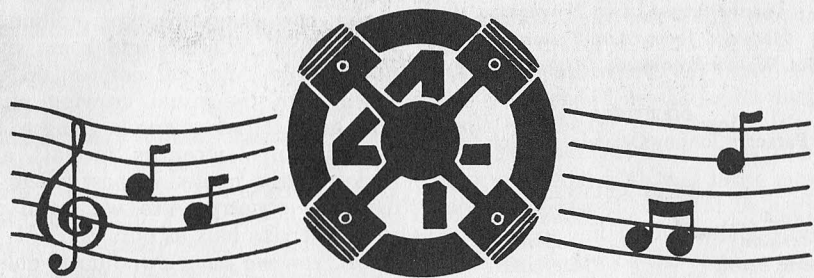
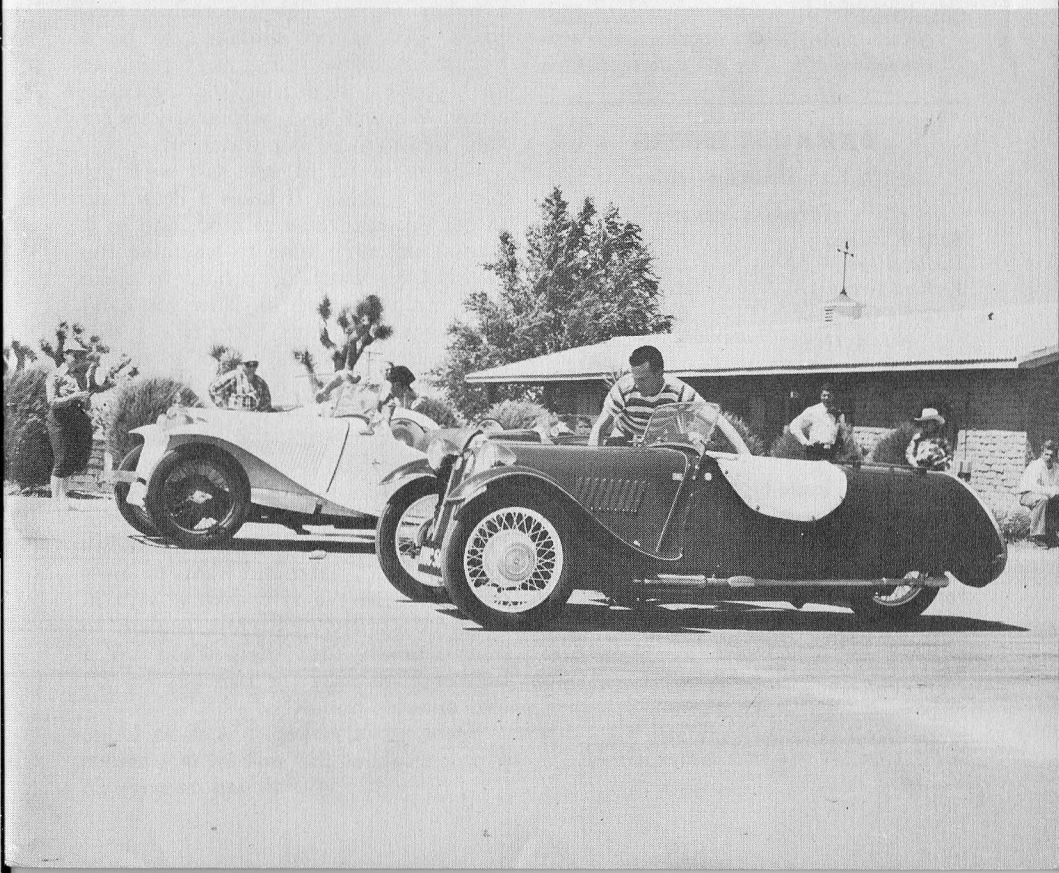


EXHAUST NOTES



SEPT 1952

25¢



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EXHAUST NOTES

William Cochrane—Editor

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Photographs appearing in this magazine can be purchased by writing to Glenn Fancher at 201 S. Glendale Ave., Glendale, California.

EDITOR'S PAGE



William Cochrane, Editor

Following this little column is the brand new magazine-type edition of EXHAUST NOTES and some swell photographs. We will not use up this space with the usual crowing about how good the magazine is going to be, but all laurel wreaths, medals, and kudos can be mailed in post offices all over the country. Also we could use some oversize hats as ours don't fit.

