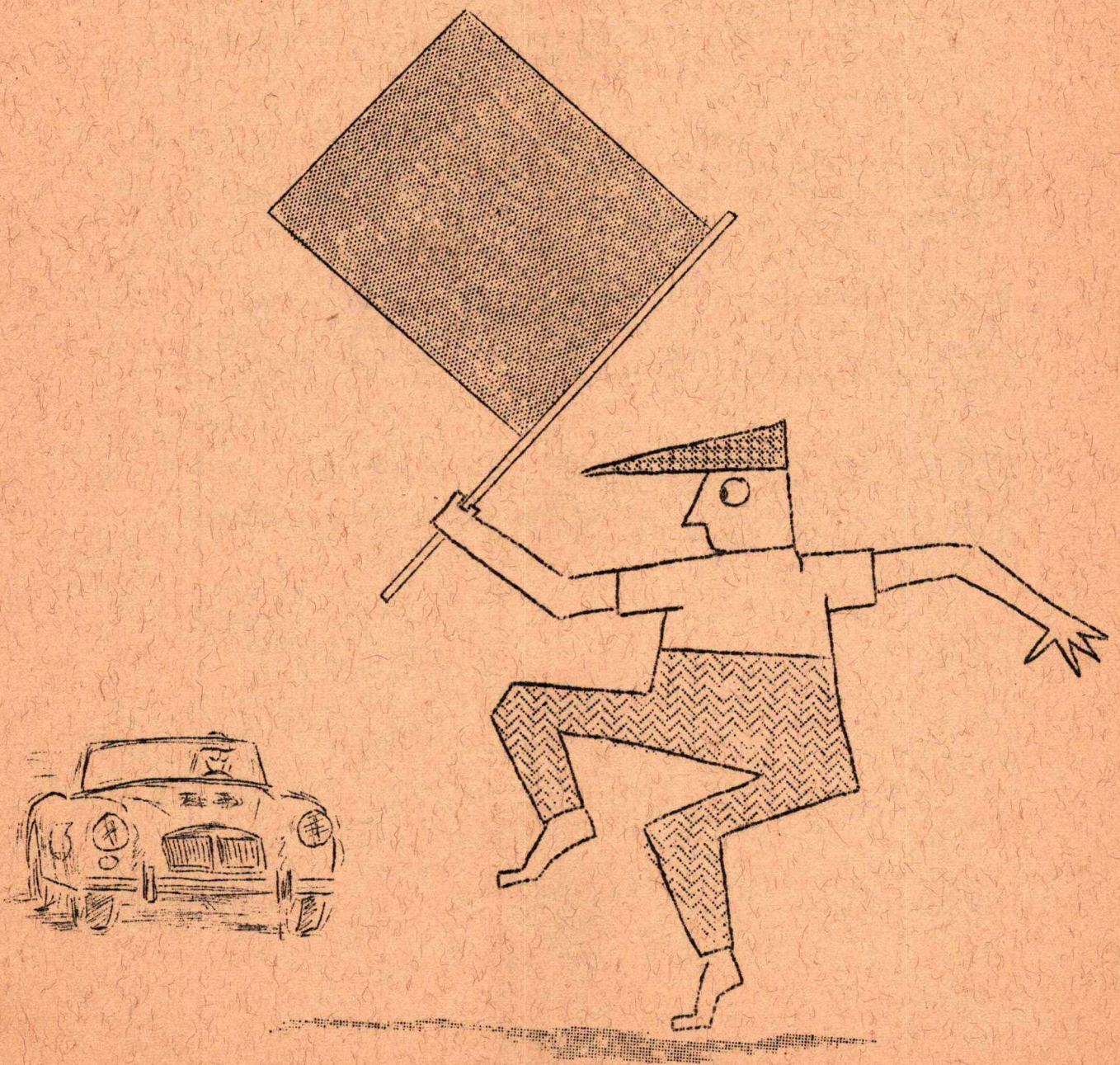


A FANZINE FOR GER STEWARD



STEWARD IN THE MGA

Let me tell you the story of the man named Steward
On a sad and fateful day.
Put new tyres on his car, took a course in driving,
Went to race in his MGA.

