in preparation for the two o'clock practise period.

EARLY morning interest had centered on the appearance of a third McLaren works car. It sat covered on the trailer after the other two had been unloaded. Journalists leveled a barrage of questions at Bruce and he explained that the third car was there simply as a spare, as insurance in the event something happened to one of the regular cars, and no, really, it had not been brought for someone else to drive, Team McLaren would not field three cars. Bruce was relieved of the press' curiosity when Jim Hall's new Chaparral 2H arrived. Journalists and photographers swarmed to the Chaparral garage like ants to a jamptot. They wedged themselves into the tight corners around the car and mechanics had to pry their way through and over them to go about their work. When a good look had been had, each of the press would queue up outside where Jim Hall was conducting an informal press conference.

LATER, when the Chaparral was pushed out where it could be fully viewed, one could see that Hall had managed to create a car that could at once be a coupe or a roadster. In accordance with the rules, space had been provided for a passenger, but the passenger side was roofed over and a passenger would have to ride in a reclining position with visibility provided by a window in the door. One could hear the car described as "an anteater", "whale-like", and with its somewhat bulgy mid-section and low driver position as "tank-like".



Jim Hall's Chaparral 2H, making its debut at last, was described as an anteater and whale-like and tank-like in appearance.

THE Ferrari arrived in the rain, its wing, however, had been misrouted by an airline to England. The Agapiou brothers were back with their Ford G7A for their first race since Mosport. Peter Revson, who had driven for them there, however, was at Indianapolis Raceway Park in Indiana (along with Gurney and Bucknum) for a USAC Championship race (which Revson was to win) and John Cannon was taking his place here.

THE rain lightened then ceased altogether so that by two o'clock, when practise was supposed to begin, the track was beginning to dry. Two-thirty passed with no call and men looked at their watches and frowned. Bruce and Denis waited in their rent-a-car where they had taken shelter from the earlier weather. As Teddy Mayer joined them, Denis asked him to go to the tower and see if he could speed things up. Teddy replied that he had just come from there and all he could relay was that practise was delayed; no reasons why had been given. Well, Denis thought he knew why—the officials were bloody well going to wait until it started to rain again before they called practise.

AS it would happen, it began to rain steadily at 2:40—and at 2:45 the call for practise came. With a smile and a shrug Bruce headed with Teddy for the garage, leaving behind a glowering, unbudgeable Denis.

BRUCE was first on the course. He made his way around at a prudent speed, but even so his McLaren still left a fair sized rooster-tail, there was that much water on the track. Frederick was next out in a McKee Mk3 that was missing badly. Cordts was next out in McCaig's McLaren M6B. McCaig, still abit weak from a recent appendectomy would, however, qualify the car and drive the race. Bruce came in as Cannon took out the Agapiou's Ford. Everyone watched Cannon, for he was an excellent driver in the wet—but this was not to be his day for brilliant driving display, for as he came across the start-finish line, his line took him over the slick metal cover that covered the housing for the dragstrip light fixtures, the Ford's rearend broke loose and Cannon spun. In disgust he found himself helplessly skating backwards diagonally across the track as slickly as a hockey puck on ice, and as he watched over his shoulder the Ford closed on the pit rail, turned abit and had its left front fender collected. With an embarrassed grin, Cannon climbed out and helped the Agapiou's push the car back to the pits. As they applied a liberal amount of tape to the fender, Chris ran the Ferrari through a nearby puddle soaking the Ford and the Agapiou's—which did not delight them all that much.

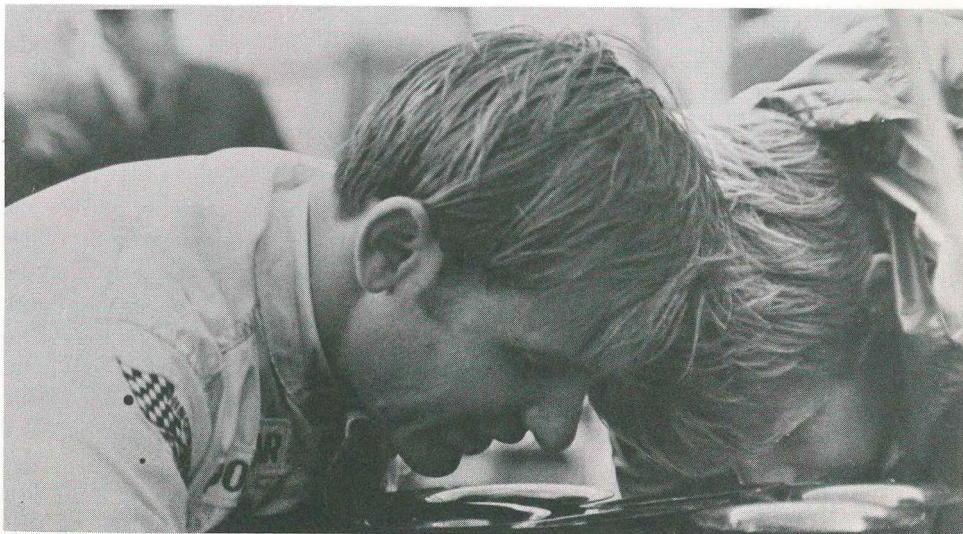
BRUCE went out again followed by Chris, then Eaton. Motschenbacher, in street clothes, stood on the pit wall watching as he waited for the track to dry. Surtees put the new Chaparral on the course for one lap then came in to have a tire well filed for more clearance. There was much of this one-lapping through the afternoon as Surtees tried to sort out the new design—and remember at the same time that the Chaparral's automatic transmission need not be shifted.

QUITE understandably, times were not spectacular. The track record, for comparison, stood at 1:25.3, established by Jim Hall the previous year. Practise times were now running no quicker than the 1:30s. By four o'clock the rain had ceased, the wind subsided, and the track dried enough, one would gather, to suit Denis' mood. He went out for three or four laps, pitted, and it began to sprinkle again as his crew changed tires. He went out again to turn his quick lap two laps later (the track announcer stated

that he had turned a 1:28.5, but the unofficial time sheet later credited him only with a 1:32.4). He then brought the car in, parked it, his crew pushed it into the garage and thus Denis had taken care of his business for the day in a little over ten minutes.

CHRIS was now showing a fleetness in the Ferrari despite track conditions and stirred everyone by turning the fastest time of the day with 1:27.8. Everyone then watched Bruce as he lapped to come within two-tenths of the Ferrari's time with a 1:28 flat before coming in. No one else turned under 1:30, and poor Frederick had the distinction of not only turning the slowest time of the day with a 2:20.1, he also fell off the bottom of the miles-per-hour column on the race program speed conversion chart. By 4:50 it was pouring rain again and practise ended ten minutes early by unspoken mutual consent.

SATURDAY morning saw a clear sky and a light breeze blowing. Before the qualifying session began a friend remarked to Denis about the fact that a certain competition had seemed to exist between Bruce and Denis while qualifying for previous races. In reply, Denis remarked, "Maybe this is true. Sometimes I sort of string Bruce along. I don't think he realizes it, but—yeah, *maybe* he does. But I want to get it going as quick and as comfortable as possible which means I'll do a few laps and go reasonably quick and think, 'Well, now we'll change a few things', and then Bruce finds he's changing things and he goes out and goes quicker. So it does see-saw a wee bit. But eventually one of us has to give up. You'll find if you look at the lap charts who does the most laps and who doesn't, and you'll find out who gives up. Otherwise it just gets ridiculous." Then he added thoughtfully, "The surprising thing is—I like Formula 1 very much, and more often than not, I'm quicker than Bruce. Eventually, if I work on it hard enough I get to the point where I can kind of talk the car around the corner and it gets to be pretty nice. And for some reason I think I get the same, extract the same thing out of the Can Am car. But Bruce tries that little bit harder in a Can Am car—which I would think would be more difficult to drive. But Bruce *really* gets on with the Can Am program."



McLaren and Tyler Alexander peer into the M8B's injection stacks.



John Cannon, Charlie and Kerry Agapiou discuss the oiling problems that plagued the Ford G7A.

IT had been Bruce's habit to be first on the course for practise and qualifying sessions, but now as the call for qualifying came, Denis was first out with Bruce right behind him. Denis turned a 1:26.4 almost immediately on the dry, fast, course. Bruce countered with a 1:25.4. Denis dropped below him to a 1:25 flat which bettered the track record by two-tenths of a second. Bruce then opened up a little wider and took the lap record down to 1:24.1. That seemed to be good enough for the moment and they both came in.

CHRIS was running with a new engine in the Ferrari. Friday's engine had been the same one run at Watkins Glen, rebuilt by his crew in the interim. Friday night they had changed to a factory overhauled engine supposed to be up on horsepower. During qualifying Chris experienced a rather breathless moment when the Ferrari's throttle slides stuck open at full chat. The linkages were hanging up on the body—which was being depressed as much as $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in the airflow. So he brought it in to have a bit of filing done. Then the front spoilers had to be strengthened for they too were folding over in the airflow. The tires were then changed to narrower ones and Chris returned to the course to have another go of it. At the opposite end of the pit lane, Surtees sat in the Chaparral as a mechanic removed the left front tire and disappeared for some time into the wheel well, then the tire was replaced and the rear end jacked up. Surtees started the engine, put the car in gear, and mechanics dropped to their hands and knees to watch the rear wheels go around.

CHUCK PARSONS encountered engine problems after running only a half-hour of the session and his crew spent the rest of the day changing engines—which meant Parsons had to stand on his best time of 1:31.9 which placed him seventh on Sunday's grid.

TROUBLE continued to spread through the field. Cannon's Agapiou Ford was smoking more and more with each lap as it developed oil pump problems. Surtees

was back on course, running close with Chris, trading positions. Chris then pulled ahead of the Chaparral and left it behind. It was obvious that the Chaparral was not handling all that well. Coming out of the right-hand sweep onto the front-straight, the car had a tendency to rock from side to side, boatlike, and the best time Surtees could turn for the morning period was 1:34.5. Chris was down to a 1:27.4 when an announcement came over the p.a. that he had shut down on course. The gearbox had packed up. Thus Chris' crew fetched him in and spent from noon to the four o'clock period replacing the Ferrari's transmission.

MOTSCHENBACHER'S oil pump was failing and he spent more time in the pits than on the track. His best morning time was 1:30.2. Eaton, suffering fuel injection troubles, was working his way down to 1:28.9. Ron Grable, driving his first Can Am race, reached 1:35.1 and had a clutch plate explode in his Lola T-70. Cannon, in his still smoking Ford, reached 1:32.5. Some of the Chaparral's handling difficulties had apparently been solved for Surtees was able to drop down to a more respectable 1:28.9 by 12:30.

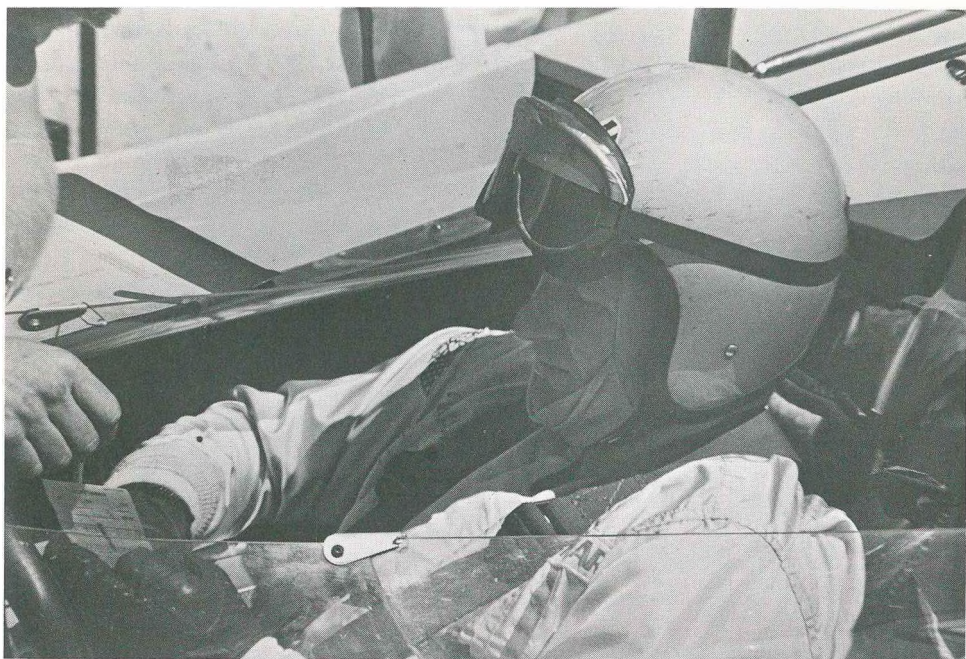
THEN Denis went out again and turned a 1:24.4—which was below his earlier time but still above Bruce's—while Bruce (with his helmet on) kept an eye on him from the pits. When Denis dropped down to 1:24.1 (which tied Bruce's earlier time) Bruce joined him to turn 1:23.8. Denis pressed on and down to a 1:23.6 and pitted. Bruce remained out long enough to better Denis by 4/10ths of a second, which seemed to satisfy him, for when he read his time on his pit sign he indicated he would be in on the next lap.

AND that fairly well ended the early session. The immaculate McLarens were well under the track record and half the field behind them was in a frantic state of disrepair.

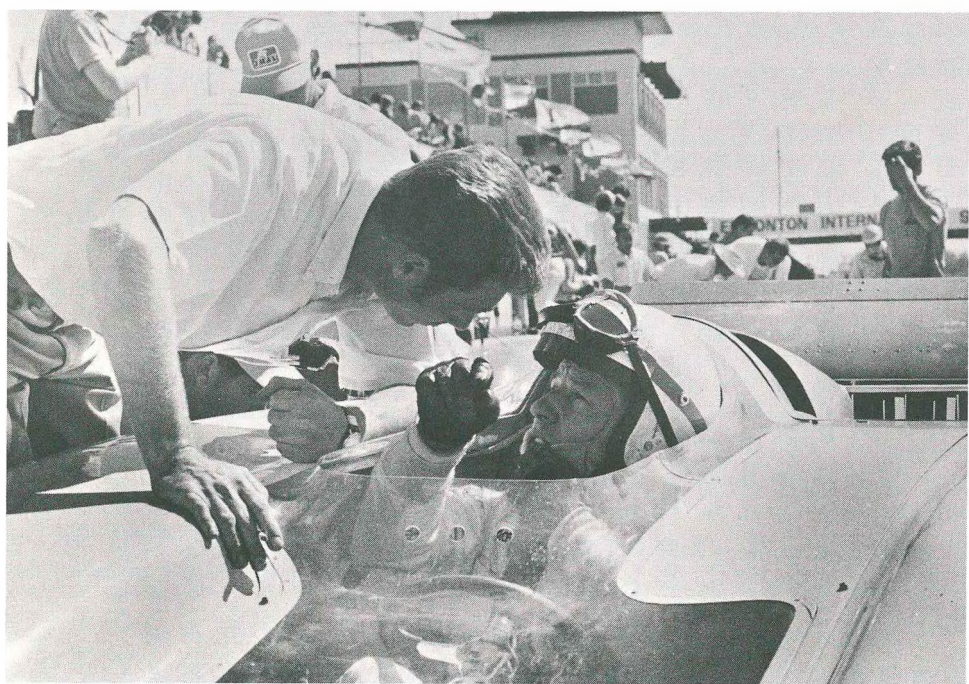
CHRIS led Denis and Bruce out for the beginning of the 4:00 to 5:00 session and was able to get down to a 1:24.9, which would be good for third place on the grid. Cannon was smoking worse than before and then the engine's main oil seal let go and the Ford puked oil all over the course—right in front of a closely following Chris, which made for some exciting handling as the Ferrari skated through the Ford's oil, which did not delight Chris all that much and he had a few pointed comments to make to Cannon immediately afterwards in the pits. With the track nicely oiled, everyone had to be called in while it was being cleaned. There had, apparently, been no oil flags out and the track conditions did catch some drivers unwary. Denis, when he came in, stopped in the pit row at start-finish to crisply advise officials about the necessity of proper and immediate flag procedures under such circumstances. Qualifying was extended to 5:30 to compensate for the cleanup time.

LATER, as time ran out in the extended session, Eaton cut down to 1:27.8 to slip into fourth position behind Chris on the grid. This put Surtees behind him, followed by Motschenbacher, Parsons, Cannon and Grable—and to top off the first ten positions was Frederick who had qualified finally at 1:33.7 and found a place on the speed conversion chart.

AT this point, of course, Bruce had the pole with Denis next to him. With less than ten minutes to go in the session, Denis took to the track. It was obvious this time he was not going to give up and allow Bruce fastest time. He turned 1:22.9, half-a-

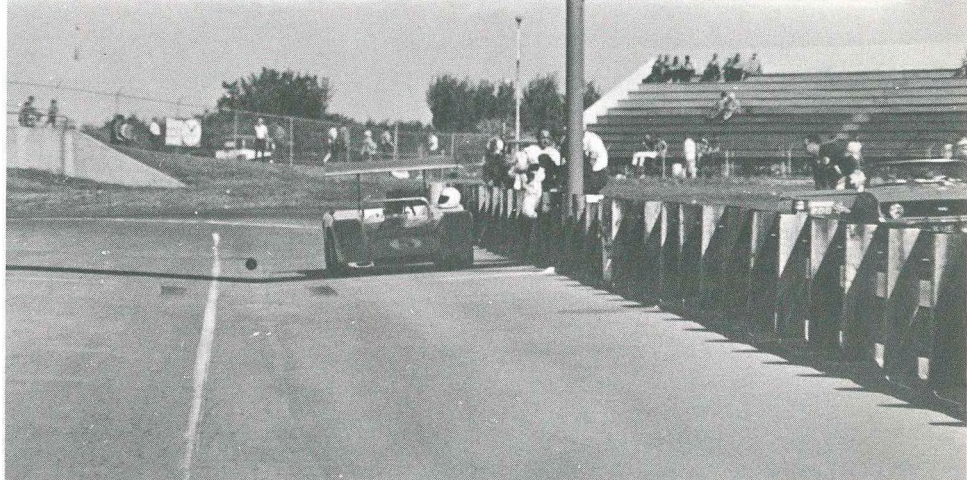


McLaren checks tire temperatures during Saturday's qualifying session.



Surtees describes the Chaparral's handling problems to Jim Hall.

INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY



After coming in from a very oily track during Saturday's qualifying session, Hulme parked at start-finish to discuss with officials the need for proper and immediate use of oil flags under such conditions.

second faster than Bruce, and pitted. Bruce chased out in a maximum effort with nearly empty fuel tanks and his car at its lightest—and if he made the quicker time now, there would be no time for Denis to go out and better it. He was the only one on the course now and stopwatches marked him as he completed his out-lap. Once out of sight, sweeping second-hands were watched and Bruce's progress over the course could be heard and followed as the strong sound of the Chevy 430 carried back through the quiet afternoon air. As he completed the right-hand sweep and flew down the front-straight, watches clicked off and there was an astonished comparing of times. 1:22.9. Incredible. Bruce had *tied* Denis' time.

ATTENTION went to the start-finish line where the starter stood with the checkered flag ready. This would have to be Bruce's last attempt, for there could not be more than one lap's time left in the session. Everyone waited and watched the point where he would emerge onto the front-straight. And they waited. Stopwatches now showed he was late. Finally he did appear—but not on the front-straight. He had entered the pit lane instead, and with a grin was bringing a sputtering car down the pit row.

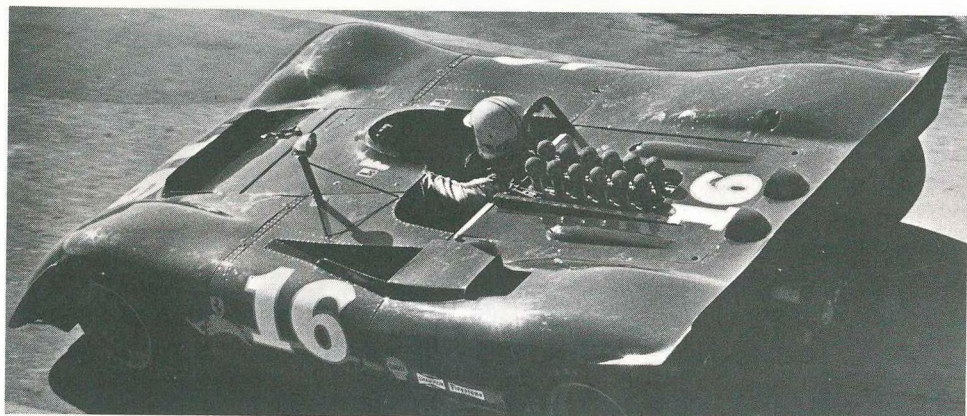
HE was out of gas.

THE checkered flag fell ending qualifications—and Denis had won pole position by virtue of having turned the tied time first.

THE clear sky and gentle air of Sunday morning was greeted with a certain weariness by several of the crews. Motschenbacher's crew had worked all night on the oil scavenger pump. Parsons' and Cannon's crews had had late hours as had the Ferrari crew, for they had found water in a cylinder after Saturday's qualifying session and had had to change back to the Glen engine.



McLaren and Lola mechanic, Colin Riley, discuss Saturday's engine change for Parson's Lola T163-Chevvy.
Photo by F. David Stone.



Although a variety of problems befell the Ferrari (which ultimately necessitated a gearbox and engine change among other things), Amon was able to qualify it third, 2 seconds behind Hulme and McLaren who had turned identical times of 1:22.9.



With the help of members from three other teams on Sunday, Parson's crew completed another engine change in the two hours before grid time. Counterclockwise from bottom left: Parsons, C. Riley (Lola), W. Sweet (Chaparral), P. Cooke (Eaton), T. Alexander (McLaren), G. Munz (Lola).

BRUCE was first out for the ten-to-eleven warm up period—which was to be strictly a warm-up period for some and obviously a sorting-out period for others. At 10:35 Parsons pulled his Lola into the paddock with a sour engine. They were going to have to change back to Saturday's engine—and with this decision came the fervent hope that the only ill the original had suffered was a blown gasket.

WITH the end of practise, attention centered on Parsons' garage. With ninety minutes remaining before the cars were called to the grid, his crew was preparing to hoist the old engine from the Lola. Parsons' mechanics, Colin Riley and Gil Munz went about this monumental task with calm quickness—and even though the tension was great, Riley had not even lost the smile from his eyes. The Lola crew then received help quite unexpectedly when Tyler Alexander (McLaren), Wes Sweet (Chaparral) and Paul Cooke (Eaton) turned up one by one, with no ado at all, to help.

DOWN the way, Motschenbacher was having a last minute session of his own. One cylinder in his Chevy engine had run too lean during the warm-up session and now three McLaren mechanics were trying to help him find the fault in the injection system.

THE trials and tribulations of the Agapiou's Ford continued. Manifold gaskets were needed, a request came over the p.a. for any Ford Part's Dealer that might be in the audience to please report to the Agapiou's garage; none did, and the Agapiou's now set about fashioning their own gaskets.

BY twelve-forty, four calls to grid the cars had been ignored. Attention still centered on Parsons' garage where the other engine had been installed in the Lola and was now being fired up with the car still on blocks. It had taken two hours and twenty minutes to make the exchange. Another grid call was ignored at one o'clock and there seemed no obvious reason for the nonchalant approach to race time crews not working on cars had. With the exception of Parsons, Motschenbacher and Cannon, the general atmosphere was so totally relaxed one would have thought the race was not until tomorrow. But finally most of the cars were pushed to the grid, the drivers straggled to their meeting then joined their crews on the grid.



Motschenbacher signs his autograph for a fan.



McLaren applies a protective coat of lip balm at grid time as Ric Holt's little paper moon vehicle sits on his shoulder.

WITH the five minute sign up, four cars were missing from the grid—those of Parsons, Motschenbacher, Cannon and Moore. Then Motschenbacher's McLaren was pushed into the sixth place slot and Parsons' crew, still adjusting the shift linkage, pushed the Lola into seventh. The one minute sign went up, engines were started, the track cleared of personnel, and Moss led out in the pace car without Cannon and Moore.

TEAM McLAREN had no specific strategy planned; it had been decided that they could afford to drop back and dice abit, for this was one of the nicer circuits with two wide, reasonable straights on which they could overtake easily when need be—and, according to plan, this was to be Bruce's race.

MOSS pulled off into the pits, and with the orange McLarens leading the way, the rest of the scanty sixteen-car starting field began to maneuver and shift the moment the start-finish line was passed and the long, wide front-straight gained. Burnett pitted immediately with a leaking fuel tank. As the McLarens led the way through the left-hand twitch and two right-handers at Parker's End and headed for the Smalian Chicane, the Chaparral had moved into third with the Ferrari fourth. As the field roared through Brecken Ridge Bend and headed for Meldau Corner, Cannon roared out of the pits, a half lap behind, but the Ford sounding healthy.

THE cars progressed from Meldau Corner through Green Bank to Taylor Turn, and as they ran down the short straight towards the last turn, Chris had moved past Surtees and Denis into second. Bruce led them under the bridge through the right-hander onto the front-straight, five car lengths in front of Chris with Denis shortly behind, followed by Surtees and Parsons and Eaton, who had started in fourth. Grable and McCaig had moved into seventh and eighth as Motschenbacher had faded to ninth with a mist of raw fuel hanging over a very ill engine and one injector stack beginning to blacken with soot. Canada's young Kris Harrison, who had started sixteenth in his McLaren Mk3, had moved up to eleventh.



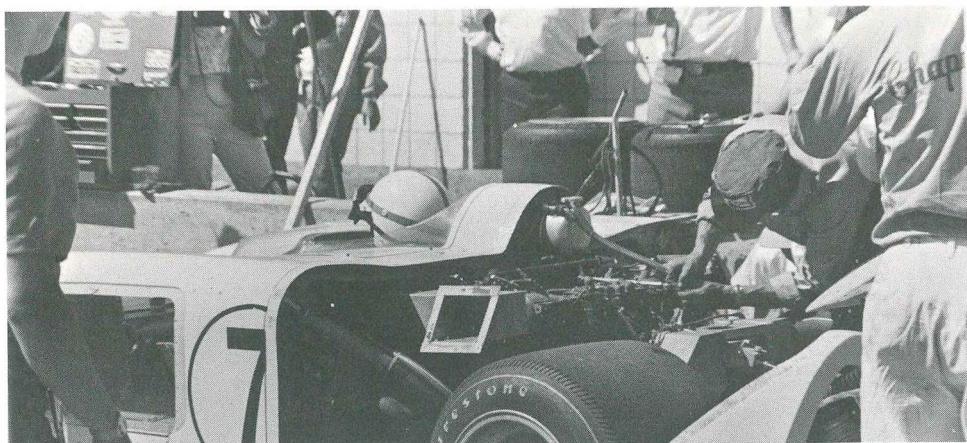
The winged works McLarens lead the way at the start.

CHRIS led Team McLaren on the second and third laps, with Surtees in fourth. Eaton had passed Parsons for fifth and Grable was seventh, followed by McCaig and Motschenbacher. The back of the field had done a great deal of shifting about—Dutton was now tenth followed by Harrison, Galloway, Frederick, Williamson and Janke. Cannon was still well behind and running by himself, and as he completed his second lap, the track announcer praised “. . . and John Cannon in his Agapiou Ford with no oil coming out the back and isn't this wonderful to think that those boys have got that car on the track at last, I sure hope John Cannon can keep this up—here he comes—he's only a half-a-lap behind and he's got a long way to go.” As it turned out, Cannon only had three laps to go, for on lap five he pitted to retire the Ford with a malfunctioning injection system.

AFTER Bruce had led for another two laps and Chris for one, Denis took over, and as he and Chris and Bruce ran in closeness, eleven seconds separated them from Surtees and Eaton, who were also running in closeness, for Surtees could not shake the determined youngster from the Chaparral's tail—and 9.4 seconds behind them was Parsons. Five laps later, mechanical attrition had eliminated three from the already thin field. Motschenbacher had retired with a cam follower lost from the number 6 cylinder; Frederick had lost all his oil and Burnett, who had spent the early laps fixing a leaking gas tank, had retired with a blown head gasket.

THE works McLarens continued to play cat-and-mouse with the Ferrari, turning laps in the easy 1:26s (three seconds slower than they had qualified), and the spectators were receiving their money's worth and loving it—and excited cheers from the stands across from the pits would herald each key maneuver and lead change.

SURTEES, turning 1:29 and now running over twenty seconds behind the leaders, lost the fourth position he had held for sixteen laps to Eaton who had been on the Chaparral's tail for fourteen laps. Surtees was then passed by Parsons and on the following lap pitted to have a broken throttle return spring fixed which lost him an additional two places.



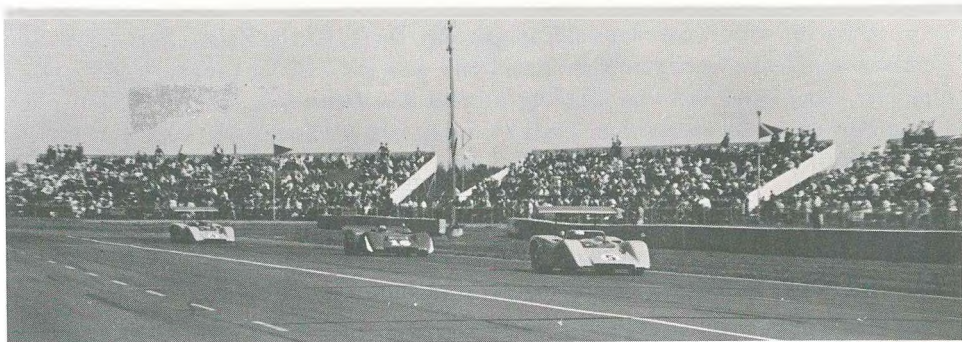
Surtees in the pits having a broken throttle return spring fixed.

BRUCE led for the next three laps, then Chris for two and Denis for ten. As Denis passed the lead to Bruce on lap thirty four, Parsons, whose Lola T-163 had been belching flames out of the engine cover for several laps, pitted to retire with great drama. The intake manifold had cracked and when he pitted things had so overheated that the fiberglass rear body section caught fire. As Parsons exited the car, the emergency crew extinguished the fire only to have it flare up again, they extinguished it once more and as they added pounds of dry chemical powder for insurance, owner Carl Haas waved his arms, Enough, Enough, but was ignored and dropped his arms in resolve and watched his car disappear under a cloud of white powder. The fire was enough to make anyone's heart race, for fire is the thing most feared in racing—and it had climaxed a tense, fatiguing weekend for the Lola crew—and now as one of the mechanics reached to pull a quick-release pin from the Lola's rear bodywork one could see his hand trembling violently as reaction set in.

IN the middle of all this the spectators across the way who had been watching Parsons' pit with consternation, suddenly went wild with excited disbelief. Bruce had pulled off the course and was coasting down the pit row, gesturing towards the paddock to his crew. He coasted to a stop just beyond his pit at the head of the row—and with oil running out the bottom end, the McLaren M8B-Chevy was retired with a burnt piston. Bruce talked with his crew and the journalists that swarmed to his pit, then changed his clothes and retired to the pit rail to talk with Motschenbacher as they watched the race progress without them.

DENIS was now in the lead and as his crew held out a pit sign instructing him to cut back on the revs, he realized that Bruce's retirement had something to do with a piston or rods or crank and the trouble might duplicate itself in his own engine, so he eased off abit pacing himself about ten seconds ahead of Chris, turning quicker laps only as needed to maintain that margin.

MECHANICAL attrition continued and by the fortieth lap, mid-distance, Galloway had added his McLaren M6B to the list of retirements with fuel injection problems, and Williamson had joined him with a rock through the pan of his McLaren MK3-Chevy.



Team McLaren played cat-and-mouse with the Ferrari the first 35 laps. Hulme went on to win after McLaren dropped out. Amon finished second.



Parsons exits his burning Lola in the pits. The Lola-Chevy intake manifold had cracked and everything had so overheated the fiberglass rear body section caught fire.

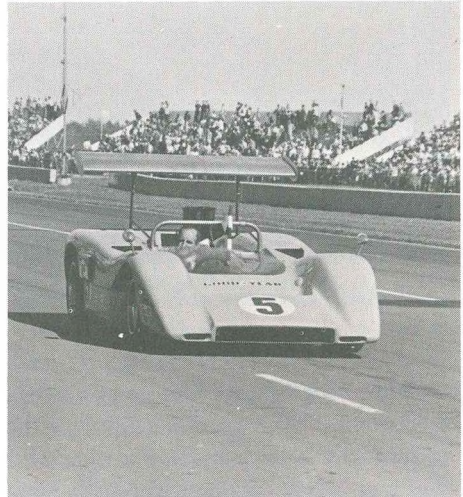
AS Denis continued in the lead, Chris found the Ferrari engine now had a tendency to overheat and lose power when he tried to pass Denis—and to add to this frustration, the Ferrari cockpit had become very hot, making the drive extremely uncomfortable for him. Eaton was holding third although the only gear he had available was fourth. Surtees, in fourth, pitted on the forty-second lap to have the throttle return spring attended to again, but made it back out without losing a position. Grable, in fifth pitted on the forty-fourth lap after another clutch exploded, sending shrapnel through his left rear tire. The tire change cost him positions to McCaig and Dutton, and when he returned clutchless to the race, he was in seventh, followed by Harrison and Janke. On lap 55, McCaig in moving over as Denis lapped him in the last turn, got into the gravel and was collected by the concrete retaining wall under the vehicle bridge. McCaig was uninjured but the damage to his McLaren M6B was extensive enough to cause its retirement. Five laps later, Grable called it a day and retired his clutchless Lola T70.

SO now, with twenty laps still to go, only Denis, Chris, Eaton, Surtees, Dutton, Harrison and Janke were running—and Denis was not without problems. An exhaust pipe had come loose and was jangling around and Denis was abit worried it might get tangled up in the suspension. Even so, he turned his fastest lap with a 1:23.7 for a new record on lap sixty-eight. Two laps later Chris, now less than a second behind Denis, made his final bid, turning 1:24.1, 8/10ths of a second quicker than he had qualified, but it was not quick enough to catch the orange McLaren and when Denis took the checkered flag ten laps later, he was 5.1 seconds ahead of Chris.

AS Denis and Chris slowed for their cool-off lap, the rest of the meagre field was still finishing—and the spectators across the way rose as one, cheering hysterically—for the rear tire that had been going soft on Eaton's car for several laps had finally gone flat and he was now fighting the McLaren M12 over the last half of the course. He had not reduced his speed all that much but it was enough for Surtees in fourth to close on him, and the crowd shouted warnings to Eaton then groaned as Surtees passed him, not knowing Eaton was two laps ahead and that Surtees had not taken third away but only unlapped himself one lap. As Surtees took the checkered flag the pit rail was lined now, and men from opposing teams talked Eaton through the turn as they watched the point where he would come into their view, and then there he was, flogging the McLaren through and across the finish line and there were cheers from the pits and a standing ovation from the spectators across the way, and as he slowed, the McLaren



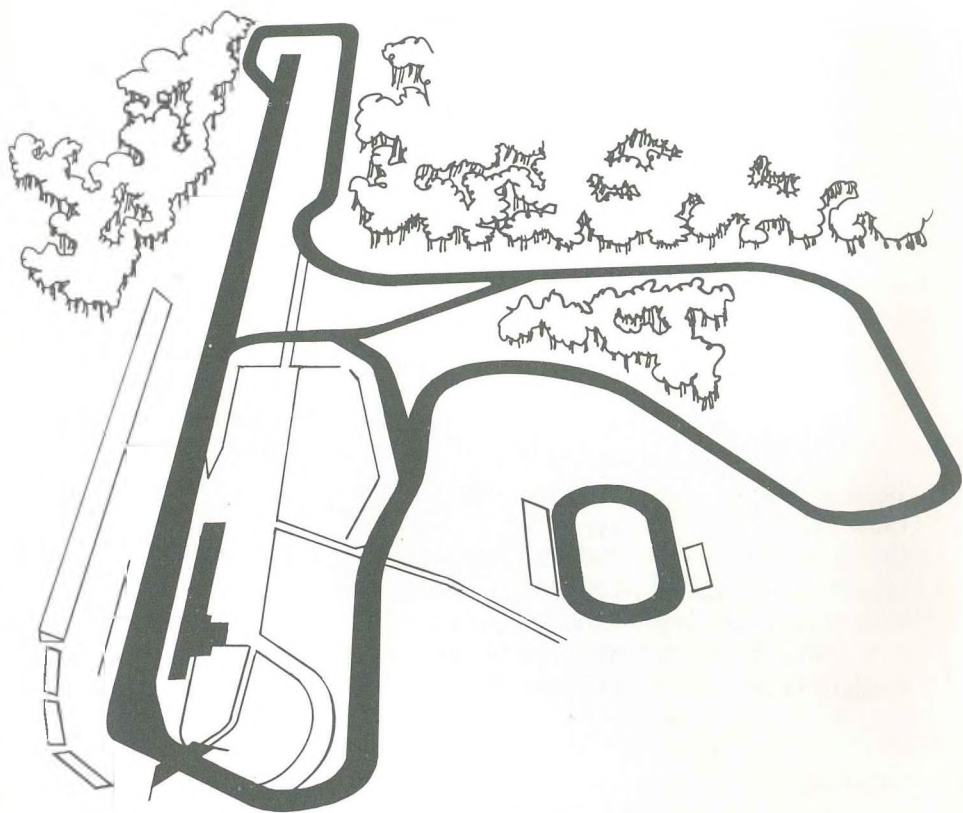
McLaren sits on pit rail with Motschenbacher . . .



. . . as Hulme (on victory lap) makes it four in a row for Team McLaren.

began an erratic diagonal line across the front-straight heading right for the pit rail and there were shouts of “Hold her, George”, and “Hang in there, George”, from the pits, and Eaton fought the McLaren straight again and slowed down enough to bring it to a halt on the track re-entry lane at the end of the pits.

BRUCE had watched from the pit rail, and now as Denis came by on his victory lap to make it four in a row for Team McLaren, Bruce walked down the pit row with a smile to congratulate Eaton on *his* fine finish.



Speedway Park Motor Centre Ltd.

4 miles from Edmonton

2.527 miles

minimum 30 feet

Record: Jim Hall

Chaparral 2G

106.65 mph

1 min. 25.3 sec.

1968

Results

RESULTS of the Canadian American Challenge Cup at Edmonton Speedway Park, July 27, 1969. Sanctioned by Canadian Automobile Sport Clubs and the Sports Car Club of America, Inc., organized by the Canadian Racing Drivers Association and listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 2.527-mile course for FIA Group 7 cars of more than 2500cc displacement. Race length: 80 laps (1 hour, 56 minutes, 39.7 seconds; 201.6 miles). Winner's average speed: 104.35 m.p.h. Winner's margin of victory: 4.9 seconds. Fastest lap: Lap 68, Hulme, 1:23.7, 108.688 m.p.h. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps Behind	Pts.	Purse
1	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B		20	\$10,000
2	Chris Amon	Ferrari	5.1	15	7,000
3	George Eaton	McLaren M12	3	12	5,500
4	John Surtees	Chaparral	4	10	4,000
5	Tom Dutton	Lola T70	7	8	3,400
6	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3	10	6	3,000
7	Leonard Janke	McLaren Mk 3	20	4	2,600

Did Not Finish

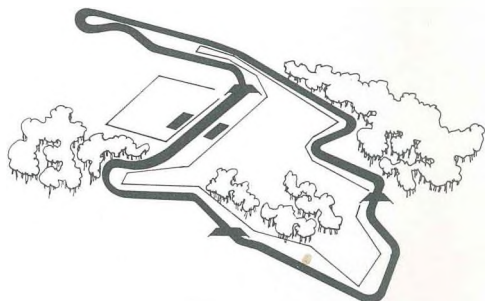
Laps Completed/Reason Out

8	Ron Grable	Lola T70	60	blown clutch	\$2,200
9	Roger McCaig	McLaren M6B	55	hit wall	1,800
10	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B	36	broken piston	1,400
11	Duane Williamson	McLaren	36	withdrew	1,100
12	Chuck Parsons	Lola T162	34	fire in engine	800
13	Rich Galloway	McLaren M6B	24	fuel inject. & cam	500
14	Stan Burnett	Burnett Chev.	11	overheated	400
15	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12	9	no power	300
16	C. E. Frederick	McKee Mk 6B	9	lost oil	200
17	John Cannon	Ford G7A	5	plugged fuel line	200

Mid-Ohio

Lexington, Ohio

Buckeye CAN-AM



SOUTH OF LAKE ERIE in the green and softly rolling terrain near Lexington and Mansfield, close to Clearfork Lake, is the Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course. Once an abandoned 200-acre farm, the 2.4 mile course has fifteen turns, including a 320-degree “keyhole” right-hander that leads onto the slightly kinked three-quarter-mile long straight, and a high-speed banked right turn at the end of the straight. The asphalt roadbed varies from 26 to 48 feet in width and has been known to rust (possibly because iron slag had been used to give body to the mix). It was not a course Bruce favored for, as he explained, “The track is really too narrow and twisty—too many corners and a little bit too narrow for these big cars. You’re kind of climbing over the top of each other all the time.”

ALTHOUGH this race placed the Series almost at mid-point, there was still a great deal of in-ning-and-outing taking place. There was the appearance of new cars and new drivers, old cars with new drivers, old drivers with new cars. The Porsche team was of the new, and with Richie Ginter as team manager had brought a Porsche 917 PA for Jo Siffert and a 908 for Tony Dean. Penske arrived in the Series at last with his Sunoco Lola T163-Chevy for Mark Donohue. Gary Wilson also turned up with a brand new Lola T163.

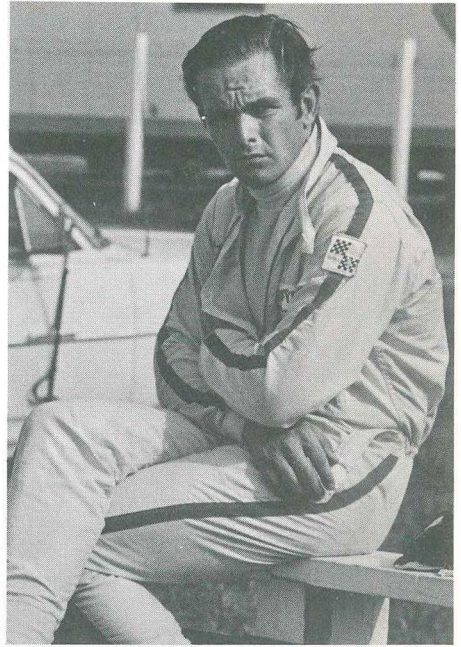
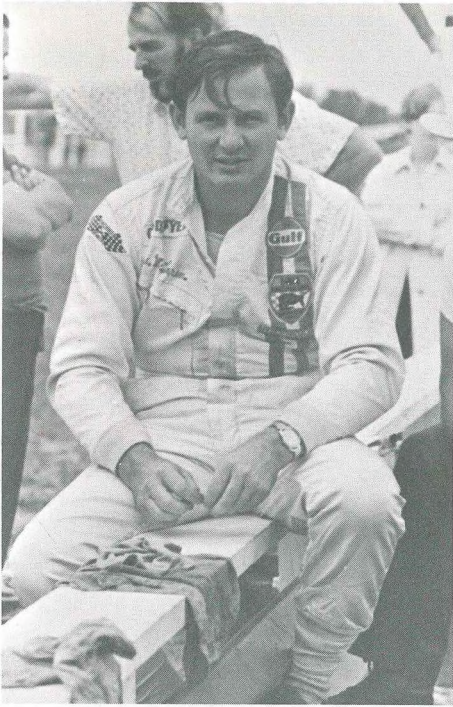
THERE was a turnover and switching about of drivers that fair boggled one’s mind when trying to keep track of who was now driving what. Peter Revson was back. He had been with the Agapious at Mosport but was now driving the Robbins-Jeffries Lola T163-Chevy, replacing Ronnie Bucknum who had driven at the Glen. The Agapious now had George Follmer driving the Ford—and John Cannon, who had been with them at St. Jovite and Edmonton, was driving the Mac’s Special McLaren M6B-Ford.

DAN GURNEY was among the missing. He had blown an engine during a last minute test session at the Willow Springs track in California and had sent regrets. Mario Andretti had been at Mid-Ohio earlier in the week testing John Holman's much-modified McLaren M6B-494cu.in. Ford in preparation for the Elkhart Lake Can Am. Andretti had then flown on to Milwaukee for a USAC race. Interestingly enough John Holman, still around on Friday, offered to buy Bruce's spare M8B. He had made the same offer the year before at Elkhart and now received the same answer Bruce had given before—a polite, but firm, no.

FRIDAY'S 2:00-5:00 practise session was a desultory affair with only a handful of cars on the course at once. Siffert, one noticed, was first out, followed by Bruce. (Bruce had fitted the works McLaren's with new wings, designed specifically for slower courses such as this.) As he and Siffert turned in the mid-forties (the course record, set by Motschenbacher in the 1968 Can Am, was 1:30.8) Follmer joined them to motor around very slowly. Parsons then went out, turned in the 1:34s, had trouble shifting on the front-straight and pitted. Denis livened things up abit by turning 1:32.6 on his fourth lap out. Bruce pitted to have his crew scrape the inside of one wheel for added caliper clearance then returned to the course to turn a 1:31.7. Surtees was still sorting-out the Chaparral's handling problems and was working his way down from the 1:39s to the 1:33s.

BY three o'clock, a third of the way through the session, Chris had not been out, nor had Revson (who had been waiting patiently all day for the Lola to arrive), Donohue, Eaton or Motschenbacher. Revson's car finally arrived and he put it on the track at 3:30 for his first time in the car. Chris followed him, the Ferrari now fitted with a wing. As Revson lapped in the low 1:40s, one cylinder sounding abit flat, Chris motored around slowly, very gingerly trying out the Ferrari's wing. Then Revson brought the Lola in, one injector stack trailing a mist of raw fuel. Chris continued on, quicker now, to work down to a 1:32.6, then he too pitted. It was decided not to run the Ferrari with the wing until a better system of bracing could be devised, the wing was removed and the rear spoiler raised.

EATON arrived with a wing on his McLaren M12 at 3:50, Donohue's Lola was pushed into pit lane ten minutes later. Denis went out as Bruce's car underwent its second gear ratio change of the day. With a great lurch now the day progressed past the fits-and-starts, tinker-and-fix-it part of the day for Denis turned a 1:29.2, Chris in the wingless Ferrari turned a 1:30.4, and Donohue, out for the first time, turned a 1:31.9. Denis and Donohue came in, and now the aware ones in the pits were treated to the pleasure of the Ferrari running swiftly on the course by itself—and as Chris took the Ferrari down the front-straight and under the bridge to sweep from sight in the left-hand first turn, one could then follow it by sound as its baritone song carried back clearly through the country stillness—the notes changing at the braking and shifting points of the chicane, the slow keyhole turn—the volume then gathering in a full-throated run up the scale as the Ferrari ran down the long straight, a high note reached, sustained, released now at the shutoff markers as a slide down to mid-scale was made into the tempo change of a difficult mid-passage—throttle changes of low-toned eighth-notes, quarter-notes, delicately controlled as Chrissy took the Ferrari through the tight succession of right- and left-hand turns, sailed over the low rise to

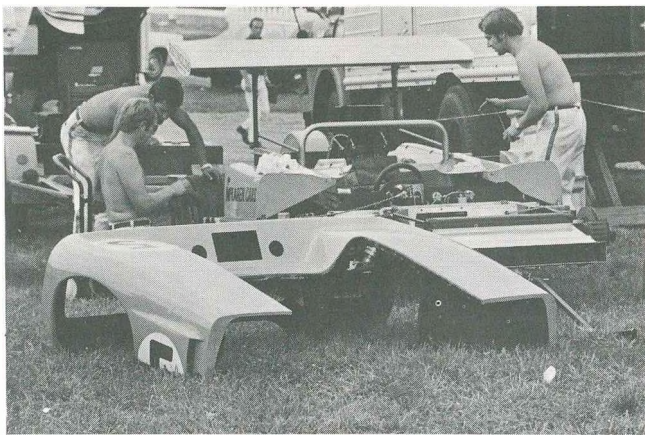


Revson missed half of Friday's practise session waiting for his Robbins-Jeffries Lola T163-Chevy to arrive.

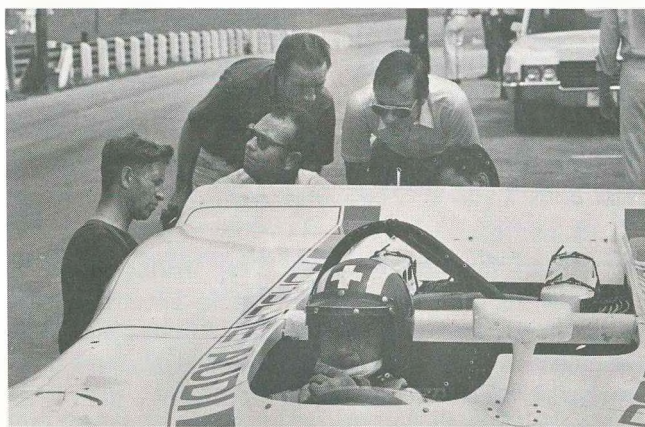
the right-turn that quickly followed, the notes rising, falling in the short run to the next right-turn—a gathering of higher notes now as the Ferrari ran down the chute, a subtle shading of tone as it passed under the pedestrian bridge, slowed for the left turn, slipped through and made the short run beyond, the tone dropping now to a low, pure note in the slow sweep through the Carousel, then rising to a full-voiced run down the front-straight, the song sung and begun again.

