

The Longest Day

**Road Test Takes on
America's Second Biggest
24-Hour Auto Race
... and Wins!** By Gary Witzenburg



Witzenburg at the wheel (ho-hum)

My turn comes around again about 2:45 am.

It takes a few laps to get acclimated to the dark. Can't see quite as well as last night in practice because one of the cornering lamps is out. It's the one pointing slightly left to light the outsides of right-hand curves.

Unfortunately, Nelson Ledges' fastest turns, where you need to see the farthest ahead, set up, and position the car the most precisely, are rights. Like Turns 1 and 3, which are not quite flat-out, and the back-straight kink (Turn 11), which is.

Driving lights from cars behind are laser-bright in my mirrors, but the tape strips on our back window help block some of the glare. Passing slower cars is little problem because I pull away quickly; but overtaking and staying ahead of one of the quicker competitors is difficult because it takes a

Nikel crosses the line in traffic to win the 1981 Nelson Ledges Longest Day.



Heavy traffic as the green flag falls to start the race. We're behind the Herman-Miller Porsche, far left.



The excellent crew in action as Kizer prepares to relieve Baker for her first turn at the wheel.



while to shake him while reflections from his lights are frying my retinas.

The car is working great. A little down on power compared to some, but it's handling perfectly. Our Goodyear Eagles are biting hard at both ends of the car, so there's little understeer in slow corners or oversteer through the faster ones.

I just lift a second and set the chassis for the right-hand Turn-1, ride the inside apex, rear end a little light, correct a bit and let it drift left to the outside, lift and set again for 3, brake easy and downshift to third for the tighter, left-hand Turn 4, back to fourth accelerating out, aim left-of-center and downshift for the right-hand Turn Seven "Carrousel," feather the gas and work it bit-by-bit toward the center, just miss the damned pothole where the course is breaking up, then hard on the gas, clip the apex coming out, back to fourth gear, relax a bit on the back straight and check the gauges, adjust belts and seating position, check mirrors, flat-out in fourth, 100-plus mph, kink coming up in the dark, look for my landmarks, past the big tree, a line on the pavement, second line, turn! Hold on! Clip the apex on the right, little steering adjustments as the suspension dances over bumps and momentum pulls the car across to the outside, work it back to the right for the left-hand Turn 12, brake, downshift, drift

left, throttle-on across the apex, straighten for the hairpin 13, downshift to second, turn right and back on the gas, feathering, easy, eash, hold it in tight over the washboard surface, nail the apex and full-throttle to the outside, catch third gear, past the pits, under the bridge, fourth gear, lift a second and set up for 1 again.

I'm shifting at 6,000, well before the red-line, going easy on brakes to preserve them, using all the road but careful not to drop wheels off the pavement—don't want to shock-load the suspension or chance a cut tire.

Crew giving lap times over the radio. I work down to 1:30's for the two-mile course, a couple of seconds slower than my best in daytime practice. Crew says that's fine.

I catch a Mazda RX-7, the #0 car, and pass. Damn, his lights are bright! Can't shake him. He dogs my bumper, trying to



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A night scene on the start/finish straight.



re-pass, lights reflecting in my eyes. I turn the mirrors away but I'm still having trouble seeing. Making little mistakes, losing time.

I let him by, better to bother him for a while, but once past, he's going slower than my pace, in my way, holding me up. I pass again, but still can't pull away. I let him by again. Crew reports lap times in the 32's. Rats!

Another set of lights comes up behind, obviously going faster than us. I let him pass. It's the #11 Porsche. More lights. I let him by, too, and it's Haywood's #58 Brumos Porsche. Behind him are a bunch more: the #55 Datsun, the #15 Turbo Datsun, the #33 Turbo Mazda, a couple of others.

I'm tired of bright lights and traffic, want a clear track again. The only one of this bunch that really matters is #55—he's in the lead, a couple of laps up on us. Maybe I can race with him and maybe not, but not in the middle of the night, in a pack of fast traffic, when I'm tired and not functioning 100%.

I pull over and let them all past. They make short work of #0, leaving him in my way again, but the two of us hang on the pack's tail for a while. I report to the crew what's going on, why my times are slow, not to worry.