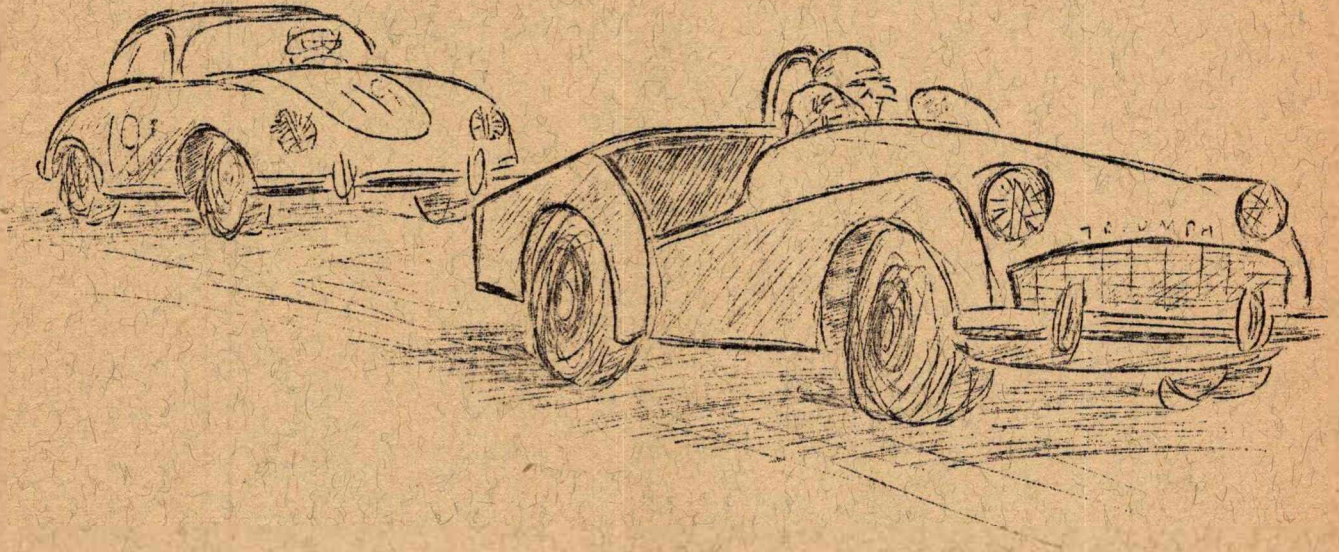
Did he ever return? No, he never returned,
And his fate is yet unlearned.
He may stay forever on that track at Harewood,
He's the man who never returned.

Well, he give her the gun on the Big Torque straightway,
And he ran through the Drift mighty fast.
Oh, he stomped on the pedal as he wheeled down the raceway
And car after car he went past.

He went through the Zig on the tail of the leader
And he zoomed down the straight with a roar.
Alas, he spun out as he braked for the Hairpin,
And Steward was seen no more.

Now, you lovers of races, don't you think it's a sad thing
That this driver never came back?
Come and give to the fund to pay off a crooked flagman,
Get Steward off the Harewood track.

A DAY OR TWO AT THE RACES



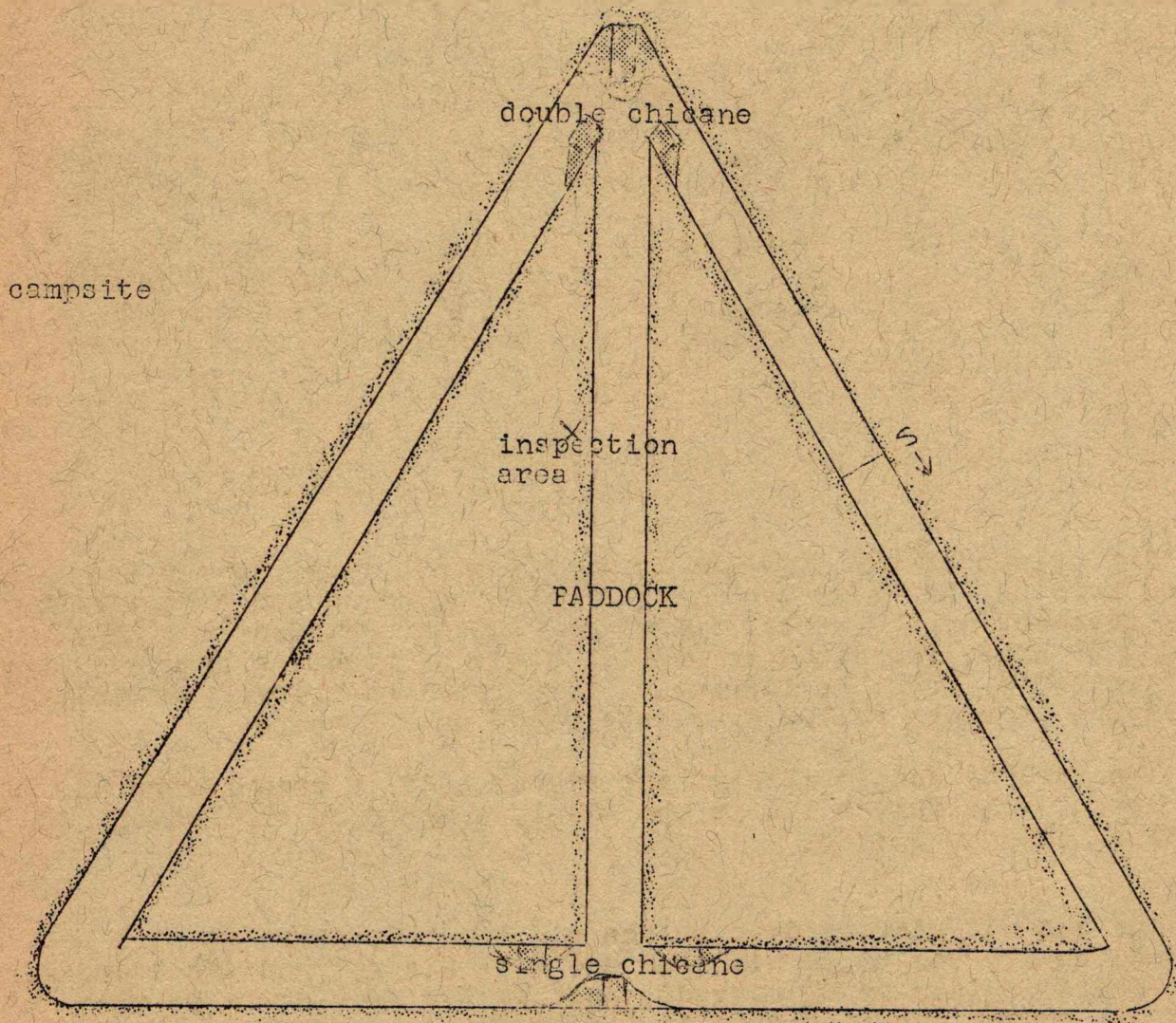
The driver of the Corvette threw his hands into the air and stomped hard on the brake pedal. His tires squealed and left streaks on the pavement as the wheels locked and the car skidded to a halt. I nodded to Kiki, who stood across the strip of pavement from me. She nodded in reply, took the inspection card from the driver, and initialed it. As the Corvette rolled away, she waved on a Porsche.

