

CAR and DRIVER

SEPTEMBER 1971
60 CENTS

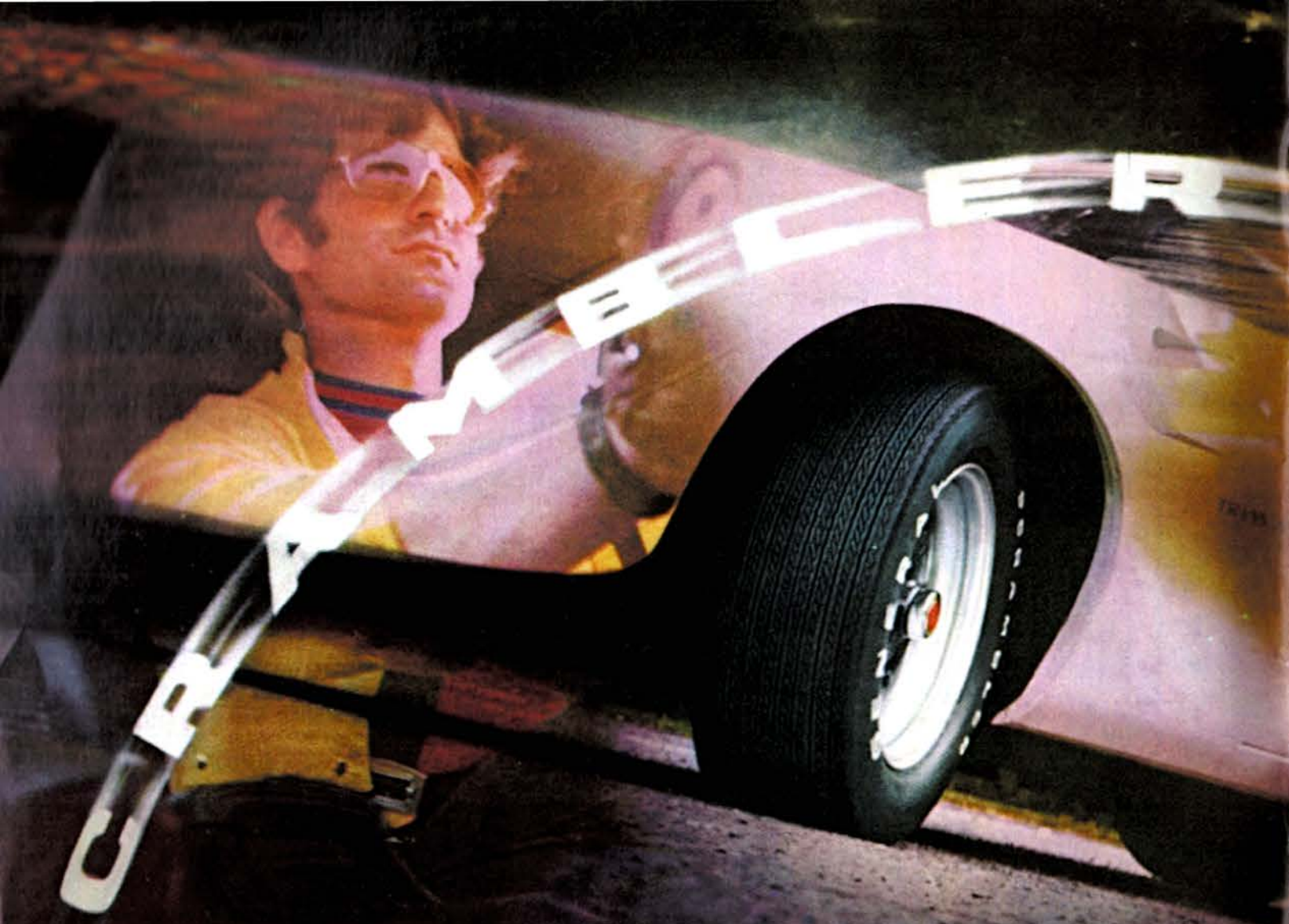
**FORD TORINO GTS:
1972'S MOST RADICALLY
CHANGED ENTHUSIAST'S CAR**

- NEW ENGINE
- NEW CHASSIS
- NEW STYLING

**TURBOCHARGED 155-HP VEGA:
YOU CAN BUY IT...
AS SOON
AS THEY UNTANGLE
THE RED TAPE**

**PLUS:
TOYOTA COROLLA 1600
LE MANS
MOSPORT CAN-AM**





Scrambler. Size for size, the widest tire ever from General Tire.

White-lettered. Belted for traction and mileage. In 60-series or 70-series.

One of General's Calibrated tires. Computer measured and matched for a smoother ride and less vibration than ever before.

Too wide for some cars. Too much for some drivers. Too wild for some tastes.

But that's the way it goes.

The Scrambler.
Only from **General.**



CONTENTS

PREVIEW TEST

- 38 GRAN TORINO SPORT *the name's the same, but that's about all you'll recognize on the '72 version*
- 60 MORRIS MARINA 1.8 TC *British Leyland's plans for the future include a Super Coupe*

FEATURES

- 42 STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND *Don Yenke and his turbocharged Vega confront the bureaucrats—By Brock Yates*
- 49 HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON INSIDE THAT VAN? *They don't paint those windows black for nothing. Jack—By Steve Smith*

ROAD TEST

- 52 TOYOTA COROLLA 1600 *we asked for a bigger motor. Toyota complied—and everyone is happy*

COMPETITION

- 32 LE MANS, 1971 *Roger Penske and Mark Donohue are joined by some expeditors—By Patrick Bedard*
- 56 MOSPORT CAN-AM *Jackie Stewart learns it does not pay to disturb The Bear—By Charles Fox*

SPORT

- 71 LEON MANDEL
- 72 TRANS-AM: *Bryar and Mid-Ohio*
- 74 NASCAR: *Michigan and Riverside*
- 76 OTHER WINNERS
- 76 HAPPENINGS

DEPARTMENTS

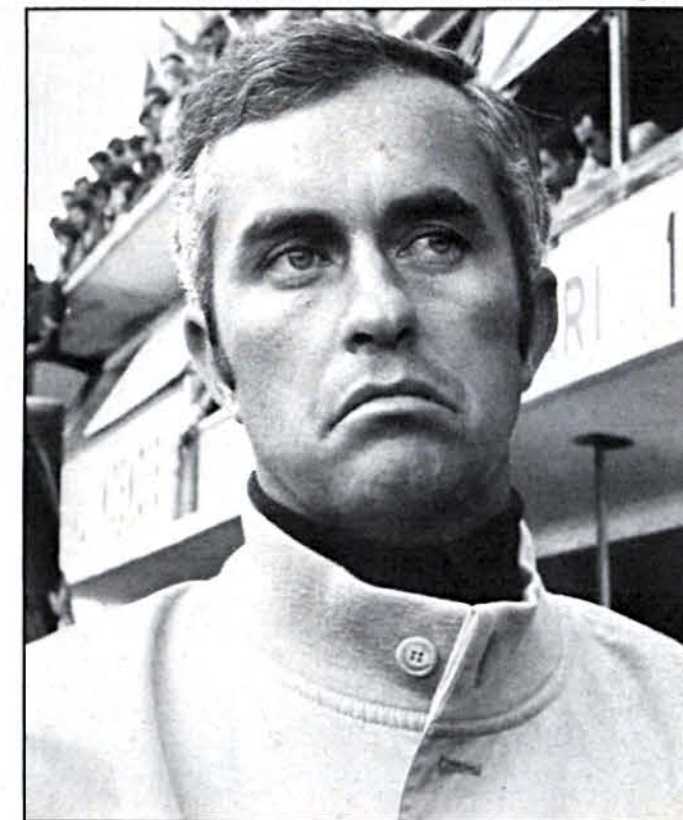
- 3 INSIDE CAR AND DRIVER
- 4 EDITORIAL
- 6 LETTERS
- 66 FOR YOUR INFORMATION
- 89 CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

COLUMNS

- 12 BROCK YATES
- 16 JEAN SHEPHERD
- 26 WARREN WEITH
- 28 GORDON JENNINGS

THIS MONTH'S COVER: *The Ford Torino, a completely new chassis, entirely different suspension system and radically different styling make it one of the truly new cars for 1972. Photographed by Gene Butera. For more on Ford's new intermediate, see page 42.*

Never, NEVER, will I watch another Steve McQueen movie (p. 32).



Publisher Orison B. Curpier
Editor Bob Brown
Creative Director Gene Butera
Executive Editor Patrick Bedard
Managing Editor Caroline J. Hadley
Senior Editors Brock Yates, Leon Mandel
Associate Editors Rich Taylor, Jim Williams
West Coast Editorial Director Gordon Jennings
Associate Art Director George Ramos
Production Editor Reggi Chaiken
Editorial Assistant Judy Silver
West Coast Editor Pete Biro
European Correspondent D. O. Cozzi
Contributing Editors Warren Weith, Chris McCall, John Jerome, Joe Whitlock
Contributing Artists Paul Coker Jr., Ken Dallison, Tom Quinn
Contributing Photographers Richard George, Don Hunter, Rainer Schlegelmilch, Humphrey Sutton

CAR and DRIVER SEPTEMBER 1971 • VOLUME 17 NUMBER 3

SEPT.

Copyright © 1971 by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. All rights reserved.



Schnell on wheels!

The new BMW Bavaria.
6 cylinders. 2.8 liters. 130 mph. Wundercar!

The new BMW Bavaria may look innocent enough. But beneath that elegant white-and-blue medallion is the soul of a hellion. Ready, willing and able to race the wind at speeds up to 130 miles an hour.

This new BMW grips the road like a vise, uphill, down, over ruts, around "S" curves. Thanks to the world's most sophisticated suspension system.

A remarkably advanced power

plant, an extremely short-stroke engine with triple-hemispheric swirl-action combustion chambers, delivers tremendous torque. The result is sheer surprise when you first get behind the wheel and press that accelerator down.

Frankly, you just have to drive the new BMW Bavaria to believe it. Speed, power and cat-quick maneuverability don't usually come in such a roomy, beautiful

package. So ask your BMW dealer to let you take one out.

See how it feels to go like schnell!

BMW's are available in four or six-cylinder models. Sole U.S. Importer: **Hoffman Motors Corporation**, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; 12541 Beatrice St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90066. Dealers Coast to Coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure No. CD-9

BMW
Bavarian Motor Works
in Munich, city of the 1972 Olympics.



Editorial contributions must be accompanied by return postage and will be handled with reasonable care; however, publisher assumes no responsibility for return or safety of art work, photographs or manuscripts.

Ziff-Davis Publishing Company
Editorial and Executive Offices
One Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
212 679-7200

Advertising Director
Martin T. Toohey

New York Office
One Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Eastern Advertising Representative
Sam Rousell

Midwestern Office
2820 Guardian Building
Detroit, Michigan 48226
313 965-5950
General Manager, Ziff-Davis, Detroit
Robert U. Brown
Midwestern Advertising Representative
William L. Strock

Chicago Office
307 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605
312 726-0892
Chicago Advertising Manager
Jack Cady

Western Office
9025 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90211
213 274-0265;
272-1161

Western Advertising Manager
William E. Davis

Circulation Office
P.O. Box 1091
Flushing, N.Y. 11352



DRAWING: DAVID HOUSER

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations



Ziff-Davis Publishing Company
William Ziff, President
W. Bradford Briggs, Executive Vice President
Hershel B. Sarbin, Senior Vice President and Secretary
Stanley R. Greenfield, Senior Vice President
Philip Sine, Financial Vice President and Treasurer
Walter S. Mills, Jr., Vice President, Circulation
Phillip T. Heffernan, Vice President, Marketing
Frank Pomerantz, Vice President, Creative Services
Arthur W. Butzow, Vice President, Production
Edward D. Muhlfeld, Vice President, Aviation Division
Irwin Robinson, Vice President, Travel Division
Furman Hebb, Administrative Vice President
George Morrissey, Vice President
Sydney H. Rogers, Vice President

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: Forms 3579 and all subscription correspondence should be addressed to CAR and DRIVER, P.O. Box 1091, Flushing, N.Y. 11352. Please allow at least eight weeks for change of address. Include your old address, as well as new—enclosing, if possible, an address label from a recent issue.

CAR and DRIVER September 1971, Volume 17, Number 3. Published monthly at One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company—also the publishers of Airline Management, Boating, Business & Commercial Aviation, Cycle, Electronics World, Flying, Modern Bride, Popular Electronics, Popular Photography, Skiing, Skiing Area News, Skiing Trade News, Stereo Review, and Travel Weekly. One year subscription rate for U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, \$7.00; all other countries \$8.00. Second Class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash.

SEPTEMBER 1971

Inside Car and Driver

If you've ever wondered what type of credentials it takes to become a staff member at *Car and Driver*, perhaps a brief recounting of the past experiences of our two new Associate Editors, Richard Taylor and Jim Williams, will be illuminating. Between them they have owned at one time or another: a '61 Morris Minor, a '49 Dodge, an MG-TD, a '53 Sunbeam Talbot ("which could never be coerced into running"), an Austin Healey Sprite, a Corvair Monza, a '55 Chevy, an MG-A, a 1950-vintage Sprint car that still lacks the attention it deserves, and even a Puch 250, a Honda 175, and a Norton 750. And these were just some of the cars and motorcycles they admitted to owning, and both took the Fifth Amendment when asked if there might not be a few others that they intentionally overlooked.

Right now both own what could hardly be described as conventional cars. Taylor, as you will recall from the May issue, first became a personal acquaintance of *C/D* when he won last year's project car, J. Edgar Opel (don't worry, if we hold another contest to give away our present project car, the Datsun 240Z, the winner won't have to come and work for us). And like every other member of this staff, Rich has his own ideas as to what he wants in the nature of *his* car and is making further modifications to the Opel.

Williams, meanwhile, has more or less made his own project car out of an MG-A. While he was a student at Rochester Institute of Technology (where he studied illustration and writing, and "had to contend with a heavy dose of trendy social-consciousness because automobiles were being taken as mere implements of destruction, and illustration, supposedly, had little relevance to modern society") Jim completely rebuilt the car—including new sheetmetal styling and a brief experiment with a coil spring rear suspension of his own design and a succession of driveline changes. Jim also began restoring his Sprint Car in the typical 1950 fashion (i.e., searching for the necessary pieces to produce a Ford flat-head powered world-beater).

And while Jim was busy during the day, staring at models in "Body and Figure" courses and in the evenings maintaining his cars, Rich Taylor was traveling both here and in Europe in quest of his PhD. Rich may have shocked some of the sober academicians at Brown, Indiana, and New York University with his habit of showing up for classes in his MG-TD or shattering the quiet of Europe's libraries and museums with his Norton, but that's all part of this iconoclastic business. I mean, how many art historians do you know who will claim that they can "appreciate a 1932 Alfa and a '53 Hudson in a single glance" and then wriggle into the cockpit of J. Edgar Opel for a hillclimb.

All of which goes to prove that there is no prescribed path to *C/D*, other than an enthusiasm and understanding of automobiles and an ability to transmit that enthusiasm in writing. Although we have to admit that we may be guilty of a certain amount of nepotism parading under the banner of "talent searching," with Rich Taylor we figure that we have not only gained an Associate Editor but we've figured out a way to keep a project car and keep the accounting department happy at the same time. And, although Jim Williams tries his best to keep it quiet, he was first brought to our attention by Brock Yates who had seen some of his paintings on exhibition in upstate New York and "recognized that he not only could paint but had a deep empathy with cars." Besides, Yates needed someone to help him in his Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea race and Williams was one of the few volunteers who would go along as part of Yates' team. The combinations are unlikely but considering that they are joining a staff composed of a former surf bum, a newspaper reporter, an aircraft engineer, an ad copywriter, a country and western singer and even a mechanical engineer, it should assure you that *C/D*'s unconventional and opinionated view of the world of automobiles will continue.

• What is all this whining that's coming out of Detroit? Ever since those first smog and safety laws came into effect about five years ago, the domestic car makers have been so busy apologizing for the cars they're building that hardly anyone has noticed that new sales records were set in three of those years (1967, '68 and '69)—and it's likely that this year will be another record-setter.

But nobody is nery enough to say much about that—after all that's good news, and all those former AP and UPI bureau chiefs who write the news releases and plan the speeches know that no one, *no one* flips on Howard K. Smith to hear good news. So instead of promoting the sales records we end up listening to news reports that seem like condensations of *Paradise Lost* and watching salt-and-pepper sideburned division managers lamenting that "Gee, guys, we'd sure like to build the kind of cars you like but (pick one) the government/the smog sniffers/the insurance companies/the union/the FTC/the Consumer Advocate/the Flat Earth Society won't let us."

And for maybe the first time in history, the PR men have an unqualified success on their hands. Thanks to their inspired mewling people are now becoming convinced that if the automotive apocalypse hasn't already arrived it's a sure bet for the next model changeover. Of course we'll have to admit that the flackmasters were aided by the ever alert automotive press corps. That group of savants—as always, with its fingers firmly checking the pulse of its Daddy Warbucks—mistook these flutterings and public gaspings as a death rattle and made sure its audience got the same message.

But in its eagerness to come to Detroit's assistance the automotive press was forced to overlook two points that it had traditionally and legitimately questioned. The first was that Detroit really *had* ever been building the types of cars people wanted, and, secondly, that Detroit ever *knew* what kind of cars people wanted. Those points have to be taken for granted in order to bemoan all that "lost greatness." And, true, some good cars are no longer available, but there's anything but a dearth of enthusiasts' cars right now.

Granted, we may miss out on a 900 cu. in. tube-frame, lace painted Buick Electra or a nitro-burning T-bird, and that may disappoint a few people—about 23 magazine writers, and two doctors' sons who have taken a lease on the back corner parking slot at Burger Chef—but aside from these heroes and some overachieving product planners and Madison Avenue bandwagon riders, whoever bought the fact that



Editorial

the yardstick of automotive goodness is marked off in cubic inches? Or that "performance" meant keeping a car aimed straight for 1320 feet while the "driver" tried to ram his right foot through the floorboard?

So Super Cars are on the way out and the professional mourners are standing in line for their chance to tell us that it means the end of performance cars. Which is just another way of saying that a Jato bottle was the engine of the future before all these killjoys got in the act.

But take a closer look at what has been happening while all this hand-wringing was going on. Balanced, highly responsive small V-8s like the Z28 and Boss 302 and Plymouth 340 were built, the Capri came on the scene (first as an economy car, then, because of the market demands, with the 2-liter engine, and now there are even rumors of a V-6 option). In addition, the Detroit small cars were created to meet the ever-growing success of foreign cars in the market—and within the first year of production Ford had a 2-liter Pinto, and Vega began offering a "GT" package and with the latter you can get a "GT" package station wagon version, the first time anyone in Detroit has actively promoted the fact that practicality need not necessarily preclude pleasure.

Even at the opposite extreme good things are going on: like the fact that Lincoln-Mercury is selling the de Tomaso Pantera—a mid-engine GT car. With just those few examples it hardly looks like the market is stagnating—in fact five years ago Detroit separated its models into five categories, now there are nine. And how about styling? People keep saying that the safety

laws are going to mean that all cars will look the same. But the facts don't support this argument when there are cars like the Charger, the Camaro and Firebird, the Corvette—even the Buick Riviera—being legally produced.

Less visually apparent, but equally encouraging, there have been major steps forward in handling and that is what most people included in the definition of "performance" all along. Almost all manufacturers offer front disc brakes as standard on all power-assisted braking systems, original equipment tires are universally wider to improve handling; suspension systems have gotten more sophisticated (particularly if you order "heavy duty" or "competition" suspensions, which are the most attractively priced and worthwhile options Detroit has ever offered).

This model year Detroit will be producing less models but more different *types* of cars than ever before in its history. You would think that it's about time the corporate voices stopped bitching about the fact that those fat-assed sedans as well as Super Cars are anachronisms. Sure, they sell—because they were all that were offered; sure they were so cheap and easy to manufacture because all you had to do was roll slightly different sheetmetal to make a "new" car. But that's passed us. In their place are cars like the Super Coupes, production Boss Wagons, Sporty Cars, luxury/personal cars. That's no bad deal and if we weren't subjected to a barrage of speeches and news releases saying the opposite we'd probably end up thinking that Detroit finally *is* building the type of cars we like—in fact several types.

—Bob Brown

My competition driving course is murder on tires. That's why we're using Sears Superwide Dynaglass.

Meet Bob Bondurant, the race driver's race driver.

After winning the Pacific Coast SCCA championship, after Watkins Glen, Monaco, Nurburgring, Monza, a world manufacturer's championship, even a first at Baja—who should know more about tires?

So today, at the Bondurant School

of High-Performance Driving in Ontario, California, Bob Bondurant depends on Sears Superwide Dynaglass Tires.

Braced with tough fiber glass belts that make those tires hang in there, in the roughest high-performance situations.

Acceleration. Wet skids. Hard braking.

Plus every kind of curve the course can throw at them. Esses, chicanes, slaloms—the works.

The Superwide takes them all in stride. And then some.

And when you buy the Superwide, you can use Sears Easy-Payment Plan.

So, put yourself in Bob Bondurant's shoes. Better yet, put yourself on his tires.

Sears new Superwide 70 Dynaglass. With raised white sidewall lettering.

Only at Sears, Roebuck and Co.


Tire and Auto Center
Where you buy tires with confidence.



Don't Just Change Oil... Change Performance.

Whether you race or not your engine will love the cool, clean, high performance of Royal Triton Racing Oil . . . and your pocketbook will love the way it protects your investment!



ROYAL TRITON COMPANY
2200 E. Devon • Des Plaines, Illinois

Letters

THE 10 BEST?

Well, *C/D* has done it again. You seem to have a bent toward being unnecessarily controversial instead of being objective.

You have now gone ahead and named your 10 (or is it five) best drivers in the world (*C/D*, June). No one can possibly dispute your choice of Stewart, Andretti, Donohue, Ickx and Hulme but not so with the likes of Foyt, Petty, Unser, Savage and Fittipaldi.

It's incredible.

Louis J. Brigandi
Long Island City, N.Y.

How can any list be complete without Jo Siffert, Pedro Rodriguez and Bobby Unser?

Fred C. Parker
Rodessa, La.

Easily if it's a list of 10.—Ed.

While I agree that Foyt isn't over the hill yet, to say that Dan Gurney could never come close to his driving ability is absurd.

Dick Reuter
Chicago, Ill.

You mean the Dan Gurney we didn't even mention?—Ed.

BROCK AND JIM

I have just finished reading Brock Yates on the subject of Jim Hall (*C/D*, June) and I would just like to say that when the FIA killed the Chaparral 2J, they also killed the Can-Am.

Larry Polhamus
Piqua, Ohio

The innovative impulse was carried out magnificently by Jim Hall in making a great contribution to the celebration of technology that is auto racing.

Edward J. Baker
Flushing, N.Y.

The only mistake was inviting the FIA to the celebration.—Ed.

To think that a racing man of Jim Hall's caliber is being wasted because of stupid and unfair FIA rulings that seem to say all cars must be the same, nothing new allowed.

For some reason ecology, equal rights, overpopulation and student unrest take a

back seat and the racer in me comes out and I find that we must save the Chaparral. Indeed a rare bird.

James Daering
Ellsworth Air Force Base, S.D.

The Chaparral 2J is the best car ever built in racing history.

Daniel Wieder
San Diego, Calif.

OUR TESTS

The test on the Dodge Charger SE was the best report I have ever read in your magazine (*C/D*, March).

You should do more American cars.

Russell Bethe
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Zora Arkus-Duntov is an enthusiast's dream: a man who believes in and enjoys driving the cars he's designed.

What a shame that his talents are wasted within the sales volume and the hell-with-quality walls of GM.

Paul W. Donkin
Lebanon, Ore.

My '68 Charger R/T was stolen from my driveway about one week after I read your Charger SE road test (which was in the same issue that you discussed car thefts).

I took delivery of my shiny new "artistic statement" one month ago, complete with option overkill and a two-page window sticker, almost identical to yours.

Your test almost perfectly sums up the Charger, your theft article was too accurate for my taste.

Charles Markarian
Tenafly, N.J.

Thank you for the excellent piece on the four Corvettes (*C/D*, June).

It's rather like finding out what a good machine the Harley-Davidson 74 is.

Fred L. Baker
Wichita Falls, Tex.

Better than an Indian.—Ed.

C/D, May was human and heart-warming as usual, including your mistakes.

The Camaro *does* offer an adjustable seat back (for the driver's side only). It costs \$19 and is a fairly recent add-on option.

Bill Warren
San Jose, Calif.

After reading your road test on the two-liter Capri I went out and ordered one.

I waited eight weeks and it was well worth it. Thank you.

Louis E. Brizzolara
Chicago, Ill.

CAR and DRIVER

A SPORTS CAR YOU CAN AFFORD WHILE YOU'RE STILL YOUNG ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT.

It's a cruel trick of Fate that most sports cars are too expensive for many of the people who get most out of them—people under 25.

That's why we designed the 850 Spider. It's the lowest priced true sports car you can buy in America. It lists from \$2,294*.

And, for many people, it's the best looking sports car on the market under \$10,000.

Fiat has more experience than any other car maker in the world when it comes to building small high

performance engines.

The red line on the 850 Spider's power unit is all the way up at 6,500 rpm and it enjoys working at those speeds.

And with disc brakes in front and independent suspension all round, you get all the road holding you need to handle the hard driving this car encourages.

It's one of the kinder tricks of Fate that the best sports car under \$3,000 is the one that's furthest under \$3,000.



FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

*Suggested retail price East Coast POE. Local taxes and dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Prices slightly higher in Midwest, South and West Coast.

SEPTEMBER 1971



Blow your competition...
Not your pocketbook

Here are the facts On Peco free flow exhaust systems

Dollar for dollar the most significant increase in horsepower

To give you some facts on how Peco Systems can boost your power, check below for our free brochure.

Save money and increase performance

In all cases, installation of a Peco System actually increases gas mileage.

Value in good free flow systems can vary considerably

Peco Systems are priced right. Compare prices and you'll see that in most cases we'll save you money.

Noise levels on many competitive installations are too high or too muffled

Peco Systems don't just look good, they sound good! A rich, mellow, powerful tone has been engineered into every system.

Quality of free flow systems can vary significantly with the manufacturer

Peco is Britain's leading manufacturer of exhaust systems and is original equipment on Rolls-Royce. Peco quality is backed by a lifetime guarantee.

Establish the cost to Peco free flow your car from this price list.

Pinto, MGB and GT, Datsun 510, Eng. Ford 1500 GT (67 and later), Eng. Ford 1600 GT, Sprite Mk 3, 4, 2, and 1, Spitfire Mk 1 and 2, Volvo 122 (intermediate), TR 2, 3 and 4, Corona M2 1968 and early 1969, Saab 96, Lotus S2, SE 1967/1968, Elan Plus 2, Cricket \$29.95

Volvo 1800S, B.M.W. 1600/2002, Datsun 510, Datsun 1000, Corona Mk 2 1968 and early 1969, Corolla Mk 2 1968 and early 1969, MGB and GT, Vauxhall Viva MB, Spitfire 3, GT 6 Mk 1, Capri 1600, TR 4A Dual System, Volvo 122, Cooper, Mini, Cooper "S", Austin 1100 and America, Sunbeam Arrow \$39.95

GT 6 Plus, Fiat 124 Sedan, Renault R8-R10, Austin 1100 and America, Volvo (complete) \$44.95

Fiat 850 (with manifold), VW 12, 13, 1500 Dual System, Jaguar XKE Dual System \$79.95

Get it out of your system with Peco

SCU accessories

U.S.A.

35093 Schoolcraft Road
Livonia, Michigan 48150
(313) 522 2800 Telex 230 157

Canada

1784 Lakeshore Road West,
Mississauga, Ontario, Canada
(416) 274 2324 Telex 06 982264

Please send me the items checked below

Free Peco brochure and performance sheet

Peco exhaust system for my car (see price list) \$ _____

Complete SCU Accessories catalogue \$1.00

Add sales tax if applicable \$ _____

Find enclosed cheque or money order in the amount of \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I drive a _____ Year _____

Visit your local SCU Accessories dealer to view the full SCU Accessories product line.

OUR DRUNKEN FRIENDS

You've gone and done it with your Strict-Anti-Drunk Laws (C/D, May) article.

Statistics would show that the "uncertified gypsy trucker" with his poor tires, brakes, etc., kills only a few people and does only slightly higher damage than 85-year-old ladies driving 1936 DeSotos while being accompanied by their mothers.

It takes real guts to stand up and hit the real killers as you have done.

Hats off fellas, even if it hurts.

Kenneth P. Campbell
Spokane, Wash.

It always hurts with our hats off.—Ed.

Here in merry old England it is now illegal to have more than 80 milligrams of alcohol per milliliter of blood.

To the average drinker, this means he can drink only three double whiskeys or three pints of beer in a three-hour period.

To overcome this problem the drinker could consume 10-ounces of yogurt.

Peter M. Colclough
Fareham, England

Or, as an alternative, a cubic yard of cement.—Ed.

SHEPHERD'S FANS

I am left all but dumbfounded, aghast, tortured into a lyric swoon at Jean Shepherd's manipulations of ambience.

Peter Storrow
Sante Fe, N.M.

Have you tried a three-point restraint system?—Ed.

Saw something the other day I thought Jean Shepherd would appreciate: a plastic automobile tire for a child to use as a swing. Soon they'll be turning up in the trash piles with their predecessors of the thread-bare-white-walled rubber variety.

Keep your knees loose. There is no train station in Dry Run, Pennsylvania.

Richard C. Price
McVeytown, Pa.

Somebody better tell Amtrack.—Ed.

HOW ABOUT

In '69 you chose the Z28 Camaro as your project car, God only knows why you chose an Opel GT in '70.

How about a Datsun 240Z in '71?

James Morrison Jr.
Las Cruces, N.M.

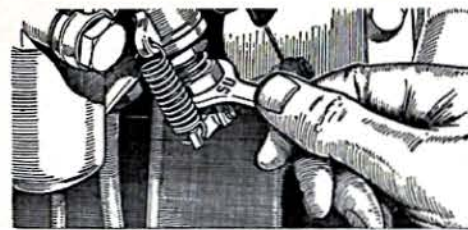
Never happen.—Ed.

How about a favor for a Jerry Karl fan. After all, you did big Linda (Vaughn).

Pat Fox
Saunderton, Pa.

You mean something like a whoopie cushion? Better yet, Wayne Cochran.—Ed.

CAR and DRIVER



performance tuning

1257 INTRODUCTION TO TUNING	\$1.95
1003 TUNING FOR SPEED: TUNING FOR ECONOMY	\$6.50
1185 TUNING FOR PERFORMANCE	\$4.95
1506 TUNING ENGINES & TRANSMISSIONS	\$2.95
1507 TUNING SUSPENSION & BRAKES	\$2.95
1503 RACING ENGINE PREPARATION	\$3.95
1241 MODIFICATION OF PROD. CYLINDER HEADS	\$1.95
1552 TUNING V8 ENGINES—GM, Ford, Mopar	\$5.95
9395 THE TWO-STROKE ENGINE—design/tuning	\$5.95
1022 AUTOMOBILE TROUBLESHOOTING GUIDE	\$1.95
9253 FUEL INJECTION HANDBOOK—all systems	\$9.95
1234 TUNING SU CARBURETORS	\$1.95
1237 TUNING STROMBERG CD CARBURETORS	\$1.95
1716 TUNING WEBER DCOE CARBURETORS	\$2.95
1153 WEBER CARBURETORS—design/principles	\$2.95
1701 TUNING HOLLEY 4150, 4160 CARBURETORS	\$2.95
1702 TUNING ROCHESTER 4MV CARBURETORS	\$2.95
1247 TUNING CORPINS & ANGLIAS	\$2.50
1255 TUNING CAPRIS & ESCORTS	\$2.95
1256 TUNING TWIN CAM FORDS—Lotus engines	\$2.95
1235 TUNING THE MINI	\$3.50
1589 MORE TUNING THE MINI	\$2.95
9149 TUNING THE SUNBEAM TIGER	\$5.00
1242 BUILDING & RACING 850 MINI	\$3.50
1239 TUNING THE MGA & MGB	\$2.95
1238 TUNING SPITFIRE & HERALD	\$2.95
1240 TUNING THE SPRITE & MIDGET	\$2.95
1214 TR2, TR3, TR4 & TR4A—race modification	\$4.95
1066 HOW TO HOTROD CORVAIR ENGINES	\$4.95
1143 CHEVROLET V-8 PERFORMANCE GUIDE	\$4.95
4031 GUIDE TO CORVETTE SPEED—how-to	\$2.95
1508 TUNING VOLKSWAGENS	\$3.95
1502 HOW TO HOTROD VOLKSWAGEN ENGINES	\$4.95
1652 VOLKSWAGEN FUEL INJECTION MANUAL	\$2.50

repair & build

1771 CHILTON'S AUTO REPAIR MANUAL: 1971— all American cars & VW—1963-1971	\$10.95
1753 CHILTON'S AUTO REPAIR MANUAL: 1940-53— covers all American cars of period	\$14.95
1047 GLENN'S FOREIGN CAR REPAIR MANUAL— covers 38 major imported makes	\$17.50
5106 GLASS FIBER AUTO BODY CONSTRUCTION	\$3.95
1196 BUILDING YOUR VW DUNE BUGGY	\$3.95
1712 BASIC AUTO REPAIR MANUAL—a must	\$3.95
1744 CAR REPAIR you can do yourself	\$1.95
1017 AUTOMOBILE ENGINE REBUILDING	\$12.50
4063 AUTOMOBILE SHEET METAL REPAIR	\$9.95
5104 AUTO BODY REPAIRING & REPAINTING	\$5.95
1555 CAR CUSTOMISING—latest techniques	\$3.95
1192 AUTO SMOG CONTROL MANUAL—all cars	\$6.95
1024 FOREIGN CARBS & ELECT. SYSTEMS	\$8.50

design & technical

9396 THE HIGH SPEED TWO-STROKE ENGINE	\$10.95
1011 THE WANKEL R.C. ENGINE—technical	\$9.95
5117 DESIGN/TUNING OF COMPETN ENGINES	\$10.95
1060 DESIGN OF EXH. & INT. SYSTEMS	\$9.95
1553 AUTO ELECTRICS—covers entire system	\$3.95
1037 CARBURETORS & CARBURETION	\$7.95
1013 AUTOMOBILE ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS	\$12.50
1012 VALVE MECHANISMS/HIGH SPEED ENGINES	\$9.95
4062 RACING & SPORTS CAR CHASSIS DESIGN	\$9.95
5109 AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING DRAWING	\$6.50
5118 BODY ENGINEERING—design/construction	\$3.95
1005 THE SPORTS CAR ENGINE	\$8.50
1061 SPORTS CAR—design & performance	\$9.95
7562 DESIGN FOR COMPETITION—entire car	\$4.95
1559 CYL. HEAD MODIFICATION—theory/practice	\$9.95
4043 SPORTS CAR SUSPENSION—review of types	\$2.95
9384 MOTOR RACING—Top experts on designs	\$7.00

Know your car inside and out. Know how to fix it—to tune it—to service it yourself. Each TOTAL SERVICE MANUAL is a digest of the official work-

shop manuals, rewritten for the car owner by experts. You get all the important information plus the best of the pictures, diagrams, and spec tables.

TOTAL SERVICE MANUALS

1511 ALFA ROMEO—1300, 1600, 1750—59-69	\$6.95
1018 ALFA ROMEO—inc. 2000, 2600—to 65	\$5.50
1161 ALFA ROMEO 1750 fuel inj. manual	\$4.95
1111 ANGLIA 105E—59-67	\$7.95
1649 ASTON MARTIN—inc. DB2, DB3, DB Mk 3	\$7.95
1229 AUSTIN AMERICA—inc. 1100 Mk 2	\$7.95
1113 AUSTIN 1800—Mk 1, 2—64-69	\$7.95
1203 AUSTIN HEALEY 3000—and 100/6—56-68	\$7.95
1098 AUSTIN HEALEY SPRITE—58-69	\$7.95
1007 BMW 1600—inc. 1600-2 & TI—66-70	\$7.95
1008 BMW 1800—inc. 1800TI—60-68	\$7.95
1042 BMW 2000, 2002—all models—66-70	\$7.95
1733 CAMARO inc SS, Z/28, Rallye Sport—67-70	\$5.95
1210 CAPRI—Lincoln/Mercury—68-70	\$7.95
1734 CHARGER inc 500, R/T—67-70	\$5.95
1050 CHEVROLET—all 6s & V8s—54-71	\$4.95
1145 CHRYSLER inc Newport, 300, New Yorker	\$5.95
1714 CITROEN—ID19, DS19—55-66	\$7.95
1117 CORTINA—inc. GT & Lotus—62-66	\$7.95
1118 CORTINA—inc. GT & Lotus—67-68	\$7.95
1587 CORTINA—1300, 1600 & GT—69-70	\$7.95
1460 CORVAIR—all models—61-69—give year	\$7.95
1735 CORVETTE—all 6s & V8s—53-62	\$6.95
1260 CORVETTE—63-71—give year	\$7.95
1726 DATSUN 240Z	\$7.95
1131 DATSUN 411—inc. pick-up truck	\$4.95
0137 DATSUN 510—1300 & 1600—to 71	\$5.95
1258 DATSUN SPORT—1600 & 2000	\$6.95
0175 DODGE DART inc 270, GT, GTS—64-71	\$5.95
1145 DODGE inc Polara, Coronet, Monaco—55-71	\$5.95
1221 FIAT 500—all models—57-69	\$7.95
1208 FIAT 600—all models—55-69	\$7.95
1201 FIAT 850—inc. Coupe & Spider	\$7.95
1727 FIAT 124 SPYDER—and Coupe—to 71	\$7.95
1548 FIAT 124 SEDAN—inc. 124S—66-70	\$7.95
1023 FIAT—inc. 1100, 1200, 1500—to 67	\$4.50
9321 FORD, EARLY V-8—all models—32-50	\$7.95
1116 FORD ESCORT—1100, 1300—67-71	\$7.95
1149 FORD—all 6 & V-8 models—55-70	\$5.95
1204 HILLMAN SUPER MINX—Mk 1-3—61-65	\$7.95
1202 HILLMAN MINX—inc. Super Mk 4—65-67	\$7.95
1207 JAGUAR—XK 120-150 & Mk 7-9—48-61	\$7.95
1206 JAGUAR—2.4, 3.4, 3.8 sedan—59-67	\$7.95
1043 JAGUAR E-type—3.8 & 4.2—61-69	\$7.95
1647 JAGUAR S-type—3.8S, 4.2, Mk 10—63-68	\$7.95
9399 JAGUAR XJ6—2.8 & 4.2—68-70	\$7.95
1254 LANDROVER 2, 2A—59-70	\$7.95
1262 MAVERICK—170, 200, 250	\$5.95
1009 MERCEDES-BENZ—190B, C & 200—59-68	\$7.95
1027 MERCEDES-BENZ—inc. 190SL & 300d	\$6.95
5536 MERCEDES-BENZ—inc. 220 & Diesel	\$7.95
1253 MERCEDES-BENZ—230, 250, 280—to 70	\$7.95
1149 MERCURY—all models & Lincoln—55-70	\$5.95
1105 MG—covers TC, TD, TF & TF 1500	\$7.95
1228 MG 1100 Mk 1—sport sedan—62-67	\$7.95
1115 MG MAGNETTE—Mk 3 & 4—59-68	\$7.95
1098 MG MIDGET—Mk 1, 2 & 3—61-70	\$7.95
1106 MGA & MGB—all models—55-69	\$7.95
1720 MGB—inc. MGB GT—69-70	\$7.95
1222 MINI 850—also 1000, 1275—59-70	\$7.95
1230 MINI COOPER—inc. Cooper S—61-70	\$7.95
1109 MORGAN—inc. Plus 4 & 4/4—to 69	\$7.95
1101 MORRIS MINOR—inc. 1000—52-69	\$7.95
1040 MUSTANG—inc. Shelby GT—65-68	\$4.95
2170 OPEL GT—69, 70, 71—give year	\$7.95
2171 OPEL 1900—1971	\$7.95
1724 OPEL KADETTE inc L, LS, Rallye—62-70	\$7.95
1546 PEUGEOT 404—all models—60-69	\$7.95
1028 PEUGEOT—inc. 403 & 404 models	\$4.95
1584 PINTO, FORD—1600 & 2000—1971	\$6.95
0175 PLYMOUTH inc Valiant, Duster—64-71	\$5.95
1145 PLYMOUTH inc Satellite, Fury, GTX—55-71	\$5.95
1560 PONTIAC inc Firebird, GTO—68 or 69	\$7.95
1591 PORSCHE 911 inc 911E, 911S, 911T—64-69	\$7.95
1150 PORSCHE 912—65-69	\$7.95
1650 PORSCHE 356—A/B/C—55-65	\$7.95
0124 RENAULT R8—also Floride—to 67	\$4.95
0143 RENAULT R10—66-71	\$5.95
1554 RENAULT R16—inc. TS—65-70	\$7.95
1107 ROVER—inc. 80, 95, 100 & 110—53-64	\$7.95
1121 ROVER 2000—SC, TC & Automatic	\$7.95
1045 ROVER 3500—inc. 3500S—68-70	\$7.95
1209 ROVER 3-litre—58-67	\$7.95
5541 SAAB—93, 95, 96 & Sonett—to 70	\$7.95
1580 SAAB 99—inc. 99 automatic	\$7.95
1723 SIMCA 1000—61-70	\$7.95
5539 SIMCA—inc. 1100 & 1204—to 70	\$4.95
1097 SPITFIRE—Mk 1, 2 & GT6—to 69	\$7.95
1200 SPITFIRE Mk 3—69-70	\$7.95
1098 SPRITE—all inc. Bugeye—58-69	\$7.95
1205 SUNBEAM ALPINE—1, 2, 3, 4—59-65	\$7.95
1202 SUNBEAM ALPINE—Series 5—65-68	\$7.95
1211 SUNBEAM ARROW—Hillman Hunter—66-69	\$7.95
9150 SUNBEAM—inc. Tiger 260 V8	\$5.00
1119 SUNBEAM IMP.—inc. Stiletto—66-70	\$7.95
0146 TOYOTA COROLLA—1100 & 1200—68-71	\$4.95
1739 TOYOTA CORONA Mk II 1900—68-70	\$7.95
5339 TOYOTA—inc. Corolla, Land Cruiser	\$5.95
1543 TOYOTA CROWN—sedan & station wagon	\$6.95
1225 TRIUMPH TR2, TR3 & TR3A—52-62	\$7.95
1231 TRIUMPH TR4 & TR4A—61-67	\$7.95
1015 TRIUMPH TR5/250 & TR6—USA—67-70	\$7.95
1016 TRIUMPH GT6+—68-70	\$7.95
1233 TRIUMPH 2000—63-69	\$7.95
1212 VAUXHALL VIVA HB—66-69	\$7.95
1021 VEGA 2300—all models—1971	\$6.95
0122 VOLKSWAGEN 1200—Beetle/K-G—64-67	\$4.95
0123 VOLKSWAGEN 1300—Beetle/K-G—to 67	\$4.95
0157 VOLKSWAGEN 1300/1500—Beetle/K-G—68-71	\$4.95
0138 VOLKSWAGEN Bus, Van, Transporter—54-71	\$4.95
0139 VOLKSWAGEN 1600—type 3—to 71	\$5.95
0129 VOLVO 142, 144, 145—B18, B20B, B20E	\$6.95
0162 VOLVO 122, 122S, 123GT, P1800, P1800E	\$6.95

FREE with every order

... a copy of the car service record book. An easy way to keep accurate track of every repair, adjustment, tune-up, lubrication, purchase, etc.

