



GRAND
PRIX
DRIVERS
CLUB

Remembering 70 years of F1

2020



**IL FUTURO
E' DI CHI
HA UNA
STORIA DA
RACCONTARE**

**THE FUTURE
BELONGS
TO THOSE
WHO HAVE
A STORY TO TELL**

Museo dell'Automobile **BONFANTI - VIMAR**

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Fondato nel 1991 da un gruppo di soci tra i più rappresentativi del CVAE (Circolo Veneto Automoto d'Epoca, a sua volta nato nel 1961 e secondo club in Italia per anzianità), il Museo dell'Automobile "Bonfanti-VIMAR" è stato il **primo museo europeo ad organizzare mostre tematiche semestrali**.

Le 40 esposizioni, organizzate tra il 1991 ed il 2011, hanno permesso al "Bonfanti-VIMAR" di guadagnare più volte, nel 1999, 2000, 2001, 2004 e 2007, il Trofeo di "miglior museo europeo della motorizzazione", organizzato annualmente a Mulhouse, nell'Alsazia francese durante la "Grande Parade de Mulhouse - Festival automobile". Fornito di un **nutrito archivio** con una sezione definita "Archivio Storico Veneto" che raccoglie oltre 800 voci fra pionieri, inventori, progettisti, piloti, imprenditori, imprese, primati, manifestazioni e altro, il "Bonfanti-VIMAR" viene spesso consultato da riviste specializzate, giornalisti, scrittori, case automobilistiche e studenti.

Si sono inoltre consolidati negli anni **prestigiosi accordi di collaborazione** con il Museo Nazionale dell'Automobile di Torino, con il Museo Nicolis di Villafranca (VR), con il Museo Nuvolari di Mantova, con il Gruppo Editoriale Domus, con la Galleria Ferrari, con il Museo Lamborghini, con il Museo Alfa Romeo e con TG2 Motori e il Canale televisivo tematico "Nuvolari".

Il museo "Bonfanti-VIMAR" organizza fin dal 1997, mediamente due volte l'anno, **corsi per restauratori di veicoli d'epoca**: percorsi formativi di diversa tipologia e durata, per principianti e per professionisti, teorici e pratici.



Founded in 1991 by a group of Members of the CVAE (Circolo Veneto Automoto d'Epoca) among the most representative - the Club had been born in 1961 - the **Automobile Museum "Bonfanti-VIMAR"** was **the first one in Europe to organize six month long thematic exhibitions**, 40 exhibitions, organized between 1991 and 2011, allowed the "Bonfanti-VIMAR" to win much more than once the trophy **"Best motoring museum in Europe"** - in 1999, 2000, 2001, 2004 and 2007. The trophy is granted yearly in Mulhouse, in French Alsace, during the "Grande Parade de Mulhouse - Festival Automobile". With a **rich archive** of over 800 items between pioneers, inventors, designers, drivers, entrepreneurs, companies, firsts ever, exhibitions and more, the "Bonfanti-VIMAR" is often consulted by specialized magazines, reporters, writers, automotive houses and students. Over the years **prestigious cooperation agreements** were made with the Museo Nazionale dell'Automobile in Turin, with the Nicolis Museum in Villafranca (VR), with the Nuvolari Museum in Mantua, with the Domus Publishing Group, with the Galleria Ferrari, with the Lamborghini Museum, with the Alfa Romeo Museum, with the weekly motoring magazine of the nationally broadcasted Channel Two, TG2 Motori, and with the private TV channel Nuvolari. The "Bonfanti-VIMAR" Museum organized, on average twice per year, **course for collectible cars restorers**, formation courses of different kind and duration, for beginners and professionals, both theoretical and practical.



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Remerciements:

Mario Andretti
Gerry Ashmore
Richard Attwood
Daniele Audetto
Tony Brooks
Thierry Boutsen
Stefano Chiminelli
Bernie Ecclestone
Guy Edwards
Christoph-Antoine Gaascht
Howden Ganley
Graham Gauld
Hans Herrmann
Monisha Kaltenborn
Lauro Malavolti
Jochen Mass
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Marc Surer
Mario Theissen
Murray Walker
Mike Wilds
Reine Wisell
Helmut Zwickl

Photo's:

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Peter Meierhofer
Peter Nygaard
Gerry Ashmore
Daniele Audetto
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Les Présidents

Louis Chiron

3.8.1899 - 22.6.1979

Juan Manuel Fangio

24.6.1911 - 17.7.1995

Toulo de Graffenried

18.5.1914 - 20.1.2007

Phil Hill

20.4.1927 - 28.8.2008

Jochen Mass

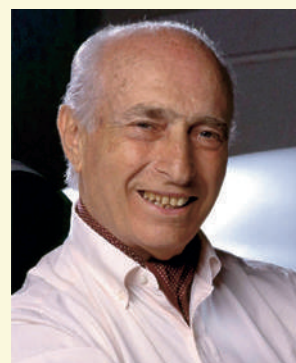
30.9.1946

Maria Teresa de Filippis

11.11.1926 - 9.1.2016

Howden Ganley

24.12.1941

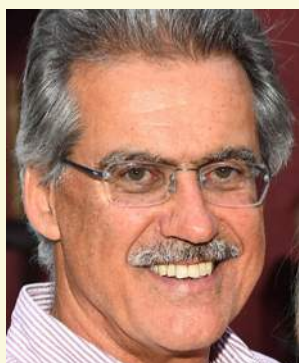


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2019*



Mario Theissen

*Vice Président
2019*



Tim Schenken

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Theo K. Huschek

*Secrétaire Général
2002*



***Agnes de
Laborderie Carlier***

*Secrétaire Adjoint
2013*



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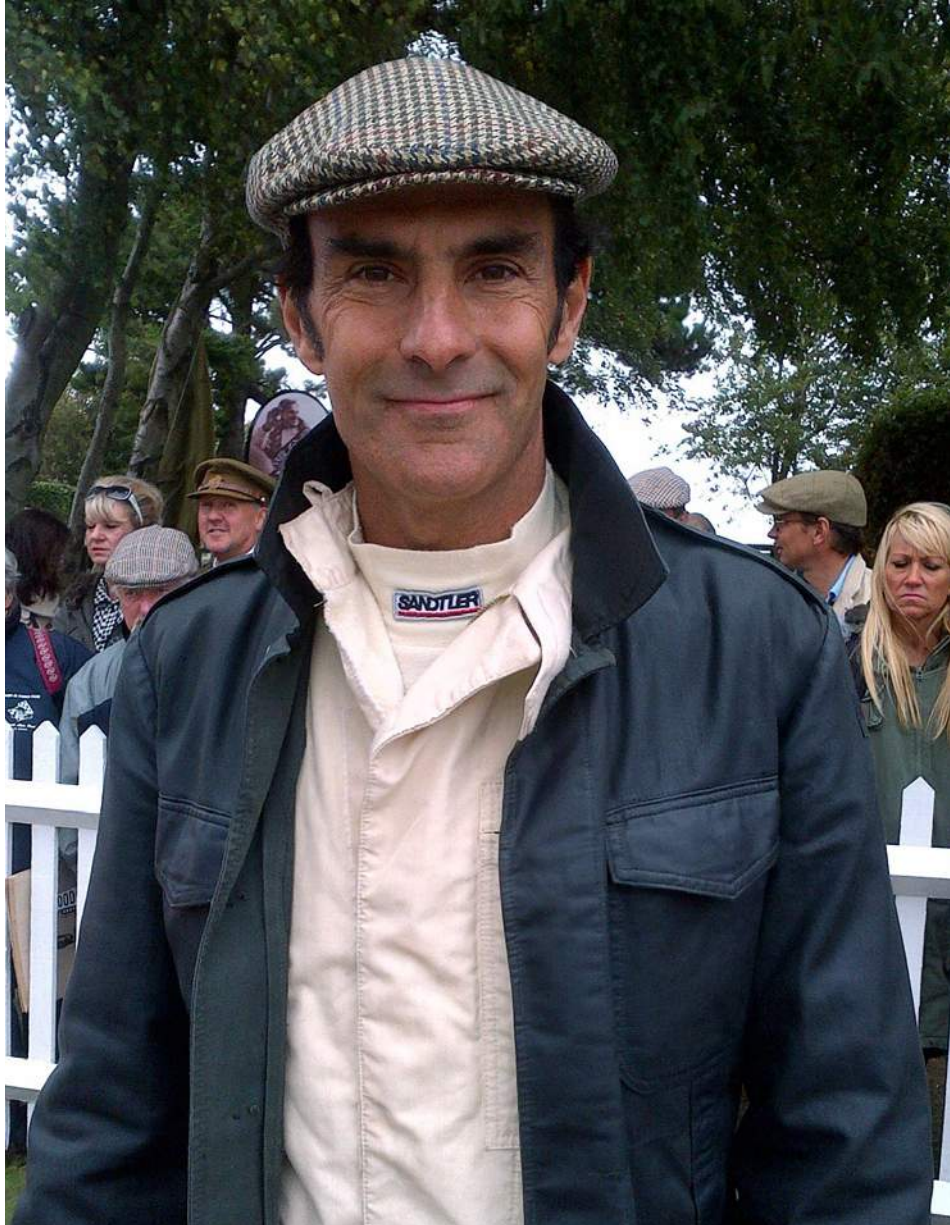
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Gianfranco Comotti
Albert Divo
Juan Manuel Fangio
Nino Farina
Paul Frère
Toulo de Graffenried
Yves Giraud-Cabantous
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<i>Sir Frank</i>	<i>Williams</i>



| Emanuele Pirro

A word from the President

Last year, in our editorial, I wrote that we were facing a great season with the celebrations of the 70 years of Formula One. Unfortunately, I could not have been more wrong! We faced a year where the keyword was “survive”. How crazy this world is, isn’t it? We, as racing drivers should be prepared for the unexpected, but who could have predicted what we experienced?

I was in Melbourne, for the Australian GP, which had been cancelled the night just before FP1 and it was a surreal situation. However, Formula One managed to run a complete season crowning Lewis Hamilton and Mercedes World Champions in a spectacular way. What a remarkable achievement to run 17 races in such a situation! It has been possible thanks to the massive effort of the many people (not so many after all) of F1 and FIA, who worked day and night, developed new strategies, took risks, and managed to bring a great season home. Well done to them, on behalf of all the members!

As there was not much to share concerning the Club activities, we decided to give another perspective to this Annual Publication and asked all members to share untold episodes of their life in Formula One. It came out as a remarkable collection of great stories. This is what the Club is all about. Many thanks to everyone for their contribution!

Sadly, we lost some great people during this 2020... above all Sir Stirling Moss. No words are enough to describe the magnitude of his career and his contribution to motorsport, without mentioning what he did for the Club. I would also like to mention Paolo Marzotto and Mariò de Araujo Cabral.

We also celebrated some milestones though, Bernie within a few months became a father again and... turned 90, no words to add!! David Piper turned 90 as well and is still keeping a great form. Mario Andretti, Richard Attwood, Gerard Larrousse and Kurt Ahrens reached the even number 80.

However, the great grandfather of us all is Nano da Silva Ramos, who remarkably turned 95!

Despite these great achievements, my wish is that the Club would become a little younger. I would very much like that more drivers of my age and younger, would perceive the privilege of belonging to such an exclusive congregation and appreciate the pleasure of gathering together, at least once a year, to share stories, keep the tradition alive and, above all, have fun.

In the near future, we plan to increase the relationship with F1, with presence and contribution in the Paddock Club of different members. I believe the Club has much to give to the current Formula One. We are the “foundations” of the great building which is Formula One today.

In this respect, I would like welcome and wish my warmest “good luck” to Stefano Domenicali who took the helm of F1. He is the right man for that place, and I believe he will find the right path to carry Formula One through these ever so fast changing times, with one eye to the future and another one to the past.

There is another “project” which is currently taking shape that could ensure, in my view, a bright future to the Club, but it is a bit too early to talk about it. Let’s stay tuned and keep our fingers crossed!

Before concluding, I would like to thank those who, even with a little effort, helped and supported us. This is greatly appreciated.

Wherever this Covid-19 restrictions will take us, let’s enjoy together the 2021 Formula One season!

Sportivamente vostro,





Grand Prix Drivers Club Celebrate 70 Years of Formula 1



*The poster for the 1952 French Grand Prix at Reims
(Malavolti Collection)*

Much has been written in the motoring and national press about this year's 70th anniversary of the birth of Formula 1 but we felt this brief review should concentrate on the considerable role played over those 70 years by past and present members of the club. In that time no fewer than sixteen members have been World Champions amassing between them 30 individual Championships.

Grand Prix races, of course, go right back to the origins of racing in the 1890s when the winner of those races won the Grand Prize or Grand Prix. Though there were many national and international championships the modern concept of grand prix racing, Formula 1, was only adopted in 1950. The very first Formula 1 grand prix took place not in France, where the Automobile Club de France

originated the concept of international races, but at Silverstone in England on May 13 1950.

Out of the 23 drivers who competed in that first event no fewer than 18 were either founder members of the Grand Prix Drivers Club or else were to join.

There might have been more but a number of those who took part in that momentous race had died before the formation of the Grand Prix Drivers Club in 1962. That first year, Dr Giuseppe Farina, one of our Founder members became Formula 1 World Champion. The car he drove was the legendary Alfa Romeo 159 which was to prove dominant.

What was surprising was he had resigned from the Alfa team around two years before and in the previous two seasons had raced for Maserati and Ferrari but fences were rebuilt and he rejoined Alfa at the perfect time.

He not only won this first grand prix of the new era but also became its first World Champion.

Another of our original founder members, Philippe Etancelin, was also a competitor at Silverstone with a 4.5 litre Talbot-Lago and finished 8th and, at 53, was also the oldest grand prix driver in the race. Philippe was always a character and did not have his last Formula 1 race until two years later in the French Grand prix: he was 55.



Nino Farina, one of the club founders and the first Formula 1 World Champion with fellow member Louis Chiron at a club party



Emmanuel de Graffenried in the Maserati A6GCM in action in the early fifties

One cannot talk about those early days of the Grand Prix Drivers Club without mentioning Emmanuel de Graffenried the elegant Swiss who had raced before WWII. He was to continue in Formula 1 until the 1956 season when he ran his final grand prix at Monza in a Scuderia Centro Sud Maserati 250F finished 7th.

Toulo, as he was affectionately known, enjoyed life and his bond with the Marlboro company was such that he was not only their motor racing ambassador but secured Marlboro's assistance in the creation of the Grand Prix Drivers Club in 1962.

As with much of society today, everything changed in the 1960's.

In 1959 Jack Brabham became the first Formula 1 World Champion to win with a rear-engined car: a Cooper. This raised some eyebrows and got many others thinking about this type of layout.

When he won the title again in 1960 the everyone was developing rear engined Formula 1 cars. Even Enzo Ferrari, who once commented that a horse pulls a carriage and the carriage doesn't pull the horse, became convinced.

His first rear-engined prototype in 1960 was ugly and unpromising but Mauro Forghieri not only made it sleeker and faster but in 1961 it was virtually untouchable and our former club President, Phil Hill, became World Champion. Sadly, his close rival, Wolfgang von Trips was killed at Monza that year or else he might have become Germany's first World Champion.

The accident to von Trips once more underlined not just the safety of the cars but the emergency facilities available to help drivers who were injured.

Three-time World Champion Jackie Stewart experienced this during his early days with BRM and his accident at Spa in 1966.

Luckily Stewart was not badly injured but the ambulance driver got lost driving from the circuit to the hospital and as a result both Stanley and Stewart started their campaign for greater safety not just in Formula 1 but in motor racing.



| *Former Club President Phil Hill with the 1961 Ferrari that gave him the World Championship*

Stanley developed the Grand Prix rescue unit with its own ambulance and surgical facilities whilst Stewart began to tackle the organizers and circuit owners to improve safety.

It is ironic that he was at the Jarama circuit doing a circuit inspection the day Jim Clark was killed at Hockenheim. As was mentioned later even the type of metal barrier that was beginning to be introduced might have saved Clark's life.

Today the fatal accident rate in motor racing has thankfully become a rare occurrence.

Then there was the total financial revolution in Formula 1 with the introduction of commercial sponsorship being allowed.

Up to that time all the teams in Formula 1 usually ran in the national colours given by the Automobile Club de France nearly sixty years before: red for Italy, Blue for France, Green for England, white or silver for Germany and Orange for Holland.

The question is often asked whether such commercial sponsorship was a good thing or a bad thing for the sport.

What it did do was provide the money to allow some of the most brilliant engineers not only to let their ideas take root but to flourish.

A good example is in aerodynamics where, as in aviation, mistakes were made, such as in 1968 with the high wings that produced more downforce than even the engineers imagined and caused some wild accidents.

However today the cost of developing the aerodynamics of a modern Formula 1 car are probably greater than the cost of developing the engines that power them.

Then there are the drivers. Go back to 1950 and few of the drivers taking part in that Silverstone Grand Prix were under the age of 40. Today it appears the starting age is 18 and the skills are developed from 8 on the kart tracks of the world.

So today the Grand Prix Drivers Club not only celebrates the 70th anniversary of Formula 1 but recognizes the developments that have taken place and have opened up the pinnacle of racing to more remarkable engineers, designers and drivers.

But what will be saying 70 years from now if such things as grand prix cars exist?

Certainly, as one who has been involved as a motor racing journalist and organizer since 1952, today's Formula 1 was beyond my imagination.

Graham Gauld

Members Memories

Bernie Ecclestone

As I am no longer involved in the day to day operations of Formula 1 I sometimes think about the state of Formula 1 at the time I first became involved, as an entrant of two Connaught grand prix cars I had bought at the Company sale in 1957.

Back then Formula 1 was still run as a gentleman's club where the Clubs, that ran the events, were run by people who had motor racing as a hobby.

When I introduced television into Formula One, and made it a condition that all races were broadcast live, it was a stepping stone into what Formula One was to become, attracting major companies to advertise their brand worldwide.

The teams today, and the engineering brilliance employed by them, have persuaded major car manufacturers that involvement in Formula 1 is not only good for business but good for the technology that Formula 1 can bring to them.

The Grand Prix Drivers Club has also helped by letting today's spectators meet Formula 1 drivers who have all profited by the development in the sport over the past seventy years and long may this continue.

| *Bernie Ecclestone in a familiar pose*



Mario Andretti

I remember very well my first encounter with Colin Chapman and Jim Clark at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway in 1965.

I was an Indy 500 rookie and Jim was well established, having already won the Formula 1 world championship with Lotus.

Jim went on to win the 500 that year while I finished third, earning Rookie of the Year Honours.

What stands out most to me in recalling that month of May is telling Colin that I wanted to race in Formula 1. Colin told me to call him when I thought I was ready. One can only imagine the pride I felt when I heard that.

And true to his word, Colin made good on his promise.

Fast forward three years, to 1968, I had won the IndyCar championship in 1965 and finished second in 1966 and 1967. I had done numerous endurance races including winning the 1967 12 Hours of Sebring with Bruce McLaren in a Mk IV Ford GT40. So I felt I was ready for the next step.

My dream had always been to compete in Formula 1 and when I called Colin, the Lotus genius offered me a two-race deal: Monza and Watkins Glen.

After a very fruitful test in the Lotus 49B at Monza I felt like I was born in that car and couldn't wait to make my debut.

However, there was a problem. The Italian GP was the same weekend as the Hoosier 100 USAC championship race and the FIA had a rule that prohibited drivers from taking part in two races within 24 hours.

| *Mario Andretti*



So, after flying back and forth between Italy and Indianapolis to participate in both events Arriving in Monza for the race I was met with huge disappointment.

Ferrari had lodged an official protest and Colin explained I wouldn't be able to run.

A month later at the US Grand Prix at Watkins Glen there were no such distractions. Much to the astonishment of the Formula 1 regulars (and even myself) I qualified the Lotus on pole in my F1 debut. Unfortunately the car suffered some maladies and ultimately I dropped out with a clutch problem. But not before impressing Colin Chapman and Enzo Ferrari.



Mario in the cockpit with Colin Chapman kept his promise

Tim Schenken

In 1971 the motor sport press was reporting that Ferrari was preparing to enter the Sports Car World Championship for Makes with a factory team the following year.

The formula was changing to a 3 litre engine limit which suited Ferrari as it had a "ready-made" unit powering its F1 cars – a flat 12. It was also very experienced in sports car design and racing.

The media was then speculating who the drivers may be in addition to Jacky Ickx and Clay Regazzoni, their contracted F1 drivers at the time. My name, as with a number of others, was mentioned but I thought little about it.

As in previous years, the Italian Grand Prix was held at Monza in early September 1971 and I was driving for Brabham alongside Graham Hill.

My results in World Championship races prior to this were looking up so my mind was on doing as well as I could.

In a number of races I had been running in the top five only to have had a mechanical issue.

Shortly after the Monza Friday practice, a lady approached me asking if I was interested in driving for Ferrari in its sports car team the following year.

I looked at her and thought, who has put her up to this, so I casually said "yes, I'll drop into the Ferrari garage if I have a moment".

The following morning the same lady came again; her request was unchanged, and my response remained cheeky.

Who could it be, I thought; Ronnie Peterson perhaps? I was convinced it was a joke, so I just ignored her and concentrated on how to get more out of my Brabham for the race.

Towards the end of that day she arrived yet again and looking very agitated said "Mr Schenken, if you wish to drive for Ferrari next year, you had better come with me immediately".

I looked at her and thought, maybe there is something in this so I followed her some steps behind thinking at any moment someone was going to jump out and say "we got you"!

Well I made it all the way to the team transporter without interruption and was ushered in to meet Peter Schetty, the Ferrari Team Manager. He was looking extremely anxious and demanded to know why I hadn't arrived the day before. Before I could answer (that is if I had one that made sense) I was told I must go with Mr Ferrari's driver immediately to meet him. Mr Ferrari had arrived the day before

Tim at the Ferrari museum in Maranello



Tim Schenken at the wheel of the 312P Ferrari



expecting a meeting but had to stay overnight when I didn't turn up.

I was still in my overalls and despite my wish to change, I was whisked away to the Sant'Eustorgio hotel in nearby Arcore.

There at the rear of the restaurant, sat Mr Ferrari.

Through an interpreter, he explained the 1972 sports car programme; each pair of drivers had two cars, one at a race and the other being prepared at the factory for the following and the engines were to be slightly de-tuned F1 units to suit the longer races.

Ermanno Cuoghi had been "poached" from the John Wyer organisation to head up the team of mechanics. Mr Ferrari suggested I should partner Ronnie Peterson who he was expecting to sign and who he knew I was close to.

It all seemed too good. We discussed the terms of the contract, shook hands, then I was rushed back to Monza to continue with the preparations for the grand prix.

Thinking about it since, Ferrari must have thought I was just playing it cool, but the reality was I thought it was all a jok!

Jackie Stewart

In some respects, 1950 sounds a long time ago. On the other hand, because my brother Jimmy was driving for Ecurie Ecosse, Jaguar Cars and Aston Martin.

As a "wee boy" I was lucky enough to go with him to races during the great years from 1953 onwards, always in Britain however.

Because he was driving for Ecurie Ecosse, he did the 1953 British Grand Prix at Silverstone when, until ten laps from the end, he was the first

| Jackie with Jim Clark at Silverstone



Jackie Stewart, in duffel coat, and his brother Jimmy Stewart in cap on the left, as a teenager at Silverstone

British driver home. However he went straight on at the first corner, which I incidentally managed to replicate much later in 1971, while leading a race for Ken Tyrrell in his brand new Tyrrell-Ford because of the throttle staying open.

It was quite a big thing for me to be that close to Ferrari and Maserati etc and perhaps even more importantly, I was able to get the autographs from Juan Manuel Fangio, Alberto Ascari, Luigi Villorosi, Giuseppe Farina, Mike Hawthorn, Stirling Moss, Georgia Abecassis, Duncan Hamilton, Tony Rolt, Toulou de Graffenried and many others.

For a young boy, 14 years of age, what a thrill! I still have that autograph book to this day.

To me the Grand Prix Drivers' Club is something very special. Toulou de Graffenried was to become the President for a good number of years and what a wonderful ambassador he was to motorsport and to the Club.

The Grand Prix Drivers' Club of course has a place in the world of Formula One. However, for some reason, the modern drivers do not seem to recognise the wealth of the past and the importance of being part of history.