The Porsche accelerated at the signal. As it sped toward us, Kiki waved again. The driver let go the wheel, slammed on the brakes, and the car skidded to a stop.

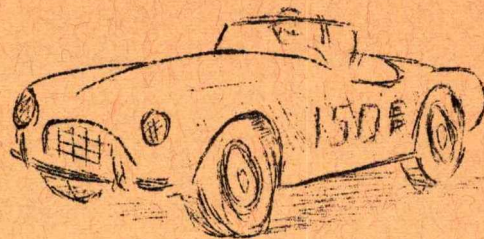
The sun was glaring down on the old airstrip where we were working, and the air was thick with the smell of Castrol and the sound of racing-tuned engines being revved. Next to the spot where we were working, a Cooper was sitting with its 'hood' up and guts exposed. One of its crewmen was lying on the grass holding a blood-soaked cloth to his face. Just a few minutes before he'd been helping push off the little car, when the driver braked too suddenly and he'd fallen against the engine, getting slashes across his face and one hand.

On the other side of us the driver of a dark blue AC ACE was busy cutting "150 EP" out of light blue Contact to stick onto his car. The ACE wore a Texas license plate.

a crude and misproportioned
representation of the
TRACK AT MONTGOMERY, N Y
which also may be slightly
in error, but which should
give you a rough idea of
the track.



On the strip, a big Detroit with NY tags rolled past dragging a trailer-load of mean-looking green Lotus, and across the way Briggs Cunningham's trailer was unloading Lister-Jags, while the doors of his rolling shop swung open to reveal a stock of spare tires.



The Cooper crewman who'd been injured was up again, with bandages on the cuts, and was again helping to push off the little car.

Kiki initialed the inspection card for the Porsche and waved on the next car. It rolled past us, into the inspection line. The day was August 8th, and we were running the first phase of technical inspection for the SCCA National Races at Montgomery, N.Y. that weekend.

There were eight of us: Dick and Kiki, Don and Jo, Jock, Ray and Aaron, and I, who had come in together, divided amongst Dick's Volkswagon, and Don's Henry J. The Volks, a machine named GUNGA which bears kill-credits for three MG's, two Detroits, and a motor scooter painted on one door, had made good time on the highway, so the five of us who'd been loaded in it were the first section of the inspection team to arrive. Even so, the field was full of cars waiting to be put through, so we were checked in quickly at the registration desk, issued plastic wristbands that served as Pit Passes, and sent on down to the infield.

We drove across a hillside, over the track, and into the paddock area. Dick picked a spot for inspection, parked the VW on the grass, and started setting up. Kiki and I went onto the strip and began running through the brake tests. When we'd finished the cars that were waiting, we moved on to inspecting cockpits.

Kiki ran me through the various items that had to be inspected: crash helmets, goggles, roll bars, fire extinguishers, headlamps, brake lights, etc. This required the least knowledge of mechanics and sports cars. I sent a few drivers back to add tape to their headlights, but otherwise found the cars generally in good order.

Frank DeLangton, the chief inspector, had come on the scene with a few more men, so we went through the waiting cars quickly. Dick and Kiki pulled out, to drive into town for ice. When they got back, we started lunch.

I began slicing onions for Kiki to use in the construction of her Special sandwiches for eating at races. These are the HERO DRIVER SANDWICHES, huge all-containing morsels. Unless one is endowed with particularly great capacity, he may start eating with a great show of speed, but he rarely finishes.

The Cooper crewman stopped by and asked if he could have a piece

of ice, so we gave him a chunk. On the infield, someone scooted about on a Go-Kart.

