

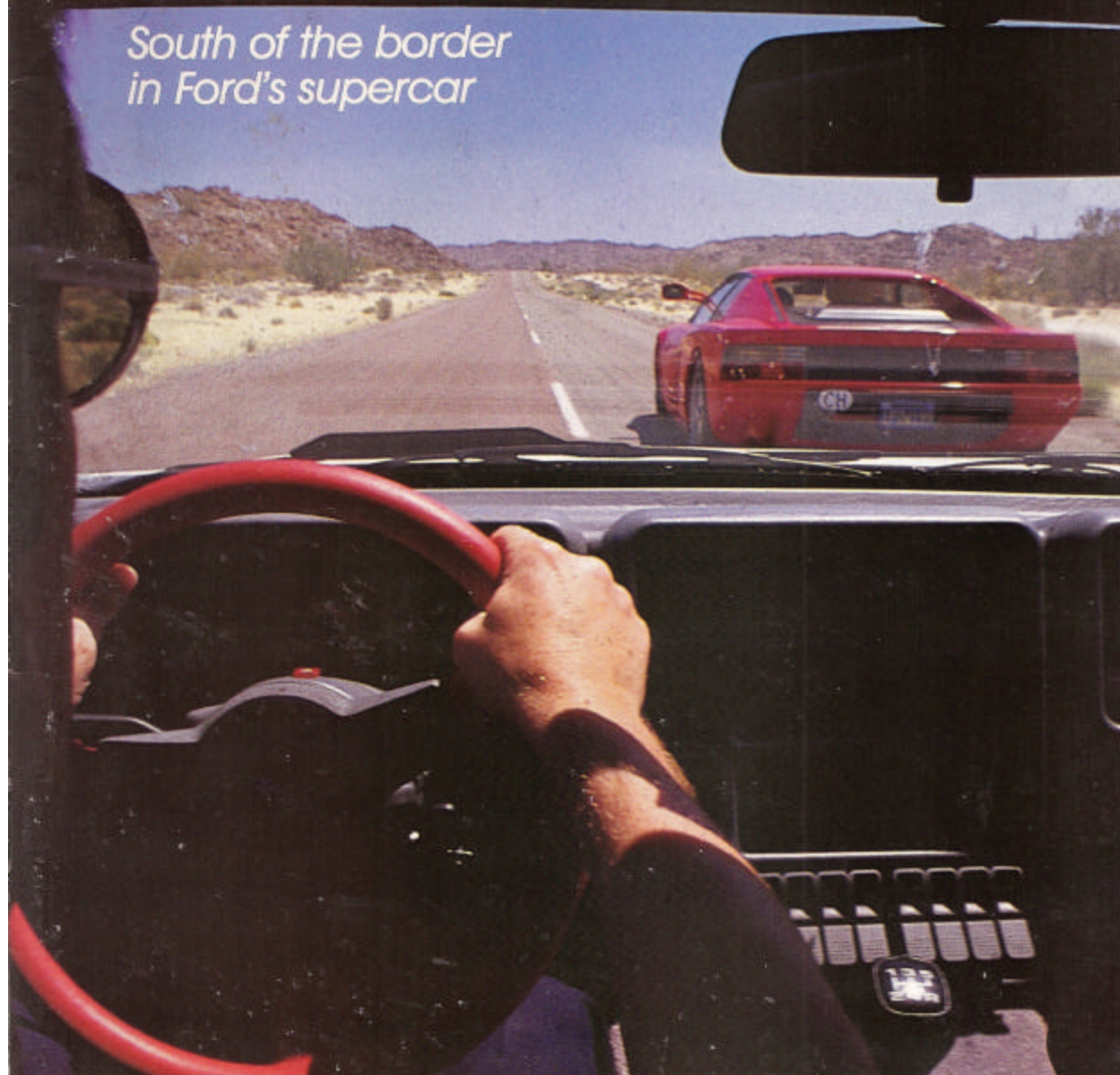
April 27, 1987
\$1.25 USA \$1.75 Canada

AutoWeek

WORLD'S GREATEST RACER: STROKER ACE RIDES AGAIN

BAJA BLAST!

South of the border
in Ford's supercar



AutoWeek

April 27, 1987

Vol. 37, No. 17

Cover story Baja Blast

16

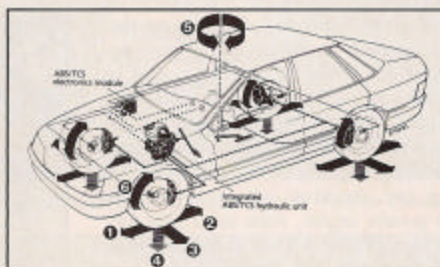
Dutch Mandel drinks 19cent beer while braving the wilds of Baja California in a Ford RS200. Oh yes, they had a race there, too, La Carrera Classic, a re-running of the '50s Carrera Pan Americana classic.



