

SPORTS CAR

UK 3'6
Sweden KR. 3.90 Inkl. oms
GRAPHIC
JANUARY 1967 50¢

**\$400,000
SHOWDOWN**
LAGUNA SECA RIVERSIDE
LAS VEGAS



NEW TRIUMPH GT6 / MEXICAN GRAND
PRIX / ABARTH'S FUNNY FIATS / YOUR
HOT ENGINE: PART ONE / RACING IMP

SAVE / THE LAST KING STORY - SAVE!



CHAPARRAL 2E 'FLIPPER'

No one seems to know what year smog began.
In the 1950's it was a Los Angeles joke.
A sight to see.
An air to breathe.
In the 1960's New York and Chicago began complaining.
States all across the country soon began to legislate against it.
Crankcase devices were required.
Then expensive little units that eliminated "emissions" from exhausts.

The smog continued.
It was claimed that breathing New York City air was like smoking two packs of cigarettes a day.
It hurt the lungs.
It burned the eyes.
And it got worse.

In 1970 people started to die.
At first it was people with asthma, and other respiratory diseases, whose lungs couldn't cope with the choking fumes.
Then otherwise healthy people started dying.
Lots of them.
The public clamored for investigation.
It wasn't a joke anymore.
Far from it.
Twenty years from it, in fact.

Space stations on the moon reported being unable to distinguish geographic and physical aspects of the country through the brown gaseous pall.

Since gasoline operated automobiles and trucks all had devices to control fumes, the smog was blamed variously on radiation, the Communists, the Government, and a lot of other things.

In the end it all came back to cars.

So the Government, which by now had the power to do it, passed an edict to put an end to transportation by gasoline driven internal combustion vehicles.

Just for a test, they said, as they mobilized their forces.

Overnight, transportation came to a stand-still.

Martial law was declared to enforce the ruling.

The country reeled in shock. Some were outraged. Some were glad. Some thought that when the smog persisted, as it certainly would, then everyone would know for sure that internal combustion engines were not the cause and things would return to normal. So people put their cars in garages and rode to work on bicycles or on electric buses recalled from storage depots, running on jury-rigged overhead power lines.

The smog went away.

So the government felt justified to make its move.

"GASOLINE OPERATED INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINES ARE ILLEGAL."

It was for the Common Good, they said.

You knew they meant it.

Because, incredibly, the penalty for operation of an internal combustion engine was death!

"ANYONE FOUND OPERATING AN INTERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT."

Several were.

Country people who hadn't heard.

Youngsters seeking thrills.

There were accidents, of course.

An antique auto enthusiast was killed while driving an old fashioned car in a small town. The 18-year-old National Guardsman who shot him had never heard of a 1906 Baker Electric, much less seen one. Battery acid filled the gutters from machine gun bullets that had ripped into the car and driver.

That one made headlines in the days following the new law. Suddenly everyone realized the enormity of the thing. It had happened within a week. Where the highways had been filled with vehicles, there were none.

Unemployment had begun on the second day.



DON WELLER

Anyone working in the automobile, steel, oil, rubber, or any industry allied to automobiles was out of work. When the money ran out, the suicide rate began to climb. More deaths in one clear day than in twenty years of smog-filled ones. There had to be an answer.

Solar cars.
Ford made the first practical ones.
Quite simple really.
Used solar cells to make electricity.
With lightweight zinc-water batteries and electric motors, they made ideal power sources for replacing internal combustion engines.
The big three went into production of solar vehicles. People went back to work.
By the sixth month things had almost returned to normal. It had been rough, but the country bounced back.
Besides, it was a lot quieter now that the noisy old internal combustion engines were gone.
And it was.

