

# RACEWAY



the Official Publication of RIVERSIDE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY

exclusive

**Brabham wins third GP**

*Riverside Nationals*

**The Wild Ones Are Coming**

RACEWAY Staff Does The MAKE

**USRRC: Glenn and Ken**



No matter what the sign says, we wouldn't advise it.



# RACEWAY

Volume 2 Number 4

**the Official Publication of RIVERSIDE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY**

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**COVER**/Alfa GTA's dominate Class B Sedans. What a pity as Mg. Ed./Photog Charlene Megowan will soon co-drive a BMW, also Class B.

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# RIVERSIDE NATIONALS

The season is nearing its end and the National Championship points race is about as frenzied as some of the all-out, banzai driving witnessed recently at the Riverside Nationals. It's getting down to the wire and it showed; everyone wants a spot in the National run-offs, The American Road Race of Champions, at Riverside November 26th and 27th.

The warm July air was electric with excitement from the crowd through the pits as each crew and driver prepared for one of the last few points races of the season. Trying for every chance at those few remaining precious marks were a number of out of region drivers filling out a particularly large field.

First off the line were the E and F Prod. cars, always a hard charging group. As on Saturday, Alan Johnson (Porsche) showed them the way but with no small amount of tail nipping by Carl Swanson in his Morgan. The rest of the pack followed at a respectable distance, giving the leaders no particular worries. Third was Bob Kirby (Porsche) with Vic Tandy taking first in F; second going to Fritz Warren and third to Charles Burns all in TR 3's.

The G and H Prod. class, usually thought of as the one during which one goes to the refreshment stand (or somewhere), is getting to be more fun than seeing Enzo Ferrari dancing with Carroll Shelby at a NAS-

photos by Barry Gale, Ralph Goldberg, Steve Hitter & Charlene Megowan



CAR banquet. The Sunday race started out simple enough with Emmett Brown taking the lead as on the previous day when Jim Fitzgerald happened upon the scene to spoil his fun along with this other bunch of guys, an announcer's nightmare, Lee Midgley, Lee Mueller, and Lee Herbert while Lee Brown was holding down H Prod. This was in a word a race and a half. Mueller wanted this one in the worst way, fighting every inch with an almost Titus-like, devil-on-his-tail determination. But it was Midgley's Matra coupe that took it; Rick Hilger having moved in for second on one of Mueller's goofs.

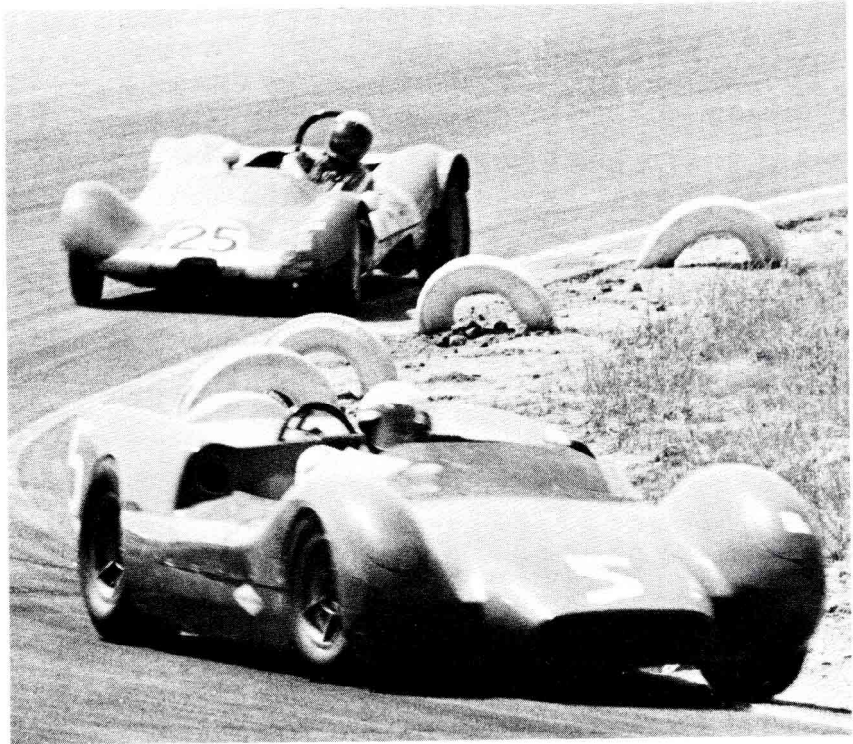
Saturday's H Prod. winner, Lee Brown lead until he was forced to retire just before the end leaving the laurels to Norm Hart followed by Larry Nelson and John Faull.

