



PORSCHE
OWNERS
CLUB

NEWS -
LETTER

EDITOR -
JEFF COOPER

DECEMBER 1955

VOL. I NO. VI

NEXT MEETING: 8:00 P.M., Dec. 19, 1955 at Campo de Cahuenga
3919 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood

NEXT EVENT: Palm Springs Rally, Dec. 3. First car leaves
San Juan Capistrano Mission at 8 A.M.

TROPHIES FOR MERAGE LAKE TIME TRIALS DONATED BY:

JOHN VON NEUMANN
COMPETITION MOTORS
1219 VINE ST.
LOS ANGELES

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE:

Mary Thielmann, John Moody, Guy Van Alstyne, and art
work by George Gosche

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL THE GANG!
And may each find a Carrera in his stocking!

WHERE DID EVERYBODY GO?

We have to announce some changes in your Board of
Directors. George Gosche and Jeff Cooper are both being forced
by impending changes of residence to resign their positions --
George as Chairman, Jeff as activities chairman and editor of
the scandal sheet.

Funny how we started out with such a bunch of centrifugal
directors. Tom Gibbons to Honolulu, George Gosche to San Francisco,
and Jeff Cooper to Big Bear Lake. Chris McDonnell, our able
"chief counsel" has not moved but found his practice was getting
so "hairy" that he just couldn't make the directors' meetings,
so we've lost him, too, as a director, though he generously
remains available for legal advice.

Fred Bogler is now the Chairman (as well as Treasurer!)
and has been such a sparkplug of the club up to now that it's
obvious that we will continue in fine style under his administration.

Gordon Sheldon has taken over management of this paper, as of the January issue. Herm Stein was appointed a new Director. And Larry Williams has indicated his willingness to tackle the job of Activities Chairman. Congratulations and best wishes!

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Pete Lovely sold his little #124 doll to Terry Hall, the well known S L pilot (results of Terry's first outing in it at Palm Springs in the next issue). We suspect Pete will show up next in a 550.

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Motoracing, the new West Coast weekly, suggests a match race for our better pilots in a 1500 cc modified go. We do not agree. The match is a wonderful idea, but the mounts should be identical and drawn by lot. Say Phil Hill, Ken Miles, Jean Kunstle, and Pete Lovely in matched TR-3s. (We first thought of matched M G "A"s but Ken might be suspected of an edge in experience with his own marque. We could throw in Bill Pollack, the McAfees, and Cy Yedor to fill out the bill -- and that, amigos, would be a contest!

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We have been simultaneously amused and irritated by all this Chevrolet bruhaha about their Pike's Peak "record". Firstly, a record, in order to count, must be absolutely open. Any secrecy kills it outright. Sure, unbiased officials may measure the achievement, but unless competition is present and putting out similar efforts, what does the achievement count? Second, what record are we talking about -- the record for stock Chevrolets? Certainly the 17-odd minute figure is well below the 15s in which the mountain is regularly climbed every year. A match between stock, tuned, '56 Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths -- 3 cars of each marque -- up the mountain would be quite interesting. But this other is pretty silly.

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Enzo Ferrari has now suggested that all cars finishing a major race be put up for public sale, at a price not exceeding 4 times the "normal" for production cars of that displacement. Interesting!

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Coming back from the Mirage Lake event, we led Guy Van Alstyne up the "back road" to Big Bear. We caught a turquoise Thunderbird, who put up a short but angry battle. Upon arrival at Snow Summit, Guy remarked in injured tones, "After you broke his spirit, he wouldn't even play with me!"

PORSCHE AT GLENDALE

When Margot Fonteyn was asked if she didn't get bored being acclaimed the world's greatest dancer, she replied, "Certainly not. I love it!"

Likewise, the continuing massacre of 1500 cc competition by Porsche is not boring to us. We love it!

The Glendale go, run by the SCCA on the old Grand Central Airport runways, gave us the first five places in production and the first six in modified cars (counting Pete Lovely's Porsche-Cooper as a Porsche, which we do).

There are clouds on the horizon in the shape of the d.o.h.c. MG "A", the E.M.W.s of communist Germany, and the 1956 OSCA and Maserati, but as of now the weather's fine, isn't it?

