

# SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX

*Pedro Rodriguez keeps his Cooper running to win the first GP of the 1967 season*

BY CEDRIC WRIGHT



*Huge crowd welcomed Grand Prix circus to Kyalami circuit near Johannesburg for first race of the 1967 championship season.*

**A** NEW VENUE for a *Grand Epreuve* invariably introduces imponderables for both drivers and manufacturers to contend with, but seldom can it have caused such a total upset as occurred in the South African Grand Prix at Kyalami, Johannesburg, the race which opened the 1967 World Championship. All the teams were there except Ferrari, and 18 cars started. At the finish, only eight cars were still running—only six of these classed as finishers—and two rank outsiders had finished first and second.

No one was more surprised than Pedro Rodriguez when he won. He looked almost bewildered as the laurel wreath was dropped on his shoulders, and the massive trophy thrust into his hand. "I am so happy," he told newsmen, "I have no words to say how happy I am!"

Pedro, better known in the past as a sports car exponent, was virtually pitchforked into the race as a last-minute nomination by the Cooper works team. He was youngest driver in the race, and his name did not appear in the published program because of the lateness of his nomination. Both car and circuit were new to him, but—very important—the conditions were akin to those in his home country.

Johannesburg is the city where a great deal of the world's gold comes from. This sprawling young city of a million people is far inland and 5000 ft above sea level, in hot, dusty bushveld country. It is surrounded by flat-topped mine dumps whose yellow-white color contrasts with the red-brown of the countryside, but the piled skyscrapers and bustling traffic on wide expressways are evidence of the city's prosperity.



*Denis Hulme (left) was first off grid in Brabham-Repco V-8, led race until slowed with brake trouble, finally finished 4th.*

Johannesburg has been in the grip of a severe drought for several years past, so that water is rationed for the ornate gardens and private swimming pools in the plush suburbs, and the veld is browner, drier and dustier than ever.

At the Kyalami circuit, a few miles north of the city and not far from the Jan Smuts International Airport, the southern summer holds sway at this time of year, and a blistering sun on race day sent the track temperature soaring to over 130 degrees. A crowd of more than 80,000 crept under gay beach umbrellas or any available patch of shade, and a heat haze was shimmering in the distance as the cars lined up on the grid at mid-afternoon.

THE PRACTICE days had been equally hot, giving concern to the pit crews, and most of all, to the technicians of Firestone and Goodyear, who had a tricky situation on their hands. Tire contracts were up for renewal at the start of the new year—which was during practice—so it was a buyers' market all the way. The tire companies were sweating to please the customers. Drivers were trying out first on one make and then the other, the label on their jackets very often not the same as the labels on their rims. Some claimed that Firestones were giving slightly better lap times but how would they stand up to the temperatures? In the end, most settled for Firestones, the notable exception being Team Brabham, who were strong contenders carrying Goodyear colors.

Three days of official practice had done some sorting out. There was no time to have all-new cars ready so early in the season and some of the big teams had made a dismal showing. The Brabhams, gaining by the reliability of the Repco V-8 units and with local servicing resources available to them, won both places on the first row, Jack Brabham being slightly faster than Denny Hulme to hold the pole.

Jim Clark was finding the BRM H-16 engine heat-prone (in fact, all four H-16-engined cars failed before half-distance in the race itself), but got into the second row after trying hard. Almost unnoticed, Pedro Rodriguez had clinched fourth place on the grid alongside Jim. His Cooper-Maserati V-12 was running well and—significantly—the blistering summer heat did not worry the Mexican as much as it

did the Europeans. But no one would have given him an outside chance of winning . . .

On row three were the South African champion, John Love, in an obsolete Tasman Cooper with 2.7-liter, straight-4 Coventry-Climax engine (also at home in these conditions) and John Surtees in the Honda V-12. Honda had cannibalized the two 1966 engines to build up one for Surtees for this race, and the car seemed sound. Senior Cooper driver Jochen Rindt was on row five alongside South African Dave Charlton with equal times, and both of them nearly 2 sec slower than Brabham. They were followed by Jackie Stewart (BRM) and British independent entry Bob Anderson. Row seven had Dan Gurney, whose Weslake engine had proved unsatisfactory and had been replaced with a reserve Climax 4, and Jo Bonnier in his own Cooper-Maserati V-12.

The rest of the cars had been giving a lot of trouble in practice, so that stalwarts such as Graham Hill (on his first outing for Lotus) and Mike Spence in the other BRM H-16 had the indignity of starting from the last three rows of the grid.

It is worth mentioning at this stage that local boy John Love (he actually comes from Rhodesia, the little Central →

*In early laps, Surtees' Honda led Rodriguez' Cooper and Jack's Brabham-Repco.*



ALTON BERNSTEIN PHOTO



Winner Rodriguez' Cooper kicks up cement dust at Clubhouse Bend.

GEORF BRIDGETT PHOTO



Brabham and mechanic push it into the pits.

ALTON BERNSTEIN PHOTO

## SOUTH AFRICAN GP

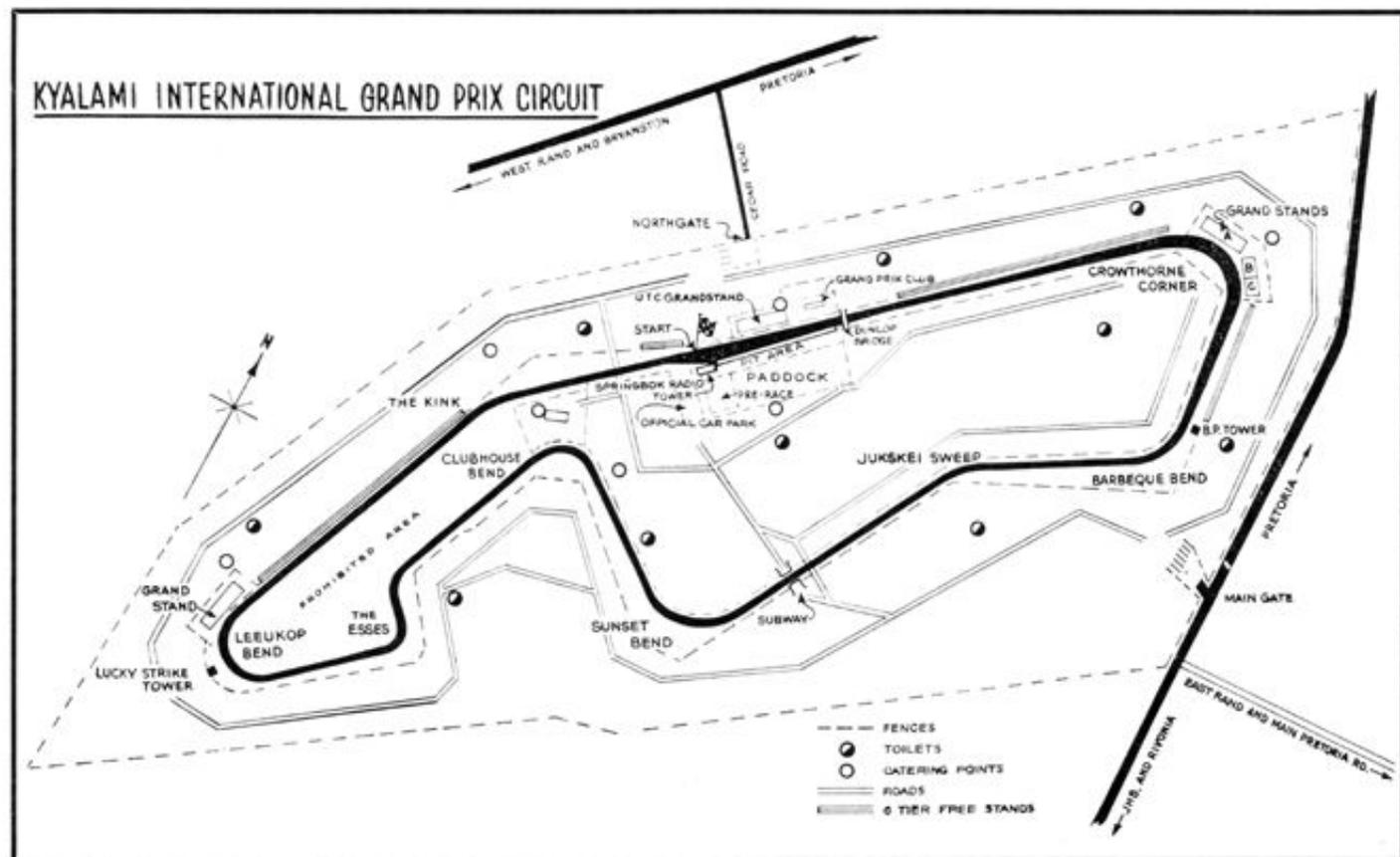
African country which is in rebellion against Britain) showed up well in practice. He knows Kyalami well and was getting round faster than ever in his old but carefully-prepared car. So much so, that on practice days, South Africans were hopeful that he would finish with a good place.

WHEN THE FLAG dropped at 3 P.M. the cars hurtled away in a cloud of smoke, and when it cleared Hulme held a good lead over Brabham, Surtees, Rodriguez, Clark and Rindt, who were bunched behind him. While the rest of the field settled down, Hulme set a new lap record of 1 min 29.9

sec. 101.876 mph (which was to stand) on his third lap.

On this lap, as the leading cars went fast through Barbeque Sweep, Jack Brabham came unstuck and spun off each side of the track in quick succession, but he was back in the race with the loss of only three places—Surtees, Rodriguez and Clark having gone through.

About the same time, Jackie Stewart's BRM blew up on its second lap, dropping all its oil on the track at Crowthorne Corner. Marshals used cement to soak up the hot oil but this added the hazard of clouds of cement dust to the slipperiness of the track itself and the race began to slow down. After another four laps another H-16 went, when Graham Hill's Lotus broke a front suspension member, damaging an oil pipe and leaving a slippery trail round most of the circuit. More cement, more dust! As each car passed over a cement





Gurney's Eagle was competitive though using 4-cyl Climax instead of newer V-12.



The pit stop that cost Hulme his victory.

patch, a cloud of fine white powder rose in the air.

At quarter-distance (20 laps) Denny Hulme led strongly, though his pace had dropped to about 98 mph, followed by Surtees, Brabham, Rindt and Rodriguez. In sixth place was Love, with Gurney, Bonnier and Spence further back. At half-distance (40 laps), the heat, pace and altitude had taken further toll among the more sophisticated cars. Jim Clark's Lotus had succumbed to fuel vaporization troubles, Bonnier's Maserati engine had dropped a valve, and the breather on Spence's BRM had failed, losing oil at the same time. On lap 38 Rindt's Cooper went out with overheating problems that caused fuel starvation and misfiring.

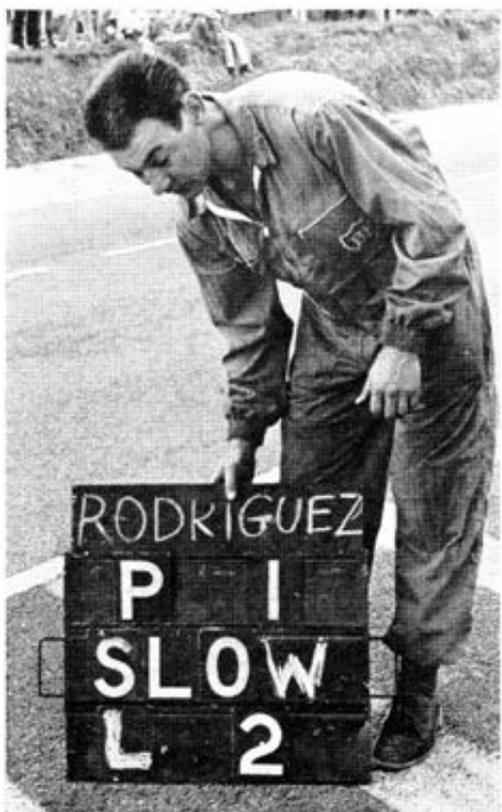
IT WAS STILL Hulme in the lead, going round like clockwork, while Brabham had passed Surtees' Honda and was again

running second. Things looked good for Brabham and Good-year at half-distance, particularly as Surtees was finding the Honda's handling a bit difficult and the remaining Cooper (Rodriguez) was having trouble selecting gears and was dropping back steadily. The only other cars within striking distance were the two Climax 4 cars of Love and Gurney, which were having a monumental scrap of their own for several laps. Love was having trouble with an engine misfire but managed to keep ahead of Gurney until the Eagle retired with damaged suspension on lap 44.

At this stage Love began to move up and the home crowd went wild with excitement. He passed the ailing Rodriguez to move into fourth. Then he got around Surtees, who did not seem happy at this stage, to take third place. On lap 41 Brabham had to make a pit stop to pack dry ice round the

#### STARTING GRID

JACK BRABHAM Brabham-Repco V-8 1:28.3	DENIS HULME Brabham-Repco V-8 1:28.9
JIM CLARK Lotus-BRM H-16 1:29.0	PEDRO RODRIGUEZ Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:29.1
JOHN LOVE Cooper-Climax 4 1:29.5	JOHN SURTEES Honda V-12 1:29.6
JOCHEN RINDT Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:30.2	DAVE CHARLTON Brabham-Climax 4 1:30.2
JACKIE STEWART BRM H-16 1:30.3	BOB ANDERSON Brabham-Climax 4 1:30.6
DAN GURNEY Eagle-Climax 4 1:30.7	JO BONNIER Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:31.8
MIKE SPENCE BRM H-16 1:32.1	SAM TINGLE LDS-Climax 4 1:32.4
GRAHAM HILL Lotus-BRM H-16 1:32.6	JOSEPH SIFFERT Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:32.8
LUKI BOTHA Brabham-Climax 4 1:33.1	PIERS COURAGE Lotus-BRM V-8 1:33.8



ALTON BERNSTEIN PHOTO

#### SOUTH AFRICAN GRAND PRIX

Kyalami, Johannesburg, Jan. 2, 1967

Driver	Car	Laps
1 Pedro Rodriguez	Cooper-Maserati V-12	80
2 John Love	Cooper-Climax 4	79
3 John Surtees	Honda V-12	79
4 Denis Hulme	Brabham-Repco V-8	78
5 Bob Anderson	Brabham-Climax 4	78
6 Jack Brabham	Brabham-Repco V-8	76
* Dave Charlton	Brabham-Climax 4	63
* Luki Botha	Brabham-Climax 4	60

\*Running at finish but did not complete sufficient laps to be officially classified.

Distance: 80 laps of 2,544-mi circuit, 203.52 mi.

Avg speed: 97.095 mph.

Fastest lap: 1:29.9, 101.876 mph, Denis Hulme, new record.

Retirements: Jackie Stewart, BRM H-16, 2 laps, engine failure; Graham Hill, Lotus-BRM H-16, 6 laps, front suspension failure, oil leak; Jim Clark, Lotus-BRM H-16, 22 laps, fuel feed trouble; Jochen Rindt Cooper-Maserati V-12, 38 laps, overheating, ignition trouble; Jo Bonnier, Cooper-Maserati V-12, 30 laps, broken valve spring; Dan Gurney, Eagle-Climax 4, 44 laps, damaged suspension; Mike Spence, BRM H-16, 31 laps, breather failure, lost oil; Joseph Siffert, Cooper-Maserati V-12, 41 laps, overheating, ignition trouble; Piers Courage, Lotus-BRM V-8, 51 laps, oil loss, fuel pump failed; Sam Tingle, LDS-Climax, 56 laps, tire blowout, suspension damaged.

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fuel pump of the Repco injection system and the Rhodesian was second.

At three-quarters distance, with Siffert and Gurney out (as well as a few of the slower cars, which had suffered tire and heat troubles), it was Hulme well ahead of Love, Rodriguez and Surtees. There was about half a lap between the two leaders, while Rodriguez and Surtees were a lap behind. Bob Anderson was running steadily four laps back, and Brabham had got back after his pit stop but was six laps in arrears and had little hope of making it up in the 20 laps remaining. Then misfortune hit the Brabham marque for the second time as Hulme pitted momentarily to alert his crew, then returned next lap round to have brake fluid poured in.

Hulme's two stops let John Love through, and for the first time ever, a South African crowd had the excitement of seeing a local driver leading a Grand Prix field—and seemingly certain to win. With 10 laps to go, Love was leading Rodriguez by 20 sec, the two of them circulating at steady speed with little change of distance between them. In third place, way back, was Surtees, and Hulme was back in again, a lap behind the Honda. Another lap back were Anderson and Brabham, and it seemed impossible that anything further could happen.

But it did. Seven laps from full distance, John Love began to develop fuel surge on the corners. He had fitted an extra belly tank on his old Cooper, with an electric pump to feed through, and this pump had failed. His main tank was getting low, so rather than risk being stuck out on the circuit, he ran

into the pits to pick up some more fuel in the main tank. For some puzzling reason—perhaps because he thought there was no hope—he made a leisurely stop, but when his mechanics found that he just needed a couple of gallons of gas, things started hopping. They dashed in some fuel, and Love leapt back in the car and set off in pursuit of Rodriguez. He was still second, but a long 40 sec behind.

IT WAS DRAMATIC, but futile. Love, with an obsolete 2.7-liter engine, was making up several seconds a lap, but with the finish so close he had no hope. The Cooper pits signaled Pedro to slow down and make sure of finishing, and at lap 80 the checkered flag flashed as the unflustered young Mexican eased home by half a lap.

After Love came Surtees, a lap in arrears, with Hulme and Anderson fourth and fifth another lap back. Jack brought his ailing car home sixth, four laps behind the winner, and these six were the only official finishers.

Two South African cars—Brabhams with Climax 4 engines driven by Dave Charlton and Luki Botha, both of whom had suffered minor troubles during the race—were still running at the finish, but so far behind as not to qualify as finishers.

Ten of the world's most expensive and sophisticated pieces of gasoline-driven machinery had failed on the course, and an epic Grand Prix was over. It was a great victory for the underdogs, and has started young Pedro in grand fashion on his new career as a Cooper driver. He was never erratic, was easy on his car, and drove steadily, within his capabilities, intending to finish.

For the crowd it was a great day of memorable racing—even worth the king-size traffic pile-up that blocked the roads into Johannesburg till well into the night!



# 25<sup>eme</sup> Grand Prix Automobile de Monaco 1967



## BIG WIN FOR DENNY

*Hulme scores at Monaco in Brabham-Repco  
for his first-ever grande épreuve victory*

BY HENRY N. MANNEY

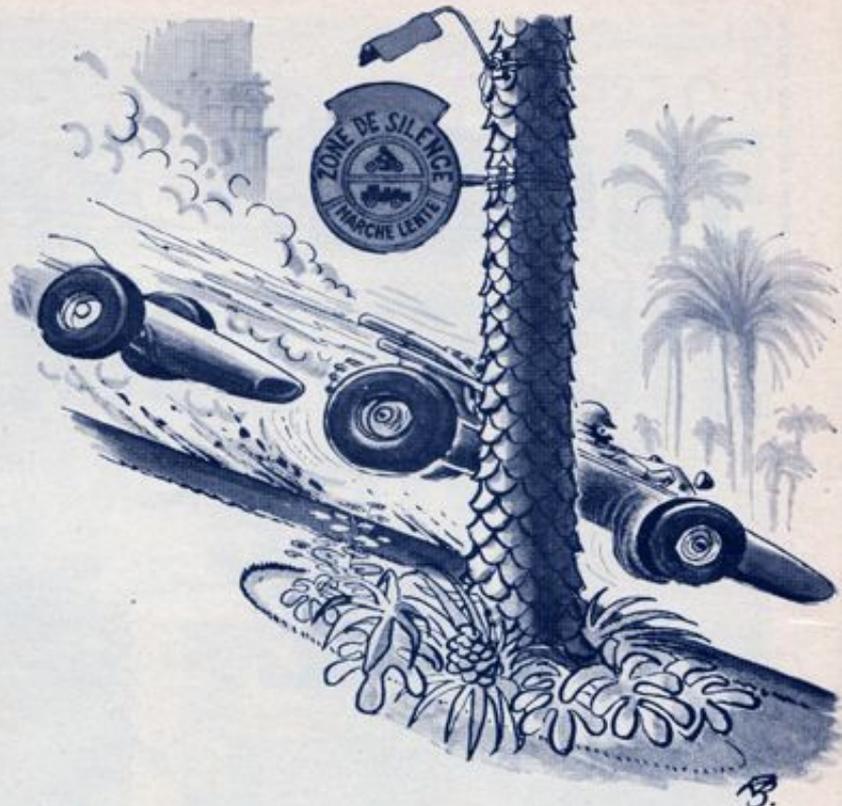
WHETHER WE HAVE spent the winter in sunny California or not, it is still nice to see Monaco again bathed in sunshine, especially when reports were coming through that there was more snow just upcountry around Digne than there had been in the Monte Carlo Rallye. Certainly Monaco has a private atmosphere all its own, with the picture-book harbor filled with really big and expensive yachts (there were three 3-masters in on race day), which in turn are filled with expensive and languorous crumpet.

These young ladies, if a trifle shaggy around the armpits, switch around marvellously Making Entrances (even if only to the toilet) with their all too clearly female bodies sliding about inside Pucci silks. They are female, they want everybody to know it without actually doing the Sadie Thompson bit as the movies would have you believe (high class crumpet never flings it about), and they are about as far removed from the plastic, poh-faced, wired-up American young col-

lege chick as Fangio from me.

One night in the Bec Rouge we were watching all the mini-skirted birds parade in and out (escorting them, unfortunately, were a number of stone-drunk clean-limbed Young English aristocrats) and we noticed a jolly Dutchman and his blonde daughter across the way. They were also enjoying the show, understood each other perfectly as fathers and daughters do, and he kept nudging her to take special notice of some outrageous specimen. Her round blue eyes would travel slowly over this bird in white wickerwork with sparkly underpants showing through, for example, everything would get filed away, and then she would slip us a conspiratorial look before whispering something to Dad that would send him off into gales of laughter.

Too bad that we have to write about cars, but there was a race on. As Monaco is the first *Grande Epreuve* of the season, one would expect that there would be lots of new equip- ➔



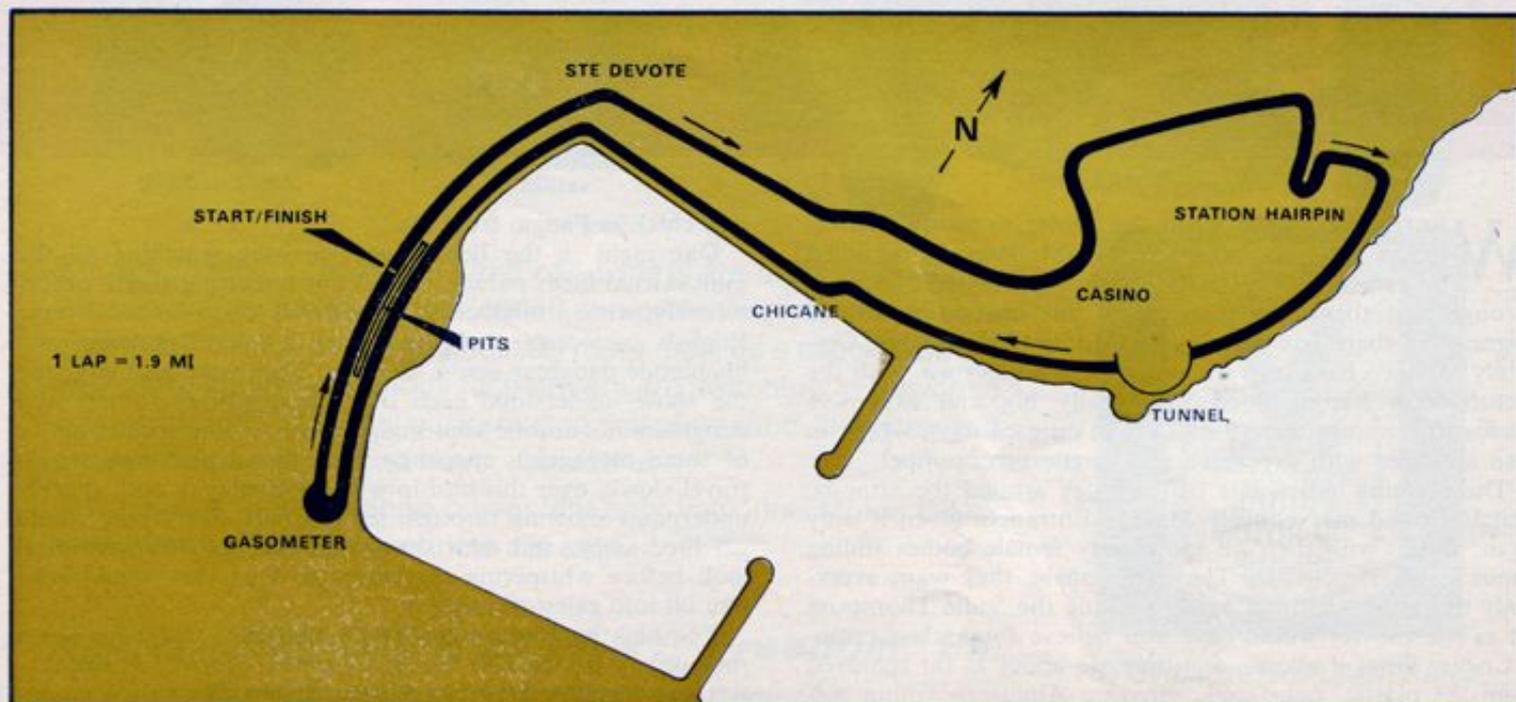
ment (or variations of old) about, but in fact there was not quite as much as you would think. I suppose in the cold winter over here nobody wants to go out and test cars, especially when there is money to be picked up racing in the down-under Tasman series. Just the same, if you will bear with me a bit, there were lots of detail changes, and if I can read my notes we will do a bit of nutsey-boltsey without going into far too much detail.

