



SPECIAL 50th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE • 1955-2005 • SPECIAL 50th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE • 1955-2005 • SPECIAL 50th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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50th
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



**50-YEAR
POSTER**
[print your own]
page 118



**475 horsepower,
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PORSCHE CAYMAN: Complete Info

NEWSPEED: 414-hp Audi RS 4, 500-hp BMW M6.

TESTED: 6 mainstream family sedans compared,

Audi A3, Mitsubishi Eclipse, Subaru B9 Tribeca, Honda's H -powered FCX.

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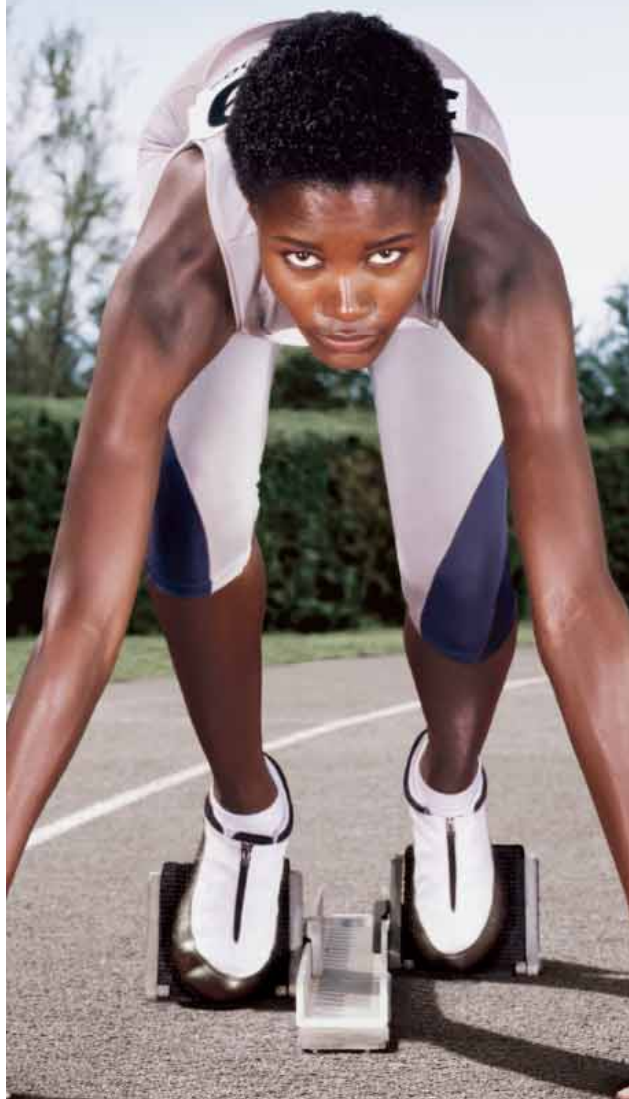


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JULY

VOLUME 51 ■ NUMBER 1 ■ 2005

COMPARISON TEST

48 \$30,000 FAMILY SEDANS

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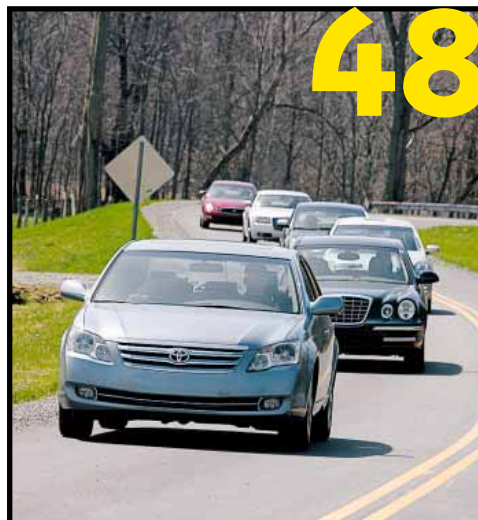
30 UPFRONT 55K Audi RS 4, Kia's dreaming, Rover's dead.



ON THE COVER: SHELBY GT500

Hey, we're first, as usual, to get our hands on this 460-hp monster muscle car.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AARON KILEY



Special thanks to John Gribbel III of Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, for the use of his '68 Shelby GT500.

Web Exclusives!

WE'RE TURNING 50!

If you can't make our 50th-anniversary party in Indianapolis on July 23 and 24, be sure to visit us online for a full recap—including photo galleries and video interviews—of the weekend's festivities.

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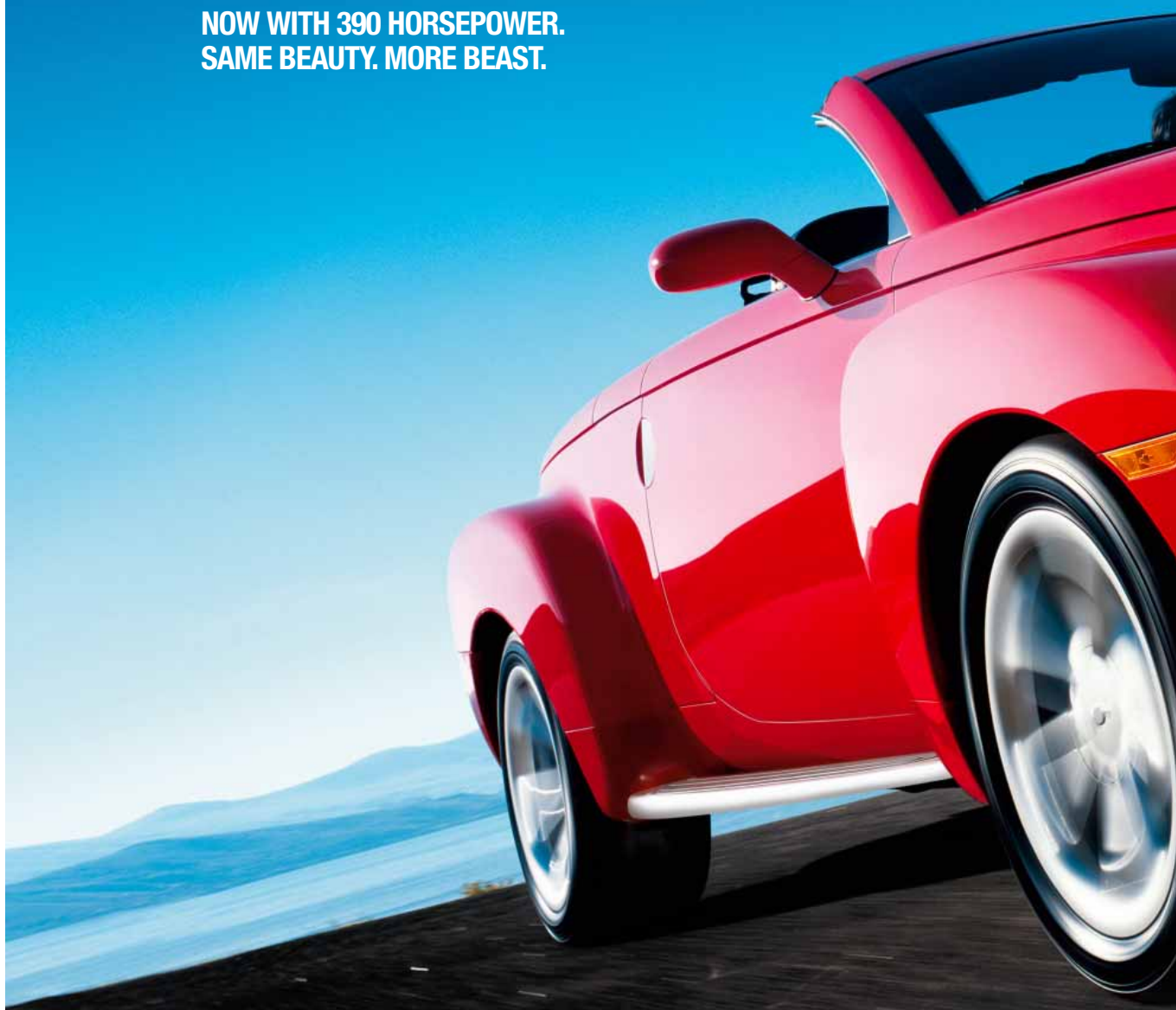
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CAR AND DRIVER

1955-2005

50 YEARS

A Long and Tumultuous Trip

Celebrating a half-century of our flamboyant and irreverent existence, with remembrances and doggerel by former editors, photographers, art directors, assorted harpies. And then some.

By John Phillips

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By Csaba Csere*

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22,000 rolls of film later.



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Official Quiz: The History of Car and Driver.



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A silver Volkswagen Jetta is being washed at an outdoor car wash. A woman in a pink shirt and jeans is using a yellow sponge to clean the front of the car. A man is visible in the background, also washing the car with a hose. The car wash has a brick wall and a sign that reads "RAY & SONS CAR WASH & AUTO DETAILING". There are also signs for "PRESSURE WASH \$5.00" and "CARWASH INSTRUCTIONS". The ground is wet and reflective.

The new Jetta.
It's all grown up.

Sort of.

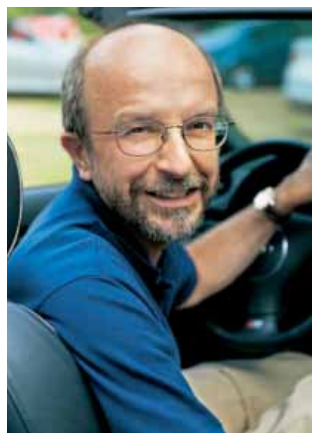
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THE STEERING COLUMN

CSABA CSERE

My wild half of *Car and Driver's* first 50 years.



When Don Sherman came to me in the spring of 1980 and suggested I join *Car and Driver* and take his position as technical editor after he was promoted to technical director, I didn't instantly jump at the chance. Although I was sick of my job as a Ford engine engineer—the domestic auto industry being in even worse shape back then than it is today—jumping into a completely different career wasn't something I was ready to do on a whim.

In fact, it was about six months before I came on board. During that time I had three freelance writing assignments, a crew-chief gig for the *Car and Driver* team at the first Nelson Ledges 24-hour Showroom Stock enduro, two interviews with David E. Davis—one of them at a party where he was wearing some manner of Hawaiian muumuu—one broken finger incurred while testing the radar range of Davis's Suzuki GS1100E motorcycle, and countless clandestine rides in test cars.

My first official *Car and Driver* duty on leaving Ford at the close of business on Friday, October 3, 1980, was to hook up with the staff in Ann Arbor and drive to Watkins Glen for the last U.S. Grand Prix held there. Over the course of the weekend, we saw Patrick Bedard spin during the warm-up lap of his Formula Atlantic race; Alan Jones win his fifth race of the season, after clinching the drivers' championship the previous weekend; and various *Penthouse* Pets prancing around the pits in honor of their magazine's sponsorship of one of the cars. We consumed roast haunch of beef and turtle soup in Renault's tent in the paddock.

That first weekend with *Car and Driver* delivered considerably more stimulation than my two-and-a-half-year tenure in Ford's engineering offices. I was delighted, but even so, I didn't quite appreciate what a propitious time I had chosen to join *Car and Driver*. That's because the magazine was then in the midst of a major transition to the modern era, a move to "wall-to-wall cars," as some of the

essayists describe in our 50th-anniversary section beginning on page 118.

You might wonder what was so revolutionary about a car magazine fully concentrating on cars. But *Car and Driver* in the '70s didn't necessarily road-test many production models. Issues with only one or two tests were not uncommon.

In part, this was a reaction to the dark period in which the auto industry found itself. The Clean Air Act of 1970 imposed exhaust-emissions regulations that became progressively more restrictive—beyond what industry could achieve at the time without compromising performance and fuel economy. Government regulations took the lead out of gasoline at about the same time. Then came the fuel crises of 1973 and 1980. Strict new safety regulations also arrived, ranging from dummy bumpers to crash tests to ignition interlocks. The industry was flummoxed, and the result was 165-hp Corvettes, tiny Hondas with 599cc twin-cylinder engines, and Mercedes-Benzes with chrome and rubber bumpers looking like cartoon caricatures.

Although *Car and Driver* covered the exciting cars of that era, there was little effort to write about the slow, ugly, *boring* machines that predominated. Instead, the magazine gravitated toward racing, project cars, and automotive adventures of all kinds.

For inexpensive grass-roots racing, the '70s was a wonderful era. The SCCA had discovered the broad appeal of showroom-stock racing, and IMSA was starting its professional series designed to be racer-friendly and affordable.

Creating cleverly enhanced project cars was as easy as fishing with a hand grenade. Boosting power from the prevailing low levels was straightforward, as were improving handling, adding better sound systems, and using aftermarket seats, steering wheels, and shifters to aid driving comfort.

And with the nation's highways locked down under a 55-mph speed limit, editors couldn't resist the lure of high-speed, long-distance adventures. The most notorious of these were Yates's various Cannonballs, but other epic drives included a 10,000-mile trek to Alaska and *back* in a '76 Corvette.

Present in these stories as the editors raced, built, and drove the cars was the same fever I contracted after my first weekend with *Car and Driver* at the Glen. You'll sense the same enthusiasm in the essays from the magazine's key luminaries.

This intense automotive involvement was at full boil when I arrived in 1980. Furthermore, cars had taken a turn for the better. The first car I reviewed here was a 1980 Fiat Brava, which had just received fuel injection and a proper catalyst. Compared with its carbureted predecessor, power skyrocketed 28 percent to 102 horsepower from its 2.0-liter engine. The Brava still required 11.8 seconds of your life to get from rest to 60 mph, but in 1980 that was progress.

As cars became more interesting, *Car and Driver* devoted more pages to road-testing them, but the editors also maintained their schedule of racing, long-distance trips, and project-car creations. As an amateur motorcycle road racer and veteran of a half-dozen cross-country drives when I joined the magazine, I was ready to do my part.

Over the years *Car and Driver* assigned me to compete at Bonneville, in the Press On Regardless SCCA Pro Rally, the Baja 1000, and numerous road-racing events, including fifteen 24-hour endurance races in which I co-drove with the likes of Paul Tracy, Scott Goodyear, and Tom Kendall.

Project cars were fewer in the '80s, but they were more elaborate and creative. I shepherded the street-licensed Pontiac Trans

I didn't quite appreciate what a propitious time I had chosen to join *Car and Driver*.

Am that went 204 mph in 1984 with the help of two Gale Banks—installed turbochargers, and I helped Sherman test the various iterations of the twin-engined Honda CRX.

Our editors remained dangerously susceptible to lengthy, office-emptying driving escapades, such as our infamous Baja trip, our 1992 minivan comparo from Fairbanks to Prudhoe Bay, and the 10,000-miles-in-10-days Lincoln LS flog five years ago, in which I drove from Ann Arbor to Washington, D.C., for lunch and back in 18 hours.

My 25 years with *Car and Driver* have been immensely satisfying, but I think the same goes for every staffer associated with the magazine. Our job is simply to bring that motorized joy and excitement to life in the pages of *Car and Driver*. We've done that for 50 years, and we aren't stopping now. ■

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EDITORIAL OFFICE

2002 Hogback Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48105, 734-971-3600



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VICE PRESIDENT & PUBLISHER: Edward J. Abramson

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Robert G. Houghtlin III

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***"When all was said and done,
one unit emerged as the staff's favorite:
Escort's SOLO S2"*** –AutoWeek

AutoWeek magazine recently had a better idea for a radar detector test. Instead of the usual quick test with simulated radar encounters, AutoWeek decided to perform an in-depth, real-world test.

The first long-term test

During an extensive two month evaluation, twelve AutoWeek staffers tested nine radar detectors in all types of driving, from "cross-country adventures" to daily commutes.

A long-term test like this reveals

more than a simple chart.

They judged real-world performance, including detection range, ease of use, and resistance to false alarms.

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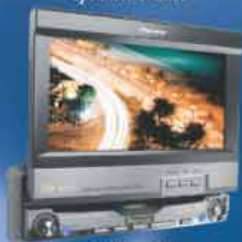
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[illegible]

VQ stands for:

- a. Very Queasy**
- b. Vermont Quail**
- c. Veracious Quaker**
- d. None of the above**

WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER. EVERYTHING WE TOUCH WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER.
WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER. EVERYTHING WE TOUCH WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER.
WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER. EVERYTHING WE TOUCH WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER.
WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER. EVERYTHING WE TOUCH WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE SHIFT, WE MAKE BETTER.

[illegible]

ward's Auto World, January 2005. Nissan, the Nissan Brand Symbol, SH-1, Lagune and Nissan model names are Nissan trademarks. Always wear your seat belt, and please don't drink and drive. ©2005 Nissan North America, Inc.

SHIFT stories. Find them at NissanUSA.com/stories

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Heart. Big-picture thinking through painstaking attention to detail. A V6 engine so stand-out, it helped inspire the leading authority for engines and drivetrains to create an award, just so they could honor it. Not once, but for an unprecedented 11 straight years. Yet despite all the accolades, the success of the VQ engine is not due to its revolutionary design but, rather, its evolutionary refinement. And it took some time. The VQ started off with a solid foundation: a 60-degree-angle block, dual overhead camshafts for the most precise valve actuation and four valves per cylinder. It was born a diamond, albeit in the rough. Then it was sent off to finishing school, where engineers taught it maximum horsepower and fuel efficiency and the importance of variable valve timing. By graduation, the VQ had even mastered the process of micro-finish grinding camshafts for ultra-smoothness. And like any good abbreviation, it continued in the tradition of less is more. Less friction, less coolant and, most importantly, less power being drained from the engine. In other words, it kicked tailpipe, with honors. Of course, once an engine so well versed in performance is created, it seems a crime to deprive any vehicle of it. That's why the VQ is the only V6 we put under our hoods. So hundreds of thousands of right shoes need merely press against a pedal to experience the efforts of a dozen small, yet monumental, shifts. A gesture that not only moves the driver forward, but the entire industry.

EVERYTHING WE TOUCH, WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE
EVERYTHING WE TOUCH, WE SHIFT, AND EVERYTHING WE



TAKING FLAK FROM THE FLACKS

We call them "flacks" because of their ability to take enormous amounts of flak—whining, complaining, cajoling, backbiting—and bounce back for more, ready with a grin and a glad hand. Indeed, public-relations reps have the teeth-grinding task of keeping two people happy: the automaker, who pays them to spread goodwill for the product, and the editorial people, who carve up the automaker and the product. This month, as part of our 50th-anniversary issue, we've invited a few of this curious species who've been seriously abused over the years to describe in lush and sentimental detail what a joy it's been to work with us.

ME 'N' MY LAMBO

It's true. We in the PR community do believe our cars deserve the love and affection of *Car and Driver*, particularly if they're fast, outrageous, sexy, and exotic. And so it was for me during an earlier life at Chrysler, at the time the owner of Lamborghini.

In the spring of 1990, I had put my personal reputation on the line and took on my Italian colleagues, saying it was patently wrong that our mistreated American journal-

Lake Garda. We licked our chops at the thought of driving at the Varese circuit the following morning.

One by one, each writer had his three hot laps in the Diablo. Every driver had been picture perfect.

The last of the five, the guy from *Car and Driver*, was now in the machine showing his stuff. One lap. Two laps. Past the start line for No. 3. Being the proper host, I had never been in the car over the previous two days, but now I'd get a shot at

Thanks, *Car and Driver*, for reminding me. We'll "tell" you all about the Z06!

TOM KOWALESKI
Birmingham, Michigan
A veteran of public-relations posts with Renault and DaimlerChrysler prior to his current position, Kowaleski is revered by automotive writers who have fond memories—many of them recalled through a vinous haze—of the legendary press trips he organized on behalf of Renault in the '80s. He is now vice-president of global communications at General Motors. And as a fitting PR pro, you'll note that he never identified the guilty C/D staffer—Ed.

SO MANY STORIES, SO LITTLE SPACE

I spent 30 years in automotive PR. *Car and Driver* was always the magazine in which you wanted a "hit" for your product. Over the years I got plenty of hits. But which tale to tell? Some of the more memorable anecdotes:

- The Volvo 265-based turbocharged "Boss Wagon III" that was built to David E. Davis's specs, blew up several times, and inspired a duplicate built for Paul Newman.

- A life-altering moment in Australia when managing editor David Abrahamson swerved the wrong way on an Outback road, putting my side of the Volvo into the path of a lumber truck. A ruptured spleen and broken back bones, ribs, and clavicle gave me enough hospital time to watch cricket being played on the pitch next door. I still don't understand the game. David won a writing award for his *mea culpa*. I forgave him but never was too keen to ride with anyone after that.

- "Two Fiats to Terlingua," wherein I had to fly two Fiat Stradas from Italy for Davis and his wife and the late photographer Humphrey

Sutton, so they could drive to Terlingua, Texas, for Carroll Shelby's chili cook-off. Surprisingly, one of the cars took a dump near Del Rio, so I chartered a light airplane that landed on the highway to take David and J.L.K. Davis ahead to a motel to wait while the vehicle was fixed. They laughed out loud at the motel's front desk when I asked the clerk if he had a suite for the Davises to use.

- Sipping espresso in Il Cavalino outside the Ferrari factory with Pat Bedard (who was there to become the first American journalist to drive on the Fiorano proving ground) after getting him safely into Italy with \$3000 sewn into his jacket lining to pay for a Fiat Topolino once owned by former Fiat design chief Dante Giacosa. The Topo was in the Biscaretti national museum in Turin, Italy.

- Finding the most remote place in the lower 48 states for John Phillips in a Land Rover Defender and then waking up covered in hoar frost because we forgot to open the vent flap in the tent.

- Retrieving a crunched Lancia Beta coupe fender from an Italian junkyard to send to executive editor Mike Knepper as a memento after a shunt south of Turin. Knepper was ticketed under the name "Guido Ferretti," but surprisingly, the *carabinieri* never found him.

- Helping to create One Lap of America with Brock Yates. I thought it was a good idea in 1985 to seek a White House commendation for "Public-Spirited Private Initiative to Promote Highway Safety," but one-time National Highway Traffic Safety Administration chief Joan Claybrook didn't exactly concur, thus causing Ralph Nader loyalists to threaten an injunction. Just after the start, all the drivers had to remove the cars'



BILL NEALE

ists should stay stateside while all of Europe's media flashed and thrashed the new Diablo first. By the time our gang was given a shot, *la bella macchina* would be shot as well. Lamborghini was looking for big sales in the U.S., so we should naturally help by getting the first drives.

Somehow the logic worked, and the Americans were granted the first shot.

The big day arrived. Six of us stood staring in awe at the gorgeous yellow beauty in the courtyard at Sant'Agata Bolognese. World rally champion and then Lambo PR chief Sandro Munari would be our host for two days of road and track driving.

We bombed up the autostrada, each of five journalists taking turns behind the wheel with Munari as navigator. We profiled at chic

driving a couple laps, too. I turned around to pick up a helmet and then heard it—engine, tires, and everything else screaming in unison as the yellow car swung wildly from one side to the other, then back again. And again.

The Hogback hotshoe finally got it to stop by slamming it broadside into the inside retaining wall and holding on for about 300 yards. Sparks. Noise. Then all went silent.

We took off at a dead run for the car. Was he alive? Gee, I hoped so, 'cause I wanted to kill him myself. He was alive, and not a scratch, either.

Back at the factory, the hotshoe was consoled by the Lambo guys—comrades in bending metal. Me? I got bludgeoned by the same guys for suggesting this cockamamie idea in the first place!



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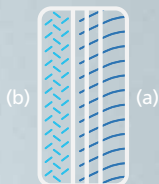
Porsche 968 and 944 S2 at Road Atlanta

Lap 1	Lap 35	Lap 156	Slowest: 38.79
38.79	38.29	38.03	Fastest: 38.03
			Average: 38.24

Results from *Porsche Panorama* April 2001 issue (nonheat cycled/nonshaved)

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MS. GOODWENCH By Pippa Garner



decals and promise not to say they were in a competition.

● **Laughs.** *Car and Driver* folks tend to have a good time and were always welcoming. I miss them and congratulate one and all.

BILL BAKER

Laguna Nigel, California

Baker's career in automotive public relations includes tours of duty with Volvo, Fiat, and Land Rover. He is credited with coining a new term for members of his profession—"running-dog PR lackey"—and his quick hand with a credit card earned him recognition as "the fastest blade in the biz." His press launches targeted exotic locales such as Morocco and Australia, which paid dividends with longer stories, since more words and photos were obviously required to share the adventures with readers—Ed.

THE ASHTRAY OLYMPICS

It was an exciting time. We were introducing not only a new car but also an entirely new car division—Acura. A Japanese car breaking the \$20,000 price barrier? Unbelievable, and a first for a Japanese car company. Others would follow.

Although the division was planned to launch in March 1986, we planned a rather elaborate trip to Japan in November 1985 for *Car and Driver* and a handful of other magazines to introduce this new line of upscale automobiles.

After an in-depth briefing by Honda

R&D at its headquarters north of Tokyo, we decided to head south to the island of Kyushu, where the weather would be warmer and there were some nice twisty roads for *C/D* to flog our first V-6 car.

We stayed in a seven-story Japanese hotel right near the water, a beautiful setting in which to introduce this exciting line of cars. There was an attractive koi pond nearby.

After a day of intimidating Japanese drivers on the back roads of Kyushu and a fancy dinner that night, we retired to the hotel hospitality suite for a few drinks. A lot of drinks, actually.

As we were enjoying the stunning view from the balcony overlooking the sea and the koi pond, *Car and Driver's* Patrick Bedard wondered how far he could throw an ashtray from the balcony. It's a normal kind of question any inquisitive automotive editor might think of, particularly Patrick, who ponders things a lot.

Being the competitive lot that we were, and the fact that ideas like this make such good sense after your 18th sake, we decided to give it a try. We had been driving the wheels off new Acura Legends all day, so it would be just a continuation of that competition.

The koi pond seemed like a good target. Shucks, it was only 40 or 50 yards away. As the suite had only two standard-issue ashtrays, everyone scattered to his or her room to get additional ammo. Japanese balconies are small, so to get real power, some editors backed

The drive to the track
shall henceforth be known as practice.



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into the middle of the room and had a run before delivering from the edge of the balcony. Others tried a sidearm approach.

One editor, who had severe sake-induced judgment failure, ran into the sliding glass door! (He's now a publishing executive.)

Not one ashtray made it into the sacred koi pond. They all landed on the nice green lawn in front of the hotel lobby, just short of the pond. All 30 of them, like little glass Frisbees slicing into the turf.

Now every time I see one of those round, smoked-gray glass ashtrays, I have the urge to give it a good throw, and I think of *Car and Driver* magazine leading the way. Still is, now that I think about it. Happy 50th!

KURT ANTONIUS

Torrance, California

Antonius is assistant vice-president of Honda public relations. He began his career with General Motors and joined American Honda in 1983. Antonius is the only PR chief Honda has had in its 35 years in the U.S. car market—Ed.

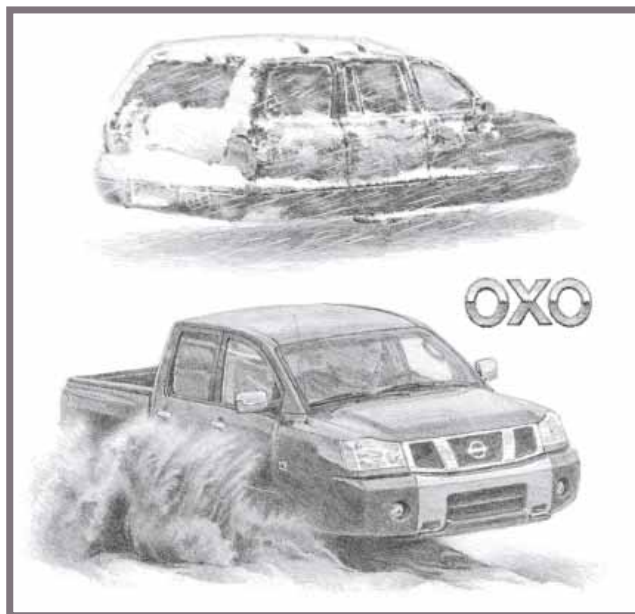
I DON'T GOT TO SHOW YOU NO STINKING COW

While faithful readers celebrate *Car and Driver's* 50th anniversary, many automotive public-relations professionals are secretly wishing the magazine hadn't lasted so long. From George Parks to Csaba Csere, the magazine's editors have given us fits with temperate praise, audacious sarcasm, and reckless roadmanship.

Two incidents must be summarized here so readers can fully understand the risks PR people face when placing a vehicle in the magazine's hands. Both experiences occurred when I was western area PR manager for Chrysler Corporation, before joining Toyota.

● Just as the Chrysler K-car was about to debut in 1981, with a \$10 million federal bailout behind it, I lent a Dodge Aries to *Car and*

MS. GOODWENCH By Pippa Garner



Driver for a cover shoot. Do you realize how hard it was to get a Chrysler product on a magazine cover in those days? I'll get stock options for sure, I thought, because Iacocca will love it!

The car was on the cover, all right, but with something else that didn't go over too well in Detroit or Washington, D.C. Standing next to the car was a guy in an Uncle Sam costume clenching a fistful of dollars.

● The second setback came a few years later with a K-car derivative, the Dodge 600ES. On an ill-fated road trip to Baja California [see P.J. O'Rourke's essay on page 201], with a caravan of cars from other manufacturers, a *Car and Driver* staffer slammed the Dodge into a cow. Amazingly, we got the car back—several weeks later—with a crumpled front end and minus its hood.

Shortly thereafter, the magazine became known inside Chrysler as “Cow and Driver.”

JOE TETHEROW

Somewhere, California

A 33-year PR veteran, Tetherow—alias Lionel Fibbitz, alias Chunky Gomez—is currently a corporate communications national manager for Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A.—Ed.

YOU GUYS WOULD BE NOWHERE WITHOUT US

As a working representative of another (and once again prosperous) survivor, Nissan, I cannot let your 50th celebration pass without pointing out to your excellent readers the true reason behind your success: we automotive PR flacks.

Although not around at *Car and Driver's* inception, for nearly 25 years I personally have wine and dined you in pursuit of coverage of such fine enthusiast automobiles as the Mitsubishi Tredia, Cordia, and Starion, the still-born Amati whatever-we-called-thems, and a range of Datsuns and Nissans, including the Pulsar NX Sportback and the original Nissan Van.

I have begged, pleaded, and whined for understanding reviews. And failing that, I've tried valiantly to explain to my executives the often-unexplainable editorial excesses and incomprehensible rants of your various staffers.

I have, like so many of my fellow PR practitioners, retrieved test cars from Baja flood plains, distant airport parking lots, police impound yards, and brothels. Okay, I'm kidding about the brothels, although I'm ready

if you are. I've paid endless numbers of your parking tickets. And I've ridden shotgun on the Newport Freeway while Csaba explained that at a certain speed other vehicles become just moving pylons.

I've stood by helplessly as your staff has regularly reduced my carefully media-trained engineers and product planners to whimpering idiots—your staff quickly cutting to the core truths under our carefully layered and focus-grouped product explanations and excuses.

In the January 2005 issue, Csaba explained your editorial positioning as an “unlikely mix of oddball literacy, methodical testing, and unquenchable enthusiasm for all things automotive.” In my experience, your staff is “a likable mix of literate oddballs, modestly testy, with an unquenchable thirst for all worthy automobiles.” I'm proud that, on occasion, we have lived up to your high standards.

To Don Sherman, Csaba Csere, Tony Swan, and the many, many talented others, thanks for taking me and my fellow PR guys along for an incredible ride all these years. Most of all, thanks for keeping us honest.

Now, let's talk about that cover exclusive for the next GT-R.

TIM GALLAGHER

San Clemente, California

Gallagher burst into auto flackdom in 1981 as a rookie who suddenly found himself in charge of PR at Mitsubishi Motors North America, which was equally new, at least in the U.S. He joined Mazda in 1988 to oversee the Amati luxury division that failed to materialize. He then moved on to Nissan in 1991, where he toils as a senior PR manager, continuing his unceasing effort to make us successful—Ed.

WAR STORIES

From the annals of ancient Chevrolet, here's a war story or two about our dealings with your magazine.

I'm thinking about the statute of limitations. And I'm

pleading the Fifth, but I'll say this: We gave as good as we got.

We're talking the '80s and early '90s—the era of Chevy general managers Bob Lund, Bob Stempel, Bob Burger, Jim Perkins. Inside the Chevrolet Motor Division our consumer-influence roles were clear. The marketers had the big budgets. They worked the paid-publicity side of the street. The PR shop put its pennies to work on the free-publicity side. Mostly, that meant getting Chevys into the hands of *Car and Driver* and the other car magazines, and then crossing our fingers that the write-ups would be positive. It's odd, but not many among Chevy's VIPs got too excited about the good reviews. Of the bad ones, we could count on hearing this: "*How could you let that happen!?*"

Back then, *Car and Driver* did the most rigorous testing, which is why we tended to schedule cars for you guys at the end of the line. Some European magazines had a reputation for flogging a test car unmercifully. But *C/D* was as good. Or bad. We expected a vehicle to return from a *C/D* test with—at the very least—ruined tires.

If memory serves me, it was during just such a test that you found a flaw in the braking system of a preproduction Citation. I don't know if you broke your protocol, but we heard about it immediately, and a fix occurred sooner as a result.

Probably because your offices were just down the road, probably because you had so many moles inside anyway, probably because we respected your imagination and expertise, we thought of you guys a little more warmly than we did the guys on the coasts.

Okay, things got downright hot that time when a *C/D* staffer checked out a Corvette and spent the weekend trading paint and shredding tires in a road-racing event. Lime Rock Park, as I remember it.

And, of course, that time when David E.'s caustic comments about Roger Smith in a Washington speech got GM advertising pulled.

But hey, we lived to laugh about it. Or smile, anyway.

RALPH KRAMER
Indianapolis, Indiana

Kramer joined the General Motors public-relations staff in 1973 and became assistant PR director at the Chevrolet division in 1979. He was named Chevy's PR director in 1985, where he remained until 1994. In 1995 he left GM to become public-affairs director at Indianapolis Motor Speedway. He left in 1998 to form the Kramer Company, a PR and marketing-services firm—Ed.

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A photograph showing the interior of a Toyota Tacoma truck. The view is from the driver's side looking towards the passenger side. The dashboard, steering wheel with the Toyota logo, and center console are visible. The passenger side door is open, and a man is leaning into the cab from outside, gesturing with his hand. The interior surfaces are covered in water droplets, suggesting it has been raining. The text "A ROOMY CAB. BECAUSE REAL" is overlaid in large, white, italicized capital letters across the middle of the image.

A ROOMY CAB. BECAUSE REAL



The surprisingly roomy Toyota Tacoma. With 60/40 split rear seats, an available 270-watt
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Vehicle shown with available equipment. ©2005 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.



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UPFRONT

Edited by
Tony Quiroga

■ Ray Hutton • England
■ Peter Lyon • Japan
■ Juergen Zoellter • Germany



2006 Audi RS 4

A new secret weapon for the autobahn is coming to America.

The driver of the silver Mercedes-Benz SL55 AMG glances into his rearview mirror, notices us approaching in a blue Audi, and accelerates. He briefly speeds away until we both move into the passing lane and a quick downshift into fifth gear brings the Audi back into view. Astonished by this development, and spurred on by pride of ownership, instinct, and ambition, the SL55 driver hits the accelerator hard—an everyday routine on the German autobahn. Much to his chagrin, he can't seem to shake

the Audi. Running between 135 and 155 mph, the 493-hp Benz pulls away briefly on straight sections only to find the Audi right behind it on the next curve. What the SL55 driver probably doesn't realize is that this is no ordinary Audi A4. Our weapon is the new 414-hp, 4.2-liter direct-injection V-8 Audi RS 4.

The copious 414 horsepower from the heavily revised V-8 is doled out to all four wheels through Audi's Quattro system. No modifications to the vehicle structure were necessary to slip the all-aluminum, quad-cam V-8 between the new aluminum front

fenders. A derivation of Audi's corporate 4.2-liter V-8, the engine boasts new pistons, connecting rods, and cylinder heads; a new crankshaft; and Audi's FSI direct fuel injection. The stronger and lighter internal components as well as the cooling properties of direct injection, which allows

for a higher compression ratio, yield a high-revving, ferocious V-8 with a power peak of 7800 rpm and an 8250-rpm redline. But this engine is not without low-end torque—at least 90 percent of the 317 pound-feet of peak torque is available at 2250 rpm.

Lowered by 1.2 inches and sitting





‘I’m concerned about the current situation surrounding GM.’

Strangely enough, Toyota Motor Corporation chairman Hiroshi Okuda concedes that he worries about General Motors, but only because he seems to want to avoid being blamed for the problems facing GM. As a show of mercy and to keep Toyota out of trouble, Okuda hinted at the possibility of raising the prices of its cars.

on 18-inch wheels (19-inchers are optional), this top-of-the-line A4 can accelerate to 62 mph in a claimed 4.8 seconds. That figure should be easily attained, considering that the last 340-hp S4 we tested hit 60 in 5.1 seconds. The RS 4's performance potential is further improved by the extensive use of aluminum throughout the car, especially in the suspension. In the stopping department the RS 4 is no less impressive. Vented 14.4-inch front rotors and 12.8-inch rears give this little Audi the ability to "brake better than the Lamborghini Gallardo," according to Audi spokesperson Josef Schlossmacher. Audi should know—it owns Lamborghini.

After about 25 miles of autobahn cat-and-mouse, the unimaginable (to the Benz driver) occurs. The Audi pulls ahead of the Benz to an indicated 168 mph. With the Benz's speedo pegged at a governed 155 mph, its driver can only sit back and watch as the ungoverned Audi pulls ahead. Stateside, the speeds will likely be a bit less extreme when the approximately \$55,000 RS 4 goes on sale next spring.

—Juergen Zoellter



AUTOCAR

The Last Guys on Earth You'd Expect to Produce Sport-Utes

Two classic British marques, famous for their luxury sedans and sports cars, are reportedly planning on introducing SUVs in the near future. Bentley and Jaguar will both be bringing to market unit-body sport-utes in the next couple of years. The new SUVs will borrow platforms from each of their parent company's corporate parts bins but will get bespoke styling and interiors. The reason for the SUVs is simple: Both brands have watched for years as other premium car-makers have padded their bottom lines by offering SUVs.

It is not yet known which platform the Jaguar sport-ute will be built on, but it is believed the Jag will be close in size to the BMW X3. Possible donors include a larger version of Ford's C1 platform (European Focus, Mazda 3, Volvo S40) dubbed C1 Plus. It is speculated that the Jag ute will replace the X-type sedan and

wagon as the lowest model on the Jaguar totem pole when it goes into production in a few years. This platform will also likely spawn the next Land Rover Freelander.

Over at Volkswagen-owned Bentley, the future sport-ute is likely to be built from a modified Touareg platform. There are several engines from the parts bin that would be appropriate for what is perhaps the most expen-

sive SUV ever, with the turbocharged W-12 from the Continental GT and Continental Flying Spur at the top of the list. The cachet of the Bentley, the success of the Continental GT, and the high profit margin the Bentleys enjoy (this Touareg-based luxury is expected to sell for just over \$200,000) have made it possible for Volkswagen to commit resources and attention to expanding the automaker.



RADOVAN VARICAK



Corvette-spec STS: Cadillac showed off an STS powered by a supercharged LS2 powerplant at the annual Society of Automotive Engineers conference in Detroit in April. Under the hood is the 6.0-liter push-rod V-8 that makes 505 horsepower and 520 pound-feet of torque. The engine debuted in the latest Corvette. Other features include two-piece carbon-fiber-composite wheels, lane-departure warning, a capless fuel system, and a six-speed automatic transmission. Maybe this is the STS-V that should have been.



We need some stinkin' badges: General Motors, starting with the Pontiac G6, will be putting corporate GM badges on the exteriors of all cars and trucks beginning in 2006. Three of the small silver badges will adorn the vehicles, two on the sides and one on the rear. The badge is intended to connect the many vehicle brands to the parent corporation, a connection that many buyers and shoppers do not make. According to Mark LaNeve, GM North America vice-president of vehicle sales, service, and marketing, "Seeing that GM badge on vehicles evokes our heritage of leadership and makes an easy connection between our great lineup of vehicle brands and the company behind them."

We need some stinkin' badges, Chapter II: GM isn't the only carmaker trying to capitalize on the power of badges. The Chrysler

Troubled British automaker MG Rover is no more. MG Rover was created in 2000 when BMW sold the two brands, MG and Rover, to a group of British businessmen for the pocket-change sum of \$16. BMW had been so keen to unload MG Rover that it even provided the businessmen with a dowry of about \$900 million—the money was technically a loan that BMW never expected to be repaid. That money is now long gone, and for the past year or so, MG Rover has been operating with the help of the government to pay its employees and keep the production lines



running. The company had been hoping to get out of its current crisis by courting Chinese carmaker Shanghai Automotive Industry (SAIC) into a deal that would provide much-needed cash. When the Chinese discovered the parlous state of the company, they decided the

wedding was off. As this is written, the production lines at the Rover plant in Longbridge, England, have stopped and people employed there are now out of work. The business will be broken up and sold to the highest bidders. It's the end of the road for British-built Rovers, but one possible scenario is that SAIC will buy up the equipment and materials necessary to build Rover cars and take them back to China. There remains a faint chance of the MG TF sports car surviving under a new owner, as the MG brand is seen as an easier sell than the Rover nameplate.

—Ray Hutton

Group will be upsizing the Hemi badge it puts on its cars and trucks. "The Hemi has become a brand within our brands," announced George Murphy, senior vice-president of global brand marketing for the Chrysler Group. So the size of the badge on the Chrysler 300 and Dodge Magnum will increase by 145 percent, and the badge on the Dodge Ram and Durango will grow by 136 percent. Okay, it's a slow news day.



Supercharged and turbocharged: Volkswagen is nearly ready to start producing a supercharged and turbocharged four-cylinder engine. The supercharger creates torque right off idle, when the turbocharger would be asleep; and the turbocharger takes over pressurizing the intake at higher rpm, when the supercharger becomes less efficient. The idea is not new. Italian automaker Lancia employed the double-charger system in its Delta S4 rally car in the mid-'80s. The VW 1.4-liter engine will make about 168 horsepower and is supposedly more fuel efficient than a merely turbocharged 1.4-liter four-cylinder. If the engine sells well, VW

Going Down in a Blaze of Glory



■ It ran from the reaper for years, but the Chevrolet Blazer, a name that dates back to the Nixon administration, is now dead.



may consider bringing more double-charged engines to market.

Schumacher's house: World champion Ferrari Formula 1 driver Michael Schumacher recently bought himself a 37-room villa on Lake Como in Italy. Tony Lake Como has long been the preferred place for celebrities in Italy, and Schumacher will be moving in next door to hunky George Clooney. Schumacher will reportedly be paying \$22 million for the villa, a price that beats the bids of Brad Pitt and Bruce Springsteen. Schuey won't be keeping any Ferraris at his new digs as the villa is only reachable by boat or helicopter.

Penske plus Porsche: Porsche is designing and building a race car to compete in the Prototype 2 class of the American Le Mans Series (ALMS). The car will debut at the end of this season, and the factory-backed effort will be run by Penske Motorsports.

Porsche will con-

tinue to offer support for its customer-run cars that compete in the GT2 class of ALMS.

Pope my ride: There's a new Pope, as you may have heard—Benedict the XVI—and if Volkswagen has its way, he's going to be riding in a specially modified Touareg popemobile. His previous Holiness, John Paul II, was driven around during parades in a modified Land Rover Range Rover or Mercedes-Benz G-class whose bulletproof glass canopy protected him from assassination attempts. Rumor has it that the Range Rover and G-class will be retired in favor of the Touareg and that it may look something like this.





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Kia, which makes the second-cheapest new car available in North America, is perhaps the world's most ambitious car company. The South Korean automaker, which failed in the Asian financial crisis of 1997 and was absorbed by former rival Hyundai, is now growing faster than any other large carmaker.

In 2004, Kia exported 700,000 cars. This year it is planning to increase that number to one million. By 2010 the company confidently expects to double that number to two million and to control three percent of the world's car sales. Taken together, Hyundai and Kia intend to become one of the top five car-

Little Company, Big Ambitions

BY RAY HUTTON

makers, joining VW, GM, Toyota, and Ford. It just might happen.

The Hyundai-Kia group shares chassis platforms, engines, and gearboxes between the two brands. The group accepts that cars and sport-utes on the same platform—Hyundai Sonata and Kia Optima, Hyundai Tucson and Kia Sportage—are too close for comfort but promises to differentiate the two brands more in the future. Kia will become

youth-oriented and sportier; Hyundai will provide value and a bit of luxury.

The group has also decided to have each brand produce cars outside of Korea. Hyundai will begin building vehicles at its plant in Alabama later this year, and Kia will concentrate on Europe. A new plant in the Slovak Republic will open in 2006 and will build models designed for the European market.

Future plans include a

four-seat convertible, another "sport" model of an unspecified kind, and light trucks and SUVs for North America. Kia also plans to launch gasoline-electric hybrid versions of some of its cars, starting in 2007 with a hybrid Rio and hybrid SUV.

The emphasis on Europe—and the rapidly developing markets of Russia and China—plus the unfavorable currency exchange of the U.S. dollar and the South Korean won, mean the U.S. will not receive the main thrust of Kia's sales offensive. In fact, projected volume for North America in 2005 is 317,000, or a decrease of four percent from 2004 sales.



FIRST DRIVE Kia Rio and Rio5

The Kia Rio introduced at the '05 Detroit show in January isn't exactly exciting, but it will be one of the least expensive cars here when it goes on sale this fall. We drove the Rio, both four-door sedan and five-door wagon, on Kia's test track in Korea.

The sedan is the same length as its predecessor but rides on a 3.5-inch-longer wheelbase. As one

might expect, the larger Rio5 has more interior space than the outgoing model. The new interior is also a nice place to spend time and looks as if it belongs in a more expensive car.

There's also more power from the 110-hp, 1.6-liter four-cylinder that now benefits from variable valve timing. Although it's quiet at idle, the engine becomes quite raucous when revved. At speed,

there's excessive wind noise that, coupled with the loud engine, gives one the feeling that more development work is necessary.

Although the new Rio is larger than the old one, Kia claims it's lighter. The steering is accurate enough, and the car has fuss-free handling. As a new car for people who can't really afford a new car, the Rio is a brilliant effort—better equipped and nicer to behold and live with than a car for \$11,000 has any right to be. —Ray Hutton



Vehicle type: front-engine, front-wheel-drive, 5-passenger, 4-door sedan or 5-door wagon
Estimated base price: \$11,000

Engine type: DOHC 16-valve inline-4, iron block and aluminum head, port fuel injection
Displacement 97 cu in, 1594cc
Power (SAE net) 110 bhp @ 6000 rpm
Torque (SAE net) 107 lb-ft @ 4500 rpm
Transmissions 4-speed automatic, 5-speed manual

Wheelbase 98.4 in
Length/width/height 166.9/66.7/57.9 in
Curb weight 2500 lb

Performance ratings (C/D est):

Zero to 60 mph 10.3–11.0 sec
Standing 1/4-mile 17.6–18.5 sec

Projected fuel economy (C/D est):

EPA city driving 25–26 mpg
EPA highway driving 32–33 mpg

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FIRST DRIVE

Audi A6 Avant 3.2 V-6

You can count on one hand the station wagons in this world that are sexy *and* powerful, and their names are distinctly German, if you don't count those two eccentric-looking Swedes. So here's a contender to sit atop that list: the '06 Audi A6 Avant. Its bravura good looks come from its high-shoulder profile, coupe-like slit windows, and rakish, low stance (it has a reported 0.31 drag coefficient compared with the sedan's 0.28). There are a couple of new creases running along the flanks of the sheetmetal and a V-shaped hood that adds to the high style. Some, however, are going to be put off by the grille, which looks as if it were designed by Orville over at the Bassmasters outlet, but we're not going to make a federal case out of it. The Mickey Big Mouth look, called a "single-frame grille," is being installed across the entire Audi line, so get used to it.

This first full makeover of the A6 Avant since 1999 should go on sale in U.S. showrooms this August. Audi will offer just one engine: a capable 252-hp, 3.1-liter FSI V-6 that comes with Quattro all-wheel

drive and a six-speed automatic transmission. With FSI, the fuel is injected directly into the combustion chambers rather than into the intake runners, providing better combustion and efficiency. The base price will be about \$46,000.

This Avant has grown in length (to 194.2 inches from 192.0) and wheelbase (to 111.9 inches from 108.6), and this pays dividends in interior space. Audi says rear headroom and front and rear shoulder space have increased noticeably,

and there are 34 cubic feet of cargo room, up from 33. Audi has noodled feverishly to find ways to make hauling stuff more efficient: divider nets, a two-rail system with tie-down rings, a telescoping arm and attachment belt, and a retractable floor with a big cargo tray stowed below it for filthy things like your hiking boots and that stinky box of fishing lures. You can even program how high you want the rear hatch to extend when opened.

We weren't offered a ballot, but we'd vote against the continuing humbug of the electronics joy button—in this case, Multi Media Interface, which is Audi's equivalent of BMW's iDrive. We think these

do-everything devices work fine with nav systems but overcomplicate a lot of other previously simple tasks, but automakers have fallen for this tech gadgetry in a big, big way.

Also new are LED taillights, whose dozens of individual beams suggest little design Milky Ways, and the big dual exhaust pipes are now visible.

In Europe, the A6 Avant is better appreciated than the sedan (61 percent to 39), where Audi offers six engine choices, from a whooshing 4.2 V-8 making 330 horses down to a functional 2.0-liter diesel. The V-6 destined for our market is No. 2 in power ranking, cranking out 32 more horses than the last A6 Avant. This wagon handles beautifully, with light steering, wonderful driver ergonomics, and a most fetching interior. The ride is firm but without the harshness associated with sporting models, and the A6 Avant is great fun to drive, maybe the most fun you can have in a station wagon. (Okay, you guys in the turbocharged 2.5-liter Subaru Legacy wagon, get lost!) —Steve Spence

Vehicle type: front-engine, 4-wheel-drive, 5-passenger, 5-door wagon

Estimated base price: \$46,000

Engine type: DOHC 24-valve V-6, aluminum block and heads, direct fuel injection

Displacement 191 cu in, 3123cc

Power (SAE net) 252 bhp @ 6500 rpm

Torque (SAE net) 243 lb-ft @ 3250 rpm

Transmission 6-speed automatic with manumatic shifting

Wheelbase 111.9 in

Length/width/height 194.2/73.0/57.6 in

Curb weight 4000 lb

Performance ratings (mfr's est):

Zero to 62 mph 7.4 sec

Top speed (governor limited) 155 mph

Projected fuel economy (C/D est):

EPA city driving 19 mpg

EPA highway driving 26 mpg





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FIRST DRIVE

Saab Gets a Turbo V-6

It's not often we run a lead photo of the hind end of a sporty new car, but these dual exhaust pipes are about the only way enthusiasts will be able to tell that this Saab 9-3 Aero is packing the most powerful engine ever stuffed into one of the snappy sedans from Trollhättan, Sweden.

The power source is a turbocharged version of the all-new GM "global" V-6, a most modern all-aluminum, 24-valve engine with dual overhead cams that makes 247 horsepower and 258 pound-feet of torque—37 more than Saab's current top-per-



Some drivers like the traditional Saab shove in the back when sudden acceleration is needed, while others aren't fans of the on-and-off turbo dance, but this new model (the body remains unchanged) has a more gradual power flow. Saab says the V-6 hooked up to a standard six-speed manual will go from 0 to 62 mph in

forming turbo-four sedan. The 2.8-liter engine uses a twin-scroll, water-cooled Mitsubishi turbocharger that smoothes out the boost delivery.

6.9 seconds, which isn't a huge improvement over the 7.2-second time we clocked (to 60 mph) in a 2005 9-3 turbo four in a 2004 com-

parison test. Top speed is 155 mph.

In a first drive over the Swedish countryside, we were generally impressed with its performance and what felt like a reduction in Saab's well-known torque steer on this front-drive car, despite the increased horsepower. And for the first time, there is a fairly thrilling exhaust note. The V-6, with an anticipated opening price of \$35,000, will be joined in the sedan lineup by the 210-hp turbo four. The larger-engined car is due in the U.S. by mid-September. —Steve Spence

Vehicle type: front-engine, front-wheel-drive, 5-passenger, 4-door sedan

Estimated base price: \$35,000

Engine type: turbocharged and intercooled DOHC 24-valve V-6, aluminum block and heads, port fuel injection

Displacement170 cu in, 2792cc

Power (SAE net)247 bhp @ 5500 rpm

Torque (SAE net)258 lb-ft @ 2000 rpm

Transmissions6-speed automatic with manual shifting, 6-speed manual

Wheelbase105.3 in

Length/width/height182.5/69.0/56.8 in

Curb weight3400 lb

Performance ratings (mfr's est):

Zero to 62 mph6.9–7.9 sec

Top speed (governor limited)152–155 mph

Projected fuel economy (C/D est):

EPA city driving19–20 mpg

EPA highway driving27–29 mpg

It will likely go down in history as the most freakish, nightmarish accident in drag-racing history. One top drag-racing official with 40 years' experience told the media he'd never seen or heard of anything like it.

On the first Saturday in April, Michelle "Shelly" Howard, a 59-year-old registered nurse and mother of three who had been drag-racing for 27 years, took her Top Alcohol Dragster for a 10 p.m. practice run at Tulsa Raceway Park as part of a late-night event. Howard, the wife of a Tulsa physician, had huge experience—she'd won the Division 4 title twice and was a three-time national event winner. Top Alcohol is just one notch below drag racing's ferocious 8000-hp Top Fuel class, where these rails rip to 100 mph in less than a second and at least one has turned the quarter-mile at 335 mph in 4.4 seconds.

Howard got off to a good start, but what happened next will have drag-racing people shaking their heads in disbelief for years to come. About halfway down the quarter-mile course, the nose of



Nightmare at a Drag Strip

her dragster got airborne, lifted straight up into what is called a "blowover wheelstand," and while continuing to roar down the track standing on its tail, turned 180 degrees and came down with tremendous force, now facing the starting line. It is likely Howard

was knocked unconscious.

Although the dragster was pointed toward the start line and the wheels were spinning in that direction, the tremendous momentum continued to send it backward, toward the finish line, which it passed, astonishingly, at

115 mph with a time of 6.633 seconds. This rearward travel finally ended about 1500 feet past the finish line, with Howard unconscious and the dragster's throttle still at full tilt. Then the rear wheels sent the dragster headed back toward the start line, careening off the spectator and tower lanes as it gained speed, and crossing the line where it had started the race just seconds earlier, at perhaps 250 mph.

Adding an element of tragic, numbing shock, Howard's husband, Paul, was watching all of this, helplessly, from the stands, while their son, Brian, 36, was in the back of their chase vehicle about 125 feet behind the start line. The dragster next plunged into the chase vehicle, killing mother and son instantly. The force of this bizarre collision sent the dragster and chase vehicle 225 feet through a rear burnout wall and into an open field and stream, according to a report posted on the Internet.

Besides her husband, Shelly Howard is survived by two daughters. —Steve Spence

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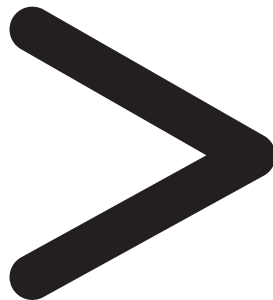
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They say those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it, but Ford's Special Vehicle Team has very carefully studied the Mustang's history—specifically, the chapter on the 1967–70 Mustang Shelby GT500—and is gleefully set to repeat it, in spades, with no less an authority than Carroll Shelby himself adding his blessing and the use of his name. And when it comes to Mustangs, who in today's car biz has more historical cachet? It was Shelby who raised the image of the original Mustang from an engaging all-American sporty car to a turnkey factory racer with the 1965 GT350 fastback. Then he followed up with the GT500, propelled by a big-block (7.0 liter) Ford 428 V-8 generating enough torque (420 pound-feet at 3200 rpm) to pull the skin of the earth measurably tighter when the driver tramped on the gas.

Fast forward to now, and at a glance Ford is reviving that same formula: a stronger engine in a Mustang fastback, delivering more power, more torque, better handling, and more visual intimidation. A little bit of history repeating, right? Well, yes. But that's at a glance. Technology hasn't exactly stood still since the last GT500 rolled out of a showroom in 1970 [see sidebar, page 45], and even though this revival preserves a good old live-axle rear suspension—a mechanical tradition that has all but disappeared in current passenger cars—its mechanical credentials are fully contemporary. Not to mention seriously potent.

We brought you a preview of this new super-'Stang in May, a quick thumbnail of the red prototype that was one of the stars of this year's New York auto show. And having sat in and lusted after that show car, we immediately began pestering the Special



PREVIEW 2007 FORD SHELBY COBRA GT500

Retro on fast forward. *Very fast.*

BY TONY SWAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AARON KILEY

Vehicle Team development crew, led by Hau Thai-Tang and chief vehicle engineer Jay O'Connell, for an early drive in one of the development cars.

That led to a rendezvous at Ford's proving ground in Romeo, Michigan, on a day in late April that ranged from damp to deluge. Not the right setting for getting acquainted with a muscle car on summer tires, but when you're signed up for an exclusive first drive in the hottest production Mustang ever, you don't quibble.

So what should you expect when this car rolls into showrooms next June?

Certainly, some traits are predictable. Tops on that list is hustle. With output of its supercharged engine forecast by the development team to be "over 450 horsepower and 450 pound-feet of torque," the GT500 will be one quick pony. O'Connell

predicts 0-to-60-mph times in the low-four-second range. Similarly, it's not too surprising that this car responds to steering inputs a wink quicker than the Mustang GT and delivers considerably more grip and major-league stopping power.

What *is* surprising is the level of civility that goes with all of this. The GT500 is by definition a muscle car, but it's not one of those remorseless brass bushing brutes that make their owners pay for visceral gratification with a relentless assault on their hearing and skeletal integrity. The 2001 SVT Mustang Cobra R comes to mind. In contrast, the GT500 should deliver enough compliance to make everyday driving a pleasure rather than a punishment, and we anticipate that interior noise levels may actually be lower than they are in a stock Mustang GT coupe.

Let's talk power. The heart of the GT500 is a supercharged





5.4-liter DOHC 32-valve V-8. If those specs sound familiar, it's because they're interchangeable with the description for the mid-engined Ford GT. But there are important distinctions. The GT V-8 is all aluminum with a dry-sump lubrication system, whereas the GT500 has an iron block and a wet sump. The GT engine is force-fed by a Lysholm screw-type supercharger; the GT500 will use an Eaton R122 Roots-type blower and an air-to-

liquid intercooler, adding 10 psi to the intake system at peak boost.

O'Connell says the switch was dictated by availability, rather than price.

"The Lysholm unit is a little more expensive," he says, "but the big problem was supply. They can't make as many as we're going to need. There are performance differences, too. The Lysholm type gives you a little more top end, and the Roots type is a little fatter in the midrange.

We think owners will be satisfied with this setup."

Judging by our weather-limited experience at Romeo and our test-track results with the 2003 SVT Mustang Cobra [C/D, June 2002], we concur. Power will be abundant, although O'Connell and his crew were still being cagey about specifics. Pressed on this issue, O'Connell said "between 450 and 500 horsepower—how's that?" Our tech staff warmed up the





1967-70 Shelby GT500

The 'adult' sports car.

Carroll Shelby will always be remembered for his Cobra roadsters, but it was the GT350 and GT500 Mustangs that really filled Ol' Shel's chili pot during the late '60s—particularly the GT500. Although it was ponderous compared with the hard-edged GT350 of '65 and '66, the GT500 advanced an essential truth of the emerging U.S. sporty-car market: Americans liked speed, but not at the expense of comfort. This was the heyday of the big-inch V-8, when the U.S. industry was busily making torque junkies of us all, and that's precisely what the GT500 delivered—lots of low-end grunt from a low-tech Ford 428 V-8, which was almost \$1000 cheaper than the more potent 427 made famous by the Cobra.

