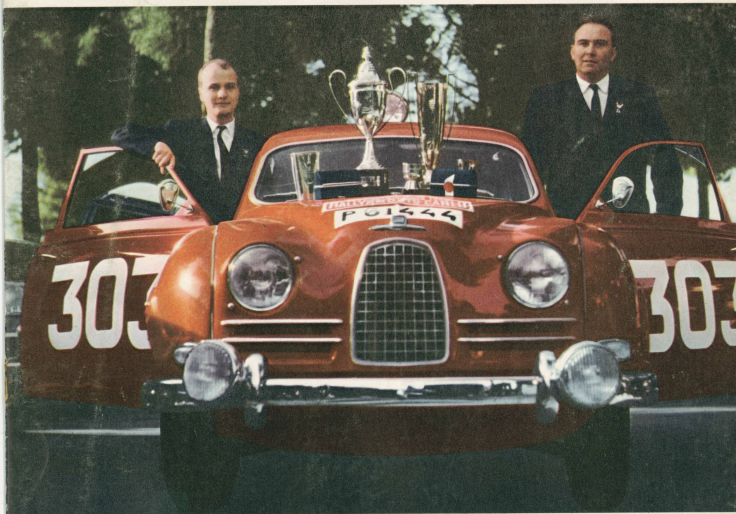


MONTE CARLO



RALLY

SPECIAL



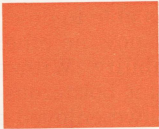
Nervous? Yoy bet. In the Swedish camp we held our breath for the solitary Swede in the little red car during the final tests at Monte Carlo. Victory could escape through one small miscalculation. But round after round he held his closest competitor at a safe distance. Finally, when he let him pass... he had made certain that their time difference gave us a safe margin. On the hay stacks ringing the track, Swedish technicians were sitting in fixed silence... listening only to the sound of the engine. What if it should suddenly become silent? What if one key bolt should loosen? But the engine continued its steady humming... it had once more met a remarkably rugged challenge.



The Monte Carlo Rally: a classic among competitions

The Monte Carlo rally is regarded as a classic among car competitions. The first rally was run in 1911. From 1924, the Monte Carlo became an annual event, except for the years 1940 through 1948 when the international situation made it impossible. This past year's rally was the 31st Monte Carlo classic.

While certain details have changed, the rules for the Monte Carlo have been basically the same since its inception. The competition is a long-distance drive with special tests built in at the end of the competition. Over the years, these special tests have evolved from a straight test of speed over a closed track... to "time/speed/distance" driving over narrow, zig-zag, slippery mountain roads where it is necessary to pass both open and secret check points at precise, predetermined times. One element has remained constant: the crushing pressure exerted on each driver's skill and physical condition as the cars are put through their grueling tests.



Rally fans have always had an avid interest in Monte Carlo, and victory or finishing "in the money" have become highly prized goals for the competitors. This year's rally was in the true tradition of the Monte Carlo... the elite of the international racing fraternity competed, and practically every known make of car was represented, underscoring the prestige of victory. A 100 per cent Swedish team was able to demonstrate the ability to defeat all comers... a source of pride to us all.

Harald Palmi,
Secretary General
Swedish Motor Federation

HOW WE WON

"A sudden shout of joy woke me that morning. It was Erik who had cheered, and when I sat up and looked out of the car, I understood. I could see the mountains . . . and they were covered with a welcome blanket of snow, sparkling in the morning sun. We knew what our car was able to do on slippery mountain roads. And we knew that now no other car would be able to match ours in roadability. With a spontaneous surge of happiness, we began to sing boisterously. When Erik produced a chunk of bologna, we enjoyed a festive morning feast. Then, we once more pored over the first speed test on our special map. Curve after curve was discussed. We were well prepared . . .

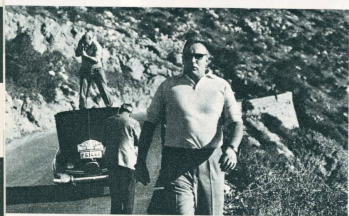
BY GUNNAR HÄGGBOM

There was a hush over the whole starting area. Everybody's eyes seemed fastened on the little red Saab and the big Swede. Erik seemed embarrassed by all the attention. Once again he checked the wheel bolts. Then he looked toward Bohringer and his car.



The German scuffed the asphalt and absentmindedly kicked his tires. He appeared to be in deep concentration. He knew he still had a good chance: only about 40 seconds separated the two cars after having driven 2,500 miles, during day and night. Only 40 short seconds which could rapidly disappear during the next four rounds on the Monte Carlo G.P. track.





To win... to pose. This was not new to Erik and Gunnar. But their Monte Carlo victory had smashed all existing records. A group of international journalists, hungry for details, had to be satisfied.