The combination of Maria Teresa and Theo Hueschke has kept the Club alive and without them, I fear that it would have disappeared some years ago.

It's wonderful that it is still in existence and the whole Formula One fraternity should be proud that there is such an institution to recognise those of today, as well as them of yesteryears.

Grand Prix racing has changed since the early days and history has an important role to play, as well as recognising the current leaders of the pack. Long live Formula One Grand Prix racing and long live the Grand Prix Drivers' Club.



Another rare poster from Lauro's collection. Mercedes Benz feature in the 1955 Argentine Grand Prix (Malavolti Collection)

David Piper

In April 1967 at Silverstone, when Formula 1 drivers still drove sports cars, I had a memorable race with Denny Hulme at the Daily Express Trophy.

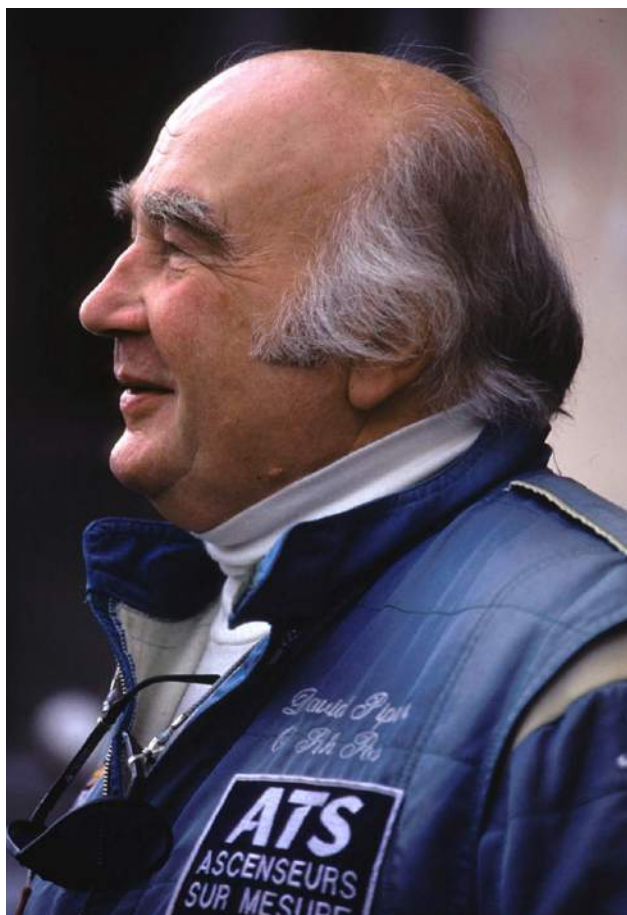
It was both political and technical: political because it involved Ferrari versus Ford and technical because of John Wyer having a problem with the Ford GT40s.

I had spent the winter making new magnesium wheels for my Ferrari 250LM to replace the Borrani wire wheels to enable me to use Goodyear tubeless tyres. The regulations required keeping the track width original, which I had achieved.

At scrutineering before the race the Fords were all thrown out because their track had been widened. The Secretary of the BRDC and John Wyer of Ford came over to me in the paddock and asked me not to protest - in 46 years of racing I have never protested - otherwise they would not have a race. I thought it grossly unfair and manipulative and I was furious but this made me even more determined to beat them!

I put the Ferrari on pole but could not quite take Abbey corner flat out. Fax, my mechanic and I added a spoiler on the tail which was the first time this had been done on an LM, and we hoped it would work as there was not another practice session to try it out.

| *David Piper*



Luckily it did and at the start I managed to out-drag Denny Hulme and the rest of the field and take Abbey flat, much to my delight. This enabled me to lead from start to finish and set a new lap record!

It was a good day for Ferrari and as my dear friend Mike Parkes won the F1 race later that day in his factory car he told me that as he was arriving at the circuit in his plane he had seen my green Ferrari in the lead so he was one of the first to congratulate me.

I started my motor sport career with the Cambridge University Motor Club events in a 1930's MG J4 Midget but my father did not approve as a result of which I left home with the MG and about £30 and joined Stirling Moss's father, Alfred Moss.

I worked on his White Cloud Farm as a farmer where I met all of Stirling's associates, Ken Gregory and mechanics Alf Francis and Tony Robinson.

In 1955 I sold the MG for a Mark VI Lotus fitted with a supercharged MG engine called the Empire Lotus. So started my more professional motor racing career by winning the Leinster Trophy at Wicklow in Ireland which was an amazing circuit that even had a hump backed bridge!

I not only won the handicap race but also the scratch race and so we all repaired to O'Riley's bar which was a spit and sawdust place and I was buying the drinks.

Suddenly a tall blonde chap came in: Mike Hawthorn, who was still recovering from burns he had received from his Ferrari accident at Syracuse.

There was a row of glasses of Guinness lined up on the bar and this guy Hawthorn came up to me and asked if he could have a drive of my car as he had won the same Leinster Trophy Race a few years before driving his Brooklands Riley.

So he did a lap of the road circuit in the car, came back to tell me I would do well with that car and asked me what age I was.

I said I was 24, he looked at my head and suggested I looked a little thin on top for someone of that age and promptly picked up one of the glasses of

| *The battle between Piper in his 250LM and Denny Hulme's Ford GT40*





David Piper with the F2 Lotus 16 in action at Goodwood in 1959

Guinness and poured it over my head. This was my first meeting with Mike who was to become a great friend and of course Britain's first World Champion. In 1959, four years later, I had the chance to race in my first Formula 1 grand prix, the British Grand Prix which that year was held at Aintree.

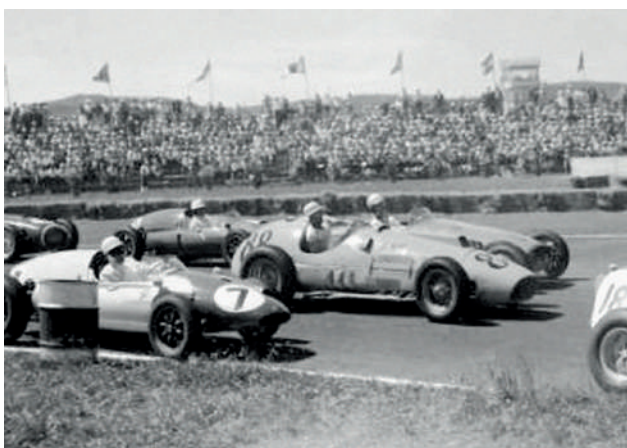
How it came about was I was now on the BRDC committee and was approached by Peter Scott Russell who told me he had a friend called Bob Bodle who lived in Dorchester, had crashed his Lotus 11 and would I be interested in helping him to repair it. So I rebuilt his Lotus and Bob and I joined forces and set up the Dorchester Service Station team with the Lotus XV I had bought from Colin Chapman and the Lotus 16 Formula 2 car (Chassis 363) he had bought to replace his Lotus II.

I raced that car a number of times and was very happy to be one of just six F2 cars to qualify for the grand prix at Aintree that year but retired with a blown head gasket.

I Ordered a Lotus 18 from Chapman but it was not ready for the season so I ordered a Lotus 20 F Junior and then my first Ferrari GTO.

The garage was doing well but you must remember

David in the Lotus 16 at Ardmore ahead of Stirling Moss's Cooper and Ron Roycroft's Ferrari 375



cars like that were not expensive in those days. I only raced the Formula 1 car once, in the International Trophy before the 1960 French Grand Prix where the engine gave up the ghost. Then came the British Grand Prix at Silverstone where I finished 12th behind Maurice Trintignant and we did quite well with the car.

Towards the end of the season Reg Parnell suggested we take both Lotuses to do the Tasman Series the idea being that we could possibly sell them over there.

I must say it was quite competitive in New Zealand. I was on the front row of the grid beside Stirling Moss at Ardmore and took the fastest lap at Dunedin and finished second behind Jack Brabham in the Lady Wigram Trophy. However, I couldn't sell the cars, brought them back to England and virtually gave them away.

For example the Formula 2 car I gave to the barman at the George pub in Dorchester and it ended up in Tom Wheatcroft's museum.

From then on I raced Ferraris for Maranello Concessionaires, NART, and the factory team and Porsche 917.

Mike Wilds

Having started motor racing in 1965 with the absolute ambition to be a professional racing driver and it took 9 years before I actually managed to sit on the grid of my first Grand Prix.

Having started Club racing in my own little DRW 1172 Formula sports car in May 1965 and working my way through Formula 4 and Formula Ford the opportunity came in 1972 to turn Professional.

I drove in the 1972 and 1973 British and European Formula 3 Championships initially then in 1974 ran a semi works March 74A Formula 5000. In May of 1974 after three rounds I found myself leading the Rothmans European F5000 Championship.

Mike Wilds with Mo Nunn of Ensign at the 1974 US Grand prix





*My first ever drive on a race track in my DRW.
Silverstone late 1964 on a test day*

About a week before the May round of the Championship, due to be held at Thruxton, I received the phone call that all “budding” race drivers dream of!

“Hello Mike, this is Max Mosley here, our works driver Hans Stuck has sadly broken his thumb in the Monaco GP, would you like to deputise for him in the upcoming Swedish GP!”

It took me a millisecond to agree!

So the following weekend I set off for Thruxton to defend my Championship lead with a huge smile on my face, sadly during the race whilst lapping another competitor we had a coming together and in the ensuing accident I broke my wrist!! My dear friend Reine Wisell drove the March in Sweden!

The Thruxton accident meant I missed a few F5000 races so when eventually the opportunity came to drive for Mo Nunn in the Formula 1 Ensign MN01 vacated by Vern Schuppan I jumped at the chance. After failing to qualify in a few events due to various problems (one of them probably me!) I qualified for the US Grand Prix at Watkins Glen after curing a fuel pressure problem that had bugged us from the first time I drove the car.

Every time I entered a left hand corner the engine

*Mike Wilds at the wheel of the Ensign N174
at Watkins Glen*



would lose fuel pressure that was cured after the Canadian GP by finally totally changing the fuel system. It was an amazing experience for me to sit on the grid of a Grand Prix for the first time, but sadly it did not go well as the DFV's fuel pressure relief valve failed on the first lap and I spent about 8 laps in the pits while the team found a spare valve and fitted it.

When I did eventually get going, I knew we wouldn't be classified as a finisher but, drove the rest of the race for fun, having a dice with the sadly missed Chris Amon in his BRM P201 along the way.

That brief tussle I had with Chris Amon at the Glen had an unforeseen consequence.

A portly gentleman came up to me at the end of the race introducing himself as BRM boss Louis Stanley and asked who I was, because he'd never heard of me! “You were dicing with my man”, he said, “so what are you doing next year?” He invited me to go and see him at his suite in the Dorchester Hotel.

When I got back to the UK, almost everyone I spoke to warned me against having anything to do with BRM, but I had nothing else and was keen to try and stay in F1.

I felt that if BRM invested some effort and I gave my best, we could perhaps get something out of it.

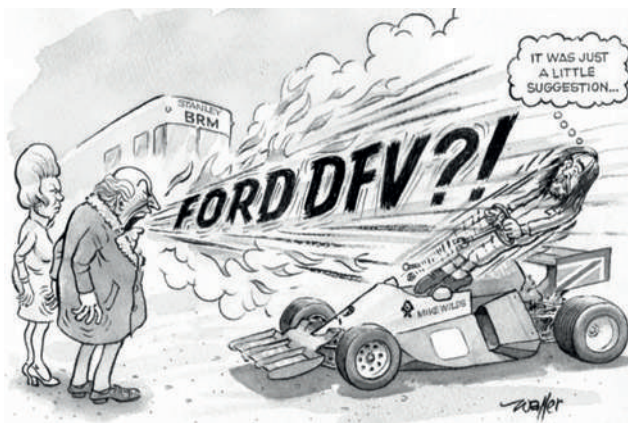
So I went to Snetterton to do a test, with Chris Amon in the current P201 and me in an older P160, which was lovely. Late on, Chris had to depart and I jumped in the P201. I didn't over-rev it, but after a couple of laps the engine went bang – two rods through the block. I was mortified, but Louis told me not to worry, that they had plenty of spare engines, and I thought, Wow, this really is F1!

I signed up for £60 per week and received my itinerary for the opening race of 1975 in Argentina, which all seemed very professional.

When I got to Buenos Aires and looked at the car, however, I could see the block had been welded and thought, “That's the same engine I blew up at Snetterton”.

Wilds at the wheel of the Stanley-BRM





| Wilds at the wheel of the Stanley-BRM

The team denied it, but it was – and it wasn't very good!

In the race the scavenge side of the V12 packed up, so oil was going into the engine but none was coming out. Pressures and temperatures seemed fine, but then there was a huge explosion with lots of fire – obviously oil was being pumped in until the engine burst.

Things were similar in Brazil. The chassis felt good, but in terms of top speed it was horrendous.

My race ended when a nut came off the clutch, flew around inside the bellhousing and killed the ignition. I guess I was frustrated, but when I saw Louis Stanley afterwards I wasn't as diplomatic as I should have been and told him how awful the engine was.

I told him I'd like to sort out a DFV, stick it in the back of a P201 and see if we could get higher up the field. In his BRM days Mike let his hair grow long but his comment about using a Ford engine in his BRM got this cartoon response. (Mike Wilds Archive)

He was apoplectic that I'd dare even think he'd put an American engine in the back of a British Racing Motor. I pointed out that DFVs were built in Northampton, but he said it was all done with American money through Ford and fired me on the spot. My F1 career was over – sad, but I suppose I had achieved my ambition of driving in Grands Prix".

Hans Herrmann

Hans Herrmann über den GP Deutschland 1959 auf der Avus "Die schönen Mädchen von Berlin".

Ich hatte in der Saison 1959 keinen festen Formel 1-Vertrag und bin deshalb nur sporadisch bei den Grand Prix-Rennen gefahren.

In Aintree beim Grand Prix von England saß ich in einem Cooper. Auf der Avus bekam ich einen B.R.M. Da steht es: Großer Preis von Deutschland, Startnummer 11. Das Fahrzeug gehörte zum Team von Stirling Moss. Er hat den Cooper bevorzugt, der ein bisschen flacher war und ihm fünf km/h mehr gab, was auf der Avus ein Vorteil war. Moss hat mir das Auto vermittelt.

Wir waren ja seit den Mercedes-Zeiten befreundet. Die Avus war eine schrecklich langweilige Strecke. Die überhöhte Nordkurve war die einzige technische Schwierigkeit. In der Steilkurve wurde die rechte Seite des Autos stark belastet.

Um die Reifen zu schonen mussten alle rechts anders gedämpft fahren als links. Auf den Geraden hat man das gemerkt. Es war ein Kompromiss, den man eingehen musste. Was brauchte man sonst noch auf der Avus? Einen gescheiten Motor und eine gescheite Bremse. Und was passiert mir? Ich fahre auf die Südkehre zu und hatte keine Bremse mehr. Im gleichen Jahr ist das Stirling Moss und Jean Behra auch schon mal passiert. Die hatten Glück und haben sich nur gedreht. Später hat B.R.M. festgestellt, dass der Motor zu steif mit dem Chassis verbunden war. Die Schwingungen des Motors



| Hans Herrmann's Avus Crash in the BRM

haben sich auch auf die Leitungen übertragen, die damals noch aus Metall waren. In den drei Fällen ist eine Bremsleitung ist gebrochen und dabei ist die ganze Bremsflüssigkeit entwichen. Passiert ist es im zweiten der beiden Läufe auf der Avus. Ich lag an achter Stelle und komme die lange Gerade mit 280 km/h herunter.

Als ich bei 250 Metern vor der Südkehre bremsen will, fällt mir das Pedal auf den Boden durch. Null Bremswirkung. Im ersten Augenblick glaubst du, dass du schneller wirst, weil du ja eine Verzögerung erwartest. Jetzt wohin? Ich hätte noch den Bogen in die Autobahnausfahrt schaffen können, aber da wären hundert Zuschauer tot gewesen, die direkt am Streckenrand gestanden sind. Da hast du nicht viel Zeit zu Überlegen. Ich bin deshalb geradeaus ganz bewusst auf die Strohballen zu. Die waren vom Regen am Tag zuvor voll mit Wasser und deshalb doppelt so schwer wie sonst und hart wie eine Wand. In der Hoffnung, dass ich das Auto so abbremsen kann, bin ich also in die Strohballen rein. Dabei hat sich das Auto überschlagen.

Es ist zwölf Meter hoch in die Luft und 60 bis 70 Meter nach vorne geflogen. Zum Glück war man damals noch nicht angeschnallt. Als ich wieder lande, werde



| *The grand prix of Europe held in 1963 at Monaco (Malavolti Collection)*

ich aus dem Auto geschleudert, überschlage mich zehn, zwölf Mal, sehe abwechselnd Auto, Straße, Himmel und Zuschauer und habe dabei noch so eine Art Striptease gemacht. Die Bahn auf der Avus war unglaublich rau und es hat mir durch die Reibung auf der Straße die Kleidung halb ausgezogen. Während dem Fliegen denke ich an meinen Freund Jean Behra, der am Tag vorher im Rahmenrennen über die Steilkurve hinaus in einen Fahnenmast geflogen und tödlich verunglückt ist. Ich sage zu mir: Jetzt stirbst du auch, und das auch noch hier in Berlin, wo es so viele hübsche Mädchen gibt. Dass man so etwas denken kann? Aber ich denke halt oft dran, gerade jetzt im Alter. Dann ist es plötzlich still. Ich bin wohl kurz weg gewesen. Als ich wieder zu mir komme, denke ich zuerst, ich hätte ein Auge verloren. Ich muss mit dem Kopf irgendwie auf der Straße aufgeschlagen sein. Man hat es an meinem Sturzhelm gesehen, der auf einer Seite angeschliffen war. Bei dem Aufprall hat es mir die Augenbraue aufgerissen und über das Auto runtergeklappt. Auf der Seite war es erst einmal schwarz. Die Sanitäter waren gleich da, haben mich auf eine Trage gelegt und ins Krankenhaus gebracht. Dort habe ich gesagt, dass ich telefonieren muss. Ich habe sofort meine Mutter angerufen passiert ist, sollte sie irgendwelche blöden Nachrichten im Radio hören. Am Ende hatte ich nur den kleinen Finger gebrochen und Abschürfungen am ganzen Körper. Den Finger noch nicht einmal bei dem Unfall. Das ist schon vorher im Training passiert. Bei einem Boxenstopp stütze ich mich auf dem Reifen ab, als das Auto anrollt, Dabei knickt der Finger ein. Das Gelenk war gebrochen und wurde dann bandagiert. Ich lag ungefähr acht Tage im Krankenhaus, weil immer wieder die Verbände wegen der Hautverbrennungen gewechselt werden mussten. Als ich wieder raus war, habe ich Professor Porsche gebeten mich ein Bergrennen fahren zu lassen, um den Unfall und die Geschichte mit der Bremse aus dem Kopf zu kriegen. Ich habe mich immer wieder dabei ertappt, wie ich erst einmal probiert habe, ob die Bremse funktioniert. Das passierte im Unterbewusstsein. Man hat dann nicht mehr das Sicherheitsgefühl. Diese Angst musste ich überwinden, um wieder schnell fahren zu können. So durfte ich nur 28 Tage nach dem Unfall auf der Avus mit einem Porsche RSK den Europameisterschaftslauf in Klosters-Davos fahren und habe die Klasse und die Gesamtwertung gewonnen. Danach war ich wieder Alte.

Richard Attwood

My introduction to Grand Prix racing was in 1965 at the Monaco GP.

I had had a contract with BRM the previous year but there was only one race I competed in and that was at Goodwood's Easter Monday meeting for F1 machines.

I was entrusted with the stack pipe car, not the latest 261 monocoque model and I finished 4th.

Sir Alfred Owen was there that day. one of many races he was able to attend because he was a lay preacher so normally he would be doing his duties for the church on Sundays.

After the race he congratulated me on my efforts and said he would try to find something else for me drive later on, to which I enthusiastically encouraged but there was no other opportunity offered that year. At the end of the season, I said I was no longer interested to solely have testing roles as there had also been testing duties with a 4- wheel drive single seater development that was totally unsuccessful.

BRM's answer was to assure me I would be driving in F1 in 1965. So I stayed on because it is surely every driver's ambition to be in F1.

I was going to be loaned out to the Reg Parnell racing team led by Tim Parnell, Reg's son, for the whole season with a works BRM engine supplied for the Lotus 25 I would be driving.

Tim was all in favour of this because A) it saved him looking for a driver with money and B) he got a free engine. It was very much an economy team and they had the cast-off Team Lotus 25s which were 3-year old cars.

This was the main reason I should not have taken this deal.

The first race was to be the Monaco GP. There was no prior testing but I went down to Hounslow to try to see if I fitted in the car.

It seemed to be fine and I was sure I could drive it like it was but there was no one there to assist me as it was a weekend.

However, there were several things that puzzled me. The instruments were as per period with self-sticker tape letters to identify which gauges said what.

But then there were other items identified too which I thought were unnecessary. The steering wheel was thus marked and there was an arrow on the right hand side indicating where the gear lever was!

I was to find out at the circuit who the culprit was.

Problems at Monaco 1965, Richard with the Lotus-BRM retiring Grand Prix



Mike Hailwood was to be my team-mate for this one race as a test trial to see if F1 was for him.

Our paths had never crossed and of course I knew who he was and what his achievements were, a gladiator of motorcycle racing.

When I met him he was quite offhand and not particularly interested in who he had been introduced to. He was quite shy in many ways and this was how he came across. He had heard of my background and knew I had been to a good public school and assumed I would be a bit of a toff.

The ticker taping on the instrument panel had been all his own work and just the sort of tomfoolery he indulged in.

I qualified 6th and Mike struggled with a similar car but with a customer engine.

In the race my left rear hub carrier broke mid race and I ended up in the straw bales at the gasometer hairpin just missing Bruce McLaren as he was about to turn into the hairpin. Whether he saw me coming at such a speed out of the corner of his eye, I never knew. If I had T-boned him both he and I would have been severely injured and I never did find out if Bruce knew I was coming.

The prize giving was at the Hotel de Paris.

Mike and I had had one or two meals together over the weekend. We were of course together on the Sunday evening and had a ball, ending up singing in the streets arm in arm with a couple of girls and seeing the dawn break.

After only 4 days we were total friends for life. I had never seen Mike on a bike in period but when I knew he was making a comeback at the 1978 Isle of Man TT races, I just knew I had to be there. Respect is a wonderful bond. Mike only did the one race, seeing it wasn't exactly what he needed.

The rest of the year proved to be a let down because the car was uncompetitive.

Another suspension failure at the Nurburgring and an off at Spa followed through me trying too hard in appalling conditions.

At the end of the year I retired myself from F1 before I got hurt and as there were also no vacancies available.



Monisha Kaltenborn

My first in-depth experience with Formula 1 came in the summer of 1998 when I, at the Fritz Kaiser Group, had the task of negotiating the engine agreement with Ferrari, at that time under Jean Todt.

Given my youthful enthusiasm, I started the talks and asked the same treatment for Sauber as for the works team, which seemed to me a very natural thing. Not only was Ferrari surprised about dealing with a young unknown lady but also by my idealistic expectations. Obviously, the response from Ferrari was a little different than expected, stating that there seems to be a "crazy" lady at Sauber who is quite cheeky with her demands.

| *The three-year old Lotus-BRM was not the best handling car*



The talks were tough but led eventually to a pleasant outcome for Sauber and more importantly to establishing friendships which last to this day.

So, my start into Formula 1 felt like a jump into cold water but certainly was a good preparation for all that followed in the years to come, whether it be in a private team or a manufacturer team like BMW led by Mario Theissen.

I moved from management to the position of Sauber team principal and co-owner.

During all this, the youthful enthusiasm grew into passion for one of the most exciting sports platforms

Mario Theissen

During the period when I was Director Motorsport at BMW in Munich I was well aware of BMW's history in racing from the BMW 328 sports car of the late 1930s to the resurrection of German motor racing in the 1950s using that same engine in marques like Veritas and AFM.

In the 1970s, Paul Rosche's brilliant 2 litre racing engine, based on a 4-cyl. Production block, became the machine to beat in Formula 2. Multiple championships were won with this engine.

