

FIFTY FAMOUS MOTOR RACES

Highlights from half a century of the world's most exciting sport



FOREWORD BY KEKE ROSBERG, World Champion 1982

ALAN HENRY

FIFTY FAMOUS MOTOR RACES

Do you remember the spectacular tyre failure that cost Nigel Mansell the World Championship in the 1986 Australian Grand Prix? Or Niki Lauda taking his third world title in Portugal two years earlier from his McLaren team-mate Alain Prost by the wafer-thin margin of half a point? These are just two of the exciting moments recalled by Alan Henry in this action-packed account of the world's most dramatic races. Many are etched into racing folklore and will be recalled instantly by motor racing fans everywhere.

But what about Bernd Rosemeyer's magnificent triumph for Auto Union in front of a capacity crowd at Donington Park in 1937, Pierre Levegh's single-handed attempt to defeat the might of the Mercedes-Benz team in 1952 or 'The Mad Russian' Bill Vukovich on course for an Indy 500 hat trick only to be killed in the attempt?

From the world's great Grand Prix circuits to the Indy 500, incidents have been selected from the widest possible range of memorable motor races covering venues from all over the world to create a collection bursting with life.

Alan Henry is a regular contributor to motor racing magazines throughout the world and is a leading authority on the Formula 1 racing scene. He has been Grand Prix correspondent of *Motoring News* since 1973 and is also motor racing correspondent of *The Guardian*.

Patrick Stephens Limited
The enthusiasts' publisher

£16.95 net



NEW TRIER HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY



3 3201 00007 7664

796.72
H521

104798

Library
New Trier Township High School
Winnetka, IL
60093



Fifty Famous Motor Races



Fifty Famous Motor Races

FOREWORD BY KEKE ROSBERG
World Champion 1982

Alan Henry



Patrick Stephens

Front endpaper 1986 Australian Grand Prix: Alain Prost (McLaren MP4/2C) and Martin Brundle (Tyrrell 015) (Nigel Snowdon).

Back endpaper 1982 San Marino Grand Prix: Gilles Villeneuve and Didier Pironi (Ferrari 126C2), Michele Alboreto (Tyrrell 011), Bruno Giacomelli and Andrea de Cesaris (Alfa Romeo 182) (Nigel Snowdon).

NEW TRIER H.S. LIBRARY
WINNETKA, IL 60093

© Alan Henry 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission in writing from Patrick Stephens Ltd.

First published in 1988

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Henry, Alan
Fifty famous motor races.
I. Automobile racing—History
I. Title
796.7'2'09 GV1029.15

ISBN 0-85059-937-7

Photographs by LAT, Nigel Snowdon,
Indianapolis Motor Speedway,
Cyril Posthumus and Geoff Goddard.

*Patrick Stephens Limited is part of the
Thorsons Publishing Group,
Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, NN8 2RQ
England*

Printed and bound in Italy

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Contents

<i>Foreword by Keke Rosberg</i>	7	1955 MONACO GRAND PRIX	
<i>Introduction</i>	9	Ascari takes a ducking	44
1935 GERMAN GRAND PRIX		1955 INDIANAPOLIS 500	
Red faces in the Reich	10	Farewell to the Fresno Flash	48
1937 DONINGTON GRAND PRIX		1955 BRITISH GRAND PRIX	
A star is born	14	First among equals	52
1939 TRIPOLI GRAND PRIX		1957 GERMAN GRAND PRIX	
Secret in silver	18	A lesson from the master	56
1951 BRITISH GRAND PRIX		1958 RACE OF TWO WORLDS	
Maranello breaks the mould	21	New beats old	60
1952 LE MANS 24-HOURS		1959 DAYTONA 500	
Levegh's vain vigil	25	Photo finish on the banking	64
1953 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX		1959 LE MANS 24-HOURS	
Fangio dodges the debris	29	Aston Martin at last	68
1954 LE MANS 24-HOURS		1961 MONACO GRAND PRIX	
Ferrari home, but not dry	33	Stirling's greatest	72
1954 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX		1961 INDIANAPOLIS 500	
Not so mighty Mercedes	36	Foyt's first of four	77
1955 MILLE MIGLIA		1961 FRENCH GRAND PRIX	
Mercedes's perfect partnership	40	Baghetti's first— and last	81

1962 DUTCH GRAND PRIX Hill through the dunes	85	1973 UNITED STATES GRAND PRIX Triumph and tragedy	153
1963 INDIANAPOLIS 500 Lotus jolt the system	89	1976 JAPANESE GRAND PRIX Hunt's heart-stopper	156
1964 BELGIAN GRAND PRIX Lucky Jim	92	1977 SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX Brave and bizarre	161
1964 MEXICAN GRAND PRIX Last lap roulette	96	1977 FRENCH GRAND PRIX Oh no John!	166
1965 LE MANS 24-HOURS Flat out to the finish	100	1979 DUTCH GRAND PRIX Three wheels on my wagon	171
1966 INDIANAPOLIS 500 Did Hill win?	105	1980 CANADIAN GRAND PRIX Second time lucky for Jones	176
1967 BRANDS HATCH 500 Winged wonder wins	110	1981 INDIANAPOLIS 500 Bobby wins on appeal	181
1967 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX Clark's greatest race?	115	1981 SPANISH GRAND PRIX Gilles bottles them up	185
1968 BRITISH GRAND PRIX Last win for the gentleman racer	119	1982 SAN MARINO GRAND PRIX A matter of honour	190
1969 BRITISH GRAND PRIX Stewart meets his match	123	1984 DALLAS GRAND PRIX Keke keep cool	195
1969 LE MANS 24-HOURS Ickx thwarts the Porsches	126	1984 PORTUGUESE GRAND PRIX Niki makes his (half) point	200
1970 SEBRING 12-HOURS Mario and the movie star	130	1985 INDIANAPOLIS 500 Danny takes a spin	205
1970 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX Concrete and Clay	134	1986 SPANISH GRAND PRIX Nearly Nigel	208
1972 MONACO GRAND PRIX BRM's surfing swansong	139	1986 AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX The outsider comes home	213
1972 FRENCH GRAND PRIX A touch of class	144	1987 BRITISH GRAND PRIX Magnificently Mansell	218
1973 BRITISH GRAND PRIX Sweet-smelling partnership	148	<i>Index</i>	222

Foreword by Keke Rosberg

World Champion, 1982

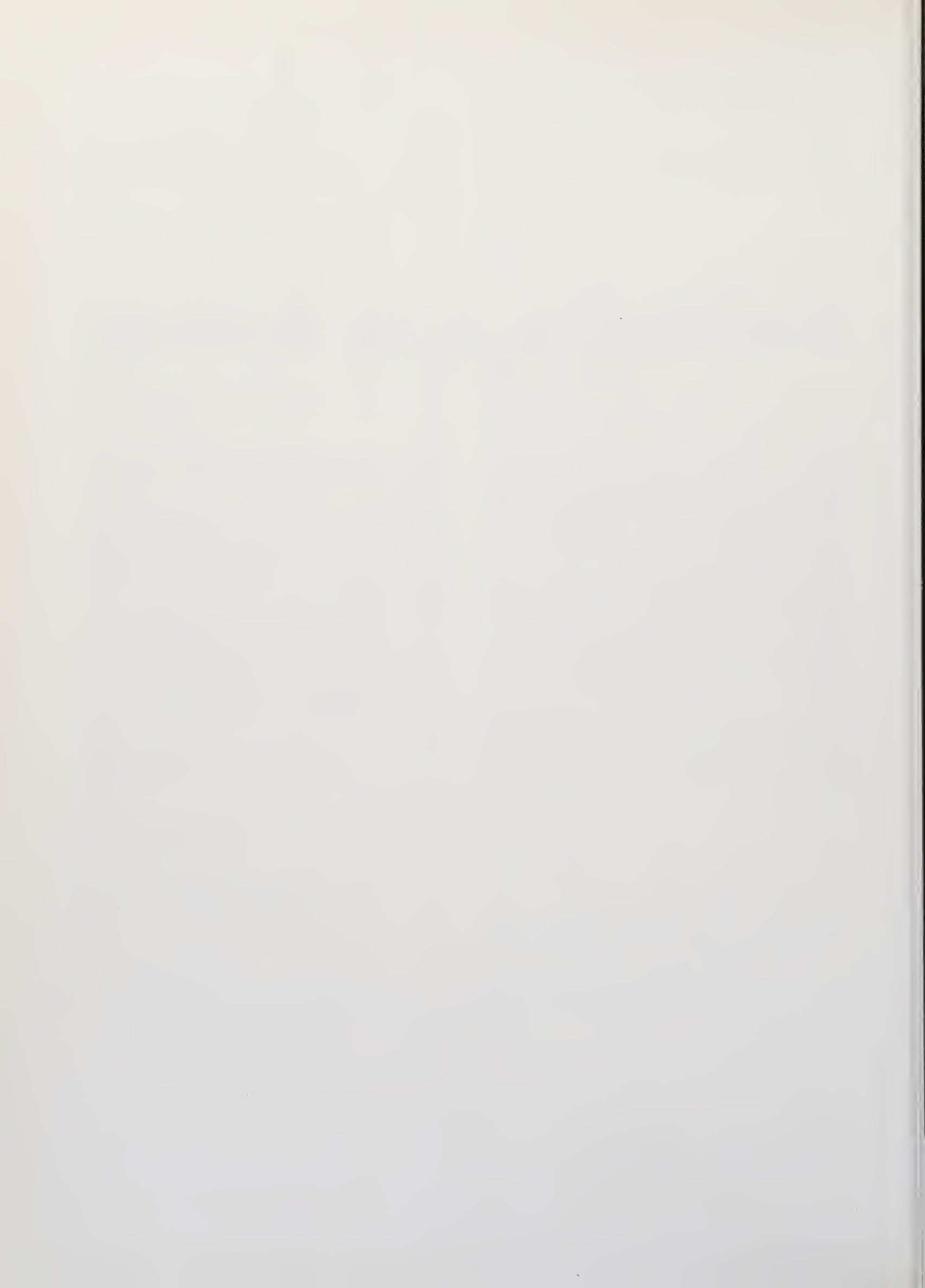
When Alan Henry asked me to write the foreword to this book, I found myself wondering whether there really had been fifty famous races worth writing about. After all, during my career, I only won five Grands Prix, so where were the other forty-five coming from?

But seriously, although I have never perhaps had time to take a great deal of interest in the historic side of motor racing, I was fascinated by this cross-section of epic races which are included within these covers. I think it was a particularly good idea that the format did not simply confine itself to Grands Prix because such terms of reference are obviously too narrow when you are looking at over fifty years of motor racing history. When you are racing in Formula 1 it is such an absorbing and fast-moving world that you tend to

forget there are other racing categories in which the people involved are as passionate and keenly committed as you are. As an F1 driver it was fascinating to read about Le Mans and some of the classic Indy 500s, not to mention such contemporary events as last year's British Grand Prix, won so brilliantly by my old team-mate Nigel Mansell.

I love street races and have always done well in them and, for that reason, I was delighted to see Alan has included my win at Dallas in 1984 as one of his Fifty Famous Motor Races. Perhaps he was just trying to rub me up the right way to get me to write this foreword!

Keke Rosberg
Monte Carlo



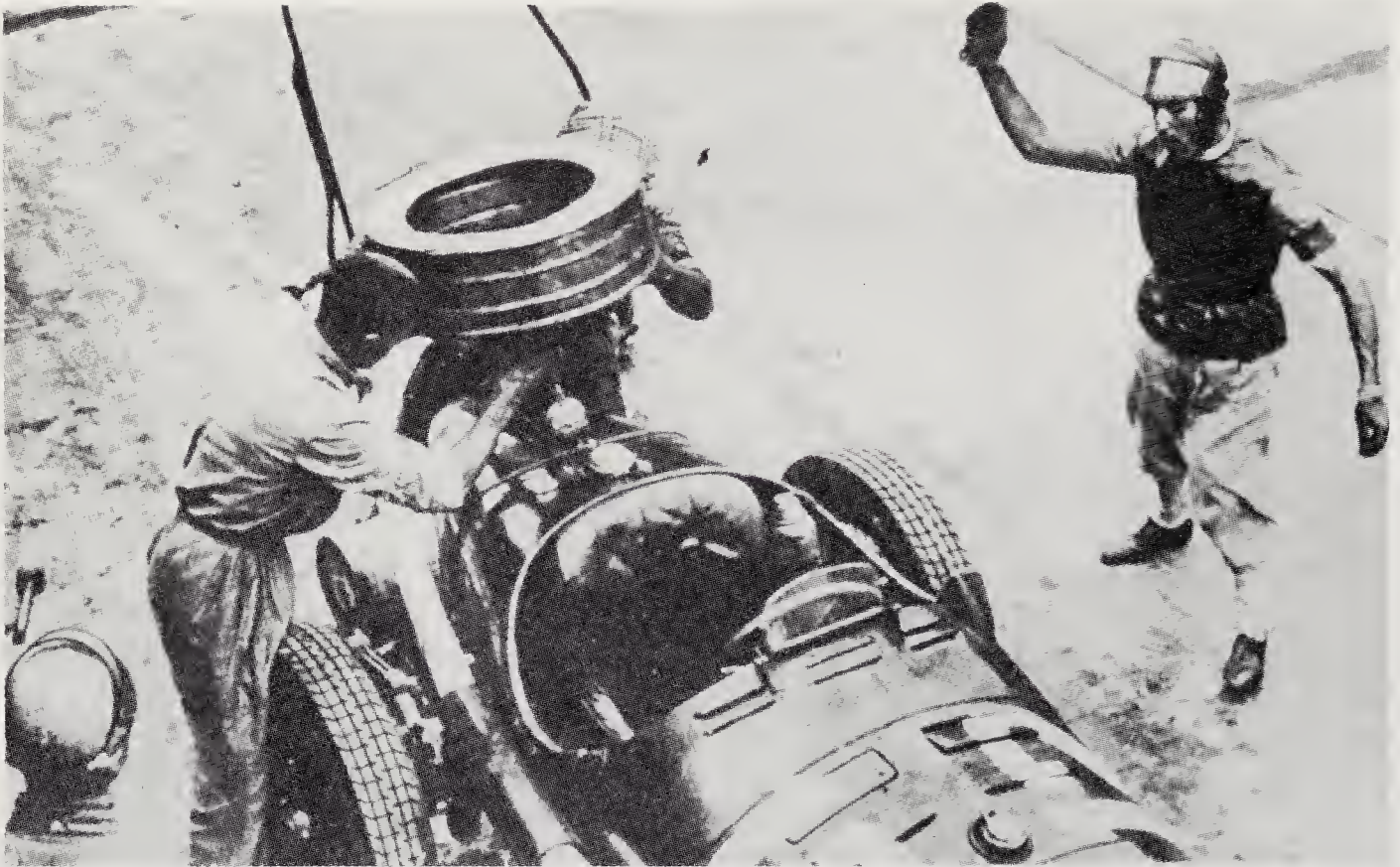
Introduction

This book has been a rare treat to write. 'Pick fifty famous races going back to the 1930s, whichever ones you like, and write about them,' was the brief I received from publisher Darryl Reach. Fifty famous races. Not *great* races. Not *classic* races. Just *famous* races. My pocket dictionary defines famous as 'celebrated, well-known', and I think that perfectly sums up the broad cross-section of events found within this volume.

The title was wide-ranging enough not to confine the contents solely to Formula 1. Although,

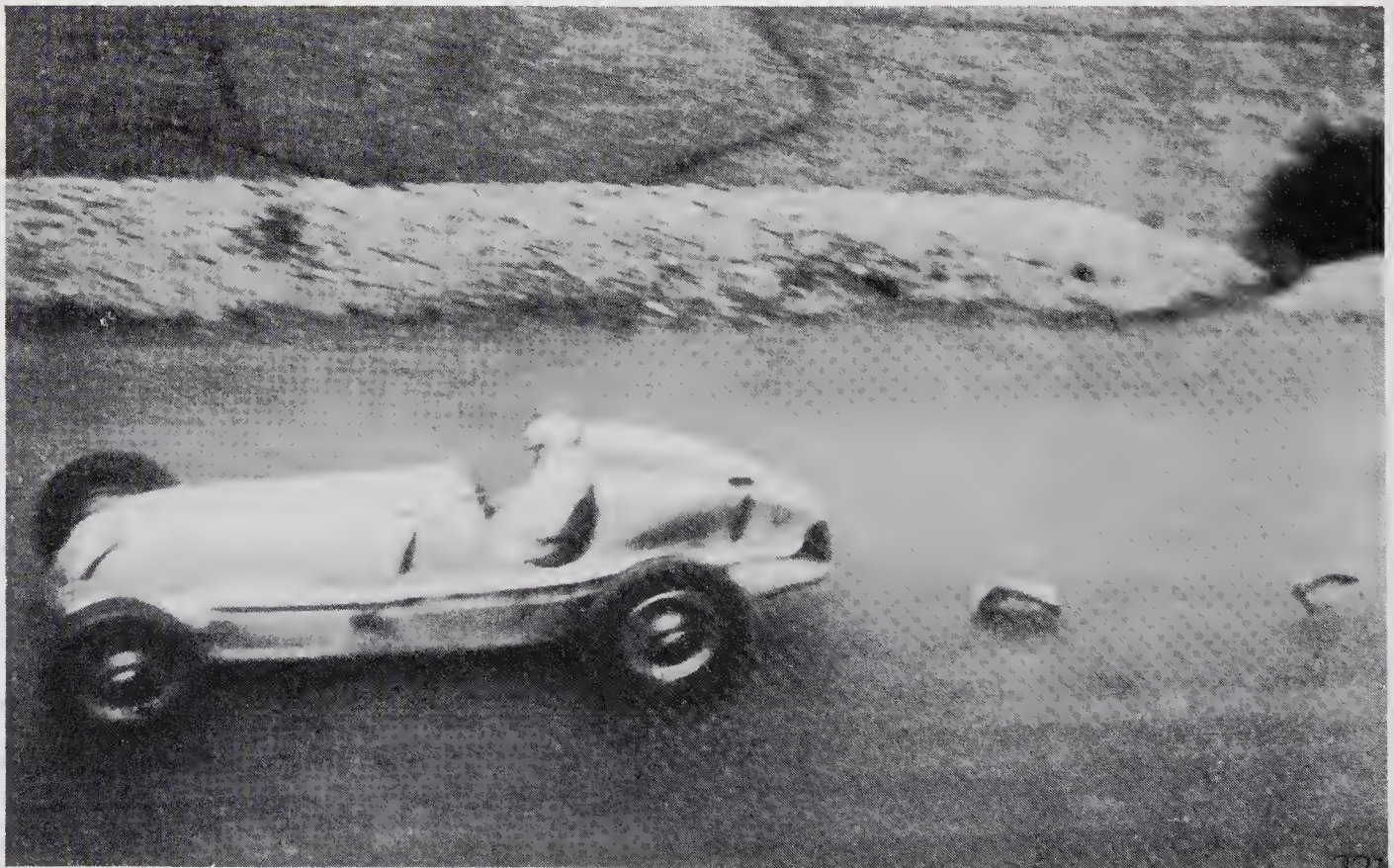
perhaps inevitably, the majority of the chapters deal with Grands Prix, the terms of reference enabled me to include several Indy 500s, a few Le Mans 24-hour classics, the inaugural Daytona 500 and a Sebring 12-hour sports car epic. Like a child let loose in a toy shop, writing about them all has been a supremely self-indulgent and selective trip down memory lane. It is my hope that the reader will be able to share some of the pleasure that writing about them has already afforded me.

Alan Henry



A frantic Nuvolari urges on the Scuderia Ferrari mechanics as they refuel his Alfa. Trouble with the pits fuel pump meant they had to use churns, costing the winner more than an extra minute's delay.

The man whose bad luck handed Nuvolari the race on a plate: Manfred von Brauchitsch's Mercedes W25 at the precise moment its right rear tyre exploded mid-way round the final lap.



1935 GERMAN GRAND PRIX

Red faces in the Reich

The German race fans flocked to the Nurburgring in their thousands, confident that the battle for victory in their home Grand Prix would rest between Auto Union and Mercedes-Benz. But they had reckoned without the dynamic Tazio Nuvolari and his outmoded Scuderia Ferrari Alfa Romeo. When the leading Mercedes faltered with a punctured tyre mid-way round the final lap, the dogged Italian ace was ready to pounce, scooping the victory laurels from the motor racing might of the Third Reich.

Tazio Nuvolari was a racing driver who wouldn't - *couldn't* - stop trying. His overwhelming desire to compete successfully had seen him break more bones than most people know they've got in their body. So by the time the 43-year-old from Mantova lined up to take the start of the 1935 German Grand Prix his dauntless record was well established. Ten years before, still swathed in bandages as he recovered from an earlier accident, he instructed his doctors to strap him in a riding position, and lift him on to his motor cycle. Then he went out and won the Italian Grand Prix. Frail and slightly built he may have been, but Nuvolari was no softy!

If ever a track had been put on earth as a stage on which the great masters of the motor racing art could perform, it was Nurburgring. Built in the mid-1920s in order to reduce unemployment and enhance the tourist industry in the Eifel region, this magnificent feat of civil engineering became an enduring monument to the 25,000 labourers whose toil was involved in its construction, and it soon became regarded as one of the greatest

challenges in the motor racing business.

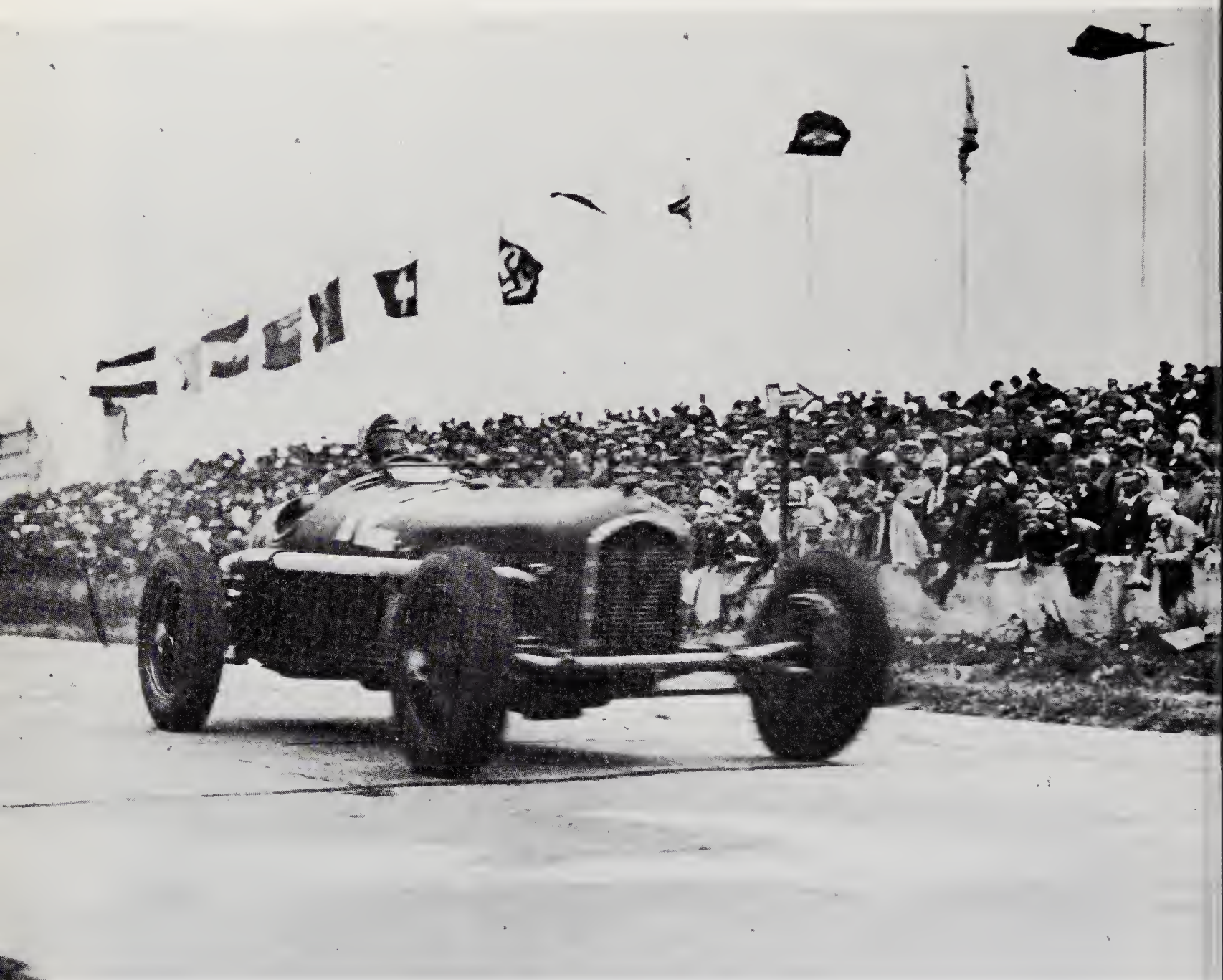
Of course, motor racing's glamorous, high-tech international image was right up the Nazi government's street. What better way to display the technical and sporting expertise of Hitler's Thousand Year Reich than through the patronage of Grand Prix racing? So the two great German teams of Mercedes-Benz and Auto Union were strongly encouraged to go out and show the world what they could do.

The silver cars were truly impressive. Mercedes' straight-eight cylinder, 4.3-litre supercharged W25s were ranged against the striking, central-engined 4.9-litre V16 Auto Unions.

The German machines were handled by a star-studded elite of international driving talent. Mercedes fielded Rudolf Caracciola, Manfred von Brauchitsch and Luigi Fagioli. Auto Union had Achille Varzi, Hans Stuck and the brilliant young rising star Bernd Rosemeyer. Nuvolari, on the other hand, battled against the odds from the uncompetitive surroundings of an Alfa Romeo P3 cockpit. Entered by the Scuderia Ferrari (of whom we were to hear a great deal more later!), Nuvolari's mount was three years out of date by the time the grid lined up for this prestige confrontation at the Nurburgring.

Nuvolari had a private, smouldering ambition to upstage the German cars on their home soil. A conspiracy between his own compatriot Varzi and the aloof German Stuck had kept him out of the Auto Union line-up the previous year. Aside from his natural, burning passion for racing, there was an ever-present score to be settled.

Mercedes came to the Nurburgring in a



Confounding the crowds who had flocked to see a German victory on home ground. Tazio Nuvolari's ageing Alfa Romeo P3 scored a remarkable, if fortuitous, victory.

supremely confident frame of mind. Their cars had won seven major races so far in 1935, compared to Auto Union's single victory, and it was the crowd's great hero Caracciola who wheel-spun his way into the lead from the start, brilliantly controlling his thin-tyred 440 bhp monster on a treacherously damp track.

Two months of fine summer weather had given way to dank, showery conditions on race day, but Caracciola seemed master of the situation. He came storming through in the lead at the end of the first of 22 laps. But Nuvolari had made an

absolutely brilliant getaway from his position further down the grid and was next up, only twelve seconds behind, after fourteen miles' racing!

Second time round it was the brilliant Rosemeyer, handling his difficult-to-drive Auto Union with breathtaking flair, who pushed up into second place. Von Brauchitsch was third, then Fagioli, Louis Chiron's Alfa Romeo and Nuvolari who had temporarily dropped back.

For the next few laps it was not Nuvolari, but Rosemeyer, who captured the imagination of the

crowds. On lap three, the Auto Union star sliced a full five seconds off Caracciola – then another second on lap four. But the leading Mercedes driver seemed suddenly awake to the challenge and promptly steadied his advantage.

Sadly, Rosemeyer was in trouble. Early in the race his Auto Union had glanced an earth bank, damaging a rear wheel. He stopped for attention at the end of lap seven, resuming after some delay in fifth place. Now all eyes fell on to Nuvolari's tiny Alfa Romeo.

By lap seven the little Italian was up to third place, trading lap records with Rosemeyer, and on lap ten he stormed past Caracciola to take the lead. The crowds went silent. It was amazing, impossible. Then came the routine pit stops for fuel at the end of lap twelve.

Mercedes serviced von Brauchitsch in a remarkable 47 seconds. Kid's stuff by the sub-ten second tyres-only changes which we were to witness in Grand Prix racing half a century later, but the Germans were refuelling as well, remember! At the other end of the scale, trouble with the pressure refuelling system meant that Nuvolari's stop took well over two minutes. The Italian just had to stand and watch his hard-fought lead evaporate in front of his eyes. He was sixth when he resumed racing, but took everybody's breath away by forcing his old Alfa past Stuck, Caracciola, Rosemeyer and Fagioli on the following lap. Now he was second. Only von Brauchitsch's Mercedes lay between him and the victory rostrum.

You could cut the tension with a knife in the Mercedes pit. Von Brauchitsch was doing everything he could for the Fatherland, but that little red Alfa, angular and outmoded, was steadily closing on his sleek silver machine. Down, down came the gap. From 1 min 26 sec on lap fourteen, Nuvolari chiselled it away to just under thirty seconds as the two cars set out on their final lap. The crowds kept their fingers firmly crossed. Nuvolari had put on a truly heroic performance, but the Mercedes was just far enough ahead to prevent the little Italian from scooping the big prize.

Sadly for them, the crowd had reckoned without tyre problems. In his anxiety to keep ahead, von Brauchitsch had been caning his tyres mercilessly. Mid-way round that final lap the Mercedes's left rear tyre flew apart; the German was a sitting duck. Nuvolari roared by to score

possibly the most remarkable victory of his entire career.

It had taken the slight Italian a shade over four hours to vanquish the might of Germany on its home ground. One by one they trailed home, the 'Silver Arrows' defeated and dejected – Stuck's Auto Union second, Caracciola third, Rosemeyer fourth, the crestfallen von Brauchitsch fifth, his Mercedes limping in on three tyres and a wheel rim. In the grandstands you could hear a pin drop. The impossible had happened.

Officials shuffled nervously in their boots as Nuvolari walked, beaming, to accept the victory laurels. Anticipating nothing but a home success the organizers had no recording of the Italian national anthem to hand. No matter, said the winner, producing his own. He always carried it round with him. Just in case!



RESULTS

22 laps, 311.8 miles

Top six: 1, Tazio Nuvolari (*Alfa Romeo P3*), 4 hr 8 min 40.2 sec (75.25 mph); 2, Hans Stuck (*Auto Union*), 4 hr 10 min 18.8 sec; 3, Rudolf Caracciola (*Mercedes-Benz W25*), 4 hr 11 min 3.3 sec; 4, Bernd Rosemeyer (*Auto Union*), 4 hr 12 min 51.0 sec; 5, Manfred von Brauchitsch (*Mercedes-Benz W25*), 4 hr 14 min 17 sec; 6, Luigi Fagioli (*Mercedes-Benz W25*), 4 hr 15 min 58 sec.

Fastest lap: von Brauchitsch, 10 min 32.0 sec (80.53 mph).

1937 DONINGTON GRAND PRIX

A star is born

To be honest, Bernd Rosemeyer was not all that keen on competing in this race at Donington Park. By the end of the 1937 season it had become clear that the rear-engined Auto Unions were now outclassed by their rivals from Mercedes-Benz and Rosemeyer was concerned about risking his glittering reputation in an inferior car. But although Manfred von Brauchitsch and Hermann Lang shot straight into the lead at the start, Rosemeyer's tremendous tenacity saved the day. Thrilling the huge crowd with his tyre-smoking, opposite-lock antics, he capitalized on the number of pit stops made by the Mercedes entries to score the last win of his career in his 13th race of the season. A few months later Rosemeyer was dead, killed in a record attempt on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt *autobahn*, and the German nation mourned the death of a hero . . .

For miles around Donington Park, the country lanes were jammed in all directions. Nobody could recall a crowd like it, queuing up to get into the challenging circuit near Derby. But then nobody had seen the spectacle waiting within its precincts. After three years running riot across the race tracks of the Continent, the Germans were coming! Bringing their sleek *Silberpfeile* - 'Silver Arrows' - to England for the first time. Motor racing history was in the making, and no self-respecting British enthusiast wanted to miss out!

During the 1930s, British domestic motor racing was something of an insulated anachronism, bearing little similarity to what was going on in Europe. The sport was largely the preserve

of well-heeled amateurs who amused themselves in the haughty 'right crowd and no crowding' atmosphere at Brooklands and, later, at Donington. And although some sallied forth to do battle with the Europeans on their home ground, the domestic British motor racing scene remained a relatively quiet, self-contained backwater, that is until 2 October 1937.

Of course, one of the pivotal factors which brought the titanic Mercedes versus Auto Union battle to Donington was the fact that an Englishman now drove for one of these great Grand Prix teams. Dick Seaman, the dashing and popular 26-year-old, had been recruited to drive for Mercedes-Benz at the start of the 1937 season. Obliquely, it was a decision which had considerable political significance. Not only was Seaman one of the most talented new performers in the business, but his inclusion in the Mercedes line-up was seen in some quarters as an expression of the Hitler regime's regard for the British. Two years later that might not have seemed too obvious, but at Donington on that October day, politics were not at the top of the agenda . . .

With Britain's participation restricted to a handful of outclassed ERAs driven by the likes of Earl Howe, Raymond Mays and Arthur Dobson, there was clearly nothing to stand in the way of an all-German battle at the front of the field. Mercedes' 5.6 litre W125s dominated the front row of the starting grid with Manfred von Brauchitsch and Hermann Lang lining up first and second. Seaman was fourth, on the outside, but the Mercedes's symmetry was broken up by Bernd Rosemeyer's Auto Union in third place.

After a superb 1936 season, Auto Union had again taken a back seat to Mercedes throughout much of the following year, but the team's hopes were inevitably pinned on Rosemeyer. Even writing these words fifty years after his death, the legend of his life and times lives on. That memorable day at Donington produced a truly classic performance from this German hero.

When the Union Jack fell, Seaman made a terrific start in front of his home crowd, but Lang just beat him to the first corner. Rudi Caracciola's Mercedes came rocketing through from the second row to nip in front of Rosemeyer. In the opening phase of the race it looked as though Mercedes-Benz were going to round off the season with yet another victory, although an early collision between Seaman and H. P. Mueller's Auto Union later caused the Englishman to become a disappointed retirement.

The spectacle was awesome. Lang, von Brau-

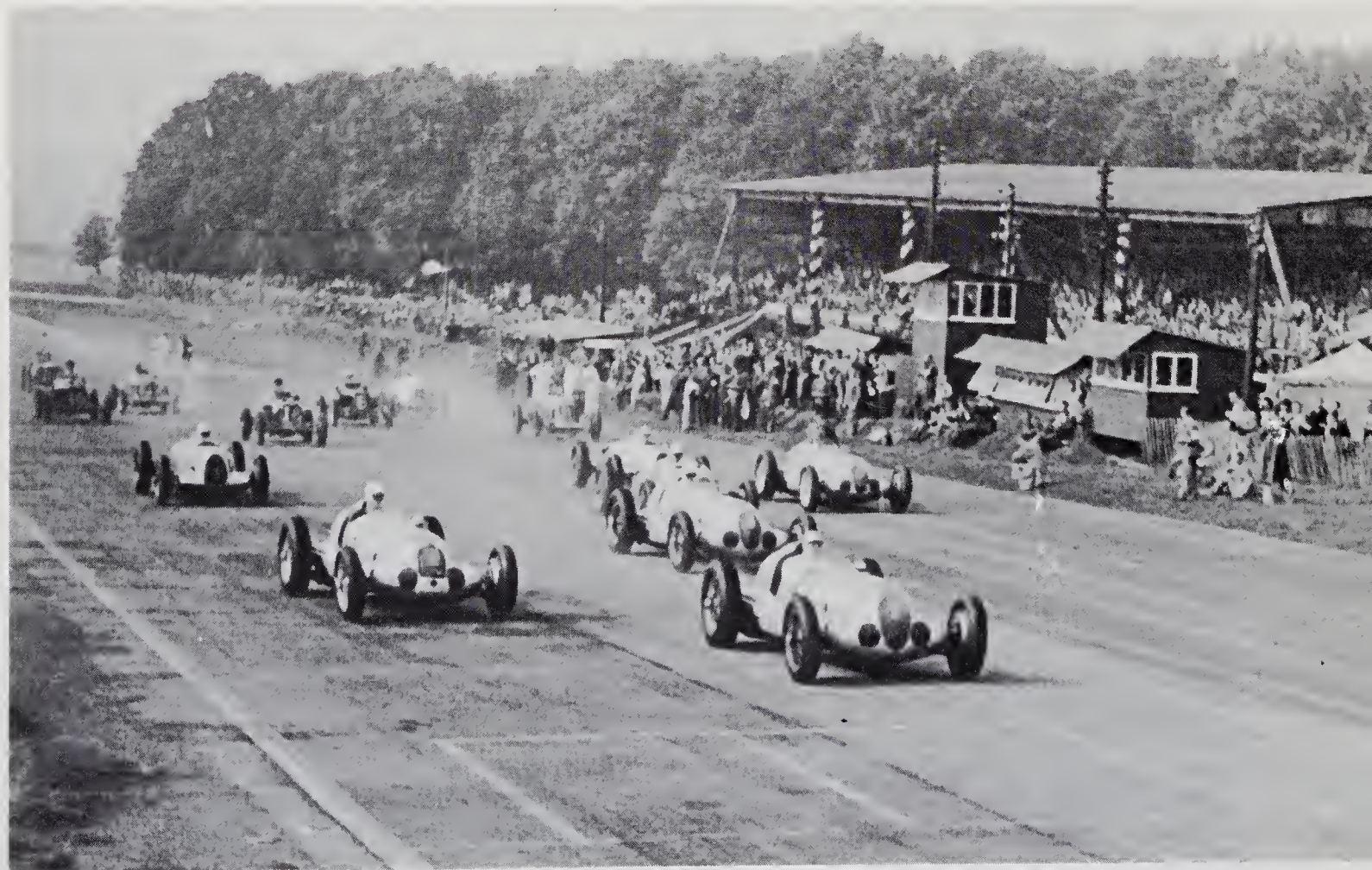
chitsch, Rosemeyer and Caracciola battled closely for the lead, their howling silver monsters topping a staggering 170 mph on Donington's longest straights, and even leaping into the air as they crested the rise before the pits.

Rosemeyer's brilliant car control was spell-binding. The Mercedes drivers were having an easier time with their W125s, but Bernd simply was not letting them get away with it. After ten laps the race's average speed was up to the 83mph mark and Rosemeyer's challenge was driving von Brauchitsch ever closer to Lang.

On lap fourteen, von Brauchitsch finally squeezed by into the lead, thereafter gently opening a slight gap over his team-mate. But Rosemeyer was still there and, when the Mercedes made their first routine fuel stops at the twenty lap mark, the Auto Union tore past into the lead.

With 25 laps completed, Rosemeyer had half a minute in hand over Caracciola. Lang's epic early

Germanic strength. Hermann Lang's Mercedes briefly sprints ahead at the start tailed by team-mates Dick Seaman (No 4), Rudi Caracciola (No 1) and Manfred von Brauchitsch (No 3). Rosemeyer's winning Auto Union is right behind Caracciola.



efforts had proved fruitless, his Mercedes expiring with deranged suspension soon after, while Seaman's sister car followed him into retirement a few laps later.

The leading Auto Union made its routine pit stop at thirty laps. Caracciola also quickly came in, but the Mercedes resumed ahead, so now Rosemeyer was back to third with von Brauchitsch once more in the lead ahead of Caracciola. But Rosemeyer was not to be denied. He quickly caught and passed Rudi to take second place and then concentrated on hauling in the leader.

Von Brauchitsch fought like a tiger, great plumes of smoke pouring from the Mercedes's front tyres as he locked up the wheels under frantic braking for the Melbourne hairpin. But the brilliant Rosemeyer, every rivet and body panel of his Auto Union flexing and straining under the effort, edged closer and closer.

Hurling his ungainly machine from lock to lock with acrobatic flair, Rosemeyer forced his way back to the front of the field. From that point onwards he was never headed, although the tension was by no means over. Von Brauchitsch then suffered a massive front tyre failure at top speed on the straight, but somehow wrestled his

Mercedes back under control, limping into the pits for replacement rubber.

With sixty laps completed – and twenty to go – Rosemeyer still had half a minute lead over the recovering von Brauchitsch who was now watching keenly behind him, keeping tabs on Caracciola's progress.

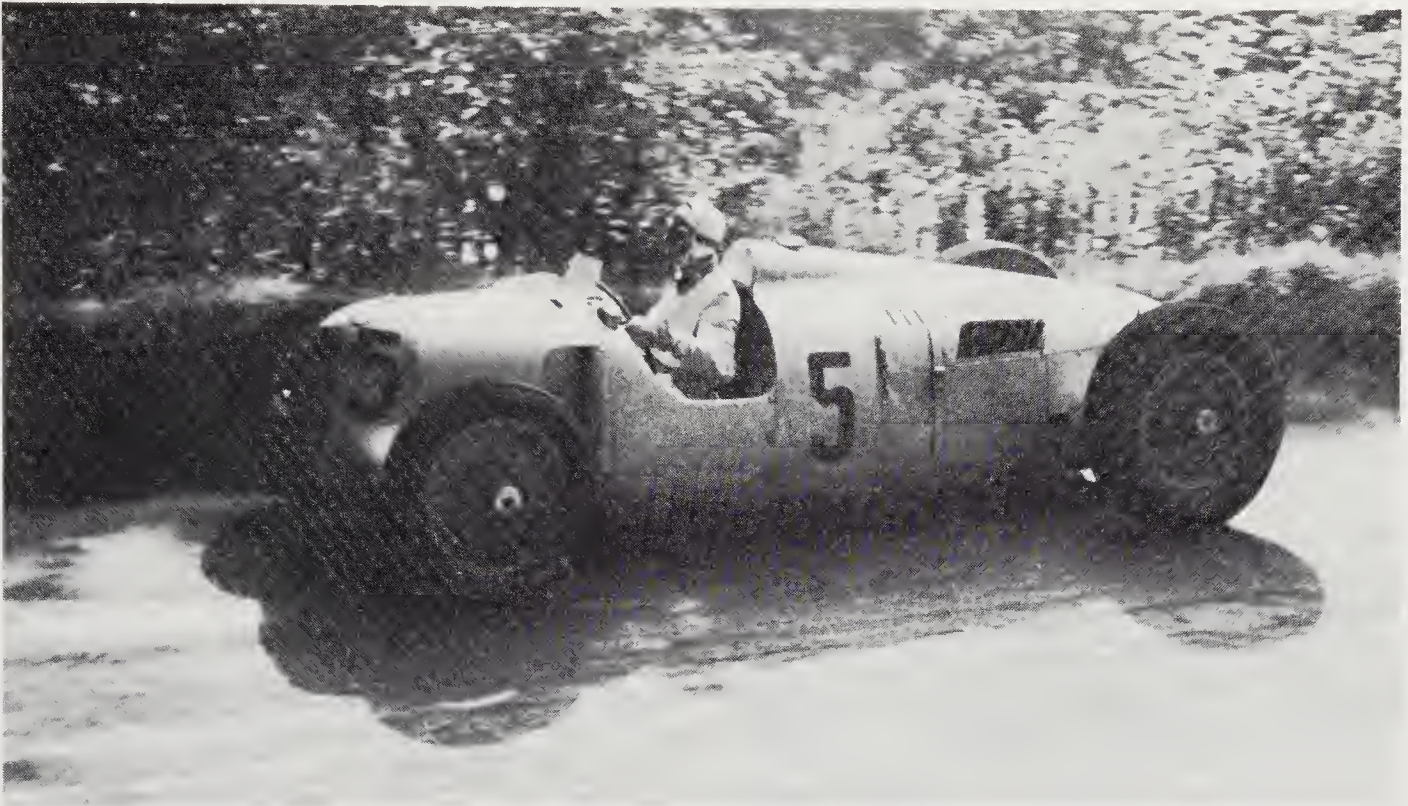
The Auto Union team had it in the bag, yet with only five laps remaining, Rosemeyer chose to make a final precautionary stop to change his rear tyres. The atmosphere in the pits was tense as the mechanics fumbled to change the rear wheels. In the cockpit Rosemeyer had lifted his goggles and stared back down the track, frowning as he strained to see if either Mercedes was coming.

It could hardly have been judged closer! Rosemeyer fishtailed back into the fray barely a second ahead of von Brauchitsch. But the brilliant Bernd was well in control of the situation. In those five laps remaining, he broke the Mercedes morale and stamped his mastery on the race by rocketing away into the distance once again. At the chequered flag his Auto Union was 37 seconds ahead of the weary von Brauchitsch.

Caracciola came home third with the Auto Unions of H. P. Mueller and Rudi Hasse fourth

Despite trying every opposite-lock trick in the book, von Brauchitsch's Mercedes was almost forty seconds behind Rosemeyer at the chequered flag.





The Midas touch. Bernd Rosemeyer, arguably the most talented driver to master the difficult-to-handle, rear-engined Auto Unions, on the way to the last win of his life, the 1937 Donington Grand Prix.

and fifth. Prince Bira of Siam's Maserati was a distant sixth, followed home by Howe's ERA and a handful of English amateur also-rans.

Owing to an organizational mix-up, no champagne was waiting on the winner's rostrum, so the weary, delighted Rosemeyer toasted his own victory in lemonade. The following day his winning Auto Union was trucked down to London and put on display at the company's showrooms in the West End. It was a great note on which the team ended its patchy 1937 season.

Before the Second World War broke out there were to be two more seasons of German domination on the Grand Prix scene. But Bernd Rosemeyer would play no part in them. Donington Park, October 1937, was to be his last race.

On 28 January 1938 the star which had streaked so brilliantly across the Grand Prix horizon was abruptly extinguished when Germany's great national hero died in a record attempt on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt *autobahn*. The light may have gone out, but the glow of Rosemeyer's talent would always linger in the minds of those who watched him at Donington that sunny autumn afternoon . . .



RESULTS

80 laps, 249.9 miles

Top six: 1, Bernd Rosemeyer (*Auto Union*), 3 hr 1 min 2.5 sec (82.86 mph); 2, Manfred von Brauchitsch (*Mercedes-Benz W125*), 3 hr 1 min 40.0 sec; 3, Rudolf Caracciola (*Mercedes-Benz W125*), 3 hr 2 min 18.8 sec; 4, H. P. Mueller (*Auto Union*), 3 hr 4 min 50.0 sec; 5, Rudolf Hasse (*Auto Union*), 3 hr 9 min 50.0 sec; 6, Prince Bira (*Maserati*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: Rosemeyer and von Brauchitsch, 2 min 11.4 sec (85.62 mph).

1939 TRIPOLI GRAND PRIX

Secret in silver

When the Italians reduced their maximum engine capacity to 1.5 litres in 1939, they hoped to keep away the all-conquering German teams from races on their own territory, leaving the way open for Alfa Romeo and Maserati. But it was a vain hope. In conditions of great secrecy, Mercedes-Benz produced two special 1.5-litre cars and sent them to the Tripoli Grand Prix where Hermann Lang and Rudolf Caracciola finished first and second!

Italy may well have been Germany's great Axis political partner in the 1930s, but on the motor racing front the two countries were arch rivals. Although Italy was the home of such famous marques as Maserati and Alfa Romeo, neither of these small constructors had the resources to mount a competitive challenge to the Mercedes-Benz/Auto Union steamroller.

In what amounted to a fit of pique following the 1938 Italian Grand Prix, where their own Tazio Nuvolari used an Auto Union to vanquish Giuseppe Farina's Alfa Romeo by a full three laps, the Italian sporting authorities decided to change the rules for the following year. They announced that all future races would be for 1,500 cc cars, including the prestigious and very lucrative Tripoli Grand Prix, held in the Italian protectorate of Libya. Hermann Lang's Mercedes had led the German teams to crushing victories in 1937 and 1938, much to the Italians' fevered indignation. They couldn't build a car to win the race, so now they would at least make some rules to ensure that the Germans couldn't win it. Or so they thought!

Auto Union decided not to make the effort. There was no way in which they were going to build special cars just for races in Italy. They would keep away. Publicly, Mercedes-Benz took the same position. But, behind the scenes, the firm's racing department was working flat-out to build a couple of 1.5-litre V8s, specially scaled-down versions of the 3-litre V12 W154s.

The Tripoli Grand Prix was one of the most enjoyable events on the international calendar at the time. Initiated by Libya's Governor, Marshal Balbo, a famous Italian aviator and former Aviation Minister, the race took place on the splendid Mellala circuit, dubbed by many as the 'Ascot of motor racing'. Situated just outside Tripoli on the coast, the track ringed a large salt water lake which gave it its name. With superb pit facilities, magnificent permanent grandstands and a top-class hotel adjoining the track, Mellala was years ahead of its time. The prize fund was ample, the hospitality for the drivers lavish, and, to make things even more interesting, a public lottery was held on the race's result.

With the likes of Emilio Villorosi driving for Alfa Romeo and Piero Taruffi handling a Maserati, the Italians felt very comfortable about the outcome. Then came the bombshell: the Mercedes team was coming after all.

There had been no time at all for pre-race testing of the two 1.5-litre V8s, as was Mercedes's customary highly efficient practice. In fact, one of the cars was only completed by the mechanics in the ship's hold as the team came across the Mediterranean on its way to Libya.

The Italian teams were stunned. On paper it

Caracciola at speed in front of the splendid permanent grandstand which lined the start/finish straight at Mellala. The specially built Mercedes W154s were in a class of their own throughout this prestige event, but Rudi was furious at being beaten by team-mate Hermann Lang.

seemed as though the Mercedes squad, armed with Hermann Lang and Rudi Caracciola, would simply walk the race. Unfortunately, racing drivers have notoriously frail egos and practice at Mellala degenerated into a thinly-veiled row between the two Germans.

Villoresi's smart new streamlined Maserati was right on the pace when the battle for grid positions began, posting fastest time from Lang and Caracciola on the second day. After being quickest the previous day with Lang, the Mercedes team had initially decided not to practice on the second day, but when Villoresi grabbed pole position team manager Alfred Neubauer sent them both out again.

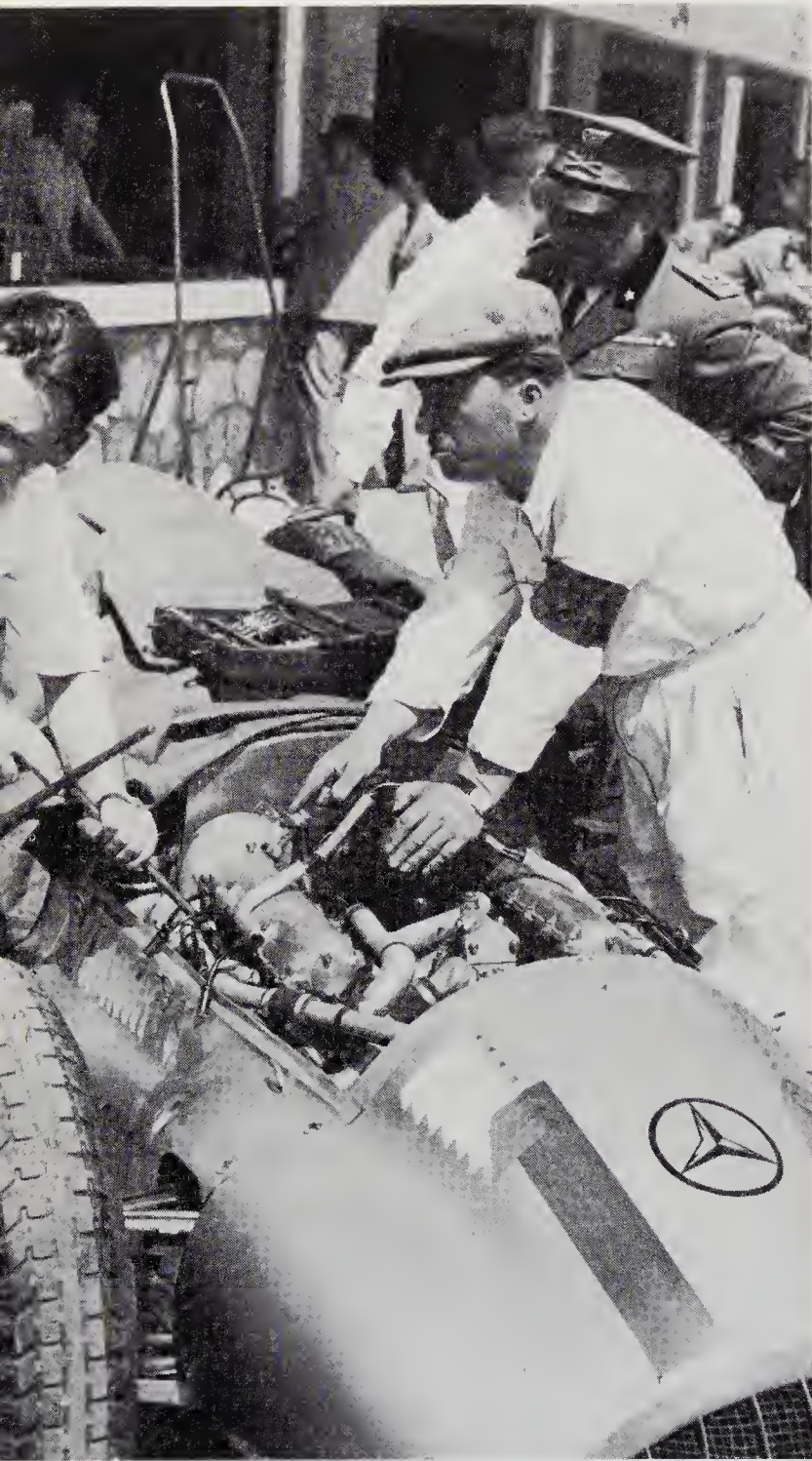
Caracciola, as senior driver, was getting a bit touchy about Lang's performance and didn't want his colleague to go out again once he had beaten his earlier time. But what Caracciola did not realize in the heat of the moment was that Villoresi was the quickest. In the end, neither Mercedes driver could match the Maserati's time, but Lang wound up second in front of his team-mate, causing Caracciola to sulk.

The tension in the Mercedes camp heightened later on that evening as the team settled down to its pre-race briefing. The two drivers argued over which car had the most suitable gear ratios. Finally, Mercedes director Max Sailer intervened and decreed that Caracciola should have the choice. Naturally, Rudi opted for the car with the best acceleration, so now it was Lang's turn to get into a huff!

It was the Mercedes strategy for Lang to go flat-out from the start in order to break the opposition, even if that meant a pit stop to change tyres. Caracciola, on the other hand, was to run a more steady race and not stop for tyres. Thus, it was reasoned, Caracciola would probably have the best chance of winning.

Winner Lang in conference with Mercedes manager Alfred Neubauer and chief development engineer Rudolph Uhlenhaut (second from right).





Lang was still fuming as the cars were pushed out to the starting grid with Villorosi's pole position Alfa Romeo on his right and Caracciola on his left. Marshal Balbo was on hand to drop the flag, but Lang also noticed a starting light gantry just above the pits.

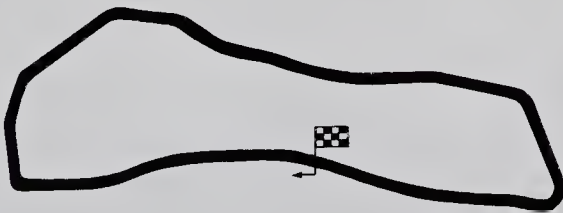
He called Neubauer over at the last minute and asked 'which one should I be watching?' The Mercedes team manager scuttled off to check, quickly returning to tell Lang that he should watch the lights. Thus, while all his rivals had their eyes firmly riveted on the local dignitary, Lang focussed on the lights. When they blinked green, his Mercedes was off like a jack rabbit and that was the last anybody saw of him.

'From that moment on, I only saw the opposition in my mirrors,' chuckled Lang years afterwards. The race, as such, was virtually non-existent. Lang led throughout, vanquishing Caracciola by almost three minutes at the chequered flag. The Italians were nowhere to be seen, the disappointed Villorosi winding up over a lap behind the winner. At Mellala, that was almost ten miles!

Caracciola was furious. He didn't have much time for Lang anyway and hardly spoke to his colleague again. Lang couldn't have cared less. He had just won a brilliant Tripoli Grand Prix hat-trick and Mercedes had pulled the ultimate surprise on the Italians.

In reality, it wasn't really much of a lottery after all!

Lang's winning car being worked on in the pits prior to the start. This tiny 1½-litre V8 was a scaled-down version of the pukka 3-litre V12 Grand Prix cars.



RESULTS

30 laps, 244.9 miles

Top six: 1, Hermann Lang (*Mercedes-Benz W154*), 1 hr 59 min 12.36 sec (122.8 mph); 2, Rudolf Caracciola (*Mercedes-Benz W154*), 2 hr 2 min 49.64 sec; 3, Emilio Villorosi (*Alfa Romeo*), one lap behind; 4, Piero Taruffi (*Maserati*), two laps behind; 5, Armand Hug (*Maserati*), three laps behind.

Fastest lap: Lang, 3 min 43.77 sec (131.53 mph).

1951 BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Maranello breaks the mould

Enzo Ferrari had a very special reason for wanting his Grand Prix cars to beat Alfa Romeo. In the 1930s, the Scuderia Ferrari was responsible for fielding the factory Alfa racing team, but a major policy disagreement caused a parting of the ways in 1938. Ten years later Ferrari was ready with a Grand Prix challenger of his own, but it took until 1951 before the Prancing Horse of Maranello could beat the Quadrofoglio from Milan. The day finally came at Silverstone in the summer of 1951 where Froilan Gonzalez took the 4.5-litre un-supercharged Ferrari 375 to victory over the supercharged Alfa 159 driven by fellow Argentinian Juan Manuel Fangio, thereby changing the complexion of the Grand Prix landscape for good.

Funny how times change. In the late 1980s, Silverstone is regarded as one of the fastest Grand Prix circuits in the world. Sophisticated and highly complex 1½-litre turbocharged Formula 1 machines finally produced a 160 mph qualifying lap in 1985, speeds that were simply unimaginable even a couple of years earlier. But back in 1951 things were very different. The former wartime RAF base was regarded as a rather tricky, tight and acrobatic circuit by those who drove the unwieldy front-engined monsters of the time. Yet on 14 July that year the Ferrari team faced up to the British Grand Prix in a buoyantly optimistic frame of mind.

Ever since racing resumed after the Second World War, Alfa Romeo had held the Grand Prix scene in a vice-like grip. Its tremendously powerful 1½-litre supercharged 159s – some of which had been walled-up in an Italian cheese factory

throughout the hostilities – were unquestionably the cars to beat. But by 1951, although these eight-cylinder machines were developing a massive 420 bhp, their thirst for alcohol-laced fuel was such that their consumption had dropped to less than 2 mpg. That meant that they started races laden down with a heavy fuel load and were obliged to stop all too frequently for their tanks to be replenished.

Although Ferrari initially opted for a supercharged Grand Prix car, by the middle of 1950 he was pursuing a naturally aspirated design. At the end of that season his chief designer Aurelio Lampredi finally produced a 4.5-litre V12 which Maranello hoped would have the Alfas on the run the following year.

By the end of the French Grand Prix at Reims, the writing was clearly on the wall. Alberto Ascari, who took over Gonzalez's machine when his own broke its gearbox after a mere nine laps, battled ferociously for much of the race with Fangio's Alfa. Only a late stop to adjust his brakes lost Ascari the initiative and he stormed home second behind the other Italian machine. Now, at Silverstone, things were destined to be even better.

Froilan Gonzalez had made his name earlier in 1951 back in his native Argentina. When Mercedes-Benz had sent out a team of admittedly pre-war W163s to contest a couple of 'free formula' races in Buenos Aires, Gonzalez had easily beaten them at the wheel of a private Ferrari 166. Thus, when Piero Taruffi proved unable to take his place alongside Ascari and Luigi Villorosi for the French Grand Prix, Gonzalez had been drafted in



Towering over the wheel of his Ferrari, Froilan Gonzalez wrestles his way towards the Italian marque's first Grande Epreuve victory. Not for nothing was the burly Argentinian nicknamed the 'Pampas Bull'.

as his replacement.

Fat, stocky and tremendously energetic behind the wheel, Gonzalez quickly proved he was no make-weight when the Ferrari team arrived at Silverstone. Although allocated one of the slightly earlier specification 375s (without the twin-plug cylinder heads fitted to the other two team cars), he qualified brilliantly on pole position in what was his first visit to the circuit.

Ranged alongside him on the front row were the two Alfa Romeos of Fangio and Nino Farina, plus Ascari's Ferrari 375 on the outside. Row two contained Villoresi's Ferrari 375, Consalvo Sanesi and Felice Bonetto, both in Alfa Romeos. One had to go down to row three before finding any non-Italian cars in the form of Louis Rosier's

French Talbot and the bespectacled English garage owner Bob Gerard's ERA, respectively ninth and tenth in the line-up.

When the starter's flag dropped, Gonzalez immediately shot into the lead, pulling out almost a second a lap on Fangio, much to the disbelief of the crowd. It took until lap ten before the Alfa slipped through into first place, but there was no way he could get away from his tenacious countryman. Smart in his yellow shirt and blue helmet, Fangio looked as relaxed as he could under the circumstances. Gonzalez, meanwhile, was crouched over the wheel of his Ferrari, sawing away madly, his great bulk brimming over the cockpit sides . . .

By lap 25, Fangio's precision driving had

gradually eased him away from Gonzalez to the tune of six seconds. But that was as far as he could get. Five laps later Gonzalez was less than two seconds behind. The two Argentinians were amazingly well-matched in this remarkable battle, but by lap 38 Fangio could resist no longer. Gonzalez took the Ferrari 375 back into the lead, the Alfa hanging on grimly a few lengths behind until stopping for fuel and fresh rear tyres just before the 50-lap mark.

With 56 laps completed, Ascari's Ferrari pulled in to retire with gearbox trouble. Alberto had been running in fourth place behind Farina's Alfa Romeo for much of the way, so when Gonzalez was signalled to stop at the end of lap sixty most onlookers expected a re-run of the Reims per-

formance where the Argentinian relinquished his car to his senior.

Tired and oil-stained, Gonzalez thought that way as well. Hardly had his Ferrari rolled to a standstill than he was preparing to climb out. But Ascari merely grinned, putting a reassuring hand on Gonzalez's shoulder to indicate that he should stay in the cockpit. Alberto was appreciative of the gracious manner with which Gonzalez had given up his car two weeks earlier. He had no intention of depriving his new team-mate of a thoroughly deserved victory!

There were still thirty laps to go as Gonzalez accelerated back into the fray, now leading Fangio by over a minute. The best-placed Alfa Romeo had been outclassed convincingly, but Juan

Ferrari pit stop. Gonzalez (left) has hopped out briefly while his Ferrari is refuelled. On the right, Alberto Ascari, whose sister car retired earlier in the race, directs operations with a concerned expression.

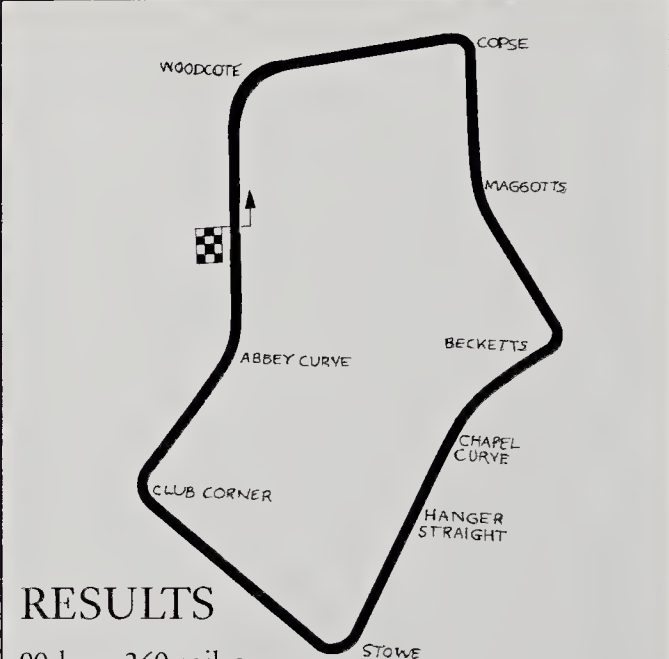


Manuel never gave up trying. Rear axle juddering as he held the 159 in a series of beautiful opposite-lock slides, he thundered ever onwards with a look of grim determination on his face. But there was nothing he could do about that Ferrari. Writing the first of many Maranello Grand Prix triumphs into the history book, Froilan Gonzalez came home the winner by 51 seconds over his old friend and rival.

Such was the pace of their battle that Luigi Villorosi's third-placed Ferrari was two laps behind at the chequered flag, with Bonetto's Alfa a further lap down in fourth. The much-heralded British BRMs rumbled around to finish fifth and seventh in the hands of Reg Parnell and Peter Walker respectively, leaving Sanesi's Alfa sandwiched in sixth place.

Ferrari had settled the score with his former employers, although it was an unashamedly emotional moment for both himself and his entire team. He had started to turn the tide of Grand Prix history at Silverstone on that summer afternoon, yet found time to send a sentimental telegram to Alfa Romeo's Managing Director.

It read, 'I still feel for our Alfa the adolescent tenderness of first love . . .'



RESULTS

90 laps, 260 miles

Top six: 1, Froilan Gonzalez (*Ferrari 375*), 2 hr 42 min 18.2 sec (96.11 mph); 2, Juan Manuel Fangio (*Alfa Romeo 159*), 2 hr 43 min 9.2 sec; 3, Luigi Villorosi (*Ferrari 375*), two laps behind; 4 Felice Bonetto (*Alfa Romeo 159*), three laps behind; 5, Reg Parnell (*BRM*), five laps behind; 6, Consalvo Sanesi (*Alfa Romeo 159*), six laps behind.

Fastest lap: Nino Farina (*Alfa Romeo 159*), 99 mph (no time published).

Gonzalez's compatriot Juan Manuel Fangio did everything he could to keep pace with the Ferrari, but his supercharged Alfa Romeo 159 was soundly beaten into second place.



1952 LE MANS 24-HOURS

Levegh's vain vigil

Reference to the history books reveals that the brand-new Mercedes-Benz coupés finished first and second in this running of the 24-hour *Grand Prix d'Endurance* at the Sarthe circuit. But behind this bland fact hides one of the most heroic, yet vain, solo struggles in the history of motor racing. After the demise of the factory Jaguars and the new 2.3-litre Gordini, the veteran Pierre Levegh's Talbot took the lead. Driving alone throughout, stubbornly resisting the pleas of his co-driver to relinquish the cockpit, Levegh looked set for a great French victory until a missed gearchange resulted in his blowing up the Talbot's engine with a little more than an hour left to run.

Pierre Levegh started his career as a menial apprentice, pushing a broom in a tiny French provincial garage. He nurtured great personal ambitions as a racing driver, yet he was never to make the front rank. A dogged worker, imbued with no great intuitive brilliance, he toiled away at his craft, working first as a mechanic and, eventually, getting his chance behind the wheel.

Le Mans was one of Levegh's great passions. Yet not until 1938 was he nominated as a reserve driver in one of the six Talbot entries. In the event he failed to prove himself behind the wheel and would have to wait another 13 years before making his Le Mans racing debut. Solemn-faced and serious, Levegh was considered by some in 1951 to be too old for a first-timer. He was 46 at the time, but finished a respectable fourth sharing his 4.5-litre Talbot with Rene Marchand.

Pierre Levegh returned for another try in 1952, again co-driving with Marchand. Yet even though

his Talbot sported more aerodynamic bodywork, it was hardly considered a top challenger. Surely, thought the pundits, the battle for victory would be fought out between the works Ferraris, Jaguars and the striking new Mercedes 300SLs which, with their upward opening doors, were instantly dubbed 'the gull-wings'.

Jaguar's purpose-built C-type had won commandingly in 1951, and with plenty of top names contracted to drive, the Coventry-based team felt confident. Yet everything went wrong from the start. During practice the C-types had been fitted with new bodywork and encountered serious overheating problems. Modifications were made, and although Stirling Moss briefly held second place during the opening sprint in the car he shared with Peter Walker, it succumbed to overheating in the second hour. Similar problems sidelined the sister cars of Peter Whithead/Ian Stewart and Tony Rolt/Duncan Hamilton early in the race, and as the contest settled down it was Jean Behra and Robert Manzon in the 2.3-litre Gordini who set the pace at the front of the field.

With the two works Mercedes running at a rigorously pre-planned, scrupulously efficient pace, it was Levegh who moved up to consolidate second place as the shadows lengthened and darkness eventually fell over this, the most famous and colourful of all endurance events. The French crowd watched in rapturous appreciation.

Midnight came and went with the Behra/Manzon Gordini still leading the pack. In the Talbot pit an air of concern could be detected.



Levegh's Talbot swings through the right-hander at the end of the Mulsanne straight shortly after the start of his dogged, vain single-handed drive.

Levegh was running well, there was no question about that, but he just would not give up the wheel. Each time he stopped for tyres and fuel Marchand counselled him, with ever-increasing concern, to take at least a brief rest from the gruelling monotony. But each time Pierre declined the offer, preferring to drive on, single-handed. On the face of it, Levegh was being heroic. In reality, he was asking for trouble . . .

As the crowd swapped the shoulder-to-shoulder jostling of the packed spectator enclosures for the round-the-clock fairs and sideshows, so the relentless pursuit continued out on the track. The first bitter blow for *La France* came in the small hours of Sunday morning. After grappling with fading brakes, the leading Gordini was finally retired shortly after 3 am. Into the lead went Pierre Levegh in his rumbling 4.5-litre Talbot, and the stage was set for a compelling yet soul-

destroying sequence of events.

Hampered by driving without a rev counter since the early stages, Levegh still refused to hand over to Marchand. As the misty dawn broke, the Frenchman drove on, damp and aching in his open cockpit. Snug in second and third places, exuding Germanic efficiency, were the comfy, closed silver coupés carrying the Mercedes three-pointed star. Theo Helfrich and Helmut Niedemayer lay second ahead of veteran former pre-war Grand Prix ace Hermann Lang, sharing the other 300SL with Fritz Riess.

As a hazy sun began warming the weary survivors, an atmosphere of high drama percolated through the public enclosures, a sudden awareness of impending excitement. As the sun began to shine brightly, all eyes were rivetted on Levegh's lone Talbot.

By mid-morning he was four laps ahead of the

nearest Mercedes, but courting disaster like few men in the history of the sport.

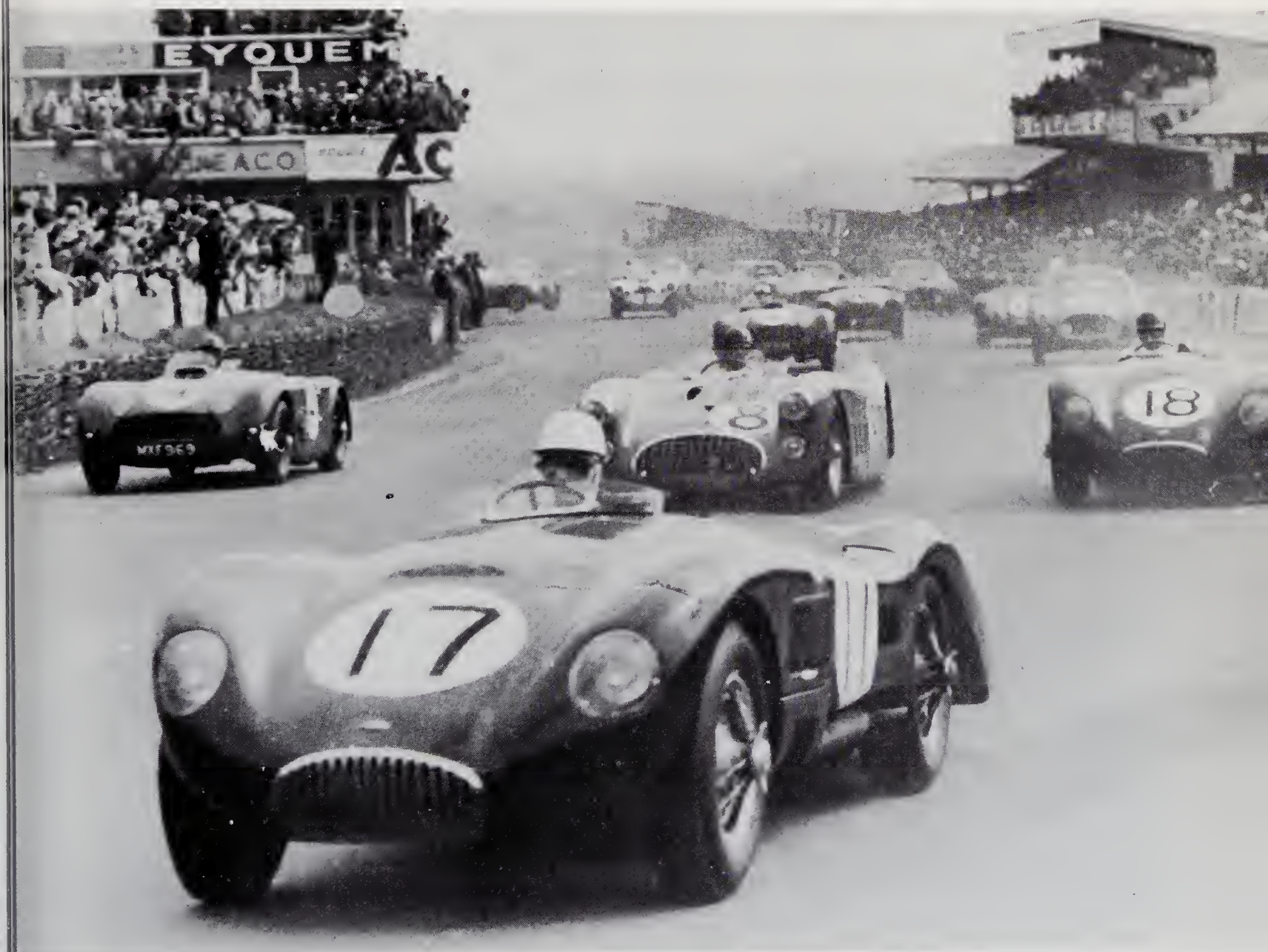
Dazed, almost hypnotized with fatigue, Levegh was driving like a robot. Logic and reason had long since gone out of the window. At each successive pit stop he sat resolutely in the cockpit, staring blankly ahead, recognizing nobody. Marchand still pleaded with him, but there was really no point. Levegh could see victory on the horizon and that tantalizing prospect blanked out the pain, the exhaustion - and the sense of it all.

In the early afternoon the Lang/Riess Mercedes moved up into second place ahead of its twin, but

Levegh still seemed out of reach. Against all the odds, it seemed as though this stubborn Frenchman would do it. He was almost close enough to smell the uncorked victory champagne, into the last hour and running 25 miles away from that Mercedes when his dream came to an end. Too numb to know what he was doing, Levegh accidentally shifted into first gear instead of third, the Talbot's revs screamed round the dial and the crankshaft broke.

As the smoking Talbot pulled off the track, his ardent fans stood stunned in silent disgust. The onlookers who had been ready to deify Pierre

The troublesome 'droop snoot' Jaguar C-types of Stirling Moss (17) and Tony Rolt (18) in line astern as the pack accelerates away from the start. Rolt is alongside Levegh's Talbot with the Leslie Johnason/Tommy Wisdom Nash-Healey on the far left of the picture.



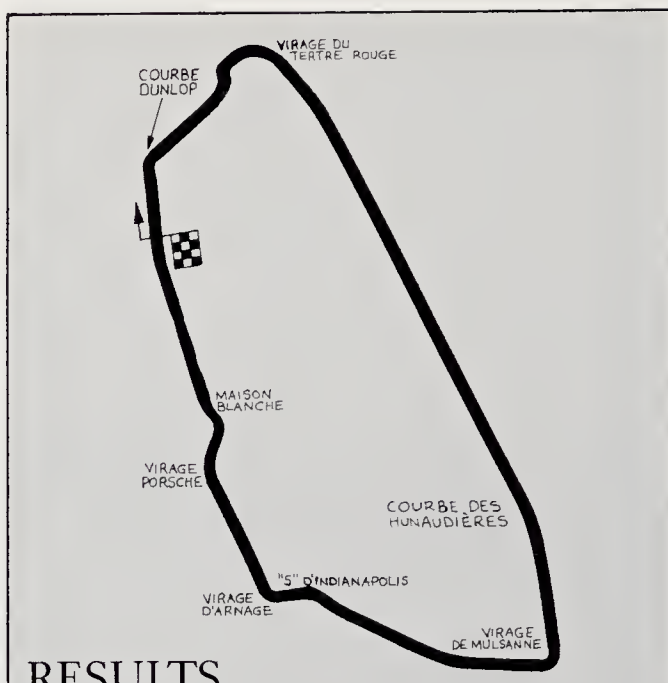
Levegh through those long hours of darkness now turned away. He had let them down. What's more, he had handed Germany an easy victory. It was too soon after the War for that fact to rest easily in some people's minds . . .

The 300SLs of Lang/Reiss and Helfrich/Niedemayer droned on through that last hour to take a strong Mercedes 1-2, over a hundred miles ahead of the third-placed Nash-Healey of Leslie Johnson/Tommy Wisdom. Fourth was the 5.4-litre Cunningham of Briggs Cunningham and Bill Spear. In the pits, Pierre Levegh quietly sipped some water as the tears rolled down his wife's cheeks.

Levegh's greatest day had been snatched away from him at the last moment, yet this yeoman racer was destined to be remembered for many decades. Three years later, perhaps trying to sooth injured French pride, Mercedes included the gallant Frenchman, now fifty years old, in its Le Mans line-up.

Two and a half hours into the race, his 300SL vaulted into the spectator enclosure opposite the pits after colliding with Lance Macklin's Austin-Healey. Pierre Levegh died in the blazing wreckage of his car, along with at least 81 people in the crowd.

It was the worst accident in the sport's history.



RESULTS

24 hours, 2320.071 miles

Top six: 1, Hermann Lang/Fritz Riess (*Mercedes-Benz 300SL*), (96.696 mph); 2, Theo Helfrich/Helmut Niedermayer (*Mercedes-Benz 300SL*), 2311.657 miles; 3, Leslie Johnson/Tommy Wisdom (*Nash-Healey*), 2195.94 miles; 4, Briggs Cunningham/Bill Spear (*Cunningham CAR*), 2112.055 miles; 5, Andre Simon/Vincent (*Ferrari 340*), 2088.927 miles; 6, Valenzano/Ippocampo' (*Lancia Aurelia*), 2076.879 miles.

Fastest lap: Alberto Ascari (*Ferrari 250 Sport*), 4 min 40.5 sec (107.595 mph).

The Mercedes 300SLs of Lang/Riess (left) and Helfrich/Niedemeyer cross the finishing line to take a 1-2 victory, a less than unanimously popular success with the French crowd.



1953 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

Fangio dodges the debris

Put bluntly, Ferrari had been having life easy. When the sport's governing body decreed that the 1952 and '53 World Championships should be run for Formula 2 cars, in the absence of sufficient decent F1 machinery, Maranello was the only team suitably equipped with the right cars. Thus, the Prancing Horse swept the board for two full seasons with Alberto Ascari winning the World Championship in both those years. But the Prancing Horse faced a major upset in the final race of '53 when a last-corner pile-up eliminated the Champion and allowed Fangio to nip through to win for Enzo's arch-rival, Maserati!

There was good news and bad news as the teams lined up to do battle at Monza in September 1953. The good news was for Ferrari. In fielding a couple of brand new 'Squalos' the Maranello team qualified for a special 7 million lire prize awarded to the team which fielded *two* brand-new cars in this event. Maserati only came up with a solitary new type A6! The bad news was for motor racing in general: Enzo Ferrari formally announced that this was to be his last official race. Owing to the ever-increasing cost of his programme, he was withdrawing from racing for good.

It was a story which plucked the heart-strings, yet was destined not to be the first such impassioned plea for sympathy. As the racing world quickly discovered, Ferrari had no such intention. But such an emotional announcement gave added significance to the 1953 Italian Grand Prix. It was thought to be Maranello's swan-song,

billed as a great confrontation between Ferrari and Maserati.

Although both teams fielded several drivers, as far as the madly enthusiastic Italian public was concerned it boiled down to a battle between two star drivers. Leading the Ferrari ranks was the great Ascari, pitched against Maserati's team leader Juan Manuel Fangio. True enough, Ferrari also had Mike Hawthorn and Nino Farina. Maserati also had Bonetto, Mantovani and Onofre Marimon's private entry. But it was head-to-head between Ascari and Fangio in the eyes of the noisy masses squeezed into that huge concrete grandstand opposite the Monza pits.

Although the new 'Squalos' were available, they had not had sufficient testing for Ascari to risk one in this important race. Thus, the new cars were entrusted to Piero Carini and Umberto Maglioli. Alberto opted for his tried and trusted type 500, justifying that faith by snatching pole position, three-tenths quicker than Fangio's Maserati. Marimon, Farina, Bonetto, Villoresi and Hawthorn were next up, all within three seconds of one another. Right at the end of practice Fangio was lucky to survive a nasty moment when, trying Bonetto's Maserati for a few laps, he lost a rear wheel on a very fast right-hander. He slipped and slithered to a halt and returned to the pits on foot looking very pre-occupied . . .

No fewer than thirty cars took the start at Monza that September afternoon, the combined shattering roar from their exhausts almost sufficient to lift the canopy from the main grandstand. Yet the Cooper-Bristols, HWMs and Gordinis in the

second half of the field might as well have not been present. This was an all-Italian battle and the crowds had eyes for none other!

Ascari got the jump on Fangio at the start, sprinting away towards the Curva Grande, a half-mile or so distant, in what seemed like a commanding lead. But in those pre-chicane days of the flat-out Monza blind, getting ahead of the pack was one thing. Staying there was very much another. By the end of the opening lap, as the pack burst into view on to the pit straight, Ascari had Marimon's Maserati, wearing the national colours of Argentina, absolutely alongside his Ferrari.

As they hurtled across the line in a blur of colour and a crash of sound, Farina was third and Fangio fourth. Fifth was an underpowered

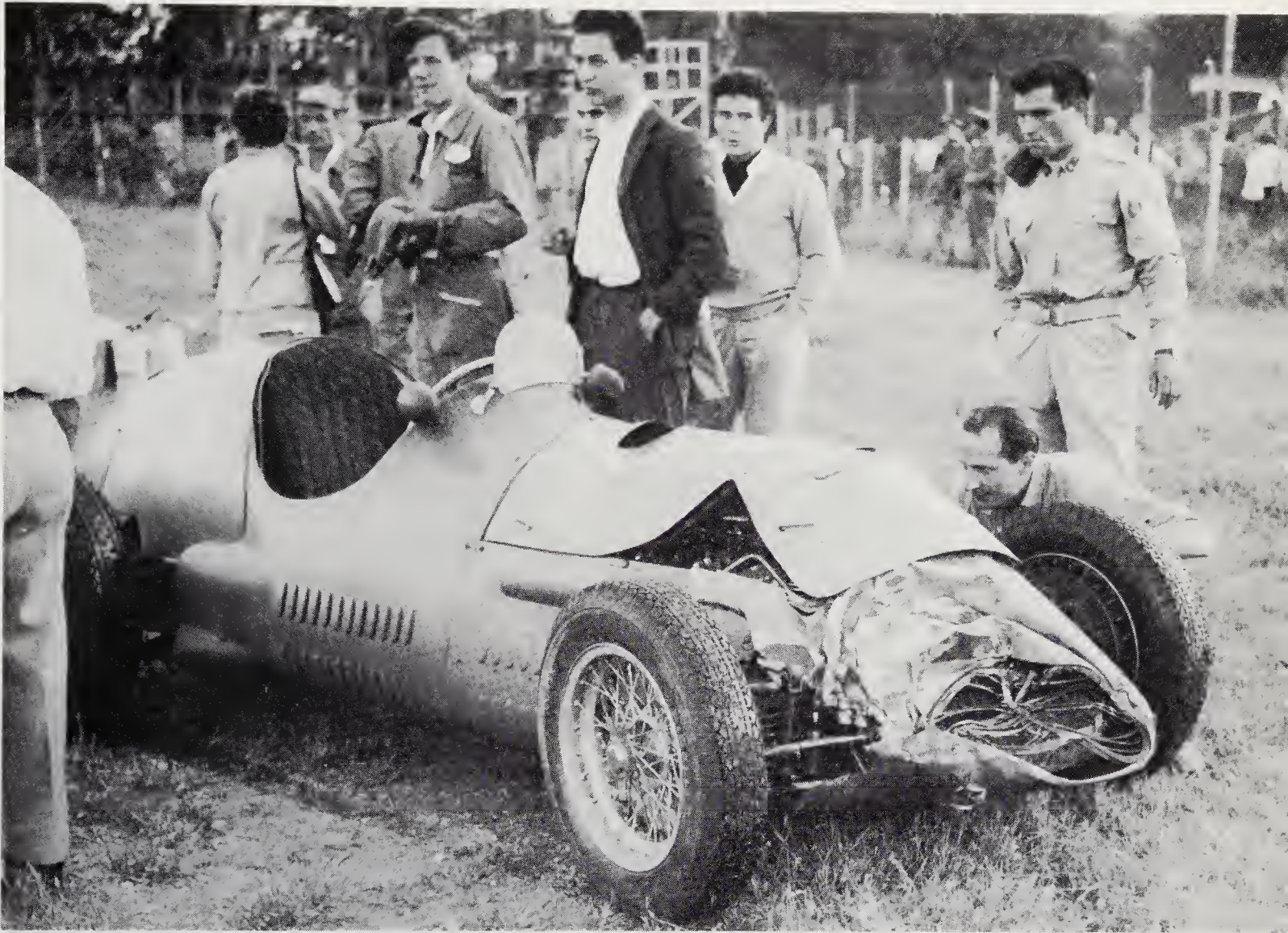
Cooper-Alta driven by an English new boy by the name of Stirling Moss . . .

Sadly, Moss was not centre stage in this particular chase. At the end of the second lap he made a quick pit stop, worried about a possible oil leak, and dropped to the back of the field. Meanwhile, the crowd settled down to watch a breathtaking four-way battle for the lead. Ascari, Marimon, Fangio, Farina. Two Ferraris versus two Maseratis.

Lap after lap the battle continued at a gruelling pace. Hanging on in each other's slipstream, none of the quartet got left behind. Yet none could pull clear and gain a measurable advantage. The ferocity of the contest was breath-taking. This was an eighty-lap Grand Prix, yet the cream of its driving talent seemed to be treating it like a ten-

Prancing Horse versus the Trident. The epic Ferrari/Maserati duel at Monza '53. Here Farina and Ascari hang on ahead for the Commendatore pursued by Fangio and Marimon for 'the other firm'.