ABS Across the Board

25

Advances in electronics are going to make anti-lock brakes feasible for all but the least costly cars. The same technology will make traction control widely available as well. Chris Sawyer reports.



Stroker Ace Revisited

32

Stand On It by Stroker Ace, America's greatest driver, gained cult status when it was published in 1973. Now it's about to be reissued. Here's the first of two excerpts of the Bill Neely-Bob Ottum classic.



World News

2

Four-wheel-steered Prelude debuts in Japan, comes here this summer; One Lap of America starts in Motown; Porsche's \$100,000-plus 911 Turbo Cabrio; Honda's amazing 32-valve V4 (yes, V4).

What's New

31

Nissan prolongs the life of its 200SX SE by dropping in the V6 from the Z-car.

Race Week

54

LeMans battles FISA over promotional rights, drivers battle LeMans over safety; Peugeot decides against Formula One.

Old Yeller

56

It looked like a junkyard dog, and that's what its owner wanted other racers to think. But there was more behind this homemade southern California racer of the '50s and '60s than met the eye.

Tour de Farce

60

The puzzling story behind the World Championship contest in which the winner was the fourteenth-place finisher.

OutTakes from the news

8

Jaundiced Eye

10

Satch Carlson

12

Letters

14

Classified

37

Late Racing News

55

Escape Road

60

Next Week

BMW and Jaguar are aiming squarely at Mercedes' spot in the executive sedan market with new big cars. We'll let you know if they hit their target.

Cover photo: Ron Hussey

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Send all subscriptions, address changes and other subscription correspondence to: Circulation Manager, AutoWeek, 965 E. Jefferson, Detroit, MI 48207. 313/446-0486.

VP Circulation/William Strong

SUBSCRIPTIONS: US \$23 yearly, \$42 for 2 years. Foreign and Canada—add \$15 per year. Air Mail rate on request.

AutoWeek welcomes unsolicited manuscripts and photographs, but cannot be held responsible for their return. ©Entire contents copyright 1987 by Crain Communications Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is strictly prohibited. AutoWeek allows its columnists the fullest latitude in expressing opinions on controversial subjects so its readers will be better informed. Views expressed are not necessarily

those of the publication. AutoWeek ISSN0192-9674 is published weekly at 1400 Woodbridge, Detroit, MI 48207. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to AutoWeek, 965 E. Jefferson, Detroit, MI 48207.



BAJA BLAST!

Join us for a revival of the great North American road race—and a grand tour of old Mexico in Ford's RS200 supercar

By Dutch Mandel

SAN FELIPE, Mexico—It's five-thirty Saturday afternoon. A near-full moon rises out of the Gulf of California while the sun still lingers in the Baja sky. They live together here, night and day, the sun and the moon. No one complains.

There is no reason to complain—about the 80deg temperature, about the lack of telephone service, about the weekend's racing that will turn the local two-lane into a sheetmetal-bashing *Thunder Alley*. No problem. This is Baja. *Una cerveza fria, por favor*, and pass the suntan oil.

The weekend began on Thursday, in Southern California. The assignment: Speed, flat out, across the last two-lane blacktop in North America that will not only permit such folly, but reward it. In San Felipe, such behavior has been sanctioned in the form of a vintage racing event, La Carrera Classic II, a recreation of the great Mexican road races of the 1950s. This year we'll join the fray, riding in a car at the beginning of its history, Ford's RS200.

Getting to Ensenada, the starting point for La Carrera, is an exercise unto itself. A useful precaution before entering Mexico: a trip to the AAA to pick up route maps, a guidebook and motorist liability insurance (this last a must). Our second stop is at a grocery store. Our shopping list? Spring water, orange juice, a bag of ice, aspirin.

And six rolls of Tums.

South along the western border of Baja California is route Mexico 1-D, a toll road that stretches from Tijuana to Ensenada. Because there is a charge—about \$2.50 US—traffic is light. Though the speed limit is around 75mph, it's not uncommon to see much higher speeds. Drive too fast, though, and you might miss the Rosarito Beach Hotel. You won't want to do that. Happy hour is almost every hour, and the 65cent margaritas are unforgettable. (For the pilot, an *agua con gas*—club soda—suffices.)

