

MOSSE

IF IT HAD WHEELS, HE'D RACE IT



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INTRODUCTION

The racing life lived by Sir Stirling Moss is unrepeatable. Not just in terms of his unique talent and achievement but also in a much more literal sense: no driver will ever again compete in so many classes, disciplines, races and cars – often on the same weekend – as Moss did. Not for nothing was he known as ‘Mr Motor Racing’.

The title for this special edition came from a throwaway comment made in the *Motor Sport* office while we were reflecting on Stirling’s career after the news of his death in April 2020. It has the merit of being true while also reflecting the buccaneering spirit of its subject.

In the following pages we have attempted to tell the remarkable story of Stirling’s racing life through the prism of the cars and races he competed in as well as first-hand accounts from our own reporters who witnessed him in action. Inevitably we have had to leave out some important moments, but we couldn’t capture everything. After all, if it had wheels, he’d race it.

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18-20 Rosemont Road, London NW3 6NE.
Tel: 020 7349 8497.

email: editorial@motorsportmagazine.com

Editor Joe Dunn

Art Editor Owen Norris

Designer David Hicks

Text Paul Fearnley, Simon Arron,
Damien Smith

Special contributors Gordon Cruickshank,
Andrew Frankel

Chief Sub-Editor Lee Gale

Sub-Editor Robert Ladbrook

Commercial Director Sean Costa

Advertising Rob Schulp, Sue Farrow

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Born to Race

Lady Susie Moss reflects on Sir Stirling's incredible life, and his long-standing link to *Motor Sport*



I am delighted to have been asked to say a few words at the front of this collection of just some of the dozens of stories that have been published in *Motor Sport* over the years about Stirling and his racing life.

Motor Sport held a special place in Stirling's heart from long before that famed article by Jenks about their shared exploits on the 1955 Mille Miglia. He never missed an issue if he could help it because it was, is and I hope will always remain 'The Authoritative Voice Of The Sport', as it used to proclaim on its cover.

I think Stirling was so fond of *Motor Sport* because it reflected the values he felt himself. First and foremost, through every issue floods a love of racing pure and simple. Racing is of course made up of cars, drivers, teams and tracks, but it is racing that unites them. Stirling never thought of himself as simply a driver, nor even a racing driver, he was simply 'a racer'. He was not born to drive or even to win, such matters were almost incidentals; Stirling was born to race.

Which I suppose is why he did so well in so many different fields of motor sport. It really didn't matter to him whether he was heeled over in a monstrous MkVII Jaguar, or darting from corner to corner in a Lotus 18: what mattered was that he was racing. And like all true racers, he'd drive as hard for first place as he would for 10th, not that he found himself in that position very often...

But it's more than just that love of racing that Stirling and *Motor Sport* shared. He also identified with the fact that *Motor Sport* was as fearless yet fair in its reporting as he was in his driving. For while Stirling won a great deal of races, it was far more important to him that he did so the right way, and with

the right team. He'd think nothing of speaking in the defence of his closest rival if he felt there was a wrong that needed correcting. And doing so for Mike Hawthorn at the Portuguese Grand Prix cost himself the 1958 World Championship.

You may also recall that at the very start of his career in 1951 he felt he had been poorly treated by Mr Ferrari and vowed never to race for him. Had he done so he could have been world champion early in his racing life, but for Stirling driving for people he liked and trusted was simply more important, which is why once he found Rob Walker in 1958 he stayed loyal to him to the end.

Now that he has gone to the great grid in the sky and despite it being nearly 60 years since his full-time racing career was so abruptly curtailed at Goodwood, I find it both amazing and truly comforting to see the love that remains for Stirling, not just here at home but right around the world.

And I don't think you are afforded that privilege just by being a very fast racing driver. You have to make an emotional connection, too. As someone once said to me, 'it's not how fast you go that matters, it's how you go fast' and Stirling didn't simply understand that, it was part of who he was as a person. And through the writings of the likes of Jenks and his many successors at *Motor Sport*, the magazine has played its part in showing the world not just a driver in a racing car, but the fun-loving, honourable and deeply loyal man behind the helmet and goggles whom we all still miss so much.

I hope you enjoy reading his story.

Lady Susie Moss

Hero, pioneer, inspiration

British Racing Drivers' Club president David Coulthard salutes the life of Sir Stirling Moss and his enduring influence today

As a young aspiring racer on the verge of switching to cars many years ago, the two senior figures who always stood apart for me were Stirling Moss and Jackie Stewart. Long beyond their racing careers, both continued to operate effectively as commercial animals, and they did that with a great zest for life and a sense of elegance.

As well as inspiring me, Stirling has done the same for several generations of racing drivers. As president of the BRDC I can see his influence today in our members, and I know that will continue in the future. He came to symbolise the very special essence of British motor racing.

I think I first met Stirling when I was competing in Formula Ford and he was always very gracious - he gave you a sense that you were part of his club, simply because you were a budding racer. He never made you feel as though you were anything other than a younger version of what he had been. He remained very passionate about the sport, had a great presence about him and was one of those genuine larger-than-life characters.

It seems to me that he represented the dawn of the professional racing driver, the way he switched from car to

car and category to category, winning at every level and in lots of different disciplines. He came from a time when some drivers were against the idea of seatbelts - or even crash helmets! - but back then they would rather be thrown clear than strapped in after an accident, in case the thing caught fire. I know this might seem anathema to the modern world, but things were very different in his day...

When lists of the all-time greats are produced, there aren't many drivers who are always placed on the same pedestal as the world champions, without having won the title themselves, but Stirling's name is always there. He had an absolutely incredible career and helped inspire the notion of what a racing driver could and should be for future generations.

After I had made it to Formula 1, I spent a lot of time doing events with him - particularly when I was racing for McLaren, when the two of us were both Mercedes ambassadors - and one of the things that will always stick with me is sharing a car with him on a stage during a Mille Miglia retrospective. Seeing those roads and knowing about the heroics he performed on them - 1000 miles in just over 10 hours - was pretty mind-blowing.

I also remember being with him at an early Goodwood dinner hosted by Lord March, as he was then known. At one point it was suggested that the gentlemen might like to retire to the library for cigars, to which Stirling's response was, "Bugger that, I'll stay here with all the totty..." There's no question that he came from an era that combined professionalism and commitment with glamour.

David Coulthard



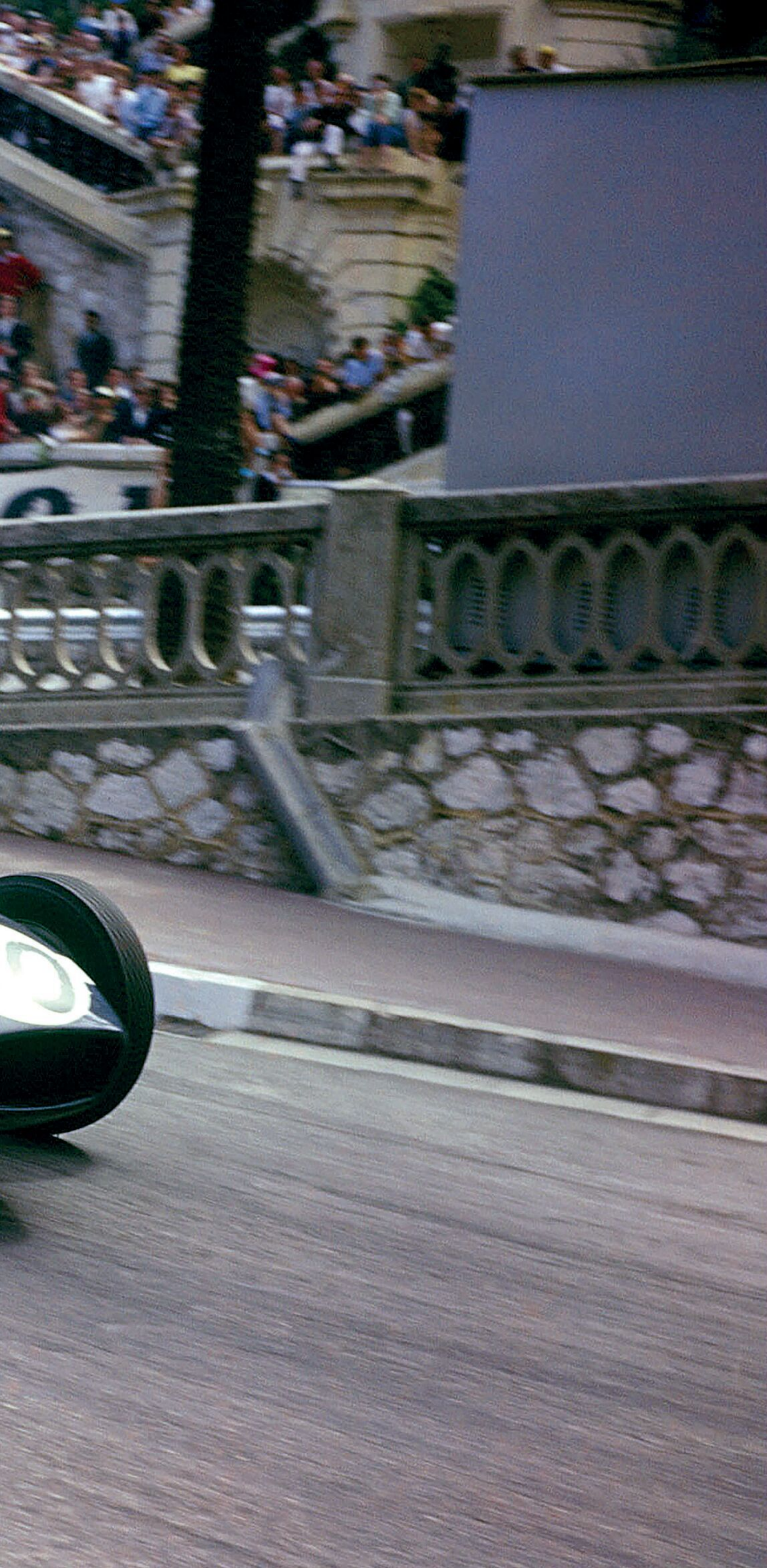
Stirling Moss and David Coulthard attend the Mille Miglia 2009, in Brescia, Italy



CHAPTER ONE

Formula 1

MOVEMENT IS TRANQUILLITY



The greatest victory of his life? Moss himself said so, at least in F1. At Monaco in 1961 his Rob Walker Lotus 18 was giving away 30bhp to the V6-powered Ferrari 156 'Sharknose' in the first race of the new 1.5-litre formula, but Stirling still claimed a stunning pole position. Then from lap 14 to the 100th he held off Richie Ginther and Phil Hill. Stirling's race average lap time was just 0.4sec off his pole lap – and his fastest lap a full three seconds faster

Stirling Moss was never crowned world champion, but with a buccaneering swagger and otherworldly genius, he embodied the very essence of the sport, leaving a legacy that still resonates today

From the moment Stirling Moss alighted from his first test of a Mercedes-Benz in December 1954 - an immaculate mechanic snapping to with hot water, soap, flannel and a clean towel - his world was never the same again and, despite his repeated 'failures' to become its official champion, nor would F1 be. For although five-time champion Juan Fangio was a household name, human dynamo Moss would become a global presence. His openness and willingness would accelerate its growth and extend its reach, and his stubbornness and genius would ensure that Britain eventually benefited most.

F1's 1954 return after a two-year Formula 2 interregnum - during which Moss had at best marked time in homegrown, undercooked machinery - brought a change of tack: 'Pa' Moss got 'The Boy' a Maserati 250F. Moss had it painted British racing green - young habits die hard - and set about convincing any doubters. An impressed works team drew him increasingly under its wing and the car would be entirely red - bar green noseband - by September's Italian Grand Prix; Moss was a dozen laps from victory when its oil tank split. Mercedes-Benz, always the intended target, was convinced and formed a superteam to match its ambition and budget. Fangio remained virtually unassailable at the highest level, but it was very clear as to who would be picking up the great man's baton in Formula 1.

Moss duly did so, having become already the first Briton to win a world championship GP (in 1955) and - patriotic persistence rewarded - the first to score such a victory in a British car (1957), at Aintree in Mercedes-Benz and Vanwall respectively. The desolation he felt in 1958 at yet again being beaten to the world title - this time by a single point by counterpoint countryman Mike Hawthorn - would eventually give way to the realisation that he didn't need to be crowned to be recognised as king by rivals and public alike. Moss decided to be kinder to himself from that point on and

became a buccaneering privateer when every works team was scrambling to gain his signature.

Enlightenment would produce his best work, as the first to decode the dynamic benefits of placing engine behind driver, within a stiffer frame blessed with improved geometries and repeatable disc brakes rather than drums that grabbed before fading quickly. That signature laid-back driving style remained unaltered, but the insouciance it engendered masked an enquiring mind. Moss mastered swiftly the shallower/trail-braking corner entries now available, to carry more speed while using less road. Those who gave vain chase were left gasping and bamboozled.

The peerless Moss in turn had eyes on the road, on the gauges flickering to the inherent unreliability of this more fragile machinery - British primacy was undeniable but not yet entirely robust - and also on the pretty girl in the crowd. It wasn't just what he won but how he did so that was important, to him and his fans. Sensible chaps in worsted and brogues admired/envied him, fluttery mums in twinsets wanted to be with him, and schoolboys agog queued reverentially for his autograph. Moss had it all. Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin had to circle the Earth to upstage him.

Yet Moss' fame was about to rocket, too - as all else was seemingly snatched from him. His grievous accident in a non-championship Formula 1 race at Goodwood on the Easter Monday of 1962 left his life hanging by jangled neurons while an increasingly connected world strained to every bulletin. He emerged from hospital six months later with a limp, a sunken eye and a nagging doubt: could he bounce back from injury, as he had before?

No. His exploratory test of a Lotus sports-racer at Goodwood brought a single insight: that spare capacity had been scrambled. He was 32, and had planned to race into his 40s. That would have involved his having to adapt to F1's fundamental shifts of slicks-and-wings and sponsors - all of which surely would have been a cinch for the 'old' Moss. The 'new' Moss, however, could neither risk being merely very good nor afford the time to be so. To his surprise, he had emerged from hospital as a brand that needed protecting and capitalising.

The F1 that he had helped create would become richer and safer - he preferred the former - than he could have imagined, but it did so with the irreplaceable 'Mr Motor Racing' as a revered and vital link to its past glories. Moss was 90 when he died in April 2020 and had not raced a current F1 car for 58 years, yet indubitably his passing marked the end of an epoch. F1 is left facing its next and potentially last (if it's not careful) fundamental shift as the world moves away from traditional engine power, without its touchstone.

The first of three Monaco GP victories. By 1956, Moss had already won his first grand prix, the British in 1955. But with Mercedes-Benz now withdrawn from motor sport, its point proven, Stirling returned to a Maserati 250F – but this time as a works driver. At Monaco, Fangio took pole in his Lancia-Ferrari, but his former 'apprentice' showed him the way in the race, leading every lap. Strangely off form, Fangio took over Peter Collins' car to finish second







Left: the Morocco Grand Prix, Casablanca, October 19, 1958. Moss presses on towards victory in the warm light of late afternoon. His Vanwall's blunted nose is the scar of a collision with backmarker Wolfgang Seidel's Maserati on lap 18, but it didn't thwart his bid for victory. He needed the win and the fastest lap, with Ferrari's Mike Hawthorn finishing no higher than third, to become champion. But Hawthorn was second, after Phil Hill obeyed team orders. Four times a winner in '58 to Hawthorn's single win, the title had slipped through his grasp once more

Below: an evocative portrait by Swiss photographer Yves Debraine of Moss in his Vanwall on the grid before the start of the 1958 Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort. Promising young team-mate Stuart Lewis-Evans claimed pole position, but Stirling led from flag to flag, even lapping Hawthorn for good measure, on his way to a second GP win of the season



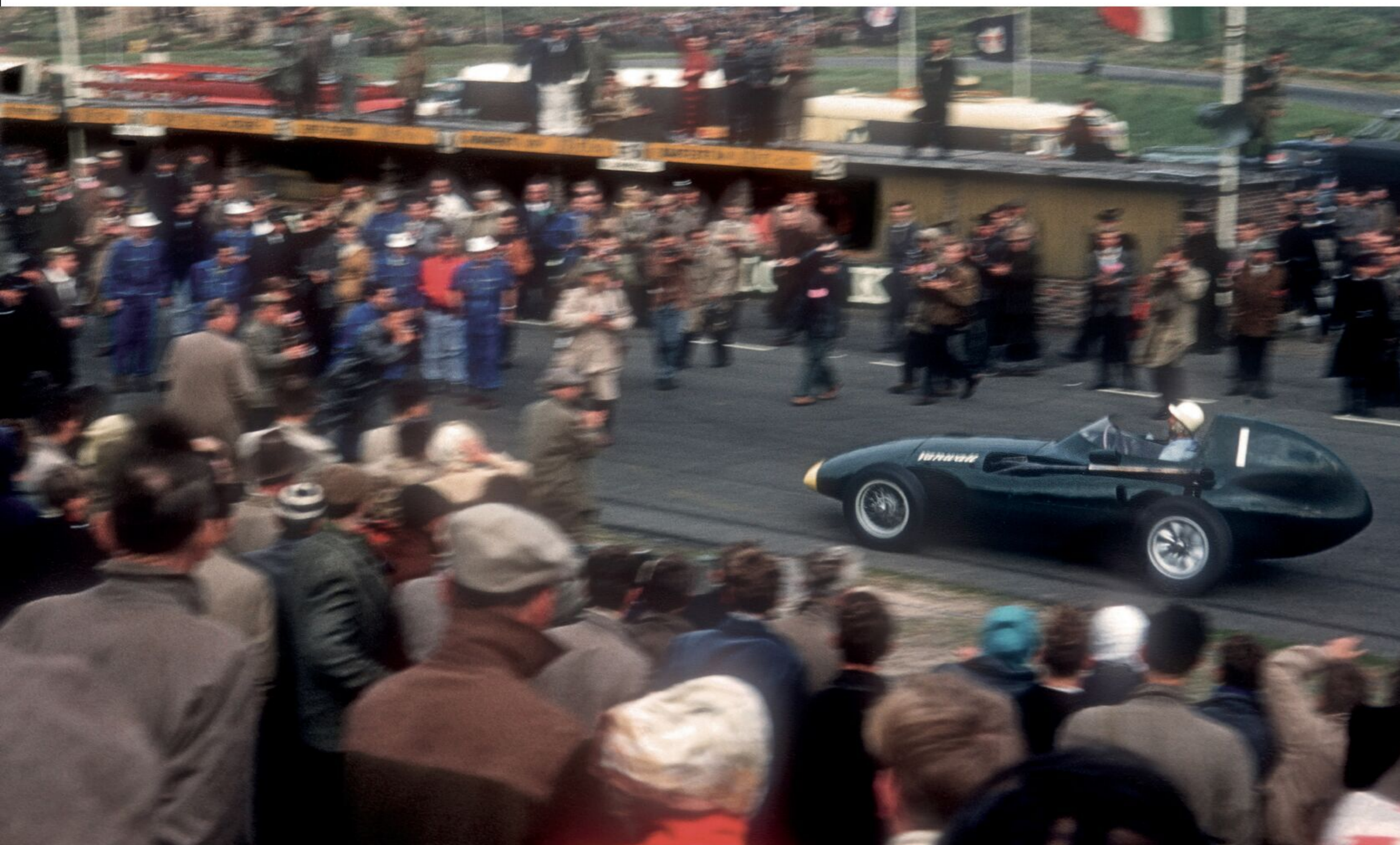
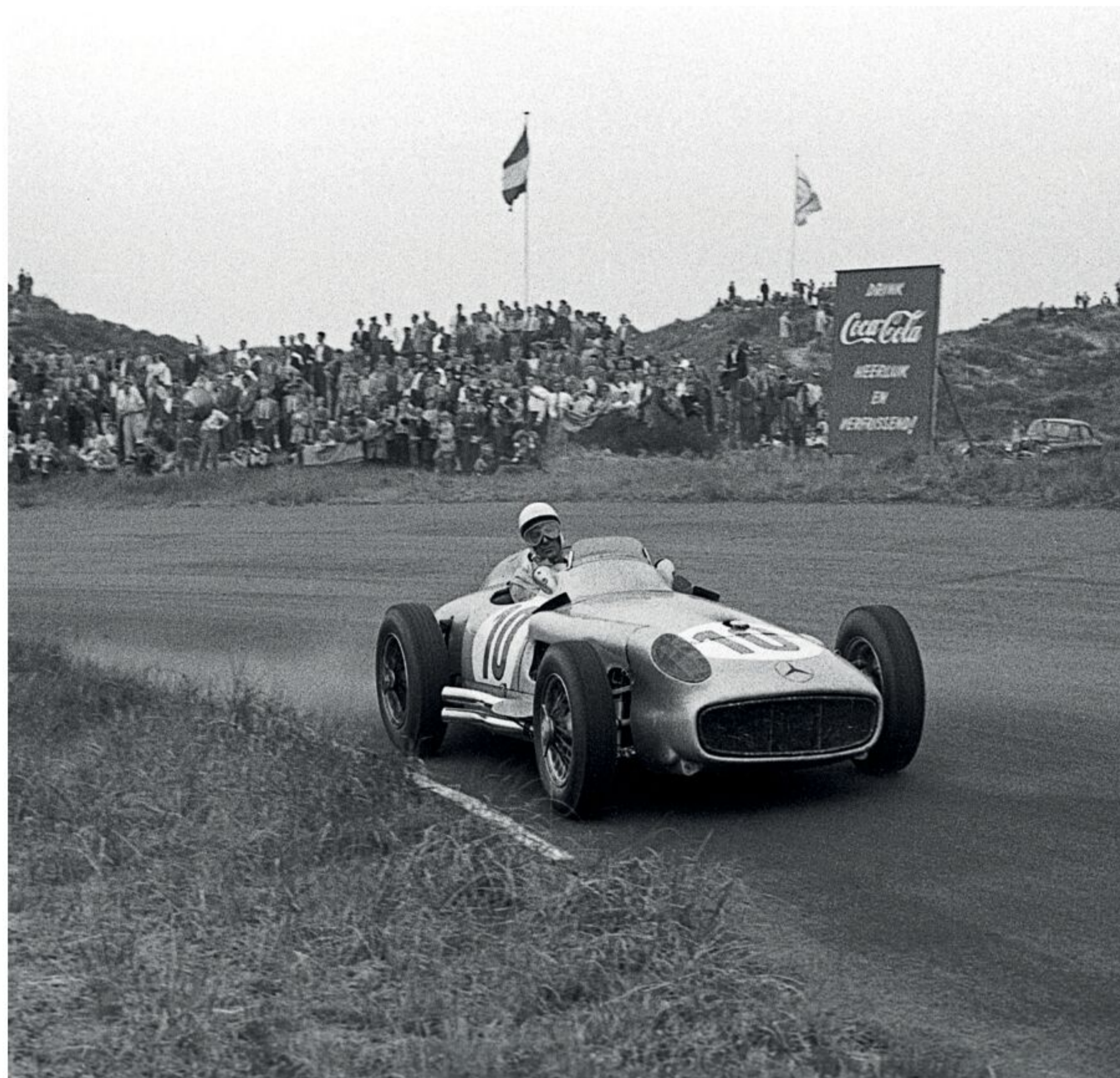


Left: Moss appears serene as he rounds Station Hairpin at Monaco on his way to that famous victory in 1961. Removing the side panels of his Rob Walker Lotus 18 had dual benefits: firstly it kept him cool, but it also removed a little weight

Below left: on his way to victory in 1959 at Monsanto Park's only world championship grand prix. Moss' Walker Cooper-Climax T51 dominated practice at the Lisbon circuit, and even if the works cars beat him off the line, he soon took a lead he would never lose

Right: 1955 was a breakthrough year for Moss in terms of Formula 1. As part of the Mercedes-Benz works team, he was happy to play understudy to Fangio, the man he respected more than any other. Here at Zandvoort in June, he finished just 0.3sec behind his team leader in their W196 'train'

Below: Moss in his green Vanwall VW10 returns to the pits after winning the 1958 Dutch Grand Prix in Zandvoort. The British driver was five points ahead of Ferrari's Luigo Musso after the race. Musso died weeks later and Moss was destined to be pipped to the drivers' championship by Ferrari's Mike Hawthorn





Paddock talk at the Nürburgring before the German Grand Prix of 1961. As at Monaco earlier that year, Moss would defy the odds to beat the 'Sharknose' Ferraris. A canny choice of 'green spot' Dunlop tyres gave him the edge in changeable weather. It would be his last world championship grand prix win



Left: mixing with royalty. Prince Rainier and Princess Grace congratulate Stirling on the second of his three Monaco Grand Prix wins, in 1960. Moss was comfortable in any social situation and as one of the world's most famous sportsmen, everyone wanted to meet him

Below: a picture of nonchalance. The first of his two consecutive Monaco Grand Prix wins for Rob Walker in 1960 isn't as celebrated as his second, but remains of great significance. It marked the first world championship grand prix victory for Lotus, as Moss overcame a pitstop to reconnect a loose plug lead to win. Team Lotus wouldn't win a grand prix until Innes Ireland claimed the US GP in 1961







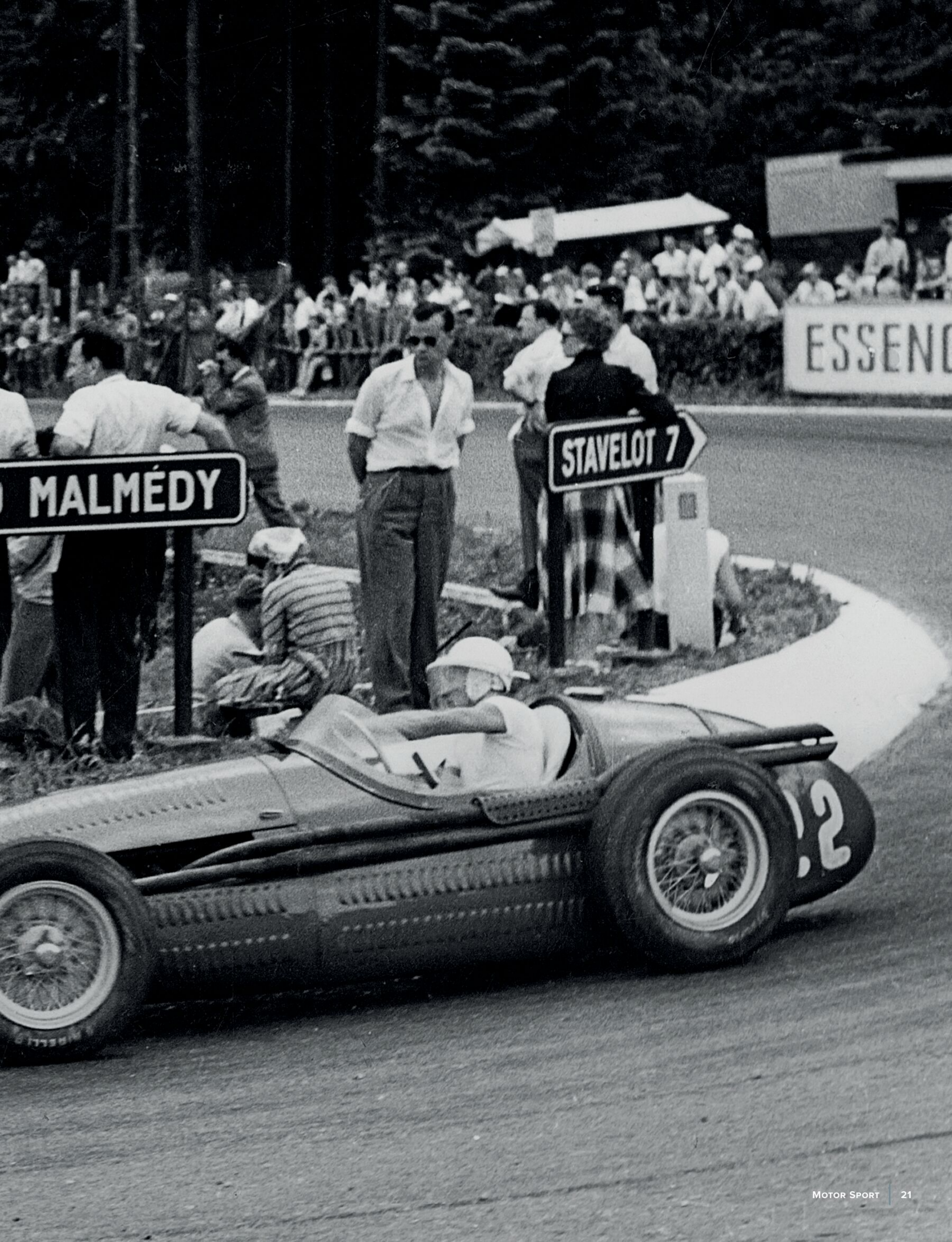
Above left: following his victory at Portugal's Monsanto track in 1959, Moss won again at Monza to put himself right into title contention with Jack Brabham. The result in Rob Walker's T51 confirmed Cooper as Britain's second consecutive constructors' world champion, following Vanwall's inaugural title the previous year. Stirling was now 5½ points behind Brabham with just the US Grand Prix at Sebring to go. But inevitably, his hopes would be dashed again

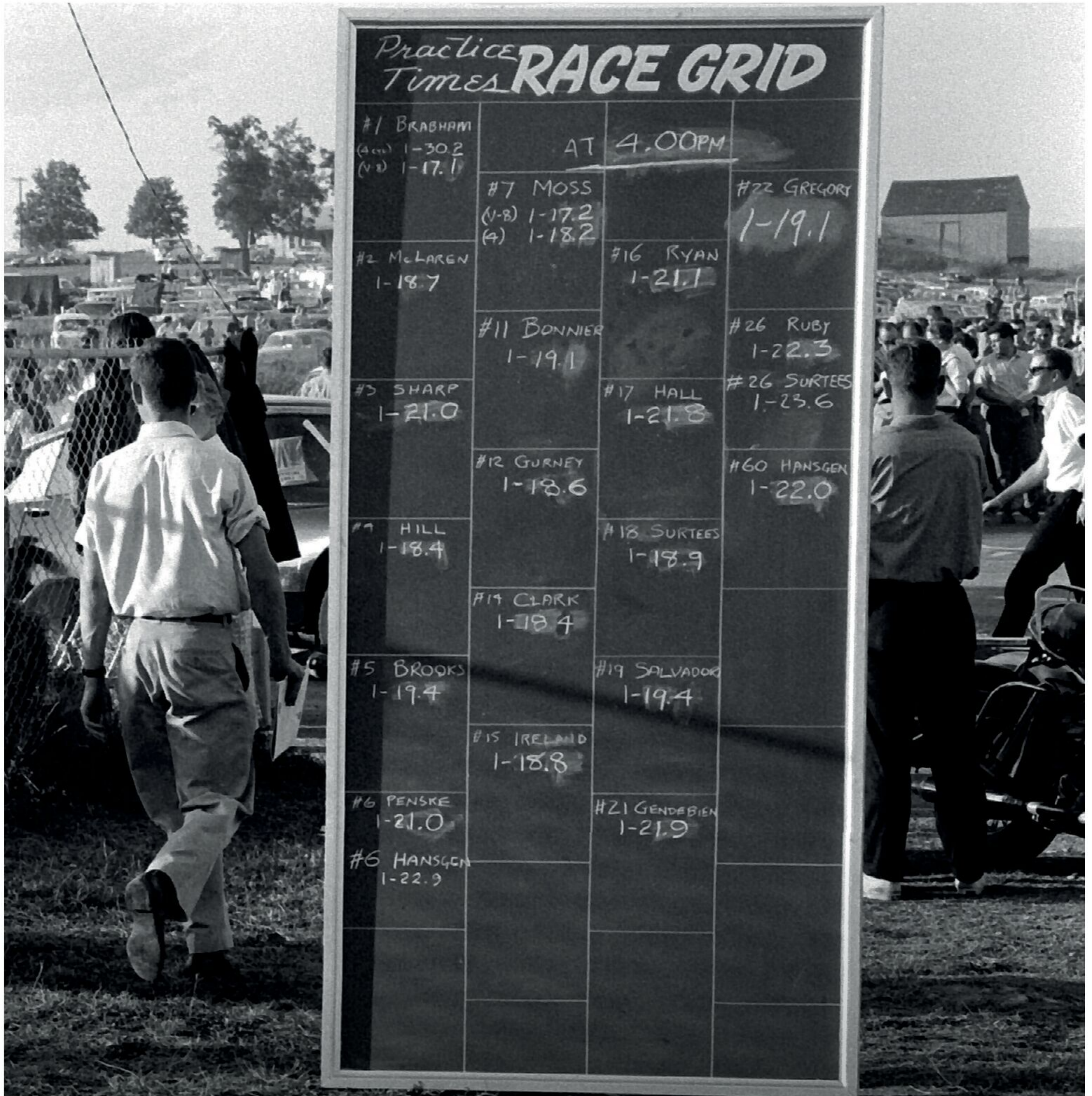
Left: a year later, in November 1960, Moss would win the US Grand Prix at Riverside, California – the last of the 2.5-litre F1 era. The world title was long gone to Brabham once more, but the win was still significant for Stirling, who had returned to action following the serious injuries he had sustained at Spa in June. Here he enjoys a cigarette as patron and friend Rob Walker joins him to relish the moment