Marimon's car after the shunt. The finger of suspicion pointed at the young Argentinian as the cause of the unfortunate fracas which eliminated reigning World Champion Ascari from the race.

lap sprint. Surely it could not last?

But it did! By half distance Ascari, Farina, Fangio and Marimon were still absolutely nose-to-tail. For the next ten laps Ascari began to assert some semblance of authority, but only in the sense that he was hanging on ahead. He could never get away. By lap fifty the quartet had become a trio as Marimon had stopped four laps earlier to tend to a damaged oil radiator. That lost him six minutes and finished any chances of a decent position.

With twenty laps to go Ascari was now in charge, yet the pace was still as daunting as ever. At about this point the leading trio got caught up lapping Hawthorn and Villoresi and, with Marimon in amongst them again, albeit several laps down, the struggle was heart-stopping.

Hawthorn gradually dropped away from this bunch, but Marimon was clearly hell-bent on helping Fangio as much as possible for Maserati. Similarly, Villoresi decided that he had better stay around to give Ascari some assistance. The aloof, granite-faced Farina raced only for himself and was unlikely to be doing anybody any favours – even his team-mates!


With the race two and three quarter hours old, the leaders slammed into the last lap, still battling for every inch of track space. Down the long back straight Ascari was ahead, but Marimon was right on his tail. Into the final right-hander all hell broke loose!

Spurred on by a burst of extrovert over-enthusiasm, Marimon's Maserati rammed the leading Ferrari, spinning both cars in the middle

of the track. Farina was too close to avoid the pirouetting blue and yellow Maserati and caught one of its wheels a glancing blow. Fangio saw his opportunity, dodged through on the inside and came storming out of the corner comfortably in command. The official with the chequered flag was so taken aback that he failed to wave it at the Argentinian – or to Farina who recovered to finish second!

As the Ferraris of Villoresi and Hawthorn came home third and fourth in front of Maurice Trintignant in his Gordini, so Ascari and Marimon strode back up the trackside towards the pits. Alberto wore a look of thunder across his face while Marimon, his cheek slightly cut, looked sheepish and rather guilty.

Meanwhile, a delighted Fangio was fêted with the victory garlands. It was his first *Grand Epreuve* triumph for two seasons.



RESULTS

80 laps, 180.218 miles
Top six: 1, Juan Manuel Fangio (*Maserati A6*), 2 hr 49 min 45.9 sec (110.684 mph); 2, Giuseppe Farina (*Ferrari 500*), 2 hr 49 min 47.3 sec; 3, Luigi Villoresi (*Ferrari 500*), one lap behind; 4, Mike Hawthorn (*Ferrari 500*), one lap behind; 5, Maurice Trintignant (*Gordini*), three laps behind; 6, Roberto Mieres (*Gordini*), three laps behind.
Fastest lap: Fangio, 2 min 4.5 sec (113.193 mph).

Ascari (left) wears an expression of resigned fury on his face as he walks back to the pits in company with Marimon (second from left) following the last corner debacle which let Fangio through to win.



1954 LE MANS 24-HOURS

Ferrari home, but not dry

Jaguar had already won Le Mans in 1951 and '53 with its elegant C-types, but when the wraps came off the beautiful new aerodynamic D-type at the start of 1954 the Coventry company had produced what was to become the archetypal Le Mans machine. Purpose-built for the billiard-smooth surface of the Sarthe, the D-type was destined to blaze Jaguar's success story across the world at a time when Le Mans was probably the most highly-publicized motor race on earth. However, in 1954 Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton had to take a gallant second place to the more powerful Ferrari of Froilan Gonzalez/Maurice Trintignant after a tremendous chase in which the weather played more than a passing part.

A battle between brute force and science. That was the way most people viewed the line-up prior to Le Mans in 1954. In the high technology corner, clothed in its beautiful, wind-tunnel-tested, aerodynamic bodywork was the Jaguar D-type with its 3.4-litre, six-cylinder engine. In the brute force corner, Ferrari's formidable 4.9-litre, V12-engined 375. Ranged somewhere in between were the 3-litre Aston Martin DB3S, the new 4.5-litre Lagonda V12 and the big 5.5-litre, stock block American Cunningham C4-Rs. It was one of the most tantalizing line-ups ever to be seen at the French circuit.

In terms of handling and agility, the D-types were at the top of the class, but the works Ferraris were quicker by far on acceleration. It came as no surprise, then, when the 375s of Froilan Gonzalez/Maurice Trintignant, Robert Manzon/Louis Rosier and Umberto Maglioli/Paolo Marzotto stormed

away in 1-2-3 formation at the start. Stirling Moss, sharing his D-type with Peter Walker, kept in touch with the Maranello threesome during the early stages, while Tony Rolt was never too far behind, quick to move up into this select bunch as a rain shower doused the circuit within the first couple of hours.

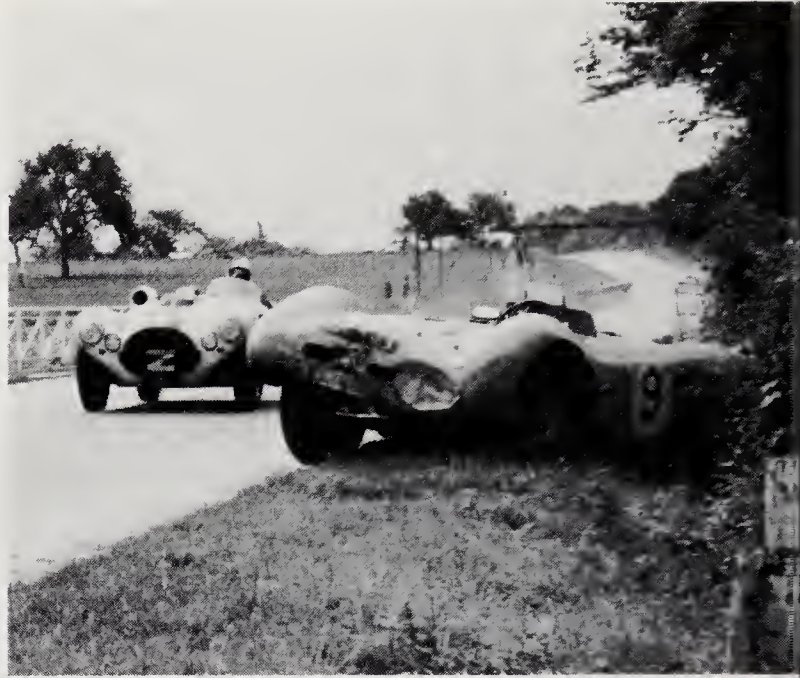
Although the new Jaguars seemed to be pacing themselves extremely well, problems with blocked fuel lines delayed them during the third hour. By the time these difficulties had been sorted out, the trio of works Ferraris assumed a stranglehold on the race. As evening turned to night, so Gonzalez and Trintignant pounded ever onwards, but Maglioli/Manzon were out before darkness with back axle failure.

The Jaguars were now steadily hauling their way back into contention. By midnight Peter Whitehead and Ken Wharton had their D-type up into second place only two laps behind the leading Ferrari. Manzon/Rosier were next from Rolt and Hamilton, with the Aston Martins of Reg Parnell/Roy Salvadori and Peter Collins/Prince Bira completing the top half-dozen. The Lagonda had been eliminated before nightfall, Eric Thompson denting its rear end so badly when he spun into the bank at the Esses that the rear lights were destroyed. There was no way it could continue like that, so it had to be withdrawn.

Another casualty of the long night was Jimmy Stewart, who rolled his Aston Martin coupé on the fast stretch between the Arnage and White House corners. The car was completely written off, the Scottish driver sustaining serious arm



Only two hours into the race, but Froilan Gonzales has the front spotlights of the winning 4.9-litre Ferrari blazing in warning. The off-course competitor stuck in the sand is the Ferrari 375MM shared by the Italian Count Baggio and wealthy playboy Porfiro Rubirosa.



Le Mans always catches out the unwary. Here the Talbot of Rosier/Meyrat languishes drunkenly in the ditch as the Bill Spear/Sherwood Johnson Cunningham C-4R races by on its way to third place.

injuries which would eventually lead to his retirement. A decade later, his younger brother Jackie would be carving his own niche in racing folklore . . .

In the small hours Walker/Whitehead and Rosier/Manzon retired, both Jaguar and Ferrari succumbing to gearbox breakages. With the Moss/Walker D-type retiring with braking problems late on Saturday evening, dawn the following morning saw the battle reduced to one Ferrari and one Jaguar at the front of the field. What's more, as the clouds built up and rain became an ever-present threat, the prospects for the aerodynamic Jaguar were starting to look pretty promising.

By breakfast time on Sunday morning the rain started to come down in stair rods and the stage was set for a truly heroic chase. Gonzalez and Trintignant could afford to take things cautiously, but any unnecessary delays would enable the pursuing Jaguar to open up a chink in Ferrari's armour, and, as the rain intensified, the sole surviving D-type piled on the pressure.

There have been few better-matched long-distance racing partnerships than the one steering the second-placed Jaguar through the spray

and gloom that sodden Sunday morning. Tony Rolt, the always immaculate, quint-essentially British former army Major who, as a prisoner-of-war, had escaped from Colditz barely a decade earlier, with Duncan Hamilton, the tubby, dishevelled garage owner whose roistering, boisterous character belied his war-time exploits as a skilled Lysander pilot, when he had landed on tiny fields in occupied Europe, ferrying British agents on their precarious missions. Now, suddenly, in true *Boy's Own Paper* style, it was the British against the rest of the world!

Rolt and Hamilton had nothing to lose and everything to gain. They threw caution to the wind and ran that D-type as hard as they dared for the rest of the race. Rolt glanced the bank coming out of Arnage on one lap, stopping for a bout of impromptu panel beating. He had been forced off the road by a slower car, but there were no recriminations and the ferocious chase continued.

The rain eased slightly during Sunday morning, allowing the Ferrari to use more of its power to better effect, but still the D-type would not give up. Then, at around lunchtime, the rain intensified once more and the Jaguar drivers steadied the



Never say die! Duncan Hamilton ploughs through the spume, bitterly defiant to the very end, his D-type Jaguar in vain chase of the winning Ferrari.

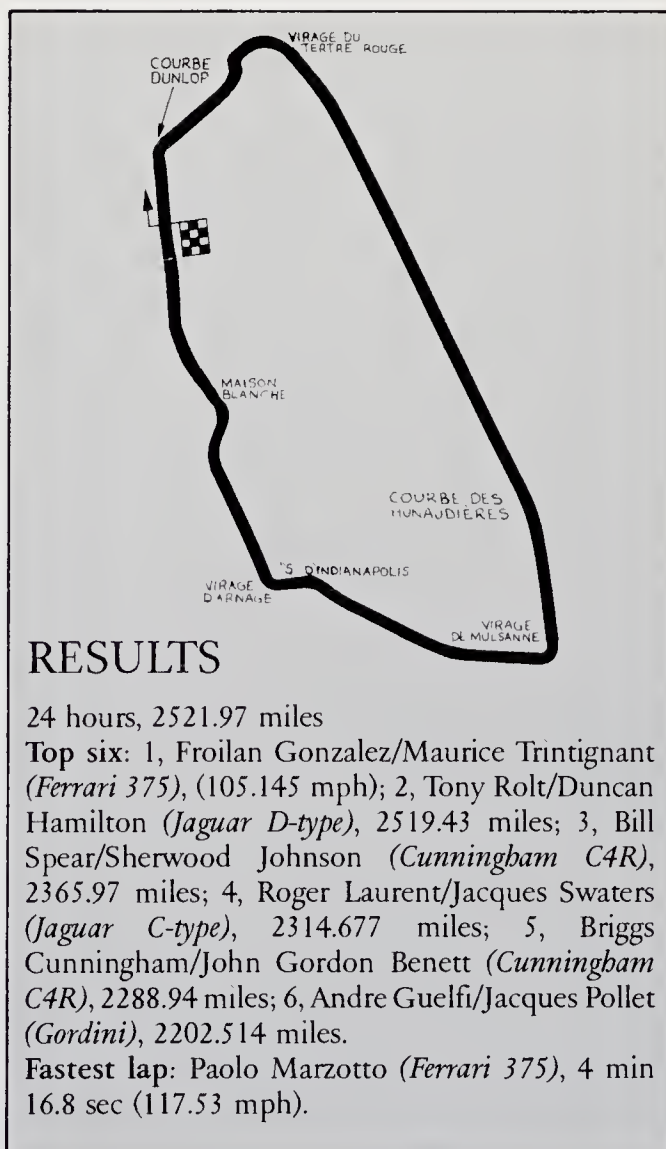
gap. With two hours left to run, the Ferrari was still almost two laps ahead of the English car. Despite those gallant efforts on the part of Rolt and Hamilton, the battle seemed hopeless.

But no! With only ninety minutes left to run, Trintignant brought the leading car in for a routine stop. Gonzalez jumped aboard, but the V12 refused to fire up. After a few seconds, he jumped out again and sat on the pit counter as mechanics fumbled with the plugs. Rolt was in sight, the Englishman intent on stopping for new goggles, but he was waved on by his pit crew. Now the Jaguar was on the same lap as the leader!

Still the Ferrari mechanics fiddled beneath the bonnet. Suddenly, the engine burst into life, Gonzalez leaped in and accelerated back into the fray. But he was barely a minute and a half ahead of Rolt and his V12 sounded none too healthy.

Thunder and lightning now lashed the soaking circuit and, with an hour to go, Rolt handed over to Hamilton for the final challenge. In a desperate final sprint, Duncan carved down the Ferrari lead to 1 minute 26 seconds, but then the track began drying for the last few laps and Gonzalez eased away again to win by just under three minutes.

Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton had gone down to a fighting defeat. But Le Mans had not heard the end of the Jaguar D-type . . .



1954 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

Not so mighty Mercedes

When Mercedes-Benz returned to the Grand Prix arena in 1954, the German firm set a fresh standard of excellence for its rivals. But while Juan Manuel Fangio used the silver cars from Stuttgart on his way to consecutive Championship titles that year and the next, the eight-cylinder W196s were by no means the class of the field. In the 1954 Italian Grand Prix at Monza, Fangio found himself embroiled in a running battle between the Ferraris of Ascari and Gonzalez, Stirling Moss's Maserati and even Gigi Villoresi's similar car. But at the end of the day the Mercedes not only had speed but staying power too, so the brilliant Argentinian notched up yet another victory.

Which one was the greatest – Ascari or Fangio? That is one of the questions that will continue to be debated as long as motor racing devotees gather to gossip and chat. Unquestionably, both were imbued with enormous natural talent, great sensitivity and terrific speed. Throughout 1952 and '53, it was Alberto Ascari who was on top of the world, almost totally dominating the scene for Ferrari and both years taking the title. But in 1954 the tables turned, drastically and dramatically.

Ascari left Ferrari to join Lancia. Fangio, meanwhile, quit Maserati for Mercedes-Benz. At the start of the '54 season, neither of these new teams had produced cars to the new 2½-litre Formula regulations, but while Fangio kept his hand in with some drives for Maserati, Ascari had no such luxury. The much-anticipated, high-tech Lancia D50 spent most of the '54 season under-

going secret tests. Company boss Gianni Lancia had no intention of racing his new jewel before it was fully competitive. But the months dragged on and 35-year-old Ascari watched as the prospects of a Championship hat-trick dissolved in Fangio's Mercedes wheel-tracks. His agonizing frustration can hardly be guessed at.

The thought of missing his home Grand Prix at Monza was just too much for Ascari to bear but, sure enough, Lancia deferred his Formula 1 debut until the next race. Despite the fact that the distinctive, pannier-tanked D50 had proved very impressive in a succession of test runs, Lancia did not want to risk a debut on home soil. But Ferrari came to Ascari's aid. After a frustrating summer of generally disappointing results, the Commendatore wanted to stir up his driving team, and what could be more calculated to do that than including the reigning World Champion in the Maranello line-up?

Ascari faced his opposition from the cockpit of a Ferrari 625 – successor to the type 500 which he had used to win his two world titles. Dissatisfaction with the type 553 'Squalo' throughout the season had been one of the reasons behind Ferrari's disappointing 1954 form, so the earlier cars were still in service as well. All it needed was a driver of Alberto's calibre to get the Prancing Horse back into the reckoning!

Ascari hurled himself into the maelstrom of Monza qualifying with a ferocious determination bred out of inactivity and frustration. It was almost as if he had never been away. Only Fangio's slinky, rounded Mercedes W196 streamliner managed to pip him to pole position. On the

outside of the front row, in third place on the grid, was Stirling Moss. The young English star had earlier approached Mercedes about the chance of a drive and had taken their advice; he had gone out and bought a Maserati 250F in order to gain more experience. Now he was on the verge of a drive in the German team for the following year.

On the second row crouched the Mercedes of Karl Kling, Froilan Gonzalez's Ferrari plus Villoresi's Maserati, and it was the enthusiastic Kling who surprised the front row bunch by catapulting through into the lead at the drop of the starter's flag.

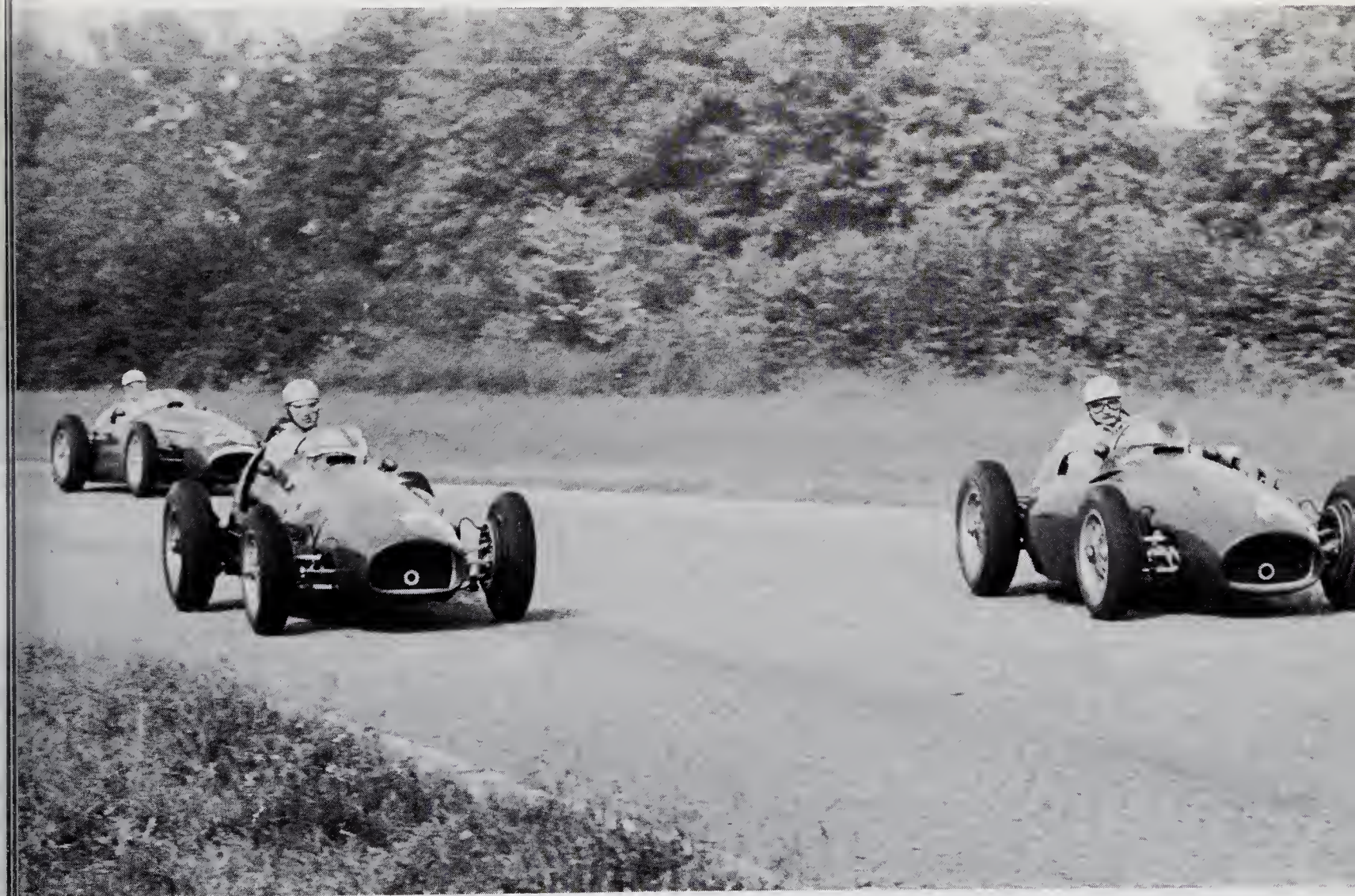
However much determination Kling may have displayed, it was just not sufficient to keep ahead in this exalted company. The gleeful German

hung on in front by the skin of his teeth for the first five laps, but then got into a heart-stopping slide on a fast right-hander. That dropped him back to fifth and allowed the serious business of the afternoon to get under way.

Fangio assumed the lead from his team-mate, but Gonzalez was annoyed over Ascari's inclusion in the Ferrari team and made a firm bid for the front. Fangio was surrounded by a great swarm of Italian cars at the end of the fifth lap, but next time round the crowd exploded with vocal delight as Ascari came hurtling through in the lead.

Once in front, Alberto really got his head down in stupendous style and began edging away from Fangio's unquestionably more aerodynamic Mercedes. By lap ten the Ferrari was six seconds ahead

Ferrari's regular drivers were given a good shake-up by Ascari's late recruitment to the team. Here Alberto tries to push his 625 inside Gonzales's unloved 'Squalo' with Moss keeping a watching brief.



and Fangio was still fighting like made to rid himself of Gonzalez and Moss. Even so, it was beginning to look as though Ascari was in a class of his own.

Finally, Fangio managed to shake off the Ferrari and Maserati. Yard by yard, length by length, the sleek Mercedes began to close the gap to the leading Ferrari. But catching Ascari was one thing. Passing him and pulling clear was to be quite another!

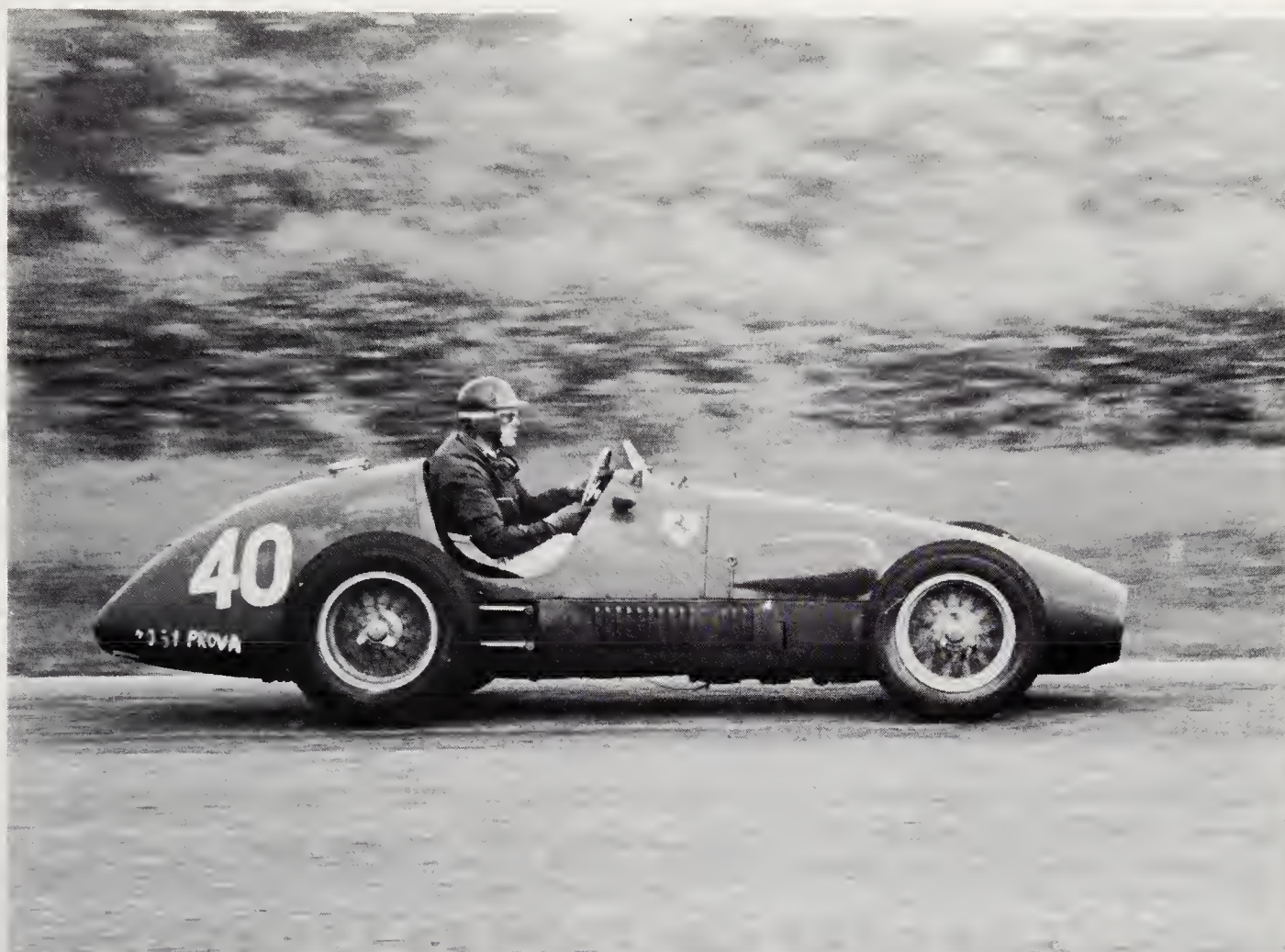
On lap 20 the two cars were nose-to-tail, together just over ten seconds ahead of Moss, and for the next few miles the crowd was treated to a titanic battle between the two top men of their era. Meanwhile, neither of them could ignore the ever-present rising star in third place, Moss pacing himself intelligently at the wheel of his private, but works-aided, Maserati.

The battle raged for over 20 laps, Fangio and Ascari running side-by-side on many occasions as the Monza grandstands vibrated with the fanatical cheers of Ferrari's devoted fans. Not only was Fangio finding it impossible to assert his Mercedes's authority, but Stirling Moss now began to reel them in. Thus, by the time the gruelling pace exacted its toll on Ascari's machine and the Ferrari dropped a valve on lap 49, it was the young Englishman – and not Fangio – who moved commandingly into the lead.

This was one of the great moments in post-war motor racing history. The 25-year-old Englishman was not only commanding the Italian Grand Prix in brilliant fashion, but he was steadily pulling away from Fangio's Mercedes. Relaxed, calm and assured, Moss was putting the final stamp of approval on Mercedes's plans to sign

Over the pavé into Parabolica, Fangio's face is set in deep concentration as he fights to keep his Mercedes W196 streamliner at the head of the field. Leading the pursuit is arch-rival Alberto Ascari, guesting in a Ferrari 625, and Stirling Moss's private Maserati 250F.





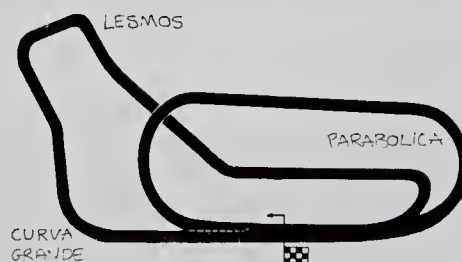
At the end of the day, Mike Hawthorn's was the best-placed Ferrari. But the Englishman's 625 was a full lap behind Fangio's Mercedes.

him up for 1955. It was a magnificent effort.

By lap 60 - with 20 to go - Moss was a comfortable 15 seconds ahead of the German car. But a worthy victory was to be snatched from his grasp with 12 laps to run when a cracked oil pipe put paid to his chances. Fangio went sailing past to win by over a lap from Mike Hawthorn's Ferrari. Gonzalez, having retired with gearbox trouble after that terrific spurt, took over Umberto Maglioli's Ferrari 625 to finish third while Hans Herrmann's Mercedes was fourth, Kling having crashed heavily into the trees at the daunting Lesmo corner, but escaping with only cuts and bruises.

Fangio knew he had been lucky at Monza on that particular day. Equally, he knew that *Grand Epreuve* wins in the record book are the only important things in top-class motor racing.

There would be plenty more of those for him and Moss. But no more, tragically, for Ascari.



RESULTS

80 laps, 313.1 miles

Top six: 1, Juan Manuel Fangio (*Mercedes-Benz W196*), 2 hr 47 min 47.9 sec (111.9 mph); 2, Mike Hawthorn (*Ferrari 625*), one lap behind; 3, Umberto Maglioli/Froilan Gonzalez (*Ferrari 625*), two laps behind; 4, Hans Herrmann (*Mercedes-Benz W196*), three laps behind; 5, Maurice Trintignant (*Ferrari 625*), five laps behind; 6, Fred Wacker (*Gordini*), five laps behind.

Fastest lap: Gonzalez (*Ferrari 553*), 2 min 0.8 sec (116.6 mph).

1955 MILLE MIGLIA

Mercedes's perfect partnership

The Mille Miglia was one of the last great motor racing adventures, a no-holds-barred, flat-out thousand mile race round Italy. Now, over 30 years since the race was last staged, it is still regarded with awe and fascination from the distance of more than a generation. Few other events in motor racing history can claim such a richly varied background combining great victories, glorious failures, heroic deeds and bitter tragedies tangled in a web of fact and fiction, which contributes to the race's legendary status in the history books. In 1955, the Germanic thoroughness of Mercedes-Benz, the driving virtuosity of Stirling Moss and the navigating ingenuity of journalist Denis Jenkinson produced probably the most famous victory of all.

Stirling Moss is quite open about it. He reckons he might have finished the 1955 Mille Miglia driving alone. But, he adds, there is no way on earth he could have won it without the help of Denis 'Jenks' Jenkinson. Together, on 1 May 1955, they piloted a Mercedes-Benz 300SLR sports racer to a memorable and historic victory on this terrific 1,000-mile Italian road race. It was the first time that an Englishman had won for 22 years.

It used to be said that Stirling Moss was one of the few men who knew every twist and turn of the Nurburgring. That's as maybe, but the Nurburgring used to be just over 14 miles to the lap. Certainly Moss knew more of it than most, but even he confesses he was never 100 per cent sure what lay over the next blind brow. So what chance did anybody have of learning and memorizing

the Mille Miglia, a thousand miles of open Italian roads, lined by houses, shifting and cheering crowds? No way!

When Moss joined the Mercedes-Benz team in 1955, he invited Jenkinson to accompany him as navigator in the beautiful 300SLR roadster. A former motor cycle racer himself with a keen, logical mind, the hirsute, compact Jenks had enjoyed his first taste of Mille Miglia motoring in 1954 in the passenger seat of an HWM. Given the opportunity of going with Moss, he jumped at the chance. Then the two men sat down and worked out a meticulous, exhaustive plan of campaign designed to beat the Italian teams at their own game.

Moss had already done four Mille Miglias for the Jaguar team, so he and Jenks pooled their information about the 1,000 mile route. Then they went out and practised the route, driving a total of four 'laps' - that's 4,000 miles - in the prototype Mercedes 300SLR, a sports coupé 300SL and Moss's own road saloon. They crashed the first two cars, slamming the 300SL into an Italian army truck loaded with ammunition! The two Englishmen left no stone unturned as they completed their painstaking preparations.

By the start of the race, Jenkinson had logged the route on a 'roller blind' 18 feet long which was fitted into its own custom-built alloy case. Through the window in the front of this map-roller, Jenks could monitor Moss's progress with his specially annotated 'pace notes'. The two men had devised a selection of hand signals by means of which Jenkinson would forewarn Moss about the route ahead. Blind brows, hidden

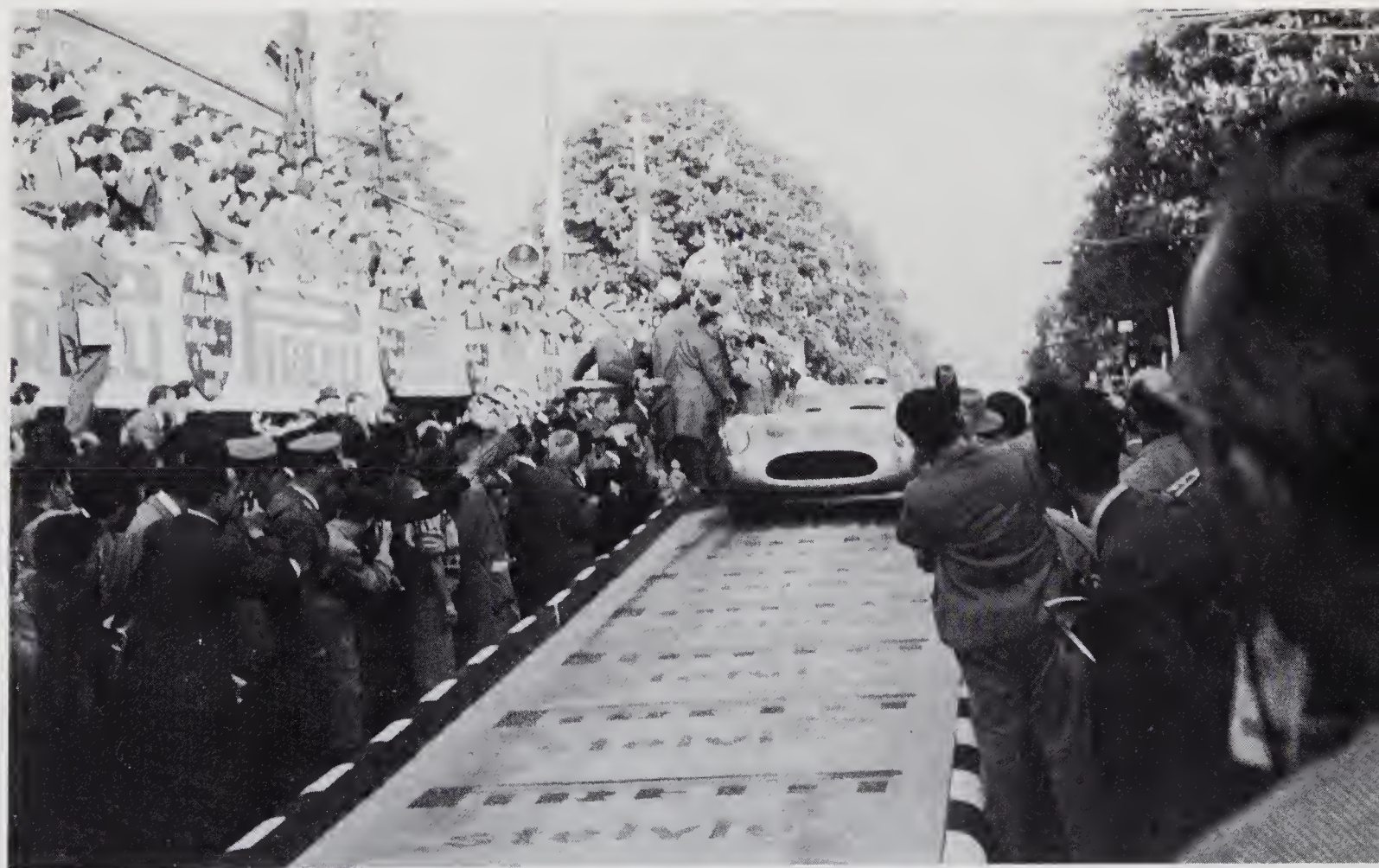
Before the off : Moss and 'Jenks' beam with mutual optimism as team manager Neubauer watches with fatherly concern.

corners, bumpy level crossings . . . they were all taken care of. In turn, Moss had learned to trust his colleague implicitly. Truly, both their lives were to be held in the palms of Jenkinson's hands.

All through the night of 30 April/1 May, Brescia was alive to the roar of racing engines. The slowest cars had started to leave, at precise one-minute intervals, from 9 pm on the Saturday evening. Through the night the cavalcade continued, leading up to the ultimate crescendo marked by the departure of the fastest Ferraris and Maseratis. Finally, at 7.22 am, Moss edged his silver 300SLR up on to the starting ramp in the *Via Rebuffone*.

Billowing smoke from its side exhausts, the

Start of a great day. The winning Mercedes 300SLR rolls down the Mille Miglia starting ramp in Brescia's *Via Rebuffone*.



eight-cylinder Mercedes rocketed away through the funnel of thronging crowds, Moss and Jenkinson screwing up their eyes in the face of a brilliant rising sun. Possibly the greatest road race of all time had begun!

In the 300SLR's passenger seat, Jenks grinned quietly to himself as Moss took the Mercedes up to peak revs in every gear on that very first straight. He knew his pace notes almost by heart and had absolute confidence in the relaxed 25-year-old sitting alongside him. No more rehearsals; this was the real thing.

Initially the Mercedes duo didn't have everything its own way. Italian darling Eugenio Castellotti simply streaked away from the field. His massively powerful 4.4-litre Ferrari had sufficient speed to do the job but the over-emotional, patriotic Castellotti was simply trying to extract more than it had to offer. By the time the fastest cars reached Ravenna, he was two minutes ahead of the Moss/Jenkinson Mercedes. But as they streaked down the Italian coastline towards Pescara, the shimmering, azure waters of the Adriatic to their left, the over-taxed Ferrari cried 'enough!' Castellotti had simply been pushing too hard.

Moss surged into the lead as the fastest Ferrari expired, but still there was opposition to be dealt with - this time from within his own team. Piero Taruffi, nicknamed 'The Silver Fox', had averaged a stunning 130 mph on the sprint down from Ravenna to Pescara, leaving all previous Mille Miglia records shattered in the dust. But only a wafer-thin margin separated the two silver cars as they refuelled at Pescara, Moss snatching the advantage thanks to a quicker stop.

By this time Jenkinson's map-roller was paying off handsomely. Moss's supreme confidence in his co-driver allowed him to slam over blind brows in absolute confidence at around 170 mph, on one occasion the Mercedes actually flying for about 200 feet before crashing back on to the scorched road surface. In that 28 second stop at Pescara, the 300SLR was quickly topped up with 18 gallons of fuel, sufficient to reach its main stop at Rome. Then it was up across the mountains of Italy's spine and down into the beautiful capital city which formed the effective half-way point for the race.

The entire population seemed to be lining the avenues as Moss and Jenkinson rocketed into the

Rome control at around 130 mph. By now they had been working flat-out for nearly five hours, but Moss leapt from the cockpit like a spring lamb. New rear tyres were slammed on, a full tank of fuel sloshed in, the cockpit doused in a momentarily refreshing shower of water and the battle resumed.

As the dusty, travel-worn Mercedes stormed out of Rome it headed a quartet of German machines at the front of the field. A few miles out of the city Moss and Jenks passed team-mate Karl Kling's 300SLR off the road, having crashed heavily. But there was no time to worry as Moss buckled down to tackle the most challenging and demanding section of the spectacular route. In the back of his mind all the time was a fierce desire to disprove one of the old Mille Miglia legends - 'He who leads at Rome never finishes'.

As Stirling sawed away at the thin-rimmed steering wheel, Jenks had his own problems to deal with. Apart from supplying his invaluable hand signals, he also had to cope with a cold douche of fuel on his neck, surging from the tank filler cap on tight corners. It was at this point that he missed his only hand signal of the entire event, but fortunately Moss recognized the corner and negotiated it without any problem. A few miles further on, descending the spectacular Radicofani pass, a grabbing front brake caused Stirling to make his one slight driver error: a quick spin into a ditch. It was an indication of how well things were going for the Englishmen on that May afternoon that Stirling was able to select a lower gear and drive straight out again!

On and on sped Mercedes number 722. Swinging from lock to lock through tight mountain hairpins, speeding down the long hill into Florence, sliding through the huge piazzas, rumbling over level crossings and skipping over tramlines. Unbeknown to all, a future World Champion was watching with hypnotic awe as the Mercedes skidded and bounced its way into Florence. He had cycled from his nearby home just to watch the great race. Fifteen years old at the time, his name was Mario Andretti . . .

Over the 60-mile Futa and Raticosa passes, between Florence and Bologna, Moss was at his brilliant best, out to shatter the one-hour bogey. Then it was down on to the featureless, open Emilian plain and back to more flat-out, high-speed motoring. Neither Moss nor Jenkinson

knew where they lay in the race at this stage, but were confident they were running well, and all the time their surroundings were dominated by the roar of the hard-worked eight-cylinder engine.

One by one the towns flashed by in a blur. Modena, Reggio Emilia, Parma, Piacenza, Cremona, Mantova. Now they were on the final sprint back to Brescia, but there was no letting up as Moss wound the Mercedes round to 170 mph for a glorious finale.

Back at the finish, fêted by the fans and surrounded by their team, Moss and Jenkinson discovered just how successful they had been. Sure enough, they had won the Mille Miglia, but had also left all records shattered in the wake of their victorious 300SLR. It was momentous, a truly historic achievement.

Into second place came World Champion Juan Manuel Fangio driving alone in the only other 300SLR to finish. Third was the Ferrari of Maglioli/Montefferario and fourth Francesco Giardini's 2-litre Maserati.

Although Mercedes-Benz withdrew from racing at the end of 1955, Moss and Jenkinson returned to contest the Mille Miglia for Maserati in 1956 and '57. They retired from both races. Sadly, a terrible accident involving the Marquis de Portago's Ferrari killed a group of spectators in '57 and the race was never run again.

To this day, the Mercedes exploits of Moss and Jenkinson are unmatched - and they will remain that way.



RESULTS

993 miles

Top six: 1, Stirling Moss/Denis Jenkinson (*Mercedes-Benz 300SLR*), 10 hr 7 min 48 sec (97.9 mph); 2, Juan Manuel Fangio (*Mercedes-Benz 300SLR*), 10 hr 39 min 33 sec; 3, Umberto Maglioli/Gino Montefferario (*Ferrari*), 10 hr 52 min 47 sec; 4, Francesco Giardini (*Maserati*), 11 hr 15 min 32 sec; 5, John Fitch/Kurt Gessl (*Mercedes-Benz 300SL*), 11 hr 29 min 21 sec; 6, Sergio Signinolfi (*Ferrari*), 11 hr 33 min 27 sec.

Fastest lap: not applicable.

Crowds lining the route cheer the rumpled Moss/Jenkinson Mercedes as it negotiates a mountain hair-pin on its way to an historic victory.



1955 MONACO GRAND PRIX

Ascari takes a ducking

As the grid lined up for the start of this annual thrash through the streets of the picture-book Mediterranean Principality, few of the Casino's regulars would have put much money on the Ferrari team's chances of victory. The Maranello cars had been having a troubled time recently, so anybody betting on them seemed certain to lose their shirt. Mercedes, Maserati and Lancia looked favourites, but both the German cars broke, the Maseratis were delayed and Ascari's Lancia ended up in the harbour! It was therefore left to popular French journeyman Maurice Trintignant to take a lucky win for the Prancing Horse.

There was an atmosphere of hungry anticipation amongst the Grand Prix fraternity amidst the hustle and bustle of this particular Monaco Grand Prix. Not since Fangio's win for Mercedes at Monza the previous autumn had a World Championship Formula 1 race taken place in Europe and now the silver German machines faced up to the most stern, serious, technical challenge of their post-War Grand Prix renaissance.

At long last, the delectable Lancia D50 looked set to challenge, if not topple, the German cars. Alberto Ascari had already triumphed in the pre-season Naples and Pau non-title races, admittedly against makeweight opposition. The D50 was clearly a formidable tool and nobody could fail to be less than highly impressed when no fewer than five of the Italian machines lined up in front of the Monaco pits on the first day of practice.

Team leader Ascari had his own race car, plus a spare, while the remaining machines were allotted

to Gigi Villoresi, Eugenio Castellotti and local celebrity Louis Chiron. Some 24 years earlier, Chiron had won at Monaco for Bugatti. Now, at the age of 56, he was to have the very last Grand Prix outing of his long and distinguished career.

Not that Mercedes could be accused of underestimating the strength of the opposition. World Champion Fangio and Stirling Moss had new, purpose-built, shorter chassis versions of the W196, designed for improved agility on this tortuous track. Hans Herrmann drove the third entry since Karl Kling had still not recovered from his recent Mille Miglia shunt, but Herrmann blotted his copybook by crashing heavily on the tricky climb up to Casino Square. He was quite badly hurt, so his place in the team was taken by Frenchman André Simon.

Fangio and Moss sandwiched Ascari's Lancia on the front row, Jean Behra's Maserati 250F paired with Castellotti on row two. Villoresi's D50 was between the Maserati of Luigi Musso and Roberto Mieres on row three, with no Ferrari higher than row four. Maranello faced an uphill struggle in this, the most prestigious of all Championship *Grand Epreuves*.

Fangio was out to prove he really meant business as the flag dropped, accelerating cleanly away into the first right-hand hairpin in the lead. Castellotti had come boiling through from the second row to snatch an early second place, but the Italian's ragged over-enthusiasm served only to aid Fangio's cause. While the Lancia driver slipped and bounced from kerb to kerb, holding up his rivals, the Mercedes team leader surged clear to lead lap one by several lengths. Precision,

as always, was the key on this confined circuit.

For the first five frustrating laps Moss lay boxed in behind the Lancia. Then he quickly found a gap and nipped through into second place. But by then his team leader was seven seconds ahead. In the gruelling heat of Monaco, that represented an age.

Ascari now moved up to battle with Castellotti, but Behra soon brought his Maserati into the picture and passed them both. The two Mercedes were still setting the pace at the front of the field, their drivers looking relaxed and composed in the hot-house conditions. Unquestionably, they would take some catching.

One hundred laps through these streets was a long, long way. Few drivers have been able to sustain the elusive blend of pace and precision necessary to finish well, let alone win. So it proved for Castellotti, the Italian's effervescent driving style bringing his Lancia into smart contact with one of the unyielding kerbs. After 35 laps he was left trailing into the pits with a deflated tyre. Then Behra also pitted with mechanical problems, so Ascari now found himself promoted to third.

Softly, softly . . .

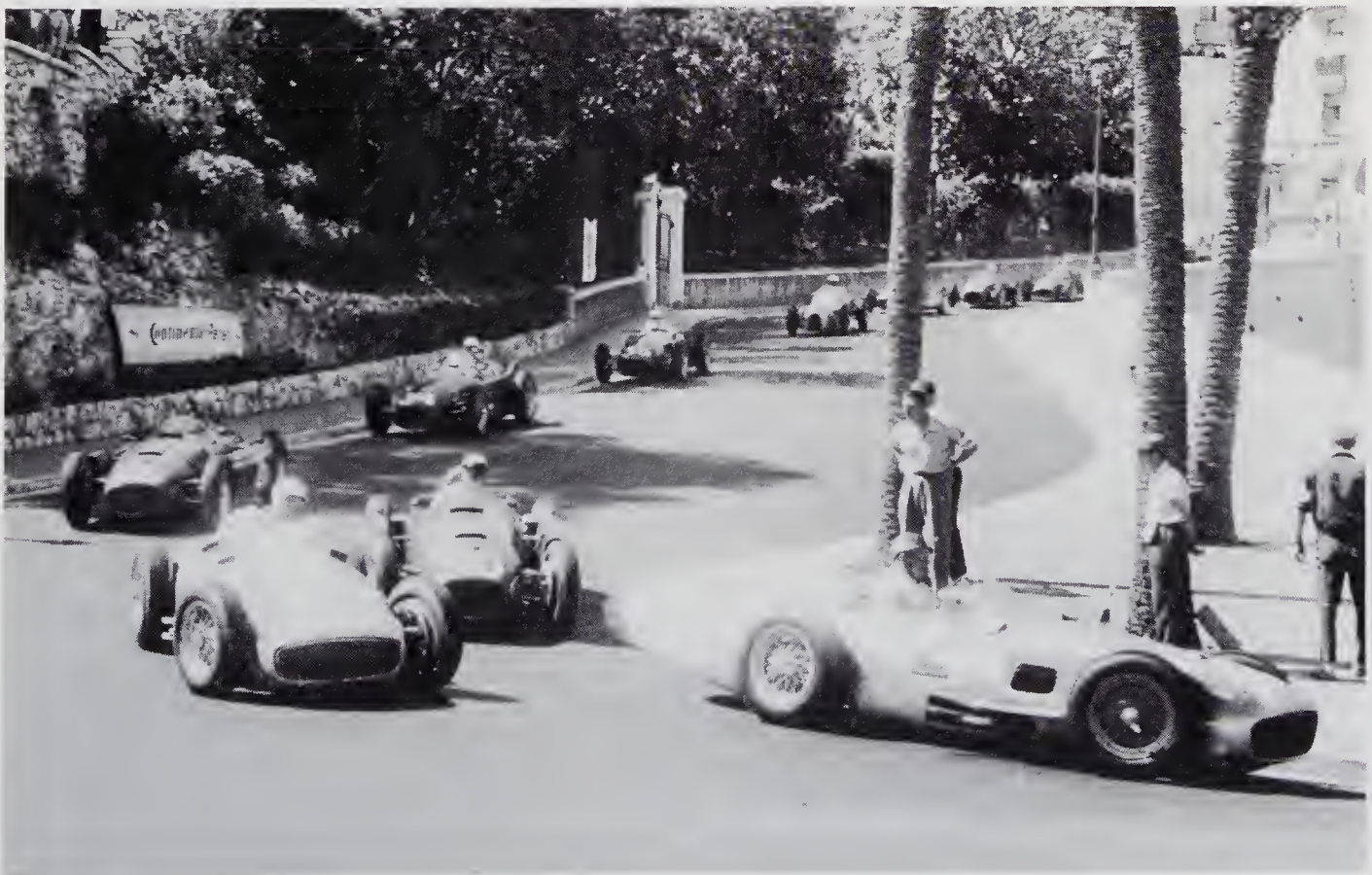
Suddenly, at precisely half distance, Moss came through in the lead. Fangio's Mercedes had abruptly broken its transmission and stopped out on the circuit. Now Britain's Golden Boy seemed to have the race firmly in his control. Under no pressure, concentrating with meticulous judgement, all he had to do was to make no mistakes – but Monaco has no respect for reputations. On lap 81 his Mercedes expired in a cloud of smoke and he coasted straight into the pits to retire.

Ascari was now served up with the race on a plate. All he had to do was to finish that lap and his Lancia D50 would surge into the lead. Just as Moss's Mercedes was rolling to a halt, so Alberto was hurtling out of the tunnel and braking for the difficult water-front chicane.

Suddenly the Lancia jerked to the left as a front brake locked momentarily. For a split-second it seemed as though Ascari's reflexes would get the car back under control without drama. A slight, fleeting problem . . .

No such luck. The Italian car slewed crabwise across the road, slammed through the pile of

First lap scramble into Station Hairpin with Mercedes twosome Fangio and Moss just squeezing out Castellotti's Lancia D50. Ascari is next up leading Behra's Maserati.





Ascari soon worked his way through to head the Mercedes chase. Here, looking very serious, he plunges down from Casino Square pursued by team-mate Castellotti and Behra.

straw bales and disappeared into the harbour in a great fountain of spume. The crowds gasped in horror. They need not have worried; after an agonizing few seconds, Ascari's blue helmet bobbed to the surface and Alberto struck out for some nearby boats. Quickly rescued, he was returned to *terra firma* with nothing more than a severe shaking and a broken nose.

So all the stars were out. Trintignant's plodding Ferrari reeled off the 19 remaining laps to take an unexpected victory, underlining the old adage 'To

But for a slight lapse when he hit a kerb, Eugenio Castellotti might have won Monaco. Here the effervescent Italian concentrates hard on his fight back to second place.





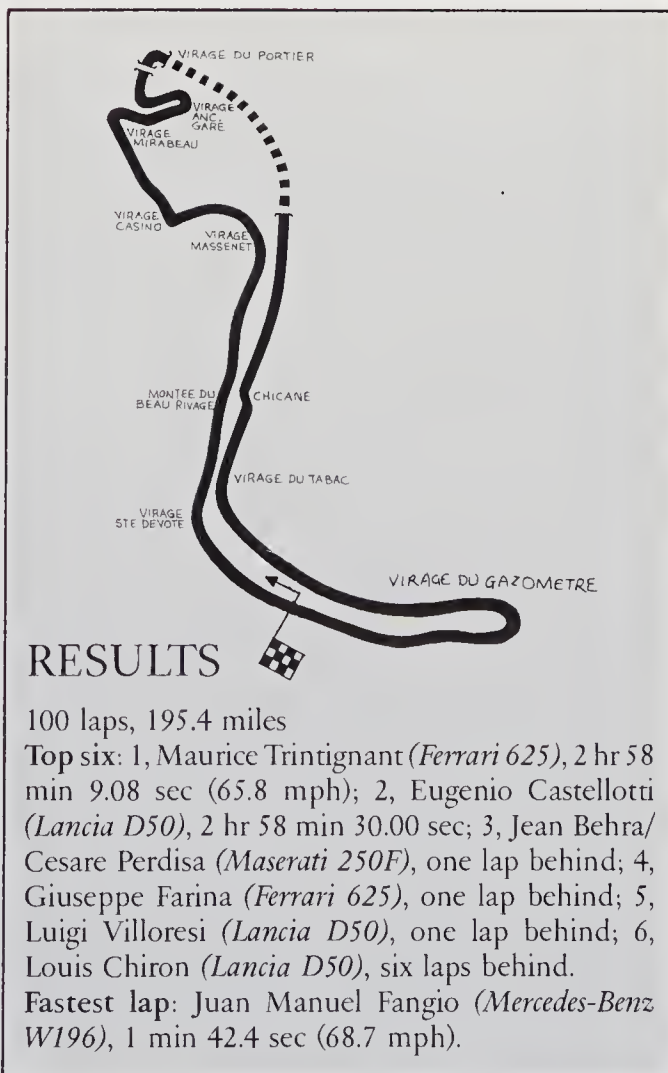
At the age of 55, Louis Chiron had the last Grand Prix outing of his career at Monaco. The veteran Frenchman finished sixth in this Lancia D50.

finish first, first you've got to finish'. He averaged barely 65 mph throughout this Sunday afternoon drive!

Castellotti came blasting back to second place, inwardly cursing his earlier lapse, while Behra took over a more healthy Maserati from Cesare Perdisa to finish third. Farina was fourth in another Ferrari 625, leading the two remaining Lancia D50s to complete the top six, Villoresi leading a distant Chiron across the line.

However, the stage had been set for a brilliant European Grand Prix season with Ascari raring to get on with more battles against his arch-rival Fangio. The future prospects blossomed optimistically.

Sadly, Lancia's aspirations were brutally dashed soon after Ascari's impromptu ducking. The great Alberto was killed five days later, trying a sports Ferrari during an informal test session at Monza. Many people considered him to have been the best.



1955 INDIANAPOLIS 500

Farewell to the Fresno Flash

To date, nobody has yet won a hat-trick of victories in the Indy 500, the most famous of all American motor races. Yet, in the early 1950s, one man came closer to realizing that ambition than anyone else before or since. Hard driving, hard talking Billy Vukovich, winner in 1953 and '54, was heading for what looked like a comfortable third win in the '55 Memorial Day classic at 'The Brickyard' when he was killed in a multiple accident on the back straight. Victory eventually fell to Bob Sweikert's John Zink Special, marking the first such success for car builder A. J. Watson. But it was for the death of the 'Fresno Flash', one of the toughest and most accomplished Indy car drivers of all time, that the '55 race will primarily be recalled.

Describing Billy Vukovich as 'hard' is a bit like saying that the *Titanic* is 'damp'. Dynamic and courageous, he had an absolute confidence in his own ability and a healthy disregard – some would say contempt – for most of his rivals. Born in Fresno, California, of Russian extraction, Vukovich battled and clawed his way up the rungs of the racing ladder with a ferocity and single-mindedness that made him one of the most feared drivers of his age.

Initially nicknamed 'The Mad Russian' and later 'The Fresno Flash', Vukovich cut his racing teeth in the unyielding rough-and-tumble of dirt track midgets. On his first visit to Indy he is said to have walked out on to the start/finish straight, gazed down towards turn one, turned on his heel and growled, 'I reckon I'll win a few of these . . .' He was as good as his word.

In 1952 he had been blazing away towards victory, a mere eight laps from the chequered flag, when a steering failure sent his roadster catapulting into the wall. His confidence undiminished, he came back and won commandingly for the next two years!

In 'Vuky's' heyday, Indianapolis was a costly and specialized one-off prestige race, so far removed from the world of European-style Formula 1 that it might as well have been on another planet. That's not to suggest that Indy folk are insular or self-possessed, but there used to be a joke that if America was stricken by the bubonic plague, some 500 fans would only start taking serious notice once it had cleared customs at Indianapolis airport . . .

At a time when Fangio, Moss and Hawthorn had their names up in lights on this side of the Atlantic, in the United States the status of any self-respecting racing ace depended on his performances at Indy. The not-quite symmetrical, two-and-a-half mile oval may have looked like kids' stuff to the uninitiated, but its unyielding walls had exacted a heavy human toll over the years. Nobody lacking balance and fine judgement ever won an Indy 500. But you also needed Herculean strength and sheer guts to manhandle the rugged, front-engined roadsters which ruled the roost in the 1950s, qualities Vukovich positively oozed in abundance.

By the time 'Vuky' climbed aboard car owner Lindsey Hopkins's Offenhauser-engined Kurtis to begin qualifying for the 1955 Indy 500, his profile and wealth were such that he no longer had to race weekend in, weekend out. He had

made his pile and could now afford to be selective about where he competed.

Yet those two previous Indy victories had not even begun to satisfy his appetite for success. Like so many of his peers, he fostered a compulsive attraction to the Brickyard. The brash, madly enthusiastic atmosphere, the sense of occasion – and the prize fund. Compared with Indy, the other races on the AAA schedule paid mere nickels and dimes . . .

Although he only qualified fifth, there was little to choose between the rugged high rollers who made up the front two rows of the grid. Local boy Jerry Hoyt's spindly Jim Robbins Special 'Big Car' had squeezed on to pole at a shade over 140 mph, but the next five were huge purpose-built Kurtis-Offys emblazoned with the colourful names and livery of their sponsors. Tony Bettenhausen was second in front of Jack McGrath, Freddie Agabashian, 'Vuky' and Sam Hanks. Yet most of the informed insiders put their money on a battle between McGrath and 'The Fresno Flash'

once the race began. The inside money was right on target!

As the multi-hued, rumbling pack catapulted off turn four to face the starter's green flag, it was McGrath who grabbed the initiative, sprinting into turn one at the head of the field, hotly pursued by Bettenhausen, Hoyt and Vukovich. It took only until lap three for the two-times winner to force his way to the head of the pack and, for the first 16 laps, he and McGrath fought a monumental battle in front of the capacity crowd.

On lap 14 McGrath forced his way ahead once more, but next time round 'Vuky' dived even lower going into turn one, shaving the infield with his left-hand wheels to regain top spot. Later McGrath reflected 'I figured if he was that worried about taking the lead, I wasn't arguing . . .'

Vukovich started to make a break, but McGrath staged a tremendous counter-attack and fleetingly popped back in front on lap 25. But that was as

Billy Vukovich, the 'Fresno Flash', at the wheel of Lindsay Hopkins' Kurtis-Offy roadster, being pushed out to start a qualifying run for the '55 Indy 500.



much fun as 'Vuky' was going to allow him. Now he piled on the pressure and simply broke his rival's challenge. Meanwhile, back in McGrath's wake, Sweikert, Bettenhausen and Hanks battled it out for third.

By quarter distance many of the front-runners had made their first pit stops for tyres and fuel by the time a frustrated McGrath came in to retire with an incurable misfire. Raging, good-naturedly, about his own incompetence as a car preparer, McGrath had barely pulled off his helmet when the yellow warning lights began to blink ominously. It was a portent of disaster.

No Vukovich! Chaos and uncertainty reigned. In the far distance, about one-third of the way down the back straight, a small puff of smoke could be seen. Piece by piece, the disastrous jigsaw came together.

Racing out of turn two on to the back straight, Rodger Ward's car had broken a stub axle and

slewed out of control. Behind him, Al Keller and Johnny Boyd tangled as they each tried to avoid their pirouetting rival. Just at the wrong moment, 'Vuky' came barrelling off the turn, on the verge of lapping the entire trio.

He had no chance. His roadster hit Keller's car at about 130 mph, vaulted the outside wall and landed upside-down in a public car park. It burst into flames, but even then it was too late for Vukovich. He had been killed instantly with a fractured skull.

The race continued at a crawl under the yellow light while the debris was cleared, then the green light came on and the battle resumed. Now Jimmy Bryan's Dean Van Lines Special came into the frame, battling wheel-to-wheel with Sweikert. But he faded with a faulty fuel pump at 200 miles, leaving outsiders Art Cross and Don Freeland to take up the challenge.

Both Cross and Freeland enjoyed stints in

Pandemonium on the back straight at Indy immediately after 'Vuky's' accident. Debris is strewn across the circuit, but the Fresno driver's car is out of sight in the enclosure on the right.





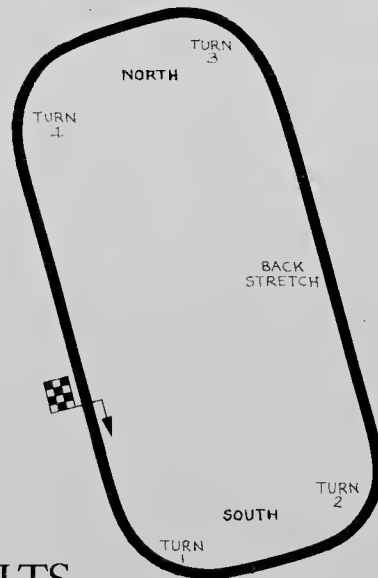
To the winner, the spoils. Less than two hours after Vukovich crashed fatally, Bob Sweikert acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd having won the Indy 500.

front, but a spin and transmission failure dashed their respective ambitions. For the last 22 laps Sweikert had it all to himself, the 29-year-old Californian with the film star good looks stroking it comfortably home to his share of the \$46,800 winner's purse.

Tony Bettenhausen's Chapman Special finished a strong second ahead of Jimmy Davies (Bardahl Special) and Johnny Thompson (Schmidt Special), but the post-race celebrations were distinctly low-key. The death of Vukovich had been an uncomfortable reminder of driver vulnerability, even in those macho times when fatalities were shrugged off with the same stoicism as a broken engine or transmission.

After his death, the 'Fresno Flash' was eulogized by the press corps, many of whom had been nervous of even approaching him when he was alive. That would have amused him.

'Write anything you want - you don't need me,' he would say with a shrug in response to prying reporters. In truth, Billy Vukovich couldn't have cared less.



RESULTS

200 laps, 500 miles

Top six: 1, Bob Sweikert (*John Zink Spl.*), 3 hr 53 min 59.53 sec (128.209 mph); 2, Tony Bettenhausen (*Chapman Spl.*), 3 hr 56 min 43.11 sec; 3, Jimmy Davies (*Bardahl Spl.*), 3 hr 57 min 31.89 sec; 4, Johnny Thomson (*Schmidt Spl.*), 3 hr 57 min 38.44 sec; 5, Walt Faulkner (*Merz Engineering Spl.*), 3 hr 59 min 16.66 sec; 6, Andy Linden (*Massaglia Spl.*), 3 hr 59 min 57.47 sec.

Fastest lap: not published.

1955 BRITISH GRAND PRIX

First among equals

The inclusion of Stirling Moss in the Mercedes-Benz team quickened the confident sense of anticipation amongst British enthusiasts that the country had another Grand Prix winner on the verge of success. That day finally came in the first British Grand Prix to be held at Aintree, on the edge of Liverpool. It was by no means the most absorbing race of the season, but the huge crowd watched, spellbound, as the young Englishman pipped Fangio by less than a car's length to score a wonderful victory.

To this day, Stirling Moss has never been quite certain whether Fangio let him win the 1955 Grand Prix. 'I know I was driving well that day but, boy, the Old Man seemed to be able to haul up alongside me whenever he liked,' he says. Fangio simply grins and says, 'No, no . . . he beat me. He had a lower final drive ratio fitted to his car before the race and there was no way my car could catch his on acceleration.'

There have been few days like it in the recent history of Formula 1. Truly, Mercedes came, saw and conquered in a quite remarkable *tour de force*. Yet in the year that had seen Levegh's tragic inclusion in the marque's Le Mans line-up, partly to mollify anti-German feeling still festering in France since the War, some people believed that Moss's victory at Aintree was staged as a PR exercise for the benefit of the English crowd.

Each suggestion under-sells both Moss and Fangio. The two men had tremendous affection and respect for each other which spanned the twenty year gap between their ages. Stirling, at 25, was motor racing's new wonder boy. Fangio, at

the peak of his success, was three years away from retirement. They were both professionals, each with a shrewd and accurate perception of each other's worth. If Aintree '55 was a staged 'demonstration run', then the Old Man certainly made Moss sweat it out . . .

This was the first post-war British Grand Prix not to be held at Silverstone. The deviation from the wind-swept former RAF base took the contenders north to Liverpool, to the track set against the rather more genteel backdrop of the Grand National horse racing course.

The Mercedes-Benz team was clearly going to take some beating, a task well beyond the capacity of the opposition at Aintree that particular weekend. Moss pipped Fangio for pole position, only the gallant Jean Behra's Maserati 250F upsetting the silver symmetry on the front row. The Frenchman squeezed on to the outside of row one, a lone flash of red in amongst the German cars. The other two Mercs, handled by Karl Kling and Piero Taruffi, sat side-by-side on row two.

Fangio sprinted away into the lead at the start, but let Moss by without any fuss after a mere three laps. From that point onwards the two Mercedes W196s streaked away from their opposition, Behra's dogged challenge from third place evaporating after a mere ten laps when the Maserati's over-worked engine blew asunder.

On lap 17 Fangio asserted his authority once more and retook the lead, but it was only another nine laps before Stirling went by again, much to the crowd's delight. Now all eyes were firmly focussed on the silver Mercedes with the Union

Jack transfer on its tail. How would this fascinating contest be resolved?

Again, all Stirling had to do was to keep out of trouble. The pressure on him was enormous. Home Grand Prix, the best car in the business and a long way to go, and all the while a twice World Champion sitting on his tail, marking his every move. It was impossible to know whether Fangio was sandbagging . . .

Unflustered, Stirling pressed on, picking his way through the backmarkers with expert precision. At one point he raised an eyebrow when he saw

his own Maserati 250F, which he had hired to Lance Macklin, spin backwards into the bales on one corner. But Macklin returned from the pits with assistance and it soon resumed the race, so the always financially astute Stirling had no major repairs bills to face after all!

With ten laps left to run, Moss seemed to have the British Grand Prix in the bag. He had opened a four second margin over his team-mate, yet in the closing stages Fangio came shimmering up on to his tail once more. Into the last lap the two Mercedes were absolutely nose-to-tail.

Pupil leads master. Moss in command at Aintree while Fangio hangs back slightly, his willingness to take subordinate role on this occasion underlining his true greatness.



All eyes were strained to pick out their fast-moving profiles as they streamed down Railway Straight for the last time. Through Melling Crossing almost as one, then down the final short straight to Tatts Corner. Round they came, Moss leading Fangio, and as they sprinted up to the chequered flag, Fangio squirted up almost level with the Englishman, his car's front wheels alongside Stirling's cockpit.

The Golden Boy had won! It was an unashamed emotional moment for all concerned when Stirling generously placed his winner's laurels on Fangio's shoulders as they celebrated their joint

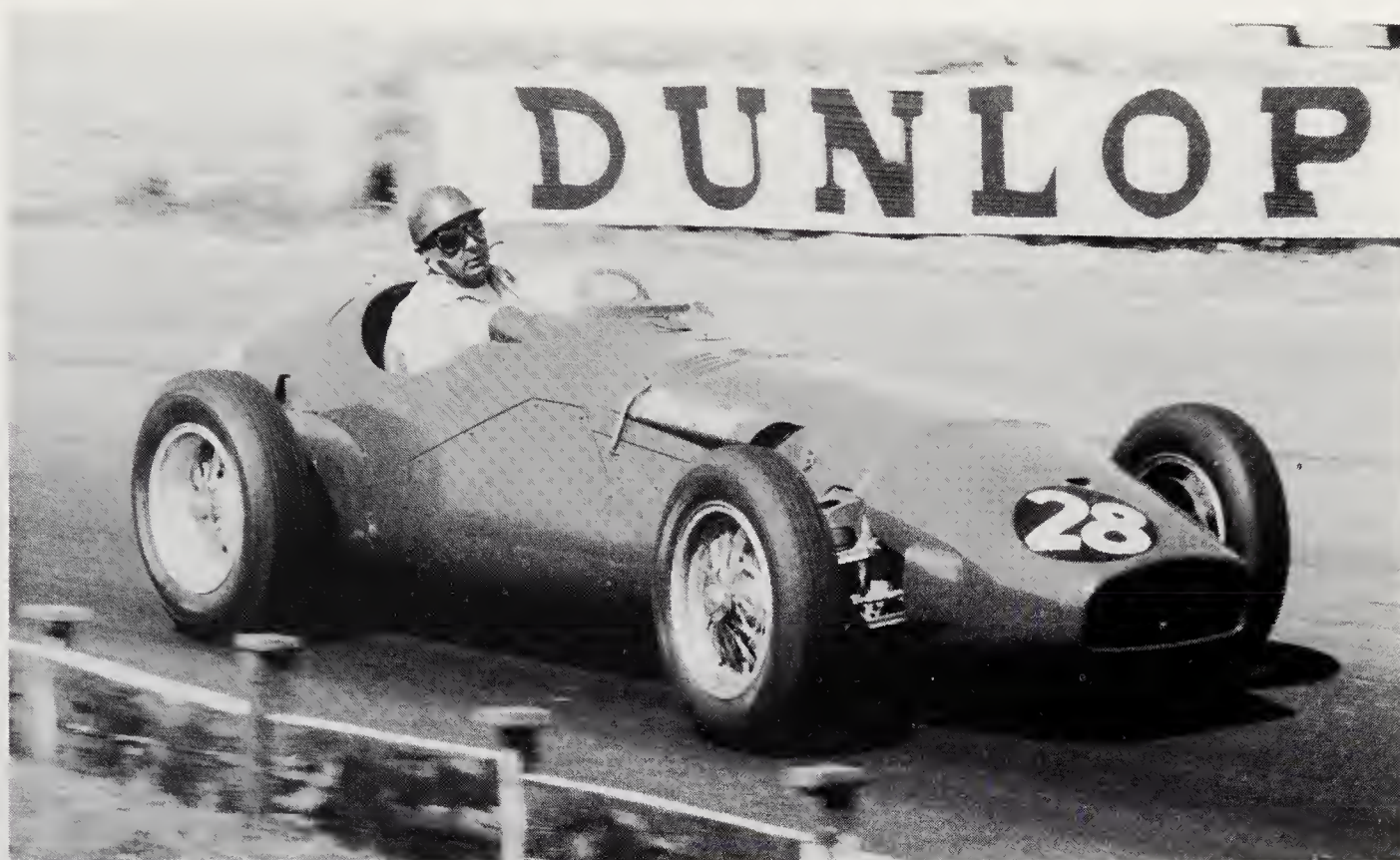
success. That touching gesture conveyed his feelings far more than any words could ever do.

After his Mille Miglia shunt, Kling had been under strict instructions not to damage another car, so his drive to third place at Aintree was a praiseworthy performance. He displayed consistency and restraint on this occasion, while Piero Taruffi had impressed everybody with his sensible approach on his Mercedes debut with a fine fourth.

Luigi Musso's Maserati 250F came home fifth, but while Moss basked in the warmth of his success, there was no pleasure to be derived from

A grimy faced Moss hands his winner's garland to Fangio, a gesture of respect from the new star to the established ace.





Promise for the future. Ken Wharton, seen here in the Vanwall, handed over to Harry Schell mid-way through the race for a ninth place finish. Two years later Moss would be back at Aintree, and winning for Tony Vandervell's team.

this race for Mike Hawthorn. Britain's other great Formula 1 favourite had been feeling distinctly below par all weekend and, after wrestling gamely with his uncompetitive Ferrari 625, he eventually handed it over to Eugenio Castellotti late in the race. The Italian brought the car home sixth, three laps behind the winning Mercedes.

It might have been a great day for one particular British driver, but as far as British cars were concerned, the British Grand Prix had been a complete disaster. Harry Schell's Vanwall had climbed no higher than eighth before retiring with a broken throttle pedal. The extrovert Franco-American driver took over team-mate Ken Wharton's car to finish a distant ninth.

The dawn for British Grand Prix cars had yet to break, but the crowds left Aintree after that '55 race confident in the knowledge that Britain had the driving talent necessary to do the job. Two years later, one of Tony Vandervell's sleek green Vanwalls would take the chequered flag to triumph in the British Grand Prix at Aintree.

And Stirling Moss would again be the man behind the wheel . . .

RESULTS

90 laps, 270.2 miles

Top six: 1, Stirling Moss (*Mercedes-Benz W196*), 3 hr 7 min 21.2 sec (86.47 mph); 2, Juan Manuel Fangio (*Mercedes-Benz W196*), 3 hr 7 min 21.4 sec; 3, Karl Kling (*Mercedes-Benz W196*), 3 hr 8 min 33.0 sec; 4, Piero Taruffi (*Mercedes-Benz W196*), one lap behind; 5, Luigi Musso (*Maserati 250F*), one lap behind; 6, Mike Hawthorn/Eugenio Castellotti (*Ferrari 625*), three laps behind.

Fastest lap: Moss, 2 min 0.4 sec (89.7 mph).

1957 GERMAN GRAND PRIX

A lesson from the Master

As we have already seen with Nuvolari's terrific victory against the odds in 1935, the Nurburgring was a circuit which offered a very real chance to a gifted outsider, be it driver or car. Yet in 1957 the brilliance emanated from probably the best driver/car combination in the field, Juan Manuel Fangio in his fine-handling Maserati 250F. After leading the German Grand Prix early on, the brilliant Argentinian made a scheduled pit stop for fuel and fresh tyres, allowing the Ferraris of Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins through into first and second places. When he rejoined, he was three-quarters of a minute adrift, yet shattered the lap record time and again in an unbelievable climb back to the victory which clinched his fifth World Championship title.

Say it again — *fifth* World Championship title. When, almost 30 years later, Alain Prost was fêted on becoming the first back-to-back title winner in almost three decades, one couldn't help thinking about Fangio. Five titles, four of them consecutive, between 1951 and '57. OK, mostly he drove the right car at more or less the right time. That was his good judgement. He was a man you could never underestimate, with a talent for pulling something quite dramatic out of the bag when his rivals least expected it.

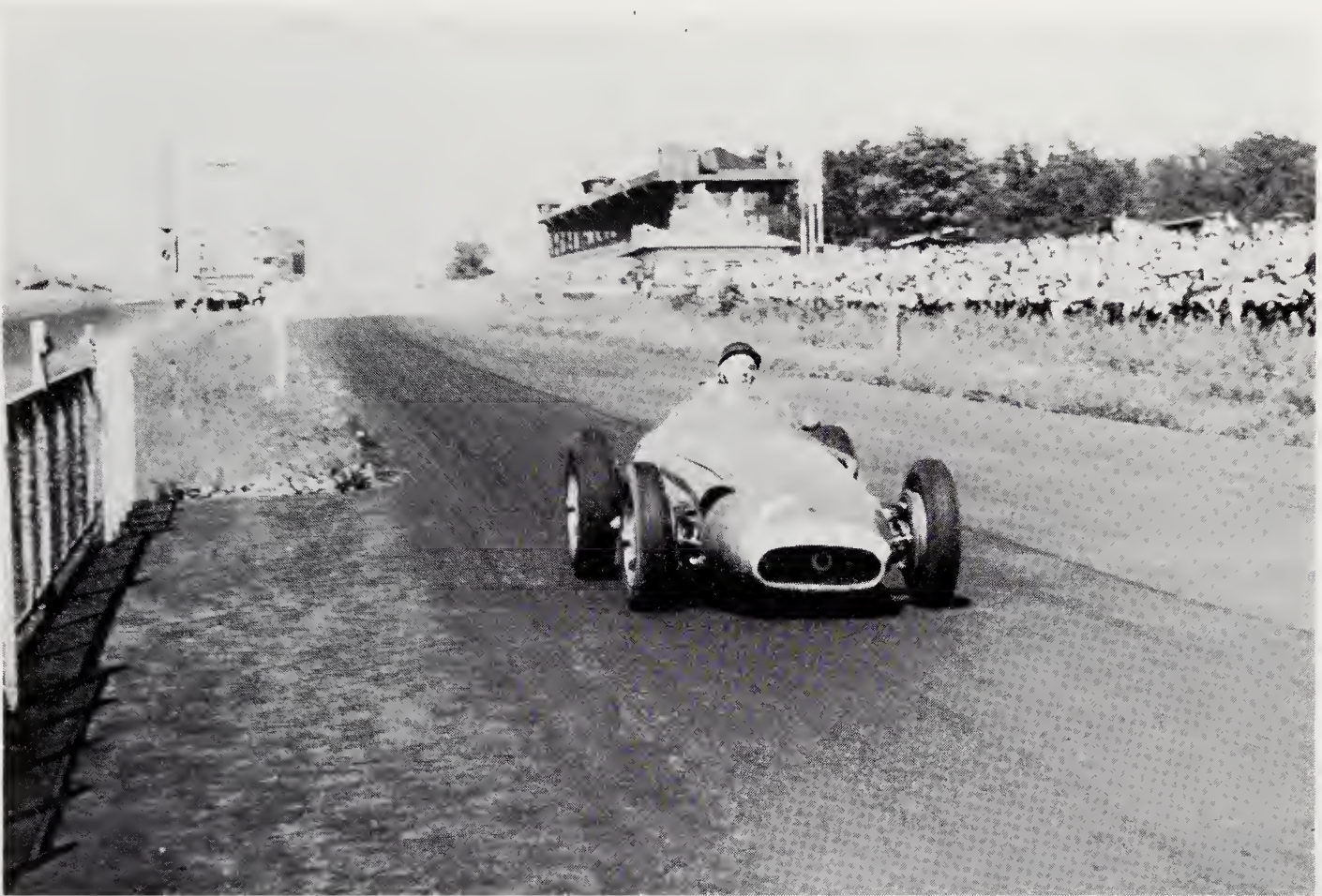
As far as the 1957 German Grand Prix was concerned, Fangio and the Maserati team had worked it all out. The Argentinian would start with a reduced fuel load, enabling him to run much quicker than his rivals during the early stages of the race. He would pull out a lead, then make a scheduled stop to have the 250F tank

topped up, fit fresh rear tyres and still have sufficient leeway to rejoin the head of the pack.

Everything went well in practice. Fangio confidently grasped pole position and lined up in front of the starting grid sharing the first row with Englishmen Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins in their Ferrari 801s, plus France's Jean Behra in another works Maserati. Clearly the battle was to be between the two Italian marques; although Tony Vandervell's sleek green Vanwalls were present, they were well off the pace. Britain's big hopes were handling badly over the bumps and incapable of competitive times. Thus Stirling Moss, Tony Brooks and Stuart Lewis-Evans were consigned to disappointingly modest grid positions.

Ferrari's gallant English duo, along with the third team driver Luigi Musso, knew that this race was going to be hard work indeed. The Ferrari 801 was the ultimate derivative of the Lancia D50 which had been taken over by Maranello almost two years earlier when the Turin firm hit major financial problems. However, while the original D50 was a delightful car to drive, Maranello's engineers progressively changed the concept to the point that the 801 became its least successful offspring, failing to win a single Championship for the Prancing Horse during 1957.

Not that this would stop Collins and Hawthorn giving of their best, of course. Although he barely got to within three seconds of Fangio's pole time during practice, Hawthorn burst away first at the start and set a new record to complete lap one in the lead. But the Ferrari's early spurt was



Fangio in full flight. Fighting his way back into contention, his Maserati 250F brakes hard for Nurburgring's South Curve after that time-wasting pit stop.

Ferraris under pressure. Hurling up the long straight behind the Nurburgring pits, Fangio's Maserati (No 1) has the Ferraris of Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins firmly in its sights.



simply a tempting *bors d'oeuvres* as compared with the *haute cuisine* main course soon to be dished up by Fangio's Maserati.

Collins ran second initially ahead of Fangio, Behra, Musso, Harry Schell's Maserati and Brooks in the best-placed Vanwall. But it did not take long for Fangio to scythe through into the lead, thanks to that lighter fuel load. By the end of lap three his 250F took up its familiar berth at the head of the field. From then on he just stormed majestically away from his rivals. At the end of lap 12, as he came in for that scheduled pit visit he was almost half a minute ahead.

It should have been straightforward, but the Maserati mechanics managed to make a carnival of Fangio's stop. The elegant 250F was stationary for a disgraceful 52 seconds, allowing the two English-driven Ferraris back into first and second places. When the World Champion resumed, he was 45 seconds adrift. The next ten laps are indelibly etched into the Grand Prix history books . . .

Hawthorn and Collins were really enjoying themselves, swapping the lead, running side-by-side on the straights and generally having a great

laugh. What's more, for the first few laps after Fangio's pit stop, it looked as though they might have a clear run through to the finish. With fresh tyres and a heavier fuel load, the Maserati initially made little ground on the Ferrari twins.

Suddenly, the Ferrari team's fun was over. On lap 16 Fangio narrowed the gap to 33 seconds, on lap 17 it was down to 25.5 seconds and the next time round it was 13.5 seconds. Then came the *coup de grâce*. On lap 20, Fangio sliced six seconds off his previous lap record and came through a mere two seconds behind Hawthorn and Collins.

The Commendatore's team manager was almost dancing on the pit apron in a mixture of frustration and impatience as he exhorted his men to speed up, but they were fighting a losing battle against the prevailing tide. Into lap 21, Fangio forced the Maserati inside Collins at the tight left-hand North Curve, hurling up a cascade of stones to smash one of Peter's goggle lenses in the process!

Down through the twisting *Hatzenbach* forest section, out over the *Flugplatz* and down the hill beyond, Hawthorn was fighting manfully, but

Fangio splits the Ferraris. The World Champion has his Maserati between the Ferrari 801s of Hawthorn and Collins near the conclusion of his lightning climb back through the field.





Smiles of admiration. Hawthorn (with bow tie) and Collins (left) seem almost more delighted than Fangio at having been beaten so convincingly by the Maserati ace. For his part, the Argentinian looks slightly sheepish about it all.

there was just no stopping the Maestro. Plunging down towards Adenau bridge, Fangio slipped the Maserati through the fast-closing gap and the race was as good as won.

Into that final lap, Hawthorn was three seconds behind and, by bouncing his Ferrari off just about every kerb and earth bank round the circuit, only lost another single second in the final 14 miles. Yet Mike was a gracious loser, acknowledging just how much fun it had all been: 'The race had been every bit as exciting for the drivers as for the spectators and even though Peter and I had been beaten, we enjoyed every moment of it.'

Behind Collin's third-placed Ferrari was the only other car in sight at the finish, Musso having been out-distanced by his team-mates to finish a lowly fourth. Behra's Maserati also had a routine stop, just failing by a second to regain fifth place from Moss's Vanwall at the flag.

Appropriately, Fangio's magnificent performance clinched him his fifth World Championship and proved to be the last win of his glittering career. Those who witnessed it first-hand also believe it to be the best race he ever drove.

Truly a five star performance by a five times Champion.



RESULTS

22 laps, 312 miles

Top six: 1, Juan Manuel Fangio (*Maserati 250F*), 3 hr 30 min 38.3 sec (88.7 mph); 2, Mike Hawthorn (*Ferrari 801*), 3 hr 30 min 41.9 sec; 3, Peter Collins (*Ferrari 801*), 3 hr 31 min 13.9 sec; 4, Luigi Musso (*Ferrari 801*), 3 hr 34 min 15.9 sec; 5, Stirling Moss (*Vanwall*), 3 hr 35 min 15.8 sec; 6, Jean Behra (*Maserati 250F*), 3 hr 34 min 16.8 sec.

Fastest lap: Fangio, 9 min 17.4 sec (91.53 mph).

1958 RACE OF TWO WORLDS

New beats old

Staged with the intention of pitting top Indianapolis roadsters against the cream of European Grand Prix machinery at Monza, there were two 'Races of Two Worlds' at Monza, the first in 1957 and the second in '58. The combination of the Italian track's road course and banked section provided an ideal environment for the Indy cars, but the first round proved something of a hollow victory for Jimmy Bryan as the Formula 1 driver 'union' chose to boycott the whole affair. But the Indy cars came back in 1958 to face challenges from both Ferrari and Maserati, both of whom had been on the receiving end of financial inducements from the Automobile Club of Italy to take part. Although Luigi Musso fought a gallant battle with the American interloper at the wheel of a 4.2-litre V12 Ferrari special, Indy star Jim Rathmann won all three 63 lap heats in his Zink Leader Card Special to take a crushing aggregate victory over '57 winner Bryan.

Some reckoned it was a terrific idea, others dismissed it as insanity. Mixing together the best of Indy competition with the stars of World Championship Formula 1 racing may have been an audacious promotional venture, but it certainly did not find unanimous favour on this side of the Atlantic. The '57 boycott by the Formula 1 fraternity blew a chill wind through the Monza turnstiles, but the ACI obliged Ferrari and Maserati to take part the following year, thanks to some clever tinkering with the rules.

In previous years, Italy's national Automobile Club presented a sizeable lump sum to the most successful national Grand Prix team, an award

which both Maranello and Modena eyed with more than passing enthusiasm. But for '58, it was decreed that participation in the 'Race of Two Worlds' was a mandatory prerequisite in becoming eligible for that prize. That held the attention of the two Italian Formula 1 teams who duly decided to field cars, albeit with the minimum of good grace.

Maserati produced a purpose-built single-seater powered by a 4.2-litre V8 sports car engine for Stirling Moss, while Ferrari shuffled through its stock to turn out a couple of '*bitza*' entries for the occasion. One was a 3-litre version of the then current Dino 246 Grand Prix machine, entrusted to Phil Hill; the second was a crude 4.1-litre V12 derived from the old 375 Formula 1 chassis used back in 1951. This was to be handled by the dauntless Luigi Musso, with a less-than-keen Mike Hawthorn sharing both Maranello entries.

In addition, the European contingent included an old Ferrari entered by Luigi Chinetti for Harry Schell, plus Ecurie Ecosse entries of two D-type Jaguars and an unwieldy Lister-Jag single seater special which proved slower than the sports cars!

The Indy brigade contained some familiar contemporary names including Jimmy Bryan, fresh from his recent Indy triumph in the striking George Salih-prepared Belond AP Special with its canted-over Offy engine and consequently reduced frontal area. There was also Eddie Sachs and Troy Ruttman, both of whom had been over in '57, plus Monza newcomers like Jim Rathmann, Johnny Thompson, Rodger Ward and Don Freeland.