THE aria had lasted 1:28.4. Chris had turned the course only 2/10ths of a second slower than Denis. Others now joined him. Donohue was out for a handful of laps to reach 1:30.6. Parsons took a second off his earlier time after a gear ratio change. Motschenbacher pitted after four slow laps, his transmission leaking oil. Revson went out and came right back in with a sticking throttle. With ten minutes left in the session, Bruce tried his new gears, starting with a 1:30.6 where Donohue had left off, and methodically ran quicker each lap; 1:29.3, 1:28.5 and 1:28.3—1/10th of a second faster than Chris. Chris was on the course again, however, and as the session ended turned a 1:28.0 for the unofficial fastest time of the day.

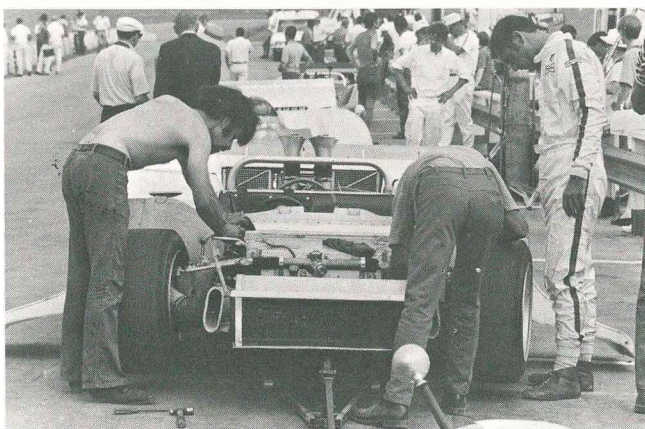
THAT evening, as several other teams worked on cars in the motel parking lot, Bruce and Denis took advantage of the motel's huge indoor swimming pool before dinner. There had been some speculation on the advisability of swimming in the pool by several, for it was abit mossy-looking around the edges which made one wonder what might be growing in the water. Bruce and Denis, however, laughed at the alarmists and plunged in without hesitation. They were both strong swimmers and swam several fast laps, then saw how long a distance they could swim underwater without



McLaren's crew readies his car for the Friday practise session. The rear body section of Hulme's car sets in the foreground.



The Porsche crew in discussion as Jo Siffert sits in the Porsche 917PA waiting to take it out for its first run in the Series.



George Follmer added his name to the lengthening list of Agapiou Ford drivers.

coming up for air, then plunged down to sit on the bottom for alarming lengths of time. Someone called their attention to the pool regulations printed on the wall, for midway down was the rule: No Foreign Objects Allowed—and they laughed heartily at that—then Bruce cavorted, porpoise-like, with a great deal of sound, motion, splashing and laughter as Denis hung onto the edge watching, shaking his head with a smile—and Bruce's enjoyment was so tremendous it brought others pleasure and one could not help but share his laughter.

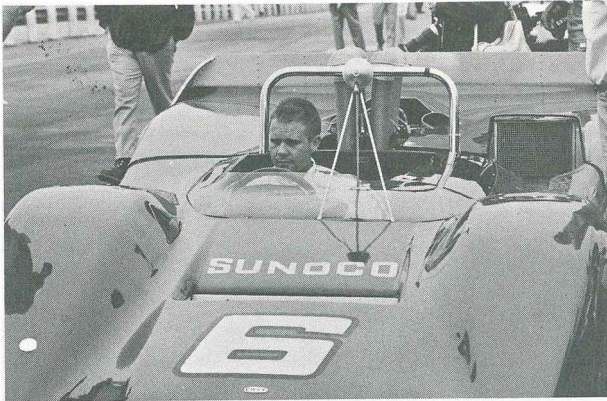
THE sky was heavy and grey over the circuit on Saturday. It rained lightly at mid-morning and only a few ventured out to turn slow laps in the practise session. Bruce and Surtees went out as did Revson who was anxious to acquire as much time as possible in the Lola. Donohue went out too, only to break a half-shaft on the back part of the course. Fortunately, the Lola was traveling through a slow, tight corner at



Eaton's McLaren M12 sets in front of the covered works McLarens in the deluge between Saturday's practise and qualifying sessions.

the time, so damage to the rear section of the car was slight. This was the second half-shaft to fail, however, for another had broken during a test session earlier in the week. This was possibly the result of non-standard modifications made to the original specification—which placed extra strain on the half-shaft, causing its failure.

IT poured rain just after the close of practise, and the track was still very wet with the opening of qualifying at one o'clock. Lap times were very slow for the few that went out; Eaton, Siffert, Dean, Motschenbacher (who was having throttle return spring problems) and Chris. By two o'clock a light breeze had come up and the track was drying rapidly and Bruce joined the others. Surtees, in pulling out of his pit, did not see Donohue coming up the pit row and pulled right out in front of the Lola. Donohue stopped on the dime, coming within an inch of collecting the Chaparral. Surtees was no more than on the course when Chris blew an engine on the back of the circuit and it was closed so the Ferrari could be retrieved. Chris' fastest time of 1:36.0 would have to stand as his qualifying time, which placed him twelfth on Sunday's grid.



Penske's Lola T163-Chevy debuted but made a poor showing. It broke a half-shaft during Saturday practise. Donohue qualified it third only to retire on the 8th lap of the race with another broken half-shaft.



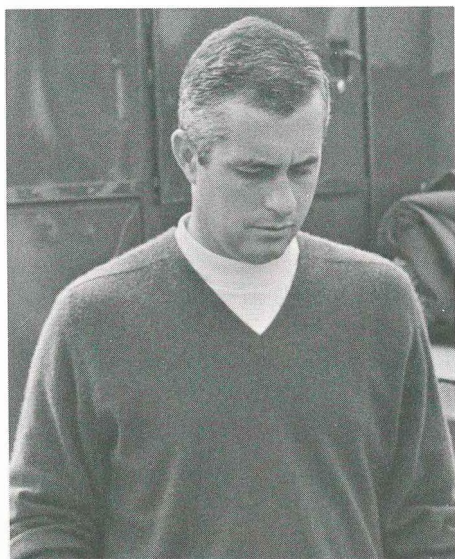
Revson discusses Saturday's qualifying session with crew chief, Bill Spangler.



Amon and Ferrari crew chief, Roger Bailey, discuss engine change necessitated when the Ferrari blew its strongest engine during qualifying.

IT rained again at mid-session and it was not until 4:30 that the track became reasonably dry and then things became fast and furious as over half the field took to the course at once. Bruce turned a 1:26.9, Denis a 1:26.7. Bruce countered with a 1:26.2 and settled for that. Denis turned 1:26.3, 1:26.0, then 1:25.9 for pole position. Donohue qualified third with a 1:29.5; Parsons, Surtees, Eaton and Siffert followed in the 1:30s. Revson was eighth with a 1:31.1 followed by Motschenbacher, who was really having the devil's own time of it. While running at nearly 150 mph down the back-straight, he had been run off the road as he started around a slower car. His McLaren spun on the right-hand verge, skidded *backwards* diagonally up the straight for several hundred feet, cut across the left-hand verge, flew between two shutoff markers straight as an arrow and disappeared from sight in a high stand of weeds and tulles. Motschenbacher was uninjured and there seemed no apparent damage to the McLaren, but it did end Motschenbacher's qualifying run, which left him in ninth. Follmer qualified the Agapiou Ford in tenth, but the Ford would be scratched on Sunday morning when its oil pressure vanished during practise—which would move Cannon up to round out the first ten positions. It was interesting to note that the difference in Denis' pole time and that of last qualifier, Cliff Apel in the McLaren Mk3, was 19.8, which meant that during the race the works McLarens could quite conceivably start lapping the back of the field by the tenth lap.

THE sky was grey on Sunday morning, with dark, threatening clouds heading in. The air was heavy, thick with moisture. Bruce and Denis went out on the dry track for the 11:00-12:00 warm-up practise, but were joined by only about half the field. Motschenbacher came in from the session with a broken oil line fitting, and as oil streamed from beneath the car to pool against the pit fence, he sighed, his shoulders sagged abit and he helped his crew push the McLaren to the paddock where they would now spend until grid time finding and repairing the leak.



A pensive Penske on Sunday morning.



Eaton taking advantage of the open-air dressing room facilities.

McLaren shares a story . . .



. . . with Amon . . .



. . . and Ferrari Team Manager, Bill Gavin . . .



. . . which they seem to heartily enjoy.



McLaren (No. 4) begins to pull away from Hulme at the start.

THREE cars failed to start the race; those of Follmer, whose Ford had been withdrawn, and Kahlick and Drolsom, who had qualified at the back of the field. As the twenty-one car field finished the pace lap and roared down the short front-straight, it was almost heart-attack time for the spectators at the vehicle bridge at the end of the straight, for the faster cars had fanned out four abreast and it seemed impossible that they would be able to fit between the bridge's retaining walls without immediate disaster, but fit they did and with a great amount of side-stepping funneled through the first turn to dash up the hill in pursuit of the orange McLarens. As Bruce and Denis led the way the field behind them was extremely busy. Parsons passed Donohue, Chris, moving very quickly, passed Motschenbacher and Dean, and the eleven following positions completely scrambled.

AS they came around to complete the first lap, it was Bruce, Denis, Parsons, Donohue, Surtees, Eaton, Siffert and Revson. Close behind Revson was Cannon and Chris, then Dean all by himself, then the rest: Brown, Dutton, Koveleski, Wilson, Harrison, Nagel, Apel . . . and Motschenbacher who, beset with new woes, pitted for two laps to have his throttle linkage unstuck. Denis took over the lead, Bruce snugged in behind him, the next five positions held and Chris moved into seventh past Cannon and Revson, and was now hard on Siffert's heels. Four laps later, Chris had passed Siffert and Cannon. On the next lap Cannon (who had collected two of his fellows during the morning practise and suffered cracked rear fenders as a consequence) pitted with ruptured gas and oil lines and gasoline and oil pouring out from beneath the car. Then Motschenbacher pitted again for another throttle linkage adjustment and Surtees, who had lost three positions, pitted to have his face shield replaced. Donohue, who had been running behind Parsons in fourth, broke another half-shaft as he shifted down for the Carousel, and although he was uninjured the flailing shaft took its toll of the Lola's rearend and the car was retired.

ON lap ten Denis was running ten seconds in front of Bruce, Chris had passed Eaton and Parsons for third, Parsons was in fourth, Siffert had passed Eaton for fifth, Revson was seventh, Dean, in the other Porsche was eighth followed by Brown and Surtees who was soon to be lapped by Denis (a fate already suffered by the back half of the field) . . . and Motschenbacher pitted to have the throttle springs replaced.

DURING the next ten laps Denis stayed between ten and fifteen seconds ahead of Bruce who had a margin of eighteen seconds over Chris. Chris in turn was eleven seconds ahead of Siffert and Revson, who had passed Eaton and Parsons. There was a lull in the pits that was broken on lap twenty by Koveleski, who had gone off course and pitted to have the weeds on his radiator removed. And Motschenbacher was in again, this time for three laps to have his brakes adjusted. By now his crew was gray-faced and thoroughly dispirited, and one would imagine Motschenbacher did not feel much better than they.

DENIS and Bruce were running a slow 1:30.8 (faster than two-thirds of the field had qualified) with Chris lapping 4/10ths of a second slower. Siffert's Porsche 917 PA, in fourth, was watched with interest. The flat, aircooled twelve cylinder engine of 274 cu. in. was pushing around a car that weighed over 2,000 pounds (with fuel and driver)—whereas the works McLarens had something over 100 bhp more to

handle 300 pounds less. Bruce would later write in his *Autosport* column: "Surprisingly enough the Porsche's weak point was not lack of power, because it was as fast or faster than most of the Can Am cars on the straight. It probably wasn't as quick as ours, although you couldn't really tell at Mid-Ohio because there was a bit of a kink in the middle of the back straight and you couldn't get a straight run alongside anyone to evaluate the straight line performance. Its main problem was that it was very slow in the corners. It just plain didn't handle very well. We had them murdered, particularly on slow corners, but Jo was driving it in his usual fiery style with lots of opposite lock, point and blip."



Motschenbacher spent a wretched weekend trying to cure the variety of ills his McLaren M12-Chevy developed, and would retire after running only 15 laps of the 80 lap race.

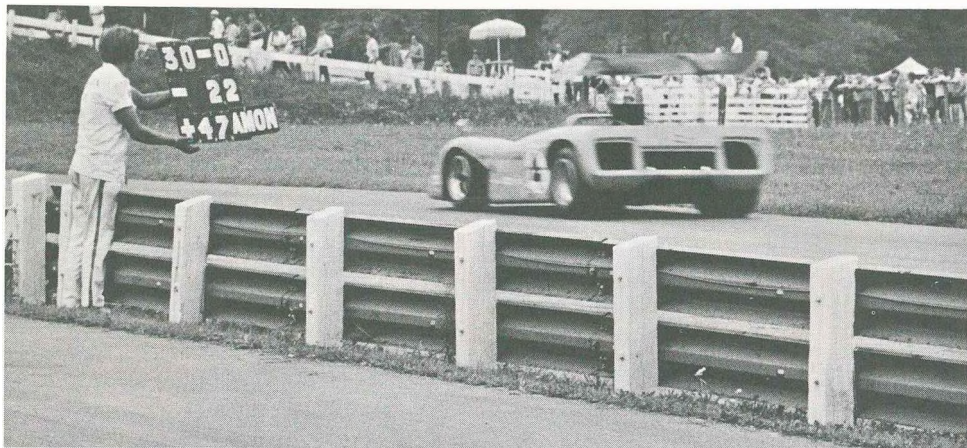
AS the front-running positions held, Surtees pitted on the twenty-sixth lap for another face shield—and was followed in by Motschenbacher, now having front-end and wheel bearing problems which would cause a totally dejected Motschenbacher to retire the car.

BY now Revson, who was still running behind Siffert in fifth despite the fact he had been run off the road earlier as he moved around a slower car, had lost a differential and was down some on power. Eaton's engine sounded particularly ratty; several rocker arms had broken and he was only running on five cylinders. Parsons pitted on lap thirty-one with a broken rocker arm and was advised to go right back out again and see if he could nurse the Lola to the finish.

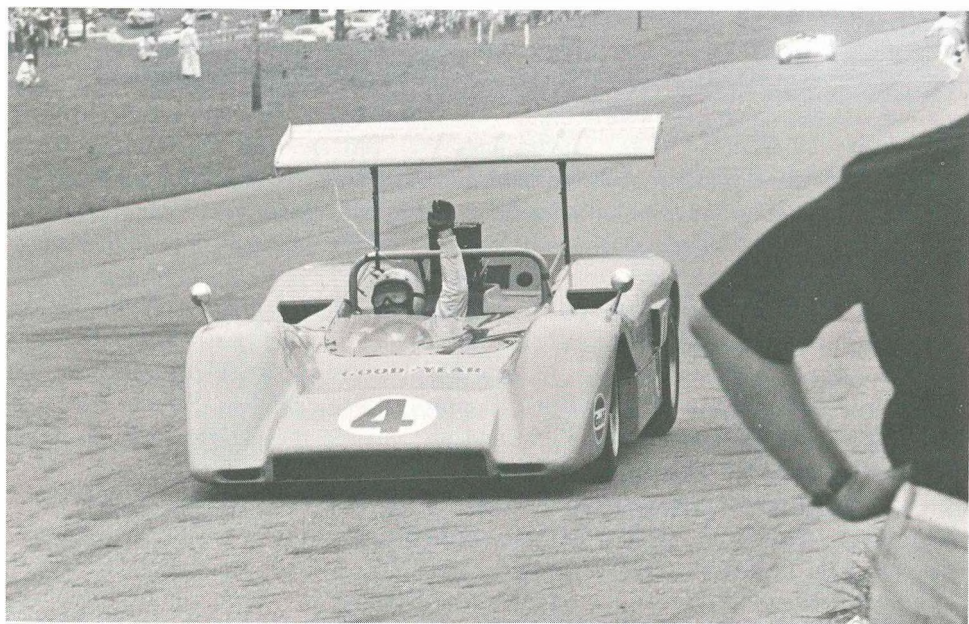
OTHER than a few sprinkles that had slicked up the track, it had not rained to any great degree—but it was hot, oppressively so. Bruce was later to comment that this was one of the hottest and hardest races he and Denis had run since they had driven in the unexpected 90° heat of the Laguna Seca Can Am two years before. Chris was miserable in the oven-like heat of the Ferrari cockpit. Brooke Doran pitted his Lola and was taken off in the ambulance, suffering from heat exhaustion.

BY lap sixty Denis still led with Bruce right behind him. Chris, Siffert and Revson still held their order behind Bruce, and Surtees, with no more stops for face shields had worked his way back up to sixth and was followed by Eaton, Parsons, Dean, Brown, Wilson, Williamson, Koveleski, Harrison and Dutton. On lap sixty-eight, Parsons retired with a blown engine. Two laps later, Revson brought a stuttering car in, out of gas, and the refueling stop cost him places to Surtees and Eaton.

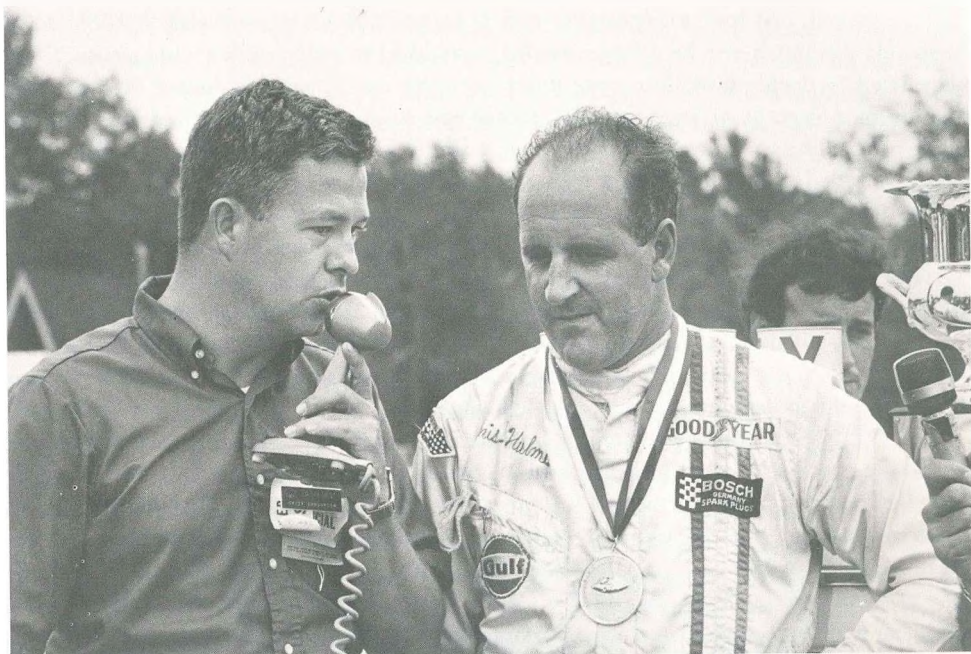
TWO laps later, just after Denis had turned the lead over to Bruce, the orange warning lights on Bruce's dash came on—an indication the oil pressure had dropped



McLaren mechanic, Alec Greaves, holds out a boardful of information as McLaren goes by.



McLaren ran the last seven laps with zero oil pressure. Here he has just finished second behind Hulme and is indicating to his crew that he is coming in without a cool-off lap.



Hulme being interviewed by Moss in the Winner's Circle.

under 30 pounds—and Bruce glanced at the oil pressure gauge to see the needle expired on the zero mark. He waved Denis by and headed for the pits, not sure whether he had a seized oil pump or a faulty lighting system. He barely came to a halt in his pit, indicated the orange lights and zero oil pressure to Tyler Alexander, Tyler waved him on and Bruce took to the track again, seven laps yet to go, mentally balancing the cost of a new engine against second place prize money. But the engine did not falter, he reeled in the closing laps and as soon as he had taken the checkered flag after Denis, slowed on the front-straight to pull off at the end of the pits without a cool-off lap. It was found later that the oil pump had, indeed, seized. Bruce had driven seven laps with only about a third of a gallon of Gulf oil splashing in the sump . . . and a later tear-down showed that *absolutely no harm* had been done the engine.

CHRIS, who had turned the fastest lap of the race with a 1:26.4, finished third but was so ill from the heat he would be unable to attend the press conference. Denis and Bruce, who had felt the heat themselves, topped their victory champagne with a quart of milk each at the press conference.

THUS with five races run, Team McLaren had won all five and placed second in four—and by this point in the Series one could detect an aura of sour-grapes in the attitudes of some (not all, but some, certainly) of the motor-racing journalists in reaction to Team McLaren's domination of the Series. After Edmonton (where Bruce's mechanics had helped Parsons' and Motschenbacher's crews—and where Bruce and Denis had dropped back to dice with Chris to entertain the spectators instead of simply running away with the race in the early stages), a group of American journalists had discussed the weekend and the youngest one had commented that the help Bruce

had given was just too sweet-sweet and if he had helped anyone else it would have been just too much and he (the journalist) would have gotten sick to his stomach. As they tried to decide how they were going to write up the race—whether it should be written as a race or a runaway—the young one commented that he had been on the back part of the course and seen Bruce and Denis exchange the lead and as far as he was concerned, it had *not* been a race—but, he said, “I guess I’ll go along with them. I’ll let them get away with it *this* time.” It was not so much what he said as his *tone* that made one look at his face, for he had snarled out the words—and the angry, distorted expression on his face brought one up short, for he conveyed the feeling that he had found the activities of Team McLaren affronting—and it was difficult to understand his attitude, difficult to find the fault he thought had been done (that he thought he should let them get away with), for surely nothing Bruce and his people had done over the weekend had been meant as an insult to anyone.

WHEN the young journalist’s article came out it was a fine race report. But one somehow could not forget the vehemence of his verbal outburst—and it did make one wonder if other journalists shared the same attitude—for while the Can Am was being described as “. . . *the best show in town . . .*” on the one hand, Team McLaren’s wins were being described as: “. . . *the Team McLaren rape of the Can Am . . .*” and “. . . *like stealing pennies from the blind . . .*”. In the interim between Edmonton and Mid-Ohio an article appeared in a weekly competition publication that was a particularly vicious attack on Bruce. It was written by a journalist who had not, to the knowledge of the regular journalists traveling the Can Am circuit, attended *one* Can Am to that date. In essence, this journalist felt it unfair of Bruce to bring his immaculately prepared cars and highly organized team from across the ocean and between the impeccable driving of himself and Denis win race after race against a field that was not yet as well-prepared, sorted-out or organized as his. It was suggested that it was permissible for anyone to win occasionally but not all the time—and because Bruce’s team continued to win, he was ruining the Can Am and getting rich in the process. The journalist also found fault with the fact that Bruce sold his competitors Group 7 production cars that were one year’s design behind his own currently winning works cars, and felt Bruce should provide production cars of the current works design instead—a thought, surely, which *any* competitive businessman would find ludicrous.

BRUCE reacted to the article with a sigh and shrug—but one of the regular Can Am writers took offense and in defense of Bruce shot off a letter to the editors of the offending publication. It stated in part: “*Other teams have dominated other series . . . You do not deride a man (or a team) because he has shown more ability or perserverance or initiative; because he has worked a little harder, prepared a little longer and won because of it. We would all like to have the winning edge in what we do—we strive for it—but when someone else earns it first, the professional attitude shows recognition and respect for the winner’s effort—and he should not be faulted, penalized, or criticized by the sour-grapes types because his competition is a level below him. It is up to the competition to raise that level, not up to the winner to lower his. McLaren’s competitors understand this, they honor this. They want to beat McLaren, but they don’t resent him because they lose—he wins because he’s worked like hell for that winning edge; they respect him for this . . .*”.

THE Can Am writer, still angry by Mid-Ohio time, asked Bruce for time over the weekend for a formal taped interview so an article could be written for *Autoweek* that would present a view of the Can Am from Bruce's side. As it happened, Bruce found no spare time that was convenient before race time and solved the problem after the race by simply inviting the writer to come to the team dinner that night. This the writer did, but with great discomfort, feeling it had to be a great imposition on Bruce for after all this was a victory dinner, the team was there, Peter Revson and Continental Series driver David Hobbs were guests and surely Bruce would prefer to relax and talk with them while they waited for dinner to be served. But one could not tell if imposition did exist, for Bruce waved the writer into the chair beside him, smiled away the other's discomfort and made room amid the table service for the tape recorder.

THE writer began by asking Bruce what his reaction was to the criticism that had been leveled at him. Although Bruce tended to shrug off such criticism with a smile, there had been times when the negative attitude of others had been hurtful to him, hurtful in the sense that as some criticized the success he had now achieved, they at the same time seemed to have forgotten the lean years he had had when the team was struggling in the early days of the Can Am; it had not been all success then. Now, however, he did not speak of the personal disappointment he sometimes felt at the attitude of others, but instead discussed it from a very practical standpoint. "We're in racing to do our best," he explained in his quiet voice, "and each year we've expected to be beaten by the opposition and consequently we've worked hard to improve the cars and to improve the engines and so on—and on each occasion the opposition hasn't come up to our expectations. Now, the criticism that I read or hear doesn't worry me at all—because perhaps if we were dominating say Formula 1 as well, well then I'd be tempted to think that, Alright, maybe we were—maybe we'd grown to a size where we're doing motor racing some harm. But we're not a very big company at the moment and our expertise that we have just relies on a very few people and it could disappear very rapidly.

"THE other thing is that this (the last three Can Am seasons) is the first time that I personally have had alot of success from motor racing . . . I think last year was the first year that we actually showed a profit as far as the company was concerned—even *this* year the profit, if there is any, won't be anything like as great as people tend to imagine. We have never taken alot of money *out* of motor racing. When we've made arrangements with Goodyear or Gulf or say Reynolds this year, we have felt that we would look to what our expenses are going to be and then on the basis of those expenses approach the sponsors to help us. You know, I think we are one of the few racing teams that doesn't own an airplane or a helicopter or boats and yachts and what have you; maybe this is why we're successful. We've put most of our support *back* into our racing program, in fact put all of our support over the last few years back into our racing program. So the criticism doesn't really worry me atall. The fact that the Series is going to be, well perhaps *is* being adversely affected—that *does* worry me alittle bit. But, you know, I couldn't possibly go into racing trying to do a second rate job."

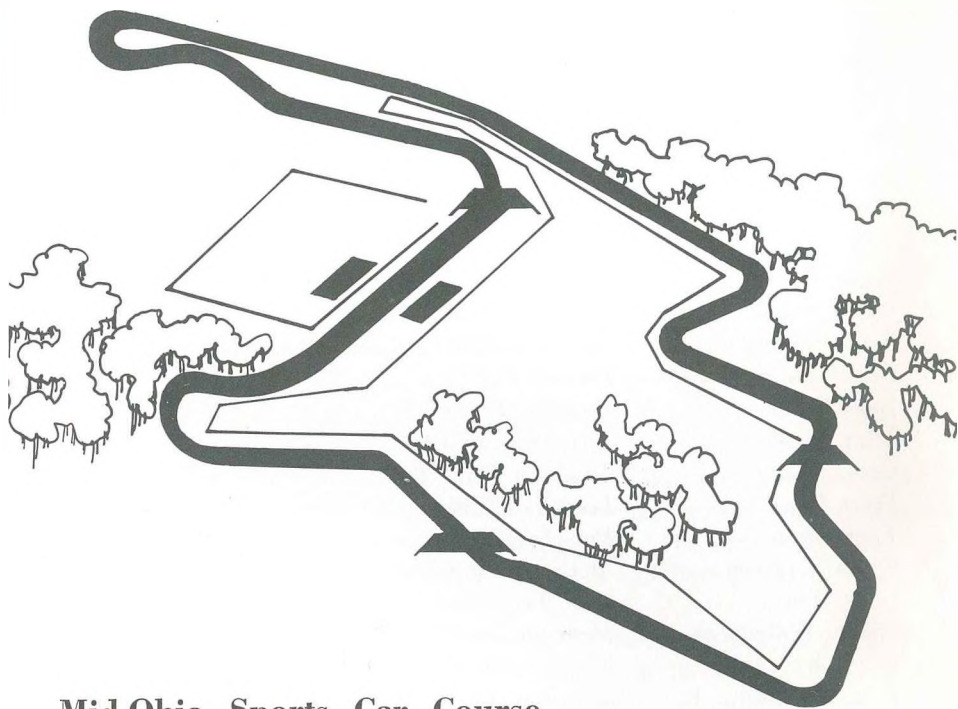
BRUCE was then asked how it was that when he arrived at a race his cars were ready to race and others' were not. If everyone started at the same time with the same

knowledge of the requirements of the Series, then how was it that he was so successful and others so much less so?

"I think it's more a question of people than anything else," he answered, "because in any organization it's the people that make it. Ever since I've been in racing I've managed to have good cars, to prepare them well—you know, I used to prepare them myself originally—and always make sure we're ready and get there before other people and be first through scrutineering and so on. I've been doing that for about ten years. Now on top of that we put two people like Teddy Mayer and Tyler Alexander who similarly like to be organized and ready, ah, particularly Tyler Alexander—well, then, plus Teddy Mayer's administrative ability—between the three of us we are then able to cope with all the rest of the problems and put a program together that will be on time and on schedule and arranged—you know, the engineering, the designs handled; I handle that. The engineering and the work is handled; Tyler Alexander does that. Teddy Mayer does the administration; that's handled. So, you know, it's just a question of, I think, efficient company control than anything else.

"TO be completely and utterly honest, the only thing that can change it (the state of the Series) is other teams doing a reasonable job—and I don't think we're going to see that from the private entries with their Lolas and McLarens and Chev's and so on. The only area that we'll see it from is perhaps the larger Ford groups like Shelby and Holman-and-Moody and, perhaps eventually, Ferrari and Porsche. Basically what we've (Team McLaren) got at the moment is growing pains and we just have to live with this difficult period where we're the only group of people doing it really well. Jim Hall could do it in a much better fashion than he is at the moment. He hasn't come up to our expectations this year. Perhaps Roger Penske—you know, Roger Penske could obviously run a good team if he wanted to. But one of the things that's really hurt this year is the Ford programs on the Can Am engines being not completely closed down, but certainly stalled for awhile."

THE interview had stretched to some length but without, fortunately, interfering with dinner, for service was extremely slow. But that Bruce should be giving an interview at his dinner table was typical of him—for he was always quite good about accommodating those who made such requests on his time—even for those reasons which were not as McLaren oriented as this particular one had been. At the circuit, he always found a moment to answer journalists' questions, to tape interviews, to pose for fans' cameras, to answer their questions (managing somehow to smooth the edges of his answers to even the dumbest of questions)—and no matter how busy he was, or how many times he had already been interrupted, he always gave that moment with graciousness. Each weekend saw constant demands being made of his free time—requests for public appearances, for speeches at public functions or college banquets, TV interviews—and he met these demands as often as possible—not to promote Bruce McLaren or Team McLaren—but to promote the sport, always to promote the sport.



Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course

80 miles from Cleveland

2.4 miles

minimum 26 feet

Record: Chris Amon

Ferrari CanAm

100.0 mph

1 min. 26.4 sec.

1969

Results

RESULTS of Mid-Ohio Can-Am, Lexington, Ohio, August 17, 1969.
Listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 2.4-mile course for FIA Group 7 cars of more than 2500cc displacement.
Race length: 80 laps or 192 miles in 2:02:16.6 for an average speed of 92.21 m.p.h.
(New Record). Fastest lap: 1:26.4, Amon (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps Behind	Pts.	Purse
1	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.		20	\$10,000
2	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.		12	7,500
3	Chris Amon	Ferrari 612	1	12	6,000
4	Josef Siffert	Porsche 917PA	1	10	5,000
5	John Surtees	Chaparral 2H-Chev.	2	8	4,300
6	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	3	6	3,700
7	Peter Revson	Lola T163-Chev.	4	4	3,100
8	Tony Dean	Porsche 908	4	3	2,600
9	Richard Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	6	2	2,110
10	Gary Wilson	Lola T163-Chev.	8	1	1,600
11	Duane Williamson	McLaren M6B-Chev.	9		1,100
12	Oscar Koveleski	McLaren M6B-Chev.	9		800
13	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	10		500
14	Tom Dutton	Lola 3B-Chev.	14		400
15	Cliff Apel	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	14		300
16	Bob Nagel	Lola T70-Ford	15		200

Did Not Finish

Laps Completed/Reason Out

17	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	68	broken rocker arm	200
18	Brooke Doran	Lola T162-Chev.	42	heat prostration	200
19	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	15	wheel bearings	200
20	Mark Donohue	Lola T163-Chev.	8	half shaft	200
21	John Cannon	McLaren M6B-Ford	7	broke oil/gas lines	200

had won the post-Can Am season Group 7 race in Japan in 1968, rebodied now in aluminum with M12 suspension and a new Ford 494 cu. in. engine that reputedly developed 720 hp at 6500 rpm. The car was heavy, weighing 2100 pounds with 76 gallons of fuel, compared to 1600 pounds for the normal M6B. Unlike the Agapiou which had to now been independent of Ford, this was big Ford business and John Holman had come well equipped. There was a Ford van (big enough to contain the furnishings of a ten-room house, one could believe) that contained a complete machine shop.

WHEN later asked what he thought of the Ford equipage, Denis had commented, "The big thing is we'd seen it all before. You know, we drove for the same mob at Le Mans for two years and you come to expect it from them. If they didn't have it, Jesus, you'd think there was something wrong. That's one of the big things. It didn't psych us one little bit. We just thought it was a bit of waste of money. The money they spent on bloody lunches would have kept our team in money for a week."

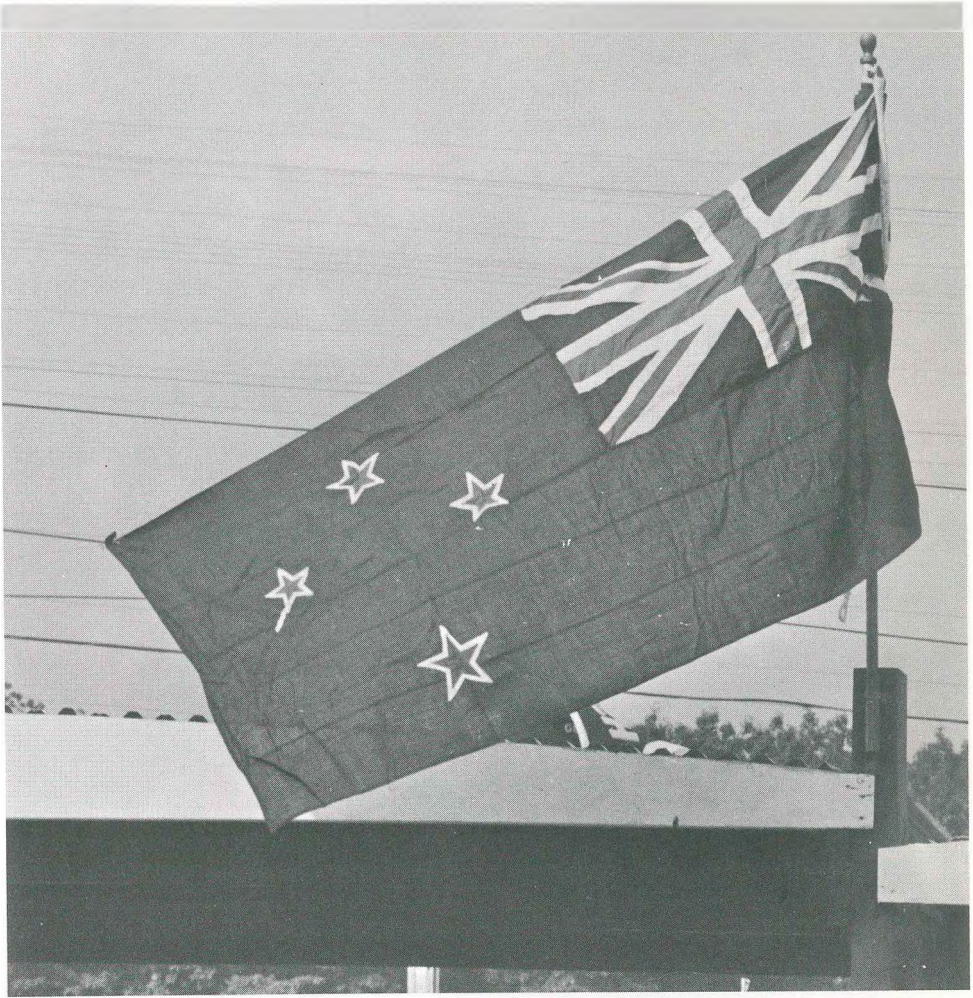
ANOTHER new entry was the ArmCo-Olds-McKee-Cro-Sal car which incorporated a 455 cu. in. aluminum alloy Oldsmobile engine with twin turbochargers, and possessed a modified turbo-hydramatic transmission. Joe Leonard, however, would find that the car possessed a certain inadequacy in the braking system—which could not be rectified by Saturday afternoon and the car would summarily be withdrawn.

THE Agapious, back with George Follmer driving, had received abit of a helping hand from Ford in the form of a cast-iron block 429 cu. in. engine built in Charlotte, N.C., by Holman-and-Moody. It seems, however, that before the Agapious received the engine, John Holman had suggested to the bearded, mustachioed Charlie that under the circumstances a more befitting image for Charlie would be beardless. So the Agapious arrived with engine and sans Charlie's beard.

THE Ferrari did not arrive until halfway through Friday's 1:20-2:20 practise session. Chris had not received the bigger engine promised by Modena, and it should be added that contrary to some beliefs, Chris was not running a factory-backed car. Ferrari had provided the car and spare parts, but Chris was the one running the car, making all the arrangements and paying for everything. In an attempt to combat the Ferrari's excessive cockpit heat, insulating material had been placed between the back of Chris' seat and the firewall (much the same as had been done to Eaton's car at Edmonton). The Ferrari had been fitted with a wing, as had Parsons' Lola, and both ended up being black-flagged during practise when the wobbliness of the wings alarmed corner workers. Both cars then had to be fitted with lateral braces that ran from the wings' supporting struts to the rollbars and both drivers would miss the 4:00-5:00 qualifying session while this was being accomplished.

REVSON'S Lola also had a wing and a new, stronger 427 cu. in. Chevy built by Traco—and a new style half-shaft which proceeded to break during practise. So, after Revson had been towed in from Turn 12, his crew had to set about changing back to the old style half-shaft.

EATON also had to be towed in from the course during practise. A wheel nut had come off the McLaren, but without dire consequence, for Eaton had felt the wheel start to loosen and was able to bring the car to a halt in Turn 14A before the wheel came off.

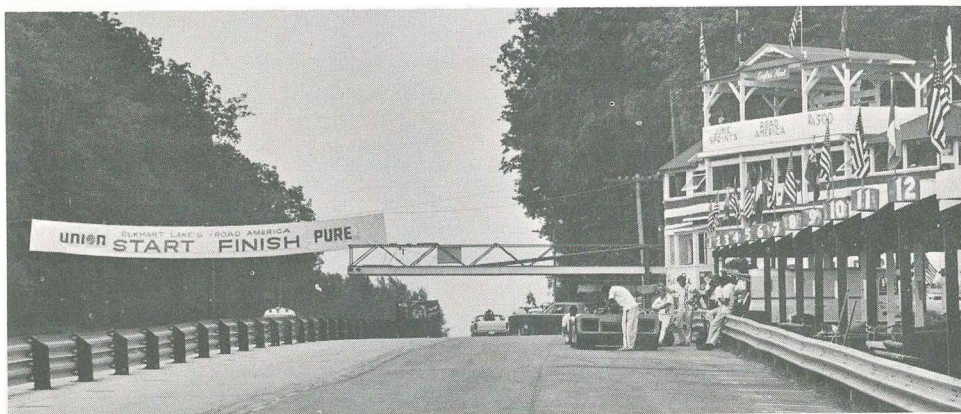


THERE was not that much for the McLaren mechanics to do until the qualifying session and they found time to sit on the rail and watch the girls on promanade in the paddock behind the pits. This, of course, was a very serious business and they gave much thought to their evaluations. "Nice, clean, lithesome, supple," one said. "More quantity than quality," another disagreed lightly. "The quality will probably improve tomorrow," a third said with a grin of anticipation.

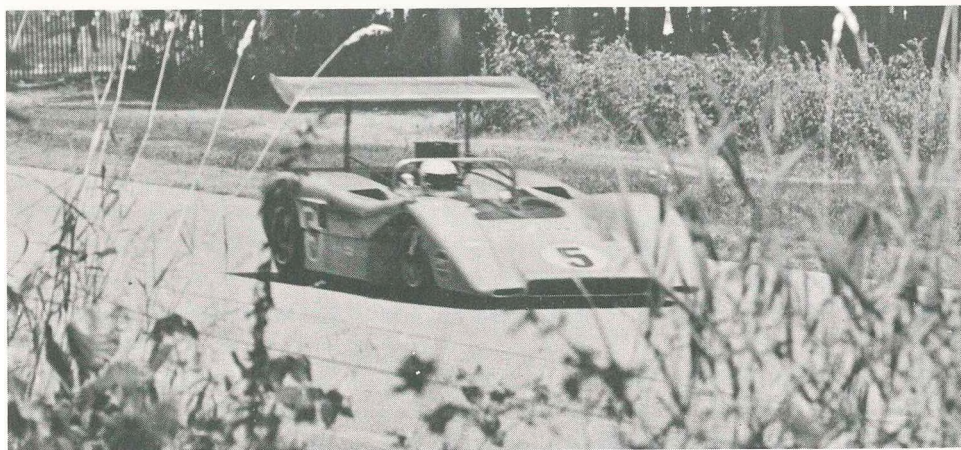
IT was unusual to have a qualifying session on Friday, and of the thirty-four cars that would ultimately qualify on Saturday only a handful were prepared for Friday's session. Of these, of course, were the works McLarens. The course record, established by Bruce in the 1968 Can Am, was 2:09.8, and now Bruce and Denis whittled away until Bruce reached 2:08.5 and Denis an even faster 2:07.7. Closest to them was Andretti, who joined them under the record with a 2:09.0.

THAT evening sponsor Bosch and Augie Pabst of brewery fame gave Bruce a party in celebration of his birthday, which was on the morrow. The festivities were

held on a grassy knoll near Siebkins, with tables arranged under a canopy festively strung with lights. Over 150 people arrived to sign the huge birthday card, wish Bruce a happy birthday and enjoy the buffet which featured roast suckling pig. There were gifts for Bruce—among which was an Italian-English dictionary “for settling things with Mario Andretti before the race.” Bruce was an interesting study as he opened one of the more ornately wrapped gifts—for he carefully untied the ribbon to set it aside with the elaborate decoration, then gently eased off the tape lest the paper be torn. Inside was a cluster of very real appearing artificial grapes. “Sweet grapes,” the card read, “to make up for some of the sour grapes you’ve been receiving.” Bruce laughed and assured the giver he would find a prominent place to display them in the shop in Colnbrook, then carefully folded the wrapping paper and gently placed it and the decorations in the box with the gift for safe keeping. Later there were speeches by the hosts, and as Bruce followed with his thank-you speech, it was evident not only in his words how much he was pleased, but in his grin and the pleasure that sparkled in his eyes.



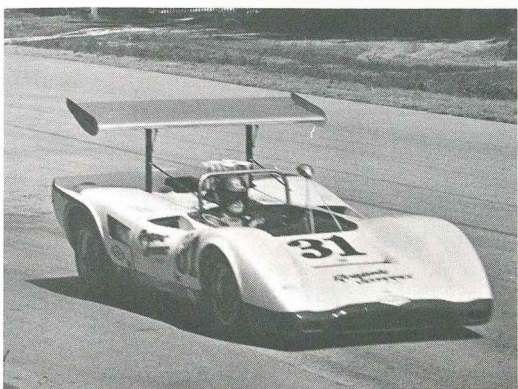
McLaren's car was the first to set in the pit row in readiness for Sunday morning's warm-up session.



Hulme finished second to McLaren after qualifying on the pole and turning the fastest lap of the race.

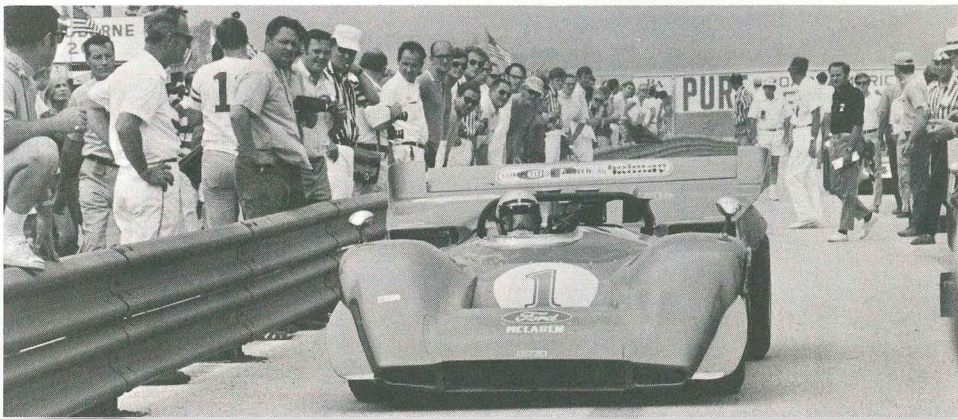


Parsons finished third and moved into third place in the over-all standings.



Reyson finished fourth despite a frozen gear-box that only allowed him use of 4th gear for the last 23 laps of the race.

Holman-and-Moody's McLaren M16B-Ford was expected to be a strong contender. Andretti qualified the car third but retired it on the pace lap with a broken U-joint. (Here, he brings it late to the grid.)



SATURDAY morning's practise session ran from 9:00 to 10:00 and even that early in the morning with a moderate breeze blowing, it was warm. The temperature would reach a humid 90° for the afternoon qualifying session. Bruce was first out for practise and began his run in the 2:12s, then followed with 2:09.2, 2:07.6, and 2:07.4 for his best time. Denis ran slowly for several laps then got down to work with a 2:10.5, 2:08.1, 2:07.6 and finally a 2:07.5. Andretti was closest behind with a 2:08:08 despite the fact he was bothered with pesky problems; the McLaren-Ford had leaky oil lines and late in the session Andretti would come in to have the rear swaybar changed to a stiffer one after he had gone off course at Turn 11.

THE pits were extremely busy through the session. Internal lines had come loose in the Ferrari and Chris had brought it in trailing a stream of coolant. The Chaparral had a fuel pump replaced and the shocks adjusted twice—and, unhappily, Surtee's growing dissatisfaction with the car had reached such a degree of obviousness it had become a subject for open discussion. Motschenbacher had only just arrived and having missed Friday's practise would miss this morning's session as he and his crew worked on his car—which meant he would have no time on the course before qualifying began. Marilyn kept track of the others' times so he would at least know how the morning times had run. Revson's crew worked to remedy the handling problems the Lola had developed; Parsons' Lola underwent a gear and tire change; Eaton's crew adjusted the McLaren-Chevy's valves and in another attempt to channel cool air into the still overheating cockpit attached a hose and metal deflectors to the McLaren's nose. Hobbs' McLaren-Ford ran out of spark and received a new distributor. Doran's Lola kept breaking rear sway bars. Hansen's Lola was starving for gas, the timing was 180° off and in trying to change the Lola into a McLaren in just two day's time, Hansen was encountering a variety of little troubles.

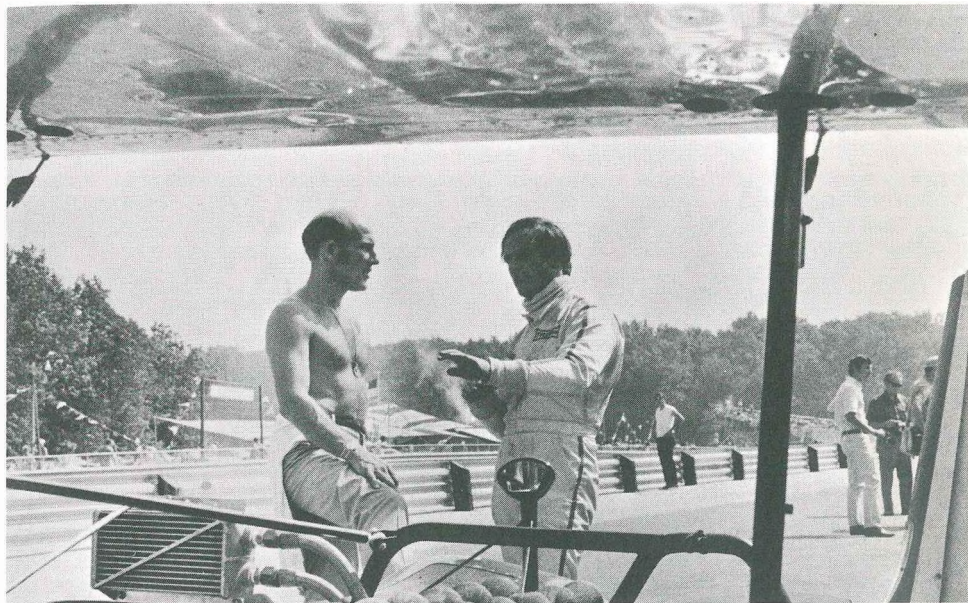
DENIS led the way out for the 12:30-3:00 qualifying session. Bruce sat in the pits as Denis was joined by Surtees, Eaton, Revson, Hobbs, and Motschenbacher. At mid-session Chris and Leonard went out for their first times and Bruce followed to turn and settle for a 2:07.4. At the close of the session Denis returned to the course, and without challenge from Bruce turned a 2:06.3 for pole position.

