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# Foreword

David Piper was one of the leading Ferrari-driving privateers in the Sixties. He recalls life with his first example - a 250 GTO



**M**y first Ferrari was a 1962 250 GTO, chassis 8767.

It all started when a friend of mine Danny Margulies invited me to look after and drive his Jaguar C-type in UK races and the Targa Florio in 1956. We were fortunate to meet Vincenzo Florio, from the founding family of the Targa Florio, and WF Bradley, a noted journalist.

Whilst practicing I saw a red Ferrari approaching in my mirror. It passed me with a blast on its Fiam horns, a cheery wave and orchestral sound from its four megaphone exhausts - it was Peter Collins and Louis Klementaski. At that moment I promised myself that I would have a Ferrari one day... Six years later, after driving everything from Alfas, Lotus F1 cars and Porsches 904 and 906, I went to Goodwood and met my old prep school friend Mike Parkes, who was driving a GTO for Colonel Ronnie Hoare of Maranello Concessionaires, the UK Ferrari Importer. I asked Ronnie if I could buy one, he agreed and I paid a deposit, specifying it to have right-hand drive, my colour BP green, black cord upholstery and

gold hammertone interior. The car was to be collected from the factory. This was the first time I met Enzo Ferrari, a friendship which lasted until his death. I will always be grateful for his enormous help and support.

I did Crystal Palace and Brands Hatch and damaged the car at both races! I then did the Tour de France with Margulies, an experienced rally driver. It consisted of seven hill climbs, five circuit races and 5000km on the road. I paid 300,000 lire, two Lancia saloons and a Fiat van for works mechanical support led by Gaitano Fiorini. The first thing they did was wire the exhaust system to the chassis with fencing wire.

The idea was to do this event to establish myself in Europe, L'Equipe covering it with well-known journalist Johnnie Rives. We finished reasonably well, in 4th overall, which Florini noticed and reported to Enzo Ferrari. The GTO was a strong reliable car but we needed black coffee laced with Armagnac to keep going!

I was then invited to take the GTO to Kyalami for the 9 Hour Race. I shipped the car to Cape Town and drove it 1000 miles through the karoo - desert roads, no motorways in 1962. I won the race with South African Bruce Johnstone, then did the 3 Hours of Cape

Town and shipped it to Luanda, Angola. I sent the GTO back to the UK on a cork boat and prepared it for Daytona and Sebring. I drove it down through the Carolinas and after the Daytona race on the oval and infield Bill France invited me to do a stock-car race on the tri-oval against the NASCAR drivers. I had to use Firestone tyres which necessitated knocking out the wheelarches to accommodate the extra width! I averaged 160mph and finished seventh overall.

Eventually I sold the car to an American and did Sebring with him. He taught me to fly while preparing the car - the price I got paid for my second GTO - but that's another story.

Little did I realise that buying that Ferrari in 1962 would be a lifelong love affair with the marque which still exists today, 55 years later and counting.

*David Piper, Windlesham, 2017*



David Piper in 376GT en route to 5th at the RAC TT at Goodwood in 1962





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# Welcome

Phil sums up the reasons why Ferraris are so addictive, in particular a 250 GTO that both he and David Piper drove

**W**elcome to our compilation of the greatest Ferraris from the Forties to the Sixties. From the origins of the make, represented by the 166 Spider Corsa, to the 365 GTB/4, the last design to emerge from Maranello in the Sixties, this exciting collection represents Ferrari's journey from constructor of barely-tamed racing cars to maker of sophisticated grand tourers for the wealthy elite.

This was the period that laid the foundations for Ferrari to become the most lusted-after of car makes, because no matter how stylized or luxurious some of the models, you know that beneath lurks the heart, lungs and legs of a racer. And alongside them Ferrari churned out a relentless procession of pure racing cars.

Hours spent deep in our basement archive underlined this point again and again as I relived drives in a 250 Europa, Testa Rossa, two GTOs, a 400 Superamerica and more. Each folder of transparencies filled my head with the howl of tightly orchestrated cylinders revving out to 7000rpm and more, the machined click and clack of gears and joy of balancing steering and power through a fast curve.

From the moment he was overtaken by a GTO in 1962, David Piper was under the Ferrari spell, compelled to buy one of his own. And despite having owned and raced many other and better Ferraris since, he still holds great affection for the GTO, so I'm delighted that he agreed to write the foreword to this book.

Every Ferrari I have driven has been a thrilling and emotional privilege. I hope that our collection of features gives you a taste of that.



Phil Bell, editor



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# FIRST BLOOD



It's the most successful racing car manufacturer ever, and the world's most collectible marque. So what does Ferrari's first car feel like to drive?

Words GLEN WADDINGTON Photography MALCOLM GRIFFITHS

**T**his is the car that started it all for Ferrari. It's a Tipo 166 Spider Corsa, chassis number 002C, and its story begins in 1947. It's the earliest surviving Ferrari and it scored one of the marque's earliest grand prix victories. This car may even have been recycled from the very first Ferrari: chassis number 1C - the first car ever to wear the legendary badge.

Is it pretty? Depends on your point of view, but it hails from an era before Ferraris were style icons. This car is first and foremost functional, and looks a bit like a bloated Lotus 7. It's a cigar-shaped racer, like so many of its contemporaries, decked out with headlamps and cycle wings to make it road legal.

According to the car's FIA racing identity papers, it competed in the 1948 Mille Miglia road race, driven by the legendary Nuvolari.

He failed to finish, but 002C had already proved itself the year before by winning the Turin Grand Prix with a different chassis number, engine and bodywork - at the hands of French ace Raymond Sommer.

In the days before spare cars, hospitality trailers and multi-million pound sponsorship deals, it would have been driven to the track, stripped of its superfluous lights and wings, and then raced hard. Then it was re-equipped, and driven home. That's why mere prettiness just didn't matter.

Whatever you think about its looks, there's no escaping the sheer, precedent-setting redness of this car. It's immaculate too, having been completely restored in the early Eighties with the style of bodywork that 002C first carried.

That's an important point to remember if you consider a potted history of Ferrari's



This 166 was the first car to be badged a Ferrari, and contested the 1948 Mille Miglia, driven by Tazio Nuvolari



fledgling days. Enzo Ferrari built his reputation at Alfa Romeo, and left the company in 1938. The terms of the split banned him from producing cars under his own name, but he employed his creative genius to build a pair of cars for the 1940 Mille Miglia. They each had bodywork by Touring, a pair of Fiat four-cylinder engines running in a common crankcase and cylinder head, and were badged Auto Avio.

While the Second World War raged, Ferrari formed his own company, ready to bear his name when the time was right. He employed his former Alfa Romeo colleague Gioachino Colombo - who trained under legendary Alfa 8C engine designer Vittorio Jano - to develop a 1.5-litre V12 with a single overhead camshaft per bank and twin spark plugs per cylinder. Each cylinder displaced 125cc, and cars with this engine became known as Tipo (type) 125s.

Ferrari initially built two cars known as 1C and 2C, each with a simple twin-tube chassis, live axle and leaf-sprung suspension. Chassis 2C, with fullwidth bodywork, achieved Ferrari's first grand prix victory in the team's second race. That was at Piacenza, Rome in May 1947, driven by Franco Cortese. Chassis 1C appeared with spindly cyclewinged coachwork in the same race, and failed to start. It won at Vigerano a month later, with

The engine starts with an ear-splitting blast: it's only two litres, but sounds like seven

Cortese at the wheel again. Ferrari had a problem though. The 1.5-litre engine put it between the popular 1.0- and 2.0-litre classes of the era, and Colombo had left. In the summer of 1947 Luigi Bazzi stepped in, and increased the engine capacity to 159cc per cylinder, creating the Tipo 159 with its 1.9-litre engine. A third car (3C) was built with full-width bodywork, and chassis 1C was uprated with the new engine to win the 1947 Turin GP.

Establishing the exact history of the early Ferraris is fraught because of the lack of paperwork. However, the late American Ferrari collector and historian Stanley Nowak - one-time owner of 002C - traced contemporary news reports and trawled through Italian photography archives to work out a history of the first cars.

The next cars built used a different

numbering system, starting with this car 002C. What is certain is that it is based on whichever of the original three cars won the 1947 Turin Grand Prix. And Nowak's research showed that this was 1C - the very first Ferrari.

This car, now rebuilt as 002C, first appeared in public in 1948 as one of two Tipo 166 Spider Corsas. The chassis and running gear from 1C received a new 2.0-litre engine (166.25cc per cylinder) and new open, cycle-winged coachwork - just like you see here.

The other Tipo 166 Spider Corsa (004C) was based on the third of the original trio - 3C.

Former Ferrari team driver Phil Hill drove 002C in the 1997 Mille Miglia retrospective race as part of Ferrari's 50th anniversary celebrations. In a commemorative piece he wrote for Road & Track magazine, Hill confirms that renumbering cars was common practice. 'Don't be misled by the apparent wealth that surrounds the Ferrari name today. In the late Forties, Ferrari, like many Italian concerns, was barely scraping along financially. Money was tight at Ferrari even through the years I raced for them, and it wasn't unusual to see a chassis or engine recycled from one race car to another.' How times have changed.

Mindful of the 166's open cockpit and aeroscreen, I'm thankful for clear blue





autumn skies as I lower myself into its cockpit. Actually, squeeze is a better word. It was designed for a lithe Italian racing driver and his even skinnier riding mechanic, rather than a well-padded Brit. The dashboard is a simple curve of raw aluminium, inset with a Jaeger tachometer (that reads to 8000rpm - this was a real screamer for 1947), gauges for oil pressure and temperature, water temperature, and fuel. There's no speedo, and minimal switches for the choke, fuel cut-off and starter. All you need, no more.

The engine starts with an ear-splitting blast from the exhaust pipes. There are two of them, only 1½in diameter, but they each carry the combustive effects of six cylinders, unsilenced. There may only be two litres under the bonnet, but it sounds like seven.

There are cut-outs for your heels in the footwell to help operate the pedals. To their left is the transmission tunnel, bare aluminium, with the handbrake poking through a leather flap next to the gear lever's open gate. Through the gaiter you can see the propshaft - it's something you try to ignore at speed. Drape your right hand out of the cut-out cockpit side and you'll trail your knuckles on the tarmac. This is one raw machine, and feels the full 69 years distant from today's F1 carbon-fibre impact survival

cells. If you crashed the 166, it would hurt.

Yet that very rawness soon becomes your greatest ally. This car gives up its secrets at the merest touch. Press down the clutch - it's light but short of travel - and slide into first gear. You'll feel the cogs engage with a fizz through the Bakelite gearknob.

Roll away, and you'll feel the chassis flex, its structure easing its way over ripples and hollows in the road surface. Accelerate and it becomes less noticeable, but then the seat, steering wheel and pedals are alive, transmitting energy and information from the road, the engine and the transmission. It makes you wonder if there's a heart and lungs under the bonnet instead of triple Webers.

The noise is all-enveloping, three-dimensional, the power delivery sustained and insistent. At the owner's request, I change up to a high gear as soon as possible in his neighbourhood. 'They'll call the police if we make too much noise,' he says. I find myself pulling up a steep hill in third from 1000rpm. The 2-litre V12 hauls deeply, and sounds like a squadron of Spitfires flying overhead.

When we've cleared the houses, the noise hardens to a swarm of wasps, like the harder you hit the gas the more you're disturbing their queen. They never catch you but you can't outrun them, even as you close in on

7500rpm. The tearing exhaust note prickles your neck hairs, the acceleration pokes your back and broadens your smile even further.

Shifting gears takes acclimatization. It's easy to crunch the box; a little double-declutching goes a long way but doesn't always work, and the same goes for blipping the throttle on a downshift. Get it right and it feels like you've won your own grand prix. In fifth (like the engine, the gearbox is the 166's other advanced piece of engineering) you'll find your left knee trapped against the gearknob, your right against the scuttle side, and your thighs by the steering wheel.

In tight corners that three-spoke wheel is broad enough to force your right elbow into the airstream, but what initially feels stiff, heavy and unwieldy, focuses and lightens with speed. You caress the wheel's smooth wooden rim - its rivets having been shaved and matched with wooden hemispheres on the reverse side to aid your grip. The rear axle is just behind your behind, and you'll feel it hint at stepping out if you carry speed into a tightening bend. Behave yourself and all is simple balance and predictability. It may have won a grand prix, but this is not a brutal car. Until you count the bruises around your thighs and knees the morning after you've driven it. Lord knows how it feels after a race. There's another claim to fame for 002C. In December 1947 it became the first Ferrari to be sold into private hands. Gabriele Besana raced his new toy in Europe and then Argentina with his brother, Count Soave Besana, who bought 004C.

In 1950, 002C was sold to Renato Nocentini, whose Florence-based Garage Rotunda re-bodied the car in a full-width Rocco Motto-designed shell. In 1953, it went to America and passed through several owners before Stanley Nowak briefly owned it in 1968, before selling it to Ferrari collector Carl Bross who intended to restore the Spider Corsa bodywork. But Bross died before the work could begin and the car was sold to Anthony Bamford, in 1972.

After negotiating its sale for a second time, in 1980, Nowak finally oversaw its restoration to Spider Corsa bodywork by Grand Prix SSR in Long Island, USA. Some might say that to confine it to museum-exhibit is sacrilege. Maybe. But then again, perhaps it's earned its keep.

#### 1947 TIPO 166 SPIDER CORSA

**Engine** 1995cc, V12, ohc per bank, twin-spark, triple Weber carburettors **Power** 145bhp @ 7500rpm

**Transmission** Five speed manual, rear-wheel drive

**Brakes** Finned drums, hydraulic **Suspension** Front: semi-independent, wishbone, single transverse semi-elliptic leaf spring, hydraulic dampers. Rear: live axle, semi-elliptic leaf springs, hydraulic and friction dampers, anti-roll bar **Weight** 1323lb (600kg) est **Performance** Top speed: 125mph est **Values now** £4m-£8m



# Ferrari fire & Fifties flair

The Ferrari 225 S is a gutsy sports racer with powerful performance and an indomitable character reminiscent of the gentleman racers of its heyday. Shall we race, chaps?

Words ROB SCORAH Photography LYNDON MCNEIL





**W**hat goes up must come down, says the old adage; and that's certainly the case here if we want to get this car back down from the hills on the Swiss-French border to the north of Geneva. When you're about to descend 4300 feet in 2½ miles, you're a little uncertain about putting your trust in a machine that's more than 50 years old, and in your head you're going through all the reasons why you might be happy to be descending in this car.

The vehicle in question is a 1952 Ferrari 225 S Vignale Spider and it's now, just as you swing the long red nose into the first of so many S-bends with a steep drop beyond your shoulder, that you wonder if the car is really up for it. It's also at this point that you







Vignale-bodied 225 S was sold new to Portugal, then soon moved to Brazil





reach for the brakes, as much for reassurance as anything, just to feel them again. Your foot feels like it's pushing against a brick wall - so little give, as if there's absolutely no movement in the pedal, but the car seems to stop okay - the more you push, the slower it goes. What else might give you confidence for the descent?

The 225 came out of an evolution that began in 1948 with that tough, race-bred warhorse, the Ferrari 166. Powered by a 1995cc V12 engine, the illustrious 166 MM Barchetta achieved great success, winning both the Le Mans and the Spa-Francorchamps 24-hour races in 1949, so the basic design had shown itself to have both ability and stamina. Moving through the 212, the 225 of 1952 retained the 166's short wishbone front suspension and followed the same design ethos of a relatively light but robust body and engine coupled to a tubular steel chassis, ideal for twisty street circuits and difficult mountain passes.

Ferrari 225 Ss turned out in force for the Monaco Grand Prix of 1952, which for that year was run for sports racing cars. Lining up in the sunshine alongside the likes of Aston Martin, Gordini and Talbot-Lago, the pugnacious little sports car took the first five places, helped not a little perhaps by a pile-up at Sainte-Devote (the crash itself caused by a spinning 225), which took out a good deal of the serious competition. Seven 225s also started the gruelling Mille Miglia that year, but the race was eventually won by a different Ferrari - a 250 using a 4.1-litre V12 development engine and driven by Giovanni Bracco and Alfonso Rolfo - but the 225 S proved manoeuvrable and hardy on the challenging mountain roads.

## The 225 is not pretty, but it has the self assured stance of a stocky bare knuckle fighter

Today, on this mountain road, this car certainly feels light and manageable and, although the steering is slightly vague straight ahead and needs some heft into these tight bends, you feel confident that this workout for your deltoids and biceps is being translated faithfully into movement through the bends. Thankfully, you can get a good purchase on the wheel, though you sit like some old uncle in a picnic chair in the garden: knees bent at right angles with your feet pressed back and up on their heels.

It must have been murder in the big races. The typically large, thin steering wheel is set at the distance and angle you might hold a broadsheet newspaper, the rivets on the back of the wheel bumping on your gloves as the steering centres itself. The leather bucket seat grips securely, which is a very good thing because there's little else to hold you in - certainly no harness.

Like so many of the sports racing cars of the Fifties, you feel the chassis really communicates where the car is under your seat and how it's moving across the road. But this is no regular 225 chassis.

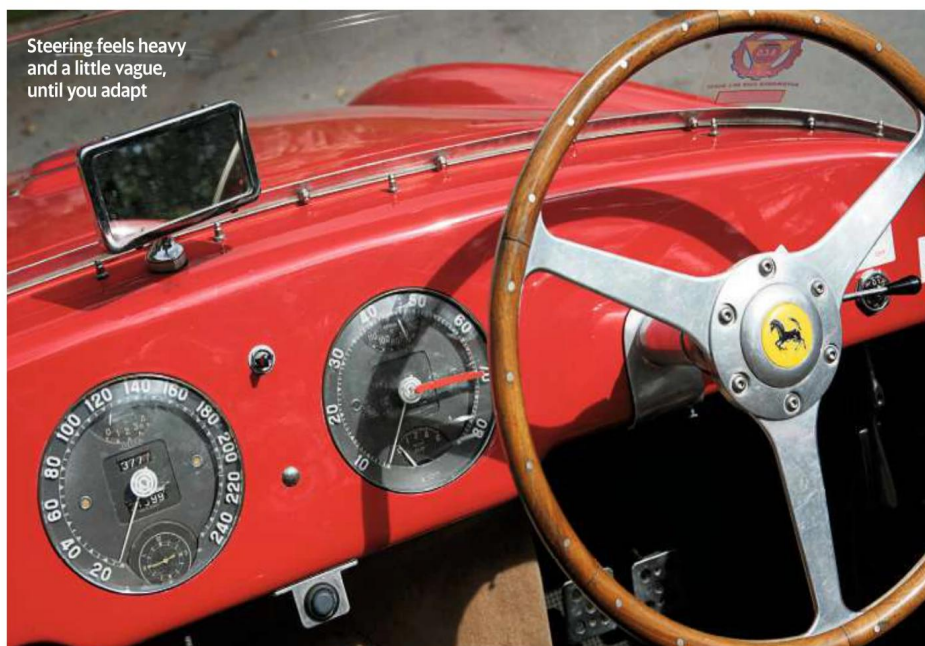
'That's a rare car (chassis no. 0198ET),' says David Cottingham of DK Engineering who has worked on the racer. 'It's one of the few that has the Tubascocca chassis. They were designed to have greater rigidity; the tubes go right through the bulkhead. It's a good all-round race and road car.'

Bodies, both roadster and coupé, were designed by Giovanni Michelotti and built by Vignale but, unlike some of their more elegant creations, you could never accuse the diminutive racer of being pretty. Even so, it has the self-assured stance of a stocky bare-knuckle fighter, and no rattles or groans come from the robust structure. So you begin to point the car more confidently at the bends, setting them up with the throttle and better thought out lines through the apices. If, in your overconfidence, the tail steps out, it does so as an obvious continuation of the Ferrari's attitude and line - just part of its ensemble of moves rather than the sudden letting go of huge rubber once the forces of gravity can no longer be denied.

This car comes from the time before technology began to take the driver out of the equation, so there's no fat rubber and no electronic or hydraulic assistance. All handling, suspension and engine management begins with you. That's the way it was - holy trinity of man, motor and chassis in its purest form.

By now you're flicking the accelerator with the side of your foot as you brake and change down a gear. This four-speed gearbox is sweet - much smoother than the car's original five-speed unit, the one that the 250s inherited, and you don't need to double de-clutch. But it keeps the revs up, the power holding the car on line. Anyway, you just want to hear the





Steering feels heavy and a little vague, until you adapt



### 1952 Ferrari 225 S Vignale Spider

**Engine** 2715cc, V12, SOHC per bank, three Weber 36DCF carburettors **Power** 210bhp @ 7200rpm  
**Transmission** Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive  
**Steering** Worm and sector **Suspension** Front: independent, wishbones, transverse semi-elliptic leaf springs, lever-arm dampers. Rear: independent, wishbones, longitudinal semi-elliptic leaf springs, lever-arm dampers **Brakes** Drums front and rear **Weight** 850kg (1870lb) **Performance** Top speed: 142mph; 0-60mph: 7sec **Values** £2m-3.2m

serrated-edged crack of the exhaust and the hollow bark of the triple Weber carburettors sucking air into the 12 cylinders. This engine evolved from Ferrari's first V12, designed in 1946 by Gioacchino Colombo, originally with a capacity of 1497cc. In development for the 225, it had been bored out to 2715cc and now produced 210bhp at 7200rpm. Although not large or particularly powerful, its light weight gave it an advantage over heavier blocks such as Jaguar's straight-six used in the C-type. And later as a 3.0-litre unit, the Colombo V12 would go on to power the legendary 250 GTO.

But that was ten years away and this car looks very simple and austere by comparison. Looking around the cockpit, set far back behind the huge bonnet, it appears bare: controls and gauges are minimal, with only the big speedo and tachometer set into a utilitarian folded-over steel dashboard. There was certainly nothing to distract those boys of the '52 Mille Miglia; Biondetti in the last of the seven entered 225Ss or Bracco in the 250, chain-smoking his way across the high Appenine passes - Raticosa, Ravenna - to beat the towering Mercedes-Benz 300 SLRs.

That's part of the appeal of these cars: the cavalier nonchalance of the lone hero going all out for glory, whatever the cost. Best not take the fantasy too far, though - not on these

brakes. But that's why that age is so attractive - the romance and apparent simplicity.

Look through the photographs of such great racing photographers as Rudy Mailander and you'll see it as a time of individuality or even eccentricity, when a man might race wearing a polo shirt, a light sweater or even a bow tie, with not a corporate sponsorship cap in sight. 'Racing was more a family affair between the drivers, the mechanics and the car builders. It was more relaxed and friendly,' says Mailander. 'Drivers like Stirling Moss were engaged by the car builders, but amateurs who had money could buy their own.'

The 225 S accounted for half of Ferrari's output of 44 cars in '52, with many of them going to private buyers. Such was the case with this Ferrari, sold to Vasco Sameiro of Lisbon, who raced the then bright yellow sports car with some success in his native Portugal. In the early part of 1953 Sameiro shipped the car to Brazil, a country with long-standing connections to Portugal, for a race at Maracana. South and Central America also boasted long-distance races such as the Carrera Panamericana and the Buenos Aires 1000km. 'The racing scene in South America was terrific,' says Sir Stirling Moss. 'They were mad keen on racing cars, particularly in Argentina because of Juan Manuel Fangio.

