

# THE 33RD MONTE CARLO RALLY



STORY & PHOTOS—BY HENRY N. MANNEY

**T**HERE WAS NO SNOW in Oslo. We ran all the way to Reims on normal Dunlop SPs." (Donald Morley)

"I don't know what we'll do with all the arriving competitors if the weather stays warm." (the Organizers)

"The last time this rally was won by an Englishman; he was also an Irishman." (Paddy Hopkirk)

"I beat Erik on one special stage." (Pat Moss Carlsson)

"We had no maps beyond Holland and we couldn't read the road signs." (Unidentified Volga driver)

"Well, the throttle stuck open and so we hit this mountain..." (Graham Hill)

"If there is no snow, the Fords should win easily." (Practically the whole foreign motoring press)

"It is very difficult on the special stages when there is 30% ice about. Studded tires insure a safe passage but are quite slippery on dry roads." (Dunlop rep.)

"With just a little ice, it is crazy to drive too fast." (Rauno Aaltonen)

"The road was narrow so I passed him by putting two wheels over the edge." (Esko Keinanen)

"Twice I tell my co-driver, hold yourself in; I can do nothing more on this ice." (Rauno Aaltonen)

"The Fords have been down recc-ing the special stages for a month." (John Sprinzel)

"In the future, we are going to compete in rallies with the same type we sell." (Plymouth spokesman)

"The road has to go somewhere." (Erik Carlsson)

"We are praying for snow." (Citroen, Lancia, BMC, English Ford and the organizers)

The Monte Carlo Rallye is a winter event, cobbled up to keep the Monegasque hotelkeepers happy during the slow month of January. In this aim it succeeds admirably as



- SINGLE ITINERARY
- ROUTE COMMON TO 2 ITINERARIES
- - - - - ROUTE COMMON TO 3 ITINERARIES
- x - x - x - ROUTE COMMON TO 5 ITINERARIES
- ROUTE COMMON TO 6 ITINERARIES
- ROUTE COMMON TO 9 ITINERARIES



"seaside" photographers, talk rally shop with the other 300 competitors, have a little flutter at the Casino, and return home with the dirt of five countries still intact, to the amazement of small boys. All very well as long as he doesn't try to win anything, as the big automobile companies have discovered that success in the Monte is repaid by increased sales.

If Mr. Hopkirk, the public reasons, can belt a Min from Minsk to Monte Carlo in the dead of winter (beating all those great gynomous Fords), it should get Mum and me down to the seaside. This process of reasoning, while not necessarily valid without certain qualifications, is much cherished by the foresaid manufacturers—except when their cars have done badly, and then there is much talk of \$25 off the list price being as much good. Nevertheless, an awful lot of money is spent hiring clever drivers, even more on rebuilding standard cars to be reliable over a 2500 mi winter jaunt, more yet on fitting trick accessories to supplement the inadequate standard ones, and still more in sending said drivers out for a couple of weeks to get familiar with the course. GET FAMILIAR WITH THE COURSE? This is a rally, not a race! What's going on here?

It used to be that the road section of the Monte alone sorted out the classification. Then it was found necessary to have a special round-the-pylons driving test, of all things, to "settle ties," as people were getting too good. As competitors began to jib at 15 sec. of wiggle-woggle deciding the outcome of 3000 miles of winter motoring, a special supplementary timed section was put in. Somebody who wasn't French then won, I think, so a coefficient or fiddle factor was introduced—this being x times the square root of capacity over eight times capacity plus one, x being infinitely variable in order to encourage or discourage whomever the organizers thought should or should not win. One year, to nobody's surprise, the Panhards cleaned up because nobody else had a chance . . . small Swedish 2-cycles with drivers named Carlsson were almost banned specifically. There was such an uproar about that, even from the normally chauvinistic French, that x was changed a bit, and so the same Mr. Carlsson, aided by his colossal technique, Saab engineering, and the far-reaching Saab support, took the Monte for two years running. This coefficient stays largely the same, although the penalties on slightly modified vehicles got a bit stiffer this year, as mostly small cars are sold in France; it still takes a damn good big 'un to beat a good little 'un in the Monte.

Ford USA was willing to try, in spite of the ferocious jump in coefficient as the cylinder capacity rose, and showed up in force a month early with oodles of cars, a Christmas stocking of drivers, and a central command complete with maps, service network, and Coca Cola. Not to be outdone, Plymouth suddenly entered three V-8 Vallants, of which one was in GT (causing two standard Falcons of Mme. Hall and Peter Jopp to be ritually sacrificed into that category), and even the Russians got into the act with three 2.4 liter Volgas and two Moskvitches. To say the least, they did not know what the rally was all about and finally arrived too late at Monaco, but just between you and me, Plymouth had almost as much to learn in spite of having the foresight to hire good talent.