French TV devoted a special program to the accomplishment of the Swedish team. The lower picture shows Erik Carlsson posing for French photographers. The "Swedish Miracle Car", as the Saab was called, was photographed inside as well as out by enthusiastic cameramen.

It began in Oslo on January 29th, an Oslo without snow and ice. The weather forecast indicated that the roads down to France would be reasonably good... strictly a sight-seeing affair without incidents, and probably pretty dull. Via Göteborg we arrived at Hålsingborg where the traditional scramble for a space on the ferry was fought. We continued on down to Copenhagen and passed up eating in order to reach Odense in good time because the next control place was located there. We arrived early, turned in immediately and slept for two hours before we were awakened and continued the trip. Erik resumed sleep... on through the entire night. I drove on through thick, oppressive fog, passed Flensburg, had a cup of coffee and went on to Hamburg. Here I awoke Erik.

We changed places. I slept while Erik drove out the Autobahn to Hanover and then on to Frankfurt where we arrived about 10:00 pm on January 21st. We then drove northwest to Nurburgerring, and from there to Liege in Belgium. When Erik drove on down to Luxembourg, I was deep asleep and, thus, oblivious to a raging storm that passed over us. It was a bonafide hurricane; it rained torrents, trees were blown onto the road and visibility was near zero. Erik was forced to drive very cautiously.

We kept hoping for snow. Erik became quite gloomy, "I'll bet the roads will be bone dry." We discussed our chances. What if we didn't get any snow or ice? We passed through Chaumont, Belfort and arrived in Colmar. Hour after hour he sat silent and preoccupied. I said nothing. I didn't know Erik too well, and understood that some drivers like to talk and some don't. I sat remembering our agreement before starting: you handle your job, I'll handle mine. After a while I put my head down and went to sleep.

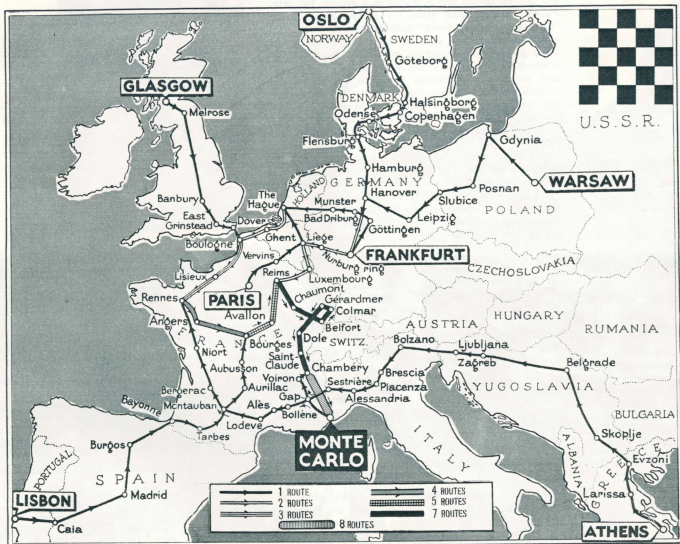
A sudden shout of joy woke me that morning. It was Erik who had cheered, and when I sat up and looked out of the car, I understood. I could see the mountains... and they were covered with a welcome blanket of snow, sparkling in the morning sun.

When we reached Chambery, we had a half-hour in which to check the car, change the tires and eat — perhaps the last meal before Monte Carlo. We never had time to finish our meal. As soon as the car was ready, we went over the map once more. I left Erik alone in the car, went out into the night and looked up the officials. Ahead of us we had 25 miles of a special test... the first one on curvy mountain roads over two mountain tops: Col du Granier and Col du Cucheron. Chambery is at an altitude of 900 feet, Col du Granier is about 3,500 feet. Thereafter there was a steep downhill road to 1,800 feet and then upwards again over Col du Cucheron at about 3,400. The finishing line was on 1,500 feet.

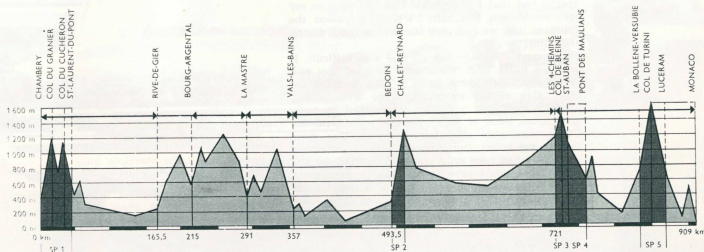
Finally we were starting. After 900 feet came the ice. Pretty soon we saw our competitors in front of us. We passed one after another. Somebody tried to follow us but had to give up pretty soon. I looked at the odometer. Because of the spinning of the wheels it was not accurate. We had to orient ourselves by means of the map and various markers in

The Monte Carlo rally started from eight different cities in Europe. The competitors may choose their city. During this year's rally, driving distances down to Monte Carlo turned out be unimportant.