ANDRETTI lowered his morning time by 4/10ths of a second and took third on the grid with a 2:08.4. There was then a gap of almost four seconds to Revson in fourth. He was followed by Parsons and Eaton, tied at 2:12.3.

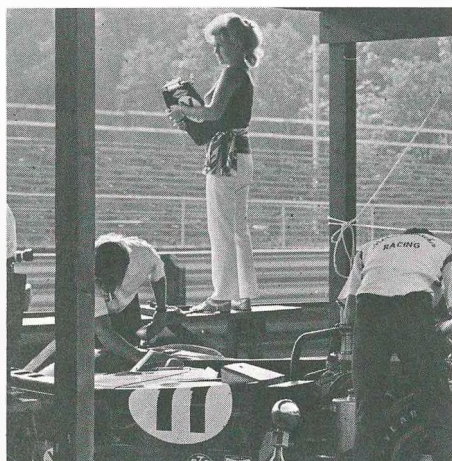
THE Ferrari had been plagued with problems and Chris had only been able to run twelve laps during the qualifying session. As Ferrari crew chief, Roger Bailey, later explained to Denis, "We couldn't qualify well—couldn't get enough laps in. We'd do a few laps and he'd throw oil, another few laps and he'd throw water. There's no way, you know?" But they had changed to a larger radiator and added an oil cooler and lost 35°. "Stupid oil," Bailey continued, "we got that sorted out. Because before we sort of had to back off the whole thing because the oil temperature had been going around the gauge twice. It's alright the first time, Chris sort of ignores it, but when it gets going around the *second* time, you got ten degrees showing on the clock, hell, you really get concerned, you know. In fact, quite abit of consternation. Anyway, we've got it down now, so we're all improving." But there had been moments of frustration, and when faced with his crew's discouragement, Bailey said, Chris had commented, "You

all think back to the first year I had with Bruce,” and, Bailey added himself, “They weren’t such good years. I suppose you can look at it that way. It’s the only way to look at from Chris’ point of view, I suppose.”

SO while Chris had been able to qualify the Ferrari on the heels of the works McLarens before, he now was 6.7 seconds behind and seventh on the grid. Following were Siffert, Follmer and Surtees, who rounded out the first ten positions.



Amon qualified the Ferrari 71b, ran in second and third places only to run out of gas and retire with only 7 laps left to go in the race. (Here, he describes a moment to sun-worshipper, S. Moss.) Photo by F. David Stone.



Marilyn Motschenbacher keeps track of Saturday morning lap times as the crew works on Motschenbacher's McLaren M12-Chevy. Motschenbacher qualified 11th, finished 6th.



David Hobbs and Canadian Photojournalist, F. David Stone, can't seem to find much to say about Hobbs' McLaren M6B-Ford. Of the four Ford-engined cars that started the race, Hobbs' went the greatest distance — 29 laps (out of 50).

THAT evening, Bruce enjoyed dinner at Siebkens with the team and New Zealand motor racing journalist, Eoin Young. (Young had been Bruce's secretary and a part of McLaren Racing in the early days of the company.) The dining room was packed with Can Am people and full of laughter, there were cross-conversations from table to table and free champagne provided for all by the publisher of *Car and Driver* magazine. Some teams arrived late—Parsons' crew had had to change to a smaller 427 cu. in. engine after the Lola had cracked an oil pan and slightly scored the engine bearings of the 430 during qualifying. Some teams did not arrive at all—miles down the highway, Revson was keeping his mechanics company in a motel parking lot as they made adjustments on the Lola's throttle linkage and suspension, then had to take the non-engaging starter off and put it back on again six times before they were satisfied it was engaging properly.



Spectators across from the pits greeted Team McLaren with these signs Sunday morning . . .

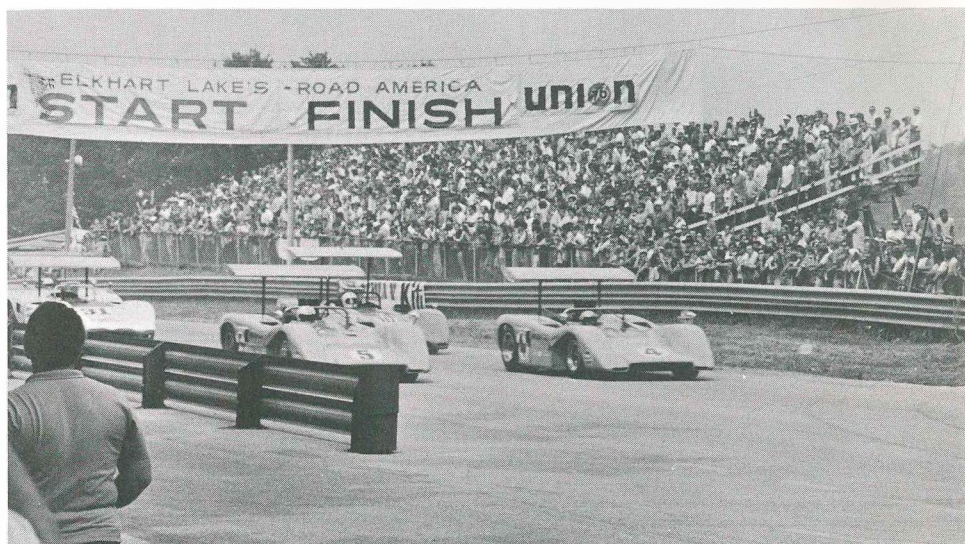
WHEN Team McLaren arrived at the circuit the next morning, they were greeted by two signs held up by early arriving spectators in the stands across the way. The legends read: "Beat Bruce," and "Destroy Denis." Bruce and Denis reacted with a shrug and a smile, but the McLaren mechanics were outraged and retaliated by attaching a sign of their own to the side of Bruce's car which read: "GET STUFFED." One of the mechanics then climbed up on the roof of the work area behind Bruce's pit, moved the American flag down to the next pole and ran up the New Zealand flag. Later, a more pleasing sign popped up in the pits. This one read: "H B D (yesterday) #4! (from corner 13)." Belated birthday wishes to Bruce from the workers at corner 13.



. . . and McLaren mechanics retaliated by attaching a sign of their own to McLaren's car.

AS the works McLarens ran a trouble-free warm-up session, other teams were either encountering or trying to rectify problems. Parsons' Lola was bottoming in the turns. Motschenbacher was in the pits working on the McLaren's brakes. Hobbs' McLaren-Ford was running on seven cylinders. Andretti's McLaren-Ford had torn the top off the right-rear upright as he had braked for the first turn, and the car had been returned to the Ford compound where mechanics now rushed to change both uprights before grid time.

TEAM McLaren had a bit of strategy planned for this race. It was Bruce's intention to shepherd Denis through the first turn at the start and allow him to take the lead. Bruce would then stay behind to race with Andretti. As it turned out, it was not at all necessary. Andretti barely made it to the grid on time—the one minute warning had been given, the grid cleared and engines started when Andretti flew out of the paddock to take his place in the third place slot on the grid. Moss led the field out on the pace lap, the sound of their progress carried back through the trees from the back-straight—and then Andretti suddenly appeared in the pits again. He had taken the escape road at Turn 5 and cut back through the paddock infield. As his surprised crew changed a rear tire the moment was very dramatic, for the field came over the hill, ran down the front-straight, took the starter's flag, Andretti roared out of his pit—and the Ford immediately broke the U-joint. The car came to a halt in the pit row just this side of the start-finish line. All of Ford's efforts had not even gotten them to the starter's flag.



The start.

AS the front of the field reached the first turn, Denis led the way through with Bruce right behind him as planned. Behind them Revson and Parsons were aimed at the same spot in the turn—and since it is a physical impossibility for two masses to occupy the same spot at the same time, there was a bit of a flurry and wheel bumping and Revson found it necessary to take the long way through, losing three positions in the process.

AS the field wound over the four-mile course, Bruce kept a close watch in his mirrors for Andretti, not knowing he had retired the Ford. Farther back, Chris was moving quickly from seventh to fourth; past Revson, Siffert and Eaton. As Denis led the way back down the front-straight, Bruce received a "Mario Out" sign from his pit. That settled that. Behind the works McLarens were Parsons, Chris, Eaton, Siffert, Revson, Follmer, Surtees and Motschenbacher, who had a tire going soft.

ON the next lap Chris moved past Parsons into third, Revson passed Siffert and Eaton to regain two of his lost positions. Mechanical attrition continued as Follmer pushed his Agapiou Ford off at Turn 5 with a broken input shaft in the transmission. On the next lap Surtees parked the Chaparral in Turn 1 with a flat tire and retired.

DENIS turned the lead over to Bruce on lap five and as the six positions behind them held, Gary Wilson, in ninth, went out with gearbox trouble. Then as Siffert came down the front-straight, he missed a shift when the chassis flexed, misaligning the transmission linkage, everyone in the pits flinched at the sound of too many revs, and Siffert pulled the Porsche off course at Turn 1, its new 12-cylinder, \$12,000 engine thoroughly blown. On the eighth lap Eaton coasted to a stop on the verge across from the pits to retire his overheating McLaren-Chevy. On-lookers then watched nervously as he tried to dash across the straight to the pits. The brow of the hill obscured his view of half the straight and as he would start across, cars would appear over the hill, closing on him at a fantastic speed, and he would have to dash back to the safety of the other side. It took him three attempts to make it across, and it was rather like watching an unescorted child trying to cross a highway in the height of the traffic hour.



With a close eye on on-coming traffic, Eaton starts to dash across the front-straight after parking his overheating McLaren M12-Chevy across from the pits on lap 7.

ON the next lap the first of two rather bad accidents occurred when Stan Burnett rolled his Burnett-Chevy into a ball at Canada Corner. Burnett was assisted from the car by corner workers. He suffered facial lacerations, bruises, a possible cracked cheekbone and a minor vertebra fracture.

AS Bruce still led on lap nine, Denis dropped back to third, moving Chris into second place. While the spectators enjoyed this greatly, this whole state of affairs was very frustrating and discouraging for Chris. He was not resentful because Team McLaren did this—played cat-and-mouse with him, or just slowed a bit to take it easy—it was that they had so much *extra* in hand that they could *afford* to do this to him while he was trying so terribly hard with *everything* he had that was so discouraging.

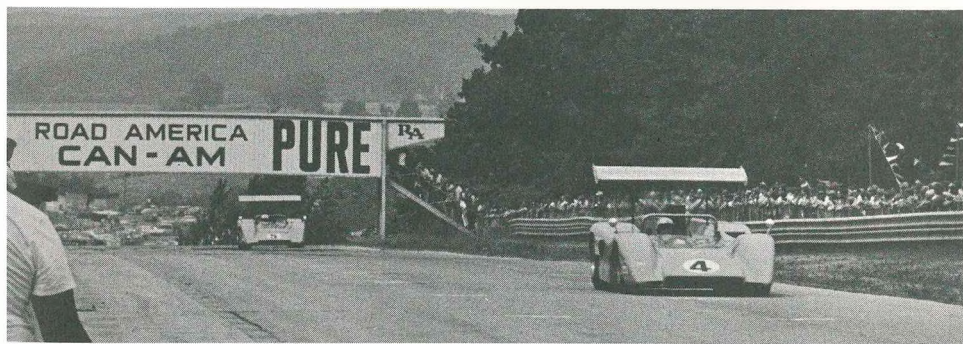
BY lap thirteen Bruce was twelve seconds in front of Chris and lapping at 2:13.8 (6.4 seconds slower than his qualifying time). There were six seconds between Chris and Denis, and Denis was twenty seconds in front of Revson who had moved into fourth past Parsons whose Lola-Chevy was beginning to overheat.

THE yellow flag came out when Williamson crashed in Turn 1. Apparently something rather important broke on his McLaren, for judging from his tire marks he motored on straight instead of making the turn. Williamson was uninjured, but he did make somewhat of a mess of his car. By now Hooper's Lola was out with an overheating engine and Drolsom's Lola was out with faulty shift linkage. Motschenbacher, in sixth, had stopped for oil once and was continuing on with a tire still going soft and no clutch—for the clutch *pedal* had broken off. Each time he went by the pits now, he would make signs and signals no one, not even Marilyn, could decipher. His crew thought he might be coming in for more oil so one mechanic stood in the pit lane for ten laps, his finger plugging a funnel full of oil, waiting for Motschenbacher to come in—which he never did.

IN quick succession then, Baker blew an engine, Frederick broke an axle and Dini lost his clutch. Three laps later Dutton's Lola-Chevy was retired, suffering from fuel starvation.

ON lap twenty Denis moved past Chris back into second, and two laps later moved into the lead for two laps. Bruce then took the lead again for the next twelve laps. On lap twenty-five, mid-distance, fourteen cars had retired and the first ten positions belonged to Bruce, Denis, Chris, Revson, Parsons, Motschenbacher, Dean, Brown, Koveleski and Doran. Fans were now lobbing pop bottles onto the course at Turn 14 and although corner workers hurried to clean up the broken glass, Hobbs suffered a cut tire and pitted to have it changed. It turned out to be a lengthy stop—2 minutes 10 seconds—long enough for Hobbs to drink the soft drink side-lined Surtees brought him and have a cheery chat.

REVSON, who had held a steady fourth for seventeen laps and been running 21 seconds ahead of Parsons, now slowed suddenly, his gearbox frozen in fourth gear, and Parsons closed the distance to move ahead of him. There was then a rash of retirements from the back of the field; Janke, Nagel, Galloway, Lasiter, Stoddard and Hobbs. In the middle of the field, Brown and Koveleski were having a fine dice for eighth place and would exchange eighth and ninth places eight times before race's end.



A familiar sight — McLaren leading the way with Hulme right behind.

DENIS took the lead on lap thirty-six, turning the fastest lap of the race with a 2:08.4 for a new record. Four laps later he handed the lead back to Bruce, tucked in behind him and the works McLarens continued to lead on in their effortless way.

CHRIS still held third place, but three laps later his game effort ended when he brought the sputtering Ferrari to a halt on the Turn 5 escape road. The heat of the day and the furious pace of the race had robbed him of fuel economy, and with seven laps to go, he was out of gas. Fuel consumption had run close before—Chris had only had a half-gallon left after Edmonton and a gallon-and-a-half after Mid-Ohio. New, larger tanks had arrived here at mid-week and would be fitted in the Ferrari for Bridgehampton, but that was of little consolation now. It was stipulated in the scoring system that a car must complete 75% of the distance and *be running* at the end to be considered an official finisher. Thus though Chris had completed 43 laps out of 50 (and more laps than some of the others still running at the end) he would be considered a DNF.



Teddy Mayer (dark pants) and McLaren mechanics watch from the pit rail as McLaren and Hulme run the last few yards to the checkered flag.

AS Bruce took the checkered flag, Denis followed a car's length behind. In third was Parsons; Revson had held onto fourth despite a scarcity of gears. Dean, in the Porsche 908 was fifth. Motschenbacher was sixth (and delighted to finish after his wretched weekend at Mid-Ohio). Brown had won the dice with Koveleski and taken seventh. Behind Koveleski were Doran and young Kris Harrison. In eleventh was Apel (who had completed the same number of laps as Chris), followed by Causey and Kantrud—and that was it. Only thirteen of the thirty-four starters had finished.

IT was still a day of signs, for as Bruce and Denis went through Turn 14 on their cool-off lap, a grinning corner worker held out a sign with the legend: "So what else is new?"

WHEN Bruce went up to the press room, Denis declined the invitation to join him in the heat of the small room and stifling crush of people. In the course of the press conference, Bruce was asked if he could see anyone seriously challenging him in the rest of the Series—for it did appear as though his team could win every race. "It does look that way," Bruce said with seriousness, "If—you know, I've said it before—I think if Mario Andretti could keep that thing of his together, it would

definitely give us something of a race. Probably if we sold them the latest, best car we could possibly build to put that engine in, it would be tremendously competitive. But I don't think we're under any obligation to help people beat us."

AND what of Amon? Had there been any time during the race when Bruce thought that Chris might possibly be a strong threat? "Ah, no, we were reasonably confident we could cope with him," Bruce answered, then asked what had happened to Chris and the interviews ended with a journalist's explanation of Chris' retirement.

PARSONS, who had finished third, had in one sense been sorry to see Chris drop out—but in another sense it had made him happy, for it did move him up a position—in two ways, actually, for the third place points he received for this race moved him ahead of Chris (by one point) into third in the over-all standings. In talking with a writer later, Parsons commented wryly on Team McLaren's domination by stating, "It looks like about the only spot open is third place." But there were still five races left, the writer encouraged. "Yeah," Parsons laughed, "but I don't think *anybody* can run those guys hard enough to break them down."



McLaren wearing the smile and floral wreath of victory.

Elkhart Lake's Road America Inc.

80 miles from Milwaukee

4.0 miles

minimum 27 feet

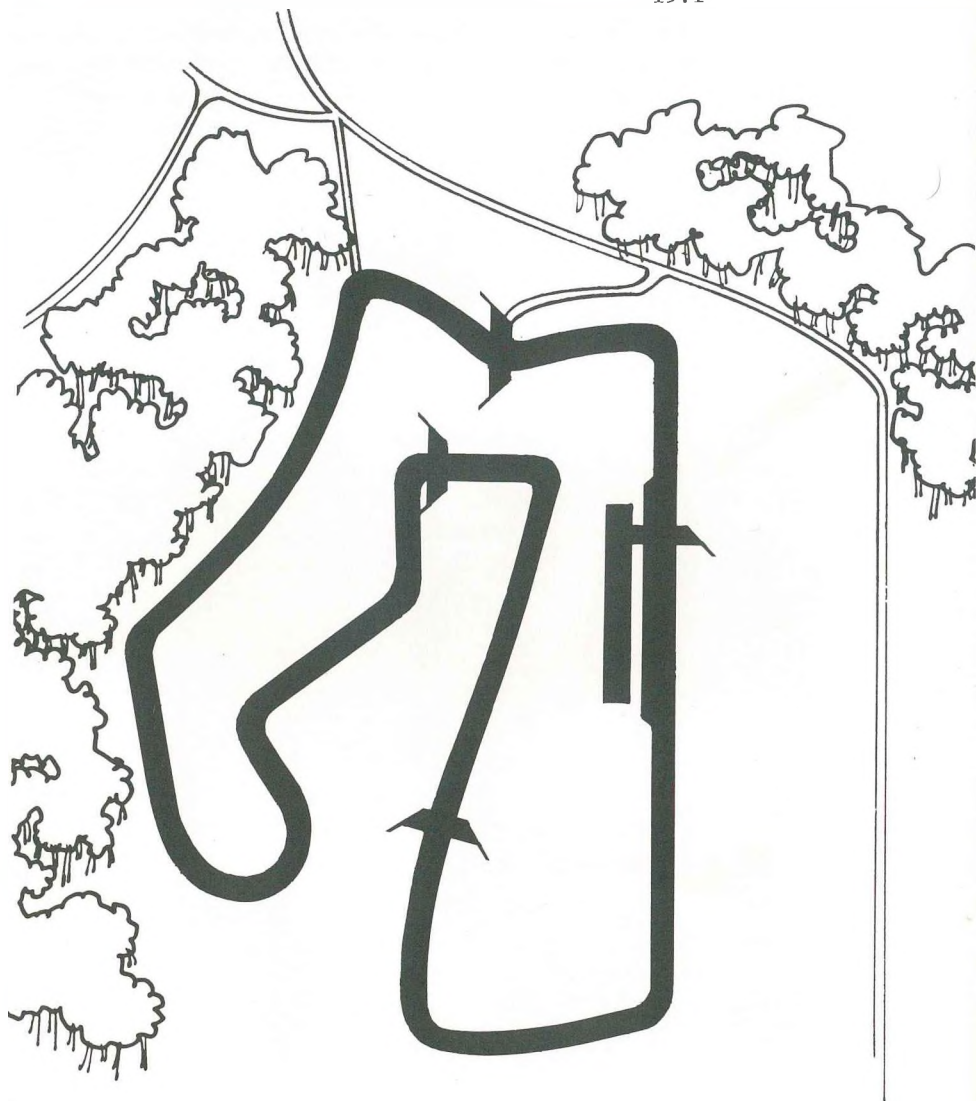
Record: Denis Hulme

McLaren M8F

112.38 mph

2 min. 08.14 sec.

1971



Results

RESULTS of Road America Can-Am for the Canadian American Challenge Cup at Road America, Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, August 31, 1969. Sanctioned by the Sports Car Club of America, promoted by Road America, Inc., conducted by Chicago Region (SCCA), listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 4.0-mile circuit for Group 7 cars over 2500cc. Race length, 50 laps (200 miles, 1 hour, 51 minutes, 39.0 seconds). Winner's average speed: 107.479 m.p.h. Winner's margin of victory: .01 seconds. Fastest lap: Denis Hulme, Car No. 5, 2 minutes, 08.4 seconds, 112.150 m.p.h. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps		Pts.	Purse
				Behind		
1	Bruce McLaren	McLaren Chev.			20	\$10,000
2	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	.01		15	7,500
3	Chuck Parsons	Lola Simoniz Spl.	85.0	1	12	6,000
4	Peter Revson	Lola T163	116.2	1	10	5,000
5	Tony Dean	Porsche 908 Spyder	68.6	1	8	4,300
6	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren Mk 12-Chev.	131.8	3	6	3,700
7	Richard Brown	McLaren Mk 6B-Chev.	134.8	3	4	3,100
8	Oscar Koveleski	McLaren Mk 6B	135.8	3	3	2,600
9	Brooke Doran	Lola T160	64.8	4	2	2,100
10	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3	54.1	6	1	1,600
11	Cliff Apel	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	41.0	7		1,100
12	Dave Causey	McLaren Mk 6B	147.6	8		800
13	Dick Kantrud	Lola T70 3B	95.8	12		500

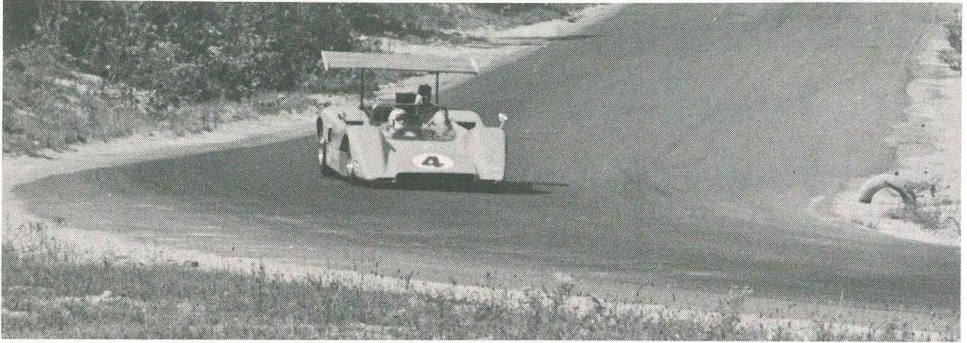
Did Not Finish

Laps Completed

14	Chris Amon	Ferrari Type 612	43		400
15	Harvey Lassiter	McLaren Mk 2	29		300
16	Spence Stoddard	McLaren III	29		200
17	David Hobbs	Mac's Special	29		200
18	Rich Galloway	McLaren Mk 6B	27		200
19	Leonard Janke	Lola T160	26		200
20	Bob Nagel	Lola T70	26		200

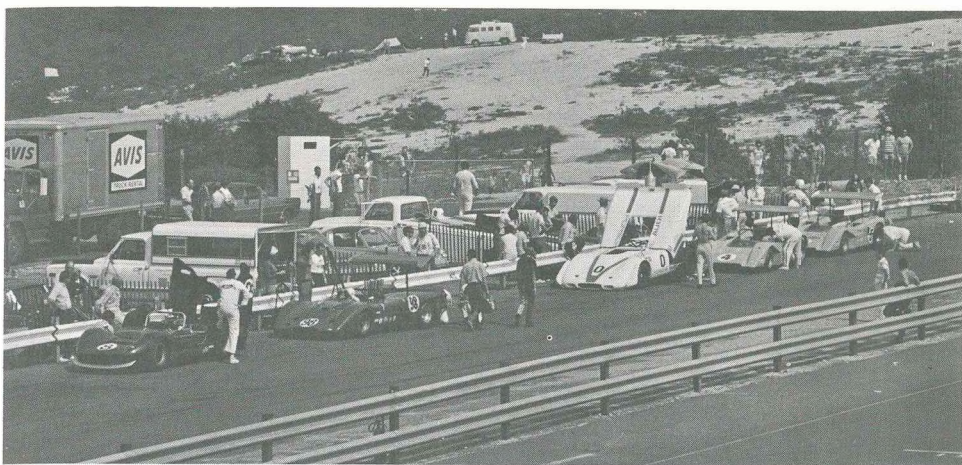


stating he needed a famous driver to sit in the roadster for photographs, one could not be certain whether he was asking for the services of one of them, or whether he was asking them to point out a "famous driver." Revson solved the man's problem by promptly volunteering Denis' services and Denis, with a long look at Revson, accompanied the man to where the roadster was parked on the front-straight. One somehow felt that the man had accepted Revson's assurance that Denis was "a very famous driver" on faith, and did not realize that he had a Grand Prix and Can Am champion in tow.

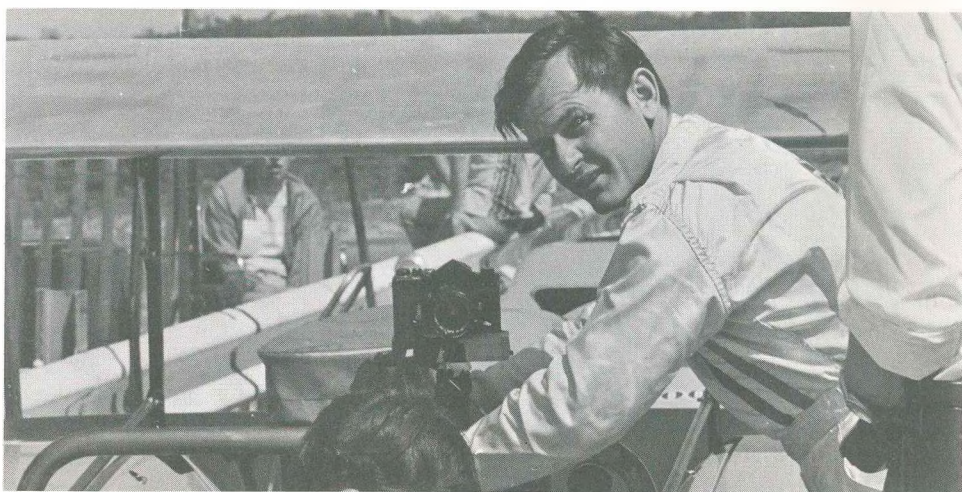


PRACTISE, which was to run from 1:00 to 5:00, was being approached rather leisurely by Team McLaren. At one o'clock Bruce was taping a remote-controlled 35mm camera to his roll bar so a *Time-Life* representative could take pictures when Bruce went out on the course. Denis, who had not yet changed to his uniform, seemed in no particular rush to go out and sent his crew to lunch. So Siffert was first out, followed by Motschenbacher, who had only arrived a half-hour before, and Dini. Bruce went out a half-hour later followed by Parsons, Surtees and Eaton—who put the corner workers at the Echo Valley turn in a state of consternation for several laps—for as he went by them he would raise his hand slightly off the wheel in quick gesture. The workers, thinking Eaton was having problems and the gesture was a request for them to make a visual examination of the car, watched closely each time he went by, instructing other stations to do the same—but the car seemed to be handling alright, they could see nothing leaking, nothing coming adrift. Eaton, when later told of their puzzlement, laughed—he had not been signaling to them at all—he had been giving a wee wave to a lady photographer friend photographing close by the corner workers.

DENIS went out finally at mid-session, worked his way down to an unofficial 1:25.6 (the course record, set by Denis the previous year, was 1:27.69), seemed satisfied with the way the car was set-up and running, brought it in at 3:35, his work done for the day—and left. Bruce continued on to drop his time to a 1:26.3. Surtees was turning in the 1:29s and everyone else (including Chris, who was running-in the Ferrari's engine) was behind Revson's 1:30.0. At 5:00 it was announced that practise would be extended fifteen minutes—which seemed abit odd, for Surtees and Eaton were the only ones on the course at the time, and there were only a half-dozen teams left in the pits—everyone else had left . . . and the day ended as leisurely as it had begun.



Crews prepare cars for Friday's practise session. From right to left — the McLaren M8Bs of Hulme and McLaren; Siffert's Porsche 917; Eaton's McLaren M12; Wonder's McLaren Mk3.



McLaren tapes a remote-controlled camera to the rollbar of his McLaren M8B before going out for Friday's practise session.

SATURDAY morning was warm, with a slight breeze blowing. Bruce was ready early for the start of the 10:30-12:00 qualifying session, but Denis was not—his crew was changing the tachometer on his McLaren M8B and at the start of qualifying he was still dressed in street clothes.

DUTTON was first out, followed by Siffert, Chris, Bruce and Parsons. Bruce turned a best time of 1:25.56 and brought the McLaren in with a broken rocker stud. As his crew set about repairing it, Denis went out and turned a faster time of 1:24.94, which seemed to satisfy him, and he came in, settling for that. Pedro Rodriguez, in the 3-liter Ferrari 312 LeMans coupe received the black flag (which he ignored for several laps) for not having a shoulder harness. Brown, also, was blackflagged because duct-work on his McLaren was coming adrift.

BY 11:30 Bruce's crew had completed the repairs on his car and he went out again to turn a 1:24.62 and take the pole position from Denis by 32/100ths of a second. By the end of the session, the closest time to them was still 3½ seconds away; a 1:28.28 set by Chris—and with an afternoon of qualifying still to be run, Team McLaren loaded up the cars and left the circuit. The crews took the cars to town and Bruce and Denis drove to Peconic Bay where they would spend the afternoon water skiing—and their departure, to say the least, left everyone on pit row nonplused.

THE afternoon qualifying session, which began at 2:30, seemed to be approached with a more concentrated effort than had the morning session, for at its start thirteen cars immediately took to the course. Motschenbacher quickly encountered handling problems so dire he brought his car in, loaded it on the van and left in great haste for town to find a garage where he could work on the McLaren's suspension. Revson ended his qualifying run in the first half-hour when he hit one of the tires that marked the course and brought his Lola in with a hole torn in the left front fender. When Revson saw the damage, he exclaimed, "I only *touch*ed the marker. God, it looks like I've been through a war!"

AS the afternoon progressed, the battle was between Chris and Surtees as they ran half-a-second apart for third place on the grid. The closest to them was Peter Revson, less than a half-a-second behind, but his time had been turned before he collected the course marker and would not be improved. Everyone else was at least a second behind.

JUST after four o'clock, Motschenbacher returned. With frantic rush the car was unloaded and pushed to the pits and as the crew fueled it, Motschenbacher sat in the cockpit ready to go, eight minutes left in the session. Only three minutes were left when he took to the course—not enough time for him to better his morning time of 1:29.98, so he had to settle for ninth position on the grid.

SURTEES had gone out with Motschenbacher in a final bid to better Chris' time—but the attempt was unsuccessful and Chris took third place on the grid with his 1:26.31, 22/100ths of a second faster than Surtees. Fifth fastest time belonged to Revson. He was followed by Eaton, Siffert, Parsons, Motschenbacher, and Dini, who rounded out the first ten.

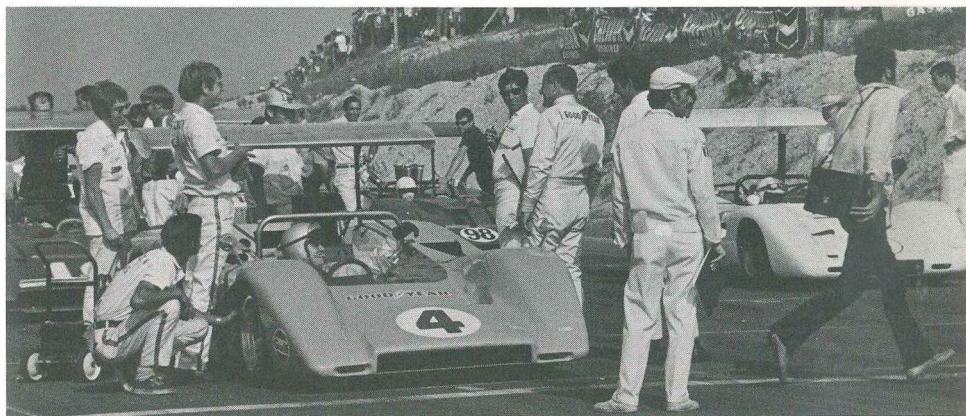
SO as Bruce and Denis enjoyed the waters of Peconic Bay, their front row grid positions had again gone unchallenged—Chris' time had been 1.69 seconds slower than Bruce's.

THERE was a champagne breakfast on the veranda of the Circuit Club at the track on race morning. It was a pleasant open-air affair, actually, for the clouds that had rolled in dark and threateningly at the close of qualifying the day before had blown away leaving the morning clear and warm with just a breath of a sea breeze. There was none of the normal race morning rush to practise, for there was a State ordinance that did not permit engines to be started before one o'clock on Sundays—the practise hour then, was set to begin at one o'clock, thus leaving the morning open for preparation.

SOME crews had spent their Saturday night hard at work. Revson's crew had patched the Lola's left front fender; had, as a matter of fact, even pasted a large pink daisy decal over the patched fiberglass as a finishing touch. Motschenbacher's crew had worked the evening on the McLaren's rear suspension.



McLaren sits on the pit rail with SCCA Director, Jim Kaser, waiting for the grid call.



Last minute conversation between McLaren and Hulme on the grid.

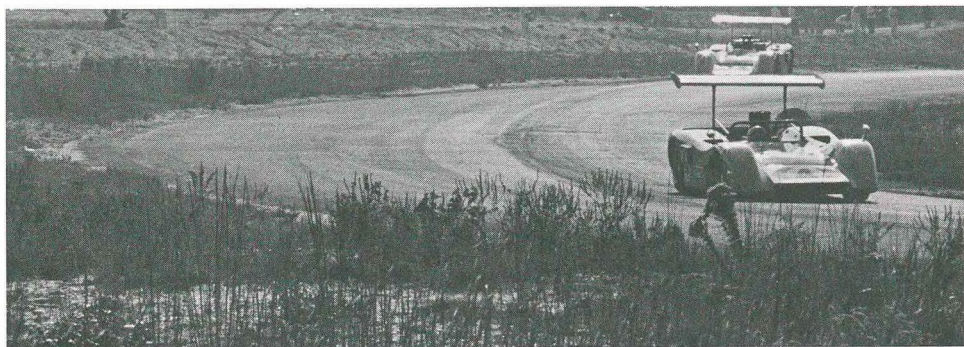


With numbers framed between the rails of the track barrier, the front of the field leads the way to the Starter's flag. (Hulme, No. 5; McLaren, No. 4; Surtees, No. 7; Amon No. 16.)

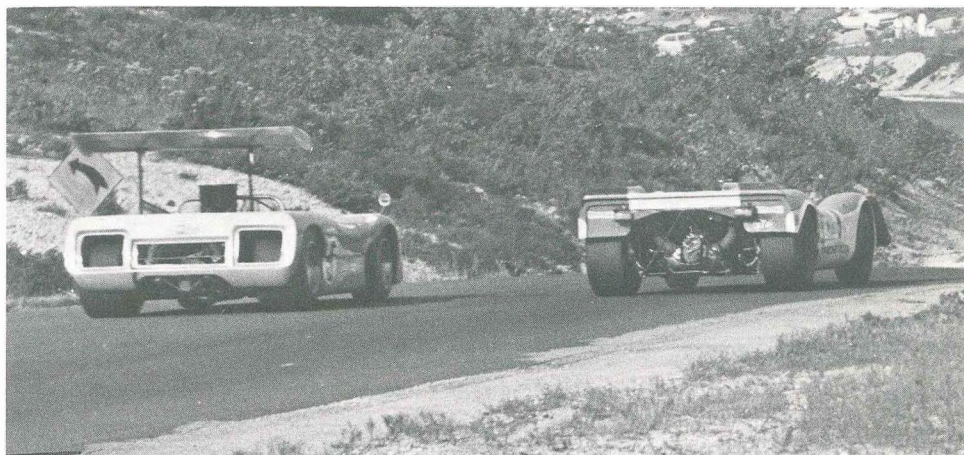
PRACTISE ran from 1:00 to 2:00, and as others ran a comparatively trouble-free session, Bruce did not. A valve rocker broke and hopped off to lay on the cylinder head. With an hour and twenty minutes to go until grid time, Bruce's crew fixed the valve rocker—but unfortunately forgot that he had run half a lap with the fuel injection system squirting away with the intake valve closed, so when they went to start the engine again, about a cupful of fuel was dropped straight into the cylinder the first time the intake valve opened. This ruined the starter-motor assembly—the Bendix gear drive—so they had to take that off and replace it. So for the first time in the Series, one could discern some bit of tension in the McLaren pits. Eighty minutes was enough time for Bruce's crew, however, they worked with quick efficiency and his car was ready just before the call to the grid.

JUST before the cars were pushed into line on the front-straight, a very tatty looking group of motorcyclists roared down the straight, and to many this spelled trouble, for these type groups unfortunately do not enjoy a good reputation for orderly conduct. One wondered how they would be gotten off the track without a great deal of hassle and a delay of the race and if, indeed, they could all be rounded up—and the thought that a driver might later roar through a turn to find a motorcyclist all crossed-up in front of him did send a shiver of apprehension down one's spine. As it turned out, track officials solved the problem in a rather cagey way. They managed to round up all the riders and in return for a refund of their admission costs and a free dinner that evening, enlisted nine of the cyclists for crowd control! It was later reported that these nine not only stayed out of trouble themselves, they took their duties very seriously and all be it rather pompously, performed them without incident.

THUS the race started on time and as the twenty-car field completed the first lap, one noticed an interesting thing as the cars went by—down through sixteenth position, each car that had started on the *left* side of the grid now led the car that had started beside it on the *right* side of the grid. So Denis, who had started in the left row, had passed Bruce who had started on the right. Surtees, who had started on the left, had passed Chris who had started on the right—and so it ran, down to seventeenth place where Janke, who had started on the right, had broken the pattern by holding on to his starting position.



McLaren leads teammate Hulme through the Echo Valley turn. The two exchanged the lead five times. McLaren led 25 laps, winner Hulme, 45.



Hulme overtakes the smaller Porsche 908 of Tony Dean. Dean finished 6th, four laps behind Hulme.

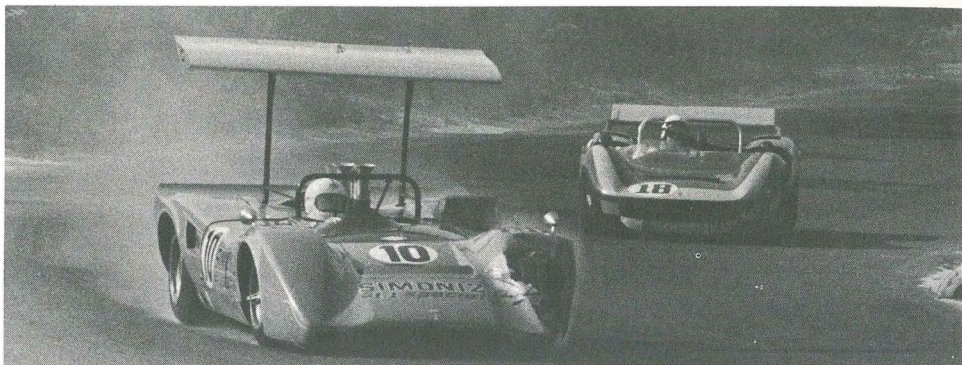


Siffert's Porsche 908 about to pass Rodriguez' Ferrari 312. Both almost ran out of gas on the last laps of the race. The Porsche finished on fumes in 3rd place. The Ferrari finished 5th after a stop for gas on the penultimate lap.

ON lap two the back of the field was reduced by two as Nagel's Lola lost a fan belt and the water pump failed, and Steven's Lola blew its engine. On the next lap Chris, who had been running fourth, retired the Ferrari with the oil pump shaft broken and the engine bearings run.

ON lap five Bruce took the lead and the order behind him had settled down to read: Denis, Surtees, Eaton (filling Surtees' mirrors again), Revson, Parsons, Siffert, Dini, Motschenbacher, Rodriguez, Dean, Dutton, Brown, Harrison, Wonder, and Goldleaf.

FOUR laps later, Denis dropped back to third, separating Surtees and Eaton. On the following lap he came around in fourth, behind Eaton—and Revson, who had been running in fifth, pulled into the pits to retire with the left front wheel spindle sheared on his Lola. The next lap around—what was this—Denis had dropped back *another* position and was running fifth behind Parsons. There was quite a bit of conjecture going on in the pits—Denis did not seem to be playing about with anyone; was



Although his McLaren-M12 handled atrociously after the differential went out, Motschenbacher continued on to finish 4th.

it possible he was experiencing problems with the McLaren? The next time around he was still behind Parsons, and by now his crew had figured out what he was about and held out the sign "Amon Out." As Denis later explained, he had hoped Chrissy would be able to run with the works McLarens—and when he did not show up, Denis, not knowing his playmate had dropped out, had dropped back in search, intending to tow Chris up in his slipstream. With Chris out Denis moved up again to bide in third behind Surtees for four laps, then moved past him to snug in behind Bruce.



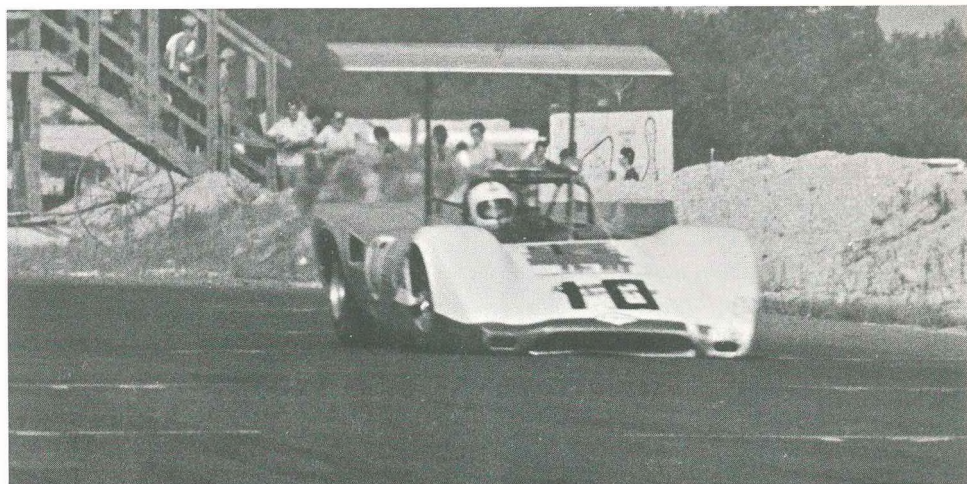
Parsons, whose Lola's fender was shattered when a course marker laying in the middle of a turn was hit, leads 10th place finisher, Kris Harrison, through a turn. Parsons continued on only to have the Lola's front panel break up . . .

PARSONS by now had begun a series of pit stops. A tire marker had been clipped by another car and thrown onto the course at a turn—Parsons, coming through the turn, had hit the tire with his left front fender, dealing a great amount of damage to the fragile fiberglass body panel and flat-spotting a tire in the process. His first stop was to change the tire. He was in the next lap because the Lola's front panel was now beginning to break up. The panel was removed and Revson's crew removed the front panel from his sidelined Lola and rushed to Parsons' pit to fit it on Parsons' car. As Parsons went out again, the two pits stops had dropped him from sixth to fifteenth. He then made two more stops within eight laps because the Lola's nose was scrapping the ground, and lost another position which moved him to next-to-last position.

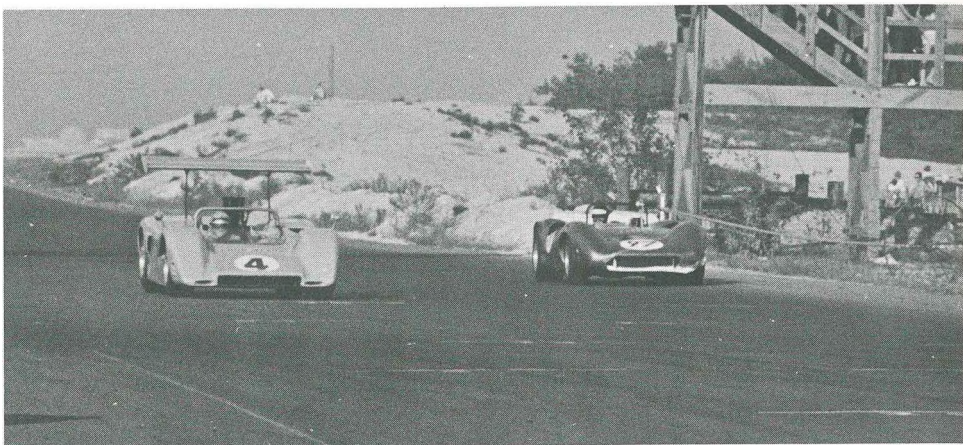
AS Parsons was in and out of the pits, the other positions had shifted little. On lap twenty-four Denis moved past Bruce into the lead to hold it for the next sixteen laps. On lap twenty-eight, Dini retired with engine problems. On lap forty, Bruce took the lead, and on the next lap Denis turned the fastest lap of the race with a 1:26.64, setting a new record. Three laps later Eaton, who had been running a consistent fourth behind Surtees, spun in the hairpin and lost a position to Siffert.

ON lap forty-six Bruce gave the lead back to Denis, and as the works McLarens continued to smoothly lead the way, mechanical attrition took two more from the field. Eaton retired on the back part of the course on lap fifty-six with a blown engine. By now Surtees McLaren-Chaparral was smoking and making terrible sounds and had lost third place to Siffert in the Porsche 917 PA—and on lap fifty-eight Surtees moved down the front-straight at greatly reduced speed and just as he disappeared over the brow of the hill at the end of the straight, there was a great puff of smoke as the Chaparral Chevy engine destroyed itself. This moved Motschenbacher into fourth place—but he was not without his own problems; he had lost the differential and the McLaren was handling atrociously.

WITH ten laps to go, Bruce's engine had changed note. He thought at first he had broken another rocker—but the McLaren M8B-Chevy still pulled the same revs down the front-straight, so it was not the rocker apparently, but something small that had evidenced itself in the engine's sound but not its performance and Bruce continued on easily behind Denis. Behind Bruce was Siffert, Motschenbacher, Rodriguez, Dean, Parsons (who had moved up from fifteenth after his pit stops), Brown, Janke, Harrison, Dutton, Wonder, and Goldleaf. By this point, Brown, who had been blackflagged earlier for balking Rodriguez, was thoroughly irritated with the Ferrari 312 driver's way of indicating he wished to pass—for Rodriguez would pull up behind, turn on his lights and wait for Brown to move over. Brown felt that if the Ferrari was fast enough to get by his McLaren M6B-Chevy, Rodriguez would have found a way without Brown's assistance.



. . . and after a two minute stop to borrow the front panel from Renson's sidelined Lola, Parsons continued on to finish 7th. (Note lack of clearance between the Lola's nose and the ground.)



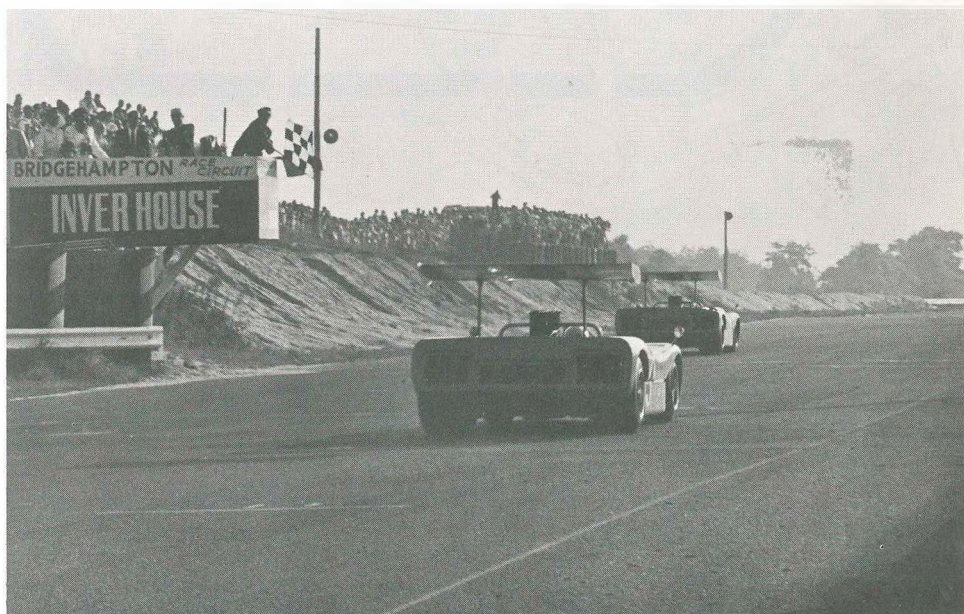
McLaren laps 13th place finisher, Ron Goldleaf, on the front-straight.

AS Denis and Bruce took the one-lap-to-go flag, Siffert, on the same lap with them, came over the hill on the front-straight slogging his Porsche from side to side—he was almost out of gas and was trying to slosh enough into the fuel pickup to make the last lap. He was little more than by when Rodriguez flew into the pits with the same trouble. Although he had only stopped for gas, one of the Ferrari crew jacked up the rear of the car for no apparent reason, then stood there in uncertainty waiting for someone else to do something. Another mechanic ran to the *passenger* side with a cup of water for Rodriguez, stood there looking in the coupe's window, then knocked and knocked on it to gain Rodriguez' attention. Rodriguez looked over to level a long look at the mechanic, then ignored him. The gas was finally in, nothing had been done to the rear of the car, so the mechanic at the back lowered the jack, the mechanic at the side ran around to the driver's side with his cup of water but was too late, for Rodriguez took off—and as he emerged from the pits he had come within a second of losing fifth place to Dean.