Books shipped throughout world—no extra charge
ADD 50¢ POSTAGE & HANDLING TO ALL ORDERS

CARBOOKS, INC. 2628 Atlantic Ave.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11207

Telephone orders (212) 342-0225

I enclose full payment of \$ _____

Send C.O.D. (U.S.A. only) \$1 additional 8

Charge my BankAmericard

Acc't. No. _____

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE BOOKS YOU WANT


SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____



MG-TC This is the classic 2-seater that American servicemen brought home with them. The TC was the spark that ignited the sports car phenomenon and we sold a surprising 10,000 TC's by 1950.

MG-TD The TD took over where the TC left off and the idea of a high-performance sports car continued to attract new fans. By 1954, the TD had hit 30,000 in sales.

MGA This is the MG sports car that sold more units than any other sports car ever before. The number, an incredible 100,000 by 1962.

MGB This is the MG that's now holding down the all time best-seller position. The B, made in both Convertible and GT versions, reached the record breaking 250,000 mark a short time ago.

A great idea. How it grew into the MGB. And why we're giving away the 250,000th one free.

MG has always stayed faithful to the idea of a sports car unhindered by compromises. And it's paid off.

On May 27, 1971, the 250,000th B came off the production line. It was designated with a plaque attesting to its historical significance in MG history. And, to cap the occasion, we are going to give the car away instead of selling it.

It's The Great 250,000th MGB Giveaway—and it's easy to get in the running. There's nothing to buy. Just visit an Austin MG Dealer and pick up an official entry blank with complete details.

Offer void in the State of Washington and wherever prohibited by law. Residents of Ohio, and Wisconsin may obtain an entry blank by writing to: 250,000th MGB Giveaway, Box 250,000, Blair, Nebraska 68009, before Sept. 4, 1971.

The Great 250,000th MGB Giveaway officially closes Sept. 18, 1971. So hurry—act today. For the name of your local Austin MG Dealer, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free





**AUTO COVERS
THE BEST FOR LESS**

Green Guard	Golden Shield or Blue Armor
Alfa Spyder, Fiat Spyder, AH, TR, Datsun Rdstr., MG (exc. 1100)	\$21.75 \$28.10
Alfa Sprint, Porsche, Toyota, VW, Datsun Sedan, Opel Sport Coupe	\$25.75 \$34.35
Camaro, Corvette, Mercedes, XKE, Mustang, Volvo P-1800	\$28.65 \$38.65
Standard Size American Cars	\$36.35 \$46.65

We tailor covers for all cars incl. antiques, race cars & dune buggies. Over 550 patterns in stock. Stowage bags available.

Dealer inquiries invited. Phone (213) 723-8311

KOVER KING, 7344 E. Bandini Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90040
Check fabric you desire.

- GREEN GUARD**—Water repellent cotton
- GOLDEN SHIELD**—DuPont Hypalon® coated water repellent cotton
- BLUE ARMOR**—Flannel-back water repellent cotton

Please send Kover King cover for my:

year _____ make _____ body style _____
25% deposit on C.O.D. orders.
Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.
Check enclosed for \$ _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
CD-91



NEW!

IECO CORVAIR & VW CATALOGS

Get your new IECO catalog of quality performance parts. Inside the color covers are big benefits for you: Unique Ram Induction systems that increase horsepower to 40%. All-new tuned length extractors that produce fantastic power and sound incredible. Famous IECO Dyno-Pak tune-up kits for the do-it-yourselfer. Weber carburetors and manifolds for racing precision and speed. Chassis parts, wheels, "how to" books and loads of off-the-road goodies. Mail \$1.00 (refundable with purchase) and we'll rush you the best catalog and decal you've ever seen!

Name _____
Address _____
City & State _____ Zip _____
Corvaire VW Buggy
2314-J PICO BL., SANTA MONICA, CALIF. 90405



Brock Yates

• I should have known what was happening a couple of years ago when this far-out ad writer I know told me he was looking for a 1957 Mercury Turnpike Cruiser. This guy, who was into bad taste like you wouldn't believe, with the hand-painted Windsor-knot ties and silent generation Hickey-Freeman gabardine suits with pleats and linebacker shoulder pads, was out there scouring the junker used car lots looking for a pink and white Turnpike Cruiser with twin radio antennas, clear vinyl seat covers, and an electrically operated rear window. This was a very trendy guy, and his getting into bad-taste cars should have been a signal to me that he was in the vanguard of a major automotive trend.

Bad-taste cars! A few weeks ago I was wandering down a street in Manhattan Beach, California, and here is this bashed-up 1961 Chevy station wagon with a giant painting of the Golden Gate Bridge plastered on its side; girders and cables running from headlights to gas cap in living color—a motorized mural. The freaks are into bad taste automobiles, and when the freaks get into something, the rest of us, whether we like it or not, cannot be far behind. A friend of mine recently spotted a Volkswagen in Greenwich Village that was painted exactly like a Messerschmitt ME-109 fighter plane, complete with squadron colors.

The whole thing is wrapped up in a crazy-quilt of anti-materialism and economics, this coast-to-coast move toward junker, bad-taste automobiles. And it's all based on a misunderstanding. The youth of America is not off cars—they are off conventional new cars. It didn't take any brains to see that the Super Car hype was a dead issue two years ago, but now the spin

away from all that Gee-Tee-Oh-Tiger-fantasy-racer trip has backlashed into a total negative performance thing. The only people I see driving "hot" cars anymore are left-over, Wild-Root-Cream-Oil-Charlie's and pasty chicks with beehives and rollers.

Pasty chicks in super cars! Everywhere I go I see these throwback broads lumping down Main Street in jacked-up, raked-and-decked, nosedown, fat-rubber throwback monster cars. Throwback broads in monster cars, while the freaks are driving around in war-surplus vehicles, bent-up Kaiser-Frazers, rusted-out Volkswagens, Demo-Derby panel trucks, Blue-Flame Chevy Sixes, totaled-out Buick Electra sedans and burnt-up, clapped-out delivery vans. This is the central theme of automobiles right now, believe me.

In fact, I will go one step further. You don't have to read *Kiplinger Magazine* or the classified ads in *Popular Mechanics* to learn how to "Make Big Money!" Here it is, right here in the pages of *C/D*—the key to your fortune. First you go out and buy 500 genuinely terrible automobiles, keeping in mind that bad taste is the ultimate measure of quality. You then ship them to Southern California, where you rent a small used-car lot, preferably in a town like Venice or West Covina. You then hang up a sign that says "Freak Motors" and wait for the onslaught of customers. If you chose your inventory wisely, you will sell all 500 cars within 48 hours, for between \$200 and \$1000 a copy, thereby providing you with enough capital to open a one-hour dry cleaning store in Paramus, New Jersey, go short on STP stock, vacation in Costa Rica or purchase a first-edition of the works of Taylor Caldwell—whatever suits your fancy, "Freak Motors" will make you rich beyond your wildest dreams. Somebody is going to make a fortune on "Freak Motors."

Now that we've passed on this month's secret-get-rich-quick-tip, let's pause for a moment to ponder the implications of the freak motors phenomenon on the automobile industry. Not only are these guys in Detroit, Stuttgart, Yokohama, etc., trying to solve pollution, safety, congestion, reliability, rising costs, etc., but they are now faced with the prospect of a substantial part of the population—and a strongly influential one at that—giving up all that shiny-bright, squeaky-clean, new dream-boat hustle and getting into anti-cars. The Pepsi-Generation making the scene in a 6-cylinder Chevy II with the windows busted out and the paintwork looking like something you'd slosh on the hull of a Liberty ship? Good Lord. This anti-car thing, wherein a junk car makes a powerful statement within a strong sub-culture, can have

GO-POWER

IS YOURS WITH AN **ABARTH** FREE-FLOW EXHAUST SYSTEM

Automotive engineers all agree that the easiest, fastest and most economical way to boost engine power and performance is to install a high performance exhaust system. And Abarth is just that.

Abarth is backed by many years of racing experience with our own factory team, and, incidentally, many world championships.

Racing competition demands equipment with absolute reliability and proven effectiveness. Every bit of knowledge gained from our racing experience has been directed to producing a truly effective and long-lasting exhaust system.

Result: A high performance muffler that allows your engine to breathe freely. Made without obstructions, baffles, diaphragms or double circuit flow paths. Abarth's special design eliminates power-robbing back pressure that chokes your engine and keeps it from delivering its full power.

All Abarth systems are custom tailored for your car, and constructed of 16-gauge steel, seam-welded throughout, with constant pipe diameter from end to end.

Dual wall construction with long strand Fiberglas core, transforms exhaust noise into a distinctive low "friendly-firm" sound.

For drivers who enjoy being involved with their cars, installing an Abarth will be a pleasure since all systems are designed to fit the brackets already on your car. No cuts or adjustments are necessary as end tubes are set at the proper angle to make tight, effortless connections easily.

Whether you're out to cross the finish line first or just simply to have a smoother running automobile, ride with a winner! Ride with Abarth today!



We stock 83 different **ABARTH** Free-Flow Exhaust Systems.



FISHER PRODUCTS
5-49A 48th Avenue · L.I. City, N.Y. 11101



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____
My car is a _____ Year _____

Send coupon for our new free catalog.



more
than
just a
pretty
face



VDO
INSTRUMENTS

Dept. F-9
116 Victor, Detroit, MI. 48203
(313) 883-7676
6109 Lankershim Blvd.
No. Hollywood, Calif. 91606
(213) 766-9494

The VDO people have well learned that the guts of an instrument come first, then the pretty face. 50 years of experience has made it that way. Accuracy and reliability is what makes VDO instruments superior, from the racing breed tach pictured above to a full line of instruments that keep you alerted to engine operation. VDO instruments fit just about any going machine, from VW's and Pinto's to Hemi's and Z 28's. Get in the know, send for your free VDO catalog and decal today!

CAR and DRIVER SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Please include an address label when writing about your subscription to help us serve you promptly. Write to: P.O. Box 1091, Flushing, N.Y. 11352

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please let us know you are moving at least six to eight weeks in advance. Affix magazine address label in space to the right and print new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, attach address label to your letter.

TO SUBSCRIBE: Check these boxes:
 5 yrs. \$26 3 yrs. \$18 1 year \$7
 New Renewal

SPECIFY: Payment enclosed—You get 1 extra issue per year as a BONUS!
 Bill me later.

If you have no label handy, print OLD address here.

name _____ please print
address _____
city _____
state _____ zip-code _____

name _____ please print
address _____
city _____ 0273
state _____ zip code _____

Add'l postage: \$1 per year outside U.S., its possessions & Canada.

GUNK

ENGINE-BRITE
ENGINE CLEANER
AND DEGREASER

For Cars, Driveways,
Power Mowers



"Spray it
on...hose
it off!"

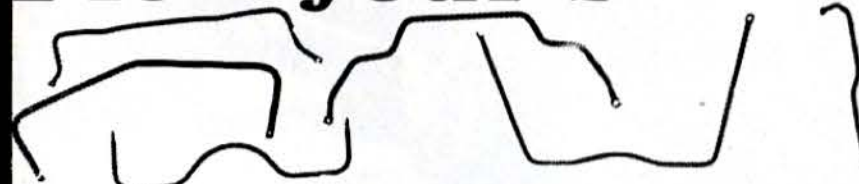
GUNK
Laboratories
Inc.
5829 W. 66
Chicago,
Ill. 60638

**LIQUID
WRENCH**

LOOSENS RUSTED BOLTS,
NUTS & PARTS IN SECONDS!



Pick your's



Front & Rear Sway Bars in extra firm and competition diameters for most domestic & foreign cars. Make your car competitive with taut, flat, balanced cornering at low cost. Send \$1 for all: - Roger Huntington reprint on

ADDCO INDUSTRIES

sway bars - Stock list containing diameters, torsion ratings, and prices of 293 models - Decals - Technical brochure of sway bars in action - **HANDLING BOOKLET** digs deep into all facets of chassis tuning

1 Watertower Road,
Lake Park, Florida 33403



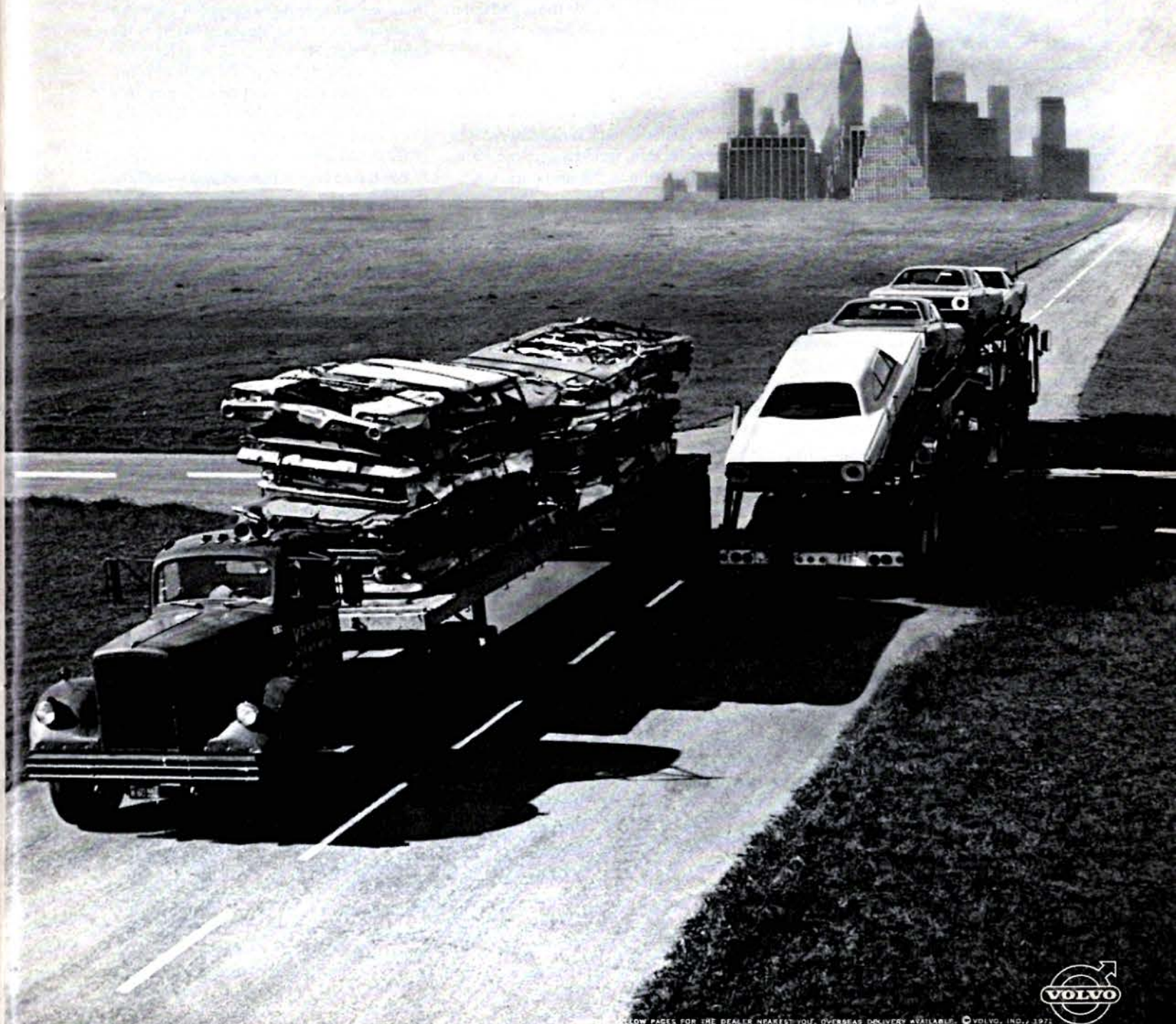
tremendous reverberations throughout the automobile industry, both imported and domestic. If a large segment of the younger population decides that "newness," per se, is no good, then all the efforts by car makers to increase value, reliability, service, etc., will become meaningless. I don't think it will go that far, but I can see some blurred evidence of functionalism, as expressed by anti-cars, becoming a factor within the general area of automotive enthusiasm.

Up to now, most car lovers, save for a small cadre of antique and classic enthusiasts, have centered their interest on *new* machinery; newness, as expressed through evolutionary development, has been the cornerstone of automotive interest. In fact, magazines like *C/D* have existed in a large measure simply to transmit the latest information about "new" cars to their readers. But what if a combination of factors, including economics, a government-stimulated stagnation of car design, and hazy anti-materialistic urgings, to name a few, dulls the enthusiasm for newness? Such a thing won't happen overnight, but the renewed interest in latter-day classics, everything from Ferraris to Corvairs, bears strong evidence that some enthusiasts are reacting to the prospects of the future by looking back to better days. At the outer fringes of this reaction is the freak motors thing, which embodies the strongest possible anti-car statement that can be made while still remaining in a four-wheel context.

We can all joke around about what your boss would say if you drove to work in a '48 Ford Panel truck with rust-bobbed fenders, but the guys who build cars for a living should be taking the entire situation more seriously. I am not sure how I would approach the question of anti-cars if I were them, but I think I would be seriously examining the feasibility of producing all sorts of ultra-functional, ultra-cheap, ultra-stark vehicles; gutted little vans, fiberglass, crypto-military four-wheel-drive vehicles, two-place sports cars with no luxuries whatsoever, weird, slab-sided sedans for \$1500 that do nothing but transport people and make a ringing visual statement about utility—all of those concepts and many more should be looked into immediately by any automaker that plans to remain relevant in the Seventies. Function is overwhelming style in the automobile industry and anyone who doesn't recognize that is going to be looking for work.

Will the automakers get the message in time? Somehow, I think they will, but until they get on the bandwagon, your chance to make it big lies waiting in a seedy used car lot in Venice. Freak Motors, here we come!

BEAT THE SYSTEM. BUY A VOLVO.





There are nights when I'm driving my Fiat 124 along the turnpike, and I've got the radio set 'way down near the end of the dial where the Cuban and the Puerto Rican stations come fading in and I'll pick up WWVA in Wheeling. I'll be driving along in the dark, along the 'pike, and there, drifting through the birdies and harmonicas of the ghetto end of the radio dial, the sad, mournful wail of Merle Haggard sings about that good ol' boy pumping gas at Harold's Super Service. Sometimes Merle barely makes it through the hellfire and damnation barrage being laid down by Oral Roberts on a station riding right in under WWVA.

"Last night I dreamed I died and went to Heaven . . . to that big Super Service in the sky . . ."

Harold's Super Service is a country-western song about a guy pumpin' gas at a place that specializes in "service all the way." But there's one thing that bugs him; this guy that shows up in a "stripped-down Model A" who demands: "Gimme fifty cents worth a'reg'lar, check the oil too, if you don't mind, put some air in my tires would ya mister? . . . and wash my windows too, when you get time." Well, it seems that when this pump jockey dreams he died he was quite happy in the great bye-and-bye. His pump was right near the Pearly Gates, where he could see the new arrivals check in every day. He was happy pumping gas throughout all Eternity, when one day, as he was changing the plugs on Moses' magic carpet, who shows up chuggin' through the clouds but that big old boy in his stripped-down Model A. "Gimme fifty cents worth a'reg'lar. . ."

I don't know whether Haggard ever pumped gas in his life, but as a guy who once, in his 15th year, spent four hellish

weeks pumping Esso in a sun-baked pit stop on US 41 in the shimmering heat of an Indiana summer, I know well what the poor son-of-a-bitch in Harold's means.

An afternoon in the grease pit, draining scalding oil out of the guts of GMC tractors while the rest of the world sings and dances all about you, is enough to put the good old iron in anyone's soul. Sometimes I watch those Amoco or Shell commercials on TV with that legion of square-jawed, trimly-uniformed, sparkling-eyed attendants briskly shining windows, and polishing headlights on an endless succession of what appears to be showroom models, and think about the times I was alone at that station. Elmer Lightfoot, who owned the station, was off making it with the blonde. And there I'd be, left with those goddamn pumps, and the ultimate cross: the grease rack.

Elmer, on those days when the blonde was in season and he was coming into rut, and her old man was in Logansport trying to peddle pianos or bugles or whatever the hell it was he sold, would say to me about 10:30 in the morning, "She's yours, kid."

He'd toss me the keys to the register and take off in his bored-out, chopped-down, high-assed Hudson Hornet which he raced at Crown Point on the weekends. That Hornet was so mean that it'd sit out there in the back, with the key off, burnin' rubber standing still. In fact, that Hornet was a lot like Elmer himself. You know the old crap about how people who own dogs get to resemble their mutts. Well, I think cars are even more so. Square-looking chunky guys who wear white-on-white ties always buy square-looking chunky Chryslers, and Elmer was a lot like his Hudson Hornet; ugly, hard to handle, and at times as mean as cat dung. And as he rocketed off to his tryst, Elmer would scream out the window, "Keep an eye on it, kid, and watch them crappers. I don't want no winos from Cal City boozin' it up in there, y'hear?"

"Yeah, Elmer," was all I could say, because he was right. The first time I had been left in charge, this guy had come in driving a Studebaker Champ with the back stove in and the windows held together with white adhesive tape. He fell out of the car while I was trying to fish out the rag he had been using as a gas cap. I gave him the keys to the john, and three hours later we had to call the Sheriff to bust down the door and drag him out, drunk as a skunk. For the rest of the day I mopped up vomit and tried to get the plumbing working again.

"Okay, Elmer, I'll watch it."

There was one day in particular that sticks in my memory as exactly what old Merle means. As usual, the Hudson had

left me standing there in the heat amid clouds of blue exhaust and burnt rubber. I hadn't had anything to eat since six that morning and my stomach was growling like a flat head Ford about to lose its main bearings so the first thing I did was look for something to eat. All I could come up with was a Butterfinger which was under the counter where Elmer had his leather-covered jack handle, in case of trouble. He had covered the thing in cowhide himself, with neat stitching, and his name burned on it in fancy lettering. Elmer said he learned leathercraft in the Scouts and "it come in handy when you're makin' a blackjack." He also kept a .38 Police Special stuck in the back of the shelf, under some rags, but I never saw him do anything with it except to take it out once in a while and show it to friends of his from the softball team. He mentioned it to me once.

"See this, kid. Won it in a raffle in Muncie. Bought this ticket from a guy in a bowling alley and doggone if I didn't win. Shows you never can tell."

He could spin it on his finger like Gary Cooper, and once it flew off and busted the mirror on the cigarette machine, which made Calvin the cigarette man mad and Elmer had to buy a new mirror, so he didn't play with it after that, except he did show it off now and again. He never said whether it had shells in it or not, but knowing Elmer it must have had.

After Elmer left me with the key and nothing to do but wait for trouble to drive in and squirt "Flit" at the bluebottle flies and the hornets which kept coming in to the office to get out of the heat, I squatted down at Elmer's desk, wearing my Esso cap square on my head, and tried to look official.

Elmer kept his library for dull moments between grease jobs, in the bottom drawer, along with a couple of Salvation Army coffee mugs and a jar of mustard. He never changed the books as long as I was there, and he never got tired of reading them. There was the July issue of *Spicy Western*, which featured pornography on the range where there is never a discouraging word, to say the least; three little blue books graphically detailing the sexual adventures of Maggie and Jiggs, Winnie Winkle and Tillie The Toiler; a Western Auto catalog; and the National League Yearbook, which was referred to constantly during heated arguments on Saturday mornings with his friend Swifty and a guy named Leo who sold grease fittings.

Well, I sat there for a while reading *Spicy Western* and this story about a guy named Luke who had this pinto horse named 'Paint,' and one day he and Paint got caught in this bad thunderstorm and

WHY VEGA IS PRICED A LITTLE HIGHER THAN OTHER LITTLE CARS.

We admit that Vega isn't the most inexpensive little car you can buy.

Nonetheless, we maintain that, dollar for dollar, Vega is the biggest bargain you can get in little cars.

And we have evidence.

Now you see it.

There are other little cars that came out this year, just like Vega.

Only unlike Vega, they have engines that already existed in other cars. Not Vega. We designed an engine (1) from scratch. Overhead cam. Aluminum block. It'll give you plenty of power. And, in our highway tests, we've been getting about 25 mpg with the standard engine and transmission.

There are other obvious differences between Vega and other little cars, too. Like our wheels and tires (2). They're a little wider than the wheels and tires on most little cars. A little thing? We think anything we can do to make Vega ride and handle better is a big thing indeed.

Another not-so-little thing. The back seat (3). You may never have to use the back seat yourself. But somebody will. And when they do, they'll discover that Vega's back seat is a foam-cushioned seat, complete with frame. Now we realize that may not sound like any big deal, but when you're out com-

paring little cars, try out the back seats.

The difference is astounding.

Now you don't.

Some of the differences between Vega and most other little cars just can't be seen with the naked eye.

But they're real all the same.

Like protective side-guard door beams (4), for instance. No other little car has them. Vega does.

And front disc brakes (5). Some little cars we know don't have them. But Vega does—nice big 10-inchers. Because we want you to have good stopping power.

And Vega also has a power ventilation system (6). And an acoustically engineered double-panel roof (7). And an electric fuel pump (8). And coil springs at each wheel (9).

And, well, more.

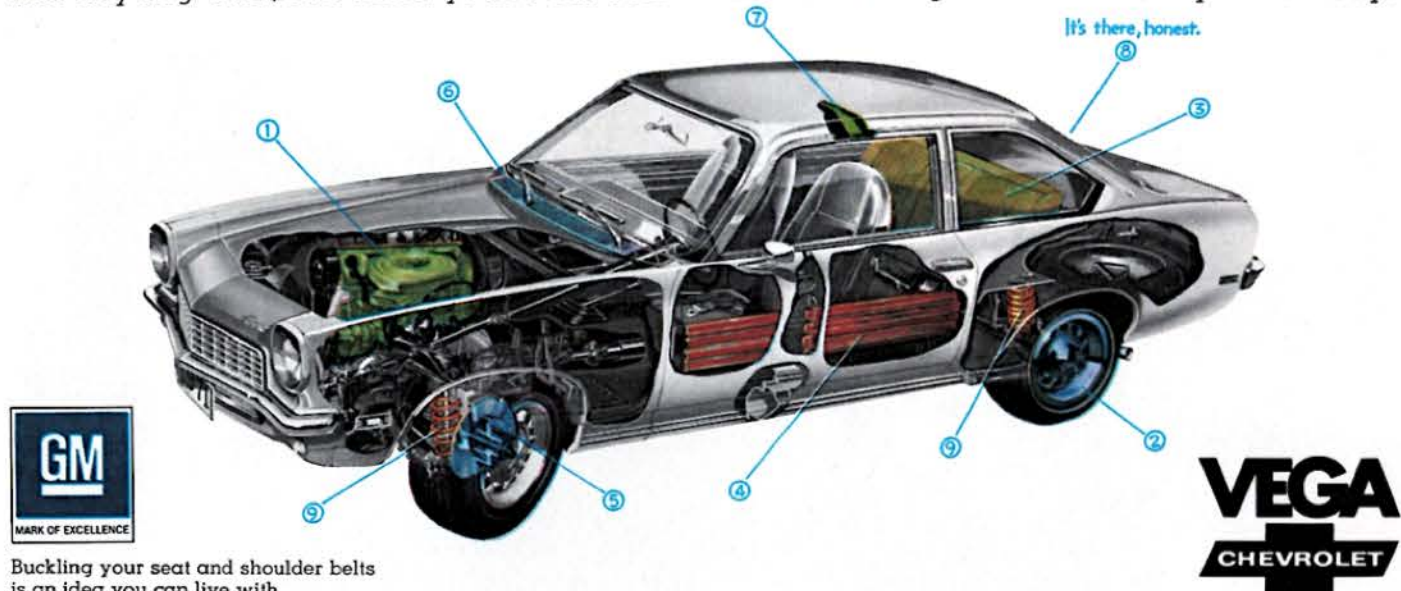
The moral.

We built Vega on the premise that a little car should be just as much car as any big car, only smaller.

And Vega is.

If you still doubt us, compare. Come on in and sit in our seats. Take us for a ride. Read our catalog. Ask us questions.

Vega. In the long run, it just might be the most inexpensive little car you can buy.



Buckling your seat and shoulder belts is an idea you can live with.



BFG'S NEW RADIAL T/A: THE STREET TIRE THAT TOOK ON THE RACING TIRES. AND WON.

Nobody thought a street tire could hold its own against racing tires. Until we raced the new BFG Radial T/A.

It was in an SCCA race at Lime Rock. The BFG Radial Tirebird — driven by Larry Dent — was riding on Radial T/A street tires with only half their normal tread depth. All other cars were on special racing rubber, but we won. First in class. Tenth overall.

About the tire that did it: BFG's Radial T/A is the widest radial anywhere. 60-series wide. It's built with four big belts of Dynacor® Rayon Cord over a pair of radial body plies. It says its name big in proud raised white letters.

It has more than enough muscle for your kind of driving. You'd know that if you saw it race at Lime Rock. Or Daytona. Or Sebring. Or Watkins Glen.



BFG'S LIFESAVER RADIAL: THE STREET TIRE THAT TOOK ON THE STREET TIRES. AND WON.

It was at an IMSA-GT race in Danville, Virginia. Byron Morris and Clint Abernethy, co-driving a BMW, were riding on BFG Lifesaver Radials at half their normal tread depth.

All tires in the class were belted and radial street tires. You'd know all of them by name.

Byron took 1st in the Baby Grand Sedan Class. 6th overall.

Then on to Talladega, Alabama for the second IMSA-GT. Byron and BFG took 1st. At Charlotte, North Carolina, 1st again.

About the tire that did it: BFG Lifesaver Radials are 70-series wide to fit almost any car.

They have four belts of Dynacor® Rayon Cord and a pair of radial body plies. Just like the T/A. And they win. Just like the T/A.



**BFG.
THE LIFESAVER®
RADIAL TIRE
PEOPLE.**

B.F. Goodrich

...in pursuit of excellence



Six months ago, we knew that Kurt Meyer's 9-year-old import would be dragging its worn-out muffler today.

His Beck/Arnley distributor was expecting his call.

Beck/Arnley Distributors always have the right parts when you need them, because we let our overseas representatives know exactly what to order and when. Beck/Arnley's computer does its homework, so that our large national distribution network is stocked with most everything for nearly every imported car . . . months in advance. Not just for mufflers, but oil filters, ignition parts, fan belts, hoses and all the other parts that regularly need replacing. Our com-

puterized research and ordering system is pretty reliable. Reliable enough to make Beck/Arnley the country's largest importer, distributor and manufacturer of foreign car parts and accessories. So look for your Regional Beck/Arnley Distributor in the listing on the opposite page. Stop in and see him. He should be expecting you . . . after all, he's known for a long time exactly what you'll be needing and when you'll be needing it anyway!

Beck/Arnley Corp.
Melville, L.I., N.Y. 11746
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208
Compton, Calif. 90221



Here's your regional Beck/Arnley distributor.



Here's Your Nearest Beck/Arnley Distributor... He's expecting your call.

ALABAMA
BIRMINGHAM South-Eastern Imported Parts
HUNTSVILLE South-Eastern Imported Parts
ARIZONA
PHOENIX Flint British Motors
TUCSON Ran Leonard Imports
CALIFORNIA
ALHAMBRA G & H Imported Car Parts
CONCORD Foreign Car Parts
COSTA MESA Overseas Motor Parts, Ltd.
CHICO Hubert's Imported Car Parts
CHICO Spencers Foreign Car Parts
CHULA VISTA Foreign Auto Supply #3
COVINA Parts for Imported Cars, Inc.
ESCONDIDO Foreign Auto Supply #2
GARDEN GROVE North County Foreign Car Parts
GLENDALE Parts for Imported Cars, Inc.
HOLLYWOOD Continental Motor Parts
HUNTINGTON PARK Continental Motor Parts
LA HABRA Parts for Imported Cars, Inc.
LOS ANGELES Continental Motor Parts
LOS ANGELES Continental Motor Parts
PALO ALTO Economy Imports #3
PASADENA Imported Parts West #2
REDDING California Parts & Equipment Co.
REDDING BEACH Continental Motor Parts
ROSEMead Imported Parts West
SAN CARLOS International Motoring Ltd.
SAN DIEGO Foreign Auto Supply
SAN FRANCISCO A. J. & E. Auto Parts
SAN JOSE Economy Imports #2
SAN RAFAEL Economy Imports of Marin
SUNNYVALE Economy Imports #1
WEST COVINA Parts for Imported Cars, Inc.
WEST LOS ANGELES Continental Motor Parts
WHITTIER Whittier Imports, Inc.
COLORADO
DENVER European Auto Parts, Inc.
COLORADO SPRINGS European Auto Parts, Inc.
CONNECTICUT
EAST HARTFORD Foreign Car Parts
FAIRFIELD Mark Imported Auto Parts
GROTON Foreign Car Parts of Conn.
NEW HAVEN The Checkerford Flag
FLORIDA
CORAL GABLES Import Motor Parts
FT. LAUDERDALE Import Motor Parts
NORTH MIAMI Import Motor Parts
TAMPA Vitouse Imported Parts
WEST PALM BEACH Import Motor Parts
GEORGIA
ATLANTA South-Eastern Imported Parts
HAWAII
WAIPAHU Jimmy's Foreign Car Parts
ILLINOIS
CHICAGO HNB Foreign Auto Parts
DES PLAINES HNB Foreign Auto Parts
WESTMONT HNB Foreign Auto Parts
IOWA
DAVENPORT Breeze Imports
DES MOINES Breeze Imports
KANSAS
WICHITA Import Motor Parts
KENTUCKY
LEXINGTON Foreign Car Parts
LOUISIANA
BATON ROUGE European Auto Parts
METairie Parts of Import, Inc.
PORTLAND Foreign Auto Parts
MARYLAND
SILVER SPRING Atlantic Foreign Car Parts
MASSACHUSETTS
BEVERLY Foreign Auto Parts
BROOKLINE Foreign Auto Parts of Boston, Inc.
MICHIGAN
FERRISLE Michigan Engine Supply
MISSISSIPPI
BILOXI British European Auto Parts Co.
MISSOURI
KANSAS CITY Goodman Motor Co.
SPRINGFIELD European Car Parts, Ltd.
ST. LOUIS European Car Parts, Ltd.
NEBRASKA
OMAHA Import Auto Parts
NEVADA
LAS VEGAS Decatur Auto Parts
NEW JERSEY
MORRISTOWN Imported Auto Center
PENNSYLVANIA
INTERNATIONAL Foreign Car Parts
TRENTON Betty's Imported Auto Parts, Inc.
WAYNE W & W Trading Corp.
NEW MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE European Auto Parts, Inc.
NEW YORK
BINGHAMTON Import Auto Parts
BRONX Competition Car Parts
NEW YORK, Inc.
ROCKY HILL Allied Foreign Car Parts
BUFFALO Parts Limited
W. HEMPSTEAD Allied Foreign Car Parts
HUNTINGTON STATION Allied Foreign Car Parts
JACKSON HEIGHTS Allied Foreign Car Parts
NEW YORK CITY ABC Supply Company
ROCKY HILL Imported Car Parts
ROCKY HILL Foreign Auto Parts, Ltd.
SCHENECTADY Northeast Foreign Car Accessories, Inc.
SYRACUSE European Auto Parts, Ltd.
WATERBURY Northeast Foreign Car Accessories
NORTH CAROLINA
FAVETTEVILLE Foreign Auto Parts, Ltd.
RALEIGH Atlantic Foreign Car Parts
OHIO
AKRON European Automotive, Inc.
CINCINNATI World Wide Imported Auto Parts
CLEVELAND European Automotive, Inc.
COLUMBUS Motorcar Parts, Inc.
OKLAHOMA
OKLAHOMA CITY European Auto Parts, Inc.
OREGON
EUGENE Auto Import Supply
PORTLAND Auto Import Supply
PENNSYLVANIA
PITTSBURGH Motorcar Parts, Inc.
LANCASTER Lancaster Co. Auto Parts, Inc.
RHODE ISLAND
PROVIDENCE Foreign Auto Parts
TENNESSEE
MEMPHIS Import Auto Parts Co.
Parts for Imported Cars, Inc.
NASHVILLE Import Parts, Inc.
OAK RIDGE Oak Ridge Foreign Car Repairs
TEXAS
DALLAS Southwest Imported Auto Parts
EL PASO Southwest Imported Auto Parts
FT. WORTH Southwest Imported Auto Parts
HOUSTON Southwest Imported Auto Parts
UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY European Auto Parts, Inc.
WASHINGTON
SEATTLE George Grant, Inc.
BELLEVUE George Grant, Inc.
TACOMA George Grant, Inc.
WISCONSIN
WEST ALFORD (MILWAUKEE) WSC
HNB Foreign Auto Parts

Distributorships available in selected areas.
Write: Beck/Arnley Corp., Melville, L. I., N. Y. 11746
SEPTEMBER 1971

they had to spend the night in a deserted cabin with this strange girl who came galloping in out of the rain, and Luke got to sweating and wondering about whether her mammoth bazooms were going to pop right through her leather jacket when somebody started to honk out by the gas pumps.

I picked up a rag, which most pump jockeys carry around like Linus' security blanket, and drifted out into the heat waves to go to work. It was a bile-green Oldsmobile. Back then, I was convinced that someone at the Olds plant was either color blind or had a sneakily malevolent sense of humor in foisting those curiously depressing colors off on the public. This one was in that metallic bile color so favored by the same crew that loads up its lawns with concrete nymphs and plastic ducks. The Olds was piled high with luggage, topped by a green canoe with an Indian head on the bow.

"What'll it be?" I said out of the corner of my mouth, aping Elmer who at that time was the model for my life style. Elmer had at least 34 variations of "What'll it be?" ranging all the way from mewling servility to an outright challenge to a bloody fistfight. It was all in the tone of the voice and the way you wore the bill of your cap.

"Uh . . . do you have any Kentucky maps?" The driver, obviously Daddy, sweating as he struggled to open the door, his red plaid sport shirt rumpled and dripping, bunched up around his neck like a soggy noose. His wife, a thin wiry lady in a pink flowered housedress swatted at a wrestling mob of greasy kids in the back seat with a tennis shoe.

"Now stop it!" she yelled, "I SAID STOP IT!" She slugged away at the moiling mass.

"Y" got a map of Kentucky?" The old man battled free from his screaming brood.

"Kentucky?" I asked, stalling for time since I knew what all grizzled pump jockeys know, that when a guy asks for a map and gets out of the car it's nothing but trouble . . . and no sale. I started back toward the office to get him his Kentucky map when the back door of the Olds slammed open and three grubby kids wearing Popeye T-shirts and carrying rubber daggers poured out, yelling. The tar on the driveway was so hot I could feel my feet sinking in, and the smell of used oil made my eyes water as I grubbed through our supply of maps.

"How 'bout West Virginia?" I asked. "We're heading to Corbin. I gotta have a Kentucky map," was all he said, mopping away at his sweating forehead.

"I got an Ohio map that shows part of

Kentucky, but that's all. We run out of Kentuckys."

"Fer Chrissake, what kinda station is this? No Kentucky maps!"

"All I got's Ohio." Behind me I could hear the kids flushing the john over and over, and squirting water around the walls.

In the meantime a Pontiac convertible and a Chevy station wagon had pulled in and begun to honk.

"I'LL BE RIGHT BACK," I hollered at the Kentucky traveler. The girl in the Pontiac wanted to know what that squeak was up in the front . . . and if Elmer was going to be around.

"It's probably your fan belt," I yelled above the din of Route 41 traffic and screaming kids. The guy behind her in the Chevy was putting out so much steam that it looked like any minute he'd blow his hood clean off. "HEY, I'M HEATING UP," he bellowed.

The girl kept gunning her motor, trying to make it squeak. The guy who wanted the Kentucky map was now in the office, rummaging through Elmer's desk where he kept his Winnie Winkle books. It was getting out of hand, going downhill fast. I ran back into the office and shoved an Ohio map at the bird in the plaid shirt.

"We only got Ohio maps!" I could see he was already halfway through Tillie The Toiler and couldn't care less. Thank God, his wife started to toot.

"Your wife's tooting."

"Yeah, I know." He sounded mad. He clutched the Ohio map and herded the kids back into the car. They were playing soccer with a wad of rolled-up paper towels. He finally cleared the driveway and headed for Corbin, Kentucky.

In the meantime the girl with the Pontiac had driven off in the direction of the Shell station, and good enough for 'em, I thought. The Chevy, in the meantime, had all but exploded.

"TURN IT OFF," I hollered through the roar of escaping steam.

