

From Gonzalez to Alonso

A celebration of 60 years of Ferrari
Grand Prix success



Personal Impressions

Andrew Swift

For our dear friend Maurizio Severgnini,
who unknowingly gave me the idea of combining a white goods show with a
motor racing theme,
whose friendship and support over many years is always a source of pleasure,
and who remains, with Ferrari, one of Italy's finest ambassadors.

Grazie mille.

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I suppose that something along these lines was always on the cards. A couple of years ago, as we sat at Monza waiting for the Grand Prix, Martin and I were talking of possible future projects and Ferrari GP winners was mentioned. This was a fairly natural association given the time and place. We drew up a list of winners down the side of the Monza free newspaper they give out on race weekend. To my shame, when I returned home I realised we had left off a couple of names, but it was very hot that day!

Two things stopped me from committing to the project. As one fortunate enough to be able to drive a Ferrari regularly, I am always wary of being typecast as someone who owns a Ferrari and therefore follows the GP team. It is a silly concern, no doubt indicative of many huge insecurities, but I think for any true motor racing fan the love of the sport's heritage comes first, the possession of a car is further down the list.

The second reason was that there were a number of Ferrari drivers who never won a GP for the team, but who nonetheless made an important contribution to the story. In particular the fine New Zealand driver Chris Amon was in my mind, I really did not want us to hold a show which omitted Chris from the story.

As I was casting around last Christmas, wondering what to put on the garage walls at home for the year, I tried to think of a theme which was topical, and I eventually realised that this year would mark the sixtieth anniversary of Ferrari's first win in a World Championship GP. Suddenly things started to fit together. We already had available the bulk of the photographs we needed and, by happy coincidence, this summer Martin acquired for Jarrofts a few new negatives, a couple of which fitted ideally into this story.

The display here is actually part of a much larger one planned for 2013, where we hope to be able to show a much fuller exhibition of Ferrari in racing, with not only their GP cars but also the story of their magnificent sportscar racing history which did so much to create the Ferrari reputation.

After much to-ing and fro-ing we decided, for reasons of space, to limit this exhibition to sixty pieces of cars and drivers, plus one piece for Enzo Ferrari himself. As ever, the problem of what to leave out soon became paramount. We decided to limit each driver to a maximum of one piece, plus a portrait. Having played around with various arrangements at home, I am sure that the inclusion of portraits makes an exhibition more interesting for both the specialist and the casual observer. Motor racing is peculiar in that you sometimes need to be reminded that there is actually a real human being inside all that machinery and protective clothing! It was decided that we would certainly show portraits of the nine Ferrari world champions, plus some of the key characters in the story. This meant that we have left out a number of pieces which were intended originally as part of this show, but they will hopefully be included in the planned 2013 exhibition. I look forward to being able to include the two talented Californians, Dan Gurney and Richie Ginther, the young Ricardo Rodriguez and colourful little Arturo Merzario among others next time around. Current Ferrari boss Luca di Montezemolo really ought to be here, and was until the very last selection meeting, but we had to be ruthless. Just as well I am unlikely to be ordering a brand new Ferrari at any stage!

I hope we are right in saying that there have been thirty seven different drivers who have won rounds of the World Championship for Ferrari. They are all included in some shape or form. The non winners are Castellotti/Portago, (photo 8), Behra (19), and Amon (31). There are also two pre race scenes, Monza 1957 (11) and Monaco 1961 (20).

It has not been possible to show each driver from a race that he won, although many of the pieces do manage that. The final selection was arrived at by applying mixed criteria. In some cases we just love the photograph itself, in others we have opted for this one over another because it illustrates something we want to draw attention to, in a few we have chosen a piece which features more than one character in the story, thus slightly alleviating the limits of sixty one pieces.

I know that there are some wonderful individual pieces in here, but I can only hope that it works as a whole. My aim is always to try to tell a story through the photographs. The Ferrari Grand Prix story is central to motor sport history. Love the red cars or loathe them, the story would be immeasurably poorer without

them. For anyone lucky enough to have been to see them on their home ground at Monza, you will know that there is a very special link between the team and the Italian people. I think this is what really makes Ferrari unique, and like so many Englishmen I confess to have fallen under the spell of all things Italian from an early age.

Even for a small exhibition like this one, it only happens thanks to the efforts of a number of people. First and foremost my thanks to Martin and Lizzie Jordan at Jarrots. Jarrots is the best known and most respected company in the UK for the supply of high quality motor sport photographs. Martin's sense of perfection means that only the best images are purchased for their archive and they are then printed and presented in the best possible way. Working together on one of these projects is always fun, the arrival of an early morning e-mail containing fresh images to peruse gets the day off to a good start.

Whilst Martin has been kind enough to allow us to present everything in standard Jarrots form, there are other suppliers of photographs whom I would like to thank. Kevan West is another true believer in Ferrari, and his Motorsport Originals business specialises in driver signed pieces which can be relied on for authenticity, an increasingly rare and precious commodity in this area. Kevan has been more than generous in allowing me first choice on many of his pieces and has given a superb service. The LAT archive is the largest in the world, so quite how Daniel manages to find everything is a mystery, but he does and manages to come up with everything we request. Finally the staff at the Klemantaski Collection in Connecticut deserve my thanks, again they are unfailingly helpful and courteous. I have tried under each section in here to indicate where the photograph came from. I hope that I have got this right!

For copyright reasons we did not try to reproduce many of the images in this guide, but I am terribly grateful again to Martin for allowing us to use the Jarrots images we have included here.

Apart from Martin, what may loosely be described as the editorial board must also be thanked. Jamie who apart from producing Swift trade brochures, the Swift trade show and taking an Open University examination somehow finds time to put this together. My brother John who can usually be relied on to fill in my several knowledge gaps (thanks for pointing out Audetto!).

Terry for listening patiently whilst I meander around the stories, sorting them out in my mind as I do so. Jonathan , who makes so many things possible. Of course Yvonne who encourages me to write things, and puts up with me spending evenings with the iPad or tucked away in the back office surrounded by motor racing books.

Thank you to Anthony for printing this at such short notice, and to David and Ian who have worked so hard to create a suitable space.

I hope you enjoy these lovely photographs and that this guide is of a little use. It has been written purely as a series of personal impressions and reminiscences, there is no attempt at full biographical detail, they are just casual writings trying to explain what interests me about a driver or an event. They have each been written in one take, no revisions allowed,so whilst they may be fresh there are no doubt a few errors. I take full responsibility for such shortcomings.

Forza Ferrari!

Andrew Swift, September-October 2011.

1

Jose Froilan Gonzales, Silverstone 1951.

The first win is always special. The World Championship had started a year earlier and had been dominated by Alfa Romeo. Ferrari was seen as the upstart challenger to the established teams of Alfa and Maserati. Ferrari team leader Alberto Ascari had been showing strong form, but in this event he dropped out with mechanical problems, but on this day it was the burly Argentinian Gonzalez who really took the battle to Alfa. When he pitted for fresh tyres Gonzalez expected to hand over to Ascari, but the latter waved him on, explaining that he could not do a better job. After an epic struggle with compatriot Fangio, Gonzalez took the chequered flag, a popular winner with the crowd who appreciated his spectacular driving style.

Photo, Jarrots.

2

Jose Froilan Gonzalez, portrait.

One of my favourite recollections is of watching Gonzalez demonstrate the 1951 winner at a wet Silverstone meeting in 1997, in an event marking fifty years of Ferrari. The same hunched over force behind the wheel, familiar from so many photographs, was still evident. He repeated his '51 win three years later, the highlight of a fine season in which he won at Le Mans and was runner up to Fangio in the championship. A dignified man, the fire seemed to wane after the death of his young compatriot Onofre Marimon in the German GP meeting in the same season. One of the most moving photographs I have seen is of Gonzalez and Fangio standing over the wreckage after Marimon's crash, Gonzalez standing in silent prayer.

He is still living in Argentina, one of the most respected figures in the history of the sport.

This photo actually shows him on a Maserati, for whom he drove so well in 1952/53.

Photo, Kevan West



Alberto Ascari, Silverstone 1952.

Sixty years on his reputation as one of the greatest of all holds firm. Son of Antonio, one of the sport's first great stars in the '20s and colleague of Enzo Ferrari at Alfa Romeo, it was no surprise that Alberto came to lead Ferrari's early driver line up. Winning his first Grand Prix shortly after Gonzalez' Silverstone win, at the Nurburgring, Ascari went on to complete domination of the 1952/53 seasons, winning consecutive world titles for Ferrari.

Contractual issues, (often shorthand for Ferrari's reluctance to pay the going rate!), meant that despite his success Ascari left Ferrari to join Lancia for 1954. Unfortunately he waited until the final race of the season for the new car to appear, but it was very fast and expectations were high for 1955. In the first race, at Monaco, Ascari was about to go into the lead after both Mercedes cars had hit trouble, when he suffered a spectacular crash ending up in the harbour, luckily being able to swim to safety. Four days later he went to watch a test session conducted by his old Ferrari team who were running a sportscar at Monza. He asked if he could try it out, just to see if he had recovered, and in an unexplained accident the car left the track and Italy's great champion was killed. One of the great "what ifs" of the sport is what might have been had Lancia had the resources to take on Mercedes and had Ascari lived to challenge Fangio and Moss. What is certain is that no one else at the time could, and that Italy is still waiting for a driver of his calibre to emerge.

Photo, Jarrotts

Alberto Ascari and Luigi Villoresi, portrait.

This is where the limitations of only sixty pieces show. We have lovely portraits of both in the collection, and despite the lack of a win Villoresi seems far too important part of the story to leave out. Fortunately Martin had this image in the archives so we can have the best of all worlds!

Luigi Villoresi, seen here in the foreground, had been one of the upcoming drivers before the war, and became something of a mentor to the younger Ascari. If not as quick as either Ascari or Gonzalez, he was a solid driver who could usually be relied on to bring the car home. He followed Ascari to Lancia, but was devastated by his death, retiring from front line competition at the end of '56.

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Ascari can be seen in the background. A modest, reserved man, he was intensely superstitious, going to inordinate lengths to avoid crossing the path of a black cat, even if it meant going a very long way around his home city of Milan! He was a hugely respected and popular champion amongst spectators, reporters and his peers. For Denis Jenkinson of Motor Sport, perhaps the most respected of all observers of the sport, there were five post-war greats, "Ascari, Moss, Clark, Villeneuve, Senna". It is not my list, but, for once, I have to bow to superior knowledge! I think it indicates just how good the great Alberto was.

