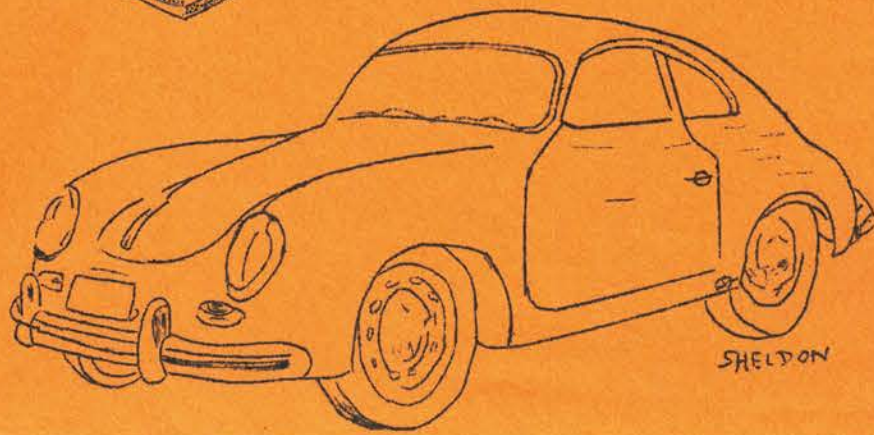


PORSCHE  
OWNERS  
CLUB

NEWS  
LETTER



EDITED BY  
JEFF  
COOPER



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THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE PORSCHE OWNERS CLUB

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NEXT MEETING: May 20, 1957  
8:00 P.M.  
Blarney Castle, 623 So. Western

The Road Racing Training Association is having an Open Event on the Pomona Course 26 May. This evidently means time trials, and we hear that they are equipped with an electric timer. Also heat races, which you may or may not enter as you see fit, will be held.

Tech inspection will be held at International Motors, Hollywood Blvd. and Hollywood Freeway, 7:00 p.m., Thursday, 23 May.

\$7.50 car & one driver  
\$2.50 each other driver

Tech at course also.



# PORSCHE OWNERS' CLUB, INC.

## Results of El Camino Slalom (Members only)

March 31, 1957

### MEMBERS

	Car #	Time
1. Herm Stein	2	1.87
2. Bill Kopp	65	1.90
3. Ken Lind	25	1.90
4. Ron Newton	50	1.95
5. Howard Knox	32	1.955
6. Burdette Creath	20	1.99
7. Bill Newman	12	2.03
8. Ron Hart	31	2.06
9. Jack Nicholas	42	2.145
10. Bob Pierce	5	2.18
11. Morrie Crawford	18	2.22
12. T. Murray	93	2.245
13. V. Gray	21	2.25
14. Bob Piolatto	47	2.27
15. G. Rios	11	2.31
16. Chuck Chester	66	2.32
17. Russ Tahtinen	13	2.37
18. H. Olson	23	2.42
19. Ed Womack	15	2.45
20. Dave McGrath	33	2.51
21. Carl Pioch	46	2.515
22. Bob Pawling	73	2.57
23. Bruno Hahn	8	2.59
24. L. LaVoix	77	2.66
25. D. Marquette	7	2.70

### ASSOCIATE AND LADY MEMBERS

	Car #	Time
1. Leota Stevens	39	2.48
2. Harriett Nicholas	37	2.62
3. M. Kopp	68	2.67
4. Pat Stein	49	2.685
5. Betty Boutell	24	2.77

## APRIL AT MIRAGE LAKE

These driving sessions at the Lake are, in our opinion, the best motoring events put on by any club in the area. Their only drawback is lack of time and sufficient qualified instructors. And the latter point was considerably improved at the April meeting by the appearance of Skip Hudson and Dan Gurney, a couple of red-hots, and our old friend Don Roberts.

The course was lengthened and improved for this second session, including a gay little chicane at the end of the first straight, and moving the "dog-leg" farther out so you drift it, rather than just steering as before. It took a little longer this time, too, with a blistering 2:04 by Gurney as the day's best time.