Since his Monza victory the previous year, Bryan had left the Dean Van Lines team run by the respected Clint Brawner and his place was taken by a 23-year-old Texan whose name were going to hear a lot more in the ensuing decades. He was Anthony Joseph Foyt, but 30 years ago that didn't mean a thing to the Monza organizers who declined to accept the Dean car in the field, unless it was driven by someone they had heard of.

Eventually it was announced that Foyt's regular seat would be taken by no less a celebrity than Juan Manuel Fangio who had earlier attracted a vitriolic attack from blinkered Indy Year Book publisher Floyd Clymer, both for his

honest admission that the Brickyard itself wasn't up his street and that he didn't *really* want to run at Monza.

Although it looked as though the '58 race was heavily weighted against the Europeans, at least wet conditions during first qualifying gave Moss a chance to give the Indy aces a driving lesson. 'They didn't go out,' recalls Stirling with some glee, 'but I pointed out that it might be raining come race day and rammed my point home by fishtailing past the pits, flat-out, on every lap . . .'

The Indy contingent, who habitually packed up their traps at the first sign of precipitation, clearly considered Moss to be a little eccentric and forgot about this episode when the circuit

Fangio looks less than totally comfortable as he settles into the cockpit of the Dean Van Lines Special. The Monza organisers approved his nomination in place of the unknown novice — A.J. Foyt — who had originally been entered in the car!





Winner Jim Rathmann receives congratulations from tyre baron Harvey Firestone after his record breaking aggregate triumph. On the right is car builder A.J. Watson, one of Indy car racing's most famous names.

dried out. But they could hardly ignore the brave Luigi Musso's brilliant efforts. Spurred on by the prospect of the huge prize funds, and its potential for clearing his own gambling debts, the suave Italian forced his lurching, sliding Ferrari round to grab pole position with a lap in the 170 mph bracket. The Americans were impressed . . .

When it came to the start of the first heat, Musso surged into the lead and the big, outdated Ferrari came screaming through in front at the end of the opening lap. High on his own adrenalin, Musso's efforts with that bucking bronco of an obsolete Maranello hybrid kept the grandstands transfixed for the first 20 laps or more. But, battling away with Sachs and Rathmann at the head of the field took its physical toll.

Totally exhausted, the Italian eventually came in and handed over to a pathetically slow Mike Hawthorn.

However, the day belonged to Rathmann alone. Running progressively faster and faster, the Zink Leader Card Special crushed its opposition with disarming speed and consistency. Such was the Florida driver's aggregate advantage at the end of heat two that he could have taken it easy throughout the final 63-lap sprint and still triumphed easily. But he ran even faster over the final leg, irrevocably stamping his authority on a memorable day's motor racing.

In the first heat, Sachs was written out of the script when his engine blew up disastrously whilst racing Musso for second place. Moss's

Jimmy Bryan's Belond AP Special leads Luigi Musso's 4.1-litre Ferrari and Stirling Moss's Maserati past the startline grandstands during their high-speed battle.

Maserati, fourth at the end of the opening 63 lap leg, really began to come good in heat two, Stirling shoving aside all his apprehension and reservations about the race to display his true class. He finished fifth and was fighting like a tiger for third with Bryan and '52 Indy winner Troy Ruttman in heat three when the Maserati broke its steering on the banking.

Moss simply had to sit there, a terrified and powerless passenger in the 'Eldorado Special' - named, in best Indy fashion, after its ice cream sponsor - as the wayward machine tore out several guard rail supports on the upper lip of the banking before spinning harmlessly down on to the infield. 'I have honestly never been so scared in a racing car,' he said frankly. 'I believed I was going to die . . .'

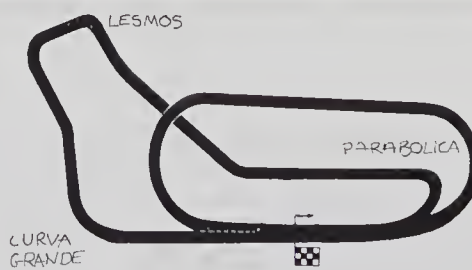
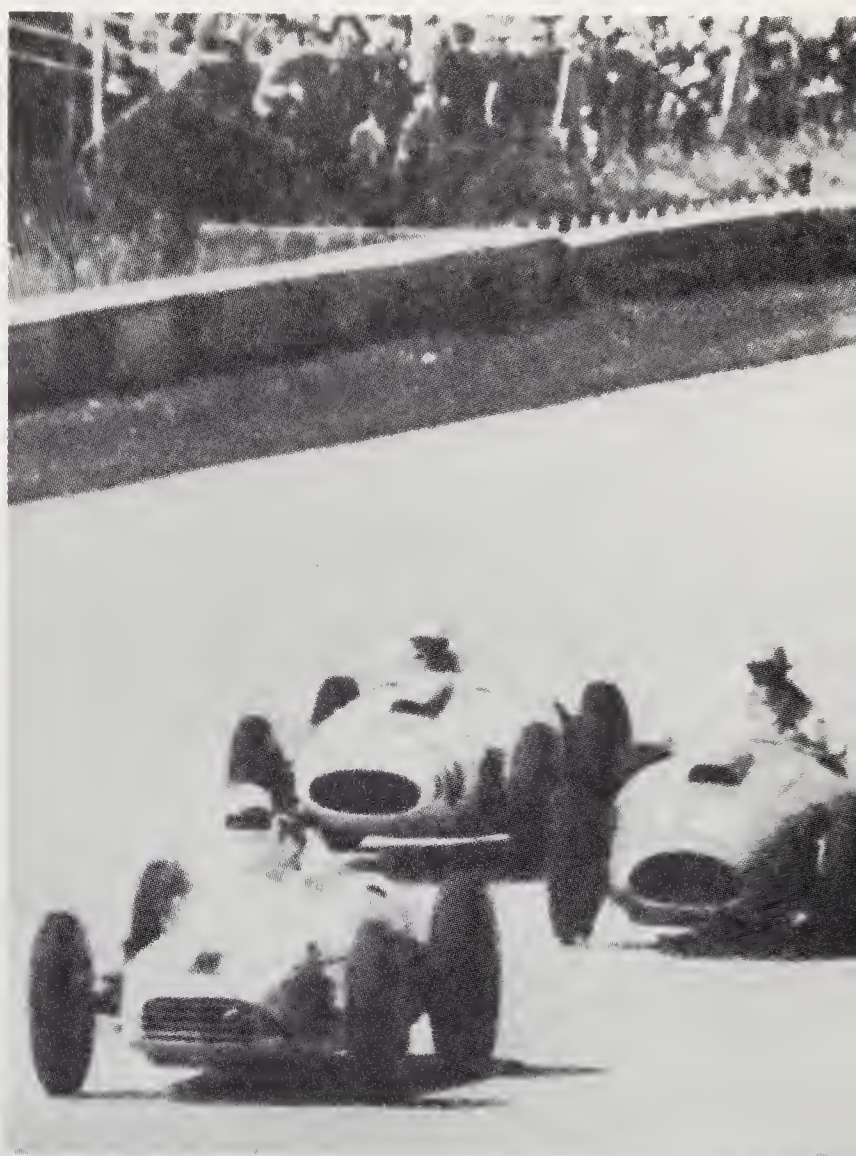
Behind Bryan, third place overall fell to the old Ferrari V12, Musso's efforts aided not only by Hawthorn but eventually Phil Hill as well. But this trio was nine laps down on the winner, emphasizing just how expert the Americans were at this specialized high speed racing.

Fangio managed a mere two laps in heat three before the fuel pump fell off, the Argentinian missing the first two legs after a cracked piston was diagnosed on race morning. A week later, after finishing fourth for Maserati in the French Grand Prix, he was to retire from his chosen sport. Musso, whose efforts had even earned measured praise from the dour Rathmann, was killed in the same race.

It was another twenty years before the Indy cars came back to Europe, Silverstone and Brands Hatch staging special races during the summer of 1978. By then, of course, the British had crossed the Atlantic and conquered the Brickyard, Jim Clark and Graham Hill winning in 1965 and '66 respectively.

Today, only a handful of cars racing at Indy are American. Most are built by March Engineering at Bicester or Lola Cars at Huntingdon. Even the Penske cars are manufactured in England.

Few people who attended the 1958 Race of Two Worlds could have ever anticipated such an unlikely turn of events . . .



RESULTS

189 laps, 495.07 miles (Aggregate of three 63 lap heats)

Top six: 1, Jim Rathmann (*Zink Leader Card Spl.*), 2 hr 59 min 37.3 sec (166.72 mph); 2, Jimmy Bryan (*Belond AP Spl.*), 3 hr 1 min 9.6 sec; 3, Luigi Musso/Phil Hill/Mike Hawthorn (*4.2 Ferrari*), nine laps behind; 4, Ray Crawford (*Mirror Glaz Spl.*), eleven laps behind; 5, Jimmy Reece (*Hoyt Machine Spl.*), eleven laps behind; 6, A.J. Foyt/Maurice Trintignant (*Slavi and Amos Spl.*), fifteen laps behind.

Fastest lap: Bryan, 54.1 sec (175.62 mph).

1959 DAYTONA 500

Photo finish on the banking

Possibly the most remarkable motor racing category of them all, NASCAR's spectacular saloons remain a regional speciality largely confined to the USA's south-eastern states. The inner sanctum of NASCAR's brash, flash fraternity is Daytona International Speedway in Florida, a track so steeped in legend and tradition that it is hard to believe it staged its inaugural 500-mile stock car sprint as recently as 1959. In that famous first race, the result was a photo finish between Lee Petty's Oldsmobile and Johnny Beauchamp's Ford Thunderbird. Initially the victory laurels were handed to the Ford driver, but three days of photo examination reversed this decision and Petty was eventually declared the winner!

Daytona Beach is a name framed in motor sport legend. In the 1920s and '30s such international celebrities such as Malcolm Campbell, Henry Seagrave, Ray Keech and Kaye Don jostled to set new speed records in their glamorous automotive monsters, tearing up the miles of smooth golden foreshore in a whirlwind of sand. At the same time locals began holding impromptu speed trials and informal races, laying the foundations for one of the most fascinating motor racing sub-cultures which flourishes to this day.

Thanks largely to the entrepreneurial ability and sheer enthusiasm of one local resident, the beach races became an enormous success and a tremendous spectator attraction. That man was Bill France, whose family now forms the dynasty which has controlled and directed the complexion and fortunes of NASCAR racing from the heady post-war years, through to the present day.

By the mid-1950s, stock car racing at Daytona Beach had become a well-organized, professionally promoted and efficiently categorized formula. But Bill France had more ambitious plans for these American 'tin-tops'. He wanted to build a super-speedway, a permanent facility on which the fastest and hottest cars from Detroit could do battle in front of a capacity crowd. Thanks to his drive and initiative, that's precisely what he achieved. The famous Daytona International Speedway opened in time for the first national championship 500-mile stock car race on 22 February 1959, the anniversary of George Washington's birth.

The 2.5 mile tri-oval with its banked 31-degree turns presented a breathtaking challenge for NASCAR competitors, from the outset the fastest cars turning lap speeds that made the old beach course look like a children's game. All the leading NASCAR celebrities were there headed by pole man Cotton Owens whose '58 Pontiac topped the qualifying times with a terrific fastest lap a fraction over the 143 mph mark. The stage was set for the first Daytona 500 and if Bill France had been able to write a script for the event it could hardly have been more exciting.

Photo finish! The First Daytona 500 is a split-second ahead of confusion in this shot as Lee Petty's Oldsmobile (No 42) finishes wheel-to-wheel with Johnny Beauchamp's Ford Thunderbird (No 73). They are lapping Joe Weatherly's Chevrolet as they come up to the finishing line.



Fifty-nine competitors took the green flag. Instantly a three-way battle for the lead developed between Bob Welborn, whose Chevrolet had already won the second of the two-hundred-mile qualifying races, Joe Weatherly's similar car, and Tom Pistone's Plymouth. This threesome swapped places continuously for the first twenty-two laps after which local hero Glenn 'Fireball' Roberts, a veteran and much-admired competitor for more than a decade, stormed through to lead in his Pontiac.

Running at sustained high speeds in close company, the leading cars not only swapped positions regularly but also their hard-bitten drivers unwittingly began to encounter - and use - a phenomenon which was totally new to them. Up in the leading bunch ran Lee Petty in his Oldsmobile, but way down the pack was his novice son Richard, who was destined to become the most successful NASCAR Grand National ace of all time. It was from this vantage point at the tail of the field that the young Richard Petty first appreciated, and explained, the technique of slipstreaming.

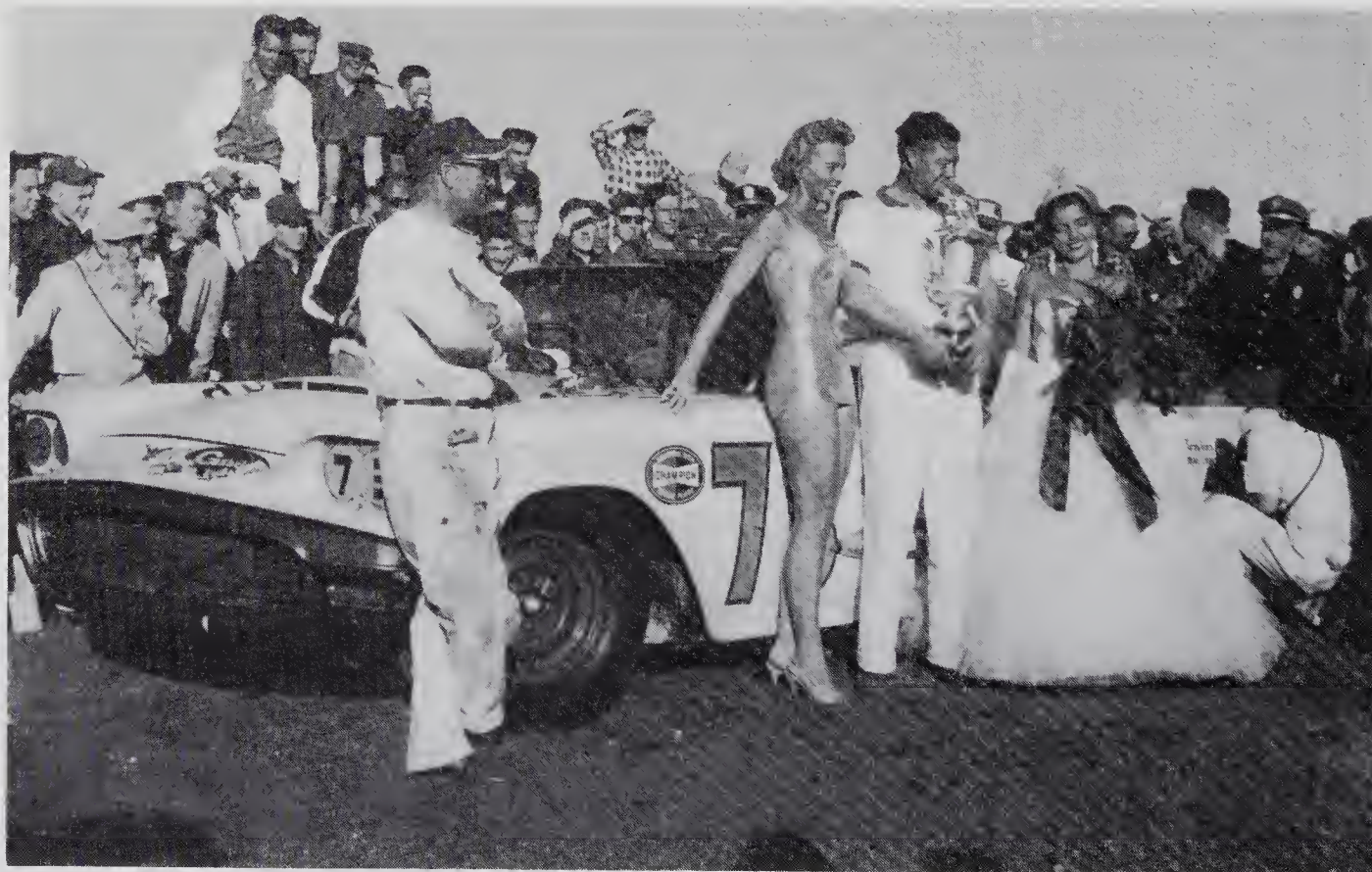
'I first noticed the effect when I was running off

the banking, trying to keep up with the pack,' he explained. 'Now and again I would go shooting past the bunch of cars in front of me as if they were stopped and, a little while later, they would come hurtling past me again. After I retired, I watched Daddy's Oldsmobile running in close company with Weatherly's Chevrolet. One lap he would go right by him, but I didn't understand why he didn't keep on going instead of slowing up. Then Beauchamp joined in with his T-Bird and the three of them went on swapping places like this all afternoon. The three of them had discovered 'drafting', slipstreaming, on their own without having to be told by anyone else . . .'

So the battle raged on the high banking, the crowd cheering on their favourites with inexhaustible enthusiasm. As the race passed three-quarter distance, the main issue was now between Lee Petty and Beauchamp, the advantage see-sawing between Oldsmobile and Ford from lap to lap. It was clearly all going to be down to the 200th lap, and which one of them had mastered the technique of 'drafting' to its best effect.

Off the final banking for the last time it was Petty, Beauchamp and Weatherly (one lap behind)

Beauchamp was initially adjudged the winner, receiving the trophy and immediate applause . . .



1
Tony J. D
1



... but four days later NASCAR supremo Bill France found himself presenting the cup to Lee Petty!

who were absolutely line-abreast, not one of them giving so much as an inch.

The trio thundered past the chequered flag in what at first appeared to be a dead heat. At first Beauchamp was adjudged the winner, but from Bill France's vantage point on the outside of the banking, 'I couldn't come to any firm conclusion because Weatherly's car had been blocking my view of the other two. The only way to resolve the situation was examining a photograph of the finish ...'

That was easier said than done. By the time the NASCAR officials concluded that there was some doubt about Beauchamp's success, the crucial photograph was on its way to New York. It was not until three days later, after hours of chasing around and detailed scrutiny, that the result was corrected and the winner's cup presented to Petty Senior in the Daytona garage area.

Beauchamp accepted the decision with good grace and Daytona International Speedway was up and running. To this day, it remains a motorsport Mecca for the NASCAR set which has gone from success to success ever since.

RESULTS

200 laps, 500 miles
 Top six 1, Lee Petty (*Oldsmobile*), 3 hr 41 min 22 sec (135.521 mph); 2, Johnny Beauchamp (*Ford*), 200 laps; 3, Charlie Griffith (*Pontiac*), 199 laps; 4, Cotton Owens (*Pontiac*), 199 laps; 5, Joe Weatherly (*Chevrolet*), 199 laps; 6, Jim Reed (*Chevrolet*), 196 laps.
 Fastest lap: not recorded.

1959 LE MANS 24-HOURS

Aston Martin at last

Although Ferrari and Jaguar became known as household names at Le Mans in the 1950s, the respected Aston Martin marque had a far longer record of competition at the Sarthe than either of its two more successful contemporaries. Maranello and Coventry were essentially post-war arrivals on the Le Mans scene, but Aston Martin made its Le Mans debut in 1928 and had not missed a race since 1931. It was therefore with an overwhelming sense of 'mission accomplished' that the DBR1/300 of Roy Salvadori and Carroll Shelby outlasted the Maranello opposition to take a well-deserved victory for the hard-trying team from Feltham. As if that was not good enough, Maurice Trintignant and Paul Frere made it a 1-2, the two English cars completing the race over 200 miles in front of the third-placed, privately-entered Ferrari 3-litre 250.

In 1958 motor racing's governing body, the CSI, had initiated a 3-litre engine capacity maximum for the Sports Car Championship and these regulations were still in force for 1959. Accordingly, the Ferrari V12 Testa Rossa looked a likely bet for another victory, six of them contesting the prototype category in the hands of such exalted names as Phil Hill, Dan Gurney, Jean Behra, Cliff Allison and Olivier Gendebien. Updated with disc brakes and a new rear suspension, it promised to be faster than ever.

Ranged against the Maranello line-up were three works Aston Martin DBR1/300s, a similar privately-entered machine, an ageing Jaguar D-type, two Lister-Jaguars and a Tojeiro-Jaguar, not to mention a host of privately-entered Ferraris in

the GT category and a swarm of Porsches anxious to button up the hotly-contested 2-litre division.

It rained heavily on race morning, but the track was dry in time for the start. Stirling Moss, sharing his Aston DBR1 with Jack Fairman, charged into an immediate lead as the English team's 'hare', a role that he performed with considerable relish. It was the intention that Stirling should tempt the Testa Rossas into a damaging early battle for the lead and his plan worked superbly.

Behra, never one to resist a challenge, really piled on the pressure in his 'TR' after a slow start, setting a new 3-litre lap record at over 125 mph. The Frenchman stormed into the lead during the second hour, much to the crowd's delight, and he and co-driver Dan Gurney held on at the front of the field until ten o'clock on that Saturday evening. Then the Salvadori/Shelby Aston moved ahead for a few hours, but the experienced 'TR' pairing of Phil Hill/Gendebien took over in front.

Meanwhile, the Moss/Fairman DBR1 expired after a few hours with engine failure, but the Ferrari 'TRs' were not doing too well in the early stages either. Privateers Geithner/Carveth and Martin/Kimberley were out in the first couple of hours, while the faster Cliff Allison/da Silva Ramos machine, which briefly ran fourth, broke its gearbox after just over three hours and had to be pushed away.

Innes Ireland and Masten Gregory proved that there was life in the old D-type yet, hauling their special 3-litre engined Ecurie Ecosse machine up into second place. Innes had just taken over from

his American colleague at about 11 o'clock on the Saturday evening when the Jaguar six-cylinder engine broke a connecting rod, dumped oil on to its rear tyres and spun wildly in the dark.

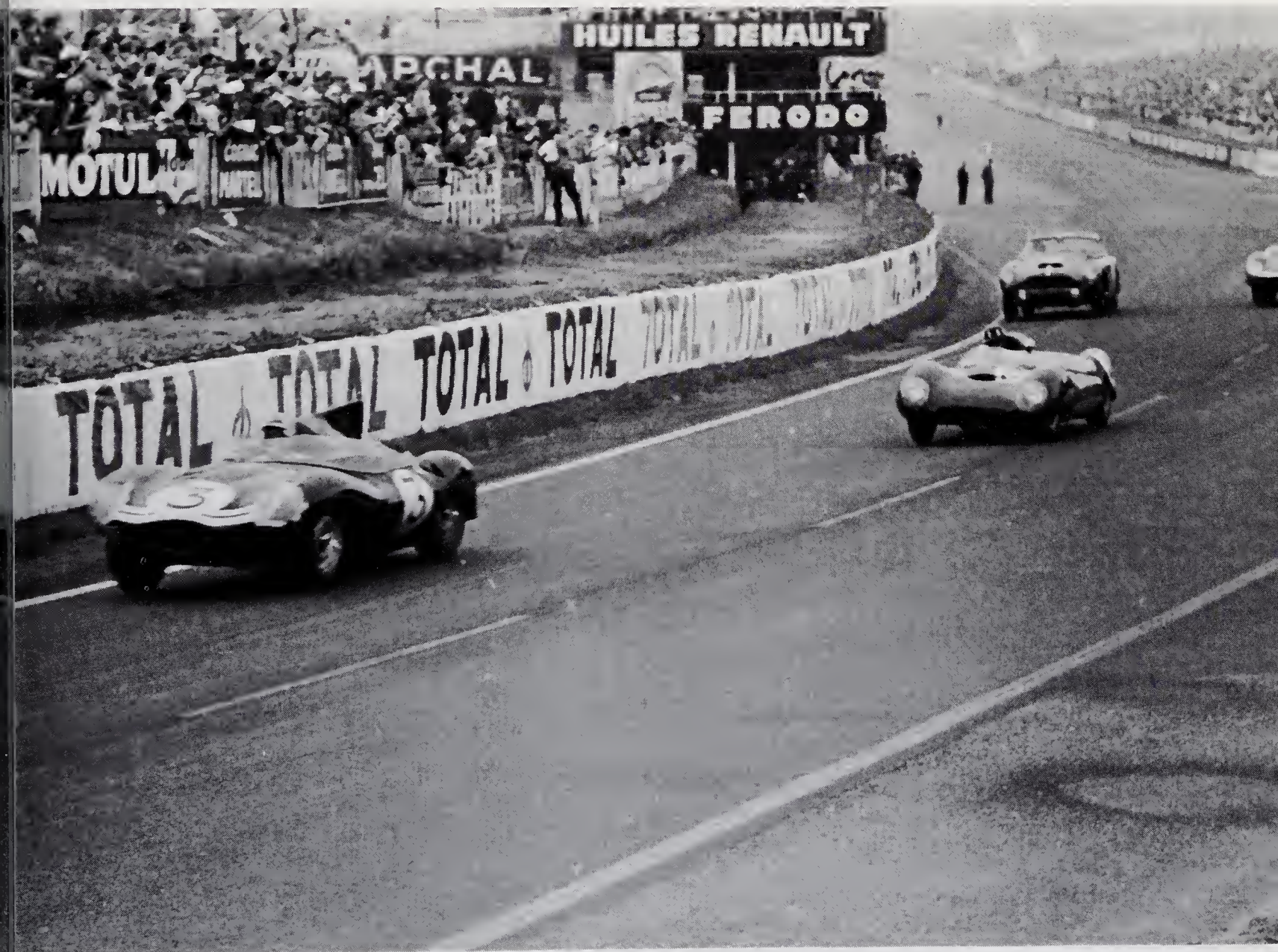
Innes, who had something of a reputation for crashing at this point in his career, recalls praying that the wayward machine would finish its dizzy gyrations without hitting anything solid. 'Not because I was concerned about hurting myself, but because I was worried they wouldn't believe the story about the con-rod if it ended up in a crumpled heap against the wall . . .'

Ferrari's front-line hopes received a major blow

in the early hours of Sunday morning when the Behra/Gurney 'TR', now back in third place, began to show signs of transmission trouble. The two men tried desperately to keep it running, but there were still more than 12 hours left to run and clearly it was not going to make it, nursing or no nursing. Eventually, just before two o'clock in the morning, it crept into the pits and was retired.

Now there was only a single Testa Rossa left, albeit running strongly at the head of the field in the hands of the previous year's winning partnership. The two Astons were rolling along reliably in second and third places, but mechanical

Innes Ireland's 3-litre Ecurie Ecosse Jaguar D-type swings into the right-hander beyond the pits pursued by Graham Hill's Lotus. Innes spun out spectacularly when the Jaguar's engine failed and dumped oil all over its rear tyres!



decimation had taken its toll of the faster runners and as dawn broke the Hugus/Ericksson 1.5-litre Porsche RSK/4 moved into fourth spot. Behind them were three similar cars, all running ahead of the massed ranks of privately-fielded Ferrari 250s which held a vice-like grip on the GT category.

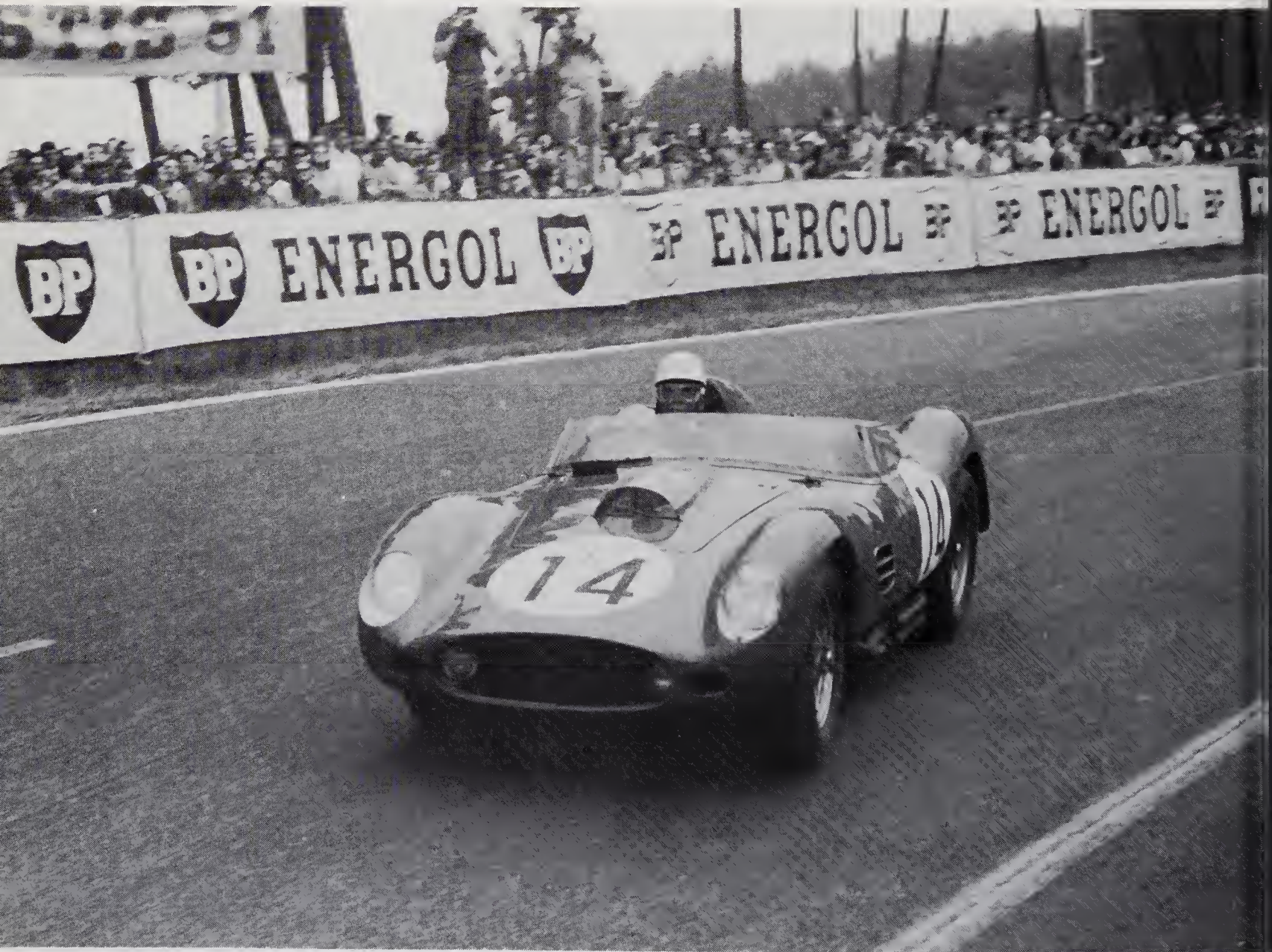
Although running with commendable reliability, there seemed to be little the Aston Martins could do about the leading Ferrari which continued running strongly right through to lunchtime on Sunday. By this point Hill and Gendebien had steadily amassed a four lap advantage over the English car when the first signs of engine overheating cast a shadow over their progress.

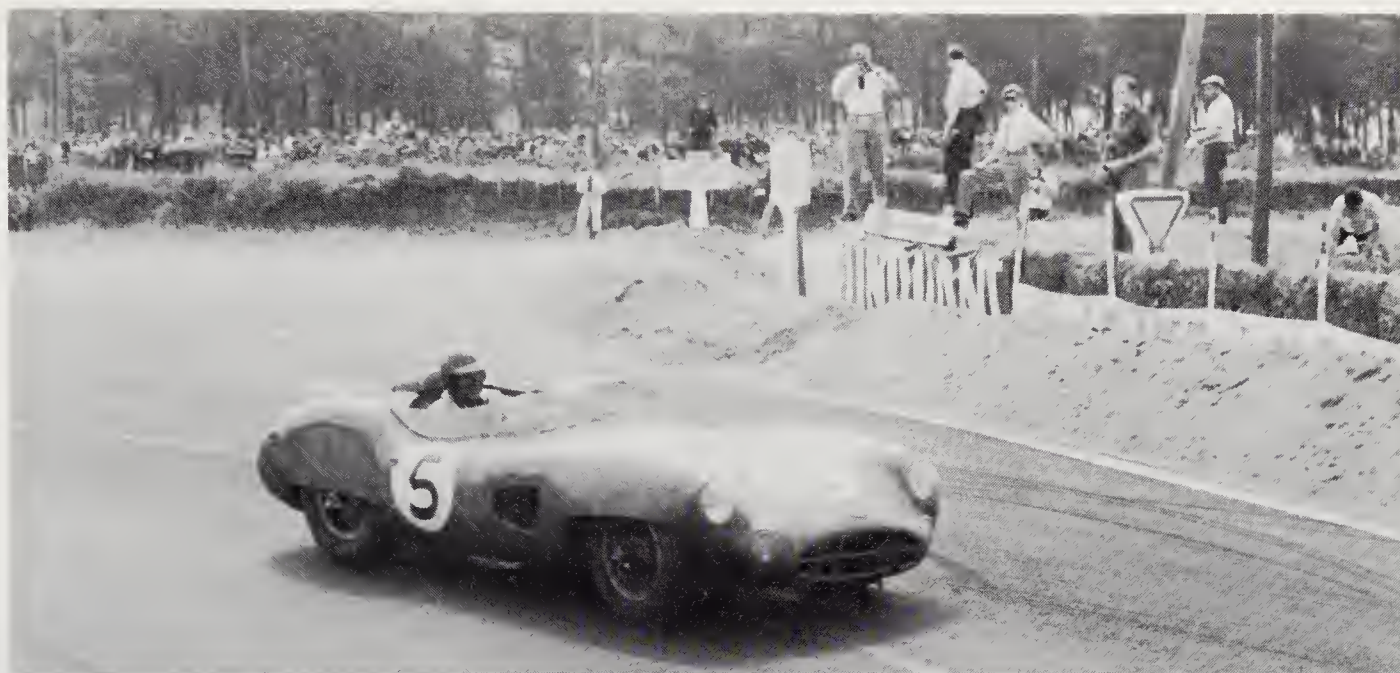
The problem was sudden and totally unexpected. Gendebien brought in the car for an unscheduled stop, and after much debate, he resumed for two last painfully-slow laps and then the car was retired. That was the end of Ferrari's challenge.

The balance of the race was now a routine procession. Salvadori and Shelby eased off dramatically to guarantee that industrialist David Brown, who acquired control of Aston Martin just after the War, would at long last receive his overdue rewards for supporting a continued international racing programme.

Those last few hours seemed interminable, but the English cars kept going reliably all the way to

Out of luck on this occasion, Olivier Gendebien (here) and Phil Hill retired their Ferrari 250 'Testa Rossa' with engine trouble after amassing a commanding four lap advantage.



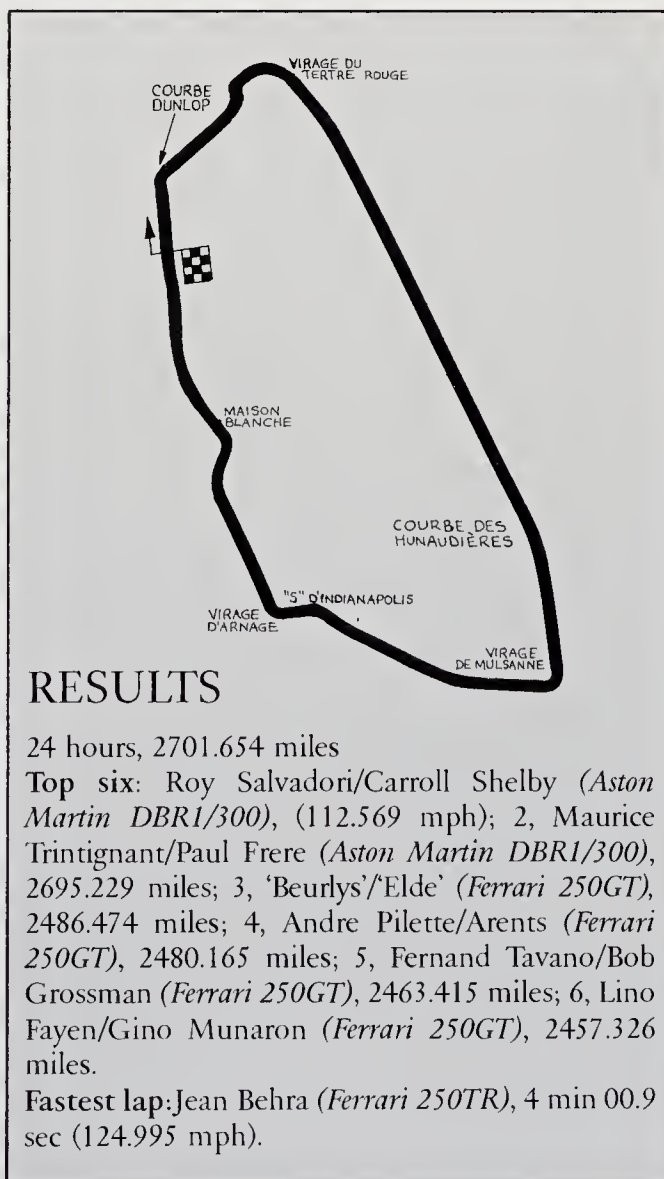


Oil-streaked and well-used, the winning Aston Martin swings through Mulsanne corner early on Sunday morning, Carroll Shelby still concentrating grimly behind the wheel.

the chequered flag. A few minutes after four o'clock, a beaming 'Shel' crossed the line to crown more than thirty years' endeavour on the part of the English car-maker. Trintignant/Frere hammered home the victorious message, a mere six miles behind, while a quartet of stylish 3-litre Ferrari 250GTs completed the top six. Third place fell to the Belgian-entered machine of 'Elde' and 'Beurlys', the latter being a pseudonym for wealthy building contractor Jean Blaton. Just over a decade later, Blaton's daughter Catherine would become Mrs Jackie Ickx . . .

With the demise of the Porsches, the 1.5-litre category fell to the Lotus Elite of Peter Lumsden/Peter Riley which finished eighth overall immediately behind an AC Ace-Bristol. Ninth was a similar Lotus handled by John (later Sir John) Whitmore and Jim Clark, of whom much more was to be heard later!

Aston Martin continued competing at the Sarthe for several more years, but never even came close to breaking the Ferrari stranglehold which continued through to the mid-1960s. The DBR1/300s returned, in private hands, to contest the 1960 race, but their only crumb of consolation came when Clark and Salvadori finished third, ruining the symmetry of a Maranello 1-2-4-5. They never had anything to compare with that 1959 grand slam . . .





1961 MONACO GRAND PRIX

Stirling's greatest?

Monaco has always been one of the rare circuits where miracles can be achieved, a place where driving virtuosity remains the single most important key to success. In 1961 Stirling Moss underlined the fact that nothing is impossible through the streets of the Principality when he drove probably the race of his career to defeat the might of the works Ferrari team at the wheel of Rob Walker's under-powered four-cylinder Lotus-Climax. Despite a tremendous late-race challenge from Maranello new boy Richie Ginther, Moss came home a convincing winner, never having put a wheel wrong all afternoon. Behind Ginther, Phil Hill and Wolfgang von Trips brought the other Ferrari entries home third and fourth. Nobody had been able to hold a candle to Moss on this historic occasion, believed by many of his fans to be the greatest race of his career.

At the start of 1961, a new 1½-litre Formula 1 superseded the 2½-litre regulations which had been in force for the previous six years. From within the ranks of the constructors there had been overwhelming objection to this technical change of direction, so the English manufacturers had spent much of the previous 12 months arguing the toss rather than building new cars and engines. Ferrari, on the other hand, had chosen to lie low, say little and press on with the develop-

Masterly. Stirling Moss's flawless winning performance in Rob Walker's Lotus 18 ranks as one of the greatest drives by anyone, anywhere.

ment of a new 1½-litre V6 power unit. Thus, when the new formula came into force, Maranello was equipped with the only state-of-the-art F1 engine on the scene . . .

However, while Ferrari had the best engine, it did not have the monopoly in either driver or chassis excellence. The Ferrari 156 was quick enough in a straight line, but its roadholding was not in the same class as the new Team Lotus 21, nor even the much-reworked old Lotus 18 which Stirling Moss was driving for that great English privateer Rob Walker.

Ginther, in the only Ferrari fitted with the very latest 120-degree V6 engine (the others had the narrow, 65-degree V6), managed a place in the middle of row one, but Moss grasped pole position by 0.2 of a second. In third place, on the outside of the front row, was the works Lotus 21 driven by Jim Clark. Phil Hill's Ferrari was outside namesake Graham's BRM on row two, von Trip's on the inside of row three. It was by no means cut and dried for the Italian cars . . .

In those days the Monaco start was right down on the harbour front, so the field began with a sprint straight off the grid into the tight 180-degree right-hand Gasworks hairpin. Clark's Lotus was in trouble before the start with an oiled plug, but he still managed to scramble through the first corner second in front of Moss. But it was Ginther who really held everybody's attention . . .

The wiry little American led off the line, up through Casino Square and was a good four lengths clear after the opening lap. By the end of lap three he was an amazing five seconds ahead,

Moss having taken over second place after Clark rolled to a halt with fuel pump trouble on lap two.

Ginther's opening spurt took Stirling by surprise, but he did not take long to compose himself and quickly began whittling down the Ferrari's advantage. In third place, Jo Bonnier's new four-cylinder Porsche was keeping up with the Englishman, while further back Dan Gurney's older Porsche hung on in front of a huge jostling bunch which included Tony Brooks's BRM-Climax, Bruce McLaren's Cooper, Phil Hill, Graham Hill and von Trips.

By lap 12 Moss and Bonnier were right up on Ginther's tail and two laps later both Lotus and Porsche demoted the Ferrari to third place. Now Stirling really got the bit between his teeth and began consolidating his advantage. Yard by yard, second by second, he moved away from Bonnier and with 20 laps run was over six seconds in front. Meanwhile, the Ferrari trio had sorted themselves

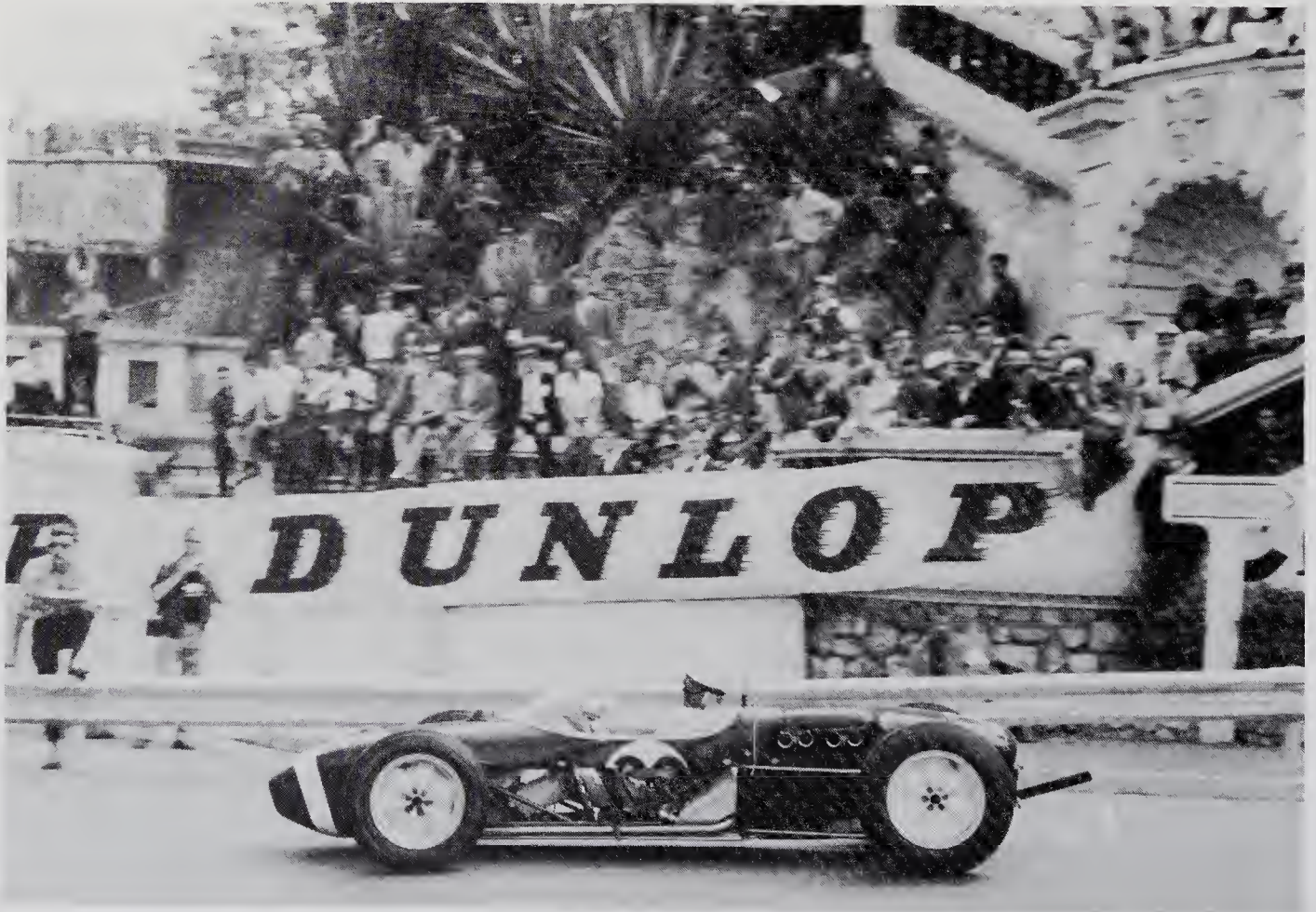
out in the next three places and, led by Ginther, began to pick up the pace and close the gap on the second place Porsche.

On lap 24 Phil Hill moved ahead of Ginther and started jousting hard with Bonnier, passing the Porsche to take second place a couple of laps later. But that looked like as far as he was going to get. Ten seconds behind the immaculately consistent Moss, it seemed that Phil Hill and Ferrari had nothing left to give.

No so Ginther! The Californian was beginning to get his second wind and, having earlier dropped behind von Trips, re-passed his German team-mate and began to pressure Bonnier. On lap 41 he got inside the Porsche at Gasworks hairpin and took third place as the two cars accelerated away past the pits.

Now a familiar Formula 1 scenario was established as the two Ferrari drivers, Hill and Ginther, were pitted against each other in a free-for-all for second place. No team orders or disci-

Classic victory. With its side panels removed to aid personal cooling, Rob Walker's Lotus 18 brakes for Monaco's Station Hairpin with Stirling Moss at the wheel. His victory over the Ferraris was probably the greatest drive of his career.





Into Casino Square goes Richie Ginther's Ferrari, chasing the Moss Lotus for all he is worth.

plined tactics here! One could imagine how the Commendatore, back in Maranello, would be grinning quietly to himself as his two American recruits went at it hammer and tongs, in the wake of Stirling's Lotus. With Bonnier hanging on for dear life, the Ferrari duo gradually began to cut back Moss's advantage.

With 60 laps completed Moss was only five seconds in front, extracting the absolute maximum from the old Lotus chassis, his face a study in relaxed concentration. In and out of the slower cars he was a sheer genius, his anticipation and precision enabling him to get through with the absolute minimum of delay. Gradually, he began to open the gap back to Phil Hill and, by lap 70, it was clear that Ginther was being held up by his compatriot.

Little Richie began to get a bit impatient with

Hill, the situation perhaps getting a little embarrassing for it was Phil who had introduced Ginther to the Ferrari team in the first place and now here he was under severe pressure from his protégé! Eventually Ginther was not prepared to put up with being baulked by Phil any longer and, on lap 75, elbowed his way through into second place. Quickly pulling away from Hill, he now settled down to try catching Moss!

On lap 77 the gap was 5.5 seconds, then back to 6 seconds as he was baulked by a slower car, then down to 4.5 seconds on lap 80 and 4 seconds on lap 81. Some people might have considered it honourable to have settled for second behind such a star as Moss, but Ginther was having none of it. On lap 84 he set the race's fastest lap and, although that was equalled by Stirling next time round, neither of them went any faster for the

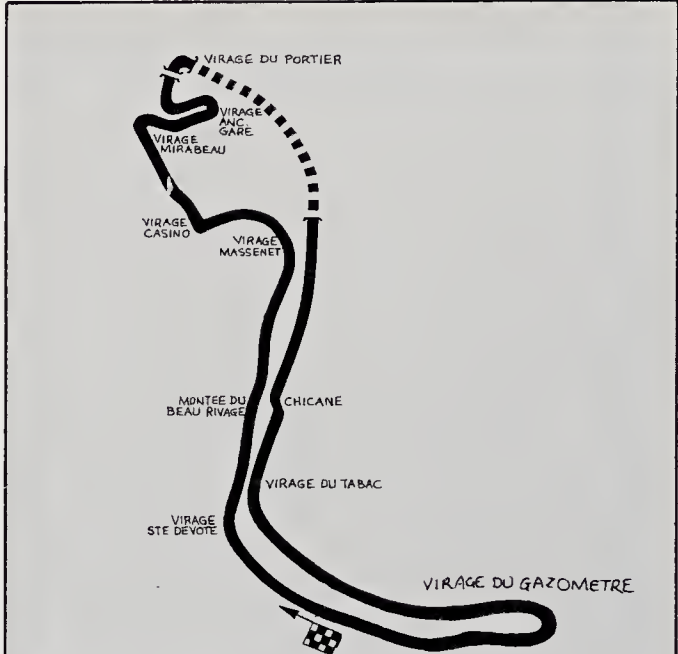
remainder of the race.

With 14 laps to go, Moss reckoned he had the measure of the Ferrari and the gap steadied at 5 seconds, but Ginther counter-attacked yet again. On lap 96 Moss's lead was 4.5 seconds, then 4 seconds and into the last lap it was unchanged. Moss was now watching his mirrors all the way, and in final, bitter defiance Ginther sliced another 0.4 seconds off the Lotus's advantage on the final lap. At the flag the gap was 3.6 seconds.

It was Stirling's third Monaco victory, following on his 1956 success for Maserati and his 1960 win in the 2½-litre Lotus 18. But, for the *cognoscenti* it was something quite out of the ordinary, ranking as one of the greatest drives, not just of Stirling's career, but of all time.

Ginther, meanwhile, was grinning from cheek to cheek. He had won his Maranello spurs superbly, beating Phil Hill and von Trips convincingly into third and fourth places. His Ferrari had been troubled by a fuel pick-up problem, but Richie was honest enough to concede it had made little difference. Moss would have won anyway.

'That son of a gun,' grinned Ginther. 'If you did well against him, you knew you'd done something real special . . .' As, indeed, had Richie that particular afternoon.



RESULTS

100 laps, 195.4 miles

Top six: 1, Stirling Moss (*Lotus 18*), 2 hr 45 min 50.1 sec (70.7 mph); 2, Richie Ginther (*Ferrari 156*), 2 hr 45 min 53.7 sec; 3, Phil Hill (*Ferrari 156*), 2 hr 46 min 31.04 sec; 4, Wolfgang von Trips (*Ferrari 156*), two laps behind; 5, Dan Gurney (*Porsche*), two laps behind; 6, Bruce McLaren (*Cooper*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: Ginther and Moss, 1 min 36.3 sec (73.0 mph).

Round Station Hairpin, Ginther holds his second place Ferrari ahead of team-mate Wolfgang von Trips. The German Count finished fourth.



1961 INDIANAPOLIS 500

Foyt's first of four

With only five laps to go, it looked as though Al Dean's greatest moment had arrived. For almost a decade the Californian movie magnate had been pouring money into Indy car racing, yet victory in the '500' had always somehow eluded him and his renowned crew chief Clint Brawner. But now it seemed as though Eddie Sachs, the self-styled Clown Prince of the Brickyard, was about to pull it off for him. Although A. J. Foyt had earlier built up a commanding lead in his Bowes Seal Fast Special, the Texan had to make an unscheduled late-race fuel stop which allowed Sachs back ahead. There seemed nothing that Foyt could do about it until three laps from the flag Sachs hit tyre trouble. With his right rear Firestone worn down to its white warning strip, Eddie opted for a panic pit stop rather than staying out with his fingers crossed. The delay was just long enough for Foyt to regain the lead and score the first of four career Indy victories.

Eddie Sachs lived for the Indy 500. Friends and rivals agree that no other driver ever wanted to win the Memorial Day classic more and it was this dream that drove him through life. Born in Pennsylvania, Eddie's parents split up when he was young and he went to live in North Carolina with his father, who was a travelling salesman. In his teens, he used to drive round with him, Eddie driving the car through the sweltering Southern nights while his father slept across the back seat.

Driven on by a youthful passion for the sport, Sachs washed dishes in a restaurant a stone's throw from the Speedway gates during the early

1950s as he scrimped and saved, desperately trying to be involved in the racing game. Not until 1956 did he pass his Rookie test, but five years later he was at the absolute zenith of his career. With his Dean Van Lines Watson-Offy roadster firmly planted on the Indy pole, fate looked set to throw Sachs his best ever chance. It did, but Eddie was destined to fumble this vital catch . . .

On Memorial Day, 1961, Sachs faced up to a high quality field of ruthless opposition. Alongside him on row one were Don Branson (Hoover Motors Express Special) and Jim Hurtubise (Demler Special), while row two contained Rodger Ward (Del Webb's Sun City Special), Parnelli Jones, driving his first '500' for the colourful J. C. Agajanian, and Dick Rathmann. On the inside of row three crouched Foyt in the Bowes Seal Fast Special. Qualifying had been run at a ferocious pace, marred by the death of the highly respected Tony Bettenhausen, killed in a stupid accident whilst trying out a car for his good friend Paul Russo.

Tears of emotion might seem out of place at somewhere with such a rough reputation as Indy, but Sachs wept unashamedly with the sheer joy of it all before every start. This time, although he led into turn one, his pole position was no guarantee of an easy ride at the front of the field. By the end of the first lap Hurtubise in the distinctive yellow Demler Special was out on his own and Sachs's team-mate, Bill Cheesebourg, up into second place.

For 36 record-breaking laps Hurtubise led the field before making his first routine pit stop for fuel and tyres, handing the initiative to Jim

Rathmann. The second place battle was being waged between Sachs, Rodger Ward and the remarkable Parnelli Jones, driving the Agajanian roadster as if he had been born in its cockpit.

Before quarter distance Parnelli forced his way into the lead, a quite remarkable performance for a first-timer at the Brickyard, the Californian driver having no problems dealing with former '500' winners Rathmann and Ward, not to mention pole-sitter Sachs. With 60 laps completed, Foyt was through into second place and it began to look as though a 'new guard' was set to turn this into a classic Indy demonstration.

A multiple shunt on the main straight punctuated the race's early stages after Don Davies had grazed the wall in his Dart Kart Special and spun back across the circuit. Dazed and disorientated, Davies stepped from the cockpit and walked hesitantly across the tarmac towards the safety of the pit wall. A handful of cars got through with no trouble, but A. J. Shepherd locked up as he tried to avoid this unexpected pedestrian, slamming into Cheesebourg. In a trice, Roger McCluskey

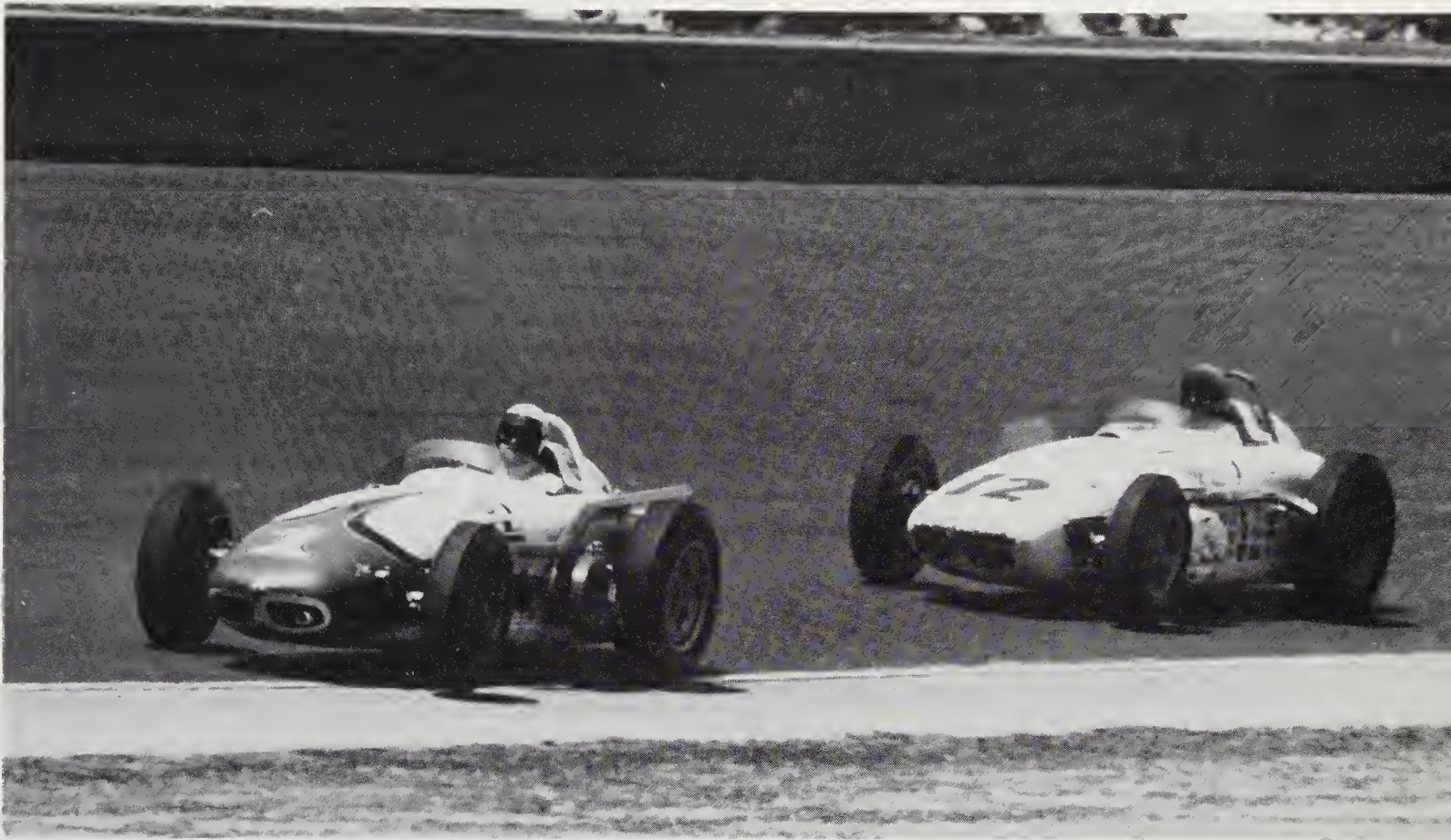
and Jack Turner also became embroiled, so the yellow lights began blinking so as to enable the resultant debris to be cleared.

Once the green light gave them the all-clear, the racers picked up the pace again. Foyt nipped through into the lead and began piling on the pressure. Parnelli's hopes of counter-attacking began to evaporate as his engine turned sick, and he was also nursing a badly-cut eye after a wayward iron bolt had been thrown up in his face. He lost a minute in the pits with the first of a series of stops, writing himself out of the lead contest. Now it was Troy Ruttman's John Zink Special which came up to challenge Foyt, the '52 winner getting ahead on a couple of occasions just before half distance. But Foyt seemed more than a match for any challenge.

At 100 laps (250 miles), it was A. J. from Ruttman, Sachs, Rodger Ward and Dick Rathmann. Almost unnoticed by the cheering Hoosier fans, down in tenth place was a tiny Cooper-Climax central-engined single seater driven by reigning Formula 1 World Champion Jack Brab-

A new era beckons. Jack Brabham's compact rear-engined Cooper-Climax heads towards ninth place, heralding the onset of a car design revolution at the Speedway.





In their epic battle for the lead, A.J. Foyt heads Eddie Sachs, both men in classic, front-engined Watson-Offy roadsters.

ham. Although nobody anticipated its long-term significance at the time, Brabham's trail-blazing attempt at Indy marked the first tentative step in a process of speeded-up evolution which would change the whole complexion of the USAC landscape within five years . . .

Meanwhile, up at the faster end of the field, the battle for the lead was developing into a straight fight between Foyt and the ever-hopeful Sachs. A. J. was still in front on lap 120, but Sachs took the Dean Van Lines machine past a few laps later and hung on ahead for almost 20 laps. On lap 141 Foyt re-took the initiative, but Sachs responded and went ahead on lap 148.

On lap 152 Foyt inherited the lead as Sachs made a routine pit stop, the Texan also coming in eight laps later. That briefly allowed Ward to take over the lead, with Foyt and Sachs second and third. But then Ward made his final stop and it was to remain between Foyt and Sachs all the way to the flag.

With a clear run for home in front of him, A. J. really began to pile on the pressure and eke out a

second here, a second there. Just as Foyt began to think he had his first Indy 500 victory in the bag, his pit crew held out a heart-stopping signal 'FUEL LOW'. He just couldn't work it out. Surely there could be no problem with his consumption? But, unbeknown to the Texan, the refuelling nozzle had somehow got itself fouled up at his last scheduled stop. Now, after checking the gauges, his crew concluded he would not have sufficient to make it to the finish.

Yet Foyt stayed out as his crew checked and re-checked their calculations. Finally, with just over ten laps left to run, the signal 'LATE STOP' went out to the Bowes Seal Fast Special. At the end of lap 190, Foyt came back into the pits. The fuel was topped up and he tore back on to the track. But now he was second, almost half a minute behind Sachs. So nothing could stop Eddie from realizing that dream . . .

Face framed in a huge grin beneath his goggles, waving occasionally to the crowd, Sachs clicked off those final ten laps. On the pit wall, Al Dean and Clint Brawner almost allowed themselves to

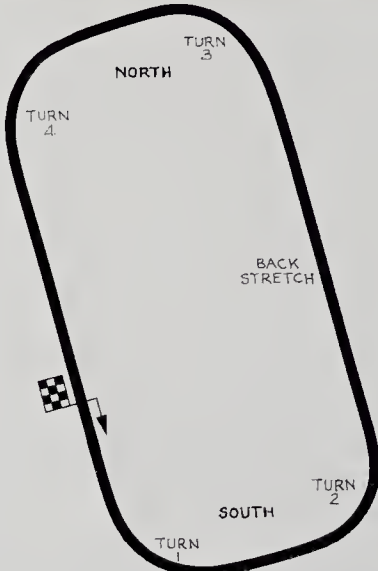
relax. Seven laps, six, five, four . . .

Just as an official appeared to escort Nancy Sachs to the winner's circle to greet her husband, a gasp from the crowd swung everybody's eyes to the exit of turn four. Sachs was coming into the pits with only three laps to go! A sudden, ominous vibration had alerted him to his badly worn right rear Firestone. The marker strip was showing through the rubber, so Eddie was playing safe. His pit crew fell on the car and he was accelerating back on to the circuit as Foyt cut by him into turn one.

The dream was over. Foyt came pounding home to win his first 500 by just over eight seconds from the luckless Sachs. Third was the steady Ward with 'Shorty' Templemann fourth and Al Keller fifth.

The Firestone technicians examined the tyre from Eddie's car and concluded that it would not have survived another racing lap. But always there would be the feeling that Sachs should have risked it. In truth, there was no way of knowing whether or not it would have lasted.

It was the closest Eddie Sachs ever came to victory in the 500. Three years later A. J. Foyt would win again - the 500 in which Sachs was killed.



RESULTS

200 laps, 500 miles

Top six: 1, A. J. Foyt (*Bowes Seal Fast Spl.*), 3 hr 35 min 37.49 sec (139.130 mph); 2, Eddie Sachs (*Dean Van Lines Spl.*), 3 hr 35 min 45.77 sec; 3, Rodger Ward (*Del Webb's Sun City Spl.*), 3 hr 36 min 32.68 sec; 4, Clark Templemann (*Bill Forbes RT Spl.*), 3 hr 39 min 10.84 sec; 5, Al Keller (*Konstant Hot Spl.*), 3 hr 40 min 31.94 sec; 6, Chuck Stevenson (*Metal-Cal Spl.*), 3 hr 41 min 0.45 sec.

Fastest lap: not published.

That fateful pit stop! Sachs loses the lead in the 500 a mere three laps from the chequered flag. It was the nearest he ever came to victory.



1961 FRENCH GRAND PRIX

Baghetti's first - and last!

On 2 July 1961, Giancarlo Baghetti established a record which will almost certainly stand in the history books for all time. At the wheel of a Ferrari 156, this mild-mannered Italian won the French Grand Prix at Reims by less than a length from Dan Gurney's works four-cylinder Porsche after a wheel-to-wheel battle in the final stages of the race. Not only did Baghetti save Maranello's bacon after the retirement of his three teammates, but he also became the only driver in the history of the World Championship to have won a *Grande Epreuve* at his first attempt. Yet such an apparently spectacular victory was not a portent of greater success in the future; Baghetti appeared in the motor racing firmament like a shooting star. Shining brightly for a handful of races, he vanished quickly from the ranks of front runners and never scaled that spectacular summit of achievement again.

If there was one place that the Ferrari V6s should have been able to dominate hands-down in 1961, it was Reims. The flat French road circuit, stretched out across the featureless plains of the Marne, put a premium on sheer power and straight line speed. Those Ferrari chassis may have been clumsy, but they certainly were not short of horsepower. Therefore, said the experts, the French Grand Prix should be a walkover for the Italians.

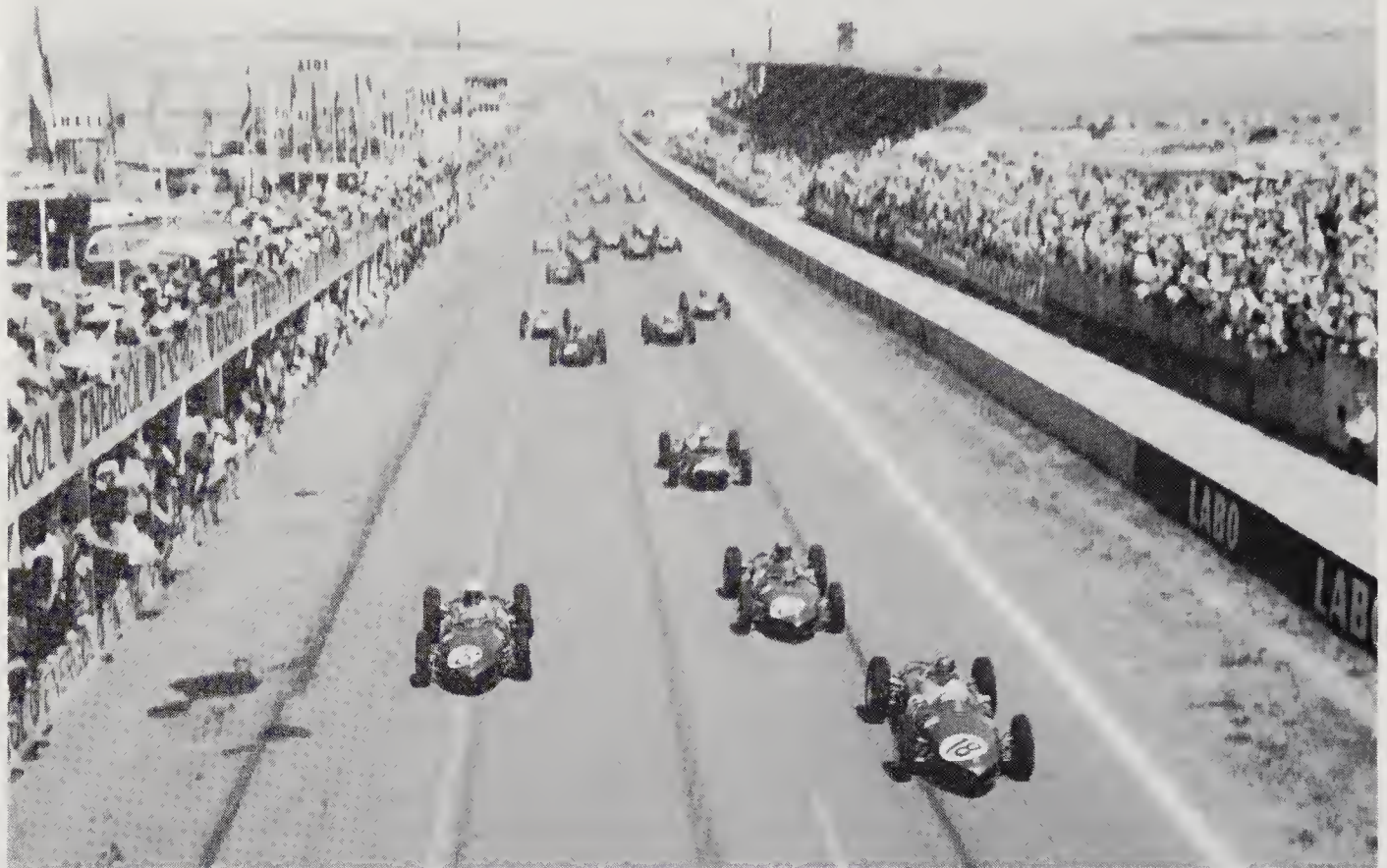
Baghetti's inclusion in the line-up for the *Grand Prix de l'ACF* was part of Enzo Ferrari's 'keep them guessing' campaign which he used, often to counter-productive effect, to ensure that his top drivers never became complacent. Despite

the fact that the new 156s were dramatically competitive in '61, the Commendatore declined to nominate a team leader, preferring to let Hill, Ginther and von Trips fight it out on a race-to-race basis.

The 25-year-old Milanese had earlier won the non-title races at both Syracuse and Naples, using a factory-loaned 156 entered under the auspices of the *Federation Italiana Scuderie Automobili*. This was an amalgam of Italian racing teams which had got together with the intention of promoting a new generation of drivers for their country. In fact, Baghetti's win at Syracuse had also marked the debut of the new 156, so he was a popular lad within the corridors of power at Maranello. Now he was getting his just reward with an outing in the French Grand Prix . . .

Practice took place in sweltering conditions which left most drivers gasping for relief. Phil Hill really excelled himself on this occasion, qualifying more than a second faster than von Trips, with Ginther completing the all-Ferrari front row. By dint of some clever slipstreaming, Stirling Moss and Jim Clark made row two an all-Lotus affair, but novice Baghetti was way back in the middle of row five, taking things very cautiously in this crucially important event.

On race day the sun was beating down as relentlessly as ever, most drivers dousing themselves from head to toe in buckets of cold water before climbing into their cockpits. In these gruelling conditions the road surface showed ominous signs of breaking up, so gravel and melting tar were to be an ever-present hazard throughout the race.



Ferrari threesome ahead. Ginther, Phil Hill and von Trips scorch away into an immediate lead at Reims. Eventual winner Baghetti is swamped in amongst the midfield crowd.

Needless to say it was the trio of red cars which burst away at the start, Phil Hill completing lap one at the head of the pack with Ginther and von Trips next up. Ferrari team orders required von Trips to win, a decision which left Phil none-too-delighted and the American was intent on making a very firm point in the opening stages of the race.

Moss was hanging on in fourth place, crouching as low as possible in the cockpit of the Walker Lotus as he tried to squeeze every ounce of effect from the Ferrari slipstream. It was a gallant, but ultimately vain, battle against the odds . . .

Ginther blotted his copybook with a spin at the *Muizon* hairpin as early as lap three, dropping back behind Moss and leaving Hill and von Trips at the front of the field. By lap 13 Phil reckoned he had made his point, slowing slightly to allow von Trips past. But the German Count's moment of glory was short-lived. Seven laps later he trickled

slowly into the pits; a stone had gone through the water radiator, causing the 156 to overheat terminally. One red car down, three to go . . .

After 15 laps Moss was falling back with fading brakes. He dropped into the clutches of a huge group battling for fifth place which included the Team Lotus 21s of Clark and Innes Ireland, plus the inexperienced Baghetti who was gradually getting the hang of wheel-to-wheel dicing in his Ferrari.

Eventually Stirling's braking problem became so acute that he had to stop for attention, the Walker team mechanics finding that a brake balance pipe had fractured on one of the rear discs. Moss lost four laps while this was replaced, but he rejoined at the tail of the field, running as hard as ever.

Hill and Ginther were now left circulating confidently at the head of the pack, but fate still had some bad fortune in store to dish out to

Maranello. On lap 38 Phil Hill spun on melting tar at *Thillois*, right in front of Moss's charging Lotus. Stirling attempted to squeeze round the outside of the pirouetting Italian machine, but collided with the Ferrari and crawled to the pits with a bent suspension.

Now Ginther inherited the lead, leaving Hill sweltering with frustration by the track side. His 156 failed to re-start on the button, so there was no alternative but to climb out, push the car round in the correct direction and then attempt to push-start it!

Meanwhile, Ginther faced an agonizing decision. Delighted that he was leading a Championship Grand Prix, his elation was dampened by worries about his engine's oil pressure. He just knew that the 156 was not going to last the distance.

'Eventually I just had to come into the pits,' he recounted, 'because I couldn't bring myself to

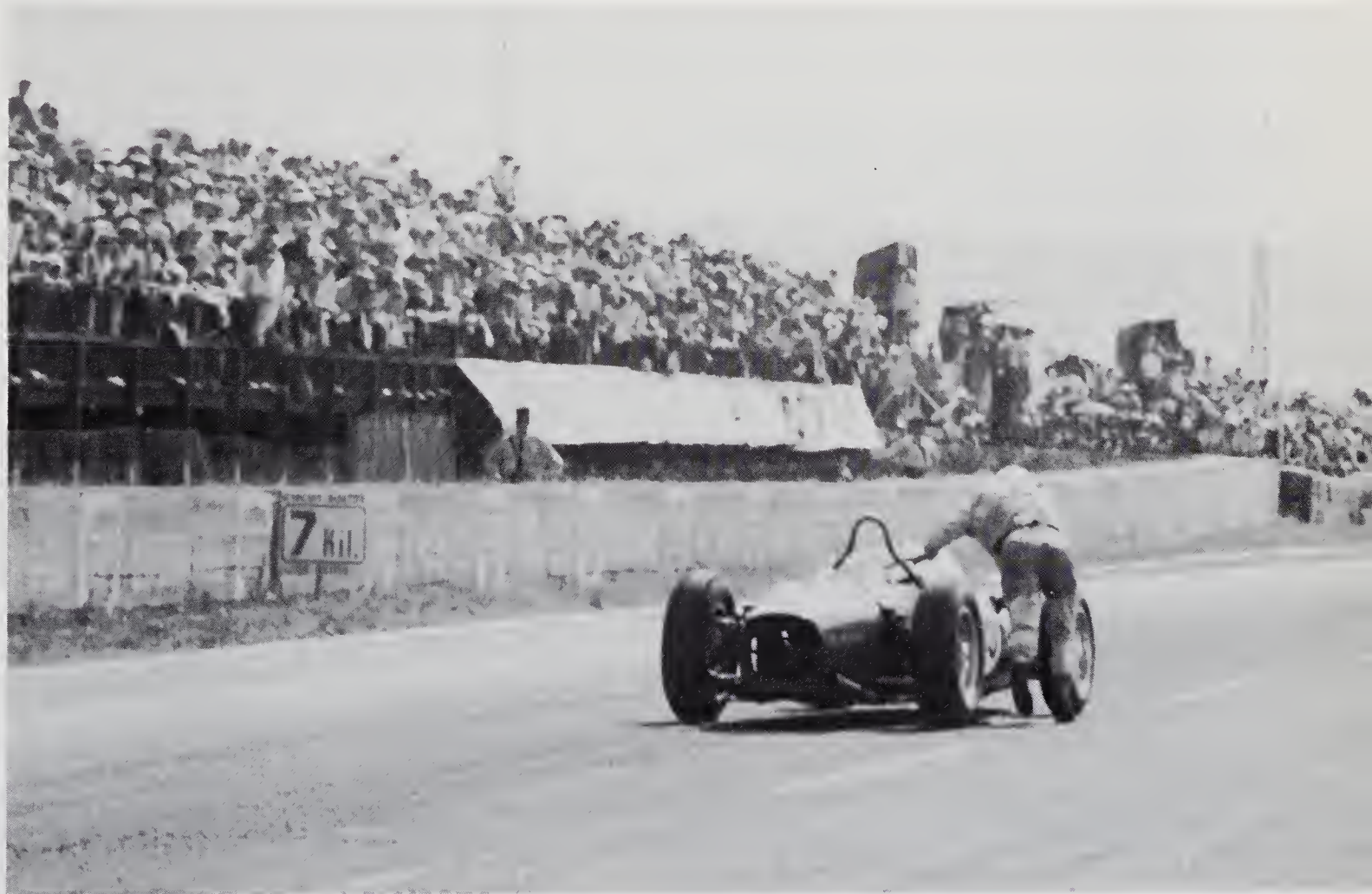
drive the engine until it broke. But I was instructed to go back out again, only for the engine to blow up before I even got as far as the first hairpin . . .'

Baghetti, unbelievably, now came to the fore. Battling with commendable control, the Italian new boy found himself embroiled in a contest for the lead of his very first World Championship race. His rivals were now the two powerful four-cylinder Porsches of Dan Gurney and Jo Bonnier, Clark having dropped back when a stone hit him very painfully on the bridge of his nose.

Working together, the two Porsches ganged up on Baghetti, pulling every trick in the book as they sought to get the better of him. Sometimes they were running either side of him, sometimes in front and behind, or fanned out across the circuit ahead of him. But Baghetti wasn't going to be ruffled.

Two laps from the finish Bonnier dropped

Cursing to himself, Phil Hill struggles to push-start his stalled Ferrari after spinning on melted tar at Thillois hairpin.

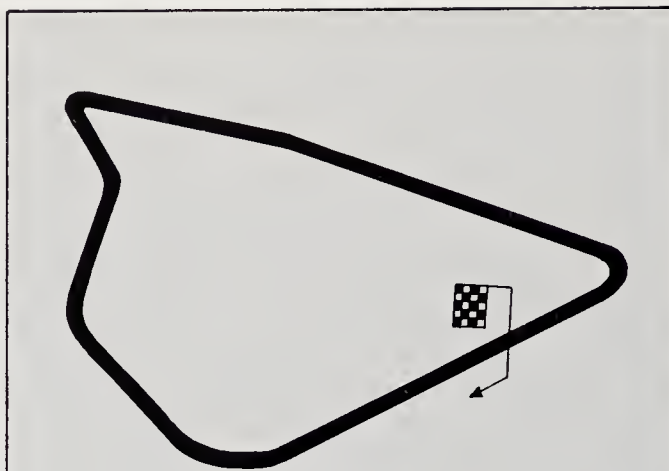


from the fray, leaving his American team-mate to battle it out to the flag. Down into *Thillois* on the final lap Gurney slipstreamed past Baghetti and the crowds rose to their feet as the silver Porsche and red Ferrari accelerated, flat-out for the chequered flag.

In a perfectly timed move, Baghetti swung out of Gurney's slipstream and surged past the German car to take victory by a tenth of a second in one of the most remarkable racing results of this, or any, decade. Jim Clark's Lotus led team-mate Innes Ireland home in the next two positions with Bruce McLaren's Cooper and Graham Hill's BRM completing the top six. Phil Hill, after struggling to re-start his Ferrari, wound up ninth.

Giancarlo Baghetti rightly relished his success that sunny afternoon, saving the day for Maranello in a relaxed and very self-controlled manner. He had not put a wheel wrong all afternoon, unlike his more experienced team-mates.

At Reims that day, it would have been hard to envisage him never winning another major Formula 1 race. But he didn't . . .



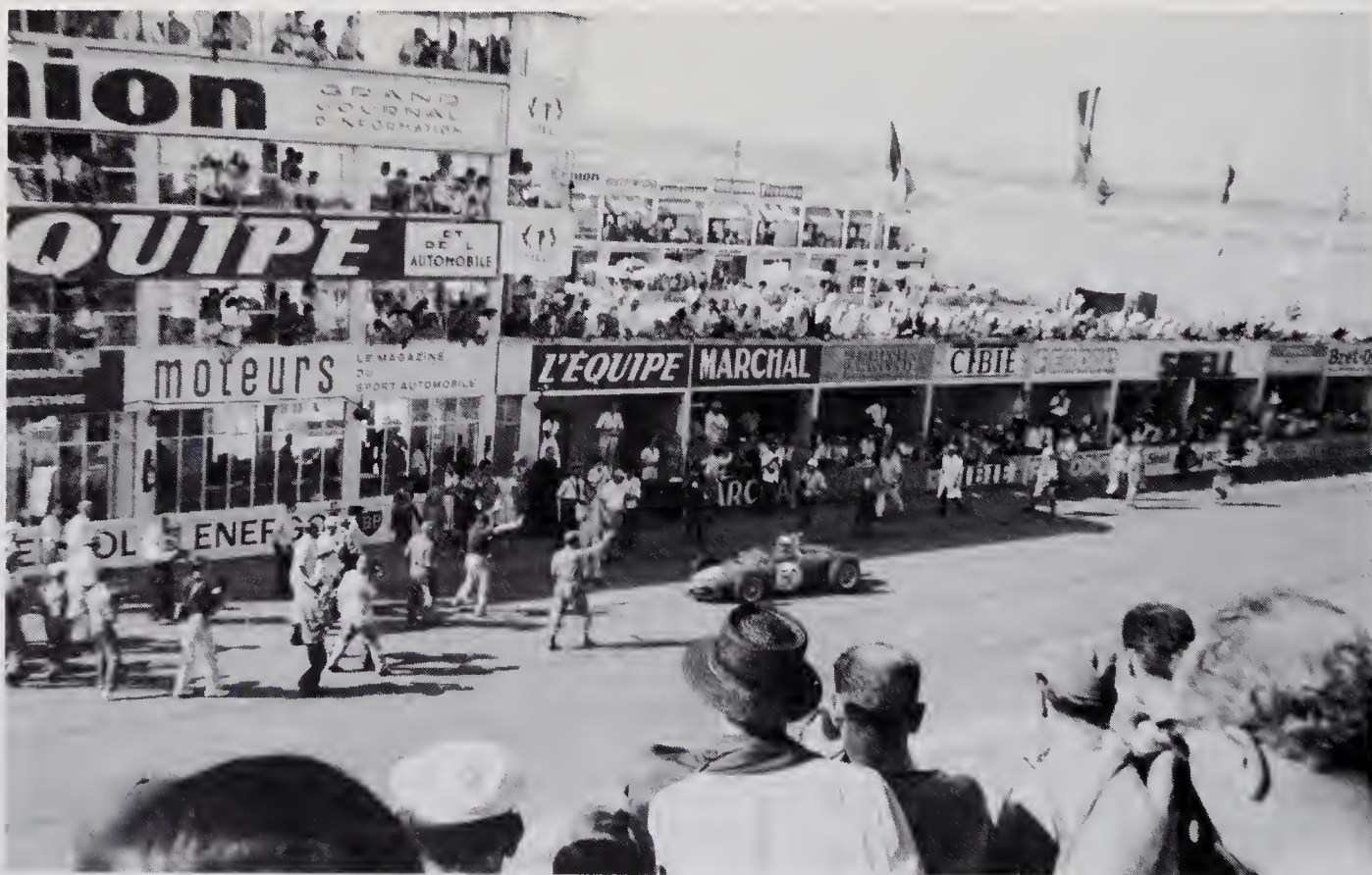
RESULTS

52 laps, 198 miles

Top six: 1, Giancarlo Baghetti (*Ferrari 156*), 2 hr 14 min 17.5 sec; 2, Dan Gurney (*Porsche*), 2 hr 14 min 17.6 sec; 3, Jim Clark (*Lotus 21*), 2 hr 15 min 18.6 sec; 4, Innes Ireland (*Lotus 21*), 2 hr 15 min 27.8 sec; 5, Bruce McLaren (*Cooper*), 2 hr 15 min 59.3 sec; 6, Graham Hill (*BRM*), 2 hr 15 min 59.4 sec.

Fastest lap: Stirling Moss (*Lotus 18*), 2 min 30.4 sec (123.1 mph).

Celebration time. First-time Grand Prix winner Giancarlo Baghetti brings his Ferrari into the pits at the end of its slowing-down lap.



1962 DUTCH GRAND PRIX

Hill through the dunes

The opening race of the 1962 Grand Prix season proved notable for several important reasons, effectively re-drawing the Formula 1 battle lines after a year of Ferrari domination. Porsche produced its brand new, air-cooled flat-eight cylinder car, BRM's highly promising V8 was poised on the verge of success and, most important of all, the striking new, ultra-slim monocoque Lotus 25 made its competition debut in the hands of Jim Clark. For a short time it looked as though the new Lotus would win on its maiden race outing, but gear-change problems delayed the Scot, allowing Graham Hill to notch up the first Championship victory of his career for BRM. This triumph at the Dutch seaside track marked the start of his successful onslaught on the '62 world title.

In the early months of 1962, the whole Formula 1 landscape was rocked by sudden changes. The Ferrari team, pace-setter in 1961, found itself ranged against dramatically-improved machinery from British constructors. Perhaps most significantly, the sport had been deprived of its acknowledged master. Stirling Moss lay in London's Atkinson Morley Hospital recovering from serious injuries sustained when he crashed his Rob Walker Lotus 18/21 during the Easter Monday Formula 1 race at Goodwood. Although nobody realized it at the time, his Grand Prix racing days were over . . .

However, when the teams lined up to start the Championship battle at the Dutch Grand Prix, there was already one man poised to assume Moss's mantle. That man was Jimmy Clark, the

quiet and unassuming Scot who was to make Formula 1 his personal playground for the next six years, armed with a succession of brilliant racing cars from Colin Chapman's Team Lotus. The first of those cars - the new monocoque Lotus 25 - made its public appearance at Zandvoort that weekend.

Ironically, it was Innes Ireland who unwittingly put his finger on Chapman's plans. The tough former parachute officer was still smarting from his treatment at the hands of the Lotus boss at the end of the previous season. After scoring Team Lotus's first Championship victory in the United States GP, Ireland was rewarded by being dropped from Chapman's 1962 line-up. He was replaced by Trevor Taylor because the Lotus boss considered Clark to be a far better long-term proposition.

Innes then joined the UDT/Laystall team and was somewhat mollified when he was told that it would be equipped with the same 1962 specification cars as Team Lotus. The tube-frame Lotus 24 had only recently made its debut at the non-title Brussels Grand Prix, so when Innes clapped eyes on the super-slim type 25 in the Zandvoort pit lane he bounced up to Chapman and asked breezily, 'That looks absolutely fantastic, Colin. When do we get ours?'

Chapman looked him straight in the eye and replied, 'Oh no, you won't be getting a 25. This is our prototype for 1963 . . .' Exit Innes, abashed and more than slightly indignant. He wasn't the only one; several other private owners who had ordered cars from Chapman on the understanding that they would have parity of equipment with

Team Lotus, were similarly put-out when they heard the same news.

