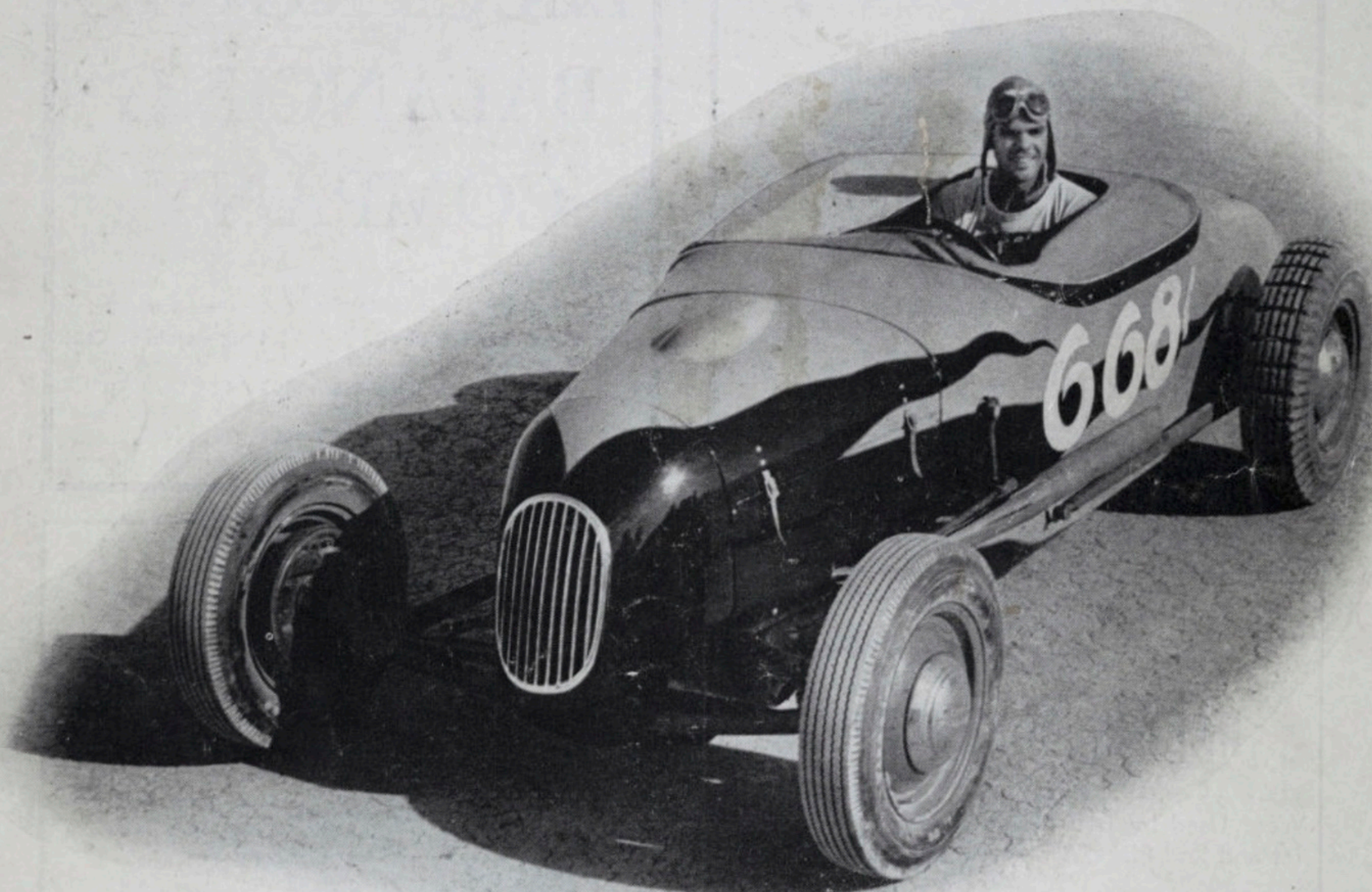


# HOT ROD *Magazine*

VOL. 1, NO. 1 \* \* \* PRICE 25c

WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE HOT ROD COVERAGE

JANUARY 1948



## HOT ROD OF THE MONTH

Sitting in the driver's seat is Eddie Hulse, who, a few moments after this picture was taken, drove number 668, to set a new SCTA record for Class C roadsters. Hulse, a native Californian, nosed out Randy Shinn, a long-time top honor holder for the RC Class. Shinn's old record was 129.40 in a channeled Mercury T.

*Keeping the Car Out Front* by George Riley—Page 10



## Editor's Column

Hot rod is published to inform and entertain those interested in automobiles whose bodies and engines have been rebuilt in the quest for better performance and appearance.

In this publication readers will find a chance to air their views, ask questions (and get the answers), read about racing and timing meets and automobile shows, see the latest in engine and body designs, enjoy entertaining fiction and see engine parts displayed with what we call "the feminine touch."

Getting off to a good start, HRM wants the readers to meet Regg Schlemmer, owner and builder of our cover car. Some of our readers may know him already. Others will recognize his picture. Everyone will want to read about the roadster of which Regg is proud. Our feature story appears on page 5.

The center page (12 & 13) carries 16 pictures of hot rodders and their cars. These shots were taken at the tracks, the dry lakes, in garages, wherever the roadsters and streamliners are to be found. Readers will spot many familiar names and faces there.

A special spot has been devoted to an unusual picture and story about a fuel pump. The photo has been given a touch of leg art, which we feel our readers won't mind. This feature is on page 15.

George Riley, one of the fathers of hot rods as they are known today, gives us a better understanding of the problems of a race mechanic with his article, "KEEPING THE CAR OUT FRONT." This is the same Mr. R. who designed and built the famous two-port and four-port Riley racing heads.

Richard Lane Bernstein has written a laugh-filled story, *Someone To Understand Me*, which begins on page 6. In the past, Bernstein has been noted as editor of the Los Angeles City College magazine, *POINT*.

From page 21 to the inside back cover are results and standings from the tracks and dry lakes where the hot rods do their stuff.

HRM aims to please its readers. Let us know of your likes and dislikes and we'll do our utmost to comply with them.

Look for HRM every month. Copies will be on sale in many parts shops and garages as well as through club representatives. If your club has no representative for the publication, ask your club secretary to contact us.

HRM may be purchased by yearly subscription.

ED.

(P.S.—Interesting news and photos from our readers throughout the world will be welcomed.)

