

# **FIRST FCCA NEWSLETTER, JULY 1951**

# EXHAUST

## NOTES

### THE FOUR CYLINDER CLUB OF AMERICA.

JULY 1951.

ISSUE 1. Vol. 1.

201 S. GLENDALE AVE.  
GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA.

STOP PRESS  
JULY PARTY

Sunday July 22nd. dawned clear and bright and 44 competing cars turned out for Johnny Orlando's "Brain Buster" run. Johnny, as you may know, is something of a mental giant, hence those that know him well volunteered as checkers..... Cars were checked out from the Glendale H.Q. by Johnny at one minute intervals, a very intricate set of instructions and panels of figures hot from Johnny's slide rule were thrust into the already shaking hand of the navigators and the run was on.

If you forgot the figures and just drove like the wind the run was a splendid scenic drive thru Little Tujunga

Canyon, Soledad Canyon, Mint Canyon, Grimes Canyon, Simi Valley, Santa Susanna Pass, Chatsworth south to Mullholland Drive and Coldwater Canyon, ending up at Coldwater Canyon Park, Beverly Hills.

#### RESULTS

		<u>ERROR</u> (minutes)
1. R.R. Watkins	Austin	16.00
2. A.D. Ruby	Austin	16.10
3. H.W. Frank	MG TD	19.20
4. Curt Parker	Austin	20.00
5. John Hawkins	Minx	21.10
6. G. Lockwood	MG TD	22.30
7. Ollie Hyde	MG TD	24.30
8. B. Mahannah	MG TD	25.00
9. Phil Curry	Minx	28.00
10. Grant Corby	MG TD	31.20

Forty out of forty-four cars finished the run.

## INTERESTING 4 CYLINDER POWER UNITS

NO 1. 4½ LITRE BENTLEY 1927-1931

This engine and chassis were offered to the public at Olympia in 1927 as a new model for 1928. Bentley won the LeMans in 1928 in a 4½ litre at an average speed of 69.1 mph., finished 2,3, & 4 in 1929 in the 4½'s and first in a 6 litre. The engine was beautifully machine turned, with all control joints designed with mechanical precision enabling perfect motion in each desired direction and with negligible wear. This engine—the third introduced by W.O. Bentley and a development of the 5 litre model was a four cylinder cast block with non-detachable head, bore 100 mm. and stroke 140 mm., there were four valves to each cylinder placed in the head and operated by a single overhead camshaft and rockers running in oil. The camshaft was driven by a vertical shaft at the front of the engine by means of a pair of bevel gears top and bottom. This vertical shaft also drove the two 4 cylinder magnetos by means of the cross-shaft, there being two plugs to each cylinder, a set on each side of the engine. Also lighter springs and valves reduced the hammering effect and the load on the camshaft. To substantiate these claims the Company guaranteed 15,000 miles between valve grinds in normal use. Both camshaft and crankshaft ran in 5 large plain bearings and pistons were aluminium type. Carburettors were of course two S.U. instruments.

In 1930 a development of the standard 4½ litre engine was offered, incorporating a Villiers Mark IV supercharger driven from the front of the crankshaft and mounted between the dumbirons. The blower operating at a pressure of about 8 lb.psi. (1951 engine 10 lbs.). The standard unblown cars would do 85-90 mph. fully loaded, the standard supercharged model 100 mph., while the LeMans cars which had special cranks, valves, enlarged ports, etc. would attain over 130 mph.

Needless to say if you hear of one...., do not hesitate!!!!

D.B.A.

### Coming Events.

Sports Car Racing, Carroll Speedway, Sports Car Club of S. Calif. Sat eve July 28th/51. Mobilgas Economy Run of F.C.C.A. Sunday August 26th/51, Club will meet usual place on Wed 18th at 7.30pm. Guest speaker will be Mr Ralph DePalma with his movies.

That is all for this month folks, DRIVE CAREFULLY and we'll see you all next month.