The difference in handling qualities of the various "issues" of our mark impressed us again. We took a '53 Super Coupe around which was identical with our first Porsche, and marvelled that we had ever been able to race such a car. It felt like driving our present machine ('56 1600 SS) on axle grease!

High point of our day was the opportunity to handle a Giulietta at speed. As everyone knows, the Julie is an attractive little car, which has even lured away some Porsche people, and we were most pleased at the opportunity to feel it out.

First of all, the seating situation is disconcerting to a Porsche driver -- way too high and not "secure", as the seats are only semi-buckets. The big, husky gear-lever is great, but since reverse is far-right-and-back, you have to concentrate on not hitting a dead-end as you go from second to third. The smooth little engine is a joy, and gives that luxurious feeling of unlimited revs that only comes with double overhead cams.

But, we couldn't get it around a tight corner! Three times we tried to snap it through the 2nd-gear hook at the end of the chicane at Porsche speed, and each time its pronounced under-steer led us calmly out between the pylons. Skip Hudson muttered that he didn't have that trouble in a Julie, and we're sure this is true, but it apparently takes a Nuvolari-type entrance to bring it off. This is, the car must be crossed up and sliding as you enter the turn, in order to get the bow around and pointing into the new direction in time. The quick burst of power that you use to turn a Porsche "inside out" just doesn't seem to work in the Julie. Our conclusion -- a very nice car, but not for us.



The instruction and practice period was over all too soon, and a consistency contest was held to see who could match his lap times on two circuits most closely.

Results follow:

RESULTS OF EL MIRAGE TIME TRIALS, APRIL 14, 1957:

<u>GUESTS:</u>	<u>1ST</u> <u>RUN</u>	<u>2ND</u> <u>RUN</u>	<u>DIFF.</u>	<u>TYPE</u>
1. Mary Thielmann	3:38.0	3:38.0	0.0	1500S
2. Dean Reed	2:25.2	2:24.9	0.3	
3. George Dooley	2:28.0	2:27.3	0.7	Alfa
4. Dennis Peet	2:14.8	2:14.0	0.8	1600
5. Duke Gallagher	2:16.3	2:15.4	0.9	1600
6. Karl Messerschmidt	2:28.7	2:27.2	1.5	1500
7. James C. Fish, M.D.	2:17.7	2:16.1	1.6	1600
8. Mike Carroll - did not compete				

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS:

1. Harriet Nicholas	2:41.8	2:42.0	0.2	1500
2. Ilse Newman	4:35.5	4:42.0	6.5	1500

MEMBERS:

	(1. Lew Bracker	2:10.2	2:10.0	0.2	1500 Carrera
Tie	(1. Jack Nicholas	2:29.3	2:29.1	0.2	1500
	(1. Russ Tahtinen	2:19.2	2:19.4	0.2	1500
	4. Howard Fond	2:10.0	2:09.75	0.25	1600S
	5. Harmon Price	2:34.0	2:33.7	0.3	1500S
	(6. Bob Riddell	2:23.2	2:23.7	0.5	1500
Tie	(6. Beverley Alexander	2:19.5	2:19.0	0.5	1600
	(6. Bob Piolatto	2:15.3	2:14.8	0.5	1600
Tie	(9. Ren Foutz	2:36.9	2:36.2	0.7	1500
	(9. Ron Frevert	2:17.2	2:16.5	0.7	1600
	11. Bob Greenland	2:21.4	2:20.5	0.9	1500
	12. Jack Brink	2:19.3	2:18.3	1.0	1600
	13. Stew Gillette	2:31.1	2:32.3	1.2	1600
	14. Jimmy Moore	2:12.0	2:10.6	1.4	1500S
	15. T. R. Murray	2:22.5	2:21.0	1.5	1600
	16. Ron Hart	2:10.5	2:08.7	1.8	1600S
	17. Jack Hey	2:36.8	2:34.6	2.2	1500S
	18. Howard Knox	2:38.3	2:36.0	2.3	1500
	19. David McGrath	2:10.3	2:07.5	2.8	1600S
	20. Vernon Gray	2:16.4	2:13.0	3.4	1600S
	21. Walt Glassett	2:24.3	2:20.7	3.6	1500
	22. Glen Sunderland	2:26.9	2:35.7	8.8	1600
	23. Joe Thielmann	2:51.0	2:42.0	9.0	1500S
	24. Carl Pioch	2:18.3	2:34.8	16.5	1600
	25. Al Cadrobby - did not compete				
	26. Morris Crawford - did not compete				
	27. Eugene Lee - did not compete				
	28. Donald Woodard - did not compete				

\* \* \* \* \*

Ghia has built a G.T. version of the Lotus XI. Probably dreamy, but much too expensive to compete with a Carrera Coupe.