The first practice was called out and as we ate, we took turns watching cars on the straight through a pair of binocs. When we finished eating, we walked up to the double chicane to watch the first race.

The most interesting race-within-a-race on this go-round was between a Porsche and an Alfa who seemed to be extremely well-matched. They dogged one another, passing and re-passing. I settled to watching them in particular. I was having trouble keeping the various cars sorted out, especially since I wasn't very good at telling one make from another and had practically no concept of the various classes, etc.

The next race was the Formula III's. These were fascinating to watch. They dashed about like a herd of insects. One after another dropped out and returned to the pits before the end of the race. As the last few laps were run, only three cars were left in, and one of them seemed to be going on the driver's will-power rather than it's own steam.

After this, we piled into the VW to go into town and do some shopping. Don and Jo left to go to their hotel. When we got back to the track, we spread a blanket by the brake strip and Kiki mixed up a meat and rice casserole to cook over the charcoal grill, for dinner. By the time we'd finished eating, the sky was beginning to darken and threatening to drizzle.

We drove up to the campsite, picked a spot more-or-less convenient to the johns, and began setting up our camp. It was completely dark and really raining by the time we finished. But we weren't sleepy yet, and from the distance, we heard the sound of a ukelele.

Feeling social, we wandered over and introduced ourselves. The uke strummer and his friends were huddled under a tent flap that was lashed to the door handle of a Mercedes. They welcomed us and so we joined the huddle and sat around singing and getting, if not thoroughly soaked, at least pretty wet. A few more campers, probably kept awake by the noise, drifted over and joined in.

From somewhere in the dark distance, I heard a voice protesting, "But you can't do it in a Cooper!" Sometime later, from another direction another voice called, "Does anybody want to rent a double bed?"

About midnight, we went back to our own camp, where the men who were bunking in sleeping bags under a lean-to made of ponchos, discovered that the rain had sopped through the sleeping bags. Too weary to worry, we all sacked out.

I opened my eyes the next morning and squinted at my watch. The luminous dial was indistinct. I figured it at around six or seven ayem. From outside the tent I could hear the voices of the men. I crawled out carefully, so not to disturb Kiki who was still sleeping, and blinked my eyes. The morning was drizzly gray. The men were gathered around the charcoal grill warming their coffee with shots of Old Over-

drive. I poured down a straight coffee and began to feel more human. Somebody offered me a raincoat. That helped. Another cup of coffee and a drag of OO hastened the effect. Before long I felt almost willing to face the morning.

Dick dug out the remains of the rice casserole and put it on the fire. Then he located a somewhat waterlogged peach pie and we made these do for breakfast.

Despite the early hour, many of our fellow campers, including the uke player, had already left. Others had tried, unsuccessfully, to leave. The hillside was a pasture of long grass growing over solid clay. Under the night's rain the clay had ceased to be solid and the big cars were bogged down at regular intervals around the field. A tractor was running about, pulling them to firmer ground (when such could be located) as fast as it could. New arrivals heading for the side gates were bogging down right and left.

We looked at our damp camp gear and at the VW and decided to remove ourselves to the paddock in two loads. So camp gear was piled into and onto the Volks, and then Dick and Ray got in, to drive down, dump gear, and then return for passengers. But the VW wouldn't start. The battery was dead.

We tried pushing. She moved easily enough, but still wouldn't start. So we waved down a passing foreign car and the driver gave us a jump off his battery. Dick got Gunga rolling, and away he went, the small car skimming over the mat of wet grass, passing stalled Detroit's in every direction.

Feeling sociable after having been given an assist by another, Jock, Aaron and I decided it was time to do our good deed for the day. The nearest stalled car was a new Nash Rambler, so we walked over and offered to shove. But we couldn't budge it. We left him to wait for the tractor, and went on to offer our services to an older Detroit nearby.

He was headed uphill, but pushing in that direction didn't do one lick of good, so he put her into reverse and we pushed the other way. This worked. He got started and backed hurriedly toward the gate.

As we watched him roll away, a little old lady hailed us from a nearby VW. She'd made the mistake of stopping and had dug in. So, with a cheer for Volkswagons, we dashed up the hill and shoved. It took barely a push to hoist the little car out of its hole, and as she drove away she shouted her thanks. Muttering good words about VW's we went back to our fire.

The rain had about let up, so I gathered some clothes out of my grip and squished through the grass over to the john to get into something warmer and drier than the dungarees and old shirt I was wearing. The john was a traditional type, a two-holer, with no roof. I changed clothes and sloshed back to the fire.

Dick returned with the VW, having left Ray and the gear in the paddock area. We piled in and drove down to the gate, only to discover

that the track was being cleared for the first race of the day. So we sat in the car, by the gate and watched them run, cheering as Joe Daniels went by in his Special.

When it was over we drove in and found Ray keeping a lone vigil over our camp gear. We set up another fire and built another lean-to out of the ponchos. There was no more inspecting to be done, so we swilled coffee while waiting for the next race.

Then Ray, Aaron and I went up to the double chicane to watch. The track was still wet, and they were sliding at the chicane, but staying with it. The EP ACE from Texas was in this one, so we cheered him as he rounded the haybales. He didn't win, but he drove a good race.