The weather was favorable. But one of the most fascinating things about this rally is surely the gamble one takes in choosing a certain route to Monte Carlo. Bad weather along one route can destroy the chances for those who chase the wrong starting place. One explanation of the great publicity the rally receives can be seen in this map. Most countries in Europe are affected by the route of the rally... and most countries have their own participants.



A cross-section of the rally route from Chambéry to Monte Carlo is one of nature's own roller coasters. The "ditches" on the sides are unusually deep and forbidding. Dark sections indicate special tests.



the geography. I looked for them with the search light and found them one after another. "Grey house. Turn left. Straight 1,500 feet. To the right sharply." We passed another few competitors. Erik was now driving at the top of his ability. He utilized masterfully all the characteristics of the car, slid elegantly over the ice, controlled skidding, did not let up on the accelerator a second too late. Faster, faster. Apart from my monotonous speech "turn again, slow down" nobody said a word. We passed another few cars. It was simple. As if we were playing. In a hairpin curve we spun out for a second. The rear of the car ran away from us and we went backwards into the curve. In the middle of it, Erik straightened up the car. When we left the curve he had perfect control of the car again. I took a deep breath and glanced over at Erik. Did he seem shook up? Or was I just imagining things.

Below the road — about 1,000 feet — was a little mountain village. The lights were visible from the streets. People were probably going to bed by now.

When we reached the start for the second special test, we found out that we probably were leading the competition. We were ahead with one minute before the Finn, Toivonen and Böhringer and we



had beaten Walther, the European champion, by four minutes in spite of the fact that we had had to pass ten cars during the first special test.

The second special test was strictly uphill. We started on 1,000 feet and ended at 5,600 feet. This time we were using Dunlop S.P. without spikes. Once again we had chosen the right tire. Since Mont Ventoux is an isolated mountain, we had been able to study the roads from afar by means of binoculars — nothing was left to chance. It was during this special test that I understood that the man on my left would win this rally. When we passed the finishing line, we had used the brakes twice during ten miles.

The next stretch — the third — was difficult. It was ten miles long. We started at 6,400 feet and would eventually come down to 3,300 feet. On the other side of the mountain, there were a few straightaways now and then interrupted by hairpin curves, some of which were covered with ice. There were nine such curves in all. The more curvy, the better. Our car went around the curves as if they had been on a track. I don't believe any mortal man could have followed us through there. When we reached St. Auban, Erik patted his car affectionately and murmured: "Good going, old chap."

We continued to the next test... 15 miles long

The closed track at Monte Carlo proved to be an unforgettable thrill. Böhringer had plenty of opportunity to study Erik Carlsson's Saab from behind. The roar from the engines, the scream of tires, shattered the usual hush of the charming little village by the Mediterranean. Böhringer passed Erik on the straightaway, and was first to finish. But he was not far enough ahead. The second car to finish was the winner of the rally.





The greatest day in the history of Swedish motor sport: the day they awarded prizes for the 1962 Monte Carlo rally. For the first time in history, the winning prize went to a Swedish team... a fantastic achievement.

and terribly fast. The speedometer hovered mostly around 100 miles per hour. An added obstacle: a small German car stood at right angles across the road. We removed it and continued to the last test prior to the finish race in the G.P. track at Monte Carlo. The start took place at an altitude of 2,200 feet. From there we had to ascend to Col de Turni, over 4,800 feet, and then down to the finish line at 1,800 feet. We had taken a chance on standard tires without spikes. For a long time, it looked as though we had made the right choice, but when we got to the top we found ice and snow.

Pretty soon, however, the roads became dry. Then — ice suddenly appeared again. In the middle of a curve we found it looked dangerously slick. We were driving fast at that time... very fast. All at once, the car was perpendicular to the road and skidded between the mountain wall and a fence. Everything spun around... but only for a second. Pretty soon we were pointed in the right direction again: towards Monte Carlo.

Erik continued as if nothing had happened. He tried to pass a big German car which refused to budge. So we slipped by it when entering a curve. Shortly thereafter, we were on the finish line. The press and TV began arriving. Our room became quickly jammed. "Can you hold 43 seconds tomorrow?" After the room was empty, the question remained: could we hold 43 seconds tomorrow?

We went out to the track and discussed it foot by foot. We talked about every place where he would have to shift gears, up and down. Then we drove to a little mountain village and relaxed. We sat for a long time on a bench in the square and talked

about everything under the sun except cars and the Monte Carlo rally.