Apart from the two drivers here, there is another figure of interest. I think that the gentleman sporting the beret is Luigi Bazzi, long time senior technical adviser to Enzo Ferrari, having worked with him during his Alfa years. He remained in the senior engineering post until 1960. I am fairly sure this is indeed Bazzi, but would be grateful to anyone who can confirm this.

Photo, Jarrotts

5

Piero Taruffi, Bremgarten, Swiss GP 1952.

In a long and varied career this was the only Grand Prix win for the "Silver Fox". He competed with great distinction on two wheels as well as four, and made a name for himself as a valued test and development driver. His greatest contribution to motorsport folklore concerned his repeated attempts to win the Mille Miglia sportscar race. He even promised his wife that he would retire if he did win the event. In the final running of the great Italian road race in 1957, he finally achieved his aim, winning for Ferrari and keeping his promise to his wife at the end of that year.

Photo, LAT.

6

Giuseppe Farina, German GP, Nurburgring, 1953.

Doctor of Political Science, Giuseppe, "Nino", Farina, combined a mixture of great speed and bravery with a ruthless racing approach. This was a dangerous mix in the days when neither cars nor circuits were designed with safety features in mind. A number of on track incidents, including two fatal collisions, ensured his reputation as one of the sport's hard men. But he was quick and possessed a sharp racing brain. He was the first World Champion, for Alfa Romeo in 1950, but after their withdrawal at the end of '51, he landed a drive at Ferrari. Generally he was outshone by Ascari, although he was still capable of doing a good job, winning here at the most demanding track following Ascari suffering a wheel coming off. He was killed in a road accident whilst en route to watch the French GP in 1966.

Photo, LAT.

Maurice Trintignant, Monaco GP, 1955.

Maurice Trintignant was one of the largely unsung heroes of post-war motor racing, enjoying a lengthy career in both GP and sports car racing, competing for a variety of manufacturers and winning some of the most prestigious races, including two Monaco GPs and Le Mans. In one of the early races after the war he retired with a blocked fuel line. Upon later inspection rat droppings were found to be the cause, hence his affectionate nickname "Le Petoulet". He partnered Gonzalez to a Le Mans win for Ferrari over Jaguar during the very wet 1954 race.

He was a surprise winner of the 1955 Monaco race, bringing his Ferrari home after the Mercedes cars of Fangio and Moss both hit mechanical problems and Ascari had crashed his Lancia. He won again on Rob Walker's Cooper in 1958. After retirement he enjoyed a lengthy career in local politics. Photo, Klemantaski Collection.

Eugenio Castellotti and Alfonso de Portago, Silverstone 1956.

I have chosen this piece in part to include two drivers from Ferrari's history, but also to illustrate one long lost facet of GP racing. Castellotti was a fast and talented driver looking to establish himself as Italy's new champion following the death of Ascari. The Marquis Alfonso De Portago was born into Spanish aristocracy which had emigrated to Paris with the coming of Franco. "Fon" acquired a well earned reputation as a playboy, but he was certainly an accomplished sportsman, excelling in horse racing, polo and bobsleigh as well as proving a fast racing driver. The two had started the race in their own cars and enjoyed a good battle before Portago was called in to hand his car over to Collins, whose own car had retired. The changing over of drivers was quite common at the time. Collins would finish second to Fangio. Castellotti spun his car and buckled a wheel, necessitating a stop, at which point the team put Portago back into this car. Here he is jumping in, whilst Castellotti can be seen to the rear of the car. This car finished tenth, some laps down. The scarved lady on the pitwall observing all this is Dona Andreina.

Sadly both drivers were to be killed the following year, Castellotti during a test at Modena, de Portago on the Mille Miglia in an accident which also claimed the lives of his navigator and twelve spectators.

Photo, Jarrotts.



Juan Manuel Fangio, British GP, Silverstone 1956.

Following Lancia's withdrawal after Ascari's death, Ferrari took over their cars which were considerably quicker than their own. Following the terrible Le Mans crash of 1955, Mercedes Benz announced their decision to withdraw from international motorsport at the end of that season, leaving Fangio to join Ferrari. Already winner of three World Championships, it might have been expected that the great Argentinian would secure a fourth title with ease, but it did not turn out to be the case, Fangio having to battle hard against his younger team mates as well as Stirling Moss, now at the rival Maserati team.

Fangio maintained that the season he spent at Ferrari was the least enjoyable of his career, claiming that he did not enjoy the political machinations Ferrari used within the team. Ferrari accused Fangio of suffering from a persecution complex. In later life both men managed to express a rather higher degree of mutual respect!

Whatever the truth, Fangio managed to win his fourth title, but only after team mate Peter Collins had gallantly handed his car over at Monza, allowing Fangio to gain the necessary points.

Strangely this was Fangio's only British GP win, and it was somewhat fortuitous as Moss' Maserati held the lead for a long time until problems hit. Leaning into the cockpit to congratulate him is his long time partner Dona Andreina.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Juan Manuel Fangio, portrait.

A relaxed looking Fangio before the race. As with any sport, the debate over who was the greatest of all is an everlasting one. For Grand Prix followers the same names will always recur, Nuvolari, Ascari, Moss, Clark, Stewart, Prost, Senna, Schumacher are all there. Personally I have never been able to see that anyone has actually done the job of being a Grand Prix driver better than Fangio. For me he will always be Maestro Fangio.

Photo, Jarrotts.



11

Monza Paddock, 1957.

A typically evocative shot from one of our favourite photographers, Edward Eves. The cars are being prepared for the coming battle by the brown overalled mechanics who are fussing over their charges. The differing nose colours were to help the pits identify the cars as they blasted by. The blue no.30 car is for Hawthorn, white no.32 for Musso, green no.30 for Collins, whilst no.36, the furthest away is for von Trips, who was to be the team's best finisher in third place.

The race was dominated by Stirling Moss on the Vanwall, who won comfortably from Fangio's Maserati. The long held dream of Vanwall founder Colin Vandervell to have a British car capable of beating "those bloody red cars" had already come true on his home soil at Aintree that season, but to do so in their own backyard at Monza was very special. Somehow it makes this piece particularly poignant.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Luigi Musso and Stirling Moss, Argentine GP, 1958.

One of the more recent acquisitions here, I was delighted that this was added to the Jarrotts archive earlier this year. I was looking for a piece which suggested the revolution in Formula One design which began when Cooper began putting the engine behind the driver. Although it had been tried before, most famously in the mighty Auto Unions of the 1930s, the prevailing trend twenty years later was for the classic front engined Grand Prix car, the "horse comes before the cart" as Enzo Ferrari viewed matters.

This particular piece has it all, the Argentine race marking the first post war win for a rear engined car. Stirling Moss had fallen out with Ferrari early in his career when, having driven all the way to southern Italy to Bari where Ferrari had promised him a car, he found that the machine had already been allocated to another driver. The snub was to cost Ferrari dear, as Moss would go on to deny the Ferrari team several key victories, both in GP and sports car from the mid '50s until his career ending crash at Goodwood in 1961. Ferrari developed huge respect for Moss, rating him second only to Nuvolari in his personal all time greats.

Luigi Musso, the Ferrari driver here, was part of the team alongside Hawthorn and Collins. Like Eugenio Castellotti, Musso hoped to fill the space in Italian motorsport left when Alberto Ascari died in 1955. He shared the winning car with Fangio in Argentina 1956, but was really starting to develop as a front line driver by 1958. He had performed heroically in May during the Monza Race of Two Worlds event, when the American Indianapolis stars took on the Europeans at the banked Monza circuit. Musso impressed everyone with his bravery in taking pole position on a big engined but evil handling Ferrari. He also won the great Sicilian road race, the Targa Florio, sharing the Ferrari Testarossa with Olivier Gendebien. Sadly he was killed early on in the French GP at Reims in 1958, crashing whilst chasing team mate Hawthorn.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Mike Hawthorn, Belgian GP, Spa 1958.

A wonderful Geoff Goddard photo of Hawthorn during his championship year. By now the Ferraris were struggling to live with the Vanwalls on many circuits, but they could still perform well on the faster tracks. Here at Spa Mike finished second to Tony Brooks' Vanwall and set fastest lap, for which a vital point was awarded at that time.

I selected this piece on various grounds, not least the Ford advertising hoarding in the background. Ford were to try to buy Ferrari some years later and, the story goes, they nearly did the deal until someone pointed out to Enzo Ferrari that, contrary to his understanding, the deal would include the racing division as well as the road car side of the company. That soon brought negotiations to a halt.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Mike Hawthorn, portrait.

It is sometimes easy to overlook these days just what an impact Mike Hawthorn made in motor racing. His wonderful win for Ferrari in the French GP at Reims in 1953 after a titanic struggle with Fangio and Gonzalez on their Maseratis as well as his team leader Alberto Ascari, was the first World Championship GP win by a British driver. In 1958 he famously became the first British World Champion. On his day he was a match for anyone but there were periods of inconsistency, sometimes attributable to the cars, sometimes not. He suffered from a serious and often debilitating kidney condition, but seldom referred to this publicly. Certainly it never seemed to stop him enjoying life. By the time he won the title, he had decided to retire, in part influenced by the death of his close friend and Ferrari team mate Peter Collins. Tragically Mike Hawthorn was killed in a road accident shortly afterwards in the winter of 1958.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Peter Collins, British GP, Silverstone 1958.

Hawthorn had won the French GP on the fast roads of Reims now it was Collins' turn on the open spaces of Silverstone. Bursting through from the second row at the start, he led the whole race in commanding style. Another lovely Geoff Goddard shot shows Collins in relaxed concentration, the powerful Ferrari suited to this fast track.

It was to be his final win, the fatal German GP coming just a few weeks later.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Peter Collins, portrait.

In many ways the favoured son at Maranello during the mid-50s, Collins took to life in Italy much more readily than "mon ami mate" Hawthorn. Ferrari always remembered his gesture in offering his car to Fangio at Monza in 1956, even though Collins himself stood a chance of winning the title that season. Strong drives in sports car racing for the team also helped cement a bond between constructor and driver. His marriage to American actress Louise King and subsequent move to Monaco did not go down so well with Ferrari, although he continued to drive strongly for the team.