Above: in 1955, Moss joined Fangio at Mercedes, in what would be the team's final grand prix season until 2010. Moss is captured rounding the Gasworks Hairpin with his Mercedes W196 at the Monaco Grand Prix in May 1955. It was not a good day for the constructor. For half the distance, Fangio and Moss were running 1-2, but Moss blew an engine, while Fangio and other Mercedes driver André Simon both retired

The breakthrough: Moss scored his first world championship points in the Maserati 250F his father purchased to give 'The Boy' a proper shot at grand prix racing. At Spa for the Belgian GP he'd finish third in June 1954 behind Juan Manuel Fangio's works Maserati and Maurice Trintignant's Ferrari. He was a lap down, but still it was another milestone. Here he takes the La Source hairpin ready to begin another lap. Note the T-shirt in place of race overalls







No purple sector times here. A blackboard was used to display practice times for the 1961 United States GP at Watkins Glen. As it shows, Jack Brabham was a smidge quicker than Moss as they sampled the new Coventry Climax V8. Stirling ran the four-cylinder in the race and traded the lead with 'Black Jack' until both engines failed, leaving the way clear for Innes Ireland to give Team Lotus its first win. Near the bottom of the blackboard, note the name of a young American hopeful making his F1 debut. Roger Penske would finish eighth in a Cooper T53

Above right: pensive Stirling pictured during the 1960 F1 season. During his time, F1 cars morphed from many-louved front-engined heavyweights to small-capacity rear-engined flyweights – but Moss never changed. The cork-lined white Herbert Johnson helmet became his trademark, so much so that he was even given dispensation to wear it when he made an ill-advised racing return in the 1980 British Saloon Car Championship

Right: Fangio in the 'Piccolo' Maserati 250F and Moss in his Vanwall go wheel to wheel at Reims in July 1958. Stirling would finish second to Ferrari's Mike Hawthorn – the only win of his world champion season – while the Maestro finished fourth in what turned out to be his final GP. The day was overshadowed by the death of Luigi Musso, who was thrown from his Ferrari when he lost control at the right-hander after the pits



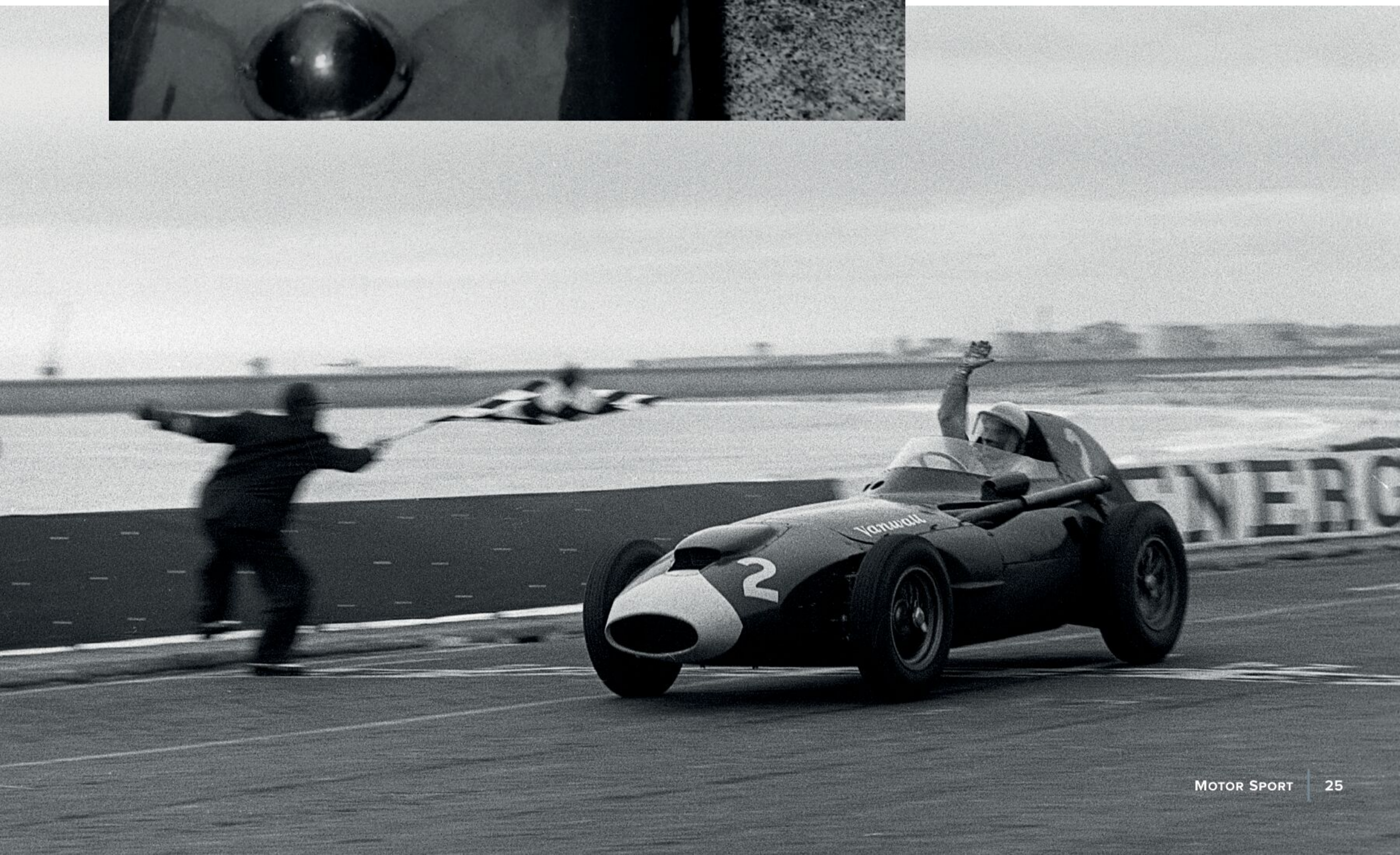


Harry Schell (4) is eager to get going, but Moss would star on his first start in the new Vanwall at the 1956 BRDC International Trophy at Silverstone. Alongside is a typically composed Fangio and Mike Hawthorn in a BRM Type 25. Moss and Hawthorn would enjoy a spirited dice and share a new lap record, but ultimately Stirling would prove the new force in British motor sport



Left: the press don't wait for Moss to step out of the Lotus 18 cockpit at Monaco in 1961. He has just driven 100 laps of the street track in 2hr 45min 50.1sec to win after one of the greatest drives of his life – so no wonder he's smiling. Stirling didn't train because he didn't need to; he was always driving. He was fitter and stronger than most of his rivals, which was just another reason why he usually beat them

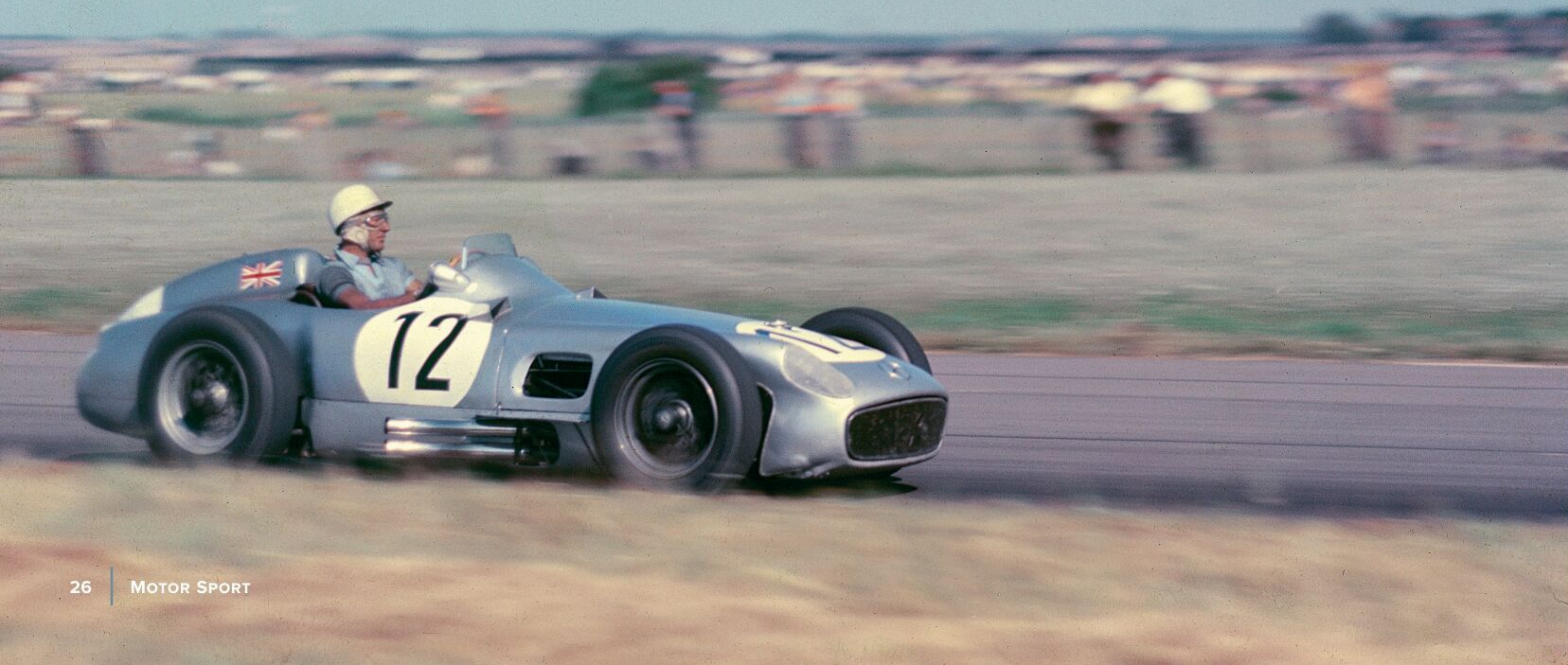
Below: Porto in 1958, a crucial turning point in the outcome of the world championship. Rival Hawthorn, running second, spun on the last lap, rejoined by driving against the direction of travel and was disqualified. Stirling intervened, arguing that Mike had driven on a pavement, not the circuit itself – and Hawthorn had his points back. At season's end they would be separated by just one point. If only Moss hadn't misread his pit signals in Portugal and pushed for the fastest lap to gain the extra point it would have given him...





Above: the Maestro congratulates Stirling after his 1955 Aintree win. Had Fangio backed off to allow his young friend a special home win? Even when Stirling asked him years later, the reply was enigmatic: "It was your day." Ever the gentleman, Fangio would never admit to such a gift, even if he had bestowed it. The pair spent that one season as team-mates at Mercedes-Benz – and a lifetime as friends

Moss guides his Mercedes-Benz through the flat Aintree fields to victory at the 1955 British Grand Prix. It was a superb outing for the manufacturer, finishing 1-2-3-4



Moss and Innes Ireland compare notes at Monaco in 1960. Ireland had recently beaten Moss twice in one day at Goodwood, in the Glover Trophy and Lavant Cup, in F1 and F2 versions of Colin Chapman's Lotus 18. The next month he did it again at Silverstone's International Trophy. It had convinced Stirling that he needed Rob Walker to make the switch from Coopers. Victory in Monte Carlo would fully justify the move







Looking out at Monza from the pits in 1954. At 25, was Moss too young to be brought into the fold at Mercedes-Benz? That was the doubt. But he'd already taken an impressive pole position in the wet at Bern and now here at Monza would come conclusive proof of what he was made of. Lining up in his Maserati 250F beside Fangio's streamliner W196 and Alberto Ascari's Ferrari, Stirling drove with such illustrious company as an equal, then sensationally took the lead – only for a split oil pipe to end the fairy tale. Fangio won, but the point had been made. Moss would be a Mercedes driver for 1955.

This exact replica of the cork-lined helmet worn by Stirling Moss throughout his racing years is made by the Vero family, which originally produced the model for Moss' supplier, Herbert Johnson of New Bond Street. It features a white polished shell with drop lining and hand-stitched leather straps **£1495**



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RACING COLLECTIBLES

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Above: Tony Vandervell in straw hat leans in to hear Stirling's thoughts on the Vanwall at the Nürburgring in 1958. Compare the size of the VW5 to the rear-engined Cooper T43 in which Moss won the Argentine Grand Prix at the start of the season. Formula 1 is changing and soon such big beasts will be dinosaurs. At the 'Ring, Stirling represented one quarter of an all-British battle for victory (another sign of changing times) and would initially lead Ferrari duo Hawthorn and Collins, plus team-mate Brooks – until magneto failure forced him to park on lap four. Brooks now stepped up to overhaul the Ferraris, before tragedy struck: Collins, determined to fight back, crashed to his death at Pflanzgarten, witnessed by his 'Mon Ami Mate'. A broken clutch would account for a devastated Hawthorn, as Brooks scored a sombre win. This also was motor racing in 1958

Right: disaster struck at Goodwood in 1962 when Moss, then age 32, crashed in the F1 Glover Trophy race in wet conditions driving a Lotus V8 in UDT-Laystall colours. Moss was beside Graham Hill attempting to unlap himself when he lost control and hit a bank head on. He was trapped in the car for 45 minutes and suffered skull and brain injuries. He was in a coma for a month but remembers little about the accident itself. It was his final F1 drive



FROM THE ARCHIVE

In this 1957 race report, Denis Jenkinson saw Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks take victory at the British – and European – Grand Prix at Aintree. He lauds Stirling's relaxed racing style, in contrast with his rivals' 'clenched-teeth' efforts, and the achievement of home-grown manufacturer Vanwall

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The English motor-racing scene suffers from a split personality just as the French one does, for whereas France alternates between Rouen and Reims for its National Grande Epreuve, England alternates between Silverstone and Aintree. This year it was the turn of the Northern circuit to hold the British Grand Prix and, for what it was worth, it was also given the title of the European Grand Prix. This is a rather pointless title which carries no significance with it and is given to one of the major grand prix races in the world championship each year by the FIA and allows the organisers to pretend that their event is the most important of the season. In actual fact all world championship events carry equal status.

It was rather remarkable that, after running in a full-length grands prix for the previous two weekends, the major teams were all ready on the first afternoon of practice at Aintree, which was on the Thursday before the race. The Vanwall team was the first to start practice on the rather damp track, and it had all three entries out, being driven by Moss, Brooks and Lewis-Evans, the No1 driver having recovered from his bout of sinus trouble, Brooks being fit again after his Le Mans accident, and the new boy, Lewis-Evans, fresh from his excellent drive at Reims, while the cars were well turned out, as always. The Maserati team comprised Fangio, Behra, Schell and Menditeguy, and all four were using six-cylinder cars, the 12-cylinder being left at Modena after its poor showing at Rouen and Reims. The Scuderia Ferrari had four Lancia/Ferrari cars out, driven by Collins, Hawthorn, Musso and Trintignant, and the BRM team had two, driven by Fairman and Leston.

As is a regular sight at GP meetings now, John Cooper had two of his Formula 2 cars running, fitted with Coventry-Climax twin-cam engines, and these were in the hands of Salvadori and Brabham. To complete the field for the first practice day there were the two privately-owned Maseratis of Gould and Gilby Engineering, the latter driven by Bueb.

The Vanwall team set the pace and Moss tried all three cars, making his best lap with Brooks' car and only just beating Lewis-Evans in the same car, while Brooks was content to feel his way back into fast driving, still being sore after his accident. The Maserati team was soon having a go at the Vanwall standard and, surprisingly, it was Behra who was fastest, using Fangio's car, which was No2, while on No4, which was Behra's car, Fangio was fastest. The Ferrari team was also juggling about with its four cars, all the drivers trying all the cars

except Musso, who stuck to his own car and did not let anyone else drive it. For no apparent reason Trintignant had been allocated the fastest car, and as soon as this was discovered it was taken away from him and given to Hawthorn. In spite of this none of the Maranello drivers could get among the times recorded by the Vanwalls and the Maseratis, and the Ferrari team was not looking happy. The two BRM drivers were quite unspectacular, which was to be expected as neither of them had driven the cars before and were both using the first practice session to get accustomed to them.

It was interesting to see that the Vanwall team tried a car on Dunlop tyres in place of Pirellis, for since the Italian firm has stopped making racing tyres the Pirelli stocks for Vanwall and Maserati have been getting low. A Pirelli racing tyre is now becoming worth its weight in gold, and to see one of the Vanwall cars on Dunlop was a sign of the times. BRM, which has always used Dunlop's racing tyres, was experimenting with different tread patterns front and rear to effect small changes in handling characteristics, and with the coil springs front and back, as used at Rouen, the cars were handling a lot better, but had nothing like as much 'steam' as they had last year, though this power drop had improved the reliability.

Throughout practice the loudspeaker system did not operate and no times were released from the timekeepers until practice was finished, so that it was not possible to watch the improvements during the afternoon, apart from unofficial hand-timing checks. This complete silence in the pit area and around the circuit made a strange contrast with continental races, where every fast lap is immediately announced; this tends to encourage drivers to try harder in the battle for grid positions. As if this was not enough the Northern rains came in a big way just as practice finished and the whole stadium disappeared under a cloudburst. When the air cleared and the timekeepers issued official times it was found that Behra had equalled the existing lap record with a time of 2min 00.4sec, this record having been set by Moss in 1955 with the Mercedes W196. Fangio was next fastest with 2min 01.0sec, which he recorded twice, using his own car and Behra's car, and Moss was next with 2min 01.4sec using Brooks' car.

The British timekeepers had done a good job of work, unlike many continental timekeepers, for they had carefully noted when a driver took out a car with another driver's number on it, for all three major teams were shuffling their cars and drivers about. Usually this leads to chaos, in which the timekeepers say "Car number so-and-so has made fastest





lap, but we do not know who was driving it." The BARC deserve a pat on the back for providing an intelligent spotter to sort out the drivers and numbers. It would be far better if the FIA were to step in and prevent this chopping and changing, for if it is not watched it can lead to an entirely false starting grid.

Friday practice saw the weather much better and the track dry, but a strong headwind blowing along the straight prevented any fast laps being recorded. Everyone was out again, the Vanwall team bringing out another car for Moss and relegating his Thursday car to the position of spare, all four Vanwalls being in the pits and in use. Additions to the list of runners were Bonnier with the ex-Simon Maserati and Gerard with his own version of a Grand Prix Cooper, this being a modified Formula 2 car with a Bristol engine squeezed into the rear. From the previous day it was obvious that the Maseratis and Vanwalls were most suited to the flat and uninspiring Aintree circuit, so a wander round the infield was made to observe the cars in action. Without doubt the Maseratis were the easiest cars for the drivers to get round the corners, these well-balanced six-cylinders appearing to enjoy being slid round the bends in powerslides with the rear wheels well out of line with the front ones. This meant that they left the corners on full power, even though they were on full opposite lock, and with so many stop-and-start corners their handling was giving them a definite advantage. Even on the fairly fast Waterway Corner after the

pits, this tail-sliding technique seemed to pay. The Vanwalls, on the other hand, had very neutral-looking characteristics and the power could be fed in progressively as the corner unwound, there being just a small degree of understeer visible. Pick-up from the middle rev range was not too clean and they made up with speed on the straight for what they lost in the corners. Not only were the Vanwalls going fast down the straight, but a full side view at 160mph, from a distance, gave an excellent impression of the aerodynamic shape of the cars. The Lancia/Ferraris were, comparatively, in an unhappy state, for they had a high degree of understeer and if the drivers turned the power on too early in the corner there was a tendency to push the front of the car off the original line, which meant power had to be taken off. Hawthorn was really trying and showing the perfect way to drive the 1957 Lancia/Ferrari, braking late and hard going into the corners, taking the bend on a neutral throttle and then giving it full power. The two BRMs were also suffering from too much understeer and any application of power was tending to push the front end off-line, Fairman going round on a smooth throttle control and Leston, jabbing at the throttle three or four times through the corner, looking rather jerky and untidy, but faster than Fairman, nevertheless. Both cars were unhappy with their brakes and had unpredictable snatching and locking, this

Smiles all round: Brooks and Moss soak in a moment of history as they accept the plaudits for the first all-British F1 World Championship Grand Prix win at Aintree on July 20, 1957. The pair would share a bond and towering mutual respect for the rest of their lives

bother eventually putting Fairman well and truly on the grass at Anchor Crossing. The little Coopers of Salvadori and Brabham showed no consistency about their method of cornering, seemingly being adaptable to the driver's requirements. Brabham in particular seemed happily able to make the car over- or understeer according to his wishes and the speed at which he arrived at the corner. Early application of power after braking would push the car towards the outside of the corner with the driver applying more lock, while if needs be the car could be tweaked sideways in a full-opposite-lock power slide through the corner. On one occasion Brabham was enjoying himself in a power slide when the little car got the better of him and spun, but the Australian continued unabashed, merely giving the marshals a sly grin. Fangio never looked confident and gave the air of not liking the circuit.

On a number of occasions during this practice period a strange occurrence happened, for Parnell appeared in an Aston Martin DB3S with a passenger wielding a movie camera and proceeded to motor round amongst the grand prix cars. While he did his best to keep out of the way, there was no arguing the fact that he was causing an obstruction which must have made drivers over-cautious, and one wondered whether this was serious grand prix practice for the Grand Prix of Europe, or the grand prix drivers playing at film stars. No one minds a bit of fake filming when practice is finished, but to obstruct the course with a camera car in the middle of the official practice session seemed to be against the general idea of grand prix racing. The fact that the Aston Martin was flying a white flag, which usually indicates an ambulance on the course, was also strange.

Before the afternoon ended Brooks had equalled Behra's time of the day before and Moss had broken the record by two tenths of a second; Behra, Fangio and Collins all tried hard to beat the Vanwall right up to the end of the allotted time, but to no avail. With Moss recording 2min 00.2sec and Brooks 2min 00.4sec, the practice finished with two green Vanwalls on the front row, along with Behra, and the most unusual situation of Fangio relegated to the second row.

The morning of race day, Saturday, July 20, saw rain and wind lashing the Aintree Stadium and the mechanics huddled in the transporters, while cars sat silent under waterproof sheets, and the outlook was grey and gloomy. However, around lunch-time the rain stopped, a wind dried the track very quickly, and by 2pm, when the cars assembled on the grid, conditions were not too bad. It was a fine sight to see the Vanwalls of Moss and Brooks on the front row of the grid, one on each side of the Maserati of Behra, while behind sat Fangio and Hawthorn, followed in row three by Lewis-Evans with the third Vanwall, Schell (Maserati) and Collins (Lancia/Ferrari), he having changed cars with Hawthorn at the last moment. In row four sat two more cars from the Rampant Horse stable, driven by Trintignant and Musso, in row five came Menditeguy (Maserati), Leston (BRM) and Brabham (Cooper), then Salvadori with

the other works Cooper, on his own as Gould was a non-starter due to a foot injury, quite unconnected with driving; in row seven were Fairman with the other BRM, Bonnier's old Maserati, and Gerard in the rear-engined Cooper-Bristol that had trouble in practice with carburettor fires, and right at the back on his own sat Bueb in the Syd Greene Maserati, having missed the Friday practice due to a broken piston on the first day. Unlike some recent grand prix starts, this one was perfection, everyone being ready when the flag was raised and the track clear of mechanics and equipment. In spite of some tyre-burning wheelspin Behra got off the line first and led away down to Waterway Corner, but before halfway round the first lap Moss had got the Vanwall into the lead. The end of the opening lap saw a very tightly packed follow-my-leader round Tatts Corner into the pits straight, in the order Moss, Behra, Brooks, Hawthorn, Collins, Schell, Musso, Fangio and the rest, with Bueb bringing up the rear.

Having got the lead, Moss did not mean to waste time and drew away from Behra, while Brooks and Hawthorn battled for third, the Lancia/Ferrari gaining the advantage round the corners in mid-field and the Vanwall whistling by on the Railway Straight. After five laps Brooks realised he was not fully recovered, his leg still being stiff, and he eased up, letting Hawthorn safely into third behind Moss and Behra, while Collins began to close on the second Vanwall. Fangio was nowhere in the running and Musso soon caught him and went by and then Lewis-Evans got into his stride and went by the world champion and the first bunch of 10 works cars were now evenly spread out, with the Vanwall of Moss way out in the lead. At the back Leston was holding up the two Coopers, and first Salvadori had to fight his way by, and then Brabham, it being noticeable that once the rear-engined cars had got past they left the BRM behind. Fairman was a long way back and was in company with Bonnier, Gerard and Bueb, though the last of the quartet did not keep going for long and stopped at the pits to change plugs.

By 10 laps Moss had settled down to a lead of 7½sec over Behra and was looking relaxed, while Hawthorn had his teeth clenched and his chin jutting forward as he was having a go at Behra for second. Brooks was now being attacked by Musso, but the next lap the Italian had a moment on one of the corners and lost ground, dropping behind Lewis-Evans and Fangio. The leading Vanwall had already started to lap the tail-enders and by lap 20 the lead was 9sec, so that once more the Vanwall was showing everyone that it was the latest grand prix car, and Moss was demonstrating that he had fully recovered from his illness. The second position was still open between Behra and Hawthorn, and these two were the only ones in Italian cars who could be considered to be motor racing, for Collins was not keeping his end up, Fangio was only just in the picture, and Schell, Menditeguy and Trintignant were way at the back of the major runners. Having shaken themselves clear of the BRM, Salvadori and Brabham were hanging on to the tail of the Italian cars, it being obvious that Trintignant was not going to be able to stay ahead of the Coopers much longer.



Moss presses on after taking over Brooks' car. In truth, the latter really shouldn't have been driving at Aintree so soon after his crash at Le Mans. He had a huge hole in his leg and could barely clamber from the car when he pitted for Moss to replace him



Below: "Push!" Stirling barks the order as Vanwall's mechanics shove him away from the pits. Once settled into Brooks' car, he rejoined the race in ninth position with a single ambition: to retake the lead he had first claimed on the opening lap in his own Vanwall

At the end of the 21st lap the sun began to shine, but not in the Vanwall pit, for Moss went by with an unmistakable falter in the exhaust note of his car and Behra was now only 7½sec behind. The next lap Vanwall hopes sank to bottom for Moss headed for the pits, thinking that perhaps the magneto switch might be faulty. In a matter of seconds the mechanics lifted the bonnet and ripped the magneto earthing wire off, and Moss rejoined the race, but not before Behra, Hawthorn, Collins, Lewis-Evans, Brooks and Musso had gone by, in that order. The trouble to the Vanwall was, however, much more serious, and at the end of the next lap Moss stopped again, the misfire not being traceable, possibly being due to misadjustment of the mixture or some internal fault in the engine. There being no cure for it, Brooks was flagged to come in and hand his car over to Moss, for he had made it clear before the start that he did not think he could keep going for the whole 90 laps but would do his best to keep his Vanwall “nicely on the boil” in case one of his team-mates should need it. That need now arose and Moss took over on lap 26, starting off in ninth position.

This high drama amongst the leaders rather overshadowed the fact that Salvadori had got his little Cooper past Trintignant’s Lancia/Ferrari and there was nothing the Frenchman could do about it. Schell now came into the pits with a steaming radiator, and this immediately let Moss into eighth place, driving the Brooks Vanwall, while Lewis-Evans was holding a very neat and confident fourth place and beginning to close on Collins. The lead was still in the hands of Behra, who was driving in a very polished style, and he had drawn a few seconds ahead of Hawthorn, so that he was firmly in command of the race. However, Moss had other ideas, and first he went by Menditeguy without any trouble at all, and then closed on Fangio, setting up fastest laps in the process. By lap 35 Moss had got by Fangio and the Vanwall was really being thrashed round the circuit in a win-or-bust effort, the Maserati pit getting very worried about the closing gap, in spite of the fact that there were four cars between Behra and Moss.

The Lancia/Ferrari of Collins now began to show signs of sickness, and Lewis-Evans closed up rapidly, while Menditeguy retired at the pits with a badly vibrating propshaft, due to a crack in the tube, and Schell was now boiling merrily for his water pump had broken. Brooks had restarted in the sick Moss car and was circulating at the back of the field, but having a miserable ride for the misfire was getting consistently worse.

The teardrop VW5 came of age at Aintree. Underpinned by a chassis penned by a promising young designer called Colin Chapman and styled by aerodynamicist Frank Costin, the Vanwall would now prove the class of the field in '57 – even if Fangio still won the title for Maserati

The leading Maserati was sounding perfect and staying nicely ahead of Hawthorn’s Lancia/Ferrari even though the Englishman was well on form and driving with his forceful manner, and Collins was having yet another bad day, for his car was losing power and Lewis-Evans took third place from him. Moss dealt with Musso as quickly as he had with Fangio, and his next objective was the ailing Collins, but it now seemed unlikely that he would be able to catch Behra, for half-distance was approaching and he was a whole minute behind.

Schell retired at the pits with his very overheated Maserati, and the Salvadori-Trintignant battle continued unabated. Brabham followed them, still ahead of the two BRMs, and Gerard and Brooks were bringing up the rear, Bonnier having retired and Bueb having made so many stops with the sick Maserati that he was nowhere in the running. At 45 laps, exactly half-distance, a gap of 9sec separated Behra and Hawthorn, then came Lewis-Evans driving a beautifully steady race, 20sec behind the Lancia/Ferrari, and then 21sec later came Collins, with Moss about to overtake him, which he actually did two laps later, thus moving into fourth position, behind his young team-mate. At this juncture Leston blew up his engine and retired at the pits, and only three laps more saw Fairman retire with the other BRM, a trail of vapour from the exhaust rather indicating internal maladies in the engine. Neither car had shown any speed capabilities and they had now lost reliability as well. On lap 49 Fangio coasted into the pits with broken valve gear and on lap 53 Collins went out with a water leak, so that the field suddenly became rather sparse. Aware that Moss was still pressing hard, Behra equalled the lap record, but Moss countered this by breaking the lap record well and truly, doing it again a little later and reducing the gap between the Vanwall and the Maserati to 45sec. Hawthorn was continuing at his same speed, so that Behra’s added speed increased his lead over the second man, and it was now an easy matter to calculate just when Moss was going



to overhaul Hawthorn and take second position. With Collins at the pits and Trintignant still unable to deal with Salvadori, the Frenchman was called in and Collins took over. However, three laps later Collins came back into the pits and gave the car back to Trintignant, it obviously not being to his liking.

By lap 65 the two Vanwalls were closing rapidly on Hawthorn and the Behra to Moss gap was down to 36sec, which was reduced yet again when Moss got the lap record down to 1min 59.2sec. Musso, who was in fifth position, was now lapped by Behra, and Hawthorn, Lewis-Evans and Moss were in close formation, with second position available to all three. As they started the 69th lap Behra had a 22sec lead and Hawthorn, Lewis-Evans and Moss went by as quickly as that, but half-way round the lap everything happened at once. Moss was about to overtake Lewis-Evans anyway, when Behra's crankshaft or clutch/flywheel assembly, it was never quite sure which went first, flew apart and he slowed right down. Hawthorn was following and before he could take the lead he ran over some of the fragments of the burst Maserati and punctured his left rear tyre, so that Lewis-Evans went by into the lead, but at that precise moment Moss was about to pass his team-mate, so that the two Vanwalls came down the straight towards the Melling Crossing, with Moss first and Lewis-Evans second, followed by Behra coasting in to retire and Hawthorn limping along on a flat tyre. The cheers that broke out all round the circuit as the two Vanwalls ran round in close company, with the opposition thoroughly defeated, were wonderful to hear, and at a signal from Moss the two cars slowed down to lap at around 2min 10sec. There was now no opposition at all, for Musso was nearly a whole lap behind and though Hawthorn had had his punctured tyre changed, he was too far away to be a serious menace.

With 20 laps to go it seemed that all the two green cars had to do was to tour in to a magnificent victory but fate thought otherwise, and on lap 73 Moss came round on his own. Lewis-Evans had stopped out on the circuit and was seen working on the engine, and a groan went up when it was announced that a ball-joint on the throttle linkage had

come adrift. This was a joint that had never given trouble in the past, and its failure was no reflection on the design layout; this really was one of those strokes of ill-luck that attack the best-prepared cars. Moss was now on his own, nearly a minute and a half ahead of Musso, who in turn was about a minute ahead of Hawthorn. Behind came Salvadori, still ahead of Trintignant, and Brabham was lying sixth, but then his clutch flew apart and he retired, leaving Gerard sixth a long way behind, and Bueb seventh in the Gilby Maserati that sometimes sounded healthy and sometimes sounded about to blow up.

After the deception of Lewis-Evans falling by the wayside just when the Vanwalls were certain of first and second places, everyone kept their fingers crossed for the last 15 laps, but Moss made no mistakes and, lapping confidently, stayed out ahead of the field. As a precaution, and having some time in hand, he stopped on lap 79 and took on 10 gallons of fuel; he was still 40sec ahead of Musso when he rejoined the race.

As Moss was on his 80th lap Lewis-Evans reappeared, driving without a bonnet on the Vanwall, and after stopping at the pits to have his temporary repair made more secure he rejoined the race, going as well as ever, but now in seventh. The third Vanwall had been withdrawn long since, for it showed signs of breaking up, and rather than run the engine to death Brooks stopped. On lap 82 Salvadori stopped for fuel but the Cooper was making a ticking noise, and two laps later the gearbox casing split. After a spirited drive Salvadori limped round to the finishing line and waited for Moss to complete the 90 laps so that he could push the Cooper in to finish.

With a feeling of relief that could be felt all round the circuit Moss crossed the line to win the first Grande Epreuve for Vanwall, a happening that was bound to come sooner or later, and it was very fitting that the climax of all Mr Vandervell's efforts should be achieved in the British Grand Prix.