This led in the 1980's to Paul's turbocharged 1.5 litre engine in a Brabham chassis that allowed Nelson Piquet to become World Champion in 1983. After a break, BMW decided 1997 to come back to Formula 1 in the 2000 season as the engine partner of Williams F1. I joined BMW as an engine engineer in 1977 and so had followed those developments with great enthusiasm.

In 1999, Paul retired and Gerhard Berger and myself took over as joint directors. Preparations were in full swing with the new 3 litre V10 engine, still designed by Paul and his team. In January 2000, our engine was far from being ready with poor reliability. With the season's start just a few weeks away, we went to a test in Jerez with all we had.

I think it was between 10 and 15 engines of different specs.

On the first day of testing the car went out and on turn four of the first lap the engine went bang. As we only had one car it was dragged back to the pits and we put in another engine and sent it out again. Once again on turn four, bang, it went again. We lost four engines on that first day. I could see that the way things were going we would run out of engines before the third day.

On the afternoon of the second day we had blown so many engines I telephoned Munich and asked them to send down the company plane as we had fifteen members of the team with nothing to do and had to fix our reliability problems back home.

We then had two or three tests before Melbourne and our first Williams-BMW race yet by the time we got to Australia we did not have a single engine that had completed a full race distance on the dyno and



Patrick Head and Mario Theissen

we had no engine that had completed a full race distance on the track.

In the race Jenson Button went out early, as we expected, with a broken engine but Ralf Schumacher kept running and not only did he finish but he finished on the podium in third place. We couldn't believe it, after all the problems we had. Mind you we were so naive at that time.

Frank (Williams) and Patrick (Head) had high expectations about our new BMW engine and during those terrible tests I am sure Patrick must have wondered what he had got himself into and to be honest, he was right,

The team chemistry in those days was not bad, but there was always some tension in the air.

The main issue was about competitiveness, so the primary friction partners were the two technical guys, Patrick Head and myself and it became quite difficult at times.

Someone at BMW had the idea of a bonding event, so the two of us were invited to do the Mille Miglia in a works BMW 507.

I was the driver, Patrick the brain and we were doing quite well. I really enjoyed the drive, while Patrick sometimes let it show he was not too impressed by my driving style. Anyway, it was a fabulous event, and we were well on track until the final stage from Modena to Brescia.

On this two lane road, the MM cars took the middle lane, escorted by police bikes pushing normal traffic aside. We were in one such train, when an ordinary Mercedes was flashing left and joined the queue right in front of us.

I thought: well, he wants to be with us in the fast lane. The Mercedes kept flashing which, in Italy, is not unusual until the overtaking is finished. So I settled behind him, and we went on.

Suddenly, the Mercedes hit the brakes and turned left to a supermarket parking. I was not prepared and smashed the BMW against the left rear wheel of the Mercedes so we were taken along into the parking lot. It was not a particularly hard impact, but without safety belts it could have been serious.

When we came to a halt, I asked Patrick: "Are you hurt?"



Patrick Head, standing, and Mario Theissen at the start of the Mille Miglia with the factory BMW 507

"No... I told you twice he's turning left!" was Patrick's answer, and that was the last bit of conversation we had that day.

The bonding event didn't live up to expectations, with silence between us and a crashed 507. At least, being professional, our relationship did not deteriorate beyond this very special day.

Daniele Audetto

One day in August 1976 I was in the workshop checking on the work Ermanno Cuoghi was carrying out on the Ferrari 312T2. He was adapting the seat and pedal set for the test that Ronnie Peterson was to carry out in Fiorano the next day.

Niki Lauda was in hospital in Mannheim after the terrible accident at Nurburgring.

The plan was that Ronnie Peterson would take Niki's place until the end of the season, and probably continue into the following year's championship, given the very serious condition of Niki, that even the doctors looking after him could not guarantee a full recovery.

Ronnie Peterson had been chosen by Enzo Ferrari after Emerson Fittipaldi refused our offer.

This was caused by the strict contract with Copersucar, one of the world's largest sugar companies, for which he had set up a F1 team

with his brother Wilson and a car designed by Ricardo Divila. The negotiations with Peterson were complicated due to the financial requests by Max Mosley, then owner of the March F1 team.

The issues had however been resolved also thanks to the intervention of Count Gugli Zanon, a great F1 fan and close friend of Ronnie Peterson. It was Count Gugli Zanon's wish to see his good friend Ronnie Peterson in a Ferrari in order to be even more competitive.

At that time Ferrari was leading the Drivers and Constructors Championships by a large margin, and was practically unbeatable, thanks to the work of the famous "Troika" Forghieri, Rocchi and Bussi.

While I was talking to Cuoghi at the workshop in Maranello, Valerio, Enzo Ferrari's secretary, arrived and told me "The Commendatore wants to see you in his office immediately".

I rushed to see Enzo Ferrari who imperatively asked me to terminate the engagement of Ronnie Peterson and cancel the scheduled test drives.

I replied that the 312T2 car had already been adapted to the taller Ronnie Peterson and that he would be able to defend Niki Lauda's championship lead especially in the light of the uncertainty of Lauda's return if at all.

Additionally the negotiations with Max Mosley were successful etc.

After letting me talk for five minutes in the defence of Ronnie Peterson, Enzo Ferrari, visibly irritated, stood up behind his big desk and red in the face with a swollen neck veins yelled: "Here, I am in charge, do you understand, or not? Call Peterson immediately, and that's it!!!"

His hands were under the edge of the desk, as if he wanted to catapult it on me. Hearing the shouting Valerio rushed in wondering what had happened.

Enzo Ferrari then said "You Valerio go out, and you Audetto hurry up and do as I ordered".

When Enzo Ferrari called me "Audetto" it meant he was really furious as he usually called me Daniele. He had made the situation very clear therefore I immediately called Ronnie Peterson to terminate all accords.

Niki Lauda and Audetto discuss tactics





| *Jim Clark featured on this poster for the 1964 Belgian Grand Prix which he won (Malavolti Collection)*

I explained the situation to Max Mosley and a sad Gugli Zanon, and Peterson's experience at Ferrari in Formula 1 ended that same day in August 1976. Naturally, Enzo Ferrari himself later told me the background to his abrupt decision the following year, after Niki's victory in the 1977 world championship. When Niki Lauda was recovering in the hospital in Mannheim he learned of the hiring of Ronnie Peterson and called his friend Luca Montezemolo, the powerful FIAT External Relations Director, convincing him that he would soon recover, and defend his 1976 championship.

For Niki Lauda bringing Ronnie Peterson to replace him at Ferrari was a personal offence as Ronnie had been for long his arch-rival with March.

At Niki Lauda's request, Luca Montezemolo called Avvocato Gianni Agnelli, the FIAT president, owner of the 50% of Ferrari, who in turn called Enzo Ferrari, asking him not to take Peterson, who was just about to leave Heathrow airport to fly to Italy.

Enzo Ferrari could not refuse the request of his important partner, who also contributed financially to the F1 program, even if Enzo Ferrari would have liked Ronnie Peterson over the talented Carlos Reutemann "kindly offered" by Bernie Ecclestone of Brabham, and "agreed" by Niki.

The rest of the story is well known, as also narrated in the movie "Rush", with Niki Lauda recovering incredibly and bravely claiming a fourth place in Monza and then retiring in the Fuji monsoon. For the next edition of the GPDC Annual I will however recount all the real facts that the movie "Rush" did not tell you. I will leave you with another little story about Enzo Ferrari. One day Enzo Ferrari asked me to invite my wife Delphine to a lunch at the Cavallino Restaurant. I had already introduced her to him, and he loved to exchange a few sentences with her in French, that he spoke quite well.

Present at the lunch were also Clay Regazzoni, Engr. Mauro Forghieri and Franco Gozzi (Head of the Press Office and much more...)

At a certain point Enzo Ferrari, with a resonant voice, called Athos, the manager of the Cavallino Restaurant, and asked him: "bring a bottle of that special Lambrusco of mine to be tasted by Mrs. Audetto". Athos arrived with a fresh bottle of Lambrusco that he poured into the glasses of the diners. It was a beautiful rosé wine with a sparkling colour and then Enzo Ferrari turned to my wife and said: "Tell me Madam, how do you like this wine?"

My wife, a little embarrassed, smiled and replied: "Actually it tastes a little like Coca Cola".

There was absolute silence and we all looked in disbelief for the daring comment, which we all thought was somewhat ungrateful towards our important host.

However, Enzo Ferrari elegantly answered to my wife: "I understand madam, you French have the best wines in the world, but you will soon see that you will also appreciate our Lambrusco, much more



Daniele, rear right, with Enzo Ferrari

suited to our cuisine, with tigelle and gnocco fritto (Modenese flatbreads and fried gnocchi) and we all had a good laugh. I must add that Enzo Ferrari was absolutely right, because now Delphine greatly appreciates a good glass of Lambrusco, especially in the summer months, with a piece of Parmesan cheese.

Emanuele Pirro

Jupiter Pluvius expressed itself in one of its best performances the Sunday of the Australian GP 1989. There was a lot of rain and we did a few reconnaissance laps to test the conditions.

It was really difficult both for the many puddles and for the very poor visibility. The spray and the vapourised water tended to remain trapped inside the walls and the nets, further increasing the problem. I lined up on the grid, got out of the car and went to join my other colleagues at the starting line to tell the race director that starting in these conditions would be a great risk. There were Senna, Piquet, Prost and others and it was a heated discussion.

At one point, Bernie arrived with an authoritarian and peremptory attitude saying that the satellite for live television could not wait any longer and the green light for the reconnaissance lap would come on in three minutes. End of discussions. I just had to go back to the car. The problem was that the seventh row was quite far away and, it took some time to dry the shoes and install myself in the car, and I was not ready in time. When the green light came on and everyone left for the reconnaissance lap, I was still with the mechanics who were buckling me up.



Emanuele Pirro

"Now what do I do?" I thought, but I didn't have too much choice. I left trying to reach the group, at the exit of each corner I hoped to see them, but they were too far ahead. I got to the exit of the last corner in time to see the others leave. I practically made a flying start from the last position. Starting thirteenth in those conditions was not the best... but twenty-sixth was definitely worse. I rolled up my sleeves trying to have an honest survival race and get to the finish line. It was so difficult to drive and visibility was so poor, that it seemed to be in another dimension. However, I passed some cars and, thanks as well to several retirements, after an hour and a half of the race, I found myself in sixth position. A point in the championship would have been great. From the pits they signalled me "+32 Martini" which means that I was 32 seconds ahead of Pierluigi Martini. The next lap "+30 Martini", he had gained 2 seconds in one lap and I thought it was better to push a little harder. The result was: "+ 27 Martini". This time three seconds were lost, even though I was pushing harder. I had to keep that sixth place at all costs. Especially against Martini with whom I had a rivalry already since formula three. But the more I risked, the more the damned Pierluigi gained on me. +14, +11, +8, +5, "damn, he will soon overtake me! I have to try not to be overtaken.

It is so close to the end of the race". "+2 Martini" was the last sign I saw. The adrenaline was pumping hard and, also due to mental fatigue, I was almost in a trance state. At one point, his Minardi appeared in front of me from within the nebulized water. "Nooo, he passed me, and I didn't even notice it!!" I couldn't understand how he did it, had I lost touch with reality? Was I having hallucinations? I do not know. But, to my great surprise I was able to re-pass him easily. The race ended after 2 hours and seventeen seconds, and I finished in fifth place. Only then I understood what had happened. Pierluigi had never been behind, he was in front and my mechanics had confused 'plus' with 'minus' in the board. Then, of course, I understood why the more I risked the more I gained. It ended well but who knows what would have happened if I crashed the car trying to defend myself from... a ghost!

Gerry Ashmore

The year was 1961 and I had just bought my brand new Lotus 18 from Colin Chapman but only had time to do one run down the main straight at Silverstone on the way to the docks and my first race in it at the Aspern circuit in Austria for the Vienna Grand Prix. For this race I was entered under the R.H.H. Parnell team alongside Tim in another Lotus 18 and the only other British private entrant was Shane Summers with his Cooper T53.

I was not able to finish my rebuild of the car in England so as soon as I arrived in Austria I got down to finishing it. Stirling Moss was there with Rob Walker's Lotus 18 and after practice I found myself in third place on the grid behind Stirling who was a second quicker than Shane Summers.

I was .2 of a second slower than Shane. To be honest during practice I thought Stirling was playing with me and not driving the way Stirling normally drove. Then towards the end of practice I began to hear a rumble from the gearbox and when I got back to the pits I had a look and found the crown wheel and pinion had lost some of its teeth.

I didn't have a spare gearbox and very little money so was desperate to get the car going to collect the starting money to help me get back home.

Gerry Ashmore in the early stages of the race at Aspern on the tail of Stirling Moss in the Walker Lotus 18 (Ashmore Archive).

I took a walk round the pits and found Tony Cleverley a young lad who had just started working with Rob Walker and noticed there was a spare gearbox marked SM2. I asked the kid if he would like to earn £50 and all he had to do was lend me that gearbox. Tony told me it could get him fired from the team but I assured him I would only do two or three laps in order to secure my starting money, return to the pits, bring back the gearbox and nobody would know.

Tony agreed and so I picked up the gearbox and when I was fitting my gears into Stirling's empty

Gerry Ashmore in the early stages of the race at Aspern on the tail of Stirling Moss in the Walker Lotus 18



box I had a tap on the shoulder. It was Stirling Moss looking down at me so I grabbed a rag and threw it on top of the box but Stirling then remarked: "These ratios are different to the ones I've got". So I said "These are the only one's I've got Mr Moss".

He wished me good luck and walked away not realising these were actually his ones from his spare gearbox. As I lined up for the start I saw Tony Cleverley standing anxiously and mouthing the words "three or four laps".

I had a good start, and got ahead of Shane so was tucked in behind Stirling and after three laps decided that rather than go into the pits I would continue but on the fifth lap going into an S bend I managed to get alongside Stirling and when I braked the rear wheels locked up and I spun off the road. I managed to get back on to the track, rushed into the pits and retired. Whilst the race was still going on I whipped out the gearbox cleaned it up and washed it all down then returned it to the Rob Walker truck.

After the race and I had received my starting money I gave young Tony the £50 and I found out later he was a good lad and had shared it out with the other mechanics in the team.

At the prize giving Stirling came up to me and asked what had happened to me. I explained about the brakes and he said he looked forward to our next race and I politely said "Thank you Mr Moss".

Antoine Seyler

Le jour se lève sur le circuit de la Sarthe, en ce 26 juin, et la Ferrari Testa Rossa 250 est en tête avec à son volant Olivier Gendebien. Paul Frère est dans les paddocks et croise Enzo Ferrari, en lui disant; si nous avons la Chance de gagner cette édition, j'ai promis à mon épouse, que je raccrocherais mon casque et que j'arrêteraï la compétition!

Après 314 tours effectués, 4217 kilomètres, et avec 4 tours d'avance sur la Ferrari TR60 de Riccardo Rodriguez/ André Pilette, la Victoire est enfin au bout du drapeau à damiers pour les deux brillants Amis belges. L'Aston Martin DBR1 terminant troisième avec de duo Roy Salvadori /Jim Clark.

Voici donc l'histoire du fameux volant que Paul Frère a reçu des mains du Commendatore une fois revenu à Maranello après leur retentissante victoire.

En effet Paul avait dit qu'il souhaitait garder une pièce de la voiture après la course, et Monsieur Ferrari, lui a fait la surprise, et lui offrant le précieux et ultime trophée.

«Vu que c'était votre dernière course, j'ai la joie de vous remettre ce volant, que vous accrocherez dans votre bureau» dit Monsieur Ferrari! Ce fut une belle surprise que Paul apprécia particulièrement.

Le 21 janvier 2008, Suzanne, me téléphone à Luxembourg en me disant que Paul n'allait pas bien et que je devais venir au plus vite à la clinique de Saint Paul de Vence. Le soir même je prenais le train de



Paul Frère

nuit pour rallier le Sud et j'y arrivais après un voyage long et des plus désagréables. Je n'ai pas fermé l'œil de la nuit évidemment, car en plus très ému de revoir Paul, pour ce qui devait être probablement la dernière fois...

Il est 11 heures. Je frappe à la porte, et Suzanne vient m'ouvrir. Paul dormait profondément. Nous avons discuté très agréablement pendant ce temps. Quand Paul se réveilla un petit sourire illumina son visage. Quelle joie de se retrouver tous les trois! Je lui avais déniché un journal qui s'appelait le «Temps» (qui se nomme le Monde à présent) du 30 janvier 1917, jour de sa naissance ! Beaucoup d'émotion dans le doux regard de Paul et il se mit à lire avec grand intérêt les articles parlant du Tsar, et de techniques novatrices pour l'époque! Malgré son grand âge, Paul est toujours resté très élégant et digne, et n'était jamais fatigué, car gourmand d'apprendre et de vivre à 200 à l'heure !

Nous avons passé une journée exceptionnelle tous les trois, mais avant de repartir le soir vers mon Luxembourg natal, une émotion unique m'emplit le cœur. Je me dirigeais vers la porte de la chambre pour un adieu que nous savions inéluctable. Paul me regarda et d'une voix douce me dit: Merci pour le «Temps» ; le journal, mais dans son humour et sa délicatesse ça voulait certainement évoquer les années d'amitié profonde et de respect et le temps que nous avons eu la joie de partager sur tous les circuits d'Europe et dans les salles de presse aussi. Mais ce qui fut encore bien plus fort c'est l'instant où Suzanne et Paul m'ont dit d'une seule voix...

Tu es le fils que nous n'avons jamais eu !!

Paul avait trois filles. Pour couronner le tout Paul avait une surprise pour moi. Le fameux volant Nardi

Ferodo First



MONZA, 4th September, 1966

ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

1ST L SCARFIOTTI
FERRARI 135.96 MPH

2ND M PARKES FERRARI

3RD D HULME REPCO-BRABHAM

Subject to official confirmation

Fit race-proved **FERODO**
BRAKE LININGS
DISC BRAKE PADS

ANTI-FADE



FERODO LIMITED • CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH • ENGLAND

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Not a race poster but Ferodo's promotional poster promoting Luigi Scarfiotti's win in the 1966 Italian Grand Prix (Malavolti Collection)

de la TR 250 signé et gravé E. Ferrari! Il me l'offrit et nous avons pleuré tous les trois sur le lit de Paul. Un moment d'émotion unique.

J'écris ces phrases avec humilité et la larme à l'œil, et j'essaie d'être digne de la confiance qu'ils m'accordaient, car Paul faisait partie de ces Seigneurs que nous avons eu la grande chance de côtoyer.

Pour honorer sa mémoire et que personne n'oublie ce Grand Homme, j'avais suggéré à notre regretté Jean François Chaumont (Monsieur 24 Heures de Francorchamps) de rebaptiser un virage du circuit de Spa Francorchamps. Ce fut chose faite lors du Grand Prix de Belgique en septembre 2008. D'ailleurs à Chimay il y a également un virage Paul Frère, ainsi qu'au Mans où le sommet de la Tour ACO abrite le Salon Paul Frère d'où vous avez une vue imprenable sur les virages Porsche et la ligne droite des stands! Epoustouflant pour les invités de l'ACO et de son Président.

Voici donc la petite histoire d'un Grand Homme avec qui j'ai eu la chance de partager de moments rares et privilégiés.

Depuis son «dernier départ» le 23 février 2008 il n'y a pas une journée où je ne pense pas à Paul et où quelqu'un évoque son souvenir. Quelle CHANCE.

Nano da Silva Ramos

Au début des années 1950 j'ai quitté le Brésil et me suis installé en France. J'avais couru quelques courses d'amateur à Rio sur une des dix MG anglaises que nous avions importées avec quelques amis et dont le moteur et les suspensions avaient été quelque peu modifiés par des mécaniciens brésiliens. Ces courses m'avaient donné très envie de participer aux 24heures du Mans.

Lance Macklin, qui courait pour Aston, m'a aidé à avoir dans de bonnes conditions, une DB 2/4 préparée pour la course. (Moteur 3 litres Vantage).

j'aimais beaucoup cette voiture qui était facile à conduire et j'ai réussi à gagner quelques courses et quelques rallyes et à me faire connaître par Gordini qui était le seul constructeur français à courir en F1 et qui m'a proposé de faire des essais en sport sur le circuit de Montlhéry près de Paris.

Il m'a engagé et j'étais ravi.

Beaucoup de très bons pilotes avaient couru pour Gordini dont Fangio, Behra et Trintignant, mais malheureusement les voitures avaient vieilli et il n'y avait plus de sous pour en faire de nouvelles et en conséquence de moins en moins de résultats.

Amédée Gordini était un homme sympathique, passionné de course automobile et toujours à la recherche de sponsors pour faire la prochaine voiture; il réussit à me convaincre qu'avant la fin 1955 il aurait une nouvelle F1 révolutionnaire et une sport six cylindres 3 litres très légère et performante. J'avais envie de le croire.

Considérant qu'il y avait beaucoup plus de bons pilotes que de places disponibles chez Ferrari, Maserati ou Mercedes, j'ai décidé de tenter ma chance avec Gordini.

De plus son atelier se trouvait à Paris.

Je n'imaginais pas à quoi je m'engageais et c'est comme ça que la galère a commencé.

Les Gordini sport ou F1 marchaient 20 à 30 kilomètres moins vite que la concurrence, mais je m'efforçais de prendre mon mal en patience en pensant aux nouveaux modèles qui arrivaient dans quelques mois.

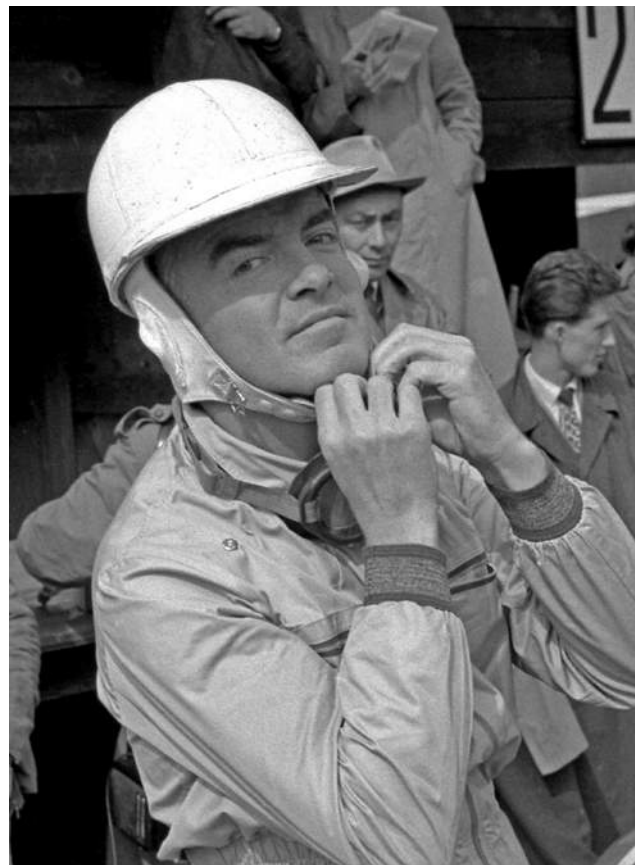
Malheureusement Gordini confondait les mois et les années et pendant ce temps-là nos voitures perdaient des roues cassaient des directions etc. nous risquions nos vies sans aucune chance de gagner.

17 pilotes (toutes marques confondues) sont morts en course pendant les quatre ou cinq ans durant lesquels j'ai couru.

En somme il fallait être fou pour courir à cette époque et encore plus fou pour courir sur une Gordini

Je ne pilotais que les voitures sport lorsqu'un soir du printemps 1956 Gordini m'appela pour m'annoncer le plus naturellement du monde que je courais le lendemain le GP des Pays Bas à Zandvoort. Je n'avais jamais mis le derrière dans une F1 ! J'ai fini huitième; c'était déjà heureux de terminer un GP avec une Gordini et compte tenu de mon inexpérience sur une F1 et de ma méconnaissance

Nano prepares to race



du circuit cela semblait satisfaire tout le monde. l'expérience fut renouvelée à Monaco où je me qualifiais devant les autres Gordini et terminais cinquième; j'avais gagné ma place.

C'est à cette époque que la pression montait car on nous assurait que la nouvelle F1 fantôme ferait son apparition pour le GP de France à Reims début Juillet.

