Ecurie Ecosse

David Murray

Ecurie Ecosse

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND'S
INTERNATIONAL RACING TEAM

MBC
MOTORACES BOOK CLUB
STANLEY PAUL
London 1964

This Motoraces Book Club edition was produced in 1964 for sale to its members only by the proprietors, Readers Union Ltd, at Aldine House, 10–13 Bedford Street, London W.C.2 and at Letchworth Garden City, Herts. Full details of membership may be obtained from our London address. The book is set in 11 point Baskerville type leaded and has been reprinted by The Anchor Press Ltd, Tiptree, Essex. It was first published by Stanley Paul & Co. Ltd.

Contents

Illustrations

between pages 92 and 93

Author's Note

This is the first book I have written. It is probably better to tell you that at the beginning than leave you to gather the fact as you go along.

As a 'prentice hand, I have been advised that the story concerned should begin with a dedication—that it is 'necessary'.

The trouble is, to whom? To my wife, whose excellent lap-charting and restraining influence have prevented me making enemies of friends who might have been thrown out of race-side pits for not spotting a car as it goes round? To my office staff who, holding the fort while I gambol abroad, clutter up the place with radio and television sets? To my bank manager? There's a thought, anyway. . . .

No, the dedication should go to the team who form the heart of Ecurie Ecosse.

To all who have given me so much encouragement and assistance without thought of monetary reward, and to all who have taken so much without thought of my diminishing financial resources, this book is dedicated.

Foreword

It may be that, as a reader, you are seeking some highly technical volume on motor-racing management or detailed mechanical data on the processes involved in tuning the modern racing car. On the other hand, you may have hopes of a volume which gives a lap-by-lap account of each and every race in which Ecurie Ecosse have competed.

In either case this book is not for you. Put it back on the shelf; if necessary demand your money back.

Ecurie Ecosse is a more human, personal affair. It is an attempt to take you behind the scenes and to capture some of the spirit and atmosphere which have been Ecurie Ecosse's most valuable assets.

By the time the last page is reached you'll probably be wondering why I have spent so much time and cash on racing cars.

I do too!

D.M.

1

A Very Important Incident

ONCE upon a time there was a racing driver who turned his car to the right instead of to the left. He was going very quickly at the time, and, of course, the clot crashed.

I was the driver. The crash, which left me hanging upside down from the cockpit in most undignified style, was one of the most important things ever to happen to me. Firstly, because I wasn't killed—which definitely was important. Secondly, because that crash was the beginning of Ecurie Ecosse.

Since then, in the team's ten years of life, Ecurie Ecosse cars have competed in 125 race meetings. The record books show a total of 68 first places, 43 second places, and 39 third places from these outings. This, the uncharitable will tell you, has been due to a series of miracles. As a team, we deplore the suggestion but only wish we could offer a better explanation.

Still, let's get back to the beginning. I was born in Edinburgh where ours was not a particularly motoring-minded family—though I remember having a shot at driving an older friend's Model-T Ford when I was about fourteen, and my father had one of the old bull-nosed Morris saloons. I went to the Royal High School in the city, and achieved what could be regarded as a non-educational hat-trick, ending as captain of the school, the cricket eleven, and the rugby fifteen. After that I found myself indentured to a local firm of chartered accountants.

Young David Murray, eighteen-year-old apprentice C.A.,

needed all the encouragement he could get—apprentice C.A.s, past and present, recalling the seemingly never-ending mountains of study and examination which suddenly loom before them, will appreciate what I mean.

In my case 'encouragement' took the very practical form of a present from my mother to celebrate the gaining of a pass in the first of these examinations. It was a little Morris saloon.

At that stage motor sport in any form was well over the horizon. I began trundling the car around Edinburgh, to the general danger of the leiges—there was no driving test in those days, and in fact I've never had a driving test!

After a while, however, I began to have ideas. Over coffee in a little restaurant off Princes Street I confided to some friends: 'I'm going to have a try at "hotting up" that Morris. . . . I'll get a little more oomph out of the engine.'

The car was solemnly decoked. Several other adjustments, as suggested by the *Light Car and Cycle Car*, of which I was an avid reader, were completed. I replaced the cylinder head, tightened down the various nuts, and turned the starting handle.

Water came out of the carburettor! Much later a gloomy-faced garage mechanic sorted it out, put the bits back in their proper order, and soon I was once again driving like a maniac around the city.

After a while I passed another exam, traded in the Morris against an M.G. Magna, and took part in the first Scottish Sporting Car Club trial held in the East of Scotland.

As a newcomer, I'd expected to finish well down the list. But my car-tuning had improved and my driving must have steadied. I collected the premier award in the event. My interest in motor sport had begun, but it was still just an interest, and I wouldn't have described myself as an enthusiast —though I did have one new ambition. Some day, I decided, I was going to own a car in which I could cruise along a road at—yes, no half-measures—sixty miles an hour!

Soon afterwards, a newly qualified C.A., I had to go to London for a spell. Inevitably I began to spend a fair amount of my spare time hanging around Brooklands and playing rugger for London Scottish.

The mid-thirties were vintage years at that wonderful old track. Youngsters like myself gaped, awe-struck, while Bentley and Bugatti, Alfa-Romeo and Talbot battled round the 'Mountain' course.

Master drivers of the calibre of Earl Howe and Sir Malcolm Campbell competed regularly. Raymond Mays led the E.R.A. team into battle. John Cobb, driving the enormous Napier-Railton, which had a 450 h.p. twelve-cylinder aero engine, set up the Brooklands lap record at 143·44 m.p.h.—a record never broken.

With World War II, pleasure motoring came to an end. But, if anything, I drove more than ever before in the next few years, travelling around all Scotland on work concerning the building of aerodromes, service roads, and army camps. During the war too, in 1944 to be exact, I became married to Jenny Lockhart, who was an Edinburgh girl, actually an Auxiliary Fire Service driver at the time. When I plucked up enough courage to ask her to marry me, and when she said 'Yes', the Murray organization never worked so smoothly nor so quickly. She was hooked before she knew it!

If she'd known something of the life that lay ahead I wouldn't have blamed her if she'd changed her mind—but she didn't get the chance!

After the war, as things began to settle down, I began for the first time to nibble at the idea of taking part in motor racing. Our home was—and still is—in Edinburgh. I now controlled the family wine businesses, and was kept pretty busy. But those Brooklands days were in my memory, days of watching and sometimes helping to fetch and carry as the cars went round.

It was a little before Christmas when I saw the advert in a motor-racing magazine—a rather special M.G. car was being

sold in bits and pieces. Originally, it had been prepared by a London enthusiast, Bill Humphries, who intended it to be used in a bid on the Brooklands lap record.

On Christmas Eve I asked Jenny: 'Phone London for me and find out a bit more about the M.G.'

I don't like telephones. I'm allergic to them. I just don't believe in them—they're not natural. Anyway, Jenny obliged, and that same evening we decided to go down to London for New Year and see the car at the same time.

By the time we came back the M.G. was to be mine. The stipulation was, however, that the car had to be in assembled condition. This took time, longer than I'd anticipated. From London the job moved to Derby, where Reg Parnell had a motor-racing stable and where, fatefully, there was a chief engineer who later was to become a vital part of the Ecurie Ecosse story.

His name was Wilkie Wilkinson, a Cockney engineer whose racing experience went back to 1928. Quite apart from a remarkable tuning skill, developed in part as passenger-travelling mechanic in such races as the Ulster T.T. and the Brooklands 'Double-Twelve', he'd built up a considerable reputation on his own as a racing driver. For a spell he'd shared an E.R.A. with an up-and-coming band-leader called Billy Cotton! Together they achieved third place in the British Empire Trophy Race in 1938.

It was the first time I'd ever been on the 'inside' of a motor-racing outfit. Anxiously, I told Wilkie all about my more or less assembled collection of M.G. parts.

'Can you make it raceworthy?' I asked.

He nodded. 'We'll manage.'

The year was 1946. The first time I raced the M.G. was in Ireland, at a place called Tallaght, near Dublin. We came in seventeenth in the Leinster Trophy Race.

After that event Jenny and I travelled to hill-climbs and other meetings all over the country. Sometimes Wilkie came

too, ready to 'breathe' on the engine and give much-needed advice. One thing, however, was clear before long. If I wanted to win races—and that, after all, is the general idea in competing—I needed a faster car.

The solution came via Reg Parnell. He was a member of an Italian racing team, Scuderia Ambrosiana, which was partly based on Britain.

He invited me to join the team, to drive a Maserati, which was slower than some of the others but still went like the wind compared with anything I had previously handled.

Reg Parnell passed on some sound advice: 'When you're driving a really fast car for the first time the most important thing to remember is to keep out of the road of the traffic, then drive to finish.'

He and Wilkie jointly explained their theory that the less experienced driver should at the same time try to get in behind the car most likely to win a race. The car concerned might be one or two laps ahead of them—but, steering behind an expert, the comparative novice would be encouraged to go more quickly and would learn from the way the car ahead was handled. He wouldn't keep the winning car in sight for long, but that minute or so would be invaluable.

My first major outing was the Jersey International Road Race. Three of the visiting stars were Louis Chiron, Prince Bira, and Luigi Villoresi. Biographical columns were published about the visitors. My name was there too—'David Murray (Maserati). A newcomer.'

I came in tenth and was delighted.

The race dates came and went. Sometimes the Maserati went well, other times it would grind to an expensive standstill. We even began to venture abroad. At the Albi Grand Prix, for instance, I learned for the first time what the heat of a Continental summer can mean when you're piloting a racing car. One driver collapsed, overcome by heat and fumes. Others beat the grilling temperatures, but limped off at the

finish, holes burned in the soles of their shoes from contact with seemingly red-hot pedals. My knuckles and heels blistered and burst as I drove . . . but I finished eighth.

By this time Reg Parnell and the others had retired from the original team set-up and I'd joined forces with another Englishman, David Hampshire. We owned two E.R.A.s and a Maserati in partnership, and it was my turn to drive an E.R.A. in September 1949 when we were invited out to the Copenhagen International Road Race.

I won! I've still got a picture taken just after the victory wreath was put around my shoulders. It was my first important win—and the beam of delight on my face came close to harvest-moon proportions.

A few weeks later another piece of the whole long-term jigsaw fell into place. Wilkie Wilkinson, the mechanic racing driver who'd constantly nursed me along, listened quietly while I told him of a plan I had, a plan which would allow me to move my motor-racing base from Derby back to Scotland. 'In any case, I'm sure there's room for another motor-engineering business in Edinburgh,' I said. 'The sort of business which would concentrate on offering specialized tuning facilities, but which could also turn its hand to bread-and-butter repair jobs. There's some lock-up accommodation on the market, at a place called Merchiston Mews. What about coming north with me?'

Wilkie thought for a little. Then he nodded. 'I'm with you.'

He and his family moved to Edinburgh. We opened the little garage in Merchiston Mews . . . a garage which, eventually, considerably expanded, was to become known as the home of Ecurie Ecosse, central point of interest for motor-racing enthusiasts by the thousand at home and abroad.

At that time, however, our main concern was whether we'd be able to break even at the end of each month!

Season 1950 came round, a motor-racing safari which took Wilkie, a Scots mechanic, a more up-to-date 'San Remo'

Maserati, Jenny, and myself to Spain, Jersey, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, and then back to the Isle of Man and the British Empire Trophy Race, where I did the fastest lap and finished second to Reg Parnell. One or two of the motor-sport journalists were becoming more expansive in their mentions of our activities—though one of them described our expensive 170-mile-an-hour car as a 'Mazetati'.

Most of the time, too, Reg Parnell was around. In actual races I chased the exhaust end of his car. Reg Parnell off the track was a relaxed, cheerful individual with a ready smile. Behind the wheel he had the kind of ice-cold judgement which is so necessary to success when you travel at over 200 feet per second, combined with a knowledge of motor racing and racing cars unrivalled in Britain.

I did get ahead of him once—in particularly pleasing circumstances. Scotland's first car-race meeting was held at Winfield, in Berwickshire, and we shared a wonderful thirty-mile tussle before Scottish porridge triumphed over English bacon-and-eggs, getting me home to a narrow 3·7 second lead.

Another winter's hibernation in Edinburgh then Wilkie and I got the car ready for a fresh season's racing. Jenny checked over her lap-scoring charts, we packed our bags, and the safari route began again. Though I didn't know it, it was to be my last season as a Grand Prix driver.

Goodwood, San Remo and Silverstone, Ulster and the Isle of Man, Monza, and then, towards the end of July, the German Grand Prix at Nurburgring.

Wilkie and I had planned an all-out effort in this race. With a field containing drivers of the calibre of Ascari, Villoresi, and Tarruffi, all in Ferraris, Rosier, Chiron, and Claes in Talbots, and many others, we knew that we would have our work cut out to be even among the first handful of finishers.

I went over to Germany ahead of Wilkie and the transporter. Driving a mild little Ford 10 cwt. van, I spent hour

after hour driving round the long circuit, often at night. Every now and again I'd stop, get out, and check the detail of a particular bend or corner. Several other drivers were doing the same, because the Nurburgring doesn't take kindly to strangers.

To my mind there's not another race circuit like it anywhere. Built in the mid-twenties in the Eifel Mountains, not far from the Belgian border, one lap of its distance equals fourteen and a half miles. Packed into that distance with near diabolic skill are eighty-nine left-hand and eighty-five right-hand corners. At some places the course soars up hill and down. A few hump-backed bridges are thrown in to make things more interesting.

In the Grand Prix we had to tackle twenty laps of that mixture, and we knew the winner would have to average as near as he could to eighty-five miles an hour throughout.

Wilkie and the rest of our party arrived two or three days before the actual race. After dinner that evening he was ready to settle back for a rest.

'On your feet,' I told him. 'Come on, we'll have a toddle round and you can have a look at what we're up against.'

Headlights gleaming, I drove the little van to its limit. Other cars and vans were out on similar scorching missions—I've never seen Wilkie so much on edge.

On the second day of practices everything seemed to be going well. The Maserati was behaving itself, apart from a spot of plug trouble, and, after a session under the bonnet, Wilkie declared that everything had been sorted out.

'Just one more lap round, then,' he told me. 'After that pack it in for the day.'

I nodded agreement and got into the car and roared off.

The first few kilometres passed smoothly enough, plugs firing perfectly, and I opened the car up a little.

Oh, silly, silly Murray in a hurry! About six kilometres from the start I steered the Maserati over the brow of a hill

and, checking my mental map, began to go into a right turn.

Only it wasn't a right turn, after all—the road went decidedly left!

At around the 100-mile-an-hour mark there's little time to correct that kind of error or to allow fine detail to register. The Maserati hit a bank, and the next couple of seconds dissolved into a jumbled blur while the car became airborne, scythed along a 200-yard line of saplings, hit a considerably larger tree, turned upside down, and then landed bonnet first in a ditch.

I found myself looking at an upside-down world, a world which had suddenly become very, very quiet. The final stage of the crash had been cushioned by a hedge—I probably owe my life to that particular portion of shrubbery.

A more immediate problem was the danger of the Maserati now going on fire. I tried to reach the petrol tap, to shut off the flow, and found I couldn't. Then I began to wriggle and heave, finally managing to more or less fall out of the car, and as soon as I was on my feet I made a smart fifty-yard dash down the road, clear of the wreck.

Nothing happened. Slowly I walked back—to be joined by one or two officials and spectators. Together we looked over the twisted metal, shrugged, and exchanged a few gloomy remarks in a mixture of broken English and German.

When a car crashes on a race circuit it is quite normal for the first intimation the pits have that anything is wrong to be the simple fact that the driver concerned hasn't passed by lately.

It was the same in my case. But while, back at the Maserati's pit, both Jenny and Wilkie were becoming more and more anxious, the driver concerned had finished helping to drag the wreckage further back from the track and had begun to walk homewards.

Then Jenny did get some positive word. A sombre-faced

official told her: 'Herr Murray has had—well, a bad crash. He has been taken away. It is not good.'

Together Jenny and racing driver Duncan Hamilton jumped into his private car and began streaking along the outside of the circuit to where the tragedy was supposed to have occurred. When they got there they found the remains of the Maserati. None of the officials who had helped me were around, and anyone looking at the wreckage would have been quite justified in deciding that the driver must have come to a messy end.

Gently, Duncan led her back to the car. Slowly they set off to return to the pits.

Three-quarters of a mile down the road, on the inside of the track, I met a spectator with a car, and then, deciding we'd found a particularly good vantage point, had made up our minds to wait a minute or two and see Fangio pass.

Selfish? No, not deliberately. Thoughtless? Probably—it just hadn't occurred to me that Jenny might have reasonable grounds for considering herself a widow.

Jenny went back to the pit area in one direction. I took the other. Three-quarters of an hour after I'd turned right instead of left I walked in, expecting a welcome and being met instead with what for a few moments could be described only as an 'orrible 'ush.

But it wasn't funny—not when I saw tension drain from my wife's face.

Sometimes since I've joked that Jenny threatened me with the rolling-pin if I ever raced again. She didn't. Not by one word did she indicate what she'd been through. But I knew that day that for me, at any rate, Grand Prix racing days were nearly over. It was no game for a happily married man, not if he valued his wife's continued peace of mind.

I know many drivers who are married and who still race. Sometimes the combination works smoothly, sometimes it does not. I have had phone-calls and personal pleadings from

wives who want their husbands to pack it in. I know others who sit quietly at home or who watch at the pit counter.

In the end it is a decision for the individual.

My decision was made—but at the same time an old idea was stirring afresh, an idea which meant a new connection with the sport, the possibility of achieving an exciting ambition.

2

Ecurie Shoestring!

THE Maserati was a write-off, which wasn't going to make its owners, Scuderia Ambrosiana, particularly happy. Still, we'd come to Nurburgring for the German Grand Prix, and Wilkie, Jenny, and I decided we might as well make the most of the occasion.

The remains of the Maserati shovelled aboard our transporter, which was an old Bedford van, the team went off to dinner and were up bright and early the next morning to watch the race.

Albert Ascari won it in brilliant fashion, lapping his Ferrari at an average of 83·76 miles an hour. Fangio, in an Alfa-Romeo, was second. As the winners gathered for the formal paying-out of prize money, I conducted a little bit of business of my own. British currency restrictions were in full force. My trip to Germany had had as its financial basis the pleasant amount of starting money offered by the organizers—but as I hadn't managed to start in the race the Murray bag of gold was ominously empty after paying such things as hotel and fuel bills. And there remained the problem of getting to our next destination.

The Nurburgring officials were sympathetic, and promptly handed over half of the agreed starting money, money on which I had absolutely no claim apart from the fact that I needed it.

Wilkie relaxed with a sigh when he heard the news. 'Let's move on before anything else happens,' he suggested.

It was early afternoon, and a 500-mile journey lay ahead of us, to Modena, in Italy. We were heading to that city, the home of both the Maserati and Ferrari organizations, with two purposes in mind. First, we had to pick up a new Ferrari which Scuderia Ambrosiana had selected as the car I should drive for much of the remaining season. Now, too, we could off-load the shattered Maserati at its factory for what was obviously going to be a very long repair session.

Jenny and I got into the Ford van, and we set off, the Bedford transporter following a little way behind. A few miles on we steered down a long and winding hill, then stopped and waited for the transporter to catch up.

The minutes ticked past and still no transporter arrived.

'We'd better go back,' decided Jenny.

The little van grumbled through the turn and headed up the hill again. Halfway up we found the transporter. It was lying across the road, slumped on its right side.

Wilkie was apologetic, but his language fierce. He and his assistant, Ron McIntyre, had been travelling swiftly but peacefully downhill when yet another sharp bend had appeared ahead. At the same time the brakes had decided on an off-moment.

'Jump!' decided Wilkie. They did, one through each door—and seconds later the transporter had keeled over.

Locals from a nearby village turned up to view the result, and as they appeared we grabbed them and put them to work in an attempt to right the Bedford. A small unit of French army men were next on the scene. They wanted to get past, and once it was explained to them that their vehicles were stuck until we could get the 'so-and-so van out of the so-and-so road' they pitched in too.

Slowly, heaved up by a combination of ropes and levers, the transporter swayed upright—and promptly creaked on its springs, then crashed down on its left side!

We groaned at this fresh disaster, but the Frenchmen

beamed. The road was open. Before the dust had settled they were back in their vehicles and were roaring downhill.

A few hours later, after unloading most of the equipment from the Bedford's interior and discovering that the battery acid had eaten its way through Wilkie's neatly packed suitcase, we managed to get it back on its four wheels again.

The Maserati, damaged enough when I crashed it, had taken further punishment from the shunting around it had received. But, more important at that moment, the transporter could still be driven. Wilkie coaxed it along to the nearest body-building shop, where a twelve-hour session knocked out the worst of the dents.

The remainder of the journey was routine. We unloaded the remains of the Maserati, I had a rather difficult interview session with an insurance assessor, and then we went on and collected the Ferrari.

Important decisions take time to implement. Jenny's reaction to the Nurburgring incident had caused me to decide to give up Grand Prix driving. One part of my mind was already hazily occupied with that other idea, a Scots racing team, with myself in the role of—well, I wasn't quite sure. Perhaps manager-director would be the best description.

First, however, my own racing career had to be tidied off. The new Ferrari, a short-chassis, two-litre, unsupercharged version, prepared and tested under the direct blessing of Enzo Ferrari, was entered for the Pescara Grand Prix. The Pescara circuit, sixteen miles round, is as tricky as they come. The opposition was considerable and I was quite satisfied to finish eighth.

The next morning our team split up as arranged. Ron McIntyre was returning to Modena, to help with repairs to the Maserati. Wilkie was being despatched to Milan, his mission to contact the headquarters of Scuderia Ambrosiana and tell them we needed some money. Jenny went with me to the Pescara Grand Prix office where I was to collect my starting

and prize moneys before seeing her off on a holiday trip to Rome.

Ron reappeared in a little over an hour.

'Er—we had a wee spot of bother,' he began.

Some light-fingered Italian had stolen his wallet as he was about to board the train. The wallet had contained both his and Wilkie's tickets, plus money.

'Where's Wilkie?' I demanded.

'Oh, he's all right,' said Ron. 'He talked someone at the station into lending him enough money for his fare.'

That left Ron to take care of. With the funds we had left Jenny could either go on her trip to Rome or Ron could get back to where the Maserati was waiting.

Ron went to the Maserati. My sweet, understanding wife (she's reading this too, remember) gladly did without her trip to Rome and went home to Edinburgh instead!

The Ferrari had one more race date, the Bari Grand Prix. A Ferrari works mechanic came along with me to the circuit, where a works team from the same concern was also entered for the race.

Stirling Moss was there too—an up-and-coming youngster of twenty-one, for whom the Bari event would be an initiation into senior G.P. racing. Stirling had arrived ready to drive one of the works Ferrari cars. Unfortunately, to put it mildly, someone had got his lines crossed. The Ferrari officials told him that he wouldn't be driving. The veteran Italian ace Tarruffi needed the car.

Young Stirling was glumly disappointed, and told me so.

'Well,' I suggested, 'there's a way out. I can't turn my car over to you to drive solo without our having to go through a welter of formalities. But there's nothing to stop us sharing it. If I drive the first few laps you can take it for the rest of the race.'

It would be excellent material for this story to go on to describe how Stirling Moss drove to victory.

Unfortunately, he didn't. My luck had deserted me at the Nurburgring. Stirling had struck a similar bad patch. He took our Ferrari out for a few practice circuits and about fifth time round discovered that the brakes had stopped working. The Ferrari whammed into a collection of straw bales and was out of the race.

Once again I was a spectator as the cars went round, this time with Stirling by my side. We had a certain amount of satisfaction from the fact that the event did not go to Ferrari —Fangio, in his Alfa-Romeo, was first past the chequered flag.

Then it was time to go home to Edinburgh. Winter was ahead and the Scottish winter is a good time to spend by the fireside, thinking, snoozing, or both, as the case may be.

I knew my aim. It was to form a Scottish racing team. Why? Well, I don't think I'm a Scottish Nationalist in terms of Home Rule politics, but all Scots have a strong nationalistic streak in their character. I don't despise the English—I just don't think they are as fortunate as the people who were born on the Scottish side of the border.

A tremendous amount of national spirit and passion is devoted to international motor racing in Europe. I have seen Grand Prix races where French and Italian fans collided in temperamental displays of patriotic fervour which would make the partisan clashes at a Rangers versus Celtic football game mild-mannered by comparison. More important, national prestige blossoms with victory on the race circuits and, contrary to some opinions, a Continental race enthusiast can appreciate to the full the efforts of a plucky loser. Motor manufacturers know, too, that a successful sporting pedigree is one of the most valuable aids to the launching of a new car on the markets of the world, whether it is a costly high-performance model or a quiet family saloon.

National prestige could be won on the circuits. It would be nice to bring some of it home to Scotland.

The most valuable single aid to forming any kind of motor-racing team is to have some money in the bank. I envisaged having a team of three cars. My C.A. training and some rapid calculation showed that to take three Grand Prix cars on a year's racing around the European circuits would cost at least £25,000.

Twenty-five thousand pounds—and that represented a programme in which every possible economy had been incorporated. So G.P. cars were out!

Let me mention a few of the smaller items which have to be considered. It can cost £125, sometimes more, to insure a car for one race meeting. For that sum only three-quarters of the car's value is covered, and the insurer has to bear the first £300 of any claim. That car is almost certain to need several replacement tyres either after practice or during the race itself. One racing tyre can cost £27. Fuel, fares, equipment, even mundane little items like postage stamps and telephone calls, all have to have their place in the budget.

I knew plenty of people who had had the bright idea of starting a private car-racing team. The teams had emerged with a burst of promise—and then had faded away without trace, killed soon after birth by financial problems.

Wilkie joined in, as, night after night, I worked on the problem.

'If it's to be done, then we're going to have to start quietly,' I declared. 'Okay, let's use sports cars. Start off with local meetings, then national events, and then, if we're lucky and last long enough, international-class meetings. Lasting long enough is the important part. If we can last for three years then we should have achieved what we're hoping. That means sticking to a budget—as tight a budget as one can in a crazy game like motor racing.'

We then definitely decided that our team would concentrate on sports-car events, the least expensive form of motor racing. To start off with, we'd contact some young Scots

drivers who not only showed promise and skill but who, equally important, owned their own sports machines.

Quite cold-bloodedly, Wilkie and I narrowed the field still further by choosing the type of car they should own. We fixed on the new Jaguar XK120, a slim-lined sports car announced only a few months previous. It had a three-and-a half litre engine, a performance of over 120 miles an hour in standard trim—and it was, for its type, moderately priced.

Jaguar had grown up from a small workshop which turned out motor-cycle sidecars to one of the best-known firms in Britain's motor industry. Perhaps, using their cars, we might grow too. There was also the point that if our team operated only one type of car it meant that the quantity of spares required could be reduced—which would save money.

We went out to find young drivers who owned XK120s. Much of the car's total production was going for export abroad, but we were lucky. Among the few Scots who owned these cars we found three whom we knew were the type we were seeking.

One by one I met them, told them my plan, and then my proposition. Prize and starting moneys would go into a common pool of income. Out of that money the cars would be maintained and tuned.

One by one they gave their answers. Yes!

Ian Stewart from Perthshire, Bill Dobson from Edinburgh, and Sir James Scott-Douglas of Kelso formed our trio.

They were, if they'll excuse the term, a mixed bag.

Ian, lively, dark-haired, twenty-two years of age, was a young student farmer who had been steadily building up a reputation as a spirited and at times temperamental driver with a definite future in motor racing. He had already been approached to co-drive with Stirling Moss in the Le Mans race that year.

Bill Dobson, an Edinburgh public-works contractor, was

thirty, a happy-go-lucky character off the track but grimly serious once he got behind a wheel.

Sir James was the 'baby' of our team. Aged twenty-one, with only one season of racing behind him, he was, to put it mildly, heavily built. But his bulky frame was allied to a friendly, likable attitude towards life. His car handling was impressive and what he lacked in experience he more than made up for with enthusiasm.

We had a team. Now we wanted a name for it, a colour for the cars, and, inevitably, some money.

The name came first. Word of the team's formation had got around. One English driver, in wishing us well, suggested the title 'The Haggis-Bashers'—a nickname which remained with us south of the border for quite a little time afterwards.

The name was, to my mind, an important item. Eventually I planned to take the team on the Continent. I wanted a name which would be alliterative and which at the same time would be recognized by European organizers and race-goers as synonymous with Scotland. Ideally, it should be translatable into French, the language in which international race regulations are usually issued.

Choosing a name for this particular baby was a problem which took quite a little time to solve. 'Ecurie Ecosse'—the Scotland team—suddenly surfaced in all its ideal simplicity during the course of a telephone chat I had with Gregor Grant, a doughty Scot who is editor of the *Autosport* magazine in London.

'Ecurie Ecosse!' One of the team—Bill Dobson, if I remember rightly—grinned as he heard it for the first time. He looked down at the accounts before me, winked, and declared: 'David, the way you worry over those books at times, we'd be better to call ourselves Ecurie Shoestring!'

The colour for the team's cars was an easier matter. Ian Stewart's Jaguar was already finished in an attractive shade of

dark blue—Flag Metallic Blue, to give its correct catalogue definition. It reminded me of Scotland's national colours for soccer (Glasgow readers note—football!) and rugby, and also of the background to our St Andrew's Cross flag.

As a badge for the cars, we chose the white St Andrew's Cross, the Saltire. There was a suggestion that the Lion Rampant would look well in this connection, but I knew very well that Scotland's the Lord Lyon King of Arms took a poor view of people who approached the subject of heraldry in light-hearted fashion. The Lion Rampant is a jealously guarded royal symbol.

With name and team colours settled, I made a formal announcement to the Press. The motoring writers were interested, but cautious.

My home city of Edinburgh? The response was nil. The average Scot couldn't pronounce the name we had chosen, didn't understand what it meant, and didn't particularly care. This didn't upset us, however—we'd rather expected it.

I'd like to slip in a word here about that choice of dark blue as the cars' team colour. In theory every country in the world has its own racing colour—red for Italy, blue for France, white for Germany, and green for Britain. Slipping in dark blue for Scotland was, on the face of it, unauthorized and illegal. There could have been complaints, particularly from English enthusiasts.

In all the team's history there has been only one protest at our choice. It came from a Scot, who lodged his complaint with the race organizers at Silverstone. Nothing happened.

The team had one last bridge to cross—the question of basic finance. We knew we would have to dip into our own pockets to some degree or other, but we also had hopes of support from the motor trade.

In motor racing, as it stands today, trade support is vital. Once a driver becomes at all established, he is usually signed up by a petrol-and-oil company, a tyre company, and any

other concern that is interested. He becomes a driver who uses exclusively their products—which at times has the minor disadvantage that he may be offered a drive in another man's car but has to turn it down because the car concerned doesn't use the product to which he is committed. But without the tremendous assistance given by these large companies motor sport just couldn't survive.

In my case I'd been associated with Esso fuels. The obvious step was to invite Reg Tanner, Esso's competitions manager, to have a meeting with us.

The team gathered in my office in Edinburgh—Wilkie, Bill Dobson, Ian Stewart, Jimmy Scott-Douglas, and myself. We were, to put it mildly, nervous.

Once Reg Tanner arrived, I went over our plans and hopes, then waited.

He sat back. 'Well, I've known David and Wilkie for a long time now, and I know you'll make a go of it. I'll give you £1,000 to start you off.'

We scrambled to sign on the dotted line!

A day or so later I celebrated in my own way—heading off on the Monte Carlo Rally. An up-and-coming young driver called Peter Collins was my co-pilot in a Ford Popular on the journey from Lisbon to Monte.

It is history now that Peter, who was killed while motor racing, became one of our finest Grand Prix drivers. On that Monte Carlo Rally, in which we won third place in our class, I recall him as a wonderful companion and one of the most skilful motorists I have ever met.

When I came back home it was time to begin operations on the first phase of Ecurie Ecosse's programme, a series of local club meetings.