HOT ROD MAGAZINE

# HOT ROD Magazine

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PAGE 3

4-Out-of-5

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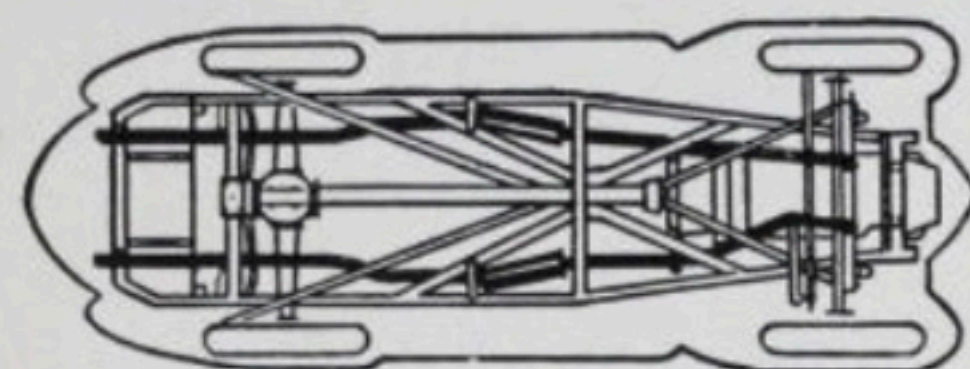
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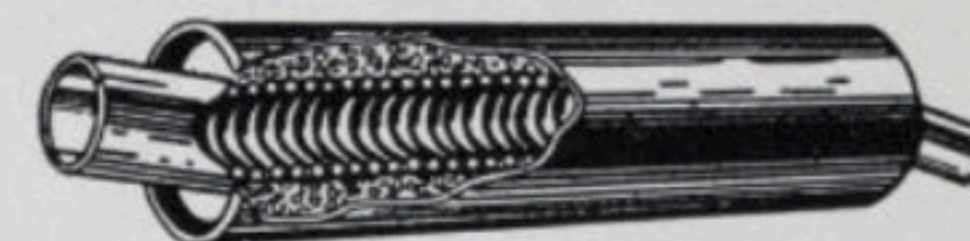
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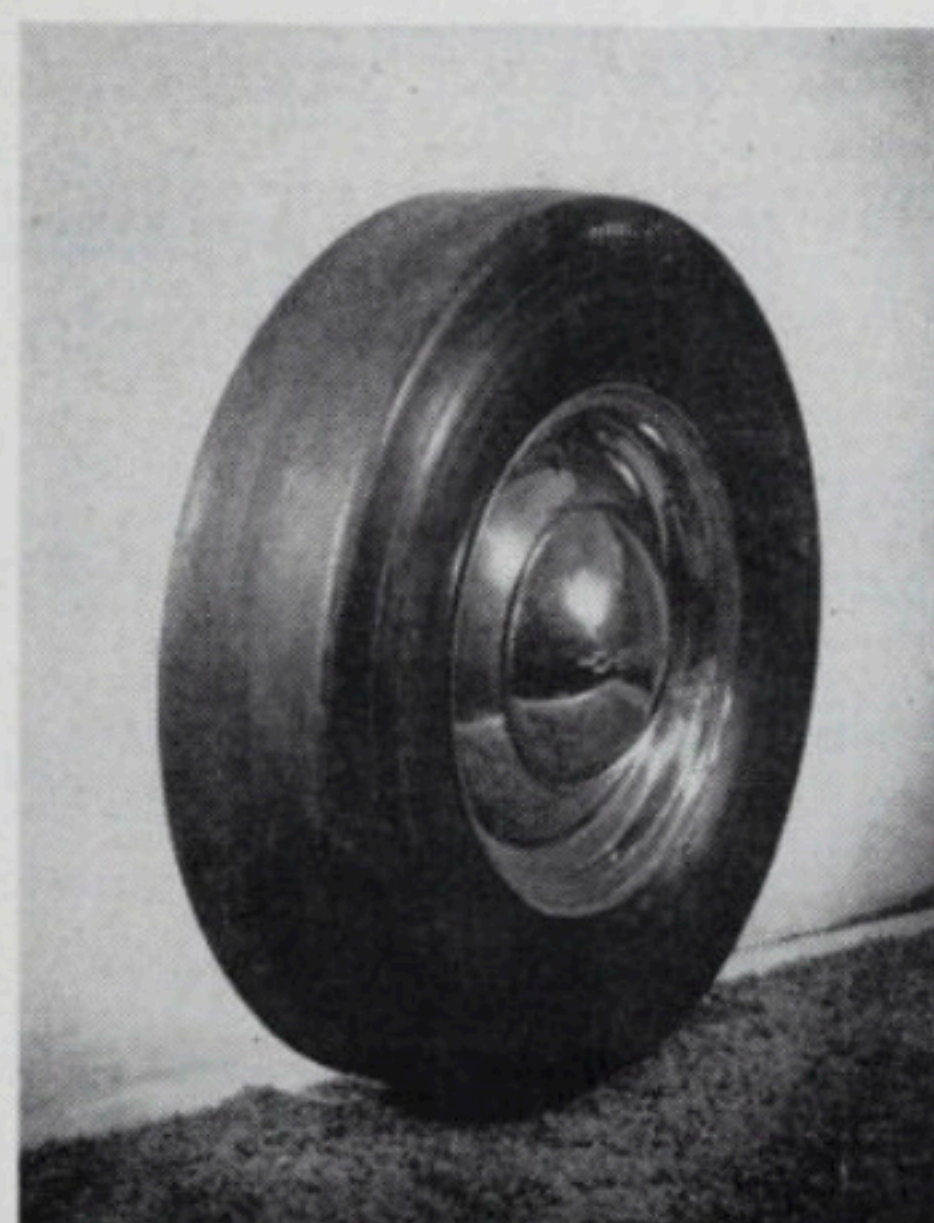
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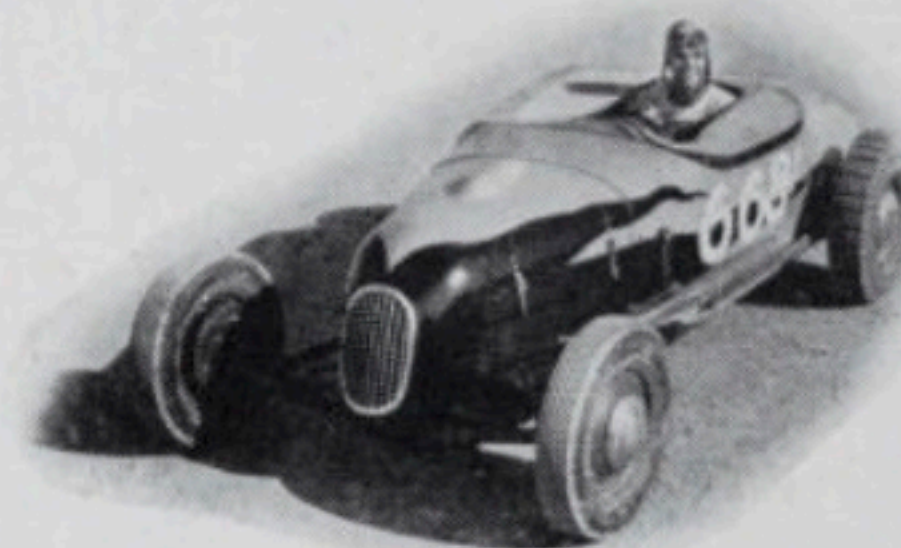
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## HOT ROD OF THE MONTH

On October 19 the last official Southern California Timing Association meet was held at El Mirage Dry Lake. As could be expected of the final meet of the season, the turnout was good and entries were in top running order. The crowd numbered about four thousand. Spectators and entrants alike were keyed to the importance of the meet. They hoped for some new and surprising hot rods to turn out and for some old records to be shattered. In neither case ere they disappointed.

### SCTA NEWCOMER

The man of the hour was a relative newcomer to the SCTA and to The Gaters, the club which he represented. He was Regg Schlemmer, whose class C roadster, number 668, smashed past records with its initial competitive run at the lakes. The car stepped out ahead of all others in its class to lay a new average of 136.05 mph. Eddie Hulse of Compton, California, piloted 668 to that mark.

Behind the record of this car are 20 years engine experience and six weeks of relentless day and night work on the part of owner-builder Schlemmer. The roadster checked in at El Mirage with Mercury engine, Navarro Heads, Evans Manifold and a Smith Cam and running 3.27-1 gears. For ignition he is running two four-cylinder Wico mags. 668's body is 27 "T" channeled over a special built tubular frame. Body work on the car, done by El Slaven, is a job of which any body man would be proud.

Regg's car is built up with a gear box and quick-change locked rear end as he plans to enter it in track competition at a later date.

Schlemmer came west from his birthplace, Louisville, Kentucky, some twenty-five years ago. At the age of thirteen he started to putter around with automobile engines, buying old cars to experiment with and even finding time to repair his neighbors' autos. He completed his schooling at Muir in Pasadena, California.

Although new to the SCTA, Regg has had previous experience in record breaking. Last year, while taking to the waterways, he entered the "Patsy Dee," a Class F runabout, in the five mile competitive and the mile straightaway walking away with a new speed record of 43 mph. This was done with a V-8 "85" engine.

In the near future Regg Schlemmer will open his new speed shop at the corner of Wright and Imperial Road in South Gate, California, where he will build both boat and auto engines for speed enthusiasts.

### MARRIED BETWEEN RACES

Back in 1933, while running cars at Muroc Dry Lake, Regg drove a Winfield flathead, number 21, clocking 117 mph. This was the third fastest time run in his class at Muroc. In '33, of course, there were no classes as they are known today. Cars were classified in the ninety to one hundred mile an hour group, the one hundred to one-ten group and the one-ten to unlimited group. Regg was entered in the later class.