Damn, those guys are racing! Two and three abreast into the turns, sliding and drifting, wheels in the dirt, trading paint. Great fun to watch from my ringside seat just behind, but seems foolish at this stage of the game. Better to play it cool and take no chances.

What am I saying? Where's my competitive spirit? We came here to race, didn't we? Maybe I can get that lap back from the Datsun.

I pass the Mazda again, determined to get away from him. But still can't. The SOB sticks to my tail like a trailer. Obviously he functions better without my lights in his mirrors. Meanwhile, the fast pack pulls away.

Finally, he pits. Hot damn, clear track! Back to flank speed.

But the fast cars are long gone, out of sight. I can't catch them, but at least they won't catch me again.

I start feeling better, driving better, the pressure off. The car's still running like new. Brakes have faded a bit, but a pull on the handbrake adjusts up the rears and brings the pedal back to normal.

We've been metal-to-metal on the rear brakes since before midnight, but they still stop the car just fine. Crew wanted to change them before my turn, but we'd decided to wait until the next driver change, well past the 3:00 am halfway mark, so we'd only have to do it once. So far, the gamble is paying off.

Is there a little vibration in the left-front? No, guess not.

There it is again! Just a little funny feeling coming up through the steering wheel in hard right turns. A feeling that's disturbingly familiar.

The R&T LN-7 and C and D EXP finished 2nd and 4th in the Prototype class.



I felt the same thing last year in Carlos Ramirez' 924, and it turned out to be a bad wheel bearing that finally failed catastrophically and cost us the race. **Deja vu**; I've been here before.

"How fast can you change a wheel bearing?" I ask the crew over the radio. They wake up poor Freddy (team leader and #1 driver), who had just gotten to sleep. We discuss it for a while and decide to try and stay out until the next scheduled stop, an hour away. The one on Carlos' car a year ago, mis-diagnosed, had lasted through my driving stint, and the next, and the next, before letting go.

But this one is getting worse in a hurry. Fifteen minutes and it's turned into a howl in right turns. Another fifteen and it's howling all the time, even on the straights. We decide to bring it in, a half-hour early.

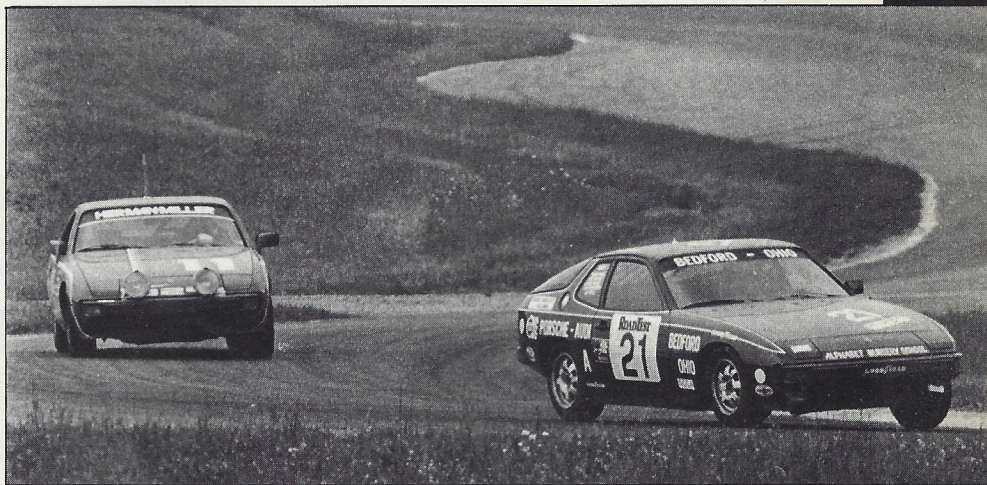
I head for the pits as soon as the crew says they're ready, loosening the belts and popping the hood as I roll to a stop. Boy, are they ready! The left side goes up as I'm scrambling out, and off come both wheels. Everything's laid out neatly, and crew chief Eric Steinel tears into the left-front while another man tackles the rear brake and two more refuel. I steady the car while they work and pass on what I can about its condition and the track's to driver Bob Nickel, who's ready to relieve me. Fueling done, the two zip through their routine checks, clean the windshield and change the air filter element while Bob jumps into the car and starts beling up. Down goes the left side, up goes the right. Steinel and his crewmen are running around like madmen. Suddenly, the car's off the jack and ready. So is Bob, and off he goes into the night.

