

SO ONE OF my friends takes delivery on his brand new all-out 435-hp 427 Sting Ray and then he has to go away for the weekend—by plane. Of course I'll take good care of it for you, I tell him. Very good care!

There it is. Man, it looks sharp, sitting

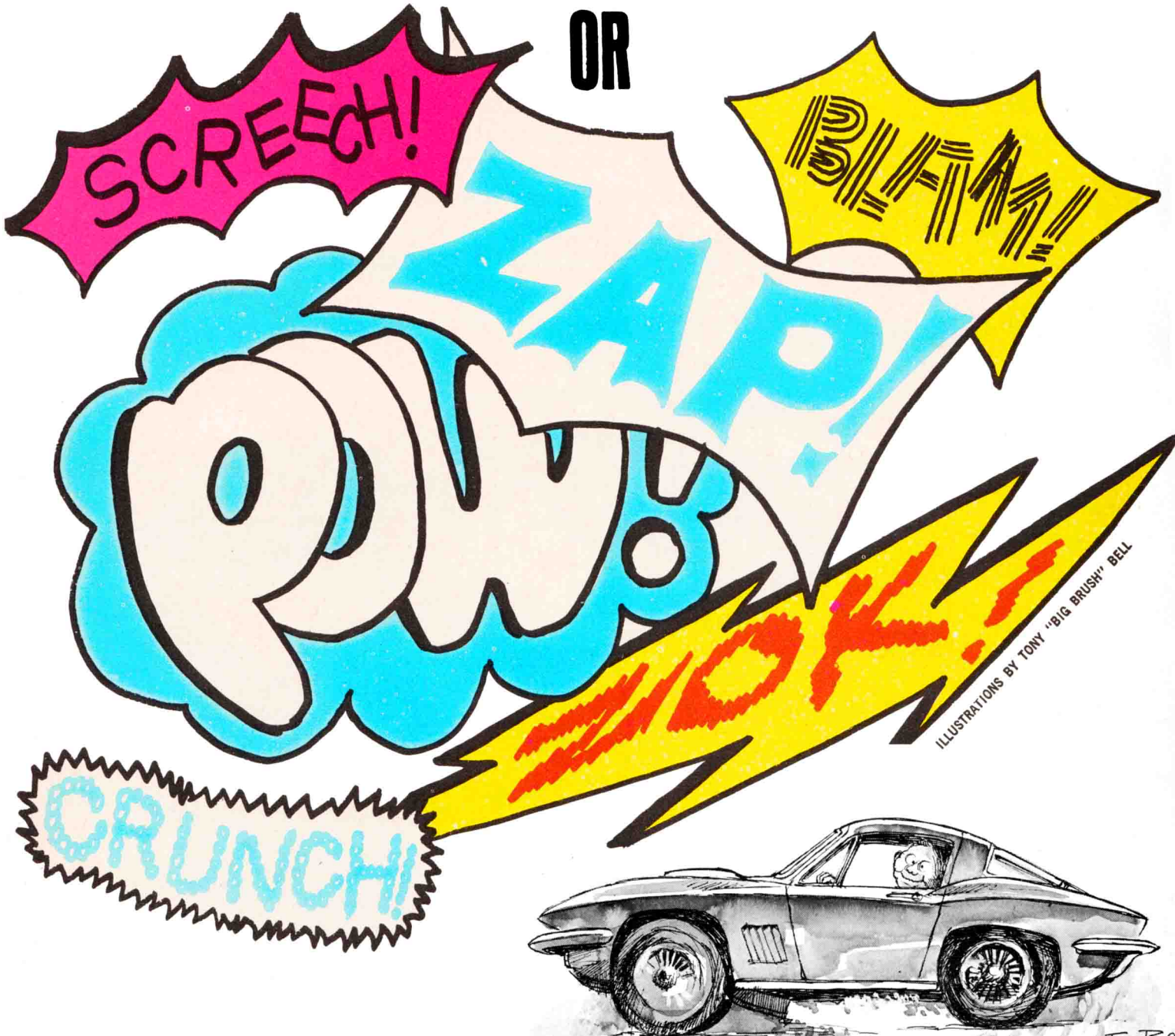
real high and all. I guess it's all jacked up like that because of the heavy-duty suspension. Looks hairy. Hey, dig that emblem: 427 Turbo-Jet. And that big hood scoop. Groovy. Let's look inside.