Most GT500s came with an automatic transmission, and if they weren't pure sports cars, they were easy to live with. The GT500 made its debut for the 1967 model year with a price of \$4195 and immediately outsold the

\$3995 GT350. Our road test in February 1967 characterized it as "an adult sports car," noting that compared with the early GT350 "all the viciousness had gone out of the car, without any lessening of its animal vitality." We quoted Shelby as calling it "the first car I'm really proud of." In the next couple of years, both models acquired more and more comfort and convenience features, including convertible versions, moving steadily closer to the passenger-car mainstream. The last Shelby Mustangs were built in 1969, although some were sold as 1970 models. In all, just over 6500 GT500 and GT500KR (for "King of the Road") cars were built. Recent GT500 auction prices, per Keith Martin's authoritative *Sports Car Market*, were more than \$90,000. This pristine 1968 model is owned by John Gribbel III, who lives in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, when the weather is too severe back home in Melvin Village, New Hampshire.

—TS

calculators and figured a forecast of 475 horsepower at 6000 rpm. We may be low.

Big power isn't much good unless it gets to the ground without excessive wheelspin, which is why the production GT500 will have a lot more rear tire than the New York show car, which hunkered over a set of 19-inch wheels wearing 255/45 tires. The initial production run of GT500s will roll on 9.5-by-18-inch wheels with sticky Goodyear Eagle F1 Supercar tires—255/45 front, 285/40 rear.

"We just couldn't get the 255s to hook up," says O'Connell. "Almost every run was going up in smoke."

A pronounced forward weight bias—about 57/43, according to O'Connell—didn't help, either. Part of this is due to increased mass. The supercharged iron-block 5.4 weighs about 175 more pounds than the naturally aspirated 4.6 SOHC 24-valve aluminum V-8 in the Mustang GT. That factor, plus a bigger front-brake package, bigger wheels and tires, and other GT500 package elements, add up to a curb weight projected in the 3850-pound range versus 3575 pounds for the last Mustang GT we tested.

But with the fatter Goodyears managing power delivered by a Tremec six-speed manual transmission and limited-slip rear end, O'Connell is confident the GT500 will sprint to 60 mph in "less than 4.5 seconds," even with its tallish 3.31:1 rear-axle ratio. We expect that when we put the spurs to a test car early next year, a 0-to-60 number will come up in four seconds flat, and the quarter-mile will be 12.5 seconds at 116 mph. For perspective, those runs would be representative times for a C6 Corvette.

Other predictions: O'Connell forecasts a skidpad number of "0.91 or 0.92 g." We think that's a little conservative. Our last two C6 Corvette coupes [C/D, September and December 2004] produced identical 0.98 skidpad numbers. The GT500 will weigh in considerably higher, but it matches the Vette's rear rubber and has even more contact patch up front. Accordingly, we expect to see at least 0.94 g.

Braking: The GT500's 18-inch wheels will shelter huge 14.0-inch vented front rotors with four-piston calipers applying squeeze and 11.8-inch vented rear rotors. (The Mustang GT has 12.4-inch front rotors and 11.8-inch rears, all vented.) Given its Brembo braking system, bigger footprints, and stickier tires, we expect stops from 70 mph in less than 170 feet, which is, once again, Corvette territory. The front rotors on the GT500 show car were cross-drilled and vented. The production car's brakes will lack cross drilling, which looks sexy but tends to produce cracks in hard use.

Handling: The GT500 has hefty front and rear anti-roll bars—a tubular 1.4-inch bar up front and a solid 0.9-inch rear bar—



JIM CAPOZZO

■ SVT chief vehicle engineer Jay O'Connell (right) coaches the author on driving technique: "That foot pedal on the left operates the clutch."

2007 FORD SHELBY COBRA GT500

Vehicle type: front-engine, rear-wheel-drive, 4-passenger, 2-door coupe

Estimated base price: \$39,000

Major standard accessories: power windows, driver seat, and locks; remote locking; A/C; cruise control; tilting steering wheel; rear defroster

Sound system: Shaker 500 AM-FM radio/CD changer, 8 speakers

ENGINE

Type supercharged and intercooled V-8, iron block and aluminum heads
Bore x stroke 3.55 x 4.17 in, 90.2 x 105.8mm
Displacement 330 cu in, 5409cc
Compression ratio 8.4:1
Fuel-delivery system port injection
Supercharger Eaton R122, Roots type
Maximum boost pressure 10.0 psi
Valve gear chain-driven double overhead cams, 4 valves per cylinder, hydraulic lifters
Power (C/D est) 475 bhp @ 6000 rpm
Torque (C/D est) 450 lb-ft @ 3750 rpm
Redline 6000 rpm

DRIVETRAIN

Transmission 6-speed manual
Final-drive ratio 3.31:1, limited slip

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase 107.1 in
Track, front/rear 61.9/62.5 in
Length/width/height 188.0/75.9/55.7 in
Ground clearance 5.7 in
Curb weight 3850 lb
Weight distribution, F/R 57/43%
Curb weight per horsepower 8.1 lb
Fuel capacity 16.0 gal

CHASSIS/BODY

Type unit construction
Body material welded steel and aluminum stampings

INTERIOR

SAE volume, front seat 53 cu ft
rear seat 30 cu ft
luggage 13 cu ft
Front-seat adjustments fore-and-aft, seatback angle; driver only: front height, rear height, lumbar support
Restraint systems, front manual 3-point belts, driver and passenger front and side airbags
rear manual 3-point belts

SUSPENSION

Front ind, strut located by a control arm, coil springs, anti-roll bar
Rear rigid axle located by 2 lower trailing links, 1 upper trailing link, and a Panhard rod; coil springs; anti-roll bar

STEERING

Type rack-and-pinion with hydraulic power assist
Steering ratio 15.7:1
Turns lock-to-lock 2.6
Turning circle curb-to-curb 39.0 ft

BRAKES

Type hydraulic with vacuum power assist and anti-lock control
Front 14.0 x 1.3-in vented disc
Rear 11.8 x 0.8-in vented disc

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size/type 9.5 x 18 in/cast aluminum
Tires Goodyear Eagle F1 Supercar; F: 255/45R-18, R: 285/40R-18

PERFORMANCE (C/D est)

Zero to 60 mph 4.0 sec
Standing 1/4-mile 12.5 sec @ 116 mph
Top speed (governor limited) 160 mph

PROJECTED FUEL ECONOMY (C/D est)

EPA city driving 13 mpg
EPA highway driving 21 mpg

and the spring rates and damping profiles have been adjusted to complement the massive power. There's more roll stiffness, but it's remarkable how supple the suspension manages to be, particularly with a live axle at the rear.

The only negative dynamic comment in our notebook at the end of this brief time behind the wheel had to do with the power rack-and-pinion steering, which was quick (2.6 turns lock-to-lock) and accurate but felt a little light at high speeds. This was magnified by the absence of the production front air dam on our test mule. Unlike the early Mustangs, the GT500 is getting a lot of wind-tunnel time as part of its development, and O'Connell is intent on hitting the right balance between down-force and aerodynamic drag.

The test mule's responses were colored by mild understeer—not too surprising, given the weight distribution and big disparity between the front and rear contact patches. And not unwelcome, since it makes the car's responses predictable. Which is just what the SVT guys want.

"What we want is a little bit of steady-state understeer," says Tom Chapman, SVT's vehicle dynamics supervisor. "We don't want to overdo it on agility, but we still want it to be fun to drive. Besides, we figure the driver can correct for understeer with his right foot any time he wants."

Amen to that.

What else would you like to know? Price, perhaps? So would we. Like the matter of engine output, SVT will only offer a range of potential price points, from \$36,000 to \$40,000. The last SVT Mustang Cobra, with a mere 390 horsepower, cost \$35,485. Our guess for this one is \$39,000. Like the Mustang GT, that would be a tough-to-top performance buy, judging by our acceleration, braking, and skidpad forecasts. We'll be waiting for your letters. ■

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Downsizing was so '70s. Now, three decades later, we're finally back to roomy four-doors.

BY PATRICK BEDARD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFFREY G. RUSSELL

Consider the once and future familymobile. We say "once" because before the minivan revolution of two decades ago and the big SUV wave that followed it in the early '90s, the four-door sedan (or the station wagon derived from the four-door) was the way we all went to church on Sunday.

We say "future" because, *Have you seen gas prices lately?* Mommy's favorite truck has become the tall hog in the driveway sucking up the grocery money.

The big V-8 sport-ute is looking more and more like yesterday's regrettable excess. Minivans are still perfectly sensible, except for one small detail—Mom would rather be seen in curlers and a mud-pack.

So what's available that offers family space and mileage in the 20s if you don't drive like our executive editor? Not to get all Ozzie and Harriet on you, but have you tried a four-door sedan lately? It just happens that 30 large will get you a choice of four new and capacious models freshly introduced for 2005. Add two more that were new for 2004. Forget the word "downsized" that came along as a response to the first oil crisis and has diminished the traditional four-door ever since. These new ones have NBA space for rear passengers and vacation-size trunks, just like in the good old days.

The most talked about in this bunch is surely the Chrysler 300. Its short-neck-and-high-shoulders look takes us back about a half-century to a time when the hoods were all long and the side windows were short. But there's nothing retro about the way this big guy moves. If you avoid the brawny Hemi V-8 option, you'll even get sensible fuel economy.

Ford, too, reaches for tradition as it revives the "500" nameplate, but the new four-door wearing the old name hails from an unprecedented approach to the American car: The underpinnings are based on a Volvo platform. Don't bother calling the authorities—Ford has owned Volvo for some time now. The



Buick Lacrosse CXS
Chrysler 300 Touring
Ford Five Hundred Limited
Kia Amanti
Nissan Maxima 3.5SE
Toyota Avalon Touring Sedan



result is the longest, widest, and tallest family hauler of our group, *supersized* to serve you.

GM bids to stay in the game by cooking up something rare, a new Buick. Adios, Regal; *sayonara*, Century (at the end of this year); hello, Lacrosse, a name with its own tradition on Buick concept cars. Under the freshly designed shape is a combination of new and “legacy” parts in a competitively priced package. Is the Lacrosse enough to break America’s No. 1 carmaker out of its slump? We’ll know in just a few pages.

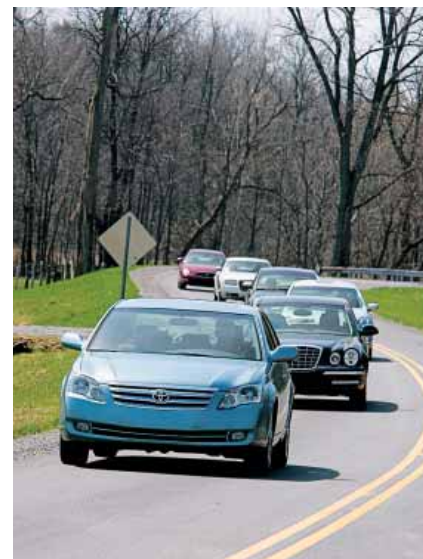
Meanwhile, Japan’s *ichiban* automaker also has a new four-door, the Toyota Avalon. “Japanese Buick”—that’s been our take on past Avalons. But Toyota is on a mission to overtake GM in the world market. And its plan doesn’t hinge on rebates. Quality cars rich in features is the Toyota way. Features? Imagine an Avalon in running togs. It’s called the Avalon Touring Sedan, and we’ve rounded up one for this test.

Both the Nissan Maxima, assembled in Tennessee, and the Kia Amanti, from South Korea, made their debuts in 2004. The Maxima is a brisk performer, thanks to its standard-equipment 3.5-liter V-6 rated at 265 horsepower.

Kia, still a relatively young brand in the American market, is building a reputation for a long list of features at an inviting price. The Amanti sits atop the Kia line, and it’s sized and priced just right for this 30-grand comparison of family sedans.

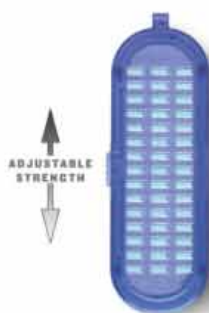
Before you write off this bunch as boring cars, we’ve chosen “touring” versions where available, so our cast includes the Buick Lacrosse CXS, Chrysler 300 Touring, Nissan Maxima 3.5SE, and Toyota Avalon Touring Sedan. Think of them as the space-with-spice entries.

Can the big four-door sedan recapture its position as the first choice in family haulers? The ballots have been counted. Let’s see what they say.



Vehicle		Buick Lacrosse	Chrysler 300	Ford Five Hundred	Kia Amanti	Nissan Maxima	Toyota Avalon
base price/ price as tested		\$28,995/ \$32,160	\$27,980/ \$29,125	\$26,965/ \$27,560	\$25,790 / \$29,410	\$27,930/ \$30,430	\$29,140/ \$30,669
dimensions, in	length	198.1	196.8	200.7	196.0	193.5	197.2
	width	73.0	74.1	74.5	72.8	71.7	72.8
	height	57.4	58.4	61.5	58.5	58.3	58.5
	wheelbase	110.5	120.0	112.9	110.2	111.2	111.0
	track, front/rear	61.7/61.5	63.0/63.1	64.6/65.0	61.8/61.4	61.6/61.2	62.2/61.6
weight, pounds		3623	3771	3754	4091	3521	3583
weight distribution, % front/rear		61.4/38.6	49.5/50.5	59.8/40.2	61.5/38.5	60.8/39.2	60.5/39.5
fuel tank, gallons		17.5	18.0	19.0	18.5	20.0	18.5
recommended octane rating		87	89	87	92	92	91
interior volume, cu ft	front	55	56	54	59	59	55
	rear	46	51	53	48	45	52
	trunk	16	16	21	16	16	14
Best in test.							

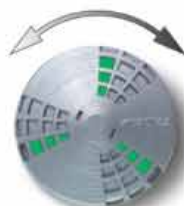
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6 Kia Amanti

Highs: Great hospitality for the passengers, classy burled-wood trim, luxu-car ride, auto up and down on all windows.

Lows: Excessive avoidupois, slack responses to driver inputs, Planet-of-the-Mutants styling.

The Verdict: Get some plastic surgery, kid, then give us a call.



Sixth Place Kia Amanti

This top-rung Kia has its hospitality act polished to a Ritz-Carlton sheen. No problems there. But there's no joy in the driver's seat. Not that it's an unruly machine, just a perfectly indifferent one, a cipher for the road.

Still, when it's your turn to haul the neighbors out for Saturday night dinner, they'll be impressed. The simulated burled wood is sufficiently convincing to strike up a Bentley mood. The Amanti is quieter than you'd expect at the modest \$25,790 base price, and it smothers the bumps. The appointments of our leather-lined test car—part of a \$2200 package including a six-CD changer, seat-and-mirror-position memories, seat heaters, etc.—compare favorably with the best of the group. The rear seats have a soft, enveloping feel, an undeniable plushness that puts you in no hurry for your destination. We rated the comfort back there just slightly behind that of the Ford Five Hundred at the top of the class, but the difference is in the decimal places and didn't show up in the scores.

Both got fives.

The Amanti, like Kia's Sedona minivan, has a weight problem. Making light cars requires high technology. Instead, Kia goes about it the old-fashioned way, with lots of steel and sound deadening. The resulting lunger swings the scale needle to 4091 pounds, 320 over the next-heaviest, the Chrysler 300, and 570 over the welterweight Nissan Maxima. It's as if the Amanti were always carrying two passengers more than the Chrysler and nearly four more than the Nissan.



So the leisurely acceleration is no surprise. It finished hindmost by every measure, starting with an 8.2-second stroll to 60 mph. Braking was also at the back of the pack, although by a slim margin. Only in road adhesion did it score above sixth place, a step ahead of the Chrysler 300 at 0.74 g. But it was back to the bottom in road-trip fuel economy at 18 mpg, five behind the Toyota over the 600-mile trip.

The logbook comments amount to a series of jabs: "Super-soft," "constantly bobbing front end," "squealy tires, squishy brake pedal, tippy," "the feel of unconditioned muscles."

When it comes to features and amenities, however, the Amanti tops the ranking, with five 12-volt sockets and the only outside mirrors that look down toward the rear tire when you select reverse. Some of the details are extravagant; for example, the outside door handles have a slice of chrome impeccably fitted over the top half of the hand grip; the lower half is body color.

From a neighbor's distance, this is an impressive car.



Fifth Place Buick Lacrosse CXS

A new Buick! General Motors doesn't issue them very often. How is it? To give you the executive summary, this is the definitive "pretty good car." The fact that it's in fifth place is surely bad news for the General, but also cause for customer celebration. It means the showrooms are filled with great choices.

The Lacrosse is sized toward the upper end of this group at 198.1 inches long,

about halfway between the large Ford and the not-quite-so-large Chrysler. But the rear-passenger space feels smallest of all. We particularly didn't like the way the rear roof pillars crowd in on the heads of outer passengers when seated three across. GM can't seem to give up on coupe rooflines.

The 3.6-liter, 24-valve V-6 is energetic in the upper rpm ranges, although with only four speeds in the automatic, you don't ascend to the torque peak as smartly as you would with another gear in the box,

or with two more as in the Ford. Zero to 60 takes 7.0 seconds for third place in the sprints, the position it also holds through the quarter-mile at 15.4 seconds and 92 mph.

Cornering and braking numbers are midpack. The steering feels isolated and uninvolved. Path accuracy, however, is quite good, even when chasing around through the twisties. And the brakes are firm and exceptionally controllable.

This is a sedan with a low beltline. It's

Powertrain		Buick Lacrosse CXS	Chrysler 300 Touring	Ford Five Hundred Limited	Kia Amanti	Nissan Maxima 3.5SE	Toyota Avalon Touring Sedan		
engine	type	DOHC 24-valve V-6	SOHC 24-valve V-6	DOHC 24-valve V-6	DOHC 24-valve V-6	DOHC 24-valve V-6	DOHC 24-valve V-6		
	displacement, cu in (cc)	217 (3564)	215 (3518)	181 (2967)	213 (3497)	213 (3498)	211 (3457)		
	power, bhp @ rpm	240 @ 6000	250 @ 6400	203 @ 5750	200 @ 5500	265 @ 5800	280 @ 6200		
	torque, lb-ft @ rpm	225 @ 2000	250 @ 3800	207 @ 4500	220 @ 3500	255 @ 4400	260 @ 4700		
	redline	6700	6500	5800	6200	6500	6500		
driveline	lb per bhp	15.1	15.1	18.5	20.5	13.3	12.8		
	transmission	4-sp auto	4-sp auto	6-sp auto	5-sp auto	5-sp auto	5-sp auto		
	driven wheels	front	rear	front	front	front	front		
	gear ratios:1	2.92, 1.57, 1.00, 0.71	2.84, 1.57, 1.00, 0.69	4.15, 2.37, 1.56, 1.16, 0.86, 0.69	3.79, 2.06, 1.42, 1.04, 0.73	4.66, 3.03, 1.98, 1.34, 1.02	4.24, 2.36, 1.52, 1.05, 0.76		
	axle ratio:1	3.69	3.64	3.46	3.33	2.44	3.08		
C/D test results	mph/1000 rpm	7.5, 13.9, 21.8, 30.7	7.8, 14.1, 22.1, 32.0	5.6, 9.7, 14.8, 19.9, 26.8, 33.5	6.0, 11.1, 16.1, 22.0, 31.4	6.7, 10.3, 15.8, 23.3, 30.7	5.8, 10.4, 16.2, 23.5, 32.4		
	acceleration, seconds	0-60 mph	7.0	7.3	7.9	8.2	6.1	6.0	7.1
		0-100 mph	19.4	20.4	22.4	23.6	16.5	14.8	19.5
		1/4-mile @ mph	15.4 @ 92	15.6 @ 90	16.3 @ 88	16.4 @ 86	14.9 @ 96	14.6 @ 99	15.5 @ 92
		rolling 5-60 mph	7.6	7.7	8.3	8.8	6.2	6.2	7.5
		top-gear	30-50 mph	3.1	3.7	4.4	4.5	3.2	3.4
	50-70 mph		4.9	5.2	5.8	6.1	4.2	4.3	5.1
	sound level, dBA	top speed, mph	116 (gov ltd)	117 (gov ltd)	111 (gov ltd)	133	139 (gov ltd)	138 (gov ltd)	126
		idle	40	46	47	41	41	41	43
		full-throttle	74	77	74	71	76	75	75
70-mph cruise		67	68	70	68	70	68	69	
fuel economy, mpg	EPA city	19	19	21	17	20	22	20	
	EPA highway	27	27	29	25	28	31	28	
	C/D 600-mile trip	19	19	20	18	19	23	20	
Best in test.								Test Avg.	



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Buick Lacrosse CXS

Highs: Refined engine earns spot in the fast lane; crisp handling reflexes without rocky ride; sunny interior, thanks to the low beltline.

Lows: Rear-seat space much tighter than the others', Grandpa exterior styling, jerky transmission in stop-and-go traffic.

The Verdict: Just perfect for all those conflict-avoidance therapists.



bright and airy inside, contrary to the mood of the Chrysler's cabin, which is dim and dark. The front buckets have unusually long cushions reaching almost to the back of the knee—just right for Tiger Woods, kinda long for most females. The cluster has simple, round gauges with long, tapered white needles. As the eye moves to the center of the dash, however, the plain black plastic panel surrounding the radio and HVAC has a generic look, as do the



small controls. It's a style-free zone.

Some of us remember the extroverted Buicks of the '50s. Buyers loved them enough to push Buick up to third place on the sales charts for a few quarters. The Lacrosse, in contrast, is cautious in every detail, noncommittal at every opportunity, and light on its list of features. The body is a soft shape floating over the road on four ill-fitting tires. They look to have been borrowed from some lesser car. This new Buick drives pretty good, but it never tries to win you over.

Fourth Place Ford Five Hundred Limited

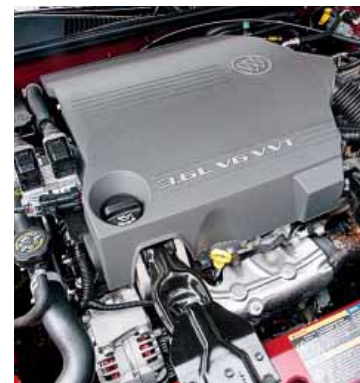
As you walk up to it, the Five Hundred impresses with its good-taste styling. Once you get in and look around—*Oh, dear!* Mom will never be able to reach back to wipe little noses in the back seat. The distance is vast.

Ah, but when the kids get a little older, they can Game Boy in their own ZIP



Chassis

Chassis		Buick Lacrosse	Chrysler 300	Ford Five Hundred	Kia Amanti	Nissan Maxima	Toyota Avalon	
	front suspension	struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar	multilink, coil springs, anti-roll bar	struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar	control arms, coil springs, anti-roll bar	struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar	struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar	
	rear suspension	struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar	multilink, coil springs, anti-roll bar	multilink, coil springs, anti-roll bar	multilink, coil springs, anti-roll bar	multilink, coil springs, anti-roll bar	struts, coil springs, anti-roll bar	
	front brakes	vented disc	vented disc	vented disc	vented disc	vented disc	vented disc	
	rear brakes	disc	disc	disc	disc	disc	disc	
	anti-lock control	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	
	stability control	yes	yes	no	yes	no	no	
	tires	Goodyear Eagle LS-2, P225/55R-17 95T M+S	Goodyear Integrity, P215/65R-17 98T M+S	Pirelli P6 Four Seasons, P225/55R-18 97T M+S	Hankook Optimo H417, P225/60R-16 97H M+S	Goodyear Eagle RS-A, P245/45R-18 96V M+S	Michelin Energy MXV4 S8, P215/55R-17 93V M+S	
C/D test results	braking, 70-0, feet	182	181	179	188	181	183	182
	roadholding, 300-foot skidpad, g	0.77*	0.69*	0.78	0.74	0.80	0.79	0.76
	lane change, mph	57.5*	57.6*	57.2	51.9	57.6	60.0	57.0
*Stability control can't be completely disabled, which affected skidpad and lane-change numbers. Best in test.								Test Avg



4 Ford Five Hundred Limited

Highs: Classy looks outside and in, huge interior space, whopper trunk, Vista Cruiser view all around.

Lows: Underachiever V-6, six-speed auto too reluctant to downshift, front buckets are back killers.

The Verdict: A triumph of virtue over verve.



Codes back there, well away from adult ears in the front. The official measurements credit the Five Hundred with the most back-seat space of the group at 53 cubic feet, up seven from the Buick's and eight over the Nissan's. The Five Hundred's trunk also tops the charts at 21 cubic feet, with the Buick, Chrysler, Kia, and Nissan all tied for second place at 16 cubic feet. If it's space you want, the Ford is the easy winner.

The shapes of the front buckets are the only truly off-putting detail we encountered. The Five Hundred, like a few other Fords (some Focus models), has backrests that wedge forward right where they meet the cushion, thereby pushing the buttocks ahead, which in turn negates the necessary lumbar support. This one detail is a deal killer for some of us.

On the mechanical side, the aging 3.0-liter V-6 is good enough for fleet sales, but it'll never be a source of joy—0 to 60 takes 7.9 seconds, just a squeak ahead of the last-place Kia, accompanied by a thrashing racket in the upper rev ranges. A six-speed

gearbox is a theoretical advancement, but this one makes rough and poorly timed shifts when you hustle.

The powertrain scores in frugality, however, at 20 mpg over our 600-mile trip, second best behind the Toyota's 23 mpg, although well behind.

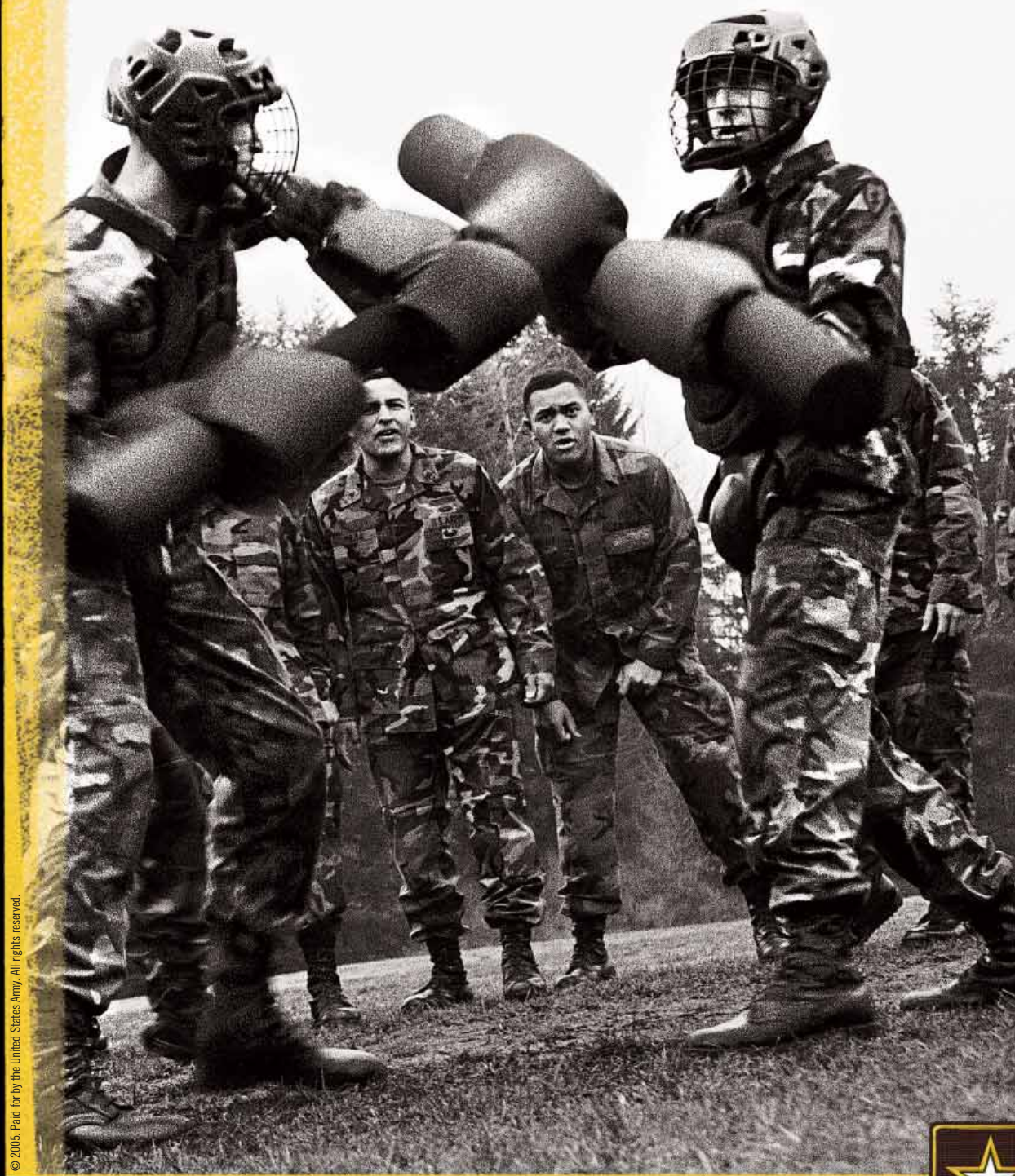
The Five Hundred reminds us of those days gone by when getting a new car was a genuine source of family pride. The interior appointments here are boldly

styled and graphically clean. The dashboard, with large dials outlined by beefy aluminum-hued bezels and marked with simple block numbers, is fresh and pleasing. All the controls are nicely placed within reach and up where you can see them, unlike, for example, the Buick's HVAC panel, which is down below knee level. For ergonomics, we rated the Five Hundred at the top of the class in a three-way tie with the Chrysler and Toyota.



Sergeant **Derek Brame**. 11B Infantry.

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3 Nissan Maxima 3.5SE

Highs: Spry performance, just-right front buckets, athletic moves over the road.

Lows: Torque steer, jumpy throttle, overwrought-Altima exterior, and what's with the fleece-lined cockpit?

The Verdict: If you're looking for the un-Buick . . .



In the past, we've called the Five Hundred "boring." Yep, impression confirmed. But it's also the space shuttle of the group, which gives it extra appeal as a family hauler.

Third Place Nissan Maxima 3.5SE

The SE version of the Maxima has long been a credible sporting sedan. Among the four-doors assembled here, this Nissan has the snortiest engine, the best roadholding, nearly the quickest acceleration, and a sort of rowdy, zingy *Let's get blurry in the distance!* attitude. The throttle is jumpy, unleashing a torrent of torque with only a small dip of your toe, torque that makes your path go ziggy on all but the smoothest roads. This is a car that often feels like a handful when you floor it, which is *entertaining* if you're amused by that, *crude* if you're not.

The Maxima is the extrovert of the group, the daring character with styling details that are, let's say, eyebrow raising. And the interior is, uh, imaginative. Visualize this: The occupants sit in this big tub with windows, and it's lined in fleece, the stuff of jogging suits. The dashboard is mounted on one end, rather low, down around belly height so that lots of the fleece-lined tub shows above. Nissan risks the criticism often aimed at GM for making lots of different models from the same parts bin; the cluster is eerily reminiscent of the Murano's, and the power-

train appears with only minor differences in a number of different Nissans.

That said, we're inclined to give a pass on the underhood machinery because it delivers the zoom. Zero to 60 comes up second quickest of the bunch, just a blink behind the Toyota at 6.1 seconds. Top speed outruns all the others at 139, perhaps a useful quality for those North Dakotans a long way from the maternity ward. Stopping was better than average at 181 feet from 70 mph, and road adhesion out-gripped all the others at 0.80 g.

The numbers are sporty, and so are the

ride quality and the road noise. Plastic dash panels colored and textured to look like metal are the sports-car styling fad of our time. Most of our jurors said the Maxima's are too bright, the source of too much glare.

In back, passengers will find exceptionally good foot space and more headroom than they might expect, given the fastback roofline. The seat itself is decidedly firm, with deep contours that will keep two passengers from sliding around back there. For three, however, we put the Maxima in the bottom half of the class.



WHOEVER COINED THE PHRASE IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE PROBABLY WASN'T DRAG RACING FOR PINK SLIPS

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2 Chrysler 300 Touring

Highs: Drives like all the knee bones are connected to the thigh bones, the metallic-look dash, pleasing power and noises from the 3.5-liter V-6.

Lows: Lots of road noise, only a four-speed auto and no manumatic, low-budget shine on the plastic interior padding.

The Verdict: Plus-sized and proud of it.



This Nissan packs a strong combination of performance and features for the money, and it doesn't know how to be dull.

Second Place Chrysler 300 Touring

"This is a big car that feels good being big," noted one of our testers. In length, the Chrysler 300 is shy of both the new Five Hundred and Lacrosse. But its visual presence dominates them easily; you *notice* this car. Somehow, it demands respect.

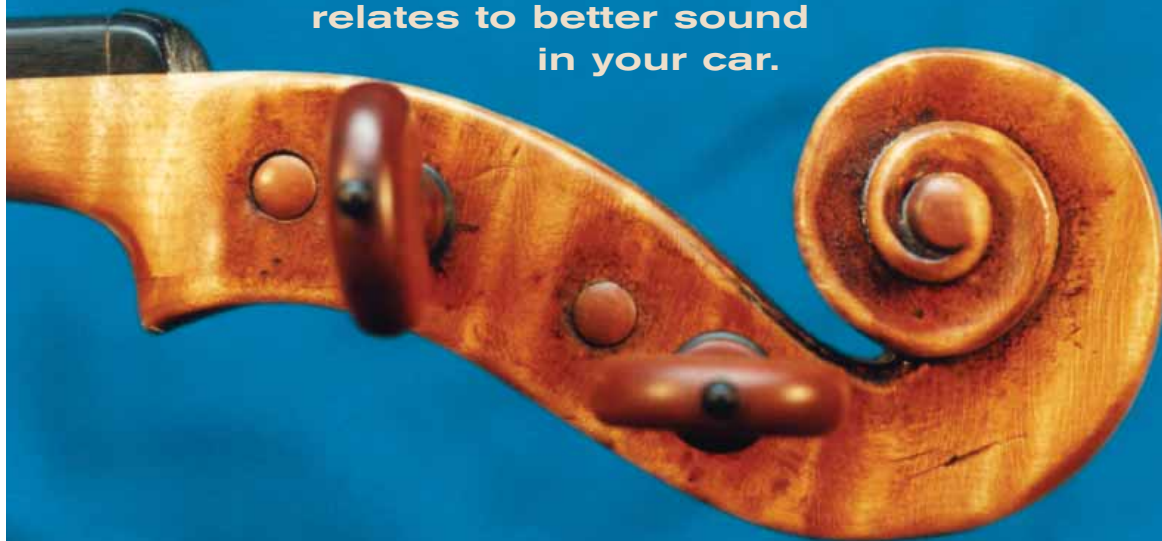
And it wins you over on the road. It has confidence. It moves with certainty. There's nothing iffy about the steering and brakes. Even without the brawny Hemi, there is satisfying acceleration, although it's well back from the leaders of this group. The climb to 60 mph takes 7.3 seconds. A quarter-mile speed of 90 was traditionally the threshold of being a fast car. Many of today's models do better; four of this group's six meet or exceed that mark, including this 3.5-liter 300 at 15.6 seconds at 90 mph.

Although its handling reflexes are very good, the 300 managed only 0.69 g on the skidpad, weakest of the group. Blame a hyper-interventionist stability-control system that apparently hates tire squeal and refuses to be shut off. Braking was about average. On the move, this car plays plenty of road noise inside, perhaps adding to the driver's sense of communication with the machine. You feel the details of the surface under the tires.

The 300's as-tested price of \$29,125 is beaten only by the Ford's \$27,560, and it's well down from the high-money mark of \$32,160 set by the Buick (incentives ease that number significantly). At the same time, certain Chrysler details shout "cheap fleet car." For example, the front buckets



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relates to better sound
in your car.**



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1 Toyota Avalon Touring Sedan

Highs: Smart-looking new shape, splendidly legible instruments, three bags full of storage space up front, exhilarating thrust.

Lows: Extra-crunchy ride, the blue screen of gratuitous info glowing at us from the dash center, driver seat has to be low to get the cushion angle right.

The Verdict: Look out, GM! Toyota has the formula!

lack the customary map pockets on the backsides of the seats. Moreover, the 300 is the only one of the group without a passenger-side power seat, trip computer, steering-wheel buttons for the stereo, automatic climate controls for driver and passenger, and automatic headlights. No surprise, it ranked lowest in the features-and-amenities category.

In our subjective ratings, we put the 300's styling above all others, and it tied for top marks in driver comfort and ergonomics. Generally, the 300 scored consistently at or near the top in all measures of controllability. It has good moves. For parents distracted by little responsibilities, that should be reassuring.

First Place Toyota Avalon Touring Sedan

Just when you think you have all the makes and models pigeonholed, one of them jumps his cell. The Avalon has abandoned its "Japanese Buick" spot for a position in the Sports Dept. The new 3.5-liter V-6 claims 280 horsepower, and it made believers out of us with a 0-to-60 run of six seconds flat. Its 14.6-second quarter-mile time at 99 mph cleaned up on the drag strip, too.

Toyota may have overdone the sport thing with the Touring suspension, however. Ride quality over broken pavement approaches Porsche-style crunchiness. Avoid the rough stuff, and the Avalon is instantly lovable for its driving position and excellent arrangement of the controls, great clarity of the instrument cluster, superb arrangement of storage bins, and quality. We rated the interior styling above all others, although there was some murmuring about one detail: Where wood-grain would normally accent the doors and dash, the Touring model reminds of hammer-finished metal—sort of, but not quite. It's abstract, merely a pattern; some folks insist on the representational, even if it's fake wood.

On the performance side of the ratings, the Avalon was second best for road grip



at 0.79 g, about average for stopping, and way above the others in our lane-change test. It deserves special mention, too, for winning both the acceleration and economy tests with 23 mpg over our 600-mile route.

We rated the rear comfort just behind the Kia's and Ford's, although it's still excellent. Footroom under the front seats is less than generous, but few will have legs long enough to notice. The Avalon has one trick the others can't match: The rear seat has an adjustable-angle backrest with enough positions available to hit everyone's sweet spot.

The Avalon has everything we need in a four-door. The front bucket holds us well, and the machine is quick in its responses, sure-footed when it hustles. Full-throttle downshifts come with no shilly-shallying. The suspension doesn't float over crests, and the steering cuts just right on your first try. Sure, the "plump duck" styling puts off traditionalists, and the blue dashboard display is merely Toyota's annoying way of holding the space for a nav system in every Avalon. But this car has *moves*, it has space, and it has fuel economy.

It's a winner. ■

Results		Buick Lacrosse	Chrysler 300	Ford Five Hundred	Kia Amanti	Nissan Maxima	Toyota Avalon
vehicle	driver comfort (10)	7	9	7	7	8	9
	ergonomics (10)	7	9	9	8	7	9
	rear-seat comfort (5)	3	4	5	5	4	4
	rear-seat space* (5)	3	5	5	4	3	5
	trunk space* (5)	3	3	5	3	3	3
	features/amenities* (10)	7	5	8	10	9	8
	fit and finish (10)	8	8	8	8	8	9
	interior styling (10)	6	8	8	6	6	9
	exterior styling (10)	6	9	8	3	7	7
	rebates and discounts* (5)	2	1	1	1	1	0
powertrain	as-tested price* (20)	17	18	20	18	17	17
	total (100)	69	79	84	73	73	80
	performance* (20)	18	17	16	14	19	20
	engine flexibility* (5)	4	4	3	3	5	5
	fuel economy* (5)	4	4	5	4	5	5
	engine NVH (10)	8	8	6	7	9	10
chassis	transmission (10)	7	8	7	6	8	9
	total (50)	41	41	37	34	46	49
	performance* (20)	19	18	20	16	20	20
	steering feel (5)	5	5	4	3	4	5
	brake feel (5)	4	5	4	3	5	5
	handling (10)	7	8	7	5	8	9
gotta-have-it factor	ride (10)	8	9	8	7	8	9
	total (50)	43	45	43	34	45	48
	gotta-have-it factor (25)	10	20	13	7	16	17
	fun to drive (25)	12	18	11	8	18	19
	grand total (250)	175	203	188	156	198	213
	finishing order	5	2	4	6	3	1

*These objective scores are calculated from the vehicles' dimensions, capacities, rebates and discounts, and/or test results. **Best in test.**





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*Maximum towing capacity is 7,050 lbs when properly equipped. †Based on 2005 model-year competitive data. Dodge Accessories by Mopar shown.

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*Short-wheelbase model, starting at \$21,540. Long-wheelbase model as shown, \$36,260. MSRPs exclude tax. **Based on 2001 through 2004 model-year owner repurchase rate. †Based on NHTSA 2005 model-year ratings. Side-impact rating only valid on LWB models. ‡Always use seat belts. Remember, a backseat is the safest place for children 12 and under. §Long-wheelbase models only. **See dealer for a copy of this limited warranty. Transferable to second owner with fee. A deductible applies. Excludes SRT models.



Can the A3 hatchback out-GTI the GTI?

BY LARRY WEBSTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AARON KILEY

Well, here we go again. Another of the so-called premium German brands is dipping its toe into the \$25,000 end of the car market. This time it's Audi, with the \$25,460 A3.

We've seen this act before, and so far the results have been less than stellar. BMW's slow (0 to 60 mph in the mid-eighths) but satisfying \$23,870 BMW 318ti was discontinued in 1999. The \$26,570 Mercedes C230 sport coupe will disappear as soon as dealer inventory runs out. Both of these cars had two doors and a sloping rear hatch—that's right, hatchbacks. When customers were asked why these affordable cars from the snooty brands failed to reach a wide audience, the common

answer was: "Americans think hatchbacks are cheap economy cars."

Which is why the A3's hatchback-only body style came as a surprise. True, the A3 has an extra pair of doors that, combined with the nearly vertical rear hatch, make it look more like a mini-wagon than a hatchback. But is a mini-wagon better than a hatchback?

At least this wagon had the Audi style hounds drawing the skin. Coated in about the perfect shade of red, our A3 test car had that taut-skin look with a minimum of glitz. The only exterior chrome is a ring around the new schnoz, which is starting to look good to us.

The car appears tidy and compact

because it is. The A3 shares a chassis with the VW Golf and is about 10 inches shorter than the A4 sedan. The A4 packages its engine front to rear, whereas the A3's powerplant sits crosswise, freeing up room in the passenger compartment. There are 49 cubic feet in front and 39 in the rear, which is about the same as in the A4. The cargo hold is tall but short and equals the 13-cubic-foot space of the A4's trunk.

Still, the A3 feels quite roomy. Two adults can fit comfortably in the back seats if the front passengers are shorter than six feet tall. The rear seat folds down without having to remove the headrests; once down, the A3 will accept a dorm room's worth of junk.

You can see where Audi tried to add some style to the dash with chrome trim rings and accents, but it's pretty much a sea of plastic. Even the steering wheel of our no-options test car was plastic. Rather than coming off as cheap, the plain dash looks neat and uncluttered. Audi uses the best plastics around. A leather-wrapped steering wheel is available, but it's bundled in either the \$1800 Sport package (stiffer suspension, grippier tires, leather seats) or

THE VERDICT

Highs: Seductively fun, practical, comfortable, and refined.

Lows: Gets pricey if you add options.

The Verdict: Long live the hot hatchback.



the \$2025 Premium package (leather seats, chrome wheels, trip computer).

Opt for the Premium package, add in seat heaters (\$700) and a navigation system (\$1950), and you're at a heart-fluttering \$30,135. A Mazda 3 five-door—loaded to the gills—runs \$23,945.

Stuffed into the A3's engine room, however, is a sweetheart of a 197-hp turbocharged four that handily outpowers, for one, Mazda's 160-hp, 2.3-liter engine. The A3's mill displaces 2.0 liters and uses Audi's FSI system. FSI stands for "fuel stratified injection," which means that rather than spray fuel into the intake tract, like conventional port fuel injection does, this FSI motor squirts the gas straight into the combustion chamber. A major benefit of FSI is its ability to run lean air-to-fuel ratios, but there's a side effect of more NO_x production. Unfortunately, the catalysts that can clean the extra NO_x would be contaminated by the high sulfur content of U.S. fuels, so although A3s in Europe run lean, they don't in the States. The other

benefit is better charge cooling, which allows the FSI engine to run a high compression ratio (10.3:1). The result is 197 horsepower at 5100 rpm and 207 pound-feet of torque at 1800 rpm.

This engine is as smooth as any four-banger we've ever tested. There are two balance shafts to quell vibrations, and they do a fantastic job. At idle, you can't even feel that the engine's running, nor can you detect even a smidge of shake when it's spun to the 6500-rpm redline. It's quiet, too, registering about the same level of noise as the \$55,000 luxury sedans we tested in "Spoilsport Sedans" [C/D, May 2005].

The best part is how swiftly the A3 gathers speed. Zapping to 60 mph requires only 6.5 seconds, almost a second quicker than the Mazda. The quarter-mile passes by in 14.9 seconds at 94 mph compared with the Mazda's 16.0 seconds at 87 mph. A speed limiter steps in at 128 mph, but the A3 feels as if it could run to almost 150 mph.

As for turbo lag, Audi has pretty much eliminated it. In our street-start test, in which we accelerate from 5 to 60 mph to test an engine's throttle response, the A3 did the trick in 7.1 seconds. The Mazda needed 8.6 seconds. Passing maneuvers in the Audi rarely require a downshift, as the engine's low torque peak (1800 rpm) and snappy response get the job done effortlessly.

That's not to say we avoided shifting the six-speed manual. It, too, is a model of smoothness, with a light clutch and well-defined shift gates. The shifter feels lifeless compared with a Honda's, but it's fun to row nonetheless.

There's a lot of joy baked into the chassis as well. Although it doesn't have a great deal of grip, pulling a middling 0.82 g on the skidpad (the Mazda does 0.87), the A3 is one of those cars that carry speed with little effort or thought.

The chassis bits are simple compared with the A4's in that the A3 has a strut front suspension, not the A4's multilink arrange-



Follow the detailed instructions below to properly wash and wax your car.

*The key to a proper wash and wax is in the details. It is of utmost importance to be prepared and to know the correct technique when washing and waxing your vehicle. If the proper procedure is not followed, then you will end up without a properly washed and waxed vehicle and everyone will be really disappointed. The truth of the matter is that the arduous yet **JUST**ifiable task of an all day wax and wash will be worth it. First, collect the numerous tools needed to complete your wash and wax. These include but are not limited to: sponges, dry towels, chamois, a bucket, a hose with spray nozzle attachment, wax, and an appropriate car wash detergent. You will also need a soiled car.*

*Directions are as follows: Squirt a couple of ounces of detergent in a bucket and fill it from the garden hose. In order to clean your sullied vehicle, **WET IT** first. It's important to spray the entire car down from top to bottom; removing as much of the caked on dirt as possible. Dip your sponge in the bucket and begin scrubbing the roof in a circular motion making sure to cover every inch with suds. After scrubbing the roof, move on to the rest of the car. Remember to scrub from the top down. Also, don't forget to always slide your trusty bucket along side you as you move along the car. After dunking the sponge in the nasty bucket several times you might want to refresh the solution. **WASH**ing **IT** out accomplishes two things. 1. Fresh water and detergent. 2. It will get rid of any dirt that has accumulated in the bottom of the bucket. If you're not careful, dirt could end up in your sponge and may scratch the finish of your car. Now that we have scrubbed the car, spray the rest of the soap off and quickly get ready to dry. Towel handy? Great, you're prepared. Start at the top of the car and work down. Gently wipe **&** dry the entire car. This will keep you from having pesky water spots when the job is done. Don't forget those mirrors and windows. Great, we're half way there.*

*Let's start waxing this puppy. Now, dry and clean, your vehicle's finish is ready to accept a fresh shine. Apply the wax to your car using a fresh terry cloth towel in a circular motion. Once you've given that babe a good massage, wait a while on the **WAX**. **IT** will **DRY** before dusk. When buffing off the wax, stroke the car firmly so no residual wax remains. With your car shining pretty consider moving on to the interior. But that can wait for another day. Now you've got a proper wash & wax, and the exhaustion to prove it.*



*The **SIMPLE** way to get a wax with every wash.*



COUNTERPOINT

JOHN PHILLIPS

At first, I was prejudiced against the A3, afraid it would be a BMW 318ti—you know, the BMW that felt like a Saturn coupe? Boy, was I wrong. Here's a hatchback that evinces the Audi qualities I most admire—light steering, a vault-like platform, a fine ride-and-handling trade-off, a Lexus-smooth idle, a back seat spacious for two, heel-and-toe-able pedals, and a willing shifter. It's more fun than an A4 because it's more agile and isn't overwhelmed by the faux-luxo gimmickry common to all other Audis. Plus, the A3 swallows my Toro, making this car easy to justify to a suspicious spouse. Love at first sight is dangerous. Danger's dandy with me.

TONY QUIROGA

Europeans love their premium hatches, but Europeans are an odd bunch who too often don't see the need for deodorant. So will premium German hatchbacks ever be embraced here in the States? This new A3 seems to have the best chance yet to stimulate this stillborn segment. It has four doors in addition to the hatch, a flexible 197-hp turbo four, an A4-like driving experience, and perhaps most important, adding a hatch doesn't make it look like the trunk was lopped off with a giant paper cutter. Unfortunately, you get a very basic version for your \$25,000. Stripper model aside, the A3 is a great way to be a bit European, and you won't stink.

RON KIINO

The A4 used to be Audi's entry-level car. But now, at \$28,070, "entry level" doesn't exactly fit, especially since popular options quickly push window stickers well above \$30,000. *Ouch.* The good news is that you can sidestep the pain while still getting all the gain by opting for the A3. Our test car, despite having cloth seats sans power adjustments and a steering wheel void of cowhide, didn't feel *that* down-market compared with an A4, and it certainly didn't perform down-market, thanks to the fact that both cars share the hot, new 2.0-liter FSI turbo four-cylinder. Priced at \$25,460, this A3 may be the new entry-level Audi, but I like to think of it as the new A4.

ment. But there's that satisfying feeling that the A3 will go exactly where it's pointed. The tires gradually lose grip, so you can use everything the car can offer without wetting your pants. Despite the A3's porky 3246-pound weight, it feels nimble, agile, and light on its feet—the way a small car should feel. The back end dutifully follows the front, but it's not so planted that the result is terminal, unsatisfying understeer.

The A3 has a fantastic ride-and-handling compromise. It's firm enough to

control body motions yet not at all harsh. Bumps are absorbed enough to cushion but not so much as to isolate. You get that vital communication with the tires without suffering a jarring ride. Unlike some other electrically assisted steering systems, the A3's always seems to dial up the right amount of assist.

Yet as spry as the A3 is, it also feels solid. The body is stiff, and the doors shut with a hearty *thunk*. All the trim pieces are firmly mounted, the driver barely hears bump impacts, and our test car had zero squeaks or rattles. It's too bad Audi's reliability reputation doesn't back up the A3's high-quality tactile sensations.

We did find a few details to complain about. The dead pedal is uncomfortably high, as is the center armrest. The manual seat-height adjustment only raises the rear of the seat, so to find a comfortable bottom-cushion tilt, we had to keep the seat at its lowest setting.

Overall, though, the A3 is one of those special terrier-like cars that are always eager to go and likely to make you take the long way home. It's the reasonably priced sports car for those who can't put up with sports-car impracticalities. In other words, it's one hot hatchback.

Speaking of hot hatchbacks brings us to the grand pooh-bah of the hot hatch, the VW GTI. The newest GTI, which shares its chassis and engine with the



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(1) Based on comparison of passenger volume reported in manufacturers' data and websites as of 1/03/05. (2) Standard on EX. (3) Standard on LX and EX. (4) MSRP. Verona EX as shown \$20,994 MSRP. MSRPs include freight, but exclude govt. fees and dealer charges. (5) All new Suzukis come standard with a 100,000-mile/7-year powertrain limited warranty. See dealer for complete warranty details. Always wear your seatbelt. © American Suzuki Motor Corporation 2005. Suzuki, the "S" logo, and Suzuki model names are Suzuki trademarks or ®.



2006 AUDI A3 2.0T

Vehicle type: front-engine, front-wheel-drive, 5-passenger, 5-door wagon

Price as tested: \$25,460

Price and option breakdown: base Audi A3 2.0T (includes \$720 freight), \$25,460

Major standard accessories: power windows and locks, remote locking, A/C, cruise control, tilting and telescoping steering wheel, rear defroster and wiper

Sound system: Audi AM-FM radio/CD player, 10 speakers

ENGINE

Type..... turbocharged and intercooled inline-4, iron block and aluminum head
 Bore x stroke..... 3.25 x 3.65 in, 82.5 x 92.8mm
 Displacement..... 121 cu in, 1984cc
 Compression ratio..... 10.3:1
 Fuel-delivery system..... direct injection
 Turbocharger..... BorgWarner K03
 Maximum boost pressure..... 11.4 psi
 Valve gear..... belt-driven double overhead cams, 4 valves per cylinder, hydraulic lifters, variable intake-valve timing
 Power (SAE net)..... 197 bhp @ 5100 rpm
 Torque (SAE net)..... 207 lb-ft @ 1800 rpm
 Redline..... 6500 rpm

DRIVETRAIN

Transmission..... 6-speed manual
 Final-drive ratio..... 3.94:1/3.09:1*

Gear	Ratio	Mph/1000 rpm	Max test speed
I	3.36	5.4	35 mph (6500 rpm)
II	2.09	8.7	57 mph (6500 rpm)
III	1.47	12.4	81 mph (6500 rpm)
IV	1.10	16.6	108 mph (6500 rpm)
V	1.11	21.0	128 mph (6100 rpm)
VI	0.93	25.1	128 mph (5100 rpm)

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase..... 101.5 in
 Track, front/rear..... 60.0/58.9 in
 Length/width/height..... 168.7/69.5/56.0 in
 Ground clearance..... 4.4 in
 Drag area, Cd (0.33) x frontal area (22.9 sq ft)..... 7.6 sq ft
 Curb weight..... 3246 lb
 Weight distribution, F/R..... 59.9/40.1%
 Curb weight per horsepower..... 16.5 lb
 Fuel capacity..... 14.5 gal

CHASSIS/BODY

Type..... unit construction
 Body material..... welded steel stampings

INTERIOR

SAE volume, front seat..... 49 cu ft
 rear seat..... 39 cu ft
 cargo, seats up/down..... 13/40 cu ft
 Front-seat adjustments..... fore-and-aft, seatback angle, rear height
 Restraint systems, front..... manual 3-point belts; driver and passenger front, side, and curtain airbags
 rear..... manual 3-point belts, curtain airbags

SUSPENSION

Front..... ind, strut located by a control arm, coil springs, anti-roll bar
 Rear..... ind; 1 trailing link, 2 lower lateral links, and 1 upper lateral link per side; coil springs; anti-roll bar

STEERING

Type..... rack-and-pinion with electric power assist
 Steering ratio..... 16.2:1
 Turns lock-to-lock..... 3.0
 Turning circle curb-to-curb..... 35.1 ft

BRAKES

Type..... hydraulic with vacuum power assist, anti-lock control, and electronic panic assist
 Front..... 12.3 x 1.2-in vented disc
 Rear..... 11.0 x 0.5-in disc

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size/type..... 7.5 x 17 in/cast aluminum
 Tires..... Pirelli P6 Four Seasons, P225/45R-17 91V M+S
 Test inflation pressures, F/R..... 35/32 psi
 Spare..... high-pressure compact
 *This final-drive ratio is for 5th and 6th gears only.

A3, will reach our shores in about six months. The question is this: Since the A3 is so good, has it out-GTI'd the GTI?

Differentiating the two will be door count and price. The GTI will come only with two doors; as for price, the GTI should run two grand less. Tinkering with the A3's handling and chassis dynamics to make the GTI unique could screw up what is already a frisky but comfortable setup.

Then again, it won't matter if VW bungles the GTI because we already have the A3. And it is deliciously good. It's impossible to accurately predict whether U.S. customers will take a shine to this mini-Audi wagon, but we're glad it's here. ■

C/D TEST RESULTS

ACCELERATION

	Seconds
Zero to 30 mph.....	2.4
40 mph.....	3.5
50 mph.....	4.8
60 mph.....	6.5
70 mph.....	8.4
80 mph.....	10.6
90 mph.....	13.8
100 mph.....	17.0
110 mph.....	21.3
120 mph.....	27.3
Street start, 5-60 mph.....	7.1
Top-gear acceleration, 30-50 mph.....	10.3
50-70 mph.....	7.8
Standing 1/4-mile.....	14.9 sec @ 94 mph
Top speed (governor limited).....	128 mph

BRAKING

70-0 mph @ impending lockup..... 185 ft

HANDLING

Roadholding, 300-ft-dia skidpad..... 0.82 g
 Understeer..... minimal moderate excessive

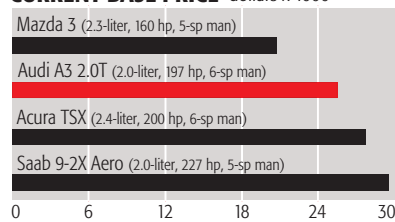
FUEL ECONOMY

EPA city driving..... 23 mpg
 EPA highway driving..... 30 mpg
 C/D-observed..... 23 mpg

INTERIOR SOUND LEVEL

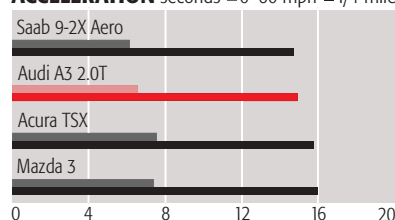
Idle..... 46 dBA
 Full-throttle acceleration..... 75 dBA
 70-mph cruising..... 70 dBA

CURRENT BASE PRICE* dollars x 1000

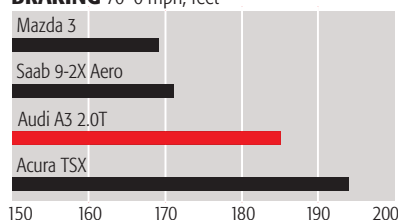


*Base price includes freight, any performance options, and applicable gas-guzzler tax.

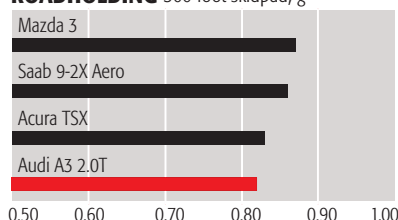
ACCELERATION seconds ■ 0-60 mph ■ 1/4-mile



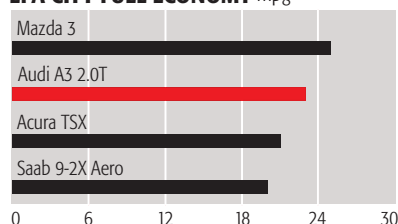
BRAKING 70-0 mph, feet



ROADHOLDING 300-foot skidpad, g



EPA CITY FUEL ECONOMY mpg



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The Nissan Murano



SHIFT_journeys

ROAD TEST HONDA FCX

Honda proves it's ready for a 'hydrogen economy.' Now, where's the hydrogen?

BY DAVE VANDERWERP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY AARON KILEY

Hydrogen as a source of fuel to power cars is all the hype these days. Automakers are investing hundreds of millions developing hydrogen fuel cells, and American taxpayers are contributing as part of a \$1.8 billion 10-year federal grant to underwrite research. It seems you can hardly get through a newspaper these days without reading about these “cars that don’t pollute.” Although it’s true that

what comes out the tailpipe of a fuel-cell vehicle is plain ol’ water, getting the hydrogen into the tank is hardly a pollution-free task.

