



My enthusiasm for, and interest in cars came when I was very small. My parents have told me that I could identify cars outside in the street by their sounds, and my favorite chew toy was the hard rubber shift knob from my father's Model A Ford. When he traded the Model A for a 1934 Ford two-door sedan, he had to come home and get the shift knob from my play pen. My mother says I cried, and so did she.

Charlie Davison and Max Goldman had a great deal to do with my automotive education. They were both full-blown sports car enthusiasts, both racing, when I bought my first MG in the Spring of 1953. Max was a member of the Road Racing Drivers Club and treated me like a likable but troublesome nephew. He signed off on my first SCCA license. Charlie let me help him when he worked on his Squire (DMP 219).

When I was recovering from my October 1955 accident, Gordon Jennings would drop by two or three times a week and lend me British car books and magazines. I managed partial repayment for his numerous kindnesses by getting John R Bond to hire him as a technical assistant at Road & Track.

I think the theme of my talk will be "2008, A Very Bad Year." By the time the speech rolls around I'll be doing a weekly shot on the Car and Driver blog in addition to my columns in the magazine.

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