**H**ONDA. FEARLESS John Surtees had two cars, as he is now in charge of the racing end of things. One of these had

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a lighter engine (abt 65 lb) than the other, both had new gearboxes to give a quicker shift, extra suspension mounting points were put on to give variation in tuning the car, the track was now someplace in between the narrow and wide as seen at Watkins Glen, the fuel lines were much, much bigger than before and, generally speaking, everything was cleaned up enormously. (There are other changes, of course, as on all the cars, but sometimes we get asked to keep our trap shut.) As the Honda is still pretty heavy and has a torque curve like a cat's back, FJ had his problems getting a competitive time, but in spite of having to make one good gearbox out of two bad ones and coping with a pair of very tight engines, he wound up third on the grid. The roadholding is still a bit dodgy as well; if anybody but John were driving it, the Honda would have been in mid-field somewhere.

Ferrari appeared with two of the latest 3-valvers covered with airscoops in relevant places. Bandini and Amon were



down to drive them. Amon was having a difficult time due to the usual Ferrari politics as he is really too nice a chap and all spent their time working on Banders' car. Actually, Scarfiotti was supposed to drive No. 2, but he got the ride taken away from him after David Piper pipped him on the line (in Surtees' Lola-Chev) at the recent Spa sports car races. The whole burden of responsibility thus fell on Bandini and he was definitely feeling it, not being his usual ebullient self in spite of horsing the big Ferrari onto the front row. Monaco was Bandini's best circuit and he showed it . . . putting up such a good performance in the presence of several World Champions..

Lotus is traditionally unready for Monaco and this was no exception. The new Cosworth-Ford V-8 wasn't deemed in a sufficient stage of development for Chappers to bring it (although all the Ford top brass were there . . . reportedly H. Ford himself bought a Lamborghini Miura) so Clark made do with the familiar 2-liter Climax V-8 and Graham Hill with what looked like the World's Next-to-Oldest BRM V-8 with injection trumpets in the center stuffed into his Lotus. Graham had a lot of bothers with the gearbox, among other things, but in any case the two made a good, strong team. Graham going back to Lotus after the past friction many years ago was a bit of a surprise, but it was Ford money (reportedly about £40,000 or \$112,000) and the promise of a good Indy ride that clinched it. Also Clark is supposed to be in rather a high income tax bracket in England and won't race there this year. This leaves Graham as No. 1, in the many races at home anyway.

The Cooper people were still slaving away at their Maserati-engined machines, which looked pretty much the same as last year. I gather that Something New will appear before very long. Ing. Alfieri of Maserati brought along a new smaller and lighter engine in any case, which appeared to be made of exotic alloys. The heads were definitely different, with air intakes looking like port glasses, bifurcated manifolds with the injection nozzles pointing upward to take advantage of the high-pressure area there and the exhaust system much sleeker than heretofore. They also have much closer ratios in the gearboxes, while much attention has been paid to weight-saving as demonstrated by large holes drilled in the centers of the alloy wheels. Neither of them—or for that matter all three—seemed to run very well, however; Rindt and Rodriguez made the back row of the grid.

The French firm of Matra (a big combine that owns Breuget aircraft among other things) has gotten the green light from De Gaulle and is going into racing in a big way. Their F3s cleaned up that race very handily at Monte Carlo, but the F1 offering until the real thing comes along (they have very close ties with BRM) was two ballasted F2s with twin-cam Cosworth-Lotus-Fords driven by Johnny Servoz-Gavin and Jean Pierre Beltoise. This last gent is very fast but very hairy, and had a rough time of it with mechanical troubles, spinoffs, etc., but Servoz-Gavin turned a faster time than Spence, Courage, Anderson, Amon, Rindt, Beltoise, Ginther and Rodriguez, which should prove something.

BRM has been racing Down Under, but also revamped the H-16 considerably, mostly in the suspension department. They have done away with the top rear trailing link (allegedly because it interfered with the airflow to the injectors) and a massive bridge structure now carries the rear suspension. The front wishbones are also at different angles and are considerably reinforced. Both engines were proper 16s, as the twin 8 has been given up as a bad job, but Stewart found that the slightly overbored 2-liter V-8 car gave him the best results, leaving Spence the H-16.

Two shining new Eagles were there for Gurney and Ginther, but in spite of winning a race at Brands Hatch recently, gave quite a bit of trouble. All that business of the oil chundering out is now fixed (by a decrease in oil pressure among other things), while there are millions of other little detail changes too numerous to go into, even if Gurney



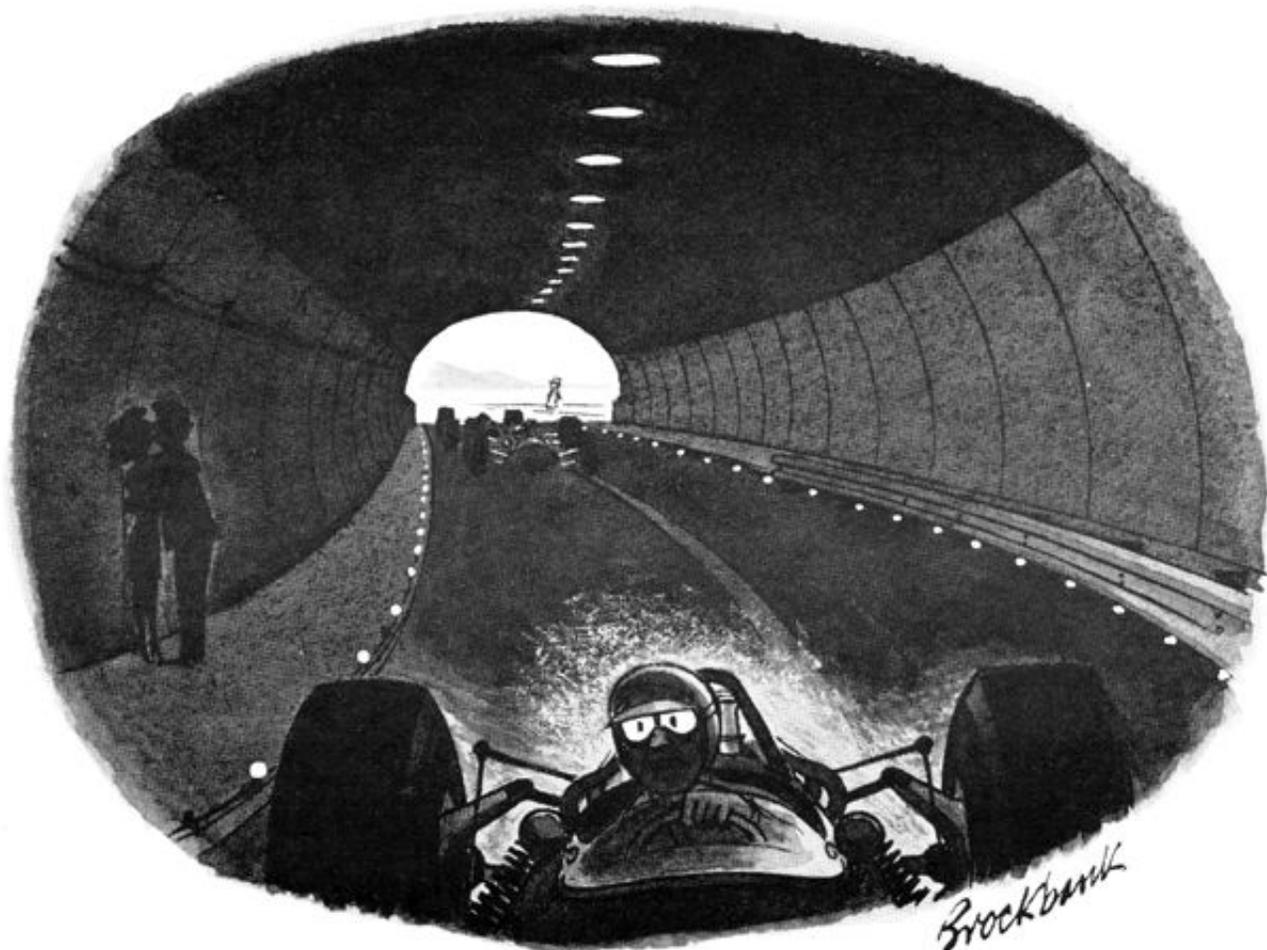
Jackie Stewart's BRM led early but retired with gearbox trouble.



Chris Amon's first F1 race for Ferrari resulted in a 3rd place.

Latest McLaren uses smaller, slimmer chassis with 2.1 BRM V-8.





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would let me say anything about them. One thing that they had trouble with was sticking throttle slides and also the ignition spinner flexing or simply coming off the end of the camshaft. The cars were beautiful, but there was only time enough to get one sorted properly.

Brabham appeared, looking more cheerful than usual, with a couple of new engines. One of these just had new heads with the exhaust stacks out the center, but the other was an entirely new Repco block with the new heads as well. The latest block is much stiffer inside, with through-bolts at odd angles to keep the bores round, and plainly produced a lot more power than the old one. Jack blew up the interim engine in a big way and then had a midnight bodging session fitting the new one, as the drawing office had boobed on gearbox layshaft lengths, etc. However, all was well and he scuttled around in the last practice to make fastest time, much to the fear and despair of the other drivers. That arch-professional Hulme was not downhearted and bent his efforts into learning handbrake turns around the two hairpins. He has got to be the fastest man in the world around these and plainly enjoys his work. God help the rest when he gets a new engine too.

McLaren appeared with a lovely new red car powered by the World's Oldest BRM V-8, dug out of the BRM parts bin. By their account it was 30 bhp down on a proper one but at least it is better than the Ford or the Serenissima they tried last year. They had a bit of trouble too with an upper rear suspension mount breaking away, but mostly spent the time trying to get it to handle properly. Brucie looked like he had gotten a real dose of confidence, getting all sideways under power out of the hairpins, and everything should be okay when his nice BRM V-12 arrives.

Of the others, Parnell had a 2-liter BRM V-8 for young Piers Courage (who had his adventures around the circuit), Siffert horsed the Walker Cooper-Maser around quicker than the works ones and the perennial Anderson showed up with his Climax-4-banger-engined Brabham. He managed to qual-

ify it faster than Amon, Rindt, Beltoise, Ginther and Rodriguez (plus equaling Courage's time but in a later session), but was cast into outer darkness along with Beltoise and Ginther. Sixteen cars are allowed to start for what the organizers call safety reasons but actually means starting money. Eleven of the entrants are "invited" as they have been works teams for a specified period (Honda, BRM, Lotus, Ferrari, Brabham and Cooper), while everyone else has to scratch for the remaining five places. Actually, if they would start everyone then perhaps there would be more than six cars running at the end.

**P**RACTICE WAS the usual shambles, with F3s and F-Vees practicing at unearthly hours of the morning (our contributor Nick Brittan was projected onto his head in the F-Vee go and there was the usual multi-car shunt in the 3s); as there is no space to go into it we refer you to the grid.

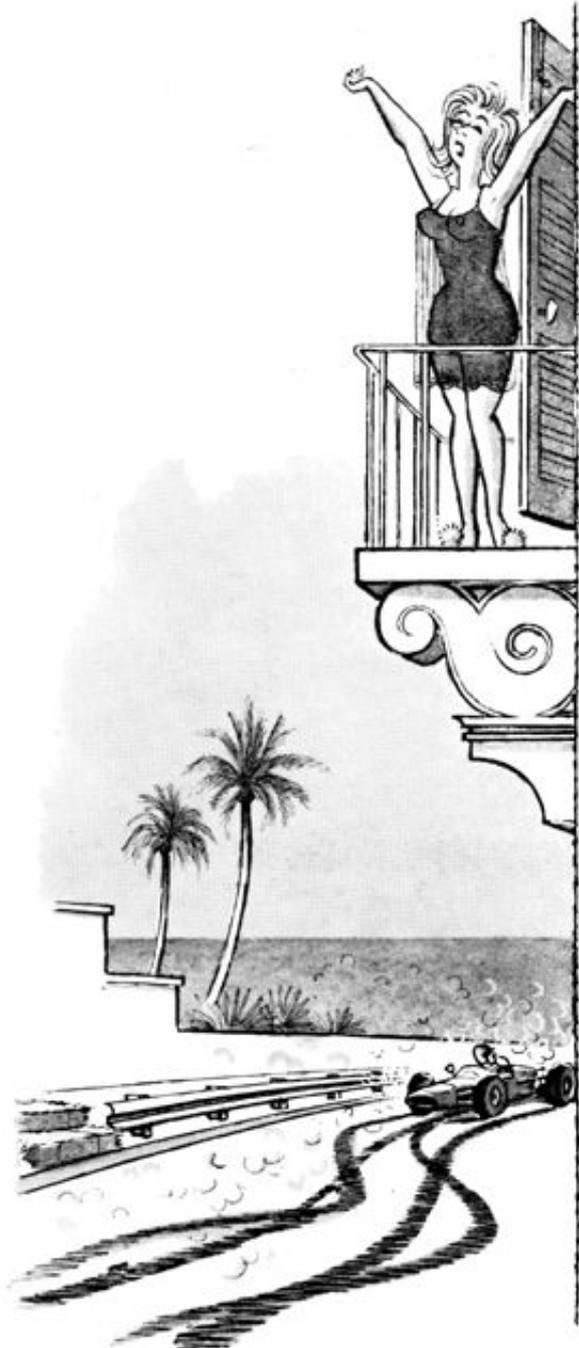
Race day was nice and sunny which should please the photographers but they were cursing as Gurney had shortened up the nose on his Iggle as had a couple of the others. Prince Rainier and Princess Grice took a slow lap around with the latest Lamborghini mit transparent doors (showing Grace's fashionable black and white print dress), and then the usual howlings from the pit area showed that the Spectacle was about to Commence. Frankly, we wouldn't have wanted to have been Bandini, surrounded with that horde of sabre-toothed tigers . . . we cautioned his neighbors not to push him into the drink in the first lap anyway and all they did was grin. Lorenzo was a past master at getting off the line about 0.10 sec before the flag actually fell anyway and sure enough, encouraged by beady eyes in his mirrors, he did just that, leading off the line and up the hill.

We were wandering around at the Station hairpin (one of the few places where they actually come past slowly enough to count them) and when all the row burst around the downhill Mirabeau corner Bandini's red Ferrari was in front (to the joy of the large Italian contingent), followed closely by

Hulme, Stewart, Surtees and Gurney. Scarcely had we assimilated this when there was a hell of a commotion up at Mirabeau and one J. Brabham was seen perching on the pavement. Elbows and yellow flags were seen flapping about like feathers in a pillow fight, but after everybody else had gone poor Jack came clackity clackity past on his way to the pits, looking even blacker than usual if such a thing is possible. Evidently the engine had gone all crook on the way up the hill and then had blown a rod out the side on the way down to Mirabeau, depositing a considerable amount of oil on the track and his rear wheels. A Firestone balance weight also fell out as he went past, which may prove something as he is on Goodyears.

Anyway, by that time they were around again with Banders still in front but only just, as Hulme and Stewart were making it plain that they would like to go by if Lorenzo wouldn't mind. As a matter of fact they sqz him out going into the chicane and the commotion was such that J. Clark, arriving there behind McLaren in seventh place, took it upon himself to visit the parking lot at the chicane to avoid being part of a tube sandwich. This naturally dropped him back a bit so when they arrived the third time around at the railway hairpin all going ummmahhhummmmmahhhummm-ahhhhgrate the order was Hulme (Brabham), Stewart (BRM V-8) then a second before Bandini leading Surtees (Honda), Gurney (Eagle), and McLaren, then another short gap before Rindt (Cooper), G. Hill (Lotus-BRM), Spence (BRM H-16), Amon (Ferrari), then another before Rodriguez (Cooper), Courage (BRM V-8) and finally Clark (Lotus-Climax V-8).

Already disappeared from the scene were Servoz-Gavin, whose alternator belt had jumped its trolley or worse, and Siffert, who had shunted McLaren up the back in the ge-fuffle (a lot of cars were wearing rear nerfing bars) and had busted his radiators. Both of these cars came out again for short periods but something else broke on the Matra and Siffert gradually dribbled out all his oil. There was a fair amount of this about already and perhaps was contributory to Stewart getting past Hulme on the seventh lap. His Firestones are supposed to be a couple of seconds faster a lap on oil than the Goodyears. Just for the record, the Ferraris, Stewart's BRM, the Matra, the Lotuses, the Honda and the Coopers, including Siffert, were all on Firestones, while Spence's BRM H-16 and Courage's BRM were on Dunlop, the rest all wearing Goodyear.



### STARTING GRID

<b>JACK BRABHAM</b> 3.0 Brabham-Repco V-8 1:27.6	<b>LORENZO BANDINI</b> 3.0 Ferrari V-12 1:28.3
<b>JOHN SURTEES</b> 3.0 Honda V-12 1:28.4	<b>DENIS HULME</b> 3.0 Brabham-Repco V-8 1:28.8
<b>JIM CLARK</b> 2.0 Lotus-Climax V-8 1:28.8	<b>JACKIE STEWART</b> 2.1 BRM V-8 1:29.0
<b>DAN GURNEY</b> 3.0 Eagle-Weslake V-12 1:29.3	<b>GRAHAM HILL</b> 2.1 Lotus-BRM V-8 1:29.9
<b>JOSEPH SIFFERT</b> 3.0 Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:30.0	<b>BRUCE McLAREN</b> 2.1 McLaren-BRM V-8 1:30.0
<b>J. SERVOZ-GAVIN</b> 1.6 Matra-Ford 4 1:30.4	<b>MIKE SPENCE</b> 3.0 BRM H-16 1:30.6
<b>PIERS COURAGE</b> 2.1 BRM V-8 1:30.6	<b>CHRIS AMON</b> 3.0 Ferrari V-12 1:30.7
<b>JOCHEN RINDT</b> 3.0 Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:30.8	<b>PEDRO RODRIGUEZ</b> 3.0 Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:32.4



### 25th MONACO GRAND PRIX

May 7, 1967

Driver	Car	Laps
1 Denis Hulme	3.0 Brabham-Repco	100
2 Graham Hill	2.1 Lotus-BRM V-8	99
3 Chris Amon	3.0 Ferrari V-12	98
4 Bruce McLaren	2.1 McLaren-BRM V-8	97
5 Pedro Rodriguez	3.0 Cooper-Maserati	96
6 Mike Spence	3.0 BRM H-16	96

Distance: 100 laps of 1.96-mi circuit—196 mi.

Avg speed: 75.896 mph. (Record: 76.5 mph, Jackie Stewart, 2.0 BRM V-8, 1966.)

Fastest lap: 1:29.5, 78.605 mph, new record. (Old Record: 1:29.8, 78.4 mph, Lorenzo Bandini, 2.4 Ferrari V-6, 1966.)

Retirements: Jack Brabham, 3.0 Brabham-Repco V-8, lap 1, broken rod; Johnny Servoz-Gavin, 1.6 Matra-Ford, lap 1, broken alternator drive; Dan Gurney, 3.0 Eagle-Weslake V-12; lap 5, broken fuel injection pump belt; Jackie Stewart, 2.1 BRM V-8, lap 15, gearbox; Jochen Rindt, 3.0 Cooper-Maserati V-12, lap 15, final drive; John Surtees, 3.0 Honda V-12, lap 33, burned piston; Jim Clark, 2.0 Lotus-Climax V-8, lap 43, crashed; Piers Courage, 2.1 BRM V-8, lap 65, spun, could not restart; Lorenzo Bandini, 3.0 Ferrari V-12, lap 82, crashed.

# MONACO GRAND PRIX

WEE JACKIE, as he observed afterwards, was finding it "all too easy" using only 9500 rpm and taking the chicane in top, even so pulling out a lead on Hulme of about six seconds, although nobody knows better than Denny that a hundred-lap race is a hundred-lap race. At any rate, the Brabham was still holding off Bandini, Surtees, Rindt and McLaren quite handily, one fearsome menace in the shape of Gurney removing itself on the fifth lap when the fuel-pump drive belt broke. The honeymoon lasted only for 14 laps, though, when a pin in the BRM's gearbox broke, selecting two gears at once, and Stewart clanked into the pits. Coincidentally, Rindt felt an odd sensation and came in as well to find a large gaping crack in the gearbox casing resulting from the final drive coming apart. There had been some trouble with the engine shifting about on its mountings in practice, as the front solid motor mount had given up.

By this time Hulme had worked up a good 7-sec lead on Bandini and Surtees, who in turn led McLaren by another two seconds, Clark coming up like a bomb at 25 sec behind the leader, (making the race's fastest lap at 1:29.5), Graham Hill afflicted with clutch slip and a loose coil hanging off the back at 32 sec, Amon driving well and catching Hill but slowly losing ground on the leader at 38 sec, Spence at 1 min 12 sec in the unwieldy H-16, and Rodriguez sounding ratty, plus Courage with locking brakes, both having been lapped already.

The remaining interest was to see if Surtees could diddle his old teammate Bandini, if a resurgent Clark could catch up, and if it comes to that would Bandini put on a sprint to reel in Hulme. Alas for Honda fortunes, the Japanese car had developed a head gasket leak on the second lap and blown out most of the water. As Surtees had had experience before with dicky temperature gauges and odd fuel starvation, he decided to carry on and see if what the gauges said was really true. Unfortunately it was; the Honda began to smoke furiously as a piston broke up and on the 33rd lap he squeaked to a halt at the chicane. Clark put on the performance that would normally be expected of him and pulled himself up past McLaren to just behind Amon before a top rear suspension mount let go in the fast Tobacconists' corner, of all places, and he spun madly up against the wall. It isn't easy to spin through there without hitting anything, as he observed.

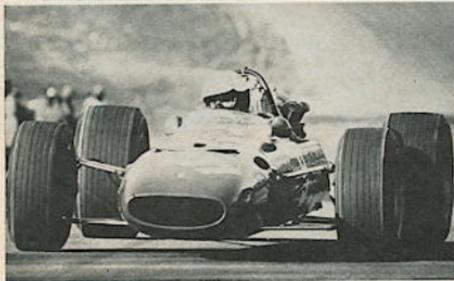
Bandini then began his push to whittle away the 16 sec lead that Hulme had worked away on him about half distance. Denny was never in better form, though, and was wheeling around the hairpins on full opposite lock and flitting through the Casino turn faster than anyone else in an effort to offset his lack of power. All hands were temporarily bemused by the sight of Courage spinning his BRM at St. Devote and killing the engine, but just the same Bandini, to cheers from the crowd, pulled up to about 9 sec. But Denny was watching over his shoulder as he did his handbrake turns and didn't let it get any closer than that. Bandini was one of those drivers who worked on nervous energy and got very tired . . . when he saw there was no use in it he slowed a bit, but was clearly at the end of his tether, missing the odd shift and not driving as neatly as he usually did.

The inevitable happened on the 82nd lap: the Ferrari touched the inside left side of the chicane, lost the wheels on that side, rolled over and then hit the bales and an electric light pole on the outside of the quai next to the water. Naturally enough, the whole business lit up and after some comic opera work by the totally incompetent Monegasque fire laddies (who dragged the car back and forth after putting the fire out and then turned it over to find poor Bandini still inside after some five minutes) and some brave work by a couple of commissaires, Bandini was got out and to the hospital via a boat. From his terrible burns and injuries, he died three days later. The whole business was a Chinese fire drill, and as if the pompiers didn't have enough trouble, a French TV helicopter hovered overhead fanning the flames briskly. In fact, the car lit up again and a fireboat had to be called into play. Poor Lorenzo . . . he had had such a weight landed on his shoulders and was subjected to heavy pressure by the Italian press and Ferrari to do the right thing by the Maranello cars. And this same press was crowding the Ferrari pits taking pictures of all the grief-stricken faces. Daily papers . . . bleagh.

Anyway, the race went on but with Amon suddenly projected into second because of McLaren's stop to replace a flat battery and to look at the bald front tires on his understeering car. However there was still another bit of drama to come, as Amon suddenly pulled in to change a rear wheel punctured on the debris at the chicane. The crafty Graham Hill was not all that far behind and nipped past Amon but was worried about his still slipping clutch and low fuel pressure.

And so the ten remaining laps ran out like that, with Hulme holding down a well deserved first, Graham Hill a lap behind, and then Amon, McLaren, Spence trundling around in the H-16, and finally Rodriguez ahead of Spence in the final results in spite of the fact that many lap charts (Surtees's among them) showed the other way, but that's the way it goes in Monaco.

# VICTORY for the EAGLES!



Richie Ginther (top) in an Eagle, was running second behind Gurney when Bandini (bottom) shot by in his new Ferrari, going on to challenge the leader until the end.

**D**AN GURNEY AND HIS 'ANGLO AMERICAN RACERS' ARE NEVER LIKELY TO FORGET MARCH 12, 1967. That was the day they became the first American team to win a Formula 1 type of race since Jimmy Murphy drove his Duesenberg under the checker at LeMans way back in 1921 to win the French Grand Prix.

Scene of Dan's triumph this year was England's Brands Hatch circuit, where the Daily Mail-sponsored 'International Race of Champions' opened the Formula 1 season in Europe. And what a surprise he and his new co-driver, Richie Ginther, gave the pundits.

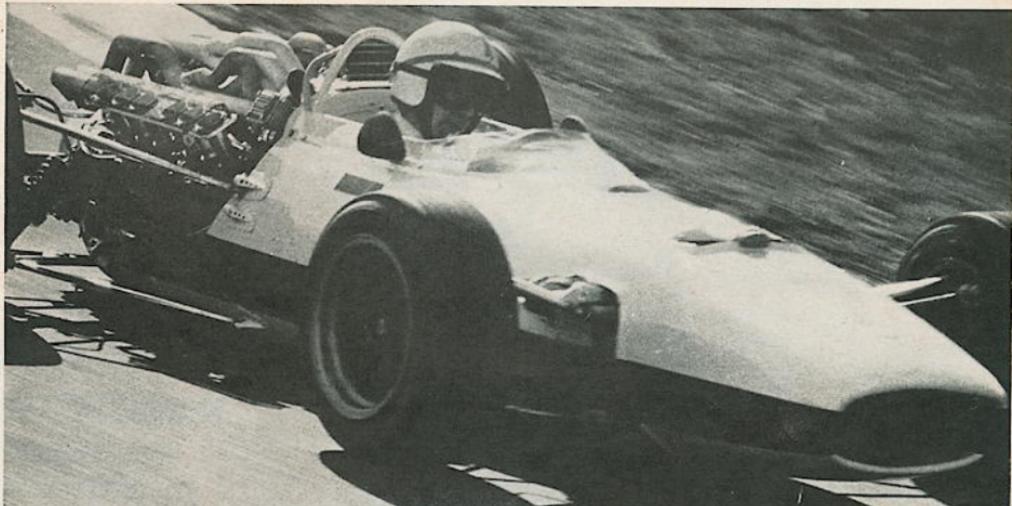
The Eagle-Gurney-Weslakes had shown good promise last year after their late start, but not so good that the fuel companies started to line up with contracts once Mobil pulled out of Formula 1. It's no secret that team manager Bill Dunne worked hard to find a replacement backer, but none were prepared to offer favorable terms. On the way to the circuit on race day, the Eagle team stopped off to buy gas at a nearby roadside station, while everyone else in the race was served from tankers in the paddock. That night, one leading oil company representative was said to have been kicking himself all the way back to the car park!

