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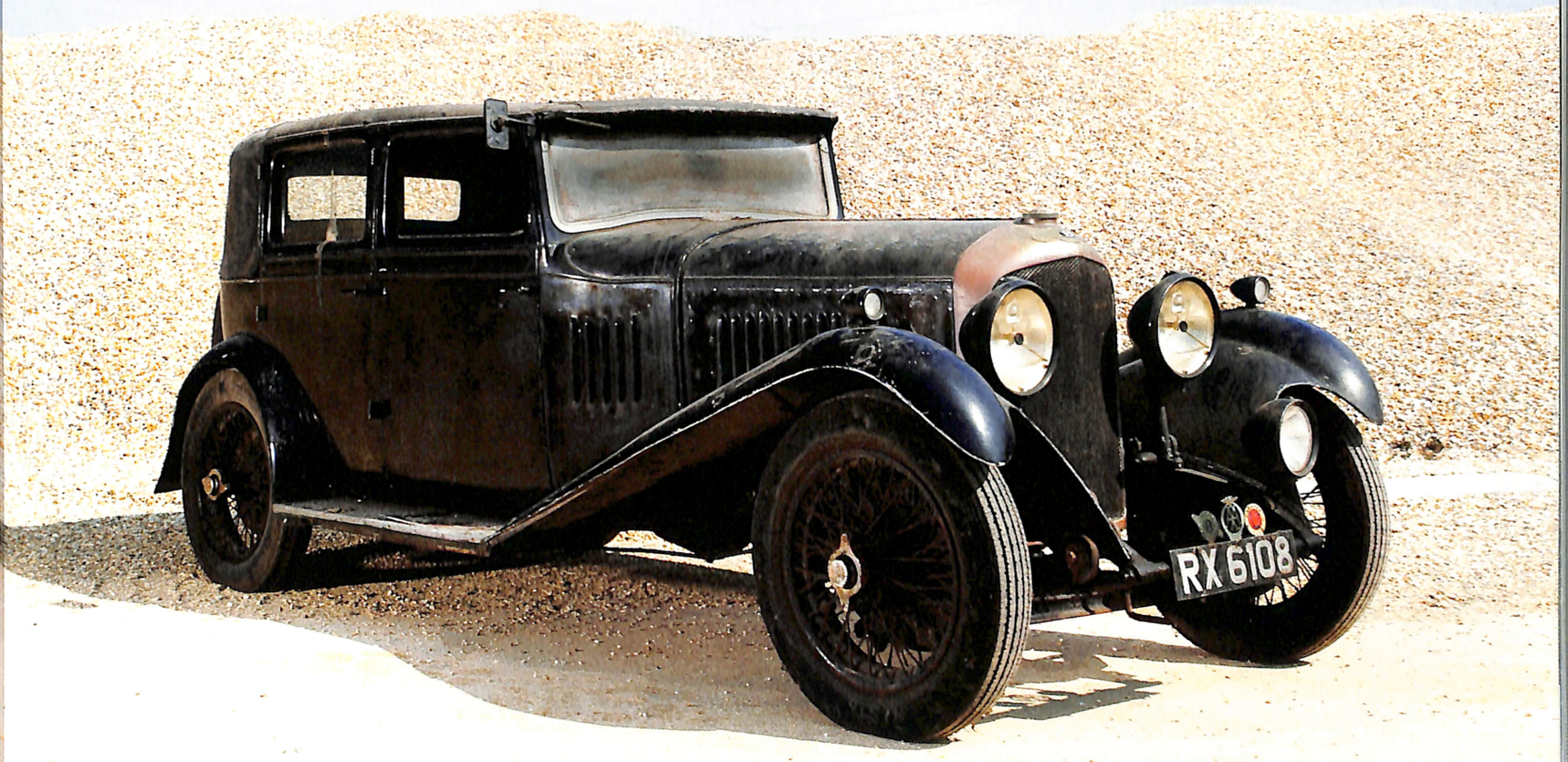

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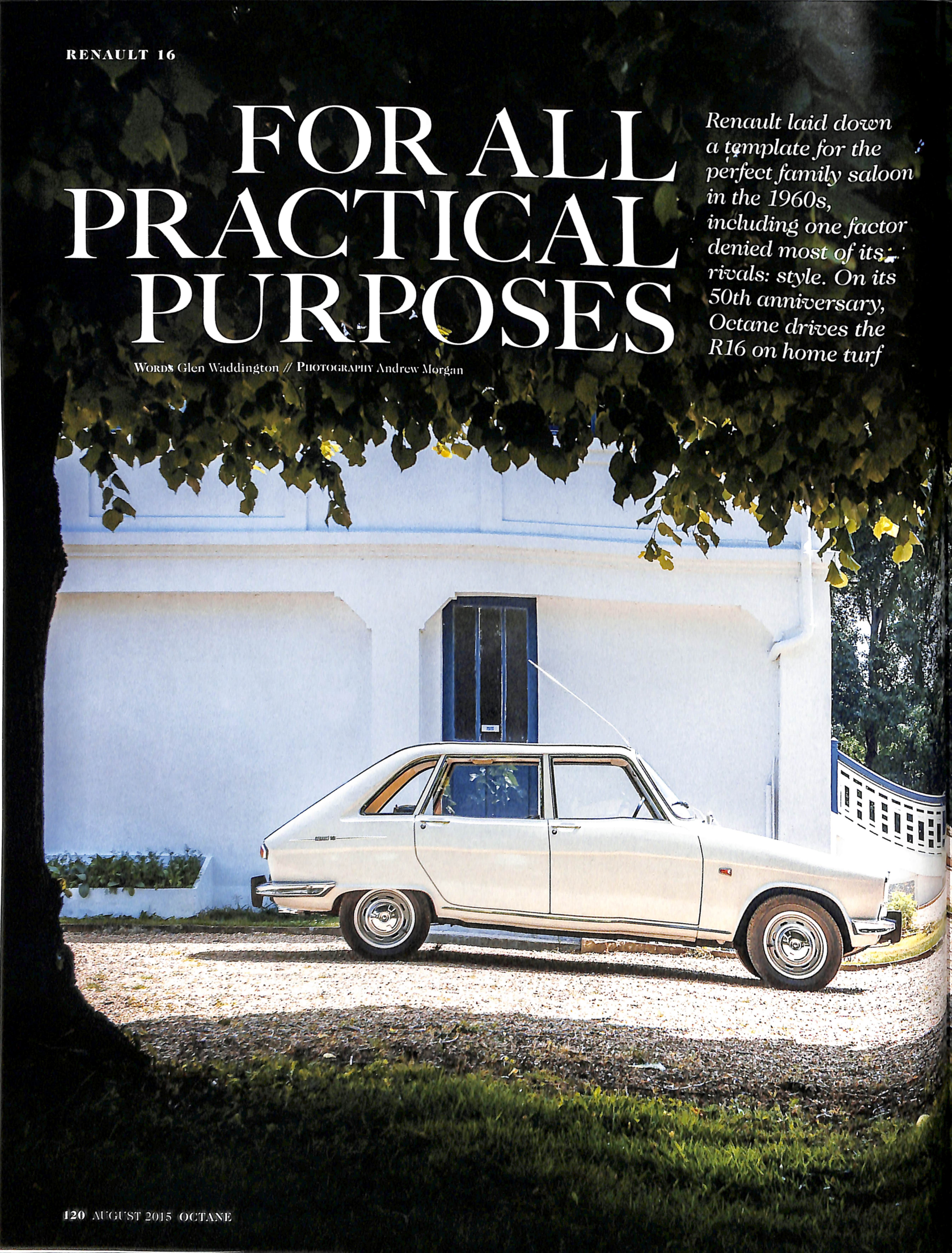
FOR ALL PRACTICAL PURPOSES

Renault laid down a template for the perfect family saloon in the 1960s, including one factor denied most of its rivals: style. On its 50th anniversary, Octane drives the R16 on home turf

WORDS Glen Waddington // PHOTOGRAPHY Andrew Morgan



IT'S A MEASURE of the fondness France still affords the R16 that, while gently gathering kilometres on rural roads to the west of Paris, I notice at least four other drivers offering thumbs-up or other gestures of respect, be they behind the wheel of a truck or a modern hatchback. And that's surprising, because this is not a car that put the French working man on wheels.