Many advocates of fuel cells often suggest electrolysis—producing hydrogen from water using electricity—as one process that could reduce our dependence on fossil fuel. But in all the fuss over hydrogen, what’s being overlooked is the fact that it takes about 20 percent

more energy to drive a mile on hydrogen produced by electrolysis than on gasoline. And although a fuel cell itself produces no greenhouse gases (carbon dioxide, oxides of nitrogen), the process of producing hydrogen via electrolysis releases roughly 24 percent more of these gases than producing *and* burning gasoline in a vehicle. Some suggest generating this huge amount of electricity in a pollution-free fashion—using solar

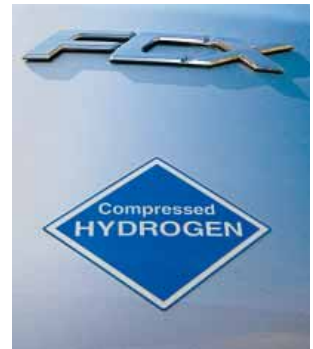




cells, for example—but it's far too costly for now.

However, most hydrogen today is produced from natural gas via a process that is about 60-percent energy efficient (compared with 80 percent for gasoline refining). But since fuel cells powering electric motors are much more efficient than gasoline-powered engines, their overall efficiency is about 10 percent better—and they also produce about 45 percent fewer greenhouse gases. However, if all cars were powered by cells fueled by hydrogen from natural gas, overall natural-gas consumption would increase by 66 percent. And most of that natural gas is sitting underground in the Middle East.

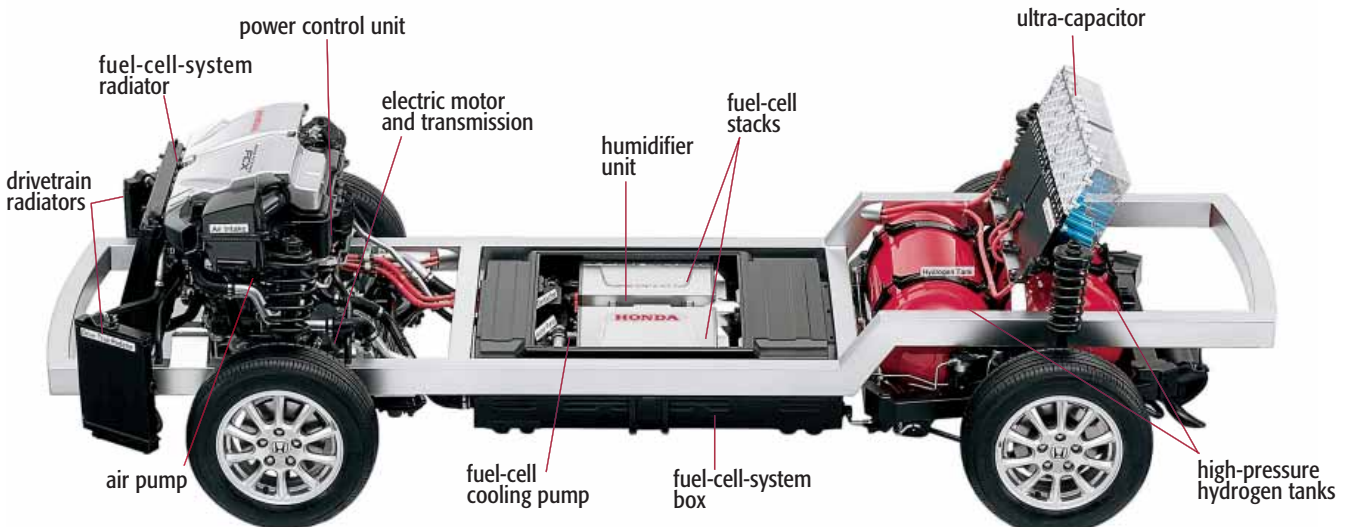
Even so, Honda is proceeding with the development of fuel-cell-powered cars, and in fact, this FCX is the fifth version—the first one was introduced in 1999. The reason you don't see them on the road is



they're produced in tiny batches and not sold to the public. Its exterior size and shape have remained constant while many improvements have been made to the fuel-cell powertrain. The current hydrogen Honda is 63 percent more powerful than the 1999 version, and the size of the fuel-cell stack—the powerplant itself—has

been cut in half. The previous-generation FCX was powered by fuel cells manufactured by Ballard Power Systems, but this latest fuel-cell stack was developed in-house.

A fuel cell brings together hydrogen gas (in this case compressed in the FCX's two tanks at 5000 psi) and oxygen from



the air to create electricity. The byproduct of this process is water, which is sent dribbling out the tailpipe. The energy is used to directly power an electric motor that is connected to the front wheels. One of the problems with fuel cells is lousy throttle response, caused by an inability to increase electrical output quickly enough. An “ultra-capacitor” deals with this problem by supplementing the electrical requirements when needed.

Think of this ultra-capacitor as a battery, except that a battery undergoes a chemical reaction during charge and discharge, which makes it less efficient than

the ultra-capacitor. Capacitors are measured in farads, and this one is rated at 9.2 f. As capacitors go, it is huge, but a typical gasoline-electric hybrid vehicle has two to three times as much energy available to assist with acceleration.

The FCX is similar in size to a Civic Si hatchback—about two inches shorter, but 2.6 inches wider and a whopping 8.1 inches taller. It weighs a hefty 3692 pounds, which is 952 more than the Civic. However, a benefit of having the fuel-cell components spread out [see diagram on previous page] is a weight distribution of 54.5/45.5 front to rear, which is more bal-

anced than that of a typical front-driver.

On the outside, the FCX could pass for a regular car. In fact, it was quite surprising how little attention this car drew despite its rarity and hysterical decals. Clues of the FCX’s very different nature are few: In front, the low, gaping mouth looks a little out of place, but the FCX needs lots of cooling air—hence, its three radiators. Two small ones on the sides cool the electric motor and drivetrain components, and a large center-mounted unit maintains the fuel-cell-stack temperature.

Open a door, and there’s more of a step up into the cabin than expected. Look

COUNTERPOINT

CSABA CSERE

I’m on record with my doubts about the future hydrogen economy—at least until we can cheaply make the stuff without using fossil fuel. That said, this FCX certainly demonstrates that you can build a viable car powered by a fuel cell. When I first drove an FCX in late 2002, I was impressed by the car’s smooth powertrain and near-production level of finish. This latest model, with Honda’s own fuel-cell stack, runs even better. Although its measured performance is modest, the electric motor’s generous torque and instant response give the car plenty of punch in everyday driving—sufficient for 80-mph freeway traffic. Now if we only had some hydrogen.

CORA WEBER

Although there are more than a few unresolved issues concerning the FCX in particular, and hydrogen power in general, the essential question with a vehicle such as this is: To what extent does its “alternativeness” interfere with its “carness”? The surprising answer: not much. Despite the electric-golf-cart sensation of going from motionless quietude to instantly squirting forward at a stab of the throttle—and whirring sounds that would be more at home at an airport—the overall driving experience of the jacked-up, fuel-cell-laden FCX is much like that of any other Honda. Not a small feat, regardless of the power source.

LARRY WEBSTER

You have to give Honda credit for building a fuel-cell car that feels like a car and not some science experiment. It’s slow, feels heavy, and registers on the negative end of the fun-to-drive scale. But after a few minutes of driving, we thought it felt like just another car, and considering what’s going on to generate forward propulsion, that’s amazing. As an appliance to get you around, you could actually do worse. Although I don’t think the gas engine is in any danger of being replaced, I still get misty-eyed thinking about that possibility. A whirring electric motor doesn’t, well, do it for me. But Honda has the fuel-cell car working well enough. Now it just needs some fun.



THE VERDICT

Highs: Drives like it’s not a science experiment, high-torque motor makes it feel quicker than it is, good fit and finish.

Lows: Portly for a small car, ho-hum performance, limited range, astronomical price, no place to refuel.

The Verdict: Honda succeeds in making a perfectly normal car that runs on hydrogen. All we need now is hydrogen and an infrastructure to distribute it.





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down to see why. The passenger compartment sits high atop the fuel-cell stack. And the luggage space in back is just four cubic feet because the large ultra-capacitor resides at an angle behind the rear seat.

Inside, the FCX looks like a typical Honda, which is to say, extremely well done. One staffer commented, "The fit and finish of this interior is better than that of some Big Three production cars." The FCX even has amenities such as automatic climate control, a radio/CD player, and

traction and cruise controls. Once situated in the driver's seat, we found the surroundings to be familiar.

To start, turn the key to the run position and wait. A bar graph displays how long it will take to boot up—much like starting the Windows routine on a computer. During our time with the FCX, temperatures were quite mild and startup took just 5 to 10 seconds, but when parked overnight in freezing conditions, that can be more like 45 seconds. After a handful of clicks

and whirs, a "Ready to Drive" message is displayed. Put the gearshift lever in "D" just like any automatic, but in this case the transmission is a single set of gears, i.e., no shifting, making acceleration buttery smooth.

Pummel the so-called gas pedal, and a tach-like gauge fills up with blue bars until it pegs "8," which, in this case, means 80 kilowatts (107 horsepower) are being produced. Yellow bars appear on top of the blue ones to show how much the ultra-



THREE DAYS, THREE FULL TANKS

With the FCX's limited range (roughly 130 miles in our hands) and our appetite for driving, we used up three tanks of hydrogen in just three days. So how exactly is 5000-psi hydrogen pumped into a car? And where can this hydrogen be found?

Lucky for us, Honda has a hydrogen refueling rig at its Ann Arbor emissions lab—just a couple miles from our headquarters—since refueling stations don't even exist in many states. The hydrogen and required attachments to get the fuel into the FCX are housed in a semi-trailer provided by Air Products and Chemicals, the world's largest producer of hydrogen. This trailer stores 150 kilograms of hydrogen (that works out to 331 pounds) and can thus refill the FCX's 3.75-kilogram tank 40 times.

These trailers can be parked anywhere for mobile hydrogen refueling. When the rig is empty, it is hauled back to an Air Products hydrogen-production plant for a refill. Air Products hydrogen currently sells for \$3 to \$4 per kilogram, but that's not

including distribution costs. So as a low estimate, it cost us about 10 cents per mile to operate the FCX—the same as a car getting 23 mpg on regular gasoline.

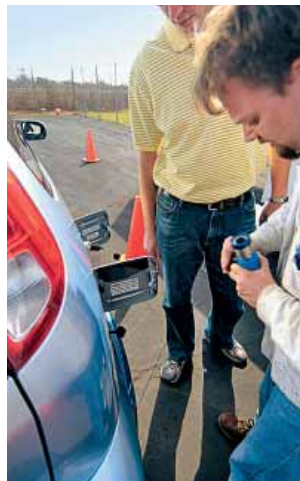
Refueling begins quite normally, except the FCX has two fuel doors instead of one. The forward door houses an electrical connector where a cable is first attached in order to prevent static buildup and, therefore,

explosions. The hydrogen supply connects to a fitting behind the second door by simply pushing on the nozzle and then twisting a lever, which locks it onto the FCX's tank. From there, it's automatic.

A digital display on the side of the trailer informed us that it had performed a leak test on the hose. After that, we heard the hissing of

hydrogen gas as it filled up the FCX's two compartments while the digital readout displayed the pressure. Less than five minutes later, it reached 5000 psi, at which point the filling stopped and the display read, "Fill complete: TOUCH TRAILER DOOR BEFORE DISCONNECTING." Good idea. The rig didn't display exactly how many kilograms of hydrogen were added to the tanks, so we couldn't keep an exact tally of our hydrogen mileage. Finally, as the hose was detached, there was a slightly disconcerting whoosh as pressures equalized, but all in all, it was an uneventful process.

—DV



capacitor is helping out.

This hydrogen car went from standstill to 60 mph in 13.0 seconds, at which point the ultra-capacitor's output is pretty well used up. Hold the pedal to the floor for another six seconds, and the quarter-mile goes by. Pin it for more than another minute, and it's likely you'll hit the 92-mph top speed we recorded.

This may sound slow, but in real-world driving, the FCX feels quite peppy due to 201 pound-feet of torque available at a standstill—much quicker than its piddling 107 horsepower might suggest. And it has no problem keeping up with 80-mph traffic on the highway.

Cruising around, we're surprised at how quietly and smoothly the FCX operates. There are a few electric-car-type whirs and even a high-pitched whine every once in a while, but our measured cabin noise showed just 70 dBA during wide-open-throttle acceleration to 70 mph, which is equal to an Acura RL's.

Other necessary systems have been integrated extremely well. The electric power steering feels about right, and the regenerative brakes are among the most natural-feeling ones we've used. Take your foot off the brake, and the car creeps at a realistic "idle" speed; it seems no detail of making a hydrogen car act like a gasoline car has been overlooked.

The EPA rates hydrogen-powered vehicles on a miles-per-kilogram (mpkg) basis, which is roughly the energy equivalent of a mile per gallon using gasoline. The FCX is rated at 62 mpkg city and 51 mpkg highway, which the EPA equates to a range of 190 miles with its 3.75-kilogram (or 8.3 pounds) hydrogen capacity. We, however, averaged about 130 miles from each of three full tanks, yielding a hydrogen economy of about 35 mpkg, although we weren't able to measure the amount of hydrogen we added [see sidebar on previous page].

Before the FCX can become a mass-produced reality, Honda still has a few monster problems to overcome. The company says a fuel-cell vehicle is 100 times as expensive to produce as a vehicle powered by a traditional internal-combustion engine. The powertrain is three times as large and heavy as a conventional unit. And although the latest FCX can operate in subfreezing temperatures, it still can't manage the 300-plus-mile fuel range of most production cars.

Honda plans to get one FCX in the hands of a consumer this year, because up until now all 14 have been leased to a state or city government. However, Honda needs to get the car's size, weight, and cost down significantly, and hydrogen manufacturers have to produce the fuel cleanly and efficiently before maybe, just maybe, you'll be able to buy one of these someday. ■



HONDA FCX

Vehicle type: front-motor, front-wheel-drive, 4-passenger, 3-door coupe

Estimated price as tested: \$200,000 (only available by lease to select customers at \$500 per month)

Options on test car: none

Major standard accessories: power windows and locks, remote locking, A/C, cruise control, tilting steering wheel, rear defroster

Sound system: Honda AM-FM radio/CD player, 4 speakers

ENGINE

Type proton exchange membrane fuel cell
Fuel-delivery system compressed hydrogen gas

ELECTRIC MOTOR

Type 3-phase AC permanent-magnet synchronous
Power (SAE net) 107 bhp @ 4000 rpm
Torque (SAE net) 201 lb-ft @ 0 rpm
Max motor speed 11,000 rpm

DRIVETRAIN

Transmission 1-speed direct drive

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase 99.3 in
Track, front/rear 59.1/60.2 in
Length/width/height 164.0/69.3/64.8 in
Ground clearance 5.9 in
Curb weight 3692 lb
Weight distribution, F/R 54.5/45.5%
Curb weight per horsepower 34.5 lb
Fuel capacity 8.3 lb at 5000 psi/41.1 gal

CHASSIS/BODY

Type unit construction
Body material welded steel and aluminum stampings

INTERIOR

SAE volume, front seat (C/D est) 49 cu ft
rear seat (C/D est) 34 cu ft
luggage 4 cu ft
Front-seat adjustments fore-and-aft, seatback angle
Restraint systems, front manual 3-point belts, driver and passenger front airbags
rear manual 3-point belts

SUSPENSION

Front ind, strut located by a control arm, coil springs, anti-roll bar

Rear ind; strut located by 1 trailing link, 3 lateral links, and 1 diagonal link; coil springs; anti-roll bar

STEERING

Type rack-and-pinion with electric power assist
Turns lock-to-lock 3.7

BRAKES

Type electrohydraulic by wire
Front 11.0 x 0.9-in vented disc
Rear 10.5 x 0.9-in vented disc

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size/type 6.0 x 15 in/cast aluminum
Tires Yokohama AVS EF1 E-spec, 205/60R-15 91H
Test inflation pressures, F/R 35/35 psi
Spare none

C/D TEST RESULTS

ACCELERATION

	Seconds
Zero to 30 mph	3.6
40 mph	5.7
50 mph	8.7
60 mph	13.0
70 mph	19.7
80 mph	31.0
Street start, 5–60 mph	13.1
Top-gear acceleration, 30–50 mph	5.1
50–70 mph	10.5
Standing 1/4-mile	19.0 sec @ 69 mph
Top speed (drag limited)	92 mph

BRAKING

70–0 mph @ impending lockup 188 ft

HANDLING

Roadholding, 300-ft-dia skidpad 0.74 g
Understeer minimal **moderate** excessive

FUEL ECONOMY

EPA city driving 62 mpkg
EPA highway driving 51 mpkg
C/D-observed (est) 35 mpkg

INTERIOR SOUND LEVEL

Idle 28 dBA
Full-throttle acceleration 70 dBA
70-mph cruising 71 dBA

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ROAD TEST 2006 SUBARU B9 TRIBECA LIMITED



Finally, a real SUV from Subaru.

BY BARRY WINFIELD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES BROWN

Here at *Car and Driver*, our record for forecasting market trends hasn't put Carnac the Magnificent out of business yet. Back when manufacturers began building a lot more SUVs, we were dubious about the craze for big, clumsy vehicles. We thought it wouldn't last. We were wrong. The SUV boom is still going strong.

Then, when Subaru decided to climb onto the bandwagon by jacking up a wagon and calling it an SUV (the Outback), we thought nobody would fall for that one. Guess again. Subaru has sold far more Outbacks than Legacys. Now Subaru has introduced a real SUV in the B9 Tribeca, and we like it a lot. Let's hope we're not wrong with this one.

Although it is based on Legacy mechanicals and drivetrain, the Tribeca is—according to our scale, a full-size SUV, measuring more than 15.5 feet long and 5.5 feet tall. Moreover, it will be available in five- and seven-passenger forms, with a small but usable third row in the seven-passenger model and a movable center row to facilitate the best distribution of space.

With a full-time all-wheel-drive mechanism lifted from the flat-six Legacy and Outback models, the Tribeca has all the ingredients of a competitive SUV, taking on comparable rivals from Honda, Lexus, BMW, and others at a price that starts at just over 30 grand for the five-passenger model. In seven-passenger Limited form (which adds leather upholstery, heated front seats, and a 160-watt, nine-speaker stereo) and optioned up with navigation and DVD-entertainment equipment, our test Tribeca rang the register to the tune of \$38,320. That's similar to the base price of vehicles like the Acura MDX, the Lexus RX330, and the Infiniti FX35, notably cheaper than the starting points of Mercedes and BMWs, but a few grand north of the Honda Pilot and Nissan Pathfinder.

More important, the B9 Tribeca carries a comprehensive list of standard features in its low-ball five-seater version, including anti-lock-brake and vehicle-stability systems; front, side, and curtain airbags; dual-zone automatic climate control; a tinted sunroof; power driver and passenger seats; a leather-wrapped wheel



and gear selector; an in-dash CD changer; and HomeLink remote control.

Clearly, Subaru plans to offer compelling value along with the interesting styling that sets this new SUV sharply apart from its rivals. When the car made its debut at the Detroit auto show last January, it created mixed responses. Most criticism was centered on the car's prominent nose.

Having seen it on the road in various environments, we think the car looks just fine. Those of us who have been in Europe lately find the styling strongly reminiscent of current Alfa Romeos, so guess where Subaru's chief designer for the advanced

design studio—Andreas Zapatinas—worked before he came to Subaru? Uh-huh. Still, Subaru insists the Tribeca's shape was virtually complete prior to Zapatinas's arrival.

He was chiefly responsible, they said, for the interior design. Yeah, maybe, but it wouldn't have taken more than slight tweaking of the grille and taillights to get that Alfa look, and we suspect that's how it went. Either way, we like the man's designs, particularly the interior. Viewed from above, the dashboard forms a large M shape as it flows from the doors to the center console. The instrument cluster sits in a concavity ahead of the driver, and the

dual pipe-shaped binnacles that house the tach and speedo are cut according to the same contour. You may not see it from the driver's seat, but the effect is visible from other angles.

The controls are simple and self-evident, allowing first-time drivers to get in and merge with busy San Francisco traffic with complete confidence. Subaru's dual-zone climate control has two rotary dials that toggle temperatures—displayed large and clear at their centers—up and down one degree at a time. The various lighting sources are, according to Zapatinas, sequenced to match human responses. Uh, okay.





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In any event, the driver's seat is a good place to be. Although not aggressively bolstered, the seats are firmly supportive and produced no discomfort during an intensive drive from San Francisco to Los Angeles. The steering wheel is a tidy three-spoke design with integrated radio controls, and the optional navigation system proved simple and intuitive in use.

Ride motions are securely damped by the Tribeca's strut-front and multilink-rear suspension to the point where you'd describe the ride as firm rather than plush, but it's supple enough to avoid any accusations of harshness. Generous anti-

roll-bar diameters on both axles quell any wallowing motions in curves, and the rack-and-pinion steering provides extremely good path control. That's reassuring when you're carving high-speed sweepers in the narrow lanes of Interstate 5 with a big rig on one side and a K-rail on the other.

Plus, with the same 8.4 inches of ground clearance that the Outback has, the Tribeca promises similarly good off-road prowess. The 250-hp flat-six engine feels pretty torquey and responsive in normal use, spinning to a 7000-rpm redline with a characteristic flat-six purr. The five-

speed automatic shifts smoothly if somewhat slowly in response to kickdown, and it has reasonably tightly stacked ratios between first and fourth. Fifth is a long strider, and it has the gearbox hunting rather intrusively when trying to hold a high cruising speed on a gradient. Straight-line performance is adequate and made to feel better than the figures suggest by a broad torque spread and good throttle response allowed by the variable valve-timing-and-lift system.

Subaru claims the five-passenger Tribeca will canter from standstill to 60 mph in 8.5 seconds. Our seven-passenger

COUNTERPOINT

AARON ROBINSON

Subaru enters another new segment with thinking reliably different from the rest of planet Earth. Like the ill-fated SVX sports car, the B9 is odd but has fine driving manners with smooth power and nimble handling. Maybe we'll get used to the nose. You shouldn't have to get used to the B9's flaws. Dividing the floor space among three rows shorts everyone of legroom, so everybody flies coach. The nav system is a long reach from anywhere, the fussy touch screen refuses programming while under way, and the lawyer's lecture never stops if you don't stretch over and hit "accept" every time. Worse, you can't see the clock until you accept. Unacceptable.

PATTI MAKI

Eesh! I didn't recall the price tag on this baby until I got back to work today. I was thinking what a dandy, upscale piece this B9 Tribeca is—what an innovation for Subaru. True, but what price glory? It reminds me of the Jetta, which has gone so upscale, especially in price, I hardly recognize it. Now good old power-to-all-four-wheels-and-people Subaru is doing something similar, albeit with a new model. I suppose I could live without the pricey options—nav, DVD, third-row seat—and I'd still have a pretty snazzy vehicle. But nothing can disguise the fact that it's a two-ton Tessie with a measly flat-six. I'd much prefer an Outback or Forester with a turbo.

LARRY WEBSTER

Subaru seems to have found a sweet spot in terms of size here. The B9 is long enough to offer that handy adjustable middle seat and a kids-only third row, and high enough so you don't have to bend when strapping kids in car seats. It's not oversized, so you can park it without sending out a spotter. There are good details, too, like a relatively light-effort liftgate and a fold-flat third row. It's almost a perfect alternative to the dreaded minivan. Unfortunately, the exterior doesn't look much better than a minivan's. That nose looks disjointed and tacked on. You can say good styling polarizes, but unfortunately, the B9's nose ruins what is basically a handsome vehicle.



THE VERDICT

Highs: Controversial looks, easy handling, flexible format.

Lows: Controversial looks, marginal power.

The Verdict: A real SUV at last, with real character.





2006 SUBARU B9 TRIBECA LIMITED

Vehicle type: front-engine, 4-wheel-drive, 7-passenger, 5-door wagon

Price as tested: \$38,320

Price and option breakdown: base Subaru B9 Tribeca Limited (includes \$625 freight), \$32,920; navigation system, \$2000; DVD-entertainment system, \$1800; third-row seat, \$1600

Major standard accessories: power windows, seats, locks, and sunroof; remote locking; A/C; cruise control; tilting steering wheel; rear defroster and wiper

Sound system: Subaru AM-FM/CD changer, 9 speakers

ENGINE

Type..... flat-6, aluminum block and heads
Bore x stroke..... 3.51 x 3.15 in, 89.2 x 80.0mm
Displacement..... 183 cu in, 3000cc
Compression ratio..... 10.7:1
Fuel-delivery system..... port injection
Valve gear..... chain-driven double overhead cams, 4 valves per cylinder, hydraulic lifters, variable intake- and exhaust-valve timing and lift
Power (SAE net)..... 250 bhp @ 6600 rpm
Torque (SAE net)..... 219 lb-ft @ 4200 rpm
Redline..... 7000 rpm

DRIVETRAIN

Transmission..... 5-speed automatic with manumatic shifting
Final-drive ratio..... 3.54:1
4-wheel-drive system..... full time with automatically locking center differential
Gear Ratio Mph/1000 rpm Max test speed
I 3.84 5.8 40 mph (7000 rpm)
II 2.35 9.5 66 mph (7000 rpm)
III 1.53 14.5 102 mph (7000 rpm)
IV 1.00 22.2 130 mph (5800 rpm)
V 0.84 26.5 130 mph (4900 rpm)

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase..... 108.2 in
Track, front/rear..... 62.2/62.1 in
Length/width/height..... 189.8/73.9/66.5 in
Ground clearance..... 8.4 in
Curb weight..... 4260 lb
Weight distribution, F/R..... 54.9/45.1%
Curb weight per horsepower..... 17.0 lb
Fuel capacity..... 16.9 gal

CHASSIS/BODY

Type..... unit construction
Body material..... welded steel and aluminum stampings

INTERIOR

SAE volume, front seat..... 55 cu ft
middle seat..... 44 cu ft
rear seat..... 35 cu ft
cargo, seats up/down..... 8/74 cu ft
Practical cargo room, length of pipe..... 133.0 in
largest sheet of plywood, l x w..... 74.0 x 43.3 in
no. of 10 x 10 x 16-in boxes, up/down..... 3/46
Front-seat adjustments..... fore-and-aft, seatback angle, lumbar; driver only: front height, rear height
Restraint systems, front..... manual 3-point belts; driver and passenger front, side, and curtain airbags
rear..... manual 3-point belts, curtain airbags

SUSPENSION

Front..... ind, strut located by a control arm, coil springs, anti-roll bar
Rear..... ind; 1 upper control arm, 1 lateral link, and 2 trailing links per side; coil springs; anti-roll bar

STEERING

Type..... rack-and-pinion with variable hydraulic power assist
Steering ratio..... 18.0:1
Turns lock-to-lock..... 3.4
Turning circle curb-to-curb..... 37.4 ft

BRAKES

Type..... hydraulic with vacuum power assist and anti-lock control
Front..... 12.3 x 1.2-in vented disc
Rear..... 12.4 x 0.7-in vented disc

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size/type..... 8.0 x 18 in/cast aluminum
Tires..... Goodyear Eagle LS-2, P255/55R-18 104H
Test inflation pressures, F/R..... 33/32 psi
Spare..... high-pressure compact

Limited had the DVD and nav options and ended up weighing all of 4260 pounds, leading to a less stellar 60-mph time of 8.9 seconds. The BMW X5 3.0i, by the way, went to 60 mph in 8.1 seconds.

But that's at the track, where we encountered a problem with the manumatic system, which was shifting prematurely, so we reverted to full automatic. Production versions may be faster. In normal use the Tribeca feels quite lively, and less endowed models will doubtless feel even livelier.

We like this conveniently sized, distinctive-looking SUV with its flat-six engine and sensible design. It is fun to drive and easy to live with. The company thinks it will sell 17,000 of them each year. We agree, but in view of our record, we'd better leave the forecasts to Subaru. ■

C/D TEST RESULTS

ACCELERATION

	Seconds
Zero to 30 mph	3.3
40 mph	4.8
50 mph	6.8
60 mph	8.9
70 mph	12.0
80 mph	15.9
90 mph	20.3
100 mph	26.8
Street start, 5-60 mph	9.6
Top-gear acceleration, 30-50 mph	4.9
50-70 mph	6.3
Standing 1/4-mile	17.1 sec @ 83 mph
Top speed (governor limited)	130 mph

BRAKING

70-0 mph @ impending lockup..... 192 ft

HANDLING

Roadholding, 300-ft-dia skidpad..... 0.78 g
Understeer..... minimal moderate excessive

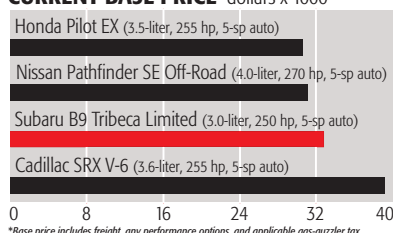
FUEL ECONOMY

EPA city driving..... 18 mpg
EPA highway driving..... 23 mpg
C/D-observed..... 17 mpg

INTERIOR SOUND LEVEL

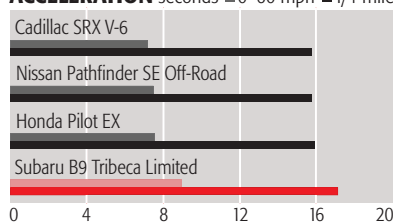
Idle..... 37 dBA
Full-throttle acceleration..... 70 dBA
70-mph cruising..... 65 dBA

CURRENT BASE PRICE* dollars x 1000

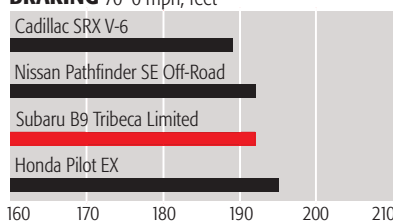


*Base price includes freight, any performance options, and applicable gas-guzzler tax.

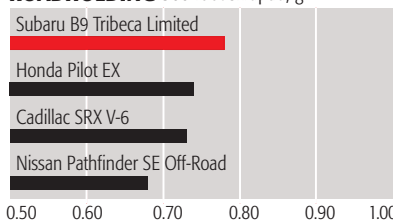
ACCELERATION seconds ■ 0-60 mph ■ 1/4-mile



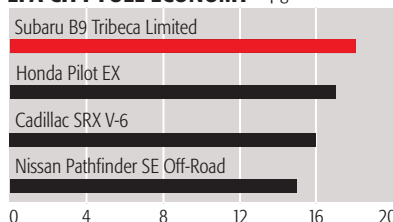
BRAKING 70-0 mph, feet



ROADHOLDING 300-foot skidpad, g



EPA CITY FUEL ECONOMY mpg



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MOTORSPORTS



SPEED
CHANNEL



A new reason for BMW and Porsche to worry.

Pontiac dominated the Daytona Prototypes in the first two Grand American Rolex Sports Car Series races, and is looking to do more of the same in the GT Class with the GTO.R. Like its prototype and 400-hp production GTO brethren, this Pontiac is designed to do one thing: Win. The first-ever GTO.R. **Designed for action.**

PONTIAC  GTO.R



Power Play

From Daytona to Mexico City, the Grand American Rolex Sports Car Series races to its most competitive season yet.

Just past High Noon on Saturday, February 5, 63 highly-competitive race cars and world-class drivers took the green flag and charged into Turn 1, beginning the 2005 Rolex 24 At Daytona... and the biggest season yet for the Grand American Rolex Sports Car Series.

Over the next 10 months, the series will travel across the U.S. and into Canada with 13 more events. They might be 250-mile or 400-kilometer sprint races at tracks like rolling Mid-Ohio, New York's historic Watkins Glen or Mazda Raceway Laguna Seca in California. On two occasions, they race six-hour endurance marathons. Come November, the series journeys to Mexico City to

finish the season at the Autodromo Hermanos Rodriguez.

In its sixth year, the Rolex Series is stronger than ever with a simplified format. Leading the charge are the Daytona Prototypes, mid-engine exotics rocketing along at speeds of more than 185 mph. The race inside the race is for Grand Touring machines. These GT Porsches, Corvettes, BMW M3s, Pontiac GTO-Rs and Ferraris look like their production brethren yet have the souls of pure race cars, and top speeds upwards of 170 mph.

Daytona's Rolex 24 driver entry list reads like a motorsports "Who's Who," with stars from NASCAR, Champ Car and the IRL joining the world's best sports car racers. That quality continues throughout the season, spotlighting drivers such as America's enduro king, Hurley Haywood, plus Scott Pruett, Stefan Johansson, Wayne Taylor and Max Angelelli. Don't be surprised if NASCAR greets Tony Stewart, Matt Kenseth and the Labonte brothers – Bobby and Terry – return for more Daytona Prototype rides later in the season.

The Rolex Series teams travel all over North America and sports car fans should come along for the ride. If you can't be at the track, all Rolex Series races are televised on, appropriately, SPEED Channel.





Class Distinction

The 2005 Grand American Rolex Sports Car Series has been trimmed to just two classes of easily identifiable race cars. This unique race-within-a-race format features the thundering Daytona Prototypes division and the production-based GT class cars racing together on the track while competing for overall and class honors at each event.



Daytona Prototypes

The undisputed stars of the show, Daytona Prototypes are exotic, mid-engine machines purpose-built just for racing on the track. A variety of chassis from

top racing constructors are paired up with engines from Pontiac, Porsche, Lexus, Ford, Infiniti and BMW for one of the most diverse divisions in motorsports on the planet. Daytona Prototypes produce 500 horsepower and reach a top speed of 185 mph.

GT Class The GT class is home to production-based race cars that look like the latest high-performance sports cars and coupes you see on the street everyday. Underneath the skin, however, GT race cars are all business and use some of the same technology found in the Daytona Prototype category. Top speeds for GT cars reach 170 mph and engines are tuned to produce 400 horsepower.

The Stars Align On The Grid



Max Angelelli
No. 10 SunTrust Racing Pontiac Riley
Already a two-time Rolex Series race winner in 2005, the lightning-quick Italian has earned the nickname "Max The Axe" for his ability to cut a swath through the field on his way to the front.



Terry Borcheller
No. 54 Kodak EasyShare Bell Motorsports Pontiac Doran
The inaugural Daytona Prototype champion in 2003 and a Rolex 24 At Daytona overall winner in 2004, this 15-year veteran rates among America's road racing elite.



David Donohue
No. 58 Red Bull Brumos Racing Porsche Fabcar
The son of the great Mark Donohue, the fast Pennsylvanian is a proven race winner and is among a handful of drivers to have driven in every Daytona Prototype race since the category's inception.



Wayne Taylor
No. 10 SunTrust Racing Pontiac Riley
Came out of retirement to take on the challenge of Daytona Prototype competition and was rewarded with his second Rolex 24 At Daytona overall victory in February.



Hurley Haywood
No. 55 Brumos Racing Porsche Fabcar
America's greatest endurance driver, Haywood is a five-time champion of the prestigious Rolex 24 At Daytona and also owns victories in the world's other legendary sports car races.



Burt Frisselle
No. 8 Rix.com/Synergy Racing BMW Doran
After a breakout rookie campaign that saw the Hawaiian land on a podium a couple of times, the 23-year-old is teamed with younger brother, Brian, as he looks for his first Rolex Series win.



Scott Pruett
No. 01 CompUSA Chip Ganassi Racing Lexus Riley
The veteran from California has shown versatility with his ability to run up front in NASCAR and Indy Cars, but the defending Daytona Prototype champion has been at his best when driving sports cars.



Andy Wallace
No. 2 CITGO Howard Boss Motorsports Pontiac Crawford
Arguably England's best sports car racer, the three-time Rolex 24 At Daytona overall winner has been at the center of many exciting moments throughout Rolex Series history.

Race And Broadcast Schedules

Sahlen's Six Hours of The Glen

Brumos Porsche 250
Barber Motorsports Park
Watkins Glen 200
EMCO Gears Classic
Phoenix 250

Watkins Glen 250
VIR 400
Mexico City

Race Live - Part I

Race Live - Part II

Race Live

Race Live

Tape Delay

Tape Delay

GT - Tape Delay

DP - Tape Delay

Race Live

Race Live

Race Live

June 12

June 12

June 30

July 31

August 12

August 28

September 10

September 11

September 24

October 9

November 5

10:00 AM ET

12:30 PM ET

8:00 PM ET

1:00 PM ET

8:00 PM ET

12:00 PM ET

8:00 PM ET

4:00 PM ET

3:00 PM ET

1:00 PM ET

4:00 PM ET

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CHANNEL

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Power Packed



Reigning Rolex Sports Car Series Daytona Prototype Co-Champion Scott Pruett (right) and 2004 NASCAR Nextel Cup Champion Kurt Busch were part of a star-studded entry in February's Rolex 24 At Daytona.



NASCAR Nextel Cup Star Tony Stewart (left) talks with reigning Rolex Sports Car Series Daytona Prototype Co-Champion Max Papis at the Rolex 24 At Daytona this past February. Stewart and Papis were part of a world-class driver line-up at Daytona that many considered the greatest collection of modern-day driving talent in history.



Six automakers have approved engines for Rolex Series Daytona Prototypes. Five are the V-8s of Pontiac, BMW, Ford, Lexus and Infiniti, while Porsche's is a flat-6, all producing 500 horsepower.



After winning the Engine Manufacturer's Championship in 2004 - its rookie season - Pontiac scored a 1-2-3 podium sweep in the 2005 Rolex 24 At Daytona; a 1-2-3-4 finish in the second race at Homestead, Florida; and nailed down seven of the top 10 Daytona Prototype spots in race three at Fontana, California.

Put Yourself in the Winner's Circle at the 2006 Rolex 24 At Daytona!

Win an all-expense paid trip for two to the Rolex Sports Car Series Rolex 24 At Daytona!

- Includes airfare, accommodations, race tickets/VIP passes and more!
- See our sweepstakes website for all the exciting details!

Visit www.caranddriver.com/GrandAmerican



Sweepstakes begins on June 1, 2005 at 12:01am EST and ends on September 30, 2005 at 11:59pm.

One Grand Prize winner will be selected on October 7, 2005. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. A PURCHASE DOES NOT INCREASE YOUR CHANCE OF WINNING. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. All entries must be received by September 30, 2005. Visit www.caranddriver.com/grandamerican for complete rules.



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The Rolex Sports Car Series is the ultimate challenge for two classes of sports cars. Daytona Prototype and Grand Touring divisions compete head-to-head on racetracks across North America. And with such a grueling schedule, cars won't just be racing for the finish line. They'll be begging for it.

THE ROLEX SPORTS CAR SERIES – FEBRUARY TO NOVEMBER, 2005.




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NEW YORK



The Eclipse casts its biggest shadow yet.

BY AARON ROBINSON

"Hey, it's the new Eclipse."

"It's ugly. I hate it."

"They did a good job."

"Finally."

New sports coupes like the 2006 Mitsubishi Eclipse age quickly, going from red-hot to hardly noticed in a few months. Will the lines on this Eclipse have legs? We brought one to within shouting distance of a '62 Ferrari GTO, a chorus line of Lamborghini Murciélagos, and a platoon of old Porsches and turned on the pundit meter. At Crystal Cove, an informal Saturday-at-dawn gathering of exotic and overly manicured cars at a beachside strip mall in Southern California, opinions are rarely left unspoken.

Results: inconclusive. The Eclipse drew stares, but any car that hasn't hit showrooms yet naturally gets gawped at. It drew sneers, but mainly from people who sneer at anything that doesn't roll on Campagnolo knockoffs. It got pointed at with cell phones, but mainly by guys who looked suspiciously like employees from the various automaker styling studios nearby (because they came in their own manufacturer-plate cars).

We left disappointed, this story having failed to be written for us by the loafer-shod crowd. Oh, well,

here's our opinion: Mired in a sand trap for several years now, Mitsubishi has chipped one into the cup.

This is unexpected news. Why? Because Mitsubishi is foundering, bleeding enough red to shock a hemophiliac. Sales are retreating, and Mitsubishi Motors North America is on its third honcho in as many years (Rich Gilligan, a Mitsubishi manufacturing exec, now holds the CEO title). When companies are churning, the brains drain fast and the inspiration goes with them. But nothing about the new Eclipse says "crisis car." There's no hurry-it-up design, no chintzy details, nothing that implies Mitsubishi isn't still thinking, isn't still swinging.

Prices remained a secret at press time, but we were told to expect the base four-cylinder GS to start "just under \$20,000," the GT V-6 about \$25,000, and a loaded GT like the one pictured here for about \$28,000. The Spyder convertible arrives in early 2006.



THE VERDICT

Highs: Hips you'll want to grab with both hands, meaty V-6 power, some Evo handling behavior.

Lows: Thirsty, needs a telescoping steering wheel, thumping stereo option lacks the latest add-ons.

The Verdict: Almost two tons of fun.



The worst criticism we can level is that fans of the original turbo all-wheel-drive Eclipse will be disappointed. Again. The '06 Eclipse is front drive only and continues the dimensional swell started by its predecessor, adding girth everywhere. The wheelbase rises by 0.6 inch, the width by 3.3 inches, the length by 2.9 inches. With 72.2 inches between the door handles, this Eclipse—it's supposed to be a sports coupe, remember—is wider than a Ford Explorer.

"Compact only" parking spaces are off limits, and maneuvering the Eclipse into a normal space with enough swing room for the long doors requires the persistence of a chimney sweep with hypothyroidism. Reliance on Mitsubishi's Project America platform, which underlies the company's Galant sedan and Endeavor sport-utility, hasn't performed miracles for the Eclipse's curb weight, either. Compared with a similarly equipped outgoing Eclipse, our 2006

GT V-6 is up 340 pounds, to a tubby 3560.

Mitsubishi keeps the acceleration brisk by adding displacement. Bore and stroke rise, and the SOHC 3828cc cast-iron V-6 now runs Mitsubishi's MIVEC variable intake-valve timing-and-lift system in its aluminum cylinder heads. This is a cold-hot switch similar to Honda's VTEC, with a crossover to the urgent lobe at 4000 rpm. With 3.8 liters, 263 horsepower, and 260 pound-feet of tire-peeling torque, the V-6 seems big enough to move mountains, or at least move this six-speed manual Eclipse—a five-speed auto is optional—to 60 mph in 6.1 seconds and through the quarter-mile in 14.5 seconds at 100 mph. That's a little quicker than an Acura RSX Type-S, a lot quicker than a Hyundai Tiburon GT V-6, VW New Beetle Turbo S, and last year's Eclipse GTS. But a Mustang GT will smoke it.

The Eclipse also burns more Exxon and Arco. After 300 miles our fuel card

reported 15 mpg. Heaven and ANWR help us! Mitsubishi claims 18 mpg city and 27 highway for the manual V-6, near the bottom in the segment (the Tiburon is slightly worse). Heavier and faster, the new Eclipse shouldn't surprise anybody by being thirstier, too. Get the hard-working 162-hp, 2.4-liter four if big fuel bills bug you. We tried one and left it smiling.

The Eclipse hides its paunch under mod garments. Behind a cinched "wasp waist," as Mitsubishi terms it, the hips bulge lushly, the roofline arcing in one continuous slipstream toward the crisp rump spoiler in back. It's an R-rated shape, thankfully unpolluted by the corrugated sides or the soaring Arc d'Eclipse wings of past generations. Don't forget to lean in closely, or you'll miss the other details. The LED taillights are dressed up with shiny filaments and bezels, booty from the *Star Trek* prop room, perhaps. Likewise, the headlamps blaze through blue-tinted



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monocles that have no purpose other than to look interstellar.

Cone-shaped and body-colored, the door handles meld nicely with the landscape—what the Nissan 350Z should have had—and the new, scribbled “Eclipse” logo is pressed into the cargo cover to be seen through the rear hatch. Almost everywhere you gaze, something interesting, unusual, or expensive-looking is happening. Crisis? What crisis?

Low to the floor and surrounded at neck level by bodywork, each bucket seat provides firm side support and has more elbowroom than the entire cockpit of a Lotus Elise. Yep, we got width. Maybe length, too, but only those with simian physiology will ever find out. The Eclipse lacks a telescoping steering column, and

the wheel lurks close to the dash and pedals. Drivers long of inseam will sit with their knees splayed, brushing the back of the wheel, knock-knocking the center console. Hey, Mitsubishi! The Ford friggin’ Focus has a telescoping steering column. Get with the program!

Try on the Eclipse before you buy. Use the back seats only for growth-impaired children and in medical emergencies (especially amputation of the legs). An adult may be wedged in if the front riders courteously slide up, but as in many rear seats in this class, heads will bump the hatch. Better to just fold the rear seats down and maximize the 16 cubic feet of carry capacity—at least what’s left if you opt for the Premium Sport package and its 650-watt Rockford Fosgate six-CD stereo

with MP3 capability that includes a 10-inch subwoofer mounted in the back.

This digital boomer (the package also includes leather-and-suede power and heated seats, auto climate control, and 18-inch wheels) makes a ripping sound and has more adjustments than your usual factory-issue stereo. But the unit isn’t satellite-radio ready and lacks an AUX jack for your iPod. These are curious oversights considering that Mitsubishi prides itself on being hip with the thump-and-bump crowd.

It’s a sporty coupe with 60.1 percent of its weight on the front struts, so handling expectations must be adjusted accordingly. A 0.81-g skidpad run (identical to that of the last Eclipse we tested) seems to hint at mediocre performance, and the big six, working through the open differential, sometimes makes more tire smoke than forward thrust. But the new Eclipse has a few tools to please.

Weight seems to shed at speed. The body takes a confident set in corners, stays flat, and keeps the arcs smooth and pre-



Before Mary Lamb could call for help,



help called out to her.

It only took a moment to lose control. In a flash it was over, and Mary's car was wrapped around a fallen tree. Through the haze of shock came the reassuring voice of an OnStar® Advisor telling her that he'd been notified Mary's air bags had deployed and that help was on its way. Make sure you're never without the valuable assistance of OnStar. If your current vehicle has OnStar, press the blue button to make sure your service is active. Visit your dealer or onstar.com to learn more.



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2006 MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE GT V-6

Vehicle type: front-engine, front-wheel-drive, 4-passenger, 3-door coupe

Estimated price as tested: \$28,000

Estimated base price: \$25,000

Options on test car: Premium Sport package (includes sunroof, heated power seats, heated mirrors, Rockford Fosgate stereo, 18-inch wheels and tires)

Major standard accessories: power windows and locks, remote locking, A/C, cruise control, tilting steering wheel, rear defroster and wiper

Sound system: Rockford Fosgate AM-FM radio/CD changer, 9 speakers

ENGINE

Type	V-6, iron block and aluminum heads
Bore x stroke	3.74 x 3.54 in, 95.0 x 90.0mm
Displacement	234 cu in, 3828cc
Compression ratio	10.5:1
Fuel-delivery system	port injection
Valve gear	belt-driven single overhead cams, 4 valves per cylinder, hydraulic lifters, variable intake-valve timing and lift
Power (SAE net)	263 bhp @ 5750 rpm
Torque (SAE net)	260 lb-ft @ 4500 rpm
Redline	6500 rpm

DRIVETRAIN

Transmission	6-speed manual
Final-drive ratio	5.78:1/3.24:1*
Gear	Ratio Mph/1000 rpm Max test speed
I	3.21 6.2 40 mph (6500 rpm)
II	2.24 8.9 58 mph (6500 rpm)
III	1.54 13.0 85 mph (6500 rpm)
IV	1.17 17.1 111 mph (6500 rpm)
V	1.09 21.5 134 mph (6200 rpm)
VI	0.79 29.5 134 mph (4500 rpm)

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase	101.4 in
Track, front/rear	61.8/61.8 in
Length/width/height	179.7/72.2/53.8 in
Ground clearance	6.1 in
In Drag area, Cd (0.35) x frontal area (23.8 sq ft, est.)	8.3 sq ft
Curb weight	3560 lb
Weight distribution, F/R	60.1/39.9%
Curb weight per horsepower	13.5 lb
Fuel capacity	17.7 gal

CHASSIS/BODY

Type	unit construction
Body material	welded steel stampings

INTERIOR

SAE volume, front seat	50 cu ft
rear seat	30 cu ft
luggage	16 cu ft
Front-seat adjustments	fore-and-aft, seatback angle; driver only: front height, rear height, lumbar support
Restraint systems, front	manual 3-point belts; driver and passenger front, side, and curtain airbags
rear	manual 3-point belts, curtain airbags

SUSPENSION

Front	ind, strut located by a control arm, coil springs, anti-roll bar
Rear	ind; 1 upper control arm, 2 lateral links, and 1 trailing link per side; coil springs; anti-roll bar

STEERING

Type	rack-and-pinion, hydraulic power assist
Steering ratio	17.1:1
Turns lock-to-lock	2.6
Turning circle curb-to-curb	40.0 ft

BRAKES

Type	hydraulic with vacuum power assist and anti-lock control
Front	11.6 x 1.0-in vented disc
Rear	11.2 x 0.8-in vented disc

WHEELS AND TIRES

Wheel size/type	8.0 x 18 in/cast aluminum
Tires	Goodyear Eagle RS-A, P235/45R-18 94V M+S
Test inflation pressures, F/R	32/32 psi
Spare	high-pressure compact on steel wheel

*This final-drive ratio is for 5th and 6th gears only.

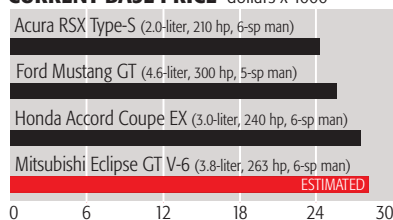
cise. The wheel has a natural heft, with the effort and rack speed tuned by people who know their business (and share e-mails with the Evo dudes, no doubt). Faint scrubs and shudders, the first signs of the Eclipse's inevitable understeer, are telegraphed through the system to your palms. You can't power-slide it as you can an Evo, but lift slightly, and the Eclipse rotates its mega-butt in the right direction.

Despite its old architecture and huge displacement, the V-6 zings to its 6500-rpm redline with a passionate roar. The stopping distance from 70 mph is about average at 182 feet. So the Eclipse escorts drivers to the limit safely, with a confidence to its controls and a stroke to the senses. What more can one demand of a new sporty car?

Sure, it could be smaller, faster. A 300-hp Evo coupe would have us rhapsodic. But the Eclipse's best sales days didn't come until after it started its rise in size—

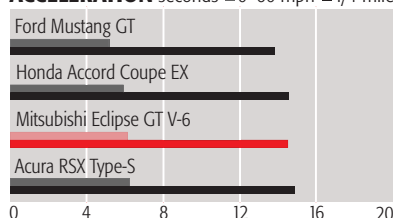
the best year ever, 2000, was during the previous generation, with 57,349 sold. You may prefer Little Eclipse, but the public has voted with its wallet for Big Eclipse, so another one is what we get, and this one is pretty good. ■

CURRENT BASE PRICE* dollars x 1000

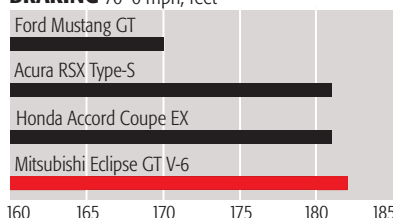


*Base price includes freight, any performance options, and applicable gas-guzzler tax.

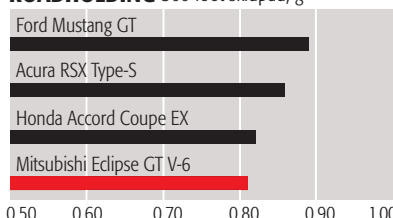
ACCELERATION seconds ■ 0-60 mph ■ 1/4-mile



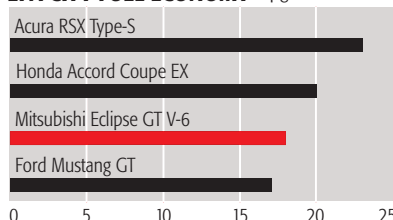
BRAKING 70-0 mph, feet



ROADHOLDING 300-foot skidpad, g



EPA CITY FUEL ECONOMY mpg



C/D TEST RESULTS

ACCELERATION

Zero to 30 mph	2.2
40 mph	3.1
50 mph	4.6
60 mph	6.1
70 mph	7.7
80 mph	9.5
90 mph	11.9
100 mph	14.5
110 mph	17.3
120 mph	23.5
130 mph	29.3
Street start, 5-60 mph	6.4
Top-gear acceleration, 30-50 mph	10.0
50-70 mph	9.8
Standing 1/4-mile	14.5 sec @ 100 mph
Top speed (governor limited)	134 mph

BRAKING

70-0 mph	182 ft
----------	--------

HANDLING

Roadholding, 300-ft-dia skidpad	0.81 g
Understeer	minimal moderate excessive

FUEL ECONOMY

EPA city driving	18 mpg
EPA highway driving	27 mpg
C/D-observed	15 mpg

INTERIOR SOUND LEVEL

Idle	44 dBA
Full-throttle acceleration	81 dBA
70-mph cruising	68 dBA



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The drivers of sports cars, sporty coupes and performance sedans seeking Ultra High Performance can count on the attractively priced Avon Tech M550 A/S (blended all-season traction, including light snow) and Tech M500 (focused on dry and wet road grip) to deliver the performance and appearance they want. Silica-enhanced tread compounds are molded into weather optimized tread patterns to provide driving control and confidence. Sidewalls feature smooth black letters reversed out of a serrated band, and a "rim recess" design that helps protect alloy wheels from scratches.



TECH M500

Ultra High Performance

- Asymmetric, five-rib tread design to increase traction, steering response and cornering stability
- Continuous center rib provides constant rubber-to-road contact enhancing straight-line tracking while reducing noise levels
- Four wide circumferential grooves blend dry road performance with wet weather traction and hydroplaning resistance

TECH M550 A/S

Ultra High Performance All-Season

- Directional tread design with large independent tread blocks to provide stability on dry roads
- Large grooves pump water and slush through the tire's footprint to help resist hydroplaning
- Lateral grooves and multiple sipes increase the number of biting edges to enhance wet road and light snow traction

Tech M500 Sizes

195/55WR-15	245/50WR-16		
205/50WR-15	205/40WR-17		
205/50WR-16	215/40WR-17	235/45WR-17	225/35WR-18
205/55WR-16	215/45WR-17	235/50WR-17	225/40WR-18
215/50WR-16	215/50WR-17	245/45WR-17	245/40WR-18
215/55WR-16	215/55WR-17	255/40WR-17	255/35WR-18
225/50WR-16	225/45WR-17 ^{XL}	255/45WR-17	265/35WR-18
225/55WR-16	225/50WR-17	275/40WR-17	275/35WR-18
245/45WR-16	225/55WR-17	215/35WR-18	275/40WR-18

Tech M550 A/S Sizes

205/55WR-16	215/45WR-17 ^{XL}	245/45WR-17
215/55WR-16	215/50WR-17	275/40WR-17
225/50WR-16	225/45WR-17 ^{XL}	225/40WR-18 ^{XL}
225/55WR-16	225/50WR-17	245/40WR-18 ^{XL}
245/50WR-16	235/45WR-17	245/45WR-18
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P205/55WR-16	P225/45WR-17	P275/40WR-17	P255/35WR-18	P215/35WR-19
P225/50WR-16	P235/45WR-17	P215/35WR-18	P265/35WR-18	P245/35WR-20
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205/55VR-16	225/40ZR-18	255/40YR-18	335/30ZR-18	255/40WR-19	245/40YR-20
205/50ZR-17	225/40ZR-18	255/40YR-18	235/35ZR-19	255/40YR-19	255/35YR-20
205/50YR-17	225/45YR-18	245/50ZR-18	235/35ZR-19	255/40YR-19	275/35YR-20
205/50ZR-17	235/40YR-18	255/45YR-18	235/45WR-19	265/30YR-19	275/40YR-20
225/45WR-17	235/40YR-18	255/55YR-18	245/30YR-19	275/30ZR-19	285/30YR-20
225/45WR-17	235/40ZR-18	265/35ZR-18	245/35YR-19	275/35YR-19	285/30YR-20
225/45YR-17	235/50YR-18	275/35YR-18	245/40YR-19	275/40YR-19	345/25YR-20
235/45YR-17	235/50YR-18	285/30ZR-18	245/40YR-19	275/40YR-19	Direzionale
235/45YR-17	245/35YR-18	285/30ZR-18	245/40YR-19	275/45YR-19	245/45YR-18
245/40WR-17	245/35YR-18	285/35WR-18	245/45YR-19	285/35YR-19	255/40YR-18
245/45WR-17	245/40YR-18	285/35YR-18	245/45ZR-19	295/30YR-19	245/40YR-19
245/45YR-17	245/45YR-18	285/40YR-18	255/30YR-19	295/30YR-19	255/35YR-19
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BY TONY QUIROGA



When the 2007 M6 is trucked to BMW showrooms next May, it will mark 20 years since the U.S. debut of the first M-division-massaged 6-series. Things have truly changed in those 20 years. Back then, an alien named ALF and four postmenopausal *Golden Girls* passed as TV entertainment for the masses, and 256 horsepower and a 0-to-60 time of 6.1 seconds were stimulating enough to land the first M6 on our July 1987 cover. Today, Toyota's large family car, the Avalon,

has more horsepower than that first M6 and accelerates faster. So despite the *Golden Girls'* inexplicable survival in syndication, the world moved on and has arguably improved. And so, to keep up with the times, the second-ever M6 enters the present day with 500 horsepower and performance that would have crushed even the supercars of 1987.

Essentially a shortened, two-door version of the upcoming four-door M5, the M6 shares many of its internal organs with the M5. Fore-

most is the 500-horsepower V-10 created by BMW's M-division engineers who probably watch Formula 1 races religiously and don't enjoy shows about the perplexities confronting middle-aged women or, for that matter, visiting aliens. Even when zinged to the 8250-rpm redline, the 40-valve DOHC engine never feels stressed or wanting for anything, certainly not horsepower. Acceleration is fierce, and shifts from the seven-speed sequential manual gearbox (known as SMG and shared with the

M5) are so brutally fast that you kind of feel guilty about those gears giving up their lives to shave that 10th of a second off your lap time. If you don't like the paddle shifter of the SMG, BMW will, almost begrudgingly, offer a traditional six-speed manual with obligatory clutch pedal and all, but about a year after launch for those who prefer to abuse gears in the traditional manner.

Keeping the M6 grounded is a chassis setup that is nearly identical to the M5's except for the tuning of

the springs and dampers. Struts suspend the front wheels, and a multi-link arrangement in back does its best to keep the rears out of arrears. Tire sizes mirror those of the M5: 255/40R-19s in front and wider 285/35R-19 rears putting the power to the ground. The M6s we drove at the Ascari racetrack in southern Spain wore Pirelli P Zero Corsa race tires—these soft tires (tread-wear rating of 60) are unlikely to make it onto production M6s. On the approximately three-mile circuit, the M6 displayed easy-to-explore limits that erred on the side of understeer. In slower corners, the front tires held on long enough to give way to full-throttle, tail-out antics, provided the stability control was completely disabled. The chewing-gum-in-the-hair Pirelli ringers certainly made the M6 less prone to power oversteer than the M5, which is shod with more conventional, longer-lasting Continental ContiSportContact 2s, which will be the standard tire on the M6.

With or without the gumball

Pirellis, an M6 at 10/10ths is hard on its tires, despite the M division's attempt to rein in the weight. It's still heavy at an estimated 3900 pounds, but the clever M boys worked to move the center of gravity of the M6 inward and down to ease the stress of directional changes. The idea is to make the M6 behave less like a pendulum. Carbon-fiber composite is present in the front and rear bumpers as well as the roof. The weight saving from the carbon-fiber pieces is about 30 pounds, and the result is that the M6 feels smaller than the shadow it casts would indicate.

Fat is also trimmed from the wheels. Stunning five-spoke forged aluminum 19-inchers are used instead of the 10-spoke cast aluminum wheels that are on the M5. The

forged wheels reduce weight at each corner by nearly four pounds. Behind the lighter wheels are the same brakes found on the M5. Large single-piston calipers clamp down on the rotors and retard speed—time and time again. For our track outing, the production brake pads were swapped for harder, more-fade-resistant pads that bit hard but made more noise than poseur owners would likely tolerate. Mercedes takes a slightly different approach with the brakes on its AMG cars, favoring a stiffer caliper with as many pistons as it can cram within the wheel. BMW achieves similar results with a simpler caliper.