There were lots of wealthy young drivers such as Robert Mieres. A chap might play polo one weekend and race the next.' Classic and vintage car specialist Colin Crabbe tells a similar story. 'In Brazil in the Fifties some people were immensely rich,' he says. 'They would buy last season's model from Europe, ship it over and race it.' Sameiro himself sold 0198ET to a Brazilian, Mario de Valentim of Rio de Janeiro, though ironically he brought it back to Europe to race for at least one season.

The idea of the gentleman racer is still so easily cultivated by these cars. As this Ferrari exits the last of those spiralling corners and the road straightens out towards Lake Geneva, you can give the beast its head and let it accelerate away over the flat valley floor towards the shining water and the mountains beyond. You feel the power of a car that is still a match for the Jaguar C-types and Aston Martin DB3s on the track at Goodwood or the streets of Monaco, but still has the practicality to take you sightseeing in town, or the good manners to carry you and your partner in relatively unruffled fashion to the race meeting ball in the evening. And there's just enough room in the boot for your dinner suit.

This car could be driven, raced, supplied and supported by almost mere mortals, no Group C heroics needed. It qualifies for the best classic events around - the Tour Auto, Goodwood, the Monaco Historic and, of course, the Mille Miglia. Ferrari 166 or 250 owners may be able to fly other people's battle honours more vigorously, but when you climb into the Ferrari 225 S Vignale spider, easing yourself down with your arms, your glove resting on a swell in the rear haunch above the wheel that fits perfectly under the palm of your hand, you enter another world.

When the V12 fires up, Enzo Ferrari walks the pitlane again. It makes your heart ache.







# FERRARI'S PUREST FORM

Whatever Ferrari lives in your fantasy garage, it's time you ditched it for the 250 Europa. Let your eyes linger on the car that defines effortless cool

Words PHIL BELL Photography MALCOLM GRIFFITHS





**N**ame the Ferrari you'd most like to take home with you. Forget values for a moment - we're not talking about selling it, just owning it - and try to suppress past influences that might steer you to one of the poster art Ferraris like a Daytona or 250 GTO. Now check out the 1954 250 Europa that's gazing at you from a canvas of pure blue Californian sky.

Unlike most Ferraris, it doesn't flaunt its curves, like an over-inflated pop starlet, or scream 'racer!' at the top of its lungs with an assault of air intakes and megaphone exhausts. Easy to understand why it's not at the centre of all fantasy garages. But flick over the next couple of pages and allow time for this exercise in definitive proportions, stance and purity to turn your head.

Until Pinin Farina's Battista Farina and son Sergio met Enzo Ferrari for lunch in 1952, Ferraris had been bodied by a host of coachbuilders who turned out a mix of stunners and shockers. The Europa is the car that cemented the relationship between the two prima donnas, setting the template for rapid grand touring cars of the era. You can trace its influences back to Pinin Farina's 1947 Cisitalia, but the Europa took that thinking to its zenith.

It's the work of Francesco Salomone, and Ferrari

'The depth of this car's charm casts a spell over everyone that comes into contact with it'

Daytona designer Leonardo Fioravanti thinks he deserves better recognition, 'He was responsible for Pinin Farina design at the time. He was a particular and special man, not very well known.'

Another man who recognizes Salomone's achievements is designer Marek Djordjevic, who has the Rolls-Royce Phantom and 100EX concept in his portfolio. 'The Europa is one of the cars that define the period, but it's not to be confused with being a one-time wonder that came out of nowhere and shook the world.'

'It's an example of evolved qualities. It's influential because of its surfacing - that waterside is absolutely classic. It clearly shows a developing sophistication of the Pinin Farina style.'

As Djordjevic talks, it's easy to be won over by his arguments. Proportions come first, 'Once you have







Design perfection: 250 Europa was only built from 1953-1954, but it changed the shape of sports cars forever

dramatic proportions that are unique and descriptive of the marque, you need very little styling. The car can live on the drama of its proportions, and that's where the presence comes from. The Europa is one of the most classic examples of front engine V12, rear-wheel drive cars. The very gesture of the car hints to that very strongly and clearly; 'but if you don't make sure the proportions are absolutely spot on the styling won't be able to help you out of that spot.' Djordjevic describes a car's design as telling a story from the front to the rear. 'One of the things that first struck me was the rear. I think you'd be hard pressed to find a car that has a simpler yet more beautiful finish to the story, it's one of the most inspiring lessons of styling, the sections there should be cast in gold.'

When you compare it to contemporary work by Ghia and Vignale, and some of the other designs coming out of Pinin Farina, these Europas have a sort of quiet confidence about them. 'Composing something with so few notes and having such resounding beauty as a result. Not easy to do.'

The styling suits the character of the car. The Europa was the first Ferrari model created purely as a road car rather than racer with token gestures to comfort. With fast, civilized touring in mind, it's bigger than any previous Ferrari, a 2800mm version of the traditional ladder chassis providing an extra 200mm for the bulky V12 up front and lengthy humans inside.

The interior, trimmed in warm red, invites you in like

a pub with a real log fire. You slip onto the broad leather seat and your legs find room for comfort. Tall drivers must stoop in deference to that dramatically taut roofline, but there are no other compromises. Unlike the exterior, there are no pretensions to race heritage or overwrought details in here, just simple, well-crafted architecture and finishes that flood you with a sense of well-being. Such hedonism from a parked car...

Fire it up then, let's have some more. The starter sounds truck-like as it churns for a couple of seconds. Then 12 cylinders, two camshafts, 24 valves and a timing chain all join in at once with a rush of metallic chatter before ordering themselves into a tight staccato rhythm.

You know Ferrari named his cars after the capacity of each cylinder, so you've probably worked out that this 250 Europa has a 3-litre V12. Well you're right, but if you assumed it was the same Gioachino Colombo-designed engine that went into the other 250 models such as the Tour de France and GTO, you'd be wrong. While Ferrari's racing engineers were stretching Colombo's V12 F1 design to 2953cc, his successor, Aurelio Lampredi, was busy in the commercial department fashioning 2963cc and 4523cc versions of his own V12. Fitted to the same chassis, the 3-litre version was intended for European markets where taxation tended to spank buyers of big-capacity metal, hence the Europa name. The same car fitted with the bigger motor was called the 375 America. It's hard to imagine anyone in the mid-Fifties with £4000 to blow on a Europa being concerned about a bit of tax, but Britain still had meat rationing and few people here had even seen anything as exotic as a £1500 Jaguar XK.

The gearbox has synchromesh on all four gears, but you guide the Refresher lolly-shaped gearknob with a firm shove, helped along with a spot of double-declutching.

'The mellowed surfaces and subtle wear in this Ferrari speak to you from the past'





### 1954 Ferrari 250 Europa

**Engine** 2963cc, V12, sohc per bank, three twin-choke Weber 36 OCF carburetors **Power** 200bhp @ 7000rpm **Transmission** Four-speed manual, rear wheel drive **Steering** Worm and nut **Suspension** Front: independent, double wishbones, transverse leaf spring with Houdaille hydraulic damper units. Rear: live axle, semi-elliptic leaf springs, Houdaille hydraulic damper units **Brakes** Drums front and rear **Weight** 1150kg (2535lb) **Performance** Top speed: 135mph; 0-60mph: 8.9sec **Cost new** £3960 **Values now** £950,000-£1.8m

You get an all-body workout when driving this car. Like a lot of contemporary cars, you have to put your shoulders into tight turns and the steering has a whiff of stickiness, but there's less than half an inch of free play at the wheel. And getting the best from the drum brakes will burn leg muscles you forgot you had. Swift progress comes from sympathetic driving, the live axle at the rear giving surprising ride comfort and composure, but try too hard on twisty tarmac and the delicate woodrim wheel will start to fight back.

Despite the weighty feel, we're only talking about 1150kg of car here. I'm glad I acclimatised to the gearbox earlier, because Lampredi's powerhouse gives its best as those twelve cylinders dance to a 6000-7000rpm tempo, their grainy howl swelling to a satisfying climax of noise before you pluck the gearlever from its slot and push firmly into the next. By modern standards, eight seconds to 60mph is merely swift, but in here you're teleported back to 1954 and it's a real buzz.

But the 250 Europa doesn't have to prove itself and neither do you. Gazing out over that unfeasibly long bonnet you connect with its commanding presence. Shortening your focus to the glossy curves of the painted dashboard, you begin to sense the life it must have led. So

many special cars have had their sense of history erased by perfectionist restoration but the instruments huddled behind the steering wheel betray decades of daylight. Run your hand over the soft creases in the seat leather - they feel just a few years old.

Kathleen Baker remembers the Europa when it was just seven years old, when husband Stan bought it for her as a present. 'He told me he'd buy me a Thunderbird but he came home with a Ferrari.' By then, the original silver paint was badly pitted after being caught in a sandstorm so the Bakers decided to repaint it in the colour you see here. 'Every morning I'd go out to the garage and strip paint off it and when Stan came home, he'd work on it. When we got it down to the bare metal the bodywork was just pieced together, not smoothly welded - that was a big surprise, I can tell you.'

To get the car finished, Kathleen spent the whole of one summer lying on her side polishing up the tired looking Borrani alloy wheels. 'I worked on them until my fingers almost fell off.'

Over the next four decades, the Bakers enjoyed lots of

Clockwise from above: the perfectly preserved interior has never been restored; the most perfect rump you'll ever see; the 3-litre V12 engine designed just for the 250 Europa



### Sell the house, buy a Europa

Ferrari built fewer than 20 first generation Europas, so they rarely come up for sale, though a £115,000 jump in values over 2-3 years brought four cars onto the US market in 2005.

The Pinin Farina cars are the cheapest: £750,000-850,000 for a tired example or £950,000-1.8m for one fresh out of a restoration that may have cost £100,000-170,000. The 375 Americas are 20-33 per cent more, but Europas with one-off bodies command a 150-200 per cent premium. Priority checks are powertrain condition and engine originality.







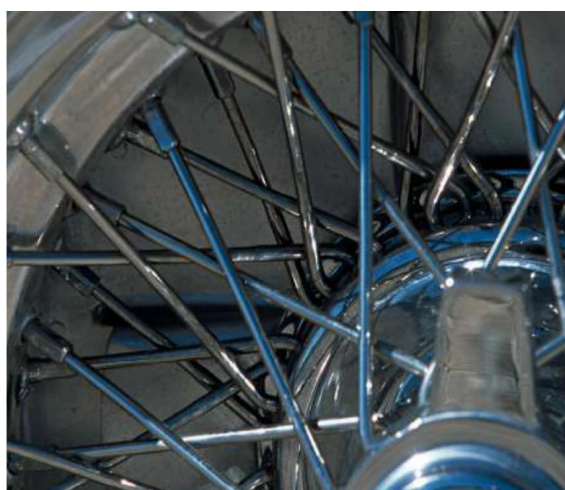
trips with their Europa. Before one journey to California from their home in Seattle, Kathleen noticed Stan loading blocks of wood into the car. 'I asked what they were for. He said, "Oh, the brakes aren't so good. When we get to San Francisco and have to stop on one of the hills, you've got to get out and put them behind the wheels.'" Kathleen chuckles at the memory before recalling the one and only trip to Phoenix, Arizona, when Stan said, "Would you like to drive?" Naturally, I said yes. So, I was driving along this two-lane highway when he said, "Slow down, slow down". I asked why and he said, "You've just been through a little town at 75mph. It was a 25mph limit!" He made me get out and I never drove it again.'

Kathleen can laugh at the ups and downs of life with the Europa, but she remembers that the previous owner, fellow Seattle resident Lome Garden, fell out with his wife the day he collected the car from its first owner, Clarence Brown. 'She was mad about that car from the very beginning. He was always tinkering with it. He'd leave for work first and watch the house. When his wife left, he'd drive back home and work on the Ferrari. They finally got a divorce over that car.'

The Bakers kept the Europa for 42 years, Kathleen finally selling it in 2003 after Stan died. It was snapped up by classic Ferrari parts specialist Tom Shaughnessy, 'It broke down a mile into the test drive, but I could tell it was such a great old car that I didn't even negotiate the price.'

No proper test drive and the bad omen of a breakdown don't matter to those who've been seduced by the 250

'You've just been through a little town at 75mph. It was a 25mph limit.' He never let me drive it again'



No other Ferrari commands so much attention with such subtlety. Minimal details let proportions tell the story

## Meet the Ferrari hunter

California-based Tom Shaughnessy is an Indiana Jones-like character who made his name tracking down Fifties and Sixties Ferrari parts or complete cars, but now he's drawn to even rarer cars. 'I like for the chase.'



Owning a Europa takes dedication - even basic service items such as points are hard to find. 'Everything has to be made and some cars have lots of magnesium components.'

After having his fun with the Europa on various driving and concours events, he decided to sell. 'It was a really majestic car, owning it was a great experience.'

Europa. They're people who look beyond the obvious to see the depth of its charms. It's a rare example from a special moment in Ferrari history. Depending on who you believe, just 18 Europas were built - give or take one - and only 15 of those wear this sublime Pinin Farina bodywork. It was replaced after one year by the deceptively similar looking Europa GT with a lighter chassis, Colombo V12 and coil-sprung front suspension. Time had moved on.

The Europa is like a definitive album. It doesn't have the shallow, instant appeal of radio-friendly pop singles, but wins you over the more you get to know and understand its subtlety and purpose. Finally, it rewards you with lasting appeal long after you've tired of hearing those popular hits over and over. If you have to pare down your fantasy garage to just one car, let alone one Ferrari, the 250 Europa should be it.

I asked Marek Djordjevic if he would change anything about the Europa. 'That would be like messing with the Sistine Chapel,' he said. I think I'd have fewer reservations about remodelling historic architecture than this artwork.



**Thanks to:** Tom Shaughnessy, Marek Djordjevic who now has his own design company ([www.landairseadesign.com](http://www.landairseadesign.com)), Kathleen Baker, John Clinard, Steve Hughes





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# THE SLEEPER





For 30 years, this Tour de France sat, as-raced and unrestored, in a Danish castle. Its unusual lines have a story to tell

Photography TOM WOOD





**G**limpsed in isolation in the cold light of the showroom, it looks like a normal Tour de France Ferrari. Pouting grill, faired-in lights, narrow screen, rakish fastback and all the voluptuous full-bodied styling pleasure points that tell you (without having to see a badge), that this is a Fifties Ferrari.

But the colour - it's not quite right, is it? And some of those stripes look a bit out of character, like a car that's been done up as an extra in a Sixties *Herbie* film. Then there's the paint itself. While it's adequately shiny and covers all the necessary bits of aluminium, it appears to have been done for £500 by a bloke under a railway arch.

And something has gone horribly wrong at the back - the pert, rounded tail of the Farina-styled original has been replaced by a sliced-off GTO-style Kamm tail, painted matt-black and fitted with round rear lights of French origin, perhaps originating from a humble Simca or Renault. The original bodywork is said to still lurk underneath somewhere.

The purists won't like it, but the chopped-about state of this, perhaps the last unrestored Tour de France in the world, raises some interesting questions about the nature of originality. It is, if you like, originally non-original. Minted in 1956, it spent 30 years in hiding in a Danish castle, hostage of a count who bought it for £2000.

This Ferrari has a colourful past. The first owner, Ottavio Randaccio of Milan, picked the car up from the Ferrari factory on April 26, 1956. Two days later, he was running it in the Mille Miglia, although he didn't finish. In September, he gained a third in the San Bernardo Hillclimb and in May 1958 he was back out on the Mille Miglia - again, he failed to go the distance.

He had more luck at Monza in the autumn, coming second and

ninth respectively in the Lombard Cup and the Coppa Inter Europa. There were a couple more hillclimbs, but in January 1959 Randaccio moved it onto its second owner, one Angelo Roma, also of Milan.

Roma began experimenting with the styling as early as spring 1959, paying Scaglietti (who built it, after all) to lower the nose, fit covered headlamps and make the grill smaller. From then until April 1962, the car seems to have been on almost permanent loan to the famous French Monte Carlo winner, Rene Trautmann.

Trautmann achieved first in class three times in a row at French events during the first half of 1959, but he wasn't so lucky in the Tour de France that year, or at Monza in the Coppa Inter Europa when he failed to finish. Here, the car's racing career finishes and, by the end of April 1962, it's in the hands of its third owner, a woman from Milan who exported the car to Switzerland two years later, in March 1964.

The ownership trail goes cold for a while, although it was in 1964 that the tail was modified in Switzerland, so it's been 'non-original' for a lot longer than it was original. Swiss luxury car importer-cum-manufacturer Peter Monteverdi bought the car in 1968, then enter the late Claus Ahlefeldt-Laurvig-Bille, our Danish count.

The current count, Michael Ahlefeldt-Laurvig-Bille, said 'My father

'Minted in 1956, it has been  
30 years in hiding in a  
Danish castle'

This early Tour de France bristles with period modifications, including the chopped-off Kamm-tail styling







Seats retrimmed in plastic, domestic carpets on the floor - a snapshot of how a 10-year-old racer was treated







The Ferrari TdF spent three years on loan to French Monte Carlo winner Rene Trautmann who, in 1959, achieved first class three times in a row at French events



bought it in 1969 when he was on a trip around Switzerland trying to buy old cars for his museum. He came across the garage selling an old Mercedes-Benz 300 SL and the Ferrari by accident. He decided to go for the Ferrari and bought it for £2000, which was a pretty good investment for me,' laughs the Count. 'He always knew one day the car would be valuable and he told me I should take care of the car; never drive it, just leave it. Obviously make sure it is maintained but never take it out.

'Believe me it was very tempting, when I had a driving licence at 18 years old, and the idea was that it would pay part of the tax when I took over the estate. But we managed, and I kept it. Then there was an opportunity to buy another farm, and I needed the money. Sell the Ferrari to buy some more land, that was the idea.'

The world of historic Ferraris is so precious that you can't help taking a delight in the unruly period scruffiness of the thing. Inside, it is spare and minimalist, true to its pedigree as an austere road racer pared down to the bare essentials.

Only the front windscreen is glass, the sliding door windows and

the wrap around rear screen being Plexiglass, to save weight. The seats, trimmed in plastic, look like they were bought in a Harry Moss Accessory shop in 1966, while the floor is covered in swathes of cheap domestic carpet where once there would have been rubber mats or simply steel.

You can see daylight around the door apertures, so the noise of the wind adds to the car's tiring, rough and ready nature, especially over long-distance endurance events. Still, it's fast, good for 150mph. Not today though - oil leaks, slipping clutch and binding brakes are confirmation that leaving a car unused for three decades, no matter how kind the conditions, is never the best thing for it. Having said that, the compressions on the engine are still excellent.

This car is a fantastic snapshot of how enthusiasts regarded historic but out-of-date cars in the late Sixties - they were, quite simply, just old cars and they did whatever was deemed necessary to make them faster, more useable or more up-to-date. Period authenticity didn't come into it, and in a way that's refreshing to see. The Tour de France nomenclature is a fairly loose nickname worn by a host of long wheelbase 250GT Ferraris of this period. Regardless, it's one of the desirable early cars with the prettier proportions favoured by the cognoscenti.

'It'll be a shame if it gets ripped to pieces,' said Simon Kidston, 'but whoever buys it, buys the right to do whatever they like with it.'

True enough. but it's a shame if enthusiasts can't live with some, if not all, of the period changes that are part of the history and unique character of cars like these. Somehow, though, I don't think it will happen that way.

### 1956 Ferrari 250 GT Tour de France

**Engine** 2953cc, V12, three Weber twin-choke, downdraught carburettors **Power** 280bhp @ 7000rpm **Transmission** Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Brakes** Drums all round **Suspension** Front: independent with unequal length wishbones, coil springs. Rear: live axle with semi-elliptic springs, located by parallel trailing arms **Weight** 2600lb (1200kg) **Performance** Top speed: 126mph; 0-60mph: 6sec (4.57 to 1 axle ratio (Sports car Quarterly, March 1958)) **Cost new** £7,000 (approx) **Values now** £5m-6m



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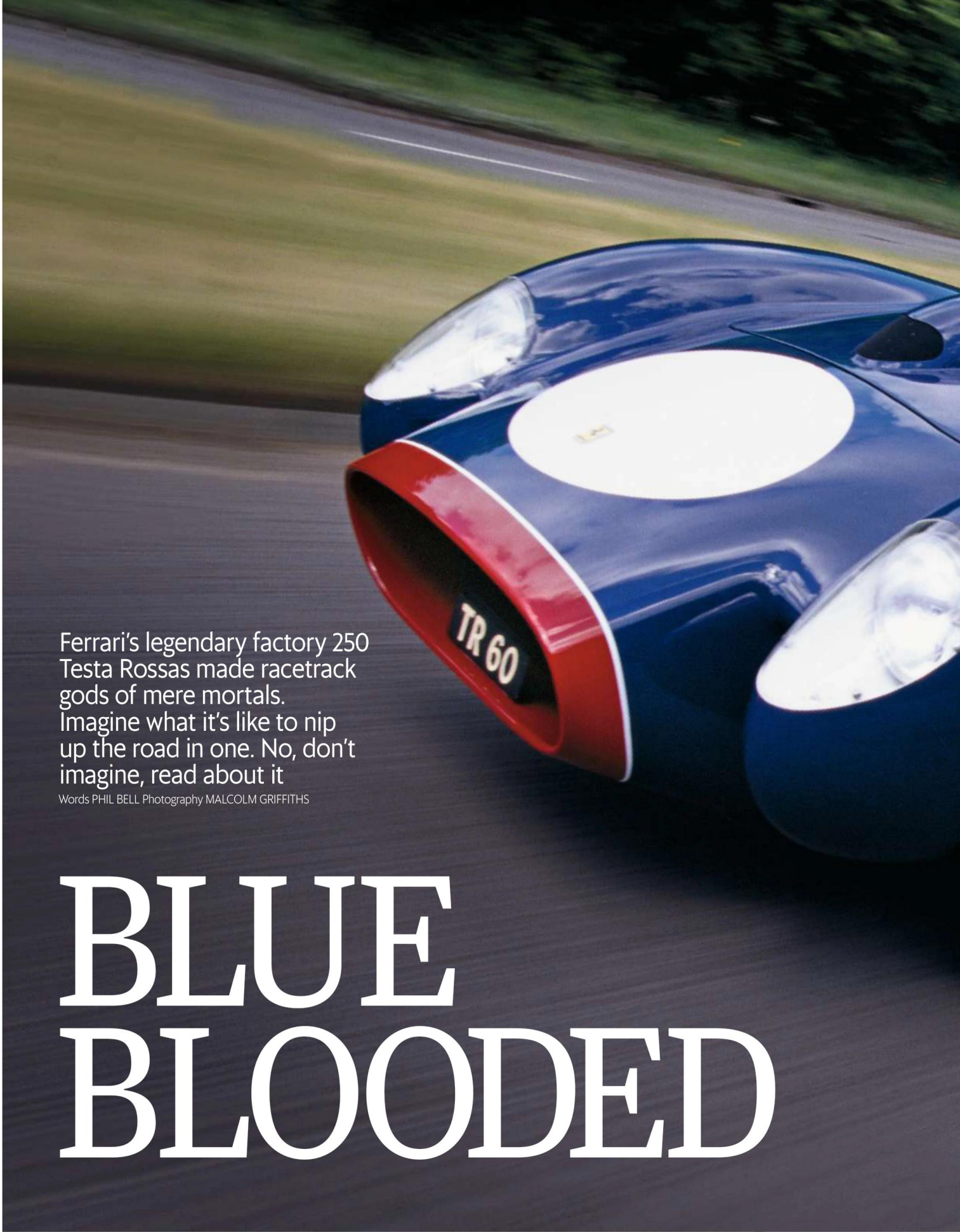
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Ferrari's legendary factory 250 Testa Rossas made racetrack gods of mere mortals. Imagine what it's like to nip up the road in one. No, don't imagine, read about it

Words PHIL BELL Photography MALCOLM GRIFFITHS

# BLUE BLOODED







'I KEPT RUNNING OFF THE TRACK TRYING TO KICK THE REAR END OUT WITH THE THROTTLE. OF COURSE, IT JUST PLOUGHED ON WORSE'

Testa Rossa's radical pontoon wings helped front brake cooling; six Weber carbs helped 3-litre V12 achieve a claimed 100bhp per litre



**T**esta Rossa. Means red head. You could imagine Enzo Ferrari named one of his most successful sport racing cars after some fiery auburn-haired mistress, but the truth is that it describes the paint on its camshaft covers. The 250 Testa Rossas were raced by a Who's Who list of drivers including Hill, Hawthorn, von Trips, Musso, Gendebien and Behra. They contested a where's where list of races - Sebring 12hr, Nürburgring 1000km, Targa Florio, Le Mans 24hr and Goodwood TT, painting the winner's rostrums scarlet red between 1958 and 1961 and helping Ferrari to win three World Sport Car Championship crowns.