The team made its début in Scotland, in a small race meeting held at Charterhall, in Berwickshire. Charterhall, a former airfield, had been laid out as a two-mile circuit and the event was run by three local clubs. It was a successful try-out

and the following week-end we entered our first English event at Castle Coombe.

In the weeks that followed the cars began to become known at circuits up and down the country. Wilkie had been putting some of his own unique tuning magic to work, and we felt confident enough to enter the British Empire Trophy Race at the Isle of Man. In the mood for a spot of excitement, and with Bill Dobson unavailable, I elected to drive one of the Jaguars.

Jimmy Scott-Douglas steered his car home to first place in the over 3,000 c.c. class. I ended up in disgrace, putting my car through the door of a pub! The brakes had packed in, and my excuse as far as the pub door is concerned is that what should have been a handy escape road had instead become an unofficial vantage point for a gallery of spectators.

Ian Stewart gave us our first big win a month or so later when he took first place in the Jersey Road Race. We celebrated the victory in style!

By the end of that summer things were going well enough for Wilkie and I to decide that the team had been established. At the same time, however, I knew that before another season had elapsed the whole set-up would have to be drastically altered. Taking stock, it was obvious that the system of having a team which consisted of owner-drivers just wasn't practicable.

The men concerned were still enthusiastic. But sometimes there could be strain, sometimes I had found myself having to fill the role of a diplomat, telling a man what he could and what he couldn't do with his own car. Race-tuning a Jaguar to Wilkie's precise standards is no easy operation—and if, five minutes after the task is completed, the driver concerned tells you that he has a very legitimate need to use his own car for a purely private purpose, well, the situation can be awkward.

If the team was to progress it would have to come under

one ownership. Bluntly, I had to become Le Patron, the Boss in fact as well as in practice.

The financial position was reasonable, though the events we'd been entering hadn't in the main paid much in the way of starting money.

Esso were still friendly towards us. No 'commercial' is intended when I say that throughout the years their ordinary pump-petrol and oils have constituted the team's fuel, and that their advice and encouragement have always been on tap.

We had managed to clear the costs of running the team—if you included a little poker game which took place before one meeting when Jenny sat down with three drivers and, by the time she had finished, succeeded in winning every penny they had with them!

For the next season, I decided, the team would acquire its own cars—the faster, more powerful C-type Jaguars.

There was also another problem—drivers. Jimmy Scott-Douglas was leaving the ranks, having decided to concentrate on a personal programme of overseas events. Ian Stewart was still with us, but Bill Dobson, although still happy to race, wouldn't be available on some occasions because of business and other commitments.

New cars and new drivers—Wilkie and I obviously had a busy winter ahead.

3

The Road to Buenos Aires

'Dear Mr Murray,

'My friends all tell me I'm a wonderfully fast driver. I would be very happy if you would let me have a shot at driving one of your cars in a race. . . .'

EVERY time Ecurie Ecosse wins an event the resultant publicity brings a sackful of letters putting forward the same eager request. Commercial travellers, bus drivers, teenage students, family motorists of sometimes far from tender years—at times it seems as if Scotland is populated by a nation of would-be racing aces. Even some girls try to get into the act!

Replying to these letters can be embarrassing, because ninety-nine times out of a hundred the answer has to be 'No'. The kindest method I have been able to evolve is to point out that any trial drive would have to be in a racing car valued at around the £4,000 mark—and that even if a driver was considered suitable for a private try-out he would have to prove that he was financially able to replace the car if it crashed.

Every racing driver who reaches the top has had to serve the equivalent of an apprenticeship, one which can sometimes take long, expensive years to complete.

He begins by joining a local motor-sport club and taking part in sprints and small-circuit events where he competes against other drivers from the same club and perhaps invited guests from similar clubs in the neighbourhood. After taking

part in a certain number of these 'restricted' events he receives what amounts to a certificate of approval which allows him to compete in events of a national type . . . and so on.

A small number of drivers today possess what is termed an 'international rating'. The general public, and quite a few enthusiasts, have the mistaken idea that this means the men concerned are officially classed as the best drivers in the world. In fact 'international rating' denotes that the men concerned are qualified professional racing jockeys who earn their living from the sport.

In motor racing, as in tennis and other sports, the amateur can be as skilful a sportsman as the professional. He will travel the world, receiving in return only his expenses and the thrill that comes from racing. Over the years Ecurie Ecosse has called on the services of both professional and amateur speedmen. Some of the professionals, such as Ron Flockhart and Masten Gregory, were paid for their services. Others, including Innes Ireland and Jack Fairman, were happy to leave the matter at having their hotel bills settled. A few of the true amateurs, like Ninian Sanderson, John Lawrence, and Jimmy Stewart, on the other hand, even forgot to claim payment of their expense chits—but it's too late now, boys!

All that, of course, is by the way. Settling down to the business of selecting new driving material for Ecurie Ecosse as we prepared for our second season as a team involved very much the same process as that carried out by a football club which decides it needs some new players.

My 'talent scouts' were friends who were officials in various motor-sport clubs. I followed up their mentions of bright possibles by going along to the next race meeting at which the driver or drivers concerned would be out, and then gauging his performance for myself.

What qualities make up a good racing driver?

Well, usually he is someone who launched out into motor sport while still very young. He has learned the vital lesson

that speed in itself is not enough. Controlled speed is required —controlled speed which results in a fast driver being much less dangerous on the roads than the 'pottering' motorist who is out for a Saturday spin, his thoughts mainly on the problem of where to stop for a cup of tea.

The potential top-line driver has matured his skill by experience. He has developed quick reactions. He is, or should be, physically fit.

Some drivers raise a howl at this point. 'Physically fit? Why? You're only sitting on your bottom when you're driving!'

But while there are some brilliant exceptions to the rule, physical fitness is an asset on the tracks. On a really long drive an athlete's stamina can defeat muscular weariness and the tiredness of mind which can dull those vital reactions to a sudden change of circumstance.

The driver, in my opinion, doesn't need to be a mechanical wizard. It helps, of course, to know just what makes the wheels go round. Then, if something goes wrong and the car has to pull into the pits, the driver can save valuable seconds by giving the pit team his own diagnosis of the possible fault.

For my own part I don't care what goes on under the bonnet as long as the pedals work.

In selecting possible Ecurie Ecosse drivers I followed a particular plan. One of our most important assets was a modern single-seater Cooper-Bristol racing car, presented for the use of the team by that great Scots motoring enthusiast, Major E. G. Thomson of Callands. Major Thomson, a quiet man who owns a wonderful collection of vintage racing machinery, is an individual who prefers to remain in the background, and one who prefers to cling to the cloaking term, 'anonymous donor'. The use of the Cooper-Bristol was only the first of many most acceptable encouragements which came to the team from that source, encouragements which helped Ecurie Ecosse over many a sticky patch.

We used the Cooper-Bristol as a 'nursery' for our chosen drivers. It was an out-and-out racing car, and as such required even more skill to handle than the Jaguar sports cars which were the team's regular equipment.

If a driver could show the necessary fine touch needed to control the Cooper-Bristol, then we knew that he was more than able to move on to the Jaguars.

The first two recruits to graduate through this school were a rugby scrum-half and an ex-boy soprano!

Ninian Sanderson was the rugby player. Slim-built, medium height, Ninian is in the motor business in Glasgow. Earlier he had been a Fleet Air Arm pilot.

His first appearance in motor racing, driving a 500 c.c. car, had been fairly spectacular. The car howled away from the start line, and then blew up after covering a total distance of fifty yards.

Over the years he was to prove himself one of Ecurie Ecosse's most loyal team members. A driver who, behind the wheel, would carry out any instruction to the letter without hesitation or argument—more than I can say for one or two other characters we've had in the ranks—he is at this moment one of the finest long-distance race drivers in the world.

When he isn't driving he is a great practical joker. He is the sort of person who likes an argument and also has a stubborn streak in his nature. Show him authority in any kind of uniform and the reaction is akin to waving a red rag at a bull.

From all of which you'll gather we're very good friends.

Jimmy Stewart was the ex-boy soprano. Lance-Corporal James Stewart of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, to give him his full title at that time. No relation to Ian Stewart, Jimmy was a twenty-one-year-old National Serviceman with his home in Dunbartonshire. In earlier days his singing had resulted in radio broadcasts and concert-hall appearances. His singing days ended when his voice broke, and

at the age of nineteen he had begun racing an M.G., encouraged by his father, a former motor-cycle racer.

As a driver, he was fast and confident—and, equally important, was prepared to follow instructions, a vital quality in team events.

Only one thing about him puzzled me. How did he manage to get so much leave from the Army? He seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of weekend passes which enabled him to turn up at any race date we named. If a longer leave was required, Lance-Corporal Stewart still managed to turn up trumps.

It was much later I discovered the secret. His unit commander was an equally keen racing enthusiast!

Jimmy proved his worth the hard way. Driving the Cooper-Bristol at Snetterton, he had the alarming experience of watching the off-side front wheel sheer off and go bouncng away from him. Left with only three wheels, travelling at a considerable rate, he battled to control the car and finally brought it to a halt, the off-side front rubbing on the brake drum. The car stopped at a point close to the front of the crowded paddock area.

For season 1953, then, we had a new line-up of drivers. The C-type Jaguars, 'breathed' on by the Wilkie magic, were, we knew, probably the fastest in the country. I knew some of the detail alterations Wilkie had carried out, but not all—there are professional secrets which he won't impart to anyone, myself included.

At our first main outing, at Thruxton, the cars won the two main events—beating the Allard and Aston Martin works teams in the process. The Aston Martin team were preparing for Le Mans, and when we met once more a few days later at Snetterton they were thirsting for revenge.

We promptly beat them again!

Ecurie Ecosse, I decided, was ready to launch its first attack on the European circuits. Rheims, Spa, and, that place

I'll never be allowed to forget, the Nurburgring, was our selected programme. The budget, I'd decided, would stand up to these three events but no more.

'But,' I warned the team in my best Le Patron manner, 'there must be no unnecessary expense. French hotels charge pretty steeply. When we're eating there everyone sticks to the table-d'hôte side of the menu—understand?'

All promised faithfully—which should have put me on my guard. But off we went, Wilkie, myself, Jimmy Scott-Douglas and Ninian Sanderson, who were to share a car in the twelve-hour sports-car event, and a tiny group of mechanics to make up our pit crew.

By the time we completed the journey from Edinburgh to Rheims I was tired, nearly out on my feet. We booked in at the hotel and then, without waiting for dinner, I went straight off to bed.

Out of sight, out of mind. All my advice and pleadings about the budget went overboard. The next morning I saw the bill the others had run up for their meal the previous evening and practically blew a gasket.

When we arrived at the race circuit several of the regular track officials, men I knew well but to whom the team was a new phenomenon, looked disappointed.

'You are Ecurie Ecosse,' complained one, 'we expected your drivers to wear the kilt.'

The English drivers who had already begun practising raised a cheer as we drove up. 'Here come the Haggis-Bashers!'

We gained a fourth place at Rheims in the face of opposition from strong, well-prepared manufacturers' teams from Britain and the Continent. Just as valuable, the team had its first try-out under long-distance racing conditions—and Wilkie and I had considerable plans in that direction.

Spa, in Belgium, was the second Continental excursion. It was a twenty-four-hour event this time, representing a still greater test of pit-stop drill and pre-event preparation, the

type of training which the team required above all else. Jimmy Scott-Douglas brought the Jaguar home to a triumphant second place, not far behind the winner, Mike Hawthorn, who was driving a works Ferrari. For the Spa race we stayed at an hotel in a place called Malmedy—and got a tremendous kick out of the fact that the local church clock had chimes which every half-hour rang out the tune 'Bluebells of Scotland'. We liked this little village so much that we have stayed there ever since when racing at Spa.

After that we returned home for a spell, taking part in the first Scottish international meeting at Charterhall. Jimmy Stewart piloted one of the Jaguars we entered, and afterwards swore that each time round he hit the same bump on the track and rose several inches off the car seat in the process. Goodwood was next, a nine-hour race during which the budget took a nasty shock—the two cars we entered burned up twenty-four tyres between them.

It was at Goodwood, too, that Wilkie and I became involved in an off-course battle. We had settled back peacefully in our hotel, intent on a quiet evening, when a party of rough-looking characters moved in, demanding drinks. The proprietor decided they'd had more than enough already, but the new arrivals didn't agree. Within seconds a Wild West-style rough-house was in progress, chairs flying, tables overturning, each and every customer in the hotel bar being caught up in the struggle.

Wilkie and I used our fists like everyone else—there are times when it doesn't appear wise to turn the other cheek. Suddenly, as Wilkie fended off one of the mob, another tough appeared alongside him. I swung a full-blooded right at the man—but Wilkie moved at that moment, then howled as my swing took him right in the eye!

The resultant black eye had died down, however, by the time we set off for the Nurburgring sports-car race. It was a strange feeling, being back at that circuit as a team manager

instead of a driver. But I took considerable care to lecture Jimmy Scott-Douglas, Ninian Sanderson, and Ian Stewart on the difficulties of the diabolically planned circuit, and gave them a particular warning about the way in which bends were not always what they seemed.

Jimmy Scott-Douglas promptly crashed in practice, going round a 30 m.p.h. bend at nearer 130! The C-type was out of the race.

'I've got my own car here,' he told me. 'It's the older model, and it isn't tuned—but if we used it, well, at least we'd be racing.'

'Wilkie, what do you think?' I asked.

He pondered. 'Well, I could give it a quick valve grind, and maybe play around with the tappet adjustment. There might be time to try a few other things. . . .'

Wilkie and his boys made time by working on that perfectly standard production car all through the night.

Next day the replacement Jaguar roared away from the starting grid, engine bellowing lustily. It wasn't by any means the fastest car on the Nurburgring circuit, but it was well enough up the field for Wilkie to allow himself to relax. Lap after lap passed—and then fresh trouble. The car came into the pits for a routine stop and we discovered that all four disc wheels were cracking up. We didn't have any spares.

'What now?' moaned the drivers.

Wilkie had one of his non-unusual brainwaves. We sent the car out again—telling Jimmy Scott-Douglas to take it easy for a couple of laps. Then Wilkie turned to the mechanics. 'Over to the car park, and don't argue.'

They sprinted across. My personal transport, a Jaguar saloon, was parked nearby. Wilkie's boys jacked up the car, whipped off all four wheels, rushed back with them to our pit, and then signalled Jimmy Scott-Douglas in. The saloon car's wheels were fitted to the competition car, which roared off again, to finish quite well up the final result list.

Everything had turned out fine. We won the team prize and our class. But the pit team were so pleased with themselves that none of them got round to the job of giving me back my wheels. When Jenny and I finally headed for the car park, ready to drive off home, my saloon was still there in solitary splendour—jacked up high in the air, brake drums naked and dismayed.

Nurburgring was our last event of the season, a season in which, starting from comparative obscurity, we had taken part in fifteen meetings. From these meetings we had secured 10 first, 9 second, and 5 third places—for the team's record sheets we only 'counted coup' when we made a place in the first three. In that one season we had established ourselves as Britain's most successful sports-car team.

A considerable share of the credit for that achievement belonged to Wilkie Wilkinson and his lads in their unremitting work to ensure that each and every car went forward to the starting line in immaculate mechanical condition.

That evening I suppose I should have been busy telling Wilkie how happy I was. Instead, I was prowling around trying to find him so that I could get some help to put my wheels back on!

. . . . .

Edinburgh's winter climate is an excellent atmosphere for the deflation of swollen heads. Scots motor-sport enthusiasts were in a back-thumping, congratulatory mood when we returned home. But as far as my native city was concerned, reaction was nil. Perhaps we didn't have the right to expect anything else—but I had a feeling that the douce citizens were having a difficult time deciding whether motor sport was a genteel pastime, worthy of notice, or whether it really wasn't quite the done thing to know it existed.

I didn't have time to worry over-much. The approach of

Christmas and New Year is always a busy time in the wine trade—remember, in among all this motor-racing gadding about I had a living to earn—and Ecurie Ecosse's affairs were galloping forward at a speed which kept Wilkie and I burning the midnight oil in many a paperwork session.

The first piece of good news was that for the first time in motor-racing history two Scotsmen—and Ecurie Ecosse men at that—featured in the top ten placings for the Gold Star of the British Racing Drivers' Club. While the place of honour went to Mike Hawthorn, we were delighted to see that Ian Stewart had been placed seventh and Jimmy Scott-Douglas had squeezed in at tenth.

Over the season we'd very often had cause to be considerably grateful to the Jaguar company, and especially to Lofty England, a director of the company who was also their competitions and service manager.

'Five minutes' pre-race advice from Lofty is worth an extra 5 m.p.h.,' was a saying I had coined. I'd found it to be true. At the same time we all knew that Jaguar had been feeling very happy about the way in which our private team, racing their make of cars, had been progressing

Now we were offered the chance to take over the factory's existing team of works competition cars, cars which had scored a triumphant success in winnng the Le Mans Road Race and which were equipped with the, at that time, revolutionary new disc-type brakes.

It was a considerable honour to be given the offer, especially as Sir William Lyons, Jaguar's chairman, was prepared to let us have the cars under terms which, from the financial point of view, made the proposition one of the motor-racing bargains of all time!

I said 'Yes'.

'The things we can do with these cars,' said Wilkie dreamily. 'Mind you, David, I've got one or two ideas for improving them. . . .'

'Will we go abroad now?' asked Jenny. 'I mean really abroad, a full-scale Continental programme?'

'We'll do better than that,' I beamed. 'Fancy racing in the Argentine, Wilkie?'

Plastered over with foreign stamps—which someone in the office promptly pinched—a letter had arrived that morning from Buenos Aires. It confirmed and amplified a previous invitation. The city of Buenos Aires was celebrating the opening of a new race circuit and was inviting leading car teams from throughout the world to take part . . . all expenses paid.

A return air trip to Buenos Aires would cost nearly £450 per head. I estimated the Argentine offer to represent an advance of £4,000.

'I've always wanted to go to South America,' declared Jenny.

I had to explain to my wife that the Argentinians weren't being quite as generous as all that. Their offer covered the transportation, etc., of a certain number of drivers and mechanics. They would like to see us send three cars—two of them to be handled by Ecurie Ecosse drivers, the third to be piloted by Argentine drivers. It was the type of arrangement fairly frequently met with in fiesta-type outings, the injection of local talent into a visiting team giving what the race organizers regarded as a necessary publicity boost to the occasion.

'When do we go?' asked Wilkie.

'The cars will have to be sent off by boat on December 14th,' I told him.

He gave a howl of protest. 'But we don't get the new Jags from the works until the 7th!'

It was, without doubt, a rush. Our new cars arrived in Edinburgh on the 7th, as scheduled. In the next seven days Wilkie and his team took them to pieces, carried out various mysterious alterations to the innards, put them together again, tuned the cars, repainted them, tried them out on a certain public road at a very early hour of the morning when they

were pretty sure there would be no police around, and had them loaded up on the exact day they were due to leave for London docks.

At the same time everyone in the team had to pitch in to collect and crate twenty boxes of necessary spares. Each part had to be weighed, listed on Customs documents, labelled, and then double-checked against our own master list.

At first glance the problem of finding drivers prepared to abandon the British winter for an outing to the Argentine sunshine wouldn't appear to be too difficult. But, remember, our 'jockeys' had businesses or jobs of their own to worry about.

I asked no questions as the phone calls came in. Ian Stewart could come. Jimmy Stewart had managed to wangle yet another leave from the Army, though he had had to coax permission at War Office level this time. Our other West of Scotland candidate, Ninian Sanderson, was rarin' to go. Jimmy Scott-Douglas was also available.

The cars were loaded aboard the cargo ship *Presidente Péron* at London, and I moved into a cabin aboard, having decided to keep a personal eye on our share of the cargo aboard. Peter Collins was there too, carrying out similar sentry duty on his Aston Martin. There was time for a last word with Wilkie, who would fly out later with the rest of the team, and then the ship left London docks on the start of its voyage.

The trip across was a wonderful experience. But panic and confusion began soon after we docked at the other side of the Atlantic. To a landlubber like myself it seemed ridiculous, but the excitable South American dock officials and ship's officers alike agreed that they just couldn't locate our cars among the rest of the cargo, some of which was bound for other ports!

There are occasions when some of the rich, comparatively unexplored sections of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary come in very handy. Some of the words concerned were never mentioned

during my schooldays, but they brought results. After two days the Jaguars and their spares were located in a faraway corner of one of the holds and dumped on to the quayside.

It took another four days' argument and explanation, in very hot, humid weather, to clear the cars through Customs.

I finished the job just before Wilkie and the team arrived in by air, fresh as daisies, delighted at their first impressions of this new foreign land. Ninian Sanderson and Jimmy Stewart had spent almost the entire flight in characteristic fashion, playing 'racing motorists' with a new dice game they'd bought, a variation on the Snakes and Ladders theme.

'Nice place, nice people,' said Jimmy, beaming as some South American girls went past. 'Been enjoying yourself?'

I growled. Drivers never realize just how much work has to be done behind the scenes.

The race itself was scheduled for January 24th. Before that the organizers had all the cars which were to take part exhibited in what amounted to an open-air motor show for a few days, then gave us some time for final practice and preparation.

The Scots drivers I had brought out got on well with the two local drivers allocated to us—the Argentinians were a cheerful pair, accepting the fact that they were to handle the older and slowest of the three cars we had brought out.

Wilkie was busy with his own problems. Humidity, heat, and track conditions had to be taken into account in his preparations. The drivers, too, realized that heat exhaustion might be a very real factor in the tussle ahead.

Jimmy Scott-Douglas had been in South America before, either as a cowboy or a cattle rancher, we weren't quite sure which. He suggested his own solution: 'Have a magnum of champagne in the pits and give each driver a glass every time he pulls in. It isn't really intoxicating and it puts new life into you!'

As a wine merchant, I wasn't uninterested in this suggestion.

The circuit was interesting to the student of such matters. Totally paved, 9·2 kilometres round, part of it was set over a twin-track road. This meant that cars would be passing one another in opposite directions at around 150 miles an hour—separated by only a narrow verge! The starting time was 8 a.m., the distance 1,000 kilometres, and the event, solemnly titled 'the 1,000-kilometre sports-car race of the city of Buenos Aires', would count towards points for the world's sports-car championship.

It was also the first time that two British sports-car teams had raced in South America: our own and the Aston Martin works outfit.

From the fall of the starter's flag the dark-blue Jaguars did well. Ian Stewart nudged his way up to fifth place. We waited on him coming round again . . . and waited.

'What's happened?' asked his namesake and co-driver, Jimmy Stewart, standing anxiously beside me in the pit area.

Ninian Sanderson's car came round, so did our other, Argentine-manned, Jaguar. Then a race official came panting up. Señor Stewart, it seemed, had been forced off the road by two Porsches which were busy having a private dice.

By the time we got there Ian had been taken to hospital, though his injuries were slight. The car had gone, too, dragged clear. All we could see was the outline of a Jaguar radiator where the car had thumped a wall.

Once I knew Ian was all right, my main sympathies lay with Jimmy Stewart. He had travelled several thousand miles for this race—and now wouldn't even have a shot behind the wheel.

Back to the pits—in time for Ninian Sanderson to give us our next fright. Busy in a high-speed tussle with the old enemy, Reg Parnell in an Aston Martin, Ninian forgot all about a roundabout situated at one end of that length of dual-track road.

A pop-eyed English-speaking flag marshal spluttered over

what happened: 'The car, it goes direct for the roundabout, bumps straight through it and out the other side, then still keeps racing. Your driver is mad!'

A little later Ninian pulled into the pits to let Jimmy Scott-Douglas, his co-driver, take over for a spell.

'What about that roundabout?' growled Wilkie.

'Roundabout? What roundabout?' Ninian was a picture of bewildered innocence. He kept on insisting he'd never been near any blanking roundabout—until I took him gently along and showed him the Jaguar's tyre-marks running clean over its centre.

The car itself was more or less intact, though the front suspension was not quite as it might have been. Between them Jimmy Scott-Douglas and Ninian coaxed it home to fourth place, only a little over a minute behind the leading works Aston Martin.

We said goodbye to our Argentinian friends, prepared to pack up and go home, then found unexpected complications in the shape of a burly income-tax inspector.

'So sorry, Señor Murray,' he shrugged, 'but you cannot leave the country until we have issued a tax-clearance certificate.'

'On what?'

'Ah!' He beamed. 'The money you earn from the motor racing.'

One car a concertinaed wreck, another in need of repair, and he had the nerve to talk about profits! For the next two days we practically lived in Buenos Aires' main tax office. The officials were charming, but half the time they were out for siesta or lunch. Ninian landed in an argument with a local copper as a result of putting a car through a fast U-turn in one of the nearby boulevards, money was beginning to run low—I was thankful when at last we made yet another expedition to the taxman's office, found him in, and managed to obtain that precious clearance certificate.

Outside the building, the vital slip of paper in my wallet, I saw the rest of the team exchanging broad grins.

'What's so funny about it?' I demanded.

Wilkie beamed in quiet contentment. 'You remember that minute or two you went out of the tax office with the inspector?'

'To get the certificate? Yes, what about it?'

'Well, the boys thought they'd get a bit of their own back. So they took all the papers out of the "in" tray on his desk and switched them for the stuff in the "out" tray—and a messenger came in and cleared the lot!'

We departed with all speed. It must have taken the taxmen quite a few days to sort out the chaos we'd left in our wake.

4

Is Your Driver Really Necessary?

How long does it take to change all four tyres on a car, refill its petrol tank, and check the engine-oil level?

In Ecurie Ecosse the answer is sixty-five seconds, stopwatch timed. The secret, background to all efficient motor-racing pit-work, is study and practice. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that a racing car is only as fast as its pit-stops will allow. Precious seconds, accumulated lap by lap by dint of a driver's skill and perseverance, can be lost for ever if one member of a pit team is either too fast or too slow and as a result does the wrong thing at the wrong time.

This is particularly true in long-distance events in the twelve-hour to twenty-four-hour category. For Ecurie Ecosse pit-work practice has always been high on the scale of priorities.

Right from the start of the team Wilkie and I determined we were going to mould one of the best pit-stop outfits in the business. We were racing Jaguar cars, and we believed that, properly prepared before a race and properly maintained during it, the car was without equal in its class.

The Le Mans twenty-four-hour race was our goal, the race which, personally, I regard as the most exciting and dramatic in the world. For financial and other reasons the time was not quite ripe. But to achieve anything at Le Mans pit-work of the highest order was an absolute necessity. We had to create a machine as highly tuned as any of Wilkie's engines—and with people that takes time and practice.

The best form of practice, naturally, was at actual race meetings. But in the quiet hours back home at our garage at Merchiston Mews, in Edinburgh, we held endless series of drills.

I would stand by with my stopwatch while Wilkie and his lads descended on a car as if it had just pulled into the pits in mid-race.

'Click.' The stopwatch would begin ticking as wheels were jacked up, oil checked, tyres changed, any one of a possible permutation of necessary attentions carried out.

'Click.' The watch would stop. We'd check the timing against previous efforts, discuss what had gone wrong, what could be improved—which sometimes meant that a man should stand by the near-side of a car instead of the off-side, and thus do his job without getting in the path of his neighbour.

At night I drew diagrams, plotted out moves. At one stage I even shot a cine film of the pit team at work, then screened it, pointing out mistakes as the reel ran through the projector.

Drivers had their part to play. They had to learn to come into the pits at a particular speed, neither too fast nor too slow. They had to learn how, the pit-stop over, they could best make a smooth return to the race in progress.

Poor pit-work could lose seconds won on the track—but good pit-work could just as easily win seconds, seconds which could bring victory.

Preparation, we discovered, not only had to vary in pattern according to the race ahead but according to the individual driver who had been selected.

The driver had to be comfortable, which meant that the lengths of pedal controls had to be considered according to the height of the men concerned. If a car was to be shared in a long-distance event then it helped if the two drivers involved were roughly the same height and build . . . because, in addition to adjusting controls, it also helped to tailor seat cushions and squabs to physical dimensions.

No two men handle a car in the same way. I built up mental files on each Ecurie Ecosse driver, his temperament, his car-handling characteristics, his probable reaction to instruction or circumstance. For example, Wilkie might decide that a particular engine shouldn't be called on to exceed 6,500 revs per minute during a race. I would give this figure to driver A, knowing he'd follow it to the letter. But in the case of driver B I would say: 'Don't take it over 6,000'—and know that I had left a 500 r.p.m. safety margin to balance against his occasional exuberance.

We had to remember, too, that a car's handling could alter considerably according to the amount of fuel it carried. Forty gallons of petrol in the tail-end of a Jaguar is no inconsiderable weight. Sometimes it might be good tactics to reduce the weight of fuel, balance that fact against more frequent pit-stops—and still emerge with a gain of a few seconds over the length of a race.

Another detail of pit organization emerged after one of the team's early outings. Wilkie was going around with a far from happy look on his normally cheerful countenance.

'Out with it—what's biting you?' We were having a glass of beer at the time, and I expected some highly technical discourse on the way one or another driver had maltreated the cars.

Wilkie supped his tankard. 'It's these women—everywhere we turned today we seemed to be falling over drivers' girl friends.'

The blonde mechanic is a problem at any race circuit. A surprising number of willowy young women who wouldn't know a car engine from a washing machine are always to be found going around a pit area sporting official armbands which declare they are mechanics accredited to one or other of the competing teams. Other visitors, young and old, will pull every trick in the book in their determination to obtain a close-up view of pit-work in operation.

Whatever the reason which motivates the young women concerned, no one can deny their decorative effect. They are also very handy when it comes to ensuring a constant supply of coffee and sandwiches. Then there are other visitors, enthusiastic supporters, people who are eager to watch and ready to help, often accompanied by youngsters who glow their hero-worship as they watch the cars go round.

'We can't ban them, Wilkie. After all, one of the basic aims of our whole operation is to encourage an interest in motor racing.' I pondered the problem. 'But what we can do is divide the pit area into two sections, one social, one business. Nobody, but nobody, gets into the business area unless they're doing a specific job.'

The rules are still enforced whenever possible. The Ecurie Ecosse transporter has carried, among all its other equipment, a small printed notice which is at times placed in a prominent position at the 'business' entrance:

'Anyone who comes in here is going to have to work.'

What's it like inside a working racing pit?

First, there's the lap-charting and time-keeping section. The most efficient lap-charting and time-keeping are carried out by people who, basically, have no interest in motor racing as a sport. The perfect assistant is one who is in love with the charts and calculations involved, and who regards the cars roaring past as mere mathemetical cyphers.

Lap-charting is a department where my wife Jenny rules supreme. At races all over Europe she has sat with her ruled-off sheets of paper, keeping neat, accurate, and extremely important records as the events progress.

In the team our lap-charts list the position of every car competing in a race. This is, to my mind, vital. Some pits check on only, say, the first ten cars in an event—but when you have a team of three cars going round in a twenty-four-hour race anything is liable to happen.

A car may be running fifth—then have a long pit-stop or

get into difficulties on the circuit which drops it down to twentieth position.

We have another rule in this connection. The lap-charts are always up to date and immediately available—but only to a person who needs them for reference in connection with some decision which is to be made about the race itself. Outsiders and spectators are banned. And I can even be very sharp with drivers who are continually asking the lap-charter about other cars' positions in a race.

I'll come back to lap-charting in a moment, but let's have a look at Wilkie's side of the operation. There's an old saying in motor racing: 'If anything goes wrong blame the engineer —if it goes well praise the driver.'

The boys on the mechanical side have, of course, a different attitude which could be summed up as: 'Is your driver really necessary?' There have been occasional sardonic suggestions that the best type of driver would in fact be a little black electronic box!

Before a race begins Wilkie and I have inspected the circuit, examined the opposition, and decided on the best gear ratios to use. Driving position, steering wheel, etc., have been modified to the requirements of the 'jockey' concerned. What Wilkie describes as a 'routine check-over' has been carried out on the car.

