



LAP OF HONOUR

A PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNEY WITH SIR STIRLING MOSS

Tim Hain



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Foreword by Sir Stirling Moss, OBE

It's amazing what you can get from your wife's gynaecologist! Awaiting me on my return from the Australian Grand Prix in 2000 was a very nice letter from Herbert Reiss, who delivered our son Elliot, and who was an old friend of Tim Hain's family.

Enclosed was an outline for this book. The idea sounded very charming. I was not sure how I could help, but I was happy to welcome Tim to my home for a chat. He told me he wanted to include a photographic tribute to me in as many cars as possible, and asked for my help. I invited him to accompany me to a test session at Silverstone. Since then, the tally has risen to 33 cars and a motor scooter. He has even caught me napping, asleep at the wheel of my Mille Miglia winning Mercedes!

To be asked to provide a foreword to a book which includes a portrait of oneself, and written by a fan who respects what one has achieved, is difficult. Susie has pointed out that the book is as much about Tim as it is about me. His perspective, his style of writing, is so different. He is riding with me, and I get to stand back and see myself through somebody else's eyes.

Nonetheless he is embarrassingly kind about me, but I do realise that this might change in the final version! It's a hell of a lot easier to defend oneself from brickbats than it is to defend oneself from accolades. With criticism, I always feel I have an answer. With praise I don't.

If I had the ability, I'd love to have written my own biography. I don't have the patience or the recall. To get stories out of me, I need a catalyst. Tim certainly brought back memories and I think this book is a lot of fun. Or as Susie would call it, "absolutely enchanting". Parts of it make her quite tearful, but then she is a soppy old thing!

Above all, Tim's pictures are really great. What amazes me, and makes the book unique, is that he has never held a press pass. I told him he should definitely let this be known...just to show all the other hopefuls that it can be done. I hope you enjoy it as much as I have.'

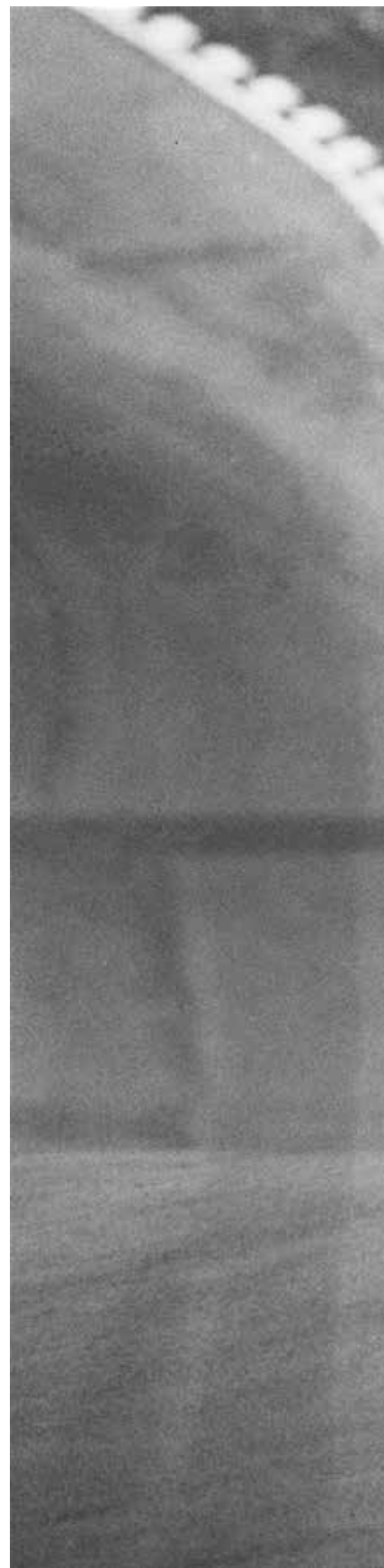
Introduction

They say ‘every picture tells a story,’ but what about the story behind the picture?

Take this one for example. It shows a racing car being driven hard at Brands Hatch in the summer of 1965. Richard Attwood is at the wheel, urging his Formula 2 Lola to sixth place. A simple story. But what the picture doesn’t tell you is that the photographer was only 14 years old, and that this photograph won him the British Automobile Racing Club’s Motofoto competition for the third year running, after which they scrapped the contest. It doesn’t tell you that his Edixa 35 mm single lens reflex was fitted with a 400 mm Tamron lens which cost a mere 14 guineas, much to the dismay of Ted Lewis, the official BARC photographer, nor that he developed and printed it himself. It doesn’t tell you how his youthful passion was extinguished in its prime, to be rekindled 35 years later with the help of the greatest legend of them all.