Once the chequered flag had fallen enthusiasm for this hard-fought victory knew no bounds, and the crowds flooded on the track to acclaim the greatest British victory of all time, one which was achieved against the strongest possible opposition in a race that had put the greatest stress on mechanical endurance as well as on driver skill. The three Lancia/Ferraris of Musso, Hawthorn and Trintignant filled the next three places and Salvadori, Gerard, Lewis-Evans and Bueb brought up the rear.

Not since the Italian Grand Prix of last year had a race been run where such mechanical misfortune, bad luck and the unknown quantity played such a big part. But through it all, having had their own fair share of drama, Moss driving Brooks' Vanwall had triumphed, and everyone paid tribute to Mr Tony Vandervell for getting together the team of drivers, mechanics and technicians that made it possible for a thoroughbred British car to win the British Grand Prix.



Dirty work: panda eyes tell the tale for Britain's hard-working winners. The Aintree race also carried the title of Grand Prix d'Europe – but Jenks considered that meaningless



A straight arm shoots for the heavens as Stirling scores another famous Aintree win. His first British GP victory in 1955 was also the first for a British driver on home soil in the post-war era. But that had come in a silver German car – this time he was sporting British Racing Green...



Moss accepts the laurels from Aintree chairman Mrs Topham. He'd completed 90 laps of Aintree in 3hr 6min 37.8sec at an average speed of 86.80mph, and also claimed the fastest lap. But after victories in Argentina, Monaco and France, Fangio was in touching distance of what would be his fifth title

CHAPTER TWO

Non-F1 Single-Seaters

ANY FORMULA, ANY VENUE...





Moss on the Monza banking in 1958, during the second – and final – Race of Two Worlds, which pitched the leading Indycar racers against their European counterparts. Driving Eldorado Italia's Maserati 420M/58, he finished fourth and fifth in the first two heats, but crashed out of the third

Learning his craft in 500cc F3 cars and honing it in F2, Moss became a single-seater specialist with a sixth sense and a driving ambition that took him far from England's shores and deep into the spiritual home of racing

This prototype modern professional racing driver proved the efficacy of Britain's blueprint for progression within a junior formulae structure. The 500cc bike-engined Formula 3 buzz bombs - with their obvious link to the pre-war appetite for sparse hillclimb/sprint specials - were an austerity product: simple, frugal and (relatively) cheap. The 'karting' for a formative Moss, he raced them until long after he had become an established name, for he reckoned rightly that the category's emphasis on maintaining momentum within its swirling cut and thrust kept him sharp.

They stood him in good stead in another way, too. His bespoke Kieft of 1951-52 was in the vanguard of variable suspension set-ups for differing circuits. A stable understeerer, it enabled him to brake later and carry more speed, in the manner of the Formula 1 of some 10 years hence. Only following Fangio taught him more.



Rising star: 18-year-old Moss tackles Prescott at the wheel of a Cooper-JAP in May 1948 – his first attempt at a hill climb event. He went on to finish fourth in class and would carry on competing in 500cc Formula 3 cars until 1954

Formula 2, in contrast, was not a British construct, but it allowed its constructors/teams with more moxie than money – Connaught, Cooper and HWM, etc – to visit the Continental spiritual home of motor racing, as well as tackle the undulating, constant-radius perimeter roads of its local bomber base tracks: trickier than they looked and handily more forgiving of mistakes, the latter were another British blueprint for the sport's future look; and another long-term benefit for Moss.

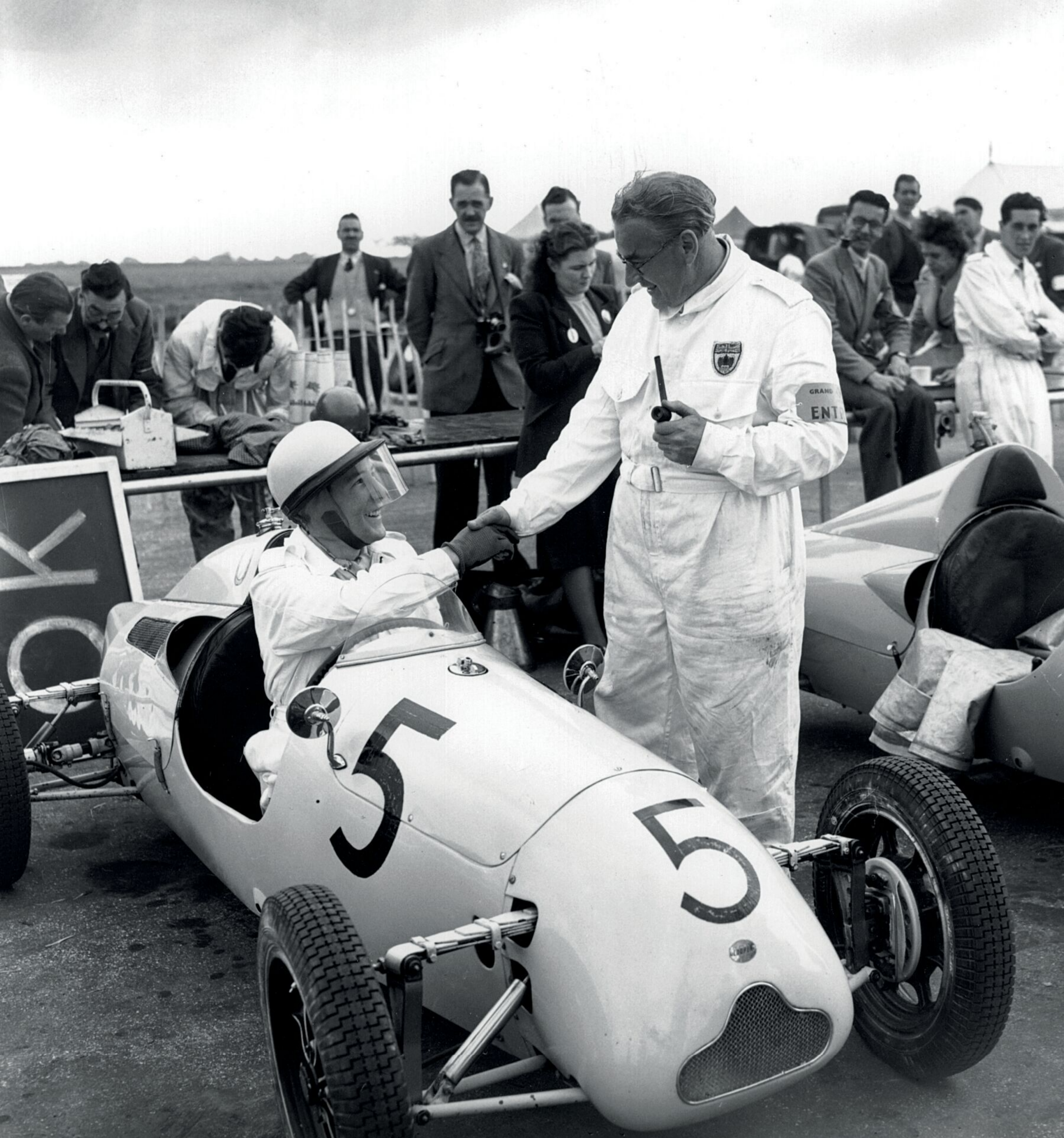
Moss the buccaneer was in no mood to wait and see, however, and he jumped at the chance to fly the UK nest in 1950 with HWM, to learn the black arts that gave the more experienced Alfa Romeo, Ferrari and Maserati their advantage. He drove quickly enough to invoke world champion-elect Giuseppe Farina's ire – much to the amusement of the following Fangio – and to hurt himself when HWM's build quality wilted under the strain he imposed. He was making a name for himself – and had caught Enzo's eye.

Moss was right up Ferrari's strada: an acrobatic risk-taker with a sixth sense, he was the new Nuvolari. Yet they would fall out when the youngster was left high and dry and embarrassed at the Bari GP of 1951. He would never forget – and would only forgive some 10 years later – his shoddy treatment by an apparently unrepentant *Commendatore*: the F2 car promised him had been awarded to another at the eleventh hour. This was a knockback: Moss should have been picking low-dangling fruit aboard that now dominant Ferrari 500, as a struggling world championship turned to F2; instead he was waylaid by that fruitless (at the time) search for a British winner. It did, however, wise him up: the swirling cut-and-thrust did not end at the track's edge.

Though he loved beating Ferraris most of all, born winner Moss hardly ever lacked for motivation. His off days were as rare as hen's teeth, as were his days off. F2 would remain integral to a crammed diary until that enforced retirement, and bring him success with Porsche and Borgward's fuel-injected engine. Non-championship F1 races abounded and often were world championship events in all but name; and he gave them his all. The big-engined Cooper built for 1961's short-lived InterContinental rival to the 'Dinky' 1.5-litre F1 was one of Moss' favourites – he lapped the entire field with it at a wet Silverstone – and the quirks of the four-wheel-drive Ferguson P99 fascinated him; total traction's ultimately underwhelming story in F1 might have been more upbeat had his insightful and inspirational input not been so brutally interrupted.

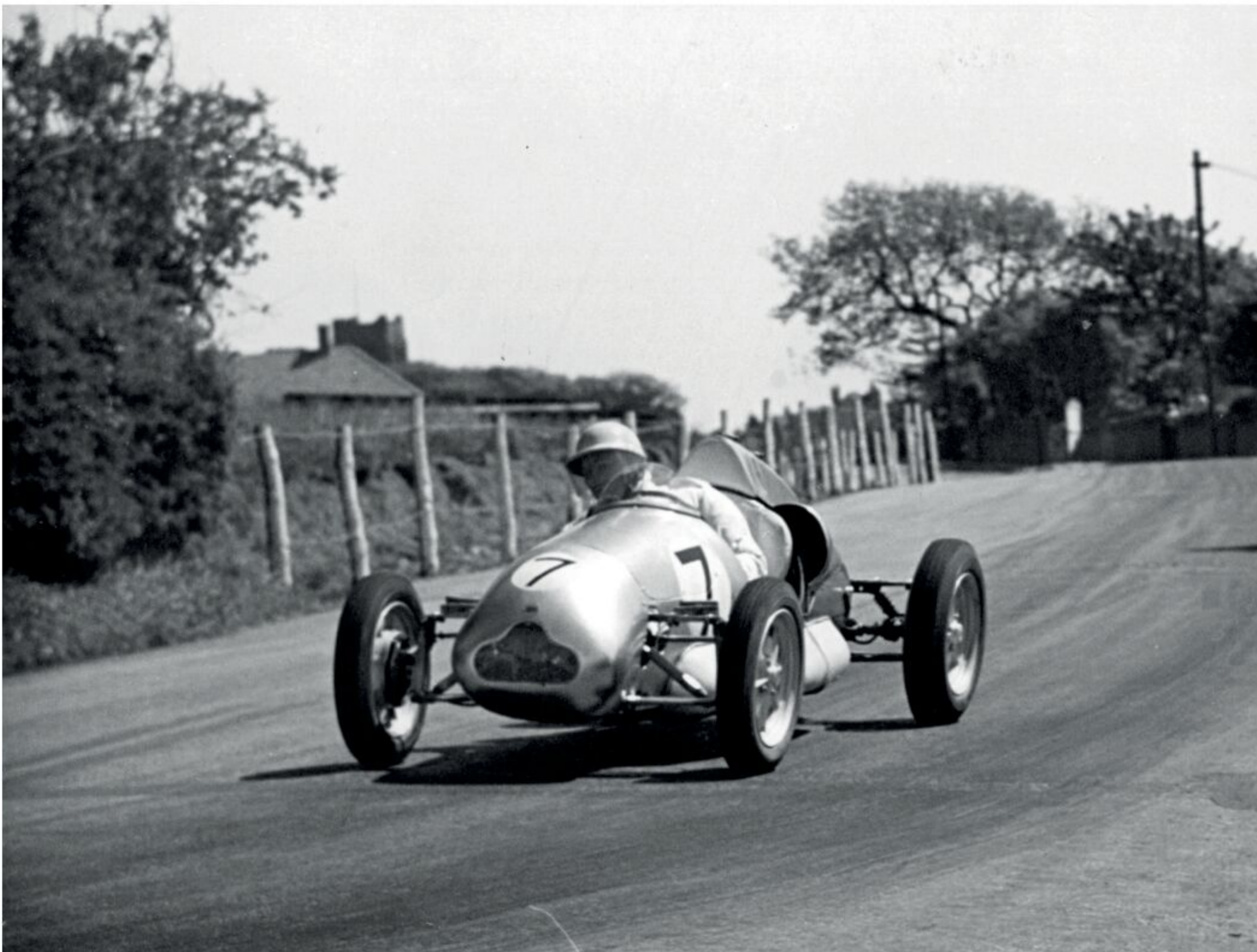
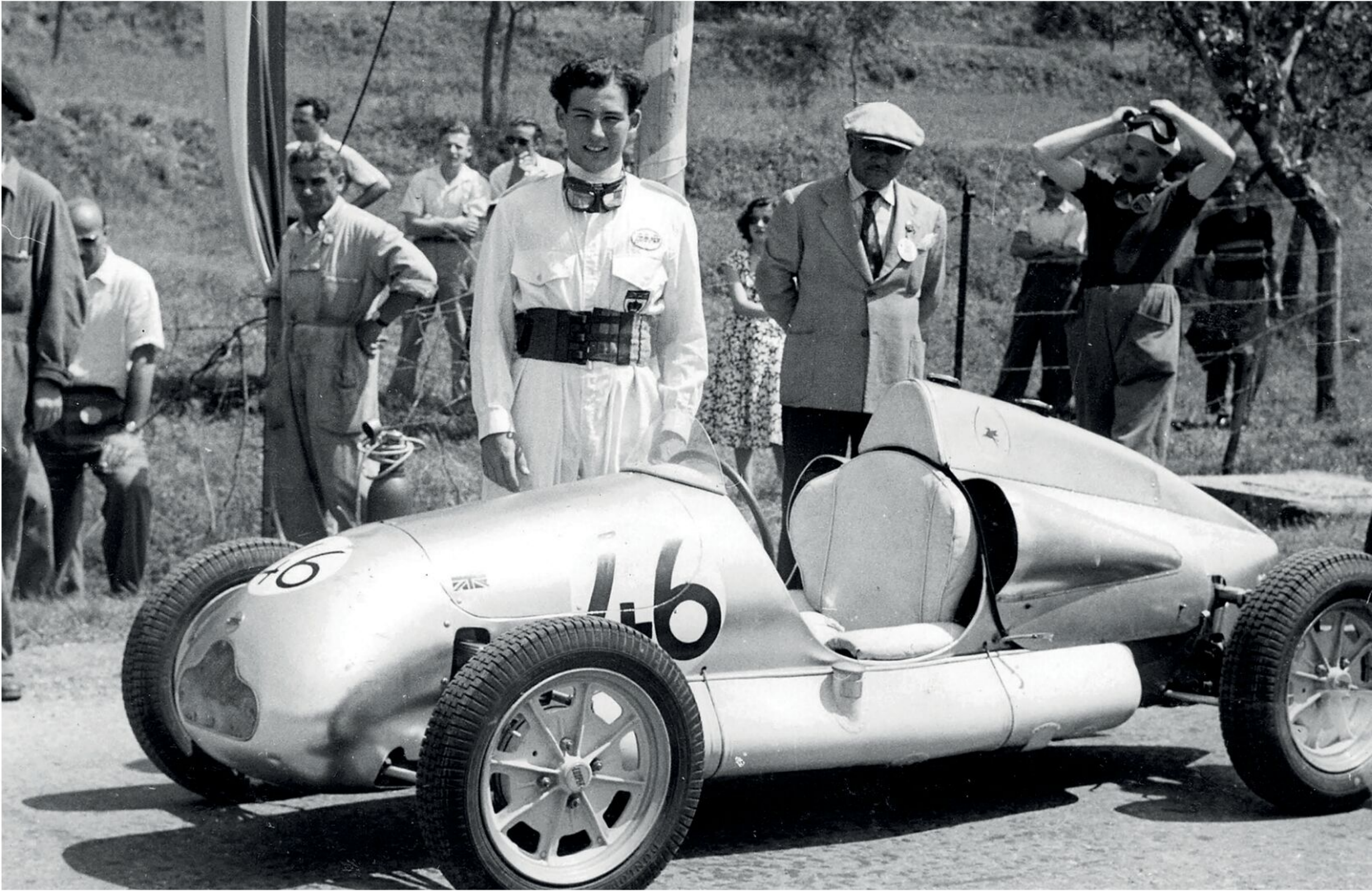
The only glaring gap in his single-seater CV was Indianapolis. Moss, though indisputably fond of a bob or two, eschewed the big bucks on offer Stateside and was unusually uninformed about The Brickyard: its contestants only turned left and didn't race in the rain. He couldn't resist showing America's best what was what at the 1958 Race of Two Worlds on Monza's bankings. Venturing out during wet practice, he almost crashed. He would discover, too, that there was more to oval racing than straight-line grunt; the Indy roadsters eked their edge over his Maserati-based special on those perilous bankings. And it was tough work, the high *g* loadings breaking his steering and causing him the scariest accident of his career – bar one.

The Americans had earned his respect – and he theirs – but still he shunned the 500. True, trans-Atlantic jet travel was in its infancy, and May was a crunch point in the European season, but the sport's superstar could have found room. Given all of the above (and below) – the numerous and various challenges offered, accepted, met and dispatched – it's surprising that he never would be so minded.



This page: Moss receives a 'good luck' handshake from former Brooklands racer father Alfred at the inaugural Silverstone meeting on October 2, 1948. He led the 500cc F3 race that served as curtain-raiser to the RAC International Grand Prix, but was forced to pull off after his engine sprocket worked loose, gifting victory to rival Spike Rhiando, the man who tried to introduce US-style midget racing to the UK

Opposite, top right: Moss began to venture farther afield in 1949 – a hint of things to come in the very near future – though a trip to contest May's Manx Cup required only a short flit across the Irish Sea. Six weeks later he travelled to Garda, Italy, to contest his first true overseas event, driving a Cooper-JAP 1000 MkIII. Not only did he last the distance, he continued his upward momentum by taking a class-winning third overall



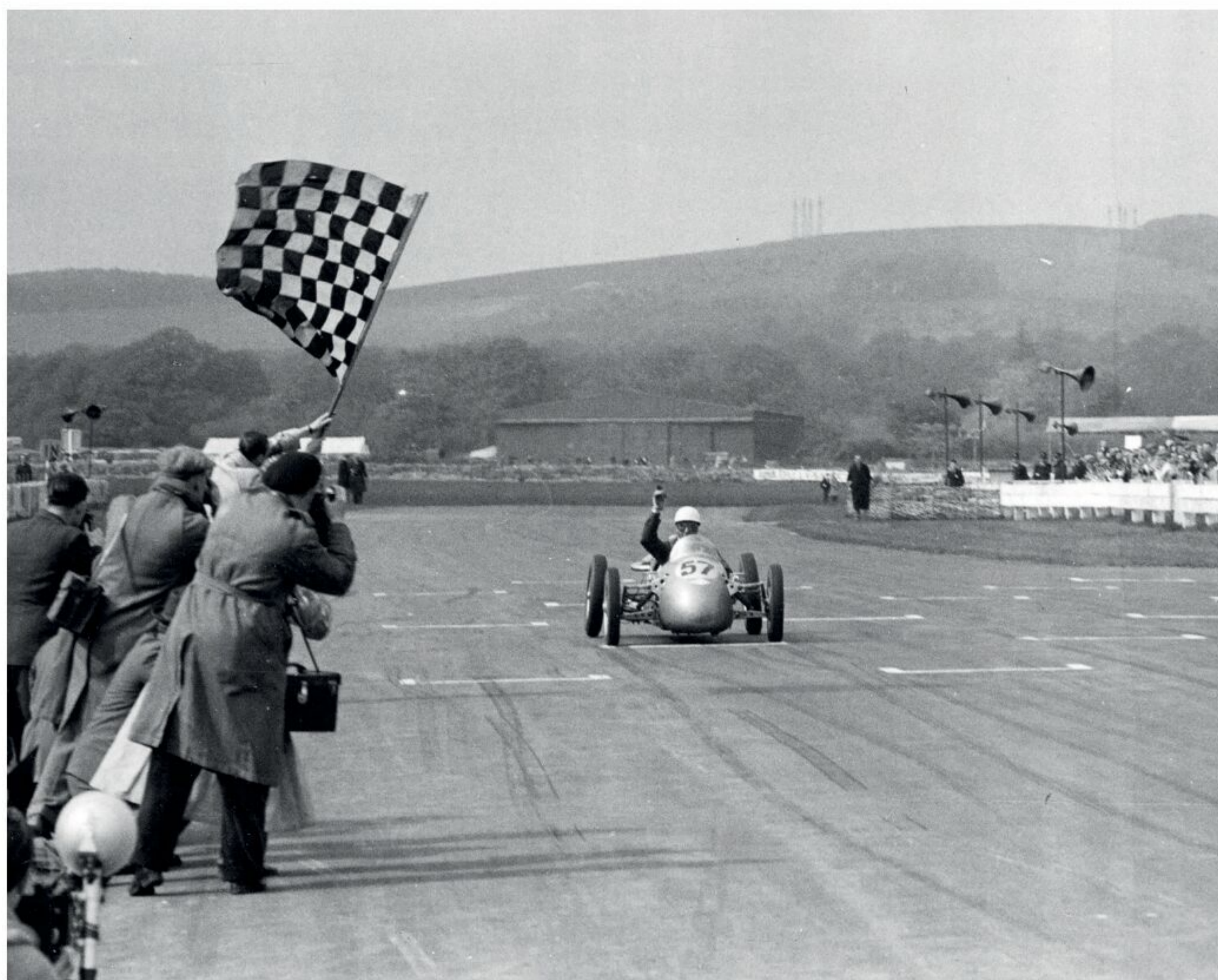
Above: in July 1949, seven months after his fine drive at the UK's first post-war grand prix meeting, Moss recorded his first victory at a British GP in the 500cc F3 support race. He is pictured with his parents before the start

Left: Moss flirts with the natural street furniture on the Douglas road course during the 1949 Manx Cup. He led the race in his Cooper-JAP but was eventually forced to retire



Above: Moss adorned with the victory spoils after adding to his collection of F3 wins – first time out with a Kieft – at Goodwood in 1951

Left: the Kieft had a variable suspension set-up that was advanced by the standards of the day, a detail that helped him refine his driving technique. Only following team-mate Juan Manuel Fangio during 1955 would teach him more about his chosen craft...



Right: Paula Cooper, wife of John Cooper, congratulates Moss at Silverstone in August 1950 – and with good cause. Pre-race clutch trouble caused him to start at the back of a 32-strong field, yet he was up to third by the end of the opening lap and took the lead on the second before romping home to victory. Rivals vanquished that day included fellow young gun Peter Collins

Below: Formula 2 duty at Crystal Palace. John Cooper smiles for the camera while Moss chats before the start of the 1953 Coronation Trophy, in which he took his Alta-engined Cooper T24 Special to fourth place in his qualifying heat and fifth in the final. The race was won by Connaught driver Tony Rolt, one of the men behind the 4WD Ferguson P99 F1 car, which Moss subsequently raced



NON-F1 SINGLE-SEATERS

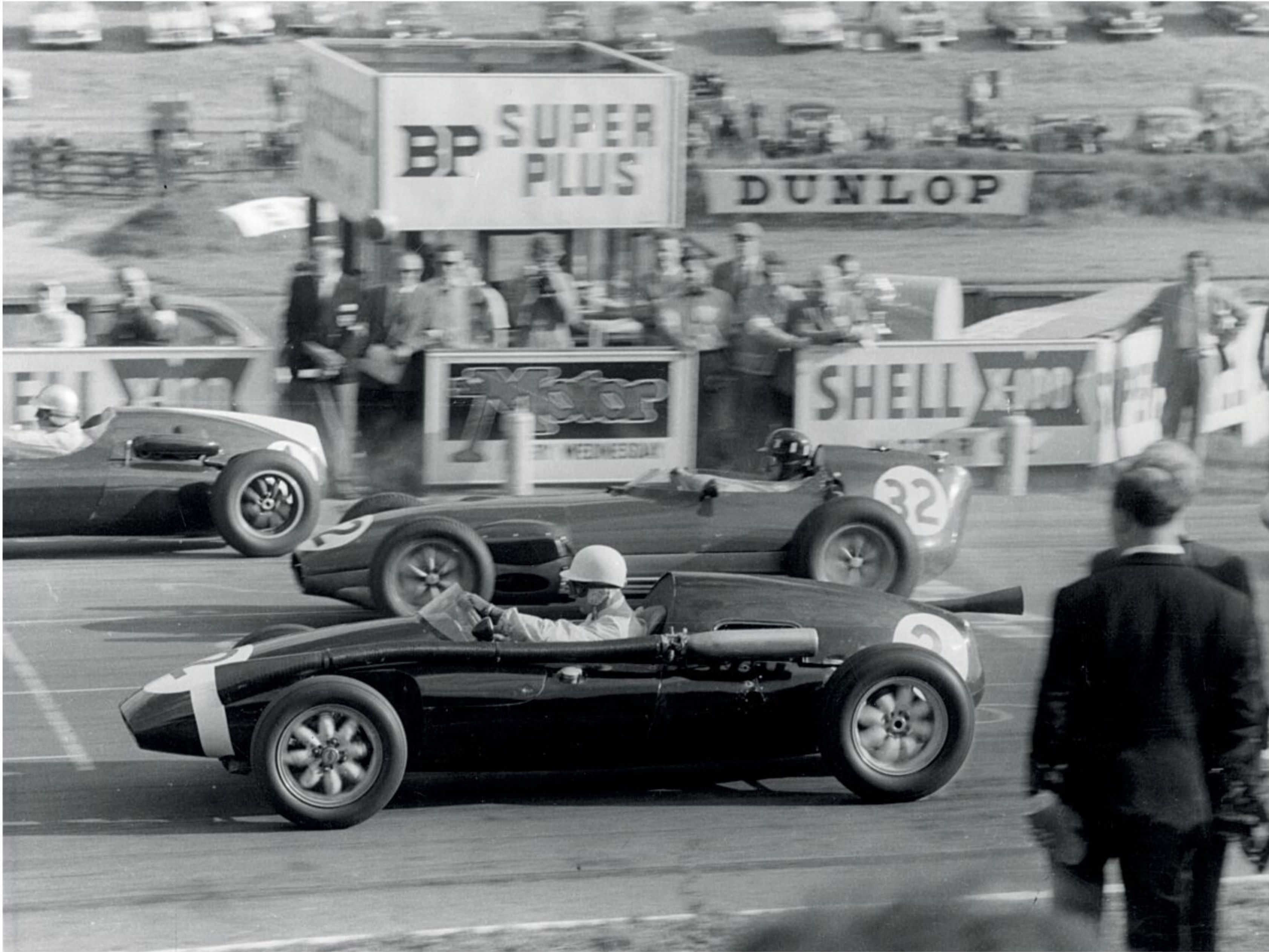
Right: it would be unthinkable nowadays for a driver to continue in F3 after graduating to higher categories, but to Moss it was another potential income stream. He is pictured in his Kieft at Brands Hatch in 1952, a season during which his extraordinary commitment was abundantly clear. After scoring a fortuitous win in the British GP support race at Silverstone on July 19 – and competing in the GP – he did an overnight flit to Namur, Belgium, to contest yet another F3 event

Below: Moss takes the chequered flag at the 1954 *Daily Express* International Trophy meeting, Silverstone, during yet another busy day (he also drove a Maserati 250F in the main race). He had intended to wind down his F3 commitments at the end of 1953, to focus on major single-seater and sports car races, but then accepted an offer to race Francis Beart's Cooper when time allowed





Moss with his Cooper MkIV at Brands Hatch on August 7, 1950, when a report in *The Motor* claimed 500cc F3 produced “the most exciting racing in England”. Moss won his heat and finished second to George Wicken in the first F3 race, despite gearbox trouble. Wicken later won the day’s main event, the £100 *Daily Telegraph* Trophy

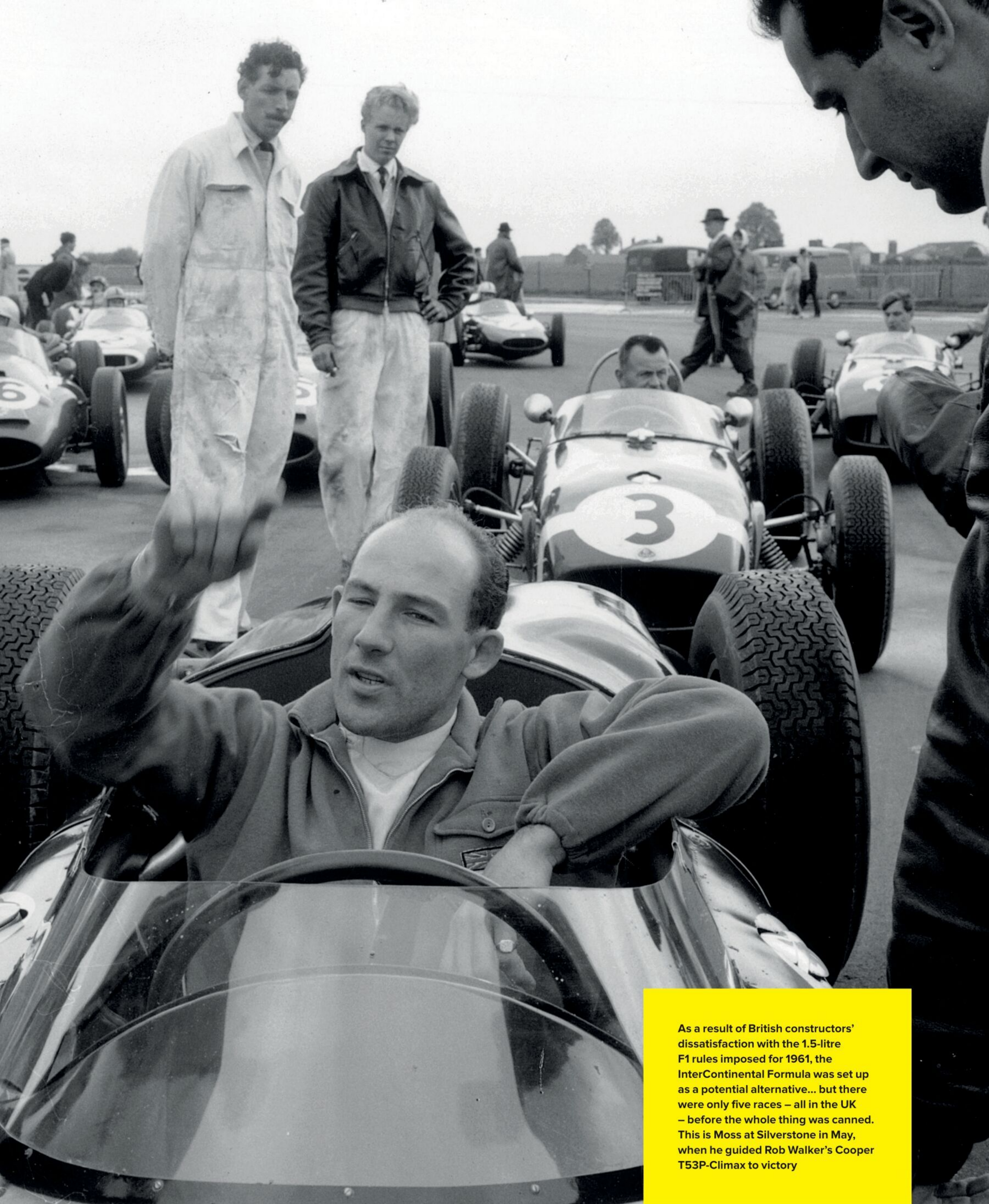




Above, left: Moss' headline achievements might be well known – not least his F1 conquests and his celebrated victories on both the Mille Miglia and the Targa Florio – but there are also a few curios on his CV, not least the fact he scored the first major international victory for a Borgward engine... That was in the 1959 Syracuse GP, an F2 race on April 25, at the wheel of Rob Walker's Cooper T43. He drove the car on several other occasions that year, winning at Reims on July 5 – the same day that he raced a BRM P25 in the French GP – and finishing third to Jack Brabham and Graham Hill here at Brands Hatch, in the Kentish 100 on August 29

Left: Moss with rival Mike Hawthorn and BRM co-founder Raymond Mays in the Goodwood paddock, during the 1956 Glover Trophy meeting. Hawthorn raced a BRM P25 that weekend, as team-mate to Tony Brooks, and qualified third behind Moss (Maserati 250F) and Archie Scott Brown (Connaught). He retired from the race after losing a wheel. Moss went on to win, beating fellow 250F driver Roy Salvadori, and also took the spoils in the supporting sports car race, at the helm of Gilby Engineering's Aston Martin DB3S

Above: a study of Moss from the 1958 Race of Two Worlds at Monza. The Indianapolis 500 is one of few major races missing from his repertoire, but this event taught him that there was a touch more to oval racing than simply turning left. Aware that his American rivals didn't race in the rain, he went out in wet practice to prove a point... and very nearly crashed. He ran strongly in the first two heats, but the high banking loads took their toll upon his Maserati's steering in the third and he skated into the barriers – at an estimated 150mph – while running fourth