While the Testa Rossa's legendary battles were being fought on the world stage, this car was fighting for local honours in the heart of America, raced by a 29-year-old mail carrier from Colorado.

When I track down Dan Collins I find that at 73 he still races cars when he's not teaching young racing drivers at his self-designed race track in Colorado. His voice bubbles with enthusiasm as he remembers the car, 'The Testa Rossa was such an outstanding car, so dominating - it gave me the opportunity to demonstrate my skills.'

It was his effectiveness racing his own 2-litre Ferrari in 1956 that led to a drive in a 4.5-litre Ferrari and a 2-litre Testa Rossa owned by Temple Buell in 1956, then in 1957 the Mercedes 300SL-engined Hughes-Kircher special owned by Charles Hughes. It became obvious that this car could not compete with the then popular Ferrari and Maserati imports, so Collins persuaded Hughes to buy a Testa Rossa from Ferrari importer Luigi Chinetti. 'Chinetti offered to reduce the price of \$11,800 to \$8400 for Charlie if I would race the car six times.'

The car was shipped to Chicago from where they would trailer it straight to Elkhart Lake for the 1958 June Sprints. 'It was kinda dinged around and beat up from the shipping, but we hammered out the dents and put a crude roll bar in on the Thursday night ready for the Saturday practice for the SCCA national race.'

Even though the Testa Rossa appeared to have near even weight distribution at 51:49 front and rear, it became known for its understeer in the tight corners of America's circuits. 'I had quite a time coping with it in practice - I kept running off the track trying to kick the rear end out by hitting the throttle. Of course, it was just lifting the nose up and ploughing on worse. But I finally came to grips with it by braking deeper into the apex of tight turns, giving the front tyres better grip. It proved very effective.'

Come race day Collins was 25th on the 60 car grid, the positions being based on acceleration potential. He was alongside his friend Augie Pabst in a 2.5-litre Testa Rossa. 'When they dropped the flag the roadway was blocked with Corvettes and Thunderbirds with enormous engines, so I took to the gravel trying to get around them. It proved a bad move and Augie squirted through a hole right off the bat, leaving me to cope with the blockage ahead. I was stymied until we reached the braking area for the first turn. I started passing cars left and right, including the ex-Jim Kimberly 4.5, now sporting an enormous GMC-supercharger on its Chevrolet engine.'

Collins caught up with Pabst behind some 10-15 cars on the next straight. 'I plunged past them all and tucked in behind a Devin-bodied special called an Echidna. His 5-litre V8 out-accelerated me up the steep hill to turn six but at the left hander under the bridge he left a three to four foot gap on the inside, so I put two wheels onto the railroad rails, placed at right angles to the track edge to discourage any drivers from cutting the corner.'

After passing Ernie Erickson's D-type Jaguar to take third place and first in class, Collins tried to catch Walt Hansgen and Ed Crawford in Briggs Cunningham's Lister-Jaguars, which had started on the front row.

Whatever he tried, Collins couldn't get any closer, and then the downpour came. 'We were creeping along at 20-30mph trying to see where we were going. Pabst had made up some ground, but his





Megaphone exhaust trumpets improve efficiency and sound delicious; Porsche designed synchromesh helps you enjoy that classic Ferrari H-gate

Firestones couldn't grip in the wet and he slid off into the bushes and got branches stuck in his engine compartment.' Collins recalls his standard fit Engleberts were great in the rain, allowing him to gain on the Listers before coming home third. 'It was a very exciting race. We had good luck wherever we went with the car.'

Collins' next race was in Midland, Texas in August. 'Jim Hall's GMC supercharged Chevy-powered Maserati started on pole. He stormed off into the first turn and flew off into the dirt, having not practised the thing, and that was the end of him.' Collins started in 8th and caught up with Frank Davis' V8 Devin called the Magnum-Davis Special, nicknamed the Purina Feedbag Special. 'It was run by a bunch of good-old-boy Texans. They really knew how to make a car go: it had beaten Carroll Shelby, Jim Hall, Hap Sharp - all those guys.' Collins found that he could catch Davis through the tighter corners, but it would open up a huge gap on the straights. 'We had a real nasty duel - I just kinda beat on him.' Eventually Collins realised that Davis' upright driving position was obscuring his rear view mirror. 'He didn't know where I was, so when he left a few feet of road on the inside of the fast 110mph left hander I managed to sneak through. Later that lap he blew his motor.' Collins won the race, lapping Hap Sharp in the 2-litre Maserati.

He did one more race in 1958, at the Billy the Kid Raceway in Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The main opposition was West Coast D-production champion Dick Morgensen's Testa Rossa. Things seemed to be going Collins' way as he built up a 20 second lead, but then he picked up a nail in his left rear tyre. Rather than indicate the problem to his crew and risk alerting Morgensen he drove the last five laps with a deflating tyre, limping home with a five second lead.

The following year was a similar story with a first place at La Junta, Colorado, setting a still-unbroken lap record of 109mph, and second place at Buckley Air Base, Colorado. Collins, Hughes and the Testa Rossa formed an effective team and it's surprising that they didn't enter more

races, but entering out-of-state events involved trailering the car up to 4000 miles from the car's Colorado base. 'Charlie Hughes had business interests in oil, cattle and banking, and was chairman of the board of directors of the SCCA. I had a regular job and my lovely bride, Carol, at home - we were just starting a family of five children in just six years.' He chuckles at the memory. 'They were exciting times.'

He didn't get to race the car again because Hughes went through a divorce and sold the car on to Dr Alex Budurin of Tuscon Arizona. Recalls Collins, 'I think he paid \$8500 for it. He blew the motor shortly after La Junta in May 1960. He fitted a street version of that engine.' Budurin managed six races in the Testa Rossa during 1960 - Palm Springs, Pomona, Lake Garnett, Kansas, Midland, and two races over the same weekend at Ascarte Park in El Paso. 'In that last race he flipped it upside down in a lake after slamming into two trees before splash down. He was hanging by his seatbelts with his nose submerged and his mouth above the water when they fetched him out.' That was the end of the original racing career of 0752TR.

Beneath that exaggerated bulge in the bonnet you'll find a dozen intake trumpets designed to ram air straight into the venturis of six Weber 38DCN twin-choke carburettors. Unlike previous generations of the Gioachino Colombo-designed V12, and the contemporary 250 GT road car engine, with its trio of carbs feeding three siamesed intake ports, the alloy Testa Rossa heads have six ports apiece, which gave more even suction pulses into the twelve hemispherical combustion chambers. They helped the new 2953cc engine - conceived to meet the new three litre capacity limit for the 1958 World Sports Car Championship - achieve 100bhp per litre. Even though the design had been stretched from Colombo's original 1.5-litre Grand Prix engine of 1947, it was still relatively understressed because the multi-cylinder layout meant the all-important piston speeds were still not excessive. DK Engineering's David Cottingham thinks that Ferrari's claimed figures are optimistic



'HE FLIPPED IT UPSIDE DOWN IN A LAKE. HE WAS HANGING BY HIS SEATBELTS WITH HIS NOSE SUBMERGED AND HIS MOUTH ABOVE THE WATER'

Megaphone exhaust trumpets improve efficiency and sound delicious; Porsche designed synchromesh helps you enjoy the H-gate; bucket seats more supportive than originals



by about 20bhp, but it was still enough to be devastatingly effective against its rivals.

Enzo Ferrari believed that if the engine was good enough, the rest of the car wasn't so important. Certainly, as you slip into the seat it's difficult to think about anything else. You feel remote from your senses as your eyes register the radically sculpted body created by Scaglietti's craftsmen, the sparse cockpit formed by the multi-tubular chassis and sheet aluminium, and the ellipse of painted metal housing the bare essential gauges and switches. Fingers fumble impatiently for the ignition key and your brain is snapped back into the immediate experience as the four pint-glass-sized exhaust megaphones rip the air with the unforgettable sound of 12 cylinders seemingly all trying to fire at once.

For all its fearsome voice the V12 is flexible, though for now you have to squeeze the throttle carefully at anything below 2500rpm to avoid the engine bogging because of the way the carburettors are jetted. Beyond there you're free to dig deep into the pedal, feel the car tense itself as the thrust begins its lunge, low growl hardening to percussive blare as the thrust ramps up past 5000 with definitive force, speed piling on in fistfuls. Change-up comes at 7200rpm, but it'll take 9000.

Shifting ratios through the H-gate requires commitment. It's precise, and you have to practise moving the hefty lever with accuracy and considered force. But with its Porsche-designed synchromesh the four-speed box is rewarding, as is the whipcrack exhaust noise.

You feel every bump in the tarmac, but the suspension is compliant enough to help the 16in Dunlops follow the road's topography. It's been set up for the Mille Miglia, but would also have had to cope with some poor surfaces on America's road circuits. Although some of the Ferrari factory race cars used leaf sprung de Dion rear suspension and later a

#### 1958 FERRARI 250 Testa Rossa

**Engine** 2953cc, V12, OHC per bank, six Weber 36DCN carburettors **Power and torque** 300bhp @ 7200rpm; 223lb ft @ 6100rpm **Transmission** Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Worm and sector **Suspension** Front: independent, wishbones, coil springs, lever-arm dampers. Rear: live axle, coil springs, radius arms, lever-arm dampers **Brakes** Drums front and rear **Weight** 940kg (2070lb) **Performance** Top speed: 168mph; 0-60mph: not tested **Value** n/a

fully independent setup, neither of which gave much advantage, customer cars like this had coil sprung live axles with radius arms and triangulated lateral links. Up front there's coils, wishbones and an anti-roll bar.

The woodrim wheel fidgets in your hands, becoming more animated the worse the road surface becomes. The ZF steering box is weighty at low speed and a little dead about the straight-ahead, but in typical competition car fashion feels sharper the faster you go. It's at

speed that the unusual pontoon design of the front wings starts to work, channelling cooling air onto the finned and vented aluminium drums. On the road they're effective and progressive, but by the late Fifties the competition had the advantage of discs, which the Testa Rossa didn't get until 1959. Like its drums, the Testa Rossa's pontoon wings were short-lived - they generated lift on faster circuits and for the following year Ferrari reverted to convention. They were the only radical feature on an otherwise conservative car.

Some racing cars have blown away the opposition with advanced technology, but the 250 Testa Rossa is remarkable because it wasn't all new. The basic chassis and engine derived from designs over a decade old. But it was well proven, and worked to consistent effect. Recalls Collins, 'They were the most reliable race cars you could imagine. You could turn them at 7500rpm in every gear all day long. You would change the spark plugs twice a year, add fresh oil and tyres after each race and new brake linings at the end of the season, but that was it.'

The three-litre limit introduced for the 1958 World Championship was a reaction to a growing perception that sports racing cars had become too exotic to have any relevance to road cars. The 250 Testa Rossa, even with its striking bodywork, proved the perception wrong.



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# VANITY FARE

Ferrari could have owned the glamorous sports convertible market in 1957 with its 250 GT convertibles, but Mercedes had a challenger in the shape of a voluptuous roadster version of its spectacular 300 SL Gullwing

Words ROB SCORAH Photography RORY GAME









**E**ven if you've been around many an exotic car, when you have two such beautiful cars as these together; the Mercedes-Benz 300 SL roadster and Ferrari 250 Long Wheelbase California Spider, it's impossible not to be seduced by their aura of glamour and power. But did they inherit it from the world they came to inhabit, or does it go deeper to some more fundamental aspect of their nature?

The Mercedes is the more cerebrally elegant of the two; sweeping yet still restrained curves, a classical balance in its proportions. It's not totally devoid of indulgences - discreet but useless twin power bugles adorn the bonnet and a few too many chrome flashes emphasise its length. Like all the greatest Pinin Farina cars, the Ferrari manages that delicate balance between aggression and sensuality. The sultry elliptical mouth and upswept-eye headlights combine in a sculpture that can make grown men weak at the knees. The rounded haunches and kicked up rear wings combine a Ford Thunderbird and the yet-to-be AC Cobra - fashionable fins in a tight racing tail.

Both are archetypes of their kind, epitomizing the values, dreams and contradictions that still drive both marques forward today. Each carries the DNA of endurance-race warhorses, though neither is a thinly disguised competition car. In 1957 when they were launched, both Ferrari and Mercedes were looking to other machines to win races; the cabriolets were about capturing the glamorous, wealthy and largely untapped market of North America.

For each it was a testing time. Ferrari was the new kid on the block, scrapping and hustling its way from victory to victory; its business and reputation built more than figuratively on the blood, sweat and tears of its crews and drivers. Its road cars thrived on the racers' glory yet funded them at the same time. Mercedes on the other hand, was trying to rebuild lost grandeur. Before the war, its 'Silver Arrows' grand prix racers had beaten all comers, and sweeping roadsters like the 540K adorned searchlight Hollywood premiers. But its limousines had also stood guard at Hitler's rallies.

Looking at the 300 SL shimmer in the sunlight, it's hard to believe that its

development really began less than ten years after the fall of the Nazi regime. The radiator grille again emphatically wears an oversized three-pointed star and under this sleek bodywork is at least part of the story of how the Sindelfingen workshops came back from the dead; it is the inheritor of the racing car that reclaimed Mercedes' glory.

In 1951 Rudolf Uhlenhaut, chief of Daimler-Benz Experimental Department, was given the task of reinvigorating the factory racing programme with a sports car intended for Le Mans. With little money and few resources, Uhlenhaut used the engine and running gear of Mercedes' new luxury 300 sedan; three-litre in-line six-cylinder engine sitting on wishbone suspension up front and a swing axle at the rear. This was bonded in a tubular, birdcage-like space-frame, but with the main rails running shoulder-high down the body, the doors had to be hung from the roof to allow a suitably large aperture. Under the low bonnet of this aerodynamic shape the engine had to be canted 40 degrees to the left.

The resulting streamlined 300 SL coupé dominated the World Sports Car Championship in 1952, beginning with the five-day Carrera Panamericana, taking first and second. It was not lost on Austrian émigré and New York car dealer Max Hoffman who pressed for a road-going version of the car and allegedly even put down a deposit, promising to sell at least 1000. The factory was convinced and production of a more customer-friendly Gullwing began in 1954, significantly making its debut at the New York Motor Show.

The Carrera Panamericana was an important showcase for Ferrari too; a 212 Inter won the event in 1951, co-driven by its US importer Luigi Chinetti, who also came third in a 340 Mexico behind the 300 SLs in 1952. Chinetti too understood the Californian market. By 1957 both he and Hoffman were lobbying earnestly for a roadster.

Mercedes already had the diminutive four-cylinder 190 SL on sale, and Hoffman was less the catalyst than he is sometimes portrayed: Uhlenhaut converted four 300 SLs to roadsters in 1952 for the Jubilee Prize at the Nürburgring.

From the firewall forward, it's virtually unchanged from the Gullwing. The frame around the cabin and luggage compartment had to be strengthened and lowered to accommodate conventional doors, so larger diameter, heavier gauge tubing was used to ensure the strength and integrity of the chassis. Weighing 200lb

### 1959 Ferrari 250GT Long Wheelbase California Spider

**Engine** 2953cc single ohc per bank, 60 degree V12, three Weber 36 DCL3 carburettors **Power and torque** 240bhp @ 7000rpm, 195lb ft @ 5500rpm **Transmission** four-speed manual rear wheel drive **Brakes** front and rear hydraulic drums (discs on later cars) **Suspension** Unequal wishbones, coil springs, Houdaille dampers, anti-roll bar; Rear: live axle, semi-elliptical springs, parallel arms, Houdaille dampers **Steering** worm and sector, power assisted **Weight** 2400lb (1080kg) **Performance** Top Speed 140mph; 0-60 7.6 sec **Fuel Consumption** 15mpg **Cost New** £6200 **Value now** £5.5m-7.5m



With more conventional suspension, the Ferrari corners predictably



'Like all the best Pinin Farina cars, the Ferrari manages that delicate balance between aggression and sensuality'



Ferrari looks and feels more austere and sport-focused than the Merc





### **SL creator: Rudolf Uhlenhaut**

Pulling up in his 300 SLR coupé alongside Mercedes' custom-built race transporters, chief engineer Rudolf Uhlenhaut must have presented a quiet yet intimidating presence to the other teams in the racing paddocks of the early Fifties.

Born in 1906, he was the son of a German bank director and an English mother who, after schooling in both countries, took his degree in mechanical engineering in Germany. Immediately afterwards, he went to work for Daimler-Benz as a passenger car test engineer, where his easy-going manner and growing reputation for bringing creative solutions to engineering problems put him on the fast track to becoming head of race car construction and testing.

In 1936 and still only 30, Uhlenhaut was given the job of replacing the W25 Grand

Prix car, which was now being surpassed by its rivals. In less than a year he had developed a replacement, the W125, which by 1937 had returned Mercedes to the front and would give the Three-pointed Star some of its most celebrated victories.

Uhlenhaut was himself a very capable racing driver – as good as the works team's best, and would take cars out onto the track to investigate problems and complaints. This caused the factory not a little angst as it thought him far too valuable to lose in an accident, but it allowed him to develop his cars from the perspective of an engineer and a driver.

As time went on, and certainly in the post war years, the quiet Uhlenhaut became the right-hand man of the more bombastic race director Alfred Neubauer.



Uhlenhaut was tasked with creating a motor sport colossus from scratch. He succeeded.







California Spider built  
by Scaglietti, 300 SL  
Roadster built in-house.

more, the roadster was losing a little of its Sport Leicht-ness but the fuel-injected M198 six-cylinder engine had been uprated from 215bhp in the coupé to 225bhp, with sports camshaft as standard.

In the rather convoluted world of parallel models, and with mid-Fifties Ferrari on the cusp of relative standardization, it's hard to pick a direct rival to the Mercedes SL. Looking again at these two very similar-sized cars, you feel the restraint and balance of the German machine against the unsuppressed voluptuousness of the Italian.

The Scaglietti-built 250 GT Competizione appeared at the 1956 Geneva Motor Show. Its development coincided with a shift in international racing regulations - in 1956 the ruling body instituted a championship for heavier and theoretically slower dual-purpose GTs. It is from this ruling that the Long Wheelbase California Spider derives.

Looking into the austere cabin of the Ferrari, you feel the Italians stuck to the sports theme more rigorously. You sit shorter legged with a large wood-rimmed racing wheel in your lap. The bucket seats are comfortable but comparatively meagre, the doors have solid, chromed handles though probably a string-pull would have been just as acceptable to Ferrari, and the black crackle-finish dash is purposeful, merely holding the unadorned instruments in place. Whatever pleasure the Ferrari will give lies beyond the windscreen.

It's probably worth noting that, by convention, Pinin Farina built the more luxurious models and Scaglietti the sportier cars. There's some

'The cabin is austere -  
whatever pleasure the  
Ferrari will give lies beyond  
the windscreen'

conjecture that the Series II PF cabriolets were deliberately styled away from the California - not wanting to look like the cheaper models. In the States, the California would cost around \$11600, the Series I PF coupé \$12450, and the cabriolet \$14950, same as the Mercedes. But the Series II was a couple of years off and perhaps the California better represents the spirit of its breed. And its cabin isn't that Spartan. The term Spider brings to mind visions of creations with cut-down Perspex windshields, no side windows, door trim or roof. The Ferrari has a roof - just don't try to put it up.

That probably wouldn't matter to the likes of Ferrari buyers Steve McQueen or James Coburn. But for the Mercedes there was a very substantial hard top, fitted luggage, even a steel golf bag. Sophia Loren was more its typical customer. With the SL, are we looking more at automotive art than a car? On the road it has a lot to beat.

Firing up the Spider brings you straight to the heart of the whole idea of Ferrari; the V12. Forget the austerity of the cabin, its sound gives immediate sensory satisfaction. It isn't raucous or aggressively exaggerated, but capricious in its shifting timbral layers - induction bark and valve clatter overlaying a soft almost whimsical song.

This is the Gioachino Colombo-designed 'short block', favoured by racing drivers of the day over the bigger Lampredi V12 as being lighter, compact, and more efficient. Although a three-litre in the 250, it dates back to the 1.5-litre 1947 Ferrari 125S, its generous 90mm cylinder-centre spacing allowing it to be enlarged over time. Although Colombo carried forward concepts learned before the war from Vittorio Jano (the right-hand cylinder bank is offset forward; pre-war Alfa style), its short stroke and hairpin-type valve springs were inspired by his interest in motorbike engines. 'It's two engines really operating off a common crank, totally unburstable' says Ferrari engine builder Terry Hoyle.

The Ferrari pulls easily away with little throttle, the twelve cylinders



each providing enough gentle push to make its departure smooth without effort. It responds well to the pedal, increasing pace in exact obedience of your foot pressure.

The gear change is direct, immediate; no more than a wrist action and the sensation of a click. The hint of a double de-clutch movement meshes the cogs perfectly on a down-change and the Ferrari picks up its pace with urgency. The steering is a little vague straight ahead, but it firms up at once in the bends where, in tandem with the pedals, small tweaks from the forearms finely tune its stance. People would soon start to raise their eyebrows at Ferrari's persistent use of a solid, cart-sprung rear axle, but balancing speed, angle and brakes, you can put a 250 into a corner with huge trust and confidence knowing exactly where it will go. Will you be able to say that of the SL's rear swing axle?

