

General Delivery  
Uxbridge, Ont.  
LOC 1KO  
July 31, 1990

Dear Mike,

Thank you for your wonderful time machine! It transported me back a quarter of a century and reunited me with people whose names and faces had dimmed in the intervening years. You evoked so many memories and made me recall happenings long forgotten. And you filled in gaps and told me so much I didn't know. Reading your book was not only a trip back in time but an education as well.

I guess I don't have to tell you that I was most flattered to see my photo on the cover and the nice play of many of my photos inside as well as your kind words. I thought the layouts were excellent.

Reading about the 1964 Sebring race made me remember a couple of things. The day after Ken Miles hit the only tree on the course, the pit crew painted a broken tree on the side of the car and labelled Ken as "Teddy Tree-bagger."

The day after the race, we were at the hangar where the Cobras were lodged and Bob Johnson's crumpled Cobra was sitting just outside. We were talking to Bob and kidding him about his shiner (I believe I even took a colour photo) when two ladies came wandering over to take a closer look at the wreck. One of them was curious about the cockpit, rested her hand on the door and leaned over to peer down. Bob stepped forward and touched her lightly on the arm. "Please don't lean on the car," he said in a serious tone, "It's aluminum and it bends very easily." The woman drew her hand back and said, "Sorry" before she woke up.

I hadn't thought about Fred Gamble in years until I read your book. A nice guy, he was frequently at the races and usually financially embarrassed until he took the job with Goodyear. I hadn't seen him for a year or two and then ran into him at Daytona after he had been working with Goodyear for awhile. He invited me to have dinner with him and we ended up at the Bali Steak House (where everyone went). Thinking to be kind to his wallet, I read down the righthand side of the menu, looked for the least expensive item and told him I thought I'd have the chopped beef. He picked up on that rather quickly. Looking directly into my eyes, he said, "I'm a Goodyear representative entertaining you, a member of the automotive press and Goodyear is picking up the tab. Now, what would you like?" "In that case," I replied, "I'll have the Chateaubriand."

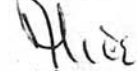
If you're ever talking to Fred, tell him I said Hi.

Speaking of tires, I also remember a time when Dave MacDonald, Bob Bondurant and some others of the Cobra crew were at Daytona for tire tests. Frankly, I can't remember why I was there but Ralph

Nosedá had been negotiating to buy one of the Cobras and asked me to check out the ones that were there and find out which was the best bet. I asked Dave which one he thought was the best car and he said he'd let me know after he'd driven all three. Later that day, he was roaring around the course, lost it and kissed the wall. We all went racing over to see if he was alright and, as I approached, Dave grinned at me and said, "Tell Ralph I don't think he should buy this one."

See what I mean about bringing back memories? Thanks so much for the book, Mike. It was a great trip!

Sincerely,



Alice Bixler