"What?" The driver, for some reason, kept racing the engine.

"TURN IT OFF," I yelled. He cut the switch, and that damn Chevy was so hot she kept running for five minutes on self-combustion alone. I saw the guy behind the wheel was some kind of minister or something. He had one of those reverse collars and a black suit, and again I knew from experience that this was bad news. Preachers hardly ever buy more than three gallons of regular and tend to sponge a lot, figuring the Lord, and Jersey Standard, will provide. I finally got the hood open, and sheets of searing heat curled my eyelashes.

"It's empty. How come you didn't put no water in it?" I asked, peering into the radiator, which was coughing and panting faintly, and seemed to be crying.

"Water?" the preacher asked, as if he were above such mundane, earthly considerations as water in the radiator.

"Yeah, it's empty, fer Chrissake . . ." The words got out before I could stop it.

"Excuse me, son?"
"It needs water. We'd better let it cool off 'cause if I put water in it now she'll crack a block or something."

"Very interesting." The preacher gazed around the premises with the serenity of the man who habitually leaves the scut of life to the others.

A kid on a Harley boomed down to the end pump. I sold him 1.3 gallons of High Test and a half pint of upperlube, a total sale of a buck thirty-seven and I'd been toiling, totin' barges and liftin' bales, for over three hours and the day was just starting. I got back to the minister, who somehow didn't seem to sweat. He asked me what church I went to and before I could answer a guy in a Chrysler Imperial steamed in and asked if I knew where he could get a used generator. I said I didn't know, but I'd keep it in mind, which was a lie, and he drove out, leaving a trail of oil on the driveway. The minister gave me a

track entitled *Are You Prepared To Meet Thy Maker?* which he said was very interesting and could change my life forever. I filled the Chevy up with water, screwed the cap back on, and he said "Thank you, my son," got in and drove off.

After that it was quiet for a while. I went back and started to read about Luke and old Paint when the Coke man drove in and asked how come Elmer hadn't left the money for him and why were we short eight empties in one of the cases? I said I didn't know, but I'd ask Elmer, so he said he wasn't gonna leave no Coke unless he got his money, unplugged the machine and drove off.

I figured it was no skin off my nose, so I sat down again, waiting for more action. A Scoutmaster drove in with an open-bodied vegetable truck loaded with Cub Scouts wearing baseball suits.

"How do I get to Black Oak?" he asked.
"You mean over by Griffith?" I asked. He said yeah. I told him and off they went. Another big deal. All the while it was getting hotter. My stomach was growling even more. When the Good Humor man came in to use the john I bought a Raspberry Swirl fudgesicle from him and he drove out, ringing his bell. The phone rang. It was Elmer.

"How's everything goin', kid?"

"Okay" I answered.

"Keepin' them drunks outa the crapper?"

I could hear a jukebox or something behind him, and a lot of laughing.

"It's okay, Elmer."

"Just hang in. I'm almost on my way."
A couple of crummy-looking dogs must have heard Elmer and had decided to couple right next to the High Test pump. I ran out and kicked them in the butts, figuring it didn't look so good for the customers, especially when the Cub Scouts came in.

And so the long hot summer went in Elmer's Esso Station, the motorists' haven on US 41, and late at night when Merle Haggard's keening wail battles the heavyside layer and Oral Roberts sings about that Great Super Service In The Sky, and about changin' plugs on Moses' magic carpet, and that guy comes tootin in and says: "Gimme fifty cents worth a'reg'lar . . . Check the oil too if you don't mind . . . Put some air in my tires, would ya mister? . . . and wash my windows too, when you get time . . ." my back begins to ache 'way down low, from all that bending in the grease pit, and I know that Elmer is out there somewhere in the American night giving service to those blondes and holding off the Coke man, and keeping those drunks out of the crapper. ●

You're a car buff. A bike buff. Or a snowmobile buff. Maybe all three. Like Mac's is — in a special way. Mac's has canned a whole line of helpers for you. Cooling system products. Car finish products. Cold weather products. Engine additives. Even clean-up-after products.

**Whatever your thing,
Mac's can help you
do your own thing.**

So, if you like to do it yourself, Mac's is well worth finding. Check your favorite service station. Or independent or NAPA automotive parts stores, who always have everything Mac's makes. And you need — whatever it is you like to do.



MG Mitten



**THE ORIGINAL
CAR COVER.**

MG MITTENS are the original car cover. Mittens are available for over 1000 different cars at present, and we will TAILOR covers for ALL cars including antiques, race cars and dune buggies. It is impractical to list 1000 patterns, so if your car is not listed, send for our catalog, with a complete listing.

\$25.95 (Duricon) \$32.95 (Blue Max & Golden Mink)

Alfa Duoetto & Spyder, Austin Healey & Sprite, Cooper, Datsun roadster, Fiat 850, coupe, sedan & Spyder, Lotus Elan & Elite, M.G.'s (all but 1100), Morgan, T.R.'s.

\$29.95 (Duricon) \$39.95 (Blue Max & Golden Mink)

Austin American, Alfa T1, B.M.W. 1600 & 2002, Datsun 240Z & sedan, Fiat 124 sedan & coupe, Karmann Ghia, Lotus Europa, M.G. 1100, Opel sport coupe, Porsche (all), Renault 8 & 10, Toyota Corona & Corolla sedans, VW Beetle & Fastback.

\$33.50 (Duricon) \$44.50 (Blue Max & Golden Mink)

Audi LS 100, B.M.W. 2500 & 2800 sedans, Corvette, Camaro, Datsun station wagon, Fiat 2100 sedan, Mustang, Jag XKE, Lancia, Maserati, Mercedes Benz, Volvo sedan, station wagon & P 1800.

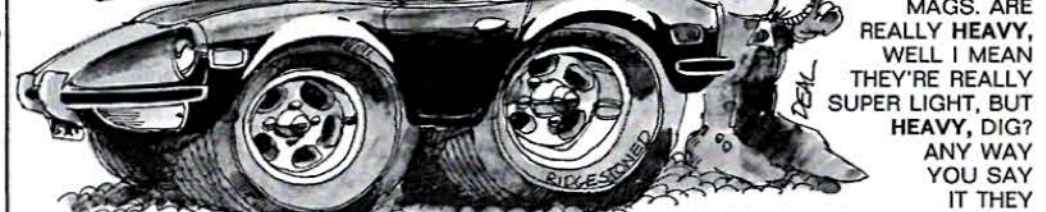
Duricon is a soft, light green, water repellent, Golden Mink is waterproof, Blue Max is also water repellent, but has a soft flannel backing to insure protection of cars finish.

Specify — Make, year, model, body style & Fabric.



NEW CARRYALL is designed to carry helmet, visor, shoes, coveralls and all racing and personal items. Made of nylon, very light weight and washable, has space for identification card. Green, maroon or blue with luggage tan leatherette trim. \$9.95

SUPERWHEELS



HI GANG, WOW, THESE NEW SUPERDRAG MAGS. ARE REALLY HEAVY, WELL I MEAN THEY'RE REALLY SUPER LIGHT, BUT HEAVY, DIG? ANY WAY YOU SAY IT THEY

ARE OUTASIGHT. GET SOME FOR YOUR CAR, AND YOU'LL BE OUTASIGHT, 'CAUSE EVERYBODY WILL BE LOOKING SO HARD AT YOUR CAR. WOW!



MITTEN REMOVABLE OR PERMANENT RACK is 20" x 26" with triple-plated chrome tubular frame.

REMOVABLE rack is attached by four stainless steel straps, with cadmium plated and vinyl coated hooks to prevent scratching or marring. All bolts are polished and chrome plated. The four large suction cups are engineered to sit directly over the "hat section" stiffeners of the trunk lid.

PERMANENT rack is perfect for the traveler who is constantly in need of extra carrying capacity. When the rack is not in use the simple lines and sparkling chrome plate improve the appearance of the car. It is constructed of heavy gauge tubing, which is bolted together to insure solid, rattle-free service.

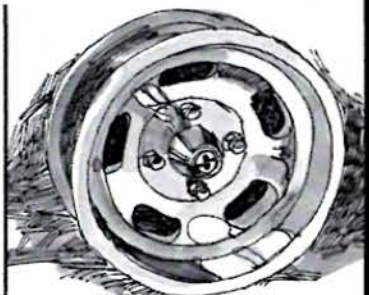
C-504 Removable Rack \$14.95
C-505 Permanent Rack \$14.95

5318 DEMOUNTABLE RACK. Fits most sports cars with rear deck lid. Made from heavy gauge tubular steel, all welded construction with beautiful chrome plated finish. Amco's answer to the sports car owner who wants all the fine features of a permanent rack installation with the advantages of easy removal if desired. No disfiguring or marring of paint surface. The demountable rack sets on four small custom made chrome-plated buttons that remain after rack removal. \$29.95

LUGGAGE SPIDER — holds luggage on rack with heavy cotton-covered rubber cables and vinyl-coated steel hooks. \$2.95
1 single strap suitable for motorcycles, etc. \$1.00



Heuer-Leonidas stopwatch \$17.95 (new) (trackmaster) 1/5 second with a 60 second dial and 30 minute register. Case is made of a high impact plastic. The crystal is shatterproof. The mechanism is shock-resistant, antimagnetic and incorporates an unbreakable mainspring. It is very lightweight and has its own lanyard.
(see catalog for listing of Heuer Rally and stop-watches)



NEW SUPERDRAG 1® — 13" x 5 1/2" one-piece cast aluminum wheel. Vented racing design, a high performance wheel for most Foreign and Domestic cars. Available in 3 7/8" bolt pattern up to 4 1/2" for all 4 lug applications. Features a deep dish racing design. Competition look for all cars. High luster machine finish. Truly the best available road wheel for the lowest price ever. The following cars are available now, with more to come.

Austin Healey Sprite
BMW 1600-2002
Chevrolet Vega 2300
Datsun 240Z & 510
Fiat 124 Sport Coup & Sport Special
Fiat 850 Coupe & Spyder
Ford Capri 1600 & 2000
Ford Pinto 1600-2000
MG MIDGET
Opel GT, Kadett, 1900, Rally
Toyota Corona Mk I & Deluxe
The above are complete with cap and lug nuts. \$39.95 each shipped freight collect



MINERVA TRI-TIMING BOARD. Serves to time each individual element in a continuing sequence of operations. Suitable for any 3 crown function timer 53mm. Depression of lever-arm actuates all 3 timers, that is: one timer is put in motion — one timer is stopped and read — one timer returns to zero. Additional mechanical lap counter can be obtained upon request. Ref. 1015 \$28.75

MARION WEBER'S
MG MITTEN
RACING ACCESSORIES AND RACING EQUIPMENT
36 SO. CHESTER PASADENA, CALIF.



CATALOG
Brand new 104 page catalog contains all needs for driver and car. Free with your order, or if catalog only requested, send 50¢, refundable with first order.

ORDER NOW / use this handy order blank

M. G. Mitten DEPT. D-9, 36 So. Chester Avenue, Pasadena, Calif. 91106

QTY.	ITEM, MODEL, SIZE, COLOR, VOLTAGE, ETC.	PRICE
TOTAL ENCLOSED (Check or Money Order, Include Parcel Post) \$		

Minimum 25% deposit on C. O. D. orders. Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone 213-681-5681. Dealer inquiries invited.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back!

INTRODUCING

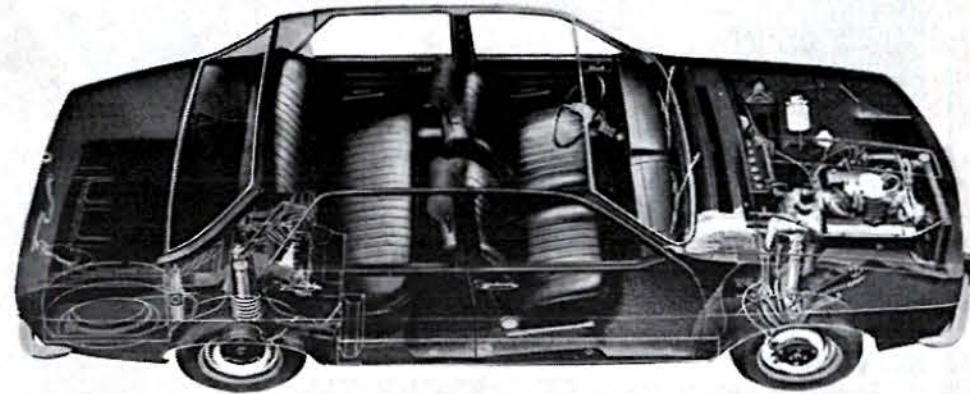
the world's largest
producer of front-wheel drive cars.



The singular benefits of front-wheel drive.

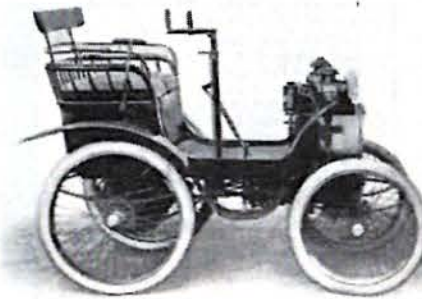
If you look at the x-ray drawing you'll see the drive wheels are in front for better

It boils down to this—we produce more FWD than anyone else in the world. So it shouldn't be surprising that we know how to bring you the best that FWD has to offer.



Our first front-wheel drive car, the Renault 4.

That was over 10 years ago. Today we make over 4500 front-wheel drive cars a day. Nobody else even comes close.



1898. Even we didn't start with front-wheel drive.

This is the rear-wheel drive Voiturette that started it all. Long before the Model T was a gleam in Henry's eye. Since then we have grown into one of the largest automobile companies in the world. We sold over a million cars last year alone. Not counting trucks and tractors.

handling with the engine over them for better traction.

With FWD the wheels that make the car go are the same wheels you steer with. With rear-wheel drive, the back wheels only want to push in one direction. Straight ahead. And they would if the front wheels didn't force them to pivot. With FWD there's no disagreement between power and steering. The front wheels call all the shots and the rest of the car follows along obediently.

Putting the engine weight over the front wheels also increases directional stability. More steering control, less problem with cross winds.



The Renault 16—America's first look at our FWD.

We introduced it here a few years ago. After it took "Car of the Year" in Europe. It sells for \$2695*, gets up to 30 mpg, converts from a sedan into a station wagon, and has converted a lot of people over to the terrific handling of front-wheel drive.

INTRODUCING

the new
front-wheel drive Renault 12.



The left-hand page tells you all you need to know about front-wheel drive. Now we'll fill you in on the rest of the Renault 12.

Specifications

Seating: Because of FWD, no driveshaft hump to steal leg room. Because it's 7" longer than Pinto, even more leg room.

Engine: Aluminum. 1565cc. 5 main bearings. Up to 30 mpg. Essentially the same superb engine that powered Renaults to 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the 1971 Monte Carlo Rally.

Steering: Rack and pinion.

Brakes: Discs up front. Drums in rear with pressure equalizer to prevent locking.

Transmission: All synchro-

mesh, 4 speed.

Trunk: 12.8 cubic feet. (Vega has 8.7, Pinto 5.6) If you need even more trunk, the Renault 12 Station Wagon has up to 58 cubic feet.

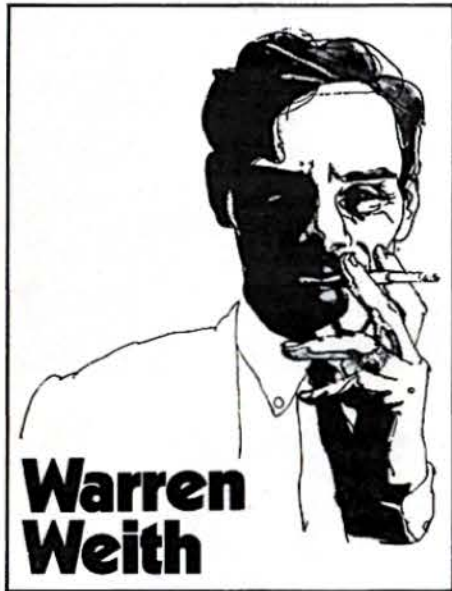
Price: \$2195* for the sedan. \$2595* for the station wagon.

Pound for pound, dollar for dollar, we believe this car holds the road better, people better, and has more advanced notions of engineering than you could possibly appreciate without coming in for a test drive.



*Suggested retail price P.O.E. The Renault 12 Sedan is shown with optional custom wheels, and front bumper overrider bar etc. Taxes, freight, dealer delivery charges, or other options on all models shown are additional. For overseas delivery info, see your dealer or write Renault, Inc., 100 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632





Warren Weith

This is called working for the man in 1934. It was told to me by Mr. Driscoll . . . my bar man at Kelly's.

"Thirty-seven years ago one of the Big Three had an assembly plant in Bayonne, New Jersey. One of the head foremen had been a chauffeur for the president of the company. He had had an auto accident in the line of duty, which left him with one leg shorter than the other. That's why he had been given a life-time job at Bayonne. Times were so bad that he was glad to trade a short leg for a permanent job.

"Back then it was so bad that nobody complained very loudly when they upped the speed of the production line. It got so bad that men started to come in to work long before they were due. You'd see a guy whose job it was to put on wheels going down the line before his shift started, putting wheels on dozens of cars to get a head start. The rest of the guys on the different other jobs would be doing the same thing. You see, if they didn't get a jump on it that way, they'd never keep up when the line did start. Some of those poor guys put in an hour's extra work just to be able to keep the eight hours they got paid for.

"The real smart cookies though, was that bunch down at the dump. They really had it figured out. Some of them made \$30 or \$40 a day. Here's how it worked.

"All of the small parts came in big boxes. Maybe 12 headlights to a box . . . or 24 coils . . . things like that. Now my job was to keep hauling the part boxes to the line and stacking them up behind the guys working on the line. Then someone else would lug away the empties and throw them into big wheeled containers. Another guy would come along with a little tractor, hitch up 10 or so of them and haul them away to the city dump.

"What none of us donkeys ever figured

out was that there were parts in those boxes. Anybody with half a brain would have figured it. The guys on the line were really busting a gut. They'd reach behind them for a part without really looking to see how many were left in the box. When it felt empty they'd kick it out of the way. After all, they weren't being paid by the part . . . just to bolt the parts on. And, the guy whose job it was to bundle up the empty boxes wasn't being paid to check if a box was really empty—if the line guy kicked the box out of the way it was empty. Right?

"It's hard to say how many parts were left by accident and how many on purpose. Either way, a couple of wiseacres who lived around the dumps started nosing through those boxes, and pretty soon they were living like dukes. Finally someone back at the plant caught on. And you know what they did? They didn't say anything . . . just passed the word to some commissioner in Bayonne and he put out an order to burn all the plant's garbage at the end of every working day.

"Funny the way they think. It wasn't as if it was saving the parts for the company. Just as long as nobody else was making any money from them. Funny. Like that business about not walking around with your hands in your pockets. Yeah . . . that's right . . . it was a company rule. I was pushing one of those little low bed dollies across the yard one winter day. It was bitter cold and I was pushing this thing with one hand with the other stuck in my pocket to keep warm. Doesn't some foreman spy me and come over and say, 'Driscoll, the boss pays you to work with both hands . . . take a couple of days off and get that other hand into shape.'

"Nowadays you say that to some kid and he'll laugh and say, 'sure, I can use a couple of days . . . maybe I'll run down to Florida and do a little fishing.' But then two days off was a disaster. You should have seen the look on my wife's face when I came home early. She thought I'd been fired. She perked up, though, when I told her that it was only for two days.

"Guys were getting fired everyday though. They'd figure out a way to get the job done with fewer men and the next thing you'd know you'd be called into the front office. That head foreman, the one with the bum leg, he'd be sitting at his desk with a row of pay envelopes in front of him. He'd ask you your name, look through the envelopes fish yours out hand it to you and say, 'You're through.' Just like that . . . 'You're through.'

"There was a story going around the line about the guy who was called to the front office in the middle of the day. The head

foreman was supposed to have said to him that his father had just died and that he'd better get right home. And the guy was supposed to have said, 'Oh, thank God, I thought I was getting fired.'

"You probably don't remember, but the cars back then had a piece of canvas covering the center part of the roof. The steel parts of the body came up all around and formed a sort of frame work. Over this you had to put a layer of cotton batting . . . then a layer of chicken wire . . . then over that would go the canvas.

I had to laugh when the cars came out with those vinyl covered roofs. I said to myself, holy gee, we're going backwards. Anyway the trouble was that you had to smooth the hot solder all around the edges of the chicken wire otherwise the strands would eventually work their way up through the canvas and the roof would leak. That wasn't so bad because it all happened outside of the plant. The bad part was that the acid in the solder would ruin the paint that went on the canvas, so someone had to wash the soldered joints down with gasoline. That still would have been all right except for the terrible rush, rush, rush. There you'd have a guy with a torch and solder and another guy following him up with the gasoline. The guy washing down would be soaked in gas and every so often the guy with the torch would slip or turn around too fast and his partner would go up like a bloody rocket. I know it sounds stupid, but it happened three times while I was working at Bayonne. And three times the guy on fire didn't live to draw his pay.

"You'd think after the first couple of accidents that they'd have trouble getting men to be the washers wouldn't you? But, no, there was always a list of guys waiting for one of those jobs. You see it was easy work. You didn't have to lift anything, or sweat up on bolts with a wrench. The only thing you had to lift was the gasoline soaked rag. And that's what did those lazy buggers in.

"Still, I liked my job, even though I had to do an almighty lot of lifting and heaving. I had the freedom of the place in a manner of speaking. I couldn't have stuck it out if I had to stay in one spot and do the same thing over and over again for nine hours a day. I never could understand why those guys on the line didn't go off their nuts doing that sort of thing six days a week. That's why I like this job. Always somebody new to talk to, and always some old friends stopping in just to keep you on an even keel, so to speak. But I suppose the automobile factories are all different nowadays . . . at least I hope so. Here let me put a head on that for you . . ."

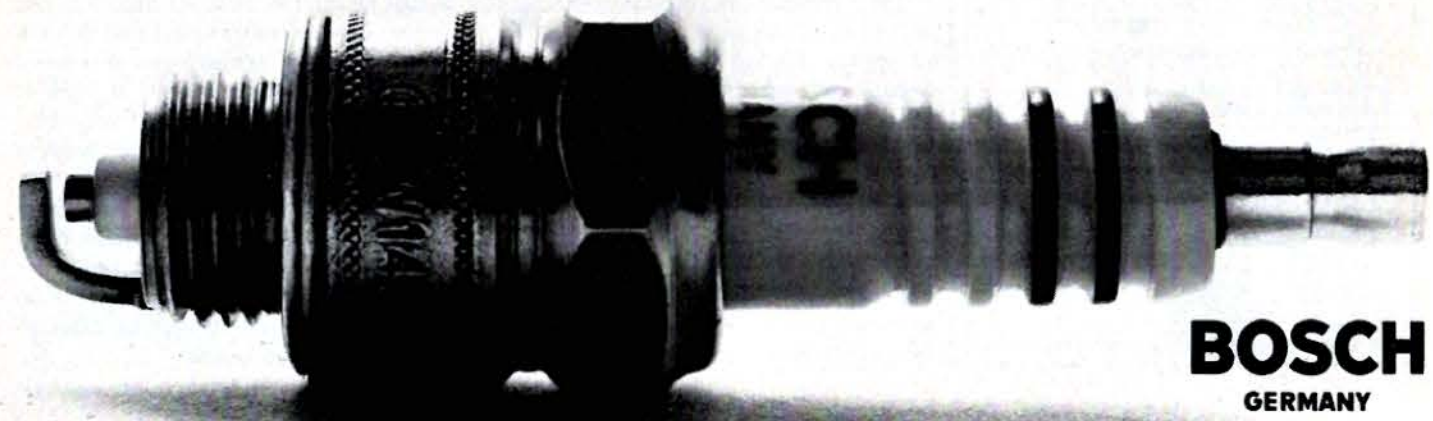
CAR and DRIVER

The clean plug.

A good tune-up is important in reducing exhaust emissions.

And the plugs used are just as critical. If they misfire only a few percent of the time, they can easily double the emission level. That's why our plugs have an exclusive alloy electrode to resist corrosion, and a gas-tight seal to produce constant heat conductivity at all operating temperatures.

We have plugs for imported cars, American cars, snowmobiles, and just about anything on wheels. Robert Bosch Corporation, 2800 S. 25th Ave., Broadview, Ill. 60153



BOSCH
GERMANY

NOW... AT HOME Learn AUTO UPHOLSTERING & Vehicle Interior Customizing

U.S. & FOREIGN CARS, CAMPER, TRAILERS, BOATS, PLANES

THINK OF ALL THE VEHICLE UPHOLSTERING TO BE DONE! TRAINING KITS INCLUDED WITH COURSE! Cars, custom & standard, boats, campers & trailers, planes, bucket & regular seats, tops, headliners, auto glass, headrests, carpeting, diamond tufting, tuck & roll, channel backs—all this and more—you learn the tried & proven A.U.I. way, with step-by-step illustrated lessons plus ingenious training kits that teach you to do all these fascinating trim jobs right at home! When you get the A.U.I. diploma, you are a REAL PROFESSIONAL.

NO NEED TO QUIT YOUR PRESENT JOB! We SHOW YOU HOW, in your spare time. There is an unlimited demand for this custom work for both men & women right now.

CLEAN LIGHT WORK! NO BIG INVESTMENT NEEDED! Auto & vehicle upholstery is clean, light, dignified. There is no age limit, no special experience or education needed—and no large investment required. A.U.I. supplies everything for you to start right away!

SPECIAL OFFER TO COUPLES—TEAMS DO WELL TOGETHER! A.U.I. makes it possible for couples to enroll together, study together, each get a separate diploma upon graduation. (Can be wife, relative or friend.)

NOTE TO SERVICE STATION MEN! Add to your income with auto trim—use the space you have now, make BIG additional income without extra overhead, without dirt or grease! Make your interest in cars pay off!

FOR FREE INFORMATION SEND FOR BOOKLET TODAY! You'll get our big beautiful, illustrated booklet telling all about opportunities in this fabulous big paying fun filled field of auto trim & vehicle customizing. Send today.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE INCLUDED—NO CHARGE

AUTO UPHOLSTERY INST., BOX, 64 AN, Orange, Calif. 92669



Gordon Jennings

Amateur environmentalists stand tall in my regard for having one of the most entertaining acts in the Human Comedy. People with their messianic sense of mission, who walk with eyes firmly fixed on a distant star and trip over pebbles at their feet, are just naturally hilarious. Rowan and Martin at their best have never been as funny as a lady I saw holding forth for one of television's "Man In The Street" reporters. This housewife probably had only a hazy concept of what happens inside her electric toaster as it scorches slices of bread, but she was firm in her conviction that the internal combustion engine should be banished; that the weather will once again assume its timeless rhythms now that there are no more atomic-bomb explosions; and that what science and technology hath wrought in terms of environmental insult can be put right without raising the cost of living or diminishing convenience. Bless her pointy head, she provided me with the only good laugh I had that day.

You could even say that I laughed until I cried, because when I think about the fact that she's probably organizing the neighborhood into an environmental action group, it all gets to be a lot less funny.

Take, for example, the environmentalists' demand that we have mass rapid transit systems for our cities. We have been hearing this one echoing along the corridors of power for years, and I'll confess that there was a time when I thought it might be a pretty good idea. The phrase "rapid mass transit" called forth visions of sleek, high-speed trains carrying the masses from point to point in mere moments. That was the vision. The reality, as I came to know it, was another matter. During the five years I spent working in John V. Lind-

say's city, and living in its suburbs, I had plenty of opportunity to experience mass transit's facts of life, and that experience badly tarnished the vision.

New York, also known as the "Peter Minuit Memorial Dump," has America's only Complete Public Transit System, and if it stands as a model for the systems to be imposed everywhere, I think I'll start looking for a farm in Tasmania. What's wrong with New York's mass rapid transit system? In the first place, it is neither rapid nor a system. The "mass" part, I'll go along with. But you must not assume that the loaded condition of every train, car and bus constitutes a vote of confidence from the masses. Only the even greater inconveniences of travel by automobile in the greater New York area keeps the transit system customer coming back for more.

In truth, the New York transit system would collapse totally if forced to compete with the automobile on even terms. It is kept alive by prohibitively-priced and scarce parking in Manhattan, by one of the worst inter-urban road networks in this country, and by stiffish tolls at the majority of Manhattan's vehicular tunnels and bridges. And even then the transit system teeters on the edge of extinction, for it is not economically viable. Fares for traveling on New York's subway system verge on being too high for the workers it serves, while the suburban commuter's weekly or monthly ticket is priced precariously close to that of operating a private passenger car over the same distance—including tolls. Despite that, the subways and commuter trains operate at a multi-million dollar annual loss and must be subsidized with tax monies; even though so little is spent on maintenance and new equipment that breakdowns are common, schedules are a joke, and those who use the system must ride packed haunch to haunch. And while Governor Rockefeller (whose arcane humor came to light when he referred to the Long Island Rail Road as the "finest commuter rail road in the country"; New York's voters showed *their* sense of humor by electing him to another term as Governor) would like to force an increase in fares so that he can use those tax dollars to add another shining edifice to the mall in Albany, he dare not. Any substantial increase would not only cost votes, but work at odds with mass transit objectives by increasing the ebb and flow of cars between Manhattan and the suburbs. So the New York "system" will continue to stagger along virtually bankrupt, its trains filthy and decrepit, its operating schedules a mockery, its passengers both impoverished by high fares and outraged by discomfort—and no relief in sight.



Toyota introduces a hardtop. For times when you wish you had a station wagon.

THE NEW CORONA HARDTOP has a back seat that gets out of the way when you need more room.

Just fold it down. And long, clumsy items fit right through the trunk into the spot where the back seat was. Altogether, you get almost six and a half feet of continuous cargo space.

While the Corona gives you plenty of open space, it also comes pretty well filled. With

extras that don't set you back a cent.

A front passenger seat that flips down and slides forward all by itself. So you can get in and out of the back a lot easier.

Power brakes with front discs. Fully reclining bucket seats. Snap-out nylon carpeting. Locking glove box. Plenty of convenience lights. Trouble light. Tinted windows. Whitewalls. Wheel covers. Chrome trim. Bumper guards. And even a can of touch-up paint.

Under the hood the Corona has a 108-horsepower overhead

cam engine that lets you cruise at 85 mph, yet still squeeze about 25 miles from each gallon of gas.

So you see, when you buy a Corona you get a roomy, practical, powerful hardtop. Or is it a station wagon?

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented

Manufacturer's suggested retail price, 2 Dr. Hardtop \$2310. Inland freight, dealer preparation, options and taxes extra.

On the jack or on a hill... Make sure your car can't roll... with new WHEEL WATCHERS

Patented design positively blocks rolling off the jack... accidental brake release

- Curved for maximum tire contact
- Ridges for solid grip on tire
- Super-strong die-cast aluminum
- Can't rust... lifetime construction
- Perfect for trailers, too

Protect your family... yourself... your car WHEEL WATCHERS belong in every trunk

Each	Save on set of 2
\$4.95	\$8.95

Introductory Offer! Order now and we'll pay all shipping charges.

Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed... or money back!

General Casting Corporation, Dept. CD-9
Jefferson Valley, N.Y. 10535

Send me 1 WHEEL WATCHER at \$4.95

Send me _____ sets of 2 at \$8.95 each
My check or money order is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City, state, zip _____
N.Y. State residents add appropriate sales tax



**From them you get racing gas talk.
From us you get racing gas.**

Know how much of the highest octane racing gas you can get at other companies' stations? Zero. Ours are the only stations *anywhere* that will sell it to you. The only ones! The other guys sell just to racing car drivers. But Sunoco figures, why should the professionals have all the good fun... and all the good performance? So we sell our racing gas to anybody with the money. It's Sunoco 260, the highest octane gasoline you can buy at any station in the world. Stop in and ask the man to fill you up with our racing gas. He won't give you lots of talk. He'll give you lots of 260.



Send for two colorful Sunoco racing decals and racing accessories catalog. Enclose 25¢ in coin for postage and handling. SUNOCO RACING ACCESSORIES, P.O. BOX 237, TROY, MICHIGAN 48064.

260 - Racing gas at every pump.

Meanwhile, 3000-miles to the west, in Los Angeles, the much-maligned network of freeways and its carpet of automobiles goes about the business of moving people from where they are to where they want to be, and it does the job rather well. Indeed, if one forgets all the preconceptions about mass rapid transit necessarily consisting of rails (mono or otherwise) and trains, Los Angeles' roads and cars begin to look like the rapid transit system everyone has been talking about. A system that works, too, over distances so great that even the most optimistic of "mass transit" boosters have not dared suggest more than a fragmentary, essentially supplementary admixture of train services. It is doubtful that even a token "mass transit" system will ever get beyond the conversational stage, because Los Angeles' planners are abundantly aware that *any* system superimposed on that now existing (i.e., cars and freeways) will wither on the economic vine unless it can compete on a cost and convenience basis. None of the proposed public transit systems offer much promise of being competitive in that sense. Particularly in terms of convenience.

Admittedly, the automobile's contribution to air pollution is a strike against a Los Angeles-style transit system, and I must recognize that there are many who do not share my aesthetic appreciation of the freeways' swooping concrete ribbons and soaring arches. But Detroit's emission control work has brought a gradually improving air quality in Los Angeles—and that is more than can be said for the sulfurous miasma that chokes Manhattan, which grows worse as Consolidated Edison's power plants struggle to keep up with all those electric trains.

There is more to be said here, as environmental cause and effect is a very long chain and no man can see all of its links. But neither can any man pretend that the mass transit system, New York style, is not costly, inefficient and best suited to the transportation of cattle. For people, the car and freeway are clearly better, and our environmentalists should give some thought to *that* while they are blathering along about banning the automobile. Men won't like being cattle—even if, as cattle, they get the cleanest air. We will surely have to accept, however reluctantly, some fumes in our air and a measure of scum on our waters and even a trace of ugliness upon the land. To pretend that it will be otherwise any time soon is folly, as it distracts us from reality. A reality that will, unless we truly become cattle, include individually-directed transportation modules in some form—and we'll probably go right on calling them "cars."



While everyone else talked a fast game...

Walker shut them all down.

The game is performance. And Walker wrote the rule book. Rule 1: Take a stock, single-exhaust 427 Chev and lay a pair of Walker Blue Swinger® glasspacks on it. Rule 2: Cut loose 45 wild horses you didn't know were in it. Rule 3: Shut down the competition.

That's performance. A 45-horsepower increase over stock. Power proved in a test performed by Walker engineers. Performance that comes from knowing what it takes to play the game to win. No matter what machine you've got in the gate.

If you play to win... go Walker.



WALKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1201 MICHIGAN BLVD. RACINE, WISCONSIN 53402

A TENNECO COMPANY

Send 25 cents for two Blue Swinger® decals and keychain.

The classic test of endurance—not so much of cars but of human psyches.

Le Mans

BY PATRICK BEDARD



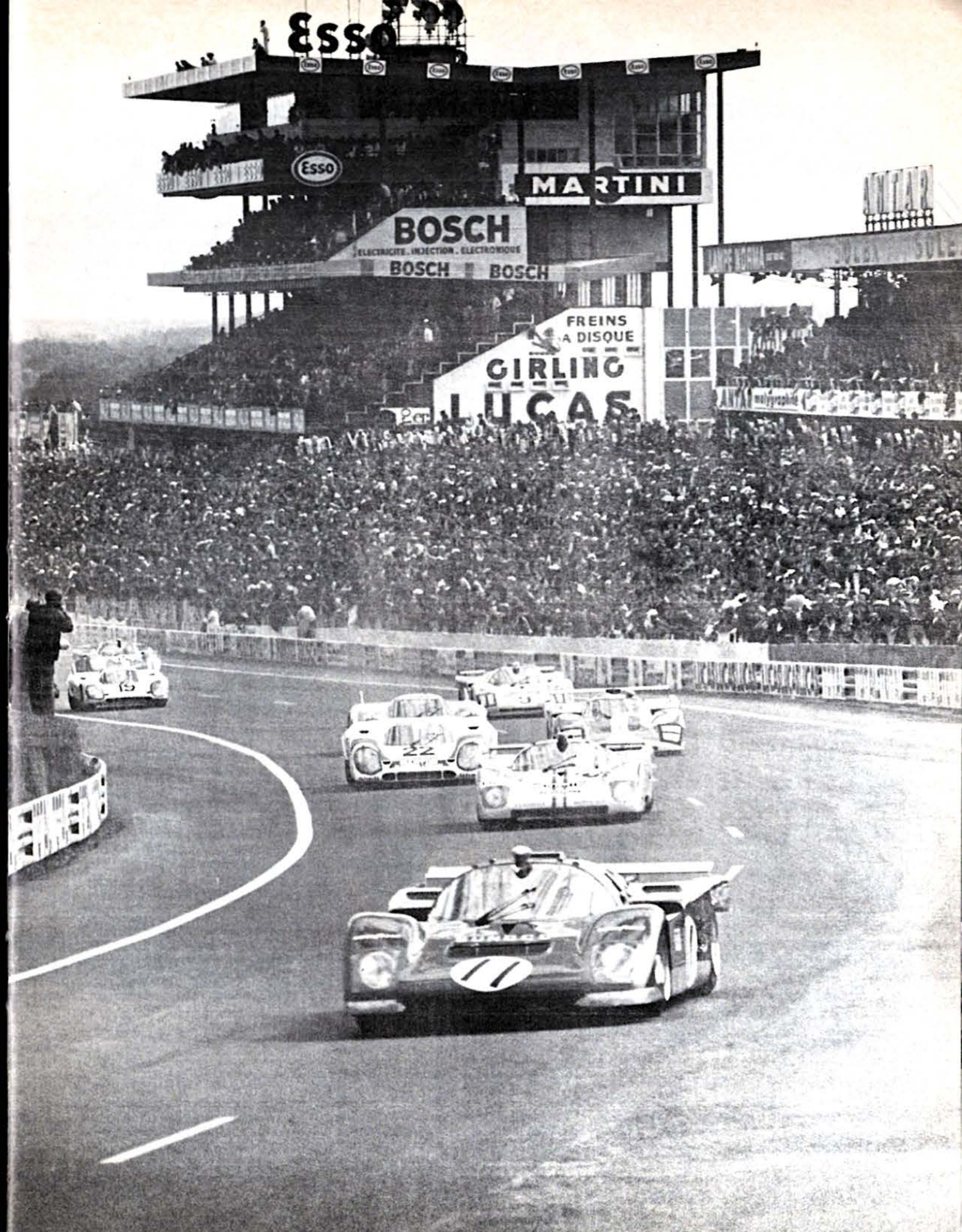
Le Mans and its rituals do not yield easily to strangers. Woody's face showed that. "What? I can't understand . . . You want to measure what? . . . this panel? . . . behind this panel? . . . the frame?" That seems to elicit a response that should be interpreted as affirmative—he couldn't be sure—so Woody quickly works his way through the crowd surrounding the Penske Ferrari to his toolbox and returns with a screwdriver to undo the Dzus fasteners retaining a portion of the car's firewall.

Like the rest of the Penske team, Woody (John Woodard), the chief mechanic, speaks no French. And like the rest of the French officials who conduct the world's premier endurance race, the tech inspectors are proudly incapable of English. The gap between is both a quaint source of intrigue to uninvolved spectators and an overwhelming source of oppression to the crew.

Tech inspection takes place in a long shed, open on one side. The racing cars are pushed through, assembly-line fashion, so that separate groups of inspectors stationed around tables can, in due order, exercise its franchised omnipotence over fuel systems, headlights or whatever specialty it has been assigned. Despite the gravity of the situation, the atmosphere is that of an open-air bazaar. In addition to those soliciting or dispensing permission to race, the whole area is noisily clogged with photographers, writers, film crews and idle others who are apparently nothing more than partakers and contributors to the scene.

They've come to see one thing, the blue Ferrari from America, the Penske car, the one that's always so shiny: they've crowded in so close that their shoe toes are mirrored in its polished-aluminum sills.

In fact, the crowd is so tight and so homogeneous around the Ferrari that only



Le Mans

As the race approaches, the only genuine tradition at Le Mans is that of intimidation: the track intimidates the drivers, team managers intimidate the owners, and a battalion of stewards intimidate all.

MIKE SESIT



Kirk F. White (left) and Jerry Riegel.

Woody and Blaine Ferguson, the other yellow-shirted Penske mechanic to make the trip, and Mark Donohue appear to have legitimate roles in the proceedings.

You have to look very closely to distinguish the inspectors. A few wear leather jackets; a few prefer nubby-weave wool sport coats over sweaters; many have thinning hair but, without exception, all would blend into the crowd were it not for their official red leather armbands.

That the tech inspectors at Le Mans, the acknowledged *ne plus ultra* of endurance races, should look like village merchants casts an atmosphere of doubt over the proceedings right from the start. And that they frequently move into huddles to discuss a verdict (invariably in rapid-fire French rather than plain English) make them seem, at least to Americans, like dark conspirators, a conviction reinforced by the discriminatory nature of many of their caucused judgments.

Right off they don't like the identification numbers. The Ferrari has been assigned number "11" and that identical twin digit numeral has been painted on in four places. It couldn't be plainer but the officials unanimously agree that it has to be repainted. To them it looks like 77. It will be redone *sans serifs*—just two vertical lines—then there won't be any confusion.

And the lights aren't right, either. The

Ferrari has headlights with high and low beams, taillights, brake lights, roof lights and side marker lights. Still that isn't sufficient. It must have parking lights too.

All of these decisions are handed down in French and would probably go unrecorded had not the European business agent of Luigi Chinetti's North American Racing Team been standing in to translate.

Actually, there is one other hope if a linguistic impasse is reached. Two mechanics have been borrowed for the occasion from McNamara, and one of them can speak French . . . and German. For this channel to work the official words would have to be translated by the McNamara man into German, and then be given to Peter Reinhardt, another mechanic, who would then change the thought into good, solid information-giving English. Such a relay wouldn't have much on the pony express for speed but as an emergency back-up it is better than nothing. Further, its circuitous and illogical approach is not inappropriate



Woody (center) and the inspectors.

to many phases of the tech inspection.

