

West Coast Sports Car Journal

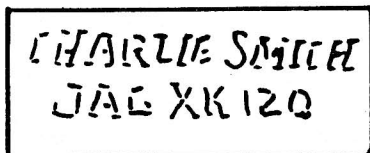


August

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by AL SHERWIN

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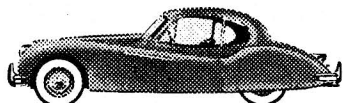
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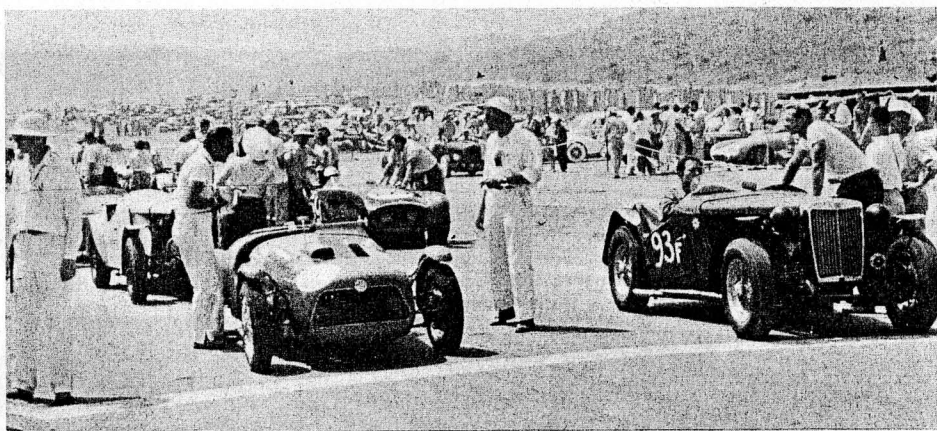
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SPECIALISTS



Saturday's Under 1500cc race (start above) saw lots of hay bale action

los angeles road race

by Art Evans

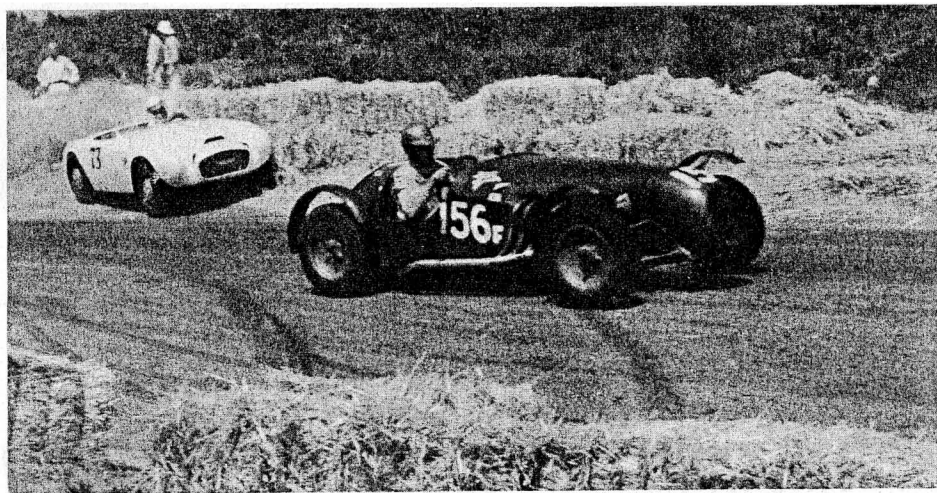
Road races in Los Angeles!

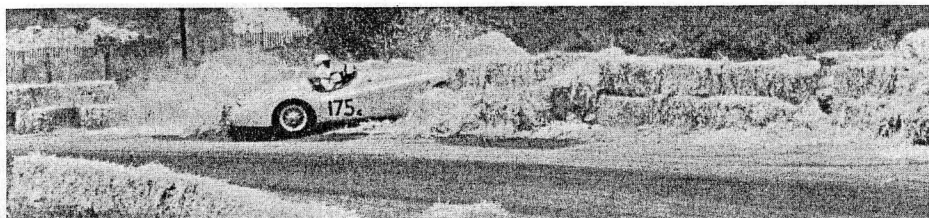
For the first time in "modern" times sports car road races were held almost in the heart of Los Angeles. California Sports Car Club, the sponsoring organization, can well be proud of another sports car first.

The races, staged June 18 and 19, were held beneath sunny skies and an exciting atmosphere with colorful Hansen Dam off in the background. Only the airport drivers failed to appear.

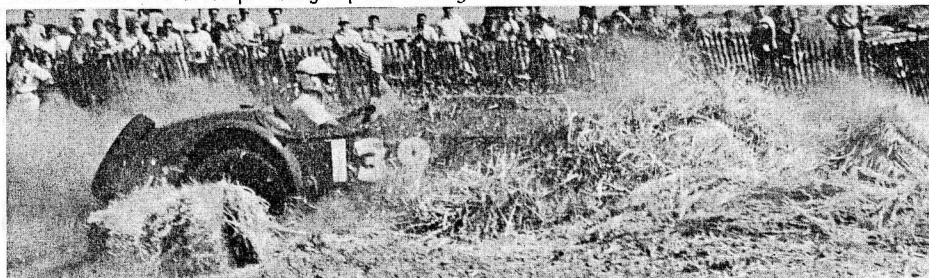
The course was very short, only a little over a mile, and tight. There was only one real straight which was followed by a series of interesting corners. Drivers were cautioned (with little effect) to stay away from the hay bales. Not only did they cost 50c apiece, but those strategically located at the end of the pit straight concealed some rather impressive boulders.

George Trevett in the Trojan Special leading Perry Peron in his 850 Panhard through turn 2

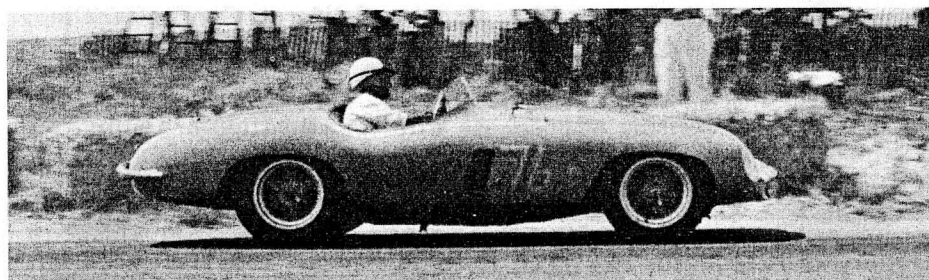




Jaguars had lots of trouble on this tight course. This one sat out the rest of the race behind turn one after plowing a path through the oats.