The Renault 16 is not a car in the mould of a 2CV or even the company's own R4, yet it was certainly inspired by the latter. And even though the car that probably best owes its existence to this one is the Vokswagen Golf, it's appropriate to think of the 16 as offering some of the appeal of the Citroën DS, only without the complexity.

As we lope over crests between flowering fields along a D-road towards the effortlessly pretty village of La Roche-Guyon (close to Giverny, beloved of the impressionist artist Claude Monet), the 1966 Renault 16 Super lives up to the promise of a junior luxury car, though not one in the wood 'n' leather mould. There is much painted metal on show inside and the seats are trimmed in leatherette (wrapping polyurethane foam cushions rather than horsehair and springs), so there's no ostentation to upset the *liberté*, *égalité* or *fraternité*. Instead it's all to do with refinement, comfort, space and the ability to use the volume within as flexibly as you'd like – a subject we'll return to.

Those seats are plump, broad and softly cosseting yet supportive too, while the all-independent, long-travel suspension makes for a notably absorbent ride – the kind that French cars used to be known for. There's more body movement than you'd notice in a modern car but all bumps are rounded off and there's absolutely no harshness over corrugations – nor is there any of that awful side-to-side checking you suffer in cars with an emphasis on roll stiffness.

Frankly there's extremely little of that either, the R16 listing in response to every turn of the wheel, yet that's fine because it does so with predictability and linearity, while the steering is far more precise than you might expect. This is a car that's easy to place on the road, and it's one your passengers will always enjoy travelling in.

AS IT TURNS OUT, that's very important to Renault, as we're told beforehand at the *usine* in Flins, home to the Renault Classic heritage team (13-strong, with a stable of 750 cars, no less). It's →

headed by Hugues Portron, obviously proud as he presents a collection of family-orientated cars ranging from a 1902 Type G to motor show concepts of recent years, all of which put the R16 into context.

'Renault understood that cars were objects to be shared with other people,' says Portron of the Type G – Renault's first four-seater – before moving on to the 1924 Type NN, its first with a hardtop roof covering all those inside, plus a rear passenger door: 'Making life easier is a Renault philosophy.'

Tellingly, all the cars in this presentation make a virtue of passenger comfort, the interior as a cocoon, somewhere safe for children; they are cars that don't place macho driver appeal above practicality. And it doesn't take long for the Renault 4 of 1961 (*Octane* visited in 2011 for that 50th birthday party – see issue 98) to take its turn in the limelight.

'This was the beginning of our *voitures à vivre*,' says Portron. That's 'lifestyle cars', a phrase that sounds cloyingly like modern marketing speak yet carries much deeper resonance when attached to a vehicle as overtly functional as the R4. 'Renault perceived that people were using cars differently: for work in the week and the countryside at the weekend. In 1961, this was the only saloon car with a tailgate hinged at the top [or, as Renault named it, the *porte de service*]. It was a revolution in car manufacture and for society, yet it took time to catch on because of its looks. People thought it looked like a commercial vehicle.'

> 'There's no ostentation to upset the *liberté*, *égalité* or *fraternité*. Instead it's about comfort and space'

It's certainly in contrast to the bland and hefty-looking saloon alongside it: *Projet* 114, the sole surviving prototype of a traditional luxury saloon to replace the old Frégate of 1951. It's powered by a purpose-designed 2.2-litre straight-six that drives the rear wheels, and it features front disc brakes, even hydropneumatic suspension. Surely it could have been an executive-car contender in its day? It's important now for rather different reasons, as we later find out.

The assembled motoring journalists and international Renault dignitaries move away from the Flins production plant in a fleet of R4s (if only modern superminis rode as comfortably as this little box) and a fabulously orange early R5 (even down to the shiny vinyl seats!) and meet up again at a sailing club, further along the banks of the Seine in an altogether leafier spot. Here we are introduced to the social historian and university professor Jean-Louis Loubet. As he tells us, Project 114 was cancelled in 1961, only three years after work began and two years before any chance of it being launched. Why? 'There was an economic downturn in Europe,' says Loubet. 'It was too expensive for the times.'

And yet teams of stylists and development engineers had invested intellect and thought in this car, the pride of Renault, fit to take on Citroën's radical DS. It was a clean-sheet car and it would be replaced on the drawing board by another, known – not surprisingly – as Project 115. 'Cancelling Project 114 was one of the hardest decisions ever taken by [Renault design director] Yves Georges,' says Loubet. 'So he rallied his troops by asking them to design the car they would want to own themselves.' And his young managers Gaston Juchet (design), Claude Prost-Dame (bodywork), Jacques Blondeleau (suspension) and Michel Petricenko (engine) delivered.

Renault's chief executive Pierre Dreyfus was in love with the R4. Since 1957, he had been of

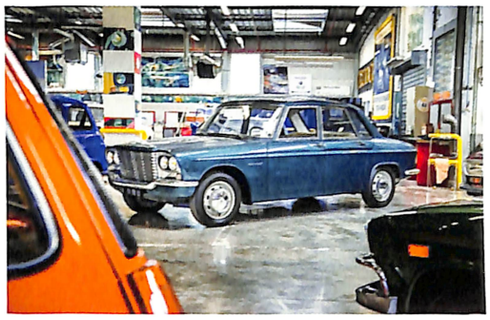
the opinion that 'a car should no longer be four seats and a boot. It should be a space.' This was to be an upper-middle-class car rather than a luxury saloon and one that would deliberately be somewhat different from the live-axled, three-box Ford Taunus, Opel Rekord and Peugeot 404 that dominated in Europe. The front disc brakes were among few elements carried over from Project 114, while that 2.2-litre straight-six had a couple of cylinders lopped off to become a 1.5-litre overhead-valve four. There were to be no hydropneumatics for this pragmatic car, yet space-efficient all-independent torsion-bar suspension was still a cut above what its rivals could offer: fresh technology in this segment, if not so revolutionary as the hatchback packaging.

And while the Frégate's replacement had been due around 1963 after a gestation of five or six years, in another revolutionary move Yves Georges implemented a development programme that would run design and engineering in parallel with organising the build process, rather than sorting the car then deciding how to construct it. And so this groundbreaking car was ready for production in 1965, only 3½ years since Georges had sold its concept to his disenfranchised crew. It truly lived up to its epithet of *la voiture intelligent*.

THERE'S SOME TIME pressure at La Roche-Guyon. We'd love to stay awhile amid its historic streets, soaking up that pavement café vibe, but we have to head back to the airport. And though the 1966 Renault 16 Super was a wonderfully relaxing way to meander along the D-roads, something a little more assertive is appropriate for making headway back towards Paris. And the 16 delivers again, this time in its final TX incarnation, recognisable by its square quad headlamps, a lightly restyled tail (rectangular lights and – get this – a spoiler above the rear window!), thick velour seats where stretchy leatherette once ruled, plus a five-speed gearbox, electric front windows and – a real innovation for those with shopping and kids to think about – central locking. Thus the 16 made its transition from Car of the Year 1966 to a car for 1970s executives.

The ride is still effortlessly capable of soaking up the worst ruts, and it still rolls in corners, yet the damping feels firmer, the whole car gymnastically supple rather than merely soft. And if the increase in capacity from 1470cc to 1647cc sounds academic, the effect it has on performance is marked.

Sure, the little Super is torquey and willing, but the TX adds snappy throttle response and a keenness to zip the revcounter needle around



Above and below
Renault Classic's Hugues Portron, surrounded by R4, R5, Twingo – and Project 114, the traditional saloon that made way for the radical hatchback; TX version featured quad headlights, a five-speed gearbox and luxuries such as central locking.

→

1966
RENAULT 16 SUPER
ENGINE 1470cc four-cylinder, OHV, single Solex carburettor
POWER 59bhp @ 5000rpm
TORQUE 78lb ft @ 2800rpm
TRANSMISSION Four-speed manual, front-wheel drive
STEERING Rack and pinion
SUSPENSION Front: double wishbones, longitudinal torsion bars, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar. Rear: trailing arms, transverse torsion bars, telescopic dampers, anti-roll bar
BRAKES Discs front, drums rear
WEIGHT 980kg
PERFORMANCE Top speed 91mph. 0-62mph 16.9sec

Above and right
Superb comfort and refinement on the rolling D-roads define the R16's primary dynamic characteristics; interior is a product of functional minimalism, yet stylish with it.

its dial (which was absent from the more basic dash layout of the older car). Its gearbox, despite that extra ratio, is still operated via a column shift, yet the action is easier and neater. In short, this car invites the driver to engage a little more, yet without forcing any discomfort on those sharing the cabin. Which perhaps makes it *la voiture un peu plus intelligent*.