Malheureusement la voiture n'était toujours pas prête pour les premiers essais et j'ai été convoqué le matin du dernier jour pour partir dans le camion avec les mécaniciens et la voiture.

Mais encore une fois il fallait compter sur Gordini, le roi du suspense, car le dernier coup de tournevis ne fut donné dans les ateliers du Boulevard Victor à Paris qu'à 17 heures soit une heure avant les derniers essais et la fermeture du circuit à Reims!!! Gordini m'a regardé le plus naturellement du monde et il m'a dit vas-y!!!

J'ai donc quitté le boulevard Victor à Paris à cinq heures de l'après-midi un Vendredi de Juillet au milieu de la circulation et des embouteillages des départs en week-end dans une F1 qui faisait ses premiers tours de roue sans démarreur mais heureusement avec le bruit strident d'un moteur V8 sans échappement qui provoquait des bonds intempestifs des voitures qui me précédaient et qui disparaissaient soudainement comme par enchantement.

Je me suis retrouvé assez vite sur la route Nationale de Paris à Reims (il n'y avait pas encore d'autoroute), et après avoir arraché le fonds-plat de la voiture sur un passage à niveau, dans un bruit assourdissant

et un nuage d'étincelles, j'ai réussi à rejoindre, très soulagé, le magnifique circuit de Reims et la grille qui s'est ouverte pour me laisser passer avec ma "fusée"...

Il ne me restait que quelques centaines de mètres pour rallier les stands lorsque la dernière surprise du Sorcier Gordini se produisit: la panne d'essence !!!! la nouvelle monoplace Gordini qui s'était fait longtemps désirer par le public et les pilotes fit donc une première apparition "à la ficelle" triste et silencieuse. Il ne fallait pas plus d'un ou deux tours de circuit pour la prendre en mains car elle était longue et large et tenait bien la route. Il ne fallait pas longtemps non plus pour se rendre compte qu'elle pesait 100 kilos de trop car les voitures rouges me passaient et disparaissaient rapidement!!!

Tout ce temps, ce travail et tant d'espoirs anéantis en quelques secondes et ces regards inquiets quand je suis sorti de la voiture? Incompétence...

J'ai dû me contenter aux essais du meilleur temps des trois Gordini et de devancer largement l'autre nouvelle bombe française, la Bugatti aux mains de Trintignant qui avait englouti des fortunes pour sa réalisation et la fin d'un des plus grands noms de la course automobile...

Such was life with Amédée Gordini... and racing in the fifties...

Je vous embrasse tous.

Amedee Gordini gets down to work on an early Gordini GP car



In the early 1950s, I left Brazil and moved to France. I had raced in a few amateur races in Rio in one of the ten British MGs that we had imported with some friends and whose engine and suspensions had been modified somewhat by Brazilian mechanics. These races made me want to participate in the 24 hours of Le Mans and it was Lance Macklin, who was racing for Aston Martin who helped me buy a DB 2/4 prepared for racing and in good condition with a 3 litre Vantage engine.

I really liked that car which was easy to drive and I managed to win a few races and rallies in France in order to make myself known to Gordini who was the only French manufacturer to race in F1.

He eventually offered me a test in a Gordini sports car at the Montlhéry circuit near Paris and I was delighted when he hired me.

Many very good drivers had raced for Gordini including Fangio, Behra and Trintignant, but unfortunately the cars had aged and there was no money left to make new ones and consequently better results.

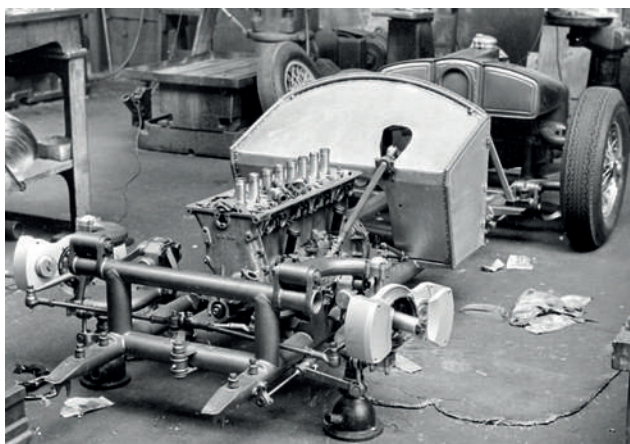
Amédée Gordini was a nice man, passionate about motor racing and always looking for some money to make the next car. This is how he managed to convince me that by the end of 1955 he would have a revolutionary new F1 car and a very light and efficient 3-liter six-cylinder sports car. I wanted to believe it!



Nano Da Silva Ramos

In addition, his workshop was in Paris so I decided to try my luck with Gordini but I had no idea what I was committing to and that's when the fun started. The existing Gordini sports cars and F1 car "walked" 20 to 30 kilometers slower than the competition, but I tried to bear my problems patiently, thinking of the new models which were going to arrive in a few months time. Unfortunately Gordini confused months and years and during this time our cars were losing wheels, breaking their steering etc. We were risking our lives with no chance of winning. Seventeen drivers (all teams combined) died racing during the four or five years that I raced and in short, you had to be mad to race at that time and even more mad to race with a Gordini. I was only racing in sports cars when Gordini called me one spring evening in 1956 to tell me that I was racing the Dutch GP in Zandvoort the next day. I had never even put my butt in Formula 1 car but I

The new eight cylinder Gordini Grand Prix car being built



finished eighth. At that time it was already wonderful for anyone to even finish a grand prix with a Gordini and given my inexperience in an F1 car and my lack of knowledge of the circuit it seemed to satisfy everyone. The experience was repeated in Monaco where I qualified ahead of the other Gordini's and finished fifth; I had confirmed my place.

It was at this time the pressure was mounting because we were assured that the new phantom F1 Gordini would make its appearance for the French GP in Reims in early July.

Unfortunately the car was still not ready in time for the first practice and I was summoned in Paris on the morning of the last day of practice to leave in the truck with the mechanics and the new car for Reims. However, once again, it was necessary to count on Gordini, the king of suspense, because the last screwdriver was not turned in the workshops of Boulevard Victor in Paris until 5 p.m. which was just one hour before the last practice and the closing of the circuit at Reims!!! Gordini looked at me quite normally and said go ahead!!! So I left Boulevard Victor in Paris at five in the afternoon on a Friday in July in the midst of traffic and traffic jams at weekend departures in the Gordini Formula 1 car which was turning its first wheels for the first time.

It had no starter but fortunately with the shrill noise of a straight eight engine without an exhaust pipe the sheer noise allowed me to dash in and out of the cars in front which suddenly disappeared as if by magic. I found myself fairly quickly on the Route Nationale from Paris to Reims (there was no motorway yet)

After tearing the flat bottom of the car on a level crossing, in a deafening noise and a cloud of sparks, I arrived, very relieved, and the beautiful circuit of Reims. The gate man opened up to let me pass drive in with the Gordini without any problem!

I only had a few hundred meters left to reach the pits when the last surprise of Sorcerer Gordini occurred: I ran out of petrol!!!! Such was life with Amédée Gordini... and racing in the fifties...

Tony Brooks

My first drive as a member of the Aston Martin team was in the Le Mans 24 hr GP d'Endurance in June 1956 and my second was at Goodwood in the 9 Hour race two months later.

The team was accommodated at the Spread Eagle Hotel in Midhurst and I shared a room with Peter Collins. When accommodation necessitated the sharing of rooms it was usual for the drivers paired for the race to be together.

Early to bed and early to rise best suits my natural body rhythm and as I liked a good night's sleep, particularly on racing weekends, I was less than pleased when Peter thought nothing unusual about coming to bed at 1.15 AM.

Alan Dakers, Aston Martin's public relations officer,



Gordini line up

commented to the historian Chris Nixon: “Tony Brooks joined the team and right away this shy, thin dental student put the other team drivers on their mettle for it was immediately obvious that here was a great driver in the making. It also became obvious that Tony didn’t smoke or drink, didn’t chase after girls and was studying hard for his dental degree – and here he was surrounded by this pretty fast crowd comprising Reg Parnell, Peter Collins, Roy Salvadori, Peter Walker and Dennis Poore, not exactly choir boys, any of them!

Unintentionally, and without me saying a word, my example had an effect on Peter. The evening before the Nine Hours I said I was going to have an early night, and much to everyone’s surprise Peter said: “Right my man Brooks is going to bed and so am I” he drank his half-pint and we walked up the stairs together; our team mates couldn’t quite believe what they had witnessed! Peter was a great party man, but apart from that first occasion, I don’t remember him ever being late to bed when he was paired with me.

His attitude was not professional in the way that Stirling’s was – he didn’t eat, drink and sleep motor racing – but nevertheless it was very much his life and he got a great kick out of it.

*Tony Brooks at the wheel of the Aston Martin DBR1
British Empire Trophy Race Oulton Park*



Reine Wisell

My first contact with F1 cars was with Jo Bonnier’s Cooper Maserati, when I had a run down the straight of the Silverstone short circuit in 1968. To me at the time it was a big monster car.

Then after my successes in F3 in 1968 and 1969 I was invited to come to a test with McLaren at Goodwood.

I was then entered for the 1970 Internatinoal Trophy at Silverstone in a factory McLaren M7A alongside regular drivers Bruce McLaren and Denny Hulme and was very happy to finish 9th.

Tragically Bruce was killed shortly after that race and I moved to Switzerland to be near Jo Bonnier. As we all know, at the Italian Grand Prix in September 1970 Jochen Rindt was killed in his Lotus 72.

Colin Chapman approached me about joining Team Lotus and I was invited to a test at Snetterton with Emerson Fittipaldi.

After the test Colin entered Emerson and me for the US Grand Prix at Watkins Glen and we had a tremendous result with Emerson winning the race and I finished third.

Three great party men, Mike Hawthorn, Wolfgang von Trips and Peter Collins





| The Swedish Grand Prix at Anderstorp, 1977 (Malavolti Collection)



Reine Wisell with SAR Prince Bertil of Sweden who was a member of the Comite d'Honneur of the Grand Prix Drivers Club



Reine at the wheel of the Pratt and Whitney gas turbine Lotus Formula 1 car

I did the full 1971 season with Lotus, with some good results and car failures.

For the British Grand Prix that year Colin put me in the Lotus 56 wedge-shaped car fitted with a Pratt and Whitney gas turbine engine and though it finished the race I was unclassified.

Then, as usual, there was an option to drive for 1972 but it was a one way option in favour of Lotus, and I was replaced by Dave Walker for 1972.

Then came the BRM Marlboro affair where I did have a contract as well as seven or eight other drivers for their three cars!

I never knew if I had a drive until Thursday before the weekend race. I had to travel from home in Switzerland to the race circuits!

Very bad team organization.

Before the first race at Jarama Big Louis Stanley did not let me go out for practice before I had signed a handwritten paper as a contract.

Perhaps Stanley knew that I had been asked to race for McLaren that year, but I was stuck with BRM and after all the problems I only did six races with them. Before the last two races at Watkins Glen and Canada I did like to have a confirmation, if I had a car for those races or not. The answer was that I did not have a BRM car for those races.

In the meantime I was asked to come and race with Lotus from Colin Chapman for them but there was a problem as Lotus was John Player and BRM was Marlboro. It was not a very pleasant weekend, and Colin Chapman understood my problems.

I was asked to drive for Lotus in 1973, but I had lost interest in racing and travelling.

I never knew where and when to go for races and travelling, so I decided to say thank you very much and not accept to race anymore with Lotus or any other F1 teams.

However, I was persuaded to do some races with March at Anderstorp.

In the first race the suspension fell apart on the warmup lap. Then the team gave me a race at Paul Ricard as compensation, the car did have a not a very good engine and before the race the mechanics overfilled the petrol tank.

As a result so petrol leaked into the drivers seat, where the safetybelts soaked up some petrol.

The six point belts and the petrol were burning my crotch.

When I started the race it hurt so much I had difficulty seeing as my eyes were watering. I had to stop and go to hospital to get treatment.

At Anderstorp some sponsors paid for my drive and I did very well until the rear suspension gave up at top speed on the straight at around 270 km per hour and I ended up in the forest outside the track.

Best Regards Reine Wisell.

Jochen Mass

Friends, no matter the age, I just want to tell you that life in the twilight zone had its merits, even when we want to feel otherwise.

Looking back through the prism of the years, things pop up which seemed trivial at the time but I think you would agree today's F1 would never allow freedom of this kind.

It was in the South African Grand Prix at Kyalami in the seventies. My car had stopped with a small problem at the end of practice just at the bottom of the Jukskei bend. The name means Hippo, where in fact in a small river some of them had frolicked in the quieter days when the GP wasn't active.

Anyhow, while I waited for a tow vehicle to arrive that had obviously been delayed, I saw two girls on horseback behind the fence some distance from the paddock.

Can I borrow one of your horses I asked?



1950
Giuseppe Farina
Alfa Romeo



1951
Juan Manuel Fangio
Alfa Romeo



1952
Alberto Ascari
Ferrari



1953
Alberto Ascari
Ferrari



1954
Juan Manuel Fangio
Mercedes



1960
Jack Brabham
Cooper



1961
Phil Hill
Ferrari



1962
Graham Hill
BRM



1963
Jim Clark
Lotus



1964
John Surtees
Ferrari



1970
Jochen Rindt
Lotus



1971
Jackie Stewart
Tyrrell



1972
Emerson Fittipaldi
Lotus



1973
Jackie Stewart
Tyrrell



1974
Emerson Fittipaldi
McLaren



1980
Alan Jones
Williams



1981
Nelson Piquet
Brabham



1982
Keke Rosberg
Williams



TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE MAKING HISTORY.

Happy Holidays and warm wishes for the New Year!
From all at Formula 1®



1986
Alain Prost
McLaren



1987
Nelson Piquet
Williams



1988
Ayrton Senna
McLaren



1992
Nigel Mansell
Williams



1993
Alain Prost
Williams



1994
Michael Schumacher
Benetton



1995
Michael Schumacher
Benetton



1996
Damon Hill
Williams



2002
Michael Schumacher
Ferrari



2003
Michael Schumacher
Ferrari



2004
Michael Schumacher
Ferrari



2005
Fernando Alonso
Renault



2006
Fernando Alonso
Renault



2012
Sebastian Vettel
Red Bull



2013
Sebastian Vettel
Red Bull



2014
Lewis Hamilton
Mercedes



2015
Lewis Hamilton
Mercedes



2016
Nico Rosberg
Mercedes



1955
Juan Manuel Fangio
Mercedes



1956
Juan Manuel Fangio
Ferrari



1957
Juan Manuel Fangio
Maserati



1958
Mike Hawthorn
Ferrari



1959
Jack Brabham
Cooper



1965
Jim Clark
Lotus



1966
Jack Brabham
Brabham



1967
Denny Hulme
Brabham



1968
Graham Hill
Lotus



1969
Jackie Stewart
Matra



1975
Niki Lauda
Ferrari



1976
James Hunt
McLaren



1977
Niki Lauda
Ferrari



1978
Mario Andretti
Lotus



1979
Jody Scheckter
Ferrari



1983
Nelson Piquet
Brabham



1984
Niki Lauda
McLaren



1985
Alain Prost
McLaren

#FOREVERF1



1989
Alain Prost
McLaren



1990
Ayrton Senna
McLaren



1991
Ayrton Senna
McLaren



1997
Jacques Villeneuve
Williams



1998
Mika Häkkinen
McLaren



1999
Mika Häkkinen
McLaren



2000
Michael Schumacher
Ferrari



2001
Michael Schumacher
Ferrari



2007
Kimi Räikkönen
Ferrari



2008
Lewis Hamilton
McLaren



2009
Jenson Button
Brawn



2010
Sebastian Vettel
Red Bull



2011
Sebastian Vettel
Red Bull



2017
Lewis Hamilton
Mercedes



2018
Lewis Hamilton
Mercedes



2019
Lewis Hamilton
Mercedes



2020
Lewis Hamilton
Mercedes



Teddy Pilette

I remember a very special moment in my life when I was invited to join the Stanley BRM team in 1977. Louis Stanley was an English gentleman who had run the BRM team when it was owned by Sir Alfred Owen.

He had married Owen's sister Jean and with his wife they took over the BRM racing team.

Like almost every driver who drove with BRM during Louis Stanley's period he invited me to the elegant Dorchester Hotel in London to have a typical English "tea" with him that included cucumber sandwiches!

This was not my first drive in Formula 1 because, after winning the Formula 5.000 Championship in 1973 Bernie Ecclestone gave me a drive in a factory Brabham BT42 in the Belgian Grand Prix that was held that year on the Nivelles circuit near Brussels.

My team mates were Carlos Reutemann and Rikki von Opel and they had the more modern BT44's. However the Brabham's were not successful at that time and we all ended up in the lower part of the grid.

It was not my favourite race but in the end I was driving the only Brabham to finish.

When I was invited to join BRM in 1977 it was a much smaller team than in the great days of BRM in the 1960's when Jo Bonnier gave them their first victory.

The Stanley-BRM team started in 1976 with the last of the original team models, the P201B with a different nose cone.

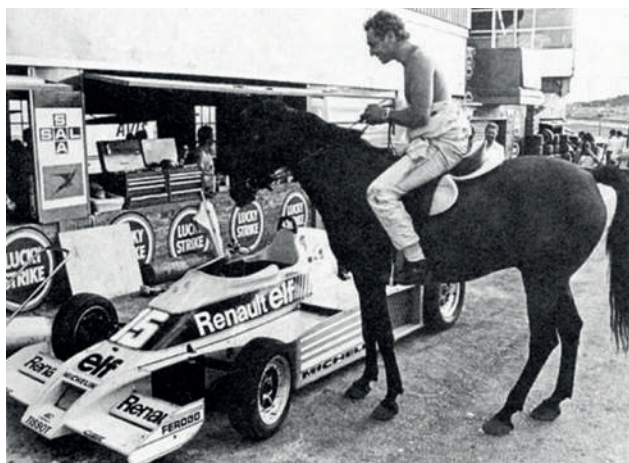
For 1977 Stanley got Len Terry to design a new car the P207 which had a revised engine by Aubrey Woods. Two chassis were made and sponsorship came from Rotary watches. I normally drove P207/02 and the key engineers were Alan Challis and Alec Stokes. To be honest the car was a disaster and Larry Perkins the Australian gave up after the Race of Champions then the Swedish driver Conny Andersson did not qualify for the earlier European grands prix and even Guy Edwards could not qualify the car for the British Grand Prix at Silverstone.

I was engaged to drive the car in the German Grand Prix held at Hockenheim and was able to understand some of the problems my fellow grand prix drivers had had.

For example at Hockenheim we found the engine had a problem with a water leak that was fixed with Araldite. Unfortunately I did not qualify.

The same was true in the Dutch Grand Prix and the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. Apart from the car not being a very good car the engine was the real problem.

Alan Challis, who was later to move to Williams and see success, sent one of the engines to a laboratory where they found that the sodium valve



| *Jochen arrived at the Kyalami paddock by horse*

Sure you can, they answered!

I climbed over the high fence, jumped on the horse and rode up to the pits, the two girls following on the other.

The pits back then were still an open affair, so we trotted against the direction down the pit lane.

Bernie Ecclestone was speaking to someone, leaning against the pit counter when I came up behind him and put my horse's head next to his.

Without looking round he tried a few times to brush it off until his hand became aware that it couldn't be just brushed off and with a jump he cried f....ing Mass, how did you get in here?

On this horse Bernie, no problem!

Many pictures were taken and appeared in the Johannesburg Star, good publicity for all, especially the sporty girls! Imagine that today, impossible!



Teddy Pilette

heads were too old and corroded which was why they tended to break. So my period with BRM was, for me, a total disaster and Monza was, in fact, Stanley-BRM's last Formula 1 grand prix race.

In 1978 Louis Stanley entered me for a British club Libre race at Brands Hatch but the car failed at scrutineering and my final race in the car was in the Anglia Television Trophy at Snetterton in April 1978 and though I lined up on the second row of the grid the last V12 BRM engine blew up so ending my race and also it was the last time a Stanley-BRM raced.

One good thing I remember about my short career in Formula 1 was the privilege of getting to know Bernie Ecclestone who had given me my first drive and he has always had a special attachment to all of his ex-driver

Teddy at the wheel of the Stanley-BRM with Louis Stanley and his wife Jean standing beside the car



Howden Ganley

Howden Ganley

Joining the Grand Prix Drivers Club.

Of course in those far distant days it was still under the original name chosen by the founders, those wonderful men who had enjoyed such stellar racing careers.

During my own racing career I was barely aware of the Anciens Pilotes as a club, and it was not until 1973 that the existence of it was brought into sharp focus.

Nina Rindt had invited me to the racing car show founded by Jochen and which Nina continued to promote.

One evening I was walking along a hall in the hotel when I spotted through large glass doors so many famous faces gathered around a large table.

I stopped to look and suddenly the then Secretary General, Toulo de Graffenried was motioning me to enter.

I was much overawed as Toulo introduced me around the room, and then I was asked to take a seat amongst them. It was as if a dream had come true – here I was with the Royalty of motor racing.

Eventually Neubauer, the legendary Mercedes Brnz team manager, insisted that I had been there long enough and I was

ushered out with the assurance that “One day you will be a member of this Club”.

That dream came true many years later when David Piper put my name forward and I was elected to the membership. Little did I imagine then that one day I would become firstly a Vice-President, and then President.

I am sure we all remember our first Grand Prix, that wonderful moment when our dreams take a big step forward. For me it was a sort of 2- step process in that the first Grand Prix in which I participated, Monaco 1966, was not as a driver but as a mechanic to Bruce McLaren.

It took me another five years to achieve the real proud moment when I was on the grid as a GP Driver being a member of the BRM team at the 1971 South African Grand Prix.

So eventually I did qualify for membership and must say I have enjoyed meeting and befriending so many of my boyhood heroes. A very bright part of my life. I will always remain a totally supportive and admiring member of the Club and all it stands for.

Jo Ramirez

Back in 1962, I was the "Gofer" (Go for this, go for that) of the Scuderia Ferrari, and later graduated to apprentice under the leadership of Ing. Mauro Forghieri, one of my greatest mentors, at the start of my racing career.

We were testing somewhere and Mauro had made out the schedule with some drivers testing in the morning and some in the afternoon; we are talking about Phil Hill, Pedro Rodriguez, Willy Mairesse, Lorenzo Bandini and Giancarlo Baghetti.

For some reason one of the morning drivers was not feeling well so Mauro told me to go back to the Hotel and tell Willy Mairesse that the plan had changed and he was needed back at the circuit as soon as possible so I took a bicycle and pedalled to the hotel. As I arrived at Willy's room the door was partly ajar and when I knocked on the door it flew open and I found Willy and Doreen, his girlfriend, having a good old romp on the edge of the bed!

The funny thing was they didn't stop when I entered the room so I gave him the message and he just replied ok, I will be along soon!

That night the three of us just had a big laugh over the incident.

Doreen was a lovely lady, and he was a great character, later they got married and Willy continued racing for Ferrari in 1963 but only raced in F1 on a few occasions.

He mainly concentrated on sport prototype cars until in 1968 when he had an awful accident on the Mulsanne straight at LeMans in the wet from which he really never recovered.

On the photo Ricardo Rodriguez, Phil Hill and myself possibly in Sicily at the Targa Florio



He isolated himself more and more from the rest of the world and in September of 1969 committed suicide, which was a tragedy. I have worked with some great drivers during my career but to me the best driver of all time and certainly the one that has been the example to follow by all the recent newcomers to the sport, was Ayrton Senna.

I had the privilege to have worked side by side with him during his six years at McLaren.

The 1993 Australian GP in Adelaide was the final race of the season and probably the most emotional Formula 1 weekend of my life as there were so many different milestones.

It was the last race for Ayrton in a McLaren, it was also Alain Prost's last ever race and at the time we were neck and neck with Ferrari at 103 wins.

If McLaren won this race we would automatically become the most successful Grand Prix Team in history and, of course, we were more than keen for this to come about.

There was no doubt about it, it was never going to be the same at McLaren without Ayrton Senna and also he was apprehensive about joining another team purely because they had a better car, but deep inside himself he knew we were the better team.

Senna put the MP4/8 on pole, his 65th, and the first one for a Ford engined car in ten years.