The Glendale circuit may not have been the fastest in the country -- there are many who claim it was incorrectly measured -- but it was a delight to run in a Porsche. First, we had two straights where the production cars could get into high gear, and second, the turns were bumpy enough to demonstrate the virtues of independent rear suspension in fine style. There was one maximum brake point per lap, instead of several, which permitted full use of retardation virtues without any danger of damage to running gear.

Threatening weather and an almost total lack of publicity kept the crown down to a mere handful, but this was too bad -- it was a fine show.

The first race was production 1500. Against 6 Speedsters and one Super Coupe were 3 or 4 "Model As", a bunch of TFs of both sizes, Walt Garlick (P.O.C.#100) in his lonesome 1300 Coupe, and a lot of TDs and TCs running for the "G" cup.

Bill Marsh, in the Coupe, had the pole, and got away to a fine start, pushed hard by Dale Johnson. On the first pass Johnson and Marsh were very close. Behind them, except for Jim Parkinson in a "Model A", the Porsches had swarmed all over the rest of the field. Walsh, Wheeler, Friedauer, Dettman and Cooper had all sorted themselves out. Three white, two red, one yellow and one gray Porsches had pretty well disposed of the "threat" of the MG "A". Jim Parkinson did a splendid job of driving and so did Robbie Robinson, but a pushrod engine and a live axle are economy measures which just won't measure up.

Jeff Cooper, after a bad start, got on it about the third lap with what turned out to be the best car in the race. Prepared by Ferdi Hannig, it was a little faster than the others and gripped like glue on the turns. Jeff took all the field except Dale Johnson without a struggle and closed on the leader until it came time to pass. Experience tells and he couldn't get past the leader. After four laps he quit trying and the race settled down to a Porsche Parade. They finished like this:

1st	Dale Johnson	SS
2nd	Jeff Cooper	SS
3rd	Bill Marsh	Super Coupe
4th	Howard Wheeler	SS
5th	Ed Walsh	SS

PORSCHE AT GLENDALE (cont.)

The fourth race didn't promise a lot, what with Ken sulking in his tent, but turned out to be something of a contest due to the speed of the course, which gave the 550s the beginning of a chance to show their upper register. The Cooper, while brilliant on our usual spaghetti-type circuit, had to spot the less specialized Porsche about 5 m/h on the back straight.

At the start Bill Thomas got the lead in his new red-and-white 550. Johnnie von Neumann was not far behind and Pete Lovely was charging up through the pack in his usual fashion. After a bit of circulation Bill got fouled up on turn 3 and Johnnie went up front, with Pete hounding him at about one length.

It seemed to us that Pete was just being kittenish at this point, but he disclaims it. We felt, having seen this situation before, that Pete could take over whenever he wished, but the long straights made this not quite so.

While this twosome was leading the field, Jack McAfee came sneaking up from behind in John Edgar's 550. Pete apparently felt himself boxed in, as he took a firm grip on his mount and shot into the lead.

Now the leaders had been lapping the field for sometime as the speed differential in 1500 modified races is huge, and as Pete was building up his lead he misjudged the drift line of a slower car in front of him and rammed it. This bent the Cooper's garfish snout just enough to require a pit stop for inspection, and this let Johnnie and Jack by into a 30 second lead. 30 seconds is $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way around the course -- quite a lead to give two senior drivers in cars faster than your own, but Pete set out in pursuit as if, like the bumble bee, he didn't know he couldn't fly.

It now appeared to us that he had been toying around earlier. Johnnie was not loafing as McAfee was right behind him, but Pete closed, passed and drove away to win with laps to spare. Some driver! Let's take up the chant, "Kunstle and Lovely for Sebring!" Maybe somebody will hear us.

The results:

1st	Pete Lovely	Porsche-Cooper
2nd	Johnnie von Neumann	Porsche 550
3rd	Jack McAfee	Porsche 550
4th	Bill Thomas	Porsche 550
5th	John Porter	Porsche 550
6th	Troy McHenry	Porsche 550

We read in the paper that some Glendale citizens complained so fiercely about the noise that the City Council voted against further use of this excellent circuit. About the noise, yet! There must be people to whom the trumpet call of a high performance engine is actually offensive! It takes all kinds, to coin a phrase.