Sometimes, if the car has come straight from a previous event, there are dents to be removed from the bodywork, perhaps even a certain amount of paint-spraying—Ecurie Ecosse cars must not only be good they must look good.

When a car comes into the pits during the race each man on the team knows his job. As he carries it out, he is also making visual checks on allocated areas of the car's operating parts from stem to stern. Decisions have to be made without hesitation.

In one recent race Jack Brabham, then world champion, was driving our Cooper-Monaco at Laguna Seca, in America. A

tyre casing was burst by a stone, but Jack managed to get the Cooper back to our pit. Wilkie changed the front wheel, which involved removing the centre nut and taking out the Timkin ball-race. Putting on the new wheel meant readjusting the ball-race to ensure it being neither too tight nor too slack—and then the nut had to be split-pinned. In a garage it would have been a long, slow job. Wilkie accomplished it in five minutes.

There was another time when we knew that some Jaguars, including the works cars, were having engine-bearing trouble while racing. Wilkie's simple solution was to fill up the sump, start the engine so that oil was circulating through all the pipes, then, with the engine still running, pour in more oil to take the place of the fluid in circulation.

Sometimes, of course, you have to gamble—a gamble carried out with the full knowledge of the driver concerned. In one long-distance race we reached a point where we weren't worried about the brake linings. They'd been worn completely away. Wilkie was more concerned with the state of the metal brake shoes beneath. Almost white-hot, the metal was down to half its normal thickness before the race ended!

My job? I look as though I'm the man standing with his hands in his pockets and a stopwatch slung round his neck; the motor-racing manager who avoids work except when absolutely necessary, and confines himself to watching.

But tactics and gamesmanship is my job. At Nurburgring, for instance, one race reached a stage where the only two teams with a chance of winning were our own Jaguars and the Italian Ferraris. Taruffi, managing the Italian team, which was leading, strolled over and pointed out that both Jaguars and Ferraris were near their limits.

I agreed.

'Well, then,' he smiled, 'wouldn't it be sensible for both teams to hold their present speeds? Tell your drivers they haven't to go faster and I'll do likewise to my men.' The

implication was that, that way, our cars would all finish. Engines wouldn't be blown up and the race would be won by driving ability alone!

'Fair enough.' I accepted and he went away quite happily. Next time round the 'hold speed' signs were shown from our own and the Ferrari pits.

But I knew that, like ourselves, the Ferrari outfit had another signalling position on the other side of the track. I sent word to our other signalling point to tell our drivers to go faster.

A breach of agreement? Well, our cars went faster than ever . . . but by a strange coincidence so did the Ferraris!

At Charterhall, in Scotland, however, one of my little schemes misfired. Ian Stewart and Ninian Sanderson, in the Ecurie Ecosse Jaguars, were having a dice with our old enemies, the Aston Martin works team. Reg Parnell's Aston was leading, with Ian only a little way behind. Obviously, it would help if we could slow Reg down at a couple of corners, giving Ian a chance to catch up.

Towards the end of the race I gave Ninian's car the signal to come into the pits. I was going to hold him there, then push him out again just before Parnell came round. A slower car pulling away just ahead would force Reg to moderate his pace.

Ninian acknowledged the signal, but couldn't read my mind. He thought we'd spotted something wrong with his car, pulled off the track at the other side of the circuit, and came walking into the pits from the rear. The opportunity was lost.

As a tactic, it would have been permissible. No danger would have been involved and on the face of it we wouldn't have been deliberately holding Reg back!

There's another type of operation, one which I have never carried out and don't intend attempting. On occasion, a team manager may decide, after taking race times and seeing the mechanical condition of a particular car, that it would be better

if the vehicle concerned was disqualified by the organizers than for it to go out and then have to be ignominiously retired.

He can set out to deliberately infringe the rules of the race meeting—have too many mechanics working on the car, bring it in for oil refills at intervals far shorter than the permitted minimum, perhaps even instruct a mechanic to light a cigarette in the face of a rigorous 'No Smoking' regulation.

But then I've heard some very interesting stories about horse-racing, cricket, football. . . .

I said I would come back to lap-scoring.

In Ecurie Ecosse the importance of accurate lap-charts is always linked with the name of Goodwood. It was at Goodwood that our lap-charts showed we had won a race despite the organizers' determined contention that we had achieved only second place, behind, inevitably, Aston Martin.

It was after dark when, with not many laps to go in the race, our lead car had to come into the pits to repair a broken headlamp.

'It's all right,' said Jenny, as she and her team worked on the lap-chart. 'The Aston's had to pull in as well.'

Our car roared off again. In fact the Aston had to pull in twice for emergency repairs to its gearbox.

When the Jaguar crossed the finish line our charts showed it to have won—but it was the Aston Martin which had the downward flourish of the chequered flag for first place!

'It's impossible,' I said as I studied Jenny's chart in our pit. 'They've given first place to the wrong car.'

Motor racing has a routine for almost every occasion. I put in a formal, written protest disputing the decision and adding that I wanted to see the official lap-charts. With the protest I had to lodge a sum of money, also part of routine, designed to stop trouble-makers from kicking up a row without having any real grounds. The drill is that if the protest is accepted your money is returned. If it fails you lose the cash.

The organizing official to whom the protest was handed was definite on one point: 'You can't see our charts—I'm sorry, it's impossible.'

A few days later I was told the protest had failed and we were still officially second. But at the same time the organizers carried out the unusual step of refunding me the protest money.

On Ecurie Ecosse's records that race is shown as resulting in a second place. I still believe we won and that the race officials made the honest mistake of awarding the event to a car which had still a lap to go.

Winning races, but at the same time training for more important things to come—that was the team's aim throughout the next two seasons, seasons which took us to meetings all over Britain and abroad to Spain, Holland, and Germany.

Victories continued to roll in, but it was a period during which there were several changes in driving personnel, changes caused by a variety of circumstances. Of our original trio of drivers, Bill Dobson and Ian Stewart had retired from the sport. Sir James Scott-Douglas was still occasionally available but often was off on his own racing expeditions. Then came another blow. We lost Jimmy Stewart.

From the start Jimmy had shown every sign of having a major future ahead of him in the sport—but in motor racing you never know what lies ahead.

I remember the barely suppressed excitement with which he told me: 'David, I'm going over to the enemy! The Aston Martin team want me to drive one of their works cars at Le Mans.'

Six hours after the start he was lying in seventh place in the race when he collided with a French Talbot. Both cars careered off the track and landed in a ditch. The Aston was wrecked and Jimmy suffered a badly fractured arm. He was lucky to escape with his life.

But, though the injury kept him away from racing for

several months, he kept up a non-stop campaign of intimidation against every medical specialist he came in contact with and finally received permission to drive again.

There were new recruits. John Lawrence joined us from Cullen, in the North of Scotland, and right away began the start of a mischievous partnership with Wilkie Wilkinson. When these two disappeared together we sat back and prepared for the worst to happen—and it usually did.

Desmond Titterington came from Belfast, but he qualified through his good sense in having a Scots mother and having been educated over here at Glenalmond. A driver who had served his apprenticeship in hill-climb events, steady in his obedience to pit signals, helpful in putting forward constructive suggestions, he had one distressing trait—wherever he went on the Continent he would insist on teaching the natives the words of what I can only describe as questionable Irish songs.

But John Lawrence and Des Titterington weren't enough. We gave trial outings to several other Scottish drivers. Some were good, but admitted that they would seldom be available. Others had signed up with what, as far as we were concerned, was the wrong petrol company—and petrol companies can be understandably reluctant to release one of their 'captures' in order to allow him to drive for a team supported by a rival concern. Many others just didn't make the grade. They did not have the experience necessary to advance to the stage of handling cars capable of considerably over 150 miles an hour.

Finally I had to admit that, for the time being, Ecurie Ecosse would have to change its policy and bring in drivers from outside of Scotland.

Our line-up for the next Continental excursion on the calendar consisted of two Englishmen, a Dutchman, Des Titterington, who was at least half Scottish, and the home stalwarts Ninian Sanderson and Jimmy Scott-Douglas.

Motor racing raised its eyebrows and I issued a formal reply.

'While the cars will continue to be tuned and maintained in Scotland, it looks as though it will not be possible to have them driven by Scots drivers. It is now my intention to have the best drivers I can afford, of whatever nationality.'

The 'foreigners' piloted the cars to considerable purpose. I was particularly grateful to Tony Rolt, a Grand Prix veteran of vast experience, who went out of his way to advise and encourage the younger, less experienced members of the team.

Roy Salvadori, a cool, skilful professional with a long line of racing victories, was particularly successful. In the course of a few weeks he drove to a first place at Goodwood and repeated the performance at Charterhall, then went out with us to Spain and notched a handy second place in the Penya Rhin unlimited event, with Ninian Sanderson just behind in another Ecurie Ecosse car.

An invitation came from Brazil, inviting us to compete as sole British representatives in a number of international races which were to be held in the area. The idea of a winter 'holiday' under South American sunshine appealed to us—but then, with political unrest in the area, the South American club decided it had over-reached itself and cancelled the whole affair.

We were disappointed, but not upset. Because once again we were about to change our cars. The ex-works C-type Jaguars had served us well, but now we were about to exchange them for the fabulous new D-type models. The D-types, I decided at first glance, were the most attractive racing sports cars that any firm had ever produced. Wilkie went into an ecstasy of planning, deciding how he could improve them still further, while my part was to examine the motor-racing calendar and decide the best way in which we could introduce the cars to the team and, as a unit, exploit these new weapons to the full.

We had hopes that for Ecurie Ecosse the vintage years were about to begin.

In fact, the cars, the delivery of which we awaited so impatiently, were to give us more successes than we had ever dreamed possible, successes which were to exceed my wildest hopes—and at the same time wonder what it would be like to appear in the bankruptcy court!

5

Prelude In D Fast!

I HAVE never been the type of individual who would win medals for patience, and delivery setbacks over the arrival of our new D-type Jaguars, the first to be issued by the factory, were at times hard to thole. Months passed—and we finally managed to collect two of the cars from the Jaguar factory on the afternoon before the first official practising period for the Silverstone international meeting, where they were scheduled to race.

Wilkie and his team barely had a chance to examine their new charges before, reluctantly, they had to surrender them to the drivers—then watch in anguish as one car crashed during practice, while the second, its disc brakes giving considerable trouble, came in sixth in the actual race.

It was hardly a spectacular commencement. The crashed car was carted off for repairs, and in the interval Wilkie got down to the problem of rectifying the braking situation.

The D-type cars were, as we'd anticipated, in a class all on their own. A low, streamlined body-shell of light alloy covered a magnificent six-cylinder three-and-a-half litre engine, which, with a light-alloy cylinder head, overhead camshafts, and three double-choke Weber carburettors, developed 250 b.h.p. and gave a top speed of about 180 miles an hour.

Yet they were catalogued as production sports cars, costing under £1,900 before purchase tax!

Wilkie tested our undamaged car, agreed with the performance figures issued by the Jaguar works, and noted in

passing that petrol consumption worked out at about 10 m.p.g.

'She's a nice enough job,' he ruminated. 'Still, we can improve on her—take a little weight off here and there, step up the power a bit, and try to sort out these brakes.'

Des Titterington took the car over to his home area for the Dundrod meeting, won the Ulster Trophy at a gallop, then very quietly told me that the brakes had once again been acting up.

A couple of weeks later we arrived at the Nurburgring, where I had entered both D-types, the second car having been newly repaired.

Jimmy Stewart was driving one car, Des Titterington the other. I've already mentioned what happened to Jimmy after he crashed at Le Mans. The Nurburgring event was to be his return to major racing events.

'How's the arm?' I asked him as he climbed into the driving seat.

'Fine, David. Good as new—and I'm rarin' to go!'

At the pits we watched the two cars set out for practice. For the first few laps they built up speed—then, suddenly, both failed to reappear.

Tight anxiety balled within me—two men, two cars—the Nurburgring was becoming close to a hoodoo circuit for the team. How bad was it this time? We set off to find out, hoping for the best.

The cars were easy enough to locate, both badly damaged. The drivers had already been removed to hospital.

Des Titterington had escaped with a broken nose, a broken shoulder-bone, and concussion. Soon afterwards he was sitting up in bed joking at the fact that his nose, already prominent in shape, now felt like 'a blinking elephant's trunk'!

Jimmy Stewart was also cheerful, though he'd been through one of the most terrifying experiences that can happen to any

driver. For ten minutes he had lain pinned under the Jaguar, petrol dripping down on him until he was soaked in the liquid. Somehow he had managed to switch off the car's ignition with his foot, and then had waited patiently until he was freed. By bitterly bad luck his injuries were almost completely confined to the arm which had been smashed at Le Mans—and this time he had to accept that his racing days were over.

The braking troubles we suffered with the new D-types are as clear an illustration as I can give to support the long-established fact that motor racing is the backbone of almost all major advances made by the motor industry. Tyres, spark-plugs, independent suspension, bodyline development, engines —it is hard to think of any part of the modern family saloon which has not been developed with the aid of the 'trial by ordeal' process involved in high-speed circuit driving.

In the case of disc brakes Ecurie Ecosse can claim its share in the process of pioneering. To be honest, I'd always been a bit suspicious about the way in which the disc brakes would perform at maximum speed. Experience proved me right.

When one of the D-types went over a bump at speed the impact, we discovered, could knock the brake pads so far back that the pressure of the driver's foot on the pedal was not strong enough to bring the pads into action. They had to 'pump' the brake pedal several times to achieve any result. We reported what was happening to the factory, Wilkie co-operating in tracing the trouble and suggesting ways of rectifying it.

Eventually the faults were sorted out. Today disc brakes have become standard equipment on many small family saloons, bringing a new safety factor within the reach of the ordinary motorist.

We like to think we played our part in that process.

After the Nurburgring episode, however, we were, to put it mildly, despondent for a spell. We had come close to losing

two drivers. Both cars had to be returned to the Jaguar works for complete rebuilding, Wilkie accompanying them to supervise the proceedings and guide the incorporation of some non-standard modifications. It was a month before the cars were back in action again. Des Titterington, his nose back to normal, drove one of them in the Leinster Trophy meeting and brightened the atmosphere for us by bringing it home to a first place.

It was the start of a long run of successes for the young Ulster Scot and for his Glasgow team-mate, Ninian Sanderson. We began smiling again as the two blue cars—we were still pestering Jaguar to deliver the third—went from circuit to circuit, snarling their path to a string of victories, setting up new lap records, putting Scotland firmly on the racing map.

There were several exuberant celebrations, some of which must have alarmed the local populace. But, then, exuberance of spirit is part and parcel of the sport. Without being over-dramatic, motor racing is dangerous. For the driver and his pit team a race meeting is a nerve-jangling, ulcer-encouraging experience, and their method of unwinding the tension can at times be somewhat inexplicable to more sober citizens.

I'm thinking of the time the proprietor of a night-club caught five or six of us when we were just sliding down after climbing flagpoles situated in the club grounds and removing the flags, which we were going to use as towels for a midnight bathing party.

We had to put them back again.

There was also the occasion when, the evening after a race meeting, Ian Stewart found he couldn't get out of his hotel room. Wilkie and others in the team had nipped out to the track, 'borrowed' some of the straw bales used to form a chicane, had smuggled them into the hotel, and had jammed the door.

In the early days Ecurie Ecosse had one main rival in the

field of amateur racing teams, an English group known as the Monkey Stable. Both teams took part in the British Empire Trophy event on the Isle of Man, and a solemn challenge was issued to a more personal post-race encounter—an encounter which had been brewing for some time as a result of friendly but relentless 'mickey-taking' by both sides.

Battle began at closing time outside the Fort Anne Hotel at Douglas. The Monkey Stable were armed to the teeth with water pistols, we put our trust in handfuls of extremely noisy squibs. By a miracle, no one was arrested—but at breakfast the next morning the hotel staff and the other guests appeared a trifle cool towards us!

Schoolboy fun? Perhaps. A psychiatrist would probably call it a safety-valve for tension.

When the team went on its expeditions abroad it was often the lighter, unreported moments which made the most lasting impression.

In this category, for instance, I'd place the time when Jimmy Scott-Douglas was to drive one of our cars in a race which had a Le-Mans-type start—the drivers line up on the track opposite their cars, then, when the starter's flag falls, sprint across, jump in, and drive off.

Jimmy Scott-Douglas comes into the heavyweight category. Wilkie and I saw the starter's flag go down, saw our driver's bulky form move quickly across the track, watched him jump in, and then . . . 'What the heck's gone wrong?' howled Wilkie. One by one the other cars had roared off. Ours remained stationary, its driver's legs waving in the air.

Wilkie's calculations had failed to include the effect of the impact of Jimmy Scott-Douglas's mass on the somewhat fragile seat. His bottom had gone straight through, and he was, to all intents and purposes, trapped!

It was about this time that we began to meet the spearhead of the post-war wave of American drivers who today are the equal of any of the European nations. Then, however, they

seemed to spend most of their time during a race pulling into their pits to grab another bottle of Coke.

One of them, a fresh-faced young Southerner, told me with awe in his voice of the 'really organized' house of somewhat doubtful repute he'd discovered in Barcelona.

'It's a big mansion house jes' out of town,' he explained. 'You know somethin'—first thing they do when a car drives up to the gates is nip out and cover the number-plates in white sheets. They say it's "to avoid embarrassment"!'

We didn't have time to investigate. But we did quite innocently disorganize Barcelona's police signalling system.

One of our drivers had, to put it mildly, an argument with a local taxi driver over the cost of a fare. We arrived in time to help bundle the would-be profiteer back into his cab and push him on his way. The resultant racket brought a policeman hurrying round. We explained what had happened and he relaxed.

'Why the big stick?' asked Wilkie, pointing to the massive baton which is standard issue for the Spanish force.

It seemed that the stick served two purposes—it could be used for clobbering unco-operative prisoners, and at the same time each beat-man periodically tapped on the stone-flagged pavement, the sound carrying to other police in the area and letting them know all was well.

'It's a nice stick,' said Wilkie. We agreed, and borrowed it, for a closer look.

'You tap it. Like this?' One of the boys began rapping briskly on the pavement.

The Spaniard exploded into protest, we heard heavy, police-type feet thudding towards us from several directions.

Well, we weren't to know several taps meant an emergency, were we?

Wilkie Wilkinson must take full responsibility for more than one of our outbreaks. I have seen him chop a large portion from an Italian policeman's tie while standing talking, and

escape undetected. On another occasion he managed to obtain an electrically detonated 'banger' from an American airline pilot and wired it up under the bonnet of Ian Stewart's private car. Wilkie was the first to rush forward after an unsuspecting Ian had switched on the ignition and been rewarded with a bang which nearly blew the engine off its mountings!

Ninian Sanderson's small, confident figure has been at the centre of more exploits and incidents than perhaps any other member of Ecurie Ecosse.

On the one hand, I remember his performance in one major Spanish race date when, an extremely unusual need, we had to give him the 'hurry up' signal because his car was beginning to go round slower than it should. He obeyed, his lap times quickened—and it was not until he came into the pits at the end of the race that we discovered he had been almost overcome by heat and fumes and had been physically sick in the car. Nine out of ten drivers would have retired. Ninian had been sent out on that track to race, and race he was going to.

In contrast, nobody who was present will ever forget what happened when, returning from one European trip, we encountered a particularly searching Customs examination on re-entering Britain.

Whatever the reason, the Customs officials were definitely on the warpath. Every item was scrutinized, and Ninian was obviously becoming impatient, never being appreciative of authority or organization.

'M'm. Mr Sanderson.' The Customs officer frowned over the counter. 'Anything to declare?'

'No.'

'Any pornographic literature?'

Ninian exploded: 'Don't be bloody silly. I haven't even got a pornograph!'

British European Airways were the sufferers on another occasion when Ninian and his close friend 'Livvy' Neil joined

one of their aircraft at Renfrew for a flight to London, where they were to join the rest of the team.

Soon after the plane became airborne each ordered a drink and then each in turn offered a National Bank of Scotland five-pound note in payment. The notes were of a new design, and the whole operation was an obviously put-up job.

The stewardess was doubtful whether she could accept these fivers—she'd never seen the type before.

'Right,' said Ninian. 'I want to see the driver of this aeroplane.'

A minute or two later the captain of the aircraft, told of what had occurred, came along to investigate.

'This plane's still flying over Scotland, isn't it?' demanded Ninian.

'Yes, we haven't crossed into England,' agreed the airman, probably wondering what particular brand of madmen he had on his hands.

'Then if we're in Scotland these notes are legal tender,' said Ninian. 'I want my change.'

Livvy Neil joined in. 'Look, chum, I want my change too. But if you're the skipper of this plane don't you think you should be up front, making sure it's going the right way?'

They got their change—and then in London almost caused me to disown them when, asked if they would prefer red or white wine for lunch, they wanted the waiter to tell what other colours he had in stock.

And, inevitably, it was Ninian who, during an enforced six-hour delay at London Airport while we waited for our plane to take off, managed by some means unknown to get his hands on an unguarded microphone linked to the Public Address system.

'Brrumph . . . aeeyow . . .' He began by giving a series of aeroplane imitations, which boomed forth from the loudspeakers. Then several hundred startled and, like ourselves, stranded passengers heard a polite Scottish voice inform them

that 'free tea for travellers is now being served in the main restaurant'.

He was cut off at that stage. I had to soothe down several airport officials before all was finally forgiven.

Ninian is a character. As a driver, he has given me constant loyalty and 100 per cent co-operation—even though things once got to the stage where I picked him up by the jacket and threatened to, as the Scots so politely put it, 'belt him one'. Ninian claims that there are other people with whom he has co-operated. There may be—I've just never met any of them.

As the team entered its sixth season in 1956, Ninian was in many ways the sheet-anchor in my line-up of drivers. Two other familiar faces were John Lawrence and Desmond Titterington, the latter having by now driven for the Mercedes team and returning to us on the understanding that the Jaguar works team, who had also signed him, would have first call on his services if ever we had a clash of dates.

There were also two newcomers. Allan Brown, a well-known English driver with a wealth of Grand Prix experience, a previous winner of the British Empire Trophy, was a valuable acquisition. The other fresh arrival at Merchiston Mews, where we were all busily engaged in pre-season preparation, was Ron Flockhart, a young, fair-haired Scot whose home was in Edinburgh but who worked in Wolverhampton. Ron, an engineering graduate, certainly knew his motor cars. He had also proved himself a first-class racing driver and had built up a considerable reputation for himself, first by handling veteran E.R.A. cars and then by joining the B.R.M. team as a race driver and tester.

The news of Ron's premature death, at the age of thirty-eight, in an aeroplane accident while he was preparing to break the solo air-speed record from Australia to England came at a time when I was awaiting his return to Scotland before offering him an Ecurie Ecosse driver's contract for 1962. He had been

Ecurie Ecosse's most successful international-race driver and his death was a tremendous shock to me and to all members of the team.

As a season, 1956 started off in characteristic fashion—Ecurie Ecosse had money troubles.

I gathered Des Titterington and Ninian Sanderson in my office and put the position to them.

'We've been invited to race in the United States in the Sebring International. It's a twelve-hour race and the only one the Americans are running this year which has international status.'

'Good,' exclaimed Des. 'When do we leave?'

'It isn't so simple,' I had to disillusion him. 'They want us to enter three cars. Say we brought that down to two cars. We'd need four drivers, plus mechanics and time-keepers. It would cost £3,000 to get there—and I haven't got the money.'

I was prepared to dip deep into my own pocket to raise the money, though it was, my wife Jenny told me, getting to be an expensive habit. Des and Ninian, whom I had decided would be two of the four drivers concerned, both volunteered to do likewise.

'Think of all the lovely dollars in prize-money,' cracked Ninian.

'There's also prestige involved in this,' I said slowly. 'We'd be the first Scottish car team ever to race in the States.'

But the final calculations showed only one answer. The shoestring finances still couldn't stretch to the final figure. I had to decline the invitation. Ecurie Ecosse might be achieving successes, but they were successes which had to be won with minimum expenditure.

As a C.A., I often play around with calculations. One evening I told Wilkie Wilkinson the result of one series of additions and subtractions.

'You know, I estimate that our annual budget for all team

expenses is running just below the amount that the average works team would pay out for new tyres alone!'

But at the same time the plans for 1956 were ambitious enough—sixteen major meetings, five of them abroad. My operations chart for the year was beginning to fill up with detail.

The chart, a fresh one ruled out at the start of each year, governs every stage of an Ecurie Ecosse season. The first column is headed 'Regulations Received', and the others cover every stage from preparation deadlines, departure dates and practice times to the ever hopeful 'Prize-Money Received'. Ecurie Ecosse isn't a business—but it helps to inject some business-like methods into the task of organizing what is, in effect, a complex series of operations. One dividend from its use can be proved: there's never been an occasion on which we've forgotten to collect our winnings!

First time out at the start of a season is always an anxious occasion for any racing team, and particularly for the drivers, wondering if they've become rusty over the winter months when their motoring has been confined to town travel in the main, or whether the old magic will emerge again, unimpaired.

Our first time out was at Snetterton. All three cars were entered, sleek and proud in their new coats of dark-blue paint, the Saltire badge on their sides, their bonnets bearing the distinctive 'lance-corporal, corporal, sergeant' system of stripes which I had dreamed up for easier pit recognition. Some motor-sport enthusiasts had the idea that the stripes denoted some order of priority. In fact there was no such intention—though the 'lance-corporal' D-type was a shade faster than the other two.

As usual, Wilkie was fussing around in mother-hen style, and finally decided to take one of the cars round the circuit to make quite sure that his final tuning had achieved the desired results.

Minutes later one of our mechanics sprinted towards me. 'Wilkie's pranged—and the car's a wreck!'

We rushed out to Riches Corner where the crash had occurred. Wilkie was lying on the grass bank where he'd been thrown. He was cut and bruised, but well enough to give the firm order that: 'No amateur's touching me—I'm lying here until an ambulance man arrives and says it's safe to move!'

The beautiful blue D-type had overturned several times in its spectacular exit from the circuit. The result was a crumpled wreck, but though Wilkie was carted off to hospital for treatment, his injuries were slight and his escape came quite definitely into the 'miraculous' category.

Two Ecurie Ecosse D-types were left to start in the fifteen-lap unlimited sports-car event. Ron Flockhart was handling one car, his first drive for the team and also his first race in the new Jaguar. Allan Brown, our other new recruit, was piloting the second car.

Ron had considerable opposition in the shape of a D-type-engined H.W.M. car driven by George Abecassis, a wily opponent. Abecassis got ahead at the start, and the pursuit which followed was described by one reporter as 'like a greyhound chasing an electric hare'. Our greyhound caught and passed the H.W.M. hare, to win the race. Allan Brown was not far behind to notch a very satisfactory third place.

Our 'new boy' from Edinburgh had started off in convincing style!

Meanwhile Wilkie came limping out of hospital, several stitches in a cut on one leg, but otherwise in one piece. He grimaced when I asked him what had happened.

'Brake grab—the car went into a skid, and the next thing I knew I was crash-landing in that field. How's the Jaguar?'

The damage was extensive, sufficient to make it necessary for the car to be returned to the Jaguar factory, where they decided repairs would take about a month.

Lofty England, their competitions manager, was mildly amused. 'You're making rather a habit of this, aren't you?' he mused dryly. 'Try to remember, David, D doesn't stand for dent.'

In the interim the two remaining cars were kept busy. The Flockhart-Brown combination scored another success at the Oulton Park Easter handicap meeting, and we were back to full-team strength for Aintree international. Des Titterington, Ninian Sanderson, and Ron Flockhart were our drivers, and though an enforced pit-stop kept Ron out of the prize-money Des and Ninian had a wonderful dice with an Aston Martin driven by their old friend Roy Salvadori, and achieved second and third places.

Two events later, at Silverstone, in the *Daily Express* meeting organized by the British Racing Drivers' Club, a two-car team again took the field. By the time the race was over I was close to tearing my hair—and one of the cars was again in need of considerable attention from the body-repair specialists.

In the very first lap of the main sports-car event, just as the entire pack of drivers roared into Club Corner, Des Titterington, driving a Jaguar-factory team car, went into a frantic spin. If there had been a handy hole around I would have jumped in and hidden, fearing the worst and hoping for the best!

In an estimated five seconds Mike Hawthorn and Stirling Moss shaved their cars through the narrow gap that remained, somebody shunted Des's car, the bonnet of which promptly flew open, and two works Aston Martins, steered by Reg Parnell and Peter Collins, also connected. Ken Wharton's Ferrari somehow ended up on the grass, pointing back the way it had come, while the Ecurie Ecosse D-type, driven by Ninian, was see-sawing in ludicrous fashion on top of a bank of earth.

We counted ourselves lucky that the remaining Ecurie Ecosse car, with Ron Flockhart at the wheel, managed to finish the race, seventh but undamaged! Murray's merry men weren't exactly under a cloud, but at least one works driving team was saying some very rude things about 'the ruddy Haggis-Bashers'.

'There's a limit to anyone's bad luck,' philosophized Wilkie, as he began calculating how long it would take to complete the necessary repairs.

'I hope the insurance company thinks so,' I told him. 'This is one outfit which is never going to qualify for a no-claims bonus.'

Still, we cheered up at the news that, despite the damage, we'd still be able to send two of the cars on our first Continental expedition of the year, to the Belgian Grand Prix meeting at Spa-Francorchamps. The drivers were Des and Ninian, with Wilkie, myself, and the usual pit team accompanying.

It was late afternoon when we arrived on the outskirts of Spa, and after a rest and a meal a group of drivers from the various teams due to take part in the Grand Prix events decided that the time had come to go out on the town.

'Where's a good night-club?' they asked the hotel proprietor. He arranged for a taxi to take them to a 'first-rate club, gentlemen, first-rate club'.

Several Belgian francs in taxi-time later, they arrived outside an old derelict building, which was closed. The taximan apparently spoke no English, and finally they told him to take them back to the hotel, where, after a few drinks, they decided to try again. Once more the obliging hotelier arranged a taxi. Half an hour later they ended up at a building which somehow looked familiar—it was the back entrance of the same block, and it was closed too!

Back to the hotel again went the drivers, to an effusively apologetic proprietor. They had another round of drinks and decided to have one last attempt at locating that night-club.

The third taxi-trip ended up at exactly the same place again! Only this time the taximan, threatened with several different fates, surrounded by irate race drivers, wilted and admitted that he and his two colleagues worked for the hotelier, who also owned the taxis. It was, it seemed, standard practice to work the trick—which resulted in the hotelier selling more drinks and in his cabs plying for profitable hire.

It is politic and diplomatic to declare that I wasn't told what they did to the hotelier concerned—but that all agreed the account was settled, and that one driver had a skinned knuckle!

At least the hotel beds were clean, which was more than could be said for one other establishment where, drivers complained, they were kept awake all night by the noise as wood beetles jumped on and off the bed-ends.

Next day was devoted to practice on the circuit—and on the way back we gave a lift to an old Belgian who sported a wooden leg painted red, yellow, and black.

'Anglaise?' he queried.

'Non . . . Ecosse . . .' We tried hard to explain the difference. We must have succeeded. The following morning, as we drove to the race-track, he was again waiting for a lift—but overnight he had repainted the wooden leg, which was now in blue and white stripes, exactly matching the team's colours!

It seemed we'd have at least one supporter among the thousands of fans at Spa.

Wilkie had been sure our luck would turn. The Spa circuit proved him right. Fast, hilly, just under nine miles to the lap, the Spa course was admirably suited to the D-types' handling capabilities. A well-surfaced circuit with, at that time, a lap record held by Farina in a Ferrari at over 100 miles an hour, it was a course where a good driver, sure and confident in his use of gears, could really shift around.

By the time that day's racing was over we were whooping with delight, thumping one another on the back, and deciding that if we saw the old boy with the wooden leg again, well, we'd buy him a bottle of champagne all to himself!

Against plenty of tough opposition, Ninian Sanderson brought one of our dark-blue Jaguars streaking home to first place in the 100-mile sports-car event, considerably ahead of two Aston Martins. To cap the feat, Des Titterington, in the second of our D-types, set up a new lap record in the same race, pushing the figure up to 114·86 m.p.h.