Oh, yes, we have an editorial policy. This is the Four Cylinder Club magazine, and we will print anything and everything about four cylinders and four cylinder cars, so if you have a car with five cylinders, or one-half a cylinder, don't expect us to rave about it. Also we are definitely committed to a policy of not taking ourselves seriously. This is not intended to be a humor magazine, but it isn't going to be a stodgy, scientific sort of thing either. We will have serious articles for your information, but watch us.

One more bit of gen and we'll get down to business. It takes a little time to get this magazine printed, and so it takes even more time to assemble the material we want the printer to make typographical errors in. Now you can't know how long this takes (*it's a dim dark secret*). But you've got to understand that any material sent in after our deadline won't be printed. Don't let that stop you from sending it in, 'cause we can get it in next issue. But if you want a turnout for a rally on the fifteenth of September, don't be surprised if John Doe and his Hillman from Cuba shows up four months later and wants to know why there isn't a rally like it says in EXHAUST NOTES. Just explain to him patiently and then whop up a bowser good rally for him anyway on five minutes notice.

Speaking of rallies, I wish to lodge a protest about the amount of calculus

Continued on page 25

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

By John Foster

Cigars and bouquets are in order for the 'birthday' of this new and grand edition of EXHAUST NOTES. What had seemed to me to be the little orphan of the club has fallen into the hands of the hardest working and happiest group of guys and gals I have ever met. With *your* contributions of story, verse, joke, news, etc., we can all eagerly look forward to every edition of this, our very own club publication, written and printed entirely by club members! Congratulations, Bill, Betty, Peg, Don, Dan, and all you merry bunch of helpers.

Our sincere thanks go to all the firms who have made this project possible by their wholehearted cooperation by placing ads that are of direct appeal to each one of us. Our patronage, or friendly visit and 'thanks' to these firms will show our appreciation for their interest.

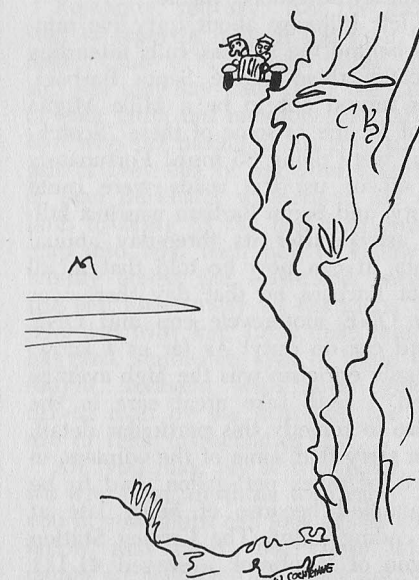
I guess you have all noticed, the one and only snag with some of our Rallies is the apparent let-down at the finish. There is too often a feeling that something else should follow the final checking in. Everyone seems to walk aimlessly around wondering what to do next. It is quite a natural feeling after the excitement has run high all morning. What to do with over a hundred people, all wanting to do something different, is quite a job for a Rally Master, who, at this point, is armed with sheaves of paper and besieged by questions from competitors. To me it seems that the only way out is for the Rally Masters to make sure that the finish is arranged at a spot where 50 or more cars can park together and not be jostled by the myriads of other Sunday pleasure seekers. A beach party, a wienie bake, a picnic ground, a baseball game, a gymkhana, a concourse or a visit to some historical or interesting spot are the ingredients we need at the end of a run. All these must be booked ahead and a place reserved if the whole day's outing is to be a success. I would suggest members planning on putting on rallies give

this phase of the event some thought and assure themselves of a really successful rally, and a pleasant day besides.

If space permits I would like to take this opportunity of acknowledging the many letters I have received from members all over the country and assuring you that just as soon as old man time will permit, and our three secretaries can come up for a breathing spell, they will *all* be answered. To those of you who have mailed in checks for badges, thanks for being so tolerant, it's like pulling teeth to get these items from the factory. August 20th will bring another shipment of the 3" dia. car badges and back orders will be filled immediately. We have plenty of the smaller chrome badges on hand and of course 'T' shirts, felt emblems, and decals. Pins will be ready early in September.

With all the election talk going on I am reminded that it will only be a couple of months to our election of officers meeting, so it is not too early to start looking around and selecting officers who will run your club in 1953.