At the start line he called me over to the cockpit, apparently to do up his belts, which I thought was strange as he always did the last little pull himself using two hands.

As I came close to him I realised this was not what he wanted, but he said:

"It is a very strange feeling for me to do this for the last time in a McLaren." And I replied, "If it is a strange thing for you, just imagine how hard it is for us, because we don't want you to go."

I do not need to tell you how important this win is for us", "If you win this one for us I will love you forever" Ayrton grabbed my arm very hard and I saw tears in his eyes!

Damn it! I got so worried I had made him emotional just before the start, but like a good Latin he was a very emotional man and always coped with it.

Ayrton won, McLaren was the most successful Grand Prix team and Prost was second on the podium.

Two weeks before, in Japan they had also finished in the same places, and Prost offered to shake hands at the press conference but Ayrton did not even look at him.

Alain even thought they should have exchanged helmets after the last race in Australia which would have been a really nice gesture, but after Ayrton's coolness in Japan he forgot about it.

This time in Adelaide they both shook hands to the smiles of the whole world, Ayrton was nice and warm, maybe because it was his idea or because Prost was no longer his worst 'enemy' on the tracks. After the race, Tina Turner was giving a concert to which we all went and during her performance she

RSM FAMS

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AUTODROMO DINO FERRARI IMOLA

Campionato del mondo F.1 della FIA 

1 MAGGIO 1983 ORE 14,30

A.C. BO  SAGIS

Imola hosted the third Grand Prix of San Marino in 1983 (Malavolti Collection)



| *Ayrton wins in Adelaide with Jo on the right*

dragged Ayrton onto the stage and sang "Simply the Best" to him. Needless to say it brought the house down. If it ever a song was sung at the most appropriate time, this was the occasion!

That evening we had a team dinner in the 'Trattoria', an Italian restaurant in Adelaide, to say goodbye to the great champion, and celebrating been the most successful Formula 1 Grand Prix team of all time.

Ayrton was with his girl friend, Adrienne, and I presented him with a steering wheel from one of his victories.

I also reminded him that although he was only second in the 1993 championship he had won five races in places and conditions where power was not an issue, but only driver ability.

Therefore, he was still the best and I ended up by saying: three

World Championships, sixty-five Grand Prix wins, forty seven pole positions four hundred and forty seven championship points with McLaren. If you think you can do better anywhere else, you are welcome to try!

A truly remarkable weekend - and the end of an era.

| *Michael Schumacher and Jo*



Finally my last anecdote comes from more recent times and from another great driver who does not need any introduction, this is of course Michael Schumacher.

There have been a few anecdotes like this one about Michael Schumacher, the man who, until recently, had broken and created more records than anyone else in the history of the sport. that show what this superman was like

He was a human being that enjoyed life to the full, but he could not stand to be second, ever, and had to win at all costs.

I will always remember with a smile on my face when we had a little race in Montreal, Canada just after practice.

I was leaving the circuit with three of our engineers and at the same time we saw Michael getting into his car with his lovely wife Corinna and Willy Weber, his manager.

They were staying at the Vogue Hotel, the most glamorous and expensive place in Montreal, while we were at the Hotel de la Montagne, the most popular place in town which during "happy hour" was packed with Montreal's young and beautiful people. Both hotels were on Rue de la Montagne and opposite each other.

From the circuit Gilles Villeneuve to the hotel is normally a 20 minute drive with no traffic, however on race weekend there is always lots of traffic.

You have two straights on Ile Notre Dame then the entrance to the freeway for a few kilometres and then the City, few blocks left and right and you get to the Hotel. As we left the parking Michael winked an eye at me and took off in front spraying my car and the windscreen with mud and stones opening a challenge to the hotel.

This was a challenge he did not need to repeat for as soon as the road was clear I passed him on the straight, only because my courtesy Mercedes had more power that his courtesy Fiat from Ferrari.

But in the braking for the corner at the entrance of the freeway, he passed us sideways and almost touching the concrete wall.

My passengers started getting nervous but like all of us in this business they had the drug of the competition and started shouting go,go, Jo don't let him to get you, go, go... as if I needed any encouraging.

The superiority of my Merc soon re passed him on the freeway, but the size of his Fiat had the advantage in the City so we exchange places a few times until we got to the last corner in rue Saint Catherine, just a block from the hotel, and at the traffic light we were in front, my friends were all ready singing victory and pointing two fingers at Michael.

When the light jumped to green I had cover to the left and the right as my car was the widest Mercedes in the world, but I do not know how on earth, in the next 100 meters blocked up with traffic, Michael appeared in front.

To this day I can not understand how, when and where he passed us I swear his car had wings!! This certainly was a big lesson of competitiveness, never to give up even at the last instance, which describes what Michael Schumacher was like. My only consolation was that when he parked his car in front of his hotel, I stopped a centimetre from his car door so he had to go out of the passenger door at the same time giving us two fingers with an even bigger smile on his face than the one we'd had 100 meters earlier!

Danny Sullivan

What fond memories this picture brings back from the BP Formula 3 Championship days. Gunnar Nielson was the works March driver, and he and I shared a car to most races to save money.

We would compete all weekend, debrief (or what little they did in those days), pile in the car, dinner at our favourite Italian place in Notting Hill, too much to drink and too many laughs. What a fond time.

I unfortunately signed with Rapid Movements for Formula Atlantic, with a handful of Formula 2 races planned. Then the economy and their business took a downturn I was without a drive

I had a few drives in Brian Lewis's Boxer Formula 2 car, but eventually went back to the US for a Formula Atlantic seat followed by CanAm etc.

Through my mentor Dr Frank Falkner, who was well connected in racing, was John Cooper's best friend and John Cooper put Frank on to Ken Tyrrell.

In 1971 I worked as gofer for Tyrrell at a number of races, a complete no-knowledge, green kid from Kentucky that knew nothing about racing or F1.

Though I was not in the Team as a gofer, during a Championship year but it was an experience, beyond words. Now fast forward to 1982 and the call from Ken Tyrrell to Frank Falkner as a result of which I got an invite to a driver's test at Paul Ricard in late November or December.

I arrived to find Stefan Johansson, Bruno Giacomelli and Bepe Gabbiani all the hot shoes in Formula 2 of the day.

I went out last, just before the end of the day.

Then, not long before I actually went out on track, I was presented with a contract that I had to sign before I did the test.

It was for three years, the pay was a joke and I had to cover all expenses.

Trust me, the pay would not have covered the air fare and I almost pulled out but my Can-Am backer Garvin Brown, said if I actually got the drive he would cover it all.

I knew all the mechanics from my gofer days so I got in the car, did 10 laps, and at the end Ken asked me to be in Rio in January for another test alongside Michele Alboreto.

I did not get the drive officially until I proved myself in Rio, where I think I got 6-8 laps after being there for six days!

What an experience driving for Ken Tyrrell and the Tyrrell organisation which was very special, particularly my team mate, Michele Alboreto who was a gentleman.

When I returned to the USA I was to move into Indycar racing

and had a fabulous first season in 1983 with Doug Shierson Racing (Domino's Pizza sponsorship) when I won three races.

Soon after I was in negotiation with Doug Shierson for 1975 when Roger Penske called my mentor, Dr Frank Falkner, to see if I was signed up, which I was not at the time. I met Roger in New York, and in typical Penske fashion, we agreed and he took me across the river to New Jersey to his office to sign then and there. I did an amazing amount of testing for the team prior to the season.

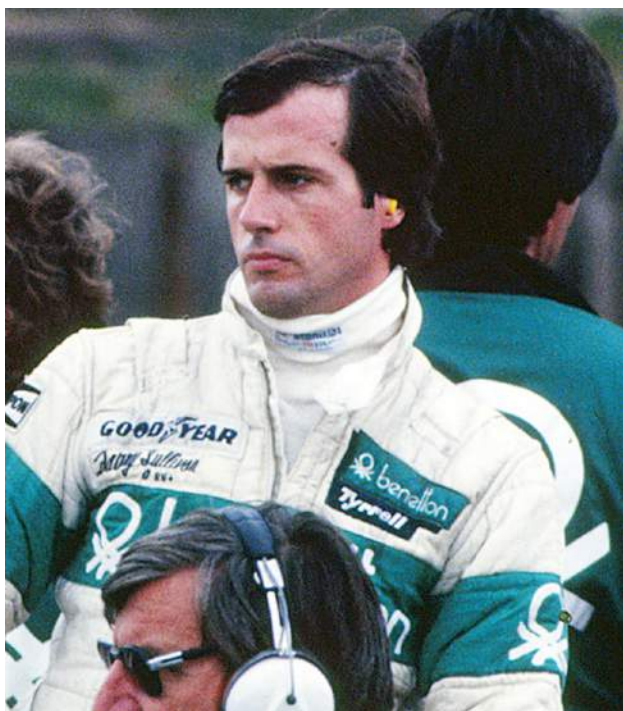
My first race was Long Beach, and was leading out of the hairpin on the last lap and ran out of fuel!

Being slightly down-hill I jumped out and tried to push it across the line and was classified 3rd.

The next race was the Indy 500 which is now talked of as one of the most dramatic Indy 500 races.



Danny Sullivan early in his career travelled to Knockhill in Scotland with his factory Modus



A youthful Sullivan in his Benetton/Tyrrell Formula 1 season

I overtook Mario Andretti for the lead on lap 120 but as I did so the car stepped out and I spun without hitting anything.

Thankfully I was not only able to continue but caught and passed Mario, safely this time, and was able to hold the lead for the final 61 laps of the race to win. I was very happy to have given Roger his fifth Indianapolis 500 win which tied with the long-standing record of five wins by veteran driver Lou Moore.

From then on that race was always known as "Spin to Win".

Thierry Boutsen

J'aimerais raconter une petite anecdote qui va démontrer la différence qu'il y a entre les GP des années 80 et aujourd'hui.

En réalité, à chaque weekend de GP il y avait en fait... deux GP, dont le plus important était souvent le deuxième. Le premier était celui couru avec les F1, bien évidemment.

Le deuxième, bien plus important, était la course pour celui qui, le soir du GP officiel, arriverait le premier à la pizzeria Roma à Monte Carlo. Pour ce faire, il nous fallait organiser un transport en hélicoptère du circuit à l'aéroport, après la course (ou même pendant pour ceux qui abandonnaient). Chacun devait avoir son Jet prêt à partir, arrivés à Nice nous devions avoir réservé un vol en hélicoptère pour Monaco, et là une voiture pour aller à la Pizzeria. Il nous fallait faire très attention, la triche était autorisée, il arrivait à certains pilotes (des avions) d'appeler la tour de contrôle pour faire changer le plan d'e vol d'un compétiteur afin de le mettre en retard...! Parmi les pilotes qui prenaient le plus souvent part à ce GP nous avions Nelson, Ayrton, Yvan, Stefano, Michele, Gerhard, moi même, nous étions tous pressés d'arriver. Pourquoi ? Le dernier devait payer l'addition... Serait-ce possible aujourd'hui...?

I would like to tell a little anecdote that will demonstrate the difference between the GPs of the 80s and today. In fact, every GP weekend there were actually... two GPs, of which the most important was often the second.

The first was the one race with F1, of course.

Danny with the famous Indianapolis trophy after his 1985 win (Indianapolis Motor Speedway)





Thierry Boutsen with one of his fleet of executive jets and his Williams

The second, much more important, was the race for the one who, on the evening of the GP, could arrive first at the Roma pizzeria in Monte Carlo.

To do this, we had to organize helicopter transport from the circuit to the airport, after the race (or even during for those who gave up).

Everyone had to have their Jet ready to go, arriving in Nice we had to have booked a helicopter flight to Monaco, and there a car to go to the Pizzeria.

We had to be very careful, cheating was allowed, it happened to some pilots (of planes) to call the control tower to change a competitor's flight Aplan in order to make him late...!

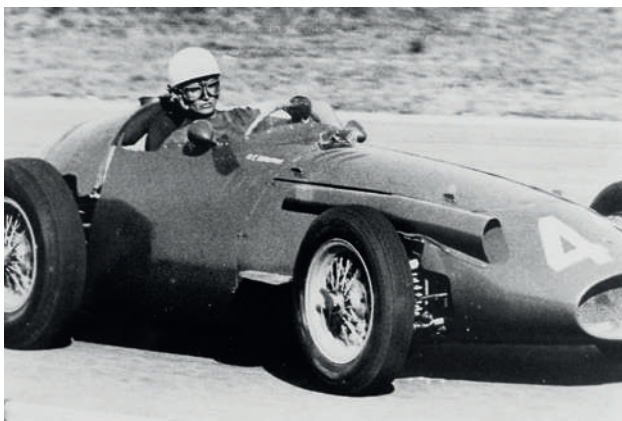
Among the drivers who took part most often in this GP we had Nelson, Ayrton, Yvan, Stefano, Michele, Gerhard and myself. We were all in a hurry to arrive. Why ? The last one had to pay the bill
Could it be possible today...?

Maria Teresa de Filippis

Christoph-Antoine Gaascht, le célèbre journaliste belge de courses automobiles, a raconté sa rencontre avec Maria Teresa lors de sa première visite à Spa en 1958.

«Alors que le championnat du Monde de Formule 1 entame sa 9ème saison, aucune femme n'a osé

Maria Teresa with her 250F Maserati



relever le défi. Il faut compter sur une bouillante comtesse napolitaine, pour bouleverser les clichés machistes de la corporation.

La jeune femme a déjà fait ses preuves en catégorie sport sur Maserati A6GCS.

Le grand Fangio la remarque et lui sert de parrain. Les Moss, Collins, Hawthorn et consorts doivent désormais compter sur cette présence atypique dans leurs rangs.

Le beau Luigi Musso a tôt fait de lui prodiguer des conseils. Les portes de la Formule 1 lui sont désormais grandes ouvertes.

La voici inscrite sur la liste des engagés du Grand Prix de Belgique 1958, disputé sur le circuit de Spa Francorchamps. La piste ardennaise est réputée dangereuse, les vitesses enregistrées sont terrifiantes. Les pneumatiques ont du mal à résister aux contraintes liées à la rapidité des courbes et aux lignes droites interminables. Mais rien n'effraie la charmante italienne, Musso la met en garde et lui indique les pièges du tracé. Il lui dira même: «Fais attention dans Masta! C'est précisément dans ce secteur que ce brillant jeune homme détruit sa belle Ferrari, victime de l'éclatement d'un pneu...

Docile et déterminée, Maria Teresa mène sa course avec une intelligence consommée.

Elle franchit la ligne d'arrivée à la 10ème place.

Après la course, les finalistes ont l'insigne honneur d'être reçus par SM le Roi Léopold III de Belgique. La signorina se présente dans la loge du souverain. Celui-ci voulait comprendre comment une fille aussi fluette pouvait dominer un bolide comme la 250F, sur un circuit si rapide et usant!

Ce jour-là, c'est Tony Brooks qui remporte la course sur Vanwall, à la moyenne de 209 Km/h.

Maria Teresa reviendra à Francorchamps en 2007, dans le cadre d'une manifestation mise sur pied en l'honneur de Maserati. Notre amie est incontestablement la vedette de ce week-end.

Pour les besoins des caméras, son fidèle mari Théo l'envoie voltiger dans l'habitacle de sa 250 F, moment très drôle si il en est.

La grande dame nous a quitté le 9 janvier 2016, son souvenir et ses exploits ont à jamais marqué les belges, grands amateurs de course automobile».

Niki Lauda

Niki Laudas Ahnung bei Kilometer 10,5.

Wahrscheinlich ist Niki Lauda neben Mozart der bekannteste Österreicher. Zum Phantom wurde er 1976, als er am Nürburgring an die Himmelstür klopfte. Helmut Zwickl erinnert sich.

Niki Lauda kommt widerwillig zum Nürburgring. «Der Ring liegt mir im Magen», sagt er. Nein, Marlene habe er nicht zum Ring mitgenommen, «ich möchte ihr das ganze Theater ersparen.»



*The new Maserati Trofeo Collection.
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Levante Trofeo. (580CV/426.5Kw). CO₂ emissions (g/km): combined cycle from 359 to 363. Fuel consumption (l/100km): combined cycle from 15.9 to 16.0. WLTP values.
Ghibli Trofeo. (580CV/426.5Kw). CO₂ emissions (g/km): combined cycle from 279 to 285. Fuel consumption (l/100km): combined cycle from 12.3 to 12.6. WLTP values.
Quattroporte Trofeo. (580CV/426.5Kw). CO₂ emissions (g/km): combined cycle from 279 to 285. Fuel consumption (l/100km): combined cycle from 12.3 to 12.6. WLTP values.



| *Helmut Zwickl with Stirling Moss*

Niki weiss was ihn hier oben in der Eifel erwartet: Wenig Sympathien, Pfiffe, Anti-Lauda-Kundgebungen.

In einem Fiat-Coupe chauffiert mich Niki Donnerstag abends um den Ring. Plötzlich passiert etwas Seltsames. Wir suchen uns gerade einen Weg aus dem Fahrerlager, als uns ein Deutscher Rennfan etwas unverfroren stoppt, er wirft sich einfach über die Motorhaube. Durch das geöffnete Wagenfenster nötigt er Niki ein Autogramm ab. Es ist einer von jenen Fans, die aufgeregt und mit fast irrem Blick das Autogramm einfordern. Gewissermaßen als Dank hält er Niki ein Farbfoto mit den Worten unter die Nase: «Das ist für Sie Herr Lauda. Ich war in Graz am Friedhof wo Jochen Rindt begraben liegt, das ist ein Foto von seinem Grab, ich möchte es ihnen schenken...»

Wie sind perplex. Niki schaut mich an, ich schau ihn an. Was denkt sich ein Mensch, der Niki Lauda ein Foto schenkt, auf dem der Grabstein von Jochen Rindt zu sehen ist?

Niki schüttelt den Kopf. «Ein Wahnsinn, diese Leute. Du würdest nie glauben, was ich für Briefe kriege. Kürzlich schrieb einer, Herr Lauda, wann bringen Sie sich endlich um bei einem Rennen?»

Ich werfe das Foto ins Handschuhfach, Niki fährt auf den Ring hinaus, auf den ersten Kilometern reden wir kein Wort.

Dass Niki auf dieser Runde im Fiat ausgerechnet bei Kilometer 10,5 langsamer fährt, fast stehen bleibt, schickt mir heute noch einen kalten Schauer über den Rücken. Denn bei Kilometer 10,5, genau an dieser Stelle, sollte er drei Tage später verunglücken.

Auch Jackie Stewart hat mir einmal gesagt, er würde wissen, «wo es mich einmal erwischen könnte.» Niki rollt ganz langsam bei Kilometer 10,5 und ich habe seine Worte auf einem Recorder



| *Niki Lauda with Clay Regazzoni and team manager Daniele Audetto in the paddock at Nürburgring*

mitgeschnitten, und sie wurden zum zeitlosen Dokument für das Drama vom Nürburgring.

Nikis Stimme klingt nicht cool, eher rebellierend, als würde er sich gegen ein Schicksal auflehnen, dem er nicht enttrinnen kann: «Du fährst hier im vierten Gang hinunter, Vollgas, ich würde sagen, 240 bis 250 km/h. Wenn dir hier ein Reifen platzt, oder was bricht... da fliegst du dort tief hinunter, oder hier hinauf, oder da rein, da ist doch nichts. Nur Felsen, Böschung, jetzt haben sie ein paar Fangzäune aufgestellt, das reicht doch nicht...»

Genau hier flog Niki im Rennen in die Fangzäune. Am Vorabend des Großen Preises von Deutschland sitzen wir mit Niki in seiner Hotel-Pension unweit des Nürburgring. Im deutschen Fernsehen läuft eine Reportage über das Training. Als die Sportsendung vorbei ist, lehnt sich Niki, im Gesicht bleich geworden, zurück. Er ist sprachlos. Dann kommt ein einziges Wort über seine Lippen: «Gemeinheit»

In der TV-Reportage hatte man Lauda unterstellt, dass er den Nürburgring nur deswegen hasse, weil er hier 1973 und 1974 einen Unfall baute und 1975 Pech mit den Reifen hatte. In Wahrheit hatte Niki die Sicherheit auf der Nürburgring-Nordschleife hinterfragt und sie als «nicht mehr zeitgemäss



| *Lauda in action in the Grand Prix before the accident*

bezeichnet. Doch seine sachliche Kritik wurde ihm als «Feigheit» ausgelegt. Und die Kommentare gegen Lauda waren an Gehässigkeit kaum noch zu überbieten. «Das haben jetzt Millionen Menschen gesehen» sagt Niki, «sie werden jetzt nach dieser Verdrehung der Tatsachen sagen, der Lauda ist ein feiger Hund. Und ich sitze hier beim Abendessen, machtlos, dagegen was zu tun.»

Ich werfe ein: «Wenn man morgen mit dir das Siegerinterview macht, dann kannst du dich revanchieren, und die ganzen Unterstellungen korrigieren...»

«Gute Idee» meint Niki, «doch ich bezweifle, dass ich morgen auf dem Podest stehen werde...»

Es dauert eine Stunde, bevor er seine gute Laune wiedergefunden hatte. Wir gehen alle sehr bald schlafen.

1. August 1976. Eineinhalb Stunden vor dem Start. Niki sitzt in einem kleinen Wohnwagen und beklebt seinen Sturzhelm mit einem Ersatzvisier. Es gab damals noch keine klimatisierten Motorhomes, in denen sich die Fahrer zurückziehen konnten. Der Wohnwagen für die Ferrari Piloten ist winzig klein und ungemütlich. Soeben habe ich von meiner Zeitung erfahren, dass ein Wahrzeichen von Wien, die Reichsbrücke eingestürzt ist: die größte Brücke, die über die Donau führt. Niki ist verblüfft, legt den Helm beiseite und meint staunend: «Unglaublich, wie kann so was passieren? Ein Materialgebrecen?»

Er liegt an 13. Position, als er in der zweiten Runde des Großen Preises von Deutschland, nachdem er an der Box seine Regenreifen gegen Slicks ausgetauscht hatte, vor dem Streckenteil Adenauer-Brücke drei andere Fahrer einholte, die noch auf Regenreifen unterwegs waren: Guy Edwards, Harald Ertl und Brett Lunger.

Niki erinnert sich heute nur noch daran, «Carlos Pace überholt zu haben» und an den «Schlag auf den Kopf»

Erst viel später konnte man an Hand eines Amateurfilmes und an Hand von Fotos rekonstruieren, was in dem Linksknick bei Kilometer 10,5 passiert war.

Der Film zeigt, dass der Ferrari unmittelbar nach einer (eher mutmaßlichen) Berührung der kurveninneren Randsteine mit den linken Rädern, im Scheitelpunkt mit dem Heck ausbricht. Niki gibt, bei Tempo 250, Gegensteuer, plötzlich aber reißt es den Ferrari derart scharf nach rechts, als wollte er in eine Seitengasse des Nürburgringes abbiegen. «Dieser Ruck nach rechts» ist Niki «bis heute nicht klar, obwohl ich immer wieder den Film studierte. Dieses plötzliche Abbiegen ist abnormal, völlig unnatürlich. Ich kann es nicht erklären.»

Den Anprall in die Zäune und danach in die Böschung sieht man auf dem Film nicht. Zuerst fliegen die Trümmer des Ferrari, dann erst fliegt der Wagen auf die Fahrbahn zurück.

Mitten auf der Fahrbahn schlagen die Flammen

aus dem zum Wrack gewordenen Ferrari. Der Helm wird im Drahtverhau vom Kopf gerissen, den Bordfeuerlöscher kann er nicht mehr auslösen, denn ein Holzpflöck des Drahtverhaus schlägt ihn bewusstlos. Niki ist ohne Helm den Flammen preisgegeben. Mit dem Ferrari segelt der dichtauf folgende Guy Edwards im Hesketh von der Bahn. Der nachkommende Brett Lunger knallt in den Ferrari. Später wird er sagen «mein Auto wurde auf dem herumliegenden Dreck steuerlos».

Als Letzter versucht Harald Ertl der Straßensperre auszuweichen, vergeblich.

Es tritt für Niki der unglaubliche und letztlich lebensrettende Fall ein, dass mit Edwards, Lunger, Ertl und dem rasch herbeieilenden Arturo Merzario vier Rennfahrer eine Rettungsaktion starten, wozu die zwei in der Nähe Dienst machenden Streckenposten allein nicht imstande gewesen wären. Auch der Wagen der ONS-Sicherheitsstaffel wäre zu spät gekommen.