It was in that same year that he took time out from his racing activities to marry a young California girl named Dolores. "We had to squeeze the marriage in between a couple of Regg's races," claims Mrs. Schlemmer. Today they are the proud parents of three children; an eleven-year-old boy and two daughters, aged six and eight.

Regg's fans will not be particularly surprised if next year he enters a V-8 roadster in the Bendix races . . . and WINS! Regg, however, denies that he will. "I like airplanes, but the Mrs. doesn't want me to get into flying. Therefore, I won't."

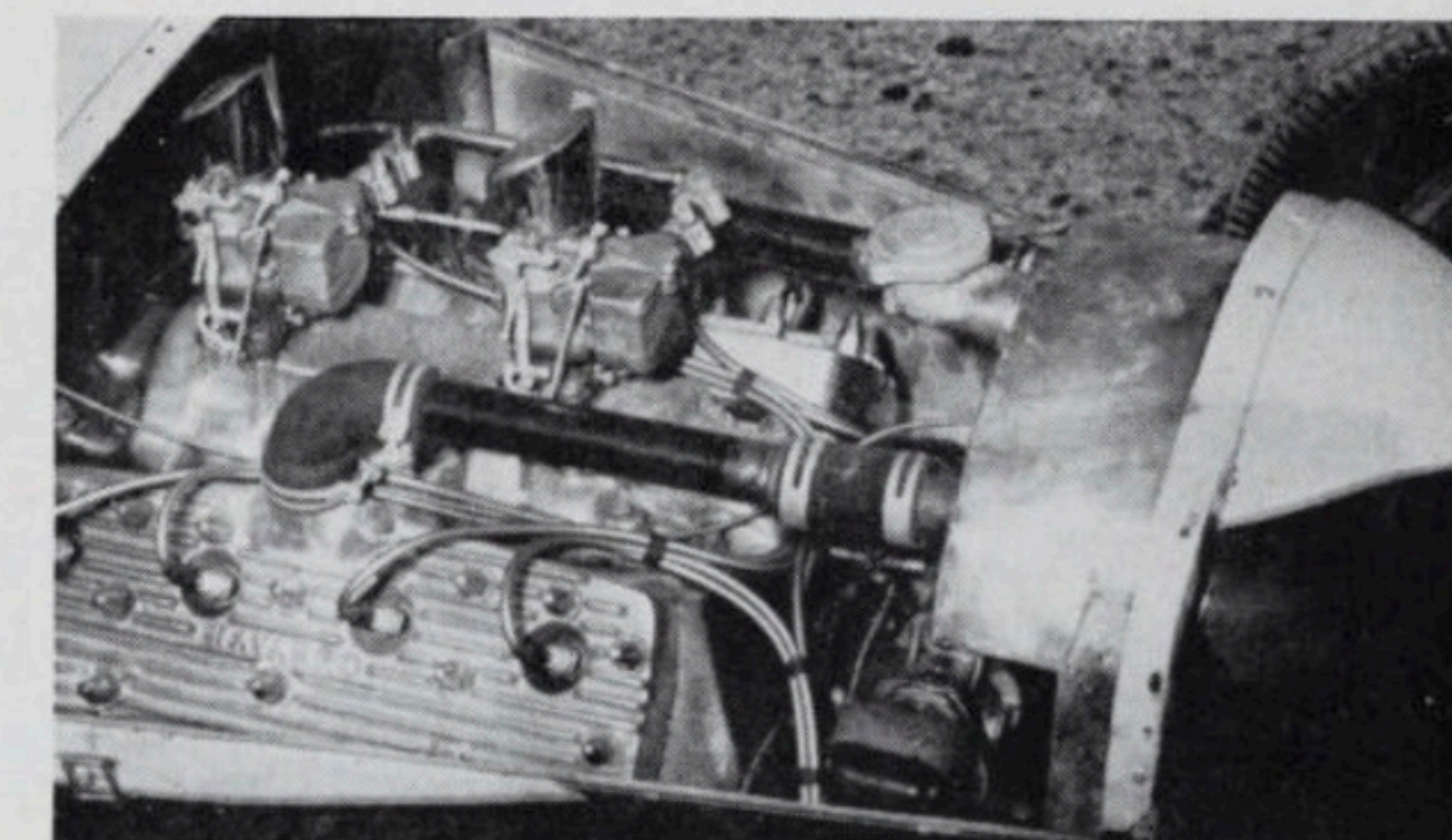
Following his El Mirage victory dozens of spectators and drivers alike swarmed around Schlemmer and number



REGG SCHLEMMER

All of this just goes to show that you never know what will happen when a new car clears the starting line and speeds down the measured strip.

HRM is happy to be able to introduce Regg Schlemmer to its readers in this issue.



Under the Hood

668 to congratulate the new record holder and to get a good look at his mechanical masterpiece. The roadster is one of the smoothest looking cars running on the lakes today. It has a rounded grille extending from the front of the hood and the body has been completely smoothed out with all cracks and ridges filled in. The entire underside is encased in a belly pan.

During all of the excitement which ensued the timing of this car, Schlemmer wore one of the widest grins on record . . . the smile of a man who can be proud of his own accomplishment. Asked about his hobbies and outside sports, Regg retorted, "I'm strictly an engine man. They are by business, my hobby and my sport."

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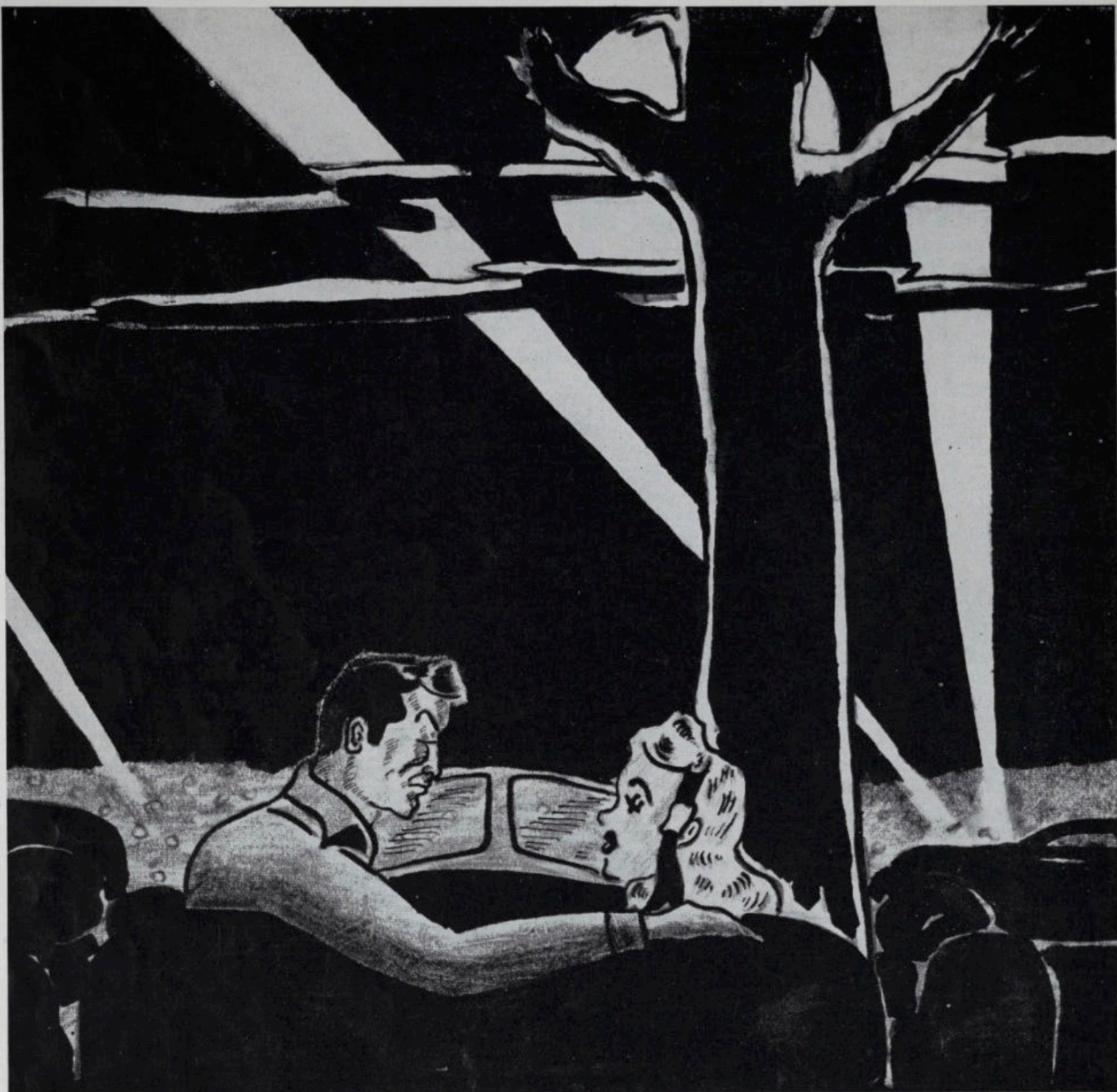
### \* ABBREVIATIONS IN COMMON US WIT HOT ROD FANS

