

THE DARRIN: K.F.-X.P.



DAVE ALBEE, Foreign Editor It's quite a jump from Australia, but here we are in the country of La Belle France.

Although Bugatti was an Italian by birth, most of his output of cars came from the factory at Malsheim. This man's cars, which the world still looks to as being the most exciting and exotic, are all rather individualistic. Without a doubt the rarest of these rare birds is the Type 47; of the Type Royal there were ten or better produced; but of the Type 47 there was one, maybe two, made in all. It was not a special like the La Sabre, but rather a car built to be used and used it was. This 16 cylinder power unit first saw the light of day in April 1929 and was intended for sports car races of the Le Mans variety.

The engine was made up of two blocks, each of 8 cylinders, mounted on a common crankcase and with two crankshafts geared together, the drive then passing to the rear in the conventional Bugatti manner. The cylinders had a bore and stroke of 60 x 84 mm, giving a capacity of roughly 3800 cc, and had three valves per cylinder . . . 48 in all ... (that certainly outdoes Stutz DV32) mounted vertically in the head and operated by a single overhead camshaft for each block of cylinders. The camshafts were driven by a train of spur pinions from the rear of the engine and operated the two inlet and one exhaust valves of each cylinder via timbles and shims in typical Bugatti fashion.

The construction of the beautifully designed cylinder blocks was most interesting. The blocks were rectangular cast-iron castings machined all over, and they did not bolt onto the crankcase in a conventional manner, but constituted practically the whole engine. On the

bottom of the block-castings were forged steel bearing-housings attached by studs and the crankcase did not support the bearings in any way whatever, but was merely a dust excluder and oil container.

To illustrate what can be done by this construction, the length of each cylinder block was 22 inches and the total of the cylinder bore diameter in each block was just under 19 inches, yet in the remaining space of just over three inches Bugatti managed to provide nine (yes, nine!) bearings for each shaft. Eight of these were roller bearings and the center one for each shaft was plain to enable forced lubrication to be used for the connecting rod bearings, which were of the plain type with bronze caps riveted and brazed to the rods and had a very thin white metal lining. This enabled the engine to run temporarily should the metal run out of the bearings, as the resultant play would be very small.

The aluminum crankcase had side plates which could be lifted off to completely expose the crankshafts and bearings. In fact, any rod or bearing and oil pumps could be reached after five minutes dismantling.

Three oil pumps were employed, driven from the front of the crankshafts by worm gearing. One scavenged the crankcase, the second delivered oil at more than 100 lbs. per square inch to the big ends via the aforementioned plain center bearing in each shaft, while the third pumped oil at low pressure to the overhead gear on each block. The gear train also drove two Bugatti Roots superchargers.

The engine developed 250 b.h.p. at between 5000 and 6000 r.p.m. and was capable of 7000 r.p.m. under loads. It weighed roughly 500 lbs., or 2 lbs. per horsepower. In short, the engine was really the ultimate in sports models.

Has anybody one of these in his collection? No! The ones that were made, like the four-wheel drive Bugattis, were returned to Malsheim after Chiron had broken several hill climbing records in them.

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ELKHART LAKE RALLY—1952

Bu Dora Hutchison - Glendale

Four hours after Polly Portman and I left Chatsworth, August 20th, and 50 miles after I'd found a "short-cut"... rally-type dirt road . . . we were stuck at tdc in a plowed field outside of Helendale, Calif. We couldn't move the car, and the help was a man plowing, about a mile away. When he came over, he spoke no English! . . . but he could

In Richfield, Utah, where we stopped for lunch the next day, the owner of the cafe looked at the car carefully, then us, and said: "School-teachers?"



Tuesday, Sept. 2... the official start of my first rally. Thoroughly frightened by the stories of Vail Pass (10,000 ft.), and Loveland (12,000); we were over Vail before we knew we'd started. The road was better than our canyons, and we only used 2nd gear when stuck behind trucks. That morning the scenery was glorious: canyons just wide enough for the river and the road; spruce-covered, snow-capped mountains (at the top of Loveland, we were above tree line), but we were too cold to appreciate it. Used to California weather, we were wearing shorts, and hadn't even topcoats.

That night we spent in Ogallala, Neb., and, after trouble with the time zones, had lunch with my father-in-law

the next day. At a gas station in Osceola. Neb., the attendant said: "I see these little cars going by now and then, but I thought only movie stars drove them." Polly and I somewhat rumpled at the time. In Omaha we thought we were hiding in front of an auto-supply store a block from the check point, when Dan Dickinson walked over to chat with us!