\* \* \* \* \*

The F II Ferrari engine is now quoted at 189 b.h.p. at 9200 rpm. This is 1500cc and pump fuel, remember. Yipe!

\* \* \* \* \*

We hear more rumbles about reviving the Panamericana. If our own club can put on a small cross-country affair in Baha California in '58 (as has been proposed) we may be able to help revive the big one at the same time.

\* \* \* \* \*

The German term for fuel-injection is KRAFTSTOFFEINSPRITZUNG. !!

\* \* \* \* \*

On 11-12 March at Monza, Porsche set three new official international records for Class E cars (1500-2000cc). These were for 1000 miles, 2000 kilometers, and 12 hours. Speed for all three was about 116 m/h.



The death of Bob Golditch at Sebring has led a couple of prominent Europeans, including Bernard Cahier and Count Lurani, to start in again on the undesirability of seat belts. They don't bring up Castellotti, who might have lived if he had been using one three weeks before.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two of those monstrous Maserati 4.5's are entered in the Mille Miglia, with Moss and Behra in charge. Fangio declined his ride -- he doesn't like cross-country stuff.

\* \* \* \* \*

But we hear rumors that the maestro is being pestered to drive a Chevrolet SS at Le Mans. You know, he could just win in that!

\* \* \* \* \*

Russia now wants to join the F.I.A.! These jokes about hero drivers seem to have gotten through the iron curtain. But, kidding aside, it certainly points up the fact that the U.S. has to get off its provincial posterior and recognize that the problem does exist.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have serious misgivings about the Monza 500 coming up shortly. Moss told us he felt nobody had a safe chassis for rough, 60 degree banking at lap speeds of 175. It would be horrible to kill two or three of the world's best drivers in what amounts to a promoter's stunt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ak Miller is still pointing for the Mille Miglia. Hope springs eternal -- as with the Seine fishermen.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dave McGrath, one of our better pilots who is slowly working up to hero driver status, recently traded mounts for an afternoon with Jay Hills. His comments follow:

"I took Jay's car out and we drove it around for about an hour. The suspension changes from 1955-1957 were so great for the better that the two cars wear entirely different. He was terrifically impressed and wants to get a '57 Carrera. I found the Carrera to be much more docile both in idle and take-off than the Super. The acceleration seems to be half way between the Standard and the Super except when you get above 5000, when a tremendous surge takes over. However, by this time, most of the Supers will be away and gone; and unless you have a long straight to catch them on, you won't. Keeping the rev's about 5000 can be a problem I discovered. Now if only the power came in at 4000, or better yet, 3000, the Ace-Bristol would be a thing of the past."

#### PALM SPRINGS ROAD RACES

by Dave McGrath

Saturday, April 6

A mild breeze that blew all night Friday rose to gale proportions shortly after the races began today and made spectating and driving miserable as sand particles were forced into eyes, ears, and mouths.

The races were all 5-lap qualifying events for starting positions in Sunday's races.

#### Production Under 1600cc

Lew Bracker, making his first appearance in Ecurie Kasler's new glossy black Carrera Speedster, had a good amount of carburetor trouble that limited the acceleration substantially, thus causing Lew to finish way back. He couldn't top 80 m.p.h. on the back straight whereas the other Porsches easily broke 100.

However, Morley Kasler's other Porsche performed well with--of all people to be found at the wheel of a Porsche--Robbie Robinson feeling his way gingerly around the 2.9 mile airport course into first place in the Super Speedster. I guess the MG people didn't want their car to give a poor showing so they didn't enter. With the long back straight that Palm Springs has, the Porsches leave the MG's far behind.