At 8 o'clock the next morning, the start took place. There was a hush over the whole starting area. Everybody's eyes seemed fastened on the little red Saab and the big Swede. Erik seemed embarrassed by all the attention. Once again he checked the wheel bolts. Then he looked towards Böhringer and his car. The German scuffed the asphalt and absentmindedly kicked his tires. He appeared to be in deep concentration. He knew he still had a good chance: only about 40 seconds still separated the two cars after having driven 2,500 miles, during day and night. Only 40 short seconds which could rapidly disappear during the next four rounds on the Monte Carlo G.P. track.

Erik was the first to start. He was afraid of getting boxed in by the three Mercedes, one of them driven by Böhringer. When the starting line was passed the first time, they were four seconds apart. Then the cars raced away to the true test... four rounds. The red Saab was still ahead after the first round.

We knew that we couldn't lose more than 10 seconds per round to the much bigger and faster Mercedes. Next round, the German was ahead, but Erik was only 5 seconds behind. On the straight-away, the German pulled away from the Swede, but on the curve the Swede caught up. The little red car kept close to the German. When they flashed over the finish line, Erik had lost a total of 17 seconds.

The car was taken apart and inspected. At 10:30 pm the deadline for protests had arrived. No protests. When we went home to the hotel, newsreel cameras recorded every step we took. Reporters from almost every country in the world inspected our car from stem to stern. People ran up to present flowers or deliver telegrams. One of the first wires was from Prince Bertil, son of the Swedish king. Erik pinned it up over his bed. And then... we went out on the town.

Gunnar Hagglin

RESULTS

1. Erik Carlsson—Gunnar Häggbom, SAAB, Sweden . . . 2.880
2. Eugene Böhlinger—Peter Lang, Mercedes-Benz, Germany . . . 2.907
3. Peter Hopkirk—J. Scott, Sunbeam, England . . . 2.952
4. P. Procter—C. Robson, Sunbeam, England . . . 2.997
5. P. Gele—A. Gilhaudin, DKW, France . . . 3.019
6. Gunnar Andersson—Valter Karlsson, Volvo, Sweden . . . 3.019
7. R. Neyret—J. Terramorsi, Citroën, France . . . 3.031
8. H. Kuhne—M. Wencher, Mercedes-Benz, Germany . . . 3.047
9. P. Frescobaldi—M. de Luca, Lancia, Italy . . . 3.057
10. G. Hill—P. Jopp, Sunbeam, England . . . 3.058
11. P. Ruby—Mr. Moritz, DKW, Germany . . . 3.059
12. P. Harper—R. Baxter, Sunbeam, England . . . 3.060
13. J. Guichet—J. Clement, Citroën, France . . . 3.067
14. R. Trautmann—C. Bouchet, Citroën, France . . . 3.075
15. R. Ott—R. Knoll, Mercedes-Benz, Germany . . . 3.080
16. Carl-Magnus Skogh—Karl-Erik Svensson, SAAB, Sweden . . . 3.081
17. I. Lewis, Sunbeam, England . . . 3.083
18. D. Seigle-Morris—T. Ambrose, Austin, England . . . 3.093
19. W. Levy—A. Kling, DKW, Germany . . . 3.098
20. R. de Lageneste—U. Genestoux, Citroën, France . . . 3.112

set, Norway 8.889, 128) Charlie Lohmander—Picco Troberg, Austin, Sweden 8.943, 131) Gunnar Bengtsson—Bo Boesen, Volvo, Sweden 8.950, 134) K Reidl, Volvo, Denmark 8.966, 158) Sture Nottorp—Bo Hellberg, Volvo, Sweden 9.065, 165) C Syberg, Volvo, Denmark 9.104, 199) Rune Bäcklund—Nils Falk, Volvo, Sweden 9.583, 202) Ewy Rosqvist—Ursula Wirth, Volvo, Sweden 9.635, 206) Greta Molander—Monica Kjerstadius, SAAB, Norway—Sweden 9.725, 219) F Granli, Ford, Norway 10.413, 227) H Lunk, Ford, Denmark 10.904, 228) S Engseth, Volvo, Norway 10.958, 232) W Wollan, Sunbeam, Norway 11.512, 243) O Heick, Fiat, Denmark 13.085.

Standard cars 1.000 cc: 1) Erik Carlsson, SAAB, 2) P Gele, DKW, 3) P Ruby, d.o, 4) Carl-Magnus Skogh, SAAB, 5) W Levy, DKW, 16) Carl Spjuht, BMW, 33) Bjarne Lundberg, Austin, 42) Charlie Lohmander, Austin, 62) Greta Molander, SAAB.

1.300 cc: 1) Esko Keinänen, Skoda, 1.600 cc: 1) P Hopkirk, Sunbeam, 2) P Procter, d.o, 3) Gunnar Andersson, Volvo, 30) Ewy Rosqvist, d.o.