Frank Valdez in the Kurtis-Lincoln scattering more precious bales to the winds.



Ernie McAfee driving the Monza Ferrari in his usual cool, winning manner.



John Martin piloting his modified Singer back onto the course after spinning out.



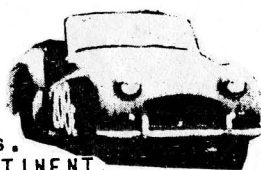
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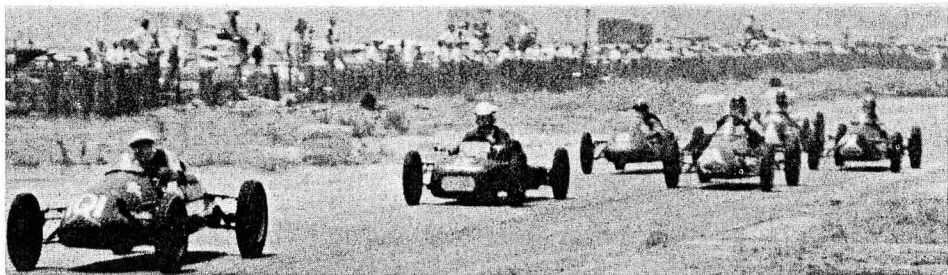
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The Formula III Race saw an outstanding group of machinery participating.

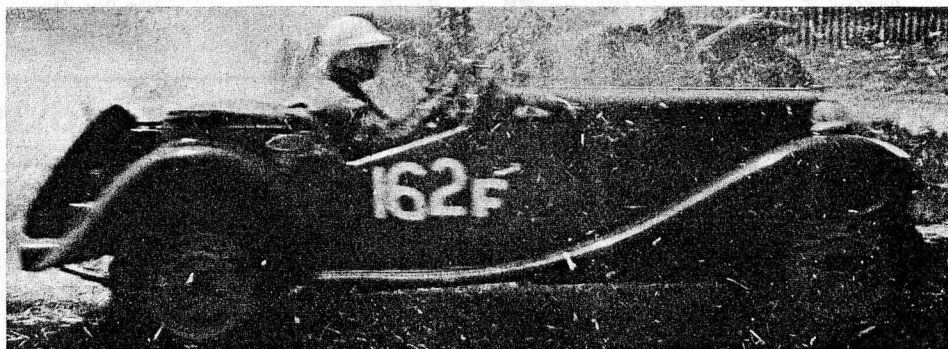
Pessimistic race forecasters predicted that dire things would come at such a course. Fortunately they were wrong. There were no bad accidents. But this race had more than its share of hay butters. The most unfortunate incident occurred when Jim Parkinson in his 1500 TF had a head-on collision with one of the bits of horse feed which somehow found its way into the middle of the track. This had to happen to Jim after he qualified for the under 1500cc Main by placing second overall in the consolation!

Winner of the First Los Angeles Road Race WCSCJ Hard Luck Trophy: Al Newlan. Al spent many hours preparing his TR2 for this race. George Rosenthal, Al's co-driver, drove the car on Saturday, copped a third in class and fifth overall, qualifying for the Main Event. Sunday Dr. Hoppe drove it to a third overall in the ladies go. Finally Newlan was ready to drive after spectating the whole weekend. A Texas start put him ahead of all class competition. In the second lap the TR2 was still up ahead with the big boys. Then in lay 3 a sudden horrible clank shocked the driver. The rear end went and Al suddenly found himself back with the spectators. Come and pick up your trophy, Al!

Eager eyes gazed upon the debut of a stock oFrd, Angelia that is, in Southern California racing. C. Marshall, the proud owner, did better than his bigger American cousins, the Thunderbirds, have been doing around here. In Sunday's consolation he came in ninth overall beating out all the VW's, Panhards. Singers and a flock of MG's. Welcome back to the Mark. It's a F-O-R-D.

The Renault crowd all turned up with French racing blue coveralls and barets, very colorful and teamlike. Frank Aldhous, one of John Green's consistent hardware winners, reports he is taking the mail order course in novice French accent.

A stock MGTD driven by Gilbert Bloemendaal 'hay baling' it.



The Ernie McAfee-Bill Doheny combination walked away with the tall trophies and kisses. The beautiful blue hunk of Monza Ferrari had little trouble walking away with the main event with skillful handling by Ernie.

All in all, this writer feels that the Los Angeles Road Races were a huge success. Judging from the crowd, which was estimated to be around 50,000 for the whole weekend, the sport of road racing has found many new enthusiasts. The race was put on with skill and dexterity and we feel that there will be many more, equally successful, in the future.

L. A. ROAD RACE RESULTS

RACE I—Production MG up to 1300cc

Lumkin, J.	1F MGTF
Brigham, R.	2F MGTF
Sinclair, S.	3F MGTD

RACE II—Prod. under 1500cc

Johnson, D.	1F Porsche S.S.
Butler, H.	2F TF1500
Barker, E.	3F TF1500
Crouzet, F.	1G Panhard
Schillreff, G.	2G Panhard
Treichler, H.	3G DKW
Mauck, H.	1H Renault
Aldhous, F.	2H Renault
Herp, J.	3H Panhard

RACE III—Prod. over 1500cc

Mayer, H.	1E Dorette
Frenchaboy	2E TR2
McLaughlin, J.	1D A-H
Nicol, H.	2D A-H
Cox, T.	1C XK140MC
Phillips, R.	2C XK140M

RACE IV—Formula III—500cc

Trimble, D.	1 Cooper VI
Fox, J.	2 T.B.S.
Poe, E.	3 Hodge-Podge

RACE V—Mod. under 1500cc

Beavis, G.	1F Offy Sp.
Eschrich, Dr.	2F Offy Sp.
eBtes, M.	1G Pan. Sp.
Kunstle, J.	2G Dev. Pan.
Porter, J.	1H Aardvark
Holbrook, R.	2H Crosley Sp.

RACE VI—Mod. 1500cc to 3000cc

McAfee, E.	1D Ferrari Monza
Allee, D.	2D A-H
Oker, B.	3D TR2
Kerns, Dr.	1E MGTD

RACE VII—Mod. over 3000cc

Murphy, B.	1B Kurtis B
Smith, B.	2B Kurtis 500S
Bamford, T.	1C Ferrari MM
Pollack, B.	2C Baldwin Sp.