SCTA—Southern California Timing Association  
CRA — California Roadster Assn.  
ASC — American Sports Car  
R—roadster  
S—streamliner (any car not conforming to contour of stock roadster body)

### Classes for dry lakes entrants—SCTA

A—0-150 cubic inches  
B—150-250 cubic inches  
C—250-350 cubic inches  
D—350 and over.





Somehow he didn't want to kiss her, he wanted to get the car started and get home where he could think by himself.

## Someone to Understand Me

by Richard Lane Bernstein

It was the talk of the town. Jerry Connors could see people laughing at him everytime he parked his hot rod and went somewhere. Everybody thought that his engagement to Eve Bogardus was some sort of a gag. He could see their faces when he told them.

Curly Winthrop was the first to hear it. He could still vision that bewildered look on Curly's tomato red kisser. "You must be kidding, Jerry. You're the lady killer in this town. You're for somebody like Myra Cummings, who has as many curves as Bobby Feller can pitch. Eve looks like the result of an unhappy marriage and her figure is just like a washboard. It's a gag, isn't

it, Jerry? Women are wise about facts and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns the facts."

A gag to get engaged to a girl like Eve. A woman who appealed to him. Then he had met Byron Foster at the Speed Show. He watched Foster almost choke on his bridgework when he told him the news. "Eve Bogardus! Not the tiny one with the glasses that make her look like an owl. Surely April Fool's Day isn't here again so soon, Connors."

Come to think of it, Eve wasn't beautiful, but her face was different. It had a serene look. Calm. Peaceful. Then when he walked into the snack shop he'd seen Corky Rogers munching

on a burger. Corky beamed, "Eve and you. Say, that's a scream."

It had all started at the Toppers Dance at the Ridgeway Club. The gang was there and he took Myra Cummings. Myra was sort of an eyeful. She liked to talk and she continually peppered him with conversation while they were dancing.

"So when I got on the bus the conductor said, 'You're fare', and I said to him, 'You're not so hot yourself'. Myra laughed at her own joke. He had known Myra a long time. They had been all over together. Weenie bakes. Shows. He got so that he knew which way the breeze would blow her hair when they

took a ride in his car. Or what she would say when he told her about his roadster.

Then came the tag dance. Myra slipped out of his arms and another girl whirled him out on the dance floor. She wasn't a good looking girl. Just ordinary with big, wide blue eyes. Orchid blue eyes that seemed to fascinate him. He gazed at her eyes and they made him feel funny. They were sad looking. Deep, like a crystal ball. He was ashamed of looking into them too much. He felt as if he were looking inside her. He heard her talking. Her voice was low and yet sounded like the ripples of a waterfall. Cool words. Refreshing. He could feel her in his arms and yet it was as if she were floating.

"I've seen you around," the girl said softly. "You're Jerry Connors. One of my girl friends told me."

"And who are you?" he asked innocently.

"Eve Bogardus. This is such a nice dance. I like dancing and music and laughing."

And so they stood there talking about little things, everyday things. He was standing there holding her in his arms not noticing that it was intermission.

"Am I interrupting something? Is this a private game or can anybody play?" It was Myra. Her tone was sarcastic. It seemed as if she were speaking from faraway.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Jerry, "Eve Bogardus, this is Myra Cummings. We were just getting acquainted, Myra."

"Keep it up. You're doing okay," Myra smiled. "By the way, if you want me I'll be dancing with Cary Jones. Be careful, Eve, he bites."

Somehow or other, there was something about her. He took her to the fights. He even told Spike Bradley about her. Spike was his boss. Spike had been in the garage business for years. Jerry worked there as a mechanic. He liked the job, mostly because Spike was such a character. He was a dumpy little guy built like a fireplug with soulful brown eyes and a baldpate that looked like the back of a retreating mule.

"Sure, Myra gets sore at the dance. Gals are like that. Reminds me of a dance I went to. I used to be quite a gay dog, very hep on the repartee. No babe could outtalk me. One girl was sitting surrounded by a score of admirers. Her beauty was beyond description. When the music started I walked up to her. 'Pardon me, Miss, may I have this dance?' Then she said, 'I'm sorry, but I never dance with children.' I grinned back, 'Oh pardon me, I didn't know your condition.'"

Spike was like that. Always there with a story to illustrate a point. But when he brought Eve around Spike wasn't too enthusiastic.

"She's okay, but I seen a lot better. To hear you rave, I'd think that you need glasses."

When he sat with her on her front porch he felt as if he couldn't stand it any more. He'd show them. He'd get their goats. He kept thinking about Wendy. Wendy was the girl that he met at the beach. She was a pretty blonde. Somehow he'd stop seeing her when he met Verna. Verna was a redhead with green eyes that had done absolutely nothing to him compared with Eve's blue orchid ones.

Then he figured out the solution. He would invite her home to meet the folks. They understood him. They would know what there was about Eve that made him fall for her. Sure, she was a funny kind of girl. She would sit and listen to all he had to say. She would smile when he told her about his days as a kid. The time he beat up Harry Connelly for swiping his lunch. The time that he and Larry Corbett stole watermelons at Mr. Jones' when they spent their vacation in the country. About how sore he got when his Mother washed the white shirt he had cribbed all the answers to the math questions on during final exams. Eve's eyes always twinkled with understanding.

His Mother was pretty happy to hear that he was bringing a girl home for dinner. Especially Eve. He had talked so much about her. She wanted to see her. She had seen Myra and liked her and she was curious to see this girl who had bowled over her boy and made him stop going with Myra.

The dinner party was about as successful as a panhandler in a police station. Eve sat there through dinner, toying with the food in her plate and talking about as much as a blues singer with laryngitis. Pop asked her questions, which she answered with a plain "Yes" or "No". Mom was friendly, too, but it was apparent that Eve wasn't going over too well. Jerry started to kid around and cover up, but no dice. The smiles were gone. Eve had erased their smiles as if their faces were blackboards. No, his eyes hadn't been playing tricks on him.

They didn't like Eve. He was surprised. Yet, what had he expected? The world looked dreary. He needed someone to understand him. The world was full of "theys" laughing at him. After dinner he went into the kitchen. Mom was in there washing the dishes.

"Jerry, Dad and I know you and we were kind of surprised to meet this girl you've been going around with. This Eve. She isn't the right one for you. She's too quiet. You like the outside too much. You are always around peppy things. Interesting things, like working on your car. I'll bet her idea of excitement is curling up with a book."

Pop had the same verdict and Jerry

was puzzled when he and Eve left the house. Maybe he was on a foul ball. Yet she understood him. She listened to all he had to say. Was that the wrong idea?

"Let's go for a ride," he suggested.

Eve nodded, "Let's."

Jerry watched his car eat up the black asphalt highway like a lion chewing up some licorice. His mind wandered like a stray dog. He thought about Breezy. Breezy was his buddy in the Tank Corps. Breezy had a philosophy about women. He didn't like girls. All they wanted to do, he kept telling Jerry, was hook some guy, then quit their jobs so they could sit around the house and eat all day. Breezy believed that a guy chased a girl until she caught him.