When we got back to our lean-to, the rest of the gang was missing. We thought perhaps they'd already gone down to the single chicane, so we set out to look for them. Almost at the end of the infield -- a long walk -- on the deep grass, we spotted the carry-all DeLangton had been driving. And as we started toward it, we spotted Dick at the tailgate, shoving hard. Feeling that they might be able to use the aid of some experienced car-pushers, we hurried on and leaned our weight against the vehicle. But she was too heavy and the muck too deep. The engine roared, the clutch smoked, and she sat there.

We had stopped to consider the problem intellectually when a Jeep came blasting toward us, over the grass, and the driver hailed us: "We have four-wheel drive!" His voice was tinged with pride, "Want a tow?"

We did. So he hopped out and hitched the carry-all behind his Jeep. As he was doing this, a shout came from a car a ways across the grass, "Next?" And a young man came up and asked if we'd shove his Jag. When the Jeep-driver offered to tow him, he became somewhat upset, protesting that there was nowhere on the Jag to hitch on.

The Jeep got the carry-all rolling, and then went on to the next car. And we drove back to the lean-to where we found Kiki with dinner almost ready.

The last race of the day was the big one, with a fine assortment of Modifieds running. It promised to be a real contest with three good drivers in good cars out to duel for first. We went down to the fast chicane to watch.

We'd just settled down comfortably to watch, though, when the field seemed to thin. Two of the big boys had dropped out. So we watched a while and then returned to the car, to pack up and make our exit as soon as the track was clear.

I'd seen a lot of racing, most of which I didn't understand, but did enjoy. I left Montgomery eager to see more racing and learn more about the cars. A few days later I was ensconced in my living room, surrounded by Sports Car magazines, studying up on bore, stroke, displacement and sundry other aspects of racing machinery. And I'd bought my own sleeping bag. I was hooked.

BRIDGEHAMPTON IS A ROAD-COURSE designed and constructed for racing, whereas Montgomery was a reclaimed airstrip. There is quite a difference. The field at Montgomery was flat and barren of trees. Bridgehampton is on hilly, woodsy land, and the track winds like an old country road, up and down, in and out, over hills and into dells. It is situated on a high point overlooking a vast body of water, and is magnificently scenic (for the spectators, at least). However only a small portion of the track is visible to the spectator at any given point.

We set off for the SCCA Regional at Bridgehampton just before sunup Saturday morning. I had considerable more information about the cars under my hat that morning than I'd had when we took off for Montgomery, and I was eager to put my newly acquired knowledge to use. I'd been spotting street sports cars around the Village. Now I'd have a chance to identify the cars on a track. As we approached Bridgehampton, I kept an eager eye out for cars on their way.

The first race car I saw that day was on a trail, hitched behind an elderly hearse. It was pulled off the road, in front of an eating place, and we whizzed past. But I got a fair look at the racer and it looked like nothing I'd seen in the Village. Evidently a Modified, an all out racer, perhaps a Special. So I settled back to spot the Production cars when we came to them.

The parking area around the registration building was crammed with Production cars, many of them numbered and taped. I looked them over critically, picking out this make by the grille, that by the wing line, and over there was the little Alpha that had raced the Porsche at Montgomery. Not just any Alpha, but the Alpha. Mightily pleased with myself, I went on to the line at the Registration desk, with the others.

not α, Alfa, dammit - L.H.

DeLangton was there already, and hurried us through registration. We signed away our lives (a waiver of responsibility in case of accident, I am told. I never got a chance to see what I was signing.) and were issued brown tags bearing the words "Official - Bridgehampton" on one side and a commercial for Chevron gasoline on the other. Then we drove up to the Paddock.

The entrance from the road to the course looks like the entrance to a superhighway in the first stages of construction. It is broad, cleared of brush, and sandy. All of the ground around Bh seems to be coarse sand and pebbles (some pretty big pebbles in the lot).

The paddock area, just inside the straight of way, is also sand, with a small lane of pavement for brake tests. We parked near the strip and got down to work.

Don and Jo were there, so Jo and I went to the middle of the strip and started checking brakes. There were plenty of cars waiting, and we were going through them as fast as we could. Jo would wave them on, and sign their entry cards while I checked them off my list of entrants. I didn't keep count of the number of cars we put through, but there

were a danged lot of them. Since the entry list I was checking against was in the order of races I had to search through the list of cars in the race, to find the one I'd just checked. Subsequently, I was getting good experience in identifying makes.

We had just finished running through an MGA when we heard Delang-ton shouting, "Clear the strip!" We looked up and saw a Formula III scooting around the paddock like an enraged waterbug. These cars have to be pushed to be started and once they're going they hate to stop. The MGA got off the strip fast and the F3 roared through, exhibiting his brakes.

The hearse I'd seen earlier had rolled in and parked near us, and the race car unloaded. I made a quick check of my entry list and learned that it was the G-H Special, driven by Paul Green of Lansdowne, Pa. I later learned that this is a Crosley Special, the G in G-H probably standing for Green. (I don't know what the H might have stood for, but I can make some guesses.)