The Belgian Press had a wonderful time dragging out adjectives to describe the event.

'*Tous les records de vitesse pulverizes*!' said one banner headline.

Ninian's rather loose translation of this was: 'Everyone went at a hell of a lick.'

Rheims was the next Continental date on the chart. We had one car entered in the twelve-hour race, alongside the official Jaguar works team—and the French certainly rose to the occasion, remembering the 'Auld Alliance' between our two countries.

The course marshals all round the circuit had been issued with tartan tammies instead of the usual armbands. From somewhere or other the race organizers had got hold of a supply of records of Scottish country-dance music, which roared out from every loudspeaker amplifier on the track!

A twelve-hour race can mean anything up to 1,400 miles of high-speed travel, with the car stopping only for vital refuelling and other pit maintenance and for changes of driver.

Des Titterington was driving for the Jaguar works team on this occasion, sharing one of their D-types with an old friend, Jack Fairman. Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson crewed our car, and the start was, in typically French fashion, timed for midnight.

Before business could begin a solid phalanx of gendarmes, marching shoulder to shoulder, had to clear the crowds away from the main straight!

Of the race itself, it must be said that it was a victory for precise driving and clockwork pit service, rather than one of slash-and-parry excitement. The same four cars headed the field from the start to the chequered flag, three works Jaguars in the lead driven by Hamilton and Bueb, Hawthorn and Frère, Titterington and Fairman—and the Ecurie Ecosse entry not far behind.

In fact for the last quarter of the distance, with the race

obviously in the bag, Lofty England, managing the works cars, stood almost shoulder to shoulder with me while we both signalled our respective drivers to take it easy. As far as I was concerned, a fourth place behind the works cars, a fair slice of prize-money to collect, and, once again, nothing dented, made the result highly satisfactory.

Rouen was next, where the team gained a fairly respectable seventh position.

On the journey back to Scotland Wilkie and I had little time for fun and games. Another race date, at Silverstone, was due in a week's time. But our main thoughts and plans were centred on a day which lay less than three weeks ahead.

July 28th—our first try at the race of our dreams—Les Vingt-Quatre Heures Du Mans.

6

Le Mans Victory

It is, I suppose, now a part of motor-racing history that Ecurie Ecosse entered one D-type Jaguar for the 1956 Le Mans race with Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson as co-drivers, that the car won the race after covering a total of 2,521 miles at an average speed of 104·3 m.p.h., and that this was achieved in an event in which only fourteen out of the original forty-nine starters managed to reach the finishing line.

What is not so generally known is that in a way it could be described as a mistake. We didn't really go there to try to win—in fact, to be perfectly honest, I entered the team in the 1956 Le Mans event only so that we could be quite sure of being invited to take part in the following year's race.

Crafty, greedy, avaricious Scotsman that I am, I was very well aware of the fact that the following year's event marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Le Mans twenty-four hours—and I had heard that, quite apart from kudos, there would be a solid gold cup awaiting the victor!

There was a prize worth striving for . . . and in this connection it must be understood that, great and wonderful though Le Mans is from the sporting point of view, financially it can very easily be a dead loss. No starting money is paid, and while the winners receive substantial prize-money and every finisher collects, there are other races which can be much more rewarding with considerably less risk of coming financially unstuck. The chartered accountant side of my make-up

regarded the 1956 race as (a) necessary to make sure that we got into the field for 1957 and (b) a chance for the team to gain valuable experience in driving and pit-work, from which lessons could be learned for the following year.

At the same time, as Le Patron of Ecurie Ecosse, I regarded the invitation to take part in the 1956 Le Mans as a considerable honour, one which set the seal on all our efforts to put Scotland on the racing map.

So did every last individual in the team, from drivers to the youngest mechanic, from our unpaid helpers to my (in their view) underpaid, overworked secretarial staff.

Let me tell you about Le Mans, 8.37 miles of, for fifty-one weeks of the year, ordinary public roads, which on the remaining week become the venue for the world's most famous race.

Le Mans itself is, for these fifty-one weeks, a quiet little medieval town, which has as its main guide-book attractions a number of interesting churches, some of which date back to the eleventh century, and one night-club—so called. On the fifty-second week it becomes a mere appendage to the race, fringed by sideshows and carnivals, its streets—like those of other towns and villages for miles around—jammed by many of the several hundred thousand motor-racing enthusiasts who come from all over Europe and the world beyond, in what, to them, is a pilgrimage in search of speed.

The circuit, edged on race week by camping grounds, restaurants, the inevitable sideshows, and even a portable dance-floor, lies five miles from the town. Starting just before the main grandstands, the road sweeps forward past the pits and into a slight right-hand bend, beneath a footbridge, on through the tricky Esses corner, and then, almost immediately thereafter, the more difficult Tertre Rouge, another sharply right-handed turn—and now the driver has before him the long, glorious Mulsanne straight, where the faster cars can reach 180 miles an hour before gears and brakes must come into play for the next corner, the homeward leg. Most teams

have their signalling pits located here, with telephone contact to base—eight and a half miles is a long way round, even in a race where one lap is usually achieved in around four minutes. Beyond the signallers lie three more far from gentle corners—Indianapolis, Arnage, and Maison Blanche. Then, in the night stretches of the race, there is the sudden bright, floodlit glare of pits and grandstands before once again the cars rush out into the darkness ahead. Round and round and round, the winner the car in the lead at a time twenty-four hours to the second after the fall of the starter's flag, with something over 2,500 miles of high-speed day-and-night driving lying behind the weary drivers whose cars managed to stand up to the strain.

In motor racing Le Mans has no equal as a proving ground for men and cars alike. Ecurie Ecosse wasn't tackling just another race—this was the Grand Prix of Endurance.

The car we entered, MWS301, was the same D-type in which Jimmy Stewart had had his disastrous crash at the Nurburgring almost a year before, a car which, once a crumpled wreck, was now as beautifully tuned as long weeks of especial preparation by Wilkie and his team could make possible.

Our drivers, Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson, were to my mind the two finest long-distance drivers in Britain. I certainly regarded the whole expedition as being a hopeful reconnaisance, but Ron had his own ideas on the subject. With complete confidence, he told one reporter: 'We'll still be out there racing when the event finishes—and in one of the first three places!'

Both he and Ninian knew the circuit, having driven for 'outside' teams in the previous year's race. Neither had any illusions about what lay ahead.

At Merchiston Mews, in the last few days before it was time to set out for France, there seemed a mountain of tasks to be completed—lists of parts to gather and check. Customs documents, inevitable form-filling, tactical discussions, pit-stop practices, a never-ending list. Those visitors who popped

in to offer good wishes found us somewhat preoccupied. At times it was an effort to avoid telling them to 'Go away—leave us alone. We're busy.'

It was, I suppose, in a way refreshing to be able to leave the Mews area and go out into the streets of Edinburgh, knowing that 99 out of 100 of the citizens of Scotland's capital not only didn't know that a motor race was about to take place but didn't care. It would, of course, have been different if Hearts or Hibernian, the two local football teams, had been engaged in some play . . . but Ecurie Ecosse? They still couldn't pronounce the name!

The 1956 Le Mans event was, in several respects, different from any other in the series. The previous year's disaster, when a car crashed into the crowd, killing and injuring scores of people, had caused the organizers, the Automobile Club de l'Ouest, to widen the road at points, set up the pit-signalling area at the Mulsanne corner, adjust spectator arrangements, and, most significant from the competitor point of view, issue a whole new set of regulations relating to the cars taking part.

Coachwork had to meet certain requirements, a full-width windscreen had to be fitted, and any car with an engine of over two-and-a-half-litre capacity had to be what was delightfully described as a 'standard production model'.

Some of the resultant standard production models had the most unusual optional extras fitted!

The new regulation which many teams regarded as most crippling involved the family motorist's problem of miles per gallon.

It laid down that cars could refuel only at intervals of thirty-four laps (just over 290 miles); that no car could have a petrol tank holding more than 130 litres (about twenty-nine gallons); and that only 120 litres of fuel could be taken on at each refuelling stop.

'In plain English,' said Wilkie, 'we've got to aim at the car averaging twelve miles per gallon, which gives us a pretty

small safety margin. Ten miles per gallon is a happier figure for a D-type.'

The shadow over every large-car entrant at Le Mans wasn't how fast he could get his car to go but whether it would run out of petrol halfway round the circuit! Some got round the problem by de-tuning their engines, often with unhappy results. Others coped by installing higher top-gear ratios than they would normally have considered.

Wilkie juggled around with all these factors, went into long power-to-weight calculations, and at last pronounced himself satisfied.

My wife, as always, packed innumerable suitcases for herself, put my own wardrobe into a travel bag—and we were off!

At Le Mans a car has to be more or less 'on call' for a week before the actual race is run. It is a period during which it passes through an extremely tough session of scrutineering—one mistake, one infringement of the regulations, and you're liable to be sent home, unwanted—followed by practice runs, pit area and communcations preparation, and rehearsal and a general settling down.

We had, too, the task of arranging such basic items as sleeping accommodation and cooking facilities. Le Mans just can't cope with the mass invasion which hits the area at race-time.

Ron Flockhart, for instance, had a shooting-brake as his temporary bedroom at the track. One corner of our pit area was converted into a canteen, where a trio of female camp-followers appointed themselves to the task of ensuring a constant supply of coffee and sandwiches. . . . A surprising number of Scottish motor-sport enthusiasts had made their way to Le Mans, and quite a few of them were, I hope, delighted to be promptly pressed into service in a variety of jobs.

At 4 p.m on the Saturday, with rain already falling, the

cars were lined up for the traditional Le Mans start—a start adopted for sports-car races throughout the world. On one side of the track forty-nine cars waited in a long, angled line, our entry distinctive in its dark-blue garb and St Andrew's Cross badge. Across the tarmac, poised ready for the sprint to follow the fall of the starter's flag, were the drivers.

For a shoestring outfit we were moving in excellent company. The cream of Europe's racing drivers were gathered in that line-up. Aston Martin were strongly represented, with the works Jaguars close by. Ferrari, Maserati, Osca, Porsche, Cooper, and many others—some of the smaller cars with their goal the index of performance rather than an outright win, some team managers hiding their tension under a beaming smile, others nervous and crotchety.

Down went the flag, feet pattered across the tarmac, drivers jumped aboard their cars, and seconds later the field were off in a bellow of engine-power.

'Keep going at a nice, reasonable speed,' I'd told Ron Flockhart. 'Neither too fast nor too slow. We can stay a lap and a half behind the leaders—there's a long race ahead.'

The Jaguar works team came desperately unstuck. In less than half an hour two of its cars had crashed, and the third, shared by Mike Hawthorn and Ivor Bueb, had such trouble with its fuel-injection system that it was soon running nearly an hour behind the field. Other cars were crashing or limping into the pits making unhappy mechanical noises.

While I ran the time-keeping side of the business, Jenny sat nearby, keeping our master lap-chart of the race—a task she stayed with for almost the twenty-four hours of its length, each of the forty-nine cars carefully charted until, one by one, the field began to thin.

The rain kept falling—and drivers began to suffer the result of one of the new regulations. Windscreens on some of the cars became covered in a mixture of fly-specks and rain, a mixture which, with cars travelling over 100 miles an hour, the best of

wipers found it hard to cope with. The more fortunate drivers peered over the top of their screens—and the Ferrari men, their cars fitted with an additional anti-fly screen halfway down the bonnet, were soon seen smashing these clear because of the drastic wind-buffeting they were experiencing.

My initial plan had been to keep within that lap and a half of the leaders. But now, with Jaguar works cars more or less eliminated, one Ferrari out after a spin, another with transmission troubles, and several others among our opponents having a variety of worries, our D-type was in the lead—pressed hard, it was true, by the Stirling Moss/Peter Collins Aston Martin, but leading.

'O.K.'—that was the signal I passed on at regular intervals to the Mulsanne post.

Darkness fell, headlights lanced, and still we kept up in front. Ron and Ninian were each driving for a maximum of two hours twenty minutes, then coming in for a change-over.

Ninian had a bright-red woollen scarf round his neck. We knew why—knitted by his young daughter Beverley, that scarf was his mascot, 'something special'.

Whichever driver had been relieved would gulp some soup or a hot drink, then try to snatch some sleep—while out on the circuit the duel between our D-type and the works Aston became a cat-and-mouse affair. The Aston, a still extremely dangerous cat, would sometimes gain ground on our blue mouse, then gradually slip back again.

Usually Ron Flockhart found himself driving against Stirling Moss, while Ninian had to contend with Peter Collins . . . and the weather. Though there was rain and mist nearly all the time, Ninian's commencing a spell behind the wheel seemed a signal for the heavens to open in yet another lashing downpour!

Never once throughout the entire twenty-four hours did I have—or want—to give a 'Faster' signal to either driver. Never once in all the refuelling and other pit-stops did Wilkie's

team fail to operate with a speed and sureness born of our long practice sessions.

Hot, strong, black coffee, sometimes laced with cognac, kept us going in the pits through that long, rain-swept night. At 8 a.m., with the rain stopped at long last and the track beginning to dry in the fresh sunlight, we could see crashed or broken-down cars lying at spaced intervals all round the circuit.

But the D-type and the Aston were still howling round, our car still with a little power in hand, its challenger being driven hard—so hard that at least once it coasted into its pit for refuelling with a tank which was as near to bone-dry as makes no difference!

Seven laps behind, in third place, was a Ferrari prototype. Nine laps behind the Ferrari was a Belgian-entered D-type, followed by a Porsche.

'When did you realize you were going to win the race?' That's a question I'm often asked. I think I began to realize it about four hours before the finish. But neither Jenny, with her lap-charts, Wilkie, waiting his next pit-stop, nor myself, stopwatches running, said a word about it then. One of our unwritten laws is that we never talk about the possible result of a race until it is over and possible conjecture has become definite fact. But the atmosphere became very tense—to be suddenly relieved as the Le Mans loudspeakers began blaring out Scottish tunes, from country-dance rhythms to the pipes.

Somebody, somewhere, has claimed that one of the Scots supporters began marching up and down playing the bagpipes. Maybe—I was still in a daze of concentration.

Someone from the B.B.C. thrust a microphone under my nose, pressmen began to invade the pit area, and then it was all over. Ecurie Ecosse had won—the first time in post-war years that the Le Mans classic had been won by a non-factory entry.

Ron and Ninian were out in the D-type, doing a lap of

honour through a crowd which seemed to have gone mad with excitement, a crowd which was being held back by an arms-linked cordon of gendarmes.

In the team pit I see no shame in admitting that several of us were openly weeping—in fact I don't remember a dry eye in sight.

The rest became a confusion of handshakes, back-thumpings, congratulations, someone making a speech, toasts being drunk, Ron Flockhart with a large grin over his face, Ninian dancing his own version of the Highland Fling.

I can recapture the emotion—but to describe it in cold print is impossible.

I had always hoped that one day I would see a Scots-entered car win at Le Mans. I'd joked about it, mused about it . . . but now it was real, it had happened.

Luck? Well, luck plays a role in every race. But the hard fact was that Ron and Ninian between them had covered 2,521 miles in that twenty-four hours at an average speed of 105 miles an hour.

Peter Collins and Stirling Moss, in their smaller-engined Aston, had finished only a lap behind . . . but our D-type had always had power to spare.

We could have gone faster, but the old 'shoestring' Ecosse had to think of the next race date, had to make sure that the car finished in good condition.

At last we managed to escape from the circuit, back to the hotel where I'd made my headquarters.

M. Ricordeau of the Hotel Ricordeau at Loué had his own plans for our private celebration. Listening to the French radio broadcasts from the track, he'd followed our fortunes—and halfway through the race had begun preparing a victory cake, specially iced and topped by a miniature Jaguar.

Dusty, travel-stained, the engine still warm, Jaguar MWS301 had its bonnet used as a champagne bar-top from which he and Jenny handed out well-charged glasses and slabs

of cake to each and every one of our tired, weary, triumphant little team.

Next day I collected the prize money, something over £3,000 in French franc notes. . . . I stuffed the bundles of currency into my brief-case, ready to return home.

That was a mistake. The Suez Crisis was in full blast, and by the time I got to a bank in Britain rates of exchange had see-sawed and I lost almost one-third on the deal.

Back in Britain, the journey to Edinburgh meant running a barrage of television interviews, newspaper headlines, celebration parties, and innumerable small boys seeking autographs. Would the car do a tour of honour at the next Silverstone meeting? Could Ron, Ninian, Wilkie, and myself—anyone from Ecurie Ecosse—address so-and-so's lunch or dinner? Esso gave our two drivers and Wilkie a gold watch apiece, and a 'special bonus' for me—a framed picture of the Jaguar in action at Le Mans. I looked at it, decided it was very nice, but that I could have used the money instead!

At the bunting-bedecked garage at Merchiston Mews we held our own celebrations . . . opportunities to express personal thanks to the many people behind our victory who hadn't had the luck to be with us at Le Mans.

In our team at the circuit was Sandy Arthur, who has driven the Ecurie's transporter thousands of miles to circuits throughout Europe, and whose Le Mans post was at the reeds-and-sand signal station we nicknamed the African kraal.

In the pits Stan Sproat and Ron Gaudian, two Edinburgh mechanics who were Wilkie's main assistants. A Glasgow motor-sport journalist, Peter Hughes, who slaved beside Jenny in the lap-charting area—Peter, who was to die in a tragic car-crash, was always on hand to help. Another most competent member of the pit crew was Hugh Langrishe, whose duty, stop-watch in hand, was to time each completed lap of our car throughout the race.

Then there was an unsuspecting quartet of innocents who came along to spectate and ended up working like everyone else: Jimmy Stewart, Livvy Neill, Willie Lawrence, and Peter Findlay.

As our two drivers began to unwind, they each had moments to recall.

Ron Flockhart recalled ruefully. 'I was just giving the Jaguar a little more speed and up popped a signal from David, saying: "EZE"—No haste for the moment, thank you.'

Ninian, recalling his drives through the rain, declared that some of the Frenchmen around began calling him M'sieu Monsoon—and that one gendarme near the pits, noting that the rain always began as he started out, arrived at the stage of pulling on his waterproof cape every time he saw Ninian reaching for his driving goggles preparatory to taking over!

For my part, one of the biggest thrills from our win came to me via the motoring Press. One motoring magazine, *Autosport*, makes a point of always having a green-edged cover to celebrate a British victory in an important race event.

The editor is a Scotsman. The week after our victory *Autosport* appeared with its first-ever blue-for-Scotland cover.

. . . . .

Invitations to race meetings all over the world were pouring in to Merchiston Mews. But a few short weeks after we came home, at one of the many meetings where presentations were being made to us, I had to issue a warning.

'Ecurie Ecosse needs money—or the team may have to disband.'

Until Le Mans it had cost thousands a year to run the team. Thanks to the generous support from Dunlop, Esso, Jaguar, and other companies, plus what we collected in starting money and prizes, the team's actual losses had amounted to a sum which could be met from my private pocket.

'With Le Mans, Ecurie Ecosse has reached its zenith—and

a crisis,' I told the meeting. 'Unless the major burden of supplying the capital to purchase new cars for next year comes from a source other than out of my own pocket, then there is a grave possibility that there will be no Scots team.'

I knew that we needed not only new cars . . . three of them if possible. Our transporters were worn out, we needed much in the way of spare parts and equipment, and the credit squeeze in force at that time meant that even if we had taken the most desperate action the money couldn't be raised by me alone.

Yet Scotland now had a foothold to take her place beside the foremost racing countries of the world. Drivers such as Ron and Ninian had shown Scotland's—and Britain's—courage, skill, and enterprise to many nations.

This was acknowledged by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club in Glasgow, who held a lavish banquet in the team's honour at which they showed a film of the race. The club did me the great honour of appointing me one of their vice-presidents.

If the money could be found I had a fresh goal in mind—two to be exact. The first was the 1957 Le Mans race. The second was the sports-car championship of the world.

The cars alone would cost £12,000. But over and above that another £3,000 would have to be found for vital necessities, while the same amount again could have been swallowed up without squandering.

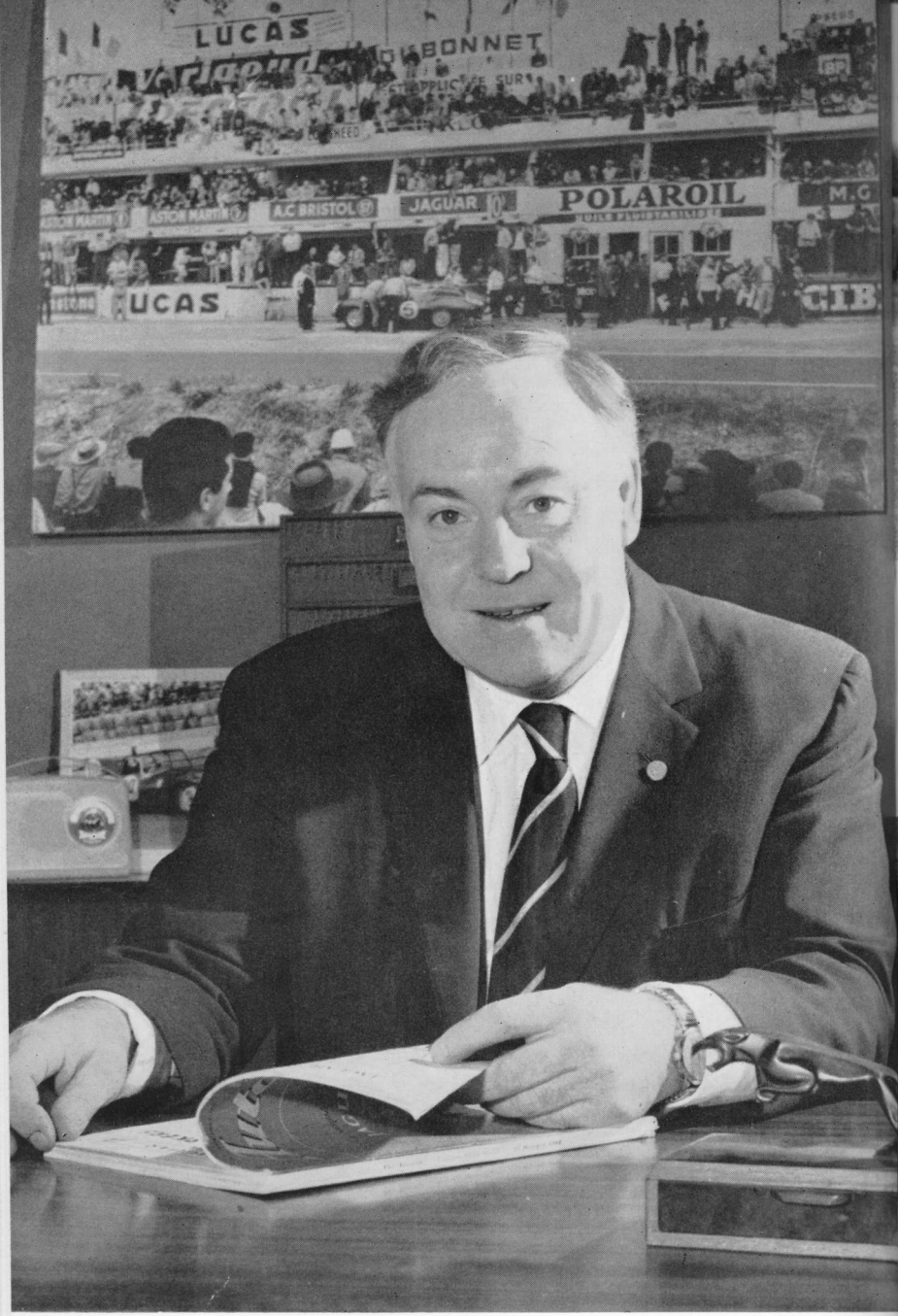
Ecurie Ecosse got help . . . how, and when, comes later.

But the lesson is this. At least a dozen times in our short history Ecurie Ecosse has been on the brink of 'folding up'.

I have a scrapbook studded with items headed: 'Ecurie Ecosse SOS.' 'Scots car team needs money.' 'Ecurie Ecosse faces crisis—financial position grave.' 'Ecurie team may have to quit.'

Red ink has always occupied a considerable space in the accounts. The shoestring has at times borne more resemblance to an elastic band, and one stretched near to breaking point.

THE PLATES


LUCAS
BONNET
ASTON MARTIN
ASTON MARTIN
A.C. BRISTOL
JAGUAR
POLAROID
M.G.
LUCAS

The author

The Maserati in happier condition. Wilkie Wilkinson (in white overalls) and David Murray (wearing sunglasses) exchange a last word over the car before the start of a race at Monza

The cars which were to create a legend—outside the Ecurie Ecosse garage in Merchiston Mews, Edinburgh, Wilkie Wilkinson examines the first of the team's D-type Jaguars. Unpainted, with plenty of work still lying ahead, it constituted a streamlined promise

Ready for action. David Murray is serious and intent as he sits at the wheel of a Ferrari before the start of the Czech Grand Prix, one of his last outings as a driver in major international races

Monza 1957. Between heats in the famous Scotland *v.* the United States battle over the banked Italian circuit, the Ecurie Ecosse team seize a few moments' rest. Ninian Sanderson, crash-hat and goggles loosened, cigarette in mouth, stands over Jack Fairman and John Laurence. On the right, David Murray beams and waits

Monza 1957. Sun-helmets are the order of the day in the Ecurie Ecosse pits as the three Jaguars are prepared for their epic Scotland *v.* the United States battle

'Let's try it this way . . .' David Murray gives some practice-time advice to Ninian Sanderson and Ron Flockhart prior to the team's first dramatic win in the 1956 Le Mans 24-hour race

Le Mans 1956. The mid-race drama of a pit-stop is captured in this shot showing quick work in progress on Ron Flockhart's Jaguar, which was to go on to win

Night pit-stop. A huddle of men round a suddenly silent car. Ron Flockhart's winning Jaguar pulls in for a fast check-over

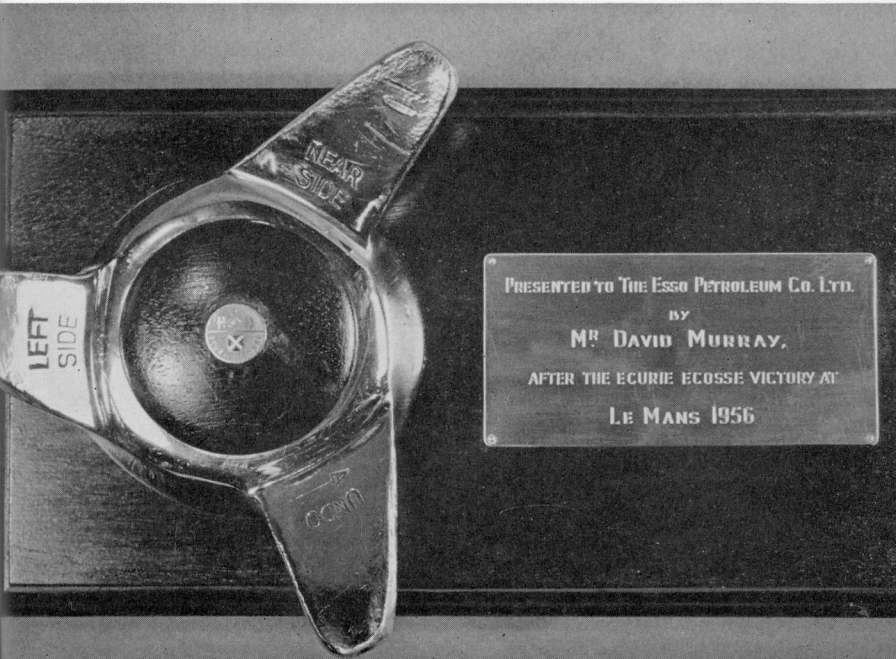
Honours to the victor. David Murray, with Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson, who shared the winning drive, accepts the Motor Trophy, awarded to the highest-placed British car in the Le Mans 24-hour race. Also looking on are Wilkie Wilkinson and Mrs Murray

The Le Mans race is over, and the star line-up prepares to celebrate. Left to right: Peter Collins, Stirling Moss, Ron Flockhart, Ninian Sanderson, a gentleman with a bouquet, Wilkie, and David Murray. The girls were a team of film starlets who 'just happened to appear'. In the background a French gendarme racing enthusiast takes his own cine record of the occasion

Champagne for the victors after the first Le Mans win. And M. Ricordeau, whose hotel at Loué is Ecosse's race H.Q., decides that there's no better table than the bonnet of the winning car. Still dust-covered and travel-stained, the Jaguar doesn't seem to object!

A little man with a beret drops the black-and-white chequered flag—and the Ecurie Ecosse Jaguar, driven by Ron Flockhart, has won the 1956 Le Mans 24-hour race

Esso Petroleum gave Ecurie Ecosse the initial financial transfusion which started them on their race-winning progress. David Murray acknowledged the occasion by presenting the petrol company with this specially mounted wheel-hub from the Le Mans winning Jaguar



Presented to the team by the Ecurie Ecosse Association, this supercharged Commer diesel transporter, the result of long and careful planning and design, is now familiar to race fans all over the world. It also became a top-selling model in a famous range of toy cars!

Le Mans pit-stop, 1957. An Ecurie Ecosse Jaguar pulls in for a quick checkover, and is promptly surrounded by cameramen

Motor racing is dangerous! Taken to the Argentine in 1954, this Ecurie Ecosse Jaguar, driven by Ian Stewart, crashed during practice. But the driver escaped with minor injuries

Tommy Dickson of Perth, who cut himself out of a plaster cast to answer an invitation to have a trial drive with Ecurie Ecosse. He has been one of the team's regular race-winners ever since

Ulster Scotsman Desmond Titterington, who steered Ecurie Ecosse cars to several of the team's early victories

Monza 1957. Scotland *v.* the United States—and the three dark-blue Jaguars of Ecurie Ecosse tackle a wolf-pack of powerful Indianapolis race cars as the event gets under way

Ecurie Ecosse's Lister Jaguar, a single-seat car designed for racing at Monza

Roy Salvadori drives the Ecurie Ecosse Cooper-Monaco car at speed in one of the team's American expeditions—Riverside, California, 1960

Le Mans, 1961. The Ecurie Ecosse Cooper-Monaco goes forward to the ground-clearance test during the controversial pre-race scrutineering. Members of the team stand by, fingers tightly crossed

Ecurie Ecosse driver Ninian Sanderson of Glasgow waits relaxed but ready at the wheel of one of the team's fabulous D-type Jaguars

D-type at speed—Ninian Sanderson takes a swift line through a bend in the third International 9-hour Race at Goodwood

In fact at the present moment the team is passing through another of these spells of financial depression. I've become used to them, so much so that it is difficult to imagine Ecurie Ecosse not being a name which sends bank managers into hiding.

Scots have a saying that it is in time of trouble you discover your friends.

I'm rather proud of our friends.

7

A Time For Planning

THREE months after our Ecurie Ecosse car won at Le Mans an event occurred which was to decide the team's fortunes for some considerable time to come

In these three months we had raced at Kristianstad in Sweden, where we noted with considerable interest that soldiers with guard dogs were turned out to control spectators, and where, incidentally, the two cars we entered had to retire with mechanical troubles. We had gone to, but had not competed at, Oulton Park—for reasons I'll examine later. We had also raced at a meeting at Goodwood.

But uppermost in my mind was the problem of finance which lay ahead. Some Scottish motor-sport clubs had raised the possibility of a public fund which would help the team to go still further forward. Unfortunately, words do not always become deeds.

Then, in October, Jaguar Cars Limited made an announcement which came as a complete surprise to many in the world of motor racing. 'After very serious consideration' they had decided to withdraw from the field of international racing and other competitive events.

The wording of the statement gives a very clear picture of the important role of motor sport in car-industry development work, and an illustration of the way in which information from the racing circuits can be the starting point for long-term study and improvement.