These asides notwithstanding, Clark's Lotus 25 was the focal point of attention all weekend. Its monocoque construction broke fresh ground in contemporary F1 car design. It was incredibly compact and proved highly competitive from its first day on the track.

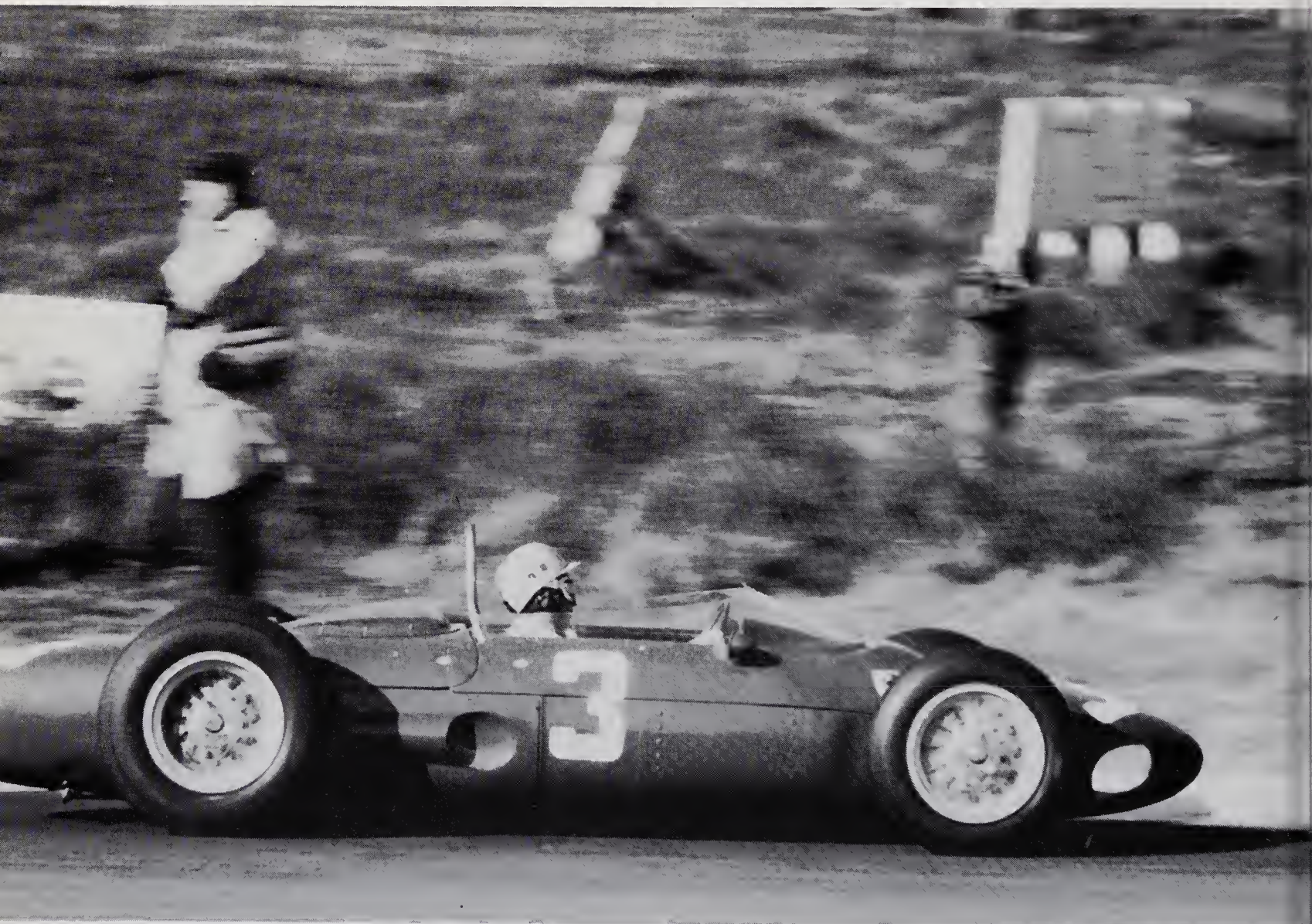
Although former motor cycle ace John Surtees bagged pole position in his Bowmaker Lola-Climax, Clark's similarly-propelled new Lotus lined up on the outside of row one, Hill's BRM V8 between them. Jack Brabham's private Lotus shared row two with Bruce McLaren's Cooper, while the best of the previously dominant Ferrari entries was Phil Hill's, on the outside of row four.

The American was seething with indignation about the addition of a new, wide-track rear suspension on his car. It had been recommended by Innes Ireland after the Scot had made a 'guest appearance' in the car at the Silverstone International Trophy. Phil, for his part, thought it useless . . .

At the start Clark ran round the outside of the first 180-degree corner to snatch an immediate lead, the new Lotus opening up a 2.5 sec advantage within a mere three laps. Graham Hill and Dan Gurney's new Porsche flat-8 initially held second and third ahead of a big group battling over fourth, but by lap ten Clark was already slowing with gear selection problems.

Hill's BRM closed in relentlessly, sweeping

Ricardo Rodriguez had a rough time in his Ferrari at Zandvoort. The fiery 20-year-old Mexican eventually spun off into retirement.





Trevor Taylor drove one of the best races of his career to finish second behind Hill. Here the Yorkshireman's Lotus 24 (No 5) has just overtaken John Surtees's Lola (No 19) while World Champion Phil Hill (No 1) slides very wide in his Ferrari.

into a lead he was never to lose as Clark headed to the pits for attention. At almost the same moment, Gurney found the Porsche's gear lever coming out of its socket, so he was also obliged to stop for repairs. Dan later resumed, only to retire for good later on with a seriously deranged gear linkage, although Clark ran non-stop to the finish after losing ten laps getting to the bottom of the Lotus' gear change maladies.

Meanwhile, Trevor Taylor was earning his spurs in the second Team Lotus entry, one of the tube-frame 24s. Despite a spin early on, the enthusiastic Yorkshireman came storming back into the picture, eventually snatching a fine second place from Phil Hill's unwieldy Ferrari in the closing stages.

It seemed as though Innes Ireland would take a strong fourth place, the UDT/Laystall Lotus 24

pulling well clear of Giancarlo Baghetti's Ferrari 156. But the Ireland jinx rose once again 19 laps from the end of the race, when Innes locked a rear brake as he slowed for the Tarzan corner at the end of the start/finish straight.

'I piled on the opposite lock, almost caught it and then found myself heading for a group of photographers,' he recalls, 'so I tried to spin it away from them, but hit the barrier and flipped into the sand dunes . . .' Innes walked away nursing a cut face, but the Lotus was a sorry sight.

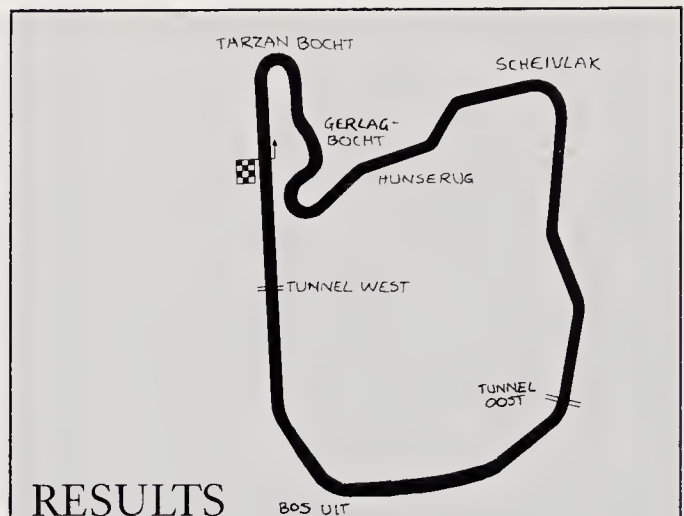
His misfortune allowed Baghetti to take fourth place at the chequered flag, while Tony Magg's Cooper and Dutch privateer Count Carel Godin de Beaufort in his old four-cylinder Porsche completed the top six.

Everybody applauded the fine first victory for

the dogged Graham Hill, putting BRM's name into the winner's circle at precisely the right time for the team's future. Its owner, industrialist Sir Alfred Owen, had been pondering its future for some months and had issued an ultimatum to his personnel at the start of 1962. He decreed that the team must win at least two Grand Prix in 1962, so Zandvoort was the best possible start to the Bourne team's year.

Amidst the jubilant victory celebrations that followed, Sir Alfred quietly reminded his team that Hill's feat would have to be repeated in order to guarantee their future. But nobody need have worried. Hill won three more races that year to clinch the Championship for himself and BRM.

Jim Clark, meanwhile, had to wait another two races before scoring his maiden Grand Prix triumph at Spa. Thus, a new era began in which the shy Scottish border farmer would drive his way into motor racing legend. And Graham Hill would be cast in the number one supporting role . . .



RESULTS

80 laps, 220.5 miles

Top six: 1, Graham Hill (*BRM*), 2 hr 11 min 2.1 sec (95.4 mph); 2, Trevor Taylor (*Lotus 24*), 2 hr 11 min 29.3 sec; 3, Phil Hill (*Ferrari 156*), 2 hr 12 min 23.2 sec; 4, Giancarlo Baghetti (*Ferrari 156*), one lap behind; 5, Tony Maggs (*Cooper*), two laps behind; 6, Carel de Beaufort (*Porsche*), four laps behind.

Fastest lap: Bruce McLaren (*Cooper*), 1 min 34.4 sec (99.3 mph).

Momentous victory. Graham Hill's triumph in the Dutch Grand Prix was a giant step forward in guaranteeing BRM's racing future.



1963 INDIANAPOLIS 500

Lotus jolt the system

This was the race which will always be remembered as a turning point in the history of the Brickyard, the race in which the front-engined roadsters were seriously challenged for the first time by the spindly Lotus-Fords. But it was also a triumph for the Indy establishment over what it saw as a bunch of rather precocious newcomers. The closing stages of the race saw Parnelli Jones's Watson-Offy roadster hard pressed by Clark, but although Jones's car was very obviously leaking lubricant from its tail-mounted oil tank, the Clerk of the Course proved reluctant to black flag the local hero and thus allow Lotus to win this hallowed race at its first try. Bruised by vocal, persuasive lobbying by Jones's entrant J. C. Agajanian, Harlan Fengler eventually put away his black flag and permitted Parnelli to continue and he went on to beat Clark by over half a minute. The Establishment had made very sure that one of its favourite sons had triumphed on home ground!

In July 1962, Colin Chapman and Dan Gurney took a break from the European Grand Prix schedule for a flight to the USA and a visit to Ford top brass at the company's Dearborn World Headquarters. The Detroit motor giant was anxious to get a toehold in the highly publicized world of Indy car racing and since it was already collaborating with Chapman on various projects in Britain, who better than the Lotus boss to spearhead Ford's challenge?

A deal was struck, and shortly after the United States Grand Prix had taken place at Watkins Glen, Jim Clark appeared at the Brickyard to test

his Formula 1 Lotus 25. Under the watchful eyes of USAC officials, the Scot ran about 100 laps to everybody's satisfaction and an entry for the '63 race was duly accepted. Clark's fastest lap was at 143 mph, something which made the locals sit up and take notice. That little Lotus had about 175 bhp, a far cry from the 400 bhp-plus of the four-cylinder 4.2-litre Offenhauser which was then 'regular kit' at the Brickyard.

By the time Lotus returned for qualifying the following spring, Clark and Gurney were armed with two brand new type 29s powered by a special light alloy version of Ford's Fairlane V8 engine. Essentially a scaled-up version of the Grand Prix type 25, the 29 had been run at Ford's private test track at Kingman, Arizona, before arriving at Indy. Chapman was convinced he had a winner on his hands . . .

Official qualifying saw Parnelli Jones bag pole position in number 98, his potent Agajanian/Willard Battery Special Watson-Offy, nicknamed 'Ol Calhoun' by the Indy regulars. Jones turned a three lap average of fractionally over 151 mph to line up ahead of the wailing supercharged Novi V8-engined Kurtis roadster of Jim Hurtubise (150.2 mph) and Don Branson's Leader Card 500 Roadster, yet another Watson-Offy. On row two sat Clark's squat Lotus 29, flanked by two more Watson-Offys handled by Rodger Ward and Jim McElreath. Gurney was on the outside of row four in the other Lotus 29.

At the start Hurtubise shot into an immediate lead with the Kurtis-Novis, but Jones nipped past to lead second time round and the die seemed to be cast. Bobby Marshman's Epperly-Offy held

third place in the early stages from McElreath, Ward, Branson and A. J. Foyt. Clark was taking things very easy in the tightly-packed traffic, the Scot running well back, while Gurney was hanging on in tenth.

Jones led all the way to the 64th lap, breaking record after record with the Agajanian roadster. Then he made his first routine pit stop, dropping back to eighth place and briefly allowing Roger McCluskey through into the lead with yet another Watson-Offy.

However, the Lotus-Fords had what seemed like an ace card up their sleeves. Thanks to the fact that the Ford V8 would produce a competitive power output on normal petrol, rather than the methanol consumed by the Offys, Clark and Gurney anticipated running through the 500 with two fewer pit stops than their more experienced rivals.

Thus, when the green light went on after a caution period following a spin by Duane Carter, Clark and Gurney were running in 1-2 formation at the head of the field. By lap 80 Jones was up into third place and charging hard, closing on the Lotus duo at half a second a lap.

On lap 92 Parnelli got back into second place as Gurney headed for the pits, and 'Ol Calhoun' surged back in front when Clark came in three laps later. At half distance Parnelli led from Clark, Hurtubise and Foyt. Still Parnelli could not quite

shake off that little green Lotus . . .

At three-quarter distance Jones had eased open the gap to 48 seconds; adequate but not sufficient for an extra emergency pit stop. The two cars were now scheduled to run non-stop through to the chequered flag, but suddenly the script developed a new twist. 'Ol Calhoun' began to trail a haze of oil smoke, the circuit became slippery and several cars spun off as a result.

Through binoculars, Clerk of the Course Harlan Fenger studied the tail of Parnelli's roadster. The oil tank had split. Sensing the chance of a debut victory, Colin Chapman rushed up to Fenger and demanded that Jones be black-flagged. 'Aggie' joined in, bellowing that Parnelli should be left out there. Irrespective of the rights and wrongs of the details, this argument had now become polarized into something far more basic. Should the archetypal Indy hero be hauled off the track and victory handed to a newcomer in one of these 'funny cars'?

Whilst the debate raged in the pit lane, out on the track circumstances were changing. The oil level in the tank of number 98 had dropped below the level of the crack and thus the leaking stopped. But Clark, who had previously edged to within five seconds of 'Ol Calhoun', now found the surface so slippery that he was unable to launch a final counter-attack. In any event, with cars spinning left, right and centre, the race had to

Start of the '63 Indy 500 with Parnelli Jones taking J.C. Agajanian's Watson-Offy roadster into a immediate lead from Don Branson. Jim Clark's tiny Lotus-Ford is surrounded by front-engined rivals a little further back.





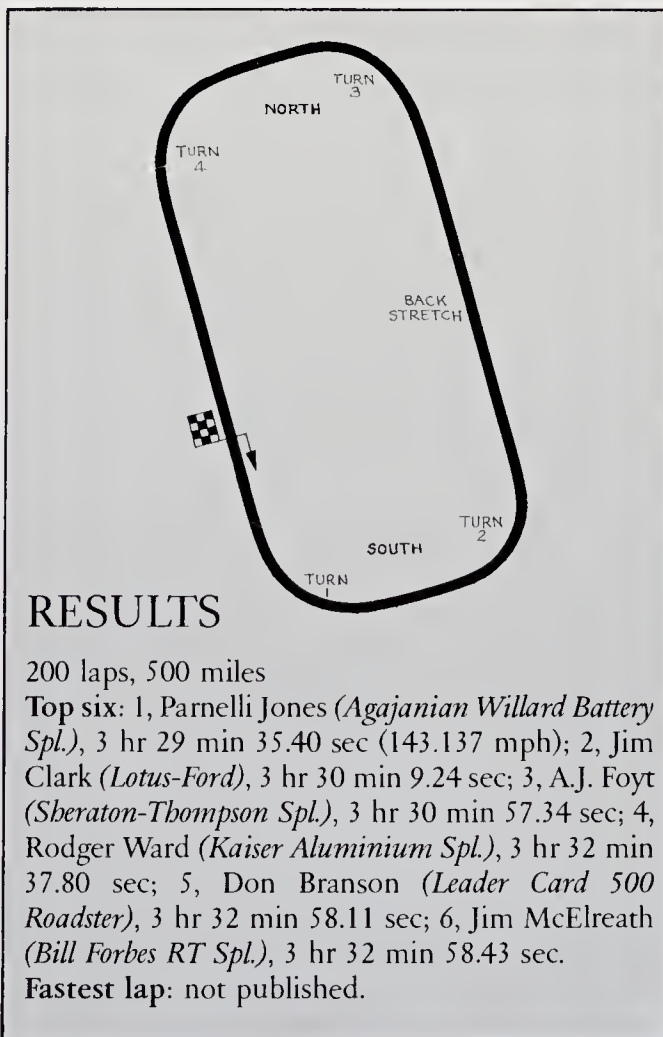
Controversial moment. Parnelli's pit crew help 'Ol Calhoun' back into the race. But the oil streaks on the tail indicate a crack in the tank which soon became the focal point of a blazing row.

be completed under the yellow flag, allowing Jones a comfortable victory.

In the three-and-a-half hours it took Parnelli Jones to triumph, the yellow caution light had been flashing for over 48 minutes. That certainly helped the Californian to conserve fuel, but at the end of the day it was the clout wielded by J.C. Agajanian in preventing him from being black-flagged that proved the most crucial factor to flip the coin in his favour. The pre-race briefing had emphasized that any car dropping oil would be flagged off and, indeed, Hurtubise's Novi had fallen victim to this regulation earlier in the race.

Jones and Agajanian argued for years that their car dropped no more oil than several others that afternoon, but nobody was convinced. Clark and Chapman took their defeat stoically, perhaps knowing that they had sounded the death knell for the front-engined roadsters. Roger McCluskey blamed the officials for simply being too weak.

It was left to good old Eddie Sachs to tell Parnelli he was 'a liar' when he heard Jones defending his position at a post-race party. Parnelli challenged him to repeat what he said. Sachs did, and got a punch on the nose for his trouble!





1964 BELGIAN GRAND PRIX

Lucky Jim

This was one race that even Jim Clark did not believe he was going to win. His Lotus 25 was outclassed on the very fast Spa-Francorchamps track by Dan Gurney's Brabham, so the reigning World Champion could only hang on battling for second place until forced into the pits with four laps to go in order to top up his Lotus's overheating engine. He went into the last lap in fourth place, apparently without a hope. But those fraught final few miles saw Gurney's Brabham and Graham Hill's BRM roll to a silent halt out of fuel. The victory garland then looked set to fall on to Bruce McLaren's shoulders, but his ailing Cooper was passed by Clark almost within sight of the chequered flag. Then, on the slowing down lap, Jim ran out of fuel as well!

By the start of the 1964 season, Jim Clark had established himself as *the* man to beat in Formula 1. If you were casting round for a list of those rival drivers capable, on occasion, of giving his Lotus a run for its money, you might receive a variety of replies. There was BRM's Graham Hill, whose level of achievement stemmed from rugged determination rather than inborn talent, or John Surtees, the former motor cycle ace who had revitalized the Ferrari team's flagging fortunes when he moved to Maranello at the start of 1963. But there was always a suspicion that the

man who might really be able to give Clark a fright was Daniel Sexton Gurney.

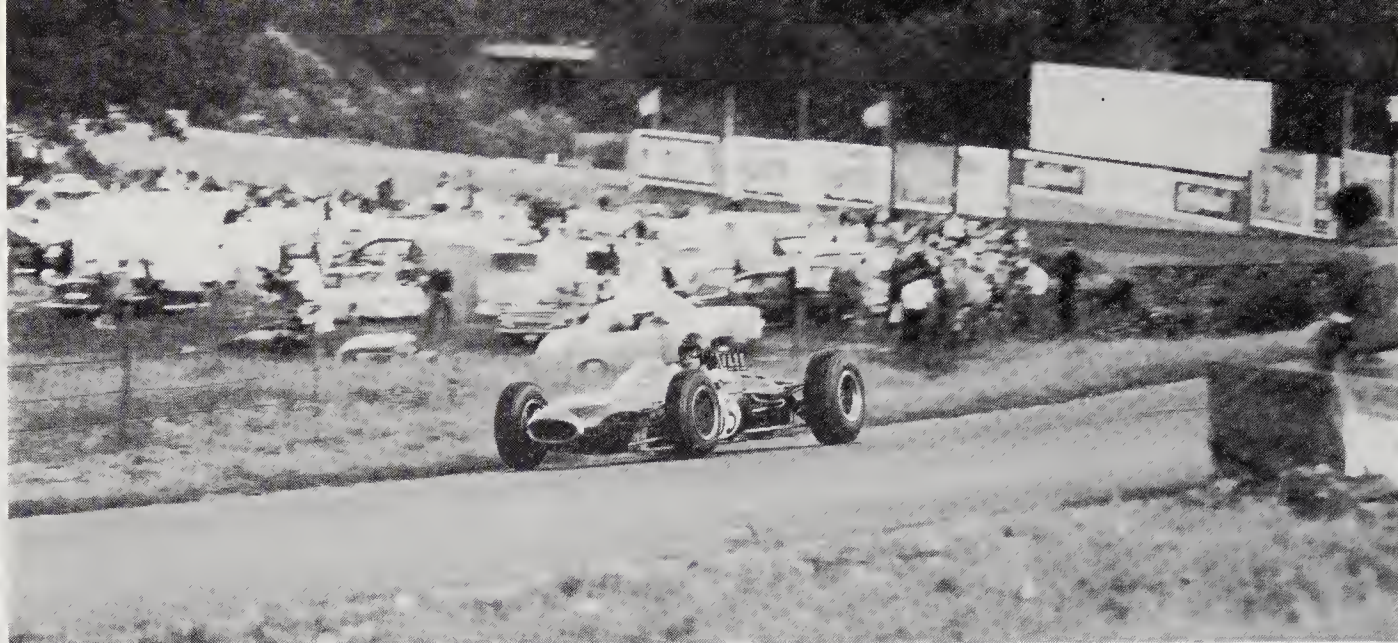
Lanky, genial and even-tempered, 'Dan the Man' was universally popular throughout the Formula 1 fraternity. The good-natured Californian had cut his Grand Prix teeth with Ferrari in 1959 and followed that up with stints at BRM and Porsche before joining Jack Brabham's equipe in '63. Yet despite his unquestionable talent, he had only managed to win a single race, the 1962 French Grand Prix, Porsche's sole GP success.

Throughout his first year with Brabham the mixture for Dan had been very much as before; quick, but unlucky. Yet, as the 1964 season got into full swing, the signs were there that Gurney's luck was finally about to change.

He led at Monaco, qualified fastest at Zandvoort and, in practice for the Belgian Grand Prix, out-gunned his rivals to take pole position by the commanding margin of two seconds. Graham Hill's BRM qualified second, with Gurney's boss, Jack Brabham, completing the front row.

To many people, those Coventry Climax-engined 1½-litre Brabhams posed something of a technical conundrum. Certainly they handled well, but why were they so competitive on fast circuits? At a time when popular design opinion decreed that monocoque chassis and tidy inboard suspension were essential ingredients in the make-up of a Grand Prix front runner, the Brabhams were built round tube-frames and had ungainly outboard front suspension. Yet the secret of their competitiveness can, in part, be seen in any contemporary photograph . . .

Catch me if you can. This was the view of Dan Gurney's Brabham seen by his rivals in the '64 Belgian GP at Spa, the lanky American simply running away from his opposition.



In full flight. Dan Gurney's Brabham out-running the field at Spa, seen here swooping out of Stavelot against the backdrop of a packed spectator enclosure.

Those Brabhams ran with their undersides probably closer to the ground than any rival car because Jack's designer Ron Tauranac had learned some important aerodynamic lessons. Thanks to his informal links with Jaguar, he had the benefit of some wind tunnel testing with Malcolm Sayer, the man who styled the wind-cheating, Le Mans-winning D-types. Running as close to the ground as possible reduced turbulence and lift beneath the car. So it was with the Brabhams.

At the start of the race the front row trio was slow away, allowing Lotus number two Peter Arundell a brief showing at the head of the field. But Gurney was quickly through into first place and, with Surtees's Ferrari retiring early on, Dan's only serious competition was Hill's BRM and Jim Clark's Lotus 25. But even they were 12 seconds behind after a mere five laps. Dan had it wrapped up, or so it seemed . . .

In complete command and with little outward strain, Gurney widened his lead throughout the race, clicking away lap record after lap record, until he left it at a stunning 137.6 mph average. Twenty years later that would still be a reasonable enough lap speed on many circuits, but this was rushing round the public roads that made up the old Spa-Francorchamps track in a tiny little single seater with a mere 200 bhp running on tyres narrower than those found today on a Porsche 928S road car!

On lap 28, with only four left to run, Clark's Lotus came in to have its cooling system replenished. The car had been overheating for some distance and Jim's fingers remained firmly crossed as he accelerated back into the fray.

Winning was virtually out of the question . . .

But that was without the ever-present 'Gurney luck'. With three laps to go Dan suddenly felt his engine misfire, its fuel load running down. With two laps left to run, spectators at the start/finish line were startled to see Graham Hill's dark green BRM go past in the lead. What followed proved to be an agonizing blend of back luck and bad management for the Brabham team.

As Hill hurtled down over the Eau Rouge bridge, apparently heading for his second win of the season, Gurney came racing into the pits shouting 'Fuel, fuel!' But there was none immediately available, so rather than wait for churns to be manhandled round from the back of the pits, he resumed the chase. Now he planned to come in with one lap left to run.

Into the final lap Hill led Bruce McLaren's Cooper with Gurney third ahead of Clark. But now the Brabham team seemed to be running smoothly and Dan gambled it would last to the finish. Given his personal record he should have known otherwise. The tanks ran dry at the far end of the circuit, so Gurney hopped out with a shrug to ponder the golden opportunity which fate had caused to slip through his fingers.

Hill's BRM ran out a few hundred yards afterwards, so now McLaren was left in the lead, staggering gamely towards the finish, his Cooper misfiring ominously thanks to a gradually flattening battery.

Almost down to walking pace, McLaren rounded La Source hairpin within sight of the finishing line and began to trickle down the hill to the chequered flag. Suddenly, a frenzied success-



ion of gear-changes heralded the arrival of Clark's now-healthy Lotus. Jim powered out of the hairpin and blasted flat-out down the hill, sweeping past the ailing Cooper within fifty yards of the line.

On the slowing down lap, the Lotus also ran out of fuel, coasting to a halt by Gurney's stationary Brabham. Jim honestly had no idea he was the winner and the two men commiserated with each other until the truth became known.

He really had been 'Lucky Jim' on this occasion. Usually, he made his own . . .

In Gurney's wake, this three-way battle for second place raged between Graham Hill's BRM, Bruce McLaren's Cooper and Jim Clark's Lotus (third in line here). After Dan retired, both BRM and Cooper also hit trouble on the last lap, allowing Clark the luckiest win of his career.

Clark ran out of fuel on the slowing-down lap, his Lotus stopping where Gurney had earlier parked his Brabham. The two men commiserated with each other neither realising that the Scot (right) had in fact won.



RESULTS

32 laps, 280.3 miles

Top six: 1, Jim Clark (*Lotus 25*), 2 hr 6 min 40.5 sec (132.7 mph); 2, Bruce McLaren (*Cooper*), 2 hr 6 min 43.9 sec; 3, Jack Brabham (*Brabham BT11*), 2 hr 7 min 28.6 sec; 4, Richie Ginther (*BRM*), 2 hr 8 min 39.1 sec; 5, Trevor Taylor (*BRP*), one lap behind; 6, Giancarlo Baghetti (*BRM*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Dan Gurney (*Brabham BT11*), 3 min 49.2 sec (137.6 mph).



1964 MEXICAN GRAND PRIX

Last lap roulette

World Championships settled at the final race of the year have become commonplace during the 1980s, with Prost, Lauda, Rosberg and Piquet (twice!) all taking titles in nail-biting finales to exciting seasons. But only once has the Championship's destiny been resolved on the very last lap of the final race of the year. In the closing moments of the 1964 Mexican Grand Prix, the destiny of the Championship tottered on a knife edge, slipping from Jim Clark to Graham Hill and finally into John Surtees's lap in little more than three miles of motor racing.

Having pummelled his opposition into the ground to win the 1963 World Championship, Jim Clark had only a slightly harder time throughout 1964. His Lotus-Climax was still an outstanding racing car, but the partnership had to work a little harder to keep on top of its rivals. As we have seen, Gurney's Brabham had become an ever-improving threat, Graham Hill's BRM could never be ignored and John Surtees was really making progress with the renaissance at Ferrari. Yet, for all that, most bets were on Clark to retain his Championship.

To make certain of the title, Clark had to win the Mexican Grand Prix with Hill not finishing in the top three; an absolute parallel to the position Alain Prost found himself in *vis-à-vis* Nigel Mansell in Australia 22 years later! Few people doubted Jim's ability to wrap up the race and, it was thought, there were sufficient other fast cars around to keep Hill out of that crucial top trio.

In the challenging, and not particularly comfortable, conditions in the rarified air of Mexico City's

7,000ft-plus altitude, Clark was in a class of his own as usual during practice. Despite swapping around between his latest Lotus 33 and the older, spare 25B, Jim buttoned up pole position by 0.9 seconds from Dan Gurney's Brabham, this duo occupying the front row of the two-by-two starting grid.

On the inside of row two sat Lorenzo Bandini, the passionately enthusiastic Ferrari number two who, much to his own personal delight, had lapped faster than team leader Surtees. *Il Grande John*, as the Italians knew the former motor cycle ace, had opted for a V8-engined car, leaving Bandini with the peaky, yet potentially more powerful flat-12, and Bandini has used it to good effect.

Hill qualified sixth fastest, lining up alongside Mike Spence's Lotus on the outside row of three. The vociferous crowd, however, only had eyes for the third Maranello entry, an older Ferrari V6 handled by Pedro Rodriguez which was further back down the grid.

After military police swept the circuit, rounding up stray dogs and over-keen spectators, the Mexican Grand Prix finally got under way. As expected, the racing recipe was much as before, Clark's yellow-striped little green Lotus opening out a two second lead over Gurney's Brabham by the end of the first lap. Surtees made a lousy getaway, his Ferrari misfiring briefly, while Hill's BRM had not even been in gear when the flag fell. The Englishman's goggle elastic had broken at this crucial moment, so the BRM was down in a lowly tenth place as the field streamed past the pits for the first time.

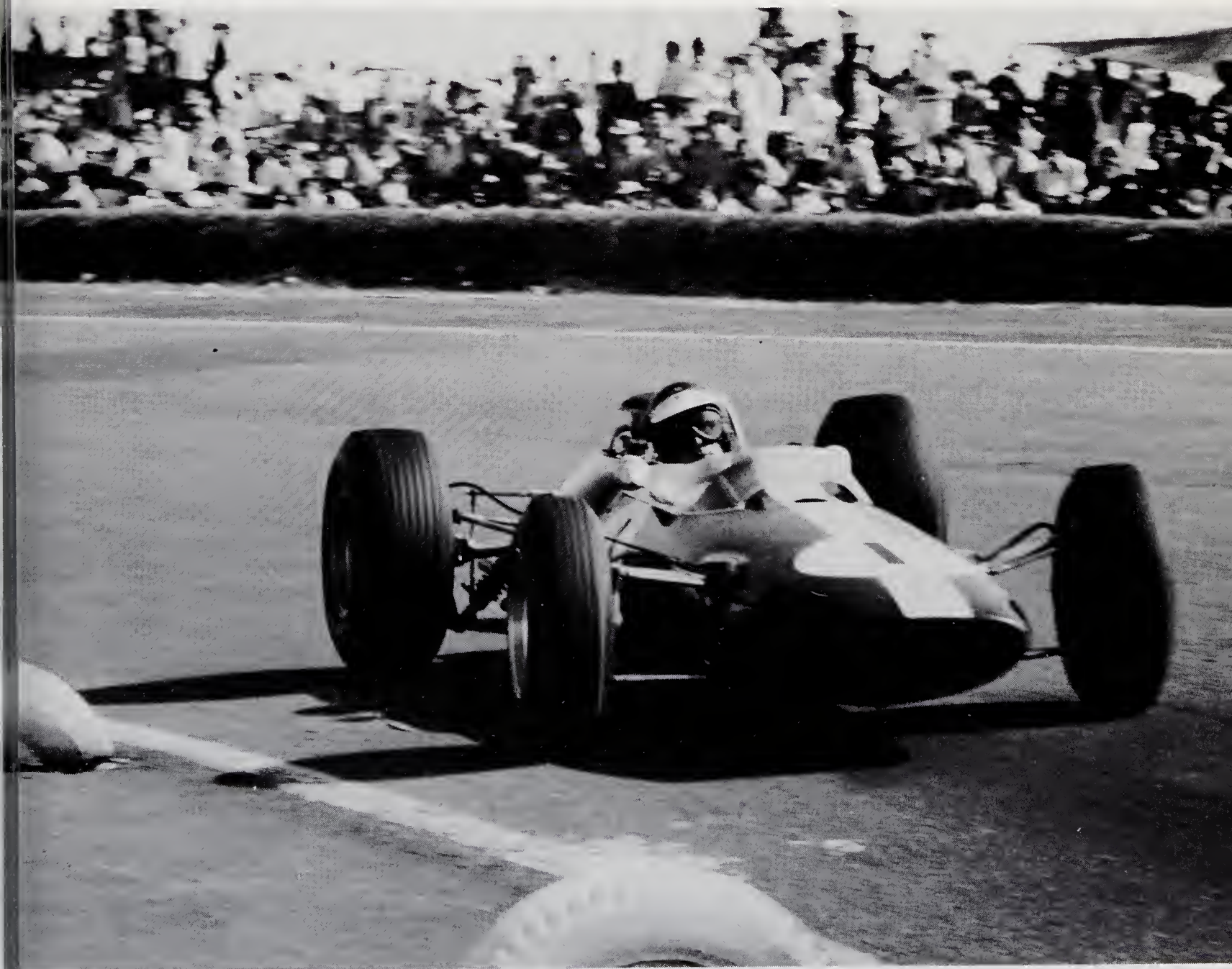
Clark never gave his rivals the benefit of a backward glance, extending his lead consistently mile after mile. Gurney was similarly entrenched in second place with Bandini a confident-looking third. By lap six Hill and Surtees had made their way through the midfield runners and were beginning to attack for a place in the top half dozen. But they were as likely to catch Clark as fly to the moon.

Hill and Surtees were driving with great determination, so much so that the BRM team leader eventually found his way through into that

important third place by lap 12, but the mustachioed Englishman looked far from relaxed with his lot. It had taken him a great deal of effort to displace Bandini's Ferrari, and once past he just could not shake the Italian from his tail. Surtees, meanwhile, watched the battle from fifth place, anxious to be past them both.

Lorenzo quickly realized that with luck he could become Ferrari's hero by helping his English team-mate win the World Championship. With that in mind, he counter-attacked ferociously, getting so close to Hill on the tightest

Jim Clark's Lotus had the Mexican Grand Prix and the World Championship in the bag. Until that fateful last lap ...



hairpin that the concerned BRM driver began waving his fist at him for cutting things so fine.

This was all Lambrusco off a duck's back to Bandini who continued to press Hill relentlessly. The whole episode seemed certain to end in tears and, when neither man decided to give way at the same hairpin on lap 31, it did just that. The Ferrari dived deep inside the BRM, Graham would not budge and Bandini slid wide, clobbering the English car's right wheel with his left front as they squabbled over the same piece of road on the exit from the corner.

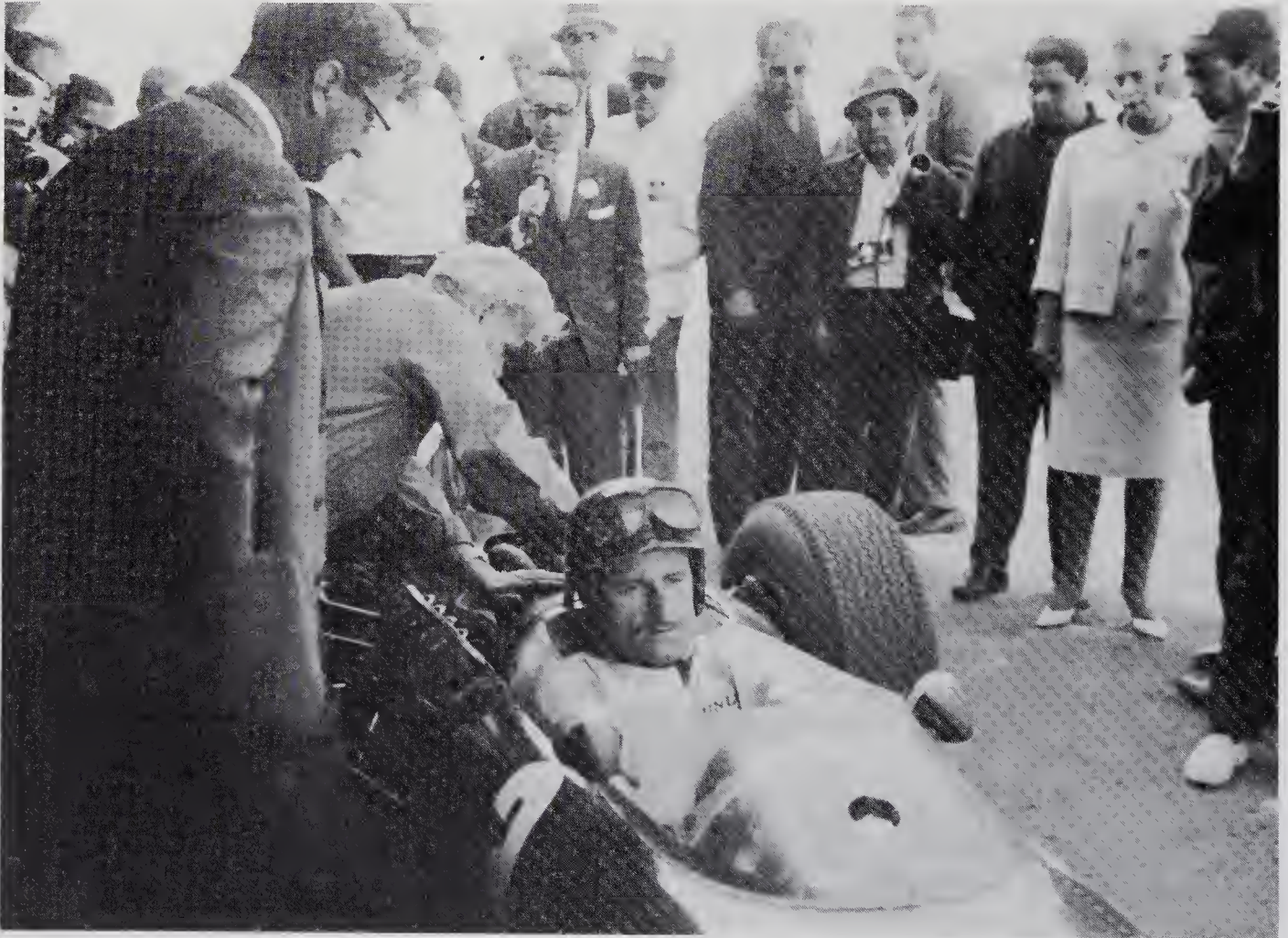
Hill ended up spinning backwards into the guard rail, folding over the BRM's exhausts, and while Bandini immediately resumed the chase, Graham was forced into the pits to have the bent tail pipes cut away. Later he stopped again for attention to a broken throttle return spring. In all, he was delayed for two laps, dropping to eleventh

place. Now he was right out of contention for the title.

Surtees had nipped past Bandini during the Italian's fracas with Hill, but Lorenzo soon proved that the flat-12 engine was more powerful by re-taking third place from his team-mate. Throughout all this drama Clark's Lotus never faltered. As the laps were ticked off, a group of enthusiastic onlookers congregated by the chequered flag, waiting to fête Clark as he won his second World Championship.

But Clark was in dire trouble. Unknown to those watching, Jim was facing a terminal late-race problem. About eight laps from the finish, he noticed an oil slick at the hairpin. He changed his line to avoid it - and it reappeared on that line next time round. Instantly he realized it was his own car dropping the lubricant. Easing back was no good; an oil pipe had split and his lead was doomed . . .

The expression of simmering anger on Graham Hill's face says it all as mechanics work to repair his BRM's exhausts, damaged when Bandini's Ferrari spun him off.





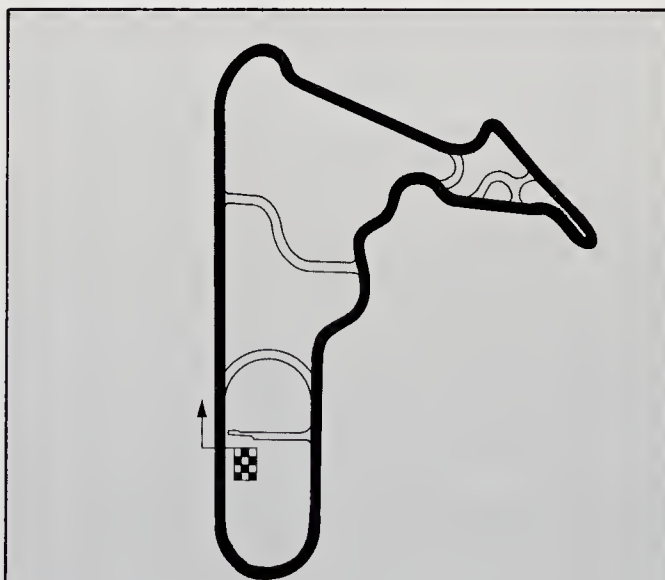
Laurel wreaths for the race winner Dan Gurney (left) and new World Champion John Surtees.

At the start of the final lap, Clark came slowly across the line with his hands aloft, gesticulating vainly. In the pits, Colin Chapman raised his timing board above his head and slammed it to the ground in an outburst of frustration. Gurney roared past into the lead.

As far as the title was concerned, Clark's chances were over. But if he could just limp home ahead of Surtees, by a mathematical irony, the Championship would go to Hill. But there was to be no such reprieve for the fastest driver in the world. Clark's Lotus seized solid on the very last lap.

Bandini had dutifully dropped back behind Surtees a couple of laps earlier, deferring to team orders. So Dan Gurney stormed through to the second Brabham victory of the year and Surtees, in second place, became the first man ever to win the Championship on both two wheels and four. To this day, he remains alone in that distinction.

Behind Bandini, Spence momentarily thought about trying to push Clark's stricken car round to the finishing line, but changed his mind at the last moment and pressed on to finish fourth. He was the last competitor to go the full distance.



RESULTS

65 laps, 202.9 miles

Top six: 1, Dan Gurney (*Brabham BT11*), 2 hr 9 min 50.32 sec (93.3 mph); 2, John Surtees (*Ferrari 158*), 2 hr 10 min 59.26 sec; 3, Lorenzo Bandini (*Ferrari 1512*), 2 hr 10 min 59.95 sec; 4, Mike Spence (*Lotus 33*), 2 hr 11 min 12.18 sec; 5, Jim Clark (*Lotus 33*), one lap behind; 6, Pedro Rodriguez (*Ferrari 156*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Jim Clark (*Lotus 33*), 1 min 58.37 sec (94.5 mph).



1965 LE MANS 24-HOURS

Flat out to the finish

Ferrari's stranglehold on Le Mans began to waver in 1964 as Ford's multi-million dollar assault presented Maranello with its most serious rivalry since Jaguar a decade earlier. Mechanical frailty claimed the Fords on their maiden outing, and the following year, although Dearborn's huge 7-litre Mk 2 coupés proved much quicker than the latest Ferrari P2 prototypes, they also failed to last the distance. But the Fords forced the pace to the extent that the works Ferraris also faltered, leaving Masten Gregory and Jochen Rindt to save the day for Maranello in their North American Racing Team 275LM. As things stand today, that success marked Ferrari's last victory at the Sarthe.

Luigi Chinetti has always been a shrewd, hard-nosed operator who knew a lot more about Le Mans than most racing team owners. This was not surprising, of course, since he won the race as a driver on no fewer than three occasions; twice before the war for Alfa Romeo and again in 1949 for Ferrari. Sharing with Lord Selsdon, Chinetti notched up the marque's first victory in the 24-hour endurance run. Sixteen years later he entered the Ferrari which scored the last . . .

Although Chinetti was the Commendatore's US importer, he never felt in the slightest bit constrained when it came to motor racing,

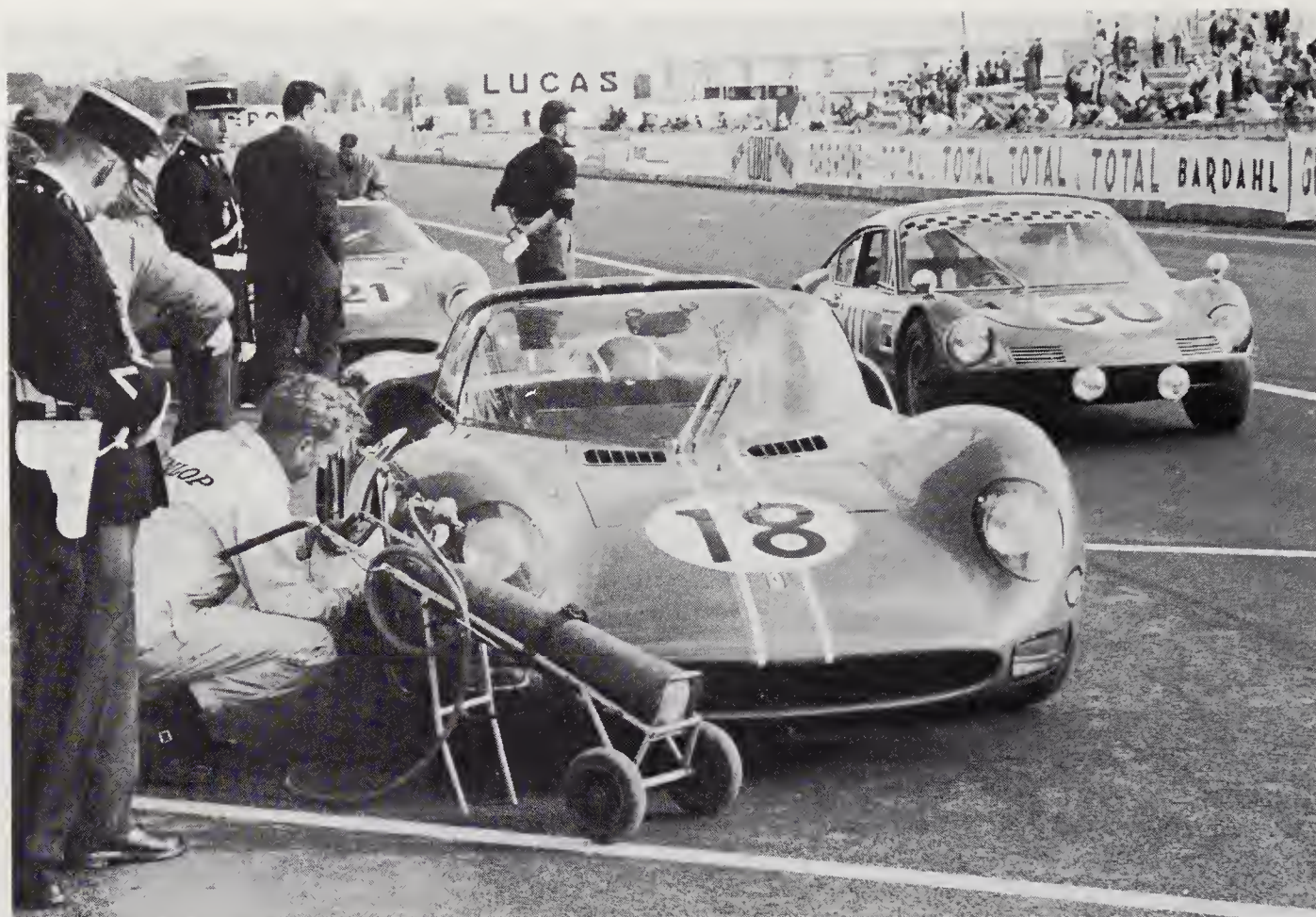
regularly allowing his private machines to challenge the works cars. In 1961 he brought the Mexican Rodriguez brothers to Le Mans with NART's highly competitive TR61. Pedro and Ricardo frightened the life out of Ferrari's factory drivers and came precious close to winning. When Chinetti's car finally won Le Mans in 1965, there were many people who felt the drivers who pulled it off for him came out of the same mould!

The two men concerned were the bespectacled Masten Gregory and hell-raising Formula 2 new boy Jochen Rindt. On the fact of it, if Chinetti had gone out of his way to select less suitable candidates to nurse a car through this relentless 24-hour grind, he could hardly have done a better job!

Gregory started racing in the 'fifties as a rich kid from Kansas City, and had jumped out of more cars doing the wrong side of 100 mph than most people cared to remember. Rindt, a future World Champion, was considered by some as a pushy young pup with more reflexes than skill. In fact, Chinetti's pairing turned out to produce an intriguing blend of raw talent and shrewd experience.

The NART Ferrari 275LM was a well-prepared, proven machine, but not in the same street as the works cars, let alone the Fords. Maranello's front-line challenge consisted of a horde of P2 prototypes, two with 4-litre engines for John Surtees/Ludovico Scarfiotti and Jean Guichet/Mike Parkes, a 3.3-litre version for Lorenzo Bandini/Giampiero Biscaldi plus 4.4-litre machines from NART (Pedro Rodriguez/Nino Vaccarella) and

Jochen Rindt at speed at the wheel of the NART Ferrari 275LM which he and Masten Gregory used to score a remarkable victory in the 24-hour classic.



The Rindt/Gregory Ferrari 275LM (No 21) took a back seat to the faster Pedro Rodriguez/Nino Vaccarella 365P2 (No 18) in the NART pits throughout practice. The bigger-engined prototype eventually wound up seventh. Coasting past is the Elva-BMW coupé of Tony Lanfranchi/Richard Wrottesley.

David Piper (himself and Jo Bonnier).

Ranged against them were two 7-litre Ford Mk 2s for Phil Hill/Chris Amon and Bruce McLaren/Ken Miles in addition to a host of smaller 5.3 and 4.7-litre GT40s. It was a mammoth confrontation which saw the two biggest-engined Fords storm away in 1-2 formation at the start, their progress the focal point of world-wide television coverage – not to mention the personal presence of Henry Ford II in an executive box above the pits.

However, leading the opening stages was every bit as important for the Detroit motor giant as finishing the race and that early sprint over-taxed the giant American V8s. The McLaren/Miles car was out after four hours with a broken gearbox while Hill/Amon encountered clutch trouble early on, were badly delayed and then quit by midnight.

Now it was the turn of the Ferraris to take over in front. Surtees and Scarfiotti went ahead late on Saturday evening and by midnight they were

locked in battle with Guichet and Parkes. By this time most of the Fords had wilted under the strain, allowing some unlikely outsiders to come into the picture, but none as unlikely as the elderly NART Ferrari 275LM.

Gregory and Rindt were eighth at the end of the first hour, having started from 11th place in the line-up. Jochen began the race, but after little more than an hour and a half came in and handed over to the American. Less than two hours later Gregory was back in the pits complaining about a misfire. Rindt immediately assumed it was a broken valve and resigned himself to retirement, but it turned out to be electrical trouble. The distributor was changed, losing the NART car almost 30 minutes.

By the time it was ready for Rindt to resume the race, Gregory found him in the paddock, changed and about to depart from the track in his hire car. It took Masten a few minutes to persuade the Austrian that the car was still running, but it was a

very reluctant Jochen who was cajoled back into the cockpit. He told Gregory that they hadn't a chance. Gregory didn't agree, but they made a pact on the spot. It was flat-out to the finish, win or bust!

They did just that. Resuming in 18th place, they had made up four positions by midnight and, when the fastest works Ferraris were slowed by persistent cracking of their ventilated brake discs, the NART 275LM moved up into second place in the early hours of Sunday morning.

In fact, by this stage of the race, it was a 275LM 1-2 at the top of the leader board. Ahead of the NART car lay the Belgian entry of industrialist 'Taf' Gosselin and night club owner Pierre Dumay, both of them capable amateurs. With the works cars out of the picture, Ferrari team manager Eugenio Dragoni, one of the motor racing's more Machiavellian characters, sent word down to Chinetti's pit that the Belgians should be allowed to win.

Chinetti simply laughed at the suggestion and Rindt didn't even listen. All through the early morning mist and into the sunlight, that NART Ferrari was thrashed to within a few revs of its life. Running at such a frantic pace it consumed six sets of tyres and the same number of brake pad sets, its two drivers pressing on as if they were contesting a two-hour Grand Prix.

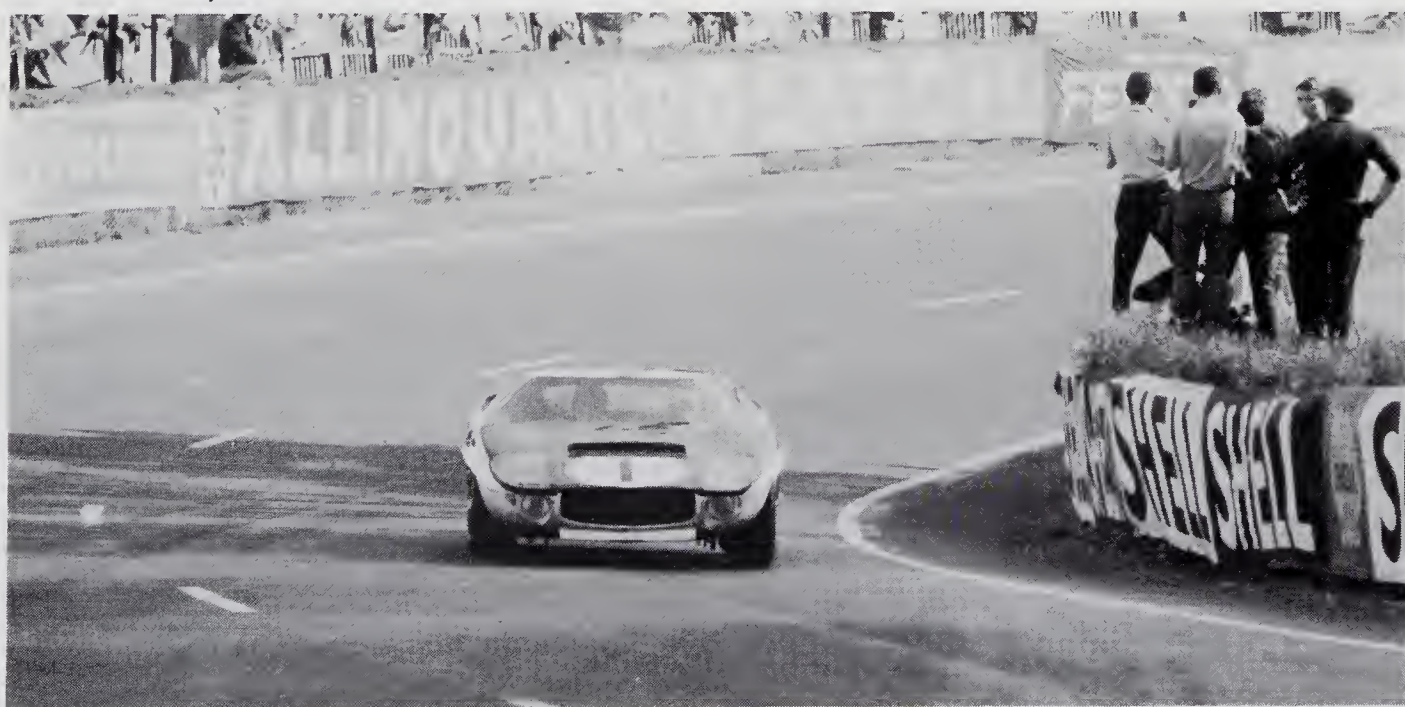
By Sunday morning the engine was down on revs, the brakes and steering juddering furiously. Yet they were hauling in the Belgian car at between four and five seconds a lap. Finally, the yellow Ferrari in front threw a tyre tread, tearing apart its rear bodywork. By the time it was patched up, Gregory and Rindt were through and into the lead for good.

Even then there were problems ahead. Rindt generously agreed that Masten should drive the last hour and a half - 'I'd been trying to win this race for the past ten years!' - but the American had to grapple with the most appalling mechanical grating from the transmission. The differential was breaking up. Masten really believed victory was about to be snatched away from him yet again. As a temporary expedient, he started de-clutching and coasting through corners without any drive, only letting in the clutch, as gently as possible, when he came to the straights.

They just made it. As the victorious Ferrari was driven back to the paddock, the differential packed up for good! At the chequered flag they were almost fifty miles ahead of Gosselin and Dumay.

Neither Gregory nor Rindt ever finished, let alone won, at Le Mans again. Just over five years later, Masten was back at the Sarthe, driving a Ferrari during filming for Steve McQueen's epic

Early leader was the stupendously quick 7-litre Ford Mk 2 of Bruce McLaren/Ken Miles, seen sweeping through the Esses on Sunday afternoon.

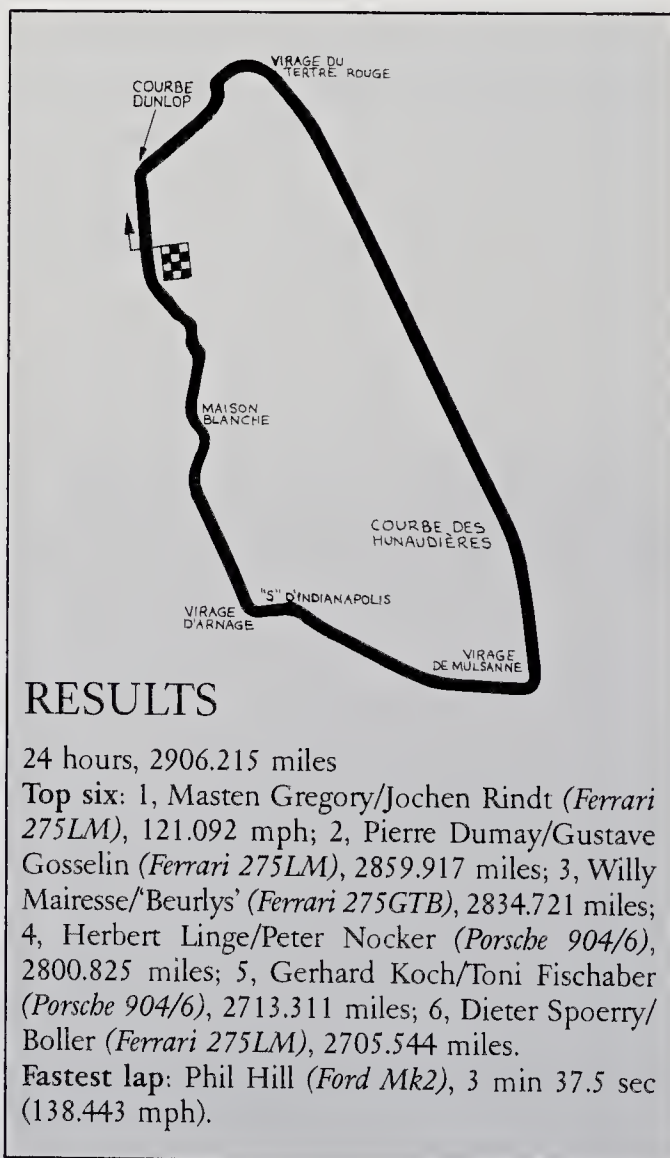




The smile that says it all! With the clock showing 4.22pm on Sunday afternoon, a beaming Masten Gregory shares the Le Mans winner's rostrum with Jochen Rindt, the Austrian sporting a rather severe short-back-and-sides haircut!

Le Mans when news came through that Jochen, now an old friend, had been killed practising for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. He became motor racing's only posthumous World Champion.

Gregory, the chain-smoker who was so convinced that he would die in a racing car 'that I never made any arrangements to do anything after I was thirty', survived to retire from the cockpit, a successful businessman. But he always affectionately recalled his drive with 'that mad sonofabitch Jochen ...' right up to 1985 when he died suddenly of a heart attack on holiday in Italy.



RESULTS

24 hours, 2906.215 miles

Top six: 1, Masten Gregory/Jochen Rindt (*Ferrari 275LM*), 121.092 mph; 2, Pierre Dumay/Gustave Gosselin (*Ferrari 275LM*), 2859.917 miles; 3, Willy Mairesse/'Beurlys' (*Ferrari 275GTB*), 2834.721 miles; 4, Herbert Linge/Peter Nocker (*Porsche 904/6*), 2800.825 miles; 5, Gerhard Koch/Toni Fischhaber (*Porsche 904/6*), 2713.311 miles; 6, Dieter Spoerry/Boller (*Ferrari 275LM*), 2705.544 miles.

Fastest lap: Phil Hill (*Ford Mk2*), 3 min 37.5 sec (138.443 mph).

1966 INDIANAPOLIS 500

Did Hill win?

Lap charting confusion caused the closing stages of this Indy 500 to be fraught with doubt and speculation. After Speedway first-timer Jackie Stewart's Lola dropped out of the lead with only eight laps left to run, both Graham Hill's and Jim Clark's pit crews were convinced that their man was in the lead. But the chequered flag was shown to Hill's new Lola, leaving Clark and Lotus boss Colin Chapman to file an official protest. However, following a detailed review of official tapes, films and lap charts Hill's victory was confirmed after one of the most confusing episodes in Hoosier history. To this day, there are people who still wonder whether that result was correct.

In a matter of two years, Indy had changed beyond recognition. Ever since Jack Brabham tossed that first significant straw into the Speedway wind in 1961, the writing had been on the wall for the lumbering front-engined roadsters. But it was Colin Chapman and Jim Clark who set the pace to that change. In 1964 victory had fallen to A. J. Foyt's traditional Watson-Offy. In '65, Jim Clark's Lotus-Ford scored a commanding victory which all but nailed down the lid on the roadster's coffin, and in 1966 the 'Funny Cars' (as the Indy establishment had disparagingly referred to the rear-engined machines) reigned supreme. Only one roadster appeared, right at the back of the grid. Outclassed and totally uncompetitive, Bobby Grimm's mount looked as ungainly and out of place as a cart-horse in a stadium full of greyhounds.

The qualifying battle was run at a ferocious pace. Previous year's winner Jim Clark, his Lotus

now carrying the gaudy livery of STP, was out to make it two in a row. But he was beaten to pole position by Mario Andretti, running in only his second Indy 500, at the wheel of a Brabham-Ford re-worked by famed crew chief Clint Brawner and sponsored by the ever-hopeful Al Dean. Dubbed the 'Hawk', Andretti's mount topped the 165 mph mark during qualifying, the only runner to do so.

Clark qualified second ahead of George Snider's similar Lotus, leaving Parnelli Jones to head row two in J. C. Agajanian's specially built rear-engined lightweight. Then came Lloyd Ruby's Eagle and Gordon Johncock's Gerhardt. Further back down the grid were the brand new Lolas owned by Texan oil millionaire John Mecom and handled by Hill, Stewart and Indy veteran Rodger Ward.

Unfortunately qualifying was marred by a fatal accident to local driver Chuck Rodee, up to that time only the third driver ever to be killed in official Indy time trials. But as the pack unleashed itself into turn one at the start, some indisciplined manoeuvring on the part of a few mid-grid runners triggered a fearsome multiple shunt which resulted in the race being stopped almost before it had started.

It looked bad, very bad. Sixteen cars were involved and, of those, eleven emerged too badly damaged to restart. Included in the list of immediate retirements were A. J. Foyt and Dan Gurney, the latter absolutely furious at the destruction of his brand new Eagle. 'It seems to me,' he fumed, 'absolutely incredible that 33 of the world's best drivers find themselves incapable



Consultation. Lola designer Eric Broadley chats to Graham Hill in the Indy pit lane prior to the start of a very confusing 500.

of driving down a straight piece of track without running into each other . . .' Most observers felt that summed it up nicely.

More shunts, albeit less spectacular, punctuated the re-start, but when the green light finally blinked on again Andretti dived into the lead in the Hawk. He immediately started to pull away, but the strain of this stop-start running had already taken its toll. After a mere 17 laps, Mario's engine began blowing smoke and dropped back. Clark now took the lead and it wasn't long before Ruby had snatched second place from Parnelli Jones. Andretti was out with terminal engine trouble after only 27 laps.

On lap 64 Clark got into a triple spin coming

out of turn four, narrowly missing the inside wall. But with a deft sense of balance and control, he gathered everything up again and continued. The Indy crowd, which had never seen anything quite like it, was open-mouthed in a mixture of admiration and disbelief.

Clark immediately came in for fresh tyres, rejoining four seconds behind Ruby's Eagle. By the 200 miles mark he had regained the lead after Ruby made a routine fuel stop on lap 75. Then Clark made another tyre stop and, at the halfway point, Ruby went ahead once more. His brand new Eagle running strongly, the 38-year-old Indy car veteran looked set to pluck the great prize from beneath the noses of the newcomers.

At 300 miles the order was Ruby, Clark, Stewart, Roger McCluskey, Jim McElreath, Al Unser and Graham Hill. The outcome of the contest seemed delicately balanced between the first three. On lap 134 both Ruby and Stewart pitted together, allowing Clark through once more. But on lap 139 Ruby snatched back first place going into turn one, confident that he could now run non-stop to the finish. Clark had to make one more pit stop and, by the time the Scot resumed the chase, he was almost a minute behind the Eagle.

All Ruby had to do was to keep out of trouble, but his equipment let him down. Smoke began pouring from the Eagle's engine bay and, on lap 147, he was black-flagged from the race. A cursory

examination indicated nothing could be done; Ruby was out.

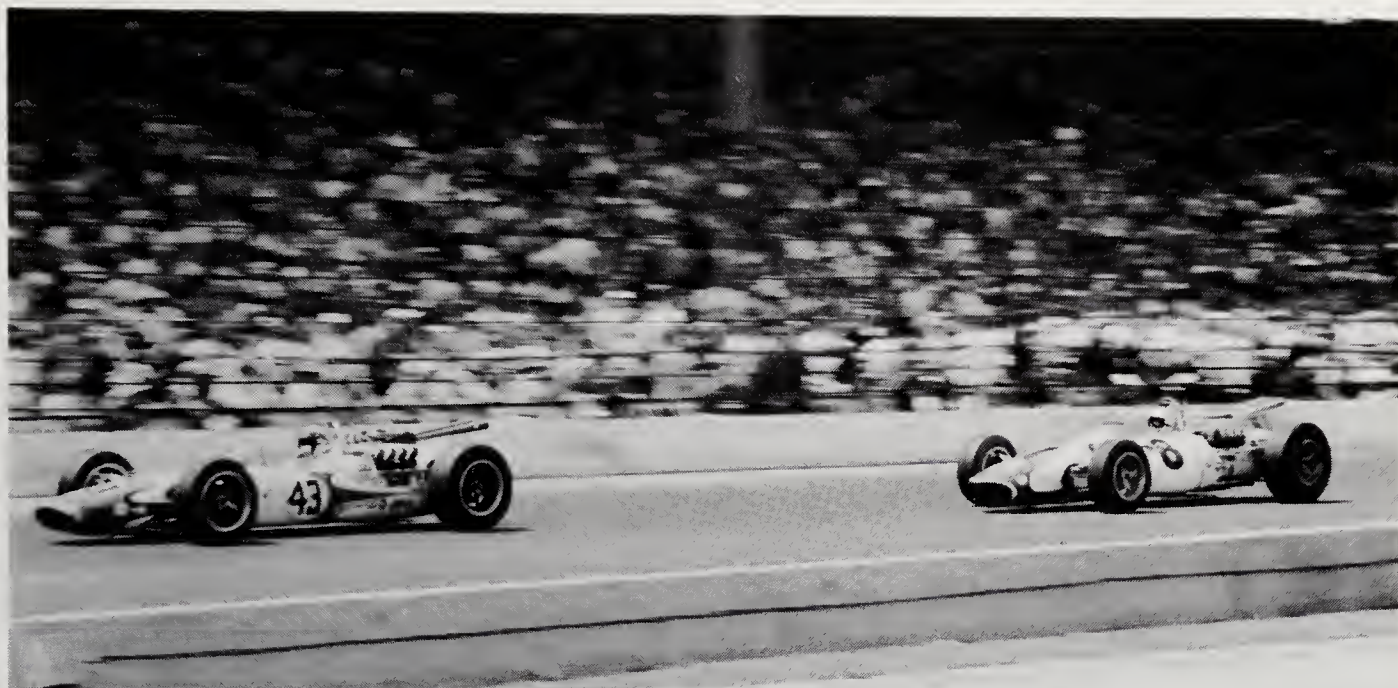
Now it was Stewart, relaxed and confident, who inherited the lead with the Mecom Lola. Almost a lap in front of his fellow Scot, Jackie had it in the bag – until lap 192, that is. Then the Lola's engine expired and he coasted to a halt out on the circuit. 'Man, when you're that close it really hurts,' he shrugged.

Now the confusion began. The Mecom pit signalled Hill that he was now in the lead. That brought STP boss Andy Granatelli lumbering down to the startline with a complaint. His crew reckoned Clark's Lotus was now in the lead. But the moustachioed Graham reeled off those final eight laps, took the chequered flag and swung the

Mario Andretti's Dean Van Lines Hawk — actually a Brabham-Ford updated by crew chief Clint Brawner — qualified on the pole and led the early stages.







Left Some thought he had won! Jim Clark's Lotus-Ford hurtles round Indianapolis in 1966. The previous year the Scot had won, but this time Graham Hill's Lola sneaked past to take the laurels.

Above Jackie Stewart's Lola heads Roger McCluskey's Eagle on the main straight. The Scot had victory in sight when his engine expired with less than ten laps to go.

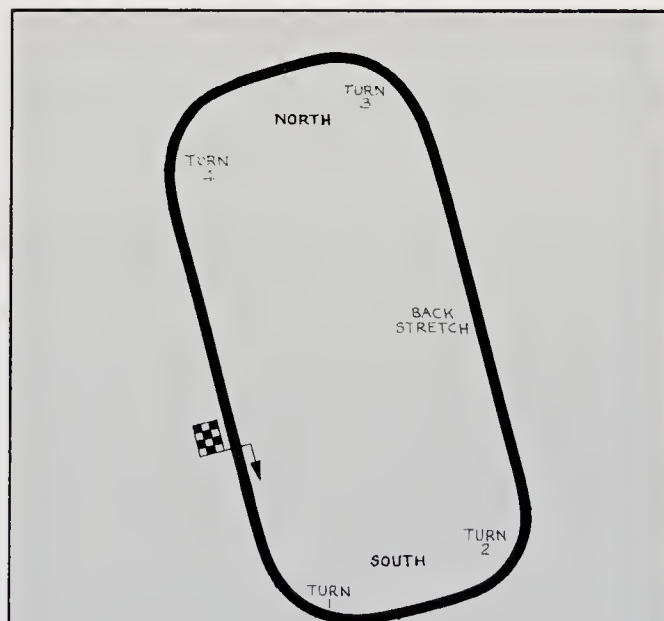
Lola confidently into the victory lane. A few moments later Clark's Lotus pulled up nearby, Jimmy climbing from its cockpit with a puzzled look on his face. Some mistake, surely?

Hill quaffed the regulation glass of milk, earning himself a \$500 bonus in the process, and beamed at the battery of cameras. Chapman was convinced the organizers had missed a lap, but detailed examination of the official charts revealed he was mistaken. The Establishment smirked to itself. The foreigners might have won, but at least not Lotus again. Many influential people at Indy reckoned Colin was too clever by half, although everybody had taken to Clark with affection.

Clark thus took second place ahead of McElreath, Johncock and Mel Kenyon. Meanwhile, Graham preened himself on his good fortune; he had driven regularly and consistently, and been rewarded by the reliability of his car. No question about it, he was as pleased as Punch.

Shortly after the race Jim Clark edged up to him and hinted that, perhaps after all, his Lotus had beaten him. Graham fixed him with a stare, as only Graham could, and dismissed his rival's tentative objection.

'No way mate,' he replied. 'I drank the milk . . .'



RESULTS

200 laps, 500 miles

Top six: 1, Graham Hill (*Lola-Ford*), 3 hr 27 min 52.53 sec (144.317 mph); 2, Jim Clark (*Lotus-Ford*), 3 hr 28 min 33.66 sec; 3, Jim McElreath (*Brabham-Ford*), 3 hr 28 min 42.42 sec; 4, Gordon Johncock (*Gerhardt-Ford*), 3 hr 29 min 40.00 sec; 5, Mel Kenyon (*Gerhardt-Offy*), two laps behind; 6, Jackie Stewart (*Lola-Ford*), ten laps behind.

Fastest lap: Jim Clark, 159.179 mph (no time published).

1967 BRANDS HATCH 500

Winged wonder wins

Brands Hatch hosted the final round of the Prototype and Sports Car Manufacturers Championship in 1967, the destiny of that title hanging between Ferrari and Porsche prior to the start of the race. Both teams had recruited impressive arrays of Grand Prix driving talent for the occasion, but outright victory fell to the distinctive, winged Chevrolet V8-engined Chaparral 2F driven by Mike Spence and former World Champion Phil Hill after just over six hours of fast and furious racing. Chris Amon and Jackie Stewart brought their 4-litre Ferrari 330 P4 home in second place, thereby clinching the sports car title for Maranello after a late race stop ended their chances of catching the eventual winner.

At a time when Ferrari and Porsche dominated the international sports car arena with a sense of traditional invincibility, the arrival of the Chaparral team blew a welcome breath of technical fresh air through the racing scene. Experienced in the business of racing big-engined Can-Am cars in North America, this taut, efficiently-managed team owned by Texan Jim Hall brought with it a host of high-tech innovations when it crossed the Atlantic to contest the sports car championship at the start of 1967.

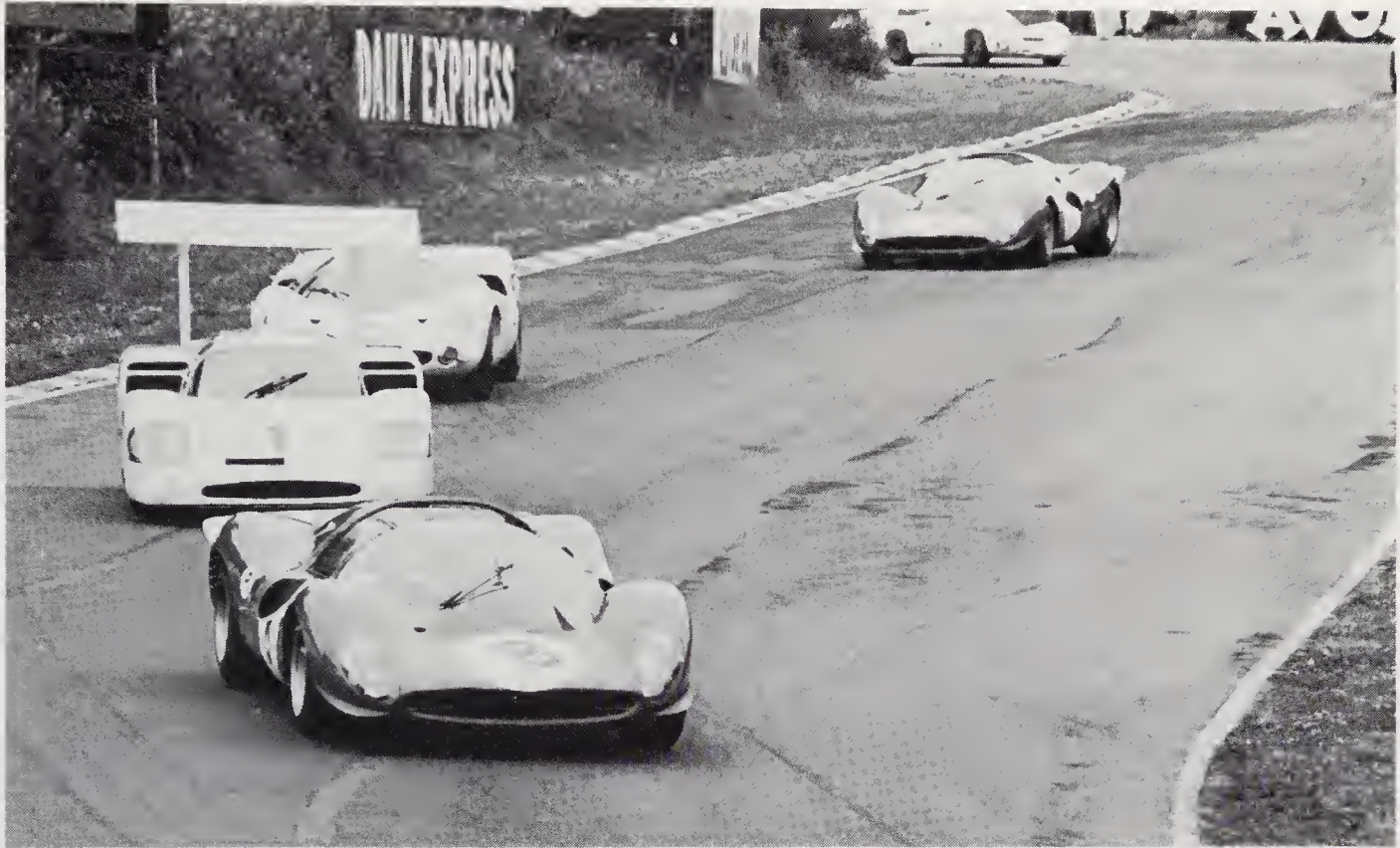
With its 7-litre alloy block Chevrolet V8 engine, automatic transmission and distinctive, high-mounted rear aerofoil, the Chaparral had proved fast, but rather frail in many of the major international races. A pilot visit to Europe the previous season with an earlier car had netted a good win in the Nurburgring 1,000 kms, but the 'winged wonder' had appeared reluctant to

reproduce this success. It led briefly at Le Mans and held high places in some other races, but its reliability seemed suspect. Until Brands Hatch, that is . . .

The first BOAC 500 mile race attracted an enormous amount of enthusiastic attention from British fans who flocked to the Kent circuit in their thousands for what was clearly a very special sports car occasion. The main Ferrari/Porsche issue was going to be resolved between a trio of scarlet P4s and no fewer than five silver German cars. Maranello's driver pairings were Amon/Stewart, Ludovico Scarfiotti/Peter Sutcliffe and Paul Hawkins/Jonathan Williams. Porsche had two flat-eight cylinder 910s for Graham Hill/Jochen Rindt and Jo Siffert/Bruce McLaren, a couple of six-cylinder models for Vic Elford/Lucien Bianchi and Udo Schutz/Gerhard Koch and a Le Mans 907 for Hans Herrmann/Jochen Neerpasch.

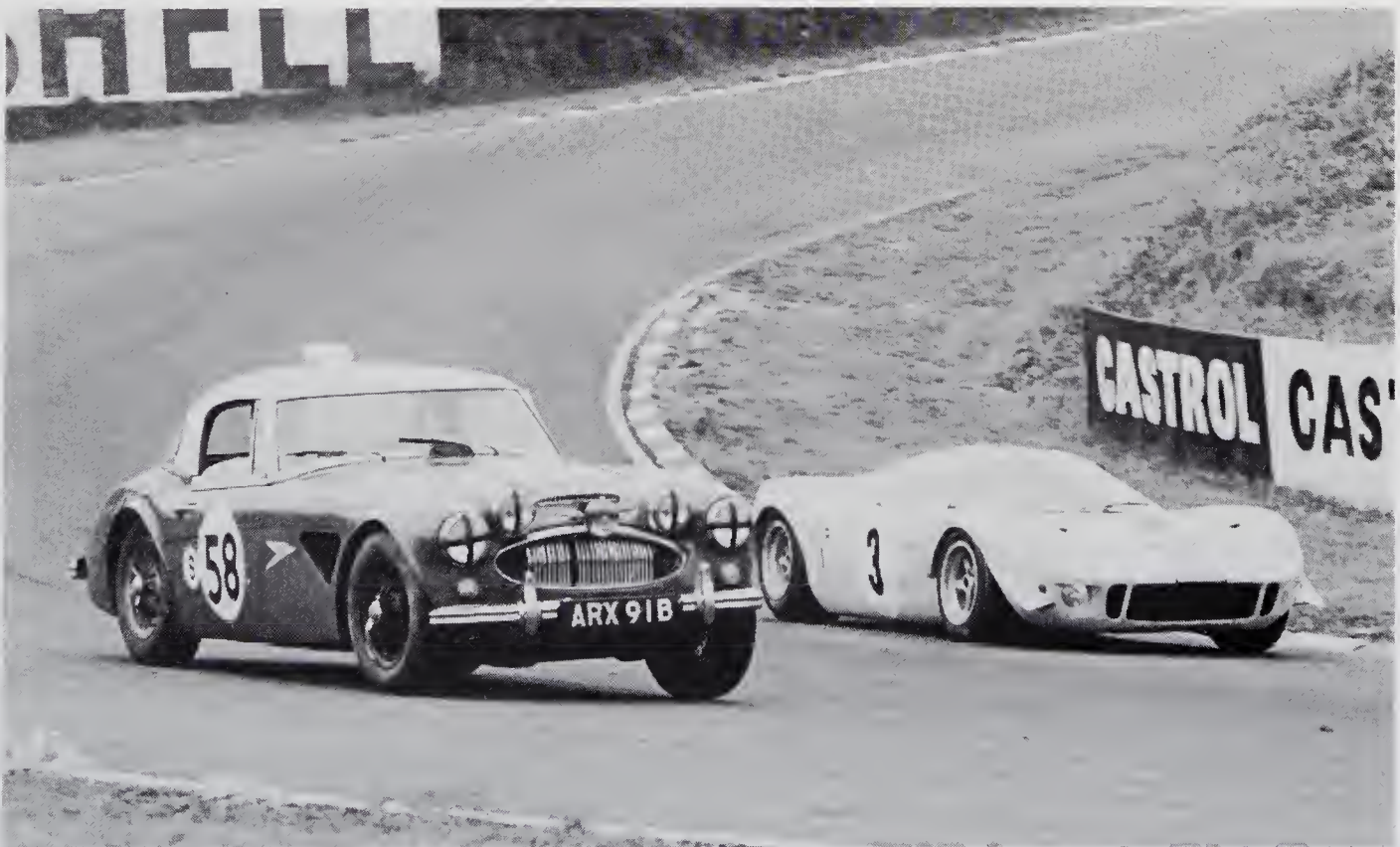
The narrow confines of the Brands Hatch pit lane were hardly suitable for a Championship sports car event and traffic on the track itself was similarly wheel-to-wheel as the top sports prototypes picked their way through bunches of much slower machines including smaller Porsches, Chevron-BMWs, a couple of Lotus Elans, an MGB and even an Austin Healey 3000. But it all made for a superb motor race, even if the faster cars collected dents and paint scratches from close moments in what often looked like rush-hour traffic!

The Chevy-engined Lola T70 coupés of Denny Hulme/Jack Brabham and John Surtees/David Hobbs qualified first and second ahead of the



Ferocious battle in the early stages with Paul Hawkins leading in his works Ferrari 330P4 from Mike Spence in the Chaparral, Denny Hulme's Lola T70 and Jackie Stewart in another Ferrari.

A race of contrasts! Pedro Rodriguez ducks the JW/Gulf Mirage through inside Ted Worswick's road-registered Austin Healey 3000.



Chaparral, with a pair of the Ferrari P4s side-by-side on row two. Surtees led the first lap before pitting with electrical trouble second time round, allowing rugged Australian Paul Hawkins to take over the lead for Maranello. A successful sports car privateer in his own right who had been co-opted into the works Ferrari squad for this important occasion, 'Hawkeye' had to work hard to keep Spence in the Chaparral and Hulme behind him.

For the first fifteen minutes Hawkins held on in front before Hulme went blasting by, but the New Zealander only lasted another half hour before his Lola's engine broke a rocker and he rolled into the pits for a replacement to be fitted. Graham Hill had been leading the Porsche contingent in sixth place, but the German car jumped out of third gear nearing the end of the

Winging its way to victory at Brands Hatch, the striking Chaparral-Chevy pre-dated Grand Prix racing's wing generation by a year.

first hour, so the popular Englishman was out on the spot with a damaged valve.

At the end of the first hour Spence thus had the winged Chaparral in the lead from Stewart's Ferrari P4, the Scot later recalling the Italian machine as, 'the best-handling car I ever drove at Brands Hatch in my entire career'. Inevitably, as the leading cars came in for routine refuelling and driver changes, there were one or two outsiders who popped into the lead for a short time, notably Pedro Rodriguez's JW Gulf Mirage and Jo Siffert's eight-cylinder Porsche, but when everything settled down again the Chaparral went back in front, now with Phil Hill at the wheel.

Whilst an outright victory was the ideal, both Ferrari and Porsche teams were running with an eye firmly fixed on the destiny of the championship, while the Chaparral seemed set to do the lion's share of the leading. But Chris Amon

Ferrari versus Porsche for the title. Jonathan Williams takes the 330P4 he shared with Paul Hawkins up on to the GP circuit extension ahead of the Graham Hill/Jochen Rindt Porsche.





received something of a bonus just after the two-hour mark when the American car was delayed with a punctured tyre, allowing the Ferrari through into first place.

By half distance the Chaparral was clearly setting the pace, with Stewart and Amon keeping up the pressure from the Ferrari P4's cockpit. But then Hill came in to hand over the American machine to Spence, so the Ferrari went by into the lead. Spence charged back into the fray into third place, but although he quickly threaded his way past the Siffert/McLaren Porsche to re-take second place, it was clearly going to be a long, hard slog to catch that Ferrari.

Brands Hatch had never seen anything like it. Everywhere you looked, the marshals were working overtime amidst a sea of waving blue flags. Puffs of smoke from locking brakes and ominous streaks of rubber on the road bore testimony to the number of close shaves and spectacular moments throughout that summer afternoon. In the pits the atmosphere was similarly tense and outwardly chaotic, with frayed tempers and bad language flying, and it was in the pits that the eventual destiny of the race was resolved.

With four hours gone, Hawkins spun his Ferrari coming on to the start/finish straight, badly damaging the rear bodywork fastening clips. But he gathered it all up again and trailed round to the pits, turning up just before the leading P4 was due in for a scheduled visit. For a crucial few minutes the Ferrari pit was a scene of bedlam, chief engineer Mauro Forghieri bellowing the odds as the Hawkins car was patched up and sent back into the fray and Amon replaced Stewart in the front-line entry.