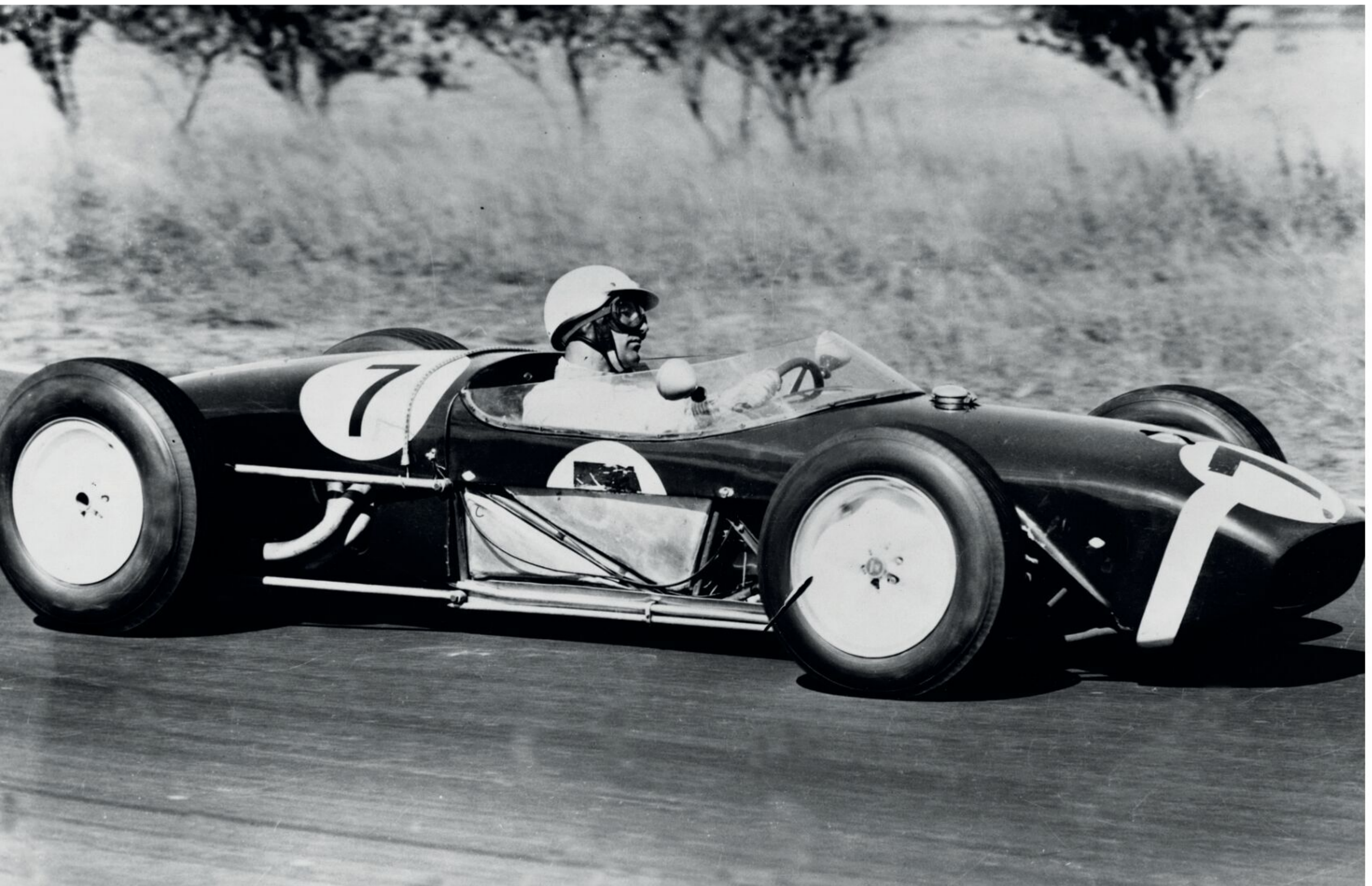


As a result of British constructors' dissatisfaction with the 1.5-litre F1 rules imposed for 1961, the InterContinental Formula was set up as a potential alternative... but there were only five races – all in the UK – before the whole thing was canned. This is Moss at Silverstone in May, when he guided Rob Walker's Cooper T53P-Climax to victory

Right, Moss walks away from his crashed BRM Type 25 at the 1959 Silverstone International Trophy. He had qualified the car on pole, eight tenths faster than Tony Brooks' Ferrari 246, and was leading the race until brake failure during the early stages caused him to fly off the road. At this point in its history, BRM had still to win a major race... Moss being Moss, he kept himself busy during the day; he finished second in the international sports car race, at the wheel of a works Aston Martin DBR1, and won the GT event aboard a DB4 GT

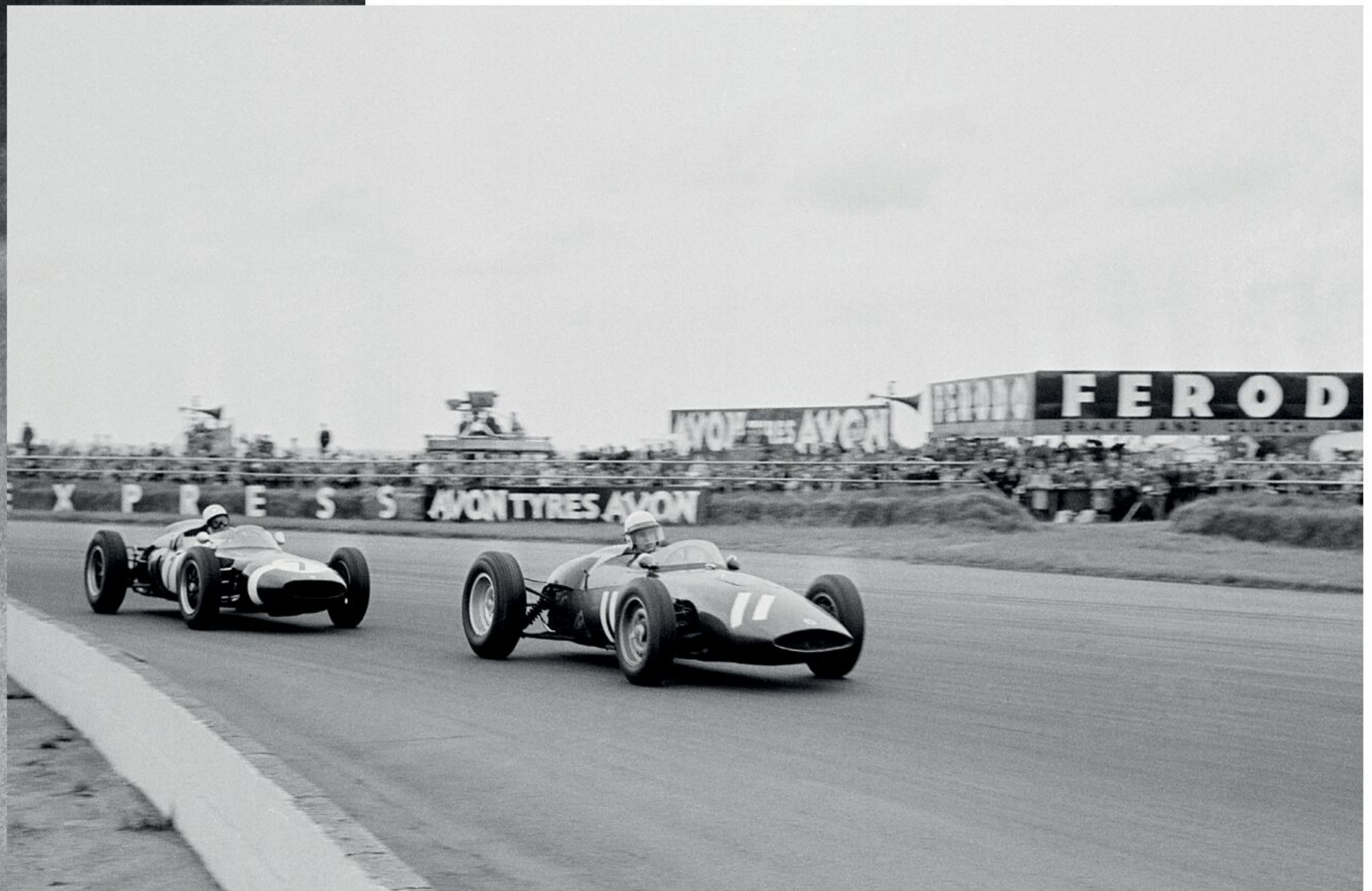


Below: Monaco wasn't the only venue at which Moss raced Rob Walker's Lotus 18 without side panels. This is from the 1961 International 100 at Warwick Farm, New South Wales – a Formule Libre event that counted towards the Australian Gold Star Championship. Temperatures were said to have reached 106.9 degrees during the day. Moss finished well clear of Innes Ireland's works Lotus 18. One year later, driving Walker's Cooper T53P, he would win again at the same venue – the final victory of his mainstream racing career



Moss on his way to another victory in Silverstone's second – and final! – InterContinental Formula race, in the British Empire Trophy meeting on July 8, 1961. Either side of the two Silverstone events, the ill-fated series had visited Snetterton and Goodwood before fizzling out at Brands Hatch. Typically, this was not Moss' sole success on the day; he also defeated a high-class GT field at the wheel of Walker's Ferrari 250 GT SWB





Top: Moss drove almost everything... and Rob Walker seemed to enter almost everything. This is from the 1960 BARC 200, a Formula 2 race run at Aintree on April 30. Moss recovered after making a poor start from pole and took Walker's Porsche 718/2 to victory ahead of the similar factory cars of Graham Hill and Jo Bonnier, with John Surtees (Cooper) fourth. *Motor Sport* described it as "one of the most interesting and exciting races seen for a long time at Aintree or anywhere else"

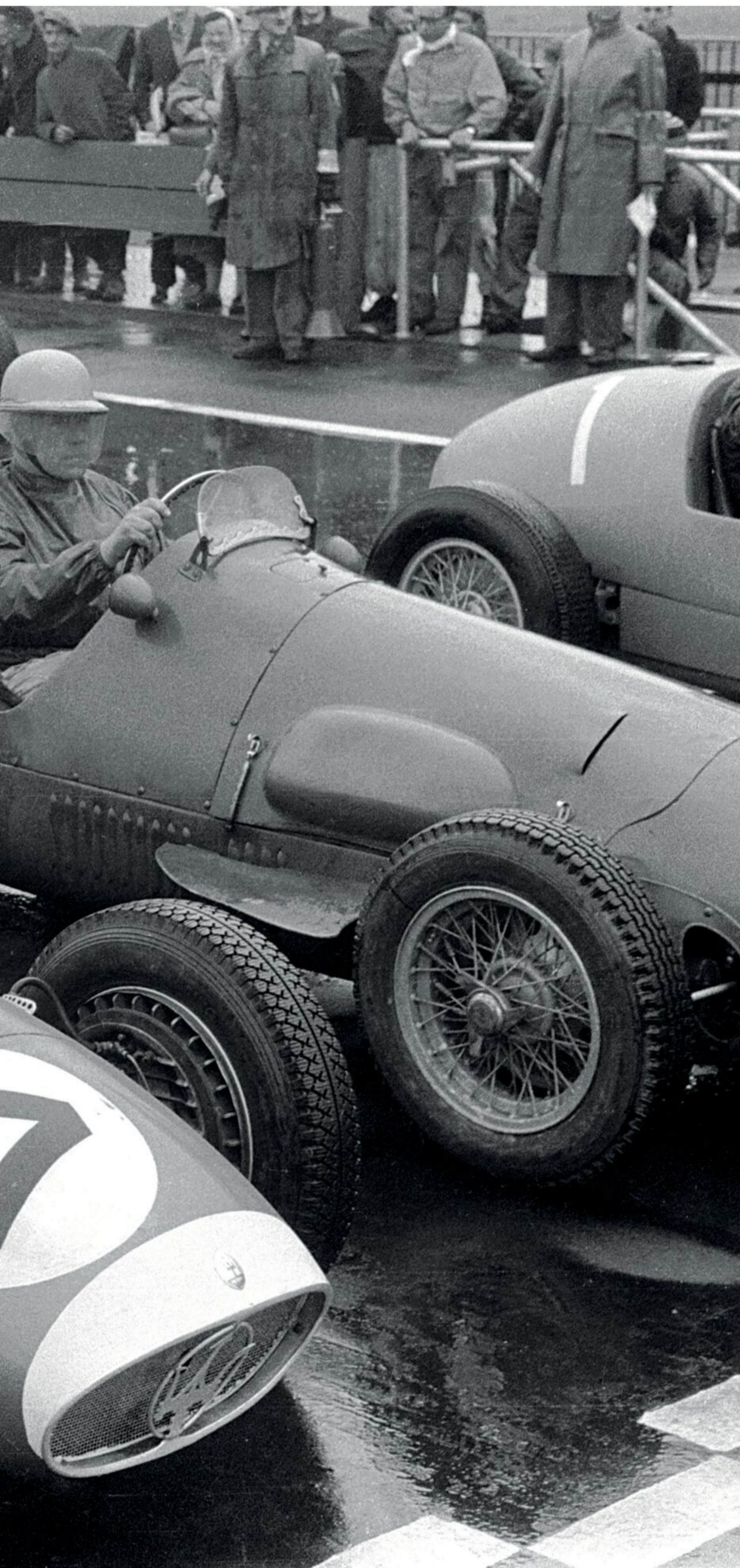
Above: more action from the 1961 British Empire Trophy meeting, with winner Moss chasing great rival Tony Brooks' BRM P48. The meeting attracted a relatively low crowd, not helped by clashes with the Wimbledon tennis tournament and an England vs Australia Test Match, although it was perhaps also symbolic of the public's general apathy when it came to InterContinental Formula racing. Brooks dropped out after 22 of the 52 laps, his engine having dropped a valve spring

Moss in the pits during the 1961 Oulton Park Gold Cup meeting, when he took the Ferguson P99 to victory ahead of the Coopers of Jack Brabham and Bruce McLaren. He created another little slice of history by becoming the first – and so far only – driver to win an F1 race in a 4WD car





Moss dressed appropriately for the conditions at Aintree's opening car meeting, run on a new three-mile circuit that in parts ran parallel to the celebrated Grand National course. Although Peter Collins initially led the 34-lap final, Moss pounced when his compatriot struck trouble and went on to secure victory – his first in an F1 car, though this was a race run to Formula Libre regulations – at the wheel of his new Maserati 250F



FROM THE ARCHIVE

The opening of Aintree race track in 1954 was accompanied by a display of virtuosity from a young Stirling Moss in a variety of machinery. *Motor Sport* editor Bill Boddy was not impressed with the “Manchester weather” but marked the driver out for future greatness

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MOTOR SPORT, JULY 1954

The new motor-racing circuit at Aintree, near Liverpool, opened to a wet but successful International meeting organised by the BARC for the *Daily Telegraph* on May 29th. The circuit is, with Silverstone, the longest in this country, having a lap distance of exactly three miles. It possesses long straights and a series of interesting bends, is smooth and well surfaced, and the huge and elaborate horse-race grandstands ensure an excellent view. A good deal of mud got conveyed to the course, which, like airfield circuits, lacks definition at the corners. With more bunting and a band it could resemble a continental venue.

The BARC revived its classic 200-Mile Race, but opened it to Formule Libre racing cars, and ran it as two 50-mile heats and a 100-mile final, probably thinking 150 miles was enough for the average English racing car. Continental drivers who braved the dismal “Manchester weather” which enveloped Aintree for practice and the race numbered Jean Behra, André Pilette (Gordinis), P Etancelin (Talbot), Prince Bira (Maserati) and the American driver Carroll Shelby (Aston Martin).

The official figure for attendance is 25,000, and the prevailing enthusiasm was reflected by the dripping umbrellas of spectators who stuck it out on the top of the stands and in the enclosures. They were rewarded by seeing Stirling Moss drive in truly professional style to retrieve lost fortune, his new Maserati winning the Aintree International 200 race and his Beart-tuned Cooper-Norton dominating the 500cc event. Duncan Hamilton took sports car honours in his Type C Jaguar from the brilliant American Shelby in his Aston Martin DB3S and Jimmy Stewart in the ex-Le Mans-winning Ecurie Ecosse Jaguar.

The Christian names “over to you, old boy” PA commentary was open to criticism, because the commentators cracked

jokes in the modern slap-happy manner, which we consider in poor taste. Otherwise, bravo Stirling Moss and thank you, Mrs Topham, the circuit owner. Aintree we think, setting aside some purely personal prejudices, has its future in its tomorrows.

THE OPENING CEREMONY

One felt especially sorry that heavy rain was still falling as Earl Howe prepared to 'break the tape' of the new Aintree circuit in his immaculate Aston Martin DB2. He addressed the crowds, at first inaudibly due to microphone maladies and then at full blast after he had found the right button – he obviously knows more about accelerators than acoustics. Mrs Topham also said a few words, remarking "I don't like this" as she handed the microphone back, and the new circuit, with its Melling Crossing, Tatts Corner, Becher's Brook Bend, Valentine's Way and Railway Straight, was open. Motor racing enthusiasts in the Midlands and the North will become familiar with this fine £100,000 circuit but at this opening meeting we are sure many of the spectators expected to see Ken Wharton riding the jumps on Freebooter and Prince Bira leading on Early Mist.

SPORTS CAR RACE (10 LAPS)

This provided a short, sharp curtain-raiser, in heavy rain. The field was interesting, with seven Type C Jaguars, including the three Ecurie Ecosse cars of Stewart, Sanderson and Sir James Scott-Douglas, and Duncan Hamilton's Le Mans practice car, Salvadori's Maserati, Chapman's Lotus, and Carroll Shelby's Sebring Aston Martin DB3A in American colours.

Stewart led after the initial melée, but Duncan Hamilton sat close behind and Shelby came through the field, driving well. We noticed Protheroe cornering well in his XK120, Gould was seen through the spray having his usual dice in the Kieft, Dickson's Frazer-Nash had business-like intakes on its bonnet, and Chapman, riding Lotus, fell at Becher's Brook!

Hamilton's Jaguar took the lead a few laps from the end, Stewart appearing to miss a vital gear-change. Shelby also passed the Ecurie Ecosse car, and the line-ahead Scottish running was interfered with because Tony Gaze had the HWM-Jaguar ahead of Sanderson and Scott-Douglas, finishing a second behind Stewart and setting fastest lap, at 75.1mph. Duncan certainly pressed on, averaging nearly 74 mph under very wet conditions against Moss' winning 77.7mph in the F1 car in the Formule Libre race on a dry track, although over three times the distance.

FORMULE LIBRE AINTREE 200 — HEAT 1 (17 LAPS)

Any hopes that the rain might cease before the racing cars came out were effectively damped. Three cars non-started, which left Behra's blue Gordini, Parnell's 1953/4 Ferrari, Moss' Maserati, Wharton's stub-exhaust MkII BRM, McAlpine's, Marr's, Sir Jeremy Boles' and Young's 2-litre Connaughts,



Moss cradles the *Daily Telegraph* Challenge Trophy. He would go on to score a couple of landmark victories at Aintree, including his maiden F1 World Championship win (for Mercedes, in 1955) and the first all-British WCGP success (sharing a Vanwall with Tony Brooks, in 1957). The full version of the Aintree track remained in use until 1964, but the shorter club circuit is still active for track days and sprint events





Gould's Cooper-Bristol, Brooke's HWM, Fairman's Turner, Hall's Cooper-Bristol, the aged ERAs of Somervail and Birrell and Peter Collins in the 4½-litre Ferrari Thinwall Special.

Collins, who certainly never seems to recognise when a car is going as fast as it wants to, was expected in some quarters to be wild with all the Thinwall horses at his command. Instead, after a brilliant start he drove this magnificent car splendidly, leading from the first lap, from Parnell, Behra and Moss. Lapping at nearly 80mph in clouds of spray, he built up a truly commanding lead after less than 10 miles. Already McAlpine was in, asking puzzled mechanics to examine the Connaught's front wheel, which appeared undamaged, and Boles' Connaught was in trouble.

It looked as if the Thinwall and its new driver would win in a canter, until a change of exhaust note heralded trouble. Parnell's 2½-litre car had closed right up and on lap 10 passed Collins in front of the pits. Moss was in third place, having taken the Gordini on lap nine, but Collins had sufficient in hand to remain ahead of No7 Maserati. Wharton never got the BRM higher than fifth until lap 10, when he overtook the ailing Gordini.

FORMULE LIBRE AINTREE 200 — HEAT 2 (17 LAPS).

Fortified by lunch, the crowd settled down to watch Heat 2. The field consisted of the Belgian Pillete in a yellow Gordini, the Maseratis of Bira and Salvadori, Gaze's HWM, Tyrer's

massive Bristol-Alta, Thorne and Boulton in Connaughts, Rolt in Rob Walker's Connaught. Gerard's Cooper-Bristol, Graham Whitehead's and Flint's ERAs (the latter's being 'Remus'), Etancelin's 4½-litre Talbot, the RRA and Flockhart

for BRM. Of these, Bira was left with oil running from the front of his car and Gaze was in almost immediately for a plug change, a trouble which dogged him all the rest of the race.

Flockhart at once put the BRM at the head of affairs, controlling it like an experienced driver, leading Salvadori and Gerard, going splendidly in his bright green Cooper-Bristol and watched by Joan Gerard. Behind him, Rolt was losing ground, to retire with gearbox trouble. The ERA, too, had a heart-stopping overtaking episode on lap five and also retired, Whitehead called at his pit and Tyrer was lapped by almost the entire field. Bira had started eventually, but was soon back at his pit.

Interest centred on Salvadori's relentless chasing of the BRM; on lap 12 he was within 3sec of Flockhart and lapping faster, a lap later six lengths behind, then 1½ lengths, and seeming to accelerate nearly as well, suggesting trouble in the V16. Flockhart scraped in to win by 3sec, the order of the leaders unchanged.

500cc SCRATCH RACE (10 LAPS)

It was certainly Moss' day and with his well-known virtuosity he took the Beart Cooper-Norton to the front and ran right clear of the others, winning at nearly 71mph in the wet, and setting an F3 lap record of 72.19 mph. Don Parker held second place and behind Russell was well established as third, but Brandon in Nuckey's Cooper was engaged in a terrific ding-dong with Hull's Cooper, ending in Eric's favour by 6sec. Leston was not present. Incidents included gyrations by Howard and Phillipson at Tatts, engine failure on the part of Harris and Bueb, the disappearance of the Revis as it seemed to be coming into the picture, and a head-on argument with the wall at Anchor Crossing by Graham Maude.

Concentration as an art form: Moss rounds Tatts Corner, which was only ever a left-hander at this opening Aintree meeting. The intention had been to run the circuit counter-clockwise, but a decision was taken to reverse its polarity for all future events



Then aged 24, Moss stands to attention for the post-race National Anthem – and most members of the crowd appear to be doing likewise in the grandstand behind. During his victory speech he mentioned that he would one day like to win in “a green car” rather than one that was “merely painted green”. Little more than three years later his wish would be granted when, with Tony Brooks, he won the British GP at the same venue

FORMULE LIBRE AINTREE 200 – FINAL (34 LAPS)

On the grid in the front row were Parnell, Flockhart, Salvadori and Collins, The second row contained Moss, Wharton and Gerard, the third row Pilette, Behra, Etancelin and Hall. Somehow Bira was at the back.

As 'Ebby's' flag began to fall Collins got the Thinwall Ferrari away in the lead ahead of Flockhart's BRM, and these two led Parnell and Wharton at the end of lap one, Moss fifth.

Collins proceeded to secure a most commanding lead, having the length of the Finishing Straight over the leading BRM after only four laps. Already Parnell had begun to drop back, being passed by Wharton and Moss on lap two. Jean Behra was settling down to some fast work and by lap five Moss was in fourth place, with the Gordini behind him. Then on the next lap Flockhart clipped the straw bales, and fell right back to 11th; Salvadori spun off and went right to the bottom of the class.

This made the order of the leaders Collins, racing away on his own, Moss, Wharton, Behra, Parnell, Gerard. Flockhart's skid was a pointer to BRM discomforts, and on the next lap Wharton waved Behra past as they went into Tatts. The BRM's brakes were obviously becoming ineffective; Wharton changed down twice before this slow corner, Flockhart three times.

Although Behra was now third, an ominous trail of smoke was coming from the Gordini's exhaust and when the Thinwall Ferrari began to sound like it had at the end of Heat 1 we realised it was anybody's race. Moss was driving calmly, stylishly in second place, not appearing to be trying to catch Collins but steadily closing up, with Parnell comfortably far behind after Behra inevitably came to his pit on lap 11.

Meanwhile, Flockhart was making up time and by the 12th lap was in sixth place, behind Gerard's Cooper-Bristol. But clearly the BRM bolt was shot, for the little Cooper-Bristol kept ahead of the blown V16, a tribute to Gerard's driving but also an indication that Flockhart had only a part of that world-beating performance left. Back in the field numerous pit-stops did not affect the main issue; Rolt and Birrell retired, Pilette like his team-mate was in trouble, so was Bira, later to resume quite fast, Behra had a second stop, Marr's Connaught slid into deep mud beside the track, to be restarted by first-aid men. But all eyes were on Collins and Moss. The rain had ceased and the track was dry.

Moss in action during practice. Looking back many years later on Aintree's place in motor sport history, Bill Boddy – author of this report – wrote: "The vast long-standing horse-racing grandstands, restaurants, offices and car parks were a considerable asset, making the facilities for motor racing rather special, if somewhat dour"

Collins would win easily if all his horses continued to prance, but clearly they didn't wish to.

Lap 13 saw Moss 26sec behind. He had made up two seconds by the next time round; Parnell third, Wharton, Gerard and Flockhart bunched farther back. Lap 17 saw the gap between the leaders unchanged: Flockhart had scraped past Gerard, now fourth and sixth, for Wharton was having a bad time, with Bira behind him with no power to catch up.

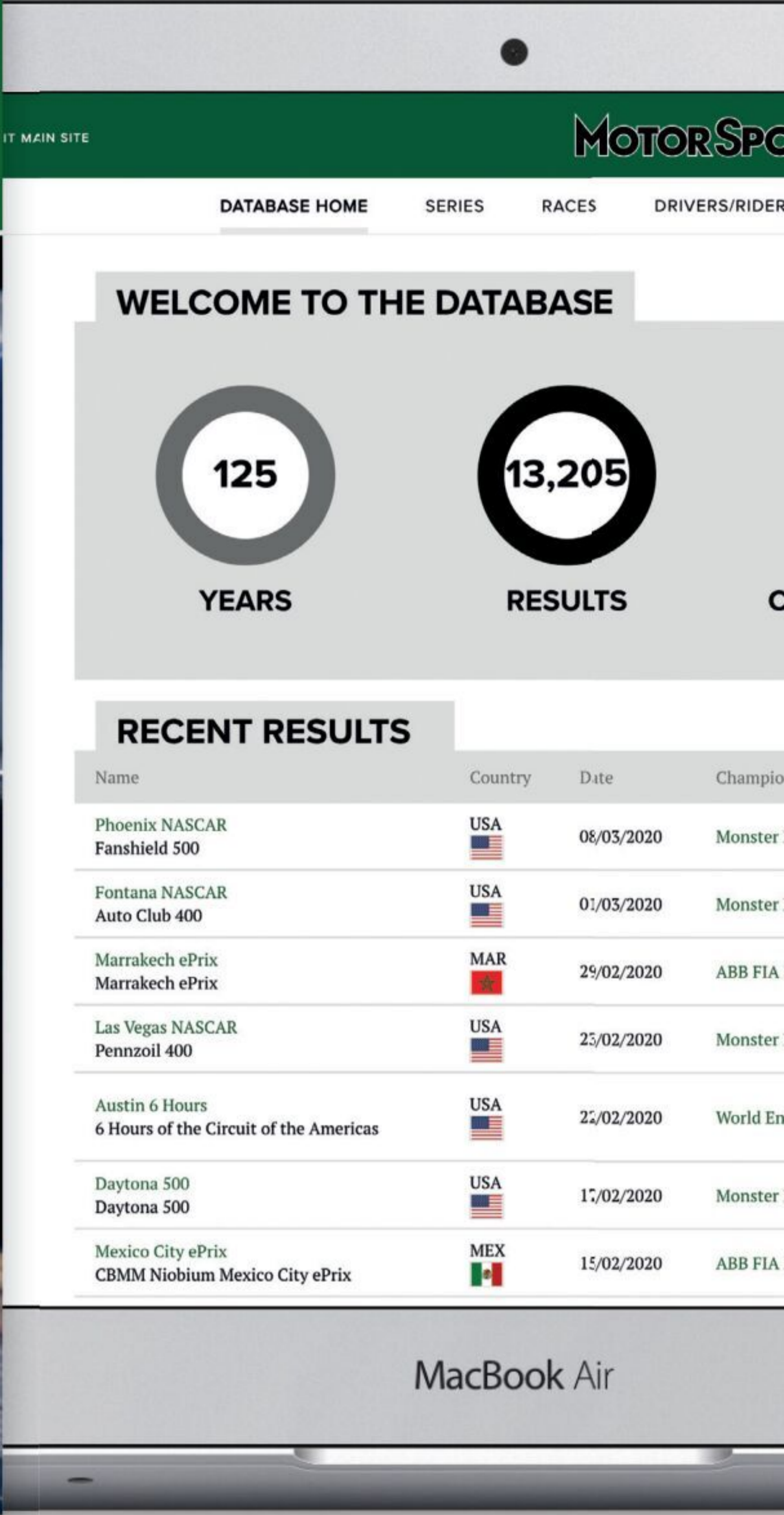
Come lap 19 – and Collins pulled in! Plugs were whipped out, new ones put in, the engine proved stubborn to restart, and it was some six minutes before Collins roared back into the race, hopelessly far back, even had the car been fit, which it wasn't. So Moss became the leader, Salvadori behind him on the road but way back in the race.

Flockhart's brakes became worse, so that Gerard re-passed him on lap 18, and Etancelin's Talbot gained on the BRM into Tatts. Hall's Cooper-Bristol retired with a blown gasket, and Wharton retired, brakes oily and smoking, on lap 22. Moss was going wide into Tatts on his usual impeccable line, lapping now at 77½mph. One commentator asked, "Would he have to refuel?" Quite properly James Tilling said he'd be very surprised if so. And, of course, Stirling didn't. He just drove on, comfortably in command of Aintree's first long-distance race.

Stirling Moss, in his victory speech, said that he hoped one day to win in a "green car" and not in one which is "merely painted green." His last lap was in the back of a Bentley tourer, holding the very impressive *Daily Telegraph* Challenge Trophy. No win could have appealed more to the rain-soaked English spectators, but, phlegmatic to the last, they scarcely showed it! Moss won £610 in prize money and richly deserved it, even if, like all the true GP drivers, his style is relaxed and unspectacular.