## RANDOM SIGHTS ON THE JULY RUN.

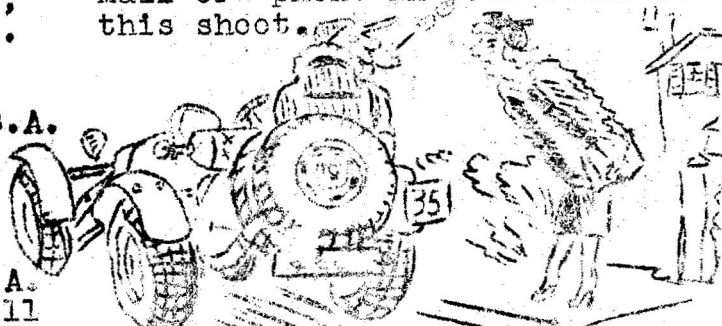
Pilots banked left at the wrong turn and were headed for Ventura before the bell rung... Moral, never play Follow The Leader. Geo Koteles was seen hi-tailing thru one of the canyons in his MG, arms akimbo, folding a ginormous map at high speed while checking his watch and blowing his nose... Proving a navigator is a mighty important piece of equipment. The Chuck Smiths (5 times winners in an Austin) were seen ambling around in their beautiful new Sunbeam - Talbot and for a change enjoying the scenery. We all hope the kids have as much fun & success as with their staunch A40. Ralph Davies, the ever faithful checker was found once again high up in the mountains sat 'neath a Telephone Co's umbrella conoling with nature. We all owe Ralph a big vote of thanks for his wonderful co-op'n thru this whole year. John Foster looking very tanned, at the Mulholland check point became director of traffic & lost persons, Real Estate advisor and 1 lady motorist was all set to buy anything he had to sell... Bit of a panic to see Mrs Oregon frantically waving a red flag at the #5 check, the 3's did a swell job. Johnny's run gave us the choice of fast or very fast, 10 timed sections, with 6 unknown checks....

The Annual Scotsman's Leg Race, sponsored by the Mobilgas Co has as yet only 18 entrants, mostly MG's, as there are only 40 cars allowed to compete we issue loud cries for more Hillman and Austin entries.

All other FCCA clubs are asked to send in their results & news for publication in these columns.

120 people turned up to our July meeting, a larger hall with swell facilities has been procured. Watch for change of time & day for future meetings. We are very grateful to Louise Montrose for providing us with wizard cookies at our last meeting, thanks Louise.

Mail or 'phono in your items for this shoot.



Just what kind of a Drive  
is the Country Drive for Me!

# **LAST FCCA NEWSLETTER, DECEMBER 1999**

*Glendale Four Cylinder Club of America*  
**CHRISTMAS PARTY**  
*(and Last Hurrah!)*