These days the most of the rally is simply an exhausting promenade around Europe (depending on the weather) from any one of the nine widely-flung starting points like Warsaw, Minsk, Oslo, Frankfurt, Glasgow, Paris, Lisbon, Athens, and Monte Carlo itself. After covering an approximately equal mileage, the concourants gather together at a common point (this year, Reims) and then creep down the shady sides of all the hills to Monte Carlo. The shady side is where the ice is.

Incorporated in this "parcours commun" are a number of timed special sections, for which read road races. In these sections, generally of a difficult, mountainous and icy character, the number of seconds taken to traverse it is multiplied by its coefficient factor (see above) to arrive at a figure which theoretically rewards driving skill and car efficiency while ironing out differences in engine capacity. Because the runners are set off at minute intervals, a certain amount of racing luck enters into the results but, generally speaking, it works very well. Balking, tire troubles or small mechanical difficulties can drop one a

The 1-2 finishers, Paddy Hopkirk's Super Min and the Bo Ljungfeldt Falcon.



hordes of sun-starved northerners flood down with their entourage, all in the sweet name of sport. The terrors of snowy surfaces, daunting to the average motorist, wots them not, as similar conditions prevail five months of the year at higher latitudes. Besides, the development of spiked tires has proceeded by such leaps and bounds that the average heavy-footed rally driver, never noted for his fitness, now finds himself on equal terms with the rare ice specialist.

Providing he doesn't mind losing a little sleep, Joe Bloggs and friend can come down with the family Min, have their picture taken on the Turini by one of the

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shocking number of places, but granted that all the important competitors are not late on the road itself, this special section setup is a good indication of who is the best rally driver. The only fault in this system is that it rewards out of all proportion those who have practiced extensively, are stark raving bonkers, or both.

All the factories who are serious about rallying send their drivers out for varying periods of time in advance to practice on the timed bits, as the performance on these is the only thing that counts. Barring trouble, the professionals are expected to do the road section clean. Thus, you are buying a Min like Mr. Hopkirk's not because he came all the way from Minsk (as did the Volgas for that matter), but because he was good enough . . . or daft enough . . . to go hurray flatters over 132 km of goat track with the co-driver shivering in his seat.

This brings up the subject of co-drivers, who generally do something besides have kittens. With some equips, they actually do co-drive while the first pilot has a quiet nap . . . one Scandinavian I know slept all the way from Oslo to Reims and was as fresh as a daisy at that point. Carlsson, on the other hand, does all the driving himself and only takes cat naps upon checking in early at controls. Mr. Palm contents himself with navigation, making sandwiches, I suppose, checking in and out of controls, seeing that the car is serviced, and waking up Erik when the proper time comes. Normally, though, they do a bit of driving to keep the first pilot fresh and most of the navigating as well, for some of the quasi racing drivers imported into rallying today are unable to read properly, let alone multiply and divide averages. When the special stages come, the navigator becomes even more worthy of the name, for if there has not been time for too much practice, he has to read off the pace notes. These are very simply a running account of what to expect in the way of corners and other hazards, being chanted like some sort of litany slight right slight left hard left humpback bridge left round the barn climbing hairpin right slight left watch it! And so forth. At night, especially, these notes are a great help in "seeing" around the corner even when considerable

practice has been put in. The Castrol oil firm, among other people, provides a set of pace notes to its customers and goes so far as to hire the experienced John Sprinzel to aid in compiling them.

Accuracy is of great importance, even allowing for the difference between John Kritikos in his DKW and Harper in the 120-mph Falcon arriving at the end of a 3 km straight on ice, as Mr. Kritikos can be just as dead as Mr. Harper if a line is skipped or misread. Communication is always sort of a problem, as a certain amount of noise is going on, so the Ford people rigged up a two-way communication system with mikes and earphones in the Buck Rogers helmets. Peter Jopp, who drove with Frenchman Alain Bertaut, claimed that his incorporated a bilingual translation system but the chief advantage is the freedom from shouting and being misunderstood. An unexpected drawback was that the co-driver, who is a bit nervous anyway, could now hear very clearly the muttered, teeth-clenched asides like "bloody gear won't go in" or "that's our lot" or "this is gonna hurt" or even "Momma!"