This comic opera performance not only wiped out Ferrari's chances of winning the race, it almost cost them the championship! Amon boiled back into the race in third place, but the Siffert/McLaren Porsche was now up to second place. Chris went like the wind, running what was left of his stint as if he was in a two-hour Grand Prix, so when McLaren eventually stopped for some fresh brake pads, the Ferrari went back into that all-important second place.

With one hour to go, the Chaparral was a mere 18 seconds ahead of Amon, but the Ferrari had one more pit stop to come, so the American car looked set fair for victory. So it proved, with Phil Hill bringing the distinctive white coupé home to

score the last significant win of his distinguished racing career, the Chaparral still looking as spruce and immaculate as it had done at the start of this six hour battle.

It was still possible for Porsche to win the championship if Ferrari bungled that final pit stop, although by this stage the Italian crew would have to make a real mess of things if Siffert/McLaren were to make up the best part of a lap and a half. Thus, the pit lane tension was at fever pitch as Chris came roaring in with a mere ten minutes left to run.

The Maranello fans need not have worried. It was as slick a display of professionalism as one could have wanted. They topped up the P4's tank, strapped Stewart into its cockpit and sent it away to finish second without any problems.

It was only the other car to complete the same 211 lap distance achieved by the Chaparral, the white, winged wonder that was not to be raced again after the end of the '67 season.

RESULTS

Six hours, 211 laps
Top six: 1, Phil Hill/Mike Spence (*Chaparral 2F*), 6 hr 00 min 26.0 sec (93.08 mph); 2, Jackie Stewart/Chris Amon (*Ferrari 330P4*), 6 hr 04 min 24.6 sec; 3, Jo Siffert/Bruce McLaren (*Porsche 910*), two laps behind; 4, Hans Herrmann/Jochen Neerspach (*Porsche 907*), five laps behind; 5, Ludovico Scarfiotti/Peter Sutcliffe (*Ferrari 330P4*), five laps behind; 6, Paul Hawkins/Jonathan Williams (*Ferrari 330P4*), seven laps behind.
 Fastest lap: not published.

1967 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

Clark's greatest race?

Jim Clark's brilliant career was highlighted by a succession of terrific drives, but possibly the greatest performance of all came in this race which he just failed to win. After a mere 13 laps of Monza, the Scot's powerful Lotus 49 was forced into the pits to change a punctured tyre and lost more than a full lap in the process. Clark then proceeded to overtake the new race leader, his team-mate Graham Hill, and claw back the best part of three and a half miles on the leaders. Hill suffered engine failure ten laps from the finish, and a few laps later Clark surged through ahead of Jack Brabham's Brabham and John Surtees's Honda to take the lead. He was on course for an unbelievable victory when his engine faltered, low on fuel, mid-way round the final lap, allowing Surtees through to score a lucky split-second triumph from the Australian.

The summer of 1967 saw the birth of Colin Chapman's striking new Lotus 49, the car which effectively redefined the parameters of contemporary Grand Prix car design. With its sleek profile, its powerful and efficient Cosworth-Ford V8 engine, the 49 made most of its rivals look like blacksmiths' specials. Introduced in time for the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort, Jim Clark scored a first-time triumph in this remarkable machine which, overnight, had become the class of the field.

By the time the Formula 1 teams lined up at Monza, Clark had proved he was uncatchable as long as the Lotus lasted. The car handled better, ran quicker and was more efficient than anything else on the circuits, so it was no surprise when

Clark planted it on pole for the Italian Grand Prix by the comfortable margin of 0.3 of a second.

Jack Brabham's ultra-light, aerodynamically-excellent home-brewed BT24 lined up next to the Flying Scot with Bruce McLaren's V12 BRM-engined prototype McLaren on the outside of row one. Row two contained Ferrari's sole representative, Chris Amon, and Dan Gurney's sleek Eagle-Weslake. Twelve months earlier the Italian crowds had bellowed their approval of Ludovico Scarfiotti's winning efforts for Ferrari. However, after some lacklustre performances from this well-heeled member of the Agnelli dynasty during the first half of '67, Ferrari had decided Scarfiotti was no real F1 ace. Consequently, Amon had raced alone for much of the summer while the Italian found a berth in the second Eagle for his home Grand Prix.

Idyllic conditions prevailed on race day, a pleasantly warm sun beating down on the 18 starters as they lined up on the spacious starting apron. It promised to be a memorable battle, for this was Monza unfettered by stupid chicanes, a glorious, classic, flat out note on which to round off the European season.

The starting format had been revised slightly for this race, the cars moving forward from a dummy grid, after which it was intended they should pause momentarily and then be flagged away into action. However, the starter seemed to be a little confused as to what he should be doing, the seconds ticked away and the signal was still not given to move forward to the grid proper. Clark was getting a bit concerned, feeling his Lotus's clutch beginning to drag, the starter raised

the green flag, intending to beckon the grid forward, but Brabham decided to take things into his own hands!

Rear tyres smoking, Black Jack decided it was time to get on with the serious business of the day, catapulting away at maximum revs with Gurney and McLaren haring after him. Whether the starter liked it or not, the Italian Grand Prix was on! Clark hesitated briefly, but Amon, right behind in the Ferrari, had been all keyed up ready to go with the Ferrari fully revved up. As Chris dropped the clutch he suddenly realized that the Lotus was not moving off as quickly as he had expected, so he dipped the clutch to avoid ramming Clark up the gearbox. Before he could redress the situation, the V12's revs had shot round the dial and obviously damaged its valve gear, blunting the Ferrari challenge with yet another typical bout of 'Amon luck'.

At the end of the opening lap the order was Gurney, Brabham, Hill, Clark, McLaren, Jackie Stewart in the cumbersome BRM H16, Denny Hulme (Brabham) and Amon's now struggling Ferrari which would now not rev to within 1,000 rpm of its normal maximum!

It was only a matter of time before Clark claimed his rightful place at the front of the field, which he achieved by displacing Gurney on lap three as they hurtled down into the *Parabolica* right-hander leading out on to the start/finish

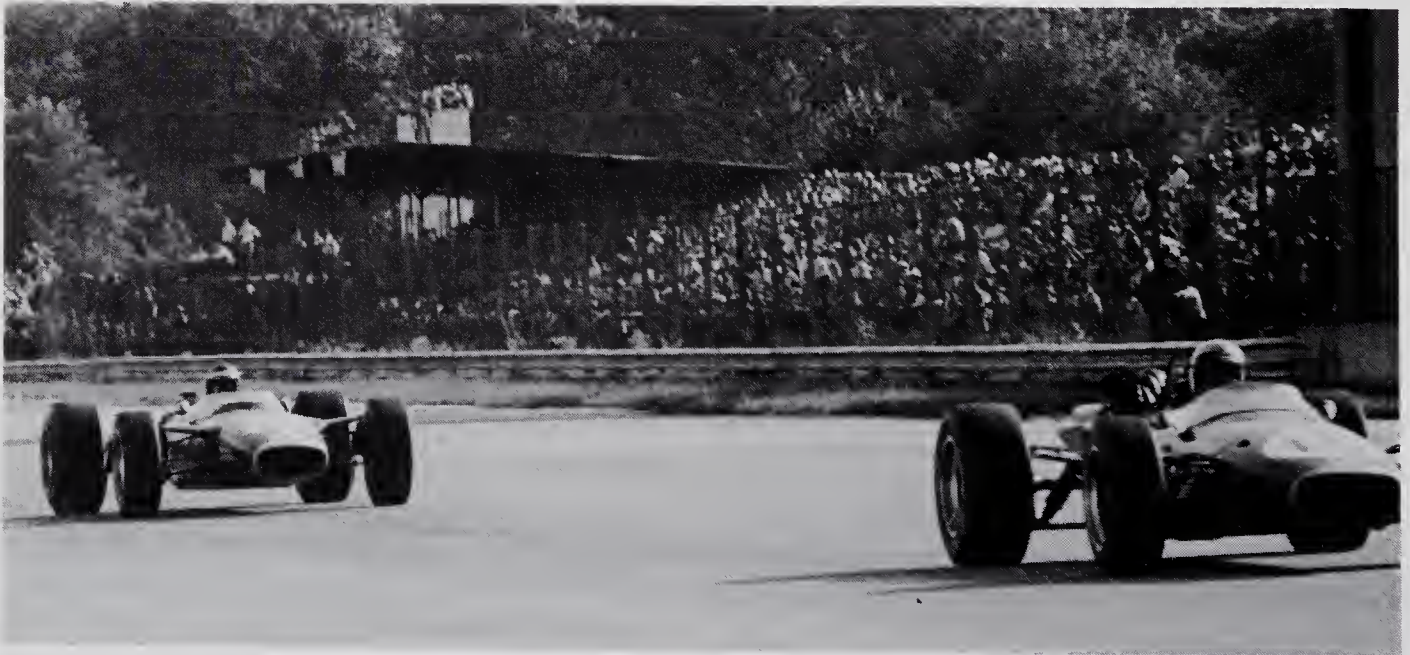
straight. Another two laps and Clark seemed to be out on his own with team-mate Hill now second and Hulme's Brabham challenging strongly from third.

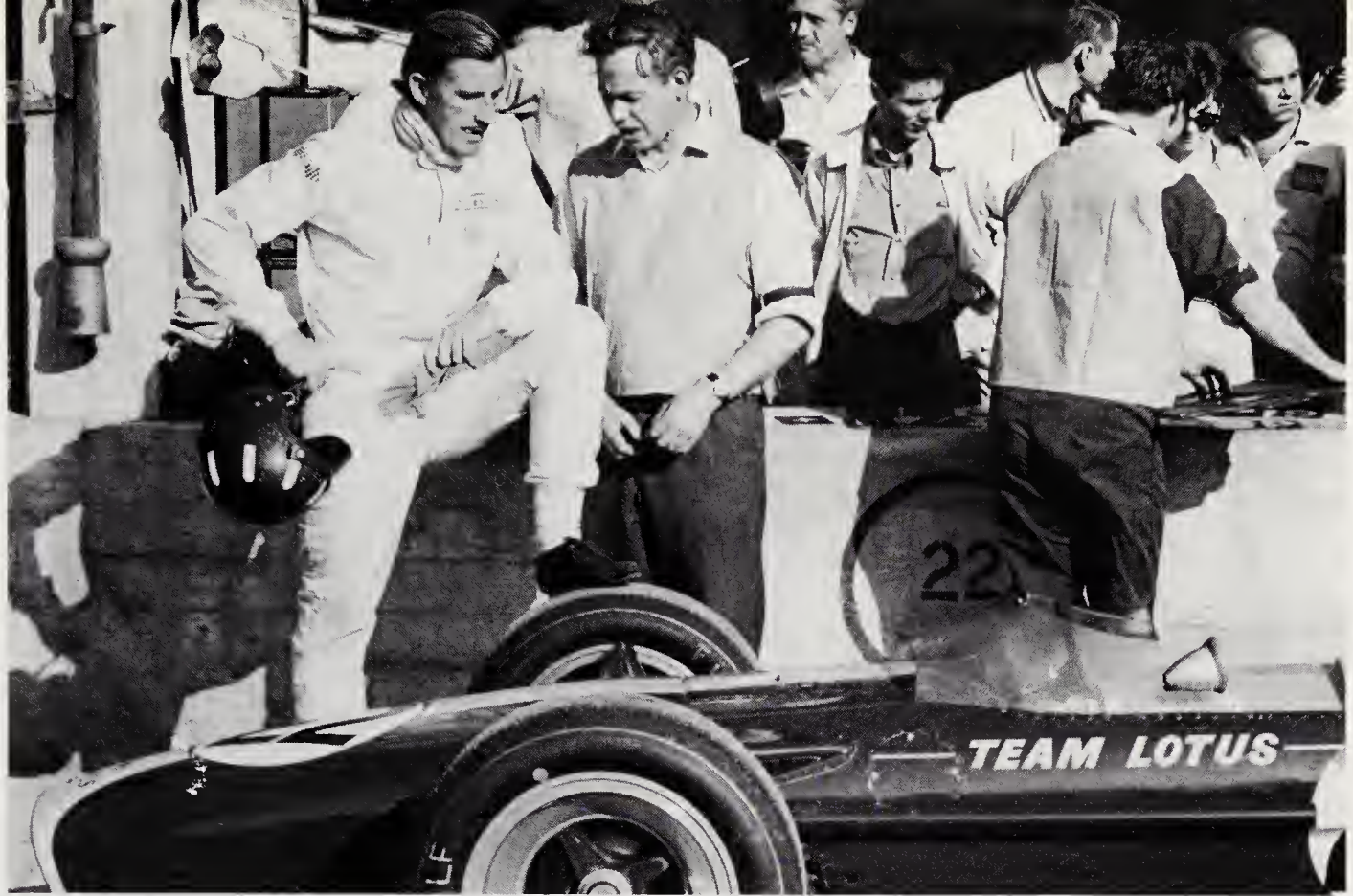
By lap nine Hulme had the bit well and truly between his teeth. Perhaps sensing that Clark was not pulling away as expected, he tore past Hill into second place and began challenging for the lead. As if to confirm his suspicions, the rugged Kiwi had a fleeting taste of the lead on lap 10, and although Clark immediately regained control of the situation, something was clearly very wrong with the pole position Lotus. Jim had a shrewd idea what the problem was and, sure enough, at the end of lap 13 he pulled into the pits with a puncture.

Although he was in the pits for a relatively short time, as Clark accelerated back into the race, the leading trio - Hulme, Brabham and Hill - tore past. The Scot was now a lap and several lengths down, in 15th place. He had no chance . . .

But remember, this was the greatest driver of his era in the best car by far on the circuit. In the past, no task had seemed too daunting for Jim Clark and so it was to prove on this September afternoon in the Italian sunshine. Lapping much faster than the leaders, by lap 21 he was right behind the first three cars and, three laps later, he had unlapped himself from them. As he pulled away, Hill slotted the other Lotus firmly into

Momentous recovery. Jim Clark's Lotus 49 moves on to Jack Brabham's tail after making up a full lap on the field after an early pit stop.





Graham Hill looks thoughtful as engine designer Keith Duckworth ponders over the broken V8 which cost Hill victory in the closing stages.

Clark's slipstream, allowing his team-mate to tow him away from his rivals, consolidating Graham's advantage. That task completed, Clark increased his pace and simply ran away from the other Lotus!

By lap 30 Hulme had dropped from the leading bunch, retiring with head gasket failure, while Brabham was unable to sustain the gruelling pace after inadvertently over-revving his Repco V8 at the height of the battle. This left Graham Hill out on his own. Nothing could touch him, or so it seemed. Then, with a mere ten laps left, a major engine breakage wrote him out of the script.

Prior to his retirement, Hill had been nursing a commanding lead over Brabham and John Surtees, whose re-designed, much lighter Japanese Honda V12 was now coming into the picture. But these two were being caught, hand over fist, by the remarkable Clark who had just relieved Jochen Rindt's Cooper-Maserati of fourth place. Graham's retirement now promoted him to third and, on lap 60, the delayed Lotus went into the lead.

Clark had given a truly heroic performance, the stuff of which legends are made. With three laps left to run, he had not only overtaken Brabham and Surtees, but broken their challenge. Now he

was set for the victory his breathtaking efforts so richly deserved. But there was to be no such fairytale ending to this classic Grand Prix . . .

Into the last lap, Clark was clearly in trouble. His pursuers had suddenly halved his advantage. Brabham and Surtees were right on the Lotus's tail as they slammed into the right-hand *Curva Grande* just as Clark's engine suddenly hiccupped. The car twitched sideways momentarily and in a flash Surtees dodged through into the lead, hotly pursued by Brabham. Fuel pick-up trouble had intervened to deprive Jimmy of the greatest win of his career . . .

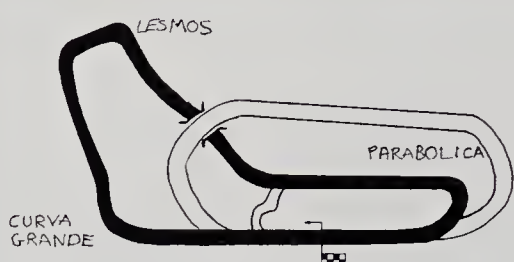
Down the back straight into *Parabolica* it was now eyeball-to-eyeball stuff between two of the most uncompromising men in the Grand Prix game. Surtees led into the braking area for the final right-hander, carefully positioning the Honda to ensure that any passing lunge from Brabham would involve his braking on a cement-coated oil slick, the legacy of Hill's earlier engine failure.

That proved no constraint to Jack! The Australian hurtled down the inside, fishtailing wildly and slid straight across the Honda's bows as they turned into the corner. Surtees held the Japanese car in tight towards the apex and edged back into the lead as they came out on to the final straight, Brabham dodging back into its slip-

stream for the sprint to the line.

Hugging the pit wall, Surtees came pounding up to the flag and, at the very last moment, Brabham catapulted out of his slipstream and surged by as they took the flag. But *Il Grande John* had been in front as they passed the flag, the Englishman finally laying the ghosts of his Ferrari past in front of an overwhelmingly delighted Monza crowd who still adored him as one of their own, a happy throw-back to his days not only with the Prancing Horse but also the MV Agusta motor cycle team.

A dejected Clark trickled home third, confident at least in the knowledge that he had done something truly special, while Rindt was the only other unlapped runner in his Cooper. Mike Spence's sole surviving BRM H16 was a distant fifth ahead of Grand Prix debutant Jacky Ickx's older Cooper-Maserati and the luckless Amon, a disappointed, delayed and dismayed seventh.



RESULTS

68 laps, 243 miles
Top six: 1, John Surtees (*Honda RA301*), 1 hr 43 min 45.0 sec (145 mph); 2, Jack Brabham (*Brabham BT24*), 1 hr 43 min 45.2 sec; 3, Jim Clark (*Lotus 49*), 1 hr 44 min 8.1 sec; 4, Jochen Rindt (*Cooper-Maserati T81C*), 1 hr 44 min 41.6 sec; 5, Mike Spence (*BRM H16*), one lap behind; 6, Jacky Ickx (*Cooper-Maserati T81B*), two laps behind.
Fastest lap: Clark, 1 min 28.5 sec (145.3 mph).

Split-second stuff! Surtees's Honda (right) just pips Brabham by less than a length at the chequered flag.



1968 BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Last win for the gentleman racer

At the start of the 1968 British Grand Prix, the works Lotus 49Bs of Graham Hill and Jack Oliver grasped an immediate stranglehold on the proceedings, surging away in commanding 1-2 formation at the front of the field. It seemed as though the Brands Hatch race would be little more than a formality for the two English drivers, but after both broke down it was left to a privateer to save the day and notch up another success for the Lotus marque. Driving with controlled zest at the wheel of a brand new 49B carrying the distinctive dark blue livery of Rob Walker's stable, Jo Siffert fought off a tremendous challenge from Chris Amon's Ferrari to put the English gentleman's team back into the Grand Prix winner's circle for the first and only time since the days of Stirling Moss.

Rob Walker's passport says it all. His occupation is described, very properly and indisputably, as 'Gentleman'. To this day he remains one of the most respected and civilized patriarchal figures in Grand Prix racing, although his halcyon years as a team owner and entrant are but distant memories. In the late 1950s and early '60s, he forged an unforgettable bond with Stirling Moss who put Rob's dark blue racers with their distinctive white nosebands firmly on the Formula 1 map. Yet after Stirling's terrible 1962 Goodwood accident, it seemed unlikely that the Walker team would ever win again. Until the summer of 1968 . . .

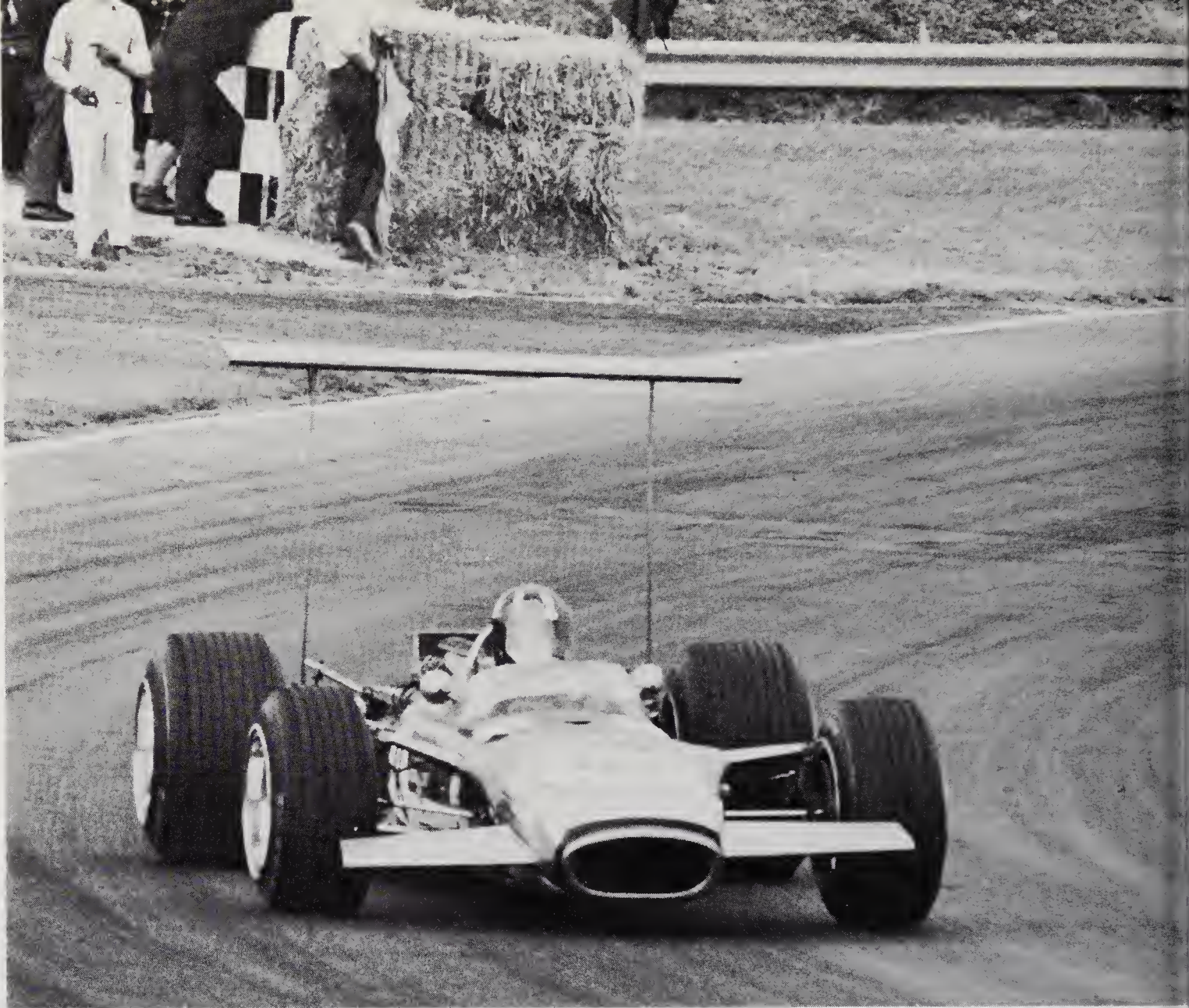
As the 3-litre Formula 1 got into its stride, Rob Walker joined forces with stockbroker Jack Durlacher in order to continue fielding a Grand Prix challenge. In 1966 and '67 the team entered a

cumbersome Cooper-Maserati for the determined and popular Jo Siffert, but the following year they invested in one of the delectable new Lotus 49s. Siffert, at last, had a car worthy of his talent.

Yet Rob Walker's year began on a disastrous note. During practice for the non-title Brands Hatch Race of Champions, Siffert slid off a soaking track and wrecked Rob's new jewel. The car was immediately taken back to the Walker team's Dorking base only for the tragedy to be compounded. Whilst dismantling the damaged chassis, a stray spark triggered a great fire which burnt out Rob's entire workshop, destroying the remains of the 49 along with his priceless ex-Dick Seaman Delage, racing archives and memorabilia. He was stunned by the sheer enormity of the catastrophe.

It seemed as though the Walker team had suddenly been consigned to the history books. But Rob had reckoned without the overwhelming generosity of his brother-in-law, the late Sir Val Duncan, then Chairman of Rio Tinto Zinc. Without hesitation, he immediately wrote out a cheque in order to keep Rob in the F1 game. Within weeks a used replacement 49 was acquired from Team Lotus, enabling Siffert to keep in play until a brand new 49B could be readied in time for the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch in July.

Completing Rob's new Lotus proved to be a close call. As Brands Hatch practice began, the Walker mechanics were still putting the finishing touches to Siffert's new mount in the paddock. But everything worked perfectly. After carefully playing himself in, anxious not to repeat his



Dominant in the early stages, the works Lotus 49Bs of Graham Hill and Jack Oliver ran impressively in 1-2 formation before suffering mechanical failures.

earlier Brands disaster, Siffert surprised many people (but not Rob Walker!) by qualifying fourth, on the inside of the second row.

Just over one second ahead of him was Graham Hill's pole position works 49B, its twin driven by Jack Oliver (both in gaudy Gold Leaf livery) and Chris Amon's Ferrari 312. Sharing the second row with Siffert was the temperamental four-cam Brabham-Repco BT26 of hard-charging Jochen Rindt. Ranged out behind was a host of famous names – Jackie Stewart, Jack Brabham, Dan Gurney and reigning World Champion Denny Hulme, so the moustachioed Swiss rightfully felt pretty pleased with himself!

Oliver had been drafted into the Team Lotus line-up in order to fill the gaping void left by Jim Clark's death earlier in the season, so the pressure

on the young Englishman was overwhelming. But confidence was never a commodity Oliver lacked and he surged into the lead at the start, was passed by Hill on lap three, but kept up superbly with his senior team-mate thereafter.

The crowd was treated to a terrific display of Lotus 49B domination as Siffert slotted into third place from the word go. Amon's Ferrari led the chase from Stewart's Matra and Surtees's Honda, but none of them looked as though they could do anything about that trio at the head of the field.

Suddenly, on lap 27 the Team Lotus facade began to collapse. Hill's 49B suddenly rolled to a halt behind the pits. A drive shaft had broken, damaging its rear suspension. Now Oliver was left lapping serenely in the lead, but the haze of oil

smoke which had been following his car since the start had now vanished. It seemed a worrying portent. Sweeping through the South Bank on to the Grand Prix spur, the Lotus emitted an unrelated puff of smoke and ground to a halt with broken transmission.

Thus, at half-distance Siffert surged into the lead, the Swiss now locked into a desperate battle with Amon's Ferrari which had stepped up the pressure ever since Hill's retirement. Just before Oliver's retirement, Chris had seen a gap in the traffic and briefly forced his way through ahead of Siffert. He never managed it again, but that wasn't for the want of trying . . .

'I reckon at the time Ferrari had a chassis which was every bit as good, if not better, than anything the British teams could offer,' Amon reflected, years later. 'I was all over Siffert through the stadium, but I just couldn't match his power up the hill to Druids or out on to the Grand Prix circuit. I got close in traffic once or twice, but my rear tyres were wearing badly towards the finish and I just couldn't do a thing about it.'

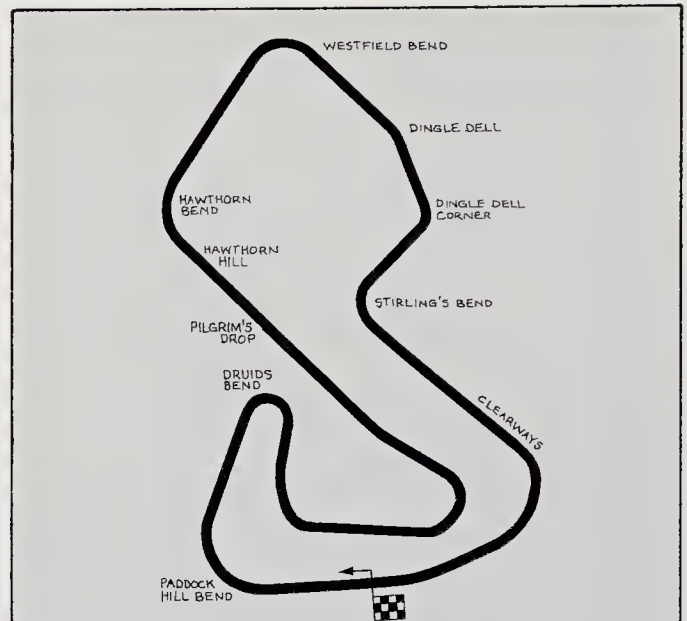
Siffert was always in contention, driving immaculately in Rob Walker's sleek blue Lotus 49B. His was an epic victory over Amon's Ferrari 312.



It was the story of Amon's career, so near and yet, always, so far. Chris, desperate to celebrate his 25th birthday with that elusive first victory, kept up the pressure all the way to the flag. But Siffert refused to be ruffled. After just over two hours' racing, the dark blue Walker Lotus swept through Clearways for the last time to take the chequered flag by just over four seconds. Amon's Ferrari was the only other car on the same lap.

Third place fell to Jacky Ickx's lapped Ferrari, with Denny Hulme picking up the pace to finish fourth for McLaren. Surtees wound up fifth, despite his Honda shedding part of its rear wing during the race, while a totally exhausted Stewart was sixth, almost unconscious with pain after driving with one wrist in a special cast after damaging it in a minor accident earlier in the year.

It wasn't known at the time, but Siffert's victory marked the end of a racing era. Never again would a truly private team, using a 'proprietary' racing car, triumph in a World Championship Grand Prix. In retrospect, it seems supremely appropriate that Walker and Siffert should have been the partnership to achieve that historic distinction.



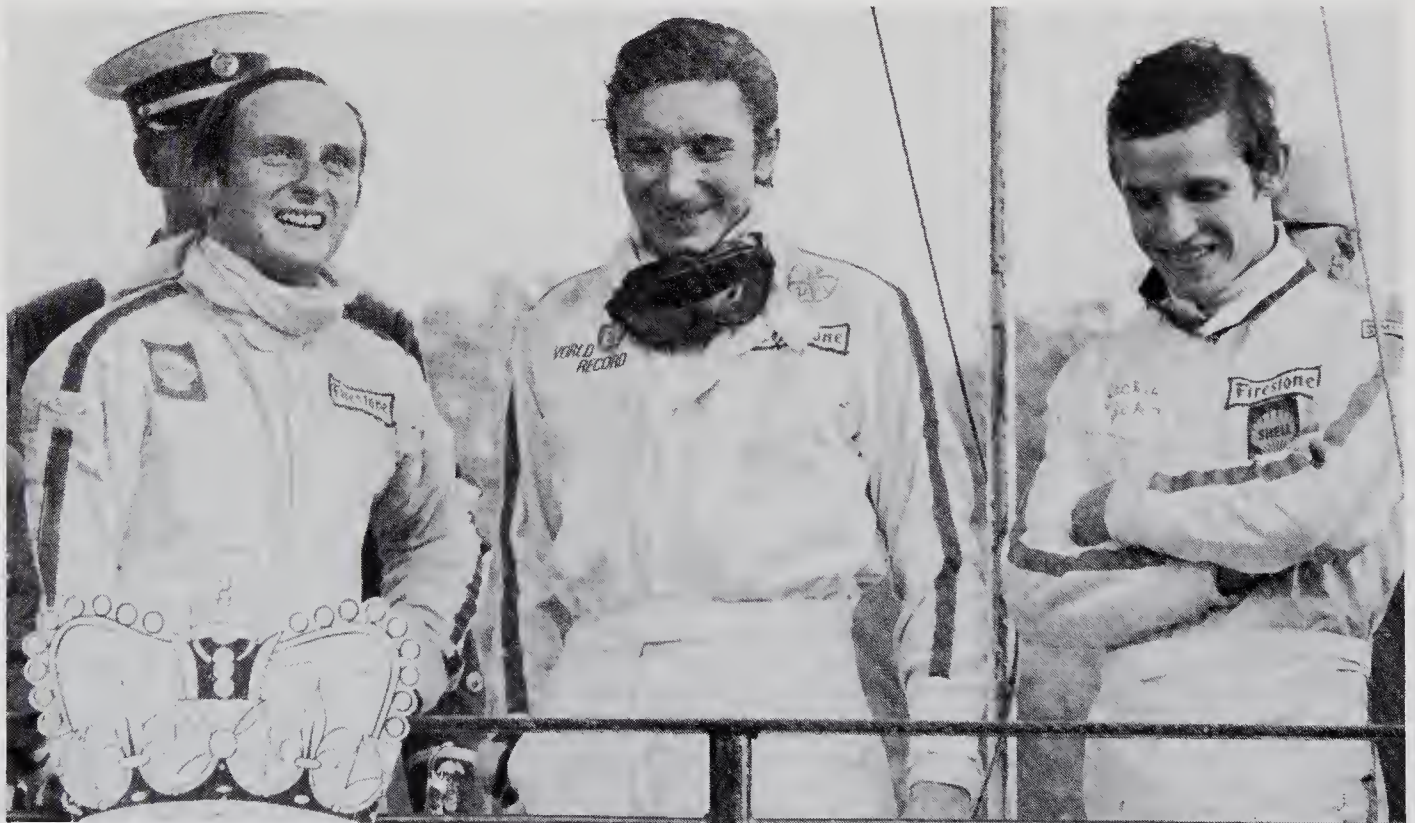
RESULTS

80 laps, 212 miles

Top six: 1, Jo Siffert (*Lotus 49B*), 2 hr 1 min 20.3 sec (104.83 mph); 2, Chris Amon (*Ferrari 312*), 2 hr 1 min 24.7 sec; 3, Jacky Ickx (*Ferrari 312*), one lap behind; 4, Denny Hulme (*McLaren M7A*), one lap behind; 5, John Surtees (*Honda RA301*), two laps behind; 6, Jackie Stewart (*Matra MS10*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: Siffert, 1 min 29.7 sec (106.35 mph).

A delighted Siffert on the Brands Hatch winner's rostrum, flanked by Ferrari drivers Chris Amon (left) and Jacky Ickx, second and third respectively behind the Walker Lotus.



1969 BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Stewart meets his match

From the outset, this was a two-horse race and nothing else. The battle between Jochen Rindt's pole position Lotus 49B and Jackie Stewart's Matra MS80 not only enthralled Silverstone's capacity crowd, but also confirmed beyond question the Austrian driver's credentials as the Scot's only serious challenger on the contemporary Formula 1 scene. Rindt did the lion's share of leading, and with just over 20 of the race's 80 laps left to run it looked as though he might have broken his friend and rival's challenge. But victory was snatched from his grasp, first by a loose wing end plate which threatened to cut a rear tyre and subsequently by lack of fuel. Two pit stops dropped him to an eventual fourth, leaving Stewart to lap the entire field on his way to another victory.

In other circumstances you might well have described the rivalry between Jochen Rindt and Jackie Stewart as a grudge match. But these two Grand Prix stars had become close friends, making their homes near to each other in Switzerland and enjoying each other's company enormously. Inwardly, they each knew they were better than the other Grand Prix drivers of their time, but amongst their fans opinions were firmly divided as to which of them was the best.

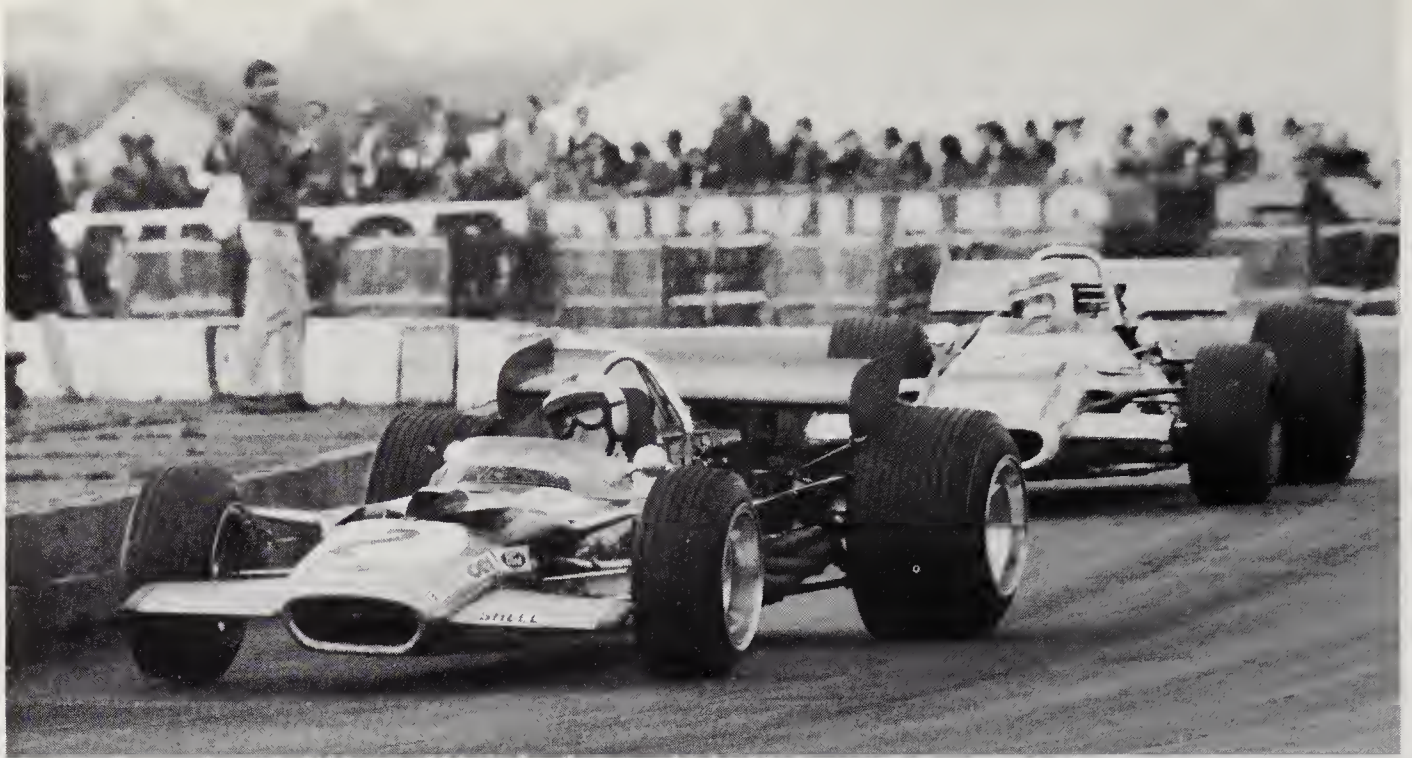
Stewart was organized, meticulous and precise, transmitting these qualities to the Tyrrell Matra team for whom he had driven since the start of 1968. Rindt was the more powerful personality, mercurial and aggressive, in some ways a mirror image of his Lotus team boss Colin Chapman. Yet he and Chapman bumped along only moderately

well. Having spent so many years enjoying an almost telepathic relationship with the great Jim Clark, Chapman just could not figure out Jochen's personality. Yet he knew enough to appreciate that the Austrian was probably the fastest man in the business when he signed him up, hungry for success, at the start of 1969.

Mid-way through 1969, Team Lotus found itself in a state of unbridled chaos. Chapman had spent a lot of time developing a brand new four-wheel-drive F1 machine, the 63, yet Rindt showed no interest in it at all, preferring to concentrate on the ageing 49B. To Chapman, an innovative and imaginative engineer, this side of Rindt's character proved infuriating!

Either way, Rindt's arrival at Lotus quickly resulted in the eclipse of Graham Hill's fortunes. He may have been reigning World Champion, but Chapman appreciated that the Austrian was his number one hope in the battle against Stewart and the superb French-built Matra. Rindt was destined to start the Silverstone race from pole position, but when the teams arrived for Thursday practice Jochen was moved to describe the Lotus camp as 'Barnum and Bailey in four separate rings!' It was not a remark which Chapman appreciated . . .

After Rindt insisted on retaining his 49B, Hill's view on the subject hardened and he said he wanted one as well. There followed a tricky few moments, for Chapman had already sold Hill's 49B to Swedish privateer Jo Bonnier. Thankfully, Colin managed to persuade Jo to loan the car back to Team Lotus in exchange for the use of a 4WD 63. It was rather difficult to see what



The battle between Jochen Rindt's Lotus (leading) and Jackie Stewart's Matra held the Silverstone crowd spellbound. At last it seemed as though the Austrian would beat his rival fair and square, but his usual foul luck intervened yet again.

Bonnier got out of the deal!

When it came to the serious business of practice, Rindt stole pole position by 0.4 sec from Stewart, the Scot taking over team-mate Jean-Pierre Beltoise's car after crashing heavily at Woodcote during the final session. Denny Hulme's McLaren completed the front row with Jacky Ickx's Brabham BT26 and Chris Amon's Ferrari together on row two. Hill's Lotus 49B was way down on row five after a whole host of problems, leading Rindt to remark acidly, 'He's got a long way to walk,' after Chapman left him on pole position on the grid and went back to make sure his other runner, the World Champion, was ready for the start.

Watched by an estimated 100,000-strong crowd, Rindt and Stewart rocketed off the line as if possessed. Jochen got through the first couple of corners ahead, leading Jackie's Matra out on to the Hangar straight with John Surtees's revamped BRM P139 right on their tail. As the field braked for Stowe, the leading trio became a duo as Surtees's car broke a front suspension wishbone, forcing its pursuers to take sudden avoiding action which allowed Rindt and Stewart to pull clear.

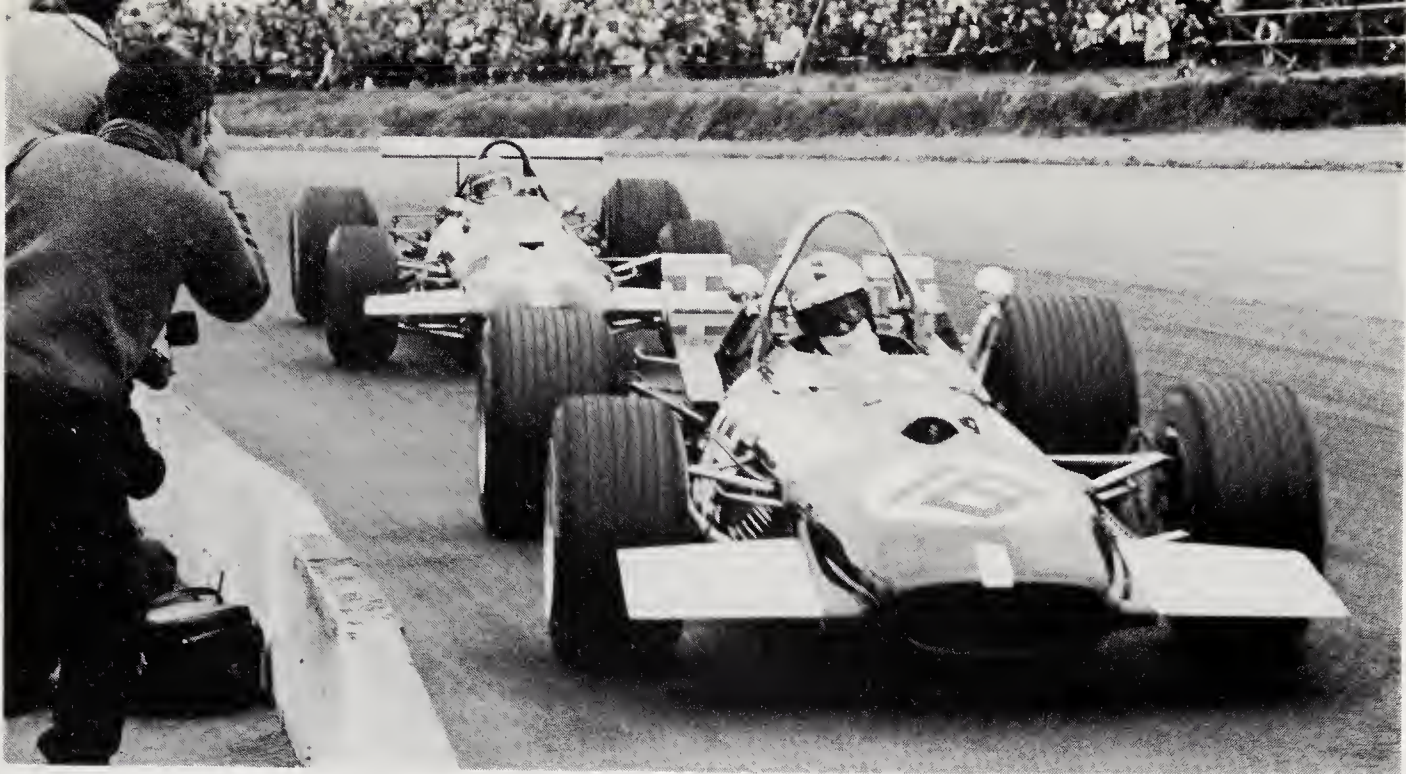
On lap six Stewart found a gap and nipped through into the lead, but eight laps later Rindt reasserted his position in front. Now Jackie had to pull out every stop possible in order to keep pace, let alone get past. Years later Jackie reflected that

this was the race which made him realize just how much Jochen had matured, just how graceful and consistent his style had become. It was also the day on which Rindt was out to beat him like never before. Bruce McLaren, who finished a lapped third, later remarked, 'It's funny, but I always thought that Rindt was wild and Stewart smooth. But when they lapped me that afternoon, it looked the other way round . . .'

As Rindt reeled off the laps at the front, the rest of the field was struggling vainly to keep the Lotus and Matra in sight. Hulme hung on in third place, initially pursued by Pedro Rodriguez's Ferrari, but the Mexican was soon passed by Bruce McLaren in the distinctive, side-tanked McLaren M7C. Amon briefly showed in the top six for the first handful of laps before his Ferrari dropped away, jumping out of gear intermittently. Later the problem became so bad he retired.

On lap 19 Hulme's engine began to sound sick, heralding his eventual retirement with a broken camshaft, so McLaren briefly occupied third place before being passed by the hard-charging Jacky Ickx's Brabham. But this was fine detail, mere racing footnotes to the main business of the day. None of this bunch ever remotely looked like making ground on the battle for the lead.

Just as it looked as though Rindt really had his first win in the bag, Stewart, from his vantage point a couple of lengths behind the Austrian,



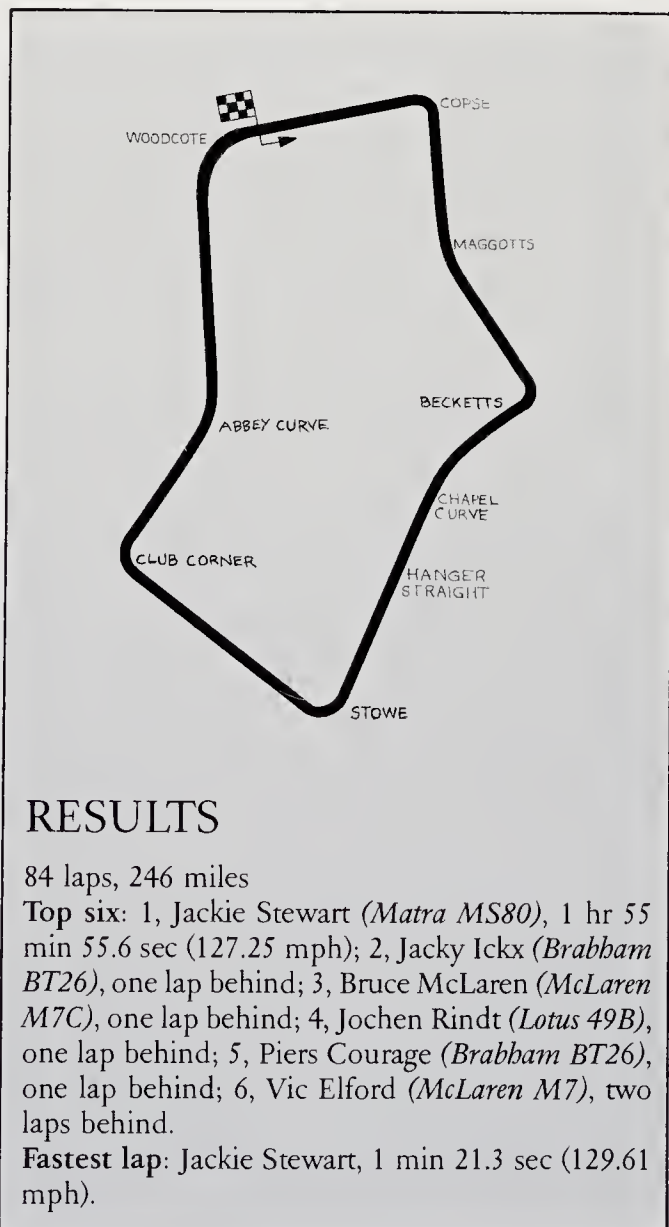
Battling Brabhams. Piers Courage in Frank Williams's private BT26 leads the works entry of Jacky Ickx. The Belgian finally finished second with the brewery heir fifth, overtaken by the recovering Rindt on the last lap.

suddenly noticed that his friend had a problem. One of the rear wing end plates was working loose, threatening to foul a rear tyre. With considerable misgivings, Jackie pulled alongside and signalled to Jochen.

'I was really worried that he might think, "Oh yes, Jackie's just trying it on"', reflected the Scot, 'but it was obvious that he was heading for trouble . . .' Rindt duly shot into the pits, relinquishing his lead, and lost half a minute as the offending metal was torn away. But he still resumed second and, with Stewart's Matra cutting out on left-handers due to a fuel system problem, began chipping away at Jackie's advantage.

Without any further delay, Rindt might still have been in with a chance, but a few laps from the finish the Lotus began misfiring, low on fuel. The furious Austrian had to stop yet again for a top-up, but just managed to pip Piers Courage's Frank Williams Brabham to fourth place on the last lap. After the finish, Rindt tore Chapman off a strip, telling the Lotus boss exactly what he thought about his team's organization - which wasn't much!

It was Stewart's fifth win in six races, Ickx and McLaren taking second and third places after steady and consistent runs. But for the dynamic Rindt fourth place was a trivial consolation prize in a race which almost had his name engraved on the winner's trophy from the word go.



RESULTS

84 laps, 246 miles

Top six: 1, Jackie Stewart (*Matra MS80*), 1 hr 55 min 55.6 sec (127.25 mph); 2, Jacky Ickx (*Brabham BT26*), one lap behind; 3, Bruce McLaren (*McLaren M7C*), one lap behind; 4, Jochen Rindt (*Lotus 49B*), one lap behind; 5, Piers Courage (*Brabham BT26*), one lap behind; 6, Vic Elford (*McLaren M7*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: Jackie Stewart, 1 min 21.3 sec (129.61 mph).

1969 LE MANS 24-HOURS

Ickx thwarts the Porsches

Jacky Ickx's career may latterly have been closely identified with Porsche's fortunes, but the gifted Belgian was at the wheel of a JW/Gulf Ford GT40 when he edged the German marque out of the Le Mans winner's circle in one of the most sensational finishes ever seen at the Sarthe. After the powerful and spectacular 4½-litre Porsche 917 of Vic Elford/Richard Attwood led the lion's share of the race, its retirement with a broken gearbox late on Sunday morning handed the initiative to the smaller-engined 908 of Hans Herrmann/Gerard Larrousse. But neither of these men was a match for Ickx at his brilliant best, the Ford driver outfumbling Herrmann to win by a few lengths on the very last lap.

After Ferrari's last win at Le Mans in 1965 it became Ford's turn to rule the roost, but by the start of the '69 24-hour classic it was clear that Porsche was prepared to do whatever was necessary to notch up its first victory in this marathon. On paper, Ford's 5-litre GT40s, entered by the JW/Gulf team, were outdated long shots with little apparent chance of scoring a fourth victory for Detroit. Porsche had no fewer than five factory entries, including two fearsome, flat-12 cylinder 917s for Rolf Stommelen/Kurt Ahrens and Elford/Attwood, Chris Amon shared a Ferrari 312P with Peter Schetty, a quartet of wailing French Matras were on hand and three Alpine-Renault V8s. But only the Ford team had Jacky Ickx . . .

Prior to Le Mans, Porsche had already clinched the 1969 Sports Car Manufacturers Championship with wins at Brands Hatch, Monza, the Targa

Florio, Spa and Nurburgring. If that title had been the German marque's sole ambition it could have justifiably missed the 24-hour slog. But the prestige of a Le Mans victory was a tantalizing prize beckoning Porsche to attend. So often cast in the supporting role now they could finally register a long-overdue success.

After the technical dramas with collapsing aerofoils which had punctuated the Formula 1 scene, the CSI had slapped a ban on aerofoil assistance in the sports car championship as well, obliging the participating teams to alter their bodywork to conform. Porsche made it quite clear that its 917s had been designed with aerodynamic stabilizers and was not prepared to take them off completely, but a good Gallic compromise prevented tempers getting too frayed.

In official practice the 917s completely demoralized their opposition, Stommelen proving easily fastest, some six seconds faster than Jo Siffert's flat-8 cylinder 3-litre Porsche 908. Thus, when the 45 competitors lined up to take the start on Saturday afternoon, there was very little confidence anywhere other than in the Porsche camp. Matra and Ferrari, concerned about fuel consumption, could only opt to run steadily and hope that the German cars broke, while the Gulf GT40s had economy and reliability on their side, but not speed.

At the start it was Stommelen who fishtailed away first, his 917 laying rubber like a dragster as it leaned into the first right-hander. Further back, Ickx publicly registered his dislike of the classic sprint-across-the-road start procedure. While his

colleagues ran, he didn't. The Belgian took a leisurely stroll across to his GT40, climbed in without fuss, fastened his belts and accelerated slowly away at the tail of the field. Who needed to save seconds with a day to go?

At the end of the first lap, Stommelen and Elford streaked through comfortably in 1-2 formation, but an ominous cloud of smoke on the horizon told a sad story. Wealthy English privateer John Woolfe, who many considered insufficiently experienced to handle such a projectile, had elected to start the race in his private 917, the first customer car to be delivered by the Porsche factory. Out of his depth, he crashed violently at the fast White House bends before the pits, the car disintegrating in flames as it hit the bank and Woolfe was killed. Amon's Ferrari, following close behind, ran straight into the debris and Chris was lucky to escape unscathed. But the Italian car was wrecked as well . . .

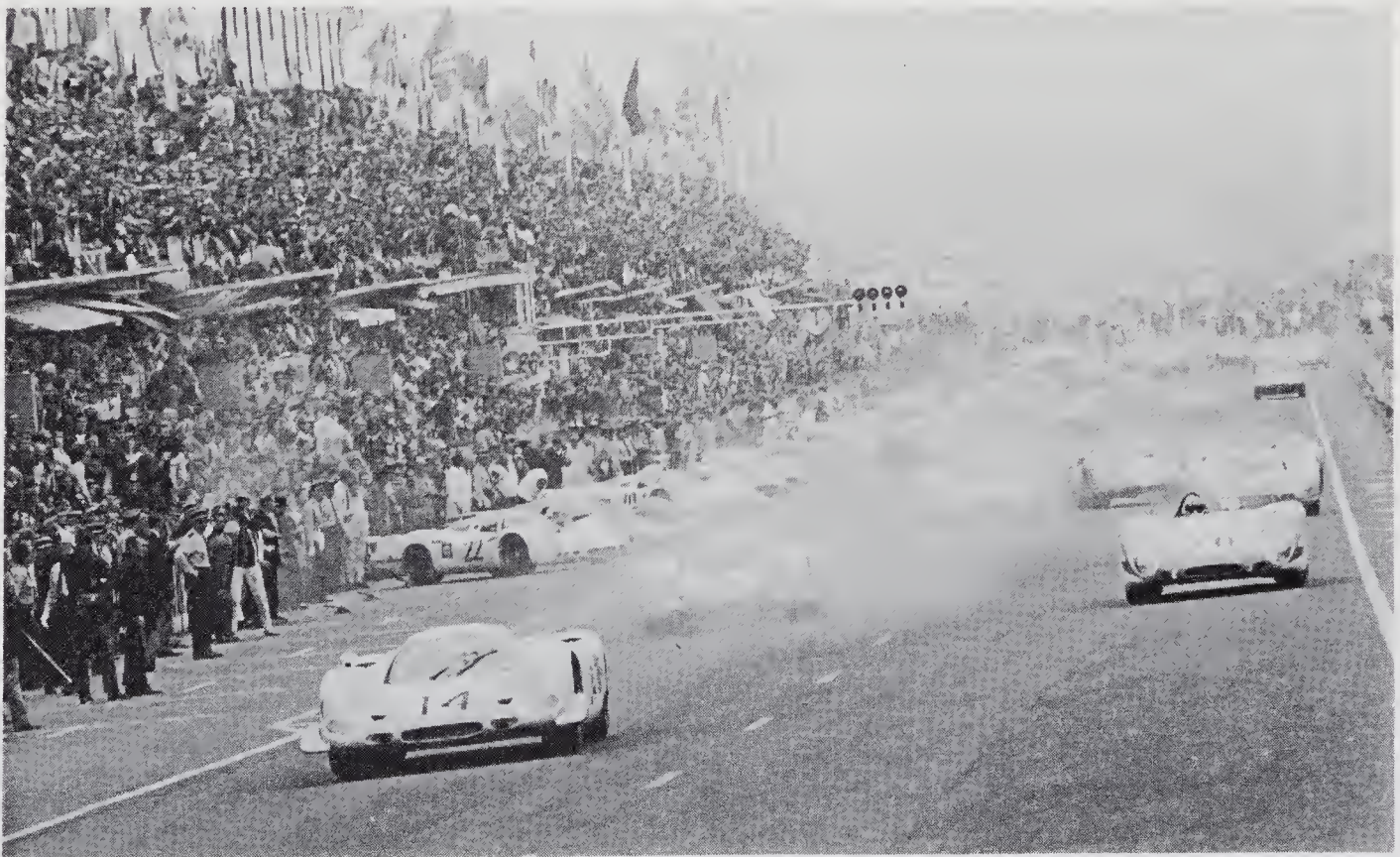
Tremendously fast, the works Porsche 917s were nonetheless consuming a tank of fuel in just over an hour, but the smaller 908s and the elderly Fords could run for almost 90 minutes before stopping. What's more, after their initial spurt,

the Porsches were proving mechanically more frail than expected. Stommelen's car quickly developed an oil leak and the Elford/Attwood car was soon to show the first signs of transmission trouble.

During the fourth hour the Elford/Attwood 917 took over the lead, but its stablemates were having a rough time. The Jo Siffert/Brian Redman 908 broke its gearbox, the Herrmann/Larrousse car broke a front hub and was badly delayed while a replacement was fitted. The Matra of Jean-Pierre Beltoise/Piers Courage climbed through to a brief second place early on Saturday evening, but the Gulf Ford seemed completely outclassed. By two o'clock on Sunday morning transmission trouble had finally eliminated the Stommelen/Ahrens 917, but Elford and Larrousse were well in the lead - eight laps ahead of the fourth place Ickx/Oliver GT40.

However, what seemed impossible at two o'clock merely looked unlikely early on Sunday morning as mechanical failure took its toll on the leading runners. Just before five o'clock, Porsche fortunes took another knock when Udo Schutz crashed very heavily in the second place 908 he

The start, with Rolf Stommelen's brutish Porsche 917 streaking straight into the lead from Jo Siffert's smaller-engined 908 (No 20) and Vic Elford in another 917 (No 12).



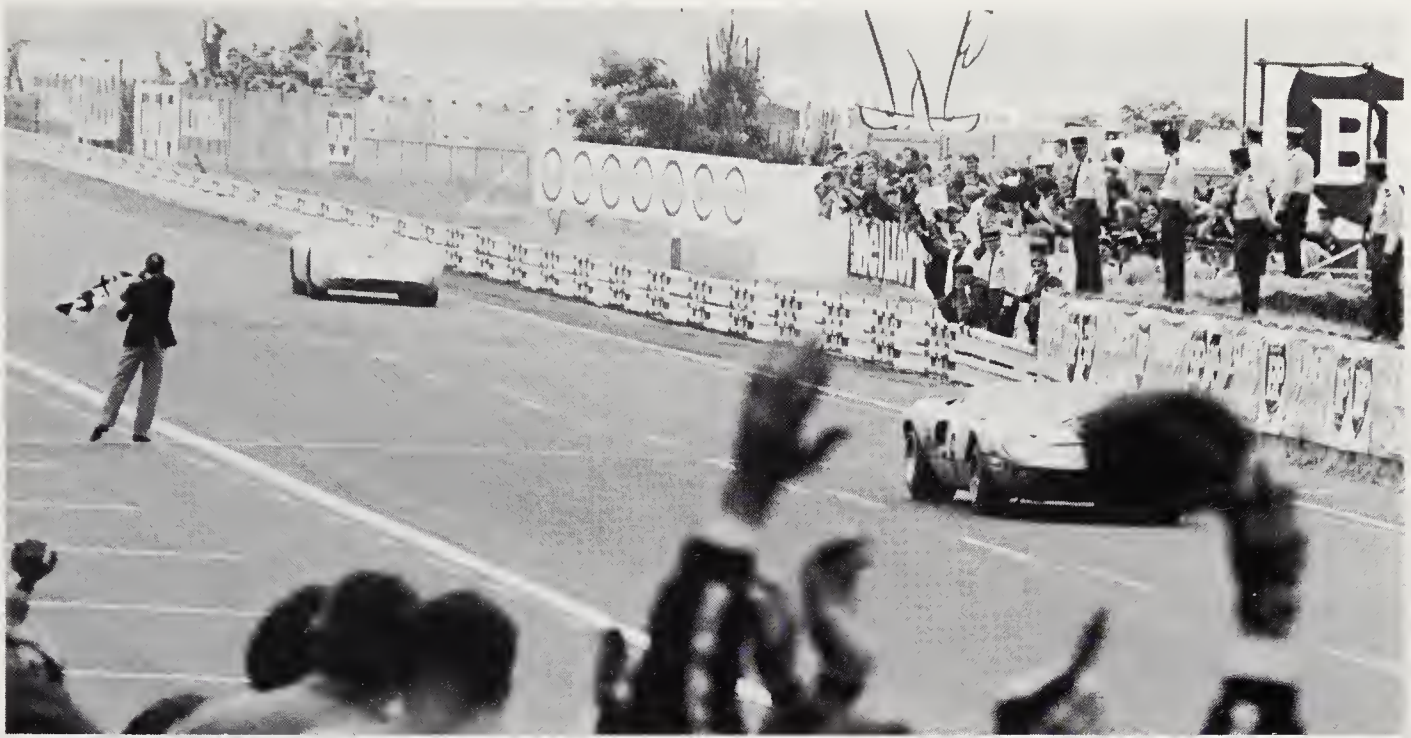
was sharing with Gerhard Mitter. The GT40 was now third, with only the lone 917 and another 908 ahead of it.

Gradually, brick by brick, Porsche's technical edifice crumbled in full view of the Le Mans

grandstands. The marque which was gaining itself a reputation for reliability and quality faced a dud of a day. A thin trail of oil smoke from the leading car indicated that Elford and Ahrens were having to nurse it along. Finally, it gave up the

Elford pulls off his gloves after handing over his Porsche 917 to Richard Attwood. This duo led commandingly until transmission trouble scuppered their chances.





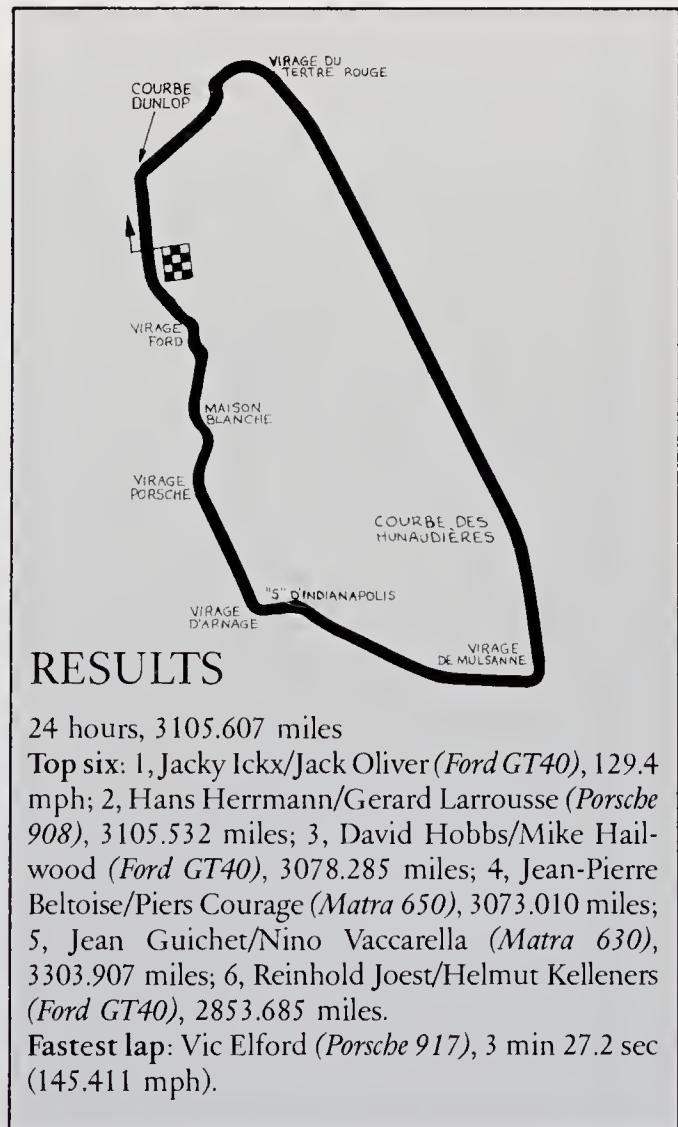
Close call! After 24 hours of racing, Jacky Ickx's Gulf Ford GT40 pips Hans Herrmann's Porsche by a couple of seconds to win a classic Le Mans victory.

ghost three hours from the end, a fate shared by the second place Willi Kauhsen/Rudi Lins 908.

Through sheer dogged reliability the Ickx/Oliver GT40 now found itself in the lead, but the Herrmann/Larrousse 908 was closing in steadily, making up ground after losing half an hour the previous night changing that suspension upright. With one-and-a-half hours left, the pace had picked up to Grand Prix tempo rather than the usual late-race crawl. Ickx and Herrmann were swapping places with a gusto that belied the fact that they were nearing the end of a 24-hour chase.

Just before the two o'clock finishing time, the two cars went battling into their last lap, Herrmann pulling every trick in the book in an attempt to salvage Porsche's chances. But Ickx wasn't to be denied. Going through the fast kink just before Mulsanne, he forced his Ford ahead of the Porsche and hung on ahead by a few car lengths to score Detroit's fourth straight Le Mans success.

Poor Herrmann had no excuses and he felt terrible having allowed Porsche's victory to slip through his fingers. But there was a happy ending for him; 12 months later he was to score Porsche's first Le Mans triumph, sharing a 917 with Richard Attwood. As for Ickx, he would be back too. Another five Le Mans victories awaited him!



1970 SEBRING 12-HOURS

Mario and the movie star

Sports car endurance races are not often run at frantic pace throughout, but this 12-hour thrash round the bumpy Florida airfield circuit was a notable exception. After starting from pole position in his works Ferrari 512S, Mario Andretti had the legs on the normally dominant Porsche 917s, the German cars suffering a rash of mechanical failures. Mario and co-driver Arturo Merzario were into the last two hours with victory almost in the bag when the transmission broke. Undaunted, Mario took over the third-place sister Ferrari and stormed through to win by a mere 22 seconds from the private Porsche 908 driven by film star Steve McQueen and Peter Revson.

Andretti recalls this race with tremendous affection, grinning warmly at the mention of it. He told his biographer Nigel Roebuck, 'Sometimes you drive a sprint car desperately, but I never went harder than that night at Sebring. I truly drove like a man possessed. It was a really sweet win . . . no way was I going to let a movie actor with his leg in plaster take that race!'

At the start of 1970 Steve McQueen was making big news in the world of motor racing. No mean racer himself, his Solar Productions company was in the process of a spectacular movie epic *Le Mans*, eventually completed to show to cinema audiences in 1971. A lot of the footage was shot at Le Mans with real drivers in real cars. There was even a suggestion that McQueen would drive the 24-hour marathon sharing a Porsche 917 with Jackie Stewart. By the start of the '70 Sebring race McQueen, sharing his own Porsche 908 with

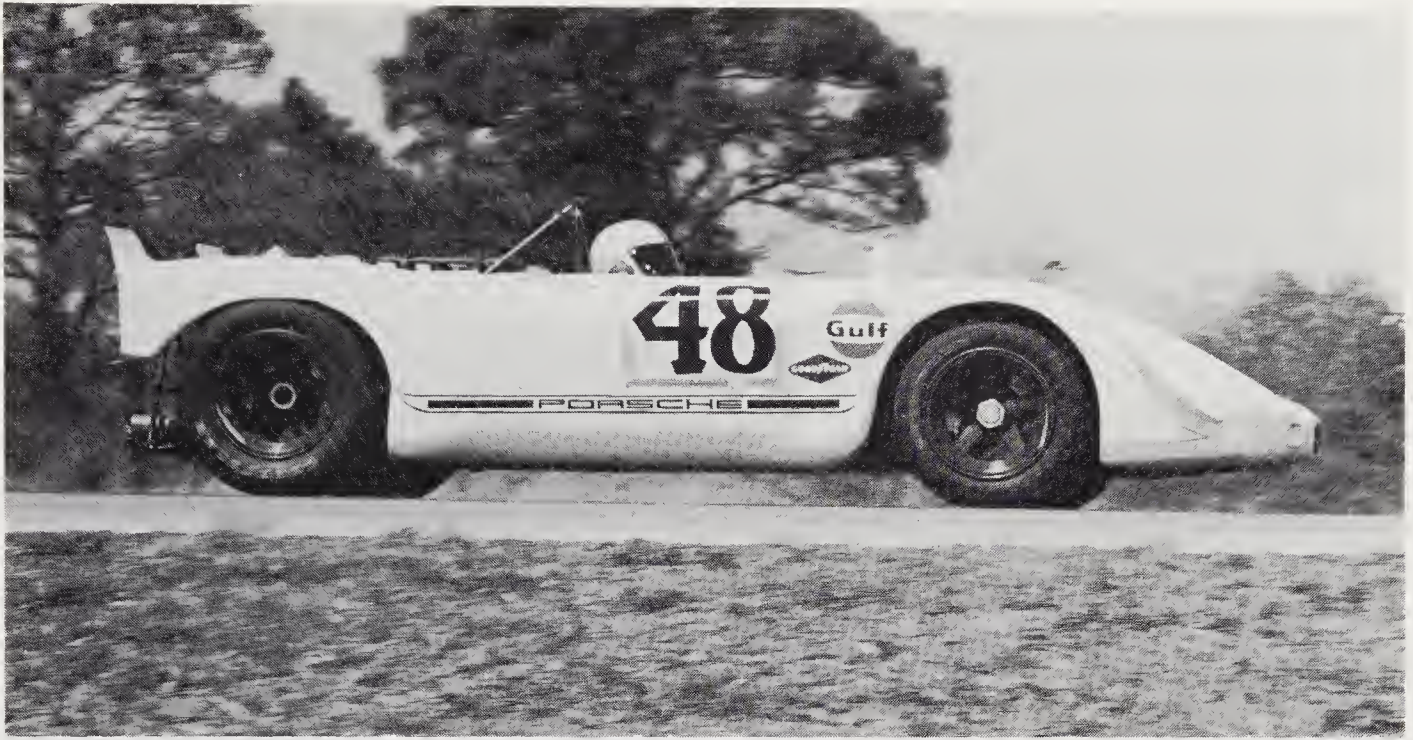
compatriot Peter Revson, had become the focal point of intense media attention.

By the standards of the international sports car racing, the film star was competent, but he was driving with his foot in a plaster cast at Sebring, so 'Revvie' would do most of the motoring. The American duo qualified 15th, light years away from the front-running pace.

Endurance racing in the early 1970s basically meant Porsche, the German factory effort spear-headed by the superbly drilled JW/Gulf team. The 917s, with their 4.5-litre flat-12 engines, had been massaged into fearsomely competitive machines. But Ferrari's 5-litre V12 coupés had proved they could get on terms with the 917s, mechanical durability and team management permitting. So it proved at Sebring.

The American race was something of a throw-back to a more primitive era. Starting in daylight and finishing in darkness, it was a real rough and tumble. The world's fastest sports racing cars shared the bumpy airfield track with production sports cars and lightly modified saloons. Driving talent ranged from the world's best to well-meaning, rich amateurs. It could get hectic, crowded and rowdy in heavy traffic. Few cars finished in pristine condition.

Andretti started in a confident mood. His Ferrari had qualified a full second ahead of the JW/Gulf Porsche of Jo Siffert/Brian Redman and the similar Porsche Salzburg entry of Vic Elford/Kurt Ahrens. What's more, he kicked off as he meant to continue, easing straight into the lead at the rolling start and staying ahead for the first 16 laps. Then Siffert went by. Mario had a slow first



McQueen at speed. Despite driving with an ankle in plaster, the film actor did a reasonable job, cast in a supporting role to Peter Revson.

Nearly made it. Revson looks relieved, McQueen thoughtful after their second-place finish at Sebring in the Solar Productions Porsche 908.



scheduled fuel stop at the end of the first hour, but with mechanics grappling with a faulty door lock, it looked as though Ferrari bad luck was going to strike again.

This left Andretti/Merzario running behind the fastest Porsches, but there was big trouble in store for the 917s. Elford lost time adjusting a loose throttle spring and then the Pedro Rodriguez/Leo Kinnunen JW/Gulf car limped into the pits with a deflated rear tyre. Elford resumed, only to fall foul of a small Fiat saloon which veered into his path shortly afterwards. The Englishman swerved – straight into a private Porsche 911! The smaller car was hardly damaged but the delicate 200 mph coupé had a rear wheel torn off in the impact!

With three hours gone, Ferraris were running in 1-2-3 formation at the front of the field, Andretti and Merzario a lap ahead of Jacky Ickx and Peter Schetty. At six hours the positions were the same – except that the Andretti car was now two laps ahead of its stablemate.

Then disaster struck, as abruptly and unexpectedly as it had lashed out at the Porsches. Ickx and Schetty retired with a blown head gasket and the third place car, crewed by Ignazio Giunti and

Nino Vaccarella, struggled into the pit lane with broken rear suspension. Repairs were effected, but the car resumed seventh, 12 laps down on Andretti.

By this stage the Porsches were fighting back. Siffert was put in to share Rodriguez's car, so now two of the greatest sports car racers of all time were on the warpath chasing Andretti. Seven laps would take some hauling back, but Siffert was slogging away at the job with his usual passionate zeal. Then hub bearing trouble intervened. The pressure was off. Andretti and Merzario were miles ahead of Revson/McQueen. All they had to do was to cruise home.

Then the gearbox broke. Mario couldn't believe it. With just over one hour to go, Siffert/Redman were in the lead from the 'film star's car'. Giunti and Vaccarella were third. Just as Andretti was about to leave the circuit, Ferrari designer Mauro Forghieri suggested he take over the surviving 512S and see what he could do.

'I didn't really want to get into this strange car,' Mario told Roebuck, 'but I decided to give it a go, even though I didn't really fit the cockpit. But it was a roofed 512 coupé which handled rather better than the open roadster I'd been driving and

One of the JW/Gulf Porsche 917s receives attention to its wheel bearings. Both the team's cars ran into trouble, allowing Ferrari to dominate most of the race.





Amazing Andretti. Mario's Ferrari 512S roadster had Sebring victory in sight when it broke its gearbox. Undaunted, he later took over another works car and tore through to beat the 'Movie Star' Porsche by a slender margin.

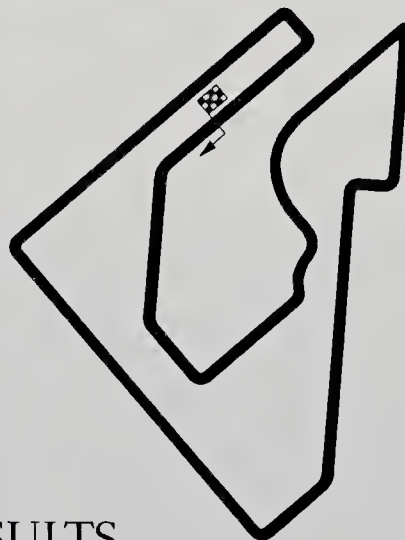
I started to go really hard, running four seconds a lap quicker than Giunti. What really drove me on was all this talk about 'The McQueen Porsche' when he hardly touched the thing throughout the 12-hours. He was about 12 seconds off Revson's pace and Peter did most of the driving anyway . . .'

Rodriguez's 917 was now back in the lead as the race drew towards its close, but Andretti was going like a bat out of hell and refusing to ease up. Then Pedro had yet another recurrence of the 917 hub gremlin, coming into the pits as Mario streaked past Revson and went back into the lead.

Finally, just to inject a spine-tingling sting into the race's tail, with a mere five minutes left to run Mario brought the 512S into the pits for a precautionary fuel top-up. As he rocketed back on to the track, so Revson came into view at the far end of the pits . . .

After 12-hours of see-sawing fortunes Andretti saved the day for Ferrari by a wafer-thin 22 sec, virtually a dead-heat in endurance racing terms. 'And this was at night, running only a couple of seconds away from our qualifying pace,' grinned Mario with obvious relish!

You don't get too many days like that in a racing career.



RESULTS

12 hours, 247 laps

Top six: 1, Ignazio Giunti/Nino Vaccarella/Mario Andretti (5.0 Ferrari 512S), 1289.6 miles (107.29 mph); 2, Steve McQueen/Peter Revson (3.0 Porsche 908), 1289.0 miles; 3, Masten Gregory/Toine Hezemans (3.0 Alfa Romeo T33/3), one lap behind; 4, Pedro Rodriguez/Leo Kinnunen (4.5 Porsche 917), four laps behind; 5, Henri Pescarolo/Johnny Servoz-Gavin (3.0 Matra 650), six laps behind; 6, Mike Parkes/Chuck Parsons (3.0 Ferrari 312P), eight laps behind.

Fastest lap: Jo Siffert (4.5 Porsche 917), 2 min 33.11 sec (122.265 mph).

1970 ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

Concrete and Clay

Few race weekends have produced such a raw blend of tragedy and elation. Less than 24 hours after World Champion elect Jochen Rindt crashed fatally in his Lotus 72, the huge concrete grandstands echoed to the frenzied applause of the Italian fans, willing Ferrari on to victory, and the man who did their bidding was new boy Clay Regazzoni. Dicing expertly with his more experienced peers, the Swiss chose just the right moment to give Jackie Stewart's Tyrrell March the slip, storming away to win by almost six seconds.

Jochen Rindt's alliance with Lotus boss Colin Chapman should have reached its zenith in this Italian Grand Prix. Poised on the edge of the World Championship, with five victories to his credit already that season, the dynamic Austrian ace was in seemingly unbeatable form. A few steps away from the greatest prize of all, Rindt appeared relaxed, confident and at ease.

It was Chapman's latest brainchild which had wreaked this change in Jochen. Gone was his opposite-lock ebullience, replaced by a more classic precision in the cockpit of the sensational Lotus 72. Ambitious and innovative, the 72 had proved difficult to sort out and suffered plenty of teething troubles, but once up and running Rindt proved it was unstoppable. A few weeks earlier he had won the German Grand Prix with an ease that moved him to remark, 'A monkey could have won today in this car.'

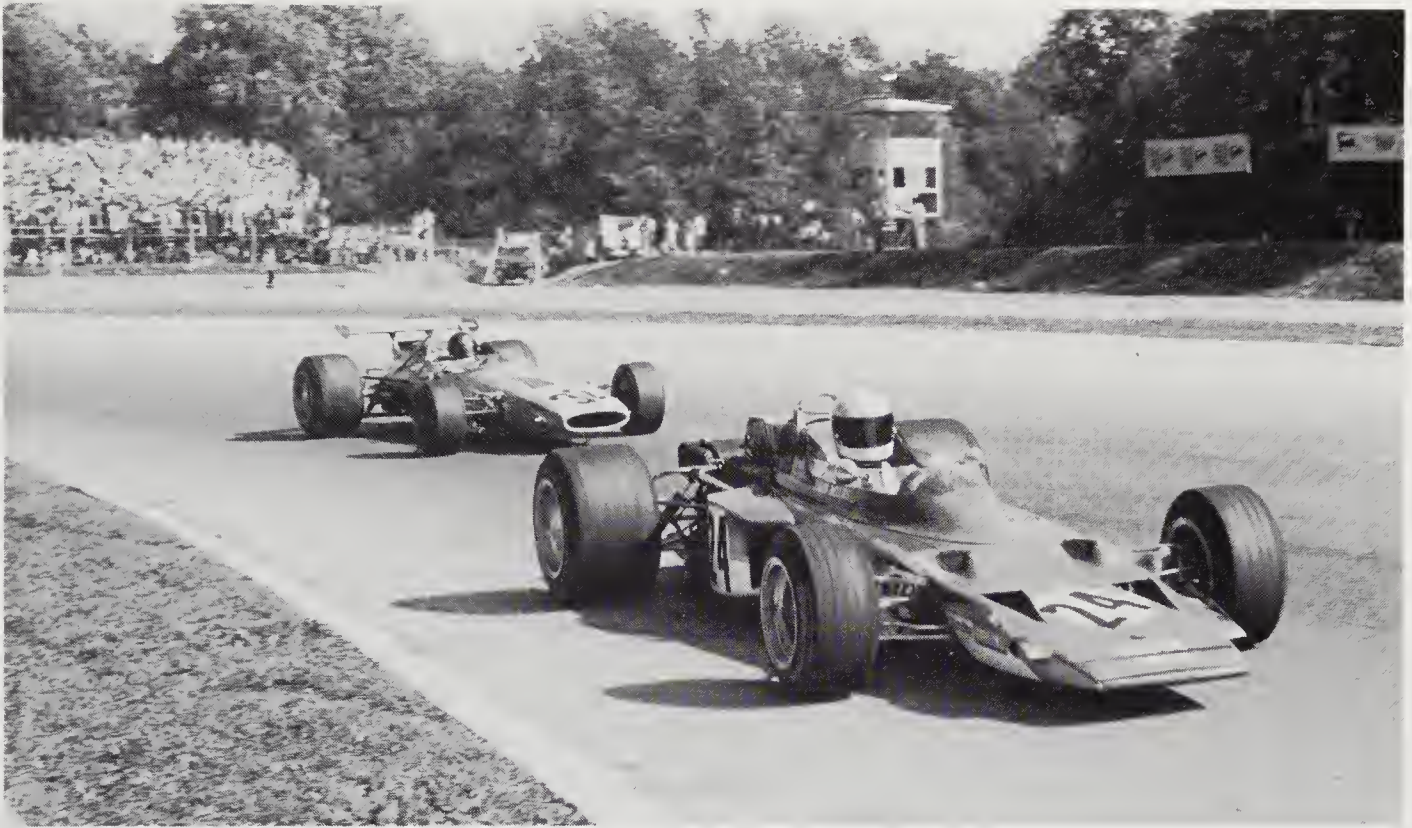
For all the 72's technical ingenuity, it was still powered by a Cosworth V8 engine, and on the long Monza straights its 12-cylinder opposition

looked every bit as strong in terms of performance. To squeeze out every last ounce of straight-line speed in an effort to counter the Ferraris, BRMs and Matras, Chapman's cars appeared devoid of their rear wings and nose fins. Rindt's team-mate John Miles virtually refused to drive his 72 in that configuration, complaining to the Lotus chief that it felt 'really scary'. But that was the way it was going to be, so when Rindt went out to start final practice on Saturday, his 72 looked curiously naked without its aerodynamic appendages.

Clearly the Lotus was going to be very quick in a straight line without its wings and, running hard for a grid time, Rindt breezed past Denny Hulme's bright orange McLaren as the two cars came hurtling down the long straight towards the Parabolica right-hander. The New Zealander had a grandstand view of what happened next.

As Jochen went on the brakes the Lotus began fishtailing dramatically. Then, suddenly, it speared off sharp to the left, slamming into the guard rail and spinning to a halt in a cloud of dust. Denny came straight into the pits, driving past his own mechanics to report Rindt's shunt to the Lotus crew.

Obviously the situation was bad. Officials stopped the session while Rindt was removed from the wreckage, terribly injured. Whilst the Austrian had been strapped into the cockpit, he did not favour crutch straps, so he 'submerged' as the Lotus slammed into the guard rail, sustaining fearful leg and thoracic injuries. Shortly afterwards, in the cramped confines of an Italian ambulance, he died.



John Miles tries his Lotus 72 without wings during practice. The Englishman argued violently with Colin Chapman over the car's safety at speed at this configuration. Rindt later crashed his car whilst running in the same trim.

Frantic battle. The opening stages at Monza with Stewart's wing-less March taking the initiative from Pedro Rodriguez's BRM (No 10) and the Ferrari of eventual winner Clay Regazzoni (No 4).





Jackie Stewart was heartbroken and stunned at the death of his friend Jochen Rindt, but drove courageously to second place in this rather breathless March.

The shockwaves rippled along the pit lane. But there was still more practice to take place and once the track was cleared of debris, cars trickled out once again. By the end of the day memories of the tragedy had almost been washed away for the fans on a tidal wave of delight. Jacky Ickx was on pole position in one of the elegant Ferrari 312B1s. It seemed all that mattered.

All the Lotus entries were withdrawn in the wake of Rindt's accident, writing Ferrari's strongest potential opposition out of the equation. As the grid lined up on the spacious starting apron the crowd's enthusiasm reached fever pitch, fuelled by the fact that there was a Ferrari on each of the first three rows. Ickx on pole, Clay Regazzoni third and Ignazio Giunti fifth. It was going to be a field day for the Prancing Horse.

Ickx sprinted into the lead at the start, but in those glorious days before Monza had been emaciated by badly-designed chicanes, the race turned into one of those classic slipstreaming battles with a 12 car bunch dodging about at the front of the field. Right up with the Ferraris were Pedro Rodriguez and Jack Oliver in their Yardley BRM P153s plus a lone Cosworth V8-engined front runner, Jackie Stewart's Tyrrell March, shorn of all spats and spoilers in contrast to its be-winged 12-cylinder rivals.

Ickx, Rodriguez and Stewart all popped up at the head of the field in those frantic early laps. On lap 10 the crowd went berserk as Regazzoni forced his Ferrari to the front for the first time that afternoon. It wouldn't be the last. On lap 13 Rodriguez's BRM broke under the strain, so team-mate Jack Oliver grasped the BRM standard and briefly showed at the front for a couple of laps. Then it was Ickx again, but when Ferrari's Belgian team leader coasted into the pits with a silent engine soon after, Regazzoni really began to take command.