The Rosarito Beach Hotel doesn't appear in many tourist guides, but it is remembered by Southern Californians as a hangout for Hollywood's early stars. Today, if you're lucky, you may bump into ex-Grand Prix driver Richie Ginther there; Mexico was the site of his first and only F1 victory, and he's made Rosarito his home.

Though Ensenada is only 100km—

62miles—from the US border, it might as well be a million. The lifestyle is completely different. Built on the northern edge of Bahia de Todos Santos, Ensenada is a fishing town of some size. The domed and stuccoed community center in the heart of the city was originally built as the Ensenada Yacht Club in 1906, and it has remained as elegant and charming as it must have been in its heyday. For La Carrera Classic participants, the community center is central; it is where the cars and motorcycles will assemble on the evening before the race so the locals can see the contestants close-up.

We meet up here with Bob Sutherland and crew who have trailed their RS200 down from Los Angeles, fresh from its appearance at that city's recent Auto Exposition. Sutherland is the car's entrant. He makes his home in Colorado Springs, Colo. He makes his living in the lumber business. Business is good enough that he can afford not only an RS200 or two—in addition to the "detuned" 250bhp RS200 that will compete here he has a full-blown, 600bhp RS200 Evolution III racer for an assault on this year's Pikes Peak Hill Climb—but also a collection of vintage cars that includes a couple of Ferraris as well as Jackie Stewart's 007 Formula One Tyrrell.

Sutherland may soon have even more RS200s. He's become sole US importer for the cars. He hopes to bring RS200s into compliance with applicable federal regulations so he can sell them for street use.

The idea began when he visited England recently to pick up spares for the Pikes Peak car. During the visit he was escorted to another part of the Boreham facility. In a warehouse sat a number of the former competition cars, now obsoleted by the recent, sudden cancellation of the Group B rally category. The number of RS200s sitting there in Boreham wasn't all that great if you consider that of the 200 built for Group B homologation, six were crashed, another 63 dismantled for parts and others sold to private parties. But Sutherland saw over a hundred of the Ghia-bodied prototypes in storage there. It was suggested by his tour guide, John Taylor, that he take a good, long look since those cars that could not be sold before an unspecified deadline—it was rumored to be as early as this fall

—would be sent to the crusher.

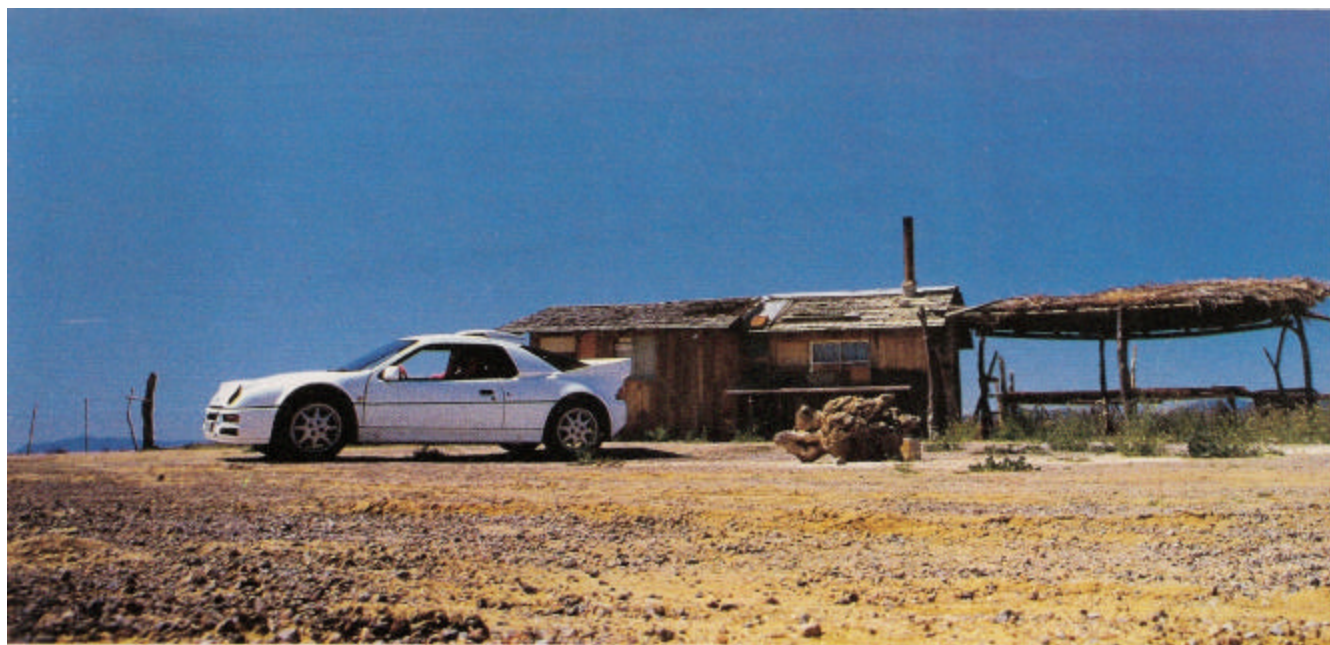
Sutherland was devastated by the notion. He was also inspired. The way he reckoned, with a car that looked this good, and with the kind of history it had—developed by Ford Motorsport engineers in conjunction with Formula One designer Tony Southgate at a development cost of \$20m—there would be no shortage of buyers in the US. Certainly the performance is there. One magazine clocked a 450bhp rally version from 0-60mph in 2.1 seconds. Sutherland plans to sell "federalized" cars for between \$80,000 and \$100,000 (depending on performance levels). If all goes well, the first car will be ready for sale in mid-July.