Gary Nelson, a young man who seems to have a natural driving talent, gave his best showing to date by sticking close to the tailpipes of Robinson for second spot 10 seconds behind.

Only 4 seconds behind Nelson was an Alfa-Romeo Veloce with the man who used to race a 1300 Super Coupe up--Walter Garlick.



Following Garlick was Randall Cowherd, Carrera Speedster, Ted Conrad, 1600SS and D. D. Micheltmore, 1600SS. Quite an impressive showing for the marque.

Missed seeing Jay Hills and Jimmy Moore, regular club racers, who took a vacation from this go at the spa.

1. Robinson	Ave: 63.0	1600SS
2. Nelson		Carrera
3. Garlick		Giulietta
4. Cowherd		Carrera
5. Conrad		1600SS
6. Micheltmore		1600SS

#### Ladies Race

Ruth Levy, as usual, sped into turn one at the head of the pack in Edgar's Porsche Spyder and with no competition easily took first.

In her wake Betty Shutes, 1600 Super Speedster, gave Jane Wells, Aston Martin, a real bad time for a couple of laps until Wells used her big engine to tremendous advantage on the straights and left Shutes. At this point the crowd went wild thinking it a great accomplishment for a modified Aston Martin of twice the engine displacement to pull the stock Porsche.

1. Levy	Ave: 64.0	Porsche Spyder
2. Wells		Aston Martin
3. Shutes		Porsche Super Speedster

#### Modified Under 1500cc

A torrid pace was set in this go by Bob Drake, Cooper-Climax, who started in the front row and led to the finish.

Sam Weiss, tooling a Porsche 550 Spyder, looked like he might go somewhere as he went by all the Lotus's ahead of him on turn 3 but fell back as the Lotus of John Fox whipped by him on the back straight. He did, however, manage to hold off the other two Lotus pushers, Frank Monise and Pete Lovely, who staged a terrific battle for 5th and 6th.

A slender English gentleman by the name of Ken Miles drew the last row on the starting grid, but did not let this deter him as he manipulated Von Neumann's Porsche RS Spyder into second place by the 4th lap only 6 seconds back of Drake. The Porsche he was on is the Targa Florio model which is the latest one in the U.S. and with a space frame, other goodies and a rev limit of 8700 it goes like it was jet-assisted. Miles was closing fast on Drake who was not exactly loafing. To put it mildly, I think we now have a car that can conquer the Cooper-Climax on our short courses.

Tracey Bird, who was on a Porsche Spyder for the first time, had his rear deck lid come loose, fly back and wound up dragging the thing around for one full lap before he discovered it. It was quite amusing to see the flagmen waving wildly and trying to explain what had happened to him as he flew by. Tracey, concentrating on his driving, went merrily on his way.

1. Drake	Ave: 67.2	Cooper-Climax
2. Miles		Porsche RS Spyder
3. Fox		Lotus XI
4. Weiss		Porsche Spyder

#### SUNDAY AT PALM SPRINGS

(by the Ed.)

The big question in all P.O.C. minds was whether or not Lew's Carrera would go. We all knew that Robbie's master touch would be enough to put Lew's previous mount (1600S) ahead of the other Carreras, but Lew's new car had been operated on after its sad showing on Saturday by Competition Motors' ace Factory Carrera/Spyder mechanic Ehardt Zadelmeyer, and nobody knew whether the patient had responded. Least of all Lew.

When the flag fell, it was immediately apparent that Things were Different. Robbie led into turn #1, but Lew blasted up from where his qualifying run and placed him and swallowed a good half of the pack on the drag.

After one lap it was Robbie in the Super, followed by Lew and then two other Carreras (Nelson and Cowherd) and then a flock of other machinery including our Reseda dealer Micheltmore and our ex-member Walt Garlick, doing beautifully in spite of his mount, a 1300 Julie.



It was clear that the day of the Carrera had finally dawned, as only Robbie's brilliant driving could keep the Super up with the d.o.h.c. iron. It appears that if any of us common people want to place in Class F Production, it's a Carrera or nothing for the next season or so.

Robbie held Lew for about four of the ten laps, and then Lew came by on the pit straight, slid inside at turn #1, and the race settled down to a parade.