None of the practicality is lost in this transformation to sporting saloon. During its 15-year career, during which 1,845,959 16s were built, the core structure was never altered. It had some quirks, too: accommodating the transverse rear torsion bars alongside one another made for a wheelbase 2.76in longer on one side than the other, and positioning the gearbox ahead of the longitudinal engine reduced understeer but made servicing a pig of a job. Yet that characterful styling matured beautifully, never suffering the ignominy of overt utilitarianism that plagued the R4, because Gaston Juchet was encouraged to think about the R16 as much as a spacious coupé as an estate car (it was sold in the USA as the 'sedanwagon').

There are six seating configurations that involve sliding, flipping, folding or removing the rear bench, and they range from tradesman's van via lady wife's shopping carriage to a space tailored around transporting a carrycot securely. Equally, that body is as much about rigidity and aerodynamics as it is capacity, with a strengthened floorpan and single-piece bodysides to prevent torsion wrought by the lack of a boot partition. The pagoda-style roof eliminates unsightly (and drag-inducing) drip rails, while the channelled roof-panel controls airflow and increases panel rigidity, to the benefit of refinement too.

As for what followed in the Renault 16's wake – well, it's said that Volkswagen's bosses, tired of such Beetle rehashes as the 411, ordered that its own design department should take a close look at what *la Régie* had achieved. And the Golf happened. Simca's 1100 came close in 1967, but was smaller and less refined, while Britain responded in 1969 with the Maxi – although few mainland Europeans noticed.

And, let's face it, if you were driving one of those today, even in the UK, would you expect such a positive reaction from fellow road users? No, thought not.

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FIRST TIMERS

Two Mille Miglia novices, one mechanic, an unsilenced XK120 and a hired Fiat Punto go mad in Italy for 1000 crazy miles

WORDS David Lillywhite // MAIN IMAGE Peter Singhof

YOU KNOW THE CLICHÉS don't you? Police waving you through red lights, young and old waving and cheering in every town and village, long blasts through perfect Italian countryside, celebrities, veteran racing drivers, supercars following at high speed, the entry costs…

Well, it's all true of course. Clichés usually are. So amongst all that, is the Mille Miglia still do-able for mere mortals? And if it is, what's it like?

The chance to find out came when fellow HRDC racer Guy Harman decided to put a lifelong dream into motion, shocked into action by the premature death of his older brother. Could someone from *Octane* come along?

I suspect Guy was hoping for a Mille veteran, someone to guide him through the applications, the logistics, the navigation and more, though he's too polite to say so. Anyway, he got me, one of the few on the *Octane* editorial team never to have done the Mille. And so the adventure began – and what an adventure it was.

Let's jump straight to the start, having spent the previous day signing on and scrutineering (all the admin has been efficient and friendly). The cars are released in order of race number, oldest first. We're in Guy's period-tuned 1950 XK120, which he bought last year, drove ten miles and later handed to Classic Autos in Kings Langley for a pre-Mille checkover. His next drive in it is to the startline in Brescia.

Ahead of us is a lovely little Lancia Aurelia, its Dutch crew nervous but friendly. Behind, a Healey Westland, the German husband-and-wife team more serious and focused on the navigation and special tests aspect. Dead-on 4.20pm we cross through the time check, onto the starting ramp and we're off through the streets of Brescia, huge crowds cheering and waving us on as I concentrate on not getting lost. The Lancia is making swift, confident progress and the road book Tulip diagrams all seem to be working out – I think.

We're not hanging around, but within a few miles several cars with much higher start numbers blat past at remarkable speed, egged on – sure enough – by motorcycle cops, who seem to be having a whale of a time. Police at every junction wave the Mille cars through, other traffic graciously makes way, what lane discipline there might have been disappears entirely and all the while a wide-eyed Guy →

Clockwise from above
It's cold in the mountains... leather helmets required; cut up by the air-brake Gullwing; another amazing welcome, this one in Siena; following other XK120s; Aston DB3S ahead at time control; Dave McGrath homes in on dirt in the carb, the cause of a misfire on day two; topping 100mph along perfect roads; leaving the start ramp – the caps soon blew away.

PETER SINGHOF

pilots the XK through increasingly narrow gaps as cars zip this way and that, to the left, to the right, up ahead and behind. 'This is madness,' we agree over blaring exhaust (did I mention that the XK is entirely unsilenced?).

I point out exits and turnings but it's with decreasing confidence – the distances shown on the road book aren't matching up with our Monit tripmeter. Luckily the roads are still lined with spectators and there are Mille cars everywhere, some travelling at eye-popping speeds. Do I admit to Guy that I'm a little bit lost, having claimed that I have no fear of the Tulip diagram? Hmmm. I think he has enough to worry about, as the first of the Gullwing squadron comes charging through.

Have I mentioned that the sun is out, that everyone we see seems to be happy, stylish and slim, and that there's never a time when an A-list desirable car isn't in sight?

Oh, and also that the XK looks, feels and sounds phenomenal? It's a hell of a car, an early steel model, built in 1950, owned and raced early on by former Brooklands racer, Hurricane pilot and Cresta Run founding member Benjamin Harvey Bowring. He had the wings cut down, removed the indicators, and fitted aeroscreens, alloy bucket seats, C-type exhaust manifold and sand-cast SU carburettors, and a side-exit pipe.

'LIKE MANY OTHERS, WE BLOW IT COMPLETELY AND HAMMER ROUND THE TRACK, EDGING AS FAR UP THE BANKING AS WE DARE'

In 1954 Dick Protheroe crashed it during a race at Goodwood. It was rebuilt at the factory but soon after was tucked away, not to be moved again until it was bought in 2009 by Bowring's grandchildren. It was then bought and restored by none other than Jaguar tuning legend John Coombs, who remembered racing against it.

Guy bought it after Coombs' death and, with the HRDC's Julius Thurgood, prepared a 14-page booklet documenting the car's history to present with the entry application for the Mille Miglia. After a long wait, the entry was confirmed. Wow!

And so here we are. Excited, a little scared, and with me wondering what's going wrong with the navigation. Finally I twig what's up: the road book is in kilometres; the trip meter – digital and (legitimately) using GPS to measure distance – should default to km, and I'm sure that's what it had been set to the day before. Now it's in miles. Bugger. In between converting distances and getting back on track in the road book, I work through the settings but only 'miles' is showing up as a possible unit.

We've arranged to meet our 'support crew' – engineer Dave McGrath in a Fiat Punto hire car – at the roadside so he can check the car over. He's seen it all, done it all, but couldn't be more helpful or enthusiastic with us, novices to the Mille Miglia. He gives the XK a clean bill of health other than for a harmless weep of oil, scratches his head at the tripmeter, then steps back and pronounces it fixed. We're off!

There's still a constant stream of Mille Miglia competitors, some faster, some slower than us. Some overly cautious, some just plain idiotic. Police wave us through red lights, just as predicted, and police cars and motorbikes, blue lights flashing, lead groups through the traffic, often on the wrong side of the road, sometimes too fast for comfort. It does seem that everyone has come out to wave and cheer.

We wave back, and note later that it's not easy to do so without looking a) idiotic, b) camp or c) arrogant, depending on wave style.

Guy is settling into the driving, looking more at home now. We barely knew each other, except for brief chats in various race paddocks over the last few months, and now we're sharing not just car but hotel rooms over the next four days. What could possibly go wrong…

Up come the first timed tests, and I realise I've misunderstood what's meant to be done. Despite assurances of 'Oh, we don't bother with the tests' on the previous day, it seems that other competitors are taking it rather seriously. Only car broker Simon Kidston and journalist Jason Barlow, in Simon's wonderful short-nose D-type, stay true to their word, eventually clocking up a record one million penalty points, and having a fine time in the process.