The next day, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, we found an alley to wait in. As we drove up to the check point, Empire Motors, I spotted a new black TD in the window, and left a deposit on it.

Sept. 5 we were up very early, to check out at 7 a.m. On the toll bridge at Des Moines, Iowa, there was a large sign: "30¢ per car." The tender looked down at us, and said: "You're only a half-size car, I can't charge you full price;"... we paid 20¢! Thanks to an unintentional (navigator's error) 20 mile detour, we parked under a tree before the secret check point while I refigured times. Oh, for a slide rule! We knew it wasn't more than 30 miles away, so, with times worked out from house to house, Polly drove at 34.6 mph down a large main highway until we found it.

We did run into trouble in Wisconsin though, because when Polly's husband made out our route, back in L. A., he sent us through Milwaukee to save mileage, but forgot rush hour traffic. We left the city with an hour to make Elkhart, sixty-odd miles away, on a road crawling with trucks and towns. Polly put her hand on the horn, and her foot on the gas, while I, frantically calculating in the bouncing car (we held 5500 rpm), prayed for an extra five miles the road map didn't show . . . and found it.

The finish . . . banners, music, crowds of people. A small boy hands us Cokes, courtesy of the town, the Rally Steward introduces himself, photographers say, "Look this way, and smile"...by my figures, we are a minute late, but finally the scrutineers are through and we're in. Saturday, I'm up early for the drivers'

meeting, signing in as relief driver for Chuck Barrett (Santa Anita FCCA) to drive the course in practice. Leaving, I see Polly and Mr. O'Connor, of the Ft. Atkinson FCCA (before we'd left, John Foster asked Polly and me to be official FCCA representatives at Elkhart); and I'm to meet them after practice. Chuck goes round a few times, then I do, but, on his next lap, he drops a valve through a piston on the back straight. His race is at 10 a.m. Sunday and his MG must be overhauled before then; he finds a garage, and a mechanic, while I search

for Arnolt's supply truck.

Sunday, Polly and I were in the pits for the Kimberley Cup Race, lap-keeping for Johnny Crean's modified TD, Jack McAfee driving. Jack finishes 6th, but Chuck dropped a valve again, two laps from the finish, while leading the stock MG's. We saw the Elkhart Cup Race from the top of "Wacky" Arnolt's converted "house-bus"... beer, sandwiches, cigarettes...the pits were never like this! After, we find Mr. O'Connor (he's looked for us, too!) ... no one has found any Four Cylinderites, but he's handed out 30 membership blanks, and presents us with two printed posters with the club emblem, in color. He will supply them at cost, on cloth or paper, to club members.

That night, at the Victory dinner, Polly and I can hardly eat. Wacky has been teasing us so all day, we're sure he's presented a special trophy (we're the only all-girl Rally team). Rally results first: Prince Rainier of Monaco's Cup, best over-all performance...to Dot and Dan Dickinson, of Long Beach. Sidney Allard's Cup, best performance over 1500 cc, to a Jag; and Viscount Nuffield's Cup, best performance under 1500 cc...to Polly and me! We can't look at each other. Celebrated the rest of the night, though not before we heard Wacky tell his shop foreman to take no repair jobs at Arnolt's, in Chicago, until all Elkhart cars are in.

By Sept. 17 we were back in the wild west in a brand new MG which I had picked up in Cedar Rapids. The scenery

Continued on page 28

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TAKE THE BABY

By Peggy Martinez

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

In the matter of sleeping, we've been using a makeshift that does pretty well but can definitely be improved upon. In fact, Barker Bros. has something called an "Auto Den" that should do a beautiful job. It is made of steel, folds flat to 18 by 27 inches for storage (so measure the luggage compartment if you are interested), stretches out to approximately twice 27 inches or any desired length in between. The front end is supported by two arms that hook over the front seat and the other edge rests on the front of the back seat. The height can be adjusted for those who like to type in the back seat of a car. It can also be hooked through two side windows to form a table on the outside of the car. However, we're getting along now with a sturdy board (at least %" plywood) that has been cut to fit the entire area from the back of the front seat to the back cushion. It has legs at each front corner (old 2x4's) for support. A pad such as those used on garden chairs fits nicely as a mattress. Pillows (or sleeping bags if you plan to camp out) are placed against each side to protect the baby from bad bumps when sharp cornering is necessary. A car robe or such like should be folded over the back of the front seat for the same reason. Best to put a plastic sheet over the mattress or before many trips are completed it will be too strong to be bearable in a closed car. This area will serve both as a bed and play pen in cool weather and the space underneath is fine for storage. Unfortunately, the above is not much help to those owning MG's, etc., and I'm afraid I have no solution to offer.