Sadly he lost his life at the German GP in 1958 as he and Hawthorn tried to stay on terms with Brooks' Vanwall.

Photo, Jarrotts.
Enzo Ferrari, Monza 1958.

There are many famous photographs of Ferrari, but I have always liked this one by Edward Eves showing him with one of his front engined cars, engine cover off, displaying the heart of one of his machines.

After the death of his son Dino in 1956, he never attended races, but would make an annual appearance at Monza during the Saturday practice session. It was to become one of the sport's rituals, suiting his sense of theatre perfectly. Many commentators have criticised him on many grounds, his engineering conservatism, his relations with his drivers which invariably ended badly, his general machinations within the sport. There is substance to all of these arguments, but I am not sure that any of them diminish what he achieved. Simply put, he was an extraordinary participant in the history of motor sport, the great survivor whose legacy continues to evolve.



Photo, Jarrolds.

Tony Brooks, Avus 1959.

In many ways the quiet man of that great British drivers' quartet with Moss, Hawthorn and Collins, Tony Brooks became one of the most accomplished performers of the age. There is a wonderful story of Brooks being invited by the Connaught team to race in the Syracuse GP in 1953. Although not a round of the World Championship, it was nonetheless an event of some prestige, and would be contested by many of the top Italian drivers and cars. At the time he was in the latter stages of a university dentistry course, so on the way down he took the time to continue studying. In a huge upset which generated racing headlines he won the race, the first GP win for a British team since Henry Seagrave won the French GP for Sunbeam in 1923. The grandee Italian teams were still in shock as the winner flew back, again studying on the return flight!

The loss of Hawthorn, Collins and Musso during 1958 left Ferrari looking for a new line up. Vanwall withdrew, having won the inaugural Constructor's title, so Ferrari was happy to secure Brooks' services as he was a proven race winner with victories at both Spa and the Nurburgring in '58, as well as fine team drives for Aston Martin in sports cars.

By 1959 the rear engined cars were firmly in the ascendancy, but on the faster circuits where raw power counted for more than handling, the big Ferraris were still a threat and Brooks delivered wins at Reims, Monza and here at the Avus circuit outside Berlin. By the end of season race at Sebring for the first US GP, the title fight was between the Coopers of Jack Brabham and Stirling Moss, and Brooks. A startline incident saw Brooks stop to have the car checked over as a precaution and the title eventually went to Brabham.

A misunderstanding with the pits during the sportscar finale at Goodwood meant that another title also slipped from Maranello at the last round. Brooks left at the end of the season and, despite a couple of notable results, his career as a racing driver was coming to a close. I am delighted that in recent years, with the increasing interest in historic racing, he has enjoyed the appreciation that his career deserved.

Photo, Jarrotts
Jean Behra, Monaco 1959.

Another recent addition to the Jarrotts archive, I have selected this one for a number of reasons. Tough and courageous French driver Jean Behra had a very short career at Ferrari, joining them with Brooks for 1959, but leaving after the French GP. Dissatisfied with how the car and team were performing, and no doubt feeling the pressure from new driving recruit Dan Gurney who was instantly quick, Behra made his feelings very clear by punching team manager Tavoni and knocking him out! Dismissal followed swiftly. Sadly he was killed in an accident during the sports car race accompanying the German GP at Avus, as ever trying hard to make an underpowered car go quicker than its natural pace.

Standing to the front of the car here is Chief Engineer Carlo Chiti, another colourful character. It was Chiti who was to oversee the transition from the front to the rear engined cars from 1960/61 onwards. By all accounts temperamental but gifted, he was to leave Ferrari at the end of '61, in the biggest of all of Ferrari's "nights of the long knives" episodes, when a dozen of the top engineering and design staff were given their notices after tensions caused largely by Laura Ferrari, Enzo's wife and much feared factory visitor. Chiti went onto a lengthy career with Alfa Romeo, effectively heading up their racing division for two decades.



Photo, Jarrolds
Ferraris at Monaco, 1961.

For 1961 GP racing changed to a new, smaller engine capacity of 1.5 litres and Ferrari was ready with its new rear engine 156 cars, the famed "Sharknoses", a reference to their distinctive split nostrils. This was the first round of the World Championship and the new cars look very much ready for the battle which was about to commence. The three cars are for Californians Richie Ginther and Phil Hill, (36 and 38 respectively) and Wolfgang von Trips (40). Ginther, who had done much of the test and development work for the team, was to prove quickest of the three over the weekend and drove a magnificent race, but it was not enough to prevent Moss winning on his Lotus in what he considers his finest GP drive. They battled throughout the race, Moss only beating Ginther by less than three seconds after the one hundred laps, with Hill not far behind. It has become one of motor racing's enduring images, the blue and white Lotus being chased by the two Ferraris.

I have already mentioned my regret at not having an exhibition standard shot of Ginther to include here, for although he never won a GP for Ferrari, he is one of the key people from this period, and was highly respected as an engineer/driver. He would give Honda their first GP win in the final race of the 1.5 litre formula, at the Mexican GP 1965.

Photo, Jarrotts.
Giancarlo Baghetti, Reims 1961.

When Lewis Hamilton finished third in his first GP in 2007, the non-specialist media were quick to hail the most successful GP debut ever. Some of us could recall that another Englishman, Mike Parkes, had done slightly better and finished second on his debut, for Ferrari, at the 1966 French GP.

It was rather better known that Giancarlo Baghetti had done even better, winning his first GP in the 1961 edition of the French race. In fact, the story is even more impressive, for in those days of several non-championship races per season, the young Italian had already claimed two wins from two starts before he arrived for his World Championship debut in the champagne region of Reims.

On the fast and long straights of the classic road circuit the powerful Sharknoses were favourites, but one by one the works cars fell by the wayside and the race developed into a battle between Baghetti's privately entered Ferrari and the works Porsches of Dan Gurney, (seen here), and Jo Bonnier. Driving with wonderful aplomb, Baghetti rescued Ferrari honour with a cleverly timed slipstreaming manoeuvre which saw him get to the line just ahead.

It was an astonishing victory, but it would prove to be the highlight of Baghetti's racing career, despite several seasons of intermittent GP appearances. After retirement he became a well known journalist, often to be seen commenting on races for Italian television.

Photo, Sutton Images.

Wolfgang von Trips, Zandvoort 1961 and portrait.

A few years ago, rock musician Chris Rea produced a film, *La Passione*, in part loosely charting his childhood interest in Ferrari and in particular the way in which his imagination was captured by the German Count driving for the Maranello team. It is not a great movie, but it has certain resonances for all of us who grew up some while before the Schumacher years. One line especially stands out, a young boy watching a race on the TV, black and white of course, asking his Dad what colour the Ferraris are; "blood red son, blood red".

How else could you describe those days? Of noble descent, Wolfgang "Taffy" von Trips had been racing both sports cars and GP cars for Ferrari for a couple of seasons when his big chance came in 1961 when the red cars were the class of the field. In earlier years he had earned a reputation as a wild and reckless driver, von Crash was one popular title. However during the '61 season he drove with speed and maturity, winning here in Holland and the British GP at a very wet Aintree. By Monza the title could only be won by either him or team mate Phil Hill, but an awful accident, when von Trips and Jim Clark touched on their way down to the Parabolica, resulted in the German driver's death together with those of a dozen spectators. It was a terrible end to what had been a fine year for Maranello, and the popular driver was greatly mourned by both his colleagues and fans.



Photos, Jarrotts.

Phil Hill, Spa 1962 and portrait.

I have always found Phil Hill one of the most unusual characters among the sport's top level. In an age when drivers often resembled the swashbuckling fighter pilots of popular folklore, and with a survival ratio not so very different, the Californian was a worrier, beset with stomach ulcers even before he came to Europe, an opera loving, cultured man with a deep and genuine love of mechanical matters. For such a sensitive man to have overcome his own inner qualms and to have survived and prospered in a brutal age is impressive.

His driving record for Ferrari was also impressive. Three wins at Le Mans with Gendebien, three Sebring successes and countless championship contributing sports car drives when such things mattered as much as GP success to Ferrari, would have been enough to mark him out for a place in Ferrari's rich history. He joined the GP squad in 1958 and helped secure the title that year for team leader Hawthorn. The last ever winner of a GP in a front engined car, at Monza in '59, he really only had a truly consistently front running GP car for the 1961 season. There was very little to choose between him and von Trips that year, but it was terribly sad that his World Championship should be clinched at Monza following his team mate's fatal crash.

I have chosen this Edward Eves shot from the following year because of its quality. It was also the last decent result for Hill in GP racing, fourth here following a strong race in Monaco, but after this the team was on the wane, engineering strength having been lost with the mass sacking at the end of the previous year. His GP career went downhill, but he continued to be influential in sports cars, being a key part of the Ford GT programme before moving to Chaparral, for whom he won his final international race at Brands Hatch in 1967, beating the Ferrari team.

He enjoyed a lengthy and fruitful retirement, building up a world renowned car restoration business as well as working as a motoring journalist. I was in Italy when he died four years ago and was gratified to see the respect accorded him, which had not always been the case whilst employed at Maranello.



Photos, Jarrotts.

John Surtees, Nurburgring 1965.

Il Grande John as he became known in Italy, Big John was the translation I grew up with. When I first became aware of motor racing, whilst I looked on Jim Clark as a God, Big John was my first hero.

Already a hero in Italy following his seven world motorbike titles for MV Augusta, by the time he joined Ferrari in 1963 after instantly proving his speed on four wheels, great things were expected of the partnership. In a sense such expectations were fulfilled, a world title in 1964 and a number of thrilling sports car drives, and yet there is always the sense that even more races should have been won. There are so many what ifs in the story-had Ferrari not been so keen on Le Mans and the sportscar programme which took up much of the team's resources. Had Surtees not had his problems with manager Dragoni. Had the team developed the 1965 twelve cylinder car better, had he not had his huge accident driving a Lola at the end of the year. The list could go on, and in a sense it is no different from many drivers' careers, but the Surtees-Ferrari years were almost so strong that it is slightly frustrating. That said, they did achieve remarkable things together and even now any image of Big John on a Ferrari from the 1963-66 period still moves me as much as any such photograph can.