The coupé's swing axle had used two pivot points outboard of the differential at the rear. Changes in body roll could easily make both wheels lean towards the corner, or a trailing throttle camber change lift the inside rear wheel and induce very sudden oversteer. Ironically, this had been solved before the Gullwing came out. Uhlenhaut's own 1953 car was equipped with a low pivot-point swing axle and stabilizing horizontal compensating springs above the differential, a setup that went into the roadster after extensive testing on the Stelvio Pass.

The Mercedes certainly feels solid and planted. After the Ferrari, you feel more cosseted and cocooned by the cabin of a more substantial machine. That isn't to suggest it's ponderous or remote, though there is a slight aloofness from the processes of driving as compared to the Ferrari. Does that detract? No.

The SL moves that hundredth of a second later in its steering and acceleration, but it feels every bit the push-on roadster. The big straight-six gives a constant gritted-teeth growl and the car accelerates with considerable vigour. The gear changes don't quite have the Ferrari's tactile satisfaction and immediacy, but they're swift and positive; and most of the torque lies at a very reachable 4800rpm. This engine also has

mechanical fuel injection. It won't do anything remarkable over the Ferrari's carburettors, but a barometric gauge meters the fuel mixture better, so in the mountains you should have the advantage over the Italian. There were different gear ratios for different markets too, 3.64:1 for Europe, 3.89:1 for the US, 3:25:1 offering the highest top speed and 4.11:1 for the mountains of Austria.

As you try to weigh up the two, you realize there's something strange going on: the Ferrari hasn't blown away the Mercedes. The Spider's character and charisma are immense; its spell unbelievably potent as the V12 winds up into that barking howl. The feel through the chassis and wheel bring you in closer contact with the machine and the road than most any car of its era - bar another Ferrari.

In the SL there may be a bit more shoulder in the gear changes, the lines through the bends are less sharply balanced, but there's something in its purposeful rumble and poised roll that keeps you interested. The body's continual dialogue between sobriety and sensuality holds your gaze. As the miles spin out, you think maybe one more corner, one more crest will clinch it for the Ferrari, but the German GT begins to gain the edge over the Italian café racer as the more complete package - a very sporting distance coverer.

There are some Ferraris; the 275 GTB/4s or 250 SWBs that virtually no car from any era can come close to and perhaps you expected the California to win this battle on their terms. But the Spider and the 300 SL roadster were meant for a different frame of mind; Mulholland Drive not Mille Miglia. Even a European driver finds the moment a

when he wants to leave the cashmere sweater and the string-backs in the drawer, don a classic double-breasted suit and look as elegant as his car. Mercedes had already been building for that market for fifty years when it made this car, and it knew where to draw the line between performance and sophistication. Some will say they can sacrifice a little luxury for the Ferrari's performance edge, but the Mercedes-Benz 300 SL roadster makes that a very difficult argument to win.

#### 1958 Mercedes-Benz 300 SL roadster

**Engine** 2996cc in-line six cylinder, Bosch mechanical fuel injection, **Power and torque** 225bhp @ 5800rpm, 213lb ft @ 4800rpm **Transmission** four-speed manual, rear wheel drive **Brakes** Front and rear: hydraulic drums **Suspension** Front double wishbones, coil springs, anti-roll bar, hydraulic telescopic dampers, rear single-joint swing axle, coil springs, horizontal compensating springs above differential, hydraulic telescopic dampers **Steering** Recirculating ball, **Weight** 2926lb (1330kg) **Performance** Top Speed 138mph 0-60 7.9sec **Fuel Consumption** 16mpg **Cost New** £6427, (DM 32,500) **Values** Now £650,000-£950,000

SL's swing axle is much improved over the wayward Gullwing's



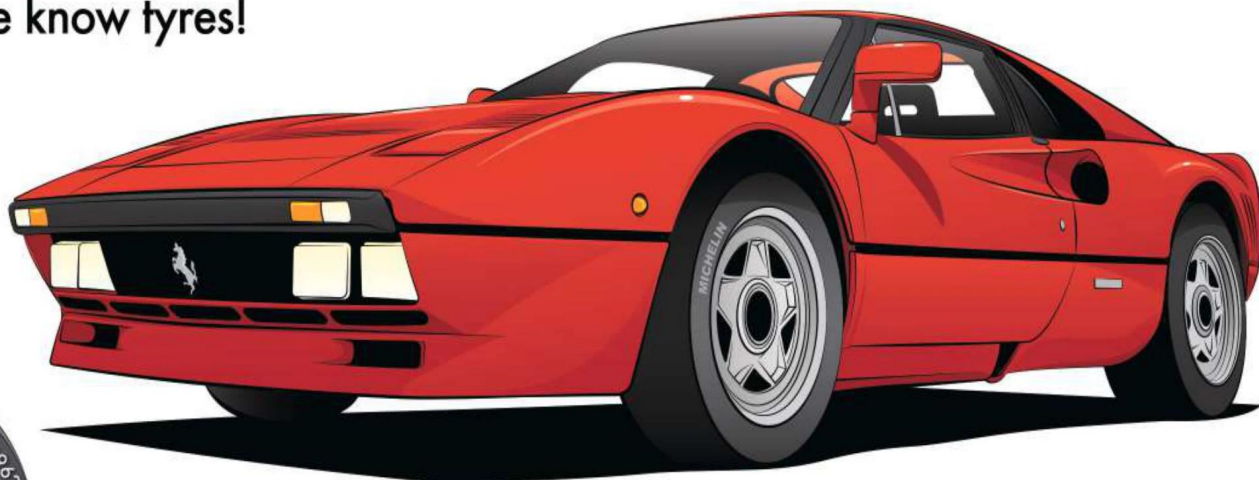


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# WHITE

Only 20 Ferrari 250 GT SWB SEFAC Hot Rods were built and every one is special. This one won the 1961 Mille Miglia Rally, and this is its amazing story

Words JOHN SIMISTER Photography LYNDON McNEIL

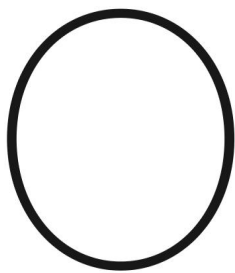




# LIGHT







h, good grief and other such exclamations, it's hot in here. It's hot outside, too, but inside this deceptively cool-looking Ferrari I've been cooked so much that the cloth-trimmed driver's seat is soaked and I must have lost at least half a stone. How anyone used to race this car in a full race suit is beyond me.

Please, any deity who cares to listen and can perform miracles, can I have air-con?

No, obviously not. At least a fan, then? The windows are open, quarterlights too, but this Ferrari has major heat-soak and it's all soaking into me. A swig of water, then? That's cooked too.

All right. Maybe we can go a little faster, get the air flowing through the scuttle vent. Or maybe not; speed limits are stricter and more numerous than they were in 1961. Gasp. Drip. Wipe forehead to stop salty water stinging my eyes.

Of course there's heat-soak, because there's no insulation. This may look like an ordinary Ferrari 250 GT short wheelbase, but it's a bit special. This is a lightweight racing version known unofficially as the SEFAC Hot Rod (SEFAC being the acronym for Ferrari's racing division: Società Esercizio Fabbriche Automobili e Corse). Its aluminium body's sheet metal is just 1mm thick, the floor is single-skinned (no wonder the exhausts warm it up), there's no headlining (so I can see every aluminium weld), and until recently it didn't even have any carpet. Its engine has a hot camshaft with no interest below 3500rpm and not much until 4000rpm, and it's pulling to the right when I accelerate and left when I brake. There's a smell of hot friction material too.

So what is it? It's the second of 20 lightweight competizione 250 GT SWBs, all with bodywork by Scaglietti. As well as the thin metal panels, it features a lightweight chassis and an engine altered for lightness as well as power. The cam covers, timing chain cover and sump are all magnesium; the first of these hide 'type 130' camshafts with 10mm of lift. Carburettors are twin choke downdraught Weber 46 DCF3s in triplicate, and spent gases exit via four three-into-one, big-bore manifolds flowing into a tailpipe each.

So what's the result of all this enhancement of Gioachino Colombo's delicious V12? The dynamometer showed 286bhp after the build, a useful increase over the 2953cc engine's usual 210bhp at 7400rpm when running on 38 DCNs and installed in a roadgoing 250 GT SWB. All the better, then, for first owner Gunnar Andersson, a Swede who

'I've been cooked so much the seat is soaked. How anybody raced this car in a full suit is beyond me'

had thus far been used to racing Volvos and a Volvo-engined OSCA (strange but true), to try his luck in the 1961 500km Grand Prix at Spa. He came fifth, first time out. It was the start of quite a career both for Andersson and for 250 GT chassis number 2439.

A lightweight, it certainly is. All sorts of things have holes in them, even the bonnet stay, the door hinges and the dynamo bracket. The side and rear windows are Perspex; the door windows are moved up and down not by a winder mechanism (far too heavy), but by means of a leather strap emerging from a slot below the window. You hold the window in the position you want (open as far as it will go is good right now) by anchoring the strap to a stud, like a belt in a buckle.

Several details betray the racing purpose of chassis number 2439: neat little air scoops to cool the front brakes, a shield over the left-hand exhausts so petrol splashed from the outsize filler won't erupt, and odd almond-shaped holes in the sides of the four tailpipes' chrome trims. Quaintest of all, a Perspex bug-deflector on the bonnet.

And - my heart is melting, and not because of the heat - what total, complete beauty. Here, to a child of the Fifties like me, is the epitome of what a Ferrari should be. When a seven-year-old Simister thought Ferrari, a 250 GT SWB is what came into his head, as replicated in the Scalextric range of the time. Although I owned not the Ferrari but its counterpart, an Aston Martin DB4 GT. With lights. Sorry.

This perfect Ferrari shape is sculpted and wrought, not pressed and bashed into shape. Feel around the rear wheelarches. There's neither lip nor rolled, beaded edge; it's two layers of aluminium, outer and inner, melded perfectly into one rounded join. And there's that air-scoop on the bonnet, not just an approximate funnel of random air, but the outer part of an airbox which seals, when the bonnet is shut, onto the bottom half of the airbox to trap six carburettor trumpets within. No air filter, though. Not sure I'd want to feed such a valuable engine with unfiltered air.

Beneath the Ferrari 250 GT's beautiful bodywork you'll find an uncompromising competition special. The V12 is lighter and 36% more powerful than the road car version







'SEFAC Hot Rod' modifications include shield to direct spilt fuel around exhaust



## The multicoloured life of chassis no 2439

Gunnar Andersson picked up his new Ferrari from Maranello in May 1961 and drove it straight to Spa for that 500km race. He came fifth, but not without drama. A side window blew open during practice, the catch jammed and the resulting vacuum pulled the headlining down over Andersson's helmet. He continued racing by steering with one hand while his other held the window shut, but overcooked a corner and rolled down a bank into a field of cows. He managed to push the squashed roof back up but the windscreen was cracked. He started the

next day with a Perspex replacement, which the wind threatened to blow into the cabin. Fifth place was an impressive effort, then.

A fortnight later Andersson and his Ferrari were back in Italy for the Mille Miglia, which Andersson won by six minutes with co-driver Charles Lohmander despite a 360-degree spin and some contact with scenery. Mercedes-Benz offered Andersson a five-year contract after that.

But disaster struck in August as Andersson chased a Cooper-Monaco at Falkenberg, Sweden. The Cooper's

driver cut in front, the Ferrari rolled at 135mph as it hit the grass and the bodywork was wrecked. Andersson sent the ruined Hot Rod back to Scaglietti for a rebuild, where there just happened to be a spare 250 GT SWB body taken from chassis 2819 which had been rebodied to become the famous high-tailed 'Breadvan'.

And the rest of the colourful history? Andersson sold the Ferrari in 1965, and the new owner painted it blue. A later owner had it repainted red in 1989, following a restoration. In 1996 the engine was rebuilt by Bob Wallace,

the former Lamborghini engineering chief. The paint was returned to its original white in 1999 only to become red again two years later, and now it's once again white.

In the ownership of Jean-Pierre Slavic, it was offered for sale several times in 2005 before appearing at The Quail, A Motorsports Gathering in Carmel Valley, after which it was bought by Swiss-based collector Carlo Voegelé.

Its latest owners, Olivier and Daniela Ellerbrock, have returned 2439 to competition, campaigning it in three Tour Autos and on track at Spa.





Look down the side of the engine, towards the front, and you'll see double-wishbone suspension with polished arms and Koni dampers. Konis damp the rear, too, with leaf springs and radius rods to locate the live axle: cars were simpler back then. Nor had Ferrari discovered steering racks; it's a steering box with a universally-jointed column and actuating, again, polished arms. You'd need a full-time employee to keep this lot shiny. The present owner has exactly that, but there are plenty of other Ferraris in the collection to keep the mechanic busy between Hot Rod-valeting sessions.

In the blue cloth-trimmed driving seat (a new colour scheme, the seats were originally red) I'm sitting low. So low that I seem to be looking as much through the wood-rim steering wheel as over it. A large Veglia tachometer is turned so that the zero is right at the bottom in typical Ferrari style. The other end of its scale suggests the enticing prospect of 8000 available rpm. Gauges for benzina, acqua and olio are spread across the lightweight, flimsy and crackle-black dashboard; regular road SWBs have leather and painted metal here.

To start the Hot Rod, you switch on the fuel pumps, insert the key, twist and then push. A disinterested moan emerges from up front, the noise of an old V12 cranking up with all 12 compressions merging into one as if all of them had disappeared. But no, they're healthy because the 12 cylinders have erupted into life amid a blustery bark of exhaust, a sucking of air and a thrashing of machined valvegear components. Blip the throttle, hear a hiccup, smell the heady smell of hot but as yet only partially burnt hydrocarbons and let the engine settle for a bit.

'The Hot Rod is eager and agile, with loads of power in a compact package: a finely focused GT you can use'

The gearbox is a four-speeder with a conventional H-gate, a large aluminium gear-knob and a solid, machined action. Into first, up with the heavy but docile clutch, and - savour the moment - I'm driving my first Colombo V12 Ferrari and I could hardly have wished for a better initiation.

But this is a pretty peaky interpretation of Colombo's art. The idle speed is high - maybe it's the only way to keep it going - and now, as I open those Weber throats wide at 2500rpm, it's going all dyspeptic on me. Ease the throttle, let it clear, feed in gently again. That's better; the note is getting crisp, the act is being got together, 3500rpm and hold on, we're cooking now. The engine as well as me.

Four gears mean big gaps between the ratios, given this car's ultimate pace of, probably, beyond 150mph. So I have to rev it hard between shifts, which is great because at 4000rpm it's sounding hard-edged and healthy, it will take full throttle and suddenly this Ferrari feels the racer it looks like. I'm wary of using 7000rpm at first, but the





The sublime Pininfarina-penned shape was turned into metal by Scaglietti's artisans



Detailing and proportions are exquisite, but the driver must endure an intense ordeal to get the best out of SEFAC's 250 SWB 'Hot Rod'

engine is loving it and the hills outside Geneva, where the Hot Rod currently lives, are echoing to its happiness.

You have to drive this car hard to hold its attention, just as you would expect from a racer. The cautious Swiss are not known for their tolerance of noisy cars but this one makes music, not mere decibels. The law doesn't discriminate but it should, just as right-minded people do. And it must be said that nobody minds as I let rip outside the town limits, intakes and exhausts blaring, hairs on my neck unsticking from their damp bed and prickling.

There's something amiss with the brakes, though, with this pulling, this smell and this vibration. A sticking caliper? Seems that way. This car needs to get out more.

And now I'm in those hills, pointing that shapely snout into bends and up straights, downshifting with a blip and a fluff and a crackle to power round the next corner. The brakes have cured themselves after some firm stabs on the pedal, the Hot Rod has woken up and got into the groove, and I'm discovering that once you're driving with spirit the steering goes noticeably lighter, it talks to you more and you don't notice the slack around the middle because it merges into the crossply Dunlop Racing tyres' natural slip angles.

The Hot Rod is thrillingly eager and agile, with loads of power in a compact package: this is a finely focused GT you can really use; it comes from before the time when supercars grew wide around their mid-mounted engines and radiators, meaning that you couldn't see out of them any more.

Corner entry speed too high? Easy understeer, soon dissipated. Want to power round with an oversteer flourish? Easy, provided the engine's on cam. You've got to keep the power on the boil and brazen out the aural assault on tranquil Switzerland, so it's best to imagine you're on the Mille Miglia and hope for the best. Then this lovely Ferrari is your friend, a bit high-maintenance but eager to please and free of dark secrets.

That's the joy of a simple yet well set-up wishbones-and-live-axle chassis - it's benign and forgiving, not necessarily unsophisticated, and never too clever for its own good.

Gunnar Andersson won the 1961 Mille Miglia in this car, by which time the road race had become a stage rally, the original focus of sheer speed giving way to driving precision and the art of navigation. Still, Andersson must have had a fantastic time on those roads between Rome and Brescia, but I do wonder how much weight he lost in the heat of that cockpit?

#### 1961 Ferrari 250 GT SWB SEFAC Berlinetta Competizione

**Engine** 2953cc V12, ohc per bank, three Weber 46 DCF3 twin-choke carburettors

**Power and torque** 286bhp @ 7400rpm; 230lb ft @ 4500rpm

**Transmission**

Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Worm and peg **Suspension** Front: independent, wishbones, coil springs, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar. Rear: live axle, leaf springs, telescopic dampers

**Brakes** Discs front and rear **Weight** 957kg (2110lb)

**Performance** Top speed: 150mph; 0-60mph: 6.0sec **Cost new** Not applicable

**Values now** £75m-13m



# Superla





# tive

Ferrari's super-expensive Superamerica 400 models were aimed squarely at super-wealthy buyers with no interest in racing – but the 1962 New York show car had a shock in store for it

Words PHIL BELL Photography LYNDON MCNEIL,  
JACK BRADY, KELLOGG AUTO ARCHIVES ©  
COURTESY OF RM AUCTIONS





**D**on't take this the wrong way, but when I first caught sight of this car I thought it was just another California Spider. Well, I was at the 2009 Pebble Beach Concours, an event where cars have to be excruciatingly rare and special to stand out. But when I looked again I realised this was something much more exclusive - one of ten Ferrari 400 Superamerica Cabriolets aimed at the sort of buyer for whom a California 250 Spider was just too uncomfortable, and too commonplace with it.

Back in 1962 you could have bought one of those for a mere 5.5million Lire list, not much more than half the price of a 400 SA. For 9.5million Lire, £5426 or, more likely, \$15,200 you could have had one of six Series 1 Superamerica Cabriolets like this. A quarter as much again as Maserati's 500GT alternative. Though none of the other 400 SA cabrios were quite the same, each being created with subtle cosmetic and mechanical differences to avoid the unspeakable and remote possibility of an owner parking next to an identical example at the yacht club. And this was the most glamorous of the lot, dressed up with covered headlights and bold strokes of extra brightwork to lure visitors on to the Ferrari stands at the Geneva and New York motor shows. Most would have settled for a 250 Pininfarina Cabriolet - you got 75 per cent of the looks and cylinder capacity for 40 per cent less cost.

The car conjures up images of someone with Cary Grant looks, Jackie Onassis-like wife at his side, carving along redwood-clad valleys to a weekend retreat high in the Colorado Rockies, or sweeping into a sunset-bronzed marina for dinner. Maybe this car enjoyed some of that too, but surviving pictures show it tackling a hill climb event in Arizona and making a bid for a class speed record on the salt flats of Bonneville. That's right, salt flats - you can almost hear the bodywork fizzing as the corrosive white powder got to work.

But owner JA 'Gus' Stallings was not exactly the Superamerica's target customer. He owned Stallings Imported Cars in Phoenix, Arizona and used a string of exotic European machinery on the salt flats, drag strip and even for a little illicit street racing on Central Avenue where the dealership was based. His 1957 Mercedes-Benz 300 SL Gullwing was a Bonneville regular, taking Class C Sports Racing records in 1959 and 1961 of 143.769mph and 144.839mph respectively. He also raced a Ferrari 410 Superamerica in 1959 and '60, replacing it with a disappointingly slow 250 GT Pininfarina Cabriolet for 1961.

The 400 Superamerica show car he bought in 1962 seemed the most unlikely competition machine of the lot. Originally painted metallic red with an ivory interior and hard-top, it was the last short-wheelbase Cabriolet built. It must have created quite a stir when it pitched up 100 miles north-west of Phoenix in Jerome, Arizona, a virtual ghost town clinging to the face of Mingus Mountain. Stallings was there in May 1962 to try his luck in the hill climb event that threaded its way along challenging switchbacks flanked variously by the town's crumbling buildings - a legacy of a once-prosperous mining industry - and precipitous drops. Unfortunately I couldn't find out how he got on against the field of mainly compact European cars in the Four Cylinder Club of America-organised event, and just a grainy picture of the car in action bears witness to his efforts.

From three months later a far better stash of pictures records Stallings at Bonneville, but his 146.030mph top speed failed to grab any Class E Sports records, and fell short of the 151.77mph he'd managed a year ago in the 410 Superamerica. Maybe he hoped these big-capacity V12s would overcome their unsporting weight in a straight-line

lunge for glory, or maybe having paid all that money he just wanted to see what his cars could do. His answer was a little less than the 152mph claimed by Ferrari.

I'm sure few Superamerica owners put the numbers to the test. The America series was a dynasty of cars encouraged, some say instigated, by New York Ferrari importer Luigi Chinetti. He was convinced that there was a breed of customer waiting for something with the rarefied breeding and style of one of Enzo's cars, but with easily accessible torque and more generous comfort.

The line of big-capacity road cars started with the 340 America in 1950, which was powered by a 4.1-litre version of Aurelio Lampredi's long-block V12 Formula One engine, but the softer 342 America that followed in 1952 was a more serious stab at relieving the new easy-driving clientele of their money. As model numbers progressed via 375 they near enough represented the capacity of a single cylinder in the Ferrari tradition, peaking with the 410 Superamerica launched at the 1956 Brussels show. This was a big step on, replacing the old transverse leaf-sprung front suspension, which was first laid out by Gioachino Colombo for the original 125 Sport of 1947, with coils and unequal length wishbones. A leaf-sprung live rear axle remained, located by trailing arms, but the tubular chassis kicked up over it rather than running beneath. Engine capacity was up to 4.9 litres but with a forgiving state of tune underlined by the 8.5:1 compression ratio.

Pinin Farina's journey to being the default styling and body construction house for Ferrari road cars really started with the 375 America and 250 Europa launched at the 1953 Paris Salon, though other carrozzeria would continue to offer alternatives.

Like previous big-hearted Ferrari road cars, 410s trickled slowly from the factory, about 38 (Ferrari has always been coy about exact numbers) of all three series falling into the hands of uber-rich owners. They were the last Americas to use the Lampredi V12 with its integral cylinderheads and screw-in liners. The chassis is based on the 2600mm 250 GT wheelbase, but the bigger engine enforced a wider track.