For the next 30 laps Stewart hung on remorselessly, concentrating intensely to keep his less-powerful March in and around the Ferrari's slipstream. He could not out-run the Swiss driver, but there was always the chance of tricking him into a silly mistake. But it was not going to happen.





Every inch a star; Jochen Rindt at the height of his fame.

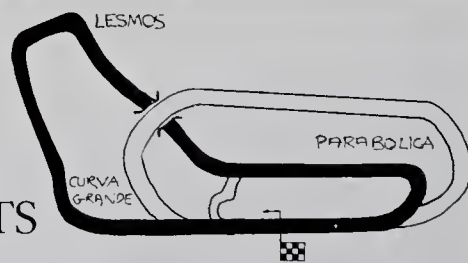
Finally, on lap 54, Regazzoni made his break and broke the tow - thanks to Jean-Pierre Beltoise. The gallant Frenchman briefly forced his Matra V12 into second place, blocking off Stewart from that precious Ferrari slipstream. Clay immediately capitalized on this, weaving furiously to shake off his pursuers and pulling out 100 yards on them in a single lap.

Stewart quickly hauled back into second place, but the battle was lost. The Scot would later berate Regazzoni for his weaving tactics, decrying them as unnecessarily dangerous. But the fact was that he had been beaten by clever tactics, not merely the Ferrari's superior power. Regazzoni sailed serenely away to win a terrific, emotional victory by fractionally under six seconds.

Behind Stewart, Beltoise hammered home fourth in front of Denny Hulme's McLaren, Rolf Stommelen's Brabham BT33 and the second Tyrrell March, that of François Cevert. The crowd was ecstatic, Regazzoni overwhelmed, Stewart completely drained.

As the victory celebrations overflowed on to the track in typical Monza fashion, the tragedy of the previous afternoon seemed an age away. Yet although Jochen Rindt would never know it, in the season's remaining three races his points tally would not be bettered.

He became the sport's first posthumous World Champion.



RESULTS

68 laps, 242.96 miles

Top six: 1, Clay Regazzoni (*Ferrari 312B1*), 1 hr 39 min 6.88 sec (147.8 mph); 2, Jackie Stewart (*March 701*), 1 hr 39 min 12.61 sec; 3, Jean-Pierre Beltoise (*Matra MS120*), 1 hr 39 min 12.68 sec; 4, Denny Hulme (*McLaren M14A*), 1 hr 39 min 13.03 sec; 5, Rolf Stommelen (*Brabham BT33*), 1 hr 39 min 13.29 sec; 6, François Cevert (*March 701*), 1 hr 40 min 10.34 sec.

Fastest lap: Clay Regazzoni, 1 min 25.2 sec (151.00 mph).

1972 MONACO GRAND PRIX

BRM's surfing swansong

Forget Monte Carlo's image as a sun-drenched playground for the rich and famous; this was the year which saw the Grand Prix almost washed away beneath a relentless monsoon. It simply teemed down all day, leaving the onlookers sodden and bedraggled. But, for the valourous Jean-Pierre Beltoise, the streets of the Principality might just as well have been bone dry. Catapulting into the lead at the start, the Frenchman's BRM P160B led from start to finish in a ball of spray, out-distancing even the Ferrari of Jacky Ickx, the sport's acknowledged wet weather maestro of the time. It was Beltoise's sole Grand Prix triumph and the last-ever for the BRM team.

During the early 1960s, Monaco had become BRM's playground. Gritty Graham Hill wrote himself into motor racing's history books by scoring a hat-trick of victories and Jackie Stewart made it four in a row for the Bourne team with a win in 1966. The cars had a reputation for mechanical dependability, a plus-point that gradually evaporated as the decade drew to a close.

By the start of 1972 BRM was fighting hard for both its credibility and survival. Although it had won a brace of Grands Prix the previous year, 1971 had been marred by the deaths of Pedro Rodriguez and Jo Siffert, the Swiss becoming the first driver to be killed in a BRM. Moreover, after two years of discreet sponsorship from the Yardley cosmetics concern, BRM brought the Marlboro cigarette livery into Formula 1 for the first time in 1972 hand-in-hand with the promo-

tional razzmatazz that implied. Fitting in with the specific requirements of the 'Marlboro World Championship Team' meant BRM fielding a bizarre and oft-changing array of driving talent, few of whom looked up to the job of winning.

Into the number one slot slipped Jean-Pierre Beltoise, the leading light in France's mid-sixties motor racing renaissance. 'JPB' was nothing if not a fighter. On his way to Formula 1 he had been bashed about in so many accidents that he no longer retained full movement in his right arm. Yet he had driven for Matra with great gusto, first alongside Jackie Stewart and later with Chris Amon, but always as number two. Now BRM had given him a crack in the number one seat. Could he justify the promotion?

Thanks to this Marlboro deal, no fewer than five BRMs turned up to contest the Monaco Grand Prix. In addition to Beltoise's P160B, there were similar cars for Peter Gethin (who'd won the '71 Italian Grand Prix by one hundredth of a second) and Sweden's Reine Wisell. New Zealander Howden Ganley handled one of the troublesome P180s and there was an outdated P153B for Austrian new boy Helmut Marko.

The fastest qualifying times were set on Friday as it rained hard the following day, an accurate portent of what was to follow for the race. World Championship aspirant Emerson Fittipaldi qualified his Lotus 72 on pole position, two-tenths ahead of Ickx's Ferrari 312B2, while Regazzoni's similar Ferrari shared the second row with Beltoise. Gethin was on the inside of row three in front of Chris Amon's shrieking Matra while World Champion Jackie Stewart's Tyrrell lan-





guished on the outside of row four, the Scot nursing the first signs of a stomach ulcer which would sideline him for more than a month after the race.

The conditions were simply appalling on race day, so it was clear that the sprint to the first corner would be of crucial importance. The leading contenders knew only too well that visibility would be the biggest problem, but while most people expected the battle to rage between Ickx and Fittipaldi, BRM's number one confounded them all. As the starter's flag dropped, JPB rocketed down the right-hand side of the circuit to grab the lead into Ste Devote. That was the last anybody saw of him . . .

Ickx was slow off the mark, allowing Regazzoni and Fittipaldi to lead the BRM's pursuit, but it was only five laps before the Ferrari team leader was through into second place. Now he would show Beltoise who could drive in the wet - wouldn't he?

No, he would not. Ickx drove as fast as he could all afternoon, his Ferrari twitching and slithering over the rivulets every bit as precariously as the

Slithering out of Casino Square, Emerson Fittipaldi heads towards third place behind Beltoise and Ickx, the black and gold Lotus 72 almost merging into the gloomy background.

We all have to start somewhere. The Austrian novice in this uncompetitive March (No 4) is Niki Lauda, contesting his first-ever Monaco Grand Prix. Following him is Englishman Mike Beuttler.

BRM. But there was just no way he could get to grips with JPB. The Frenchman was consumed with a rare passion for success, as if he knew that this was his golden opportunity. Above all else, Beltoise was determined not to fluff it.

The wet weather helped BRM's machinery as well. Running so much slower, the transmission had an easy time. The brakes did not get their dry-weather caning, and the torquey, easy-to-drive English V12 had response characteristics ideally suited to the dire conditions.

In traffic, Beltoise's driving was dashing, bordering on the foolhardy. Angry at being baulked by Tim Schenken's Surtees for a lap, the BRM driver interlocked wheels with him at the hairpin on one heart-stopping occasion. He overtook on the left, on the right, sometimes up the kerb.

In third place, Regazzoni chased hard only to spin on an oil slick at two-thirds distance whilst under pressure from Stewart's Tyrrell. The rugged Swiss rumbled his mount against the guard rail and later exchanged blows with an officious local policeman as he threaded his way back to the pits

on foot. Clay was briefly taken into custody to discuss the matter . . .

For Stewart, this Monaco race proved a conundrum. Already twice a winner through these same streets, he just couldn't make his car work during practice. In desperation, a set of the previous year's Goodyear tyres were flown in after the Scot opted for his winning '71 chassis settings. It wasn't the answer.

At one point in the race Stewart was the fastest man on the track, simply hurtling through the

murk in third place. But he spun twice, a fact which worried him intensely. Inwardly he knew he was unwell. Having lived life at breakneck speed in the fast lane ever since winning his first Championship three years before, that duodenal ulcer would soon slow him down for a while . . .

Troubled by a badly misting vizor, Fittipaldi slid down the escape road at the chicane on a couple of occasions, but soldiered on to finish third in front of Stewart. He also grasped the lead

Great day for Beltoise! Driving superbly, the Frenchman never put a wheel wrong in the atrocious conditions to score a unique victory. Here he plunges down out of Casino Square with Ickx's Ferrari just visible in fruitless pursuit.





Jackie Stewart had a rare off-day at Monaco, spinning his Tyrrell (No 1) for no apparent reason. The problem was a portent of a duodenal ulcer which later sidelined the Scot for several weeks.

in the Championship points table. Completing the top six were Brian Redman's McLaren M19A and Chris Amon's Matra which had made no fewer than four stops on its way to a single point.

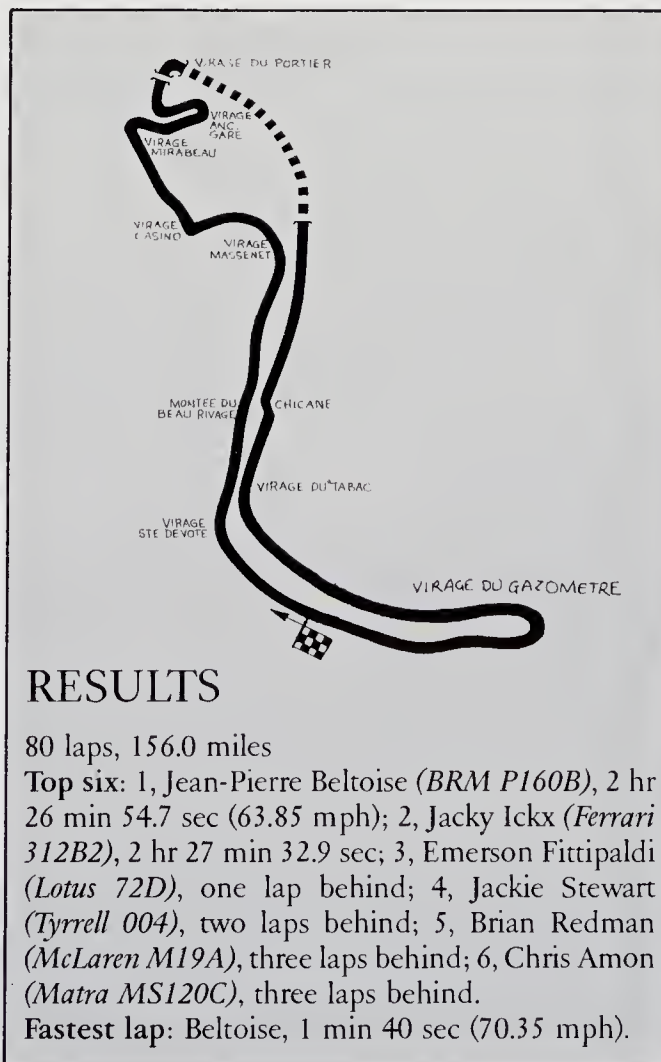
Of the BRM brigade, Wisell suffered engine failure after 16 laps and Gethin slid, head-on, into the wall at the chicane just over ten laps later. Then he was disqualified for reversing along the pit lane. Ganley broke the P180's suspension in a shunt with Mike Hailwood's Surtees. Marko finished eighth.

After almost two-and-a-half hours of nerve-wracking concentration, Beltoise's great moment had arrived. As he mounted the steps of the Royal Box to receive his trophy from Princess Grace, his face broke into a sheepish grin and the years fell away to reveal a flicker of that youthful optimism which had been driving him on all that time.

He never won another Grand Prix. Neither did BRM. But their place in the history book was assured. For years afterwards, Monaco '72 was a motor racing high water mark. Literally.

Whenever it rains hard you can hear people say, 'It's pretty bad. The worst since Beltoise won at Monaco. Remember?'

And we do.



1972 FRENCH GRAND PRIX

A touch of class

There were two heroes of the day in this French Grand Prix at Clermont-Ferrand. One was Jackie Stewart, returning from a bout of sick leave to score one of the most satisfying wins of his career. The other was Chris Amon, Matra's team leader, who totally dominated the race until just before half distance when he picked up a puncture on the flint-strewn track surface. Dropping to eighth place after a tyre change, the perennially luckless Kiwi hurtled back to third behind Fittipaldi's Lotus at the finish, shattering the lap record in what was probably the most inspired single drive of the '72 season.

Chris Amon was the man who always promised so much, but failed to deliver. Yet, by some strange paradox, his failures served only to enhance his reputation. He was the man who re-defined the term 'unlucky'. Time and again throughout the 1960s, the even-tempered New Zealander seemed to have his first Grand Prix victory in the bag only for it to slip away through stupid mechanical failure. By 1972 he had been competing in Formula 1 for nine years, yet was not even thirty years old, and his stock in Grand Prix circles seemed higher than ever.

The lone standard-bearer for the Matra-Simca team, Chris was in his second season with the French marque. Now, in front of his team's home crowd at Clermont-Ferrand, Chris had a new car with which to tackle the challenging five-mile circuit in the spectacular Auvergne mountains. The team - although not Amon - had just won Le Mans and was counting on a good showing in the French Grand Prix. The driver would see to that.

The new Matra MS120D was just the ticket for Chris, its more rigid chassis displaying terrific traction and nimble handling. He stole pole position commandingly, almost a full second in front of Denny Hulme's McLaren M19C and left Stewart's Tyrrell trailing on row two with the Ferrari B2 of Jacky Ickx. On row three sat two likely new talents; Tim Schenken in the Surtees TS9B, and Helmut Marko who comfortably outran Monaco winner Beltoise to head the BRM brigade.

The biggest problem, however, proved not to be competition amongst the drivers. The real worry was the stones; tiny flints lurking close to the edge of the tarmac were to be pitched on to the circuit by errant wheels. There may not have been any solid walls lining this track in Monaco fashion, but there was to be a higher premium on disciplined driving than in any other race of the year.

However, once the race began, it was difficult to see how Amon could lose. The shrill Matra V12 led away from the starting grid, with Hulme, Stewart and Ickx chasing hard.

It didn't take long for the leading trio to pull clear of their pursuers, Matra, McLaren and Tyrrell circulating in tight formation. For the first four laps the magnificent Marko held on to fifth place, but then Fittipaldi went by in his Lotus and the Austrian settled down to run sixth. But on lap nine came the nightmare Stewart, for one, had feared.

A flint thrown up by the rear tyre of another car bounced on the nose of Marko's BRM and then went straight through his helmet vizor with the

speed of a bullet, hitting him in one eye. Dazed and in agony, it was remarkable that he didn't crash at high speed, but instead managed to bring the BRM to a safe halt from around 120 mph.

Marko was quickly rushed to hospital, but there was little that could be done. Despite months of specialist attention, there was to be no saving the sight in that injured eye. Thus ended the racing career of the Austrian thought by some to be even more talented than Niki Lauda.

That accident was a portent of things to come. On lap nine Brian Redman's McLaren limped

into the pits with a punctured tyre, followed four laps later by new boy Patrick Depailler in the third Tyrrell entry. In fifth place, Fittipaldi's Lotus was now gradually making ground on Ickx's Ferrari.

On lap 17 Stewart finally found a gap and nipped past Hulme into second place, but there still seemed nothing he could do about Amon – or was there? At the end of lap 20 the crowd in the grandstand opposite the pits gasped as the Scot came through in the lead and Amon brought their beloved Matra into the pits with a flat front tyre.

Chris Amon's raucous Matra V12 shrieks away into an early lead at Clermont-Ferrand. Hulme's McLaren and returnee Stewart's Tyrrell head the chase.



It was a painfully slow stop, hampered by the fact that the Matra had four securing nuts per wheel. By the time Chris hastened back on to the circuit his French blue challenger was trailing in eighth place.

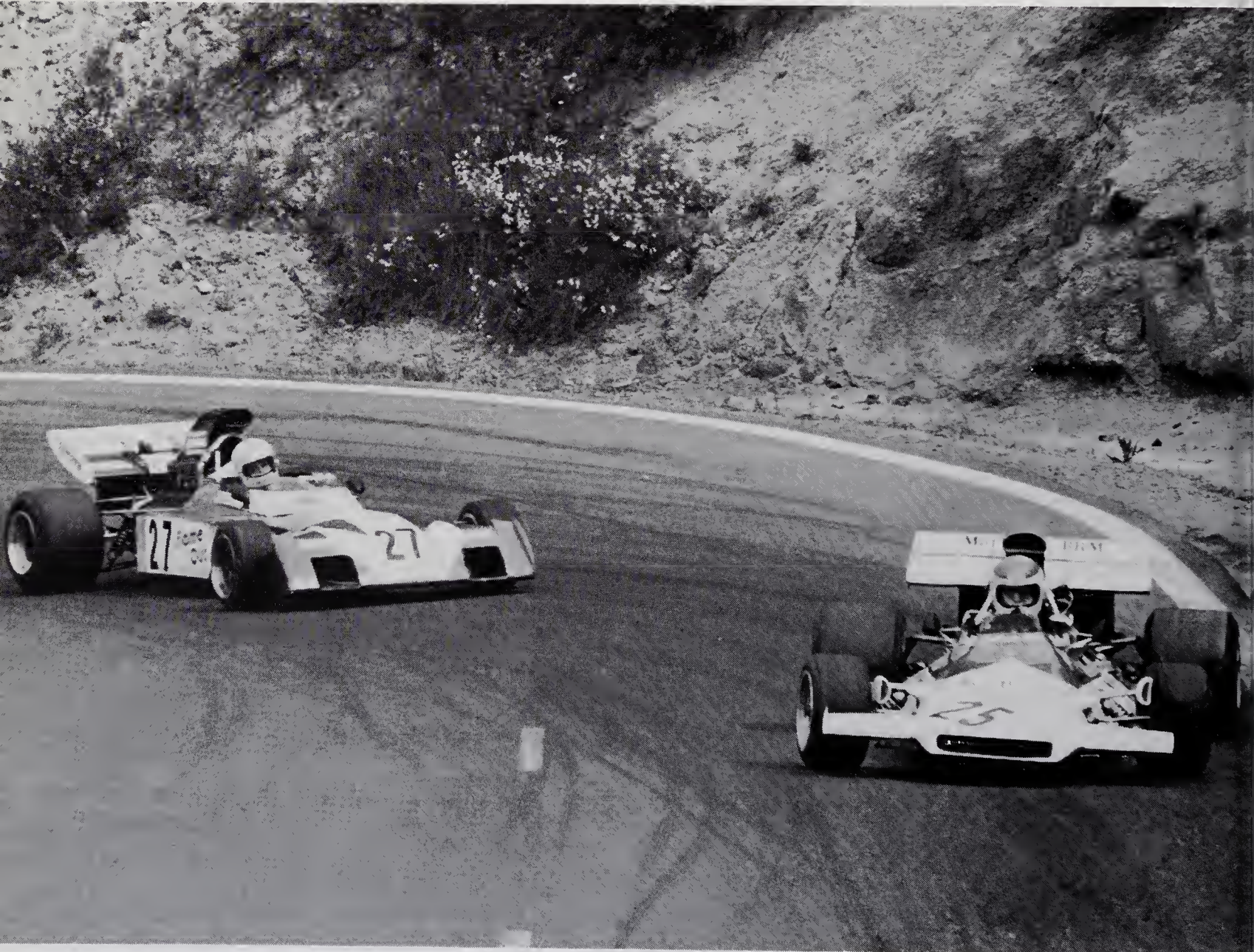
All Stewart had to do was concentrate on avoiding as many stones as he could and keep his fingers firmly crossed. His task was made easier when Hulme's McLaren limped into the pits on lap 23, yet another puncture casualty. 'That was a really sweet win,' he remembers, 'particularly coming back after the ulcer trouble when people were saying, "Oh, Stewart's gone soft, he's all washed up". It gave me a great deal of

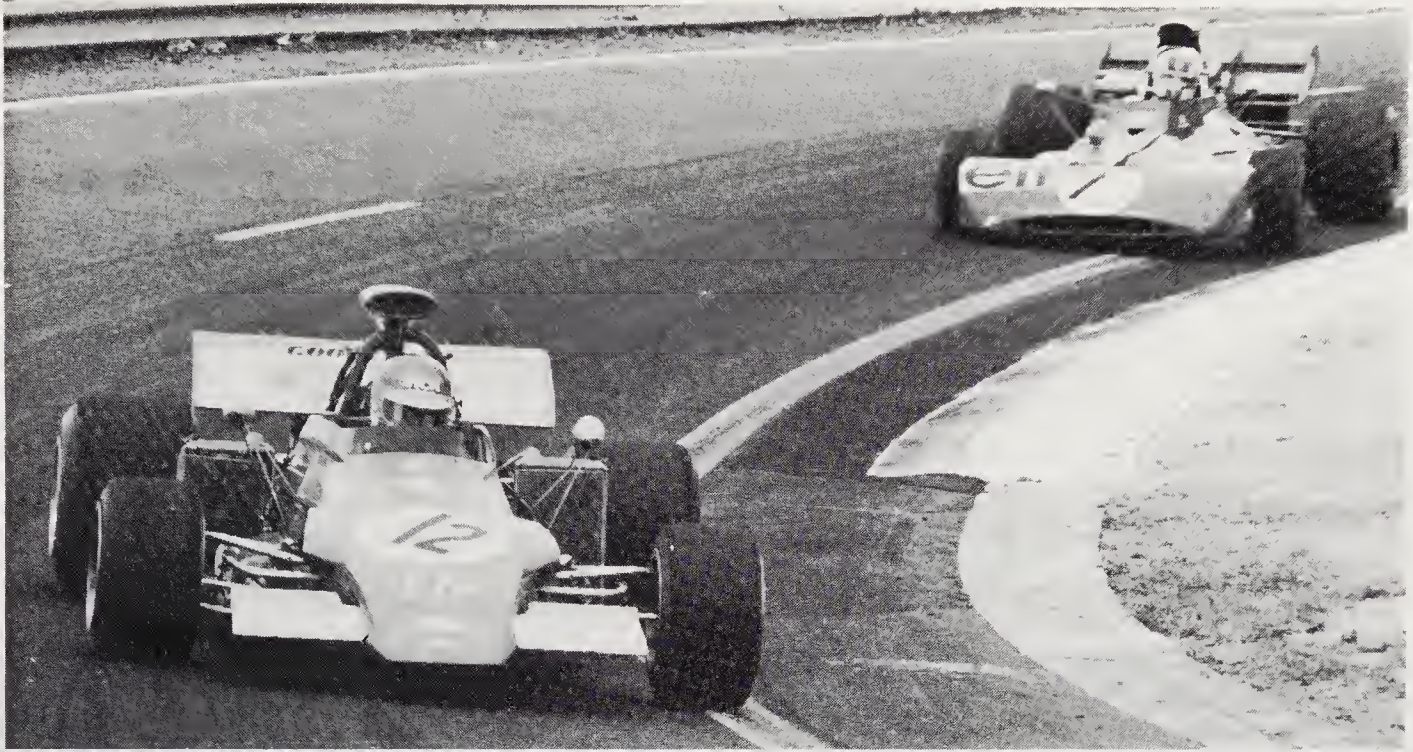
pleasure . . .'

Now the battle for second place seemed as though it would be between Ickx's Ferrari, Fittipaldi's Lotus and the fast-rising Ronnie Peterson in his March 721G. Then, with only ten laps to go, Ickx sustained a puncture and had to stop. Ronnie dropped back with blistering tyres, so it was anybody's guess who might come second.

Meanwhile, the crowds could never forget Amon. Shoving the immediate disappointment of the moment from his mind, Chris was lapping faster and faster in the glorious-sounding Matra. On lap 24 he displaced Wilson Fittipaldi's

The luckless Helmut Marko opposite-locks his BRM to keep ahead of Tim Schenken's Surtees. A stone through the visor left Marko with serious eye injuries which finished his highly promising career.





Ronnie Peterson worked hard to finish fourth in the French GP, hotly pursued here by François Cevert's Tyrrell. The Frenchman finally wound up fifth.

Brabham for eighth place. Then Hulme's pit stop gave him another place. He was not about to accept that he was beaten.

As Stewart eased off, keen to consolidate his now-easy victory, so Chris went faster and faster. With four laps to go he was fifth ahead of Mike Hailwood and then, in one breathtaking five-mile blast, displaced both Peterson and François Cevert's Tyrrell by the time he appeared again.

There was no chance of catching Stewart, but Fittipaldi's Lotus was a very real target. Thus, as the winning Tyrrell eased past the chequered flag, Amon's Matra was plunging and screaming through the downhill curves towards the finish, the black and gold Lotus now visible ahead.

The Brazilian hung on to finish runner-up by just over four seconds, Chris still going like the hammers of hell as he crossed the line in third place. Cevert took fourth place ahead of Peterson with Hailwood's Surtees fifth.

Never again would Christopher Arthur Amon come as close to Grand Prix victory. When Matra withdrew at the end of '72, his Formula 1 career began a gentle decline. True, there were some sunny moments to come, but Clermont-Ferrand that summer Sunday marked the High Noon of his achievement.

It was a touch of class, the sort rarely seen . . .

RESULTS

38 laps, 190.19 miles

Top six: 1, Jackie Stewart (*Tyrrell 003*), 1 hr 52 min 21.5 sec (101.56 mph); 2, Emerson Fittipaldi (*Lotus 72D*), 1 hr 52 min 49.2 sec; 3, Chris Amon (*Matra MS120D*), 1 hr 52 min 53.4 sec; 4, François Cevert (*Tyrrell 004*), 1 hr 53 min 10.8 sec; 5, Ronnie Peterson (*March 721G*), 1 hr 53 min 18.3 sec; 6, Mike Hailwood (*Surtees TS9B*), 1 hr 53 min 57.6 sec.

Fastest lap: Chris Amon, 2 min 53.9 sec (103.61 mph).

1973 BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Sweet-smelling partnership

Brought to a premature halt at the end of the opening lap after Jody Scheckter's wayward McLaren M23 spun wildly at Woodcote corner, triggering a spectacular multi-car pile-up, this race is recalled by enthusiasts primarily for this spectacular slice of mechanical mayhem. But equally memorable was the confident and well-judged way in which America's Peter Revson coolly took command of the re-started event in his Yardley McLaren, beating Ronnie Peterson's pole position Lotus 72 to score the first victory of his Grand Prix career. Ronnie was pursued across the line by Denny Hulme's McLaren and Britain's new rising star James Hunt at the wheel of the flamboyant Lord Hesketh's private March.

Ronnie through Woodcote . . . Each generation of racing enthusiasts has a few precious memories of the extraordinary and, for me, this is one of them. The experts said, well, you just *couldn't* drive a modern-day Grand Prix car like it. You've got to handle it with kid gloves, they said, drive it as if it was on rails. Once you get those huge rear tyres unstuck, nothing will allow you to keep control . . .

Trouble is, nobody told Ronnie! This was the heyday of 'SuperSwede', the baby-faced, blond Scandinavian with the innocent, calm manner which quite belied his ferociously extrovert style behind the wheel of a Formula 1 car. Now wooed across to Colin Chapman's Team Lotus after a three-year Grand Prix apprenticeship with March, Ronnie faced the 1973 season in the cockpit of a sleek black and gold John Player Special Lotus 72.

It didn't take long for Peterson to put Emerson Fittipaldi's nose out of joint. Reigning World Champion, the Brazilian had not taken too kindly to the idea of Chapman bringing Ronnie into the line-up. Yet, although Emerson had won the first three races of the season, and Ronnie only got his score off the ground in the French Grand Prix a couple of weeks prior to Silverstone, by the time battle commenced at the English track Fittipaldi was rattled. Put simply, Peterson was quicker.

Ronnie through Woodcote . . . The Lotus strained every sinew, an armful of opposite lock and a whisp of tyre smoke from that cruelly overworked left rear Goodyear, and one would swear that, above the roar of the engine, you could hear the Lotus's tyres squealing, just like a saloon car. Lap after lap this was the reality of his pole position; checking the time sheets proved a formality, merely confirming what we all saw out on the circuit.

Flanking Ronnie on the front row were the works Yardley M23s of Denny Hulme and, perhaps ironically considering the team's sponsor, Revlon cosmetics heir Peter Revson. Inside row two was Jackie Stewart's Tyrrell ahead of Fittipaldi's JPS Lotus, while the third row was headed by fiery, inexperienced South African new boy Jody Scheckter in a third works McLaren.

At the start, Ronnie eased into the lead as the pack jostled through Copse corner, but Stewart, running slightly softer Goodyears, outfumbled the Swede brilliantly to take the lead going into Becketts. At the end of the first lap Jackie came hurtling through Woodcote about six lengths in

the lead ahead of Peterson with Carlos Reutemann's Brabham BT42 third and chasing hard. Then all hell let loose . . .

In fourth place coming up into Woodcote, Denny Hulme saw Scheckter edging his M23 alongside his own. The craggy New Zealander, whose gruff outward manner had caused him to become known as 'The Bear', moved over cautiously to allow Jody, dubbed 'Baby Bear', to go flying by on the inside. There was no way Scheckter would make the corner.

Sliding wide on to the grass, Jody's McLaren

came spearing back across the middle of the pack before hitting the pit wall hard. Cars dodged left and right, shedding wheels and bodywork as they slammed into each other like billiard balls. When the dust settled no fewer than seven cars had been eliminated, including the entire three-car Surtees team, but, amazingly, the sole casualty was Italian driver Andrea de Adamich. It took the best part of an hour to cut him from his wrecked Brabham with a broken right ankle and left leg. The commentator was right; it certainly looked like an air crash. But calling it 'the end of Grand Prix as

Stylish speed. Peter Revson controlled the pace of the British Grand Prix superbly to score a fine, albeit close, victory in his McLaren M23.





All hell let loose. The scene on the main straight at Silverstone shortly after the multiple accident triggered by Scheckter's McLaren (No 30). Mike Hailwood's wrecked Surtees sits forlornly in the foreground.

we know it' was rather over the top!

Of course, the race was stopped and, after a long delay, those remaining were marshalled for a re-start. Peterson led off the line again, this time pursued by a promising young Austrian in a BRM P160. This lad, Niki Lauda by name, held second place for a lap before Stewart sped by and doggedly stayed with the leading bunch until his inferior Firestone rubber lost grip and the BRM dropped back through the field.

Stewart was simply flying, determined to haul back Ronnie's advantage. By the start of lap seven his blue Tyrrell was right with the black and gold Lotus and, as they tore down Hangar Straight, Jackie pulled out and lunged for the inside line into Stowe. But, as the Scot tried to select fourth, his gearbox, troublesome throughout practice, selected second instead. The Tyrrell's wheels locked momentarily and Jackie went fishtailing into Silverstone's golden wheat. The Tyrrell emerged looking more like a combine harvester,

its challenge spent . . .

Stewart's misfortune was Ronnie's good luck, for the Lotus was not handling much to his liking, suffering from – wait for it – excessive oversteer. But now he was running commandingly at the head of the field, team-mate Fittipaldi protecting his advantage from an increasingly attentive Revson who felt, on this day at least, that his McLaren was more than a match for the Lotus twins.

Mid-way through the race the circuit was brushed by a light shower. Peterson eased back slightly, concerned about his car's increasingly precarious handling. But Revson stepped up the pressure. He moved right up on to Emerson's tail, only to be presented with second place on a plate when the Fittipaldi Lotus rolled to a halt with a broken driveshaft joint. Pressing home his challenge, he expertly snatched the lead from Ronnie on lap 39 and never looked back. He was almost three seconds ahead at the chequered flag.

Fighting tenaciously, Peterson just fended off

Reflective Revvie. That American gentleman Peter Revson quietly contemplates the re-start of the British GP he eventually won for McLaren.

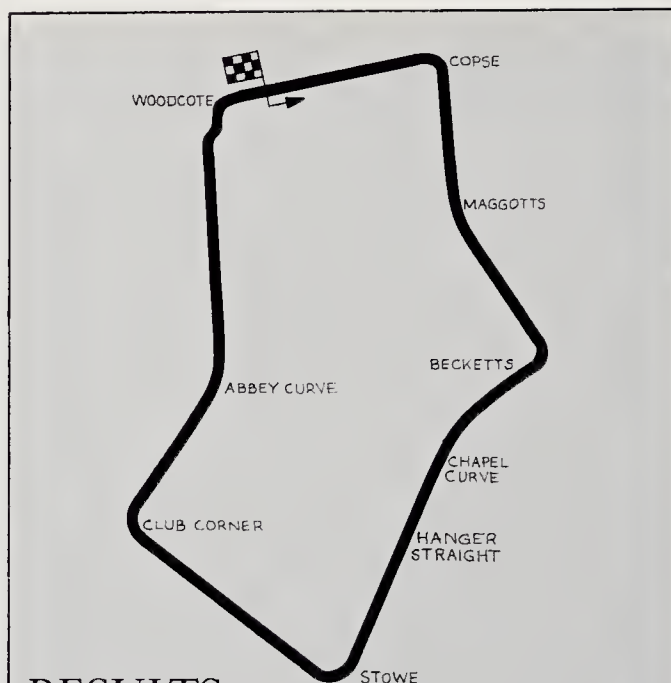


Hulme's challenge and the two experienced Formula 1 hands had Hunt's cheeky March right on their tail as they crossed the line. The Englishman had won his Grand Prix spurs handsomely, shrugging aside the unpredictable reputation he had gained in the junior single seater formulae.

François Cevert's Tyrrell came home a steady fifth ahead of Reutemann, the Argentinian cursing a wing change before the second start which had robbed his Brabham of its straight-line speed. Stewart, after his earlier tribulations, nursed a failing tyre in the closing stages to finish a lowly tenth.

It was the first of two wins Revson scored for McLaren in '73, but that did not guarantee his place in the team for the following season. After disagreements with the management, he quit McLaren for the Shadow team only to be killed in testing at Kyalami less than a year after his Silverstone triumph.

It was a shame that 'Revvie' only achieved a fleeting spell of real Grand Prix success towards the end of his life. I always felt he was considerably more talented than his results, as a whole, indicated. But at Silverstone that afternoon he drove with rare assurance and fully deserved his victory.

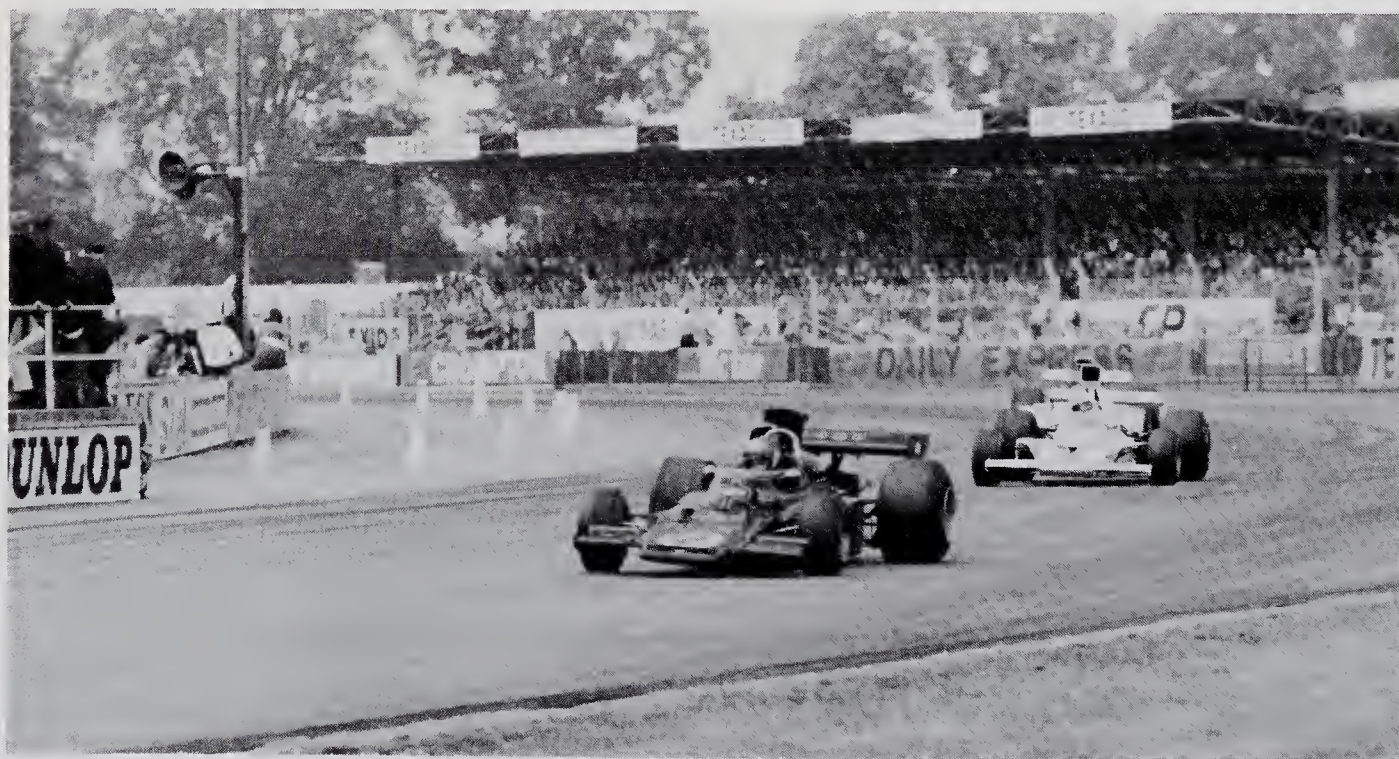


RESULTS

67 laps, 196.11 miles

Top six: 1, Peter Revson (*McLaren M23*), 1 hr 29 min 18.5 sec (131.75 mph); 2, Ronnie Peterson (*Lotus 72*), 1 hr 29 min 21.3 sec; 3, Denny Hulme (*McLaren M23*), 1 hr 29 min 21.5 sec; 4, James Hunt (*March 731*), 1 hr 29 min 21.9 sec; 5, François Cevert (*Tyrrell 006*), 1 hr 29 min 55.1 sec; 6, Carlos Reutemann (*Brabham BT42*), 1 hr 30 min 3.2 sec.
Fastest lap: James Hunt, 1 min 18.6 sec (134.06 mph).

Magic moments. Ronnie Peterson, his Lotus 72 right on the limit of adhesion, powers through Woodcote corner ahead of Denny Hulme's McLaren M23 and (partially hidden) James Hunt's Hesketh March.



1973 UNITED STATES GRAND PRIX

Triumph and tragedy

Ronnie Peterson rounded off his opening year at Team Lotus with his fourth win of the season, a runaway success at Watkins Glen. He worked just hard enough to keep James Hunt's Hesketh March 731 at bay by a few seconds at the chequered flag in what was little more than a two-horse race for most of the way. But the victory celebrations were muted in the wake of a dreadful practice accident which cost the life of Tyrrell team number two François Cevert, a disaster which led to Jackie Stewart's withdrawal from what was scheduled to be the last race of his career.

It was a secret he had been nursing ever since the spring, when he won the non-title Silverstone International Trophy race. Jackie Stewart had made up his mind to retire at the end of 1973, but shared that information with only a few close confidants. It was one of the best-kept secrets of the year, kept even from his wife Helen; he didn't want the tension to get to her. An era was about to end.

Watkins Glen would have been Jackie's 100th Grand Prix. World Champion for the third time, he honestly admitted throughout the year that his team-mate François Cevert was ready to take over his mantle. The handsome Frenchman, whose flair and versatility in the cockpit was matched by a corresponding skill at the keyboard of a concert piano, seemed poised to maintain the Tyrrell team's winning momentum into 1974. Sadly, it was not destined to work out like that.

Only after Stewart's retirement did it really become clear how tricky the short-wheelbase

1973 Tyrrells were to handle. Since Cevert virtually matched Jackie's times, lap for lap, throughout much of the summer, it was no surprise to see François right up amongst the leaders from the start of practice. Mid-way through the Saturday morning session he had already set fourth fastest time, right up with the Lotus 72s and Carlos Reutemann's Brabham BT42. What's more, Cevert was out to improve even further as the last few minutes of the session ticked away.

Streking through the tricky uphill esses, the Tyrrell unaccountably glanced the guard rail on the right-hand side of the track. Instantly it snapped sideways, catapulting into the opposite barrier with a horrifying impact. The car was ripped asunder and Cevert was killed instantly. Later that day the Tyrrell team withdrew both its other cars, entered for Stewart and guest driver Chris Amon.

Cevert's quickest lap time would have sustained his fourth place in the starting line-up throughout the final session. As it was, James Hunt's Firestone-shod Hesketh March moved up on to the second row to take the Frenchman's place while gaps were left on the grid to indicate from where Stewart and Amon would have started. Reutemann's Brabham BT42 shared the front row with Ronnie Peterson's pole position Lotus 72, leaving Emerson Fittipaldi, by now decided on a big-buck switch to McLaren for 1974, tucked in tight on the inside row of two.

Mike Hailwood's Surtees was alone on row three, where he should have been joined by the retiring World Champion, while the McLaren



Champion to be? François Cevert just prior to his fatal accident at speed in his Tyrrell. Had he survived he would surely have become France's first World Champion some day.

Bye for now. Jackie Stewart shortly before announcing his retirement from the cockpit. However, happily he did not forsake the racing scene.



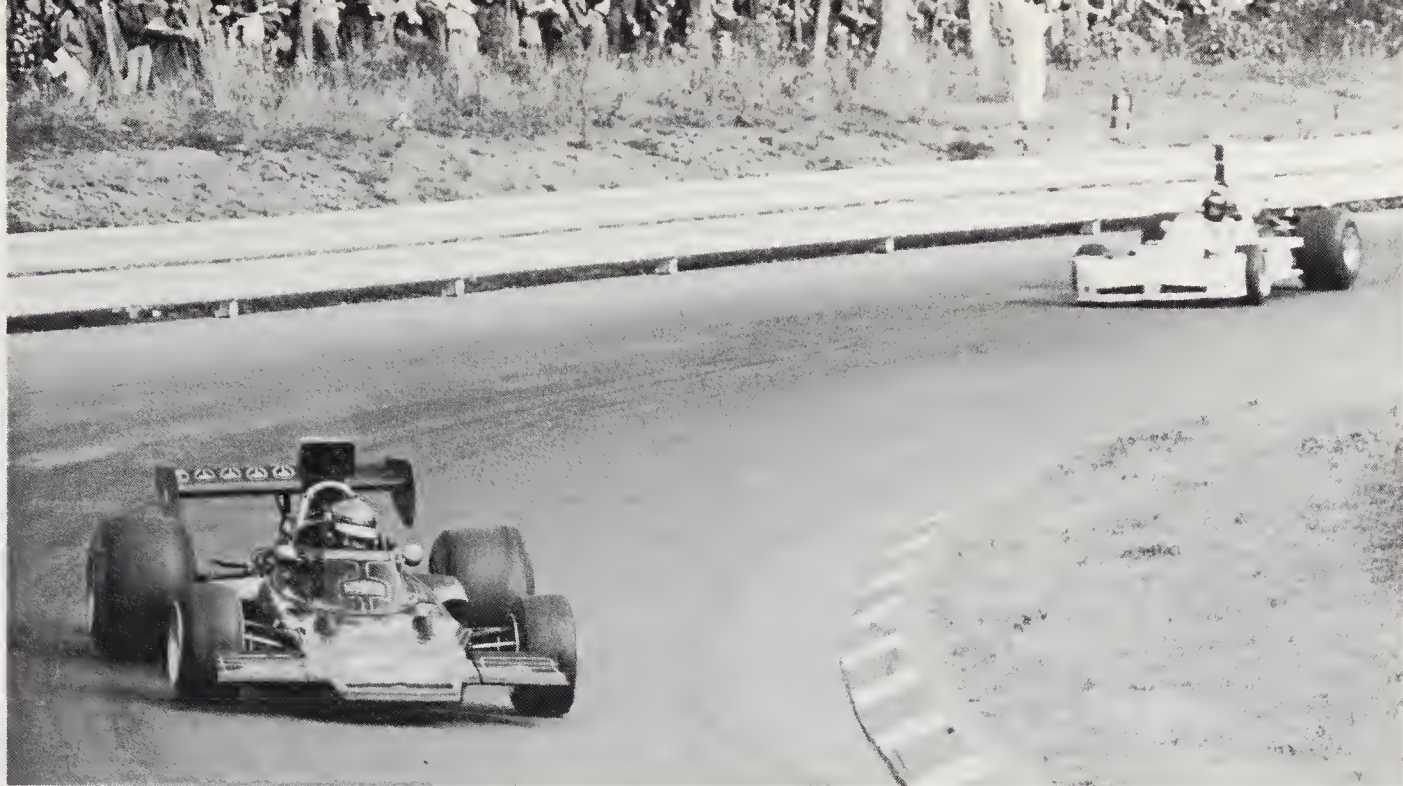
M23s of Peter Revson and Denny Hulme buttoned up row four together.

Peterson had qualified fastest by a margin of 0.4 of a second, a commanding performance which correctly anticipated his form in the race. The Swede's Lotus accelerated into an immediate lead at the start, chased initially by Reutemann's Brabham until lap four when Hunt's March dodged through ahead of the Argentinian.

Fittipaldi did his best to keep fourth place, but acute oversteer problems made it impossible for him to keep up the pace, so Hulme's McLaren, Hailwood's Surtees and Scheckter's McLaren soon went by. Meanwhile, Revson's clutch in the third McLaren overheated dramatically at the start, the American limping away slowly, engulfed by the whole field. That left him with a long haul back through the field into contention.

Up in second place, Hunt felt optimistic. He wasn't pushing his white March unduly, yet he kept station behind Ronnie without any trouble. Peterson, for his part, also had no intention of pushing too hard too soon and settled down to run just as quickly as he needed to stay in front of the English novice.

James was learning fast. At Silverstone he had showed his hand and challenged Hulme's McLaren too early in the battle. This time he took things more easily. The Hesketh March proved slightly quicker down the Watkins Glen straights than the Lotus, so Hunt hatched a plan to take a run at Peterson towards the end of the race. In fact, as things turned out, James was handed a fleeting chance rather earlier than he expected. Tangled up in lapping slower traffic, Ronnie got off-line



on one tight corner and Hesketh's boy got right alongside the black and gold pace-maker. But there wasn't *quite* enough room available and Peterson eased him out . . .

What foiled Hunt's chances was a progressively increasing dose of oversteer during the final dozen or so laps. Grappling with this imbalance, James was losing a crucial few yards each lap as the two cars threaded their way through the esses and out on to the long back straight. What's more, Ronnie was not about to make the crucial mistake the Englishman was hoping for. He held on to his advantage, taking the chequered flag a mere 0.7 of a second in front of His Lordship's machine.

Reutemann followed home a smooth third ahead of Hulme and Revson, the British GP winner hauling back up to fifth place at the finish. Scheckter failed to go the distance in the other M23, spinning off abruptly when a rear suspension radius arm pulled out. Fittipaldi was close behind at the time, the Brazilian locking up his Lotus's front Goodyears in such frenzy that they were scrubbed right through to the canvas. He had no choice but to stop for a pair of new front tyres, his pit crew working with such efficiency that Emerson lost only a place, to Revson, by the time he resumed the chase.

Outside the top six, Jacky Ickx took a smooth seventh place on a guest outing for Frank Williams, ahead of the BRMs of Clay Regazzoni and Jean-Pierre Beltoise. JPB's wife was Cevert's sister, so it was no surprise that the '72 Monaco winner had a subdued race the day after the death of his brother-in-law.

Monarch of the Glen. Ronnie Peterson's Lotus 72 storming to victory in the US GP at Watkins Glen, stalked by the game James Hunt's Hesketh March.

RESULTS

59 laps, 199.24 miles

Top six: 1, Ronnie Peterson (*Lotus 72*), 1 hr 41 min 15.779 sec (118.05 mph); 2, James Hunt (*March 731*), 1 hr 41 min 16.467 sec; 3, Carlos Reutemann (*Brabham BT42*), 1 hr 41 min 38.729 sec; 4, Denny Hulme (*McLaren M23*), 1 hr 42 min 6.02 sec; 5, Peter Revson (*McLaren M23*), 1 hr 42 min 36.166 sec; 6, Emerson Fittipaldi (*Lotus 72*), 1 hr 43 min 3.744 sec.

Fastest lap: James Hunt, 1 min 41.652 sec (119.60 mph).

1976 JAPANESE GRAND PRIX

Hunt's heart stopper

Three months earlier, Niki Lauda's life had been hanging by a precariously slender thread. His Ferrari had plunged off the circuit at Nurburgring, enveloping the reigning World Champion in a terrifying inferno from which he was lucky to escape at all. Yet, displaying super-human reserves of courage and will-power, he returned to the cockpit after missing only three races and still led the Championship prior to the rain-soaked Japanese Grand Prix. Then, in a remarkable display of moral fibre, he withdrew from the race after a couple of laps, convinced that the conditions at Mount Fuji were suicidal. That left the way home for James Hunt to take a hard-fought third place behind Mario Andretti's Lotus and Patrick Depailler's Tyrrell, enough to clinch the Championship title by a single point.

The 1976 title chase came down to a battle between two friends, old rivals from fledgling days in Formula 2 who had both struggled hard to establish their reputations. Niki Lauda was one of them, World Champion for Ferrari in 1975. James Hunt was the other, the man whose Hesketh beat Lauda fair and square to win the '75 Dutch Grand Prix. From the start of 1976 James was McLaren's man, replacing Emerson Fittipaldi who had gone off to establish his own operation. Now Hunt had equipment which was a match for his Austrian contemporary.

After Lauda's fiery shunt at the Nurburgring, Hunt's McLaren dominated the restarted race. Yet at the end of the day he was still 26 points behind Niki in the Championship battle. But James got his head down, slogged away superbly

and, with Niki back in business, the two men took the long flight to Japan a mere three points apart. The tension was enormous.

In the two North American races immediately preceding this first race at the bumpy Mount Fuji speedway Lauda's Ferrari had been badly off the pace. Lack of consistent test and development work during his stay in hospital had taken its toll, blunting the team's technical edge. Hunt, meanwhile, won superbly in both Canada and the USA. Going into the last race James was riding the crest of a wave of confidence, even though, mathematically, he was the outsider.

Mario Andretti's much-improved Lotus 77 grabbed pole position from Hunt and Lauda, the Austrian feeling more confident with front suspension alterations which had been made to his Ferrari. He still had a touch too much understeer and his engine had been down on power throughout practice, but the car was undeniably improved.

John Watson lined up fourth in the sleek Penske PC4 ahead of Jody Scheckter's six-wheeled Tyrrell P34 and the Brabham-Alfa Romeo of Carlos Pace. In a remarkable tenth place was the locally-built Kojima in the hands of Japanese driver Masahiro Hasemi who had proved remarkably adept on his first Formula 1 outing. Admittedly he was on his home track, but

Reflective. Having withdrawn from the race in conditions he judged to be ludicrously hazardous, Niki Lauda watches James Hunt's progress from the pit wall.





Seemingly relaxed and unconcerned, James Hunt (left), Niki Lauda and Bernie Ecclestone chat before the race with the late Ronnie Peterson (right). Their light-hearted expressions belie the inner tensions of the day.

Hasemi had his more seasoned opposition badly worried. In the first session he was fourth and, although he later crashed the car, his final starting position was quite outstanding.

Come race morning, there very nearly was no Grand Prix. It was grey, gloomy and very, very wet with heavy mist hanging low over the circuit. The warm-up session proved to be a nightmare with cars spinning off at ridiculously low speeds on the enormous lakes that had collected all round the circuit. Most of the drivers were adamant that they would not race. Hours of conference and debate followed. Finally, after an hour and a half's delay, the Japanese Grand Prix finally began.

The weather conditions were abominable. Hunt skated his McLaren into an immediate lead, but Lauda was immersed in a huge wall of spray and left floundering midfield. At the end of the second lap he drove very slowly into the pit lane

to retire. Chief engineer Mauro Forghieri was agitated, concerned as to how Niki's withdrawal would look in Italy. He suggested telling the press that it was engine trouble. 'No way,' responded Lauda. 'It's just total bloody stupidity out there. I've chosen to stop and I'll stand by that decision.'

For many laps Niki stood thoughtfully at the pit wall, watching Hunt surfing off into the distance. Years later, I would frequently tax him on the *real* reason behind his retirement that sodden afternoon. Was it a calculated gamble that Hunt would fail to last the distance, or that the race might be stopped early on? No way. Niki stuck to his reasoning. With his track record of heroism, he had unquestionably earned the right to his opinions . . .

'You all know perfectly well that everybody considered us raving mad lunatics to be racing that day,' he insisted, 'and it was only a miracle

that nobody was killed. I made my decision and that's that. If I'd stayed out there and, by luck, held on to the Championship, that certainly would not have made me a genius. In my heart I know I took the correct decision.'

Car after car spun off the treacherous track surface, but Hunt retained a confident grasp on the situation. His team-mate Jochen Mass enthusiastically pulled up into second place, running only just outside James's spray. But he too succumbed to the dire conditions, pirouetting off the track. Tom Pryce's Shadow also did well to earn a moment in Hunt's wake before engine failure robbed him of a place on the rostrum.

Vittorio Brambilla had briefly managed to snatch the lead during the early stages, only nosing his works March ahead for a few yards. But it was as the circuit at last began to dry out that James really ran into trouble. Worried about rapidly wearing rain rubber, Hunt eased back

tactically. Meanwhile, Depailler raced on, flat-out, with no such inhibitions. More seriously, the canny Andretti was closing in on both of them.

With 11 laps to go, James dropped to third as Depailler and Andretti finally eased by. He still held a handy advantage over Alan Jones's fourth place Surtees and third place was all he needed to button up that championship.

With nine laps left, Depailler paid the price of that unrestrained over-exuberance. His Tyrrell trailed into the pits for new tyres and he saw victory slip through his fingers like gold dust. Mario was now leading with Hunt second. Then, with a mere five laps to go, James's McLaren came scuffing into the pit lane on its belly, left front Goodyear completely deflated.

Mechanics swarmed over the car, changing all four tyres with their primitive manual jacks in less than half a minute. James resumed fifth, just behind Depailler. Uncertain where he was in the

Coming into contention. Mario Andretti conserved his Lotus's tyres beautifully to win Chapman's team its first GP in two years. Here the American leads Jody Scheckter's unusual Tyrrell six-wheeler.

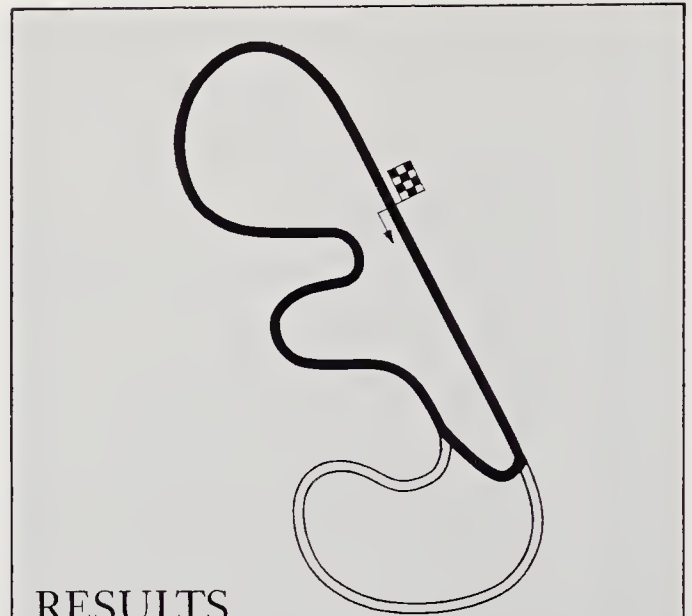


overall order, the Englishman went like the wind, passing every car he came across.

Mario, coaxing his Lotus 77 along at a perfect pace, took the chequered flag a full lap ahead of Depailler's Tyrrell. But as James cruised into the pit lane after his slowing-down lap he really did not know where he had finished. Furious about McLaren team manager Teddy Mayer's pit signalling, he erupted from the cockpit and launched into a furious verbal fracas with his employer before all the cheering, smiling figures surrounding his car had registered in his mind. Staring him in the face, Mayer held three fingers aloft. 'You've done it James,' he shouted. 'You're third. You're World Champion.'

Lauda, meanwhile, was already at Tokyo airport on his way back to Europe where the Italian popular press would vent its spleen on him with considerable vitriol. But the man who was most gracious over Lauda's decision to withdraw was the man who had just taken away his title.

'I think Niki made absolutely the right decision,' said Hunt thoughtfully. 'I still feel as I did before the start that it was madness to race in those conditions.'



RESULTS

73 laps, 197.72 miles

Top six: 1, Mario Andretti (*Lotus 77*), 1 hr 43 min 58.86 sec (114.093 mph); 2, Patrick Depailler (*Tyrrell P34*), one lap behind; 3, James Hunt (*McLaren M23*), one lap behind; 4, Alan Jones (*Surtees TS19*), one lap behind; 5, Clay Regazzoni (*Ferrari 312T2*), one lap behind; 6, Gunnar Nilsson (*Lotus 77*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Masahiro Hasemi (*Kojima KE007*), 1 min 18.23 sec (126.643 mph).

Tense moment as James Hunt's McLaren screams into the pits to change a deflated front tyre in the closing stages of the race. He just fought back to third place and saved his Championship.



1977 SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX

Brave and bizarre

Niki Lauda got back into his old winning routine in this race at Kyalami, scoring his first Grand Prix triumph since the accident which nearly killed him the previous summer. Taking the lead from Hunt's McLaren after a mere six laps, Lauda controlled the pace of the contest beautifully, even after running over debris from Tom Pryce's fatal accident which punctured the Ferrari's oil and water radiators. But he still beat Jody Scheckter's Wolf by five seconds to reassert his status as a championship contender.

This race was to prove a symbolic reaffirmation of Niki Lauda's position within the Ferrari team. Ever since his withdrawal from the previous year's Japanese Grand Prix, his reputation had been under assault from the Maranello 'mafia'. Quite clearly he was finished. His spirit had been broken by that Nurburgring accident. It had been a mistake ever to allow him back into the cockpit. Still, he can stay on as number two alongside Carlos Reutemann. In such emotional, irrational vein, so the arguments raged . . .

Reutemann, the gifted, dour and inconsistent Argentinian, had been drafted into the Ferrari team after splitting with Bernie Ecclestone's Brabham-Alfa squad the previous summer. He had little in common with Lauda who quickly concluded that he really couldn't stand the sight of his South American colleague. Once, when asked whether he considered Reutemann to be a team-mate or a rival, Niki replied disdainfully, 'Neither . . .'

However, Reutemann got his act together at the start of 1977, winning the Brazilian Grand

Prix, round two of the championship. Niki trailed in a distant, off-the-pace third. There you are, carped the critics; he can't hack it any longer.

Lauda's strength of influence then swung into action. He flew straight back to Maranello, raised merry hell about his car's performance at Interlagos and immediately initiated an intensive personal test programme prior to Kyalami. Reutemann was encouraged to stay a while in South America, so by the time he turned up for practice in South Africa, Niki had regained the initiative.

Lauda qualified third, starting from the inside of the second row immediately behind James Hunt's pole position McLaren M23. Carlos Pace's Brabham-Alfa was on the outside of row one, the stylish Brazilian consolidating a fast-rising reputation which seemed on the verge of blossoming impressively. Two weeks later he was dead, killed in a light aircraft crash near his native Sao Paulo.

Unbeknown as the cars took up position on the starting grid, the raw materials for a more immediate tragedy were falling into place. As Hunt led Lauda and Scheckter away in the half-mile sprint down to Crowthorne corner, further back in the field Welshman Tom Pryce's Shadow DN8 was already in trouble. A talented rising star acknowledged as having more natural ability than his machinery allowed him to display, Tom had turned a few heads by being the fastest car on the track during the previous day's soaking wet practice session. But he was still only 15th on the grid and, unaccountably, dropped to 22nd place in that first-lap scramble. Then, settling down, he



Star quality. Tom Pryce hurtles through the spray during Saturday practice at Kyalami, the Welshman setting fastest time in his Shadow DN8 the afternoon before he was killed.

began to claw his way back through the pack with illuminating consistency and speed.

At the front of the field Hunt gamely held on to the lead for the first six laps, but Niki's Ferrari just had the edge in terms of straight-line speed. Going down the long straight towards Crowthorne on lap seven, the Austrian pulled out from James's slipstream and neatly relieved him of the lead under hard braking. From this point on, Niki was never headed. But it wasn't quite as simple as a bland lap chart might have made it look.

Scheckter was next to challenge Hunt, the local hero moving his Wolf through into second place on lap 18. Now Hunt had to fend off a stern challenge from Patrick Depailler's six-wheeled Tyrrell P34. But before that battle reached its zenith, the South African Grand Prix was marred

by one of the most bizarre accidents in motor racing history.

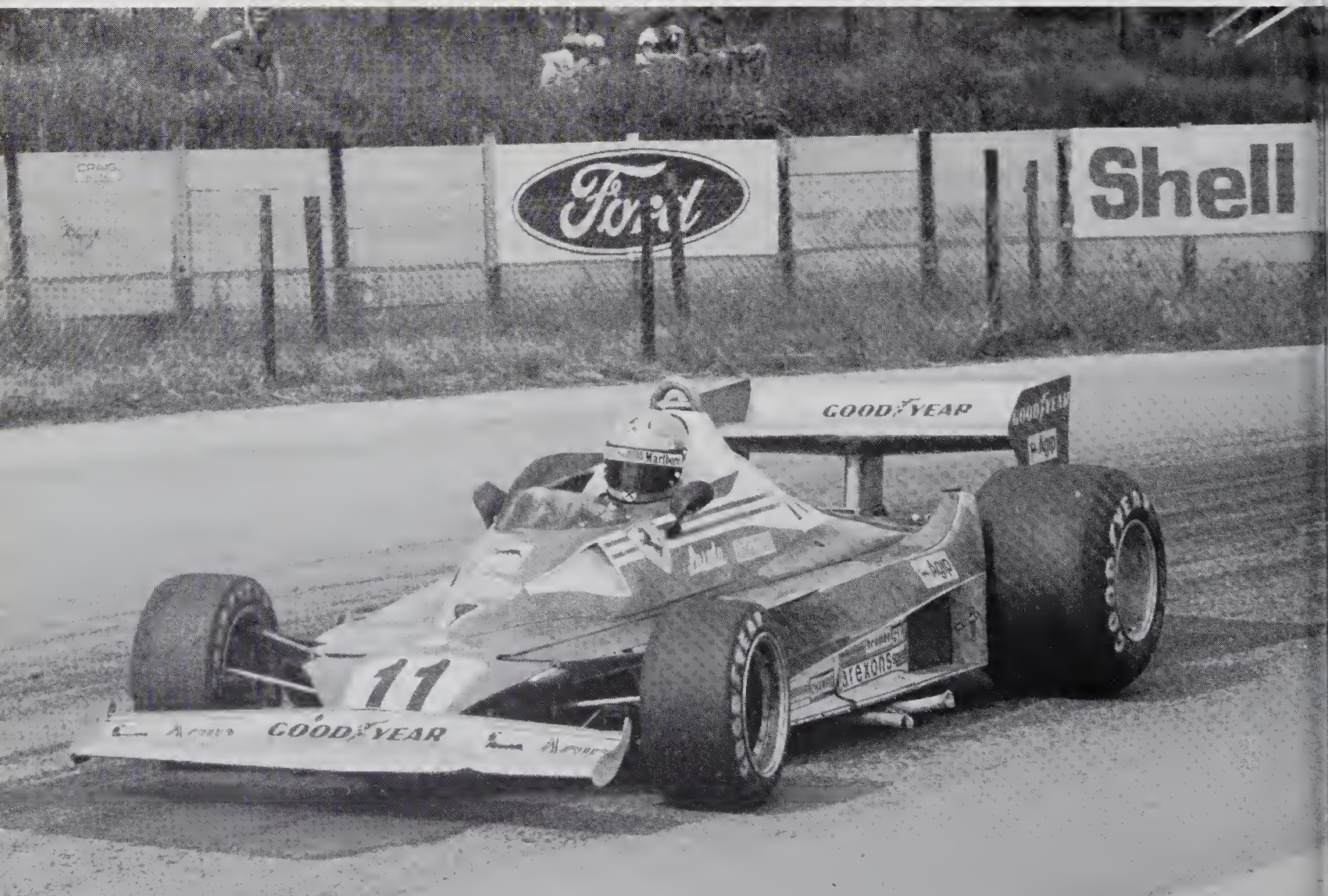
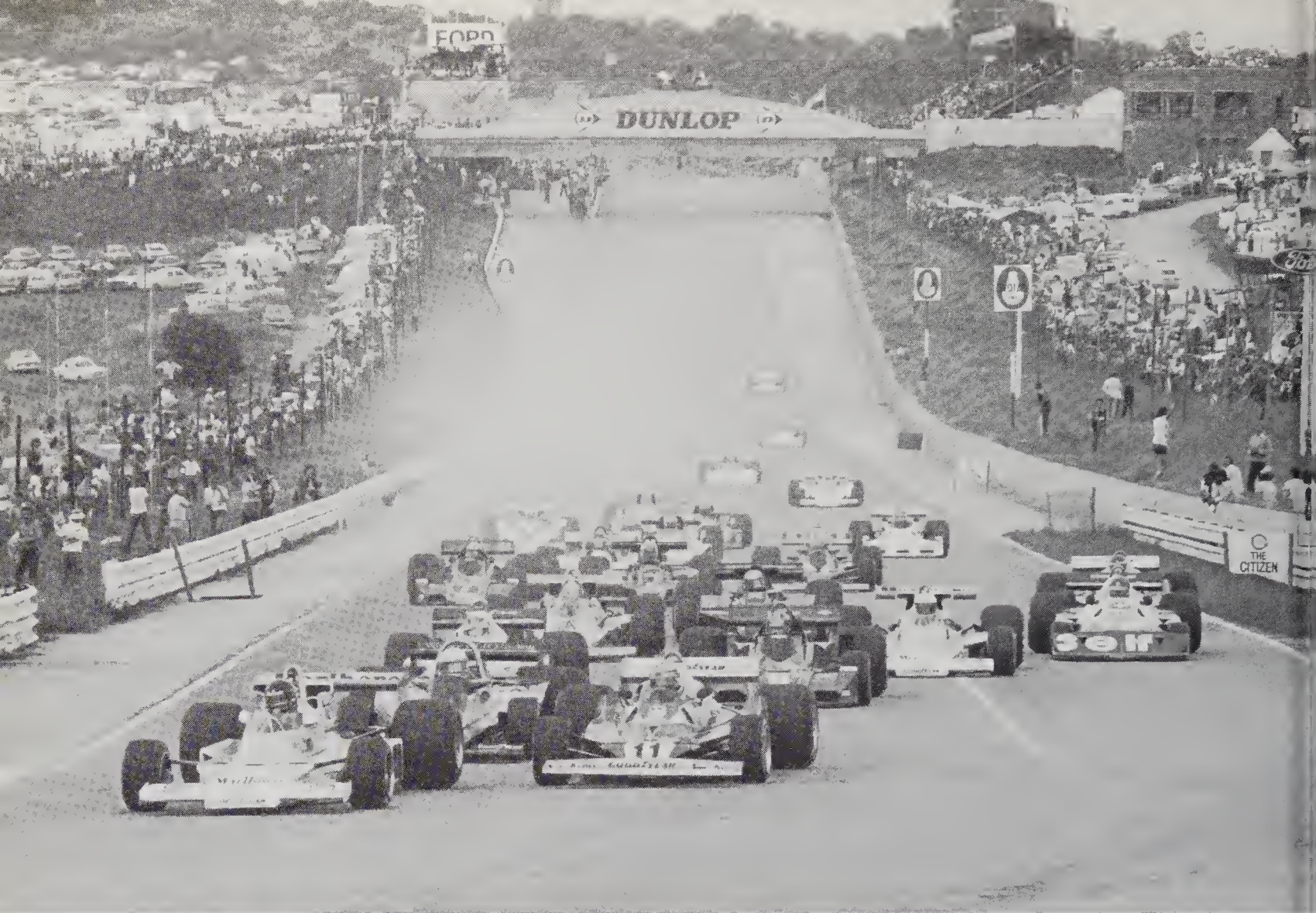
On lap 20 the sequence of tragic events began to speed up. Pryce's team-mate, Formula 1 novice Renzo Zorzi, stopped his Shadow opposite the pits. As he was climbing from the cockpit, a minor fuel leak ignited into a small fire. Zorzi ran back a few yards to the car, pressed the cockpit extinguisher and the blaze was quelled almost before it had begun.

Tragically, it was already too late for one of the fire marshals. From the opposite side of the track, 19-year-old Jansen van Vuuren began running across the circuit carrying a huge fire extinguisher at a point just beyond the blind brow on which the Kyalami pits are sited.

He never made it to the other side. He was killed instantly by Pryce's Shadow. The extin-

A couple of laps into the South African GP and James Hunt's McLaren still leads the field from Lauda's Ferrari and Scheckter's Wolf. Niki was quickly through, however.





The sprint to the first corner. James Hunt's McLaren M23 (No 1) just reaches Crowthorne ahead with Niki Lauda's Ferrari (No 11) and Jody Scheckter's Wolf crowding him hard. This section of the circuit was the scene of a bizarre tragedy just over half an hour later.

guisher hit Tom full in the face and left him dead in the cockpit, his right foot still firmly buried on the throttle pedal. The out-of-control Shadow continued its crazy path all the way down to Crowthorne's corner where it tangled with Jacques Laffite's Ligier, both cars spinning into the catch fencing. Laffite jumped out, shaken but unhurt, but poor Tom was beyond help.

Debris was scattered all over the circuit and Lauda's Ferrari, still confidently running away in the lead, ran over part of the wrecked Shadow's roll-over bar. Niki recalled feeling a bump beneath the car, and I was worried whether there was some damage to the nose wing. So I eased back slightly, loosened my seat harness so I could sit up slightly higher and examine the wing. Nothing seemed to be wrong, so I tightened the belts again and pressed on . . .

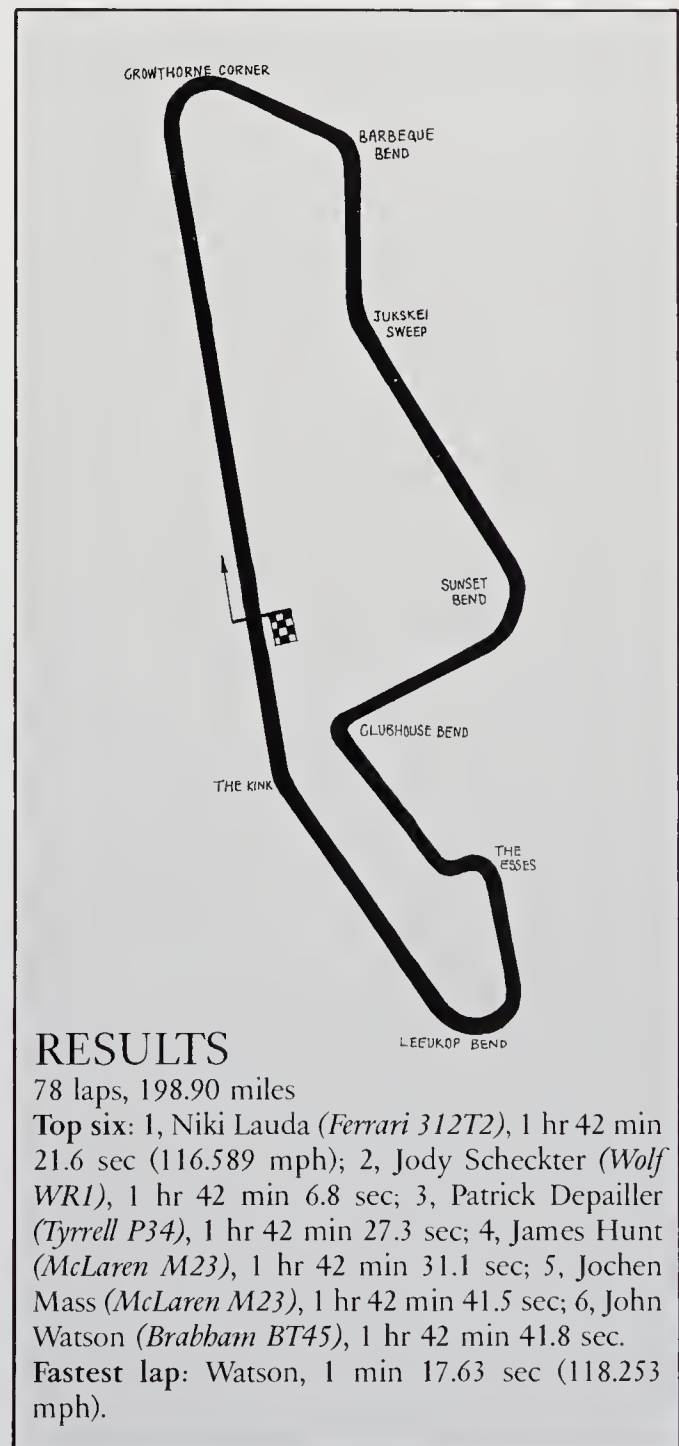
Scheckter closed up briefly while Niki was preoccupied with that little problem, but the Wolf dropped away again as the Ferrari speeded up. However, with about 25 of the race's 78 laps left to run, Niki noticed his oil pressure fading and the water temperature rising. Unbeknown to him, that debris jammed beneath the Ferrari had punctured its water and oil radiators. For the last few laps the oil warning light was flashing ominously, but Niki kept cool and crossed the line just over five seconds in front of the hard-trying Jody.

Depailler's Tyrrell finally displaced Hunt to take third place 11 laps from the finish, the Englishman banging wheels with him in ruthless fashion as he went by. Fifth and sixth were the McLaren M23 of Jochen Mass and John Watson's Brabham-Alfa after a race-long feud. Vittorio

Tell-tale signs of the Kyalami tragedy. Debris from Pryce's wrecked Shadow can be seen jammed beneath Lauda's winning Ferrari. Despite a punctured oil and water radiator, Niki coaxed the car home to re-establish his winning credentials.

Brambilla's March wound up seventh ahead of a subdued Reutemann. Troubled with poor handling, Pace could manage no better than a delayed 12th.

The prize-giving ceremony was understandably subdued. Lauda, inwardly delighted that he had finally got back on top, was shaken and upset when he was told of Pryce's accident. He, above all others, knew how narrow the tightrope is between success and tragedy. It had been an uncomfortable reminder of how fleeting human fallibility can produce tragic consequences in so demanding a sport.





1977 FRENCH GRAND PRIX

Oh no John!

This was one race which John Watson seemed to have in the bag. His Brabham-Alfa BT45B had qualified fourth, run second from the start and seized the lead from James Hunt's McLaren M26 after a mere five laps. Ahead of him were another 75 laps of the acrobatic and challenging Dijon-Prenois track. The weather was simply sweltering as the sun beat down from a cloudless sky. But Watson stayed absolutely on top of his job, handling the powerful but heavy red Martini Brabham with total confidence. Mario Andretti in his superb-handling ground effect Lotus 78 clung tenaciously in Watson's slipstream, vainly hoping that his opportunity would come. It did, mid-way round the very last lap! As the Brabham spluttered low on fuel, Andretti nipped through to win by just over a second from the stunned Ulsterman.

Since the death of Carlos Pace in an air crash earlier in the season, the responsibility for the Brabham team leadership had fallen squarely on John Watson's shoulders. 'Wattie' had won his first Grand Prix the previous summer in Austria for the American Penske team and, when signed up by Bernie Ecclestone at the start of 1977, looked at the peak of his career. Yet throughout the summer that followed, he would see several imminent Grand Prix victories slip from his grasp

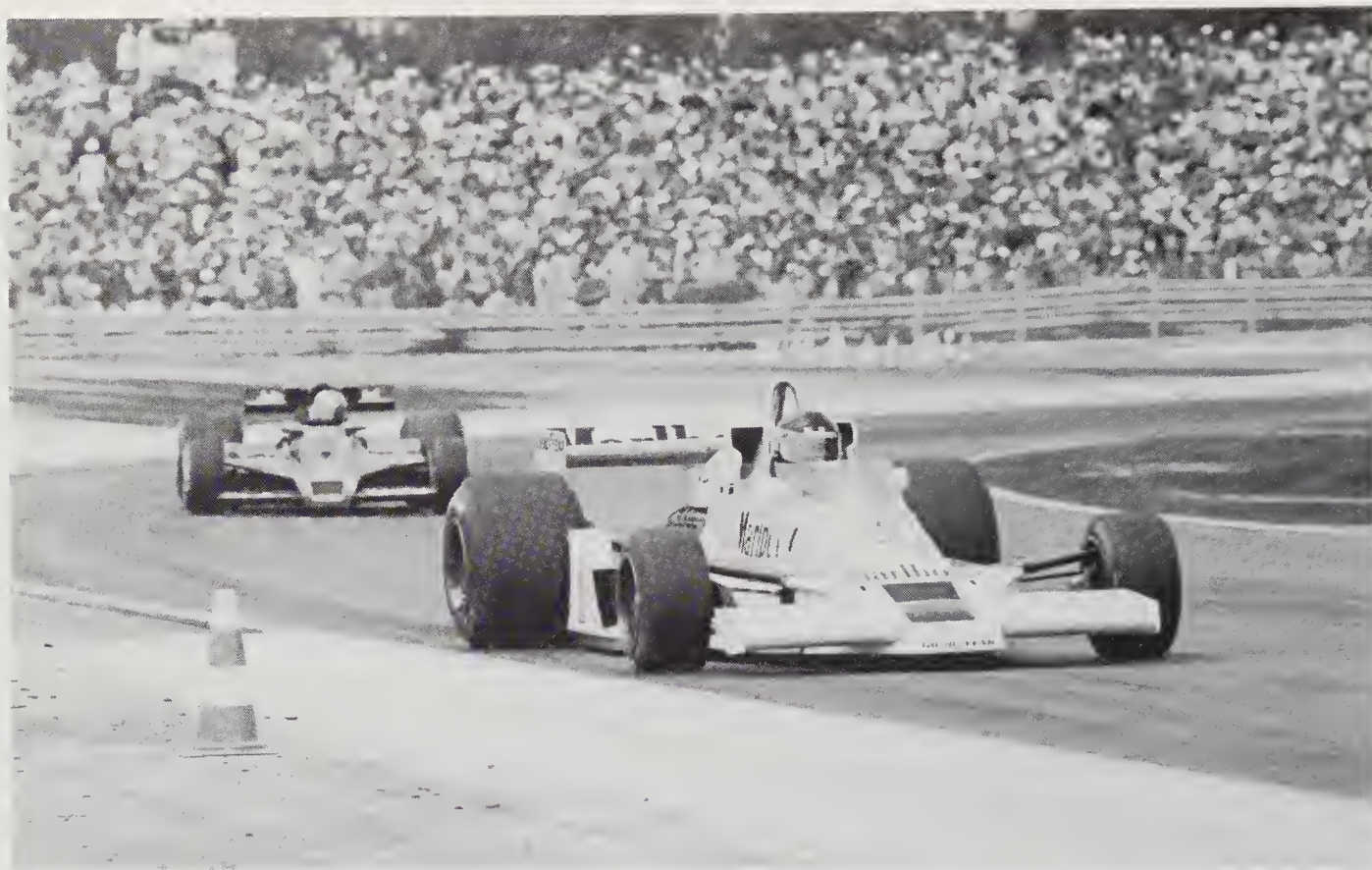
Carlos Reutemann's Ferrari runs wide as Jochen Mass's McLaren looks for the inside line. Jody Scheckter's sideways Wolf is next ahead of Vittorio Brambilla's Surtees and Riccardo Patrese in the Shadow.

just as it looked as though he had them in the bag.

Mario Andretti, meanwhile, was riding the crest of a wave with Team Lotus. A bleak season struggling through 1976 was now on the verge of paying off as the ground effect Lotus 78 put Colin Chapman's design brilliance on show yet again. The American's skilled, sensitive and analytical touch led the Lotus boss to remark that he hadn't enjoyed such a sympathetic technical rapport with a driver since the days of Jim Clark. That spoke volumes about the charismatic Mario.

World Champion James Hunt faced the French Grand Prix from the cockpit of the brand new McLaren M26, effectively an updated version of the title-winning M23. This new machine had in fact been ready to race since the previous summer, but the older car continued to run with the best of them so there seemed no point in chancing the M26's arm in battle before it was really required. Oh yes, and there were the inevitable Ferraris of course, handled by the warring Niki Lauda and Carlos Reutemann.

The effervescent Jacques Laffite had been the beneficiary of both Mario and John's misfortune in the previous race, the Frenchman's Ligier-Matra snatching a lucky victory. That was well-timed from the point of view of the Formula One Constructors Association who had done a neat financial deal with the French Grand Prix promoters - directly linked to the number of spectators coming through the turnstiles. Even though it was a bit optimistic to imagine Laffite as a Dijon front runner, the fans packed the spectator enclosures and Jacques responded by

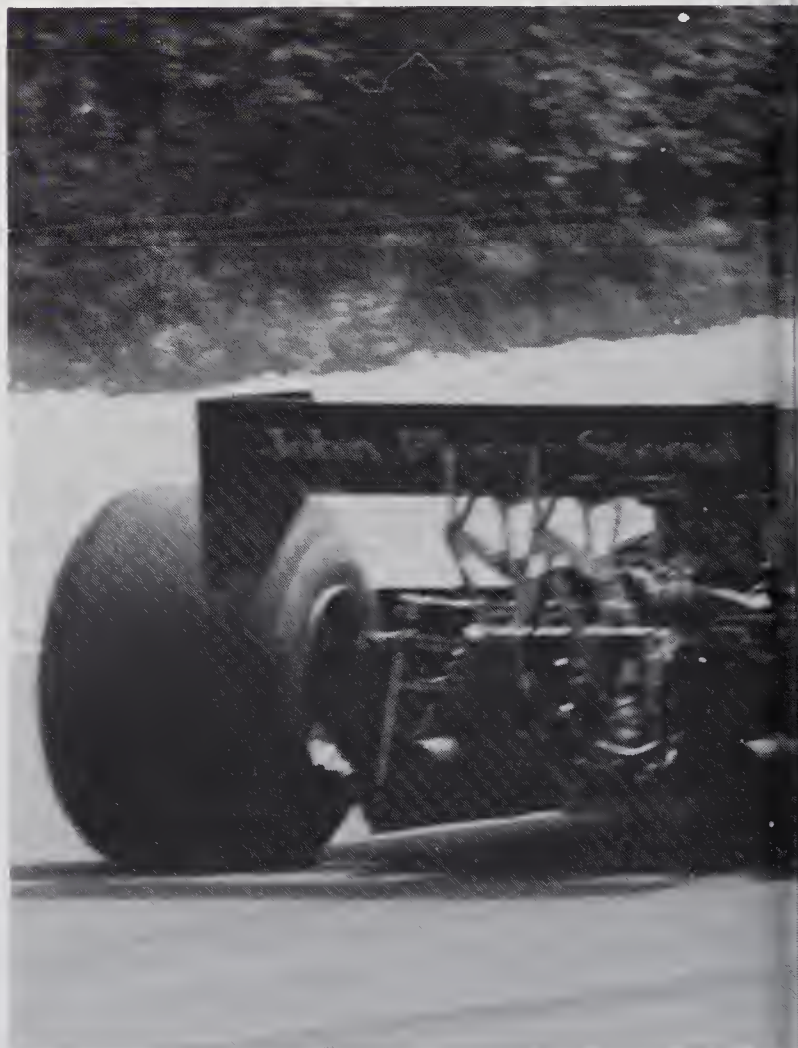


James Hunt put the new McLaren M26 ahead for the first few laps, but faded to third at the finish, unable to sustain the pace of the Brabham/Lotus battle ahead.

qualifying fifth ahead of Reutemann's Ferrari.

Race day brought broiling conditions more familiar to sub-tropical Rio, focusing team worries over tyre wear and fuel consumption. The Brabham-Alfas had always been notoriously thirsty, so the team was taking no chances. The worst possible fuel consumption was calculated, the tanks filled up appropriately - and then another three gallons was added just to be sure. This seemed one problem which Watson and team-mate Hans-Joachim Stuck (son of the pre-War ace featured in the earlier chapters of this book) would not be worrying over.

Hunt burst into the lead at the start, but the new McLaren was not yet quite the class of the field. Within four laps its handling started to deteriorate, so Watson breezed by and quickly built up a two second cushion. It took Andretti until lap 17 before he could get past Hunt, by which time 'Wattie' had made his break. The red Martini Brabham-Alfa was sailing round commandingly five seconds in front of its pursuers.



By half distance, 40 laps, Mario had not made an inch on his rival. The gap still held firmly at five seconds. But, almost imperceptibly at first, the black and gold Lotus began to haul back the Brabham approaching three-quarter distance. After 50 laps the gap was 3.3 seconds, at 60 laps, 1.8 seconds. Both cars were lapping at tremendous speed. There was no question of anybody running a tactical race. It was going to be flat-out to the finish.

Surely Mario would soon be in a position to pounce. But no. Half a second was as close as the Lotus would get. Lapping some of the faster mid-field runners gave John a few good breaks and he eased away briefly. Mario soon hauled him back, but never by sufficient to have a crack at passing him into any of the corners. This was a classic stalemate, or so it seemed.