After a superb win in the Belgian GP at Spa in 1966 Surtees left Ferrari after serious disagreements within the team. Another victim of the incessant internal politics at Maranello, he went to Cooper then Honda, winning his last GP for the Japanese team in Ferrari's backyard at Monza in '67. Later founding his own team, with mixed results, he retired from active driving in 1971. He remains one of the most distinguished and revered figures in the sport.

There are a number of strong Surtees pieces within the collection, this one is probably my favourite. He had won the German race for the two previous years and always excelled on the demanding circuit, but was out of luck this time, retiring with gearbox troubles in a race won, almost inevitably that year, by Jimmy Clark for Lotus.

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Photo, Jarrotts.
John Surtees and Enzo Ferrari, Monza 1964.

I debated for some time whether to use a lovely Geoff Goddard portrait of John here, or this piece by Maurice Rowe, long time racing photographer for Motor magazine. In the end I opted for this one, I like the rapport it shows between the two men. Ferrari definitely had a soft spot for Surtees, not entirely due to the whisky the driver would be instructed to bring back to Maranello after a trip to the UK! Both men spoke warmly of their time together and one suspects a mutual recognition that the split had hurt them both, professionally and personally.

I am very grateful to my brother John who gave me this piece, something I would probably not have done for him!

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Photo, Maurice Rowe.
Ludovico Scarfiotti, Monza, 1966.

These days it is unusual, though not unknown, for teams to use different drivers during a season. During the 50s and through the 60s Ferrari in particular would use a squad of drivers who were on hand for the endurance races and might be offered occasional drives for the Grand Prix team. Ludovico Scarfiotti was a regular sports car driver who earned a reputation as a fast and consistent driver, sharing the winning Le Mans Ferrari with Lorenzo Bandini in 1963, the only one of the team's nine Le Mans wins to have an all Italian crew.

He drove for a variety of GP teams including Cooper and Eagle, but it was at Monza 1966 that he enjoyed his day of days, winning on home ground after team leader Bandini's car had retired. Of course it was a popular victory, an Italian winning for Ferrari at Monza being about as good as it gets in motor racing. It was to be his only GP success, unfortunately it did not lead to a regular drive. Sadly he was killed in that awful period during 1968 when so many drivers lost their lives in a short period. At the time he was competing for Porsche during a round of the European hill climb series.

Photo, LAT.
Mike Parkes, Nurburgring 1966.

There is a wonderful photograph in one of the books of Mike Parkes sat on the front wheel of his F1 Ferrari, balancing a silver tea tray on his knee, about to pour himself a very proper cuppa from the silver tea pot. I have never been able to find a print of this, which is a shame, as it seems to capture the very Englishness of Parkes within the Italian team. Mike Parkes' father was Chairman of the Alvis Motor Company, and he pursued an early career in engineering, working for the Rootes group where he helped develop the Hillman Imp. It was not long before his competitive side was finding a natural outlet on the tracks, as he quickly worked his way through the British club scene, catching the attention of the UK Ferrari importer Maranello Concessionaires for whom he was soon signed up to drive GT and sports car races.

He joined Ferrari itself during the Surtees years, combining the dual roles of development engineering on road and racing cars with a regular seat on the sports car team where he achieved some major wins. The two English drivers were sometimes paired together on sports cars, but did not enjoy a particularly close relationship, both having their own views on how to develop a racing car. There was also a large amount of Maranello politics involved, the dreaded Dragoni, then manager, doing much to undermine Surtees and favouring Parkes. Following Big John's departure from Maranello, Parkes took his seat in a GP car at the next race, the French GP, 1966, and finished second on his debut. The headlines were grabbed by Jack Brabham's win, the first for anyone driving their own car, but Parkes' performance was outstanding. He took another second behind Scarfiotti at Monza that year, but his total GP career comprised only a handful of races and was curtailed by an awful accident at Spa the following season, where he suffered severe leg injuries.

He had been a central figure in Maranello for three or four years, enjoying a long relationship with Ferrari's PA, Brenda Vernor, and Ferrari himself wished him to give up racing to concentrate on a managerial career within the company. After Spa, there was a lengthy period of convalescence, but he was back driving sportscars, although no longer on the works team, in the early 70s. Moving to Lancia he helped develop the Ferrari engined Stratos model. Sadly he was killed in a road crash near Turin in 1977.

This Goddard piece shows him at the German GP where he retired.

Photo, Jarrotts.
Lorenzo Bandini, Monaco 1967.

I was nine years old when Lorenzo Bandini lost his life during the later stages of the event photographed here, the Monaco GP. Leader of the Ferrari team, and lying second of the race, the car crashed at the chicane, catching fire and trapping the driver. He died a few days later from the severe burns. It was a shocking accident, and whilst I did not see it, reading about it in the newspapers, it left a profound impression on me. Lorenzo was the first of my childhood heroes to die whilst racing.

He was the most accomplished Italian driver of his day. Successful in sportscars, winning both Le Mans and Daytona for Ferrari, he was a fast and consistent GP driver, ably backing up Surtees during their time together and really coming to his peak by the time of his death. Quiet and unpolitical, rare qualities at the time at Maranello, I have never come across a bad comment about him from any source. He won only one GP, the Austrian round at Zeltweg in 1965, but was unlucky not to win a couple of races the following year when mechanical problems at both Reims and Monza intervened. He is still remembered with great affection whenever interviews are held with his contemporaries.

Photo, Jarrotts
Chris Amon, Monza 1967.

The reason a display of Ferrari GP winners only would not be acceptable to me! This is a strange sport, one in which any number of drivers with less obvious ability than Chris Amon have won GPs and even World Championships, yet he never won one, but did win each of the two 24 Hour endurance races which place such emphasis on reliability, exactly what was missing from his GP career.

Chris went to Maranello in 1967, after a few seasons in privately entered GP cars, but with the first win for Ford at Le Mans, sharing with fellow New Zealander Bruce McLaren, under his belt in 1966. After Bandini's death at Monaco and Parkes' crash at Spa, Amon very quickly found himself the sole representative of Ferrari for the rest of the season. He drove well, on many occasions the single red car waging a battle against the dominant Brabhams and new Lotus-Fords. For 1968 the young Belgian, Jacky Ickx, joined the team and took their sole win in France. Chris had strong races, particularly at Spa and Monza, but no wins. The following year was worse, the ageing V12 engine now outclassed by the widely used Ford V8 powerplant. At the end of the year Amon left, despite Ferrari trying to keep him. Enzo Ferrari, with one win from three seasons for his team, said to him, "I will win a race before you, Chris". Of course he was right, Ferrari launching the new Flat 12 engine and winning a number of races. Amon went to March and then Matra and despite some heroic drives, still could not win a round of the World Championship.

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Despite the lack of wins, to this day he enjoys a strong reputation among racing fans across the world. In part this is perhaps because he came to represent one of the last of a generation of drivers who excelled in both GP and sports car racing, a period before the sport became ever more technical and commercial. Today when interviewed, he often talks of the old days testing with Ferrari, when the Boss would watch and they would all lunch together, washing the food down with generous glasses of Lambrusco, before going even quicker in the afternoon. He may not go down as a winner in the books of statistics, but his place in racing folklore is secure.

The piece I have chosen seems shows Chris having made the inevitable pit stop for problems after running well in the 1967 Italian GP. It also shows two other great characters at Maranello during the '60s: immediately to the rear of the departing car is Giulio Borsari, for many seasons Chief Mechanic. To the left in the suit is designer Mauro Forghieri, who was in charge of all Ferrari design, chassis and engine, for almost two decades.

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Photo, Kevan West.

Jacky Ickx, Brands Hatch, 1972.

One of the most gifted drivers of the late 60s early 70s, Belgian Jacky Ickx was a popular and successful Ferrari man. He shared one season with Amon, in 1968, winning the wet French GP, before a nasty accident in Canada cut his season short. A contract with Gulf Oil and commitments to Ford in sportscar racing meant that he spent the following year at Brabham, finishing as runner up in the championship to Jackie Stewart and winning the closest ever Le Mans for Ford, in a season when success entirely eluded Ferrari. Returning to Maranello in 1970, he was to lead the team for three seasons. It was almost a very successful partnerships, but after winning three GPs in 1970 with Forghieri's new design built around his flat 12 engine, and promising much for the following season, later seasons were less strong, although there were wins in both '71 and '72. Always a force in the wet and on the great traditional drivers' circuits such as the old Nurburgring, Ickx was something of a throwback to an earlier age, a true racing romantic in an age when GP racing was changing rapidly into the modern sport we know today.

By 1973 the Ferrari GP team was in trouble, producing a car which was outclassed by its British rivals and Ickx left part way through the season. Despite sporadic flashes of his old brilliance, his later GP career was largely a disappointment.



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In sports car racing it was a different story. After many notable successes for Ferrari during his stint there, he later went to Porsche, ending up both as the first World Sportscar Champion and a total of six Le Mans wins. His love of endurance racing eventually led him to compete in the Paris-Dakar rally, an event which appealed to his notions of the purity of competitive driving.

Photo. Jarrotts

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Mario Andretti, Kyalami 1971.

One of motor sport's great love affairs, Andretti and Ferrari, is also one of the great "what might have beens". As a young boy Mario and his brother had been taken to Monza where they saw Alberto Ascari win for Ferrari, and their path was set. As Mario observed later, speaking of Ascari, he never met him but nobody had a greater influence on his life.

Emigrating to the USA and escaping post war communist life in the Trieste area of north eastern Italy, the young Mario was delighted to learn that racing also existed in his adopted land. He was to become one of the most successful drivers ever in indy racing, but this was only part of the story of an extraordinary career.

Ferrari wanted him as early as 1967, but it was not until 1971 that a deal was done for him to race in selected GPs, as and when his US commitments allowed. Results were mixed, and by '73 he was back in the States. When he did eventually decide to commit fully to GP racing, it was in partnership with Colin Chapman at Lotus, which yielded the 1978 World Championship, apart from Phil Hill the only US driver to take the title.

There was a post script with Ferrari. Following the death of Villeneuve and career ending injuries to Pironi in 1982, Ferrari was short of drivers. Mario received The Call and responded magnificently, arriving at Malpensa airport he stepped off the aircraft wearing a Ferrari hat to the delight of hundreds of spectators. He then took pole position before finishing the race third, to the delight of many thousands of devoted tifosi.