The approach to braking isn't the only difference between the M6 and its obvious competition, the CLS55

AMG. With the Benz you get a luxurious four-seater with slingshot acceleration, and it's easy on the eyes. The M6, with its naturally aspirated, high-revving engine, doesn't have the laid-back nature of the Benz's supercharged V-8. The BMW V-10 is more involving and spirited than the AMG offering, and those characteristics extend to the rest of the car, from the SMG to the willing chassis to the angry-catfish exterior.

The M6 will do an acceptable impersonation of luxury, but its true purpose seems to be making the driver think he's F1 pilot Mark Webber. In seventh gear, the V-10 settles into the background, and you might think you're in the far more pedestrian 645Ci. But as soon as you mat the accelerator and the gearbox drops down three gears, the engine's wail will quickly remind you that this is no ordinary 6-series.

Still, we'd probably opt for the M5. The performance is nearly the same as that of the less practical M6, and it's just more outrageous to challenge 911s in a sedan than a coupe. Maybe that's why there has been a constant string of M5s since the wine-cooler era and this is only the second M6, ever. ■



Vehicle type: front-engine, rear-wheel-drive, 4-passenger, 2-door coupe

Estimated base price: \$90,000

Engine type: DOHC 40-valve V-10, aluminum block and heads, port fuel injection

Displacement 305 cu in, 4999cc

Power (SAE net) 500 bhp @ 7750 rpm

Torque (SAE net) 384 lb-ft @ 6100 rpm

Transmission 7-speed manual with automated shifting and clutch

Wheelbase 109.5 in

Length/width/height 191.8/73.0/54.2 in

Curb weight 3900 lb

Performance ratings (mfr's est):

Zero to 62 mph 4.6 sec

Top speed (governor limited) 155 mph

Projected fuel economy (mfr's est):

European urban cycle 10 mpg

extra-urban cycle 23 mpg

combined 16 mpg

PREVIEW 2006 PORSCHE CAYMAN S



Hey, whaddya get when you combine a Boxster with a 911?

BY PETER ROBINSON

We are requested not to refer to Porsche's latest sports car as a Boxster coupe. Zuffenhausen's marketing gurus insist their new mid-engined two-seater is a stand-alone model, positioned in performance and price between the Boxster S roadster and 911 Carrera coupe. It's so distinctive, they opine, that it deserves a new label. Meet the Cayman S.

In reality, as our photographs demonstrate, it will strike the casual viewer as a coupe version of Porsche's new, second-generation mid-engine ragtop, the Boxster. A tad longer—half an inch—and higher—ditto—and yes, slightly more powerful

(up 15 horsepower), the Cayman shares not only the same basic chassis and front structure with the Boxster but also the lower doors, the front hood and fenders, and the headlights and taillights. No matter, the underbody is much tweaked, suspension settings are tuned to make the most of torsional rigidity that's almost 150 percent stiffer than the already impressive roadster's, and that makes for improved handling and grip without, the engineers claim, any loss in ride comfort.

Potentially, therefore, the Cayman S (named imaginatively for a breed of crocodile, not the remote Caribbean islands) combines the best of the Boxster and 911: the rigidity of a

coupe body (like the Carrera's) combined with the superior weight distribution delivered by the Boxster's mid-engine layout. The brakes and the steering are Boxster S. No arguments here; the S did win a recent sports-car comparo ["It's-All-About-Me Roadsters," *C/D*, March 2005].

To help justify a price significantly higher than that of a Boxster S—some \$58,000-plus versus \$53,895—Porsche goes back to an earlier variation of the classic flat-six engine that in 3.2- and 3.6-liter forms powers the Boxster and 911. This 3.4-liter engine uses the 96-millimeter bore and 78mm stroke from the first water-cooled 996. Easy. The resulting 291 horsepower at 6200 rpm and 251

pound-feet of torque at 4400 rpm sit neatly between the Boxster S's 276 horsepower and 236 pound-feet and the 3.6-liter Carrera's 321 horsepower and 273 pound-feet.

There's no sign, yet, of Porsche's long-awaited double-clutch manual gearbox (from the same supplier as Audi/VW's DSG) that's now expected to be launched with the latest 911 Turbo later this year. Instead, the final-drive and upper ratios of the six-speed manual are identical to the Boxster's, but first and second ratios are slightly lower. Hans-Jürgen Wöhler, director of the Boxster/Cayman line, says there is no weight increase over the 3080-pound Boxster S. Expect 0-to-60 mph in less than five seconds and



bigger central orifice in front. The divergence between roadster and coupe grows from the windshield rearward. In fact, the windshield is Boxster, except that on the coupe it's set marginally lower, flowing upward into a rounded roofline. A revised side air vent now incorporates a sharp ridge that trails along the doorsill before rising up the vent's trailing edge. The designers have set the angle of the small rear side window to harmoniously complement the vent's steep slope.

The voluptuous rear fenders are marginally higher than the Boxster's and outboard of the coupe's strongly tapered cabin (and the relatively narrow hatchback), creating a gorgeous dip between fender and body. To maximize access to the trunk, the hatch incorporates the rear window, and it's flanked by small outer fins. An almost flat body section runs from the window to a split-wing spoiler that rises like the 911 Turbo's to reduce lift by seven percent over that of the Boxster S. New 18-inch five-spoke alloy wheels are exclusive to the Cayman.

What the Cayman can't have is two-plus-two seating, such as the rear-engined 911's setup. Instead, immediately behind the front buckets

is a carpeted and heavily sound-proofed engine cover, with a chrome safety bar to prevent luggage from sliding forward. The trunk, in fact, is recessed behind the engine. Porsche says there's now room for two golf bags. The dashboard is pure Boxster, with the exception of a perforated hood for the instruments that's raised to further highlight the centrally located tachometer.

Porsche runs against convention in pricing the Cayman coupe roughly \$4000 above the Boxster S roadster. Coupe versions of rivals such as the Audi TT, Chrysler Crossfire, and Nissan 350Z are priced about \$5000 below their equivalent softtops, and even a 911 cabriolet runs 10 grand more than a 911 coupe. Porsche won't talk numbers, but insiders expect the Cayman (made in Finland by Valmet on the same line that assembles the Boxster) to add about 15,000 annual sales to Porsche's bottom line to potentially top 100,000 worldwide for the first time. We should know if the controversial pricing strategy works within a few months of the Cayman's going on sale in the U.S. in January 2006. By then we'll also know if it's commonly known as the Cayman or as the "Boxster coupe."

a top speed of 172 mph, again splitting the difference between the Boxster S and 911 Carrera.

Does unveiling the Cayman as a kicked-up S indicate there's a less-powerful version in the pipeline? You bet. Expect a number of Cayman variants, including a 2.7- and/or 3.2-liter entry-level model, plus a lightweight club sport.

All Wolfgang Dürheimer, executive V-P of R&D, says on the subject is, "We don't think with the Cayman we will break with Porsche tradition. The S is the top model for a new product. The strategy of variants works very well on the 911 side. There's no reason it can't be applied to our other model lines."

Subtle styling changes include a



Vehicle type: mid-engine, rear-wheel-drive, 2-passenger, 3-door coupe

Estimated base price: \$58,000

Engine type: DOHC 24-valve flat-6, aluminum block and heads, port fuel injection

Displacement..... 207 cu in, 3387cc

Power (SAE net)..... 291 bhp @ 6200 rpm

Torque (SAE net)..... 251 lb-ft @ 4400 rpm

Transmissions..... 5-speed automatic with manumatic shifting, 6-speed manual

Wheelbase..... 95.1 in

Length/width/height..... 172.1/70.9/51.5 in

Curb weight..... 3100 lb

Performance ratings (C/D est):

Zero to 60 mph..... 4.9 sec

Standing 1/4-mile..... 13.4 sec

Top speed (drag limited)..... 172 mph

Projected fuel economy (C/D est):

EPA city driving..... 19 mpg

EPA highway driving..... 27 mpg

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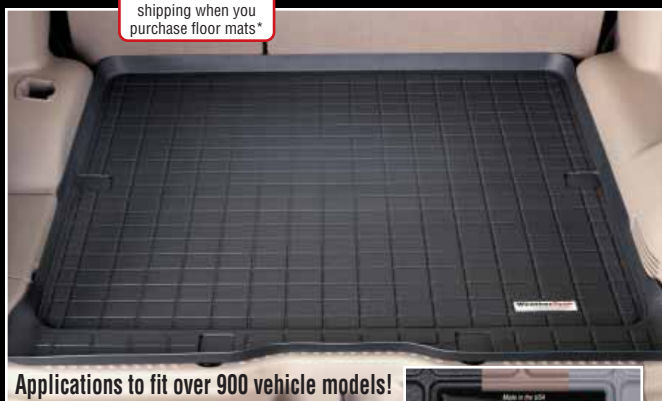
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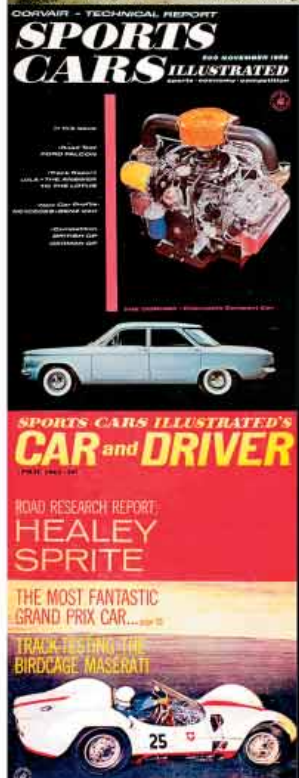
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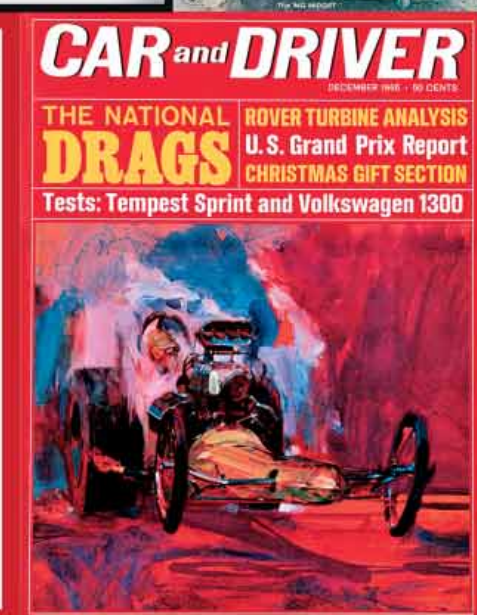
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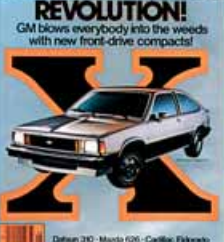
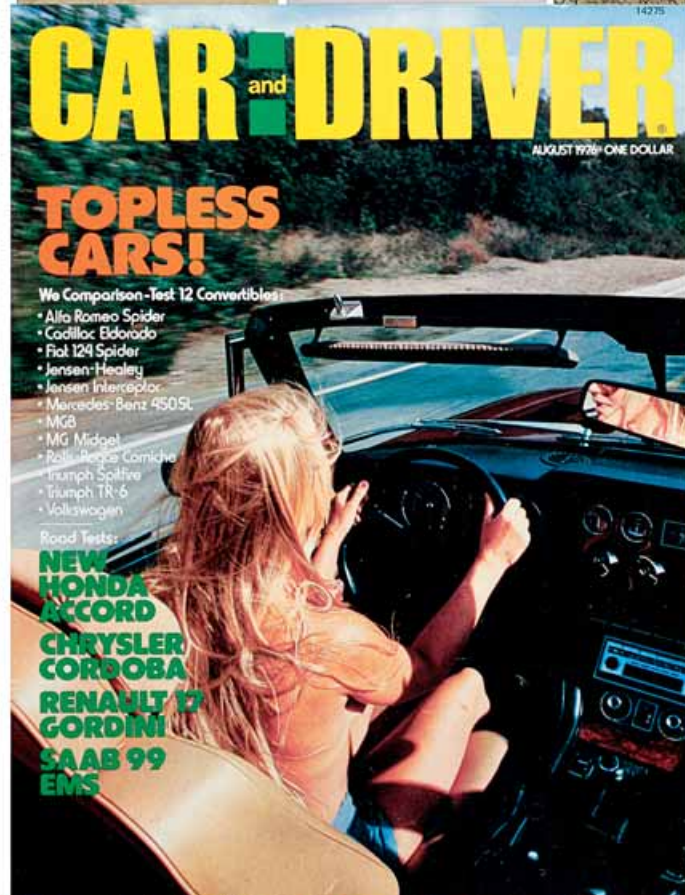
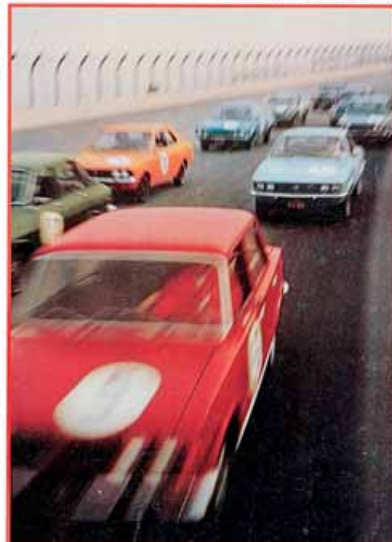
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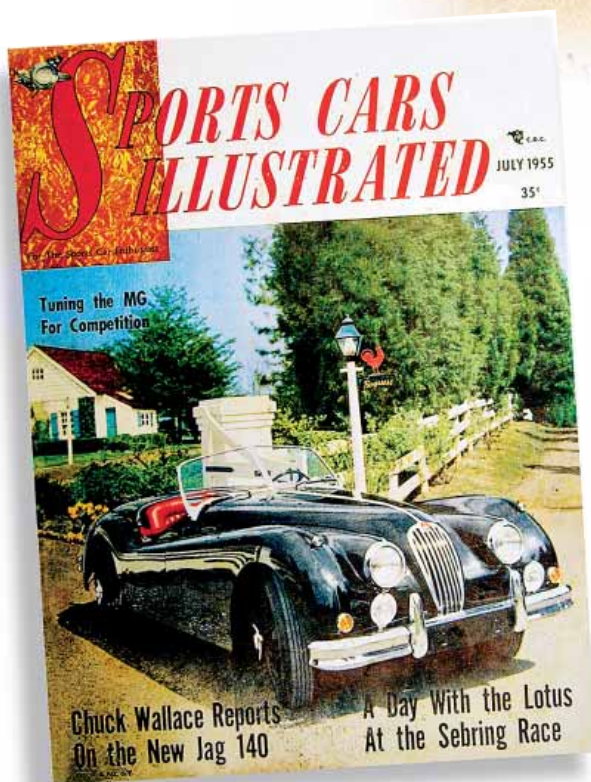


1955-2005

50
YEARS

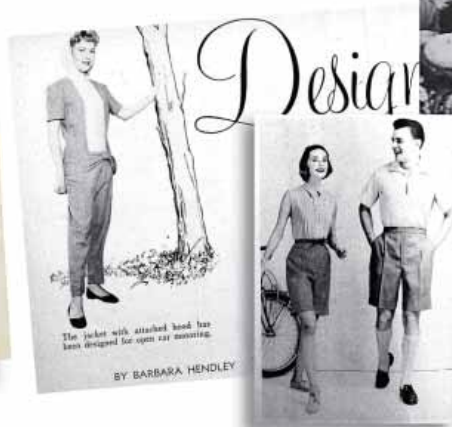
of Car and Driver

THE MOON IS FULL
I think the language in the TR-250K
piece is vulgar and profane.
Harold Fagerland
Seattle, Wash.
Well, we got across to one reader.—Ed.



At age 50, we're ready for a really ruinous and monumentally self-absorbed midlife crisis or two. Meanwhile, here's some of what we can remember.

BY JOHN PHILLIPS



In the Beginning

In July 1955, from an office on H Street in Washington, D.C., publisher Henry Scharf and editor George Parks launch *Sports Cars Illustrated*. The magazine is devoted exclusively to sports cars, sports-car racing, rallies, and hill-climbs, which means it ignores American-made cars almost entirely. The first issue's strongest feature, in fact, is called "Tuning the MG."

The editorial tone is more than a little East Coast effete, with a strong whiff of burning tweed and numerous

caustic gibes directed at such crude spectacles as the Indy 500. Editor Parks objects even to the 500's "inclusion on the international calendar" and then adds, "Like everyone else, we are more interested in the new MG."

"Everyone else" would turn out to include fewer persons than Parks imagined. His tenure at *SCI* lasts five months.

SCI costs 35 cents on the newsstand. A one-year sub fetches \$3.50.

July 1955

Mike Wallace, Eat Your Heart Out

In a feature called "Racing's Most Tragic Day," *SCI* devotes 10 pages to the nightmare at Le Mans. The crucial bit of text reads thus: "[Pierre] Levegh's car just touched the Austin-Healey . . . and the Mercedes ricocheted off the bank, turned end over end, then, like a wounded animal, gave a last leap some 20 feet into the air, crashed to the ground, and broke in two at the bulk head, rocketing the engine into the crowd." Eighty-one

were killed, including Levegh.

Elsewhere in the issue, there's a probing feature on how to restore your car's leather by painting it with lacquer. And there appears a stunning fashion piece, in which writer Barbara Hendley declares: "Shorts and sports cars have a natural affinity. But controversy has arisen. Whether to wear short shorts or knee-length Bermuda shorts is a subject of open debate."

Even in the '50s, we weren't afraid to tackle the tough stuff.

September 1955



KARL LUDVIGSEN

THE EARLY YEARS

My problem was that I peaked too soon. I'd always thought the greatest job in the world would be that of technical editor at a car magazine. You'd get to drive all the new cars, poke into their innards, meet the men who designed them. What could be better? At the age of 22 I had just that job at *Sports Cars Illustrated*. So where was I to go from there? The answer: into the U.S. Army.

It all began when I was an undergraduate in industrial design at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York. I'd been writing articles for *Auto Age* on the side. Its editors said that publisher Henry Scharf had moved his operations from Washington, D.C., to New York at the end of 1955 and might be interested in buying some freelance contributions. I hopped the subway to see his editor, Art Kramer, who was helming both *Speed Age* and *Sports Cars Illustrated* for Scharf. I started writing for both at once.

SCI was a spanking-new creation. From the first issue in July 1955, founder and editor George A. Parks was committed to a rapid approach, with lots of white space, contrasting with the seriousness of John Bond's *Road & Track*. Kramer was open to more substance. My first piece in the January 1956 issue was a thesis on engine displacement, and my report on a Triumph TR3 in March 1956 was the magazine's first proper road test.

Early in 1956, the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company bought *SCI* and moved it to offices on Madison Avenue. April 1956 was the first issue prepared by the new team, which was headed by none other than the legendary Ken W. Purdy as editorial chairman. Ken lent great prestige to the effort and did appear in the office from time to time. And from the autumn of 1956, I was technical editor. An ambition achieved!

I was having such a great time that I was unenthusiastic about being drafted, but the inevitable finally happened in the summer of 1957. I ended up in the Signal Corps in Germany, where I teamed with photographer Jesse Alexander to write as much for *SCI* as I'd been contributing before. Toward the end of 1958, I met in Paris with executive V-P W. Bradford Briggs. The urbane Briggs broke the news that he wanted me to come back as managing editor, perhaps even editor. Brad said he was looking for "more excitement and romance." Ziff-Davis might even buy *Road & Track*, he said, and run the two magazines "staggered."

In the autumn of 1959, I took the post

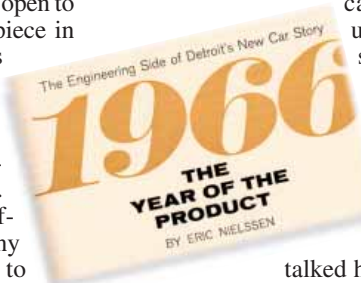
of editor. I'm not sure if I delivered "more excitement and romance," but I did try to pack the magazine with good reporting on great cars. We introduced the six-page Road Research Report to give a deeper appraisal of important cars than ordinary road tests allowed.

In a notable conflict with *R&T*, whose John Bond said the Wankel engine will "never be heard from again," we championed the Wankel and said it had an important future. I had to calm Brad Briggs, who fretted over our strongly pro-Wankel view.

With "Project Time Machine," we advanced the funds needed to buy two front-drive Millers from Bugatti and bring them to America for restoration. We pushed the merits of the new Formula Junior and track-tested some fabulous racers, from the Scarab-Chevrolet to the Birdcage Maserati.

The Birdcage drive was featured in the first issue to bear the new name, *Car and Driver*, in April 1961. Through 1960 we'd been agonizing over a change of name. Our advertising managers lobbied hard for it. "You have a great little magazine there," they'd say from Detroit, "but we don't make sports cars, so we're not interested." *Car and Driver* wasn't my favorite, but it carried the day. I took care to use "and" instead of an ampersand and established *C/D* instead of *C&D* to minimize the resemblance to our arch rival.

After two years as editor, I was lured away by GM's Bill Mitchell, who wanted a PR man, someone who talked his language. My candidate as successor was a fellow from upstate New York who'd done some fine writing for the magazine, Brock Yates. He didn't impress Brad Briggs as much as a persuasive former *Life* picture editor, Bill Pain, who got the job. By the time Pain had dismantled everything we'd tried to build up, Ziff-Davis tired of him and engaged a famous *Road & Track* reject, David E. Davis Jr., as editor. And then, in the '60s, Davis brought onboard a new name as technical editor, a fellow named Eric Nielssen. That was me, moonlighting from my job at General Motors. Seems like I just loved that title.



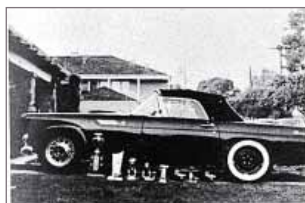
Karl Ludvigsen was technical editor from late 1956 through 1957 and editor from late 1959 through late 1961, the year the magazine was renamed. Ludvigsen last wrote regularly for Car and Driver in 1970. He eventually rose to become vice-president of Ford of Europe and today manages his Ludvigsen Library, a respected source of automotive photography, in Suffolk, England, where he has lived for 25 years.

So where
was I to go
from there?
Into the U.S.
Army.



Tuning the MG

Thirty-three years of glorious history is the heritage of the MG.



oh?

Dear Sir:

What is it with you guys always flipping over some of those foreign cars that couldn't go fast enough to catch a cold in the head. I got your message by mistake when I told my

Mister Ed. Is a Horse's Ass

Not all readers are happy. One sends a photo of his black Ford Thunderbird, along with these words:

Dear Sir:

What is it with you guys always flipping over some of those foreign cars that couldn't go fast enough to catch a cold . . . I read where you clowns think some little English [Bermuda] shorts are the Screaming End, and you don't think Detroit has

done anything good since Columbus got lost. I will take a Cad or a Chrysler and outrag any of those overfed scooters of yours.

SCI wittily responds:

You've got the address, Junior. Drag that lump around and OUT. We're here five days a week—Ed.

But in that same issue, the editors do, in fact, test a '56 Thunderbird, which they dub "a not-quite sports car" and "an esoteric gospel for the unsaved," whatever that means. Then they recommend seat-belts.

June 1956

Forget the Shorts. Try the Boots.

SCI's eighth issue is heralded as the "Special MG Issue," with 11 pages extolling the virtues of "the world's most fascinating car."

By March 1956, publishing group Ziff-Davis purchases SCI, Ken Purdy is installed as editorial chairman, the magazine is on Madison Avenue, and a '56 Corvette miraculously appears on the cover.

Technical editor Karl Ludvigsen expresses mixed feelings for the new Chevrolet, noting its "controversial reinforced plastic body" [see his essay on page 125]. Ludvigsen admits only that this latest iteration "should meet most objections." He later warms up to the "bomb"—the code word, back then, for anything from Detroit—agreeing that the Corvette is "satisfying on the highway" and has even "become a serious competitor for

Jaguar in Production Class C." Don't go overboard, Karl.

In SCI's fashion feature, the editors express far greater enthusiasm for faddish chukka boots (\$12.95), which "really fill the bill" for a sports-car shoe. *Road & Track* apparently misses the whole chukka-boot sensation. February–March 1956

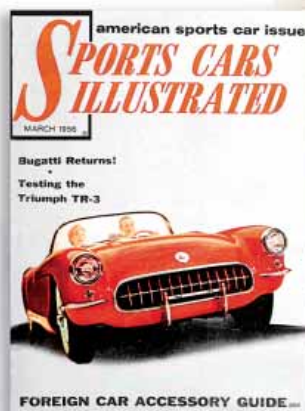
Yeah, but It Ain't No MG

Whole issues pass in which there is scant evidence any editor has actually driven a car. Only Ludvigsen is regularly writing what might be considered a road test, and his review of the Karmann-Ghia includes not only a spec chart but also a performance sidebar. (Zero to 60 in 35.5 seconds.) "For the price of a Karmann-Ghia," Ludvigsen warns, "the sports-car fan can buy an MGA or a stripped Triumph TR2." Again with the MGs.

April 1956



Karmann-Ghia



PERFORMANCE

Test Conditions:

30°F, strong side wind, dry concrete surface at sea level.

Speeds in Gears:

true (car) mph

1st19 (17)

2nd38 (37)

3rd57 (59)

4th69 (72)

Best run: 69

Acceleration:

0-30..... 8.8 sec

0-50.....22.7 sec

0-60.....35.5 sec

0-60.....36.6 sec

40-60.....26.1 sec

Standing 1/4 mile .23.8 sec

Speed at end of quarter.....53 mph

Gears used:

1st, 2nd

1st, 2nd, 3rd

1st, 2nd, 3rd

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th

4th

1st, 2nd, 3rd

It seems like yesterday, doesn't it?



HONDA CIVIC CVCC SEDAN

© 1978 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

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Congratulations, *Car and Driver*. It began as a shared labor of love, a passion for cars. After all these years, it's good to know we're still on the same page.





JESSE ALEXANDER MAN WITH A CAMERA



Phil Hill (Ferrari F2), German Grand Prix, 1958

This is one of my favorites because it's all about the magic of photography. I am panning with my Rolleiflex, and I marvel that the camera has caught the left rear wheel of the Ferrari as if it is nestled in the arm of the other photographer.



Moss and Jenkinson, Mille Miglia, 1955

Stirling Moss and his co-driver, Denis Jenkinson, won the 1955 Mille Miglia at a record speed of nearly 98 mph. I photographed them at the summit of the Raticosa Pass as they made their way over the twisting mountain road between Florence and Bologna. It's the only action shot I have of them, and it illustrates a story of skill and courage that is legendary in the annals of motorsports. The cheering fans provide a frame for the speeding Mercedes 300SLR, undeniably the greatest sports racing car of the '50s.



Ferrari pit stop, Nürburgring, 1960

Giorgio Scarlatti brings his car into the pits for a routine stop. Somehow, spilled gasoline was ignited, and Scarlatti jumped for his life (and survived). I was in the press stand across the track having lunch when Denis Jenkinson said to me, "Scarlatti is about to pit—better get your camera ready."



Porsche pit stop, 24 Hours of Le Mans, 1958

Jean Behra is about to take over the Porsche on Sunday morning after a pit stop that included work on the front brakes. Standing on the pit counter are a number of Porsche luminaries, including Ferry Porsche himself (on pit surface, in hat and raincoat), as team manager Huschke von Hanstein gives last-minute advice to his driver. The informality of the scene is in stark contrast to the choreographed pit stops of today.



Mike Hawthorn (Ferrari), Monza, 1958

A Grand Prix pit stop in the '50s was always fun to photograph because lots of unexpected things happened, particularly in the Ferrari pit. Mike Hawthorn has arrived here at midrace looking for fresh tires and a drink of water. He is racing against the Vanwall of Tony Brooks, and in the background you can see his mechanics getting tires ready. My image has all the drama of an Italian opera: the policeman, the track official, the tire engineer (in white shirt), the lead mechanic with flag in hand who has a bottle of water in his left hand. At the rear, another mechanic is preparing to put the jack in position while one of his mates hammers on the knockoff.



Maserati 450S coupe, Modena, 1958

Only two of these street versions of the 450S racing model were made. I photographed this one at the press introduction held at the Maserati factory. Standing nearby are chief mechanic Guerino Bertocchi (back to the camera) and driver Jean Behra.



◀ Jim Clark, 1962

World champion Jim Clark has just won the 1962 Belgian Grand Prix. I have somehow managed to climb onto the podium with the great Scot and gotten his attention for a second. The photograph has become somewhat of an icon. It's an example of a moment in time when everything comes together to make a powerful image.



▲ Juan Manuel Fangio (Lancia-Ferrari D50), Monaco, 1956

Most of all, I try to capture human interest in my images. This scene is of early-morning practice for the 1956 Grand Prix of Monaco. Fangio is testing the Lancia that Ferrari had acquired, one of the most interesting cars of the day, and there was great excitement in the pits when the Argentine champion drove it for the first time. Photographers and mechanics are all on hand. The letter "P" stands for *prova*, or test.



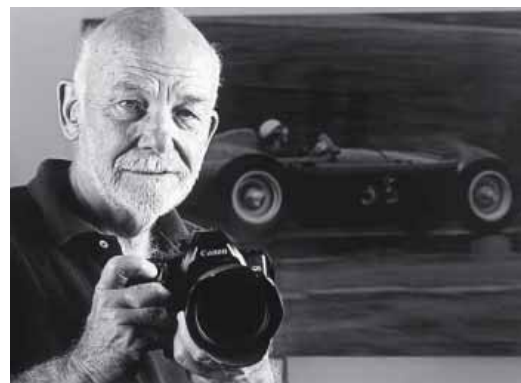
Stirling Moss (Mercedes W196), Spa, 1955

I am standing at the apex of La Source corner at Spa-Francorchamps in Belgium. The Formula 1 race is half over, and Moss, covered in oil and grit from the track, struggles to stay with teammate Fangio. I shot several rolls of color that day, and this image in particular is one I am pleased with. It gives a real sense of the moment, a close-up of what it was like behind the wheel of the powerful Mercedes.



Porsche Spyders at Teloché near Le Mans, 1959

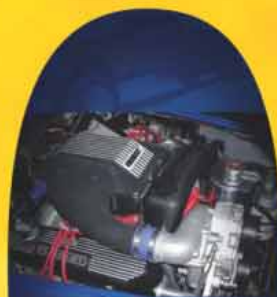
In the '50s, the Porsche race team rented space at a garage in Teloché south of Le Mans. Framed in the doorway are a few of the village kids who were excited to have the racers in their midst once a year.



Jesse Alexander began contributing to *Car and Driver* early in its history and served under editors John Christy, Karl Ludvigsen, Ken W. Purdy, and David E. Davis Jr. Living on the Continent for 10 years, he filed race reports and road tests of the latest European models. He has published several books, including *Driven: The Racing Photography of Jesse Alexander, 1954–1962* (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 2000).



Vortech Marine is the exclusive centrifugal supercharger supplier to the Cigarette Racing Team.



Since 1965, exclusive supercharger suppliers to Carroll Shelby.



Congratulations Car and Driver on a half-century of dedication to the motoring enthusiast.

Since the introduction of Paxton's first system in the '50s to the technologically advanced and efficient superchargers of today, Vortech Engineering, Paxton Automotive and Vortech Marine are committed to offering the highest performance available.





DAVID E. DAVIS JR.

HOW WE DID IT, AND WHY

I was recovering from several months of facial and dental reconstruction following a big racing accident in 1955. A friend and neighbor named Gordon Jennings dropped by regularly to lend me automotive books and magazines from his collection. It was a concentrated course in the dynamics of automotive magazines. Later, I wrote to all the car magazines in the country, offering them my services. John and Elaine Bond, who owned and operated *Road & Track* magazine, called back, took me to dinner, and offered me a job—as an advertising salesman. I was too poor to be picky, and I grabbed the offer, not even knowing what ad salesmen did. One of my most important contributions there was to convince John Bond to hire my friend Gordon Jennings. In the next three years, Elaine Bond taught me how to run a magazine.

Everyone seemed to get fired at *Road & Track* in those days, and my turn came after three years. I returned to Detroit from Southern California and managed to land a job writing advertising copy for the Corvette and various other Chevrolet performance cars and activities. I loved the work, I loved the access to Zora Arkus-Duntov, I loved being mixed up with performance cars at that level. I was surrounded by a large group of writers, broadcast producers, and graphic designers who were astonishingly bright and utterly unpredictable. I loved listening to them

talk about the magazines they liked, and why. I loved their banter over coffee in one or another colleague's office. As a rookie, I was assigned to Elmore Leonard, who was then a senior copywriter and had already launched his career as a novelist, and we talked about writing and writers whenever we could grab a moment.

Back then, magazines like *Esquire* and *Sports Illustrated* were running better automotive stories than the car magazines. I wanted to show John and Elaine Bond at *Road & Track* that they'd made a big mistake when they let me go. I wanted to do an automotive magazine of my own that would tickle the quick minds and nimble wits of the people who surrounded me in the ad business. I wanted to combine everything I'd learned at *Road & Track* with everything I'd learned from Elmore Leonard and the others at the ad agency. And then the lightning struck. It was a phone call from New York asking me if I'd consider taking over *Car and Driver* magazine. The magazine had suffered a double blow in 1961: Editor Karl E. Ludvigsen left, and they were

changing the name from *Sports Cars Illustrated* to *Car and Driver*. The magazine was broken after a period of healthy growth, and I was assigned to fix it.

When I walked through the door at One Park Avenue in December 1962, I was primed and ready to create a new, quintessentially American magazine from the wreckage of the old *Car and Driver*. Most car magazines in those days were put out by enthusiasts who saw the job as an opportunity to drive test cars and get free entry to races. I vowed to replace the semi-pros with real editors and real writers, and to put the day-to-day operations on a businesslike basis, and I did. I vowed to sack art director Gene Butera as soon as I'd cleaned up the rest of the staff, but as the weeks went by, I realized Butera only needed to be unshackled and could be the best man in the building. Texan John Jerome, formerly the editor of *Sports Car Digest*, had come onboard with me. John was another enthusiast who was also a gifted writer and editor—literate, thoughtful, and unfailingly funny.

With Jerome and Butera as my confidants and my sounding board, I worked through the myriad details of magazine production and administration and began to produce a *Car and Driver* that would be our monthly visit to car enthusiasts all over the country. We'd tell them where we'd been, what we'd driven, and how we felt about the automobile as a symbol of our national restlessness, our endless search for new experiences, and our need to enjoy ourselves. We gave the magazine a skeptical New York edge. We took chances. Our approach worked. The magazine began to grow again. The lost momentum was regained. Brock Yates and Steve Smith joined us, and *Car and Driver* was building a reputation for witty irreverence and editorial surprises.

The magazine was on its way to becoming the largest and most successful car magazine in the world. I had just turned 32, I had the best job in the world, and that world was my oyster.

David E. Davis Jr. did two stints as editor and publisher of Car and Driver—1962 to 1967, and 1976 to 1985. He describes himself as a moderately talented amateur racing driver who turned to enthusiast magazines after ending his racing career with a spectacular crash. He is now editor emeritus and founder of Automobile Magazine and continues to write columns and feature stories. He was born near Burnside, Kentucky, on November 7, 1930, and says the cars that most influenced his life's trajectory were the 1935 Mercedes-Benz roadster that he bought for \$1000 in 1950, a Jaguar XK120 roadster, and a Ferrari 250GT Tour de France.



David E.'s first issue. Before that, shilling for Chevy (below).



Most car magazines in those days were put out by enthusiasts who saw the job as an opportunity to drive test cars and get free entry to races.



Big V-8s, You Bet. But Disc Brakes?

"We had been aware for some time that certain obscure light cars were being built in Sweden," the editors note on their first encounter with a Volvo PV444 and Saab 93, the latter "looking like a weary stowaway after a long, stormy voyage . . . about as stimulating as a week-old egg roll." The Saab redeems itself with seats that can be removed "to make a comfortable double bed—a Saab owner can be independent of time and motels when traveling." Yeah, sure.

Disc brakes, still widely known as "spot brakes," begin appearing more regularly. *SCI* writes, "The way things look right now, the basic disc-brake layout is going to have to hustle to stay with the latest developments in drum brakes."

The editors' eyes are opened to the potency of hulking V-8-powered "bombs" when, during a test of a Buick-engined Kurtis, the quarter-mile is dispatched in 13.1 seconds at 108 mph.

September 1956

Maybe You Meant a Kangaroo?

SCI is publishing thoughtful race reports from venues such as Pomona, Palm Springs, Nassau, Sebring, and Pebble Beach. And its technical features on carburetors, supercharging, and do-it-yourself kits are popular. A rudimentary black-and-white cutaway drawing appears, highlighting each month's featured car.

The editors note that front-wheel drive has been "long regarded as an engineering freak." But then writer Merwin Dembling, a name we did not make up, experiments with a Citroën 2CV and a Saab Sonett and concludes, "Hexed since the rabbit first grew its power in the wrong set of legs, front-wheel drive is fast coming into a new era of popularity." No one is certain what Merwin is talking about.

November 1956

MG Bribes Keep Rollin' In

At the start of '57, editor Ken Purdy is replaced by John Christy. Christy immediately assigns a feature on an MG at Bonneville, plus yet another in a seemingly endless series



Drive It Like It's a Press Car

Writer Bill Carroll borrows a Plymouth Fury and enters it at Daytona. After fairing in the headlights with cardboard and masking tape, Carroll manages a 124.181-mph pass through the measured mile, with the beach sand doing no end of evil to the undercarriage. But hey, it's someone else's car, right? Thus begins a long and rich tradition of *C/D* editors borrowing press cars for "specialized tests"—our little euphemism for racing.

In the same issue, Plymouth runs an illustrated ad titled "She handled as if she were reading my mind." But it might better have been titled "Where Bruce McCall learned to draw."

May 1957

You Callin' Us Average, Pal?

The tech department delivers a genuine service by comparing two Corvettes: one fitted with fuel injection, the other with twin four-barrel carbs. The Ram-Jet fuelie demonstrates better throttle response, is slightly quicker, and travels farther on a gallon of gas, at least during "average driving." In the subsequent 48 years, however, no *C/D* editor will ever engage in "average driving." Still, it marks *SCI*'s first worthwhile compare and also one of its first honest efforts to validate manufacturers' claims, which, in those days, were best filed under "M," for "Might be true, might not."

June 1957

We Don't Know What It Costs, Either

In an exclusive *SCI* Technical Report, tech writer Borgeson describes Richie Ginther's Porsche Spyder as "like a bullet when you open the tap." If the editors can mix cocktails, they can also mix metaphors.

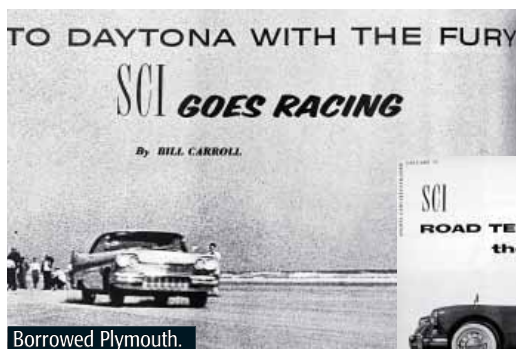
February 1957

MURPHY BUILT A BOMB

THE look of a winning American sports racing car is more keenly felt now in road racing than ever before. Basic conditions are still growing, and the newcomers in the sport are again looking around that old question: What kind of car is going to win? It's a good question and one that can, given the right amount of observation and analysis, start a bonfire. Money alone isn't the answer. You can spend a million

dollars building or developing a car and still fail to win. Change to buy the best safety wire, you might just as well make the U.S. is certainly not behind, but something to happen to all this know-how before the car goes what we have and what we know.

Bill Murphy, of Culver City, California, now has his



FACT: Independent AMCI testing proves this off-road leader now rules on-road against some unexpected competitors...

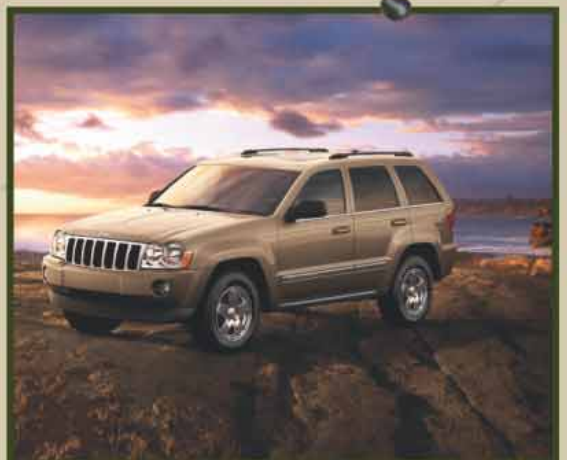
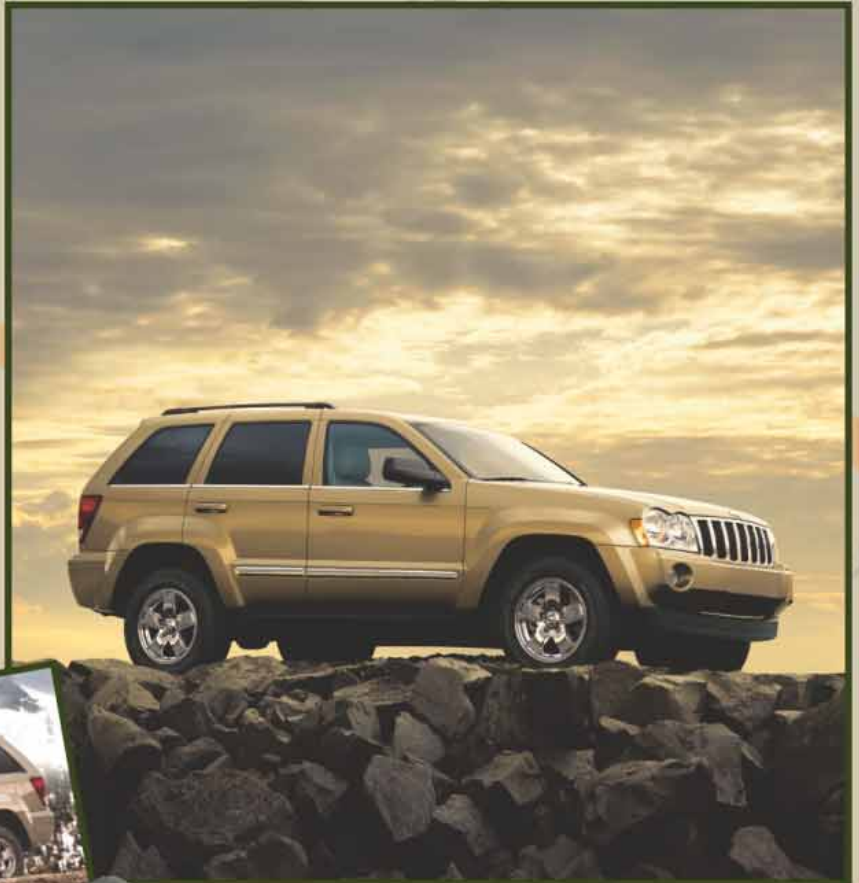
...taking Jeep legendary capability to new places.

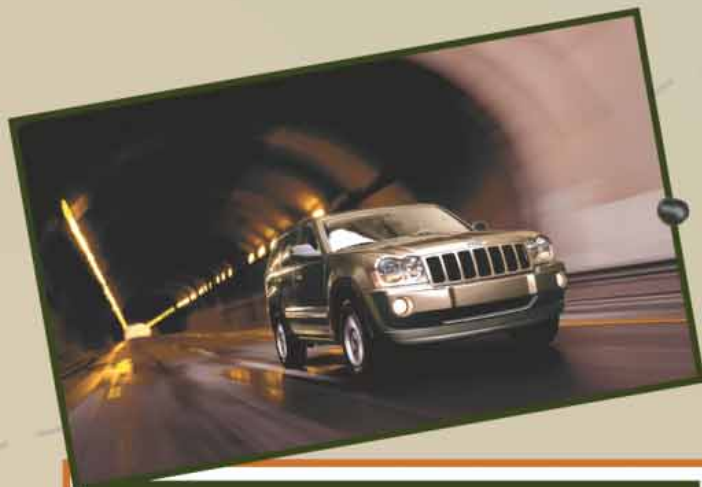
ACCELERATION

BRAKING

QUIETNESS

**ALL NEW 2005
JEEP GRAND
CHEROKEE**



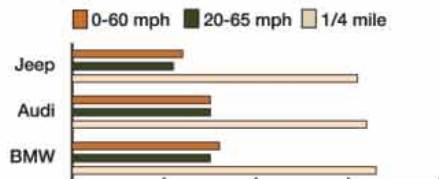


ACCELERATION

Compared to the 2005 Audi TT Coupe AT6 and 2004 BMW 325xi, Jeep Grand Cherokee is quicker and more responsive.

2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited 4x4:

- Accelerates faster to 60 mph
- Accelerates faster through the Quarter-Mile
- Has a higher trap speed at the end of the Quarter-Mile
- Completes the 20- to 65-mph highway-merging test faster and in a shorter distance



2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited 4x4 incorporates best-in-class* HEMI® engine power, world-class shift qualities with Electronic Range Select and a Multiple Displacement System that provides reliable and economical V8 power.

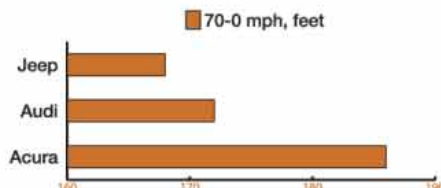


BRAKING

Jeep Grand Cherokee brakes faster than 2005 Acura RSX Type-S and 2005 Audi TT Coupe AT6.

2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited 4x4:

- Stops faster and in a shorter distance from 70mph
- Stops in the same distance from 70mph



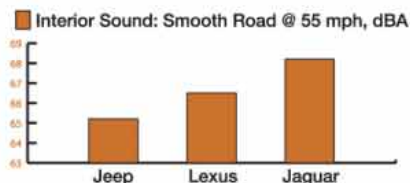
2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited 4x4 incorporates 4-Wheel Brake Traction Control to monitor and manage wheel slippage along each axle, larger brakes with enhanced construction, and state-of-the-art ABS with faster response.

QUIETNESS

Jeep Grand Cherokee is quieter than 2005 Jaguar S-Type 3.0 and 2004 Lexus ES 330.

2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited 4x4:

- Is as quiet as Lexus under full-throttle acceleration and idle, and over smooth and rough roads
- Is quieter than Jaguar under full-throttle as well as over smooth and rough roads



2005 Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited 4x4 incorporates more QuietSteel® than any other vehicle, a unique independent short-/long-arm front suspension, structural engine components that are stiffer and lighter to reduce vibration, improved brake linings and friction material, plus a design created in DaimlerChrysler's world-class wind tunnel.

Jeep®

jeep.com/grandcherokee

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*Based on 2005 Automotive News Lower Mid-range Sport Utility Segment.

CONGRATULATIONS, *CAR AND DRIVER*, ON YOUR 50TH ANNIVERSARY.



ALL NEW JEEP® GRAND CHEROKEE.
THE OFF-ROAD LEGEND CONTINUES...ON-ROAD.

Now you can make the most of every journey, no matter what the terrain. The new Trail Rated® Jeep Grand Cherokee features a 330-hp 5.7L HEMI® V8*, the most powerful engine in its class; an Electronic Stability Program; and Quadra-Drive II®, our most advanced four-wheel-drive system ever. Visit jeep.com

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GENE BUTERA

MY LIFE WITH THE WORD GUYS

The idea and execution of the Opel-in-the-junkyard photo was actually my doing.

In early 1960 I interviewed with Karl Ludvigsen for the job of art director at *Sports Cars Illustrated*, and he hired me. We dodged and weaved for two years—my trying to get some display into the magazine with pictures exceeding a half-page in size, and his declaring that a thousand words was worth a single picture. It was a good fight, probably a draw, although Karl *did* go on to

organize and legitimize the editorial content, turning it into a professional magazine.

After Karl departed for General Motors, Bill Pain arrived in 1962. Brad Briggs, the publisher, escorted him into our editorial offices. Bill had a slight build, wore good clothes, and appeared to have excessive energy barely kept under control. Brad said I would particularly like Bill because of his years of experience at *Life* magazine. He was right about that. Bill instituted the *Life* magazine style of creating a story, with layouts that had a defined beginning, middle, and end. Unfortunately, he also brought

along the idea that we had an editorial budget the size of *Life* magazine's. He ran through our yearly budget in three months.

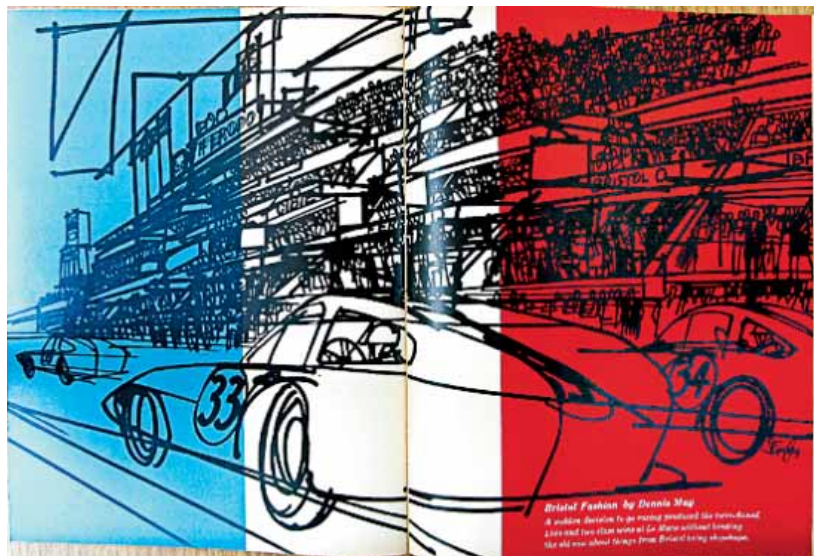
After Bill's tenure, our advertising director walked into our offices escorting David E. Davis Jr., a tall, imposing man dressed in a dark double-breasted suit and tightly knotted tie. His mustache was waxed, and his face was scarred as a result of a sports-car-racing accident. Under Dave's guidance, the entire editorial staff was slowly and purposefully changed. One day I realized I was the only one left from the original crew. Dave proved to be

the right man at the right time. New York was then moving into an exciting period in communications. There was Bill Bernbach, for instance, whose VW ads would lead the way in that medium, and there was Clay Felker, an exponent of the New Journalism in the *Herald Tribune's* magazine, *New York*. Dave demanded that the magazine's writing leave behind provincial car-enthusiast mannerisms and join the broader world of letters. I took the cue, following the lead of the great designers of the day—Milton Glaser, George Lois, and Herb Lubalin.

After a great run at *Car and Driver*, Dave left in 1966 and I along with him. We started the David E. Davis Group, producing ads and promotions and consulting work. It was fun while it lasted, but when Dave was offered the opportunity to become the creative director of Campbell-Ewald in Detroit, he up and left. I continued with a freelance "specialty magazine" consulting business in New York.

Later, I was asked to rejoin *Car and Driver* during Leon Mandel's editorship. When it came to producing a magazine, Leon believed in the theory of the absolute separation of church and state, to the point that no ad salesmen were allowed into his office! He also saw his role as road-testing cars with brutal honesty—thus the infamous Opel road test and a bunch of lost advertising. The idea and execution of the Opel-in-the-junkyard photo was actually my doing.

Our next editor was Gordon Jennings, who assigned a cover on auto theft. On that cover, I depicted a young punk standing next to a black Corvette in front of a dark background. Gordon wrote the blurb, "I got my Corvette free." Although the cover was inspired by the style of George Lois's *Esquire* covers at the time and was not



Bristol 450, February 1962

totally original, it is still one of my favorites.

In 1971 Bob Brown moved up from managing editor to editor. Bob took the job seriously—some said too seriously. However, it was Bob who made a concerted effort to bring humor to the magazine with articles by William Jeanes and Bruce McCall. Brown also introduced radio and film personality Jean Shepherd to our readers.

Many contributors helped make *Car and Driver* special. I met Ken Dallison in the reception room at Ziff-Davis. One look at his portfolio of black-and-white pen-and-ink drawings—one of a discarded beer can rendered so beautifully that it rose to high art—and I knew he had to work for us. Ken later produced his first full-color illustration for an Indy 500 cover and a brilliant portfolio of a dozen racing drivers, including two of my favorites, Nuvolari and Fangio.

Artists Paul Coker Jr. and David Grove deserve honorable mentions. Race photographers Jesse Alexander, Pete Biro, and Flip Schulke and feature photos Humphrey Sutton, Doug Mesney, and David Gittens stand out as well. I worked with fellow designer Noel Werrett—a tall, slender bearded English-

man—in friendly competition. I think he would agree that we both profited from this relationship and had a good time along the way.

Back to Bob. In 1974, he moved on to *Sports Illustrated*. By then I felt that magazines, in general, had taken a direction I was not in tune with, so I hooked up again with David E. in Detroit to start a new career in advertising at Campbell-Ewald, working on the Chevrolet account.

If we succeeded, if there was a magic *Car and Driver* formula, it was simply this: We were always trying to outdo one another.

Gene Butera worked as C/D's art director from 1960 to 1975, "with a couple years off working as a magazine consultant." He then spent 16 years at Campbell-Ewald in Detroit before retiring. He now is deeply involved in fine-art photography, and his work has been exhibited in galleries in Michigan, Utah, and Massachusetts. He currently lives in Amherst, Massachusetts.



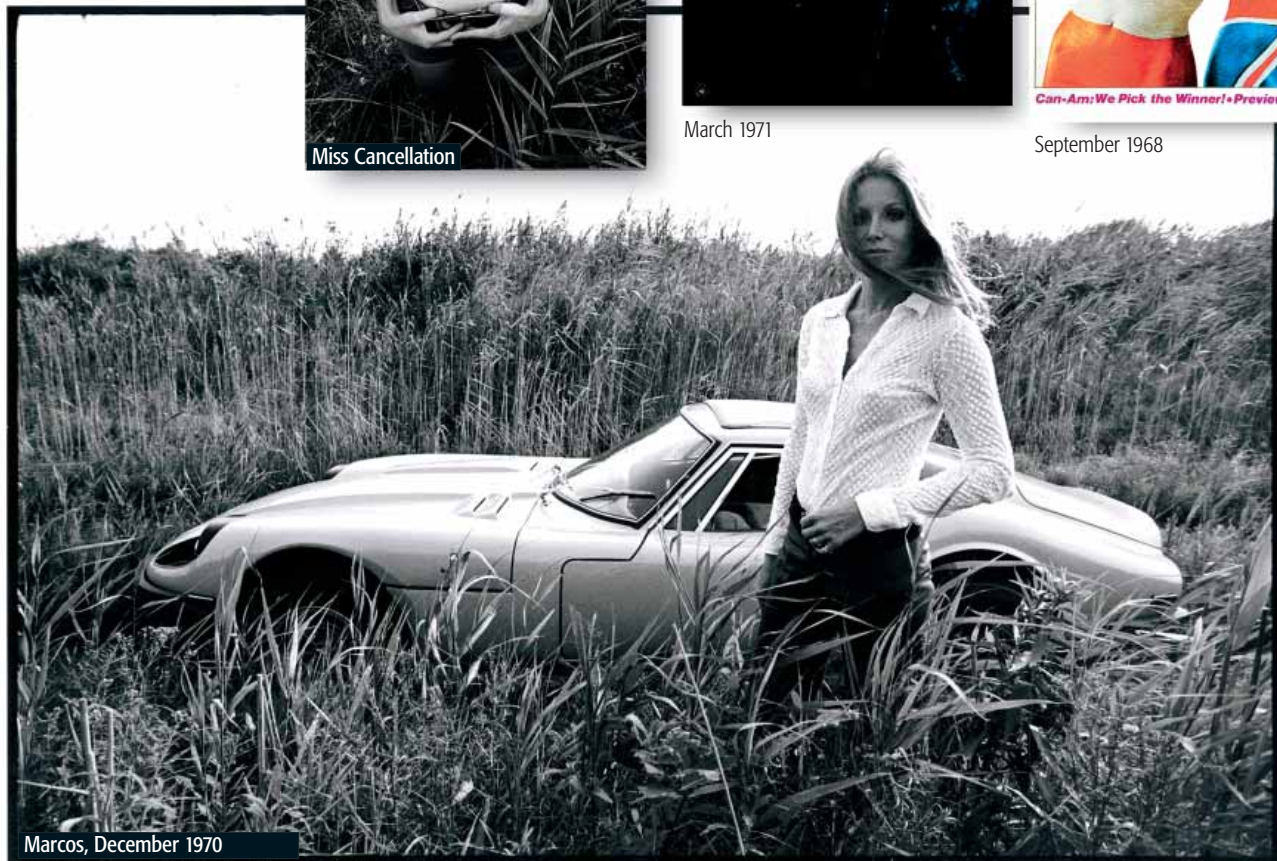
Miss Cancellation



March 1971

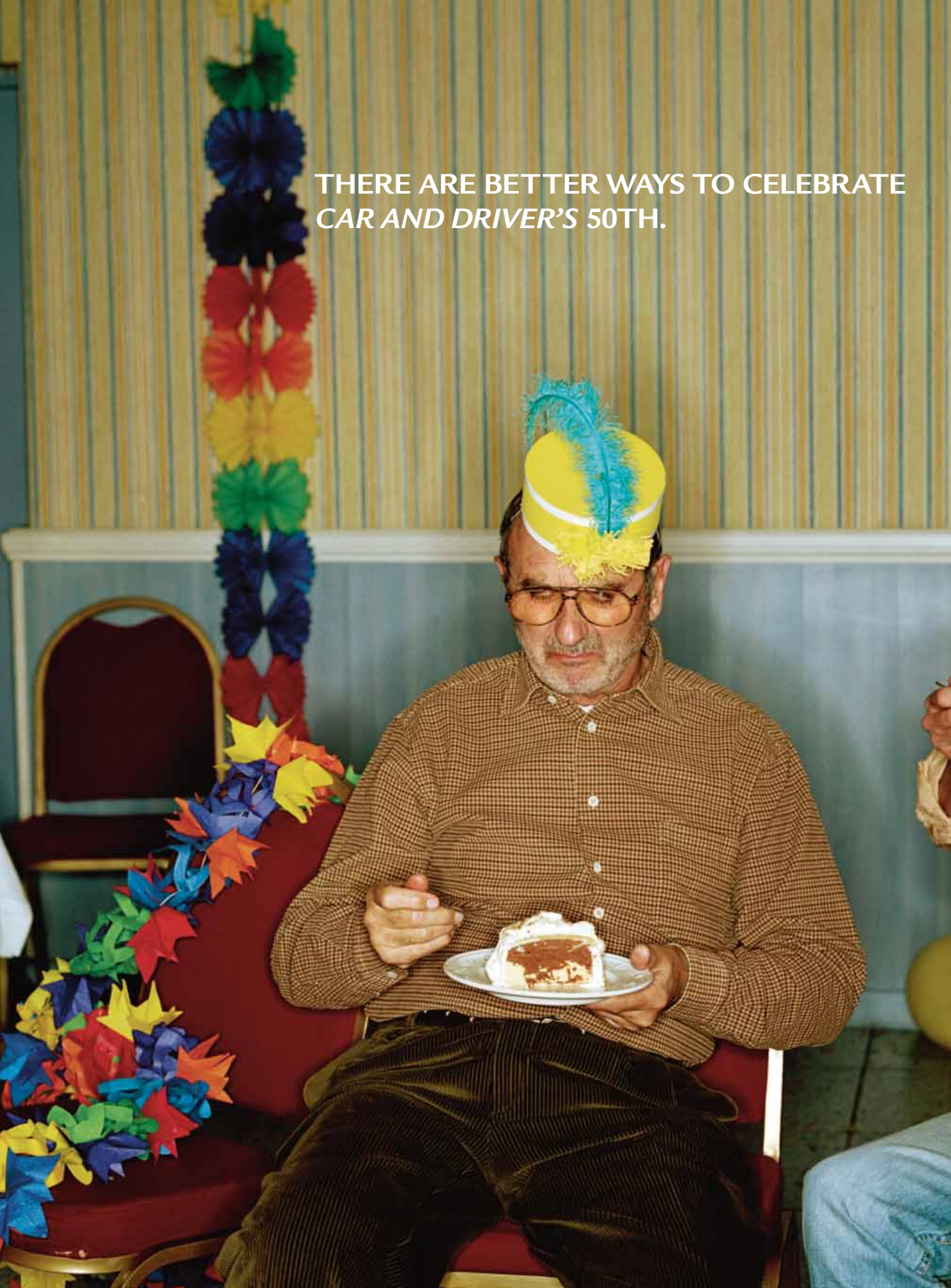


September 1968



Marcos, December 1970

THERE ARE BETTER WAYS TO CELEBRATE
CAR AND DRIVER'S 50TH.