2.000 cc: 1) R Neyret, Citroën, 14) Olie Dahl, Volvo, 24) Gunnar Bengtsson, d.o.

Over 2.000 cc: 1) Eugen Böhlinger, Mercedes-Benz.

GT 1.000 cc: 1) P Riley, MG.

1.300 cc: 1) R Borgerhoff, Alfa Romeo.

1.600 cc: 1) G Isenbügel, Porsche.

2.000 cc: 1) D Morley, MG, 4) Sture Nottorp, Volvo, 5) Rune Bäcklund, d.o.

Over 2.000 cc: 1) D Seigle-Morris, Austin.

21) Esko Keinänen, Skoda, Finland 3.125, 27) O Vilkas, Mercedes-Benz, Finland 3.168, 32) T Mäkinen, Morris, Finland 3.190, 37) Arve Andersen, Volvo, Norway 3.200, 44) C Spjuht—Lennart Berggren, BMW, Sweden, 3.225, 50) N Eklundh, Skoda, Finland 3.235, 54) J Nielsen, Alfa Romeo, Denmark 3.251, 55) T Noren, Volvo,

Norway 3.552, 56) J Jernes, Skoda, Norway 3.253, 58) A Wassman, Skoda, Finland 3.276, 59) Hans Ingier, Volvo, Norway 3.279, 60) E Gjöjberg, Skoda, Norway 3.280, 68) J Martinsen, Skoda, Norway 3.299, 70) Olle Dahl—F Andreasson, Volvo, Sweden 3.301, 90) Bjarne Lundberg—Gunnar Palm, Austin, Sweden 3.371, 114) K Gudim, Skoda, Norway 3.474, 116) Laila Schou-Nilsen, Skoda, Norway 3.483, 119) W Johansen, AU, Norway 8.811, 120) O Varg-



≡ 26470TA PARIS F

Le télégramme est identifié à l'aide des indications portées, dans l'ordre ci-dessous, avant le texte du télégramme. L'heure de départ est indiquée par un nombre de quatre chiffres.

ORIGINE	NUMÉRO	NOMBRE DE MOTS	DATE DE DÉPART	HEURE DE DÉPART	MENTIONS DE SERVICE
STOCKHOLM	FR680 11 26 1409				
LYCKOENSKNINGAR ≡ PRINS BERTIL ≡ STEN HAGARDT ≡ ≡					



En descendant la Turbie dans sa «Saab» je me suis cru au Scenic Railway

NOUS avons essayé la Saab n° 303 victorieuse du rallye de Monte-Carlo. Mais nous ne nous sommes pas cru déshonoré de prendre un chauffeur pour monter au village de La Turbie car ce chauffeur avait nom Eric Carlsson.

Carlsson, 32 ans, 1 m 90, 115 kg, est chargé des relations publiques de la Saab.

+ simple, il est modeste, diversaires et néanmoins

Renault 1093 essayée 3 jours avant. Mais ce n'est qu'une impression. F. Vitesse

14
Voiture et pilotes su
La "Saab" de
CARLSSON-
HAGGBOM
A RÉSISTÉ AU FINISH

★ All different types of sports considered, it was one of Sweden's great international "PRESTIGE VICTORIES"... truly a feather in the cap of Swedish industry.

Even if you hate cars as I do (and my hostility is that I am basically opposed to *sitting through life*), you have to admire this triumph.

Although I hate cars, I love touring through the many beautiful parts of our world... and I greatly admire Erik Carlsson's artistic ability, thorough preparation, his combination of caution, courage and drive... his physical power and emotional stability. And these comments could be made as well about our Swedish mechanical industry.

T. T. Idrottsbladet
(Swedish Sports News)

The little Saab, one of the Cinderellas of the rally, has won the victory openly and honestly. The Charming Prince who believed in Cinderella was the good Giant, Erik Carlsson... a man who doesn't believe in compromises.

L'Automobile
(The French Motor Magazine)

A big man and a small car were a good combination... and surprise victors. Logically, this is the rally for cars with big engines.

France Soir
(French evening paper)

It was a resounding victory, particularly since all special tests

were driven in all kinds of weather. The little Saab was fast as a rocket. In the test in Monaco, Eugene Böhringer in his big Mercedes could not shake the Swede until the third round.

L'Equipe
(French Motor Magazine)

Erik Carlsson, a giant at the wheel, won not only because he had faith in himself. He also turned out to be a strategist.

Figaro (French Daily paper)

Erik Carlsson is a very brave man. He keeps his foot on the accelerator when the rest of us take it off. This is one of the characteristics that make Erik Carlsson different from the rest of us, says Pat Moss, who won the ladies class in the Monte Carlo rally.