Welcome to ‘Lap Of Honour’, the revival and incredible journey of a young motor racing photographer.

Richard Attwood, F2
Lola, Brands Hatch '65.
Taken with an Edixa
Mat 35 mm single lens
reflex fitted with a
400 mm Tamron
Lens which cost me
14 guineas, much to
the dismay of Ted
Lewis, official BARC
photographer







The author with Stirling Moss, Goodwood 2001

As a lad I loved filling my viewfinder with racing cars. It was the perfect antidote to a broken home and a brutal boarding school. For three years, during school holidays, I was on fire with my camera, winning competitions and getting my pictures published.

The spark was lit on Christmas Day 1961 with the arrival of a Scalextric set. Trains, planes and dinosaurs were swiftly relegated to the closet as a racetrack of infinitely variable proportions spread itself across the nursery floor.

The bearer of this exciting gift was my stepfather Jimmy Sanders. One minute I was stalled on the starting grid of life, choking on a silver spoon and getting my backside tanned. The next, I was given a pair of Le Mans racers, a green light, and an open road to another world. My excitement burned in the back seat of his Rolls every time he took us to Goodwood or Brands Hatch, or whenever I drove my 2½ horsepower go-kart round the estate. But I felt it first that Christmas morning as I raced my sister under the Dunlop Bridge and past the pits, lap after lap. I favoured the green Aston Martin. She preferred the yellow D-type Jaguar.

The following Easter Monday we were taken to Goodwood for our first real race meeting. It turned out to be a solemn occasion which almost claimed the life of Stirling Moss, my first hero. That day, with a single twist of fate, the goddess of motor racing claimed one more victim and one more devotee. With a further twist, she conspired to bring us together nearly four decades later.

*As a lad I loved
filling my viewfinder
with racing cars.
It was the perfect
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My first day as a racing
photographer: Dizzy Addicott's
Elva harries Roy Pierpoint's
Lotus 15 at Crystal Palace

Later that same year, on a sun-drenched September afternoon at Crystal Palace, I borrowed my mother's Kodak Retina and took my first racing pictures. The meeting was memorable for a compelling duel for the lead between two family friends, Roy Pierpoint (soon to become British Saloon Car champion) and my maverick mentor 'Dizzy' Addicott, whose 'day job' was test pilot. It was an edge-of-the-seat tussle, Dizzy's nimble Elva harrying Roy in the twisty bits, whilst the extra power of Roy's Climax-engined Lotus allowed him to pull away on the straights. On the last corner of the last lap, right under our noses, Dizzy was pounced upon by the third place man who had been sneaking up on the dicing leaders. The move failed. Contact was made. Dizzy was knocked very sideways. I held my breath. He caught the slide and held his place.

The company of such men was manna from heaven for a lad whose dad had moved to Switzerland, and who was exiled to boarding school for months on end. Dizzy and Roy screwed together my first kart, then played Santa by delivering it late Christmas Eve when I was fast asleep. Dizzy was also a keen photographer, and when the results of my new hobby began to manifest, he advised my mother on which camera to buy me.



My fascination with speed must have been genetic.



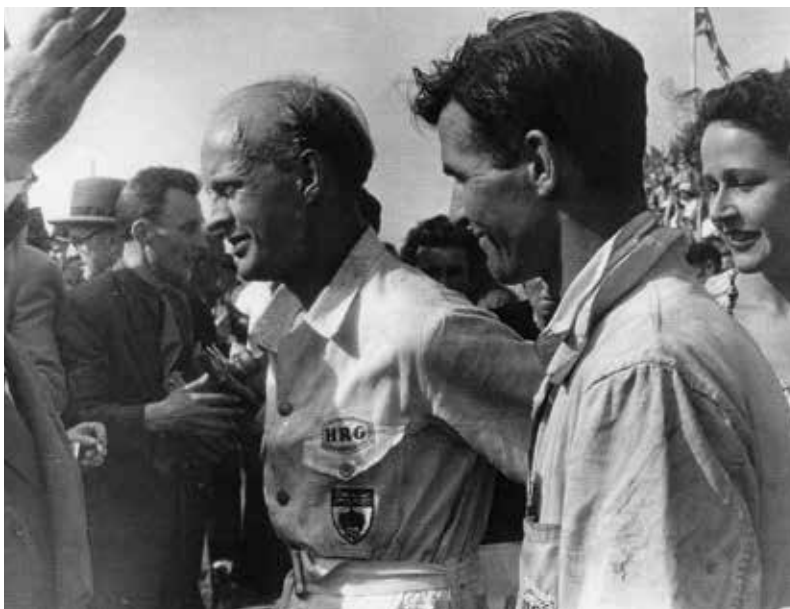
My fascination with speed must have been genetic. My grandfather, Captain Denis Shipwright, DSO, DFC, World War Two night-fighter pilot, raced an Armstrong-Siddeley at Brooklands before the war. Some years ago I found an article about him in *Motor Sport* magazine (reproduced above with permission).