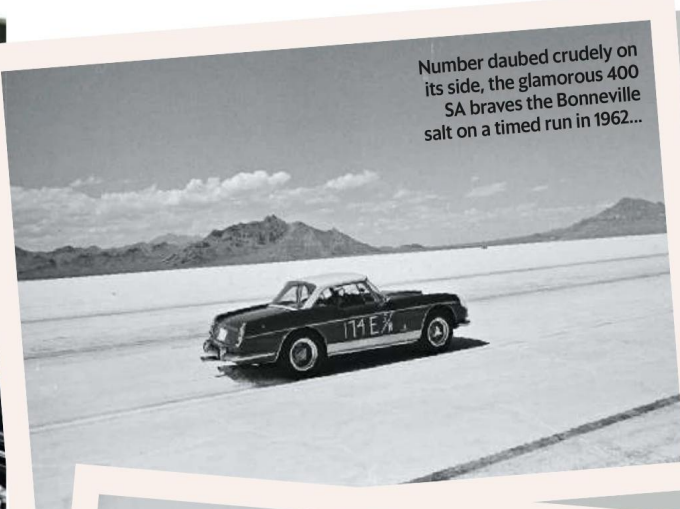
For the new 400 Superamerica Ferrari introduced an enlarged version of the Colombo V12 which dated back to the first Ferrari. Inspired by motorcycle engines of the time, Gioachino designed it

## 'Photos show it tackling a hillclimb and the Bonneville salt flats'



All 400 SAs sport subtle differences, but an effusion of delicate chrome inside and out, crossed Ferrari and Pininfarina flags, Pininfarina crest and stainless steel outer sills all form part of the model's identity









Absence of overdrive on the four-speed gearbox makes this example unusual, especially as a big GT



Elegant chrome and leather cabin has little of the hard-core Ferrari sportster about it – not even an open gear gate



Handling is comfortably predictable on most surfaces, just be ready to dab the steering wheel if the live rear axle starts to go its own way round a bumpy corner



### 1962 Ferrari 400 Superamerica

**Engine** 3967cc, V12, sohc per bank, three Weber 40 DCZ carburettors **Power and torque** 320bhp @ 7000rpm; 235lb ft @ 4500rpm **Transmission** Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Worm-and-wheel **Suspension** Front: independent, wishbones, coil springs, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar. Rear: live axle, semi-elliptic leaf springs, trailing arms, telescopic dampers **Brakes** Discs front and rear **Weight** 1280kg/1300kg with hard-top (2822-2866lb) **Performance** Top speed: 146mph (152mph claimed); 0-60mph: 9.2sec (coupé) Fuel consumption 14mpg **Price new** 9.5m Lire/£5426 (list) **Values now** £2-2.5m

with substantially oversquare bore/stroke dimensions and hairpin-like valve springs to help it rev freely, all during his suspension from Alfa Romeo. In fact he started the first sketches in his sister's back garden after a family dinner. But it was the young Aurelio Lampredi, taken on in 1946 to turn his ideas into reality, who got the best from it. Lampredi believed the route to a good engine range was to design it small with plenty of scope for enlargement built in. At its classic three-litre capacity it was used in everything from the Europa 250 GT to the 250 GTO racer.

The 400 name bent Ferrari tradition by hinting at the four-litre capacity of the new Type 209 version of Colombo's V12, achieved by raising the cylinder block deck to allow the longer 71mm stroke. The 77mm bore was the maximum possible in the old block length.

The new model, launched at 1960's New York Auto Show as a Pininfarina Cabriolet, could easily be mistaken for the cheaper 250 GT Cabriolet from the same styling house, particularly the frontal treatment with its unfaired headlamps.

Beneath sober coachwork the 250 GT-based chassis was given a modest 20mm stretch over the regular 2400mm short wheelbase dimensions. Pininfarina built five of these short-chassis Cabriolets and Scaglietti conspired to confound Ferrari spotters with its California Spider-like, faired headlamp version built for Paul Michael Cavallier of the Pont-à-Mousson transmission company in France.

A further four Pininfarina Cabriolets were built on the longer 2600mm wheelbase from 1962-63, including one more with covered headlights, but if you wanted to avoid the elements completely there was the Aerodinamico coupé. Pininfarina's brave new design - the work of Aldo Brovarone - previewed the earthbound flying saucer look for the subsequent 500 Superfast with its drooping nose and tail treatment.

It all added up to 47 examples of the 400 Superamerica spread out across the world, with fewer going to North America than Chinetti might have imagined. Owners include two counts, Las Vegas casino owner Bill Harrah, heirs to petroleum company and department store fortunes, Enzo Ferrari and Battista Farina himself, whose 400 SA coupé was used to model the prototypes Superfast II through IV.

Stallings' old car, chassis 3309SA, kept its factory colour scheme through its next four owners, first New York car dealer and sports car racer Bob Grossman, who bought it in '64, next avid Ferrari collector Norman Silver, who swapped a year-old 1966 330 GTC with Chinetti for the 400SA and a 1951 212. According to a February 1967 invoice this foresighted deal allowed the canny North Carolina furniture manufacturer to pick up the two cars for the equivalent of \$6500 and \$3500 respectively, and after enjoying the 400 for six years he moved it on for \$8000 to an enthusiast in France called Charles Robert.

After returning to North America in 2005 the new owner transformed the car into the vision of perfection you see here, basking in the late afternoon sunlight of the Essex riviera. During a fanatical restoration involving Ferrari restorer Patrick Ottis and justly named bodywork



*'It gained a new colour scheme for the Pebble Beach concours, where it lost half a point for being too shiny'*

specialist Perfect Reflections, both based in California, it gained the new colour scheme on its way to the 2009 Pebble Beach concours - where it lost half a point for being too shiny.

Well, it certainly does catch the light and invite comment, dividing opinion between 'ooh, it's gorgeous' and 'too fussy, all that chrome' wherever it comes to rest. In pictures it often manages to look too bulky to be truly elegant but as you stand and look down at it the tall flanks are compressed by perspective, and the hard-top, which came with all

of these cars except, of course, the Scaglietti Spider, helps disguise how far forward the cabin sits. Those proportions and the stack of forward sloping rear lights are the quickest way to tell a 400 SA Cabrio from its 250 GT kid brother, unless you're looking at the one-off 250 GT with a 400 SA-style body. Fear not, you could still impress your friends by pointing out the give-away chrome gills in the front wing flanks.

Back to the car in question and all that chrome and stainless steel. One of the great delights of so many Italian cars of this period is the lightness of touch in the detailing. Think flush-fitting door handles on a California Spider

that you eject with a thumb tip. But the Superamericas weren't about pared down minimalism, they had to elevate themselves to a more indulgent level, if only to justify those prices.

This car carries its generous streaks of chrome and stainless steel with a certain crisp panache, exaggerated by the new livery. And there are subtle delights to find here too, such as the swage trims that clasp the side repeaters like arrowheads before sweeping rearwards to disguise integral door handles.

On your way inside there's a bit of leg juggling to circumnavigate the 16in steering wheel before you can feel truly pampered by your surroundings. There isn't much contour to the seats, but as your



'Beneath the middle-aged spread this Columbo engine still has the heart of a racer'



Metallic red with an ivory hard-top in its Bonneville days – and with its next four owners – Stalling's 1962 car was the last short-wheelbase 400 SA Cabriolet built



backside lands on the soft leather they give just enough to support your legs, despite the essential knees-splayed posture. The vast Veglia speedometer and tachometer meet your gaze with a cool, glassy depth that only Italian instruments can master, while banks of minor gauges lean forward attentively from the centre console.

In here the chromework is deft, relieving the door cards or providing a little thumb rest as you pop open a quarterlight, while the perfectly sprung door pocket offers a simple leather tab for purchase.

Index finger and thumb pluck a knob marked 'F' in the ranks of initialled console switches, bringing the fuel pumps on line. Next the ignition key on the dash – twist, and hear the pumps' ticking rhythm subside; then push and hear 12 cylinders churn and ignite. There's no choke to help the cold Weber 40DCZs, so keep them stirred with the throttle. Once warm the motor settles to a pattering idle blended with softly whirring timing chains.

The simple, fluted, black gearknob sits high atop a lever that does away with the polished aluminium gate you'd click-clack your way through in the more sporting Ferraris. With a light dab on the clutch pedal it slots home with a positive, synchromesh-assisted clunk. There's a good 3in of travel between first and second but less than half that to move across the gate, so swift changes are easy and satisfying to make. But if you're cruising to that glamorous dinner somewhere there's no need to use it so much – let the full-fat V12 take you there with its 235lb ft of torque. Leave it in top gear and the motor will pull strongly without so much as a cough or sneeze from those three big Webers. But remember, beneath the middle-aged spread this Colombo engine still has the heart of a racer. So let it rev between changes and savour the unbroken surge of power, quad exhausts pulsing more tightly as the tachometer needle finds 4500rpm, 5500rpm. In a 250 GTO you'd feel it grab an extra lungful of fuel and air now but the

Superamerica's power keeps its trajectory steady, even if it does spin all the way to a hard and strident 7000rpm that's difficult to reconcile with this class of car.

The torque does a good job of moving 1280kg – a fair bulk for a Sixties GT. Even in corners the Superamerica carries its mass well, the worm-and-wheel steering giving all the feedback and precision you need to guide the mildly understeering nose, but without troubling your hands with too much information on ragged tarmac. On most surfaces the leaf-sprung rear axle with trailing arm location will follow faithfully, vindicating Ferrari's decision to leave expensive independent suspension to the race cars. You think again when the rear tyres find a bump or two mid-bend, breaking your Jackie Onassis fantasy with a little sideways jink.

And with lots of momentum to arrest it's a good thing Enzo allowed Dunlop disc brakes to leap from his race cars to the 400 SA. Even with 12in rotors front and rear you have to stand hard on an unyielding pedal to shed speed quickly. Mind, Jaguar's all-disc E-type had a similar problem, and its Dunlop system had a lot less weight to arrest.

On balance it's all very predictable, inviting a swift but calm approach to devouring mile after mile. Gazing out over exaggerated contours of bulging bonnet and swollen wing tops you see blacktop seemingly laid down for the benefit of you and a glamorous passenger. Gus Stallings enjoyed testing the limits of what this car could do, but the Superamerica's real purpose was to reassure a select elite of what they'd achieved every time they fired up that big Colombo V12.

**Thanks to:** RM Auctions ([www.rmauctions.com](http://www.rmauctions.com)); car storage and transportation specialist Incarnation ([www.incarnation.co.uk](http://www.incarnation.co.uk)); Ferrari restorer Patrick Ottis (001 510 849 3553); Thorpe Bay Yacht Club; UK Ferrari archivist Tony Willis ([twillis512@btinternet.co.uk](mailto:twillis512@btinternet.co.uk))



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# TWO MUCH OF A GOOD THING?

Ferrari's hallowed 1962 GTO came close to being the perfect GT racer. Could the second series 1964 car really go one better?

Words PHIL BELL Photography JASON FURNARI



'Aside from some carpet and black vinyl, the cabin is still in its raw state of exposed tubular frame and painted aluminium'



No doubt about it, the Ferrari 250 GTO sits right at the top of the hierarchy of desires. This car has it all: the sexiest shape ever to be draped over four wheels, sublime dynamics, a history of racing success that adds up to three World GT championships, unburstable mechanicals, 36-ever-made rarity, and a 300bhp V12 that plays the most spine-tinglingly moving soundtrack you've ever heard. The first series GTO, often referred to as the 1962 car (even though it was also built in 1963) carries a huge burden now - it has to live up to its own reputation. But that's a breeze compared to the task demanded of the second series car introduced for the 1964 season. Could it really improve on perfection?

I'm about to find out. There's a gnawing tension in my stomach as I wait for the enclosed transporter truck to unload its cargo onto the private test track. Tantalizingly the two cars are reversed out into the sunlight, like an exotic dancer revealing a little more skin, inch by inch.

First out is the 1962 250 GTO - engine number 3767GT - that represents the first of the breed. It was bought new by David Piper, who globe-trotted his way through 1962 and 1963, campaigning it extensively in events from the Goodwood TT to the Tour de France, and Daytona to the Angola Grand Prix before replacing it with another GTO. It was raced throughout North America for the remainder of 1963 and 1964 before returning to the UK. David Piper was earning a living in Formula Junior racing a Lotus 20 when he decided to buy a 250 GTO after seeing them racing at Goodwood. 'They were £6000 and I had to do quite a lot of scraping around to get that sort of money. We were doing all of the races in Europe and in between times I was buying Lancia Aurelias, Augustas and Aprilias from Italian industrialists and bringing them back to England.'

He ordered 3767GT in right-hand drive and in his racing colour - bright BP green. 'In those days a sponsor paid you a retainer, supplied fuel and oil, and there was a bonus for winning, but you didn't have to paint the car in their colours.' With several sponsors a win could add up to £5000-6000. 'But racing was like snakes and ladders; you're up there with a nice fresh car and winning races one minute, and the next you've got a crashed car with an expensive rebuild. Ferrari didn't take much notice of private customers unless they were winning, and then the old man would maybe offer you a works drive.'

The second GTO out of the truck - engine no 4399GT - represents the final 1964-series. It was bought new by Maranello Concessionaires owner Colonel Ronnie Hoare in 1963 and was campaigned for its first year in original first series form. Then, in 1964 it became the first of four cars returned to Scaglietti to be rebodied in the new style. In the hands of drivers including Mike Parkes, Jack Sears, Graham Hill and Innes Ireland this car had a glittering career from 1963-1965, including outright wins at the Goodwood TT, Silverstone and Spa, class wins at Monza, Snetterton and Reims and sixth overall at Le Mans in 1964. After it retired, 4399 GT was civilized for road use, though it's now back in racing trim.

Jack Sears was racing Ford Cortinas and Galaxies for the John Willment team when Ronnie Hoare offered him a drive in the GTO at Mallory Park, where he came second, and Silverstone, where he came

fifth behind the sports cars and first in the GT class. 'I jumped at the chance and fortunately it didn't clash with Willment commitments.'

Squinting at these two cars in the mid-morning sunlight it's easy to be seduced by the taut curves of the 1962 bodyshape. You could believe that its lines were drawn to sell it to wealthy playboys on aesthetics alone, yet its shape came from within Ferrari's competition department, and its purpose was to clothe the car's pure competition-bred chassis and mechanical components, developed from its successful 250 SWB predecessor, as tightly and aerodynamically efficiently as possible to help the car win GT races.

Pininfarina's 1964 bodyshape takes the theme further, as if the earlier car has been heated up and gently stretched out into a lower, wider form designed to slip through the air more and easily hug the road more intimately.

As well as racing the Maranello Concessionaires car, Jack Sears later bought the car that he raced for John Coombs, owning it from 1970 to 1999. 'The shape has a very special appeal - whichever way you look at it. It was like a very beautiful girl that you just can't stop looking at. I never did like the look of the 1964 car and I don't think it gave any real aerodynamic advantage.'

David Piper raced this 1964-bodied car, 'It was pretty, but it was no better than the early ones - the roof spoiler was supposed to direct air onto the boot spoiler but the new body didn't make any difference. The screen angle looked good but it didn't increase top speed and wasn't nice to drive at sunset when the sun would shine in your eyes. It was rather disappointing.'

Feeding my six-foot frame between the waist-high roof and high-sided bucket seat into the 1962 car reminds me that most racing drivers are built like jockeys. Six-footer Jack Sears reckoned he was comfortable enough so once all of my limbs are inside I work at finding a reasonable compromise with knees either side of the large steering wheel and clearance between head and roof. Aside from some carpeting and a thin covering of black vinyl added here and there, the cabin is still in its raw state of exposed tubular framework and painted aluminium. The dash is simply a curved sheet of crackle black finished aluminium with a row of switches below it and the instruments arranged in a trapezoidal binnacle in front of you. The wooden rim of the steering wheel seems an unnecessary luxury.

When I try to enter the 1964-bodied car I can see why David Piper

## THE WORLD IN 1962

- Marilyn Monroe is found dead in her LA home with a bottle of sleeping pills beside her
- Terrorist gunmen spray French president Charles De Gaulle's Citroën with bullets in a Paris assassination attempt
- Premier Khrushchev agrees to dismantle the Soviet Union's missile sites in Cuba, ending a growing threat of nuclear war with the United States

- over the issue
- John Steinbeck is awarded the Nobel prize for literature for *The Grapes of Wrath* and *East of Eden*
- Graham Hill becomes World Champion with 42 points and secures the Constructors' World Championship for BRM. Wins at Zandvoort, Nürburgring, Monza and East London in South Africa













## 'The 250 GTO's V12 delivers its final giddy lunge all the way round the dial to a seemingly insane 7500rpm'

complains about it being cramped. Even without a helmet my head is jammed against the roof, though strangely there's more legroom. In here the theme is the same, though there's not a swatch of soft furnishing - other than the seats - to be seen. This time the instruments are in line, shrouded individually into the curved dash panel, and the steering wheel is smaller.

Twist the ignition key and the twin fuel pumps fill the cabin with a busy whirr; prod the throttle a couple of times, push the key in and the starter churns briefly before it's silenced by a deep, busy throb of the quad tailpipes overlaid with smoothly-whirring valvetrain chatter.

This development of the Gioacchino Colombo-designed dohc V12 is essentially a dry-sumped version of the engine that powered the successful 250 Testa Rossa sports racing car. As the needle climbs round the big Veglia tachometer towards 3000rpm the engine seems to be taking a deep breath, before releasing a seamless shove of acceleration through 4000rpm, its now percussive snarl building to military snare drum intensity towards 5000. From here on in the V12 delivers its final giddy lunge all the way round to a seemingly insane 7500rpm, drum beats melding into a tortured wail that drills through your skull and prickles the hairs on your neck. Jack Sears had

told me, 'One of the things I remember vividly was the terrific power - to get 100bhp per litre was quite an achievement then,' though David Piper was critical of the lack of torque to help the car out of corners.

First impressions are that the ZF gearbox is a cumbersome device. Its golfball-sized aluminium knob sits less than a handspan from the steering wheel, but you feel as if it's moving a lot of mass as you tug it out of one ratio and push it across the chromed gate and into the next with a heavy thunk, but with practice you begin to appreciate its machined precision.

Mechanically there's scant difference between the two cars beyond one inch wider wheels and a different torque curve achieved with smaller bore exhaust manifolds and revised carburettor jets and ignition timing. However, these days 4399GT benefits from a lightened flywheel and a bit more power. Its engine feels crisper, and of course, more eager to spin up. With only painted aluminium separating you from its savage source of power the noise is nerve-janglingly intense, but hands and feet work instinctively to keep the revs at masochistic levels so you can savour its performance edge for longer.

Though 7500rpm seems insane, Sears and Piper agree that the GTO's rev-friendly strength was key to its success against the less robust lightweight E-types, Aston Martins and Shelby Cobras. 'The engine was incredible, it was virtually unburstable. It was like a superb watch. It just kept on going,' according to Jack Sears. David Piper attributes the GTO's reliability to continuous racing development from the 250 Europa of the Fifties through to the 250 SWB that it was based on. 'I did the Tour de France with Jo Siffert which went on day and night with five hill climbs, five circuit races of two hours and 5000km of road mileage. The cars got a real hammering, but you could drive the GTO as hard as you liked and it never let you down. Amazing car. Unless you crashed, it kept going.'

David Cottingham runs Ferrari specialist DK Engineering and looked after both GTOs, 'It's a very efficient engine which runs cool, and it will take enormous revs without breaking. The whole car is well thought out - being sufficiently strong without being excessively heavy. My only criticism is the single plate coil sprung clutch which we replace with a superior modern one.'

There's a short straight along one side of the circuit that allows your eyes a brief opportunity to appreciate how tiny the 1962 car feels, and, to enjoy the view over that rolling sea of red metal formed by the bulging bonnet and soaring wingtops. Modern pads mean you can brake later, feeling the bite from the four-wheel discs ramp up to match the pedal pressure. David Piper recalls they weren't so effective originally, with a very hard pedal.

### Ferrari 250 GTO

**Engine** 2953cc V12, single overhead camshaft per bank, six Weber twin-choke 38DCN carburettors **Power and torque** 300bhp @ 7400rpm, 230lb ft @ 4500rpm  
**Transmission** Five-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Brakes** Dunlop discs front and rear, no servo-assistance **Steering** ZF worm and peg **Suspension** Front: independent, wishbones, coil springs, adjustable Koni dampers, anti-roll bar. Rear: live axle, semielliptic leaf springs, coil springs over Koni adjustable dampers, radius arms, Watt linkage **Weight** 2375lb (1077kg) **Performance** Top speed: 135-191 mph (depending on axle ratio), 0-60mph: 5.9sec **Cost new** £6000 **Value now** n/a







Turn-in from the worm and peg steering is surprisingly immediate though weighty, the car moving with deer-like agility. First there's understeer, then you can use the throttle to tuck the nose in more tightly. It stops short of feeling twitchy. Instead, there's a forgiving softness through the wheel.

Handling was one of the GTO's strongest features according to Jack Sears, 'I had raced a lightweight E-type and an Aston Martin DB4GT. They were pretty special cars - but the Ferrari was so much better.'

David Piper agrees, 'It was very good for a simple live axle design, well balanced and predictable. You had to throw the car about a bit and get it sliding. It was fairly neutral and had a tendency to understeer, which made it easier to drive in fast comers.'

Neither felt the 1964-bodied car gave an advantage, despite the reduced height and wider rubber. David Cottingham reckons the series two cars are lighter, and as you aim this one into corners it seems that the agility and precision have been tweaked another couple of notches up the scale. It's lighter and turns in more sharply, at the expense of

being more skittish over bumps. Much of the difference in feel comes from the fact that this 1964-bodied car is set up for racing, while the 1962 car is used for road events, but I'm convinced that there's an edge there that could have been better exploited with more power. Three cars were built with four-litre V12s, but the extra weight compromised the GTO's finely balanced handling.

Although the 1964-bodied cars ensured a third GT World Championship for Ferrari, the new Daytona Cobra coupés combined the sheer grunt of the roadsters with improved handling and aerodynamics. Struggling to homologate the new mid-engined 250 LM, Ferrari lost interest in GT racing and the Cobras took the Championship in 1965. The GTOs had reigned for three years. That anything designed with such singularity of purpose could be so thrilling to look at, drive and listen to explains its status above other racing cars. Its track success makes any road car seem frivolous.

Jack Sears considered himself lucky to have raced two GTOs, 'Of all the cars I have raced, if I had to pick one it would be the GTO for handling and looks.'

David Piper remains critical that Ferrari didn't develop the GTO engine further for the 1964 cars. 'I loved the GTO in period, but I prefer the 250 LM which has more power and is light years ahead in handling and braking.'

So, Ferrari's attempt to take the GTO to the next level fell short. The front-engined design had gone about as far as it could. But Jack Sears summed up the GTO's appeal when he compared it with a pretty girl. I think he's right, but it's once you get to know the car that you really fall under its spell.

**Thanks to:** David Cottingham at DK Engineering (01923 255246), David Piper, Jack Sears

## 1962

Ferrari unveils 250 GTO to contest world championship for GT cars. Developed from the successful 250 SWB it has a 3-litre V12, all-wheel disc brakes, a tubular chassis and live rear axle suspension.



## 1964

Second series 250 GTO is built for just one year with new lower and wider bodywork resembling the mid-engined 250 LM and one inch wider wheel and tyres. Mechanical differences are subtle.