Erland Jacobson, Arbetet
(Swedish daily paper)

Few Swedes have been privileged to win a Monte Carlo rally. Greta Molander's in the ladies class has been the sole Swedish triumph over the years. Erik Carlsson has reversed years of Swedish misfortunes. Through his victory he will become the Motor Ambassador of Sweden. Last year, Swedish motoring garnered a host of medals and titles... including Gunnar Andersson's and Charlie Lomander's triumph at Mille Miglia. This year, Swedish colors were flying at Monte Carlo. Is Le Mans next?

Mike, Stockholms-Tidningen
(Swedish daily newspaper)

If there wasn't much interest in Saab in foreign countries before... there's plenty of it right now. "Somersault Carlsson" won the Monte Carlo rally in a Saab, and the little Swedish wonder car has caught the fancy of the entire automotive world. Robert Glenton, for example, writes in the London Sunday Express, "One of the nicest, liveliest small cars I have ever driven! Why haven't we met before? There is a rumor that a member of the Royal Family is waiting for his Saab."

Saab couldn't score any higher in England than having a member of the Royal Family select a Swedish Saab. Congratulations to the factory.

SE (Swedish Weekly magazine)

Erik Carlsson is the first Swede to win Monte Carlo rally. And this is the first time that a Swedish car has been number one in the oldest, and best known, of all rallies.

For the second best Swedish performance in the Monte Carlo rally, we can also thank "Somersault Carlsson". In last year's rally, he placed fourth driving a Saab 95 station wagon. He would very likely have won that year also, if the rules had not been rather peculiar. The rules seemed to have been arranged so that only one car had a chance of winning: Panhard. And Panhard won.

Lennart Ojsten, Expressen
(Swedish evening paper)

le retard sur Carlsson (Saab

CARLSSON ET DE SAAB

PREMIER SUÉDOIS INSCRIT AU PALMARÈS

ERIK CARLSSON: "A Trollhattan on va pouvoir pavoiser!"

(D'un de nos env. spéc. André BOZON)

MONTE-CARLO. — Souriant, le grand Erik Carlsson a fait de la bonne humeur.

SWEDEN WINS THE RALLY

BRITISH SUNBEAMS TAKE TEAM PRIZES

From W. A. MCKENZIE, Daily Telegraph Motoring Correspondent. MONTE CARLO, Thursday. THE Swedish Rally champion, Erik Carlsson, 32, with co-driver Gunner Haggbom, has won the Monte Carlo Rally on a Swedish baby car, the 841 cc two-stroke, three-cylinder Saab.

Second place was taken by the...

PRESS CLIPPINGS



It is really astonishing to observe the amount of publicity that "Somersault Carlsson" has received from the continental press. As far as the amount is concerned, there is only one other Swedish sportsman who has been able to attract this much attention: Ingemar Johansson. One possible explanation is that Erik Carlsson is comparable to Ingemar Johansson in awesome physical size.

CARLSSON et HAGG
XXI^e Rallye de



Haggbom remporten

Les Suédois Carlsson-Haggbom remportent le RALLYE DE MONTE-CARLO. L'AUTOMOBILE M

Erik became known as "Somersault Carlsson" during his days as daredevil exhibition driver. He would often take corners so daringly, that the car would somersault over and over ... but it invariably landed on all four wheels, pointing in the right direction.

PORTRAIT OF

"SOMERSAULT CARLSSON"



During this past year, column after column has been written about Erik Carlsson and almost all of them have dealt with his renowned ability to drive a car fast and victoriously. In this brief portrait, we will skip over his many victories and successes and, instead, deal with his personal characteristics which make him the driver he is today.

Undoubtedly, Erik Carlsson would have been a champion no matter what sport he selected. This is due, primarily, to his enormous will power and drive.

It may sound paradoxical, but the simple truth is that Erik's ambition has been his biggest handicap as a driver. Because of it, he would push himself slightly beyond the limit... but if he was still on the road, and his car kept going, he would normally win. Today, he is somewhat different. The drive and irrepresible will to win are still there... but now they are tempered with stability and good judgement.

An English journalist once wrote that he had never met a rally driver who treated his car with more respect than Erik Carlsson. This is both true and false. Erik respects the

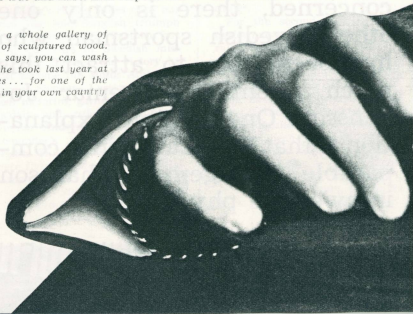
mechanical limitations of his car, and knows its maximum potential. But he may push it a little beyond its actual capability at times, a typical example of his ambition.