"Move over, Harry, I'm exhausted!"



THESE ELLIPTICAL SPRINGS
PROVIDE EXCELLENT
ROAD HOLDING QUALITIES

SCOTCHMAN'S DRAG RALLY

By George Montrose — H. Q.

The Second Annual Scotchman's Drag Rally has just been completed with twenty-five out of thirty-four entrants crossing the finish line within the time limit, at an average speed of 37.62 mph and the astonishing average consumption of 37.58 mpg.

The event started at Laurel Canyon and Riverside Drive and wound up in Santa Barbara, via Fillmore, Santa Paula, and Ojai, approximately 111 miles in three hours driving time.

The high average speed is evidently due to these facts: (1) that I did not stress enough the variability of the route over which the contestants were to drive, and (2) that the contestants themselves did not pay enough attention to mention of the route at the briefing given.

However, since this is a purely sporting event, and not just a commercial stunt, the results themselves prove that the contestants were not just out for a Sunday afternoon picnic.

I left Fillmore about forty-five minutes behind the leaders, fully intending to catch them before Santa Barbara. This turned out to be a Mille Miglia event for me as some of these "Scotchmen" were doing 85 mph! Fortunately for all of us, the roads were quite empty, and Santa Barbara was just falling asleep after its three-day annual Fiesta. It can now be told that in all Santa Barbara on that day there was only ONE motorcycle cop and ONE squad car on duty! As far as I know, the only criticism was the high average speed. I shall take great care in the future to remedy this particular detail. I am sorry that some of the winners, in points of miles per gallon, had to be disqualified because of being late at the ending point. The Crosley Station Wagon of Estabrook averaged 41.111 mpg. at 35.22 mph., but he was four minutes late. Believe it or not, some scientist by the name of McLean in an

M.G. averaged 37.6271 mpg! Fortunately he was six minutes late, otherwise we would still be in Santa Barbara trying to figure out who was kidding whom!

Great thanks are due to the executives of General Petroleum Corporation for the free gas and oil, for the beautiful prizes donated, the use of their auditorium, and for the continued high interest and regard G.P. has for this particular club. I hope it is not too premature of me to say that a complete Monte Carlo type rally is on the agenda for some time next year, in cooperation with G.P. Just hold your hats!

My personal thanks to all those members who so gracefully gave of their time as officials: Jean and John Burkhard, Sandy Sanderson, Bill Morey, Kurt and Margie Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Gregson, John Foster, my personal friend Earl Wheeler, to all the drivers, navigators, and passengers who so courteously put up with my many faults, and to all the assorted personnel of the General Petroleum Corporation Mobilgas Stations. Incidentally, an article on this event will appear in the Mobilgas monthly Dealer Review.

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Available from FCCA Headquarters.
Send cash with your order, please!

IVEY OIL RALLY

By William Cochran

On July 20th the Ivey Oil Company of Los Angeles sponsored a rally of the Glendale Four Cylinder Club with prize cups awarded to the winners, and Ivey Oil crankcase additive and Supe for the gas tank for all cars starting.

The rally was set up as a Hidden Map Treasure Hunt. Each driver was given a fragment of a map that located the second check point. At that check point he received another fragment of a map with the third check point, etc.

Despite the oppressive heat a good time was had by all and the rally was a good test of Ivey Oil products.

Don Broderick wound up in Santa Ana instead of the finish and had to open his escape kit. He headed back to the finish and stopped in a minute at the Orange County Drag Strip. He entered his Jupiter for fun and came away with first place trophy for Sports Car class.

That should keep everybody happy when they miss check points. Just keep trying.

There's no more news on the rally except a report by our roving reporter, who was a bit dazed by the heat and turned in something like this:

Up at dawn with the baggage all packed and the gun bearers frothing at the mouth and we are ready to leave on a grueling cross-country dash. The British Rajah of South Glendale, John Foster, FCCA, gives us the precious bit of map on which we must pin our fortunes.

Whipping the beaters into line, we push off to the nearest oasis to consult our guides over steaming cups of coffee. Soon we are off to the waters of the Puddingstone Reservoir and, acting on another map clue, across a wide valley. In the middle of the valley, seated under a tree, we find a missionary couple who had been lost for days and they have another clue sent to us by John Foster, who is keeping his loving eye on us in this trackless waste.