The first signs that Gurney and his team (AAR Indy cars are 'All American Racers', the Formula 1 cars are 'Anglo American Racers') had a lot to offer came in the first of two practice sessions on the eve of the race. Before then, Brands Hatch's official lap record was held by Jim Clark at one minute, 35.4 seconds, an even 100 miles an hour—a time set in a 1½-liter Lotus Climax, but not equaled during last year's three-liter Grand Prix. Dan knocked that down to 1:32.2, or 103.47 mph, and Richie backed him up with 1:33.6 in the second Eagle. Only John Surtees, driving an improved Honda with a track width between that of the first and second 1966 cars, was able to get on terms with the Eagles, finally getting down to 1:33.4 after stiffening the front suspension to prevent the car bottoming in the Brands Hatch dips. Equal fourth fastest, with 1:34.0, were Bruce McLaren and Jack Brabham; Jack with his 1966 car and engine, and Bruce with his new F2 chassis modified to take a 2.1-liter Tasman BRM V-8 engine. But McLaren's V-8 broke a camshaft during practice, and Bruce borrowed a 1930-cc BRM V-8 from Chris Amon for the race.

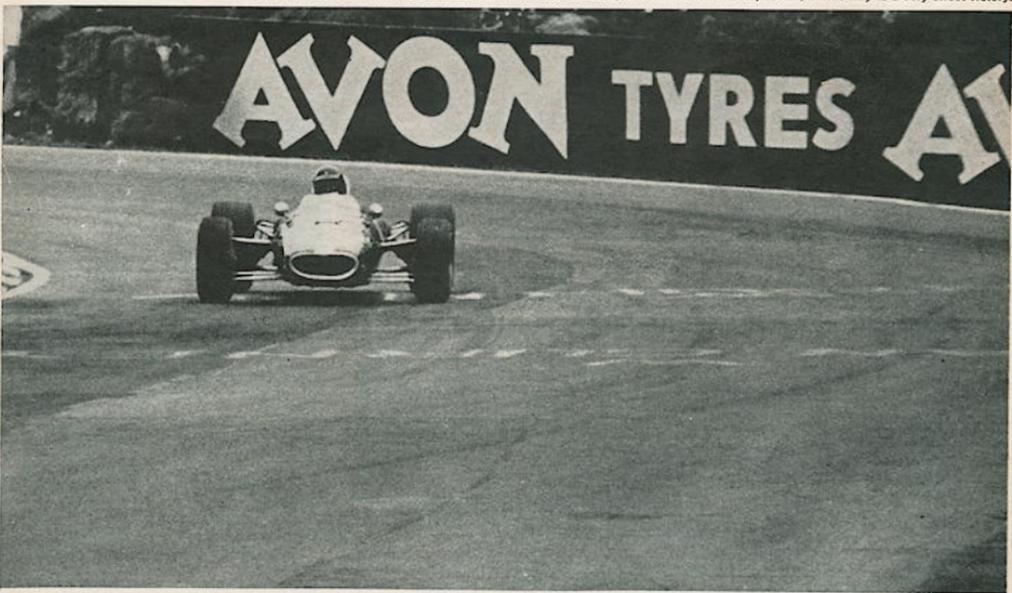
Amon would have had his first F1 drive for Ferrari at Brands Hatch, had not a wayward woman driver done her best to write off Chris, his passenger, and herself in a road accident two days earlier. Amon suffered a damaged heel and elbow, plus sundry cuts and bruises. Though he practiced, he was too ill on race day to take part. But team manager Franco Lini had brought across three cars and drivers, leaving Ludovico Scarfiotti with a three-valve-per-cylinder 1966 model, virtually identical to the car with which he won the Italian Grand Prix, and Bandini with a completely new chassis, seventy kilograms lighter than last year's car. Structurally similar to the earlier cars, with an aluminum monocoque reinforced by steel tubes, the new Ferrari has an engine with different three-valve, twin-plug cylinder heads, with the exhausts emerging Honda-style from the middle of the Vee, and the inlets on the outside. Power output is said to be improved by ten to fifteen horsepower, and certainly Bandini was going very well indeed towards the end of the race. The car was so new that it had been given only four laps in the wet at Modena before being shipped across to England. Had Amon been able to run, he would have raced a 1966 car fitted with an experimental two-valve-per-cylinder engine.

*Continued on Page 70*

## It only took forty-six years for



John Surtees, in the new Honda, was the Eagles' menace in the first two heats, later dropped out with a sticking throttle. Dan Gurney screams his Eagle out of a turn at Brands Hatch, well ahead of the competition, on his way to a very sweet victory.



the United States to win its second Grand Prix!

By John Blunsden

# EAGLE VICTORY

*Continued from Page 45*

Apart from experimental three-valve cylinder heads in the Maserati engine of the spare factory-entered Cooper (it was driven by Guy Ligier in the two preliminary heats before the main race after his own car was shunted in practice following a puncture, and then by Rindt in the final, after *his* own car had broken its starter ring-gear), there was little else new of significance since the South African GP. Like Brabham, Hulme was using 1966 equipment. There were no factory BRMs, though Spence had an H-16 running under the Parnell banner. Team Lotus was also an absentee. (Lotus decided to forget about its H-16s and wait for the Cosworth-Ford V-8s.) The new Pearce-Martin V-8s were not completed in time to race for the first time, although one of the Martin V-8 engines appeared in a Parnell Lotus driven by Piers Courage, and proved that it was not yet competitive.

The race was split into two ten-lap (26.5-mile) heats and a forty-lap final, everyone going into all three races. Practice times determined the grid for the first heat; finishing order in heat one gave the heat-two grid; and the final line-up was based on each competitor's better race time out of the two heats. The way things turned out there was a remarkable similarity about all three grids, at least at the front.

Ginther seemed to be using all of his 413 bhp to flash into the lead at the start of heat one, and Gurney out-dragged Surtees into Paddock Bend to put out the Eagles one-two, taking over the lead from his teammate on the second lap. Going into lap four, Surtees edged the Honda past Ginther's Eagle to divide the two AAR cars again, and this was the order to the finish, Gurney pulling out nine seconds on the Honda (and setting a new official lap record in 1:32.6, 103.02 mph), with Ginther another 3.2 seconds away in third place. McLaren finished only a second behind the second Eagle with his very rapid and compact little two-liter, ahead of Spence, Scarfiotti, and Brabham (suffering from fuel-feed problems).

Heat two was similar except that the order was Gurney, Ginther, Surtees, and Scarfiotti all the way. Rodriguez in the factory Cooper took fifth place from McLaren at half-distance, and Bruce again was followed in by Spence. Both Brabhams dropped out of this heat, Jack's with fuel starvation and Denny's with a broken timing chain, which put it out of the final.

Of the nineteen original starters, sixteen lined up for the final forty-lapper, and once again it was Gurney all the way, winning at an average of 98.66 mph. But this time it was not the procession that the lap chart might have indicated — in fact just before half distance, and again in the closing laps, it became a real heart-stopper.

The familiar pattern of Gurney,  
*(Continued on Page 72)*

# EAGLE VICTORY

*Continued from Page 70*

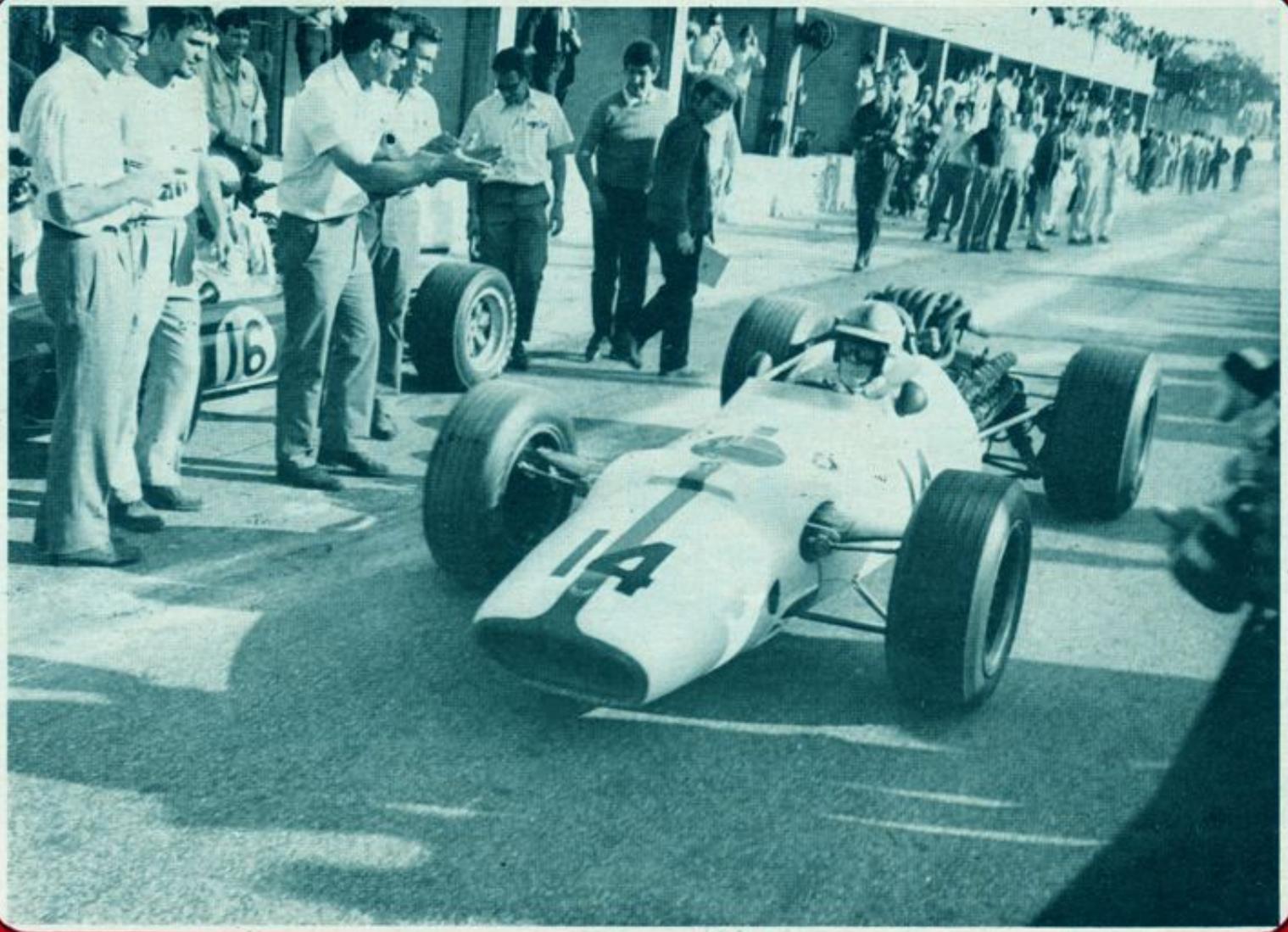
Ginther, and Surtees was established at the start, with Jo Siffert in the Walker/Durlacher Cooper-Maserati going like a rocket in fourth place ahead of Rodriguez and Scarfiotti, while poor McLaren fell out with another broken camshaft.

Surtees kept up the pressure for six laps, then stopped to complain of a sticking throttle slide. He carried on, but the trouble persisted, and so he fell out after only nine laps. Meanwhile, Brabham, who finally got his V-8 to drink fuel and air in appropriate proportions, was going like only Jack can go when riled. On lap one he was eighth, lap three seventh, lap five sixth, lap six fourth, lap seven third, and lap eleven second, moving in steadily on Gurney. By lap seventeen the two cars were nose-to-tail, then Brabham suddenly rushed into the pits with a detached ignition pick-up plug. It took exactly a lap to find it, and Jack returned to the race exactly one lap behind Gurney, only for the same thing to happen five laps later. This time he rejoined exactly two laps behind, and, though he passed Gurney on the road, he finished way down in eighth place.

With Brabham's attack blunted, it looked all set for an easy ride home for Gurney, with Ginther still backing him up well. With ten laps to go, his lead, though still only about five seconds, seemed comfortable enough. But Ginther was being challenged hard by Bandini (who really got to grips with the new Ferrari and had gained six places since the start), then Siffert, Rodriguez, and Scarfiotti. Under pressure, Ginther began to close the gap on Gurney, and yet both Eagles were noticeably slowing down from their earlier pace.

On lap thirty-six Ginther was 'swallowed' by Bandini, and after slipping back to sixth place on the next lap, he stopped at his pits saying that the car was shaking itself to bits at the front. Wisely, he retired.

Meanwhile, Bandini, with victory seemingly within his grasp, did one of his Monte Carlo-type late challenges, driving like someone inspired. Three laps to go and he was only two car-lengths behind. Two laps, and Gurney had pulled out nearly a second. One lap and Bandini was back on his tail again. The last lap was fantastic, and, with Gurney's 409 bhp allowing him to pull back on the straights what his front suspension was losing him on the corners, he just managed to hold the Ferrari off to the checkered flag. Just 4.2 seconds covered Gurney, Bandini, Siffert, Rodriguez, and Scarfiotti at the end. It was a terrific finish to the first European Formula 1 race of 1967, and a thoroughly deserved result, for Gurney had been the moral victor from the moment the dark blue AAR transporter had trundled into the Brands Hatch paddock two days earlier. The Eagle really got in among the pigeons! 



## 38° Gran Premio d'Italia

# WELCOME WIN FOR JOHN

*Gurney led, Clark led, Hulme led, Hill led, Clark led again,  
but on the last lap it was Brabham vs. Surtees*

BY ROB WALKER

PHOTOS BY GEOFFREY GODDARD AND PETE COLTRIN

**T**HE ITALIAN GP has for some years enjoyed an unpopular reputation amongst both competitors, journalists and all the Grand Prix circus, largely because of treatment that has been received at the hands of the police who control the meeting.

One can hardly be considered one of the elite until he has been thrown out of the pits; to get the full VIP treatment one has to land in gaol. These conditions have improved enormously since Romolo Tavoni, ex-team manager of Ferrari, has been given the position of public relations officer, but the memory lingers and I think this is the reason that Henry Manney has chosen this time to go on leave to his new house in California. He says that it will be no holiday. Firstly he will be greeted at the door by his children with, "Oh, Mother, that man Mr. Manney has returned," and then there will be requests to fix the fuses, fix the freezer, fix the faucet. Not a cheap way to get your laundry done, really.

This is one of the few races that Commendatore Ferrari visits personally and then only for practice, as it is said that in the

past 25 years he has only left Modena for journeys that can be managed in his personal car in one day, so if Mahomet will not go to the mountain then the mountain must go to Mahomet. Anyway I believe that Ferrari says visitors only come to Italy to see two people, the Pope and himself, although I expect he puts it the other way round. Even he has his differences with the Monza organizers, although the outcome always seems to be resolved in his favor, on the threat of the withdrawal of the whole Prancing Horse Team. And who would blame organizers put in this position?

One of the things that annoy me intensely about Monza is the exorbitant prices charged for doing the most everyday job. To go and spend the proverbial penny costs at least seven times that or 50 lire, and even commentators balk at this, as I learned from a female friend of mine who shot sharply around a corner and found to her surprise a great man saving money.

To me, one of the great attractions about Monza is the closeness of the racing due to the slipstreaming. Usually the field



*On first lap Gurney led Brabham, Hill, McLaren, Clark, Stewart, Hulme, Amon, Scarfiotti and eventual winner Surtees.*

## ITALIAN GP

splits up into two bunches, the faster and the slower, slipstreaming like mad and chopping and changing places every lap. I was afraid this year the power of the Ford Cosworths might make them spoilsports, running away from the rest, but with any luck Dan Gurney (with around 410 bhp) could stay with them. But if you get tired of the racing there is always bound to be a fight going on in the stands to amuse you. When Stirling Moss drove for me in 1959 my brother was in the grandstand, and whenever Ferraris were in the lead his neighbor thumped him and whenever Stirling was in the lead my brother thumped him back. Fortunately my brother got the last thump in when Stirling won.

The last three races play a vital part in the decisions of drivers as to what team they will drive for next year, and at Monza speculation ran riot as to what the outcome might be for 1968.

Firstly, it can be assumed that the Brabham team will be unaltered and also probably Lotus with Clark and Hill. If Honda continues I think Surtees will stay with them as I do not think they would persevere without him. Another pilot might join him, in which case I would bet on an American as has been Honda policy. Rindt definitely will leave Cooper by mutual consent and hopes to join Alan Rees with the Winkelmann team using Ford Cosworth engines and a special chassis designed for them. But there are snags. Now that BP has stopped supporting racing they need a fuel sponsor. The engines cost £7500 (\$21,000) each and there are 5 on order; although Winkelmann no doubt can afford £37,500, he believes in making his racing pay. I must take lessons from him sometime. Rodriguez will probably stay with

Cooper and they would like to supplement him with my driver Jo Siffert, and I think he might be persuaded to leave me if only to have entries in all World Championship events which private entrants are not guaranteed. Amon should stay with Ferrari, who has also made offers to Chris Irwin, Jackie Stewart and Jacky Ickx. The most speculation of all exists about the latter two. Ken Tyrrell hopes to start a Formula 1 team on similar lines to the Formula 2, using Matra chassis and Ford Cosworth engines, and Henry Taylor, Ford of England's Competition Manager, assured me that Stewart and Ickx would be the drivers.

I spent an evening with Jackie Stewart and his wife and he told me that he had in no way made up his mind what he would be doing. In fact he was in a complete quandary and would probably wake up one morning, make a decision on the spot and stick to it. He feels his loyalty lies with BRM and if they can guarantee him a competitive car he would like to stay there. They had prepared an engine with 420 bhp for him to use at Monza, probably at least 35 bhp more than the H-16 has ever developed before. He thinks that Ferrari would give him a more competitive and reliable car than anybody and a better chance of winning the championship, so they are high on his list. The Ken Tyrrell Matra-Ford could well be the fastest of the lot but with a newly designed chassis it would be a gamble, so we will have to wait and see what decision Stewart will make. Jacky Ickx, as already mentioned, has offers from Ferrari and Ken Tyrrell but at Monza he drove his first Formula 1 race in a Cooper; perhaps they hope these overtures will secure his services for next season.

Scarfiotti, who is said to have terminated his association with Ferrari for good because he never knew when he was going to get a drive, had an Eagle for Monza. This may have been political, he being the winner of last year's Italian Grand Prix and obviously commanding a lot of starting money, or maybe it foreshadows a regular Eagle drive next year. Also next year one

must reckon with a French team from Matra with their own engine and Beltoise and Servoz-Gavin as pilots. Presumably BRM will have Spence and Irwin and perhaps McLaren will want to have a second entry, as the V-12 car is definitely one to watch.

WITH ALL THIS JOCKEYING around for positions the European and XXXVIII<sup>o</sup> Gran Premio D'Italia was certain to be an interesting race. The first practice started in ideal conditions with a clear sky and a temperature of about 75°F. Clark and Surtees were soon out doing some rapid motoring; the latter was in the new lightweight Honda, which had been reduced in weight by 200 lb and had a distinct Lola aspect, but after 20 minutes and a respectable time at this period of 1:31.9 the car was wheeled away with a bent wishbone, possibly the result of too much lightening, and John was left with the old car of which the engine sounded distinctly ropey. Both cars had the exhaust pipes raised to keep heat from the petrol pipes and injection system.

Jim Clark set the pace straight away and within the first hour was down to 1:30.0, although he appeared to be going around the *parabolica* curve before the pits quite slowly, even gingerly, whereas the Brabhams were simply bombing around but not managing to equal Jim's time. The speed of the Ford Cosworth in a straight line was fantastic. However, Jim decided to change the axle ratio to a lower one and after only about six laps with his new cog he did 1:28.5 and called it a day, leaving the rest of the field to try to match this, which they failed to do.

Denny Hulme was in early trouble with overheating and the car was called in to change the head gaskets, which put it out for the rest of the practice. Jack Brabham was circulating with an almost entirely enclosed clear cockpit cover which just left his head out, but he took a dislike to his axle ratio, changed that and then did several laps which were on the slow side, so the perspex cover had to go. After this his time improved by about 3 seconds to second fastest at 1:29.3.

Chris Amon was in the happy position of having four Ferraris all to himself, and not only that, they had got the weight down to 1140 lb—only 10 kilos over the limit. With the new 4-valve heads Ferrari had achieved 400 bhp within the last week before Monza, so no wonder Chris was doing a lot of circulating. They tried putting rams on the injection, but the only difference I could determine was that after a few laps the car sounded distinctly sick. However, another was forthcoming and Chris eventually got down to third fastest time with 1:29.4. Dan Gurney

was fourth with 1:29.5, Graham Hill fifth with 1:29.7 and Scarfiotti in the second Eagle sixth with respectable 1:30.8.

The works Coopers of Rindt and Ickx both had 3-valve engines and Rindt did 1:31.9, which was good for a Cooper-Maserati as they are miserably slow in a straight line. Ickx, having his first Formula 1 drive, took it carefully and did 1:33.

The only car not to appear in practice was my Cooper-Maserati with Jo Siffert because the starter ring had disintegrated in the Canadian GP. This cut the bell housing in half and it had to be rebuilt. It was on the test bed at 1 A.M. the morning of practice when a camshaft bearing seized and put us back just too far to make the first practice session.

Jackie Stewart blew up his 420-bhp engine in practice so this had to be swapped for the 400-bhp engine that Jim Clark used here last year.

The Eagle camp had a hard day's night taking out Scarfiotti's engine, which had a water leak and was overheating, and putting in Dan Gurney's engine, and then replacing Dan's with a new one, hardly the sort of work that their chief mechanic Tim Wall most appreciates.

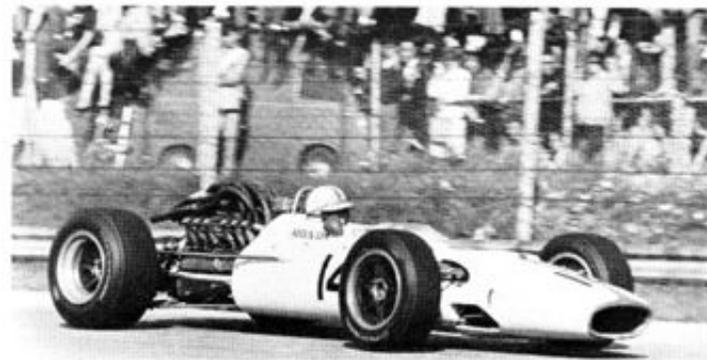
An hour before the second day's practice some ominous thunderclouds appeared and, although the sun still shone, most people got the message and were anxious to get on with practice, most of all Jo Siffert in my Cooper-Maserati as we had not practiced the day before. As would happen, practice started half an hour late. Everybody said the organizers were waiting for the rain before starting and they did not have long to wait; about 45 min after practice began there were a few drops of rain and flashes of lightning and then came a rare old thunderstorm. The deluge completely stopped play, although Denis Hulme persisted for a short time to see what driving on a lake was like.

Everybody had made good use of the short period of dry practice and most notable of these were Jack Brabham, who made doubly sure of his second place on the grid with a 1:28.8, and Bruce McLaren, who ameliorated his time by nearly 3 sec to an astounding 1:29.31, good for third place on the grid. It is interesting to note that for the first time I can remember, it was necessary to take the time to two decimal places to sort out the grid and Amon was pushed off the front row by 4/100ths of a second with 1:29.35, and Dan Gurney was another 3/100ths down at 1:29.38. You can't get much closer than that and I only hope the clocks were right.

Jackie Stewart also greatly improved his time to 1:29.6. Gian- ➡



New Honda, designed by Surtees, Eric Broadley and Sano Shochi, was 200 lb lighter, had unmistakable Lola appearance.



Clark's performance was spectacular and Hill's exemplary, but neither was rewarded with victory. Below, Hill blows up.