Joe Daniels came through in his Danielini (also a Crosley Special), passing brakes, and then having trouble with his exhaust system and almost failing to qualify because of it.

A young driver in an Alfa came through brakes, failed to pass and went back to his pit six times before he could get into his practice session. Hotshot types roared through, grinning, and leaving great trails of rubber. More experienced men put less wear on their tires as they displayed their brakes. A beat-up MGA out of NYC came in late and had to be rushed through in order to get into his practice, which was being lined up on the grid.

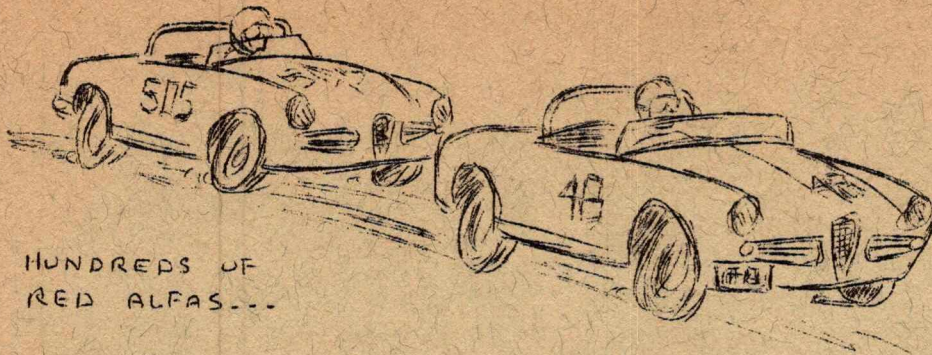
We qualified cars and I checked them off the entry list until my eyes were so tired that I could hardly read numbers. It seemd as if the red Alfas alone had numbered in the hundreds. Little Sprites had grinned past us. Corvettes rolled by with gaudy Contact for numbers. The Danielini roared around the paddock. And the practice cars were vrooming past on the straight.

Finally the list was finished, the cars were ready, and we hauled out our hero driver sandwiches to eat while we watched the first race.

The cars in the first run were GT, Classes 1, 2, and 3: a couple of Ferrari 250GT with George Arents in one and Walter Luftman in the other, and a Fiat Ab. Monza were the Class 3 cars. Some of those Alfas, an ASARDO, another Fiat (this an AB coupe), a couple of D-B Coupes, and others, filled out the grid.

The race was between Arents and Luftman in the beginning, but Arents was the better man.

The second event of the day was Race Two and Three, the F3s running in with Modifieds. We found ourselves a vantage point to watch from and settled down to see the cars go around. There was some real racing on the track this time; Arents in his Ferrari was fighting it out with Vic Meinhardt in a Porsche Spyder. The Porsche took it.



HUNDREDS OF
RED ALFAS...

Next was an unscheduled event, a Handicap race, with a really assorted field running.

The first car around in the first lap was an A-H Sprite #58, driven by Charles Gibson of Cambridge, Mass.

The grille and bug-eyed headlights gave the little car an idiotic expression. It looked happy as hell, leading the pack. It looked equally happy when it went around on its victory lap with the checkered flag. It had some tough competition, but the handicapping system had given it its chance, and it showed itself well.

When we got back to the paddock, we found a Kart parked near Gunga, so we stopped to study over it. The driver, a youngster, came over and answered our technical questions about it.

Late practice was being called, so we got out of the paddock while the track was clear, and went to pitch camp and eat.