This was the company announcement:

'The information gained as a result of the highly successful racing programme which the company has undertaken in the past five years has been of the utmost value, and much of the knowledge derived from racing experience has been applied to the development of the company's products.

'Nevertheless, an annual racing programme imposes a very heavy burden on the technical and research branch of the engineering division, which is already fully extended in implementing plans for the further development of Jaguar cars.

'Although withdrawal from direct participation in racing in the immediate future will afford much-needed relief to the technical and research branch, development work on competition cars will not be entirely discontinued, but whether the company will resume its racing activities in 1958 or whether such resumption will be further deferred must depend on circumstances.'

The withdrawal announcement came after five truly momentous years, years crowded with racing honours, honours which had done much to enhance British prestige abroad.

Consider the successes of the marque—some victories, like our own, the result of private entries, but the bulk won by direct works participation.

In the Le Mans Twenty-Four Hours: First place in 1951, 1953, 1955, and 1956. In the R.A.C. T.T.: First place in 1950 and 1951. In the Rheims Twelve Hours: First place in 1953, 1954, and 1956. In the Spa Production-Car Race: First place in 1951, 1952, and 1956.

These were but a few of the many victories, both national and international, secured on the circuits. In rallying, the record was equally impressive, including as it did the Monte Carlo, the Alpine, the Tulip, and the most difficult of all, the Liège–Rome–Liège.

Jaguar cars had earned and achieved international recognition as being among the finest products of the world's motor

industry. Their withdrawal from the sport was, as they said, 'after careful consideration', and was not without precedent. Only the previous year the German firm Mercedes Benz had bowed out for much the same reasons.

Where did the withdrawal place Ecurie Ecosse? At that time I had already commenced arrangements to sell our existing cars—and it was heartening to find inquiries coming in from as far away as New Zealand and the U.S.A. My garage business had launched a new showroom, where the centre-piece was the Le Mans winning car. The showroom in Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh, was next door to one of my wineshops, a proximity which might be described as being good for business in both directions. Eventually the Le Mans car was purchased by that very good friend of Ecurie Ecosse, Major Thomson. Today it is one of the centre-pieces in his unique collection of historical cars, housed at Romanno Bridge, in Peeblesshire. The blue D-type sits beside representatives of almost every famous make of car, including Bugatti, Delahaye, Alfa-Romeo, Hispano-Suiza, Bentley, and Mercedes.

Jaguar's announcement of their withdrawal from racing came to me as a complete surprise. I dragged Wilkie away from the racing pigeons which constitute one of his favourite hobbies, discussed with him what had happened, and then kept my fingers crossed for luck as I said: 'Now, if we can only get the three works cars they've been running . . .'

I already had an appointment to meet Lofty England in London in a few days' time, an appointment originally decided on to discuss the cars Ecurie Ecosse would be able to obtain for the following season.

The meeting took place, and when it was over I felt as if walking on air. Jaguar were giving us the three cars concerned, at financial arrangements which were, to put it mildly, generous and which removed the most immediate financial problems which had been hanging over my head.

Sir William Lyons, the company's chairman, summed up

the arrangement as 'David will be carrying the Jaguar banner on the race-tracks of the world. . . .'

I know a rhyme about a lady who objected to carrying a banner, but I had no protests!

In being given the opportunity to take over the Jaguar cars we knew that we were also falling heir to much more. Already we had experienced wonderful co-operation and help from that firm. Now, still a private team but at the same time their main representatives on the speed circuits, we were assured of even more active support.

A new operation chart for season 1957 was already drawn up and waiting in my office at Merchiston Mews. My target was the most ambitious Ecurie Ecosse had ever aimed towards —the World Sports-Car Championship, a series of six major races, each over 1,000 kilometres in length, each demanding perfection in car preparation, skill and endurance by drivers, and careful planning and organization by all concerned.

In the championship races progressively decreasing points are given from first to fourth places to the manufacturers' cars which finish. The make of car with the most points at the end of the series is acclaimed as the Sports Car of the Year.

No private team had ever tried it before. One obvious reason was that in three of the events the organizers paid neither starting money nor expenses. Win or lose took on a very literal meaning.

The series would mean many thousands of miles of travel. Buenos Aires in January, Sebring in Miami in March, the Mille Miglia in Italy in May, Le Mans in June, Sweden in August, and, finally, back to Britain for the Tourist Trophy in September.

'Wonderful,' sighed Wilkie as he watched the entries mount on the chart. 'But where's the money going to come from?'

I wasn't at all sure. But I had made up my mind to enter two cars for each event, always keeping a third car in reserve and using all three on a strictly rotational basis.

Success in the World Sports-Car Championship at a first attempt is almost an impossibility, but with Wilkie and the team solidly behind me I knew we'd give a good account of ourselves for Jaguar and, still more important, for Scotland.

It was a time for planning and preparation. The old cars went away, the new D-types arrived. Wilkie's team began a long, steady programme of preparation and tuning. The car will never be produced which will not show some benefits from 'Wilkie-ization' and some surprising items of surgical adjustment were being performed on the D-types' innards.

It was also a time when the team continued to participate in a continued round of functions and presentations, all recalling our Le Mans win.

In the middle of it all Des Titterington decided to retire from racing because of family and business reasons. Des had been one of our most stalwart drivers over a period of years—yet in the final year of his career he'd been unlucky. One of his cherished ambitions had been to drive a works Jaguar at Le Mans. He achieved that ambition, then had to watch the Ecurie Ecosse car win. If Des had been free to drive for our team he might well have been one of the two men who steered our D-type to first place.

Amidst all the hustle and bustle a new and interesting method of increasing the team's finances emerged. The *Weekly Scotsman*, published in Edinburgh, 'signed on' Ecurie Ecosse to carry out a series of motoring road tests of new cars. The newspaper's idea was that the articles should be written by members of the team in turn.

'Which is all very well,' I soon complained to Jenny. 'But who's having to do all the work at the end of the day? Me! Every time there's a road test due drivers scamper off, mechanics vanish, and I'm left holding the baby.'

This explanation may help remove from the minds of readers of that paper any thought that David Murray was

attempting to monopolize the road-test programme. In fact I was covering up for certain lazy individuals who, it seemed, preferred fireside and television set to running about in strange motor cars and who were quite happy to leave Le Patron to get on with it.

There were, of course, compensations. I remember a day I spent sampling wine, cost 6*s.* 6*d.* a bottle. The following morning I was sampling again, but this time behind the wheel of a Mercedes: cost £6,000.

Whether these journalistic excursions gained or lost sales for the cars concerned is a question best left unanswered. But one result was that quite a number of people did ask me what lessons an everyday driver could learn from the racing motorist.

'Is there any real relationship?' asked one of these inquirers. 'Or is motor racing really a thing apart?'

The greatest single asset any driver can possess, professional racing ace or home-and-office commuter, is, to my mind, contained in the one word 'concentration'.

On the roads I seem always to be in a hurry. But I always try to drive in such a way that I am ready and able to stop, slow down, or accelerate to avoid trouble which may lie ahead. I don't drive a car to its limit. I don't carve up other drivers—unless they try to carve me up first.

I believe that there are very few roads in Britain where there should not be a speed limit of some kind imposed, a speed limit which might be high but which would still reduce accidents and save life.

On this point I speak from considerable personal experience. Having travelled over most roads in Britain at some time or another, usually quickly, I have still to find a better example of the situation than one which exists on my own doorstep. I frequently have to travel the Edinburgh to Glasgow road, an arrow-straight three-lane highway along most of its forty-four-mile distance.

I rate these forty-four miles as the most dangerous in our country, ripe for speed restrictions all along its length.

Every experienced racing driver is extremely conscious of the dangers which can accompany speed. Few of our highways can cope with fast travel, and the road designers must accept a good deal of the blame for the fact that our roads have not been built with the object of allowing traffic to move quickly and safely from one place to another.

But, of course, the ultimate responsibility does not lie with the road designer, the local council which builds a new housing scheme on either side of a trunk route, nor even with the irresponsible pedestrian who appears bent on suicide.

The man behind the wheel is the vital factor. He has to do his best in conditions as he finds them. If that man wants to drive slowly, keeps in to the left of the road, and helps faster traffic to pass, then the rate he travels at is his own affair. But too many people on our roads today are selfish. If they don't want to go quickly they see no reason why anyone else should be allowed that privilege.

In motor racing a slow driver who knows the rules will cause no trouble. But a slow driver who tries to baulk faster cars can cause disaster.

The same situation holds good on the public roads, coupled with the fact that the greatest mistake made by the every-day motorist is in failing to keep a constant eye on his mirror.

I once heard a driving instructor say: 'It's just as important to know what's coming up behind you as it is to know what's on ahead.'

His words constitute one of the major truths of driving, which in itself amounts to the licensed handling of a possibly lethal weapon.

I don't believe that our present-day driving tests call for a sufficiently high standard. Today motor-cycle clubs operate a scheme for two-wheeled learner riders which has the effect of

all their basic training taking place in a closed area, away from the public roads.

Some similar form of essential driving instruction for all learner motorists, held in a training area, with skilled instructors, would be my ideal. No driver should be allowed out on an open road, accompanied or unaccompanied, until he has passed some test to prove his basic competence.

An L-plate makes poor protection for either party in a head-on crash.

Driving requires acquired skill, genuine concentration, and courtesy. Personally, I would not have a radio in my car—though I sympathize with the many long-distance drivers who regard it as an aid against fatigue.

When I'm driving, even my wife knows that I prefer passengers to sit quietly. I avoid conversation. If I have to tackle a really long drive then I prefer to travel alone.

The rules apply whether I'm toddling my car around city and suburb or going quickly on the open road. So many dangers can arise on today's roads, particularly in these so peaceful suburbs, that no real driver can afford to relax for a second.

Generally speaking, only experience and concentration can make a better driver. There's been some fuss recently over legislation which permits the police to stop any driver and test his car. It might be an equally good idea to give the police similar powers to enable them to give the motorist a spot-check driving test. It might also be worth while if Government minds turned to considering the drawing up of legislation making it compulsory for every driver to sit an additional driving test at the age of sixty-five. There are some veteran motorists whom I would trust to drive me anywhere. Faced with many others in their age bracket, I'd rather walk.

. . . . .

In mid-January 1957 it was time to pack our bags and set off on the start of the World Championship trial.

Two cars had already been sent out to the Argentine by sea. Now it was the team's turn. We left the cold and rain of Scotland, knowing that we'd arrive in Buenos Aires in high summer. The prospect was pleasing to most of us, though Wilkie kept muttering about the specific gravity of South American petrol, wondering what the humidity would be like, and worrying about possible tyre temperatures.

We were five in number—myself, Wilkie, his right-hand mechanic Stan Sproat, and our two drivers, Ninian Sanderson and Ron Flockhart. At Buenos Aires, following custom, the team would be joined by two Argentinian drivers.

Trouble was brewing around the Buenos Aires circuit, and several of the drivers who were to take part in the 1,000 kilometre struggle ahead were in an angry mood. Most of the difficulties stemmed from the course itself.

Peter Collins, driving for Ferrari, shrugged sardonically as he told me of seeing Isabelle Haskell, the only woman competitor in the event, skidding her Osca during a practice run and bumping a kerbstone.

'On the race day that kerbstone is the track edge, David,' he told me. 'You know what's behind it? A five-foot-wide pavement that's going to be crammed with spectators, and then a breakwater with a fifteen-foot drop into the river. I wonder who fishes us out if we go into the drink?'

Well, the race organizers had been doing their best. Learning from the previous year's experience, they had 'ironed out' a circular roundabout which had previously constituted an obstacle on the home stretch—remember, this was a race over public roads with at one stage only bales of hay dividing a sweep of highway into an up-and-a-down lane.

Then Fangio, in a big 4,500 c.c. Maserati christened the 'Bazooka', rocketed round the course at an average speed of 114 m.p.h. There were fresh rumblings, this time from the Ferrari team, who suddenly decided that the circuit would be unsafe unless an artificial chicane of straw bales was put in the

roadway where the roadabout had been. This would have the natural effect of reducing speeds.

There were some unkind souls who said that it wasn't safety that was worrying the Ferrari men so much as the fact of the Maserati's practice time combined with the possibilities of tyre failure caused by high speed in equally high temperatures.

Whatever the truth, a diamond-shaped cluster of straw bales was erected as requested . . . and the next day one of the Ferrari cars ploughed straight through it!

We had our own troubles to contend with. Ron Flockhart spun his car in a practice lap and demolished a lamp-standard made of highly unbendable concrete. Ron escaped unhurt, but the D-type was considerably crumpled. A glance was sufficient for Wilkie to give his verdict—that it would be impossible to repair in time.

Reporting the incident, a British motoring weekly said very solemnly that 'one of the Scottish Jaguars crashed into a lamp-post, driven by Flockhart'.

I didn't find it quite so amusing, though our remaining car, driven by Ninian and his Argentinian co-driver, Roberto Mieres, set up some excellent times in the pre-race trials.

The evenings, however, were pleasant enough—though one was somewhat marred when one of the simmering arguments around us boiled over and two drivers became involved in what the English usually describe as 'a good punch-up'.

Guided by our two Argentinians, the team had discovered a pleasant night-club down by the riverside. It had three swimming pools attached, and one evening we suddenly decided it would be a good idea to push one another into the largest of the trio. The inevitable result was that the personnel of Ecurie Ecosse spent the next couple of hours sitting in a handy basement, clad only in our underpants, waiting while an indulgent porter had our clothes dried out.

There was time to explore the city and to discover one of the most remarkable aspects of Argentinian motoring. Several

times during these excursions we came across badly smashed cars lying by the roadside. No one was near them, nobody seemed surprised at their presence.

Perhaps it was that local insurance rates were fantastically high, exceeded only by the amount liable to be charged by a local garage for repairs. But it seemed that if an Argentinian found himself involved in a road accident he made a quick inspection of his car, decided whether he could afford the repair bill, and then, if the answer was in the negative, simply walked away and left it.

On the race day our first thought was for the weather. Six hours' driving under the torrid sunshine which seemed to be standard summer conditions in the Argentine would have been a major strain on any driver—and especially on a driver not long arrived from the frost and chill of Europe. The weather clerk had been kind, however. A summer rain-shower had been followed by grey clouds which blanketed the sun and reduced the temperature considerably nearer to European tolerances.

The circuit has been best described as an elongated dumb-bell in shape, a dumb-bell 6·43 miles to the lap. From the start, Stirling Moss, co-driving with Fangio in the noisy 4·5 litre Maserati, was well in the lead. Hot in pursuit came a pride of Ferraris, while Ninian, driving to plan, concentrated on achieving steady speed rather than pressing the type of challenge which might result in mechanical troubles.

The Fangio-Moss 'Bazooka' held its lead for a long time, the Ferraris still behind. Ninian came into our pit to hand over to Roberto Mieres—and brought with him the story of one of motor racing's strangest accidents. He had collided with a low-flying bird, which had smashed the car's windscreen and then splintered one of the eyepieces of his goggles. Ninian's lucky red-wool scarf, wound tight round his neck despite the heat, appeared to have worked its usual magic. Not one of the glass splinters had entered his eye.

The race ran on, Maserati fell out and Ferrari took the lead.

Our D-type moved from fifth to fourth place, still running steady and smooth.

That was how it finished. Ferrari, Maserati, Ferrari, Jaguar. A fourth place meant some points towards the World Championship, a practical award of American dollars, and a gold medal—while Ninian had to return home and explain to his wife just how he had acquired a glorious black eye.

There was one disappointment which resulted directly from Ron Flockhart's lamp-post-breaking episode. The car concerned needed extensive repair work, there wasn't either the time or money to bring the reserve car across the Atlantic from Britain, and I had to cancel our entry for the second of the World Championship events, the Miami twelve-hour race.

'Why is it something always goes wrong when we try to get to the States?' grumbled Wilkie. 'It's a conspiracy.' Then he gave one of his twinkling grins. 'One thing about my racing pigeons—they've got more sense than to thump a lamp-post!'

Home again, I had little time to rest or relax. There was a little matter of the businesses I was supposed to run, businesses in which the staff must at times have been on the brink of branding me an absentee landlord. I squeezed in a quick trip to Paris, where the French Racing Mechanics' Club paid the team the considerable and much appreciated compliment of being their guests of honour at their annual dinner.

In March we were off again. This time Ecurie Ecosse were launching a two-pronged effort. The Belgian Sports-Car Grand Prix was being held at Spa on May 12th, and as Ninian Sanderson, driving one of our previous D-types, had won the event the previous year we obviously wanted to pay another visit to the Belgian circuit. But May 12th was also the date of one of the most ambitious adventures in motor racing, the Italian Mille-Miglia, which was one of the series for the World Sports-Car Championship.

The preparation involved in stretching our definitely

limited resources to provide for two cars to enter at Spa, driven by Ninian Sanderson and John Lawrence, and, simultaneously, the third car to be prepared for the Italian race, taxed planning and ingenuity to the limit.

At Spa Aston Martin were in the forefront with their entry of two of their new three-litre DBR1/300 models. The rest of the field included some other privately entered Jaguars, and it was pretty obvious from the start that it was going to be, in the main, another battle between the two makes.

It was Aston Martin's day. Their cars, making their first competition appearance and driven by Tony Brooks and Roy Salvadori, finished first and second. Our cars finished down the field, and it was obvious that the old enemy had a very potent new weapon.

While the Spa race was in progress, however, Wilkie and Ron were in Italy.

In many ways the Mille-Miglia has a glamour all its own . . . one not confined to the fact that a number of film stars and producers are usually to be found among the entrants.

We started off by setting up our race headquarters at Brescia. Then Wilkie, Ron Flockhart, and myself set off in an ordinary Jaguar to tour the course, all 1,000 miles of it. Refuelling and maintenance depots had to be set up along the route, open road where the main preparation carried out by the organizers was the sprinkling of red direction arrows.

From the famed ramp start at Modena, on through towns and villages, cities like Rome and Florence, the circuit takes in long fast stretches of the Lombardy plains and mountain passes in the Apennines. Drivers have to stop at eight control points, where they must produce passport-type documents bearing their photographs and have them time-stamped.

Practice, preparation, planning, occupied our every moment right up to the start. But the venture ended about halfway round the 1,000-mile distance when our Jaguar had to retire.

The eventual winner was Piero Taruffi in a Ferrari. It was a popular victory, because it was not only the Italian veteran's fifteenth attempt and first win at the Mille-Miglia but his final appearance on the race circuits before retirement.

Two weeks later I had all three cars entered at the Nurburgring 1,000 kilometre event . . . with Ferrari, Maserati, and the new Aston Martins as the hard core of the opposition.

I remember it as the one race at the Nurburgring where we didn't have car troubles. Instead I had to shuffle and reshuffle drivers with a speed more akin to poker playing than motor-racing management!

Our original line-up for the three cars was to have been Ron Flockhart/Bob Berry, Ivor Bueb/Keith Hall, Ninian Sanderson/Jock Lawrence.

Bob Berry couldn't get over in time. Jack Fairman, a cheerful dark-haired Englishman, took over the role, his first drive for the team and the start of a very successful association. As that was sorted out, Keith Hall fell ill and a further shuffle became necessary. Jock Lawrence partnered Ivor Bueb and Ninian gained a new partner, Dick Steed, a young English driver who took one of our D-types out for a trial circuit and promptly turned in some of the fastest practice laps of the day!

From the start the new Aston Martins were in the lead. Our trio were running steadily, though on the thirty-sixth lap Ninian gave me a considerable fright. He'd been lying twelfth, and suddenly he wasn't coming round the circuit any more. Twenty minutes passed, nails were being chewed, and then the car toddled round again.

By my side, Jenny marked her lap-chart. In those twenty minutes the car had dropped from twelfth to sixteenth place.

'But who on earth's driving it?' she wanted to know. 'Ninian was wearing a red sweater. The man in that car has a white shirt!'

'Hi-jackers,' suggested the inevitable humorist.

Next time in at the pits the mystery was solved.

Ninian's car had made an unscheduled excursion into a field. To get the Jaguar back on the track he had had to jam his red pullover under a wheel to obtain traction.

Tony Brooks won the race for Aston Martin, the first time a British car had received the winner's laurels on that German circuit. I felt reasonably content. All three Ecurie Ecosse Jaguars had finished with their engines running smoothly, we had gained eighth, eleventh, and sixteenth positions, and it was a time when we could least afford trouble. Less than a month and only one event ahead lay Le Mans, the twenty-fifth anniversary race with the golden vase trophy, the race which had been my goal for years, a goal which our first win had showed to be not such an impossible dream.

In fact it was the starting money and prize-money from the Nurburgring which financed Le Mans 1957.

But before Le Mans there was another French race, the St Etienne Grand Prix.

Ron Flockhart and John Lawrence took two of our cars out on to that 3·5-mile circuit, competing in pouring rain, ploughing through inch-deep pools of water at considerably over 100 miles an hour. Twenty-three cars started in that race, only ten finished. Some cars crashed, others pulled in to the pits as their drivers gave up.

I gauged it a considerable feat of skill and courage on the part of the two men concerned to see the dark blue of Scotland come home to first and second places. Ron Flockhart had won at an average speed of over ninety miles an hour. John Lawrence, not far behind, had established a new lap record for the circuit at 97·13 miles an hour. In a race marred by death and tragedy their performance was exceptional.

'A nice piece of driving,' I congratulated Ron.

He gave his usual confident grin. 'Just a taste before Le Mans, eh?'

Well, maybe he was right. I certainly hoped so.

8

Le Mans, 1, 2!

DRIVERS apart, two factors took Ecurie Ecosse to its second wonderful victory at Le Mans.

The first was the mechanical wizardry of Wilkie Wilkinson, who, with only a few short hours to spare, treated and cured a very sick Jaguar—the car which was to win.

The second was that the French police didn't manage to catch us when the convalescent Jaguar concerned was given a high-speed early-morning try-out on a long, straight stretch of road near the Le Mans circuit.

Jenny and I led the advance guard of the team to Le Mans a week before the race day. Just before we stepped on the Paris-bound plane a newspaper reporter popped the inevitable question: 'What are your chances?'

'I hope for fourth or fifth place,' I told him.

In a way my reply reflected Scottish caution. I was prepared to admit that I felt we had a chance to be high among the finishers. Secretly I believed that we did have a chance, a very slender one perhaps, but still a chance, of winning again.

At the same time I knew there were many people who said that the team's victory the previous year was due to most of the other cars having stopped running, that we'd been lucky.

In a way they were right. Luck plays a greater part in all types of sport than we are generally prepared to realize. But Ecurie Ecosse also won because its cars did succeed in keeping going when the others couldn't—and that was due to team

effort by a group who, by professional Le Mans standards, were only one stage removed from rank amateurs. But we were a team who knew and trusted one another's capabilities, who took a dim view of temperament, who didn't concentrate on individual glory.

Yes, I thought we might be able to win. But I would never have had the nerve to admit it.

For Le Mans 1957 I had entered two cars and four drivers.

The first D-type had an enlarged 3·8 engine, fitted with a new type of petrol-injection system which Jaguar were most eager we should use. It came to Le Mans straight from the Jaguar works, where the operations carried out on it had included a respray by some kind soul in the standard British racing green—a colour which was changed to Scottish blue at the earliest possible moment.

It would be driven by Ron Flockhart and Ivor Bueb.

Ron was one half of the driving partnership which had steered us to victory the previous year. Ivor Bueb, a chubby-faced thirty-three-year-old motor trader from Cheltenham, given to stroking his moustache in moments of stress, had driven for the Jaguar works team and had a considerable record of success behind him as a long-distance race winner.

The second car had the normal 3·4-litre engine, conventional carburation, and would be driven by the other half of our winning partnership, Ninian Sanderson, with John Lawrence of Cullen as co-driver.

Ninian had his red scarf. John Lawrence would never have been happy in a motor race without having his lucky mascot, a black rubber mouse, tucked into the toe of his driving boot.

Less than a week had elapsed since our last race meeting, but in that time Wilkie and his team had been working hours which would have given any self-respecting trade-union organizer heart failure. Wilkie's way of preparing a car for a race like Le Mans is to quite literally strip it down to the bare

metal chassis, remove engine and axles, then slowly and carefully put the whole thing together again, examining each individual part with the greatest care, replacing where necessary, improving where possible.

At Le Mans, with a week to go before the race began, the usual carnivals and sideshows were already opening for business. Would-be racing drivers could try their skill on some of the dodgiest dodgems I've ever come across. One enterprising Frenchman offered, for a mere fifty francs, the sight of 'the most dangerous snakes in the Orient'. Everywhere advertisement banners were going up, officials were fussing around, and the teams manning the fifty-six cars which would compete were at work, one eye on their own charges, the other keeping note of what their rivals were up to.

Any time a car went out on a practice lap a score of stopwatches would click. Information and intelligence on the opposition's plans and capabilities could easily call for a radical change in any pit manager's tactical programme.

In the evening there was usually time for a quiet drink and chat.

Enjoying one with me, a motoring journalist wished the team luck. He took another sip from his glass, then cleared his throat.

'Mind you, David, you're up against it. Look at the facts. In design your cars are nearly four years old. Leave aside the petrol-injection system and what have you got? An engine which hasn't changed in any major respect since it was developed in 1951. There's an awful lot of new, potent machinery going to be on that circuit on Saturday afternoon.'

He was perfectly correct. Practice times on the circuit were generally far faster than they had been the previous year, and it wasn't difficult to find the reasons. Regulations had again been altered. Prototype cars were no longer restricted to an artificial limit of engine capacity—which meant that the big Maseratis and Ferraris, developing more than 400 b.h.p., could

again compete. Restrictions on fuel consumption had been eased, and cars would no longer have to run on weak mixtures, sacrificing power and tuning for economy.

The Continentals would be piloted by the cream of the world's Grand Prix drivers. Fangio and Musso, Hawthorn and Moss, were among the many ready and waiting.

There were also the Aston Martin works cars. Three of them, including the new competition model driven by Tony Brooks, a car which had beaten us by a considerable margin in more than one meeting that season.

In the Ecurie Ecosse pit Wilkie was far from happy with the performance of the 3·8-litre car with the newly fitted fuel-injection system.

'I'll manage to get it into shape,' he reassured me, 'but it's going to take time.'

Adjust, try it again, and then adjust it again—finally I decided to call a halt for an hour.

'We all need a rest,' I told Wilkie. 'Let's make the most of it and then get back to work.'

I had a meal, then returned to the pit, more or less at peace with the world.

The car had gone!

'Where the devil is it?'

There was an awkward silence, then a somewhat flustered explanation. The car was out on the circuit on another trial run—which, it seemed, had been directly authorized by one of the Jaguar works officials who had come over to watch our progress.

I lost my temper. There were verbal fireworks, the car was hauled straight in off the track, and the law according to Murray was laid down in terms incapable of misinterpretation.

'These cars are entered by Ecurie Ecosse. They are run by Ecurie Ecosse. They are being prepared by Ecurie Ecosse. And if I say they've to stay in the pits they stay there until I say they've to go out again. Whether it's a Jaguar official or the

Archangel Gabriel who tries to say otherwise he's not on. Understood?'

It was. There were, I'm glad to say, no hard feelings.

The team members concerned had been put in a difficult position. The Jaguar representative had meant only to be helpful. But how and when that car went out had to be a decision made by me as the team boss, a decision made after consultation with Wilkie, whose tuning bid was at a crucial stage.

Late that night, weary and oil-stained, Wilkie told me he believed he'd managed to cure the fault in the injector system.

I bought him a drink, settled him back, then suggested: 'Let's get up really early tomorrow morning, give the car a final check-over, then take it out on the road somewhere and make quite sure it is fixed up.'

Wilkie gave a groan as his hopes of long, peaceful sleep vanished like so much exhaust smoke. I was, it seemed, a slave-driving—well, never mind the rest. It wasn't really true!

Dawn was soon after 4 a.m. We had the Jaguar started and on its way a little later, at a time when probably every team manager and mechanic in the Le Mans area were tucked up in bed, dreaming rosy dreams about that wonderful gold cup which was the twenty-fifth Anniversary Race prize. There were no rival stopwatches around when Wilkie and I reached the spot we'd had in mind—a long, straight stretch of French trunk-road, three miles in distance, absolutely deserted.

The D-type thundered down that straight, stopped, then thundered back again. The engine couldn't have sounded more healthy.

'That's that,' said Wilkie. 'Now let's get out of here before we have company.'

I heard later that the gendarmes came chasing up moments after we'd gone. But French police, even the ones around Le Mans, have not yet been equipped with squad cars of D-type performance. We escaped the need for a possibly awkward question-and-answer session.

No one was happier to hear the fault had been cured than Ivor Bueb, who was scheduled to share the car with Ron.

His moustache positively quivered with relief as he reminded me: 'It was fuel-injection trouble which put my car out of last year's race. Two years in a row and I'd have found a quiet corner for a long weep!'

The race, as usual, began at four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, by which time an estimated 250,000 people were gathered round the circuit. A considerable percentage of them seemed to be from Scotland—and many others, often with heavy foreign accents and completely unpronounceable names, took pleasure in telling of traces of Scottish ancestry in their family trees.

As the cars were lined up on the tarmac, ready for the drivers' sprint-start, I gave our quartet their final instructions.

'Remember, take it steady. If the "big boys" want to fight it out leave them to it. Le Mans isn't won until the entire twenty-four hours have passed.'

In the pit area Wilkie's lads, spruce in newly laundered blue-and-white overalls, carried out a last quiet check of spares and equipment.

One of them frowned over a box he'd found in one corner. 'Mr Murray, this isn't on our list,' he reported.

'It's mine, just some personal things,' I told him. 'I'll look after it.'

The box was my secret. It contained several bottles of champagne. Our last win, coming out of the blue, had caught us without the means of celebration. This time I was prepared for a win—and if we lost the box could be smuggled away again without anyone being any the wiser.

As the last seconds ticked by, Jenny and her helpers settled down with their lap-scoring charts, I gave my stopwatches a trial run and clicked them back to zero, while Lofty England of Jaguar Cars Ltd—over as an unofficial observer—did his best to look relaxed and purely a spectator.

Five privately entered Jaguars were in the race. If one of them managed to win then the marque would have equalled the all-time record of five outright wins held by Bentley.

There were, I remember, heavy grey clouds in the sky, though the temperature was warm and muggy. In fact I remember considerably more about our second Le Mans than of our first venture—the shock of our one-car win left me with numbed recollections of what took place.

Four p.m. Down swept the starter's flag, there was a scamper of feet, a roar of exhausts as the engines of all fifty-four cars howled to life, and, a Ferrari driven by Peter Collins in the lead, they were away. Fifty-three of them, anyway. My sympathy went out to the driver of a Talbot, left behind all on its own. The car had lost bottom gear. Second gear was a high racing ratio and the car just couldn't get going.

As I'd forecast, the 'big boys' were fighting it out from the word go—a Ferrari, two Maseratis, and another Ferrari occupying first four places, though our own cars weren't far behind.

Peter Collins's Ferrari fell out with a broken piston—and then our own pit had somewhat of a shock. John Lawrence suddenly drew our No. 2 car into the pit area and scrambled out with a shout of 'Plug trouble.'

Wilkie's team swept into their well-rehearsed plug-changing drill—one of the few times they had ever been called upon to use it in a race. We have always used Lodge plugs and this type of trouble was decidedly rare.

The car swept off again and rejoined the battle. Our No. 1 car, the Flockhart/Bueb 3·8 with the petrol-injection system, was still travelling fast and smooth in fifth position, with Tony Brooks in the Aston Martin breathing down its neck.

For the moment sheer power and speed seemed to be dominating the race. But I was content with our position, and the signal pit at Mulsanne passed on my 'O.K.' sign at regular intervals.

Still, strain was beginning to tell among the leaders. A wheel-change difficulty, a crash which split a fuel tank, a ragged engine, a grinding back axle—there were quite a few cars lingering in the pits. I saw our No. 1 car appear in the lead for a few laps, the Aston Martin take its place—and then the Jaguar go ahead again.