*It's a rare GP that Denis Hulme doesn't finish, but at Monza his Repco engine overheated and blew a cylinder head gasket.*



*Brabham tried a streamlined plastic cockpit canopy in practice. It gave no extra speed and was not used in the race.*

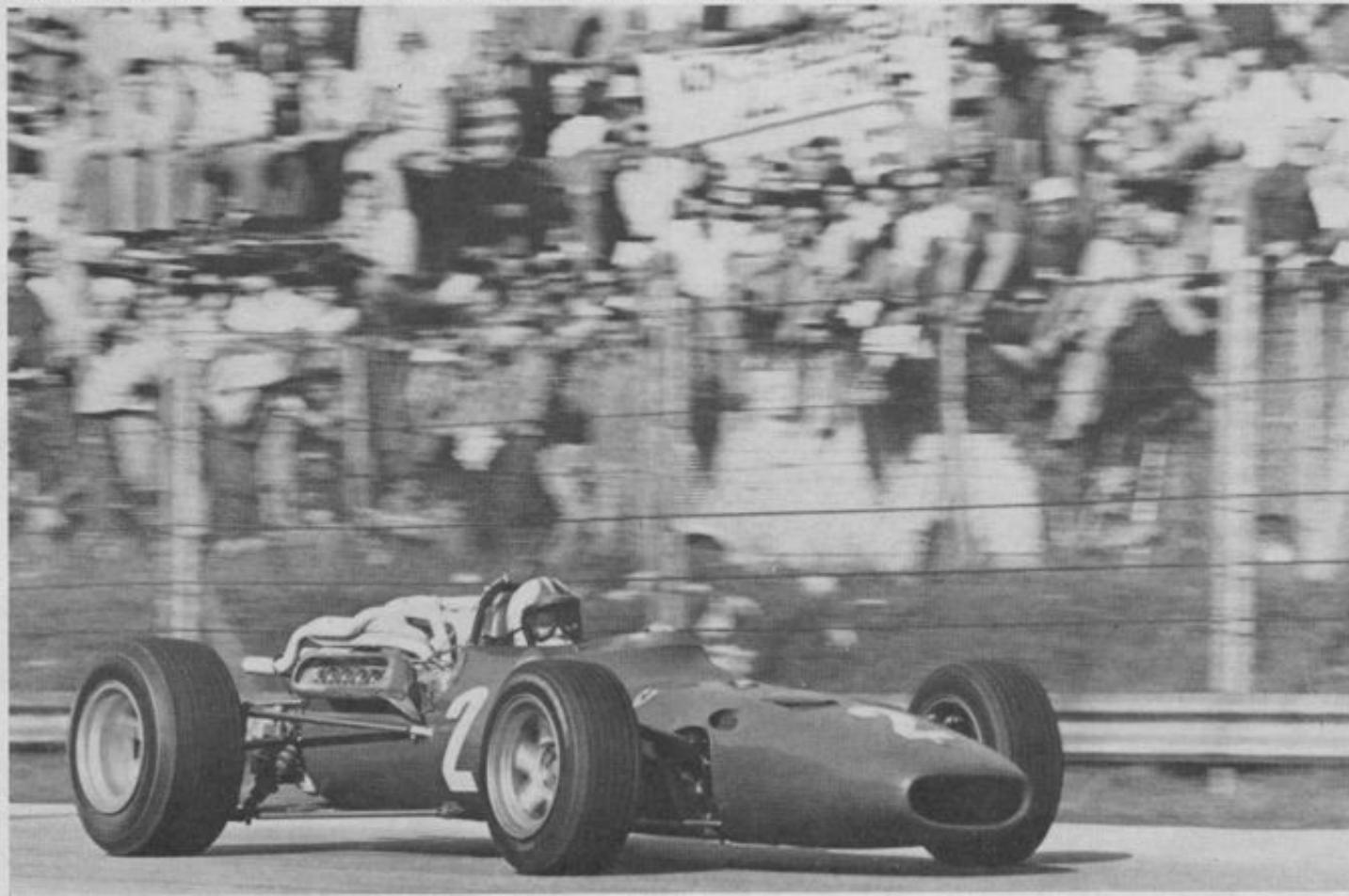
## ITALIAN GP

carlo Baghetti only had a short time in the third works Lotus-Ford and hardly got acclimatized so he only managed 1:35.2, Siffert quickly got down to 1:32.3 but had no time to make any adjustments and Bonnier improved to a respectable 1:32.5. After the rain came it did not dry sufficiently for any drivers to improve their times, although a lot of rain tire testing went on. Before that, thirteen cars had got below Scarfotti's existing lap record.

RACE DAY turned out to be fine and clear after the previous day's storm, with a temperature of about 75°, but just before the race a large dark cloud came up. Fortunately it brought no rain but the temperature fell slightly, helping the cars.

The start was the only bad thing about the race. The normal procedure is for everyone to form up on a dummy grid and then

*Ferrari brought five cars to Monza but made only one entry for Chris Amon. With new chassis, weight was within 10 lb of lightest Brabham. Amon ran early part of race in company with Surtees, McLaren and Rindt but had shock absorber trouble and finished 7th.*





Private entrant and R&T correspondent Rob Walker, center, discusses Cooper-Maserati problems with Siffert and team.

one minute before the start they are all waved up to the grid proper by a man with a green flag, where they stop for about 10 sec before the starter drops the national flag to send them off. This ensures that everyone is running properly before the off and minimizes the chances of shunts at the start. But in this instance the man with the green flag really got the bit between his teeth and decided to start the race then and there with his green flag, which he proceeded to do. Most of the drivers were prepared for anything to happen and got away to a burning start but Bonnier, who conceived the dummy grid system, expected them to do it right and was not even in gear when the flag dropped.

The first lap was completed uneventfully and they all came screaming around the Parabolica curve, Gurney leading Brabham, Hill, Clark, McLaren, Stewart, Hulme, Amon, Scarfiotti, Surtees, Siffert, Spence, Irwin, Rindt, Ligier, Ickx, Baghetti and lastly Bonnier. On the second lap Gurney was still leading, but Clark had come up into second place, Brabham third, Hill fourth and Hulme fifth and for the next two laps the order remained the same except for a few chops and changes in the mid field. But on lap 5 the American challenge failed when Dan Gurney came into the pits pouring out oil with a suspected broken connecting rod and on the following lap Scarfiotti's Eagle was out with a broken timing gear. So this was surely a sad blow for AAR to lose both cars in the first six laps; they certainly deserved better luck after so much hard work. The very next lap Stewart was into the pits with a sticking throttle which had stayed wide open at 170 mph and caused a definitely uneasy moment.

By lap 10 the race had split up into two groups of four at the front, first the Clark, Hulme, Brabham, Hill group who kept swapping places (in fact Hulme took the lead for one brief lap) and then the second group, now 16 seconds behind, of Rindt, Surtees, McLaren and Amon. Then came a further group composed of Irwin, Siffert and Spence and then the rest of the field.

The first of many dramas occurred on the twelfth lap when Clark went by in the lead looking at the rear of the car. He realized that something was amiss astern and it was not a miss that he very much fancied, Jack Brabham, who had been following him closely, passed him gesticulating wildly at his rear tire and Jim realized the ugly truth, that he had a puncture.

He pulled into the pits on lap 13 and changed the wheel, taking 90 sec for the stop. Meanwhile, Denny Hulme had taken the lead, with Brabham and Hill in close company. Jim pulled out of the pits just a lap and 20 sec behind the leaders and he did not take long to get up with them, but a lap in arrears. From lap 13 to 25 the lead kept changing between Hulme, Hill and Brabham but they were never more than 2 seconds apart whilst Surtees had taken charge of the second group, still running with Amon, McLaren and Rindt; but on lap 25 they were 27 seconds behind the leaders. Siffert had taken command of the third group and was drawing away from Spence in the works BRM whilst Irwin in the Parnell BRM had retired with metering unit trouble. On lap 27 there was a smoke trail from the back of the field and Ligier's Brabham blew up whilst in penultimate place. Hulme was in the lead on laps 24, 25 and 26 and then Graham Hill took over for a long spell. On lap 31 Hulme, who had been holding second place, came into the pits with steam pouring out of the car where too much slipstreaming had overheated the engine causing a recurrence of the blown gasket trouble, so poor Denny had to retire.

Stewart had a second unfortunate pit stop when Count Lurani thought he had seen a tread fly off his tire and told the BRM pit, who called him in to examine the tire but found nothing

wrong. This put him out of the running and the car finally blew up on lap 46.

HILL BEGAN TO DRAW AWAY and when Denny departed it left only Jack Brabham, who was suffering from a sticking throttle which resulted in him violently overrevving the engine to 10 or maybe 12 thousand. The rev counter only read to 10 so he could not be sure how far it had gone, but the engine lost its edge and under the circumstances I think it is lucky that is all it lost.

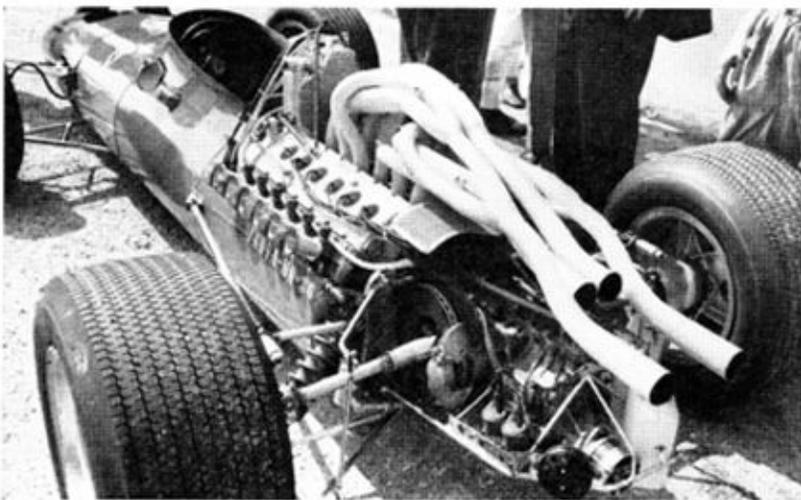
By lap 35 Hill had drawn away to a lead of 18 sec on Jack and Clark was with Hill but a lap in arrears, the two Lotus helping each other with the slipstreaming. The second group was still intact—Surtees, Amon, McLaren, Rindt—35 sec behind Hill but gaining on Brabham. Jim Clark now unlapped himself and began a meteoric chase through the field, giving the lap record a bashing on the way and finally leaving it at 1:28.5 or 145.33 mph—exactly the same time as he had done in practice. By lap 50 he was in 8th place.

On lap 47 the second group received its first casualty when Bruce McLaren blew up the new 12-cyl BRM engine. This was a blow to all, as the car had done so well since its first appearance in Canada. The cause might have been that it was overrevved on the starting line, stretching a big end bolt, but according to designer Tony Rudd a piston might have seized. Jochen Rindt had bent his nose spoiler, which affected the handling of the car and slowed him down the straight, so then there were two left of that group, Surtees and Amon. But Amon came in on lap 48 for a quick check of the car as it was handling badly. They could find nothing definitely wrong so he was out again but lost 2 places. This left Surtees all alone and anxious to form a new group, so he went after Brabham, but fast.

On lap 50 the situation was: Hill in the lead, 53 sec ahead of Brabham, who was only 15 sec ahead of Surtees and 36 sec ahead of Clark. On lap 51 Jo Siffert had a very ugly moment when his rear tire had a blowout on the second part of the Lesmo curve, possibly caused by picking up some metal from Stewart's or McLaren's blown-up engines. Anyway he skidded straight for the barrier and just as the crunch was to come the car spun three times and Ickx's Cooper-Maserati, going by, just missed him. The



Chief engineer Forghieri briefs chief driver Amon in presence of chief mechanic Borsari and chief Ferrari. New V-12 engine has 48 valves, exhaust complexity rivaling Honda's.





Old fox Jack Brabham led dummy grid gaggle, led going into final lap, but met his match in old fox John Surtees.

# ITALIAN GP

tail of our Cooper thumped the barrier, only bending the exhaust pipes; Jo certainly had a lucky escape. At the same time, Baghetti blew up after having motored quickly and steadily into 6th place.

On lap 55 Hill had a comfortable 71 sec lead over Brabham, and one wondered if Graham could win by over a lap. Jack was now only 7 sec ahead of Surtees, who had a lead of only 11 sec on Clark. So in only 5 laps Jim had halved Jack's lead. On lap 57 Graham had increased his lead to 75 sec and then on lap 58 he did not appear. With only 10 laps to go the Lotus-Ford had blown up.

**T**HIS LEFT a fascinating situation on lap 59 with the first three cars within 5 sec of each other: Brabham leading Surtees by 3 sec and Jim 2 sec back. Everyone said that Clark would be in

the lead by the next lap and he was, with Brabham just behind and Surtees 2 sec behind Jack. By the next lap Jim had pulled out a lead of 2.5 sec and Surtees was still 2 sec behind Jack.

At this stage Amon came in again with handling problems. The mechanics bounced on the tail of the Ferrari and it kept going up and down like a yo-yo so it looked as if the shock absorbers were to blame. Amon's stop put him back to last place.

On lap 64 Clark had a lead of 2 sec on Brabham, who was now only 1 sec ahead of Surtees. With 3 laps to go Jim had a 3-sec lead but Brabham and Surtees came by the pits level with John getting ahead before the Curva Grande, and from now on one expected Clark to increase his lead and come home a comfortable winner. But not so. With 2 laps to go Clark had dropped half a second and was pointing anxiously at his gauges; going into the final lap he only had a 1-sec lead from Surtees and Brabham was just astern of John. Half way round the last lap the announcer shouted that Surtees had taken the lead. I couldn't believe my Italian, but I knew it was true when I heard the crowd cheering and shouting because the Italians adore John Surtees, probably from his MV Agusta motorcycling days, and last year when he was driving a Cooper-Maserati and passed the Ferraris they let out an enormous cheer. Applause really means something when their beloved Ferraris are being passed.

Everybody's eyes were turned towards the Parabolica, the final curve before the pit straight and finish, necks craning to see who would come round first. Brabham tried to take Surtees going into the bend but John closed the gate, an unusual experience for Jack, who is a past master at this technique. Jack was slipstreaming him hoping to nip out and pass him before the flag. But he just failed by 0.2 sec, or less than a car length. John's win was the most popular thing that could have happened, possibly even more so than a Ferrari win. Poor Jim Clark coasted over the line 23 sec later with a silent engine. For the last 3 laps he had thought he was running out of petrol as the engine was missing and finally died on the last lap, but on examination afterwards it was found that he still had at least 3 gal. left. Walter Hayes, Ford of England director, told me it was fuel foaming.

Rindt finished 4th a lap behind, Spence in the BRM was 5th and Ickx in the Cooper-Maserati 6th. Amon was 7th and last.

So popular was John Surtees's win that he had to have an escort of 20 policemen for the next 2 hours to protect him from his admirers. All credit is due to John as the new chassis was designed and built in 6 weeks to the specifications of his own technicians and advisers, in cooperation with Honda.

The organizers and police were more than friendly and helpful and seemed to want to erase all past unpleasant memories. I think that Henry Manney chose the wrong race to go on vacation, as this was one of the most exciting and enjoyable I have attended for a long time and nobody, but nobody, was thrown out or incarcerated. It was even difficult to persuade the police to evict some of the girls from our pit.

## STARTING GRID

JIM CLARK Lotus- Ford V-8 1:28.5	JACK BRABHAM Brabham- Recco V-8 1:28.8	BRUCE McLAREN McLaren- BRM V-12 1:29.31
CHRIS AMON Ferrari V-12 1:29.35	DAN GURNEY Eagle-Weslake V-12 1:29.38	
DENIS HULME Brabham- Recco V-8 1:29.46	JACKIE STEWART BRM H-16 1:29.6	GRAHAM HILL Lotus- Ford V-8 1:29.7
JOHN SURTEES Honda V-12 1:30.3	LODOVICO SCARFIOTTI Eagle-Weslake V-12 1:30.8	
JOCHEN RINDT Cooper- Maserati V-12 1:31.3	MIKE SPENCE BRM H-16 1:32.1	JOSEPH SIFFERT Cooper- Maserati V-12 1:32.3
JOAKIM BONNIER Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:32.5	JACKY ICKX Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:33.0	
CHRIS IRWIN BRM H-16 1:33.2	GIANCARLO BAGHETTI Lotus- Ford V-8 1:35.2	GUY LIGIER Brabham- Recco V-8 1:37.3



## 38th ITALIAN GRAND PRIX Monza, Italy—Sept. 10, 1967

Driver	Car	Laps
1 John Surtees	Honda V-12	68
2 Jack Brabham	Brabham-Recco V-8	68
3 Jim Clark	Lotus-Ford V-8	68
4 Jochen Rindt	Cooper-Maserati V-12	68
5 Mike Spence	BRM H-16	67
6 Jacky Ickx	Cooper-Maserati V-12	66
7 Chris Amon	Ferrari V-12	64

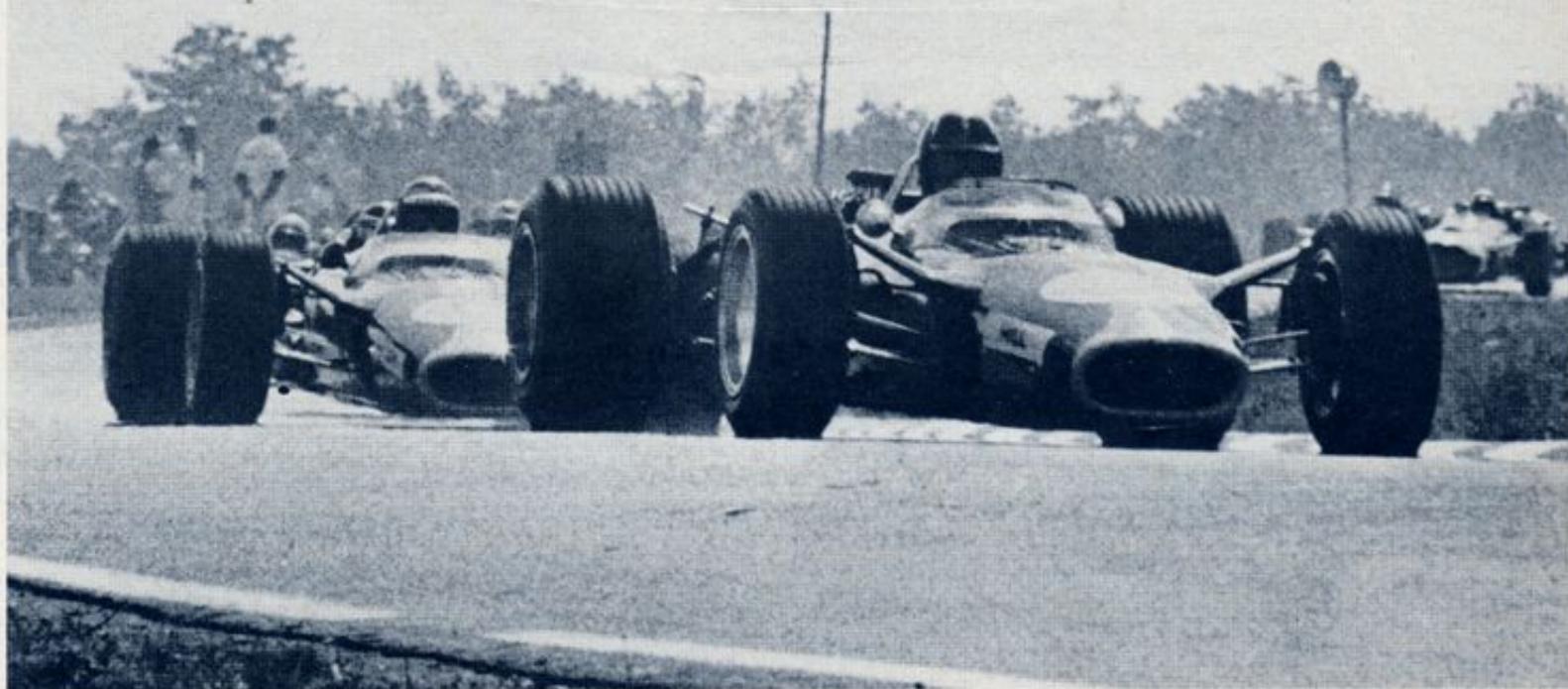
Distance: 68 laps of 3.573-mi circuit—243.9 mi.

Avg speed: 140.5 mph, new record. (Old Record, 135.9, L. Scarfiotti, Ferrari V-12, 1966.)

Fastest lap: 1:28.5, 145.33 mph, Jim Clark, new record, (Old Record, 1:32.4, 139.20 mph, L. Scarfiotti, Ferrari V-12, 1966.)

Retirements: Dan Gurney, Eagle-Weslake V-12, engine; Lodovico Scarfiotti, Eagle-Weslake V-12, engine; Chris Irwin, BRM H-16, fuel metering unit; Guy Ligier, Brabham-Recco V-8, engine; Denis Hulme, Brabham-Recco V-8, overheating; Jackie Stewart, BRM H-16, engine; Joakim Bonnier, Cooper-Maserati V-12, overheating; Bruce McLaren, McLaren-BRM V-12, engine; Giancarlo Baghetti, Lotus-Ford V-8, engine; Graham Hill, Lotus-Ford V-8, engine.

# U.S. GRAND PRIX



*Nose-down Lotuses of Graham Hill and Jim Clark during an early lap.*

## GREAT GLEN FOR JIM

*In case you had any lingering doubts about Clark's greatness, his 23rd championship victory puts him right up there with Fangio*

BY HENRY N. MANNEY

PHOTOS BY MANNEY AND LIONEL BIRNBOM

ONE OF THE worst features of this World Championship business is that it tends to get the participants, generally easygoing folk, all gathered up. Friction rises between rival drivers, wives have to be left home as they keep putting the needle into each other, team managers are accused by inference of giving the newer bits to their favorites, and strange manifestations come to pass like the recent start at Monza where at least half of the field departed at speed from the dummy grid, much to the disgust of those not crafty enough to get in on the act. Only the mechanics, like Caesar's wife, remain above suspicion—at least these days.

One is apt to think that in the era of the gennemun driver when wenchers were more numerous than wrenches in the pits that the matter of championship points was not taken as seriously as it is now. A little reflection, though, will reveal that human nature is regrettably weak and is apt to get dreadfully excited to the point of actual homicide over how many angels dance on the head of a pin, the cut of one's cravat, or which cockroach got to the crack in the jail wall first, let

alone matters involving money and prestige. Of these two, prestige is perhaps the stronger; whereas there are lots of cheerful paupers, you rarely see a smiling fellow who has just been beaten at his own game, especially when he feels that he has been hard done by in the matter of equipment thereof. In uneventful years the drivers stay fairly contented but with all of 1967's opprompling there is a lot of shifting about from team to team like musical chairs—the difference for 1968 being that there are more chairs than there are adequate people to fill them. One very well known driver remarked sadly that he really didn't want to leave but was being forced to by spiteful people within the team, another is regarded by the team manager as an idiot, while another still is convinced that he is getting the dirty end of the stick as regards a car but can't find another decent ride. And so on.

SO IT WAS with this sort of attitude that the whole GP circus of drivers, mechanics, managers, trade reps, journalists, friends, hangers-on and approximately 80,000 spectators ➡



Hill (6), Gurney (11), Clark (5) and Amon (9) lead the pack into the first turn.

## U.S. GRAND PRIX

descended on the sleepy little town of Watkins Glen in up-state New York. After Surtees' surprising but welcome win at Monza and Hulme's blow-up there, the Championship was still very much in the balance between the New Zealander and his bossman Brabham, Hulme needing a win to wrap everything up. All the others were classed as spoilers, and very powerful ones too as outright speed has not really been the Brabhams' forte, with a complicating issue being the very large bags of gold in the prize kitty. Due to the abandonment of the pernicious starting money system here, the winner takes home at least \$20,000 plus bonuses which is more, I think, than winning all the other GPs put together. Even the lowest placed car makes \$3400 or thereabouts, which may not pay all the expenses attendant on a racing team but is better than the derisory sums offered by some Continental organizers.

Consequently all the usual people were there with the usual equipment, some being more in a state of readiness than others. The BRMs looked the same but in fact "had got a new mirror" due to a lot of development work on the V-12; Cooper produced a wondrous new Heron-headed 3-plug-per-cylinder Maserati engine for Rindt plus retaining comingman Ickx for the other car; Matra brought a rather tatty ballasted 1.6-liter F2 Cosworth-Ford for Beltoise; Lotus had done some apparently trivial streamlining around the front top wishbone, which in fact meant stripping the whole thing down and installing two tanks instead of one; Eagle brought their super-light car made even super-lighter with

new titanium rear hub carriers with steel inserts (they also had a new Hewland differential plus new German drive belt for the injection!); and Ferrari brought their latest Monza-type 4-valver, looking like one of those old sohc 2.6s with injectors stuck on below, in an extra-light banger plus a spare.

All of these goodies plus other interesting machinery like the McLaren-BRM and Surtees' new Lola-Honda (which amounts to a lightened Indy Lola with the Honda stuffed inside—built in six weeks no less) transported those unlucky enough not to see them in Europe into spasms of delight. Even with a guard around the tech building stiff enough to keep Denny Hulme out, what seemed like thousands of door darkeners got in to gape at all the wondrous bits. Cars being wheeled outside to be fired up elicited scenes like Custer's Last Stand and the road down to the pits was lined solidly on both sides. Drivers and mechanics alike grumbled but it is spectator money that pays the freight; to keep everybody happy I would recommend a similar building with glass walls on three sides attached to the paddock.

Noisy or not, none of the drivers wanted to leave their corrugated iron home for Friday's practice as the weather had been so vile that we had been two hours late into New York and Gurney hadn't showed up at all. The Lotus contingent only got there because Chapman, a pilot himself, had given the driver of his commercial airliner a persuasive pep talk that will go down among airline jokes with the one about "This is your Captain. Bzz bzz bzz I'm a bumblebee." "Shad-dap or I'll pull your wings off." Driving an airliner with radar and driving a racing car among swirling clouds on the top of Mt. Argetsinger are not necessarily the same thing, however, but eventually a few were persuaded to go out after

it was pointed out that Bonnier was circulating and held fastest time at the moment, an honor that would bring him a thousand bucks if it persisted. Surtees then gritted his teeth and in spite of the intermittent misfiring for which the Honda is famous managed to get around in a measly 1 min 16.9 sec, improving it to 1:15.5 before the day was out. In the meanwhile, though, Clark had got on his bicycle and had turned 1:10.4 in his own car, just ahead of Siffert who was apparently navigating by radar, and then moved it down to 1:08.6 in the spare allotted to Mexico's Moises Solana. This caused Chapman to utter the famous words, "At least you can't say we haven't given your boy a good car," at which remark sundry ex-Lotus-drivers fell about in heaps with laughter. Eventually it cleared a bit, though, and the usual quick boys got down to under 1 min 10 sec, Jimmy finally sealing it off last thing with 1:06.8, comfortably under Brabham's 1966 practice mark. Blackie himself wasn't terribly happy though as his new hot-rodged Repco dropped a valve after only a lap or so and the mechanics had perforce to fit the spare old nyle.

Next day, the Brabham mechanics' bleary eyes were not the only ones though, as the Cooper boys had to fit the engine they had just taken out of Rindt's car to Ickx's as Rindt had had Ickx's go all steamy and hot on him, the Matra mechanics scarcely had Beltoise's in when they had to have it out, the BRM crews had to investigate why Irwin's H-16 top bank wasn't firing and why Spence's oozed brake fluid, Surtees was in trouble with crud in the fuel system, and the McLaren men were worried about sundry oil leaks. The weather, however, was of the classic Saturday afternoon football type and a lot more encouraging than Friday's. Hulme was soon out doing 8s and getting a good look at McLaren's road behavior ('tis rumored that he will drive for Bruce next year), Brabham himself was in and out as he wasn't happy with some odd thing wrong with the timing gears, Ferrari was tying yellow zampone-shaped air intakes on the injection trumpets, the Honda was running worse and worse all the time, Gurney stopped around the back with a big cloud of smoke when the scavenge pump broke, giving rise to rumors that he had had a monster blowup, and the revs in McLaren's engine went sky-high when something slipped that shouldn't have in the differential.