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### 1951 Ferrari Monoposto Chassis # 102

- Eligible for all World Class Historic Events
- Restored by DK Engineering

This highly eligible early Ferrari Monoposto is already a veteran of the Goodwood Revival and Monaco Historique and would be a welcome participant in any World Class Historic Event. According to Ferrari Classiche Chassis #102 was originally sold to Giovanni Bracco in March 1950, and later resold to Giannino Marzotto. It featured a 12-cylinder 2.5 litre engine and De Dion rear axle, and was raced by Dorino Serafini at Syracuse GP and Pau GP in March 1951. In 2008 it was the subject of a chassis-up rebuild by renowned Ferrari specialists DK Engineering, having been invited to run at the Goodwood Revival, and has been a regular participant in international events since the 1990s.

See the car in action here: [www.olderacingcar.co.uk/pages/1951-ferrari-monoposto](http://www.olderacingcar.co.uk/pages/1951-ferrari-monoposto)

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1955 Ferrari 250 GT Europa



250 GTO Drogo Speciale



1965 Ferrari 275 GTS



250 TdF Recreation



TR60 Ex-Regis Fraissinet



1974 Ferrari 365 GT4 BB



Ferrari 365 GT 2+2



250 GTO Recreation



1959 Ferrari/Chevy 'Hot Rod'









# TICKET TO Ride

Imagine buying a Ferrari as your first car. John Lennon did – now we take it back to its Sixties Surrey home

Words RUSS SMITH Photography GEORGE WILLIAMS



In my life, this is the winning goal at Wembley or headline act at Glastonbury moment. So it's all downhill from here. But for now, as a lifelong Beatles fan and Italian car nut, it's almost impossible to express the excitement I feel at the prospect of firing up John Lennon's Ferrari 330 GT 2+2 and taking it back to the driveway of the house where he first parked it in 1965.

The cult of celebrity is nothing new. When 25-year-old Lennon passed his driving test on February 15, 1965 – before popping into the studio to record *Another Girl*, *I Need You* and *Ticket to Ride* – it made national news. Next morning the exotic car dealers of Surrey were camped outside his Weybridge home with their finest wares – Aston Martins, Jaguars, Maseratis, Ferraris. But it was a Ferrari 330 GT 2+2 in the unusual shade of Azzurro 20.336 that caught Lennon's imagination, and by then money was no object for the Fab Four.

Today, we unload the car from Polygon's transporter in the car park at Brooklands Museum and I slide into the re-upholstered blue leather seat, grinning stupidly. Give it the usual Ferrari three pumps on the throttle





pedal then turn the key and the four-litre V12 bursts immediately and noisily into life.

With plenty of revs the unmarked gearlever slots into reverse at the fourth attempt. It's right and up, where fifth would be if this were a four-speed with old-school overdrive. Release the awkward upright handbrake tucked up next to the centre console and we're free of the transporter ramps.

Now we're away, slotting easily through the gears thanks to a lighter than expected and progressive clutch pedal. The driving position is perfect, the controls where you expect to find them. Add in the just-power-assisted-enough steering and this is a car almost anyone could jump in and drive quickly without fear of looking foolish - so Lennon's buy wasn't as daft a step up from passing his test in an 848cc Mini as it might seem.

The friendly feel of the 330 puts me in mind of the Fiat 124 Spider I used to own, most of the difference being in the V12 engine. Which figures. The 330 GT hails from the era when Enzo Ferrari famously said, 'I sell engines. The cars I throw in for free.'

The temptation to try the original Motorola push-button radio proves too great. But hopes of finding an oldies station to add the right soundtrack are dashed by fierce static. I know pretty much every Beatles song, but keep them zipped up. For me to sing Drive My Car in here just wouldn't feel right; this car's heard the real thing.

Not until some months after Lennon's decision to buy the car, however. For one thing, he was about to leave for the Bahamas to film the movie *Help!* Also, the Beatles' cars were bought via Brydor Cars, a company created by their manager, Brian Epstein, to take advantage of trade discounts. Thus the 330 GT's list price of £6521 17s 6d was reduced to the £5986 17s 6d paid by cheque from Brydor on March 16. A month later Brydor Cars billed Lennon £112 8s for fitting the radio and centre console that are still in place, then returned the car to Maranello Concessionaires to rectify a defective water pump. The Ferrari was finally delivered to Lennon at Kenwood, his home on St George's Hill, Weybridge, in early May. And that's where we're heading now, having been granted exclusive access.

St George's Hill estate was once home to stars including Tom Jones and Cliff Richard, as well as Ringo Starr, whose house - Sunny Heights - was just round the corner from Lennon's. That made it a Mecca for pop fans. These days a stout barrier manned by handy-looking security guards secures the estate's privacy. Despite our appointment it still comes as a relief to be allowed through into... well, into what, exactly? There's a slightly uncomfortable otherworldliness to the estate;

an over-polished and preened vision of English life seen through alien eyes. Beverley Hills done Surrey-style, if you like. So this is what money can buy you.

Kenwood itself is protected by fancy wrought iron gates, replacing the heavy wooden sliding gate that Lennon installed to keep out fans. They swing open by remote control and close behind us as DUL 4C powers up the steep, curved driveway it last departed more than 45 years ago. Now there's a real lump in my throat; emotions I simply hadn't prepared for.

Stopping the Ferrari on the paved circle outside the front door, I climb out and am immediately struck by how perfectly at home the car looks. Then someone else voices that very thought. Thank goodness, I'm not the only one making daft but somehow tangible attributions to inanimate objects. Animate ones too, for Kenwood is a place charged with cultural history - a backdrop to the drug-fuelled creativity of the Beatles' middle years, where they and others would hang out, write songs, party, and be themselves in valuable moments away from the public gaze. It was also where Lennon

'For me to sing  
Drive My Car in  
here just wouldn't  
feel right. This  
car's heard the  
real thing'

assembled his eclectic car collection.

Few attribute great beauty to the 330 GT 2+2, especially in Series I twin-headlamp form, and it remains the least expensive of the Enzo-era Ferraris. But right here, right now, the sun lighting up its original shade of blue, it looks stunning - as it did when sold in the mid-Sixties as a premium Ferrari product, costing 10 per cent more than a 275 GTB.

Pininfarina had to make styling compromises to create a true GT with room for luggage and four proper seats, but the whole hangs together well. And those rear seats must have been a deciding factor in Lennon's choice of the 330 GT; even after passing his test he preferred being driven to being at the wheel, so he employed a full-time chauffeur - not least because he was said to have been a terrible driver, dogged by poor eyesight and a propensity for hitting things.



Painstaking restoration left the 330 just as it was when Lennon ran it

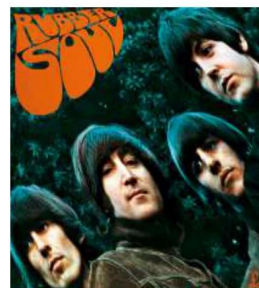
Whoever was at the wheel, DUL 4C racked up 20,470 miles in Lennon's stewardship. That's quite some total in two and a half years, especially considering the rest of the cars he acquired during that time. The Ferrari was certainly getting plenty of exercise, but - as George Harrison later wrote - all things must pass. It should come as no surprise; 1967 was a turbulent and pivotal year in Beatles history - the highs and lows of Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band and Magical Mystery Tour, Brian Epstein's death, the global All You Need is Love broadcast, and the growing influence on Lennon of various drugs and Yoko Ono.

The Beatles had reached and passed their creative peak, and against that background you can almost understand how the delights of Ferrari ownership no longer carried any weight. In December 1967, just after Lennon was billed for a full service, the car was sold to an as-yet-unidentified second owner.





Out on test, only a flat battery marred the 330's reliability



### KENWOOD: THE HOUSE

- Kenwood was designed by architect TA Allen and built in 1913 by Love & Sons.
- Lennon paid £20,000 for the house on July 15, 1964, then spent twice that sum on changes, landscaping and a swimming pool.
- Originally called 'The Brown

House', it was bought by manufacturer Kenneth Wood, the man behind the Kenwood Electric Chef, who renamed the property Kenwood.

- Lennon is said to have spent much of his time in the attic rooms; one was a small recording studio, another housed three Scalextric sets.
- Photographer Robert Freeman shot the cover for the Beatles' 1965 album Rubber Soul in the garden at Kenwood.
- Paul McCartney wrote Hey Jude – originally Hey Jules – on the way to Kenwood in his Aston Martin DB6, to comfort Lennon's son Julian and wife Cynthia after he left her for Yoko Ono.
- The house was sold for £40,000 in 1968 to songwriter Bill Martin.



Returning Lennon's DUL 4C registration was the finishing touch



### 1965 Ferrari 330 GT 2+2

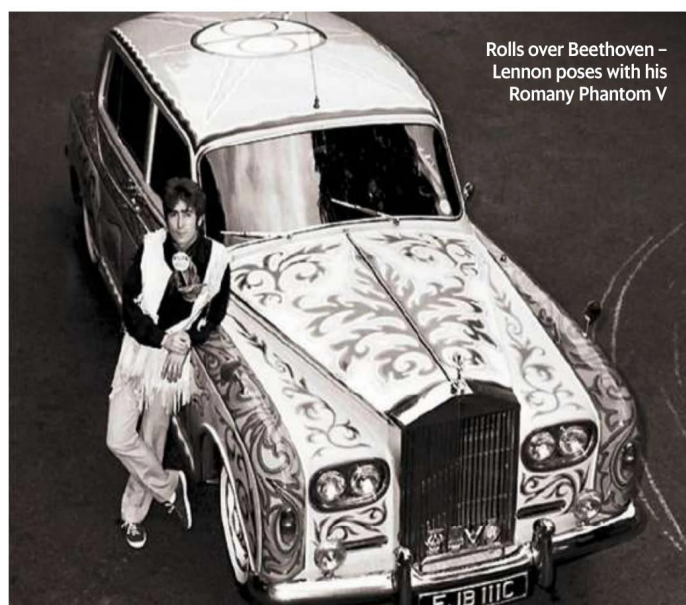
**Engine** 3967cc, V12, ohc per bank, three Weber 40DCZ/6 carburetors **Power and torque** 300bhp @ 6600rpm; 288lb ft @ 5000rpm **Transmission** Four-speed manual, overdrive on top gear, rear-wheel drive, limited-slip differential **Steering** Worm-and-peg **Suspension** Front: independent, wishbones, coil springs, anti-roll bar, telescopic dampers. Rear: live axle, semi-elliptic leaf springs, radius rods, telescopic dampers with helper coils **Brakes** Discs front and rear, dual servo-assistance **Weight** 1420kg (3180lb) **Performance** Top speed 144mph; 0-60mph 7.1sec **Fuel consumption** 14-16mpg **Cost new** £5986 **Estimate now** £180,000-220,000 (including "Lennon factor")

## WATCHING THE WHEELS - LENNON'S MOTORS

Though the Ferrari was Lennon's first car, it wasn't the first he bought. That was a white Mini for his wife Cynthia when she passed her driving test in late 1964. The 330 GT did, however, trigger a bit of a car-buying spree. In June '65 he bought the black Rolls-Royce Phantom V that was used extensively as Beatles' transport and became Lennon's most famous car when given a Romany paint job by artist Steve Weaver in 1967. Sold for \$2.3 million (about £2 million) at auction in 1985, the car is now in the

Royal British Columbia Museum collection in Canada. Next up, in August 1965, was a blue Mercedes 230 SL. Still wearing its original GGP 196C UK numberplates and with just 19,000 miles on the clock, this car is also currently for sale, asking price \$495k (about £330k), with a classic car dealer in Sarasota, Florida. Better known is the black Radford Mini Cooper S bought in February 1966, regularly seen and photographed around London with a chauffeur behind the wheel. Long thought to

have been scrapped, the car appears to have resurfaced recently in Dublin. Other exotics included a gold Porsche 911 allegedly bought for Cynthia but which Lennon was photographed driving, and an Iso Fidia, the second built. Contrary to popular belief - including a misleading plaque displayed with the car in VW's Wolfsburg museum - Lennon never did actually own the white Beetle (LMW 281F) that appears on the Abbey Road album cover photo.



Rolls over Beethoven - Lennon poses with his Romany Phantom V



After several hours of re-uniting the car with every possible location on the property, our time at Kenwood is up too. Once again she's leaving home, perhaps this time for good.

We head out of Weybridge to the quieter roads around Chobham to open the car up a bit, the bond between man and machine progressively getting better as speeds rise and bends and roundabouts are dismissed with the flick of a wrist.

With the spirit of a true GT, the 330 is one of those cars you want to drive all day, hungry for the next chance to overtake - 300bhp is still enough to make you feel imperious, and that V12 loves to rev. You blip the throttle at every opportunity, just to hear the soul-stirring, melodic tones of one of Enzo's greatest hits. The only detraction is a piece of carpeted trim above the clutch pedal that keeps catching the toe of my shoe. I've since found reference to this in a period 330 GT road test, but solved the problem on the day by pulling off my left shoe and tossing it on the back seat. That does the trick and confirms how nice the clutch action is.

Many have tried to fill the gap, but so far nothing is known about what happened to

the car post-Lennon until it turned up at Ferrari specialists Modena Engineering in the late Eighties, painted resale red, wearing the registration FJF 186C, showing around 80,000 miles, and fit for little more than donor status. The word is that only after the company was sold in 1989 did a check of its records show chassis number 6781 to have been the Ferrari sold to John Lennon. That simple fact saved the car. In the early Nineties the very best 330 GT was worth no more than £45,000, making restoration uneconomical. But a 330 GT that had been a Beatle's first car was a valuable piece of history, even if it was a basket case.

So Modena's new owners funded the rebuild, which took place between 1995 and '97. Photos - too poor to reproduce here - show the car stripped of its floor, sills, door skins and more. Just putting the body right generated a near-£19,000 bill from Mototechnique; and seemingly endless invoices from Maranello Concessionaires for incidental parts totted up to more than £17,000. Nothing was missed in the quest to make the car like it was 1965 again, from a new £964 wiring loom to a £4354 engine

rebuild by Andy Chesman Engineering. With little more than running-in mileage since, it's no surprise that this car drives so well. The job was properly completed in April 1998 when, with the aid of the Ferrari Owners' Club, Lennon's Ferrari was reunited with its original DUL 4C numberplate by the DVLA.

You have to say the investment in the car was worthwhile. Even without the Beatles connection, a 330 GT like this is now worth £100k. Bonhams has placed an estimate of £180-220k on Lennon's, which may prove to be on the light side. After all, a custom-built Vox guitar of challenging appearance, seen briefly in Lennon's hands in the I Am The Walrus video then given to a friend, has just been sold in New York for £269k.

We've been digging like a pack of terriers on Watership Down to find a photo of Lennon with the Ferrari, but none seems to exist. If that's true, it must go down as a missed PR opportunity by Ferrari's importer on almost the same scale as the record company executive who failed to sign the Beatles.

Nothing fails during our day in the life of Lennon's Ferrari, and the end comes too soon. Never before have I felt so reluctant to hand back a set of keys, and not just because of this particular car's history - I'm also completely converted to the delights of the 330 GT. The model is on record as being Enzo's personal favourite, so I shouldn't be too surprised that this is probably the nicest Ferrari I've ever driven.

**Thanks to:** Bonhams, who auctioned the car at its Goodwood Festival sale; Tim Garbett from estate agents Knight Frank; Kieron from [rockstarscars.co.uk](http://rockstarscars.co.uk); Polygon Transport; Brooklands Museum.



This car was one of 43 right-hand-drive 330 GT Series 1s sold in the UK

'You blip the throttle at every opportunity, just to hear the soul-stirring tones of one of Enzo's greatest hits'



This is a place you could love being in for eight days a week



A yellow Ferrari 275 GTB/4 is shown from a side-rear perspective, driving on a dark asphalt road that curves through a mountainous landscape. The background features rolling hills and a clear blue sky, with motion blur suggesting speed. The car's distinctive features, such as the side vents and the Ferrari prancing horse emblem, are clearly visible.

# LAST OF THE REAL FERRARIS

We take the Ferrari 275 GTB/4, the last of its kind built before the Fiat takeover, for a thrilling Alpine drive

Words GLEN WADDINGTON Photography LYNDON MCNEIL







Switzerland is at my disposal. From here I could probably bite deep into France, Germany or Italy, carving along mountain passes and sweeping across open plains with time to find the best restaurant at the other end. On the horizon is Mont Blanc. Its craggy whiteness towers against the sun, which reflects in the searing yellow paintwork of the Ferrari 275 GTB/4. Right now, this Swiss sub-Alpine comer will do just fine.

The car is crouching at the roadside, ticking gently as it cools after blasting up the mountain. This is the ultimate version of Ferrari's brutally handsome 275 GTB series, which was launched in 1964 and fits in time between the legendary 250 series and the 1968 Daytona. The 275 marks the end of the classic Ferrari era, before its destiny came under Fiat's control. It is, if you like, the last road-going Ferrari to be truly 100 per cent Ferrari.

However, it's the product of an era when Ferrari's road and race cars diverged. Think back to the Fifties - most Ferraris were designed for the track. The alloy-bodied 250 SWB was a racer; even in 250bhp road trim and steel-bodied it was marginal as a road car. The 250 GTO was never intended for the road - that was left to the 250 Lusso. Although

'It's no whispering cruiser - that much is made clear the first time you lamp the go-pedal'

the 275 GTB was designed so that it could be used for racing, by that time Ferrari had begun a mid-engined experiment that began with the 250 LM - essentially a reworked 250 GTO - then the 275P and 330P purely for the track. The following burst of development would ultimately lead to the 365 GT/4 Berlinetta Boxer and an entirely new dynasty of roadgoing Ferrari flagships a world away from this 275 GTB/4's grand-touring ethos.

Ferrari know-alls will understand the number 275 to mean a capacity of 275cc for each of its 12 cylinders. 'GTB' means gran turismo berlinetta - a hard-top coupe for the road. The 4? That's because it's Ferrari's first roadgoing quad-cam V12. And it's no whispering cruiser - that much is made clear the first time you lamp the go-pedal. Instantly the cockpit fills with noise and the horizon looms larger in the windscreen. The wood-rimmed steering wheel chatters to you as you bob along, tied to the road's surface but insulated just enough that you could keep going all day. It goes like a racer and rides like a road car. Perfect.

You command proceedings from a slender black leather and cloth seat that's just enough of a bucket to grip your hips and thighs. The usual black ball-topped chrome wand stirs the gears from an open gate mounted beside the transmission. You survey a simple dashboard that's rendered purely Sixties rather than timeless because of the shiny black plastic panels that surround rocker switches and smaller gauges.

The atmosphere inside is intimate, almost claustrophobic, thanks to shallow side windows and thick, unglazed rear pillars. Like the way the 275 rides, its interior combines comfort and focus beautifully; only a wood veneer panelled oddments tray between the seats feels superfluous. Take the minimal chrome door furniture as a metaphor for the rest: it looks and feels expensively bespoke, more so than the Daytona that followed. A sign of the times it came from, there were a few recognizable Fiat bits in that.

There are definite links with the past outside. The front end, with its faired-in headlamps and broad grille, takes its lead from the 250 GT Tour de France, and those slatted extractor-vents in the front



### 1966 Ferrari 275 GTB/4

**Engine** 3286cc V12, dohc per bank, six Weber 40 DCN 17 carburettors **Power and torque** 300bhp @ 8000rpm; 202lb ft @ 5500rpm **Transmission** Five-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Worm and roller **Suspension** Front and rear: Independent, double wishbones, coil springs, anti-roll bar, telescopic dampers **Brakes** Discs front and rear **Weight** 1208kg (2662lb) **Performance** Top speed: 158mph; 0-60mph: 6.4sec **Price new** £7063 **Current values** £1.9m-2.4m



wings are pure GTO. Proportions are similar too, particularly the squat glasshouse and hunched shoulder-line above the rear wheels. The 250 Lusso-style Kamm tail hints at race-bred sleekness, but Pininfarina based his aerodynamic theory on aesthetics rather than real science. The earliest 275 GTBs were found to be unstable at high speed, a fault which was cured by subtly altering the leading edge of the front panel. That's why from 1965 they're known as 'longnose' 275s.

You can usually tell a four-cam by the raised centre section of the bonnet. Be careful though. A few two-cam cars have had them fitted too. But there's a new take on the traditional Ferrari styling. The 275 is a bit smoother and more butch than its predecessors. It looks like it was influenced by American tastes. That's not a criticism. Clearly, Enzo Ferrari knew where he was going to sell most of them.

It links with the past, but the 275 GTB's pivotal role introduced the future of roadgoing Ferrari practice, too. Racing experience dictated independent suspension all-round, and this was the first Ferrari road car to ditch a live rear axle and go for wishbones and coils. To improve weight distribution, the gearbox moved to the back end of the propshaft to join the differential, and before the end of 1965 it was supplemented by a torque tube to improve the linkage. Magnesium alloy wheels were another innovation, although traditional Borrani wires remained an option for die-hards. This one runs on alloys, and





they look just right, with their non-nonsense racing appearance.

You click the door open with a proper chromed handle and push-button, and drop down easily into the cabin. The door shuts solidly. Twist the key, there's a building whir and all 12 cylinders suddenly fire like distant rifle shots. The engine makes promises while it idles. Its note is harsh and exciting, a busy commotion of threshing valves and cam-chains. Prod the throttle and the reaction is instantaneous, like a racing car's, the revs shooting up the tachometer and plummeting as soon as you let go. The holler from the exhaust is just as crisply-defined.

Find first gear, down to the left on a dog-leg. Guide the lever through the gate and it slots in cleanly, but without the fizz of metal-on-metal that you get on earlier Ferraris with the gearbox mounted ahead of the prop-shaft. It's more refined than that, but a touch less memorable an experience for it.

No matter. Feed in some revs and feed out the strongly-sprung clutch. The wood-rim wheel commands a steering box rather than a rack, but there's no slack. It's superbly direct around the straight-ahead, and you can read the road through your fingertips as soon as you're rolling. That's useful in these parts. We've already climbed out of the Geneva suburbs, flat lakeside fields giving way to thickly wooded slopes that steepen exponentially. Somebody's already tried too hard: a car is being winched out of the woodland as a timely

reminder of what can happen if you get it wrong.

It's quieter up here, just a few scattered villages and broad, twisting roads with smooth surfaces. It's a nation that publically frowns on recreational driving, but Switzerland is like a big Nürburgring. Perfect for this car.

There's a long straight road that runs parallel with the shore of Lake Geneva, a mile or so away and a few hundred feet below. The Ferrari charges along it, dashing through first gear, click-clack-slot into second, bang on the power, surging into third. You'd expect some kind of race-bred camminess from this engine; instead you get a pile of torque to dig into from the off, right up to the crazy red-line power-peak at 5000rpm.

Competition is in its breeding. Unlike the two-cam, the four-cam V12 is dry-sumped, with a Le Mans-style tubular oil cooler. It develops an extra 20bhp and spreads the torque further down the rev-range, making it a more flexible engine. Two years on from the original 275 GTB's Paris Show launch, the GTB/4 arrived. Whatever it did for performance, it put Ferrari at the frontier of supercar technology. It shared the battle-line with Lamborghini, which was busy building four-cam V12s in Sant'Agata, just down the road from Maranello.