Each pit-stop changed the order, but there was still a long time to go.

One of the other privately entered Jaguars, shared by Duncan Hamilton and that lanky, bespectacled, and completely imperturbable Kansas driver, Masten Gregory, was having troubles. An ignition fault had resulted in a hole being burned in the exhaust manifold. Duncan described it as 'embarrassing' to find flames coming up through the floor.

Masten Gregory drawled his own comment. 'Man, the only way I can keep the seat of my pants from going on fire is to keep my foot hard down on that accelerator.' Perhaps his trousers were the reason for him hurtling the car down the straight at a timed 178·88 m.p.h.!

At Le Mans, when a car stops anywhere on the circuit, except its own tightly designated pit, the driver is allowed no assistance. Even one of his own team laying a hand on the car is enough to cause disqualification—though, it should be noted, there's nothing to stop the whole team scurrying round and shouting advice from a few yards' distance.

Ivor Bueb felt the force of this particular regulation when he brought our No. 1 car in for refuelling. He overshot the pit, stopped the engine, then, perspiration running down his face, had to push the Jaguar back to where we could touch it—all amid concerted but hardly helpful choruses of 'Heave!'

You see, in motor racing you're not allowed to drive in a direction other than that of the race—and that includes a ban on reversing.

But we were up in front now, quite definitely. The Ferraris and Maseratis had thinned, other cars were grinding or smoking

as they went round at drastically reduced speeds. After six hours, a quarter of the distance, the Flockhart/Bueb car was first, with the Aston Martin still chasing—and, only two laps behind, our other car, the Sanderson/Lawrence 3·4, was sitting in a comfortable sixth place.

At our next pit-stop Wilkie spent half his time working on the car and the other half helping me to chase away a small army of photographers who, materializing from nowhere, were swarming around and most definitely getting in the way.

We saw the car away—then stopped to raise a cheer for an exhausted Lotus driver whose car had run out of petrol almost four miles along the circuit. He had pushed it all that distance to refuel, rather than give up.

Sheer determination kept him going. Later, sheer determination enabled another driver, with a 750 c.c. Stanguellini, to refuse to admit defeat when his car couldn't make the regulation push-button start from the pits. He shoved the car nearly half a mile before he found a downhill grade where he could try a clutch-start!

Darkness fell, hours went by, then, suddenly, it was midnight.

I studied Jenny's lap-chart, then exchanged grins with Wilkie. No. 1 car was still leading, with the Aston Martin not far behind. But now our No. 2, the Sanderson/Lawrence car, was in definite third place.

Out on the circuit, the cars boomed round, headlamps glaring. Drivers changed, and changed again. As one finished his turn behind the wheel, he'd snatch some rest, ready for his next spell of duty—Ninian said some very rude things to an enthusiastic cameraman who tried to take a flashlight picture of him snoozing and woke that very tired Glaswegian in the process!

The night hours gave Wilkie's pit team their busiest time. The No. 1 car was running trouble-free, but the No. 2 was having troubles caused by blown headlamp bulbs. Another

spot of bother ensued when our usually meticulous lap-charting struck a snag. A minor error on the part of one of Jenny's assistants, soon corrected, had Jock Lawrence driving for a time in the belief that he was five laps ahead of another car instead of a mile behind it.

'The Aston's out,' said Wilkie. There was genuine regret in his voice. Tony Brooks, in the one remaining Aston Martin, had been involved in a crash at Tertre Rouge. He was more shocked than hurt, and the car's disappearance removed the main threat to our lead. It was sheer bad luck, but it was also motor racing.

The loudspeakers had changed their musical mood. Scottish reels and strathspeys were now bellowing over the circuit, an indication that some people, at any rate, were beginning to forecast how the race would end.

By 6 a.m., as the tens of thousands of spectators who had slept out in the open began to stir, French Sunday papers appeared for sale. Almost without exception, they predicted a British victory. In the morning light we felt more than a little weary, and several of the pits around were now deserted, their cars out of the running, their personnel gone away for some much-needed rest.

Four hours later, at 10 a.m., any tiredness had vanished. Lofty England was beaming as he surveyed the lap-charts, and it was beginning to look as though I'd need that case of champagne after all.

Out of fifty-four cars which had started, only twenty-five were left. Out of five Jaguars which had started, five were still running. Ron Flockhart and Ivor Bueb were in first place, with Ninian and John Lawrence now second, though five laps behind. The Mary/Lucas Jaguar was third, and the Rousselle/Frère Jaguar fourth!

Throughout the eighteen hours which had passed, our No. 1 car had maintained an average speed of considerably over 114 m.p.h.

There were six hours to go—a time for determined, steady driving for the more fortunate, including ourselves, a time to nurse and hope for the several drivers who, still going round, were horribly aware of mounting defects in their vehicles. The Ferrari which had been lying fifth pulled in for plug changes and other items, made several further visits to its pit, and then had to be withdrawn. A Frazer Nash was pushed into the 'dead' car park with a broken oil-pipe.

The two Ecurie Ecosse cars were still receiving my 'Steady' instruction. At one stage Ninian put on a sudden burst of additional speed, obviously deciding to close the gap which lay between him and our No. 1 car ahead.

I didn't want that particularly—not if there was the slightest risk of the car being strained.

'Where's the phone?' I contacted the distant signal pit. 'Tell Ninian he either slows down or I haul him in.'

The message was passed, Ninian dropped back to his previous pace, and a few laps later Wilkie, ever meticulous, decided that, 'just in case, 'he'd like both cars brought in for a quick stop to top up their gearbox oil levels.

Routine maintenance, but hardly necessary!

Well, we were pretty sure by then that the race was ours. If a few seconds spent on that everyday little piece of servicing kept them running sweet and smooth the time spent was an investment.

A reminder, if any were needed, that no car is sure of finishing until a race is over came quite forcibly when, with exactly one hour to go, a German Porsche car, lying fifth behind the Jaguar quartet, ground to a halt at the roadside.

One hour to go—it is then that the clock seems to crawl with maddening slowness. Our pit area had long since been invaded by radio interviewers, newspaper men, and a veritable army of Scots supporters, the latter almost delirious with delight.

Jenny found time from her lap-charting—an easier job

now, with so few cars still running—to freshen up her lipstick and agree, somewhat cautiously, that 'Yes, it looks as though we've done it again.'

Soon the more tired of the cars still running began to form a quiet queue on the road from White House corner to the finishing line. They would wait there, engines running but stationary, then cross the finishing line after the winners had gone past. That way they could be among the finishers—and discretion and anxious team managers had obviously agreed that another lap of the circuit might prove too much for their worn, weary motors.

Fifteen minutes from the end our two cars came into the pits. They set off almost together, Ron Flockhart in the lead, Ninian driving in formation a short way astern.

'It's fantastic, David,' said Ron Flockhart. 'We've got time for a cup of tea!'

There was no tea, though I'd already broken out the champagne. Ninian's hands were badly blistered from these long hours of gripping the steering wheel, but he was bouncing up and down in the driving seat like a delighted schoolboy.

On that last lap, as Ecurie Ecosse's two Jaguars went round in parade-ground style, the whole vast crowd seemed to have gone crazy.

The race organizers had been saving up one more gramophone record for the occasion. Now it blared forth—the skirl of bagpipes in 'The Road to the Isles'. An aircraft swooped low, scattering a billowing cloud which, I was assured, amounted to exactly one million rose petals.

Car No. 1 took the finishing flag—then car No. 2. They came round again, stopped at our pit, and then the two co-drivers, Ivor Bueb and John Lawrence, jumped aboard, followed by almost every man in the team who could find a place to hang on to.

Jenny and I were pouring out champagne to all and sundry

in sight, including one group of Scots fans who were wearing the kilt and uttering the most fearsome shouts of joy.

Twenty-one cars had finished the race. Ron Flockhart and Ivor Bueb had covered a total distance of 2,732 miles at a new record average speed of 113·85 m.p.h. Ninian and John Lawrence had covered 2,665 miles at 111·16 m.p.h.

To make it an all-British occasion, the three other Jaguars finished third, fourth, and sixth, with only a lone Ferrari interrupting the cavalcade. There was equal rejoicing over in the Lotus pit area, where two of their cars had won their class and the important Index of Performance category, the race within the race based on size and engine-power.

I was told later that Sir William Lyons, the Jaguar chairman, heard the news at home, went out to play golf, and lost. Obviously his mind wasn't on the game!

'Sturdy + Steady = Victory' was the way in which the American *Time Magazine* was to sum up our win.

It was a compact nutshell in which to describe our basic tactics. The design of the D-types was, as we were well aware, anything but new compared with some of the massed Continental opposition. But it was proved and sturdy. The team's whole approach to the race was based on a careful plan which called for steady driving, concise but considered pit-work.

First and second place. The gold anniversary trophy was ours, as was more prize-money than we'd ever received before.

This time there could be none of the previous somewhat condescending comment that we had 'done well, but been lucky, of course'.

Ecurie Ecosse had shown that Scotland could hold her own in the motor-racing world—and a blizzard of telegrams, telephone messages, and other congratulations pouring in from Scots at home and in countries seemingly all over the world was perhaps our greatest reward of all. It would have been impossible to answer each message individually. But I'd like once again to say just how much they were appreciated.

In the midst of all this joy and jubilation any gloomy Presbyterian Scot would have been convinced there had to be a catch somewhere.

There was . . . and we discovered it at the prize-giving.

The Twenty-fifth Grand Prix d'Endurance had also coincided with the Fiftieth Anniversary of the organizing club, the Automobile Club de l'Ouest.

The evening following the race, neat and tidy in our best bibs and tuckers, we went along to the official prize-giving and banquet.

The French club believed in celebrating in style. The venue was the magnificent Château de Cheverny, a fifteenth-century building on the banks of the Loire. We marched in to the salute of a massed blast of French hunting horns, blown long and loud by pink-coated huntsmen.

There was a truly magnificent banquet, with a menu which was a triumph of French cuisine. A ballet was performed on an open-air stage beside the river, there was a colourful, sky-filling display of fireworks against the background of the flood-lit château—in fact it was an unforgettable experience.

There was that snag, however. When we won the race I'd rubbed my hands at the thought of that hunk of solid-gold trophy which would come our way.

Jenny had decided how best to display it, Wilkie said that if we ever got into money trouble again we could pawn it, and Ninian wanted to know if it would hold the contents of yet another bottle of champagne.

When the prize was presented I suffered a severe shock. The Gold Cup was, in fact, cut crystal with only a tiny gold rim round the top.

But we couldn't very well complain, could we?

9

Two Decisions, Two Verdicts

A MONTH after Ecurie Ecosse's first Le Mans win I withdrew the cars from the start of a race because I thought conditions were too dangerous. As a result, certain gentlemen called me self-opinionated, unsporting, and over-cautious.

A week after our second win I refused to withdraw Ecurie Ecosse from a different type of race. Whereupon another group of gentlemen called me foolhardy, said my decision was suicidal, and hinted I needed my head examined.

In each case I believe my decision was proved correct. The team comes first, not the possible reaction of the rest of the motor-sport world. And, as far as I know, the policy has lost me very few friends.

'Self-opinionated, unsporting, and over-cautious.' These were some of the milder comments made after what I term the Oulton Park fiasco—a fiasco which came very close to tragedy.

I had entered two Jaguars for the *Daily Herald* International Trophy Race at the Cheshire circuit. They were to be driven by Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson.

The line-up for the race excited considerable interest, promising as it did another clash between Jaguar and Aston Martin. The 'enemy' team of DB3S cars were being handled by Stirling Moss, Reg Parnell, Tony Brooks, and Roy Salvadori, Mike Hawthorn and Ivor Bueb were also competing, and considerable publicity had been given to the fact that it was Ecurie Ecosse's first race in Britain since our Le Mans victory.

To get to Oulton Park our team and transporters had

made a long, fast journey from another race meeting in Sweden. Our cars were in definite need of overhaul, but, as far as I was concerned, the team would be in the 150-mile race as scheduled.

On the morning of the Oulton Park meeting it began to rain—heavy, driving, torrential rain. Water was soon swirling across the track, forming pools eighteen inches deep at some points.

'This I don't like,' I told Wilkie. His face was gloomy as he surveyed the flooding stretches, which appeared more suitable to speedboats than cars capable of 180 miles an hour.

'The stewards are going to inspect the circuit and then they'll decide what's to be done,' a club official told me. 'The rain's beginning to die away. Everything will be all right.'

Would it? Quite a few inches of rain appeared to have fallen in the few hours which had passed. Even if it were dry overhead there were these, to my mind, wickedly dangerous pools of water. Hitting eighteen inches of water at even 100 m.p.h. is not an experience to be sought after.

There was complete silence in our rain-soaked pit area. We'd come a long way to compete. I knew the drivers were ready to race if I gave the word, and the mechanics, who had again worked on the cars all night, wanted to see the results of their labours.

The stewards who were inspecting the track would give a judgement which was an honestly arrived at decision—one which might well prove to be faultless.

But Ecurie Ecosse was my team, not theirs. If I sent the cars out then what happened on that circuit became my responsibility, not theirs. I was worrying about much more serious possibilities than badly bent motor cars.

'It would be suicide,' I told Wilkie. 'Load the cars back in the transporters. We're going home. Even though the rain has stopped, water is going to continue to drain on to the track—and it's going to bring streams of mud with it.'

There was consternation and indignation from all around as we began to pack up.

'But, Mr Murray, the stewards have reached their decision! They say the meeting can proceed,' protested one official. 'You can't go!'

'I'm sorry, but we can and we will.'

We did.

The rainstorm was almost equalled by the downpour of criticism, some of it bitter, which descended on my head.

The race programme went on without us, though there was a break of one and a half hours at one stage when, with more rain falling, the local fire brigade had to be called out to pump some of the water away.

The International Trophy race was cut back to 110 miles and, I quote the *Manchester Guardian*'s report: 'The chief thrill, perhaps, was in watching the drivers dashing through the water which collected at some of the bends. Old Hall Corner was a bad spot, while the track at Knicker Brook was entirely covered by an inch of flowing rainwater and the cars could hardly be seen in the flurry of spume and spray as they blinded through.'

Stirling Moss won the event, his Aston Martin being followed home by two others of the same marque.

In the following 1,500 c.c. race, at the above-named Knicker Brook, Mike Hawthorn's Lotus slid away, hit a tree, and then somersaulted. Roy Salvadori's Cooper, following, was seen to go underneath the airborne car. Although Roy's car got through, he was in fact reported as being hit on the head by the flying Lotus. The Lotus was wrecked, and Mike Hawthorn escaped with bruising.

That, to me, was answer enough to any criticism.

In any case, before making my final decision, I had discussed the matter with representatives of Esso and Dunlop, both of whom assured me that they appreciated my point of view.

Strongly I assert that the manager of any racing team has a heavy responsibility for the personal safety of his drivers. On my part, I would never ask a driver to do anything which I myself would not be prepared to do. Consequently, with that view always to the fore, I can usually depart from a race meeting with an easy conscience.

However, I would say that the one single incident which gives me more worry than any other is when a driver, either in a race or in practice, fails to pass the pits at the anticipated time. My drivers are my friends and I am most upset if at any time they are involved in an accident. Fortunately during the whole life of Ecurie Ecosse we have never had one of our drivers, when driving an Ecurie Ecosse car, involved in a fatal accident. Long may this situation last is my sincere wish.

I have never regretted my decision. If motor racing is dangerous then it is up to us, the people who do the actual racing, to bring that danger down to the smallest possible degree. Spectators may be disappointed, weeks of organization be wasted, some drivers upset. But it is up to the individual to take the stand he believes to be right, both for the good of the sport and the safety of his drivers and the general public at large.

Holding this opinion, and prepared to stand by it, I still saw no reason why I shouldn't agree to take part when Ecurie Ecosse was invited to compete in the exotically titled 'Race of Two Worlds', a 500-mile race over the new Monza circuit in Italy, in which, for the first time in motor-racing history, the ten fastest cars in the United States were to compete against the ten fastest in Europe.

The invitation was, in itself, a considerable honour. The race organizers wanted us to enter two Jaguars, the only two privately owned cars which would take part in the European select. The other cars would be drawn from factory teams, and obviously would include out-and-out racing models.

While no starting money was being paid, the organizers were offering the mammoth total of £30,000 in prize-money.

There were difficulties, of course. Only the banked section of the new track was to be used, 2·64 miles to the lap, consisting of two level straights joined by two saucer-banked semicircles. The full Monza circuit actually extended over about six miles, but there were several reasons, all American, why the Italian organizers decided to use only the banked circuit and in addition announced that the race would be run in an anti-clockwise direction, contrary to the normal clockwise European pattern.

To understand the reasons it is necessary to have a look at the type of cars which would be coming from America—strange monsters, developed for the steep, banked curves of the Indianapolis race-track where, from personal observation, power, speed, and muscular strength are the most important qualities.

Travelling fast round a steeply banked track, a car is affected by centrifugal force, which exerts its pressure on the tyres as they contact the track. Heat is generated, heat which decreases the strength of the rubber.

The Indianapolis cars frequently have tyres as large as 8·00 × 20. Our D-type Jaguars were fitted with 6·60 × 16 covers.

The American drivers have cars with king-sized engines, some producing over 550 b.h.p. Because races are run in an anti-clockwise direction round the Indianapolis 'bowl', the cars concerned are built with offset engines, offset transmission, and sometimes even have their oil tanks placed outside the car to compensate for the continual left-hand bends. They also have gearboxes which have only two speeds—the first to get the car going, the second for use throughout the race, which has always a rolling start.

If the American cars had had to compete over the full Monza circuit, racing in what, for them, was the wrong

direction, crippled by their two-gear transmission, then their transatlantic journey would have become a farce. Conditions obviously had to be altered to accommodate them, but what would these alterations do to European entries?

Wilkie took one of our D-types over to Monza to find out. It was driven by Jack Fairman, an English Grand Prix racer of considerable experience and, equally important, a man who had some experience of bowl-type racing. Vic Barlow, the Dunlop-tyre representative, was also with them—because Monza had all the appearance of a race which would be won or lost on mathematical calculations involving how long a tyre would last at a given speed when up against that already mentioned centrifugal force allied to local temperatures.

Vic Barlow had already pointed out initial difficulties. 'There isn't time to produce special tyres for the race. Even if we could there's no room under the D-type's bodywork to accommodate larger wheels. One of the few things we can do is buff the treads of the tyres down to about half their usual thickness, and that way reduce the effect of the centrifugal force.'

Wilkie and Jack Fairman examined the Monza track, and then, while Vic Barlow waited behind a battery of instruments and charts, the car went out.

Jack Fairman covered a few practice laps, stopped for tyre-temperature readings, went out again, and so on.

Jack Fairman's description of what followed was thus: 'The speed was gradually increased until Vic Barlow cheerfully told me that the tyre temperatures had reached danger point. Sure enough, about three laps later, just as I was approaching the banking at about 165 m.p.h., the entire right-hand back tread came off with a noise like a six-inch shell!'

In the emergency which followed, Jack Fairman's experience proved its worth. He kept the weaving, heaving car under control and brought it to a halt.

A mechanic who went out to retrieve the thrown tread

had his fingers burned—the rubber was red-hot to the touch!

Wilkie telephoned to my office in Edinburgh. We agreed that we'd go ahead and enter the race, though obviously several modifications would have to be carried out to the cars, including the incorporation of tyre-cooling ducts.

A thunderstorm of an international-racing row broke soon afterwards. The newly formed International Professional Drivers' Union, a body which included Fangio, who was World Champion, Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn, and Peter Collins—in fact virtually every top-flight European driver—announced that they would boycott the race!

They said that the Monza oval would be a death-trap for European sports cars, and that the race, if it was to be run, should be held over the full circuit.

Wilkie was indignant. 'If some of these characters had driven at Brooklands in the old days they wouldn't worry about Monza,' he declared.

He and I had our own opinions as to what was worrying some of the drivers concerned.

'Some of these European cars are being built so blinking near the bone that the things are liable to fall to pieces if they have to bounce their way round the Monza bowl. The D-types can take it—some of the others can't, but nobody's going to admit it.'

Only one European driver, Jean Behra of France, in a Maserati, was prepared to take part.

'You should change your mind, David. It's too dangerous.' That was the opinion expressed by several people, some of them important figures in the motor-racing world, and others closely associated with the team.

'You haven't a chance, anyway,' was another argument. 'The Yanks will walk away with the race—the odds are loaded in their favour.'

We were going. Instead of the suggested two cars, I entered three. Obviously, we couldn't win . . . especially as Vic Barlow

advised that the Jaguars would have to be held under 160 m.p.h. or there was every possibility of drastic tyre trouble.

But somebody had to represent Europe, and my own theory was that if we treated the race as a reliability trial then quite a few of the American drivers were in for a considerable shock.

We travelled direct from our first- and second-place win at Le Mans to the Italian circuit. Jack Fairman, Ninian Sanderson, and John Lawrence were our three drivers, and, though Jack alone had experience of bowl-type driving, all three had been carefully briefed on the way the event would have to be tackled.

As a race, it was a somewhat crazy set-up. Ninian described it as being: 'As if the Americans came here to play a baseball championship—and took on the England cricket eleven at Lord's.'

Almost as soon as we arrived at Monza we learned that Jean Behra had withdrawn. His Maserati had broken a rear axle during practice. The 'Race of Two Worlds' had become Scotland versus the United States.

The team received a fantastic welcome from Italians and Americans alike. The race organizers greeted us like long-lost brothers, for the simple reason that if we hadn't shown up the 'Race of Two Worlds' would have become one of the most costly flops in motor-racing history. The Americans were almost touching in their gratitude that 'You Scotch guys' had agreed to come and play with them.

We settled down to practising . . . and soon discovered that some parts of the steep banking were extremely bumpy. At speed, both cars and drivers received a constant pounding.

'Much more of this and I'm indenting for an air cushion,' wailed John Lawrence.

The Americans were everywhere around—big, thick-muscled characters whose idea of breakfast was a tremendous steak topped with two or three fried eggs.

Their cars, almost without exception fitted with 4·2-litre Offenhauser engines, were old-fashioned in line, bodywork almost obscured by advertising slogans, badges, and a variety of technicolor labels giving the names of sponsors, drivers, and mechanics.

The drivers, crew-cut, well tanned, horribly healthy, had their names written in large letters across their overalls. 'That's in case they get lost,' suggested Wilkie, casting an envious eye over the tremendous mass of equipment placed in the American pits. At a glance it seemed that each and every entrant had sufficient material available to build a new car from scratch.

Our visitors liked nothing better than to park themselves beside the D-types and talk cars. They seemed to spend more time talking cars than they did actually working on them, but they were a pleasant, good-natured bunch, even when Ninian Sanderson began his inevitable dead-pan leg-pulling.

'I'm having helluva trouble with shock absorbers,' drawled one tall type from Arizona. 'The bumping on that track is really something. How are you boys makin' out?'

'Shock absorbers?' Ninian blinked. 'We're not bothering about them. After Le Mans this track is so smooth that Wilkie's removed the shock absorbers altogether to save weight.'

The American turned white, mumbled, and strode quickly away.

On the day of the race eight American cars lined up beside the three Ecurie Ecosse Jaguars. Instead of a straight 500-mile tussle, the event was now to be run as three sessions of 166 miles each, with an hour's pause between each heat.

Our D-types were tied to an absolute maximum of 160 miles an hour. At least one of the Americans had been timed topping the 200 m.p.h. mark!

First there was the unfamiliar rolling start, the cars travelling round in procession behind an Alfa Romeo convertible

driven by Luigi Villoresi at a sedate 75 m.p.h. The Ecurie Ecosse cars were last in line, the result of practice times.

As the paced lap ended, the Alfa pulled off the circuit. The American cars, which, till then, had been making a noise reminiscent of distant thunder, roared with the fury of angry lions.

But the first car to pass was one of our D-types, with Jack Fairman at the wheel, grinning like a Cheshire cat! Using his gearbox to full advantage, he'd nipped right through the field and rocketed ahead in first place.

'I knew the tyres wouldn't heat up too much in the first lap,' he told me later, 'so I thought I might as well make the most of it.'

This upset the American pits, who had been busy laying bets as to which of their cars would be first through.

Second lap round, I had to slow him down. Jack's experience told again, as, while obeying his pit signal and dropping back, he went into the curves at as high a point as possible. Up near the top it wasn't so bumpy and there was also less 'slide scrub', a drifting tendency which causes tyre wear and heat.

Heat—you didn't need to be in a car to experience it. We were in shirt-sleeves, large papier-mâché sun-topees on our heads, considerable supplies of iced water at hand, and the temperature still resembled the interior of a Turkish bath.

Once the Americans recovered from their initial shock, their cars howled round and, as we had expected, gobbled up the D-types. Out of the field of eleven we came in eighth, ninth, and tenth.

But strange things had been happening to several of the Indianapolis monsters. The hour interval before the next heat was filled with excited clamour as their mechanics, using everything from spanners to a welding plant, fastened on mechanical pieces which had either broken or fallen off.

When the second heat began one Indianapolis car had retired, another was still having its rear tyres changed, and a

third came rushing up in time to join the rear end of the procession.

Wilkie's pit team had given the Ecurie Ecosse cars their usual check, and decided nothing required to be touched, except a change of tyres.

The second heat was another American walk-over, distinguished by one of their drivers, Bob Veith, coasting in to report that his entire steering column had come adrift at a time when he'd been doing over 180. The Ecurie Ecosse trio were lapping at their strictly imposed speed limit, completely ignoring the monsters hurtling past.

But there weren't so many of these monsters. Only four finished that second heat, to disappear pitwards The Jaguars were fourth, fifth, and sixth . . . though Jack Fairman had tried to move up to third place and I'd had to slap the attempt down, while John Lawrence, attempting a crafty piece of slipstreaming in the wake of another American car, had pulled clear when he'd been almost blinded by methanol fumes from the exhaust ahead.

Once again, Wilkie's team checked over the D-types, decided nothing required attention, and we settled back for a rest.

The Americans were busier than ever. Split fuel tanks, frame breakages and damaged exhaust manifolds were only part of their repairs list. Their drivers were becoming rather nervous, wondering why our cars seemed to be bolted together more tightly than theirs, conscious of the fact that their cars were gradually shaking apart.

'This is like the ten little nigger boys all over again,' complained one. 'We're being whittled down.'

They definitely were. For the third heat, only four American cars lined up beside the Jaguars—cigar-chewing Jimmy Bryan from Arizona, Troy Ruttman and John Parsons from California, and Pat O'Connor from Indiana.

After only nine laps O'Connor pulled out with a split

fuel tank. The other three American cars had slowed down to only little more than our own pace, obviously now desperately concerned as to their ability to hang on until the finish.

Jack Fairman in particular—'Fearless Jack', as he was dubbed by the Yanks—was obviously straining at the leash, anxious to have one last try at overtaking. But there were these tyres to consider and he had to accept another 'Steady' signal.

The race ended in that style, first the three American cars, then, in fourth, fifth, and sixth places, driving in formation, the Ecurie Ecosse Jaguars.

Jimmy Bryan was the winner, still chewing his cigar stump. His average speed for the whole race had been 160·2 m.p.h. for a total of 189 laps.

But our own trio had set up several records of their own. Jack Fairman, in averaging over 151 m.p.h. for the whole distance, became the fastest man ever in a sports-car race. Both Jock Lawrence and Ninian Sanderson had also gone faster than any driver in any previous sports-car event.

The critics had been answered. The three cars had operated as smoothly as sewing-machines. Ecurie Ecosse, racing in temperatures which reached 104 degrees Fahrenheit, had not a single instance of failure from their Dunlop tyres.

If the race had gone on as originally planned, a straight 500-mile battle, we would probably have won. The American drivers had shown plenty of courage—but their cars just couldn't have taken such a prolonged battering.

Afterwards the Americans again proved themselves fine sportsmen. They were the winners, but they stood by quite cheerfully, almost ignored, while the three Jaguars and their drivers were literally mobbed by the spectators.

'You'll need to bring your boys out to the States,' insisted several of their number.

Wilkie grunted. 'Huh. Every time we try that something goes wrong.'

'It'll be organized,' declared another.

A few days later Floyd Clymer, the American motor-magazine publisher, announced that he had launched a fund to bring Ecurie Ecosse out to Indianapolis.

On both continents some very rude things were said about the International Professional Drivers' Union.

As far as Ecurie Ecosse was concerned, my decision had been justified—and with three cars finishing among the first six I had an excellent share of the prize-money.

10

Ecurie World-wide

FROM Le Mans and Monza the team finally returned to base in Edinburgh. It was the end of a 4,000-mile round trip, the latter stage including a 500-mile detour by way of the French Riviera, caused by the fact that Alpine passes were blocked by landslides.

All of us felt tired, but more than a little pleased with ourselves. The pleasure increased at the discovery that cold, sometimes fickle Edinburgh, which had begun to become interested in 'these motor-racing people at Merchiston Mews' after the first Le Mans win, had thawed to a state of cautious but genuine interest.

Dust-covered transporters, armfuls of oil-stained overalls, boxes of jumbled spare parts, not a clean shirt left between us, the team were an anything but glamorous collection as we trundled into Merchiston Mews. The office and garage staff who had remained behind, spending a horrifying amount of time each day listening to radio bulletins of our progress, turned out to give us a memorable welcome.

My office desk, normally a quiet and fairly orderly oasis, seemed almost submerged in the piles of telegrams, letters, and telephoned messages waiting my return. Scots all over the world seemed to have reacted to the success of their team abroad.

Scots nearer home too—the team gave so many Press interviews over the next few days, occupied so many column inches in newspapers big and small, had their photographs

published so often, that I had to send out and buy a new scrapbook!

Cheerful, canny Jock Lawrence went home to his native Cullen in Banffshire, and the little town gave him an almost royal welcome. He was congratulated by the provost, treasurer, and magistrates, fêted at a celebration dinner, hounded by autograph-hunting schoolboys, and invited to give a demonstration lap of honour round the north-east aerodrome racetrack at Crimond.

Sir William Lyons, the Jaguar chairman, travelled north to Edinburgh to preside at a presentation made to the team by the local Jaguar agents.

Even the douce city fathers of Edinburgh got into the act. They decided to give us a civic reception and luncheon. In the bunting-and-banner-covered garage at Merchiston Mews we viewed this news with some excitement. Jenny had heard of the 'out of this world' settings, which, she declared, could be provided by the city for these occasions, when the Corporation produced its wonderful glassware, silver which was the acme of the craftsman's art, and all the other trimmings.

As a result, I felt somewhat sore when our civic reception took on all the appearance of being just one of those days when members of the Edinburgh Town council could get a free meal in the City Chambers.

Everyone was very kind—but obviously no risk was being taken with the ratepayers' money.

The fact that there was no red carpet, no cigars, no champagne, didn't particularly upset me. Still, I had hoped for something slightly more exotic than a menu which offered vegetable soup, steak pie, and plain, old-fashioned semolina pudding!

We had an invalid with us. Ron Flockhart, who'd gone off to race at Rouen while the team headed for Monza, limped into the civic reception with the aid of a stick. He had been knocked

around a bit in a 150 m.p.h. spill during the French Grand Prix, but was already demanding information about his next race date.

He ate his semolina like everyone else.

But, menu apart, Ecurie Ecosse found itself surrounded by a tremendous spirit of enthusiasm, an enthusiasm shared by young and old alike. If this had been confined to motor-racing 'types' I could have understood it more easily. Instead, it seemed that every motorist—and quite a few non-drivers—wanted to have at least a peep at our cars, wanted to be able to say they'd seen the home of Ecurie Ecosse.

Some travelled long distances to achieve their purpose. One youngster came down from Aberdeen, then went away wreathed in smiles because he'd been allowed to spend a minute or so sitting behind the wheel of one of the cars where it lay parked in its garage.

More awards came to the team, awards which came to us as a group rather than as individuals . . . and that was the way I wanted to have them. Ecurie Ecosse, then as now, either existed as a team or couldn't exist at all.