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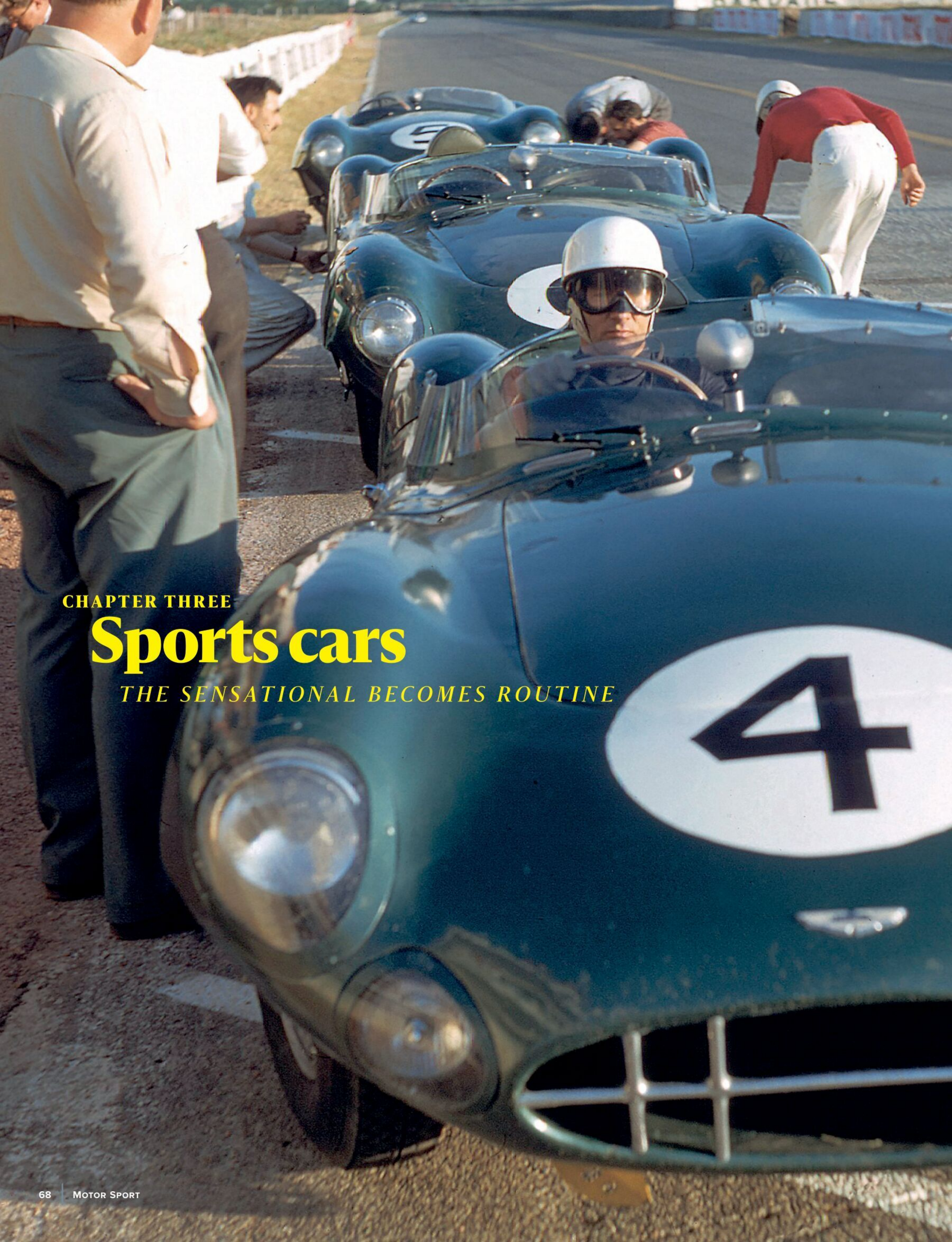
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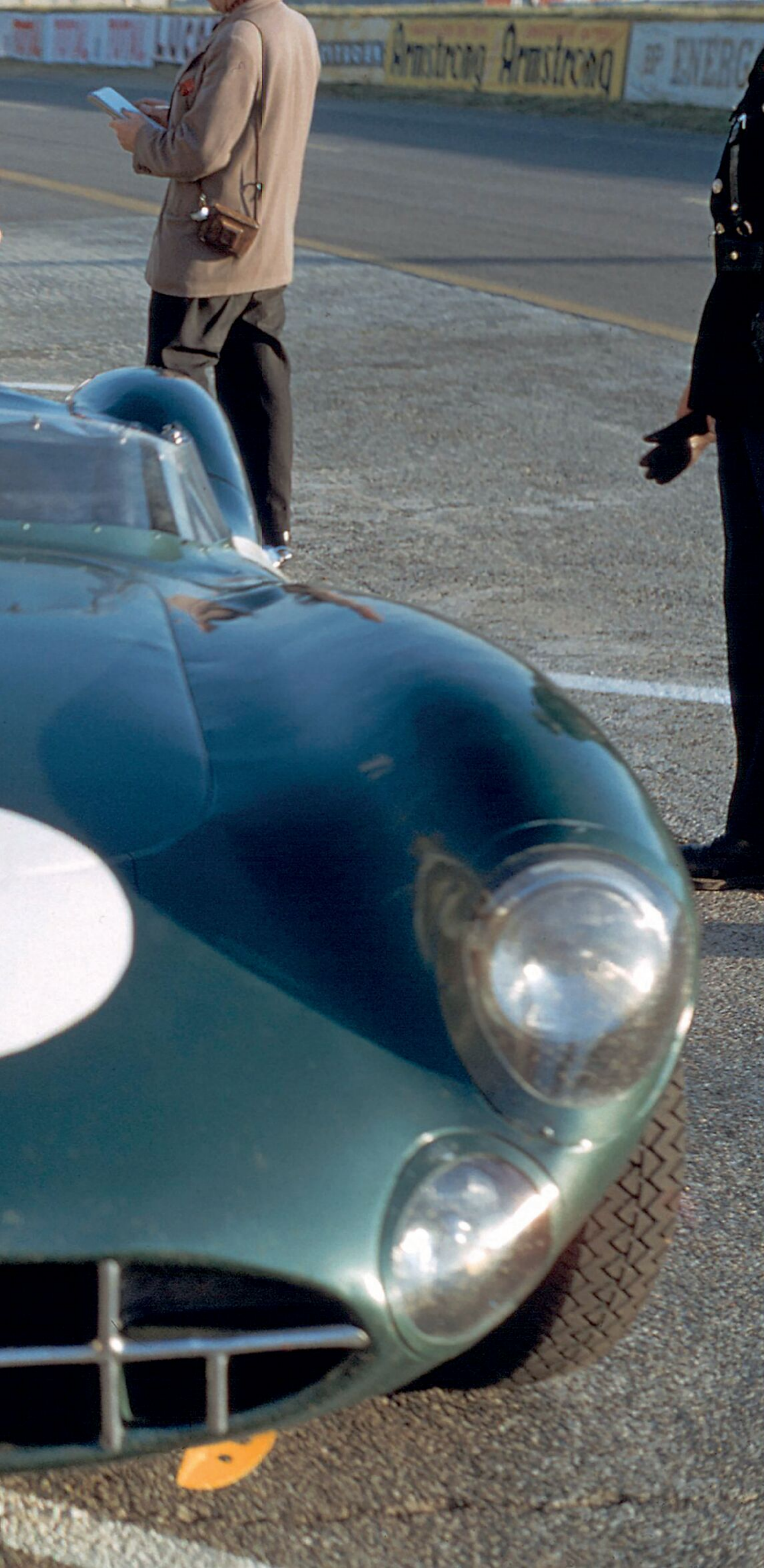
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CHAPTER THREE

Sports cars

THE SENSATIONAL BECOMES ROUTINE



The factory Aston Martin team at Le Mans in 1959, Moss to the fore in the DBR1 he shared with Jack Fairman. They retired on Saturday with engine failure. The sister cars of Roy Salvadori/Carroll Shelby and Maurice Trintignant/Paul Frère took first and second

Sports cars, saloons, GTs, Moss mastered the lot – and it could be argued that he was better in these than in a grand prix racer

His family's BMW 328 - the finest 2-litre sports car of its pre-war generation - provided the stepping-off point in March 1947, a hirsute and helmetless Moss carrying off a pot in a trial carrying the family's name. It was the start of a long affair. Single-seaters would soon sweep him up - although his first Formula 2 HWM was essentially a sports car with its wings removed - but Moss's affection for two-seaters never waned. He won in nimble Frazer Nash Le Mans Replica and brake-less OSCA (a remarkable drive at Sebring in 1954); in Jaguar C-type and Lister-Jaguar; in Maserati 300S - another favourite of his - and 450S; and in Aston Martin DB3S, DBR2 and DBR1. Their importance rivalled Formula 1, yet somehow the pressure was off. Much was expected of Moss still, but the increased team element of the bigger races removed some of the mental load. They were his (relative) relaxation and, as a result, he was arguably better in them than he was in a GP car.

He loved their numerous shapes, sizes and guises, and his turning increasingly freelance saw his racing record diversify ever more: front- and rear-engined Maserati 'Birdcage'; Austin-Healey Sprite and Porsche Spyder. He even deigned to drive Ferraris, albeit privateer examples. It was in svelte 250GT SWB Berlinetti carrying the Scottish colours of long-time friend and entrant Rob Walker that he scored his sixth - while keeping abreast of the race commentary via its in-car radio! - and seventh RAC Tourist Trophy victories. He tested the prototype 250GTO, too, in readiness for 1962 - Enzo had gone out of his way to woo his favourite driver; Moss in turn had driven a hard bargain - but he would never get to race it.

Ferrari, therefore, was the sworn enemy in the main, as Moss strutted his stuff for Jaguar, Maserati and Astons. It was he who registered the first international victory for a disc-braked car (in Wisdom's C-type at Reims in 1952); who gave Enzo a firm prod with Maserati's Bologna trident in 1956-57; and who persuaded a reluctant Aston Martin to send a lonesome DBR1/300 to the 1959 Nürburgring 1000km. The latter victory, achieved after co-driver Jack Fairman had manhandled the car from a ditch before handing to a Moss on the verge of

packing up and going home, set up an unanticipated world championship bid that Moss should successfully complete by defeating Ferrari at Goodwood's RAC TT - despite having to switch cars after his original had caught fire during refuelling. The sensational was becoming almost routine.

The outstanding sports car driver of his day, however, would never win the Le Mans 24 Hours. He finished second in the Jaguar 1-2 of 1953 and also in an underpowered/overmatched DB3S in 1956. He probably would have prevailed in 1955, with Fangio as his co-driver, had not even those aforementioned acceptable bounds been exceeded by the most devastating accident in all of racing; Mercedes-Benz withdrawing them from the lead, as the rising toll exacted by Pierre Levegh's explosive crash was beginning to dawn.

In truth, despite its fringing trees and high speeds, Le Mans was never to Moss' taste, its extended duration tending to outstrip his machinery's capabilities to run hard throughout. His reputation as a car-breaker was debatable, but for sure he was not a nursemaid by nature. As such, he was often the willing and, if needs be, sacrificial hare drawing unwary rival teams into an unwise early pace. For nobody could charge harder for longer than Moss: three of his four Nürburgring 1000km victories - on a purpose-built 'road' circuit hemmed by high hedges - involved overcoming delays. (The other was achieved in heavy rain and thick mist!)

Fifteen years after that debut in the family 328, Moss took part in a three-lap supposed demonstration-turned-bun fight in Minis. Changing times indeed.

And although he would miss the exponential rise of saloon car racing and the golden eras of Gran Turismo and big-banger sports-prototypes, he had played a crucial role in their nascent stories: he had won in the surprisingly capable Jaguar MkVII - bracing against the passenger door with his foot so as not to slide across its bench seat! - in the ruggedly handsome Aston Martin DB4GT, and in both the Cooper Monaco and Lotus Monte Carlo. But it wasn't all about the winning. Even in the event of a defeat, his participation was always guaranteed to add frisson to a race in the short-term and embed kudos in the long-term.

Moss prepares to take his Aston Martin DBR2 to fourth place in the 1957 Governor's Trophy at Oakes Field, Nassau. He scored his first Ferrari win at the same Bahamas Speed Week meeting, winning the Nassau Trophy in Temple Buell's 290 MM





Above: Moss awaits the start of the 1952 Reims Grand Prix, in which he took Tommy Wisdom's Jaguar C-type to victory – the first major international win for a car fitted with disc brakes

Top: in September 1947, Moss drove his father's Frazer Nash BMW in the Poole Speed Trials at Lytchett Minister, in Dorset. It was one of his very earliest competitive events





Further evidence of Moss' fleetness of foot, as he gets away first following the running start preceding the 1958 Le Mans 24 Hours. He pulled away steadily from the rest of the field and held a huge lead when a broken con rod brought his Aston Martin DBR1 to a halt in the race's third hour, before co-driver Jack Brabham had taken his first scheduled stint at the wheel. None of the three works Astons lasted the distance



Above: relaxed Moss aboard a Maserati 300S, a car that brought him many wins

Right: closest to the camera, Moss makes a flying start ahead of the 1952 Goodwood Nine Hours. He was every bit as nimble on his feet as he was at the wheel

Below: Moss scored his first Nürburgring 1000Kms win in 1956: he and Jean Behra took over the Maserati 300S of team-mates Piero Taruffi/Harry Schell... and Moss made up more than a minute to beat the Fangio/Castellotti Ferrari

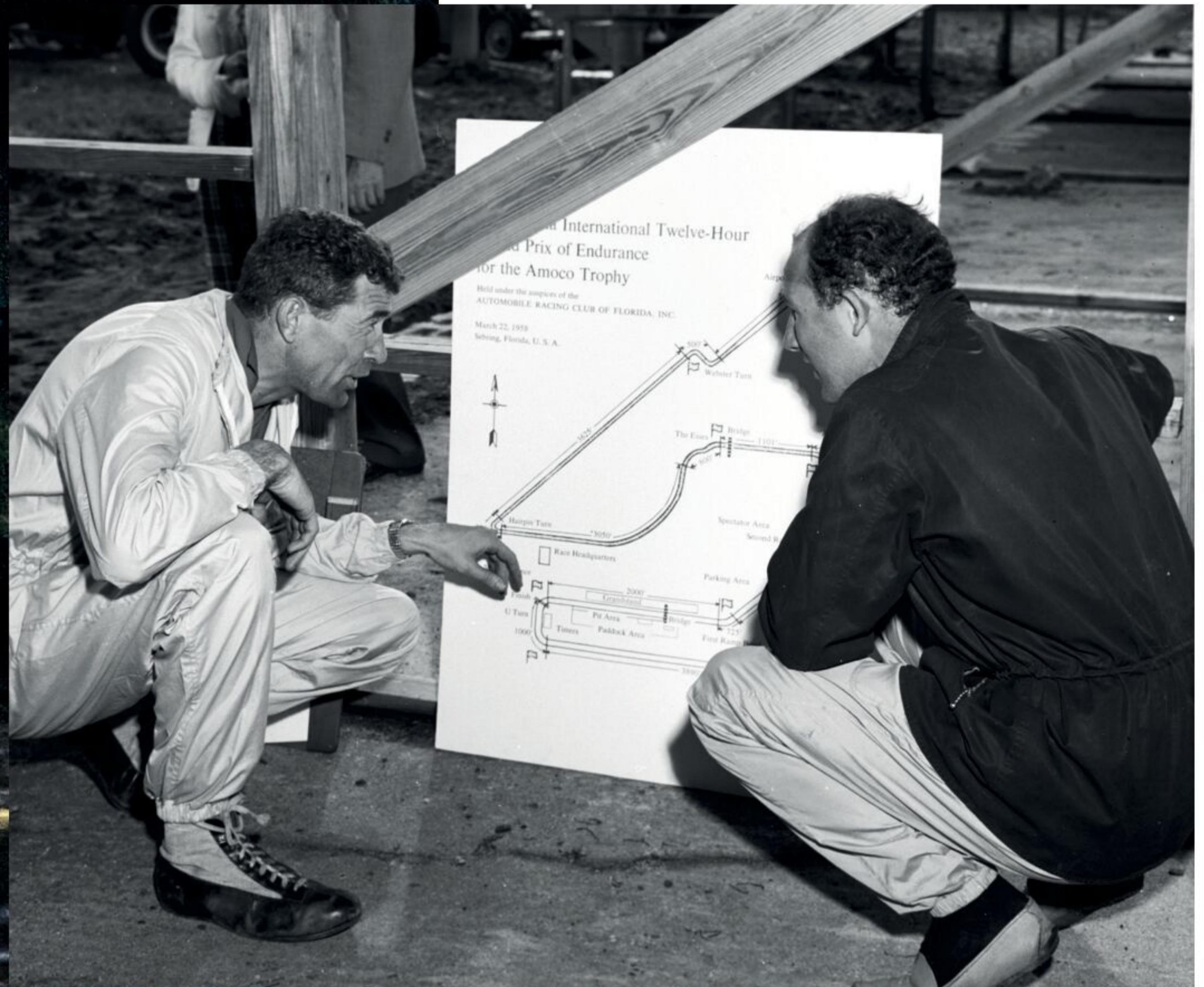


Above: Moss in his works Aston DB3S during the 1956 International Trophy meeting at Silverstone, where he finished second to team-mate Roy Salvadori. Note works mechanic Eric Hind with cigarette on the go...



Moss chats to Jaguar team manager Lofty England during the 1953 Le Mans 24 Hours. He and co-driver Peter Walker finished as runners-up in their C-type, four laps behind team-mates Tony Rolt/Duncan Hamilton (the second of Jaguar's five victories during the decade), but it was a race Moss would never win





Above: Moss chats with Aston Martin stable-mate Carroll Shelby before the 1958 Sebring 12 Hours. Moss would share his DBR1/300 with Tony Brooks and ran well until gearbox failure put them out after 90 laps. Shelby and Roy Salvadori fared even worse, with their transmission letting go after just 62

Left: Moss aboard the Maserati 300S he shared with Harry Schell in the 1957 Sebring 12 Hours. The pair would ultimately finish second to the newer 450S of Juan Manuel Fangio and Jean Behra, both Maseratis doing enough to hold back the leading Jaguar D-type of Mike Hawthorn and Ivor Bueb



Moss in the pits during the British Grand Prix meeting at Silverstone, July 1958. Although he retired his Vanwall from the main event with engine failure, after qualifying on pole, Moss took a works Lister-Jaguar to victory in the supporting International Daily Express Sports Car Race. Back then, it was all in a day's work...

Right: Moss takes a swig after finishing second in the non-championship Supercortemaggiore race at Monza in 1956. He shared the factory-run Maserati 200S with Cesare Perdisa

Below: at the wheel of Rob Walker's Ferrari 250 GT SWB, Moss heads Innes Ireland's Aston Martin DB4 GT during the 1960 RAC Tourist Trophy at Goodwood, when he eventually built such a lead that he was able to switch on the car radio and listen to the race commentary! Moss scored seven RAC TT victories, three at Dundrod and four on the trot at Goodwood between 1958 and 1961





Sweet in Sweden: Moss celebrates after winning the 1959 Kanonloppet ('The Cannon Race') at Karlskoga. Although the field comprised mostly local drivers, Moss faced some tough opposition – not least from that season's world champion Jack Brabham, in a similar Cooper Monaco T49

Moss in his element during the 1958 RAC TT, at the wheel of Aston Martin's factory DBR1. In the first of his four straight Goodwood TT wins, he and Tony Brooks led an Aston 1-2-3 ahead of Roy Salvadori/Jack Brabham and Carroll Shelby/Stuart Lewis-Evans



FROM THE ARCHIVE

Ferrari put out a strong team for the fourth round of the World Sportscar Championship, but as Denis Jenkinson reported, its galaxy of stars could not match the flying Moss

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MOTOR SPORT, JULY 1958

The annual sports car race over 44 laps of the tortuous Nürburgring once again counted for points in the Manufacturers' Championship and there was an excellent entry of possible winners, while there was also a strong list of runners in the various classes, the event being open to sports, Gran Turismo and Special Touring cars. The sports cars were divided into two classes, up to 1500cc and 1501-3000cc, and obviously the winner would come from the larger-capacity group. Aston Martin entered three DBR1/300s of the type that won the race in 1957 and their drivers were Moss/Brabham, Brooks/Lewis-Evans and Salvadori/Shelby, while Ferrari entered four 12-cylinder cars with drivers Hawthorn/Collins, Musso/Hill, Seidel/Munaron and von Trips/Gendebien. Jaguar was represented by Ecurie Ecosse with three D-types fitted with 3-litre engines driven by Gregory/Flockhart, Fairman/Lawrence, Bueb/Sanderson and the winner could be chosen from these 10 cars. For other positions, even as high as second place, the 1500cc sports cars could not be overlooked and for once Porsche was not having things all its own way, for the three RSK cars were to be hotly opposed by three factory Borgwards.

Practice went on continually all day Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday morning, and lap times counted for the line-up on race day, a Le Mans-type run-and-jump start being



Sterling Stirling: Moss is all smiles after taking the third of four-straight Nürburgring 1000Kms victories, three of those with Aston Martin

used. Unfortunately, timekeeping at the Nürburgring is vague in the extreme and the published times bore no relation to fact. For example, the first day's official bulletin gave Car No4, the Collins/Hawthorn Ferrari, 10min 15.3sec, as the fastest time recorded; admittedly Car No4 did do that time and it was a Ferrari, but neither Collins nor Hawthorn arrived until long after practice was finished that day. Their car was being used by the other team members, and this shuffling about went on throughout practice with no record being kept of who did what time, each lap going to the car, irrespective of the driver. As a result, the third car in the line-up on Sunday was Ferrari No6, driven by Seidel and Munaron, with a time of 9min 45.8sec, whereas in actual fact they were both struggling hard to get below 10min 30sec. This nonsense happens every year at the 1000Kms but nothing is ever done about it, which makes one wonder whether the race as a whole can be taken seriously. And, in addition, there were some lamentably slow GT Ferraris running, and two family saloons, a Peugeot 403 and a Volvo 444, all mixed up with grand prix drivers in thinly disguised GP cars with 3-litre engines.

After its second place in the Targa Florio, Porsche was obviously out for a repeat performance on the Nürburgring, its home ground, and on Thursday it had three RSK cars out and an old hack RS. The third new car was identical to the others with the exception of having no tail fins, making it look very short and stumpy, like a Manx cat. During the first day's practice Scarlatti went off the road in one of the earlier RSKs and demolished it completely, being very lucky to escape with only minor injuries. This meant a reshuffling of cars and drivers in the Porsche team in conjunction with some private owners of RS models. Behra/Barth were in the lead car. Schell/Frère in the second RSK and Frankenberg/de Beaufort in the old hack RS fitted with the engine from the crashed RSK. As de Beaufort had entered his own RS he agreed to let this be raced by the American Arthur Bunker and Schiller, a Swiss driver.

In strong opposition to the Porsches were three factory Borgwards, these new cars having four-cylinder engines with twin overhead camshafts, four valves per cylinder and Bosch fuel injection. The injector pump was driven off the rear of the inlet camshaft and controlled hydraulically from the single large butterfly throttle mounted at the front of the inlet tract, as on the GP Mercedes-Benz. On the rear of the exhaust camshaft was a distributor supplying sparks to eight plugs. The chassis was fairly conventional, consisting of large-





diameter bottom tubes and a smaller-tube superstructure, while the front suspension of wishbones, coil springs and anti-roll bar was made from production Isabella parts. A four-speed gearbox was mounted on the rear of the engine and the differential unit was mounted on the rear of the chassis, rear suspension being of de Dion layout with vertical coil springs, the cross tube being located by a vast A-bracket running from above each hub to a centre point and with short radius arms to each side of the chassis from below the hubs. One interesting feature was beautifully finned telescopic rear shock absorbers, very similar to those that Mercedes-Benz used to use. The two-seater bodies of the Borgwards were simple and devoid of frills, while the cockpits were completely free of pipes, tubes, tanks, batteries and so on, which seem to clutter up most racing/sports cars. The drivers for these cars from Bremen were Herrmann/ Bonnier, Schulze/Jüttner and Cabianca/Mahle, the lesser-known drivers having served their apprenticeship on the Nürburgring. Schulze made some remarkable times with Porsche Carreras two years ago, Mahle created a fine impression last year with his driving of a Giulietta Sprint Veloce and Jüttner is a works test driver. While Behra

made fastest practice lap for Porsche, Herrmann did the same for Borgward and the difference was only 1.6sec, the Porsche time being the remarkable one of 9min 57.0sec.

The Aston Martin team had a DB2/4 coupé and a clapped-out 3.7-litre DBR2/370 for their drivers to use for practice, the number of laps done on the DBR1/300s being kept to an absolute minimum, which made it rather hard for the new members of the team. Moss and Brooks were going very fast, as did Hawthorn and Collins on Saturday morning, the former making fastest lap of all in 9min 43.1sec. Since last year a certain amount of resurfacing had been done and the circuit was certainly a few seconds faster, but there was no doubt that the 3-litre cars were proving much more manageable than the 4.1-litres of last year, and the better Ferrari drivers were making full use of all the available power, even if the roadholding was a bit old-fashioned. The Jaguars were truly hopeless, leaping and bouncing from corner to corner, and were nowhere near the times of the Ferraris and

The crowd enjoys close, unrestricted views of Moss' trademark elegance at the wheel. The DBR1's victory would not have been possible without Jack Brabham's input, but his lack of familiarity with the car meant his was very much a supporting role. The rules limited Moss's stints at the wheel to a three-hour maximum



Twinkle toes: always swift on his feet, Moss was able to make the most of both a Le Mans-style running start and pole position to beat rivals away as the race began. Team-mate Tony Brooks was also quick off the mark in his DBR1, number 2, getting the jump on the Ferraris of Hawthorn/Collins and Seidel/Munaron

Aston Martins, nor were they as quick as the Porsches and Borgwards, so that before the race started they could be discounted as potential winners. It was not for lack of drivers, for Gregory was doing terrific things and lapping faster than any works Jaguar has gone around the Nürburgring, and there was no lack of power from the Wilkinson-tuned engines, but as a chassis the D-type really is out of date and it is time Jaguar Cars Ltd looked to its diminishing prestige. Among the private owners, the Austrian Kötchert had a brand new 3-litre V12 Testa Rossa Ferrari, of production type with the gearbox attached to the engine, and the German driver Bauer did a lap in 10min exactly in this car, which was very good going. Similar cars were being driven by the Belgians Mairesse/de Changy and the Finnish drivers Lincoln/Hietarinta, while Carlsson/Bremer had an old four-cylinder Monza Ferrari that looked as out of place as a 3-litre Bentley would have done. The two Whiteheads had their ex-works DB3S, and to complete the list of over 1500cc cars there was a Porsche Carrera with a special 1600cc engine in the hands of factory driver Linge and ex-DKW motorcycle rider Winkler.

In the small sports class, in addition to the Porsches and Borgwards, there were a new 1500cc Osca and a motley

collection of privately owned Lotus cars that spent most of the time in the workshops being sorted out. Frost had a brand-new Lotus XV with horizontal twin-cam Climax engine, and while it went it was very fast, but being so new it needed re-assembling every now and then, as did the Berchem Lotus XV. It is one thing to build cars for sale quickly and another thing to put them together properly: it would be a pity if Lotus goes the same way as Kieft did some years ago, through lack of good detail workmanship. Frost had Hicks as co-driver, so the latter lent his Lotus XI to Blunter/Power, and as Jon Fast had no co-driver for his Osca he took Campbell-Jones, whose Mark XI was then lent to Horridge/Monaco (both of whom turned up on the off-chance of a drive). Piper was sharing his Mark XI with Keith Greene, Latchford/Hall teamed up in the old Halseylec, resplendent in a new coat of green paint, while Fowell/Godfrey had an early swing-axle Lotus-Climax and two German drivers completed the list with a Porsche Speedster with Carrera GT engine.

The big Gran Turismo class had only four Ferrari 250 GT entries, while the 1600cc class was full of Porsche Carreras and the little class full of Alfa Romeo Giuliettas, and the only thing to say about them was that even the well-driven ones got in the way of the fast cars, and those that were badly driven should not have been permitted to start. It really is time a rule was made for GT cars in such a race - that they

only start if they can lap faster than the class below them. If a 250 GT Ferrari cannot lap faster than a Giulietta then the driver and/or the car are not qualified to be taking part in a world championship event, while the admission of the Peugeot and the Volvo was nothing short of criminal.

By 9am on Sunday morning, 54 cars lined up in echelon in front of the pits and the drivers were on the opposite side of the road. With the cars arranged in practice-time order, scrutiny of the line from top to bottom was both interesting and infuriating. Seidel in third place was an absurdity, while Behra in sixth with a Porsche was remarkable, as was Herrmann in eighth with the Borgward. Gregory was in a brave 13th place with the first Jaguar, the next being Bueb in 18th. Blumer was in an excellent 21st position with the 1100cc Lotus, ahead of Strahle, who is no mean conductor of a Porsche Carrera. The Finnish Testa Rossa Ferrari should have been embarrassed to be seen in 23rd position, while 25th was Wüsthoff in a Speedster Carrera, second in his group on his first visit to the Nürburgring. The quickest Giulietta was in 36th position, and down towards the end of the line there was actually a Ferrari 250 GT that was slower than the Peugeot 403 and another that only just beat it, of which one need say no more.

After the usual scramble to get in the cars it was Moss who shot off into the lead, hotly pursued by Brooks, Schell, Behra, Hawthorn and Salvadori, and then followed a jostling mass of cars of all colours, leaving two lonely Lotuses on the starting grid. Horridge eventually got away and finally Hicks took off in Bill Frost's Lotus XV, hiccupping away in third gear, the lower ones not being available. With a clear road in front of him and knowing that Brabham could not hope to maintain a high pace, Moss really gave the Aston Martin all it had got and finished lap one so far ahead of the rest of the field that it did not seem possible that they had all started together. Following came Hawthorn, Brooks, von Trips, Salvadori, Behra, Mairesse, Musso, Schell, Banter, Seidel and Gregory, so the order was Aston Martin, Ferrari, Aston Martin, Ferrari, Aston Martin, Porsche, private Ferrari, Porsche, another private Ferrari, Ferrari and Jaguar, and the battle was on between Feltham and Maranello with Stuttgart holding a watching brief. Borgward was already in trouble for Herrmann was out with a broken de Dion tube and Schulze was only in 16th position. New boy Wüsthoff was leading the Carrera Porsches, much to the chagrin of the regulars, and Kessler in Picard's Ferrari was leading the big Gran Turismo cars and the Swiss driver Stern was heading the Giulietta race.

On the next lap Mairesse had a rear tyre burst and had to stop to fit the spare, while Brooks spun and dropped many places, the exhaust pipes that protrude from under the driver's

door emitting a sheet of flame which scorched the paint. Moss lapped in 9min 47sec way out on his own, and after the field had gone by, with Brooks in 14th, it was noticed that Salvadori was missing, having been delayed by a faulty gear-selector mechanism. Mairesse came in for a new spare wheel, the burst tyre looking like a bundle of hay, and set off in last place with the unenviable task of overtaking all the small cars, for he had been making the Belgian 3-litre Ferrari really motor. With two Aston Martins in trouble, Behra had moved up into fourth place and Gregory was doing terrific things with the D-type Jaguar, lying sixth. Salvadori appeared at the pits to retire, unable to get out of fifth gear, and on lap three Moss set up a new record in 9min 43sec, a time that used to be considered quite something with a grand prix car. The class leaders remained unchanged and already the Peugeot saloon had been lapped, while many of the also-rans were about to be overtaken by Moss. The Borgward team was a bit put out by the failure of its number one car and on lap five Schulze drew into the pits and handed over to Herrmann, who had returned by the public roads. By now Moss had lapped 22 cars, so that his 'traffic' driving, at which he excels, was really worth watching, and he was continually drawing away from Hawthorn, von Trips, Behra, Musso, Gregory, Brooks, von Frankenberg, Seidel, Schell, Bauer and



During the course of the race, Moss set lap times that *Motor Sport* reporter Denis Jenkinson felt would once have been considered "quite something" for a grand prix car

the rest strung out behind him. Amongst the small cars, Blumer was keeping ahead of the first Porsche Carrera and Piper was only just in front of the first Alfa coupé, while Eugene Hall was making the Halseylec go surprisingly quickly, and Hicks was gradually gaining ground after his bad start.

The procession went on, and on lap seven Blumer overturned in the Karussell banked corner, bending the body of the Lotus but not himself, and Cabianca stopped his Borgward at the pits to say all was not as good as it might be. On the next lap Herrmann, in Schulze's Borgward, came in with a seized rear axle and the car was wheeled away on a jack, and on lap nine Cabianca returned once more and Herrmann took over his third Borgward for the day. On the next lap Gregory was lying in seventh position with the Jaguar, leaping and bounding his way round the course, when a Porsche coupé got in his way and he smote the bank with the left side of the car, stopping at the pits at the end of the lap to have the body bent straight and a wheel changed. So meteoric was his pace that all this only cost him two places, von Frankenberg and Seidel being the only two to go by. Having completed 10 laps Moss shot into the Aston Martin pit, leapt out, Brabham leapt in, and the car was back in the race still leading by a huge margin from Hawthorn's Ferrari. Poor Brabham, in his first race with an Aston Martin works car, had an impossible task ahead of him for he had only been allowed three practice laps in the DBR1/300 and the 3.7-litre practice car had been so tired that it taught him little. He now had to learn the circuit and the car while the horde of Ferraris driven by experienced Nürburgring drivers bore down on him. A lesser man would have stopped by the roadside and wept! By the end of the next lap Hawthorn had caught the Aston and, as they passed the pits, the Ferrari went into the lead. Some of the backmarkers stopped for fuel and driver changes, Picard taking over the lead GT Ferrari and Frost having a drive in his new Lotus XV, still with no correct gear for standing starts.

On lap 12 Hawthorn (Ferrari) led from Brabham (Aston Martin), Behra (Porsche), Musso (Ferrari), Brooks (Aston Martin), von Frankenberg (Porsche), Seidel (Ferrari), Gregory (Jaguar), Bauer (Ferrari), Graham Whitehead (Aston Martin) and Bunker (Porsche), all the rest of the cars having been lapped by the leader. The Gran Turismo pace-setters were still Picard, Wüsthoff and Stern, though second-place men in the two smaller groups were only seconds behind the leaders. At the end of lap 13 Hawthorn went by in the lead and Brabham brought the Aston Martin into the pits; the fuel tank was filled, the rear wheels changed and then the front wheels changed and just as von Trips, in third place, went by to take



second place, Moss roared back into the race, spinning his wheels furiously to scrub the new rear tyres on the rough concrete apron in front of the pits. Seidel came in for fuel and to hand over to Munaron and Brooks was about

to pass Musso to take fifth place behind Behra in the RSK Porsche, which was going at a remarkable speed, his best lap being in 9min 54sec, which would have been good in a 3-litre car let alone a 1500. Moss soon repassed von Trips and was now after Hawthorn, and at the end of lap 13 Hawthorn was very overdue, eventually to appear and head slowly for the pits, his nearside rear tyre in ribbons, Mr Englebert having once more let the Scuderia Ferrari down. The car was refuelled, had new rear tyres fitted and Collins took over, but not before Moss and von Trips had gone by. Behra stopped for fuel amid loud applause and Barth took over, and Schell handed over to Frère, while the Whiteheads changed over and Campbell-Jones took over from Fast on the very reliable and sturdy little Osca 1500. Mairesse handed the Belgian Ferrari over to de Changy, having pulled it up from 51st place to 29th, and many of the smaller cars made routine stops. On lap 15 Brooks came in for fuel, a change of all four wheels, and Lewis-Evans set off, while Musso took on fuel and changed rear wheels only, and Phil Hill took over the driving. The Behra/Barth Porsche had dropped from fourth to sixth due to its stop, but now went back into fourth place while the others made their stops. In the Gran Turismo category Wüsthoff had lost the lead to Strahle in a Carrera GT, but Stern was still leading the Giuliettas, hotly pursued by Foitek, and Picard was safely leading the GT Ferraris, even though he had been overtaken by the two leading Porsche Carreras.

On lap 16 von Trips came in to hand over to Gendebien and already Collins had gone by into second place, but Moss, in the lead, was drawing right away, completely unchallenged.

The Moss/Brabham DBR1 was the only works Aston to last the distance. The Brooks/Lewis-Evans car was tripped by a stray backmarker and Salvadori/Shelby suffered gearbox woes




Moss takes fluid on board at the end of his concluding stint, while Brabham looks a touch fresher. Even though the most powerful cars had finished, those leading the smaller-capacity classes were obliged to carry on until they had completed the full 44 laps...