Skull Sessions

With race drivers succumbing to skull fractures left and right, *SCI* publishes a two-part feature depicting damaged helmets and the head injuries that have accrued. "We hesitated before committing the article to type," warns editor Christy. "We do not deal in sensationalism, and this report is probably the most sensational article ever to appear in an automotive magazine." The story, written by George Snively, the first director of the Snell Foundation, describes the results of one of the first scientific tests of racing helmets. It may have been dry, but it was timely.

In response to a reader who complains that *SCI* is veering from its purist roots, the managing editor replies: "While *SCI* stayed on a steady diet of just production machinery, the magazine was close to foundering. Due to the introduction of modified cars, specials, and hop-up techniques, *SCI* has grown to become the world's largest-selling sports-car magazine and, in one year's time under present management, has gone from a position deep in the red to solid black. Our circulation has more than doubled since the purchase by Ziff-Davis."

A Triumph TR3 costs \$2625, and a Dodge Coronet Lancer is \$54 more. *July 1957*

Sports-Car Literature 101

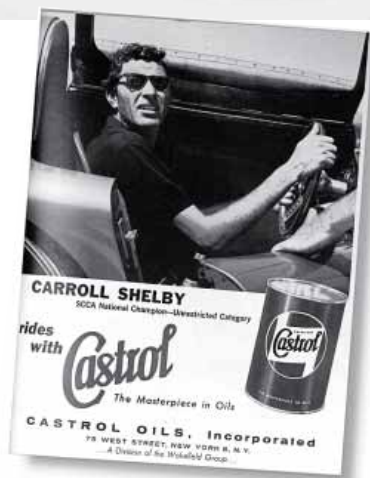
Only 26 issues into *SCI*'s history, former editor Ken Purdy pens an eloquent tribute to the recently deceased Marquis de Portago. It represents the magazine's first piece of thoughtful, in-depth, personal journalism, warts and all, and is a radical departure from the standard car-enthusiast response of heaping hyperbolic praise on all fallen heroes. *August 1957*

So, Do You Get Paid to Pose for Ads?

SCI spins off its first *Buyer's Guide*, comprising "the 10 most popular sports cars: Corvette, Thunderbird, AC Ace, Austin-Healy 100-Six, Jaguar XK140MC, MGA, Mercedes-Benz 190SL, Morgan TR-3, Porsche 1600, and Triumph TR3."

A full-page Castrol ad depicts the rugged visage of a skinny young man named Carroll Shelby, SCCA national champion. Shel looks like someone who might do something very crazy.

November 1957



You Guess the Price! Again!

SCI tests a 1958 Corvette with the injected 250-horse 283, recording a quarter-mile dash of 15.7 seconds at 90 mph. "The acceleration is quite breathtaking," the editors gush, adding that the Corvette's sloppy "bucket-style seats are the best argument for seatbelts we've seen." Again, there's no mention of price. "Check with your Chevrolet dealer," the magazine obliquely suggests. "GM says they're all independent businessmen who are free to set their own prices." Although the editors have not revealed a price, the car nonetheless becomes an *SCI* "Best Buy." *December 1957*

Was It the Helmets?

In September 1957, the \$800,000 Riverside International Raceway holds its first event, evidently quite a spectacle. An MGA driver is killed when he slams into the embankment in Turn Six. A motorcycle rider crashes in Turn One and is "still unconscious as of this writing." And handsome Carroll Shelby is seriously wounded when, "screaming into Turn Six during the first lap of practice, he rammed the embankment at high speed. Hospital sources revealed that 70 stitches and minor plastic surgery were needed to repair Shelby's face." He's still available to pose for ads, however.

For \$5, you can buy a Diners Club card, and for \$295 you can buy a swoopy fiberglass body that bolts atop a VW Beetle chassis—two phenomena that will change the American landscape.

January 1958

FOR EXAMPLE,
TEST DRIVING THE
2006 FORD FUSION.



ENTER TO WIN THE FORD FUSION
DREAM EDITOR EXPERIENCE.

Celebrate *CAR and DRIVER*'s 50th anniversary by getting behind the wheel of an exciting new example of what Ford is all about. The Fusion. Here's your chance to be one of the first to drive the Fusion at an official Ford press event in Los Angeles. You'll be a part of the media glitz, meet the designers and engineers, even do your very own review of the car to be published in a future issue. Enter to win at www.caranddriver.com/fusion.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. A PURCHASE DOES NOT INCREASE YOUR CHANCE OF WINNING. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. All entries must be received by July 8, 2005. Visit www.caranddriver.com/fusion for complete rules.



FUSION

Built for the road ahead.

fordvehicles.com



KEN DALLISON

A LOOSE AND SHAKY LINE

I'm from England but began my art career in Toronto in the mid-'50s. I was fired by one of the top studios for having a "loose and shaky line," a label they attached after seeing my pen-and-ink sketches. So in 1961 in New York City, I made an appointment with the art director of *Car and Driver*, Gene Butera.

It was imperative that I shoot roll after roll of film, from which I'd later make collages that would become references for my line drawings.

Little did I realize the importance of that interview. Gene was interested in my shaky drawings, particularly of Raymond Loewy, Studebakers, Cadillacs, and a Ford Crown Victoria convertible, turquoise and white. He generously agreed to give me a few assignments. To my delight, I found that Butera would take in a bundle of colored drawings on scraps of paper, patched here and there, without complaint. Later, when I'd open up the printed issue, I'd be shocked by how his layout had elevated the look of my work, perfectly expressing what I'd intended. He was a true expert in the use of design and type and was always an encouraging force. For instance, he was the first art director who didn't mind my sketching "out of the box." That is, Gene encouraged drawings to bleed right off the page, out of the live area, and he'd insist they be printed that way, rather than

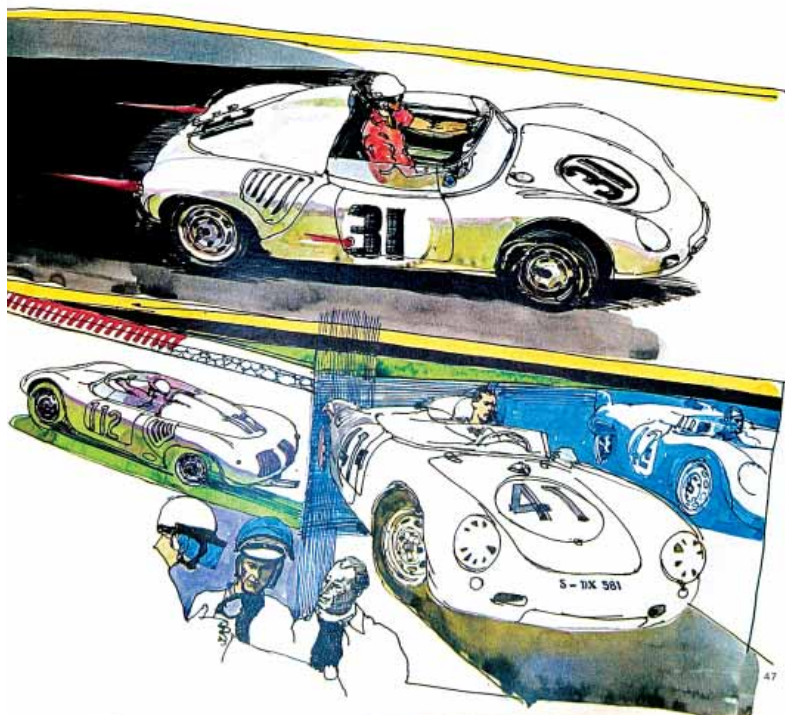
tidied up with symmetrical margins. He was my mentor, but he also taught me discipline. If I delivered late, I'd feel the wrath of his Sicilian heritage.

My favorite assignment as an artist was when I accompanied writer Warren Weith on

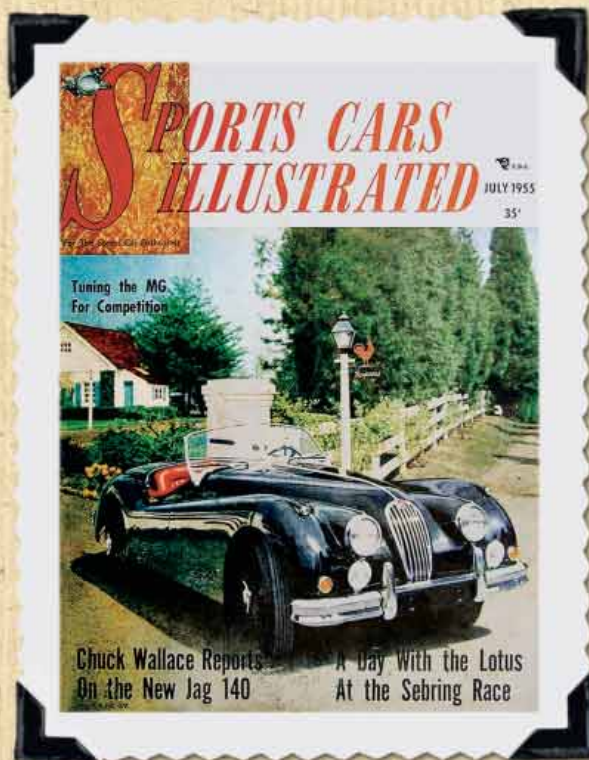


a story covering the Kirk White auction in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. It was quite a pretentious affair—a perfect sunny day, with massive striped tents in a picturesque locale. Participants received a gingham-lined wicker basket filled with baked chicken, salad, and a bottle of champagne.

Warren and I chose a table close to the auction but not inside the tent itself. I remember trying to be social, but it was imperative that I shoot roll after roll of film, from which I'd later make collages that, in turn, would become references for my line drawings. I heard the auctioneer's gavel knock down time and again, through the thin sides of the tent. But whenever I looked up, there was no sign of Warren. I remember watching a Duesenberg and a Ferrari 250LM roll through—the Duesenberg didn't meet reserve at \$85,000, but the LM sold for \$11,000. The auctioneer finally got down to a Facel Vega, a Jensen, and a massive Austin Princess limo in great condition and expected to bring \$11,000. But the crowd by then was thin



First issue of
Car and Driver,
(formerly *Sports
Cars Illustrated*),
circa 1955.



First Suzuki
automobile,
circa 1955.



Baby pictures.

It's been an exciting, amazing 50 years. Congratulations *Car and Driver*.

MAKE THE SMART MOVE



and the bleachers empty. Still no Warren, and I was wondering what the great wordsmith was going to write about.

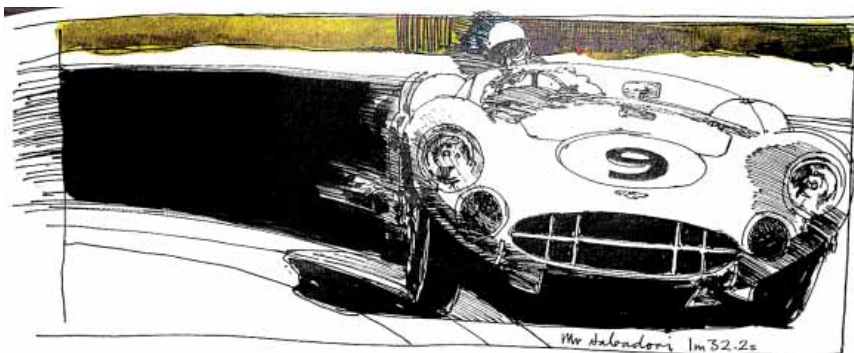
When the article appeared, Butera had performed another of his many miraculously creative layouts—seeing my drawings so elegantly displayed was a high point of my career. Even more surprising was the accompanying text, with Warren delivering his usual intriguing weave of words, perfectly capturing the auction's excitement. All my worry had been for naught. Warren, it turns out, had merely positioned himself directly *behind* the auctioneer, out of everyone's sight, where he listened intently through the canvas, gathering more than enough material for his story. After that, I stopped worrying about writers.

From *C/D*'s New York days I have many fond memories of wandering over to the Guardsman on Lexington Avenue, a favorite

editorial drinking location. They had Watneys Red on tap—a huge comfort to my British origins—and I'd engage in a challenging game of darts with Butera's assistant, Noel Werrett. For some reason, Noel always won.

With my wife and four children, I lived on Long Island for 15 years before returning to Canada. A great run while it lasted.

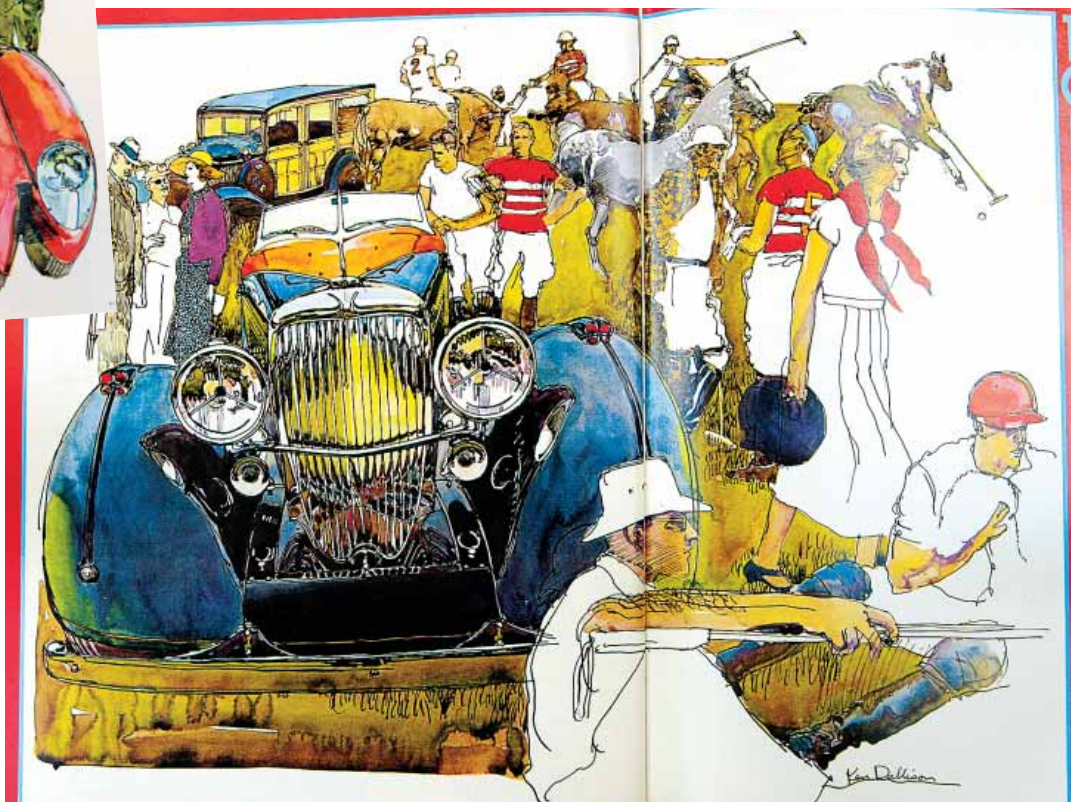
Ken Dallison has drawn for C/D since he and his mentor, art director Gene Butera, met in New York in 1961. Dallison is not mechanically minded, he hates taking things apart, and he's afraid of speed, but he's mesmerized by fanaticism, obsession, and the vehicular ingenuity of man. He now lives with his family in Ontario.



Luigi Chinetti, May 1963



August 1969



TOYO TIRES CELEBRATING 60 YEARS



SHADES OF PERFORMANCE

FREE DRAGON™ SUNGLASSES* WITH PURCHASE

To help celebrate our 60th Anniversary, we're giving you the gifts. Just buy any set of four Toyo high-performance Proxes T1R™, Proxes T1-S™, Proxes 4™, or Proxes S/T™ tires and receive a FREE pair of men's or women's Dragon™ sunglasses, MSRP value up to \$90! See your local participating Toyo dealer for details. Offer valid July 1, 2005 through September 5, 2005.

*Sunglass models may vary depending on availability.

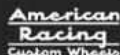


CATCH OUR DRIFT SWEEPSTAKES!

YOU COULD WIN THIS CUSTOM 2005 FORD MUSTANG GT!

Speaking of celebrating 60 years of performance, one lucky winner will drive off in this high-performing 2005 Ford Mustang GT. Don't miss your chance – enter today at www.toyosweeps.com. Sweepstakes valid June 1, 2005 through December 31, 2005.

NO PURCHASE OR PAYMENT OF ANY KIND IS NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN. A purchase will not improve your chances of winning. Sweepstakes offer valid in the 50 United States and D.C. only. Void where prohibited. Must be age 18 or older as of 6/1/05 with valid driver's license to enter or win. Entry deadline is 5 p.m. Pacific Time on 12/31/05. Odds of winning depend on the total number of eligible entries received. There is one (1) prize with an approximate retail value of \$24,000. The prize vehicle will have been driven approximately 12,000 miles when awarded. Drifting is illegal and is a dangerous sport. Sweepstakes is subject to the official rules. For entry details and official rules, go to www.toyosweeps.com.



PROXES 4™

PROXES T1-S™

THE ALL-NEW
PROXES T1R™

PROXES S/T™

TOYO TIRES®
DRIVEN TO PERFORM™



*Source: 2004 Tire Review magazine survey of independent tire dealers, Consumer Tire Segment.

What, No MGA?

SCI tests a Plymouth Fury coupe and concludes that "Detroit is catching up with good European practice." But the same issue also includes a test of the Triumph TR3, whose acceleration (0 to 60 in 12.6 seconds) is described as "neck-snapping." Of the Triumph, the editors conclude, "You get the feeling that if you own a Triumph for 100 years, nothing is going to fall off." Here, finally, is proof that the staff is drinking as early as 10 a.m.

SCI moves from Madison Avenue to One Park Avenue. *March 1958*

Is a Bolide the Sport Version?

The editors remain unmoved by the Ford Thunderbird, calling the '58 iteration "a controversial concept." West Coast editor Griff Borgeson adds, "In a tight bend at high speed, even the license plate leans."

Readers still haven't been told what a Corvette costs, but they are informed in ads that they can buy an Arnolt-Bristol Bolide for \$4250 and an Austin-Healey Sprite for \$1795. Someone at SCI's tiller is evidently paying attention, because the price of road-tested cars begins appearing. *April 1958*

It Has Two Steering Wheels?

In another over-the-top MGA test—this time a 107-hp twin-cam roadster—editor Christy concludes,

"The potential . . . will be limited only by the potential of the man behind the wheel and of the man who has charge of the horses under the hood." Question: Shouldn't those two guys be the same person?

October 1958

Secondary Stirrings of Passion

Chevrolet introduces the '59 Impala, which the manufacturer claims is "new down to its tougher Tyrex cord tires" and whose V-8 is now "vim-packed." There must be vim aplenty, because SCI's editors work up a serious devotion to small-block V-8s, which they install in everything from a Jag D-type to a Vignale-bodied Ferrari coupe to an MG TD to a Renault Dauphine. They wax ecstatic about a Chevy Del Ray coupe with a 315-hp "law enforcement" V-8. "If you play around with it," notes Borgeson, "you get about six miles per gallon."

In a feature story, SCI asks, "Is This the Next Corvette?"—a question we will ask often in coming decades. The drawing accompanying the piece suggests the car will resemble a cross between an Amphicar and a Datsun 240Z, proving one thing: When we ask the readers any question at all, we really *don't* know the answer.

A "fire resistant" cotton racing suit

becomes available. Price: \$19.95. Carroll Shelby buys one.

January–March 1959

Back Then, "Built in Japan" Was a Bad Thing

For the first time, SCI alludes (somewhat sarcastically) to a car built in Japan, a "basic-transportation-class Datsun 1000, a car of basically English design" with a reverse-pattern column-mounted shifter. "The engine develops 37 horsepower, which is just barely adequate for the weight of almost 2400 pounds. [The Datsun's] only advantage seems to lie in its ruggedness and simplicity."

Whiter, higher-quality paper is being used to accommodate color ads, mostly for Jaguar, and the size of the magazine rises from 68 pages to 100. Newsstand price climbs to 50 cents. The cover subject remains unpredictable—one month a rudimentary illustration of a hero driver, the next an engine or out-of-focus sports car. *May 1959*

Blimey! Back to Morris Garages

Readers are outraged that various of their beloved sports cars have been polluted by Chevy V-8s. Editor Christy responds by writing a six-page feature on the MGA Twin Cam—including the magazine's most detailed cutaway to date—then throws in a bonus three-page feature on *how to drive the MGA*, just in case 79.5 horsepower is too much for the average reader to handle.

The first ad appears for a Japanese car—a Toyopet Crown Custom sedan, which looks just like it sounds. *June 1959*

One Lap of the Coffee Machine

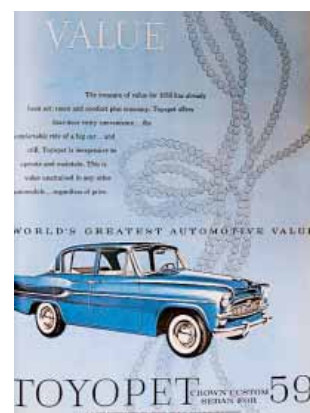
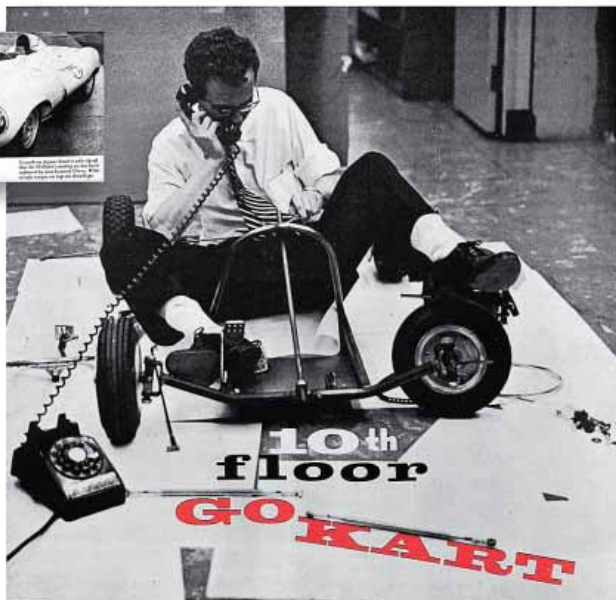
The magazine builds a project car—a Triumph TR3 "set up for racing without destroying its ability to haul groceries." Which, when translated, means "a Triumph for racing."

Zora Arkus-Duntov describes his wild road-racing Corvette SS as "just a cobbled-up special," the first of many whoppers he and Carroll Shelby will lay on the editors.

The editors go insane over a \$148 invention previously unknown to them. It is called a go-kart, which arrives as a kit that SCI's staff immediately assembles in the 10th-floor Manhattan office. *July 1959*

But What Happened to the Toyopet?

A fictional feature appears called



Toyopet. Looks just like it sounds.

The go-kart craze begins.

OUR ANNUAL BUYER'S GUIDE: OVER 300 SPECIES
HORSE AND JOCKEY

EXCLUSIVE!
'06 BURRO
THE UGLY
BUT FUNCTIONAL
WORKHORSE



HORSEPOWER
SHOOTOUT

NEW HYBRID >



SADDLE COMPARO: Best Bang For Your Butt.

Where would we be without you? Happy 50th Anniversary, *Car and Driver*.



SHIFT_



DAVID E. DAVIS JR.

GTO VS. GTO: OUR INTENTIONS WERE THE BEST

"GTO versus GTO" in the March 1964 issue was a turning point in the history of *Car and Driver*. It is remembered and discussed to this day, and the response it triggered among car enthusiasts took the magazine to another level.

It began with a phone call from Jim Wangers at Pontiac's advertising agency, McManus, John and Adams. Jim was an interesting guy who wore a number of hats. His agency job involved merchandising and sales promotion

for Pontiac. He drag-raced Pontiacs in NHRA. He was one of the godfathers of illegal street racing on Detroit's Woodward Avenue. He was involved with John De Lorean's brother George in a speed shop that modified Pontiacs, and he was also involved with Royal Pontiac, a dealership that sold specially tuned Pontiac GTOs called Royal Bobcats. He was phoning to suggest that we run a Pontiac GTO against a Ferrari GTO at some suitable venue.

We had been discussing the new Pontiac GTO almost daily during the previous couple of weeks, and Wangers's call came at an opportune moment. We accepted his offer and took two GTOs with Royal Bobcat tuning to Daytona International Speedway. Try as we might, however, we were unable to get our

hands on a Ferrari GTO. We drove one of the two test Pontiacs from Detroit to Manhattan, where it was driven by the entire staff for a week of fun and frolic, then driven down to Daytona Beach. We were impressed by the Pontiac. That certainly comes through in the story. However, our enthusiasm was somewhat overblown, and I think

everyone involved would now concede that we allowed Pontiac and Mr. Wangers to slip us a couple of ringers as test cars. If I were to learn at this late date that the engines were built up on 421-cubic-inch Pontiac blocks instead of the original-

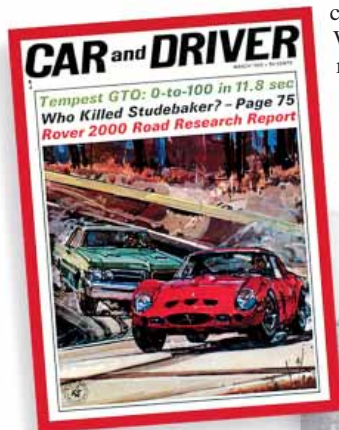
equipment 389s, I wouldn't drop dead in astonishment. Certainly, the dozen or so Pontiac GTOs that we drove after that were never as fast as the cars we took to Daytona.

A couple years later, driving a Pontiac GTO, I had an impromptu drag race with a Ferrari GTO on the Connecticut Turnpike. It was a blustery day with rain squalls blowing through, and the road surface was less than optimal. I eased into the throttle and got quite a nice launch. The Ferrari driver slid his foot off the clutch at, I'll bet, something around 4000 rpm and got massive rear-wheel hop. While he tried to cope, I got a four-length lead, which I held to something over 100 mph, at which speed my Pontiac was approaching the end of its rear-axle ratio. The Ferrari then passed me and disappeared down the road as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

Nevertheless, and taken whole, it was a great experience, even if we never got hold of a Ferrari. The Pontiac GTO became a huge success, and so did *Car and Driver*. I got to have dinner with NASCAR founder Bill France while we were at Daytona. He was still running things then, and very much at the top of his game. We ate at a restaurant in Ormond Beach and halfway through our meal saw the great Tom McCahill, old and frail, making his way toward the door. McCahill was one of the great ones. Brock Yates puts him right at the top of the automotive-journalist heap. I like to think that McCahill, who never let the facts stand in the way of an outrageous metaphor, would have approved of our GTO story.

Our intentions were the best. We did not set out to do a puff piece on the Pontiac GTO, and had we been able to get our hands on a Ferrari GTO, we would have run them head-to-head and published the results without fudging. As it was, we were committed, and as we invested more and more of the magazine's meager resources in the project, it became less and less possible to extricate ourselves. We had already commissioned Tom Quinn to do the cover illustration, and we were obsessed. (The late, great William B. Ruger Sr. once said, "The definition of obsession is continuing to pursue your original objective after you have forgotten what it was.") The text of the piece was actually rather bland and did attempt to set the record straight as to the comparison that never took place. Somehow, those legions of readers missed all the disclaimers and remain convinced to this day that we did run a Pontiac GTO against a Ferrari GTO, and the Pontiac won.

Our enthusiasm was somewhat overblown, and I think everybody involved would now concede that we allowed Pontiac and Mr. Wangers to slip us a couple of ringers.



Ladies and gentlemen, start your travelogues.

Congratulations, *Car and Driver*, on 50 years of success. We enjoyed giving you your first ride in a luxury SUV, and look forward to filling your travelogues for the next 50 years. For more information about the new Land Rover LR3, visit landroverusa.com.



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LAND ROVER LR3



"What Happens When Detroit Builds a Three-Liter Pignatelli?" It is intended to be funny—a rare thing in car mags of the day—but isn't. Far funnier are the reviews surrounding it, dedicated to the likes of the Borgward RS, Renault Caravelle, Singer Series II convertible, and NSU Prinz.

August–September 1959

Aren't Interstates Anti-British?

In his column, editor Christy objects to congressional legislation proposing a 7.5-percent tax on cars imported to America. The tax is intended to protect Detroit and also fund the abhorning interstate-highway system. Christy calls it "congressional nonsense." His tirade represents the magazine's first piece of sociopolitical commentary. It will not be the last.

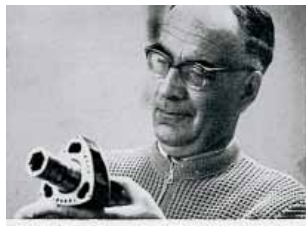
To celebrate the new interstate freeways, Christy publishes yet another MGA road test after "a round trip of some 2000 miles . . . on the recently opened network of turnpikes and tollways." How fun must that have been?

October 1959

Didn't Nader Notice the Go-Kart?

SCI's Karl Ludvigsen takes a look at "Chevrolet's Volkswagen"—the new air-cooled Corvair—which he describes as "the most profoundly revolutionary car . . . ever offered by a major manufacturer."

In a test of Ford's Falcon (0 to 60 in 25.1 seconds, top speed of 84 mph), the editors reach consensus



Fritz Wankel holds the results of 37 years' study and development work. This rotor, one of the two moving parts of his incredible engine.

TOMORROW

A handful of years ago a brilliant mathematician arose from his desk, picking up a chair of papers interlarded with charts and computations. He had set himself the task of calculating the best theoretical construction for an internal combustion engine, and, to his own satisfaction, he had succeeded. However, Dr. Felix Wankel had no earthly idea of such an engine. He needed a company. Like com-

That's Mr. Wankel.

that this homely sedan "is not meant to be a race car."

Jesse Alexander's report on the German Grand Prix includes a scary photo of Hans Herrmann being thrown clear of his pinwheeling BRM, which the editors reckon is "perhaps an argument against seatbelts."

November 1959

The Engineers Ascend to Power

The hippie-dippy '60s begin with the installation of engineer Ludvigsen as editor. He promptly creates the Road Research Report, which doesn't research roads but does extend the test coverage of "cars we feel are unusually significant." The first RRR spans eight pages and is dedicated to a \$3000 Sunbeam Alpine, which Ludvigsen sarcastically calls "the

Thunderbird of the Rootes line." Technical charts, graphs, and scientific-looking drawings abound, as do photos of the car's interior—never a great priority before—as Ludvigsen struggles to ensure that tests become more objective.

The magazine also interviews a curious little German fellow with an eccentric idea for an engine: Felix Wankel. January–February 1960

Is This Beetle Thing Here to Stay?

Gene Butera takes over as art director [see his essay on page 136], just as the magazine is exuding a more unified and cohesive feel from month to month. Butera kicks off his tenure with an aggressive layout introducing "The Brothers Rodriguez" and manages to insert the first four-color editorial photo of a car—a Sunoco-blue Echidna racer parked in front of a hideous strip mine.

VW runs the first of its award-winning ads ("Think Small" and "Lemon") and points out that a new front fender for its Beetle—120,000 of which were purchased by Americans the year prior—costs only \$21.75.

May 1960

Isn't Esquire Just Down the Block?

In honor of a feature devoted to America's new freeways, Butera designs an avant-garde stylized traffic jam for the cover. Nothing like it has ever adorned a car magazine.

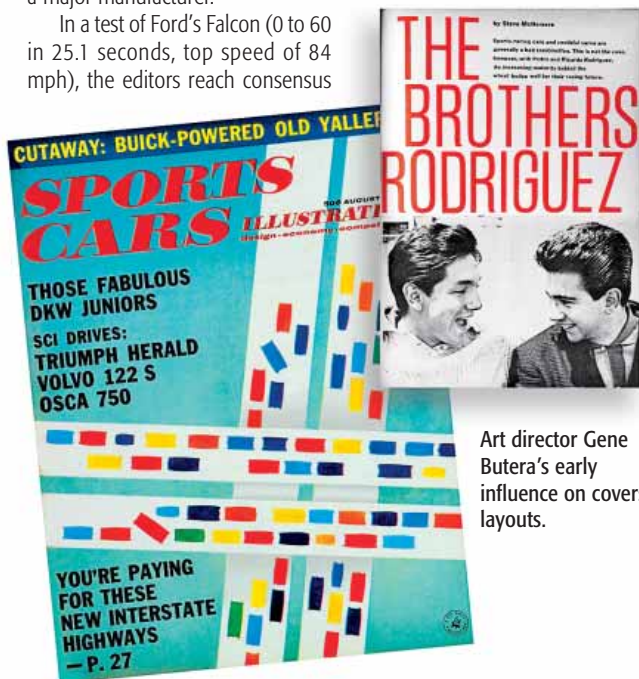
The editors run a feature called "Roads Away From Rome." It is not only one of the magazine's first travel features but also tacit admission that cars can sometimes be enjoyed away from the racetrack, a previous SCI obsession. September 1960

Non-Darwinian Evolution

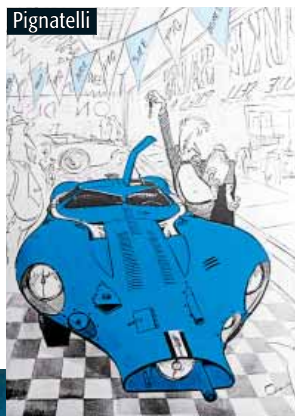
Under the SCI logo appears a blurb describing the contents thus: "Magazine of Car and Driver." Ludvigsen explains that three of that month's featured cars aren't true sports cars, thus the need for a new tag. But there's more to it than that.

Writer Bill Carroll refers to Pontiac's new Tempest—complete with transaxle and optional aluminum V-8—as "Detroit's most modern car . . . maybe the hottest compact of 1961."

For the first time, the magazine takes a look at drag racing, after a "slingshot" called the Chizler logs a 200-mph quarter-mile pass. The dragster's engine is fitted with Chrysler cylinder heads "in order to get their fine hemispheric combustion chambers"—the early days of what will become the Hemi's appar-



Art director Gene Butera's early influence on covers, layouts.



Hans Herrmann tumbles from his BRM.



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PATRICK BEDARD

PUTTING POWER TO PAPER

Is *C/D* about cars, or is it about words? I went into my job interview—the magazine needed a technical editor—thinking the former. In the next 20 minutes, Leon Mandel changed everything but the wallpaper in my mind. He convinced me that words had more power than nukes, and that putting ideas and emotions and truths on paper, and getting those words exactly right so readers *cared*, was a divine calling.

As for the cars, they were merely topics.

He didn't say a writer's craft is easy. Indeed, he despaired over his own efforts. Writing, he said, was a life of lonely struggle; it never gets easy.

I think it was the "lonely struggle" part that got me. My Pennsylvania Dutch mother, out on that Iowa prairie farm, embraced every lonely struggle she could find. I inherited her lonely-struggle gene.

I came to the magazine with two engineering degrees, with five years' experience creating cars, with the hot blood of an avid racer. I thought bull sessions with other staffers would come easily. They didn't. I remember standing outside a cluster of editors: David E. Davis Jr. and Gordon Jennings, both columnists, and Brock Yates, on one of his occasional visits to the city. The banter was quick and writerly. Someone tossed up an expression Davis had recently laced into his column—"stoned as a peach-orchard billy goat." They all guffawed in admiration.

I remembered reading exactly that phrase as a subscriber in Detroit and puzzling over it. Was there real meaning buried inside? Or just word-play? I had nothing to say in that group. I wasn't a writer. I had as much credibility as the coffee-delivery boy.

The assignments came quickly: a portion of the comparison test we did my first week; a full road test on a Porsche 911; then for the next month a Toyota 2000GT, an Olds Toronado, and a Datsun PL510. I was in over my head. At Iowa State I'd taken only the basic English necessary to graduate. The words in my master's thesis came heavy as concrete blocks as I hoisted them into place, one by agonizing one. I wrote the briefest of lab reports back at Chrysler, always in the distant third-person passive voice engineers use to wash away all trace of caring.

Mandel was my lifeline. On

weekends he'd invite me to his house up the Hudson in Ossining, home of Sing Sing prison. "Bring your manuscript," he'd growl. After dinner we'd go over it line by line. He'd pull out words and hold them up to the light. What did I mean, exactly? Was there a better word? He said that for each shade of meaning on the writer's palette there is only one word.

"Each word has its own part number?" I asked. "Get the wrong part and the sentence won't work?" That was my engineer's way of comprehending the writer's craft.

He nodded.

In the office, the water-cooler talk was less about cars than "I read a piece last night—you gotta read it!"

In the staff meetings, deadlines and budgets were infinitely malleable against the promise of "it'll be a good piece." Accusations of past sins were parried with "Was it a good piece? That's all that matters."

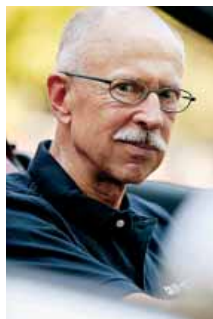
Many bylines, some of them our own contributors', were summarily dismissed in conversations with, "He can't write." When I was out of the room, were they saying that about me? I was insecure. I was an engineer starting at the bottom of a trade where facts were helpful unless they got in the way of a good piece.

Mandel said I could learn by reading. He mentioned authors who moved him. F. Scott Fitzgerald was one. He thought the modern American voice was born with Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, writers of detective stories. Ross Macdonald, too.

I read them. And Hemingway, of course. And Norman Mailer and Philip Roth and Saul Bellow. Tom Wolfe with his machine-gun spray of armor-piercing verbs was new and fun and could not be imitated without leaving obvious tracks back to the original. I appreciated H.L. Mencken for his precise choice of words and for his slashing style in saying the unsayable. Mandel valued sports writers, too, for their switch-it-on creativity against immediate deadlines. I began to notice popular voices: Jimmy Breslin had a splendid ear for New York (I quickly became a New Yorker myself); Roger Angell wrote lovingly about baseball; Russell Baker's columns in the *New York Times* portrayed ideas with Nikon clarity.

This past spring I built a bookcase, sized and stiffened to hold 40 years of *C/D*. Mandel is dead, so we can't commiserate over the lonely struggle. But he was right. Writing is a calling, and I hear no others.

Patrick Bedard started as technical editor at C/D in 1967. Fourteen months later, he was executive editor, considered by Leon Mandel to be "more sensible" than the other editors. In the late '70s, when the magazine moved from New York to Ann Arbor, Bedard was "cut free" to become the first editor-at-large, the title he still holds. "Now we have a truckload of them," he rightly points out.



'Each word has its own part number?' I asked. 'Get the wrong part and the sentence won't work?'



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Congratulations *Car and Driver*. From your first issue to your last, you have always inspired us.



INFINITI

ently inextinguishable celebrity.
October 1960

MG Out. Detroit In.

Publisher W. Bradford Briggs explains that *SCI* has grown from a circulation of 65,323 to 171,767, making it "the world's most widely read magazine for automotive enthusiasts." Briggs says the coverage of the early days—exclusively sports cars and competition events—will now cease and that the name *Car and Driver* will more accurately represent the editorial content, which now even includes a monthly featurette called Detroit Newsletter. What he does not tell readers is this: Detroit is willing to advertise its cars in the magazine only if those cars are featured as often as MGs. This marks the dawn of a long-lived love/hate relationship with Detroit. December 1960

We Are Born—a Breach Birth

We officially become *Car and Driver* in April 1961, and the cover features a Birdcage Maserati that editor Ludvigsen tests. "The frame, and the way it behaves," he writes, "reminded me of a wire-spoke wheel. When it's whole, it's very solid. But when one spoke breaks . . ."

The featured cutaway depicts the open-wheeled Corvette V-8-powered CERV-1, the creation of Chevrolet Engineering and Zora Arkus-Duntov. But the issue contains

only four full-page ads for Detroit-built automobiles. A slow start.

April 1961

British Invasion, Part II

"This is the most exciting sports-car news of 1961," writes Jesse Alexander in his preview of Jaguar's graceful XK-E. With its 265-hp inline-six, the Jag, he predicts, will become the world's fastest production car. "From the aerodynamic standpoint, the car should be capable of no less than 180 mph." Not really, Jesse.

May 1961



Test driver Herman Gwilt has reason to look pleased. Seated right, this new production two-seater will wrap the needle off the dial of its 160-mph speed! Read the details in *C/D*'s exclusive test report.
JAGUAR'S SENSATIONAL XKE!
by Jesse Alexander
This is the most exciting sports car news of 1961. In this January, Jaguar Managing Director Sir William Lyons gave the go-ahead to press its legendary XKE. New York's International Automobile Show. With creative styling of racing as Le Mans and road racing in England's MIRA prove as ground. Jaguar is finally building a sports car directly descended from its competitive expertise. The sleek XKE will be available in about six weeks from both months covered by the 1961 *C/D*. S.

Less an Assassin Than a Vandal

Chrysler experiments with a turbine-powered Plymouth sedan. "Against the Wankel engine and this kind of competition," states an overly enthused Ludvigsen, "it's no longer a question of which will win but how long the 99-year-old piston engine will last!"

The magazine publishes a spoof suggesting that Stirling Moss is actually a robot constructed secretly by the British government. The story is

funny, if a little long. More important, it is written by a young freelancer named Brock Yates, who has yet to utter the word "Cannonball" or clap eyes on Burt Reynolds. June 1961

Don't Rear Engines, Like, Fall Out?

Ferrari installs a 190-hp V-6 engine in the rear of its latest F1 racer, and Ludvigsen presciently writes: "*C/D* salutes the now-extinct front-engined Grand Prix car."

In its ads, Buick refers to its new Skylark as "Dynamite From Dreamsville."

Carbuilders Dick Troutman and Tom Barnes build a V-8 sports car for their Texas patron Jim Hall. They call it the Chaparral.

July–September 1961

He Ought to Open a Driving School

Pontiac advertises its new Tempest LeMans and, in the headline, feels obliged to teach Americans how to say that word: "Luh-mahnz."

The editors make a big show of what promises to be a knockout 11-page comparo. The 265-horse Jag XK-E (\$5670) will be pitted against the 327-cubic-inch, 360-horse Corvette (which *C/D* says costs \$3887 but is actually \$1000 more

expensive). The battle of the Titans? Nope. The story merely comprises two separate road tests, published back-to-back, followed by limp coverage of a coincidental sports-car race in which an E-type is trounced by an aggressive Corvette driver named Bob Bondurant. It will not be the last time our editors hype a comparison test that isn't.

December 1961

From Editor Karl to PR Karl

Sixty-thousand fans jam into Watkins Glen to watch Innes Ireland drive his Lotus to victory in the U.S. GP. One of the backmarkers is a well-groomed, aristocratic young Chevy dealer driving a Telar-Cooper. His name is Roger Penske.

In his monthly column, Ludvigsen bids farewell to *C/D* and announces he's joining GM's public-relations staff. And yet, when readers flip to the next page, the first letter to the editor is from GM's PR staff, and it's none other than Karl, writing to correct the inaccurate prices listed for the Corvette tested in *C/D*'s previous issue—for which Karl was responsible.

January–February 1962

We Hear He Has a Temper, Too

Sprint-car driver A.J. Foyt, winner



Car and Driver is officially born.

Chrysler's turbine:
The piston engine's days are
surely numbered.





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STEVE SMITH

PARTY LIKE IT'S 1967

The party was peaking at 1 a.m. when there was a knock at the back door of the sprawling shingle-style cottage on Seneca Lake that we rented every year for the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. "Cottage" didn't quite cover it—it had once been a bed-and-breakfast and had about a dozen bedrooms. And "party" was an understatement, too. The annual *Car and Driver* party was the place to be the night before the race, a cross between *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar-night party and the gig Nero was playing the night the Vandals sacked Rome.

Trant was driving a borrowed Mini Cooper, lost it, rolled, and totaled the car. Totally totaled it.

Everybody was there. Jim Clark and Graham Hill (who were together on the front row of the grid and would finish one-two in the race), Dan Gurney, Carroll Shelby, Jo Bonnier (always called "Jack Bone-ear" by the track's storied announcer, John Duvall), Jo "Seppi" Siffert, brewing scion Piers Courage, Stirling Moss, Jackie Stewart, Pedro Rodriguez—*tout le monde*, as gonzo journo Tom Wolfe used to say (and who was oft invited but always a no-show).

When the knock came, I was in the kitchen preparing some martini popsicles for the next day's race, so I whipped open the back door. Pitch dark outside. Nobody there. I started to close the door, when a stage whisper came out of the darkness. "Hey, Smith!" I peered into the gloom. It was Trant Jarman, our Detroit ad manager,

lurking in the shadows. He'd left sometime before to get a pack of cigarettes or more booze or another bag of ice or something. "C'mon in," I urged. "No, man. You gotta get David E.," our publisher and maximum leader.

I called Dave and went back to my task. Jarman stepped out of the shadows. "Holy shit!" exploded Dave. Jarman was covered with blood. Drenched in it. He'd come racing down the narrow, twisting access road from Route 414 to the lake front driving a borrowed Mini Cooper, lost it, rolled, and totaled the car. Totally totaled it. When I surveyed the wreckage the next morning, it was spread over a half-acre, and the largest identifiable piece was the starter motor.

Typical. But not unexpected. Just as the Glen's infamous Bog attracted the motorsports equivalent of soccer hooligans (fevered cries of "The Bog wants you!" went up as crowds set fire to vehicles in the infield), the *Car and Driver* party had a certain, uh, rogue element. It could be as innocent as food fights in the cottage kitchen,



There's always joy in Mudville: The bog at Watkins Glen.

KEN BLAKE

but even a casual M-80 fight on the front lawn escalated toward serious warfare when one participant started zinging firecrackers with a slingshot.

Sex, booze, and rock 'n' roll (the Monkees, Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Box Tops, the Buckingham, Tommy James and the Shondells, Strawberry Alarm Clock—whaddya mean, "bubble gum"?). As to sex, well, after years of reigning as the Strikeout King of One Dark Avenue—and determined to get lucky—I brought along a "sure thing"—she was a *stew*, ferchrissake, how could I lose?—only to be rebuffed every time I made a move. I had expected we'd be sharing a room, but when the moment came to retire, it was occupied, as was every room with a door.

Along with a couple dozen partygoers, when the lights finally went out, my lady friend and I bedded down in the vast living room. She occupied one of the couches, while I gallantly slept on the floor beside her to shield her from—what? It was hard to get to sleep, what with my frustration and the loud snoring coming from every corner of the room.

Just as my consciousness was mercifully winking out, I felt a hand slithering down from the couch, groping for my, um, prince of darkness. Soon all of her was slithering down to envelop my throbbing scepter of desire. She was as quiet as a cat, and I bit my lip hard enough to taste blood rather than proclaim, "Ooh, ah, my angel," as I so desperately wanted to. But when she had finished, and I was ready to start breathing again, I noticed that the chorus of snoring had stopped—there wasn't a sound in the room.

Jarman survived. The Glen event lasted through 1980, but the party was long over.

Steve Smith was the editor of *Car and Driver* in the '60s, of *Motor Trend* in the '70s, and of *PC Computing* in the '80s. He's driven everything from the Oscar Mayer Wienermobile to the Rover-BRM Le Mans turbine. He's written three books about computer simulations and now races online under the nom de drive "Toonces."



BETTY ABERLIN

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of the Indy 500, is interviewed. The editors report that this brash and crusty young Texan is considered by USAC to be "the best all-around driver in the organization" and that he evinces "no fear on any track—flat, banked, dirt, or asphalt." He has yet to punch out more than four of his mechanics, though.

The editors refer to Raymond Loewy's new Studebaker Avanti as a "roomy four-seater" that, if priced at about \$4500, will represent "an exceptional buy."

Stirling Moss crashes at Goodwood. He slips in and out of consciousness for weeks and then, still wearing casts, boasts he will drive at the Dutch GP, pointing out, "It's almost all right-hand turns."

June-July 1962

Maybe It'll Just Fall Into the Sea

The magazine publishes a 24-page feature called "The Car in California." It is not the first time the tweedy East Coast scribes have acknowledged the existence of the



Young A.J.

SoCal scene, but it is the first time they've admitted that Californians are largely dictating America's vehicular tastes. *C/D* tips its hat to the likes of Ed Roth, George Barris, the Art Center School, Ed Iskenderian, Mickey Thompson, and Dean Moon. But the story ends on a downer: L.A. is suffering from foul bouts of smoke and fog—now known nationally as "smog"—and the state has created a spooky Motor Vehicle Pollution Control Board to do something about it.

Carroll Shelby, 39, retires from driving. And ABC TV, along with commentator Jim McKay, travels to Monte Carlo to cover the GP. The show is

Buick's newcomer begins a new breed of American auto

Road Test: BUICK RIVIERA



Closer to European "thoroughbreds."

aired quickly—that is, one week later.

August-September 1962

Zora Tells Us His Car Is Great!

C/D praises the '63 Corvette Sting Ray, which is described as "much closer to thoroughbred European sports cars than to the original Corvette introduced in 1953."

"Chevrolet was first to offer a genuine American sports car," we point out. "In its first stage, it was strictly a boulevard job. But Zora Arkus-Duntov had the delightful task of making a real racer out of it . . . and now it has suspension to match its speed potential." Which, Arkus-



and Zora's body shell for the Chevrolet Corvette is the most radical and also the most practical. Today's Corvette Sting Ray is much closer to thoroughbred sports cars than to the original Corvette two-seater introduced in 1953.



The sleek Corvette Sting Ray sports design is only a two-seater but can hold much more of Zora's behind the seat. The hell, accommodate Zora, open the hood

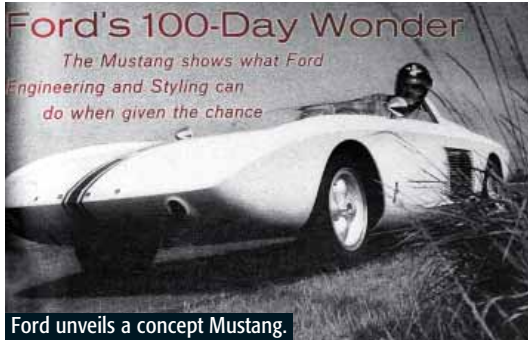
Duntov gladly informs us, is 155 miles per hour.

The magazine is quick to praise "a new breed of American auto" called the Buick Riviera, which offers European styling and "sheer glass" side windows without the usual metal frames. The Riv, we proclaim, "is much closer in concept and execution to the Bentley S-2 Continental than to the Ford Thunderbird." Huh?

In a kind of stream-of-consciousness novella devoted to his convalescence following his Goodwood crash, Stirling Moss writes of his hospital: "I would say that if you're going to drop your brains on the floor, it's



mazda RX-8 It isn't just the doors or four seats that make Mazda RX-8 a sports car like no other. It's the award-winning rotary engine that redlines at a scorching 9,000 RPM*. That glued-to-the-road



best to go to such a place because it has the right vacuum cleaner to pick them up." *October 1962*

Did Anybody Tell Lido About This?

Ford unveils a low-slung, mid-engine V-4-powered show car, which we depict on the cover, although it is difficult to tell whether this 90-hp concept is coming or going. "If Ford should decide to place it in production," the editors warn, "many changes will have to be made." The car is called the Mustang.

December 1962

But Can They Make Lawnmowers?

C/D travels to Japan, walks into the headquarters of a company known for its two-wheeled creations, and interviews an extremely small person who says his name is Soichiro Honda. "I am planning passenger automobiles, sedans and station wagons," the gentleman asserts. "I am not afraid to race our cars. I am convinced that competition will do more to build our sales than any other single factor."

February 1963



DED? Churchill? Hoover?

DED Arrives, but So Does Ol' Shel

Without a word of explanation, David E. Davis Jr. replaces editor William Pain. The newly installed commander in chief arrives just in time to celebrate an AC Ace, whose personality has been radically altered via the insertion of a 260-hp Ford V-8. The \$5995 car is the brainchild of the scar-faced chili-eater and achieves 60 mph in as little as 4.4 seconds. Or so Shelby incorrectly asserts. "The AC Cobra is not as sophisticated or as well integrated as the cars it is competing with, both in

price and in racing classification," *C/D*'s editors observe, referring principally to the Corvette. "It will be interesting to see if the phenomenal performance bias will bring the car off as a commercial success."

In that issue, four full-page ads appear for European imports, *eight* for cars from Detroit. The Ziff-Davis formula appears to be working.

March 1963

Angry Young Men, Bile-Filled Old Men

Just as its "427" is earning a whale of a reputation, GM withdraws from racing. Well, at least from the *appearance* of racing. David E. Davis blames it on the feds: "Various branches of our government are loaded with angry young men and bile-filled old men who'd really like to hang one on General Motors—as a trust, a monopoly, a public-health menace, a hazard to navigation, *anything* to put a stop to all that mon-ey-making."

Davis then writes a feature on the

zoom-zoom

Close all four doors before striking.



feel you get from its coveted 50:50 weight distribution. In fact, everything about this striking sports car makes one point perfectly clear: The Mazda RX-8 truly has no match.

*With manual transmission. Optional accessories shown.





BROCK YATES

I LOVED NEW YORK

Nearly thirty years later I'm still trying to figure out why this magazine left the center of the universe for a pleasant little backwater university burg in the Midwest. Admittedly, much has changed since then, including its ownership and multiple shifts in the staff as *Car and Driver* ascended to become the largest and most successful monthly automobile magazine on the planet. But the memories of operating in the razzle-dazzle, high-octane world of Midtown Manhattan linger. And with great affection.

When I was first hired as managing editor by David E. Davis Jr.—little did he know that in fact I knew nothing about managing or editing—the magazine occupied a corner of the 10th floor at One Park Avenue, a tiny, generally ignored property of giant Ziff-Davis, whose many other titles dwarfed the struggling 250,000-a-month circulation of *Car and Driver*, an east-coast straggler in the business behind such California titans as Bond Publishing—owned *Road & Track* and Petersen Publishing's

Motor Trend and *Hot Rod*.

But thanks in no small part to the intellectual and cultural energy exuded by daily life in the Big Apple, this tiny back marker within a decade overwhelmed the competition not only in circulation but also in creative, outrageous verbal gymnastics about automobiles and the men and women around them. Some advertisers withdrew in anger until they realized that the rising influence of the magazine was leaving them in the dust.

Keep in mind that in the mid-'60s the so-called New Journalism of such masters as Tom Wolfe, Joe Eszterhas, Gay Talese, and the

gonzo lord, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, was at full cry and tipping upside down the academic punditry of conventional literature. New York was the center of the action, and Davis, fellow editor Steve Smith, and I were electrified by the prose pyrotechnics of Wolfe in particular, who was writing for the now defunct *New York Herald Tribune*.

If *Car and Driver* soared to this leadership position, it was not because of better road tests but because it broke new ground in the creative use of prose and art direction (thanks largely to the brilliant Gene Butera, a classic New Yorker with deep roots in the city's magazine world).

We couldn't test cars, other than at faraway Lime Rock and Bridgehampton and on a Long Island drag strip or even on the New Jersey Turnpike. So what? The power of the words and pictures billowing out of One Park Avenue far transcended the 0-to-60 times that were so technically pristine in *Road & Track* and *Motor Trend*.

In the world of popular magazines, words beat numbers every time.

Manhattan was full of terrific restaurants like René

Dreyfus's Le Chanteclair, where the great and near great of the automobile world congregated. Regular visitors to our office included superstars of the sport. Conversely, I cannot recall a world champion like Jackie Stewart or an Indy winner like the late Rodger Ward who ever entered our current hick digs in Ann Arbor. The Wee Scot wouldn't be caught *dead* walking on carpet so tacky, and Ward would have figured it was some sort of carburetor-repair shop.

By the end of the '60s, *Car and Driver* was being viewed as one of the hottest magazine properties in America.

Pardon me for this heresy, but the launching pad for this magazine was not a better road test but rather the vitality of the written word as energized by operating in the world's center of literary and artistic creativity. And that was New York City, not Ann Arbor.

Yes, it's nice to cozy up to a pack of industry suits in nearby Detroit, but if one is looking for cultural testosterone and raging off-the-wall competition in the world of communications, Manhattan was—and is—home plate.

Better yet, I was able to walk to work.

Brock Yates was not born in a log cabin. His father loved cars, and Brock's early rides included an MG TD and Jaguar XK120 while cruising through Hobart College with a "Gentleman's C." Four years in the Navy led to Car and Driver (1964), television (CBS, the Speed Channel), and movie work (Smokey and the Bandit II and The Cannonball Run). He lives 300 miles from Manhattan in upstate New York with his wife, Pamela, four dogs, and a collection of vintage race cars. His latest book is Against Death and Time. Yates is currently a C/D editor-at-large.



Left to right: Assistant art director Noel Werrett, David E. Davis, and a puzzled Yates.

Rodger Ward
would have
figured the hick
Ann Arbor office to
be some kind of
carburetor-repair
shop.

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REMAINS
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Mercedes-Benz would like to congratulate Editor in Chief Csaba Csere and *Car and Driver* magazine for 50 great years of automotive journalism.



Mercedes-Benz



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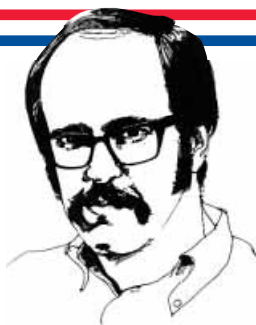
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PATRICK BEDARD

NO PARKING AT ONE PARK AVENUE

My personal daily requirement for chaos is medium low; a thin clutter on my desk is about right. The One Park Avenue nerve center of *C/D* I moved into in 1967 was another matter entirely—one small room operating at the chaos redline, with teetering towers of stuff stacked atop every shelf, file, and rickety table. The air was blue with cigarette smoke. You couldn't run a revolution then without smoke, and certainly not a revolutionary magazine.

It was *Car and Driver* against the world. We were young, as a magazine and as people, all in our 20s except for Leon Mandel, the editor-in-chief, and Gene Butera, the *éminence grise* of the art department. Mandel was 40-something, and he loved chaos. Because he was older and

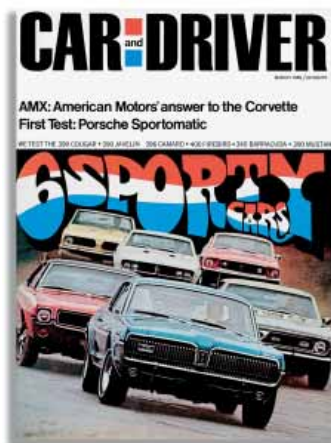
burned with convictions—the *Road & Track* way was the *wrong* way—we thought he knew what he was doing. The rest of us didn't have a clue, and I was most clueless of all.

For example, I didn't get why anybody would have a car magazine in a 10th-floor office, with *no parking lot*, on an island where traffic never moved. As a place for driving, Manhattan ranked right up there with—oh, Uranus comes to mind. The others all understood: "It's *New York*, you idiot!" Still, I leapt at the job because I could deal with chaos easier than the plodding corporate pace of Chrysler, my previous career.