He looked sideways at Eve. Her hair was flowing in the wind like a floating cape. It was a mousy brown. She was watching the road. She seemed to enjoy the ride like a little girl frolicking over a game.

When they got to the top of Heaven's Ridge, he parked alongside a bunch of other cars. Below, etched in a maze of white lights and vari-colored neon, was the city. The lights looked like pin-points in the darkness.

"Just think, Eve, behind each of those lights are people doing all kinds of things. People living and tasting life. Life is a great thing. I learned that in the service. You really won't suspect how important and swell being alive and breathing is until you come close to wearing a wooden overcoat." His voice was low and hoarse. He looked strange in the glimmer of the stars. His blonde hair looked silvery and his gray eyes looked colorless.

"I like it up here," Eve replied, "It's high and away from everybody. When I was a kid I used to like to come home and find the house empty. When I was by myself I was curiously alive. I always thought about understanding. If I could find somebody that I could understand and who would understand me."

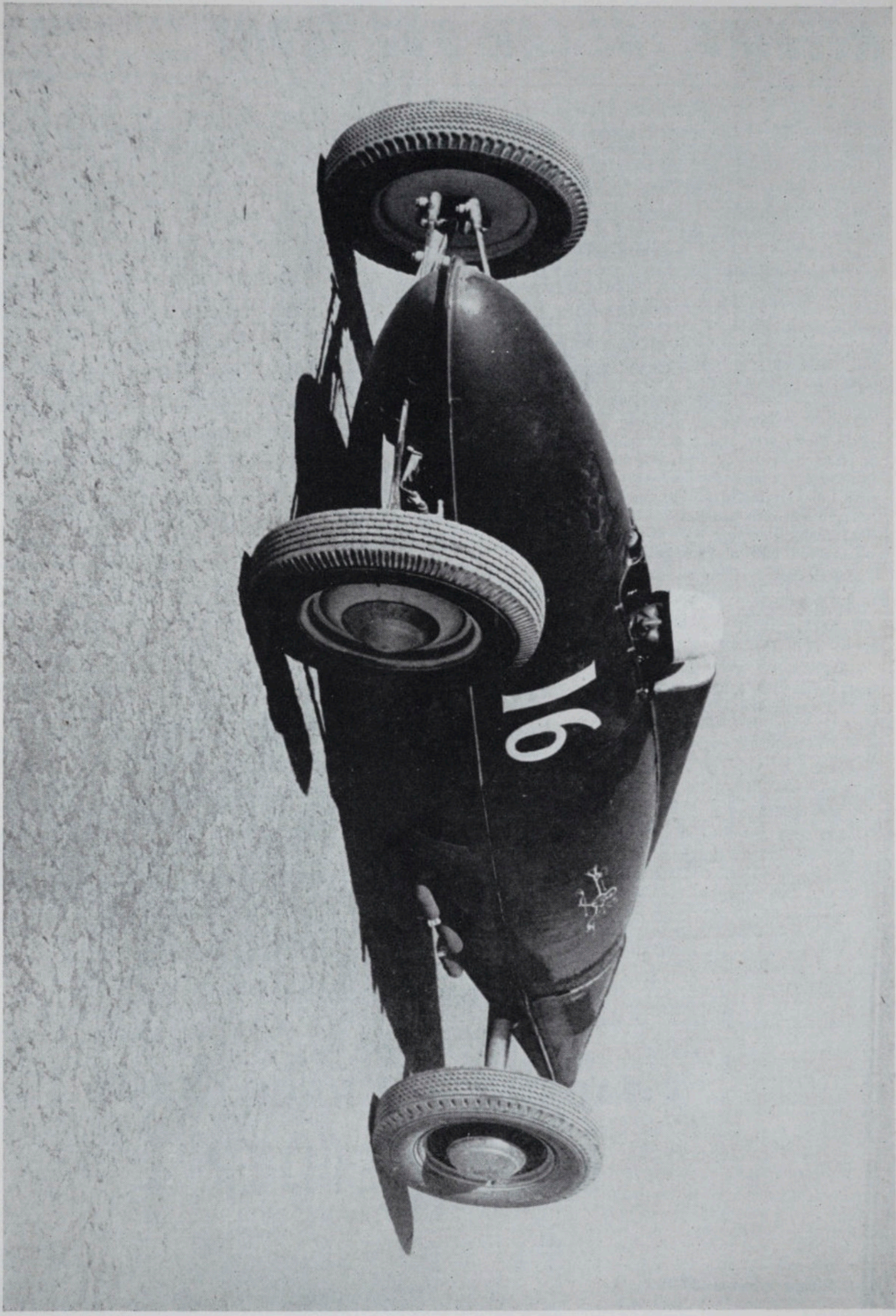
Jerry looked over at her. "You're a funny kid," he said.

Somehow he didn't want to kiss her. He wanted to get the car out of there and get home where he could think by himself.

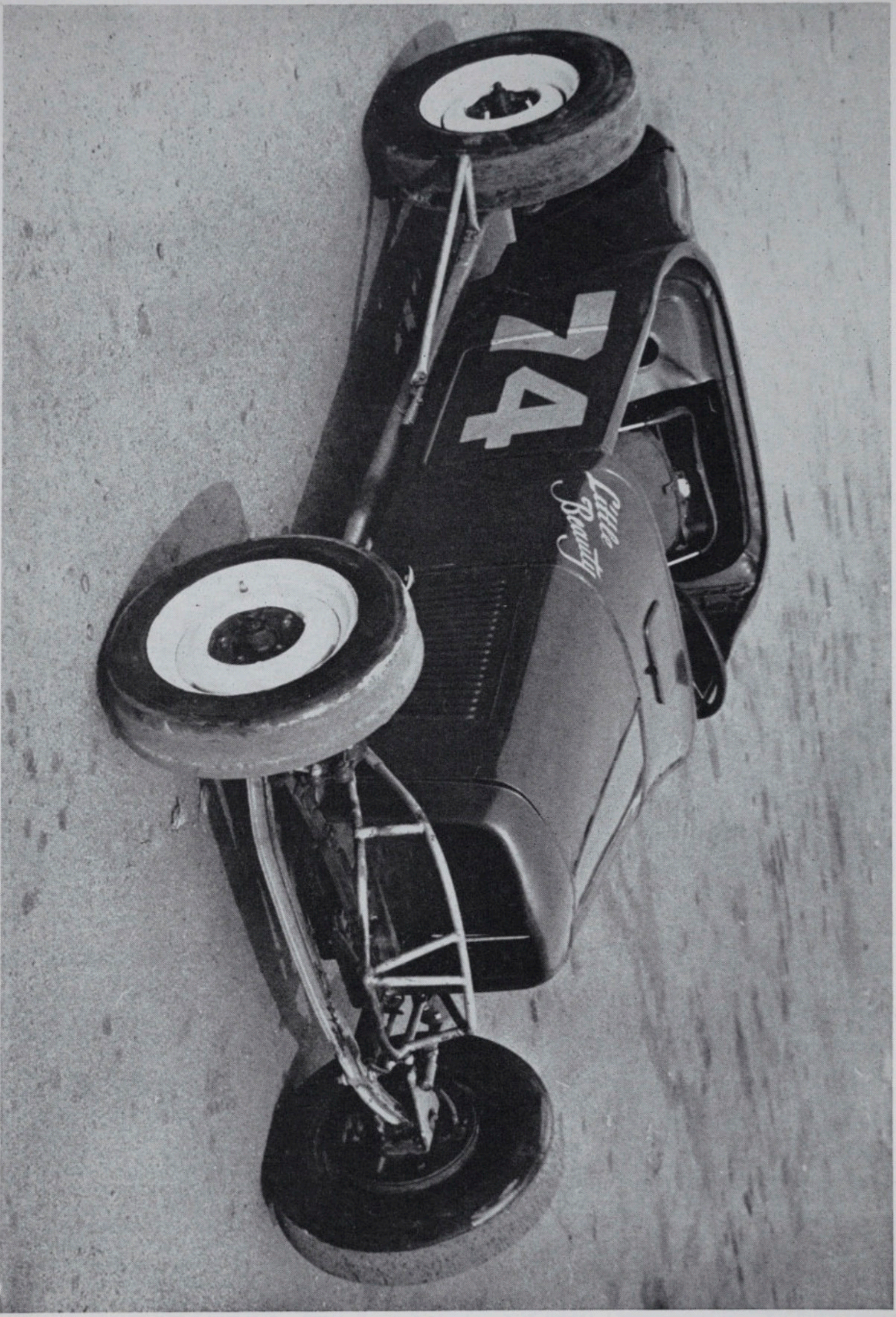
That night he tossed in his sleep. He dreamed about the time when he was a little kid visiting his grandmother and his big brother, and his cousin went out on dates and he had to stay home. He felt hurt that time because he didn't have a girl. But no one understood. He had no one to talk to. Then he remembered his first girl. Bonnie. They had met at a birthday party. She was a redhead. He liked red hair. It was like flame. He used to tell her