Now the trail leads up over the mountains and the heat begins to rise. It beats against our brains... hotter... hotter... hotter... and the drums begin to beat. Drums, heat... more heat and more drums... hotter... hotter.

The guides are definitely lost now and we have stopped depending on them, as they are wont to lie like dogs when the heat rises and the drums begin to pound.

On and on we push, up ever higher in the mountains and down to the coast.

At the coast we find, to our great amazement, several of our party, whom we thought lost or dead or doomed, waiting for us, and true to the ancient fragments of maps we find the TREASURE... gleaming golden cans of beer.

Beer, the treasured hoard of the great magician Al Guitierrez of Ivey Oil, whose magic fluid we had carried with us to ease the noise and rattle of our passage and aid us in the heat of the mountains.

Romantic, you say? Not the proper way to report a rally of the Four Cylinder Club of Glendale? Why, gad, sir, you may say that, from the safety of your club, but mention such talk to him who sits staring at his golden cup, gift of Ivey Oil, or ask your questions of Jean Burkhard, who risked life and limb to bring us the first fragment of map and who then had to follow us blindly across the wasteland because she had given away all her maps. She who was truly lost. Look deep into the haggard, sunbeaten eyes of those who fought savagely with their guides, driven mad by the heat and the failure of their mathematics and...

Ah, you may say it was petty, but we who went are those who know, and you in your clubs can look at the honor below and sneer, but those whose names are engraved here can say, "Ah, yes, we went out on John Foster's little junket. Pukka bit of a trip it was, too."

Continued on page 22

TAKE THE BABY

By Peggy Martinez

As the mother of a 14-month-old baby who is the veteran of four road races, an 1800-mile car trip, and two trips by plane, I've picked up a few tricks by the trial and error method that may save others some trouble. Read them for what they are worth to you.

ITEM I—FOOD. This depends on the age of the baby; so taking it a phase at a time and in the conventional order:

BOTTLES AND STRAINED FOODS— I have found the disposable bottles indispensable. They are so compact that a 24-hour supply can be assembled and packed in the ordinary diaper bag. (If sterilization is still important, there are small sheets of sterile plastic to cover the nipples.) Since milk sours quickly it's best to keep it in a thermos and fill and heat bottles as needed. The plastic bottles heat under a hot water tap, but should you find yourself in the spot I did—a six-weeks-old, hungry baby and cold milk at a Godforsaken airport in Ukiah, where there was no hot water tap or stove—these bottles will also heat quickly when placed on the bonnet of a car that has been sitting in the sun or had its motor running.

Most restaurants carry baby foods, but don't count on it or you may find yourself searching for an open store at 6 a.m. with a squalling baby in the car. Pablum can be mixed from the heated formula.

I would like to mention at this point that the banana is a mother's best friend. They come packed in their own sterile wrapping, don't need heating or refrigeration, and can be fed while the car is in motion. It is unfortunate, but true, that the sun invariably wakes baby when you've been on the road all night, while you are still 25 miles from the nearest restaurant. So feed a banana (*to the baby, that is*) and you'll usually have peace and quiet until an eating stop can be made.

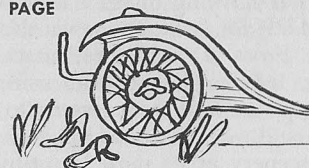
SOLID FOODS— All from the previous paragraphs holds true here, and just a mention in passing that for restaurant fare, scrambled eggs and bacon can't be beat. Lay in a goodly supply of bananas and other non-messy fruits, crackers, and hard-boiled eggs for the long stretches on the road and the days at the races where there is *never* anywhere to buy food for baby. Best to avoid my error at Pebble Beach when my little girl was forced to live on Toll House cookies for the better part of three days due to my ignorance in the matter of road races and food. Apparently road race addicts derive their nourishment from the sight of a Jag making a neat turn or a Ferrari lapping the field.

One other thing before I leave this subject; for the older baby (*six months and over*), two or three days of being fed completely off any sort of schedule and with an eye toward keeping them happy and satisfied doesn't hurt one bit and they *love* it. A small note under the heading of Parental Pride: We get a big kick out of watching Patrice in a restaurant. From the time the waitress takes our order until the food arrives, my daughter's eyes are constantly on her or the door through which she last disappeared.