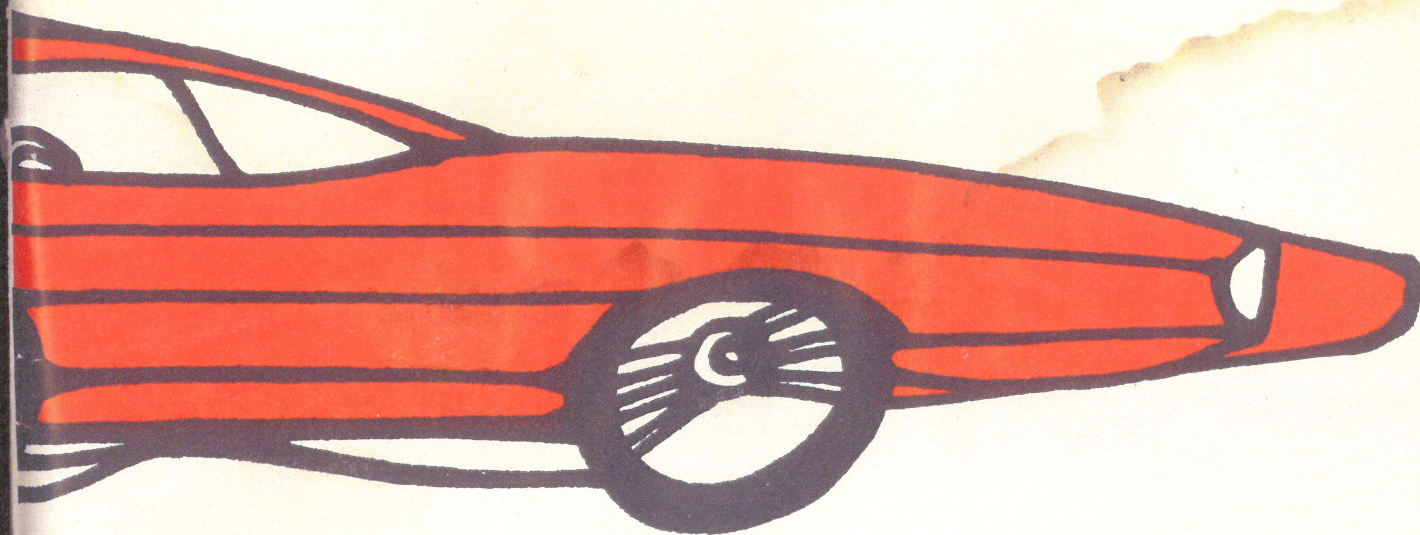
The solar vehicles were virtually silent.
Only a soft hum at speed.
Watching traffic on a freeway in late 1970 resembled watching the model slot car races of the mid 1960's.
The cars looked different.
The tops were covered with a bubbly looking transparent material which was, of course, the solar cell.
Besides supplying direct power for daytime driving, the cells charged the zinc-water batteries which allowed night operation.
They always worked because the sun was always shining now.
Hot rodders were easy to spot.
Solar cells covered the entire exterior of their cars, gathering every possible bit of energy to transfer into silent speed.

Police cars had camouflaged solar cells to hide their potential. Solar-cycles from Japan were the hit of the campus crowds. Everyone was happy.
After all, wasn't the air fit for human life now?
No more smog.
No more aching lungs.
No more deaths.
And prosperity was on the rise.
Everyone was happy.

Everyone?
At first there had been several thousand internal combustion auto enthusiasts around.
Then the Government put out the order to destroy all vehicles with internal combustion engines.
Special Government units called I.C.E., for Internal Combustion Enforcers, began to systematically destroy all internal combustion engine vehicles.
Autocide.
In the midst of each megalopolis and on the fringes of every city huge depots were set up to handle the destruction. Several thousand vehicles a day, per depot, could be reduced to bales of steel with powerful machines run by solar power. All the auto enthusiasts could do was look on.
Some weeped as they surrendered their autos.
If they expected sympathy, they got none.
Their cars were rudely dragged away by humming I.C.E. solar tow trucks.
As engined vehicles rapidly decreased, museums asked for special dispensation to keep a few choice examples on display so that future generations could know what an internal combustion vehicle looked like. The Government relented, insisting, however, that the engines of all these vehicles be welded to end any future attempt at operation.
Hard core enthusiasts went underground.
At secret internal combustion engine enthusiast's meetings,

The Last King

By Philip W. May



films were viewed and records and tapes were played of racing cars and their sounds. Inevitably, someone would produce an engine. A Ferrari, Mercedes, Offenhauser, or Coventry Climax.

It would be hand cranked over and over by misty-eyed enthusiasts who waited in line for their turn.