(Continued on Page 18)





**BILL BURKE'S "SWEET SIXTEEN"**  
 (Wally Parks driving SCTA record holder)



**DICK VINEYARD'S "LITTLE BEAUTY"**  
 Top Flight CRA Track Job



# KEEPING THE CAR OUT FRONT

by  
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Experienced racing mechanics generally agree that the small, apparently unimportant details which are frequently overlooked cause the largest percentage of racing failures.

Upon the driver's return to the pit, immediately following an event, the top racing mechanic asks the oil pressure on both turn and straightaway, checks on oil and water temperature and wants to know if there was any unusual noise or roughness of the engine. Spark plugs are inspected to check carburetor mixture and if heat range of plug is correct. Evidence of extreme temperature may be noted when porcelain shows very brown or burned, or by electrodes partially melted across the spark gap. The latter should be examined with a magnifying glass. Too rich a fuel mixture will show soot on end of plug. Too much oil coming up will show by oiliness on end of porcelain. When using alcohol fuel an extremely rich carburetor mixture will show as a very wet plug end. Faulty ignition or a fouled plug may be indicated by the

gap between electrodes showing black or dirty. A properly firing plug will be clean and bright between electrodes.

The mechanic checks with driver as to tachometer reading to determine whether or not gear ratio is correct. Experienced mechanics watch carefully while the car is on the track in an effort to arrive at correct gear ratio.

Mechanics know that tires and wheels are of utmost importance as no car can be expected to perform properly without traction. Both mechanics and track officials watch closely for oil or water leaks as many serious accidents are caused by oil or water on the tracks.

During competition good mechanics, even in a short race, give signals to the driver and receive signals from him. In a longer race signals from the pit showing the lap, the position, the lap time, etc., are of utmost importance for team work is absolutely essential for success in racing.

As early as possible following each

race the race mechanic checks not only the engine but every part of the chassis: steering, spindles, axles, wheels, tires, tubes, hubs, shocks, brakes, wheel alignment, balance, fuel and oil tanks, the valves and lines. He also checks the air pump when used or the fuel pump. He looks for cracks which may develop in the frame or for loose cross members, makes sure the foot throttle is working properly, being particular to see that the return spring closes the throttles rapidly and fully to the stop. The carburetor float bowls should be drained and a small amount of fuel flushed through to remove sediment.

The rear end assembly must have plenty of attention as the power developed by modern racing engines is perhaps three times the amount used in highway driving.

A top racing mechanic who keeps a car under a winning driver is a competent, studious person and is entitled to and receives the respect of his competitors who know well the effort required to keep a car out front.

## LAUGHS . . . FROM HERE AND THERE

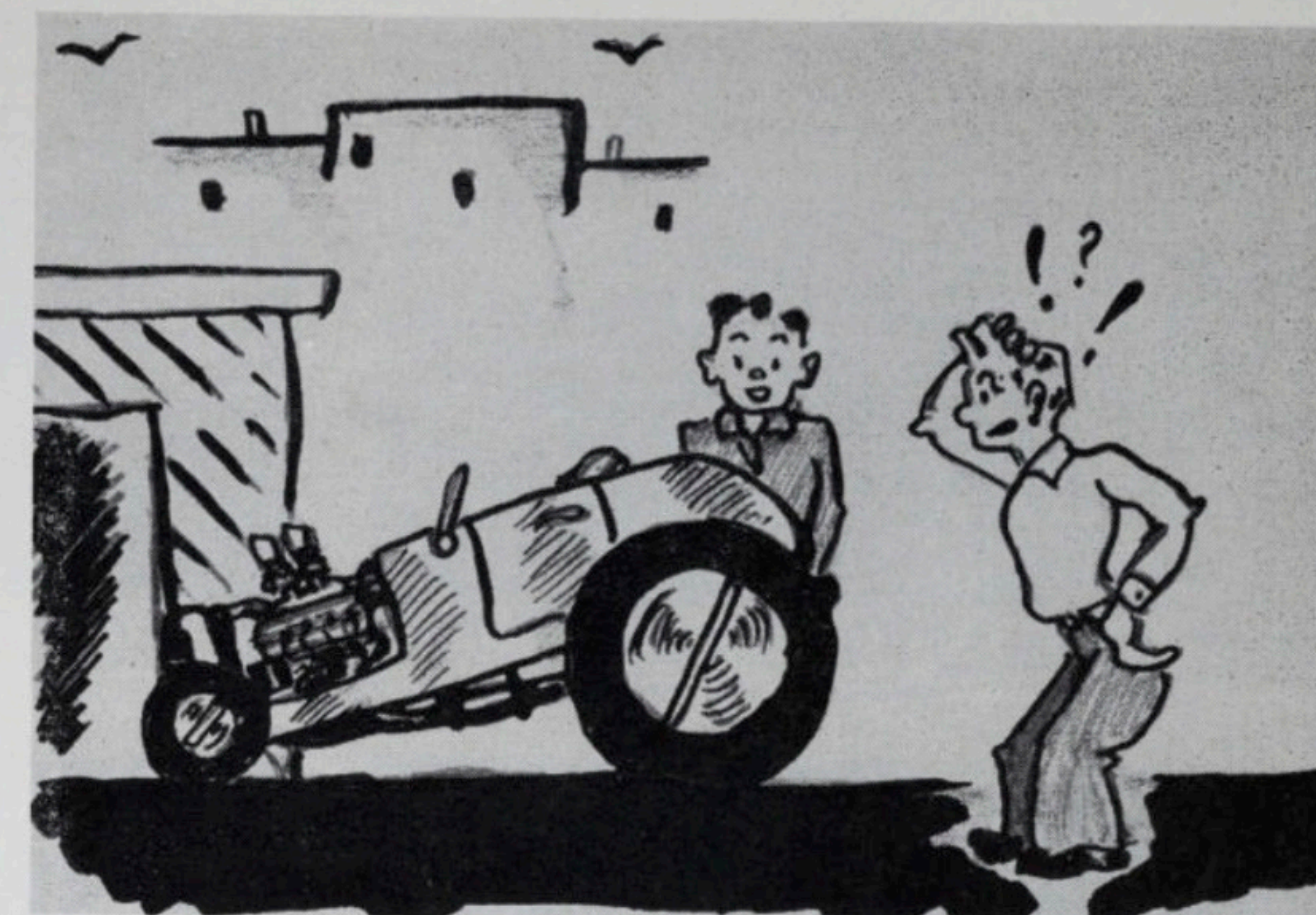
A woman trying to maneuver her sedan out of a parking space banged into the car ahead, then into the car behind, and finally, pulling into the street, struck a passing delivery truck. A policeman who had been watching, approached her:

"Let's see your license," he demanded.  
"Don't be silly, officer," she said archly, "who's give me a license?"

*Montreal Star*

A prominent member and officer of a Southern California hot rod group was invited to visit the home of a British author who was doing an article on hot rods and their drivers. The visit took our friend to Pasadena where he looked forward to learning a great deal about British cars and engines. As this young man was very interested in everything mechanical, he could hardly wait to hear what his host had to say about the foreign autos.

Upon arrival at the author's home, the young man received a friendly welcome, a cup of tea and a generous share of conversation about California's "lovely weather." Minutes and hours rolled by, and in no way could our friend turn the conversation to British automobiles.