With only four men (the maximum allow-

ed over the rail), they had changed the left-front wheel bearing, brake pads, hub, and rotor, both rear brakes, and three of the four tires, in addition to refueling and running through the normal pitstop procedures, in 11 minutes, 52 seconds! An amazing—and, as it would turn out—a race-winning performance.

I check our position . . . still second, just one lap back of the #55 Datsun and one ahead of the Datsun Turbo #15, as of the 13th hour (4:00) official standings. I had come in about 4:30, so that didn't include

Friendly rivals.



Posing for victory photos.



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ping in the wind. The Saab, not going very fast, is smoking badly from a leaking transmission, a burnt clutch and other troubles (all reportedly caused by an overheated catalytic converter) that would soon put it out of the race. The bent Triumph is running again as routine fuel stops begin about 4:20.

Fred runs an hour and 50 minutes before pitting for fuel, and Kizer takes over. Our stop is a mediocre 2:47 compared to two minutes flat for the leading Datsun. Bedard in the #11 Porsche, obviously getting terrific fuel economy, stays out 23 minutes longer before pitting. His stop for fuel and driver change is 2:05. We have to get better.

Kizer reports "intermittent clicking noises while cornering on bumps, sounds like from the steering box." Our eyebrows furrow and we worry a lot, but it doesn't get any worse. Fred tells me to listen to it during my turn.

The #11 Porsche comes in with a chewed-up front tire and a missing sway bar bushing, and loses several laps fixing it. The Brumos car is back with its rear hatch popped loose again. A couple of cars have gone off and hit the tire wall; Kizer reports "yellow flags all over the place, oil and glass on the track."

I take over about 7:00 and drive uneventfully to dusk. Biggest problem is staying put in the stock seat. My left shoulder gets sore from bracing against the door in fast right turns. We're third behind the #15 and #55 Datsuns and stay there until pitting to hand over to Nikel just before 9:00. Our stop is a cool 2:00.

Bob has us back in the lead by 10:00 as we alternate pit stops with the Datsuns, but we lose it again as Nikel pits to hand over to Fred. An hour later we get it back when #55 pits.

The #14 Turbo ZX, which had been fourth, is out with a left-front wheel bearing failure that destroyed the brake along with it. Nelson Ledges, with its bumpy, high-G turns, is already chewing up wheel bearings like popcorn. The mangled Triumph is back on course, slower but still running. The #11 Porsche's in again with a rear stub axle succumbed to the Ledges' bumps.

We're sweating rear brakes, which crew chief Steinel said were almost gone when I went out at 9:00, but we decided not to change them, if possible, until after the midway point at 3:00 am. Fred reports that the seat is jammed full back and he's having trouble reaching the pedals... but still doing 1:29's and 30's. We discuss having me go out next instead of Kizer (my legs are twice as long) if the crew can't fix it quickly. But they do and she takes over, the crisis past.

Suddenly word passes through the pits that the track's out of fuel. Now what? I run to the Brumos track and borrow an empty 55-gallon drum, haul it back and start looking for a ride to the nearest town (Warren, Ohio) to get it filled. The track says a tanker is due any minute and sells us enough for the next fill-up from an auxiliary tank they keep for farm machinery. (One nice thing about Showroom Stock— you don't need exotic gas.) Eventually the tanker shows up.