Take plenty of sheets or, on one-day trips, shake the sheet out frequently to get rid of the crumbs, etc. (where the crumbs come from will be explained later). Blankets depend on the weather and the individual baby, but the inside of a car is a very snug place. A little

too much so when it is hot, so have a blanket to spread on the ground.

Since we don't have child locks on our Minx, we take the door handles completely off after locking the doors. Just don't leave them home — you may want to get something from under the bed while you're on the road. A wet wash cloth is a must; both for cleaning up and for cooling off in hot weather. Most babies will play by the hour with a cold cloth when they are too warm.

ITEM III - PLAY. This idea was gleaned from one of the household magazines. Take a large paper sack, fill it with three or four favorite toys, lots of small items baby seldom gets to play with (measuring cups, spoons, wooden curtain rings, etc.), and mix in a few animal crackers. Give one toy at a time, changing them as interest in the current one lags. When the going gets really rough and nothing keeps baby from fussing, give the whole sack. It takes a long time to empty and inspect everything, especially when there is an occasional cooky to be eaten (crumbs). The first time we used this the playing time was Bakersfield to Glendale.

ITEM IV—MISCELLANEOUS. If you have a stroller that folds flat for carrying, it will help greatly when you are attending a race where you cannot drive close to the course. Saw an interesting gimmick at Torrey Pines; a fellow was carrying his small son on his back. Both seemed to be enjoying themselves greatly. I don't have any idea how he made his pack (Dear Sir: If you see this article would appreciate knowing how you did it.—M.M.) but it could be done easily by cutting holes in a standard woodsman's rucksack.

Should the exhaust noise frighten the baby, I'll tell you what I did at Golden Gate when Patrice got so upset I almost had to miss that very exciting finish to the over 1500 cc race. As cars came around the corner into the grandstand straight, I put my mouth right next to her ear and said "WOW"—fairly loudly—and held long enough for the car to pass us. It must have drowned out the

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Dora Hutchison, Woman's Editor

We can take comfort, girls, it's chic to drive a foreign car! Aline Mosbey, the UP columnist, wrote an article describing the cars the movie stars drive (Lana Turner "wears" a white Jaguar - 6 cyl., and Liz Taylor gave Michael Wilding one for his birthday).

A group of us have just formed the Women's Sports Car Enthusiasts Group, for the purpose of (to quote our constitution): "promoting women's interest in the sport and pastime of motoring in all its branches." This will include a course for navigators, another for race drivers, and training in lap-keeping, etc., so we can really help any club putting on a road race or gymkhana or rally. Plans are underway for a supervised racing (or gymkhana) practice course, with

ambulance and doctor present. Glenn Fancher's classes on mechanics are progressing very well. So far they have covered the action of the camshaft and drive shaft, and learned to tune carburetors; eventually they are going to take down and rebuild the racing engine, if they can hold off the race committee! (With rolling-pins.) I would have loved to have had more background than the tuning manual's pictures when I was trying to adjust my MG's twin carburetors in Central City, Nebraska!

At last I can speak with experience about sports car luggage on long trips! On the way to Elkhart, Polly and I packed our good clothes in two suitcases, which went on the luggage rack, under a canvas cover to match the tonneau, and didn't come off till we got there, as we also had two small suitcases, and our make-up kits behind the seats. On the way back from Central City, Nebraska, with my father-in-law (and luggage rackless new MG), we had room for two train cases, my make-up kit, oil, spares, coats, etc., all behind the seats. He carried a



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WHITWORTH WRENCHES

suit, change of shirts, etc., while I had a "good" outfit, and lots of driving clothes. If you've solved jig-saw puzzles, there's lots of room!

By the way, about make-up cases . . . there is a cute little plastic one made for children, with a mirror, and little shelves. that fits a glove compartment nicely.