It has been said that Erik Carlsson has no fear whatsoever of speed. That he frequently takes unnecessary risks and will gamble to the extent that his life is endangered. Perhaps this was formerly true. However, during the last six years he has matured both as a man and a driver. He still drives very hard, but now with better judgement.

Erik Carlsson virtually lives in his car. But in spite of driving about 100,000 miles a year, he is still enthusiastic every time he slips behind the wheel. Every opportunity to take a long trip is accepted eagerly. And this is one of the reasons Erik is always in good shape for driving. Naturally, he also keeps himself in good physical shape. He doesn't use liquor or tobacco; he will have an occasional glass of wine. He used to drink beer, but with his weight close to 250 pounds these days, he has had to give up this beverage of which he is so fond.

Erik Carlsson is a very kindly man

At the Carlsson home in Trollhättan, there is a whole gallery of prizes... made of silver, glass and all types of sculptured wood. Erik prefers those made of glass, for these, he says, you can wash up. One of the most valued prizes is the one he took last year at Dackefejden, one of the largest Swedish rallies... for one of the greatest challenges is to become the-man-to-beat in your own country.



and he likes people who are sincere and well-intentioned. But when anyone gives him a hard time, Erik can become irritable. And if they lie to him... watch out. But people who stick to their word become his friends for life.

If you had the opportunity to spend a long period of time with Erik Carlsson, you couldn't help being impressed by his being able to relax whenever he wants to. He can go to sleep under any conditions... no matter how noisy it may be. He prefers to sleep in the nude in front of an open window. Häggbom relates that he had the dubious pleasure of waking up in the same room with Erik where the tempera-

ture was below zero. On Erik's stomach there was a drift of snow which had blown through the window... but Erik was smiling contentedly in his dreams.

It is taken for granted that Erik's only interest is cars and engines. And whomever he speaks to, important people or humble, he is always completely at ease. Over the years he has established a regular routine for press receptions. He will answer all questions politely and to the point... but he is not interested in personal publicity, and he will rarely read what is written about him. Perhaps in ten years he will. Then, he plans to quit competitive driving, but he will never give up cars.

A strong man and unusual Swedish Ambassador of good will, is Erik Carlsson... here caught in an intimate portrait by one of his friends.



THIS IS HOW YOU PREPARE FOR A RALLY



there are two in the car, but since snow and ice could cause wheel spin, the odometers might not register accurately. This precaution turned out to be extremely valuable. The rally turned out to be partly won on a particularly slippery stretch of road where the Saab team was untouchable.


In the middle of January, they drove the track once more and determined the ideal time between all intersections on the route between Chambéry to Monte Carlo, even where the distance was a matter of only 100 yards.

Meanwhile, they continued to work over the car which was equipped with a number of special instruments. Among them: a speed pilot which indicates whether the car is ahead or behind the ideal time, two odometers, a special fastener for pens and pencils, lights of various kinds, a couple of jacks, a fire extinguisher, special seats, etc.

Finally the car was inspected with great care, and equipped with an engine souped up to 60 horse power.

If anybody thinks you can win the Monte Carlo Rally without exhaustive preparation, we'd like to correct that illusion. And we believe this article will prove our point.

Unlike many rallies, the route is officially announced well ahead of time.



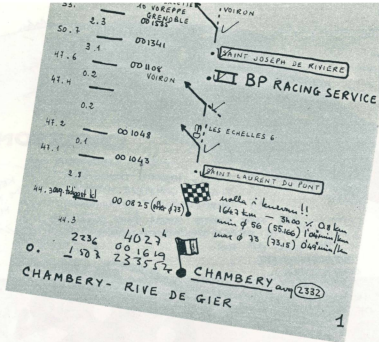
After careful review, a co-driver was selected for Erik Carlsson: 24-year-old Gunnar Häggbom. He was selected on the basis of having done an outstanding job of map-reading for several famous rally drivers, and also because he speaks French. Häggbom lives in Paris where he studies French at the University of Sorbonne. One New Year's Day, Carlsson and Häggbom went down to Chambéry where the most difficult part of the rally began. This was the start of the first special test, of which there were six altogether. Every special test was driven over, and the special maps provided by British Petroleum were marked for particularly difficult passages. They measured the distances between these passages and noted on the maps special landmarks such as telephone poles, houses, etc., just to be on the safe side. Normally, you rely on the odometers of which



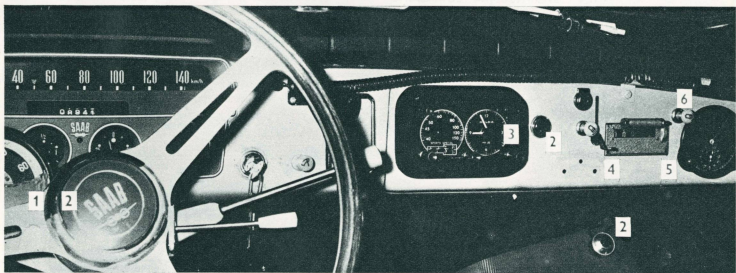
Ignition coil moved to the right wheel housing for easy accessibility.