"Certainly I understand the principle, Joe . . . but isn't this overdoing it just a bit?"

Finally, when the roadster enthusiast was about to leave in utter disgust, the author's wife ventured to ask, "Would you care to see our Cheetah run?"

Remembering that a Cheetah is an English car built along the same lines as our Chevrolet, our friend thought, "Well, now, this is more like it."

"Of course!" he replied.

"Good," said the hostess. "Just follow me."

She led the visitor through the back door into the yard, where she switched on the yard lights. "There!" she said.

There, before the astounded gaze of the young man, was the cheetah . . . a type of hunting leopard from India.

## HOT ROD SMASHUP

When you're reading in the paper  
That a fellow cut a caper  
With a hopped-up cut-down Ford of '29  
You'd better think about it  
And perhaps you ought to doubt it  
Or you may mislay the blame along the line

Now the caption says it's "hopped-up"  
That's because the engine's propped up  
To prevent its falling out into the road  
There's the line that reads "it's speedy"  
That's the truth, bud. Yes, indeedly!  
It made thirty miles per hour . . . without a load

And when it says the car is cut-down  
Then the writers hit a rut down  
At the local office of the Star Gazette  
For the body's strictly stock  
No more cut down than a clock  
And I'll lay you odds on that for any bet

But the part that brings a gripe  
Is where reporters add the tripe  
That the "hot rod" driver thought he  
as so bold

When the car was really "junk"  
And the driver just a punk  
Only seventeen or eighteen summers old  
Someday you'll read the story  
Of the hot rods in their glory  
When they're legal and accepted in their place

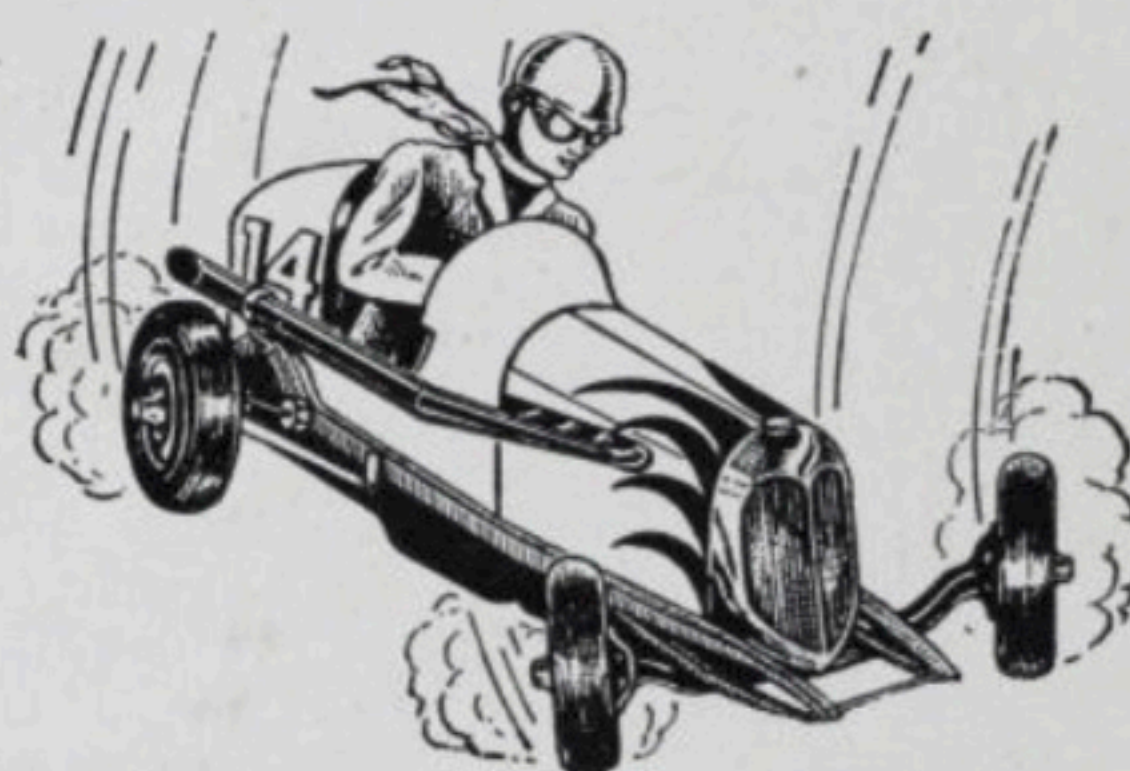
By then you'll have forgotten  
All the items that were rotten (I mean written)

By the "hopped up" news reporters  
who've lost face.



"You say we're going to the lakes? That's swell. Then I won't have to change my clothes"