It looks a lot roomier than my old '62 Vette. Just let me settle down here a little.

BY DILBERT FARB (AS TOLD TO HIS MOTHER, MRS. FARB)

DRIVING IMPRESSIONS OF A 1967 CORVETTE

OR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY "BIG BRUSH" BELL

'Wanna run for registrations? (Chuckle . . . chuckle . . .)'

Wow! It's a lot more comfortable. Lots of leg room. And my elbows aren't so cramped.

This dashboard is a gas. Big tach and big speedometer right next to each other and right in front of me. And all gauges. No lummoX lights.



'Man, like I feel 435 horses tall!'

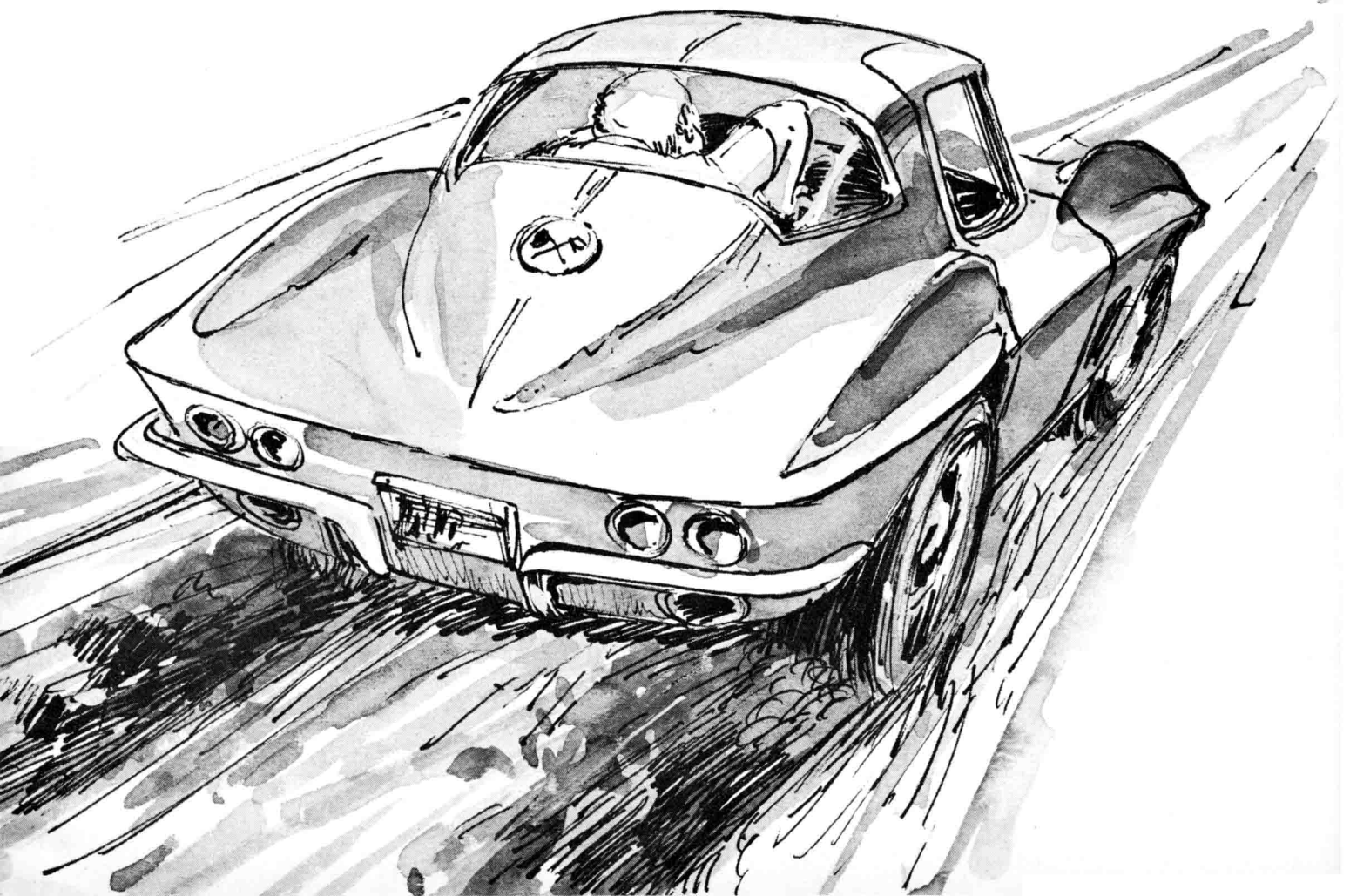
Boy, this clutch is stiff. A real Charlie Atlas job. Let's try this shift linkage. Nice looking knob. But this stick feels kind of loose and sloppy. Not like a Hurst.