With the No7 Ferrari making its first pit stop, Barth now took the Porsche into third place, but not for long, for he stopped at the pits at the end of lap 18 with the engine making a horrid noise, something in the valve gear having broken. Lewis-Evans was feeling sick and could not keep up with Hill, who had taken fifth place from him, but the Ferrari was in trouble on the 18th lap, when a rear tyre burst on leaving the Karussell. Hill continued to the top of Hohe Acht on the ruined tyre and then stopped and fitted the spare, which was a small front one. He came into the pits very much overdue and having dropped to ninth place, so that with the leading Porsche retirement the order was now: Moss/Brabham (Aston Martin), Hawthorn/Collins (Ferrari), von Trips/Gendebien (Ferrari), Brooks/Lewis-Evans (Aston Martin) and von Frankenberg/de Beaufort (Porsche), only these five still being on the same lap. Flockhart (Jaguar) was next, way ahead of his team-mates and leading the Seidel/Munaron works Ferrari as well as Hill, who was trying to make up time

after his tyre trouble; then came Frère, having taken over from Schell, with the second RSK Porsche and the Whitehead Aston Martin, running very regularly, as was the Bunker/Schiller Porsche RS. Herrmann was still going in the last remaining Borgward, but was nowhere in the running and had been into the pits to have the steering checked.

Things settled down as half-distance approached, and at the end of lap 22 Moss had a 2min 15sec lead over Collins, 5min 35sec over Gendebien and 6min 39sec over Lewis-Evans, these four being the only ones on the same lap. It was clear that the luckless Brabham would have to take another spell in the leading car, for a three-hour time limit without a break was in the regulations, so obviously Moss was building up as big a lead as possible, for Brabham could not be expected to equal the times of Hawthorn or Collins in the following Ferrari. With more than a lap lead in his class, Picard had gone off the road and bent the front of his Ferrari, and the two Porsche Carreras of Strahle/Walter and Wüsthoff/Wilbourne, the two Americans, were still only seconds apart, while the Stern/Vogel Giulietta was now well ahead of its class-mates. At last



Herrmann let someone else drive a Borgward and Bonnier took over from him, but not for long as the steering became deranged and the car had to be withdrawn. At the end of lap 24 Moss drew into the pits, there was a lightning change of drivers, and Brabham was off again, with little chance of losing the lead thanks to the terrific driving of Moss. Of the lesser private owners, Fast and Campbell-Jones were keeping the Osca well placed and Piper and Green were doing all right with the Lotus XI. The Belgian Ferrari retired with a broken rear axle, and on lap 27 Frère spun the works Porsche and dented the nose, but continued; on this lap all three Jaguars refuelled, changed wheels and drivers, and 'Wilkie' and his merry Scots had a busy time. At the end of lap 28 Lewis-Evans made a routine stop and Brooks resumed driving again, still in fourth place, and at the end of the next lap Brabham brought in the other Aston Martin. Collins had not been able to catch Brabham but he was not far behind, and there then occurred one of those tense pit-stop scenes that we used to see in grand prix racing a few years ago. The leading Aston was being refuelled and the rear wheels were being changed, and Moss was preparing to take over, when the second-place Ferrari arrived in the pits. The Aston Martin and Ferrari pits were adjacent, so that Collins drew up behind the leading Aston Martin, and as the Ferrari needed fuel and the front wheels changing all the mechanics had to work at top speed and make no mistakes, for at this point the leading and second-place car were separated by the length of one pit, after 29 laps of the Nürburgring, or 460 kilometres of racing. Nobody fumbled and Moss was able to set off still in the lead, with Hawthorn in the Ferrari now only a few seconds behind, but for a moment the outcome of the race hung in the balance in the hands of the mechanics of the two teams.

Barring accidents, it was now all over, for Moss had shown earlier in the race that the Aston Martin had the legs of the Ferrari, even with Hawthorn at the wheel; all he had to do was to draw away into a steady lead. However, there were still 15 laps to go, and as one lap of the Nürburgring represents the average English racer's whole season of racing, anything could happen. After this little drama among the leaders, Gregory in the leading Jaguar had a private accident when his left-front brake seized solid going into the north turn and he subsided onto the grass. The damage he caused earlier in the race when he hit the bank had ruined the brake cooling scoop on that side and it had overheated. This was an unfortunate end to a Homeric drive, for he had just done a lap in under 10min, an apparent impossibility with a D-type. The rest of the Ferrari team refuelled and changed drivers, as did the works Porsches, and at 30 laps the order was Moss/Brabham, Hawthorn/Collins, von Trips/Gendebien, Brooks/Lewis-Evans, Musso/Hill, von Frankenberg/de Beaufort, Schell/ Frère, Seidel/Munaron, the Whiteheads, Bunker/Schiller, Bueb/Sanderson, Bauer/Köchert, Fairman/Lawrence, Lincoln/Hietarinta and Fast/Campbell-Jones. The battle in the 1600cc GT class had stopped when the Wüsthoff/Wilbourne Porsche had a rear wheel break off, dropping them to fifth

place in the class while they fitted the spare, and the lead in the Giulietta group remained unchanged. However, there was still a long way to go, though no more pit stops or driver changes were scheduled, but there was plenty of time for mistakes to be made or engines to blow-up.

On lap 34 Hawthorn made a slight excursion into the undergrowth and, though it did not lose him his second place, all hope of catching Moss was now gone and the leading Aston Martin could now ease up for the first time since the start.

On this same lap the American driver Bunker, who was making his first European appearance, flew off the road, demolished de Beaufort's Porsche he had borrowed and injured himself. Further back in the field the Piper/Green Lotus was touring round with a broken rear hub bearing casting, and was also delayed at one pit stop by the cable falling off the starter motor.

The Frost/Hicks Lotus XV had not lasted long for a rear radius-arm had broken, so it looks as though Chapman will have to do some redesigning if he is to beat Porsche anywhere but at Le Mans. At the end of lap 36 Moss was about to lap Brooks and Hawthorn was about to lap Musso, which was something to speculate on as far as both teams were concerned. Then Bueb came into the pits with very erratic roadholding, and another Jaguar went out, part of the front suspension having come adrift. Schell was about to pull into the pits to complain that fuel was still leaking into the cockpit when it was realised that the Whitehead Aston Martin was about to take eighth place from the Porsche, so Schell was waved on frantically.

Now the leader's race was really over and, lapping beautifully consistently, Moss brought the DBR1/300 Aston Martin over the line to win the Nürburgring 1000Kms for the second year running for the Feltham team. Two wins with the same car and different teams of drivers must surely indicate that the Aston Martin is a first-class car. The Ferraris of Hawthorn/Collins and von Trips/Gendebien finished on the same lap, and Brooks was in fourth place on his penultimate lap when a slow car moved across the road in front of him and forced him into the ditch, where he came to rest unhurt but out of the race, and for once in his life very furious, but with every good reason.

The regulations said that the leader in each class had to complete 44 laps, which was the full race distance, so as the big cars were flagged off after Moss had crossed the line, the 1500cc cars had to continue, the leading Porsche of von Frankenberg/de Beaufort and Barth, who had taken a spell at the wheel, still had three more laps to cover, while the GTs were as many as five laps in arrears.

This arrangement caused Bauer in Köchert's Testa Rossa Ferrari to think he had not finished, for Schell was just in front of him, and while doing an unnecessary extra lap he went off the road while trying to get past the Porsche and died from his injuries, ending the race on a sad note.

CHAPTER FOUR

Rallying & Speed Records

ANYTHING, ANYWHERE: THE GREAT ALL-ROUNDER





The 1952 Alpine Rally was in July, when most racing drivers were busy but Moss had a few days clear in his diary before the British Grand Prix, and, with a fee of £50, drove this Sunbeam. Moss duly won a Coupe des Alpes for finishing 'clean' – as he would the following two years

From Alpine rallies to salt-flat speed records, Moss turned his hand to a dizzying array of side projects and in doing so became motor racing's greatest all-rounder

Before Moss was understandably drawn in the second half of his career to the winter sun of the Southern Hemisphere - racing in Australia, New Zealand and South Africa - 'anything, anywhere' meant tackling European rallies, plugging Derbyshire mud or pounding a French speed bowl in search of another mind-bending record, such as, say, averaging more than 100mph for a week: a true test of Moss' 'movement is tranquillity' mantra.

Check out his 1952 itinerary. For a flat fee of £50 from the Rootes Group, he finished second in January's snowbound Monte Carlo Rally, missing out on victory by four seconds at the wheel of a three-up Sunbeam-Talbot 90 saloon; he was co-driven by BRDC secretary Desmond Scannell and John A Cooper of *Autocar*. On his return, Moss contested a trial in a Ford-engined special supplied by ex-racer Cuth Harrison. Then he contested the Lyon-Charbonnières Rally in his own Jaguar XK120 coupé, co-driven by *Autosport* editor Gregor Grant and finishing second in class. In July, he won his class in the Alpine with a penalty-free run in a Sunbeam navigated by John Cutts. He rounded off this manifold campaign with the aforementioned week-long blat around Montlhéry - in an XK120 coupé shared with Leslie Johnson, Jack Fairman and Bert Hadley - and by driving a Humber Super Snipe through 15 European countries in just four days by way of a publicity stunt. On the latter occasion he was joined again by Johnson, a glutton for punishment clearly, Cutts and mechanic David Humphrey.

The more clement Montes of 1953 and 1954 provided neither the same thrill nor result of his first - Moss finished sixth and 15th in Sunbeams - but the 1954 Alpine Rally more than made up for it, with snow in summer. Moss was endeavouring to become only the second recipient of a Coupe des Alpes en Or, awarded for three consecutive unpenalised runs. He drove so hard at one point that he burst into tears at the conclusion of his exertion. Once again he had left nothing on the table. And that perhaps explains what happened at the finish.

Word had got out that the transmission of his Sunbeam-Talbot Alpine convertible - keeping the crew warm had been a genuine problem - was not functioning as it ought, for which

penalties would be accrued. With a scrutineer alongside, Moss did something that he had never done before nor would again: cheated. By making a great show of waggling the column-mounted change while surreptitiously flicking the overdrive switch he was able to conceal the fact that bottom and top gears had gone AWOL. *Félicitations*, Monsieur Moss! He reckoned that he had bloody well earned it, too.

Increasing racing opportunities began to impinge on such 'sidelines' thereafter - and the lucrative Tours de France Auto of September 1956 and 1957 contained more of a circuit element to them in any case; Moss finishing second and fourth, his Mercedes-Benz 300SL Gullwing outpaced by the latest GT Ferraris. He did, however, agree to gun a (more) streamlined Lotus XI around Monza's jarring bankings - it broke, unsurprisingly - and to guide MG's 'Roaring Raindrop' EX181 at Bonneville in Utah. Although he was successful in setting several capacity class world records on the famously disorientating salt flats - including 245.64mph for the flying kilo (despite losing third gear) - he did not enjoy the experience. Lying flat on his back in this flying saucer-on-wheels while mechanics fastened down its bubble canopy was too emblematic for his liking. Yet two years later he found himself back at Bonneville with the same car - and slightly at a loss as to why exactly. He was not sorry to have to leave the task to Phil Hill after bad weather ruled out his attempt. His true calling was calling - he had to return to contest the Oulton Park Gold Cup (which he won in a Cooper) - and in truth there was no longer any need for him to leave his comfort zone so far behind in order to access all the competition and diversity that he could wish for or handle.

Moss, more than any other driver, had created this new motor sport world. He was at the peak of his powers and able to call the shots, though perversely often he placed himself at a disadvantage. This top dog was happier being the underdog. That 'luxury' might have changed given that he had divined the threat posed by Jim Clark in the works Lotus - but we will never know how his deal with Ferrari might have played out. There is more than plenty here, however, to be sure that Moss was - and remains - the greatest all-rounder.



Autocar's John Cooper, BRDC secretary Desmond Scannell and Moss pose with their Sunbeam Talbot 90 during the 1953 Monte Carlo Rally, in which they finished sixth. The event was won by speed camera pioneer Maurice Gatsonides in a Ford Zephyr

Right: Moss on the 1954 Monte. Commenting on a fairly low-key showing for British cars, *Motor Sport* wrote that the winning Lancia Aurelia was “very potent and some protests were entered on the grounds that an insufficient quantity had been built to comply with the regulations”

Below: more commonly seen in his trademark Herbert Johnson helmet, Moss opted for the alternative of a bobble hat on the Monte. As his career progressed he was able to obtain his competitive fix in warmer winter climes, notably the Bahamas and the Antipodes





Above: in June, Moss would commence his world championship grand prix campaign in a Maserati 250F at Spa, but the pace was slightly gentler in the early part of 1954. On the Monte Carlo Rally he shared a Sunbeam Talbot 90 with Desmond Scannell, finishing 15th overall

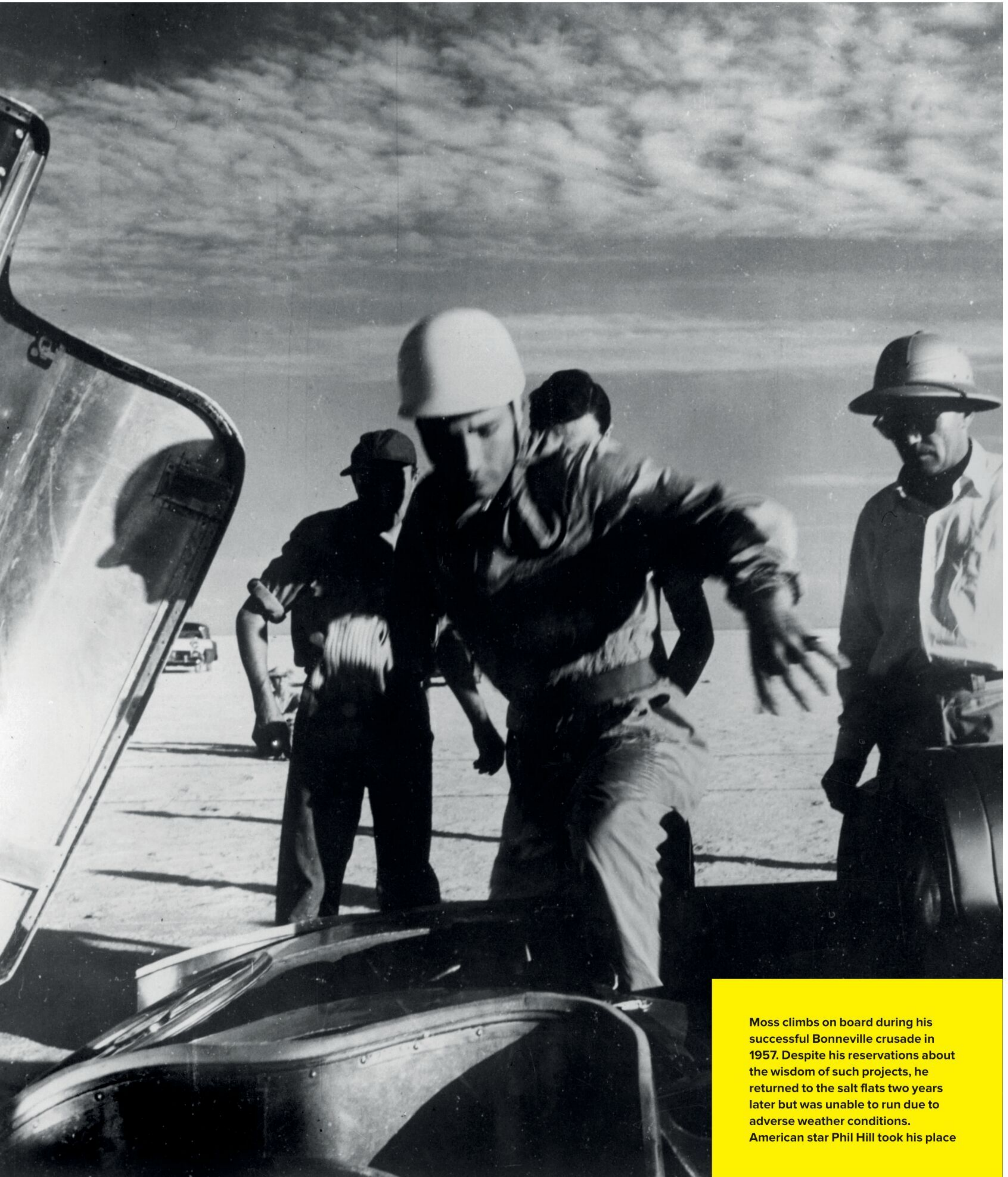
Left: notionally this Jaguar XK120 was Moss' daily transport, loaned to him as part of his deal for driving for the firm in the early '50s. He also competed with it, however, and finished a class-winning 13th in the 1952 *Daily Express* International Rally

RALLYING & SPEED RECORDS

Right: Moss at speed at Bonneville in 1957. He managed 245.64mph in MG's EX181, comfortably quicker than the 203mph Class F record Goldie Gardner had set in the late 1930s

Below: he's managing half a smile, but the claustrophobic confines of a land-speed record challenger were not really Moss' comfort zone, despite what his performances suggested





Moss climbs on board during his successful Bonneville crusade in 1957. Despite his reservations about the wisdom of such projects, he returned to the salt flats two years later but was unable to run due to adverse weather conditions. American star Phil Hill took his place



Moss strikes a contemplative pose. Beneath its teardrop exterior, EX181 featured a supercharged MGA twin-cam engine. Running on a cocktail of methanol, nitrobenzene, acetone and sulphuric ether, it produced 290bhp at 7000rpm



Moss in the world's fastest MG: EX181 was later fitted with a bigger engine and Phil Hill managed a 254.91mph run at Bonneville

FROM THE ARCHIVE

Most everyday hatchbacks are now capable of running all day at 100mph but such numbers were once right at the cutting edge of endurance. That's why much fuss was made about the record run to which Moss contributed at Montlhéry, Paris, in 1952.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MOTOR SPORT, SEPTEMBER 1952

One of the most sensational runs for many years has been set up at Montlhéry by a normal 'hard top' Jaguar XK120. The idea originated in Leslie Johnson's fertile brain, and as co-drivers he took a redoubtable trio – Stirling Moss, Jack Fairman and Bert Hadley.

Anyone who knows Montlhéry's post-war surface will not be surprised to hear that after two days a rear spring broke. As a spare was not on the car no further international records could be attempted, for the rule is that such spares shall be carried on the car. Moreover, some four hours were lost replacing the spring, but the Jaguar contrived to conclude successfully what it had been set to do - it averaged 100.31mph for seven days and nights, covering in that time more than 16,851 miles. After which LWK 707 ran as well as it had at the start. This is a performance which will go down in motor history with Edge's 24-hour run in 1907 and Lambert's first '100 in the hour' of 1913.

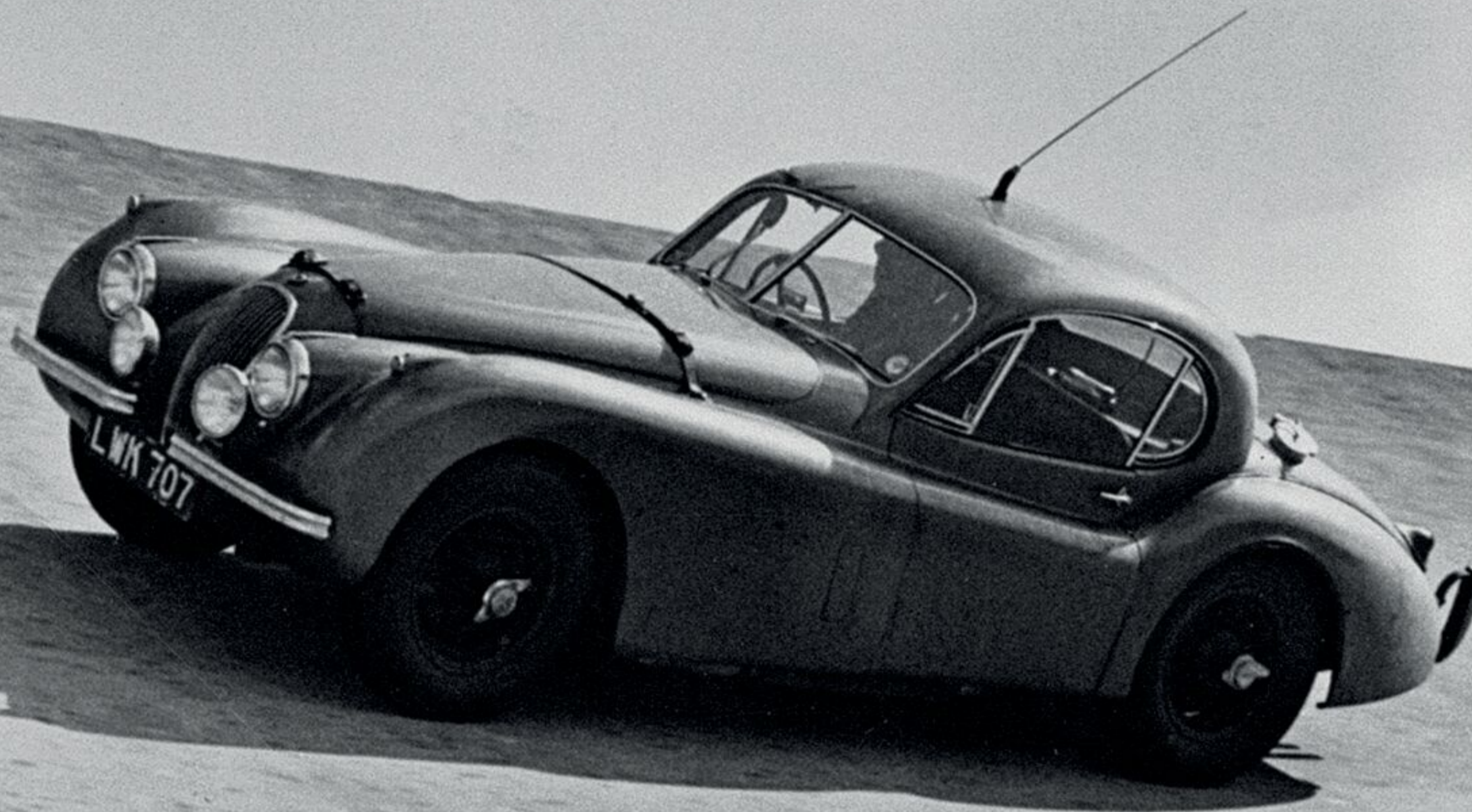
The greatest praise is due to all concerned, and especially to Johnson for sponsoring the attempt, Moss, Fairman and Hadley for so ably backing him up in his monotonous and dangerous bid, to Desmond Scannell, aided by Joan Scannell and 'Mort' Morris-Goodall, for managing the run and to Jaguar Cars for making such an astonishingly fast and durable standard closed carriage. On one occasion Johnson sat nine hours at

the wheel, keeping up the average with the broken spring, refusing to involve his co-drivers in the added risk. The Jaguar ran on reliable Dunlop tyres (fitted by 'Dunlop Mac'), breathed Shell fuel through SU carburettors (watched over by Leslie Kesterton), used Champion plugs, was arrested when required by Ferodo-lined Lockheed brakes, lubricated by Shell X-100 oil, greased by Tecalemit and had the fearful shocks from the track smoothed out by Girling dampers on the Salter springs.

Lucas electrical equipment stood up to all the big demands made of it, the Hardy Spicer propshaft and Salisbury gears gave no trouble, the engine was cooled by a Marston radiator, the drivers sat on Connolly upholstery, held a Bluemel steering wheel, watched Smith's instruments and communicated effectively with the outer world via Pye radio checked over by K Custerton. The Jaguar mechanics Thompson, Sutton and Potter were present to service the car, and chief engineer Heynes adds another very large feather to a hat which is already overlaid with plumage!

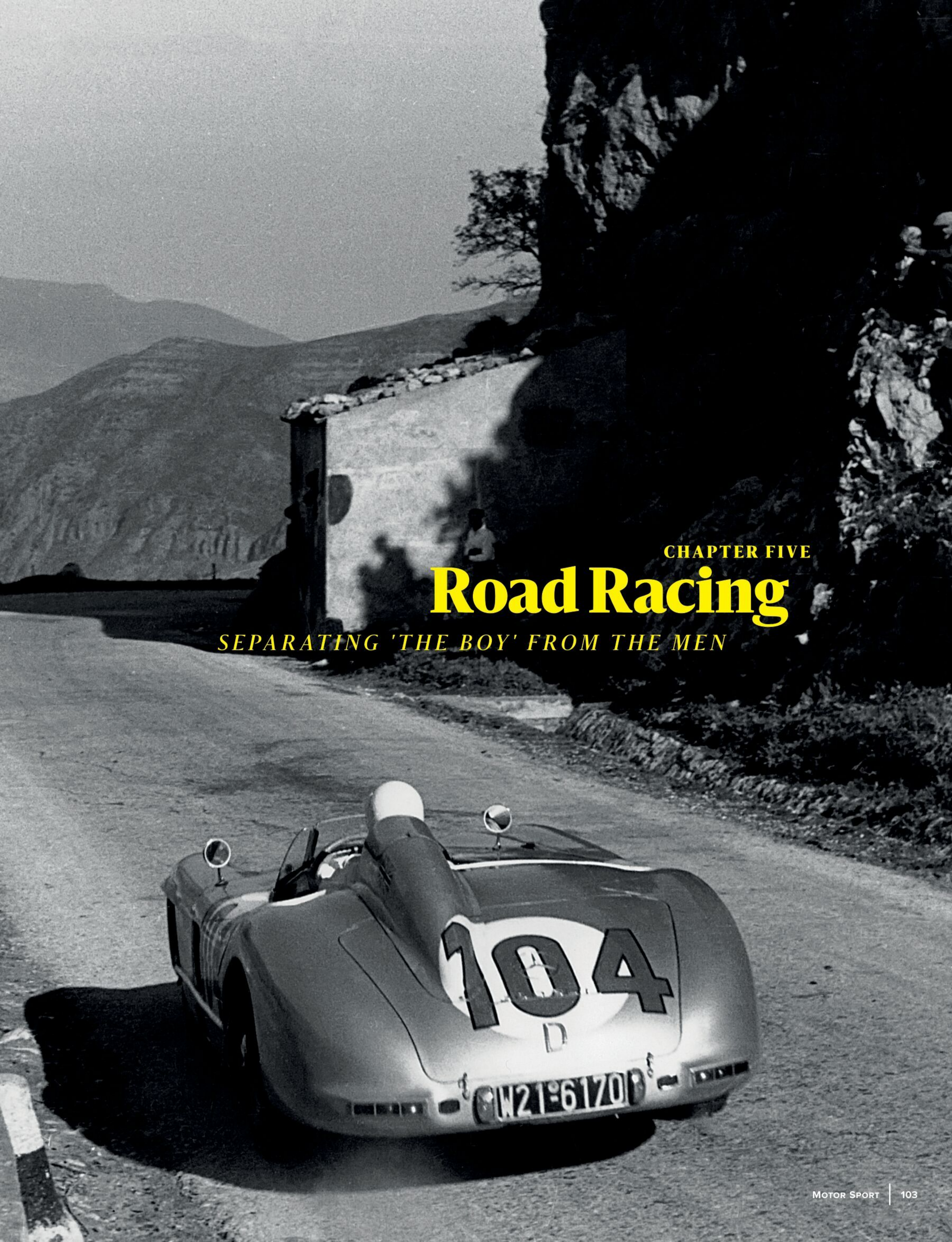
That the Jaguar took the following records lends additional merit: World's and Class C 72 Hours (105.55mph), Class C 10,000 kilo (107.031mph), World's and Class C four-day (101.17mph), World's and Class C 15,000 kilo (101.94mph). The sheer speed of this XK120 on a mere 8 to 1 compression ratio was indicated early in the run, when Moss did a lap at 121.28mph, bumps notwithstanding. Formidable!

Jaguar XK120 LWK 707 pictured at speed on the banked fringe of the Autodrome de Montlhéry, on which work began in 1924 – the year of *Motor Sport's* foundation. Despite its rough surface, Moss managed to lap at 120mph-plus early in the record run



A winning Mille Miglia speed just shy of 100mph tends to define the Moss legend, but also sells him short. In a remarkable 1955 season he pulled off several other notable feats. He and Peter Collins took this 300 SLR to Targa Florio victory, helping Merc to clinch the world title. The Mercedes star warns of a cliff-edge bend which the two Brits labelled 'Back to Britain in a Box'





CHAPTER FIVE

Road Racing

SEPARATING 'THE BOY' FROM THE MEN

On lethal routes over hundreds of miles, road racing was the era's ultimate test of skill and courage. It is no coincidence that it was on these dusty tracks that the Moss legend was truly forged

Motor racing is dangerous still. But it used to be dangerous in the extreme, when its cars and equipment paid little heed to safety, and the majority of its circuits were comprised of public roads, with all the natural and man-made hazards that entailed. Fatal accidents were common yet fell within bounds deemed acceptable by a public emerging from global conflict. It was the price paid for freedom.

And it was central to the thrill that Moss felt. As those less talented hesitated between the claustrophobic earth banks of Ulster's Dundrod, or peered aghast over the vertiginous drops of Sicily's Targa Florio, or stared incredulously down the long and narrow and cambered straights of Pescara - scene of a world championship grand prix, for heaven's sake - he pressed home his superiority. Relentlessly. He did not lack for imagination - although it took some badgering/blackmailing by his father for him to don a 'sissy' crash helmet (of layered linen strips soaked in resin and lined with cork) - and certainly he suffered the pain of broken bones that went with the pleasure. But this was where, when and how 'The Boy' separated himself most obviously from the men.

And that was before it rained - surefooted Moss is a strong contender for being the all time greatest in the wet - and before mention is made of the Mille Miglia. His 1955 victory in this 1000-mile tear-up of Italy is perhaps the most famous in all of racing. Guided by *Motor Sport's* stoic continental correspondent Denis Jenkinson and his 'bog roll' of route/pace notes, Moss averaged 99mph for more than 10 hours. He brushed a hay bale or three, launched over a fifth-gear brow of underestimated severity, and escaped from a ditch on the Radicofani Pass, but pressed on unabatedly - as brilliant 25-year-olds tend to - because at no stage did he feel sure of victory. He won by more than 30 minutes. Runner-up Fangio was delayed by fuel injection bothers, but it had been highly unlikely that he was going to beat his younger (by almost 18 years) team-mate that day; he knew it, even if Moss didn't. The Argentinian, a hardened veteran of his continent's crazy

cross-country enduros, was beginning to parcel out his performances: he did not enjoy the Mille Miglia; he had not prepared as thoroughly as had Moss; and he was, if necessary, willing to concede to the fit-as-a-flea Englishman in two-seaters as long as their status in Formula 1 remained unchanged.

This keynote season would feature Moss also winning the RAC Tourist Trophy at Dundrod - after a high-speed blow-out had ripped off the right-rear bodywork - and the Targa Florio - after plunging over a drop that he had never paused to peer over: the 300SLR was teak-tough and he took full advantage of that. Mercedes in turn benefited to the tune of a world title.

Moss just had the long-distance knack: the balance, the concentration, the stamina. Even so, it took him days to recover from his victorious effort for Aston Martin against Ferrari in the 1958 Nürburgring 1000Kms. He left nothing on the table. When first he climbed aboard a hairy-chested sportscar after three seasons spent mainly tackling sprint races and short hillclimbs aboard spindly single-seaters, he did so at the kindly but knowing behest of a family friend, after Britain's myriad manufacturers had politely but firmly turned him down: *Boy Dies in Man's Car* was a headline that they could do without, thanks. The first day of practice for the 1950 RAC TT, a three-hour race at Dundrod, was indeed an eye-opener for Moss: Tommy Wisdom's Jaguar XK120 was not only powerful but also relatively heavy and somewhat disinclined to stop. Come race day, however, he would be leading by the second lap and was never headed thereafter, winning on the road as well as on handicap, his driving as calm as the weather was wild. That evening, a few hours before his 21st birthday, he was invited to join the works Jaguar squad for 1951.