As usual everybody seemed to be waiting for the last half-hour to go do the dirty and so we amused ourselves talking to Ken Tyrrell (who will enter Matra-Fords for Stewart and Ickx next year), visiting fireman Dragoni who was giving signals for Ferrari, Ing. Forghieri who was changing plugs but

complaining that Borsari had hidden the plug wrench, Jim Potton who said that 90% of the Honda's combustion took place in the exhaust pipes, our friend the pit marshal who gave us some more of those lovely apples, Tony Rudd who told us how he dropped the chairman of RR in the river while boating, Pete Lovely carrying pictures of his baby, Pat McLaren carrying pictures of *her* baby, and Dick Scammell who informed us that not only had Solana done a 07.8 with only nine laps of practice but that he had been zinging around the Autodromo in Mexico every week.

About this time Clark slipped out and after the usual fake or two, pulled out a scorching 06.07 to head the field. That set everyone scratching again including Rindt who was trying both Coopers while Ickx sat on the pit counter. But at the very last moment, while Clark was seeing how it went with full tanks and incidentally giving Rindt a useful tow, Graham Hill got himself all puckered up and turned fast time of day of 1:05.48, or 126.451 mph. And that with the wrong gear ratio, running big back tires to compensate.

Again more night work, as besides the usual complete overhaul and last minute suggestions, Brabham's men went to pick up a new engine flown from England and install it, the Gurney mechanics robbed the spare engine of its oil scavenge pump, Ligier's helpers waited to see if Brabham's needed their spare differential before borrowing it (and then had to do it up again as they forgot a woodruff key), the Lotus boys changed Graham's gearbox-diff unit, Cooper's tried to find why the new engine wouldn't go any better, and Honda's found the metering unit fiended on the new improved system and had to rob the spare of its old and unsatisfactory one; the whole gubbins that is. The McLaren lot had probably the worst night as after turning the whole car up on its side to inspect the crankshaft, etc., they had to go borrow bits from BRM, torque up the dubious rod bolts without the kindly guidance of Willie Southcot and vainly try to get some rear end components from the Mk 4 Ford GT which was a static exhibit outside. Who wants to be a team manager?

RACE DAY DAWNED rather gray and grizzly but cleared up a bit as streams of cars wound their way into the circuit. Funnily enough, the traffic didn't seem as heavy as on the previous day but one of the oddities of Watkins is that many folk come for the weekend and camp out in the woods; Mr. Argetsinger had told us the night before that they had taken the unprecedented step of closing the circuit as the camping grounds were full. Certainly there seemed to be a lot of chilled-looking people stamping around but not as many of

*Gurney's Eagle put pressure on leading Lotuses only to retire with suspension troubles.*



# U.S. GRAND PRIX

the beered-up yobboes, fortunately, as the local fuzz had rented a couple of Hertz trailers and were hauling them off to the flic boutique all night long. At any rate, most of the enthusiastic remainder seemed to be wadded outside the tech building or down around the pits so that we were glad to take refuge in the press shed. This, if I may digress for a moment, is a bit small but otherwise a living example of what press offices should be as M. et Mme. Currie not only dispense the proper passes without a battle but also provide comprehensive bulletins, coffee, sympathetic ears, and a printed lap chart after the race. Other press bureaus please copy.

In due course all the faradiddle attendant to Grand Prix like parades was over, the cars made their reconnaissance lap, and took up their positions on the pre-grid. It looked like a scene from some primeval dinosaur hunt with millions of people hovering around and the mingled roarings dying out to one dying squawk while the monotone of the local announcer tried to make itself heard. There was lots of activity around Jack's Brabham, whose new engine was not all that had been hoped for (apparently they have a new engine man back at the works) and around Surtees's Lola as the scurrying Japanese had another look at the plugs to see how the injection was faring. Eventually, though, the horrid moment came, butterflies unfolded their wings and took flight in 18 stomachs, not counting mechanics, and as the flag dropped Graham Hill dropped in his clutch as well and led the field off the line.

By the time they got around to us on the last hairpin before the pits, everyone was still pretty well bunched up but Graham still led, followed very closely by teammate Clark in the second Lotus-Cosworth-Ford, Gurney's Eagle, Brabham up from the third row, Amon's red Ferrari without zampone, and Hulme. All very normal and we had scarcely digested that when a little over a minute later—curse these fast courses anyway—they were all around again with Gurney up in front of Clark this time, the Scot looking a bit scunnered. About this time we got in a short discussion with a part-time copper who didn't understand what passes really meant and when we looked again the pattern had begun to establish itself: G. Hill, Gurney, Clark, Brabham, Hulme, Amon, McLaren and Surtees all in one yowling crocodile separated by a small gap from Siffert's Walker Cooper-Maser, Stewart's H-16 BRM, and Rindt's 3-plug Cooper-Maser. After them trailed Spence and Irwin's H-16s plus, losing ground, Bonnier's and Ickx's Cooper-Masers, the latter already being a lap adrift after a short stop to enquire about low oil pressure in his old banger, Ligier's Brabham-Repco, and finally Beltoise's 4-cyl F2 Matra-Ford. The unfortunate Solana was already missing as the electricians had quit on him out back when he was running just ahead of Irwin; a sharp rap in the right place later set the Lotus going again, but by that time he was already too far behind to be classified.

HULME HAD ALREADY said once that the only way to pass Brabham was to catch him looking the other way. He had already had a go at this with some success but had been repressed. On the seventh lap though Denny took advantage of Jack's discovery of his Repco's banging back through the carbs at high revs and nipped past to take over fourth behind Clark. One more time around and he found himself looking at the Eagle's rear suspension as the Weslake engine had begun to go a bit soft and Clark had pulled back into second. It is quite significant, though, that on this fast course the leading Lotus was doing just under 1:08 (Jim had fastest lap up to now at 1:07.78) on power alone while the widely mixed rabble behind was keeping up on handling, guts, and a tow on the straight bits. Amon decided that he wasn't going to follow Brabham around for another GP and dived past under

braking to assume fifth while Surtees, the Honda sounding strong for once and in a good-handling chassis, motored past first McLaren and then Brabham to take over sixth. Alas, this couldn't last and the Japanese engine's metering adjustment screw joggled itself loose as it has in the past, causing John to steam into the pits in high dudgeon. And while all that was going on, flitting past like a Keystone Cops movie with one episode after another, McLaren spun spectacularly off the banked corner before the pits on a lot of oil somebody (perhaps McLaren) had been putting down and scraped off a water pipe underneath, Surtees went out and in again for a more lasting repair, and Amon bolted past Hulme in the confusion while Beltoise was being lapped. All this in 16 times around.



*Clark got the cup but you notice that Hill has the champagne.*

But the fun wasn't over by any means as all five of the tight group just behind Graham Hill had serious designs on his first slot. To attain this a certain amount of leapfrogging had to be done and it was Amon who was the first to move, taking his new 4-valve Ferrari past Gurney into third on the 21st lap. Hulme then indulged in a certain amount of genteel wheel knocking while trying to get through a constantly closing gate but before this could be accomplished, Gurney pulled into the pits with a feeling that not only something was odd with the engine (a worn camshaft, I gather) but also that something was adrift in the suspension. Tim Wall found that both the new rear suspension uprights had cracked out by the steel inserts so that was that for poor Dan. Almost at the same moment Ickx came in again to ask if he really should continue with the sick Cooper-Maser (he should) and Stewart, trailing grass from the undercarriage of his BRM, pitted to inquire if some brakes might just possibly be found.

About this time, with a quarter of the race gone, Graham Hill, Clark, and Amon were rushing around nose to tail (barring one bit where Amon got stuck behind blind Bonnier for a couple of laps) with Hulme's Brabham 13 sec behind, Brabham himself 16 sec adrift, and the next man up Siffert driving a marvelous race holding off Rindt and Stewart, before Jackie stopped. Next was Spence looking unhappy in his H-16 and then among the lappees Bonnier and Irwin together, Ligier's Brabham, Beltoise's Matra, Surtees going strong once more, Stewart's brakeless BRM, and finally Ickx. Good drivers wasted on lousy cars. Before many more laps had gone by, Rindt rolled in with a melted piston in his new engine (never

mind, Jochen, you'll have a Brabham next year), Surtees spun down the front straight but kept going. Spence pulled in with a rod gone, Irwin switched off suddenly past the pits as his BRM engine started to rattle, Ligier's Repco let all its oil run out the front main bearing seal, and Ickx finally gave up just before half distance when the noise got too much for him.

Even if Denny and Jack were still losing ground on the leaders the fierce race was still going on in front. Bad luck has been dogging Graham Hill all this year, though, and Watkins was no exception as his clutch suddenly went up solid. This naturally interfered with the gear-changing and Clark, feeling the pressure from the back, slipped past to get Hill in between himself and Amon. It must have been frustrating in the extreme for the Ferrari driver as even by dint of making the fastest lap up to now (1:07.15) he would catch up the two Lotuses on the twiddly bits only to have them pull a couple of lengths on him coming out of the corners. This state of affairs prevailed, a length of tubing going to the gearbox on Graham's car trailing to give him hope, until they caught up Surtees and Siffert. All three nipped past but Surtees took violent exception to some fairly graphic hand signals and took out after the Ferrari, squeaking past under braking. He then proceeded to lead Amon for several laps, causing him to lose contact with the Lotuses, in spite of the fact that the Honda was at least three laps behind. We all know that Surtees is extremely bitter towards Ferrari and all his works but that is no excuse for a man of Surtee's stature to cheapen himself by deliberately holding up a possible winner. At any rate, the Honda suddenly went onto six passing the pits on the 61st lap and Amon shot past to take up the case once more.

The Ferrari by this time had lost its tow and was about 10 sec behind, but nonetheless Amon had found some of the much-needed tiger and wouldn't give up. Fortunately for him but not for Graham, the Lotus at that moment "gave an almighty bang" from the back and commenced a fearsome vibration, the oil pressure gauge appearing to play tricks at the same time. Hill was clearly having difficulty selecting his gears, and was wondering whether to come into the pits each lap but as it didn't get worse decided to continue. While he was musing on this, however, Amon caught him up and passed to pull out a short lead even though still 12 sec behind the leader Clark. And while all that was going on, they played the Didjery Doo for Jack Brabham as he limped in with a flat rear tire; quickly it was changed along with a suspect

front one on the same left side and he shot out again, now behind Surtees in eighth.

Graham Hill wasn't World Champion for nothing, though, and figuring on the \$3000 difference between second and third he set off after Amon. Possibly he was thinking of the additional \$2000 fastest lap money put up by Lenthéric as well, for in spite of Jimmy's turning a 1:06.7 up in front, Graham improved on that and then finalized it with a 1:06 flat or 125.45 mph, repassing Amon in the process. Amon persevered, flagged on by an excited Forghieri and got past the ailing Lotus again while Graham was stirring about for gears on the 84th. It seemed now that the race would run out to its end without too much incident, but again the movie boys picked the wrong year . . . Stewart rolled in trailing more weeds to retire with a broken shifting fork and the injection drive belt gone, Bonnier lost a sure sixth place ahead of Surtees when he pitted to replace a rear wheel with the center broken out, Amon suddenly disappeared out on the course after a magnificent drive when the oil pressure gauge fell flat, and Surtees, spitting and banging and waving his hands in the air, shot in to repair a broken exhaust pipe blowing on the fuel system and finally found that the alternator belt was broken and the battery was too flat to restart.

But that ain't all. Jim Clark in his turn, trundling smoothly around at the head of the field in almost fastest-lap time as only Jim can, came past making odd gestures to the pits. A lap later he didn't appear at his appointed time, Hulme sped past making spinning motions, and then Clark appeared motoring at a very moderate pace with the right rear wheel bent in at an angle to the body. The end of the rear suspension supporting "Christmas tree" had broken off and the top rear suspension link was hanging loose. The question was whether Jim, who is well renowned for nursing sick cars, could get this one to the finish before Hill's equally sick Lotus could make up its 42-sec deficit or Hulme could make up the lap-and-a-bit in the little time remaining. Everybody jumped around frantically, photographers rushed hither and thither, Chapman furiously waved Clark on (and got a stony look back) while studiously avoiding Graham's eye, and then as Clark crawled around the two remaining laps and took the checker four seconds ahead of Hill, Chapman threw his hat high in the air as the cheering crowd poised itself to dash across the road.

He never got the hat back what with all the mob—he can afford it with a first and second place. But just think of poor Denny with the heat on again in Mexico. . .

#### STARTING GRID

JIM CLARK Lotus-Ford V-8 1:06.07	GRAHAM HILL Lotus-Ford V-8 1:05.48
CHRIS AMON Ferrari V-12 1:06.65	DAN GURNEY Eagle-Weslake V-12 1:06.64
DENIS HULME Brabham-Repco V-8 1:07.45	JACK BRABHAM Brabham-Repco V-8 1:06.73
JOCHEN RINDT Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:07.99	MOISES SOLANA Lotus-Ford V-8 1:07.88
JACKIE STEWART BRM H-16 1:08.09	BRUCE MCLAREN McLaren-BRM V-12 1:08.05
JOSEPH SIFFERT Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:08.25	JOHN SURTEES Honda V-12 1:08.13
CHRIS IRWIN BRM H-16 1:09.64	MIKE SPENCE BRM H-16 1:09.01
JACKY ICKX Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:09.94	JO BONNIER Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:09.78
J-P BELTOISE Matra-Ford 4 1:12.05	GUY LIGIER Brabham-Repco V-8 1:11.32



Clark's suspension barely made it.

#### U.S. GRAND PRIX

Watkins Glen, N.Y., Oct. 1, 1967

Driver	Car	Laps
1 Jim Clark	Lotus-Ford V-8	108
2 Graham Hill	Lotus-Ford V-8	108
3 Denis Hulme	Brabham-Repco V-8	107
4 Joseph Siffert	Cooper-Maserati V-12	106
5 Jack Brabham	Brabham-Repco V-8	104
6 Jo Bonnier	Cooper-Maserati V-12	101
7 J-P Beltoise	1.6 Matra-Ford 4	101

Distance: 108 laps of 2.3-mi circuit—253 mi.

Avg speed: 120.95 mph, new record. (Old record: 114.94, Jim Clark, Lotus-BRM 16, 1966.)

Fastest lap: 1:06.0, 125.455 mph, Graham Hill, Lotus-Ford V-8, new record. (Old record: 1:09.67, 118.85, John Surtees, Honda V-12, 1966.)

Retirements: Moises Solana, Lotus-Ford V-8, 7 laps, ignition trouble; Bruce McLaren, McLaren-BRM V-12, 16 laps, broken water line; Dan Gurney, Eagle-Weslake, 24 laps, cracked rear hub carriers; Jochen Rindt, Cooper-Maserati, 33 laps, burned piston; Mike Spence, BRM H-16, 35 laps, broken rod; Chris Irwin, BRM H-16, 41 laps, broken rod; Guy Ligier, Brabham-Repco, 43 laps, oil seal leak; Jackie Ickx, Cooper-Maserati, 45 laps, bearings; Jackie Stewart, BRM H-16, 72 laps, broken shifting fork; Chris Amon, Ferrari V-12, 95 laps, lost oil pressure; John Surtees, Honda V-12, 96 laps, dead framistat.

## GRAN PREMIO DE MEXICO

# Jim's the Winner, Denny's the Champ

BY HENRY N. MANNEY

**A**FTER ALL THE SUSPENSE leading up to the final round of the Championship, one would have expected the Mexican GP to be a real movie effort with Hulme pouring Fosters in Brabham's tank, Brabham pouring Swan Lager in Hulme's tank, Surtees pouring Araldite in Amon's tank, Ing Forghieri pouring Lambrusco in Clark's tank, and every car left running trying to shunt the others off the road. Actually it was all very calm with Clark waltzing away with the race handily—as he always seems to do these days if the Lotus lasts the distance.

After that came the real fun as the victory dinner was held in a bull ring converted to a restaurant at Texcoco, some 35 km out of Mexico City. We were shepherded out there by the evergreen Fred Van Beuren (long may he wave) just in time to see assorted celebrities and drivers summoned to a sort of scaffold built in the middle of the ring. Ordinarily this sort of thing comes afterward, but as the tequila was flowing freely I suppose that the principle was to award what trophies were going while the assembled multitude could still distinguish shapes, as it were.

After honoring everyone who could possibly be honored, including the eminent Frank Blunk who is retiring this year, a party of strolling mariachis entertained us whilst in somewhat unequal competition with a collection of part-time carpenters busily engaged in pulling down the stage. Eventually the music and hammering died away, the last pile of wood was removed, and an ominous stirring made us aware that something was going to happen . . . several of the drivers and officials fighting a bull! I can imagine what the team managers, not to mention insurance companies, thought of this little caper and if there is anything to ESP, Lloyds underwriters were wakened from a sound sleep in London, dripping with perspiration.

To make a long story short, the bulls turned out to be calves about four feet tall but indisputably male and given to a fine turn of acceleration. The first sudden appearance of one of these black muthas produced general panic in the ranks and it was a sobering sight indeed to see our idols, the world's bravest racing drivers, legging it briskly toward the safety barriers. Eventually most of them got into the act and fine if somewhat unpolished performances were given by Messrs. Brabham, Hulme, Clark (complete with crash helmet), et al with chaps and muleta. A movie of the muscular ex-rugbyman Ligier stiff-arming the bullet to its knees, Lotus mechanic McCall astride it, and Graham Hill resplendent in pink tie riding a donkey, would be worth a lot of money.

Everyone was getting pretty brave when suddenly a rather larger bullet complete with nasty-looking horns was turned loose and it was extremely edifying to watch the would-be toreros flitting as leaves before the wind toward the already crowded safety barriers, leaving a fine haze of sawdust behind. Funnily enough, most of the barriers were already occupied by grinning mechanics and there was precious little room for such serious gents as Brabham and Hulme, who found themselves projected into the arena at times to the accompaniment of muttered Antipodean oaths. O gawd, it was funny.



DENNIS CIPNIC PHOTOS

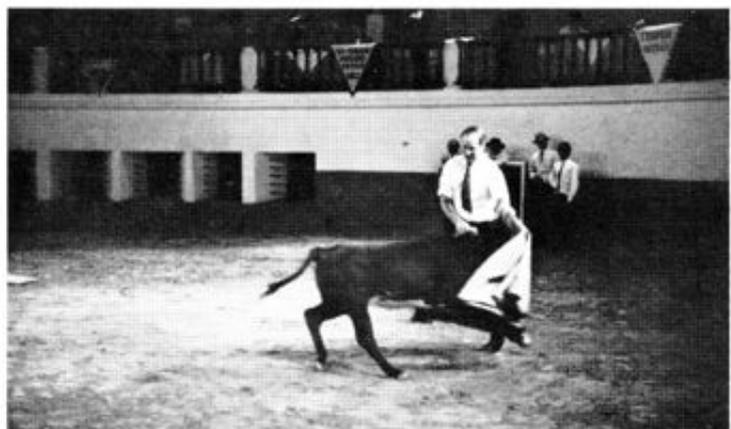
Clark's twenty-fourth victory, Hulme's first world title.



In the ring as on the track, Clark looked graceful . . .



. . . Brabham businesslike . . .



. . . and Hulme almost nonchalant.



*Clark's Grand Prix record is now the best of all time; Juan Manuel Fangio shared two of his 24 wins with Fagioli and Musso.*

OH YES, the race. Most of the usual crews were there, with the addition of Mexico's Moises Solana in the spare Lotus-Cosworth-Ford, Craig Fisher with his ex-works Lotus-BRM V-8, Jonathan Williams (over for the Can-Ams) in the spare Ferrari, and none less than Pedro Rodriguez, walking with a cane after his Enna shunt but still walking, to drive the lone Cooper-Maserati mit 3-plug engine. Former First Driver Rindt didn't appear, as apparently there was some mutual dissatisfaction over the car's performance at Watkins Glen and he asked to be released from his contract. This was arranged and he set forth hotfoot to line up a better ride at Eagle or at Ferrari, both of which had evinced interest in the past. Unfortunately, though, Gurney decided to take only one Eagle as he is a bit short of good engines and Ferrari had Williams on the strength so Rindt perforce had to stay home. To be frank, he has not got a terribly good reputation at the moment as it has been felt in some quarters that he has not been giving of his best, but most people feel that Blackie will sort him out next year when he drives for Brabham. Jochen, in company with a couple of others, has been brought along a bit fast for his own good, and a season with Brabham himself or Hulme (depending on how things go) as teammate will do him a power of good. The car should be competitive anyway, as Repco has promised a twincam for the F1 Brabhams plus either a blown 2.8 or a twincam 4.2 in the two Indy cars.

Actually, the musical chairs routine for next year is far from over and interesting little conferences were to be seen in the paddock. One hot little group turned out to be discussing the relative virtues of detective paperbacks, but Salvadori was seen in interested conversation with Clark, Chapman with Brabham, Surtees with Irwin, and Ron Bucknum plus Pete Lovely making the rounds, as there are far too few good drivers for the cars next year. One of the major topics was that Esso (which supports Brabham and Lotus, among

others) was following the current retrenchment trend and pulling out of racing. Shell is the only "giant" still remaining and it was a common question as to how some teams would manage next year—of course the tire companies, regardless of their publicized statements, will still support those teams giving results but a lot of the less successful ones will have to go under. A case of taking the pitcher to the well too often, as some individuals have been making a packet out of motor racing and giving nowt, especially at Indianapolis.

Plans still went on, though, and the picture begins to take shape. The celebrated Rob Walker, faced with losing the underrated Jo Siffert to a well-known team, procured a nice new Lotus-Cosworth Ford to be delivered next year, Bonnier allegedly has purchased McLaren's present McLaren BRM V-12, Cooper is well along in building the Cooper-BRM V-12 for Rodriguez and A. N. Other, BRM itself is banking on a lightweight four-valve H-16 to hold Stewart but may have to go with the V-12 to be sorted out in the Tasman →



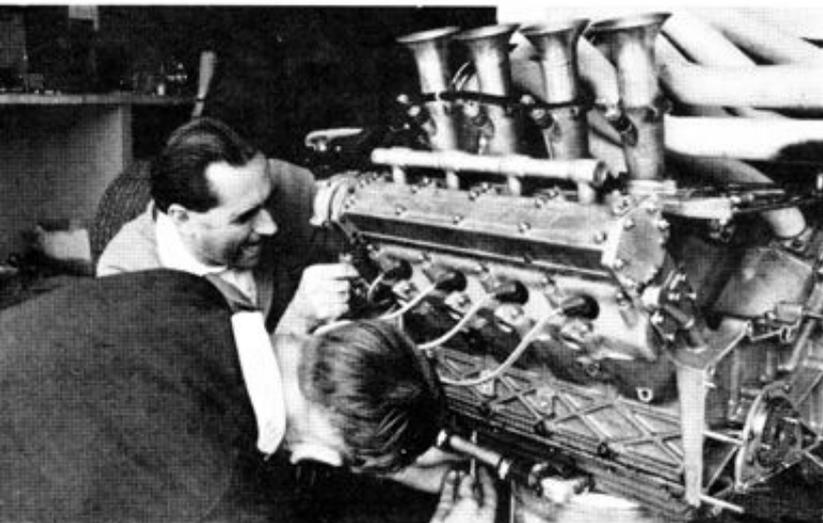
*Solana, here leading Hulme, drove well while Lotus lasted.*

# GRAN PREMIO DE MEXICO

series Down Under, Surtees is supposed to drive for BRM in the Tasman series and may stay with them if a new and much-improved Honda doesn't materialize, McLaren is going to Cosworth-Ford V-8s next year and may have Hulme as co-driver, Ferrari will most likely keep Amon while desperate negotiations for motor-cycle ace Agostini are going on, and Clark and Hill will both stay with Lotus, which is supposed to have something interesting like four-wheel-drive.

As far as the cars at present were concerned, detail mods were seen here and there, like tubular fillets to strengthen the Lotus Christmas trees and flatter trumpets on Hill's car. Chez Brabham everything was as usual with Denny using the syme old nyle that has served him for the last five GPs and Jack using the Watkins practice engine (on which a camshaft packed up) with new rods and pistons which were hoped to give a little more horsepower. Honda had changed back to the improved injection used in practice at the Glen and in addition had worked in a few more air traps and/or filters, Ligier had a new engine for his Brabham, McLaren had gone through the V-12 but was dubious about its horsepower, Gurney had the superlight Eagle with squirt-down injection (as at the Ring) and beefed-up rear uprights, Cooper the "old new car" (not the flatfish) with the three-plug engine, the compression ratio being dropped against detonation, the Ferraris were "uguale," and the BRMs were also as before.

PRACTICE WAS THE USUAL shambles, as everyone was having trouble sorting out injections and gear ratios to suit the altitude of Mexico City. Solana didn't appear on the first day, as some crud in the engine ran the bearings when it was



HENRY N. MANNEY PHOTO

*Above, the reason why the Brabham finishing record is so good. Below, Amon's Ferrari ran out of fuel during practice. The same problem cost him second place after an excellent drive.*



first fired up, Williams sat it out waiting for Amon to make up his mind which car he wanted, and Rodriguez only made a brief appearance and then went home while his mechanics fitted extensions on the pedals to suit his injured leg. Otherwise nothing terribly important happened except that Ligier had his metering unit stick full on and wore big flats in his tires, Brabham had a timing chain let go with the usual result, Clark's engine was fluffy and required changing, Stewart's went sick ditto, Surtees sputtered around doing some much-needed chassis tuning and running-in a new V-12, and we heard the sad news that Lotus head mechanic Dick Scammell is retiring from the racing scene at the end of this season. Even sadder, we have to report that Dunlop's Vic Barlow was killed in a road accident just before Monza.

Next day everyone felt a little better—all except Williams who could have done with a lot more practice in his first F1 ride—and commenced scratching a bit. Brabham didn't have all that good an engine as a replacement (the new one was stuck in Customs) so took it fairly easy, Hulme did a bit of fine tuning and found some more lift, the McLaren boys monkeyed with the BRM's timing and found another 500 rpm, Amon's car commenced to leak water, Solana was out rushing about very handily, Ligier's engine stopped and was whipped out, but was only out of fuel, Amon vaporlocked and stopped out back trying to cut a fast lap with only a few gallons in, Williams bashed the nose of his Ferrari in, so did McLaren with his McLaren, Siffert's radiator commenced to leak, and Fisher had every trouble possible with the injection and worn gear linkage on his Lotus BRM. There was the usual last-minute thrash, with Clark coming out on top closely followed by Amon and Gurney, but G. Hill was a bit despondent because even having tensed himself up to a good last-minute effort (with Amon in tow) the car still didn't go.