Well, let's see how it goes. Buckle up and turn the key. VaVaVaRROOOOOM!!! Good Lord! They told me it had something called an "off-the-road" exhaust system, but, hell, I didn't think it meant no mufflers. Every cop in the world must've heard that. Look at that tach. The engine's idling at 1000 rpm, just like a 365. Well, let's roll.

Left and forward for first gear. Let the clutch out. Hmm. Stalled. Boy, this clutch is stiff. Try again. Twist the key. First gear. Feed more gas. Here we go.

I'll just drive it around the city a while to get the feel of it. The steering is pretty light with this power setup. Seems to give pretty good road feel, too.

'First! Second! Third! F-f-f-fourth . . .'



Hey, dig that go-go-type chick on the corner. What a knockout! Long blonde flip. Hip-hugger pants so tight her veins are showing. She's smiling. Man, she's trying to pick me up! Or the car. I've definitely gotta get me a car like this. I won't have to take so many cold showers.

Here's a red light. This cruddy clutch is breaking my calf. Well, well. Look what just pulled up next to me. A GT-350 Mustang. I wish I had the sphericals to run this guy, but, like, I doubt if the local gendarmes would dig the idea of me getting rubber in all four gears along Park Avenue.

This thing handles easy for such a monster of a car. It's pretty hot and I've been in this stop-and-go traffic and the temperature is still normal. Let's head out toward Long Island on the Expressway.

Not too much traffic. I think I'll let it out

a little. Downshift to third and waaa-AAAAA! Six grand already! Rip fourth! Screeeech! Good Lord! It burns rubber going into fourth gear at 95 mph!