What you're *meant* to do is arrive at each time check (marked in red in the road book) to the exact second – many are less than a kilometre apart, and require a 20mph crawl from point to point, immediately resetting the stopwatch for the next one. There are several in a row, sometimes followed by an average speed test (marked in yellow) for a final, longer, run. After the first I realise that the average speed required is given on the time card handed to us at the start of each stage. Ahh…

Over the following four days we get better at the time trials, though occasionally forgetting to reset the stopwatch or failing to count down from ten (ten-nine-errrrr-seven-six… splutter… giggle… oh damn it… two-one!). It was funny if nothing else. I'm jumping the gun, but the finals tests are at Monza, where we're required to average about 30mph around the circuit. Not a chance. Like many others, we blow it completely and hammer round the track, edging as far up the historic banking as we dare. Good grief it's steep.

Day one finishes in Rimini in the dark. We had already experienced crowds of wellwishers along the way but this is in another league, people of every age lining the narrow streets just inches from the cars. It's overwhelming.

We're already impressed with car and event. The traffic has been bad in places, which was hardly ideal, but the XK's temperature has stayed below 90°C, and the car has never been anything but perfectly behaved.

Day two sees more of the same. We head up into the mountains, and experience the most spectacular scenery as we heave on the heavy steering round the hairpins. If there's a bad

FIRST-TIMER TOP TIPS

Want to do the Mille? You'll need deep pockets but the reward is a life-affirming experience

- **Entry isn't cheap** €7000 including hotels and food for a crew of two, due to the huge logistics involved.
- **Precedence** is given to cars with Mille Miglia history. All cars must be of a type that took part or was accepted to take part in 1924-1957.
- **Entry** is always over-subscribed.
- **Support your entry** with strong documentation about the provenance of your car.
- **Another way to aid entry** is via an event sponsor.
- **A support crew** is useful but not essential – but you need DIY skills and room for luggage and spares.
- **Consider sharing a support crew** – easier if sharing with cars of similar age (and therefore start times).
- **Navigation** is straightforward but read up on tulip diagrams and the Mille Miglia time trials.
- **GPS** tripmeters are allowed on the Mille, saving the hassles of distance calibration. We used a Monit.
- **Your car must be well-cooled** weather is often hot and traffic heavy. But it gets cold in the mountains!
- **Take** earplugs, suncream, lots of pens, torches (for night-time navigation) and all booking info.
- **Our leather** flying helmets, goggles and driving gloves came from Holden Vintage & Classic; intercom and waterproofs from Demon Tweeks.

→

PETER SINGHOF

point to the XK, then that is it. Thank goodness the driver sits close to the steering wheel because sometimes it's necessary to use body weight to pull it round the hairpins – but it always makes it, and it glides over frankly terrible stretches of tarmac without complaint. The Moss gearbox is lovely, as long as it's treated with respect. The drum brakes only fade once, after a particularly mad session.

We're sharing the driving, but the sensation from either seat is spectacular. Imagine it: you're sitting behind an aeroscreen, low bodywork ensuring affinity with the elements, exhaust blaring, onlookers waving as if they've never seen two windswept 40-somethings driving an old car before. It's bloody brilliant.

And then we arrive in Rome, and it gets more bloody brilliant. Initially we're bemused to be rounded up into a sports stadium, just as the light fades. We wonder what's happening and then, with little warning, we're let out in a mad convoy to roar around the historic city centre, jostling for position, waving some more, then parading into Castel Sant'Angelo to wild applause – and to top it all an old school friend has waited there for hours, sacrificing dinner with his wife (sorry!) to give us a brief hello before we're ushered forward. Amazing.

It's a bit of a comedown to find that our hotel


DAN CONNELL

is 40 minutes away from the finish, but so be it, and the last blast out of the centre, Dave's Punto in hot pursuit, is hilariously mad.

Day three is another early start, but we're only talking around 6am, sometimes later, which is hardly a big deal. We pass through Pisa, past the Leaning Tower, we drive very fast, we wave a lot, we stop at cafés and chat to fascinating people, we run out of earplugs and

Above and left
On the road again – difference in heights is mostly down to lowered driver's seat, to improve legroom. Front wings were cut down in the 1950s; celebratory beers at the finish.

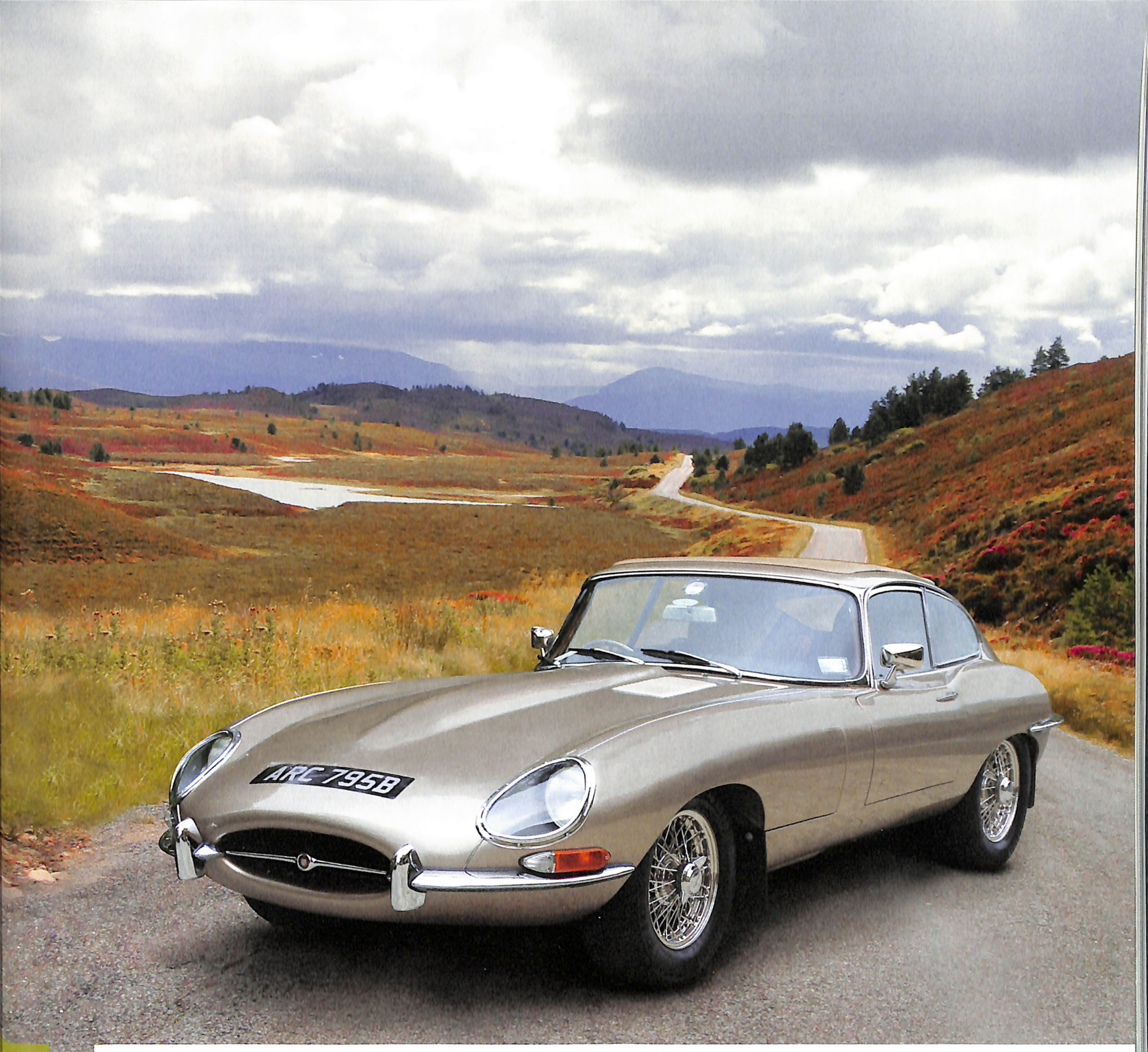
begin to go a little deaf. Sometimes one of those cars that we've all dreamt about for decades nips past or pulls in behind for fuel – the air-brake Gullwing for example – and we grin at each other. No words needed.

Day three ends in Parma, day four seems to begin soon after, with a sense of disappointment that by early afternoon it will all be over. Then we get to blast round Monza – wow! – before heading past Ferrari to a jubilant finish in Brescia, and slightly too many celebratory beers with our new Irish friends, who have the best, most-patinated C-type you've ever seen.

What an amazing few days: too many highlights to list, from that first breathtaking view of all the cars in the indoor assembly area to the last cold beer enjoyed in a perfect piazza.