**Sunday**  
**December 12**  
**1999**



**Time:** Cocktails: 6 p.m.  
Dinner: 7 p.m.

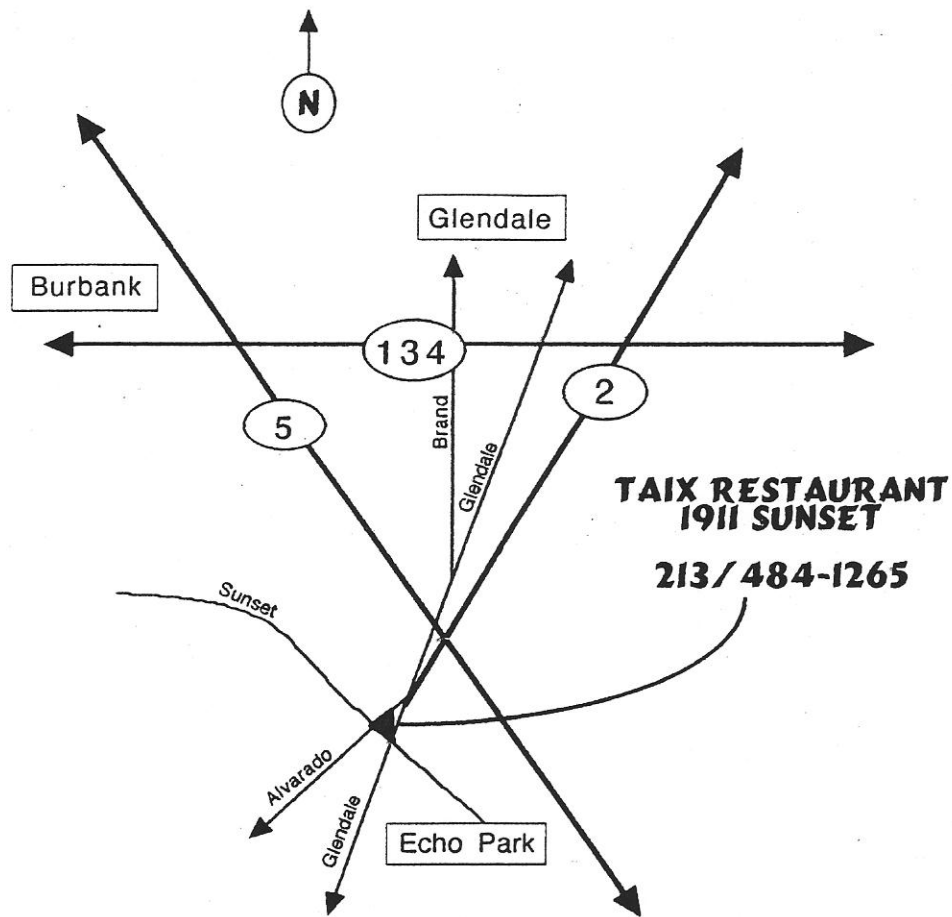
**Place:** Taix Restaurant  
1911 Sunset Blvd.  
Los Angeles  
(323) 484-1265

**Cost:** Free! (or small amount, depending on depth  
of club treasury pockets)

**Menu:** Relish tray, salad, soup du jour, choice of entree  
(Pot Roast of Beef or Chicken Marsala), dessert, and  
beverage

**Gift Exchange:** Each person please bring a gift in the  
\$10 range. Also, please be prepared to tell a joke and to  
reminisce about your fond memories of GFCCA past events.

**FOR RESERVATIONS** call the Carnachans (818) 244-9132  
with your choice of either beef or chicken by December 9.  
Since this is our last club event, we sincerely hope to see all  
of you there.



## FAREWELL BUT NOT GOODBYE

As we close the books on the final chapter of the Glendale Four Cylinder Club of America, each of us has fond memories of happy times together, enjoying our cars. Gina Morey sends her love to us all and wishes she could be present at our last official meeting. She recently broke a tibia bone in her ankle but is out of the cast and walking again. Gina for many, many years has been the heart of GFCCA, and we thank her for her efforts and send her our love. Although all good things must eventually come to an end (and the time had come for GFCCA), let's still get together as long-time friends from time to time. Until then, **HAPPY MOTORING!**

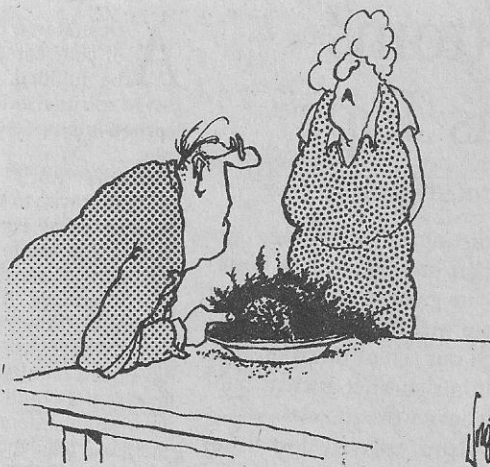
Charlene and Bruce Carnachan

### MISCELLANEOUS STUFF...

*Belated happy anniversary greetings to Chuck & Marian Lilly in the month of October...  
And Happy Birthday!! to Ralph Ullum and Jim Valentine, and Happy Anniversary to Jim & Doreen Boyles and to Is and Tachi Shimoyama in the month of November.  
For December, Happy Birthday! to Charlene Carnachan, and Happy Anniversary!! to Ted & Dar Heil..*