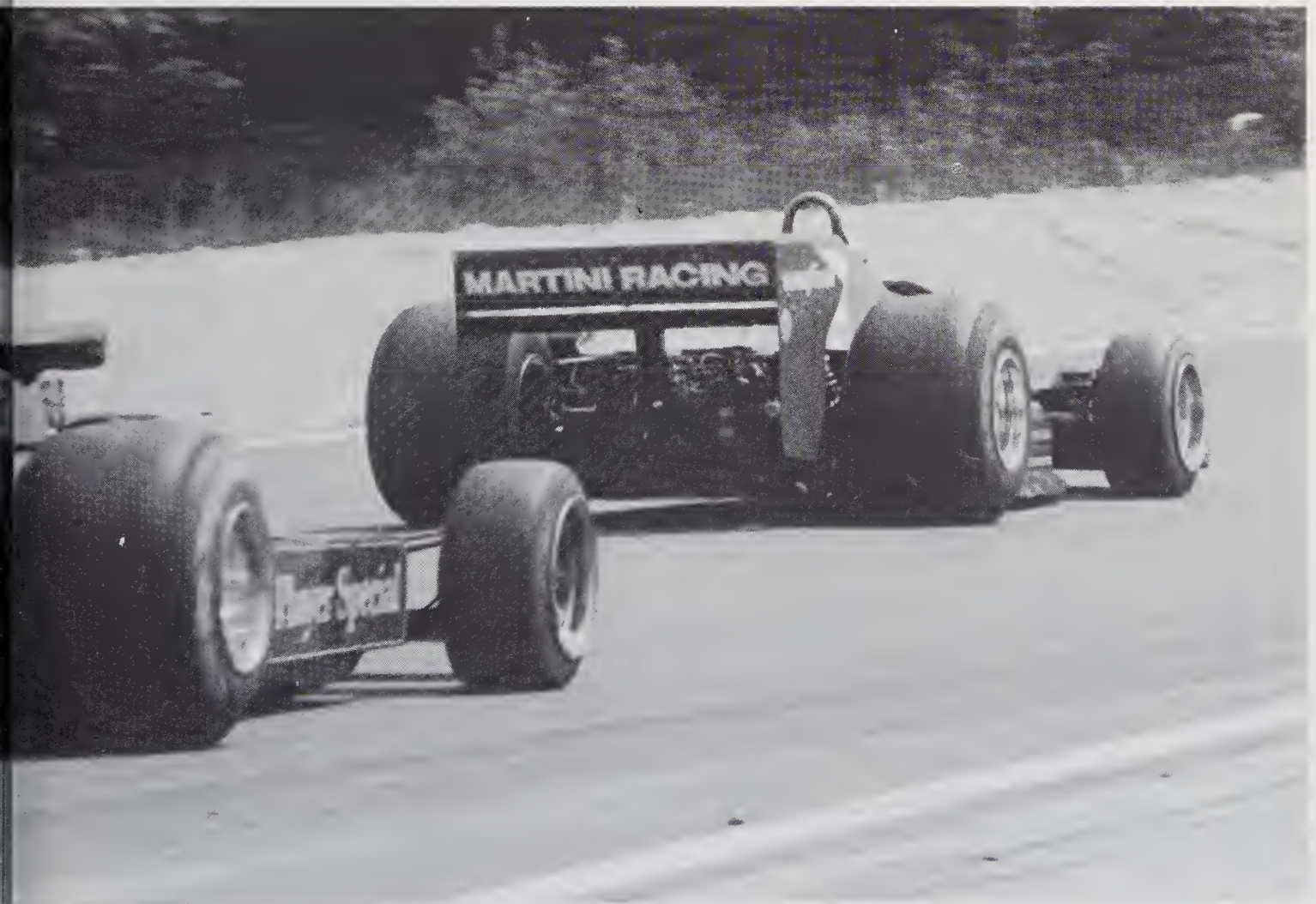
Into the last lap Watson was a clear six lengths

in front. At last, at long last, Lady Luck was going to smile on him. But reliance on luck in motor racing is a doomed philosophy. Even as the sleek red Brabham-Alfa plunged through a downhill left-hander, less than a mile and a half from the chequered flag, there was a cruel sting in this race's tail waiting to make its presence felt.

I put away my lap chart, grinning broadly. 'Wattie' had done it. I waited, preparing to wave enthusiastically as he came past me on his slowing-down lap. His victory lap. Suddenly, there was Andretti appearing over the brow, right arm raised in salute, with Watson trailing him by a few lengths. Victory had been snatched away almost on the last corner.

Pounding up the rise off the 'new loop', Watson had felt the Brabham hesitate slightly as he aimed into the tight left-hander leading on to the return section of the circuit. In a trice, Mario was up

Story of the race. Andretti's JPS Lotus tailed Watson's Brabham-Alfa to the very last lap before a stroke of luck handed Mario his chance.

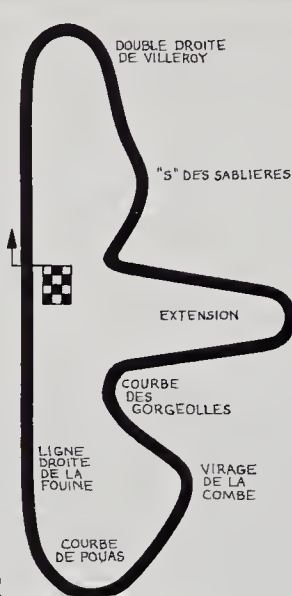


alongside him. The two cars nuzzled through the corner rubbing rear wheels. The Brabham picked up again, but Mario was through and away. The chequered flag was his by just over a second.

This magnificent confrontation held most of us spellbound for the entire race. The remainder of the supporting cast seemed to play out insignificant minor roles by comparison. Hunt drove energetically in a car that was not quite to his taste, finishing third ahead of Gunnar Nilsson's Lotus 78 and the Ferraris of Lauda and Reutemann, Niki the last runner not to be lapped by the leading duo.

Scheckter's Wolf was spun off the track by Clay Regazzoni's Ensign - although a hesitant engine in Jody's car was the cause, rather than the Swiss driver's legendary over-enthusiasm. Clay wound up seventh ahead of a disappointed Laffite and Jochen Mass in the second McLaren.

Mario was generous in victory. 'Believe me, I know how John feels. He did a beautiful job today and never made any mistakes I saw. What can I say?' It was a suitably dignified tribute to a heart-rending disappointment. It will be remembered as one of Watson's best-ever performances.



RESULTS

80 laps, 188.99 miles

Top six: 1, Mario Andretti (*Lotus 78*), 1 hr 39 min 40.13 sec (113.714 mph); 2, John Watson (*Brabham BT45B*), 1 hr 39 min 41.68 sec; 3, James Hunt (*McLaren M26*), 1 hr 40 min 14.00 sec; 4, Gunnar Nilsson (*Lotus 78*), 1 hr 40 min 51.21 sec; 5, Niki Lauda (*Ferrari 312T2*), 1 hr 40 min 54.58 sec; 6, Carlos Reutemann (*Ferrari 312T2*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Mario Andretti, 1 min 13.75 sec (115.259 mph).

Mixed emotions. The Dijon winner's rostrum with Andretti celebrating a lucky victory and Watson reflecting on what might have been.



1979 DUTCH GRAND PRIX

Three wheels on my wagon

Alan Jones won this race – his third successive Grand Prix victory of the season – at the wheel of the superb ground effect Williams FW07. In the closing stages he grappled expertly with gear selection problems, nursing his car home at the head of a depleted field of only seven finishers. But even Jones realized he'd had a lucky break this particular day. For the first two-thirds of the race Alan had been embroiled in a terrific battle with Gilles Villeneuve's Ferrari, a classic struggle which ended when the French Canadian suffered a burst tyre and slid straight on at the end of the main straight. Undaunted, Villeneuve coaxed his crippled machine back on to the circuit and staggered round to the pits on little more than three wheels. For sheer refusal to accept defeat, it was one of motor racing's golden moments.

Colin Chapman pioneered it, Patrick Head perfected it. Ground effect. The black art of harnessing under-car airflow to generate down-force. Looking back on the late 1970s and early '80s, this will go down in history as one of the most fascinating technical blind alleys of all time. It was also frustrating, complex and expensive. Normally sane designers could be seen almost tearing their hair out in despair . . .

After Chapman's Lotus 79 steamrolled its way to the 1978 World Championship, it was left to Williams to come up with the most impressive second generation ground-effect racer. This was Patrick Head's superb FW07, the car which allowed Alan Jones to put his and the team's name on the Grand Prix map once and for all. When the FW07 got into its stride, few could get

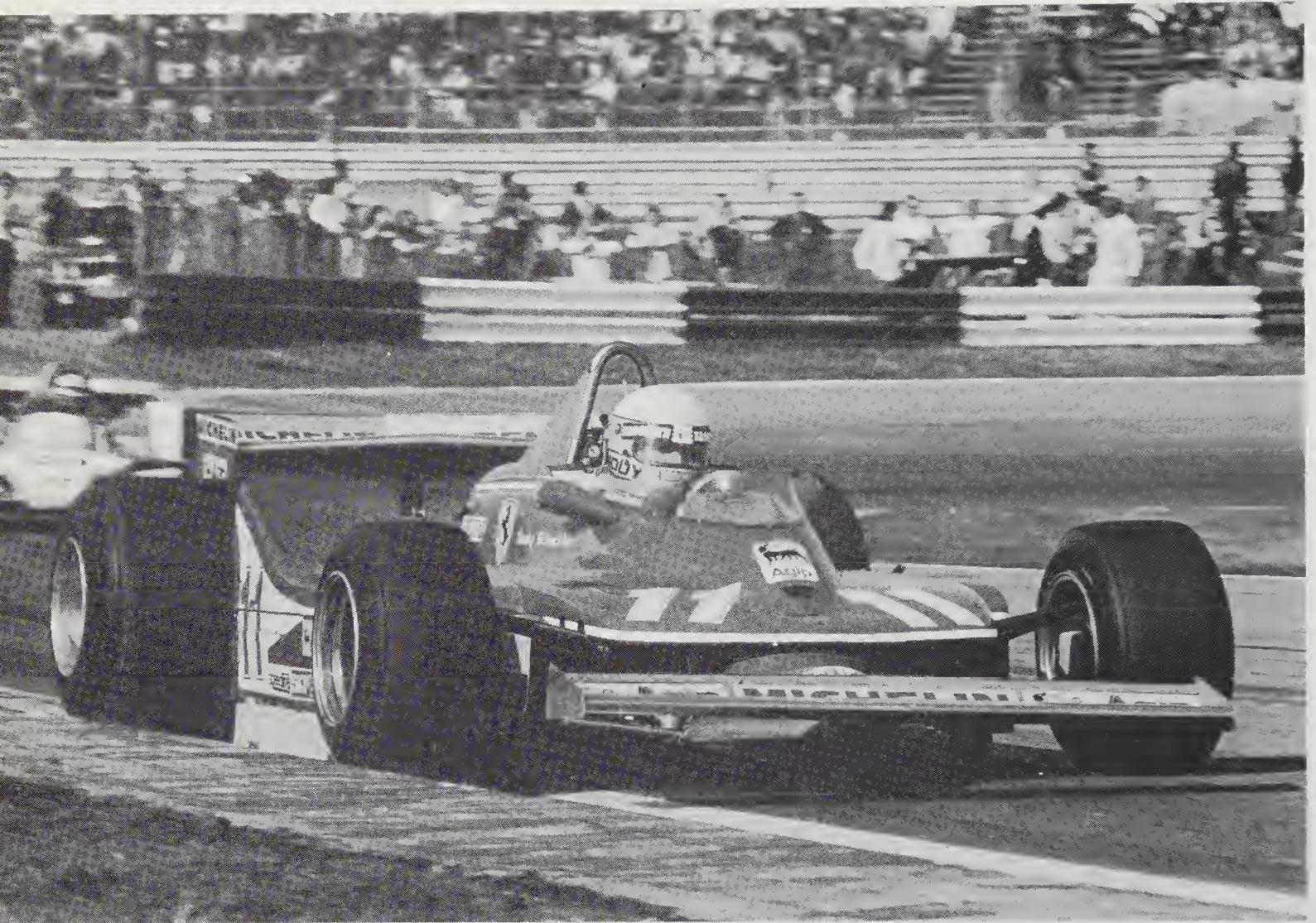
on terms with the rugged Australian.

Gilles Villeneuve was at the head of that elite band. Throughout his full-time Grand Prix career he drove a succession of Ferraris, few of which matched up in the chassis department when compared with the best offered by the British constructors. His '79 mount was a Michelin-shod Ferrari 312T4. It was a good car, good enough to take his team-mate Jody Scheckter to the World Championship. But not as good as a Williams . . .

This Zandvoort race provided a classic example of a driver extracting more from a car than the car had to give. Villeneuve qualified sixth at the Dutch track, immediately behind team-mate Scheckter. Ahead of him on pole position was René Arnoux's powerful Renault turbo, closely followed by Jones, his Williams team-mate Clay Regazzoni and Jean-Pierre Jabouille in the second Renault, then Jody and Gilles. Beating those turbos looked like a number one priority once the race began.

At the start Scheckter's Ferrari hardly moved, its clutch overheating dramatically. But Villeneuve was away like a jack rabbit, whiffs of smoke curling from his rear tyres as he aimed down the outside of the pack. Jones grabbed an immediate lead from the front, but for a brief moment Regazzoni, Arnoux, Jabouille and Villeneuve were four abreast in his wake.

Clay found himself hemmed in against the pit wall, grazing along it for some distance before his left wheel became hooked ahead of Arnoux's right rear. There was the sound of rending metal – and 'Rega' found himself coasting to a halt in a 170 mph tricycle. He was livid. Arnoux's car had



Jody Scheckter drove magnificently, climbing back from virtually last place after experiencing dire clutch slip on the opening lap, to bring his Ferrari home second.

also suffered mortal damage and trailed in to retire at the end of the lap.

Jones led from Villeneuve, Jabouille, Didier Pironi's Tyrrell and Jacques Laffite's Ligier at the end of lap one. Carlos Reutemann tangled with Jarier's Tyrrell and brought his rumped Lotus limping in to retire. One lap over and three cars gone already. Emerson Fittipaldi's own Fittipaldi gave up the ghost with electrical trouble on lap two and lap four saw Niki Lauda's Brabham-Alfa pull in for good. He had hurt his wrist practising for the BMW 'Pro-Car' supporting race.

Jones had Villeneuve right on his tail for lap after lap during the early stages while Jabouille was on his own in third and the rest slipping away. Scheckter, meanwhile, eased off until his clutch had cooled down and now faced a battle back into contention from 19th place at the end

of the opening lap. It was a task he attacked with great relish.

On lap eight there was a horrifying moment at the Tarzan right-hander beyond the pits. Riccardo Patrese suffered total brake failure in his Arrows, plunging head-on into a barrier. The Italian walked away shaken but unhurt.

By lap ten, Villeneuve was getting pretty serious about taking over the lead. As the two cars hurtled past the pits Gilles pulled over to the left and drew alongside the Williams. The crowd gasped. He really was going to attempt taking the lead round the *outside* of Tarzan. Not just an *attempt*; he *did* it!

For a split second it seemed as though Gilles might have miscalculated. As the two cars strained under braking, side by side, the Ferrari's tail began to slide out. But that didn't worry

Villeneuve. He stuck to his line, got back on the power first and gunned ahead as the two cars came out of the turn. Jones was impressed.

Once ahead, Gilles piled on the pressure. Little by little he began to open out an advantage until, with 20 laps completed, he had four seconds in hand. Then Jones began to catch up again. Had he been sandbagging - or was Villeneuve in trouble?

Once or twice Gilles felt the Ferrari trying to get away from him under braking for Tarzan. By lap 40 Jones was all over him and, on lap 47, when Gilles finally spun at the new chicane on the back section of the circuit, Alan dodged through into the lead once more.

Villeneuve gathered up everything and resumed

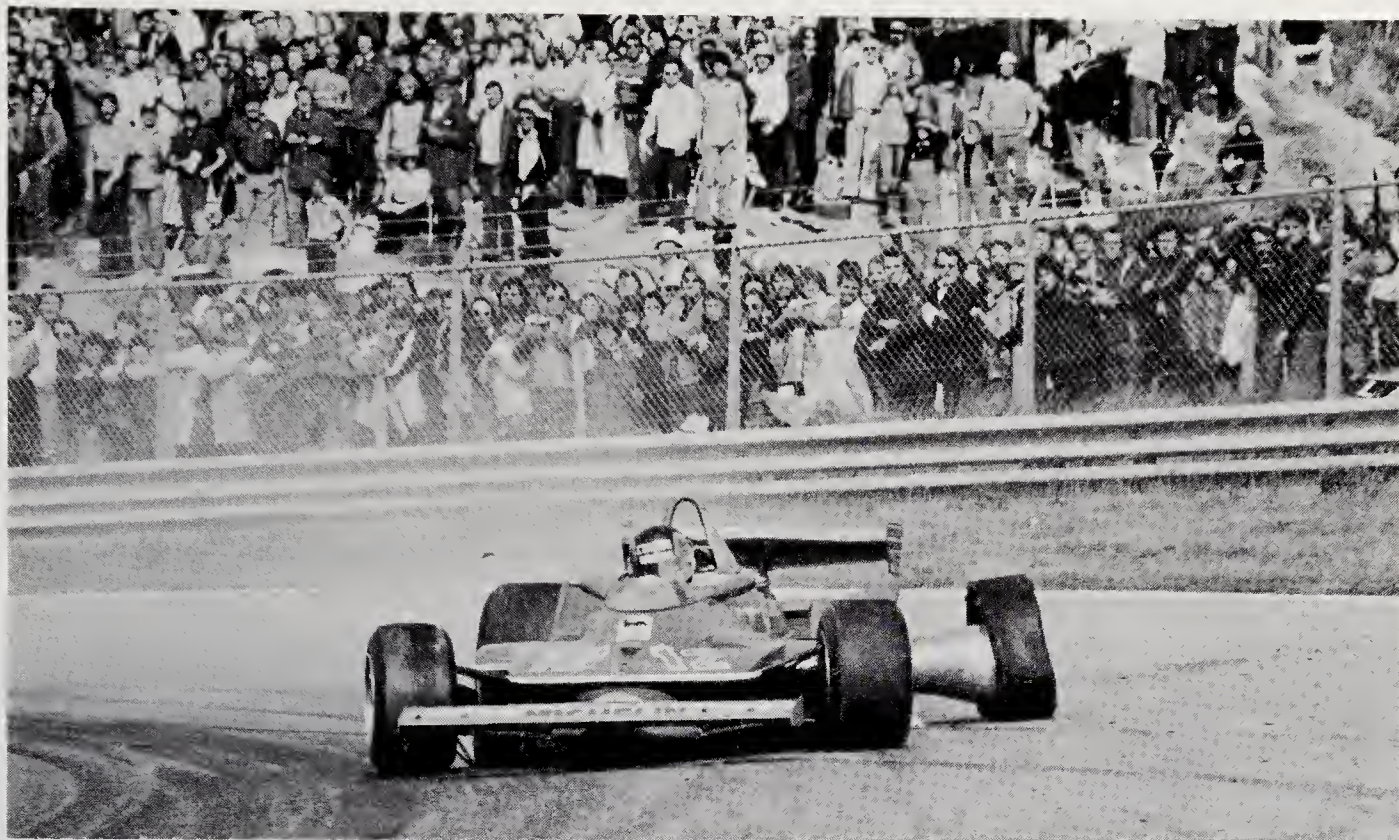
in second place, but the cause of that gyration had been a deflating rear tyre which would not stand much more punishment. Sure enough, a lap and a half later, it disintegrated as he tore past the pits. Miraculously, he managed to keep everything pointing more or less in a straight line, but there was no way he was going to get round Tarzan successfully. Just as it looked as though he was on course for a collision with Patrese's wrecked Arrows, Gilles deftly spun the car to a halt. Surely, he was out of the race.

With barely a second's delay, Gilles fired up the Ferrari, juggled it back and forth across the track on three tyres and a wheel rim, then set off to clank back to the pits. As he ground his way round in a shower of sparks and flailing suspension

The opening stages of the race saw Jones and Villeneuve pulling away strongly, only Jabouille's Renault keeping in touch with them. In the background can be seen Regazzoni's abandoned Williams which had a wheel torn off jostling into the first corner.







members, the crowds either cheered or shook their heads sadly, depending on their reaction to his display of zeal.

Now Jones could take life a little bit easier, backing off to conserve a gearbox problem caused by a leaking oil seal. By the time it passed the chequered flag his Williams had lost third gear altogether. But Alan was still over 20 seconds in front of the hard-worked Scheckter.

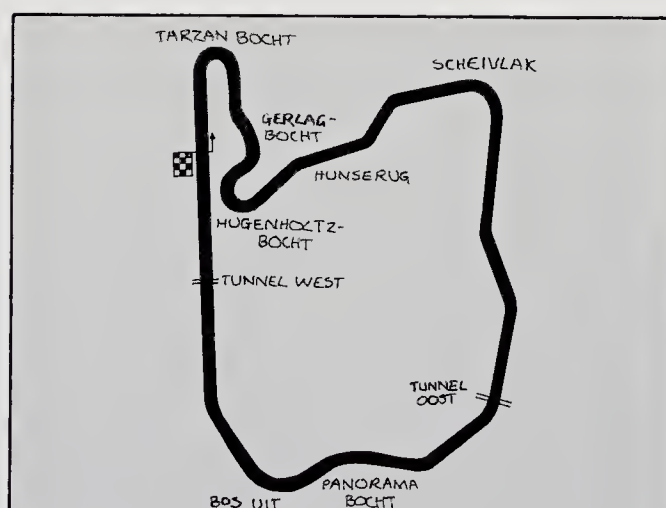
As for the rest of the field, well, the retirement list read like a who's who of international motor racing. Jacques Laffite's Ligier was third ahead of Nelson Piquet (Brabham-Alfa), Jacky Ickx's Ligier, Jochen Mass's Arrows and Hector Rebaque's private Lotus 79.

By the time Villeneuve had made it back to the pits, there was precious little Ferrari left to drive. He had no choice but to retire on the spot. But, irresponsible or not, it was a heart-warming example of single-mindedness of the sort few are blessed with.

In Gilles's book the theory was simple; if it moves, drive it . . .

Alan Jones strives to keep ahead of Gilles Villeneuve's Ferrari 312T4. The two waged a tremendous battle, but victory fell to the Australian after tyre failure brought Gilles's challenge to an end.

Act of heroism! A classic example of the qualities which endeared Gilles Villeneuve to millions of grass roots enthusiasts. Rear tyre almost off its rim, Gilles presses on hard in an effort to return his crippled car to the pits.



RESULTS

75 laps, 196.94 miles

Top six: 1, Alan Jones (*Williams FW07*), 1 hr 41 min 19.775 sec (116.615 mph); 2, Jody Scheckter (*Ferrari 312T4*), 1 hr 41 min 41.558 sec; 3, Jacques Laffite (*Ligier JS11*), 1 hr 42 min 23.028 sec; 4, Nelson Piquet (*Brabham BT48*), one lap behind; 5, Jacky Ickx (*Ligier JS11*), two laps behind; 6, Jochen Mass (*Arrows A2*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: Gilles Villeneuve (*Ferrari 312T4*), 1 min 19.438 sec (119.002 mph).

1980 CANADIAN GRAND PRIX

Second time lucky for Jones

World Championship rivals Alan Jones and Nelson Piquet survived a close call when they tangled a few hundred yards after the start of this race, triggering a multiple pile-up which brought the contest to an immediate halt. At the wheel of his spare Brabham, Piquet quickly assumed command of the restart, pulling away effortlessly until engine failure sidelined him after 23 laps. That left Jones in front, but challenged hard by Didier Pironi's Ligier. However, the Frenchman had been penalized for a jumped start, so although he passed Williams and was first past the chequered flag, the race victory and the title duly - and deservedly - went to Alan.

It was Charlie Crichton-Stuart, former racer and close friend of Alan Jones, who put his finger on it. 'Nelson looks like a jockey being strapped into his car, but A. J. looks like a commando on his way to Viet Nam.' It was the morning of this crucial Canadian Grand Prix in which Brabham and Williams team leaders faced each other from positions on the front row of the grid, each in with a healthy chance of taking the title. Moreover, although both men came to Canada with three wins apiece under their belts, Jones looked the more convincing performer.

Not that one could ever discount Piquet. Blend his unquestioned skill in the cockpit with the Brabham team's technical ingenuity, particularly when it came to providing a super-quick qualifying car, and the recipe for success was there. But Jones not only had speed, but also stamina and the solid Williams reliability which had proved itself so impressive since the middle of the

previous season.

Piquet had eased Jones out to take pole position by 0.8 of a second, while Didier Pironi's Ligier JS11 lined up on the inside of row two in front of Bruno Giacomelli's new Alfa Romeo. Right at the back, Mike Thackwell became the youngest driver ever to start a Championship Grand Prix. At the wheel of a third Tyrrell entry, he was only 19 years 182 days old. The previous youngest participant had been Ricardo Rodriguez, 26 days older when he started a works Ferrari in the 1961 Italian Grand Prix. From the front row . . .

Tension ran high as the front runners debated detailed technicalities prior to the start. Williams took a gamble by following Brabham on to the smaller Goodyear front tyres. That would mean running without the bigger brakes considered ideal for this punishing track, but a decision had to be made. It turned out to be the correct one.

Jones made the best start, edging ahead as they swung into the right-hand entry to the fast es-bend. Nelson found himself being eased towards the unyielding concrete wall and the two cars interlocked wheels. Suddenly the Brabham snapped sideways and, at the same moment a little further back, Keke Rosberg hit his brakes and lost control of his Fittipaldi on its cold tyres. In an instant there were cars all over the place, tangling with bodywork and wheels flying. The mayhem involved Jarier, Mass, Villeneuve, Fittipaldi, Andretti and Daly.

Immediately the red flag was shown and the race stopped. While the debris on the track was

cleared up, mechanics sprinted round readying spare cars for those who needed them. Jones's Williams needed only a new skirt box on one side pod, but Piquet's BT49 had suffered steering damage, obliging the Brazilian to switch to his spare car. That, said the rumour-mongers, was fitted with a special qualifying engine. Which is why it not only went so fast after the restart, but also why it failed to finish.

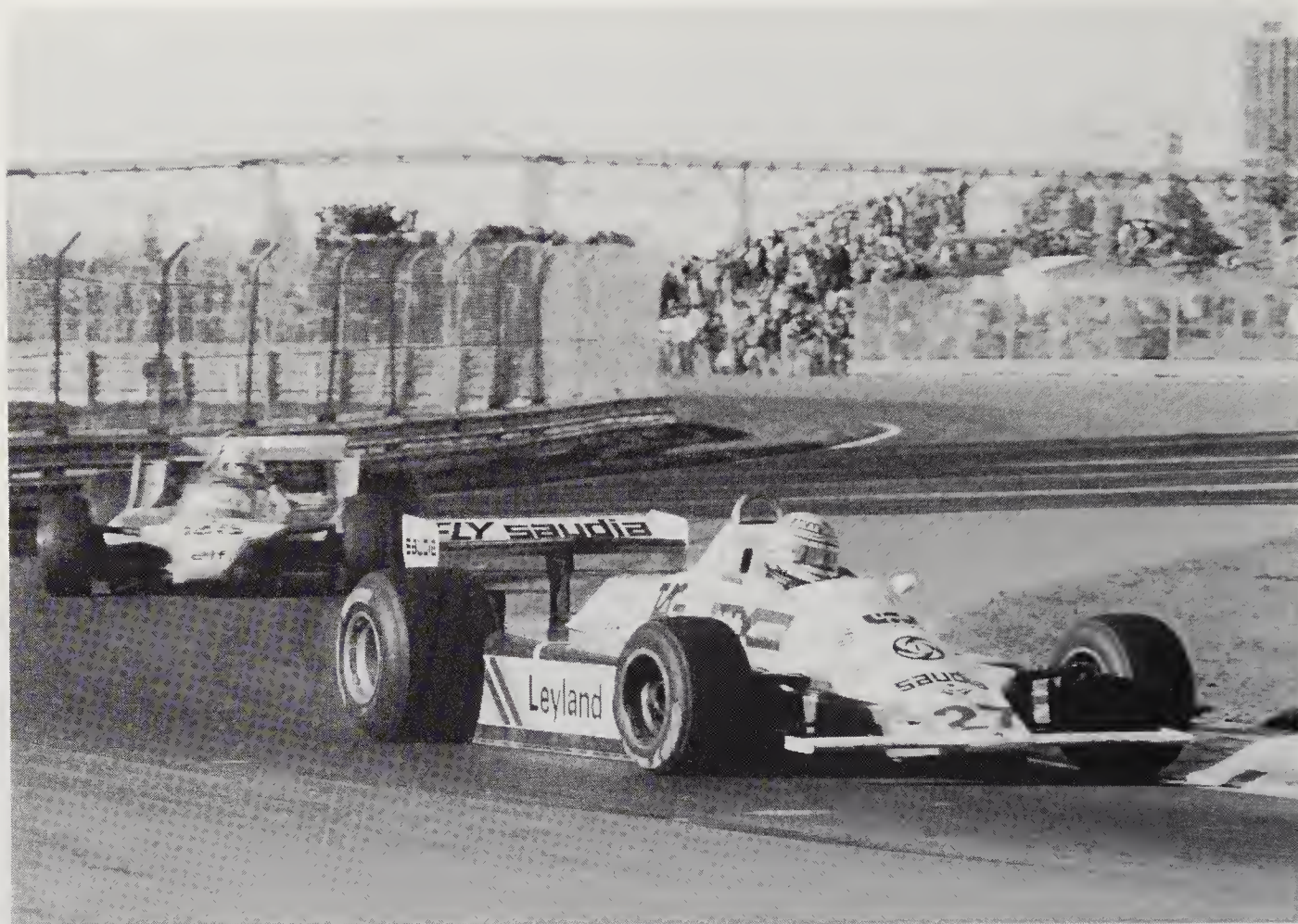
Sure enough, Nelson's spare BT49 was blindingly quick when the Grand Prix got going again.

Although Jones led the first couple of laps from Pironi's Ligier, Nelson picked them off with seemingly contemptuous ease. With ten laps completed he was six seconds ahead and was still pulling away 14 laps later when his engine began to feel a little rough – and then blew apart. Philosophically, he pulled off and retired.

Walking back to the paddock, he grinned ruefully. 'Sure, I would have loved to win the Championship,' he shrugged, 'but I'm on the third year of a three-year-deal with Bernie

Until his engine expired, Nelson Piquet's Brabham BT49 was the class of the field following the restart. This was Nelson's spare car, his original race car having been damaged in the first corner pile-up.





Alan Jones always had to keep his eye on Didier Pironi's pursuing Ligier at Montreal, but once he realised that the Frenchman had been penalised for a jumped start, he let him through. Pironi finished first on the road, but third in the race.

Ecclestone next year. If I won the Championship I wouldn't earn any more money. Now, if I win the title next year, negotiations about 1982 will be very different . . .

With Piquet out of the equation, Pironi began to pile on the pressure in an effort to catch Jones. But word was spreading along the pit lane that Didier had been penalized a minute for jumping the start. That message was signalled to Alan when the Ligier was looming large in his mirrors. Not totally convinced, he fought manfully to keep the Frenchman behind. Finally, he saw Frank Williams nodding furiously by the pit board. He eased off and let Didier go by.

There were now just under 30 laps left to run, so while Pironi ran flat-out, establishing a new lap record, the canny Jones was left to hawk-like

attention to his pit board. After a largely disappointing season, John Watson had at last got into the swing of things with his revamped McLaren M29, the Ulsterman holding third place. Initially he was chased by his team-mate, novice Alain Prost, but the future Champ's McLaren suffered a chassis breakage after an earlier tangle with Riccardo Patrese's Arrows. Alain's one-off McLaren M30 abruptly turned left into the guard rail, but the Frenchman walked away. That left Watson running ahead of Carlos Reutemann's Williams, but then the Belfast boy spun, dropping to fourth on the road.

Pironi crossed the finishing line 40 seconds ahead, but on corrected times dropped back to third place a mere 3.5 seconds behind Reutemann. With Jones's Championship in the bag, the Formula 1 press corps made a bee line to the telephone room to file copy, only for their efforts

Champ meets champ. On the Montreal rostrum Alan Jones celebrates winning the 1980 World Championship in company with former three-times winner Jackie Stewart.

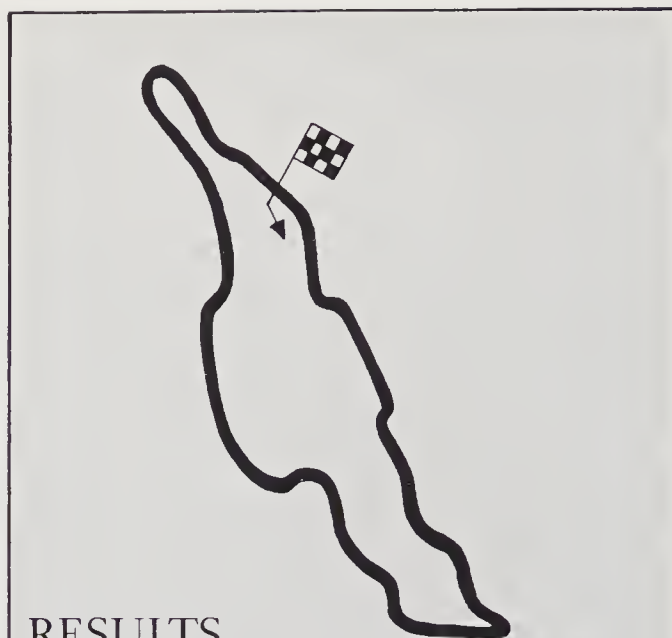


to be jeopardized by a protest from the Ligier team against Pironi's penalty. Everybody held their breath, and to the accompaniment of almost audible sighs of relief, the stewards announced that the results would in fact stand - Jones first, Reutemann second, Pironi third - two hours after the finish of the race!

Watson, who suffered the embarrassment of being turned away from the victory rostrum immediately after climbing out of his car, wound up fourth rather than third, as officials initially believed he had. Fifth place was the preserve of the great Gilles Villeneuve who, having qualified his hopelessly uncompetitive Ferrari T5 a nightmarish 22nd, stole all the local applause with a brilliant climb through the field. Completing the points-scoring top six was Mexico's Hector Rebaque in the second Brabham BT49.

Another World Championship was in the can.

Tough stuff. John Watson drove well in his McLaren, not being averse to a touch of wheel banging to get his own way. Here he elbows his way past Carlos Reutemann's Williams. Carlos eventually finished second after Watson spun.

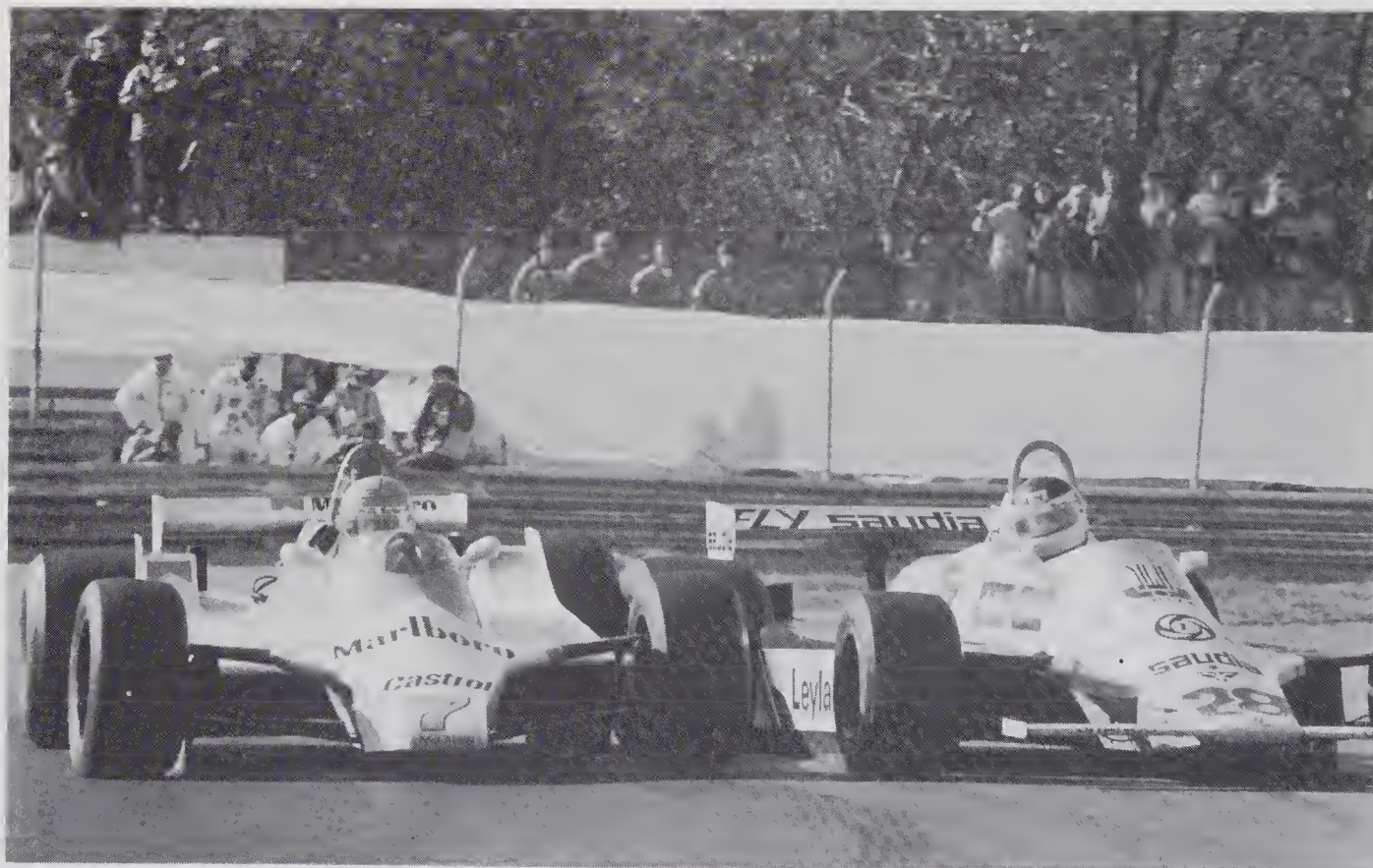


RESULTS

70 laps, 191.82 miles

Top six: 1, Alan Jones (*Williams FW07B*), 1 hr 46 min 45.53 sec (110.0 mph); 2, Carlos Reutemann (*Williams FW07B*), 1 hr 47 min 1.07 sec; 3, Didier Pironi (*Ligier JS11/15*); 1 hr 47 min 4.60 sec (including 60 sec penalty); 4, John Watson (*McLaren M29*), 1 hr 47 min 16.51 sec; 5, Gilles Villeneuve (*Ferrari 312T5*), 1 hr 47 min 40.76 sec; 6, Hector Rebaque (*Brabham BT49*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Didier Pironi, 1 min 28.769 sec (113.397 mph).



1981 INDIANAPOLIS 500

Bobby wins on appeal

After probably the most controversial and widely-debated Indy 500 of all time, Bobby Unser finally found himself confirmed winner of the Memorial Day classic an incredible 137 days after the race took place. At three-quarter distance Unser's Penske PC9B and Mario Andretti's Wildcat Mk 8 both emerged from the pits while the yellow light was on, each in contention for the lead. But Unser passed half a dozen cars as he accelerated along the pit exit apron which extends from the pit lane through to the end of the second corner. After beating Andretti to the flag, Unser then found himself penalized one lap following a protest from the runner-up who thus took over first place. Unser's team duly appealed and, almost five months later, Mario found that he hadn't scored his second Indy victory after all when the Penske driver was reinstated to the number one finishing slot.

By the start of the 1980s, Indy car racing was operating on two sides of a quite extraordinary divide. Having felt for years that the United States Auto Club (USAC) was out of tune with contemporary thinking, the time was ripe for the establishment of the CART organization which quickly grasped the organizational and promotional initiative. Thus, by 1981, USAC presided over a minuscule two round series against a total of a dozen CART races. However, one of USAC's two races was the 'jewel in the crown', the Indy 500.

As it turned out, the 1981 edition of the Indy 500 was destined to do little for the credibility of USAC or the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

Even before this painful event, many competitors felt that USAC had too traditional an approach which had its roots in 1950s mentality, to the great frustration of team owners and drivers. Although a truce existed between CART and USAC, their meeting of the ways at Indianapolis was an uneasy alliance.

Administrative problems aside, the '81 500 looked like being a great race. Bobby Unser's Penske was on pole ahead of Mike Mosley's Eagle and A. J. Foyt's debutant ground-effect Gilmore Coyote, but Mario Andretti was way down in 32nd place on the back of the grid. After his first qualifying day was rained out, Formula 1 obligations to the Alfa Romeo team meant that he was racing in the Belgian Grand Prix at Zolder when the next opportunity for Indy qualifying presented itself. Therefore his Pat Patrick Wildcat was qualified 'by proxy' in the hands of Wally Dallenbach, leaving Mario with his work cut out once the 500 began.

The start was rather ragged, but everybody got away safely into turn one with Bobby Unser immediately going ahead chased by Johnny Rutherford's Chaparral, Foyt, Mosley and Mexican rookie Josele Garza. When Unser made his first routine pit stop after 22 laps Rutherford took over in front only for a misfire to send him in for attention, allowing Tom Sneva's March to assume the lead. Sneva had come through quickly from 22nd place and held on in front until pitting on lap 67.

Unser's Penske team-mate Rick Mears then fleetingly occupied the lead, but came in for fuel soon after Sneva pulled off. Unfortunately a leak



Fire frenzy. Rick Mears, his overalls burning with an invisible flame caused by overflowing methanol-based fuel, leaps away from his car in agony following the pit stop which went disastrously wrong . . .

from the refuelling nozzle produced a disastrous pit lane conflagration. The alcohol fuel used at Indy burns with an invisible flame, so chaos reigned briefly in the Penske pit as the fire crew attempted to extinguish the flare. Mears leapt from the cockpit and sustained only facial burns, but several crew members were quite badly hurt, including crew chief Derek Walker who as in hospital for some time. Mears, of course, was very definitely out of the 500, but bounced back from the injuries to clinch his second CART title at Michigan later that summer.

This drama left the stage set for Danny Ongais to take the lead, the Hawaiian relishing the speed of his brand new Interscope 002 which was having its maiden outing at the Brickyard. Having wasted much of his 1980 season, thanks to the politics and unreliability surrounding Porsche's stillborn Indy engine, Danny reckoned the Interscope would put him back amongst the leaders and he was absolutely right. A couple of 200 mph laps during practice showed that the car had winning potential and, with 60 laps to run, he was through into first place.

Unfortunately, at his next pit stop, Ongais stalled the Interscope and lost a lot of time – and the lead – before he rejoined. A few laps later he hit the wall very hard at turn three, breaking both legs badly in what was one of the worst Indy accidents seen in recent times.

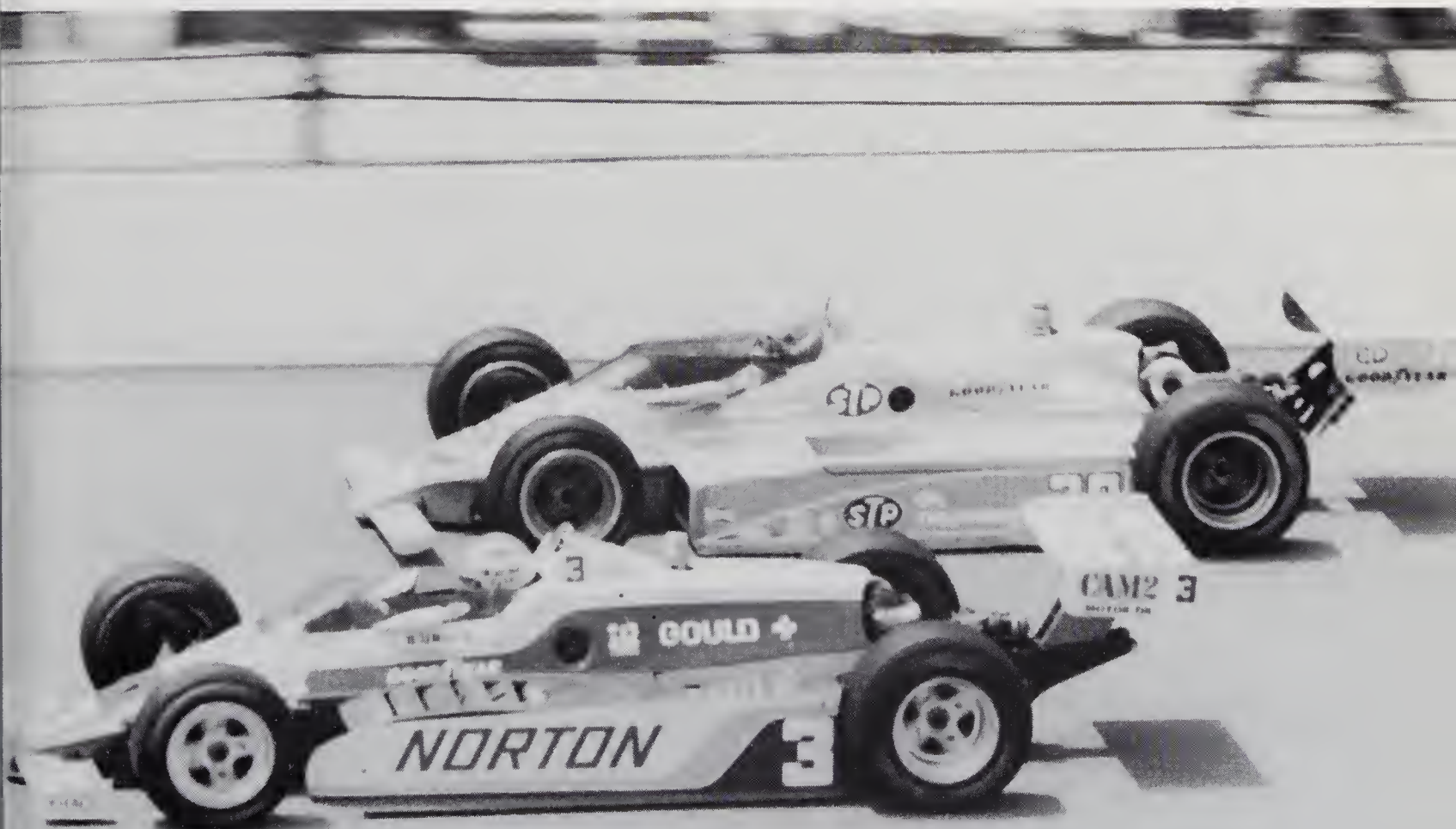
Unser then went back into the lead from Andretti, but when both drivers pitted under the yellow flag on lap 150, the trouble really began. Mario took a more conservative interpretation of the rule which requires drivers leaving the pits to 'blend in' with the traffic as smoothly and unobtrusively as possible, but Unser streaked round the first two corners on that apron before rejoining the queue.

Mario promptly radioed to his pit crew, complaining about this apparent rule violation and this complaint was quickly relayed to the race officials. They could find no record of Unser's

move, so the battle continued, now a three-way contest between Unser, Andretti and Johncock. Six laps from the finish they became a twosome when Gordy's engine expired and, when Andretti faded slightly with a deflating tyre, Unser was able to canter home to win with five seconds in hand. Australian Vern Schuppan netted a strong third place ahead of Kevin Cogan's Phoenix and Geoff Brabham's Penske PC9. However, that was not the end of the matter. Not by a long chalk.

What followed was a painfully long process of debate and discord. Officials firstly spent much of the evening after the race studying a succession of video tapes. Then, on Monday morning, Unser was penalized a lap and Mario announced the winner. But if anybody expected the Penske team to leave things at that they were mistaken. What followed was a round of appeals eventually leading to a special hearing in front of an appeal

Bobby Unser (No 3) running hard in close company with Gordon Johncock. Unser was initially penalized out of his win, but the Penske team would not leave it at that. They appealed and he was reinstated.

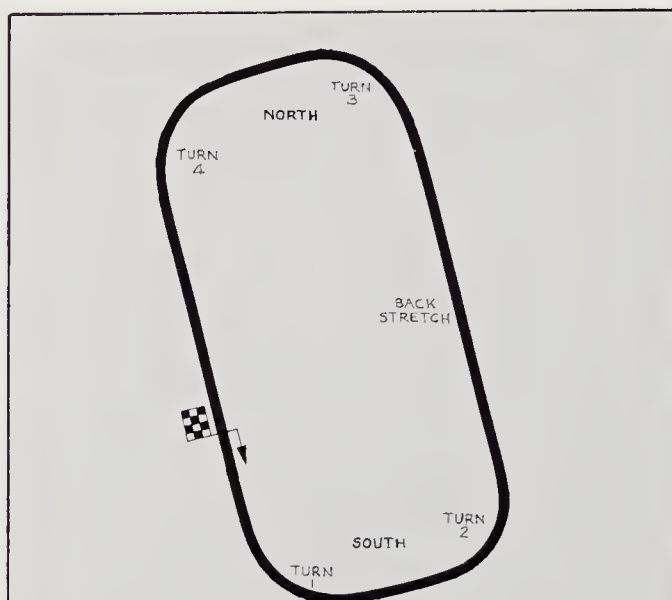


board. This august body then deliberated the matter and, months after the dust had settled, a 23-page dossier was published to justify Unser's reinstatement as the winner. Instead, he was fined \$40,000, a trifling sum to a team and driver which had just won the richest motor race in the world.

Mario was furious. As he'd said many times before, 'I'd rather shoot myself than settle for second. They've got to make up their minds whether they're going to enforce these rules as written or leave themselves open to all sorts of legal aggravation.' But there was nothing he could do, apart from brooding quietly.

Everybody in the sport agreed it had taken a ridiculously long time to resolve the dispute. Although at the end of the day Bobby Unser had won his third Indy 500, the argument had dragged on for so long that the outcome hardly seemed to matter any longer.

Mario Andretti finished the race second on the road, but left the circuit thinking he was the winner. Weeks later, he was deprived of his victory after an appeal.

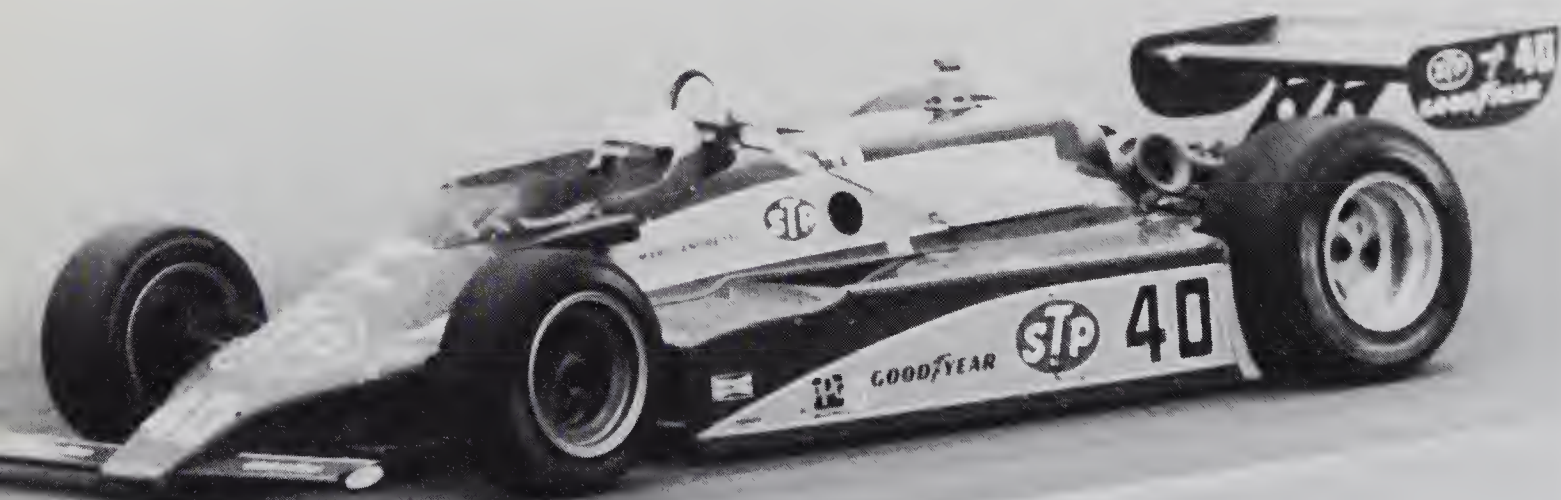


RESULTS

200 laps, 500 miles

Top six: 1, Bobby Unser (*Penske PC9B*), 3 hr 35 min 41.78 sec (139.084 mph); 2, Mario Andretti (*Wildcat Mk 8*), 3 hr 35 min 49.96 sec; 3, Vern Schuppan (*McLaren M24B*), one lap behind; 4, Kevin Cogan (*Phoenix*), three laps behind; 5, Geoff Brabham (*Penske PC9*), three laps behind; 6, Sheldon Kinser (*Longborn LR01*), five laps behind.

Fastest lap: not recorded.



1981 SPANISH GRAND PRIX

Gilles bottles them up

By dint of driving the perfect race, never giving an inch and not putting one wheel out of place, Gilles Villeneuve won a superb split-second victory in the last Spanish Grand Prix to be staged at the tortuous Jarama circuit just outside Madrid. Grappling with a Ferrari turbo which had more power than its rivals, but inferior handling, Gilles fended off a bunch of fine-handling non-turbos on a track where a good chassis is the top priority. Jacques Laffite's Ligier, John Watson's McLaren, Carlos Reutemann's Williams and Elio de Angelis's Lotus were banked up tight behind him at the flag, but Villeneuve never gave them a spare inch and hung on to win by two-tenths of a second.

The 1981 Grand Prix season was plagued by bitterness, back-biting and ill-feeling after FISA's decision to ban sliding aerodynamic skirts which had previously been crucial cornerstones of Formula 1 ground-effect technology. Basically, F1 had divided itself into two camps, with the predominantly British teams sustaining their competitive impetus thanks to ingenuity in the area of under-car aerodynamics. On the other hand, manufacturer-backed teams such as Ferrari and Renault were pressing on with the development of complex turbo-charged engines, but their grasp of aerodynamics was primitive by the standards of the day.

Into the centre of this polarized situation strode the sport's governing body, FISA. Concerned by ever-increasing lap speeds, and very effectively lobbied by the turbo brigade, FISA took the decision to ban sliding skirts at the end of

1981. The idea was to cut down cornering speeds and give the turbos a leg-up at the stroke of the same pen. This decision set a cauldron of discontent simmering which boiled over a year later (as you can read in the following chapter of this book).

To cut a long and complex story short, by the middle of 1981, new rules or not, the best-handling cars in the business were still produced by the non-turbo FOCA teams. They developed ingenious suspension systems, allowing them to continue to achieve competitive downforce whilst still conforming to the rules. By contrast, Ferrari's 126 turbos in the hands of Gilles Villeneuve and Didier Pironi looked like a pair of lumbering red lorries.

For the third consecutive year Jacques Laffite started from pole position at Jarama. The popular Frenchman's Ligier was now fitted with a French Matra V12 engine again after a two-year interlude powered by a Ford V8, and the chassis was as good as ever, allowing Jacques to set fastest time 0.4 of a second in front of World Champion Alan Jones's sleek Williams FW07C. Next up was Reutemann in the second Williams in front of John Watson whose smart new McLaren MP4 was allowing him to produce a welcome display of revitalized form.

Alain Prost's Renault RE30 was the best-placed turbo in fifth place, two slots in front of Villeneuve's Ferrari 126CK. Gilles knew that his mount was not much to write home about in qualifying trim, but it had plenty of power and handled quite respectably when weighed down with a full fuel load. He thus determined to make



Alan Jones's Williams seen here streaking away from Villeneuve, Reutemann and Andretti in the opening moments of the race. The World Champion threw it all away with an untypical excursion into the sand.

up as much ground as he possibly could before the leaders settled down into any sort of rhythm during the early stages of the race.

After all that work, Jacques Laffite played right into Gilles's hands from the start. Just as the green light came on, he moved his right foot from the throttle to the brake as he felt the Ligier creeping forward. Swamped by the grid, he dropped to 11th going down to the first corner as Jones and Reutemann put the Williams colours ahead on the first lap.

Villeneuve, meanwhile, had zigzagged a creative path through the pack from his fourth row berth to pull level with Reutemann, on the outside, as they crowded into the first right-hander. There was obviously no chance of his Ferrari pulling a fast one over those agile Williams chassis through the infield twists and turns, but he burst out on to the pit straight in third place at the end of lap one. Sensing that Reutemann had not settled in yet, he

chanced his arm with a terrific lunge down the inside as they braked for the first right-hander going into lap two. It paid off handsomely and Gilles was now second.

However, getting the jump on Reutemann and catching Jones were two totally different things. Alan never gave anyone the courtesy of a backward glance as he stormed away from his pursuers at over a second a lap. Then, with the race seemingly in his pocket, he unaccountably locked his brakes going into the downhill Virage Ascari and ploughed off on to the sandy run-off area. By the time he retrieved himself, he was down in 16th place, all chances of victory gone.

The crowd was now in for a rare treat, but many insiders tapped the sides of their noses with knowing looks. Yes, well, Gilles is sure to ruin his tyres and, anyway, that Ferrari won't last. Not being driven like that, at any rate.

By lap 20 Villeneuve had got the hang of keeping Reutemann at bay, Prost's Renault was third and Mario Andretti's Alfa Romeo a strong fourth. Unfortunately Nelson Piquet got carried away in his enthusiasm, charging up the inside of the first turn on lap 25 in a badly judged attempt to displace the American. It worked, but only because the Brabham driver barged an indignant

Mario straight off the circuit. As Nelson gathered himself up and continued, both Watson and the recovering Laffite grasped their chance and made up another couple of places.

Lapping slower cars on such a tight, confined little track always turned out to be a minor drama in itself, so it was hardly surprising when Watson got himself tangled up behind Laffite's team-

Processional. Villeneuve never made a slip at Jarama and kept his rivals bottled up behind his ill-handling Ferrari. Laffite, who started from pole and finished second, can hardly believe it to this day!



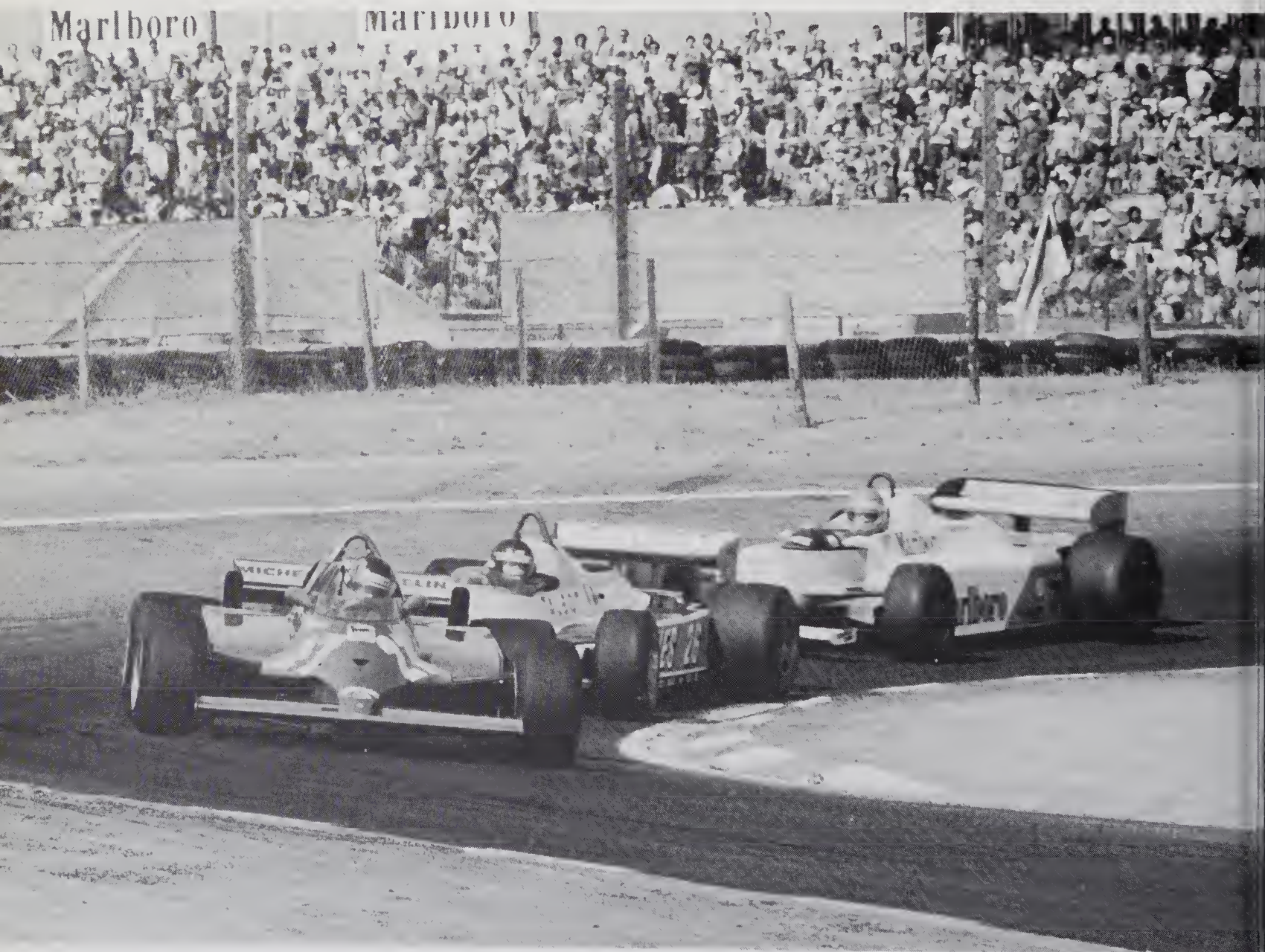
mate Jean-Pierre Jabouille. John hesitated for a split second and Jacques was through. Now the order was Villeneuve-Reutemann-Laffite-Watson-de Angelis. The breaks were all coming Laffite's way now, as if to make up for his lousy start, and when Reutemann got boxed in behind Eliseo Salazar's slow Ensign, the Argentinian suddenly found himself relegated to fourth as Jacques led 'Wattie' through a gap that hardly seemed to be there.

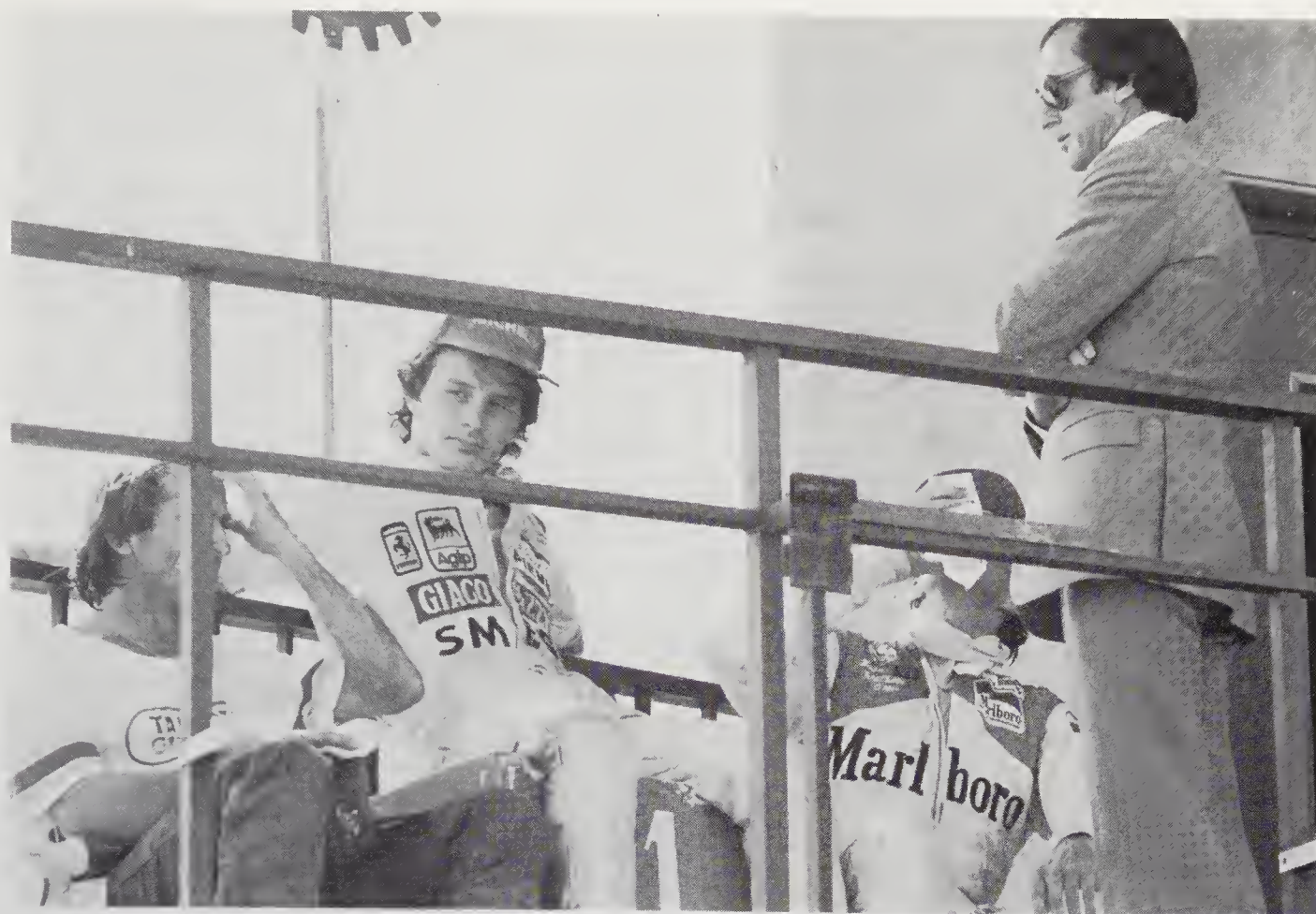
For the last 18 laps the tension was absolutely unbearable as Laffite launched an all-out assault on that precarious-handling Ferrari. One millimetre off line and Gilles would have been

demoted to fifth in the blinking of an eye. Laffite drove harder and harder as Watson, Reutemann and de Angelis closed up on to his tail in a multi-coloured train of sound. Time and again Laffite would edge the Ligier's front wheels alongside the Ferrari as they came out of tight corners, but the straight-line power of the Italian turbo and Villeneuve's unbelievable consistency always won the day.

Every lap eyes strained to pick out the fast-moving pack on the downhill right-hander before the pits. Surely he won't be there again? But, always, it was the red blur which led the blue blur and the red blur. Into the final two-mile lap

Gilles in command. Jacques Laffite and John Watson, pursuing the Ferrari here, spent most of the race at Jarama wondering how they were going to deal with Villeneuve. Answer? They couldn't.





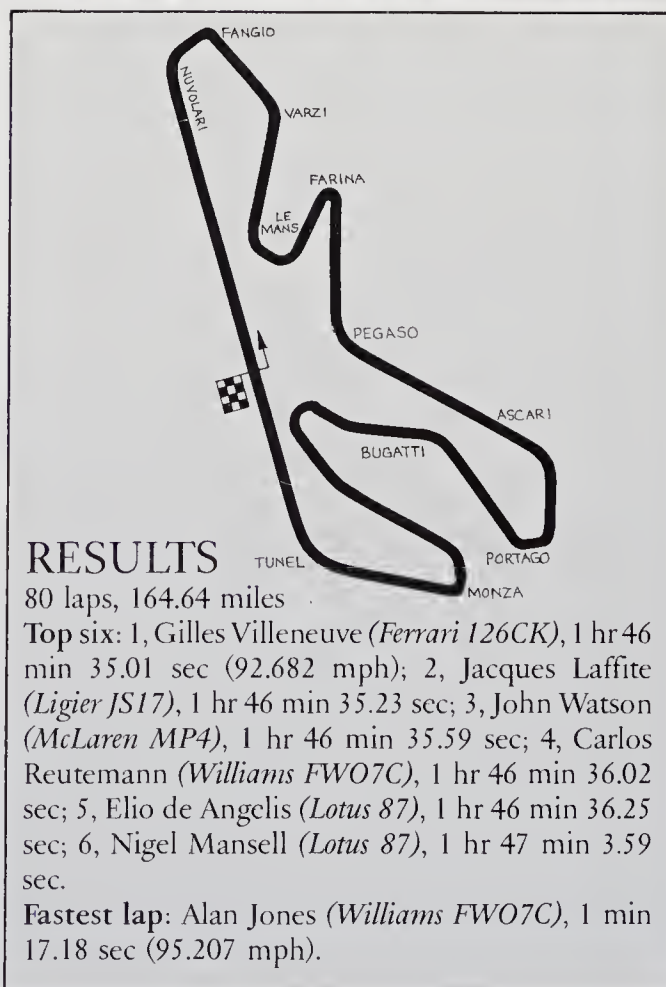
Former World Champion Jackie Stewart watches thoughtfully as a contented Villeneuve slumps on the rostrum in company with Laffite (left) and Watson. They were waiting for the King of Spain to congratulate them.

Laffite got really ambitious and, lunging into the final corner, the Ligier was virtually alongside the Ferrari. For an agonizingly long second it looked as though Jacques might just have forced Gilles into a position where he would concede. But at the last possible moment Jacques thought better and dropped back into line again.

On that final corner the Ligier's nose was right under Villeneuve's rear wing, but a spurt of power carried the Ferrari two lengths clear as the five cars slammed past the chequered flag as one. It was to be the last Grand Prix victory of Gilles's career, although nobody could suspect it at the time.

Years later, reflecting on Villeneuve's talent, Laffite said, 'You know, no driver can work magic . . . but Gilles made you wonder sometimes.'

He must have been thinking about that afternoon at Jarama.





1982 SAN MARINO GRAND PRIX

A matter of honour

This was the race where the politics of international motor racing boiled over with a bitterness, rancour and sense of bad feeling which took years to dissipate. A war between the sport's governing body (FISA) and the Formula 1 Constructors Association (FOCA) resulted in the ten FOCA-aligned teams boycotting this first Grand Prix of the European season. As it turned out, their presence was not missed and the crowd was treated to a terrific three-car battle between the Ferraris of Gilles Villeneuve and Didier Pironi plus René Arnoux's Renault. When the French car retired, the two Italian machines delighted the fans with their own private duel. But when Pironi tricked Villeneuve to win on the last lap, the day ended in more bitterness and acrimony.

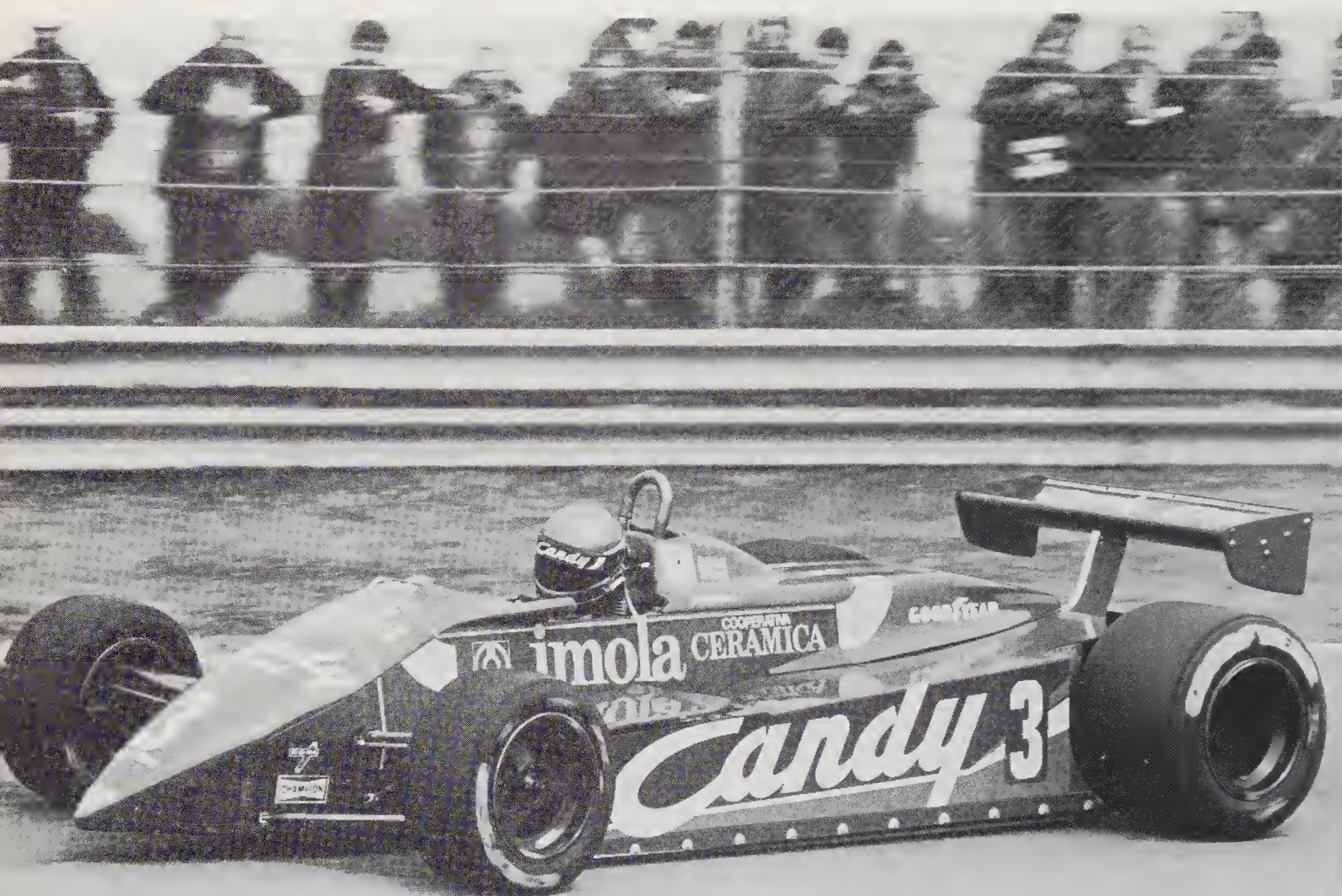
Examined dispassionately and in retrospect at a distance of several years, the disputes raging through Formula 1 during 1982 were more suited to a kindergarten. They were, at the same time, both complex and naive, involved yet straightforward. Basically, the FOCA-aligned teams had found a splendid loophole in the Formula 1 technical regulations which would allow their naturally aspirated cars to continue performing on a par with the more powerful and complex turbos.

Gilles Villeneuve leads Didier Pironi at Imola. Gilles thought his team-mate was putting on a race for the crowd, but he was to find out otherwise ...

The idea was disarmingly simple. All cars are weighed at the end of a race to ensure that they conform with Formula 1 minimum weight limits, but there had been a convention built up over the years that oil tanks could be re-filled if necessary to bring machines up to weight. Unable to compete with the turbos on power, the leading lights of the naturally aspirated brigade suddenly had a brainwave. How about having reservoirs for water-cooled brakes? That will allow the cars to run under weight during the races and we can top up those reservoirs with water on the same basis as we've always been allowed to top up oil tanks. Hey presto, when we're scrutineered we'll be legal!

FISA took a dim view of all this and said 'no way' very firmly, even to the extent of upholding the disqualification of Nelson Piquet's Brabham and Keke Rosberg's Williams from the Brazilian Grand Prix, plus several other cars. Nelson and Keke finished 1-2, so victory was handed on a plate to Alain Prost's Renault. After arguing the toss at great length, the FOCA teams decided to take it out on the spectators by not turning up at Imola. Of course, this being Italy and Ferrari being present, FOCA had misjudged things somewhat. The crowd couldn't have cared less and loved every minute of this Ferrari demonstration run. The whole meeting turned out to be a rip-roaring success.

In the end there were 14 cars on hand to do battle at Imola. Arnoux planted his Renault RE30B on pole ahead of Prost's sister car, leaving Villeneuve and Pironi in their Ferrari 126C2s lined up on row two. Due to sponsorship



Lone FOCA team present was Ken Tyrrell's squad for whom Michele Alboreto picked up a smooth third place. Note the Italian sponsors whose interests Ken had foremost in his mind.

considerations Ken Tyrrell defected from the FOCA ranks for the weekend and turned up with his two cars, Michele Alboreto qualifying on the inside of row three in front of Bruno Giacomelli's Alfa Romeo. The grid was made up by Andrea de Cesaris's second Alfa, plus entries from Toleman, Osella and ATS.

Both Ferrari drivers complained about dire lack of grip throughout practice, but still felt pretty confident about prospects for the race. This optimism was shared by the locals and a capacity crowd turned up on race morning, underlining the fact that the Ferrari is still probably the most important single name in Formula 1, both to the enthusiast and the man in the street.

It was only a 14-car field, but the sense of occasion was terrific. Arnoux made the best start, but Villeneuve and Pironi pushed ahead of Prost to take second and third places by the time they

had completed half a lap. Alboreto was leading the chase, pleased that Tyrrell had made the trip, while the rest of the pack followed on as best they could.

Initially René began to pull away, his Renault demonstrating superior traction and straight-line speed. Prost, however, dropped away from the word go with a rough-sounding engine and was in the pits for good by the end of lap seven. Into the swing of things now, Villeneuve and Pironi began to pile on the pressure and chipped away at Arnoux's advantage. By lap 20 the race had turned into a ferocious, no-holds-barred three-way battle for the lead.

This wasn't Ferrari against Renault alone, however. This was Ferrari against Renault and Ferrari. The two Maranello team-mates were fighting each other just as fiercely as the Renault. By lap 22 they were running side-by-side on the

fastest section of the circuit, a few lengths behind the French car. Finally, on lap 26, the ground shook as the crowd went berserk with delight. There was no need to refer to any lap chart. Villeneuve was leading for the first time!

Gilles led for four laps, then Arnoux took a turn again at the front. Then Pironi moved into second place just as the Renault began blowing smoke. Starting lap 45 René realized that he had major problems on his hands. A turbo was failing and he did not make the lap. As he pulled off on to the grass, tell-tale flames licked round the engine compartment. At the end of lap 45 the order was Villeneuve from Pironi.

For the fans, this was like manna from heaven. An unchallenged Ferrari 1-2 on home ground! The Maranello pit hung out the slow signal to its drivers. The team knew that fuel consumption was going to be marginal if the two red cars had to battle hard all the way, so now they could take things easy.

Out on the circuit Gilles felt confident. He had been in the lead when Arnoux retired, so he figured it was his victory. Still Pironi tried to race him. The two cars swapped places, but they were running so gently that Villeneuve was happy to play, to put on a show for the crowd.

Into the last lap Gilles was in the lead. 'I was running so easily you just can't believe it,' he said afterwards. 'I was cruising along and believed that Pironi was being honest. I was not expecting him to pass me again, but all of a sudden I saw him coming up on me. He slides past with all wheels almost locked and that's the end of that . . .'

By any standards, it was a hair-raising manoeuvre. Pironi pulled out of Villeneuve's slipstream to the left as they slammed through the flat-out right-hander before the uphill left-hand hairpin at Tosa. Twitching dramatically, Didier almost lost control, but emerged in the lead.

Round that final half-lap there was no more room for Gilles to counter-attack. The Ferraris

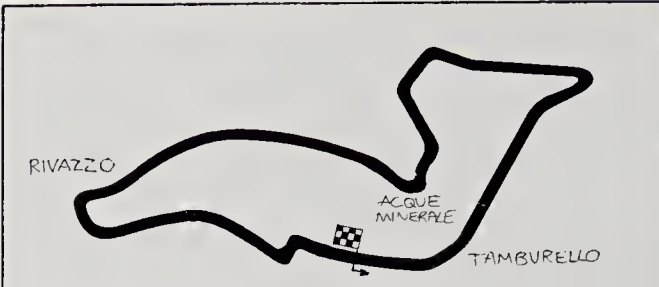
As it should have been: Villeneuve leads Pironi at Imola. But Didier was to snatch victory from his team-mate on the last lap, leaving Gilles simmering with anger.



finished 1-2, Pironi-Villeneuve. At the post-race interview Didier replied soothingly, 'We both had engine problems and, no, there were no team orders.' Gilles was left seething. 'It's just not true. Ever since I've been at Ferrari when you get a 'slow' sign it means "hold position". Second is one thing, but second because he steals it, that's something else.'

Villeneuve vowed never to speak to Pironi again. Thirteen days later the French-Canadian ace crashed to his death during practice for the Belgian Grand Prix at Zolder. He kept his word; the two men never made their peace.

A few months later, Pironi's Grand Prix career ended when he crashed his Ferrari in practice for the German Grand Prix. Yet he could never rid the desire for spectacular competition from his character. He was killed in a powerboat racing accident off the Isle of Wight in August 1987.



RESULTS

60 laps, 187.90 miles
Top six: 1, Didier Pironi (*Ferrari 126C2*), 1 hr 36 min 38.87 sec (116.631 mph); 2, Gilles Villeneuve (*Ferrari 126C2*), 1 hr 36 min 39.253 sec; 3, Michele Alboreto (*Tyrrell 011*), 1 hr 37 min 46.571 sec; 4, Jean-Pierre Jarier (*Osella FA1C*), one lap behind; 5, Eliseo Salazar (*ATS D5*), three laps behind; 6, Manfred Winkelhock (*ATS D5*), six laps behind (later disqualified).
Fastest lap: Didier Pironi, 1 min 35.036 sec (118.630 mph).

The expression says it all. Villeneuve (left) takes scant interest in Pironi's victory celebrations while third man Alboreto (right) keeps out of it.



1984 DALLAS GRAND PRIX

Keke keeps cool

Formula 1 has made many visits to the USA and several venues have secured regular slots on the international racing calendar. But the high summer of 1984 marked the one occasion when Grand Prix cars came to Texas to race on a makeshift circuit in Dallas's Fair Park. It proved an organizational nightmare with the recently laid track surface crumbling under the strain, but F1's great improviser, Keke Rosberg, battled against the odds to score one of the best wins of his career with the unwieldy Williams-Honda FW09.

If ever there was a city crying out to stage a Grand Prix it was Dallas. Brash, extrovert, dripping with oil wealth, this glitzy home of the rich and influential is Texas at its biggest and best. Immortalized, world-wide, in that television soap opera, Dallas is where it's at in the Lone Star State. Thus, with a multi-million dollar sense of inevitability, the F1 circus moved into town in the high summer of 1984, pitching its tent within the complex that usually plays host to the annual Texas State Fair. The plan was to make the first Dallas Grand Prix the greatest international sporting occasion ever to be staged in the city. But the whole project was strewn with organizational pitfalls from the word go...

Completed only a few weeks earlier, the makeshift Fair Park circuit simply was not up to the job. Broiling under an unyielding Texas summer sun, the asphalt was bubbling like a cauldron long before the Grand Prix cars ever went out to practice. After a few laps' punishment from wide, sticky F1 qualifying tyres, it was crumbling like a meringue. The drivers were up in

arms as a succession of minor accidents decimated the field during practice. But the show went on.

Nigel Mansell, heroically fighting to forge a worthwhile F1 reputation, slipped and slid his way round to take pole position from team-mate Elio de Angelis. The two Lotus drivers were not close friends, their natural rivalry as competitors fomented by team management which often seemed to cosset the Italian, whilst leaving the Englishman out in the cold.

The rest of the field shuddered inwardly. It looked like being a Lotus grudge match, the two black and gold cars holding up the rest of the field while they slugged it out between them. But that was the least of the drivers' worries. Some were suggesting that the track surface was in such a deplorable state that the race should not even be permitted to take place.

The evening prior to the Grand Prix, the organizers staged a Can-Am sports car race. In itself, it was precarious enough, but it also had the effect of churning up the circuit like a ploughed field. Great gouges had been scored in the tarmac on the racing line through many corners. The Grand Prix just *couldn't* be allowed to happen. Could it?

Officials and contractors worked all Saturday night to repair the damage, hoping against hope that all would be well for Sunday's scheduled 11 am start. Television schedules all over the world depended on it. And that, in the highly commercial Grand Prix world of the 1980s, was all that mattered. The big buck was the bottom line.

As the cream of Dallas society began to fill the



Left Dallas saw the sole Williams team victory of an otherwise barren '84 season, Keke Rosberg wrestling the unloved Honda-engined FW09 to a deserved success between the concrete walls of the Fair Park circuit.

air-conditioned 250,000-dollar executive suites overlooking the start, so the arguments still raged. The routine half-hour warm-up session had long been abandoned to debate and discord. Niki Lauda, in with a chance of the Championship (which he was to win) suggested a ten lap 'acclimatization' session and then straight into the race. F1 Czar Bernie Ecclestone simply suggested that everybody should get on with the job. The tension was building.

In the pit lane, Keke Rosberg lounged casually under a sunshade. Raybands shielding his eyes from the photo flood glare, he lit up another Marlboro and shrugged. 'I don't know what all the fuss is about,' he grinned. 'We'll all bitch and bind right up until the start time and then we'll go out and race as usual. We've come all this way and the race is all set up. Track surface or no track surface, you know as well as I do — we'll race.'

They did. But some were so convinced that the race would be stopped that they didn't take it too seriously. Many started without cold drink bottles. Others took a bull-at-the-gate, let's-get-



Thoughtful moment. Nigel Mansell contemplates some impromptu resurfacing work the afternoon prior to the race.

Sprint to the first corner, with Mansell and de Angelis forming a Lotus 1-2 ahead of Derek Warwick's Renault while Ayrton Senna's Toleman-Hart tries the outside line round Niki Lauda's McLaren. Rosberg is the last car in this shot, almost level with Alain Prost's McLaren.



to-the-front-at-all-costs attitude. Surely it made sense to go like hell for the lead. The race wouldn't last more than a dozen laps.

Down in the Williams pit, Rosberg donned a water-cooled skull cap before pulling on his helmet. It had cost him 2,500 dollars. Even before the start, it looked like the bargain of the age!

As the first bottles of chilled vintage white wine were being emptied in the executive suites, the green light was finally given. Fish-tailing violently, Mansell's Lotus just reached the first corner ahead, pursued by de Angelis with an anxious Derek Warwick already up to third with his Renault. By now the track surface off the racing line was covered with tiny stones, so any deviation from that narrow prescribed path was inviting disaster. Ayrton Senna, soon to be acknowledged as a brilliant rising star, spun his Toleman on the first lap and dropped to the tail of the field.

For the first few laps Mansell looked cooler than he must have felt. It was tight at the front of the field, but the dogged Englishman was in command, anxious at last to prove that he was a winner.

Warwick had other ideas, however. He had the bit between his teeth and quickly despatched de Angelis from second place. Then his Renault simply gobbled up Mansell's deficit until the two

Englishmen were running nose-to-tail. But Derek was getting over-anxious, convinced that the race would be stopped at any moment. He took a chance, drawing level with Mansell's Lotus on the outside as they braked for a tight right-hander. As he went on to the brakes it was like ice. The Renault spun helplessly into the tyre barrier on the outside of the turn. Derek, even more red-faced than he should have been in the burning sunshine, strode angrily back to the pits.

Rosberg, meanwhile, was getting into the swing of things. Probably the greatest improviser in the game, Keke hadn't been happy with his Williams-Honda in 1984—and he'd not made too many friends in the team by telling chief designer Patrick Head just that. At Dallas that didn't matter. It was all down to car control and reflexes. Keke just tucked his head down, held on to his bucking bronco of a car and gave it everything he'd got.

After McLaren's Alain Prost challenged briefly for the lead, it was Rosberg who really got down to business with Mansell. Nigel was not making things easy for the Finn and there were some close moments. Often side-by-side, Lotus and Williams squeezed round the tricky, makeshift circuit between the unyielding concrete barriers. Mansell didn't give an inch, so Rosberg had to take it.

Nigel Mansell drove heroically to keep his Lotus at the head of the field for many laps, but Rosberg, seen here close behind, took a dim view of the Englishman's tactics. Alain Prost's McLaren and the Lotus of Elio de Angelis are next in the queue!