And the XK120? It was the perfect Mille steed, and as close to a C-type as most of us will get. Did Guy enjoy it? Oh yes! Did I? Certainly did! End

THANKS TO Guy Harman, Dave McGrath, all at Classic Autos, the Mille Miglia team, Holden Vintage & Classic for gloves, leather helmets and goggles, Jaguar Heritage for advice and help, and many many more.



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'I wanted it like a child wanted candy!' exclaimed the Hollywood actor Clarke Gable upon seeing a Jaguar XK120 for the first time. Gable took delivery of the first aluminium-bodied XK120 Roadster in America in 1949. It was originally finished in Suede Green but then repainted in 'Gable Grey'. Being a true enthusiast, Gable clocked a top speed of 124mph on a dry-lake run.

Three years later, while filming in England, he ordered a steel-bodied Roadster and instructed Jaguar Cars – he actually met with company founder Sir William Lyons; they're pictured together here – to make a few modifications to suit him. The first was a luggage rack fitted to the rear and then the bonnet was vented to improve the cooling. A leather bonnet strap was also fitted, naturally. Recently restored, the XK went on to win its class at the Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance in 2012.

Robert Coucher

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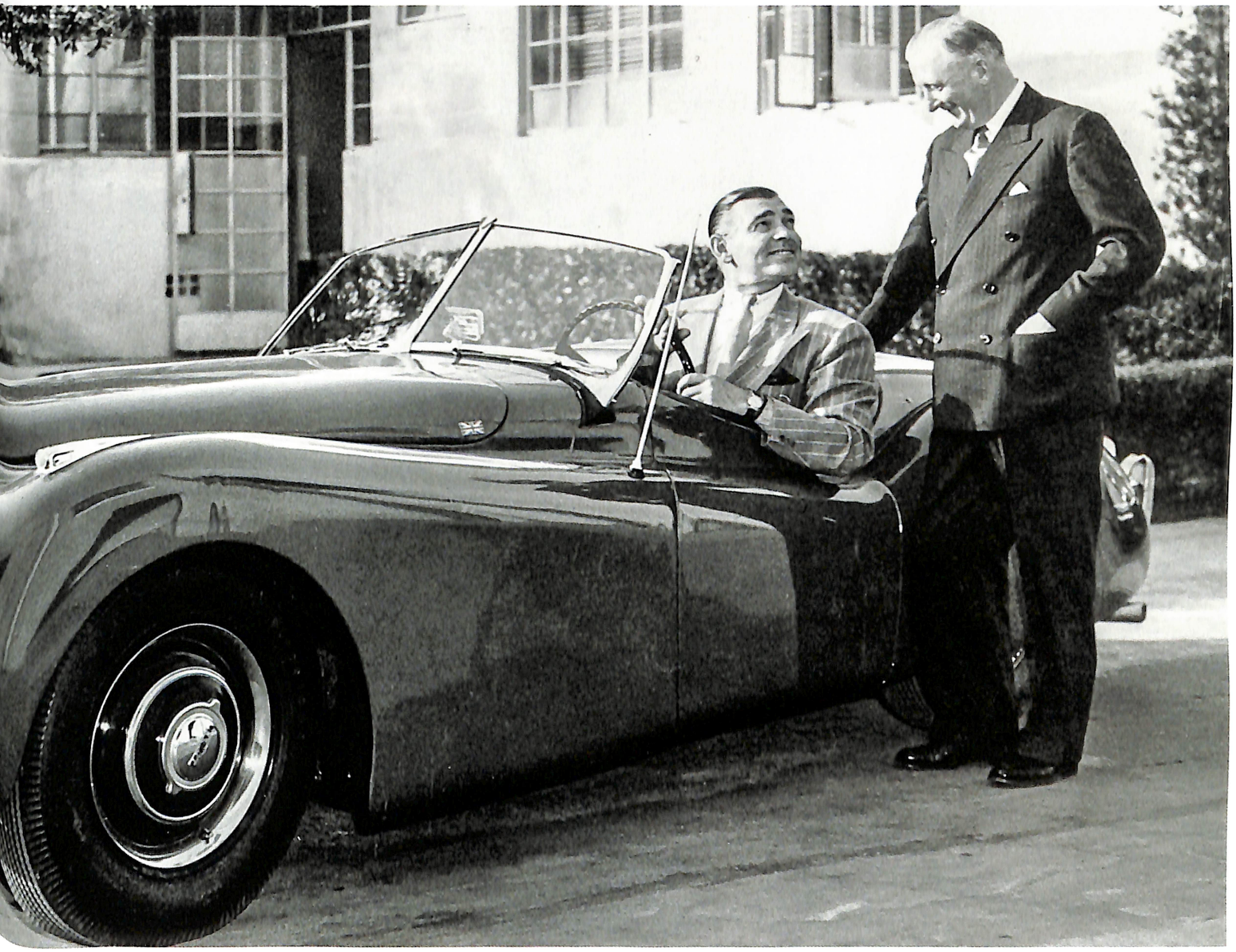

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THINKING INSIDE THE BOX

*Ever wondered why there aren't more Ford Anglias on the historic racing scene when they were so popular in period? **Mark Hales** has the answers*

PHOTOGRAPHY John Colley


01
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FORD HAS MADE a number of Anglia models since the badge first appeared in 1939, but most people remember the last one with its distinctive backwards-sloping rear screen. More than a million were built at Ford's plants in Dagenham and Halewood between 1959 and 1967, most of them powered by a 997cc engine – the 1198cc Super was an upmarket option for 1963, complete with synchromesh on first gear, and they made 80,000 of those.

Their numbers, simple construction and layout and (relatively) light kerbweight of 740kg made them an obvious choice for club racers, of which there were plenty. The majority of these though, were fitted with a larger power unit: the standard 997cc engine produced only 39bhp (the 1200 managed 48.5) but the 1498cc Cortina GT (78bhp) and the Lotus twin-cam (105bhp) would bolt straight to the Anglia's gearbox and engine mounts, and much of the running gear would do likewise. Cortina struts and disc brakes were another obvious swap, but gearboxes and differentials were also interchangeable throughout much of the range, so Ford's production line economics meant you could make your car so much faster simply by visiting the breaker's yard, rather than having to buy something special.

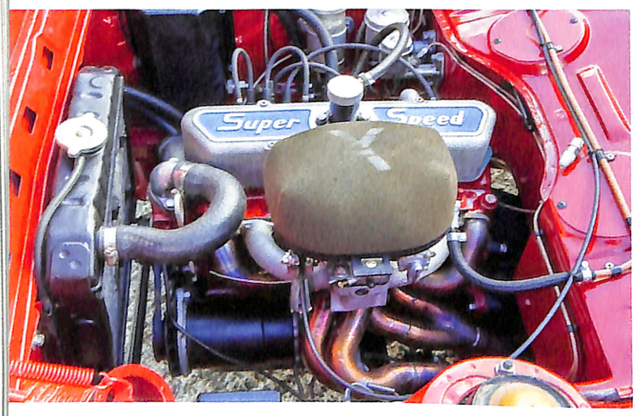
In those days even the good guys had to be mechanics too and several high-profile drivers – such as European Sports Car Champion and long-time Ford works driver Chris Craft, and Grand Prix driver Roger Williamson – began their racing apprenticeships with an Anglia.