CLUB NOTES

CLEVELAND, OHIO. We finally had our economy run, and the results, based on ton miles per gallon were as follows:

Boyd Keys Clem Baughman

- Jim Bordewich
 Jack Silver Dale Grove (tied)
 Gordon Noble

Carl Hasz Claire Duckham

Boyd Keys turned in an amazing 42 miles per gallon in an MG-TD.

Dale L. Grove

LONG BEACH, CALIF. Our September rally, organized by Bill Happ and Marion Brown, August winners, was held on Saturday evening, September 28. Using side roads almost exclusively, 23 cars travelled from Long Beach to Balboa. An excellent dinner was enjoyed at Christian's Hut. Winners were:

Garry Seely — A-40 Sports
 Bob Hall — Riley Saloon
 Grady King (guest) — MG TD
 Bob Anderson (guest) — MG TD

Trophies were awarded the first two places, third and fourth places receiving air cleaners donated by Brewster Gray, and an oil change through the courtesy of Sports Car Clinic. By far the best and biggest rally we have had to date; members and guests attending owe much to the fine job the rallymasters performed. Garry Seely

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HALLOWE'EN SCAVENGER RALLY

Bill Ferree – Glendale

Duane Alan is a man who believes in

signs.

Recently he slowed down his Morgan Plus 4 long enough . . . he hates to shift down . . . to read a sign on the side of a rubbish can. It read: "Help Keep Your City Clean."

Those few words did something to our civic minded Duane. His blood boiled with enthusiasm and determination. Wheels...spoked...began turning in his head.

"Our Boy" was fired up.

Thinking along the lines of a sports car owner...this, of course, is common practice for Duane...he hit on a rally. Not *just* a rally, but a clean up rally... a scavenger rally.

A quick check with the Health and Sanitation Department...Garbage Men...and a map was obtained of the "cluttered" areas that contained the most rusty beer cans, blades of grass,

HEY, YOU!

Fill your "monster" with soup!

i.v. engine "Supe," that is...



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six-inch rocks, foot-long hot dogs, a third gone . . . and match covers.

This was *just* what was needed. He made seven marks on his map...the kind of mark that he uses when he signs his name. These of course marked the "cluttered" areas.

"Our Boy" was now frothing at the mouth...he really had something.

A quick meeting of the board of directors...they are a good bunch of boys and like Duane...gave the OK for the Rally.

Duane was in his glory...couldn't sleep. He had hit his peak...if only he could hold out until he put his plan into operation.

Weeks of planning went by and things took shape. The rubbish situation was about to be solved.

On the morning of October 25, Duane was up early. He washed behind the bumpers of his Morgan and kissed his dog goodbye as he headed for the hills to mark the places where that horrible rubbish was located.

Night came and so did more than fifty car loads of faithful Fourcylinderites armed with flash lights, maps and real love and devotion for Duane.

Out into the darkness they went after Duane had given them his blessing and three hours to be back in. His heart was pumping as his excited blood surged through his veins.

"Our Boy" was really living.

Three hours later the clean-up crews began to come back and at this point it was nearly too much for Duane. As each "mobile janitor" turned in his findings, Duane caressed each object with affection and turned glassy eyes of admiration on his helpers.

Reports from the hospital say that Duane will be all right in time but the doctors are worrying because he saw another sign from the window of the ambulance and it read: "Please Curb Your Dog."

"Our Boy" wants to do something about the dogs that can't read.

WINNING SCAVENGERS: Bob Peterson, Hunter Hackney, Dick Gustafson, Mel Allen and Fred Koepke.



As a climax to the Scavenger Rally, the Glendale Branch held a combination Hallowe'en party and meeting on October 25. More than 100 members and their guests attended the event which was addressed by John Foster on his trip to England and visit to the Earls Court Auto Show. The members danced, played games and talked over old rallies. Decorations, refreshments, and organization were the work of Bunny Foster... Good show, Bunny!

POKER RALLY continued

the hardest... some I say. Not only were the cards hard to find, but several of the players sat unknowingly on the hidden cards to rest and perhaps to "have a bit of tea." Thereby fostering the idea the Rally was tough.

It read..."La Tuna Road under the bridge"... for the sixth spot and it might be a good idea if we all got together and went out there sometime and see if we didn't leave some of our lost four cylinder brothers behind at this "dealing" point. It was that bad.

The last "deal" was West Trail and Grandview Trail...sounds like the titles of two Western movies... and it saw a lot of tired and dusty card sharks after a search through thousands of discarded lunch sacks, milk cartons, razor blades and beer cans for the winning cards.