The conversation always turned to Enzo Ferrari, who had gone out of business rather than make solar automobiles. Colin Chapman was among others who had done the same. Back issues of Ken Purdy and Denis Jenkinson were read aloud.

Grand Prix and sports car racing was non-existent.

There was no fun in watching streamlined solar cars noiselessly circling a race course.

Without the ear-ripping engine sounds, the excitement was gone.

Soon there were just a handful of car enthusiasts left.

All were wealthy.

All kept their vehicles in clandestine bunkers contrived to eliminate engine noise and exhaust fumes from the outside air.

It is safe to say that by the second year of the Internal Combustion Ban there were only three dozen of these vehicles left in private hands.

Bugattis.

Frazer Nashes.

Three Wheel Morgans.

Blower Bentleys.

Ferraris.

Maseratis.

Mercedes Benzes.

Lotuses.

Alfa Romeos.

And the like.

Thirty-six kings of the road.

Giving enjoyment — yes, excitement and pleasure to only 36 people.

Hairy, magnificent, beautifully noisy kings in a new era of silent things.

But it couldn't last.

Somehow word leaked to a Government caught up in its own misplaced enthusiasm. A Government proud of its completely ridding the country of the dread of smog.

Whirring bureaucratic wheels spun at the news.

A special investigator was commissioned to seek out and destroy all illegal operable engined vehicles in the country.

It had to be done, they said.

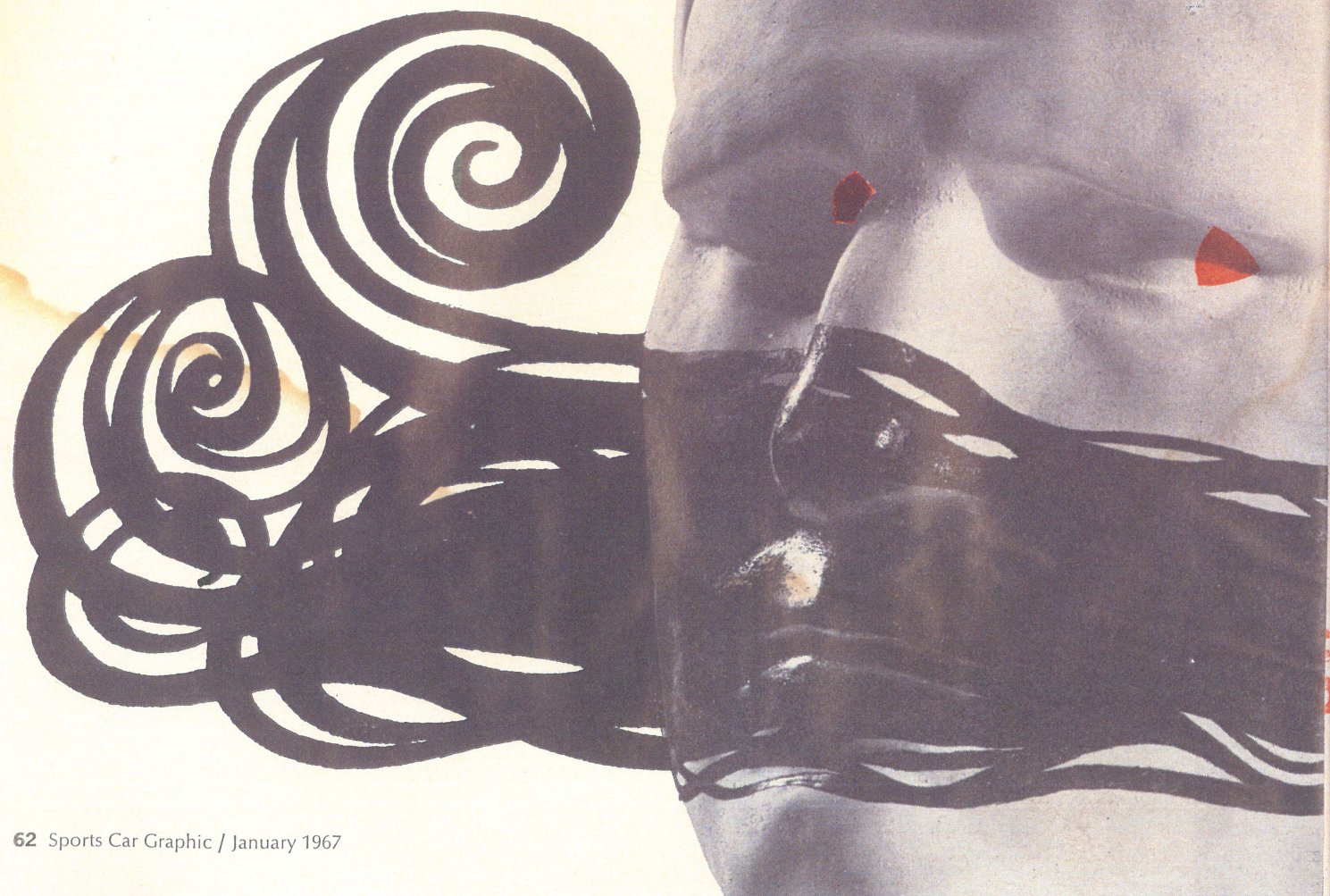
Polluting the air, they said.