Next up was the H (oops, I almost said that other word) Sports Racing go. At first it looked as though Ingvar Lindqvist might run away with it in his Lin-Saab. Dan Parkinson pulled a sneaky one, however, by starting dead last where nobody would notice him and stealthily made his way through the pack in his innocuous red Dolphin to wrest the lead from Ingvar. Third went to Bob Snow.

Dr. Lou Sell was decidedly the man to beat in the Formula fray — but nobody did. On Saturday he just about outdid himself, however, when Wayne Jones got a bit too close for comfort. Dr. Lou went in a little too deep at turn six trying to shake him off, got crossways right at the top of the hill, and sat for nearly a minute before getting it going again. The entire field including the V's had gone by so nobody thought there was a chance in the world for him to catch up again. Out of the 11 remaining laps Sell needed only eight to regain his lead.

By Sunday he decided he had had about enough excitement for one outing, took a twenty second lead right off the bat and just held it cool and easy. Karl Knapp, after a disappointing weekend of carburetion and handling troubles, still

*Ray Wolfe leads Pete Cordts temporarily in the sedan go'round that was won by (big surprise) Don Pike's Mustang.*



*Dan Parkinson pulled off a good one in the H Modified competition by working his way up from dead last to the checkered flag. Following Parkinson is Bob Snow, finishing third.*



*289 Cobras look great against Corvettes and Elans, but when a 427 shows up, they're all doomed. Don Peckham shattered the A, B, C, D production field.*