That long-legged lunge for the horizon shrinks the distance between corners, and it's accompanied by a cultured sizzle and yowl that's as





impressive as the insistent acceleration. Brake a little before you turn in- through the pedal you'll feel all four discs being bitten by their pads - and then feed the wheel. There's no understeer, no hesitation in committing to a new direction, yet no nervousness either. Sure, you could floor the throttle mid-bend and get things massively out of shape, but the pleasure here is in neatness and economy of movement. It's a long distance GT, not a point-and-squirt roadster. Enjoy the suppleness and the feedback through every point of contact. Let the car talk to you. It's a comfortable means of travelling a long way fast, and so enjoyable that you'll go out of your way to take the longest possible route.

This nimbleness is relative: the 275 GTB/4 is no Lotus Elan. But it represents an optimum of Ferrari virtues. The Daytona which followed was more powerful (352bhp) and, ultimately, faster (173mph). But its 4390cc engine was less efficient, with a comparatively lazy specific output of 50bhp per litre. And it's just so heavy: a barely believable 1633kg. The 275 GTB/4 carries only three quarters of that weight. If it was as aerodynamic as the Daytona, it may well out-run it.

What makes the 275 GTB/4 so wonderful is its combination of astonishing performance and delicacy. It's that bit less obvious than a Daytona, and rarer too: 460 two-cams and 350 four-cams, compared to 1285 fixed-head Daytonas. Don't forget, it's worth about three times

**'It's a long-distance GT, not a point-and-squirt roadster, but you'll go out of your way to take the longest route'**

the value of a Daytona, too. But no Ferrari is worth the name if it hasn't got some kind of competition credit. Mid-engined sports racing cars were Ferrari's new toys, but it took Piers Courage and Roy Pike, and Pierre Noblet and Claude Dubois, in a pair of stripped-out, lightweight, alloy-bodied racing spec 275 GTB/Cs to uphold the marque's honour at Le Mans in 1966 - the first time the race was dominated by Ford GT 40s. They were the only two Ferraris to finish, in eighth and tenth place respectively.

Figure that as you descend an Alpine pass in such civilized surroundings. Ferrari's road and race cars may have forged new directions, but the spirit of both is alive in the 275 GTB/4.

**Thanks to:** Karl-Friedrich Scheufele of Chopard, Geneva





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# BRUTE POWER, SEDUCTION, POISE, EXCITEMENT

One man's bold decision to chop down  
Ferrari's 275 coupé created a motoring legend –  
but is the NART Spyder the true 275 GTS?

Words ROB SCORAH Photography LYNDON MCNEIL









**W**hy didn't Ferrari do this all along? Why wasn't this car the 275 convertible from the very beginning? Why, one morning, didn't Battista Pininfarina, sitting with his espresso, musing over a picture of the new coupé he had penned, stick his thumb over the roof, see the clean line of one of the most powerful looking roadsters ever and go 'Magnifico!'.

Instead, while AC's curvaceous Cobra and Jaguar's bullet-car E-type roadster were already prowling the streets, Ferrari produced the daintier (plain-looking) 275 GTS. It was left until virtually the last year of 275 production for an Italian-American Ferrari agent, Luigi Chinetti, 4000 miles away in New York, to sit down over his espresso, stick his thumb over the cockpit of what was now the 275 GTB/4 and go, 'Magnifico - I've created the Ferrari 275 GTB/4-S NART.'

NART stands for North American Racing Team, the team that Chinetti ran, and the S for Spyder. To ex-racing driver Chinetti, a Spyder meant a competition car without windows or top, such as the Ferrari 166 MM. Yet what you see first when you approach this beautiful, metallic burgundy-painted roadster is a grand tourer - could you race anything this voluptuous?

As Ferrari's first main agent in the United States, Chinetti had experienced the country's vibrant amateur racing scene as well as its love of convertibles. He hoped that a car that could be a club racer one weekend and a grand open tourer the next (in the way that the 250

series had been) would be highly attractive to the Italian marque's affluent and competitive buyers. Chinetti had pressed Ferrari to build the 250 GT California Spider in 1958 and its short-wheelbase SWB version in 1960.

The 275 GTB continued the muscular stance and attitude of the 250 GT Competizione endurance racer of 1956 and the NART Spyder (as it's commonly termed) was in essence a chopped coupé. This body still carries the full brute strength of the hard-top, though the removal of the roof gives added emphasis and greater femininity to the gentle curve of the rising haunches above the rear wheels. But there's an almost stark coolness there too - the long flanks with the gill-like vents and the fish-like front end with its cold eyes and eel mouth.

Look at the vaguely sinister open-mouth radiator grille; such a strong and recurring motif in Sixties sports cars (the Cobra and the E-type again). What were they all trying to say in those frozen vowel-enunciating apertures? So menacing, yet seductive too. With some, it appears to be a simple 'ooh' or 'aah', but this Spyder seems to be trying a little harder. Catch it from different angles and you still won't be sure - it's more complex, like this car's character.

Perhaps more than any other model, this NART Spyder exemplifies Ferrari's successful fusion of brute power, seduction, poise and excitement. Yet ironically the Maranello factory wasn't interested in building it at all; it was left to Chinetti to turn to Sergio Scaglietti, commissioning the carrozzeria to build the series exclusively for Chinetti Motors and NART. Still, this car

The 275 GTB shape makes such a natural convertible it's hard to believe that Ferrari didn't consider building it







Road-mannered elegance  
meet race-bred heart -  
but the NART Spyder is no  
raw roadster

'It seems to lose all  
its mass and hang  
in the air like a  
suspended bullet'

so effectively binds the old world of the 250 series to the new designs to come - you can even see a little of the 550 Barchetta in there. But as you first climb in, your thoughts will be old-school.

You sit low in the belly of the machine, legs out, surrounded by functional black and gently hugged by the leather bucket seat. Immediately, you're reminded of the 250s - the same big wood-rimmed Nardi steering wheel just above and between your open knees, its light engraving on the spokes mirroring that on the ash tray lid. The hand-finishing reminds you of the days when pistols and watches were similarly decorated. There's nothing here that would shock a Ferrari traditionalist. And under the long bonnet that dips out of sight somewhere around half its length, there's a well-proven Colombo-designed V12 engine, familiar again to the 250s. So surely, no surprises there?

Actually, by 1966 the trusty V12 had been stroked out to 3.3 litres and, with Ferrari customers often keen to race their mounts, a new competition-derived quad-cam version (the 4 in GTB/4) had been installed. The long bonnet bulge announces its presence. This Tipo 226 motor breathes through six Weber carburettors, feeds its pistons through bigger valves (taken from the 250 LM) and uses a dry-sump lubrication system to guarantee optimum oil pressure under the hardest use. The coldly elegant NART is pretty close to a 275 P2 for the road.

The motor starts with the familiar ticking of the fuel pumps as you turn the key and prime the carburettors, waiting before flicking your wrist and blipping the throttle in the anticipated whumf of fire-up. As the crescendo dies, the engine song separates out into layers of sound, a silky mechanical chatter over a low moan and, when the engine is gunned, a rounded bark from the exhausts.

Perhaps you expect something more snarling, more GTO, or just harsher. But at heart this NART is a late 275 GTB/4 - refined; a gentleman's weapon.

It certainly feels refined as you pull away gently and easily, the effortless accelerator and smooth power take-up showing no race-bred temperamentality. It's not hard to see why these cars so often appear in graceful tourer guise on the lawns of the great concours meetings. This one has led a fairly cosseted life in the hands of sympathetic collectors in the United States and Mexico (then painted silver-grey). It's in American ownership now, but comes to English Ferrari specialist Terry Hoyle to be readied for its outings and European tours. Should you choose to, you could waft gently and quite quietly along in this car all day, seduced by the V12's breathy feminine song above the muted valve-chatter. It feels very sophisticated.

Gazing out over the deep maroon lustre of the bonnet, you're reminded that Faye Dunaway drove one of these in exactly this colour in *The Thomas Crown Affair*. Yes, with such light controls, the NART Spyder does sophisticated very well. But then, you're also conscious that Dunaway's co-star in the film was Steve McQueen, and he later went out and bought a NART Spyder himself. He must have seen a different side to the car...

So your hand goes to the high-mounted gear wand, which glints in the corner of your vision, always drawing your eye. A down-change is such a sensuous thing; blip the throttle with a flex of the ankle (the linkage senses any movement), and go for it firmly and determinedly when your gut tells you to do so. Savour the palpable clack-clack as it snicks through the gate. There's no American big-block engine-braked lurch or turbo snap, just beautiful, creamy, power-on acceleration.







The sing-song voice recedes, the exhaust note sharpens, and from somewhere an invisible orchestra of banshees begins to wail. They herald the V12 rising beyond 5000rpm to where the real power waits - 300bhp at 8000rpm. Here, the car seems to lose all its mass and hangs like a suspended bullet in the air. Still the controls are light, but rapier-sharp. You think that if you're not on your metal the thing might have you, but while you're concentrating, you and the NART will dance the road in perfect unison. Keep your confidence; go into a corner on a trailing throttle and the Spyder will feel edgy, but keep your eye on the proper line and use the power to balance weight and force and there will be no car more poised. This car is the essence of pure driving pleasure.

As you lean into the bend together, you can feel through your seat that this is certainly no 250. There's a sensation of drift as the radials flex, but not the slight skip of a live axle - the 275 was the first road-going Ferrari to wear all independent suspension, and feels even better balanced with the near perfect weight distribution of the front-engine rear-transaxle layout. You'll find yourself looking for long, fast sweepers, letting the car run slightly out under power, or whipping sharply into tight, climbing hairpins where the balance shifts and the nose tucks in. If you catch a glance of the sensuous bodywork around you, you'll remember that you are doing all this in a tourer that has suddenly become a racer. McQueen knew about this side of the NART Spyder's character, and as a racer himself, he would have known something else about the film car's history too.

Dunaway's sophisticated boulevardier was actually the first of the ten to be built. Rather than a 'chopped' coupé, it was a specially-built alloy-bodied car, which on delivery to Chinetti Motors in Greenwich, Connecticut

#### 1966 Ferrari 275 GTB/4 Spyder NART

**Engine** 3286cc, V12, dohc per bank, six Weber 40 DCN 17 twin-choke carburettors **Power and torque** 300bhp @ 8000rpm; 202lb ft @ 5500rpm **Transmission** Five-speed manual, transaxle with torque tube, rear-wheel drive **Suspension** Front and rear: independent, double wishbones, coil springs, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar **Steering** ZF worm and roller **Brakes** Discs front and rear **Weight** 1208kg (2663lb) **Performance** Top speed: 158mph; 0-60mph: 6.4sec **Cost new** £9500 **Value now** £17.5m-19.5m

in February 1967 was pressed into service by NART at Sebring. With little more preparation than an added roll-cage (and using the wooden boot floor as a pit board), the then Giallo Solare (Sun Yellow) car was raced to second in class and 17th overall in the 12-hour event by its all-female crew of Denise McCluggage and Marianne Rollo. It was then repainted and restored to its road-car status. Going from successful endurance racer to high society sophisticate with little more than a paint job isn't a trick many cars could pull off, but by the mid-Sixties, the differences between spiders and the more luxurious roadsters were certainly beginning to blur.

That metamorphosis encapsulates the NART Spyder's persona and the whole Ferrari mystique. Just when you think you've got it pegged, the whole image shifts; from GT tourer to racer to boulevardier to style icon. Perhaps the fact that Chinetti was only able to sell ten suggests that Ferrari was right not to launch the car itself - and such rarity makes it all the more tasty.

But having seen it and driven it, having experienced its rich kaleidoscope of sensations and emotions, make no mistake - this is the true Ferrari 275 roadster.

*Thanks to Bernie Carl, and Terry Hoyle at TDH Classics*





'There's no engine-braked  
lurch or turbo snap,  
just creamy power-on  
acceleration'











# COMING OF AGE

In period, the Dino was met with suspicion and derision. But Enzo Ferrari's baby has stood the test of time

Words RICHARD HESELTINE  
Photography LYNDON MCNEIL



**T**he sullen months of winter have yet to ease up. It's as though the sun has never shone, the crunch of compacted snow under foot bringing with it a mixture of dread and expectation. The sky is only a few shades lighter than charcoal, the road ahead cratered with potholes and daubed with ice. Cambridgeshire has been incarcerated by a big freeze for much of the past week but somehow we're here, The Fens now stirring to the sound of a 1971 Dino 246 GT being woken from its slumber. Less than 24 hours have passed since the car received a fresh ticket, the brief trip from the MoT testing station being all it has received by way of shakedown mileage since the restoration was completed. And it may be on its way to a new owner in a week's time. Now off you go and enjoy yourself. No pressure.

With two thumbs up from its keeper, it's time to venture out. Talk is initially short and exclamatory as the rear boots labour to find traction. Then follows a strange lightness of mood as we make it to a main road that has been cleared of the white stuff, the combination of grit and slush now lending our hitherto pristine supercar a latte-coloured lower half. Up to this point the driving has been fraught with anxiety, the sound of that classic V6 only inches behind you barely audible over the sound of chattering teeth. But once able to stretch it beyond first gear, all outside considerations of the weather, the car's value and just about everything else evaporate.

This particular example - shown on the Ferrari stand at the 1971 Earls Court Motor Show - is likely the only right-hand drive Dino ever sold in white with blue trim. It looks sensational. On styling alone it's a milestone in supercar lore. It's hard not to ransack the cliché cupboard when gushing over its sensuous beauty, but even if the Dino's outer dazzle doesn't grab you, the sense of intimacy surely will. In so many ways - on so many levels - it's the best Ferrari of its era.

It's ironic that when the first-generation Dino 206 GT broke cover at the 1967 Turin Motor Show there was much muttering among the marque faithful: how could Ferrari create something that had the engine in the middle? And a piddling six-pot at that! Except no Dino ever wore the Prancing Horse motif in period. This was a separate brand, conceived to take the fight to Porsche. Yet while the intention may have been to create a new class of more accessible products, this brave new world was a Ferrari in all but name.

Alfredo 'Dino' Ferrari was the only (legitimate) son of Il Commendatore. He

died of muscular dystrophy in 1956 at the tragically young age of 24, his legacy being two decades of competition and road car glory with a series of V6 engines that bore his name inscribed on their cam covers, even if he didn't design them. Each played a pivotal role in Ferrari's fortunes, not least the '57 1.5-litre F2 engine created by Vittorio Jano. This legendary engine spawned a raft of motor sport-orientated derivatives for F1 and sports-racing car applications. It also influenced something that bit more proletarian in makeup.

The marriage of Ferrari power and humdrum Fiat running gear was partly born out of expediency. The genesis of the fab but unremarkable Fiat Dino coupé was rooted in 1967's Formula 2 regulations. The existing 65 degree V6 engine was a shoo-in for success but first there was the small matter of homologating it. The rules stipulated a production car-based cylinder block of which at least 500 units had to have been completed before it would be allowed trackside. Enzo Ferrari often made a mockery of eligibility regulations by means of sleight-of-hand chicanery - or else throwing a hissy fit and threatening to withdraw his cars every time he was put on the spot.

But in this particular instance he thought laterally. With no chance of making the number of engines in time, a productionised version of all-alloy construction would power a flagship model, the front-engined Fiat Dino coupé. The ruse allowed Ferrari to qualify its engine for F2 racing while Fiat basked in the reflective glow of its association with motor sport royalty. Well that's one theory. In truth, Fiat wanted more than a new range-topper and insisted on making the engines in-house to avoid any gaps in the supply chain. Amidst political ructions at home and ever-stringent (and expensive) safety legislation, Enzo sold a majority stake in his firm to Fiat in 1969, with long-time coachbuilding collaborator Sergio Scaglietti following suit shortly thereafter.

Dino the standalone marque prospered under Fiat's protective cloak. The 206 GT (2.0-litres, six cylinders) had gorgeousness on its side and was intriguing technically. From an era when mid-engined road cars were still considered a novelty, the quad-cam V6 was turned sideways and squeezed behind the seats with power being transmitted rearwards via a diaphragm spring clutch to an all-synchro five-speed gearbox mounted parallel to the crankshaft and slung behind the engine. Suspension was independent all-round by a competition-orientated double wishbone layout with integral coil springs and dampers picking up at the bottom of the uprights. Servo-assisted disc brakes featured on all four corners. The Dino

#### 1971 DINO 246 GT

**Engine** 2418cc, V6, dohc per bank, three Weber 40DCF carburettors **Power and torque** 195bhp @ 7600rpm; 165lb ft @ 5500rpm **Transmission** Five-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Rack-and-pinion **Suspension** Front and rear: independent via double wishbones, coil springs, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar **Weight** 1270kg (2800lb) **Performance** Top speed: 148mph; 0-60mph: 7.1sec **Fuel consumption** 15mpg **Cost new** £6000 (1973) **Values now** £130,000-275,000





was also the first-ever Ferrari product with rack-and-pinion steering.

The thing is, the Dino was outgunned by the less outlandish Porsche 911, which trumped it on displacement. Response from Maranello was swift, the 206 GT morphing into the 246 GT for 1969 with an extra 432cc and a stronger cast iron block. Power was upped by 15bhp to 195bhp at 7600rpm, but of greater significance was the increase in torque from 138lb ft at 6500rpm to 165.5lb ft at a less frenzied 5500rpm. Three gurgling Weber 40DCF twin-choke carbs sat atop the engine's 65deg vee, the crank carried on four main bearings while double overhead camshafts driven by chains sat in each alloy cylinder head. It may have been on the small side, but this classic unit didn't lack for sophistication by comparison with Ferrari's V12s.

Outwardly you'd be hard pressed to spot any differences between the two variants although the 246 GT was slightly longer, with 60mm inserted into the wheelbase. Both iterations were near identical structurally, although Scaglietti's artisans formed bodies from steel rather than aluminium. The Targa-roofed GTs arrived in 1972. As many as 2487 Dino 246 GTs were made to '74, by which time this subspecies of Ferrari had entered into legend. Its shadow was sufficiently long to plague its Marcello Gandini-penned 308 GT4 replacement from the

start. Few could forgive this underrated wedge-shaped 2+2 for not looking like the car that established the template.

Which is understandable. Without wishing to propagate the same old truisms, some cars fade over time while others glow more brightly. The Dino is a styling benchmark and is in no danger of being knocked off its pedestal any time soon. There isn't a wrong line on it. As to the identity of the artiste responsible for the time-defying silhouette, design house Pininfarina isn't in the habit of attributing credit to any single individual, but the basic outline can be dated back to the Dino Berlinetta Speciale presented at the 1965 Paris Motor Show and styled by former Cisitalia man Aldo Brovarone. This one-off concept car undoubtedly influenced the Dino's proportions. However, much of the brilliant detailing was reputedly down to Leonardo Fioravanti, whose resumé would in time be bolstered by such Ferrari touchstones as the Daytona, 365 BB, 308 GTB and F40.

The cabin exerts an even greater pull. It's only on stooping to enter a Dino that you fully appreciate just how brilliantly packaged it is. Photographs can't capture its compactness, yet once inside you're far from pinched for space. Unlike many other mid-engined sports cars, the Dino is neither cramped nor cursed with poor visibility. It's

'The Dino had been  
conceived to take the  
fight to Porsche'







Styling stems from an Aldo Brovarone concept refined by Leonardo Fioravanti

airy and sufficiently roomy to accommodate six-footers with ease. And this being a Ferrari product, the cockpit is neat and simple, the semi-reclined driving position, close-coupled pedals and rake of the alloy-spoked steering wheel prompting an arms stretched, legs slightly splayed stance which you barely notice after a while. It's the little things that captivate - the slender door handles, the chrome heater slides and the polished H-gate. The detailing is exquisite.

Beyond the wheel's slender leather rim sits a small elliptical binnacle, home to four small gauges flanked by the somewhat larger rev counter and 170mph speedo. Then there's the view through the tightly curved windscreen, the road ahead being framed by the 'clap hands' wipers that do a better than expected job of clearing the salty slurry fountaining upwards from other, altogether loftier road users.

Yet despite the miserable conditions, this glorious machine handles everything in its stride. The experience is dominated by that shrieking V6. With the driver's seat butted against the rear bulkhead, you're all too aware of the commotion kicking off behind you. The engine note runs the auditory spectrum from guttural and grumpy to piercing and racy before heading off into the sonic unknown. The giddy combination of frenetic valve gear whine, clicking tappets, whirring chains and pop-pop-pop on the overrun leaves you grinning like a loon. Captivating doesn't even come close to describing it.

Engine noise isn't overly intrusive when cruising, but the Dino is just so, well, choral that you cannot help but extend it every chance you get. What really surprises is just how tractable it is. You don't need to pile on the revs; certainly nowhere near its stratospheric 7800rpm redline (which was the highest of any production car in period). Mindful that this particular example has barely been run in, and limiting the fun to no more than 5000rpm, it still pulls cleanly from as low as 1500rpm with a sustained shove arriving at 3500rpm. It likely feels faster than it actually is, 0-60mph taking an alleged 7.1sec, but the

view across those swollen wings, allied to the shrieking exhaust, will have you believing you're Chris Amon storming Daytona in a 330 P4.

Though the Dino's gearchange has come in for some negative ink, you'll be hard pressed to understand why. With so many Ferraris of the period - and elderly exotica in general - moving up or down a gearbox before the transmission oil has had time to warm up for an hour or so will invariably result in baulking as metal connects with metal. The Dino's five-speeder isn't brilliant, but be deliberate with it and it's next to impossible to grandma a gearshift, even when cold. The clutch is on the heavy side, but you're only aware of this at pottering speeds.

It's the tenacious handling that astounds. Prior experience tells you that, on track, a Dino is as neutral as they come, but that doesn't always translate into polished road manners. Here the steering is light, fluid and precise, but it's the car's ability to soak up surface imperfections that makes the difference. The Dino's supple ride quality comes as a surprise. You don't expect it to glide over bumps, but it does. Nor is it easily upset by camber changes, tackling corners in an undramatic way with no perceptible roll or unexpected weight transfer.

Ultimately you don't need to tease out the Dino's character. It really couldn't be more obvious. It's boisterous when you want it to be and, when you don't, it's better mannered than a 40-year-old junior supercar has any right to be. Needless to say, there are flaws - drive one on a hot day and it will flambé its occupants, and they have a tendency to foul their plugs in heavy traffic. But when it's driven quickly, no other car tingles the nerves, dilates the pupils or fosters such a sense of security as the 246 GT. It has aged incredibly well, and not just as a piece of history. It still stacks up in so many ways. Conceived by a still grieving father to honour his son, the Dino just goes to prove the paradox that despair can be a source of vitality. Here that principle gets amplified tenfold.