Here follows Jeff Cooper's account of his own race:

ONE MAN'S RACE

On this one I decided to prepare the car to the limit, rather than run in touring trim as before. So Ferdi removed bumpers and windshield, substituting a homemade racing screen filched from Ray Brown's Dodge-powered Jag, and fitted a four-barreled straight-pipe assembly which sounded positively Wagnerian. We also dropped the rear torsion bars to hold the rear wheels perfectly vertical when unloaded, fitted Pirelli "Corsa" tires, and advanced the spark to $7\frac{1}{2}$ before t.d.c. Thus armed, we rode forth to battle.

There was ample time allowed for practice so we could determine a few things about the corners. I found out right away that the car was running beautifully and that all I needed to worry about was driving. (At the drag strip on the preceding Sunday I had been a bit depressed when nothing I could do would break 77 m/h through the trap, but the little bus seemed to get its spirit back in the intervening week as it was apparently a hair faster than Dale Johnson's car in practice.) One thing I remember was a delightful dice with the Type 35 B Bugatti. The Bug was the handling marvel of its day, and began a new era in motoring, but don't let any vintage enthusiast out-talk you -- a Porsche will out-corner a Bug every time. I wasn't as fast on the straight, so I had several changes to prove my point.

After practice, Dale reported that Ed Walsh, Chief Steward from Elkhart Lake, had been going very well in #71 white SS, while Jay Dettman, in his red Continental Speedster, noted that he could not edge Parkinson's white MGA on the straights. For my part, I was satisfied that neither Friedauer's yellow SS nor Marsh's gray coupe could catch me, providing they had been trying when I passed them.

So we found ourselves on the starting grid 11 A.M. Sunday morning, with that "what-are-we-waiting-for?" feeling which hides a certain nervousness. I was in the fourth row, directly behind Walsh in the second. Marsh, in the coupe, was on the pole, and Parkinson, the M G threat, was also in the front row. However, Dale Johnson, the favorite, was one row behind me, and back of him a great sprightliness of M Gs.

Now, here a curious thing happened. Walsh was not prepared for Al Torres' "sudden death" type starting flag, as in other parts of the realm the starter swings three times over his head before he drops the flag. Ed may not even have been in gear when everybody else started down the pike. Right behind him, I got a regular drag-strip jump, only to find myself about to climb right in with poor old Ed. I hit the brake at about 4500 in first and the engine promptly flooded. Great!

Johnson instantly shot by on my left, followed by the rest of the rear area Porsches, the M G "A"s, and a good passel of square-cut M Gs. Fortunately the traffic jam at the first turn held everybody up except the leaders, and my car, popping loudly at about half power, was able to get to the two slow corners in about the middle of the 30-car pack. By turn 4 we had "cleared our throat" and my feeling of wrathful dismay was

ONE MAN'S RACE (cont.)

dissolved in a happy burst of power coming out onto the back straight.

We swallowed the lesser iron at about 95 m/h into the West Turn and, caught Dettman and Friedauer before the pits. Going into Turn 1, I could see only a flock of white cars ahead, punctuated by Marsh's gray Super Coupe, which had got off to a brilliant start and was going like a rocket. All the cars ahead of me now were Porsches, except for Jim Parkinson's white M.G. 1600.

And here a really delicious feeling set in -- something for the book. The cars ahead -- the leaders, started coming back at me! My little jewel, with almost 13000 miles behind it, was not only equal to anything up front but somewhat better. Its speed was all I could ask, its combination of tires, tire pressures, and torsion bar setting was perfect for the turns, and its brakes were apparently better than any in the race.

I remember howling like a Comanche as it dawned on me that this time we were going. I was so exhilarated that I can't, to this moment, tell you where I got Wheeler or Walsh or Parkinson. But I do remember Bill Marsh in the Coupe. His car is the latest version, complete with stabilizer and hot cam, and he was driving hard. So hard that as I followed him through turns 1, 2, & 3 I felt a little apprehensive that I might suddenly find him crosswise in my lap.

But Turn 4 was broad and open, and I had learned it pretty well. I came out of it at the top of second, bounding across the rough surface with full throttle setting matched exactly against a dead center steering wheel. This brought us up alongside the gray car and I shifted into third at 5700. Then, right down the main straight, the two cars rode wheel-to-wheel. The superior streamlining of the Coupe was offset by our reduced frontal area. There was not a hint of any speed differential as we built up toward 100 m/h at cut-off.