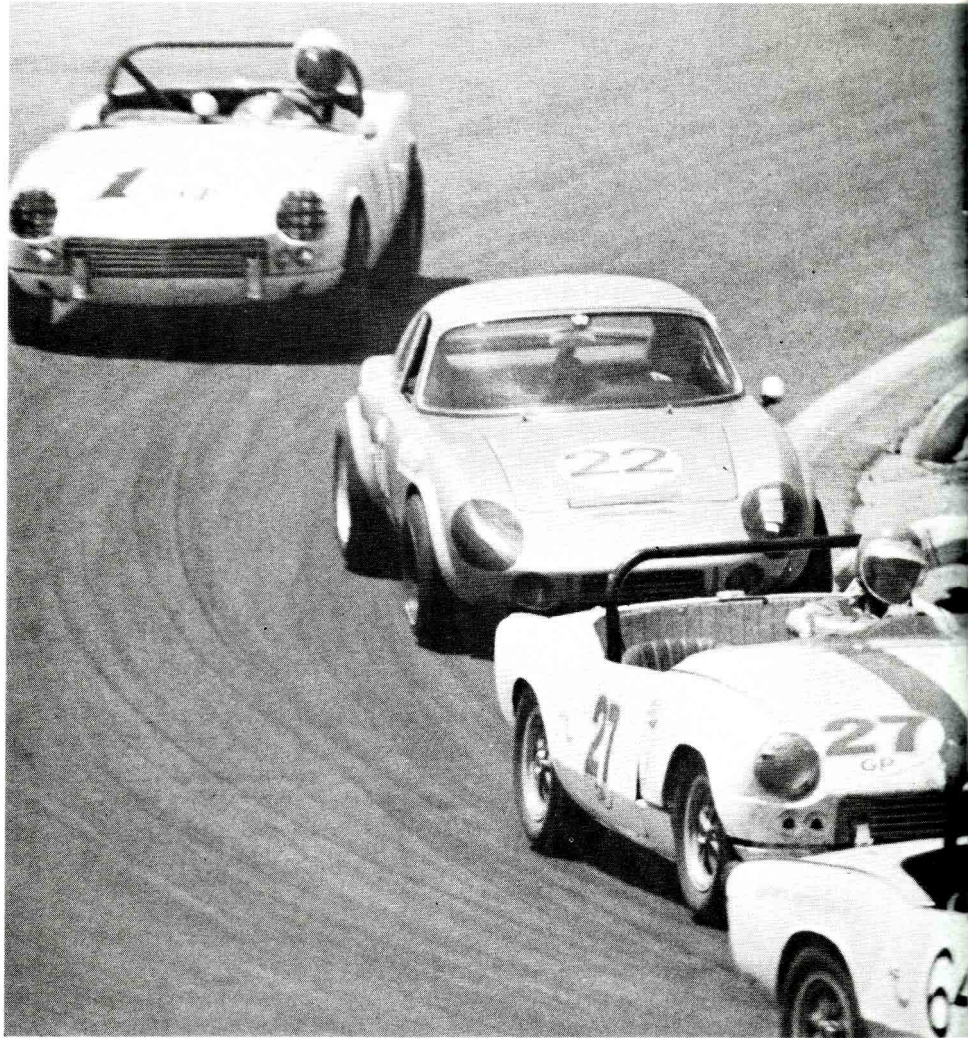
managed second while Bud White brought up third.

Riverside is indeed a Cobra course and that was proven beyond a doubt in the A, B, C, D Prod. race. Don Peckham in his beautifully reliable 427 took it from green to checker, no great surprise to anyone. It looked as though he could have kept right on going for twice the distance. The two other snakes, both 289's, had the real battle between themselves for second; Bob Griffith making it home ahead of Fred Sutherland. There were several good dices back in the pack that made for a bang-up race no matter who won. In the B bash it ended up with Nebon Evol (5th o.a.), Frank Search and J. Weickinant in that order. The C points were taken by Dick Knoor followed by Milt Minter and Al Strom. The controversial D class, first thought to have been won by the ridiculously fast Porsche 911 ramrodded by Jerry Titus, was actually taken by Jim Dittimore. The Porsche, among several others in the meet, was disqualified for being under weight. Second and third in D went to Gary Rodrigues and Gil Ranney.

C, D, E, F, G Sports Racing — even the name of the class looks mixed up. Pity the poor, not really hip, spcctator who doesn't know one car from the other but just likes a good show of good racing. They got that, in the broad sense of the term, but heaven help them if anyone tried to figure out the various classes and why one car was in one instead of another. When an E class car beats them all and a D car only makes seventh while someone in F comes in third, well it could get a little confusing as to how cars are classed in the first place.

It really wasn't too exciting at first; this strange looking white thing (an Elva Porsche they call it) just charged out in front of everyone and kept right on going. I guess no one told it that it was an under two litre car and there was a real honest to goodness Ford GT (bow three times to the East please) out there as well as a number of other rather creditable marques. Bob Challman and his Lotus