The word legendary is often overused, but I think it comes naturally when discussing Mario. I am delighted to be able to show this particular shot, his only GP win at the wheel of a Ferrari.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Niki Lauda, Monaco 1975 and Portrait.

There are plans at present to make a film about the 1976 season and the title battle between James Hunt and Niki Lauda. As the film is to be made by the same team who recently released the acclaimed Senna film, we can assume this is a serious venture.

When you survey all the great drivers and champions over the years, I am not sure that as a character anyone is more striking than Niki Lauda. He was a slightly surprising choice for Ferrari when he was signed for 1974, but Enzo Ferrari had spotted the raw speed that he had shown the previous year when his BRM allowed. He was instantly quick at Ferrari, but there were a number of mistakes during that first season, although he also won twice and took no less than nine pole positions. The test circuit at Fiorano had recently been commissioned and it suited Lauda perfectly, as he pounded around honing the car, constantly analysing and developing it with designer Forghieri and the team. By 1975 car and driver were ready. The Geoff Goddard photo here shows Niki en route to victory in Monaco, and this was really the turning point, as wins rapidly accumulated and the first Ferrari world champion since Surtees in 1964 was crowned at an emotional Monza, where Niki finished third and his team mate Regazzoni won.

He would have won in 1976 too, but for his terrible accident at the Nurburgring which saw him trapped in his blazing car, only being pulled out by some brave fellow drivers. He was given the Last Rites and I can well remember the shock we all felt. Forty one days later, weakened and heavily bandaged he reported for duty at Monza, to the amazement of everyone. He finished fourth, a sheer act of will. He lost the title to Hunt by one point, but I will not spoil the film too much by telling all the story!

A second title followed in 1977, but the relationship with Ferrari had not been the same since the accident and he left the team before the end of the year. Two seasons at Brabham followed, quite brilliant at times in 1978, but clearly by 1979 he was looking for a new challenge. In typical Niki style, he left motor racing halfway through a practice session in Canada, and left the sport to build up his airline, Lauda Air.

Two years later he was back, now with McLaren. He won his third race for the team and narrowly beat team mate Prost to collect a third Championship in 1984, before retiring properly at the end of the next season.

Always his own man, outspoken, forthright, in many ways the modern anti hero, professing no interest in the sport's heritage, famously swapping his many trophies with the local garage in exchange for car washes! Despite this, he became one of the sport's greatest heroes, applauded and revered today for his skill, his courage and for just being himself.



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I chose this particular portrait because it shows a side of Niki which is often overlooked in popular reports, his sense of fun. Usually portrayed by sectors of the British press as cold and calculating, Lauda is possessed of a quick and cutting wit, often used to undermine rivals. Here he is seen laughing with then manager at Ferrari, Daniele Audetto.

I hope the film captures both sides of this extraordinary man.

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Photo, Jarrots.

Clay Regazzoni, Monaco, 1975.

Ah, Gianclaudio Regazzoni. Say the name, and ask yourself who else he might drive for other than Ferrari? I really should show a portrait here, for not only did Clay sound the part, he certainly looked it.

A man with a reputation as a wild and erratic driver before 1970 in the junior classes, once given his chance on a race by race basis by Ferrari in F1 he seemed to develop instantly into a potential champion. After only a handful of starts he took his first GP win with a skilled drive at Monza, and went on to back lckx up strongly in the remaining races. two more seasons followed, with the car becoming less consistent as it was developed, before he left to drive for BRM.

For 1974 he was back, bringing BRM team mate Lauda with him, and if it was Niki showing the raw pace, it was Clay who took the championship battle down to the wire, losing narrowly to Emerson Fittipaldi, after a season of consistent point scoring and a couple of wins. He and Niki made a good pairing, the young Austrian intense and analytical, Clay generally more relaxed, enjoying pasta and a glass of wine with the mechanics, often before a qualifying session! It was an attitude which endeared him to the fans, in particular the tifosi in Italy, who treated him as one of their own, tending to rather overlook the fact that Clay was Swiss and proudly carried the red cross on his helmet.

He lost his place in the reshuffle following Lauda's accident, Ferrari having signed Reutemann immediately after Niki's crash, never expecting Lauda to return. Clay was out, and with him went much of the team spirit which had made for such a successful couple of seasons.

He remained in F1, winning Williams' first GP at Silverstone, a hugely popular result for both team and driver. Sadly he was severely injured in a crash at the US West GP in 1980, suffering terrible spinal injuries which left him paralysed. He founded a performance driving school for disabled drivers, practicing what he preached by having his trusty yellow Ferrari Daytona converted to a hand throttle and continuing to drive at a startling pace. He died in a road accident a few years ago, a much loved character and quintessential Ferrari man.

Photo, Kevan West.
Carlos Reutemann, Brands Hatch, 1978.

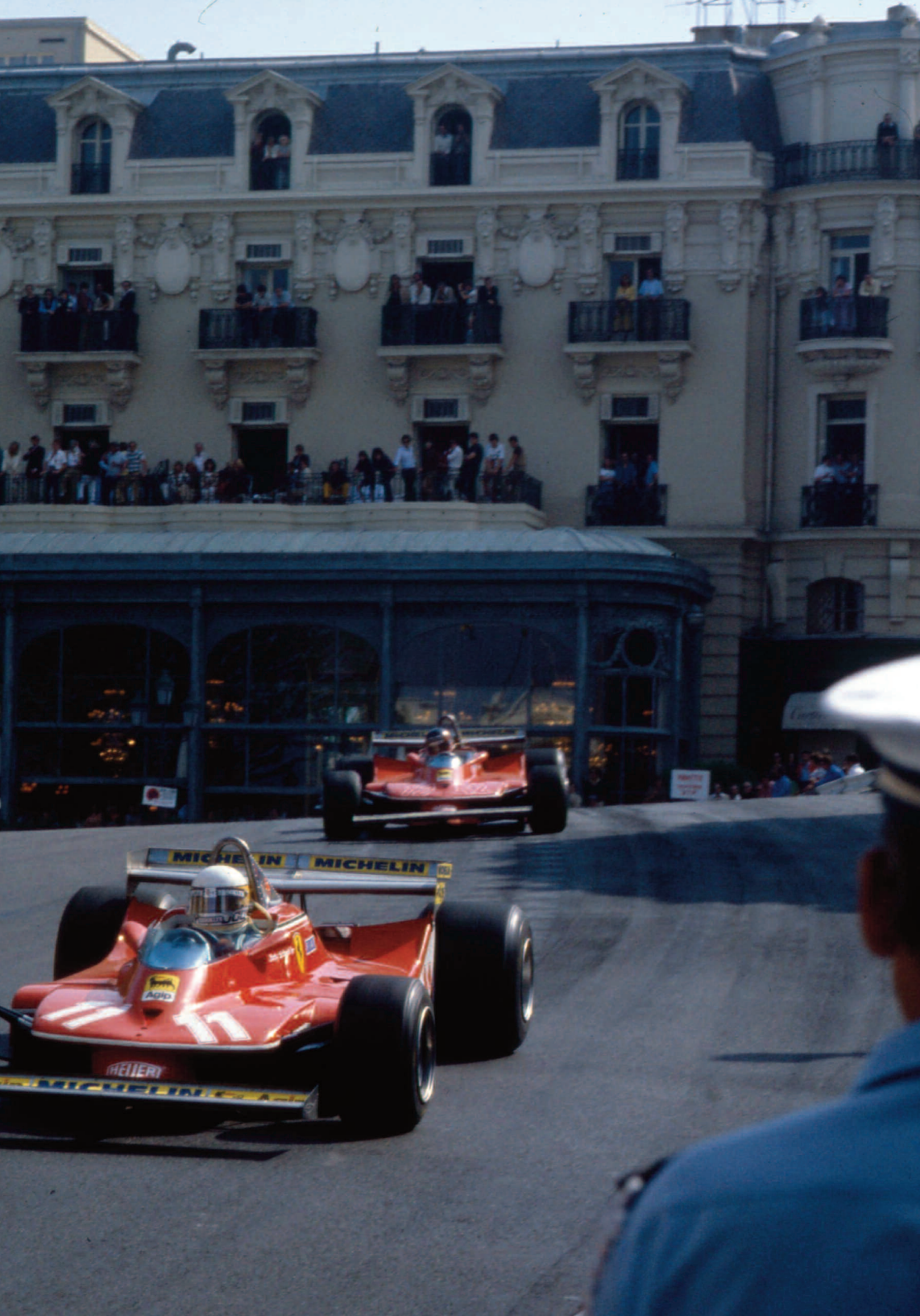
In all walks of life there are those who impress with their natural talent and those who impress with their determination and application. I have always seen Carlos Reutemann distinctly in the former category. That is not to imply that he did not apply his talent, certainly he did, but somehow his natural gifts never quite reached the level of consistency and outright domination which they were capable of. I hope this in no sense belittles his success, it is just that there was always the suspicion that even more was possible.

Already a multiple GP winner for Brabham by the time he was drafted in to replace the injured Lauda at Ferrari, great things were expected of the Argentinian. For a couple of the early races in 1977 it seemed that he might get the upper hand over the recovering Lauda, but soon Niki was back on top and got the team working his way en route to the world title.

By 1978 Lauda had left and Reutemann was leader, and his confidence seemed to grow, taking four wins and finishing third in the title behind Lotus drivers Andretti and Ronnie Peterson, who sadly lost his life after a startline crash at Monza.

Reutemann left for Lotus and had a disappointing year, before moving to Williams, where he should have won the '81 title, but somehow contrived to lose it in the final round. After retirement he went into politics, becoming Governor of the Santa Fe province and was tipped as a future President, but has recently suggested that he would not run for the top spot. Psychologists would no doubt point to the lack of a killer instinct, in both his racing and political career. Most of us remember him as a wonderful driver and decent man.

The photo has two particular interests. It was taken by former Jarrots boss John Olliver himself, the only one by him in my collection. I also well remember this race, as it came down to a battle between Reutemann and Lauda on a Brabham. I felt very torn watching this battle, dare I admit to actually wanting the old hero Lauda beat Ferrari? A difficult day, but I was never unhappy to see a Ferrari win.



Photo, Jarrotts.

Jody Scheckter, Monaco 1979 and portrait.

