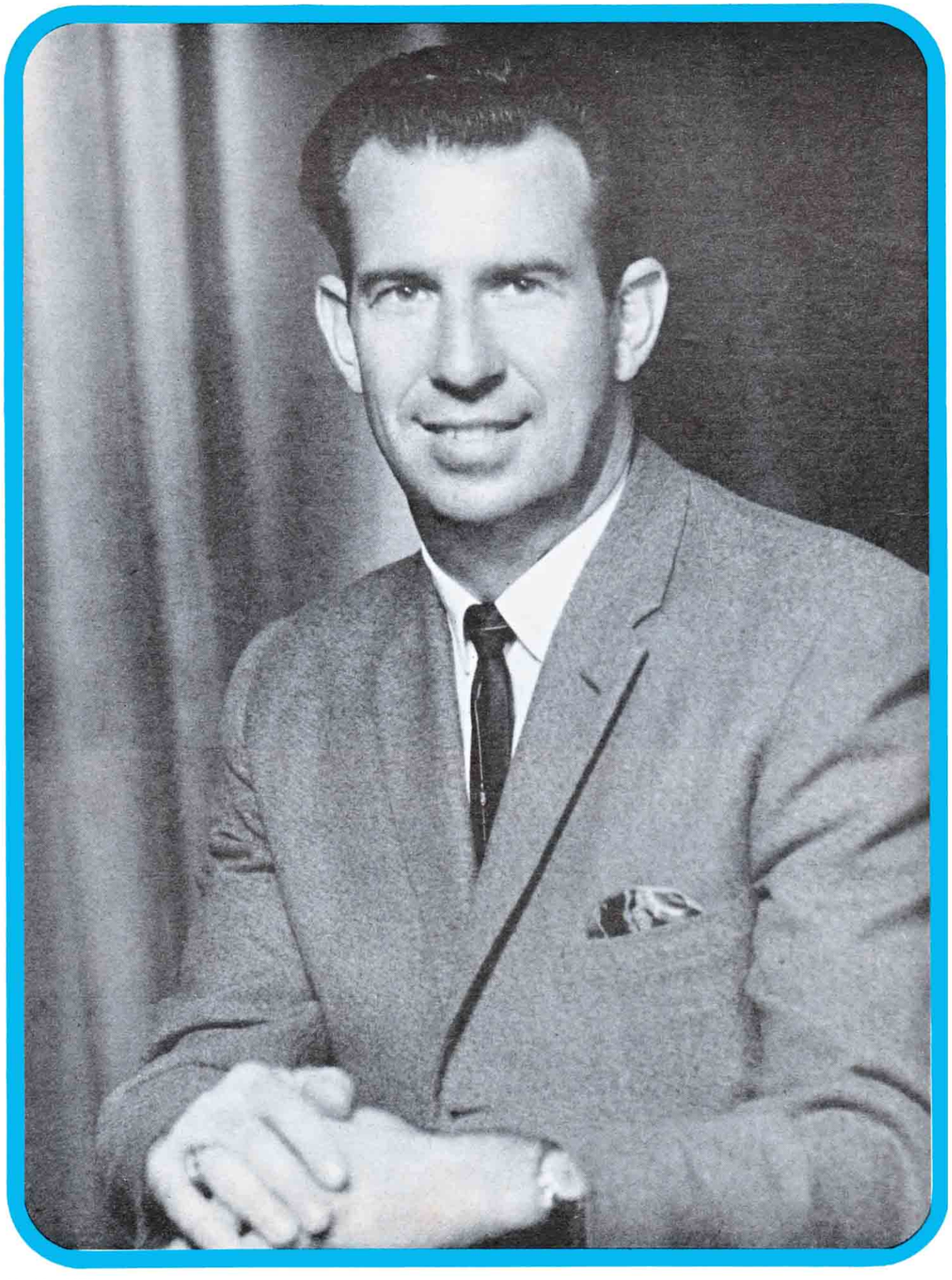


ned Jarrett

charm school champion

Or, How To Win Races and Influence NASCAR

BY BILL LIBBY

NED JARRETT is so squeaky clean he makes people tingle all over. He is tall, dark and handsome. He smiles a lot. He is proud, but modest; intelligent and soft-spoken. He plays ball with his sons. He opens car doors for his wife. He is so polite, he even returns sportswriters' calls. He makes Frank Merriwell look like a bum. Those people who think race drivers are hard and mean, a little crazy, and Southern stock car drivers are red-necked, fat and full of booze and profanity, should meet Ned Jarrett. Five minutes with him and he'll have them convinced that race drivers, Northern, Southern, or Martian, are in a class with scientists and brain surgeons. They do not call him "Gentleman Ned Jarrett" for nothing.