Generally speaking, there was lots of night work, mostly confined to seeing "that nothing fell off the b . . . r," but Brabham had some worries with stripped plug threads in one cylinder plus a repetition of the scavenging trouble experienced at Spa, it was suspected that rings or worse had gone in one of the cylinders of Williams's Ferrari, Fisher changed the cracked right rear suspension upright, noses were sawed off the BRMs to keep them cool, and the Matra mechanics were relieved of their watches in the middle of the night at the Montecassino by some bloke who claimed to be the hotel detective and had the night clerk up to prove it.

Race day dawned a bit dismal, but worked out to be sunny with just the proper temperature for racing, not too hot and not too cold. Uncounted millions of happy Mexicans, paid, wriggled, squirmed, and talked their way into the circuit to see not only the big event but a couple of imported funny cars (which flopped dismally) and three local touring-car races. In the best of these Moises Solana's old man, looking as eldritch as ever with few teeth and one eye, took advantage of a rather odd start and drove his 7-liter Cobra to such effect that he withstood the charges of young Freddy Van Beuren's blue Mustang with his sister's dress shop proudly advertised on the fender. Time and again Freddy, who looks as if he will amount to something, pulled the Mustang up alongside in the esses but inches are inches no matter what country you come from.

EVENTUALLY THE MAGIC HOUR approached and Ron Bucknum and I walked down to the first set of esses in the Autodromo Nacional, which incidentally is a first class racing plant with some proper bends unlike some other rubbish foisted off on the public. The only black marks we could see were that crowd control seemed a bit lax and that the low protective banks were ideally suited to project a speeding car right into the crowd. Still, Mexicans are supposed to be philosophical about that sort of thing and it certainly seemed that way, with blokes running across the road, kiddies playing in front of the banks, and rows of cheerful peasants strung along the perilously sagging branches of any tree. We

were watching one particular lot when the cars came thrumming around on their recon lap to see how much rubber the touring cars had left (lots), and incidentally to give exercise to that type of young blood who always runs in front of traffic.

And we were still talking about that and watching a highly professional big-time journalist from one of the picture books complete with turtle-neck sweater, 1000-mm lenses, mini-skirted bird and four assistants, when there was a distant rumbling worthy of M. Pujol the famous Petomane and the race was under way. Keeping in mind the grid positions (next slide please, Jim), we were mildly surprised to see an impassive Graham Hill well situated in front, followed by Amon, Clark, Brabham, Solana, McLaren, Surtees, and Hulme, with Gurney well at the back. What had happened was that organizer Xavier Velasquez had been determined not to get caught out as the starter at Monza had, and as the cars rolled up from the false grid, gave a sudden flourish of the flag to send them on their way. This is all very well, except that half the field had no steam up and Gurney was lurking directly behind Clark instead of sitting in his proper slot to the left. Clark's Lotus gave one convulsive bound forward before almost blowing out the fire; the resulting deceleration meant that Gurney stuck the snoot of the Eagle straight up the Lotus' *zjopatchka* and neatly bored a hole in the rad with the Ford's tailpipe. Graham was the only one really awake besides Amon, while the others struggled off with only a handful of rpm. All very colorful, but we were deprived of a good race between Clark and the only man who might have been able to stay with him as Gurney's Eagle trundled around at the back of the field for four laps, obviously getting hotter every second and misfiring and stinking and smoking until he finally came into the pits with all the gauges right up against the pegs. We all get wound up at the races, but wouldn't it be less expensive to look at the dials?

Anyway, here was Graham out in front with Amon pressing on busily in second place, all too conscious of the dreaded Clark lurking just behind. His worst fears were realized on the third lap as wee Jimmie flitted past both of them on the straight and commenced to pull away handily, the order at that point being Clark and Hill (Lotuses), Amon (Ferrari), Brabham (Brabham), and Solana (Lotus); Surtees (Honda-Lola), Hulme (Brabham), and McLaren (McLaren-

BRM); a string of Siffert (Cooper-Maserati), Rodriguez (ditto), Spence (BRM H-16), Williams (Ferrari), and Stewart (BRM H-16); then strung out: Bonnier (Cooper-Maser), Irwin (BRM H-16), Beltoise (Matra-Ford F2) passing the BRM on the run down to the hairpin, Gurney (Eagle) and Ligier (Brabham), poor Fisher (BRM V-8) having disappeared after the recon lap with a duff metering unit.

The positions at that point really didn't suit Hulme very much as his race plan was to sit on Jack Brabham's tail, Jack being in the unenviable position of having to score a win to sew up the Championship for himself. Accordingly, Denny commenced to put on the steam, drifting merrily through the corners, and while Jack vainly had a go at Amon, who was in front of him for a change, Hulme worked his way past Surtees in the tail-happy Honda and set out after Solana. This was not all that easy because the Mexican, although being left slightly by Amon and Brabham, was giving it the old college try. Eventually, though, Hulme nipped past on braking inside the Lotus and a lap later, while Solana was trying to do the same thing back, the Lotus' left front suspension upright broke at the bottom and then the top, sending the car sliding behind Denny across the esses onto the grass. Hulme thus found himself in a comfortable fifth position where he could keep an eye on Black Jack just ahead, and as the boss Brabham was commencing to over-heat as the sump filled up with oil, Jack slacked off a bit and let the Ferrari go.

From where we stood we could see several corners and it was very interesting to see the boys at work. Clark was giving an object lesson in how to drive the Lotus as he would come teeming down the straight, indulge in very heavy braking at the corner so that the Lotus' nose almost touched, and then shift down to power gently through the esses before using Cosworth-Ford's tremendous acceleration out to the hairpin for a lap time of 1:50.5. Not that he was un-driving through the esses, as the front wheels were pointing this way and that, but there was no need to do the opposite lock bit, even if the Lotus would hold still for it anyway. Graham Hill used more or less the same technique, but braked earlier and entered the corner a little slower, Amon braked earlier but was a trifle faster through the corners with the Ferrari's better handling, even though it lacked the punch coming out, both the Brabhams were very fast though the bends with

#### STARTING GRID

CHRIS AMON Ferrari V-12 1:48.04	JIM CLARK Lotus-Ford V-8 1:47.56
GRAHAM HILL Lotus-Ford V-8 1:48.74	DAN GURNEY Eagle-Weslake V-12 1:48.10
DENIS HULME Brabham-Repco V-8 1:49.46	JACK BRABHAM Brabham-Repco V-8 1:49.08
BRUCE McLAREN McLaren-BRM V-12 1:50.06	JOHN SURTEES Honda V-12 1:49.80
JOSEPH SIFFERT Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:51.89	MOISES SOLANA Lotus-Ford V-8 1:50.52
JACKIE STEWART BRM H-16 1:52.34	MIKE SPENCE BRM H-16 1:52.25
JEAN-PIERRE BELTOISE 1.6 Matra-Ford 4 (F2) 1:53.08	PEDRO RODRIGUEZ Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:52.85
JONATHAN WILLIAMS Ferrari V-12 1:54.80	CHRIS IRWIN BRM H-16 1:54.38
MIKE FISHER 2.0 Lotus-BRM V-8 1:57.41	JOAKIM BONNIER Cooper-Maserati V-12 1:55.57
GUY LIGIER Brabham-Repco V-8 1:58.45	



1967 World Driving Champion  
Denis Hulme  
Brabham-Repco V-8

#### 6th MEXICAN GRAND PRIX

Autodromo, Mexico City, Oct. 22, 1967

1 Jim Clark	Lotus-Ford V-8	65
2 Jack Brabham	Brabham-Repco V-8	65
3 Denis Hulme	Brabham-Repco V-8	64
4 John Surtees	Honda V-12	64
5 Mike Spence	BRM H-16	63
6 Pedro Rodriguez	Cooper-Maserati V-12	63
7 J.-P. Beltoise	Matra-Ford 4	63
8 Jonathan Williams	Ferrari V-12	63
9 Chris Amon	Ferrari V-12	62
10 Joakim Bonnier	Cooper-Maserati V-12	61
11 Guy Ligier	Brabham-Repco V-8	61
12 Joseph Siffert	Cooper-Maserati V-12	59
13 Bruce McLaren*	McLaren-BRM V-12	45

\*Not running at finish.

Distance: 65 laps of 3.2-mi circuit—208.0 mi.

Avg speed: 101.42 mph, new record. (Old record: 95.7 mph, Surtees, Cooper-Maserati V-12, 1966.)

Fastest lap: 1:43.13, 103.44 mph, new record, Jim Clark. (Old record: 1:53.7, 98.4 mph, Richie Ginther, Honda V-12, 1966.)

Retirements: Dan Gurney, Eagle-Weslake V-12, holed radiator, damaged engine; Moises Solana, Lotus-Ford V-8, broken suspension; Graham Hill, Lotus-Ford V-8, broken suspension; Jackie Stewart, BRM H-16, gearbox; Chris Irwin, BRM H-16, vapor lock. Did not start: Mike Fisher, Lotus-BRM V-8.

# GRAN PREMIO DE MEXICO

Hulme more sideways as he had narrower tires, while the Honda was slidier at the back than John liked, this problem being complicated by misfiring at anything but full throttle on the peaky engine, although it was much better than usual. McLaren was very fast and working hard but obviously lacking horsepower, the Coopers just trundled through with Siffert the best of the lot, and the BRMs looked steady enough but were painfully slow out of the bends. Not that they were having a very good day anyhow, as Stewart had pitted to correct the mixture and then retired shortly afterward with low oil pressure plus a broken motor mount. Irwin's oil pressure disappeared as well, while Spence's engine clearly was not firing on all its cylinders.

WITH SEVENTEEN LAPS GONE the race had settled down to pretty much of a procession, with Clark's Lotus out in front, Graham Hill 15 sec behind, Amon at 18 sec, Brabham watchfully at 24 sec, Hulme sliding the hairpin with one hand at 36 sec, Surtees' yowling Honda at 43 sec, McLaren at 53 sec, Rodriguez holding off Spence at 1:09, Siffert, the Maserati engine smoking a bit, at 1:15, a little gaggle of Williams, Stewart (a lap behind and to disappear shortly), and Beltoise's Matra, at 1:30, plus Bonnier and Ligier (running with a broken rear rollbar but going faster all the time) who had already been lapped. None of the important people were close enough to affect the others—although even the tail end position is important to the tail ender—and it looked like one of these days when the only changes in order would be made by retirements. And scarcely had we observed that when the outer driveshaft yoke let go on Graham's Lotus, knocking the spring off its mounting and causing the rear suspension to subside. He must be getting tired of that!

This year, at any rate, it has been a case of who will win if Clark breaks, the spice being of course that the Lotus breaks often enough to keep things profitable for the consistent Brabhams. With a lot more to gain by finishing than by going for broke, Jack and Denny amused themselves by using up all the road and took it fairly easy, even though Jack, if he had had a better engine, would have been willing to take a crack at Amon. The young New Zealander in turn would have liked to take a crack at Clark but couldn't get close enough, his every move forward being answered by a responding spurt from Clark and finally a fastest lap of 1:48.3 or 103.38 mph, needless to say a new record.

Therefore, James motored around in front, gradually speeding up as the fuel load lightened, while behind him everyone slaved away mentally counting the laps to the end. As they ran out so did McLaren with severe oil surge on right-handers; not wishing to blow the BRM up he retired after changing a gauge to make sure of the diagnosis. As they ran out Rodriguez felt a vibration (or perhaps just got tired, with his barely healed injuries) and let the smoking Spence by, who with crossed fingers did the last four laps with no oil pressure. As they ran out Beltoise, much faster through the bends than the inexperienced Williams, made a bid which involved bouncing off the wall and finally got by to lead the misfiring Ferrari. And as they ran out there was one last bit of bad luck for Amon: his Ferrari had gone through five gallons more than previsedged and with three laps to go he stopped back on the hairpin next to Siffert, whose waterless Maserati had gotten hot enough to melt the solder on the camshaft feed pipe.

Eventually, Chris struggled in after Clark and Hulme (just lapped) crossed the line with arms flung high in the air. The Brabhams took 2nd and 3rd and of course that meant 1-2 in the Championship too. 

# DAYTONA

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# CONTINENTAL

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BOB HANNAH PHOTO

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**FERRARIS 1/2/3**

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**PORSCHES 4/5**

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**FORDS NOWHERE**

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BY DENNIS CIPNIC

MAY 1967 65

To make a long story short, Phil Hill leaped into an immediate and ever-growing lead from the drop of the flag at 3:09 P.M. and it was thunderingly obvious that it would be difficult at best to catch the Chaparral if it kept running at that pace, which it did not. The 911s were 32nd and 34th after one hour.

At 6:10 P.M., with darkness just settling over the circuit, Hill, upon leaving the infield, came a bit wide up onto the banking and smashed the right rear end of his car against the retaining wall. This bent the suspension and the machine was withdrawn after a futile attempt to effect repairs.

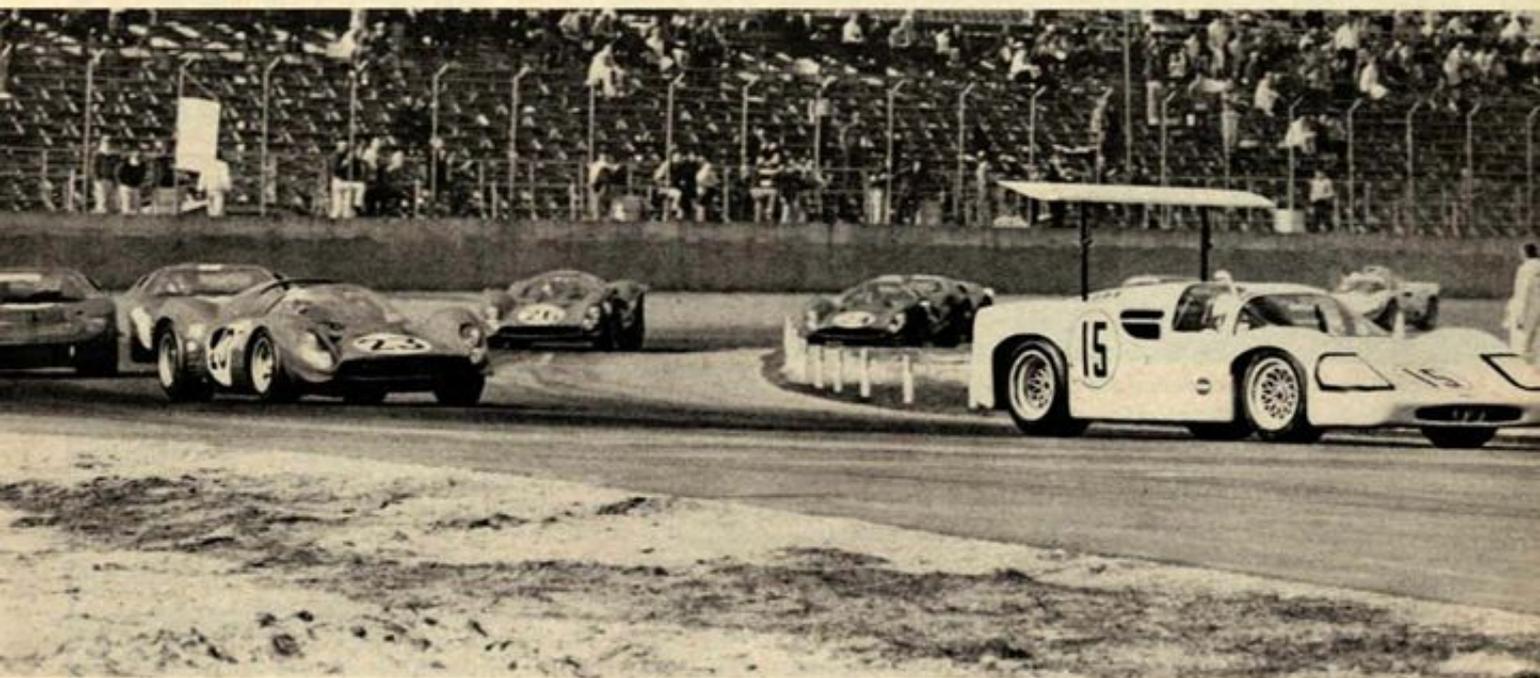
Hill immediately blamed himself for the DNF though it was not entirely his fault. The infield road surface had undergone repairs prior to the race, including widening in several spots and patching elsewhere. The wide tires, heavy cars and oil on the roadway combined to eat up the new asphalt and turn the corners into slippery traps full of bits and pieces of debris. Phil had got loose on this mess. He accused himself of carelessness because he was already aware of the condition of the turn; he had come around too fast to retain maximum steering control. If there had been six horizontal inches of shoulder instead of three vertical feet of concrete abutting the outside of the corner, he would have got by without dif-

ficulty. The 911s had now moved up to 28th and 30th.

As it was, the 2F's demise left the marbles to Ferrari, though it took a bit of reading between the lines to see it at first. The initial hint had come back while Hill was still in the lead when, on lap 23, the Bucknum/Gardner Mk II lost 3rd and 4th gears and came into the pits for a new transmission.

This was not regarded as terribly significant since it was anticipated that at least three of the Mk IIs would suffer some sort of serious difficulty. Besides, the Andretti/Ginther car was leading all the Ferraris and the Foyt/Gurney car was right on their tails. McLaren seemed likely to be the next Mk II in trouble; he was in and out of the pits several times in the first few hours with overheating problems. In fact, he was to have these problems throughout the race, due to an ever worsening head gasket leak, finally requiring a radiator refill every six laps but his was, nevertheless, the only Mk II to finish.

Andretti and Ginther went next. Just about the time Hill bent his car on the wall their Mk II lost 3rd and 4th gears. In they went for a new transmission which left only Gurney and Foyt, who many pit pundits thought would be first to break, still dueling with the Ferraris. The rest of the Mk IIs still running were either already sick or getting that way. The Ford pits became very morose. A big "Keep Out" sign was posted,



*Latest Chaparral coupe with flipper was fastest qualifier and led handily until it bent rear suspension against wall.*



*Rodriguez/Guichet Ferrari P4 with Thompson/Ickx Ford G-40.*



*Winning Ferrari and McLaren/Bianchi Ford, only Mk II to finish.*

PHOTOS BY ALICE BIXLER

# DAYTONA



Long-tailed Sperry/Steinemann Porsche 906 finished 5th.



New Porsche 910 Carrera 6 of Herrmann/Siffert was 4th at end.

everyone was instructed to say "I dunno nothin'" to newsmen's questions, and the garage doors were pulled shut. At 11:00 P.M. the 911s were 21st and 23rd.

What was happening, according to several Ford development people, was that the transmission output shaft upon which 3rd and 4th depended for power was breaking at a point where a small machining burr had mistakenly been left intact when the units were heat treated, causing a stress riser to be built into each shaft. This reasoning may prove to be inaccurate upon more thorough examination, but one thing was certain. The Mk IIs were snapping output shafts as readily as if they had been made of stale bread sticks. Some used up three transmissions, others merely two, until all twelve the firm had brought were gone.

Meanwhile, back at the front of the race, the Ferraris kept cruising around like big red sharks looking for someone else to devour. Shortly after midnight they found the Johnson/Jennings 2D Chaparral which, due to the Ford casualties was slowly creeping up, having moved from 14th to 7th at one point, and gobbled it up when its transmission abruptly went ill. This car, and likely the 2F as well, were sporting what would appear to be improved variations on the Chevy slushbox, with what sounded like as many as three drive ranges. In a last desperate gasp, Jim Hall let the pit crew violate security and open up the transmission in the pits, where it could plainly be seen, in order to attempt repairs. This created great difficulty for Hap Sharp, who leaped about issuing maniacal guffaws as he planted his bulk in front of news photographers who had the temerity to aim a camera anywhere in the car's general direction. Jim did not participate in this uncouth exhibition, having better things to attend to. The attempt at repairs failed, so the Chaparral folk packed up their gear and went home. The 911s were 16th and 18th.

None of the Ferrari drivers or engineers had ever felt threatened by the Chaparrals. Their plan was to permit "rabbits," whether from Midland or Dearborn, to run away all by themselves for up to a 5-lap (10-minute) lead. Ferrari calculated that no car could do this as long as his own cars held to 110-plus-mph lap times and survived. He was right.

Aside from the Gurney/Foyt effort nobody was anywhere near the Ferraris from 10:00 P.M. on, and even Dan and Ajay, driving for all they were worth, could not make up the 30-lap deficit their own transmission snappage at 1:00 A.M. cost them. Even so, they hung grimly on, battling back up to 5th overall at one point, until the engine gave up after 17 hours and 15 minutes of pursuit.

About the only thing the men from Modena could do to liven up the proceedings was to stay as close to each other as possible so on a number of their well organized (really) pit stops there would be an exchange of leaders. They also indulged in a bit of NASCAR type drafting on the bankings (so did the 911s—they were 12th and 13th and still moving up), changed the rear tires 10 times, the fronts three, and slowed down every now and then so they could catch up to each other for company. The result of all this was that after 18 hours there were only 10 laps separating the three of them. It would have stayed that way to the end had not Rodriguez, early in the 20th hour, contrived to lose a bolt off his left rear suspension, repairs to which set him back 20 laps, and nearly out of third place, had not Porsche's bad luck held up.

Stuttgart's troubles started on lap one. Mitter's 906, the fastest of the three factory cars, came in with its wheels leaping all over the road. Unbalanced tires said Goodyear reps, and another set was put on. Back out went Mitter and one lap later back in he came. Out of balance too, said Mitter. Nonsense, said Goodyear. Said Mitter: Who is driving this car, you or me?

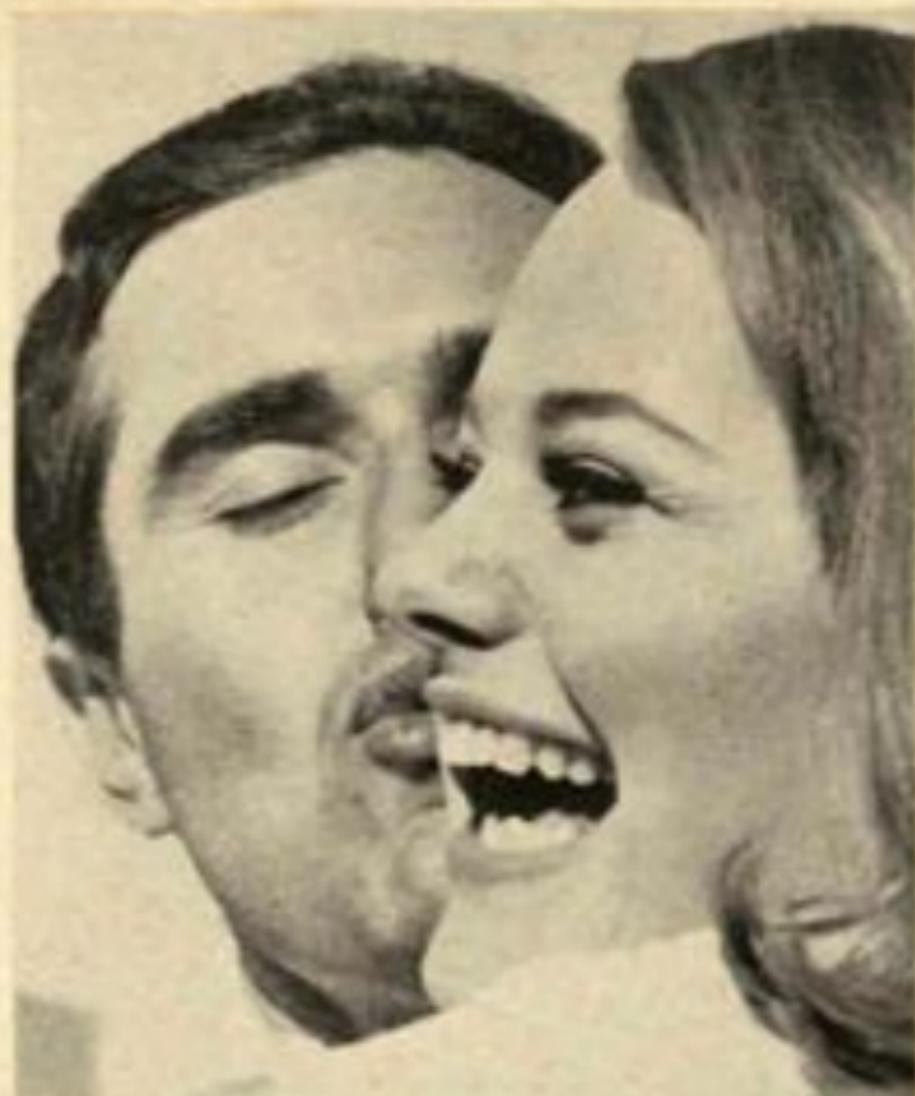
At this point team director Huschke von Hanstein and several others noticed that the tires, all of them, had no balance weights in the locations marked during mounting. A third set was run over to the pits and put on. These were balanced. Von Hanstein was understandably furious. The other two cars were running Dunlops without problems.

The Van Lennep et al car was the next to have difficulties. Only an hour after the race had started, its accelerator injector slide started binding wide open until, several hours and many readjustments later, it permanently jammed during a downshift, bringing on 10,000 rpm and bending a valve.

Then, at 8:50 P.M. one of the Swiss LEs, with Walter Habegger driving, ran into the GTB coming off the banking into the infield. The Porsche burst into flames but nobody was seriously hurt. The Mitter/Rindt car was sideswiped during the eighth hour and retired with a bent suspension and frame member, leaving only Herrmann and Siffert in the 910 plus Dieter Spoerry and Rico Steinemann in the other 906LE to carry on in the prototype class. They climbed into 4th and 5th overall, and were doing very well, with a possible chance at 3rd when Rodriguez shot out his bolt, and then suddenly Herrmann motored into the pits reporting ignition troubles.