Intelligent, shrewd, successful would be three words to describe Jody Scheckter. A fourth one would be quick. Arriving from his native South Africa, Jody had a meteoric journey through the junior formulae to make his debut for McLaren as a GP driver on a selected race basis in 1973. He was astonishing, confidently battling with the established stars at the front of the field by his third race. At Silverstone he achieved notoriety by having a lurid spin at the beginning of the GP resulting in a crash which eliminated half the field, mercifully without serious injury. Many muttered about inexperience and over driving, but his confidence was not dented.

By the time he arrived at Maranello in 1979 the youthful exuberance had been tamed, but there were accomplished seasons at Tyrrell and Wolf behind him, with a number of wins at both teams, including the only win for the Tyrrell six wheel car in 1976. There was a feeling that it was make or break time now: of the options available to him, he was clear that Ferrari offered the best chance of taking the World Championship he wanted. He was right, and at Monza he was duly crowned Champion, but it had not been an easy season. On some circuits the old flat 12 powered car was probably the best of the field, but it was coming under ever greater pressure from the new generation of ground effect cars, led by Lotus the previous year but with Williams making the running by the middle of 1979.

I have never really felt Scheckter's title received the praise it deserved. In a sense, the headlines were grabbed by his younger team mate, Gilles Villeneuve (see next piece), whose battles during the season became legendary, but Jody won races and accumulated the points to reach his target. This was not by luck, the raw pace had been allied to a strong tactical brain and he fully merited his title.

The following year was a dreadful one for Ferrari, the car now hopelessly outclassed and we had the reigning World Champion and the fast Villeneuve struggling even to qualify at times. At the end of the year he retired, but there is a lovely vignette of him getting out of the car at the end of his last race, walking down its bodywork to the sincere and appreciative applause of his mechanics and onlookers. He had got out in one piece, and had endured a shocking final season with much stoicism.

His life out of the cockpit has been equally outstanding. A successful business venture in the US was sold and he is now running one of the best respected organic farms in the UK. I can vouch for Laverstoke Farm produce!

During his career he was famously aloof and reticent with the press, but whenever he does give interviews he is unfailingly interesting and entertaining.

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I have chosen the Monaco shot here carefully. It is a beautiful shot, showing Jody leading Villeneuve early in the race. He went on to win, his team mate retired. The portrait shows them together at Silverstone where both men struggled. Together they made one of Ferrari's finest teams.

40-41

Photo, Jarrots.

40, 41. Gilles Villeneuve, Jarama 1981 and portrait.

Let me declare myself straightaway. There are two schools of thought on Gilles Villeneuve's place in Grand Prix history. One view is that he was wild and at times over the top in his risk taking on track. It is a view held by a number of commentators whose opinion I certainly respect. More tellingly, it is a view held by a few of his contemporaries on track. Being honest, it is a view which is at least arguable.

The other position is very different, and has Gilles as perhaps the last of the great romantics, overcoming wayward cars (Ferraris) to perform impossible deeds, even when he knew the car could not possibly last. He did this because, for him, that is what a racing driver should do. He was paid to race, not to pick up points by driving within his or the car's limits, and there is a world of difference between the two, even if it may only be measured in hundredths of a second on the watch.

Of course, I am very firmly of the latter view. Yes, there were crashes, a number of them, and yes, sometimes even quite a heavy crash would not necessarily halt Gilles entirely, as he tried to continue with a car which clearly was not going to get him very far. But he could be beautifully controlled too, disciplined enough to hold a gaggle of cars at bay, knowing that he was quick enough on the straight despite losing out everywhere else to hold a winning position, if only he could position a difficult car absolutely perfectly lap after lap. This is the story of his win here at Jarama in '81, with the first turbo engined car, which, shall we say, did not enjoy the most advanced of chassis and suspension designs.

By that period Gilles was already a legend. From the moment he joined Ferrari after Lauda's sudden departure towards the end of 1977, after only a single guest drive at Silverstone for McLaren, there was something about him that we warmed to. There seemed to be an innocence to him, a simple uncomplicated love of driving. He suited Ferrari perfectly, forming the strongest possible rapport with the demanding tifosi, those legions of passionate Italian supporters who demand so much of their drivers.

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This is not the place to recount his many battles, or his refusal to give up trying in cars which were really bad, but I recall so vividly the awful weekend when he died following his practice crash at Zolder, during the Belgian GP meeting in 1982. I was studying in Bologna at the time and remember listening to the radio news bulletins hoping that somehow he would survive the terrible injuries he had suffered, but of course it was beyond that. By the Monday morning every small shop, cafe, garage and restaurant had a small photo of the little French Canadian in their window.

They were not alone in their affections. Enzo Ferrari wrote that he loved him as a son, which speaks volumes. French driver Jacques Laffite perhaps summed it up most eloquently when he said that no human being can work miracles, but with Gilles....

Martin asked me a while back if he was my favourite driver of all. I still cannot answer that, but it will be thirty years next May since he died, and I can only say that I do not believe that there has quite been anyone since who reached out so deeply to so many of us.

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Photo, Jarrolds.

Didier Pironi, Monaco 1982.

For any fan of the beloved Gilles Villeneuve it is never easy to discuss his team mate at the time of his death, Didier Pironi, for their story is so entangled and became so embittered. Two weeks before Gilles was killed at Zolder, the San Marino GP had been held at Imola. Half the teams had refused to race following arguments with the governing body about the regulations. Renault and Ferrari did race, both French cars dropping out leaving the two Ferraris to race to the finish. To keep the crowd entertained they staged a few laps of passing and repassing, but Gilles thought that he had led at the appropriate time near the end for the race to be settled in his favour. There was an understanding within the team to this effect, but Pironi overtook him with two laps to go to take the win. Villeneuve believed he had been duped and refused to speak to Pironi. Two weeks later, determined to prove who was the fastest, Gilles was killed.

It seems unfair to introduce Didier Pironi into the story like this, but the event has coloured opinion ever since. He had struggled with the first turbo Ferrari during 1981, but by '82 the car was much improved, and by the time these awful events took place was becoming a genuine championship contender. At Monaco, seen here, there were a remarkable couple of laps at the end where all the leading runners seem to suffer separate problems within a mile or two of each other. Didier almost won, but suffered electrical failure on the final lap, ending up second.

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The next phase of the season saw Pironi and Ferrari start to come to the boil and as the German round of the championship approached they were in the lead. In another sickening practice accident, Didier on a soaking wet track had a violent accident and suffered severe leg injuries. Despite many operations to repair the damage he was never able to race again, but later on tried his hand at powerboat racing. He was killed in an accident during a race off the Isle of Wight in 1987. After his death his girlfriend gave birth to twin boys, naming them Didier and Gilles.

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Photo, Jarrotts.

Patrick Tambay, Monaco 1983

Again, the story goes back to Villeneuve. He and Frenchman Patrick Tambay had been friends on the Canadian racing scene and had started their F1 careers together. Whilst Gilles was soon blazing his path to glory at Ferrari, Tambay was having a much quieter career at a struggling McLaren before moving to two other teams. His GP career was not developing, but following Gilles' death he received The Call from Maranello. As he explained later, it was a terribly difficult decision, he and Gilles had remained close, indeed he was godfather to Gilles and Joanne's son, Jacques (who would become World Champion for Williams in 1997). Overcoming personal doubts he took the drive and did a fine job. He scored two highly emotional wins, the first in Germany, the day after Pironi's practice crash, the second at Imola the following season. Driving car number 27, Gilles' last number, as he took his place on the starting grid there was a Canadian maple emblem painted in his position. Around the track the tifosi held banners urging him to "win for Gilles". When Ricardo Patrese's Brabham stumbled near the end of the race, there was Ferrari no.27 to take over. It is not often that watching on television you hear the roar of the crowd over the noise of the cars, but this was such an occasion.

Tambay ended the season fourth in the championship and was a vital part of the two Constructors championships won by Ferrari in '82/'83. Charming and courteous, many of us were sad to see him leave the team at the end of the '83 season. He joined Renault, but they did not have a strong car and his later career was disappointing. He remained, however, very popular and his time at Ferrari is well remembered.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Rene Arnoux, San Marino GP, 1984

Another Frenchman, another strong link with Gilles. The remarkable events at Dijon in 1979, when Renault won their first GP, the first win for a turbo engined car in the modern era, but this was almost overshadowed by the battle waged by Villeneuve's Ferrari and the second Renault driven by Arnoux. It was knife edge stuff, (YouTube can be of use!), and whilst some observers were critical of their antics, Andretti summed it up perfectly, "just two young cubs pawing each other".

Arnoux was fast at Renault, but not always the perfect team player at the notoriously politicised French state owned team. Ferrari snapped up his services to partner Tambay in 1983 and they did a good job. I remember the sight of the two Frenchmen on their Ferraris leading the field from the front row at Silverstone that year, stirring stuff although it did not last. Arnoux was a title contender for much of the season, but fell away towards the end as Piquet went on to win for Brabham. The following year he was less successful, slightly shaded by his new team mate Alboreto, although there were still some good results, including a second at Imola in the photograph shown here.

He left Ferrari suddenly after one race in 1985. At the time reference was made to leg injury problems, but this was certainly news to most observers. The reasons for the sudden departure have never been clear, but Arnoux's best days were now over. He spent several further seasons in F1 mostly with the French Ligier team, but they were memorable only for his often erratic driving and his singular lack of help in moving over for quicker cars.

He was really better than this and I still have a soft spot for the irreverent Frenchman of the early '80s. I am glad to see that he often appears today in historic races where he is always appreciated.



Photo, Jarrotts.
Michele Alboreto, Estoril 1987.

The first regular Italian driver for Ferrari since Lorenzo Bandini, Alboreto turned out to be one of the longest serving drivers for the team, staying for five seasons from 1984 to 1988. He was an intelligent rather than spectacular driver, already a double GP winner against the odds for a waning Tyrrell team when he joined the Scuderia. This was the age of the turbo engined F1 cars and Ferrari were generally struggling against the opposition from McLaren, Williams and Lotus with the young Senna at the wheel. There was a short period in 1985 when it looked as if he was going to mount a serious attempt on the title as he racked up a strong sequence of results, but the team seemed to run out of steam before the end of the season as Prost took his first title for McLaren.