Particularly not the business of the FIA suitcases—an extreme example of the irrelevance of certain French-promulgated endurance racing rules. The inspectors in charge of compliance have a pair of suitcase-shaped wood boxes of the official size on their table. In the Ferrari they are meant to fit above and behind the rear

wheels in the back corners of the car, an area that has a body skin but no floor. The cases are pushed up from the bottom and, unless somebody holds them up, they fall right back out on the ground. The inspectors, however, do not find this inconvenience contrary to either the spirit or the letter of the rules. Maybe that shouldn't be surprising. Logic has never been one of the main currents of thought at Le Mans and

CARL IMBER



Georges Goudchaud and the commissaires.

this year is no exception. But the impact of the race does not suffer for lack of it. It's the celebrated motoring event of Europe, more an institution than a race, surpassing even the Monaco Grand Prix or Nürburgring. To the competitors, it is a task of enormous difficulty. The course is long—8.34 miles—and fast. This year's quickest qualifier, Pedro Rodriguez, averaged 155 mph in his long-tail Porsche 917 with speeds as high as 235 mph on the 3.5-mile long Mulsanne straight, a stretch of road which under normal circumstances is the main artery from the city of Le Mans to Tours. But most of all, it's a guts course. The square 55 mph turn at the end of the Mulsanne is a mere inconvenience compared to the demands of fast bends . . . turns like the 165-mile *Maison Blanche*. It is hidden by the gently rolling landscape and lined by steel guard rails and to turn competitive lap speeds a driver must go in flat out. Physically it is hard but the hidden nature of the turn demands much more—a mental commitment that there

CAR and DRIVER



MIKE SESIT

In every running of Le Mans there is a single moment when owners, *expediteurs*—share a single emotion. For one team it is



CAR and DRIVER

everyone—drivers, mechanics, managers, ecstasy, for the others...

Le Mans

will not be a slower car, or worse, a disabled car, in a strategic spot. If a driver is correct in his assumption he will be able to repeat the same excruciating exercise three minutes and twenty seconds hence, if not the safety crew will pick the pieces of his car out of the guard rail. That is the reality of Le Mans.

If proof of Le Mans' greatness is required, you need look no farther than the prize money. First place pays less than \$13,000; fifth less than \$750. Which is to say nothing. It won't even pay for a 5-liter Ferrari engine (\$16,000)—and the race wears out the whole car. The contrast between Le Mans and Indianapolis, America's premier race, is fundamental. Indianapolis is artificially great. It's the Everest-size pile of prize money that attracts the international participants and the worldwide notoriety, not the contest. Without its mega-jackpot it would be just another Indiana phenomenon, the grandest circle track in the Midwest. Le Mans is real, recognized as the automotive Olympiad, a historic measure of speed and endurance. The winning drivers can assume their places on an honor roll along with Barnato, Nuvolari, Hawthorn; the cars with Bentley, Bugatti, and Delahaye. Contemporary business barons like Henry Ford II have spent fortunes to assure a spot for the family name on that hallowed roll.

Penske Racing and its allies have been pulled to Le Mans by the same magnetism that has drawn the thousands whose names are now relegated to yellowed entry records. Roger Penske and Mark Donohue are competitors of the hardest alloy. But as racers, their portfolios are not complete without Le Mans. They are on hand for an easily grasped reason, but what of the supporting cast wandering in and out without being so obviously compelled. There is one time, about an hour on the Thursday afternoon before the race, when the entire cast appears without prearrangement at the Shell station which is serving as the team's garage. It is here, backstage, that their positions within the organization and their status as personalities become apparent.

The car is on stands in the rear of the shop, stripped down to its skeleton of gray tubing. Penske, resplendent in wrinkle-free knits and Gucci loafers, has just arrived from the U. S. in the company of a finely chiseled blond. Immediately he takes charge, erecting a rope barrier between the

altar and the congregation. Naturally, Donohue and David Hobbs, the co-driver (at only 32, a 10-year veteran of Le Mans), have free run. So do the mechanics who are absorbed in preparing for the final qualifying session that evening.

At the opposite pole are those tied to the team through a financial umbilical cord. Not 15 feet from the dismantled Ferrari, but separated from it by the rope, stands Kirk F. White and his promotion man, Moe Campbell, shifting restlessly from one leg to the other. They are securely-bred Philadelphians, men who can wear lemon-sherbet pants, wild rose shirts and blue-crested, custard ties with navy blazers and feel no discomfort. White is nominally the Ferrari's owner, his name is painted on the side, and he will pick up the tab for Le Mans. His participation is purely business, a Kirk F. White Enterprises promotion to the tune of \$120,000 in the car alone. But the best measure of Kirk White's acumen is that while his various automotive enterprises stand in the spotlight as the Ferrari's primary sponsor (even though several other sponsors get smaller screen credits on the sides of the car) the cash comes from a non-profit organization (for tax reasons not to be considered a syndicate) of which Kirk F. White is only a minority stockholder.

Also on the gallery side of the rope is Jerry Riegel, a tall, rugged eastern sportsman whose family tree contains frequent references to the name duPont. He owns two-fifths of the car and he has a small decal about the size of a commemorative postage stamp which he'd like to stick on if he could only be sure Penske would permit it. He doesn't pretend to be a racer. He just likes to be where the action is—closer than a spectator—and owning a piece of the car is a convenient way. Before the Ferrari there was an America Cup syndicate, and it had been worth the money.

One other owner is represented by his son, a tall downy-faced youth who is allowed to polish the deep set wheels and does so without a word to anyone. At least he is occupied; he doesn't have to stand idly by and be counted with the hangers on. There is one European Sunoco executive (soon there will be more) who is seeing a Sunoco racer for the first time. He would do anything to help . . . but he'd be most appreciated if he'd stay out of the way.

Certain team members with specialized skills, the ones not involved with the mechanical details, spend half of their racing lives staying out of the way, marking time

(Continued on page 78)



SEPTEMBER 1971



Preview: Ford Torino GT

TORINO (FORD MOTOR COMPANY, FORD DIVISION, Dearborn, Michigan, U.S.A.): First produced in 1969 as a successor to the "Fairlane" series. A Detroit "intermediate" unit/body car built on a 117.0-inch wheelbase and offering a variety of engines from 6-cylinder up to high performance 428s and 429s. Also available as a "Super Car" with model designation "Cobra." In 1972, series designation was retained although the car was completely changed going to a separate perimeter frame construction with a 4-link rear suspension. At that point the Cobra model was dropped. In the face of the previous year's declining sales for Detroit-made intermediates, sales of '72 Torinos . . .

How that sentence will be complete in a forthcoming *World Car Catalogue* or *Encyclopedia of Motor Cars* is crucial not only to Ford but to all of Detroit. If Ford's decision to go ahead with the immense financial commitment required to completely revamp its intermediate ends up being a failure in the marketplace, it could seal the execution orders for all intermediates—not just Ford's but GM's and Chrysler's as well.

In this just-past model year, almost all of Detroit concentrated its marketing and advertising efforts on its then-new small cars (Ford Pinto, Chevrolet Vega, AM Gremlin). As a result, the small cars did sell well (by mid-May combined Vega-Pinto-Gremlin sales were 280,000 versus Volkswagen's 237,500—166,000 of which were Beetles). But high volume on a low profit car has never been Detroit's style and at both the corporation and dealer levels there is hope that the small car infatuation is not a permanent affair.

The anti-small-car factions point out that in addition to the small cars Detroit found its standard-size cars and luxury models did better than anticipated in 1971. However, in the middle of the market, sales of both intermediates and sporty cars steeply declined after half a decade of upward sales graphs. Whether that situation is an indication of the structure of the future automotive market, or whether it is a temporary aberration caused by Detroit's advertising emphasis on the small cars in concert with the economic climate of the country, are questions whose answers will decide the fate of the new Torino as much as the fact of whether or not it is a good car. And because of that fact the first year's sales figures of this Torino are going to be as carefully studied at General Motors as they are at Ford. The Torino is this year's crucial model.

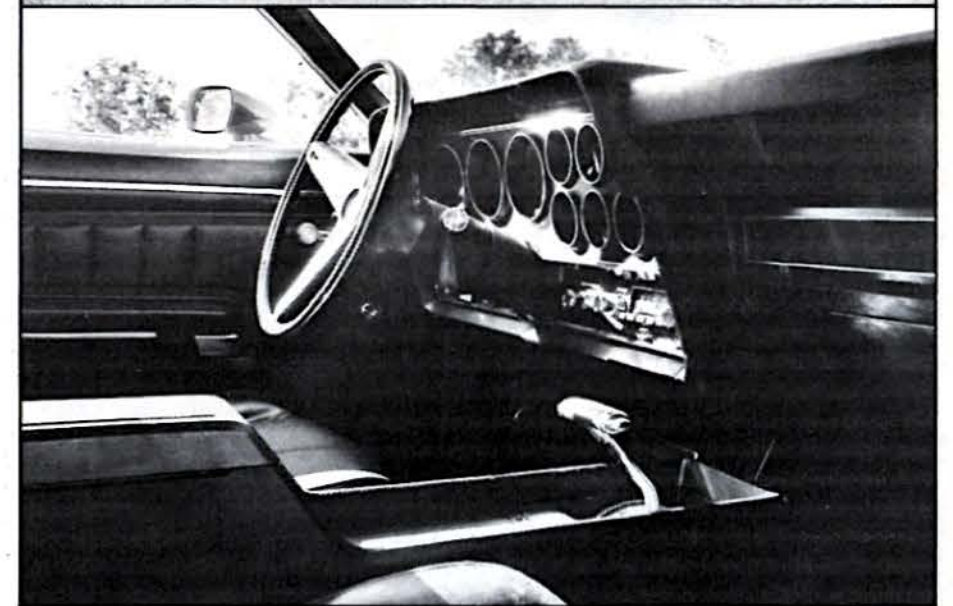
And as such Ford has had its marketing people working as hard as the engineers

while the 4-door models and station wagons are on a 118-inch wheelbase. The 2-doors also have a shorter overall length (204 versus 207 inches). What all this means is, depending on the model, the '72 Torino is both shorter and longer than its predecessor (which had a 117-inch wheelbase and overall length of 206 inches).

and stylists to give it every possible advantage. For instance, like the 1971 series of Chrysler Corporation intermediates (Plymouth Satellite/Sebring, and Dodge Coronet/Charger) there are different wheelbases for the 2- and 4-door models. The 2-doors come on a 114-inch wheelbase

In other words, if a portion of the market still demands a "longer, lower, wider" car as a criteria for "newness," Ford can satisfy it; if, however, the market's acquaintance with the small cars has weakened the impact of that traditional sales-room adage, Ford also has an answer. However in one dimension both the 2- and

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALVIS UPITIS



4-door '71 Torinos share the increase over the previous model, that is in front and rear track which has been uniformly increased two inches. The new front track is 62.8 inches and the rear 62.9.

Ford also has reduced the total number of Torino models from last year's confusing 14 different versions to a more reasonable nine. In addition to dropping the "Cobra," as previously mentioned, there is no convertible and only a 4-door pillared hardtop (replacing both the 4-door sedan and 4-door hardtops previously offered). The base Torino also sports different front sheetmetal to make it more apparently separate from the Gran Torino and the Gran Torino Sport lines. In the low-line version there is a full-width grille while on the high roller versions there is an egg-crate grille in a smaller rectangular sheetmetal shroud.

The lineup of available engines has also been revised with last year's 351 4-bbl. being dropped along with the high perform-

ance 429CJ and 429CJ with ram air. Taking the place of the latter two engines is a new version of the 351 "Cleveland" running on regular fuel with its 9.0-to-one compression ratio. This engine is not totally new as it is being offered on Mustangs during the final months of the 1971 model year.

After hearing so much about the changes in the 1972 Torino, we were surprised to find that its styling is so conventional. The 2-door "SportsRoof" (read fastback) Gran Torino Sport we selected as having most of the elements that would be attractive to enthusiasts still sports the long hood/short deck styling theme that originated with the sporty cars. And, surprising in light of the public's apathy shown towards Chrysler's fuselage-shape styling, the new Torinos all have the wide, rounded hiplines that identifies that genre. On the GTS version it is even emphasized by a chrome side molding strip which

makes the car look lower and wider. This type of body styling provides increased passenger hip and shoulder room but, because the side windows must be curved to roll into the relatively narrow greenhouse, you are forced to tightly seal the windows whenever any rain is falling. From a driver's standpoint, the combination of the long front hood and the wide hip line makes you feel that you are in a full-size sedan rather than an intermediate. But you'll find that most of the extra hood length is taken up in the form of front overhang.

The "Big Car" feel of the new Torino is also expressed in the extraordinary silence one experiences while driving. Wind noise is minimal but even more impressive is lack of road noise intruding on the driver's serenity. This is one of the benefits derived from Ford's decision to discard the previous Torino's unit construction for a perimeter frame with "S"-shaped front members designed for controlled collapse in the event of front-end collisions. With the separate frame it is easier for engineers to isolate passengers from the sounds of the suspension working. In the Torino's case it has required 14 hollow rubber body mounts to provide proper support and rigidity and damp out road drumming and vibrations. On the prototype GTS we tested, the system worked amazingly well. However, in its desire to lend a big car feel to its intermediate, Ford has also chosen to provide the Torino with an ultra-soft suspension.

In standard form there is almost no anti-dive and very little anti-squat which results in the car having an uncomfortable pitching motion noticeable even on the minimal divider strips of Ford's test track. There was also an unsettling amount of body lean in slow sweeping curves which meant that while the car was exceptionally smooth—almost unintrusive in straight-ahead driving—once you came to a corner a driver had to work relatively hard. The car remained predictable at all times but the large degree of understeer and body lean required excessive wheel corrections. When a car with the "competition" suspension package was specially brought out for us, nearly everything changed. The optional package uses heavy duty shock absorbers all around, increased spring rates, a .072 rear anti-sway bar and smaller, firmer bushings at the link connections. Immediately you notice that the *mal de mere* pitching is reduced and that you have more confidence in being able to sense what the wheels are doing in relation to the car. Body lean is appreciably reduced and, from our way of thinking, ride comfort is

(Continued on page 88)

CAR and DRIVER

ENGINE	
Type	Water cooled, cast-iron V-8, hydraulic valve lifters dual exhaust
Bore x stroke	4.00 x 3.50 in
Displacement	351 cu in
Compression ratio	9.0 to one
Carburetion	1 x 4 bbl
Power (SAE)	280 bhp @ 5800 rpm
Torque (SAE)	345 lbs-ft @ 3800 rpm
DRIVE TRAIN	
Final drive ratio	3.50 to one
Transmission	4-speed manual
DIMENSIONS AND CAPACITIES	
Wheelbase	114.0 in
Track	F: 62.8 in, R: 62.9 in
Length	207.3 in
Width	79.3 in
Height	62.9 in
Curb weight	3966 lbs
Weight distribution, F/R	55.7/44.3%
Fuel capacity	20.0 gal
Oil capacity	5.0 qts
Water capacity	15.7 qts
SUSPENSION	
F: Ind, unequal length control arms, coil springs, anti sway bar	
R: Rigid axle, 4 trailing coil spring links, anti sway bar	
STEERING	
Type	Recirculating ball, power assist
Turns lock-to-lock	4.0
BRAKES	
F: 10.72 ventilated disc, power assist	
R: 10.0 x 2.0 in. drum, power assist	
WHEELS AND TIRES	
Wheel size	6.0 x 14-in
Tire make and size	Firestone Super Sport, Sup-R-Belt F70
Test inflation pressures	32 F, psi, R: 32 psi
Tire loading rating	1500 lbs per tire @ 32 psi
PERFORMANCE	
Zero to	Seconds
40 mph	3.8
60 mph	6.8



Men's Liberation.



Roads have a tendency to always end up going somewhere. But every once and awhile, it's nice to go nowhere. To get off the road and just ride.* Ride hard and fast and free. Honda's new Motosport 175 is the bike for that kind of riding.

It's one kind of freedom you can buy.

The SL-175 K1 has lights, tach and speedometer for the road, but it's really built for — and excels in — the dirt. Lightweight frame to make you really move. Rugged suspension to take the punishment. And a USDA-approved spark arrestor/muffler to help keep the country you're riding quiet and green.

You're free from worry on the Motosport 175, too. The engine's a famous Honda four-stroke — the most dependable motorcycle engine built. And it's backed by Honda's strongest warranty yet.

Go to your Honda dealer to see and ride the new Motosport 175. Then go nowhere.

HONDA
From Mighty to Mini, Honda has it all.

Always ride safely. Wear a helmet and observe all rules of the road. For a free color brochure, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. FN, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247. © 1971 AHM.

*Honda recommends that you ride in areas specifically designated for off-road use.

Strangers in a Strange Land

BY BROCK YATES

How in the hell can you drive down the main street of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, right past Beedle's Alhambra Theater, the Dew Drop Inn and Muck's Lunch counter in a flaming vermilion 454 Corvette, with Donna Mae Mims perched inside telling you about her epileptic chihuahua, without thinking that you have blown every fuse in your freaking mind? Here is Donna Mae, serenely outfitted in a crocheted pink, see-thru mini-dress, pink beads, granny glasses with fuchsia lenses, pink plastic shopping bag and pink-trimmed boots, all accented by a great tumble of platinum hair and a "Win with Jesus" button pinned to her bosom, babbling on about her poor chihuahua, in that lispy, constricted-vowel western Pennsylvania accent of hers, and about a dozen other things, such as her plan to line the living room wall of her apartment with a pink shag rug . . . and you are wondering if this road is leading you to Yenko Chevrolet or to the nearest nuthouse.

Yenko Chevrolet! Home of Don Yenko, hardest-charging Corvette shoe in history; home of thousands of hot 'Vettes and Chevilles; home of the Deuce; home of the Corvair Stinger; home of Donna Mae Mims, the "Pink Lady" of motor racing; home of the new turbocharged Vega.

I
Yenko Chevrolet sits in a shabby row of low, gray buildings on a busy street in Canonsburg, a crowded patchwork of concrete buildings with little more than a sign out front—part of which is falling down—for identification. There are cars everywhere. Bright, powerful Chevrolets are stuffed doorhandle-to-doorhandle in the surrounding black-cinder lots, jammed in the service bays and wedged into a small showroom. Upstairs, beneath a low gabled roof, is Don Yenko, slumped at the back of a small office that is plugged to its low ceiling with filing cabinets, copy machines, cardboard boxes, and stacks of papers. Trophies are everywhere; pewter bowls



Don Yenko, and his trusty sidekick Donna Mae Mims, have spent months charging down bureaucratic corridors trying to get someone in the government to give them permission to put a turbocharged Vega into production. They have but one hurdle left to pass, and they can do that by driving the car around the Heidelberg Speedway . . . 100,000 times.

and mugs, and plastic-winged-victory beauties on fake mahogany bases. Shiny plaques, banners and badges, race pictures, dealer bulletins and newspaper clippings cling to the walls from floor to ceiling.

Donna Mae enters, moving in a wifty Carol Channing bounce and weave, and plumps down in behind a desk. She picks up a pair of telephones, props them on each shoulder and turns up the volume on a small portable radio concealed somewhere in the pile of papers in front of her. Hard rock fills the room. Donna Mae is talking on two telephones at the same time while CCR's *Bad Moon Rising* bounces and echoes off the filing cabinets.

"You've got to excuse this place," says Yenko from behind his own desk. "We've just outgrown it. We're selling 700 new cars a year and there just isn't enough room. We've got a new dealership planned, on six acres of land near here, but until we get that built, we've got to live like this." He looks sleepy, but then Don Yenko always looks sleepy. He is a thin, loose-jointed man, one of those guys who looks like he was bolted together out of maybe six different anatomical parts bins, and none of the pieces match up very well. Slumped there behind his desk, he is kind of like Beetle Bailey in mod dress; his longish hair never quite in place, his clothes never quite fitting that odd-ball-parts body of his. He is hardly your prototype of the hard-charging race driver-businessman-sportsman.

This is the Don Yenko. The man who's won a bundle of National Championships in the Sports Car Club of America, whose reputation as a rugged, hard-nosed road racer is known everywhere, whose enthusiasm and business acumen has boosted his father's Chevy dealership in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania into a nationally-known center for high-performance cars. This is the Don Yenko who is planning to market a slick, turbocharged version of the Vega, if he can somehow burrow his way through a

(Text continued on page 84; Sidebar overleaf)

CAR and DRIVER



PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG MESNEY

Performance Polyglas

Now there are Performance Polyglas tires for mini, pony, compact or family cars. They're big, wide, white-lettered tires. Tires that bring the feel of the road right to your fingertips. That grab the road when you hit the brakes. That really hang on in corners and curves. Bold, brawny beauties. Tough enough to take almost anything the road can dish out. Choose from the Custom Wide Tread Polyglas 70 series or the Polyglas GT 60 series. Most cars can take Performance Polyglas tires. But first check your car's specs — they may be too much tire for your car.

GOODYEAR
Polyglas, Custom Wide Tread — T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Yenko's Turbo Vega will ultimately be available, in spite of government interference.

• In all of the years that hucksters and greasy fingered mechanics have been trying to add performance to stock engines, none of them has succeeded without taking something away in the process. In most cases a boost in horsepower and torque reduces tractability and destroys the idle. The Yenko Stinger, which multiplies horsepower via a turbocharger, should have a leg up in this department. It is the nature of turbochargers to be inactive in low speed, part throttle operation. Thus the Stinger, in normal farm-to-market traffic, should behave in the same manner as the basic Vega 110-hp engine from which it is derived. Durability, however, is another story. And the more you use the blower, the shorter it is. If nothing else, Vegas have that in common with Offys.

By coupling a small Switzer turbocharger to the intake system, Don Yenko has managed to boost horsepower to 155 and to turn his specially trimmed Vega GT hatchback into a formidable performer. The Switzer turbocharger is essentially the

same unit manufactured for use on trucks and tractors, and is intended for sale not only as an installed Stinger option but as an accessory for all Vegas if the government sees fit to clear it for sale. The Switzer unit is installed on the Vega engine so that it forces air into the Carter carburetor. This means that no modifications have to be made in the basic manifold, although the carburetor shell has to be pressurized and the float altered to handle the extra boost from the turbocharger. A Holley variable pressure fuel pump must also be added to provide gas flow at 3 psi more than blower boost.

The Yenko Stinger was originally announced with a Ray-Jay turbocharger, but several problems forced the change to Switzer. The Ray-Jay unit, whose primary application is in light aircraft engines, is essentially a "sucker" and not a "blower." In other words, the Ray-Jay is installed between the carburetor and the intake manifold, meaning that it sucks the fuel charge into the engine from the carburetor, while

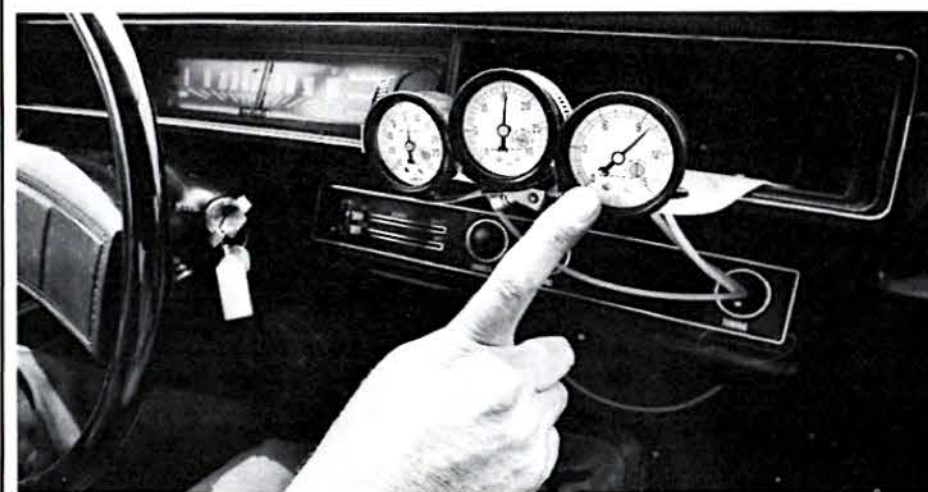
the Switzer unit forces pressurized air into the carburetor. While the Ray-Jay setup is slightly simpler (requiring no pressurizing of the carburetor shell nor an auxiliary fuel pump), it does use a special intake manifold and demands more boost (13 lbs. versus 10 lbs.) than the Switzer to produce comparable horsepower. The primary problem with the Ray-Jay, according to Yenko, is that it could not pass minimum emission requirements according to his production schedule and a switch was made to Switzer.

The turbo Stinger is a delight to drive. Because the turbocharger will not operate at under 3 psi boost, low speed travel can be accomplished without having the slightest indication the car is anything but a stock 110 hp Vega. However, a heavy throttle application at any speed range brings the blower into play, not with a bang but with extraordinary smoothness. Suddenly you are moving at an incredible speed, with a kind of quantum increase in power as the velocity escalates. The beautiful part of the entire experience is the subtlety: There is no moaning or whining from the blower, no growling exhaust—simply power.

Operating with stock tires and the standard 3.36-to-one rear axle ratio, Yenko claims the turbo Stinger will run the quarter-mile in 15.3 seconds at 90-91 mph with a top speed in the 120 mph range.

As an added reliability hedge to the increased combustion chamber pressures, all Yenko Stingers are being supplied with special ForgedTrue aluminum pistons. In addition to the blower and the pistons, the Yenko Stinger package includes: special rear traction bars, rear deck spoiler, aluminum valve cover, custom trim striping and emblems, and limited-slip differential. This comes on the basic Vega GT hatchback with its 140 cu.in. 4-cylinder engine, a speed transmission, and the custom GT package, which includes 6-inch wheel rims, special bias belted tires, stiffer suspension and sporty interior and instrumentation.

Until Yenko can obtain full certification from the government, unblown Stingers will be available through a network of 70 dealers. The price, including everything except the turbocharger is \$3179.70 FOB, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania; with the turbocharger the price is expected to be approximately \$3770. For complete information, contact Yenko Sportscar, Drawer 520, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania 15317.



When operating, the Switzer turbocharger provides a maximum 10 psi boost.



Added attraction for Toyota...Amco accessories!

Only Amco adds so much to your Toyota—because only Amco offers a full line of accessories designed specially for the Toyota you drive! Custom crafted for perfect fit and factory original appearance, Amco accessories add elegance, convenience and

protection to your car. Superbly made of finest materials, each item reflects the quality and care that earns Amco accessories their reputation as the finest of their kind. Write for the address of your nearest Amco dealer, or order direct by mail.



7425 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California 91605 (213) 877-5347



Once, just once, we wanted to make a product without giving a damn how much it cost to make.

The rules say you're supposed to hold the cost down and keep the price down. We threw the rules out the window.

From South America we imported costly carnauba, extracted from the young leaves of the Brazilian wax palm tree. But carnauba alone isn't enough to give lasting brilliance, so we fortified it with detergent-proof high molecular weight polymers. And diatoms. And specially blended

silicones. The best of everything.

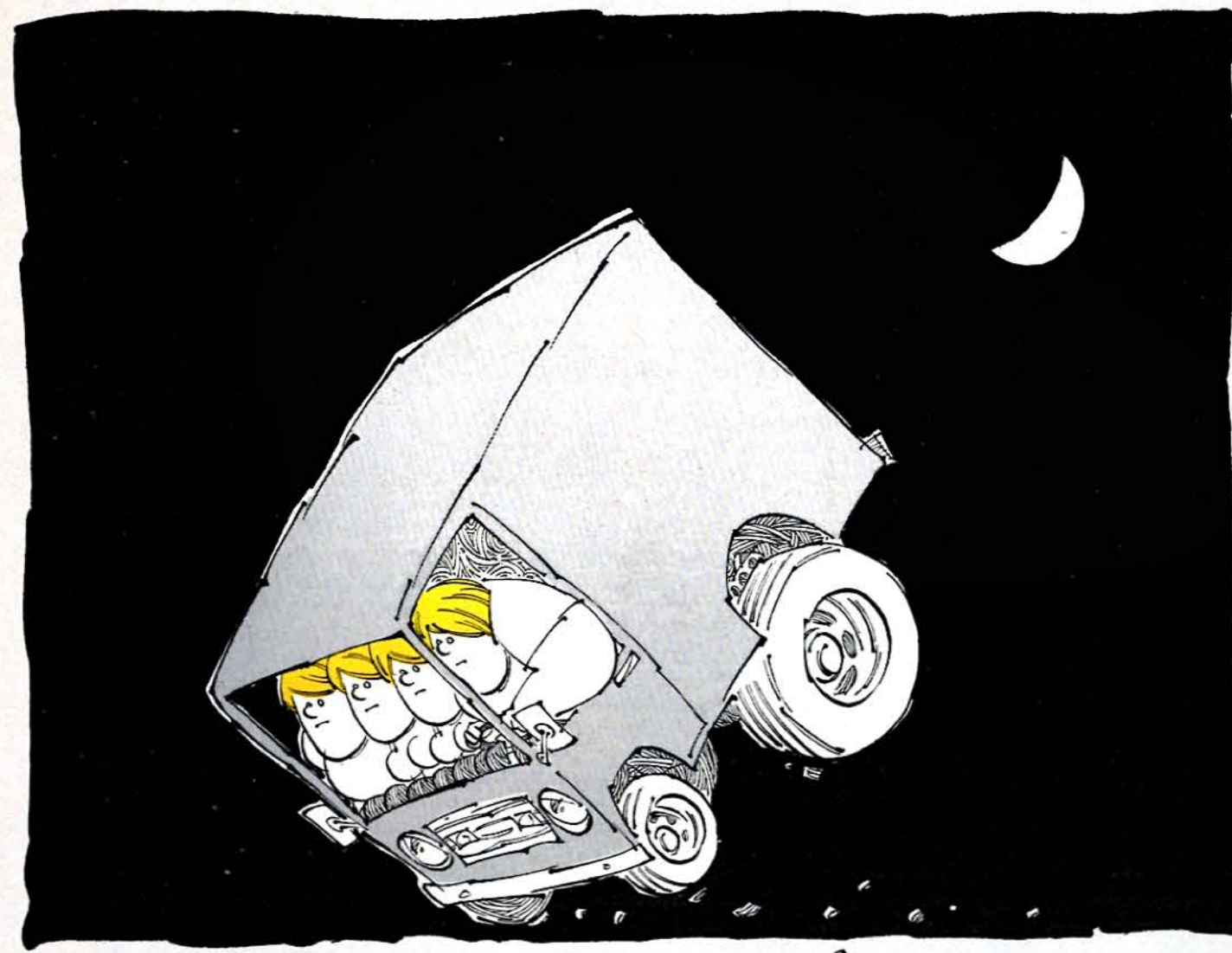
Excalibur will never make us rich. Five dollars is more than most people are willing to pay. Except the man who wants his car to have the brightest, hardest, most brilliant wax finish that money can buy.

And that's who we make it for. The man who wants the very best and doesn't give a damn how much it costs to get it.

The five dollar motorcar wax. From the House of Turtle Wax.



Send for your can of Excalibur Concours Wax today. Mail check for \$5.00 to Turtle Wax, Inc., 1800 N. Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60614.



Hey! What's Going on Inside That Van?

BY STEVE SMITH

Just ask anybody in trendy, hedonistic Southern California. "Vans? Oh that whole thing died about a year ago. . . ."

Oh yeah?

Jeff and Debbie and Brian and Tricia—they're at least 16, but surely not more than 18—are about to take in a flick at their local drive-in. The program's already started—not the feature; it's still the awful promos for popcorn and against cable TV.

Their van is a black box in the dark, quietly trolling the back rows for a suitable parking spot. Your basic Southern California van, circa 1971. It started life as a short-chassis '67 GMC Handi-Van, one of the (rare) commercial models with no side doors, no side windows, not even any windows on the back doors. A blind box.

SEPTEMBER 1971

It came off a used-truck lot nine months ago, not much of a bargain at \$995. A near-wreck, in fact; 80,000 miles of short hops around L.A., carelessly bounced off loading ramp stanchions, sideswiped by the errant flatbed truck, the *usual*. Jeff fixed it up mostly by himself and considers it an excellent investment. He wouldn't part with it for twice what he has in it.

If it wasn't so pitch black here, you could see the incredibly detailed red, black and gold paint job (genuine gold leaf, friend, lovingly inlaid where once was writ: "Henry's Superette—Fresh Vegetables Daily"). Even in the dark, though, you can easily make out the fact that it's pitched forward at a precipitous angle—frozen in the awkward posture of a panic stop—the four sepulchral faces within (each more long-blond-haired and big-blue-eyed than the other) looking practically straight down at the pavement ahead.

The van's front end has been dropped a good six inches, resting heavily on chromed stock wheels, "Baby" Moon hubcaps, and Pirelli Cinturato tires. The rear end is jacked up at least a foot higher than normal, poised uncertainly atop a set of Ansen Sprint mags and Thompson weenies as wide as they are tall.

Jeff picks a spot and backs in . . .

Backs in?

. . . backs in, as I was saying. Brian jumps out and swings open the rear doors, facing the screen. Debbie and Tricia are already propping up huge bean-bag pillows against the backs of the front seats and the hot metal of the engine cover. Jeff inflates the big air mattress and throws it atop the shag rug covering the entire floor.

There is nothing else inside the back of the van . . . if you don't count the extra pair of stereo speakers, the moss-green wood paneling on the side walls and the back doors, and the incredibly ornate tapestry rug clinging to the roof. The girls got it up there with surprisingly few wrinkles after Jeff's father "got" him to remove the previous decoration—a large American flag. Jeff's older brother is still in Vietnam.

As the main attraction begins, our four counter-culture anti-heroes sprawl comfortably on the mattress and look between their trembling toes, out the dark tunnel of the van, at the flickering screen almost a quarter of a mile away . . .

Now I ask you, does that sound like the van "phenomenon" is about to shrivel up, turn black, and fall off? You bet your sweet stash it doesn't.

If Jeff and Debbie and Brian and Tricia aren't archetypical of all van freaks, they're at least representative of one of the biggest categories. These people, these *kids*, are all over Southern California with their vans—mostly up and down the Pacific Coast Highway—and they constitute a clearly defined sub-group, like the nutball sports car driver of a decade ago.

These van owners are *all* of high school age (although I wouldn't go quite so far as to claim they all have pale blue eyes and long, straight blond hair—maybe only 93%). Their vans *all* have dropped-front suspensions and mile-high rear ends. They *all* have shag rugs on the floor, moss-green wood paneling on the walls, and either a tapestry rug or the U.S. flag on the ceiling. Kids are the most cohesive of all groupers.

You ask them why, for example, they *all* have much bigger tires on the rear—where there's less weight—than on the front. "I dunno. That's the way you *do* it, man," he says. Clearly the question is stupid.

There are variations, of course. Sometimes the add-on stereo tape deck is an eight-track, sometimes a cassette. Not all their vans have wood (or "woodlike-substance") bumperettes. There are minor differences in the extra instrumentation (if any), proprietary bucket seats, trick paint jobs, and "racing-type" steering wheels. Hell, some of them don't even have the standard "I'm a

Van Fan" sticker (surprising and/or confounding the Van sneaker people who hand them out in shoe stores).

But one thing unites them with a bond thicker than blood itself: they don't give a damn about cars. Mechanically, I mean. About what's under the hood—or in the case of a van—under that lump between the front seats (and I *don't* mean Tricia).

Granted, most vannies *can* tell you whether it's a Six or a V-8 (I talked with one guy who wasn't real sure), but they don't give a damn about all that good *tech* stuff, like acceleration, braking, handling. Most of them don't even care if the mother rattles.

The van thing I'm talking about is an off-shoot of the hot rod movement, really, only the van kids are "cool" where the little deuce coupe (now a Mini-T on a VW chassis) guys are, well, to be charitable, "camp." If-it-won't-go-chrome-it and all that. And as slick as those gleaming boxes are on the outside, they're nothing but creepies and uglies where only Superman can see.

If you want to check this particular action, go cruise Van Nuys Boulevard any Wednesday night. Club night. Or Friday night before a heavy weekend. Or the Coast Highway all summer long. Very quickly you get the picture—it's a *society*, see? Outsiders, stay out.

"Knock, Knock."

"Who's there?"

"Car and Driver."

"Go away."

"Hey, we're doing a story on vans, and why you own 'em."

(Pause) "Uh, well, you know; *chicks*."

"Chicks."

"Yeah, I'm still in (high) school, living at home. And, uh, you know Mom. Mom doesn't like me doing it on the living room sofa. I'd have a pad of my own, but I can't afford it. And you gotta have wheels anyway, right? But the chicks don't dig the hot-rod scene much any more. Too greasy. Surfers are tough. Chicks are into the surf-image . . . and so is the van."

Unbeatable! The kids' very own bedroom community, a movable suburb.

So what do you care if the engine isn't, as they say, racer-sharp? For that matter, you don't give a damn if it's blowing oil like a Texas tower—all you do is drive your van to the beach and back . . . at 35 mph. Nobody goes fast anymore—that would just give The Man another excuse to hassle you—so who needs "lateral acceleration capability" or "downforce at 100 mph" or "roll under/oversteer, %" or any of the rest of that technocrap?

Ed Iskenderian? Carroll Shelby? Vic Edelbrack? Don Garlits? Roger Penske? Never heard of 'em. Andy Granatelli is the mayor of Newark, N.J. Mr. Gasket is a hairdresser. And Honest Charley is an advisor to President Whatshisname.

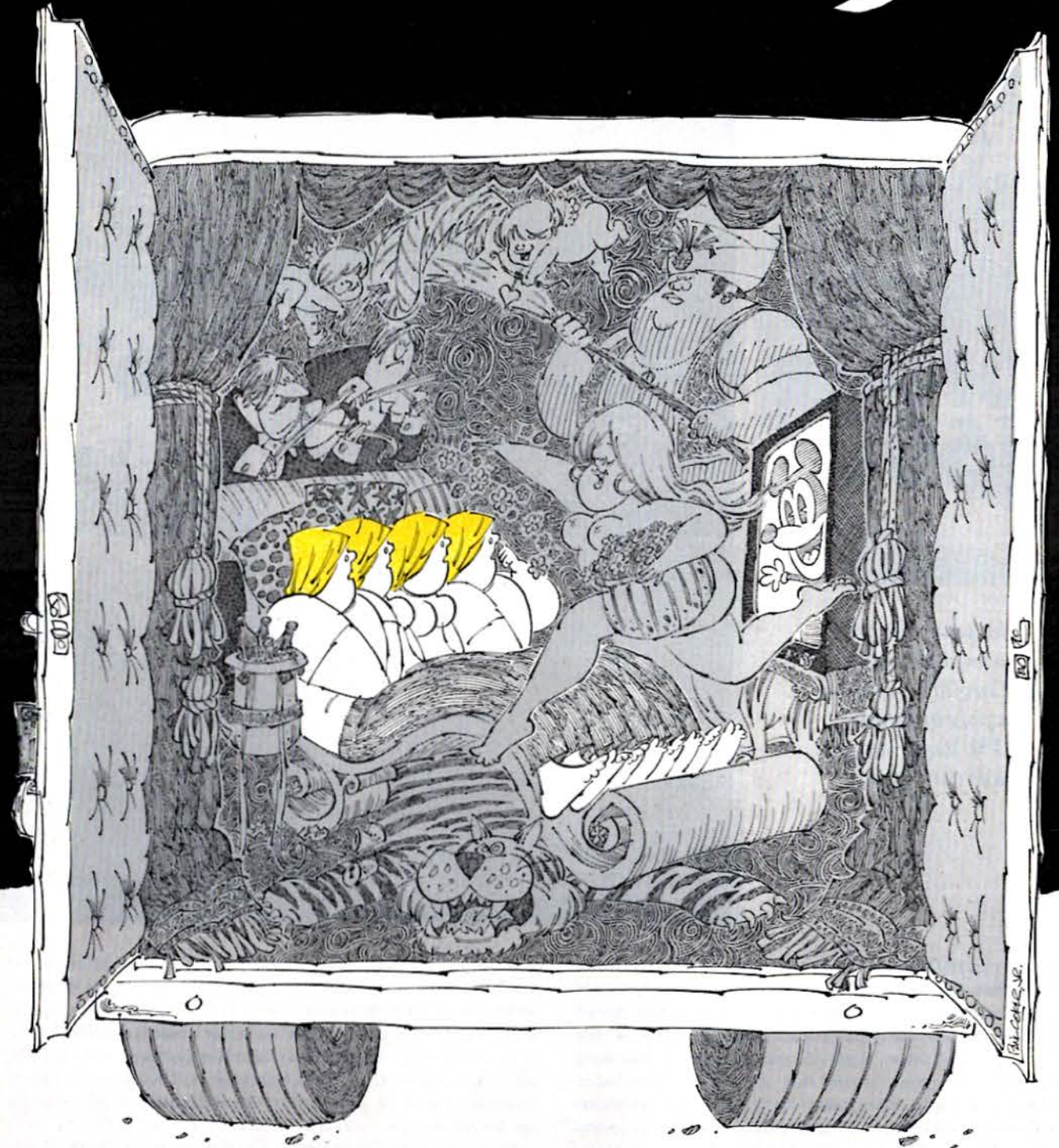
Being bucks-down you don't buy a new van. ("New van? Are you kidding? You could spend five grand or more on a new van.") And you don't buy a *clean* used one either, not if you can help it. You spend months looking for a real scruffy one at \$400 to \$900. The big thing is *privacy*, so you look for one with as few windows as possible. (If it has too many, board 'em up, hang curtains, paint 'em black.)

Then you spend countless hours straightening the body, and another \$500 to \$800 equipping it with some nice *cosmetic* touches—mags, weenies, do-it-yourself tinted windows (the more blue-black the better; it's a tricky art)—nothing *functional*, you understand.

Actually, the latest trend is to leave the outside looking like your van was trapped in a hotel fire. That way, nobody is tempted to rip it off. (Inside, however, you have that much more bread to spend making it look like the Circus Maximus room at Caesar's Palace in Vegas.) Of course, this presupposes you have

(Continued on page 64)

CAR and DRIVER



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL COKER, JR.