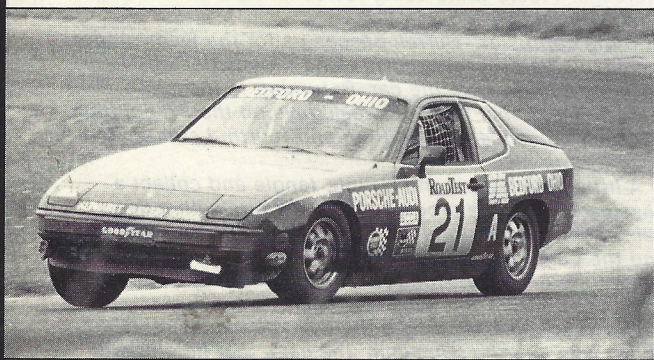
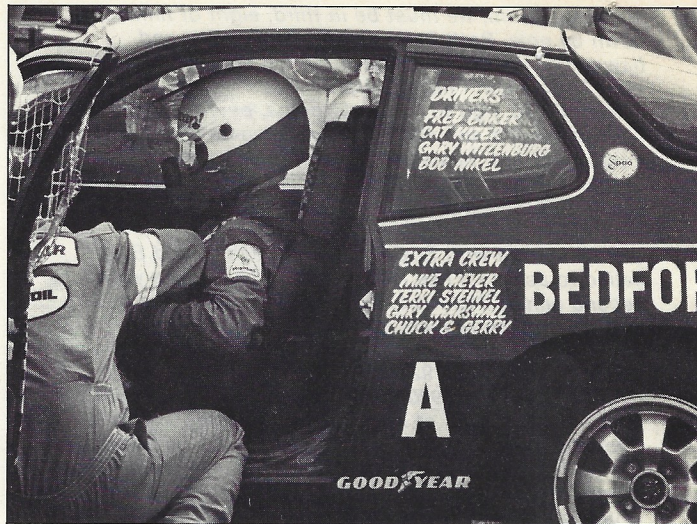


PHOTO BY F&S LIMITED



Baker helps Kizer belt in during an early pit stop.

Kizer says she's not too comfortable racing at night but doing okay. Brakes are fading, but she pulls up a couple of notches on the handbrake and they're better. At one point she goes inside another car to pass and he pulls over and crunches our left front. "Guess we got each other," she reports calmly.

★ ★ ★

I wake after three hours of fitful sleep to the news that we're in the lead, 49 laps ahead of the next A-class car, the #12 RX-7. The #55 Datsun, which had been giving us fits all night, had succumbed to a wheel bearing failure just after I'd fallen asleep. The prototype turbo Mazda is second overall, four laps back. A B-class BMW 320i is third, the R&T LN-7 fourth, the remaining turbo Datsun fifth, a C-class Fiat X1/9 sixth, a B-class Peugeot 505 seventh, the #12 Mazda eighth, a B-class TR-7 ninth, and our friends in the #11 Porsche tenth. C and D, after falling off the road and hitting the tirewall at the Carrousel, then spending much time in the pits repairing the resulting re-arranged suspension (and a garbaged wheel bearing), is back up to 11th overall and fourth in the prototype class.

I suit up and have some toast and coffee, trying to get my head together in time to relieve Kizer at the wheel around 10:30. Suddenly a crewman runs up and says I'm needed in the pits. I grab my helmet and gloves and sprint across the paddock. By the time I arrive, the emergency is over. Seems Kizer had pitted unexpectedly with a contact lens out of place, fixed it and took off again with little time lost. They'd also awakened poor Freddie, and he'd suited up too. Could be the first recorded pit stop for contact lens adjustment.

The #44 Gremlin, nicknamed "The People's Choice," has broken a rear axle on the Carrousel's growing pothole and its crew is having the announcer advertise for someone with a Gremlin willing to loan them an axle. "We'll give it back after 3:00," they plead.

I take over on schedule and settle into a fairly conservative pace in the 1:29's and 1:30's. We're now 50 laps up on the #12 RX-7 and should have a class win in the bag; but Can-Am driver Tim Evans is hauling ass in the turbo Mazda, trying to make up what is now a five-lap deficit. The prototypes aren't eligible for prize money; but, like us, they'd sure like to win this thing.

I'm trying to go fast enough to hold him off, yet slow enough to preserve the car (and gas, because we'd like to finish with only one more pit stop, if we can stretch it), extra careful overtaking slower traffic, easy on the driveline and brakes, dropping no wheels off the pavement. He's going a couple of seconds a lap faster, but we figure his fuel consumption will force an extra stop. In the final hours, it's down to a game of wits... and luck.