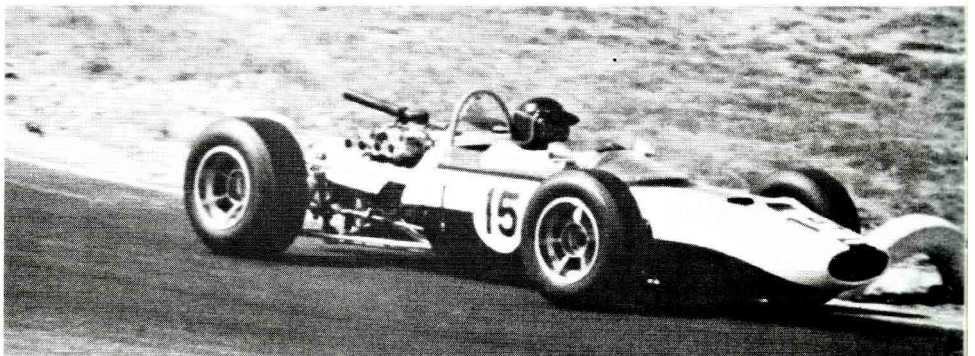
*Lou Sell ran away with the formula action as usual, finish 20 seconds ahead of Karl Knapp.*



*Surprising the always-winning Spitfires, Lee Midgley brought his French-built Matra (#22) into the G production win.*

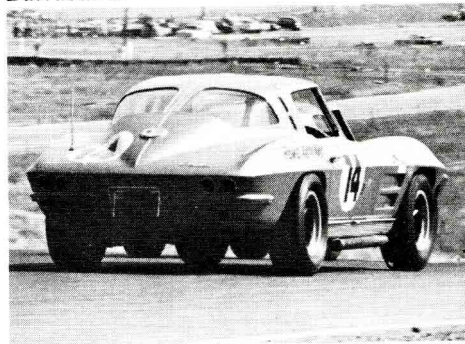


*Lotus 7 waltzes through the dirt as Gary Rodrigues motors by to second place in D production.*





Ron Mosinak, evidently conducting his own tire tests, left blue smoke around every circuit finishing 12th overall, 7th in class A with Plymouth Barracuda.



Some strange entries included a seven-wheeled Corvette and a three-wheeled Cortina.

30 didn't make it and Jerry Entin's McLaren was ailing as was Steve Duilo's Lotus 19G, so after paying no respect at all to the likes of the big bad Ford there was nothing left to challenge it. Things went along in a fairly normal manner, the other cars battling among themselves, until at the back of the pack this time the little Platypus-nosed thing reappeared.

Then, if you were anywhere between turns one and six (the esses generally), you would have witnessed quite a scene. In a process normally known as lapping, Titus (the guiding foot of the thing) went over, under, around and through whatever was in the way. Line, schmine, who cared as long as not a tenth of a second was lost (except during the several shifts missed at the entry to six). Anyway, that's the way it went with Al Whatley in the Ford GT bringing home second (1st in C), Frank Monise holding onto third (1st in F),

Eric Anderson (2nd in F), Jim Chaffee (2nd in C), Charley Kulman (3rd in F), Carter Felps (1st in D), and Rick Erickson (1st, G).

Then came the show of the day, the Sedans. They sound for all the world like the big stockers: roaring up the esses, around six, and down the chute toward the hill that makes turn seven, from a driver's viewpoint, look like the take off for the end of the world. This one really makes the blood tingle and the goose bumps rise. The Sedans have finally come into their own and the crowds go nutty cheering for their favorites. These are cars they can identify with, cars they themselves might own. There wasn't a warm seat in the stands as those three Alfa GTA's battled almost on top of each other lap after lap. And what about the two Minis squeezed in between two fire-breathing Mustangs twice their size with the Minis staying right in there holding their own line like there wasn't another

car in sight. This is racing that everyone can understand.

The car and driver we will all be watching to carry the glory for the West Coast in the upcoming Trans American Series will be Don Pike in his incredibly powerful Mustang (1st in class A) along with Pete Cordts and his Falcon (2nd/A), Ron Grable, Dodge (3rd/A); Lloyd Berghagen, John Shankle, and Al Brizard, all in Alfa GTA's (1, 2, & 3/B). Class C went to Jim Ryel with Bob West nipping at his tail, Mini to Mini; Pete Brock and the Hino took third. The D event found Leif Lindzen home first ahead of Ole Anderson and Jim Law, all aboard Saabs.