Ned Jarrett *is* a country gentleman, a "Car-oh-li-nah chah-muh." He's 33, stands 6 ft., 1 in., weighs 185 lb. and resembles a tall Tennessee Ernie Ford. He is married to a bright, attractive blonde named Martha, who is president of the organization of race drivers' wives, an auxiliary that raises funds for the families of needy racing people. They have two sons, Glen 15, and Dale, 9, who play baseball; and a daughter, Patti, 6, who plays with dolls. They have a 3-bedroom home on tree-lined Brook Dr. in Camden, S.C. On Sundays, they attend St. Timothy Lutheran Church. In a business suit he appears to be a rising young banker or insurance executive. He is neither: He is a race driver.

He is, to be more precise, a highly skilled, intensely competitive race driver, and has been one for 14 years. He has beaten his way up from the bushes, winning two titles in NASCAR's minor-league Sportsman Division, and has won two titles in the majors, the Grand National class. In keeping with his personality, he is not a rough-rider, but a gentleman driver. He keeps his cars polished and never leaves rubber lying on the track. He isn't the pushy sort, who jumps out front and makes everyone chase him. He is fraternal, runs with the pack and takes the lead in a modest way if it is made available to him.

He is not only good at his profession, he is proud of it. He enrolled himself, his wife and even his pit crew in one of Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People" courses, concentrating on the lessons in "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" and public speaking so they can better stand the strain of racing and set better examples for the sport. He would not object if one of his sons went into racing. "Right now they're more interested in baseball and football, but the younger one does say he wants to be a driver," says the proud father.

Although he travels 90,000 miles a year and is away from his family about half of every year racing, and regrets the time and distance he is apart from them, he adds to this by traveling to speak on traffic safety and racing in schools and at dinners once a week. He pays his own expenses for the most part because he believes it is his responsibility to do such things. "The public image of drivers and racing is changing. People are beginning to realize that it is a fine profession," he says. "If I make anyone a safer driver and if I make any fans for our sport, then I am more than amply repaid." He and Rodger Ward are perhaps the foremost ambassadors of good will for the race-driving fraternity. Certainly, Jarrett is NASCAR's spokesman to the world at large.

All of this makes it especially unfortunate that just as this is written Ned Jarrett has been forced from his position as a top factory-backed driver to independent status.

In the midst of its greatest boom, NASCAR is suffering from growing pains. It seems unable to make rules its people can live by. Every year, one of the major automotive firms comes up with an engine so powerful it is obvious it can blow its rivals down. If it is a Chrysler year, it is not so much a matter of whether a Richard Petty or a David Pearson is better than a Ned Jarrett or a Fred Lorenzen, but which is driving Plymouths or Dodges that determines who shall succeed.

Instead of solving this problem, NASCAR compounds it annually by driving the offender away. When its Hemi engine was outlawed last year, Chrysler pulled its cars to the sidelines and such stars as Petty, Pearson and Jim Paschal went with them. When a severe weight penalty was slapped on its single overhead cam engine this year, Ford withdrew its cars and such standouts as Jarrett, Lorenzen and Dick Hutcherson. Hence Jarrett now drives for himself.

Late last year, NASCAR relented and Chrysler returned. Possibly by the time this is published, NASCAR will have relented so Ford will be swinging back into action, but in the meantime everyone has lost a great deal that can never be made up. Race crowds remain large, but it seems likely that without a variety of cars and the best drivers interest will decline.