There's nothing much in the van—except wood paneling, stereo speakers, tapestries, mattresses . . .

SEPTEMBER 1971

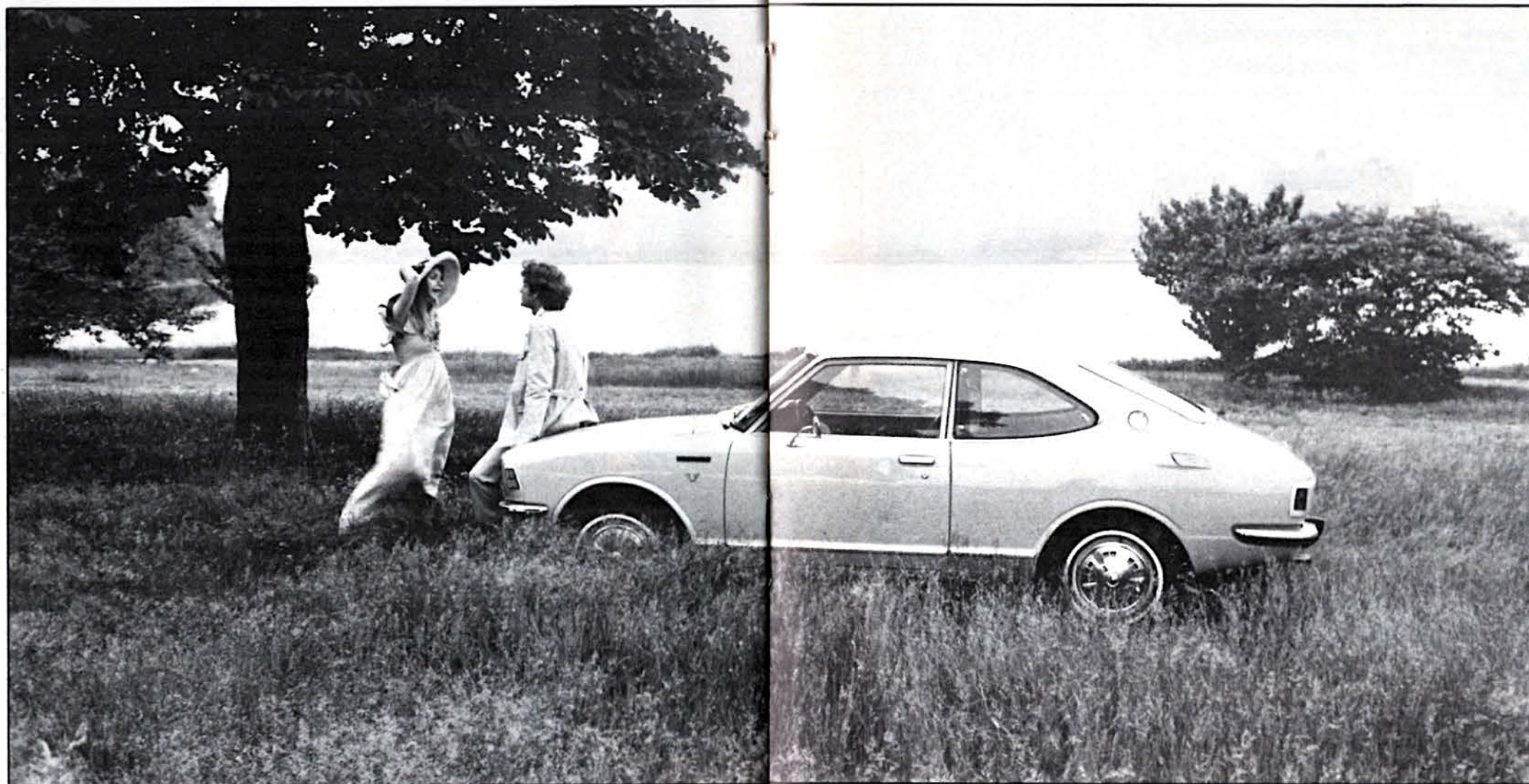
51



ROAD TEST

Toyota Corolla 1600

In the past, our prime complaint was the Corolla's marginal supply of power. A 25% larger engine takes care of that.



PHOTOGRAPHY: TYLER THORNTON

Shortly after Detroit's Powers That Be signaled their recognition that the small car thing was truly a revolution and not merely aberration—by introducing small cars of their own—we put together a six-model sampling. A typical *Car and Driver* magnum opus comparison test on a representative selection of "small" cars. This sampling included Ford's then-new Pinto; Chevrolet's ditto Vega; the American Motors Gremlin; Volkswagen's Super Beetle; Chrysler Corporation's Simca 1204; and the representative from Japan was Toyota's Corolla, which then came with a 1200cc engine. At that time we had a lot of good things to say about the Toyota: principally that it was remarkably roomy for its overall size, and offered both comfort and quality in more-than-fair measure at Toyota's \$1798 asking price. In fact, we liked the car a lot.

And why didn't the Toyota 1200 win? Because its brakes were marginal, it didn't handle very well (swervy in a cross-wind, and given to a canine lifting of its inside rear wheel when cornering hard) and—worst of all—it was a buzzbox at freeway speeds. At 65 mph you could almost hear it grunt and feel its headlights bulge with strain. In some cars that strained feeling is more apparent than real, but in the Toyota 1200 it was real enough to carry a notarized certificate. At 70 mph, the car's 4.22-to-one

axle ratio and 12-inch wheels (with 6.00-12 tires) had its engine spinning 4700 rpm—and the engine began its protest at about 4200 rpm, or 62 mph. It was a fairly gutty device in urban traffic, if not too heavily laden and if its driver made maximum use of the transmission, but a freeway flier it wasn't and that's part of the game in most of the country these days. Thus, one third-place finish for Toyota. A good car for the price, but not quite enough car for the market.

Now, enter the Toyota 1600 Corolla, and exit much of our criticism. The difference between the 1200 Corolla and the new 1600 is enormously greater than the added dollop (here, a dollop comes to exactly 423cc—1588cc versus 1165cc) of engine displacement would suggest. Maybe it can be said better by telling you that the 1200 engine delivered 73 hp at 6000 rpm, and that it's 102 hp at 6000 rpm for the 1600 with a similar increase in torque—101 lbs.-ft. at 3800 rpm versus 75 lbs.-ft. at 3800 for the 1600. All of which is about what you'd expect from the increase in displacement but it doesn't begin to tell the whole story either. In fact, the 1600 engine is *not* the bored and stroked 1200 that many people seem to imagine; it's a new engine, with design features and operating characteristics different from any preceding Toyota.

Curiously, to us anyway, Toyota's bigger engines have always managed to combine an overhead camshaft with an unconvincingly soggy performance at high revs. Now, everybody knows that overhead cammers are supposed to be happy highwinders, but Toyota's are the traditional exceptions; they're good, solid plodders and refuse any other kind of duty. And now, as though trying to further confound those who think they know what is what with engines, Toyota hits us with this 1600, which has its camshaft tucked away down in the block and a forest of pushrods and rocker arms leading up to the valves, and it *feels*, from the driver's seat, like there might be a couple of dozen camshafts in its cylinderhead. Lively, it is. And you can get nearly 80 mph in third gear without feeling anything near an impending separation from within the engine.

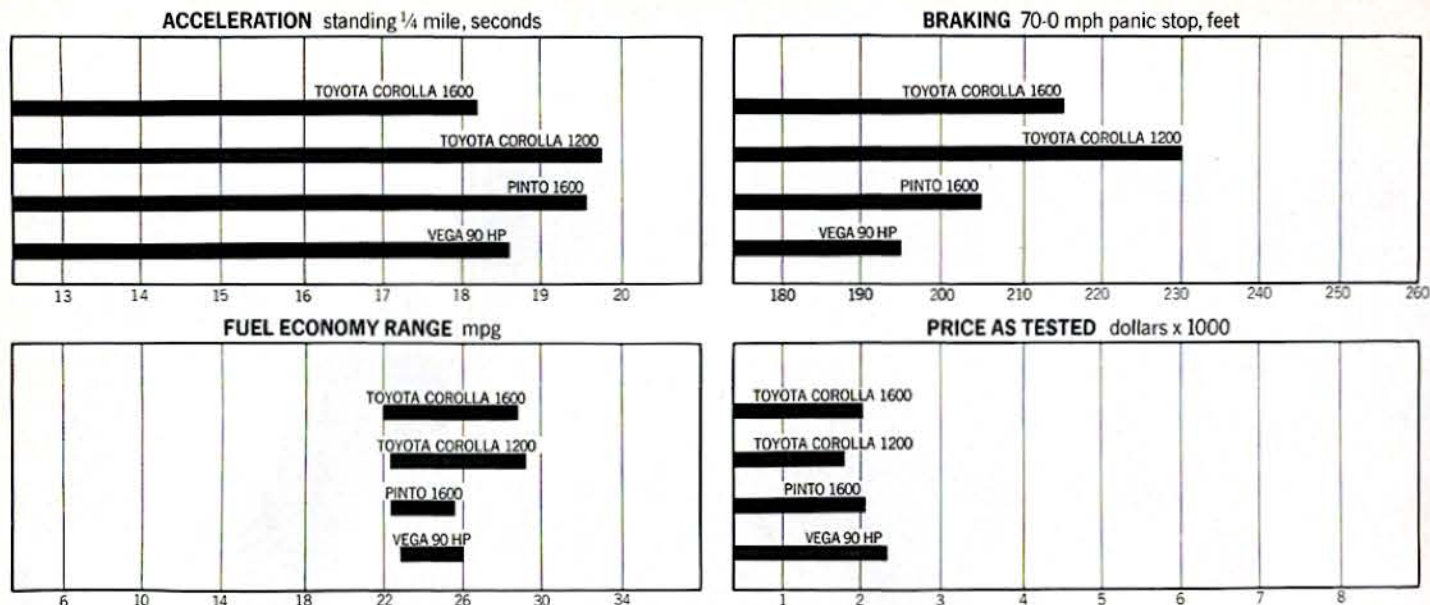
That kind of willingness to make power at high revs is nice, especially while passing on a narrow road, but it's not the new engine's best feature. Neither, for that matter, is the 1600's low-speed lugging capability. Actually, all the good stuff happens when you get above 2800 rpm, which is near 50 mph in top gear, 36 mph in third. Right there is where the engine really comes to life, with a forward surge under full throttle and there is very much a "sports car" feel coming from this unpretentious sedan.

The Toyota 1600's engine is, as the sporting set are wont to say, "cammy"; a bit flat at low revs (though without a lumpy idle) and then suddenly bursting with energy when the valve timing and the columns of gases in the intake and exhaust manifolds all get into step. It is an engine that gives its best for drivers who drive, and one that will sulk a bit in the hands of those who would let dust gather on the shift knob. (For those, there is the option of a 2-speed automatic anyhow.)

Of course, while whizzing along a freeway, you won't have to do any shifting, and you'll like the way the 1600 Corolla runs at 65-70 mph without any feeling of strain—and there is a goodly amount of power in reserve at that speed. The new hemi-head engine has absolutely transformed this side of the Corolla's character. And it has done it all without serious dollar penalty: the car is more expensive to buy with the bigger engine, \$170 more, but still not above its competition and we averaged between 22 and 27 miles-per-gallon of fuel in driving that was mostly 70 mph cruising. That's within fractions of what you could expect with the smaller 1200, if you could work yourself up to the cruelty required to push it that fast.

In the area of braking, the new Toyota Corolla has also been

(Specifications overleaf; text continued on page 65)



TOYOTA COROLLA 1600
 Importer: Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.
 2055 West 190 Street
 Torrance, California 90501

Vehicle type: Front engine, rear-wheel-drive, 4-passenger 2-door sedan

Price as tested: \$2018.00
 (Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including all options listed below. Federal excise tax, dealer preparation and delivery charges, does not include state and local taxes, license or freight charges)

Options on test car: Corolla 1600 2-door, \$1968.00; Dealer preparation, \$50.00

ENGINE
 Type: Four-in-line, water-cooled, cast iron block and aluminum head, 5 main bearings
 Bore x stroke 3.35x2.76 in, 85 x 70 mm
 Displacement 96.9 cu in, 1588cc
 Compression ratio 8.5 to one
 Carburetion 1 x 2-bbl Aisan
 Valve gear Pushrod operated overhead valves
 Power (SAE) 102 bhp @ 6000 rpm
 Torque (SAE) 101 lb-ft @ 3800 rpm
 Specific power output 1.06 bhp/cu in, 64.3 bhp/liter

DRIVE TRAIN
 Transmission 4-speed, all-synchro
 Final drive ratio 3.90 to one
 Gear Ratio Mph/1000rpm Max. test speed
 I 3.59 4.7 28 mph (6000 rpm)
 II 2.02 8.5 51 mph (6000 rpm)
 III 1.38 12.3 74 mph (6000 rpm)
 IV 1.00 16.9 90 mph (5300 rpm)

STEERING
 Type Recirculating ball
 Turns lock-to-lock 3.2
 Turning circle curb-to-curb 30.0 ft

WHEELS AND TIRES
 Wheel size 13 x 4.0-in
 Wheel type Stamped steel, 4-bolt
 Tire make and size Dunlop 6.15-13
 Tire type Bias ply, tubeless
 Test inflation pressures, F/R 22/24 psi

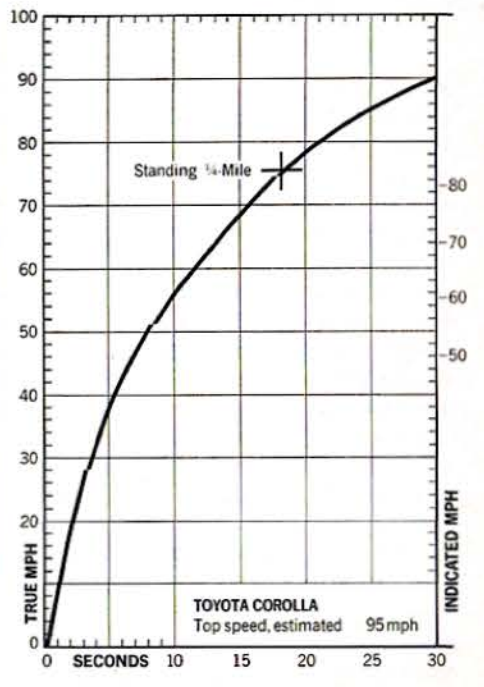
PERFORMANCE

Zero to	Seconds
30 mph	3.5
40 mph	5.3
50 mph	7.8
60 mph	11.4
70 mph	15.6
80 mph	21.2

Standing 1/4-mile 18.2 sec @ 75.0 mph
 Top speed (estimated) 95 mph
 70-0 mph 235 ft (0.70G)
 Fuel mileage 26-29 mpg on regular fuel
 Cruising range 312-348 mi

DIMENSIONS AND CAPACITIES
 Wheelbase 91.9 in
 Track, F/R 49.4/49.0 in
 Length 157.5 in
 Width 59.3 in
 Height 53.0 in
 Ground clearance 6.1 in
 Curb weight 1925 lbs
 Weight distribution, F/R 57.0/43.0%
 Battery capacity 12 volts, 50 amp/hr
 Alternator capacity 480 watts
 Fuel capacity 12.0 gal
 Oil capacity 3.9 qts
 Water capacity 6.9 qts

SUSPENSION
 F: Ind., MacPherson struts, coil springs, anti-sway bar
 R: Rigid axle, semi-elliptic leaf springs



World's most imitated car wax. But never duplicated. Here's why.

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Classic Car Wax has been flattered many times in the past and is being flattered even more today.

Take a look at the shelves in any car care center. Almost every tin of wax is a one-step cleaner-wax. Many of them are 18-ounce tins. Some have colors and slogans a lot like Classic's. A few even have \$5 price tags. Imitations, all.

The facts are: Classic Car Wax is the first one-step cleaner-wax, first in an 18-ounce tin, first to ask \$5 for a premium amount of a premium product.

So Classic is imitated. But it is never duplicated. For two good reasons: First, the formula is patented. Second, Classic's imitators are unwilling to pay for such high-quality ingredients.

Costly, highest-quality ingredients
 Classic contains 27 costly ingredients. Carnauba wax, for instance, is the hardest, shiniest, most durable wax known, but it must be imported from Brazil.

Diatoms—the non-abrasive cleaning and polishing agents in fine tooth-pastes—are used in Classic to produce

a jewel-like finish. They're expensive, but they are the best.

Easiest to apply
 The imitators can't come close to Classic's ease of application. You can apply Classic to wet, cold or hot surfaces—even in direct sunlight. You can wax the entire car at once; just rub it on, then dust it off. Most other waxes must be applied in the shade in small patches, then immediately buffed and after-buffed.

Longer lasting beauty and protection
 The imitators can't match Classic's beauty and protection. Classic covers your car's paint and chrome with a gleaming protective blanket of carnauba wax so hard you can't scratch it with your fingernails. Even when subjected to the most severe road and weather conditions, this brilliant protection lasts and lasts.

Most economical
 The imitators can't equal Classic's economy. A solidly-packed tin of Classic will wax at least six Cadillac-sized cars. This means each wax job costs a little more than 80¢. The smaller the car the lower the cost.

Money-back guarantee
 Few imitators are willing to match Classic's money-back guarantee. If Classic doesn't give your car the best wax job it ever had, return the tin and the remaining wax and get your \$5 back.

It's what's inside that counts
 Classic's competitors may imitate the size of the tin and put colors and a price similar to Classic's on the outside. But they will find it's not the tin, but what's inside, that counts.

Classic Car Wax: still the unduplicated best. Try it and see.

Classic Products, Ltd. A-9
 1101 Avenue "G", Arlington, Texas 76010
 Enclosed is \$_____ in check or money order. Please rush _____ tins of Classic Car Wax at \$5 each.
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 _____ Sales Representatives Wanted Nationwide _____

MOSPORT CAN-AM: For your safety, do not disturb the Bear

BY CHARLES FOX

"The wind may blow
And the cock may crawl
The rain may rain
And the snow may snow
You wouldn't frighten
Jock MacGraw
The stoutest lad
In the Forty-Twa."
(OLD SCOTTISH SONG)



MICHAEL SESIT

• And there he was, the Cock o' the North, tripping along on tippy-toe, sky blue tie-dye dungarees flapping and a long-sleeve cotton sweatshirt with a four color mixed fruit motif stitched onto the chest, the long dark mane streaming out from under the Stewart (actually Dylan) cap, bobbing on his shoulders in unison to that steel-spring step, eyes twinkling behind magnum shades, lips pursed—Wee Jackie Stewart, come all the way from his mountain pad (where they say that even the Italian-made faucets in the guest rooms are 14 karat gold), in tax-free Switzerland, to bait "the Bear" at Mosport.

Denny "the Bear" Hulme languishing feistily in an air-conditioned Avco motorhome parked behind the pits at the far end of the paddock. A stream of small boys kept tapping on the door of the bus asking for stickers and autographs. The Bear was restless. The start of the race was still an hour away. He yawned occasionally, raising a hand to cover his mouth. The burn-scarred skin over the knuckles and along the backs of the fingers was smooth, taut and livid pink—a memento from Indianapolis 1970. It was obvious that the Bear wanted nothing more than to climb into his orange racer and get out there on the track where he could cuff that long-haired Scotty whelp into submission.

His new Can-Am teammate Peter Revson sat across from him all suited up and ready to go, but the Bear still hadn't changed. The conversation was sparse.

A few yards from the motorhome, Tyler Alexander, the thinking man's mechanic, supervised his flock of shaggy-haired assistants as they went over last minute details on the two new McLaren M8Fs. Peeled of their orange fiberglass skins, the new low profile Goodyear tires, 17 inches wide at the back and 11 at the front, stretched over 15-inch rims, made the aluminum monocoque chassis seem almost square. In fact, the wheelbase is up almost three inches over last year's M8D (now 97.5 in.) and the track has been widened (60.5 in. front, 57.5 in. rear). But the predominant feature was still that giant gleaming aluminum 494 cu.in./Chevy V-8, bolted to the bulkhead under the roll bar. A stand of tall, frosted-cream stack pipes sprouted from the manifold between the heads, hiding the Lucas injection equipment.

Detroit engine-man Lee Muir flicked the dust off the cylinder heads, as proud as a father of twins: "We're getting a reliable 750-hp on the dyno and we've had torque readings of 600 ft.-lbs. at 5800 rpm and 700 ft.-lbs. at 6800," he said. With only a 1500-lb. chassis to push, the cars ought to clean up in AA/GAS at New York Na-

SEPTEMBER 1971

tional, never mind this mediocre bunch of Group 7 cars facing them here at Mosport. There was one exception of course, the L&M Lola which sat a few yards away being readied for the Cock o' the North.

The new Lola, a T260, is up 40 points from last year's T220 and looks it. Designer Eric Broadley has at least built the ultimate sub-compact, two feet shorter than a Pinto (139 in.) and seven inches lower (43 in.) to the top of its diminutive wing. It's also 400 lbs. lighter and 10 times more powerful. Right on, or whatever the trends are chanting these days.

Judging from what we'd seen of the Lola in qualifying, a Pinto with a 494 cu.in. aluminum Chevy V-8 spilling out from under the hood might be a lot easier to drive. But using all the road and most of the verge, Wee Jackie had manhandled it onto the pole with a time of 1:17.3 which is equal to a speed of 114.5 mph around this 2.46-mile circuit. It was distinctly a non-record. Dan Gurney, with fire in his eyes, did 16.4 last year in the McLaren M8D, but as his mechanics plucked the grass out from under the Lola's wheel rims, Wee Jackie was telling the press he thought there were another two seconds there somewhere. There might have been, but you'd have had a hard time finding the man brave enough to

go looking for them.

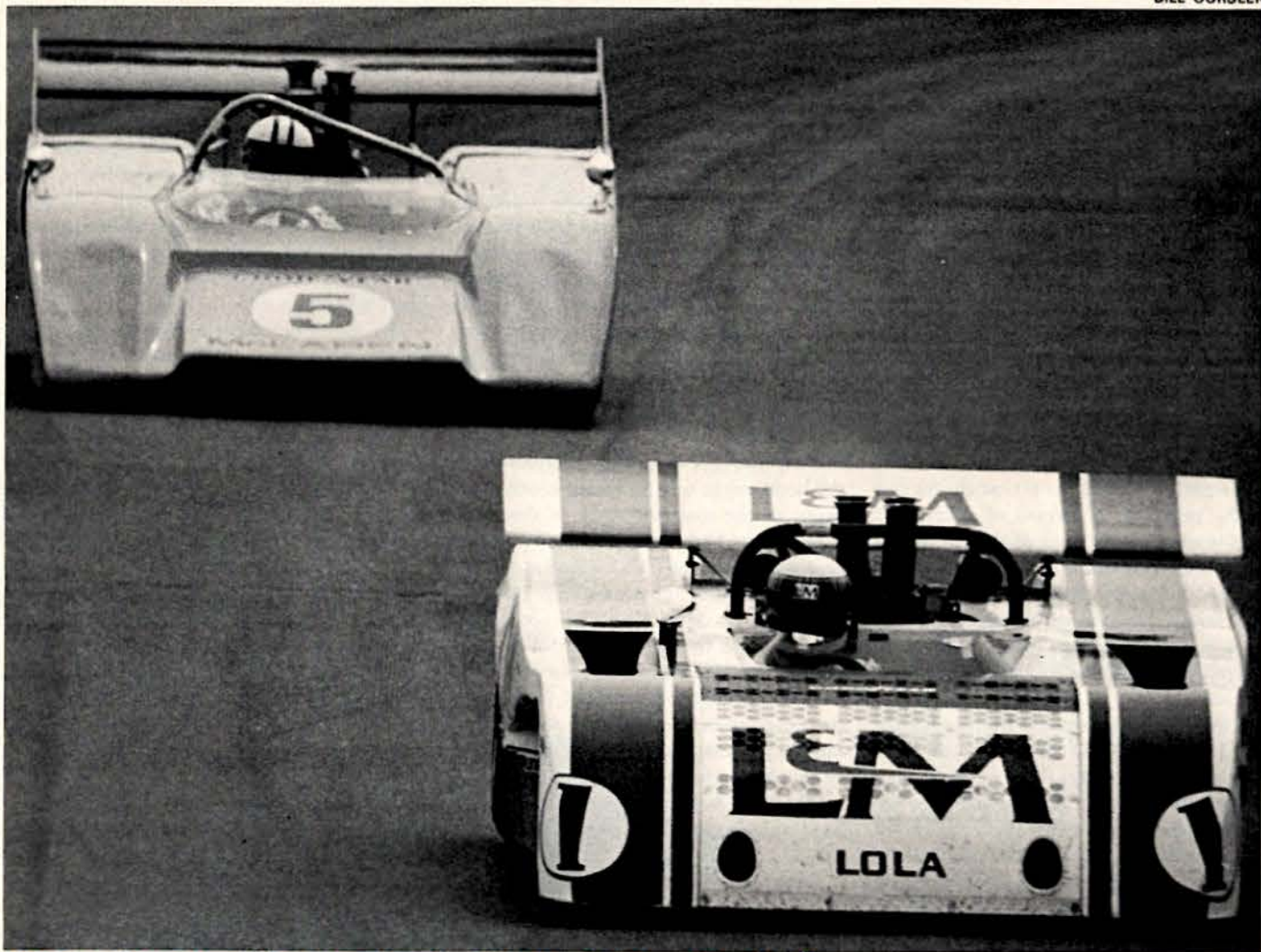
The Bear was seven-tenths of a second slower (18 flat) Revson was breathing sharply when he came in with an 18.1. The fourth fastest man was dour, pipe-sucking John Cordts, who seems more like a TV indoor gardening expert than a racing driver. Cordts, did 1:20.4 in his lime green McLaren M8C. It was a much-needed shot in the arm for Canadian nationalism, but that was about all.

So round one went to Wee Jackie, even if the Bear was unimpressed. "There's a couple of seconds left in our cars too," he said, "and then some." He changed and went to the driver's meeting. Among the 26 men dressed for duty was a slender young Japanese ace, Hiroshi Kazato (a portent of things to come for Can-Am racing if it manages to teeter through another season). Hiroshi had a rising sun painted on his helmet and some were naturally looking for American flags painted on the side of his Lola T-220. He also had a dazzling, almond-eyed girl at his side. She had a mouth like a ripe fig and "Madame Non Non" stenciled across the front of her T-shirt, and she translated the gist of what the Clerk of the Course was saying about the starting procedures.

When the meeting broke up, the drivers



CAROLINE HADLEY



MOSPORT CAN-AM

went out onto the track and climbed into convertibles for a parade lap. As soon as everyone was ready, Wee Jackie noticed some friends in the pits and went over to chat with them. Visibly enraged, the Bear ordered the procession off without him and Wee Jackie had to excuse himself and scramble for his car.

Score round two tied.

While the drivers were touring around waving to the crowd of 45,000 (six of whom had been struck and injured by lightning the night before as they camped in the infield) the cars were rolled out onto the grid. There were two notable absentees: Charlie Parsons in the Tony Dean McLaren M8D, one of last year's works cars, which had blown its only engine in qualifying, and Californian Vasek Polak's ex-Jo Siffert Porsche 917, entered for Milt Minter, which had swallowed a fan blade on race morning.

Three pace laps and the 1971 Canadian-American Challenge Cup Series was un-

derway. The Bear won the race for turn one with Wee Jackie and Revson on his tail and the McLarens of Cordts, and Hollywood teammates Bob Bondurant and Lothar Motschenbacher behind them.

After nine laps the Bear had manfully extracted a five-second lead over the twitching Lola and Revson had sunk back seven. On the tenth, Wee Jackie came cock-a-hoop around the right hander into the pit straight with the Bear nowhere in sight. The atmosphere in the McLaren pits was chilled but unruffled. Five seconds later the Bear drove by with a slow shake of his Bellstar helmet—whatever that meant. The next time around the Lola was seven seconds ahead, but the Bear gave his pit crew a thumbs up sign. On lap 12 he pointed ahead, meaning he wanted to know how far Stewart was in front. They gave him seven seconds and the Bear promptly passed four cars going into turn one and cut it to three. He held it there until Stewart rolled to a halt in turn two on lap 19

and walked back to the pits.

And that was the race. For the remaining 61 laps the Bear picked his way through the traffic with Revson following dutifully behind to a 1-2 McLaren finish. The old order changeth not. It did behind them, but only slightly. Cordts held onto third place until he came in to get watered—it was he and not the car that was hot—letting Motschenbacher and Bondurant drop him to fifth.

When Kitty was split, the McLaren team took \$25,750. "But at the rate we spend it, we can't win enough of it," was team manager Teddy Mayer's retort.

The Bear elbowed his way sternly through the crowd that followed him from the press box to the Avco motorhome. He had a helicopter to catch in 30 minutes to take him to Toronto airport and connect with his night flight back to London. In the motorhome he explained to Mayer how he'd lost his lead. Coming up the back

(Continued on page 64)



Haan-ize...for more enjoyable motoring!

Personalize your car and yourself! Combine ride and pride. Let Haan open up a new world of motoring satisfaction and enjoyment... Ideal gifts for the motoring enthusiast too! Order by mail — or come in. We guarantee satisfaction. If you don't see what you want on this page, please send for our free Catalogue.



MASERATI AIR HORNS

Maserati Air Horns give the ultimate in penetration and carrying power. Trumpets in lightweight, durable, corrosion-resistant Italian Racing Red Plastic, or in Chrome, as indicated. All models complete with compressor, switch, tubing, mounting brackets. **MUSICAL** — New, Frenchy, the sound that makes a Frenchman move, Colonel Bogey (from Bridge on the River Kwai), La Cucaracha, Never on Sunday, Lili Marlene or O Solo Mio. All sets feature an override switch to blow trumpets simultaneously. 12 volt only, specify tune. Red plastic trumpet models..... \$49.95 Frenchy (12 volt) and Colonel Bogey (6 or 12 volt) with full chrome trumpets (Specify voltage).....\$54.95



TRIPLE — The real Gran Turismo sound. Fingertip switch allows three instantaneous choice of either three alternating tones or one tone in unison. Specify 6 or 12 volt. Red Plastic trumpet model.....\$29.95 Chrome trumpet model.....\$34.95 **DUAL** — Compact and lightweight. Specify 6 or 12 volt. Red plastic trumpet model.....\$19.95 Chrome trumpet model.....\$24.95



AMCO SHIFT KNOBS

Richly handrubbed finish walnut, or durable leather grained vinyl stitched over natural wood core. Crested with colorful cloisonne emblems. Available for most foreign and domestic cars. Walnut with Emblem or Plain Walnut..... \$3.75 ea. Leather-grain Vinyl with emblem..... \$4.95 ea. (State make, model and year of car) **KEY FOBs AND KEY CASES** Black leather with colorful jewelers enamel crest. Available for virtually all foreign and domestic cars. (Specify crest)... \$1.75 ea. Key cases also available..... \$1.95 ea.

"VOLANTE" NARDI
World's Finest! Authentic Nardi of Italy Steering Wheels — elegantly styled, superb workmanship. Richly finished Mahogany rim with black inlay. Highly polished one piece "dural" frame dished 1 1/2" for driving comfort. Available 14" or 15 1/2" dia. complete with horn button.....\$59.95 ea. Alfa Giulietta, Giulia, Duetto, GT incl. 1750; A.H. Sprites (all); Audi 100 LS; Austin 850 & Cooper; BMW 1600, 2002, 2500, 2800; Camaro; Fiat 850 (all), 124 (all); Jaguar XKE (all), 3.8 Mk II thru XJ6; M. Benz 230 SL thru 280 SL, all sedans from '62 on; MG TD, TF, A, MGB, C, BGT, CGT, Midgots I, II, III; Mustang '68 & later; Opel GT; Porsche 356 B, C, 911, 912, 914; Saab '67 on; Sunbeam Alpines I thru V; Toyota Corolla, Corona; Triumph Spitfire, GT6, GT6+, TR4, A, 250, TR6; for V.W. 1962-1970; Volvo 142, 144, 145, 164, & Datsun 240Z. Specify make, model, year and dia. desired.



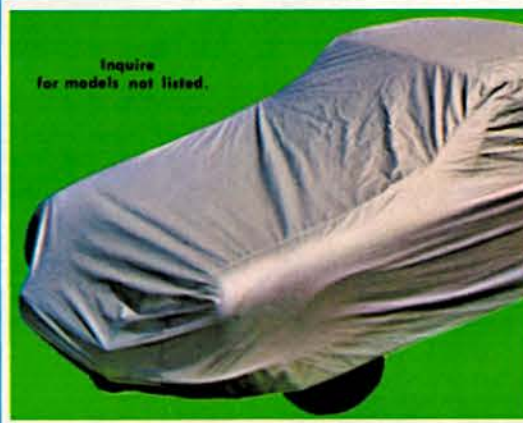
Haan AMBER SPEEDSTAR FOG LAMPS

Superior Quartz-Iodine illumination in a highly polished stainless steel housing. Comes complete with universal mounting bracket. (Specify 6 or 12 volt).....\$17.95 ea. Also available in clear fog and clear driving lamp (specify 6 or 12 volt).....\$16.95 ea. Not approved for road use in California



LAMP STONEGUARDS

An attractive fitting which not only gives protection against flying stones and other missiles to your headlamps and auxiliary lamps but adds distinction to the frontal trim. Heavily chrome plated on brass. Easily installed. For most 7" headlamps, MG TD, TF, A, Morgan, Mini, TR 3-6, for VW 68 on, etc. \$10.50 pr. MGB, GT, Spitfire, GT6 & GT6+ \$11.50 pr. Porsche 356 (all), 911, 912, for VW to 66 \$13.50 pr. For most aux. lamps (specify lamp).....\$6.95 ea.



Haan WEATHERGARD CUSTOM CAR COVER — the original 100% waterproof custom car cover. It's silver, for better sun reflection — better car protection. A scientific formation of rubber coating, reinforced on the inside with a strong cotton fabric treated against mildew, rot, rain, snow and smog. The only car cover guaranteed for 24 months against cracking, peeling, shrinking out of fit, or threads coming apart. Alfa Giul. Spyder, A. Healey, Sprite, Alpine, Datsun rdstr., Fiat 850 & 124 Spyder, MG-TD/TF, MGA, B & C, Porsche 914 & 6, TR2, 3, 4, 4A, TR250 & TR6.....\$34.50 Dune Buggies, Fiat 124 Cpe., Porsche Conv. to 65, TR Spitfire & GT6.....\$36.95 Austin America, Fiat 850 Cpe., MGB-GT & C-GT, Porsche Cpe. to 65 & all 911 Series & VW Beetle, Datsun 240z.....\$39.95 Alfa Duetto & GTV, BMW 1600/2002, Camaro all, Datsun 510, Firebird all, Gremlin, Jag. XK120, XKE all models, M.B. 190SL, 280SL, 300SL, Mustang all, Stingray all, Volvo 122s, 144s, 1800s & for VW Variant/Fastback, Capri.....\$44.75 AMX, Corvette 58 to 62, Cougar, Dodge Challenger, Ferrari all incl. 2+2, Jaguar XK140, 150 3.8 & 3.8s, Maverick, T Bird to 57.....\$47.50 Buick Riviera 66-70, M. Benz Sedans 67-70, Pontiac GTO 68-70, etc.....\$54.50 Cad. El Derado, Jag. Mk IX, X, 4200, Rolls Royce, T Bird 58 on and most late model domestic cars.....\$57.95 Honda & similar M.Cycles.....\$16.50 Inquire for models not listed.

Vilém B. Haan, Inc. CD/9

international motoring accessories

10307 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90025
Please rush the following: Phone (213) 272-4455 or 879-1234

Quan.	Description/Size	Price

1/2 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Calif. residents add sales tax.

PLEASE SEND FREE COLOR CATALOGUE

TOTAL REMITTANCE ENCLOSED \$ _____
OR CHARGE TO: BankAmericard
 Interbank Card Master Charge

Card # _____
Expiration date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Please use your ZIP CODE. 10 day money back guarantee. Dealers inquiries invited.
ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER



CAR and DRIVER

Preview: Morris Marina Coupe 1.8 TC

BY PATRICK BEDARD

If you think of it as a Super Coupe version of the MGB, you'll be right

The word is out on the Morris Marina. You hear it in the pubs. After "the wretched condition of the Commonwealth" the Marina is the most pressing issue of the times, and it invariably comes up when concerned subjects of the queen gather over a few pints of bitter to contemplate the future of the Empire.

One of the panel members, after a few swallows from his pint, will clunk the heavy mug down on the top of an aged bar and sum up British Leyland's newest offspring by saying, "Well, it's just an ordinary car, isn't it." The others will nod in agreement. In another establishment the words will be different. "Mind you, I don't know everything, just what I've read, but it's apparently dead conventional." The

sentiment, however, is exactly the same.

Wherever you go the unanimous verdict is that the Marina strikes a low-water mark in innovation, a reputation which British Leyland is apparently not unhappy with. The *London Sunday Times* has quoted a company spokesman as saying: "In an age when cars look exactly the same, British Leyland has had the courage to keep in the fashion." The question then, is whether this is good or bad and it is here that the uniform view of the pub philosophers begins to break down. They can't decide whether the Marina is conventional because British Leyland, after much study, determined that that was the most efficient way to build a car or if the Marina is conventional because British Leyland ran out of imagination. Is it merely conservative or

is it insipid? You can't get a majority either way. But regardless of the individual Englishman's view of the Marina, he is eager to know the opinion of an outsider, particularly an American.

You have to understand that in the British Isles the Marina is more than just a car. Every Englishman who reads the newspapers knows that at the very least the Marina could mark the beginning of an upswing for the British auto industry and hopefully it will figure prominently in international trade. What we forget on this side of the Atlantic, because British Leyland ranks a weak fifth in imports with approximately 4% of the total import market, is that the company is the largest single exporter in the United Kingdom—not just the largest exporter of cars but the largest in terms of cash value—and enthusiastic world wide acceptance of the Marina will have a highly beneficial effect on England's balance of payments.

And there is more. The Marina is the first real British Leyland car—the first brain child of the new management group that took charge when Austin, Morris, Triumph, Rover and Jaguar were finally welded into one unit in October, 1968—and an open-arms reception of the new model could be considered a vote of confidence for the company executives and an optimistic sign for the future. There can be no doubt: More hangs in balance on the Marina than any other car in British industry.

It is significant that British Leyland's pivotal car is 180° out of phase with the last decade's Austin-Morris practice. Those two marques have traditionally concentrated on block-shaped sedans with



SEPTEMBER 1971

transverse engines and front-wheel-drive—essentially a family of big and small minis. Instead, the Marina follows quietly along on a trail blazed in England by Ford. It's a conventional front engine, rear-wheel-drive, live axle sedan. And, like Ford, there is a wide choice of engines.

In the past, with the exception of the Mini, there were virtually no engine options in Austin-Morris cars. The 1300s had 1300cc engines, the 1800 had an 1800cc engine and that was that. The Marina, on the other hand, has as standard equipment the 1275cc Four previously used in the Austin America. On top of that there are two options, a twin S.U., 1800cc Four rat-

ed at 94.5-hp (also used in the MGB) and the same engine with a single S.U. which is credited with 82.5-hp.

British Leyland hasn't confined its Ford following to the engine room either. While Austin and Morris cars have typically been one body style only in each series (with, perhaps, two and four doors being the only choice) the Marina is produced in two distinct body shapes—a 4-door sedan and a semi-fastback 2-door coupe. Both are built on the same 96.0-inch wheelbase but the 4-door, at 166.1 inches overall length, is 3.0 inches longer than the coupe and almost exactly halfway between the Vega and Pinto.

sion of an MG you'll have it in its proper pigeon hole. The Marina has the same kind of matter-of-fact bluntness, albeit subdued, that has made British sports cars famous. You feel it in the rack-and-pinion steering which is accurate but, like Triumph's and MG's, somewhat heavier than it should be. You feel it in the ride too, which is not uncomfortable but clearly harder than a Japanese equivalent. In fact, you feel it everywhere—in the slightly too high clutch pedal effort, in the roughness of the engine, in the square-edged H of the shift pattern and in the body's mild booming resonance whenever you hit a bump. None of these things are serious or objectionable but

MORRIS MARINA COUPE 1.8 TC

Price as tested (In England without purchase tax): \$2152.20

Options on test car: Reclining front seats, \$31.20; heated rear windows, \$24.00; alternator, \$12.00

ENGINE

Type In-Line 4-cylinder, pushrod OHV
Bore x stroke 3.16 x 2.50 in
Displacement 109.8 cu in
Compression ratio 9.0 to one
Carburetion 2 x 1-bbl S.U.
Power (SAE) 94.5 bhp @ 5500 rpm
Torque (SAE) 105.0 lbs.ft @ 2500 rpm

DRIVE TRAIN

Final drive ratio 3.63 to one
Transmission 4-speed, all-synchro

DIMENSIONS AND CAPACITIES

Wheelbase 96.0 in
Track F:52.0 in, R:52.0 in
Length 163.6 in
Width 64.6 in
Height 55.1 in
Curb weight 2070 lbs
Fuel capacity 13.7 gal
Oil capacity 4.8 qts
Water capacity 5.4 qts

SUSPENSION

F: Ind., unequal length control arms, torsion bars
R: Rigid axle, semi-elliptic leaf springs

STEERING

Type Rack and pinion
Turns lock-to-lock 4.0
Turning circle 31.0 ft

BRAKES

F: 9.8-in solid disc, power assist
R: 8.0 x 1.5-in cast iron drum, power assist

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size 13 x 4.5-in
Tire size 165/70R-13

PERFORMANCE

Zero to	Seconds
30 mph	3.5
40 mph	5.6
50 mph	8.4
60 mph	12.3
70 mph	16.8
Standing ¼ mile	18.6 sec @ 74.0 mph
Top speed (estimated)	100 mph

Although no one disputes that the Marina itself is a new approach for British Leyland, many of its mechanical components have been seen before. The engines are veterans, the 4-speed manual transmission, even though it is being built in a brand new plant, borrows heavily from certain Triumph models, the rear axle is Triumph and the torsion bar front suspension bears such a strong resemblance to that of the old Morris Minor 1000 that even though none of the parts are interchangeable, the production and assembly techniques that apply surely must be. Only the Marina's body and trim are unquestionably new.