That about does it for the latest Riverside Nationals. For the very best in racing all over the country, see our West Coast warriors battle against the best they have to offer at the American Road Race of Champions November 26th and 27th at Riverside Raceway. **R**

# THE Wild ONES INVADE RIVERSIDE



*The mighty Minis won't be able to catch the Mustangs, but they'll try. Mustangs have been dominating sedan action on the Coast, but they face some stiff competition from Eastern-based Dodges and Baracudas.*

photos by Chan Bush, Ralph Goldberg, Steve Hitter & Charlene Megowan

Not long ago, racing pundits predicted that the absolute lap speed possible at England's Silverstone circuit for any race car would be 100 miles per hour. This summer that barrier was broken by three tenths of a mile an hour — by a sedan!

What has happened to this orphan child of racing? Enthusiasm, a nod from the rulers of the Sports Car Club of America and a whole lot of factory support.

For years, in road racing circles, at least in the U.S., sedans were strictly a poor relation; tolerated by some racing regions, frowned on by others and downright banned in still others. Official viewpoints were that road racing was for sports cars — and Formula cars if they behaved themselves, bowing low to the Northeast before each race. Sedans were for the economy minded and lady shopper and had no business on race tracks.

Back in the mid-fifties, John Fitch, looking for promotions for Lime Rock Park in Connecticut, decided otherwise. He contacted a number of importers of small sedans, a number of SCCA-type production car drivers and then scrounged enough willing volunteers to put on what was to become briefly famous as the first annual Lime Rock 10-Hour or "Little LeMans for Little Sedans". It was an immediate success. More than thirty cars and upwards of 60 drivers took part and had a ball.

*Continued*



*Out Mustang hunting, the Dodge Darts will storm through Riverside's challenging turns on September 18.*

The cars were strictly "Group One" or virtually showroom stock that first year. Bent iron and mashed cars that resulted dictated some changes for the following year that would prevent failures of vital hardware that caused most of the damage. The result was a switch to the FIA's Group Two which allowed changes, primarily to the chassis for reliability's sake and a bit of this and that for the engines that would allow something that looked more like racing.

Factory support came on strong with this indication of serious intent. Art Riley (now virtually become Mr. Volvo for his loyalty to the marque) and Bill Rutan had won the first 10-hour and Volvo now entered a team replete with pretty girls in uniform in the pits. Saab tossed a bundle into the pot and entered a full team of four

cars with top name drivers — the dollar figure for this venture was rumored to be near 60 grand, including press parties, banquets, housing and the like to say nothing of car preparation. Renault had a team captained by no less a personage than Rene Dreyfus, now owner of Le Chantclair (the international meeting place-restaurant known to racing enthusiasts the world over) and not incidentally, former Champion of France, Bugatti Team driver and a Monaco GP winner. Riley and Rutan won this one, too, and Saabs took their class 1, 2, and 3.

Meanwhile, not to be outdone, the Washington Region of the SCCA put on a 12-hour at Marlboro that was equally successful — so successful that it continues to this day in a manner we shall take up in a moment. Lime Rock contin-

ued with an even gaudier event in 1958 but they made a mistake that was to cost them in the end. They allowed GT cars of under one liter to compete. Only one team showed but that was the all powerful Team Roosevelt. They won overall, naturally, but just. Second place but first in the sedans was a team Volvo driven by John Christy and Walter Cronkite. Nonetheless, the entrance of the GT cars caused this event to regress into an enduro for production cars of all sorts and it faded into history two years later.