RACE VIII—Consolation under 1500cc

Phillips, R.	1F Mgsp.
Parkinson, J.	2F TF1500
Sanders, M.	3F TF1500
Luke, D.	1D Morris
Wheeler, W.	2D Panhard

RACE IX—Consolation over 1500cc

Daigh, C.	1C Troutman Barnes
Rowley, W.	2C Nardi Chev
Pedigo, P.	1D MGTA V8/60
Schultes, R.	2D A-H
Smith, C.	1E TR2
Bethell, A.	2E TR2

500cc

Trimble, D.	1 MKVI
Fox, J.	2 Cooper-Norton
Morrow, H.	3 Cooper-MKV

RACE X—Under 1500cc Main

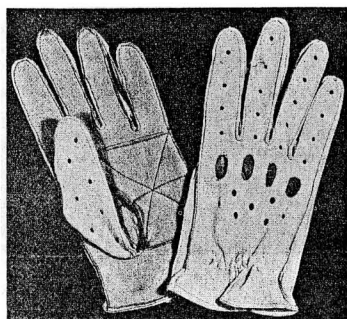
Vedor, Cy	1F MG Sp.
Beavis, G.	2F Offy Sp.
Johnson, D.	1S Porsche S.S.
Barker, E.	2S TF1500
Kunstle, J.	1Gm Dev. Pan.
Betes, M.	2Gm Pan. Sp.
Crouzet, F.	1Gs Panhard
Parker, F.	2Gs Siata Spy
Porter, J.	1Hm Aardvark

RACE XI—Ladies

Sawyer, F.	1Em TR2
Davis, M.	2Es TR2
Hoppe, Dr.	3Es TR2
Newton, D.	1Fm MGTD
Catlett, R.	2Fm MGTD

RACE XII—Over 1500cc

Murphy, B.	1Bm Buick Krt.
Valdez, F.	2Bm Kurt. Linc.
Bamford, T.	1Cm Ferrari MM
Pollack, B.	2Cm Baldwin Sp.
McAfee, E.	1Dm Ferrari Mon.
Knowe, B.	2Dm TR2
Nicol, H.	1Os TR2
Drake, B.	1Fs TR2
Kunstle, J.	1Gm Dev. Pan.
Kerns, Dr.	1Fm MGTD
Cox, T.	1Cs XK140MC



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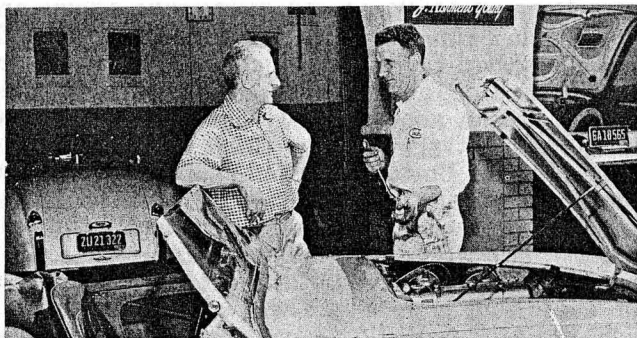
Saturday, May 21, 1955, marked a great step in the life of two swell brothers. Bruce and Jack Parkhouse, who have done a lot for the sport of foreign automobile driving in California. It marked the opening of their great new "British Motor Car Center" at 181 So. La Brea Ave., in Los Angeles and has been buzzing like a bee-hive without letup.

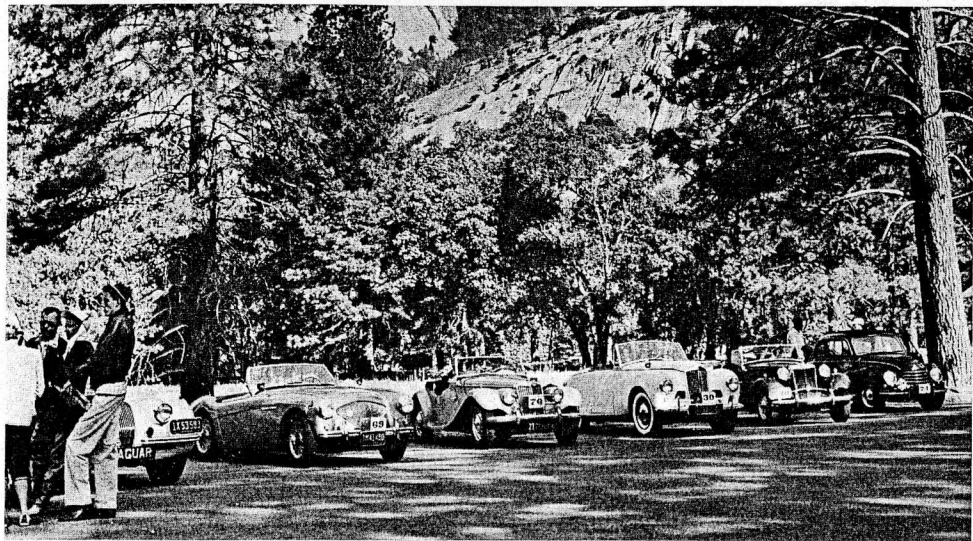
The day's activities included the showing of the 1953 Le Mans films to several hundred spectators, display of an interesting collection of the rarer types of sports car, presentation of celebrities and typically British refreshments (tea and crumpets). All combined to make a red-letter day for the Parkhouse official debut in Hollywood.

The affair was supported by many club officials and members of sport car organizations including Bill Gay from the Jaguar Owners Association, Gene Wooten, President of the local chapter of J.O.A., John Pomeroy, President of Riley Club, Jack Crosby, President of the Singer Owners Club, and Mr. K. Hickman from Jaguar North American Club.

The center has complete facilities for expert mechanical repairing, a well equipped body and paint shop under supervision of J. Ashment Young, special lubrication equipment and a collection of the finest British mechanics on the West Coast. They also have a well supplied stock of parts for all British automobiles.

Most unique for a service establishment, is the customers waiting room. Walls are decorated with murals depicting the evolution of the motor car from the Stone Age to the present day. There is an attractive display of cups and trophies won by local sports car drivers, and an ample supply of British car magazines.





Big Bear Rally

by BUZZ DeBARDAS

June 10-11-12 were just three days in a year to most folks, but to the 148 drivers and navigators who drove to Yosemite on Friday, rested and visited on Saturday, and then returned to Los Angeles Sunday, it was three days that will be talked about for years to come, and a Rallye that clubs may try to copy, but for perfection, few will be able to duplicate it.

Three men, John Patterson, Dick Howard and Doug Bailey, and a Club, the Long Beach M.G. Club, plus a bunch of nice people who worked the check points, must get credit for the Rallye of the year.

Friday, June 10, at 5:01 A.M., the first car left downtown Los Angeles, and the Great Western Rallye had started. From the first moment we arrived at the starting line, everything pointed to a wonderful trip, that is, if preparation by the Rallye people meant anything (and it did). Dick McEntyre of General Petroleum had closed a station just for our use, and the full crew of attendants raced through the waiting cars looking for burned-out bulbs to replace, and folks who needed maps. Last but not least, they saw to it that we all started with clean windshields.