Great sums of money, manpower, and machinery were put at his disposal.

Sophisticated sensors which could detect engine fumes of one part in three million from a distance of 100 miles.

Sound seekers that could hear, sort, and correctly estimate the origin of any sounds.

One by one the clandestine vehicles were rooted out and destroyed.



All but one.
An elusive, mysterious individual was still rampant.
Reports would come from the streets of Watkins Glen that an
engined vehicle had roared through the streets of town.
The investigator would arrive, to find fumes a few hours old.
Fumes with the remarkably reminiscent odor of castor oil.
Almost overnight, a report from Sebring.
Later from Elkhart, Riverside, Torrey Pines, Bridgehampton,
Lime Rock, Put-In-Bay.
The Government was embarrassed.
The investigator was investigated.
Enthusiasts cheered. Inwardly.
Informers were paid. Quietly.
Witnesses were interrogated. Secretly.
Without a doubt, the vehicle was the same.
Reference books were checked.
A noted journalist, famous for articles and books about the
great marques of the past, was called to testify.
He refused.

So did the others who were called.
It was hopeless.
The investigator knew.
Ferrari.
It could only be a Ferrari.
A magnificent Mille Miglia Coupe.
Red.
Of course.

They finally found the fugitive at Pikes Peak.
By now the case had reached a fever pitch.
The man was unimportant.
Only his car counted.
The investigator closed in on the red car with solar cars full of
I.C.E. men.
The Ferrari snarled savagely.
The solar cars hummed higher.
Of course there was a chase.
For when had a Ferrari given in?
If the investigator wanted to end it, he'd have to catch it first.

Up they raced on the pebble-paved surface of the Pikes Peak
road.
Up and up past curves that had known racing cars for years
before the ban.
Up swept the solar cars with silent stealth.
Up roared the ferocious, feinting, fighting Ferrari.
Loudly, proudly it went.
A blinding blur at bay.
Each shift precise.
Each corner classic.
Each drift a dream.
It was Fangio, Collins, Hawthorn, de Portago, Musso.
It was every engined racing car's best outing.
It was flawless.
Then it was the top.
Still no surrender.
No shriek of brakes.
No desperate deceleration.
Just the unerring beat of twelve superb cylinders.
Unmuffled.
Unmatched.

The pitch of the sound lifted as the car left the ground.
Unfettered by friction it blared blasphemously as it soared
upward.
Then down.
Ripping, tearing, shredding.
Leaving a trail of running gear and hand-hammered aluminum.

Silence.
Except for the crinkling crackle of metal too quietly cooled.
And the hum of the solar cars that arrived late.
The investigator walked to the brink and peered over the edge
at the wreckage.
Satisfied, he returned to his solar car and picked up the direct
line to the government.
For a man who had put an end to an era he was amazingly calm.
"That's it," he said. "That's the last of them."

And it almost was.
Except that after a couple of weeks when things cooled down,
I started to pick up the pieces.
No one paid me any mind.
So I got them all.

That was two years ago.
It's nearly finished now.
It goes to the underground paint booth tonight, in fact.
Red.
Of course.
It runs beautifully.
No one seems to notice the fumes.
Two friends are building replicas.
So that makes three.
Not many.
But it's a start.