La Carrera Classic II is a subdued version of the original Carrera Pan Americana road races of the early '50s. While La Carrera Classic is staged on paved roads between Ensenada and San Felipe, the first Carrera Pan Americana started at the Guatemalan-Mexican border, shot up to Mexico City, then north to Juarez on the Texas border. Total distance: over 2000miles.

The distance alone made those early events challenging, but it was the poor roads through mountainous countryside that made them torturous. For the inaugural event, the 1950 Carrera, there were 126 entries. Stock car driver Herschel McGriff, in an Oldsmobile, crossed the finish line first ahead of 46 other finishers.

Finishing fourth in that race was Piero Taruffi, the Grand Prix driver, who was so impressed with the event that he convinced Enzo Ferrari to supply two 2.6 Type 212 coupes for the 1951 race. That year the Ferrari pair finished one-two, with Italian driving legends Taruffi and Alberto Ascari behind the wheels. Other Americans to compete in the Carrera Pan Americana were Ray Crawford (who won it in 1954) and Bill Stroppe (who returned this year to drive his '51 Kurtis 500KK).

The races were stopped in 1954 because they were marred by tragedy. Twenty spectators and drivers lost their lives in the event's five-year history. The modern, rejuvenated "Carrera" has a slightly different character. It is organized by the Vintage Racing club and is open to VR members who want to drive their cars as fast—or



Mexican road races of '50s were banned due to spectator and driver deaths; new 'Carrera' is shorter, takes place far away from population centers

slow—as they wish. It is a gentlemen's race. No "winner" will be declared, although a 1973 Porsche 911RS will record the highest average speed, 114.97mph. (By contrast, a 1927 Bugatti Type 35C will average 57.82mph.)

There is another modern Carrera race over the same roads. It travels the reverse direction, from San Felipe to Ensenada. It caters not so much to those with vintage cars so much as those with any fast car who want to have a good time and drive flat out. That race will take place in September.

Local businessmen look forward to both events. This weekend the Estero Beach Resort, the official race headquarters, is filled to the cabanas with participants. It is easily the nicest hotel in Ensenada, and though it sits 10km south of the city, it is much closer to the area's best restaurant, La Cueva de los Tigres—The Tigers' Cave. At the Tigers' Cave, for \$7.50 the owner will engrave a brass plaque that's tacked to one of the restaurant's wooden beams. Sample saying: "John, Paul, George & Gringo: The Flan Four." This hangs just above Parnelli Jones' spot.

A second hotel, the San Nicolas, is closer to the downtown start, and it, too, is filled. The bike racers call downtown Ensenada's La Bahia hotel headquarters, and they've taken over the place: One gent with a '60s-vintage BMW replaces an oil seal on a back porch that overlooks three life-size burro statues decorated with La Carrera bumperstickers. The racers have arrived.

It's decided that a Friday pre-run of the 120-mile course is a must since none of the Sutherland crew has been here before. It seems an able crew with jovial Sutherland as captain, Ford of Britain's John Taylor behind the wheel, Dan Ripley, the RS200 driver for the Pikes Peak assault, and

Mike Mate as support. The plan is that I'll ride with Taylor to the mandatory fuel stop. At that point, Sutherland will take over my spot for the ride to the end.

Who is this Taylor fellow, and why should he be entrusted with a life other than his own? That's the question we asked when the chance to ride shotgun arose.

Seems John Taylor couldn't be a better choice for pilot. A dry-witted Brit, Taylor began his racing career atop horses as a "jump jockey" in steeplechase events. It wasn't until he suffered a tremendous accident that put him in the hospital for the better part of a year that he decided to leave the ponies for a safer form of racing: International Rallying.