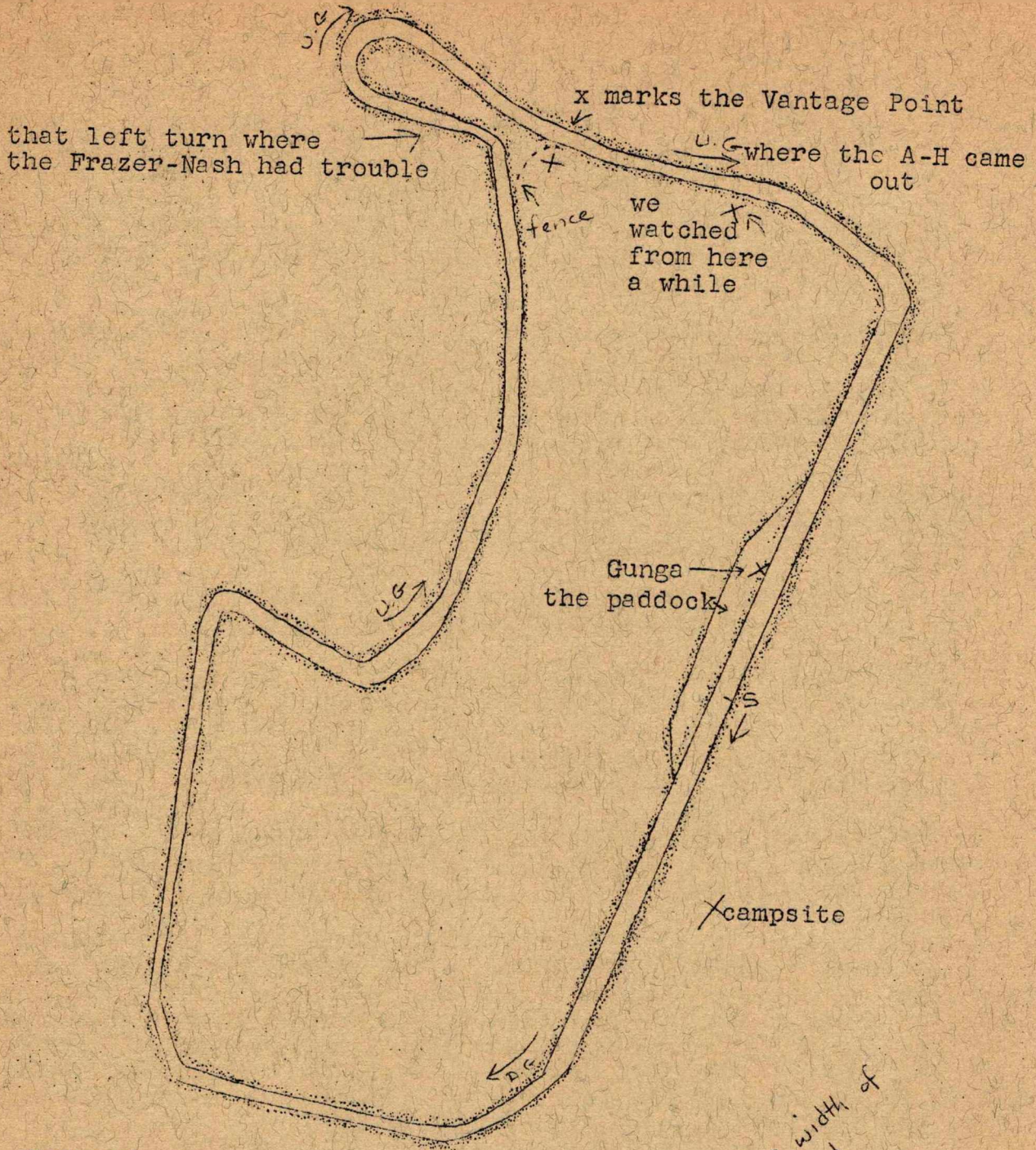
The camping area was the far edge of the parking area, a vast irregular expanse of sand bordered by scrubby woods. Dick picked a campsite atop a sandy plateau, and we took a running start in the VW, roaring up the sandy bank. We set up our tents in case it rained or turned too cold for outside sleeping, made our fire and began supper.

Suddenly a little Renault CV popped its nose over the edge of the plateau and pulled up near us. Two young men got out and made their camp just beyond.

A little later, just after dark, a large Ford loomed up in the parking area, sighted on the Renault, and began an attempt at climbing the bank. It stopped and rolled back. Backing off for a running start it tried again. It was almost up and over when it dug in and stalled. So we picked up our flashlights, walked over and pushed it down the hill. We advised its young driver against trying again, and he settled himself at the foot of the plateau. We loaned him a flashlight and a guide, to help him hunt firewood.

There was a fireworks display at the track that night, so we sat around the campfire, eating watercress soup, ham steaks and beans, and watching the flares burst overhead. Then we crawled into our sleeping bags. But we were immediately stirred out of them by the approach of a howling pack of cars that seemed intent on climbing our hill. A Studebaker with tires loaded on its top took the lead, aimed his headlights straight at us and backed off for a running start. But suddenly he changed his mind, swerved and crawled around the side of the plateau, taking the rest of the pack with him. We lay in the dark a while, waiting and fearing their return. But finally we decided they were

a rough idea of the layout
at BRIDGEHAMPTON



U.G. - UpGrade
D.G. - DownGrade

don't judge width of
track by this!

not coming back, so we went to sleep.

Morning burst gloriously upon us. We rose and made coffee. One of the young men from the Renault dropped over and had a cup with us. We chatted a while, while striking camp, and then drove over to the Long Island Automotive Museum. This is one fine place, with a friendly atmosphere, and an excellent horde of antiques and classics. Most of them are in running condition and some were being readied for a combination exhibition/race which was to take place at the track that noon.

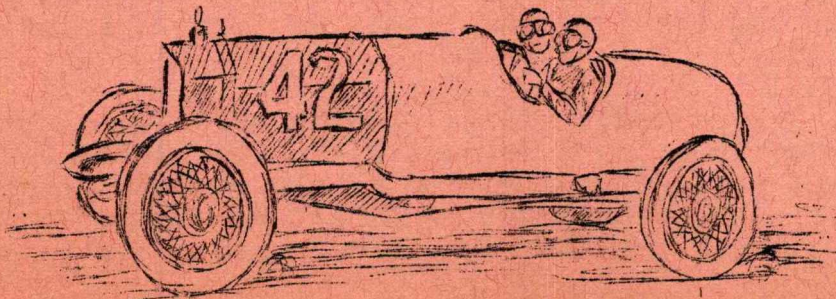
We browsed around and admired mightily. I found myself admiring a Mercedes racer (about 1923, I think) that looked like it had been hell on wheels in its youth.