For this test we've concentrated on the highest priced coupe model—the 1.8-liter TC—which has as standard equipment the MGB engine. Without a doubt it slips into the Super Coupe category—a kind of loose classification that fits an increasingly popular group of \$2500-coupees like the Opel 1900 and the 2-liter Capri which can carry four people and still be fun to drive. And if you think of the TC as a Super Coupe ver-

when taken together they clearly mark the Marina as a British car and no connoisseur who appreciates the national differences between German, French, Italian and Japanese machines would ever attribute the Marina, after driving it, to anywhere but England.

At the same time, the connoisseur would not be disappointed in the Marina's performance. With the MG engine it's very quick (in fact, the Marina, because it is lighter, will dust off an MG) and handling on England's narrow twisting blacktops is in no way lacking. Above normal road speeds it does understeer excessively, however, and high speed directional stability is standard, at least on the test car.

When driving the Marina all of the audio and tactile sensations tell you the car is British but visual clues are nowhere near as abundant. There is wood on the instrument panel but it looks like Detroit wood and the shape of the panel itself was obviously designed for efficiency rather than to

(Continued on page 88)

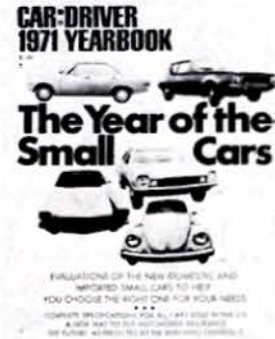


Together



Beholden and befuddled.

With the world of new cars the way it is today, we all need help. To the North—here come the small cars . . . the Vega. The Pinto. And the Santa Maria. To the East—the muscle mojos. The West—luxury liners. Compacts galore. Intermediates forever. Intermittent . . .



CAR and DRIVER's New Car Buyers' Guide/Yearbook '71 takes all the new cars apart (foreign and domestic) and puts the whole '71 scene together for you. Comprehensive road tests. Detroit's brain-pickers brain-picked. A special section on the small cars. A special feature on what the special section on the small cars means. Economically. Socially.

Even Lloyd "Balloonfoot" Bodine (foaming Road Test Editor and Mountain King) has come out of metaphysical meditation for the event! Not far behind him . . . Brock Yates, Leon Mandel, Bob Brown. So come. CAR and DRIVER's staff has it all together in the new Buyers' Guide/Yearbook '71. And together we'll sort it all out. \$1.50.

Also available in a deluxe, rugged leatherflex edition—designed to last for ages (and help pep up your bookcase). \$3.50.

Build it up. Build up your reference library with current and previously published annuals from the CAR and DRIVER and CYCLE staffs. To order, circle the appropriate numbers on the coupon (right).

<p>Cycle's Buyers Guide. The only complete catalogue to bikes and accessories. 1970—#23; 1968—#78</p> <p>Cycle's Racing Annual. A race-goer's guide complete with statistics, track records, winners and standings. 1970—#21; 1969—#87; 1968—#64</p> <p>CAR and DRIVER Yearbook. All the facts, features and specs you need to make that big car-buying decision. 1970—#13; 1969—#77;</p> <p>CAR and DRIVER Racing. Complete and exciting treatment of the year's racing. 1970—#24; 1969—#89; 1968—#80</p>	<p>Ziff-Davis Service Division, Dept. CDY, 595 Broadway, N.Y. 10012 CD-971</p> <p>Please send me CAR and DRIVER New Car Buyers Guide/Yearbook '71. I want the:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Regular edition—\$1.50 plus 35¢ for shipping and handling (\$2.50 postpaid outside the U.S.A.)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Deluxe edition—\$3.50 postpaid. (\$4.50 outside the U.S.A.) Please allow three additional weeks for delivery.</p> <p>Circle numbers of other annuals you wish to receive:</p> <p>\$1.25 each 64 80 78 \$1.35 each 87 89 \$1.50 each 13 21 23 24 77</p> <p>Be sure to add 35¢ for each above item you've ordered (postage and handling charge):</p>	<p>Enclosed is \$ _____</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>City _____</p> <p>State _____ Zip _____</p> <p>PAYMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED WITH ORDER</p>
--	--	---

MOSPORT CAN-AM

(Continued from page 58)

straight at 170-odd he'd twice been boxed in by backmarkers. The first time Wee Jackie had closed on him, the second time pulled past. "But as he went by, his car was streaming oil so I knew it was only a matter of time before he blew, and I didn't bother to chase him."

But Wee Jackie is likely to become more of a thorn in his side as the season unfolds. The Lola has been cleverly designed. It follows the current snub-nose, bob-tail trend started by the Alfa T-33 as far back as 1967—if you don't count Bugatti's tank grand prix car of 1923. The snub-nose is supposed to keep the front end on the ground better. Air is taken in through the radiator ducts behind the driver's shoulders. The Bear admitted that, "If we'd had the time and really thought about it we'd probably have gone to a similar design this year ourselves. But we reckon we can get by with the wedge for one more season at least."

Broadley would only say that he wanted to get away from "... this overhang shape." But he did admit that he'd had a lot of problems getting the braking right. Originally the four disos had been inboard. Some say that didn't work, others say that Stewart doesn't trust inboard brakes. Either way they've been moved outboard. After the beating that McLaren Racing has handed his cars since Surtees won the first Can-Am championship in 1966, Broadley is to be admired for trying anything at all. It would have been easy for him to shift to other arenas as Roger Penske and others have done (Jim Hall and Chaparral Cars apparently have dropped out of competition altogether).

Broadley confesses wistfully that unseating McLaren in Group 7 has become, "a personal thing."

But beating them, he says, will also be good for the company. "This (motor racing) is a knife-edge business. You can't be selective. You can't go saying, 'Well this looks easy, we'll drop the other and go and race over here.' You've got to keep putting yourself on the line, all the time."

"The McLarens are going to be difficult to beat in these first few races because they've built up a lot of inertia. You saw that at Indianapolis. There's a lot of inertia in success. There's a lot of inertia in failure too."

The Bear drove his courtesy Camaro to the helipad and took off with Mayer beside him. After they'd gone, somebody found a gold medal on the floor of the car. It was the one they'd given the Bear for winning at Mosport.

WHY VANS ARE HERE TO STAY

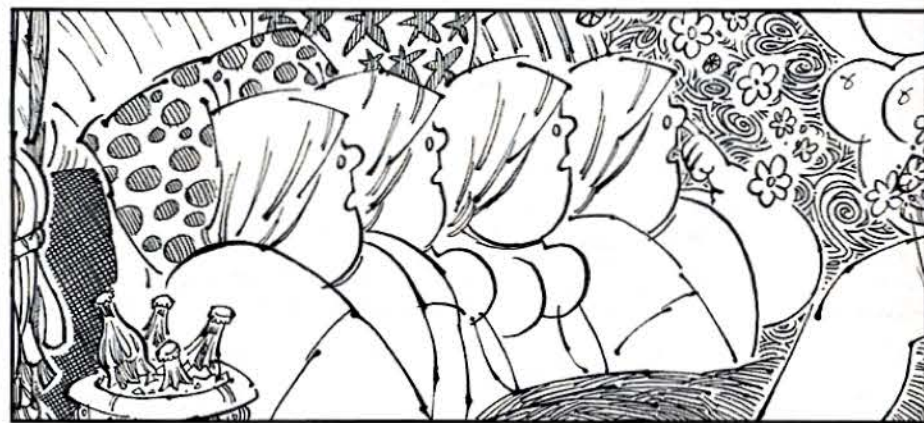
(Continued from page 50)

enough *macho* going for yourself that you don't need a tricky-looking van as a come-on.

Okay, I'll admit I'm overdramatizing to score a few crummy points. Van Nuys Boulevard (or on another ethnic trip, Whittier Boulevard) isn't the whole van cult. For one thing, nearly all those vans—GMCs, Dodge A-100s, Chevy Sportvans, Ford Econolines, etc.—are made in the good ol' U.S.A. Why? "We're not a bunch of hippies, you know, *freaks*. They drive V-Dub buses. And because of what they drive, they're always being hassled by the heat. I don't know if it's a rah-rah-Buy-American thing or not. But it's true. The fuzz leaves us guys pretty much alone."

The VW vans are far more likely to be used for real cross-country traveling. Young nomads admit to putting up to 50,000 miles a year on their beat-up VW buses versus maybe a tenth of that for their Van Nuys Boulevard counterparts.

Then there are the old folks in the brand new VW campmobiles with jalousie windows, retired couples hitting every National Park between Detroit and Seattle, who tool around until dark, then put in at a *motel!* They usually have a giant Winnebago or Dodge Motor Home before they're



brave enough to sleep in the thing.

"What do you like best about vans?"

"All that space. Vans don't take up much space on the road, but inside they're as big as a house. Because there's no *styling*. A van is just a box. A car is styled; and when they're through making it look like it's doing a hundred standing still, you can't put more than two people in it without crowding."

"Another thing. A van's all flat surfaces. So if you want to put something in yourself—a cabinet, a shelf—you can do it easy. A car's all compounded curves. Impossible."

Then there's that space-baby feeling, like

the intrepid traveler in the final moments of "2001." Vans have *great* visibility—you sit throne-high, surrounded (on three sides, at least) by windows, no long, obscene hood ahead of you, *cantilevered*, almost, out over the road ahead, the quintessential voyager, *seeing for the first time America as it really is!*

(Some purists note sadly that safety paranoia has already resulted in budding "hoods" on American vans. Only the VW still has the uncanny maneuverability of a cab-over.)

Vans' disadvantages are legion. They have generally lousy performance. They're easily shoved around by even gentle zephyrs—VW vans are banned from several bridges on windy days. The U.S. vans have so little weight on their rear wheels as to render them virtually tractionless on slippery surfaces, severely limiting their usefulness many months of the year in parts of the country which are subject to heavy rain—or snow. "Panic" braking can be cause for panic all by itself. The VW with its rear-mounted engine, is better balanced for traction and braking, but you can't load it through the rear door. Etc., etc.

Once upon a time, the VW van was all there was. Detroit's idea of a van was the "step-van" your milk was delivered in. Then came domestic copies of the VW Microbus, starting with the Corvair Greenbri-

er. Now, closing the ring, the van freaks' lunatic fringe is eyeing step-vans, mail trucks, even old military vehicles (ambulances are particularly favored). Bruce Meyers, inventor of the greatest nutball vehicle of all time, the dune buggy, just went out and bought himself a van (a VW).

With everybody co-opting everybody else—longhairs donning construction worker shoes, hardhats affecting beards—I wouldn't be surprised to see ex-vannies in pick-up trucks . . . with or without gun racks.

But the van movement dead? Not unless the coming generations fail to discover s-e-x. Long live vans!

TOYOTA COROLLA 1600

(Continued from page 53)

blessed with a transformation, albeit a minor one. In the 1200 Corolla we tested, the brakes were both weak and had a spongy feel at the pedal. Now the sponginess is gone. Unfortunately the brakes themselves are no better. The tires are larger (6.15-13s compared to the 6.00-12s on the 1200) but the 1600 is also 140 lbs. heavier. The bigger tires apparently aren't enough to compensate for the weight increase because the test car required 235 feet (0.70G) to stop from 70 mph, five feet longer than the 1200. This is extremely poor braking performance. The Corolla was introduced with substandard brakes and Toyota obviously intends to leave it that way.

The Corolla could also use some improvements in its handling. With the new, bigger engine it is even more nose-heavy than before (the 1200 had 980 lbs. on its front wheels; the 1600, 1100 lbs.) and while this 57% front weight bias has made the car less sensitive to side-winds, it has also largely negated any of the potential benefits to handling of the large tires and wheels (rim-width remains the same).

With all that weight up front, and the habit of raising its inside rear wheel still very much with the Corolla, it cannot be made to corner hard. Get it on a skid pad and you quickly find that the car assumes a low speed, low cornering-force equilibrium—with the front wheels understeering to scrub off speed and the inside rear wheel unloaded and spinning, which keeps you from forcing the nose around any faster. On the other hand, the Corolla is agile (it could hardly be otherwise, given its quick steering and short wheelbase). For most drivers, this agility will pass for good handling.

Despite the Corolla's new straight-line strength, no one driving the 1600 Corolla we tested has any excuse for getting a ticket on the freeway. At precisely 70 mph indicated (a safe-enough 67 mph), the engine vibrations, subdued by the rubber motor-mounts at lower speeds, begin marching in lock-step with various body panels, knobs, fixtures, seat-cushion springs, etc., and the view in the rear-view mirror turns into a blur. "That's it, Driversan," the car says, "you can now start looking for attention from the *shirobai*." You don't have to accept the warning, as the 1600 Corolla will charge right on up to a true 90 mph, and you don't even have to listen to the buzz, as it fades away, and everything becomes smooth and silent when you get above that critical resonance at 70. We appreciate Toyota's concern for law and order, but we wish that they would re-tune the Corolla's

engine mounts or panels or *something*, and move the resonance higher. Maybe the U.S. Department of Transportation could suggest a figure.

As was true of the earlier 1200, the 1600 Corolla is somewhat cramped in the knee room it provides for rear-seat passengers, but with the seats pushed right back it is a marvel of small-package comforts for the driver and a friend. The front bucket seats are contoured to give lateral support far in excess of any side forces the Corolla is capable of generating, and have those neat reclining backs. All controls are just about where you would want them and both interior style and finish bespeak of quality far above the Corolla's price. The only thing we didn't like inside the Corolla was that all too often one either swelters or gets wind-buffed. Toyota's habit of building-in all of the air-conditioning ducting just in case someone asks for the refrigerator pump, cooling coils, etc., gives the car a nicely comprehensive collection of vents—two of them being directional spiggots. Unhappily, neither the ducting nor the vents are adequate to keeping the car's interior cool unless the incoming air is refrigerated. The piddling amount of air they admit is barely adequate with ambient temperature at 70°F, and forward motion at 70 mph. Go slower, or let the air get warmer, and you'll be obliged to crank down the windows—in which case the wind whipping around your head will be enough to convert anything but a crew-cut into a passable imitation of an Afro in mere moments. And the wind roar at anything above 30 mph will be deafening, as the air spills off the corners of the windshield and into the wingless side windows.

However, you can't expect everything in a car that stands so near the bottom of the whole automotive price range, and no one can say that the Toyota does not more than fully justify what its makers are asking of purchasers. With the 1600 engine, it performs well enough to be totally useful to anyone not in the major cargo business, even for longish trips, and the enthusiast driver (who would have found the 1200 Corolla a dull proposition) will positively enjoy the way it responds crisply to urging with the gear lever. The various gimcracks and furbelows added to this car's exterior to distinguish it from those previous do not please, but its high level of finish certainly does. And service, when the need arises, shouldn't be a problem with Toyota's dealer network approaching the point of ubiquity. In the Los Angeles area, where it all began, Toyota and the others have pushed small-car sales to about half the total. With things like the 1600 Corolla around, that could get to be a country-wide situation.

BUY DIRECT...SAVE \$550 ON



Your Life Style reflected in handsome, black and silver wall clock with sweep second hand; 10" O.D., 6" Clock Diameter. Operates on "C" size flashlight battery.

Regular Retail Price \$24.95

SPECIAL DIRECT PRICE TO YOU \$18.95

Plus 50¢ postage. One Year Guarantee.

No C.O.D. Send check or money order to:

PREMIER PRODUCTS BOX 37, WESTWOOD NEW JERSEY 07675



Gurney, McLeagle—21" x 48"

GIANT POSTERS

Full Color Imported from Switzerland



Rindt, Lotus 72—16" x 55"



Siffert, March—20" x 48"

NAME _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
ADDRESS _____
10670 La Cienega Blvd., Dept. L
Inglewood, CA 90304. Phone (213) 677-1919

PAUL OXMAN ENTERPRISES

Courage—26" x 37"
 Amon, Ferrari—18" x 50"
 Siffert, Lotus—18" x 50"
 Dragster—18" x 50"
 Motorcross, Johnson—27" x 39"
 Andretti, March—28" x 39"
 \$2.75 each • 2 for \$5.00 • Add 50¢ for postage and handling. Calif. residents add 5% sales tax. 10 day money back guarantee. Amount enclosed \$ _____

Siffert, March—20" x 48"
 Gurney, McLeagle—21" x 48"
 Rindt, Lotus 72—16" x 55"
 Regazzini, Ferrari—28" x 39"
 Easy Rider Giant—31" x 47"
 Full color catalogue—50¢

For Your Information

Texas-Italia BMW



Henry Beissner is a man with a better idea. Two years ago he commissioned Frua to design and build a new body for his BMW 2800CS. The finished product has finally been delivered, luxuriously appointed on the interior, and gracefully designed in the Italian style on the exterior. BMW discussed limited production of the car with Beissner, but ultimately concluded that the cost would be prohibitive. It will remain a one-off personal car, perhaps the prettiest BMW since the model 507.

Boss Pinto



A turbocharger kit, front and rear spoilers, and mag wheels transform any 2-liter Pinto into fit competition for the Yenko Vega, with quarter-mile times around 15.3 seconds @ 92 mph. The turbo is claimed to add 50 horsepower while producing lower exhaust emissions. Brock Yates examines the Yenko Vega (page 42) in this issue, and explains why the Environmental Protection Agency probably won't let you buy either. The Feds don't believe that you can have performance without pollution, although many in Detroit see turbocharging as an inexpensive way to keep everyone happy. Boss Pinto kits are available from CAR Corporation, 12263 Market Street, Livonia, Michigan 48150, and Ford will soon have its own performance options available, guaranteed to meet U.S. government standards.

Naderized

Ralph Nader, headline-hunting Don Quixote of American consumerism, continues his campaign to save us from ourselves. His latest assault takes the form of a petition to the Federal Trade Commission asking for an investigation of annual styling changes made on Detroit cars. Unconcerned with aesthetics, the Consumer Advocate claims that styling changes are responsible for the high cost of producing new cars. Annual styling costs discriminate against the formation of new auto companies, he says, since so much capital is required to compete in the present capitalistic system. His solution is a moratorium on styling changes pending the structural dissolution of the three major automobile manufacturers in favor of smaller car makers. In effect, this would mean that present styling would be kept until the government socializes the automobile industry. Can you imagine having the 1972 Buick Riviera kept as is until 1984 when the government finally runs the automakers out of business and has us all riding around in four-wheel bricks? Detroit may come up with some ludicrous styling, but at least they get a new chance every year. The irony of this is that Nader opened the Pandora's box of government interference with his Corvair exposé, and this identical government is the one making trouble for the small accessory manufacturers. At the same time, the Old Windmill Tilter himself is blithely trying to convince the government to break up the big companies to give the smaller firms a chance to expand. Perhaps the Environmental Protection Agency should directly contact the Federal Trade Commission and work this all out, minus the helpful interference of the Knight of the Woeful Countenance.

Cordless

Synthetic rubber tires, formed by injection-molding liquid rubber into conventional forms are the coming thing. Current tires require nearly one hour of costly hand labor, while the one-piece tires can be made in a few minutes, automatically. In addition, the new tires are said to provide better bump absorption than bias ply or radial ply tires, and comparable handling. Various colors and multi-hued patterns can be produced, and prices should be lower due to automated production. Firestone is the first to announce development of the new technology, but the other companies are probably not far behind.

For Your Information

The Sun Also Rises



Rolls-Royce seems determined to ignore the decline of the British Empire. Completely revamped in the spring, after that "unpleasantness" over in the aircraft division, it is now preparing to do battle with the lesser colonial super-luxury cars. Sales are up in both Europe and America, so much so that an even more luxurious model is being offered in these markets. In the Corniche, rare woods and other expensive materials used on the interior appointments are sure to raise the already high prices to super levels. Keeps the clientele in the right sort of bracket.

Fiat Should Win

Fiat should win "car of the year" from the European press with their new 127. A transverse engine, front-wheel-drive, the 127 will replace the 850 in Europe. It's small, pretty in an inoffensive way, and uses existing Fiat components, so the price is low—about \$1800 in Europe. The engine is the 903cc from the 850 series, the transmission comes from Autobianchi, and sundry other parts from the 128. Interior size compares well with the larger 128, while the exterior is 850 size. Claimed top speed is nearly 90 mph, with decent acceleration. All in all, the 127 will probably put Fiat back in first place as the largest European carmaker. There are no immediate plans to import 127s to America, but if the car is as successful as it should be in Europe, it will be only a matter of time before they will be understeering around urban areas in this country.

There are presently no plans for coupe or roadster versions as the beautiful 128 sports models should cover that demand without additional help.

Rent-A-Racer

Hertz in England has begun renting high performance cars such as the Jaguar XJ6, Triumph Stag, Jensen Interceptor, and Ford Capri 3000. In the U.S., Corvettes and Mach I Mustangs have been available from Hertz for some time to those willing to pay the premium pricetag, and Shelby even built the 350H especially for rentals back in 1966. Presumably the British operation will be run in a similar manner, with higher rental fees for higher performance cars. If you hurry, you could probably reserve something suitable for the fall Clubman and Rally events. Any indigenous specialty shop should be able to prepare your new racing car for you, and with good luck you might be able to return it before the Hertz girl gets suspicious of the numbers painted on the nose. One poor Hertz girl in Tampa found a 350H with a blown motor in her driveway the day after the 1968 Sebring 12-hour, and the British should probably be prepared for eventualities. For those more interested in off-road events, the Range Rover will be offered.

St. Ralph and the Bull (John)

Ralph Nader has also taken on the British car industry. He claims that fatality rates are high on British roads because their manufacturers do not equip models for home sale with the safety devices compulsory in the States. Predictably, the British industry produced statistics to prove that the fatality rate is higher in the U.S. than in Britain, and that safety equipment specified on British cars must also be kept in repair by the owners. Similar after-sales legislation is lacking in the States.

More productively, an international association of representatives of the automobile industry from 16 countries, *Le Bureau Permanent Internationale des Constructeurs d'Automobile*, has called for governments in all countries to standardize vehicle safety regulations. Manufacturers would then need produce only one version of their automobiles for international sales.

Excessive Alimony

According to the Department of Transportation, divorced men are the deadliest drivers on U.S. highways, with a fatality rate five times greater than the national average. The study showed divorced women to be slightly more accident prone than average. Whether poor marriages create bad drivers, or bad drivers make poor husbands was not immediately apparent.

For Your Information

Racing Accident Census

The Motor Racing Safety Society, P. O. Box 947, Plandome, New York, 11030 will announce the preliminary results of their census of racing accidents at the U.S.G.P. at Watkins Glen next month. Auto journalist Karl Ludvigsen is president of the group, and Oscar Koveleski, model car impresario and president of the Polish Race Driver's Association, is the director of the survey. They hope to record all accidents, fatalities, and incidents which occur in international motor racing, in order to predict trends helpful for the development of more sophisticated accident prevention and protection. They are soliciting information on accidents from all sources, trying to make their computerized listings as complete as possible, so send them photos or accounts of racing accidents to add to their files. This may help us clean up racing before the government steps in to do it.

Simca pas davantage

Chrysler has discontinued the importation of Simcas into the U.S. The low sales volume in this country (only some 17,000 cars over the past three years), coupled with the necessary expenditure to retool the Simca 1204 to comply with impending stiffer federal safety standards seems to Chrysler too expensive to warrant the trouble. Simca cannot meet the European demand for its cars, and the present line will be continued in France and Spain. Chrysler promises that owners will still be able to find parts and service in the States, but just in case, they are offering a certificate of redemption worth \$125 to any owner of a 1971 Simca who wishes to trade in his orphan for another Chrysler product.

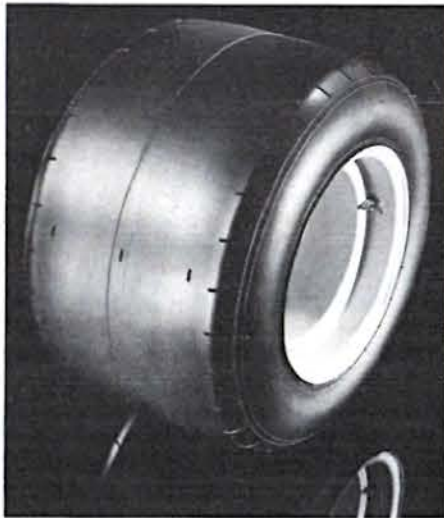
Smaller Sporty Cars

With sporty car sales way down over the 1971 model year, there have been reports that at least Camaro and Firebird will be phased out by 1973. If correct, they will probably be replaced in 1974 with smaller models sized somewhere between the present sporty cars and the sub-compact group. With nearly 25% of U.S. car sales already being of sub-compacts, the era of the domestic super coupe may be arriving.

Used Tire Salesmen

The Georgia Game and Fish Commission has finally found a good use for old tires. Seven or eight tires are stacked on steel rods, weighted with concrete, and sunk along the Atlantic coast in groups to create artificial reefs attractive to the organisms upon which game fish feed. The Georgia Commission hopes to cover 100 acres in this way, and is soliciting donations of used tires from various sources. Certain Sicilian businessmen, experienced in sinking objects weighted with concrete, are reportedly showing a marked interest in the used tire business these days.

Slicks



The big news in tires this past season has been the treadless "slicks" developed for Formula 1 by Goodyear and Firestone, and used by Dunlop for 2-liter sports cars now that the English firm has stopped supporting F/1. The tires are approximately the same width as last year, 9-inch fronts and 13-inch rears. Wheel diameters are only 13 inches, down from 15. The aspect ratio remains nearly the same—about 39% for front tires, 33% at the rear. After much tribulation in the spring events, suitable compounds alleviated the heat problems caused by the absence of cooling grooves. Goodyear now uses 72 1x1/8-inch grooves to cool the surface, while Dunlop uses a true slick for sports cars, with only small indentations to indicate tire wear. The lack of tread makes the only working component of the tire the stickiness of the softer rubber. Obviously, none of the three tire companies involved is saying anything specific about the make-up of the rubber compounds, but while softer it is also tougher, in order to combat the increased running temperature. The improvement in adhesion is due to the softer rubber and the in-

creased amount of rubber on the pavement, thanks to the elimination of the tread groove. The super soft rubber is compliant enough to function as a tread on dry roads, but even the least dampness will cause the tires to plane. Presumably, rain tires will have to remain grooved until someone figures out how to make solid rubber bite through a water film. That could take some doing.

The British Are Coming

Four British engineers (defined by Webster as "persons who manage an apparatus") will be 'motoring' across this country during the next few months on a 1926 Foden Steam Wagon. All six tons of this smoke-belching antique have been headed from England to Australia by way of Europe and Asia during the past two years. The return portion of its circumnavigation will bring it across America and back to England, whence it left in 1969, after the Earls Court Show. Sort of a tour of the colonial possessions . . . Playing fields of Eton and all that.

Alfa 2000

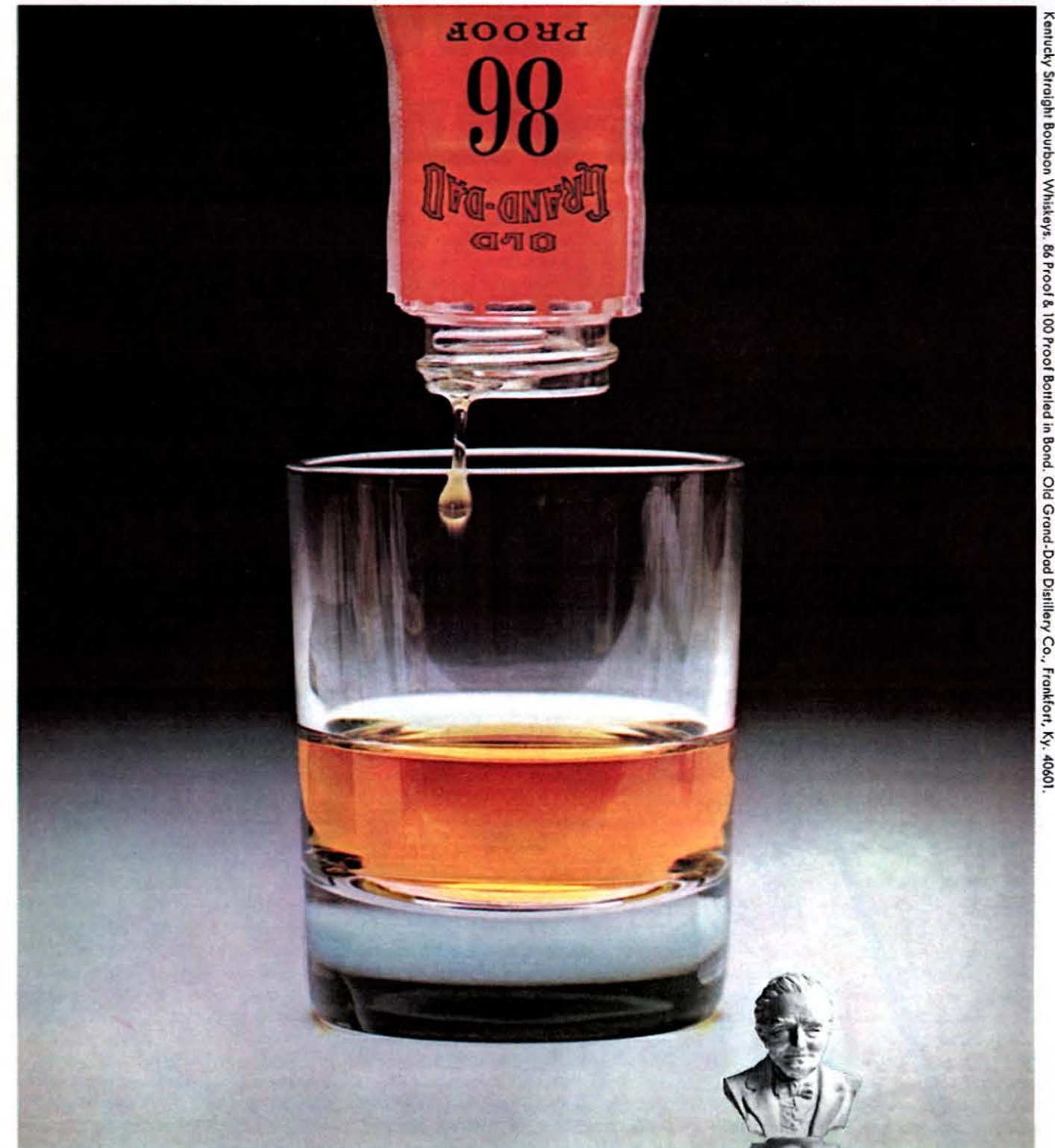
Alfa Romeo has enlarged the engine in their 1750 models to two liters for European sports. The coupe, roadster, and sedan bodies remain the same, as do the majority of the mechanical specifications. A limited slip differential is an option, as are air conditioning and mag wheels. The price will be well over \$4000 in Europe, and there are no immediate plans to import the new models into America. Price would be about \$5000, if and when they reach these shores in a year or so. By then maybe the rebodied GTV will be ready.

Elan Sprint

Lotus has revamped the nine-year-old Elan for the third time since its introduction. The revolutionary Elan evolved into the Elan Coupe S/E in 1967, the S4 in 1969, and now becomes the Sprint. There is a 25% increase in horsepower to 126 hp, and driveline components have been strengthened to take the added load. From the outside, the biggest changes are the elimination of the hood bulge, and a two-tone color scheme. The lower body comes only in white, with a horizontal stripe to separate it from the various colors offered on top. The overall effect is meant to relate to that used on Lotus Formula One cars, with their cigarette package coloring.

CAR and DRIVER

THE GOOD STUFF



Unfortunately, all good things come to an end.

Old Grand-Dad
Head of the Bourbon Family

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof & 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

Without your help, Fred Hansen couldn't have gotten off the ground.

Fred Hansen vaulted his way to a gold medal in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. He worked hard for his win. But it was your contributions that helped land Fred and his teammates in Japan. That really made it possible to chalk up all those firsts for the U.S.A.

It takes a lot of money to field a winning Olympic team. And

there's an easy way for you to help raise that money: buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques.

Because every time you buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques, part of the proceeds from the sale go to the U.S. Olympic Committee. So by asking for our travelers cheques at your bank, you help equip and train our athletes. Help them get to the Olympics. Help them win when they get there.

And it doesn't cost you anything extra.

We think everybody should

back our Olympic team. And if you buy that, you'll buy Bank of America Travelers Cheques. They're sold at leading banks everywhere.



They don't cost any more. They just do a lot more.



BANK OF AMERICA NTSSA • MEMBER F. D. I. C.

Sport

If a sponsor ever doubts his investment in racing will pay off, he should read this.

Thirty-four percent of the spectators at NASCAR races think Chrysler makes the best cars in the U.S. How's that Richard Petty fans? And that compares the 33% who said Ford and 32% who said GM. Among all racing fans, Porsche was consistently listed as the best car ever made.

If any of this comes as a surprise, imagine what it did to the people who made the study. They're an outfit called Professionals in Motion, Inc. and they're PR and market research types for racing of all kinds. Headed by Fred Marik, PIM has such prestigious clients as Sunoco, Sears Roebuck, AMC and Dow Chemical. Their job is to take the mystery out of racing for the big buck investors and to help them do just that they undertook a study which eventually was to be called "Auto Racing: The Facts for 1971."

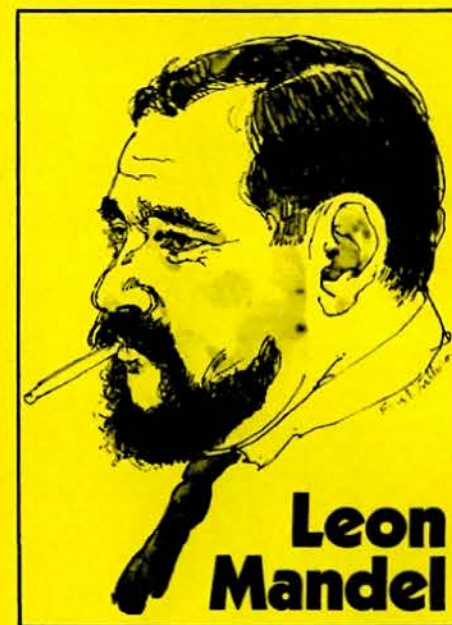
The problem is that everyone knows racing is a good vehicle for merchandising but few people know just why and how. The Professionals in Motion study, done with the aid of Dr. Gerhard Rosegger, head of the economics department at Case Western Reserve in Cleveland, Ohio, is an attempt to bring an objective approach to the morass that is racing.

Races studied included two drag meets in Ohio, two Can-Ams, two Trans-Ams and two NASCAR Grand Nationals. And some of the results are genuine surprises.

NASCAR had the highest male attendance with 83%, but almost one-quarter of all race spectators studied were female.

This is on the road to discovering that there is no typical fan; part of a larger and more significant conclusion that there is no homogeneity at all to race spectators and that racing as such is staggeringly fragmented. You cannot speak of racing as a single sport says PIM, it is several—and the demographics point that out.

Fifty-two percent of race fans were 25 or younger but in NASCAR, 68% were over 25. Road racing had the lion's share of the prime consumers, those aged 21 to 35



(with the Can-Am showing 66% in that bracket and the Trans-Am 64%). The audience was heavily drawn from the ranks of students, with a 24% student segment overall. The Trans-Am had the highest student attendance with 31%. One out of three race fans has an income of over \$10,000 and generally speaking, in terms of general affluence, Can-Am racing showed the highest and drag racing the least. Still even that statistic is somewhat deceiving since the drag racing crowds spend the largest percentage of their income on things automotive.

People who went to the Trans-Ams and the Can-Ams tended to see a variety of different races. NASCAR and drag racing fans were parochial and stuck to their own patch of the sport. But that didn't mean that they stood around and waited for things to come to them. Fifty-one percent of the spectators traveled over 100 miles to the race where they were polled. Thirty-nine percent of NASCAR fans traveled over 300 miles one way to their race, the

highest average of any of the polled series.

And the respondents were active: 46% of those responding said they had competed in some form of automotive competition in the last five years.

Car ownership was not unexpected. It was very high. Thirteen percent own three or more cars. Among NASCAR fans 48% own two or more cars and, reasonably enough, the foreign car ownership figures were all in favor of the road racing spectator. Of them, 47% of the Can-Am spectators own foreign cars and the figure is 37% for the Trans-Am.

What emerges is a bright, young, affluent audience which spends its money on cars and is loyal to its own variety of the sport. The study is revealing and perceptive and only the exclusion of USAC (time considerations) flaws it. A new study will be undertaken in a short while and in the meanwhile copies of the \$20,000 report are available from PIM at \$750.

* * *

Cosworth is on the way toward replacing their V-8 with a new F/1 engine. This one's supposed to be a flat-12, air cooled without a fan like the Honda F/1 of a couple of years ago. Fuel injection is directly into the cylinders, the same thing Ferrari tried in '63 without success. The engine may not have the name Ford on it. There are rumors that there is a new Ford F/1 engine under study at Weslake Engineering. At the moment it is said to be masquerading as a motorcycle engine . . . If you're about to buy insurance, look to an agent of Nationwide. Four-hundred of them got together and sponsored the SCCA national races at Thompson, Conn. The reason: The agents want more high performance business . . . The SCCA has signed a TV deal with Andy Sidaris (Wide World of Sports) as producer. The only thing to be covered will be the Can-Ams . . . The move is on to change the 1972 Manufacturers Championship from prototype sports racers to GT cars.

TRANS-AM

Dreary for Donohue, Cheery for Follmer



A 42-second pit stop for fuel and four tires definitely helped Follmer at Bryar.

It all depends on how independent you really are.

George Follmer, an independent not far removed in time from factory sponsorship, won two Trans-Ams in a row at Bryar and Mid-Ohio as the 11-race series began to settle down—while the Troy Promotions Mustang team of Tony deLorenzo and Jerry Thompson was almost nowhere to be seen and the back-up Javelins belonging to Roy Woods and drivers Tony Adamowicz and Peter Revson were almost as remote.

And Mark Donohue in the factory Javelin? Well, he's having a year of atrocious luck and it's carrying over into the Trans-Am. At the tight twisting 1.6-mile Bryar circuit a carburetor float stuck, flooding

the engine and that was it. At Mid-Ohio, a narrow 2.4-mile venue, Donohue built up a lead of 1:07 on Follmer, only to have his front brakes become inoperative. He was lucky to take second place.

But both races had their moments. At Bryar, Follmer and Donohue dueled for 35 laps in the closest company before Donohue retired to the infield, and at Mid-Ohio the first 56 laps were dramatic enough until Follmer was finally able to get by Donohue and pull away.

They qualified in the rain at Bryar and they began the race in the rain at Mid-Ohio. All of which gave Donohue the advantage with his superior Goodyear rain tires.

At Bryar, Adamowicz, Follmer and Donohue all qualified in the same time (1:12.0) so they drew lots, of all things, and Follmer ended up on the pole with Adamowicz next to him and Donohue behind. All three jumped off to a good start and it was no time until Donohue picked off Adamowicz and went after Follmer.

By the 30th lap Donohue had the lead after a nose-to-tail battle with Follmer, but the glory didn't last long. It was all over five laps later as Donohue's engine failed.

Things looked different at Mid-Ohio. Though Follmer was clearly faster in qualifying (down the back straight Follmer had a 3+ mph advantage), Donohue jumped off to a lead in the rain.



Follmer, Adamowicz, Donohue tied for the pole, drew straws for position.



John Morton (BRE Datsun #46) lost halfshaft at Bryar, won in Ohio.

leader, is a canny man indeed, but you can't out-factory the factory. Moore's cars are new and they are beautifully prepared but it's still a race-to-race basis on which he competes. And every once in a while Parnelli Jones will drive a Mustang but he reportedly wants \$10,000 out in front to appear and money is scarce on the Trans-Am circuit this year.

Things are much the same in the 2.5-liter Challenge as they are in the big car camp. The small cars are filled with enthusiasm but not much money. The only outright factory car running at Mid-Ohio was the Datsun of Pete Brock and it was far and away the quickest car in the series. John Morton drives it and although he lost a halfshaft (a VW halfshaft at that) at Bryar he was an easy winner in Ohio. What's more there's a new 1800cc engine coming for the Datsun and since they're overweight now, there will not have to be any ballasting when it arrives.

Finally, there's a secret weapon in the works—this one by the notoriously successful Kas Kastner who built all those Triumphs on the West Coast. It's another Triumph, a Vitesse of all things, which is said to be putting out some 220-hp from its 2-liter engine. That would make it competitive with a vengeance. The Alfas (with Horst Kwech, Bert Everett, and Peter Gregg) rarely seem to have a clear field; if it isn't something like a Porsche lurking around, it's something like a Datsun.

This is liable to be one of the last years for the Trans-Am. The handwriting is clearly on the wall. Just as it is for Donohue's competitors.