Friday we drove 454 miles to arrive at Yosemite, and passed thru Mojave, Bakersfield, Woody 10, Porterville, Clovis and finally Yosemite Park late Friday evening. We found as we did for lunch a dining room reserved for all 148 of us—steaks, chops, cokes, ice cream, anything one might want, and then most of us spent a few hours swapping stories about why we did or didn't get to Woody, Calif. Actually, the instructions were clear. We did not go to Woody (although my partner, Burton Harrison and I found Woody a splendid little town with great possibilities). Anyway, there were those who knew that they won and others who had good reasons for being a second or two late for the complete run.

There was the true story that soon made the rounds that we all enjoyed. Peter Hall in an Allard was late and lost, Jack Stewart following in an Austin Healey hoped Pete knew where he was going because Jack was also late and lost. About this time a Blown Buick painted black and white entered the picture, and the Allard

motoring rapidly left the little Austin Healey to explain. The officer was really nice. He just wanted to know what all the little cars were doing, where they were all going and why so fast. Jack explained all about Rallies, and finished with a gripe about losing the Allard. The nice cop, figuring that he had done something wrong just said, "follow me", and tore off down the road after the Allard. Sure enough several minutes and many miles further down the road, Jack, in the Healey, found the officer had caught and halted the Allard till the Healey had come up. Then he waved them both on. No tickets—no nothing, just smiled and waved them on. (If the officer should read this story, I was asked to send the thanks of about 200 people.)

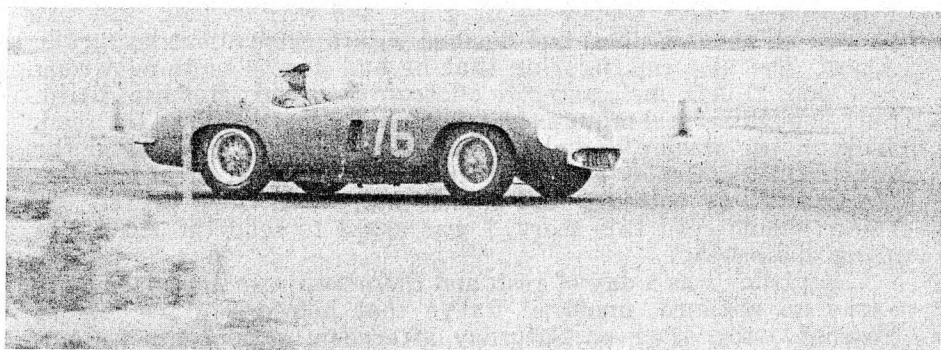
Saturday was a day of rest. and there were two optional events—one an untimed, unofficial Rallye that helped you see lots of Yosemite—the other on Saturday afternoon, a Concours D'Comfort, or who has done the most to prepare a Rallye car and make the navigator real happy, and last but not least, that evening—steaks on the lawn of the Ahwahnee Hotel.



Sunday morning the first car left for home at 9:01 A.M., and 329 miles later arrived at the finish line in the San Fernando Valley. It must be mentioned that, although a lot of folks did a wonderful job of driving and navigating, the Kirdels, Mr. and Mrs. who were all over first, drove the last 329 miles from Yosemite to Los Angeles with a total error of only 14 seconds.

Well, this was a Rallye that I'll never forget, although I am looking forward to next year. At the Victory dinner they mentioned that we may go to Mexico in 1956.

Pos.	Car	Driver-Navigator	Car Make	Club	Error
1	15	Kreidel-Kreidel	TR-2	LBMG	4:16
2	3	Patterson-Long	VW	LBMG	4:54
3	5	Schlimmer-DeFriest	MGTD	LBMG	5:19
4	11	Lyons-Larsen	TR-2	LBMG	6:04
5	33	Geer-Bowdey	Porsche Rd	SDSC	6:07
6	1	Clark-Alleen, D.	MGTF 1500	LBMG	6:12
7	49	Steele-Engle	Porsche AM	FCCA	6:26
8	4	Allee-Allee, A.	A-H	LBMG	6:32
9	69	Seibert-Heinsbergen	A-H	FCCA	8:11
10	51	Harrington-Harrington	Doretti	PSCC	11:01



Ernie McAfee in his first time out in Bill Doheny's new Monza Ferrari scored a solid in the main event.

SANTA BARBARA ROAD RACE

by Art Evans

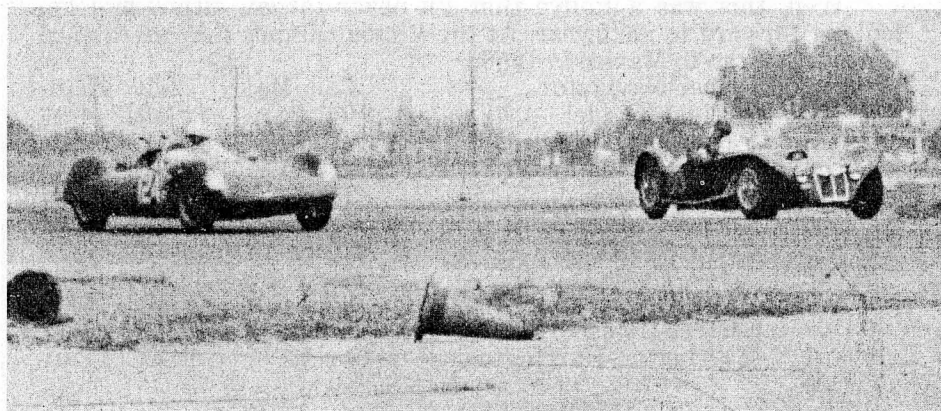
Once again the peace and quiet of the quaint resort town of Santa Barbara was shattered by an invasion of sports car addicts.

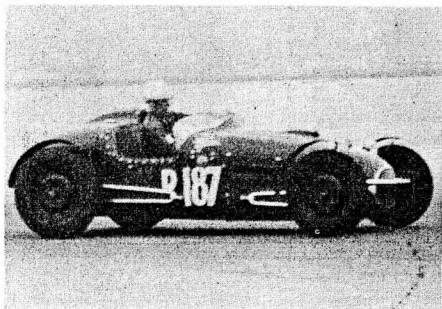
Sponsored by California Sports Car Club and Long Beach MG Club, the third running of the Santa Barbara Road Races was held the weekend of May 28-29.

Sunny skies prevailed for Saturday's qualifying races while haze filtered the heat Sunday. This was misleading to many competitors, pit crews and spectators. Before the day was out some bad cases of sunburn were reported.