In January 1964 Joe Weatherly was killed in a race in Riverside, Calif. Petty was sidelined last year and Jarrett has sat out part of this year. Thus it has been three straight years the champion of the previous season was unable to defend his laurels. The tracks may be saving a lot of appearance money, but they are losing much more at the gate.

AS NASCAR spokesman, Jarrett is deeply distressed by the situation. "I think NASCAR has been very unfair to Ford this year and I feel badly that I'm not racing in factory equipment, but aside from such personal considerations it is obvious there will have to be some changes made if NASCAR is to continue to grow." Until recently, NASCAR had the only game in town. Now professional football and major league baseball have moved into the South. "Auto racing is as much big league as any sport, but it must start acting big league if it is to remain competitive," Jarrett says, speaking in soft Southern accents. ▶

NURSING AN overheating engine, Ned Jarrett engineered a cool win at the 1965 Southern 500, finishing 14 laps ahead of the runner-up. At that time, Ned was considered to be approaching the zenith of his racing career.

Jarrett

"Once the big companies got interested in racing, with all their men and equipment and money, the independent operator was put at a great disadvantage," he says. "When Ford representatives told my car owner, Bondy Long, and myself at a meeting in Charlotte that the company was withdrawing, they offered to put their equipment at our disposal if we wished to continue to operate independently. We feel we can try to compete with Chrysler on this basis.

"Personally, I think it is good when the factories are in racing. They can provide better and safer cars and racing than we can on our own, and they give the sport a lot of prestige. I do think, though, it has to be all or none. You have to have enough of 'em in to support a lot of people. You have to encourage the poor boys to come in. They have to know that if they go it alone for a while and do well, they'll get a sponsor. And the wider the variety of competition, the better the shows you can offer the public."

THE VETERAN has two solutions to offer the men in power:

"I think we are going to have to return closer to a stock-car type of situation, so everyone is running the cars and engines that people are driving on the highways. This would make for better competition between the drivers and mechanics. We'd lose a few miles an hour, but I don't think the fans care about that as much as they do about even competition in cars they can identify with.

"Also, NASCAR and USAC have been coming closer and closer together and I think we are going to have to go to a sort of super major league of stock car racing in which the greatest drivers of both circuits will be competing on the greatest tracks all over the country in races that are at least 250 miles or more and for purses that are at least $100,000 or more.

"I'm not suggesting this would be the end of Indy racing in Indy cars, but I do think even USAC is beginning to realize the fans prefer racing in their kind of cars. The growth of USAC's stock car division proves this. And I'm not suggesting that it would be the end of short races on short tracks in small towns in NASCAR, but I do think these would become a sort

of minor league for less-established drivers.

"These things may be sad, but they are inevitable. As things grow, they change. If you're going to compete in the big time, you have to operate in a big-time manner," Jarrett concluded.

AT THE MOMENT, Ned maintains his independence. "I have to make a living," Jarrett explains. Petty went drag racing for the same reason last year. It paid off for Petty. He lost little money on the deal. Presumably, independent competition will do as much for Jarrett. Ned earned more than $60,000 in 1964 and more than $75,000 last year in racing purses. His share came to almost half. This does not exactly make him a J. Paul Getty, but he doesn't have to peddle pencils to earn bread for his family. He's not ready to retire.

His enforced early season idleness cost him a soft touch. As defending champion, he'd make almost $10,000 just by showing up for 40 races. The defender gets a dollar a mile and a minimum of $200 for every race he enters. Thus, a 500-miler pays off $500. Petty blew a bundle last year. He made it back and more in drag racing. But, the moment Petty was free to return to track racing, he was there.

Jarrett really is devoted to racing, though it has not been all peaches and cream for him. He's won many races, but not many big ones and he's lost a lot he should have won and might have won with a little luck. He's not as well known as a 2-time champ should be. Petty and Lorenzen, and even retired Junior Johnson, get a lot more attention from the fans and writers. Jarrett shrugs it off, but it must hurt a little. Still, it hasn't altered his enthusiasm for racing. And he's been badly injured in racing, but this hasn't lessened his love of the sport.