**'The Dino has aged incredibly well, and not just as a piece of history'**

Thanks to: Chris Shaw and Gary Bates at TRGB ([www.trgb.co.uk](http://www.trgb.co.uk))





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# REBEL TAKES ON THE ESTABLISHMENT

When they crafted the Miura, the young engineers at Lamborghini must have felt like they were turning the sports car world on its head. But the old guard at Ferrari weren't about to concede defeat

Words by ROB SCORAH Photography by JAMES LIPMAN









Intoxicating noise and visuals, but the Miura is nervous at the limit

**M**ay 1966, a warm early summer's evening in Monte Carlo and something is drawing the crowds in Casino Square on the eve of the Grand Prix. There are so many people that the only ones to get a good view are the white statues above the blue awnings of the Hotel de Paris opposite. What they can see is a low curvaceous sports car that few in the world have so far laid eyes on. Presently, a smart, thick-set middle aged man descends the steps of the casino and comes to the car. He starts the engine and the rasp, bark and growl of a V12 engine ricochets off the stucco plaster work of buildings around. In a town well used to glamorous sports cars, this is still sensational - this is the new Lamborghini Miura P400 driven here from the Santa Agata factory by Lamborghini's young development driver Bob Wallace, and now being gunned by Ferruccio Lamborghini himself.

Deep in Ferrari-owning territory, you needed more front than the Monte Carlo harbour to pull a stunt like that, but Lamborghini was a pugnacious Taurean, as bullish as his cars. His new Miura was proclaiming that this was how it was going to be from now on - the doctrine according to

Gian Paolo Dallara, Lamborghini's young chief engineer; mid-engined - you'd seen it on the track with Porsche, Ferrari and Ford; well now you could experience the state of the art on the road too with Lamborghini.

The Miura's raucous yarp would have drifted over Ferrari's 330 America and 275 GTB/4 - the Modena factory's current champion, a sporting, but restrainedly elegant GT. But those faithful to the Prancing Horse knew that Ferrari had plenty of mid-engined experience on the track with machines like the 250 LM and had already fielded the diminutive road-going Dino 206 GT. Ferrari's next big GT, when it arrived, would also be mid-engined.

But 275 GTB/4 production ran out in '68, and the new car didn't appear until 1969. At that year's Paris Salon, the 365 GTB/4 was

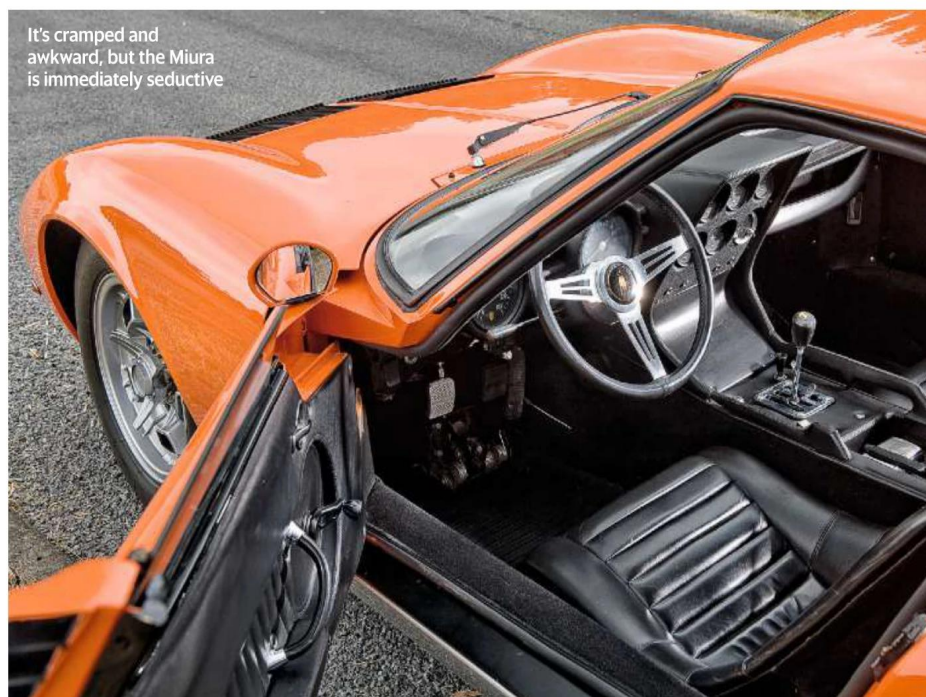
unveiled, already sporting the unofficial sobriquet Daytona in honour of the three ironically mid-engined Ferrari 330 P4s that had come home almost three abreast to win the 1967 Daytona 24-hour race.

Looking at these two side by side today you are still overcome by the same emotions that swept over onlookers then. The Miura stops your heart with its Bridget Bardot curves and startled-eyes headlights, while the Daytona is almost chillingly minimal, its lines as pure and sharp as a Japanese sword blade. How could the manufacturer at the forefront of motor sport release such a traditional car when the opportunist who cared nothing for racing had come up with virtually a GT prototype for the road?

When Ferruccio Lamborghini had first come to the Gran Turismo market, it had been out of a long held desire to build a sports car coupled with a dissatisfaction with those (Ferraris) he had so far owned. True, he was rough on his cars, heavy-handed and footed, and when he had turned up at the factory, Enzo had refused to see him. Back at his tractor plant, Lamborghini had his own technicians look at his Ferrari's worn out clutch. It was an off-the-shelf Borg and Beck unit not unlike ones their tractors used.

'The Miura's raucous yarp would've drifted over 330 Americas and 275 GTB/4s'





It's cramped and awkward, but the Miura is immediately seductive



### 1967 Lamborghini Miura P400

**Engine** 3929cc V12, dohc per bank, four Weber 40 IDL 3C carburettors **Power and torque** 325bhp @ 7000rpm; 286lb ft @ 5500rpm **Transmission** Five-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Rack and pinion **Suspension** Front and rear: independent, wishbones, coil springs, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar **Brakes** Discs front and rear **Weight** 1295kg (2855lb) **Performance** Top speed 163mph; 0-60mph 5.5sec (est) **Fuel consumption** 13mpg **Cost new** £8482 **Value now** £550,000-£850,000

Maybe it was at that point that Ferruccio realised that even the greatest GTs were made at least partly from ordinary components. But he also knew the cult of the V12 held sway; he would need a fabulous engine to begin his new enterprise; unlike the clutches, no proprietary unit would do. In 1962, he turned to Giotto Bizzarrini, previously an engineer and test driver with Alfa Romeo and then Ferrari whose development work had led to the 250 SWB and GTO. Ferrari was the target and Bizzarrini's knowledge of their engines closely influenced Lamborghini's powerplant.

For the unit that would later power the Miura, Bizzarrini chose 3.5-litres, wanting to achieve just over 100bhp per litre - the standard sports racing output of the time. (Ferrari's 1963 250P three-litre produced

300bhp). Cylinder bore was 77mm, (the same as Carlo Chitti had chosen in several experimental Ferrari engines, and the 400 Superamerica), and the cylinder spacing was 95mm - allowing for subsequent enlargement. Bottom-end bearing sizes were identical to the Ferrari's and, similarly, the right-hand cylinder bank was offset forward. Unlike most Ferrari road cars of the time, Bizzarrini opted for twin overhead cam-shafts, driven by separate triple roller chains. In prototype form, dry-sump lubricated and breathing through 38mm Weber racing carburettors, the new V12 was almost a competition unit, kicking out 358bhp at a screaming 9800rpm. Ironically for a company that would come to epitomise the wildest of sports cars, the new engine was toned down to power Lamborghinis first offerings; the 350 and 400GT - cars renowned for their sophistication. 'The Lamborghini engines are very smooth and refined,' notes specialist Terry Hoyle who looks after both marques (and both the cars here). They were starting with a clean sheet, whereas the Ferrari engines from 1948 stayed with two valves and a single camshaft. The new rivals forced Ferrari to up its game, introducing independent suspension on the 275 GTB of

1964 and, later, a four-cam version of the Colombo V12 that powered it.

In the early Sixties the two companies inhabited essentially the same territory, building svelte GTs, and whereas Lamborghinis were actually smoother, Ferrari's racing heritage gave it the gravitas to claim seniority. Ferruccio would need something more if he were not to fade into obscurity like Pegaso.

In Lamborghinis favour was the factor that the company was not bound by tradition. Its engineers and designers were young and fresh to the fight, eager to develop the latest ideas they'd seen in the wider automotive world. In an after-work session, chief engineer Gian Paolo Dallara and colleague Paolo Stanzani, both in their mid twenties, hatched the idea of a mid-engined sports car. It would be powered by the now four-litre Bizzarrini-designed V12 mounted transversely in the rear, its gearbox beneath; the inspiration for that arrangement being a cheeky compact town car that had burst onto the British motoring scene - the Mini. In secret they laid their plans before presenting the idea to Lamborghini. This could be the sensation that the Sant'Agata company needed - for all their sophistication, the 350 and 400 GT were





Quad-cam V12 will push the 365 GTB/4 to 175mph



The faster you go, the more confidence the chassis inspires



Daytona is comfortable in a dual role as GT and race-bred supercar

## 'Sergio Pininfarina knew no mid-engined design would get past the conservative Enzo'

essentially no different in concept from the Ferrari GTs. Ferruccio knew an opportunity when he saw one.

To make the concept work, engine block, crankcase, transmission and differential housing were all combined in one complex alloy casting. At the '65 Turin Show the bodiless concept attracted top styling houses eager to clothe the radical design. Seeing an opportunity to rival the Ferrari-Pininfarina partnership, Lamborghini chose Bertone and Guigiaro began work on the new body. But as he was in the process of moving to Ghia he left the task to his successor - the 25 year-old Marcello Gandini - who would work in close liaison with Dallara.

Around the same time, over at Pininfarina, another equally young man, Leonardo





Fioravanti was gazing at an un-bodied chassis of a Ferrari 330 Superamerica. But in his mind, he could see his own pure, strong form clothing the oval steel rails. Though he was instrumental in both the 250 LM and Dino 206 GT, both he and Sergio Pininfarina knew no mid-engined design would get past the cautious and conservative Enzo Ferrari, but the beast that Fioravanti was sketching might.

Even now, after everything that has come since, the Miura still looks radical. Standing with its clamshell lids open, you can see the drilled spaceframe in 0.032 steel, conceived by aeronautical engineering graduate Dallara, utilising techniques he'd used in the design of an experimental helicopter. In the iconoclastic Sixties, eager to embrace the new, this was the sports car for a young man to have - a playboy's toy - something for a rock star. The 365 GTB/4 was more the gentleman's express of some shipping magnate.

Looking at the big Ferrari, you can almost guess that underneath it is essentially a 275 GTB chassis, wrought in welded oval-section tubes, using the same 94.5in wheelbase, double wishbone independent suspension and a wider 56in track. A torque-tube connected engine and rear-mounted five-speed transaxle. The 4.4-litre engine is

essentially the Colombo design, modified by his one-time apprentice Aurelio Lampredi to cope with variable fuel quality and new US emission regulations. Like the Lamborghini engine, it too is a four-cam (single chain driven) though sporting six Weber carburettors. Where the Lambo's Bizzarrini produces 325bhp at 7000rpm, the Lampredi turns out 352bhp at 7500 with considerably more torque. 'I love the Daytona engine,' remembers Fioravanti as he talks about the 365 GTB/4. 'It was one of the best V12s. Putting the carburettors in the middle of the V gave the best aerodynamic result, but a relatively high bonnet.'

If you open that long bonnet, you will also notice that the engine sits entirely behind the front suspension - this is actually almost a front mid-engined car; a la modern Ferrari 599. Fioravanti was (and is) always concerned with aerodynamics and balance - whereas the low Miura proved incapable of achieving its supposed 170mph top speed (hampered by high speed front end lift), the bullet-like Ferrari shot past to achieve 173mph. To prove the 365's prowess, the factory also crafted 15 racing versions, selling them to private teams like Ecurie Francorchamps, Charles Pozzi, Roger Penske and Luigi Chinetti's North

#### 1973 Ferrari 365 GTB/4 'Daytona'

**Engine** 4390cc, V12 dohc per bank, dry sump, six Weber 40DCN carburettors Power and torque 352bhp @ 7500rpm; 318lb ft @ 5500rpm **Transmission** Five-speed manual transaxle, rear-wheel drive **Steering** Worm and roller **Suspension** Front and rear: independent, double wishbones, coil springs, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar. **Brakes** Vented discs front and rear **Weight** 1550kg (3410lb) **Performance** Top speed 175mph, 0-60mph 5.8sec **Fuel consumption** 12mpg **Cost new** £10,997 **Value now**, £365,000-£600,000

American Racing Team. In 1972, 365 GTB/4s won their class at Le Mans (and filled places five though to nine), and won the Tour de France outright. They won their classes again at Le Mans and (fittingly) Daytona in 1973, 74 and 75, and finally, again Le Mans in '79 where it came second overall - impressive for a 10 year old design. Ironical that the big Ferrari appears so urbane and the Lamborghini looks and feels like the track car.

In the Miura, you sit with legs splayed and ankles uncomfortably creased by the floor-mounted pedals. The black leather cockpit sports concept car fashion - overly mannered with instruments displayed rather than informing. Everything is an inch or so off where you'd like it, and your backside seemingly an inch above the ground. You try





'The Ferrari Daytona doesn't seek to compete with anyone'

to see the road over the overtly feminine swell of the wheel arches. There's much to annoy after the exterior, but when you turn the key you will be welded where you sit.

As the sparks hit the vapour in the combustion chambers, the V12 is transformed into an orchestra - a symphony of mechanical timbres; percussive valves, singing chains, blating exhaust and shrilling carburettor trumpets. It whoops, dips, bellows and howls. To anyone who has ever loved an engine, there is nothing on God's earth to match the sound of a Lamborghini V12. In that second of its exploding, all else is forgotten and your hand reaches for the gear stick above the gleaming chromed open gate. The change is probably too heavy, the ride a little uncertain at low speed and the throttle not as smooth as you'd like. If you dip below 3000rpm, it struggles - but just dip the clutch and blip the throttle - you're good to go. As the speed builds the Miura feels planted and confident on the road. Bumps unsettle it a little, but its wishbone-suspended balance into

the bends is beautiful; neutral and secure. Soon any discomfort is forgotten and you are captivated by the richness of the physical and auditory sensations this car offers. How can the Daytona hope to compete?

Be prepared - the Ferrari 365 GTB/4 doesn't seek to compete with anyone - it harbours an initial aloofness unmatched by almost anything. Where the Miura beguiles and seduces, the Daytona waits for you to come to it. Its interior is light, airy, log-legged, its engine sound brusque and feminine, (belying the sledge-hammer power). People complain about it being heavy or the wide turning circle (what, are you buying it to drive round Stow-on-the-Wold?) and true, it doesn't feel as nimble as the 275 GTB. But the problem is you're probably not driving it fast enough.

The Daytona is very easily persuaded to go quicker, with torque that will pick it up and fling it from any speed. As the speed rises it loosens up to be a lithe and flexible GT in long bends. Every nuance of a radius can be exploited by the throttle - lift and the nose

gently tucks in; push and the car leans out. You'd have to wonder if you felt quite that level of connection with the Lamborghini's chassis. At some point, balanced in one of those curves, you'll realise that you would trust your life completely to the Daytona. If you overcooked it in a Miura, you would curse and swear about inherent on-the-limit design instability. In the Daytona you'd sheepishly admit that you had it coming.

If you owned the Miura, you can imagine just sitting staring at it for days; keeping it in the lounge; eating dinner in front of it and sleeping beside it at night. You wouldn't dare do that with the Daytona - there's just something so starkly cold-blooded about it. You know it sits there at night in the darkness, counting the number of times it killed the Corvettes at Daytona or the Porsches at Le Mans. But you know when you receive its approval it's probably the most perfect distance-covering partner you'll ever find, a car you'd never sell. There's only one thing to do - buy both.

## Enzo and Ferruccio

Enzo Ferrari and Ferruccio Lamborghini shared many common traits that drove them to the success they achieved, but the *raison d'être* of their sports car manufacture couldn't have been more different. Both had to rebuild their lives in the shambles of post-war Italy.

Lamborghini began by refitting military equipment for agricultural use, while Ferrari set up his own racing team after many years running the works Alfa Romeos. Thus the Lamborghini tractor works took shape



and Ferraris began to win races. Early in the Fifties Enzo began building road cars to finance the racing.

Lamborghini's business moved into oil burners and air-conditioning, while the Ferrari road car production was rationalised with the 250 series. By the late Fifties, the Prancing Horse was dominating Grands Prix as well as the Mille Miglia and Le Mans. The true domains of these two characters was defined - an industrialist capitalising on his mechanical



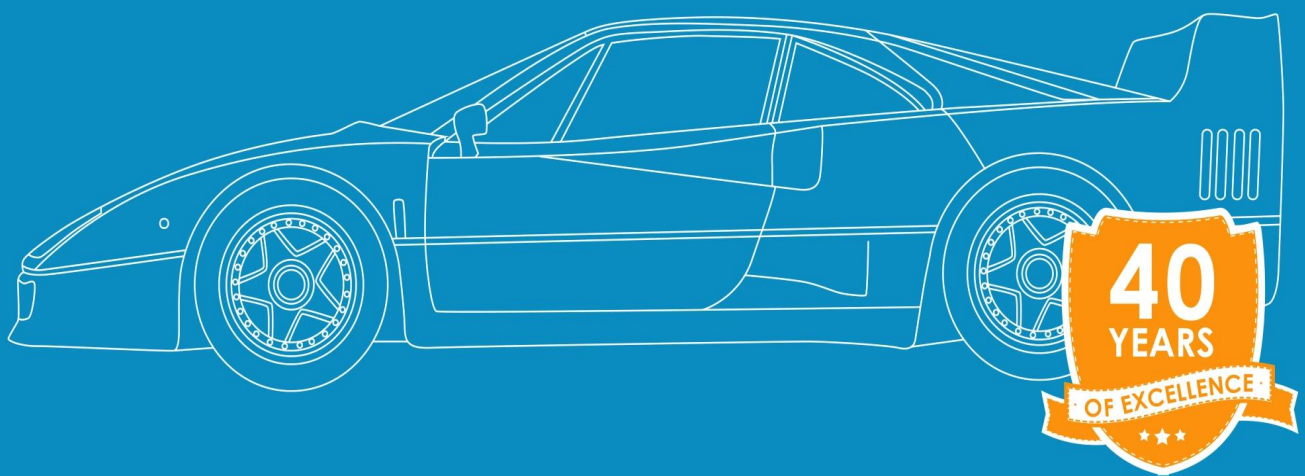
knowledge, and a racer whose cars were a manifestation of his passion for motor sport.

Both were stubborn, sentimental, autocratic and single-minded in pursuing their visions, though Ferrari was the more aloof, given to concealing his emotions.

Lamborghini came to sports car manufacture by seeing a market opportunity as much as a chance to indulge a personal passion. Faced with liquidation, he was able to sell up and walk away. It is impossible to imagine Enzo being able to detach himself from the factory that bore his name.



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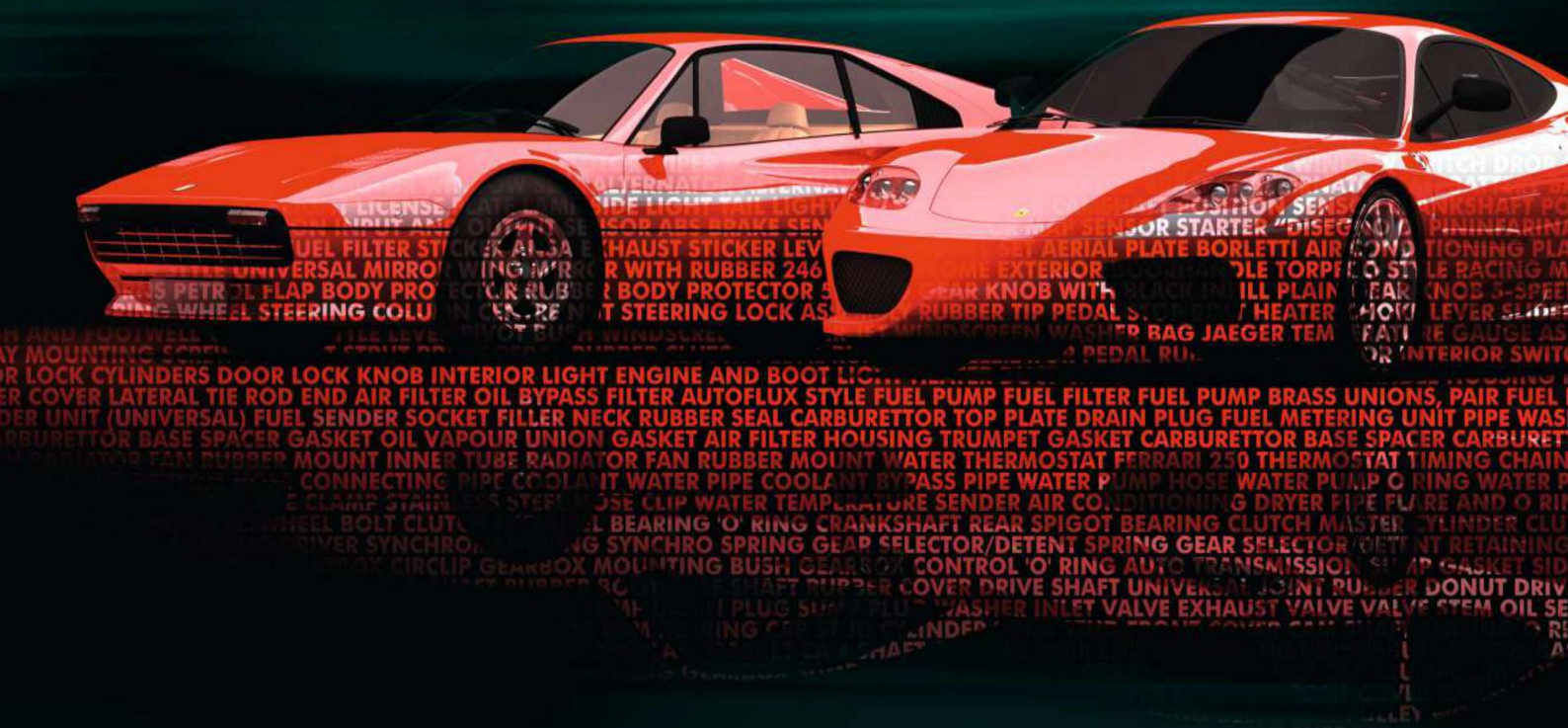
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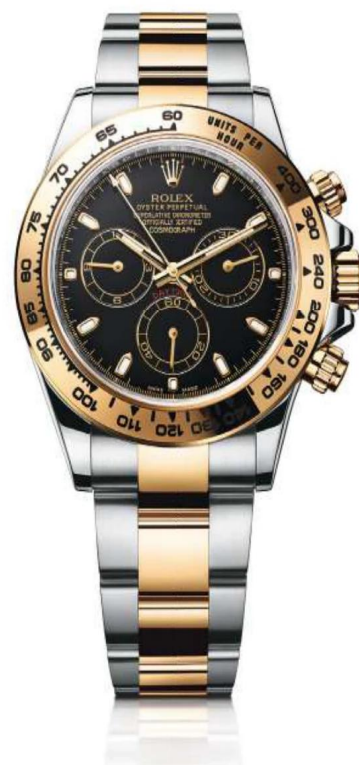






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