Please forgive all the blarney about these sideline matters, but as far as the road section was concerned there was really very little to talk about. There had been a good deal of snow dumped on France about two weeks before but a couple of warm spells since had left only the occasional patch of hard-packed snow or *verglas*, especially in the Massif Central around Clermont Ferrand and in the Jura mountains near St. Claude. An annoying aspect was thick, freezing fog in the Rhone valley on the second night for the Paris, Frankfurt, Lisbon, Glasgow and Monte starters (in which most felt happier on small studs) but of the 299 crews that actually commenced the event, 274 left the control at Reims and of these only 27 had already lost marks on the road.

At Reims, most of the factory and accessory service vehicles had stationed themselves to see after their chickens, while there was much champagne and a proper restaurant laid on for those who wished to refresh themselves after two nights or more of driving. This generous hospitality had an unexpected effect, as whether rally nerves were taking effect or some of the food was a little off, many crews promptly succumbed to severe attacks of Bombay Tum. Denise McCluggage and Alain Bertaut, to name two of the Falcon navigators, were so affected; BMC's Timo Makinen "could hold only two cups of tea" all the way to Monte, and ominous marks down the sides of many cars testified to the unhappiness of their occupants. I personally can't think of anything closer to hell than being locked up in some swaying, bumping, roaring, freezing car with a case of the fantods and all the night to Monte still to go. Good grief.

The run down through the icy Jura in a column some five hours long passed without too much incident, although one slippery corner near St. Claude claimed about five cars. A Rover crew, wondering how to regain the road, suddenly

G. Hill Falcon tapped wall, lost time.

Frolich Opel descends Col St. Martin.

Taylor Cortina on special stage.



found a Mercedes perched on the roof, and Denise McCluggage slid off into a farmyard but briefly bumped her way back onto the route once more. By Uriage, where the real mountain motoring was to start, a few more cars had retired for one reason or another and so everyone girded his loins for the first special stage after Corps.

Of the eight much-fancied Falcons, (four each from Paris and Oslo) Greder's was already in trouble with an inoperative clutch, Hall's was beginning to suffer from the same complaint, Graham Hill's had had a broken spring jury-rigged, Jopp's ran the battery down because of a slipping fan belt, and rumor had it that there was a fairly heavy consumption of shock absorbers. In the Plymouth camp, Finnish hotshoe Esko Keinanen was looking forward to "rallying like a gentleman," but Scott Harvey's was already late on the road from simple inability to make himself understood with little French, and the occupants of the Jarman car were flagging because of a suspected exhaust leak which was giving rise to hallucinations. English Ford, running mostly Cortinas, had already suffered the loss of Elford when he was run off the road, but in spite of being down on power, hoped to do better than last year. Triumph had only one car (Thuner/Greterner), as the others had been sent to the easier Canadian rally, Rootes was trying out Imps and relying on the fast Procter's Rapier, VW had high hopes with a team of 1500-S headed by the Finn Toivonen, the Volkos were all on time with Trana, Skogh, and Osterberg, while Saab modestly contented itself with Carlsson (Mr.), Carlsson (Mrs.), Dahl and the hairy Bromark. Citroen, headed by Trautmann, relied on intimate knowledge of the Alps, tiny studs in its Michelin Xs and a hope that it would get really slippery.

The first stage (St. Didier-Montmaur) is down through a narrow canyon with a steaming great drop on one side, over a low pass, and then alongside another verglas-making river for 14 miles to the main Gap-Valence road. Assuming a 37.5 mph average (the minimum) in the dead of night, with ice in odd patches, it could be expected to be done in 21 min, 31 sec by a Ford Falcon. In actual fact, Bo Ljungfeldt turned the sparkling time of 15:54 to head the entire entry, followed by Hopkirk's Mini Cooper S (16:13), Bohringer (Merc 300-SE), Trana (Volvo), and Makinen (Cooper), who were all under 17 minutes. A little thought about coefficients (Hopkirk's was 0.3345 and the Ford's 0.3489) will show that, while Bo could go like the proverbial dingbat, Hopkirk's talent and good coefficient would keep him either in striking range or on top. In case of any bobble, Carlsson was close in at 17 min with his 850-cc Saab, his wife tied with Toivonen at 17:07 and Aaltonen's Cooper at 17:12. This pattern was carried out further on the next stage, a 30-mi ramble over a high and blasted lunar landscape with precious little grass, no pavement and no guard rail either. Ljungfeldt, passing nine cars as he did so, again turned the quickest

time but Trana wrought hero's work to edge Hopkirk with the bigger Volvo. And Bohringer was under 35 minutes as well, speaking well for himself and the new Finnish-pattern studded tires.