I had the outside lane, and I began to wonder what Marsh was going to do about the West Turn. He was obviously very determined and quite capable of trying to take it abreast, in which case, if he spun, he would spin right into me. I decided to go on in to the 200 marker and then, if he was still alongside on my right, try a straight line shut-off, very hard; let him have the corner to himself and try to pick him off on the exit.

This was not necessary, as it turned out. Just as I decided we were deep enough, Marsh disappeared from my right and tucked in astern. This was the last I saw of him until the impound area, where I found he finished third, ahead of all but two Speedsters.

Now we were flying up the pit straight, with the leader, Dale Johnson, in our sights. Dale has more outright wins to his credit than I have entries, so there appeared a certain moral obstacle to overcome. I was closing on him by about one second per lap, but he had not been pressed up to now.

At Turn 1 I went deep and closed to two lengths. Doing everything as well as I could, I followed Dale for about 3 laps. It's possible, according to our pit watch, that I could

ONE MAN'S RACE (cont.)

circulate a hair quicker than he could. But I just couldn't get into a passing attitude without taking drastic chances with my fenders. I remembered Ralph Meyers, in exactly this situation at Torrey Pines, bending his car seriously in an effort to pass Dale. Maybe it's my gray hairs -- maybe it's just lack of the old college try -- but I gave up. No sense in busting anything trying to take a superior pilot, it seemed. So I moved my shift point back to about 5400 and began floating into the turns rather than slamming them. And just here we began to lap the pack.

Passing is the big thrill in racing, and lapping slower cars is almost as much fun as edging a real adversary. I remember coming into Turn 1 outside and abreast of Walt Garlick in the red 1300 Coupe. He had evidently got a little ahead of himself and had locked his wheels shutting off. I rounded cautiously on the outside and Walt and I exchanged grins as we pulled out of #3, the 1500 cc engine showing its muscle to its little brother.

On another occasion I remember debating whether to lap an M G on the inside going into the West Turn and deciding against it. I tucked in behind him for the turn only to find that if I followed his line (the fast line for this turn, as it happened) I would crash right into him. Here is where the fantastic controllability of the Porsche shone. Right in the middle of a decreasing radius turn, it was simple to alter the drift attitude by momentarily closing the throttle, then stamping on it again to blast by on the inside, while the M G slid clear to the verge.

The roughness of the surface did wonders for the Porsches on this course. I had several chances to observe M Gs (which are cornering fools on a smooth road) work into a bounce pattern on the faster turns which simply separated the car from the road, while my little doll stuck like a bill collector, bumps or no bumps.

All this traffic opened the gap between me and Dale, but since I couldn't see any sign of Marsh or the others behind me this was not a problem. On the last lap Dale lapped Dettman (Cont. Speedster) but I didn't quite catch him before the flag.

So we brought home a fat little second place which was very satisfying. And I continue amazed and delighted with Dr. Porsche's futuristic transportation.

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Those Pirelli tyres we used at Glendale are really the answer. It's a pity they don't wear longer.

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We were somewhat dismayed to be labeled class "B" at the San Fernando Drag Strip. As if the F.I.A. class situation weren't complicated enough already without making up new categories as we go along! At least they could go to "one" "two" "three" or even "alpha" "beta" "gamma".

CHARLA

Amigos, already our Porsche Club is creating international interest. At the recent reception given in Los Angeles for Don Braulio Maldonado, Governor of Baja California, we discussed the proposed trek into Baja. The idea immediately caught on, the enthusiasm picked up speed from official to official and by the time the Director of the Turismo Bureau had finished with it the whole thing had snowballed into one of the most exciting weekends we can dream up. This tall, handsome senior, especially simpatico with Norteamericanos, whose job of handling visiting firemen is expertly done, is a sports car addict and really interested in our little carritos.

Special accommodations are being arranged, assistance in all of our plans is offered, and the mandatory threedollar turista card demanded at Maneadero, a little south of Ensenada, well, that too is being taken care of.

Perhaps you have been to Baja before but we betcha a devaluated peso that you've never seen what you will see the first weekend in March. Straight up the Chapultepec Hills you will look down on the famous blue Todos Santos Bay which pirates of old (including Sir Francis Drake) made their haven, hiding or carrying away their loot; you may visit the little Catholic Church where hangs a placque bearing the names of their soldiers killed in a skirmish with Norteamericanos; you will see basket makers, pottery makers, possibly huge, live sea turtles in the market place. Farther south past a jagged coastline are coves and seascapes for any camera's delight, and the melting missions tell the ancestry of our own California chain created as the Spanish Padres pushed north from Baja into Alta California. You will see interesting people, modest, kind and polite people who speak no English, and millionaires. You may meet the photographer whose pictures have won prizes at the Pomona Fair, and also your hotel bungalow host, the Lithuanian (now a Mexican citizen) who parlayed into a million dollars ditto marked the thirty five dollars he had 26 years ago when he landed in Ensenada.