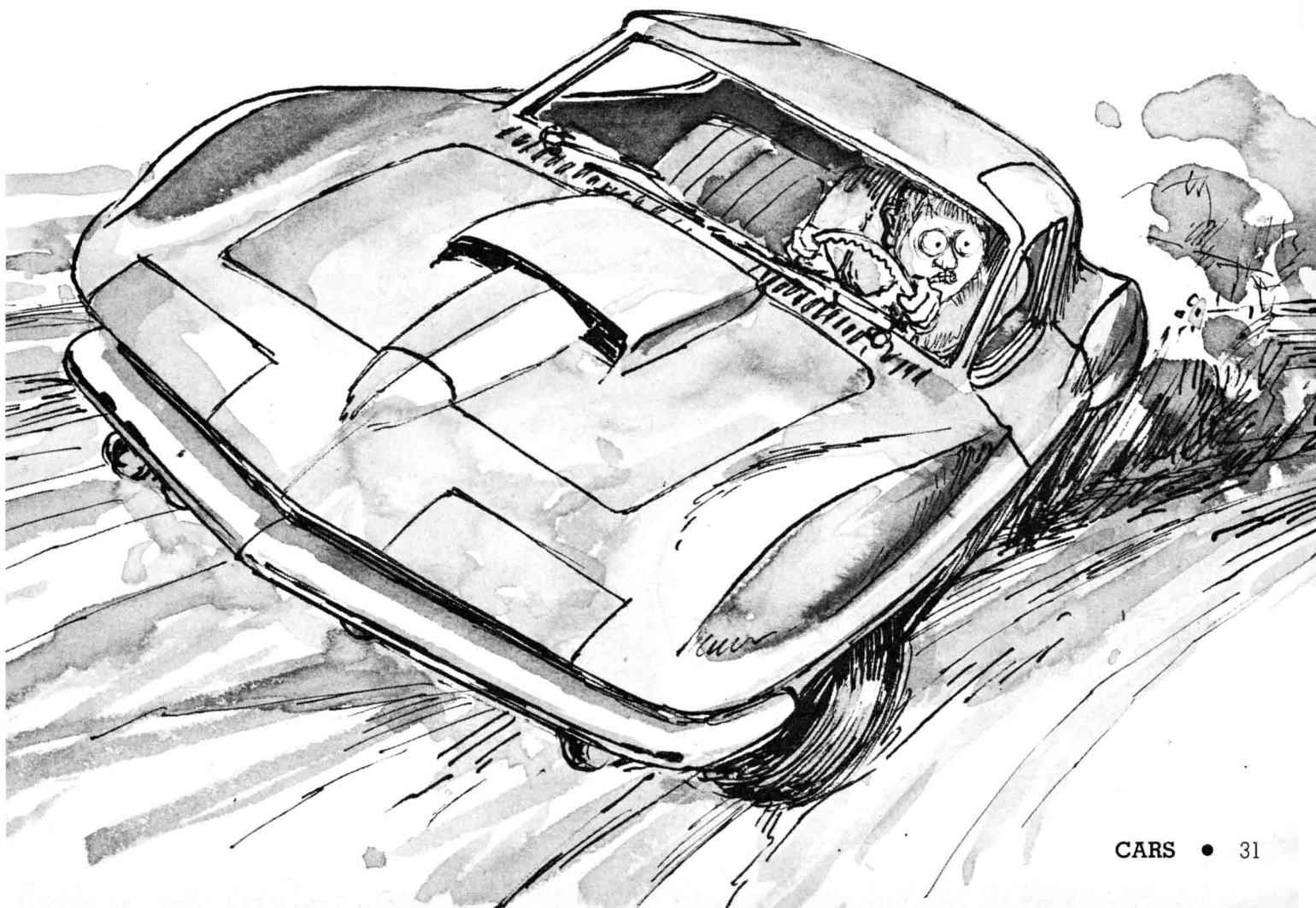
I can't wait to take it up through all four!

Ahh. Here's that deserted road I was looking for. A good, long, flat stretch. Nobody up ahead as far as I can see. No one behind.

First I'll try coming off at 3000 rpm. Feed the gas. Pop the clutch. Screeeeeeeech! Six grand and I'm still spinning! Look at that rubber smoke. Enough of this. Power shift into second. Right foot mashed to the floor. Rip the shift lever back as fast as I can, toeing the clutch pedal ever so slightly. NOW!

Screeeech! I'm still burning rubber. There, now it's biting again. How fast am I going. Seventy-five. Holy cow. Straight

'This corner is s-s-s-sharp . . .'



wheelspin through all of first gear and half of second right up to 75 mph. What torque!

Six grand. Time to shift again. Slam the shifter. Another 20 feet of screeching. Revs only drop back to about 5000 rpm. Good close ratios. I'm doing 105 now. The tach needle is at the red line again. Shift.

Another chirp. I'm still on it. One-ten and still pulling. Hey, car up ahead. Let off time!

Get on those brakes hard. Wow. No swerve. No lockup. No pulling. Just stopping. Great! Those discs really make it.

Back to a sensible 60 real quick.

Man, I just realized. This thing is quick. Like, it goes, like nothing I've ever seen or felt. That whole time I was just sort of crushed back in my seat. What a feeling.

And it stops. No one behind me. I'm going to try those brakes again. All on! Man, you really stop, right now. No fade either.

I'll give it one more blast up to 60, then hop over to that twisty stretch I know.