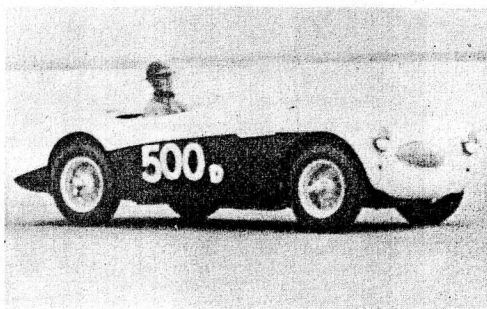
Crowds upward of 30,000 saw Ernie McAfee pilot Bill Doheny's new Ferrari Monza to victory in the main event Sunday. This was Ernie's first time out in the blue beauty, and he certainly put up a creditable showing. Some of the pre-race smart money favored Jack McAfee in the 4.5 Ferrari, but Jack didn't seem to be driving with his usual flair and a real duel never developed. In fact, after the usual sorting out in the first few laps, there never seemed to be too much question who the eventual winner would be.

Pete Lovely in the Porsche Cooper passing Ken Miles in Number 50, a sight seldom seen.





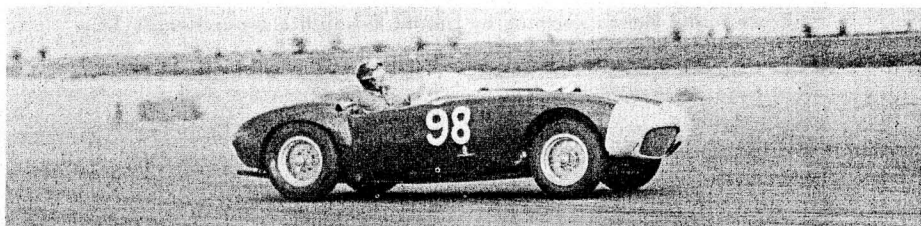
Anderson in the Hairspin Special.



Miles in a 100S Austin-Healey in the Main.

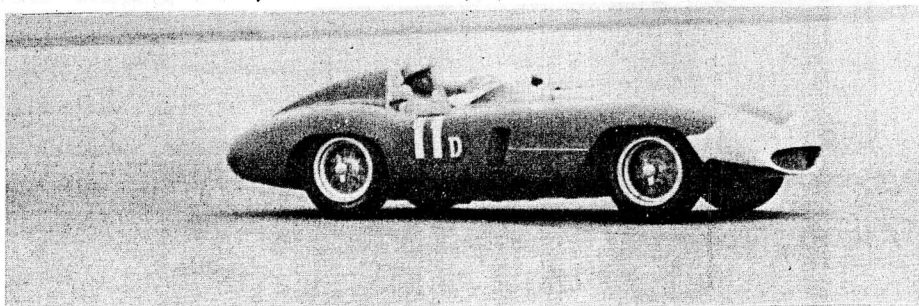
The under 1500cc main event saw the usual 1, 2 regulars Ken Miles and Cy Yedor copping first and second respectively. But the stellar attraction of this race was the debut of Pete Lovely in his Porsche Cooper. Pete never could seem to get the car running right, but when he does finally get all the bugs ironed out, this will probably be one of the fastest under 1500cc's on the Coast. After he made a few pit stops, Lovely knew that he was definitely out of the running so he contented himself by playing little games with Miles. He would wait after a pit stop for Miles to come around and then pull out behind him, follow him for awhile, and then pass him, much to the delight of the crowd.

The Formula IIIs finally came into their own with a specially scheduled race all to themselves. Formerly these smallest of Grand Prix cars had to content themselves with running simultaneously with the ladies. Leon Becker took top 500cc honors in his Cooper in race 4 on Sunday. A group which continually displays such a high

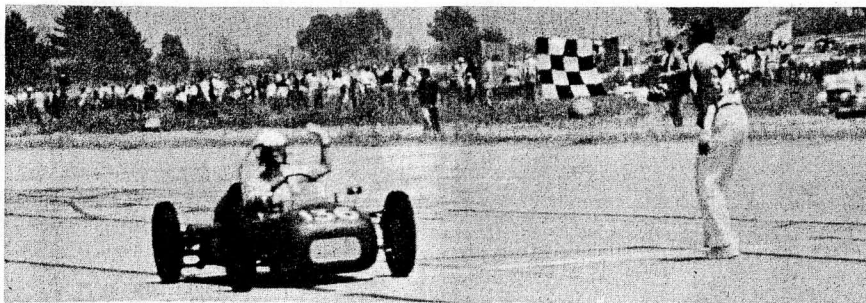


Jack McAfee in the 4.5 Ferrari bowed to McAfee and Bill Pollack in the Baldwin Special.

Von Neumann's Ferrari, second on Saturday, failed to finish in Sunday's Main Event.

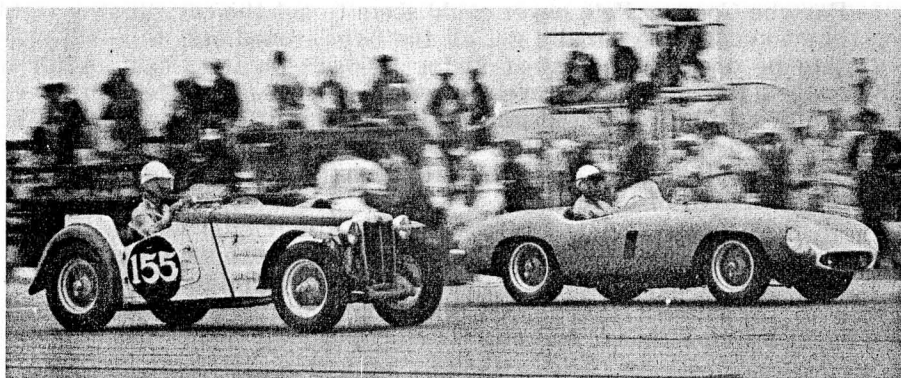


SANTA BARBARA ROAD RACES

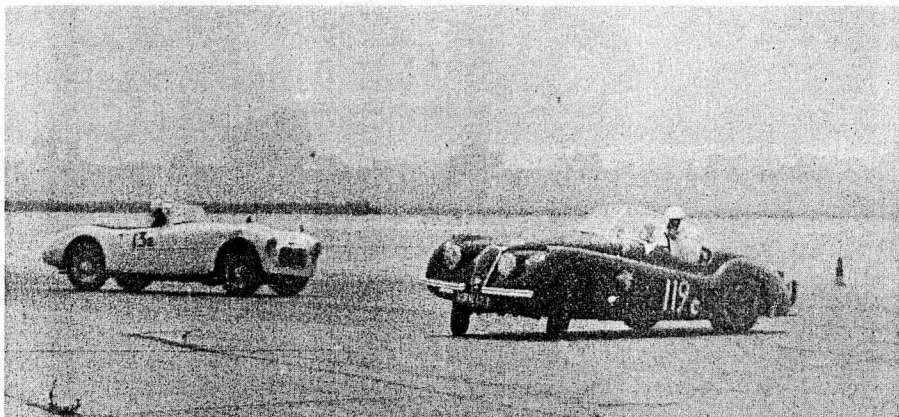


Harry Morrow taking the checkered for third place in his Viking.

degree of sportsmanship and entertainment value certainly deserves a separate race. Harry Horrow, President of the 500 Club of America, reports that there are more 500 competitors here in Southern California than almost anywhere else in the world.