ITEM II—CARE AND COMFORT. Disposable diapers are a *must*—'nuff said? Do take a few of the regular variety for emergencies. Fairly frequent changes of the other clothing seems to help. The footed sleepers are most practical for trips that involve driving all night or when the weather is cold. Denim rompers and overalls are good for daytime wear provided they are the type that snap open at the right places, because the back seat of any four-cylinder car is not designed for quick changes.

Continued in next issue.

WOMEN'S PAGE



Dora Hutchison, *Woman's Editor*

Since this is supposed to be a "Woman's Page," I have been wracking my brains to think what girls who ride in or drive foreign cars would like to hear about. Not that I think technical questions unimportant (which spark plugs to use, etc.), but I think we have enough problems of our own without taking on those common to both sexes.

For instance: *How to keep hair from blowing.* I've tried scarves... they come off, particularly with a competition windscreen! Hats, nets, veils... nothing works. I generally look like a package wrapped for mailing overseas, with the bobby pins, combs, bits of ribbon, etc.! One girl uses an Italian fisherman's cap she found in San Francisco (*like a cotton skating cap, with a tassel*), which should work. Does anyone have any ideas?

That's no problem, gal! Do as my wife did—go to any Harley Davidson shop, buy their special gadget made for girls who ride 'cycles. Called Cyclettes, they come in a variety of colors and really do the job. A Man.

I've solved the scuffed and dirty shoe bit by carrying an old pair of mules to drive in, and changing before I get out... parking lot attendants always look astonished. Still don't know how to carry good clothes in the back when I'm changing for dinner at a friend's house in town. After trying sheets, newspapers and cardboard boxes, I now have my husband or a friend take them in for me; but, for the honor of sports cars, there must be a way to have them arrive unwrinkled. Maybe a giant-size cake rack would do it!

Last year, reading about Bentleys and their built-in make-up cases, I made one for my MG. It's an upholstered box, about a foot square and

three inches thick, with the outer (long) side hinged at the bottom end. Two aluminum straps hook over the bar behind the seat, or the steering wheel when it's in use. Inside, the back is filled by a large round mirror, while lipsticks, mascara, etc., roll around in the bottom, held by a two-inch lip. Spring clips hold my comb, brush and lipstick brush to the side that hinges down. The whole thing is so much easier than scrabbling in a purse, and using the rear-view mirror to comb one's hair!

I would be so grateful for any suggestions regarding this column... pictures, fashion ideas (*connected with sports cars*), ANYTHING... and I do hope you will write and tell me what you would like to see discussed. This is a chance for the women to present their ideas, and I think we should make the most of it.

LADIES! ARE YOU BOTHERED BY HIGH-COMPRESSION MEN?

Does your husband laugh when you call the distributor the differential? Do you (*too*) feel left out when the males of your acquaintance start to discuss the relative torque and horsepower merits of the last Ferrari (*four cylinder, of course*)?

Some of us have made the tragic mistake of asking our husbands or one of our better friends why and how some minor gadget works, only to find he has too technical a vocabulary for us to quite get the hang of what he has been talking about.

If you too are interested in learning more about your car, and your own potential as a better driver, or how to navigate better, or one of the many thousands of other points that are constantly coming up in the automotive discussions at your house... or if you are just interested in getting a lot more fun out of your club come to the organization meeting on Sept. 16 at Headquarters. Glenn Fancher is giving a class for us in basic automotive mechanics. After the class we will get together and try to plan future meetings and classes. There

Continued on page 22



JUPITER—PASADENA TO LAKE TAHOE

By Mrs. Don Ricardo—H. Q.

The Ricardos have just returned from a very enjoyable vacation to Lake Tahoe, which was successfully combined with an advertising campaign for the Four Cylinder Club. We proudly wore our Club T-shirts and tried manfully to be shining examples of what every good club member should be. Needless to say, we went in our Jupiter and we were quite overwhelmed by the terrific interest which it created. In fact, it was only after a long, mildly heated argument that my husband managed to convince me that it wouldn't be quite cricket to pass our large straw hats amongst the crowd that gathered every time we stopped. I'm sure many would gladly have contributed for the privilege of gazing in, on and under our Jupiter—and it would have helped greatly in defraying expenses. But I was forced to concede the fact that it would have meant taking unfair advantage of our less fortunate fellow men.