AS Denis led the way across the finish line, Bruce was 1/10th of a second behind. Siffert, in third, was on the same lap, a minute behind. Over three laps down was Motschenbacher, followed by Rodriguez and Dean, four laps down; Parsons, five laps down; Brown, seven laps down; Janke and Harrison, eight laps down; Dutton, nine laps down; Wonder, eleven laps down; and Goldleaf, thirteen laps down.

BRIDGEHAMPTON completed the far eastern Can Am races and the Series would now swing west to Michigan, to Laguna Seca and Riverside in California, then move eastward again to Texas. The Formula 1 Grand Prix series would move from Europe to Canada, the U.S. and Mexico—which meant less traveling for Bruce (who was second in the Grand Prix championship behind Stewart), Denis, Chris, Surtees and Siffert. It was a fact often forgotten that these Can Am drivers had had Formula 1 races in Europe on alternate weekends since the beginning of the Can Am Series. This had imposed an extremely heavy schedule on Bruce in particular, for the responsibilities of McLaren Racing devoured what leisure time he might have had between races. Indeed, he would leave on the Sunday night or Monday morning after a Can Am race, catch some sleep on the plane, arrive in England on Tuesday, invariably go testing for

two days then on Wednesday or Thursday go off to the next Grand Prix. On the Monday following the Grand Prix he would return to England to spend two days at the factory or testing, then return to America at mid-week for the next Can Am. There was little time, then, to spend with Patty and little Amanada, little time for them to enjoy together the house that had been completed in spring and in which they took such delight. But Patty and Bruce's parents (who would be completing a world tour) would join him in Monterey, to be with him for the Laguna Seca and Riverside races. After that, there would be only one Can Am left to finish out the season, to finish out his racing for this year—and then there would be time again for family and home.



Hulme leads McLarens across the finish line for another one-two finish for Team McLaren.

Bridgehampton Race Circuit

110 miles from New York City

2.85 miles

minimum 30 feet

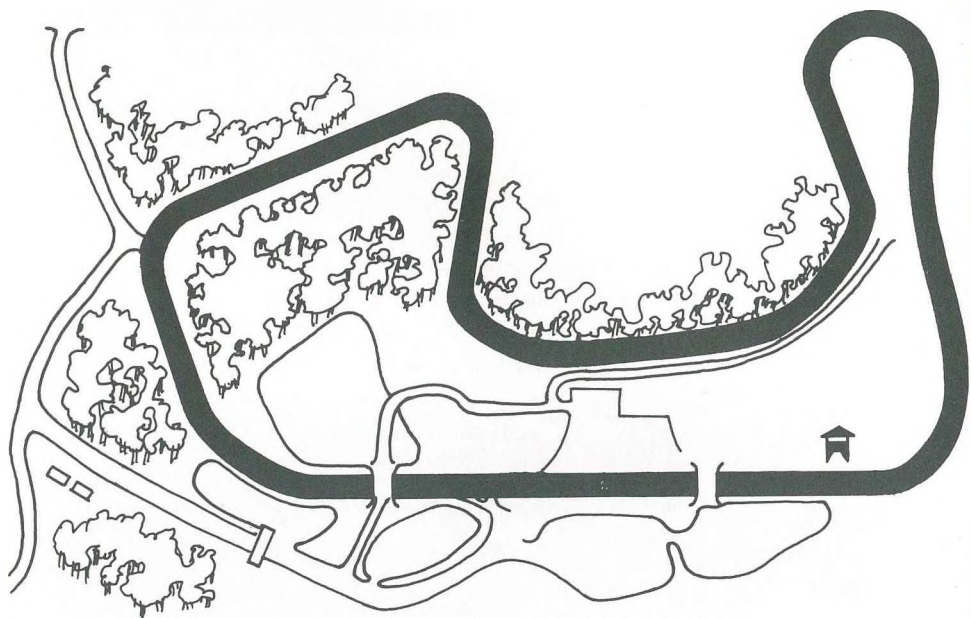
Record: Mark Donohue

McLaren M6A

112.826 mph

1 min. 31.14 sec.

1968



Results

RESULTS of Inver House Scotch Can-Am, Bridgehampton, New York, September 14, 1969.

Winner's average speed: 113.723 m.p.h. (new record): 1 hour 45 minutes, 40.58 seconds. Fastest lap: Car No. 5, lap 41, 1:26.64, 118.949 m.p.h. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps		Pts.	Purse
				Behind		
1	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.			20	\$8,000
2	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.	0.1		15	6,100*
3	Jo Siffert	Porsche 917	61.0		12	4,700
4	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	9.0	3	10	4,000
5	Pedro Rodriguez	Ferrari 312	38.0	4	8	3,300
6	Tony Dean	Porsche 908	39.0	4	6	2,900
7	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	39.0	5	4	2,500
8	Richard Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	63.0	7	3	2,100
9	Leonard Janke	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	80.0	8	2	1,700
10	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	92.0	8	1	1,300
11	Tom Dutton	Lola T70-Chev.	13.0	9		900
12	Bill Wonder	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	15.0	10		650
13	Ron Goldleaf	Lola T70-Chev.	7.0	13		400

Did Not Finish

Laps Completed/Reason Out

14	John Surtees	McLaren M12-Chev.	58	overheating	300
15	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	56	blown engine	250
16	Bob Dini	Lola T162-Chev.	28	engine	200
17	Peter Revson	Lola T163-Chev.	10	l. f. suspension	200
18	Chris Amon	Ferrari 612	3	oil pump shaft	200
19	Jeff Stevens	Lola T70-Chev.	2	blown engine	200
20	Bob Nagel	Lola T70-Ford	2	fan belt	200

* includes \$100 for fastest qualifying lap by Inver House.

MIS Irish Hills, Michigan Michigan International CAN-AM



SEPTEMBER WAS COMING TO A CLOSE and leaves were beginning their brilliant turn towards autumn as the Can Am moved to Irish Hills and the Michigan International Speedway. The Speedway was impressive and was, actually, composed of two race courses—a 2-mile 18° banked oval, and a 3-mile road course into which 2800 feet of the oval's banked front-straight had been incorporated. Although other types of cars had raced on both courses—Championship cars, Trans-Am sports sedans, Grand National stock cars and Grand Touring sports sedans, this would be the first Can Am race held—and word had filtered down to the Can Am people that the road-racing circuit would be a “car-breaker” for the low-slung, fragile Group 7 cars.

UPON entering the paddock, one's attention was immediately drawn to the wide stretch of three-laned banking that loomed across from the pits—and the idea of the Can Am cars running up there did give one pause for thought—for it was rather awesome to think the faster cars would approach 200 mph before swooping down off the banking into the narrow first turn as the course took off at right-angles through the infield. The course then crossed the back-straight of the oval, continued on through a series of curves and esses to recross the back straight and rejoin the opposite end of the banking at the south end of the pits in a fast sweeping right-hand turn.

THE Karussel turn, originally a part of the sports car course and designed to resemble the same turn at the Nurburgring, had been replaced with a natural contour hairpin. Chicanes had been added to slow down the cars at the points where the course crossed and recrossed the oval's back-straight, for paving had created bumps that could rip the bottoms from the low-setting undercarriages of fast moving Group 7 cars.

MOST of the drivers had not seen the course before and the only one who had driven it was Peter Revson, who had competed in the Trans-Am in May. As the teams arrived on Friday morning, drivers made reconnaissance tours in their passenger cars—except for Bruce, who made his circuits on an orange mini bike—and as a result found himself in feigned jeopardy on several occasions as his friends motored by closely with a great deal of honking, shouting, waving and laughter.

AS more and more drivers returned from examining the track it became obvious there was a great discontent with the chicanes. The two foot high rubber poles came under heavy verbal attack. (They were “Diabolical arrangements” in Denis’ opinion.) It was felt that because of their height they presented a potential danger, for if touched by a car (which would be approaching 100 mph) they would bend at the bottom and the tops would spring back in a whiplash action that could deal damaging blows to fragile fiberglass paneling. As a result, a request was made to officials to have the height of the poles reduced.

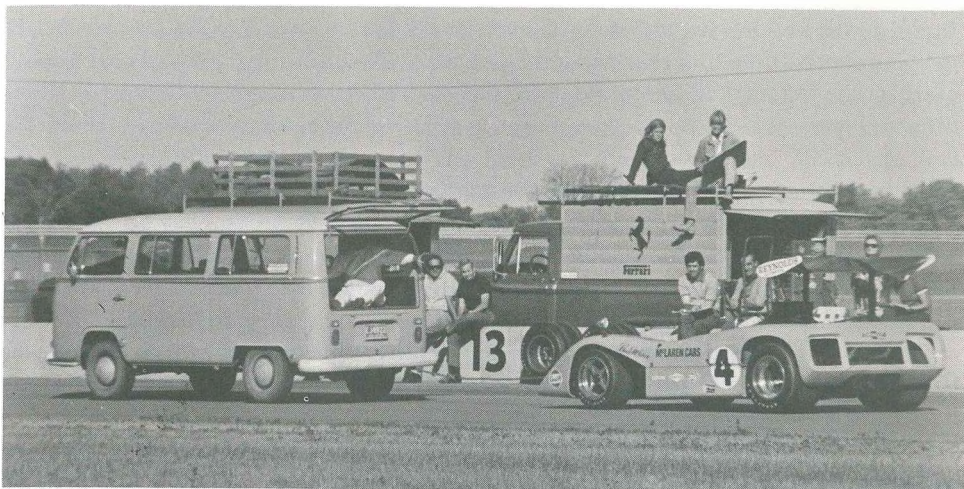
FRIDAY turned out to be a busy day for the journalists, for there was much to be made note of. Gurney had switched from Ford to Chevy and returned to the Series with a used Traco-modified 427 cu. in. Chevy in his bi-winged McLaren M6B. This would be the first Chevy-engined car he had driven since 1962. The Agapiou brothers had, apparently, attracted the attention of Ford at last and arrived with a contingent of executive-type Ford people that seemed to grow to such proportions over the weekend that it left one wondering if anyone had been left to tend the store. Another driver had been added to the Agapiou’s lengthening list—none other than the Old Man himself—Jack Brabham. The Ford had arrived at the Speedway earlier in the week and Brabham had tested it with a 480 cu. in. NASCAR-type engine (semi-hemi) designed for top-end performance for 200 mph oval tracks, but this had been replaced with a 427 wedge which had better low-end characteristics and was better suited to road course needs where shifting was required.

THERE was a light breeze that gusted occasionally to feather the edges of the great banks of cumuli overhead and the air was in the pleasant 60s for the start of the 2:00 to 5:00 practise session. The track announcer opened the session with the quip, “The unofficial practise session will now begin and continue until stopped to pick up disabled cars from the track.”

AS it happened, the course *was* closed in the first hour and the disabled car that had to be fetched in was Bruce’s. He had experienced starting problems at the



beginning of practise and later had had to pit to change plugs. He was also experimenting with an engine "cut-out" (or kill button) device that was presenting its own type of problems by cutting out at the wrong time—which is what had occurred on the back part of the course during practise; he had been unable to restart the engine and had had to be towed back to the pits behind a Volkswagen bus.



The "cut-out" device McLaren experimented with cut-out at the wrong time during Friday's practise. Unable to restart the engine, McLaren had to be towed back to the pits.

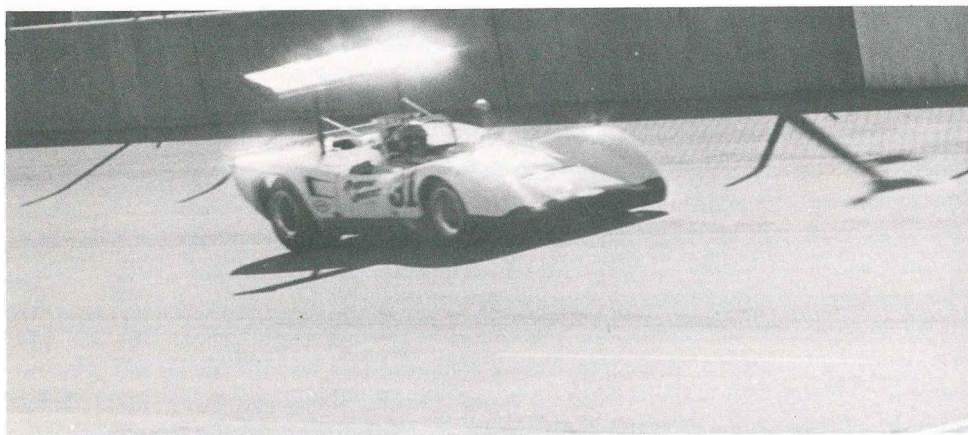
SIFFERT had been the first out for the session, followed by Denis, Bruce, Hobbs, Revson and Parsons. Their first laps were slow, exploratory. The pace then quickened and the sight and sound of the cars running on the banking was breathtaking—for as each one negotiated the transition from the road course at the last turn, it would reach out for the banking, climb high and run quickly, quickly, cutting through the grey of cloud's shadow to emerge awash with afternoon sunlight, sprinkling slivers of blinding light from chrome and mirrors as it ran the length of the front-straight. The empty grandstands, stretching almost endlessly row on row above the banking, could not contain the sound of the car's passage—for the sound threw itself against the bottom rows then leaped upwards row by row racing towards the top to become a staccato of sound separate somehow from the car, ripping through the afternoon silence, seeking escape, reaching the summit of the stands only to be caught and pulled back as the car swooped from the banking at the first turn, forced then to remain with the car as it regained the inescapable flatness of the road course again.

DENIS explored several lines on the banking, seeking one which would allow him to run quickly and also allow a smooth entrance into the first turn, for the transition from the banking there was abrupt and capable of damaging a car if not approached from just the right angle. The line he ultimately chose was radically different from the other drivers'. "You might have to talk to yourself a little bit at first to drive it this way," he later explained to journalist, Jack Brady, "but it should be easier on the car." The difference in his choice made a marked difference in his time, comparatively, for by mid-afternoon he was almost two seconds faster than everyone but Bruce,

turning the 3-mile course in 1:35.4. Bruce had turned 1:37.0 before being towed in. The only other one in the 1:30s with the works McLarens was the Porsche 917 PA with a 1:38.6, and that time had not come easily for Siffert had had his hands full of under-steer problems that had put the Porsche in the dust at the last turn and onto the grass at the first turn.

THE Agapiou Ford suffered carburetion and shift linkage problems that had Brabham out and in, out and in for a best time of 1:51.1, and when he brought it into the pits the last time, the rear end was jacked up, Brabham then ground and ground away on the starter until one could smell the gas and see it hanging in a mist over the exhaust pipes—which should have been warning to the curious clustered about the rear of the car, but they did not pay heed and naturally as the engine caught it spit five foot flames out the exhausts and the startled on-lookers leapt backwards and collided with each other and tread on each other and one soul sitting close by on the pit wall almost fell backwards over it he had been given such a fright. The engine was cut, the car lowered from the jack and pushed to the garage, leaving behind the on-lookers, embarrassed but unscorched, which was a wonder.

GURNEY spent more time in the pits than on the track as he shook down his Chevy, which had only had twelve test laps put on it before the car's arrival at the Speedway. His best time was 1:42.1.



The sight and sound of the Group 7 cars on the Michigan banking was spectacular. Here, Peter Revson runs his Lola T163, awash with sunlight, during Friday's practise session.

REVSON became the first to be claimed by a chicane, and with chagrin brought the Lola in, its nose shattered on the left side. Owner Marshall Robbins had no extra front panel and Revson drove out to the chicane with a mechanic in a stationwagon to retrieve the panel's pieces and returned with an armload to try to piece them together much as one would a jigsaw puzzle. Although three different body sections were offered by other teams, Robbins ultimately decided to send mechanics to Indianapolis (an eight hour round trip drive) to pick up the front section Parsons had borrowed at Bridgehampton.

CHRIS AMON found he liked most of the circuit, for its smooth surface and continuous moderate-speed bends favored the Ferrari 612P. The Ferrari's rear alumi-

num body section had been replaced with a fiberglass shell and during practice Chris experimented with two different front body sections. Although he seemed unhappy with the vibration set up by his wing, he did succeed in setting the fastest time of the day, at 1:35.3, bettering Denis' time by 1/10th of a second.

JUST before the close of practise, Eaton became the second to be retrieved from the course. He had spun onto the verge at a 90° right-hander at the back of the course. Had the verge been clear, the spin would have been inconsequential—unfortunately, several course workers' cars had been left parked within 40 feet of the track and Eaton's spin collected two—without damage to them or injury to himself—but a heavy toll had been taken on the McLaren M12—its front and rear panels had been shattered and the right front suspension damaged.

THE day ended on an interesting note—rumor was that Brabham would drive Bruce's spare car instead of the Agapiou's Ford. By morning the rumor would have reached hilarious proportions, for by then the speculators would have talked not only Brabham, but everyone else imaginable into the car.

IT rained during the night, and on Saturday morning things were still wet. Although heavy clouds hung darkly overhead early on, they would finally pass over without carrying out their threat.



Jack Brabham, at Michigan to drive the Agapiou Ford, confounded everyone by qualifying the Ford and McLaren's spare M8B. Here, he discusses his first practise run in the M8B with McLaren.

Photo by F. David Stone

OFFICIALS had reduced the height of the flexible rubber pipes at the chicanes from two feet to eight inches. On Friday, drivers had cut the corner at Turn 1, throwing gravel onto the track surface. The course markers there had now been relocated to discourage this practise.

THERE was more activity in the garages and pits than on the track during the 9:30 to 11:00 practise session. Revson missed the session completely as mechanics reinforced the underpaneling of the Lola's Bridgehampton front body section with aluminum. When this had been completed they would then tape the front of the nose and fenders goodly for further protection and would finish only fifteen minutes before the beginning of the afternoon qualifying session. The rents and tears in Eaton's



McLaren sits in his car just before going out for the Sunday morning warm-up session. His decision to run his third car made his team the second to enter three cars in the four-year Can-Am history.



Gurney ultimately ended up in the spare works McLaren when his own McLaren-Chevy developed unsurmountable problems on Sunday morning. Here, he climbs into the M8B after mechanics made adjustments to provide the lanky Californian with more leg room.

McLaren's body sections had been repaired—but it was a sorry and hurtful sight to see the angry welts and raw scars on paneling that had been so beautiful yesterday—one could almost feel the car's pain. New sections would later arrive, fortunately, and restore the car to its former gleaming red beauty. Gurney did not fare all that well during practise and pulled his McLeagle into the garage with a split oilpan in need of welding.

SURTEES, who had driven the Chaparral McLaren in Friday's practise, had still not recovered from a week-long bout with bronchitis and suggested Andrea de Adamich, visiting with Surtees after the Thompson, Connecticut F/A race, take over his drive. The Italian's only experience in a larger car had come from testing at Ferrari; he had never seen a Can Am race.

QUALIFYING saw almost the whole field on course in the first half-hour. Denis turned the fastest time with a 1:34.8 (113.924 mph) with Chris right behind with a 1:35.2 and Bruce shortly following with a 1:37.0. Siffert was the only other one in the 1:30s with a 1:38.8.

BRABHAM turned a 1:43.9 in the Ford, which was suffering from failing oil pressure and clutch problems, brought it in then walked down to the McLaren pits to take out the spare McLaren M8B—thus setting in motion a series of little dramas that would become more and more amusing as the afternoon progressed. When queried, a Ford representative explained that Brabham “was only giving the McLaren car a shakedown run” and would return to the Agapiou car. In the fifteen minutes he was on the course in the McLaren, Brabham turned a time three seconds faster than he had in the Ford. When he returned it to the McLaren pits and walked back down to his

own pit, a Ford man was in escort at his elbow, holding forth such a discourse one would have thought his mouth was vying for the course record. As the Agapiou crew worked feverishly to install a new clutch and rocker arm in the Ford, the McLaren crew taped Brabham's #15 on the nose of the spare McLaren. The queries then shifted to Team McLaren and it was explained that Brabham's joining of the McLaren Team was dependent on the Ford car being withdrawn. This, of course, was the key to the whole matter. Brabham, feeling the possibility existed that the Agapiou might not be able to remedy the Ford's existing problems and thus withdraw it, had asked Bruce if he could drive the spare McLaren in the event this happened. Bruce had agreed. In the event the Ford *was* readied in time, Brabham quite naturally would honor his agreement with the Agapiou. He had no intention, as some rumors would lead one to believe, of switching to Team McLaren if the Ford was *not* withdrawn thus leaving the Agapiou driverless.

AS qualifying moved into its second hour, the battle for pole position continued hot and furious between Denis, Chris and Bruce. Denis turned a 1:34.6, Chris a 1:35.2, Bruce a 1:35.5. Chris returned in the next half-hour to lower his time by over a second to 1:34 flat—which set up a buzz in the pits, for Denis could only match his earlier 1:34.6 with Bruce dropping to a 1:34.8, and for the first time it would seem that Team McLaren found the pole position in jeopardy. Content with his fast time for the moment, Chris came in to sit on the pit wall and watch to see what turns qualifying would take.

ONE turn the session proceeded to take was to that of attrition. Gurney split the McLeagle's crankcase again. Motschenbacher had a rocker arm tear loose and punch a hole in the valve cover as he turned an 18th place qualifying time. When he returned to the course after repairs had been made, however, he was able to cut enough from his time to take ninth place. Eaton had another set-to with the course and lost again, spinning at Turn 7, going off course at 8 and shattering the right front fender of his McLaren again. His crew, by now becoming fiberglass patch-and-repair experts, mended then reinforced the front panel with a section from Revson's broken panel. Gary Wilson hit a guardrail at Turn 11 tearing the right front fender of his Lola T163. Tony Dean collected a course marker that proceeded to lodge under his Porsche 908 and cause minor damage to the suspension. David Hobbs had a little diddly-doo when he pitted with the fiberglass rear body section of his McLaren M6B on fire. Galloway brought his McLaren M6B in with a broken fuel line and dumped gasoline all over his pit. (Fortunately these last two events were safely separated by time and space.)

THE works McLarens went out again in the last twenty minutes of qualifying to show how much extra they had in hand—and it proved to be an admirable amount, for Denis turned a 1:32.5 and Bruce a companionable 1:32.9. Chris left his perch on the pit wall to take up the challenge—but the promise of the Ferrari went unrealized, for as Chris worked his day down to his earlier 1:34.0 the oil pump packed up and the Ferrari ran two main bearings—and with no engine replacement Chris unhappily retired—and Siffert moved in to third behind the works McLarens.

BY now Brabham had qualified the Ford in what would be tenth place. With only minutes left in qualifying he confounded everyone anew as he took out Bruce's spare McLaren again and turned a time that would be quick enough for fourth place

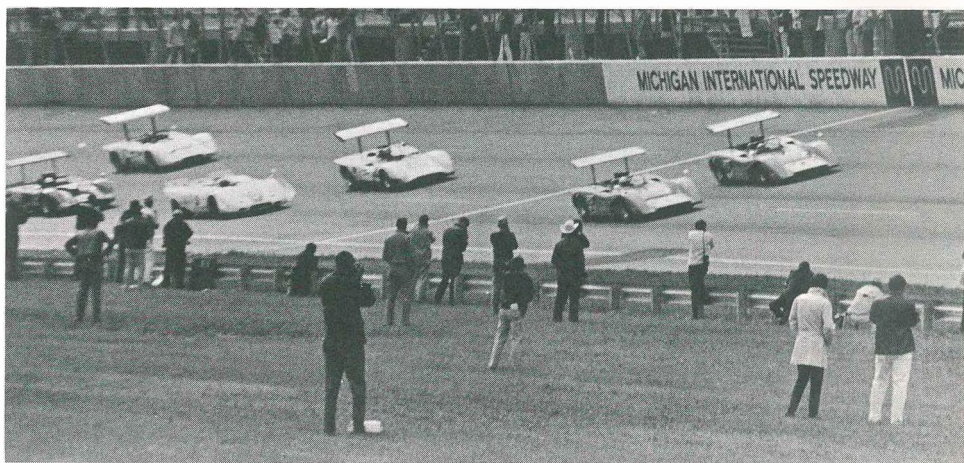
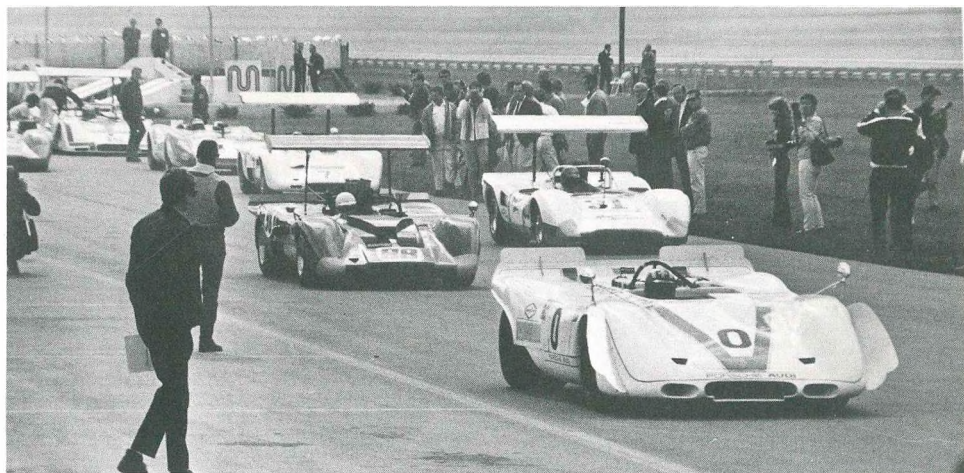
on the grid *if* he drove the McLaren instead of the Ford. Behind him was Revson (who, with Chris' retirement was now considered by many to be the front-running independent), followed by de Adamich (who had done quite well for his first time in a Can Am car), Parsons, Gurney, Dean and Motschenbacher—and they would all move up one position if Brabham did *not* drive the McLaren. It had all become most confusing. Later, a journalist would show his particular confusion by writing, "*Upstaged by Chris Amon's Ferrari Friday and Saturday, Team McLaren resorted to car hopping and rumor mongering to regain status.*" A very odd interpretation of the day's events, indeed.

THE question on the minds of most on Sunday morning was, of course, who would drive the spare works McLaren. By the time the warmup period began at 9:30, however, no official answer had been forth coming. The air was crisply cold and the cloudy sky patched with blue as half the field took to the course—including Brabham in the Agapiou Ford. Bruce, who had had a new engine and crown wheel and pinion fitted in his McLaren the night before, lapped in the conservative 1:41s. Gurney's laps were slower still and low on the banking. Parsons seemed to be having trouble shifting. Revson brought his Lola into the pits with an oil leak and a blown valve cover. His crew worked quickly to send his out again—but he only took one lap before he was in again, his expression very grim indeed.

GURNEY then came in to put his McLeagle in the garage with fuel and ignition system problems that were unsurmountable. Then, with less than a half-hour remaining in the session, Gurney gave answer to the question-of-the-day by taking out the spare Team McLaren car. After two laps in the mid-40s, he returned to the pits where changes to the windscreen and seat padding were made. With five minutes remaining in the session he returned to the course to turn an unofficial 1:40.2—which matched the qualifying time he had set in his McLeagle. The rules required, however, that a driver and car qualify together and since Brabham had qualified the McLaren, Gurney would be relegated to a starting position at the back of the grid. McLaren mechanics now began work in an effort to provide the lanky Gurney with more leg room. The McLaren's steering column was raised and the steering wheel brought back abit. Some of the padding was removed from the seat—and although Gurney was still not comfortable, little more could be done for there simply was not enough time before the call to grid the cars.

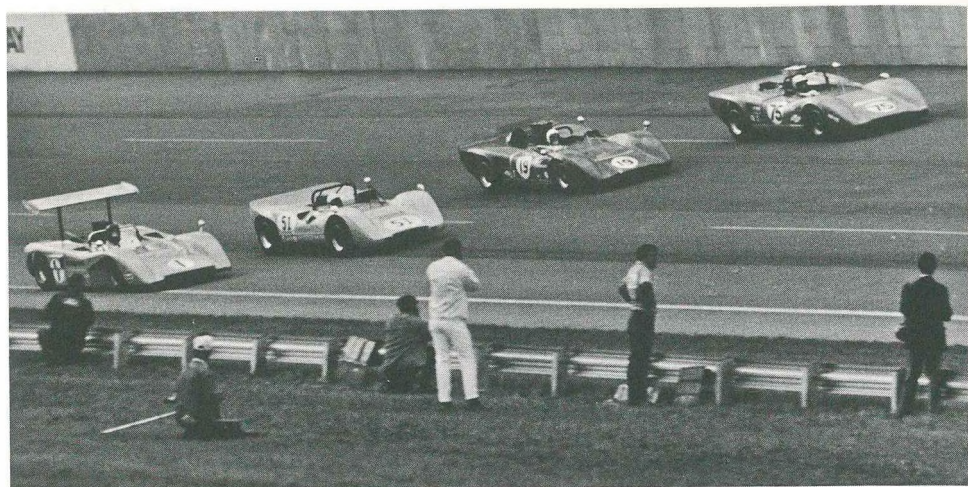
THE cars were lined up in pit row, for they could not, of course, grid on the banking. Moss led them through the pace lap and as the field made its return, Moss shot into the pits, the orange McLarens led the way through the last turn and in a moment's time the afternoon was turned into a fantastic spectacle of sight and sound as nose to tail 27 cars climbed the banking and streaked two-by-two along its incline towards the starter's flag. It is doubtful there was one person in the pits who did not watch the field's approach to Turn 1 without apprehension—but the drivers maneuvered with prudence and the cars dove from the banking down into the narrow first turn to funnel through without incident—and they were gone from sight long before the flutter in one's stomach could be settled.

AS Denis led over the back parts of the course, the field was reduced by one as Roger McCaig's McLaren was rammed from behind. To make matters worse, he had not even seen who had caused his retirement.



The start.

IT had been felt by some that the most expedient place to pass on this course would be on the banking. While this theory might have held for some, it did not for all, certainly, for as Denis led Bruce onto the banking at the completion of the first lap, behind them Revson had passed Siffert; Hobbs had passed Wilson, Brabham and Motschenbacher; Causey had passed Brown, they had both been passed by Dini, and good grief, what was this? Gurney, who had started his works McLaren at the back of the grid had passed *ten* cars and was running sixteenth! As he flew past the start-finish line to begin his second lap, he came upon Causey, Wilson and Dini running side by side in the fast lanes of the banking. As the first turn fast approached, Gurney dropped down to the low lane, passed the three slower cars in one fell swoop and was into Turn 1 almost before they knew what had happened. And the spectators loved it. This was Gurney's show. No matter that he drove a third entry for the dominating McLaren Team. This was Gurney at his exciting best, in a strong beautiful car, moving



Gurney (No. 1) astounded everyone by his quick move through the field from his last place starting position. He passed 10 cars in the first lap. Here, on the second lap, he drops to the low lane on the banking to pass Gurney (No. 51), Wilson (No. 19), Dini (No. 75).

through the field like a gale wind through a tunnel—and the fans in the high stands across the way could see most of the course and heralded his every maneuver and cheered him on and on with ecstatic excitement as he passed Brown and Brabham, then Hobbs, then Motschenbacher. By lap six he had passed sixteen cars and was running in ninth behind Dean in the Porsche 908.

UP front, Denis led Bruce by nine seconds. Bruce was thirteen seconds in front of Revson, who in turn was 16.4 seconds in front of Siffert. Following the Porsche were Eaton, de Adamich, Parsons, and Dean, who would lose his eighth place to Gurney two laps later. Behind Gurney were Motschenbacher, Hobbs, Brabham, Causey, Wilson and Dini, who rounded out the first fifteen positions.

ON lap nine as Revson, who had been running a steady third, accelerated out of the last turn and began his quick climb up the banking, his Lola gave a frightening lurch as a half-shaft broke, took an erratic turn downwards, and for one heart-stopping moment looked like it would plunge straight down to disaster—but Revson had it in check in one quick breath and smoothly moved down to run in the low lane, slowing abit, to pit on the next lap. It took forty minutes to change the half-shaft and when Revson took to the track again, all was lost, of course. Chief mechanic, Bill Spangler, watched anxiously, for he thought he had detected a crack in the new half-shaft, and five laps later Revson was pulled in for it was just too chancy to allow him to run further.

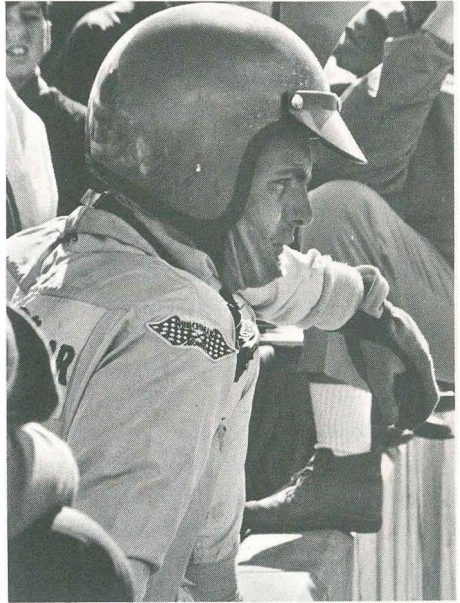
MOTSCHENBACHER had pitted hard on Revson's heels, his McLaren spurting coolant from the overflow, and with the race 20 minutes old, retired with a blown headgasket.

REVSON'S retirement moved Siffert into third behind Bruce. Eaton was three seconds behind Siffert and had closed the gap to one second when his left rear tire went flat. As he later explained, "It didn't go 'bang' flat, it just started to poop out and I ran about two laps and then it got really bad and so I honked in and stopped and they changed it." His stop dropped him from fourth to eighth—and five laps later he

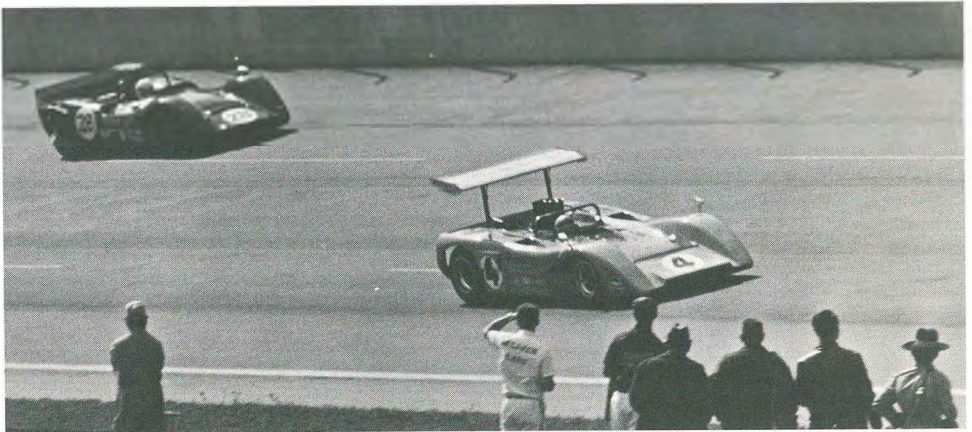
was beset with a new drama—the McLaren's left-hand fuel cell started leaking gas all through the car and onto the rear tire. When later asked if it had not been dangerous to continue on under these circumstances, he exclaimed, "Yes! Yes! I was dispelling the thought from m' mind most anxiously trying not to think of that!"

BY the halfway mark, Denis still led, had turned the fastest lap of the race with a 1:36.4, and Bruce was 18 seconds behind. Gurney had by now moved into third and was followed by Siffert, who had run strong and hard for the first third of the race, but now his lap times had become erratic for the fan shaft on the air-cooled Porsche engine had broken and Siffert was forced to govern his lap speeds by the temperature gauge rather than the tach. Behind Siffert was de Adamich, who had run a consistent fifth since early on. In sixth was Parsons who had his hands full of handling and gearbox problems, and as he later explained,

"We couldn't get the damned car to work for some reason or other. It worked good at Bridgehampton, then the chassis got all busted up up there and they put it all back together, but it didn't handle right. The damned gearbox—it jumped out yesterday, we put a new fork and stuff in it and we thought we had it fixed, but it wouldn't work. I had to hold it in fourth gear the whole damned race." Then he added, "It's just one of those things. I couldn't have done a hell of alot better anyway. The Porsche goes like hell on this kind of a track." Eaton, still driving under potentially explosive



Revson was felt to be the front-running independent in his Lola T163-Chevy when Amon withdrew the Ferrari on Saturday. Here, he sits in the pits with resolve, watching the race being run without him as his crew replaces a broken half-shaft. He retired on lap 17 when the second half-shaft was felt to be suspect.

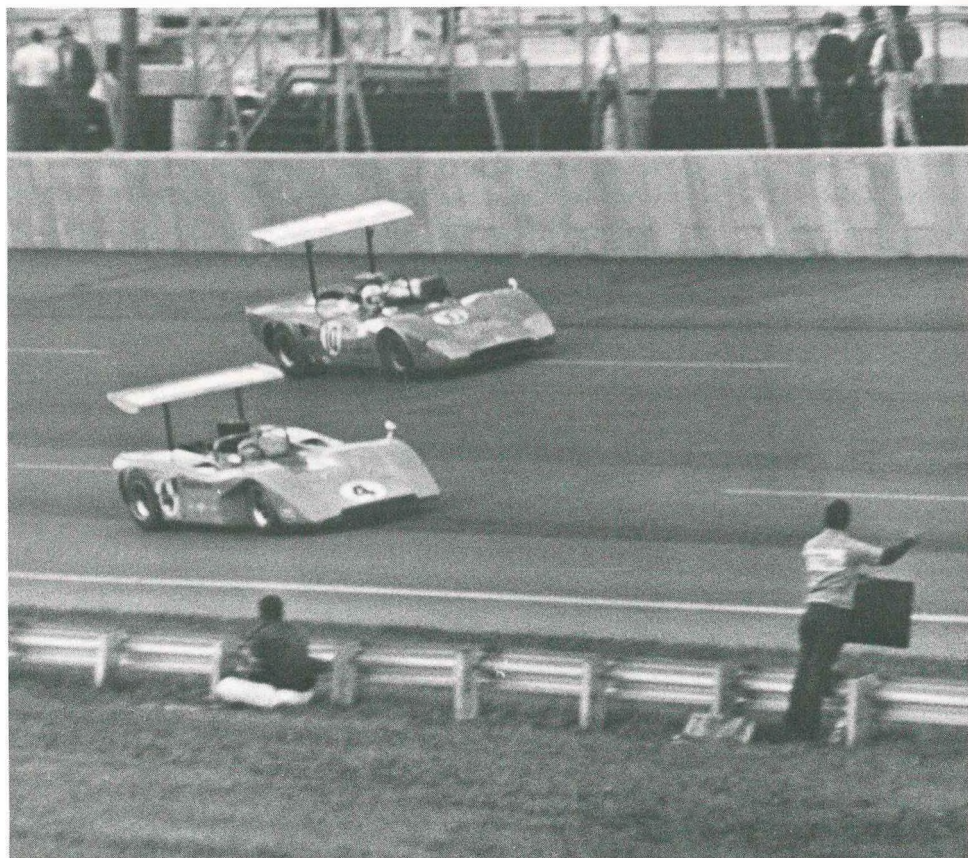


McLaren lapping Brown's McLaren M6B . . .

circumstances, had moved into seventh and the remaining three positions of the first ten were filled by Dean, Brabham and Hobbs.

BY lap forty of the sixty-five lap race, retirements included McCaig, Drolsom, Motschenbacher and Revson; Gary Wilson had spun his Lola in its own oil coming off the banking and had retired shortly after with a “gigantic oil leak”; Cliff Apel had encountered patches of oil exiting the last turn and had slid up into the wall to hang on his brakes vulnerably in the middle of the banking until traffic cleared and allowed him to coast safely down to the infield. Ron Goldleaf had then retired his ill-handling Lola T70 and Bob Nagel parked his Lola T70 with a broken intake manifold.

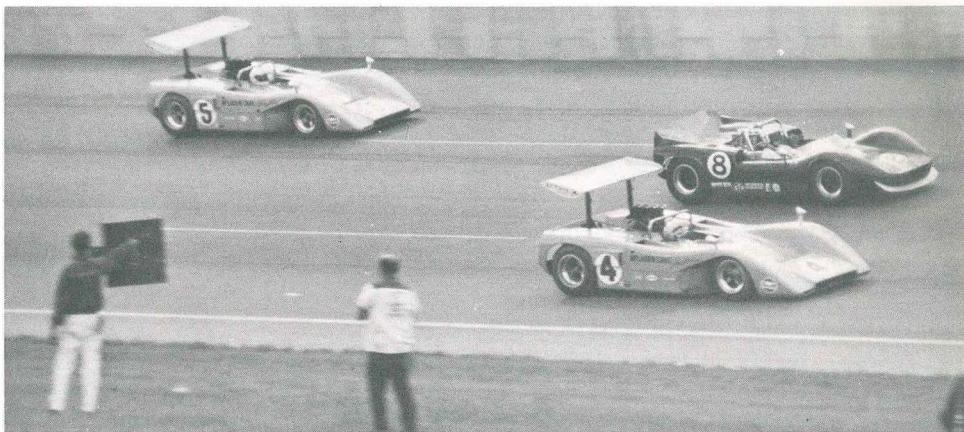
ON lap forty-six Brabham became the last retirement, exiting the race with high drama when a wheel came off the Agapiou Ford as he entered Turn 1. Recounting the incident later, he said with high humor, “I went spinning around and I went out in the dirt and when I came to rest there was *so* much dust and as the dust gradually settled down and I could see again, in the distance—down there across the field was the wheel disappearing from view and *it* was *still* doing 90 miles an hour!” He was delighted and amused when he realized he had set some kind of record—he had gone farther in the Ford than any of the other Agapiou drivers.



... and Parson's Lola T163.

DENIS found the course terribly difficult to pass on, but one would never have known by watching. He stated later that he could quite often take the other cars where he found them by running a bit of a risk, and he was probably taking more risks than Bruce, which explained why he had pulled away from Bruce by as much as 17 seconds in the early part of the race. By lap fifty, however, Denis' times had dropped to the 1:43s (eleven seconds off his qualifying time) for the track had become extremely oily in places—but that in itself, he felt, made it all the more interesting. Because Denis had led this far, many thought the win would go to him, but no, on lap fifty-three Bruce moved into the lead. Now, as Denis followed, he noticed that Bruce sometimes did not take slower cars where he found them on the course as Denis had done when he led—"Super cautious," Denis later chuckled. There was a pass later, however, that was super spectacular—which was when they came upon a slower running Wonder in the middle lane of the banking. Instead of passing him one behind the other, Bruce took the low lane, Denis the high and they flew by him on each side at almost 200 mph, drawing Ohs and Ahs from the spectators, and one could only wonder at Wonder's reactions.

ALTHOUGH the order for most positions would hold to the end of the race, Eaton would lose seventh place to Dean on the sixty-second lap. By then his McLaren-Chevy had broken a rocker arm and although the fuel leak had abated somewhat as the level dropped below the hole in the tank, enough gas had leaked out that Eaton ran out on the sixty-first lap and had to pit for enough to finish the race.



With speeds approaching 200 mph, McLaren (No. 4) and Hulme (No. 5) start to pass on each side of the slower running Wonder.

AS the three works McLarens started their last lap, pandemonium broke out in the stands across the way. Bruce, who led Denis by a short distance had slowed unexpectedly, Denis was closing on him—and Gurney, a ways behind Denis, was closing even quicker—and to the spectators it looked as if Gurney was racing his teammates to the flag. In truth, Bruce was slowing to allow the other two to close so they would cross the finish line grouped (shades of Le Mans, '66). But Denis was not all that trusting of Gurney, not all that eager to allow him within striking distance. So Denis, with a wary eye on a rapidly closing Gurney, was almost treading on Bruce's heels as

Bruce went slower and slower, balking him, and as the three orange McLarens climbed the banking the fans went absolutely wild, for no more than a car's length separated Bruce and Denis and Gurney was only three car lengths behind Denis as they crossed the finish line. It made a marvelous group finish photo for Team McLaren.

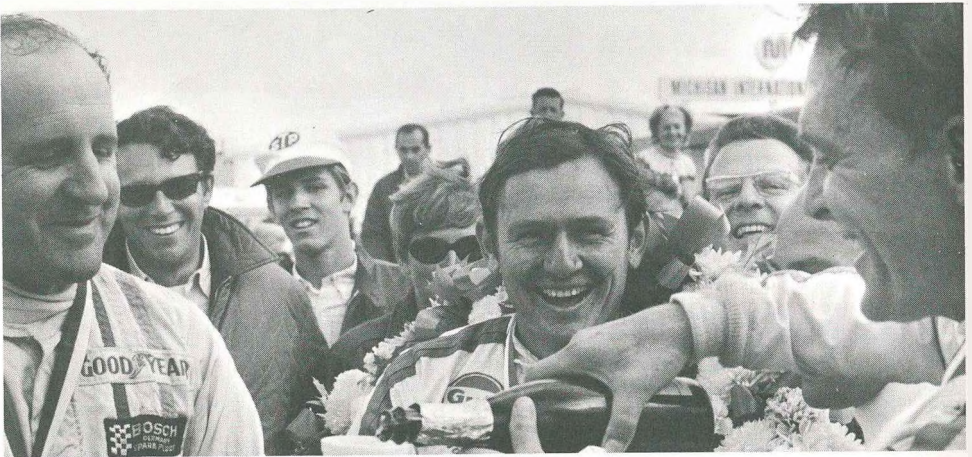


McLaren, Hulme, Gurney. A one, two, three finish for Team McLaren and the team photo McLaren wanted.

WHEN Gurney was asked at the post-race press conference where he would have finished had he qualified up in the field where he belonged rather than at the back of the grid, Gurney replied, "Third," with a wide grin.

LATER as Bruce discussed the finish with friends as they sat in a mobile home, Revson asked, "He (Denis) was trying to get you to move on abit, wasn't he?"

"Yeah," Bruce nodded, "but I wanted Gurney to be up in the picture at the end, you know. It was under control—but Denny didn't trust Dan."



McLaren (center), Hulme (left), Gurney (right). The floral wreath, champagne and smiles of victory. Photo by F. David Stone.

"THAT was obvious on the straight," Revson laughed. "He was as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof. He *really* was. He was side to side trying to get you to respond."

"I knew it'd be alright," Bruce said.

"YEAH, but *he* didn't," Revson replied, then added, tongue-in-cheek, "A disgusting display. Can you imagine the spectators paying *seven dollars a seat* to come in and watch that?"

"WHAT do you mean!" Bruce exclaimed in mock outrage. "Three cars within a half-a-second on the last lap! *That's* exciting!"

"I must admit you had them all standing up," Revson grinned wryly.

AND it is doubtful any of the spectators who had paid seven dollars—or indeed, any of those who had paid as much as *twenty* dollars, had not felt it was worth every penny of it.

Michigan International Speedway

45 miles from Detroit

3 miles

minimum 54 feet

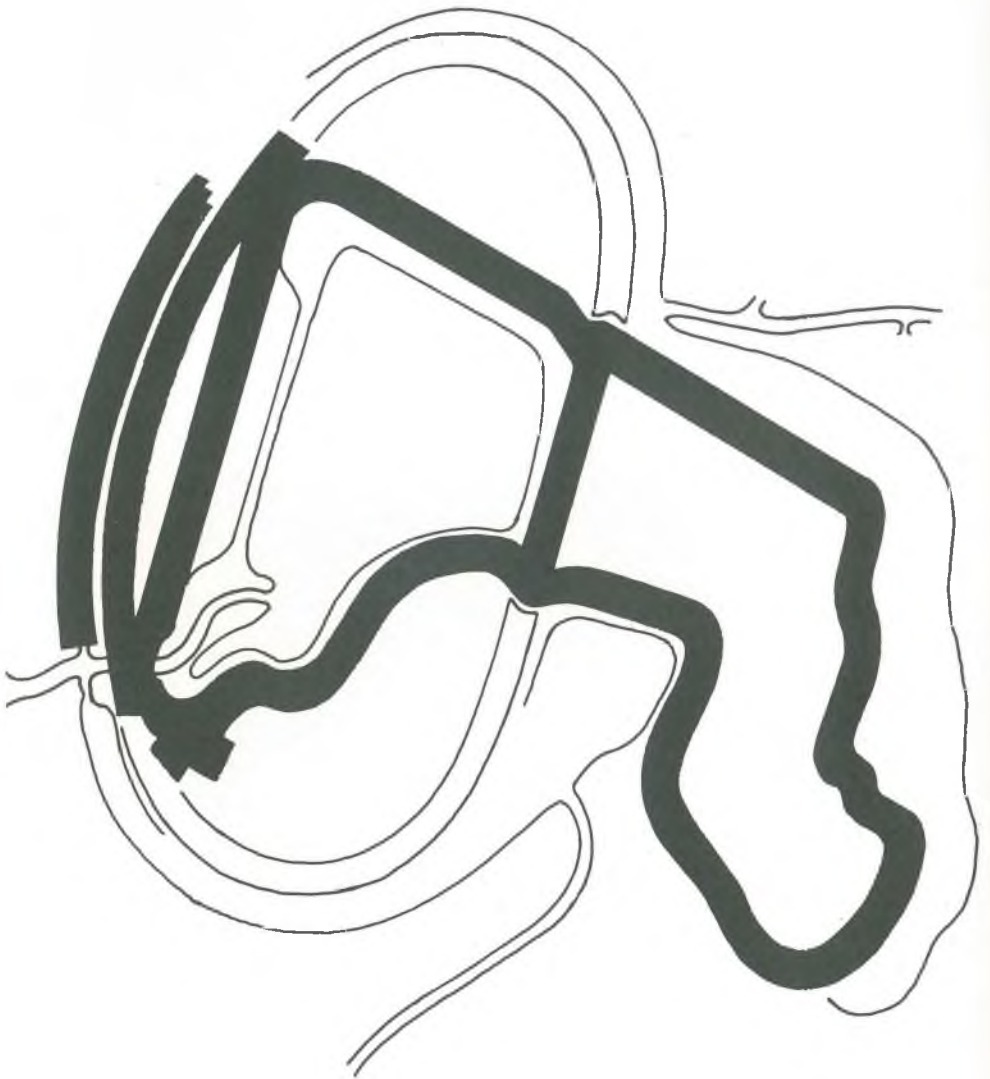
Record: Denis Hulme

McLaren M8B

112.382 mph

1 min. 36.1 sec.