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our stop. Damn, we must be in third, eight or nine laps down by now. Both Datsuns are running fast and flawlessly. We're still in the hunt, but we may never catch them if they don't have trouble.

About 5:30, I go to the motorhome, peel off my sweat-soaked driver's suit and try to catch some sleep. It's muggy and hot. I listen to the sound of squealing tires around the track, can't take my mind off the race. Five hours 'til I drive again. It's starting to get light outside . . .

★ ★ ★

It all started with SCCA National champ Fred Baker called to ask if I'd like to team with him for this year's second annual Nelson Ledges Longest Day. Said he was putting together a team sponsored by his employer, Porsche-Audi Motors of Bedford, Ohio. Of course the car would be a Porsche 924.

I had run in the 1980 inaugural event, a 24-hour enduro for Sports Car Club of America's three categories of Showroom Stock cars (SSA, SSB and SSC), co-driving Carlos Ramirez' very competitive Herman-Miller 924. We'd started from the pole but had wheel bearing and other troubles that put us out by Sunday morning. Baker had entered the only other 924 and finished third, only to be disqualified on a rules technicality. I knew he prepared a good car and could drive hell out of it. Sounded great to me.

Fred lined up Cat Kizer, SCCA's only woman National champ, and his friend Bob Nikel, a Sewickly, Pa., Porsche dealer and another excellent driver, as third and fourth co-pilots. I called editor Hall at **Road Test** and suggested that he co-sponsor the effort and get a story in the bargain, and he agreed.

Last year's Longest Day—so called because it was run on the summer equinox, the longest day of the year—had attracted a small but excellent field of mostly amateur racers, a few factory-assisted efforts and one superbly-run works Saab team with a professionally-built 900 Turbo. Guess who won.

But thickening the plot had been a buff magazine rivalry. A pair of **Road & Track** staffers co-drove the winning Saab (when the factory boys let them), **Car and Driver** prepared and drove a factory-supplied Mazda RX-7 to an excellent second, and a **Motor Trend** writer was one of five drivers in Baker's third-finishing Porsche.

This year the event was to grow in both status and interest, drawing several factory cars, a phalanx of professional and champion-level amateur drivers and five major auto magazines, among others, to the little Eastern Ohio track. Ford's Special Vehicles Operations prepared a pair of immaculate EXPILN-7's for **C and D** and **R & T** (entered in a new "Prototype" class for cars not Showroom Stock-legal), and Datsun countered with a matched set of Prototype 280-ZX Turbo's with two **Autoweek** writers installed as co-drivers. Steve Potter, **On Track** correspondent, had a competitive Mazda ride; and yours truly, of course, represented **Road Test**.

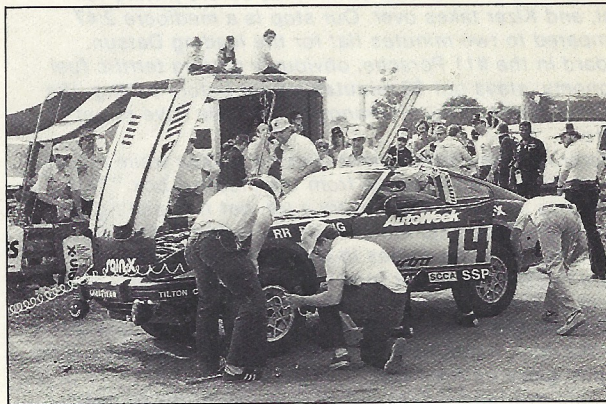
Why? Because it was there. For the fun of it. And the challenge. Certainly not for the meager \$7,900 purse, more than two-thirds of which was "contingency" money generously donated by Quaker State Oil.

Things went fairly well for us in Friday's practice, and we all got down to competitive times without abusing the car. Freddy let me do most of the night testing while we were adjusting the lights, then each of the others got a turn to get used to running in the dark.