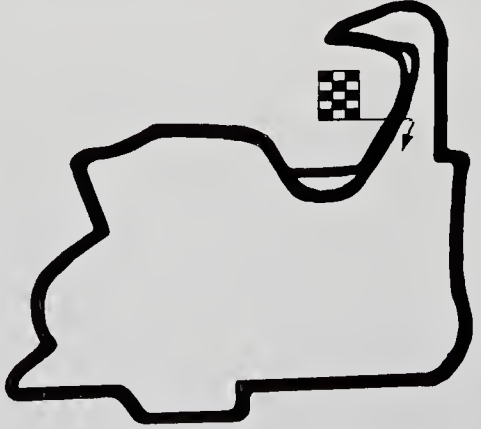
'You take care, ya hear?' Actress Linda Gray — Sue-Ellen Ewing in the *Dallas* television blockbuster — sweetens up Keke Rosberg's post-race victory celebration!

By the time Keke forced his way through to the lead he was seething at what he considered to be Mansell's blocking tactics. At one point he slowed down, shaking his fist fiercely at the bewildered Lotus driver. Then he put his foot down and pulled away. Mansell eventually wilted, pulling into the pits for fresh tyres. He resumed seventh, his challenge spent.

Car after car dropped from the race, sliding into the walls as they got off-line on the 'marbles'. Niki Lauda, Alain Prost, Patrick Tambay. . . none of them made it to the finish. But Keke droned on and on, dodging every pitfall, shaving every apex. For two hours Rosberg sweltered in the cockpit. Then the chequered flag brought the sweet relief and the Finn's jaunty, yellow-clad profile climbed the victory rostrum from which he lambasted Mansell for his tactics.

Nigel wasn't around to hear his critic. By then, fatigued and dazed, he had collapsed with heat exhaustion after vainly trying to push his crippled Lotus over the line for fifth place. He failed, and was classified sixth.

Keke's skull cap had paid off!



RESULTS

67 laps, 162.408 miles
Top six: 1, Keke Rosberg (*Williams FW09B*), 2 hr 01 min 22.617 sec (80.28 mph); 2, René Arnoux (*Ferrari 126C4*), 2 hr 01 min 45.081 sec; 3, Elio de Angelis (*Lotus 95T*), one lap behind; 4, Jacques Laffite (*Williams FW09B*), two laps behind; 5, Piercarlo Ghinzani (*Osella FA1F*), three laps behind; 6, Nigel Mansell (*Lotus 95T*), three laps behind (not running).
Fastest lap: Niki Lauda (*McLaren MP4/2*), 1 min 43.353 sec (82.83 mph).

1984 PORTUGUESE GRAND PRIX

Niki makes his (half) point

By finishing second at Estoril, Niki Lauda won his third World Championship title by the incredibly tight margin of a half a point over his McLaren team-mate Alain Prost. From the outset it looked like a long shot for the Austrian, for while Prost qualified on the front row and led commandingly for much of the race, Niki was fraught with problems throughout qualifying and lined up 11th on the grid. But he steadily worked his way into contention and, when Nigel Mansell's Lotus 95T retired with brake trouble, he was handed the crucial second place he needed to salvage successfully his slender title hopes.

It's easier when you've done it all before. That seemed to be the message unconsciously transmitted by the two McLaren drivers on race morning at Estoril. Alain Prost already had six race wins to his credit and had qualified second. He looked nervous and edgy. Niki Lauda, with five wins that season, was down in the middle of the grid after a succession of problems. He looked cool, calm and self-possessed. You see, he had done it twice before, in 1975 and '77, for Ferrari.

Prost, on the other hand, was becoming increasingly frustrated with his quest for the Championship. His years with Renault had seen it snatched away regularly and now the pattern of events seemed set to repeat itself at McLaren. Between them, he and Lauda had taken Formula 1 by the throat with their splendid new TAG-engined McLarens. But there was still that ultimate prize to be wrestled from Niki's grasp.

The battleground for this tense confrontation

was Estoril, a track new to the Championship trail. Situated in the scrubland a few miles behind the fashionable Portuguese seaside resort, the country was staging its first Grand Prix for more than two decades. Now it bounced back on to the calendar as the focal point for an unprecedented level of media attention.

Aside from Lauda's mechanically troubled slump to 11th place, the grid line-up remained in familiar '84 vein. Nelson Piquet's fast but fragile Brabham-BMW took pole position in front of Prost, while row two consisted of new boy Ayrton Senna's Toleman-Hart and Keke Rosberg's Williams-Honda. Lotus twins Elio de Angelis and Nigel Mansell shared row three.

Prost's half-points win in the rain-soaked Monaco Grand Prix early in the year had been responsible for producing this remarkable mathematical situation in the Driver's Championship table. Lauda went into the Estoril race with 66 points, Prost with 62½ points. Thus, if Alain won, he would end up with a total of 71½ points. In that eventuality, only by coming second and thus achieving a total of 72 points could Niki prevent him becoming the first Frenchman ever to win the title. And that's *exactly* what happened.

At the start, Rosberg's Williams shot out left and barrelled down the outside into the first turn to take the lead. By the end of the first lap he had

Alain Prost's Estoril triumph was his seventh of the 1984 season, but not enough to prevent team-mate Niki Lauda from taking the World Championship.



Mansell's Lotus on his tail with Prost third, Alain charting a very circumspect path in this crucial race. On lap two Prost moved up to second, and on lap nine gently eased ahead of Rosberg to take the lead. Now all he had to do was to finish. He could do his bit – could Niki respond?

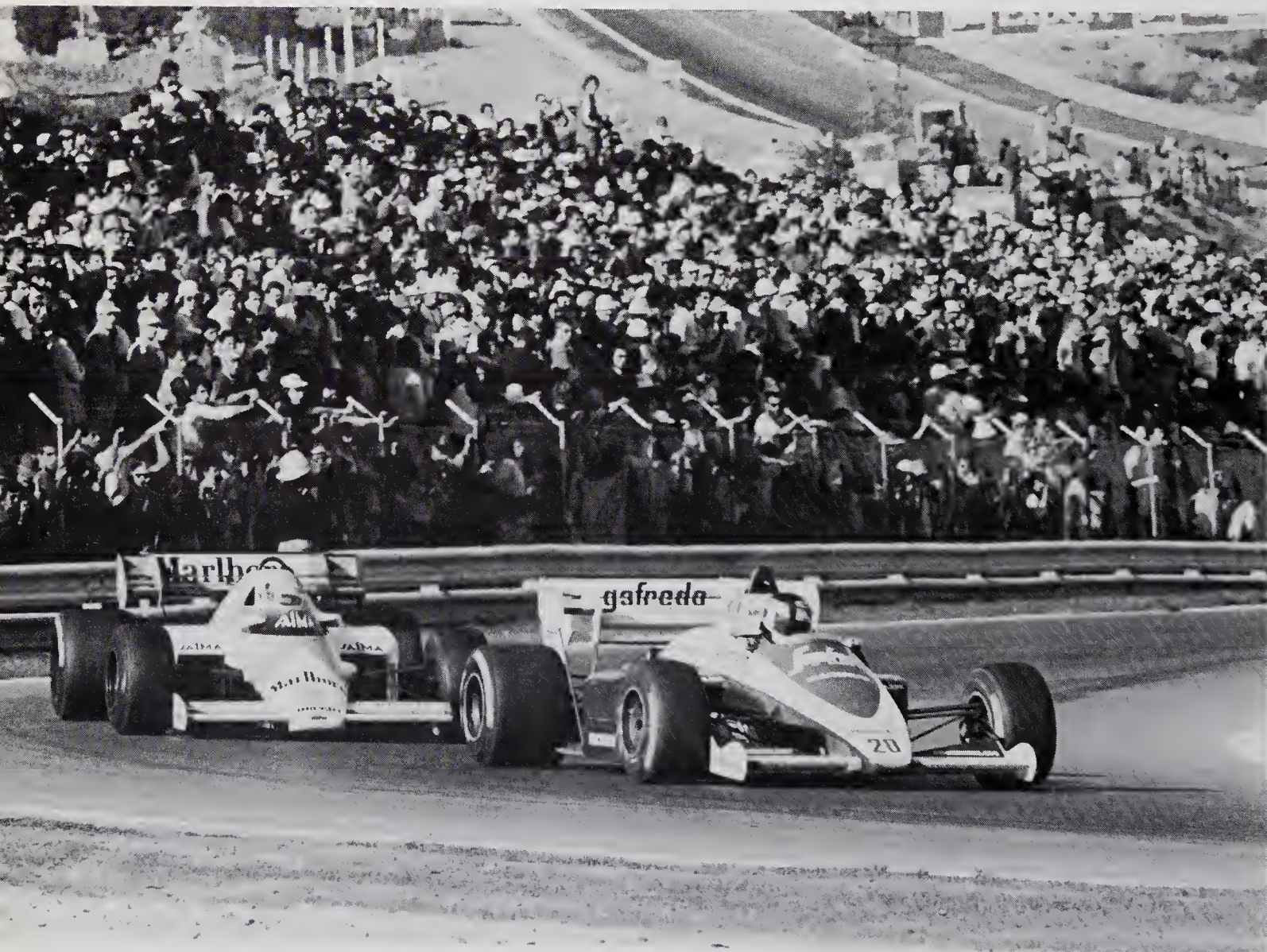
As the crowds cheered a brief battle between Rosberg and Mansell so Lauda seemed swamped in the middle of the pack. He finished lap one in 11th place, true to his grid position, amidst a sea of jostling racers. Gradually he got into the swing of things. On lap three he was tenth, by lap six he was ninth and on lap 12 he was eighth. Progress of course, but at this point it really did not look as though Niki had a hope in hell.

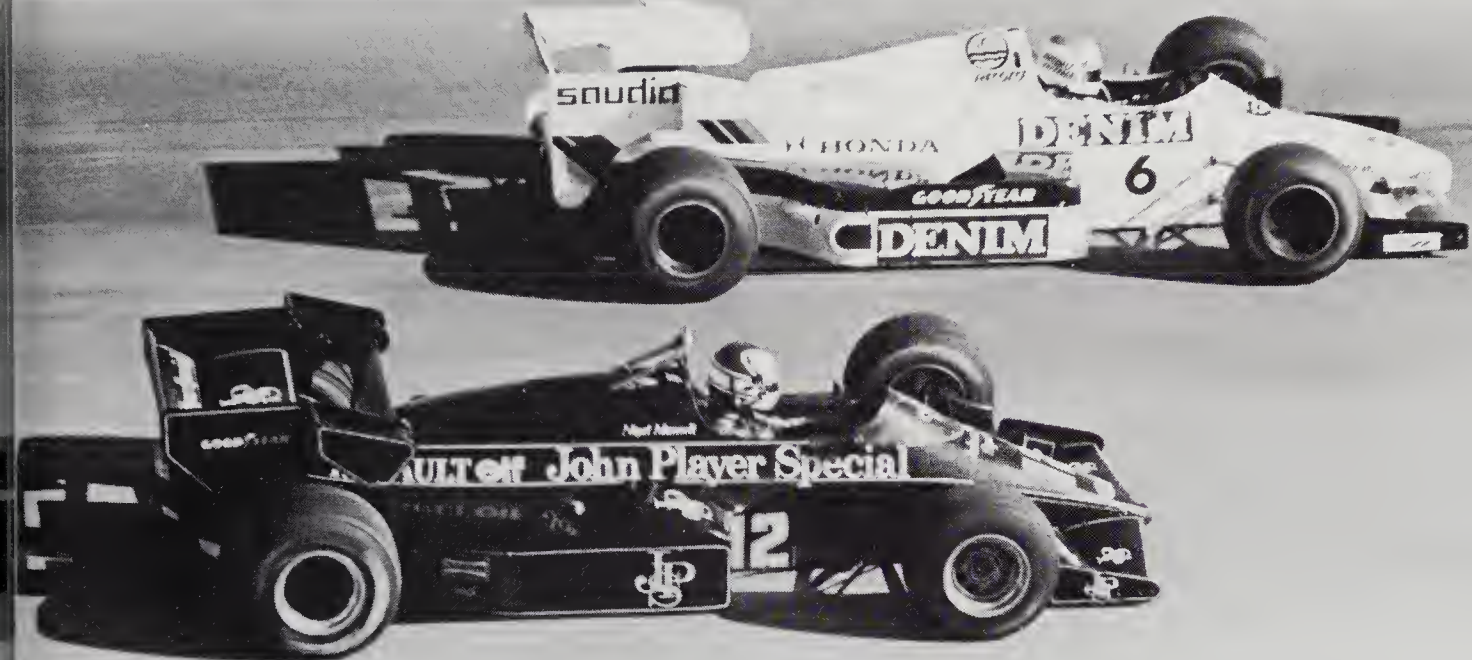
Mansell elbowed his way past Rosberg at the

start of lap 12, the two cars having banged wheels ferociously on the previous lap. This was Mansell's swansong for Lotus; in 1985 he would join Rosberg in the Williams squad. Keke wasn't amused at this development.

As Prost paced himself steadily at the head of the field, so Niki gradually ducked and dived his way through the traffic. Yet even as he worked away at the wheel, he could detect something not quite right with his engine. Always sparing when it came to using limited extra turbo boost pressure, Niki could not feel any difference when he fiddled with the cockpit control. This proved highly frustrating as he tried to challenge Stefan Johansson's Toleman for sixth place. The McLaren just did not respond.

In traffic, Niki had to work hard at Estoril as his McLaren was suffering from a turbocharger problem. Here the Champion-to-be tails Johansson's Toleman which he found a tough nut to crack.





The early laps were enlivened by a wheel-to-wheel battle for second place between Rosberg's Williams and Mansell's Lotus. Here Nigel lines up for a try on the inside going into the first corner. The following year Mansell joined Keke in the Williams line-up.

Niki eventually strained every sinew and got by, the Toleman's nose wing clipping his rear wheel as he filtered back into line. Lauda was indignant. 'Why on earth did he have to do that? He might have punctured my tyre.' On lap 28 he pulled past Michele Alboreto's Ferrari to take over fifth place. Two laps later Rosberg yielded fourth. Then, on lap 33, the McLaren overtook Senna for third. Only one more place to go.

Mansell was well ahead in second place at this point, so Niki faced the prospect of making up half a minute *and* overtaking the Lotus if he was to grasp that title. Although Lauda later described it as 'a difficult challenge, but just about on in my mind', it certainly didn't look like that on the day. Mansell was handling that Lotus with a con-

fidence and pace that seemed the best possible advertisement to his future employers at Williams.

Suddenly, Nigel found himself pitched abruptly into a spin. He recovered, but something was obviously very wrong with the front brakes. One of the calipers had popped out, allowing the fluid to leak away. It was the end of the road. 'I could cry,' he shrugged despairingly.

Suddenly, the impossible had happened. With 18 laps left to run, Lauda had his third Championship in the bag. All the two McLarens had to do was to keep running to produce the closest points finish in Championship history. After 70 laps, there it was. Another Prost-Lauda 1-2, McLaren's 12th win out of the season's 16 races. Seven had

fallen to Alain and five to Niki, yet Lauda was the Champion by half a point!

Prost was choking back tears as Niki met him on the podium. 'Forget it as quickly as you can,' Lauda told him. 'Next year the Championship will be yours.' Then, in a moment of sincere admiration, Prost relinquished his top spot on the rostrum, beckoning the new World Champion to take his place. In a strangely emotional gesture, Niki's wife put in a rare appearance at a motor race. 'You must be mad,' she had told her husband when he revealed his plans to return to the cockpit three years earlier. Nonetheless, she felt she had to share this special celebration.

It was Niki's greatest moment and, as history relates, his predictions for Prost's 1985 Championship were totally correct.

Clever boy! Marlene Lauda makes a rare visit to a motor race to see her husband clinch his third World Championship. Here she gives Niki a congratulatory hug watched by Alain Prost and McLaren men, designed John Barnard (left) and Ron Dennis (behind Prost).



RESULTS

70 laps, 189.207 miles

Top six: 1, Alain Prost (*McLaren MP4/2*), 1 hr 41 min 11.753 sec (112.182 mph); 2, Niki Lauda (*McLaren MP4/2*), 1 hr 41 min 25.178 sec; 3, Ayrton Senna (*Toleman TG184*), 1 hr 41 min 31.795 sec; 4, Michele Alboreto (*Ferrari 126C4*), 1 hr 31 min 32.070 sec; 5, Elio de Angelis (*Lotus 95T*), one lap behind; 6, Nelson Piquet (*Brabham BT53*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Niki Lauda, 1 min 22.996 sec (117.242 mph).



1985 INDIANAPOLIS 500

Danny takes a spin

Mario Andretti started this race believing he had his best ever chance of adding to his lone Indy victory 16 years earlier, but his Team Haas Lola found itself out-run on the day by Danny Sullivan's Penske March. More spectacularly, the two cars featured in one of the most breathtaking moments in the history of the Speedway after Sullivan, having just grasped the lead from Mario, spun at almost 200 mph right in front of the Indy veteran. Faced with probably the most precarious moment of his career, Andretti managed to dodge through the wall of tyre smoke without hitting his rival, but Sullivan miraculously regained control and fought back to put his name up in lights by the end of the day.

A couple of weeks after Sullivan's tremendous victory at the Brickyard, a friend of mine was staying at New York's Algonquin Hotel, refined watering hole of the East Coast literati. One morning, he casually asked the lift attendant whether Danny Sullivan had ever stayed there. The attendant thought for a few moments before replying, dead pan, 'I don't believe we know the gentleman, sir.'

My friend had accidentally stumbled on one of the few corners of US society not reached by the ripples of Sullivan's overnight success. The good-looking bachelor, who had driven cabs in New York during his fight through the racing ranks, catapulted from journeyman racer to one of his country's great sporting celebrities overnight. Soon Danny's film star features were to be seen on the covers of some of America's glossiest and most prestigious magazines. The transformation

was instant and overwhelming.

Qualifying at the 1985 500 was run with considerable competitive ferocity. The March-Buicks of Duane Carter and Scott Brayton qualified first and second, the pole sitter lapping at just over 212 mph, and the average of the whole 33-car field hovered on the 208 mph mark. On the outside of row one, fastest of the Cosworth-engined brigade, sat Bobby Rahal's March 85C.

Row two contained reigning CART champion Mario Andretti in his brand new Lola T900, the early season Long Beach winner, former twice World Champion Emerson Fittipaldi and Don Whittington, both in March 85Cs. Row three was an all-March affair, courtesy Al Unser Sr, Sullivan and Geoff (son of Sir Jack) Brabham.

Rahal grabbed the lead from the start, but the on-form Mario crowded his way through to second by the end of lap one, snatched first place soon after and proceeded to control the race for much of the first 250 miles. Sullivan poked his nose ahead on a handful of occasions, but Mario was fighting like a tiger, determined this one should be his.

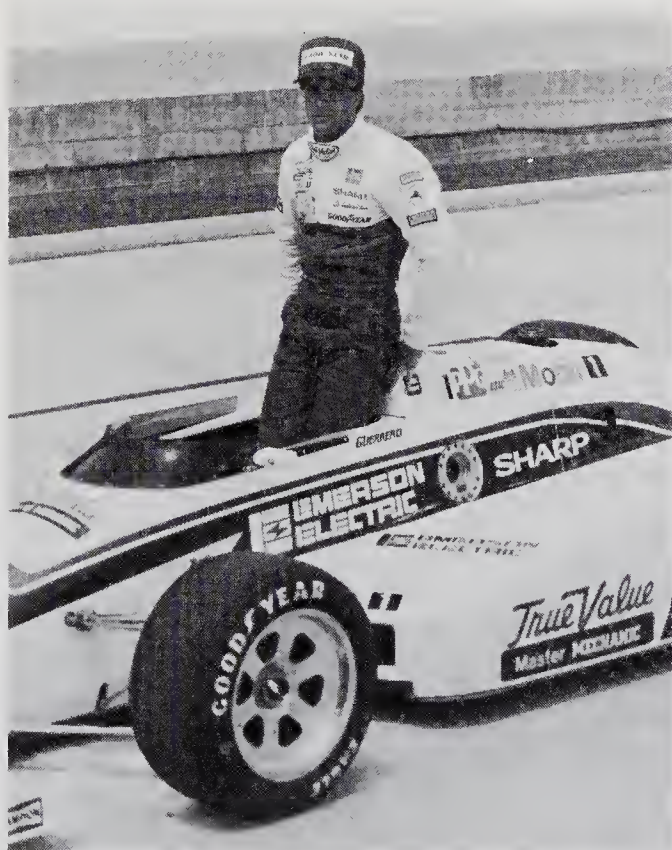
However, the Lola could not quite match the March's competitive pitch. Just after half distance Sullivan was right on Andretti's gearbox, his chassis looking more stable and using less track than the Lola, but although Mario was running consistently closer to the wall than any other car in the field, it just wasn't enough.

After being ruthlessly chopped off on the previous couple of laps, Sullivan launched an all-out assault as they sped into lap 118. Danny misheard a radio message on his car-to-pit link



Andretti makes a fuel stop with the Newman/Haas Lola. He thought he was in with his best-ever chance of a second 500 win, but Sullivan had the better chassis.

Former F1 aspirant Roberto Guerrero showed well at Indy to finish third in his Bignotti/Cotter March, confirming a talent which never had the chance to flower in the Grand Prix arena.

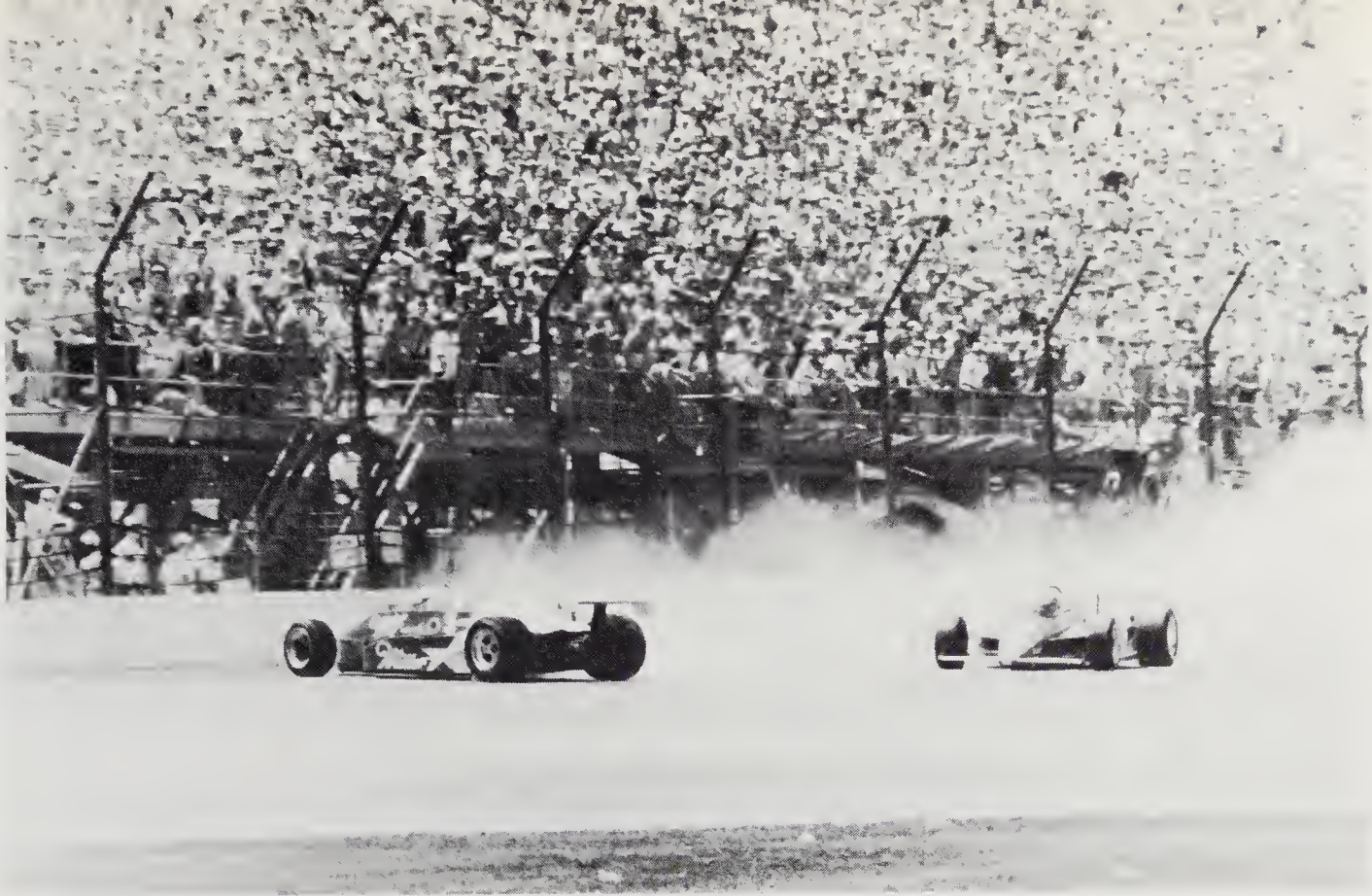


and thought there were only 12 laps left to go before the chequered flag. Throughout qualifying Danny had gained a reputation for running unusually far into the lower lip of the gently banked turns and, after a couple of unsuccessful tries, he finally made it going into turn one.

Easing back on to the racing line, Sullivan's March was dancing on the outer edge of its adhesion only to be unsettled, ever so slightly, as it ran over the painted line on the inner edge of the tarmac. Suddenly, as if in slow motion, the Penske March began to lose control, spinning round in a plume of Goodyear smoke. As it skidded backwards along the track, Andretti steered the Lola towards the inside of the circuit, leaving Danny to complete his pirouette and resume the chase. Not since Jim Clark survived a similarly spectacular moment 19 years before had the seasoned Indy regulars seen anything quite so dramatic.

After a quick pit stop, Mario now moved back into the lead, but had to run the gauntlet of another tricky moment in turn one when Rich Voegler slammed into the wall very hard indeed after glancing off another car. Andretti just ducked through before it started raining debris, leaving poor Tom Sneva to get off-line on to the dirt and spin backwards into the concrete himself. He emerged absolutely livid.

Coming up to three-quarter distance, Mario again had his hands full fending off Sullivan's advances with Roberto Guerrero and Emerson



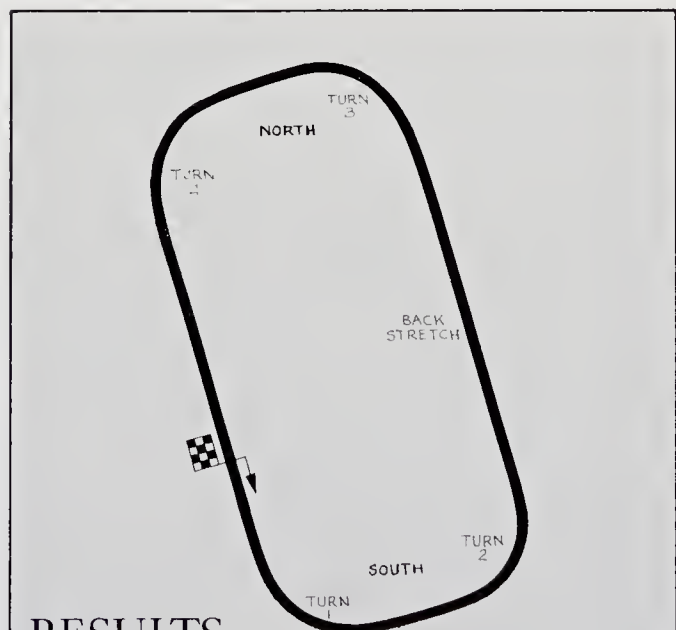
Fittipaldi right behind him. Sullivan's advance was largely down to that fine March chassis and when he finally slammed inside Mario, at turn one yet again, this time he kept everything pointing in the right direction to retain the lead. Fittipaldi briefly showed in second and looked a likely candidate for Victory Lane, but he made a pit stop while the green light was on, losing a lot of time and dropping back to third. Then, with a mere 12 laps left, his oil pressure needle sagged to the bottom of its gauge.

Mario was going to have to pull something pretty remarkable out of the bag if he was going to salvage this one and a yellow light period shortly before the finish gave him the last vestige of a chance. After John Paul Jr cannoned into the outside wall coming off turn four, destroying his March pretty comprehensively, the field was reduced to a crawl behind Sullivan's March.

With only three laps to go the green light flickered on again and Mario began his final charge. Fourth in the queue as the pack resumed racing, he nipped past Howdy Holmes and Kevin Cogan in little over a lap. Shaving that outer wall like never before, Andretti brought the gap down to five seconds with three laps to run and was only three seconds behind in the March as the two cars slammed into their final lap.

His great effort just failed as Sullivan made it by 2.5 seconds at the flag. Yet again Andretti had been thwarted in his attempt to rekindle that old Indy magic.

Heart stopper! Coming off turn one at almost 190 mph, Danny Sullivan's Penske March gyrates in front of Mario Andretti's Lola which it has just overtaken. Mario missed him, Sullivan recovered — and went on to win the race.



RESULTS

200 laps, 500 miles

Top six: 1, Danny Sullivan (*March 85C*), 3 hr 16 min 6.069 sec (152.982 mph); 2, Mario Andretti (*Lola T900*), 3 hr 16 min 8.546 sec; 3, Roberto Guerrero (*March 85C*), 3 hr 16 min 16.659 sec; 4, Al Unser (*March 85C*), one lap behind; 5, Johnny Parsons (*March 85C*), two laps behind; 6, Johnny Rutherford (*March 85C*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: not published.



1986 SPANISH GRAND PRIX

Nearly Nigel

By the extraordinary, wafer-thin margin of one-tenth of a second, Ayrton Senna's Lotus 98T held off Nigel Mansell's charging Williams-Honda to win the inaugural Spanish Grand Prix at Jerez. It was a superb crowning moment to a nail-biting event which had seen these two men sharing the lead throughout, the Englishman sprinting back into contention after a super-quick pit stop for fresh tyres only nine laps from the chequered flag!

Taking a philosophical view, you could say that Mansell lost the race long before the start of first qualifying. FISA officials, anxious that everything should be 'just so' for this maiden race on the brand new Jerez track, were tinkering with organizational details right up until the very last moment. One of those fine details involved moving the finishing line a metre or so back down the track towards the last corner before the pits. A minor point perhaps, but one which would prove crucial to the outcome of the Grand Prix.

After an absence of five years, Spain rejoined the Formula 1 trail with this new purpose-built circuit. The second race on the 1986 calendar, it followed a few weeks after the Brazilian Grand Prix where Nelson Piquet had picked up an impressive victory on his debut outing for Williams. Mansell, meanwhile, had started his

On the run down to the first corner, Senna took an immediate lead pursued by the two Williams-Hondas. Ayrton controlled the pace of the race to perfection, and although Mansell got past the Lotus, the Brazilian reasserted himself in front and held on to win by a spectacularly fine margin.

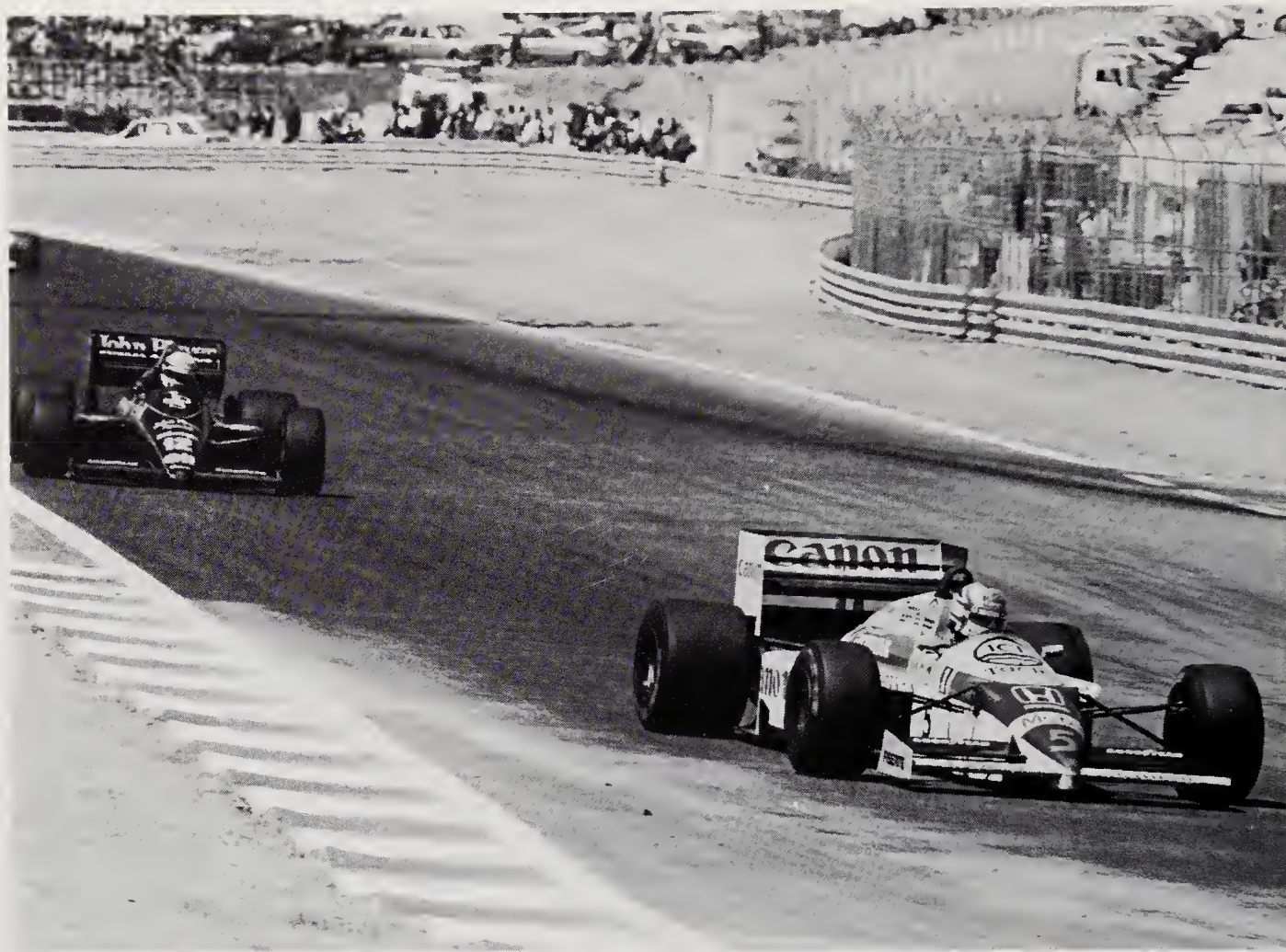
year on a jarring note, being turfed off the track mid-way round the opening lap thanks to the uncompromising driving of Ayrton Senna. It had taught Mansell a salutary lesson. He vowed to be equally uncompromising if a similar situation again arose with the Lotus team leader.

At the qualifying game, of course, Senna had few rivals in 1986. Not only had Team Lotus worked out a very effective qualifying specification for the 98T, but also Senna's almost magical judgement in assessing whether or not he would find a traffic-free lap often made the quest for pole position a mere formality. So it proved at Jerez where his steely black and gold Lotus pipped Nelson Piquet for fastest time by the best part of a second.

The two Brazilians started the race in confident mood, but there were some impressive names breathing down their necks at the front of the grid. Row two contained Mansell and World Champion Alain Prost's McLaren-TAG, row three Keke Rosberg's McLaren and Ligier debutant René Arnoux. Frankly, this one promised to be little more than a grudge match.

With Formula 1 cars strictly limited to 195 litres of fuel (and with no replenishing stops permitted), consumption rates and the problem of tyre wear were uppermost in everybody's mind. All the aces would knuckle down to some spectacular wheel-to-wheel jousting with one eye firmly locked on to the digital read-outs in their cockpits. Some people reckoned it was a daft way to go motor racing.

Senna's reputation for near-faultless starts remained intact as the Lotus headed the sprint



In the opening stages Mansell moved ahead of Senna (above) and built up a commanding lead. But a late race pit stop for new tyres put the Englishman behind, laying the ground for his remarkable recovery.

down towards the first corner, Piquet lagging slightly, still not quite having got the hang of the Honda V6 after years racing a Brabham-BMW four-cylinder. Mansell was third and this was the order at the end of lap one, with Rosberg and Prost in tight formation behind. Ayrton was prudently running as gently as he dared, watching his consumption read-out, so the pace seemed artificially relaxed for many laps.

Worried about his fuel situation, Mansell dropped back to fifth place briefly until the figures looked healthy again. Then he stepped up the pressure and moved back towards the front of the field. By lap 30 he was poised behind Senna in second place, anxious to get through into the lead.

Nigel has taken aboard the lessons of Rio, of course. He now knew that Ayrton had to be handled with kid gloves, but that in no way inhibited his determination. Just as team-mate

Piquet's Williams rolled to a standstill with a broken Honda engine, Mansell neatly boxed in the Lotus as Senna prepared to lap Martin Brundle's Tyrrell and sliced by to take the lead in some style.

Once past, Mansell piled on the pressure and quickly began to open out an advantage. It was now a two-horse race, although Prost was picking up speed with tactical brilliance, realizing that he and his McLaren had a good chance of being in at the finish. Rosberg, meanwhile, was dropping away steadily, worried about apparently marginal fuel consumption and deteriorating grip from his Goodyears.

Further back, the Ferrari squad was having a really bad time. Both Michele Alboreto and Stefan Johansson had tagged on to the back of the leading bunch during that artificially slow opening phase. But Stefan's machine abruptly plunged off the circuit into a tyre barrier due to brake

failure and its stablemate succumbed to a broken wheel bearing. They never looked in with a serious chance.

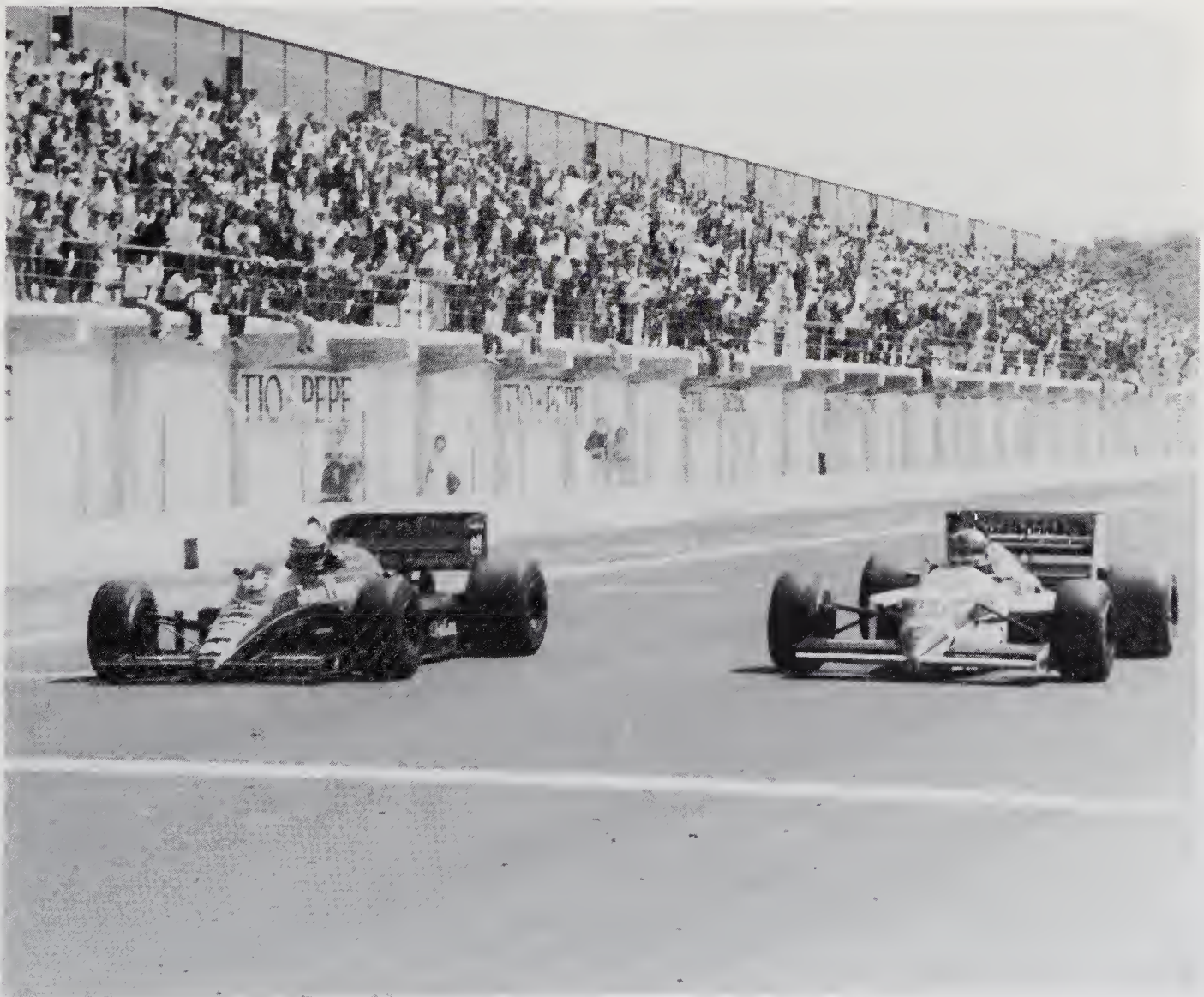
Mansell now held the race in a vice-like grip. But, just when it looked as though the Englishman had his first win of 1986 firmly in the bag, he suddenly began to realize he was in trouble. Gradually the Williams's rear end began to slide unpredictably. He began to lose grip. The rear underbody aerodynamic diffuser panel had become slightly damaged, a rear tyre had picked up some debris and he was now grappling with a slow puncture.

His progress was monitored by a car-to-pit radio link, but Mansell just had to sit there as Senna and Prost came rocketing up on to his tail. Mid-way round lap 62 Ayrton tore through into

the lead, Prost following him as Nigel peeled off into the pit lane to fit fresh tyres. Pre-heated in their own special 'electric blankets', this new set of Goodyears would provide him with an astronomical advantage over the tattered, worn covers on the leading Lotus.

Mansell erupted from the pit lane like a dragster. Senna was now over 20 seconds in front and Nigel ran third behind Prost. What came next was as remarkable as it was unexpected. The Williams-Honda simply destroyed the Lotus's advantage with explosive ferocity. Down came the gap on consecutive laps; 15.3 seconds, 12.8 seconds, 8.67 seconds . . . Then he caught Prost, the Frenchman fighting gallantly for one crucial lap before letting him through. Alain hadn't appreciated that Mansell was in with a chance of

Sprint to the line. In one of the most sensational Grand Prix finishes ever, Ayrton Senna's Lotus and Nigel Mansell's Williams hurtle towards the flag at Jerez. The Brazilian made it first by one-hundredth of a second!



winning. He had no time for Senna either and later confided an apology. 'If I'd realized you could have beaten him I wouldn't have fought so hard!'

The odds seemed impossible. Two laps to go and Mansell was 5.3 seconds behind. Then, in one glorious lunge, he sliced 3.8 seconds off Senna's advantage to enter the last lap just 1.5 seconds adrift. All round that final few miles the Williams was gobbling up the Lotus's lead until, into the braking area for the final hairpin, the two cars were nose-to-tail.

Riding Senna's gearbox, Mansell seemed perfectly poised for a dive to the left on the sprint to the flag. Ayrton weaved slightly, but Nigel kept coming. In the last hundred yards or so the Williams pulled virtually level and the two cars crossed the line as one.

The official margin was a mere 0.01 of a second with Mansell surging by after the flag. It was so close that the Englishman firmly believed himself to be the winner. As indeed he would have been if the finishing line had not been moved a few days before!



RESULTS

72 laps, 188.708 miles

Top six: 1, Ayrton Senna (*Lotus 98T*), 1 hr 48 min 47.735 sec (104.07 mph); 2, Nigel Mansell (*Williams FW11*), 1 hr 48 min 47.749 sec; 3, Alain Prost (*McLaren MP4/2C*), 1 hr 49 min 9.287 sec; 4, Keke Rosberg (*McLaren MP4/2C*), one lap behind; 5, Teo Fabi (*Benetton B186*), one lap behind; 6, Gerhard Berger (*Benetton B186*), one lap behind.

Fastest lap: Nigel Mansell, 1 min 27.176 sec (108.234 mph).

Jobs well done. Mansell (left), winner Senna and third man Prost all look pretty contented after a hard afternoon's work in the Spanish sunshine.



1986 AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX

The outsider comes home

It was very difficult to see how Nigel Mansell could lose the 1986 World Championship at this, the second Australian Grand Prix to be held on the Adelaide street circuit. As long as he finished in the top three, it didn't matter what title-chase rivals Nelson Piquet and Alain Prost pulled out of the bag. Doing just what was required of him, sailing serenely along in third place, it suddenly all went wrong for the Englishman. His Williams-Honda suffered a massive tyre failure on the fastest part of the circuit, slithering precariously up an escape road into sudden retirement. With team-mate Piquet then making a prudent, but unnecessary, precautionary stop for new rubber, it was left to Prost to score a memorable triumph and retain his Championship title.

Motor racing truth is frequently stranger than fiction. When Hollywood director John Frankenheimer was preparing the script for his movie epic *Grand Prix* two decades ago, he freely admitted that he would not have dared to suggest a title finale like Mexico '64, recounted in an earlier chapter. Had he done so, he reckons he would have been laughed out of the business. Similarly, chapters in this book on Japan '76 and Portugal '84 make equally unlikely reading, and Adelaide '86 was yet another race which ran out in a way that would do credit to any motor racing thriller.

The two-week break following the Mexican Grand Prix was a tense time for the three title protagonists. Piquet took his mind off the whole affair by flying to Australia in his own private Lear jet, an extravagance he hoped to recoup by

winning the title. Mansell returned to rest at his lair in the Isle of Man, but Prost, the great outsider, kept up his usual jaunty mood. All he could do was go for broke in Adelaide and hope for the best!

His team-mate Keke Rosberg, however, was in no doubt as to what would happen on race day. Preparing for his final race before retirement, Keke simply remarked, 'Prost will win the race for sure, but whether he takes the championship depends on what the others do.' In theory, Alain looked pretty strong in this respect for Keke was pledged to help him if he was in a position to do so. The Williams men hated the sight of each other at the best of times, so were hardly likely to dispense any favours when they were both battling for the Championship.

Mansell qualified superbly on pole position, but Senna, determined to round off the season with a win even though he was out of the title chase, was off like a bullet from a gun at the start. Although Nigel squeezed through the first chicane in front, he remembered the first lap of the previous year's race when Ayrton turfed him off the road a couple of corners into the battle. Consequently, when Senna went lunging up the inside at the second corner, Nigel moved politely out of the way and let him get on with it. That old adage 'you can't win a race on the first lap, but you can lose it' was in the forefront of his mind.

Piquet and Rosberg soon followed through, so Mansell was fourth at the end of the opening lap. Keke looked like being the wild card in this pack, the Finn driving with a spark he rarely seemed able to muster during his sunset season. Now he



Mansell, seen here leading Prost and Berger, drove perfectly at Adelaide only to be let down by a major tyre failure. There was nothing more the Englishman could have done.

was out to quit on a high note. Piquet had taken the lead from Senna, but it was his property only briefly. Starting lap seven Keke was right on his tail and nipped by going into the first chicane. Then he simply motored off into the middle distance.

Now the order was Rosberg, Piquet, Mansell and Prost, but Alain was also on the attack. On lap 12 he demoted Nigel to fourth, quickly passed Piquet and settled down into second place behind his team-mate. Piquet briefly spun, dropping behind Mansell, so the title permutations were dotting about like an out-of-control computer.

On lap 32 came the most crucial and unexpected development. Lapping Gerhard Berger's troubled Benetton, one of Prost's front tyres bumped the Austrian's car and started to deflate. He stopped

to have it changed and resumed fourth. Good-year's technicians, anticipating that most of their runners would have to stop, examined the tyre which had come off the McLaren and changed their views. Word was passed along to the teams that a non-stop run was feasible.

On lap 44 Senna's season finished with a blown engine whilst running fifth, the Lotus's retirement promoting Stefan Johansson's Ferrari. At the head of the field the order was Rosberg, Piquet, Mansell and Prost. It looked a pretty routine affair on paper, but now the unexpected intervened.

On lap 63, with just 19 to go, Rosberg heard what he thought to be an expensive mechanical thump-bumping as he stormed down the long back straight. Instantly, he switched off and coasted in to the side of the circuit, convinced that

his engine had run its bearings. Only when he climbed out did he see that a rear tyre had failed and the noise had been great shards of rubber banging against the McLaren's rear bodywork.

In the pit lane garages there was obvious concern. Piquet and Mansell were now running 1-2, but their tyres did not look in good shape. Should they be brought in for replacements? Before any decision could be made, near-tragedy befell the Championship favourite.

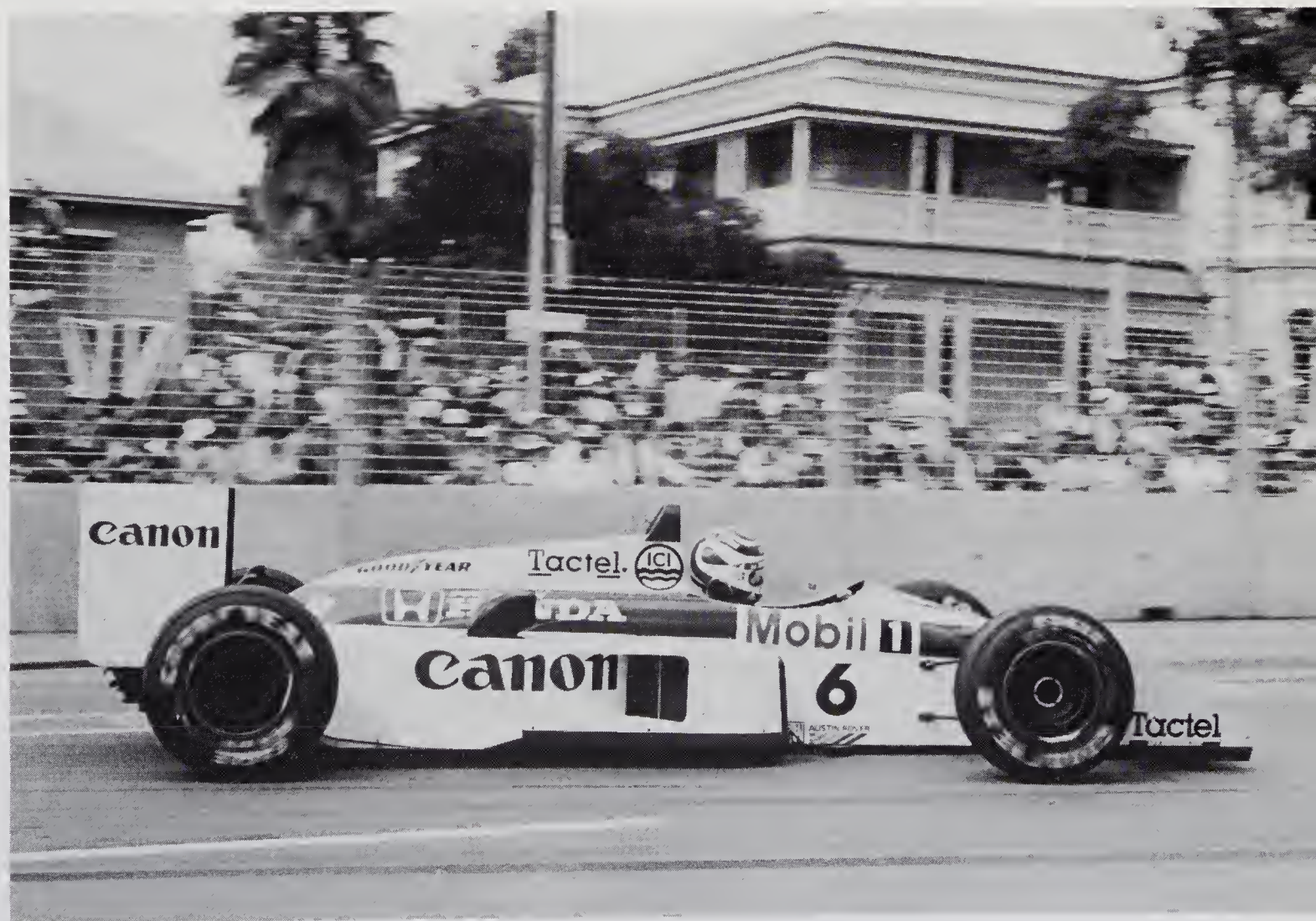
Building up to just over 200 mph in the slipstream of Philippe Alliot's Ligier as he moved in to lap the French car, Mansell had his left rear Goodyear explode at maximum speed on the back straight. Alliot swerved out of the way as debris began flying, the Williams sat down on its tyreless rear corner and zigzagged crazily from side to side. Nigel fought every inch of the way to keep it

off the unyielding concrete barriers and, eventually, its crazy progress petered out at the end of a convenient escape road. The title had slipped from his grasp . . .

Now Piquet seemed set for victory, but Williams cautiously called him in for new tyres. Ironically, his existing ones were wearing perfectly well. Mansell's failure had been an isolated manufacturing flaw, just one of those things. Piquet resumed in second place, going hell for leather, but with little apparent chance of catching Prost.

Not that Alain thought he was going to win! The McLaren's cockpit fuel computer was giving him nightmare messages for the last 15 laps, predicting him to be five litres short. In other circumstances, he later admitted, he would have eased back and conserved things. This time he

Thwarted. After Mansell's tyre failure, Piquet lost his lead with a precautionary pit stop for fresh rubber. It was unnecessary, but it cost him a shot at the Championship as he finished the race second behind Prost.



20
123
199

ER'S  FOSTER'S





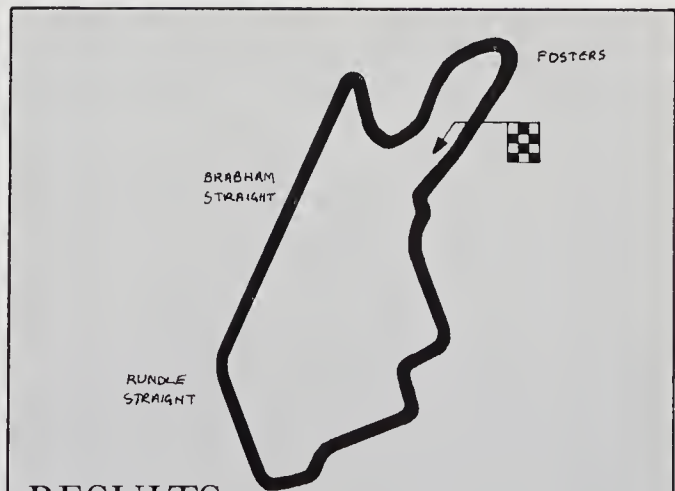
Above On top of the world! Sprayed with 'crazy foam', Alain Prost celebrates another helping of motor racing history. After becoming the first French title holder in '85, victory at Adelaide gave him two Championships in a row.

drove as fast as he could, forcing himself to believe the computer had gone wrong.

It had! Alain Prost came home the winner, the first time the Championship had not moved at the end of a season since Jack Brabham retained it for two years in 1959 and '60. Piquet, despite shattering the lap record, was second. Mansell was nowhere.

It couldn't have happened, except that it did!

Left Nelson Piquet was one of three drivers in with a chance of the World Championship in Adelaide. Here his Williams speeds through the right-hander on to the fast back straight ahead of Arnoux's Ligier.



RESULTS

82 laps, 192.498 miles

Top six: 1, Alain Prost (*McLaren MP4/2C*), 1 hr 54 min 20.388 sec (101.04 mph); 2, Nelson Piquet (*Williams FW11*), 1 hr 54 min 24.593 sec; 3, Stefan Johansson (*Ferrari F186*), one lap behind; 4, Martin Brundle (*Tyrrell 015*), one lap behind; 5, Philippe Streiff (*Tyrrell 015*), two laps behind; 6, Johnny Dumfries (*Lotus 98T*), two laps behind.

Fastest lap: Nelson Piquet, 1 min 20.787 sec (104.637 mph).

1987 BRITISH GRAND PRIX

Magnificently Mansell

It looked like a long shot, but Nigel Mansell pulled off his third Grand Prix win on British soil in less than two seasons by squeezing past his team-mate and arch-rival Nelson Piquet with just over two laps to go in this epic battle in front of a record 100,000 strong crowd at Silverstone. The two Williams-Hondas lapped the entire field in a frantic two-car battle which held the grandstands spellbound from start to finish, leaving Ayrton Senna's Lotus-Honda to lead the also-rans home in a lapped third place at the flag.

The rivalry had been brewing up over the previous 18 months. Ever since Nelson Piquet arrived at Williams as team leader at the start of 1986 only to find he had under-estimated Nigel Mansell, the simmering competitiveness between the two men had made Williams two teams within one, Piquet, already a double World Champion, had arrived on the scene with a multi-million dollar contract in his pocket and a reputation as a cool, cunning and canny customer. Mansell was perceived as simply a determined journeyman, good on his day, but not really much out of the ordinary.

By the time the two men arrived for first qualifying at Silverstone, their personal confrontation was at fever pitch. The previous weekend Mansell had tucked up Nelson in a straight fight to win the French Grand Prix at Paul Ricard. After the race Nelson had gone on the record as saying he thought Mansell had pulled a dangerous stunt to get past him, elbowing him aside in an unruly manner going into a fast double-apex right-hander. A few days later, at a press conference in

London, Piquet acidly assessed Nigel's talent by saying 'I suppose you could say that while I've won two World Championships, Nigel has only managed to *lose* one!' Then they went up to Silverstone for the great battle in front of Nigel's home crowd.

Mansell's first Grand Prix win had been at Brands Hatch in October 1985. He won the Grand Prix of Europe superbly. In the summer of 1986 he had beaten Nelson in a breath-taking fight to emerge victor in the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. Now he was going for the hat trick, and Nelson was equally determined to stop him, knowing just how psychologically important it was for him to beat Nigel in front of his home crowd.

Two Williams-Hondas for each driver were drawn up in front of the pits at Silverstone. True enough, Ferrari was there, Lotus, Brabham, Tyrrell, Benetton and all the others, too. But the crowds only had eyes for the Williams battle. In official qualifying they jostled ferociously for pole position, both surviving high speed spins as they sought to out-fumble each other. Rival team managers shook their heads, wondering why on earth the Williams team management was not keeping them on a tighter rein. That would have been easier said than done.

By the end of qualifying Piquet had snatched pole position by less than one-tenth of a second from his rival. On the second row, Senna's Lotus and World Champion Alain Prost's McLaren were over a second slower. This was clearly going to be a two-horse race.

Silverstone was crammed to capacity from an

early hour on race day, the spectators arriving in their droves with almost as many helicopters and light planes jamming the internal runways as there were cars in the enclosures. All were waiting for that glorious moment, just seconds after two o'clock, when the starting light would blink green and the great battle be joined.

Eyeballing each other relentlessly, Piquet and Mansell left the front row together, their Williams-Hondas fishtailing towards each other, leaving great swathes of black rubber in their wheel tracks. As they sprinted towards Copse they seemed more interested in veering in towards each other, allowing Prost to come slamming down the outside and chop across in front of them for a few brief seconds in the lead with his McLaren. Piquet drew alongside the Frenchman going down into Becketts, ruthlessly chopping him out of the action as he went past into the lead. It was not until the run down to Stowe that Nigel managed to swoop past the World Champion,

but when he did it was all over bar the shouting. Nothing but a Williams-Honda would live at the front of the field for the remainder of the afternoon.

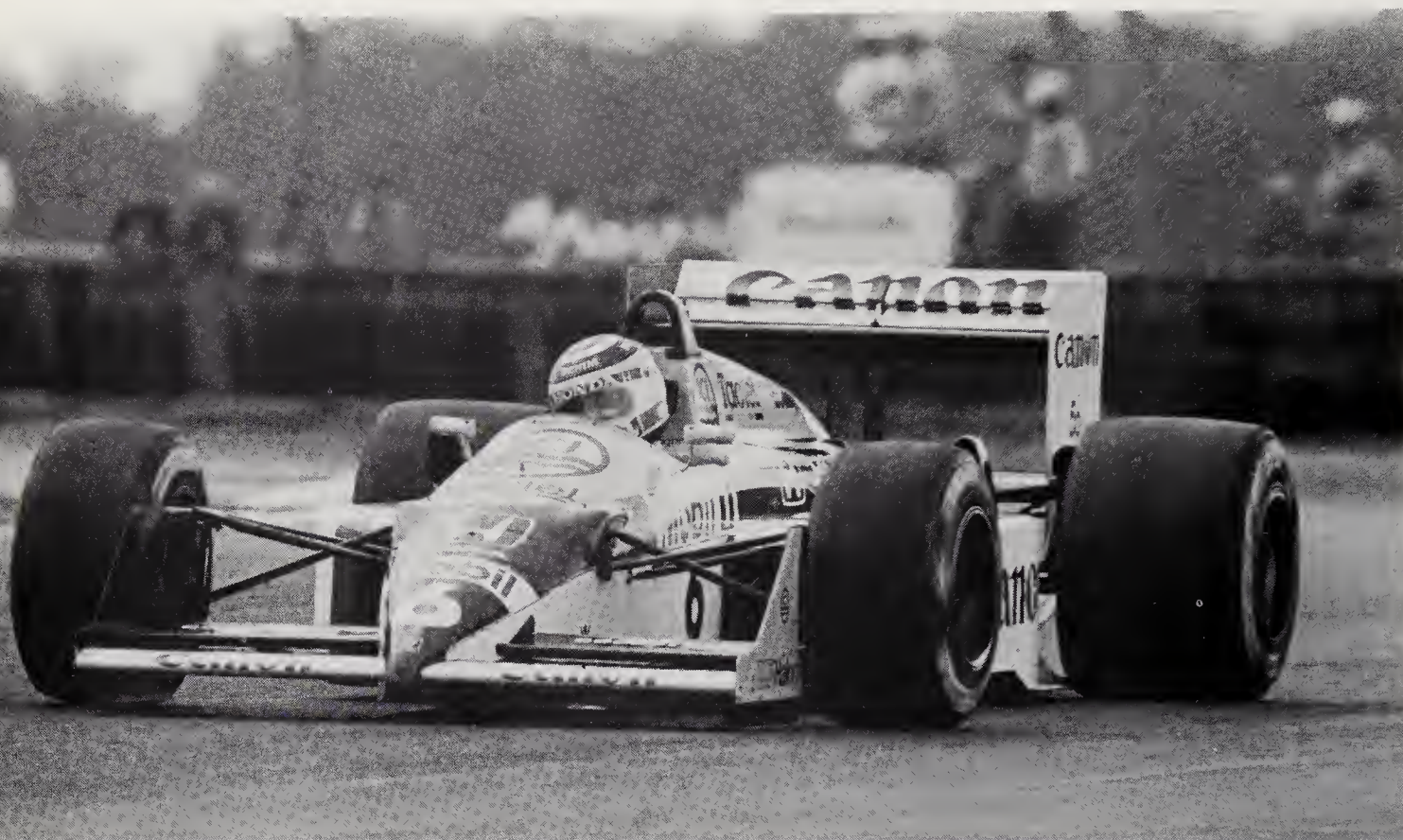
Out of the new Woodcote corner they came to complete lap one; Piquet, Mansell and already a gap opening up to Prost, Senna, Thierry Boutsen in the Benetton B187, Michele Alboreto's Ferrari F187, Teo Fabi in the second Benetton, Andrea de Cesaris in the Brabham . . . the supporting cast, every one of them!

It was a devastating performance. Within three laps the two Williams-Hondas had three seconds over their rivals. Senna nipped past Prost on lap two only for Alain to re-take him a couple of laps later. But it was all fine detail. They now could not even see Mansell's rear wing on the longest straights, not even in the far distance.

After ten laps you had the impression that nobody had yet made a break. Mansell was chipping slowly away at Piquet's advantage, but had

Supporting cast. The rest of the field never got a sniff of those Williams-Hondas from the start. Here the Benettons of Thierry Boutsen and Teo Fabi led the Ferraris of Michele Alboreto and Gerhard Berger, Andrea de Cesaris's Brabham, Stefan Johansson's McLaren and the rest into Copse early in the race.





Vanquished. Nelson Piquet ran non-stop in his Canon Williams Honda, only to be jumped by Mansell a couple of laps from home. He was privately furious that the team had failed to keep Mansell, nominally his number two, under control and it was not long before he decided to leave the team at the end of the 1987 season.

not really begun to press hard. The Brazilian looked secure at the head of the field. This was a race destined to be won by shrewd tactics. There was a long way still to run.

Tyre stops were in everybody's mind. Prior to the race the Williams team had organized its strategy on this front, advising their drivers that they would be signalled when the 35-lap mark was coming up, after which it was up to them whether or not they wanted to stop for fresh rubber. After 16 laps or so, Mansell began to notice that his car was developing a front wheel vibration caused, it later transpired, by a lost balance weight. Inwardly, he made up his mind he would stop on lap 35. Meanwhile, he eased back slightly and conserved his machinery.

At the end of lap 29 Prost, running a distant third, opted to come in for fresh rubber. He was out again without losing his position — a reflection of just how strung-out the field had now become — but there was no way a set of new tyres was going to boost his performance sufficiently to

get on terms with Piquet and Mansell. He just slogged on, praying they would hit trouble, but it was a forlorn hope.

On lap 35 Mansell arrived in the pit lane for his change. You could almost feel the spectators in the main grandstand holding their breath, praying that nothing would go wrong, that no wheel nut would stick or jam. No problem. In just 9.2 seconds, Mansell was accelerating back into the battle with four new Goodyears. Now the serious business began. What's more, there was another tantalizing question hanging over the race's outcome. Would Nelson stop — or try to run through non-stop on that original set of tyres?

The answer came a few laps later. The Goodyear technicians examined the discarded set that had come off Mansell's car and then a sign went out to Nelson, 'Tyres ok'. Piquet, reassured, pressed on hard. For a few laps it looked as though Mansell's plans had come unstuck in the biggest possible way.

On lap 40 — 25 to go — Nigel began to make

up ground in a big way. The crowd sensed they were watching something out of the ordinary. On lap 48 Nelson was 16.8 seconds in front, but then his advantage came tumbling down. 13.5, 12.8, 9.4, 8.2 . . . by lap 56 it was 6.3 seconds, then 3.9 seconds, 2.8 seconds. Then, on lap 59, Piquet nipped ahead of the Lotus-Hondas going into Copse, just as Senna was lining up to pass teammate Satoru Nakajima. Mansell had to wait for Ayrton to execute that manoeuvre before he could sweep by the two yellow cars down the Hangar Straight. All round the circuit you hear the crowds cheering above the noise of the engines, Union Jacks waving frantically in all directions.

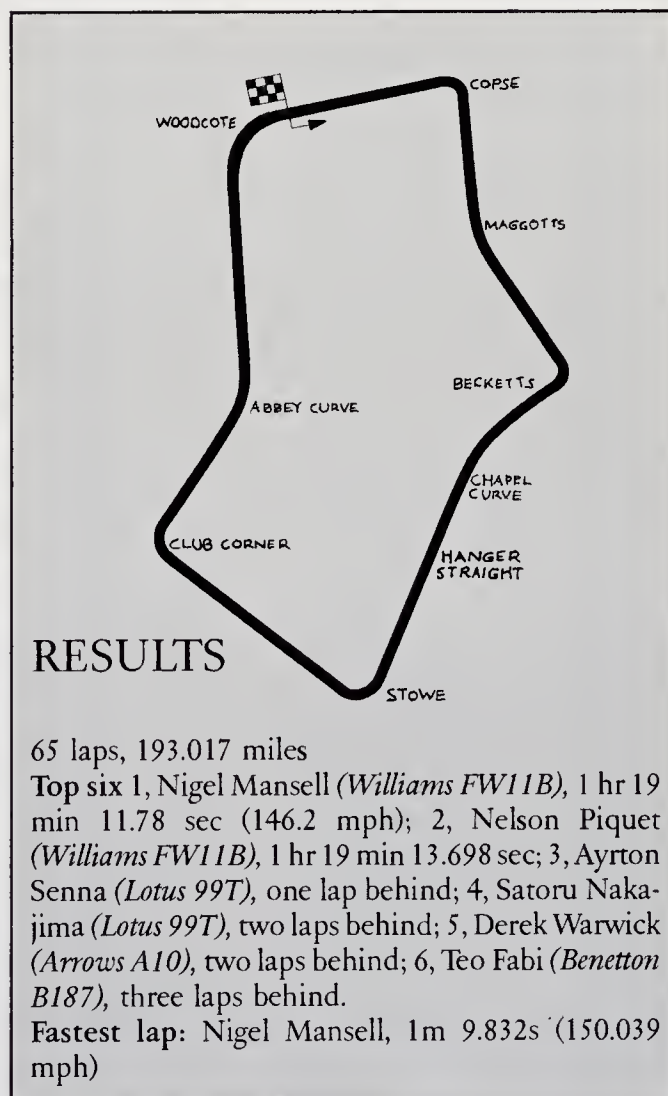
At the end of lap 60 the margin was down to 1.6 seconds. Piquet fought manfully, setting his fas-

Winner! Nigel Mansell acknowledges the cheers of the crowd after his third, brilliant, Grand Prix win on his home soil in less than two years.

test personal race lap on his 62nd tour, but it was not enough. Throwing caution to the wind as far as his fuel consumption was concerned, Nigel was driving absolutely flat-out. On lap 63, going down into Stowe, it was all over. Nigel fed Nelson a dummy. The Brazilian jinked to the left to cover the outside line and, in a flash, Mansell was inside him on the right.

They cheered him to the echo all the way round those last two laps to one of the most brilliant victories of his career. He beat Piquet by 1.9 seconds and then ran out of fuel on the slowing-down lap. 'Into the last lap my fuel read-out was telling me that I wasn't going to make, but I just kept my fingers crossed and pressed on,' he recounted.

But nothing else mattered apart from Mansell's win for Williams. Taken on a victory lap after the presentation, Nigel stopped at Stowe, walked over to the point where he had sliced inside Piquet —and he kissed the track. Nothing could have reflected his feelings of elation more graphically . . .



Index

- Agajanian, J.C. 77, 89, 90, 91
Alboreto, Michele, 192
Amon, Chris, 110, 111, 112,
114, 115, 116, 117, 118,
119, 120, 121, 122, 126
Andretti, Mario, 42, 105, 106,
107, 130, 131, 132, 133,
156, 158, 159, 167, 168,
169, 170, 176, 181, 182,
183, 184, 205, 206, 207
Arnoux, Rene, 171
Ascari, Alberto, 21, 22, 23, 24,
29, 30, 31, 32, 36, 37, 38,
39, 44, 45, 46, 47
Aston Martin, 68, 69, 70, 71

Baghetti, Giancarlo, 81, 82,
83, 84, 87
Balbo, Marshal, 18, 19, 20
Bandini, Lorenzo, 96, 97, 98,
99
Beauchamp, Johnny, 64, 65,
66
Behra, Jean, 52, 54, 68, 69
Belond AP Special, 60
Bettenhausen, Tony, 77
'Beurlys', 71
Bonnier, Jo, 74, 75, 123
Bowes Seal Fast Special, 77
Brabham, Jack, 78, 79, 80
Brambilla, Vittorio, 159
Brauschitsch, Manfred von,
11, 12, 13, 15, 16
Brawner, Clint, 61, 77, 78, 79,
80, 105

Brown, David, 70

Caracciola, Rudi, 11, 12, 13,
18, 19, 20
CART, 181
Castellotti, Eugenio, 42, 44,
45, 46, 47
Cevert, François, 138, 153,
154
Chaparral 2F, 110, 111, 112,
113, 114
Chapman, Colin, 89, 90, 91,
99, 115, 123, 124, 125, 134
Chinetti, Luigi, 101, 102, 103,
104, 105, 106, 107
Clark, Jim, 73, 82, 85, 86,
87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 93, 94,
95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 115, 116,
117, 118
Clymer, Floyd, 61
Collins, Peter, 56, 57, 58, 59
Cooper (Indy) 78, 79
Crichton-Stuart, Charlie, 176
Cunningham (car), 33

Daytona, 64, 66, 67
Dean, Al (Van Lines Special),
61
Depailler, Patrick, 156, 162,
164, 165
Donington Park, 14, 15, 16
Dragoni, Eugenio, 103

Eldorado Special, 60, 61, 62,
63

Elford, Vic, 126, 127, 128,
130

Fangio, Juan Manuel, 21, 22,
23, 24, 29, 30, 31, 32, 36,
37, 38, 39, 43, 44, 45, 46,
47, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57,
58, 59, 61, 63
Farina, Nino, 22, 29, 30, 31,
32
Ferrari, Enzo, 21, 22, 23, 24,
29, 36
Ferrari Testa Rossa (TR), 68,
69, 70
Ferrari 156, 73, 74, 75, 76, 80,
81, 82, 83
Ferrari 330P4, 110, 111, 112,
114
Ferrari 512, 130, 131, 132,
133
Ferrari 312T4, 171, 172, 173,
175
Fittipaldi, Emerson, 139, 144,
146, 147, 153, 155, 206/7
Ford GT40, 126, 127, 128,
129
Forghieri, Mauro, 158
Foyt, A.J., 61, 77, 78, 79, 80,
105, 181
France, Bill, 64, 67

Ginther, Richie, 73, 74, 75,
76, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84
Giunti, Ignazio, 130, 131,
132, 133, 137

- Gonzalez, Froilan, 21, 22, 23, 24, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39
 Granatelli, Andy, 107
 Gregory, Masten, 68, 69, 101, 102, 103, 104
 Guerrero, Roberto, 206
 Gurney, Dan, 68, 69, 74, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 89, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99
 Hamilton, Duncan, 25, 33, 34, 35
 Hasemi, Masahiro, 156
 Hawthorn, Mike, 29, 31, 32, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62
 Head, Patrick, 171
 Helfrich, Theo, 25, 26, 27, 28
 Hesketh, 308, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155
 Hermann, Hans, 126, 127, 128, 129
 Hill, Graham, 85, 86, 87, 88, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99
 Hill, Phil, 60, 73, 74, 75, 76, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114
 Hulme, Denny, 116, 117, 118, 119, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152
 Hunt, James, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 158, 159, 161, 162, 164, 165, 167, 168, 169, 170
 Ireland, Innes, 68, 69, 81, 82, 85, 87
 Ickx, Jacky, 120, 123, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129
 Jaguar C-type, 24, 25
 Jaguar D-type, 33, 34, 35, 68, 69
 Jenkinson, Denis, 40, 41, 42, 43
 Jones, Alan, 171, 172, 173, 175, 176, 177, 178, 180, 185, 186
 Jones, Parnelli, 78, 79, 80, 89, 90, 91
 Kling, Karl, 37, 38, 39, 42, 52, 53, 54
 Kojima (car), 156
 Kurtis-Offy (car), 48, 49
 Laffite, Jacques, 165, 185, 188, 189
 Lampredi, Aurelio, 21
 Lancia, D50, 36, 44, 45, 46, 47, 56, 57, 58, 59
 Lang, Hermann, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
 Larrousse, Gerard, 129
 Lauda, Marlene, 204
 Lauda, Niki, 141, 150, 156, 158, 159, 161, 162, 164, 165, 167, 170, 197, 198, 199
 Levegh, Pierre, 24, 25, 26, 27
 Lotus 18, 73, 74, 75, 76
 Lotus 25, 85, 86, 87, 88
 Lotus 29, 89, 90, 91
 Lotus 49/49B, 115, 116, 117, 118, 123, 124, 125
 Lotus 63, 123
 Lotus 72, 134, 148
 Lotus 77, 156, 158, 159
 Mackline, Lance, 53
 Mansell, Nigel, 195, 199, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221
 Marchand, Rene, 25, 26, 27, 28
 Maserati 250F, 56, 57, 58, 59
 Marimon, Onofre, 29, 30, 31, 32
 Marko, Helmut, 139, 143, 144, 145
 Marlboro World Championship Team, 139
 Mayer, Teddy, 160
 McGrath, Jack, 49, 50
 McLaren, Bruce, 94, 102, 115, 124, 125
 McLaren M23, 148, 149
 McLaren (TAG), 200, 209, 210, 218, 219
 McQueen, Steve, 130, 131, 132, 133
 Mercedes-Benz 300SL, 25, 26, 27, 28; (W196), 36, 37, 38, 39, 44, 45, 46, 47, 52, 53, 54, 55; (300SLR), 40, 41, 42, 43
 Merzario, Arturo, 130, 131, 132
 Mears, Rick, 181, 182
 Miles, John, 134
 Moss, Stirling, 25, 30, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 52, 53, 54, 55, 60, 61, 62, 63, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85
 Musso, Luigi, 60
 Nakajima, Satoru, 221
 Neubauer, Alfred, 19, 20
 Niedermayer, Helmut, 25, 26, 27, 28
 Nurburgring, 11, 12, 13, 56, 57
 Nuvolari, Tazio, 11, 12, 13
 'Ol Calhoun', 89, 90, 91
 Oliver, Jack, 119, 120, 121, 127, 129, 137
 Ongais, Danny, 182, 183
 Owen, Sir Alfred, 88
 Owens, Cotton, 64
 Pace, Carlos, 161
 Peterson, Ronnie, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155
 Petty, Lee, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68
 Petty, Richard, 66
 Piquet, Nelson, 176, 177, 178, 180, 209, 210, 213, 214, 215, 217
 Pironi, Didier, 177, 178, 180, 185, 191, 192, 193, 194
 Pistone, Tom, 66
 Porsche flat-8 (F1), 86
 Porsche 917, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 132, 133
 Prost, Alain, 178, 185, 198, 199, 200, 202, 203, 204
 Pryce, Tom, 159, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165
 Regazzoni, Clay, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 171

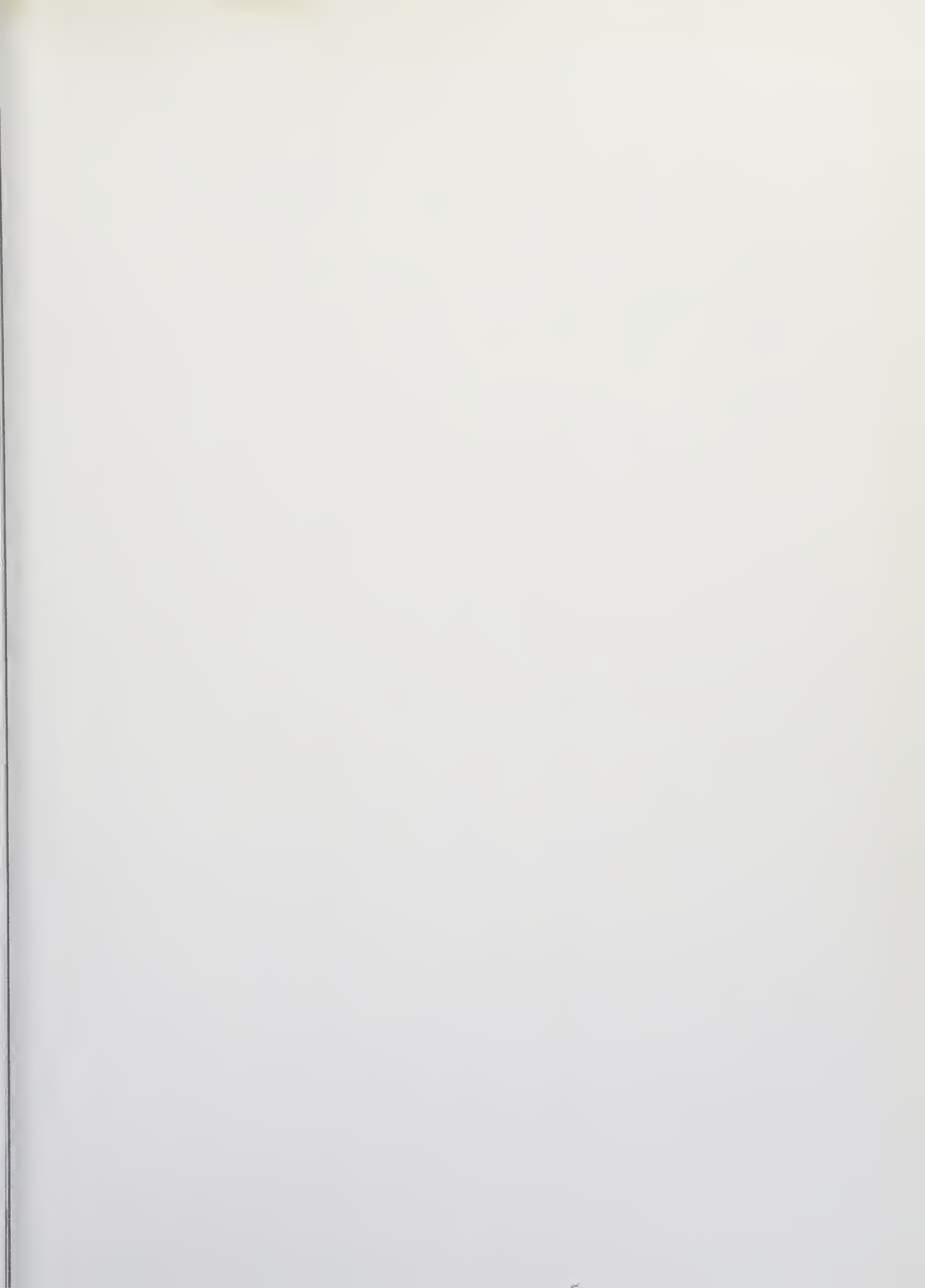
- Revson, Peter, 130, 131, 132,
 133, 148, 149, 150,
 151, 152, 154
 Reutemann, Carlos, 149, 152,
 153, 161, 167, 170, 185,
 186, 187, 188, 189
 Riess, Fritz, 25, 26, 27, 28
 Rindt, Jochen, 101, 102, 103,
 104, 110, 111, 112, 114,
 117, 120, 123, 124, 125,
 126, 134, 138
 Roberts, Fireball, 66
 Rodriguez, Pedro,
 Rodriguez, Ricardo, 86, 137,
 198
 Rolt, Tony, 25, 33, 34,
 35
 Rosberg, Keke, 176, 195, 197,
 199, 200, 202
 Rosemeyer, Bernd, 11, 12, 13,
 14, 15, 16, 17

 Sachs, Eddie, 60, 62, 77, 78,
 79, 80, 91
 Salvadori, Roy, 68, 70, 71
 Scheckter, Jody, 148, 149,
 156, 161, 162, 163, 164,
 165, 166, 171, 175
 Seaman, Dick, 14, 15, 16
 Senna, Ayrton, 200, 203, 209,
 210, 211, 212, 213, 214,
 218, 219, 221
 Shelby, Carroll, 68, 70, 71
 Siffert, Jo, 112, 114, 119, 120,
 121, 122, 130, 131
 Spence, Mike, 110, 111, 112,
 113, 114
 Sullivan, Danny, 205, 206,
 207
 Surtees, John, 95, 96, 97, 98,
 99, 115, 116, 117, 118, 124
 Stewart, Jackie, 105, 106, 107,
 110, 111, 112, 114, 116,
 123, 124, 125, 126, 135,
 136, 137, 138, 139, 141,
 142, 143, 144, 145, 146,
 147, 148, 149, 150, 151,
 152, 153
 Stommelen, Rolf, 126
 Stuck, Hans-Joachim, 168
 Sweikert, Bob, 51

 Talbot (car), 25, 26, 27, 28
 Taruffi, Piero, 42, 52, 55
 Taylor, Trevor, 87
 Thackwell, Mike, 176
 Toleman (car), 200, 202, 203
 Trintignant, Maurice, 33, 34,
 35, 68, 71
 Trips, Wolfgang von, 73, 74,
 75
 Uhlenhaut, Rudolph, 19
 Unser, Bobby, 181, 182, 183,
 184
 USAC, 181

 Vacarella, Nino, 130, 132
 Vanwall, 55
 Villeneuve, Gilles, 171, 172,
 173, 174, 175, 180, 185,
 186, 187, 188, 189, 191,
 192, 193, 194
 Villorresi, Emilio, 18
 Villorresi, Luigi, 29, 30, 31
 32
 Vukovich, Billy, 48, 49, 50,
 51

 Walker, Rob, 119, 120, 121,
 122
 Warwick, Derek, 198
 Watson, A.J. 48
 Watson, John, 156, 167, 168,
 169, 170, 173, 178, 185,
 187, 188, 189
 Weatherly, Joe, 64, 65, 66
 Wharton, Ken, 55
 Williams FW07, 171, 172
 Williams-Honda, 209, 210,
 213, 215, 218, 219
 Woolfe, John, 127







Other PSL books for motor racing enthusiasts

COLIN CHAPMAN

The man and his cars

by Gerard ('Jabby') Crombac

COLLECTING, RESTORING AND DRIVING CLASSIC CARS

by Graham Robson

FLYING ON FOUR WHEELS

Frank Costin and his car designs

by Dennis Ortenburger

FROM CHAIN DRIVE TO TURBOCHARGER

The AFN Story

by Denis Jenkinson

GRAND PRIX GREATS

by Nigel Roebuck

LOTUS

The sports-racing cars

by Anthony Pritchard

MR MONACO:

GRAHAM HILL REMEMBERED

by Tony Rudlin

STIRLING MOSS

My cars, my career

by Stirling Moss with Doug Nye

Jacket illustrations, left to right:

Nigel Mansell (Williams FW11), 1986 Australian GP (Nigel Snowdon); start of the 1986 Spanish GP (Nigel Snowdon); Stirling Moss (Lotus-Climox), 1961 Monaco GP (LAT Photographic); Alain Prost (McLaren MP4/2), 1984 Portuguese GP (Nigel Snowdon); Gilles Villeneuve and Didier Pironi (Ferrari 126C2s), 1982 San Marino GP (Nigel Snowdon).

Opening doors to the World of books

Book Tokens can be bought and exchanged at most bookshops



PATRICK STEPHENS
COMPANY

PATRICK STEPHENS LIMITED
Wellingborough, Northamptonshire

The sheer drama and excitement of international motor sport is captured here in historic and dramatic incidents recalled from fifty of the world's most famous races. Alan Henry draws on his extensive first-hand knowledge of the racing scene to recount in vivid detail the thrills of this fascinating world. Each story is packed with quotes and anecdotes about the men and the machines behind a sport which is always dynamic and never predictable, and the lively text is fully illustrated with some amazing photographs. The result is an absorbing collection which will appeal to the general reader as well as the keen motor racing enthusiast.

'I was fascinated by this cross-section of epic races.' Keke Rosberg



9780850599374
2016-03-10 7:27

22

ISBN 0-85059-937-7



9 780850 599374