Si si, amigos, they are helping in every way because they like gringos, particularly gringos with Porsches.

Mary Thielmann

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We sadly learn that our distributor has set the price of the Carrera Speedster at \$5266 (against \$3811 in Germany). Oh well! It was a nice dream while it lasted.

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Sebring is scheduled for 25 March, '56. Let's get Kunstle and Lovely in it, in a 550!

AMMETER INSTALLATION

(for home mechanics - others may skip this)

Many owners have felt it would be nice to have an ammeter to tell how the battery and generator are getting on together. Competition Motors and Competition Accessories (Iowa Falls, Ia.) both sell a VDO instrument with Porsche-matching dial for \$6. Having found a place to mount it (we slung ours below the panel just left of the speedometer) the question arises as to how the meter should be connected, as no instructions are furnished.

For later "America" series with voltage regulator under the dash this is fairly easy. First, withdraw the battery from its recess far enough to identify the color(s) of the wire which is attached to the starter cable. After disconnecting the battery ground strap find (by color) the other end of the battery wire where it connects to the fuse block inside the car, and disconnect it. To the free end, splice and solder enough #10 stranded wire to reach the ammeter, and connect to the post marked "E" with a soldered lug. From the other post of the ammeter, marked "A", run another length back to the same fuse terminal from which the battery wire was removed. Then connect the lamp terminal of the meter to any of the instrument lamps handy, using #22 or similar snail wire. Install a G.E. type 51 bulb in the socket. Reconnect the battery strap, turn on headlights, and note whether the ammeter shows discharge. If it shows charge, somebody goofed and you need only reverse the two wires at the ammeter.

On Continental and very early models with the regulator in the engine compartment, you are mercifully spared the buzzing noises of regulator operation, but ammeter installation becomes a project. It seems the factory has economized on wire by connecting the generator output to the starter cable rather than the fuse block. An ammeter installed as above on these cars will only show discharge no matter how good the generator. If you still want an ammeter and have a Saturday to spare, the following additional steps must be taken.

The idea here is to connect the voltage regulator to the fuse block. First, it cannot be overemphasized that the wire chosen must be heavy enough to do the job. Remember that it is the generator and not the battery which must supply all current used on the car while driving, plus any current required by the battery for charging. A full load of lights and radio will total 30 amperes. With this load and a low battery condition, the wire we install will be called on at times to carry 50 amperes, which is the maximum current the regulator will allow. To keep the drop below 0.1 volt over the 8-foot run requires a #8 wire or heavier, and this is pretty stiff stuff to work with, even when stranded.

Two methods are practical - take your choice. Either run the #8 all the way from the regulator, or disconnect the wire now connecting from the regulator to the starter terminal at the starter, and splice on 7 or 8 feet more to run forward. Considering the exasperating difficulty of making a good splice in heavy

wire and soldering it in the limited confines under the car, we suggest the first method. First disconnect the output wire from the B terminal of the regulator, tape up the end and stuff it down into the sheath from which it emerges. Then, with 12 feet of #8 in hand, begin by connecting one end to the regulator B terminal with a soldering lug. Pass the other end down through the grommet in the pan which is already occupied by the original cabling. Now, working under the car, lay the wire alongside the other cabling, supporting it in the same holding clips, up to the rear end of the floor tunnel just ahead of the transmission. Make a hole in the rear wall of the tunnel for a rubber grommet which passes the wire snugly, install the grommet and pass the wire into the car. It can be pulled through from inside, with access gained by removing the inspection cover just ahead of the rear seat. Once inside, pass the wire forward through the tunnel, under the footboard and up to the fuse block. Inspecting the back of the fuse block you will find several adjacent terminals all connected by a copper strap, one of these being the one to which the ammeter is now connected. Connect the new wire to one of these terminals.