At one point I was heading out of the pits and interpreted an official's signals to mean "go." I nailed it. "You jerk," he screamed as I accelerated by. I stopped. He ran up, red faced, jumping up and down with rage. "Didn't you see my signals?" he yelled. "You were supposed to stop! You almost ran me down!" Sorry.

A few minutes later Freddy went out and did the same thing to the same guy. And didn't stop. Next thing we knew, the chief starter was in our pits, chewing us out. What we had was a failure to communicate. Sorry.

Saturday I got us into more trouble. Decided we needed fog lamps in addition to driving lights, because it's often foggy at night at the "Ledges." Got some from the Marchal man, and the crew spent an hour installing them. At the driver's meeting, just before the start, the Chief Steward points out that only two extra lights were allowed. Two of ours will have to go. Sorry.



Freddy had qualified us third with a bonzai lap of 1:27.29, just behind the #11 Porsche (1:26.24) and the #55 Datsun (1:27.21) but ahead of Haywood's Brumos Porsche. The Datsun Turbos (handicapped by automatic transmissions) were fifth and sixth on the grid, a pair of RX-7's were seventh and eighth (all in the 1:27's), a Triumph TR-8 occupied ninth and another Mazda sat tenth. The Turbo Saab started 11th with a 1:28.86 qualifying time, while the **R&T** Mercury LN-7 and the **C and D** Ford EXP (both in the 1:31's) were 15th and 17th, respectively.

The green flag falls at about 3:02 pm, Saturday, June 19th, 1981; 34 pedals hit the metal, and 34 eager Showroom Stockers buzz and squeal into Turn 1 (SS's don't "roar" or "thunder," see, because they run mufflers. Makes it easy to hear the announcers.) Only 24 hours to go.

First time around, Burrell in the #55 Datsun leads, Freddy's up to second, Haywood gets inside and passes at 12. Freddy's having none of that and takes the inside into 13, and they're neck-and-neck down the straight. The #15 Turbo Datsun's fourth, and Bedard in #11 has slipped to fifth, wisely preserving his machinery. The race goes on among the top three until Freddy grabs the lead and keeps it on lap five. Haywood's second, Burrell third.

My lady and I are watching from atop the motorhome while the announcer, otherwise doing a terrific job, babbles on endlessly about the great race between **R&T** and **C and D** way back in 15th place. I decide to wander up to the tower and point out which magazine is leading this contest.

While I'm up there, there's a big fuss at Corner 12. Seems Haywood's car had stopped on the back straight with some sort of electrical failure, a wrecker went out to retrieve him, and he was nailed in the left rear by an overeager Fiesta while being towed in. How humiliating! How infuriating!

In the confusion, Burrell passes us for the lead—under the yellow flag, Baker reports—and Freddy decides to back off a bit to save the car. Returning to the motorhome, I hear the **Autoweek** guys on the PA pointing out their presence, now in third and fourth. I suit up and head for our pit.

A little blue Rabbit and a Pinto tangle and collect a passing TR-7 in the process. The TR-7 pits with a deep, nasty scar the length of its right side. Its driver protests, and the guilty Rabbit team is duly warned. But the same car would run me off the road twice and many others at least once before this race was over.

Haywood's back out with the damage hastily repaired. A few laps later he's in again, the car's rear hatch flap-

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Evans catches me, and I can't hold him off. With much more power, he rockets past on the main straight. I try to hang onto his tail for a while but can't do it without extending the car and taking stupid chances. Eventually he pulls away and we've lost one lap.

At one point I come up behind another car and the Blue Rabbit exiting the Turn 13 hairpin. I move right to pass, but the Rabbit also moves right to get out of the other car's way, obviously not seeing me. I lay on the horn (another nice thing about Showroom Stock), but he keeps coming, and I end up threading a needle between him and the pit rail with two wheels in the grass. The officials in the tower couldn't have missed it . . . why don't they yank that guy off the track?

Our fuel consumption seems surprisingly good, almost like the gauge is stuck. Freddy keeps asking about it over the radio, and I keep telling him it's fine. After a while, Evans appears in my mirrors again. God, he's flying! Again he passes and again I can't stay with him.