The British Automobile Racing Club presented us with their gold medal, 'presented for outstanding achievements in the British motor-racing world'. It had been awarded only once before, to Stirling Moss for his record-breaking win in the Mille-Miglia and for being the first British driver to win the British Grand Prix.

There were other awards and presentations too numerous to list. Dunlop Tyres gave a complimentary dinner, Esso gave me a personal honour by naming me the first recipient of a new trophy to be awarded annually to the person who had done most for motoring in Scotland . . . while Jaguar, in addition to presenting the team with a number of bronze jaguar statuettes, quietly added that they'd just completed a works examination of the Le Mans winning engine, an engine later used at Monza, and had found that after 6,000 miles of

racing use, the equivalent of 30,000 miles of ordinary motoring, there was hardly any sign of wear and they'd had to replace only the gaskets!

There was still a motor-racing programme to carry out, the rest of that World Sports-Car Championship series, which meant journeys to Sweden and Belgium and then, nearer home, Silverstone.

Ron Flockhart was still on the sick list, and his place was taken by a lion-hearted little driver from Paisley, Archie Scott-Brown. Archie, a man who completely ignored his personal disability of having only one hand, had a magnificent driving record and was also a particularly fine individual. He completely fitted into the team's structure, a team throbbing with vitality and purpose.

At home in Scotland I'd been surprised and gratified by the way in which people now followed the team's fortunes. Now it was startling to find the same situation existed abroad.

'Why not?' exploded one Frenchman. 'When Jack went out and killed the Giant everyone was happy. M'sieu Murray, your little Ecurie Ecosse has done the same in motor racing.'

Driving the racing-car transporters from one circuit to another, the mechanics of the team reaped some unusual benefits.

A Belgian hotelier offered them a free steak-and-wine lunch for a private peep inside one transporter.

A German Customs officer insisted on taking their photographs beside his wife and seven children, the transporter in the background—and waved his revolver in threatening fashion when the queue of motorists left waiting began a horn-blowing protest!

In Sweden they met a group of thirteen-year-old schoolboys who had formed their own Jaguar racing club, and who were the proud possessors of a soap-box pedal racer which had a replica D-type body made from glass fibre.

The Swedes were excellent hosts, refusing to be perturbed

even when Ninian Sanderson, in one of his more obstinately experimental moods, insisted on going through their sauna-bath routine the wrong way round—starting with what was normally the finishing stage, a swim in a pool, and working his way backwards through the rest of the process.

In the actual races our luck was decidedly mixed. At Kristianstad one car retired with gear trouble when lying sixth. Jack Fairman was at the wheel, and 'Fearless Jack' had been lapping with the car first of all jammed obstinately in second gear and then in third. John Lawrence, sharing the second D-type with Archie Scott-Brown, was in third place when an oil-pipe burst, blinding him with a stream of the fluid. The car spun, and the petrol tank was torn from its mounting.

Wilkie and his pit team slaved to get both cars back in the running, and they finished eighth and ninth.

In the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa, with three cars entered, one was promptly disabled with valve trouble, a second needed lengthy attention for a delinquent fuel pump, and I had to watch Aston Martin romp home to victory with our one surviving car taking eighth place. At Silverstone, last outing of our season, we also finished down the field.

But the points table for the World Sports-Car Championship showed the overall result of the season's effort. Privately entered Jaguars, competing against works teams of unlimited (or very near it) resources, had still achieved third place behind Ferrari and Maserati—and ahead of, among others, Aston Martin, Porsche, and Osca!

In the midst of it all the team became involved in a number of considerably unusual activities. A toy-maker decided to produce a scale replica of the Le Mans winning D-type, finished in Scotland's still unofficial blue. A television unit parked on our doorstep, a theatre company 'borrowed' the engine note of our cars in tape-recorded form as background effects for a play, a fashion house used Ecurie Ecosse's exploits

to boost their sweaters (but didn't give me one!), and I had to be somewhat cross with a gentleman who began turning out Ecurie Ecosse blazer badges, on sale to anyone interested.

Against this somewhat hectic background I was suddenly presented with a suggestion which from the word go seemed to correspond with my constant aim—the furthering of Scottish motor sport and of Scottish participation in world motor racing.

Yet it came from a man who confessed he didn't know a thing about the sport!

Bill Woolward, a tall, dark, middle-aged Fifer who was an advertising agent in Edinburgh, started off by telling me: 'I've never seen a motor race in my life. I've never really wanted to see one . . . sailing is my hobby.'

But he had an idea which might help Ecurie Ecosse in the years ahead if I was interested.

'Plenty of people are desperately keen to know every step the team takes. A lot of them are here in Scotland, but there are hundreds of others abroad. You've got fans, supporters, who have an enthusiasm almost frightening to behold. Why not give them the chance to get together in an organized supporters' club, where they can not only share their enthusiasm but can find ways to help the team—because that's something they're eager to do?'

A few evenings later I was invited along to a meeting which a few friends had organized. The meeting was held in an hotel in Edinburgh, and the chair was taken by Lord Bruce, a young and genial motor-sport enthusiast.

The result was the birth of the Ecurie Ecosse Association.

'Ecurie Ecosse is your team-name, David,' I was reminded. 'Can we use it?'

I had no objections. At that stage it seemed a pleasant idea which could do the team no harm, and which perhaps might do it a lot of good.

There were details to be agreed upon. First, and most

important, the Association would be a body which was separate from the team and in which I had no part beyond the role of honorary patron. To put it bluntly, I didn't want shareholders' meetings making team decisions.

The new Association would have as its main aims the supporting of the team; the continuation of Scottish participation in international motor racing under the name of Ecurie Ecosse (which if I landed in the proverbial financial quagmire might be a very different objective); and the promotion and encouragement of Scottish motor sport generally. Lord Bruce would be president and chairman, and the rest would be up to public response.

Within a week of the initial announcement over 2,000 applications for membership avalanched into the headquarters of the new Association, which were situated in some spare accommodation adjacent to the Ecurie Ecosse tuning shops in Merchiston Mews.

In addition to the original Edinburgh centre, branches were formed by groups of motor-racing fans in Aberdeen, Dundee, and Glasgow. South of the Border other enthusiasts got together. The four Scottish branches were joined by similar branches in London, the Midlands, and in North-East England.

Like Topsy, the Ecurie Ecosse Association 'just growed'. At the invitation of the committee, I visited several towns—not so much to whip up enthusiasm, which was already there, but to spread the word that local groups were being formed.

Within a matter of a few weeks Bill Woolward's 'suggestion' had not only become a company limited by guarantee but was firmly established as a motoring club which, with over 2,500 paid-up members, was in Scotland second in size only to the hallowed Royal Scottish Automobile Club.

It had its own monthly magazine, a professionally produced job with illustrations. It began arranging special facilities for members attending motor-race meetings. The members had

their own distinctive lapel and car badges, based on the team's original design. A programme of motoring and social activities was under way. A 'junior section' was formed to cater for the many schoolboys (and schoolgirls) who clamoured to join. A definite new force had emerged overnight on the Scottish motor-sport field, a gathering point for people who, whatever their income brackets or abilities, had one basic factor in common—an interest in motor racing, bound up with a proud determination that Scotland was going to play a national part in the sport.

Quite a few couldn't drive. Only a handful had ever handled a racing car or even wanted to do so. But the establishment of the Ecurie Ecosse Association was in itself a complete justification of the efforts made by every member of the team, a strength behind Ecurie Ecosse of a type which remains unique in motor sport throughout the world.

It was from the world, too, that fresh membership applications began to come in.

Perhaps lists can be wearisome. But today the Association has members in all the following countries and places—and more besides.

Arabia, Argentine, Australia, Bahamas, Belgium, Borneo, Brazil, Canada, Channel Islands, Chile, France, Germany, Ghana, Hawaii, Holland, Hong Kong, India, Ireland, Italy, Jamaica, Kenya, Libya, Malaya, Maldive Islands, Mexico, New Zealand, Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Pakistan, Persian Gulf, South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Sudan, Sweden, Switzerland, Tanganyika, U.S.A., and even U.S.S.R.!

Magazines and information go out, news, views, and inquiries flow in. The Ecurie Ecosse Association has to have, among other things, an almost encyclopediac knowledge of the world's postal rates and regulations.

I thought this all quite wonderful, especially when, on expeditions abroad, the team now seldom took part in a race

meeting without the escorting aid of a number of local Association members.

But even more practical, undreamed-of, aid was on the way.

John Stenhouse, a Glasgow insurance broker who was then chairman of the General Council of the Association, walked into my office one day with a twinkle in his eyes and a definite purpose in view.

'You've been complaining for a while that your transporters are on their last legs,' he said. 'Would a new one be any use? One designed and built for the job?'

Any use? As an offer, it was magnificent. In cash value alone it represented over £4,000, quietly gifted and gathered as a surprise birthday gift to the team.

All our various transporters had until then been old single-decker buses which, discarded from their original role as passenger carriers, had been hacked and gutted into suitable shape. At one time or another these old buses had broken down in almost every country in Western Europe.

'Of course, you'll have ideas of your own that will obviously need to be incorporated into the final design,' murmured John Stenhouse.

I had!

For long years I'd envied the sleek custom-built transporter units which purred up to the race circuits to disgorge cars and equipment belonging to works equipes. Wilkie and I had often talked about our own dream transporter—and now it was to become solid, definite reality.

The transporter, to remain the property of the Association but assigned to our permanent use, began to take shape.

Based on a Commer seven-ton-truck chassis with an extended wheelbase, with a high-speed Diesel engine developing 105 brake horse-power and fitted with long-range fuel tanks, with a distinctive bodyline finished in the team's Flag Metallic Blue, its lines were eye-catching and at the same time practical.

A motor-racing team, foraying perhaps thousands of miles

from home, has to regard its transporter as the equivalent of the advanced base of a unit going into battle.

I had always made a practice of carrying as many pieces of equipment as possible so that the team could, whenever practicable, remain independent of outside help.

The new transporter had two decks, the lower comprising a driving cab with seating accommodation for the crew, then a stock-room and fitted workshop. Contrary to practice in some quarters, there was no intention that the transporter should also be living quarters for its accompanying mechanics. I'm against this in principle. In a team mechanics have a vital role to fill—a role which requires them to be as fresh as possible at the start of each day. A good night's rest in an hotel is far better than a 'doss-down' in the interior of a transporter.

The vehicle, 29 ft. 6 in. long, windscreen raked forward at the top so that the glass avoids glare, seating deep-cushioned with high back-rests for comfort on long, wearisome journeys, has accommodation for three cars. The rear door hinges downwards, and the first car, pulled by an electric winch, is drawn up two sets of ramps to its place on the top deck. The second car follows on to the ramps and is then raised hydraulically to the 'first floor' above, leaving space below for car number three.

As a design, it was a success. At any rate, Briggs Cunningham, the American millionaire racing enthusiast, wanted to buy the transporter for himself the first time he saw it. Last Christmas (1961) a toy-making firm turned out a faithful replica—seven and three-quarter inches long, yet equipped with such detailed items as spring suspension, articulated self-centring steering, a working loading ramp, and even a sliding door with a miniature workshop within!

Quite a few Ecurie Ecosse Association junior members found one in their Christmas stockings . . . Dad wanted to play with it.

The transporter, once formally handed over to our care,

became a key unit of equipment in the team line-up. Its facilities have saved the day more than once when unexpected trouble has arisen at a race meeting—not only for Ecurie Ecosse but for several other outside competitors!

It was only the first of many gifts, both in substantial cash sums and in kind, which Ecurie Ecosse supporters have handed over to the team with no strings attached as to use. On at least one occasion these gifts have saved the team from the horrible prospect of unwilling liquidation.

When Ecurie Ecosse Association members say they'll support the team they settle for no half-measures!

Looking into the future is always a risky business, and prophets have an unfortunate habit of being eventually embarrassed by their own utterances.

But the day may come when the Association, as a reservoir of enthusiasm and enterprise, may be an important instrument in the setting up of that cherished dream of Scottish racing drivers—a permanent race circuit, built for that purpose, situated in the heart of Central Scotland.

At the time I write this, Scotland, a nation with several racing drivers of international repute—two of them, Innes Ireland and Jim Clark, among the world's top ten Grand Prix professionals—has only one car-race circuit it can call its own. Charterhall, a former airfield situated near the English border, is maintained by the efforts of a small group of enthusiasts who have managed to save it from the fate which has resulted in other airfield circuits at Turnberry, Crimond, and elsewhere being lost to motor sport.

But Charterhall is a long way from the big cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Even worse, it is not available as a practice ground on which cars and drivers can be tried out.

If Ecurie Ecosse want to test a car, or observe a driver's abilities, then a 300-mile round trip has to be made into England.

Scotland has, on two wheels, produced riders of the

international calibre of Bob MacIntyre, the 'Flying Scot' from Glasgow, and his friend and close rival Alistair King of Killearn.

But they too must make that long journey south to practice or experiment.

There are hopes of a new Scottish racing circuit, hopes a little more concrete than before.

My ideal would be a race circuit established within easy reach of the three million people who live within a short radius of Glasgow and Edinburgh, a circuit which could capture its place in the European championship calendars.

Association football may be deeply entrenched as our national sport, but the magnet of the world's top drivers, men at present known only by accounts of their deeds shown on television screens or reported in print, would be irresistible to many.

A quarter of a million Frenchmen go to Le Mans. We might not approach that figure—but it is not outrageous to suggest that some day a hundred thousand Scots might flock to see their own drivers prove they can take on anyone and anything in the world.

'What about finance involved?' asks the critic in the corner.

On its own, a racing circuit might be hard-pressed to make up not only initial capital outlay but the necessary and quite considerable running costs with income restricted to a comparatively few race dates per year.

But that problem would be taken a long way towards solution if the race circuit concerned were part of a major sports ground, situated midway between Glasgow and Edinburgh—a midway point which, incidentally, would be close by the new giant British Motor Corporation factory established at Bathgate.

Representatives of almost every type of sporting activity have for years been stressing the need for such a multi-activity

centre. Established, it could be profitably busy almost every week-end of the year.

Such a motor-racing circuit would obviously have to be shared by drivers and motor cyclists alike . . . which raises the old bogey of clannishness.

'Car-racing people are selfish, and couldn't care less about motor-cycle sport' is a jibe I've heard hurled more than once. 'When cars and motor cycles are racing in a mixed programme the car types disappear to the tea tent whenever the motor cycles appear, and get away from the circuit the moment the last car race is over.'

There may be some substance for the charge. But, regretfully, I have a charge of my own to make. Any time I've been at a circuit where motor cycles are racing I have taken great and deliberate pains to go around looking at the two-wheeled machines. Motor-cycle tuning is an art in itself, and there can be valuable lessons waiting to be learned.

Walking around a racing-car paddock an enthusiast is assured of a friendly welcome almost everywhere he stops. Obviously, it isn't particularly diplomatic to try to have a natter with a man who is attempting to put his gearbox together again, but if a driver or mechanic has a moment to spare he's generally happy to talk about his car, about the track, or why he has a particular thingummyjig fitted.

Unfortunately, the same atmosphere doesn't seem to prevail in the motor-cycle area. Visitors, unless known, are either completely ignored or treated with suspicion.

There are faults on both sides, car and motor cycle. The relationship is far from perfect, which is ludicrous. Two wheels or four, we are all engaged in the same search for speed, the same hopes of victories, experiencing the same heartaches of mechanical failure, the same exhilaration of the close-run race.

Many of today's racing drivers started out on two wheels. There are motor-cycle clubs who turn out to help neighbouring car clubs run events, and vice versa. They give the lead. It is

time there was an end to mumbles concerning rich and poor relations. There are separate problems, separate enthusiasms—but there is also a basic sporting purpose.

It is time we jointly buried the hatchet—deep in the skulls of the few characters who are at the bottom of these artificial differences.

Take the Ecurie Ecosse Association as an example. Its membership transport ranges from expensive limousines through family saloons and midget sports cars to motor cycles, scooters, pedal cycles, and a considerable number of somewhat flat feet.

Perhaps, as a reader, you might be interested in knowing where to contact the Association. In plain English, if you can't beat 'em—join 'em at The Ecurie Ecosse Association, 7 Merchiston Mews, Edinburgh 10.

11

Of Machines and Men

THE years climaxing in the Le Mans and Monza glories can be classed as the upward climb during which Ecurie Ecosse rose from being an unknown shoestring outfit to becoming a well-known shoestring concern!

Since then, despite more than one spate of expensive accidents (example: season 1959, two cars, eleven races, eight crashes), Ecurie Ecosse can claim to have kept on winning more than its share of races and remains one of the few British teams of its type competing in international-class events.

Our drivers have steered their dark-blue cars at Le Mans, Nurburgring, Silverstone, Spa, and all the other familiar venues. Fulfilling long-held ambition, and delighting more than 300 Ecurie Ecosse Association members in North America, we have twice crossed the Atlantic to race in the United States; the second visit, in 1960, involving a tour of several thousand miles between race dates at Watkins Glen, Riverside, and Laguna Seca.

But not always, I'm afraid, with Jaguar cars. This is no fault of Ecurie Ecosse, but is simply due to the fact that several years of a gap existed between the fabulous Jaguar D-type competition car ceasing production and the launching of the Jaguar E-type.

Sir William Lyons, the chairman of Jaguar Cars Ltd, has gone on record that 'The Company has certainly not lost interest in racing. We have not neglected the necessary development work for returning to the sport. We have made certain

plans, but just when we will put them into operation must depend on circumstances.'

Unfortunately, suggestions that I have an inside pipeline source of information as to the Jaguar company's future plans are not correct. I make a practice of keeping quiet about Ecurie Ecosse's possible programmes until I have details more or less settled. Jaguar, with world markets and many other factors to consider, understandably adopt a similar attitude towards their 'certain plans'.

Jaguar cars remain my first and constant love. In fact, years after the D-type was obsolescent by fast-moving standards, one still remained on the team strength. I just couldn't part with a car which had served us so long and so well, a car which served as a constant reminder that to motor racegoers the world over Ecurie Ecosse meant dark-blue Jaguars.

Anticipating a change in sports-car race regulations, the team had for some time been carrying out development work on a three-litre version of the Jaguar engine. At the same time we knew the factory had also been operating a similar project. Eventually we installed the factory's newest three-litre prototypes in our own cars. But engine development takes a long time, with 'race proving' part of the necessary preliminaries—and the kindest thing I can say about the engines concerned, speaking as a customer, is that they certainly didn't perform in the best Jaguar traditions!

There may be nothing like motor racing for sorting out the technical 'bugs' from a new power plant. Unfortunately, Ecurie Ecosse's finances didn't permit bug-hunting expeditions if these ended with sick motor cars being heaved back into the transporter at a time when the race we had entered was only halfway through.

Still, the ties with Jaguar were strengthened when, Wilkie at his most enthusiastic, I decided that the time had come to develop a car all our own—a single-seater which was quickly dubbed the 'Monza Special'.

Archie Scott-Brown had been racing a Lister-Jaguar car produced by a small English motor-engineering firm run by Brian Lister. The car had been proving its worth in the best way possible, by winning race after race. We had a return date at Monza, but from our previous experience against the Indianapolis-type monsters brought over by American competitors, it was obvious that to have a chance of winning a car would have to be specially designed for the event.

I examined my bank-book and the Lister-Jaguar's record and specification, while Wilkie began covering hundreds of scraps of paper with strange little drawings.

Eventually he showed me the result, a plan of the Monza single-seater.

'It reads this way, David.' He began prodding the plan spread before us. 'The chassis is basically of the Lister type, but modified to cope with the sort of stress a car has thrown at it by the Monza saucer-bankings. We'd have the engine partially offset to the nearside, special lightweight brakes, a thirty-gallon aluminium-alloy petrol tank. We can use either a 3·8 or a 3·4 Jaguar engine, and we should get—well, say 200 m.p.h. from it.'

'Excellent. Design by Wilkie, chassis by Lister, engine by Jaguar, and money by Murray.' I gave my usual growls of despair, expressed the hope that my creditors would understand, and gave the project the go-ahead.

The car was built in two months, thanks to tremendous co-operation from all concerned. Jack Fairman took it out to Italy for some pre-race laps and then, with that very basic testing, it completed in the 500-mile Monza race—where, significantly, a number of other European drivers took part. My Monza Special did well, better than I'd hoped for such a rush project, then broke a valve in the second heat.

Another full year of testing and development and it would have been a car to reckon with. Instead, the team had to carry out a rush conversion job to turn it into a two-seater sports car.

The reason was a slow-drawling character from Kansas whom I have mentioned before, Masten Gregory.

From the day Masten began driving for Ecurie Ecosse I never knew whether he was going to win the race concerned, probably breaking the odd lap record in the process, or was going to leave his motor car lying crumpled somewhere round the circuit.

Wilkie took to saying quiet little prayers.

'Masten,' I wailed, 'I can understand anyone losing control of a car. But why do you have to keep jumping out when it happens?'

Masten, a baby-faced bespectacled twenty-eight-year-old, gave me a solemn, considered stare, then drawled: 'It's usually more convenient!'

Born in America, he did, however, have a Scottish grandmother—which allowed Ecurie Ecosse to claim him as our own.

Small and wiry in build, Masten took his motor racing very seriously. To have a meal with him was to experience an hour or so of non-stop car conversation, with food, as far as he was concerned, rather an annoying interruption.

At various times he lived in Rome, London, and Kansas, and for the first few years I knew him we seemed to bump into each other just as he and his wife were about to have another addition to their large and very happy family.

Weaned on Jaguars in American sports-car races, he came over to Europe, had a full season racing on the Grand Prix circuits, had works drives for Ferrari, and had only one complaint in life—his children were ardent fans of Stirling Moss, even when Father was racing against their idol!

Although one of our friendly transatlantic spies, in the shape of Briggs Cunningham, carried out a secret 'recce' of Indianapolis circuit to gauge whether it would be suitable for a D-type entry, the team's interest didn't get beyond a personal visit I made to the famous Brickyard.

Instead, our first American venture was the Sebring twelve-hour race in Miami. Two D-types were entered, with Ninian Sanderson, Ivor Bueb, and Ron Flockhart as the drivers from Britain, Masten Gregory being scheduled to join us on our arrival.

That we started in the race at all is due entirely to the friendly tolerance of one American traffic cop. The third time that state trooper stopped Ivor and Ninian after they'd broken the local speed limit in their hired Chevrolet he practically got down on his knees and asked them to behave.

Both cars, using the new three-litre engines, had to retire with valve trouble. But Masten had proved an extremely valuable driver, and I signed him on.

Stories about Masten are legion. Basically, he believed in keeping his foot on the throttle because a car went round more quickly that way.

One of his first British races for Ecurie Ecosse was at Silverstone. The traffic was so heavy around the circuit that we had to stop outside, unload the cars, and warm them up by the roadside. Undeterred, he won the seventy-five-mile sports-car race, and set up a new lap record. He followed that by a major win for the team in the Spa Grand Prix, driving a Lister-Jaguar (not our Monza car), finishing the race at a sizzling average speed of over 121 m.p.h. for the 131-mile distance.

He bent a car at the Nurburgring.

'But everybody does, it seems,' said Wilkie, pointedly. I knew better than to argue that particular point.

He bent another car at Silverstone—and we were lucky to be able to sell it for scrap!

In another race, when a petrol-pipe became dislodged, he came in so soaked in highly inflammable fuel that we had to lift him out. Then he asked what all the fuss was about.

Utterly fearless, horribly fast, Masten was also extremely polite. Once, that landed him in trouble, and, inevitably, the Aston Martin works team were involved.

Masten's car was racing well, but its brakes were giving trouble. He scorched past Tony Brooks, whose Aston Martin was at that moment not on its best behaviour. Masten gave a friendly wave as his Jaguar passed the Aston—then Tony Brooks suddenly saw the Ecurie Ecosse car's brake lights flashing on and off.

'I thought he was telling me something had fallen off,' said Tony most unhappily later. 'So I pulled straight into the pits.'

Nothing could be found wrong with the car, and Tony Brooks chased off again—but considerably delayed!

Masten was equally upset at any suggestion of gamesmanship. 'It was just a friendly "Hello", that's all,' he declared. 'Yes, my brake lights began flashing. But we were coming up to another corner, and unless I pumped the pedal like a pipe organ the brakes just wouldn't work.'

Masten's drives with Ecurie Ecosse will long be remembered—for a variety of reasons!

Another continuance of our Jaguar link was a Tojeiro-Jaguar, Wilkie-ized and put to fast and extensive use. With a dry weight of only seventeen hundredweight, a six-cylinder three-litre Jaguar engine, and a smooth, streamlined body-shell, it was 'worked up' for the 1959 Le Mans race, in which the team additionally entered a D-type which, with new regulations in force, was also fitted with a three-litre engine.

One of the 'promising young drivers' noted briefly by the Press as handling the Tojeiro on its first outings was a youngster named Innes Ireland. And it was agreed he had some 'quite interesting dices' with another Scottish newcomer, Jim Clark.

These two 'promising Scots' were placed among the world's top ten Grand Prix drivers at the end of the 1961 season, and I forecast that it will not be terribly long before one of them secures the cherished title of World Champion Driver. While Jim Clark drove only once for Ecurie Ecosse, his first love being naturally the Border Reivers team from Berwickshire, it is

interesting to note that among these top ten men no less than six have at one time or another driven for Ecurie Ecosse!

Innes Ireland, a Scot who has made his home in Wales because the countryside there is the nearest he can find to Scottish Highlands and still be in easy reach of English race circuits, has had his share of mishaps over the years. Each time his spirit and determination have triumphed over temporary adversity.

Innes is a character. After his first major crash, at Rouen, he cheerfully described his being catapulted from the car as finding himself 'flying through the adjectival tree-tops like an adjectival bird!'

It was Innes who, having a merry time with me at a party in a hotel near Silverstone, refused to believe a small, quiet, middle-aged barmaid who insisted on telling us that she had 'done a bit of wrestling'.

She frowned: 'All right one of you put your hands out.'

A mechanic obliged, and was promptly thrown straight over her shoulder. His head thumped against the stone floor and he was knocked unconscious!

Innes was in our team for the 1959 Le Mans, sharing the three-litre D-type with Masten Gregory, while the Tojeiro was driven by Ron Flockhart and John Lawrence.

The year before Ron had had to withdraw from Le Mans because of injuries and our two cars, using the highly experimental three-litre engines, had had to drop out after a few very fast laps, both suffering from piston trouble.

Luck wasn't particularly with us in the 1959 race either. After five hours' running, the D-type was lying second and the Tojeiro fifth. Then the three-litre bogey popped up again and the D-type had to retire.

At the nine-hour mark John Lawrence coasted into the pits, engine boiling.

Wilkie's diagnosis was gloomy. 'A small stone's gone smack through the radiator.'

Flung with bullet-like speed by the tyres of some car

ahead, the stone had caused a leak which might not have been too serious in some other races. But at Le Mans . . .

'Another fifteen laps to go before the radiator seals can be broken,' I reminded Wilkie. 'We can't add water.'

As good a temporary repair as possible was made. As John got into the car, I advised him: 'Just nurse her round until the next official pit-stop. Then we can do a decent job on it.'

But the heat generated in that racing engine, deprived of full cooling, was too much. The cylinder head was distorted and the Tojeiro-Jaguar had to be withdrawn.

Two races later, at Goodwood, the car's career came to an end. Masten Gregory and Jim Clark were sharing it in the six-hour Tourist Trophy Race, and the car was well placed when, at the five-hour mark, it just didn't come round any more.

Masten had ejected himself in immaculate style as the Tojeiro thumped into a banking. Engine, chassis, radiator, back axle, and body were wrecked. Even the main shaft in the gearbox was bent!

Le Mans, of course, is the constant highlight of the Ecurie Ecosse year. The team has never managed to repeat its wins of 1956 and 1957, but then some works outfits are still trying to achieve their first victory, and in motor racing the main thing is to keep trying.

We are always assured of a warm, friendly welcome from the French officials at the circuit—though at the same time their scrutineering remains cast-iron and more than one awkward clash has occurred.

In 1960, for instance, the late arrival of our latest hope, a speedy little Cooper-Monaco with a two-and-a-half-litre Coventry Climax engine, reduced our entry to one car, the D-type Jaguar.

It was the car which had been second at Le Mans in 1957, getting a trifle old perhaps, taking part in its fifth twenty-four-hour race with many other long-distance endurance races to its credit.

Tested, stripped, rebuilt, and retuned to Wilkie's immaculate specifications, it wasn't the youngest car present at the line-up, but it certainly was one of the cleanest.

Yet one French commentator grumbled that he 'regretted the presence of this odds-and-ends car. We should have preferred that it had not been entered, or that its owner had made some effort to produce a new body for it.'

Ron Flockhart and Bruce Halford managed to prove that our 'old-timer' could show a clean set of tyre-treads to much of the opposition, despite a downpour of rain.

'Mind you,' said Ron thoughtfully, 'it becomes rather difficult. Take her over 145 and the windscreen-wiper blades lift off the screen. Then the water runs up over the top of the windscreen and down into the cockpit. We could almost use a wiper on the inside of the screen as well as on the outside!'

Engine trouble, caused by overheating, forced us to withdraw.

Last year's Le Mans brought further howls from the scrutineering team. Though I remain a Jaguar fan, there was no competition car available—so, for the first time, Ecurie Ecosse broke away. I had entered two cars, with two separate objectives. First, going for an all-out win, there was the Cooper-Monaco, a car which had proved itself with a sparkling series of wins earlier in the season. Second, and aimed at the Index of Performance award, was a 'frog-eyed' Austin-Healey Sprite —a swift little sports car, though rather a strange animal to find in Ecurie Ecosse blue.

The Austin-Healey, to be driven by Ninian Sanderson and a newcomer from Glasgow, Bill Mackay, was first seen by the team when it was delivered direct to Le Mans from the factory. There were, of course, several alterations in bodywork and mechanical specification from the normal Austin-Healey, while the entire car had been lightened by the removal of such things as door panels, carpets, and other trimmings.

Scrutineering was the following day, and scrutineering at Le Mans is tougher and more fault-finding than anywhere else in the world.

I drove the Cooper to the inspection area, Ninian following with the Sprite. The cars were put through their various examinations and tests and then a very emphatic French official gave the verdict.

'M'sieu Murray, both cars have failed. There is much needing done.'

The Sprite's case wasn't too bad. First, its engine number was on a plate attached to the engine.

'It must be on the block itself,' declared the scrutineering team.

Then it didn't pass the ground-clearance test—cars have to be rolled over a raised block without any part of the underside touching its surface.

The solution was to slightly shorten the ends of two bolts holding the car's anti-roll bar.

The car also failed the exhaust test. When its engine was revved, sand in a tray placed alongside was seen to be disturbed.

'I can sort that out,' said a mechanic. 'But what the blazes are they up to with the Cooper-Monaco?'

Bluntly, the race organizers appeared to have a down on the Cooper immediately they saw it, and appeared to be going out of their way to search for difficulties which would prevent it running. Maybe it was the case that the Cooper was not a sports car in the production sense of the word, but rather a racing car designed to cope with sports-car regulations.

But then very few sports cars in production today meet these artificial standards—and in fact we saw a beautifully prepared three-week-old Morgan, one of the nicest little connoisseur sports cars produced in Britain today, perhaps the nearest thing to a real sports car entered, being completely

disqualified from running because, it seemed, it looked old-fashioned.

Extremely polite, completely implacable, one of the French scrutineers checked over the final list of faults they'd found on the Cooper-Monaco inspection.

Its engine number was stamped in an unusual position. Oh yes, they could see it by using a mirror, but that wasn't good enough.

Ground clearance was not satisfactory. We had managed to clear the raised block by blowing up the car's tyres to 60 lb. pressure, by raising the rear suspension, by wiring the under-tray to the chassis, and by fitting different coil springs. The adjustments were meant to be temporary, and it was usually accepted that such work would be improved on before a race.

Not this time, however. The Cooper passed the test, but the organizers objected to the manner of adjustment!

It also, it transpired, had failed the exhaust test.