A special seat contoured to the driver is also part of the equipment.



At the left is shown a sample of the maps that Häggbom uses for safe and accurate navigation.



- 1 RPM meter
- 2 One of the three horns that were used
- 3 Speed pilot
- 4 An additional odometer
- 5 Chronometer
- 6 Reostat for map light



A special box built into the door for maps



A movable lamp of English design for reading the maps



On the left wheel housing is a container for extra spark plugs and flashlight.



A special area was designed in the trunk for oil, a snow shovel and tires.



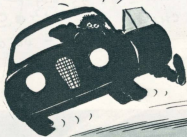
--- GET SET
FOR SOME CRAZY
CORNERING ---
CARLSSON'S NEXT!

CARLSSON

--- ERIK CARLSSON ---
IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT
THE AUTOMOTIVE WORLD
AS "SOMERSAULT CARLSSON"
HE HAS LONG BEEN THE DARLING
OF THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS
BECAUSE OF HIS
SPECTACULAR
CORNERING ---

FANS AGREE THAT NO OTHER MAN
ALIVE HAS CUMBED OUT OF SO MANY
OVERTURNED CARS

OOPS ---
KEEP FORGETTIN'
I'M NOT DRIVING
A MOTORCYCLE



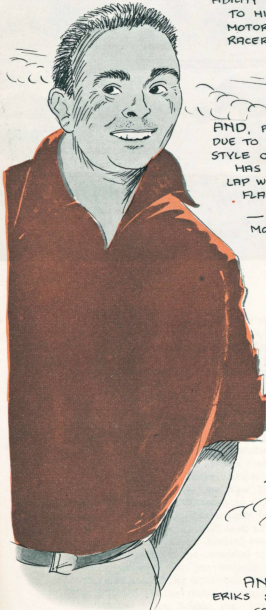
HIS SPECTACULAR CORNERING
ABILITY CAN BE TRACED
TO HIS DAYS AS A
MOTORCYCLE
RACER ---

AND, PARTLY
DUE TO HIS MOTORCYCLE
STYLE OF DRIVING HE
HAS TAKEN THE VICTORY
LAP WITH THE CHECKERED
FLAG MANY TIMES ---

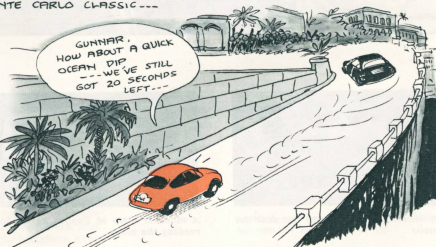


THANKS!

--- HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH, OF COURSE, WAS THE
MONTE CARLO CLASSIC ---




GUNNAR,
HOW ABOUT A QUICK
OCEAN DIP
--- WE'VE STILL
GOT 20 SECONDS
LEFT ---



EVEN
ON THE FINAL
SPEED ROUNDS,
THE SAAB HELP
OFF THE MERCEDES
UNTIL THE NEXT-TO-LAST
LAP !!!



AND --- LIKE ANY FAIRY TALE,
ERIKS STORY ENDED AT A CASTLE
--- COMPLETE WITH HANDSOME PRINCE
AND LOVELY PRINCESS ---



"The best car driven by the best driver has won this rally. The Swedish car has proved itself to be superior during the last few years, as evidenced by many rally victories... for example,



Completely at ease, winners Erik Carlsson and Gunnar Häggbom pose with their car during the impressive celebrations in front of the Royal Palace. Colorfully uniformed policemen parade, an orchestra is playing, and on a special balcony were crowded the noblemen of the country. To the right of the huge, prize-laden table was a special tribune for the royal couple and some of their administrators, elderly gentlemen who have participated in this ceremony over a period of years. Everything went well in spite of the crowds. The picture shows the solemn victory ceremonies as the Swedish national anthem was being played.

the last RAC rally. Thus, it is possible for a small factory to compete with the big cars, and to do it in a resounding manner... as has now happened in this year's Monte Carlo rally."

(Speakers' presentation of the winning team for 1962)





While your Saab is naturally
not tuned for a tough rally,

**YOU
DRIVE
THE SAME
CAR**



In competition after competition, the Saab car demonstrates its superior characteristics. Names like Monte Carlo, RAC, Rally to the Midnight Sun and Akropolis keep on proving it.