I've been out for two hours and the fuel is below a quarter-tank. Normally it'd be on "Empty" by now. Freddy's getting more and more nervous. The #11 Porsche is in the pits (next to ours) for fuel and minor repairs, and we decide to wait until he's out of the way. Another lethal chuckhole has opened up in the Carrousel, making driving it doubly difficult.

Suddenly Evans comes up and passes again; but we haven't lost another lap because he's been in for gas. Now the low-fuel warning light is blinking in right turns. For some reason, the other Porsche's still in his pit, in our way. Freddy says to stay out until the warning light stays on.

I've been driving almost two-and-a-half hours and no-one, **no-one**, has passed me except Evans. But he's done it three times! Finally the fuel light quits flickering and glows bright orange on the straights, even in left-hand turns. We have no choice, we have to bring it in. As I'm completing a final lap, the other Porsche gets underway at last.

The weary crew performs another flawless stop and Nikel pulls away. It's all up to him. I check the 22nd-hour standings and find that, somehow, the turbo Mazda is back to five laps behind. They're leaving Evans in the car for the final two hours, but they must be refueling twice as often. We relax a bit, realizing that they're not likely to catch us no matter how fast he drives.

With a bit over an hour to go, Evans comes up and streaks past Nikel on the main straight. His crew, gathered on the pit rail, roars and cheers with approval. We're still four laps up and, baring catastrophe, we know we've got it made. We join them in cheering him on.

About a half-hour from the end, we debate putting Freddy in the car for the final victorious laps—a fitting tribute,

The victorious driver and crew.



Kind of gets to you after a while: Kizer at rest late in the race.

we think, to a fine job of preparation, driving and team leadership. Also we'd like a bit more fuel in the car just in case.

But what if something goes wrong? The engine stalls and won't restart; we spill some fuel and have a fire; anything at all. What if the official scorers have made a mistake and we're not really four laps up, and we end up losing the race on an unnecessary stop?

Better to leave Nikel in the hot seat and well enough alone, we decide. You get very paranoid toward the end of a race, especially when you're winning.

The #2 Peugeot, slow but steady, overhauls it for the class lead in the final few laps. Cheers from the Peugeot crew, tears from the BMW. The "Peoples' Choice" Gremlin is running again, on a rear axle scrounged from a junkyard.

At last, after a day and a night and a day of racing, it's 3:00. The last lap! Sweaty, grimy, exhausted crew members, drivers and friends are jammed along the pit wall, cheering survivors as they pass. Here comes Bob and . . . wait, no checkered flag! That's right; the race started at 3:02 yesterday, so it'll end at 3:02 today. One more lap, maybe two.

Everyone's checking their watches. It's got to be over next time around.

Here comes Bob again, picking his way carefully through traffic. Every head turns to the starter's tower. The stripe-shirted official checks his watch, confers with his colleagues, then stoops, picks up the checkered flag and waves it over Nikel's head as he flashes by. The scene erupts into pandemonium. We've done it!

Bob takes a cool-off lap, then cruises into the pits as every one, our crew and everyone else's crowds around cheering and applauding. We jump in and on the car for a victory lap, and someone hands us some little checkered flags. The officials say only the drivers can ride, so I get in the right front and Baker and Kizer crawl in the cargo hold in back. Bob drives crazily around the track, nearly spilling Freddy and Cat from their perches. More cheers and applause from the long-suffering corner workers and die-hard spectators. We wave our hands and our little flags and grin stupidly, soaking it up.

This is what racing is all about. This is why people endure the tiresome traveling and the awesome expense and the long, wearing hours working on their cars. Just finishing an event like this is a triumph, but winning is euphoria. And it hasn't even begun to sink in yet.

Back in the pits, we pose endlessly for photographers and smile politely through the journalists' interviews,

forgetting the bone-numbing tiredness and the work of loading up and the long drive home yet ahead. They give Fred an enormous trophy, slightly tacky but lovely at this moment, and he says he'll put it in the shop for his crew. He's used to winning a lot lately and has rooms full of trophies.

