



**PART I: Pre-Race Party at the Embassy of Monaco, Algiers**  
***The Strange Experience of Germany's Godeschalk Hegkman von Grebeneck***



For Germany's famed driver, **Godeschalk Hegkman von Grebeneck**, the evening did not start, nor end well.

Arriving at the Monegasque Embassy party, Godeschalk was greeted warmly by the **Prince and Princess of Monaco**. While Godeschalk considered his first opening and attempted to gain the favor of the Prince, he soon found his entreaties ignored.

Their Royal Highnesses seemed more interested in talking with the Swedish driver, **Rutger "Hajen" Hägglund** who also was just arriving at that time and whose Scandinavian height and looks made him a very attractive figure at the party.

Thus, Godeschalk quickly bowed out and worked his way over to **Britain's Wing Commander Baits**, thinking to perhaps befriend the Englishman in hopes of gaining his trust and assistance for the upcoming race.

Soon, the German was overheard bellowing in his loud, heavily accented voice, "Commander Baits, as ein bruder aviator, I am fascinated mit your flying prowess und the additive verk you have been doing. I vould love to fly mit you someday. I habe ein Vunderbar aeroplane, I sink you vould liebe to take for ein flight sometime...."

Despite that both men were pilots, the Wing Commander still seemed less than interested, if polite in his replies.

Suddenly, the Belgium driver, **Victor Hugo Stéphane de Broqueville**, approached the German and interrupted the exchange. He quipped, "Ah, *Herr Eroberer*, are you here to conquer a neutral sovereign nation, again? My uncle told your people: 'Nous serons peut-être vaincus, mais soumis, JAMAIS!' And I shall follow his lead."

Such remarks were stunning to the German, who took the affront as nearly a declaration of war. Taking a driving glove from his right hand, he threw it to the floor at



the Belgian's feet, as if issuing a challenge of sorts, yet which the Victor Hugo simply ignored, turning and walking away. It would appear that the Great War would not yet be refought.

Still thinking that his offer for an airplane ride should be attractive to others, the German driver then worked his way quickly to the side of **Lady Swindon-Harpe**, the well-known daughter of the British tyre magnate, Lord Hamilton Swindon-Harpe.

"I should like to offer you a ride in my aeroplane," the German began, but even as he extended his hand to the Lady, **Vitez Rychly**, the Czech driver, suddenly loomed between him and the fine lady.

"You swine!" yelled Rychly. "Stop staring at my fiancée's breasts!"

Momentarily confused as to whether somehow Rychly was engaged to the Lady Swindon-Harpe, Godeschalk stepped back. In so doing, he bumped directly into Rychly's real fiancée, Veronika Vilhelmova, known as "VV" to her friends, accidentally encountering the very subject Rychly seemed to be addressing.

Indeed, Godeschalk had yet to even set eyes upon the rather oversized Veronika and if he had, he would have noted (as had everyone else in the room) that Veronika had been flaunting her breasts at every opportunity for all to see, making a spectacle of herself. Her somewhat exaggerated motions had already attracted a train of press photographers who seemed eager to document her every move. They too seemed to pause in their continuous photographic efforts to observe the German's surprising encounter with the Czech.

Godeschalk turned beet red and turned to Rychly to refute the claim, yet this did not stop Rychly nor seem to mollify him.

Incredibly, Rychly reared back with full intent to punch Godeschalk, but fortunately was restrained by the Prince of Lichtenstein.

As he was dragged from the German, Rychly spouted, "Keep your eyes on the road, you miscreant! I will not have my fiancée subjected to such lascivious behavior. You are nothing but a fraud."

The German truly looked confused and upset, and he seemed to be considering whether to once again throw his glove to the ground. But even then, Rychly was seemingly unable to contain his anger. He continued his rant, yelling out, "You walk around here like you are high and mighty, but your nobility is as worthless as your driving. You are a disgrace to the racing community!"



And with that, Rychly was dragged out of the party and into the streets. Seemingly in a huff, Veronika, his fiancée followed him.

A silence fell over the party as everyone realized that the Czech, Victor Rychly, while in all appearances noble of heart and very polite, quite apparently hated all things German.

For his part, Godeschalk bowed to assembled crowd and press and quickly retreated, not long afterward engaging in small talk with Switzerland's **Petrus de Salvion Bernardus**. "Herr Bernardus," he was overheard to say, "How do you fit in zat little Bugatti? I find mine snug at my own moderate height."

Soon, the German driver had found **Otto Klüge**, the famed retired German Grand Prix driver who dominated the circuits during the early 1920s. Together, the two Germans immediately found common ground discussing the Czech driver's surprising assault and the memory of the harsh words of Belgium's driver, **Victor Hugo Stéphane de Broqueville**. Soon, however, the discussion turned to racing and cars and it wasn't long before they were deep in conversation, switching to their native language of German to keep their discussions private.

**Rutger "Hajen" Hägglund**, Sweden's driver, and the Finnish racer, **Tavho Myrsky**, together now approached the two Germans. Tavho attempted to break in, commenting to Klüge, "I have followed your career. You're a great racer. Tell me one of your best memory of racing. What are the traps and difficulties here in Algeria, do you think?"

A polite answer was Klüge's full response. Godeschalk further replied to Tavho Myrsky, "Your American Ratte is quaint. Do you really think it is capable to compete mit fine European engineering?"

It was clear to all that the two Germans were now at work on something of greater interest than idle conversation and that neither Tavho nor Rutger would be able to join the conversation. For those proficient in German and within range to overhear their talk, it was clear that they were soon discussing a modification to Godeschalk's braking systems and something about structural components for the car's underside.

After paying their parting respects to the Prince and Princess of Monaco, Klüge and Godeschalk soon left the party. Once outside, they quickly walked to the German's paddock, where the German driver planned to show his car and continue the discussions in private.



As they walked past the Italian's paddock, they paused when they thought they saw someone surreptitiously entering the Italian's garage side door. They stood silently for a moment, but then moved on quickly, seeking avoid yet another confrontation when they noticed that none other than Veronika Vilhelmova seemed to be standing watch outside, having not yet noticed them. For the two Germans, this left little doubt as to who might have entered the Italian's garage....

Godeschalk resolved to quietly tell the Italian in the morning of what he had seen, seeking to reestablish and reaffirm his honor and nobility, but for now, there was work to be done on his car.

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### Results

*Otto Klüge is able to work with Germany's Godeschalk Hegkman von Grebeneck to increase the car's WPs, adding a Braking and a Car Body WP for the upcoming race.*