I was the token engineer, hired because a car magazine needs *somebody* who knows how cars work. Writers were a dime a six-pack in New York. We had writers. And they had New York swagger, or maybe they were staggering—I didn't know the difference. I was an engineer. I knew everything about how cars worked (they were simpler in those days) and nothing about anything else.

The few cars we drove were stashed in the Red Ball Garage, a two-block walk from One Park. We'd stand in line at a window to buy our cars back, Renaults and Simcas and Sunbeams and MGs and Triumphs, plus a lot of Dodges and Fords—those two Americans had ambitious N.Y. press offices.

Mandel knew how to play the game—a George Washington tip every time. The attendants would spot him coming down the side-



walk and race each other upstairs to get his car. I understood then that money talks. But it talked to *me*, too. A buck then would be about six in today's money. I gave a quarter, and my personal budget sagged every time. The Red Ballers rewarded me by letting me wait in line with all the other quarter tippers.

A comparison test of six pony cars was planned for my first week [cover at left]. We used New York National Speedway, a drag strip several hours of traffic torture out on Long Island. The Firebird 400 was a flier. But I made a few faster runs in the 340 Barracuda. Jim

Wangers, the go-to guy for Pontiac test cars, was there. He had been slipping the magazine souped-up Pontiacs for years, and reaping road-test raves. He bitched to Mandel that I was a Chrysler mole and I was sandbagging his car. He *knew* it—Wangers was a former NHRA national champion. He stomped down to the 'bird and made a few runs himself. He was slower. He went back to Mandel, even more convinced of my deviousness, and tried to get me fired.

The only thing Mandel loved more than chaos was controversy. I was controversial, and I was on the A-squad from then on.

Those were the peak years for big-inch Detroiters. I was a muscle-car guy with a minor in British two-seaters. But the Brits were going lame. After the tweedy TR4 came the same car with new decals and soggy throttle response, the TR250. We panned it. Which brought gasps from the importer. They thought car magazines existed to toss bouquets on their cars. Mandel disagreed, and we threw bombs.

The big iron was my refuge. Hemis and 440 Mopars were torque monsters and Chevys would always run, too. I remember an SS454 Chevelle with *cowl induction*, a little panel toward the rear of the hood that would tilt when I toed open the four-barrel, like a stallion laying back its ears. That Chevy would squeal its cringing F70 Goodyears for a full Madison Avenue block. Driving in Manhattan, I learned, is a series of sprints for daylight. You see a spot, you pounce. Nothing would outpounce that 454.

I learned left-foot braking to compete with the cabbies. In close combat, time between pedals is time in neutral, and time in neutral is death. Chaos opened our minds. We were young and stupid and fiercely competitive, and somehow, we ducked enough bullets to live to age 50. Now we are the establishment, and we no longer smoke.



We were on an island where traffic never moved. As a place for driving, Manhattan ranked right up there with—oh, Uranus comes to mind.

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restored on the Mustang, and an independent road test will be conducted and made available as usual for our readers.

Road Research Report:

FORD MUSTANG

Ford combines selected components from other models under a new body shell and makes a strong bid for its share of the GT market.



A Mustang on the cover? No way.

Pontiac vs. Ferrari, Round II.

The Corvette gets disc brakes all around.



Indy 500, in which Lotus has entered two rear-engined cars—heresy in American racing—for Jimmy Clark and Dan Gurney. Clark finishes second, then says, “I’m not really keen to come back, except that it is quite a lot of money.” In a matter of months, though, he *does* come back to win the Milwaukee 200. *C/D* writes, “People are saying out loud what they’ve had on their minds since Indy—that if the lightweight rear-engined cars are going to be beaten, it’s going to be by other lightweight rear-engined cars.”

May–August 1963

He Might Even Be a Marxist

Davis takes the side of lefty do-gooders—among them President Kennedy—who are waging a nationwide campaign to rid the country of unsightly billboards. But one thing is certain: Davis’s influence on the magazine is extensive. Photo captions, for starters, are now clever, funny, and self-deprecating. Under the photo of a driver who has crashed into a wall of banners, Davis writes, “Frank Gardner attacks outdoor advertising with his Brabham Jr.”

The editors note that “Volks-wagen’s advertising and the unvarying quality of VW service have made it the number-one import.” Ferraris grab the top six places at Le Mans. A Volvo P1800 costs \$3995, and an Olds F-85 Jetfire coupe sells for \$3048.

September–October 1963

At Least It’s Clear to Him

In his column, Davis explains what he’s trying to achieve: “There are plenty of car magazines around that specialize in a kind of mindless, bland reporting of dull information. God bless them. They leave us free to editorialize and state our views. We know those views have in the past,

and will in the future, annoy some people and even cause a few to cancel subscriptions. That’s tough. We believe there are enough readers with wit and humor and perspective that we can continue to be the biggest magazine in our field.” The column includes a photo of DED looking for all the world like Herbert Hoover during his whistle-stop campaign of 1928.

December 1963

His Tractors Don’t Suck, Either

The Turin show in Italy is notable this year for a V-12–powered GT made by an Italian who makes heavy farm equipment. “The car is very much a prototype,” *C/D* notes, “but Ferruccio Lamborghini makes no rash claims for it and seems well aware of the problems involved in developing high-performance machinery.”

February 1964

It’s Like Cassius Versus Ali

Davis seemingly loses his mind and orders a comparison test: Ferrari GTO versus Pontiac Tempest GTO [see Davis’s essay on page 146]. Problem is, he can’t acquire a Ferrari GTO to compete against the Pontiac, which, in any event, is a hopped-up Royal Bobcat aftermarket version. In a water-color illustration, the two cars are nevertheless depicted in mortal combat during an event that never occurred. The inside front cover, oddly enough, features a full-page ad for a Pontiac GTO, directly across from the table-of-contents photo of—*whoa!*—a Pontiac GTO.

Purists blow their tops. Davis is

delighted. The muscle-car era has begun, and as it would turn out, the magazine was correct to have celebrated the event with a temporary descent into *Enquirer*-like sensationalism.

March 1964

He Is Definitely Not a Dick

Only two months later, the editors are caught asleep at the switch. Ford’s Lee Anthony Iacocca hands over the keys to his latest creation: a 289 Mustang. Do the editors put this automobile on the cover? They do not. There are no cars on the cover, in fact, just the words “Auto Show Issue.” Nor does Davis mention the Mustang in his column. In our Road Research Report, we write, “The most attractive thing about the Mustang is its handy size and sensible proportions.” The car turns out to be far more than a restyled Falcon.

In the same issue, we refer to Richard Petty as “Dick.” It seems probable that young Petty says the same about us.

May 1964

The Assassin Ascends to Power

Commander Davis installs Brock Yates as managing editor, then nominates Dan Gurney for President, a “campaign” that will continue in advertisements and editorials for many issues. The magazine’s editors exude a kind of boyish crush on various of the decade’s stars—not only Gurney but also Jim Hall, Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill, and, soon, Jackie Stewart.

Envious of Ferrari’s domination in sports-car racing, engineers at Ford

are putting the finishing touches on a prototype they call the GT, which they hope to enter in an onerously long race somewhere in France.

The 1965 Corvette comes with disc brakes at all four corners.

And Oldsmobile announces an F-85 coupe that will feature a 400-cubic-inch V-8, a four-barrel carb, and dual exhausts. It will be called the 442. Get it?

June–July 1964

Pontiac Versus Ferrari, Round II

Having generated so much publicity via the farcical GTO-vs.-GTO boondoggle, Davis conjures Round II, only this time it’s a \$4221 376-hp Pontiac Catalina versus a \$14,200 Ferrari 330GT. The Ferrari is less than a half-second quicker around Bridgehampton, but if there emerges a winner in this contrived smackdown, the readers aren’t told about it. Nonetheless, Davis again makes his point: *Car and Driver* is a car magazine, not a sports-car magazine.

Porsche introduces a two-seater costing \$6490 at a time when you can buy a house in the Hollywood Hills for \$35,000. The Germans call it the 911. We call it “the Porsche to end all Porsches . . . the stuff legends are made of.” We are right.

Carroll Shelby, increasingly the darling of Dearborn, has taken a Mustang and “stuffed a burr of some size and effectiveness under its metaphorical saddle.” The new 306-hp fastback is called the GT350 but is known familiarly as the Shelby Mustang.

March–May 1965



BOB BROWN

DO YOU WANT FRIES WITH THAT FEATURE?

If an army marches on its stomach, a magazine travels with its Mobil restaurant guide. At least *Car and Driver* did when it was located at One Park Avenue in New York City.

In compensation for the rude treatment Manhattan offered cars, it offered drivers a vast choice of great restaurants. It was in these eateries that the actual business of magazine making went on. Not in such *haute* nearby establishments as Lutece, El Parador, or Nicola Paone. The truly inspirational wellsprings were far more modest—the House of Trevi (a hero joint), Chili Charlie's, and the Frontier (with hamburgers that any retreader would be proud to vulcanize). Or the Cedars of Lebanon (\$3.95 for stewed meat and okra; the meat was listed as “lamb,” but we all suspected it had dined on tin cans during its lifetime). And even the Belmore Cafeteria, a hangout for off-duty cabbies and street hookers that was featured in the movie *Taxi Driver*.

But of all the restaurants, the most inspiring, hands down, was Brew's. It was a saloon on 34th Street: lots of dark wood, red-and-white checked tablecloths. There, on a fall day in 1971, Brock Yates pressed his case to me for *C/D* to become the organizer of the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Dash. It was a one-sided conversation, filled with the hyperbole of a Chef Tony infomercial—Robert Redford, Jim Garner, and the whole Carra-dine family were “guaranteed” entrants. Yates's top-volume cheering section consisted of Steve Smith (he nearly as intense, having already made a cross-country recon run in a Dodge van) and Bruce McCall. The more they pressed for a no-rules cross-country “protest” race, the lower Leon Mandel hunched over his London broil and growled about “clinical adolescent behavior.”

As day turned into night—late night—Mandel adjourned to his commuter train. Pat Bedard furiously absented himself, his engineering mind having no willingness to accept the free-form nature of the Cannonball—to say nothing of its feeble legal status.

In subsequent days the argument ricocheted off the walls in Trevi, Cedars, and Brew's. Finally, when a carrier agreed to insure the Cannonball as an “over-the-road rally,” I was free to follow my inclinations and okayed the race as a full-fledged editorial project. I would even finish second—co-driving with Yates and sports mega-agent Bud Stanner—in the second of the five true Cannonballs.

Then Bedard began campaigning for *C/D* to organize a closed-circuit race to counter the Cannonball “open.” That idea turned into a *C/D* readers'-challenge series, where the staff would race against any SCCA-license-holding readers

who could pass tech inspection with their SS/Sedans at Lime Rock. The first year, Bedard seemed vindicated as he led much of the race, only to end up T-boned and sitting atop the largest rattlesnake colony in New England. The next year, more than 100 cars showed up. This challenge was won by Bedard, who would go on to make a second career driving prototypes and Indy cars.

Any of the New York City restaurants was capable of inspiring feature stories. One project sent off Charles Fox [at right] with no money, no charge cards, nothing but a new luxury car to use as collateral for room and board (an assignment Fox took so seriously that he was

MIA for almost three weeks). Two convicted moonshiners tested a Dodge GTX Six-Pack. We got Indy 500 press credentials for Caroline Joy Hadley to photograph pit action in the days when women were banned from the pits. The original cast of the musical *Grease* served as models for an article on the unexpected collectibility of 1949–51 Mercurys (with one cast member flashing a “moon” at creative director Gene Butera's camera from the rear window). Bobby Allison tested a trio of Porsches. Don Garlits evaluated a Mercedes 6.3. Jean Shepherd (creator of the movie *A Christmas Story*) recalled his annual trips to the Indy 500 with his old man. And ideas for project cars just seemed to come along with the french fries—the Blue Max Camaro, J. Edgar Opel, the *C/D* 240Ω, the Mazda RX-2 rotary racer, the Pinto fuel fighter.

And when one *C/D* editor-in-chief took a self-declared sabbatical of several months, the rest of the staff successfully covered for him in part with takeout food containers from a rotation of these same restaurants.

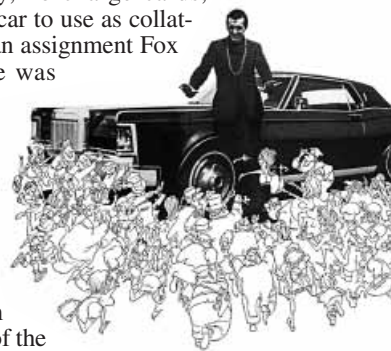
I've been called a loose cannon because all this stuff happened while I was editor. But it was more like I was just captain of a ship with a gun deck filled with loose cannons—all I had to do was steer and keep all those cannons from putting too many holes in our own hull. Or taking too many potshots at one another.

Hired as an assistant editor in 1966, Bob Brown had been editor for more than three years in the early '70s when,

while being pressured to test “mainstream” cars—a Pontiac Sunbird instead of a Pontiac Trans Am—he walked out the door, kicking a typewriter into the lap of the publishing executive who was twisting the thumbscrews. Brown spent the next two decades as a senior editor of *Sports Illustrated*, then served as executive editor of *Outdoor Life*. Through it all, he remains a prickly bastard.



Leon Mandel
hunched over
his London broil
and growled
about ‘clinical
adolescent
behavior.’





BROCK YATES

AS IDEAS GO, IT WAS, INDEED, A CANNONBALL

Peg the start of the entire cockamamie affair at noon on a wintry day in New York, early 1971. I was on my way to lunch at Brew's Pub on 34th Street with Bob Brown, then the editor of *Car and Driver*, and the late Leon Mandel, its senior editor. Walking near the magazine's One Park Avenue offices, it came to me: "Why the hell not run a race across the United States? A balls-out, shoot-the-moon, screw-the-establishment rumble from New York to Los Angeles to prove what we had been harping about for years—that good drivers in good automobiles could employ the American interstate system the same way the Germans were using their autobahns.

The early '70s was a time when illegal acts were in style. People were just bristling with causes, most of them against the established order and the law. The Vietnam War was at its crazed peak. We were smoking dope. College guys were burning their draft cards and fleeing to

Canada. Ralph Nader was at full cry. The entire system seemed to be unraveling. Everybody was paranoid about everything.

What better time to add to the national psychosis? We trekked along 34th Street with me preaching about the grand scheme of a race, to be named for Erwin G. "Cannon Ball" Baker, the greatest cross-country record breaker of them all. It had been Cannon Ball who set all kinds of point-to-point records in the early half of the century, driving everything from motorcycles to lumpy, low-powered sedans to supercharged sports cars to dump trucks and Army tanks. He was a craggy Hoosier with a big nose, defiant smile, and pugnacious jaw, and he

broke into the business on motorcycles after gaining a ride with the Indian motorcycle factory team. He began to set open records, first between small cities, then across the nation, which was still unconnected by anything like an interstate system. In 1915 he drove a Stutz Bearcat from Los Angeles to New York in 11 days and 7 hours. His greatest drive came in 1933, when he drove *solo* on two-lane roads across the nation in 53-and-a-half hours behind the wheel of his Graham Model 57 Blue Streak 8.

When I dreamed up the Cannonball, high-speed drives across the nation were in style, at least in Hollywood. The most famous of them was the 1969 hit *Easy Rider*, the drug-fogged chronicle of characters played by Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, and Jack Nicholson, who, on motorcycles, ride to doom. In 1971, two low-budget pictures appeared and quickly became cult favorites. Barry Newman starred in *Vanishing Point*, in which he attempted, for no apparent reason, to drive a Dodge

Challenger from Denver to San Francisco in 15 hours. The second film, *Two Lane Blacktop*, was trumpeted on the cover of *Esquire* as its nomination for the movie of the year. It featured two musical heavyweights, James Taylor and Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys, as a pair of racers driving their beat-up, primed 1955 Chevrolet around the country, hustling money from impromptu drag races.

Still, the whole notion of a coast-to-coast race intrigued editor Bob Brown. Mandel, always the dyspeptic contrarian, denounced it as childish and ridiculous. But Steve Smith loved it. My longtime friend and former fellow staffer on *Car and Driver* during the glory years of the '60s, Smith and I were intrigued with the notion of long-distance, open-road drives as the ultimate test of automobiles.

We persuaded each other that all manner of crazies, race drivers, hot-car wackos, and fellow automotive writers would immediately throw in their lot if a coast-to-coast Cannonball were announced. Aside from Baker's known records, legend had it that basketball superstar Wilt Chamberlain had driven a Lamborghini from New York to Los Angeles solo in 36 hours and 10 minutes, although there was no hard evidence to prove it.

My concept was simple: Contestants would clock out of the Red Ball Garage on 32nd Street (where the magazine housed its tiny test fleet) in Midtown Manhattan and drive, ad hoc, to the Portofino Inn in Redondo Beach (a noted racers' hangout), where they would clock in again. The lowest elapsed time would determine the winner. And that winner would be rewarded with—well, our adoration and a beer.

Between 1971 and 1979, five Cannonball races were run, with the New York-to-Los Angeles record being set the final year by David Yarborough and David Heinz in a Jaguar XJ-S: 32 hours and 51 minutes. A number of feeble copies were later run in Europe, the U.S., Australia, and Canada but with little impact. Three movies were made, including my hit screenplay, *The Cannonball Run*, which starred Burt Reynolds.

The Cannonball story, following the outrageous GTO-vs.-GTO blowout seven years prior, marked an end to the me-too-ism that characterized car magazines of the day. It helped sever the cord between *Car and Driver* and its rivals, setting it on a course toward leadership.



■ The first Cannonball: Yates is third from left.

Leon Mandel,
always the
dyspeptic
contrarian,
denounced the
race as childish
and ridiculous.
But Steve Smith
loved it.

Then They Exchange Class Rings

Good-looking women are increasingly appearing in art director Gene Butera's layouts—kicking their legs, sitting on hoods, making fatuous goo-goo eyes from the back seats. Their impressions of the cars are not recorded.

Yates is becoming increasingly addicted to sprint-car and stock-car racing, developing a major jones for a kid named Andretti. "Mario is suddenly the darling of the speedway set," Brock writes. "He is certainly the most captivating—and probably most talented—rookie in a long spell."

August 1965

Think of It as an Italian Tornado

Olds builds a 4542-pound luxocoupe whose 385-hp V-8 drives the front wheels. The editors are astounded. Here is news as shocking as Jim Hall's automatic-transmission Chaparral. Stating the obvious, *C/D* asserts the Toronado does *not* "follow the lead of BMC's [front-drive] Mini-Minor." Instead, this "Rocket Action Olds is an infinitely more sophisticated machine than the British offerings." More than a ton heavier, too.

Two thundering icons appear in the same issue: a \$6000 Corvette Sting Ray 427 and a \$7000 Cobra 427. The former blasts through the quarter-mile in 12.8 seconds at 112 mph, the latter in 12.2 seconds at 118 mph. Car enthusiasts worldwide expect *C/D* to pit the two in a comparo. Instead, we opt for separate road tests.



Road Research Report: OLDS TORONADO
Good! More, drive from

Dragsters are now regularly exceeding 200 mph in the quarter-mile. But only Yates embraces the NHRA's "greasers and juvenile delinquents," among them a self-described "swamp rat" named Garlits.

The magazine is averaging two, sometimes three genuine road tests per issue, and its circulation has risen to 281,000.

November–December 1965

A Couple of Rolands Might Have Helped

Citing "a bad case of heartburn," Davis withdraws from the editor half of his editor/publisher title to concentrate on advertising, circulation, and sales. Brock Yates, whom Davis describes as "the barbarian's barbarian, a potent mix of Joseph Pulitzer, Dick Diver, and Shane," ascends to the editorship. Briefly.

Under the headline "We Need a Girl!" Hurst runs an ad soliciting ladies with "a jet-set figure and sound teeth" to apply for the role of Miss Hurst Golden Shifter. A knockout blonde named Linda Vaughn gets up her nerve and applies. Yates does not.

February 1966

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WE NEED A GIRL!

Not just any girl. Not the usual Queen of the Cranberry Festival, but the ONE. A girl you'd climb the fence to get a close-up of. We mean a GIRL! What she must be or have is:

Personality, charm, couth, background, poise, education (why not?), chic, allure, a keen interest in cars and racing, pizzazz, duende, vigor, enthusiasm, elegance, blond, brown, white, red (maybe freckles—why not?)—we've never had one with freckles! or black hair; she must be loyal, able to talk to the boys in the pits as well as business executives, trustworthy, valiant, emotionally stable, kind, worthy (worthy?), polite, good to her mother, patriotic, single (it's less complicated that way when you're in Florida one day and California the next), compassionate, radiant, serene, sensible (sort of), stalwart, tactful, natural, have a desire to travel, a sense of humor, good health, warmth, personality (we'll say it again), sensitivity, a jet-set figure and sound teeth. The girl selected will become:

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Drive It Like You Rented It

C/D takes a shot at a real comparo, ranking six cars in order of editorial preference. The participants include an Olds 442, Chevrolet Chevelle SS 396, Pontiac GTO, Buick Skylark GS, Ford Fairlane GT/A, and Mercury Comet Cyclone GT. The Olds garners the most votes as the Comet spits a connecting rod clean through its block.

Hertz puts into service 1000 Shelby GT350 "H" Mustangs. Dan Gurney forms a company called All American Racers to build his own Indy and F1 cars. And a Plymouth Satellite Hemi costs \$4182.

March–April 1966

This Particular Rover Is Pedigreed

The editors test a Rover 2000TC and declare it "the best sedan that has ever been presented in the pages of this magazine—we think it's an automotive milestone." It isn't—and will disappear from the planet without so much as a whimper. The TC, appropriately enough, is photographed in front of the *Queen Mary*.

In his column, Davis recounts meeting Ralph Nader, whose book *Unsafe at Any Speed* is doing damage to sales of the so-called American Volkswagen. Davis takes it personally.

May–June 1966

Wait Till Parnelli Hears About It

We rave about a new SCCA class featuring A.J. Foyt in a Mustang, Bob Tullius in a Dodge Dart, and Jimmy Clark in a Lotus-Cortina. Yates knows a good thing when he sees it, wrangling a ride in the Dart. The series becomes known as the Trans-Am.

Graham Hill and Jimmy Clark finish one-two at Indy. Neither is from Indiana. Both think a Hoosier is a carpet sweeper. July–August 1966

A Boss for the Boss. Again.

In its third assault on Le Mans, Ford comes up smelling like champagne. First, second, and third positions are swept by thundering seven-liter Ford Mk IIs, with Chris Amon and Bruce McLaren at the fore. Back in America, Carroll Shelby begins selling a Mk III street version of the 40-inch-tall racer. Price: \$20,000.

Davis—having recently endorsed the Chevrolet Corvair in ads on the TV shows *Bewitched* and *Bonanza*—installs a set of Koni shocks and Maserati air horns on a Plymouth Fury III station wagon and dubs the outcome a "Boss Wagon." Less boss than submissive secretary, the wagon has required about 30 minutes' worth of customization. Readers notice. September 1966



Project car: Plymouth Boss Wagon.

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DAVID ABRAHAMSON

THE ARROGANCE OF YOUTH SOMETIMES WORKS

Talk about a long time ago. The introduction of the first IBM PC was still eight years away, and e-mail had yet to be invented. Imports accounted for less than 10 percent of U.S. auto sales. Nixon reigned triumphantly in the White House (but that was soon to change). Lordy, 1973 was a long time ago.

It was clear to me during the four years I spent on the staff of *Car and Driver* in the mid-'70s that my role was that of the Designated Adult. All around me, colleagues were crashing test cars, disappearing for weeks on transcontinental boondoggles to produce New Journalism odysseys, building and competing in race cars. In contrast, as managing editor serving with three different publishers, three editors-in-chief, and three art directors, I was the Deadline Guy. My boss's boss's boss (a nameless suit known to all as Captain Connecticut) had made it clear even before I joined the magazine: It would be my fault if press dates were missed. It was very scary.

But also, I have to admit, thrilling. It was an unusually heady time, perhaps even a special moment in the life of the magazine. In retrospect, there may have been at least three reasons that this was so.

First, it is hard to overstate the importance of the time/place context. Writing, editing, and designing a publication with—dare I say it?—significant journalistic and aesthetic aspirations in New York City in the mid-'70s was a grand adventure. Journalism was exploring new ways of reaching and engaging readers, and we drank fully from that cup. Neither Tom Wolfe nor Hunter Thompson ever wrote

for us, but Charlie Fox, Jean Shepherd, Bruce McCall, and Dickie Smothers did. Perhaps even more important, looking to Harold Hayes's *Esquire* for inspiration, we wrote about the automobile not only as an object of devotion but also as a social and cultural phenomenon. One of the office mantras was not just to be the best car magazine but rather the best magazine, period.

At the same time, it was a very tumultuous era in the world of cars. A 1977 book by Barry Bruce-Briggs, *The War Against the Automobile*, summed it up well. A torrent of safety legislation, energy crises, fuel-economy requirements, pollution controls, and rising insurance costs seemed unending. The net effect of all this bad news, one might argue, was to call into question the very future existence of cars—at least those that enthusiasts could, well, enthuse over. It was, of course, our sworn

mission to resist, and nothing helps rally the faithful like a convenient sense of crisis and a swarming collection of adversaries. We were happy to oblige.

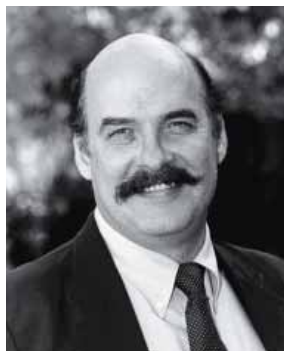
A third and final observation, perhaps the sort of reflection that only 30 years' distance makes possible: Thinking back on my time with *Car and Driver*, my recollections tend to focus on—and, in truth, to be somewhat amazed by—what might be called our arrogance of youth. I was in my mid-20s, and the oldest editor was under 40. What strikes me most about those days is not that we were terribly full of ourselves (which we were), or that we might be allowed by management to get away with it (which we were). Rather, the most notable thing was that we somehow used our youth and confidence to produce an editorially unique and original magazine.

Of course, there were problems. Even at the time, I occasionally wondered if we weren't confusing snarky cynicism with editorial integrity. But for the entire staff it was mostly a matter of deliberately striving for the best-magazine-period ideal. "Deliberately" is a key word, because often it did not happen by accident. For example, "Letters" was not, as with most publications, simply a reader forum. Instead, a very conscious two-part strategy was applied: The best (thoughtful, funny, particularly well-spoken) letters were chosen for publication without an editor's comment, so the whole readership could approvingly identify; and the silliest and least informed were also run, accompanied by a stinging editor's reply, so the readership could share in a sense of admittedly facile superiority. Perhaps more substantively, writers of road tests were encouraged to express bold opinions, but it was also an absolute requirement that all opinions be rooted in facts (which was why our test instrumentation rivaled that of the car industry).

Which is what made both *Car and Driver* and my time there special. A consensus about editorial mission, an easily targeted opposition, and a sense of inner confidence—all proved to be a unique combination. That was the fuel we ran on. It was quite a trip.

David Abrahamson served as Car and Driver's managing editor from 1973 to 1977, after which he pursued a

15-year writing career, contributing to the New York Times Sunday Magazine, Playboy, Outside, and others. He began teaching in the late 1980s, returned to school to earn a PhD in 1992, and is now the Helen G. Brown Research Professor of Journalism at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism.



One of the office mantras was not just to be the best car magazine but rather the best magazine, period.

At Least We Didn't Spell It "Camero"

Director John Frankenheimer is shooting a movie called *Grand Prix*. One of his stars is cleft-chinned James Garner, who loses his eyebrows in an F1-looking F3 car that wasn't supposed to catch fire quite so realistically.

Chevrolet, caught napping while Ford introduced the Mustang two years prior, strikes back with a handsome little coupe based on a mundane Chevy II. One of the editors locates a Spanish-English dictionary in which the word *camaro* is defined as "a gratuity, a shrimp, or something very much like something else." *C/D* declares it "not a sports car" and "not yet the kind of success that we'd been hoping for." It is, however, the kind of success the General was hoping for.

In a USRRC race, a baby-faced engineer from Brown teams up with that hoity-toity Penske guy and wins convincingly. We report the driver's name as Mark Donahue [sic]. At least we didn't call him Dick.

Jim Hall installs a wing on his

Chaparral. Not a flipper. Not a spoiler. Not a wicker bill. It looks like a Cessna has landed on the car's rear deck. Competitors make all manner of jokes, but not for long.

November–December 1966

DED Not Dead. Just Resting.

Blaming his dreary existence hanging out all day with advertising executives, Davis resigns to pursue a career as an advertising executive. He continues to write for *C/D*, however, departing One Park Avenue just as Chevrolet announces an unusual option on its Camaro: The Z-28 package includes a 290-hp, 302-cubic-inch V-8 with solid lifters and heavy-duty suspension. The option raises the Camaro's as-tested price to \$3314. We call it "the closest thing to a racing car you can buy from an American automaker—it is what a Shelby GT350 is to an ordinary Mustang." We further point out that Mark Donohue (now spelled correctly) seems to be enjoying his own Z-28, a powerhouse in the Trans-Am. Chevrolet denies offering Donohue any factory support. Chevrolet is lying.

Ad exec cum humorist Bruce McCall pens a road-test parody featuring the Denbeigh Super-Chauvinist Mk. VII Saloon. McCall describes it as a "robust hooter, excellent winkers, and a first-class jack."

A Corvette 427 nails 60 mph in 4.7 seconds to become *C/D*'s "Best All-Around Car of 1967."

February–March 1967

It Even Plows in a Four-Wheel Drift

Ferrari driver Lorenzo Bandini is killed at Monaco—burns to death, largely due to incompetent rescue crews—and *C/D* says so.

The cover story is devoted to the Italian tractor maven's latest, a gorgeous mid-engined supercar called the Miura, whose mission is to out-Ferrari Ferrari. On a New York expressway, a *C/D* editor coaxes the V-12 Lamborghini to 155 mph. Or at least he says he does.

July–August 1967

Plus, His Middle Name Is Sexton

Handsome Dan Gurney and tempestuous A.J. Foyt win at Le Mans in a Ford Mk IV. A week later, driving an Eagle/Gurney-Weslake V-12 of his own manufacture, Gurney sweeps the Belgian GP. America is proud, and David E. Davis, still contributing a column, comes close to proposing marriage.

Investigating the opposite end of the racing spectrum, Brock Yates writes about the V-8–powered muscle cars that are nightly pounding

Detroit's Woodward Avenue—racing not for glory but for pink slips. And the action is about to improve, what with the launch of the AMC Javelin, Dodge Charger, Buick GS400, Plymouth Road Runner, Plymouth Barracuda, Pontiac Firebird, and Ford Torino.

September 1967

Tire Smoke and Cigarette Smoke

Just in time for the annual new-car issue, Chicago-born Leon Mandel, former editor of *AutoWeek*, arrives as managing editor, adding considerably to the pall of blue cigarette smoke wafting out of One Park Avenue. Resembling the quintessential Morgan owner, Mandel predicts that Bruce McLaren and Denny Hulme, driving orange McLaren-Chevy M6As, will succeed in the increasingly popular Can-Am series. He is correct.

Ten months into the year, 14 racing drivers and 12 spectators have been killed at 13 races. Given the era, the tally is not unusual.

October 1967

The Golden Era Is, Uh, Chrome

Apart from the defection of Davis, 1967 is, in fact, *Car and Driver*'s greatest year to date. Motown is on the cusp of its most memorable 36 months, and the magazine's stars—still principally Davis, Yates, and editor Steve Smith—are gaining reputations not only for their critical, opinionated writing but also for the starkly distinctive line drawings accompanying their columns. Road tests have evolved into far more objective, fact-ridden affairs. Butera's pop-oriented layouts are widely



At least we spelled it correctly.



Winged Chaparrals.

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The first of many.



Denbeigh Super-Chauvinist
Mk. VII Saloon 1066cc

AUTOMOTIVE
Road Test
Number 31,35A

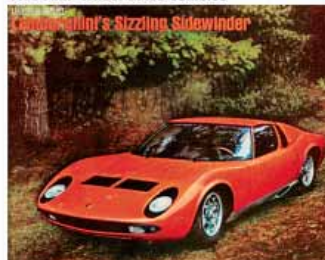


AAR's Eagle overcame Jim Clark's strong, new Lotus to break a 46-year U.S. slump in Grand Prix racing and brought Gurney his first GP win in his own racer.

DAN
DOES IT!
BY PETE BIRO

CAR and DRIVER
AUGUST 1967 • \$4.00

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STEPHAN WILKINSON

ACTUALLY, IT WASN'T ALL THAT AMUSING

The expression “Are we having fun yet?” hadn’t been coined by the time I became the editor of *Car and Driver* in the waning days of 1974. But if it had, I wouldn’t have known how to answer it. I’d thought being the editor of *C/D* was going to be fun, which it occasionally was, but more often, misery loved my company.

I was a total outsider, an airplane guy who was inflicted on the gearhead *Car and Driver* staff to their substantial displeasure. I’d been the executive editor of *C/D* stablemate *Flying* magazine, and the suits decided, What the hell, put the kid in the game, he’ll keep the ball warm. I didn’t know they were actually trying to persuade David E. Davis Jr. to quit his ad-agency job and return to the magazine and would continue their efforts—ultimately successfully—while I tried to learn the difference between a Ford and a Mercury.

Literally. One of my first acts was to write a blurb on a cover that bore a photo of the new Mercury Capri. I called it a “Ford Capri” in my copy, and the staff let it go to press that way, the pricks.

Don Sherman eventually came around, though—at least in part because I occasionally let him fly from the right seat the Ziff-Davis Cessna 310 twin that I continued to use, on one occasion for a trip to Florida for the introduction of a dreadful little doorstop called the Triumph TR7.

Pat Bedard and Sherman were scheduled to do some serious testing of the TR7 at a drag strip after the press intro, and I said, “I’ll meet you there. I’ll take the 310 and land on the drag strip.”

Not only was this illegal, it was stupid. Neither of which

were things that Leon Mandel, my passenger on that leg, initially suspected. But as I turned the little twin onto final approach and Leon saw that we’d have to land *under* some wires across the strip, and that a quarter-mile even with the substantial run-out area didn’t look like all that much runway, his eyes became saucers. I saw him pushing imperceptibly back into his seat, as though an inch of added distance from the fate he was facing would help. We made it, but Leon never flew with me again.

Another Florida trip involved *C/D*’s raggedy-ass participation in the 1976 24 Hours of Daytona. How we

thought we could bring to the track a “Chrysler kit car” and not make fools of ourselves I don’t know. (The Mopar was a Dart in a box with a crate motor, intended for cheap entry into bush-league stock-car racing.) But Brock Yates was an ace at putting together deals that typically involved a considerable outlay of money on the part of Ziff-Davis, considerable publicity for the car manufacturer, considerable well-paid work for his friend and race-car fabricator Ron Nash, and, ultimately, a new car of some sort in Yates’s garage.

I was unaware that there was a quiet but fierce hero-driver rivalry between Yates and Bedard. Yates drove a Ferrari Daytona in the Cannonball and had written a book, *Sunday Driver*, about his season as a bumbling Trans-Am competitor. Bedard, who knew he could outride Brock with two gears still on the workbench, preferred to take the worst car he could find—a Ford Pinto, in this case—and quietly turn it into a serious IMSA competitor.

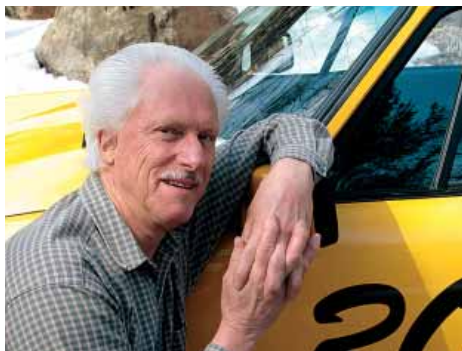
The 24-hour car was a typical Yates project, though. Nash built up the Dart, emblazoned it with *Car and Driver* (and Cannonball) logos, and trailered it to Florida, while *C/D* showed up at tech inspection amid the Porsches and Ferraris. Our entry was a badly painted, steel-wheeled Saturday-night special. To put the knife in even farther, Yates had persuaded circle-track aces Buddy Baker and Joe Ruttman to be our drivers.

I spent much of my time at the unseasonably cold race perched on the pit wall as though I were some kind of crew chief, posing for photographs while staring the wrong way down the track. I’d essentially been a bystander as the whole Yates deal went down. (Nice bystanding: The two features the project produced for the magazine probably cost our editorial budget about \$50,000 apiece.)

About two that morning, running something like 43rd, Baker got bored and decided it was time to return to the motel. He may tell you differently, but I’m convinced he put the clutch to the floor while running down the back straight and grenaded our kit car’s engine. I couldn’t blame him.

A *Road & Track* editor once told me I was “*Car and Driver*’s last good editor.” That should have provided me with some solace, but considering the source, it never did.

Stephan Wilkinson was the editor of C/D for, he says, a thankfully brief period—December 1974 to September 1976—and is today the automotive editor of Condé Nast Traveler. He also writes regularly for Popular Science, Racing Fan, and Golf Connoisseur. Three of the films he has written have been nominated for an Academy Award in the short-documentary category, and his book, The Gold-Plated Porsche, was published in June 2004.



How we
thought we could
bring to the track
a ‘Chrysler kit car’
and not make
fools of ourselves
I don’t know.



Junkyard Opel.



December 1967

We Never Called It a Piece of Junk

One of editor Mandel's first acts is to savage an Opel Kadett L station wagon in print and photograph it in front of a junkyard. This nastiness unfolds just as a pink-cheeked, Iowa-born engineer named Patrick J. Bedard—with a full head of hair—is installed as technical editor. Pat is initially scared out of his wits, which turn out to be considerable. [See his essay on page 150.]

In a review of the Plymouth Road Runner, the editors assert that buyers are referring to the car as the "Beep Beep," which is untrue, and that for \$17.55 you can order an optional patch of flat-black paint on the hood, which is.

Hurst T-bar shifters are all the rage, and for only \$2.75, Carroll Shelby will sell you four Cobra pilsner glasses and a lot of other stuff that reasonably *should* have been called junk.

January–February 1968

But Is It as Fast as an MGB?

In what reads pretty much like a road test but isn't, Davis waxes Homeric over the new BMW 2002,

calling it "one of modern civilization's all-time best ways to get somewhere sitting down," and intimating that the little 114-hp Bavarian sedan will out-drag muscle cars. Davis hasn't praised a car so effusively since the eccentric Rover 2000. Such hyperbole unnerves the other editors. "That sonuvabitch," rages editor Mandel, who always suspected any favorable review to be the work of a Judas trading for pieces of silver, "he sold us out." They dub his piece "View-point." Meaning it is DED's view, not theirs.

April 1968

Can He Book Us on His TV Show?

Two-time world champion Jimmy Clark, 32, is killed at Hockenheim when his F2 car is dashed to bits against a stand of pine trees. "Clark's death," writes Yates, "was something like learning that Pope Paul was busted for smoking pot."

At the Indy 500, the smart money is on Andy Granatelli's turbines, but the smart money loses when Bobby Unser, driving an Eagle-Offy, earns the free quart of milk.

Associate editor Charles Fox, adorned in a Nehru jacket, drives a new Lincoln Mark III to Washington, D.C., for a long weekend. He takes no money or credit cards, employing only the mammoth Lincoln and his wits to cadge free food and rooms. "The only problem I ran into," says Fox, "was when the carhop at a drive-in took my Bigburger and chocolate milkshake back after I told him I didn't have any cash."

TV comic Dick Smothers begins writing a column. He has a lot of



company. Amazingly, there are now six columnists.

July–August 1968

Still, They Wouldn't Sleep With Us

In an era of love beads, mini-skirts, free sex, and body painting, art director Butera depicts on the cover two nude female torsos painted to resemble Italian and British flags. It is a daring and dangerous ploy, but it works, becoming so popular that it is converted into a wall poster for pubescent boys. It is a stunt no other car magazine would attempt.

Chaparral-inspired wings, which are proving quick to collapse, are now sprouting on F1 cars.

September 1968

What If "Goufu" Actually Sells?

AMX, GTX, Super Bee, Cyclone CJ, Talladega, R/T, Eliminator, The Judge, Ram Air, W-31, Hurst Olds, Mach 1, the Boss, Rally Sport, Six-Pack—all are code names that enthusiasts know and love. An avalanche of Detroit muscle is keeping Patrick Bedard's test gear on the boil on both coasts.

Mark Donohue tests four street Porsches for C/D, keeping alive a peculiar tradition of pro racers, rather than editors, driving our cars at racetracks. In previous comparos, Masten Gregory, Sam Posey, Walt Hansgen, and John Fitch have all been hired



as wheelmen.

A company called Muntz is selling a "Stereo-Pak" that miraculously plays eight-track cartridges, featuring pop artists such as Petula Clark and Glen Campbell.

Smack dab in the middle of Motown's muscle-car heyday, a strange little device called the Subaru 1000 Sports appears, featuring a 1.0-liter engine making 79 horsepower. We call it "a cheap, hard-riding car with a lot of goufu."

January–May 1969

What, Us Worry?

In what some might describe as a burst of hubris, C/D runs a feature called "Road Testing the Road Testers," in which we rate our competition. Leon Mandel describes *Motor Trend* as "a car magazine with more car than magazine" and *Hot Rod* as "written to make no demands on the reader." His reputation as a curmudgeon is established.

Of Ford's \$3958 answer to the Camaro Z-28, we write: "The Mustang Boss 302 is the best-handling car ever to come out of Dearborn and may just be the new standard by which everything from Detroit must be judged." What's more, the Boss marks the beginning of the end of our infatuation with British cars. Of the latest MG we write: "Engine response is very, very slow, almost as if someone found a good deal on a lot of unused millstones and bought them to tack on the end of the crankshaft."

During a test of Sam Posey's Can-Am car, feature editor Charles Fox spins the Lola T160 into the forest, shredding the vehicle with force sufficient to fling its \$800 aluminum radiator 105 feet. Fox is shaken. Posey is pissed. Our cover reads: "Crash Testing a Can-Am Car—We Drive a Lola T160 at 11/10ths."

June 1969

Actually, We Didn't Build It

The editors debut another project car, a Camaro called the Blue Maxi, built by one of Roger Penske's mechanics. It features a 370-hp, 350-cubic-inch V-8 instead of a 302-cubic-inch V-8. The editors



SKECHERS

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THE PASSIONATE PURSUIT OF PERFECTION



rhapsodize quixotic about “the expression of what a good car should be” and refer to the car as a “Z-29.” In the next issue, the Blue Maxi is declared one of the best cars on the planet. Maybe it is.

F1 driver Graham Hill switches to a full-face helmet. Pontiac falls head over heels in love with great whopping plastic bumpers. And we are devoting entire feature stories to the Trans-Am, which now includes four factory-backed teams.

July–September 1969

You'll Probably Be Thrown Clear

C/D tests an \$11,685 De Tomaso Mangusta, predecessor to the Pantera. It is one of the most beautiful mid-engined supercars ever assembled but is not fitted with anything resembling a seatbelt. Also, its handling is evil.

The Can-Am, in recognition of McLaren and Hulme's dominance, is now known as “The Bruce and Denny Show.”

November 1969

And After This, We'll Try Le Mans

Maintaining a *C/D* tradition, Brock Yates borrows a Ford press car—a Mustang Boss 302—and enters it in an SCCA race at Watkins Glen. The car is involved in various dust-ups that inflict sheetmetal damage, a flat tire, and a busted window. Because Yates is such a charmer, Ford does not yell at us about this. Much.

American Motors says even its farthest-flung dealers have all pretty much torn down the last of the Ram-

bler signs. And for only \$3.50, you can buy a bottle of the hugely popular Jade East cologne.

January–February 1970

Donohue Never Raced the Gremlin

Dodge introduces its Challenger T/A, and Pontiac introduces a Trans Am with a screeching-bird decal on the hood. Like our Blue Maxi, Chevrolet's Z-28 is now fitted with a 350-cubic-inch V-8, thus abandoning the 5.0-liter Trans-Am formula. It unfortunately portends an era of heavy, sloppy, characterless cars. “Somehow, the Z-28 is not as thrilling as it once was,” we grumble during its test. And it will get much worse.

In the real Trans-Am, Mark Donohue abandons his Z-28 in favor of a Javelin built by AMC, a company that has just introduced its two-seat \$1879 Gremlin. The latter will contend for Ugliest-Ever awards for decades to come.

May 1970

Rise of the Rising Sun

Datsun unveils its 240Z, a two-seater that weighs a mere 2330 pounds and is as fun and nimble as it is handsome—a great relief for *C/D* editors who are now deluged with slow-witted Motown cruisers. “Datsun didn't invent the overhead-cam engine, or disc brakes, or independent suspension,” we write of the 240Z, “but it has a habit of incorporating these sophisticated systems into brilliantly conceived and easily affordable cars.”

The 240Z so affects the editorial

psyche that the next project car is not a fire-breathing Detroit bomb but an Opel GT nicknamed “J. Edgar Opel.” It appears at the same moment that Ford and Chevrolet believe the Pinto and Vega will stave off Volkswagen and Japan—the dawn of a dark era for Detroit, further dimmed by ever more emissions and safety regulations.

June–August 1970

Fact Is, It Was Designed to Suck

Innovative carbuilder Jim Hall shows up at the Watkins Glen Can-Am with the Chaparral 2J, which is pulled toward the pavement by two fans evacuating air from beneath the engine. Jackie Stewart uses this device to set fastest lap. Onlookers who previously pooh-poohed the notion of race cars benefiting from anything so ethereal as “ground effects” are silenced forever.

The 1971 Mustang Mach 1 and Plymouth Road Runner appear. Both are ugly, uninspired, fat, and unremittingly dumb.

September–October 1970

They Shoot Mustangs, Don't They?

Stock-car legend Curtis Turner—Yates's all-time hero—flies his twin-engine Aero Commander into the side of a mountain in Pennsylvania. Yates is distraught but writes a moving tribute.

Having already lost sight of what a Mustang should be, Ford introduces the lard-assed \$4420 Boss 351, which does not capture Patrick Bedard's heart or soul. “To race or

not to race,” he writes. “Ford has finally decided. *Not to.*” This Boss, unlike the two that preceded it, slips into obscurity almost before the year is out.

Following in the largish footprints of the Plymouth Fury Boss Wagon and the Boss Olds Vista Cruiser, the editors build a Boss Van—a modified 1971 Dodge Sportsman that is far less pointless than previous projects. Yates, in fact, will shortly rename the van Moon Trash II and drive it on a cross-country reconnaissance for a little race he has dreamed up.

January–February 1971

Audi—They Tell Us It Rhymes With 'Howdy'

Former managing editor Bob Brown takes over as editor, just as Detroit's creations are setting new marks for gracelessness and corpulence. The editors thus turn to imports and find three that are stirring, at least on initial examination. A German company known as Audi has just introduced its 100LS. Mercury has imported a Euro-built Capri. And Mazda has launched its Wankel-powered RX-2 coupe, which the editors claim “will just about suck the doors off any other small sedan and give all but the bigger and more exotic sports cars a purple fit.” It is already obvious the editors want to race the RX-2. Somewhere. Anywhere.

The magazine declares Mario Andretti the best driver in the world.

And the Corvette is offered with four engine packages: the 270-hp L48, the 330-hp L71, the 365-hp



Above: Yates goes racing with a press car. Ford folks are not unhappy.

PREVIEW TEST



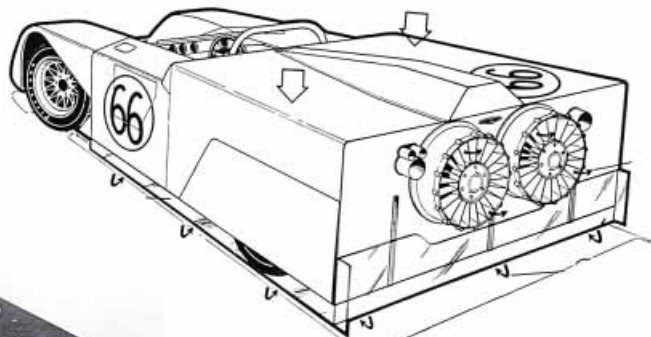
Men of legend don't often earn the distinction. But the stories of Curtis Turner's exploits barely begin to depict the fantastic life-style he created for himself.

—By Brock Yates

CURTIS M. TURNER, RACING DRIVER, 46

Star of the Grand Circuit Dies in Plane Crash

PUNXSUTAWNEY, Pa., Oct. 5 (UPI)—Curtis M. Turner, an auto racing driver, was killed yesterday in a crash of his private plane in Bell Township



CAR AND DRIVER'S OPEL GT





JIM WILLIAMS

A WANNABE CAR DESIGNER'S VIEW

Early on, I wasn't particularly discerning about the editorial bent of publications. As an aspiring artist and wannabe car designer, I tended to favor books with the most and best pictures. And I must admit I was somewhat dismayed when *C/D* first started to break with its *Sports Cars Illustrated* beginnings, leaving behind gems like Ken Miles's "Flying Shingle," complete with a cutaway drawing by C.O. LaTourette.

But as time went by, I came to appreciate the new magazine. As a barely postadolescent boy, the torsos of two shapely women—one painted like an Italian flag, the other like an English flag—announcing *C/D*'s Italy-vs.-England \$64,000 road test—certainly caught my eye. But it was the Opel in the junkyard that changed the way I viewed *C/D*.

Of all the things I might have cared about in February 1968, an Opel Kadett L station wagon was not one of them. In fact, I would have been annoyed at its inclusion in a publication I'd paid 60 cents for. But *C/D*'s article sold me—not on the Opel, but on how words and pictures could come together to sell a magazine.

The stark black-and-white photos, shot with a slightly wide-angle lens, included enough of the background to leave no doubt that *C/D* considered the hapless Opel to be junkyard fodder. Overkill? Probably. But it's doubtful that writer

Cook Neilson's words alone would have elevated the piece to the pantheon of *C/D* stories, much less cause GM to pull its advertising. I mention it because, as I write this, I see another black-and-white photograph hanging on my office wall. It shows a Porsche 911 surrounded by a gaggle of decrepit oldsters in front of a retirement home on Long Island. The photo (shown above) was intended for a road test that would appear a month after the Opel. The 911 had the then-new Sportmatic transmission, and the implication was clear: An automatic Porsche was for almost-dead people.

Fearing another advertising defection, the top brass pulled the photo just as the issue was going to press and replaced it with an innocuous picture of the car with its driver's door agape. But the original text, as well as the original blurb, remained intact: "There's a whole new breed of Porsche lovers on tap, thanks to the Sportomatic." Sans picture, the story passed without notice.

Although my formal education and inclinations were in art, first and foremost I was a car guy. I thus joined *C/D* in 1971 as a writer. I wouldn't appear on *C/D*'s mast-



GENE BUTERA

head as art director until 1977, soon after David E. Davis Jr. returned from the advertising wars in Detroit. He mandated his philosophy of "wall-to-wall cars" and installed dual executive editors—Patrick Bedard and Steve Thompson.

Then, as now, the total number of pages in a magazine is a function of cost, based on a favorable

ratio between the space occupied by advertising and the space occupied by editorial. At that time, *Car and Driver* was still a saddle-stitched book, meaning it was made from sheets of paper printed on both sides, stacked up, folded in half, and stapled through the middle. For the most cost-effective use of paper and time on the printer's presses, pages were typically added or subtracted in multiples of four. But no matter how many pages were added or subtracted, half would turn up before the center spread, and half after. And in those days, the number of color pages was strictly rationed, with the lion's share reserved for ads. To further complicate matters, color pages were produced on a different, earlier schedule than pages printed in black-and-white because color took longer to produce. Worse, many of the ads in magazines like *C/D* aren't neat full pages or spreads. They occupy fractions of pages, and invariably, it is these small ads that arrive latest in the process of putting a magazine to bed.

To deal with such vagaries, it had long been common practice for art directors to create feature layouts with big, splashy openings, purposely without room for all of a story's text. The overrun or jump-text material could then be cut up and used elsewhere to fill spaces between ads. This made stories hard to follow and often displeased the advertisers who ended up stuck in unattractive sections filled with overrun. I thus put an end to the practice—probably the most significant contribution during my time as art director. Every story was thereafter laid out start to finish before the next one began. In the process, typefaces and styles were standardized, and rules and borders were applied to rein in errant bits. We started down the path that *C/D* art directors have continued to this day. Plus, I hired photographer Aaron Kiley.

Neither I nor David E.'s dual-editor experiment would make the move to Ann Arbor in 1978. But history and circulation numbers would ultimately prove that most of Davis's instincts were correct.



Jim Williams lives on a farm in upstate New York, where he tends 40 acres without a mule and maintains a rickety 150-year-old house as well as a collection of old MGs, a Jaguar C-type replica, and a half-dozen motorcycles. By day he writes copy for an advertising agency in Rochester.

The photo was
of a Porsche 911.
The implication
was clear:
An automatic
Porsche was for
almost-dead
people.



STEVE THOMPSON

DUAL-ISSUE EDITORS MEANT DUELING ISSUE EDITORS

Magazines are fueled by ideas and money. A magazine is, after all, a compendium of ideas in the form of words and pictures. Without those ideas, that compendium is an empty shell. But even if the ideas are exceptional, a magazine sooner or later fades away if it can't make money for its owners. A consumer magazine like *Car and Driver* makes some money from newsstand sales and subscriptions, but the sustaining income derives from advertising sales.

In 1976, when competition for advertising revenue among the three major general-interest car magazines had grown particularly ferocious, David E. Davis Jr. conceived a plan to increase the number and frequency of important and memorable issues—because such issues were, he believed, the surest way to increase circulation figures, and thus advertising income.

Davis knew from his own experience that the biggest problem with making magazines memorable—and thus successful both on the newsstand and in subscription sales—was the difficulty of getting ahead of the production cycle with editorial planning. Because of the three-month lead time necessary to make magazines in those days, we'd be working on the April issue, for example, in January. This meant that, although a certain amount of flexibility could be built into any issue, the cover and the biggest, most important features had to be locked in place months ahead. Given human nature and

issue while doing a column and all the rest of the work an executive editor did under Davis's aegis, to wit: planning and executing the entire issue, deciding on the cover and other important art with the art director, writing the cover blurbs, personally assigning and editing all the stories in the magazines, and writing all the story titles, blurbs, and photo captions.

By using this approach, Davis hoped each of the issue editors would have the time and motivation to conceive magazines with bigger and better Big Think features. The key, we all thought, would be in the way the issue editors worked together—and/or competed. I'd been editor-in-chief of *Road Test* for two years when Davis hired me to be co-executive editor with Bedard. I knew there would be challenges, but I believed we should give Davis's notion our best shot—even if some on the staff thought it was absurd.

The issue-editor system might actually have worked if 1977 hadn't also been the year Davis launched another of his Big Think notions. He ordered us to implement what he called "wall-to-wall cars," in the belief that we could run rings around our competition if we tested more cars than they did, filling the magazine with sheetmetal as never before. Yes, we would have some traditional lock-up-your-daughters *C/D* features, like the "Vote With Your Foot!" call to civil disobedience in order to get the 55-mph speed limit repealed. Or the "Great Carry Nation *Car and Driver* Memorial Drunk-Off," in which we used a portable Breathalyzer to test ourselves and the statutory blood-alcohol levels (and concluded we wouldn't want to be in a car driven by any one of us at even half the legal limit). Or the car-versus-bike shootout. But as Bedard and I struggled to make the dual-editor system work, we ran into insuperable logistical problems that sucked time and energy. And then it turned out what Davis really wanted couldn't be found in New York City. It lay somewhere in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where, in late 1978, he would take the magazine—without me. It would fall to Mike Knepper to pick up my end of the issue-editor experiment. Finally, circa 1980, that experiment was over. But Davis's idea of wall-to-wall cars lives on.

There were always screw-ups that made getting any issue to the printer a down-to-the-wire affair.

Murphy's Law, there were always screw-ups that made getting any issue to the printer a down-to-the-wire affair.

Davis thought the way to break this tyranny was to borrow a method used by *Reader's Digest*, where four "issue editors" planned and executed three issues each, per year, overseeing a staff of as many as 200 editors acquiring all editorial material. Davis knew he could never hire enough editors to duplicate this system in its entirety, but he could use the issue-editor concept to get some planning and thinking time. As he explained it to me in late 1976, I would join the staff as a second executive editor along with Patrick Bedard, and we would alternate as editors of individual monthly issues. We'd both be charged with conceiving Big Think magazines, ideally composed of multiple features related to a central theme. To make this concept work with our small staff, each of the issue editors would have to write for the other's



Steven L. Thompson joined Car and Driver as an executive editor on January 1, 1977. Following his departure from the magazine in mid-1978, Thompson was editorial director of Cycle Guide, executive editor of AOPA Pilot, and vice-president/publications of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association. He works today as a freelance writer. Six of his novels have been published.

**How does a man get ready
to go 330 mph in 4.7 seconds?
With a great team.**



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Ron Capps and the Brut Racing crew at Pomona.

**The Brut Shave Team.
Shave Gel + After Shave Balm with TRI-GUARD.®
The new shave with the great smell of Brut. Count on it.**

BRUT.® The Essence of Man.®



NHRA OFFICIAL SPONSOR

LS5, and the 425-hp LS6.
April-June 1971

No One Confuses Him With Yeats

In his column, Yates announces a savage journey not to the heart of the American dream but across it—a race he calls the Cannonball Baker, etc., etc. [see Yates's essay on page 167], which he hopes will enrage as many Naderites as possible.

Recently hired technical editor Don Sherman, a kit-car fanatic and former Chrysler engineer like Bedard, points out that at least seven of Motown's best-known performance engines will not be available in California because of new emissions limits there—a harbinger of upcoming government mandates with which Detroit will wrestle heroically and appear more than once to be pinned lifelessly to the mat.

July-September 1971

He May Have Met Agnew, Too

In a six-car "Super Coupe" comparo, four imports finish first through fourth. The only domestics—a Chevy Vega and a Ford Pinto—finish next to dead last and totally, completely dead last.

In a spoof test of the "Wallaby Balloonfire X-4000" by Bruce McCall, an obviously braless blonde poses for a photo that annoys Lutherans nationwide and earns her the title "Miss Cancellation I."

Owners

Motor Publications	7/55-2/56
Ziff-Davis Publishing Company	3/56-4/85
CBS Magazines	5/85-12/87
Diamandis Communications	1/88-8/88
Hachette Filipacchi Media, U.S.	9/88-present

Editors

1. George A. Parks	7/55-11/55
2. Arthur Kramer	12/55-2/56
3. Ken W. Purdy	3/56-12/56
4. John Christy	1/57-11/59
5. Karl Ludvigsen	12/59-1/62
6. William Pain	2/62-2/63
7. David E. Davis Jr.	3/63-1/66
8. Brock Yates	2/66-10/66
9. Steve Smith	11/66-1/68
10. Leon Mandel	2/68-12/69
11. Gordon Jennings	1/70-3/71
12. Bob Brown	4/71-11/74
13. Stephan Wilkinson	12/74-9/76
14. David E. Davis Jr.	10/76-10/85
15. Don Sherman	11/85-2/88
16. William Jeanes	3/88-5/93
17. Csaba Csere	6/93-present

In what is clearly an error on the part of the press secretary, Brock Yates is invited to a White House reception honoring auto racing. There he meets President Nixon, who does *not* whisper into Yates's ear, "Do you happen to own a few burglary tools?"

December 1971

So Honda Thinks It Can Build Cars?

Patrick Bedard is given a column, in which he immediately hypes a new, low-cost SCCA class called Showroom Stock Sedans.

A Lilliputian runabout called the Honda 600 sedan is for sale. It costs \$1595, produces 36 horses, and causes onlookers to chortle. "It's like being at a greased-pig hunt," writes Bedard, "and you're the pig."

William Henry Getty "Big Bill"

France retires and appoints his son William C. "Big Bill" France as NASCAR's Dictator for Life. The boy seems to fit right in.