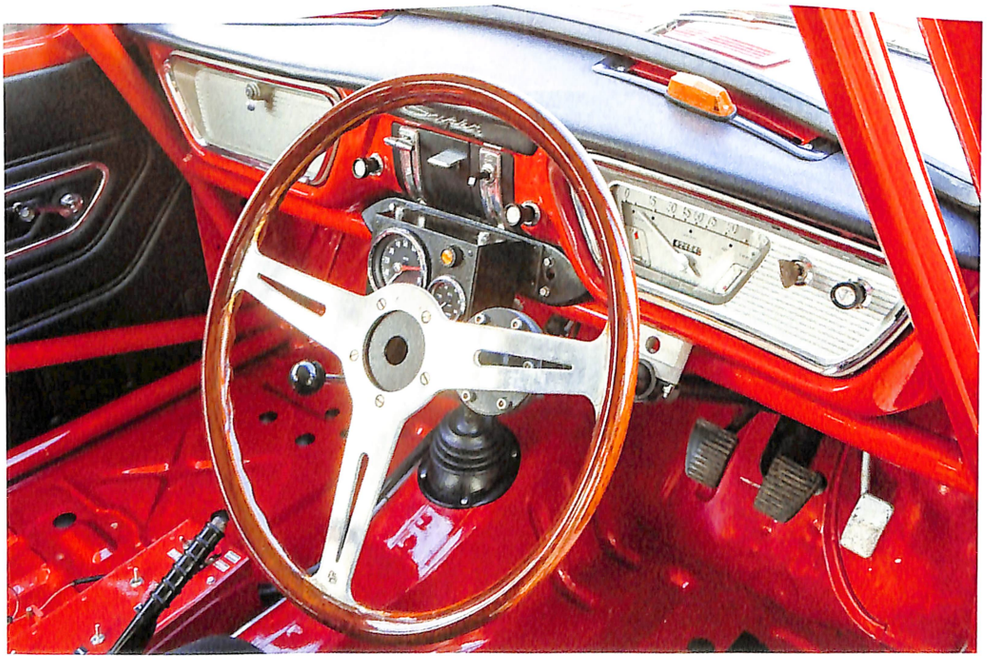
The Ford factory also supported Anglias in the British Saloon Car Championship during the 1960s, using independent teams – which efforts inspired these two cars. The white one is owned by Nigel Kemp, based on the Broadspeed car driven in the 1966 British Saloon Car Championship by Anita Taylor (Ford works driver and sister of Lotus Grand Prix racer Trevor). The one wearing Ford's Crimson Lake paint – which was the livery of the Superspeed team run by Ilford-based brothers Mike and John Young (who also drove the cars) – is an obsessive dedication by time-served racer in historics, Max Rostron.

Broadspeed and Superspeed, together with Alan Mann Racing, were in effect Ford Motor Company's saloon car race department and it was a good strategy. They risked competing among themselves but on balance it gave the marque a greater chance of victory. Superspeed also produced six road versions of the race Anglia, powered by 1650cc versions of the Cortina GT's engine and wearing a price tag bigger than the Lotus-Cortina's. Max also owns the only known genuine survivor.

The basis for Max's Anglia is a rolling chassis advertised on eBay as a 'race car' but which had been sitting in a Norfolk barn for 25 years. He wasn't expecting much for £360 but the signature extra anti-roll bar (the standard item doubles as the front wishbones and has to stay), plus Lotus-Cortina struts and specially modified steering arms, were certainly period race items. Closer inspection revealed some subtle but sophisticated modifications: bronze bushes had replaced rubber throughout the suspension and steering, the gearbox crossmember had been lowered, and the rear springs had been recambered and the leaves clamped along their length to stiffen them, like a Maserati 250F's. More in a similar vein – which Max reckons 'was a lot of trouble when it would have been much easier to start again' – makes him think it was all done in order to comply with the letter of regulation.

The gearbox then turned out to be a very rare, genuine Lotus-Cortina all-synchromesh item with the tall first gear (now fetching an astonishing £3000…), while the cylinder head, which Max subsequently prised from the vendor, proved to be the highly prized 'T1' casting which folklore says was grown on the production line at weekends and only made available to selected customers. Yet more investigation revealed layers of white and yellow paint (Broadspeed's official colours) →





Above and right
Max Rostron's Superspeed Anglia is an obsessive recreation, though it's based on a period racing Anglia body – found rusting in a a Norfolk barn, but equipped with several signature giveaways.

1965 SUPERSPEED FORD ANGLIA REPLICA

ENGINE 1298cc four-cylinder, OHV, Weber 28/36 DCD downdraught twin-choke carburettor **POWER** 105bhp @ 8000rpm (approx)
TORQUE 85lb ft @ 6000rpm (approx) **TRANSMISSION** Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **STEERING** Worm and roller with drag link and idler
SUSPENSION Front: MacPherson struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar as triangulating lower links. Rear: live axle, leaf springs, lever-arm dampers
BRAKES Ford Cortina front discs, rear drums **WEIGHT** 800kg (approx) **PERFORMANCE** Top speed 110mph. 0-60mph 7.5sec (est)

but, tempting though that looked, it's more likely that the car was driven by local racer Maurice Winch for the Winchmore Whitewood team – a professional Norfolk outfit, for which Ford might have provided some unofficial support. Max's allegiance was already pledged though, and as close to a Superspeed 1300 class race-car as humanly possible it would become.

The specification of Nigel Kemp's is driven rather less by specific obsession but the theme is still official Ford, in this case a slightly more relaxed interpretation of the Broadspeed Taylor car, which would have been based on the 997cc De Luxe model rather than Superspeed's 1198cc Super. Anglia anoraks will note that the Super has an additional lower chrome trim, which runs along the whole length of the car's flank. So, not here, then.

Originally a post-historic race car, it was comprehensively rolled at Goodwood in the 1990s and the remnants – plus the enormous bonus of an almost perfect bodyshell, which the owner had kept as insurance for just such an event – passed through a couple of owners on the way to specialist Guy Smith. The result of Smith's labours is Appendix K-compliant: pretty much period, it includes the Lotus-Cortina-spec front struts and disc brakes, poly bushes rather than bronze in the suspension, and the Super's 1300cc-class engine, breathing through the homologated single Weber carburettor borrowed from the Cortina GT. There is a non-period crash-resistant fuel tank and gel-cell battery in the boot, and a modern seat and fire extinguisher in the cabin, but details such as the glovebox lid and the plastic door trims remain in place. The glistening paintjob that provides the gloss cost £7000.

Both cars feature some nice finishing touches, such as the original spring-and-ratchet boot and bonnet props, gloveboxes and period Smiths revcounter and gauges, plus, on Max's car, the correct (105mph instead of 90) speedometer complete with Superspeed logo, 42,454 miles on the odometer, and the original (functional) water temp gauge. Just below that there's an original Superspeed wood-rim steering wheel with its neatly made extension and a lowering bracket to drop the column – which is easier to say than it is to engineer. The column goes straight into the steering box so the whole lot has to be remounted on the chassis leg. Moving to the exterior, both cars feature nearly all the original-spec trims, window surrounds and badges that would also have been on the period racers.

Not easy to find undamaged, despite the numbers in which they were made, are items such as the stamped aluminium grilles, now fetching far more than they ought to be worth,

'Ford supported Anglias in the British Saloon Car Championship with independent teams – which efforts inspired these two cars'

while some of the chunkier trims were cast from a substance charmingly referred to as 'monkey metal', which is a cheap, low-melting-point zinc alloy. It has all the potential longevity and strength of stale bread, so Max has replicated some of it with glassfibre and chrome paint. The result is almost indistinguishable. Guy Smith found some unused ones that hadn't turned spotty. Trawling eBay can easily become a habit.

Both owners live in the North of England, so Croft Autodrome near Darlington is a handy venue for our test and, because the view of Yorkshire's green and pleasant Dales hasn't changed much in a great many years, it makes a perfect backdrop. There's a minimum of Armco barrier and some great old-fashioned fast, bumpy corners. It was also the venue for my first ever motor race in 1973. Can't remember whether there was an Anglia present, but there probably was and the sight of two in Croft's domestic-sized pit garages took me back a very long time.

There's something distinctly 1960s about the Anglia that doesn't apply to, say, a Mini. The Mini is classless – cool in modern parlance – but an Anglia is absolute utility and utterly redolent of the period from which it came. So many times when I raced one regularly, someone would come up and say 'My dad had one of those, he carried all his samples in the boot', or something similar. And it definitely feels vintage to sit in, no matter the cage and seat and expanses of shiny painted metalwork.

Maybe it's the upright, straight-edged windscreen with all that chrome trim on the A-pillars, or the tall and narrow cabin behind them, which looks like a skewed matchbox thanks to that reverse-raked rear window, or maybe it's the narrow track and skinny wheels set so far inside the body's edge that it looks as if it's perched on a set of space-savers. The race regs said you could fit whatever tyres would go under the arches, so both our subjects are equipped with period-correct 13in wheels with 5½in rims – Minilite magnesium on Nigel's, Superspeed-correct Lotus steels on Max's – all shod with square-shouldered Dunlop crossply historic race tyres.