Garlick had a fine dice with John Brophy in a 1600 SS, and finally won the place (8th or thereabouts) with a fancy display of virtuosity as he ran outside all the way around turns #2 and #3 to place his Julie ahead. This is going to give some spectators a curious impression of the cornering power of the two cars, because it was a disparity in driving ability, not Walt's Detroit-type rear suspension, that brought it off.

So Lew finally got a chance to prove his theory that a Carrera is a better car than a Super. An expensive thesis, unfortunately, for most of us. (Results were: Bracker, Robinson, Nelson, Cowherd, Conrad (1600 SS)).

The 1500 "Modified" race was the other go for the Marque. (Don't you think it's time we dropped the dated and misleading term "modified"? What's modified about a Spyder or a D-Jag? How do you modify a 4.5 Maserati so it will go any quicker? The terms could better be "sports-touring" and "sports-race".)

The issue here was whether Miles in the "Targa Florio" Spyder could get Drake in the formidable Cooper-Climax. Man, did he ever! The lovely little Porsche, surmounted by the familiar green helmet with the hawk's bill beneath it, just flew away and left the British bullet -- and everybody else! In 25 laps Miles lapped everybody but Drake, and was closing on him at the finish. Hooray for our side!

However, (there's always something), the other Porsche pilots, in less advanced machinery, were rather soundly clobbered by English iron. We had quite a P.O.C. showing in the fracas, what with Sam Weiss and Eldon Beagle and Tracy Bird all wheeling Spyderys, but the Cooper and a couple of Lotus XI's (Fox & Lovely) were not troubled by them.

Now that the conventional Spyder seems to be obsolete for race-winning purposes, do you suppose a couple might be available to us touring types at a reduced figure? (That gleam in our eye is getting brighter all the time.)

#### \* THE PASSING OF A COMRADE \*

by Lew Bracker

A shock to all of us was the tragic death of fellow-driver Lou Brero. The circumstances surrounding this accident lead me to believe that we should begin to be particular where we drive and under what conditions. Drivers should demand that all reasonable safety precautions be taken by race promoters or we shall certainly be an extinct group in a short length of time.

Lew Brero, a gentleman and an ace driver, would most assuredly be with us today had but the bare essentials of safety equipment been provided by the race promoters.

#### PORSCHE AT SEBRING

Sebring has come to be a sort of Dior Spring Showing for the sports motorists of America. Here is where the enthusiast can get his first good look at the machinery which will be contending for top honors during the ensuing year, and see it driven so well that he can form an accurate opinion of its worth. And, of course, it remains the one place in North America where the level of skill is so uniformly high that the observer can study the art of driving in exhaustive detail. Careful comparison of the world's best drivers, in the world's best cars, on all types of turns, throughout an entire day -- this is a privilege that every serious sports motorist must prize.

The dominant machinery of the '57 running were the big (4.5 liter) Maserati, the ferocious 3.5-liter, V-12, four-cam Ferrari, and the prototype "Super Sports" Chevrolet. The aging D-Jaguar also was on hand to demonstrate that this never-too-sound design can still be impressive in the hands of its high priest, Hawthorne.

The second rank contained such fancy machinery as the 3-liter Maserati, deadly in Moss's fantastic hands, the single-cam Ferrari V-12's of Gregory and Hill, a swarm of two-liter Ferrari and Maserati, and Stuttgart's pride -- the gorgeous little "Targa Florio" Porsches. And anybody who thinks that the 1.5-liter Porsche is no threat to the big iron is just not aware of the situation!



The Spyders were conducted by Hans Herrmann and Jack McAfee, Miles and Kunstle, Crawford and Stewart, Wallace and Bunker, and Scott and Bott (!). The lone Carrera was a factory coupe driven by Linge and von Hannstein. Since the Spyders had no competition in class other than a single 1500cc Lotus, their race was with the two-liter Italians -- all late-model, very hot machines conducted by such important people as Ginther, Pollock, Brero, Kimberly, Lunken, Hassen, Reventlow and young Dave Cunningham. Above this array, the situation got really serious, as the only 3-liter cars were the Maserati of Moss-Schell (gulp!), Shelby-Salvadori, and Bonnier-Scarlatti. Not a Monza in sight!