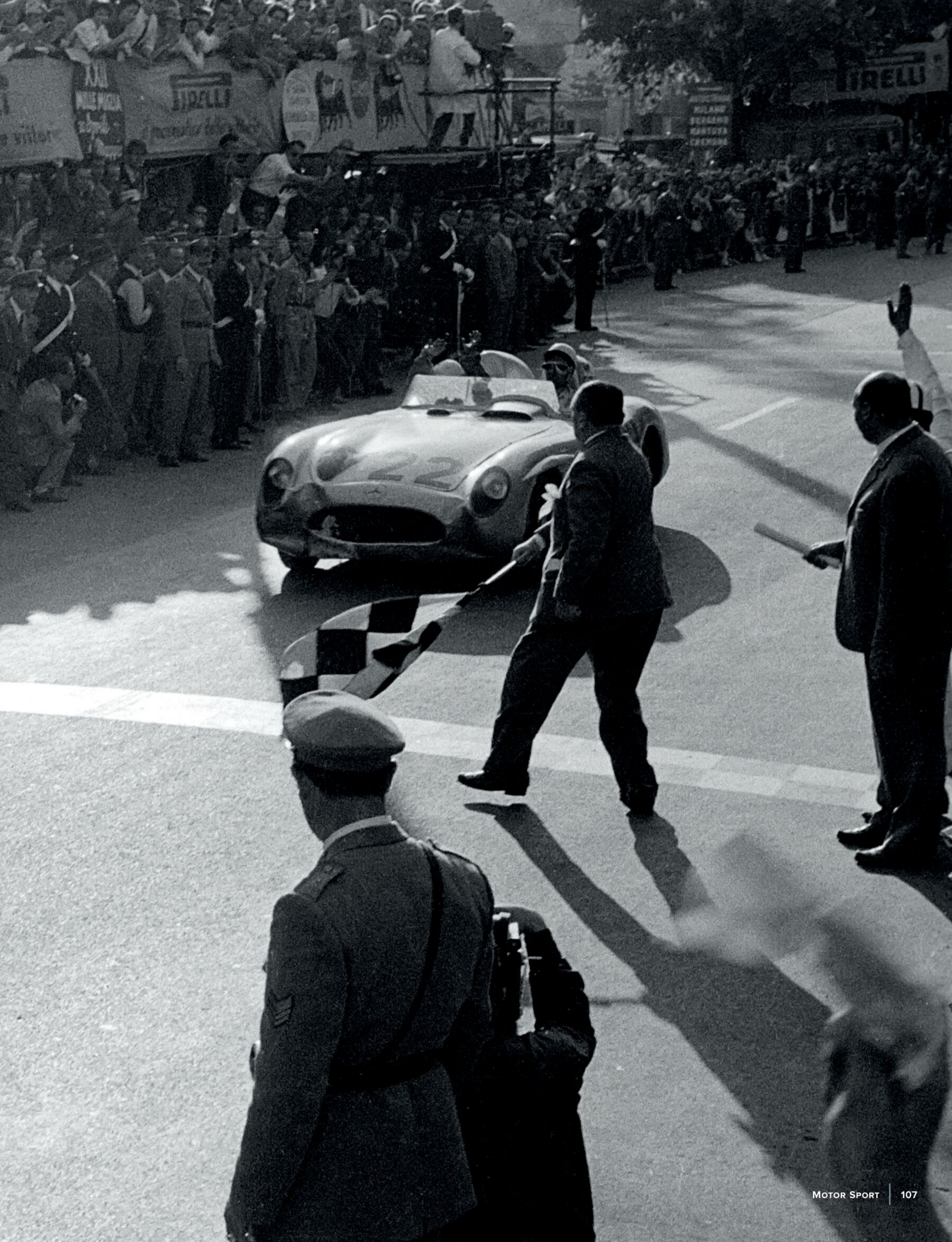
Thus it was a sportscar in a road race that kicked-started his professional journey, and though Moss could and would drive (pretty much) anything, (pretty much) anywhere, this combination remained a powerful motif throughout and beyond his career. For these are the victories - those achieved on truly hazardous circuits, in cars plainly unsafe by today's much narrower bounds - that continue to mark him out as unbelievably special, were they not true.



The grit and grime underline that Moss had put in quite a shift over the previous 10 hours, but he still managed to conjure a fresh-looking smile at the conclusion of the 1955 Mille Miglia, one of his – and motor racing's – greatest performances



All roads lead to Rome... and back. After 10h 07min 48sec, Moss and *Motor Sport's* Denis Jenkinson return to Brescia to complete the 1955 Mille Miglia. Uncertain that his victory was secure, Moss never once let up; he finished more than half an hour clear of team-mate Juan Manuel Fangio. One of Moss' finest moments also inspired one of the greatest pieces of sporting reportage, hand-written subsequently by 'Jenks'





Right: colour photography has been around since the late 19th century, but was still quite rare at motor racing events in the 1950s. Paris-born Yves Debraine captured a relaxed Moss at the wheel of a slightly battle-worn 300 SLR on the Mille Miglia's Futa Pass

Below: just another 10h 07min 46sec to go. As Jenks' note on the print mentions, right from the start they were swiftly travelling at speeds that would nowadays be thought wholly incompatible with the surroundings

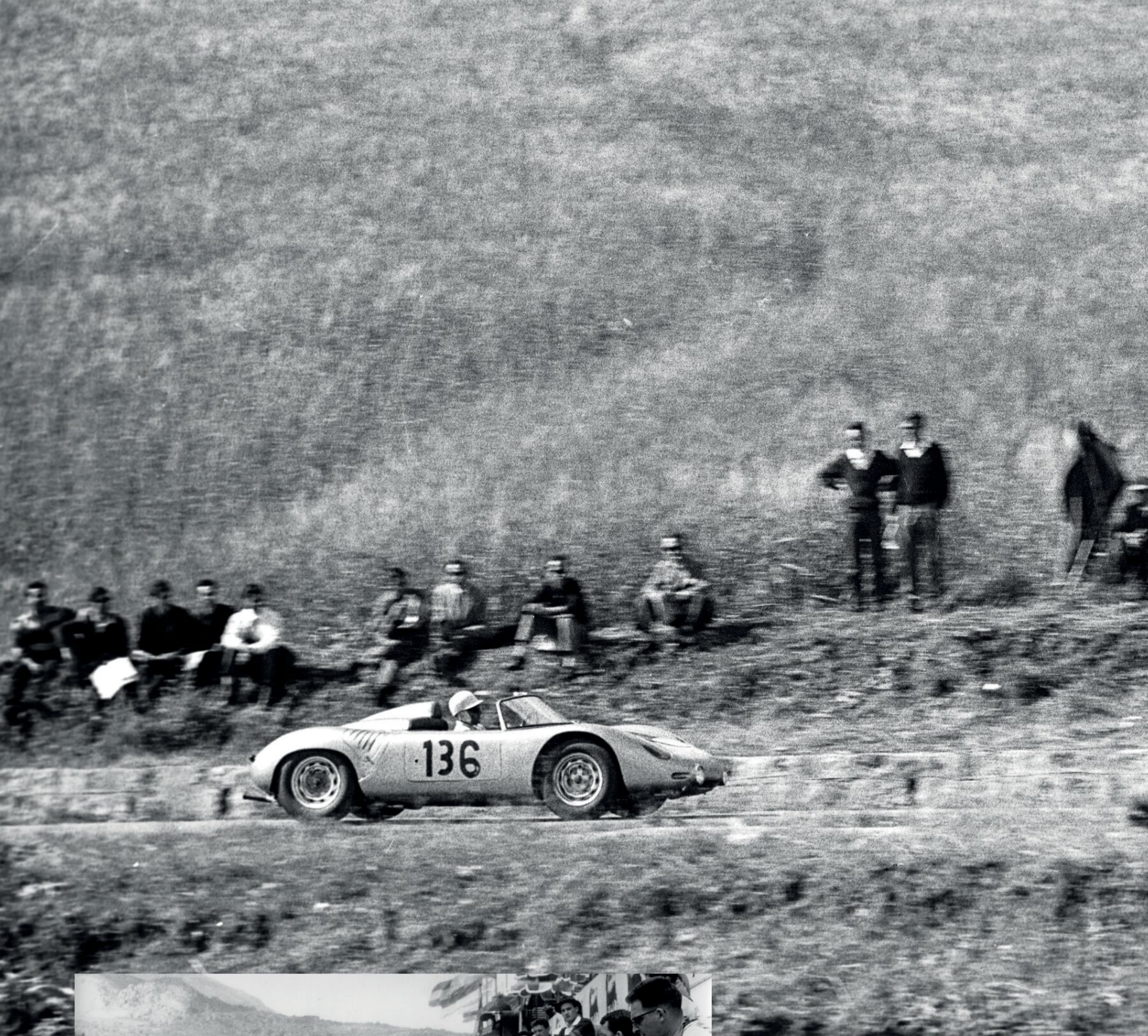


7.22am + 2 seconds. We were doing 150mph at the end of this photo



Above: a stain-scarred Moss takes in his latest RAC TT victory, at Dundrod in 1955, as co-driver John Fitch looks on. Despite losing time when a tyre failed and damaged their Mercedes 300 SLR's bodywork, the Anglo-American duo recovered to win by more than a lap from team-mates Juan Manuel Fangio/Karl Kling and Wolfgang von Trips/André Simon

Left: Moss in the pits at Dundrod, where he recorded three of his RAC TT victories. The first of those, in 1950, came at the wheel of a Jaguar XK120... and victory led to the offer of a works contract with the Coventry firm the following season. He returned 12 months later to win the race again, beating team-mate and fellow C-type driver Peter Walker. This is from 1955



Above: Moss' Porsche RS61 on the 1961 Targa Florio. Describing the 72km lap, *Motor Sport's* Denis Jenkinson wrote: "Some of the corners had been lined with steel barriers, so instead of going straight over and down the mountainside, anyone out of control would now bounce back and go over the edge a bit further on, a mangled wreck before leaving the road..."

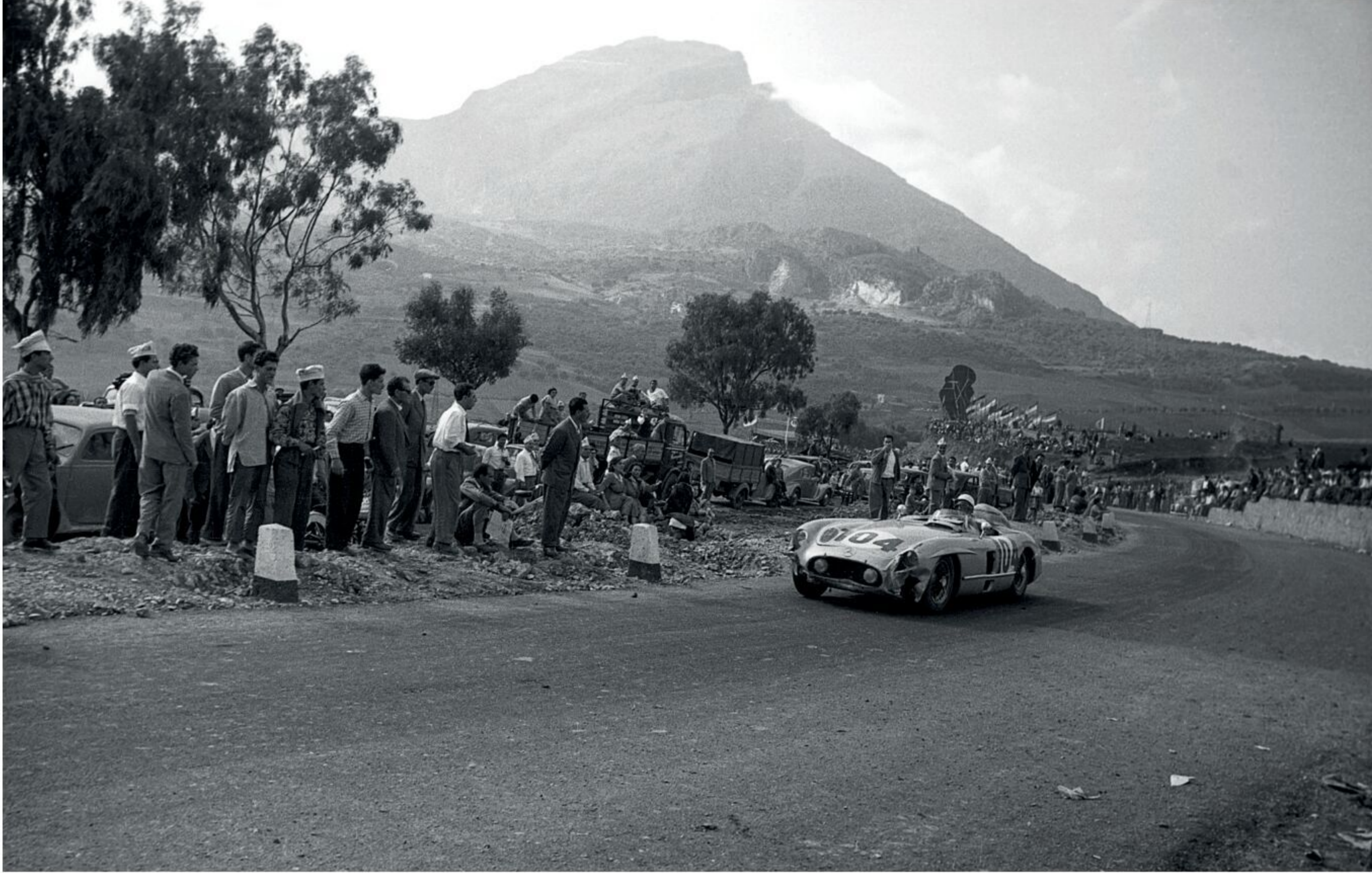
Left: Moss waits to take over from Graham Hill on the 1961 Targa. He had built up an early lead, lost to Ferrari while Hill (who had little Targa experience) was at the helm, but moved ahead once again and looked set to win... until his Porsche's crown-wheel and pinion failed with just seven of the 720km still to run



Below: despite his many road-racing successes, things did not always go perfectly to plan for Moss. One year on from his spectacular Mille Miglia success, he and Jenkinson salute the crowd ahead of the 1956 race. Unfortunately they would slither off the road in slippery conditions. Unhurt, the pair later made their way back to Brescia by train instead

Bottom: Moss and Jenks hurtling towards victory on the 1955 Mille Miglia. According to DSJ (*Motor Sport*, June 1955), "This win was not a fluke, it was the result of weeks, even months, of preparation and planning. When I met Moss early in the year to discuss the event, it transpired that he had very similar plans, of using the passenger as a second brain to look after navigation"







Left, top: the 1955 Targa Florio was the first to count towards the World Sportscar Championship and three manufacturers – Mercedes, Ferrari and Jaguar – were in contention following the penultimate race of the season, the RAC Tourist Trophy in Dundrod. The British team did not enter the Targa, however, leaving a straight fight between Stuttgart and Maranello. Ferrari had a three-point advantage going into the race, but Moss and Peter Collins headed a Mercedes 1-2-4, ahead of Juan Manuel Fangio/Karl Kling and Desmond Titterton/John Fitch – enough for their team to take the title by two points

Left, bottom: there were some very obvious potential perils bordering the route of any race that took place on public roads, but more prosaic injuries were also an occupational hazard. A patched-up Moss awaits his next turn at the wheel during the 1955 Targa, some facial bruising having been inflicted by rocks thrown up from the less than billiard-smooth road surface. Such details didn't impede progress; he and Peter Collins finished the best part of five minutes clear of the rest

Above: the frayed state of the 300 SLR underlines that progress on the 1955 Targa wasn't always as smooth as Moss often made it look with his laidback posture at the wheel. First run in 1906, the event was a round of the World Sportscar Championship from 1955-1973 and carried on until 1977 as a national event before growing safety concerns led to its abolition. As the photographs on this and preceding pages illustrate, concepts such as run-off areas and supervised spectator zones were completely alien... yet this was the environment in which Moss conjured some of his most memorable victories



Things racing drivers tend not to do in the modern age... For all that he was freakishly fit and able to drive incredibly long stints when required, Moss wasn't averse to the occasional cigarette – and even cashed in on his celebrity to advertise Craven A. “I don't smoke often, but when I do I'm choosy...” He and Peter Collins share a smile, a handshake and a smoke in the slipstream of their success on the 1955 Targa Florio

FROM THE ARCHIVE

In 1957, Pescara hosted an old-fashioned road race that formed part of the Formula 1 World Championship and, as our correspondent Denis Jenkinson reported, it was as much a battle between driver and terrain as driver against driver. It was a conflict Moss was well equipped to fight

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MOTOR SPORT, SEPTEMBER 1957

The town of Pescara, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, is famous for many things. It is a holiday resort for the Italians, it is the point on the Mille Miglia route where the race turns inland over the Abruzzi mountains, it is the last outpost of civilisation when venturing down into Calabria by road, it is invariably very hot, but above all it has a wonderful motor racing history.

The 25-kilometre circuit, one of the longest used for grand prix racing, lies on the edge of the town and goes up into the mountains, through the villages of Montani and Spoltore and down again through Cappelle, to join a long, fast straight that runs at right-angles to the Adriatic until it meets the Via Adriatica at the village of Montesilvano, and then it runs south down the coast road back to Pescara.

The entire circuit is comprised of normal, everyday Italian roads, it runs slap through the centre of villages, and contains every known hazard of normal motoring, such as kerbstones, bridges, hairpins, rough surfaces and every type of bend and corner imaginable. Out in the country section, the road is bordered by fields, trees, high banks, hedges, sheer drops and solid concrete walls; in fact, the whole thing is pure unadulterated road racing.

It is the sort of road racing that is traditionally Italian, and the circuit is one of those like the Nürburgring, the Targa Florio, Naples or Dundrod, where the battle is not between driver and driver, nor even between car and car, but the battle

between the combination of car and driver against natural surroundings. After driving around the Pescara circuit, the fact that one driver beats all the others and wins a race seems subsidiary to the principle task, which is to cover 18 laps of this fantastic old-time, real, road-racing circuit.

The history of the Pescara track goes back many years, as far as 1924 when a certain Enzo Ferrari was the winner, driving an Alfa Romeo. Since then its grand prix has been connected with such names as Varzi, Nuvolari, Fagioli, Rosemeyer, Caracciola and Trossi in pre-war days. Here the fabulous Mercedes-Benz versus Auto Union battles were waged, poor Guy Moll lost his life driving for the Scuderia Ferrari, Whitney Straight began a series of wins for British cars in the Voiturette race that preceded the grand prix for the Coppa Acerbo, his win with an MG being followed by victories by Hamilton with an MG and Seaman with an ERA.

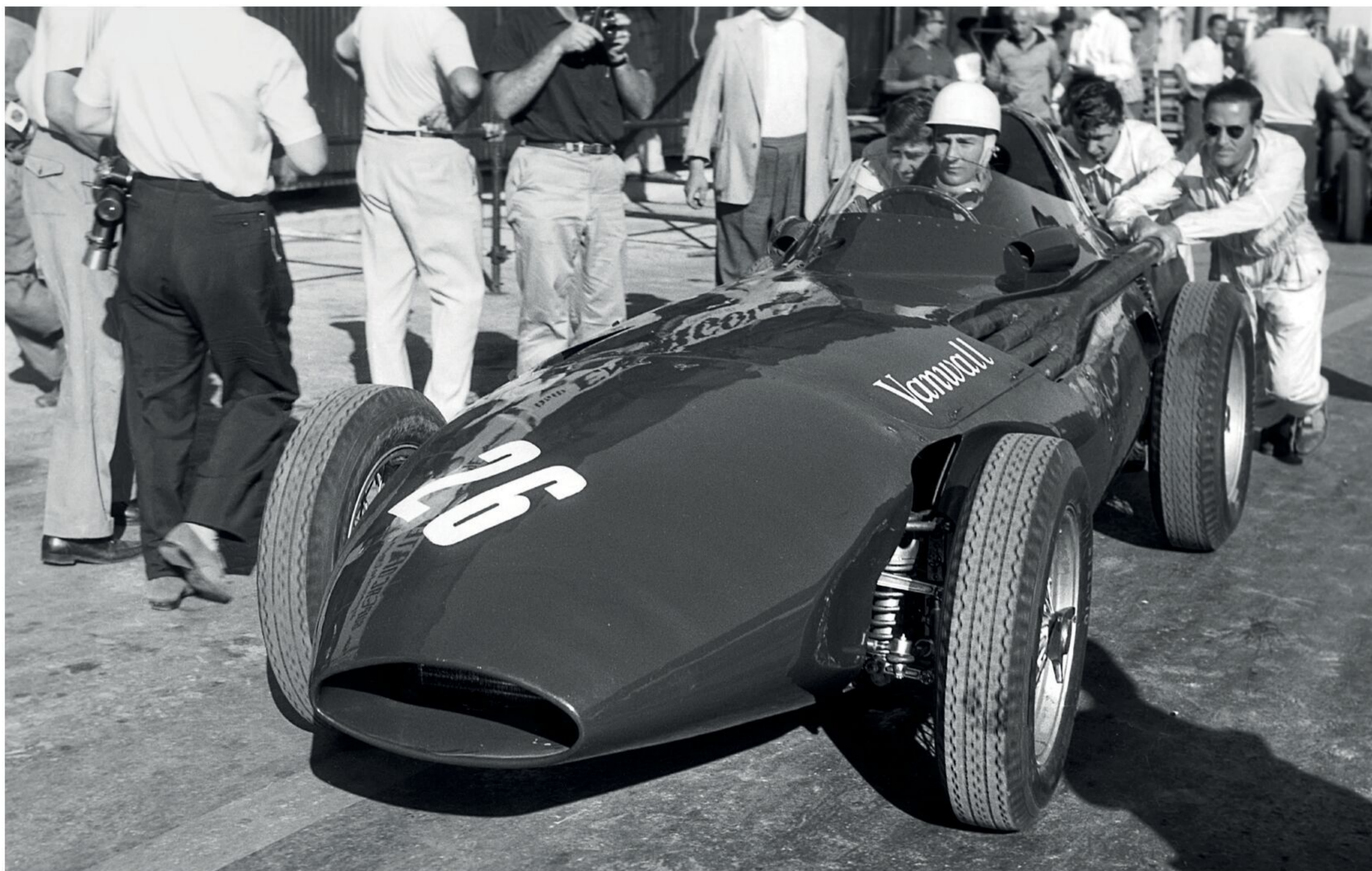
Pescara was always a great name in road-racing circles and after the war it was soon back on the scene, but money was not so plentiful in that part of Italy and the race diminished in stature. Even so, the names of Ascari, Fangio and González, along with Maserati, Alfa Romeo and Ferrari, carried on the traditions of this great circuit. When times became a bit harder, sports cars took over the scene and Bracco, Marzotto and Hawthorn added their names to the list.

It seemed that Pescara and its wonderful circuit were going to drop out of the grand prix scene, for the trend was towards artificial road circuits like Reims, Spa, Aintree and Silverstone, but at long last the Pescara Grand Prix has been able to reinstate itself as a major event, and to count for the Grand Prix World Championship. The mountains and villages of the Abruzzi once more have been ringing to the sound of the best grand prix engines of today, and just as Nuvolari and Rosemeyer pitted all their skill and the power of their cars against the local conditions, so Fangio and Moss have done the same, those conditions changing hardly at all.

In view of the road being required for the normal everyday business of living, practice was confined to the Saturday before the race, the first session being at 7am and the second at 4.30pm and everyone was out in the early morning sunshine. The Scuderia Maserati entered a full team of four cars, with

The winner had enough of a lead to be able to make a precautionary stop late in the race. It was a chance to top up the Vanwall with oil and its driver with water





Fangio, Behra and Schell on 1957 lightweight six-cylinder cars, and Scarlatti with the old hack six-cylinder from last year, while in addition the latest V12 car was brought along. This was the offset-transmission chassis that first appeared at Reims and it was hoped that it would really sing along the straights with its 310bhp.

The main opposition came from the Vanwall team, with four cars, driven by Moss, Brooks and Lewis-Evans and the fourth car as spare. After looking at the line of blood-red Maseratis, it was a fine sight to see the four sleek and efficient Vanwalls, immaculate as ever, ready to pit science against brute force and experience. The Scuderia Ferrari was in a difficult position for Enzo was having a touchy dispute with the Italian government and the Automobile Club of Italy, so had refused to enter any cars at all, but at the last moment a single 1957 'Syracuse' Lancia/Ferrari was brought along for Musso to drive.

In addition to these entries there were Halford, Gould, Godia and Piotti with their private Maseratis, and the Scuderia Centro-Sud with its two Maseratis driven by Gregory and Bonnier. The BRM team should have been there but decided against it at the last moment, and the total of 16 cars was made up by two Formula 2 Coopers from the factory, driven by Salvadori and Brabham.

Due to small modifications made to the circuit over the long period of years there has not been a consistency over fastest lap times, for when the pre-war German cars appeared on the scene in 1934 they were getting so far away from the Italians on sheer maximum speed that various chicanes were built into the long straights over subsequent years, and since the Second World War fast laps had been made during practice but not during the races.

QUALIFYING

Apart from all this, practice started with the knowledge that laps around 10min 15sec would be considered good for this 25-kilometre circuit. As has become a habit, Fangio set the ball rolling with 10min 14.9sec and Moss followed with 10min 20sec and then Behra stopped in a puff of white smoke indicative of a hole in a piston. Musso was soon charging round, clocking 10min 18sec and the battle was on. Having broken his six-cylinder car Behra took over the 12-cylinder, while Moss tried another Vanwall as his was not terribly happy on suspension. The surface of the Pescara circuit does not allow for suspension errors, and shock-absorbers and chassis

Above: Moss gets a helping push. Teams manhandled cars up and down the pits, either to make sure drivers were able to take a flying run across the timing beam at the start of a lap, or else to bring them back in once they had completed it

were taking an awful beating. Since the Nürburgring, Vanwall had done some interesting sums over the matter of spring rates and damping, and it was showing signs of paying off on this hard circuit. Having settled in to the track, and the general atmosphere having stabilised, Fangio suddenly did a lap in 10min 04.4sec on his six-cylinder car, and at that the fun started. Musso got down to 10min 09sec and then did 10min 04.8sec, fractions of seconds difference in 25km of dicing. Then Moss went out and did 10min 05.8sec, so the heat was now really turned on. Fangio tried the V12 but found it about as hopeless as Behra had, and could not better 10min 20sec, while Musso was doing an enormous number of laps, trying all he knew to save the honour of Italy. He reduced his time to 10min 03.5sec amidst the cheers of the populace, and Brooks did a lap in 10min 08.8sec, which gave good support to Moss with the leading Vanwall.

The timekeepers' line on this circuit is situated in the middle of the row of pits, and the procedure was to wheel the car back beyond the timing line and take a flying run at it when setting off on a standing lap, otherwise it meant the first lap would not be timed when starting off from the upper pits. Equally, the cars in the lower pits had to cross the timing line at the end of the lap, in order to record a time, and then



stop very hurriedly and reverse back to the pits, or else go all the way round again. The resultant pandemonium in the pit area was wonderful to behold, with cars going in all directions, but it was all quite safe as everyone was on their toes to the situation.

After Musso's fast lap Maserati warmed up Fangio's six-cylinder car, but before he could take off Moss went away in the Vanwall, so the world champion allowed a little gap and then set off after him. While they were away on their 25-kilometre dice, activity in the pits was varied; some of the private owners were realising what a long way around it was for each lap and how hard it was on the car, especially without works backing, Ferrari was fairly happy with its one car, and Brooks and Lewis-Evans were conscious of the handicap of not having been to the circuit before.

Moss arrived back at the pits and a short time afterwards Fangio returned, but they did not stop and went on for another lap, neither of their opening laps being very spectacular. The next time they arrived a cheer went up from the happy crowds when it was announced that Moss had broken 10 minutes with a time of 9min 54.7sec, a really stupendous effort, but after Fangio had crossed the line, the loud-speakers bubbled over with excitement and the crowd screamed with excitement, as only an Italian crowd can perform. Fangio had done 9min 47.7sec, a speed of 156.486kph, and that just about finished the first practice period.

In the afternoon a surprising number of people were out, in fact only two of the private owners failed to turn up, and everyone went thrashing round the circuit again. The Vanwalls were going steadily, giving the appearance of not liking to go beyond a reasonable limit, and one felt that if the drivers tried to slide them into corners they would lose them altogether. The uneven surface of the road was playing havoc with the Vanwalls, setting up high-frequency wheel patter on the front, while the Maseratis were obviously suffering from shock loads being transmitted right through the car and giving the drivers a pretty hard ride.

It had not been very difficult to see that Fangio had been having a bit of a go, and his final lap time of 9min 44.6sec set the seal on his morning's efforts. Moss did not improve on his morning time, but nearly equalled it, and Musso did 10 minutes flat, while Behra got down to 10min 03.1sec and Schell did a creditable 10min 04.6sec.

RACE

In view of the terrific heat of the midday sun, the start was planned for the delightfully vague time of "about 9.30am", so that the 18 laps could be finished by the time the day was at its hottest, and from the early hours the populace streamed away into the mountains to sit on hillsides and banks and

Moss with Vanwall patriarch Tony Vandervell. The British team was gaining real momentum in the slipstream of a breakthrough win at Aintree



The end of a gruelling day for Moss. He might have been outpaced by Fangio during practice, but in the race the Englishman was in a league of his own once he had passed early leader Luigi Musso. It was the fifth of his 16 world championship grand prix successes and he smashed all existing circuit records en route to victory

watch grand prix cars indulge in some real road racing. The actual start was a little chaotic to say the least, and one mechanic got scooped up on the bonnet of Gould's Maserati as the 16 cars streamed away down the straight towards the winding section of the triangular circuit.

It was Musso in the lone Lancia/Ferrari who led the way round on the opening lap, though Moss was not far behind, followed by Fangio, Brooks, Behra, Gregory and Lewis-Evans. Musso, Moss and Fangio went through the start, but Brooks drew into the pits, the Vanwall showing signs of overheating and having internal engine trouble, possibly a burnt piston, so it was withdrawn before an expensive explosion took place.

As the tail-enders arrived at the corners before the pits, Gould went straight on into the straw bales and Piotti did not even appear on the horizon, engine trouble having intervened. Gould eventually reached the pits and retired, so the field was reduced to 13 at the end of only one lap. Up through the twists and turns Musso was keeping ahead of Moss, but only just, and before the lap was completed the Vanwall went by into the lead, and so hard were these two driving that Fangio and the rest were getting left behind.

Moss was really sliding the Vanwall through the corners, in a way that had not seemed possible in practice, and looking down into the cockpit from a high bank it could be seen just how hard he was working away on the steering wheel. The two Coopers were having a friendly scrap together, and actually leading Halford's Maserati, while the bodywork on Gregory's

car was already beginning to shake loose. On lap three Moss was still leading, but Musso was trying really hard and hanging on closely, both cars using all the road and kicking up dust and stones from the corners. The Maseratis were not showing the turn of speed they had in practice, possibly because they were using a less potent fuel for the race, though various sources denied this, but whatever the cause Fangio and Behra were losing ground on the leading Vanwall and the lone Ferrari.

As Lewis-Evans went down the straight after the pits to start his third lap a tyre tread threw off, and he had to go the rest of the lap with a flailing rear tyre, so that he dropped back the whole time, and was relegated to the back of the field by the time he got to the pits for a replacement.

On lap four Moss began to draw away from Musso by a second or two, while the gap between them and the Maseratis continued to widen and Behra had oil appearing all over the tail of the car. This was every bit as ominous as it seemed and he retired at the end of the lap with a very sick motor car, having had an unhappy time ever since he arrived at Pescara. Brabham called into the pits briefly, to report that Salvadori had overdone things and gone off the road, bending a rear wishbone but without personal damage, and this allowed Halford to get ahead.

On the next lap, with Behra out, Schell moved up into fourth place, but he had Gregory worrying at his tail and driving hard to keep up. In the other Centro-Sud Maserati Bonnier had the centre part of the bodywork come adrift and

went around in a flurry of flapping aluminium, stopping at the pits to have it all screwed back together. Poor Lewis-Evans was right out of luck, for the other rear tyre began to throw bits of tread, and he had to stop once more for another new tyre, which kept him right at the back of the field.

Moss was now really into his stride and gaining seconds over Musso every lap, but the Ferrari driver was fighting as hard as he could and not giving up, and the Vanwall was proving too fast for anyone to catch it. Fangio was running a lonely third, but losing ground all the time, and Schell and Gregory were still in close company but a long way back. Then came Scarlatti all on his own, and Godia, Halford and Brabham; Lewis-Evans and Bonnier had been lapped by the leaders due to pit stops.

The lap times of Moss were being reduced with every lap, and he eventually covered his ninth lap in the all-time record time of 9min 44.6sec, but even so Musso was only losing 2sec a lap on him though Fangio was now more than a minute behind the leader. On the way up into the mountains for the tenth time, the oil tank on the Lancia/Ferrari split and - unbeknown to Musso - left a trail of oil on the road until the engine seized and his gallant drive came to an end. This left Moss way out on his own, and what really settled the matter was when Fangio slid on the spilt oil, bounced off some kerbstones and buckled his left-rear wheel, having to slow down considerably while he carried on around the circuit with a very wobbly wheel.

At the pits he had a new one fitted, and the offside front tyre was also checked, that too having received a clout, and he rejoined the race nearly 3min behind Moss and with no hope of ever seeing the Vanwall again. Brabham stopped for fuel, and Bonnier stopped for good, the Maserati running a temperature and the bodywork coming adrift again. Moss was now out on his own, having vanquished all the opposition. The Vanwall hummed its way on through the mountains and down the straights.

Gregory was having a bad time with a scuttle that looked as though it was going to fall off, and he let Schell draw ahead to a comfortable third place, while Scarlatti in fifth was not too happy with a Maserati that was getting tired. Godia went out during the 11th lap with engine trouble and Halford did not start his 11th lap as some teeth came off the main driving gear in the transmission. Lewis-Evans was going all right now, but so far back he could not hope to catch up with anyone, and there were only seven cars left running. Before starting his 13th lap Moss stopped at

the pits to take on oil, as the pressure was varying under braking, but with a commanding 3.5min lead he could well afford this. In spite of slowing his lap times to 9min 53sec Moss was still pulling away from Fangio, and Maserati was in a state of despair at such a thorough dusting-up by the dreaded 'Wan-whol' that had started not so long ago appearing to be just another British sporting attempt at grand prix racing, but which was now capable of beating the world in general and Maserati and Ferrari in particular.

Lewis-Evans was still not out of the mire, for he began to suffer from a sticking throttle, many times shot into corners much faster than he intended and taken all round was not enjoying his grand prix. Scarlatti stopped at the pits with a sick motor and no clutch, and after a lot of pandemonium was got going again. Seeing this the Vanwall pit signalled to Lewis-Evans and he began to press on, trying to catch the sick Maserati and take fifth place. Moss toured around for the last two laps, in complete command, and came home winner at record speed, holder of the lap record and having proved that the Aintree win was no fluke after all.