The rears on Max's car are slightly wider, and received wisdom has it that you can't get the 5¼in sections in without shortening the axle, but it was apparently something Superspeed managed at the time, and the proof is there to see. If they stretched the arches I can't see how they did it, so they probably unpicked the welds on the wheelrims and moved them in. I'm pleased to note that the likely amount of grip is period-spec too; a narrow track can make for a curious driving →

experience when you increase the amount of stick. There are other tests of memory, too. I notice steering that feels as if it has a variable ratio. Not in the modern, electronic sense, but more a flexible, wind-up-the-slack-in-order-to-get-a-response kind of thing.

It's a trait common to almost all race saloons fitted with a steering box and a cat's cradle of drag links that span the car's track and twist as well as flex but, once on track, inevitably I move the wheel in search of reaction, encounter the wind-up and turn it a bit more. The response arrives after a delay so I take off the extra, whereupon it all unwinds and I have to add it again. It completely messes up your timing but it is amazing how within a few laps, what at first feels like something important broken or loose, I soon stop thinking about. Just makes me wince whenever I see any in-car footage. As someone said recently, it just looks like the wrong way to drive a car.

I soon remember to brake more gently and leave some speed on board on the way in, use the steering less and attempt to rotate with the first input combined with the energy of the brakes and this helps with another of the Anglia's little mannerisms. The rear track width is just 3ft 11in, a dimension that doesn't prop up the car very well when the body rolls.

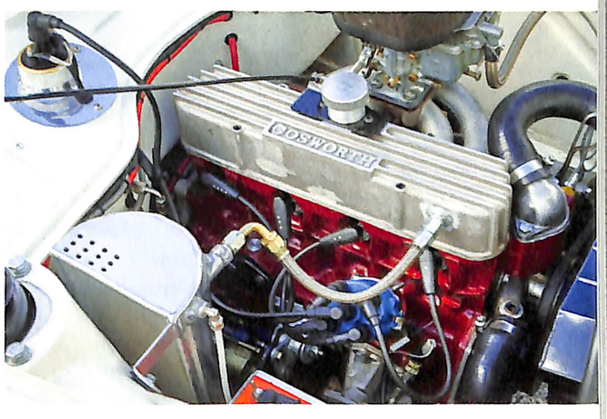
Most club racers in period featured wider wheels under stick-on arches but the homologated specification called for standard tinwork, which could only accommodate slightly wider wheels. Any more grip – or making the suspension too stiff in an effort to keep the car flat – and the whole lot lifts up onto two wheels; when you're not expecting it, it's just as frightening as it sounds. These two are reasonably soft of spring, which, together with the minimal track, means the car dips and rocks as you wind and unwind the steering, which in turn picks weight from the inside rear wheel, which slips and grips while the gears whine and whinny like a startled horse. It's a very individual style of progress and I remind myself how it all needs to be calmed down.

Carry more speed towards the corner than you think is possible and try to get the back end to do more of the steering. Try not to lean on the front because it will only fall over. And try to keep any momentum so you don't get on the power until the car is further round the corner. Get a bit of a drift going through the faster turns. It's all very different to The Modern Way, where everything is optimised around a grippier front end, but the Anglia's dimensions haven't changed so that must be how they drove them in period. There are only four gears whining away in the 'box so, if you give away speed, you find the next one down is too far away while the one you had is now too slow and the engine is spluttering.

Both engines are stretched closer to the 1300cc class limit and push out a similar amount of power – about 105, maybe 110 horsepower, or more than twice the standard output – but you do have to keep them on the boil to access it. Both use the Cortina's twin-choke Weber as required by the regulations, but it's exactly this that stops the engine breathing as freely as it might; despite the limitation, it's easy to see why the small Ford four-cylinder swiftly became the engine of choice for special-builders. The short stroke and eight-port cylinder head are the pushrod →

1965 BROADSPEED FORD ANGLIA REPLICA

ENGINE 1298cc four-cylinder, OHV, Weber 28/36 DCD downdraught twin-choke carburettor
POWER 105bhp @ 8000rpm (approx) **TORQUE** 85lb ft @ 6000rpm (approx)
TRANSMISSION Four-speed manual, rear-wheel drive **STEERING** Worm and roller with drag link and idler **SUSPENSION** Front: MacPherson struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar as triangulating lower links. Rear: live axle, leaf springs, lever-arm dampers **BRAKES** Ford Cortina front discs, rear drums
WEIGHT 800kg (approx) **PERFORMANCE** Top speed 110mph. 0-60mph 7.5sec (est)



Above and left
Nigel Kemp's Broadspeed-inspired Anglia started life as a 997cc De Luxe. It's now close to 1300cc and wears a Cosworth cylinder head. Like the red Superspeed car, its power output is twice what it managed originally.

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engine's ideal and both engines are happy to howl sweetly up the scale towards 8000rpm, while the gearchange is instant and satisfyingly snicky, as only a lever so close to the mechanicals can be. Both transmissions are now fitted with Quaife's aftermarket straight-cut ratios with crunchy dog engagement, but each is perfect – you almost want to find an excuse to shift just so you can savour the task.

It's an odd mixture, but addictive because it's busy without being scary. You want to sort the little quirks into a different order so it might go faster, more as you would with a pre-war car than one from the 1960s. No doubt about it, the Anglia is as much of a period piece to drive as it is to look at, so it's a pity that fashion – and a quirk of regulation – means they are now relatively rare on the circuits.

Ford took the trouble to homologate the Cortina GT's carburettor for Group 2, but if it had simply specified the pair of Webers that were already commonplace everywhere else the Mini would have some competition today; the 1300cc engine in the Anglia I raced pushed out a genuine 158bhp, which is a number the Minis can only dream about. The lesser amount worked for Ford at the time though and John Fitzpatrick won the 1966 British Saloon Car Championship with a 1200cc Anglia while the twin-cam Cortina did the business in Europe.

The Anglia was replaced by the Escort with all its engine sizes and sporting options and, although Anglias continued to be a staple of club racing for a few years, the homologation game soon became a political science and the professional scene changed forever.

International historic races now are almost exclusively to pre-66 Group 2 regulations and that means the Anglia is stuck with its Cortina carburettor, so both Kemp and Rostron accept that their cars currently have nowhere to race competitively but they are still happy to own them and give them an airing from time to time. There is also still a possibility that the Anglia's unfashionable status might be the very thing that gains an entry to The Goodwood Revival, where the show matters as much as the races; as Rostron says, there is a shortage of well-turned-out period Anglias.

Nigel Kemp has already made an attempt to lure Anita Taylor out of retirement and reunite her with his, and she even paid him a visit to inspect the car but, thus far, Goodwood has yet to endorse the reunion. Following that, and without knowing any of the background, Taylor travelled North to inspect the house that Rostron had for sale and discovered what is probably the only other period-correct Group 2-spec Anglia in the country, sitting in the garage. You couldn't make it up. Oct

THANKS TO Nigel and Charlie Kemp, Max Rostron, Guy Smith Motorsport, Croft Circuit, www.croftcircuit.co.uk.