"They're very much alike, the two sports really," Taylor says easily at about 100mph as he feeds the RS200 into a sweeping right-hander. "You must have balance and smoothness" for both.

Taylor's ease is comforting. He was one of the development drivers for the RS200 program and continues to manage it. On this pre-run he assures there won't be need to worry, that he'll keep it at "no more than seven-tenths" the whole way. Still, coming out of the route's initial flurry of switchbacks—none taken slower than 60mph, thanks to the car's four-wheel drive and Taylor's skill—he floors the throttle. The road here is flat and straight and flanked by lush green plain. "This is just like the pampas in Argentina," Taylor says as he hits peak revs in fifth—145mph.

This in itself is amazing. Not that the car is capable of nearly 150mph, although considering that Group B cars were geared for maximum acceleration, this is an enviable top speed. The impressive thing is that when we started this pre-run, there were fewer than 30 miles on the RS200's odom-

eter and here is Taylor just taking it to its limits. Over time, the ride turns into nothing more or less than a mid-morning jaunt—at warp speed. "Very undramatic, really," Taylor says.

The car is remarkable in other ways. This "stripper" RS200 road car still carries with it the requisite light parts built into the full-on Evolution III racer, but does so in such a way that it doesn't sacrifice appointments. With a thick, red leather small-diameter steering wheel, the driver has a firm grasp on things. We sit in lightweight composite racing seats with no adjustments; the thick-hipped need not apply. The sides of the seats rise high, and this, along with a protecting door sill, makes climbing in and out a chore. The rest of the interior is a mixture of parts taken from a variety of European Ford products, all of them washed in varying shades of gray. A postage stamp-size rear window looks out the back into the engine compartment, which is covered by a smoked glass bubble. The only thing missing is a stereo (there's an empty slot in the center of the dash) and an air conditioner. No matter. For this run, however, windows are rolled down and the air rushes in.

Taylor's movements on the steering wheel are deceptively smooth. He is a purist, with hands held at the 10-and-two position—something he couldn't have learned atop a horse. His elbows are slightly bent. His body is upright. He is of the school that believes that collecting speed coming out of a turn is far more important than bringing speed into it and braking halfway through. Taylor does not attack corners; he uses them like springboards, which is important for the first two-thirds of this course. After a flurry of high-speed, positive camber corners in the first 20 miles, the road opens up to a

Continued on page 20



At Tigers' Cave, they'll engrave a plaque for you to put on the wall—just as they did for Parnelli Jones



Mood at finish was jovial, helped in no small part by thou

Continued from page 17

mesa, Taylor's "Argentinian pampas." The twisty parts will not forgive a mishap—going off means finding a rock wall or drop-offs up to 100ft, but the mesa is flat and in many parts being cultivated by local farmers. For 45 miles the mesa stretches, with flats up to two miles. Then it descends abruptly about 2000ft to where the event's mandatory gas stop will take place. Leaving the pits, the road snakes and tumbles another 20 miles before the rock walls give way to 30 miles of foot-to-the-firewall desert floor and the finish.

We are not the only ones out testing the Mexican roads today. Though familiar with the area (having driven in the original race and having finished second in last year's

Carrera), John von Neumann is doing his tour. He will compete in a heavily prepared silver and red Ferrari 308GTA, but his pre-runner is a new Ferrari Testarossa. Nice.

Once familiar with the course ourselves, we return to the Estero Beach Resort for registration, a couple of tacos and a siesta prior to the driver's meeting at the Ensenada Yacht Club/community center.

If the pre-run was exhilarating, the parking lot congregation later that day at the Yacht Club was enthralling. This was the first time that the motorcycles and cars came together and it was an abstract mix. The bikes ranged in all sizes and vintages; a deep-throated exhaust note rumbled from a Ducati, to be joined by the high-pitched

whine of a Japanese bike. There were full-on cafe racers and a BMW with sidecar (license plate "Ein Hack") that sat alongside sleek, Grand Prix bikes. Even 1986 Toyota Celebrity Race winner/Riptide tv-throb Perry King was in full-dress leathers ready to tackle La Carrera Classic II.

As each car drove into the cordoned area it was surrounded by locals. Looking at each as though they were museum pieces, the spectators crowded and gawked and touched every car, be it Von Neumann's Testarossa ("They must be able to get *Miami Vice*, down here too" someone said) or a locally entered Edsel. The RS200? Now that generated interest. With the rear hatch lifted to expose the mid-mounted 16valve dohc 1.8liter four, they gathered

YOU'LL KNOW HOW FAST BE

Introducing the most amazing hand-held timing device that's ever been at a track. Timex SpeedTrak® It's a stopwatch plus a speed computer.