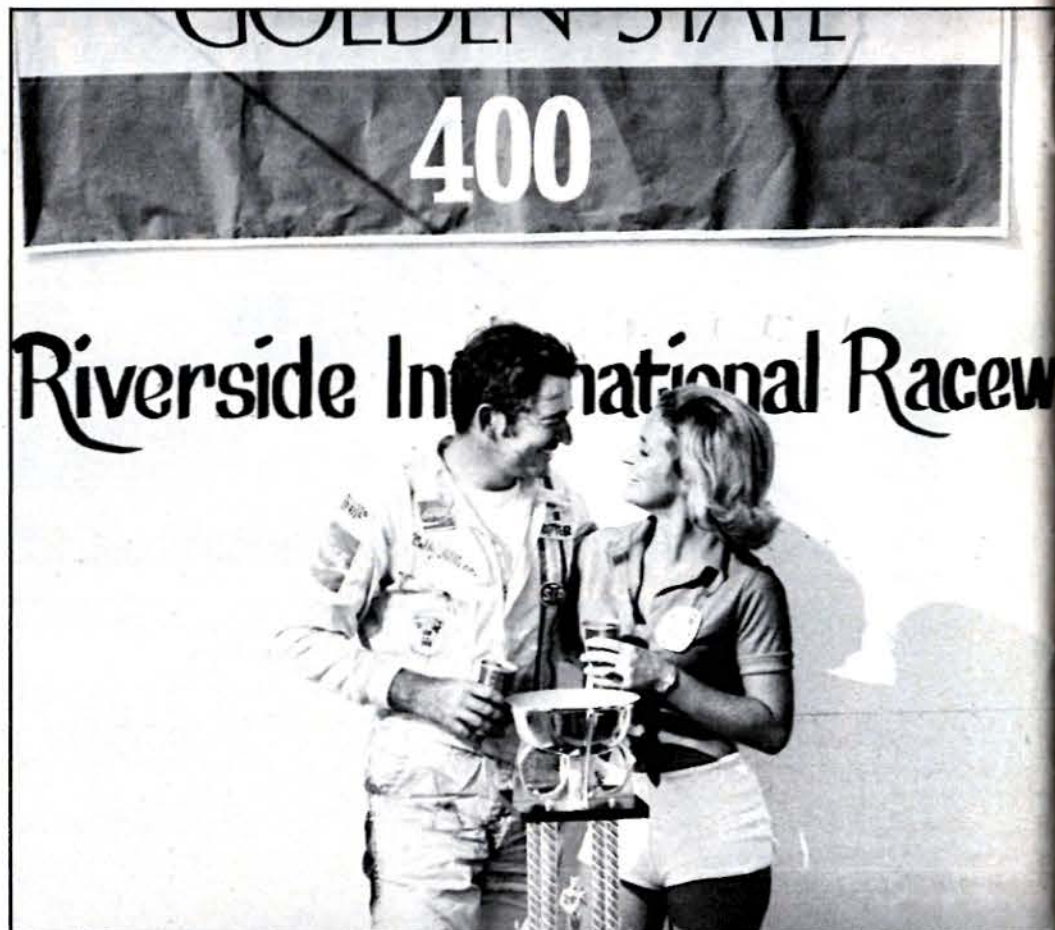
Despite the area's being under a tornado watch, the skies began to clear early and both the Ford and the Javelin came in for dry tires. With pit stop times on the order of 42 seconds, both were out in smart time,

but by then Donohue had built up a sizable lead—until lap 34 when he lost his brakes.

Despite all this, the judgment at this point still favors Donohue. Follmer is a hard charger and Bud Moore, the Mustang

BRYAR MOTORSPORT PARK Louden, New Hampshire 1.6-mile road course			MID-OHIO SPORTS CAR COURSE Lexington, Ohio 2.4-mile road course		
1. George Follmer	'70 Mustang	95 laps	1. George Follmer	'70 Mustang	75 laps
2. Peter Gregg	'70 Mustang	95 laps	2. Mark Donohue	'71 Javelin	75 laps
3. Peter Revson	'70 Javelin	94 laps	3. Peter Gregg	'70 Mustang	74 laps
4. Bob Tullius	'64 Tempest	92 laps	4. Tony DeLorenzo	'70 Mustang	74 laps
5. Warren Agor	'69 Camaro	91 laps	5. Bob Tullius	'64 Tempest	72 laps
6. Marshall Robbins	'71 Camaro	91 laps	6. Warren Tope	'70 Mustang	72 laps
Average Speed: 75.32 mph			Average Speed: 77.15 mph		
Fastest Qualifiers: George Follmer, Mark Donohue, Tony Adamowicz 1:12.0 (80.00 mph)			Fastest Qualifier: George Follmer 1:39.28 (87.08 mph)		

NASCAR
Allison
wins
Riverside,
stretches
his streak
to four



In California, Bobby Allison drank, drove and won for Coca-Cola.



PHOTOGRAPHY: FRANK B. MORMILLO

Winning for Mercury at Michigan, Bobby Allison won for Dodge at Riverside.

These days NASCAR's big noise is Bobby Allison who's won four straight super-speedway Grand Nationals. After being second to brother Donnie's ex-A.J. Foyt Wood Brothers' '69 Mercury at the Talladega Winston 500 (where he picked up the Holman-Moody Mercury ride when David Pearson defected to Chris Vallo's Pontiac a week before the race), Bobby has won the World 600, the Mason-Dixon 500, the Motor State 400, and the Winston Golden State 400 at Riverside.

Of the latter two, the Michigan race was by far the more exciting. Bobby won that one in the H-M '69 Mercury, then went to his own Coca-Cola sponsored Dodge to win at Riverside with suspension advice and pit service from Ralph Moody.

In Michigan, it was racing all the way. Bobby, in the H-M Mercury, just beat out Grand National champion Bobby Isaac's Dodge, after running bumper to bumper with him for the last 80 miles of the race. Allison took the lead for good with just two laps to go, after having exchanged top

spot with Isaac seven times in the last 40 laps. With only two caution lights during the race, Bobby set a new race record at 149.567 mph for the 2.04-mile NASCAR circuit.

The Mopar Hemis suffer an alleged disadvantage in size of carburetor restriction plates, 1.25 inches, as opposed to the 1.50 inches allowed on the Fords. Nord Krauskopf, top man at K&K insurance which sponsors Isaac's Dodge, pulled his car out of six races earlier in the year and threatens to do so again. Even Richard Petty is unhappy. Everything came to a boil after qualifying at Michigan when the Allison took the top two slots, both in Mercurys. According to Petty, "If Chrysler doesn't make an engine change for Daytona, I will." Whatever the virtues of the argument, there is considerably less talk about pulling out now that Allison has won Riverside in a Dodge.

The two Allison took off like twin shots from the front row of the grid at Michigan. Bobby was passed by brother Donnie after

only seven laps and the younger Allison promptly got into a slingshot shootout with Isaac. As the race progressed, led on occasion by Pete Hamilton and Fred Lorenzen, both in Plymouths, there came a time when it was strictly sibling rivalry between Bobby and Donnie.

Then with Donnie in the lead, the junior brother came in for a routine fuel and tire pit stop. Disaster. The engine stalled and the Wood Brothers, genuine marvels at their trade, could do no better than 50 seconds for Donnie's pit stop. That left matters up to Bobby and Isaac.

One of the heroes of the race was three-time Grand National champion David Pearson in the Chris Vallo Pontiac prepared by Ray Nichols. Pearson and Richard Brooks, in his '70 Dodge, had at it for a good portion of the race with Brooks drafting Pearson and Pearson drafting Brooks for 175 miles. On lap 68 Pearson suffered ignition failure and that put an end to his drive. He had started 19th after blowing an engine in qualifying, and he

CAR and DRIVER

had gotten as high as ninth when he dropped out.

The Winston 400 at Riverside was considerably less dramatic. Allison blew everybody off in qualifying—Richard Petty was a second-and-a-half off the pace in second slot—and it was very much a question of who would last the distance with temperatures very high and attrition rates expected to be proportionally high.

The West Coast NASCAR drivers were out in force, in fact Ray Elder, winner of last January's Riverside 500, was second. Cecil Gordon's '69 Mercury was third, six laps down, and James Hylton, who is challenging Richard Petty for the points leading the Grand National series, was third.

The heat was brutal, only 12 cars finished, and six of those required relief drivers due to the extreme temperatures. There were seven yellow flags out for a total of 32 laps, and consequently the race average of 93.622 mph was considerably down from last year's 101.120 mph set by Petty.

Riverside's infamous turn nine claimed

its share of victims. Benny Parsons, in a '70 Mercury, trying to pass slower cars of the outside, slammed into the boiler plate coming out of the turn on the 78th lap. And no less a person than Richard Petty in a Plymouth also came to grief on turn

there was oil everywhere, including the windshield and front brakes. So there was Petty, sailing down the straightaway with no brakes and unable to see the treacherous last turn. A stab at the brakes produced a colossal spin, and he finally came

MOTOR STATE 400 MIS Brooklyn, Michigan 2.04-mile oval			WINSTON GOLDEN STATE 400 Riverside, California 2.62-mile road course		
1. B. Allison	'69 Mercury	197 laps	1. B. Allison	'70 Dodge	153 laps
2. B. Isaac	'71 Dodge	197 laps	2. R. Elder	'71 Dodge	153 laps
3. P. Hamilton	'71 Plymouth	197 laps	3. C. Gordon	'69 Mercury	147 laps
4. D. Allison	'69 Mercury	197 laps	4. J. Hylton	'70 Ford	146 laps
5. B. Baker	'71 Dodge	195 laps	5. J. Oliver	'70 Oldsmobile	145 laps
6. R. Petty	'71 Plymouth	194 laps	6. J. Soares	'71 Plymouth	145 laps
Average Speed: 149.567 mph			Average Speed: 93.427 mph		
Fastest Qualifier: Bobby Allison, 0:45.5 (161.190 mph)			Fastest Qualifier: Bobby Allison, 1:27.89 (107.315 mph)		

nine. Petty was suffering a major oil leak while running third, came in and had a quick conference with brother Maurice, and decided to continue and hope for the best. It didn't happen. Going down the back straight everything came unglued and

to rest up against the boiler plate without injury to himself.

The tour comes back to the southeast with the great restrictor plate controversy still unsolved. Don't worry, Bill France will think of something.

Other Winners

RICH TAYLOR for not only winning the C/D Opel/GT in the annual readers' sweepstakes, but for conning Bob Brown into giving him a job on the editorial staff.

GEORGE SLOAN of Wheaton, Illinois who powered his stock VW through the dust and mud of a tough off-road course at the Ford Motorsports Association National I at Ford's Dearborn Test Track to take fastest time honors and handily beat 4wd Broncos at the same time.

DENNY ZIMMERMAN of Glastonbury, Conn. who finished eighth in the Indy 500 and had proclamations bestowed upon him by his home town and by the Connecticut House of Representatives.

THE DAYTONA SPEEDWAY once again protected its tax-exempt status thanks to perceptive Florida state legislators.

MIKE AND LOU SIPOLT ages eight and nine respectively who have been driving professionally for three years for auto racing magnate Andy Granatelli and are currently touring their dare-devil show at major speedways driving miniature STP-McNamaras.

GENTLEMEN START YOUR ENGINES a book of piano pieces for children with an introduction by Mario Andretti and illustrations by his sister Anna Maria (married to the author, James T. Burley).

BOB SHAFER who has been appointed assistant director of the United States Auto Club News Department.

SKIP BARBER'S entry into Formula One racing, his 6th place finish at Hockenheim, and his being able to stay out of everyone's way well enough to finish 14th in the Dutch Grand Prix while piloting an ailing March-Ford.

EVEL KNIEVEL, not for looking like George Hamilton but for purchasing a portion of the famed Snake River Canyon over which he plans to jump with a jet-powered motorcycle in the fall of 1972.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC. who announced that production of the U.S. sports car buyers all-time imported favorite, the MGB, has passed the quarter-million mark. In production since 1963 the MGB has a longer production run than any other single sports car model.

THE NBC RADIO NETWORK for being presented with the Alfred P. Sloan Award for distinguished public service in highway safety.

JACK EITELJORG of Englewood, Colorado has wife Debby Drake, nationally syndicated TV exercise show star, to keep

him in shape when he is not campaigning an L&M Lola T192 in the L&M Continental 5000 Championship.

DONALD C. GATES ex-designer for Chaparral and Chevrolet has formed his own design and engineering firm: Antares Engineering Inc. Jim Hall former Chaparral boss is an investor and member of the board of directors as is Cameron Arget-singer one time executive vice president of Chaparral Cars and one of the founders of the Watkins Glen race track.

SOX AND MARTIN'S total domination of Drag Racing's Pro Stock events has put them in the same "Bad Guy" role as Team McLaren occupies in Cam-Am Racing.

BOBBY ALLISON has joined Richard Petty as a \$100,000-plus winner on NASCAR's Grand National circuit . . . and this total represents only the first half of the season.

OVE ANDERSSON and **ARNE HERTZ** driving the supposedly frail Alpine-Renault have clinched the rugged 1971 Constructors' Championship having logged their fourth victory in five outings and having won the grueling Acropolis Rally.

DAVID LOCKTON corporate officer and former president of Ontario Motor Speedway and Les Richter president of Riverside International Raceway are reportedly becoming close personal friends as they review the circumstances of their respective speedways hoping that they both can be winners.

AUTO RACING which, according to the K&K Insurance Company headed by Nord Krauskopf who has released the figures for the company's own survey of sports attendance, drew an estimated 69,322,725 spectators beating out thoroughbred horse racing at 44,854,675 and football with 40,486,217 for top attendance honors.

Racing magnates **LARRY CARRIER** and **CARL MOORE**, who head the Bristol International Speedway and Dragway and the progressive new International Hot Rod Association, have acquired Dallas International Speedway for their association. The Dallas complex contains a 25-mile road course which is destined for some changes according to the new bosses.

NIGEL MUSSELWHITE pre-1955 handicap race winner for MGs at Silverstone in his 949cc MG/PB and all the other participants of the MG Car Club's 21st Anniversary Silverstone Meeting, who prove that some things are worth savoring.

Happenings

FIA World Championship
Sept. 5 Monza, Italy
Sept. 19 Mosport, Canada

USAC Championship Trail
Sept 5 Ontario, Calif.
Sept 26 Trenton, N.J.

NHRA Summernationals
Sept 5 Indianapolis, Ind.

NASCAR Grand National
Aug. 22 Talladega, Ala.
Aug. 26 Columbia, S.C.
Aug. 28 Hickory, N.C.
Sept 5 Darlington, S.C.
Sept 12 Richmond, Va.
Sept. 19 N. Wilkesboro, N.C.
Sept. 26 Martinsville, Va.

SCCA Trans-Am Series
Sept. 6 Irish Hills, Mich.
Sept. 19 Seattle, Wash.

SCCA Continental Championship
Sept. 6 Lime Rock, Conn.

SCCA Can-Am Cup Series
Aug. 22 Lexington, Ohio
Aug. 29 Elkhart Lake, Wis.
Sept. 12 Donnybrook, Minn.
Sept. 26 Edmonton, Canada

Occasional last-minute cancellations make it advisable to confirm with sanctioning bodies before making plans to attend events listed above. The addresses of major race sanctioning organizations are as follows:

ACCUS-FIA
433 Main Street,
Stamford, Conn. 06901

FIA
8 Place de la Concorde
Paris, France

NASCAR
P.O. Bin K
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32015

National Hot Rod Association
3418 West First Street
North Hollywood, Calif. 91602

Sports Car Club of America
P.O. Box 22476
Denver, Colo. 80222

United States Auto Club
4910 West 16th Street
Speedway, Ind. 46224



the sport-the speed-the splendor

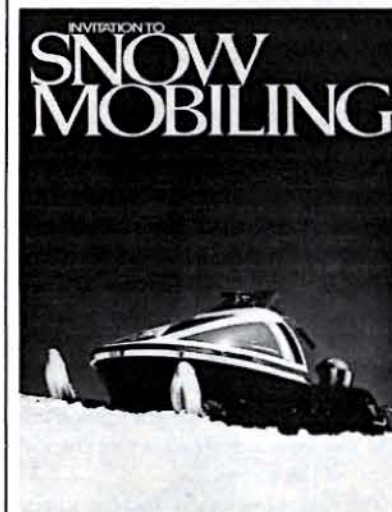
Here are THE MACHINES . . . pushed, pulled, zigged and zagged through deep snow, up steep mountainsides, and over ice by top snowmobilers who check them out and rate them for acceleration, weight, decibel rating, handling, over-all performance and value so you know what to look for when you go to buy your next snowmobile . . .

Here are complete BUYING GUIDES to clothing, accessories and racing equipment as well as snowmobiles; everything your family needs to zap the snow country in style and comfort . . .

Here are TRAVEL FEATURES especially designed to provide snowmobilers with the way to go in the Yukon, in Maine and the Great Northwest . . .

Here is RACING COVERAGE with first-hand reports and bone-jarring photos of the men and the machines throughout the U.S. and Canada who are putting snowmobiling on the competition map . . .

for
snowmobilers
who want
to
GET IT ON!



PLUS! A gang of super-know-how features on snowmobile technology, winter camping, photography, progress reports on use areas, noise, environment and more . . . all guaranteed to help you and your family get more snowmobiling out of your snowmobiling. And it's all yours for about the price of a hot toddy and a hamburger—JUST \$1.50! Use the handy coupon below and get it TODAY!

Ziff-Davis Service Division, Dept. ITS
595 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10012

Please send me the issue(s) of Invitation to Snowmobiling I've checked below at \$1.50 each plus 35¢ each for postage and handling. (\$2.50 postpaid outside the U.S.A.)

- 1971 November/December issue
(Publication date Oct. 18)
- 1972 January/February issue
(Publication date Dec. 21) CD-971

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PAYMENT MUST BE ENCLOSED WITH ORDER

(Continued from page 37)

in obscurity, waiting to go on. It's the bleak part of racing that the ticket-buying spectators never see. Stocky, confident, Fred Marik, circulates expectantly through the garage like a doctor on call. He is the head of his own public relations firm—Penske is a client—and since Le Mans is one of the season's main events he handles it himself rather than send one of his lieutenants. His job is to make it easy for the press to write knowingly of the blue Ferrari and its sponsors. Penske uses him for a kicking dog occasionally but it's all figured into the bill.

Of the various specialists and consultants that hang around the garage, the two most remarkable are least seen. They are the *expediteurs*, the men who can move the obstacles of France aside, so the Penske team can pass through to victory. Bernard Cahier, a pennamed fortyish French journalist comfortable with the English language, is the old man of the game. In the European motoring world he is a clearing house for favors; he can make hotel rooms appear where there are none, introduce potential sponsors, shine the publicity spotlight on your act, whatever is your pleasure. If your job is big, like fending for the Penske team, you can hire him; if it's small, and your future is bright, you can owe him. Either way, you'll be one of the many.

Georges Goudchaud's role is not so clear. For the record, he is a wine dealer who lives in a small village 15 minutes from Le Mans. In the mid-Sixties, when the Ford team was operating in that part of France, he was found to be a most useful aide. He is flamboyant and expressive, an actor, and at his best when mollifying uncooperative track officials at close range.

So adroit are these two men, Cahier and Goudchaud, that had they directed their efforts toward the Paris Peace Talks, Vietnam would now be just another jungle in Southeast Asia. Naturally, in brief visits to the garage, they waste little time on the spectator side of the rope. Confidentially they maneuver themselves close to the split sources of power, Penske and Donohue, as the occasion demands.

Penske obviously controls the business side; stroking the sponsors and making sure they get their money's worth, prodding the crew into greater productivity, conning the press if he's in the mood . . . or rigidly enforcing the rope rule if he's not. He is "The Captain."

But he is not the guy who makes the car go fast. Donohue does that . . . alone on the track, with the mechanics in the ga-

rage. He makes it all appear so obvious, so computer-like, so destined for success when in fact it is a moment-to-moment struggle.

In the garage he makes frequent reference to the comprehensive technical log he has compiled on the Ferrari, a book laden with dyno graphs, gear ratio charts, shock absorber curves and codes for dozens of mechanical adjustments. From the book and from his intuition he guides the mechanics in the tuning of the car. It is he who decides how the car should be.

At Le Mans, top speed is the single most important commodity. (Porsche recognized this and built three specially streamlined 917s, two for John Wyer's team and one for Martini. They are to be used for this one race only.) Donohue intends to devote the first of the two practice/qualifying sessions to getting speed on the Mulsanne. It will be a matter of reducing drag and squeezing out the last bits of horsepower hidden in the V-12 engine. There are two styles of rear wing to be tried, each with an infinite number of angles to test; the value of the Ferrari-designed air scoop over the injectors has to be proven once and for all; only then can chassis settings be made and tires selected according to whatever downforce is left after the wing issue is sorted out.

The session is a disaster. Against his better judgment, Donohue goes along with Ferrari's gear ratio recommendations for Le Mans . . . and they are wrong, altogether wrong. The car will only pull 7500 rpm on the straight—205 mph—30 mph less than the slippery Porsches. The engine's power curve is so steep that an additional 40 hp is available at 8000 rpm. Still, this is minor compared to the revelation in high speed aerodynamics; 205 mph is as fast as the Ferrari will go. Even with the smallest wing set nearly level there is no more speed. Perhaps that shouldn't be a surprise but it is. The factory had always raced longtail cars at Le Mans and if they knew of the 512M's speed limitation, they had kept it a secret. And Donohue had had no way of finding out for himself. He had seen clues in earlier testing, but neither Daytona nor Sebring have straights long enough to be certain. And, too, the factory gear ratio recommendation was based on a top speed of 230 mph and such recommendations are rarely wrong. But they are this time. At the end of the first qualifying session the Penske Ferrari is exactly 15.1 seconds off the pace.

The following day is devoted to preparation for final qualifying that evening. Fifth

gear is changed, enough to give maybe two more mph on the Mulsanne, the brakes are worked over in an effort to remove chatter and, to stop the car's wild darting, suspension adjustments are carefully reset and rear springs replaced. None of the changes will be worth much but anything at all can be helpful.

Two hours into the last session the Penske Ferrari has moved up to fourth fastest overall, the highest placed Ferrari, 11.5 seconds quicker than the day before. Donohue has risen to the occasion. He had to. It was that or be slow.

But simply being fast at Le Mans isn't enough to win the race. You have to contend with the Frenchmen—not just the obtuse officials, but spectators to whom "keep out" is a meaningless pair of foreign words. On the morning of the race the pit area is standing room only.

Penske, panicking by the lateness of the hour, is frantically trying to coach the crew through pit stop practice . . . but the car is so tightly encircled by people that the jack handle can't be worked without hitting somebody. And about every other time that Woody dashes around to the outside with a fresh tire and the air wrench at least one spectator who is posing by the car for one of his buddies with a camera gets tangled up in the air hose. It's ludicrous. Penske is not amused. But since he is providing the best pre-race entertainment, the crowd stays on . . . right up to a half hour before the start when a battalion of police sweep through, chasing out all but the 10,000 or so with the best passes.

Last year the familiar Le Mans start was modified to allow the drivers to wait in their cars, engines off, for the flag. This year it was done *American* style, one lap behind a Porsche pace car and then away. Those who savor the tradition of Le Mans grumble about the start. At the end of the first lap Donohue is fifth behind the front-running trio of long-tailed Porsches driven, in order, by Pedro Rodriguez, Vic Elford and Jo Siffert and the yellow Ferrari of Nino Vaccarella, the second quickest 512 in qualifying. Donohue's intention is to drive a cautious race, avoid the entanglements that had cost Daytona and Sebring. Racing can come later, right now traffic requires complete attention—the differences in speeds of the various cars is so great that by the third lap the slow ones are already being overtaken by the leaders.

Race strategy calls for a stop every 17 laps for fuel, a driver change every other stop. But fuel consumption is higher than anticipated and Donohue comes in one lap

early. The ensuing stop will long be remembered, at least by The Captain.

Every pit has its own *commissaire de stande* whose job is to read the fuel meter to make sure the car hasn't developed a bigger tank since tech inspection and to generally keep his eyes open for any unethical activities that might cast aspersions on the reputation of Le Mans. There are also roving flagmen, each with several pits under his jurisdiction. Before the *pilote* can leave the pits he has to have clearance from both of these guys. After 117 liters of gasoline have been charged to the Penske account and the quick-fill lid snapped shut, the required permission is duly given. Just as the Ferrari starts to move the *commissaire de stande* from the N.A.R.T. pit next door, having apparently spotted some diabolical infraction, vaults himself in front of the car, spreading his arms like a second-base umpire about to pronounce Maury Wills out. Always with an eye toward shortening a pitstop, Penske muscled him out of the way in a very USAC manner. The flagman then joins the fray by cracking Penske across the back of the head with the shortened broom handle he has been assigned as a flag pole. In the confusion Donohue sneaks out.

The next subject for official concern is the tank venting apparatus. Penske's usual Indy-type quick-fill nozzle had been rejected by the officials but they hadn't ruled on the elbow-shaped device which one of the crewmen had plugged into a separate outlet on the tank as it was being filled. Maybe they hadn't ruled on it because they hadn't seen it. After observing it in operation, however, they are of the distinct opinion that it might be contrary to the spirit of sportsmanship that is Le Mans. Two of them, a *commissaire de stande* and a higher-ranking *commissaire sportif* (you distinguish them by the fine print on their red leather armbands) wander into the pits for a closer look. They find the insidious device under the timing stand and appear to be confiscating it when Penske catches sight. Naturally he repossesses the offending object and what follows is half in English, half in French and makes no sense whatsoever. Goudchaud instantly bounds into action, pleading with the officials, making sad faces, waving his arms and pointing at his head. It is a virtuoso performance and the red tags walk away empty handed . . . for reinforcements. They return with an *administrateur* and another *commissaire de stande* but Goudchaud overpowers them with more gallic verbosity as well. They are followed by the next link in the chain of command, a lone *directeur de course adjoint*, who listens calmly for a while and then leaves smiling. He

is joined outside by a *commissaire adjoint aux commissaires sportifs* in what appears to be a stake out.

In all, five red tag officials, two gendarmes and a fireman are on hand for the next pit stop, all to have a look at the device in operation. And, in a landmark decision, they approve it—even calling it a good idea according to Goudchaud.

That is the fourth pit stop. Fuel and oil are added and Donohue replaces Hobbs. With that out of the way, the mechanics settle down on top of their tool boxes in the back of the pits, eating cookies and drinking bottled lemonade, getting their minds right for the all-night vigil. Eight o'clock comes and passes and the evening shadows grow longer. Penske observes, for anyone who hadn't been watching team scorer Judy Stropus' scoreboard, that Donohue is now in second place, 129 seconds behind the Rodriguez-Jackie Oliver Porsche and 19 seconds ahead of the one driven by Elford and Gerhard Larrousse—"Just where we want to be." It looks like a long night, but one with a good promise of success.

Five laps later as he paces in front of the pit, Penske spots the blue Ferrari coasting slowly up the pit road. "He's in early . . . slowly . . . get out and give him a push."

Donohue has the door open as soon as the car stops. "The engine. I think it's seized." Out of the car, helmet off, his face lined with despair, he explains that, "It started to make a grinding, whistling . . . like it was chewing up a . . . (shrug)." Then he turns to the back of the pits without seeing anything and slowly shakes his head. "That's it."

What follows is systematic. The scorers continue to change the board every lap. The mechanics divide, one group to change all of the tires and brake pads so that those tasks will not remain when the car returns to the race; the others to minister to the engine. But it is no use. Donohue was right.

Within the hour Le Mans' official bulletin carries this epitaph. "*À 20 H 16, la voiture 11 pilotée par DONOHUE abandonne: moteur bloqué.*"

For the Penske team, Le Mans ends as it started—in French. ●

24-Hours of LeMans
8.35-mile road circuit

1. H. Marko/G. van Lennep	Porsche 917	3314 miles (recrd)
2. R. Attwood/H. Muller	Porsche 917	3298 miles
3. S. Possey/T. Adamowicz	Ferrari 512M	3058 miles
4. C. Craft/D. Weir	Ferrari 512M	2962 miles
5. L. Chinetti Jr./R. Grossman	Ferrari 366 GTB/4	2621 miles
6. R. Tourou/Anselme	Porsche 911S	2554 miles (1st GT)
7. W. Brun/P. Mattli	Porsche 907	2554 miles
8. R. Mazza/J. Barth	Porsche 911EC	2533 miles
9. J. Meunier/Godfrem	Porsche 911S	2490 miles
10. N. Kocob/E. Kremer	Porsche 911S	2438 miles
11. G. Verrier/G. Foucault	Porsche 911S	2424 miles
12. P. Vestey/R. Bond	Porsche 911S	2392 miles
13. B. Waldegard/B. Chenevire	Porsche 911S	2197 miles
Fastest Qualifier: P. Rodriguez/J. Oliver	Porsche 917	155.5 mph
Average Speed: 139.1 mph		

MEN! WOMEN!

You may qualify to get involved in a

STICKY BUSINESS...

Gain new popularity!
Hide unsightly blemishes!
Protect your car from spirits
in the night!



With these incredible stickers from CAR and DRIVER you'll reach heights you never thought possible (Mrs. Moot Cavity, from Loose City Iowa recently stuck one on her rooftop TV antenna). And you'll make countless new friends (mostly wearing blue uniforms and bearing citations).

So hurry . . . don't miss out on this once-in-a-lifetime offer. Any set (2) of the above stickers only 35¢. Act today, though, because the supply is endless.



For the man who wants to experience all

the creative pleasures of photography



Pictures of the Great Depression are among the examples given in the volume on *Photojournalism* to show how to make photographs that comment on events and on people.



How to freeze motion at the crucial moment is explained in the volume on *Special Problems*.



How pictures are taken underwater, in the heavens, through a microscope are shown and explained in *Photography as A Tool*.

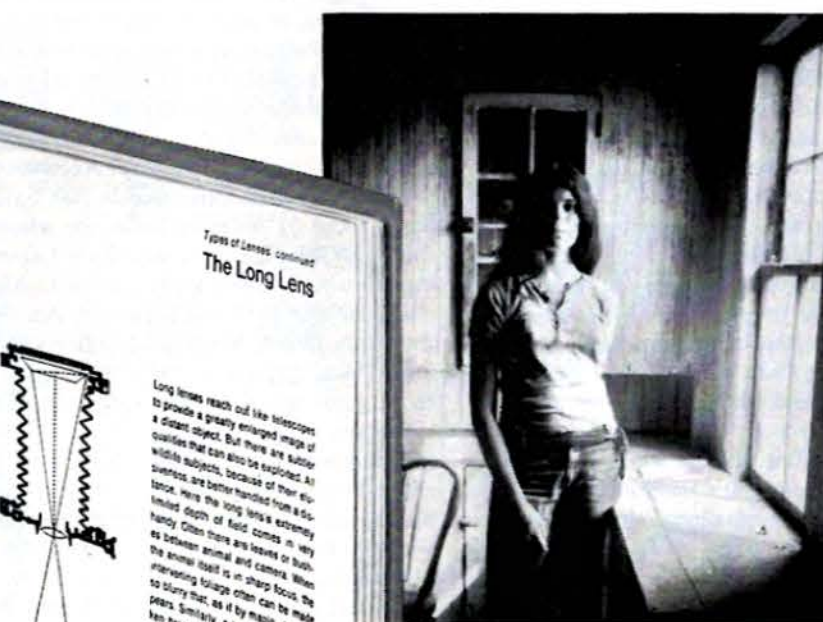


Easel distortion created the intriguing effect above—one of the inventive darkroom techniques explored in *The Print*.

Accept
this volume
The Camera
for 10 days
free
examination



Actual book size:
10 1/4" x 10 1/4". Hard covers,
silver-stamped black-cloth binding. 240 pages.
320 illustrations, 212 in full color.

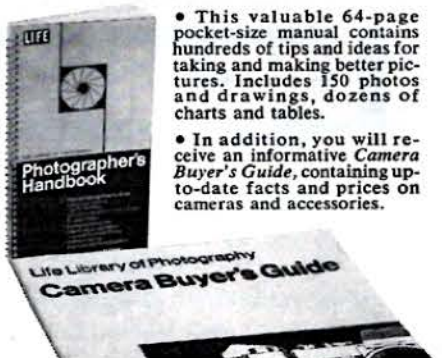


This portrait, so like a moody painting, is actually a color photograph in the volume *Color*—one of many examples of how to use color to add to a picture's aesthetic appeal.



The Great Themes reveals the techniques of the masters in each of the six major areas of photography represented above.

**FREE with Volume 1:
Photographer's Handbook and
Camera Buyer's Guide**



- This valuable 64-page pocket-size manual contains hundreds of tips and ideas for taking and making better pictures. Includes 150 photos and drawings, dozens of charts and tables.
- In addition, you will receive an informative *Camera Buyer's Guide*, containing up-to-date facts and prices on cameras and accessories.

TODAY the possibilities of photography are almost limitless. You can take pictures anywhere—even where there's no more light than a candle. You can turn the most commonplace objects into striking visual designs—with everything from ultra zoom lenses to fisheyes. You can start with ordinary negatives and transform them into startling abstractions in your own darkroom. And now, this whole marvelous world of photography has been put into a remarkable self-study course: the Life Library of Photography.

Here, in magnificently illustrated volumes, you'll receive step-by-step guidance on shooting all kinds of subjects—studio shots, portraits,

sports, children, nature, still lifes. You'll learn how to plan each picture... how to compose it... how to make it "speak" to the viewer. Famous LIFE photographers such as John Dominis, Carl Mydans and Alfred Eisenstaedt will offer you their personal tips and trade secrets.

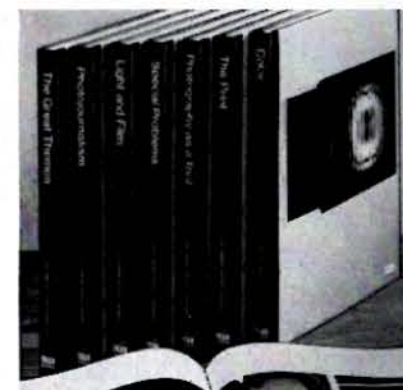
You'll learn about all the possibilities open to you in the darkroom, too—from the basics of developing, printing, dodging and burning-in to special effects such as solarization, bas relief and combination printing.

And by examining a magnificent gallery of some of the greatest photographs of all time—and seeing why they succeeded so brilliantly—you'll be encouraged to develop your own

sense of what makes an unforgettable picture. Whether you are an experienced photographer or a beginner, the Life Library of Photography can't help but bring you closer and closer to the kinds of photographs you've always dreamed of creating.

Accept Volume I on 10-day free trial

Just as a picture is worth a thousand words, you must really see the Life Library of Photography yourself—and try some of its suggestions—to appreciate how much it can mean to your picture-taking. That's why we invite you to send for Volume I for a 10-day free trial without obligation. Just mail the attached card or the coupon.



Among other volumes in the LIFE LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHY: *Color*, *Photography as a Tool*, *The Print*, *Special Problems*, *Light and Film*, *Photojournalism*, *The Great Themes*.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, DEPT. 1232
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

Please send me Volume I, *The Camera*, of the LIFE Library of Photography on a Free-Examination basis, together with the illustrated Photographer's Handbook and Camera Buyer's Guide. After ten days I may return the books without further obligation. If I keep them I will be billed only \$7.95 (plus shipping and handling). I will then receive other books in the library as they are issued: one every other month. Each comes on a 10-day Free Trial basis and is priced at \$7.95. I may cancel this arrangement at any time simply by notifying you; thereafter no further books will be sent.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

(Continued from page 42)

road block of red tape recently thrown up by the Division of Motor Vehicle Pollution Control of the National Air Pollution Control Administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

"The whole thing is unreal. I can't believe it. All we are trying to do is put a simple turbocharger unit on a Vega—and we know the emissions are reduced with the unit, that the car runs cleaner with the turbocharger than without, but I've run smack into the government because I want to change the induction system and that causes all kinds of problems according to the law. And when you deal with the government, you get into things like this."

He shuffles through a pile of papers on his desk, roots out a single sheet and passes it over for examination. It is titled: *Subject: Amendment No. 2 to Solicitation RFP #EHSD 71 Neg. 32.* It begins: "Attachment A—Instructions to offerors, page 5, paragraph b, (5) is deleted in its entirety and the following substituted therefor: Firm engineering, and other production costs for fabrication and delivery of the ten (10) demonstration models in Phase II may be submitted for government consideration. This would facilitate negotiation of a firm option for Phase II along with Phase I at time of Phase I lease cost negotiations."

"Can you believe that?" says Yenke, his eyes glinting. "What in God's name are they trying to say? . . . And you know what? I've got a ton of stuff just like it and I defy anybody to tell me what in the hell they are talking about. It's a nightmare."

Don Yenke wants to sell a sporty version of the Vega, instead he is getting a reading lesson in Newspeak while an anonymous clerk in an unheard sub-strata of an obscure government agency mulls over his proposal. Yenke has worked out a simple, ingenious turbocharger system that adds a startling boost in performance to his car—called a "Stinger," the same name as his successful custom model of the old Corvair a few years ago. However the 1970 Clean Air Act clearly states that no manufacturer, dealer or parts seller can modify the fuel intake or exhaust system of any automobile sold in the United States without first receiving full certification that it conforms with government exhaust emission standards. But it is hardly a matter of merely bolting on the new gear and getting a clearance from the government. Someone, somewhere, has decided that each new powerplant introduced in the U.S. must undergo a 50,000-mile durability test before receiving clearance. Because Yen-

ko's Stinger has a modified induction-exhaust system, he has been told by the Environmental Protection Agency that he must complete the 50,000-mile durability test before his Turbo-Stinger can be sold.

"Fifty-thousand goddamn miles. Do you realize how long that will take? According to the government requirements that I average about 32 miles an hour, the whole thing will take me three months if I start right now." Yenke slides down in his chair, looking as if he'd been shot. Across the room, Donna Mae's dual conversation mixes with the music. "I've tried to tell those guys that the turbocharger doesn't make any difference with emissions—in fact, it is maybe 2% cleaner—but they just shake their heads and tell me to run the 50,000 miles. I've even told them that the way the turbocharger only activates at high engine speeds, it is theoretically possible to run the entire 50,000 miles without operating the turbo at all. That means I might as well run a stock Vega, except that Chevrolet has already done that."

"At first they wanted me to run the test on public roads around Canonsburg, but I tried to tell them that it might be unsafe, what with my test car out there starting and stopping according to the rules of the test cycle, and what with driver fatigue and everything. Finally they said I could do it on a closed course, but we just don't have a satisfactory test track or proving ground in the area, so you know what they are going to let me do? Big concession. Are you ready for this? We are going to run our 50,000 mile test at Heidelberg Speedway near Pittsburgh. Now in case you haven't heard, Heidelberg is a half-mile, paved oval track. And that means we've got to run that goddamn Vega around the Heidelberg Speedway 100,000 times to meet the government requirements. *One hundred thousand laps around the Heidelberg Speedway! Jesus Christ, it's a nightmare. I can't believe it. Donna Mae, get off those goddamn phones and get me a coffee!*"

II

It could be midnight inside Buddie's. Actually it is barely past noon, and the vinyl and plastic saloon is empty save for a few well-dressed Pittsburgh business types slugging away on Beebeater martinis and Yenke, who is propped loosely in a back booth idly sipping a Molsons Ale. "A lot of people think Donna Mae and me have a thing going. That's crap. I'm a happily married man with kids and Donna Mae and me are strictly business. I've known her for a long time—way back in the Fifties when we both got started in racing—

and frankly I don't know how I'd get along without her. You might get the impression she's kind of a ding-dong, but the more you're around her, the more you know that dumb blonde bit covers up a really quick mind. Like a few years ago she decided she needed to know shorthand. She borrowed a textbook and learned how in three months. Try that sometime when you're feeling clever."

We sat there in the gloom talking about Donna Mae Mims, musing how all those weekend *macho*-seekers in their Sprites must have blown their brains when she beat them out of the SCCA National Championship in 1963. Imagine yourself, a guy out there in Class H Production amateur sports car racing, a trifle insecure in your toy racer at best, being wiped out, whipped soundly, by a funky broad driving a pink Bugeye Sprite! Talk about emasculation! There ought to be some kind of law preventing funky broads in pink race cars from beating insecure *macho*-seekers at their own game. There's frozen Gloria Steinem mumbling about equality, taking herself so goddamn seriously that she's transcended boredom, and here's your very own "Pink Lady" out there hitting those guys right in the crotch with her Bugeye Sprite. Too much!

Here comes Donna Mae, bopping through the dimness, pulsing down the long bar toward the booth in a pink peasant dress, pink beads, pink watchband, pink bow lashed to the back of her platinum head and her "Win with Jesus" button tacked to her bodice. Behind her is a Pittsburgh newspaper reporter, who's doing a story on her for the Sunday feature magazine. He is lean, youngish, with slit-eyes and an Evil King John beard. He is wearing a crypto-safari jacket with leather epaulets and he immediately makes it clear that he has been everywhere and done everything; screwed every broad, shot every rapids, fought every fight, traveled every road worth traveling. Just like his idol, Ernest Hemingway. *Ernest Hemingway*, for God's sake! Yenke is lounging there, sipping Molsons and you can see him eyeballing this guy and you know he is thinking, "Sure, Buster, you are a very heavy talker, but you better thank your stars that you and ol' Papa never got on a race track with a lady in a pink Sprite!"

Yenke tires of the chatter and moves to a nearby piano, one of those Errol Garner jobs with a lavender tinted mirror facing the keyboard. "Don is a great jazz pianist," says Donna Mae, interrupting the re-

(Continued on page 86)

"Grand Prix" Custom Steering Wheels
New styles for 1971. The handsomest and strongest custom made wheel available. Now offered in either mahogany rim with bright polished frame, or padded black leather rim with black frame.

Most imported car models; MG, Sprite, Jaguar, Fiat, TR, Volvo, VW, at . . . \$39.50
Most American car models, at . . . \$42.50

Uni-Syn
\$10.95

S.U. Carb Tool Kits
2 Carb Model . . . \$5.75
3 Carb Model . . . 7.50

Curta Calculators
11 place model \$125.00
15 place model 165.00

Halda Speed Pilot
\$95.00

Halda Trip Master
\$64.50

Halda Twin Master
\$89.50

Imported English Driving Gloves
In men's and ladies' sizes.

Sports Glove capeskin front, knit back . . . \$9.95
Open Back Glove, all black capeskin . . . 13.95
Full Coverage Racing all black cape . . . 12.95
Stirling Moss Summer, pigskin front . . . 13.95
Stirling Moss Winter Glove silk lined . . . 13.95

Embossed Emblems, in full authentic colors, washable. Pocket size \$1.00 each.

Key Fob \$1.75
Tie Bar \$2.95
Cuff Links \$4.95
Genuine Zippo Lighter \$5.95
Ever popular personal accessories, with medallion in brilliant jeweler's glass enamels.

Crested Gearshift Knobs
Chrome \$3.25
Walnut \$3.75
Vinyl \$4.95

The medallion of your car's authentic crest, in a superbly hand-fitting gearshift knob.

Leather Steering Wheel Cover, \$6.95
Black, or brown. Specify car.