We began our journey at 3 a.m. Monday, July 28, and thoroughly enjoyed crossing the desert under the stars. I kept a weather eye on the alert for flying saucers, but was disappointed. Our first stop was Yosemite. The weather was delightfully cool and the scenery, of course, was superb. The view from Glacier Point alone was worth the trip. By Wednesday, however, the delightful coolness had degenerated into rain and we thought

that was carrying things a little too far, so we left for Lake Tahoe via the Tioga Pass. From a mild precipitation we drove into a deluge and were most unhappy to find it necessary to travel this route with the hood up. For mountain scenery at its most beautiful best, we highly recommend this bit, although the road itself leaves somewhat to be desired. With due apologies, I would like to state here that I think the Yankees can show the British a few things about spring suspension. However, our little Jupiter (bless her little square wheels) did a beautiful job climbing and turning and we arrived safely in Reno that afternoon about 5 o'clock, having discovered that the road to Tahoe from that side of the mountain had been washed out. We painted the town a light shade of pink that night and awoke the next morning minus the usual afflictions that generally follow a night in Reno—and headed for Tahoe by a route that was known to still be intact. We had two very pleasant days there, managing to escape more rain by a narrow margin.

Our trip home was blessed with sunshine which we absorbed happily and we arrived home looking browned to a turn. All in all it was a very happy week and the only reason we came home was because we ran out of those two very important ingredients necessary for a vacation—namely, time and money. We had fun and also discovered something we hadn't known before—that if you have never vacationed in a sports car, you haven't lived!

AUSTIN A40—GLENDALE TO LINCOLN, NEB.

E. Sherman—H. Q.

Ida Ann and Everett Sherman, of Glendale HQ, just returned from a trip to Lincoln, Neb., with an excellent report on performance. Any of you who might need a few statistics for quoting at people, take heed.

Total mileage was 4912 miles, with an average of 32.1 miles per gallon. They changed oil only once, at Lincoln, and didn't add oil either coming or going.

There was no mechanical or tire trouble and total car expense, including the oil change, was \$38.10.

Both Shermans drove in order to go straight through, and by maintaining an average of between 65 and 67, made it in 68 hours.

According to Sherm, the most satisfying part of the trip was that while a great many cars passed them on the new highway over the Continental Divide in Wyoming, on the last six-mile climb to the top, they caught and passed most of them. All were pulled off the road with hood up and boiling merrily. The Austin took the hill in high gear and motor temp was 190° at the top.

Their conclusion was that while they have taken the trip many times before in various American makes, it hadn't been done so fast, safely, or economically.

Ivey Oil Jingle Contest Winners

FIRST (*Serious type*)

There was a fine car from the West
Whose owner was making a test.

"For performance with style,"

He exclaimed with a smile,

"Use IV, 'cause it is the best."

— Ralph and Glenn Davis

FIRST (*Light type*)

There once was a man with a "Jag"

Whose engine was always a nag.

He filled up with "IV,"

The engine ran lively—

Club trophies are all in his bag!

— Dick and Kay Della-Vedova

Exhaust Notes Award for Valiant Effort
in the Face of Insurmountable Odds:

If your car's performance STINX,

Be it MG, Austin, or MINX,

Change at once to IV Oils,

They'll break the JINX...

METHINX!

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SEE US FOR

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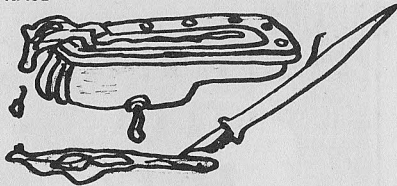
INTERNATIONAL MOTORS, INC.

The oldest MG dealer in the west

5670 SUNSET BLVD.

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LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



Dear Ed.:

I've got a little suggestion... why not a contest or promotion among the members to obtain new members for the club? Also I think I mentioned once before that it might be a good idea to make out a mimeographed sheet on general rally instructions for new members.

HARRY MORROW

• • •

Picture postcard from 12,000 feet in Rocky Mountain National Park:

What a grand place for a Sunday rally. Oil press. 58 lbs., gas consumption 27-31 1/2, max. water temp. 205. The MG and its 6.50 tires is a perfect combo. Cruise at 5000 RPM 75 MPH. A portable fence to keep kids off car would be nice!