When we got back to the track, a row of cars were lined up for the inspection of the spectators. There was a mighty load of machinery there: several Bugatti racers, a Hispano, a really fierce looking blown Bentley that looked fresh out of the show-room, a big MG (k, I think) also blown, a yellow and black Stutz, and more. On the track, the Miss Rheingold contestants were being exhibited in a Pierce-Arrow touring car. When this display was finished, the classics were revved up. They were paired off and dragged down the straight. Two Bugattis tied for time and were run off.

It was a real joy to see these cars with their helmeted and goggled drivers and riding mechanics in the cockpits, tearing down the track. (When I learned later that in England they actually road race classics, I developed a strong desire to visit England again.)

We had parked Gunga in the paddock and stretched a lean-to from one side of it, to provide some shelter from the blazing sun. Dick set up the Coleman stove and I started cooking up a mess of pancakes for breakfast. The stove was giving trouble and subsequently, I missed much of the first race of the day. (F-, G- and H- Productions) This race was a photo-finish (I think the two cars were both MGAs) but I never found out who won.

We finally finished breakfast and headed up to our vantage point to watch the second race (B-, C-, D-, E- and F-Productions). This promised to be a real competition, with Bob Grossman in a Ferrari, and four Corvettes (Schweizer, Meinhardt, Tinker and Aibel).



We stopped along the upgrade to watch a while. The first lap showed Schweizer leading, pushing for all he could get to stay ahead of Grossman. The other three Corvettes were following and then the pack. A wild-running Jag almost lost con-

trol on this grade, swinging from side to side before the driver got his car in hand. A black A-H pulled out into the escape area after a few laps and the yellow flag went up at the preceding station. The flagmen from this station dashed across the track to help the driver push his car out of danger. Once the car was safe and the flagmen and driver back at the flag station, the green went up again.

Cars came tearing past, taking their advantages were they could find them. By this time Grossman had passed Schweizer and was well in the lead. He began lapping the smaller cars. And I began to lose track of the lapping. I know he doubled on most of the field, and I think he lapped the #4 Corvette. During the latter part of the race he had an unbeatable lead, and had apparently settled down to enjoying the ride and experimenting on the turns.

We moved on up to the vantage point and watched them take the rugged grades and turns beyond. A Porsche went into the escape area at the top of the hill and sat there through the rest of the race. Tinker's Corvette disappeared. The Jag came around the left turn like his tail was on fire, sliding with such a show of speed and abandon that I was afraid he'd hit the sand and flip. But somehow he managed to stay in.

A black Frazer-Nash almost had it on that turn. He came in, hitting the sand on the right side of the track, spinning, careening across the track, hitting the sand at the left and spinning again, bounding into the track and then back into the sand, this time doing at least three full pivots around his gear shift, and then finally getting back onto the track and into the race.

Bob Davidson's TR-3 was burning oil in great blasts as he took the grades, and he was racing a Healy for all he had. He kept a lead on it, and came in first of the TR-3's.

A Porsche under the hands of an apparently cautious driver, was being continually lapped, but somehow managed to pass one of the cars in his class. Since the other cars in the class went out before the end, he took the victory lap.

As the race drew near its finish, there was another incident on that rough left turn. The dust and exhaust smoke were heavy enough to obscure vision at that distance, but I think the two cars were the Ferrari and a Corvette. One of them hit the sand at the right, but got back onto the track. Only he threatened the car on his left, and he, too, hit the sand. But he got back in, too, and only an instant or so was lost.

Grossman cruised in for his flag. A Healy chugged into the pits to get enough gas for his victory lap. The little Porsche took its place in the parade. And we left.

On the way back to NYC we had a little trouble ourselves. We'd just completed a left curve when one tire went flat. We pulled to the edge of the road to change it, and sent Ray up to the bend to signal on-coming cars off of us. (Unfortunately, we didn't have a yellow flag for him to use.) A TR-3 and a Porsche came tearing around hell for

leather, racing each other home from the races, saw Ray's signal, and slowed as they passed us. A pair of Sprites running a less furious race zoomed past. Detroit's rolled by. The driver of a lone MGA acknowledged Ray's signal with a wave of the hand and cut out to clear us. And a VW pulled unhesitatingly off the road to see if we could use any help.

We sent him on with many a thanks for his offer. It warmed our hearts to know that there are still a few drivers with this fine attitude.

With the spare on, we rolled again. And shortly we spotted an Alfa off the road with the bonnet up. We pulled in to see if we could offer assistance, but they didn't need it, so we got back onto the road to NYC.

We arrived weary and happy and eagerly looking forward to the next race.



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Lee Hoffman
basement
54 E 7th Street
New York 3, N Y

with assistance and encouragement from Kiki & Dick Greenhaus, Aaron Rennert and Ray Sullivan