*Happy holidays to everyone, all the best for Y2K!!*

**HERMAN** By Jim Unger



8-21

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**"It's baked turkey. The feathers turned black."**

*Well, I guess this is the very last issue of the Exhaust Notes.....  
We've enjoyed the camaraderie of all you good folks all these many years.....in spite of this breakup, we hope to stay in touch ....get together for an occasional lunch at the winery and all that good stuff, huh??  
Many, many thanks to Charlene for getting this last party together, calling everybody, making the arrangements, writing up most of this paper...  
I'm including a last membership list with all the e-mail addresses included ....  
And we'll see you at the party!!*

**GLENDALDE CHAPTER FCCA MEMBERSHIP LIST -- DECEMBER 1999**

*BIEDERMAN, Fred & Dorothy*

*PIERCE, Frank*

*BOYLES, Jim & Doreen*

*POLLOCK, Wendell*

*CARNACHAN, Bruce & Charlene*

*RHODES, Bette*

*DAUGHERTY, Bill & Marge*

*SHIMOYAMA, Isao & Tachi*

*HEIL, Ted & Dar*

*TITUS, Gloria*

*LILLY, DDS, Charles & Marian*

*ULLUM, Ralph & Marty*

*LOWE, Michele*

*VALENTINE, Jim & Eve*

*LOWE, Sherm*

*Lifetime member*

*FOSTER, John & Bunny*

*MAGARIS, Paul & Yvonne*

*MOREY, Gina*



## NAVIGATOR WANTED

by Anonymous Mamma (March 1953 GFCCA Exhaust Notes)

## NAVIGATOR WANTED

By Anonymous Mamma

*our mamma  
Shells*

It all started the day we drove by a light car sales room in Hollywood, and Papa decided, with the gentle persuasion of one John Foster, that he *would* have an Austin. Gone were those pleasant Sunday afternoons when we would drive around Griffith Park in our Ford and I would sit back and do a few rows of knitting and we would stop and admire the view. Happy far-off days . . .

I can remember the day he came home with the news that John and Glen had opened a place on Glendale Avenue selling cars, and they thought it would be a good idea to have rallies on Sundays.

"What's that?" I asked innocently.

"Well, we all meet and go some place for a picnic. All those folks who have Austins and such."

It sounded like a nice idea. I visualized a few of us having a nice spot of tea in some picnic place and then some pleasant chatter and bit of knitting whilst the men talked cars. Dreamer.

It started innocently enough by all going in convoy up to Crystal Lake but then the boom was lowered and the next time . . . I took a deep breath when I heard the news.

"We are going to some place and have to keep to a speed average. So you watch the speedometer and tell me how many miles per hour I am doing and if I go too fast, work out how slow I am to go, to make up for it later."

It all sounded easy, but I was quite bossed by the time we reached Bouquet Canyon. I got no knitting done nor did we stop and admire any views. At the end of the rally we were at the bottom of the list, and much was the disgust I incurred.

I had my troubles . . . "Turn south at the next intersection," said the paper. I twisted my head to find south. The sun? Oh right overhead of course. How does one figure out the south when the sun is overhead? Well of course (*says my Grand Old Man scornfully*) the sun is never overhead in California." By this time we have sailed right past the intersection. So back we go and there and then I get my lecture how to find out which is north and south (*I still can't tell east from west unless the sun is rising or setting*).

But I have learned to tell right from left without resorting to imaginary writing. However, the day he pushed a slide rule in my hand was the day I almost gave him arsenic in his coffee, and the last blow was the day he presented me with the calli something or other. I never have got its name right. You twist the wheel of this cardboard thing and it tells you the speed you are supposed to be doing. I gaped at the darn thing and almost crowned him with it.