Heuer Monte Carlo . . . \$78.00
Heuer Sebring . . . 85.00
Heuer No. 512.413 . . . 73.00
Wilco Stopwatch . . . 21.00

BELL Helmets:
Shorty \$19.90
500TX \$37.00
Magnum \$49.00
Star \$59.50

COVERALLS
Wilco Nomex, white, 1 pc. 70.00
Wilco Nomex, white, 2 pc. 75.00
Donohue Durette, 1 or 2 pc. 149.50
Nomex Underwear, top . . . 10.50
pants . . . 9.50
Nomex Socks, jersey . . . 3.95
Nomex Socks, knit . . . 6.95
Nomex & Leather Gauntlets 15.95
Nomex Head Shield . . . 16.95
Nomex lined Shoes . . . 24.95
Fire Extinguisher 2 1/2 # . . . 15.15

Rupert Safety Belts

Hardtops: re-enforced fiberglass construction, including all hardware. Shipped freight collect:

	In Primer Paint	In Finished Lacquer
Alfa Duetto	\$159.00	\$177.00
Sprite/Midget	145.00	163.00
Jaguar XKE	167.00	185.00
MG B	159.00	177.00
Fiat 124	165.00	183.00
TR 4 & 250	159.00	177.00
TR Spitfire	145.00	163.00

7" Iodine Headlamps
Cibie \$59.95 pair
Marchal \$57.95 pair

Headlamp Stoneguards
7" \$10.50/pr., MGB \$11.50, Porsche \$13.50
Jaguar XKE \$27.50
Spot/Foglamp Models: \$6.95 to \$7.95 each.

Classic Car Wax
1 lb. 2 oz. can . . . \$5.00
Classic Care Kit . . . 9.50

Talbot Racing Mirrors
flat or convex lens.
#303 Jr., 3 1/2" \$ 7.95
#300 Sr., 4 1/4" 8.50
#301 Sr., 4 1/4" 8.95
Volvo . . . 4.95
#333 Sr., 4 1/4" 10.95

KONI Shock Absorbers offer the ultimate in roadability and handling. Prices each:
BMW 2002: front \$39.50, rear \$25.50.
Corvette Stingray: front \$25.50, rear \$25.50.
Datsun 240Z: front \$40.00, rear \$40.00.
MG B: rear \$23.50, brackets \$23.00/pair.
Porsche 911/912: front \$40.00, rear \$27.00.
Porsche 914: front \$40.00, rear \$33.50.
VW Beetle: front \$23.50, rear \$23.50.
Volvo 144: front \$23.50, rear \$23.50.
Models for most imported and domestic cars.

AMCO Convertible Tops

AMCO Tonneau Covers

Made of heavy vinyl fabric, heat sealed, and including hardware. Specify black or white.

MAGnum Roadster '66 through '69 . . . \$64.95
MG A . . . 54.95
MG B . . . 67.95
XKE Jaguar . . . 49.95
Sprite MkIII/Midget MkII . . . 54.95
TR4A . . . 59.95
TR-250, TR6C . . . 84.95
TR Spitfire MkIII . . . 59.95

Roll Bars
Complete with hardware. Street models, from \$69.50. Competition models (SCCA), from \$84.50. Shipped freight collect.

Abarth Exhaust Systems
All models in stock for immediate shipment, freight collect.

Lucas 576

Cibie 90

Marchal 322

Cibie 45

Car Plaques of the world, 2 1/2" x 3", in brilliant glass enamel colors, for most states, provinces, and countries. \$5.50 each.

Specify make, model, and year of car.

Prices include postage or shipping except where noted. Catalogue 50¢; refundable, or sent free with order.

WILCO

P. O. Box 1128, Rochester, N. Y. 14603

(Continued from page 84)

porter in the middle of this story in which he's judo-cutting his way out of a Calcutta opium den. "He's really good. He sits in with all the best groups in town and really has a lot of respect in the music business."

Yenko is bent over the piano, his back arched like he's about to fall face forward into the keys and his hair is hanging over his nose and he's pumping his way through a very cool version of "Take the A-Train." A bean-pole guy is strumming a bass beside him and a few of the Beefeater slug-gers turn to watch and listen. "The jazz guys say there are three kinds of musicians," says Donna Mae, "Drivers, followers and laggards. The drivers are always leading the way, sometimes by half-a-beat, while the others just sort of follow along. Don's a driver, he always has been. He's always pushing, always slightly ahead of the beat. It's natural for him. He's like an open nerve. He does everything hard, even picking up the telephone. Me, I don't know a thing about music, but they sometimes let me play that thing, what do they call it? Oh yes, the tambourine. But I can never keep the beat. Wheee!"

Yenko is playing the piano harder now and people are coming in and sitting down at the booth and a skinny waitress with a thick, black, shoulder-length wig is busy spreading Molsons around the table until there are green bottles everywhere. Donna Mae is chattering away, doing some kind of a Zazu Pitts impersonation and the reporter is trying to tell somebody about how he used to be a gun runner in British Guiana. But nobody is listening and finally Yenko quits playing and shuffles back to the table.

"Music is good for the soul" he says idly. "But this thing with the government still bugs me. I can't get it out of my mind. You know, if I run that test the way the Environmental Protection Agency wants, it will cost me \$40,000. Hell, for that money there's no sense in building the Turbo-Stinger. I'd never get my money back in a million years. Maybe I ought to fly up there to Detroit and see those guys once more. You know, talk to them, sort of face to face. They're good guys, not really bad—except none of them will admit who's in charge, which seems kind of strange. Yeah, tomorrow we'll get in my Twin Bonanza and fly up to Detroit and see those government guys."

The skinny waitress gives us a check . . . \$56. Fifty-six bucks of Molsons Ale consumed while sitting around listening to Don Yenko play jazz music on the piano and Donna Mae Mims do a Zazu Pitts imi-

tation and this macho-seeker reporter talk about gun-running in British Guiana or Chad or wherever the hell it was. Everyone reels out of Buddie's perpetual plastic murk and into the sunlight. There is the flaming vermilion 454 Corvette with enough parking tickets stuck in the wipers so that it looks like the windshield has sprouted a beard. "Don't worry, I can handle that," announces the reporter, sweeping the batch of paper off the windshield and into the pocket of his Esquire classified section jacket. He disappears into the Pittsburgh sidewalk traffic, reeling slightly. Yenko is standing there, hunched over, his hair in his eyes and he wonders out loud, speaking to no one in particular, "I wonder if Ernest Hemingway would have had the balls to fix a parking ticket?"

III

Yenko is in the burnt sienna sludge-cloud that hangs over the poisonous industrial ruins known as Akron and Cleveland. The sun is shining, the atmosphere is clear, but Yenko is flying on instruments, probing his way through the awesome effluvia from the countless rubber, steel and chemical plants that line the southern shore of Lake Erie. "They are making me go through all this nonsense to certify my cars—something we know is clean—and they let the industries do *this* to the atmosphere," he says, gesturing in the murk.

"I just won't fly in this area on anything but instruments. What with the rotten visibility and the heavy air traffic, you'd be nuts to fly VFR. Flying used to be a big lark, but now it's serious business. You can't afford to fool around. I took my first lesson on my sixteenth birthday and I've been doing it ever since. When I was young I wised around a lot, like taking a chick up and cutting the engine. I'd yell back, 'Quick, this is our last moment together!' Then one day I took up an old crate with a Franklin engine. It wouldn't re-start and I had to land in a cornfield. The chick thought I was a hero, but man, I was scared to death."

"I don't monkey around like that anymore. I like to fly to races, and use my plane for business like this and sometimes, when I've got to get away from things I go out and practice instrument landings just to relax."

Yenko is immersed in his flying, checking charts, snapping his radio gear to different frequencies, fine-tuning his throttle settings. He is attacking the air, not just flying through it. "You know, if I was just going to be an automobile dealer for the rest of my life I'd go nuts. Who the hell

could face the prospect of that kind of boredom? That's why this Stinger thing means so much to me; it's my chance to inject some of my own thinking into automobiles, to make my own personal statement about cars. If we can just get this thing cleared with the government, we can introduce an entire line of high-performance parts for the Vega. In fact, Donna Mae has the whole thing worked out; prices, inventory, suppliers, the whole thing . . . but the cornerstone of the deal is the turbocharger. And according to the law, I, as a dealer, cannot sell a turbocharger, either installed on a car or as a kit, until it has passed this 50,000-mile test. It's got me nuts."

The Division of Motor Vehicle Pollution Control of the Environmental Protection Agency is housed in the immense brick cavern that was once Willow Run Airport—Detroit's principal air terminal until operations were moved to Metro. It is vacant now, the giant main gallery empty except for a few dusty ticket booths and a seedy row of benches. Willow Run was built by the government in World War Two for Ford to manufacture B-24 heavy bombers, and was later leased to the University of Michigan for 99 years at one dollar per year. Today it is unused, save for a few small agencies like the EPA, which rent space from the University.

Yenko lands his custom twin-engine Bonanza (a rare California-built plane called a Super Vee that invariably fascinates airport personnel wherever it lands) and taxis directly to the entrance of the EPA. He is met by a trio of officials, all looking haggard and disheveled. It is part of the Civil Service syndrome—as it is for male school teachers—to look disheveled at all times. There they are, in their wrinkled Robert Hall summer weight sport coats and their snap-on ties and their scuffed wingtips, all silently testifying, "I would dress more elegantly if I wasn't so selflessly devoting my life to public service." Three GS-12s, or whatever, escorting Yenko to lunch, all wrapped up in that Civil Servant hair-shirt martyr syndrome, and you wonder why they do it. Why? Because here are these three guys and they can make Yenko do handstands if they want. But even better, these three guys and their other eight associates who make up their particular unit assigned to certifying cars for sale in the United States, can make General Motors and Ford do handstands as well. Cartwheels, sit-ups, back-flips, you name it, and these three guys in the rumpled Sta-

(Continued)

CAR and DRIVER
SEPTEMBER 1971

(Continued)

Prest, miracle fiber, wash-'n-wear outfits can make the biggest corporations in the world do handstands right in their cramped little hole-in-the-wall facility hidden in a corner of a deserted airport. Now do you know why they do it?

IV

Yenko and the Civil Servants are sitting in a restaurant having lunch. Yenko is drinking a Coke, because he plans to fly again later in the day. The leader of the Civil Servants has told the waitress, "I'll have my usual," and she has brought him a 12-ounce double-Old Fashioned glass filled with a rocks martini. A quadruple martini for lunch! He sips it with relish and reflects on the difficulty of his work. "There are inconsistencies, I'll grant you, but our job is to enforce the law. We have very little latitude in that area." So here is the Great Cone phenomenon of government. Down there in Washington, at the mouth of the Cone, are thousands of congressmen, political appointees, civil servants, volunteers and professional administrators, all posturing around in behalf of cleaning up automotive air pollution. But down at the other end—the place from which everything emanates, policies, details, memos, key decisions, regulations, are 11 guys in Robert Hall suits, who are at the bottom of it all, control everything that the United States is doing about automotive air pollution.

Yenko is quietly desperate. He tries patiently to explain his points; that his engine is certifiably clean with the turbocharger, that he can run the entire 50,000-mile test without activating the turbocharger. He therefore cannot understand what the test will prove. "Listen, if I thought this unit was going to be unclean, I wouldn't hesitate to run the full cycle, but we know the turbo is clean. I just can't afford the full test and still market the car. You know, we talk about competition, but stuff like this makes it almost impossible for little guys like me to compete."

A Civil Servant reflects: "Yes, we are driving the automobile industry to the wall, while the real offenders are the factories. But we have little choice. We are actually engineers acting as cops."

Yenko: "Can I sell the turbocharger separately and let my dealers or my customers install it?"

CS: "We will have to get more information to answer that. If that is not enough, we may have to consult legal council."

Yenko: "Is there such a thing as provisional certification?"

CS: "No, but we have a 'conditional' certification."

Yenko: "What?"

2nd CS: "Actually they are the same thing; conditional and provisional. You can use the two words interchangeably on occasion, but they essentially mean the same thing."

Yenko is dazed now, groping through a semantic thicket that would strangle Norman Mailer. He tries another approach, dipping into his briefcase to extract an old issue of *Car Craft* magazine. He flips to a story concerning an elaborate new line of high-performance parts being made available by one of the Big Three: custom pistons, connecting rods, and wild intake manifolds that theoretically alter the certified induction systems of their engines. "If there is question about me marketing my turbo as a bolt-on accessory, how can they sell this stuff?" Yenko asks.

One of the CSs looks at the story in *Car Craft*. "Hmmm, what issue is that in?" he asks.

"March," replies Yenko.

"Hmmm, we didn't happen to see that. We just couldn't make a ruling on that at the present time."

"Look, if I could just get a clear understanding of why I have to run this test, then I'd feel better about it," says Yenko.

"It clearly states in the law . . ."

"Yeah, I know, but I think my case involves certain exceptions. Couldn't we do some kind of simulation . . . maybe if I ran a full-throttle test for 5000 miles, using the turbo all the time. That would place a bigger demand on the unit than 50,000 miles of cruising."

"We've tried all sorts of simulations, but we have no way of duplicating the results that you get from 50,000 miles of actual tests," says a CS.

Amazing! Technology can run countless simulations of travel to, even on, the moon—the most complicated and abstract project in applied physics known to man, and these guys cannot figure out how to duplicate 50,000 miles of routine driving.

Yenko is slogging out of the building now, heading toward the Super Vee and 100,000 laps around the Heidelberg Speedway. A thunderstorm is building in the west as he scrambles in the cockpit. He turns to one of the CSs who is standing at the edge of the wing and asks, "Is there any final recourse I have before I start the test?"

The CS smiles and says lightly, "Well, I suppose you could write your Congressman."

Don Yenko, you are cleared for takeoff. Destination: Heidelberg Speedway. ●

ADVERTISERS' INDEX

SEPTEMBER 1971

CAR and DRIVER

Advertiser	Page
Addco Industries	14
American Carry-Products, Inc.	47
American Honda Motor Co.	41
Auto Upholstery	28
BMW, Bavarian Motor Works	2
Bank of America	70
Beck/Arnley Corp.	20, 21
Bosch, Corp., Robert	27
British Leyland Motors, Inc.	4th Cover, 10, 11
Carbooks, Inc.	9
Chevrolet Motors	17
Classic Products, Ltd.	55
Fiat Motor Company, Inc.	7
Firestone Tire & Rubber Company	3rd Cover
Fisher Products	13
General Casting Corporation	28
General Tire & Rubber Co.	2nd Cover
B. F. Goodrich Company	18, 19
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company	44, 45
Gunk Laboratories, Inc.	14
Haan, Inc., Vilem B.	59
IECO	12
Kover King	12
Liquid Wrench	14
MG Mitten	23
MAC'S	22
National Distillers	69
Oxman Enterprises, Paul	65
Premier Athletics Products, Inc.	65
Radiator Specialty Company	14
Renault, Inc.	24, 25
Royal Triton Co.	6
SCU Accessories	8
Sears, Roebuck & Company	5
Standard Oil Company of California	77
Sunoco	30
Time-Life Book Division	80 thru 83
Toyota Motor Distributors, Inc.	29
Turtle Wax, Inc.	48
VDO Instruments	14
Volvo, Inc.	15
Walker Mfg. Company	31
Wilco	85

(Continued from page 62)

perpetuate any national traditions. All of the gauges, which on the TC include a speedometer, tachometer, fuel level and water temperature, are grouped into three dials and face the driver from a pod directly behind the wheel. Small controls take the form of switches mounted lower on the panel or stalks on the steering column.

But of all the Marina's driver equipment, perhaps the most successful is the seat belt. Like most others, it's a lap/shoulder arrangement using a single strap, but instead of simply buckling with a sliding metal tang at the juncture of the lap and shoulder sections, the tang has been replaced by a tail approximately a foot long, the end of which slips into a catch on the tunnel. The shoulder end of the strap feeds out of an inertia reel which locks up only when the car is decelerating at a rate above that of normal traffic. It's the most convenient and comfortable 3-point belt we've found.

While we are pronouncing things convenient, the coupe body itself shouldn't be overlooked. Forget any hardships that you usually associate with coupes. The Marina's roofline extends horizontally rearward far enough before it breaks into its fastback so there is adequate headroom in the back seat for six-foot tall adults. Considering the size of the car, rear leg room is also satisfactory—perhaps even generous.

But will all of this be enough to make the Marina a hit with the car buying public, particularly in the world market? That's what the English workman wants to know when he's trying to decide if next year's standard of living will permit him an extra pint on Sunday morning. To find out the American reaction he will have to wait until early in 1972 when British Leyland begins exporting Marinas to the U.S. Current plans call for it to replace the Austin America at that time. This is contrary to the marketing scheme at home, however, where the Marina is merely an additional model in British Leyland's wide array.

Unfortunately for those who are attracted to the Marina's Super Coupe possibilities, probably only the single carburetor 1800 will set wheel on our highways. Still, that is only a tentative marketing decision and you can be sure that if British Leyland even suspected an extra carburetor on the Marina would help the company regain its long lost pre-eminence in the U.S. import market, the other S.U. would be on there in a minute. It's not that a manufacturer never gets a second chance in the car business. It's just that, for British Leyland, this is the second chance.

(Continued from page 40)

actually improved. The name "competition suspension" may be a bit of an overstatement, however it is not the rock-hard, teeth-rattling type of suspension that came with the last years' Mach I Mustangs but simply a competent over-the-road system that transforms the car from a puffy turn-pike cruiser into a car that is vastly more secure in a variety of situations. Buy it.

With the new Torino, Ford has become the first major American manufacturer to make front disc brakes standard on an intermediate. The brakes themselves are of a new cast, rotor/hub design with simpler floating calipers. We had the opportunity to drive one Torino without power assist and, while pedal effort was less than we expected to stop this 3966-lb. car, it is far from effort-free and power assisted brakes should be considered a mandatory option.

On the two versions of the GTS we drove we found wide disparity in the brakes' performance—hopefully because the cars were styling and suspension prototypes cobbled together out of parts that were either brand new or had over 50,000 miles on them. On the car with standard suspension the right front wheel locked up in panic stop situations from 80 mph, sending it into a violent slewing motion. On the car equipped with the competition suspension, the rears locked up early, accompanied by violent rear axle judder. One fault discovered in both cars was that it was impossible to sense and modulate brake pedal pressure quickly enough to maintain straight line control.

The new performance engine for the Torino, the 351 CJ with 4-bbl. carburetor, is cautiously rated at 280 hp at 5800 rpm with maximum torque being 345 lbs.-ft. at 3800 rpm. Essentially it is a low-compression, hydraulic lifter version of the 351 "Cleveland" with 4-bolt main bearing caps and large oval intake and exhaust ports. The intake manifold has been redesigned to center the intake ports of the 750 cubic-foot-per-minute Motorcraft 4300D 4-bbl. carburetor, and a ram-air option will be available. Despite the fact that it is a hydraulic lifter engine, the 351 CJ feels best performing in its upper rpm range. At low speeds our test car with its 3.50-to-one rear axle would stumble and cough under hard acceleration and was generally loggy up to 3500 rpm. We also found that in hard cornering situations—particularly left-hand corners—the gas sloshing in the carburetor float chamber starved the engine, causing it to cut in and out.

Inside, the new Torino turns out to be more roomy and comfortable than its

predecessor. The GTS we tested was equipped with the "performance instrument cluster"—which indicates a complete arsenal of gauges deep set in a matte black panel. Directly behind the steering wheel are three large circular pods for clock, speedometer and tach, while off to the right is a series of five smaller housings for fuel level, water temperature, electrical system, etc. The gauges are easily readable white on black, however the instruments have been mounted flush with deep-set canted tubes aimed at a single point within the car. If you are lucky this point will be where your eyes are located, if you aren't so lucky, and drive with the seat pushed further back than the point of convergence, you'll find that the inset results in a portion of the instruments being blocked from your view.

There is no such problem with controls. No matter what your dimensions are or how you choose to position yourself behind the wheel, all hand operated controls are accessible and the foot pedals are properly positioned with enough space between to make them convenient. The optional semi-bucket seats now come with cloth inserts which prevent the insecure subtle sliding that all vinyl seats give. In addition, the wide seat cushions provide good side-to-side restraint as well—although we would prefer to see equally good fore and aft restraints built in too.

There are no vent windows on the 1972 Torino which helps make all around visibility above average—even the thick rear greenhouse pillars are angled so as not to take much of a bite out of rear visibility. Flow-through ventilation is standard on all models.

Obviously Ford's 1972 Torino is anything but a casual exercise in engineering or a tentative marketing probe. It offers every major hardware and marketing feature that is available in this market right now and should appeal to a wide variety of customers. Ford's corporate opinion is that the intermediate market, although depressed recently, still is going to be Detroit's major market. They figure that the ecological/economic trends that are now becoming established are eventually going to adversely affect the standard-sedan market but that for all-around practicality, middle-and-upper-class Americans are not going to be satisfied with the current breed of small cars or—and here's where it gets sticky—even with the compacts. Ford is calling the bet with its new Torino and there's an army of kibbitzers standing over its shoulder to see what cards the market holds.

Classified Market Place

NON-DISPLAY CLASSIFIED: COMMERCIAL RATE: For firms or individuals offering commercial products or services. \$1.15 per word (including name and address). Minimum order \$11.50. Photographs not accepted. Payment must accompany copy except when ads are placed by accredited advertising agencies. Frequency discount 5% for 6 months; 10% for 12 months paid in advance. **READER RATE:** For individuals with a personal item to buy or sell. 60¢ per word (including name and address). NO MINIMUM! Picture may be included for additional \$20.00 (supply photograph). Payment must accompany copy. **DISPLAY CLASSIFIED:** One inch by one column, \$95.00. Two inches by one column, \$180.00. Column width 2 1/4". Advertiser to supply film positives. **GENERAL INFORMATION:** First word in all non-display classified ads set in bold caps at no extra charge. ALL copy subject to publisher's approval. Closing Date: 2nd of the 2nd month preceding cover date (for example, March issue closes January 2nd). Send order and remittance to: Hal Cymes, CAR AND DRIVER, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

FOR SALE

ABARTH

ABARTH GT DOHC 160 HP new \$8,000. Literature \$1.00. 850/128/124 Parts headquarters, catalog \$1.50. 850. competition manual \$3.00, official factory manuals \$12.50, 124 \$8.00 (no checks). Faza, 82 North Main, Brewster, New York 10509. 914-279-9555.

AUSTIN HEALEY

1967 AUSTIN HEALEY 3000—Under 35,000 miles, BRG, original owner. Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613. 319-266-1650.

BUGATTI

ETTORE BUGATTI'S personal automobile. Fabulous 1938 handmade aluminum bodied Coupe. Description and 8x10 picture, \$2.00. Greenlee, Box 1036, Anderson, Indiana 46015.

COBRA

1966 427 COBRA—Black, 10,000 miles. Car is absolutely excellent. \$7,500 firm. Robert LaMarca, 105 Empire Blvd., Rochester, New York 14609. 1-716-254-9926.

CORVAIR

1963 CORVAIR 500—Automatic, 2 door hardtop. Only 33,000 miles, lady driven, and a definite collectors car. Price \$2,000.00 cash. Mrs. L. Perison, Box 195, Fort St. James, B.C., Canada. Phone 996-8489.

CORVETTE

1954 CORVETTE—6 cylinder, automatic transmission. Convertible, all original. Good to excellent condition. \$3,500.00. Steve Davis, 2061 Suffolk, Indianapolis, Ind. 46260. Tel. 317-291-2615.

DATSUN

RARE DATSUN—2000 model SRL 311, 43 Rd. in series of 500. Good condition, also extra hard top. \$2,000. Eugene Malone Jr., Box 25, Sylvan Heights Dr., Sylvan Hills, Hollidaysburg, Penna. 16648.

DE TOMASO PANTERA

U.S. SPECS model delivered tax free upon your arrival in Europe—Claude Dubois, 210 Rue Vanderkindere, Brussels 1180, Belgium. Phone 02/442808. Cables "Shelbycobra." Spares and competent service for: Mustang Shelby, A.C., De Tomaso, GT 40-ZF transmissions. Also antiques, Bugattis for sale.

JAGUAR

JAGUAR—1953 XK120 complete for parts. W.J. Dolan, 30324 Wicklow, Farmington, Mich. 48024. 313-474-2559.

JENSEN

THE perfect executive sports coupe now available. High performance (145 M.P.H.), 4-seater, Chrysler V-8 engine. English leather upholstery. Air conditioning. Tape deck with radio. \$13,975.00 complete, delivered. Exclusive N.E. dealership. Auto Engineering, Inc., Route 2-A, Lexington, Mass. 02173. Tel. 617-862-6700.

MERCEDES-BENZ

1954 300SL GULL WING Mercedes—Exceptional condition. Engine new 230 KM/H guaranteed. Exterior silver, interior blue leather. This wonderful car is completely original. \$8,200. Dr. Mouchot, 57 Sarrebourg, France.

MINERVA

VINTAGE 1925 6 cylinder Minerva Tourer—In 100% condition. \$25,000 or nearest offer. Photograph sent on request. A.B. O'Connor, P.O. Box 77, Mildura, Victoria 3500, Australia.

PONTIAC

FOR the lowest price in the nation on all 1971 new Pontiacs including the hot new Firebird write: Willard Shell, Jim Causley Pontiac, 17677 Mack, Detroit, Mich. 48224. 313-886-1700.

ROLLS-ROYCE

ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY. Largest stocks in World. Send for Stock List. Scott-Moncrieff, Leek, Staffordshire, England.

ROLLS-ROYCE, Bentley, vintage cars bought and sold. Pennington, 72 Edmund St., Edison, N.J. 08817.

MISCELLANEOUS

ANGLO-AMERICAN AUTOMOBILES will supply Vintage and Modern British Cars, Rolls-Royce, Jaguar, M.G., etc. Cedar Lodge, White House, Woodford Green, Essex, England.

SAND BLAST KIT—Complete with gun, hose, hood, \$37.50. 1 1/2 up H.P., Compressor needed. Blast Kleen, 5902 Funston, Hollywood, Fla. 33023.

MILITARY Personnel Overseas—Buy new foreign cycles and cars at factory prices. Delivery Europe or USA, also Asian delivery for cycles! Offices in Vietnam, Thailand, Hong Kong, Philippines, Italy. Headquarters, Europacar International, 4 Parade, Jersey, England.

STOPS battery trouble permanently. Details 10¢. CAR AND DRIVER, Classified, Box 133, 1 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

ACCESSORIES

HARDTOPS—Removable fiberglass hardtops to fit nearly all European Sportscars and Corvette. Easily installed, these tops are richly upholstered, finished in factory colors or prime paint. Reasonably priced and fully guaranteed. Send for free brochure, state model interested in, to Parrish Plastics, 1726 Norsen Drive, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15216.

FRONT and rear Sway Bars—See display advertisement page. ADDCO INDUSTRIES, Lake Park, Fla. 33403.

SPEEDOMETERS—Mechanical and electric tachometers, clocks, capillary temperature gauges, repaired and calibrated. British, German and domestic. Use our heavy duty cables. Paul C. Sullivan, 4311 Sunset, Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

"SUPERGOODIECATALOGI" EVERYTHING FOR SPORTSCARS, VW, IMPORTED CARS, DOMESTIC GOMOBILES, \$1.00 (REFUNDABLE). JAMES AUTO SPECIALTIES, BOX 151Z, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91102. SALESROOM: 3820W, MAGNOLIA, BURBANK.

AUTO EMBLEMS for famous tracks and all sports. Stick-on or bolt-on. Guaranteed fade and weather proof. Jewelers enamels fused into convex tempered glass, on aluminum. \$2.98. Free brochure. Seafarer, Box 451, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250.

FIBERGLASS sports car fenders—perfect fit gel-coat finish. Fully guaranteed. MGB: Healey 3000, 100-4, 100-6. Healey front \$100 ea. Rear \$68.00. TR4 front \$58.00 rear \$52.00. 50% deposit with order. Balance C.O.D. Allow 10 day delivery. Pirana Inc., 108 College, Kent, O. 44240.

CLUBS

CHRYSLER ENTHUSIASTS, Restorers, \$6.00, join Golden Lions, 909 Edgewood Terrace, Wilmington, DE 19809.

BMW Car Club of America, Inc., exists and is growing; with many chapters. Independent of factory or importer organized clubs. Write BMWCCA, Inc., Box 96, 129 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass. 02199.

Z CLUB OF AMERICA, Inc. An independent organization for sports car enthusiasts. Objectives: keep members informed of new developments in Z cars (240Z, Z28, etc.) with quarterly bulletins; sponsor regional rallies; offer sporting fashions and much more. Membership of \$10 includes membership card, window decal and bulletins. Z Club of America, Inc., 124 Getty Ave., Clifton, N.J. 07011.

MERCEDES CLUB—Newsletters, technical, savings, social, historical, etc. \$15. Hurry! Box 2111, San Fernando, Calif. 91343.

APPAREL

BUG COLLECTORS



Tired of sticking bugs from your eyeballs while rearing down the road in your Belchfire 47? Try our American Made drivers sunglasses. Adjustable metal frames, cable earpieces, custom carrying case, optical glass lens in choice of green, yellow, or grey. 10 day money-back guarantee. Send \$4.00 for 1 pair, \$8.00 for 2, or \$11.90 for 3. Post-paid. For Air-Mail add .40 per pair. Foreign orders add .70 per pair.

HIDALGO SUPPLY CO.

Dept. CD, 1405 S. Post Oak Rd., Houston, Texas 77027

EQUIPMENT

FOREIGN Car Auto Wrecking. Used and rebuilt parts available for over 600 cars. Sports-car engines, transmissions, rear-ends, and complete chassis our specialty. New and used accessories. Complete stock of generators, starters, distributors, fenders, doors, grilles, glass, wheels and tires. All parts guaranteed. All inquiries promptly answered. Dealer discount given. All prices F.O.B. Los Angeles. Grand Prix Auto Parts, 12613 Sherman Way, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91605. TR 7-5479 PO 5-0360.

ELECTRONIC Ignition—various types. Information 10¢. Anderson Engineering, Epsom, N.H. 03239.

F.A.B. MAGS

HIGHEST QUALITY INJECTION CASTING SUPER LIGHT SUPER STRONG BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED 13x5 1/2 FOR FIAT, BMW, OPEL GT, VW.



better seating means better driving

RECARO

sport & bucket seats ultimate comfort, safety, racing quality. Available for imported & domestic sports cars.

Importer & Distributor: BREMEN AUTOMOTIVE, LTD., 1107 Rt. 23, Wayne, NJ 07470 (201) 695-6060

PARTS for all Imports Specialists—Simca, Sunbeam, Rootes Group, Cricket, Colt. We ship anywhere. Bill Schmidt's World Wide Import Parts, 208 N. York, Bensenville, Ill. 60106. Phone 312-766-5010.

CARBURETORS and fuel pumps for your 1935 to 1955 automobile. Limited supply at special low prices. Write for quote. Reppo, 6026 Pine St., Phila., Penna. 19143.

CAPACITIVE Discharge Ignition Systems by Delta at discount prices. Write: Southland Communications, P.O. Box 3591, Baytown, Texas 77520.


FIAT 850 tuned exhaust headers. Including muffler \$49.50. E.R.E., P.O. Box 266, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254.

THE NEW ONE FROM BWA

One-piece, spoke type construction of cast alloy provides maximum strength and lightness. Beautiful brush finish for ALFA'S (14 x 6) PORSCHE (14 x 6) BMW and FIAT (13 x 6). For details contact:

Conti Enterprise Corp.

163-15 46th Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358 (212) 358-1541



BODY Kits



FOR VOLKSWAGEN AND OTHER FOREIGN CARS FROM \$395.

For brochure send \$2.00 to:
DESIGN AMERICA, Dept. CD
 41060 High Street Fremont, CA. 94538

ELECTRIC BICYCLE—Ride all day for nickel. Complete plans \$3.00. Electro, Box 27203D, Indianapolis, Ind. 46227.

RACES AND RALLIES

ODOMETER correction unit \$17.95. Lucas, Raydyot closeout less 25%. Jim Clark Gloves \$8.95. We stock Cibie, Curta, Heuer, Sempert, Curta, Halda, Koni and other rallye equipment. Send for free catalog. Rallye Equipment, P.O. Box 1043B, Kalamazoo, Mich. 49005.

TIRES

IF IT'S A TIRE—BELLE HAS IT. Complete inventories of all Hi-Performance Radials; All Major Brands, Glass Belted, Conventional tires, and Firestone Racing tires. Because of volume movements, WE PAY THE FREIGHT ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S.A. ON ANY ORDER OF FOUR TIRES OR MORE. Please specify model of car and driving requirements. Prompt replies, Best Prices, given to all requests including unbiased, accurate, informative recommendations on application. Technical data given upon request. Select your tire requirements from the World's Largest and Most Diversified Inventory of Racing and Hi-Performance tires. Belle Tire Distributors, (Racing Div.) 12190 Grand River, Detroit, Michigan 48204. Phone 313-834-3880.

PIRELLI TIRES... Over 10,000 tires in stock. Write for free money saving catalog. Specify car model, tire size and type. INTERNATIONAL TIRE CORP., 2119 Rte. 110, FARMINGDALE, N.Y. 11735.

NOW YOU CAN BUY TIRES at WHOLESALE

We need representatives for country's fastest growing mail order operation. Sell prestigious Pirelli Cinturato, Goodyear Polyglas, Concorde & Firestone tires & name-brand accessories. Incomparable pricing, easy fast order shipping. Opportunity of a lifetime! Write now for catalogue & details: Universal Tire Corp. Dept. CD, 14622 Southlawn Lane, Rockville, Md. 20850.

AUTHORS' SERVICES

AUTHORS! Learn how to have your book published, promoted, distributed. Free booklet "ZD," Vantage, 516 West 34th St., New York 10001.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

I MADE \$40,000.00 Year by mailorder! Helped others make money! Start with \$10.00—Free Proof. Torrey, Box 318-N, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

\$200.00 DAILY in your mailbox! Your opportunity to do what mailorder experts do. Free details. Associates, Box 136-CD, Holland, Michigan 49423.

FREE BOOK "999 Successful, Little-Known Businesses." Work home! Plymouth 445J, Brooklyn, New York 11218.

JAPAN Hong Kong Directory—World products information. \$1.00 today. Sekai Shogyo Annai, Hillyard, Washington 99207.

MAILORDER! Make big money working home. Free report reveals millionaire's trade secrets! Executive (1K9), 333 North Michigan, Chicago 60601.

BECOME a foreign car parts distributor. Buy direct from importer. Full line. Many territories open. Columbia Motor Corp., 140 W. 21st St., New York, New York 10011. 212-255-5200.

BINOCULARS AND TELESCOPES

SCIENCE Bargains—Request Free Giant Catalog "CJ"—148 pages—Astronomical Telescopes, Microscopes, Lenses, Binoculars, Kits, Parts, War surplus bargains. Edmund Scientific Co., 300 Edscorp Bldg., Barrington, New Jersey 08007.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 1971 Government information and forms—most complete information available—\$1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education, teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-CD, Long Beach, California 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS—High pay, travel, adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. \$1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-DC, International Airport, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

CANADIAN Jobs, Immigration, Government Assistance, Taxes, Land. \$1.00. Porter AN, Box 253, Johnson City, N.Y. 13790.

EXCITING Overseas Jobs—Directory \$1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-E, Belmont, California 94002.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS Typically from \$53.90—Trucks from \$78.40—Aircraft Components, Automotive Parts, Boats, Clothing, Electronics Equipment. Wide variety, Condition. 100,000 bid bargains direct from government nationwide. Complete sales directory and surplus catalog \$1.00 (deductible first \$10.00 order). Surplus Service, Box 820-CD, Holland, Michigan 49423.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—How and where to buy in your area. Send \$1.00. Surplus Information Headquarters, Box 30177-CD, Washington, D.C. 20014.

INSTRUCTION

BILL SCOTT RACING SCHOOL—Personalized racing instruction in the latest Formula Fords and group 6 Prototypes. Graduates of the today school will receive competition licenses. For information write: Bill Scott Racing, 1420 Springhill Road, McLean, Virginia 22101. 703-893-3992.

INVENTIONS WANTED

INVENTORS! Don't sell your invention, patented or unpatented, until you receive our offer. Eagle Development Company, Dept. C, 83 Wall Street, New York, New York 10005.

INVENTORS: Protect your ideas! Free "Recommended Procedure." Washington Inventors Service, 422N Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

FREE "Directory of 500 Corporations Seeking New Products." For information regarding development, sale, licensing of your patented/unpatented invention. Write: Raymond Lee Organization, 230-GC Park Avenue, New York City 10017.

PATENT Searches including maximum speed, full airmail report and closest patent copies, \$6.00. Quality searches expertly administered. Complete secrecy guaranteed. Free Invention Protection forms and "Patent Information." Write Dept. 21, Washington Patent Office Search Bureau, 711 14th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

MAGAZINES

JAPAN PUBLICATIONS GUIDE—Business, pleasure, education \$8.00. INTERCONTINENTAL, CPO 1717, Tokyo 100-91.

OVER 2,000,000 backdate magazines! Specify needs. Midtown, Box 917-CD, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

PHOTOGRAPHY—FILM, EQUIPMENT, SERVICES

16MM Sound Features, Shorts, New, Used for Sale. Free catalog. National Cinema, 333 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019.

AUTO RACING FILMS

ORDER SEBRING '66—Just Reissued... 185 feet; or the 1970 INDY "500" with Al Unser; \$14.95 EACH PPD. Color, Super 8, Regular 8. SPORTLITE, CAR Dept., 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 60606.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

WHOLESALE Professional Guitars, Amplifiers, PA Systems, free catalog. Carvin, Escondido, Calif. 92023.

30% DISCOUNT name brand musical instruments. Free catalog. Freeport Music, 127-H Sunrise Hwy, Freeport, N.Y. 11520.

PAINTINGS AND PRINTS

SPORTS CAR PRINTS—Choose from over 50 color or black and white drawings; sports, racing, GT. Send for Free Listing. AutoArt, Box 9032, Richmond, Va. 23225.

RECORDS, HI-FI & ELECTRONICS

DEALERS WANTED! Citizens Band, AM, SSB two way radios and accessories. USA and export models. We ship around the world. Send letterhead to: Baggy's Radio, P.O. Box 778, 6391 Westminster Ave., Westminster, CA. 92683. 714-894-3301.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED Quicksilver, Platinum, Silver, Gold, Ores Analyzed. Free circular. Mercury Terminal, Norwood, Massachusetts 02062.

MAKE FRIENDS WORLDWIDE through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Berlin 11, Germany.

IDENTIFICATION Cards, send self-addressed stamped envelope for samples. Forms, P.O. 12101, Las Vegas, Nevada 89112.

ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Your subscription to CAR AND DRIVER is maintained on one of the world's most modern, efficient computer systems, and if you're like 99% of our subscribers, you'll never have any reason to complain about your subscription service.

We have found that when complaints do arise, the majority of them occur because people have written their names or addresses differently at different times. For example, if your subscription were listed under "William Jones, Cedar Lane, Middletown, Arizona," and you were to renew it as "Bill Jones, Cedar Lane, Middletown, Arizona," our computer would think that two separate subscriptions were involved, and it would start sending you two copies of CAR AND DRIVER each month. Other examples of combinations of names that would confuse the computer would include: John Henry Smith and Henry Smith; and Mrs. Joseph Jones and Mary Jones. Minor differences in addresses can also lead to difficulties. For example, to the computer, 100 Second St. is not the same as 100 2nd St.

So, please, when you write us about your subscription, be sure to enclose the mailing label from the cover of the magazine—or else copy your name and address exactly as they appear on the mailing label. This will greatly reduce any chance of error, and we will be able to service your request much more quickly.

Now there's an American tire with an American Warranty for Audi, Austin, BMW, Cortina, Datsun, Fiat, Gremlin, Hillman, MG, NSU, Opel, Pinto, Renault, Saab, Simca, Subaru, Sunbeam, Toyota, Triumph, Vega, VW and Volvo.



We call it the Firestone Mini-Sport.

We make it from molds designed in Europe.

We make it so that it performs like an import tire, lightweight, cool running, with a tread that hangs in there on wet pavement, that gives you full traction as long as there's tread on the tire.

We make it so that it looks like an import tire, with raised black letters you can paint or leave

alone (we painted ours white in the picture), with a sidewall design that makes the wheels on any car look like they mean business.

Best of all, the new Mini-Sport is available, along with the guarantee that goes with it, at Firestone Dealers and Stores, wherever you are, or wherever you drive in the country. That's really the only part of the Mini-Sport we thought you'd want Americanized.

Along comes Mini-Sport from **Firestone**



To a world filled with compromise, we make no contribution.

In building something of superlative value, there can be no compromise.

No compromise, therefore, was allowed in the design of the Jaguar XJ6. Jaguar's objective: to create the world's finest high-performance sedan. And, in the opinion of many automotive experts, we've succeeded.

To start with, the XJ6 possesses an enviable performance profile. Its power source: an XK 4.2 litre twin-overhead cam engine that is incredibly smooth and silent. And, with over 340,000 such engines produced, it has been described by one prominent automotive publication as "almost faultless."

In terms of road holding, handling, and general behavior, the Jaguar XJ6 is near

perfection. It has a fully independent 4-wheel suspension system with "anti-dive" geometry. Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering with 3.5 turns lock to lock. Perfectly balanced caliper-type disc brakes front and rear (also power-assisted). And a low center of gravity with an unusually wide track.

Matching its uncompromising performance is the quality of its interior. Hand-cut leather upholstery sets the tone. And following through are such amenities as a hand-rubbed burled walnut fascia, an impressively organized easy-to-monitor instrumentation system, lavishly contoured reclining front seats, and the positive comfort of flow-through ventilation.

The performance, the refinement,

everything about the XJ6: definitively, uncompromisingly Jaguar. Not surprisingly, the XJ6 has been named by *Road Test Magazine* as "The 1971 Car of the Year." Surprisingly, it costs less than \$7,500*.

For the name of your nearest Jaguar dealer and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll-free.

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

Jaguar



*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Transportation charges, dealer preparation, state and local taxes, if any, not included. Whitewalls optional extra.