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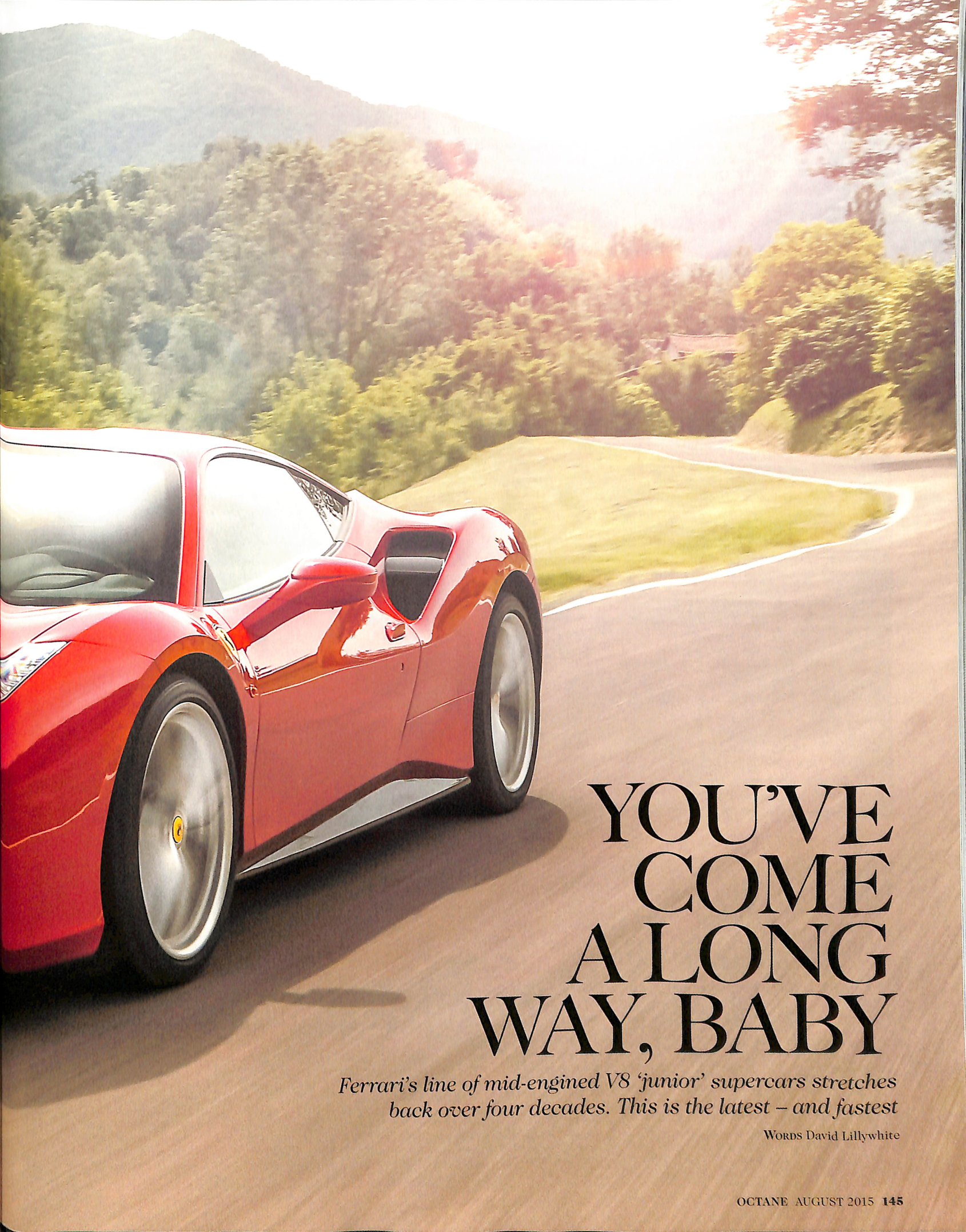

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY

Ferrari's line of mid-engined V8 'junior' supercars stretches back over four decades. This is the latest – and fastest

Words David Lillywhite

MANY YEARS AGO, *Road & Track* magazine referred to 'the pure sensual joy of flying down the road' in a 308GTB. Quite right too, for here was a machine that was pretty yet muscular, dainty but tough, 'junior' in the Ferrari line-up but wondrously quick by the standards of the day.

This summer, Ferrari launches the 488GTB, a car that exhibits similar qualities but amplified in every way. It shows Ferrari, still thankfully a niche manufacturer of supercars only, as being at the top of the technological game.

We're great fans of the 308GTB. We rather like the 328 that followed, don't think so much of the messy 348 but appreciate its redevelopment into the F355, absolutely love the 360 and the same-but-better F430, and deeply admire the 458. The 488GTB promises more still, with a twist – it's turbocharged.

So get this: the first (glassfibre) 308GTB nipped to 60mph in 6.5 seconds, topped out at 156mph, weighed 1090kg (dry) and produced 255bhp from its 3.0-litre transverse-mounted V8. The corresponding figures for the 488GTB are: 3.0 seconds; 205mph; 1370kg (dry); 670bhp; and 560lb ft. Good grief.

So the new 488GTB is ferociously fast. It also pulls in any gear, rides the worst tarmac that rural Italy has to offer, copes with emergency throttle-off changes of direction and does this while all the time feeding crucial information back to the driver. It's not a Veyron-like remote-rocketship. This thing lives and breathes.

Ferrari has taken all that was good about the 458 and perfected every element to the point that 85% of the 488GTB's parts are new. Only the greenhouse and roof remain intact. The aerodynamics have been cleverly honed (more on that in a moment); the aluminium bodywork is thinner where it can get away with it (there are 12 different thicknesses used); the seven-speed dual-clutch paddleshift transmission is faster-acting, with shorter ratios; the new turbo engine is lower and lighter than the 458's normally-aspirated V8; the stability systems are more reactive, the brakes more powerful.

The 488's new engine is the same basic unit as the recent California T's, but with the wick turned up. All manner of tweaks have gone into making it more efficient and reactive, with lighter pistons, short intake tract lengths, four-into-two exhaust manifolds and equal-length runners, and IHI twin-scroll turbos (titanium-aluminium alloy turbines in ball bearings, with a new 'abradable' seal to reduce friction).

The result? Pure fireworks. Ferrari makes much of the time that the 488GTB takes to go from standstill in first to the rev limiter in fourth gear (6.4 seconds), which seems the most bizarre statistic – but from the moment you gun it, you understand. There's no other production road car engine that spins up so rapidly, so before you know it the shift indicators on the top of the steering wheel are lighting up and you're flicking the paddle into the next gear. And the next. And the next. Incredible.

> 'It's entirely subjective but we think this is the best-looking Ferrari for years'

Is there any turbo lag? Not that you'd notice. But it still feels like a turbo, in that relentless surge, and it sounds like it too, with just the right amount of whizz and whoosh. We're seeing ever-more manufacturers reduce engine capacity and compensating with high-tech turbocharger installations, so it's a relief to find that even flooring the 488GTB in a high gear results in thump-in-the-back acceleration.

The torque curve of the new engine is almost comedic, straight into the full 560lb ft by just over 2000rpm, though the engine management actually limits torque in the lower gears. The engineers insist that this isn't to save the gearbox internals from self-destruction (though it must help) but rather to enhance the driving experience so the car continues to surge forward on every gearchange. It works.

Is there anything about the new engine that doesn't work? Perhaps only the noise it makes, which can still be described as evocative and exhilarating – but not *quite* as evocative and exhilarating as you might wish for. It's relaxingly quiet at idle and if you keep the revs up it screams as a Ferrari should scream, though without the classic 'ripping' that the marque was once so renowned for. But hit the throttle at lower revs, or let the transmission do its own thing in Sport mode, and the soundtrack is less appealing, deeper and more intrusive. The flatplane crankshaft, the turbos (which will always mute an exhaust note) and most of all noise regs will all have played a part in this.

And away from the mechanical? Well, it's entirely subjective but we think this is the best-looking Ferrari for years (particularly in the first ever use of a *metallic* Rosso Corsa paint): prettier than the LaFerrari or F12, more interesting than the FF or California. And this despite some really clever aerodynamic work.

The front was a challenge, for the radiators needed to be 20% larger than the 458's, to cope with all that extra power. An F1-style double spoiler uses the top section to direct air into the radiators, with the lower section providing downforce. An 'Aero Pillar' in the centre of the front intake splits the air into longitudinal and transverse planes; the former heads at high speed to the underbody, the latter to the radiators.

The underbody itself is mostly flat but with →

THE 'BABY' V8 FERRARIS

The first production V8 Ferrari was the 1973 four-seater 308GT4 but the line that truly leads to today's 488GTB starts with the two-seater 308GTB, and heads up and down from there

308GTB
1975

THE DINO REPLACEMENT

Still highly regarded, especially in early glassfibre form. GTS gave targa roof. Fuel injection later, followed by four valves per cylinder (QV), All had transverse-mounted V8. Also 2.0-litre tax break 208.

ENGINE 2927cc 90° transverse V8, DOHC, four Weber 40 DCNF carburettors **POWER** 255bhp @ 7700rpm **TORQUE** 209lb ft @ 5000rpm **WEIGHT** 1090kg **PERFORMANCE** Top speed 156mph. 0-62mph 6.5sec

328GTB
1985

MORE POWER

It doesn't quite have the styling elegance of the 308, but the 328 is otherwise the better car. Significantly more power, and a few of the rough edges ironed out. Also targa GTS and 2.0-litre Turbo.

ENGINE 3186cc 90° transverse V8, DOHC, Bosch K-Jetronic fuel injection **POWER** 270bhp @ 7700rpm **TORQUE** 224lb ft @ 5500rpm **WEIGHT** 1263kg **PERFORMANCE** Top speed 163mph. 0-60mph 6.4sec