"Now, (*says he quite optimistically*) we shall win a cup."

Brother, I thought, if we win a cup I shall have it gold lined!

We set off one fine Sunday with this calli something or another in one hand, the pencil and pad in the other hand, compass in the glove compartment, map on my knee, papers from the starter in my teeth.

"Which way?" hisses he dashing out into the road. "Follow that MG" hisses I back and away we go. And the fun starts.

I look at the gadgets we have arrayed beside me to win a cup. I vow I shall *buy* him a cup for his next birthday. All this and rallies too is not worth it. But the map, pad and calli something or another slips to the floor, the papers I sort (*hoping the MG in front won't go too fast*) and away we go. Off for another day of fun and games! So far we have had three divorces, umpteen murders and the usual Sunday rally fight.

My better half solved the navigator problem of following the car in front instead of taking my advice, so we ended up by trailing a Hillman into a private driveway. They were probably calling on Aunt Hilda for tea or something. So were a lot of the Glendale club! There are others who look a lot brighter than I do with their calli something or others, but it makes me think when they follow *us*. I thought they all were such a brainy lot!

Now I am home from today's rally. Oh yes, the G.O.M. and I *are* speaking again. I have lost him and the car so often today that I could lead a rally on places where *you* would get lost. Some of the places were nicer than the route they gave us. We went through turkey farms and

orange groves, which were good to drive into but not at all easy to get out of.

I have vowed again the same vow I have been vowing since I went on the first rally . . . that today's was my last! So the position of navigator is open. I think that in the future, I shall drive my own car. I will also need a navigator. It's simpler to drive. All you have to do is bawl out your navigator and keep your foot on the gas pedal.

Wonder when the next rally is and where. On second thought maybe I should go with the G.O.M. and see that he does not get lost!

## FLASHBACKS FROM THE PAST

Sunday, August 6, 1950. "The first Four Cylinder Club Rally went to Crystal Lake. No competition was held. It was just a trial run, but it was a beautiful day and about 15 cars turned out. On September 10 the first timed competitive run to Bouquet Canyon was held."

March 1953 - *Exhaust Notes* of the National Four Cylinder Car Club of America, President John Foster's column: "We are always very happy to hear from members now serving in the armed forces....The Santa Anita, Santa Monica and San Fernando Valley Chapters are producing their own monthly news-sheet with the real personal touch containing all their results and local news. What a good idea it would be if each chapter could follow their example. (*Glendale did, and this is the last issue some 46 years later*) John continues, "As the club continues to grow, more and more volunteer help is needed in every branch and we earnestly request that all new members joining who wish to have a hand in the building of this organization, make themselves known to their local officers....The success of the FCCA, the amount of pleasure and benefits we can enjoy, is in our hands. If each one of us can devote a little time or energy, constructive criticism or ideas, the club will grow from success to success and every last one of us will be assured of Happy Motoring." *John, for many years Glendale FCCA did just that and enjoyed the pleasures that came from being with friends who shared the enjoyment of driving the open road and participating in entertaining tours and rallies.*

April 1953 - Glendale FCCA Rally, "The Goat and the Gazelle." Call for reservations (\$1.50 each) for Italian dinner after rally.

Excerpts from *GFCCA Exhaust Notes* dated June 1961:

"How many remember when the Walsmith's TC broke an axle on the Annual Spring Rallye of 1956 and they hitched a ride with a generous fellow in a modified Jaguar who turned out to be race driver Ignacio Lozano." "Serving his second term as Director, we find that likable fellow Dusty Rhodes. Dusty and wife Bette first learned of our club through Pappy Maltbie and joined in 1957. The Rhodes formerly owned a VW and now are to be found in a Karmen Gia." "The 9th Annual Las Vegas Economy Run to Las Vegas was held in May with 100 entries and was a rousing success. Chet Peterson was the Rallymaster, and Gene Martin was president that year. Gina Morey's job as Secretary was too heavy for one person (with our huge membership), so Charlene Carnachan served as Recording Secretary. Directors were Dusty Rhodes, Bruce Carnachan, John Murdoch, Bill Morey, Rod Stoik, and Jim Boyles. The June event was a 3-1/2 hour navigational rally guaranteed not to cause stress or strain, with a picnic at the end in the Lake Elizabeth/Hughes Canyon area.