1969



Results

RESULTS of the Michigan International Can-Am for the Canadian American Challenge Cup at Michigan International Speedway, Brooklyn, Michigan, September 28, 1969. Sanctioned by the Sports Car Club of America, promoted by Michigan International Speedway. Conducted by RAM (SCCA), listed by the FIA as an international.

Race on 3.0-mile circuit for Group 7 cars over 2500cc. Race length 65 laps (195 miles; 1 hour, 48 minutes, 14.09 seconds). Winner's average speed: 108.098 m.p.h. Winner's margin of victory: .1 second. Fastest lap: Denis Hulme, Car No. 5, 1 minute, 36.1 seconds, 112.382 m.p.h. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps		Pts.	Purse
				Behind		
1	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.			20	\$12,000
2	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	.1		15	9,000
3	Dan Gurney	McLaren M8B-Chev.	.6		12	7,200
4	Jo Siffert	Porsche 917 PA	29.3	1	10	6,200
5	Tony de Adamich	McLaren M12-Chev.	6.7	2	8	5,200
6	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	72.1	2	6	4,400
7	Tony Dean	Porsche 908	83.9	3	4	3,700
8	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	66.5	3	3	3,100
9	Dave Causey	McLaren M6B-Chev.	14.8	6	2	2,500
10	David Hobbs	McLaren M6B-Chev.	50.1	6	1	1,900
11	Bob Dini	Lola T162-Chev.	86.8	6		1,300
12	Richard Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	70.2	7		900
13	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	12.4	9		700
14	Brooke Doran	Lola T160-Chev.	3.6	10		500
15	Rich Galloway	McLaren M6B-Chev.	21.1	11		400
16	Frank Kahlick	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	85.8	11		200
17	Bill Wonder	McLaren Mk 3-Ford	27.4	12		200
18	Leonard Janke	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	71.3	12		200

Did Not Finish

Laps Completed/Reason Out

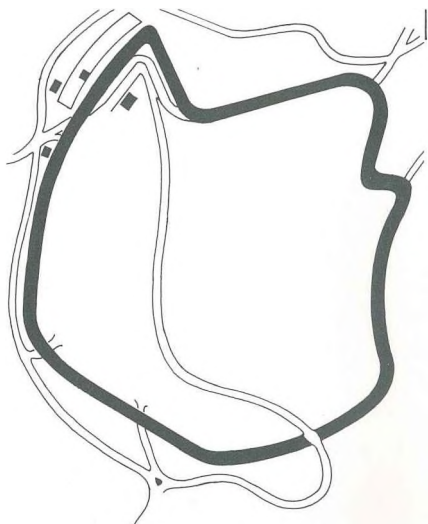
19	Jack Brabham	Ford G7A	46	lost wheel	200
20	Bob Nagel	Lola T70-Ford	37	intake mnfld.	200

Laguna-Seca

Monterey, California

Monterey Castrol

Grand Prix CAN-AM



THE CAN AM MOVED WEST NOW TO MONTEREY and one of the loveliest stretches of California coastline. Many of the race teams, including the McLaren Team, stayed at the new Holiday Inn, which also served as Race Headquarters. Situated on the rolling dunes just outside of town, the multi-storied structure stood in stark relief of grey concrete against low-horized seascape. The Inn was protected by a high, thick seawall—for beyond the narrow beach was an angry sea. At full flood, the currents crossed in vicious combat, roiled, recoiled, rolled away turning forces shoreward in gathering waves that rose to crest with spindrift to expend the sea's remaining strength of anger on the shore. Here, one could not find delicate sea shells in sands washed by high tide, for this was an ocean that held tight its valued possessions and left behind only kelp and driftwood at its ebb.

LAGUNA SECA was located only a few miles away on the back acres of the Army's Fort Ord. The course wound up, across, and down the hills that sheltered a flat basin called in Spanish, "Laguna Seca"—dry lake. The land, actually, was leased from the U.S. Government and all race proceeds were donated to charity.

PATFY had joined Bruce, and his parents, a comfortable, cheery couple terribly proud of their son, had arrived as had Chris Amon's parents. So the New Zealand drivers would have a fine Kiwi cheering section this race.

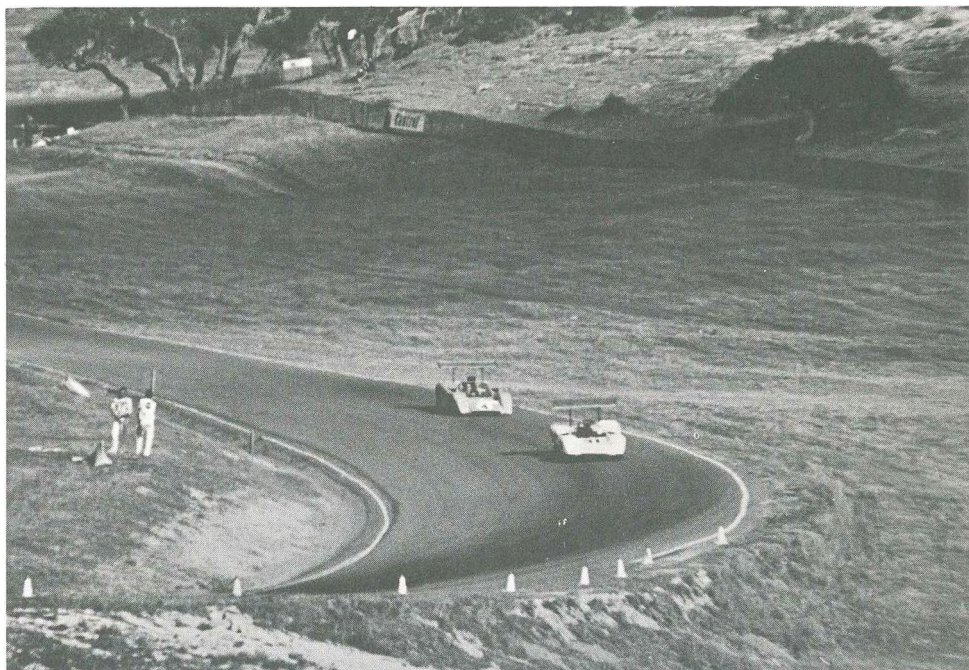
ON Friday morning, the fog sat chill and wraithlike in the gentle curves of the hills around the track. Walking through the garageless paddock before the start of 9:30 practise, the first thing one saw was the Chaparral 2H. It had been fitted with a huge wing, so large in fact, it prompted the track announcer to comment, "If that wing was any bigger, they'd have to carry a stewardess." The struts rose over six feet from the ground and the wing they supported was so gigantic, so extreme, it seemed a sad and grotesque caricature of the lower more slender-lined wing design of the earlier Chaparrals.

HOLMAN and Moody, the McLaren M6B-Ford and Mario Andretti were back. In test sessions on Monday and Tuesday, Andretti had put nearly 250 miles on the new 494 cu. in. engine. Unofficially, he had lapped as fast as 1:00.83—under the 1:01.44 qualifying record Bruce had set the year before. He had also had the hair-raising experience of having the steering wheel come off in his hands as he had accelerated from the second-gear Turn 9. One could still see the black skid marks on the front-straight—and fortunately they terminated just short of the guardrail near the start-finish line.

CHRIS was faced with a touch-and-go situation. He had not received the new 7-liter engine from the Ferrari factory, for it was strike bound. Thus his crew had had to rebuild the 6-liter in the U.S. This had posed complications and compromises had had to be made. The only crank available was the one that had been badly scarred from bearing failure at Michigan. The journals had been cleaned and chromed; Chevy bearings had been fitted—and needless to say, the start of the practise session was approached with crossed fingers.



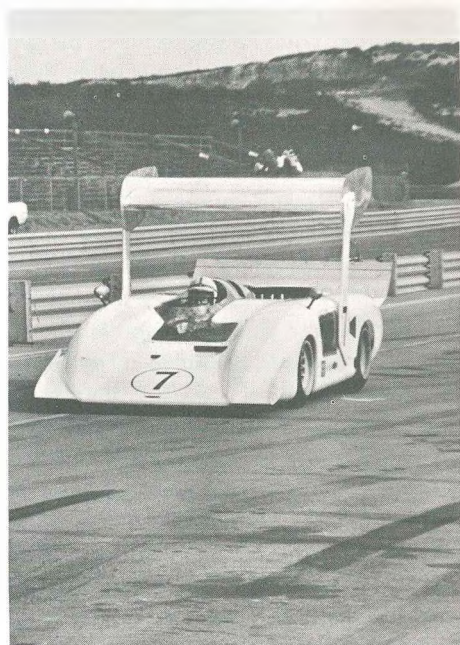
THE course was opened for practise at 9:30, but it was not until 9:45 that John Cordts, in the McLaren M6B-Chevy Hobbs had driven at Michigan, took to the track followed by Bruce, Denis, Revson, Andretti and Surtees. Although running in a new engine, Denis was down to a 1:01.0 in eight laps. Seven laps later, he had broken the one minute mark with an unofficial 0.59.8. Bruce, running different tire compounds than Denis, would follow him down to a 1:00.5 by lunch time. Revson, running without a wing turned a 1:12.3, came in to have the wing fitted on the Lola and returned to drop his time to a 1:05.3. Chris, running careful laps, would not move quicker than 1:06 in the morning session. Surtees encountered suspension problems when road conditions caused the body work on the front right of the Chaparral 2H to drag. The car then had to be set higher than normal for road clearance, which created handling problems—so he had only exchanged one problem for another and could only run with Chris in the 1:06s. Andretti, turning in the 1:02s, pitted with a cracked rear upright—which seemed to be a continuing problem, for overstressed by the gigantic Ford engine, the cast uprights had not been lasting more than 250 miles.



McLaren follows Revson off the hill and into Turn 8 during Friday's qualifying session.



A clean sweep?



The Chaparral 2H arrived with a huge wing. Surtees retired the car with oil pressure problems on the pace lap.

SIFFERT and Motschenbacher had raced in Japan two days earlier and would not arrive in Monterey until the morrow—so Porsche team manager, Richie Ginther, shook down the Porsche 917 PA—and as he took the Porsche out of the pits for the first time, he was cheered and waved at the whole length.

AS the 1:10-4:00 qualifying session began, Eaton was first out followed by Revson, Parsons, Bruce and Chris, then Surtees, Denis and Cordts. Almost straight off, Eaton hit oil at Turn 6, spun, cracked the left front fender and tore off a portion of fiberglass underneath the right rear fender. He pitted, the damage was assessed as not critical to the moment, a tire was changed and he took off again. Bruce, beginning in the 1:05s, smoothly sliced off tenths until he was in the 1:01s. Revson, just as methodically, was dropping into the 1:02s—and on one circuit raised the pulse rate of his watching crew as he exited the oily Turn 9 sideways, passing the slower cars of Dean and Goldleaf in the process.

SURTEES pitted now to have a missing left front airfoil fin replaced on the Chaparral. Gurney fired up his McLeagle's Chevy engine in the paddock for the first time that day. Denis, who had taken to the course after Bruce, had quickly joined him in the 1:01s and now turned a 1:00.6, then a 1:00.1, then broke the minute mark and set the fastest qualifying time so far with a 0:59.7. Parsons was in the 1:03s, Cordts in the 1:08s. Eaton was in the 1:05s as he went in and out of the pits, "switching the gears and messing around." Then everyone was flagged in so Turn 9 could be cleaned of oil.

GURNEY went out for the first time when the course was reopened. A new AAR Chevrolet engine was expected that evening from his Santa Ana shop, 500 miles away. Now he ran in the 1:15s as he sorted out the car and the injector system. By the end of qualifying he would lower his time to 1:04.12. Chris, moving quicker now than he had during the morning session, dropped from the 1:04s to a 1:01.80 which would be his best time, for as he moved to complete what would be his last circuit, he came from the center of Turn 9 almost into the pit rail to coast the front-straight shaking his head. The Ferrari had lost its oil pressure again and Chris was through for the day. Then Revson, running down the hill at 90 mph between turns 7 and 8 broke a wheel spindle, the Lola immediately wanted to do all the wrong things and for a moment Revson had his hands full of a rather hairy situation. He took a wide line through the right-hand Turn 8, stirred up a cloud of dust as he utilized part of the verge in exiting, ran on down to pick up the pit entrance, brought the Lola in to climb out the car and throw his hands in the air in absolute disgust.

AS qualifying reached into its last hour, a new team arrived—Autocoast—with the Ti22-Chevy which would be driven by England's Jackie Oliver. Although the car's suspension layout was conventional, its body design prompted one soul to comment that it looked as though it had been delicately carved from a gigantic bar of Ivory soap. A high, thin extension of the top fender line ran the full length of the car and the rear of the body was cut away much in the manner of the Lola and the Porsche 917PA. The car gained lightness and strength through the extensive use of titanium in place of more conventional metals—thus the name Ti22, the atomic symbol and weight for that element.

BY this time Bruce and Denis had satisfied themselves with the fastest times of

the day—Bruce has turned a 0:59.53 and Denis had snugged in close with a 0:59.75—and the spare works McLaren was being warmed up in the pits. Denis took it out to qualify it third fastest with a 1:00.93; then Bruce took it out to qualify it in fourth with a 1:01.30. When queried at the end of practise, Bruce explained that the car definitely would not be run by anyone else, he and Denis had simply qualified it in case anything happened to their regular cars. Not all that many accepted that explanation and the question again became—who will drive the third works McLaren?



McLaren with wife Patty, and daughter Amanda. The summer's heavy racing schedule left little time for McLaren to enjoy family and home. Patty, however, was able to join Bruce for the Laguna Seca Can-Am, the Mexican Grand Prix and Riverside Can-Am. Photo by Richard Fitzgerald.

SATURDAY morning, as others left the Inn for the track, Bruce sat at poolside sunning with his family. As it turned out, neither he or Denis ran the morning practise session and indulged, instead, in a morning of relaxation.

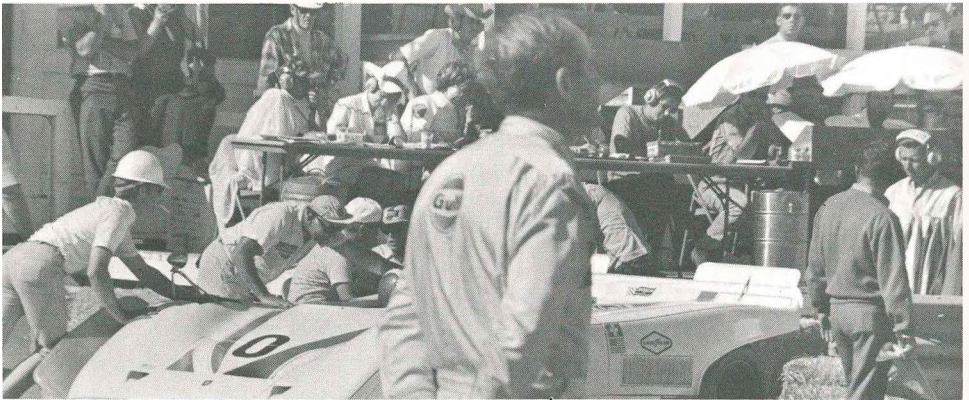
THE sky was clear with a light breeze blowing pleasantly as the practise session began at 10:40. Nearly everyone took to the course, including Motschenbacher and Siffert, who had both arrived from Japan the night before. The session proceeded in spurts and stops, with a great many cars out on course one moment, and hardly any out on the next. With neither cars running the session, the McLaren mechanics did not have all that much to do and clustered with journalists around the Ti22 as the Autocoast crew worked on its suspension. Teddy Mayer was talking with Gurney, and Denis, at his leisure, was strolling about the pits in street clothes, chatting with this person and that.

REVSON was at his leisure also, for he had no car. His crew had fixed the Lola's broken wheel spindle and was now changing the wheel style from bolt-on type to knock-off hubs. Revson now sat on the pit wall discussing Lola wheels and spindles and such with Carl Haas, Parsons' car owner and U.S. Distributor for Lola—and Revson was abit irritated with the whole wheel situation, for it had been a broken spindle that had sidelined him at Bridgehampton.

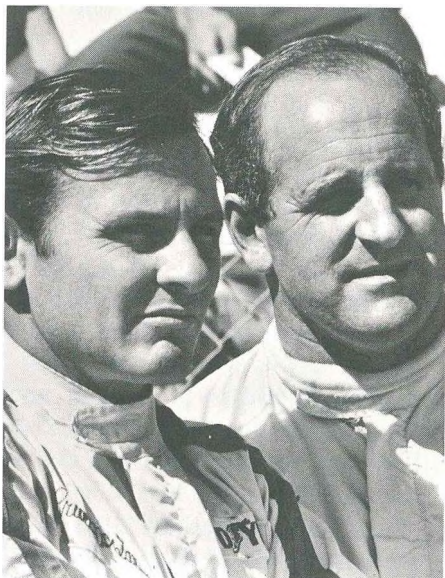
THE Ferarri did not run either. In an 11th-hour attempt to still make the race, Chris had sent the Ferrari's crankshaft to Long Beach, in Southern California, to be reground. It was expected back by chartered plane that afternoon. In the interim, the crew had stripped down the engine—and when the crankshaft arrived, there would still be 10 to 12 hours of work left to get everything put back together and into the car.

THE first part of the afternoon qualifying session was somewhat of a shambles, the course was so oily. The surface at Turn 9 was extremely bad. Just about every driver found the rearend of his car breaking loose as he accelerated out of the turn, and at one point Denis, slithering through, snapped such a sharp look at the corner workers it could be felt halfway down the pit row. He said later that two cars were throwing oil badly and should have been blackflagged long before they were. On top of this, there were no oil flags out anywhere until much later, after the track started to improve, actually. The course was closed finally, to be cleaned, but when it reopened ten minutes later, Turn 9 was still bad and continued to present problems to some drivers, including Shelton, who almost spun there twice.

THERE were few improvements of Friday's qualifying times. Bruce and Denis stayed with their Friday times; the spare McLaren's time was still quickest behind them and as yet no driver had been named for it—so perhaps it really was only being held in reserve and would not be run if not needed by Bruce or Denis. In third, in the 1:01s, then, was Chris, who of course had had no opportunity to try to improve his time today. Revson, who had not gone out either, was stuck with his Friday time also and sat on the pit wall with a lady friend through most of qualifying, watching closely as she timed those on the track—but no one broke into the 1:02s with him to place his fourth position in jeopardy. In the 1:03s behind him was Gurney—who had not received his new engine, but had managed to improve his Friday time by almost half-a-second with the old. Eaton, too, had improved his Friday time and was only 2/100ths of a second behind Gurney. Siffert was next and in managing a 1:03.47 had also succeeded in getting the blackflag for a no-no. Apparently an extension of the pavement on the outside of the white line in Turn 4 was beginning to break up badly because drivers were using it as part of the course. So Siffert had been pulled in to be told no,



Siffert (No. 0) receives a lecture after being black-flagged during Saturday's qualifying session for driving on the outside of the white line at Turn 4 (a no-no) a Hulme nonchalantly strolls through the pits on this side of the front-straight.



McLaren and Hulme listen attentively at the drivers' meeting.



Revson's Lola's starter-motor went out just before grid time. The car now sits on jacks waiting for mechanics to return with needed parts and Revson leans on its fender, grimly watching the rest of the field readying to leave on the pace lap without him. Ultimately, three pace laps were required to start the race, and Revson was able to join the field on the second.

no, *no* and shortly thereafter, an announcement came over the public address system instructing all drivers to stay this side of the white line at that turn, the outside strip was not considered a part of the course, was breaking up under use and creating a dangerous situation.

BEHIND Siffert, still in the 1:03s were Parsons and Andretti, who had not improved their Friday times. Fifth through ninth positions, then, were all in the 1:03s and separated only by 51/100ths of a second. Motschenbacher and Surtees were in the 1:04s. Times then slowed by three seconds as Cordts and Dykes ran in the 1:07s for 12th and 13th positions and Wilson and Dini, in the 1:08s completed the first fifteen positions in the thirty-one-car starting field. The Ti22 had made no qualifying run and would have to start at the back of the grid, as would Rich Galloway, whose McLaren M6B arrived too late for the qualifying session.

THAT evening, Bruce and Denis passed up the camaraderie at the Inn to fill a public appearance engagement in town to promote the race. This was, of course, something Bruce was very good about—and Denis (and some of the other drivers) much less so. It often took a great deal of coaxing on Bruce's part to persuade Denis to participate in P.R. work—and often as not his efforts failed. As the series progressed, Bruce was approached more and more for P.R. work—and he continued to allow his work at the circuits to be interrupted and gave freely of his evening time to fulfill such requests—and graciously so, always. It was a facet of his personality admired by many, and of which Chris Amon would later remark, "He had an incredible amount of patience with

people, which I wish I had—and Denny certainly doesn't have it either. But Bruce would sit and listen to people who were sometimes talking absolute nonsense. Not the journalists . . . it's sort of the general public who always seem to manage to pick the wrong times anyway. And they come up and talk to you for ten or fifteen minutes when it should be obvious to them that you *are* thinking about something else . . . but Bruce would sit there and listen—whereas Denny and I are inclined to say something or turn the other way.

“THE other extraordinary thing about Bruce is that I never really ever once saw him get, really get mad. He would never say anything really derogatory about anybody else either, which was amazing. Which I, for one, am inclined to do. This was something that I also noticed with Jimmy Clark. He was very similar. He would never say anything derogatory about anybody. He and Bruce, in a lot of ways, were very similar.”

RACE morning was gentle with California autumn as the paddock filled up. There were to be two warm-up sessions for the Can Am cars which would be separated by a half-hour long Production race for sedans.

THE Ferrari's rebuilt engine had been installed—it had taken the crew until 4 a.m. Gurney's new engine had arrived during the night and would be installed in time for the second warm-up session. Andretti's Ford, too, had received a new engine.

THE first session ran without any great dramas—although Revson's Lola was bottoming-out abit, the brakes were not right and the tach was not working at all. There seemed to be hope for the Ferrari after all, for it ran beautifully early on and during one stretch Chris had the course all to himself and one could follow the Ferrari's sound, crisp and strong, all the way around.

THE session ended at ten o'clock and as the Production cars lined up on the grid, one driver upon hearing a girl would be driving one of the little sedans, turned thumbs down and remarked, “Dating a racing broad must be a bad scene. You'd end up talking about valves and cranks and such . . .”

THE second Can Am warm-up turned into an hour-long series of dramas. The session had little more than started when it was announced over the public address system that Chris was parked in the infield between Turns 2 and 3. The oil pump drive had jammed and the Ferrari was through for this weekend. Then Gurney's Chevy broke a rocker stud. The Chaparral pits turned tense and edgy when Surtees brought the car in with a vibration the crew simply could not trace—and finally in absolute frustration, Surtees threw his hands in the air and told the crew that if they wanted him to go out and blow the engine to bits, he'd do just that. There was frustration in the Ford pits as well, for Andretti was still running some four seconds over the times he had set during test sessions earlier in the week. The crew thought they had narrowed the trouble down to the fuel pump, but that had not been the problem, apparently, and one perplexed mechanic remarked to a journalist, “. . . we've changed everything but the tires—and the engine, a new one, still won't run well.”

BY this point Chris was completely disenchanted with the Ferrari and had virtually made up his mind to leave that marque—so he now went to Bruce and asked if he could drive the spare McLaren. Bruce said he could and seemed most happy to have him on the team. The elder McLarens and Amons were delighted. Chuck Parsons

was not—for eleven points separated Parsons and Amon in the over-all standings—and if Amon drove a works McLaren, a third place finish seemed a certainty and would be worth 12 points. If Parsons then failed to finish with at least 2 points, Chris would move into the third place Parsons now held.

THE warm-up session had ended by now and Chris, of course, had had no time in the McLaren. Officials granted him four familiarization laps—which were pretty hairy to watch, for though the course was closed, there were emergency vehicles parked in a loose cluster at the start-finish line—and as Chris exited Turn 9 he flew down the front-straight at what looked to be at least 80 mph to weave deftly through the staggered lines of pick-up trucks, tow trucks, ambulances and what-have-you. He caused a lot of held breaths.

CHRIS found the car was not set up the way he would have liked it; it was over-steering too much for him—which is the way Bruce liked his cars—but there would not be enough time to make changes, for it was almost grid time.

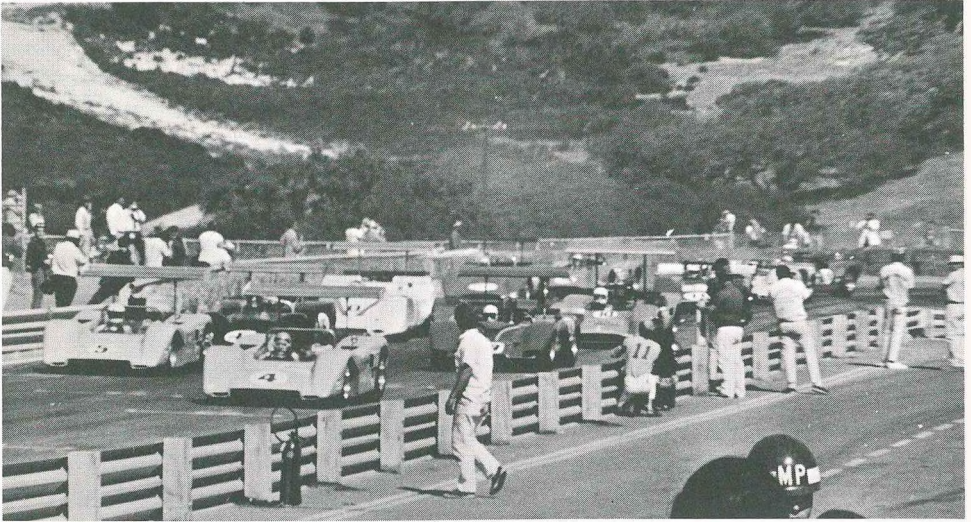
AND still the dramas continued. Revson's crew had just found that the starter-motor had gone out on his Lola-Chevy. They jacked up the rear of the car and ran to the paddock to strip the needed parts from their Chevy truck—and Revson leaned grimly on the back of the Lola and watched the rest of the field grid without him, then leave without him on the pace lap. One can only imagine a driver's frustration in a moment like this.

THE pace lap turned into an absolute shambles—through no fault of Stirling Moss', it should be added. Stirling led the field out smoothly, and just as they passed under the vehicle bridge, the Chaparral, in tenth starting position, lost its oil pressure and Surtees pulled the car off course at the entry of Turn 4. As the field continued on, a tow truck was sent out to move the Chaparral out of the way. It was found, however, that there was no safe place to park the car between turns 4 and 7 and as the field started a second pace lap, it was decided the Chaparral would have to be towed all the way back to the pits.

BY now Revson's Lola's starter-motor had been fixed and as everyone went by on this pace lap, Revson flew out of the pits to the accompaniment of cheers from the fans along the fences to catch the field and snug into his third place starting position. Now, however, it was decided that the tow truck needed more time to clear the course, the cars were given a red flag and brought to a halt at the start-finish line to wait for the Chaparral to make its incongruous return to the pits behind the tow truck.

BECAUSE the race had not started, cars could be worked on on the grid—so Gurney's crew changed the plugs on the McLaren-Chevy, which took a bit longer than normal, for the wing had to be removed to accomplish this. As a result, the field took off for its third pace lap leaving Gurney behind on the grid. By the time his crew got everything buttoned up, he was a goodly distance behind and would have to dash to catch up if he was going to be in his proper position at the start.

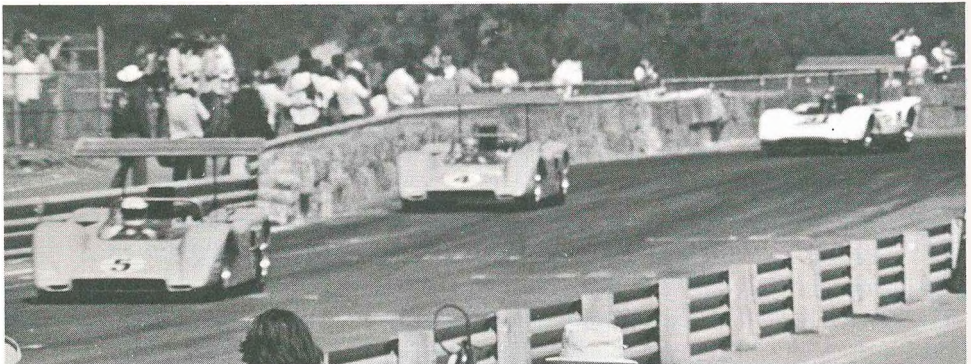
AS the cars crested the hill at Turn 7 and started down to Turn 8, Gurney had caught up and was running along the verge at the middle of the field. As Turn 8 approached, he darted into his proper position beside Revson on the outside of row 2, but hit the side of Siffert's car in the process, tearing loose the nose fin and knocking the Porsche into the car beside it—which did not delight Siffert all that much, and he later commented that it was "... very surprising from a driver like Gurney."



Almost a start. McLaren leads the field out at the end of the pace lap. The Chaparral had retired on course on this lap and the field would have to take two more laps to allow time for the Chaparral to be towed off course.

THIS time around, it was a start. Moss pulled off on the pit entry road and the works McLarens led the field to the starter's flag—and there were some pretty thready pulses in the pits by now, for if it had been this difficult to get off the pace lap, what would the race bring? There is a normal tension in the pits during the first ten laps of a race, for it takes that long for the field to sort out and settle down—and today the pit tension was terrific.

DENIS led with Bruce right behind as the first circuit was completed. Revson and Eaton followed, and Gurney, behind them, was blackflagged as he flew by on the front-straight. Siffert had passed Parsons, who was followed by Andretti and Dini—who had passed five cars. There had been a bit more shifting in the middle of the field and a great deal of maneuvering at the back where Oliver in the Ti22 and Chris had started. (Chris had had to start the works McLaren at the back of the grid, as had Gurney at Michigan, for he had not qualified the car.) Oliver, with Chris at his heels, had passed seven cars.



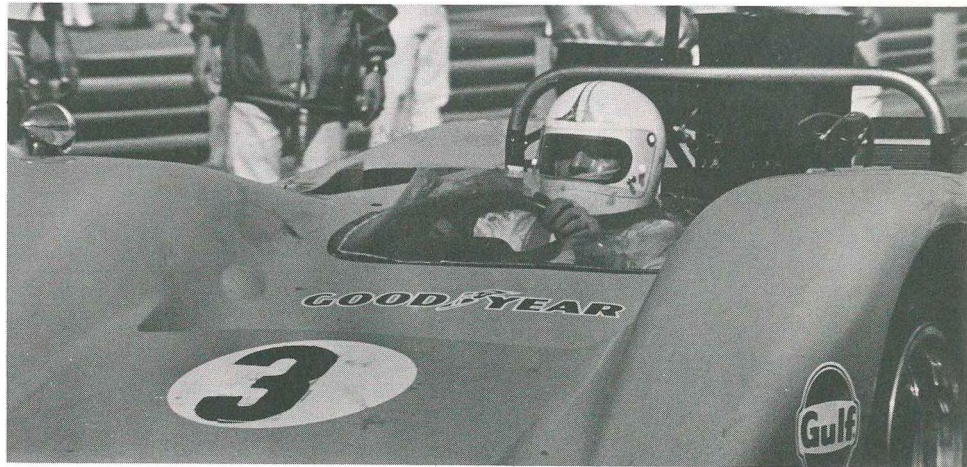
Hulme leads at the completion of the first lap. Exiting Turn 9 behind him are McLaren and Revson.

GURNEY dashed into the pits the next time around in response to the black flag. He received a reprimand for hitting Siffert on the pace lap—and the penalty for the offense was, of course, the time lost in the pits for the lecture. When he rejoined the field, he had lost five positions.

BY the tenth lap, things had sorted out and settled down without mishap. The front positions were holding. Chris had passed Oliver and left him behind in thirteenth as he moved deftly up to tenth place. On lap twelve Siffert, running in sixth, pitted to have the Porsche's damaged nose fin removed—which caused the car to develop a vicious understeer, and as a result Siffert got abit sideways in front of Chris on lap thirteen, Chris braked hard and as he tried to avoid Siffert collected a course marker which shattered the McLaren's left front fender. Chris pitted and the McLaren crew quickly fitted his car with a new front panel. When Chris regained the course, he had dropped five places—and was running right behind Oliver again.

BY lap fifteen Denis still led with Bruce comfortably at his heels. Revson still ran a steady third, 23 seconds behind. Following were Eaton, who was running with no clutch and minimal brakes, Parsons, Andretti, Siffert, Motschenbacher, Gurney and Cordts, who rounded out the first ten positions.

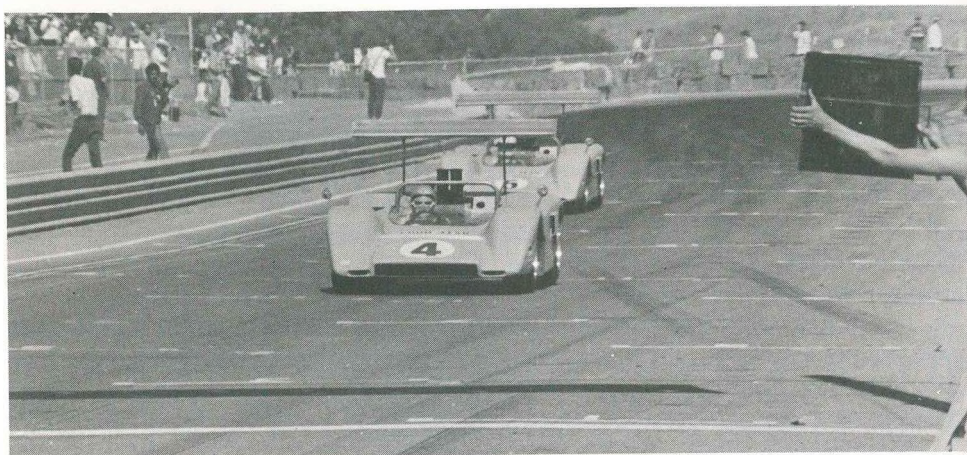
TWO laps later, Bruce moved past Denis to take the lead for the first time. Eaton pitted to have his right front tire changed and dropped from fifth to ninth, to run behind Gurney. Two laps later Revson's engine seized in the middle of Turn 9, he declutched and was able to bring the Lola to the pit rail on the inside, out of the line of traffic. His crew ran down for a quick conference, then pushed the car around the rail and back down to the Lola pit, a waft of steam/smoke (depending on who you talked with) was then detected and an emergency worker suffocated the car with pounds of dry extinguisher powder. Two laps later, Gurney lost a number of rocker arms and that was that for his first AAR Chevrolet engine. This brought to count eight retirements: Dykes, Wilson, Dini, Shelton, Williamson (blackflagged for going to slow), Frederick, Revson and Gurney.



Chris Amon drove the third works McLaren. He started at the back of the grid and had worked the McLaren up to 6th place when forced to retire with a broken wheel hub. Here, he leaves the pits early in the race after stopping to have a damaged nose panel replaced.

BY now, everyone was quite impressed with the performance of the Ti22-Chevy (for no one ever expects a new car to do well in its first race and it was doing beautifully well). Oliver had brought it up into eleventh place by lap twenty-five. He was running, however, with bad brakes and a sticking throttle cable—and the latter forced him to pit on lap thirty-three, which cost him eight places and moved him back into next-to-last position.

TWO laps later, Eaton exited the race with great drama. He missed a shift and ran out of brakes as he flew up the hill to Turn 6, took the escape road only to find it full of spectators, spun to avoid them, plowed through hay bales and a snow fence and ended up in a ditch. Astoundingly, he was uninjured and damage to the McLaren was minor. He later remarked mildly, with great understatement, "I really didn't expect to find the escape road full of people."



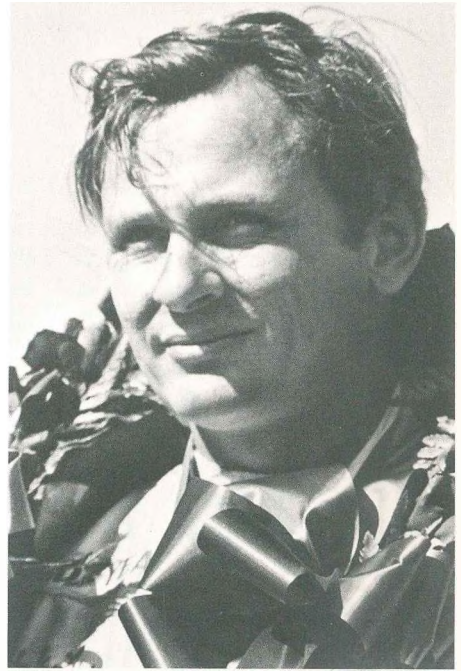
McLaren and Hulme about to lap Dean's Porsche 908 on the front-straight late in the race.

ON lap thirty-nine Denis took the lead, and eight laps later gave it back to Bruce. Team McLaren was by no means running hard. Lap times at this point were in the leisurely 1:06s and 1:07s. Chris, in the spare works McLaren by now had worked his way up into sixth position, just ahead of Dean in the Porsche 908. Dean, however lost that position and another on lap forty-seven when he was blackflagged for going over the white line at Turn 4 (as Siffert had done the day before). Dean dutifully came in for his reprimand. Unfortunately he must have mistaken the Steward's pause for breath as the end of the lecture and took off before he was finished—and compounding the error was the fact that the Steward's headset cord was partially tangled with the car. So Dean was blackflagged again and came in, one would assume, to hear the remainder of the first lecture and all of the second—which had to be about leaving before being dismissed, and as a result, Dean dropped from seventh to ninth place.

THE back of the field was diminished by two now as Nelli and Jensen retired. On lap sixty-eight, with twelve laps remaining, Bruce handed the lead to Denis. Parsons had been running a steady third for 46 laps; Andretti had followed in fourth for as many, as had Siffert in fifth. Chris had been sixth for 35 laps, but by now was absolutely miserable with the heat. When the shattered front panel had been replaced



Hulme had no answer when asked after the race if Team McLaren had planned who this year's Series champion would be — himself or McLaren.



McLaren's win put him in the Series lead again, but only 5 points ahead of teammate Hulme.

on his McLaren clear back on lap fourteen, there had not been time for the crew to fit it with cooling ducts. Consequently the cockpit had quickly heated up to an almost unbearable temperature. Nine laps from the finish, now, Chris brought the McLaren in with a broken wheel hub and retired. Suffering from heat exhaustion, he had to be helped from the car—and because of this, the official results erroneously reported that the third works McLaren's retirement was due to the driver's illness rather than the car's broken hub.

CHRIS' retirement moved Cordts into sixth. He was followed by Dean, Motschenbacher, Galloway, Brown, McCaig, Hooper, Oliver, Harrison, and Lassiter.

THE only change that came before the end of the race was when Denis gave the lead to Bruce on lap seventy-five. The win, then, went to Bruce—which surprised many for until now Bruce and Denis had alternated wins, and following that pattern this should have been Denis' race. But this was all according to McLaren design and had been planned long in advance. This win kept Bruce and Denis in balance so far as points and money were concerned—but it also meant the next victory would go to Denis—and that would be at Riverside. Bruce had won Riverside before but Denis had not—as a matter of fact, the course had not been overly kind to him at all in the past. So he wanted a victory there. Indeed, he did.

Laguna Seca Raceway

115 miles from San Francisco

1.9 miles

minimum 30 feet

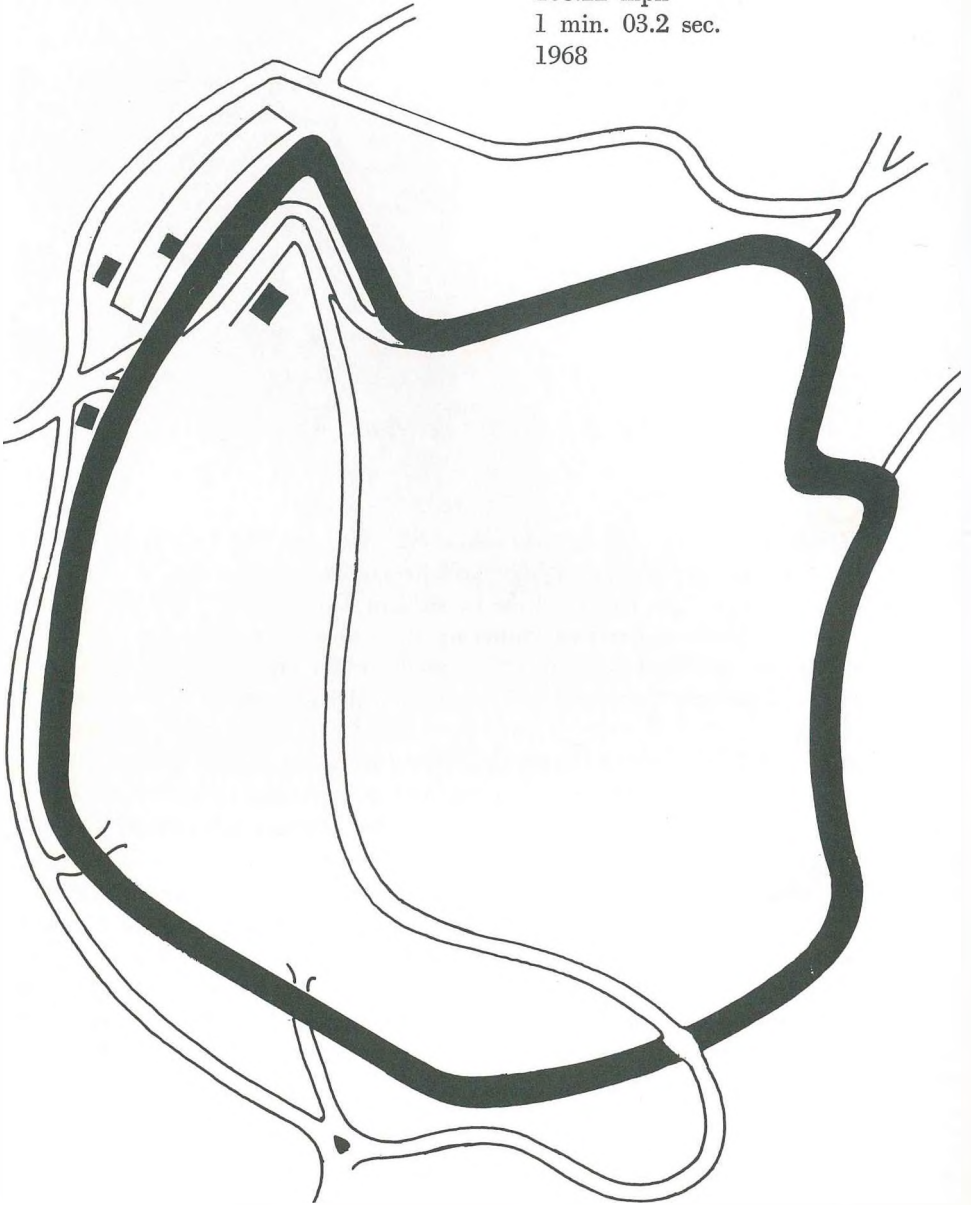
Record: Mark Donohue

McLaren M6A

108.22 mph

1 min. 03.2 sec.

1968



Results

RESULTS of the San Francisco Canadian American Challenge Cup at Laguna Seca Raceways, Monterey, California, October 12, 1969. Conducted by the San Francisco Region of the Sports Car Club of America, Inc.

Race length, 80 laps (152 miles; 1 hour, 27 minutes, 29.77 seconds). Fastest lap, Denis Hulme, Car No. 5, 1:02.19. Winner's average speed: 104.8 m.p.h. Winner's victory margin: 0.52 seconds.

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps Behind	Pts.	Purse
1	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.		20	\$10,000
2	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	0.52	15	7,500
3	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	33.41	12	6,000
4	Mario Andretti	M6-Ford	41.78	10	5,000
5	Jo Siffert	Porsche 917 PA	1.11	1 8	4,300
6	John Cordts	McLaren M6B-Ford	22.33	4 6	3,700
7	Tony Dean	Porsche 908 Spyder	43.21	4 4	3,100
8	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	58.73	5 3	2,600
9	Rich Galloway	McLaren M6B-Chev.	56.09	7 2	2,100
10	Rich Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	1.09	8 1	1,600
11	Roger McCaig	McLaren M6B-Chev.	8.12	8	1,100
12	Doug Hooper	Lola T70-Chev.	66.02	8	800
13	Jackie Oliver	Autocoast Ti22-Chev.	13.75	9	500
14	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	29.48	9	400
15	Harvey Lassiter	McLaren Mk 2-Chev.	4.02	10	300
16	Don Jensen	Burnett Mk 2-Chev.	66.52	14	200

Did Not Finish

Laps Completed/Reason Out

17	Chris Amon	McLaren M8B-Chev.	71	broken wheel hub	200
18	Vic Nelli	Lola T70-Chev.	55	insuff. laps	200
19	Spencer Stoddard	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	44	insuff. laps	200
20	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	35	no brakes, crashed	200



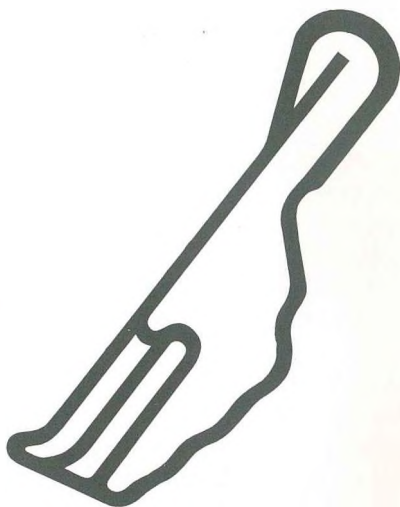
Riverside

Riverside, California

Los Angeles Times

Grand Prix

Chevron CAN-AM



FROM BEACH TO DESERT. The Can Am moved from Northern to Southern California. Riverside. While other parts of the country turned slowly, reached gently for autumn, this area clung fiercely to summer—and Can Am races had been run here before when the dry desert heat of October had burned and parched and made one feel it simply could not get hotter, that surely in the very next moment the whole world would melt.

FOUR miles from town, the 3.3 road racing course was located in the midst of low, barren hills, dry now with summer. It had undergone design changes during early summer, and repaving had only recently been completed—and hopefully enough time had been allowed for the paving to cure, otherwise the Can Am drivers would find the surface breaking up beneath them.

BRUCE and Denis flew up from Mexico on Monday. The Formula 1 race in Mexico City had been the last in the Grand Prix season. Bruce had not been able to start the race, unfortunately, for his engine had quit on the warm-up lap—but Denis had gone on to win and Bruce later wrote in his *Autosport* column, “Denny just plain outdrove everyone. This was the sort of boost we needed in Formula 1. We felt all along that the cars were competitive, even though they were basically two years old in design. Mexico is a handling circuit, so a win on a track like that makes us feel good for next season, when we will have a team of new cars. In short, I was delighted to see our car working so well, and even more delighted to see Denny driving harder and faster than anyone else.” Bruce had finished third in the world championship standings, and Denis’ win had moved him into a tie with Jean-Pierre Beltoise, of France, for fifth.

BRUCE'S week at Riverside proved extremely busy, for his schedule was filled with press interviews and TV appearances to promote the race. These obligations, as a matter of fact, even cut into his track time on Thursday. He and Denis had tire tested early in the morning, and at 11:45, just after the open practise session had begun, Bruce was whisked away by helicopter to make a TV appearance.

MOST of the teams arrived by early afternoon, and the day was to prove busy and frustrating for many. Andretti's crew thought they had discovered why the engine had run rough at Laguna Seca when they found a pinched fuel line under the seat. But test laps now proved them wrong and they put in a call for another of the rare 494cu. in. Ford engines. The Chaparral 2H was still plagued with a vibration that ran through the whole car, and on top of that the car now sprung an oil leak. Chris was faring no better. The new 7-liter Ferrari engine had finally been shipped from the factory only to get lost in Italy, New York and Los Angeles. Chris ran the practise session with the smaller 6-liter engine only to have the oil pump drive break again. Siffert's Porsche 917 PA had been fitted with a redesigned nose section and Richie Ginther drove the practise session to sort out the handling. Revson's Lola seemed to have the blahs going through Turn 1.