IN 1964 ON the paved 1.5-mile high-banked track at Charlotte, Junior Johnson was ducking below Jarrett in a turn when a gust of wind caught and sent Johnson's car sliding sideways into Jarrett's. Jarrett was driven into the inside retaining wall and, as he bounced off, his car exploded in flame. Glenn "Fireball" Roberts—if there ever was a man with an unfortunate nickname, he was the one—slammed into Jarrett's ricocheting racer and his car also burst into flames. Jarrett managed to get out of his burning car and dove into Roberts' fiery wreck to help pull him out. Roberts was taken to a hospital where he was treated. He improved, seemed on his way to recovery, but suffered a relapse and died weeks later. "We all felt he would make it and it was a terrible shock when he didn't," Jarrett says sadly. Ned was given NASCAR's "Heroism Award" for bravery.

Roberts was one of the two or three greatest stock car drivers of all time, of course. Weatherly was another great one. They died in 1964. So did Jimmy Pardue. Early the next year, Billy Wade died. Pardue and Wade had the mark of greatness on them. The loss of these four men hurt their sport badly. Jarrett defends this side of his sport with a clear conscience, however. "It looked bad, so many in so short a time," he says. "It's strange how these things seem to come in cycles. But it wasn't typical of our circuit. Over the years, very few drivers have been killed in NASCAR. Running our heavy, all-enclosed cars, with every piece of safety equipment we can dream up built into them, we have the best record of safety of any racing circuit. It is dangerous, of course. That's part of racing," he admits. Jarrett has gone into and over walls, gotten upside down and turned end over end. His father is his best fan. His mother has never become accustomed to Ned's racing. His wife has gotten used to it, but she doesn't like it.

"Racing isn't a very good life at times," Martha Jarrett says. "For a wife, it's nerve-wracking. Mrs. Lee Petty told me once that it makes the men nervous to know we're anxious about them. So I take tranquilizers before every race. I try to be calm. I took that Dale Carnegie course to learn not to worry. But it's not easy." Why does she go to his races? Because it is easier to be there than it is to be home wondering. But, because of her family, she cannot always attend the events. She very often is at home, a prisoner of anxiety, while Ned is racing.

Racing is what Jarrett wants to do. It took that run of disaster to prove it to him, he admits with overwhelming honesty. He sat on a pit wall at Atlanta when those big, beautiful cars were booming around in practice behind him and he said, "I feel terrible whenever anyone is hurt or killed in racing. I felt particularly bad when Jim Pardue was killed because he was about the best friend I've ever had. But I found out I didn't feel any differently about racing after Jim's death than I had before. I found out that I wanted to keep on with it."

In mid-June last year, on a little dirt track at Greenville, S.C., Jarrett was leading a race when he took advantage of a caution flag to duck into the pits for fuel. When he returned to the track, he was still in the lead, but the field had bunched behind him. As he accelerated into the first turn, his engine died suddenly. Somehow water had gotten into his new fuel. Ned's car was still rolling, but without power. He tried to cut to the inside, but another car on that route hit him from behind and knocked him back into the groove, where three more cars slammed into him. They carried Jarrett out of the car and rushed him to the hospital. His back was badly bruised and most of the muscles in his lower back were ripped loose. "If I'd laid off a month or two afterward, I'm sure I'd have recovered very nicely," Ned says. "But I couldn't do that. I was in the middle of a good run at the championship and I had to go after all the points that were available to me."

"After a series of races close together in August my back got to bothering me so much, I had to go back to the hospital for a few days. But it began to get better after that. Doctors prescribed a series of exercises for me. I do push-ups and sit-ups and things like that to make a 'brace of muscles' for my back."

JARRETT SPEAKS matter-of-factly about the experience, but he performed under pressure of pain during the latter part of the 1965 season. Yet, he continued to drive extremely well. For example, he won the Southeastern 500 at Bristol, Tenn., a gruelling 500-lap, 250-mile grind run on a cramped half-mile oval under extremely awkward conditions. "Racing always has been my best medicine," he insists. "I've gone into a car with a cold or the flu or something and come out of it feeling completely better."