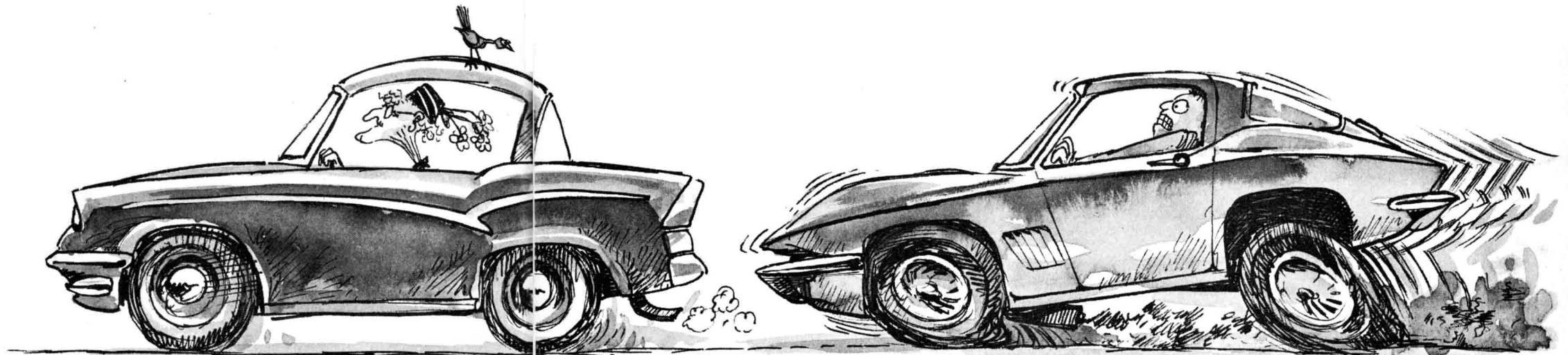
Mash! Blam! Screech! Wow, 60 already. Those exhausts do wail. Here we are. OK. Here comes a right-hander. Downshift. Give it gas.

Great. Almost neutral steering. I wonder if I can hang out the rear. More gas. Yeah! Let off and it tucks right back in. I feel like Dan Gurney at Nurburgring.

Here comes that real tight left-hander. Uh oh. I'm going too fast. Downshift to second. Floor it! Hang out the back and scrub off some speed. There, that's better. Now up to third and floor it. Whammo!

This thing is too much. These 4.56 gears aren't really suitable for slamming around curves, though. The rear tires break loose too easily. But they'll sure come in handy tonight when I blow the doors off all the "hot machines" down Cross Bay and the Connecting Highway.

I'll see who's down the Bay tonight. I'll



'Sorry about that ...'

cruise past Pizza City and let it back off in second gear. That should rouse them. Yeah. Here comes a GTO with his front all jacked up. Big deal.

He wants to know if I want to go (is Billy Graham religious?) and how—top end or on the dig.

Anything you want, man. Make it easy on yourself.

He's counting. One . . . two . . . Got it in first gear. We're rolling about 20. Three. Mash on that pedal!

God, I'm spinning and he's going! Ease up. There. I'm biting now. Now I gotta haul his tail down. Almost got him. Now shift!

Rip second gear! Right by him! I'll stay on it a little longer so there's no question. Six grand. Rip third. Ha! Supercar. Shut-down.

