

Good Afternoon

Way back when in the mist of time, my friend Tom Whitefoot and I became aware of a sports car club in Whittier. At the time we both were high school students and Tom had a brand new 1952 MGTD.

As I recall we soon began to attend the monthly club meetings which were held in the community room of a department store in Whittier on Whittier Blvd. Shortly thereafter we became the youngest members of the club. We were treated very well by the other members.

Each month after the meeting had ended we made a coffee run to some restaurant in the area. The route to the restaurant was never directly to the location though. We had some good sports car roads to use before our coffee!

Anyway, we usually had some event during the month, such as a poker run, a rally, maybe a gymkhana and, of course, the monthly sports car races. Through the club, Tom and I got connected with the SCCA and the Cal Club where we became flaggers at the races from San Diego to Pebble Beach.

We had some interesting cars in the club; a very nice red MGTC bought new by the owners, well driven and cared for, and kept in the garage even after the owner could no longer drive it. A couple of TR2s, some Austin Healeys, Porsches (mostly coupes), a Porsche Spider equipped to run on the street, Jaguars, and some others that I can't remember. I went from an old Standard to a 1951 MGTD, then to a 1955 Volkswagen, and finally to a new 1957 Porsche Speedster equipped with coupe seats direct from the factory. After a few years I became rally chairman. I planned each monthly event, culminating with the annual run to Death Valley. Always a fun run.

In the latter part of 1958 my friends and neighbors selected me to become a member of the U.S. Army. That finished off my connection with the club. I may have some "stuff" from the club in a box with all my old Road and Track Magazines. If I can find anything club related, I'll let you know.

I hope you find this interesting. If you have any questions, please let me know. I am now 74 years along so memory is faded a bit. I have said for a long time now, that if I could relive a decade it would be the 1950s.

Good luck with your endeavors in your project.

Ken Stutzman
9-22-2010

And, then a couple of days later, Ken wrote a bit more...

A few more things about the Whittier Club. We averaged a membership of approximately 30 to maybe 40, mostly couples. Because most were quite a bit older than me, I suspect a lot of them are gone now. Time marches on! Generally, we would have a guest speaker such as Ak Miller who would regale us with stories of his experiences in the Mexican Road Races. A member of the club, Fred Woodward, owned the Whittier Volkswagen agency and raced a big bore, one-of-a-kind, sports car special. Another member Pete (Pierce) Woods had a C Jag and raced frequently. He finally sold the C and bought a D Jag.

During one of the six hour races at Torrey Pines (1956 I believe) while Pete still had the C Jag, he was leading the race and as he came to the corner where I was a turn marshal, he came to a stop by me and asked if I'd get him a coke, then off he went. I ran over to the nearest refreshment stand, bought a coke and on the next pass by Pete stopped again. I handed him his coke and off he went again. By the way, he won the race!

In 1957, about eight cars of us decided to attend the Calgary, Canada Stampede. Tom and I were to meet the rest of the group in Salt Lake City. We left Temple City late afternoon and arrived in SLC mid-afternoon the next day after driving all night. We all stayed together that night and the next day Tom and I split with the group because we wanted to go through Yellowstone NP and they wanted to go another route. We were to meet them later in Glacier NP.

Anyway, as we were driving through Yellowstone with the top down on the Speedster, we rounded a corner and found traffic stopped both directions, due to grizzly bears! Well one very big bruin came by the car and, as he did so, he sat on his butt and scratched himself. Fortunately, we didn't have any food in the car. We continued on to Glacier and met up with the gang again. As we proceeded northward we drove over the Going to the Sun Hwy, a very good sports car road which we put to very good use.

We enjoyed ourselves in Calgary, surprising people with our cars and had a lot of discussions about them. On the way home Tom and I split again with the rest and drove over to the coast then down all the way back home. A fun trip with no problems with the Porsche.



I think I've thought about everything, maybe, but if I think of any more I'll let you know.

Ken Stutzman
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