January-April 1972

Actually, You Can Lose 'Em All

A Mississippi-bred contributor named William Jeanes writes about the Bolus & Snopes Racing Team, whose adventures with a Shelby GT350 seem to be inordinately plagued by underfunding, interpersonal chaos, and nonspecific disorganization. The team's motto is "You Can't Lose 'Em All," and their mascot is a sorrel mule named Dick Johnson. Few readers know whether Bolus & Snopes exists or is merely a figment of Jeanes's Faulknerian imagination.

The tech editors, all of whom seem to be sprouting ferret-size mustaches and using the words "keen" and "juju" a lot, conduct a huge tire test in which the Semperit STT wins. The tire, however, is hideously expensive: \$39.89.

May-August 1972

Whip Us, Then We'll Buy the Beer

The editors prepare a showroom-stock Ford Pinto and then challenge readers to defeat it at a C/D-sponsored race at Lime Rock. The publisher lays out a \$5000 purse and all the free Schaefer beer the spectators care to drink.

To beat the dominant McLarens

in the Can-Am, Roger Penske and Mark Donohue enter a Porsche 917 that is rumored to produce 1000 horsepower. The Porsche doesn't work well at first. Then it works so well that it kills the series.

September 1972

Just Jokin', Ralph, So Don't Sue Us

Of the federal Clean Air Act, Bedard writes, "For the wrench-twirling car enthusiast who finds happiness in bigger carburetors and higher lift cams, doomsday is definitely on the calendar." He is right.

NHTSA mandates 5-mph bumpers, and few manufacturers are able to integrate these big, dorky-looking devices gracefully. The automotive landscape is so barren that one C/D editor dubs the '73 Olds Cutlass the year's most innovative car.

With only one factory team remaining in the SCCA Trans-Am, the series concludes four races prematurely and is clearly taking on water.

In the interest of reducing emissions, no mechanical-lifter V-8 remains in the Corvette lineup, a development that stuns and disappoints our staff. The L82 350-cubic-inch engine option (\$299) produces only 250 horsepower.

About 40 percent of the magazine is now devoted to new cars. Fifty percent is given over to racing. The remaining 10 percent is used to attack Ralph Nader.

October-December 1972

WALLABY BALLOONFIRE X-4000

A Commie-Pinko plot to rot your moral fibre?

you are dumping
-94 at 54 mph in
apped-out three-
eedy Caprice
erry Vale's Greatest
out of the Muntz
: wearing your Staid
gray sport shirt
iney KantKrease
he two-inch cuffs
ill feeling gas pains
ickey's cheesebur-
Walter's gag-gak
with a M-16 automatic
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to catch the Colts
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ry solid, very fast
rple fills up the
indow for a mil-
mond that feels as



field to catch the
its Italian silk Si
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dru
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and
ing,
ave
wh
me
ga
co
sla
th
W
onfire? Well it isn't
car that would fe
trundling down to
Finast to pick up



Although Dick Johnson is gone, B&S still remembers.



THERE'S \$5000 THAT SAYS YOU CAN'T
OUTDRIVE THESE GUYS IN THE
CAR AND DRIVER SS/SEDAN CHALLENGE
OCTOBER 14 AT LIME ROCK, CONNECTICUT

These guys happen to be members of the C/D staff and on October 14 they are going to put their money up
against you in the historic and colorful Ford vs. all comers in the SCCA-sponsored Showroom
Stock Sedan race at Lime Rock. The first announced race is the SS Sedan Challenge and, fourth and almost certainly
the last of the year, the Sedans and the other of the SS's. You can really get out there and see it all. It's a
big spectacle and it's a challenge you won't want to miss. The SCCA is that it is a series of 10 races
at different venues, beginning at Lime Rock, CT, and ending at the Silver Star in the state
of Florida.

Mechanix Tests Wallaby's New Balloonfire X-4000



When the X-4000 is in the hands of the driver, it's a real show. Wallaby's new X-4000 is a real show.

An Uncle Tom Report



Uncle Tom's new X-4000 is a real show. Wallaby's new X-4000 is a real show.



Uncle Tom's new X-4000 is a real show. Wallaby's new X-4000 is a real show.

Comments:
The X-4000 is a real show. Wallaby's new X-4000 is a real show.



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Indianapolis Raceway Park
July 23 – 24, 2005

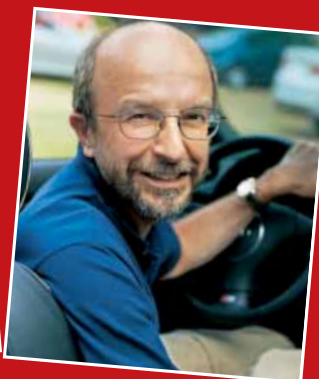
Join our editors as we celebrate this milestone in *Car and Driver* style!

Exciting events will include:

- ✦ Autocross course where you can outdrive the editors in these fast cars:
*Chevrolet Corvette • Ford Mustang GT • Mercedes-Benz SLK55 • Subaru WRX STi
Mazda Miata Turbo • Honda S2000*
- ✦ Blow off Yates, Winfield, and Phillips on the NHRA drag strip in YOUR car
- ✦ Ride in these supercars on the oval:
Mercedes-Benz DTM • Audi RS 6 Speed World Challenge GT • Subaru WRC • Porsche Carrera GT
- ✦ Enter your car in a 5-decade Concours d'Elegance
- ✦ GRAND FUNK RAILROAD concert
- ✦ *Cannonball Run* movie with live commentary by Brock Yates and MORE!!

Visit <http://www.CARandDRIVER.com/50> to buy tickets and get hotel information and a weekend schedule of activities.

CAR AND DRIVER



DAVID E. DAVIS JR.

ME AND STEVE THOMPSON

Steve Thompson was hired with the understanding that he would be making the move from New York to Ann Arbor in mid-1978. A done deal. Patrick Bedard, our executive editor, had advised me that he didn't want to relocate, so Thompson was hired to take his place. With two executive editors available in the months before the magazine headed west, I asked them to alternate as "issue editors." Patrick didn't like the arrangement much, but I found that the competition thus engendered led to some very lively and interesting magazines, some of the best we ever did.

With a few weeks to go before the moving trucks arrived, I began to have mysterious interviews with my immediate superior, vice-chairman W. Bradford Briggs.

"How's it going?" "Is everything all set for the move?" "Are all your people onboard?" I'd reassure him, tell him that everything was in place, and two days later we'd have the same conversation. Then, with time getting short, the affability disappeared, replaced by a hawk's fierce glare, the look of a man who had done a full facial massage with Piercing Blue Eye Cream, a man who would take no nonsense from a mere editor and publisher. This was bad. Steve Thompson had apparently

suggested that I had some criminal conflict of interest in the move to Ann Arbor, that I would get *Car and Driver* way out there, 610 driving miles from New York City, and turn it into a journal of abject adoration for domestic cars. Brad Briggs, who was always suspicious of me anyway, took the bait and ran with it. Suddenly, I was forced to defend the move, my motives, and myself.

The next stop was the office of my friend and mentor, William B. Ziff Jr., chairman of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. Bill was serious, but less accusatory in his questioning. He heard me out, told me I had a real problem that only I could fix, and that I'd better set about



fixing it without delay. So I fired Thompson and his half-hearted accomplice, Jim Williams, but not before Thompson explained that I should really be grateful to him because, by spreading this nonsense about me among my bosses, he had inadvertently triggered a great surge of confidence in me and strengthened my position in the company. I never spoke to him again. The magazine moved to Ann Arbor on schedule.

When Bill Ziff decided to sell the magazine company in 1984, *Car and Driver* was his hot property. So much so that one of the prospective bidders asked to interview me as part of their due diligence. I flew to New York, walked into the conference room, and shook hands with the lawyers, accountants, and two executives representing the prospective buyer. When they asked me why the magazine was published from Ann Arbor, I said, "A lot of wonderful things have happened to *Car and Driver* magazine in the last few years. I would be foolish to suggest that all of those things occurred because we were in Ann Arbor, but I can tell you that all of those things did happen since we've been in Ann Arbor."

I didn't hang around for long after we were sold to CBS. For me, CBS contained enough empty suits to start a very nice discount men's clothing store. They announced they were suing Bill Ziff because they'd paid too much for his company, suing the man who practically invented me by plucking me out of an advertising agency and giving me a great magazine to run. I wrote my letter of resignation, enclosing cassettes of Frankie Valli & the 4 Seasons singing "Don't Think Twice" to a few especially dim apparatchiks. Quitting was a stupid thing to do, but it made me feel good.

In the years that followed, I'd often wake up at night thinking about wreaking gothic vengeance on Steve Thompson. I wanted to make him pay some awful price for his treason. Then, not long ago, I was told he'd gotten over the center line on his motorcycle one night and met an oncoming car right between the headlights with considerable force. He was very badly hurt and might not live. Being a Scorpio, I naturally assumed it was my doing. I didn't know whether to undertake some penance for wishing my old enemy grievous bodily harm or just wallow joyously in this proof of my awesome powers. Steve survived and is back in the pages of *AutoWeek*. I'm not mad at him anymore—but if he ever catches fire in my presence, he shouldn't count on me to spill my drink on him.

CBS contained enough empty suits to start a very nice discount men's clothing store.

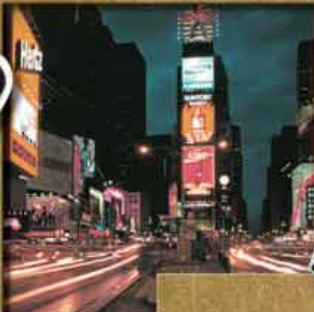


C/D brass: Owner Bill Ziff (left) and vice-chair Brad Briggs, circa '74.

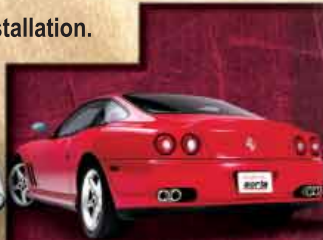
ADVERTISING AGE



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BORLA® pays off with more than power, looks & sound. You're adding resale value. And if a buyer doesn't get it, you can always just yank the bolts and sell it on eBay. Any way you look at it, you win with BORLA®.



Patented design increases exhaust flow for MORE POWER or FUEL ECONOMY.



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Aircraft-quality T-304 stainless steel (superior to T-409). Won't rust or crack — we guarantee it for a MILLION MILES!



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HERE'S TO GETTING

The men and women of GM would like to congratulate *Car and Driver*

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magazine on 50 years of excellence in the field of automotive journalism.

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Only 
onlyGM.com



Pushed into oblivion.

Mortified. Humbled. Demolished.

In the SS/Sedan showdown at Lime Rock, 77 drivers accept *C/D*'s challenge, then simply push Pat Bedard and Don Sherman out of the way. They are gracious enough to permit associate editor (and later art director) Jim Williams a distant sixth place. Fueled by enough post-race beer to drown most of Connecticut, participants boast of "next year" and "next time."

Driving a Cotton Owens-prepared Dodge Challenger with a "fuel sipping" 340-cubic-inch V-8, Yates attempts to win the second running of his Cannonball race. Instead, he is defeated by a just-off-the-line 1973 Cadillac Coupe de Ville that manages the distance in 37 hours and 16 minutes. Yates is 10 minutes behind.

In a test of the brand-new \$2123 Honda Civic, *C/D* boldly asserts, "Honda has finally become a car builder." *January-March 1973*



What's Next, Up With People?

Uniroyal launches an ad campaign featuring faux racers Uni, Roy, and Al. Even those encountering the ad for the first time are moved to vomit.

A little Porsche 911 somehow wins overall at the 24 Hours of Daytona. It is driven by a pair of fashionable country-clubbers—Peter Gregg and Hurley Haywood—with little crocodiles on their shirts.

In this issue, manufacturers have purchased a total of 21 full-page ads. Six are for domestics. Seven are for European imports. Eight are for Japanese imports. It is a telling tally. *May 1973*



Mustang II Mach 1

It's "Mach," but Not As in "Macho"

The magazine tests the Mustang II Mach 1. Sharing many parts with the no-fun-at-any-speed Pinto, the car is more mule than Mustang, and the Mach 1 package means only that you get a 2.8-liter V-6 capable of spurring this gelded pony to 60 mph in 12.2 seconds. The new car may be slow, heavy, and ugly, but at least the editors determine that "its handling is flaccid."

And Yates temporarily cancels the Cannonball, hoping at least to be perceived as doing the right thing during America's first energy crisis. Times are grim. More than a few enthusiasts predict that the days of high-horsepower V-8s—and Grosse Pointe Goliaths as a breed—are numbered. Small cars are in, and much *C/D* faith is misplaced in the new Chevrolet Vega, which can be ordered with a twin-cam Cosworth making 111 horsepower and a truly astounding racket. *September-October 1973*

Is This the Next Stupid Cover?

In yet another "Is This the Next Corvette?" teaser, *C/D* predicts future

Vettes will be powered by four-rotor Wankels. We rule out turbines and nuclear power completely.

Meanwhile, streaking has become popular. *December 1973*

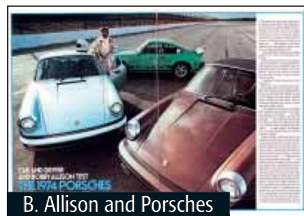
It Just Keeps Getting Grimmer

British Leyland makes a TV commercial in which its latest MGB is parachuted from a plane. The chute fails to open, and the world is delighted.

Oleg Cassini is creating interiors for the AMC Matador. For some reason, relatively few persons find this funny.

Thirty-four-year-old Jackie Stewart retires from the cockpit after the death of Tyrrell teammate François Cevert in a crash at Watkins Glen.

And the editors persuade stock-car legend Bobby Allison to test three new Porsche 911s. Allison is unmoved. At one point he says, "You could really hang up your spare parts in this corner if something went wrong." No one is quite sure what Bobby means. *January-February 1974*



B. Allison and Porsches

Maybe It's Jerry Ford's Fault

The national speed limit is set at 55 mph, which causes vital veins to blow clean out of Yates's forehead as he suffers a kind of sustained epileptic seizure that will endure multiple years. The editors fear motor racing's conspicuous fuel consumption will become the government's next target. Salesmen in New York are selling books to bored motorists stranded in long lines at the pumps. No one is entirely certain why fuel is scarce, but here's one reason: An 82-hp Ford Pinto Runabout is then achieving only 14 to 18 mpg. Charles Fox calls the whole mess "the 1973-74 winter of reckoning."

In a six-car "Super Coupe" comparo, a Mazda RX-2 wins, and the Chevy Vega GT and Mustang II Mach 1 finish way last and super-stupidly last. "Those of you in the market for a shrunken Thunderbird," the editors gripe, "should pick up on the Mustang II . . . It is not sporting. Nor is it amusing or even fun."

May-June 1974

A Bag Explodes As You're Crashing?

Rectangular headlights are in, notably, those on the just-introduced Monza two-plus-two, which requires 11.4 seconds to achieve 60 mph. The Monza is hailed as Chevrolet's answer to the Mustang II, and at that speed, it is.

There is a move afoot for Americans to switch to the metric system.

We depict the 1975 Chrysler Cor-

doba on the cover—complete with a bogus coin mounted in its cheesy hood ornament—just as seatbelt interlock systems are mandated. Yates blows a third gasket and advocates that readers rip every single safety-related device from their cars.

Allstate Insurance is advertising a radical new safety gimmick that absolutely, positively cannot work: the airbag.

A guy named Bob Lutz takes over at Ford of Germany. A guy named Stephan Wilkinson takes over as *C/D*'s editor, replacing Bob Brown. And a guy named Evel Knievel attempts to jump the Snake River Canyon in the steam-powered "Sky-cycle." Instead, the king of self-promotion lands 50 feet above the canyon floor. Observers hoping for glorious success or Evel's gruesome dismemberment are all disappointed.

November-December 1974

Our Ears Aren't On, Good Buddy

Editing his very first issue, Stephan Wilkinson, the former head of *Flying* magazine, refers to the car

L.J.K. SETRIGHT

JAMES JOYCE NEVER WROTE FOR US



Those who were reading me in this magazine halfway through its half-century will have read some of the best stuff—sometimes the funniest, sometimes the most thoughtful, sometimes both—that I ever wrote in my motor-noting career, which has so far occupied me for 44 years. What encouraged me to this, I believe, was the combined and generally civilized characters and talents of David E. Davis and his editorial staff. What in retrospect matters more was that the experience changed my thoughts of coming to the U.S. What had seemed desirable gradually became imperative.

Eventually, I did it. No longer a contributor, I came to live for a year in Austin, Texas. It was 1983, 12 lovely and truly sabbatical months that had been meant to go

on forever. That could not be—evidently, 1983 was not designed to last indefinitely—but I will never forget.

In fact, I had visited the U.S. earlier during my tenure when Mr. Editor Davis had the indulgent idea of sending me to Indianapolis to observe the Memorial Day Sweepstakes in 1978. I did not really mind the littered beer cans in the surrounding streets. Was this not evidence of what Roosevelt had called “a

more abundant life”? On the other hand, I recall bristling with indignation when the officiating cleric called down blessings upon “the world’s greatest motor race.” I had seen that already, at Silverstone in 1951, when at last Ferrari beat Alfa Romeo in the British Grand Prix. (Was there ever a race in which so many embers of history were extinguished, in which so many harbingers of the future were revealed?)

At Indianapolis, I was even more upset by the squealing clarinets in the big Purdue band, on parade in full antique uniform complete with white cotton gloves. One simply cannot play the clarinet in cotton gloves, through the weave of which every leak provokes a squeak. As for the race? I was sorry to be a few years too late to see the old traditional Indy roadsters with their meticulously built chassis, so eloquent of that fascinating American artisanal understanding that enables devoted men in the U.S. to make old-fashioned things better than anyone else ever had the wit to do, while the outside world once again bungles the job of instigating new ideas.

Americans are not alone in that. Mercedes-Benz does it, too, perhaps too often, but it pleased me when the Ger-

mans brought out their light-alloy 5.0-liter V-8 to enhance the already impressive 450SLC. DED sent me out to Stuttgart to assay it, and the couple of days involved were bliss. On the sunshiny and curvaceous tarmac of the *Hochstrasse*, the high road through the

leaf-darkened Black Forest, I had to resist the challenge presented by an earnest chap on a

V-twin Ducati. Instead, the 450SLC 5.0 shot down to Lake Constance, the birthplace of the *Zeppelin*. And I recall that on the return leg the Merc averaged 133 mph over 20 miles, 126 for 40 miles. There were at that time scarcely three current cars that could have matched its equanimity. Even at its roadholding limit it seemed demure. Just once, on a curving exit ramp bridging an autobahn, did it twitch. The late and perpetually lovely lady at my side (may her memory be for me a blessing) murmured, “Was that you or the car?” and I had to admit that the

responsibility was shared.

There were other features, but they are forgotten. Good though the editor was, he lacked that magical insight that I have encountered only in two men, one of them Irish and the other not only Welsh but also Jewish, a wondrous combination. Whenever I proposed a feature to either, he would dismiss the idea out of hand and counter with another. I would then go away and, ignoring his suggestion, do something quite different that turned out to be exactly what he had wanted all along. The features I wrote for *C/D* lacked that vital spark, but at that time I was at my best as an essayist and took more pride in my regular columns.

One of them I shall remember when all the others fade. In 1982 I thought to celebrate the centenary of the birth of James Joyce with an emulation titled “Funagainst Work.” It was the most concentrated piece I have ever written, a history of AC Cars immersed in the dredgings of Joyce at his surreal best in *Finnegans Wake*. One of the assistant editors sent it to his erstwhile professor, who happened to be the leading Joyce expert and who pronounced it the best and most perceptive spoof of Joyce he had ever encountered. To the eternal credit of Mr. Editor Davis, the piece was accepted and duly published—and I doubt that any other magazine in the world would have dared.

L.J.K. Setright—Leonard, to his friends—has written for virtually every car magazine on the planet during his four decades as a journalist. His latest book is Drive On! A Social History of the Motor Car (www.trafalgarsquarebooks.com). He lives in Surrey, England.



RICHARD H. SMITH

At Indianapolis,
I was even more
upset by
the squealing
clarinets in the
Purdue band.





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on the cover as a Ford Capri. It is a Mercury. [See Wilkinson's essay on page 175.] Later, he waits long spells in the lobby at One Park until an empty elevator arrives so he doesn't have to talk to anyone.

In the third SS/Sedan Challenge, Bedard drives a Vega GT to victory, defeating 65 entrants. One of the vanquished exclaims, "God, I don't know how these people ever get a magazine out."

Citizens'-band radios are way, way in.

January–February 1975

local drag strip."

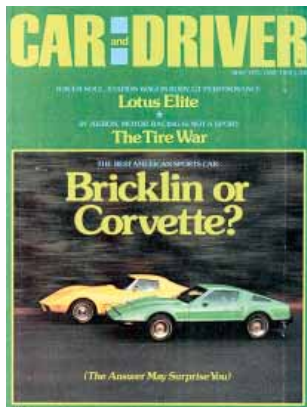
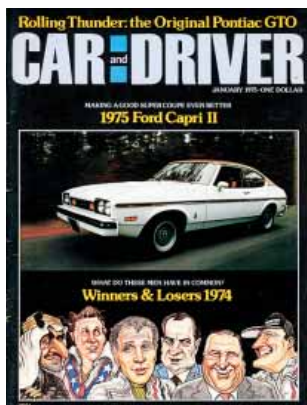
Hah! We Knew They Were Fake

In a shootout between the emasculated 165-hp Corvette Stingray and the new \$9780 Bricklin SV-1, technical editor Don Sherman does his best to pretend the Bricklin is competitive. "Being second," he graciously intones, "doesn't necessarily mean being last." Nice try, Don.

Meanwhile, a suspiciously large woman named Liz Carmichael (six feet, 175 pounds) says she will build a three-wheeled, 1000-pound vehicle called the Dale. But before this \$2000 device makes it to showrooms, Carmichael goes underground, leaving behind angry creditors, angry prosecutors, a closet full of wigs and falsies, and "a device used by female impersonators." No Dale is produced.

Cadillac introduces its tasteful \$13,178 Seville,

Carmichael and "her" Dale.



based on the white-bread Chevy Nova. From the standpoint of style alone, the car becomes the first modern-era Caddy that enthusiasts are not embarrassed to drive, and it is a rousing sales success for the division.

May–July 1975

Maybe the Bird Decal Is Too Heavy

A 455-cubic-inch Pontiac Firebird Trans Am makes only 200 horsepower. After testing the car, Sherman advises, "Don't go anywhere near your

Just when all seems lost, what should appear but the Chevy Chevette. "Detroit gets serious about small cars," our publisher writes of this 60-hp piece of coupe. "The

Chevette is the most extreme car ever introduced by Detroit." Extremely boxy? Extremely slow? The little clunk requires 15 seconds to attain 60 mph.

Coming out of retirement, Mark Donohue gives F1 racing a shot and is killed in a crash at the Austrian Grand Prix.

September–November 1975

Bobby Allison Doesn't Order One

Just as Yates is proclaiming, "Enthusiasm isn't dead, it's just hiding," Porsche hands us the keys to its new Turbo Carrera. The car, instantly identified by its swollen rear fender flares, costs a fortune—\$25,975—but achieves 60 mph in 4.9 seconds. Both on and off the track, it will become one

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She said she wanted to give America an inexpensive, economical three-wheel car...

of the most important sports cars in history, eclipsing the racing records of Cobras and Corvettes alike.

And from Bavaria, BMW announces a new line of sedans it plans to call the 3-series. Enthusiasm isn't dead, Brock, it's just living in Germany. *December 1975*

Another Reader-Beater Beating

Bedard is again defeated in the reader-beater SS/ Sedan Challenge. But goddammit, there are some ringers in the starting lineup—Paul Hacker, Patrick Jacquemart, Al Holbert, Sam Posey, and a young go-getter from Roslyn Heights, New York, named Rich Ceppos, who later admits to being inordinately attracted to the magazine guys.

Ken Tyrrell surprises everyone (and richens Goodyear) by building a Grand Prix car with four tires *at the front*. We describe it as a car “that says adios to four-wheel drifts.” Get it?

And Don Sherman discovers that the top speed of a Corvette L82 is 124.5 mph, not even 3 mph faster than a Dodge Dart Sport.

January–February 1976

It Never Sucked, but It Sure Did Blow

Still finding it difficult to locate fun cars from the factory, the editors build a Chrysler kit car—a Dodge Dart late-model stocker that costs \$11,000 and produces 510 horsepower. The car makes Yates feel like Curtis Turner. It makes editor Wilkinson feel like the father of multiple teens with stubborn learning disorders. The Dart's Gilmer belt blows, tempers blow, and the car itself blows.

To make up for the bullring disaster, Yates does the least sensible thing possible by entering the Dodge in the 24 Hours of Daytona, for which the car is suited not even a little. The engine explodes with force sufficient to shear off the back half of the block, including the bell housing and transmission. “This time,” co-driver Buddy Baker draws, “you *ain't* gonna fix it,” and heads for the motel.

At this point in the magazine's career, one thing is clear: When no zesty new cars are forthcoming from manufacturers, the editors have no trouble manufacturing their own fun.

May–June 1976

We Heard It During a Séance

Porsche does the unthinkable by producing the 924—with its engine *up front*. “In a few years,” writes

Bedard, “all Porsches will be front-engined and water-cooled.”

But our predictions aren't always amiss. When the \$4045 Honda Accord CVCC arrives, we write: “Take a good look, and you'll see a new standard for small cars.”

July–August 1976

Dave II: The Real American Idol

At *C/D*, time doesn't stand still; it goes *backward*. After a 10-year hiatus, David E. Davis Jr. returns to One Park Avenue for Round II as editor-in-chief. He arrives just in time to test a refrigerator-shaped Chevy Caprice and an intergalactically awful pickup called the Chevy LUV, which goes on to become famous for rusting even as it sits in disembarkation lots at seaports.

October 1976



Signing on for a second decade.

Versailles: That's French, Dude

A driver with the initials “PLN” stenciled on his Triumph's doors steers his D-Production TR6 to glory at the SCCA Run-Offs. He is cheered on by a young girl wearing a T-shirt that says, “Paul Newman Has Skinny Legs.” In victory circle, the actor shouts, “Screw the Oscars!”

Davis installs “dueling” executive editors—Patrick Bedard and Steve Thompson—a lash-up that works not so much like Martin and Lewis as Leopold and Loeb [see Thompson's essay on page 182]. Twenty-eight



Who is this guy?

years later, Bedard will say of the experiment, “I never forgave him for that.”

Perhaps as a kind of cosmic punishment, Lincoln introduces a 3956-pound sedan powered by a 135-hp V-8 and calls it the Versailles. Is Detroit embarrassed by this excrescence? Detroit is not. Hot on the Versailles's doughy heels comes the Lincoln Continental Mark V Givenchy Designer Edition. Managing editor David Abrahamson [see his essay on page 172] suggests it should be delivered with a set of Liberian license plates.

February–June 1977



Lincoln Versailles

Actually, It Isn't as Good as Gold

“The skin is stainless steel, like the door of a pizza oven,” we write, “and you freshen it up with a piece of sandpaper.” It is the De Lorean, brainchild of John Z. For some reason, we invite Zora Arkus-Duntov

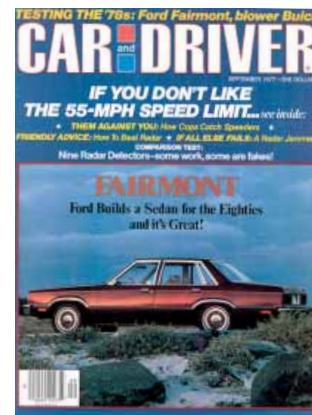


to drive the prototype. He tells us quite a lot about the Chevrolet Corvette.

Davis sanctions another controversial shootout: Pontiac Trans Am versus Kawasaki KZ1000. It takes some editorial jiggery-pokery, but “the car wins, five to four!” Readers beg us to pretend motorcycles don't exist.

A.J. Foyt is the first person to win the Indy 500 four times.

July–August 1977



In Those Days, Judges Were Cheap

We put the Fairmont on the cover with this headline: “Ford Builds a Sedan for the Eighties and It's Great!” Half of that sentence is true.

We test a batch of radar detectors. Some work, some are fakes, all are largely unreliable. “Sooner or later,” we conclude, “you are going to have to buy a judge.”

In F1, Renault is obtaining as much as 510 horsepower from a turbo V-6—at 11,000 rpm, an unheard-of number of revs. At the opposite end of the spectrum, Olds introduces a 350-cubic-inch V-8 diesel that makes 120 horsepower. It could also spin to 11,000 rpm but only once.

September–October 1977

Someday He'll Make a Fine Writer

We somehow trick *National Lampoon* editor-in-chief P.J. O'Rourke into driving a 1956 Buick from Florida to California. The car repeatedly overheats and suffers vapor lock, so O'Rourke attaches clothespins to the fuel line for no apparent reason. The wipers fail, the



Max Stührling's big mistake

When quality isn't enough to take on the big guys.

The fine horologists (watchmakers) at Stührling just built a super luxury watch for this Christmas. Using one of the most complex regulator movements ever designed, they engineered the Regulator Series 3. With its large separate minute dial and small hour dial, this watch was built to take on the likes of Rolex™ and Patek Philippe™ and was to retail for \$5,750. Well, Max made a mistake. The other luxury watch manufacturers had locked up the shelf space at the high end jewelers by offering large advertising contracts, so Max is left with 3,435 of these magnificent "Regulator Series 3" watches.

Max needs to liquidate these luxury watches so he came to us at NextTen. You see, NextTen has become synonymous with high

quality watches at extraordinary values. We are offering the Regulator for a miraculous price—\$349.⁷⁵. Max is in tears, but he needs the cash. When the 3,435 watches are sold, that will be the end of them. I am keeping three for myself since I'm convinced that the rare design will make this watch sought after by collectors in years to come.

What makes it special?

The Regulator will make you want to learn how to tell time all over again. The Regulator movement is utilized in the master clocks at observatories, but Stührling has miniaturized this complex movement for the Regulator Series 3. Separate hour and minute dials will make you stare at this unique watch. The dial is machined in a

silver-white star burst and the escape-ment is visible through the dial so you can watch the balance wheel in action. The movement oscillates at 21,600 vibrations per hour for accuracy to within seconds per day. The tonneau styled case is fused in 23k gold and the alligator-embossed band is fitted with the finest butterfly clasp that we have seen in our travels. If you desire the best, the unique and the rare, the Stührling Regulator is built for you. We do expect to be out of this watch in just a few weeks, so please act quickly.



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HUMPHREY SUTTON

O'Rourke's solution.

thermostat implodes, and reverse gear blows out. The trip takes 11 days. In the end, O'Rourke and *C/D* photographer Humphrey Sutton are no longer speaking.

Subaru introduces a tiny truck called the BRAT, with two rearward-facing plastic seats in the cargo bed. First guy in the Southeast to own a BRAT? Billy Carter.

Speaking of drunks, the magazine probes the effect of alcohol on driving. In a feature called the "Great Carry Nation *Car and Driver* Memorial Drunk-Off," the staff reaches this conclusion: Drunk drivers get chatty and crash a lot.

An Olds 442 costs \$7064 and produces 160 horsepower.

February–March 1978

Felix Wankel Adoration, Part XIV

Mazda introduces a raffish and affordable sports car called the RX-7, powered by a 100-hp Wankel. Tech editor Sherman calls the car "a sure winner" but isn't talking about showroom sales. He is, instead, merely agitating to race the thing, upholding the magazine's longstanding tradition of Wankel wanking. Sherman will go on to race RX-7s a lot, not only on road courses but also at Bonneville.

Rich Ceppos and Larry Griffin join the staff as associate editors and are immediately thrust into a mammoth econobox comparo. A Datsun B-210 loses.

In a separate test, Ceppos asserts, "The Dodge St. Regis is not what you'd call a great leap forward."

May–August 1978

Isn't Michigan Out in the Woods?

Davis moves the magazine from New York to Ann Arbor. For this journey, executive editor Steve Thompson is uninited. [See Davis's essay on page 186.] Many readers believe the exodus from N.Y.C. portends an overly cozy relationship with Detroit. Davis tells the staff to relax.

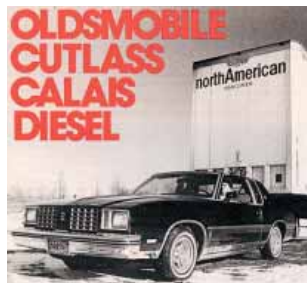
A Corvette L82 costs \$10,220 and produces 225 horsepower. Top speed: 127 mph. And of the Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon, we write: "They are fine-tuned to American tastes." Of course, the same could be said of corn dogs.

December 1978



There Ain't No Olds in Calais

Roger Penske and Pat Patrick form a club called Championship Auto Racing Teams. It does serious damage to the cigar-chomping fogies running USAC, not that many people care.



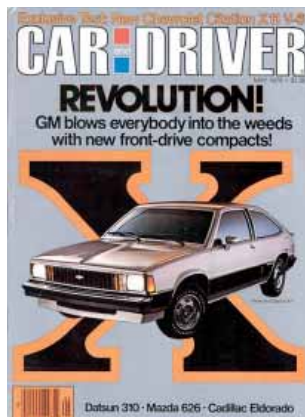
AARON KILEY

The Olds Cutlass Calais Diesel requires 16.1 seconds to achieve 60 mph. "We find no compelling reason," Rich Ceppos understates, "to recommend buying it."

And a Frenchman named Jean-Marie Balestre is appointed the grand pooh-bah of all European motor-

sports. Americans ask, "Where'd this new babe come from, anyway?"

March–April 1979



The Dawn of Big-Time Wrestling

We depict the new Chevy Citation X11 on the cover and declare, "GM blows everybody into the weeds with new front-drive compacts!" Given the proclivities of the staff at the time, the word "weed" in that sentence explains a lot. Coincidentally, in the same issue appears the new \$6135 Mazda 626. The Mazda arrives to almost zero fanfare but will prove in all respects to be a better automobile than any Citation ever created, which isn't the sort of claim that will do Mazda much good.

Both cars are eclipsed by the season's true heavyweights—Cale Yarborough, Bobby Allison, and Donnie Allison, who, in a kind of Confederate *ménage à trois*, wrestle on live TV at the conclusion of the Daytona 500.

May 1979

Mazda 626



AARON KILEY

What's Next, Nader Sues Us?

The editors turn a Ford Fairmont into a project car, a task akin to repainting the *Lusitania*. After all modifications are in place, the Fairmont requires not 13.9 seconds to achieve 60 mph but 13.7, and its top speed rises from 91 mph to 94 mph. We pat ourselves on the back. Fortunately for us, the car later burns to the ground.

P.J. O'Rourke tests an Aston Martin Volante and concludes: "It's about as practical as a home zoo. In fact, it's dumb as dirt. But after 48 hours of having it in my possession, just ask me if I give a shit."

Tech editor Sherman refers to the latest Corvette's rear suspension as "ill-conceived." Zora Arkus-Duntov holds a patent on that suspension and doesn't think it's ill-conceived at all. Lawyers inform Davis that Arkus-Duntov is suing us.

July–October 1979

He Is Not His Son's Mother, Either

Just as Bruce Springsteen is achieving durable fame, Davis is increasingly assigning tests of four-wheel-drive Ford Broncos, International Scouts, Land Rovers, Jeeps, ATVs, Pinzgauers—anything capable of fording streams and flinging mud. Readers are agitated by this practice. In truth, Davis is simply ahead of the curve.

He is not, however, exactly on target in domestic matters. In his column, DED attacks his son for abandoning a plum-colored AMC Javelin at a local repair shop and sticking his dad with a bill for \$110.30. Davis says he'd like to "hire some guys in Chicago" to steal the Javelin and "run over my kid with it." DED is subsequently not asked to appear on Phil Donahue's show.

November–December 1979

In Those Days, the Race Really Was Won in the Pits

On the street, about half of the world's current crop of F1 drivers can be seen behind the wheel of the status symbol of the day, the Mercedes-Benz 450SLC 5.0.

Down south, the son of the late Ralph Earnhardt is building a reputation for himself. Asked to pick a nickname, Dale suggests not "Iron-

Old Calhoun!



1963 Indy 500 Winner
No. 98 Parnelli Jones

1962 Indy 500 Pole
No. 98 Parnelli Jones

The rear-engine revolution was on its way, but the classic 1600-lb. front-engine Offy-powered roadster still managed to rule the day at Indy in 1963 when Parnelli Jones, driving Old Calhoun, a Watson Roadster, beat Jim Clark's rear-engine Lotus to the finish line in the 500-mile classic. With its torsion-bar suspension and a tubular chrome-moly ladder frame carrying an offset powertrain, the Willard Battery Special was definitely old guard, and it represented one on the last

victories for tradition over technology at the Speedway.

And now—for those who love racing history, or who simply know a good model when they see one—we're offering a 1:18-scale model of Old Calhoun for sale, in either its 1962 (pole winner at Indy) or 1963 (Indy 500-winning) form. If you can't decide which of these meticulously crafted models is right for you, consider buying both as a packaged set. Parnelli, for the record, has endorsed both of these fine models.

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CAR AND DRIVER

JEAN JENNINGS

WHO WOULD HIRE A WOMAN TO WRITE FOR *CAR AND DRIVER*?

I had no fear walking into the office of *Car and Driver*'s formidable editor/publisher David E. Davis Jr. for a job interview. That's because I had no idea he was formidable. I had no idea he liked to be called David, David E., or Mr. Davis. I called him Dave. I was 26 years old, and I didn't need a job. I didn't need a job because I'd just been laid off from my job as a mechanic at the Chrysler test track and the government was paying 75 percent of my salary for two years because I'd lost my job due to Japanese imports.

I had no idea who David E. Davis Jr. was because the first time I'd read *Car and Driver* was that very morning. I didn't even buy it. I went to the library and read a story

called "Palm Beach Weekend," written by my hero, P.J. O'Rourke. In it, he wrote about the lack of back-seat space in an Aston Martin he was testing. He suggested it would be useless unless "your wife planned on taking a lot of thalidomide while she was pregnant." Holy crap! This, I thought, might be the right place for me to fit into society, having failed so miserably to that point.

I'd been working up to this ever since a very short story of mine, nonfiction, was published in a short-lived Ann Arbor literary magazine called *The Periodical Lunch*. I wrote it in my

taxicab while sitting at the cabstand in front of the University of Michigan student union. It was about the old geezer fast asleep at the wheel of the taxicab sitting in front of me. *The Periodical Lunch* paid me seven dollars on its publication.

I had gone to the big U at the tender age of 16, majored in the rich tapestry of life, dropping out (on the verge of flunking out) after a distinctly unimpressive three semesters. The promise of my near-genius youth in tatters, I bought a used Plymouth Satellite with a stalwart 318 V-8 and 56,000 miles on the odo, installed a top light and meter, painted it yellow, and joined Ann Arbor Yellow Cab. My father, who was editor of the esteemed industry rag *Automotive News* at the time, was horrified. "What are you thinking?" he demanded. "I want to see the world," I replied. "No, you don't," he said.

Within six months I had to teach myself how to work on the cab because the repair bills were staggering. With a Chilton's manual and my friend Cowboy Bill's gas-station hoist and tools, I taught myself how to gap plugs and set points. I did a brake job in the street in front of my house by drawing a picture of every part I removed so I could put it all back together in the right order.

My father demanded, 'What are you thinking?' 'I want to see the world,' I replied. 'No, you don't,' he said.



Left: Jean would not be bullied by the "tech boys" for long. Handsome half-naked men, however, did not constitute a threat.

About five years into the taxi thing, one of my customers was murdered by her ex-boyfriend who'd escaped from a mental hospital. A driver began stalking me. Another woman driver was murdered. The taxi party appeared to be over, so I moved out to the country and got a job testing cars at the Chrysler proving ground.

The government made Chrysler hire a bunch of women to help even the imbalance of male mechanic/test drivers versus women secretaries. The new women testers drove Omnis for 400 or so miles every day and wrote reports I assume were thrown away. Bored, I transferred into the all-male impact lab. I was called a mechanic, but I never fixed anything. I just smashed cars into walls. There was something wonderful about running an Imperial into the wall at 30 mph. Crash days were happy days.

There were two similarities about the cab job and the mechanic/crash-tester job. First, it called for the same wardrobe of baseball hat, bib overalls, construction boots, and no underwear. Second, I continued to write, this time a monthly newsletter for the local union, which ended up winning a number of awards in union-newsletter competition.

When I was laid off and found out about the big, fat government payoff, I applied to the university to finish what I'd started. But my brother, who was managing editor of *AutoWeek* at the time, made me go see this guy "Dave" for an interview.

I bought a dress, fired up the Power Wagon (whose distributor I'd recurved so badly it never ran right again), and headed for town. Except the dress felt so bad that I went home and put my blue jeans back on. And so it was that I interviewed with one of the most important men in the history of automotive journalism wearing my blue jeans under a dress. When he finished laughing, he hired me. Five years later, Davis asked me to go with him as *Automobile* magazine's first executive editor. I left *C/D* and never looked back. The guys at *Car and Driver* never cleaned their offices again.

Jean Lienert, who became Jean Lindamood, is now Jean Jennings. She departed Car and Driver in September 1985 to become co-executive editor of Automobile Magazine. Today she is Automobile's editor-in-chief and has never once begged to return to Hogback Road.



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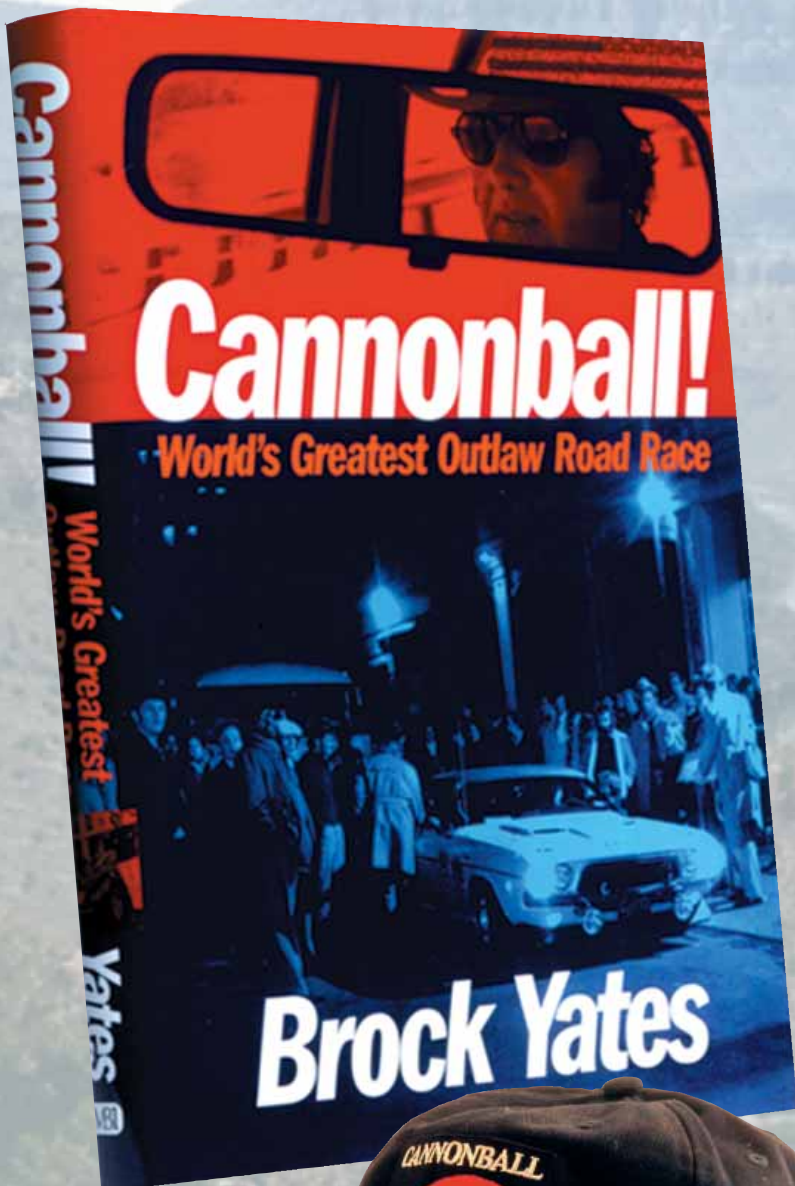
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P.J. O'ROURKE

A TEST OF MEN AND MACHINES—WE FLUNKED!

It was the era of the genius car journalists. The cars were so stupid that the journalists thought they were geniuses. This explains the idea we had in 1983 for an eight-car Baja road test. We planned to cover 600 miles a day from L.A. to Cabo San Lucas and back, never mind the rude terrain, insulting pavement, and fabulously corrupt Mexican police. Among the geniuses involved: me, David E. Davis Jr., Csaba Csere, Jean (Lienert Lindamood) Jennings, virtuoso tech editor Don Sherman, crack photog Aaron Kiley, Rich Ceppos (now publisher of *AutoWeek*), and the legendary Brock Yates.

Brock was arrested while extending his legend—so to speak—and improving the sanitation of the parking lot at Hussong's Cantina in Ensenada. The cop didn't understand

English or what was being said about his mother. Fortunately, Jean had taught herself to speak Spanish by adding an *o* to the end of every word. She explained that Brock was a genius. Unfortunately, instead of a bestselling book about his years in a Mexican prison, Brock got a \$10 fine for public urination.

Back then, DUI was not yet a sin on the level of smoking or raising children with low self-esteem. Lunch at Hussong's had been long and hilarious. When we changed cars 50 miles later, we left two by the roadside—

a Datsun Maxima from the Triumph Herald stretch-limo school of Japanese design and a Volkswagen Quantum automatic (three little words say it all).

We found them. And a good thing we did. When we were arrested the next day—for driving 100 mph through La Paz with wallets—Jean gathered the police around the Maxima. Then, by leaving a door ajar, she made it talk. We were let off with a small fine. Maybe they were awed by our powers.

We decided that driving at night was dangerous. Unfortunately, it was night when we decided this. Csaba promptly hit a cow. It did a flip, leaving two pointy horn dents in the roof of a Dodge 600ES. (Remember Dodge's attempt to turn the K-car into a sports sedan with a Jim Carrey *Cable Guy* cable shift? Neither does anyone else.) Also, the radiator was crushed. We pushed the Dodge 60 miles to Cabo with an Audi 5000S, a car later made famous by *60 Minutes* for "unintended acceleration." It should have done such a good job on the back walls of old farts' garages.

Then we all got sick.

After a restful day sitting on toilets between brief stints of radiator repair, we headed back. Jean and Don were in the Dodge, its styling improved by lack of ugly hood and bumper. They were arrested for not reporting an accident. "Thieves stole the hood," both explained. They were rearrested for not reporting a theft. The rest of us did what you'd expect of the



brotherhood of car journalists and went on to San Ignacio, leaving them in custody. Jean gave the cop's girlfriend a manicure. Don fixed the police station's copying machine. They were let off with a small fine. But they ran out of gas. They used a length of "Tijuana credit card" plastic tubing on a motorhome, choosing the Winnebago with the world's worst bumper sticker: "Children Need to Pray, Too."

We hadn't counted on rain in the Baja's rainy season. In the morning Don took off at his customary top speed in the Maxima. The tires of the period were prone to aquaplaning, but not in a gully wash three feet deep. The Maxima's Univac-sized onboard computer drowned. We attempted repair with hair dryers. (It was 1983. We *all* had hair dryers.)

Waters rose. Tempers rose. We were trapped. Drink was taken. Brock and I blew up at Csaba because he wouldn't stop talking about throttle-body fuel injection. "That's not what cars are about!" we yelled. "Cars are about beauty, women, sex!" Csaba said that if we didn't understand the problems of throttle-body fuel injection, we were probably having sex several feet away from the women. Don blew up at the Maxima. Davis blew up at everybody. Sinking cars! Hitting cows! Being jerks! It was Jean—the only one who hadn't been crazy, useless, or drunk all week—who began to cry. There weren't many women in car journalism back then. Did she feel excluded from our collective genius? We'd done our best to let her go to jail like Martha Stewart.

We found a back way out of San Ignacio, albeit in the wrong direction. We abandoned the Maxima, headed south to La Paz, and got really arrested. We were traveling in an illegal convoy at three times the speed limit, had failed to register our cars with Mexican customs, and were badly groomed due to burned-out hair dryers. Luckily, we had official papers—with Lincoln, Jefferson, and Jackson on the front. We left the remaining cars in someone's backyard and flew home.

Those stupid cars had, in fact, done nothing stupid except what we made them do. I heard they all eventually got delivered back to the U.S. But I prefer to believe they didn't. I like to think of them still down in Mexico, each converted into the oddest of low-riders. And under the Audi's dash is a special switch that, instead of causing the car to hop, makes it unintentionally accelerate into a pack of genius car journalists.



P.J. O'Rourke began writing for Car and Driver (and shooting a lot of birds with David E. Davis) in 1977. When Davis founded Automobile Magazine in 1985, O'Rourke earned the coveted post of New Hampshire bureau chief, where he remains today. However, O'Rourke's day job is writing for The Atlantic. He is the author of 11 books about domestic politics, international politics, and other awful things, including, most recently, Peace Kills, about awful foreign policy.

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head" but "Darrell Waltrip II."

Changing an entire engine in the middle of a NASCAR race is perfectly legal. We discover that Junior Johnson's team can do it in seven minutes and 25 seconds.

January–April 1980



AARON KILEY

Then we got hungry.

Corniche Dope Is More Like It

The latest Corvette costs \$14,477 and makes 190 horsepower. "Another year," Rich Ceppos laments, "another Corvette."

The magazine is increasingly running loathsome 16-to-24-page "advertorials" that purport to help readers come to grips with the perils of applying car wax and operating handheld vacuums. Readers learn to flip pages in increments of eight.

We conduct another drunk-off involving most of the staff, except this time we trade the Jack Daniel's for locally purchased marijuana. Oddly enough, the results are much the same.

Perhaps still stoned, we place a live chicken in front of a Rolls-Royce Corniche and publish the photo with this caption: "Corniche hen." Sometimes, we really crack ourselves up.

May–June 1980

25 Going On 18

The magazine is 25 years old. It has 725,000 subscribers. Meanwhile, both Chrysler and Jaguar are on life support with "do not resuscitate" notices attached. And one reader

asks, "Why the hell does Davis dress like Colonel Sanders?"

July 1980

Tastes Good on Collard Greens, Too

The federal government guarantees \$1.5 billion in loans to save Chrysler, and one of the outgrowths is the \$6000 K-car—the Plymouth Reliant/Dodge Aries. "As the nation goes, so goes Chrysler," plagiarizes chairman Lee, who is simultaneously hawking a zesty Italian olive oil.

Meanwhile, Davis is using the word "feckless" a lot, even though Don Sherman swears he possesses tons and tons of feck.

September–November 1980

Try to Say It Twice Real Fast

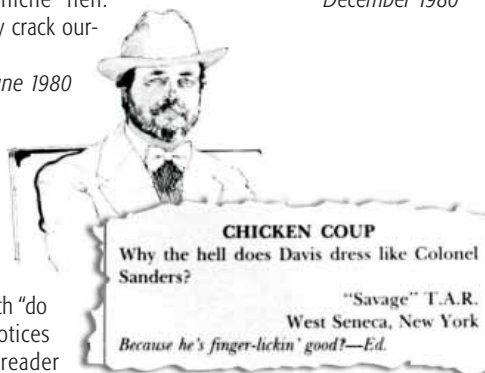
The staff enters a showroom-stock Mazda RX-7 in the 24-hour race at Nelson Ledges and finishes second. The race inaugurates an era of long-distance SCCA events but is more notable for the appearance of a gangly and intense former Ford engineer of Hungarian descent with a beard and crazy-looking eyes. His name is Csaba Csere. Explains Davis in print, "It's pronounced 'Csaba Csere.'" November 1980

Crazy Is as Crazy Does

We put the Vector W2 supercar on the cover and call it the "essence of omnipotence." It is, instead, the essence of its creator, Jerry Wiegert, who, it turns out, is a whole lot less omnipotent.

Although NASCAR star Lee Roy Yarbrough was never part of our great drunk-driving experiments, he is banished from racing after attempting to kill his mother. Not even Davis ever wrote a column about killing his mother.

December 1980



CHICKEN COUP

Why the hell does Davis dress like Colonel Sanders?

"Savage" T.A.R.

West Seneca, New York

Because he's finger-lickin' good?—Ed.



ANDRÉ LAROCHE

Less Le Car Than Le Dud

Csaba Csere appears on the masthead as technical editor just as Davis also hires a former Chrysler test driver named Jean Lindamood, mostly on the basis of "a yeasty stream-of-consciousness essay she'd written for a local literary magazine three years ago." [See her essay on page 198.]

As the second energy crisis descends, C/D responds with another Reader Punishment Issue, chockablock with EPA Urban Driving Schedules, charts showing former winners of the Mobil Economy Run, and a project car fashioned from the Barney Fife of the vehicular world—the Renault Le Car. The car is notable only for its expensive tricolor paint job. January–February 1981

It Works Out to About \$4.19 per Pound

Cadillac unveils a Sedan de Ville that runs on eight, six, or four cylinders, depending on how many white-shoed real-estate agents are riding within, although the beast weighs 4240 pounds even without them. The de Ville features what Davis calls a "whore's-drawers interior." Whores write to complain.



Cadillac Cimarron

AARON KILEY

America's most accomplished GT and endurance racer, Peter "Perfect" Gregg, shoots himself on a beach in Florida. March–April 1981

No Crystal Ball Required

Having apparently run out of hilarious stories to run, we pit a Buick Regal automatic against a Toyota Supra five-speed. The editors rupture themselves explaining how the Buick was "a very close second."



Dorkmobile II

AARON KILEY

Chevrolet introduces a Chevette diesel. We go out on a limb, stating that the car's fun-to-drive quotient is "not so hot."

Of the De Lorean, Don Sherman presciently asks, "Will it become another Concorde—a technological marvel that turns out to be an economic disaster?" Answer: No, it was never a technological marvel to begin with. June–July 1981

But Does It Have the V-8-6-4 Engine?

Cadillac introduces the 85-hp Cimarron, the most public mistake in the division's long history of optimistic bloviating. At least the Cimarron doesn't look like a Cadillac. This is because it's a Chevrolet Cavalier. "With a little polishing here and there," we predict, "the Cimarron could actually make it as a world-class sedan." How, exactly?

In the year's final issue, Csere's personal 1974 Porsche 911 adorns the cover, standing in for the Porsche test car that was rolled by the guy who lent us his De Lorean and later



It'll work—decades later.

AARON KILEY

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CAR AND DRIVER



went on to become Csere's congressman.

There are 14 full-page ads for domestic automakers, 10 for Japanese, 9 for European.

August–December 1981

It's Weak, but at Least It's Ugly

Chevrolet's latest Z-28 weighs 3400 pounds and produces 165 horsepower. It can't break 85 mph in the quarter-mile. There are rumors of a 176-hp V-6 that we predict "will save the day for Camaros and Firebirds." See how bad it was?

The U.S. Grand Prix is conducted in a parking lot in Las Vegas and is exactly as flat, hot, and joyless as it sounds. Attempting to add some gaiety to the proceedings, driver Alan Jones raises rabbit fingers behind the large head of FISA's Jean-Marie Balestre, who fines the Australian \$10,000. It is a bellwether of the greed-and-ego driven Balestre/Ecclestone/Mosley dynasty to follow.

January–February 1982

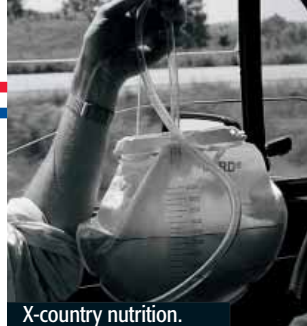


Diesel Fuel and Lima Beans Do Mix

Associate editor Larry Griffin tests Darrell Waltrip's Buick stock car, owned by chicken farmer extraordinaire Junior Johnson, who is more



DON HUNTER



X-country nutrition.

FREE LINDA J. GODDARD JR.

interested in demonstrating how his hounds can climb telephone poles in pursuit of raccoons. Griffin is speechless.

The 55-mph national speed limit endures.

Two readers suggest they can drive a VW Jetta diesel coast to coast nonstop with 83 gallons of fuel onboard. In Indiana, the Jetta's driver is overcome by a moment of vasovagal syncope—that is, he faints—and the car rockets nose first through a fence and into a lush bean field. Somehow, the boys press on, making it to San Francisco in 53 hours and 19 minutes.

April–May 1982

Call Me Mister Piëch

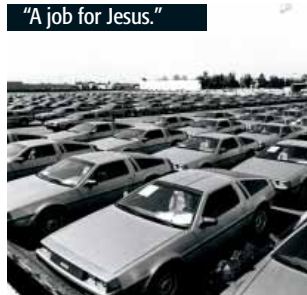
The technology-laden Audi Quattro arrives, and the staff goes pink with delight. The car is the brainchild of a skinny guy named Ferdinand Piëch, who considers automotive writers to be congenital nose pickers but who also has a cool uncle: Ferry Porsche. At \$38,000, the Quattro is absurdly expensive, but it is faster and quicker through the quarter-mile than a Z-28, and it exudes a genuine Euro-macho tastefulness that sets it apart.

June 1982

Wrecking Things Is Always Cool

Davis hires Cars & Concepts to build his next project car, a yellow, tan, and brown Benz 300 turbodiesel that the staff calls the "circus wagon." As project cars go, this one is at least useful—until Davis douts a 24-inch RCA TV while traveling 60 mph on the freeway. "The boss's Boss Benzwagen," he announces, "breaks into television."

Meanwhile, John De Lorean is in the sort of trouble not even a family-



"A job for Jesus."

planning clinic can solve. He needs \$100 million to save his Northern Ireland operation. One of his employees describes it as "a job for Jesus."

July 1982

We Flunk Political Science.

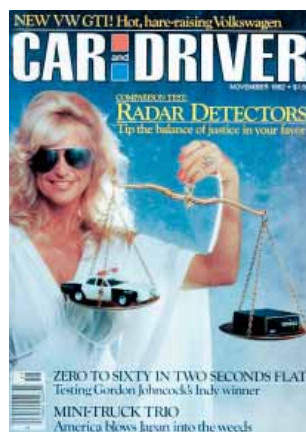
Again.

In a feature called "The Rise and Fall of Ralph Nader," we write, "Sorry, Mr. Nader, but Americans don't want to be saved from their automobiles anymore." Today, most Americans disagree. But that's okay, because we were also over the top about airbags, pollution controls, crash-worthy bumpers, "safety Nazis" who would outlaw performance cars, aliens who would manage the Department of Transportation, Communists who would infiltrate the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, and David E. Davis's lifelong tenure as editor-in-chief.

To highlight a radar-detector test, we pose Miss Hurst Golden Shifter, Linda Vaughn, on the cover. Photographer Kiley explains why: "She was nice, real nice."

C/D heaps 12 kinds of praise on the \$8480 VW Rabbit GTI, a minimalist econobox that handles, is affordable, and can be justified to even the most suspicious spouse. Again, it is Germany, not Detroit, that has come to enthusiasts' rescue.

September–November 1982



The Assassin Ate

During a kiss-and-make-up lunch at the Detroit Grand Prix, Davis and Yates resolve a four-year dispute stemming from the Assassin's "various acts of sedition." Yates returns in time for C/D's first annual 10Best

soirée. Among the winners: a Renault Alliance and a Chevrolet Caprice Classic. It was the "Classic" part that swayed us.

January 1983

Arkus-Duntov

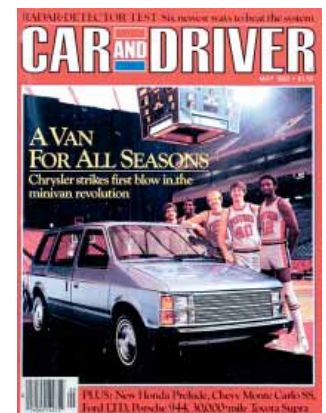
Still Isn't Talking to Us

The new Corvette arrives, and we worry that, with an estimated price of \$28,000, it will be too dear for Middle America. "There is a price for glory," writes Yates, "and it is high." Maybe Chevy should have called it the Corvette Classic.