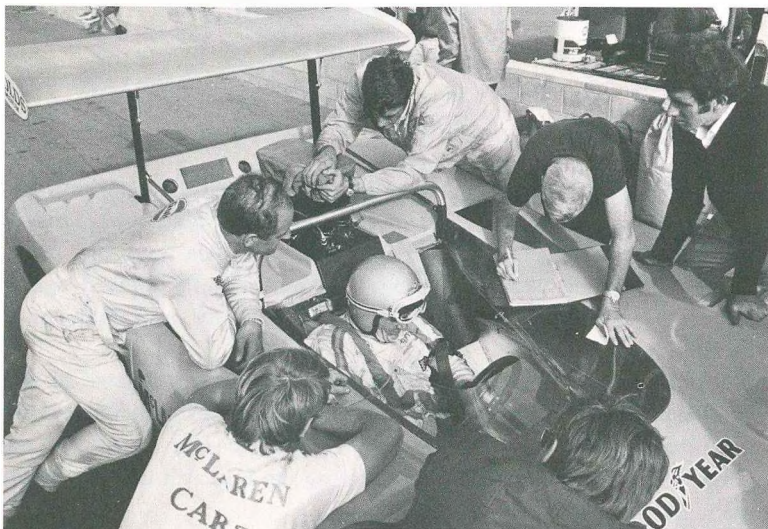
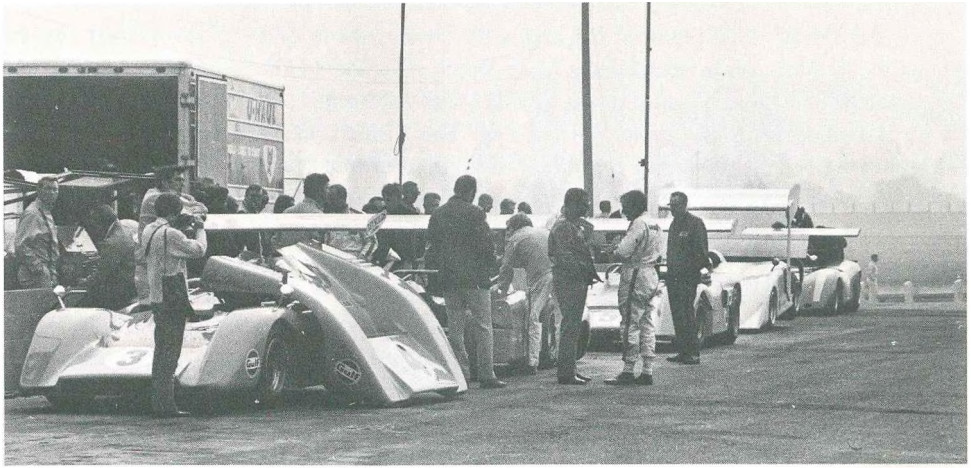


Photo by F. David Stone.

THUS hardly anyone seemed to pass the day without encountering one type of problem or another. Including Team McLaren. Bruce, returning from his TV session, joined the practise session only to break a rocker stud. As the crew worked on Bruce's car, Denis took out the spare car to run in the 1:37s, quicker than anyone else had yet run. Repairs on Bruce's car were completed in time for him to join Denis in the last few minutes of the session. At flag's fall he was running in the low 1:38s with Revson. The others had turned times that ranged from the high 1:39s to the mid-40s. But the session had mainly been devoted to sorting-out and setting-up, thus the day's times gave no indication of what might be expected in tomorrow's qualifying session.



Pit row during Thursday's open practise session. Note the wall of Turn 9 (beneath trees in far background) is almost completely obscured by an unseasonable fog.

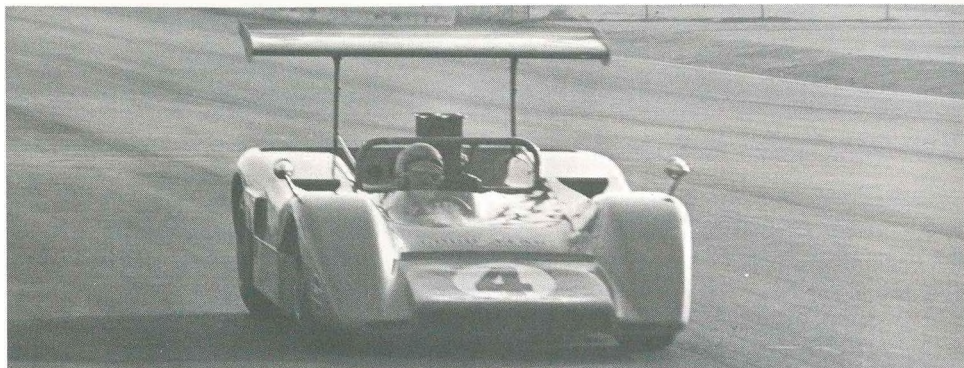
IT was chill and damp at the track on Friday morning, for an unseasonable fog had rolled in during the night. The sun was trying to burn its way through, but by the beginning of the 10:00 to 12:00 practise session, a foggy blanket would still hang over the north end of the course, obscuring Turn 6 from the pits.

IN the garages, crews worked to ready cars for the morning session. Some would be ready in time, others would not and the afternoon qualifying session would have to be used as a sorting-out period for them. The Ferrari crew had hopefully solved the oil pump drive problem and now chief mechanic, Roger Bailey, warmed the engine with a close eye on the gauges. He worked the throttle linkage by hand and did not run the engine to the top of the rev scale at first—but instead took it to mid-range, let it drop off, took it slowly to mid-range again, released it—and strangely the sound seemed to hover at the top note before it began its slow slide downward, and it was like a breath catching in a sob—again and again—and oddly this low sobbing sound seemed to reach out to touch, to capture one's attention and seek response—and this was unsettling, and one felt the desire to turn away or ask Bailey to still his hand and let the Ferrari be, but somehow neither could be done, and one was compelled to stand there caught by the fascination of the moment. Then finally, finally, Bailey took the Ferrari past mid-range to the top of the scale, up and down, up and down in clear sweet song, the spell was broken and communication lost, leaving one free to turn away now, shaken by the oddness of it all.

HALF the field skipped the practise session. Bruce went out, Denis did not. Only a few cars were on the course at once, and there was much in-ning-and-outing and retiring to the garages to tinker-and-fix-it.

IF the practise session was inactive, the qualifying session was not. The period had little more than begun when Andretti clipped two course markers flipping them onto the track at Turn 1. For some unknown reason, course workers nearby did not retrieve them and consequently Denis collected one dead center, bending the McLaren's body work and radiator shroud. Denis pitted, then strode to the start-finish line, face tight with anger, to have heated words with the officials.

AS Denis' crew repaired his McLaren, Bruce was in and out for several adjustments to his McLaren's suspension. After Denis returned to the course at mid-session, he proceeded to work his way down to a 1:34.03 (although team watches clocked him twice at 1:34.0), for fastest time of the day. The Ferrari was running beautifully and Chris moved into second with a 1:35.09. Gurney was third fastest with a 1:36.70, and Andretti managed a 1:36.84 before it was announced over the public address system that he had stopped on the back part of the course and needed a tow truck to come fetch him. Then to everyone's astonishment, *Bruce* blew and engine in the esses. The 1:37.14 he had turned just before was only good for fifth fastest, and as his crew began an engine change on the #4 car, Bruce took out the spare works McLaren.



McLaren blew two engines in the No. 4 during Friday and Saturday qualifying sessions. Although he qualified the No. 3 spare works McLaren, he drove the No. 4 in the race. He went out on the 35th lap when the car's rear suspension broke, causing McLaren to crash in Turn 1.

BY now Revson, with a 1:37.36 was sixth with Parsons (whose Lola had undergone changes in body and suspension since Laguna Seca) closely behind with a 1:37.80. Bruce now slipped the spare McLaren into eighth with a 1:38.52, just ahead of Oliver and Siffert, also in the 1:38s. This rounded out the first ten positions, and the next five belonged to Eaton (who had had a small fire, caused by a short circuited battery cable, extinguished in the pits earlier), Gardner, Galloway and Surtees—who had qualified the Chaparral without its super-wing, turning a 1:43.42 for fifteenth before the oil pump packed up.

AS the session ran into its last minutes, Eaton and Chris were the only ones on the course. Then Eaton went by on the front-straight—and Chris did not. Ferrari mechanic, Doane Spencer, watched the sweeping second hand on his stopwatch, then scanned the part of the course visible from the pits and worry lines began to trace across his face. Chris was late—very late. Eaton went by again. Then word was received that Chris was parked off course and Spencer sighed wearily. Chris was alright—and without much chance of being wrong, one could assume the Ferrari's oil pump drive had broken again.

THAT night the lights were on late in the garages as several crews worked into the weary morning hours to solve the problems Friday had brought. Bruce's crew, of course, changed engines in his #4 car. The 7-liter Ferrari engine had finally been received and when the crew finished fitting it in the car, they would still be faced with the oil pump drive problem.

GURNEY'S Chevy engine would not arrive from his Santa Ana shop until morning, and Gurney would miss the morning qualifying session while the engine change was made. Andretti's 494cu. in. Ford would not arrive until late Saturday afternoon which meant he would be unable to go out again and would have to settle for his Friday qualifying time.

THE Saturday qualifying sessions were to prove as horrendous as Friday's. Bruce was one of the first out for the morning session. He ran three laps—and blew his new engine on the fourth. And once again as he took out the spare car, his crew set about changing engines in the #4 car.

CHRIS started the day by picking up where he had left off Friday afternoon. As he took the Ferrari out to shakedown the new engine, the oil pump drive broke almost straight away. Chris saved the engine by shutting off immediately, and as he coasted to a stop in Turn 7, one could imagine his frustration at this point—this surely was enough to make the angels weep.

THE Porsche 917PA developed an oil leak which was sealed with an epoxy compound, and Siffert would miss the afternoon session as a result, for it takes 24 hours for the compound to dry. Revson missed the hour long session as he waited for the half-shafts on his Lola to be changed to "bigger, stouter ones". Motschenbacher, who had not run during Friday's qualifying, had bent a valve in his McLaren-Chevy and his crew now worked to have the car ready for the afternoon qualifying session.

DURING the hour-and-a-half long qualifying period, fourteen of the first fifteen positions filled yesterday would change. The exception was pole position, which Denis retained with his Friday time of 1:34.03. Bruce, in the spare car, trimmed 2.71 seconds from his Friday time, turning 1:35.81, which would be good for fourth on the grid *if* he chose to run that car. The engine exchange on the number 4 works McLaren was completed late in the session and, interestingly enough, Bruce also qualified *this* car 2.71 seconds faster than he had turned in it on Friday—which was 4/10ths of a second slower than Denis and would place him next to his teammate on the first row *if* he chose to run *this* car.

THIS moved Chris down to third, where he was forced to remain, for he would have no opportunity to better his Friday time. He had been one of the first out for the session, but after only a few laps he was seen *pushing* the Ferrari back into the pits.

OLIVER, who had run the Ti22 without a wing for a Friday ninth position,



Hulme was not the most delighted person on earth after hitting a course marker on Friday. Andretti had clipped the marker, flipping it onto the track at Turn 1, course workers did not retrieve it and Hulme collected it, bending his McLaren's bodywork and radiator.

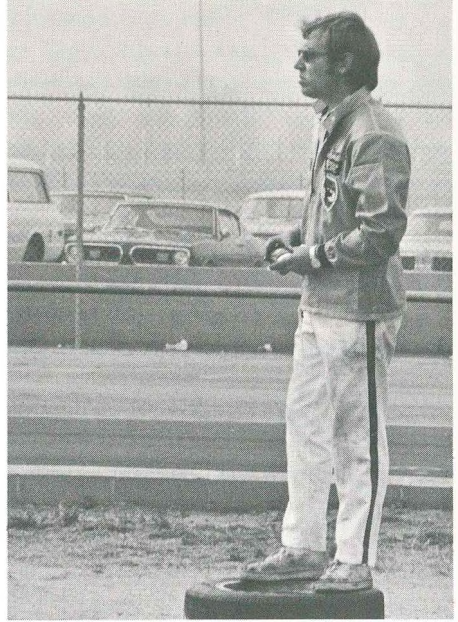
now tried an airfoil and clipped 2.37 seconds from the time to slip behind Chris. Gurney did not better his Friday time as he sorted out the injection system on the McLeagle-Chevy, and was dropped two positions into fifth. Andretti did not go out, of course, for his crew was still waiting for the new engine, so he was stuck with his Friday time, which put him in sixth, two positions lower than yesterday.

REVSON, who had also been in the first group out for the session, brought the Lola back in with a broken locker in the differential before he could better his Friday's time and dropped from a Friday sixth to a seventh place on the grid. Eaton picked up three places by bettering his Friday time by 1.98 seconds. He turned an identical time to Revson's, but was placed behind him, for Revson had turned the tied-time first. Parsons held to his Friday time and picked up two positions, moving into ninth place behind Eaton.

GARDNER, in Alan Mann's new Can Am car from England, an Open Sports-Ford, improved his time by just over a second and moved up two places. Siffert had had no opportunity to better his time before the Porsche's transmission sprung a leak, and lost one position. Motschenbacher, out for the very first time, turned a 1:39.78 for twelfth position.

WILSON had apparently done a great deal of sorting out, for he ran the Lola 11.13 seconds faster than on Friday and picked up *twelve* positions. Surtees remained with his Friday time and lost one position. Cordts, who had not recorded a time on Friday, turned a 1:44.74, good for fifteenth position.

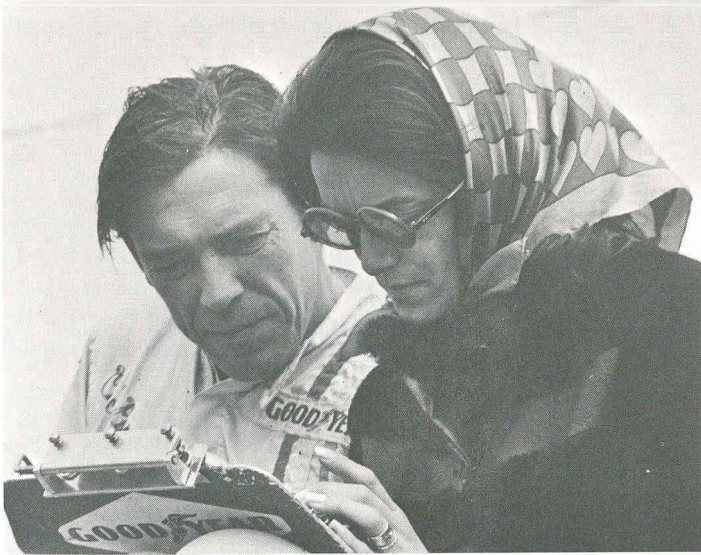
WITH five minutes left in the session, Chris took to the course again. He needed a time 35/100ths of a second faster than his Friday time to take away Bruce's second place grid position. He would only have time for two quick laps to try—providing, of course, the oil pump drive did not fail again. As he completed his out-lap, excited the sweeping Turn 9 and started a quick run down the short front-straight, he came upon a slower car ahead, and as he started around it the driver changed line and moved in front of him, Chris darted to the other side and the other driver, unable to decide which side to allow Chris to pass



McLaren crew chief, Tyler Alexander, runs times on McLaren during Friday's qualifying session.



Amon watches other qualifiers before taking the Ferrari out again in the closing minutes of Friday's session.



Parsons checks the competition's times with wife Sherry, Parsons ultimately finished second in the race. The points he earned secured third place for him in the over-all standings.



Revson receives an A-OK sign from Boyd Jeffries, co-owner of the Lola which Revson would drive to a 5th place finish.

on, moved over to block his passage, Chris started back for the other side only to have the slower car move with him. Chris changed direction again and this time got by, and although this had all happened very quickly, the other driver's indecision had cost Chris tenths, surely, and ruined this lap time. He had a clear run on the next lap, but was unable to improve on his Friday time. At flag's fall, at least, the Ferrari was running beautifully, and for the first time in three days, Chris was able to bring the car back to the pits under its own power at a session's end.

SUNDAY morning began on an ugly, frightening note. Sometime between 12:30 a.m. and the time the crews arrived back at the garages in the morning, the brake systems on Chris' and Motschenbacher's cars had been tampered with.

CHRIS' mechanics, Roger Bailey and Doane Spencer, had worked on the Ferrari until after midnight, and before leaving each had gone over the final check list, a normal procedure before a car is run. Everything was found to be in order, including the brake assembly, an item included on the list. This morning, however, they had found that a cotter pin was missing from a balance bar in the Ferrari's brake system. Had Chrissy run the car this way, a retaining bolt could have worked out, leaving him with only half his brakes. The crew replaced the pin and reported the incident to officials who immediately informed the rest of the entrants and requested them to check their brake systems.

THE McLaren crews checked their cars thoroughly to find nothing amiss. Other teams checked their systems, and only minutes before the cars were to be rolled out to the grid, Motschenbacher discovered that a brake line had been sheared on his McLaren. The line was not located where it could chafe or wear on its own, and the area was free of moving parts that could have damaged it. It appeared to have been snipped with wire cutters. Motschenbacher now had to rush to replace the line and bleed the brakes and as a consequence, was ten minutes late to the grid.

NO explanation for these two incidents was to be found.

BRUCE had decided to go with #4 car, but as the cars were pushed to the grid, the spare works McLaren sat in the pit row in readiness in the event anything went wrong with Bruce's or Denis' car at the start.

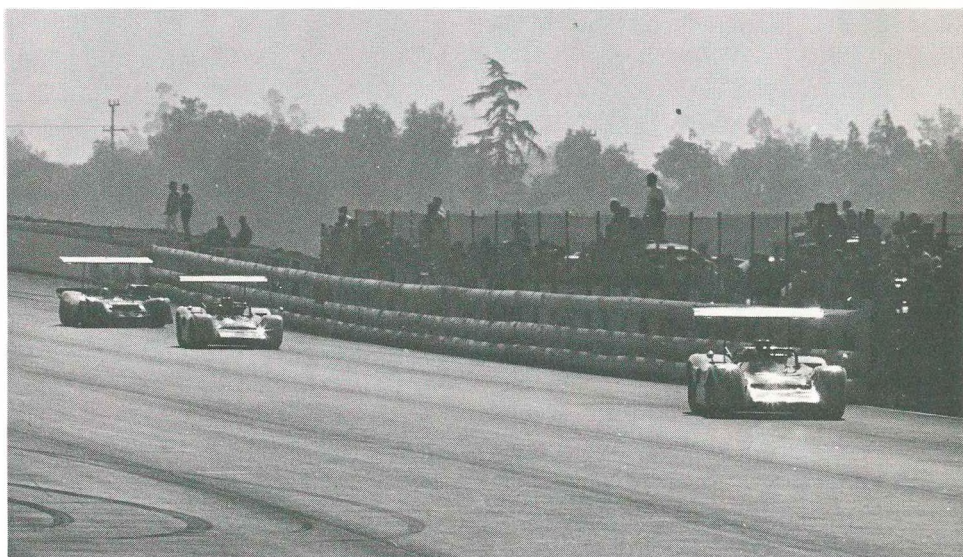
AS the one minute sign went up, the cars were started—but the Ferrari would not fire up. On the instructions of an official, Chris' crew pushed the car to start it. A push start, however, was illegal and Chris would later be blackflagged because of it.

MOSS pulled into the pits at the end of the first pace lap, the Starter indicated one more lap should be taken, for the back of the pack was not in order, and Denis and Bruce led the way around again and this time received the starting flag.



Hulme (r. 1st row) and McLaren lead the field out of Turn 9 as they begin an extra pace lap.

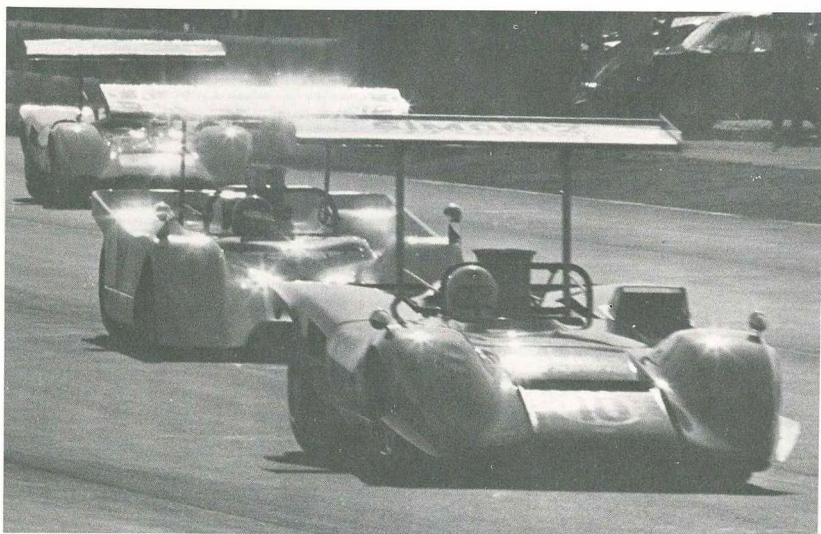
80,000 PEOPLE had come to watch. They filled the grandstands and packed the dusty infields and crushed against the fences. The spectators in the stands on the rise of Turn 6 had the best vantage point, and as they squinted into the afternoon sun that had not brought the temperature to the scorching degrees of the past, they could see now as the cars flew across the starting line a mile away. The field ran in a pack towards Turn 1, shifted and maneuvered to run nose to tail through the turn, were lost from sight briefly behind the hill between 1 and 2, burst back into view as they rounded Turn 2, and streamed north up the hill towards 6 now, undulating, writhing through the esses, the brilliance of their colors diffused by the sun at their backs, roaring at each other as they chased and fled, and then the drivers braked and downshifted at the approach to 6 and the cars slowed and were swept with care through the treacherous 180° right-hand turn to accelerate down the hill on a short run to 7, which lay hidden behind a low rise, making the approach blind—and with the rise crested, the drivers had to brake hard for the tight 180° left-hander that quickly followed. Emerging from there they rushed back to the top of the circuit and into 8, another 180° right-hander that swung them back in a southerly direction, and now they began their return, running down the full length of the course on the long, long back-straight, sorting-out abit, the faster cars darting out to leave the slower ones behind, pressing on and on to speeds up to 175 mph towards the Champion bridge—then under the bridge, slowing to lean outwards to the left through the new dogleg approach to 9, then to the right into the long, long sweep of the final turn, running towards the sun all the way through, exiting so close to the wall the cars' colors reflected from the wall's whitewash—orange, orange, red, blue, blue—Denis leading, pulling abit away from Bruce and Chris on the front-straight now as they completed their first circuit; Gurney and Andretti abit behind, then Parsons, Oliver and Revson running in close-ness, followed at a short distance by Eaton and Siffert.



Hulme begins to pull away from McLaren and Amon as they complete the first lap.

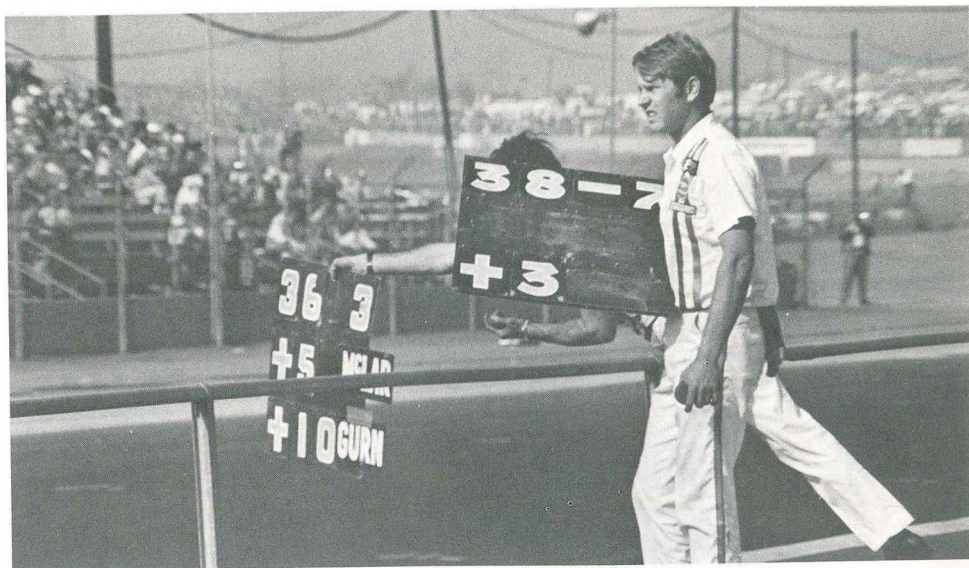
ON lap two, Chris was blackflagged. Officials had now decided to pull him in because of his push start—if he could start the Ferrari on its starter in the pits, they would allow him to continue. Chris pitted on the third lap, started the Ferrari on the starter as requested, let the clutch out, stalled the engine, his crew gave him a push, the engine caught again and off he went. Oh, woe. He was blackflagged again on the next lap and pitted on the following lap. There were no officials waiting for him in his pit, so he had to get out of the car and run to the stewards' enclosure to talk to them. They informed him, of course, that he had been blackflagged again for a push start. Chris heatedly expressed his opinion of the whole matter—an official, after all, had initially instructed his crew to push start the Ferrari on the grid. If Chris was to be penalized for this, he felt, officials should have brought him in, made him sit in the pits for a half-minute or whatever as a penalty, then allowed him to return to the race. As it was, he had lost 41 seconds on the first black flag, and much more on the second—and in anger now, he withdrew the car. (To make matters worse, Chris would tire test on Monday and run the Ferrari 200 miles (today's race distance) with no problems at all.)

BRUCE'S later reaction to Chris' predicament was one of sympathy with Chris and irritation with the rules and officials. He felt that all the people that came through the gate did not pay to see a driver press the starter button—they were more interested in watching him race. (The following year, this rule, which made all push starts illegal during a race, was amended to allow push starts on the grid.)



Parsons, Oliver and Revson running in closeness.

THE first ten places had sorted-out and were holding by lap ten. Denis had an 18 second lead over Bruce. Gurney was third, 7.5 seconds behind Bruce. Behind Gurney were Parsons, Oliver, Andretti (whose Ford was obviously down on power), Revson, Eaton, Siffert and Motschenbacher. By now there had been six retirements from the 35-car starting field. Surtees had retired the Chaparral with engine failure;



Tyler Alexander waits to hold out a pit sign to McLaren as another McLaren mechanic extends a sign to an approaching Hulme.

Dykes' Lola T160 had also retired with engine failure; Chris, of course, had withdrawn the Ferrari; Jensen's Burnett and Pavesi's Lola T70 had suffered steering failure.

BY lap fifteen, Denis had extended his lead over Bruce to 25 seconds. Bruce, actually, was not running the race with that much ease of mind. The loss of two engines over the weekend had been unnerving—for the 7-liter aluminum Chevies had been so reliable up to now that Bruce felt it had to be some kind of bad omen when he blew two in a row. So now, though he was running a comfortable second to Denis, he was conserving revs and keeping a close watch on his gauges.

AT this point Parsons had moved past Gurney and was running 8 seconds behind Bruce. Oliver, behind Gurney, was slowly beginning to lose ground. Siffert, back in ninth, was blackflagged for dropping oil. Motschenbacher, who had been in tenth position on lap twelve, had developed brake problems and pitted on lap thirteen. He pitted again on lap nineteen for the McLaren's new brake line, quickly fitted just before grid time, had worked itself loose. The line was now replaced and when Motschenbacher returned to the course, he had dropped to twenty-fourth place.

ON lap twenty-five Eaton, who had been running behind Revson in eighth, pitted with a sticking throttle. On the next lap, Oliver retired the Ti22 with a broken differential—and Eaton pitted again with a loose wheel that was shredding itself on the locating pins which are fastened to the hub. He returned to the course to retire three laps later with a broken rocker stud.

BRUCE was 30 seconds behind Denis as he started lap thirty-five. As he flew through the 140 mph left-hand Turn 1 he heard a loud bang as the bottom left rear suspension arm of the McLaren broke—the car immediately spun off onto the right-hand verge, flew through the dirt and up the hill backwards to hit a retaining wall below the spectator fence—and oddly, as the car crashed along the wall, Bruce had the time to wonder if the next part was going to hurt—and he felt no sensation of fear,

only of wonderment. The car then spun back down across the verge to come to rest in a cloud of dust in the middle of the course. Bruce, uninjured, released his harness, stood up ready to jump from the car, then hesitated as he balanced the risk of dashing through the dust and possibly into the path of another car against the risk of remaining in his car, which might burst into flames, until the dust had settled. He elected to stay in the car, and this to him was the most frightening part of the accident—for he was now in the hands of the other drivers who would soon be arriving where he was at 150 mph. Bruce now relied on the flag marshalls being quick and the other drivers slowing down immediately in response to the yellow caution flags.

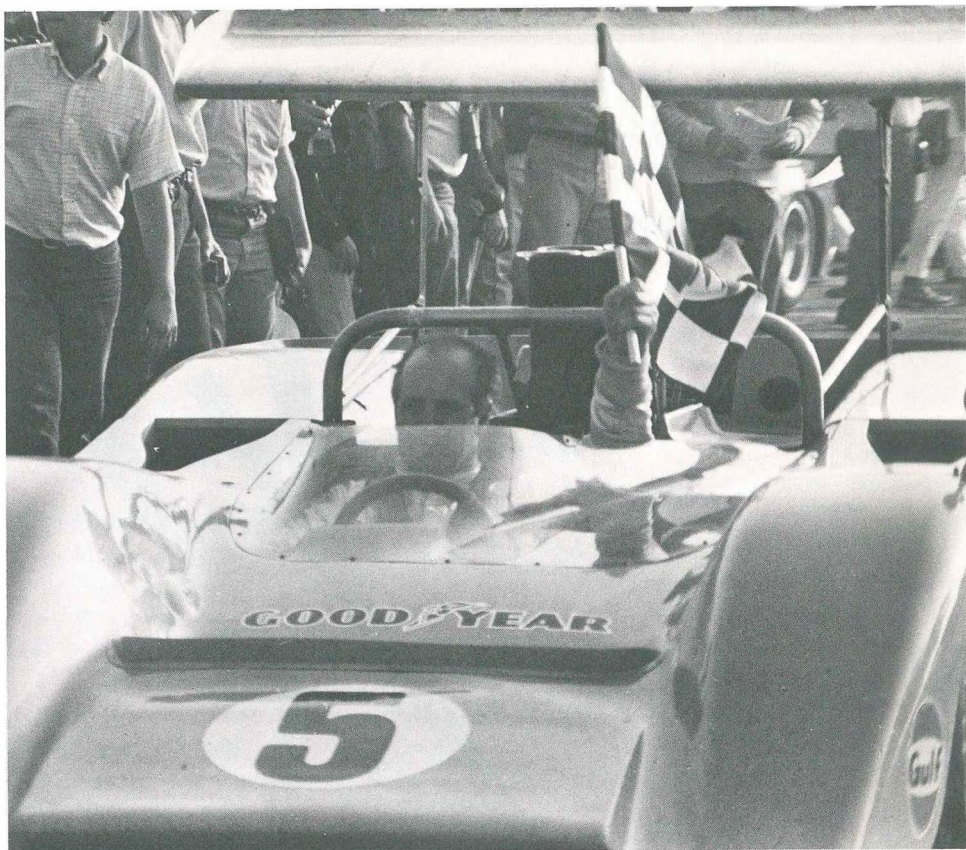
THE marshalls were, indeed, quick with their flags, but the accident had only taken seconds and although the flags went out immediately, Gurney was already by the Turn 1 flag station, and for one very bad moment Bruce could see Gurney's blue McLaren coming straight at him through the settling dust—but although Gurney was hard upon him, he was able to slow and dodge around Bruce's car. Bruce then jumped from the car and ran to the safety of the verge.

TRAFFIC now slowed in response to the yellow flags and when the way was clear Bruce ran back to the car to make certain all the switches were off. As he returned to the verge he glanced up at the path his McLaren had taken up the hill and with distress saw that someone had been injured. A turn marshall, Bill Atkinson, had been struck by the McLaren and had sustained two broken legs and other injuries. Emergency equipment arrived now and as Atkinson was placed in the ambulance, Bruce was given a ride back, but instead of going to the pits went immediately to the Turn 9 infield. An emergency helicopter had stood on standby all day and was now ready to airlift Atkinson to the hospital. Bruce waited for the ambulance, and when it arrived helped carry Atkinson's stretcher to the helicopter.

BRUCE returned to his pit accompanied by part of his crew and several journalist friends. He did not remain for the end of the race, for he had business commitments in the east and later in England and had planned on leaving directly after the race anyway. Although he was soon flying across the U.S. in the Gulf Oil Company's executive Lockheed, he had not dismissed the injured flag marshall from his mind. Bruce had Teddy keep in touch with the hospital to see if there was anything he could do for Atkinson. And in later months, Bruce would correspond frequently with the injured man.

BY now, Bruce's car had been removed from the course and the race was on again. With Bruce out, Parsons had moved into second behind Denis. But on lap thirty-six Parsons pitted with handling problems caused, he thought from a flat tire. His crew however, could find nothing wrong and waved him out. It was later found that the strange handling had been caused by a failing limited slip unit. Parsons had lost second place to Gurney.

ON lap forty, the first ten positions read: Denis, Gurney, Parsons, Andretti, Revson, Wilson, Dean, Brown, McCaig, and Stoddard. For the following ten laps there were no changes. By this point, however, Gurney's McLaren-Chevy had blown a head-gasket, exhaust fumes were filling the cockpit and at one point Gurney had to smash out the windscreen in order to breath. The engine sounded flat and steadily lost power,



The Riverside win was one Hulme very much wanted — and he won it handily, leading from start to finish and finishing a full lap and 18 seconds ahead of second place Parsons.

then began to misfire. On lap fifty-six, Parsons passed Gurney on the back-straight. On the next lap, Andretti passed Gurney to move him down to fourth, just ahead of Revson.

DENIS had things so well in hand that he had lapped everyone else at least once by now, and as he took the checkered flag on lap sixty-one, he was a lap and 18 seconds ahead of second place Parsons. As Parsons ran to the checkered flag, Andretti was trying desperately to catch him and as Parsons crossed the finish line, Andretti was only 62/100ths of a second behind him.

AND so Denis had his Riverside win—and the twenty points he received gave him a total of 160 points to Bruce's 145 in the overall standings. Parsons had secured third over-all with his second place finish today, but with 77 points was well behind Denis and Bruce. With one race left, Bruce would have to win and Denis finish lower than fifth for Bruce to win the Championship. If, however, Bruce won and Denis placed fifth or higher, the Championship would be Denis'.

TEXAS would tell.

Riverside International Raceway

60 miles from Los Angeles

3.27 miles

minimum 40 feet

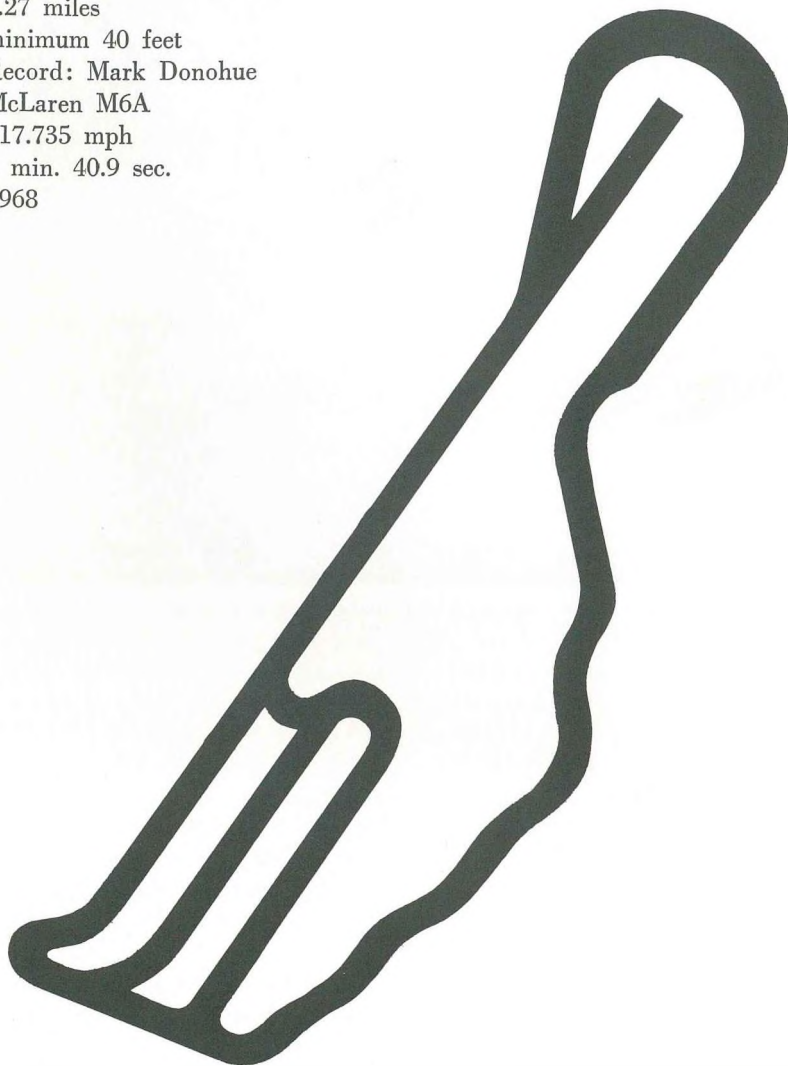
Record: Mark Donohue

McLaren M6A

117.735 mph

1 min. 40.9 sec.

1968



Results

RESULTS of Los Angeles Times Grand Prix: Winner—Denis Hulme in a McLaren Chev.

Average speed: 121.059 m.p.h. Fastest lap, 43, 1:35.2

Psn.	Driver	Car	Laps Comp.	Pts.	Purse
1	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	61	20	\$12,950 plus (pace car)
2	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	60	15	9,300
3	Mario Andretti	McLaren M6B-Ford	60	10	6,900
4	Dan Gurney	McLeagle Chev.	60	10	5,550
5	Peter Revson	T163-Chev.	58	8	4,300
6	Gary Wilson	Lola T163-Chev.	57	6	3,700
7	Tony Dean	Porsche 908	55	4	3,100
8	Richard Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	54	3	2,600
9	Roger McCaig	McLaren M6B-Chev.	54	2	2,100
10	Spencer Stoddard	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	53		1,600
11	C. E. Frederick	McKee Olds.	52		1,100
12	Ron Goldleaf	Lola T70-Chev.	51		900
13	Monte Shelton	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	50		800
14	Jack Millikan	Lola T70-Chev.	50		700
15	Bruce Campbell	BVC Mk 1-Chev.	47		600
16	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	46		500
17	Bob Nagel	Lola T70-Ford	44		400
18	David Hurley	McLaren Mk 2B-Chev.	38		300
19	Kris Harrison	McLaren M3B-Chev.	28		200

Did Not Finish

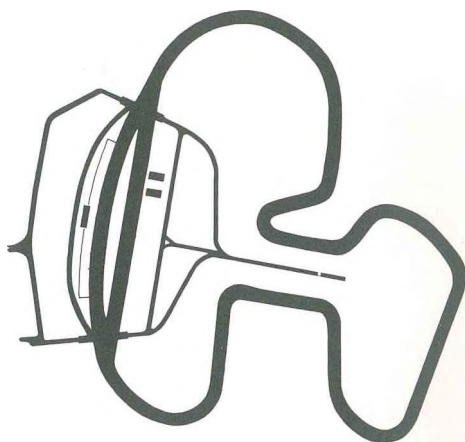
Laps Completed/Reason Out

20 Eric Haga

McLaren Mk 3-Chev. 47 suspension

TIS

College Station, Texas Texas International CAN-AM



THE TEXAS PRAIRIES ARE AS FLAT AS FLAT CAN BE—indeed, the only thing one could find that even remotely resembled a hill around College Station was the great mound of earth that backed and braced the banked section of the oval of Texas International Raceway, just south of town.

BESIDES hosting the Can Am on Sunday, College Station would also host a homecoming football game between its own Texas A & M “Aggies” and Southern Methodist on Saturday. While the town may have been large enough to accommodate the influx of people for one major sporting event, it was too small to accommodate the numbers that arrived for two—and as a result, people spilled over the edges of town in search for rooms, the nearby towns rapidly filled and as a consequence some Can Am teams found themselves housed as far away as 60 miles from the track.

ACCOMMODATIONS for Team McLaren, fortunately, had been found in College Station. An apartment had been rented for Bruce, Denis and Teddy. Lodging for the McLaren mechanics had been found at a local rooming house—but this arrangement was to leave the boys sputtering in helpless outrage. An awesome landlady immediately laid down the house rules—there was to be no partying in the rooms, and everyone was to be in by 11 p.m. As a capper, each morning as the boys left for the track, the landlady, quite untouched by the sophistication of the times, would be at the front door to see them off, palm extended to receive the day’s rent in advance.

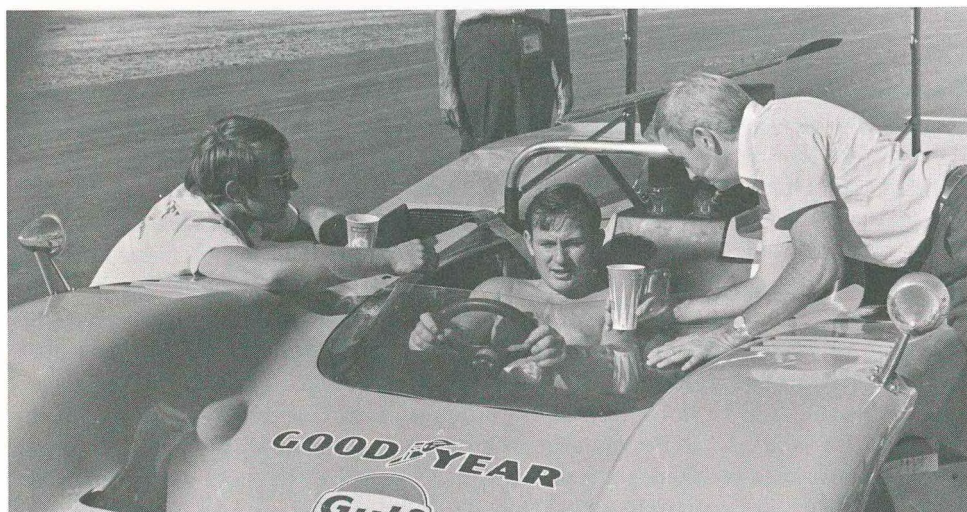
BRUCE and Denis arrived late Thursday evening. The week had been hectic for them. Denis had joined Bruce in England the first of the week. The rush back to Colnbrook after Riverside had been necessary for several reasons; the new Indianapolis car was ready to run, for one, and the new Formula 1 car for 1970 was in its final

design stages. It was incredible, actually, that the Indy car was ready for testing, for when Bruce first laid out its schedule, it had seemed impossible that the car could be designed, built and ready for testing in the three months he allowed. But the task had, indeed, been accomplished on time and on the preceding Sunday the Offenhauser Indianapolis engine had been fired up for the first time.

BRUCE and Denis spent the better part of Tuesday and all of Wednesday morning at Goodwood testing the Indy car and the first of the McLaren 1970 Formula A/5000 cars. They caught a plane to the U.S. Wednesday afternoon, and what with the time changes and all, arrived in Houston, Texas, Thursday evening. They were welcomed to Texas in grand fashion. Red O'Dare (the man who puts out oil well fires all over the world) and several of his group met the Kiwis at the airport and transported them the 70 miles to College Station in resplendent style—for their transportation was a huge motor van which O'Dare had transformed into a sort of mobile cocktail lounge; it possessed a comfortable lounge, stereo music, a well stocked bar, and a kitchen that offered, no less, Texas barbequed spareribs.

TEXAS International Speedway was new. It was a dual-purpose course—oval and road course—built by American Raceways, Inc. who had also built Michigan International. As at Michigan, this course incorporated a portion of the banked oval with the road course. Construction had only recently been completed. There had only been time to run one race as shake down before the Can Am, and this had been an SCCA regional, run three weeks before.

WHEN the Can Am teams arrived at the Speedway Friday morning, there were workers and equipment all over the course. The track communications system was being set-up and practise could not begin until this had been accomplished—as a result the start of the session, scheduled for one p.m., was delayed until 2:55.



BRUCE was one of the first ones out for the practise session. He drove the spare works McLaren-427cu. in. Chevy, for his #4 car had been so damaged at Riverside it could not be readied in time for Texas.

THE Chaparral was also on course, with Tom Dutton driving. Dutton had driven a Lola T70 as an independent entry through the early part of the Series, then gone to work for Jim Hall in Midland, Texas, and had since done quite a bit of test work for the Texan at his Rattlesnake Raceway. Surtees had recently withdrawn from the Hall works team, and Dutton now replaced him in the Chaparral 2H.

ANOTHER driver change would see Jack Brabham (who enjoyed "Can Am Club racing") driving the Alan Mann Open Sports-Ford. He would replace Frank Gardner, who was committed to drive the Kyalami 6-hour race in South Africa.

CORDTS, Siffert, Andretti, Brown, Amon, Revson and Parsons were now on course with Bruce and Dutton. They felt their way around the slippery new surface, turning times a good ten seconds slower than would be turned in the qualifying session. The transition from the long, banked front-straight to the road course looked a bit touchy. There were no shutoff markers to indicate the approach to Turn 1. The exit from the banking down to the entrance of the road course was marked only by pylons, marching in a row down the banking.

THE cars began to string out a bit and the Ferrari and Porsche 917PA separated themselves from the others to run closely side by side along the banking, the sounds of their engines blending in lovely duet. Then Revson brought his Lola into the pits with a broken oil fitting. While it was being fixed, he shook his head and said the track was so slippery it was useless going out; it would be impossible to properly setup a chassis under these conditions. The course was now closed for the Chaparral had spun at the entry to Turn 10, slid backwards off the course and through the dirt to strike a metal guardrail. Resultant damages to the car included a cracked fiberglass monocoque, broken wheels and a badly wrinkled airfoil. The impact had been such that eight-by-eight timbers, used to anchor the steel barrier at that point, were moved back nearly two inches. Dutton's injuries, fortunately, were minor. He had been mildly dazed and suffered a badly bruised knee.

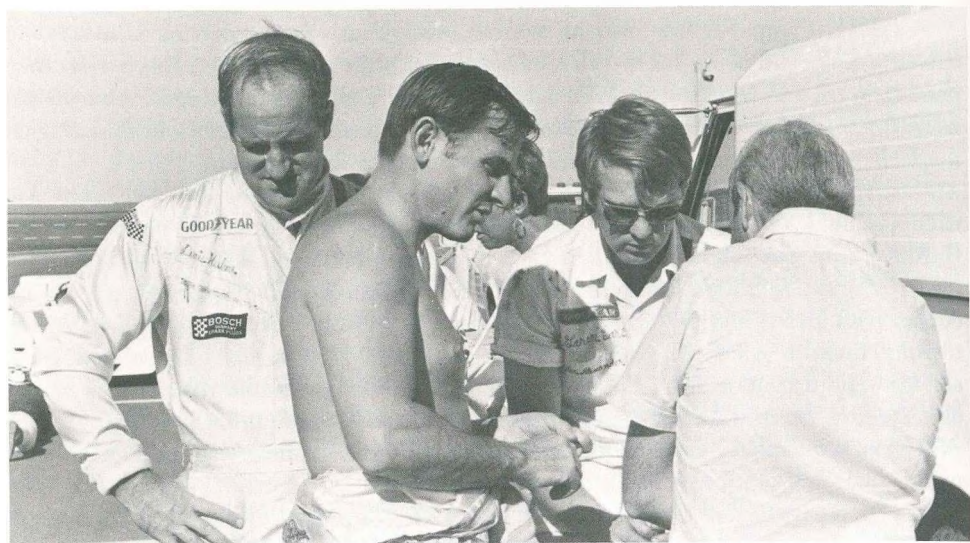
AS the cars were flagged in so the Chaparral could be retrieved from the course, Bruce pulled his car into the garage. He had encountered a problem he could not quite define, but in hopes the differential was causing the problem, would now have that part changed.

THE course was reopened at 3:45, and within a very few minutes Parsons brought his Lola in with an oil leak. Then Siffert brought in the Porsche with an oil leak. Then Chris went by trailing a plume of oil smoke from the 7-liter Ferrari engine—but this time it was not the old trouble again, a gasket had blown out of the oil filter installation instead.

THEN, as might be expected, the session was stopped so the oil could be cleaned from the course.

ONLY a handful of cars went out when the track was reopened, and a mechanic remarked that everyone was waiting for everyone else to go out and dust off the track.

REVSON joined Parsons and Oliver (who were running in the 1:56s) on course and soon began slicing seconds and tenths off his earlier time in a steady slide down through the 1:40s—1:49.1, 1:47.3, 1:46.9 then a 1:44.9—and as his mechanic chalked the time on the pit board he made the numbers too large, ran out of room at 1:44 and with a mischievous grin erased the last four, took a tenth away from Revson and



McLaren discusses the business of the day with Teddy Mayer (r.) and Tyler Alexander as Hulme listens.

gave him a 1:45 flat next time around—but the grin soon turned to a sigh, for Revson pitted on the next lap with coolant spraying from the rear overflow of the Lola.