■ SpeedTrak gives you the average lap speed—in MPH or KPH. It's as easy as entering the track distance.

■ The 5-lap memory can tell you whether a driver's opening up or slowing down.

■ The ergonomic design fits perfectly in your hand, so the controls are always at your fingertips for split-second accuracy.





sands of college students in San Felipe for Spring Break

closer to look, shook their heads and left with big smiles.

Since La Carrera is not a side-by-side race but a timed event with cars separated by one minute intervals, it is a lot less formal than, say, a Formula One race. "Tech inspection" is more of a safety inspection. Each car must carry a fire extinguisher during the event. Drivers and co-drivers are required to wear helmets, gloves and clothing that covers the wrists and ankles. In the drivers meeting the point most emphasized was that although the road on which we were to compete was technically a "closed" public road, that didn't prevent local farmers, oblivious to the high-powered *turista* cars, from wandering onto the course. Ditto stray animals. Said Vintage Racing's Art



At the Yacht Club, the vintage cars got good crowds, but the year-old RS200 was one of the favorites

Evans, "The road is closed, it is policed, but you can't give a ticket to a cow."

Saturday. Race day. The vintage car drivers looked rested and eager for the start of their race. Not so the bikers, who had partied long into the night. The scene at the La Bahia bar in the early morning hours had been like something out of *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*. All that was missing was the song *Tequila!* blaring from the jukebox. Tabletop dancing was the near rage.

The bike race began anyway. Five minutes after the last of the bikes was off, a replica of a US Marshal's high-speed intercept vehicle—4800lbs of Ford complete with a second, over-sized gas tank, light bar and radar gun—left the start-

ing area, its siren blasting. It was a "sweep" vehicle for the bike race. It would make sure the course was clear for the cars.

Our RS200 was scheduled to start 20min later. Since the RS200 isn't (yet) a vintage racer, it was placed at the head of the pack of race cars in its own "exhibition" class. For the 20min remaining before our departure we stood around talking with the other competitors.

"I reckon," Taylor said to the driver of a 1976 Porsche 935, "that you should just about pass us at the 10km mark."

To another competitor, this one in a heavily built-up '69 Camaro, Taylor said the same thing, but shortened the distance to six kilometers. Was this guy serious?

Continued on page 24

FORE THEY KNOW HOW FAST.

- The 3½-year battery will last several racing seasons.
- And, it's water resistant to 25 meters.
- A very special price of \$44.95.

Timex SpeedTrak is available in limited distribution.

TO GET SPEEDTRAK NOW CALL US TOLL-FREE AT

1-800-FOR-TIMEX, or send in the coupon below. If we receive your order before 12:00 noon (CST), we'll ship it to you that day by UPS. For an extra \$3.00, you can have it within 48 hours. Ask us for details.



Credit Card Orders, Call Toll-Free
1-800-FOR-TIMEX

Mail to: Timex, Dept. AW
P.O. Box 1676, Little Rock, AR 72203-1676
Attn: Frances Forrest

Please send me _____ SpeedTrak(s) at \$44.95 each including UPS shipping.

For 48-hour delivery, add \$3.00 per package. For overnight, add \$11.50 per package. Note: Each package charge covers 1 to 5 units.

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____
Please bill my ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ Am Ex.

Acct. No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TIMEX



The RS200 was first on scene after big Ford 'sweep' car crashed and rolled



Among local entries was this Ford Edsel; it was not among the faster racers

Continued from page 21

No. It was a "psych job." At precisely 11am Taylor lit the fuse and we were off, not to be passed soon by anyone. Still, were it not for the full-faced helmets we were wearing, the ride would have felt like any other 100mph drive through the mountains. The large Garrett AiResearch T03 turbo's wastegate purred and popped at each shift and the four-wheel drive kept the car flat-smooth. It was a pleasantly fast, almost disappointingly undramatic drive, much as the pre-run had been, although Taylor's concentration level was clearly higher. We exchanged few words.

Until we saw the driver and co-driver of the big Ford by the roadside signalling us to slow. Soon we saw the reason why. Into a left-hander, ugly black tire marks ran into a 30ft rock wall on the outside of the turn,

then for a brief stretch, nothing. On the short straight following the turn, a beige-and-black-striped guardrail was creased where the car had ricocheted, after which more black streaks pointing to one pseudo-US Marshal's car, sitting on tires now flattened.