Hody's Drive-in in North Hollywood was the scene of the payoff by Gaynor Peet as he looked at everyone's hand and "paid-off" to the winners.

1	Evan McLean-MG-TDFull	House
2	Nelson Tyler—MG-TDFull	House
	Dave Allee-MG-TDThree of	
A	lack Mathews—Ford	pairs

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TAKE THE BABY continued

roar almost completely because after five or six cars had passed she caught on to the game and began to say "WOW," too. One bad feature—she continued saying "WOW" from then until we arrived at her Grandma's in Upper Lake that night at 9 o'clock!

The most important factor, I think, is attitude. Expect baby to be good and you'll probably get cooperation. Spoil 'em for the few days necessary and everybody will enjoy the trip. The worst that can come of it will be a day or two of fussiness when you get home. Don't misunderstand me on this "attitude" business. It was purely accidental on our part; we were too dumb (first baby) to know that babies could be anything but good on a trip! We were fortunate, too, in having a baby born with rock steady nerves (she slept through the motorcycle race at Torrey Pines while sitting less than two yards from the edge of the course) and a cast iron stomach (lived through the Toll House cookie session with no bad aftereffects).

I realize that all this may sound very naive to mothers of more than one child, but if it helps any other new mother to enjoy her baby and the car more, it will be worth the mental gymnastics I had to go through to get it written down.

ELKHART LAKE RALLY continued

was fascinating: rocky mountain ranges, with deserts in between, and names like Skull Rock Pass. In Ely, Nev., a pig was being barbecued in the middle of the main street, but we couldn't stop. Later, wanting a Coke, we saw road signs pointing to Crestwell Junction... when we got there, it was a junction, two highways met! Entering Bishop, high mountains on both sides, lakes, and green trees, made a pleasant change... the next day, when we got home, I realized I'd driven 6,000 miles in an MG, with no troubles, nor aching bones.

DARRIN continued

wheedle any more details out of Dutch. He said that the car has not yet been tested for top speed and acceleration; the one thing I did find out, after much hard work, was that, in spite of the apparently too-small radiator opening, the car runs cool in traffic, and he is working on a way to block this off (from the driver's seat) so the engine will not run too cold cruising at high speeds.

Looking at the car from the outside, after my eyes were used to the long, clean lines, and the absence of chrome, the first thing I noticed were the bumpers, molded into the body so cleverly that they seemed to be a part of it, and I had to touch them to make sure they were steel. Aside from looks, this will make parking easier; it will be impossible to snag another car, and leave a scratch along the side, or for another car to back into you and hook its bumper so that it takes four mechanics to get either of you free. Then I noticed the headlights, frenched in the best Barris

Kustom Kar tradition, and the wide, smooth rear deck, which, when Dutch opened the trunk lid, had all kinds of room inside, in spite of the spare sitting in its well in the floor.

Anyway, the Darrin is a very beautiful car; it is a true sports car (as apposed to wire-wheeled convertibles calling themselves so); and it is the first one in mass production in America to sell at a popular price. (I dug up the specifications on the Henry I from road tests, etc., in back issues of various motor magazines, but, when I asked Dutch if I could use them, he said: "Better not, it might look as if I've talked out of turn!") Judging by the Henry J, the Darrin should be a fast car, with plenty of acceleration, and good road-holding qualities, but with the soft ride, and interior comfort of a typical American sedan. It is a car that anyone should be very proud to own, and I'm sure that, even after they are in common use, passers-by will turn and stare when one goes by, and say: "Gee, that's smart! wish I had one."



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KEENAN WYNN

EDITORIAL continued

a four wheel drift and high RPM are necessary to make a left turn on Sunset Blvd. are sufficiently insane in their own right and don't need a magazine to tell them how to have fun at it.

We will maintain as a policy the happy illusion that no member of the FCCA wants to roll his car with the wife and four kiddies aboard and that Aunt Susie, who is navigating the latest rally, will not let him drive over 80 even if they are late at a check point. With that in mind we'll plug in the portable grinder and dedicate EXHAUST NOTES to the new breed of Sunday Driver and their hopped-up Hillman.

Let's keep our members alive and kicking and bring back some of the pride that comes with bragging, "I finished that last rally doing 5 MPH for the last two thousand feet and was only one second off at the end."

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