Ernie in the Monza zooming by Harold Erb in his supercharged TC.



Kudler spinning his Jaguar out in front of Flynn's Doretti.

The Chronicle Of Aston Royce...

I guess I will have to keep harping on this business of facilities and comforts for those of us that follow racing. The Hansen Dam go again had us standing on that wonderous site at a smart eight o'clock longing for a cup of coffee and a few kind words. Who made the deal with the Duggan food peddlers or is this something we don't discuss?

The match race between Jock Bellisiles and Chuck Manning was something to watch. Both driving Manning Specials, they were always about three car lengths apart until Jock showed him the way to go home . . . and then Mr. Manning displayed his temper and Torres exhibited the black flags . . . a sterling performance by all three.

And what will the local scribes have to say about the imported auto after publishing that cartoon depicting the vaunted hot rod towering over the cowering Ferrari. Maybe Ernie didn't get that issue. Besides, what does Detroit mean to anyone?

The Grand Prix Concour couldn't have been better. The cars, the gin, Lucius Beebe, the costumes, the gin, the bathing suits, the gin . . . all of top quality. And the M.G. Car Club Gymkhana made a perfect companion event. Both events were beautifully organized and both committees should be called upon to add a little class to some of the other endeavors in the area. Now about the girl at the Concours with the white lace dress. Come in Tokyo . . .

If you don't think the little Renaults are gaining in popularity, guess again . . . there are seven specials being built right now . . .

One of the local auto magazines (which had a hard time paying the janitor a couple of years ago) now boasts that the gentlemen's restroom is papered in covers from other auto magazines that have gone under. In closing may I remind that august group of creative marvels these two small facts . . . It takes more than a cover, however pretty, to make a book and much more than a restroom, no matter how named, to make a gentleman.

Now that Warren Olson has sewed up the Cooper distributorship in this area you can look for a new addition to the blue and white racing team.

If you have been taking my warnings about sportscar racing going professional with a grain then watch for the posters. Willow Springs, September, all classes, all cars. This is either the beginning of a bright new era in sports cars or the start of the dismal dirt track nonsense. It is certainly going to mean that the little fellow with small means and no tire, spark plug or additive sponsor is up against the wall. However, it was sure to happen . . . too many people have eyed those seldom discussed gate receipts and dreamed of staging one for money . . . The most upsetting feature is that one of the technical organizers is also one of our most avid racers. But the large boss is still attempting to remain in the background. Smells a little of garbage to this writer.

Aston Royce

Ascari

by TOM TOLAND



As a child Alberto Ascari played by the track in the smell and sound and danger of auto racing and last month died by the track.

Before he was five, Alberto learned to handle the wheel from his racing car-driver father. Perched on papa's knee, little Alberto navigated the backroads of Milan, Italy. By the time Alberto was seven, the elder Ascari was dead, killed in a crash at Montlhery in the French Grand Prix. But the child was already determined to devote his life to racing.

He began racing motorcycles. As a school boy he played poker to raise the price of bike rentals. He competed wherever and whenever he could—from the Milan piazza to the open-road races through central and northern Italy.

He cracked up soon and often, but he kept coming back. In 1940, when he was 21, he graduated to autos.

Small stock Fiats were his first mounts; for his first big races in the Mille Miglia and at Palermo, he managed to get hold of a Ferrari. Motor trouble forced him out each time.

He was a cool, skilled technician, completely devoid of Latin temperament, utterly dependent upon his knowledge of engines and his exquisite reflexes. Ascari hit his stride in the auto racing hey-day after World War II.

He traveled everywhere—Spain, England, Argentina—and everywhere other drivers ate his dust. In fact, he won over 50 per cent of his races.

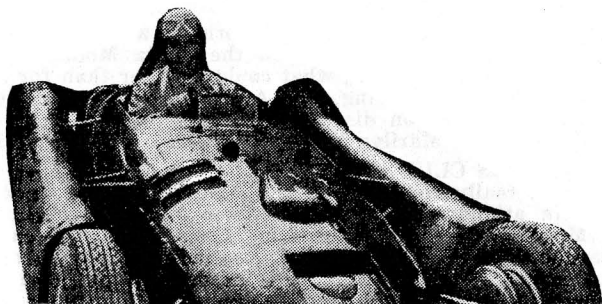
He worked up a fine duel with Argentine's champion Juan Manuel Fangio. In Brazil in 1949 he swung too wide on a turn, hit a roadside rock, turned turtle and wound up with a broken collarbone, three broken ribs and minus three teeth.

Such accidents meant that Alberto had to sit still for awhile. While he did, Enzo Ferrari, who manufactured some of the fastest cars in Europe, caught up with him long enough to hire him as a driver. From then on he went wild. Every year in his Ferraris, he scored more Grand Prix points and every year he sped closer to his death.

In the Netherlands Grand Prix in 1949, he lost a wheel while going 120 m.p.h. Somehow he survived. In 1953, at the Monza, after winning the Grand Prix championship twice in a row, he spun off the track, tangled with two other cars and walked away once more.

His luck was being stretched however, at Monte Carlo recently, Ascari catapulted through a bale of hay and landed in the Mediterranean. This time he was badly cut about the head. Only four days later he was back at the wheel, testing a car on the Monza track. He was a national hero; he seemed to feel Italy expected such perseverance. In a borrowed 3000 litre Ferrari, Alberto Ascari, 36, spun to his death in his last crash. He died before the ambulance reached the hospital.

Every turn, every lap, every race was a challenge to this man. This consuming passion for the win forged the "champion of the world".



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CLUB NEWS

by DORIS PRICE

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY FCCA

Don't miss our "Big Bear Rally" on July 16-17. Rick Hall, Rallymaster, has worked on this one for the past six months, and promises clearly marked check points and easy to read instructions. This nine hour, navigational type rally will start from the Mobilgas station, corner Laurel Canyon Blvd. and Pendleton, Sun Valley, Saturday 9 P.M. Call Darrell Doster, EM. 5-1995 for entry blanks.