WILLARD WHITE

(We want to hear about those tires when you get back.)

• • •

Dear Ed.:

I thought all Austin Somerset A40 owners might be interested in an accident that happened to me. Nothing morbid—it just seems that the sump screw on the A40 fuel pump likes to work loose. This screw is less than a quarter of an inch long and with two miles of highway to hunt over, we considered it lost and I hiked off to Fresno only to find out that:

1. That never happens on an Austin (I'll have that dealer's hide).
2. A piece of scotch tape ought to fix it.
3. It did.
4. I'm keeping two extra screws in the glove compartment.

DICK GRANT

(Are you keeping some scotch tape handy?)

• • •

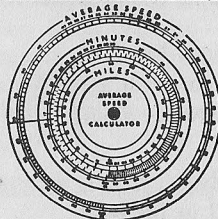
We've only got three letters this issue. That's because nobody knows our address yet. Well, send the dope to National Headquarters, 201 S. Glendale Avenue, Glendale, California, and we'll have a bigger column next time.—Ed.

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AUTOBOOKS 2708 MAGNOLIA BLVD.
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA

SEMENA NAUTICA

By William Cochrane

"We are going to have a rally in real European style. Boy, will it be rugged!"

How many times have you read those words and stayed home safe in bed? Or how many times have you read them and showed up to drive the rally armed with handfuls of first aid materials, guide books, spare parts and two quarts of Scotch whiskey?

The invitation to Santa Barbara's rally contained only the intimation that this was going to be the case, but the surprise was saved for those who went on that rally, for Santa Barbara had come up with one of the prettiest, cleanest, most perfect rallies that has been held in many a day.

The course was short (43 miles) over a tightly curved mountain road that kept drivers alert to maintain a 20-mile-per-hour average. The lower speed kept danger to a minimum and permitted navigators to hold their drivers down to the type of driving navigators love. Most cars were able to drive consistently with the spedo needle on the 20-mile mark and maintain their averages. There was no traffic to contend with, the course led over a scenic route high above Santa Barbara, making the whole trip a pleasure. At the finish a tie-breaking gymkhana was held.

In all, however, the rally was no lead-pipe cinch, but the route was good and with a little improvement of road conditions (*pot holes and such*), Santa Barbara might well have a short Monte Carlo type rally course worth developing into a permanent feature of the year's racing season. And that, Santa Barbara, is a plug for an idea worth developing.

The winning places were filled as follows:

Place	Name	Car & Club	Gymkhana Times
1	Ray	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:47.2
2	Dow	MG-TD — LSCC	
3	Tellefson	Skoda — FCCA-SB	:54.1
4	O'Leary	Singer (G) — TRI-C MGC	:28.5
5	Hughes	MG-TD MK2 — TRI-C MGC	:38.2
6	Benton	MG-TD FCCA-SB	:52.5
7	Leden	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:47.3
8	Elliot	MG-TD — TRI-C MGC	:59.9