My response to this piece was published in the next issue:

'Sir, it was with surprise and delight that I came upon a picture of my Grandfather, Captain Denis Shipwright, in the November issue of Motor Sport. The article was passed among my family and greeted with interest and amusement. Bill Boddy unwittingly captured Gramps' penchant for line shooting as he reports:

'He was later to come back to the track in 1936 heading his notepaper "Brooklands Expert - 15 years." That I should learn so much about my own blood relation through the pages of your magazine underlines the esteem in which I hold it. Lastly, I do not wish to suggest that this in any way reflects on my grandfather's ability behind the wheel, but my mother tells me his car was known as "The Shipwreck Special." I am Yours etc.'

Mother, on right,
as Le Mans class
winner Thompson
is greeted by
President Auriol



Gramps' son, my father, loved sports cars, and owned a Triumph TR3 with the numberplate 'TR3'. At the tender age of seven I was quite comfortable doing the 'ton' for the first time with Pop, on a long straight road somewhere in Somerset, with the hood down. As for my mother, she clicked the watches at Le Mans in 1949 for Eric Thompson who came 8th, winning his class. The first car I recall her owning was a white MGA.

As for me, apart from enjoying two spells as a photographer, I enjoyed two spells as a kart racer, coming second to Terry Fullerton (who beat Ayrton Senna to become World Karting Champion) at Blackbushe in 1966, and 27 years later winning my class in the National Kart Racing Association Grand Finals at Three Sisters. At the tender age of 66 I still occasionally rent a Rotax Max kart at Daytona Sandown and somehow manage to post fastest time. I also ache for a week afterwards.



(Top) Me in kart 171 at Blackbushe, taken by Pop
(Above) Pop airborne on my kart



Jimmy Sanders
(right) watches
as my kart is
scrutineered at
Eelmore Plain



ERA at Crystal Palace
- on my first day with
a camera

The world of motor racing, via my weekly copy of *Autosport*, made term time almost bearable. It would have been handy had I been able to stuff the magazine down my trousers to soften the blows, but the headmaster insisted on beating his boys on naked buttocks. Mercifully, the school sat beside the A3, the road to Goodwood, and on summer Saturday evenings I would escape to a secret hideaway among the trees beside the school's corrugated iron perimeter fence, and wait. I would soon be rewarded.

Back then, racing cars were often driven to and from races, and before long I would hear the sound of an approaching ERA, or catch sight of a single seater on a trailer. This was my refuge, my oasis. Nobody knew I was there. I recently drove past the school, and that old fence is still standing, five decades on.

*Back then, racing cars were often driven
to and from races, and before long I would
hear the sound of an approaching ERA, or
catch sight of a single seater on a trailer.
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You Can't Keep a Good Snapper Down

After my second 'Motofoto' competition win, I received a letter from Ted Lewis, the official BARC photographer, offering to take me under his wing. I was duly summoned to his darkroom and initiated into the secrets of developing and printing my own pictures. A darkroom was set up for me in the depths of the family mansion, and pretty soon I was getting the hang of breaking open 35 mm film cassettes in total darkness and loading rolls of Kodak Tri-X into one of those ancient cylindrical developing tanks. Once my negatives were ready, I would become absorbed for hours on end, creating prints with my enlarger, watching images form under a pale red light...

In 1964 I started at Bryanston School in Dorset, and joined the photographic society, which had a darkroom. One evening, the legendary *Daily Express* photographer Victor Blackman came to give us a talk. I knew his work, and that he specialised in motor racing, so I showed him some of my prints. Impressed, he passed them on to *Ford Times* magazine, which ran a feature on me.