This had been a hard, grim battle of man and machine against the local conditions, and though his team-mates all had trouble Moss had achieved a resounding victory in the finest type of grand prix road race imaginable. Fangio arrived in second place more than 3min behind, having for once been unable to overcome the handicap of being up against a superior machine, driven by a not-so-inferior driver.

It had been a tough grand prix in the real old traditional road-racing style - with an estimated crowd of 200,000 lining the track - and every driver who finished had needed to work really hard, while the machines had taken a greater battering than we have seen at this level for a long time. Lewis-Evans had pressed on to good effect and caught Scarlatti, taking fifth place behind Schell and Gregory, the young American driver having driven a good hard race.

Along the 15 miles of normal two-lane country roads, Moss had, towards the end of the race, needed to steer around goats which had strayed into the road. This was a contest that would never be allowable in mainland Britain





CHAPTER SIX

After work...

RETIRED - AND BUSIER THAN EVER



More than half a century after he last raced for Mercedes, Moss retained a strong relationship with the company. Here he takes the wheel of a Mercedes 300 SLR during a demonstration run at the 2007 Goodwood Festival of Speed

FROM THE ARCHIVE

His career came to an abrupt halt against an earth bank at Goodwood, but the public never forgot Stirling Moss. In a candid discussion with Simon Taylor, he explained how he had reshaped his life after his accident

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MOTOR SPORT, OCTOBER 2009

On the afternoon of April 23, 1962, the professional motor racing career of Stirling Moss ended against an earth bank on the approach to St Mary's Corner at Goodwood. The cause of the crash has been endlessly debated, but Stirling himself has no memory of it. "I remember chatting up a South African girl at a party the night before, and I remember knocking off the exhaust of my Lotus Elite that morning reversing out of the car park of The Fleece, John Brierley's pub in Chichester. After that, nothing. I woke up six weeks later in a room filled with flowers, and I remember thinking vaguely, 'Somebody must have thought I was going to die.'"

The race was the Easter Monday Glover Trophy: a comparatively minor event, no championship points at stake, not even much glory. Stirling's car was a Lotus-Climax, an elderly 18 chassis despite its 21 bodywork, owned by Rob Walker but running in the pale green colours of the British Racing Partnership. It was well out of the running, having already been delayed by a pitstop to fix a jamming gear selector on the Colotti gearbox. Graham Hill's BRM was comfortably in the lead, and the Lotus was two laps behind.

But Stirling always regarded whatever race he was doing today as the race that mattered. It was typical of the man that

he wanted to give the paying spectator value for money, and there was still the outright lap record to go for. He'd already equalled the new record, set a few laps earlier by John Surtees' Lola, and there was more to come.

I was in the St Mary's grandstand that day, a teenage Moss fan revelling in my hero's progress. I watched him climb back to seventh place, driving very hard as he always did, smooth, stylish, head back in the cockpit, arms outstretched. With seven laps to go he came up behind Hill's BRM to unlap himself. As Hill moved left to take his line for the beginning of the right-hander, the Lotus ran onto the left-hand verge at around 115mph, and straight into the bank.

Why? Theories have included some sort of mechanical failure - jammed throttle, braking or steering malfunction - or that Hill acknowledged the marshal's blue flag with his left hand, and Stirling misinterpreted that as a signal to pass Hill on the left. As far as could be established from the wreckage, the brakes were functioning and the car was in fourth gear, which would have been Stirling's usual ratio at that point. We will never know the truth, although Stirling says now, "My mother told me Graham went up to her later and said, 'I didn't mean that to happen.' I think he probably did move across on me, quite frankly, not realising I was already there."

The impact against the bank was immense and, in the manner of spaceframe cars of the early 1960s, the Lotus folded up like a penknife. Hearing that he was trapped in the wreckage, BRP's Tony Robinson and Stan Collier leapt into the team's Morris Minor van, drove onto the circuit - while the race was still going on! - and rushed to the scene. It took marshals and helpers 45 minutes to cut the unconscious Moss from the car, Tony and Stan carefully removing the battery and lifting off the fuel tank over his legs. Mercifully there was no fire. He was taken to Chichester Hospital and then to the Atkinson Morley Hospital in Wimbledon.

His head injuries - no seatbelts, of course, and a thin Herbert Johnson crash helmet - were dreadful: the left side of his brain was massively bruised and partly detached from his skull, and his left eye socket was crushed. His other injuries included a broken leg and broken arm. He did not properly regain consciousness for 38 days. When he did come round, he was partially paralysed, and he could not speak.

In 2009 it is difficult to comprehend - even though F1 racing was very much a minority interest then, with none of the TV and media coverage of today - how huge a presence Stirling Moss was in the national consciousness. He was one

Moss at Goodwood in May 1963, driving one of BRP's Lotus 19s during a private test session. Although his lap times were reasonable, he decided there and then that his professional career had run its course as the driving process no longer came to him as naturally as it had before his accident one year earlier





of Britain's most famous men, and the whole country was galvanised by his accident and hungry for news of his condition. Unlike today, with 24-hour news channels and hourly bulletins on every radio station, back then the BBC Home Service only broadcast the news four times a day. The only exceptions were emergency announcements in time of war, or when the King was dying. Yet I clearly remember, as one of millions horrified by the injuries suffered by the world's greatest racing driver, that Stirling was treated like royalty. In the days immediately after the accident, when most expected him to die, the BBC ran hourly radio bulletins on his condition.

As he regained full consciousness his will to recover, which had worked miracles after his 1960 Spa accident, began to assert itself. "When I started to come round I knew I'd had an accident, but I didn't know where or when. Then I realised the left side of me was paralysed, so I started to focus on the bits I couldn't move. It gave me something to work on. Eventually I started to get a slight movement in one finger of my left hand, so I concentrated on that, then I moved on to the other fingers, and then the whole hand. Lying there, I assumed absolutely that I would get back to racing. I reckoned I'd had much worse accidents - breaking my back and my legs at Spa I came back pretty quickly after that. So I just thought, I've got to get on with this. But gradually it dawned on me that it was much more serious than I'd realised."

On July 20, nearly 13 weeks after the accident, he left the Atkinson Morley, greeted by a huge press posse outside the hospital. Hopping on crutches, he took the 11 nurses who had looked after him out to dinner, and gave each of them a small gift. "I went to Nassau to recuperate. But I was still in a bit of a state. I couldn't remember anything, and my body temperature was different one side to the other. One cold hand, one hot hand. My speech was slurred, so people thought I was drunk. And I had no concentration. To open a door I had to think, consciously, 'Put your hand on the knob. Now turn it.' But the press gave me no peace. There were even



Moss had raced regularly in the Bahamas, during the traditional Nassau Speed Week, and in late 1962 he was back there again, this time to recuperate

Left: Moss receives a helping hand as he leaves the Atkinson Morley Convalescent Hospital, Wimbledon, in June 1962

paparazzi on the roof of the hotel in Nassau, with long lenses. Everybody was asking, 'When are you coming back? Are you going to race again?' The papers kept running stories about it. There was a lot of pressure on me to make up my mind. I knew I had to get the decision out of the way."

So just over a year after the crash, on May 1, 1963, a damp grey day, Stirling drove a Lotus 19 sports car around an empty Goodwood. As he went through St Mary's no memories of the accident came back. He drove at proper racing speeds - at one point he spun coming out of the chicane - and his times in the conditions were competitive. But as he got out of the car he knew his decision was made.

"My times were quite reasonable, I was on the pace. But I found that I had to do everything in the car consciously. I'd approach a corner and think, 'I've got to get over to the edge of the road here, I'd better brake now, this is where I should get back on the power.' It all had to be worked out, nothing was automatic any more. Before, I could always jump in a car on any circuit, and get straight down to within a fraction of my best time. Then, if I wanted to put in a quick one, if I was going for pole, I'd work at coming off the brakes a little earlier, getting back on the power a little earlier. But I couldn't do that in the same way, it was all a conscious effort. I no longer had the capability I'd had before. That was it. It was a depressing

RACING COLLECTIBLES

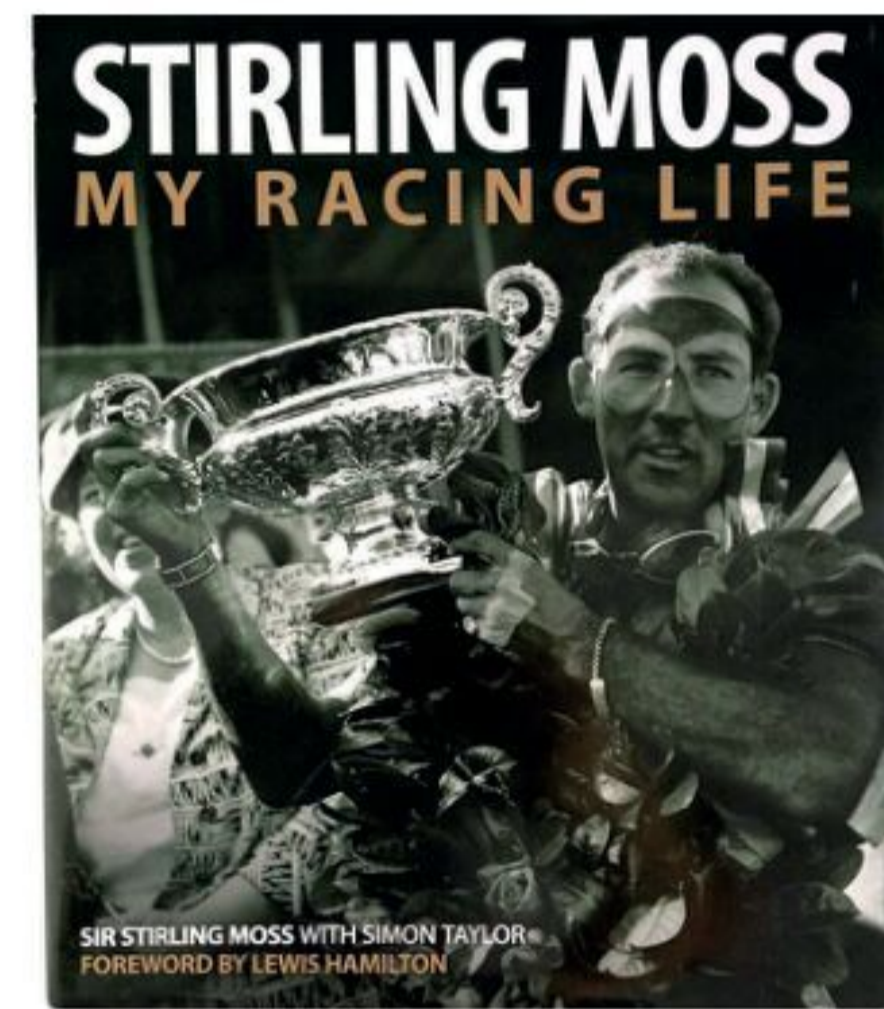
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decision to have to take, but it was a very easy decision, because it was obvious to me that I wasn't what I had been. If I couldn't come back at the top, there was no point. I didn't want to come back as second-best, my pride wouldn't let me. That same evening, back in London, I announced my retirement.

"In the years after that I sometimes wondered if I took the decision too early. If I'd waited two or three years I think my faculties would have come back, my concentration and my focus. By then Jim Clark had established himself as the best, and he might have been really tough to beat. When I raced against him he hadn't reached his maturity: when I beat him, he was no faster than Innes [Ireland], but he got much faster than Innes later. But once I'd said I was out, I was out. If people retire, and then change their minds and come back, well, I don't like that sort of thing.

"For years I'd been well paid by the standards of the day. Because I was busy racing every weekend, I didn't go out and spend money much, apart from chasing crumpet. But I hadn't salted much away. In my last full year, 1961, I grossed £32,700. Out of that I paid all my own expenses, hotels, flights - I always flew economy - and after expenses I paid tax on £8000. I suppose that was roughly what a good lawyer would have earned in those days. But you paid very high tax rates then, so I probably netted about £3200.

"Before the accident I had every intention of going on until I was 50. After all, Fangio won the world championship when he was 46. At 32, I was at the top of my game. I didn't see why I couldn't do another 15 years or so. I was as versatile as I'd ever been, and I was enjoying racing in all types of car. Nowadays drivers get out earlier because they make so much money, and 32 is old. But even if I'd been making the money they make today, I'd have stayed racing. I wasn't doing it for the money, you see. I just loved the racing. The fact I didn't make a lot of money was just part of how life was then.

"After I announced my retirement, I woke up next morning with no idea what I was going to do. I tell you, boy, suddenly finding you have to earn a living when you've been paid to have fun all the time, that was a bitter pill to swallow.

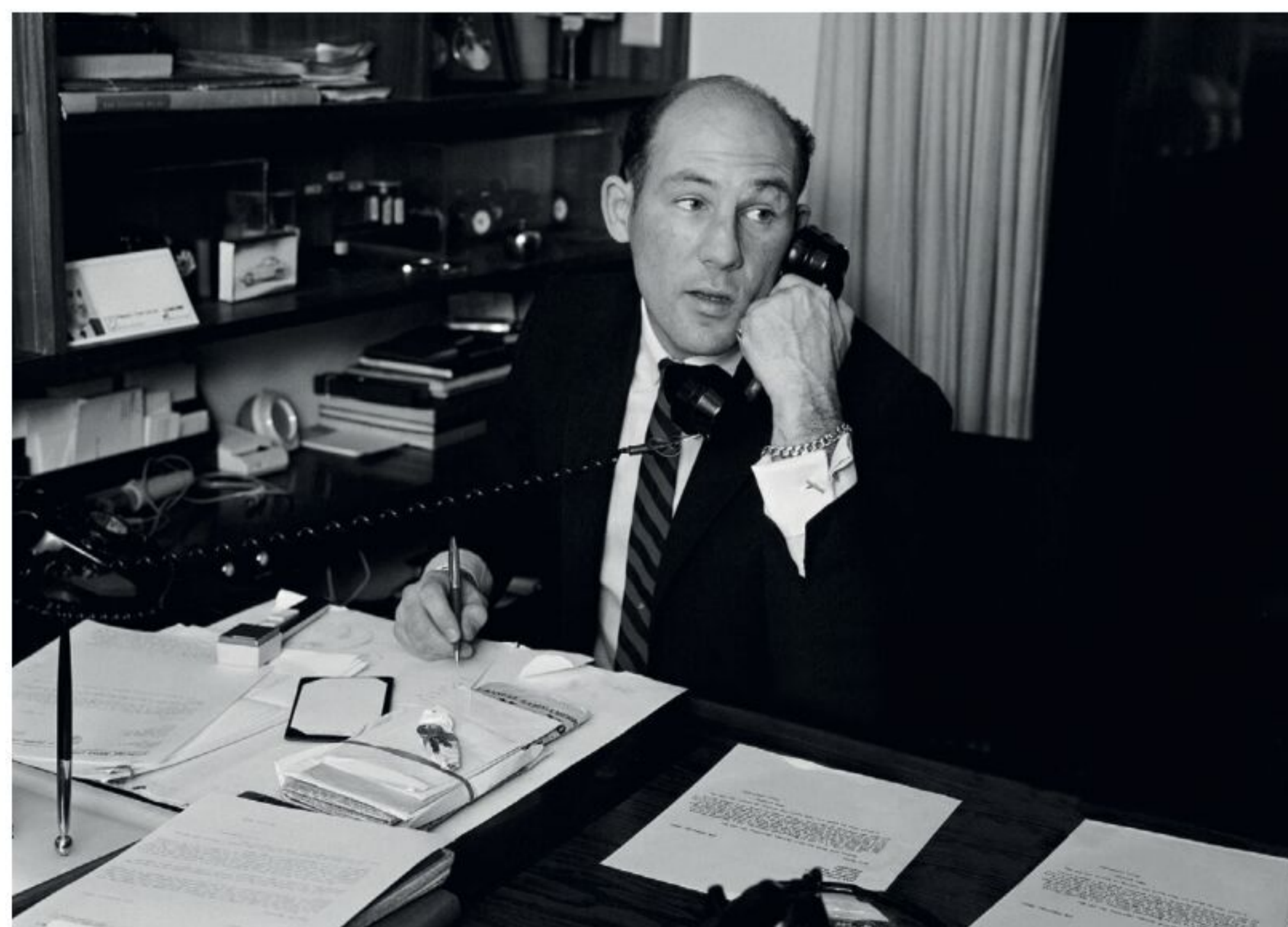
"I had no qualifications to do anything. As a teenager, before I started racing seriously, I'd done a couple of things in the hotel trade - night porter, working in the kitchens - but if you know nothing about anything, there are only two jobs available to you: estate agent or Member of Parliament. I didn't want to be either of those. The *Sunday Times* was sponsoring a Cobra at Le Mans, and they asked me to be team manager, so I did that, but it was a publicity thing really. I'd never make a real team manager. I would demand too much. I've always demanded a lot from myself, but I know what I can do. I couldn't start demanding it from somebody else. So I began to dabble in property. My father, who had about

16 dentistry practices around the London area, was starting to retire, and I took over his premises, rented the surgeries to other dentists, and got tenants for the properties upstairs. I began to understand how all that worked, and I bought a few small properties.

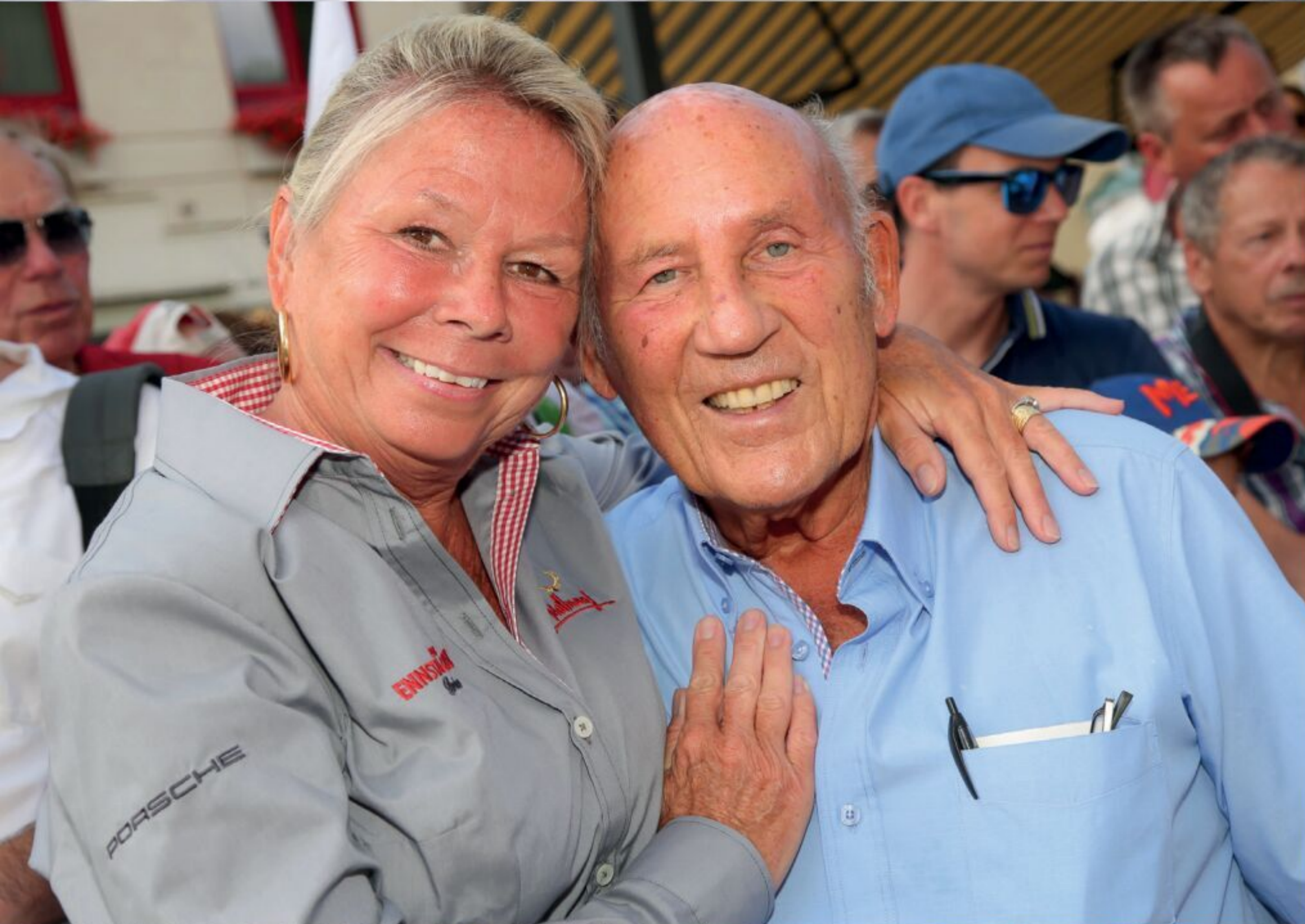
"I had an insurance policy which was meant to pay out £30,000 if I couldn't earn my living as a racing driver. The premiums had been costing me a couple of grand a year. After the accident the insurance company tried to wriggle out of it. They said, 'You're walking around, you're doing things, you can live a normal life.' I told them I'd insured as a racing driver, and now I couldn't race any more. I was going to have to take them to court, but at the last minute they paid up."

Although it hadn't been announced at the time of his accident, Stirling was going to be a Ferrari driver in 1962. While remaining loyal to Rob Walker, for whom he'd raced for three seasons in Formula 1, he had negotiated an extraordinary agreement with Enzo Ferrari under which he would race a dark blue Ferrari with a white noseband. "Rob was going to run it, but Ferrari agreed to support it and give us all the latest bits. And there would be a Dino 246 for sports car racing and a GTO for GT events. Because Rob only wanted to do F1, those two were going to be light green, in the colours of the British Racing Partnership, which was set up by my father and Ken Gregory, with Tony Robinson running the cars. We were going to go public with it as soon as the F1 car was delivered - which was meant to be in time for Goodwood. But the factory was running behind schedule. If I'd had the car for Easter, I suppose I wouldn't have had the accident. So the late delivery of that car changed my life."

(In fact a Ferrari did turn up three weeks later, for the Silverstone International Trophy. It was a 1961 car, painted red, but with a tartan sticker across the nose denoting BRP's sponsors, UDT. Innes Ireland drove it into a lapped fourth place, and then the car was returned to Italy. The pale green



This was taken in February 1966 and photo agency Getty's caption describes him as "British Formula 1 racing driver Stirling Moss"... No matter what else he did, or how long he had been out of the cockpit, his association with the sport he'd graced became indelible



Top row, left to right: BRDC patch still prominent in 1977; Moss tries the dodgems at Battersea Fun Fair in 1968, when he joined fellow racers John Surtees and Denny Hulme in *Nice Time*, a Granada TV series; he spent two seasons – 1980 and '81 – in the British Saloon Car Championship with Audi, but didn't enjoy it; filming a then-and-now feature with Lewis Hamilton at Silverstone, 2013. Middle row, from left: Stirling and wife Susie at the Ennstal Classic, Austria, in July 2015; celebrating his knighthood from the Prince of Wales (the Queen was busy in Australia) at Buckingham Palace, March 2000. Bottom row, from left: as well as retaining strong links with Mercedes, Moss has done likewise with Aston Martin and is seen here in a DB3S at Goodwood, 2016; he was often reunited with his Mille Miglia-winning 300 SLR; Sir Stirling and Lady Moss taking part in a stage of the 2008 La Festa Mille Miglia rally in Miyagi, Japan

GTO was delivered, however, and Ireland used it to win the TT at Goodwood that year.)

Meanwhile, even though Stirling's place on the race track was taken by other British heroes - Jim Clark, Jackie Stewart, later Nigel Mansell and Damon Hill - the public refused to forget him. He remained in the public eye, and was called on more and more to make speeches and public appearances, open garages and supermarkets, and pronounce on any matters of public interest and concern that had a motoring slant.

The remarkable thing is that Stirling Moss was a professional racing driver for barely a dozen years, and a long time ago. Yet today, 47 years after that Goodwood crash took him out of the sport, he is still a universally popular figure, and his name has remained a household word. Always a patriot - he is one man who would never live abroad for tax reasons - he received a knighthood in 2000. Now Sir Stirling and his beloved wife Susie, who organises his life so efficiently, are busier than ever. From their base in Shepherd Street, Mayfair, where he has lived for more than 40 years in a house he designed himself, they travel all over the world. So what is the secret of his enduring appeal?

"I suppose it's because I've always tried to make myself approachable. I've been listed in the phone book all my life. I'm a nosy bugger, always like to keep tabs on what's going on, and if the media call up wanting to know what I think of the new Minister of Transport, or the latest FIA row, I'll always have something to say. My diary is completely full now, which is how I like it because I'm happiest when I'm on the move. I love to keep doing things - as you know, my motto is 'Motion is Tranquillity'. Susie and I are a team. We work seven days a week, we fit into each other's pockets. She remembers everything and everybody: I call her my filing cabinet. We travel hundreds of thousands of miles a year, a lot of it to historic car events - the Mille Miglia in Japan, the Mil Millas in Argentina, judging the concours at Pebble Beach, demonstrating at the Goodwood Festival of Speed - and always at these things there are nice people. It takes me back, and I enjoy it. I have a good relationship with Mercedes-Benz, who seem to like reminding people about the 1955 Mille Miglia. Other companies that I drove for, too: I did a dinner at Le Mans for Aston Martin customers. And I do talks to businessmen, motor clubs, organisations all over the world.

"One reason I'm so busy is that the modern F1 drivers are impossibly expensive. If Kimi Räikkönen is earning £30 million a year, how much are you going to have to pay him to set aside a day to open a shopping mall? Or Lewis or Jenson, or any of today's names? Fortunately for me people still remember my name, and I'm more affordable. I call myself the international prostitute. You get me there and pay me, and I'll do the job."

But a significant amount of Stirling's travel is because, after all, he is still racing. He first got back into a race car in 1978, when he and Jack Brabham did the Bathurst touring car race in Australia, in a Holden. "I told Jack to start, because I

thought Jack always used to get away well, and he got hit up the arse on the grid. Then I did a celebrity race at Macau, in a Cortina or something, and Mike Hailwood took me out. But my injuries had all long since healed, and it felt pretty good."

That led, in 1980, to a drive with Audi in the British Touring Car Championship. "Worst decision I ever made in my life. I signed for two years, and it's something I never should have done. It was a new type of driving, which I wasn't equipped for. They all drove into each other. If my car wasn't bent at the end of the race I wasn't going quickly enough. I was astounded by the lack of ethics among the drivers. Some of them were quick, but none of them had any ethics. And I'd never raced on slicks before. Slicks meant I had to do things that I didn't find easy - I learned to brake at half the distance, but I didn't enjoy it. I am a treaded-tyre person.

"But then historic racing was coming in, and as soon as I got into historics I was home. The downside is that I used to be paid to race, and now I'm driving my own car it's costing me a fortune. But I love it. I've had a C-type Jaguar, an Elva-BMW, a Chevron, and I've driven cars for other people, 250F Maseris and D-types and so on. Now I've got this beautiful little 1500cc Osca, the only one with desmodromic valve-gear. This season we're having a lot of fun - Le Mans Legends, then Oporto, Donington, Goodwood, Spa. I've noticed that corners which maybe would have been flat when I was younger, like say Eau Rouge at Spa, I'll try to kid you I'm flat, but probably I'm not, not quite. If I ever felt I was getting in other people's way, then I'd stop. My ego wouldn't allow me to race against similar cars to mine if they were way ahead of me.

"It's important to me to be able to race in my old helmet and overalls, and after a lot of effort I got special dispensation for that from the FIA. I signed a waiver saying if I get hurt because I'm wearing incorrect clothing, no belts, no rollbar, it's my fault. It's important to me: the pleasure I get is partly because I'm in the car just as things were, the way they should be for a car of this period. I'm not against other people wearing modern protective stuff, but there aren't many people around now who know what it was like then, and I think it's good for them to see the driver as well as the car looking correctly in period. If you look at a picture of me racing the Osca, you can't tell if it's 2009 or 1959.

"Many more people are interested in the history of racing now, too. Amazingly I still get three or four fan letters every day, most from the UK and Germany, some from America. Anybody who sends me a letter gets an answer. I've always done that, even at the height of my career. I think it's important."

This energetic, entertaining and courteous man is still jetting around the world, still racing and racing well in historic events, still a personality respected and welcomed everywhere, giving pleasure to thousands. It's almost half a century now since the dreadful accident which nearly killed him, an accident that would have stopped most ordinary human beings in their tracks. But this is an extraordinary human being. Long may he continue to be the youngest, fastest-moving, retired racing driver around.

Movement is tranquillity

We should end with Stirling Moss himself. In the October 2009 issue of *Motor Sport* he introduced an extract from his then-new and still superb book *All My Races*, which illustrates the hectic nature of his career



In my era we raced more than one type of car in more than one championship - and sometimes on the same day! It was a lot different from the challenge that today's grand prix drivers face. Here I recount a month in 1959, which shows the variety of cars and events that one could enjoy.

French Grand Prix, Retired

BRM Type 25. July 5, 1959, Reims (F)

F1 World Championship, round four

SM: Race day was punishingly hot and Tony Brooks simply ran away with the race. I ran second from the start, then dropped to fifth and, despite driving as hard as I could, I found myself making virtually no impression at all on the leading bunch. Eventually I caught Brabham for third place and set off after Phil Hill's Ferrari. Then I spun on melted tar at the Thillois hairpin and, because the clutch had packed up, I exhausted myself by fruitlessly attempting to push-start the car while it was in gear. There was simply no chance of achieving that and I was out of the race.

Coupe de Vitesse, 1st

F2 Cooper-Borgward. July 5, 1959, Reims (F)

Makes you think, doesn't it? After wrestling the BRM in the grand prix, I had a short break before it was time to line up for the Formula 2 supporting race, still with the temperature nudging the wrong side of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. I had a good start and went straight into the lead, ahead of Hans Herrmann in the Behra Porsche Special, which was a bit quicker than my Cooper. But Herrmann overdid his braking and slid off, so I came home to win, feeling exceedingly tired in that terrific heat.

Coupe Delamere Deboutteville, 1st

Maserati Tipo 60. July 12, 1959, Rouen-les-Essarts (F)

SM: Maserati's racing programme may have been all but wiped out the previous year after the big crash in Venezuela, but the team still had high-octane fuel coursing through its veins and, after the Monaco Grand Prix, I had been invited to Modena to test its new 2-litre sports car.

My first impression of this distinctive little machine was that it was absolutely fantastic - responsive and agile in equal measure. I had then persuaded Maserati to let me drive the car at Rouen in the supporting race to the Formula 2 international, in which I was racing Rob Walker's Cooper-Borgward. I started from pole position and led all the way. What a great little car it was.

Rouen Grand Prix, 1st

F2 Cooper-Borgward. July 12, 1959, Rouen-les-Essarts (F)

SM: There was an unwelcome glitch with the timing system during practice, with the result that Hans Herrmann, driving the Behra Porsche Special, was credited with pole position, although we were convinced that I had done the fastest time in Rob Walker's Cooper-Borgward. As events transpired, this mattered precious little because I took the lead from the start and held it throughout to score my second victory of the day at this excellent circuit. I won by half a minute from Harry Schell.

Aintree, Retired

Cooper-Monaco. July 18, 1959, Aintree, Liverpool (GB)

SM: This really was not too good a start to the day of the British Grand Prix. I qualified on the front row but the car jumped out of gear and I was hit from behind by the Hon Edward Greenall. After a precautionary stop to check for damage, I flew through the field until an oil-pipe burst and started a small fire in the cockpit. The fire soon went out, but my race was over.

British Grand Prix, 2nd

BRM Type 25, July 18, 1959, Aintree, Liverpool (GB)

F1 World Championship, round five

SM: After that unfortunate spin at Reims, I was looking forward to trying the P25 at Aintree, where I had guarded hopes that I might do reasonably well. I took the short flight from Heathrow to Manchester on the Wednesday evening and was soon comfortably ensconced at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool.

On the Friday, the weather was patchy, both wet and dry, and I spent a lot of time battling with clutch slip on the BRM. I was disappointed that I had to settle for seventh place on the grid in the middle of the third row. Brabham had taken pole by a full second from Roy Salvadori's Aston. I made a good start to the race but lost ground on the opening lap as the damned clutch slipped again.

After about 10 laps I had moved through to second place behind Jack and I pressed on hard until I had reduced his lead to about nine seconds. Then I had to make a pitstop to change worn tyres, followed by another to top up with fuel due to a fuel-feed problem. By the chequered flag, though, I was back up to second place, just ahead of Bruce McLaren's Cooper.

Trophée d'Auvergne, 1st

F1 Cooper-Borgward, July 26, 1959, Clermont-Ferrand (F)

SM: The thing I remember most about this race was that the start was given by the legendary French official Raymond 'Toto' Roche, whose antics on the starting grid in front of the assembled field were only matched by the infamous Louis Chiron at Monaco.

On this occasion, Roche elected to stand right in front of my car, then dropped the flag and ran for his life. That allowed Chris Bristow's BRP Cooper-Borgward to take the lead from the outside of the front row. Bristow was looking very ragged and I passed him on the sixth lap, leading all the way to the finish to win ahead of Henry Taylor's Parnell-entered Cooper.



Sir Stirling Craufurd Moss OBE

Born: 17 September 1929

Died: 12 April 2020

Race wins: 212