Ned Miller Jarrett was born Oct. 12, 1932, on a farm near Newton, N.C., one of four children. He was the only member of his family to catch racing fever. "As far back as I can remember I loved to drive—a team of horses pulling a wagon, a tractor, anything. I can remember Dad letting me drive the family car to church when I was 9 years old," he recalls. "I played basketball and baseball, but my heart was always in racing. You have to remember that stock car racing was the only big league professional sport in the South until recently. Oh, college football always has been big and a lot of Southern boys have always gone into baseball, but Dad took me to some dirt track races when I was growing up and to me race drivers were absolute gods."

AT 17, NED quit Blackburn High School to join his father and a brother in a lumber business they had started. Secretly, however, Jarrett had his heart set on getting into racing somehow. His brother-in-law was in racing. He and another fellow owned a sportsman racer. The partner ran short in a poker game one night and offered to sell his interest in the car for $400. Ned, who had some money ▶

Jarrett

saved up, did not have to be asked twice. He was 19 when he drove the car, a rebuilt 1939 Ford, in his first race in May, 1952, at Hickory, N.C., and finished 10th. However, his father did not approve of this dangerous business and talked him out of it. Ned was not old enough to argue. He did convince his father to let him continue to work on the car, so long as he did not drive it and remained in the family lumber business.

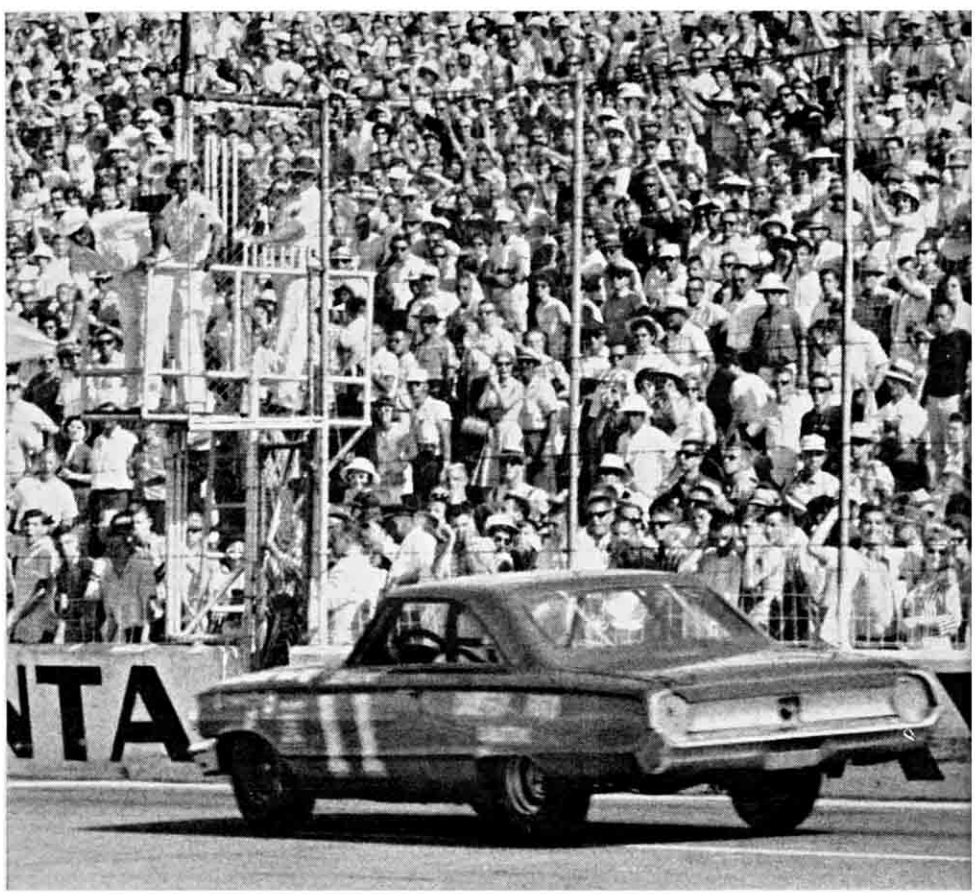
Ned played it straight for a time. They hired another driver. One night, however, the driver turned up too ill to compete and suggested Ned use his name and race in his stead. Ned jumped at the chance and finished second. Thus encouraged, he continued to race under the other fellow's name and won several races before his father found out about it. By this time, the elder Jarrett was convinced that his son was determined to do this thing, so he gave his reluctant permission. He even suggested Ned re-assume his own name so he'd get credit for what he did. Ned did that. In 1953, the impatient youngster braved the big time, entering a 1950 Oldsmobile in his first Grand National race, the Southern 500 at Darlington. The car broke down after eight laps and Ned placed last.