If you are still with us, we will describe what to expect the ammeter to show. Remember that the ammeter shows the current flowing to or from the battery, except that used by the starter. The current delivered by the generator is the sum of the service load and the ammeter indication (with discharge understood as implying a minus sign). When the battery is low, the ammeter will read high, gradually falling back toward 1 or 2 amps as the battery charge comes up. Thus the condition of the battery is recorded by the rate of charge shown on the meter if the regulator is operating correctly. Correct regulation is implied when the current is more or less independent of rpm above the revs where regulation begins, and is independent of lighting load up to the 50-amp limit. However, the regulator voltage setting should be checked with a voltmeter (connected to the battery, not the generator, to offset losses in the wiring). A setting of 7.4 to 7.6 volts is o.k. Anything higher will tend to dry up the battery too fast and eventually ruin it. Unfortunately the ammeter cannot show directly when the battery is sulphated, but this condition or poor battery connection may be suspected if there is great variation in brightness of the lights between idle and running rpm, with poor starting pep.

--- G.V.A.

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Instrument lights:

Many cars have come through with 0.6-watt bulbs in the instruments, which are too dim for city driving. Dealers have Phillips 1.2-watt bulbs in boxes of a dozen, and these are just right. However, they draw twice as much current, with the result that the already fast action of the dimmer control is made twice as fast. If you are ambitious enough to change bulbs, you may feel like shunting the dimmer control with a 4-ohm wire-wound resistor to spread out the effect.

--- G.V.A.

THE MIRAGE LAKE TRIALS

After our failure to obtain a paved circuit for this one, we settled for a lake bed, and came out very well indeed. Driving under conditions of limited adhesion is an excellent way to learn slip technique at speeds low enough to avoid scaring yourself to death, and the novices were especially gratified with this opportunity to acquire merit.

Glad Ellis and Fred Bogler left early on the morning of 20 November to set up the course, while the rest of the heroes gathered near Hansen Dam and drove up in a convoy -- of sorts. We had a pretty fair group of 21 Porsches, a T C, an X K, and an A-11.

Mirage Lake is not far from Victorville, about 70 miles up in the Mojave Desert. The dry lake bottom is hard and smooth. It is not as slippery as you might expect, but it doesn't stand up very well to vigorous cornering. The first two or three cuts are fine -- thereafter you have to hunt for a line nobody has used yet -- this can be very sporting.

The circuit was just about a mile long and contained 4 gentle bends, an open loop of about 160 degrees, a right angle, and a hairpin. Averaging 50 m/h was about par for the course.

The original notion of allowing unlimited practice and instruction was modified by the perishable nature of the course. Everybody got several cracks at it, however, and those who admitted a "novice" status were given a couple of laps of guidance by Don Roberts, Jeff Cooper, and Eric Bucklers, who admitted they were experts. This two-seater practice was a great success, as many little angles were clarified and the slide principle was easily demonstrated. More of this sort of thing is indicated for future events.

When the actual timing got underway the most noticeable thing brought to light was the negligible effect of horsepower on lap times. The performance of the Supers and Continentals was identical -- more power on the lake surface simply meant more wheel spin.

Jeff Cooper started out for a fast one and spun clumsily on turn two for a time of 1:14. Don Roberts, in his Continental Speedster* promptly thereafter rang up a 1:12, which held ftd for the rest of the event. A good case can be made for the unfair advantage of an early starting position, avoiding running on a completely shattered surface, but we don't see how this ~~can be corrected~~, and besides, it's all in fun.

It was interesting to watch the Jag running this circuit. His power was mostly useless and his great weight forced him to shut off quite a ways out, but he turned in a very respectable time, and he sounded glorious.

Nobody got officiating points for this as everybody ran as a contestant. However, our hearty thanks to Glad Ellis, Fred Bogler, and Bob Pierce for helping run it.

Don't miss the next one of these. We hope to have pavement!