Place	Name	Car & Club	Gymkhana Times
9	Lowe	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:49.9
10	Downey	MG-TD MK2 — LSCC	:66.2
11	King	MG-TD — TRI-C MGC	:51.1
12	Petersen	MG-Y — LSCC	:45.6
13	Hackney	Jupiter — FCCA-G	:43.7
14	Martin, F. A.	MG-TD — LSCC	:50.6
15	Amaya	MG-TD — LSCC	:41.4
16	Fulkerson	MG-TD MK2 — LSCC	:43.0
17	Allen, M.	Jupiter — None	:51.4
18	Erwin	XK120 — LSCC	:66.1
19	McPhail	MG-TD — LBMGC	:53.3
20	Horner	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:51.3
21	Davis	A-40 — FCCA-G	:57.2
22	Koepke	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:49.1
23	Lewis	MG-TD — TRI-C MGC	:57.2
24	Kraft	MG-TD — FCCA-SM	1:00.6
25	Nelson	MG-TD MK2 — TRI-C MGC	:48.1
26	Wells	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:51.2
27	Selph	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	—
28	Frank	MG-TD — LSCC	—
29	Roberts	A-90 — AFCC	1:15.2
30	George	MG-TD MK2 — AFCC	:39.7
31	Peyton	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:54.8
32	Parker	A-40 — FCCA-G	:46.8
33	Phipps	A-40 — FCCA-SB	:51.0
34	Jorgensen	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:53.4
35	Murray	XK120 — ECFC	1:20.0
36	Cowden	A-90 — FCCA-G	1:19.0
37	Hostettler	MG-TD — FCCA-LB	:43.1
38	Alan, D.	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:48.3
39	Cheney	Minx — FCCA-SB	—
40	Peron	Leaf — CSCC	1:05.5
41	Lindsay	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:45.9
42	Weisbruch	BMW-327 — LSCC	:51.5
43	Copic	Singer — LSCC	:57.2
44	Wilkie	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:54.3
45	Strong	XK120 — LSCC	:26.6
46	Martin, J. F.	Minx — FCCA-G	1:11.3
47	Comstock	MG-TD — FCCA-SB	:47.8
48	Boyd	A-40 — FCCA-SB	—
49	Mauck	MG-TD — AFCC	1:12.9
50	Cochrane	Jupiter — FCCA-G	:56.9
51	Warren	Minx — FCCA-G	:51.2
52	MacDonald	MG-TD — FCCA-G	1:03.4
53	Ashadina	MG-TD — None	:43.1
54	Daniels	XK120 — None	:47.2
55	Whitemore	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:43.1
56	Estabrook	XK120-FH — LSCC	:27.5
57	MacNamara	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:51.0
58	Poe	MG-TD — LSCC	1:04.9
59	Welsh	MG-TD — FCCA-G	:44.3
60	Lee	MG-TD — LSCC	:51.2
61	Hall	Riley — FCCA-LB	1:23.1
62	Swartz	MG-TD — LSCC	:54.9

The Exhaust Notes Medal for Stamina and Heroism in the Face of Insurmountable Odds, etc., went to two MG's piloted by Sargent and Peet (*first names anonymous*), who ignored one or more check points entirely and just had fun. (*Fun?*)

The whole day was marked by the great organizing ability of the Semena Nautica Rally Director, Fran Brabo, for a wizard day. We want to come back next year, Fran; fix it up for us.

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POBEZA

By Bill Martinez

A newspaper item spotted by my Mother-in-Law, August 10th, sent me in quest of a hole in the Iron Curtain. Contrary to the usual situation, it wasn't difficult to find. My wife had prepared the way for me the day before by a phone call to Mr. Stanley F. S. Slotkin, head of the Abbey Rents firm. I had heard that a Russian car was being brought to this country, and though interested, I was willing to let it go at that until my M.-in-L. discovered that it had four cylinders. With Mr. Slotkin's kind permission, I reported to the Abbey Rents building at Sixth and Normandie. (Don't bother to go down as Uncle Sam has taken the car, for tests.) Mr. Sid Cohen showed me to the elevator and the fifth floor. They had been trying to polish the car and curiosity seekers kept getting in the way so they had to take it off the street.

My first impression of the car was, "1946 Chevy," but on closer look the body lines weren't right because Chevrolet didn't make a slope back on their 1946 four door sedan, also the full body-fender line doesn't fit. It was then apparent that the blend of a Chevy front and a Plymouth rear had been used. The paint job is a rather dull turquoise . . . the gentleman who was in the process of cutting and polishing seemed to think it a very fine one. It had good depth and very little or no "orange peel." The

chrome is good and appears heavy. The grille is cast and the bumpers solid; but the frames for the parking and tail lights are stamped, which no amount of chrome can hide. Door handles are of pull-out type . . . a la the Italian school. The tail lights, grille and parking lights all seem to be stock American parts straight off a Chevy.

Moving to the interior, the seating capacity is five small or four large Russians. Seating position is comfortable for the height and back of the seat, but it seemed I could count every spring. The upholstery is a neat, heavy rough-textured cloth. Door panels are of the same material, and are retained by a series of chrome-head screws around the outer edge. The dash is from a '41 Chevy, with much plastic used. Two arrows for turn indicators are on the dash, but I couldn't find any way to operate them . . . but maybe that's only for the Super Deluxe model. Luggage space is limited to one half shelf in the deck, above the spare tire, which lies flat in the bottom half.

The hood lifts from the front (*with the release next to the steering column*), and is held up by spring tension. A trouble light is installed on the fire-wall. The engine is painted silver and is, as Bud said, "Strictly a Willys engine." Unless I miss my guess, that was it . . . a Russian engine taken straight

Continued on page 20

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