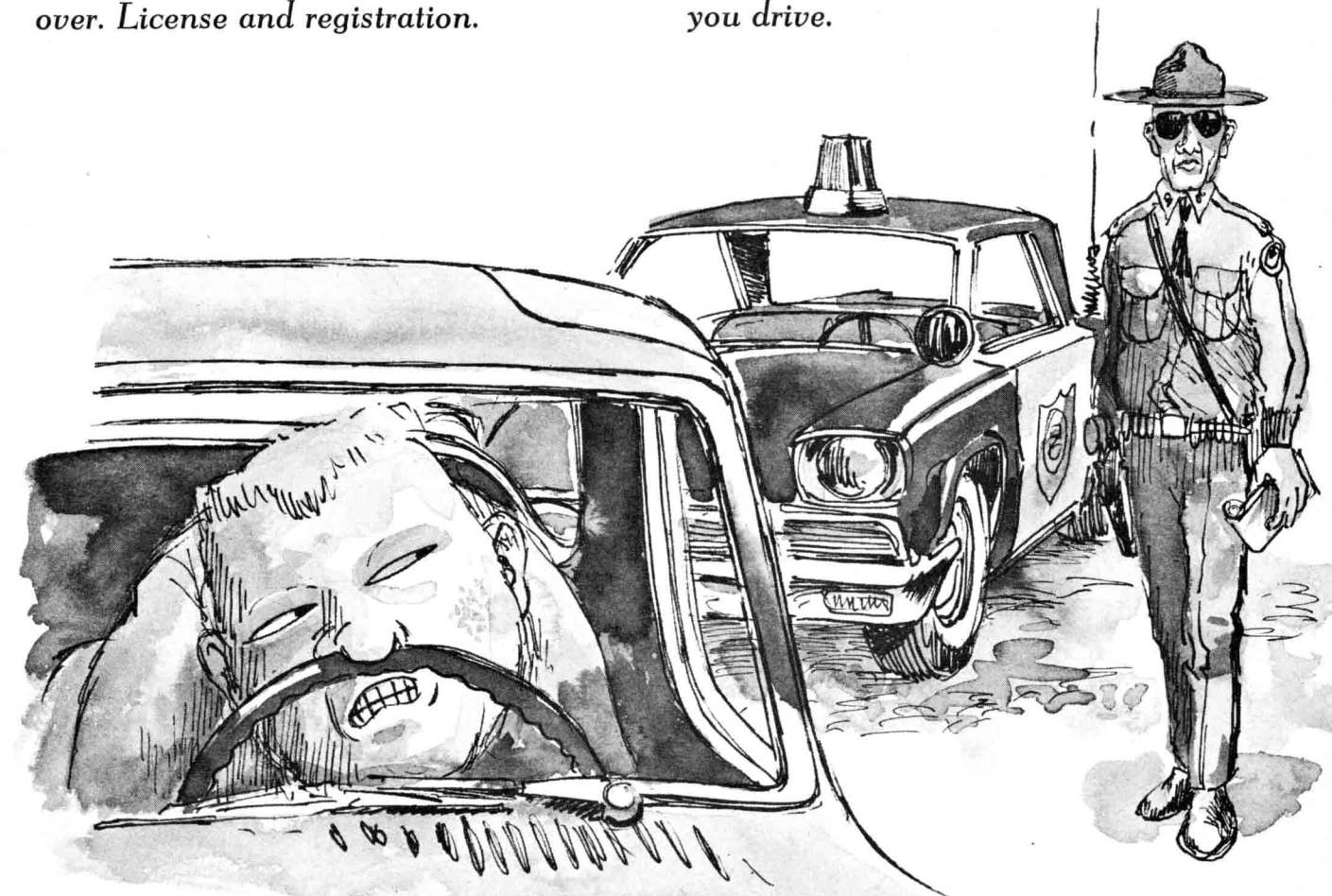
I'm glad this thing's got heavy-duty suspension. It really keeps the car under control on those full-bore power shifts. No seesaw motion at all.

Another challenge from the flanks. Hey, a Street Hemi Satellite. We're rolling at about 40. There he goes. What the hell. I'll just floor it in fourth. Hey, I'm going

right past him. Ha! Street Hemi. Shut-down.

Oh no. The cops. Yeah, I know. Pull over. License and registration.

I don't know why, but these cops drive straight—six automatics and they always wind up Top Eliminator, no matter what you drive.



'They always come out Top Eliminator ...'

wheelspin through all of first gear and half of second right up to 75 mph. What torque!