Results follow on the next page:

MIRAGE LAKE TRIALS RESULTS

<u>Members</u>		<u>Guests</u>	
Don Roberts	1 min. 12.0 sec.	Eric Bucklers	1 min. 15.2 sec.
Jeff Cooper	14.0	Howard Ebersole (A&H)	17.5
Fred Bogler	16.0	Donald Brown	18.0
Glad Ellis	16.2	Fred Koepke (Jag)	19.0
Larry Williams	17.0	Richard Miller	20.25
Dave McGrath	19.0	Bob Blakely	21.0
Guy Van Alstyne	19.0	R. W. Campbell	21.5
William Koeb	19.5	Tony Luraschi	22.0
George Baldwin	20.0	Ferdy Hannig	24.0
Herm Stein	21.0	Dennis Chylinski	27.4
Fred Cunningham	21.0		
Joe Boening	22.8		
Sam Mathews	23.0	<u>Ladies</u>	
Bob Pierce	23.0	Dottie Bogler	1 min. 32.5 sec.
Luigi Luraschi	24.5	Florence Ellis	35
Bruno Hahn	27.0	Nona McGrath	36.75
Ben Caplan	29.0		

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNCIL SPORTS CAR CLUB 1956 RACING CALENDAR

Jan. 14 - 15	C.S.C.C.	July 7 - 8	So. Cal. S.C.C.
Feb. 11 - 12	C.S.C.C.	July 21 - 22	C.S.C.C.
Feb. 25 - 26	S.C.C.A.	Aug. 18 - 19	C.S.C.C.
Mar. 17 - 18	C.S.C.C.	Sept. 1 - 2 - 3	C.S.C.C.
Apr. 7 - 8	S.C.C.A.	Sept. 22 - 23	So. Cal. S.C.C.
Apr. 21 - 22	Pebble Beach	Oct. 6 - 7	S.C.C.A.
Apr. 28 - 29	So. Cal. S.C.C.	Oct. 20 - 21	C.S.C.C.
May 19 - 20	C.S.C.C.	Nov. 3 - 4	S.C.C.A.
June 2 - 3	S.C.C.A.	Nov. 17 - 18	L.B.M.G.
June 23 - 24	C.S.C.C.,	Dec. 8 - 9	C.S.C.C.

Emergency hood and engine compartment latch:

Before getting yourself in the middle of a rally only to find that your hood release pull cable has come adrift and that you can't get to the gas tank, it is a good idea to bypass this horrible state of affairs by attaching an emergency pull wire through the hole provided for it well ahead of time. Lash the other end to a fender brace and leave it there. The same philosophy applies to the engine compartment. -- J. M.

The class situation should be tricky next year. Our current crop of 1500s will continue to dominate F production, but any Carrera which enters will have no competition in production races up to the S 1s. The new 1600s will run, not against the Carreras, but against the two liter cars. This will make for a good contest, for with equal drivers the 1600 SS ought to be superior to any 2000 cc production car except possibly the Bristol. Of course Kunstle can beat the Bristols in a 1500 SS, but we were referring to the common people. In any case, a 1600 SS can win a two liter production race, but you'll have to try harder than in class F. Also, you'll be on the track with the big cars, not the small ones. Watch your mirror!

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Windshiled Wiper Motor Lubrication:

John Moody reports that he lost his windshield wiper motor under cold weather operation due to the grease in the gearbox becoming as stiff as cold butter from wear products and low temperature. Seizure of the armature bearing occurred and the electric motor went up in smoke. Aside from the inconvenience, new motors cost about \$25. Suggestion: inspect the grease in the gearbox and replace with ANG-25 (aircraft instrument) grease if necessary. This latter meets cold weather specs to minus 65 degrees F. Grease availability: War surplus, or ----

-- J. M.

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Engine Idling Rough:

Although more noticeable on the Super engines, there is reason to believe this info holds for all Porsches. If satisfactory idling cannot be obtained, if the engine starts hard while hot, if you have to keep jabbing the accelerator in traffic to keep the engine from dying, or if the engine won't keep running while you run in the house for that pack of cigarettes you forgot - man, you've got troubles. All else being proper, try the following approach. Remove the air cleaners from the carburetors and peer down the throats with a flashlight. There should be no raw gasoline running down the side of the "standpipe" in the center of the throat. This is a float level problem. Even though float level may be within tolerances there remains variation in fuel pump pressures. The cure: lower the float level in the offending carburetor(s) by means of shims under the float valve just enough to stop the overflow down the "standpipe". This may be a cut and try process, but the results are well worth it.

-- J.M.

Bumper Droop:

A few altercations with Detroit massive products will push back the tops of the bumper dogs and make the ends of the bumpers droop. This changes the normal Porsche visage from one of spirited determination to a sad frowning expression. You can restore the original countenance by heaving up on the bumper ends, but don't go too far or you might end up with a silly smirk!

-- G.V.A.