The engineers told him he was hearing things and sent him back out. One lap and back in. What I'm hearing, said Herrmann, is a six cylinder engine running on four cylinders. Much Teutonic scowling and Herrmann was sent back out. Two laps and back in, whereupon the engineers finally heard it too. They changed the distributor and coil, the car roared to life, and Herrmann rejoined the fray, but with a total of 18 laps lost. He lost the chance for 3rd but held 4th to the end.

At which point our friends in the 911s were running 9th and 10th, in which positions they finished to win the GT and Touring Classes outright. If I correctly recall the reasoning behind the establishment of the Manufacturers Championship series, these are the two classes which come closest to fulfilling the spirit of the rules. So let's give the boys (John Ryan and Bill Bencker in the 911S, George Drolsom and Harold Williamson in the 911) a big hand.



*A kiss for the queen from Bandini.*

# DAYTONA RESULTS

## DAYTONA CONTINENTAL 24-HR RACE

Daytona Beach, Fla., Feb. 4-5, 1967

Drivers	Car—Class	Laps
1 Bandini/Amon	4.0 Ferrari 330 P4(P)	666
2 Scarfiotti/Parkes	4.0 Ferrari 330 P4(P)	663
3 Rodriguez/Guichet	4.0 Ferrari 330 P4(P)	637
4 Herrmann/Siffert	2.0 Porsche 6(P)	618
5 Spoerry/Steinemann	2.0 Porsche 906 LE(P)	608
6 Thompson/Ickx	4.7 Ford GT- 40(S)	601
7 McLaren/Bianchi	7.0 Ford Mk II(P)	593
8 Wonder/Caldwell	4.7 Ford GT- 40(S)	572
9 Ryan/Bencker	2.0 Porsche 911(GT)	555
10 Drobon/Williamson	2.0 Porsche 911(T)	542
11 Richards/Cuomo,	4.7 Ford Mustang(T)	526

laps; 12 Heppenstall/Norwood, 4.7 Ford Falcon (T), 518; 13 Tremblay/Dunn/Marinelli, Volvo (GT), 500; 14 Kelder/Dube, 2.2 Triumph TR-4A, 499; 15 Yates/Krauger, 4.6 Dodge Dart (T), 498; 16 Yeager/Hane/Feistman, 4.7 Ford Mustang (T), 498; 17 Eve/Croucher/Glenn, 1.8 MGB (GT), 493; 18 Somner/Levetto, 2.2 Triumph TR-4A, 489; 19 Clark/Nelson, 3.3 Ferrari 250 LM (S), 485; 20 Maxwell/Martin, 1.8 Volvo 122S (T), 485; 21 Misses Taylor/Drolet/Guthrie, 4.8 Ford Mustang (T), 484; 22 Bremer/Kearney/Turner/Fretina, 1.6 Lotus Cortina (T), 477; 23 Bentley/Beddow, 1.6 Alfa Romeo GTA (T), 465; 24 Misses Mims/Dietrich, 1.3 ASA (P), 459; 25 Weaver/Ganger/Goodman, 1.8 MGB-GT (P), 406; 26, Mollin/Riley, 1.8 Volvo 122S (T), 400; 27 Taylor/Pratt/Lyon, 1.6 Alfa Romeo GTA (T), 360; 28 Robson/Rodgers/Buchman, 3.8 Jaguar XKE (GT), 320; 29 Burr/Owen/Cavin, 2.2 Triumph TR-4A (GT), 265.

Distance: 666 laps of 3.81-mi circuit—2537.46 mi (Record: 678 laps, 2570.62 mi, by Miles/Ruby 7.0 Ford MK II, 1966.)

Avg. speed: 105.688 mph (Record: 108.020 mph, Miles/Ruby, 1966).

Fastest lap: 1:55.69, 118.547 mph, Phil Hill, Chaparral 2F, new record (Old record: 1:57.7, 116.5 mph, Dan Gurney, Ford Mk II, 1966).

ONCE A YEAR the Targa Florio comes to Sicily, along with the sudden bursting out of flowers of every description in that normally parched land. Almost as numerous as the roadside stands selling bird-pecked cactus fruit, large oranges, or strange weed-like vegetables are the suddenly blooming notices stating that Ferrari, Porsche, Austin Healey plus many others are going to race. Alongside them are other hastily applied posters, crooked and dripping with paste on the faded stucco buildings, that exhort mothers to watch their children, farmers to guard their livestock, families to keep their dogs and cats inside because local boy "Ninni" Vaccarella is going to drive his great red rumbling motherguts of a Ferrari right slap down the village street. And since that street is two Fiat-widths wide and the houses front on it without the formality of front yard or sidewalk, even the smallest pussycat had better do his wandering out back.

Your Sicilian is fairly watchful anyway as far as traffic is concerned because the gutless 500 Fiats and Lambretta 3-wheel trucks that infest the region tend to regard towns as just an extension of the open road. Even so, the weeks preceding the Targa call for extra care because not only do local entrants seize every passing opportunity for a quick lap but often serious contenders like Porsche or BMC arrive early. During race week itself, even though formal practice is on Friday, local traffic tends to go the right way around the course, as there is no telling when you will meet one of Mr. Hertz's hire cars full of racing drivers on the wrong side of the road. With 72 km (abt 45 mi) of up hill and down dale, there is little chance for non-residents really to know the Piccolo Madonie circuit, so the best they can do is try to remember where the tricky bits come. Different drivers react to the course in different ways. The increasing number of rally boys regard it as a ball, aerodrome kings down from England look upon it with dread, and even proper racing drivers like Jean Guichet and Hap Sharp get a severe case of the yips. After a couple of laps around it, the redoubtable Sharp stated that Phil could never win with him as co-driver and probably 95% of the others feel the same. There are simply too many places to lose time or make mistakes. And the smallest mistake means a bent automobile.

Since the average driver is no longer a sportsman but prefers to make his money on easier tracks, the Targa in recent years has lost a lot of its importance. Ferrari has gotten so he only sends one car (a P4 to be driven by local hero Vaccarella and Scarfiotti) and the only outfit really supporting it is Porsche. This is partly because the Targa is the only big race that the Porsches have a reasonable chance of winning (a big, powerful car is a bit of an embarrassment around here) and partly because all the Germans like a bit of sun. Everyone else international shows up on the hopes of nobbling an easy class win when the big boys aren't looking, just to have a quiet go, or else to give the cars a bit of much-needed testing. One lap around the Targa is as good as 500 miles around Silverstone, as anything that is gonna break will break.

Alfa was pursuing a bit of this practice and brought four of the new V-8 engined Type 33 spyders (see page 48) under the direction of Ing. Chiti, ex-Ferrari ex-ATS. Somebody

dropped the ball in the grass in stress calculations and four of the Alfas at various times in practice took to the ditch because of the front suspension upright breaking just under the top wishbone. Chiti, who has had worse days than this, allowed as something would have to be done before the next race and jury-rigged a wire-rope arrangement so the wheel wouldn't jam under the fender when it did let go. The engine is a 2-liter dry sump twin-plug V-8 (although a single-plug version was seen lurking under a canvas) that is one of the biggest small displacement V-8s I have ever seen. It looks part Giulietta and part ATS, running twin Bosch distributors with four coils and fuel injection.

We naturally asked Chiti how big the thing could be bored out, and instead of the usual evasive answer he admitted freely that not only could it be opened up to three liters but also that it was intended for Formula 1. Hoo hah! He also said that they would sell some to blokes like McLaren who needed engines, but another engineer whispered that Alfa had definite plans to enter F1 racing. According to him a lot of top testers and development engineers have been pinched from Lancia and Fiat recently. It is possible that the Italian government (Alfa is a nationalized concern) has figured out that Ferrari won't last forever and has decided to swing the big stick. A 5-liter sports engine is also spoken of. Anyway, returning to the 33, it showed a number of clever touches like a 2-part elephant trunk over the rollbar to feed the injection and the inboard rear brakes, a cockpit air feed in the mirror stalk, and a gearbox which according to a friend of mine bears

close resemblance to the successful Hewland. The only thing un-Alfa about it was that all four cars were pretty scruffy, but as Chiti explained, these are only "mules" and constantly changed in development.

BY HENRY N. MANNEY



RANGED AGAINST these Alfas (for De Adamich/Rolland, Bonnier/Baghetti, Galli/Giunti, and Russo/Todaro) were the very mild Ferrari P4 (it idled like a family Ford and looked very neat) and a Filipinetti P3/4 for Herman Muller/Jean Guichet backed up by three Dinos. All Dinos were entered by local Scuderie so they could run Dunlops but only one was serious, that for Casoni/Klass. This started out as a 2.4 but blew that engine and fitted a 2-liter, 3-valve injection V-8 derived from the P4. It thus moved to the next class down and funnily enough came up with a low number at the head of the 2-liter cars. This let it take advantage of the 20-sec worth of clear road after the Abarths got away and also insured that it wouldn't have to fight its way past anything quick for quite a spell. Porsche manager von Hanstein naturally was livid. The other two Dinos were customer-type with carburetors and there was a Fiat-Dino entered that didn't start.

Porsche, as we said, was there in force with five private 911S, one 906,

three 1911s (6-cyl batmobiles; coupes for Neerpasch/Elford and Cella/Biscaldi plus a spyder for Umberto Maglioli/Schutz) and three 8-cyl fuel-injected coupes for Herrmann/Siffert, Mitter/Davis, and Hawkins/Stommelen. All the ricers were well-prepared with deep-dish alloy wheels to take fat Dunlops, oil rads outside in the front, little windows to see hydraulic fluid levels, etc., but were in a high state of panic. Ing. Hild seems to have gone and has been replaced by a new young engineer, very *ein-zwei ein-zwei* and unsmiling. He had



Fourth overall and first non-Porsche was 2-liter Dino of Jonathan Williams/Vittorio Venturi.

## 51st Targa Florio

everyone madder than hell and was a direct cause of Bonnier's going to Alfa. However, I suppose that results count.

Other interesting objects included the 7-liter Chaparral as raced at Sebring for P.Hill/Hap Sharp (Hap said that he wasn't sporty enough to put the flipper in the flat position for the straight but Phil tried it), looking as big as a London bus, a blown Giulia coupe that didn't start as it got too hot, two Ford France GT-40s, a Shelby GT 350 from Ford France that put itself in the ditch, the Epstein/Dibley Lola-Chev which was hardly the car for the course, a prototype over-bored MGB for Hopkirk/Makinen, one each of twincam 1500 Gordini R8 and Alpine for Jansson/Kallstrom and Bianchi/Vinatier (plus some littler Alpines) and of course the usual horde of hot Fulvias, Abarths, Sprites, Morettis, TZs and so forth. Two GTBs didn't start out of three and the only other semi-touring Ferrari was an old Farina coupe for Arutunoff/Hofer.

FOR THE Sicilians the Targa Florio is a great national holiday. All through the night cars from every part of the island hurtle toward favorite vantage points, jostling for room with campers already there, refreshment stands, Italian army radio trucks (which were to wire in the exact point on the course of every car when the leader finished, eliminating finishing order rumbles like last year) and peasants out of the back country. In a hill village like Collesano surmounted with its ruined castle, excitement reaches a fever pitch. All convenient walls and flat surfaces carry painted legends exhorting Nino, Alfa, or Porsche to yet unheard of efforts and the usual dumpy village cop, even though reinforced by squads of black-and-red carabinieri and a couple of smart motorcycle gendarmes with roundels stuck in their boots, was going out of his mind herding would-be spectators out of the way even an hour before the start of the race. Collesano is Town for a great many of these people even if it strikes a slightly grotty note to our eyes with dates that the house was last DDT'd sprayed on the doorpost, old gnawed chicken carcasses lying about on the street, and a smell from the drains that would strike a wooden Indian dead. Nevertheless, there are a few cafes and two gas stations so the peasants pour in. Small shy groups of girls in loving-hands-at-home taffeta or velvet dresses stand under pink nylon parasols surreptitiously eyeing the big-city boys in fitted shirts and tight pants, so different from the darkish locals in lizard stripe suits made of cardboard. Families clamber about on the rocks overlooking the road to find a good viewpoint, lugging tons of food for themselves and the kiddies, and as Italians are used to crowds everything seems to be one vast antheap. Probably because he has been jostled since birth, the southern Italian has absolutely no shame about anything and Pete Coltrin tells a funny story about the "terrone" in a crowded railway compartment who solemnly attended to his natural needs on a piece of news-

paper in the middle of the floor. When he had tossed the paper out of the window and sat down again, he produced a pack of cigarettes and then suddenly remembering his manners, asked anxiously if anyone minded if he smoked.

We remembered that story more than once as people walked all over each other and finally a family came along, wedged themselves all around us, filled up the space between our knees with kids, opened a large umbrella that effectually blocked the view, and then graciously inquired if we would like some of the fruit they were eating. The kiddies, including a small baby concierge with kinky hair and blue knitted dress, fought continuously under the umbrella the whole time, but the grown-ups occupied their morning until cars actually appeared by throwing thistles at each other, whistling at the slightest action of the cops, playing transistors full blast (three different operas were going at once) or chatting across 300 yards of space with distant relatives.

ALL OF A sudden, though, a great shout went up as a car was seen winding down the hill outside town and cries of "seidici seidici" sprang forth although we could hardly see what color it was, let alone that it was Lancia No. 16 that had already passed six of its mates. After a short wait, No. 2 came through, negotiating the slippery hairpin below us with unusual care, and then on its heels No. 14, the eventual class-winner. From then on it was the usual parade, with an occasional clump as faster cars were balked behind a bunch of slow ones. The 906 Porsche arrived very early on, the fastest Dino had not caught up the Ford GTs yet, de Adamich's Alfa had pulled up well in the standings, Siffert's 8-cyl Porsche was fleeing frantically to stay ahead of the Ferraris, and then there was a great surge of enthusiasm as Nino arrived in the rumbling P4, having passed both the Chaparral and Muller's P3/4 with 19 sec already over the latter.

Then everybody sat down. Sooner or later one of the nearby squawking transistors gave the news from the pits (seemingly bellowed along a horsehair from fifty feet away like all electrical equipment down there) that Our Ninni was in first place (*Oooooooooo! Dai Ninni! Sssssssch!*) *ha coperto i 72 km del tracciato (static static) 37:31 4/5 (static) 115 kph .108!* The Italians were suitably impressed as most of them had scarcely done 115 kph (roughly 70 mph) in their lives, let alone average it, but we were even more so. Even allowing for considerable resurfacing and easing that had gone on, a minute and 50 sec was a lot for Vaccarella to take off his own lap record from a standing start. In the confusion of the locals telling each other how they did it in an hour once we dimly picked up that the Porsches were on the tramp with Mitter second at 38 min 34.8 sec, Siffert third at 38:40, Muller's big Ferrari coupe at 38:42.4 fourth, Phil Hill doing a tremendous job in fifth at 38:47, and then Klass's 3-valve Dino, de Adamich's Alfa, Cella's Porsche, Hawkins' Porsche, and Galli's Alfa in that order, all except the last two being inside Nino's old lap record of 39:21 with the P3.

So everybody was happy and the hunt was on; everybody likes a good race, especially if the favorite is in front and four different makes in the first ten. The kids scuffled under their umbrella, the grownups hollered back and forth, the

cops had kittens keeping old ladies from crossing the street, the sun shone, and everything was lovely until Nino came rumbling down the main street on his second lap, got too wide on the marbles at the hairpin, and slid into the low retaining wall. As he wasn't coming on particularly fast the shunt was completely unexpected and there was a great aching moment of silence broken only as pieces of his two right-side mag wheels fell tinkling to the ground. Then as he twiddled the steering wheel to find the front suspension broken and hopped out in a low rage, all hell broke loose, with people jumping all over the hill like monkeys to warn against the next car (which wasn't in sight) and rushing down to push the stricken P4 into the side street. Poor Nino. Poor Sicily. And as tiny Herbert Muller came charging down into the hairpin to lower the record once more to 37:09 with the nose of the red and white Ferrari weaving, he shot one incredulous look up the side street to see the P4 almost buried in black suits. Victory was his if nothing went wrong.

**A**LL IT TAKES at the Targa is one tiny mistake. Andreason found this out when he hit a house in Campofelice with his Mini Marcos, Hedges went off in his MG and hit two trees in rapid succession, Mitter shot off the road near Polizzi, Klass removed the fastest Dino from contention when he clobbered the bridge below Caltavuturo; all going to show, along with the multitude of dents that commenced to appear, that the Targa could not be taken for granted. The constant strains of cornering and acceleration took their toll too as Schlessers' Ford GT lost a wheel, Bonnier's front suspension collapsed, the Lola got too hot and then succumbed to gearbox trouble, Hanrioud's Porsche broke a hub, and Siffert stopped to see if something could be done about a sticky gearbox, but carried on.

So it was Muller's race from then on with the Porsches and Alfas hot in pursuit. What with the vagaries of traffic, driver changes, and tiny noises that intrude on the drivers' ears, the Porsche 8-cyl coupe of Hawkins/Stommelen, the 2-liter Porsche of Cella, the V-8 Alfa of de Adamich/Roland, and the 2-liter Porsche spyder of Maglioli/Schutz swapped about in second and third places all very close; the Elford/Neerpasch Porsche, the Chaparral, Siffert/Herrmann's Porsche, Williams/Venturi's last Dino, and sometimes Greder/Giorgi's Ford GT filling up the last half of the leader board. Muller's changeover to co-driver Guichet had the effect of putting Hawkins and de Adamich in joint second just a wee bit behind but the gravel-voiced Australian and his German teammate finally made it stick, taking over second definitively on the fifth lap.

The cars were already getting a bit thin on the ground about that time and the peasants were beginning to drift off to lunch, keeping an attentive ear tuned to the transistors. Only the shattering roar of Muller's big Ferrari or the rumble of the Chaparral (now piloted by Sharp, who had

#### 51st TARGA FLORIO

May 14, 1967

Drivers	Car	Avg Speed
1 Hawkins/Stommelen	2.2 Porsche 8	67.62
2 Cella/Biscaldi	2.0 Porsche 6	67.48
3 Neerpasch/Elford	2.0 Porsche 6	66.93
4 Venturi/Williams	2.0 Ferrari 6	63.49
5 Greder/Giorgi	4.7 Ford GT-40	61.51
6 Herrmann/Siffert	2.2 Porsche 8	60.85
7 Cahier/Killy	2.0 Porsche 911S	56.36
8 Girardini/Filippi	1.3 Lancia HF Fulvia	55.82
9 Warwick/Bond	3.0 Austin Healey	55.62
10 Restivo/"Tortoise"	Fiat 124 Sport	54.82
11 Margulies/Mackie	Porsche 911S	54.47; 12
Maglioli/Crosina	Lancia HF Fulvia	54.09; 13
"Bigum"/Gusma	Alfa Giulia	54.07; 14
Facca/"Opicina"	Porsche 911S	53.80; 15
"Ramon"/Rigano	Lancia HF Fulvia	53.03; 16
"Amphicar"/Garofalo	Lancia HF Fulvia	51.97; 17
"Harca"/"M.P."	Fiat 124 Sport	51.555.

Distance: 10 laps of 44.74-mi circuit—447.4 mi.

Fastest lap: Herman Muller, 4.0 Ferrari P3, 37:09 72.259 mph, new record.

Avg speed: 67.61 mph, new record. (Old Record: 64.568 mph, Bonnier/Abate, 2.0 Porsche, 1963.)



Cella/Biscaldi: 2nd.

come out to see if there was really something broken in the front suspension as Phil said but not doing all that bad nevertheless) would raise their eyes from the salami. Suddenly, however, the Filipinetti Ferrari came coasting down making a very odd noise from the region of the ring and pinion, and the Porsches were in like a Mexican burglar. Only de Adamich could stave them off—Todaro's Alfa had run out of road and Galli's was running abominably with oil coming up the distributor shaft, later to retire—and he held out manfully until the eighth lap when his suspension collapsed as did Bonnier's.

As in compensation, Maglioli's Porsche gave up the ghost and he coasted down to Campofelice carrying some stranded driver with him but the Stuttgart cars were still three deep before—surprise!—Phil Hill in the Chaparral. Hawkins didn't trust his teammates Cella and Elford any more than he had de Adamich, though, and he really steamed around those last couple of laps, with hardly a moment to show two fingers to his friends. The specter of mechanical breakdown was forever in front of him as he passed all those cars—all the Alfas, Renaults, Lancias, Ferraris, and Porsches littering the course. And on the ninth lap he passed the 4th-place Chaparral that Hap had taken out for a spin stopped near Campofelice (they said it was a flat and the spare was flat too, possible as it was going quite hard up until then) and on the tenth passed a pedestrian Siffert, mumbling about Porsche gear boxes.

But nobody passed Paul. Stone the crows... the Aussies are taking over motor racing.



Alfa Romeo 33s were fast but did not go the distance. Paint on wall encourages Vaccarella/Scarfiotti Ferrari.





# Targa Florio

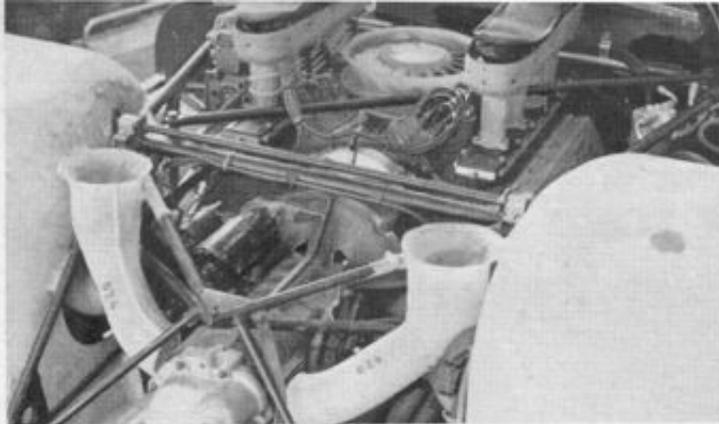
*Ah, that's road racing!*

PHOTOS BY HENRY N. MANNEY & GEOFFREY GODDARD

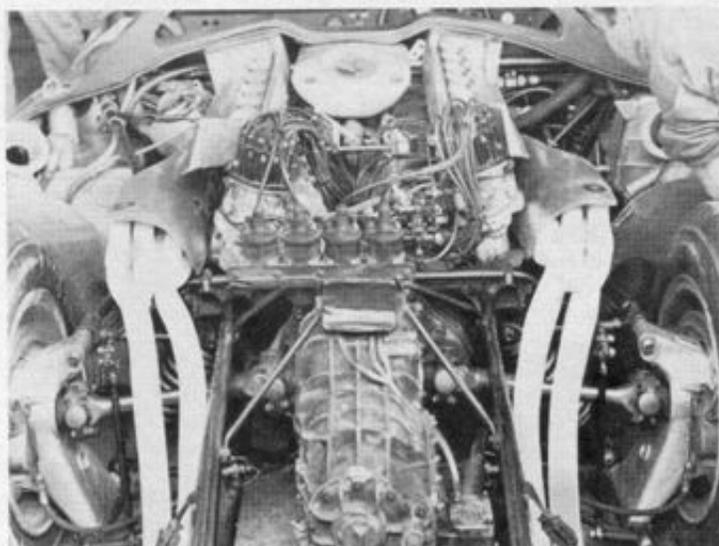
*Neerpasch/Elford 910 was 3rd.*

*The only sure way around Sicily.*





*Eight-cylinder 2.2-liter engines made Porsche prototypes faster than ever, brought them home 1st and 6th.*



*Four cams, 12 cyls, 24 plugs, 36 valves—Ferrari 330 engine gave Vaccarella a fast lap and a half.*



*Chaparral was not a finisher—or fastest—in Targa.*

*Giorgi/Greder GT-40: 5th.*

*Hillside view at Caltavuturo beats any grandstand ever built. Car is 6th-place Herrmann/Siffert Porsche.*



# Targa Florio

*Ah, that's road racing!*



*Muller in Filipinetti Ferrari P3 set fantastic 37 min, 9.0 sec lap, beating Vaccarella's best in practice by 3 sec, but car dropped out at half-distance.*

*Vaccarella came to grief in Collesano, hitting curb and sliding into haybales.*



*Winning Hawkins/Stommelen 2.2-liter Porsche leads Alfa Romeo 33 through hills above Collesano. Pair set new record of 67.61 mph for distance.*



# THE B.O.A.C. 500

## Our best race

BRANDS HATCH, ENGLAND, July 30th.

IT is remarkable, but true, that we have not had a serious motor race, other than Grand Prix events, in Great Britain since 1959; this was brought home forcibly when practice began at Brands Hatch for the B.O.A.C. 500. The assembly of cars was such that British spectators must have wondered if they were not at Nurburgring, Spa or Le Mans. It seemed impossible that it was in Great Britain, and furthermore it was the final, and critical, round in the Prototype and Sports Car Manufacturers' Championship. The last time that we had a race of sufficient importance to be considered worthy of inclusion in the Sports Car Championship was the T.T. in 1959, after which the R.A.C. let it die and our country became a great sea of club racing of no International importance.

That vigorous and enterprising club, the B.R.S.C.C., with the backing of Sir Giles Guthrie and the British Overseas Airways Corporation, put us back on the International calendar and were rewarded by a really fine race. The only pity was that it had to be held at Brands Hatch, a circuit that was not really large enough for a race of this calibre and one to which the public seem reluctant to go in vast numbers. In spite of this the race was a huge success and if Nick Syrett and B.O.A.C. have their way it will become an annual classic event. The inadequacy of the Brands Hatch circuit to cope with a race of this magnitude brought home the fact that Great Britain has a surfeit of good club circuits, on which our organisers have concentrated, at the expense of a first-class National circuit to equal Monza, Spa, Le Mans or Nurburgring.