DISCOURAGED BY failure in his premature bid to make the majors, Ned returned to the Carolina sportsman circuit. He did well and, in 1956, began to travel extensively to the larger sportsman races in other areas. He finished second in the final national standings that year and won the Sportsman Championship the succeeding two years. By the end of 1958, he'd become a big fish in a small pond and he'd made a little money, but not much. He quit the sportsman circuit and, for a time, was idle. He started to run out of money and grew restless and eager to resume racing. He decided that now was the time to try the big league, the Grand National.

One Friday late in 1959 he wrote a check for $2000 to buy a 1957 Ford that had been raced by Junior Johnson. Unfortunately, he did not have any money in the bank to cover the check. Fortunately, he could enter two weekend races worth $1000. He won both, borrowed $100, rushed to the bank on Monday morning and made a deposit that covered his check. The car was his, then, and he won two more minor races in it that season. However, his experience that season made him see that he could not hope to compete successfully in the big time, especially on the super speedways, without super equipment. If he could run a full season on the full circuit in any kind of decent car, he could make an impression sufficient to interest a sponsor. He decided to gamble.

IN 1960, A friend, J.W. Abernathy, lent Ned money to finance his venture. Ned put a Ford in shape and went on the road, just a poor boy trying to succeed. He didn't have much behind him. His car broke down repeatedly, but it wasn't a bad car and Jarrett rapidly was becoming a very good driver. He amazed racing fans by taking a spectacular shot at the World 600 in Charlotte, running second until he blew a tire and hit a wall eight laps from the finish. He did win five short races and $20,000 that year. It cost him $22,000 to operate, so he ended the season in the red. But he gained a sponsor, Bee Gee Holloway of Daytona Beach, who took him out of a Ford and put him into a Chevrolet for the 1961 season.

In 1961, he won only one race, a 100-mile dirt event at Birmingham in June. Race after race, week after week, however, he nursed his car nobly. He placed in the top five in 22 events and in the top 10 in 34 races in 46 outings. It happened to be a season in which the big name drivers were dividing the big victories fairly evenly among themselves and, at season's end, to everyone's surprise, Jarrett had accumulated the most points and was the new champion. Thus, in only his second full season in the big time, he became the first, and remains the only, NASCAR Sportsman champion to go on to the Grand National title. Jarrett's championship was considered by many to be a fluke, a success of circumstances. However, he has been proving himself ever since.



JARRETT'S FIRST major speedway win came in the 1964 Dixie 400 at Atlanta. His year's points total earned him NASCAR second place behind Richard Petty.

While he was not able to retain his crown in 1962, he won six races and did finish a strong third in the final points standings. Always partial to Fords, he jumped at the offer of Burton and Robinson Construction Co. of Fairfax, Va., to back him in a new Ford in 1963. With the Ford he won eight races and finished the sea-

son fourth in the points standings.

By now it seemed the more races he won, the lower he finished in the final standings. The races he did win were mainly short events on short tracks for short money and short points. At the start of the season, he was leading the Daytona 500 when he ran out of fuel with three laps to go and fell back to a third-place finish. At season's end he still had not won any of the eight major races staged annually at the super speedways of Daytona, Atlanta, Charlotte and Darlington.

The turning point for Jarrett came in 1964 when he joined forces with young Bondy Long. Ned signed as lead driver for the factory-backed Fords owned and sponsored by Long. Bondy also is chief mechanic for the operation. Mack Howard is foreman of the 6-man pit crew. Today, Long and Jarrett are partners in Bowani Co. Inc., which prepares racing cars. "We have a wonderful association," Ned says. "We get along well and work well together." It was good right from the start. Ned moved his family from North to South—Carolina, that is—from Newton to Camden to be close to Bondy's shop and they all started to prosper.