This was the high point of Michele's career, for whilst there were good drives over the ensuing seasons the car was never really a regular front runner and by his final year at Ferrari he was certainly struggling to match Berger's pace. The pair scored that memorable one-two at Monza in 1988, just weeks after the Old Man's death, and I remember thinking that it was a shame it was not the Italian driver leading across the line.

After Ferrari he stayed in GP racing for a few seasons, but seldom in competitive machinery. Ultimately he moved to sports car racing, taking a Le Mans win in 1997. Very sadly he was killed testing an Audi sports car in 2001. The photo selected shows Michele leading Alain Prost's McLaren.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Gerhard Berger, Adelaide 1988.

Austrian Gerhard Berger earned a reputation as a fast, brave driver over a lengthy GP career from 1984 to his retirement at the end of 1997. He really came to prominence in 1986 when he drove the spectacular Benetton BMW. In qualifying trim this engine was producing around 1400 brake horsepower, but had a lifespan of about two laps, so to qualify well required a large dose of firm commitment. Berger showed plenty and was always towards the front of the grid.

Such bravery was duly noted in Maranello and he was signed for 1987 to partner Alboreto. Berger was the quicker of the two, but the car was inconsistent, although at the end of the season he scored two wins which gave the team great expectations for the following year. It was not to be, as the Senna-Prost McLaren team won fifteen out of sixteen races. The exception? The Monza race referred to above, when Berger led an emotional Ferrari one-two over the line after Senna had tripped over a lapped car two laps from the finish.

Nigel Mansell joined for 1990 and Gerhard was no longer obviously the quickest driver. He suffered a huge crash at Imola when the car left the track violently and caught fire. He was stretchered off, managing to wave to a relieved home crowd. His hands were burnt, but he was soon back. By the end of the year he had scored a good win at Estoril, but generally Mansell had fared better.

He left for three seasons at McLaren with Senna, with whom he developed a good relationship, the easy going Gerhard apparently content to play the number two role within the team, a relief to Senna after the virtual civil war with Prost.

Berger returned to Ferrari for a further three seasons in 1993. Ferrari was really starting to slide towards midfield for much of the time, but there were some better days, one in particular showing the calibre of the man. At Monza in '94 he had a huge shunt during the morning warm up, destroying the car and hurting his neck. He was taken to the circuit medical centre then to hospital where he spent most of his time arguing with the doctors. By 2pm the spare car was ready for the start and Gerhard ended up second.

Such character always made him a popular figure with the tifosi and we were sorry to see him leave at the end of 1995 as he made way for a young German driver. He ended up back at Benetton, still one of the top half dozen drivers at the time of his retirement.

Photo, Jarrotts.

Nigel Mansell, Imola 1989.

The popular British perception of Nigel Mansell as the People's Champion was not entirely an isolated one. In Italy he still remains Il Leone, The Lion, a testament to his fighting qualities.

The last driver ever to be signed by Enzo Ferrari himself, his career at Ferrari started well, with a surprising win for the new car in Brazil, 1989. So unreliable had this car been in testing that Mansell had booked a flight home which left well before the race ended. I am sure that for once even Nigel would not have minded changing his plans!

The unreliability soon resurfaced, but he scored a wonderful win in Hungary that same year, having started thirteenth on the grid on a circuit at which overtaking is usually impossible.

For 1990 Prost replaced Berger as his team mate and the problems soon began. By Silverstone Nigel claimed to have had enough, publicly wondering how it was that whilst Prost's car was winning races, his was always breaking down. With a theatrical gesture he tossed away his helmet into the crowd, but of course, he was back for the next race.

His two seasons at Maranello were marked by his trademark fighting spirit, and indeed some strong results with four wins for the team, but he rejoined Williams, just at the right time as they perfected their car for Mansell's hugely dominant season in 1992.



Photo, Jarrolds.

Alain Prost, Silverstone 1990 and portrait.

I confess to not quite knowing what the popular perception of Prost is, so many people seem to have much stronger, and usually more favourable, views of both Ayrton Senna and Nigel Mansell. I get the impression that the little Frenchman is seen as less combative, less heroic than some of his contemporaries. Certainly he is often seen through the prism of Senna, a view enhanced by the recent Senna movie.

For many of us this is somewhat unfair. From his earliest days in motor racing Alain was marked out as one of the Special Ones. By the time he joined Ferrari in 1990 he had already won three World Championships for McLaren, and had only narrowly lost out on a couple more. When he joined Ferrari, despite the best efforts of Mansell and Berger, it was several seasons since the Italian team had looked like having a serious shot at a driver's title, but in his first season he took the battle for the championship right the way down to the wire in Japan, where Senna ruthlessly removed him at the first corner. It was a deliberate manoeuvre, as Senna later admitted, and ended a strong season which saw Prost deliver six wins to the team.

For the following season Ferrari once again took a very good car and made it much worse, the year turning out to be a complete disaster. There were no wins at all and Prost made the mistake of criticising the team in the Italian press. He was fired before the end of the year, a strange way to treat a driver who offered the team their best hope of success. He took a year out before returning with Williams and collecting a fourth and final title before retiring at the end of 1993.

Alain never really enjoyed the wholehearted devotion of the tifosi. I have often wondered if this, in part, goes back to his early McLaren days when he battled team mate Lauda for the 1984 title. Despite his very public falling out with Ferrari, Niki was always a hero to the Italian fans, and they never took kindly to Prost. He was even stoned when he walked back to the pits after his car broke down in '84, and always had a police escort at Monza theatre!

Or perhaps it was as a Ferrari driver at Imola in 1991 that the popular tide moved against him. It was wet, not Alain's favourite conditions, and he spun off...on the warm up lap. Italian crowds are notoriously not of the "forgive and forget" variety.

Whatever the reason, he was not the most worshipped of Ferrari drivers. Perhaps his style was just too smooth, his approach too cerebral to hold deep popular appeal, but for many of us he is one of the greatest of all, a master craftsman who made everything look easy.

The Silverstone shot is one of my favourites, showing Alain taking a decisive victory at the track where this story started. The portrait is a recent acquisition, Prost the thinker, the driver who knew that there was more to winning races than just being the quickest.

Photos, Jarrotts

Jean Alesi, Canada 1995 and portrait.

There was always something about Jean Alesi which reminded me a little of Clay Regazzoni. From a Ferrari fan that is a compliment. He was talented, he was fast, he seemed right for Ferrari, there was a natural rapport between him, the car and the fans. However five seasons yielded but a single win, shown here at the Gilles Villeneuve circuit in Canada. Well, if you drive Ferrari number 27 and win one GP, i guess this is as appropriate as any.

Like Regga, Alesi could have his mischievous days. Who else would ignore pit instructions to come in for refuelling and then stop out on the track, fuel tanks dry? Was there not a story about him and Berger, having both their road going Ferraris stolen before the San Marino GP as they enjoyed dinner? It sounds about right.

I was at Monza in 1995. Schumacher on the Benetton and Hill's Williams had had one of their frequent spats early on and eliminated each other. Berger and Alesi led for Ferrari, but Berger dropped out and for a long time Alesi was in front, and we dared to hope. It did not last, of course, the suspension broke, but there was this real sense of theatre, the palpable sense of a hundred thousand tifosi willing him on. Poor Jean was so disappointed he walked out of the pits and drove straight back home to Avignon in an effort to get the race out of his system.

He was always good enough to have won more races, but this was another of Ferrari's weaker periods. I could not resist showing this portrait, it shows a moody looking Alesi enduring the frustrations of having a Ferrari which was not delivering the results.

Photos,

50, Jarrotts



51, Motorsport Originals.

Michael Schumacher, Monaco 1997, and portrait with Jean Todt.

Ok, well here we are at last, Schumi, seven times world champion, five consecutively for Ferrari, 91 GP wins, breaker of pretty well every statistical record there ever was.

Well, let us look beyond the stats and ask another type of question. What did he mean to us tifosi, and to this one in particular. Yvonne will often point out that i was anti- Schumacher at first. Well, this is not quite true, he was clearly wonderfully gifted from the start, but thinking back to the race at Monza in 1995 which Alesi led for so long, my other memory is of seeing all the tifosi banners up before the race, mostly saying "Berger,Alesi si, Schumacher non". I felt that way, having won two titles for Benetton he just did not seem right somehow for Ferrari. There was none of the natural Alesi charisma.

At least one wiser head observed us all that day at Monza and Nigel Roebuck, in his then weekly column for Autosport wrote that we would soon warm to him once he started to win a few races.

Remember, that since Prost challenged Senna for the title in 1990, Ferrari had won the grand total of two races, one each for Berger and Alesi. It was a brave, albeit lucrative, move for the reigning World Champion to join the struggling Scuderia. He struggled with the car at first, wet conditions being his best hope where his wonderful feel for what the limits were allowed him to take some majestic wins, one of which is seen here at Monaco. I was there that day, spectating at the swimming pool, and the gap after Schumacher went by on lap one made me think that there had been an accident behind him, but no, it was just that he was so much quicker from the startline.

By 1998 the team was starting to shape up under Jean Todt's general management. With Ross Brawn directing race strategy, Rory Byrne heading up the design and Schumi at the wheel, suddenly Ferrari were becoming contenders again, even if they were not yet on terms with McLaren, for whom the great Finn, Mika Hakkinen won both the 1998 and '99 titles. They might have gone Schumi's way though, a messed up start in Japan in '98 and a nasty accident at Silverstone in '99, which resulted in a broken leg, putting paid to his chances.

Was the German cracking under pressure? He certainly appeared vulnerable, but 2000 marked the real turning point. Spectating at the Ascari chicane at Monza that year, brother John and I, doing our first Monza customer trip, entertained our guests by shedding tears as we finally witnessed our first Ferrari win there since 1988. This race set him on his way to that elusive world championship, the first for a Ferrari driver since Scheckter, twenty one years

previously.

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The rest, as they say, is history. An unbroken series of five consecutive titles, weekends of complete Ferrari domination such as i had always wanted to see. The record books tell the story. Or part of it at least. Something changed for me during this period. I was never of the opinion that Schumi was the greatest ever, there were simply too many errors and too many blatantly wrong moves during his career. But yes, i warmed to him greatly. I believe life at Ferrari changed him. He was a great team man, spurring them on to ever greater heights, but never giving less than his absolute best. After so many years of not winning, he gave us the belief that regular success was possible. There were sublime days, when he could pull such remarkable driving performances. Roebuck had been right all along, as the wins came we warmed to him all right.