Man muß sich vorstellen: Niki sitzt ohne Sturzhelm, nur noch von der Asbestkapuze geschützt, zwischen 40 und 50 Sekunden in dem flammenden Inferno. «Es muss an die 900 Grad gehabt haben» erklärt er Wochen später, «zum Glück weiss ich darüber nichts mehr.»

Fragmente der Erinnerung tauchen erst auf, «als ich bereits im Hubschrauber lag.» Die erregendste Schilderung der Lauda-Rettungsaktion liefert der

Italiener Arturo Merzario: «Als ich in der Bergwerk-Kurve die gelben Fahnen sah, fuhr ich 260. Ich bremste. Dann sah ich auf der linken Seite der Piste, zwei Meter von den Leitschienen entfernt, den Ferrari von Niki. Daneben der Hesketh von Ertl und das Auto von Edwards, dazu der Surtees von Lunger. Ich sprang aus meinem Williams, entschlossen zu helfen. Kaum aus dem Wagen, hörte ich wie Niki laut schrie.

Die Flammen standen bereits hoch. Ich versuchte mich in das Feuer zu stürzen, aber die Flammen nahmen mir den Atem. So sehr ich instinktiv helfen wollte, so stark war meine Reaktion, vor der Hitze und den Flammen zurückzuweichen. Ich bemerkte dann, wie die Flammen aus der Unterseite des Ferrari schlugen und sich über dem Cockpit vereinigten.

Auch Edwards, der wie ich versuchte, an Lauda heranzukommen, konnte nichts ausrichten. Ich riss einem Streckenposten den Feuerlöscher aus der Hand. Nikis Schreie waren schrecklich. Ich verstand nicht, was er schrie. Jetzt übernahm Ertl den Feuerlöscher. Mit dem Schaum schlug er eine Gasse in die Flammen, in die sich Edwards und ich hineinstürzten.

Es war furchtbar. Es wollte uns nicht gelingen Niki aus dem Feuer zu ziehen, weil wir seine Sicherheitsgurte nicht lösen konnten.

Endlich schafften wir es, wir legten Niki ins Gras...»

| Harald Ertl with the Hesketh who helped rescue Lauda from the burning car



Hans-Joachim Stuck behielt während der Rettungsaktion klaren Kopf: zuerst lief er dem Feld entgegen um es abzubremsen, dann wies er dem Rettungswagen den kürzesten Weg aus der Rennstrecke hinaus.

In der Panik hatten Nikis Lebensretten eines vergessen: den Hauptschalter, außen am Ferrari, umzulegen, womit sie die im Wagen installierte Feuerlöschanlage ausgelöst hätten.

Als das abgebrochene Rennen ein zweites Mal gestartet wurde, blieb der Platz neben James Hunt in der ersten Startreihe leer. Hunt, der zugab «der Ring schreckt mich», hatte sich bereits in der zweiten Runde 10 Sekunden von Jody Scheckter abgesetzt. Peterson und Brambilla waren von der Straße abgekommen, Regazzoni hatte sich gedreht und dabei Patrick Depailler abgeschossen.

Hunt-Scheckter-Mass standen ernst und stumm auf dem Siegerpodest. Die Nachrichten die über den Zustand von Lauda kursierten, waren zwischen «er ist tot» und er «lebt noch» angesiedelt.

Im Fahrerlager machte sich Bitternis bemerkbar. Bernie Ecclestone philosophierte: «Der Nürburgring ist wie ein altes Haus. Jeder schwärmt davon, jeder will darin wohnen, doch niemand will das alte Haus restaurieren. Eines Tages zieht man aus. Ich weiss heute nur eines: Wir kommen so schnell nicht wieder zum Nürburgring.»

In der Nacht zum Montag, Lauda war von Adenau in die Hautklinik nach Ludwigshafen, von dort

in die Intensivstation der Universitätsklinik Mannheim überführt worden, begann sich sein Zustand zu verschlechtern. Durch Einatmen verbrannter Kunststoffteile und Rauchgas war die Lunge so schwer verätzt worden, dass der Sauerstoffgehalt seines Blutes in Bereiche absank, die normalerweise den Tod herbeiführen.

Laudas Zustand war ernst. Er wurde durch eine Kanüle, die durch die Nase in die Luftröhre gelegt wurde, künstlich beatmet. Seine Gattin Marlene, Nikis Bruder Florian und seine Eltern waren Sonntag abends nach Mannheim geflogen.

Was sich in diesen Tagen zwischen dem 1. und 6. August 1976 abspielte, ist schwer zu beschreiben. Der Weltmeister rang in Mannheim mit dem Tod, die Öffentlichkeit nahm an seinem Schicksal in einer Weise Anteil, wie es sich Niki «niemals träumen hätte lassen, ich muss meine Meinung über das Volk, über die sogenannten Fans kräftig revidieren. Ich habe gesehen, dass die Anti-Lauda Liga in Wahrheit eine Minderheit ist.» Jede Nachrichtensendung im österreichischen Radio und TV hatte den Zustand von Niki Lauda als Top Meldung. Am Donnerstag den 5. August schien die Lebensgefahr gebannt, die Krise vorbei.

Vermutlich war es ein technisches Gebrechen an der Aufhängung, das Niki Lauda so nahe wie nie zuvor an die Himmelstür schoss.

Dass er aber an diesem 1. August 1976 für einen Unfall gewissermassen fällig war, geht aus seinem

| *Lauda's remarkable return to racing in the Italian Grand Prix in 1976*



Biorhythmus hervor. Jeder Mensch ist einem solchen Rhythmus unterworfen. Das ist das Auf und Ab seiner Lebenskraft. Jeder Mensch hat seine guten und schlechten Tage.

Man hat Formeln aufgestellt, mit deren Hilfe man die guten, schlechten, halbkritischen und sehr kritischen Tage eines Menschen berechnen kann. An einem kritischen Tag wird ein ganz normaler Mensch über eine Treppe fallen, einen Verkehrsunfall bauen, ein Bahnwärter wird vergessen, eine Weiche zu stellen, ein Rennfahrer Gefahr laufen, sich umzubringen. Ein auf Biorhythmus programmierter Computer spuckte für Niki Laudas 1. August 1976 geradezu das Modell eines Unfalles aus.

Der Computer berechnete den Biorhythmus auf drei Ebenen, einer physischen, psychischen und intellektuellen. Lauda war am Tag seines Nürburgring Unfalles:

Physisch: kritisch (d.h. körperlich, kräftemäßig);

Psychisch: gut (d.h. seelisch, Mut, Gefühl, Stimmung);

Intellektuell: schlecht (d.h. Auffassung, Reaktion, Konzentrationsfähigkeit, Erkennen von Situationen). und Fitness-Guru Prof. Baldur Preiml behauptete «Rennfahrer sollten eigentlich ihren Biorhythmus kennen. Wenn man etwas im Unterbewusstsein fürchtet, wie Lauda den Nürburgring, weil er um seine Gefährlichkeit wusste, dann ist die Wahrscheinlichkeit groß, dass das, wovor man Angst hat, auch tatsächlich eintritt.»

Nach dem Nürburgring Unfall hat Niki tatsächlich seinen Biorhythmus beobachtet: «Ich glaube daran, aber ich lasse mich von ihm nicht vergewaltigen. Wenn es schlecht steht, dann werde ich sicher nicht im Bett bleiben.»

Am 7. September, genau fünf Wochen, nachdem er die Mannheimer Intensivstation verlassen hatte, steigt Niki Lauda wieder in ein Cockpit. Zunächst in das seiner zweimotorigen Cessna Golden Eagle. Wir fliegen von Salzburg nach Bologna. Wir: Niki, sein Pilot, Österreichs Fitness-Papst Willy Döngl, Marlene Lauda, Kurier Fotograf Christian Bisutti und ich.

Auf der Ferrari-Teststrecke will Niki wissen, ob er noch «einen Formel 1 bewegen kann...»

Die Polizei hat das Gelände abgeriegelt, Commendatore Enzo Ferrari hat höchstpersönlich die Spezialausweise unterschrieben, die den Zutritt zur Teststrecke Fiorano freigeben. Niki hat sich für den ersten Test «Ruhe, keine Zuschauer, Frieden» ausbedungen.

Doch die Medien haben tausende von Fans und Neugierige mobilisiert, die sich vor den Toren von Fiorano drängen und von der Polizei nur mühsam in Schach zu halten sind. Die Tifosi schwingen sich auf die Mauern, sie hängen auf den Bäumen. Niki ist irritiert. Drinnen auf der Versuchsbahn artet der Nachmittag in ein Begräbnis aus.

Kein Jubel zunächst, keine frohen Gesichter als sich Niki für den Test fertig macht.

«So lacht doch ein wenig» ruft Marlene Lauda in die Runde. Aber niemand lacht. Und sehr schnell begreifen wir, warum diese Szene so trostlos und angespannt ist. Ferrari hat Lauda abgeschrieben. Vom Commendatore abwärts rechnet niemand damit, dass Lauda nach diesem Feuerunfall jemals noch seine alte Form finden würde.

Man hat ihn abgehakt.

Daher steht auch schon sein Nachfolger parat. Für Niki muss es deprimierend gewesen sein, als er plötzlich Carlos Reutemann sieht, der wie ein Königstiger herumschleicht, sprungbereit, mit einem Schmunzeln über den Lippen. Niki: «Ich habe sofort gewusst, was da läuft. Umso mehr habe ich mir geschworen, du darfst jetzt nicht versagen...»

Nikis Kopf ist bandagiert, das Gesicht eine blutrote Fratze, die Augen liegen in glutroten Höhlen. Willy Döngl hat ihm einen Spezialhelm gemacht, den er ohne Schmerzen aufsetzen kann.

Nach 30 Runden weiss Niki, «dass ich wieder fähig bin einen Rennwagen zu lenken».

Abervielmehr wusste er nicht. Eine Pressekonferenz wird improvisiert, während der sich Enzo Ferrari hinter der Glasscheibe seiner Villa versteckt. Mit Sonnenbrillen und finsterem Gesicht verfolgt er stumm die Vorgänge um Niki, der wie ein Phantom bestaunt und plötzlich gefeiert wird.

Niemand jedoch kümmert sich um den alten Commendatore. Die Weltpresse stürzt sich auf Lauda, der Sätze formuliert, wie «ich trage jetzt meinen Oberschenkel im Gesicht», und als sich die Reporter mit ihren Fragen immer weiter in Laudas Intimsphäre vorwagen, zieht er die Bremse: «Ich arbeite nicht als Dressman, ich bin Rennfahrer. Ich werde auch mit meinem neuen Gesicht weiterleben»

Am Rückflug nach Salzburg ist es vor allem Marlene Lauda, die mit uns versucht, diesen Nachmittag in Fiorano aufzuarbeiten, mit all ihren Emotionen.

Am 12. September wurde Niki Lauda hinter Ronnie Peterson, Clay Regazzoni, Jacques Laffite beim Grand Prix von Italien Vierter.

«Ich hatte in Monza Angst wie noch nie» gestand Lauda viel später, «Angst vor dem Feuer.»

Sein Entschluss am 24. Oktober im Blindflug-Chaos von Fuji aufzugeben, damit den WM-Titel James Hunt zu überlassen, war die logische Konsequenz eines Menschen, der in Abgründe geblickt hat, die vielen seiner Kollegen erspart geblieben sind.

Als er in Fuji vorzeitig den Sturzhelm abnahm, das ganze Ferrari Team schreckgelähmt im Regen stand, sagte Niki Lauda den Schlüsselsatz seiner Karriere: «Es gibt wichtigere Dinge im Leben als die Weltmeisterschaft, nämlich zu leben.»



This Brazilian Grand Prix poster featured Nelson Piquet with his Brabham (Malavolti Collection)

Niki Lauda

Our Austrian Membre d'Honneur of the Grand Prix Drivers Club Helmut Zwickl, is the doyen of Austrian grand prix journalists and was a close personal friend of Niki Lauda. He has written this dramatic story about Niki Lauda's accident at the Nurburgring that almost cost him his life. Much of this article contains Niki Lauda's own very personal recollections of what happened before and after his accident and is published as a tribute to one of the bravest World Champions we have known throughout the history of Formula 1.

Niki Lauda's hunch at 10.5 kilometers
Next to Mozart, Niki Lauda is probably the most famous Austrian. He became a phantom in 1976 when he knocked on the heavenly door at the Nurburgring. Helmut Zwickl remembers. Niki Lauda comes to the Nurburgring reluctantly. "The ring is in my stomach," he says. No, he didn't take Marlene to the ring, "I want to spare her all the fuss."

Niki knew what to expect up here in the Eifel: Little sympathy, whistles and anti-Lauda rallies.

Niki chauffeured me around the ring in a Fiat coupe on Thursday evening.

Suddenly something strange happened. We were just looking for a way out of the paddock when a German racing fan stopped us a bit brazenly, he just threw himself over the bonnet.

Through the open car window he forced an autograph from Niki. It is one of those fans who excitedly and with an almost crazy look asked for an autograph. As a kind of thank you, he held a colour photo under Niki's nose with the words: "This is Mr. Lauda for you. I was in Graz at the cemetery where Jochen Rindt is buried, this is a photo of his grave, I would like to give it to you ... »

We were perplexed. Niki looked at me and I looked at him.

What does a person think who gives Niki Lauda a photo on which the gravestone of Jochen Rindt can be seen?

Niki shakes her head. "It's crazy, these people. You would never believe the letters I get.

Recently someone wrote, Mr. Lauda, when will you finally kill yourself in a race?"

I threw the photo in the glove compartment, Niki drove out onto the ring, we didn't speak a word for the first few kilometers.

Niki drove slower on this lap in the Fiat and at 10.5 kilometers, almost stopped and it sends a cold shiver down my spine today.

Because at kilometer 10.5, exactly at this point, he had his accident three days later.

Jackie Stewart also once told me that he would know "where it could get me."

Niki rolls very slowly at kilometer 10.5. I recorded his words on a recorder and they became a timeless document for the drama of the Nurburgring.



Helmut Zwickl

Niki's voice doesn't sound cool, rather rebellious, as if he were rebelling against a fate from which he cannot escape: "You are driving down here in fourth gear, full throttle, I would say 240 to 250 km/h. If you burst a tire here, or something breaks... you fly down there, or up here, or in there, there is nothing. Just rocks, embankment, now they have put up a couple of safety fences, that's not enough" It was right here Niki flew into the fences during the race.

On the eve of the German Grand Prix, I was sitting with Niki in his hotel and guesthouse not far from the Nurburgring. A report about the practice runs on German television. When the sports show is over, Niki leans back, his face turned pale. He is speechless. Then a single word comes from his lips: "meanness".

In the TV report it had been assumed that he only hated the Nurburgring because he had an accident there in 1973 and 1974 and had bad luck with the tyres in 1975.

In truth, Niki had questioned the safety on the Nurburgring-Nordschleife and described it as "no longer up to date". But his objective criticism was interpreted as "cowardice". And the comments against Lauda were hard to beat in terms of spite. "Millions of people have now seen that," said Niki, "after this distortion of the facts they will now say that Lauda is a cowardly dog. And I'm sitting here at dinner, powerless to do anything about it."

I comment: "If they do the winner's interview with you tomorrow, you can return the favor and correct all the allegations..."

«Good idea» says Niki, «but I doubt that I'll be on the podium tomorrow...»

It took an hour before he was in a good mood again. We're all going to sleep very soon.

August 1, 1976. One and a half hours before the start. Niki is sitting in a small trailer with a spare visor on his helmet. Back then there were no air-conditioned motorhomes in which the drivers could retire. The caravan for the Ferrari drivers was tiny and uncomfortable.

I have just heard from my newspaper that a landmark of Vienna, the Reichsbrücke, has collapsed: the largest bridge that spans the Danube.

Niki is amazed, puts the helmet aside and says in astonishment: «Unbelievable, how can something like this happen? A material defect?»

He is in 13th position when he caught up with three other drivers who were still on rain tires in front of the Adenauer-Brücke section in the second lap of the German Grand Prix after he had replaced his rain tires for slicks in the pits: Guy Edwards, Harald Ertl and Brett Lunger.

Later Niki only remembered «overtaking Carlos Pace» and the «hit on the head».

Only much later was it possible to use an amateur film and photos to reconstruct what had happened in the lefthand corner at 10.5 km.

The film shows the Ferrari break away at the apex at the rear immediately after a (rather presumed) contact with the kerbs on the inside of the curve with the left wheels. At 250 km / h, Niki countersteers, but suddenly the Ferrari is torn so sharply to the right, as if it wanted to turn into a side street of the Nürburgring.

“This jerk to the right” is still not clear to Niki today, although I kept studying film. This sudden turn is abnormal, completely unnatural. I can not explain. The impact into the fences and then into the embankment cannot be seen on the film. First the wreckage of the Ferrari flies, only then does the car fly back onto the road. In the middle of the roadway, the flames break out of the wrecked Ferrari.

The helmet is torn from the head in a wire entanglement, he can no longer trigger the on-board fire extinguisher because a wooden stake from the wire shed knocks him unconscious. Niki is exposed to the flames without a helmet.

Guy Edwards, who follows closely behind, sails off the track in the Hesketh. The upcoming Brett Lunger slams into the Ferrari. Later he will say “my car was rudderless on the dirt lying around” Harald Ertl was the last to try to avoid the roadblock, but in vain.

For Niki the unbelievable and ultimately life-saving case occurs that with Edwards, Lunger, Ertl and the quickly rushing Arturo Merzario, four racing drivers start a rescue operation which the two marshals on duty in the vicinity would not have been able to do on their own. The car of the ONS security team would have arrived too late.

You have to imagine: Niki sits without a helmet, only protected by the asbestos hood, for between 40 and 50 seconds in the flaming inferno.

“It must have been around 900 degrees,” he explained weeks later, “fortunately I don’t know anything about it.”



The start of the fateful German Grand Prix : Clay Regazzoni and James Hunt on the far side are ahead of Lauda (1) with Jacques Laffite in his Ligier (24) up with Lauda from the third row

Fragments of memory only emerge “when I was already in the helicopter.”

The most exciting description of the Lauda rescue operation was provided by the Italian Arturo Merzario: “When I saw the yellow flags in the curve, I braked. Then I saw Niki’s Ferrari on the left side of the road, two meters from the guardrails. Next to it the Hesketh of Ertl the car of Edwards, plus the Surtees of Lunger. I jumped out of my Williams, determined to help.

Hardly out of the car, I heard Niki scream loudly. The flames were already high. I tried to throw myself into the fire, but the flames took my breath away. As much as I instinctively wanted to help, my reaction was to back away from the heat and the flames. I then noticed how the flames came out of the underside of the Ferrari and merged over the cockpit. Edwards, who, like me, was trying to get to Lauda, couldn’t do anything either. I grabbed the fire extinguisher from a marshals’ hand. Niki’s screams were terrible. I didn’t understand what he was screaming. Now Ertl took over Fire extinguisher. With the foam he struck a space in the flames, into which Edwards and I rushed. It was awful. We didn’t want to be able to pull Niki out of the fire because we couldn’t loosen his seat belts. Finally we made it, we put Niki in the grass ... »

Hans-Joachim Stuck kept a clear head during the rescue operation: first he ran towards the field to slow it down, then he showed the ambulance the shortest route out of the race track.

In the panic, Niki’s lifesavers had forgotten one thing: flicking the main switch on the outside of the Ferrari, which would have triggered the fire extinguishing system installed in the car.

When the race restarted, the place next to James Hunt on the front row was empty. Hunt, who admitted “the ring scares me,” had already led Jody Scheckter by 10 seconds on the second lap. Peterson and Brambilla had strayed off the road, Regazzoni had spun and hit Patrick Depailler in the process.

Hunt, Scheckter and Mass stood serious and silent on the podium. The news that circulated about the condition of Lauda was somewhere between “he is dead” and he “is still alive”.

Bitterness was felt in the paddock. Bernie Ecclestone philosophized: “The Nürburgring is like an old house. Everyone raves about it, everyone wants to live in it, but nobody wants to restore the old house. One day you move out. Today I only know one thing: We won’t be back to the Nürburgring anytime soon.”

On the Monday night, Lauda had been transferred from Adenau to the dermatology clinic in Ludwigshafen, from there to the intensive care unit of the University Clinic Mannheim, his condition began to worsen.

Inhaling burned plastic parts and smoke gas had burned his lungs so badly that the oxygen content of his blood sank to a level that normally causes death.

Lauda’s condition was grave. He was artificially ventilated through a cannula that was placed through his nose into the windpipe. His wife Marlene, Niki’s brother Florian and his parents flew to Mannheim on Sunday evening.

It is difficult to describe what happened in those days between August 1 and 6, 1976. The world champion struggled with death in Mannheim, the public took part in his fate in a way that Niki “would never have dreamed of. I had to vigorously revise my opinion of the so-called fans. I’ve seen that the Anti-Lauda League is actually a minority. “

Every news program on Austrian radio and TV had Niki Lauda’s condition as top news.

On Thursday, August 5th, the danger to life seemed averted and the crisis over.

Presumably it was a technical flaw in the suspension that Niki Lauda shot closer to heaven’s door than ever before. The fact that he was due for an accident on August 1st, 1976, is evident from his biorhythm.

Everyone is subject to such a rhythm. That is the ups and downs of his life force. Everyone has their good and bad days. Formulas have been established that can be used to calculate the good, bad, semi-critical and very critical days of a person.

On a critical day, a completely normal person will fall over a staircase, have a traffic accident, a railway attendant will forget to set a switch, a racing driver will run the risk of killing himself. A computer programmed to biorhythms spat out a model of an accident for Niki Laudas August 1st, 1976.

The computer calculated the biorhythm on three levels, a physical, psychological and intellectual as Lauda was on the day of his Nürburgring accident:

Physical: critical (i.e. physical, strength-wise);

Mentally: good (i.e. mentally, courage, feeling, mood);

Intellectual: poor (i.e. perception, reaction, ability to concentrate, recognition of situations

The Austrian ski trainer and fitness guru Prof. Baldur Preiml claimed that «racing drivers should actually know their biorhythm. If you fear something in your subconscious, like Lauda feared the Nürburgring because he knew it was dangerous, then the probability is high that what you are afraid of will actually occur.»

After the Nürburgring accident, Niki actually observed his biorhythm: “I believe in it, but I won’t let it rape me. If things look bad, then I definitely won’t stay in bed.”

On September 7th, exactly five weeks after he left the Mannheim intensive care unit, Niki Lauda climbed back into a cockpit. First in his twin-engine Cessna Golden Eagle. We fly from Salzburg to Bologna. We: Niki, his pilot, Austria's fitness guru Willy Dungal, Marlene Lauda, courier photographer Christian Bisutti and me.

At the Ferrari test track, Niki wants to know whether he can "still drive a Formula 1..."

The police have cordoned off the site, Commendatore Enzo Ferrari personally signed the

special passes that allow access to the Fiorano test track. For the first test, Niki stipulated «Quiet, no spectators, peace».

But the media have mobilized thousands of fans and curious people who crowd in front of the gates of Fiorano and are difficult to keep in check by the police. The Tifosi swing on the walls, they hang on the trees. Niki is irritated.

Inside on the test track, the afternoon turns into a funeral. No cheers at first, no happy faces when Niki gets ready for the test.



| *The men who helped save Niki Lauda: Guy Edwards Brett Lunger... and Arturo Merzario*

“So laugh a little,” Marlene Lauda calls out to everyone. But nobody laughs. And we quickly understand why this scene is so bleak and tense. Ferrari had written off Lauda. From the Commendatore down, nobody expects that Lauda will ever find his old form after this fiery accident. It has been ticked off.

Therefore, his successor is already ready. It must have been depressing for Niki when he suddenly saw Carlos Reutemann, who is sneaking around like a king tiger, ready to jump, with a smile on his lips. Niki: «I knew immediately what was going on. All the more I swore to myself that you mustn't fail now... »

Niki's head is bandaged, his face a blood-red grimace, his eyes are in glowing red sockets. Willy Dungs made him a special helmet that he can put on without pain.

After 30 laps, Niki knows “that I am able to drive a racing car again”.

But he didn't know much more.

