



got a second shot too, doing far more than just use it as viewing platform...

Loved the decal on the dash board "If you value your life as much as I value this Jeep; don't f*ck with it!" The message clear to read in front of the steering wheel; thankfully the owner gave me a carte blanche "Enjoy," whilst mentioning almost casually that "I'd rather you didn't go beyond forty-one hundred rpm, which I think you'll find more than adequate." He also added that a fat wallet could help as "When driven hard it tends to get quite thirsty..." That's what expenses are for came the thought a few weeks later as we thundered out to Blackbushe arriving after some hard driving at NDRC's 1979 finals where Hot Car editor Keith Seume was posing with a mighty Mopar 426 Hemi Challenger. Having a "fully-loaded" Renegade CJ7 it seemed right to throw down the gauntlet, so I did, "Put up or shut up," seemed right, adding with a smile "Let's race, head's up..." and he laughed as did his posse. Must admit it did seem kinda over the top to call out a 426 hemi while driving an almost six-foot square box of a Renegade, and not much of a drag race to boot. From their faces this was also what they thought too, but then, no one knew my Jeep was more than just tough looking, it was loaded for bear as mentioned on the last page; hence the challenge which was accepted with some mirth from those around, making me pleased to have parked the Jeep across the way, so none of them had heard its power when we'd arrived..



Being already entered in competition Keith was wearing big fat M&H slicks; my only nod to our race was to adjust air pressures on almost as big and fat, but chunky Goodyears! Never thought to remove the huge spare wheel or pull the big mirrors flush; even added the weight of Street Machine's Editor Clive Househam who rode shotgun with my camera. And he got a couple great shots to back up those from Peter Robain at trackside, nose hi-Snips from Time Travel DVDs and my friend Pat Kirby whose shot below gets this race underway...



the mighty Mopar starts to pass us with slicks spinning. The Renegade faltered like it was leaning out, the hemi's top-end torque way too much and Keith took it in the lights. Slam'n Sam was right about its potential; with half a tank of gas, spare wheel still hung on the back, a passenger on board and huge mirrors stuck out like elephant ears, we'd cracked a 14.99 at 92mph! "I found you a whole lot harder to catch than I expected," Keith Seume chuckled, no doubt relieved to have made it across the stripe first; mind you I was happy being only half-a-car behind a hard-charging hemi in a big brick of a Jeep!