THAT FIRST season, Ned won 15 races, the second highest total in the history of NASCAR's Grand National Division; placed in the top five 37 times in 59 events; and finished second, behind Richard Petty, in total points. It is ironic that whereas Jarrett had finished first in the final standings with only one victory in 1961, he finished second with a near-record 15 victories in 1964. Also, his earnings of $56,000 fell short of Petty's $98,810 and Lorenzen's $72,385 and were well off the record $113,570 Lorenzen had earned the year before. He had, in addition, the thrill of his first big win, in the Dixie 400 at Atlanta International Speedway.

It was a year for Ned to come from behind. In the North Wilkesboro 250, he started in 30th position and finished second. In the Dixie 400, he started 17th and finished first. The latter was a $56,000 event on the 1.5-mile paved high-banked track at Hampton, Ga., in the hot countryside near Atlanta. It was a rough race. Accidents slimmed the field and slowed the pace. One by one the early leaders fell away. When favorite Fred Lorenzen and his Ford were sidelined early, he and his chief mechanic, Herb Nab, moved into Ned's pits to help out. They were needed.

Jarrett fought a tortuous battle through the field to take the lead at 275 miles, then lost it to Rex White at 348 miles and regained it at 360 miles. In the late laps, Petty pressed Jarrett until the tires on Richard's Plymouth failed and he was forced to drop back. Jarrett finished on Lorenzen's tires. But, at the finish, after 25 changes of the lead and 94 miles under caution flags, it was Jarrett in front, winning the first-place pot of $11,100 and the cheers of 40,000 fans.

Last year, Jarrett won 13 races, including his second major one—the Southern 500 at Darlington, scene of his first Grand National start a dozen years earlier. The major victories were not falling his way, but they were beginning to bend a little. Jarrett finished third in the Atlanta 400 and 500 and the Darlington 300, fourth in the Charlotte 400 and fifth in the Daytona 500. The only super-speedway classic in which he finished out of the top five was the Firecracker 400 on Independence Day at Daytona, when he crashed. On the entire season, short races and long, he placed in the top five an astonishing 42 times in 54 ▶

NED AND his pit crew have turned independent since Ford's withdrawal from NASCAR racing. Jarrett believes manufacturer dropouts can be eliminated if competition between more truly stock cars is created and if NASCAR merges with USAC.

Jarrett

starts. By winning the last race of the season, a 100-miler at Moyock, N.C., worth a quaint $1111, Ned tied Junior Johnson for the most victories during the season and a total of $77,966 in purses, a single, thin $1 bill more than Lorenzen earned over the season.

THE SOUTHERN 500 was a typically-engineered Jarrett job. He held his No. 11 blue Ford in the pack until the early leaders started to fade. Darel Dieringer's brakes failed and out he went. Lorenzen's engine blew and he retired. After a while, Jarrett was the leader and pulling away. Near the end, when he could not lose unless he stopped, Jarrett's engine began to overheat and he was required to slow his pace for cooling purposes, but the engine kept turning and at the finish he had developed a whopping 14-lap lead over runner-up Buck Baker. A smiling, sweat-stained Jarrett said later, "It has to be the biggest thing that ever happened to me. This is the race everyone wants to win. Besides, it puts me ahead of Hutcherson in the points race." Young Dick Hutcherson led in the points standings for the major part of the season, but Jarrett, bad luck and all, caught him at Darlington and finished in front.

Ned was the sixth man in the 17-year history of NASCAR's Grand National division to win more than one championship. He is the only active driver with two. This year he was hopeful that he would become the second man in history—after Richard Petty's father, Lee—to win three. In the first big one, the Daytona 500, as Richard Petty's Plymouth thrilled 90,000 fans with a spectacular 160 mph run to the top, Jarrett could not get his Ford up to speed and settled for seventh place. In the Atlanta 500, Jarrett was in third with a good shot at the lead late in the race when he crashed, as Jim Hurtubise roared on to victory. But, after two months, Ned was running a strong fourth in points with the bulk of the season and six more races ahead of him when NASCAR cracked down and Ford withdrew from racing.

THIS MIGHT HAVE been Jarrett's best year. He was beginning to put everything together.