Sportscar magazine published and paid for this picture of a posing Mike Beckwith, rapid teammate to a moonlighting Jim Clark



This month we have a winner who is only 14 years old

He is Timothy Hain, of Cobham, Surrey, who takes the £5 with a very good action shot. The rider is unidentified, but the picture was secured at Bulbarrow Hill, near Blandford, Dorset. Proud owner of a Mansfield Auto 35-mm camera, Tim used a 1/250-sec exposure and the camera looked after the aperture setting. The film was Ilford FP3, developed in Acutol.

WINNING pictures in our regular monthly competition appear on these pages. Another selection will be made next month, and the next... All pictures are judged by the same standards as others published in *Motor Cyclist Illustrated*; on technical ability and subject matter combined. They can be of trials, scrambles, road racing or any other form of motor cycle sport; and a good intimate paddock shot could take priority over a routine speed picture.

First of the one guinea consolation prizes goes to R. A. Kirby, of Erith, Kent, who took the picture below, of Pip Harris (BMW) at Dingle Dell Corner at Brands Hatch. Using an Ediflex camera with a 135-mm Hanimax lens, he employed a 1/500-sec exposure.

Prizewinner

LAP OF HONOUR INTRODUCTION

TEEN TIMES—JULY 1965



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Ford Times article from July 1965

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD SNAPPER DOWN

Taking good pictures at motor sport events is easy for the professionals, the amateurs say. There they are in pit and paddock, always within camera range, always in the best positions, always close to the high and the mighty. What chance has the general public, confined to the stands?

TIM HAIN (bottom left), a public schoolboy who is barely 14, answers the question with these pictures—every one of which he took from a public enclosure—and outlines his method of working.

IT'S a very good idea to check the facilities for taking pictures in advance. At an international meeting I try to get to the track for practice, when there is more freedom to move around than on race day.

If I haven't booked a stand seat, I find it an advantage to arrive very early on the big day, pick a good spot—and stick to it.

The best action pictures can usually be obtained at one of the corners. For instance, there is little doubt that, at Brands Hatch, Paddock Bend sees a great many spins, slides and other nonsenses. If I have a grandstand seat, I keep my camera focused steadily on Paddock, which means that I shoot the cars from the rear.

During practice—or perhaps a Club meeting—when there is a relatively small crowd, I prefer a position one-third of the way up Pilgrim's Rise. From there, I have a bird's-eye view of everything that goes on. For 'long' shots I use a 400 mm lens, which magnifies eight times.

I always hold my camera at the ready, just below eye-level. (I have been caught out on more than one occasion by being unprepared!)

Before I got this particular lens, I used a much shorter one. I could not get so close in to subjects, but a good 'panning' shot (where you get the car in focus but the background blurred) could be caught—and there are many places which are actually more suited to a shorter lens, such as Druids (Brands) or just about anywhere at Crystal Palace.

My 400 mm lens is a Hanimex Tamron f.7.5; it cost 19 guineas. Its physical length has caused me embarrassment occasionally—at Crystal Palace I nearly swiped an innocent gent on the nose with it!

The camera I use is an Edixa-mat Reflex, and I load with Kodak Tri-X film rated at 800 ASA, developed in E24 (Adox).

Enlargements are made on Agfa Brovira paper, and exposures are mostly 1/500th of a second at f.16 (on a sunny day).

Such a short exposure is possible on account of the very fast film—which also gives much greater depth of field with a 400 mm lens.



No Such Word as 'if'

In the 60s they used to say 'there's no such word as "if" in motor racing.' So let me put it this way: Had Pop been a working dad, and had I not been born into so-called 'privilege', I might have been steered towards earning a crust with a camera. With no example of a working parent, and in such an affluent environment, I only ever saw photography as a hobby. So unthinkably, instead of focussing on becoming a globetrotting lensman, I succumbed to the parental push towards my gaining a place at Oxford or Cambridge. Nonetheless, the instinct must have been there. I had started to take my camera to kart meetings and between my own races I would take pictures of other competitors. At the next meeting I would earn extra pocket money by flogging my self-processed prints to the drivers at 5 bob a go.





Three action shots from Surbiton, my local kart club; No. 60 is Colin Vandervell, son of Tony Vandervell, creator of Britain's first GP winner, the Vanwall in Stirling Moss's hands



When my idol Jim Clark lost his life, I lost interest. I failed to get into Oxford to read a subject I had no enthusiasm for, and eventually turned down a place at Reading University because I couldn't decide what to study. When my engine seized at a kart meeting at Blackbushe, that was it for me. Inspired by Jimi Hendrix, I sold my kart, bought my first guitar, and drifted off in another direction. My darkroom was disassembled, and my camera given to a sister.