A press conference is improvised while Enzo Ferrari hides behind the glass pane of his villa. With sunglasses and a dark face, he silently follows the events surrounding Niki, who is gazed at like a phantom and suddenly celebrated.

But nobody cares about the old Commendatore. The world press pounces on Lauda, who formulates sentences like “I now carry my thigh in my face”, and when the reporters venture further and further into Lauda's intimate sphere with their questions, he stopped them: “I don't work as a model I am a racing driver. I will continue to live with my new face». On the return flight to Salzburg, it is mainly Marlene Lauda who tries with us to come to terms with this afternoon in Fiorano, with all her emotions.

On September 12th, Niki Lauda finished fourth in the Italian Grand Prix behind Ronnie Peterson, Clay Regazzoni and Jacques Laffite.

“I was scared like never before in Monza,” Lauda admitted much later, “scared of the fire.”

His decision to give up on October 24th in the blind flight chaos of Fuji in order to hand over the world title to James Hunt was the logical consequence of a person who looked into abysses that many of his colleagues were spared.

When he took off his helmet prematurely in Fuji and the entire Ferrari team was left paralyzed in the rain, Niki Lauda said the key phrase of his career: “There are more important things in life than the World Championship, namely to live.”



| Niki Lauda prepares to drive in the Italian Grand Prix the horror of his burns evident



| The Molson Grand Prix of Canada 1994 (Malavolti Collection)



| Marc Surer at the wheel of his Arrows Formula 2 Car



| Vern Schuppan with fellow Australian Neville Mackay

Marc Surer

It was after Gilles Villeneuve's tragic accident. At the next race, Daniele Audetto came to me and said I had to speak to him. Back then I was driving for Arrows and Daniele had found Italian sponsors for the team. He took me aside and said:

"Enzo Ferrari has asked about you". Audetto had previously been the race director at Ferrari, so he still had good contact with Enzo. "I can take you to Ferrari but I want half of your income".

From the salary that's okay, but also from my personal sponsors?

"Yes, because your market value will increase enormously". I didn't want to miss the chance to drive a Ferrari and I said yes. But there was still one problem to solve: My release from the team. I had a contract with, Arrows.

I asked Jackie Oliver if he would release me. As an ex F1 driver he should understand that this was my big chance. He had to discuss this with his partner Alan Rees.

After the meeting, he came to Daniele and me: "We'll release you if Ferrari helps us to get a Goodyear contract!" Arrows had to compete in 1982 with the then very unpopular Pirelli tires.

Daniele Audetto promised to speak to Enzo Ferrari on following Monday. I sat next to the phone all day Monday and waited for Daniele to call.

Then the bell finally rang, but the answer was devastating: "Enzo said you don't make deals with Ferrari! No deals at Ferrari..."

So I had to stay with Arrows...

Vern Schuppan

A couple of my stories come from the very early days of my F1 career in the 1970's, meeting one of the many characters of Formula 1 and joining the BRM team.

I had been successful using BRM tuned engines in Formula Ford and Formula Atlantic so used to visit BRM at Bourne quite regularly. On one such visit I was presented to Mr & Mrs Stanley, 'Big Lou' in his dark jacket and Jean in her very smart leopard skin coat.

When I met the Queen (the real Queen) years later at Buckingham Palace I was reminded of this first meeting with "Lord and Lady Stanley" as they presented themselves and liked to be known.

I obviously made an impression too and was rewarded with my first drive in Formula 1 in the P153 at Oulton Park in the Gold Cup F1 event in May 1972 finishing 5th.

One night I received a call from Howden Ganley informing me I would probably hear from Big Lou as Howden had refused to drive any more races until he was paid... Sure enough! I received the phone call in the middle of the night and Big Lou informed me I was off to race at Nurburgring in the Can Am car.

A couple of days later when running 3rd quickest in practice behind two 917/30 Porsche Can Am cars the Porsche team manager, Manfred Jantke, visited our pits asking, "who is this Schuppan?" As happens in this business I like to think this first meeting led to my long association with Porsche in the 80's.

My second F1 race was in October at Brands Hatch, the John Player Victory Race, resulted in a 4th place. This was followed up with a F1 test drive in the P160 BRM at Silverstone where I almost came to a sticky end! Not in the P160 but in my Ford Cortina rental.

Heading for home, having done a time two tenths shy of the Silverstone lap record, feeling chuffed and a bit peckish, I decided to attack a sandwich Jennifer had made for me that was in the locked glove box,

Being Australian and knowing that only French cars had steering locks, I got the car up to 100mph, slipped it into neutral, took the key out of the ignition and slipped it into the glovebox slot. There was a click when the steering locked, fortunately on a straight bit of road with high kerbing!

Making it home to East Horsley in one piece I was surprised to be woken again at 2 am by a phone call from Louis Stanley.

His request was to meet him next day for afternoon tea at the Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane.

After tea and scones, he presented me with a contract to drive the 1973 F1 season in a two-car team alongside Clay Regazzoni. Asking if I could take the contract home with me for review, he stonily dismissed me with "do you realise how many young drivers would give their right arm for this drive?" With my right arm I immediately signed the contract!



Murray Walker at work

Murray Walker and Graham Gauld

The Grand Prix Drivers Club has as one of its Honorary Press Members, Murray Walker who has become a legend in Formula one with his motor racing and in particular his Grand Prix commentaries for the BBC from before the first Formula 1 grand prix race in 1950.

Born in Birmingham his father, Graham Walker, went on from being a despatch rider in WW1 to becoming a factory motor cycle racer for Norton and competed in the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy races. He later became competitions manager of Sunbeam and finally Sales and Competitions director of Rudge-Whitworth. Young Murray was later to follow in his father's footsteps. In WW II Murray served in the Army and became a Tank Commander in Sherman tanks.

After the War he became, well known in British advertising firstly Dunlop and then with the American based McCann Erickson Agency and finally Masius Wynn Williams. As the saying goes, this was his "real" job and as his father became famous as a radio commentator on Motor Cycle racing so Murray moved into commentary work with BBC Radio at Goodwood in 1949 before becoming moving into BBC Television where he followed in the footsteps of Raymond Baxter.

We hoped to have Murray's views on his long career as a radio and television commentator but he had taken ill when the yearbook was being compiled and he was unable to contribute but another of our Grand Prix Drivers Club honorary Press members, Graham Gauld, felt that the

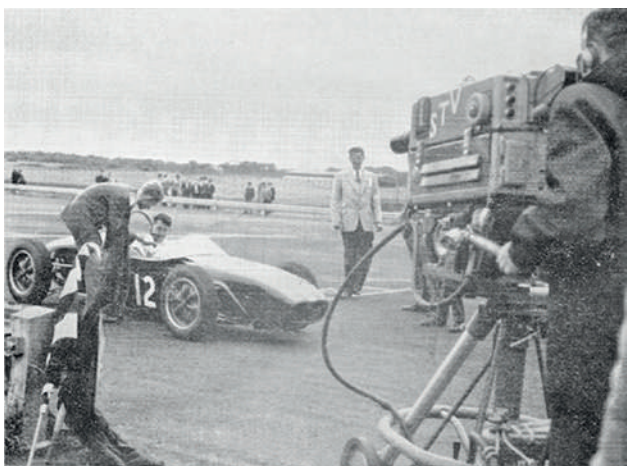
members might be amused when he and Murray Walker were the commentators for the first ever outside broadcast of motor racing held in Scotland in 1961 at the Charterhall airfield circuit. He takes up the story.

"I was obviously familiar with Murray Walker as a radio commentator back in 1961 and in my case I had been appointed motoring correspondent for BBC Radio Scotland and for the fledgling new commercial television station Scottish Television and so was familiar with television.

"I was clearly thrilled early in 1961 to be told that STV were planning to do a live outside broadcast of motor racing but was disappointed when I was told that they had engaged what they called "a young BBC commentator" from London called Murray Walker but I was to be the "colour man", a role the great James Hunt was to play with Murray many years later.

"This experience is one that Murray and I have talked about often as it was almost a total disaster that started when we arrived at this flat airfield circuit to find the riggers had put a 10 metre high scaffolding with a ladder beside it. On top of this was a flat surface with a table, two chairs and a black and white television monitor that must have been at best, 8 inches wide. That was ok but the riggers had not thought about the sun and had placed it so that when the races started the sun was behind us shining into the screen."

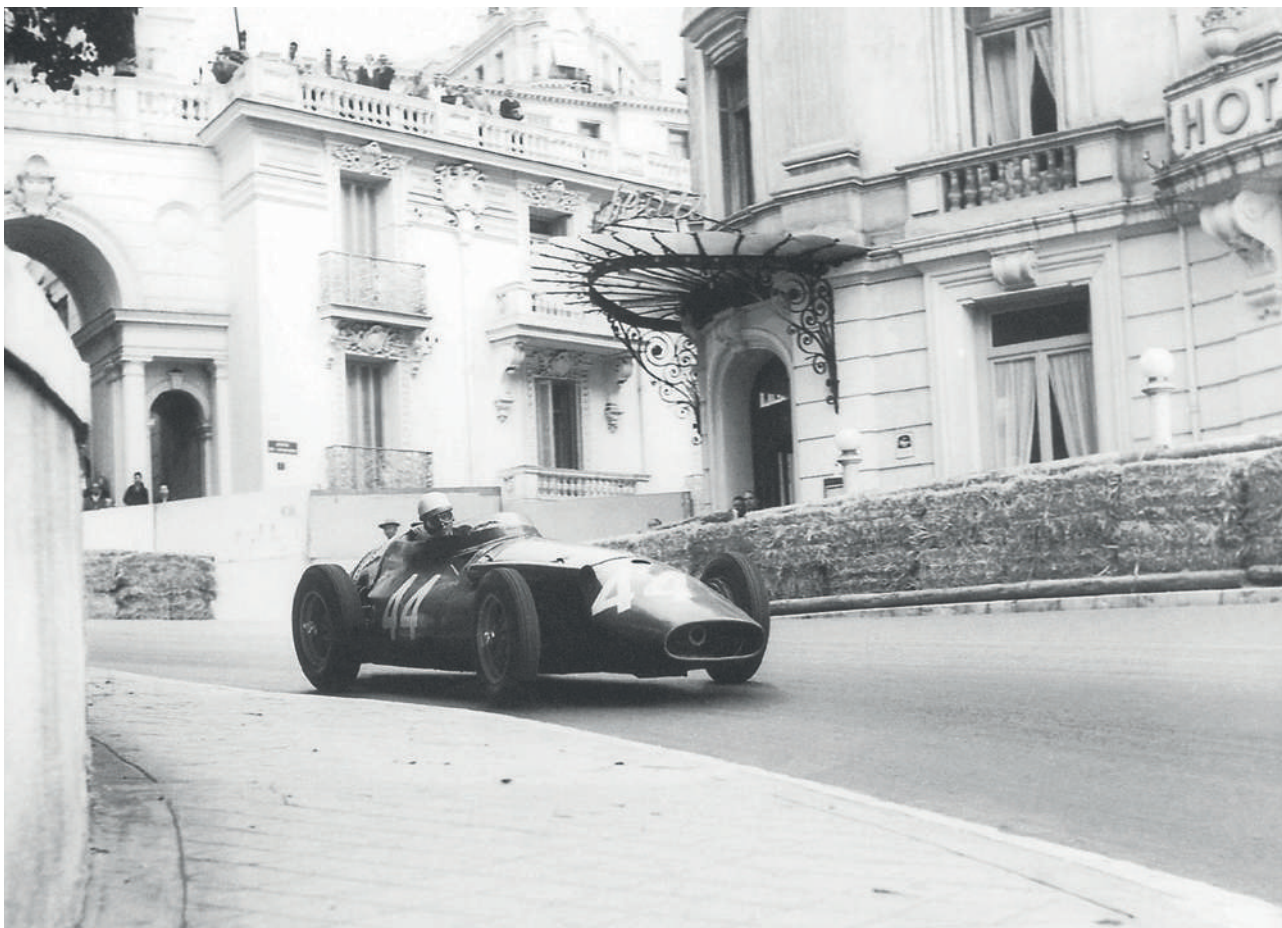
"I cannot say Murray was impressed so we prepared for the first race using stones to hold down our notes as being ten metres high and about 10 miles



Graham Gauld interviews Peter Proctor after winning the Formula Junior Race at Charterhall

from the North Sea there was quite a breeze. The cars set off with Murray doing brilliantly but bent forward to try and see who was leading the race. It was slightly easier for me as I was familiar with the local cars and drivers but was surprised when half way through the second lap of the race Murray still talking turned to me, shrugged his shoulders and promptly handed over to me to carry on with the race.

Maria Teresa de Filippis in her 250F Maserati, 1958



“Luckily the sun moved in time for the major race which was a British National Formula Junior race for Murray to get back into top form. During the advertising breaks I had to rush down the latter and do some interviews in the paddock before climbing back up again for the next race. Thankfully Martin Brundle and David Coulthard don’t have those problems today”.

The Ladies in Formula 1

In the seventy-year history of modern Formula 1 only five ladies either raced in, or attempted to qualify, for a Grand Prix and only one has featured on the points list – even then it was only with half a point.

To take them in chronological order we have to start with the former President of the Grand Prix Drivers Club, **Maria Teresa de Filippis** who first entered for a World Championship event at the Monaco Grand Prix of 1958.

Early that year she had bought her own Maserati 250F grand prix car from the factory that had been updated and previously driven by Juan Manuel Fangio. Her first race was in the Grand Prix of Syracuse in April where she qualified eighth fastest and finished fifth. Now she was at Monaco and on the tight and tricky circuit she failed to qualify.



| *Lella Lombardi*

From there she went straight to Spa – one of the fastest circuits on the calendar – and was to finish 10th. At the Portuguese grand prix she had mechanical trouble and in her home grand prix at Monza she had reached 6th place when her engine blew up.

In May of 1959 she ran her Maserati once more in the International Trophy at Silverstone entered alongside Giorgio Scarlatti as Scuderia Ugolini only this time it was the transmission that failed. However Jean Behra the French driver who had been successful with Porsche had built his own Formula 1 car designed by Valerio-Colotti and called the Behra-Porsche so he offered Maria-Teresa his car as Behra had now joined Scuderia Ferrari. Despite the fact that she had lapped Monaco a full three seconds faster than the previous year with the Maserati she again did not qualify. This, and the death of Jean Behra persuaded her to retire from racing to start a family.

Sixteen years later another Italian lady arrived in Formula one, **Lella Lombardi** who was determined to become a racing driver and competed in what was called Formula Monza and then Italian Formula 3. However in 1974 she was signed up by the Luxembourg ShellSport racing team to race a Lola T330 in the Formula 5000 European

Championship and embarrassed a number of her male competitors by finishing fifth.

During that year she was given her chance to race in the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch with a privately entered Brabham BT42 run by John Goldie, but she did not qualify.

However She signed up with a Lavazza sponsored March for the season and her best placings were 6th in the Spanish Grand Prix and 7th at the Nurburgring in the German Grand Prix. That Spanish result was the culmination of a race in Barcelona on a street circuit that was to prove controversial. For a start the Armco barriers had been quickly put in place and not properly secured to the extent that Emerson Fittipaldi refused to race.

In the end the race was stopped and only half points were awarded. As a result with Lella Lombardi finishing 6th she did not receive her full single point but just half a point. She therefore is the only woman to be classified with points in a Formula 1 race. The following year she had one race in Brazil with the March and then switched to the RAM Racing Brabham BT44B but for only three races before the team pulled out of Formula 1.

Divina Galica

Davina was the next lady to drive grand prix cars. She was a former Olympic Skier from England who was heavily promoted by John Webb the owner of Brands Hatch racing.

She was sponsored by Shellsport in the UK, run by Nick Whiting, in a Surtees TS16. It was interesting that her entry number was 13, an unlucky number and sadly it proved to be correct as her qualifying time of 1.25.24 was the 25th fastest time when the field was limited to 24.

Perhaps had she been in a more competitive car she would have qualified. However, two years later with backing from Olympus Cameras she was entered for both the Argentine and Brazil grands prix but failed to qualify in either and was dropped from the team.

She did take third place in a British Formula 1 race and also raced a Porsche 956 at Brands Hatch entered by American Preston Henn.

In 1980 we had another lady join the grand prix scene in **Desire Wilson**.

Desire who was born in Johannesburg in South Africa came to England to race and, like Divina Galica was entered for just one Formula 1 race, the British Grand Prix held at Brands Hatch.

Earlier that year she had been entered in the International Gold Cup at Oulton Park by Hong Kong racer and entrant Teddy Yip who put her in one of his Wolf WR Formula 1 cars for this event.



Divina Galica with the Olympus Hesketh-Cosworth



Desire Wilson at the wheel of the Williams FW07 at Brands Hatch

In practice she was third fastest behind Emilio de Villota and Guy Edwards. In the race she was up near the front for 17 laps before she broke a CV joint and retired.

A week later at the second round of the Aurora Championship she was again entered by Teddy Yip at Brands Hatch. Here she was second fastest in practice to Vilotta and went on to win the Evening News Trophy race outright ahead of Norman Dickson's Lotus 78, Elisio Salazar (Williams FW7) and motor cycle racer Giacomo Agostini (Williams FW6).

As a result Desire Wilson is the only woman to win a National Championship race driving a contemporary Formula 1 Car.

This led to Brands Hatch Racing renting a Williams FW07 Cosworth for Desire to make her proper World Championship Formula 1 debut in the British Grand Prix of 1980.

Again there was a large entry with all the factory teams and in practice she was unable to qualify the car.

She was in good company as neither Jan Lammers nor future World Champion Keke Rosberg qualified.

We had to wait another twelve years before the next woman gained an entry into a Formula 1 World Championship race. This was **Giovanna Amati** from Rome. She had started racing in Formula Abarth before going into Formula 3000 which was not a success.

She also raced in Formula 5000 and was eventually given her Formula 1 chance in the Brabham team for the 1992 season.

She was truly thrown in at the deep end and struggled. Her only three Formula 1 races were all outside Europe so she had no track experience for South Africa, Mexico and Interlagos. As a result her qualifying times in South Africa with the Judd-Engined Brabham saw her nearly 9 seconds a lap slower than pole sitter Nigel Mansell.

In Mexico it was the same and she and her team mate Eric van de Poele were also the slowest and did not qualify but it must be admitted the Brabham-

Judd was not a particularly successful car.

Her final Formula 1 entry in Brazil again found the two Brabhams at the tail of the field and not qualifying. As a result Giovanna was replaced by Damon Hill.

Following this Giovanna won the Women's European Championship in the Porsche Cup before moving in 1994 into the International Ferrari Challenge series. She continued to race until the late 1990's and turned to journalism and commentating on television.

Since then only two drivers have come to the fore **Maria de Vilotta** is the daughter of former Spanish grand prix driver Emilio de Vilotta. She ran in the World Touring Car Championship and later became involved with the short-lived Superleague single seater racing series linked to the Football league.

She was a member of the Atletico Madrid team.

An outing in the 2005 Daytona 24 Hour race in a Ferrari 360 Modena Challenge followed.

Then in 2011 she was given a test drive by Lotus Renault in a Renault R29 at Paul Ricard circuit and was in talks with the team regarding a role as test driver but meanwhile she had also been in discussion with the Marussia team as a test driver for 2012.

In July that year the team held a testing session at Duxford aerodrome and she drove the Marussia Formula 1 car for the first time but when returning to the service area she hit a stationary truck and was rushed to hospital with serious head injuries.

It was later reported she had been unfamiliar with the anti-stall system on the brakes of the car which caused her to run into the back of the truck.

Though she recovered she died a year later from a heart attack.

The most recent woman to join a Formula 1 team was **Susie Wolff Stoddart** who started out racing karts in her native Scotland before moving into Formula Renault and then the DTM Touring Car series with Persson Motorsport in a Mercedes Benz.

She married Toto Wolff who is an executive director of Mercedes AMG Petronas Formula 1 team.

In 2012 she was appointed a development driver for Williams Formula 1 and in 2014 she finally took part in her first Formula 1 race weekend at Silverstone for

the British Grand Prix: the first woman to do so in Formula 1 for 22 years.

Though she retired from racing to start a family she is still very much involved not only as an occasional race commentator but more importantly as Team Principal of the Venturi Formula E racing team.

Perhaps the role of women as drivers in Formula 1 has been a small one but in recent years more and more women have become involved in Formula 1. We have seen Grand Prix Drivers Club honorary member Monisha Kaltenborn take over the running of the Sauber team and then Claire Williams taking on the same role in her father Frank Williams' grand prix team until the recent take-over.

Behind the scenes more and more women at playing a part in engineering but as few women as in the past have been given the encouragement or opportunity to race and reach the heights of Formula 1.

GPDC The Strangest Season

2020 has been the strangest season in the history of the Formula 1 World Championship. It all started back in March in Australia, when 22 races were planned. At that time we know Corona as a Mexican beer and the world was – largely - in order.

It was business as usual for the first couple of days of the season-opener in Melbourne's Albert Park. Press conferences and photo sessions with the drivers went ahead as planned, but on Thursday we heard about a McLaren mechanic testing positive.

During the night, the McLaren team wisely decided to withdraw from the race, but when I left my hotel in central Melbourne on Friday morning, the local authorities still insisted on TV that the race would go on.

On arrival in Albert Park half an hour later things had changed. The gates were still locked with thousands of fans waiting to get in. Then Mercedes team announced they would not take part, and a few minutes later the race was officially postponed.

Peter Nygaard, left, had to book space to interview his Danish countryman Kevin Magnussen.

The disappointed spectators went home while the 10 teams began packing up.

Should the decision have been taken earlier?

| *Charles Leclerc complete with mask at the wheel of his Ferrari. A sign of Grand Prix racing in 2020*





Photo-journalist Peter Nygaard looks back at the 'corona season' 2020

Maybe – but at the time, the Covid-19 virus was still an unknown factor, and like the rest of the world, F1 was just entering the 'corona crisis'.

Should F1 have had a 'disaster plan'? Again 'maybe'. The FIA Formula 1 World Championship celebrated its 70th anniversary this year, and it has always raced on. Crazy weather, tyres not suited for the track, team boycotts, fatal accidents – there was always a race on Sunday. This was something different – impossible to anticipate and therefore impossible to prepare for.

We were meant to go to Bahrain after Melbourne, but when we arrived in Dubai, the second race of the season had also been cancelled.

In the following weeks, race after race was cancelled or postponed. In the spring summer, it seemed almost unthinkable that we would get any racing at all, but behind the scenes, Formula 1 worked hard to save the season.

When the 2020 Formula 1 world championship finally kicked off with the Austrian Grand Prix at the Red Bull Ring on July 5, 31 weeks had gone by since the 2019 finale in Abu Dhabi.

It was the second longest break between F1 seasons ever. When the first world championship back in 1950 finished in Monza, it was a 38 week wait before the 1951 season started in the Swiss Grand Prix in Bremgarten.

Covid 19 testing station in the paddock at Sochi in Russia. Early summer was a chaotic time.

Travel restrictions and everchanging quarantine rules meant the final 2020 calendar was only announced in late August, long after the season had started in Austria.

In the end, the 2020 world championship consisted of 17 rounds. 13 of them took place in Europa (including Sochi in Russia), one in Asia (but only just across the Bosphorus in Turkey) and three in the Middle East. Red Bull Ring, Silverstone and Bahrain International Circuit hosted two races each, we went to Mugello and Portimao for the first time and we went back to the Nürburgring,



Peter Nygaard prepared for action

Imola and Istanbul Park for the first time in several years.

Almost all races were held behind closed doors – only Sochi, Mugello, Portimao, Imola and the Nürburgring allowed a limited number of spectators to attend.

Media access was also restricted. In the early part of the season, only very few journalists – from the big press agencies – and the teams' own photographers were allowed in. Later, a limited number of the 'permanents' were allowed to attend races on a rotational basis, and I went to the races in Monza, Mugello, Nürburgring, Portimao, Imola, Bahrain and Abu Dhabi.

Team members and media had to adhere to very strict Covid-19 protocols. Only TV crews were allowed in the paddock, and the written media was restricted to the media center – even when attending a race, interviews with the drivers were done via Zoom. From Monza onwards, the FIA organized a room where journalists could meet team members face to face – wearing face masks and respecting social distancing, of course. But you had to book the room in advance and organize it with the team/driver, and only one of these sessions was possible per weekend.