*Those were the good, old days!*

# VALENTINE MUSINGS

AS WE WIND DOWN OUR CENTURY  
AND OUR CLUB

LET IT BE KNOWN THAT  
WE OF THE GLENDALE CHAPTER F.C.C.A.  
STILL HAVE OUR HUMOR.  
SMILE AS WE RECALL CLUB FUN-TIME PAST...  
WE'VE HAD GLORIOUS TIMES TOGETHER.  
'TILL WE MEET AGAIN... KEEP SMILING!

At these Fahrenheit temperatures:

- +65 - Hawaiians declare a two-blanket night. +60 - Californians put on sweaters (if they can find one). +50 - Miami residents turn on the heat.
- +45 - Vermont residents go to outdoor concerts. +40 - You can see your breath. Californians shiver uncontrollably. Minnesotans go swimming
- +35 - Italian cars don't start.
- +32 - Water freezes.
- +30 - You plan your vacation to Australia. +25 - Ohio water freezes. Californians weep. Minnesotans eat ice cream. Canadians go swimming
- +20 - Politicians begin to talk about the homeless. New York City water freezes. Miami residents plan vacation farther South. +15 - French cars don't start. Cat insists on sleeping in your bed with you.
- +10 - You need jumper cables to get the car going. +5 - American cars don't start.
- 0 - Alaskans put on T-shirts.
- 10 - German cars don't start. Eyes freeze shut when you blink. -15 - You can cut your breath and use it to build an igloo. Arkansans stick tongue on metal objects. Miami residents cease to exist
- 20 - Cat insists on sleeping in pajamas with you. Politicians actually do something about the homeless. Minnesotans shovel snow off roof. Japanese cars don't start.
- 25 - Too cold to think. You need jumper cables to get the driver going. -30 - You plan a two week hot bath. Swedish cars don't start. -40 - Californians disappear. Minnesotans button top button. Canadians put on sweaters. Your car helps you plan your trip South.
- 50 - Congressional hot air freezes. Alaskans close the bathroom window.
- 80 - Hell freezes over. Polar bears move South. Green Bay Packer fans order hot cocoa at the game.
- 90 - Lawyers put their hands in their own pockets.

IT'S NOT OVER YET .....

## FOR 'FATHER TIME'

An elderly man lay dying in his bed.

In death's agony, he suddenly smelled the aroma of his favorite chocolate chip cookies wafting up the stairs. He gathered his remaining strength, and lifted himself from the bed.

Leaning against the wall, he slowly made his way out of the bedroom, and with even greater effort forced himself down the stairs, gripping the railing with both hands, he crawled downstairs.

With labored breath, he leaned against the door-frame, gazing into the kitchen. Were it not for death's agony, he would have thought himself already

in heaven: there, spread out upon waxed paper on the kitchen table were literally hundreds of his favorite chocolate chip cookies. Was it heaven? Or was it one final act of heroic love from his devoted wife, seeing to it that he left this world a happy man? Mustering one great final effort, he threw himself toward the table, landing

on his knees in a rumped posture. His parched lips parted: the wondrous taste of the cookie was already in his mouth, seemingly bringing him back to life.

The aged and withered hand trembled on its way to a cookie at the edge of the table, when it was suddenly smacked right out of his hand with a spatula by his wife.

"Stay out of those," she said, "they're for the funeral."