The editors begin a long and overly lavish affair with the Pontiac 6000STE, which Davis says "comes within a gnat's eyelash of being a 100-percent perfect American car."

Lotus founder Colin Chapman dies of a heart attack at age 54.

March–April 1983



A Slam-Dunk for Chrysler

On the cover, we depict a Chrysler minivan parked on a basketball court surrounded by the Detroit Pistons. Better known as the Dodge Caravan and Plymouth Voyager, the minivan is no woozy frolic in the outlands of automotive design. It is a very big deal that leaves competitors scrambling.

A 4.9-liter Mustang GT is now producing 175 horsepower.

May 1983

The Cow Wasn't Real Happy, Either

The staff drives eight cars through Baja to learn what it's like to pay bribes and hit cows and run out of contaminated fuel. [See P.J. O'Rourke's essay on page 201.] Turns out it's hugely amusing but only if



AARON KILEY

Is this the next Corvette?

you're reading about it in Ft. Lauderdale.

The national speed limit remains 55 mph. *July 1983*

We Don't Have Opel to Kick Around Anymore

After publishing three years' worth of spy photos and zesty goblets of gossip—more pre-arrival hype than for any car in *C/D*'s history—the editors finally slide behind the wheel of a Pontiac P-car. "Development is far from finished," we note of the 92-hp Fiero. This two-seater requires 11.3 seconds to attain 60 mph, meaning it is slower than a Honda CRX, which has also just been introduced but to considerably less fanfare.

We put a Z-28 through a 25,000-mile long-term test. During that span, the Camaro requires 13 quarts of oil and 12 unscheduled trips to the dealership. Still, we fail to photograph it in front of a junkyard.

August–December 1983

She Doesn't Hear So Good Anymore

Davis orders a GTO-vs.-GTO redux, only this time the Pontiac is a

convertible and the Ferrari actually shows up. We enlist Dan Gurney to drive both at Laguna Seca. The Ferrari kicks the Poncho's ass not only into the weeds but also halfway to Bakersfield.

Csere persuades Gale Banks to install twin turbos on the 350-cubic-inch V-8 in a Pontiac Firebird, which the Mad Hungarian then coaxes to 204 mph. On Mrs. Orcutt's driveway. We see no reason to disturb Mrs. Orcutt with this news.

April–June 1984

C.B. Baker Spins in His Grave

Yates trades in his Cannonball for the somewhat more socially responsible One Lap of America. Jean Lindamood represents the magazine in a Dodge B250 van sponsored by Stroh's and driven by Walker Evans and Parnelli Jones. Showing somewhat more class, *Road & Track* enters an unlimited-mileage Lincoln Town Car it has rented from Hertz.

Lincoln-Mercury imports a clone of its German-built Sierra, calling it the Merkur XR4Ti. R.A. Lutz, recently returned to Ford HQ in



Roush

Lincoln-Mercury dealers, can pronounce it—"Mare-KOOR"—and even fewer care to learn. *C/D* swears the car will dethrone the entire BMW 3-series line. It does not.

On the 59th lap of the Indy 500, Patrick Bedard exits in a crash that lacks only a mushroom cloud for its sheer awesomosity, leaving behind debris that would be of interest only to the FAA. Bedard remembers nothing of this tumble except waking up with his jaws wired shut. His view of racing changes. Quite a lot.

The Camaro IROC-Z debuts. It produces 190 horsepower.

August–September 1984

Larry's reunion.



DAVID HUTSON

It's Cheaper Than a Shrink

Associate editor Larry Griffin drives to Independence, Kansas, to attend his high-school class reunion. He makes this trip in a slant-nose, blood-red Porsche DP 935 worth \$105,000. Whatever Larry is trying to achieve, it apparently works.

November 1984

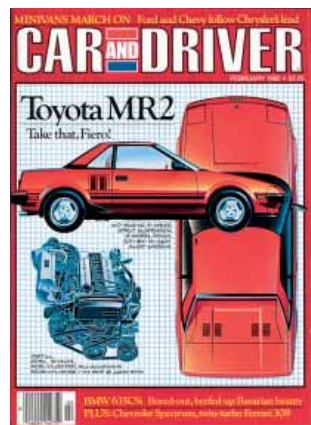
Road & Driver and Car and Track

A short, wiry guy out of Michigan by way of Kentucky—just like our own David E. Davis—has begun building Trans-Am Mercury Capris that are winning every race in sight. He tests so many big V-8s on so many 24-hour dynos that he begins selling power to the City of Livonia. Jack Roush's true goal

One Lap: We deliver.



AARON KILEY



is to win a NASCAR championship. Friends tell him to get a grip. The Ford Motor Company suggests he give it a shot.

Toyota introduces its mid-engined MR2. We are enthralled but mention the car has "a silly name and silly looks to match," then go on to have more fun in MR2s than in all the IROC-Zs ever assembled.

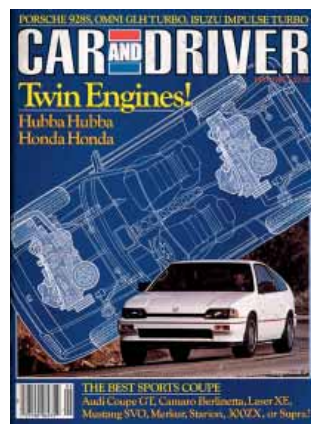
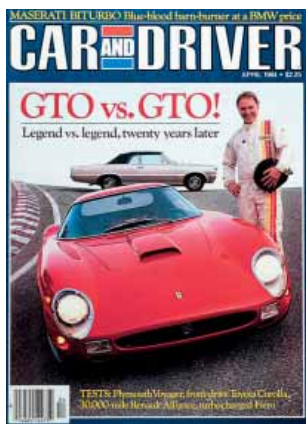
The Taurus and the Sable debut, and the world is astonished that Dearborn has spent so much to create an avant-garde and aerodynamic salesman's sedan. With this incredible gamble, Ford goes a long way toward regaining America's respect.

Publisher Ziff-Davis sells *Car and Driver* to television network CBS, where it becomes a stablemate of arch-rival *Road & Track*. In his column, Davis says this is wonderful. He does not mean it.

January–March 1985

Two Brains Are Not Better Than One

Tech editor Sherman installs two engines in a Honda CRX [see his



essay on page 211]. Readers question his sanity, but the car *does* emerge about two to three seconds quicker and approximately as complicated as NASA's lunar lander.

The words "yuppie" and "dude" have achieved widespread currency.

We applaud Dodge's Omni GLH Turbo—"Goes Like Hell," get it?—but wonder why it is three orders of magnitude tackier and thrasher than a VW GTI. Ceppos dubs it "the nastiest little son of a bitch money can buy." His parents call him a potty mouth.

May 1985

DRIVER'S SEAT

Bored by "Stingray," thrilled by '86 Corvette, and heading on down the road.



Yo, Bring In the Next Boy!

Nine years into his second stint as editor-in-chief, Davis has a falling out with CBS and quits, promising readers they'll soon see him again "somewhere down the road." This is true [see his essay on page 186]. Davis is replaced by former tech editor Don Sherman, whose lifelong credo remains, "Too much is never enough." The New York suits are nervous, and Sherman's editorial license will be revoked in 28 months.

October–November 1985

Anyone Can Go as Fast as Yugo

In the same issue, we test a \$122,000 Lamborghini Countach (0 to 60 in 5.1 seconds) and a \$5458 Yugo (0 to 60 in 14.0 seconds). Says Csere of the Yugo: "I'd rather buy a two-year-old Chevette." Adds associate editor Tony Assenza, "The

"Theoretical Yugo"



DICK KELLEY

Yugo's handling is best described as theoretical."

April 1986

Far More Ringer than Regal

We test a Buick Regal Grand National that weighs 3520 pounds, is shaped like a dishwasher, and makes an advertised 235 horsepower. Somehow, the car blasts to 60 mph in 4.9 seconds—quicker than the just-tested Countach. We ask Buick what the car's actual, you know, real-life horsepower rating is. Buick asks what the definition of "is" is.

Trying to add zest to an image now green with mold, Cadillac introduces its two-seat Allanté, whose bodies are built by Pininfarina in Italy and shipped by Boeing 747 to Detroit. This sounds a little crazy to us, but we're wrong. It is very nearly completely crazy.

April–June 1986



AARON KILEY

Cadillac Allanté

Here It Is! You Can't Have It!

Porsche takes the wraps off its all-wheel-drive 444-hp 959, the most technology-laden car on the planet and also the most desirable. Alas, Zuffenhausen has no plans to sell this \$227,000 Teutonic bomb to Yanks, which totally annoys a computer nerd named Gates.

Porsche 959



Acura Legend



Honda introduces a luxury brand called Acura, which—can't fool us!—is Japanese for "needlessly expensive Honda." That's what we think *until* the Legend sedan arrives. Then we write, "Not even Mercedes-Benz can now afford to sit back and relax."

July–August 1986

Maybe Malcolm Bricklin Helped Build It

The Austin Rover Group takes an Acura Legend, rebadges it, glues some wood on the dash, spends a bazillion on advertising, and calls it a Sterling. Even persons possessing the barest grasp of mechanical aptitude would have trouble screwing up a magnificently engineered-and-executed Honda. The Brits find a way.

The U.S. has just endured its 14th year with the 55-mph national limit.

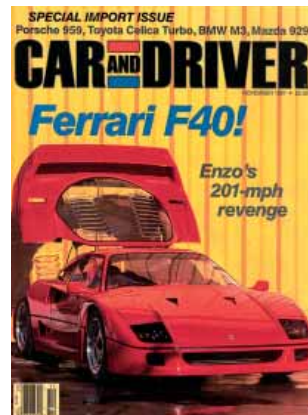
An Audi 5000 makes a guest appearance on *60 Minutes*, where it confesses to killing civilians when unseen satanic forces wrest control of its accelerator pedal.

January–April 1987

His Dad Makes Cool Golf Clubs, Too

Chrysler owns Lamborghini, Ferrari introduces the F40, and BMW lends us its first U.S.-spec M3—a four-banger making 192 horsepower, meaning it is stronger than the first IROC-Z. A legend is born.

Four-wheel steering is all the



rage. At least among car-magazine editors.

We invite seven aftermarket tuners to a track in Ohio to prove their products' top speeds. We expect little, but a twin-turbo Corvette belonging to Reeves Callaway—its engine built by one John Lingenfelter—manages 222.4 mph.

November–December 1987



Callaway Corvette

Honda's Check Must Have Cleared

"If the 'Heartbeat of America' ad campaign is such a boffo hit on Madison Avenue," asks Yates, "why can't Chevrolet sell cars?" Yates has reason to ask. At our annual 10Best extravaganza, 50 percent of the winners are built by Honda.

Buick introduces its Reatta, whose CRT touch screen is awkward to use and also distracting. Although the two-seater is pretty to behold, it is ho-hum to drive. "It really *does* fit into the Buick lineup just about perfectly," Ceppos writes sarcastically.

January–February 1988

Rude Reatta readout.



Off to the Glue Factory. Almost.

Sherman departs the editor's chair in favor of what will become a hugely successful freelance career. He is replaced by one-time feature editor William Jeanes, he of Bolus & Snopes fame. [See his essay on page 213.] Jeanes arrives just as Ford introduces its Mazda-derived Probe. Dearborn hopes this front-drive two-plus-two will replace the rear-drive Mustang, which, after years of neglect, has itself become a bolus. Mustang clubs nationwide organize a letter-writing campaign. Ford grants a stay of execution.

Having observed Honda's success with Acura, Chrysler introduces its own upmarket brand called Eagle, initially based on a Renault sedan that



Ford Probe

AARON KILEY



St. Antoine's adventure on Angeles Crest Highway.

FRANK MENA

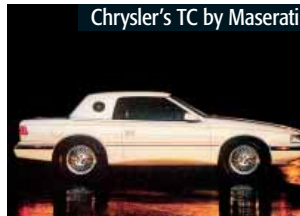
was designed to be ordinary and undistinguished and has succeeded on both counts.

March–April 1988

A Sucker Isn't Born Every Minute

With its new Lincoln Continental, Ford blazes the domestic trail for electronically adjustable suspensions—a noble and ambitious concept applied to a weak and flabby luxobarge. Patrick Bedard champions the cause. Apart from Lotus, the rest of the world does not.

Chrysler's Lee Iacocca hands to his pal Alejandro de Tomaso a \$14,000 LeBaron convertible into



Chrysler's TC by Maserati

which de Tomaso drops a rough-as-a-cob 16-valve Mixmaster. The two execs dub the outcome Chrysler's TC by Maserati and double its price. The car is apparently an experiment to see how dumb U.S. car buyers really are. Plenty dumb, it turns out, but not *this* dumb.

Pontiac kills the Fiero.

May–June 1988

Joie Chitwood, Stand Back

Associate editor Arthur St. Antoine enters the One Lap of America in a BMW M5. In California, he pulls a full Hell Drivers' "quint"—rolling the car five times. This inflicts three days' worth of hospitalization on his co-driver, who happens to be editor Jeanes's brother-in-law. Jeanes forgives St. Antoine. Remarkably, so does BMW. St. Antoine's next assignment, however, is to test a 23-ton Kenworth.

August 1988

And the Winner Isn't . . .

We ship Bruce McCall far, far away—to Brampton, Ontario, in fact—to compare two luxury sedans: the

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50th ANNIVERSARY



GAZ 14 vs. Hong Qi: Tied for second.

U.S.S.R.'s GAZ 14 Chaika sedan and China's Hong Qi Three Flags limousine. "Both contestants lose," McCall reports, "not only avoiding earning a single point in any of nine categories but also racking up record debits in every one."

Car and Driver is purchased by Hachette Filipacchi, one of the planet's largest magazine publishers. *September 1988*

Again With the Potty Mouth

Editor Jeanes puts Chevrolet's new twin-cam 32-valve Corvette ZR-1 on the cover, proclaiming it "The Corvette From Hell!" High-school librarians nationwide cancel their subscriptions. All by itself, the 380-hp V-8 enfolds the Corvette in the sort of glory it earned way back in—well, no one can even remember. The engine is a relatively inexpensive fix for a once-glorious icon that was on the verge of becoming irrelevant. Although it nearly doubles the price of the car, we are ecstatic.

At age 90, Enzo Ferrari dies. No one on our staff is listed in his will. Well, possibly Yates.

October–November 1988

Come On, SHO Us Your Bits

Ford introduces a Taurus with an exotic 220-hp Yamaha-built V-6 and calls it the SHO. It is the fastest sub-\$50,000 four-door extant, and it briefly upsets the performance-sedan pecking order in a very favorable way.

December 1988



Enzo Ferrari 1898–1988

Avocado? You decide.



Apparently, Fruits Can Drive

Nissan launches its Infiniti luxury brand by introducing the V-8-powered Q45. This endeavor is supported by an ad campaign that depicts rocks, trees, and ponds but no car. Toyota likewise launches a luxury brand, Lexus, starring the LS400. One goes on to become the country's bestselling luxury sedan, and the other goes on to become the punch line to a zillion marketing-guy jokes.

Dodge introduces a Dakota pickup with a convertible top. No one—not even Alejandro de Tomaso—knows why.

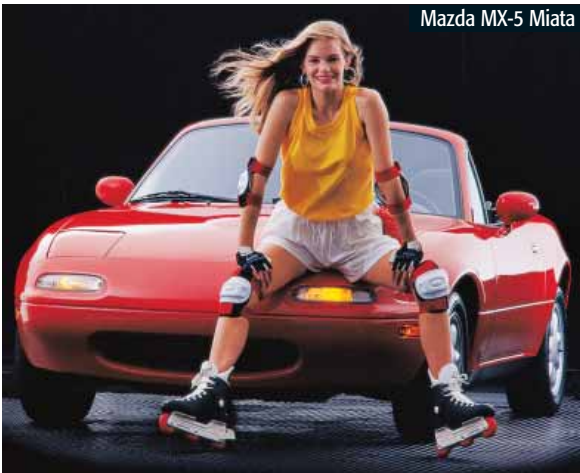
C/D's subscribers now number 1.1 million. We mystify a bunch of them when we put a Buick Reatta convertible on the cover, driven by a large avocado. It may have been a lime. Possibly a swollen raisin.

January–February 1989

Think of It as a Really Good MG

Mazda introduces the MX-5 Miata, an affordable rear-drive roadster that recollects the best British sports cars of the '60s but without the leaking master cylinders, blown fuses, and evil SU carbs. The \$17,168 Miata is the coolest thing to happen to enthusiasts since the same company introduced the RX-7.

Bob Lutz, now at Chrysler, is agitating for his company to produce a big, hulking Cobra-esque



Mazda MX-5 Miata

TOM DREW



DON SHERMAN

PROJECT CARS: GOING OVERBOARD WAS THE GAME PLAN



Jesse James was a thumb-sucker, Boyd Coddington's rods were 1/25th scale, and the Teutels were still on training wheels when *Car and Driver's* monster garage opened for business. If it was slow, we turbocharged it. If it wobbled, we injected suspension steroids. When a sanctioning body would have us, we stuck shelf-paper numbers on the doors and went racing.

Several sacred cows were butchered under our "improved performance" guise. Psychoanalysts might call this substance abuse, but project cars were really nothing more dastardly than *C/D* staffers milking amusement from their brainstorms and daydreams.

The first victim was a 1957 Plymouth Fury inhaling Daytona Beach air through two four-barrel carburetors to run

124-plus mph. In 1963, one very rough Maserati coupe was "restored" to a thing of beauty by photo retouching. After serving as top prize for the first *C/D* Readers' Choice Poll, the Maser quietly resurfaced in our classified ads.

The nuttiest engine swap in *C/D* history was an overcarbureted Pontiac SOHC six replacing the stock DOHC engine in a Jaguar XK-E. We concocted several Boss Wagon ass haulers, and that was ages before SUVs

arrived. We hyped showroom-stock sedans into the medium leagues by taunting readers to race us at Lime Rock, our home track. *C/D's* Mazda RX-2 Rotary Racer was so successful IMSA banned it. Our specially outfitted vans mapped high-speed cross-country routes for Cannonball Baker trophy dashes and supported the magazine's legal racing exploits. When gas supplies ran thin, our "Crisis-Fighter" Pinto showed tuners—and manufacturers—how to up their mpg.

Brock Yates recycled *C/D's* Datsun 240 into a C-production road racer for his *Sunday Driver* amateur-at-the-wheel spellbinder. Patrick Bedard climbed the racing ladder of success from the lowest Pinto and Opel rungs to two driving stints at Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

After a *C/D* ad salesman snatched a Bonneville record held by *Road & Track's* editor in 1961, we logged many return trips to the Salt Flats. Paul Newman said thanks for the nifty "Maxima with Moxie" we built for him, no thanks when we asked to photograph him for our cover. In 1981, Csaba's heated-up Capri scouted a path for zillions of Mustang production models to follow.

Truth be told, some of our projects tanked. Turbocharging a Ford Granada powered by a pushrod six and riding on Firestone 500 radials was a bad idea. Cosworth Vegas make clumsy rally cars. No Sharper Image shopping spree can uplift the deficiencies of a four-cylinder Fairmont. One supercharger cannot overcome the performance-sapping effects of burdening a hapless VW Jetta with 340 pounds of coco mats and creature comforts.

But two projects did exceed our wildest expectations. When Datsun challenged the three major car magazines to a conversion contest in 1981, we fielded a tag team of cars to lead-pipe our adversaries. The zinger, appropriately christened the Datsun 200SEX, rolled first on four space-saver spares and a chassis uninhibited by springs. *C/D's* lowrider warmed up the judges with its luv-fur upholstery, chromed-chain steering wheel, 28-song horn, Grand Canyon rear-window mural, and other goodies purchased at Pep Boys. Then, to finish off *MT* and *R&T*, we spanked them with our 200S/XTRA, a tasteful confection of fat Pirellis, wide wheels, lowered suspension, rebalanced brakes, triple-red Recaro seats, and polished underhood gear.

Only *C/D* would think of foisting two engines on one stock-looking Honda CRX. The idea was inspired by the CRX's status as the second-lightest and smallest car available in 1985, by the tidiness of its driveline, and by a generally wacky office mood prevailing at the time. Honda supported the double-power project with a ready source of parts. We hired Racing Beat to solve the surprisingly few engineering concerns. They welded in a web of steel tubes to support a complete engine, automatic transaxle, and front suspension pirated from a donor car and positioned just behind our CR-X^{2's} seats. We relied on the ground to keep engine rpm in sync. Our test-track report card showed a weight distribution of 51/49 percent, a 2450-pound curb weight (600 pounds over stock), and an 8.0-second 0-to-60 pace.

Incapable of leaving well enough alone, *C/D* took a second stab at this project, dubbing the remix Super Synchronicity. Luckily, a freight train hauling new Honda Accords fell off the tracks in Oregon. Two very wadded-up sedans with undamaged powertrains and chassis components were delivered to Racing Beat. A pair of Accord fuel-injected 101-hp, 1.8-liter engines and four-speed automatic transmissions were wedged into holes originally intended for carbureted 76-hp, 1.5-liter engines and three-speed automatics. That yielded a 147-mph top speed, a 6.2-second 0-to-60, and 0.82 g on the skidpad. What may have been the world's first eight-cylinder Honda road car was lively yet dependable in daily service. The only mistake we made was selling Super Synchronicity for a measly \$13,000 to pay our shop tab.

I wonder if somewhere its twin hearts still beat.

Don Sherman joined Car and Driver as technical editor in 1971 and was editor-in-chief from 1985 to 1987. His contributions continued through the '80s and resumed at the end of the '90s. Sherman is currently Automobile Magazine's technical editor and still owns the C/D "Tech Director's Toy" Mazda RX-7 project car. He'd love to hear from Super Synchronicity's current owner.



Wanted: Sherman's twin-engine CR-X².



Paul Newman said thanks for the nifty 'Maxima with Moxie' we built for him, no thanks when we asked to photograph him for our cover.

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TOM DREW

Nissan Sentra SE-R



phallus of a show car called the Viper, whose V-10 is sure to cost millions in CAFE debits.

Jeanes, bless his heart, insists that the ranking of every single car in every single comparison test be listed in type so large as to leave no doubt.

March–April 1989

Fahrenheit, uh, One

With a spoof called "Import Car of the Year," we continue with the running joke that is the East German Trabant 601, an automobile that "has been around the bloc." Get it? We will continue with the Trabant jokes too long. The car is amusing but—like Victoria Gotti—for only about three minutes.

A scruffy Michigander spends \$185,000 to shoot a film lampooning the all-too-obvious foibles of GM chairman Roger Smith. Michael Moore goes on to sell the film *Roger & Me* to Warner Brothers for \$3 million. Roger Smith goes on to eat Jell-O pudding for lunch.

Stock-car king Darrell Waltrip explains a particularly strong qualifying effort thus: "My car is jes' all ate up with motor."

In a five-supercar comparo, the victor is powered not by a pot-walloping Italian or American V-8 but by a Japanese V-6—the motivating force behind the amazing Acura NSX.

April–September 1990

Trabant 601



DICK KELLEY

Lorne Michaels Should Hire Us

The Saturn sedan and coupe arrive. GM execs place their hands on their hearts and swear the marque will be built exclusively in Spring Hill, Tennessee, that it will never be a rebadged anything, and that it will easily go toe to toe with the best from Japan. (Question: Were any of those promises broken?) Fortunately—as we tell one another for weeks and weeks—the new division does not call itself Uranus.

We further amuse ourselves with a feature called "Six Cars for the Coming Crisis," which isn't and doesn't. At least one of our fuel-miser contestants is a keeper, though. The Nissan Sentra SE-R is Japan's stirring but plain-faced rendition of a BMW 2002tii.

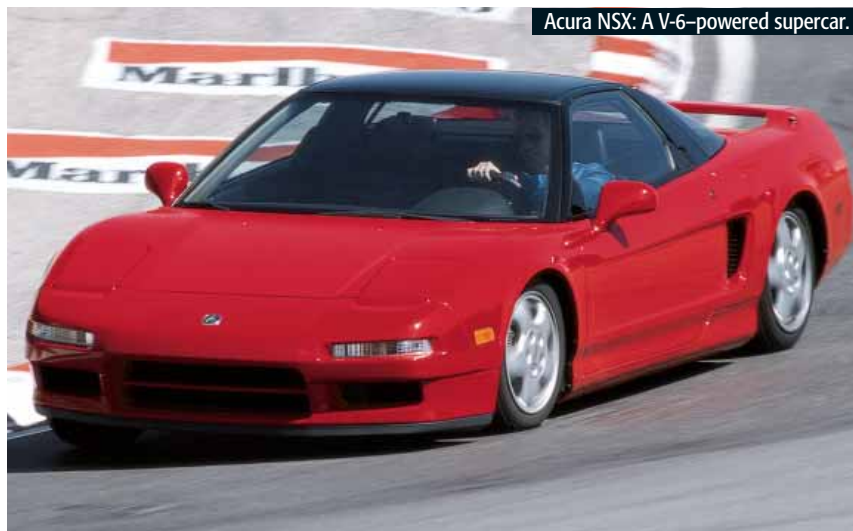
November–December 1990

Mr. Jeanes, PETA Is on Line One

For its 911 Turbo, Porsche offers 42 different leather-upholstery options, including leather fresh-air vents (\$646) and a leather warning-buzzer rosette (\$50). Order all 42, and you can inflate the car's sticker by \$12,742.

Still laboring under Davis's edict of wall-to-wall cars, we are running out of editorial pages. Editor Jeanes halves the length of the counterpoints and gives his blessing to three-page road tests. Says Davis later, "I never meant *that* many cars."

Acura NSX: A V-6-powered supercar.



DAVID DEWHURST



WILLIAM JEANES

PUTTING DISTANCE ON THE COMPETITION



In 1972, I joined *Car and Driver* as a feature editor, a euphemism for staff writer. I worked at One Park Avenue in Manhattan until late 1975, when David E. Davis Jr., the former editor/publisher, lured me into the advertising business.

During that first *C/D* tour, I drove a 37-foot motorhome in a no-rules Cannonball. We went from sea to shining sea in 45 hours and change, and if you've never attained 105 mph in a motorhome, you've not known terror. It was fine preparation for ad-agency work.

In late 1987, Don Hufford, then *C/D*'s publisher, called to say he intended to bring in a new editor. Would I be interested? Following a decade in advertising, my wife, Susan, and I were by then successful freelancers

with an income of maybe \$240,000. The *C/D* job would halve that.

"You can't afford me," I told Don.

"Let us worry about that," he said.

On the flight into New York for the interview, Susan and I discussed the job. *Jobs*, actually, because Susan had been offered the position of *C/D*'s art director. We decided not to take them. The freedom to spend six weeks a year in Europe, coupled with a comfortable life in Grosse Pointe, outweighed the day-to-day rigors of being an editor-in-chief.

Besides, editors often have the shelf life of soufflés. As freelancers, we had already achieved insecurity.

Lunch with Peter Diamandis and Bob Spillane, gentlemen who then owned the company, changed our minds.

"We place authority at the point of greatest knowledge," they said, an elegant way of saying they wouldn't meddle. They never did.

So it was that I went to Hogback Road as the boss. An unwelcome boss, I should add. Anyone who succeeds an editor who's been terminated faces understandable unrest. My years in advertising—where folks chose chests as often as backs when stabbing became an option—stood me in good stead.

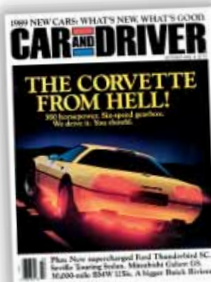
Happily, discontent dissipated, and my tenure became memorable, made so by the finest staff and contributors an editor could ask for. Did we always get along? Hardly. No magazine staff worth having marches in lockstep, singing, "Hi-ho, hi-ho." But we shared a dedication to excellence.

Together, we put real distance between us and the competition. We were the first car magazine to achieve a circulation of more than one million and keep it there.

Csaba Csere, now boss at *Car and Driver*, ran our engineering section and generated so many more instrumented road tests than the competition that I'm surprised

their editors didn't resign in shame.

Our October 1988 issue, with the cover line "The Corvette From Hell!" featured a yellow Vette photographed over faux flames. It won awards, sold magnificently on newsstands, and contained more pages than any car magazine up to that time.



We continued our tradition of excellent feature articles. One, by humorist Bruce McCall, won the Purdy Award.

I wrote more articles per issue than any sitting *C/D* editor ever, and it pleases me to recall some of them. The account of terrifying myself driving the *Winston Eagle*, an unlimited hydroplane, is one. A column written when my father died goes on the list. *Moto Rooter*, our parody of *Motor Trend*, featured ads written and illustrated by Bruce McCall. Beating the Orient Express from Venice to Paris in a Bentley R was fun, although not much of a race. An article on 40-mpg vehicles remains funny.

But enough warm memories. What were the disappointments? My biggest disappointment was the failure of my efforts to eliminate freebies in the car-magazine world. We stopped taking gifts at *C/D*, and staff members stopped doing freelance work for automakers. Other magazines were not interested in these reforms, however, nor were many car companies.

A magazine willing to spend perhaps \$300,000 annually to send its staff on product introduction trips and other junkets would set itself apart from the competition. I could not sell my own management on that and regret to this day my inability to do so.

Viewed as an influence in my life, *Car and Driver* is the nine-pound hammer. I worked there in three jobs—feature editor, editor-in-chief, and publisher—for about a dozen years. The total experience was, at worst, 90 percent good. You don't often get to be part of a national institution, let alone make an impact on one. *Car and Driver* gave me that opportunity, and I am forever grateful.

William Jeanes resigned as editor in 1993 to become publisher of both Car and Driver and Road & Track. He enjoyed three years of rising revenues before wearying of this position and asking to be relieved in 1996. He later served as editor-in-chief at sister publication Classic Automobile Register and American Media's Auto World Weekly, both startups that failed to endure. Today, Jeanes lives in Pass Christian, Mississippi, on the gulf coast and continues to write about cars, contributing to AutoWeek, From House to Home, and Automotive News. He also serves on the board of trustees at Millsaps College, his alma mater.



'We place authority at the point of greatest knowledge,' they said, an elegant way of saying they wouldn't meddle. They never did.



AARON KILEY

22,000 ROLLS OF FILM LATER

For 28 years, I've accepted a steady stream of photo assignments from *Car and Driver*. But I think it all started in my mother's womb. I used her belly button as a pinhole camera. I was delivered in 1952 in a hospital in Burlington, Vermont, with a fairly substantial portfolio intact. I was raised in the perfect breeding ground for creativity—total chaos. I had 30 chickens, 7 siblings, 6 ducks, 5 turkeys, 4 dogs, 3 cats, 2 parents, 1 skunk, and 0 accountability. My father was a landscape architect with a darkroom full of cameras. I slid into that scene, alternating between music and photography my whole life. I was lucky to date a gal in high school with all the ambition I had not. She got me a position playing bass in a prepunk band in New York City, then introduced me to Jim Williams at *Car and Driver*, to whom I showed my portfolio. He instantly gave me work. The rest is history: 792,000 shutter releases,

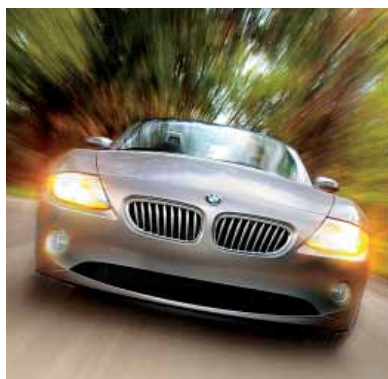
22,000 rolls of film, 1500 road tests, 75 cover shots, 86 police encounters, and 1916 gallons of coffee. I thrashed through four editors and seven art directors. New York turned into Ann Arbor, film turned to digital, and I'm out the other side still looking pretty good (except for my head).

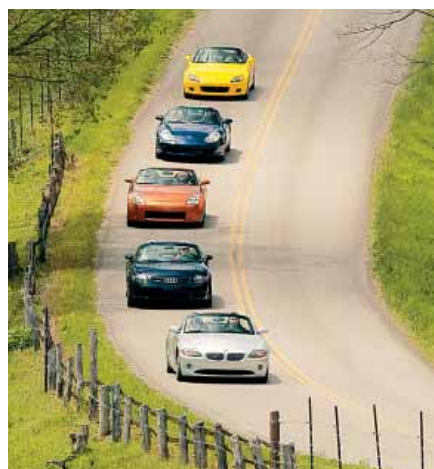
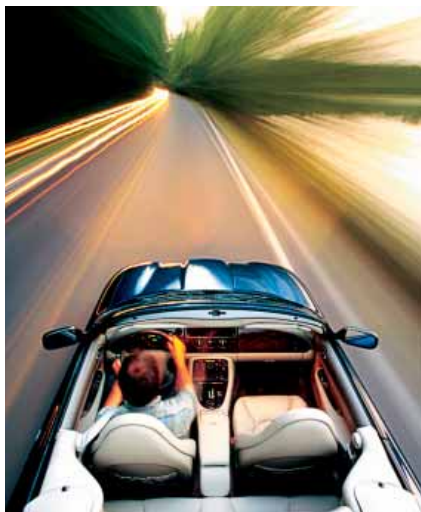
What is it like being an automotive photographer? Imagine an automobile in the foreground. Thousands of people have labored endlessly to conceive, design, and build this car. My job is to capture the essence of its shape and pass it on to the public. It's not easy. Reflections, perspective, lighting, angle, weather, foreground, and background are but a few of the elements ever in flux. There are other chores—selecting filters for polarizing, color correction, gradation, exposure, depth of field, lens choice, and cropping. But the process lends itself to creativity. I'm fond of light-painting, for example, where I shoot a very long exposure at dusk. I have two cameras—one

shooting film, the other a Polaroid. I actually walk into the scene with a handheld light and "paint" the light over, around, and sometimes *inside* the car [see red Chrysler Crossfire on facing page]. The Polaroid allows me to monitor my progress. In theory.

And there are the action shots,

Cars will be
stolen, crashed,
and sunk.
Leather interiors
will be eaten by
wild animals.





which sometimes involve too much action. I often shoot out the back of a moving van, strapping myself into a tangle of homemade rigging. Or with long lens in hand, I've spent half a lifetime waiting in the bushes on the outsides of corners, trying to capture cornering and drifting action. More than a few editors have driven into the ditch at my feet. One crashed into a huge snowbank, disappearing entirely. When he emerged, all he said was, "Don't tell my wife."

On top of that, twisted editors and artificially amped-up art directors often offer questionable advice. One editor acquired a Rolls-Royce limousine but wasn't allowed to put more than 100 miles on it. So we shot the whole test with the car on a trailer—a scene that eventually included strippers, champagne, chauffeurs, and a new set of wheel bearings for the trailer. Or there was the time we built a 150-mph cop car and then parked it in the dankest and dirtiest part of Detroit. For my own protection, I was shooting from *inside* my own Chrysler minivan. When the real cops arrived—as usual—I sped away, leaving two editors who were suspiciously dressed as cops to explain the whole thing.

Did I mention I usually get one crack at shooting a car before it goes back to the press fleet? As a result, I've spent a zillion jittery mornings after waiting for the photo lab to process my slides. It's like waiting to find out if you're pregnant, and I've never gotten used to it.

In fact, if you're thinking of a career in automotive photography, consider this: Cars will be stolen, crashed, and sunk. Leather interiors will be eaten by wild animals. Just when you're about to press the shutter, cars will roll away down long, steep hills. You will be injured crank-starting a Land Rover. You will be burned by a Dodge Viper's exhausts. Your camera bag will be run over several times. You will more than once get a mouthful of premium unleaded. You will be asked to explain yourself to cops nationwide. (Never tell them, "I'm just shooting.") You will come to know what it feels like to have your face and stomach pushed onto the hood of a Crown Vic.

And finally, when you lie down on the pavement for a low-angle photo, you will learn to set up your tallest tripod even though you don't need it. If not, you may be mistaken for an accident victim and an ambulance will show up, called in by a drive-by gawker. Happened to me three times—so far.

Does all this still interest you? Me, too.



Aaron Kiley (Lord of the Things) lives in Ann Arbor with his wife, two sons, a Honda Odyssey, and every piece of electronics ever manufactured. His work has appeared in many automotive, aviation, and landscape-architecture magazines and in innumerable car brochures. He is currently a C/D contributing artist.



DAVID DEWHURST

Vector, before engine explosion.

Csere tests a Vector W2 Twin-Turbo. The outcome? In the words of stock-car driver Rusty Wallace, *"The bitch blew up."* In fact, Csere goes through three Vector engines in two days, the last on Pershing Drive near LAX at 4 a.m. *April-May 1991*

What If He Breaks That Leg Again?

In its corporate lash-up with Ford, Mazda glues its badges on Explorer SUVs. Thus is born the Mazda Navajo, which no one—not even execs at Mazda—can remember today. We put the Navajo on the cover under a headline that screams, "BIG DEAL!" It is instead a small deal.

So many SUVs are now available that we publish a chart to keep them all straight. The chart contains 11 models. Today, there are, what, about 123,000?

Managing editor Steve Spence interviews Dr. Terry Trammell, bone surgeon to the racers, and begs for dramatic X-rays of the splintered bones of Mario, A.J., and Rick. The drivers okay Trammell's handing them over. Spence swears he'll guard them with his life, then promptly leaves them in a Ft. Wayne motel. The maid forces the oversize X-rays down a chute to a Dumpster. From Detroit, Spence offers a security guard \$300 to retrieve them. The faux cop fails in this mission. Spence must now call Trammell to ask for more. He enlists a secretary to do this. *June 1991*



Subaru SVX

Like Batman's Version of a Firebird

Subaru introduces its SVX coupe, complete with Batmobile side windows. We wonder aloud who will pay \$25,445 for a Subaru, just as today we wonder aloud who will pay \$89,000 for a Volkswagen.

"A pair of bulletproof turbos underhood," writes Larry Griffin of the Nissan 300ZX Turbo, "is like having two Buntline Specials in your pants instead of one." No one is certain what Larry is driving at here.

We are nearly there already, but the suits in New York officially give the go-ahead for every photo in the magazine to be printed in color.

September 1991

Maybe We Meant the Other Gordon

Cadillac introduces the Seville Touring Sedan and proves there's life in the ol' division yet. But at almost 40K, it nuzzles up against the power hitters from Infiniti and Lexus, where it struggles to compete.

We drive five four-wheel-drive

minivans to the North Slope's Prudhoe Bay and Deadhorse, which, like Paul Reubens and Pee-wee Herman, turn out to be the same thing. Numbing cold and flying stones break all five windshields. The Dodge Caravan wins.

We bet heavily that 23-year-old Californian Robby Gordon will become the next Ayrton Senna. And Chrysler bets \$1.5 billion that its new trio of LH sedans—the Dodge Intrepid, the Eagle Vision, and the Chrysler Concorde—will capture buyers nationwide.

We do not win our bet. Chrysler does.

February-May 1992



Hummer H1

PHIL BERG

Wow, Sometimes They Do Screw Up

After elevating the feisty little CRX to international cult status, Honda inexplicably replaces it with a spiritless chick car, the Civic del Sol, which creates its own cult but with a membership of four.

Ol' Shel tells us he possesses the original 1965 titles to 43 Cobra chassis, thus allowing him to build the cars to 1965 emissions and safety standards. Why he would sit atop these chassis and never mention them for 26 years is a mystery only Shelby can explain but doesn't.

We test a camo-beige Hummer, back when that was still a smutty joke. The High Mobility Multipurpose Wheeled Vehicle turns out to be pretty much as ridiculous on paved roads then as it is today.

June-July 1992

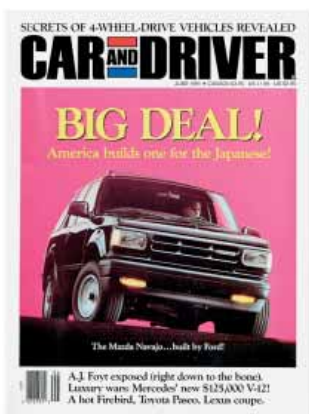
Naked Ladies Would Have Been Better

Jeanes departs to become publisher, leaving the editorship to the



Honda Civic del Sol

DAVID DEWHURST



Four-wheel-drive minivans in Deadhorse.



DAVID DEWHURST

HISTORY OF 0 TO 60 MPH

PRODUCTION CARS TESTED IN THE CALENDAR YEAR

	BEST		WORST	
YEAR	CAR	0-to-60 mph	CAR	0-to-60 mph
1956	Chevrolet Corvette	.75	Volkswagen Karmann-Ghia	.35.5
1957	Chevrolet injected Corvette	.66	Morris Minor 1000	.25.7
1958	Ferrari 4.9-liter Superfast	.56	Fiat 1100	.33.6
1959	Chevrolet Corvette	.66	Austin A-40	.32.0
1960	Ferrari 250GT Berlinetta	.65	Austin 850	.30.0
1961	Jaguar XK-E	.63	Ford Anglia 105E	.30.0
1962	Aston Martin DB4 GT Zagato	.60	Volkswagen Karmann-Ghia	.27.6
1963	AC Cobra	.45	NSU Prinz-4	.46.5
1964	Pontiac Tempest GTO	.46	Opel Kadett	.21.2
1965	Pontiac Catalina 2+2	.3.9	Volkswagen 1300	.26.3
1966	Plymouth Satellite 426 Hemi	.5.3	Toyota Corona	.17.8
1967	Chevrolet Corvette 427	.4.7	Amphicar	.43.0
1968	Chevrolet Camaro Z/28	.5.3	Austin America	.23.9
1969	Plymouth Road Runner	.5.1	Fiat 850 Ildroconvert	.31.7
1970	Pontiac Firebird Trans Am	.5.7	Volkswagen Beetle	.19.8
1971	Chevrolet Corvette LS6	.5.3	Volkswagen Super Beetle	.16.1
1972	Jaguar E-type V-12	.5.5	Honda 600	.20.8
1973	De Tomaso Pantera	.6.1	Volkswagen Sports Bug	.15.3
1974	Porsche 911S Carrera	.5.8	Peugeot 504GL diesel	.19.5
1975	Porsche Turbo Carrera	.4.9	Mercedes-Benz 300D	.17.3
1976	Ferrari/NART 365GT4/BB	.6.1	Chevrolet Chevette	.15.0
1977	Mercedes-Benz 450SEL 6.9	.7.1	International Scout Traveler diesel	.21.5
1978	Porsche Turbo	.4.9	Mercedes-Benz 300D	.21.7
1979	Porsche 930 Turbo	.5.4	Mercedes-Benz 240D	.22.4
1980	Porsche 911SC	.6.0	Volkswagen pickup	.21.1
1981	Ferrari/Amerispec 512 Berlinetta Boxer	.5.0	Chevrolet Chevette diesel	.21.2
1982	Ferrari 400i	.7.1	Pontiac Grand Prix diesel	.19.3
1983	Lamborghini Countach 5000S	.5.4	Mercedes-Benz 190D 2.2 diesel	.15.7
1984	De Tomaso Pantera GT5	.5.2	Isuzu Trooper II	.17.4
1985	Ferrari GTO/Ferrari Testarossa	.5.0	Citroën 2CV6 Charleston	.29.5
1986	Porsche 911 Turbo	.4.6	Suzuki Samurai JX	.18.7
1987	Buick GNX	.4.7	Nissan Van GXE	.18.3
1988	Lotus Esprit Turbo	.5.3	Daihatsu Charade CSX	.15.0
1989	Chevrolet Corvette ZR-1	.4.5	Suzuki Samurai JL	.18.7
1990	GMC Syclone	.4.3	Toyota 4Runner 4WD SR5 V6	.15.7
1991	Vector W8 Twin Turbo	.3.8	Ford F-350 XLT Lariat crew-cab dualie	.17.3
1992	Ferrari F40	.4.2	AM General Hummer	.21.7
1993	Porsche 911 Turbo 3.6	.4.0	Mitsubishi Montero SR	.12.5
1994	Porsche 911 Carrera	.4.7	Mercedes-Benz Geländewagen	.13.0
1995	Porsche 911 Turbo	.3.7	AM General Hummer	.18.1
1996	Dodge Viper GTS	.4.0	Volkswagen Cabrio	.12.6
1997	Porsche 911 Turbo S	.3.7	AM General Hummer	.15.2
1998	Dodge Viper GTS	.3.9	Kia Sportage	.12.8
1999	Ferrari 360 Modena	.4.4	Chevrolet Metro	.15.9
2000	Porsche 911 Turbo	.3.9	Mazda MPV ES	.12.3
2001	Chevrolet Corvette Z06	.4.0	Toyota Prius	.13.0
2002	Porsche 911 GT2	.3.8	Mitsubishi Outlander XLS AWD	.11.7
2003	Saleen S7/Ferrari Enzo	.3.3	Dodge Sprinter 2500	.13.1
2004	Ford GT	.3.3	Ford Escape XLS 4WD	.14.7



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Ferrari 456GT vs. Mooney MSE



NIGEL WOLL

Mad Hungarian. Csere's first act as generalissimo is to create a kind of Tijuana postcard pastiche on the cover. Newsstand sales tank with force sufficient to crack the porcelain, and his new French bosses squirm. Fortunately, sales quickly recover.

To our delight, Porsche says it will build a \$40,000 production version of a show car called the Boxster.

June 1993

He's Also Sort of Like an Elk

"Dave remains the grand old water buffalo of automotive journalism," announces Brock Yates during a new feud with David E. Davis, now heading *Automobile Magazine*. "To know him is to acknowledge his short fuse and penchant for unpredictable, snorting charges at friendly targets."

Michael Andretti gives F1 a whirl and discovers it is trickier than it looks. After scoring a third-place finish—his best—he flees back to America three races before the GP season concludes, handing his ride to Mika Häkkinen.

After winning 41 Grands Prix, Ayrton Senna inexplicably slides wide on a fast left-hander at Imola, hits the wall, and is killed.

February–May 1994

The Earth Moves for Arthur

McLaren introduces its F1 road car, which features three front bucket

seats and a price of \$815,000.

GM's noisy and thrashy Quad 4 engine gets twin balance shafts but still sucks.

Former managing editor Arthur St. Antoine moves to L.A., just in time to experience an earthquake while driving. "For a moment," he notes, "you think your steering rack has broken and you're going to pull a dry Chappaquiddick."

July–October 1994

More Trouble With the Mooneys

We pit a Ferrari 456GT against a Mooney MSE—one of those is an airplane—in a race across Texas. The vehicle built in Italy loses, but only by

nine minutes. Here's what we learn: It is a long, long time before Ferrari lends us another press car.

A Porsche 911 Turbo costs \$100,000. But it's still probably worth it.

March–May 1995

No Pain, No Pain

Associate editor Marty Padgett joins the Joie Chitwood Chevy Thunder Show for a night of intense vehicular mayhem. His role is to lie flat on the hood of an Olds wagon as it plunges through a burning fence. Marty survives with minor scrapes but later writes in his notebook these four words: "Head trauma. Very cool."

June 1995

Padgett uses his head.



DICK KELLEY

McLaren F1



Csere graduates from Bonneville flight school.



RICH CHENET



C/D's 40th-anniversary Corvette.

RANDY LORENTZEN/PLANET-R

We Build a Siege Weapon

To celebrate our 40th anniversary, we commission a 427-cubic-inch, 603-hp small-block and drop it into a Corvette. Our goal is to make the car street-legal and eminently drivable but also capable of 200 mph. Instead, it achieves 212 mph. Are we congratulated? We are not. Instead, all we hear are complaints about the car's gray graphics, which are arranged to resemble a Chevy bow tie. Offers Bob Lutz, "Maybe I'll see it after a few more drinks."

Perhaps after seeing what we did to his car, 86-year-old Zora Arkus-Duntov dies in Detroit.

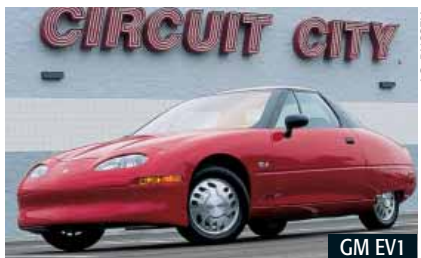
June–July 1996

It Makes Even Ed Begley Nervous

Plymouth introduces its retro Prowler. Unlike the American hot rods it so earnestly hopes to mimic, the Prowler is equipped with a limp V-6. *Exactly* like those hot rods, however, its ride is awful. Initially, the car is available only in purple. We forget to ask why.

GM trots out its EV1 electric car, which you can lease but not buy. This turns out fine, because the car has a range sufficient to carry buyers only to the license registrar's and back. GM does *not* offer an optional 30-mile-long extension cord.

October 1996



J.G. RUSSELL

GM EV1

Riley & Scott Mk 2 Hunter



AARON KILEY

Evans's F50



RICHARD DOLE

Allstate Says, "Oh, as if"

Ferrari won't lend us a \$560,640 F50. So we borrow one from racer Andy Evans, showing him documents that suggest we're insured. The outcome: 0 to 60 in 3.8 seconds, top speed of 194 mph, bogus documents unnecessary.

Oldsmobile introduces its Intrigue, then the best mid-size sedan GM has ever produced. Naturally, the General will go out of its way to kill the car as soon as humanly possible.

On Valentine's Day, our managing editor tosses a Salem Light into his trash can and heads home. The office damn near burns down. The ME blames the disaster on the usually silent production editor, who called 9-1-1. We all celebrate the arrival of new carpet.

January–March 1997

Top Speed 3 mph

We put a carbon-fiber \$285,000 Riley & Scott Mk 2 Hunter on the cover, which the Indy-based company says it will produce as a GT1 racer and as a street car. The Hunter, which is homely and unpainted, doesn't actually run, so we push it for simulated "at speed" photos. Readers howl, and we are mocked in print by *AutoWeek*. The car's production run ends at chassis No. 1. We're not sure what we were thinking.



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Very fast cop car.



Mazda RX-7 swamp thing.

We persuade editor Csere to hand us \$1000 apiece to purchase rusty beaters for an on- and off-road competition whose rules we make up as we go along. One of the contestants—driving a primed Mazda RX-7—somehow concludes his efforts by landing in four feet of swamp water. Pondering this outcome, Csere is puzzled. The staff is not.

August–October 1997

Fast and Faster, Dumb and Dumber

Cadillac rebadges a GMC Yukon Denali and calls it an Escalade. We reckon a young man could save a lot of money by buying a GMC Yukon Denali. But again we miss the point, as snoop dogs nationwide line up with cash (and dubs) in hand.

We grenade two engines trying to coax a supercharged Ford Crown Vic cop car to achieve 150 mph. Eventually, it does, and then Mercury rips us off, creating its own version called the

Marauder, which turns out to have the shelf life of warm sour cream.

We drop a V-12 into a Mercedes E320—first relocating the entire fire wall. Two months later, it goes 202 mph. Which, you know, is faster than the Crown Vic. September–November 1998

Why Kill Plymouth but Not Buick?

We pit an aftermarket 770-hp Camaro against an aftermarket 855-hp Mustang. The outcome is irrelevant, but it does inspire us to count all the Camaro-vs.-Mustang comparos we've published. Answer: 13, with the Chevy winning 9.

Saturn, still billing itself as "a different kind of company," calls its Opel Vectra-based vehicle the "LS," a designator used on 26 competitors' models.

And Chrysler's poor old Plymouth is trotted out back and given a bang between the eyes.

January–March 2000

As Bad as It Gets

While measuring the top speed of a RENNtech Mercedes-Benz on the 7.7-mile track at Ft. Stockton, Texas, senior tech editor Don Schroeder loses control, for reasons still unknown. The car tumbles into the infield and bursts into flames. Don does not survive. It is the lowest point in *Car and Driver's* history.

May 2000

Mustang vs. Camaro, for the 13th or 14th time.



More Like Mickey's Retarded Sister

Pontiac introduces its Aztec, which reveals to us why Aztecs became extinct. It is a tall wagon that reminds us of a lovable Disney character: Goofy.

Chevrolet unveils its spectacular Corvette Z06, which, at 50 grand, is not only a bargain but also the perfect engine-and-chassis formula to carry the marque into the 21st century.

Ford trots out its all-new Thunderbird, whose J Mays-inspired styling—but not its flexible chassis—is as graceful and elegant as the original's. Sadly, no one notices.

We attempt to test Carroll Shelby's Series 1 roadster, which fries clutches and pistons and drivers. It is a car that would be cool if we'd built it in our garage on weekends. In a burst of compassion, Yates dubs the car "a work in progress."

Tony George installs a road course at Indianapolis Motor Speedway in preparation for an F1 race starring drivers he's never heard of.

When questioned by reporters, Chrysler and Daimler-Benz execs insist their merger is a happy marriage of equals. Except the response emanates from Stuttgart and, for some reason, is entirely in German.

July–October 2000

Separation Anxiety

Nearly 120 persons have perished in Ford Explorer crashes linked to Firestone tire failures. We customize an Explorer so we can deflate one of its (Goodyear) tires by remote control and then try to trick tech editor Larry Webster into crashing. He doesn't. We ask if he experiences any difficulty in maintaining control. "A piece of cake," he replies.

Readers go berserk, claiming tread separation is the cause of the accidents, not sudden deflation. We point out that tread separation is less



Shelby Series 1



Corvette Z06



Explorer/Firestone fiasco.

severe than a complete deflation, but that doesn't placate them.

GM admits it will shortly carry Oldsmobile to the nearest hospice, where the division will quietly be euthanized, Intrigue and all. Ransom spins in his grave.

Dale Earnhardt is killed in an innocuous-looking crash at Daytona, with a failed seatbelt fingered as the likely cause. *The Sun* tabloid runs a photo of Earnhardt with this headline: "Don't Grieve for Me: I'm in Heaven."

Lincoln introduces the Blackwood, a \$52,500 tarted-up Ford F-150 with a cargo bed trimmed like Dashiell Hammett's bathroom, making it useless for the kind of bulky, dirty items folks want a truck for in the first place.

January–July 2001

Plus Some Other Stuff

And then a whole lot of other things happen, such as the Mini Cooper, the Nissan 350Z, drifting, the resurrection of the Chrysler Hemi, a Ferrari that looks like a large stick insect, a VW that costs \$83,515, a 5724-pound Porsche that buyers are supposed to get dirty, a Pontiac GTO as sexy as Aunt Bee, and a retro Mustang so thoroughly refined that even *old* guys like driving it.

What's next? Saab begins building its cars out of spare Subarus and GMC trucks?

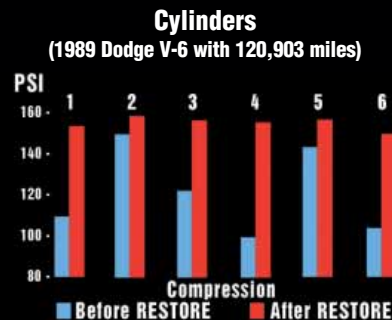
Just when you've seen it all, you see some more. Fifty years. It's been quite a ride.

August 2001–July 2005 ■



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BRUCE McCALL

OFFICIAL QUIZ: THE HISTORY OF CAR AND DRIVER

What we have here is a quiz. It's so easy, no answers are necessary!

1. Did the Renault Alliance expire shortly before or after *Motor Trend* named it "Car of the Year"?

2. Don't hard-hitting, smart-ass questions like that precisely define the yeasty and irreverent spirit that differentiates *Car and Driver* from, say, *Ladies' Home Journal*?

3. True or false: Liberal-baiting columnist Brock Yates was once saved from choking to death on a hairball by a gangly lad named Ralph Nader, whose rage at Yates's 25-cent tip triggered a permanent jihad against all things automotive.

4. *Car and Driver's* original name was: (a) *Lloydwagen-Goliath Hop-Up*, (b) *Sport Car Confidential*, (c) *Aficionado Pennysaver*.

5. True or false: *Car and Driver's* all-time most popular cover blurb was, "Exclusive 72-Car Econobox Showdown Comparo: We Lose Track!!!"

6. True or false: *Car and Driver* editor Csaba Csere's name translates into English as "Busted Scrabble Hand."

7. In its 50-year history, *Car and Driver* has published (a) 3452 columns, (b) 72,198 columns, or (c) 21,098 columns (not counting those by scandal-mongering columnist Brock Yates) that included the phrase, "Speed doesn't kill, pinheaded Washington political hacks in favor of idiotic highway speed limits kill."

8. In the smash 1981 movie hit *The Cannonball Run*, based on a charity event run annually by the Yates Foundation on behalf of

giving hack motoring journalists some fresh air, actor Burt Reynolds's body double was: (a) Debbie Reynolds, (b) a stack of *Car and Drivers*, (c) R.J. Reynolds.

9. *Car and Driver* columnist Patrick Bedard's personal automobile is: (a) a Hemi-powered 1968 Checker Superba with original Iowa plates; (b) a 1974 Opel Kadett he found up on blocks in Speedway City, Indiana; (c) the ex-Chris Economaki 1974 Opel Manta he found up on blocks next to it.

10. True or false: Top Motor City auto execs read *Car and Driver* cover to cover every month, skipping everything in between.

11. *Car and Driver* pioneered (name one): (a) the featured cover car that nobody can afford or could buy even if they had the money, (b) female racing drivers posed in their Nomex underwear as a regular feature, (c) whetting reader appetites by listing every classified car ad as a road test on the contents page.

12. True or false: *Car and Driver* has never returned the Lamborghini Diablo it borrowed for a long-term test in 1993.

13. True or false: *Car and Driver* never picked up the Pontiac Aztek it had arranged to borrow for a long-term test in 2004.

14. The names of Jack Cowell, Steve Smith, and Chris Jerome have all appeared on the *Car and Driver* masthead in the past 50 years. Why?

15. True or false: Visitors to *Car and Driver's* official Web site need to bring up only 42 successive screens to get past the subscription pitches.



A vintage Bruce McCall drawing titled "The Cure for Corvette Fever."

16. True or false: *Car and Driver* once ran a headline about GP race driver Innes Ireland titled, "Tough Guy in a Tender Torpedo."

17. As everybody knows, *Car and Driver's* so-called spy photos actually utilize 1/24th-scale-model cars secretly photographed with Minoltas by dwarfs on a miniature back lot but only a handful ever get printed.

18. How come *Car and Driver* didn't get a single page of advertising after naming the 2003 Daewoo Charade "North American Car of the Year"?

19. When will *Car and Driver* finally debut its long-planned regular humor feature, The Bangle Watch?

20. Everybody knows that in blind taste tests, consumers preferred Cheez Whiz to *Car and Driver* by more than 12 to 1—but what's the ratio of consumer preference for *Car and Driver* over Charmin?

21. In 1964, *Car and Driver* proposed Dan Gurney for President. Whom did *Car and Driver* propose for First Secretary of the Presidency of the Supreme Soviet?

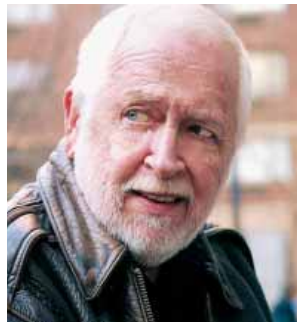
22. True or false: In 1973, *Car and Driver's* technical editor was fired after he opened the hood of a

Citroën SM to look for the oil dipstick and fainted.

23. If all the editors in *Car and Driver's* history were lined up end to end, they would reach: (a) the nearest bar, (b) the nearest open bar, (c) the nearest open bar with bowls of trail mix.

24. Two alleged facts in the 23 previous items are actually true. Identify both and win a lifetime subscription to *Motor Trend*.

Bruce McCall began writing for C/D in 1963, provided written and illustrated humor both before and after a stint as a regular columnist in the late '60s, and was listed as a contributing editor for what seemed like most of the second half of the 20th century. His Denbeigh & Sons chronicles appeared with particularly annoying frequency. McCall lives in New York City, where he writes and illustrates for The New Yorker.



SUKI HILL



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