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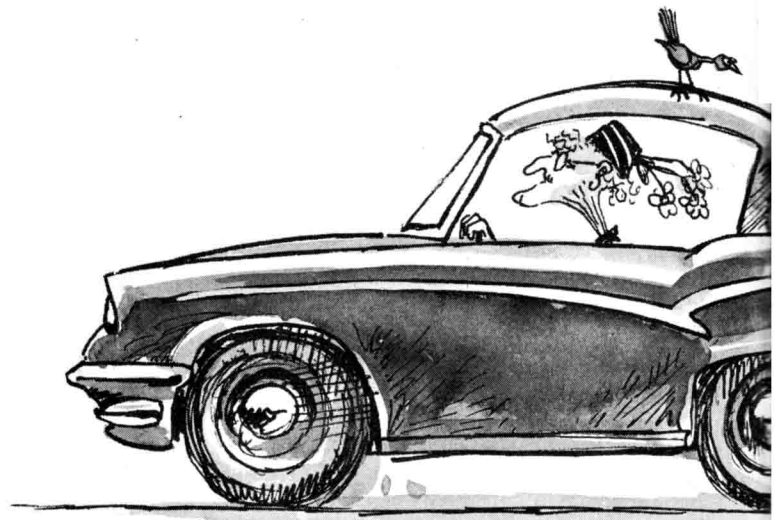
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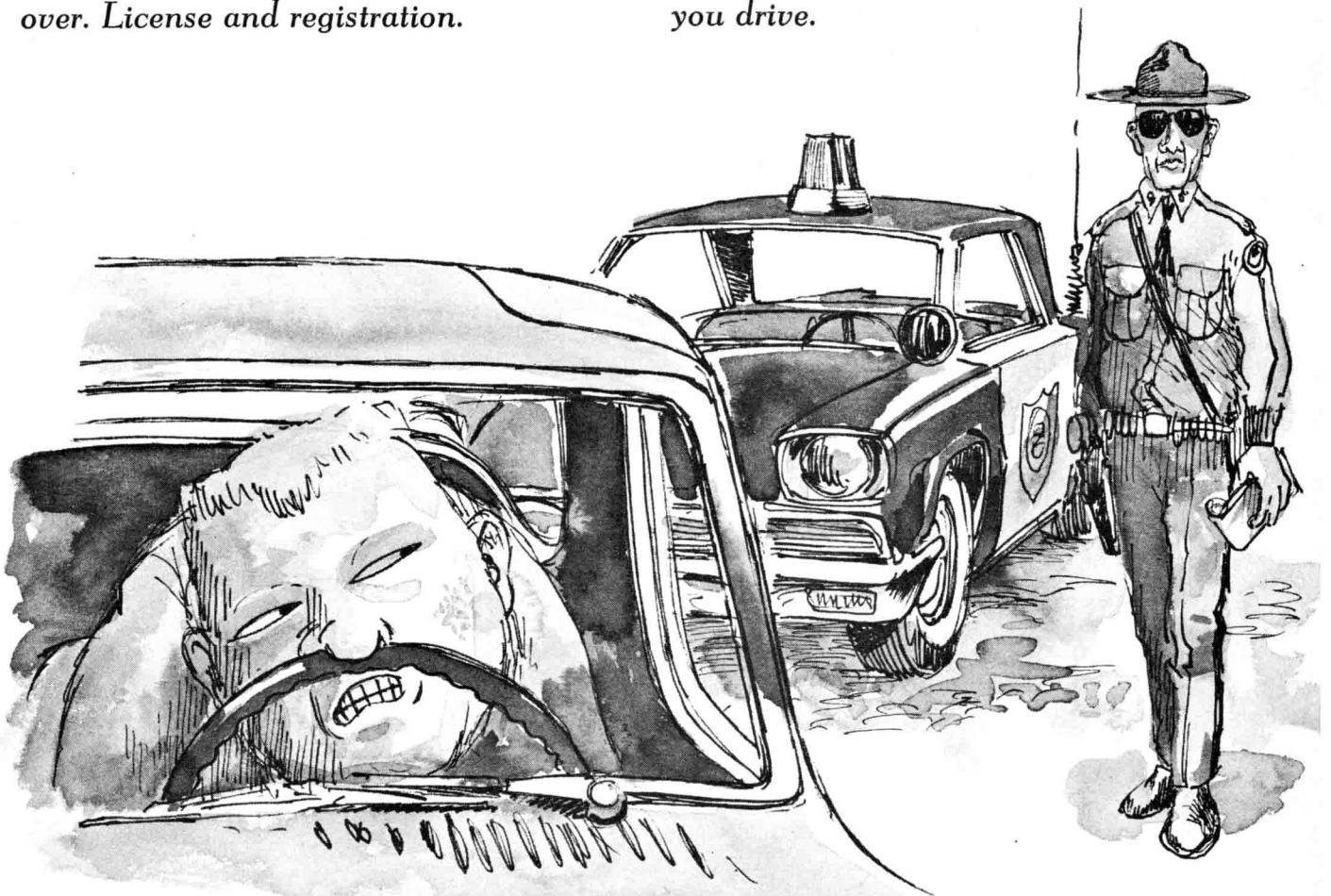


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