Despite what was often written about him in the UK press, there developed a massive bond between him and the tifosi. It was the strangest of feelings to have been at Monza in 2006 when he won, then announced his retirement. Then it hit you, there was going to be a void, and it had been a long time since i had felt that for a driver.

For all the criticism, much of it justified, i think Michael gave me back something, an almost boyish enthusiasm for the whole Ferrari Grand Prix story. I am very sure i was not alone in this.

Photos, 52, Jarrotts
 53, Motorsports Originals
 Eddie Irvine, 1994.

A product of fellow Irishman Eddie Jordan's team, like his mentor Irvine was a smooth talking, fun loving operator. A surprise choice to partner Schumacher at Ferrari in 1996, he drove for the team for four seasons.

The 1996 and 1997 cars were very difficult animals to tame, and it is fair to say that only Schumacher's ability allowed them to be competitive and even occasional winners. It is often overlooked just how much mechanical deficiency the German had to overcome in his early seasons at Maranello.

Certainly Irvine seemed to struggle, generally qualifying and racing some way off Shumi's pace. By 1988 the car was progressing and so did Eddie with some decent results coming. His real chance came the following year following Michael's leg breaking accident at Silverstone. Ironically the car was now fully competitive with the McLarens, and temporarily partnered by Mika Salo (who did a commendable job), Irvine took some good mid season wins to challenge for the title, but ultimately he failed to stop Hakkinen retaining the crown. In truth, when Michael came back for the last couple of races, it was pretty obvious who was the quickest, and we were left to wonder what might have been.

For 2000 Irvine left to join the new Jaguar team, a move which greatly enhanced his, presumably, already healthy bank balance but did not lead to

much in the way of results. He retired in 2003.
 Photo, Jarrotts.
 Rubens Barrichello, test session, 2002.

I will offend his many fans by saying so, but I do see Barrichello as Scumacher's number two, just as i do Irvine. He served six seasons at Maranello and of course these coincided with Ferrari's most dominant period since the Ascari period in 1952/53. During his stint at Ferrari Rubens won nine GPs for the team and scored numerous podium finishes, but the controversy always lingers over how many more he could, or should, have won, had he not been constrained by team orders to play a supportive role to Schumacher. The Austrian GP 2002 was the most notorious of these races, where Rubens, clearly quicker all weekend, was ordered to let Michael through and duly did so on the last lap. There were embarrassing scenes on the rostrum as Shumacher looked sheepish and handed his trophy to Barrichello. Amidst the ensuing controversy team orders were banned and general opprobrium was heaped on Ferrari,

Schumacher and manager Todt.

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It was not pretty, but Ferrari were trying to secure the titles at the earliest possible opportunity. I am not sure it was wrong. There were days when Barrichello was quicker, he was a very good driver after all, and he deserved the success he had. It is just that i do not quite go along with the hard done by angle which is often given to his story, where else at the time was he going to have such results? I simply do not believe that over a season he was stronger than Schumacher, and certainly had Schumacher not been there the team would never have been so competitive in the first place.

I know, this sounds critical of the most experienced GP driver of all, one of the nicest and most popular of men in the sport, and it is not really meant that way, because on his day he was the best in the field. It is just that there were only maybe a couple of races each season where this was the case, the rest of the time the man on the other Ferrari was better, and he was the best bet to win

the titles the team needed.

Photo, Motosport Originals

Kimi Raikkonen, Hungary 2007 and portrait.

The third of "the Flying Finns" after Keke Rosberg and Mika Hakkinen, possibly Raikkonen was the most naturally gifted of all which is saying something, as the other two were both brilliant and i was an enormous admirer of both.

I think i am right in saying that when Raikkonen made his GP debut for Sauber in 2001, he had only ever started in a couple of dozen races, mostly in the junior Formula Renault category. At the time Sauber were running Ferrari engines and there was a story of Schumacher following this Sauber around the Fiorano test track and wondering who on earth it was behind the wheel who was going so quickly. I remember there was controversy when Peter Sauber signed him over his experience and whether or not Kimi should be allowed a GP

licence.

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There need have been no such worries. In the manner of all the greats, he was instantly on the pace and at home in an F1 car, facts noticed quickly by Ron Dennis at McLaren who signed him to replace the retiring Hakkinen for 2002. He was soon winning races and showing his natural speed and bravery, pushing Schumi hard for the title in 2003 and just losing out to Alonso's Renault in 2005.

At Monza in 2006 when Michael announced his retirement, the long rumoured Raikkonen move to Ferrari was also made public. There were mixed feelings. Quick, certainly, but as a replacement for Schumacher with his work ethic and dedication? We wondered. I suppose both views were right. When Raikkonen was on form he was the fastest man out there, unquestionably brave, a racer, but he could be so erratic and hated much of the modern corporate side of being a GP driver. He himself admitted that he would have felt more at home thirty or forty years earlier.

His championship season in 2007 began well, with a win at the first race in Australia, but with a couple of races to go in the calendar, rookie Lewis Hamilton was looking favourite to win after an "interesting" first year alongside Alonso. The last races were watched by millions, as Hamilton and McLaren faltered at the last and Kimi overturned a large points deficit to win the title by one point.

I thought we may be on the verge of a couple of dominant seasons again, but it never happened. Team mate Massa seemed to take the upper hand during 2008 and Kimi seemed to gradually lose interest, eventually leaving F1 for rallying at the end of '09, although there are currently rumours that he might return to GP racing.

An true enigma, despite the title, I think that here was another wonderful talent who might have achieved even more. Perhaps it just shows how special Schumacher had been, keeping up such a high standard for over ten seasons.

Photos, Motorsport Originals.
Felipe Massa, Turkey 2008 and portrait.

Felipe seems to have become a permanent fixture in the Ferrari GP team, now in his sixth season with them. As with Raikkonen, he joined after an initial spell with Sauber and a season as a test driver for Ferrari.

His first year as a member of the race team was 2006 , where he did a good job of supporting Schumacher, although they could not quite manage to prevent Alonso's Renault gaining a second title. He was not as fast as Raikkonen in '07 , but came good the following year. Who can forget the extraordinary finale that season in Felipe's home country, Brazil, when the title was to be decided between him and Hamilton. In a mixed weather race, Massa won and for thirty seconds appeared to have won the championship, but Hamilton overtook Glock's Toyota on the final bend to gain the necessary one point advantage. Real drama!

My own feelings were mixed, i believed Hamilton to be the better driver, and probably wanted him to win on merit, but i remember feeling very excited for a few seconds when it looked as if there was another Ferrari champion!

I suspect that this is going to be the highlight of Felipe's career. He suffered a very nasty crash indeed in practice for the Hungarian GP in 2009 , when a part fell off Barrichello's Brawn and pierced the following Massa's helmet. Initial reports of his condition were very gloomy indeed, but after much surgery he has made a fine recovery and was back in the car from the beginning of 2010. He plays second fiddle to Alonso, and rather like Barrichello and Schumacher before, this seems right even if sometimes he has to give way, as happened in Germany last year when he was asked to move over for his team mate.

Like a number of drivers, if the car is right, he can be very good indeed. If not, he does not have the improvisational skills of a Schumacher or Alonso to get the best result.

I am pleased to have this photograph from Turkey. He scored a hat trick

of wins here from '06 to this one in '08.

Photos, Motorsport Originals.

Fernando Alonso, Malaysia 2010 and portrait, Bahrain 2010.

Inevitably Ferrari is looking for someone to bring Schumacher levels of driving talent, development ability, team leadership, consistency and outright pace. It is a tall order, but when they signed Fernando Alonso for the 2010 season and beyond, they probably made the best possible choice.

There are similarities between the two; a precocious talent, you have to have been very special to have made an impression with the old Minardi car, as Fernando did. Indeed, Schumi soon noted him as a potential threat, putting him on the grass at Silverstone early in his career, in one of his trademark moves, a compliment of sorts. He joined Ferrari having two World Championships to his name, won for Renault in '05/'06, fending off Schumacher's late run in the latter season.

He has had a bad press in this country, largely I suspect due to his season with Hamilton at McLaren in 2007. He had gone there expecting to be treated as the number one and had a rude shock when rookie Hamilton did not see matters that way. The infamous "Spygate" affair caused really bad feelings all round and he was back to Renault for two seasons before joining Ferrari.

He seems to have fitted in extremely well at Maranello, getting the team around him and he almost won the title last year in a car which was certainly not the consistently quickest. He has made a few errors in races, but on the whole he is probably the best person to get the optimum out of a car which is not the fastest on the grid. A number of drivers can look very good in the best car, but can soon look very ordinary in a less strong car. Alonso has always looked strong, whatever the qualities of the car.

My only reservation concerns the team, rather than the driver. It looks to me that the pendulum has swung away from Ferrari and back to McLaren and particularly Red Bull, for whom Sebastian Vettel's performances are currently sublime. If Ferrari can develop a consistent winner, then Alonso will deliver his side of the deal.

We need to see more scenes like the last photo in this selection, Fernando's first race and win for the team in Bahrain 2010.

Photos, Motorsport Originals.

Postscript. "A small thing, but mine own..."

If thanks was due in the Introduction, I feel apologies, or at least an explanation is due at this point.

Courtesy of the Notes function on my iPad, (R.I.P. Steve Jobs whose death was announced today), I see that I wrote the first piece here on Gonzalez on September 4th. Alonso, the final piece, was written on October 5th. In between these two dates, we did our annual Monza weekend, moved offices the following week, launched a new brand of appliances and organised a trade show, apart from the day to day affairs of running a business. More seriously I had my usual bout of man flu following Monza!

It was never intended to hold this show at all, it came about by accident. Many good things in life follow a similar pattern. The pieces here make no claim to anything really, of necessity they have turned out to be short, journalistic impressions. I hope they are not inaccurate, but they merely offer some of my own opinions and feelings about the people featured in the exhibition.

All being well, we plan a larger Ferrari show in 2013. Before then, another sixty or so piece show is planned for next autumn, and I have several thoughts about other themes we could pursue.

If anyone has any thoughts, comments, criticisms or encouragement to offer, I would sincerely welcome any feedback. Do please contact me via email, at aswift@swiftuk.co.uk

I hope this was a little fun and made for a different type of white goods show.

A sincere thank you for taking the time to visit us.

Andrew Swift.