So to the third stage, an 11-mi ramble around the foothills near Gap. This time Hopkirk tied the unwieldy Falcon around the numerous hairpins for fastest lap but the overall results might have been different had not the Falcon service crews (on a recon lap) been beaten around the circuit by a 2-vc Citroen van. Upon close inspection, they discovered that what looked like a cattle road up somebody's farmyard was in truth a cutoff which knocked at least 3 mi off the run. On the night of the rally, a large Falcon with equally large occupants was casually parked in this cutoff, to the great discomfiture of a certain rally team's advance man. Ha!

After a refreshing run over the slippery Col de Fanget and down an icy gorge, the first runners arrived, as dawn was breaking, at the foot of the Col de St. Martin for a real speed hill climb. This and the following Col de Turini are fairly wide, only a little snow on the top or shady side impedes progress, and some wag had painted on a convenient rock wall "Falcon Autobahn" followed by "Saab Go Home." Ljungfeldt really got his clog down for this one, Hopkirk amazingly was second, Trana passed Skogh on the way up, and Pat Moss Carlsson beat her old man when he got involved with a couple of VWs on the last slippery bit. Up at the top, a great parking lot has been hacked out for skiers, some parked there to watch the expected show and it was most illustrative to see who really turned it on. Ljungfeldt arrived on full opposite lock and made the coppers run for their lives, Pat Moss was very neat, Toivonen had the tail hung out but seemed to lack acceleration (he must go like a fiend downhill), Trana was busy looking out the side window at where he was going, while Paddy was taking such a tight line in the early morning light that he didn't even look fast. Poor Graham Hill, hoping to make up time, had the throttle jam open, hit a wall, and then had to monkey about lashing the bodywork to a tree and reversing before he could proceed again. And he wasn't the only one, as Jean Behra's son, on his first works rally, used up the Citroen against a hill and retired.

There was much excitement when the results came out, because the Mins have been very popular in France since Hopkirk's exploits in the Tour de France. Besides, it has been so long since the Limeys won the first prize that they scarcely know what it looks like. All was not over, though, as there were still three laps of special stage around the GP circuit to count in the results. In this, the coefficient did not apply, but only the amount of seconds, so the heavy-footed Ljungfeldt had a chance to pick up a place or two off his compatriots. And if Hopkirk's hard-used Min cried enough . . . well, Ford would be happy. In fact, as the provisory order was Hopkirk (Min), Carlsson (Saab), Mme. Carlsson (Saab), Makinen



Huisman loses Volvo in test.



Sunday night at foggy Bourg control.



Erik and Pat Carlsson.



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(Min), Ljungfeldt (Falcon), Trana (Volvo), Aaltonen (Min), Skogh (Volvo), Bohringer (Mercedes) and Toivonen (Valiant), if they would all drop dead it would suit Detroit.

Well, to save you suspense, Hopkirk drove very sagely indeed (BMC rally manager was seen waving pound notes at him as pit signals) to keep his first place, Ljungfeldt went like an absolute rocket to jump up into second, Mäkinen now felt stronger after some food and pushed Mme. Carlsson into fourth, the fantastically smooth Bohringer traded places with Skogh, the usual enthusiastic Volvo went slap into the haybales, and don't put too much stock in the final results as protests are still flying around like bumblebees. It seemed that the ninth heat was stopped with a red flag because it was belatedly discovered that the clocks weren't running . . . Frescobaldi's Lancia promptly ran out of gas when the race was restarted because he only had enough for four laps, Procter protested because his front suspension was falling off and racing made it worse, Bianchi protested because he wouldn't have hit the wall if they hadn't restarted, Mme. Carlsson protested because the course was becoming littered with oil and debris after Harper used up his Falcon at the chicane. It seems that Trautmann was in the way or perhaps he just wanted to be faster than G. Hill, who had lapped at a respectable speed with a broken spring shackle. The next race wasn't much better as Chiron gave the checker to the flying Ljungfeldt, his little marshals promptly pulled off Mäkinen and Aaltonen as well . . . the only trouble being that they had done one lap too few and were promptly disqualified. With the team prize practically in BMC's hands, Stuart Turner's remarks about the perfidious French (rough translation) were something to hear. Finally it was worked out to give them an average of the first two laps for the third, which of course is a lot of twaddle, so at this writing there are still rumbles and protests (some from Saab, I gather) pending. Don't be surprised if you hear that the E Jag (last, in 163rd place) really won.

"I am looking forward to meeting Princess Grace." (Paddy Hopkirk) 