With Marlboro the only holdout for pure Group Two sedans, family car racing which looked like a coming thing regressed into the poor relation status. Where they ran at all they ran with few or no rules and the machinery was enough to



*Leading a sedan parade, Dave Jordan's very successful BMW.*



*The Japanese auto industry will be right in there fighting too, with the likes of Izusu's and the Hino's (above) of former Cobra designer, Pete Brock.*





*The Alfa GTAs will challenge the Lotus-Cortinas and BMWs for the B class. It's conceivable that the big-bore cars could fall to the Alfa-Cortina onslaught.*

make even the staunchest advocate see some reason in the official stand at Westport. Volkswagens with Carrera engines, fiberglass Volvo "funny cars", cut-down Renault 4 CV's with R-8 engines and all sorts of other jalopy type equipment ran when any benevolent Region found themselves with a short field of sports cars.

In 1965 came the year of the change. New small sedans developed on the rally circuits of Europe started coming into the country and enthusiasts who saw in these cars a chance to go racing on a budget began to get together. W. R. C. Shedenhelm, Managing Editor of Sports Car Graphic put together a group called the Good Guy Sedan Racers in Southern California and enlisted the aid of a similar group in Northern California. Lars Giertz spark-plugged a similar group in the Dallas, Texas area and, of course the Washington Region led by then Regional Executive (now Area Governor) Dave Roethel had their sedan racers organized. These groups got together

by mail and agreed that if they were to get anywhere they had to clean house.

They did just that, formulating workable rules and weaning out the jalopies and mixed-breed cars. By the end of the year they were ready to petition for recognition as an SCCA National class, submitting a set of rules based on the FIA Group Two category. They were informed that they had little chance of getting it through, that another year might be necessary. But came the National Convention and through the enthusiasm of several Area Governors the measure sailed through and with yet another surprise along with it — the formulation of a true professional National circuit, the Trans American Sedan Series, to be kicked off at Sebring. Classes for the series were over and under two-liters. Sedans had not only arrived, they'd literally exploded on the scene! Factory support was immediately offered; Ford, English Ford, Chrysler, Dodge, Alfa Romeo, BMC, Saab, BMW and others fielded

teams and/or supported private entries with bonus money.

At Sebring an Alfa, driven by Jochen Rindt, took a surprise overall win, followed home by Bob Tullius' Dodge Dart, and the race for points was on.

The next stop was Mid America, Wentzville, Mo. Bob Johnson and Tom Yeager of Ohio took that one in a Mustang with Horst Kwech and Gaston Andrey in an Alfa GTA beating out an international team of Jackie Ickx and Hubert Hahnne in a Cortina for under two liter marks. The Barracuda started to show its teeth here, too, with Scott Harvey and Les Nether-ton of Team Starfish taking the second spot in over two-liters.

Then came the Bryar Motorsport Park event in which another under two-liter car came in first over all. This time it was Allan Moffat driving solo for the 250 mile distance in a Cortina. Bruce Jennings in a Team Starfish 'Cuda was second after Tullius dropped out with 10 miles to go.

Back down south again for the Virginia International Raceway 400, July 31—Johnson/Yeager and Kwech/Andrey did a repeat of their Mid America show, making it the first time in the series that one marque, let alone one driver team has copped two of these events.

After Marlboro and Green Valley, Texas, yet to come, this closely fought series will hit the West Coast and Riverside Raceway Sept. 17 and 18 where they will come up against Don Pike's Mustang, Pete Cordts' Falcon and the rapid Cortina of Jim Adams.

The Trans American at RIR will bring the best in the nation together, the hot dogs that haven't met each other bumper to bumper before now. It's gotta be the best show there is.

Action will be the order of the day; not just in the leader's ranks, but due to the tremendous variance in size and power of these Jr. stockers, there will be individual duels being fought at virtually every point around the track at any given time. What more could you ask for?

For a whale of a weekend of racing don't miss The Trans American Sedan go September 17 and 18 at Riverside International Raceway. **R**



*Ford of England vs. Ford of America. The Lotus-Cortinas, which completely dominate their class in Europe, will be looking to give trouble to the Mustang herd and Falcon flock whenever possible.*