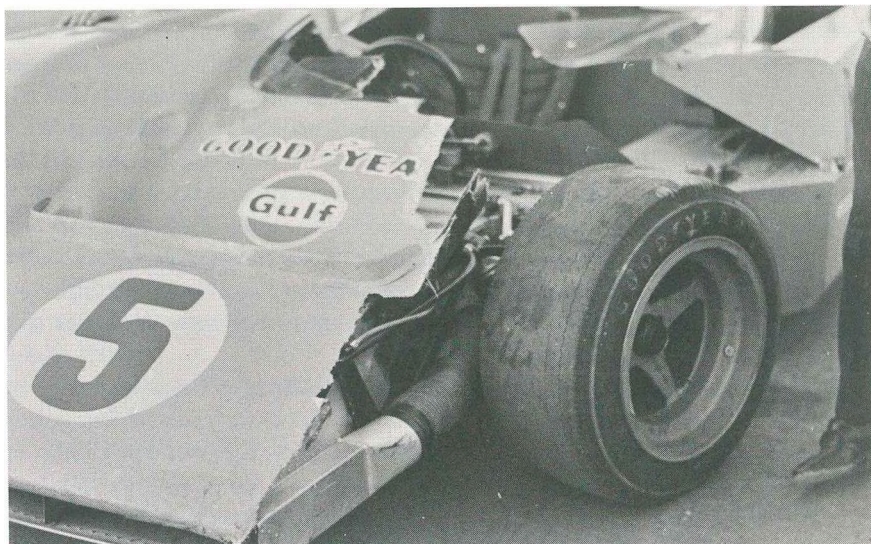
BY now, apparently, enough rubber had been laid down on the track to reduce its slipperiness enough so that Denis felt it was worthwhile going out, and with 45 minutes left in the session, he went out for the first time. Starting in the 2:04s, he was down to 1:42.5 within ten laps for the fastest time of the day.

ANDRETTI, however, was on course in the McLaren M6B-Ford to take up the challenge and proceeded to turn a 1:42.7, undercut Denis with a 1:41.1, then a 1:39.8; he then turned a 1:39.6 and the Ford sprung a high-pressure oil leak. Oil from the engine behind sprayed over the top of Andretti's helmet to form a film on his visor which gathered dust, and with visibility rapidly diminishing Andretti could not at first figure out what was happening. He thought his visor was steaming up, which did not, in his opinion, speak well of his helmet's capabilities—but as visibility quickly reduced to almost zero, he realized it was oil from his engine and pitted.

MINUTES later, Denis flew down the front-straight, braked too late to make the ill-defined first turn and continued on around the oval. Unfortunately, the row of pylons that marked the turning point off the banking also blocked the far reaches of the oval. They were so placed that there was not adequate room for a car to pass between and the McLaren collected one dead on the nose, splitting the front body panel clear back to the instrument bulkhead and shattering the left side of the body into bits and pieces.

WHEN Denis brought the car into the pits, Bruce grinned and told the gathering crowd of photographers, "Please take all your cutaway pictures now, you'll never get a better chance!" Denis, however, did not take as light a view of the incident. He was unable to believe a rubber pylon could do all that damage without assistance and strode off to see if the "bloody thing" was filled with concrete.

AND that fairly well ended the session.



Hulme's McLaren after he collected a pylon on the banking at the close of Friday's practise session.

IT was clear and warm for the Saturday morning 10-12 practise session. Officials had had shutoff markers installed at the approach to Turn 1 in time for the session. The pylons on the banking at that point had also been relocated to allow space for a car to pass between.

BRUCE was first out for the session, followed by almost half the field. Running a 427cu. in. Chevy to Denis' larger 430, Bruce started in the 1:41 bracket, and as track conditions improved, dropped down into the low 1:37s. As the session progressed, one would have thought it was qualifying rather than practise, for Denis, Chris and Andretti proceeded to have quite a set-to. Chris began it all with a 1:38.3. Andretti then bettered that with a 1:36.9 (three seconds faster than his Friday time). Denis, right on Andretti's heels, turned a 1:37.6. Chris came back with a 1:35.9, then for added garnish, turned a 1:35.2. Denis now took full measure and cut under Chris with a 1:34.5 for fastest time of the morning.

THE first hour of the three-hour-long afternoon qualifying session saw Bruce being left behind by Denis, Andretti and Chris—for while the best time Bruce could turn was 1:35.2, Denis and Andretti were in the low 1:33s and Chris in the mid-1:34s. As Denis watched from the sidelines at mid-session, Bruce went out again to turn a 1:34.3, which did not better Denis' or Andretti's earlier times. Andretti turned a 1:34.4, which did not better his earlier time either. Attention now turned to Chris as he made his bid for pole position. The bid was short. He flew along the banking at over 200 mph only to have a piston or something as direly important collapse, the engine blew at the start/finish line and wrenched up nearly all its oil through the right hand exhaust as it expired. Poor Chris, this meant he would have to change back to the smaller engine again.

BRUCE gave it another try towards the end of the session, spun coming out of Turn 4 without consequence, and in his final runs could not better his earlier time of 1:34.3. This left him with third position on the grid and the battle between Denis and

Andretti for pole position ran right up into the closing minutes of the session as Denis went out in the last twenty minutes to knock two seconds off his earlier time with a 1:31.6. Andretti followed to drop his time almost an equal amount with a 1:32.6, then ran out of gas in his final attempt to take the pole from Denis. By the time the Ford had been refueled, the final flag had fallen and he had to settle for second best time—and for the first time in the Series, the Kiwis were separated on the grid.

IN fourth was Chris, whose early time had held solidly. Two-and-a-half seconds behind was Revson, whose Lola had been plagued with overheating problems. Although the water pump had been changed at mid-session, Revson had only been able to coax a frustrating 1:37 flat from the Lola late in the session—two seconds slower than he had turned during morning practise.

ONLY 1/10th of a second behind Revson was Oliver, who, with a very smoky engine in the Ti22, had managed a 1:37.1 in the closing moments of the session. In seventh was Brabham, who had altered the nose of the Open Sports-Ford in an excursion off course in the process of turning a 1:37.6.

PARSONS was in eighth, and between overheating and handling problems had had his hands full all day. The overheating problem had been solved during the morning, but after a number of adjustments had been made to the suspension through the afternoon, the Lola's handling still had not sorted-out all that well and Parsons best time of 1:37.8 had been turned at mid-session. In ninth was Siffert, with a 1:38.2. Eaton was tenth with a 1:38.8 and his crew would change back to the Riverside engine that evening.

FOLLOWING were Motschenbacher, Dean, Wilson, Cordts and Causey who rounded out the first fifteen positions of the 24-car starting field. Of note was the fact that the Agapious had turned up with the Ford G7A and John Cannon. Unfortunately, Cannon had not even been able to clock a qualifying time, for the iron Ford 427cu. in. engine, furnished by Holman and Moody, blew early on—and no replacement was available. Thus, did the Agapious' game, season-long effort end.

THE close of the session saw the field far from healthy, and the garage lights would be on late for many of the crews that night.

ON Sunday morning, the Texas sky was blue behind scudding clouds, and although the air was pleasantly cool early on, a layer of warm air would waft through now and again to warn of the heat the day would bring.

BRUCE was first out for practise with almost half the field following immediately. The session proceeded to run with no great dramas—although Eaton did have a magneto go out and came into the pits with the rear deck of the McLaren M12 smoking badly—and he was probably very fortunate this incident occurred, for as the magneto was changed the crew also discovered a broken brake line and a leaking header tank. It did give one pause for thought.

BY session's end at 11:30, the morning was becoming hot. Drivers coming off the track were soaked with perspiration. As Denis walked into the coolness of one of the garages, Parsons, strolling by, commented with straight face and twinkling eyes that this would be a hot race. Denis agreed. Parsons asked Denis if he was taking anything for the heat; did he need some salt tablets? Denis reckoned as how he didn't. Parsons said he really should take some, he looked a little peaked. Denis, aware Parsons was trying to psych him out, laughed and said he thought he'd make the

distance alright. Parsons shook his head with concern, then walked away with a grin, saying Denis really should take some salt tablets, it was going to be a hot, hot race.

AS race time approached, the temperature was well on its way towards 90°. The drivers had scattered to the garages, or found patches of shade to stand in, anywhere that offered a bit of shelter from the Texas sun. Two calls had already gone out over the public address system, requesting drivers to report to the pit row for the parade lap, and the response had been negligible for none was anxious to sit in an open convertible waiting for the rest to assemble.

AS another call went out, TV sports commentator, Chris Economaki, there with a crew to film the race, walked up to where Revson was standing in the shade of a van, talking to friends.

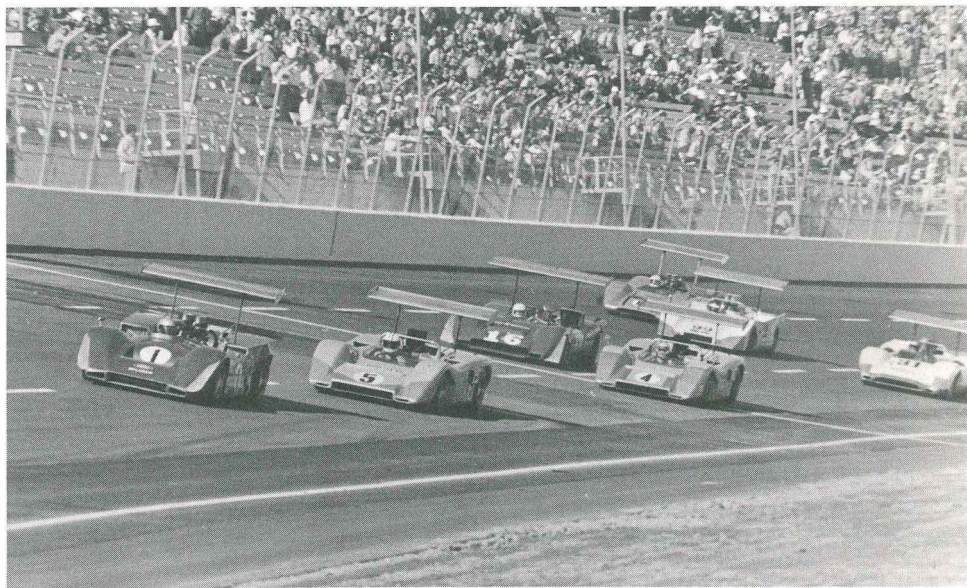
“SAY, Peter,” he said with no preamble, “can you tell me where all the crashes are going to take place on the opening laps?”

REVSON looked at Economaki with surprise. Revson’s friends looked at Economaki with disbelief. This was not, after all, the choicest question one could choose to ask *any* driver 20 minutes before a race.

“I’M taking a consensus of some of the drivers,” he plunged on cheerily. “I want to put my camera crew on the back of the course for the start and then work them forward so we’re back here by halfway through the race. But I don’t want my cameras stuck on the back part of the course at the start if you fellas think all the crashes will happen in Turns 1 or 2.”

REVSON gave him a long, long look, then said, “Yeah—well, I don’t know, Chris. All I can say is, if there *are* any accidents, I hope they happen *behind* me.”

“OH, well, okay,” Economaki smiled. “I’ll see what the others think. Thanks, Pete.” And off he went to continue his poll.



Andretti accelerates past Hulme at the start as McLaren (No. 4) begins to move ahead of Amon (No. 16) for third position and Revson (No. 31), Oliver (No. 22), and Parsons (No. 10) duel for fifth.

AFTER the drivers had come in from their parade lap, the race cars were pushed out to the pit row and lined up in grid positions. Mechanics saw their drivers into their cars, engines were started and Moss took them around on the pace lap, dropped off into the pit row leaving Denis to take the field to the starting flag. As they crossed the start-finish line, Andretti accelerated past Denis from his outside position on the front row, and dropped down from the high lane to lead Denis towards the first turn. Denis let him go. As he later explained, "Andretti had a bigger lump of an engine, there was no use trying to beat him into the first corner to get run off the road—so I didn't do that." He planned on waiting his time until either Andretti ran off the road or the Ford broke, either of which seemed an eventuality.

SO Denis stayed behind and as Bruce, Chris, Revson and Oliver maintained their positions, all kinds of activities were going on behind them—Parsons passed Brabham; Eaton moved by Siffert and Brabham, and Cordts passed Wilson, Dean and Motschenbacher.

ON lap two, Parsons spun between turns 9 and 10, continued on but lost five positions. On the next lap Galloway was off and on the course at Turn 6 then proceeded on to go off course again at Turn 9 and collect the wall and retire on the spot. Then Wilson hit loose gravel at Turn 10, and took an excursion off course that tore up the nose panel of his Lola. He pitted to have a portion of the left fender cut away and the whole front panel taped back together and when he returned to the course, the panel looked to be more tape than fiberglass.

ON lap five, Denis passed Andretti in a squiggly section on the back part of the course where Andretti's horsepower was of no advantage. Denis then pulled out three seconds in front of the Ford, nine seconds behind Andretti was Bruce, then Chris—and behind them a super race was going on for 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th between Revson, Oliver, Eaton and Brabham. At first Revson had been about six car lengths in front of Oliver, but Oliver's Ti22 was pulling Revson's Lola on the banking each time around. Oliver would gain a bit there, Revson would take a bit back on the road course—but not enough ultimately, for by lap five Oliver had closed to a second of Revson, ran almost side by side with the Lola on the banking to snug in behind as Revson held the line into Turn 1. Eaton was not far behind these two and Brabham, in eighth, was closing. On lap six Oliver closed to draft Revson on the front-straight, then passed him as they flew past the start-finish line. Eaton then began to close on Revson.

ON lap ten, Andretti pulled off course at Turn 3 and parked in the infield. The Ford had blown a piston. Bruce moved up behind Denis and as they moved away in their normal one-two order, Chris, in third, pulled off course between turns 9 and 10. The Ferrari had blown a piston. This moved Oliver up into third, 40 seconds behind Bruce. Behind were Eaton, Revson, Brabham who was closing on Revson quickly, Siffert, Parsons, Cordts and Dean, completing the first ten positions.

FOUR laps later, the Eaton-Revson-Brabham order changed to Eaton-Brabham-Revson with Eaton 1.4 seconds in front of Brabham, and Brabham 2.5 seconds ahead of Revson. No advantage was gained or lost between these three for the next four laps—then Brabham passed Eaton, then four laps later Eaton spun in Turn 4 and Revson was immediately by.

UP front, Denis was steadily pulling away from Bruce and now led him by

10.5 seconds. The Ti22 was 56 seconds behind Bruce and smoking badly—so badly Oliver pitted on lap 20, was sent out again only to retire two laps later with the Ti22-Chevy's valve cover gasket blown and most the oil lost.

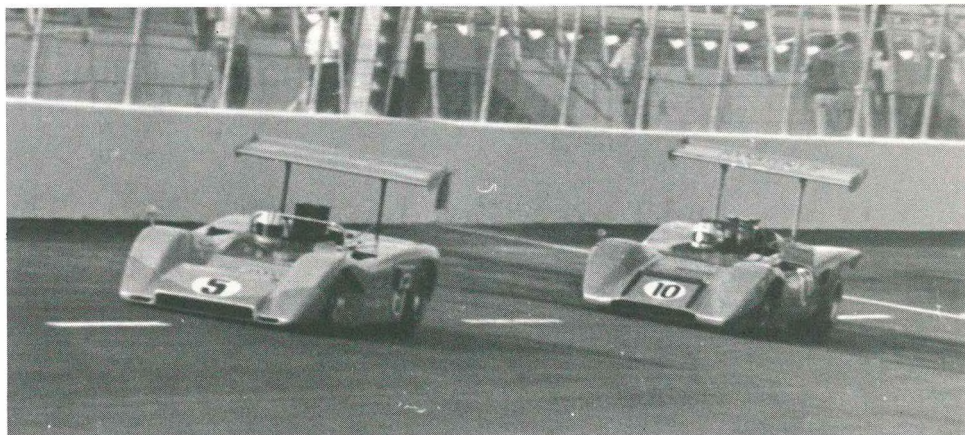
PARSONS, who had moved back up to seventh after his spin had dropped him to twelfth, was still having a time of it. As Bruce had moved by to lap him in Turn 10, the cars touched, Parsons spun without going off course and proceeded on. Shortly after, he hit a pylon—again at Turn 10—and lost part of the Lola's front spoiler. Before the race was over, the ill-handling Lola would spin again in Turn 9, and again in Turn 1.

BY lap 30, Denis and Bruce had lapped everyone but Brabham, in third (which they would do two laps later). Getting around some of the much slower back markers had posed it moments, and in one instance as Denis had moved to pass Apel in Turn 4, the two cars had made contact—but without dire consequence to either, it might be added.

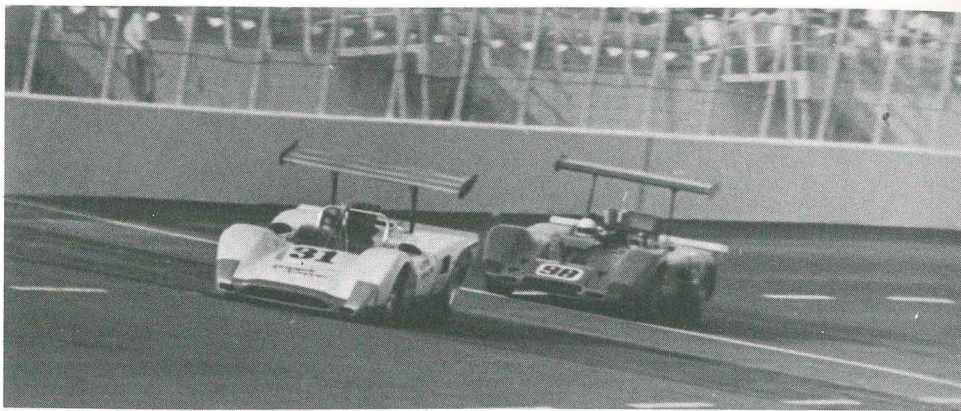
BEHIND Brabham, Revson and Eaton were still at it. Eaton, who had been five seconds behind, had closed on Revson, passed him on the approach to Turn 1 only to have Revson get back by between turns 2 and 3.

AT mid-distance, lap 35, Denis, who had run through the traps on the front-straight at 208 mph, turned the fastest lap of the race with a 1:33.9/115.016 mph. By this point, of course, Denis had led every lap since taking the lead from Andretti and been as much as 25 seconds in front of Bruce—and there were some who wondered perhaps if this was not going to turn out to be Denis' race and championship. But by lap forty he had slowed down sufficiently to allow Bruce to close to within 5 seconds, and along pit row heads were nodded knowingly, then frown lines appeared as some tried to figure out where Denis would have to finish in the race to finish low enough in overall points for Bruce to win the championship—if that was the way it was to be.

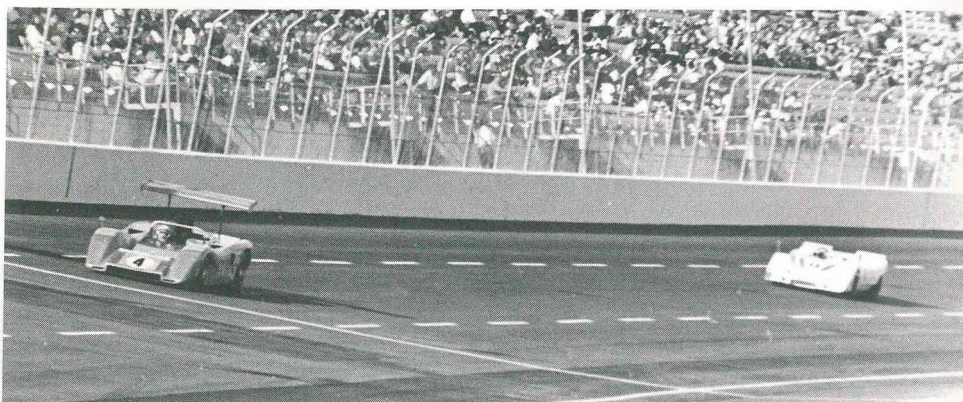
By now Eaton, running as much as three seconds faster than his qualifying time, had passed Revson *and* Brabham. The order of the field behind them now read: Siffert, Parsons, Cordts, Motschenbacher, Causey, Janke, McCaig, Harrison, Dean, Wilson, Frederick, Brown, Apel, Campbell and Goldleaf.



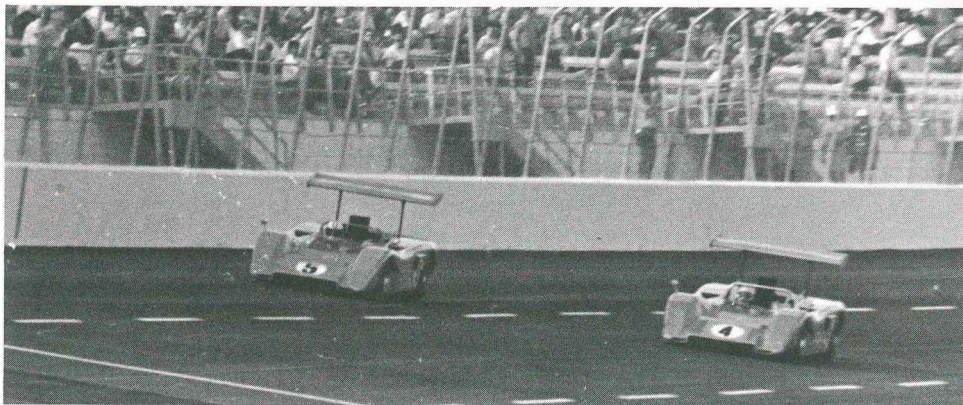
Hulme led the first 45 laps of the 70 lap race. Here, he laps Parsons on the long, banked front-straight.



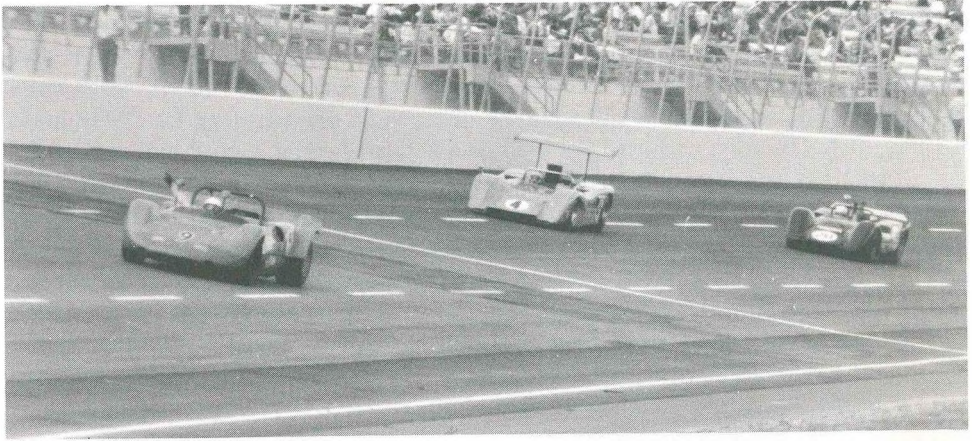
Reeson leads Eaton down the front-straight in an exciting duel for 4th place that lasted almost 25 laps. Reeson ultimately retired his Lola with engine failure 5 laps from the finish and Eaton continued on to take 2nd place for his best finish of the season.



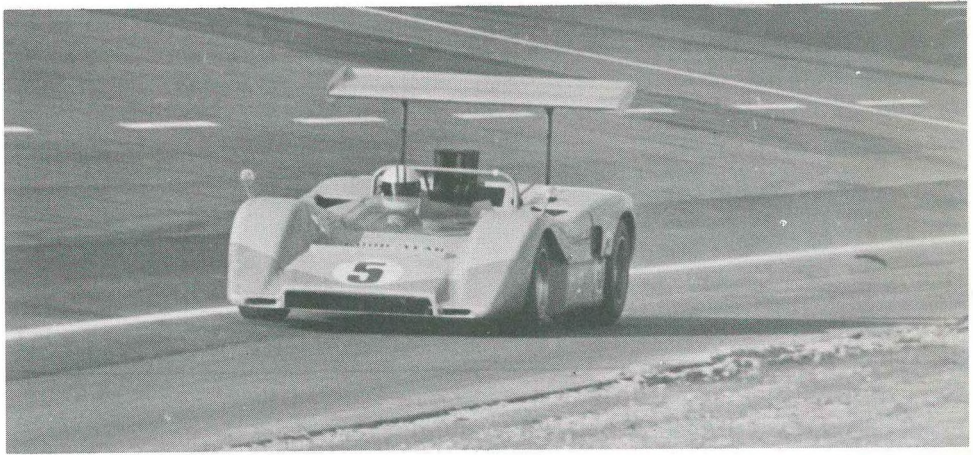
McLaren ran second to Hulme the first 45 laps. Running a 427 cu. in. engine to Hulme's 430, McLaren was at times as much as 25 seconds behind his teammate. Here, he leads Siffert (who is four positions behind) down the front-straight.



As McLaren leads now, he and Hulme bring the spectators to their feet as they run side-by-side at 200 mph on the banking.



McLaren, who has just lapped Brown, receives a passing signal from Campbell. By mid-distance, the works McLarens had lapped every other car in the field.



Hulme astonished everyone when he slowed, dropped low on the banking and retired his McLaren M8B on course with engine failure on lap 59.

ON lap 45, Denis handed over the lead to Bruce, and now each time they would climb the banking and fly down the long front-straight they would make a race of it, and the spectators in the high stands beyond the bank would leap to their feet in excitement and scream and cheer as Denis would close on Bruce, stick the nose of his McLaren alongside Bruce's and run with him at 200 mph down the middle length of the straight—but Denis' McLaren would not, of course, nose out Bruce's and Denis would stay alongside until the last possible moment in the approach to Turn 1, then tuck in behind Bruce to follow him through the turn and around the road course again. The spectators loved it.

THERE were two retirements in the next seven laps. Cordts retired on lap 45 and Brown on lap 51, both with engine failure.

THE order of the field fairly well held then until lap 59. On that lap, as the works McLarens appeared on the banking, everyone watched in astonishment as Bruce

pulled well away from Denis. Denis had slowed considerably and dropped to the low lane of the banking. He had had oil pressure problems since early in the race and knowing there was nothing his crew could do about it had decided simply to continue on in the hopes the engine would make the distance. It did not—and he slowly made his way off the banking and onto the road course to pull off at Turn 4 and retire.

DENIS' retirement, of course, answered the question as to who of Team McLaren would win the race—and the championship. Bruce was later to write in his *Autosport* column: "*Nobody was really sure whether Denny or I would win the title, and we weren't very sure either, although we had sat and looked at each other once or twice! Denny had been getting gradually faster in the Can Am car all year, but whereas last year I think I might have been able to beat him in a knock-down-drag-out fight in a Can Am car, I don't think I could now. So if Denny had wanted to, he could have won the Texas race and the championship. There are two ways of looking at this. You might say, well he drives for the team so he should drive to team orders, but in fact our team has never been that way. We've always endeavoured to find individuals in every area who would do the best possible job with no limitations, and if you set that sort of policy you don't map out a battle plan for them, you map it out with them. I won the Can Am Series in 1967 and Denny won it in 1968, and for 1969 we had tacitly agreed to take turns while things were fairly easy for the sake of a happy team. As it turned out nobody had to make the final decision because Denny's engine didn't run the distance.*"

ONLY ten laps separated Bruce from the championship now. The closest car to him was Eaton's McLaren M12, a half-a-lap behind. The order of the field was holding steady.

BACK in seventh place, Motschenbacher, who had been running steadily in the middle of the field since an early stop for oil, was now in the middle of a fine state of affairs. When Siffert had come up to lap him earlier, Motschenbacher had waved him by and as Siffert passed him the Porsche had scraped the side of the McLaren M12 breaking the holding pins that fastened the side of the McLaren's front panel. Now Motschenbacher was driving the car with one hand while he held the panel on with the other. He was not to be envied.

THERE was to be one more retirement before the end of the race. On lap 64 Revson pitted with what he thought was an empty fuel tank. The crew topped off the tank, Revson started back out—the engine, gasping its last breaths, faltered and almost died, Revson coaxed some life back into it and made it back out on the course as far as Turn 11 before the engine expired. Although he had finished almost 66 laps of the 70 lap race, he would be listed as a DNF—as would Denis, who had completed 59 laps—for to be considered an official finisher, a car had to run 75% of the race distance *and* be running at the end. (This was the same fate that had befallen Chris at Elkhart Lake.)

AS Bruce took the checkered flag on lap 70, Eaton was 86.9 seconds behind and the only other driver on the same lap. Following, from one to ten laps down, were Brabham, Siffert, Parsons, Motschenbacher, Causey, Dean, Janke, McCaig, Harrison and Wilson.

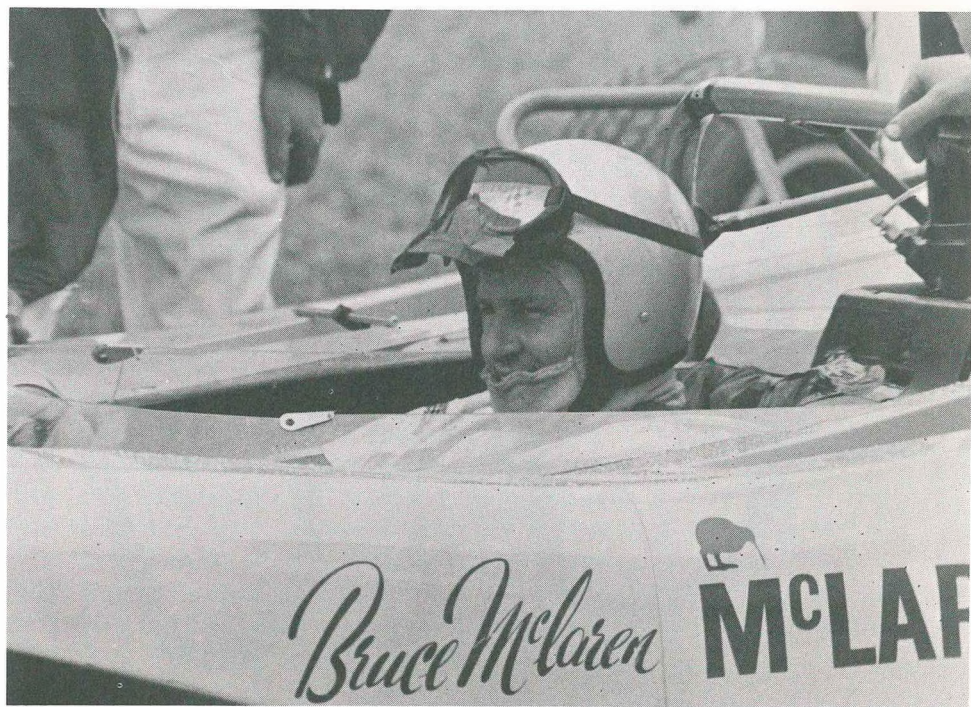
BRUCE pulled into the pit row exhausted and almost ill from the heat, his face

drawn and gray. He stopped to pick up Teddy and the crew. They found perches on the car and Bruce drove his McLaren slowly down the pit lane and into the victory circle for the last time.

HE had again won the championship against opposition that had been weak. The drivers who had gone through the season with him were talented, spirited men—but they had been handicaped by machinery that could in no way approach the performance and reliability of the immaculately prepared works McLarens.

THE season's record for Team McLaren had been phenomenal. Along with the eleven wins, there had been 8 second place finishes. Every race had seen a works McLaren on the pole—and the second team car had set next to pole position ten times. Bruce and Denis had turned the fastest lap times in ten races and broken lap records in eight.

INDEED, Bruce had established a mark of excellence which no other team could approach—but in so doing, he had also pointed the way for others to follow and set a standard by which they could measure themselves along the way.



After picking up Teddy Mayer and the crew, McLaren drives up the pit lane to victory circle. The Texas win made it a clean sweep of the Series by Team McLaren and won the championship for McLaren.

Texas International Speedway

85 miles from Houston

3 miles

minimum 32 feet

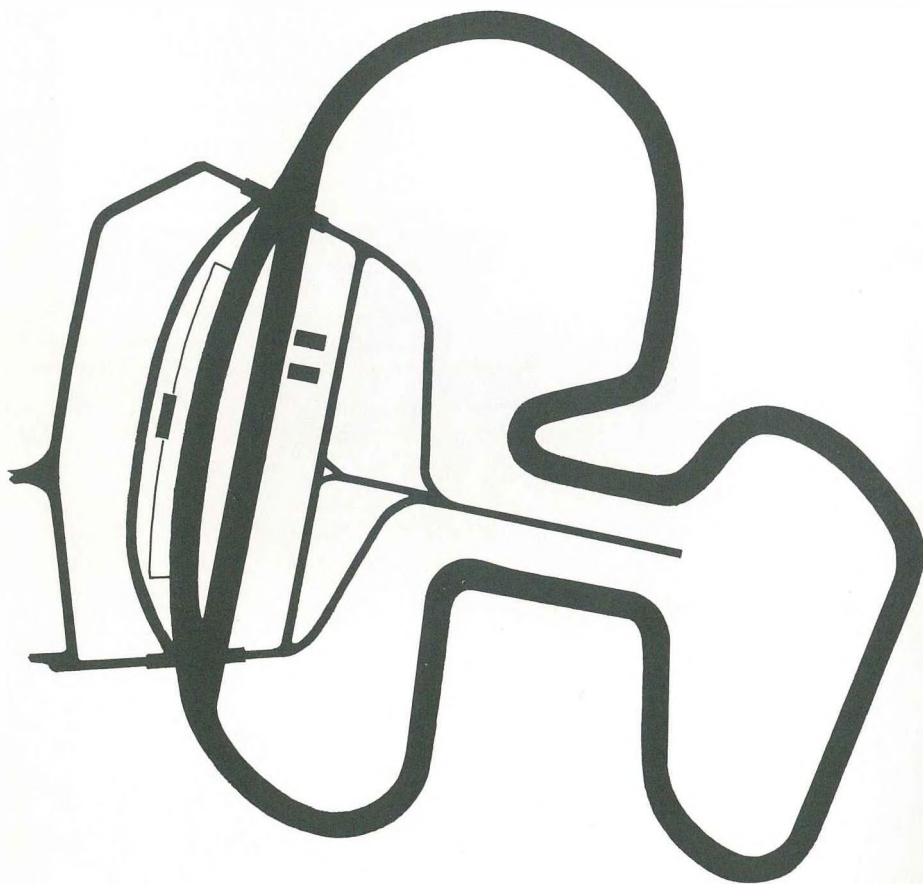
Record: Denis Hulme

McLaren CanAm

117.904 mph

1 min. 35.75 sec.

1969



Results

RESULTS of Texas International Can-Am for the Canadian American Challenge Cup at Texas International Speedway, College Station, Texas, November 9, 1969. Conducted by Lone Star Region of the Sports Car Club of America, Inc.

Race on 3.0-mile circuit for Group 7 cars. Race length, 70 laps (210 miles). Winner's time, 1:54:42.4. Winner's average speed 109.845 m.p.h. Fastest lap: Denis Hulme, Car No. 5, 1:33.9, 115.016 m.p.h. (New Record).

Psn.	Driver	Car	Secs./Laps		Pts.	Purse
			Behind			
1	Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.			20	\$10,000
2	George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	86.9		15	7,000
3	Jack Brabham	Open Sports Ford	2.6	1	12	5,500
4	Jo Siffert	Porsche 917 PA	47.1	1	10	4,000
5	Chuck Parsons	Lola T163-Chev.	70.6	2	8	3,400
6	Lothar Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	50.2	5	6	3,000
7	David Causey	McLaren M6B-Chev.	76.3	5	4	2,600
8	Tony Dean	Porsche 908	89.9	6	3	2,200
9	Leonard Janke	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	73.3	7	2	1,800
10	Roger McCaig	McLaren M6B-Chev.	91.6	7	1	1,400
11	Kris Harrison	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	62.5	8		1,100
12	Gary Wilson	Lola T163-Chev.	75.9	10		800

Did Not Finish

Laps Completed/Reason Out

13	Peter Revson	Lola T163-Chev.	65	engine failure	500
14	Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	59	engine failure	400
15	Richard Brown	McLaren M6B-Chev.	51	overheating	300
16	C. E. Frederick	McKee Mk 4B-Chev.	49	running at finish	200
17	Cliff Apel	McLaren Mk 3-Chev.	49	running at finish	200
18	John Cordts	McLaren M6B-Chev.	45	engine failure	200
19	Bruce Campbell	BVC Mk 1-Chev.	44	running at finish	200
20	Ron Goldleaf	Lola T70-Chev.	44	running at finish	200

Epilogue

BRUCE, DENIS, TEDDY AND TYLER left College Station immediately after the Awards ceremonies to fly to Indianapolis. The Indy car had been shipped from England and on Monday Bruce began four days of testing. The "500", six months hence, would be Bruce's initial venture at Indy. He planned on fielding two cars—one for Denis, the other for Chris, with the prototype becoming a spare—and there had probably never been a single race McLaren Racing had been this excited about.

BRUCE drove the sessions initially, getting up to 162 mph, then turned the car over to Denis, who had had more experience on the Indy oval. By the end of their four days they had only completed half their experiments, for they had had to share the track and only one car had been allowed out at a time, but still Denis had gotten up to 168 mph (the qualifying record was 171.559) and Bruce felt they would be able to find another two or three miles an hour, which would make them competitive the following May.

WHEN they returned to England, there was much to be done—the Formula 1, Indy and Can Am projects were all in different phases—and the mild weather had to be taken advantage of because winter would soon be closing in, curtailing test sessions at Goodwood until March or April. And so the twelve hour work days at the factory and Goodwood began again for Bruce—and this was a phase of the business he enjoyed very much—he derived as much pleasure from designing, building and testing race cars as he did from driving. So much so, actually, that he planned cutting back on his driving and intended to retire (as a driver not as a constructor) from Formula 1 racing at the end of the 1970 Grand Prix season. He would continue to drive the Can Am, however, for sports cars were his great love.

THE formula 1 season began in March with the South African Grand Prix. The debut of the new Formula 1 McLaren-Fords saw Bruce retire at mid-distance with engine failure and Denis continue on to a fine second place finish. The procedure reversed itself at the Spanish Grand Prix with Bruce finishing second and Denis retiring early on when a distributor rotor went out. They returned to England to both finish the Silverstone International Trophy race with Bruce coming in fourth and Denis seventh. It was then time to move on to the U.S., to Indy and 30 days in May and disaster and distress and disappointment.

IT began nicely enough. The team arrived early with the McLaren M15-turbo-charged Offenhausers prepared to run and everyone ready for the task at hand in the normal tradition of McLaren Racing. On the first day of practice, Team McLaren set The Establishment back at least three paces by running the cars—all *three* cars; Denis', Chris', and the backup car. *No one* is expected to be *that* ready on the 1st of May. The high standard of construction and preparation of the McLaren entries was not lost on the USAC veterans; the team received many compliments in this regard and the Indiana section of the Society of Automotive Engineers awarded Bruce a certificate "of recognition in the field of car design for the Indianapolis 500" for his M15 design.

THE following week Bruce and Denis flew to Monaco for the Grand Prix. This time around, Bruce clipped the chicane and dropped from contention and Denis finished fourth.

THEY returned to Indy and during practise early in the week a breather cap snapped open on Denis' car as he lapped at speed—a spring installed on the breather cap (according to Indy regulation) to hold the cap closed had accomplished just the opposite; it had vibrated so much it opened the catch and held the cap open. As Denis braked for Turn 3 the fuel surged forward, escaped through the open breather and the spray fanned backward over the cockpit to ignite on the red-hot turbocharger behind the Offenhauser engine. With the car in invisible flames (for unlike gasoline, methanol fuel burns with a clear flame) the fire extinguisher went off but was ineffectual against the blaze as the car traveled at 180 mph. Denis braked desperately now, and as he did so more fuel surged from the breather feeding the flames, and burning fuel and searing heat filled the cockpit to shrivel his leather gloves and burn his hands terribly; it charred his helmet and melted the visor, but though the visor fell in, it sealed itself off protecting Denis' face and saving him from inhaling the flames. The pain in his hands was unbearable as he fought to release the seat harness catch. Free of the harness, he squirmed and twisted his way out from beneath the steering wheel and tried to stand in the seat. The car was traveling about 70 mph now, he turned backwards in the seat, his hands were useless so with forearm against the roll bar, he pushed himself out of the car over the real wheel. He landed on the track on his back and bounced without; astonishingly, breaking any bones. He gained his feet to curse as the fire truck chased his burning runaway car. The emergency crew had thought because he had been able to leave the car he was alright—but Denis was on fire too, his gloves, shoes and coverall sleeves burning with the clear flame of methanol which they could not see and he was forced to run after the fire truck, which was down the track where his car had hit the wall.

DENIS was taken to the hospital in Indianapolis, his burns extremely serious,

and for a time there was the undiscussed fear he would lose some fingers from his left hand. But although surgery was performed to strip away the charred flesh from his hands, he did not lose any fingers and soon, with the aid of drugs to alleviate some of the pain, Denis was able to receive visits from a deeply concerned Bruce and McLaren crew.

AS Denis' condition improved, Team McLaren was struck with another setback. Denis' accident had tipped the scales for Chris, who had not been that much at ease on the Indy oval, and he withdrew. Packed up and went home. With Denis in the hospital and Chris gone, Team McLaren was driverless. Ultimately, Peter Revson was chosen to replace Denis. Carl Williams replaced Chris. Peter qualified his car at 167.942 mph for 16th position on the grid. Williams qualified at 166.590 for 19th on the 33-car starting grid.

BRUCE flew back to England the week preceding the "500". The prototype M8D (which would be Denis' 1970 Can Am car) was ready for testing. When the five day session was over, Bruce did not want to return to Indianapolis. He was tired and depressed. Denis' accident had been distressing. Chris' departure had been a great disappointment. Bruce had no desire to go back.

PATTY felt that Bruce would regret it if he did not return for the race. She understood drivers well enough to feel that if Bruce was not there his drivers would perhaps feel he did not care quite as much about the Indy project as he really did. In the end she persuaded him, and on the Wednesday before the Saturday race, he caught a plane to Indianapolis.

THE race proved a disappointment to Bruce. Peter worked smoothly up to seventh place from his 16th starting position only to have his magneto go out and cause his retirement on the 37th lap. Williams continued on to finish a creditable 9th.

AFTER the race, Bruce sat on a low stack of tires in the McLaren garage. He was off to the side by himself. Denis was there; after eleven days of hospitalization he had been released the day before and now stood surrounded by people, as did Williams. But Bruce sat off to the side by himself, incredibly "down" for him. A friend came in, sat down with him, asked him how he felt now with his first "500" behind him. "Oh, I don't know," he answered tiredly. He looked over at Denis, at the heavy bandages on his friend's hands and forearms. "I think it's hardly worthwhile." He said he just felt sad and a bit empty about the whole affair. He just wanted to leave, get out of Indianapolis and go home.

BRUCE and Denis flew out of Indianapolis on Sunday to arrive in England on Monday, June 1st. By Tuesday Bruce's normally buoyant spirits had returned. The gloom of the weekend was gone, the challenge of Indy was back and he was bursting with enthusiasm, his head full of new ideas for the 1971 Indy McLaren.

A test session was scheduled for that day, and when Bruce arrived at Goodwood at mid-morning, the day was full of spring, soft and sunny, the air stirring with a gentle breeze.

Bruce's new Can Am car was there (he had tested Denis' the previous week). The fiberglass body had not been completed in time for the test session and for now Bruce's car had been fitted with the body from Denis' car.

DENIS' Formula 1 car was also there. Because of his burns, Denis would not be

able to drive the Belgian Grand Prix the next weekend and Peter Gethin was to replace him. Gethin was of smaller stature than Denis, which would make it necessary to re-tailor the cockpit to his comfort and the Formula 1 car now awaited his arrival.

THE Can Am car was being fueled, so Bruce took out the Formula 1 car for a few laps. When he came back in, the Can Am car was ready. He took it out at 10:45. This was his first time in the new car.

BRUCE loved test sessions. Most drivers do not. Perhaps part of the enjoyment Bruce derived at this point was due to the fact that the cars which he drove were his—of his own conception, his own design, of heart and mind. What pleasure it must bring a man to step into such a car, to take it out for the first time and feel out the strengths—and weaknesses—that he has created in the car; to feel its response to direction; to receive with sensitivity the messages of need it relays then bring it in for changes that will perhaps help it make its way better through a corner or give it more security on the road's surface—to strive to bring the car as close as possible to the point of perfection, to that moment when it runs at its quickest, to that moment when communication between man and a strong and prideful car is so complete they become as one.

TWO laps, four laps, four more, six laps, then five—for the next hour and a half Bruce ran the car a handful of laps at a time, bringing it in between each session to have the wing angle raised a notch, or the tire pressures changed, or the roll bars adjusted. At 12:19 he left the pits again for his last run before lunch. He completed his out-lap and as he ran at 170 mph down the main-straight and through the left-hand kink, the rear fiberglass panel of the McLaren lifted, buckled in the airflow and as the body tore apart, the car went out of control, spun, the tires left sixty yards of black marks to trace the car's passage before it left the road, and in the next moment there was an agony of rending metal and shattering fiberglass as the car exploded against an embankment off to the right side of the track. Silence—a black column of smoke rising to be wafted by the gentle breeze. Bruce lay 20 feet away from his burning car. He had died instantly.

BRUCE McLaren had opened the door to a motor racing era in the U.S. and Canada—and his people at Coonbrook would not allow that door to close with his death. They rallied from their shock and grief and less than two weeks after Bruce's accident two works McLarens were entered for Mosport, the first race of the 1970 Can Am season. One M8D was for Denis, the other for Dan Gurney.

IT was too soon for Denis to be driving again, his hands were not yet healed,—but he would have it no other way; he was determined “to do it for Bruce”. He qualified second to Gurney, who had taken the pole. On Saturday Denis drove sixteen consecutive laps (40 miles) to see how his hands would hold up under the protective layers of gauze bandages, cotton gloves and heavy gauntlet-type fire-repellent gloves; when he came in his hands were swollen and the raw, pink skin had broken in several places—but even so, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that he would drive the 200 lap race—and at the drop of the starter's flag on Sunday, Denis flew into the lead with Gurney second and Jack Oliver, in the Autocoast T122, at Gurney's heels. The three soon pulled away from the rest of the field. Oliver had no trouble staying with the works McLarens. He ran a close third for twenty laps, caught and passed Gurney in slower traffic on the pit straight and moved up to stalk Denis. Denis continued in the lead, his

hands blistering, the blisters bursting, but he would not ease off on his own accord. Then, just past mid-distance, the McLaren-Chevy's water temperature began to climb and Denis was forced to back off, Oliver took the lead and three laps later Denis waved Gurney by and the exciting dice between Oliver and Gurney which followed ended with Gurney victorious and as the checkered flag fell it was Gurney, Oliver and Denis. Team McLaren had taken 1st and 3rd for the first Can Am race of the 1970 season—and as Gurney stood on the spectator-ringed victory dais, Denis sat in the cockpit of his car at the end of the pit row, silent, head bowed and as he looked up at last, lifted his arms to be assisted from the cockpit and stood on the seat, the spectators that crowded quietly about his car began, one by one, to applaud.

THE Series then moved to eastern Canada. Gurney won St. Jovite, Denis retired at 50 laps with engine failure. Denis won Watkins Glen, Gurney finished ninth. Then Gurney had to withdraw from the team because of a conflict with sponsors and Peter Gethin was brought in to replace him. Denis' hands were healing slowly, satisfactorily, but he had lost most of the strength in his left hand, it was slow in returning and even though he was driving predominately with his right hand, he continued on to win Edmonton, Mid-Ohio, Donnybrooke, Monterey and Riverside. He had also won Elkhart Lake, but had been penalized 13 laps for receiving a push start from course marshalls after a spin and teammate Gethin, running in second, was accredited the victory. At Road Atlanta he had retired after shunting a slower car. At season's end, Denis had won the championship with more than twice the points of second place finisher, Lothar Motschenbacher, while McLaren teammate Gethin finished third—and Team McLaren had won its *fourth* Can Am Series victory.

THUS had McLaren Racing continued to maintain the high standards Bruce had set—and just as surely, others continued to measure their efforts and achievements by them. Chris had spoken of this at Riverside, the last Can Am of the 1970 season. "Bruce's contribution has been much greater than anybody's—in that he demonstrated the way it should be done. I think that since then everybody's been flat-out not trying to do better than that but to emulate what they've (Team McLaren) been doing—and as yet I don't think anybody's caught up. Their organization is still, I think, better than anybody else's. I'm sure of that. I *also* think that Bruce's contribution to the whole—well, in fact I think he made the whole Can Am Series."

THE name *McLaren* and the qualities it represented made an unforgettable impact on Indy the following May. Three Indy cars had come out of the McLaren shop—two were team cars for Denis and Peter Revson, the third was sold to Roger Penske, who prepared and entered it for Mark Donohue.

THEY were beautiful cars (almost too beautiful to race, one McLaren mechanic had said). They were the focal point of interest—and Donohue left the USAC veterans shaking their heads and mumbling to themselves when he turned a fantastic 181 mph during practise; *10 mph* faster than the fastest lap of the previous year's time.

IT was Revson, however, who took the spotlight on the first day of qualifying (the only day one can qualify for the pole). He turned his fastest lap at 179.354 to put the works McLaren on the pole with an average speed of 178.696, breaking the two year old qualifying record by an astounding 7.137 mph. Donohue qualified second in the Penske McLaren with a 177.087. Denis put the other works car in fourth with a 174.910.

DONOHUE took the lead on the first lap of the 200 lap race. He ran quickly, smoothly, pulling abit away from the others each lap, building an impressive lead. Then he stopped for his first pit stop on lap 51, returned to the course and fifteen laps later the gearbox packed up. Denis, who had spun early on, worked his way back up from the back of the pack to eighth only to have his engine fail on lap 137. That left Peter. And there were nods now—the McLarens were fast, but they weren't durable. Peter's was. It had developed handling problems early on and Peter had dropped back as far as sixth—but he had been able to cope with the problem, it did not worsen and the McLaren ran strongly, pridefully and Peter began to move back up, driving with such precision that one sports commentator remarked that the McLaren was so smooth it looked as though it were going around the course on a rail.