The crumpled Ford was blocking three-quarters of the road. The other noteworthy thing was that its official-looking light bar was gone. The car had rolled. Fortunately for its drivers, the roll occurred *after* the guardrail shunt, or they might have tumbled 80ft. Instead, they were only shaken.

Taylor pulled the RS200 off to the side and ran to make certain they were okay. As he ran back, the 935 maneuvered around both cars and roared into the distance.

"We could have kept that Porsche off our tail if it wasn't for that stop," Taylor said. We'd put more than 30sec on the Porsche in

the first six miles.

Once back on our way—and once we'd negotiated the initial group of twisties—we made it to the flatland. There we kept it at a steady 145mph. It didn't take long for the cars with higher top speeds to catch up. The first was a Porsche 930 painted in camouflage colors. Next came the Camaro and the swift 911RS.

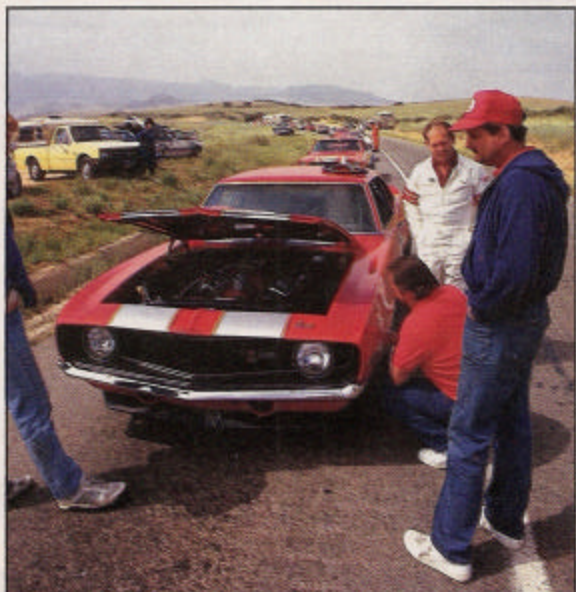
At the gas stop, at Valle de Trinidad, Sutherland took my seat and he and Taylor rocketed away. Even after the finish their race would continue. Taylor had to get to San Diego to catch a plane bound for England where he would change suitcases, dash to Africa for the Safari rally and then fly off to Estoril, Spain, for a World Touring Car Championship event.

All in a day's work.

Continued on page 36



Fastest to finish was '73 Porsche 911RS (not shown); it averaged 114.97mph



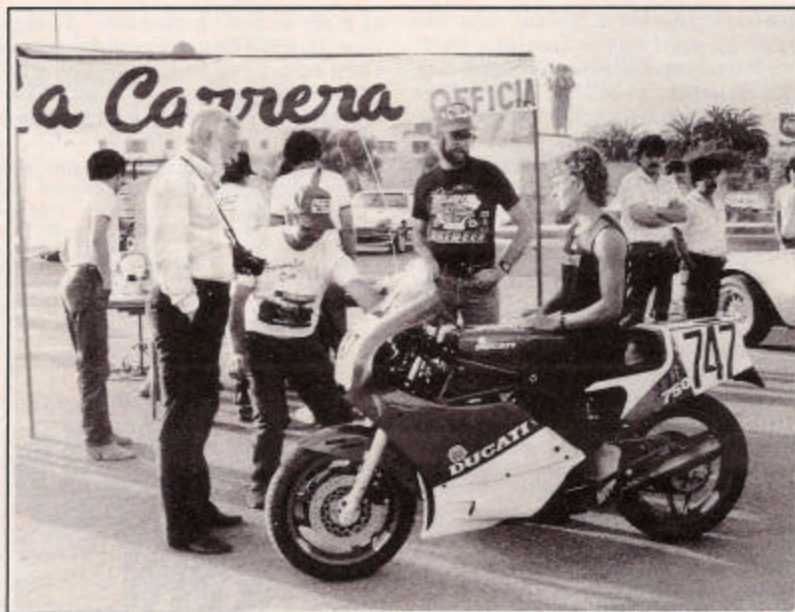
Fastest to mid-race fuel stop was this Z28 Camaro; later it would crash big

Continued from page 24

The scene heading down to the Castel Hotel in Ensenada from the gas stop resembled something from *The Road Warrior*. Off to each side, in five-mile intervals, sat stranded motorcyclists, their bikes broken, their faces in some cases washed of color. None, however, appeared in pain. For this they were thankful; at last year's event one rider went off in the biggest way and wasn't found for several hours. Today there are few horror stories. Most of the riders either broke a chain or blew something equally short of catastrophe except, we found later, one who came upon a good-sized animal—it was later identified as a goat—and center-punched it square.