Bob Cottam's "Lookout" Rally was a complete surprise to the contestants, as pictures were used in the instructions, in place of written turns, and from the report of several guys and gals on the rally, it was lots of fun!

Coming up for the August 10 meeting is something different in entertainment—Mr. Hypnosis of California (Dr. Wm. L. Seide, Ph.D.) of North Hollywood will lecture and demonstrate some surprising things to the audience. Hard-working Prexy Jack Dorsett also promises the 1955 Indianapolis 500 films very soon, so watch for our meetings at the American Legion Hall, Woodland Hills, second Wednesday each month, and meet a fine group of sport car enthusiasts.

NATIONAL FCCA

Norm Berry, National Director, gives us the good news of an open event on August 28. 'Rally De Oro' will be put on by the Santa Monica FCCA, with all chapters taking part in this. Don't let the name 4 cylinder keep you away from these fine clubs, as everyone is a full member, regardless of the car you own!

LOCKHEED SPORT CAR CLUB

After the success of their 24 Hour Rally, the LSCC has taken a short rest before putting on another event. The new officers for the year are: President, Herb Stovall; Vice President, Frank Wertenbruch; Secretary, George Shaffer; Treasurer, Art Harklass. For the Council: Hubert Priddy, Doe Denon, Lee Amaya. Winnie Shaffer was nominated for re-election of Secretary, and as she was home sick, hubby George declined for her. Then who gets nominated but George, and he accepts. Winnie, does he do ALL the work?

WESTERN SPORT CAR CLUB

This club had a special treat in the form of a trip, arranged by Murry Becker, to the Hollywood Autocade, on the Santa Monica Pier. As Murry helped to get this show together, what could be nicer than for him to get the gang down for an early showing. The Autocade has a priceless collection of antique and foreign cars on display. Their meeting for June was a dinner meeting. Call Secretary Marilyn Verry, SU. 9-9991 for information.

PORSCHE OWNERS CLUB

This club is really zooming! At the June 20 meeting, 69 owners and 15 guests were in attendance. One owner from North Carolina, another from Delaware! More locally, owners are from Long Beach, Balboa, and Newhall. Their by-laws are written and accepted. A seven-man board consisting of Glad Ellis, Joe Boneing, Tom Gibbons, Fred Bobler, George Gosche, Jeff Cooper, Cris McDonnell, given the club until permanent officers are elected. Porsche owners—call Dottie Bogler, DI. 3-4025, and get in on this fast-growing organization.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

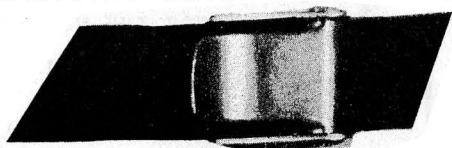
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Elmer's Tune

by MAXINE ELMER

Pete Lovely's beautiful "tear drop" Porsch on a Cooper Chassie, was a going little bomb at S. B. This piece of machinery was observed by all including Ken Miles!

The women's race at S. B. was the most disorganized, strung out, mixed up starting line that I have ever seen. And it finished that way too. Why not the blue flag? With all the passing of the buck, who was responsible? Quote "Any other complaints, have a million answers for you" unquote. At least gentlemen treat us on an equal basis with other drivers, give us the right flags and same courtesies. Really just because we are females! At H. D. it was better, but I still think and wonder in the male and female races, what constitutes pole position, not the hat . . .

Sorry about the unfortunate luck of Bill Leyden and Johnny Mantz at S. B. Watching the medium of T.V. I see that Bill's arm is still in its cast. Saw Johnny at H. D. with his neck in a brace. Gosh kids this "Tennis Shoe Circuit" with all the corners is something to beware of.

At S. B. the Ferrari's had quite a day. I can't remember a race when there were so many. They were pretty sorry to behold. But then again there are just a few that can hold one!

Bob Estes had bad luck at Indianapolis, with Don Freeland moving into second place only to go out with transmission trouble on the 176th lap.

Our heartfelt sympathies go to the families of Billy Vukovitch and Manny Auylo, two of California's finest drivers.

Who was the driver at H. D. drinking a beer while driving? Finally throwing it out between corners number one and two. The spectators, which there was a goodly number of, were all talking about it. I'm sure if the club officials had known about it you would have seen the last of this man in our ranks. This is taboo as you all know, and the stupidity of some people can give us all a bad name and time. Maybe it was his firstor tenth, who knows! . . .

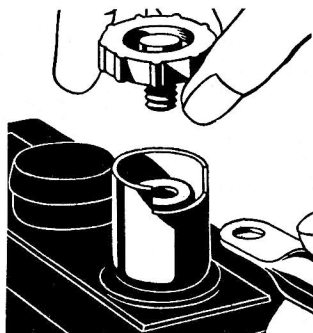
ROAD RACING IS DANGEROUS! With or without beer.

The story of the Hansen Dam race. Hay Bale Day! The dam was just over the hill, and a poor little TF-MG got tangled up with the hay bales. We know you weren't the only one, but they caught on fire, out came the L. A. Fire Dept. to battle a 10 bale fire. The big lag between races was due to the fact that they ran out of water! This brought back a recent episode in Indianapolis. Fortunately it was just hay.

For the fill-in space between races and mishaps why not have some real good Italian, German and French records suitable for race day? After all we now have the flags, let's take some of the tension off our pit crews, drivers and spectators alike. We had a taste of it Saturday morning and it was very invigorating.

Well, the newest race is Torrey Pines on the 10th of July sponsored by S.C.C.A. This will have five events, and in the middle is sandwiched the ladies race, but something different has been added—it will be a Le Mans start! Believe me this will be something to watch, at best girls don't run gracefully. Oh my, oh my, does anyone have a sling shot innertube?

Bye now, see you at Torrey on the 10th of July.



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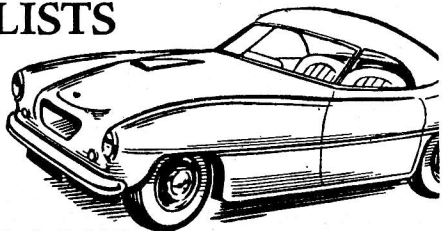
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COUNCIL NOTES

by WILLARD KING

The June meeting of the Southern California Council of Sports Car Clubs was notable for one thing, at least. There was only one calendar change! FCCA National applied for and was given the date of August 28 for their Annual All-Chapters Rally, an eight hour event.

Harbor Sports Car Club entered the Council as a member club, and Santa Monica FCCA sent several observers. The Council as a whole hopes to see the larger FCCA chapters affiliate with the group, as they feel that this will be the first step in eliminating the unfortunate misunderstandings that have arisen in the past.

