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### **John Johnson**

**I don't know what to say, but I miss it. I wish all of those years could come back now. I had a lot of good times with friends and family; A lot of long lasting memories. I wish it was around so I could still see it. I grew up knowing a lot of the drivers. Sneaking into the races; climbing trees and sitting on hills just so I could see the races. Sitting on the asphalt plant as well. Thinking about it reminds me of what it's like to be a kid again. And then going in the pits after the races and talking to the drivers and looking at the wrecked cars. The smell of the burning rubber in the air. I used to work there in the day time so i could get into the races at the night time. A lot of good memories in that place.**

## Bob Flanagan

That track brings back a lot of memories for me. I lived a mile or less from there growing up in Farmington. I looked forward to Saturday nights and going to the track. Yes I was one of those "tree monkeys" watching the races. I thought the trees were the best place to see the track and close enough to watch the action in the pit area. When I was chased away from there I would have to climb Stoney's Hill. I remember ice skating in the winter, driving go carts around the track, what a thrill. How about the Thrill Drivers Shows. Anybody remember the flagman's name? I liked being there so much I got a job helping to white wash the guard rails and do repairs back when George Stockinger owned it. Well I could go on but I'll save some for later.

**Tom Flanagan**

 **Saturday night racing.**

I remember going there on Saturday nights when I was young and watching the races and after the races were over we would go in the pits to look at the cars. You could feel the heat from the engines and the tires would still be warm. I was always climbing in the cars and sitting in the driver's seat and just imagined I was driving. The drivers were always so kind sometimes let you sit in them. Wow was that a thrill for a little kid who loved racing. Just like my brothers I had the chance to work there also, we would paint the guard rails when they would replace them after a wreck. I can remember some of the drivers would take us around the track for a couple of laps when they came there for practice. WOW Saturday night racing, I sure miss those old days.

## John Cameron

I used to go there with my uncle Bob McCullough. He drove a yellow #89 in the late sixty's early seventy's. He won quite a few races there and even a track championship. Great memories that I can think of are getting in the pits when I was only 15, standing on top of a concrete pipe in the pits watching the races and running for your life when a car crashed through the fence. Eating hot dogs out of the pit refreshment stand, watching Ken Butler do stunts during intermission, Tyrone betting on the races, Bunky Higbee taking down a light pole in the #3 turn and the fake match races Ken Butler would set up and waiting for the numerous fence repairs.

## Jim Bruno

Really miss the place couldn't wait for sun days to go to races with my family and watch my dads car 75 and 88 race always remember everybody \*\*\*\*\* about the place but now that its gone everyone \*\*\*\*\* that its not there guess it really wasn't that bad what I wouldn't do to be racing there now.

**Jeff Karrer**

 **I miss those days!**

**I really do miss those days. I grew up at that speedway. I remember my dad would have to take me home every week at intermission because the noise from the sportsman class would kill my ears. I don't remember who it was, but somebody told my mom to try and put cotton in my ears to help me out. I don't know why we didn't think of it but it worked. I was able to stay all night and watch the features. My favorite driver was always Tony Siscone and the great T4, I also liked Jerry Camp. I watched Tony race all the way up until he retired. I was there at Flemington the day he won the race of champions. He retired after that day.**

**George Karrer**

**🗨️Thunder in the night!!!**

**What I remember about those days was the excitement of knowing as a kid we were heading to the races. Most of the time my dad would drop me, my brother Jeff and our friends off at the entrance road off Washington Ave. and we would walk in and on the way in we would check out the cars as they sat on the flatbeds and open trailers, each one of us had our favorite drivers and the excitement would build as we went down the line of cars hoping our favorite was there. On the nights we couldn't go we would sit at the end our street and watch for the stock cars to go by, and then we would ride our bikes to the track we built and race into the hot summer nights pretending we were racing at the "Atlantic City Speedway". WOW... what good times we had back then! It wasn't the best looking track around but in my mind it was the BEST RACING !!!!!!**

donald lamson-

### memories

This is what I as a nine year old remembers: my father backing the truck in and a man yelling, "go back until you hear glass." crouching down in the seat so the man at the ticket booth with the cigar would give us a cheaper ticket. Sitting in the stands with this man "Jim," who I remember saying, "I don't wish Ken any bad luck, but I hope the termites get his leg." rooting for Sal Moschella. Going in the pits and standing next to him. Him signing a picture for me..."keep racing." intermission song "don't it turn my brown eyes blue." a horrible recording of the national anthem... but we loved it! Ray Miles unloading the yellow #27 using the dirt pile for ramps. Ken Butler's stunts. The streaker. Jerry Camp vs. Carl Grinar. Tommy Michaels. The lights going out. People sitting on the stone piles watching. Joe Schmutz's "Barbara's Complaint." Tony Siscione... awesome person. Asking the pastor to sing less so we could make it to Pleasantville earlier... and now... I'm a pastor! Great people... that's what made it.