The team worked long into the night, and I brought the Cooper back again the following morning.

'Good, M'sieu Murray,' agreed the chief scrutineer. 'These things have been attended to. However, there are some other points.'

The Cooper was fitted with knock-off wheels at the rear and ordinary four-nut wheels in front.

'Either your car has four wheels of the same type or it must carry one spare wheel of each type.'

It was obvious to any pedestrian that there wasn't room in the car for a second spare wheel. So the lads set to, removed the knock-off hubs, and substituted four-nut types.

At last they appeared satisfied . . . I thought.

Instead I was called over to talk to one of the presiding officials.

'We are unhappy about your car, M'sieu Murray,' he told me. 'We are having a meeting at six this evening to decide whether we will allow it to run in the race.'

At that, I blew up. 'The Cooper has been prepared in full accordance with your regulations. It has been accepted for entry and for practice. I don't think you can keep me from racing—and if you try I'll put the same case before the stewards of the meeting.'

The Cooper-Monaco and the Austin-Healey were both on the starting line when the race began.

The result was, quite simply, motor racing. After thirty-three laps the Cooper-Monaco, Bruce Halford driving, was missing.

Taking a fast right-hand bend, it had slid, hit a barricade, then revolved seven times before coming to rest.

The Sprite was posted missing after forty laps. Back came word that it had overturned at Maison Blanche corner, and Bill Mackay was injured.

Both drivers were taken to hospital, where Bruce Halford seemed to spend most of his time telephoning a variety of young ladies in England, assuring them he was relatively intact. Bill Mackay was more seriously hurt, and eventually was brought home to hospital in Glasgow. It was some time before he was up and about again, but throughout the many, at times painful, weeks he gave a fine display of cheerful courage.

Tommy Dickson, who shared the Cooper-Monaco with Bruce Halford, had told me just before Le Mans that he had decided to retire from the game. His motor-trade businesses at Perth and Forres were needing all his attention, and even his extensive use of a light aircraft, which he piloted to and from various circuits, didn't leave him enough time in his native city.

Well, Tommy said he had retired. But that remarkable little chap, with his broad Perthshire accent, upturned nose, and twinkling eyes soon changed his mind. In 1962 he was again driving for Ecurie Ecosse.

Tommy's route to race driving was, perhaps, unconventional. The main lesson to be learned is that it is almost impossible to hold a good little 'un down.

'What was your first job?' I asked him once.

'A butcher's boy,' was the somewhat surprising reply.

From the butcher's shop, where he saved enough money to buy a push-bike, he moved on to a job as an apprentice compositor. The push-bike, renovated and polished, was sold for £9, which he used to buy a rather rusty motor cycle. He sold the machine at a profit (a massive 30*s*.), bought another, worked on it, and disposed of it for £24.

With that kind of drive, combined with an energetic capacity for hard work, Tommy's career was set. A few years later he opened his own motor business.

His motor sport was at first on two wheels. Then he acquired a 500 c.c. Cooper-JAP, and within a very short time was established as one of Scotland's most consistent race-winning drivers, operating a very fast Lotus.

'Keeping fit, that's the thing,' he would declare. It was no secret that the Dickson household would frequently resound to midnight noises as Tommy got down to a spot of last-thing-at-night weight-lifting!

When I first invited him to have a trial run in an Ecurie Ecosse car he didn't bother to mention in his letter of reply that at that moment he had a dislocated shoulder in a plaster cast, the result of a road accident.

'Och, well, I didna' want to miss the chance,' said Tommy rather awkwardly when it came out later.

He had rushed round to a doctor friend, bullied him into removing the cast, then, ignoring considerable pain from his injured shoulder, had completed the driving test in fast and impressive style.

Tommy and the Cooper-Monaco might have been made for each other. They howled home to first place in race after race with the minimum of troubles.

In one of his last outings, however, at Aintree, he received a surprise.

Tommy and the Cooper were lapping quite consistently—

and then the car came round in unusual condition. From the cockpit aft, the bodywork had disappeared! Engine, wheels, suspension, and transmission operated naked and unashamed.

Two laps later he pulled in to the pits.

'Tommy, where the blazes have you left the rest of the car?' demanded Wilkie.

'Eh?' Our driver unfastened his yellow helmet, looked round, and let his mouth fall open, one of the few occasions on which he has ever been speechless. 'Man, I didn't know!'

The pit team finally located the tail section lying by the side of the Railway Straight. It had been wrenched off by wind pressure, but we managed to tie it back on again with the aid of a strong leather strap.

'The Charlie Drake of motor racing' is the irreverent nickname applied to Tommy by Wendy Jones, my personal secretary, race-circuit coffee-maker, and filer-away of regulations (which she has been known to completely mislay).

Wendy, otherwise known to the team as 'Auntie May', due to her ability to produce sandwiches, dry socks, or bandages, has, of course, commented in similar vein about several in the team.

Recently, taking part in a B.B.C. broadcast which was beamed overseas but not heard at home, she gave it as her opinion that the best thing to do when anyone was at a race meeting with David Murray was to steer clear of him.

Her opinion, not intended for my ears, was that 'He is so tensed up, so involved in what's going on, that the safest thing to do is bring him a cup of coffee now and again, lay it down beside him, touch him by the arm to let him know it is there—and then get away, quickly.'

In Tommy's case, of course, her labelling him a 'Charlie Drake' may be the result of what happened when she obtained a lift home in his aeroplane.

Halfway across England one of the doors burst open—the one at her side!

With a startling record of six wins in his first seven races with the team's Cooper-Monaco, Tommy was originally scheduled to be with me when I decided that Ecurie Ecosse's finances were just sufficiently healthy for us to accept an American invitation to participate in three international Grand Prix events being held in the United States in the month of October.

However, the organizers, conscious of the spectacle and draw such occasions could be built up to, made as a condition that I could use only internationally rated drivers. Jack Brabham, then the World Champion, Roy Salvadori, returning to the Scottish blue after an absence of years, and Paul O'Shea, the former American sports-car champion, were selected to share the drives.

Racing on the American continent is an experience in itself. In some long-distance events, for instance, competitors are advised to fit anti-vulture screens in front of headlamps and windscreens—and the suggestion isn't meant as a joke.

I have seen races held in temperatures where drivers brought their cars into the pits, jumped out, were doused with a bucket of water, and then roared off again, their clothes steaming.

However, the month of October brings more reasonable conditions, vultures were apparently out of season, and Wilkie and I looked forward to a busy but enjoyable—and, we hoped, rewarding—expedition.

Two cars were sent out from Merchiston Mews. The first was the Cooper-Monaco with its two-and-a-half litre-Coventry-Climax engine, the second was our faithful D-type Jaguar with the equally faithful and reliable 3·8-litre engine.

From the moment Jenny and I arrived in the United States it was obvious that American hospitality was to be at its best.

'The trouble is,' I groaned to Wilkie, 'racing over here is a test of pure stamina. These characters expect you to be at a party all night—and then working at the track all day.'

Play hard, work hard may not be the official motto of the United States, but there were times when it appeared to be the accepted, unwritten law.

The first race of the trio was at Watkins Glen. Roy Salvadori was handling the Cooper, and Wilkie's initial task was to 'tailor' the driving position to suit. The car's controls had been fitted round Tommy Dickson's short, sturdy frame, while Roy, on the other hand, was tall and long-legged.

'I've raised the steering wheel, cut away part of the dashboard, and modified the pedal controls,' reported Wilkie. 'If he bangs his knee now it's his own fault.'

In a strong field of Grand Prix and sports machines, Roy drove home to a creditable third place, the Cooper being the first sports car to finish. The D-type, steered by Paul O'Shea, came in seventh.

'Let's pack up and go,' was my instruction as soon as the races ended. The team had 2,700 miles to travel to the next event at Riverside, near Los Angeles, and the race date was only seven days' distant.

My wife rushed along like everyone else, but not without protest.

'I want to see some of the country while we're over,' she complained, 'not just the race circuits.'

Women are never satisfied, are they?

The race at Riverside was to be over a 200-mile distance. Wilkie and I examined the circuit and decided that higher axle ratios would have to be fitted to both cars. Then followed one of the many marathon sessions of toiling preparation which seldom if ever are known by more than a handful of the thousands of spectators who flock to a race meeting.

Wilkie began changing the axle ratios at eight on the Wednesday morning. He finished the task at 3.30 a.m. the following day, snatched some sleep, and was back at the car at 7 a.m. to make a few last alterations. Even then he wasn't finished. As soon as the practice sessions were over, he

decided to make another change in the Cooper's axle ratio, and also fitted larger jets to both cars!

The Cooper finished sixth in the actual race—but I have never seen a finer driving performance than that presented by Roy Salvadori in achieving his place. On the second lap the car spun off the circuit, the carburettor flooded, and the engine stalled. By the time he got going again he was last car in a field of thirty-one.

The cheers he received as, lap by lap, he fought his way back up among the leaders, were considerably louder than those which greeted the actual winners—and he deserved them.

The last event in the series was at Laguna Seca, a mere 500 miles away. The D-type Jaguar didn't quite manage to go quickly enough in the qualifying heats, which left the Cooper-Monaco, to be handled by Jack Brabham, as the sole Scottish entry.

Several times already I've emphasized the luck factor in motor racing. At Laguna Seca a Maserati travelling just a little way ahead of the Cooper threw up a quantity of stones as it took a line close to the edge of the track. One stone tore through the casing of one of the Cooper's front tyres. Jack Brabham managed to nurse his charge back to the pits, but my stopwatch showed that the car had lost five minutes by the time it got back into the race.

The event was being run in two heats, and though the enforced pit-stop had obviously knocked us out of the running, Jack stormed off in the second heat and got up to second place —despite the baulking efforts of two American-entered Maseratis. Stirling Moss was the only driver now ahead, with a lead of about fifteen seconds. Jack cut that back to five seconds and then the rear hydraulic-braking system failed. Wilkie traced the damage to another of those bullet-like stones which had hit the car in the first heat. The Cooper managed to finish the race, but it would have been madness to go quickly,

with only front brakes remaining fully operative, and he was placed well down the field.

More than one American member of the Ecurie Ecosse Association has written to me asking: 'Will the team return again to the States?'

I hope so, when Ecurie Ecosse's finances and the cars 'on strength' make me feel sure that we can once again give the American drivers a run for their money. Nor have I forgotten that still outstanding invitation we have to race at Indianapolis. I enjoy racing in America. The sport is excellent and the prize-money is in dollars!

Unfortunately, dollars, pesetas, pounds, or francs, Ecurie Ecosse is a trifle light on coinage at the moment. The Murray travelling money-bag was so empty after crash-and-crisis expenses at the 1961 Le Mans that for the first and only time I had to borrow some cash to pay our expenses on the homeward journey.

'Per ardua ad bankruptcy,' murmured some knowledgeable characters. 'That's the end of Ecurie Ecosse.'

It was a close shave, a very close shave.

12

Today, Tomorrow, and Beyond

As WITH almost every other form of sport, the face of motor racing is changing. Drivers from the golden age of Brooklands, of Auto-Union and Bugatti, Bentley and Delage, are emphatic in their insistence that today's rear-engined racing shells, so often alike in appearance, lack individuality and character; that the men who steer them are professional practitioners rather than extroverts with 'fire in their bellies'.

Perhaps in another thirty years' time the venerable greybeards of the original Ecurie Ecosse team will voice the same complaint. Certainly if the present trend of Formula Regulations continues there would appear to be every possibility that the racing machinery of that future era will consist of 200 m.p.h. Go-Karts.

To succeed, any organized sport requires its rules and regulations. Unfortunately, the flood of racing legislation produced over the last few years has often done little more than increase the confusion and alarm in which manufacturers, equipe managers, and private drivers attempt to plan their future programmes.

Unlike a well-known brand of toy soldier, the modern racing car can't be produced at short notice by the mere jigsawing together of interchangeable parts.

It is one thing for the Commission Sportive Internationale, the House of Lords of motor racing, to decide that modern racing machinery goes too quickly and that, for safety reasons, there must be new limits on engine sizes.

For instance, recently it decided that the whole conception of sports cars had grown out of control, and promptly sounded the death-knell of these machines as far as championship racing was concerned. In the place of the sports car, the C.S.I. decided on the grand-touring car, usually of enclosed saloon type, carrying full equipment and obviously slower.

With that settled, manufacturers and racing teams, though regretting the passing of the sports machine, decided that they'd plan ahead and were content to allow their existing sports machines to suffice while concentrating on grand touring development.

Then the clubs and organizations who run some of the world's biggest motor races suddenly woke up to what was happening and began lodging massive protests.

'People won't be so interested in grand-touring races,' they declared. 'We need spectators to make motor racing pay its way—and the only way to do that is to keep the sports car!'

The whole set of rules was turned upside down again. At very short notice it was decided that sports cars could run in championship races for a championship of their own—and that grand-touring cars, far from being the championship kingpins, would now run alongside the sports cars, with no outright championship of their own.

'There will, of course, be subdivisions within each race,' it was explained to me. 'Thus a sports car may win a race, but the grand-touring cars which follow behind will still have class awards at stake.'

Unfortunately, one little point seems to have been overlooked. It may be enjoyable to keep an eye on the inter-car battles going on down the field during a race. But it is the car first past the chequered flag which is the victor, receiving the plaudits, publicity, and sales prestige.

Class winners usually have to settle for, at best, a mention in small type.

The race itself becomes a confusion of categories and calculation.

The 1962 Le Mans race, for instance, was open to grand-touring cars of over 1,000 c.c. and to prototype or experimental cars of up to 4,000 c.c.—the latter sometimes unkindly dubbed 'the hairy monsters'.

The result was a bewildering mixture of speeds and sizes.

Operating a private team, where the purchase of even one new car is a major investment, I'm at times almost terrified at what decisions may next be pulled out of the hat! It is obvious that motor racing must find a new and finalized set of categories, one which will be binding for some years to come.

How I wish they'd get on with it!

One result of this type of confusion was that it was April 1962 before we could start work on the minor miracle which was to be our Le Mans entry for that year. Until February I hadn't the foggiest notion what type of car Ecurie Ecosse would have on the starting line. Jaguars weren't keen on letting me have an E-type for the race and I didn't want to run the Cooper-Monaco again. My final decision, after talks with John Tojeiro and with at least moral support from The Friends of Scotland, a group I'll tell you about later, was to build two coupé cars, experimental G.T. types, using a Tojeiro chassis, a 2½-litre Coventry Climax engine and a Cooper five-speed gearbox. A car which would be the first prototype rear-engined G.T. car produced in Britain.

Eight weeks from the start of work, on June 18th, the two cars were on French soil—one ready to take part in the race, the other still not fully assembled but jolly useful for spare parts if anything went wrong! The drivers were Tommy Dickson and Jack Fairman, and the main objective was to be the first British car to finish.

The car ran satisfactorily for eight hours, then a gearbox failure caused its retiral. I was happy with a completely new car

which I now knew could touch 165 m.p.h., and I felt that the lessons learned at Le Mans 1962 would stand us in good stead for 1963. It's amazing what you find out under actual racing conditions, especially at Le Mans!

I've mentioned that the sport is changing. Another change is in driving personnel. At one time, not so many years ago, the expert view was that a Grand Prix racing driver had to be matured over the years. He wouldn't reach the peak of his skill until he was around the forty mark.

Today's top drivers are considerably younger, equally skilful, and, thanks to advances in design, have cars which travel much more quickly.

The Italian ace, Fangio, whom I regard as the best driver of all time, might be described as typical of the first process of development.

Britain's Stirling Moss crystallizes the second. Stirling can drive any kind of car and, while I feel he may not always be the best judge of a particular car, because every car goes so well with him at the wheel, he can pilot any kind of vehicle round a circuit more quickly than anyone else I know.

Faster cars and smaller engines call for the development of finer control and swift assessment. Today's racing driver must have all the skill and more of his predecessor.

However, as compensation, he is usually spared one of the hardships which, only ten or so years ago, was regarded as the regular lot of the man behind the wheel.

Methanol fuel was then pressure-fed into a car's tank when it came into the pits.

From personal experience, I can vouch for the fact that the rate of flow was not always accurate. More than once I had to drive off again sitting in an unpleasantly wet pool of methanol, a substance which is unkind to the human bottom.

'Here's another victim!' was the regular greeting as, the race over, I entered the first-aid post for medical treatment to my tender, blistering hindquarters. The sight of nurses applying

soothing lotions to the inflamed posteriors of a covey of drivers was one calculated to reduce the glamorous atmosphere surrounding those crash-helmeted heroes.

Blisters apart, Ecurie Ecosse has also seen changes over the years. One of the most recent and definitely most misunderstood was when Wilkie Wilkinson, with family and racing pigeons, moved south to Bourne in England to take charge of the maintenance of the B.R.M. racing cars.

I had entered into an agreement with Mr Alfred Owen, head of the Owen Group of companies and the B.R.M. sponsor, whereby Wilkie would be based in Bourne during the racing season. In return the B.R.M. garaging, maintenance, and preparation facilities at Bourne were placed at the disposal of Ecurie Ecosse and Wilkie would continue to direct the tuning, testing, and preparation of the team cars.

The advantages to be gained from association with the tremendous resources available at Bourne were obviously considerable—and at the same time Wilkie was not in any way dissociating himself from Ecurie Ecosse.

'Aye, so you're leaving Scotland,' was the immediate response from several quarters. Even today some people still believe that the team have scampered over the Border, never to return.

They are wrong. The team cars may not always be located in Edinburgh between races, but the team's home base remains at Merchiston Mews.

The facilities available in England can save many long transporter journeys for cars and equipment between Scotland and the English circuits. It has also been a delight to be only a short distance away from track-testing facilities which just don't exist at home.

I'll say it again. Wilkie's availability, one of our most valuable assets, remains unchanged. And Ecurie Ecosse is still Scotland's team, in every sense of the word.

That should help to set at rest the minds of, among others,

a considerable number of schoolboys who, from their letters, ear determined to be the Ecurie Ecosse stars of tomorrow.

The letters from these youngsters, incidentally, nearly all have one request in common.

'How can I get the most enjoyment from watching motor racing? Should I watch the pit area of the finishing stretch or would you suggest I post myself at one of the corners?'

The motor-racing spectator who wants real value for his admission money should at all costs avoid staying in just the one place. My advice is move around, spend a little while watching the pits area—though it is probably the dullest section of the circuit activities—but concentrate on visiting the various corners of the circuit.

Many a young would-be racing driver, hoping to some day achieve his ambition, has learned valuable lessons from watching the way in which the maestros of the wheel take various brands of corner.

It is particularly fascinating to watch how, one after another, expert drivers almost invariably settle for exactly the same line round a particular bend or curve.

If you are a really keen spectator of motor racing then you almost definitely know something about motor engines. In that case listen as well as look. Hear and see the points at which a driver decides to change gear or brake, slow down or accelerate. Compare one driver's judgement with that of another and, if you have or can borrow a stopwatch, check their lap times to confirm how skill gains seconds.

Watch, too, for the little idiosyncrasies of individual drivers. One well-known racer takes every corner in a positive scowl of concentration. Another, breaking accepted practice, usually goes round with one hand on the wheel and the other holding on to the door-sill. A third seems to sit permanently at attention —the list is endless.

And don't, incidentally, scorn the 'curtain-raiser' events, the little five- or ten-lap tussles between local club drivers,

many of them driving perfectly ordinary cars which take them to and from work on week-days—cars which have had the slender benefit of a spot of Saturday-morning home-tuning and the removal of the rear seat.

Regardless of the cars concerned, Mini or garden-built special, these are the races in which the discerning watcher may first spot a young driver destined to reach the top.

Borders farmer Jim Clark was one of these lads. He started out with a perfectly ordinary car, taking part in quiet little Sunday-afternoon rallies. For a lark, he tried the same car in a sprint, then took part in these same club-type races, competing against drivers who were, in the main, neighbours and friends.

Grand Prix motor racing now takes Jim Clark to places as far away as New Zealand, Africa, and America.

Another Jim Clark of tomorrow may be taking part in the next club race meeting being held in your area.

Motor racing is dangerous. The sensible spectator respects the fact without allowing it to overawe him. He knows that a boundary rope or fence and the track marshals alongside are not there just to stop him getting a better view or a finer photograph, but to keep him clear of an area where there may be the danger of a car skidding or spinning.

Metal-to-metal contacts, caused by human error or mechanical failure, are always a possibility in every race. Race organizers have, as one of their essential duties, the minimizing of the effects of such incidents. Without hesitation I would describe British and German circuit organization as being supreme—the average German race circuit, for example, has a telephone-linked report post every few hundred yards round its entire distance.

The most haphazard organization, on the other hand, is encountered in Spain and the Argentine. In both countries drivers have been shocked to find areas where spectators are actually allowed to sit on the verge of the roadway, their feet

projecting on to the tarmac, often only inches away from natural driving-line through a curve or corner!

Safety should always be a dominant factor in pit-work—and no team manager can afford to relax for a second when his cars are being examined.

I blush at the memory of an instance which occurred at the very beginning of Ecurie Ecosse. In one of the team's first race meetings a car went out to practice, then came in for examination.

I checked the condition of the tyres, then took a second look and exploded.

'Who put on the tyres? Look at them—different sizes! A 6·50 size back and front on one side, and a 6·00 size back and front on the other!'

The team learned from that incident. No matter how positive we may be that the correct tyres have been fitted, tyre sizes have ever since been included in our final pre-race check.

Sometimes—but not as often as the outsider imagines—disaster occurs during a race. There may be dead or injured, but the race usually goes on. The men who take the decision are neither callous nor foolish. They know that confusion would follow the abandonment of a meeting. The flood of spectators leaving a circuit would hamper the operation of emergency services. The show goes on from necessity rather than tradition.

I have seen disaster. I have lost good friends, though the team itself has been spared such tragedy.

These happenings, I decided, have no place nor part in this story. Sufficient sensationalist accounts have been given in other places by other writers to satisfy the minority of racegoers who have a lust for these details of blood and misery.

Looking back over the short history of Ecurie Ecosse, I remember instead the friendship and fellowship which is an ever-present by-product of the sport.

It would be impossible to catalogue these incidents and the individuals concerned. 'Trade' representatives who slaved long beyond the call of their individual duties, and who didn't mind getting their hands oil-stained in the process: the rival team manager who, hearing we were short of a vital spare, produced the item from his own supply; the little outposts of British enthusiasts abroad who pitched in as unpaid pit-workers —and sacrificed part of their holiday time in the process.

Friendship is one asset in which Ecurie Ecosse is rich by any standard.

How does the team stand today?

Ecurie Ecosse is a stable privately owned by a person of modest means.

The team's income has consisted of:

(a) A retaining fee from an oil company.

(b) Starting money, when available (at Le Mans, for instance, no starting money is paid).

(c) Prize-money from race organizers.

(d) Bonuses from accessory manufacturers, paid only for successes.

(e) Donations from the Ecurie Ecosse Association.

(f) The difference between expenditure and income, which comes from my private pocket.

Over the years these private payments have come well up in the five-figure group. In only one year did the team's income exceed expenditure. In all the other years expenses put Ecurie Ecosse considerably into the red.

By taking Scotland's flag into the field of international motor racing, Ecurie Ecosse is challenging the pride, might, and money of the world's motor manufacturers—though, as often as not, Ecurie Ecosse drivers have been at the wheel of a car which had already been superseded by a new model.

The organization behind these drivers, from mechanics to typists, has other basic duties to perform, from bread-and-

butter servicing of customers' cars to carrying out my other business commitments.

Yet Ecurie Ecosse can still be named, as it has been, 'the most successful private racing stable of all time'.

The credit belongs to each individual in the team.

And talking about credit, the cost of motor racing is constantly rising and after the Le Mans débâcle of 1961 I had to announce to the world at large that my private pocket could no longer stand the continual drain of supporting a private motor-racing stable.

Fortunately, many friends gathered round and together we formed a group called 'The Friends of Scotland'. This group has as its basic task the gathering of the main funds necessary to finance the building and the racing of cars. It in no way supplants the enthusiastic and energetic Ecurie Ecosse Association, which remains the team's loyal supporters' club, ever ready to help. By forming 'The Friends of Scotland' it is hoped that the financial stability of Ecurie Ecosse will be ensured for some considerable time.

As things are, we will keep going as long as possible, operating a team which every now and again gives the 'big fellows' of the racing world a surprise jolt—and which itself receives an occasional bloodied nose in return.

And tomorrow? Ecurie Ecosse will race. But I have my eye on other targets. I think it is about time Scotland's name began appearing in the speed-record tables. Ecurie Ecosse may soon be organizing its first attempt at world-class record-breaking for distance or speed, perhaps both.

Of course, I would like to think that these records could be set up by a Scots-built car, assembled at Merchiston Mews!

My dividend, racing apart? A rag-bag of impressions from a variety of experiences.

Outside Rheims I have stood at midnight on the 1914–18 battlefield—silent and ghostly.

In New York's Greenwich Village I have been embroiled in a non-stop binge thrown by an American business man who chewed cold lobster without taking the cigar from between his teeth.

In Amsterdam, in a run-down hotel, I have joined other guests in a midnight battle against an invasion of bed-bugs and cockroaches.

In Madrid, surrounded by sympathetic Spaniards, I have thrilled at the energetic dancing of the fandango.

In Monte Carlo, while the overdressed and far too wealthy players won and lost chips of fantastic financial proportions, I have stood amazed and not untempted to cash my small pile of travellers' cheques.

In Paris I have been at places where it is impossible to tell the *hommes* from the *dames*.

In Barcelona I have been entertained to the most lavish dinner ever in an open-air restaurant, while outside crowds of hungry beggars peeped over the surrounding hedges.

In Milan I have watched while an embarrassed racing driver had to call the police to free him from the embraces of an enthusiastic Italian racegoer.

In Jersey I have seen an oil-company executive cut his tie in two pieces, and give one to a mechanic barred from a reception because of his lack of neckwear.

In Scotland I have seen small boys' eyes light up at the sight of dark-blue cars with the St Andrew Saltire.

Yet these were exceptional episodes. For the truth is that motor racing can at times be a tremendous disappointment to the young enthusiast, who is in a state of preconceived excitement created by tales of the glamour of life in the racing 'circus'. One must be ready for many dullish interludes. There are times when one feels to be in a Scottish Sunday, and there eventually comes the moment when, deep in, say, a primitive Gasthaus near the Nurburgring, one distrusts all the glamour acceptably associated with motor sport.

What perhaps, naively, many of us have been unprepared for is that the sport has gradually been altered in many ways during the past ten years. So, before the winds of change scour through, as they must and should, I have tried to recall times and incidents many of which, to me at least, have given simple pleasures. Pleasures shared as a team and by a team.

APPENDIX A

ECURIE ECOSSE SUCCESSES

Year	Meetings	First Places	Second Places	Third Places
1952	14	10	6	6
1953	15	10	9	5
1954	17	12	11	9
1955	12	7	5	3
1956	16	9	8	9
1957	10	2	2	—
1958	10	3	1	1
1959	10	2	1	3
1960	11	8	—	1
1961	10	5	—	2
Total	125	68	43	39

APPENDIX B

ECURIE ECOSSE—LIST OF EVENTS

1952		
April	6	Charterhall
	12	Castle Coombe
	19	Ibsley
May	3	Turnberry
	10	Silverstone
	24	Crimond
	29	Isle of Man
July	10	Jersey
Aug.	2	Boreham
	9	Crimond
	23	Turnberry
Sept.	6	Curragh
Oct.	4	Castle Coombe
	11	Charterhall
1953		
April	12	Charterhall
	18	Ibsley
	25	Castle Coombe
May	23	Charterhall
	25	Thruxton
	30	Snetterton
June	18	Isle of Man
	25	Snetterton
July	5	Reims
	11	Leinster
	25	Spa
Aug.	3	Thruxton
	15	Charterhall
	22	Goodwood
	30	Nurburgring
1954		
Jan.	24	Buenos Aires
April	3	Castle Coombe
	10	Oulton Park
	19	Goodwood
May	1	Goodwood
	8	Ibsley
	15	Silverstone
	29	Aintree
June	5	Snetterton
	7	Goodwood
	12	Oulton Park
July	11	Charterhall
	17	Silverstone
Aug.	15	Zandvoort
Sept.	4	Charterhall
	25	Goodwood
Oct.	23	Barcelona
1955		
April	2	Oulton Park
	11	Goodwood
May	7	Silverstone
	14	Dundrod
	29	Nurburgring
July	9	Leinster
	16	Aintree
Aug.	6	Charterhall
	13	Snetterton
	20	Goodwood
	27	Crimond
Sept.	3	Aintree

1956		
Mar.	25	Snetterton
April	2	Goodwood
	14	Oulton Park
	21	Aintree
	29	Charterhall
May	5	Silverstone
	13	Spa
	21	Goodwood
June	23	Aintree
July	1	Reims
	8	Rouen
	14	Silverstone
	28	Le Mans
Aug.	12	Sweden, Kristianstad
	18	Oulton Park
Sept.	8	Goodwood
1957		
Jan.	20	Buenos Aires
May	12	Mille-Miglia
	12	Spa
	26	Nurburgring
June	15	St Etienne
	22	Le Mans
	30	Monza
Aug.	11	Sweden, Kristianstad
	25	Spa
Sept.	14	Silverstone
1958		
Mar.	22	Sebring, U.S.A.
April	19	Aintree
May	3	Silverstone
	18	Spa
June	1	Nurburgring
	22	Le Mans
	29	Monza
July	19	Silverstone
Sept.	13	Goodwood
	28	Charterhall
1959		
Mar.	22	Snetterton
	30	Goodwood
April	11	Oulton Park
	18	Aintree
May	2	Silverstone
	18	Goodwood
June	7	Nurburgring
	20	Le Mans
July	18	Aintree
Sept.	5	Goodwood
1960		
May	14	Silverstone
	28	Charterhall
June	6	Goodwood
	25	Le Mans
July	3	Charterhall
	16	Silverstone
Aug.	1	Aintree
Sept.	17	Snetterton
Oct.	9	Watkins Glen, U.S.A.
	16	Riverside, U.S.A.
	23	Laguna Seca, U.S.A.
1961		
April	3	Goodwood
	15	Oulton Park
	22	Aintree
	23	Charterhall
May	6	Silverstone
	22	Goodwood
	28	Nurburgring
June	10	Le Mans
Aug.	7	Aintree
Sept.	24	Charterhall

APPENDIX C

THE DRIVERS

Ecurie Ecosse drivers during its first ten years' history, listed in alphabetical order

Mike Anthony
John Bekaert
Peter Blond
Jack Brabham
Allan Brown
Ivor Bueb
Jim Clark
Frank Curtis
Hans David
Robert Dickson
Tom Dickson
Bill Dobson
Jack Fairman
Ron Flockhart
Guy Gale
Masten Gregory
Bruce Halford
Peter Hughes
Innes Ireland
John Lawrence
Lord Louth
Bill Mackay
Roberto Mieres
David Murray
Paul O'Shea
Tony Rolt
Roy Salvadori
Ninian Sanderson
Archie Scott-Brown
Sir James Scott-Douglas
Wolfgang Seidel
Bill Smith
Dick Steed
Ian Stewart
Jimmy Stewart
Dick Stoop
Leslie Thorne
Desmond Titterington
Peter Walker
Wilkie Wilkinson

APPENDIX D

PRODUCTS USED BY ECURIE ECOSSE

Petrol and oil	Esso Petroleum Co. Ltd
Tyres	Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd
Electrical equipment	Joseph Lucas Ltd
Sparking plugs	Lodge Plugs Ltd
Brake linings	Mintex and Ferodo
Shock absorbers	Armstrong Ltd
	Girling Ltd
Disc brakes	Dunlop Ltd
Valve springs	Herbert Terry & Sons Ltd
Bodywork	Kirkness & Innes Ltd, Viewforth, Edinburgh
	Williams & Pritchard Ltd, London
	Wakefields of Byfleet
Cars	Jaguar
	Cooper
	Lister
	Tojeiro
	Connaught