California SCC came up with a compromise proposal on licensing of racing drivers which may resolve the bitter controversy between the two major clubs. At least, it is a step in the right direction.

The bulk of the meeting was taken up by a discussion of the proposed Rally Championship rules, which were adopted as of January 1, 1956. A rule requiring that all championship rallies be at least six hours driving time was adopted, and a motion to set up a minimum number of entrants for qualification as a championship event was voted down. A "well done" to Sumner Bennett and his committee for an excellent job in drawing up these rules.

The proposed Concours rules were distributed for study and recommendations, with probable action next month.

Last month's motion to place all spectator events on the open calendar was rescinded, and the entire matter referred to the Advisory Board for study.

Under new business, the 500cc Club requested that a definite procedure be set up for disciplining racing drivers guilty of major infractions of racing rules. A desultory discussion followed, with the general feeling being that the present set-up was satisfactory if followed through by the complaining individuals or clubs.

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What's With Womens Racing? by MAXINE ELMER

Racing for the gals is looking up. We are now on the Sunday program and according to the spectators breathing down our necks at Santa Barbara they like it. There were quite a few favorable comments from thef, but they couldn't understand the confusing starting lines.

Probably the number one mistake is that anyone racing in any event should not have any official act to perform on the starting gride. A driver has all he can handle in the pit area. One person, and one person alone should handle the starting lines.

Where is the hat that the pull the position for starting line? I haven't seen it since Terminal Island three years ago. If you jump up and down and say there is one, why does one person constantly pull pole position and last position?

There should also be a special women's meeting before the race, probably right after the official driver's meeting, with the more experienced drivers (girls) in charge to refresh driving rules and the importance of keeping your eyes on your mirro. We don't like gals making boo-boo's such as U turns in the middle of the track or stopping without warning.

The women's race in the past four months has taken on speed and skill. The husbands or boyfriends neglect to tell the gal anything but "Get in and go man" or better still overheard at Hansen Dam, "Nerf them if they don't move over." They neglect one thing when they give such helpful advice: how to go, and how to nerf! That's all we need is a novice nerfing another!

The large organization does not have the time to tell them the hazards of being passed when they don't know what to do. There is no need to set a gal in the hay bales. We are not running for money but trophies, and these machines are repaired at our own expense, not insurance.

For a fair and just start it is being suggested that the smaller cars go first and the large cars and specials be handicapped.

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500cc

By Mike Siakooles

We had perfect weather for the first road race in Los Angeles. Five factory builts and four backyard bombs showed up ready to go. Hank Lofgran hit the hay bales during practice. He suffered a broken nose and his car a bent frame. The 500cc Club went to work on his car while Hank had the Doc look at his nose. By the time he got back the frame was straightened, caster and camber and toe-in set ready for inspection. The start was delayed and of the nine cars at the starting grid only six made the dash for the first turn. Fox passed the two Trimble brothers 200 feet from turn one and led until turn five where he spun. Dick Trimble took over with Big Jim (6' 9") only a few feet behind. On lap two Jim was leading but a fuel line broke causing a fire. He parked quickly and put it out with a fire extinguisher that had been available in his car. John Fox, with the J B S Norton took the lead again for five laps, but lost valuable seconds after a backward excursion over a hay bale. Dick Trimble came home winner in his Cooper JAP, John Fox second, Elvin Poe third in the Hodge Podge Spl. B S A, Mac Whiteman fourth in JAP Spl., and Harry Morrow, Cooper JAP fifth.

Only eight cars showed up for Sunday's race. Hank Lofgran's injury on the day before was by now quite painful and too much of a handicap for such a tricky course. The 500's were allowed to run in the consolation race with the big iron. "With" I say not against as they had a half lap start before Al Torrey's turned the 500 loose. Harry Morrow jumped into the lead at once. Stuart Dane in the Viking was tucked in close behind. The rest? Who could tell. It was like a drag race. A speed of 100 miles per hour was reached before the 150 ft. shutoff point for turn one. Morrow's lead was short lived. Fox took command with the Trimble brothers almost side by side in two and three positions. On turn one Lap 5 Fox's right brake locked sending him into a 180 degree spin into the hay and Dick Trimble passed him on the outside. Then another 180 degree turn in the air put Fox around the corner. But over 35 seconds were lost before John was back in the race for fourth place. Dick Trimble's lead and mistake free ride got him the winner's flag eleven laps later and third against the Sports Cars. But back in the pack the homebuilts were having a bad day. Bill Pattison blew up the faithful old Indian, Stuart Dane broke his clutch and gear box, Mac Whiteman lost a wheel and Jim Trimble ventilated a piston in his Cooper. John Fox's fine driving brought him in second with Harry Morrow third and Elvin Poe fourth and last. The 500 Club wishes to extend its thanks and appreciation to the driver of the Arnold-Bristol whose sportsmanship and fine driving helped to make mixed racing a pleasure instead of a threat.

It's a safe bet that one of these days we will start 25 or 30 of these wheeled wonders and if the old ticker can stand the exciting start and close competition that will follow you will have your thumb in your mouth instead of your hot dog. Bless you all when you get a ride in a four wheeled cannon called a 500cc car.

Extra special thanks go to all the guys who helped make the Bob Powell Raffle a success. No finer tribute could be made to Bob's family than that which was done on this project.

For any 500cc information contact the 500cc Club of America at 2708 Magnolia Blvd., Burbank 6, California.

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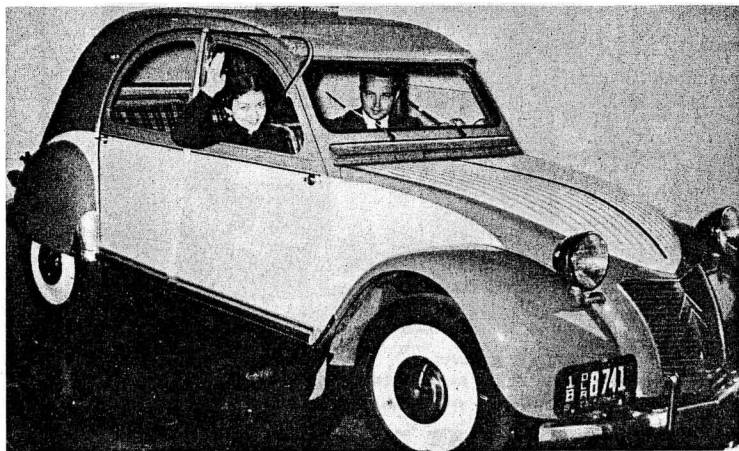
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