## AND ONE FOR THE GIRLS

Aging Mildred was a 93 year-old woman who was particularly despondent over the recent death of her husband Earl. She decided that she would just kill herself and join him in death. Thinking that it would be best to get it over with quickly, she took out Earl's old Army pistol and made the decision to shoot herself in the heart since it was so badly broken in the first place

Not wanting to miss the vital organ and become a vegetable and a burden to someone, she called her doctor's office to inquire as to just exactly where the heart would be. "On a woman", the doctor said, "your heart would be just below your left breast."

Later that night, Mildred was admitted to the hospital with a gunshot wound

to her knee.

## AND ONE FOR THE BOYS

Most of us understand that our self worth and feelings of achievement change as we go through life. While everyone has different aspirations, it appears we all have some common benchmarks for what success is. Really it all depends on your age.

Consider the following:

At age 4, success is not peeing your pants At age 16, success is "gettin' a little" At age 25, success is graduation and a wedding At age 35, success is about career and family At age 55, success is about graduations and weddings At age 65, success is "gettin' a little" At age 90, success is not peeing your pants!



# AND ONE FOR ALL

The following quotes were taken from actual medical records as dictated by physicians...

1. Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year
2. On the 2nd day the knee was better and on the 3rd day it disappeared completely.
3. She has had no rigors or shaking chills, but her husband states she was very hot in bed last night.
4. The patient has been depressed ever since she began seeing me in 1993.
5. The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed.
6. Discharge status: Alive but without permission.
7. Healthy appearing decrepit 69 year-old male, mentally alert but forgetful.
8. The patient refused an autopsy.
9. The patient has no past history of suicides.
10. Patient has left his white blood cells at another hospital.
11. Patient's past medical history has been remarkably insignificant with only a 40 pound weight gain in the past three days.
12. Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch.
13. Between you and me, we ought to be able to get this lady pregnant.
14. Since she can't get pregnant with her husband, I thought you might like to work her up.
15. She is numb from her toes down.
16. While in the ER, she was examined, X-rated and sent home.
17. The skin was moist and dry.
18. Occasional, constant, infrequent headaches.
19. Patient was alert and unresponsive.
20. Rectal exam revealed a normal size thyroid.
21. She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life, until she got a divorce.
22. I saw your patient today, who is still under our car for physical therapy.
23. Both breasts are equal and reactive to light and accommodation.
24. Exam of genitalia reveals that he is circus sized.
25. The lab test indicated abnormal lover function.
26. The patient was to have a bowel resection. However, he took a job as a stockbroker instead.
27. Skin: Somewhat pale but present.
28. The pelvic examination will be done later on the floor.
29. Patient was seen in consultation by Dr. Blank, who felt we should sit on the abdomen and I agree.
30. Large brown stool ambulating in the hall.
31. Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

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Dr. Donald B. Saunders  
Professor of History  
Appalachian State University

# AND ONE FOR THE ROAD

The local bar was so sure that its bartender was the strongest man around that they offered a standing \$1000 bet. The bartender would squeeze a lemon until all the juice ran into a glass, and hand the lemon to a patron. Anyone who could squeeze one more drop of juice out would win the money. Many people had tried over time (weight lifters, longshoremen, etc.) but nobody could do it. One day a scrawny little man came in, wearing thick glasses and a polyester suit, and said in a tiny, squeaky voice, "I'd like to try the bet." After the laughter had died down, the bartender said OK, grabbed a lemon, and squeezed away. He then handed the wrinkled remains of the rind to the little man. But the crowd's laughter turned to total silence as the man clenched his fist around the lemon and six drops fell into the glass. As the crowd cheered, the bartender paid the \$1000, and asked the little man, "what do you do for a living? Are you a lumberjack, a weight lifter, or what?" The man replied, "I work for the IRS."

AND YOU CAN USUALLY FIND ME  
IN MY COMPUTER LIBRARY



TO YOUR HEALTH.... CHEERS....

*Jimmy* (THE DRIVER) & *Eve* (THE NAVIGATOR) *Valentine*