Gentleman Ned is no charger, no tiger. He drives smoothly, almost effortlessly. He prefers to run high in the pack, but off the pace, conserving his car so he can finish. "I've noticed that you have to finish a race to win it," he comments. However, this attitude handicaps him on the high-speed super-speedways. The Pettys and Lorenzens and A.J. Foyts go all-out for the lead from the start of the big ones and pour it on, pulling away from Jarrett. If they break down, Ned is in a position to win. One or two usually hold up, one wins, and Ned settles for third or fourth or fifth. He will never win as many big races as Lorenzen has won, but he will finish more races and he has more high finishes than Lorenzen or any of the others. Still, Lorenzen is the best in the fast, long races.

In the slower races on short tracks, especially on dirt, Ned may be the best, although some believe Petty is. In these rough scrambles at close quarters, Jarrett's ability to handle a car and hold it together pays off. In a way his success on the short tracks is a real tribute to his skill, because the shorter the track, the more the driver counts and the less his equipment counts.

Ned says, "The short tracks take more out of you and they're more demanding, but I enjoy the challenge they offer. On the other hand, you can get away with more on them than you can at greater speeds on the big tracks. And there's certainly more at stake and stronger competition in the big races. I guess I like the short tracks best because I've done best on them," he grins, "but now that I'm beginning to do better and win some on the long tracks I'm feeling more kindly toward them."

HOWEVER, THE deadly-fast, enormously-rich Indianapolis 500, beginning to elicit increased interest from NASCAR's best, holds no attraction for him. "I've never had a real desire to try it," he says. "Oh, the money and prestige and the competition are all enough to make you think about it, but it's a little more dangerous than our racing and if I went into it I'd have to miss some NASCAR races, which I hate to do. Actually, it's a completely different type of competition and because I've never felt I had my own competition licked, I don't see any reason to get mixed up in something else."

Because he enters almost every race every season and is so durable and so consistent, Jarrett is in a position to bid for the Grand National crown every season. So is Richard Petty, who also believes in running every race and is also strong and steady. Fred Lorenzen, who has won more major races than any other NASCAR driver, and who may be the best of all, does not enter many races, so is not ever in a position to go for the championship. Fred believes in picking his spots, saving himself for the events that mean the most, and his ability to win these does give him a shot at the money-winning title each year, which is not a bad title to win as titles go.

"I consider racing a business," Jarrett says, "I like to conduct myself in a businesslike manner. It is good business for me to enter as many races as I can. The more races I enter, the more money I can win and the more points I can gain toward the championship. With Bondy Long, I have the organization behind me that enables me to run all kinds of races on all kinds of tracks with good equipment that gives me a good chance of winning. One man does not do anything alone in this business. Without good help you'll have a tough time surviving, much less winning. I have good help.

"And I enjoy racing, so the long schedule is no hardship on me. I like going after the title. I believe ambition is half of any battle. I firmly believe that if a person knows what he wants to do, he can do it if he is willing to apply himself. I get discouraged at times just like anyone else, but I try very hard to keep my determination up. I make the sacrifices I feel I must make to succeed. And with success, comes confidence. After last season, I felt confident we would have a fine year this year. Now, we've lost our factory backing," he concludes sadly.

"The only bad thing about racing," Jarrett says, "is that it requires me to be away from home so much. My kids are growing up and I should be with them more than I am. Today, for example, I could go see my son play in a high school baseball game. But racing is my business and this is a bad time for me, at my age, at this point in my career, to lose my backing. The time is not very far off when I will want to leave it. You can't take chances forever. I'd like to get a Ford dealership in Camden and settle down to enjoy life with my family. But this is not the time," he says.

NED MAKES one personal appearance per week on behalf of racing. But, as good a salesman as he is for racing, Ned Jarrett cannot do as much for racing talking about it as he can racing in the best factory-backed equipment. The NASCAR story is a fabulous success story and NASCAR people make a grand old gang, to be sure, but it does sometimes seem that if anyone should enroll in one of those Dale Carnegie "How to Win Friends and Influence People," it should be NASCAR powers that be, and not the Ned Jarretts. ■