The cars didn't fare that well, either. The leading Camaro (it passed the camouflaged Porsche 930 before the fuel stop), swerved to miss an oncoming truck and moved its right front fender back near the firewall. No one was hurt. The "Rat Patrol" Porsche suffered damage to its right rear and sat wounded on the side of the road, its pilot and copilot fazed but uninjured. And at the halfway point a 427 Cobra came in to have its copilot lifted from the car. At something approaching 165mph, its driver later estimated, the Cobra ran over an object that blasted up through the floorboard, through the copilot's right foot, through the engine compartment, where it severed a battery cable, and through the aluminum right fender, where it left a four-inch gash. A chopper came in and the copilot was evacuated to a San Diego hospital.

No one said that high-speed driving was



Not all the bikers were as carefree at the finish as this group was at the start of La Carrera-Classic

without its perils.

Despite the mishaps, the mood at San Felipe's Castel hotel at race's end was light—thanks in no small part to the other turistas. The La Carrera-Classic falls around Easter time (Read: Spring Break). With the Mexican peso so weak in recent months—it ranged anywhere from 1000 to 1130 to the dollar—and with a drinking age of 18, with para-sailing and 19cents-the-bottle Corona

beer, with deep-sea fishing and ATV rentals and midday temperatures near 90deg, San Felipe became the new Ft. Lauderdale. It was swarming with college students. The Resort's swim-up pool bar was completely filled with frolicking teenagers caught up in serious partying. The racers' presence went unnoticed.

Somehow, it was better that way.

Like night and day. **AW**

Trip Notes: Some useful advice

Things to know before you go

- **Rosario Beach Hotel:** Directly off Mexico Route 1-D, it's a wonderful place for a weekend vacation. Take your own car because all rental agencies frown heavily on having their cars taken into Mexico. Don't forget the Happy Hour—from opening to 7pm—65cent margaritas.

- **La Fonda:** Some 38km down the toll road, it's a don't-miss stop for the food and the view. Also note the pictures on the wall of the La Fonda New Year's celebration. Recognize anyone?

- **Estero Beach Resort:** For the finest that Ensenada has to offer in all-around accommodations, a double hotel room on the Bahia de Todos Santos—Bay of All Saints—goes for around \$50 US. Breakfast is around \$5 each and full dinner no more than \$12. Directions: 10.5km south on Mexico 1, follow signs.

- **Hotel La Pinta:** Downtown Ensenada location. Nice rooms and fresh bottled water on each floor. Remember to use bottled water—if you're susceptible to intestinal discomforts on trips—for everything, including brushing your teeth. Rooms

around \$40 US.

- **La Cueva de los Tigres:** Best restaurant in town, bar none. Located 4km south of Ensenada on Mexico 1, eight-tenths kilometers west. Stop when you get to the water. Great abalone, when they have it fresh, otherwise they try to slip in some squid. Dinner from \$9 to \$20 US—without the killer margaritas.

- **La Bufadora:** Located on the southern tip of the land that makes up the Bay of All Saints is La Bufadora—The Blowhole. A natural phenomenon, it is one of Ensenada's great viewing pleasures.

- **Hussong's:** A cantina made famous by tourist reputation alone, it now has a beer named after it. Good if you want gringo company for nightlife.

- **Castel San Felipe:** One of the two very nice hotels in the San Felipe area. It is a self-contained resort with two swimming pools and two swim-up pool bars. Rooms are neat, clean, air-conditioned—but that doesn't matter since the a/c's freon was used up long ago. It also has beach access. Rooms, double occupancy: \$45 US.

- **The Fiesta Hotel:** This is San Felipe's other very nice hotel—which is still rustic

by US standards. Further away from the town's center, and closer to San Felipe International Airport—we wouldn't kid you—accessible by small plane only. A breath-taking view of the Gulf of California, it is built bunker-style into sand dunes. Tennis court but no phones. About \$45 per night, double occupancy.

For further information on La Carrera-Classic (the vintage race), write: Art Evans, PO 7000-728, Redondo Beach, CA 90277; (213) 540-4498; La Carrera USA (Loyal Truesdale's "run whatcha bring" bunch), 3049 Laurel Canyon, Studio City, CA 91604.

For your very own RS200, contact Pleasurable Developments Inc., 2114 Farnon Court, Colorado Springs, CO 80906; (303) 632-0036; 444-0022.

A REMINDER: If you are driving in Mexico, get Mexican liability insurance for your car—it beats a night or two in jail if something should go wrong. Mexican roads are two-lane black-top—at best. Some are dirt roads. Be prepared. Go to the AAA for a complete driving kit.