The Carrera's competition couldn't be figured along class lines, but was a matter of overall sports-touring (Gran Turismo) performance. It was composed of SL's, Ace-Bristols, a flock of Bonneville-bodied Healey 6's, and the Corvettes. (Dick Thompson was in one of the Corvettes, which made it distinctly non-stock right off the bat!). The lonesome little silver coupe was in fast company!

When the flag fell, the usual scramble showed little except a trio of very bad starts -- by Hawthorne, in his bored and injected "D", Portago in a 4-cam Ferrari screamer, and our poor little Carrera coupe. But all three finally set out with enthusiasm to catch the competition from behind.

The first few laps left us aghast at the incredible performance of Collins, who got a good start in the lead Ferrari and zeroed in on a groove that just blew off the entire field. By the seventh lap, he had a lead of almost 20 seconds!

But, among the big iron, Hawthorne and Portago were both charging up toward the head of the pack. By the fifth lap, they were 8th and 6th respectively.

Herrmann got a fine start in the factory Spyder, and by the fourth lap, he was in 14th place, headed only by full race machinery of 3 liters or more. The Testa Rossas couldn't find him! J. P. Kunstle (last year's P.O.C. high-point man) dived for a bit with Lou Brero in the leading 2-liter car, a Ferrari, and then won the place and moved in behind Herrmann. By the 10th lap, both Porsches had settled the two-liter question and were running comfortably between Classes D & E, with a 20-second gap separating them.

It was clear that Herrmann and Kunstle were the Porsche drivers. The others were mixed in with the two-liter contingent and the production Corvettes, some ways astern. Herrmann is really a masterful Porsche pilot -- smooth, steady, unruffled and very relaxed. But the difference between his laps and our hero Kunstle's were apparently no more than the expected edge of a factory car over a private entry.

The Carrera got into the sports-touring race after a bit, and in the competent, but unimaginative charge of Herman Linge, it showed that it could handle anything the Bristols or the hot Healeys could offer. We didn't get a good look at its comparison with either of the indifferently driven SL's, but it was no match, of course, for the factory-entered, production Corvettes. Thompson was murdering the SL's -- lapping them on the inside, the outside, and, for all we know, the topside. That limited-slip differential in the '57 Corvette is worth six fuel-injectors!

As everybody now knows, Collins' brakes began to go as a result of his G.P.-type pace, and on the 19th lap, Behra stroked the giant Maserati into the lead, where it stayed until the finish. Ironically enough, Portago's brilliant challenge in the other "big" Ferrari cooked his brakes, too, while working up to third, so before the end of the first period the issue was decided. The 4.5 Maserati of Behra and Fangio was safely in first, while the only comparable cars, holding second and third, had killed their chances trying too hard. The "big" race was over. (You'd think Enzo Ferrari would be the last man to be mousetrapped by the hotrodder's pitfall of failure to match increased zonk with increased brake power, but there you are!)

The Super Sports Chevrolet (let's not refer to it as a Corvette) was a brilliant and handsome car, but not ready for the race. The first of a hatful of minor troubles took it out of contention after three laps, during which it was passed by Collins, Moss, Hill, Gregory, and Behra. (For those interested in this car, we have a little spread on it in the current Motor Trend. Plug.)

At the end of the first period, McAfee took over the factory car, and a large lead, from Herrmann, while Ken relieved J. P. -- and a rousing battle was on. Ken ate up the gap, pushing Jack for two laps, and passed. But this put Jack in a position to "take a tow" from Ken, and he refused to drop back more than a couple of feet. For more than an hour, the red and the silver Porsches fought it out, then the private car (it's J.P.'s personal property) began to weaken. McAfee took over the lead and went away.

This spirited dicing was great to watch and shook the two-liter boys severely, but it was not wise. The Targa Florio Spyder peaks at 7700 r/m and it's dead below 6000. This puts a terrible strain on the clutch as the heroes shift at speeds for which the friction elements were not designed. The Miles-McAfee battle took both of the really