Before going to a race, we had to take a Covid-19 test, and this pre-event test was followed by a test at the circuit within 24 hours of arrival.

Further tests had to be carried out at the circuit test

centres throughout the weekend, and some weeks, almost 6000 tests were carried out on drivers, teams, personnel and media. For many weeks, the number of positive tests hovered between zero and two, but as the second wave of the Covid-19 virus hit Europe, the number increased slightly.

The system worked: More than 70.000 tests were carried out during the season with only around 100 of them positive.

Two drivers - Racing Point's Sergio Perez and Lance Stroll - tested positive, and the Mexican missed two races in the early part of the season because of Covid-19, but he recovered quickly and had probably his best F1 season ever.

The season ended with strictest rules yet. From Bahrain, we had to travel to Abu Dhabi in special charter flights organized by Formula 1, and on arrival it was immediately off to the Yas Island, which was a sealed off biosphere for the entire race week.

2020 was a frustrating year for everybody.

But in the end, Formula 1 did remarkably well to survive its strangest season yet.

The Malavolti Collection

The Grand Prix Drivers Club would like to thank our old friend Lauro Malavolti who for many years was the host at Ristorante Lauro in Modena for letting us use a selection of his remarkable Grand Prix poster collection in this special Yearbook.

When Lauro launched his restaurant he wanted to mix his passion for racing with his superb food and soon it became a regular meeting place for both racing drivers and journalists visiting Modena.

Lauro was a close friend of both Luigi Villorosi and the famous priest of Sante Catherina in Modena, Don Sergio Mantovani and would take Luigi in his wheelchair to racing events featuring Ferrari.

The walls of his restaurant were covered with racing posters which he collected over the years and in January this year published a superb soft cover book of all his posters and descriptions of some of the key artists. It is published in Italian and English and is called *Corse Su Carta* (Races on Paper).



| *Lauro Malavolti in 1996 in his restaurant*



Anniversaries 2020

Congratulations

January	29.01.1950	<i>Jody Scheckter</i>	70
February	25.02.1955	<i>Alain Prost</i>	65
	09.02.1950	<i>Danny Sullivan</i>	70
April	04.04.1940	<i>Richard Attwood</i>	80
	19.04.1940	<i>Kurt Ahrens</i>	80
May	23.05.1940	<i>Gerard Larrousse</i>	80
June	25.06.1955	<i>Philippe Streiff</i>	65
	01.06.1959	<i>Mario Andretti</i>	80
July	17.07.1960	<i>Damon Hill</i>	60
December	07.12.1925	<i>Nano da Silva Ramos</i>	95



Jody Scheckter



Alain Prost



Danny Sullivan



Richard Attwood



Kurt Ahrens



Gerard Larrousse



Philippe Streiff



Mario Andretti



Damon Hill



Nano da Silva Ramos

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Global Tyre Partner

Obitire

Sir Stirling Moss

17 September 1929 – 12 April 2020

Graham Gauld



| Stirling Moss

Stirling Moss, the name conjures up so many memories for all of us who saw him race.

He was one of the truly great racing drivers of all time. Above all, he was versatile, a word you cannot confidently use when talking about today's grand prix drivers.

Stirling could drive anything and yet, back in the days when Britain's grand prix hopes depended on the hype rather than the success of the V16 BRM Stirling chose to race it rather than drive for a foreign manufacturer.

To a modern motor racing enthusiast this type of patriotism might appear to be ridiculous but for Stirling it was a serious statement of support for what was to become an upheaval in motor racing that has seen Britain become the most important home for the development and success of grand prix teams many current grand prix teams.

From the moment he started being noticed in an early Cooper 500 in Formula 3 he became the symbol of

British motor racing around the World. What is more he was not only curious but adaptable so that he could be seen every weekend racing a variety of cars and loaning his considerable driving expertise to most of the fledgling racing manufacturers of the day.

Stirling sits in his D type Jaguar at the 1953 Tourist Trophy Race at Dundrod waiting for the race to finish and run the car over the line using the starter motor. Note the damage done by the resurfacing of Dundrod not long before the race.

He helped HWM back in the 1950s and of course it was he who propelled the Jaguar XK120 into International fame with his Tourist Trophy win at Dundrod that led to the C type and D type Jaguars that Stirling raced so successfully. Then there was Aston Martin, Austin Healey, Lister-Jaguar etc etc. He won with them all and raised their profiles Internationally. Stirling Moss probably did more to promote the British Motor Industry at a time when the British economy needed it most.

Moss at his best at Aintree in 1957 with the Vanwall. I am not going to refer to individual races as hundreds of web sites have published many stories about his best, his worst, his most unlucky race but allow me to cherry pick moments that brought home to me memories of Stirling the racing driver when I heard the sad news on Sunday.



Stirling sits in his D type Jaguar at the 1953 Tourist Trophy Race at Dundrod waiting for the race to finish and run the car over the line using the starter motor. Note the damage done by the resurfacing of Dundrod not long before the race.



Moss at his best at Aintree in 1957 with the Vanwall

Stirling recorded the first Grand Prix Formula 1 win for Cooper in 1958 when he won the Argentine Grand Prix with Rob Walker's Cooper T43 Climax and did the same for Colin Chapman in the Monaco Grand Prix of 1960 when he won with the Lotus 18. Just over a year later Innes Ireland gave Chapman his first Team Lotus grand prix win over a year later.

A sad episode, Stirling the the G type ERA-Bristol.

He could also make a few errors in his choice of car such as when he drove the G type ERA fitted with a Bristol engine in 1952 in an effort to drive British: he retired in all three grand prix races he ran with it. Then he jumped into a Connaught for the final race of the season in the Italian Grand Prix and it too failed him.

A year later and still looking for a British grand prix winner he developed the Cooper-Alta with one of Geoffrey Taylor's Alta engines but then he reluctantly saw the light and Ken Gregory was dispatched to Modena to buy a Maserati 250F. Immediately Stirling took third place in the Dutch Grand prix. Then came his glory years with Mercedes Benz followed by his many wins with Vanwall.

In the end, from the Monaco Grand Prix in 1957 to his final World Championship grand prix at Watkins Glen in 1961 he always drove British cars.

In sports car racing he outperformed his great hero Juan Manuel Fangio and was successful as a rally driver.

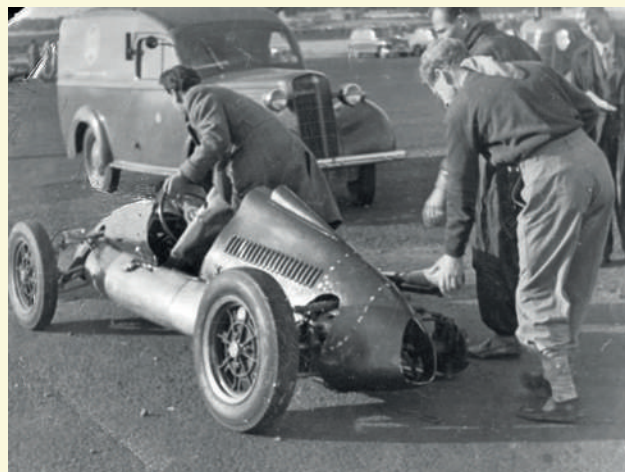
I was privileged to be a friend for over sixty years and he was one of the first drivers I photographed as a journalist at a race meeting at the Charterhall circuit in Scotland in May 1952.

It was not one of his best days in racing as he was involved

in an accident with John Coombs, both of them driving Cooper 500's. To his surprise it was Coombs who got away in the lead and when Stirling overtook Coombs it was Coombs who made the mistake and in the clash Stirling lost a wheel. As they came back to the paddock I raised the Leica and took the photo below showing John Cooper at the front pushing Moss's three wheel Cooper whilst John Coombs helps Moss to push the car.

Stirling Moss must, and will, be acknowledged by any who have followed all of the various disciplines in motor sport as a true champion who put his whole heart into the sport.

At the same time he became one of the greatest supporters of the Grand Prix Drivers Club from the very beginning and will be remembered fondly by all of our members who raced against him.



Obitire

Farewell Mario Cabral

January 15 1934 – August 17 2020

Portugal has not produced many famous International racing drivers but Mario Veloso de Araujo Cabral, a member of the Grand prix Drivers Club, was one of them. Not only but he was the first Portuguese driver to race in Formula 1 grand prix racing.

Mario, normally called by his nickname "Nicha", died yesterday (August 17) at the age of 86 and had been unwell recently.

Born in Cedofeita in Porto in 1934 he came from a wealthy family and in 1957 he raced a Mercedes Benz 300SL at Monsanto, his first major International event, on the Monsanto circuit that had been opened four years before mainly for sports car racing which was more popular in Portugal at the time than single seater racing. A year later and shared an Alfa Romeo Giulietta Veloce at the Nurburgring 1000 km race and with the owner, Filipe Nogueira Pinto, one of Portugal's leading sports car drivers. They finished second in 1600GT sports car class right behind another Alfa Romeo Giulietta Veloce. Later that year he raced his own 300SL this time at the Villa Real GT race. Mario clearly wanted to race in major events and with Felipe Nogueira approached Mimo Dei the head of Scuderia Centro Sud to rent a team Maserati 300s To race at the 1000 kms of Nurburgring. It was one of just four Fantuzzi bodied 300S's built. It turned out

theirs was the only Maserati in the race and they finished 8th overall behind four Ferrari's and three Porsche 718 RSRs – this in a three year old car.

With the support of the Portuguese Automobile Club, the club contacted Scuderia Centro Sud with a request to rent three Maserati's for the Portuguese Grand Prix that year, 1959. Francesco Santos, in his book on Formula 1 in Portugal comments that Mimo Dei only had one of his Cooper-Maserati's for rent which was given to Cabral because Dei insisted that after Mario's performance at the Nurburgring with the 300S he had to be the driver. The Cooper-Maserati had been raced by Ian Burgess three weeks before and now it was Cabral's turn.

One must remember Mario Cabral had never sat in a single seater racing car until the Cooper arrived at the circuit so he did well to qualify at the back of the grid but due to their problems in practice he was ahead of Graham Hill and Innes Ireland.

In the race he finished 10th and afterwards Mimo Dei commented that he thought Cabral's race had been remarkable for a beginner to have even finished the race. Mario was to continue racing spasmodically in 1960 driving Porsche sports cars in Cuba and Nurburgring as well as the Rio sports car race in a Maserati 300s but things ground to a halt with his National Service where he fought in the war in Angola.

After this he returned to Formula 1 in the 1963 German Grand Prix at Nurburgring driving a Scuderia Centro Sud T60 Cooper-Climax but retired after six laps with a broken gearbox when lying in 10th place. At the Italian Grand Prix in the same Cooper-Climax he failed to qualify. A year later he was back at Monza this time with the ill-fated Derrington-Francis ATS. Following a serious accident he retired from racing only to return with sports cars and a Formula 2 Cooper in 1968.

He continued to have a successful sports car racing career which included racing the fabulous Porsche 917 in 1971 winning at Villa Real and later with Lola's and Chevrons. He took another ten year break and came back for one race when he was 51 years of age driving a Ford Sierra with Manuel Reuter.

"Nicho" will probably be remembered best for his fourth place finish in the non-Championship Paul Grand Prix when he chased home Jim Clark, Jo Bonnier and Lorenzo Bandini.. He was always an amateur racer but he raced against the best and became something of a Portuguese hero. Indeed he was Portugal's only Formula 1 driver until the arrival of Pedro Lamy in 1993.

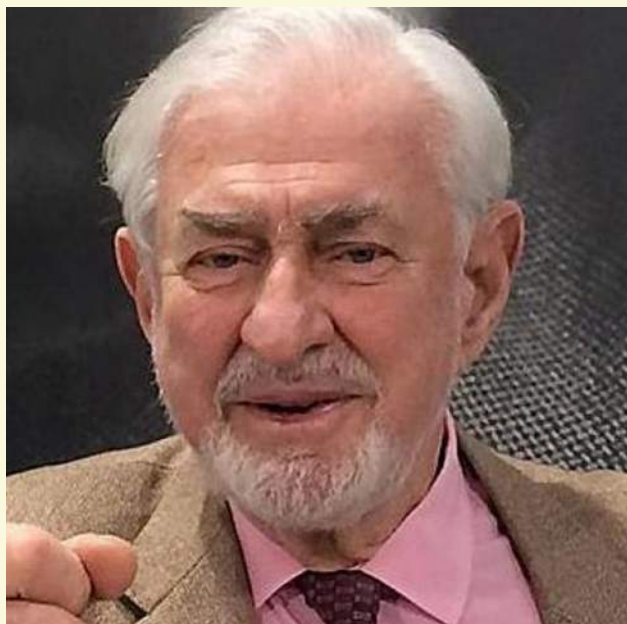
The Grand Prix Drivers Club send their condolences to the family of Mario Cabral.



Mário Cabral

Obitoire

Paolo Marzotto
September 9 1930 – May 25 2020



| Paolo Marzotto

On, May 26, the Grand Prix Drivers Club lost a good friend and member of long standing in Paolo Marzotto: and Italy lost the last of the famous four Marzotto brothers who really captured the spirit of immediate post war international sports car racing.

Born in 1929, Paolo was the youngest of the four and was born just one year after his brother Giannino Marzotto who was also a member of the Grand Prix Drivers Club. The Marzotto empire was founded in Valdango in the Province of Vicenza in 1836 as wool millers with their own factories. The continued to expand through two World Wars. After WWII the Marzotto's really took off particularly manufacturing menswear so the four brothers were in a position not only to be one of Enzo Ferrari's earliest and best customers, but they also crafted their own designs for some of their Ferraris which were clothed by various specialist coachbuilders. The oldest brother was Vittorio Marzotto whose most famous victory was winning the 1952 Monaco Grand Prix – which was run as a sports car race for the one and only time – driving a Ferrari 225S. He was followed by Umberto Marzotto whose racing career was more low key, then Giannino Marzotto, the best known, who twice won the Mille Miglia in 1950 and 1953, and finally Paolo Marzotto

who started racing in 1948 when he was just 20 years of age. It is interesting that all four brothers started their racing careers with Lancia Aurelias.

As true racing amateurs the Marzotto's raced when business allowed them time to do so and often they raced together such as in the 1953 Le Mans 24 hour race when Paolo was entered with his brother Giannino at Le Mans with a Ferrari 340 Berlinetta and finished fifth overall. Paolo's first Ferrari was a 166MM which he ran in the Coppa de Sicilia in 1951 finishing second but like his brothers he moved up the scale first with a 250S on the 1952 Coppa Acerbo when he won with Giovanni Bracco and the Dolomite Cup which he won twice, the second time with his 250S. He later had two drives at Le Mans with Scuderia Ferrari, in 1954 with a 375 Plus and his final Le Mans was the tragic 1955 race driving a 375 LM he shared with Eugenio Castellotti .

Castellotti was determined to show the Mercedes-Benz team of 300SLRs that a Ferrari could beat them put the car on pole position with a lap of close on 119 mph. Castellotti led the race for the first hour ahead of Mike Hawthorn's Jaguar and Juan Manuel Fangio's Mercedes Benz 300SLR but it was not to last as first Hawthorn and then Fangio passed him. Castellotti's pace was such that the clutch began to give trouble and he was pushing the car hard. He steadily dropped back and at 9.00 pm the car retired with engine trouble. It was a sad end to Paolo Marzotto's adventures with Scuderia Ferrari.

By this time the Marzotto business was expanding rapidly and in 1955 had started to manufacture their own label Menswear eventually going public in 1961 with the United states one of their richest markets. In 1997 they formed Gruppo Industriale Marzotto and became the Worlds largest designer clothes manufacturers.

Paolo Marzotto was a regular attender at Grand Prix Drivers Club events and was always well liked and all the members of the Grand Prix Drivers Club send their deepest condolences to his wife Carolina and his family.



Obitire

Adrian Campos

June 17 1960- January 27 2021

Adrian Campos, one of the newer members of the Grand Prix Drivers Club died on January 27 2021 of what appears to have been a heart attack at the young age of 60.

Adrian, however, had a disappointing driving career in Formula 1 but was to become a team owner and was one of the people who helped his fellow Spanish drivers Fernando Alonso and Marc Gene along the way to Formula 1. He then went on to create and run his own team in Formula 1, Campos Racing.

Born in Alzira, Spain his family owned a large food marketing company but his interest in racing was first prompted by slot cars and at this he proved to be good becoming Spanish Champion when he was 20 years of age. He took the usual Formula 3 route then moved up to Formula 3000 before being tested by Ken Tyrrell in 1987. Then Giancarlo Minardi stepped forward and offered him a Formula 1 drive with the team in 1987 and found himself on the grid for the Brazilian Grand Prix in a Minardi M187 but he lost his place in the team the following season.



| Adrian Campos

He became Spanish Touring Car champion in 1994 and raced a Ferrari 333SP at Le Mans in 1997 before retiring from racing and setting up his own team to bring on young Spanish drivers.

With Campos Racing Marc Gene won the Formula Nissan Championship and Gene has already said "Without Adrian Campos I would never have reached Formula 1. Fernando Alonso then joined his Formula Nissan team and in 1999 and won the Championship and was on his way. He too has thanked Adrian for helping promote young drivers.

Campos was to go on and give drives in his GP2 team to Vitaly Petrov and Sergio Perez. In 2011 he brought Adrian Tambay, son of GPDC member Patrick Tambay, into his team. He set up his own Formula 1 team Campos Meta but sold his stake the team before it had actually run in an event.

Adrian Campos, then, was a man who not only achieved his dream to race in Formula 1 but then realised his limitations and created his own teams to bring on young and promising drivers for which he will always be respected

The Grand Prix Drivers Club sends its condolences to his wife and family on their great loss.

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Juan Manuel Fangio

Président d'Honneur 1962-1995

CdM 1951-54-55-56-57

Members Actif

Philippe Alliot (FR)

Kurt Abrens (D)

Mario Andretti (USA)

CdM 1978

Gerry Ashmore (GB)

Richard Attwood (GB)

Derek Bell (GB)

Gerhard Berger (A)

Bob Bondurant (USA)

Thierry Boutsen (B)

David Brabham (AUS)

Tony Brooks (GB)

Martin Brundle (GB)

Ivan Capelli (I)

Eddie Cheever (USA)

David Coulthard (GB)

Derek Daly (IRL)

Yannick Dalmas (F)

Hermano da Silva Ramos (BR)

Andrea de Adamich (I)

Guy Edwards (GB)

Teo Fabi (I)

Emerson Fittipaldi (BR)

CdM 1972-74

Howden Ganley (NZ)

Jean Guichet (F)

Dan Gurney (USA)

Mika Hakkinen (SF)

CdM 1998, 1990

Jim Hall (USA)

Brian Henton (GB)

Hans Herrmann (D)

Damon Hill (GB)

CdM 1996

Takachiho Inoue (J)

Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)

Alan Jones (AUS)

CdM 1980

Stefan Johansson (S)

Ukyo Katayama (J)

Gérard Larrousse (F)

Helmut Marko (A)

Jochen Mass (D)

Tiago Monteiro (P)

Kazuki Nakajima (J)
Satoru Nakajima (J)
Tiff Needell (GB)

Henri Pescarolo (F)
Teddy Pilette (B)
David Piper (GB)
Emanuele Pirro (I)
Alain Prost (F)
 CdM 1985-86-89-93

Dieter Quester (A)

Bobby Rahal (USA)
Hector Rebaque (MEX)
Keke Rosberg (SF)
 CdM 1984
Nico Rosberg (D)
 CdM 2016

Jody Scheckter (SA)
 CdM 1979

Tim Schenken (AUS)
Vern Schuppan (AUS)
Jackie Stewart (GB)
 CdM 1969-71-73

Philippe Streiff (F)
Hans-Joachim Stuck (D)
Danny Sullivan (USA)
Marc Surer (CH)

Patrick Tambay (F)

Nino Vaccarella (I)

Jo Vonlanthen (CH)

Derek Warwick (GB)
John Watson (GB)
Mark Webber (AUS)
Mike Wilds (GB)
Reine Wisell (S)
Alexander Wurz (A)

Alex Yoong (MY)

Alessandro Zanardi (I)

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Murray Walker (GB)
Axel Schmidt (D)
Helmut Zwickl (A)

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<i>Sammy</i> Davis	<i>David</i> Hampshire
<i>Albert</i> Divo	<i>Duncan</i> Hamilton
<i>Ken</i> Downing	<i>Huschke</i> von Hanstein
<i>René</i> Dreyfus	<i>Bob</i> Harper
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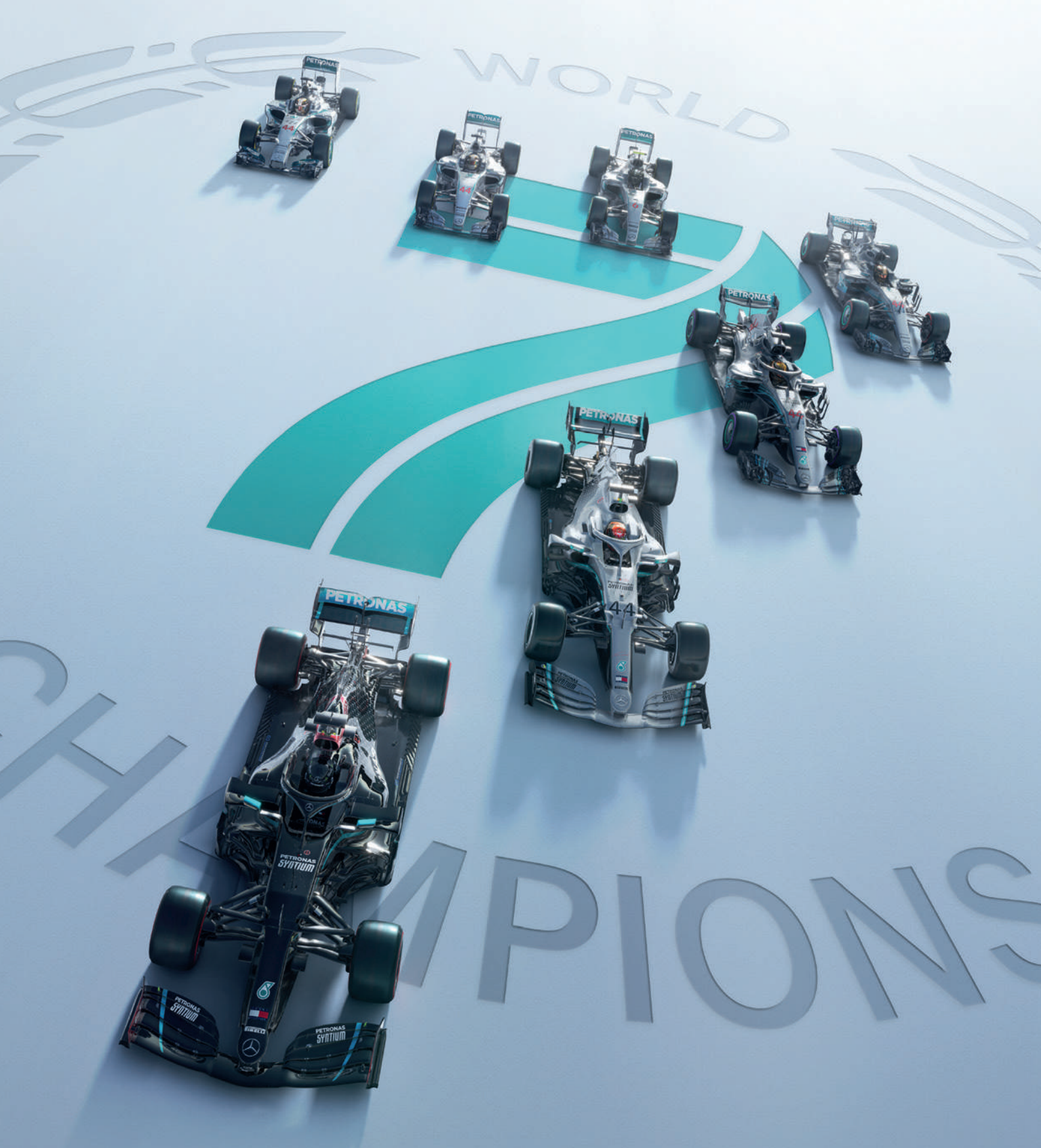
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