PETER did not win. But he brought the works McLaren in second, on the same lap with the winner, 23 seconds behind. And how sad it was that Bruce had not been there to see this accomplishment—for by taking the pole position, setting a new qualifying record and finishing a strong second, Peter had put the works McLaren solidly in the record books.

IN total, surely, this Indy would be remembered as the year of the McLarens.

THE 1971 Can Am season saw Peter Revson join Team McLaren as teammate to Denis. It also saw former World Champion Jackie Stewart enter to drive Eric Broadley's new Lola-T260 for Carl Haas—and to some this seemed a formidable combination, one that might possess the potential to break the McLaren stronghold on the Series. This potential was never realized, however, for the Lola was beset through the Series with a variety of ills, mostly handling problems.

AS the Series opened at Mosport, Stewart took the pole position, diced with Denis for the lead and went out on lap 18 with a broken crown and pinion gear; Denis continued on to win with Peter at his heels.

AT St. Jovite Denis, ill with the flu, led Stewart the first two-thirds of the 75 lap race. On lap 52, Stewart passed Denis in Namerow Corner. Denis, fighting violent attacks of wrenching, refused to give up and continued on doggedly to finish second to Stewart while Peter finished third. When Denis came in, he was so near exhaustion he had to be helped out of his racing gear then collapsed on the pit lane.

PETER won Road Atlanta in humid, 90° exhausting heat. Stewart's threat to Team McLaren lasted only thirteen laps this time. Peter took the lead at the start with Stewart's Lola snaking in between the two orange McLarens. Peter led the first five laps, lost the lead to Stewart for the next six, regained it again and on lap thirteen Stewart began a series of pit stops that would drop him from top contention. Peter led the rest of the way with Denis behind him, both lapped the rest of the field—and the finish was not without drama, for three laps from victory, with Denis a minute behind, the wheel retaining nut on the left-rear of Peter's McLaren M8F vibrated loose and the driving pegs sheared. With the wheel wobbling dangerously, he slowed abit, lost 40 seconds to Denis and as Peter took the checkered flag, it was doubtful his car could have made another lap and he parked it on the grassy verge across from the start/finish line for his first Can Am win.

PETER had his second win at Watkins Glen. Pole sitter Stewart had taken the lead at the start with Peter right behind and Denis third. Stewart led the first ten laps and with Peter closely behind one had the opportunity to see the vast difference

in the handling qualities of the Lola T260 and the McLaren M8F, particularly in the turns. Stewart obviously had his hands full, for the Lola entered the turns skittery and exited with erratic bounds while Peter's McLaren, closely behind, made its way through the turns with smooth precision. Stewart lost the lead, never to regain it when he was forced to pit with a flat tire. Although he made up enough time to move into third behind Peter and Denis, he could not get by the McLarens and on lap 56 of the 82 lap race he retired the Lola with transmission failure. Peter led all the way home with Denis finishing 51 seconds behind.

AT Mid-Ohio, both works McLarens fell victim to the rough, bumpy circuit and Stewart took the win. Denis' race lasted less than 100 yards. Starting from pole position, Denis had a half shaft snap as he braked for the sweeping left hand first turn on the opening lap. Everyone but Causey managed to avoid him, but Causey's Lola T222 hit the McLaren in the left side. Neither Denis or Causey was injured, fortunately Peter had taken the lead with Stewart behind, and after leading 72 of the 80 lap race, running from 10-20 seconds ahead of Stewart, Peter's McLaren met with the same grief as had Denis'; a half shaft snapped and Peter was forced to retire to the pits to watch as Stewart went on to win. Mid-point in the Series now, Peter led with 71 points, Denis was second with 65 and Stewart's win had moved him into third with 40 points.

THERE was a conflict of racing schedules for Team McLaren as the Series moved to Elkhart Lake and the Road America Can Am. McLaren-turbo Offys had been entered for Denis and Peter for the USAC "Calif. 500" at Ontario, Calif. for the weekend following Road America. Qualifying for the USAC race was scheduled for the same weekend as the Can Am. On the Friday before the Can Am, a special qualifying session was held for Denis and Peter at Ontario, but neither felt his car ready to make qualifying runs. Denis opted to return to Elkhart to qualify Saturday for Sunday's Can Am. Peter remained at Ontario to qualify his McLaren-turbo Offy in third and Gordon Johncock, whom Denis had turned his drive over to, qualified seventh. Peter then flew back to Elkhart. Denis had taken pole position for the Can Am, but because Peter had not qualified, he was relegated to last starting position on the grid. At the start, Denis led with Stewart right behind. At the end of the first lap Peter had streaked past 11 of the 22-car starting field. On lap 11, Stewart retired with a severely overheating engine in his Lola T260. On lap 17 the crankshaft expired in Denis' McLaren and he coasted to a stop in the infield on the outside of Turn 5. By now, Peter had completed his breath-taking climb through the field to take the lead and continued on easily for the remaining 33 laps to win with a full lap's margin over second place finisher, Jo Siffert.

THE Ontario USAC race fell between Road America and Donnybrooke. Peter was one of the front-runners for the first fifty laps of the "Calif. 500", then his McLaren was beset with turbocharger problems that had him in and out of the pits, lost him minutes and dropped him from 3rd to 20th. (This same problem caused Johncock's McLaren's retirement on lap 54.) With so much time to be made up, a high finish was out of reach, but even so, Peter stood on it and at the halfway mark was the fastest on the track. He was able to climb back up through the field to finish a most respectable seventh.

AT the Donnybrooke Can Am, Stewart jumped into the lead at the start. On lap 3, however, Peter passed the Scotsman, handing him back to Denis, in third, to deal

with—and as Peter pulled away the red and white Lola and orange McLaren behind set-to in an exciting battle that saw the cars little more than a foot apart. Then Stewart suddenly dove into the pits with suspension problems and the challenge to the McLarens was over, for Stewart would only be able to make his way back up to 6th as Peter smoothly led on, with Denis in second, to bring another win to Team McLaren.

EDMONTON saw Denis back in the winner's circle for the first time since Mosport. The race was run under chilling conditions; the air temperature hovered at the 35° mark and the steady drizzle threatened to turn to snow at any moment. Denis took the lead at the start—leaving Peter, who had taken pole position, sitting on the pit row. A 3/8-inch bolt had somehow fallen down into one of Peter's McLaren's injector stacks in the morning and he would be forced to be a non-starter until lap 11. So it was up to Denis—and he had an interesting race on his hands, for by the end of the first lap Stewart had taken the lead and on lap two a surprising challenge came from Jackie Oliver in the Shadow Mk 11. Oliver passed Denis and as Denis now set out after Oliver, Stewart pulled slowly away from them both. Denis got around Oliver on lap 25 and took after Stewart. By now, Peter was in the race but he had lost so much time the best he would be able to finish would be 12th, out of the points. At this point Stewart had nearly a minute's lead over Denis—but the Lola was mishandling and Stewart spun, losing 30 seconds to Denis and Denis pressed on smoothly, gradually narrowing the gap. Oliver, pressuring Denis from behind then proceeded to collect two buried tire markers and was blackflagged on lap 57 to have the Shadow's shattered bodywork repaired. He lost a lap and a half in the pits and his challenge to Denis was over. With thirteen laps remaining, Denis had closed the distance to Stewart to 4 seconds—then Stewart spun again, Denis was by and on his way to the checkered flag. With two races left in the Series, Team McLaren had the title cinched. Peter had 107 points, Denis 100 and Stewart 61. The best Stewart could possibly do now was take second place—and this would occur only if he won Laguna Seca *and* Riverside with Denis failing to finish both races in the points. This did not seem likely. The question became, then, which of the McLaren drivers would become the champion.

PETER won Laguna Seca, but a black flag finish almost gave the victory to Stewart. Peter led from start to finish. Denis ran in second for the first thirteen laps with Stewart behind him, then Stewart got by Denis and set out after Peter. But Peter had a ten second lead and continued to widen the gap. By lap 30, Peter led Stewart by 20 seconds; by lap 51 he had built up his lead to 33 seconds. He was forced to slow then as he wound his way through heavy traffic, his McLaren was smacked by a back marker and as a result he had to make a quick pit stop on lap 62 to have his right side door closed. He went back out to build a minute's lead on Stewart by lap 78. In the closing laps, Peter's engine broke a valve stem and dropped the valve into the piston. With two laps to go, his engine began belching a blue cloud of smoke and although there was not an oil flag seen displayed on any part of the course, Peter was given the black flag for throwing oil. Peter, driving into a fast-setting sun, did not see the flag and on the next lap (the last lap) expecting to receive the checkered flag continued on around for an extra lap when he did not receive it. The checkered flag was given to Stewart behind him, and to Peter when he completed the extra lap. Peter went to the winner's circle and all kinds of confusion and controversy began. Carl Haas, owner of Stewart's Lola, filed

a protest, feeling the win should have gone to Stewart. Under examination, it was found that the rear of Peter's M8F was liberally coated with a mixture of oil and water, but not a single trace of oil could be found underneath; he had not been throwing oil and the black flag had been unwarranted. After two and a half hours of debate, Haas' protest was disallowed, Peter was given his win and fined \$250 for failing to acknowledge the black flag—and it was a shame that the race had to end on such a note after Peter had turned in such a splendid drive. The twenty points he had earned now gave him a total of 127; Denis' twelve points for third gave him 112. It would be decided at Riverside, then, which of the McLaren drivers would win the championship. If Denis won the race, Peter would have to place sixth or better to take the championship.

AT Riverside, Denis won his third straight Los Angeles Times Grand Prix. Driving in his flawless manner, he duplicated his teammate's Laguna Seca accomplishment by leading from start to finish. Peter had run second for the first seven laps, then dropped to third as he was passed by Stewart. But Stewart only separated the McLaren teammates for eleven laps, for on lap 18 he retired his Lola with engine problems—and from there to the checkered flag, it was Denis and Peter. By placing second, Peter became the first American to win the Can Am championship. Denis' resounding victory placed him second in the over-all standings—and once again, no one had been able to take the Can Am championship from Team McLaren.

THUS, though Bruce McLaren was gone, the fine qualities he had possessed and the high standards he had represented had not been forgotten or lost. He had laid a strong, durable foundation for McLaren Racing, and the talented, dedicated people he left behind had continued to build upon that foundation, structuring to his design—and now although it had been over a year since Bruce's death, the world of motor racing continued to feel the impact of the man he had been.

Results 1966-1971

1966

1967

DRIVER	CAR	PTS.	AWARD	FINISHING POSITIONS													
				MOSPORT PARK	MT. TREMBLANT	WATKINS GLEN	EDMONTON	MID-OHIO	ROAD AMERICA	ROAD ATLANTA	BRIDGEHAMPTON	DONNYBROOKE	MICHIGAN	MONTEREY	RIVERSIDE	TEXAS	LAS VEGAS
1. Bruce McLaren	McLaren M6A-Chev.	30	\$ 62,300	2													
2. Denis Hulme	McLaren M6A-Chev.	27	45,000	1				1	2				12	1	1		
3. John Surtees	Lola-Chev.	16	27,200					3	4								1
4. Mark Donohue	Sunoco Spl. Lola-Chev.	16	24,200					2						3	2		2
5. Jim Hall	Chaparral 2F-Chev.	15	20,900					4						2	2		
6. George Follmer	Sunoco Spl. Lola-Chev.	10	15,975	6						3				3	6	5	3
Mike Spence	Soucy McLaren-Chev.	10	15,675	3										4	7	5	5
8. Bud Morley	Lola-Chev.	5	10,600					8									
9. Charlie Hayes	McKee-Cro-Sal-Olds.	3	7,850					10									4
Parnelli Jones	Lola-Ford	3	6,150														3
Peter Revson	Lola-Chev.	3	6,050	4													10
1. John Surtees	Lola-Chev.	27	\$ 48,100	1									12	1	1		1
2. Mark Donohue	Sunoco Spl. Lola-Chev.	21	25,850			1			5				4	4			3
3. Bruce McLaren	McLaren-Chev.	20	22,560		2				3				3	3			2
4. Phil Hill	Chaparral 2F-Chev.	18	17,750			2			4				1				7
5. Jim Hall	Chaparral 2F-Chev.	12	15,595										2	2			
6. Chris Amon	McLaren-Chev.	10	10,500		3				2				28				
7. Dan Gurney	AAR Lola-Ford	9	8,325						1								
8. Chuck Parsons	McLaren-Chev.	5	8,450		3	6			6					16	8		
9. Graham Hill	Lola-Chev.	4	6,115											3			
10. John Cannon	McLaren-Chev.	4	6,850		4									6			
George Follmer	Lola-Ford	4	5,300			5							17	5			
Peter Revson	McLaren-Ford	4	4,700											6			4

1968

1969

DRIVER	CAR	PTS.	AWARD	FINISHING POSITIONS																
1. Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8B-Chev.	165	\$160,950	1	2	1	2	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2. Denis Hulme	McLaren M8B-Chev.	160	151,134	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	1	2	2	2	1	2	2	1	2	1
3. Chuck Parsons	Lola T-163-Chev.	81	77,000	5	3	5	3	3	7	6	3	2	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4
4. Jo Siffert	Porsche 917PA	56	50,200	6	4	4	3	6	4	4	5	4	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5
5. George Eaton	McLaren M12-Chev.	50	51,300	9	7	4	3	6	4	4	3	6	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
6. Chris Amon	Ferrari 612/ McLaren M8B-Chev.	39	47,200	3	2	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
7. L. Motschenbacher	McLaren M12-Chev.	35	32,350	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
8. Tony Dean	Porsche 908	31	34,000	9	8	5	6	6	7	7	7	7	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
9. John Surtees	Chaparral 2H-Chev./ McLaren M12-Chev.	30	24,000	3	12	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
10. John Cordts	McLaren M3B-Chev./ McLaren M6B-Ford	24	20,000	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	4
1. Denis Hulme	McLaren M8A-Chev.	35	\$ 93,060	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2. Bruce McLaren	McLaren M8A-Chev.	24	69,970	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3. Mark Donohue	Sunoco Spl. McLW6A-Chev.	23	47,040	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4. Jim Hall	Chaparral 2G-Chev.	12	26,240	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
5. L. Motschenbacher	McLaren M6B-Ford	11	23,360	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6. John Cannon	McLaren M3B-Chev.	10	29,450	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7. George Follmer	Lola T70-Ford	6	14,770	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
8. Jerry Titus	McLaren M6B-Chev.	5	12,440	4	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
9. Sam Posey	Autodynamics Lola-Chev.	5	13,245	4	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
10. Chuck Parsons	Lola T160-Chev.	5	11,195	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

1970

1971

DRIVER

CAR

PTS. AWARD

- MOSPORT PARK
 MT. TREMBLANT
 WATKINS GLEN
 EDMONTON
 MID-OHIO
 ROAD AMERICA
 ROAD ATLANTA
 BRIDGEHAMPTON
 DONNYBROOKE
 MICHIGAN
 MONTEREY
 RIVERSIDE
 TEXAS
 LAS VEGAS

FINISHING POSITIONS

1. Peter Revson	Gulf McLaren M8F-Chev.	142	\$158,200	2	3	1	12	7	1	1	1	1	1	2
2. Denis Hulme	Gulf McLaren M8F-Chev.	132	140,249	1	2	2	1	25	16	2	2	2	3	1
3. Jackie Stewart	L&M Lola T260-Chev.	76	96,950	22	1	22	2	1	18	11	6	2	18	
4. Jo Siffert	STP Porsche 917	68	55,000				3	4	2	2	5	5		
5. L. Molschanbacher	Newman Mcl. M8D-Chev.	52	50,200	3	5	27	7	16	4	3	21	6	22	
6. Milt Minter	Polak Porsche 917	37	25,400	27	8	5	6	25	5	5	7	9	6	
7. Tony Adamowicz	Jerabee Mcl. M8B-Chev.	34	27,700				5	3	19	4			7	
8. Chuck Parsons	Mcl. M8D-Chev./World Lola T-190/Newman Mcl. M8E	30	24,550				4	8	5	14			10	5
9. Vic Elford	ARA McLaren M8E-Chev.	25	24,300				8	18	3	17	4		18	
10. Hiroshi Kazato	Lola T-222-Chev.	19	22,250	9	6	10	17	20	5	13	9		21	26
1. Denis Hulme	McLaren M8D-Chev.	132	\$162,202	3	13	1	1	1	15	22	1	1	1	1
2. L. Molschanbacher	McLaren M8B-Chev./McLaren M12-Chev.	65	81,100	11	2	27	3	3	19	3	6	18	5	
3. Peter Gethin	McLaren M8D-Chev.	56	68,900				2	9	1	7	2	24	19	
4. Dave Cousey	Lola T-163-Chev.	47	58,450	7	9	13	5	19	3	2	8	9	8	
5. Jackie Oliver	Atcast/Norris Ti-22-Chev.	45	50,800	2	20						2	2		
6. Tony Dean	Porsche 908	44	48,850	4	16	11	25	5	1		7	9		
7. Dan Gurney	McLaren M8D-Chev.	42	43,000	1	1	9								
8. Peter Revson	L&M Lola T-220-Chev.	39	40,850	18	18	19	16	2	26	14	3	3	26	
9. Bob Brown	McLeagle-Chev.	35	31,500	13	4	8	4	6	5	5	25	30	6	
10. Roger McGaig	McLaren M8C-Chev.	34	32,700	5	5	18	8	6	13	5	15	11	10	

All-time points leaders

	Points	No. of starts	Pts. per start	Race winning drivers
Denis Hulme	486	43	11.3	Denis Hulme
Bruce McLaren	239	29	8.2	Bruce McLaren
Peter Revson	217	41	5.3	Peter Revson
L. Mclischenbacher	167	49	3.4	John Surtees
Chuck Parsons	142	42	3.4	Dan Gurney
Jo Siffert	139	15	9.3	Mark Donohue,
Chris Amon	79	21	3.7	Jackie Stewart
Jackie Stewart	76	12	6.3	John Cannon,
Tony Dean	75	17	4.4	Phil Hill, Tony Dean,
Dan Gurney	74	17	4.4	Peter Gethin
John Surtees	73	21	3.5	
Dave Causey	67	18	3.7	
George Eaton	66	31	2.1	
Mark Donohue	60	16	3.7	
Jackie Oliver	57	12	4.7	
				Race winning cars
				McLaren
				Lola
				Chaparral, Porsche
				Race winning engines
				Chevrolet
				Ford, Porsche

	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971
RECORDS					
Champion	John Surtees	Denis Hulme	Bruce McLaren	Denis Hulme	Peter Revson
Car	Lola T-70	McLaren M8A	McLaren M8B	McLaren M8D	McLaren M8F
Engine	Chevrolet	Chevrolet	Chevrolet	Chevrolet	Chevrolet
Race purses	\$178,320	\$223,720	\$547,784	\$622,200	\$753,899
Point fund	\$ 55,000	\$126,000	\$200,000	\$200,000	\$ 50,000
Mfrs.' awards	\$125,250	\$178,000	\$193,750	\$175,400	\$137,950
Attendance	250,000	276,000	401,260	370,067	395,995
Events	6	6	11	10	10

Bruce McLaren's Record

GP FORMULA 1 RACING - 1958-1970

1958

Nurburgring GP, 5th OA, F2 Cooper

1959

Monaco GP, 5th OA, Cooper

GP of Europe, Rheims, 5th OA, Cooper

12th RAC British GP, 3rd OA, Cooper-Climax

German GP, 4th OA, Cooper-Climax

U.S. GP (Sebring), 1st, Cooper-Climax

Finished 6th in Championship points - 16½ points

1960

GP Argentina, 1st OA, Cooper

GP Monaco, 2nd OA, Cooper

GP Belgium, 2nd OA, Cooper

GP France, 3rd OA, Cooper

GP Britain, 4th, Cooper

GP Germany, 9th OA, Cooper

GP Portugal, 2nd, Cooper

GP U.S., 3rd, Cooper

Finished 2nd in Championship Points - 34 points

1961

GP Monaco, 6th, Cooper

GP Netherlands, 11th, Cooper

GP France, 4th, Cooper

GP British, 8th, Cooper

GP Germany, 6th, Cooper

GP Italy, 3rd, Cooper

GP U.S., 4th, Cooper

Tied for 6th with J. Clark in Championship Points - 11 points

1962

GP Monaco, 1st, Cooper

GP France, 4th, Cooper

GP Britain, 3rd, Cooper

GP Germany, 5th, Cooper

GP Italy, 3rd, Cooper

GP U.S., 3rd, Cooper

GP S. Africa, 2nd, Cooper

Finished 3rd in Championship Points - 27 points

1963

GP Monaco, 3rd, Cooper

GP Belgium, 2nd, Cooper

GP France, 12th, Cooper

GP Italy, 3rd, Cooper

GP U.S., 11th, Cooper

GP S. Africa, 4th, Cooper

Finished 6th in Championship Points - 17 points

1964

GP Netherlands, 7th, Cooper

GP Belgium, 2nd, Cooper

GP France, 6th, Cooper

GP Italy, 2nd, Cooper

GP Mexico, 7th, Cooper

Finished 7th in Championship Points - 13 points

1965

GP S. Africa, 5th, Cooper

GP Monaco, 5th, Cooper

GP Belgium, 3rd, Cooper

GP Britain, 10th, Cooper

GP Italy, 5th, Cooper

Finished 8th in Championship Points - 10 points

1966

GP Britain, 6th, McLaren-Serenissima

GP U.S., 5th, McLaren-Ford

Tied for 12th with B. Bondurant and J. Siffert for Championship Points - 3 points

1967

GP Monaco, 4th, McLaren-BRM

GP Canada, 7th, McLaren-BRM

GP Mexico, 13th, McLaren-BRM

Tied with J. Bonnier for 14th in Championship Points - 3 points

1968

GP Belgium, 1st, McLaren-Ford
GP France, 8th, McLaren-Ford
GP Britain, 7th, McLaren-Ford
GP Germany, 13th, McLaren-Ford
GP Canada, 2nd, McLaren-Ford
GP U.S., 6th, McLaren-Ford
GP Mexico, 2nd, McLaren-Ford
Finished 5th in Championship Points - 22 points

1969

GP S. Africa, 5th, McLaren-Ford
GP Spain, 2nd, McLaren-Ford
GP Monaco, 5th, McLaren-Ford
GP France, 4th, McLaren-Ford
GP Britain, 3rd, McLaren-Ford
GP Germany, 3rd, McLaren-Ford
GP Italy, 4th, McLaren-Ford
GP Canada, 5th, McLaren-Ford
Finished 3rd in Championship Points - 26 points

1970

GP Spain, 2nd, McLaren-Ford

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Index

- AAR (All American Racers), 162, 169
Adamich, Andrea de, 146, 148, 150, 151, 157
Agapiou, Charlie, 80, 96
Agapiou, Kerry, 80, 96
Agapiou Racing Team, 29, 34, 78, 80, 85, 87, 93, 99, 112, 120, 142, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 152, 196
Aintree Circuit, England, 13
Alexander, Tyler, 17, 18, 30, 50, 51, 66, 76, 79, 84, 85, 105, 108, 176, 180, 185, 192, 194, 203, 206
American Raceways, Inc., 192
Amon, Chris, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 40, 61, 64, 66, 67, 69, 69, 70, 71, 72, 74, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 94, 95, 97, 98, 100, 102, 103, 104, 105, 110, 112, 116, 117, 117, 120, 121, 122, 123, 125, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 136, 139, 144, 145, 146, 147, 160, 162, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 169, 170, 171, 173, 176, 178, 179, 180, 180, 181, 182, 183, 183, 184, 185, 189, 193, 195, 196, 197, 198, 202, 205, 206, 207, 208, 210
Amon, (Mr. and Mrs.—Chris' parents), 159, 166
Andretti, Mario, 19, 23, 25, 29, 94, 111, 113, 114, 115, 116, 119, 120, 122, 125, 160, 165, 166, 168, 169, 170, 173, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 183, 184, 186, 187, 189, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 205
Apel, Cliff, 99, 102, 110, 122, 125, 152, 157, 199, 205
Argentine Grand Prix, 15
Atkinson, Bill, 186
Austin-Healy, 13
Autocoast Ti22, 162, 163, 165, 168, 170, 179, 184, 185, 189, 196, 197, 198, 199, 205, 209
Autosport—motor racing publication, 24, 72, 103, 173, 175, 202
Autoweek (Competition Press) motor racing publication, 107
Avus Circuit, Germany, 14
Baker, Fred, 50, 54, 55, 57, 60, 64, 67, 71, 74, 121, 125
Bailey, Roger, 98, 116, 117, 177, 182
Barth, Edgar, 12
Bartz, Al, 23
Beanland, Colin, 13, 17
Belgian, G. P., 24, 209
Bell Star helmets, 67
Beltoise, Jean-Pierre, 175
Biro, Pete, 58
Bondurant, Bob, 20
Bonnier, Jo, 62, 64, 67, 71, 74
Bosch Company, 113
Brabham, Jack, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 142, 144, 145, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 157, 193, 196, 198, 199, 202, 205
Brabham Racing Cars, 13, 16
Brady, Jack, 143
Brands Hatch Circuit, England, 14, 18
Bridgehampton Can Am Races, New York, 21 (1966); 23 (1967); 25 (1968); 127–139 (1969)
Bridgehampton Circuit, U.S., 21, 23, 25, 122, 127, 144, 145, 151, 163
Bristow, Chris, 16

Page numbers in italics are photographs.

- British Grand Prix, 20
 BRM, 16
 Broadley, Eric, 211
 Brooks, Tony, 12, 14
 Brown, Richard, 35, 43, 60, 63, 67, 69, 71,
 74, 102, 104, 110, 121, 122, 125, 129, 133,
 135, 136, 139, 149, 150, *152*, 157, 171,
 173, 186, 189, 193, 199, 201, *201*, 205
 Bucknum, Ron, 20, 41, 61, 62, 63, 64, 67,
 70, 74, 78, 93
 Burnett Racing Cars, 92, 125, 173, 189
 Burnett, Stan, 86, 87, 92, 120, 125
- Campbell, Bruce, 189, 199, *201*, 205
 Canadian G. P., 24
 Cannon, John, 29, 33, 34, 35, 43, 47, 48, 49,
 78, 80, *80*, 81, 83, 85, 86, 87, 92, 93, 99,
 102, 110, 196
Car and Driver magazine, 118
 CASC (Canadian Auto Sport Club), 32, 47
 Causey, Dave, 122, 125, 149, *149*, 150, 157,
 196, 199, 202, 205, 212
 Chaparral Racing Cars, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25,
 29, 41, 63, 70, 77, 78, 77, 80, 81, 85, 86,
 87, *88*, 72, 94, 97, 110, 116, 120, 125, 127,
 131, 135, 146, 159, 160, *161*, 162, 166,
 167, 173, 176, 178, 184, 189, 193
 Chapman, Colin, 16
 Chevrolet engines, 19, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29,
 30, 34, 37, 43, 45, 46, 55, 60, 61, 62, 63,
 71, 72, 74, 76, 83, 85, 88, 92, 93, 108, 110,
 112, 120, 121, 125, 127, 135, 139, 142,
 144, 153, 157, 160, 162, 166, 167, 169,
 170, 173, 179, 180, 185, 186, 189, 192,
 195, 199, 205
 Clark, Jimmy, 16, 17, 19, 24, 166
 Cooke, Paul, 56, *84*, 85
 Cooper Car Company, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16,
 17, 18, 20, 22
 Cooper, Charles, 17, 18
 Cooper, John, 11, 14, 17
 Cooper Racing Cars, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17,
 18, 22
 Cordts, John, 33, 34, 35, 37, 39, 43, 48, 50,
 54, 55, 57, 60, 63, 64, *70*, 71, 74, 78, 160,
 162, 165, 169, 171, 173, 180, 189, 193,
 196, 198, 199, 201, 205
- Couture, Jacques, 35, 39, 43, 55, 57, 60
 Coventry-Climax engines, 18
 Crawford, Jerry, 35, 43
 CSI (Commission Sportive Internationale),
 32
- Daytona Speedway, U.S., 20
 Dean, Tony, 62, 64, 74, 93, 97, 102, 104,
 110, 121, 122, 125, 133, *133*, 135, 136,
 139, 147, 148, 150, 152, 153, 157, 162,
 170, *170*, 171, 173, 186, 189, 196, 198,
 199, 202, 205
 Dini, Robert, 69, 74, 121, 125, 128, 130,
 133, 135, 139, 149, *149*, 150, 157, 165,
 168, 169, 173
 Donnybrooke Can Ams, Minnesota, 210,
 (1970); 212-213 (1971)
 Donohue, Mark, 21, 22, 23, 30, 40, 48, 61,
 62, 71, 93, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99, 102, 110,
 210, 211
 Doran, Brooke, 63, 69, 74, 103, 110, 116,
 121, 122, 125, 157
 Drolsom, George, 35, 39, 43, 54, 60, 102,
 121, 125, 152, 157
 Dunlop Tire Company, 11
 Dutton, Tom, 35, 39, 43, 55, 57, 60, 69, 70,
 71, 74, 87, 89, 90, 92, 102, 104, 110, 121,
 125, 129, 133, 135, 136, 139, 193
 Dykes, Ron, 165, 169, 173, 185
- Eaton, George, 28, 30, 34, 35, *35*, 37, 39,
 40, 43, 45, 47, 48, 50, 54, 55, 56, 57, 60,
 62, 63, 64, 67, *68*, 69, 70, 71, 74, 78, 81,
 85, 86, 87, 89, 90, 92, 94, 97, 99, *99*, 102,
 103, 104, 110, 112, 116, 120, *120*, 125,
 128, 130, 133, 135, 139, 145, 147, 150,
 151, 153, 157, 162, 164, 168, 169, 170,
 173, 178, 180, 183, 184, 185, 189, 196,
 198, 199, *200*, 202, 205
 Economaki, Chris, 197
 Edmonton Can Am Races, Canada, 25
 (1968); 75-92 (1969); 210 (1970);
 213 (1971)
 Edmonton Circuit, Canada, 25, 75, 93, 105,
 112, 122
 Elkhart Lake (Road America) Can Am
 Races, Wisconsin, 22-23 (1967); 25

Page numbers in italics are photographs.

- (1968); 111-125 (1969); 210 (1970);
212 (1971)
- Elkhart Lake Circuit (Road America) U.S.,
22, 25, 45, 94, 111, 127, 202
- Elva, 18, 20
- Fangio, Juan-Manuel, 24
- Faustina, Leonard, 35, 43, 55, 60
- Ferrari, 12, 16, 17, 20, 22, 23, 25, 41, 61,
63, 64, 66, 74, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, 84, 86,
87, 89, 89, 72, 94, 95, 97, 103, 108, 110,
112, 116, 117, 122, 125, 127, 128, 129,
131, 133, *133*, 135, 136, 139, 144, 146,
147, 160, 162, 164, 166, 176, 177, 178,
179, *181*, 182, *183*, 184, 185, 189, 193,
197, 205
- FIA (Federation Internationale de l'Auto-
mobile), 32
- Firestone Tire Company, 20, 46
- Follmer, George, 23, 93, 94, 96, 99, 102,
112, 117, 120, 125
- Ford Motor Company (includes personnel,
racing cars and engines), 13, 19, 20,
21, 22, 23, 29, 30, 34, 43, 46, 49, 50, 55,
60, 62, 78, 80, 81, 85, 86, 92, 93, 94, 99,
102, 108, 110, 111, 112, *115*, 116, 119,
120, 125, 139, 142, 144, 145, 146, 147,
148, 152, 157, 160, 166, 173, 176, 179,
184, 189, 193, 194, 196, *197*, 198, 205,
207
- Fox, C., 28
- Foyt, A. J., 19
- Frederick, Chuck, 78, 79, 81, 87, 92, 121,
125, 169, 173, 189, 199, 205
- French Grand Prix, 15, 61
- From The Cockpit*—by Bruce McLaren, 17
- Galloway, Rich, 35, 39, 43, 50, 55, 56, 60,
70, 71, 74, 87, 88, 92, 121, 125, 147, 157,
165, 171, 173, 178, 189, 198, 205
- Gardner, Frank, 178, 180, 193
- Gavin, Bill, *82*, *100*
- Genie, 19
- German Grand Prix, 11
- Gethin, Peter, 209, 210
- Gilbert, Lenny, 17
- Ginther, Richie, 93, 162, 176
- Goldleaf, Ron, 133, 135, 136, *136*, 139, 152,
157, 162, 189, 199, 205
- Goldsmith, Paul, 29, 33
- Goodwood Circuit, England, 13, 15, 16, 25,
192, 206, 208
- Goodyear Tire Company, 28, 107
- Grable, Ron, 81, 86, 87, 89, 92
- Gray, Don, 51
- Greaves, Alec, *104*
- Gregory, Masten, 14
- Gulf Oil Company, 51, 58, 67, 105, 107
- Gurney, Dan, 14, 19, 21, 23, 25, 28, 30, 32,
33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 43, 46, 47, 48, 49,
62, 78, 94, 142, 144, 146, *146*, 147, 148,
149, *150*, 150, 151, 153, 154, *154*, 157,
162, 163, 164, 166, 167, 168, 169, 173,
178, 179, 180, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187,
189, 209, 210
- Haas, Carl, 29, 88, 163, 211, 213, 214
- Haga, Eric, 173, 189
- Hadley, C., 28
- Hall, Jim, 22, 23, 24, 25, 29, 32, 77, 82,
108, 193
- Hanna, Robert, 32
- Hansen, Jerry, 116
- Harrison, Kris, 86, 87, 89, 90, 92, 102, 104,
110, 122, 125, 133, *134*, 135, 136, 139,
171, 173, 189, 199, 202, 205
- Hauser, Eric, 189
- Hayes, Charlie, 22
- Heimrath, Ludwig, 23
- Herd, Robin, 20
- Hilborn injection system, 21, 29
- Hill, Graham, 14, 16, 19, 24
- Hill, Phil, 12, 14, 16, 22
- Hobbs, David, 107, 116, *117*, 119, 121, 125,
143, 147, 149, 150, 152, 157, 160
- Hockenheim Circuit, Germany, 24
- Holiday Inn, 159, 163
- Holman-and-Moody, 22, 29, 108, 111, 160,
196
- Holman, John, 94, 112
- Holt, Ric, 51, 52, 67
- Hooper, Doug, 121, 125, 171, 173, 189
- Heuer, Harry, 69, *69*, 70, 71, 74

Page numbers in italics are photographs.

- Hulme, Denis, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 30, *30*, *31*, 32, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 43, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 78, 79, 80, 81, 83, *83*, 86, 87, 88, 89, *89*, 90, *90*, 92, 94, 95, 99, 102, 103, 104, *104*, 105, 106, 110, 111, 112, 113, *114*, 116, 118, 119, 120, *121*, 121, 122, *122*, 125, 127, 128, 129, *129*, 130, *131*, 132, *132*, 133, *133*, 134, 135, 136, *137*, 139, 142, *142*, 143, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 153, *153*, 154, *154*, 157, 160, 162, 163, 164, *164*, 165, *165*, 166, 168, *168*, 169, 170, *170*, 171, *171*, 173, 175, 176, *176*, 177, 178, *179*, 179, 182, 182, 183, *183*, 184, 185, 186, 187, *187*, 189, 191, 194, *194*, 195, 196, 197, *197*, 198, 199, *199*, 200, 201, *201*, 202, 203, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214
- Hurley, David, 189
- Hutcherson, Dick, 20
- Indianapolis "500" Race, 25, 28, 29, 30, 34, 37, 206, 210, 211
- Indy "500" "Rookie of the Year" Award, 33, 34
- Indianapolis Motor Speedway, 207, 208
- Indianapolis Raceway Park, U.S., 29, 78
- International Brands Hatch Meeting, 14
- Italian Grand Prix, 16, 24
- Janke, Leonard, 35, 39, 43, 63, 69, 74, 87, 89, 90, 92, 121, 125, 132, 135, 136, 139, 157, 189, 199, 202, 205
- Jeffries, Boyd, 181
- Jensen, Don, 170, 173, 185, 189
- Johncock, Gordon, 212
- Johnson Wax Company, 21
- Jones, Parnelli, 19, 23, 24
- Kahlick, Frank, 35, 43, 102, 157
- Kantrud, Dick, 122, 125
- Kaser, James, 32, *131*
- Koueleski, Oscar, 35, 39, 43, 57, 60, 65, 68, 74, 102, 104, 110, 121, 122, 125
- Kyalami 6-Hour Race, 193
- Labatt Brewery, 57
- Laguna Seca (Monterey) Can Am Races, Calif., 21 (1966); 23 (1967); 25 (1968); 159-173 (1969); 210 (1970); 213-214 (1971)
- Laguna Seca Circuit (Monterey), U.S., 21, 23, 25, 103, 137, 159, 176
- Lambretta Trojan, 18
- Lassiter, Harvey, 121, 125, 171, 173, 189
- Las Vegas Can Am Races, Nevada, 22 (1966); 24 (1967); 25 (1968)
- LeMans, 24-Hour Race, France, 20, 112, 153
- Leonard, Joe, 28, 29, 30, 33, 36, 47, 48, 49, 50, 55, 57, 60, 61, 62, 112, 116
- Lini, *150*
- Locke, James, 64, 65
- Lola Racing Cars, 19, 21, 22, 23, 29, 34, 38, 41, 43, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 60, 61, 62, 63, 69, 70, 71, 74, 81, 85, 86, 88, 89, 89, 92, 93, 94, 97, 98, 102, 103, 108, 110, 112, *115*, 116, 118, 119, 121, 125, 130, 133, 134, *134*, *135*, *136*, 139, 144, *144*, 145, 147, 148, *149*, 150, 152, *152*, 157, 160, *161*, 162, 163, 166, 167, *168*, 169, 173, 176, 178, 179, 180, *184*, 185, 189, 193, 194, 196, *197*, 198, 199, *200*, 205, 211, 212, 213, 214
- Longford Circuit, Tasmania, 17
- Look* magazine, 75
- Lotus Racing Cars, 16, 17, 19
- Mann, Alan—Open Sports Ford, 180, 193
- Manney, Henry, N., 24
- Matich, Frank, 23
- Matra Racing Cars, 62, 63, 71, 74
- Mayer, Teddy, 17, 18, *31*, 50, 51, 76, 78, 108, 122, 163, 186, 191, *192*, *194*, 203, 203, 206
- Mayer, Timmy, 17, 18
- McCaig, Roger, 63, 78, 86, 87, 89, 92, 148, 152, 157, 171, 173, *176*, 186, 189, 199, 202, 205
- McCluskey, Roger, 23
- McKee Racing Cars, 29, 47, 49, 60, 61, 62, 78, 92, 112, 125, 173, 189, 205

Page numbers in italics are photographs.

- McLaren, Amanda (Bruce and Pat's daughter), 137, *163*
- McLaren, Leslie (Bruce's Father), 12, 13, 137, 159, 166
- McLaren Motor Racing Ltd. (Team McLaren), 17, 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 40, 57, 61, 62, 64, 65, 71, 76, 77, 85, 86, 87, 105, 106, 108, 118, 123, 127, 128, 130, 136, 147, 154, 159, 170, 176, *176*, 191, 202, 208, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214
- McLaren, Patricia (Mrs. Bruce), 16, 17, 137, 159, *163*, 208
- McLaren Racing Cars (where designated by model), Zerex Special, Cooper-Climax and Olds-18
- M1—18
- M1B—19, 21
- M2B—20, 33, 43, 60, 125, 157, 173, 189
- M3—22, 43, 55, 60, 62, 86, 88, 92, 99, 125, *134*, 139, *153*, 157, 173, 189
- M6A—22, 23, 62
- M6B—29, 30, 33, 43, 49, 55, 60, 62, 63, 70, 71, 74, 78, 88, 89, 92, 93, 94, 110, 111, 125, 139, 142, 147, *149*, *152*, 157, 160, 165, 173, 189, *201*
- M7A—24
- M8B—28, 38, 39, 40, 43, 46, 52, 53, 60, 69, 74, 76, 79, 82, 86, 88, 89, 90, 72, 96, *101*, *104*, 110, *113*, *114*, *118*, *120*, *122*, *128*, *131*, *132*, *133*, 135, *136*, *137*, 139, *143*, 146, *146*, *149*, *152*, *153*, *154*, 157, *161*, *168*, *169*, *170*, 173, *176*, *178*, 189, *195*, *197*, *200*, *201*
- M8D—209
- M8F—212
- M12—29, 30, 34, 43, 47, 48, 52, 53, 55, 60, 63, *64*, 74, 90, 92, 110, *120*, 125, 127, *134*, 139, 145, 157, 173, 189, 196, *200*, 202
- M15—207
- McLaren, Ruth (Bruce's Mother), 137, 159, 166
- Mexican Grand Prix, 175
- Michigan Can Am Races, Michigan, 141–157 (1969)
- Michigan International Raceway, 136, 160, 168, 191, 192
- Mid-Ohio (Lexington) Can Am Races, Ohio, 93–110 (1969); 210 (1970); 212 (1971)
- Mid-Ohio Circuit, U.S., 93, 122
- Miles, Ken, 20, 21
- Millikan, Jack, 189
- Minor 1000, 22
- Monaco Grand Prix, 15, 207
- Monthlheray Circuit, France, 14
- Morocco Grand Prix, 14
- Mosport Can Am Races, Canada, 21 (1966); 23 (1967); 27–43 (1969); 209–210 (1970); 211 (1971)
- Mosport Circuit, Canada, 18, 19, 27, 46, 48, 54, 67, 78, 93
- Moss, Stirling, 14, 15, 16, 21, 24, 28, 34, 54, 57, 67, 86, *104*, *117*, 119, 148, 167, 168, 182, 198
- Motschenbacher, Lothar, 23, 29, 30, 33, 35, 36, 37, 41, 43, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 60, 63, 64, 67, 69, 71, 72, 74, 78, 81, 83, 85, 85, 86, 87, 88, 90, 92, 94, 95, 97, 99, 102, 103, *103*, 105, 110, 116, 119, 120, 121, 122, 125, 128, 130, 133, *134*, 135, 136, 139, 147, 148, 149, 150, 152, 157, 162, 163, 165, 169, 171, 173, 179, 180, 182, 184, 185, 189, 196, 198, 199, 202, 205, 210
- Motschenbacher, Marilyn (Mrs. Lothar), 48, 67, 116, *117*, 121
- Muir, Lee, 51
- Munz, Gil, 84, 85
- Nagel, Bob, 35, 43, 50, 51, 55, 60, 63, 74, 102, 110, 121, 125, 133, 139, 152, 157, 173, 189
- NASCAR (National Association Stock Car Racing), 29, 142
- Nelli, Vic, 170, 173, 189
- New Zealand Grand Prix Association, 13
- Nurburgring Circuit, Germany, 11, 14
- Nuvolari, Tazio, 24
- NZIGP "Driver to Europe" Scholarship, 13, 22
- O'Dare, Red, 192
- Offenhauser engines, 192, 207, 212

Page numbers in italics are photographs.

- Oldsmobile engines, 18, 19, 29, 47, 49, 60, 61, 62, 112, 173, 189
- Oliver, Jackie, 162, 168, 169, 170, 171, 173, 178, 179, 180, 183, 184, *184*, 185, 189, 193, 196, *197*, 198, 199, 205, 209, 210, 213
- Ontario "Calif. 500" Race, 212
- Ontario Motor Speedway, Calif., 212
- Pabst, Augie, 113
- Parsons, Chuck, 19, 23, 29, 30, *31*, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 43, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 60, 62, 63, 64, 67, 69, 71, 74, 80, 81, 83, *84*, 85, 86, 87, 88, *89*, 92, 95, 99, 102, 103, 104, 105, 110, 112, *115*, 116, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 125, 127, 128, 129, 130, 133, 134, *134*, 135, *135*, 136, 139, 143, 144, 150, 151, *152*, 157, 162, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 173, 178, 180, *181*, 183, 184, *184*, 185, 186, 187, 189, 193, 196, 197, *197*, 198, 199, *199*, 202, 205
- Parsons, Sherry (Mrs. Chuck), *181*
- Penske, Roger, 18, 21, 25, 30, 41, 48, 61, 62, 93, 99, 108, 210
- Porsche, 12, 62, 65, 71, 74, 93, 102, 103, 108, 110, 120, 122, 125, 127, *129*, *133*, 135, 136, 139, 144, 147, 150, 151, 157, 162, 167, 169, 170, *170*, 173, 176, 179, 180, 189, 193, *200*, 202, 205
- Powell, H., 55, 57, 60
- Rattlesnake Raceway, 193
- Redman, Brian, 62, 64, 65, 71, 74
- Revson, Peter, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 33, 34, 35, 78, 93, 94, 95, *95*, 97, 98, 99, 102, 103, 104, 107, 110, 111, 112, *115*, 116, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 125, 127, 128, 130, 133, 134, 139, 142, 143, 144, *144*, 145, 147, 148, 149, 150, *151*, 152, 154, 155, 157, 160, *161*, 162, 163, 164, *165*, 166, 167, 168, *168*, 169, 173, 176, 178, 179, 180, *181*, 183, 184, *184*, 185, 186, 187, 189, 193, 194, 196, 197, *197*, 198, 199, *200*, 202, 205, 208, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214
- Reynolds Aluminum, 107
- Riley, Colin, *84*, 85
- Riverside Can Am Races, Calif., 21-22 (1966); 23-24 (1967); 25 (1968); 175-189 (1969); 210 (1970); 214 (1971)
- Riverside Circuit, U.S., 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, 136, 175, 192, 196, 213
- Road Atlanta Can Am Races, Georgia, 210 (1970); 211 (1971)
- Road & Track magazine*, 24
- Robbins-Jeffries Racing Team, 93
- Robbins, Marshall, 144
- Roberts, Peter, 47
- Rodriguez, Pedro, 62, 74, 129, 133, *133*, 135, 136, 139
- Ross, John Jr., 54
- Ruby, Lloyd, 20
- Salvadori, Roy, 11, 12
- Scarfiotti, Ludovico, 23
- SCCA (Sports Car Club of America), 32, 192
- Schell, Harry, 11, 14, 16
- Sebring Circuit, U.S., 15, 20
- Seely, James, 24
- Serenissima engines, 20
- Servoz-Gavin, Johnny, 62, 63, 64, 74
- Shadow Mk II, 213
- Sharp, Hap, 19
- Shelby, Carroll, 25, 108
- Shelton, Monte, 169, 173, 189
- Siebkins, 108, 114, 118
- Siffert, Jo, 20, 48, 62, 64, 67, 71, 74, 93, 94, 97, 99, 102, 103, 104, 110, 117, 120, 125, 127, 128, 129, 130, 133, *133*, 135, 136, 139, 143, 144, 146, 149, 150, 151, 157, 162, 163, 164, *164*, 165, 167, 168, 169, 170, 173, 176, 178, 179, 180, 183, 184, 185, 189, 193, 196, 198, 199, *200*, 202, 205, 212
- Silverstone Circuit, England, 13, 15, 61
- Silverstone International Trophy Race, 207
- Smith, Ed "Spanky", 57
- South African G. P., 207
- Spangler, Bill, 98, 150
- Spanish G. P., 207

Page numbers in italics are photographs.

- Spence, Mike, 23
 Spencer, Doane, 178
 Stacey, Alan, 16
 Stardust Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada, 9
 Stardust International Raceway (Las Vegas) U.S., 22, 25
 Stevens, Jeff, 133, 139
 Stewart, Jackie, 19, 136, 211, 212, 213, 214
 St. Jovite Can Am Races, Canada, 21 (1966); 45-60 (1969); 210 (1970); 211 (1971)
 St. Jovite Circuit, Canada, 19, 21, 33, 41, 45, 62, 63, 67, 93, 111
 Stoddard, Spence, 121, 125, 173, 186, 189
 Stone, F. David, 28, 117
 Surtees, John, 9, 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, 29, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37, 39, 40, 41, 43, 46, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 55, 56, 60, 62, 63, 64, 67, 69, 70, 71, 74, 77, 78, 80, 81, 82, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 94, 97, 99, 102, 103, 104, 110, 116, 117, 120, 121, 125, 127, 128, 130, 131, 132, 133, 135, 136, 139, 146, 160, 161, 162, 165, 166, 167, 173, 178, 180, 184, 189, 193
 Sweet, Wes, 84, 85
 Tasman Series, 17
 Tauranac, Ron, 16
 Taylor, Sid, 22
 Terrell, Tom, 35, 43, 55, 57, 60
 Texas Can Am Race, Texas, 191-205 (1969)
 Texas International Raceway, 136, 191
Time-Life magazines, 47, 128
 Titus, Jerry, 50, 54, 55, 60, 62
 Trintignant, Maurice, 11, 12, 15
 Trips, Wolfgang Von, 12, 16
 Tyrrell, Ken, 17
 Ulster Austin, 12, 13
 USAC (United States Auto Club), 29, 78, 94, 207, 210, 212
 U.S. Grand Prix, 15, 20
 Volkswagen, 143, 143
 Watkins Glen Can Am Races, New York, 61-74 (1969); 210 (1970); 211-212 (1971)
 Watkins Glen Circuit, U.S., 41, 61, 80, 83, 93
 Williams, Carl, 208
 Williams, Jonothan, 23, 189
 Williamson, Duane, 87, 88, 92, 104, 110, 121, 125, 169, 173
 Willmott, Willy, 17, 18
 Willow Springs Race Course, U.S., 94
 Wilson, Gary, 93, 102, 104, 110, 120, 125, 147, 149, 150, 150, 152, 157, 165, 169, 173, 180, 186, 189, 196, 198, 199, 202, 205
 Wonder, Bill, 135, 136, 139, 153, 153, 157
 Young, Eoin, 17, 118
 Zandvoort Circuit, Holland, 15, 16

Page numbers in italics are photographs.