You can't have a Showroom Stock race without a protest, and sure enough someone protests the SSB-winning Peugeot. Seems there was a mix-up on the official legal weight, and the car is found substantially under what's written in the rules. They disqualify it and hand the win to the broken BMW. The Peugeot folks are crushed and furious and immediately file an appeal.

The tough little X1/9 has won the SSC class, and the

amazing turbo Mazda is second overall and first of the Prototype cars. A quickly converted personal car with 33,000 miles and a BAE aftermarket turbo kit on it, no-one thought it would last one hour, let alone 24. In all, 23 of the 34 starters have finished.

The Ford people are delighted with the **Road & Track** LN-7's third overall, second in SSP, and mildly pleased with the **Car and Driver** EXP's eighth overall and fourth in class. At least both had finished. The remaining **Autoweek** Datsun Turbo is fourth overall and third Prototype, and the #12 Mazda (with the **On Track**) scribe is sixth overall and second (behind us) in SSA. Happily, all the writers have stories to tell.

But ours is the best. ☺

OFFICIAL RESULTS

O/A Pos.	Car No.	Driver	Sponsors
PRODUCTION CLASS			
1	21	Fred Baker Bob Nikel Cat Kizer Gary Witzenburg	ROAD TEST Magazine Bedford Porsche-Audi Motors
2	12	Richard Abbate Bill Silverman Carter Alson Steve Potter	Bank of New Haven Fitzpatrick Mazda
3	43*	Garth Ullom Ed Ullom Bill Davis	Cumberland Valley Motors Precision BMW, AUTOY Parts Chelsted Motors BMW
4	11	Carlos Ramirez Pat Bedard Joe Orban Tom Brennan	Herman-Miller Porsche-Audi
5	9	Karl E. Gochnauer Charles Callis Bob Urso	Henry Mearig, Inc. Fiat Action Tire Sales
PROTOTYPE CLASS			
2	33	Bob Ritz Tim Evans Reed Kryder Tom Abbott Terry Abbott	YEEHAW Brothers, Inc. TRI-C Classics All-American Soapbox Derby
3	22	Joe Ruz John Lamm Bob Akin Bill Warner John Dinkel	ROAD & TRACK Magazine Ford Motor Company Michelin Tire Company
4	15	Tom Schneider Denny Moothart Jim Gandy	Greenwood Datsun Autoweek KC HiLITES Rain-X
8	00	Don Sherman Csaba Csere Rich Ceppos	CAR and DRIVER Magazine Ford Motor Company Whistler Fuelscan
15	16	Bruce Mabrito Russell Strate George Shafer	Hobson Petroleum Peugeot Motors of America Marchal Lights

*Car #2 in SSB was found to be underweight and was disqualified. An appeal will be filed. Overall Prize money in SSB and Contingency money from Quaker State Oil will be held pending the results of the Appeal.



In another space and time, when I was on the staff of another magazine, an injustice took place. I competed in the first running of the 24 Hours of Nelson Ledges, driving for the same Fred Baker/Bedford Porsche-Audi team that won the race this year with Road Test Detroit Editor Gary Witzenburg co-driving. I drove a Porsche 924 in that race, along with Baker, SCCA Showroom Stock champion Dale Fuzekas, a fast old gentleman named T. King-Hedlinger, and a mechanic/driver from the dealership named Bob Harwood.

We ran the race, led it for a while, and finally finished third. Then we were disqualified for tampering with the car's emissions system, by the same officials who had given us permission to do the tampering in the first place. There's more to the story of course, but it's water long gone under the bridge. The bottom line is, I ran the race, and wrote the story, but due to a combination of unfortunate circumstances it was never published. And that just wasn't a very cool ending to a wonderful adventure.

I still owe a debt to the above-mentioned people, as well as Jo Hoppen from Porsche Special Vehicles, Dave Hedrich from Good-year, and the members of the crew; Eric Steiner, Art Criss, Brad Tyler, Mike Meyer, Lisa Paltyka, Jayne Baker, Dave Machacek, and the owner of Bedford Porsche-Audi, Sam Benarrosh. Some day, somehow, I'll make it right.

—Peter Frey