However, all the foregoing did not stop the B.O.A.C. 500 race from being a success and when practice began the pits were jam-packed full of exciting machinery. There was a Chaparral 2F (Spence/Hill), three open P4 Ferraris (Stewart/Amon), (Scarfiotti/Sutcliffe), (Hawkins/Williams), the Maranello Concessionaire's Coupé P3/4 Ferrari (Attwood/Piper), three private LM Ferraris (Pierpoint/Dibley), (Prophet/de Klerk), (Edmonds/Fitzpatrick), five works Porsches comprising two 910 models with flat 8-cylinder 2.2-litre engines (Rindt/G. Hill), (Siffert/McLaren), a Le Mans long-tailed 907 with similar engine and r.h. steering (Herrmann/Neerpasch), and two 910 models with 2-litre flat 6-cylinder engines (Elford/Bianchi), (Schutz/Koch), all these being on fuel-injection. There were three private Group 4 sports Porsche 906 models (Spoerry/Steinemann), in de 'Udy's car, (Bradley/M. Costin), in Dean's car, (Dean/Pon,) the works Lola-Chevrolet V8 now painted red with a white arrow (Surtees/Hobbs), the white Sid Taylor Lola-Chevrolet V8 (Hulme/Brabham), the green de 'Udy Lola-Chevrolet V8 (de 'Udy/Westbury), a 5.7-litre Ford "Mirage" (Thompson/Rodriguez), five private Ford GT40 cars (Lucas/Pike), (Sutton/Bond), (Liddell/Gethin), (Crabbe/Charlton), (Drury/Holland), three Chevron GT coupés, two with 2-litre B.M.W. engines (Cardwell/Bennett), (Martland/Muir), and one with 2-litre B.R.M. V8 engine (Redman/C. Williams), three Lotus 47s all with twin-cam Lotus-Ford engines, the Lotus Components one with Tecalemit-Jackson fuel injection (Miles/Oliver), the Team Elite one (Preston/Taylor) and the Chris Barber one (Hine/Greene). There were two Lotus Elans (Jackson/Crabtree), (Burnand/Taggart), a lone 2-litre Abarth OT (Mould/Ashmore), an M.G.-B (Enever/Poole) and an Austin Healey 3000 (Worswick/Clarke). There should have been three Alfa Romeo Tipo 33 cars, but they withdrew at the last moment.

A lot of people were hard-pressed to remember the last time we had such a fine collection of long-distance racing machinery gathered together in this country, and it was felt that before the race started the B.R.S.C.C. should have held its Racing Car Show in the paddock!

Practice soon showed the inadequacy of the pits for the space that was available was totally insufficient. A Mini at a Brands Hatch pit is one thing but a P4 Ferrari is something else, and there were times when a queue was forming, waiting to get into the pits, and, even worse, another one waiting to get out. Nobody seemed to mind too much and the two practice sessions went off happily, with a friendly atmosphere all round. Practice was on Thursday and Friday afternoons, Saturday being clear for preparation for the six-hour event on Sunday.

Full credit to the B.R.S.C.C. for not running a mass of supporting events, so that the B.O.A.C. 500 was received in its proper perspective, as an important occasion. There were the usual things going on during practice, Graham Hill was trying to persuade Porsche to re-design their cars, Stewart was doing the same with the P4 Ferraris, David Piper's LM Ferrari had an electrical short circuit when Dibley was driving it and it caught fire, but was soon put out, Prophet crashed his Ferrari LM and Crabbe crashed his GT40; the B.R.M. engine in the pretty little Chevron GT kept running on seven cylinders, the Chaparral was proving more suited to the circuit than was expected, and Hulme was in his usual fine form with the Lola-Chevrolet V8, but Surtees managed to equal his time. Brabham looked most unfamiliar shut up in a coupé; Porsche had a spare 6-cylinder car for training which everyone seemed to be driving, including the Japanese lad who recently won some Brands Hatch races. Mike Costin was having a holiday from helping Duckworth build proper engines for Ford and was driving a private Porsche 906, Dave Charlton from S. Africa was having his first taste of English-type racing, with Crabbe's GT40, the Chevrons were going well enough in the 2-litre category for von Hanstein to take a closer look at them, and the time-keepers and their assistants seemed to lose all track of which driver drove what car, so that Stewart got good times for everyone and the Hawkins/Jonathan Williams' car was on the second row of the grid even though the two drivers really went no faster than those on the fifth row.

### STARTING GRID

1 Spence/P. Hill (Chaparral-Chevrolet V8) 1 min. 37.4 sec.	2 Surtees/Hobbs (Lola-Chevrolet V8) 1 min. 36.6 sec.	4 Hulme/Brabham (Lola-Chevrolet V8) 1 min. 36.6 sec.
8 Hawkins/J. Williams (Ferrari P4) 1 min. 37.8 sec.	7 Scarfiotti/Sutcliffe (Ferrari P4) 1 min. 37.8 sec.	
11 Siffert/McLaren (Porsche 8-cyl.) 1 min. 38.2 sec.	10 G. Hill/Rindt (Porsche 8-cyl.) 1 min. 38.2 sec.	6 Stewart/Amon (Ferrari P4) 1 min. 38.2 sec.
9 Attwood/Piper (Ferrari P3/4) 1 min. 40.0 sec.	3 Rodriguez/Thompson (Ford "Mirage") 1 min. 39.8 sec.	
24 Elford/Bianchi (Porsche 6-cyl.) 1 min. 41.0 sec.	12 Herrmann/Neerpasch (Porsche 8-cyl.) 1 min. 41.0 sec.	25 Schutz/Koch (Porsche 6-cyl.) 1 min. 40.6 sec.
28 Redman/C. Williams (Chevron GT-B.R.M. V8) 1 min. 41.4 sec.	5 Westbury/de 'Udy (Lola-Chevrolet V8) 1 min. 41.0 sec.	
53 Liddell/Gethin (Ford GT40) 1 min. 43.0 sec.	73 Bradley/Costin (Porsche Carrera Six) 1 min. 42.0 sec.	72 Dean/Pon (Porsche Carrera Six) 1 min. 41.6 sec.
51 Lucas/Pike (Ford GT40) 1 min. 43.2 sec.	26 Cardwell/Bennett (Chevron GT-B.M.W.) 1 min. 43.2 sec.	
27 Martland/Muir (Chevron GT-B.M.W.) 1 min. 44.0 sec.	54 Charlton/Crabbe (Ford GT40) 1 min. 43.8 sec.	30 Taylor/Preston (Lotus 47) 1 min. 43.4 sec.
56 Edmonds/Fitzpatrick (Ferrari LM) 1 min. 44.4 sec.	29 Miles/Oliver (Lotus 47) 1 min. 44.2 sec.	
59 Drury/Holland (Ford GT40) 1 min. 46.2 sec.	52 Bond/Sutton (Ford GT40) 1 min. 46.0 sec.	55 Pierpoint/Dibley (Ferrari LM) 1 min. 45.2 sec.
57 Prophet/de Klerk (Ferrari LM) 1 min. 46.4 sec.	32 Hine/Green (Lotus 47) 1 min. 46.4 sec.	
75 Jackson/Crabtree (Lotus Elan) 1 min. 53.2 sec.	76 Burnand/Taggart (Lotus Elan) 1 min. 53.2 sec.	71 Spoerry/Steinemann (Porsche Carrera Six) 1 min. 46.4 sec.
74 Enever/Poole (M.G.-B) 1 min. 58.6 sec.	31 Ashmore/Mould (Abarth OT) 1 min. 57.2 sec.	
	58 Worswick/Clarke (Austin Healey 3000) 2 min. 04.6 sec.	

N.B.—The first-named driver took the start.

The 36 cars on the start line made an impressive sight and an even more impressive sound as they got away at 12 noon to start the six-hour race, under a grey sky. Hulme was a bit slow off the mark, Surtees shot off into the lead and Hawkins nipped in behind him, followed by Scarfiotti, Spence and Hulme. On only the second lap Surtees went into the pits with the red Lola-Chevrolet, and the words "why doesn't he go back to Ferrari" came to mind! The push-on connection to the ignition coil was wrongly fitted, causing an intermittent short-circuit, and took some while to find, which put the car right out of the running. This left Hawkins in the lead in the third of the works Ferraris, with a struggling pack of cars behind him, led by Spence (Chaparral) and Hulme (Lola), who were pressing to get by, but the Australian wasn't going to move over for them. Before we could see how Redman was going to shape up with the Chevron-B.R.M. the crown-wheel and pinion broke. For nearly 15 minutes Hawkins held the lead, but first Hulme got by, then Spence and then Scarfiotti. The tail-enders had not yet been caught so Hulme had a clear run and made the most of it, and even the most disinterested spectator must have been impressed as the first thirteen or fourteen cars thundered or screamed by. Lola-Chevrolet, Chaparral, Ferrari, Ferrari, Ferrari, Porsche 8-cylinder, Porsche 8-cylinder, Mirage, Ferrari, Porsche 6-cylinder, Porsche 6-cylinder, Porsche 8-cylinder, Lola-Chevrolet, Ford GT40, Porsche 906, Chevron GT and so on. It was a fine sight, and it was going to continue throughout the afternoon, or we hoped it would.

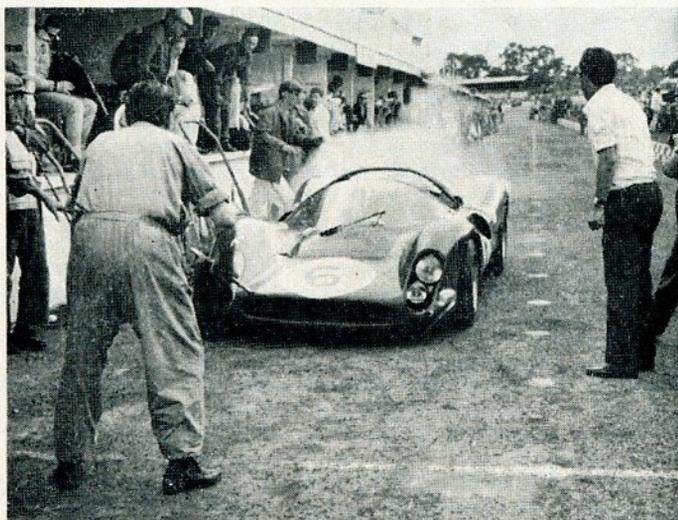
During the second quarter of an hour the leaders started lapping the slower cars, and though this broke up the battling among the leaders it started the sort of skilled overtaking manoeuvres that Brands Hatch has never seen before. The skill of the fast drivers going in and out of the traffic was a joy to watch, although at times it made me shut my eyes and think "he'll never make it." The whole circuit seemed to be a sea of waving blue flags and made it very obvious that Brands Hatch is too small and wiggly for this sort of racing; there just is not enough distance between the corners. Graham Hill was leading the Porsches, but Siffert was driving very well and right behind Hill, while Hawkins had been elbowed down to his rightful place, which was third in the row of Ferraris. Lucas crashed his GT40 at Paddock Bend, so there was no chance of seeing how Roy Pike would have gone in it, and Hine stopped at the pits with the green Lotus 47. The official words said, "Battery reported to have fallen off." They were not far out for instead of being in the right rear corner of the tail, it was in the left rear corner!

With only half an hour gone this great pack of exciting machinery was now in a glorious muddle, overtaking on both sides, going into corners three and even four abreast, missing each other by inches, using all the track and a lot of the grass, keeping the flag marshals working overtime, and with the leader lapping at around 1 min. 38 sec. it must have been a time-keeper's nightmare; but it was well worth seeing. The poor little M.G.-B got elbowed completely off the course at South Bank Bend, there were so many cars going into the corner that it had no option but to get away from it all. Only 41 minutes

flagged as some dim-wit thought oil was pouring out, when it was obviously water from the overflow! This caused a slight diversion after the start the leading Lola broke a rocker arm on the left bank of its Chevrolet V8 engine and Hulme stopped at the pits and mechanics fitted a new rocker. Hardly had this happened than Hill had his 8-cylinder Porsche jump out of 3rd gear and the engine over-revved and broke a valve, which could not be replaced. As the end of the first hour approached Scarfiotti had a big spin on the Bottom Straight but kept going, and pit-stops for fuel and changes of driver began, with Attwood being the first in with the P3/4 Ferrari, to hand over to Piper. At the one-hour mark the order was Chaparral (Spence), Ferrari P4 (Stewart), Ferrari P4 (Scarfiotti), Porsche 8-cylinder (Siffert), Mirage (Rodriguez), Ferrari P4 (Hawkins), Porsche 6-cylinder (Schutz), Porsche 6-cylinder (Elford), Porsche 8-cylinder (Herrmann), Lola-Chevrolet (Westbury) and a Porsche 906 (Dean) leading the Group 4 cars. Hulme was back in the race with a new rocker fitted to his Chevrolet engine, but the Abarth was out with a broken universal joint on the nearside drive-shaft. Pit stops for fuel and driver changes now took place with rapidity, though some took a bit longer. The works Chevron GT of Cardwell/Bennett was delayed as the crankcase breather pipe had come off, smothering everything in oil. Some pits stops were a bit chaotic for until the car stopped, and the tyre experts measured the tread wear, the mechanics did not know whether they were going to have to change tyres or not. One Ferrari was jacked up at both ends, all the hub nuts loosened, and then the front tyres were not changed after all. Confusion which caused official reports to vary from "routine inspection" to "changed all four wheels," this applying to the Amon/Stewart car when it came in. There being no provision at Brands Hatch for long-distance racing and pit stops, the cars were being refuelled from open churns with big funnels in the filler necks, just like the T.T. or Le Mans of 1928!

By 1.30 p.m. the order was Chaparral, "Mirage," Porsche (Siffert), for none of them had yet been in for fuel, but at this very point the Chaparral stopped for fuel and Phil Hill took over, this stop letting the "Mirage" briefly hold the lead. While these routine stops were taking place Hulme returned with the white Lola and it was out of the race, with a clutch defect. When the last of the 6-cylinder works Porsches came in, the 910 driven by Schutz, it was Rindt who took over in place of Gerhard Koch. Eventually the "Mirage" made its first stop, for fuel and a change of all four wheels, and for Thompson to take over, and this let the Porsche 8-cylinder (Siffert) take the lead for a brief moment. One of the few bright things in the pit stops was seen at the "Mirage" stop, for instead of pouring oil in from a can, the engine was fitted with a pipe sticking out of the tail to which a flexible oil pipe was attached by a snap-connector, and oil was pumped into the sump under high pressure from a container in the pits. Other than this, pit work on the whole was a bit "vintage." At two hours Porsche (Siffert) led from Chaparral (Hill), Ferrari (Amon), Ferrari (Sutcliffe), all on the same lap, while the red Lola-Chevrolet (Surtees/Hobbs) was up to 10th place after its delay at the start of the race, and the red Ford GT40 (Liddell/Gethin) was leading the Group 4 sports cars. Just as this was sorted out the Chaparral punctured one of its Firestones and the pit stop allowed the first of the Ferraris to take second place, but almost at the same time the leading Porsche (Siffert) stopped for fuel and for McLaren to take over, so the Ferrari (Amon) was leading through no fault of its own! The Chaparral was now second, the Porsche third, and another Ferrari (Sutcliffe) was fourth. Routine pit stops and driver changes were clearly going to play an important part in the overall picture and these caused the lead to change continuously, especially as a lot of them took place close on each hour, thus affecting the official results at each hour. Shortly before 2.30 p.m. Amon brought the leading Ferrari in for fuel and Stewart took over, and this stop dropped them behind the Chaparral (Hill) but not behind the Porsche 8-cylinder (McLaren), though they were all on the same lap.

Surprisingly few cars had fallen by the wayside, though Rindt spent a long time at the pits having the ignition distributor changed on the fuel-injection works Porsche 6-cylinder he was sharing with Schutz, and the Surtees Lola-Chevrolet was losing water internally and overheating. Thompson spun off at Clearways in the Gulf-sponsored Ford "Mirage" and hit the bank between two Gulf advertising banners, and Sutcliffe bounced off an LM Ferrari in the backwoods, but continued. As 3 p.m. and half-way approached the Chaparral was still leading but it then had a routine stop for fuel and for Spence to take over so that as the third hour was completed it was actually in the pits and it was the number one Ferrari (Stewart) which led, followed by the 8-cylinder Porsche (McLaren), with the Chaparral third, officially one lap behind. Hobbs took over the Surtees Lola-Chevrolet after more water had been added, and was then black-



**QUICK STOP.**— Amon brings in the Ferrari for petrol and for Stewart to take over right near the end. The "wicket keeper" is the chief mechanic and on the right is engineer Forghieri; there is a cloud of cement dust being raised as the car brakes. Note the frontal damage, caused by colliding with a Porsche.

in the Surtees pit and some heated words, which all added to the general pandemonium in the pit road. As the Scarfiotti/Sutcliffe Ferrari had been dropping back the Hawkins/Williams Ferrari was fourth, followed by the 907 Porsche (Herrmann/Neerpasch), which was being driven steadily and regularly. The Group 4 sports cars were being led by the Dean/Pon Porsche 906, the plump Dutchman scratching round the Brands Hatch circuit with the best.

For about 30 minutes a comparative serenity pervaded the scene, apart from the Austin Healey having a spectacular spin and the de 'Udy/Westbury Lola-Chevrolet dying at the bottom of Paddock Bend with a flat battery. The Chaparral (Spence) caught and passed the second place Porsche (McLaren) but was not gaining much on the leading Ferrari, but more pit stops were due. As the end of the fourth hour approached Hawkins spun his P4 Ferrari at Clearways Bend and crumpled the tail so that all the fasteners were inoperative; he stopped at the pits to have it wired down and there was a real panic in the pits for the leading Ferrari was due in for fuel, oil and a change of all four wheels, and for Amon to take over. In the midst of fuel churns, tyres, jacks, mechanics, too many photographers, engineer Forghieri, marshals, firemen, public address commentators and so on, the Hawkins/Williams car roared back into the race with its battered tail wired down firmly, and two minutes later Amon was off, but the Chaparral had gone by into the lead and the McLaren/Siffert Porsche was past into second place. As with the Chaparral at 3 p.m., the Ferrari was officially one lap down at 4 p.m., being in the pits, but there was not a whole lap between the three cars when the Ferrari rejoined the race. The Surtees/Hobbs Lola-Chevrolet was really boiling well now and the Elford/Bianchi works Porsche 6-cylinder broke its valve gear after climbing up to fourth place. At 4.10 p.m. McLaren stopped for fuel in the second place Porsche and to have some brake pads changed, and this let the Amon/Stewart Ferrari back into second place, and it was just over a lap down on the Chaparral but was lapping at about the same speed. The white Chevron GT of Martland/Muir was losing brake fluid, and had to change the nearside front tyre, indicative of lots of understeer, and this was done quickly and neatly in spite of being a bolt-on type wheel. The Crabbe/Charlton Ford GT40 was in the pits for a long while having its offside steering arm repaired, and at 4.45 p.m. Spence brought the Chaparral in for its last routine stop for fuel and a change of rear tyres, and Phil Hill went off, still in the lead, but the Ferrari was now on the same lap and only seconds behind.

With one hour to do the Chaparral (Hill) led by 18 seconds from the Ferrari (Amon), which was in turn a lap and a half in front of the first Porsche (Siffert), but the Ferrari had one more fuel stop to make. This was good for the Chaparral, and anyway Phil Hill was comfortably increasing his lead over Amon, but it meant that the Porsche (Siffert) could still regain second place if the Ferrari pit stop was bungled. More important was the fact that the outcome of second place was going to determine the result of this season's long-distance racing Manufacturers' Championship for Ferrari and Porsche were a single point apart. The Herrmann/Neerpasch Porsche was lying fourth, the Scarfiotti/Sutcliffe Ferrari fifth and the battered Hawkins/Williams Ferrari sixth. The Surtees/Hobbs Lola began to blow out clouds of smoke and finally retired, the de 'Udy/Westbury Lola had been got going again with another battery but now succumbed to a broken

crown-wheel and pinion, the Cardwell/Bennett Chevron GT crashed, as did the Edmonds/Fitzpatrick Ferrari LM, and the Martland/Muir Chevron GT was cruising round without brakes.

With only ten minutes left to run, the second place Ferrari screamed into the pits for a quick refill and for Stewart to take it through to the finish. This time the Ferrari team were really ready and it was as smooth and slick a pit-stop as anyone could wish for. Stewart was away and barely a minute had been lost, so second place and the Championship was safe, but equally it meant that the Chaparral was now firmly heading for a well-deserved victory.

After six hours of fast and furious racing the first two cars finished on the same lap, having covered 211 laps of the twisty little circuit. It had been as fine a long-distance race as we have seen this season and certainly the best in England for many a year. The Chaparral victory was loudly applauded and it was a pity that Jim Hall was not there to see it, but his partner Hap Sharp was in charge and the handful of mechanics who have been working on the cars in Europe all this season were more than satisfied. It was also a joy to Phil Hill and Mike Spence, for they have been so close to victory all season, since they first teamed up at Daytona last February. Every credit must go to Nick Syrett and the B.R.S.C.C. for putting this country back on the International map with a proper long-distance race, and our thanks to Sir Giles Guthrie and B.O.A.C. for backing this event which we hope will keep us in the International Championship in future years.

D. S. J.

### Brands Bumbles

Now that we have a race accepted in the International long-distance Championship all we need is a British team capable of winning—how about it, Jaguar?

\* \* \*

Everyone was agreed that it had been a terrific race. The R.A.C. were seen to be smiling like Cheshire cats, as if it had been the late lamented R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race.

\* \* \*

That there was not much room on the little Brands Hatch circuit for 36 cars was seen by the interchange of paintwork among a lot of the cars. One Ferrari seemed to have three different colour schemes.

\* \* \*

Anyone who was going to go to Brands Hatch and changed their minds at the last moment must regret it for ever.

\* \* \*

A lot of seemingly tough drivers were looking very second-hand after doing a 1½-2-hour stint at the wheels of the faster cars. There was no time to relax anywhere round the circuit, especially on the short straights with three and four abreast.

\* \* \*

The pits were marvellous. Just like the Targa Florio except that all the bad language and hot-tempered skirmishes were in English!

\* \* \*

And no "supporting" races. A proper race does not need support.

### RESULTS

#### THE B.O.A.C. 500—Group 6 Prototypes and Group 4 Sports Cars—Six hours' duration—Brands Hatch full circuit—Overcast

* 1st : M. Spence/P. Hill (Chaparral 2F-Chevrolet V8—7-litre) ..	Entrant: Chaparral Cars, Texas	211 laps—6 hr. 00 min. 26.0 sec.—149.798 k.p.h. (93.08 m.p.h.)
2nd : J. Stewart/C. Amon (Ferrari 330P/4 V12—4-litre) ..	Entrant: SEFAC Ferrari, Maranello ..	211 laps—6 hr. 01 min. 24.6 sec.
3rd : J. Siffert/B. McLaren (Porsche 910 8-cyl.—2.2-litre) ..	Entrant: Porsche System Eng., Stuttgart	209 laps
4th : H. Herrmann/J. Neerpasch (Porsche 907 8-cyl.—2.2-litre) ..	Entrant: Porsche System Eng., Stuttgart	206 laps—6 hr. 00 min. 13.0 sec.
5th : L. Scarfiotti/P. Sutcliffe (Ferrari 330P/4 V12—4-litre) ..	Entrant: SEFAC Ferrari, Maranello ..	206 laps—6 hr. 00 min. 20.6 sec.
6th : P. Hawkins/J. Williams (Ferrari 330P/4 V12—4-litre) ..	Entrant: SEFAC Ferrari, Maranello ..	204 laps
7th : R. Atwood/D. Piper (Ferrari 330P/3/4 V12—4-litre) ..	Entrant: Maranello Concessionaires ..	202 laps
* 8th : A. Dean/B. Pon (Porsche 906 6-cyl.—2-litre) ..	Entrant: A. G. Dean (Racing) Ltd. ..	200 laps — 141.864 k.p.h. (88.15 m.p.h.)
* 9th : J. Miles/J. Oliver (Lotus 47 4-cyl.—1,600 c.c.) ..	Entrant: Lotus Components Ltd. ..	197 laps — 139.692 k.p.h. (86.80 m.p.h.)
* 10th : R. Pierpoint/H. Dibley (Ferrari 275LM V12—3.3-litre) ..	Entrant: David Piper Racing ..	195 laps—6 hr. 00 min. 48.0 sec.—138.292 k.p.h. (85.93 m.p.h.)
11th : U. Schutz/J. Rindt (Porsche 910 6-cyl.—2-litre) ..	Entrant: Porsche System Eng., Stuttgart	195 laps—6 hr. 01 min. 41.4 sec.
12th : E. Liddell/P. Gethin (Ford GT40 V8—4.7-litre) ..	Entrant: J. N. Cuthbert ..	193 laps
13th : D. Sperry/G. Steinemann (Porsche 906 6-cyl.—2-litre) ..	Entrant: Michael de 'Udy ..	192 laps
14th : T. Drury/K. Holland (Ford GT40 V8—4.7-litre) ..	Entrant: Terry J. Drury ..	190 laps
15th : D. Martland/B. Muir (Chevron GT-B.M.W. 4-cyl.—2-litre) ..	Entrant: Robert Ashcroft Racing Ltd. ..	189 laps
16th : R. Bond/J. Sutton (Ford GT40 V8—4.7-litre) ..	Entrant: Peter Sutcliffe ..	188 laps
17th : W. Bradley/M. Costin (Porsche 906 6-cyl.—2-litre) ..	Entrant: Midland Racing Partnership ..	181 laps
18th : D. Prophet/P. de Klerk (Ferrari 275LM V12—3.3-litre) ..	Entrant: David Prophet ..	179 laps
19th : T. Taylor/D. Preston (Lotus 47 4-cyl.—1,600 c.c.) ..	Entrant: Team Elite ..	178 laps

Not classified : P. Jackson/M. Crabtree (Lotus Elan), R. Enever/A. Poole (M.G.-B), C. Crabbe/D. Charlton (Ford GT40), E. Worswick/P. Clarke (Austin Healey 3000).  
Retired : J. Surtees/D. Hobbs (Lola-Chevrolet), engine; P. Rodriguez/R. Thompson (Ford "Mirage"), crashed; D. Hulme/J. Brabham (Lola-Chevrolet), clutch; M. de 'Udy/P. Westbury (Lola-Chevrolet), crown-wheel and pinion; G. Hill/J. Rindt (Porsche 8-cyl.), engine; V. Elford/L. Bianchi (Porsche 6-cyl.), engine; J. Cardwell/D. Bennett (Chevron GT), crashed; B. Redman/C. Williams (Chevron GT), transmission; P. Mould/C. Ashmore (Abarth 2-litre), drive-shaft joint; J. Hine/K. Greene (Lotus 47), engine; C. Lucas/R. Pike (Ford GT40), crashed; J. Edmonds/J. Fitzpatrick (Ferrari LM), crashed.

\* Class winners.

36 starters — 19 finishers.