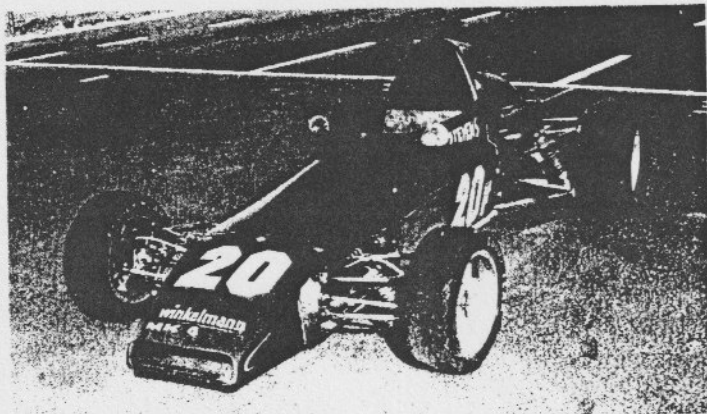


Testing the WINKELMANN Formula Ford



By Gary Witzenburg

This may not be the most definitive test I've ever done but it was certainly the most fun!

For one thing the test track, a twisting 2.1-mile course near Pueblo, Colorado, was nearly as virginal as the desert it was built in and just as sandy. I was actually the second human ever to drive a race car on it, the first being a certain Colorado professional who had attempted to test there a few days earlier.

For another, host Ron Hunter, his assistant Marilyn White, salesman George Gettle and the rest of the Rocky Mountain Winkelman bunch did their level best to insure that my short stay in Denver was an enjoyable one. It was!

When the test was complete, we stopped at a nearby Hilton Inn for a couple of well-needed *cervezas*, arriving just in time to see some poor sucker remove the top of his motor home air conditioner on the low structure overhanging the front entrance. Later we pulled off again a few miles up the freeway for a bite to eat and a couple more tall ones, only to be greeted by some loud honking and arm-waving from a fellow motorist. Turned out we had lost Ron's racer from the two-car trailer back by the exit ramp.

So we put the ramps on the trailer and walked back to the race car, which was sitting forlornly in the middle of the street. George jumped in it, fired it up and drove it the two blocks back to the trailer. We were all laughing so hard we could barely speak, but the jovial Hunter finally got a few words out between guffaws: "If that had been some other kind of car," he said, "it'd probably have broken in half when it fell off the trailer."

This may or may not be true, but the fact is that its rather remarkable strength is one of the key factors in the quickness of the venerable Winkelman chassis.

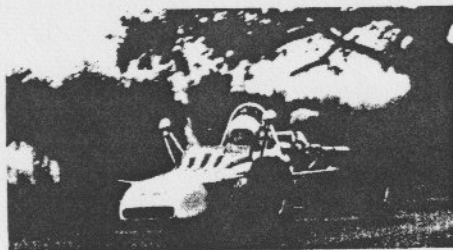
"Winkelman?" you ask. "When is the last time I heard of some hotshoe winning in a Winkelman?" Fair question, because the name does tend to get buried beneath the weight of such better-known (and easier to spell) names as Zink, ADF, Lola and the rest. But put a first-rate shoe in a well-prepared Winkelman, which Hunter likes to do from time to time, and you'll get some pretty surprising results.

Like when Bob Lazier started Ron's car last (37th) at the LaJunta, Colorado

National last Labor Day weekend, spun it once and still finished fifth amid some pretty strong competition. Hunter's friend and customer, airline pilot Dick Stevens, also has surprised a lot of people by taking some pole positions, winning one National and consistently placing his WDF-5 in the top few in his first two years of competition.

You may also remember that it was an old WDF-1 with which Bruce MacInnes terrorized the Northeast Division National circuit, finished third at the run-offs, won the IMSA Formula 100 Championship and almost won the St. Louis driver-to-Europe race back in '72.

My own association with Winkelman began a year ago when I purchased a hoary old WDF-2 from Tony LaMarca of Specialized Vehicles Company in Warren, Michigan, so I must admit to a small degree of bias as I write this story. My 1970-vintage car was driven with great success in this part of the country by a fellow named Bob Brown when it was



new, then changed hands and was crashed numerous times before LaMarca purchased the remains in a basket.

I was skeptical of LaMarca's claims that the five-year-old car could be competitive, but bought it because it was affordable and had room for my ass in the seat and my big feet on the pedals. While I haven't the time or the money to compete seriously for National points, I did manage to run the car eight times before I ran out of both at the end of June.

I found I could run third to such stalwarts as Muzzin and Evans at nearby Waterford, but barely managed to break into the top ten in spring's Grattan National. Then, armed with a new set of tires for the first time (but also, unfortunately, a set of swiss-cheese piston rings),

I managed to start 39th (of 72) at the Road America June Sprints and moved the Winkelman up 18 positions in eight laps before leveling off due to a fuel feed problem.

It was not until the thing had been reshod with brand new rubber (Super Vee fronts) that I discovered its fantastic braking ability. Although I had almost no power and had to draft continually just to keep anybody in sight on the straights, I soon found that I could outbrake people almost at will — and with still some margin for error. Such braking was a real revelation to an ex-sedan racer and that was one of the most fun races I have ever driven in spite of the listless engine and the fuel feed business.

The cornering ain't bad either. When I bought the car, I was warned that the Winkelman had a tendency to get away from people in the oversteer mode, yet the only time it was a handful was during one Waterford event when my well-used rear tires were rapidly going away. Given the proper chassis and tire balance, the old WDF-2 seemed to handle beautifully and quite neutrally for me.

Back around 1970, according to Hunter, the Palliser race car outfit in England was turning out more chassis than Lola, and the few that Bob Winkelman imported to this country took on his name. The suspension geometry was almost a direct copy of the highly successful Brabham BT-29, which might have had something to do with the fact that Palliser designer Len Wimhurst had come over from the Brabham organization. Many of the Brabham parts are interchangeable with the Palliser/Winkelman.

Then in '71, Palliser decided to concentrate on the home market and cut off Winkelman's pipeline, so he dropped the business. But the last chassis imported, originally intended for Bob Earl, arrived after he had already bought a Brand X and it fell instead into Ron Hunter's hands. Meanwhile, Palliser was building and campaigning F3 cars back in Merry Olde and even managed to win an F/Atlantic championship with Vern Schuppan before finally closing up shop.

Some time later, a pair of Britishers named Ian Heath and Mark Konig got ahold of the Palliser designs, patterns and molds and began turning out cars to order. So grizzled racer-type Hunter saw