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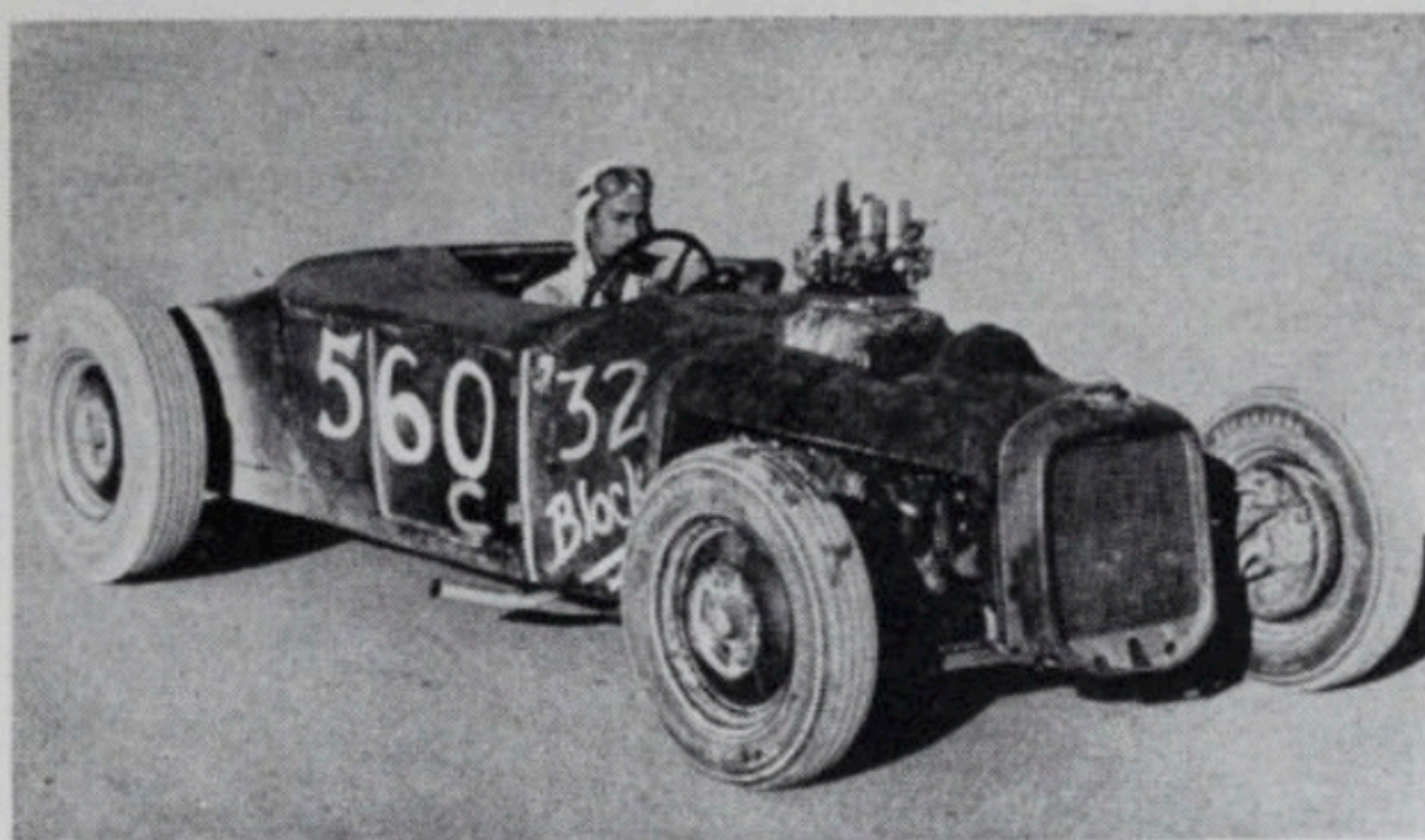
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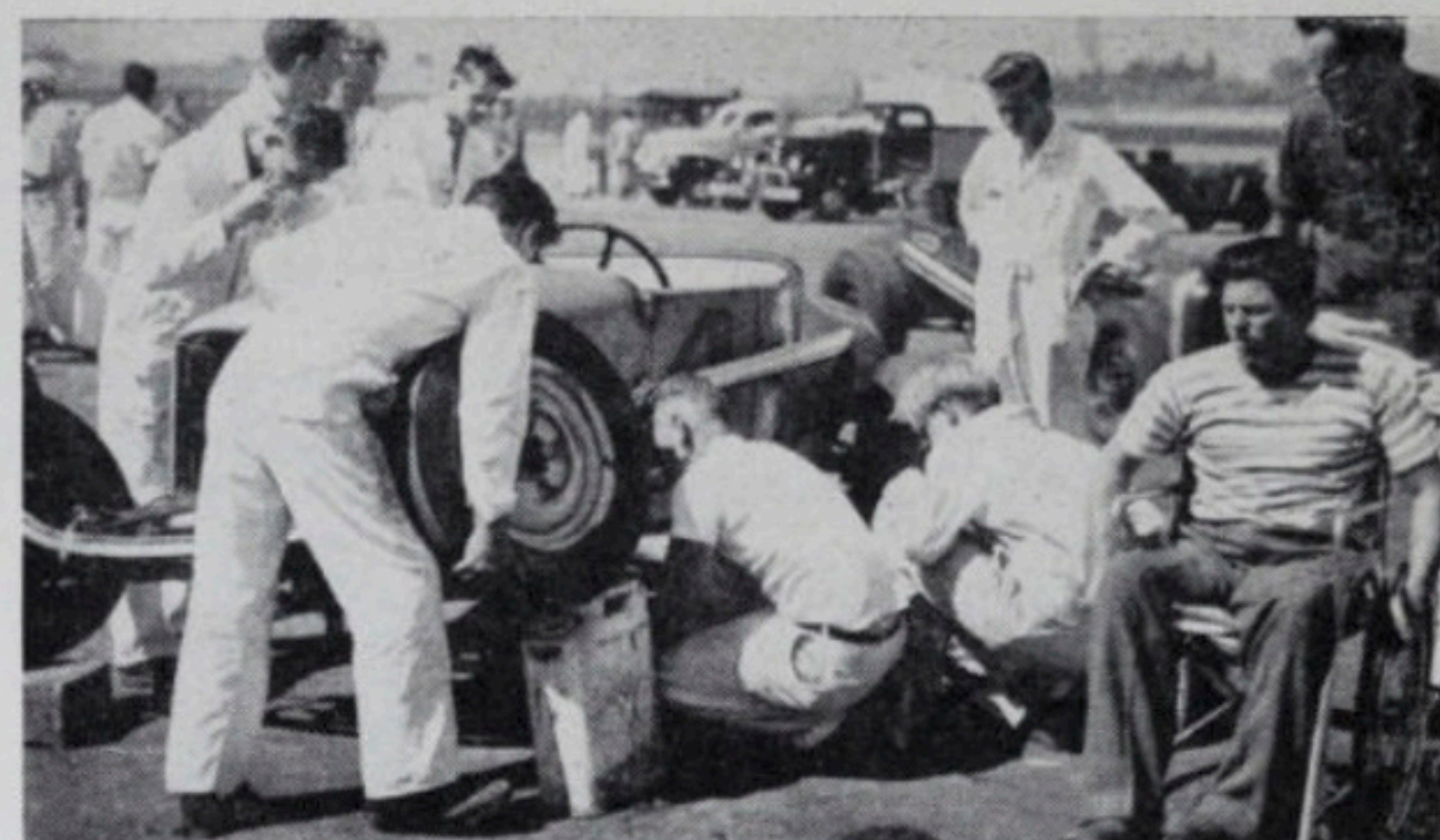
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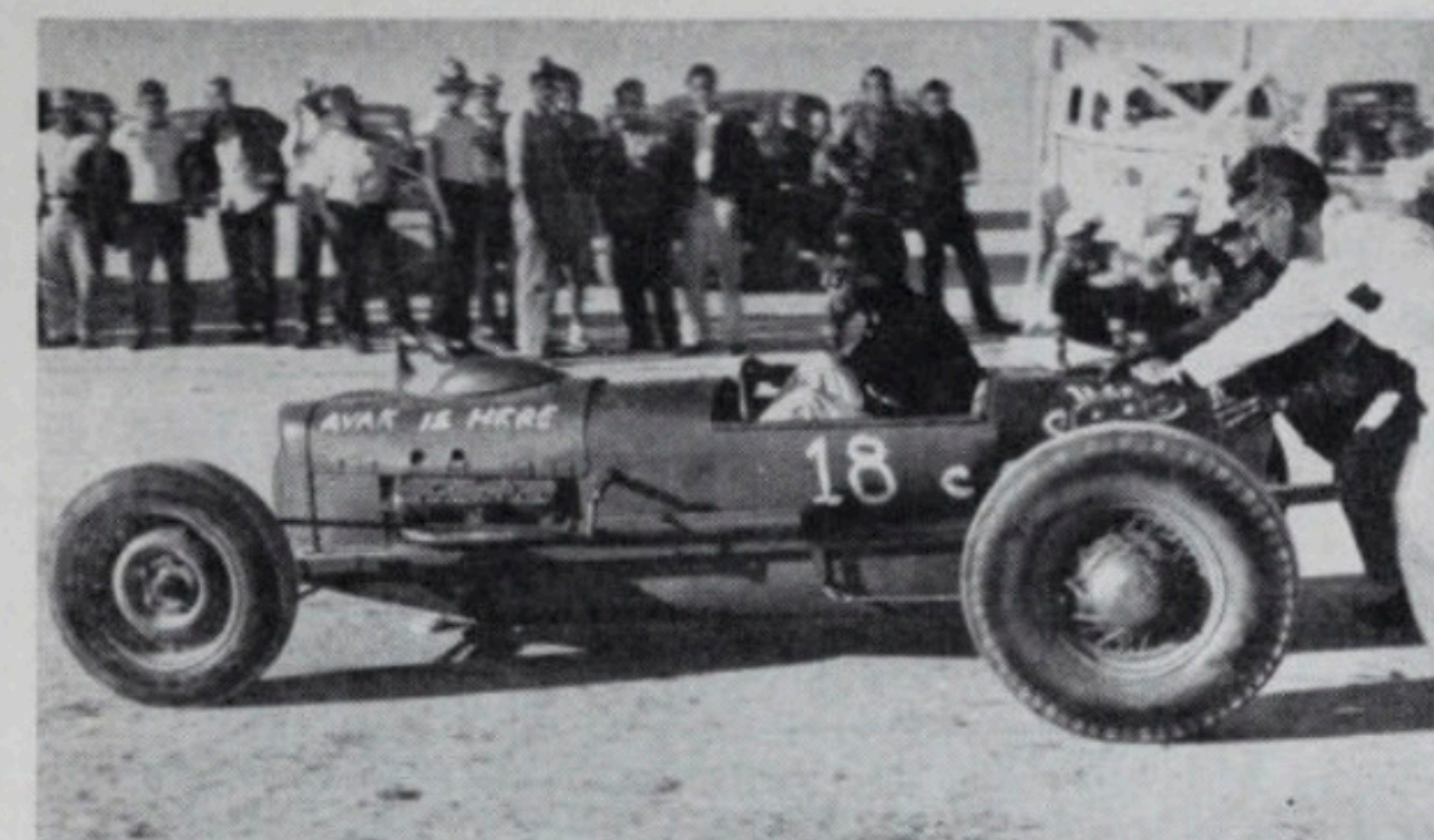




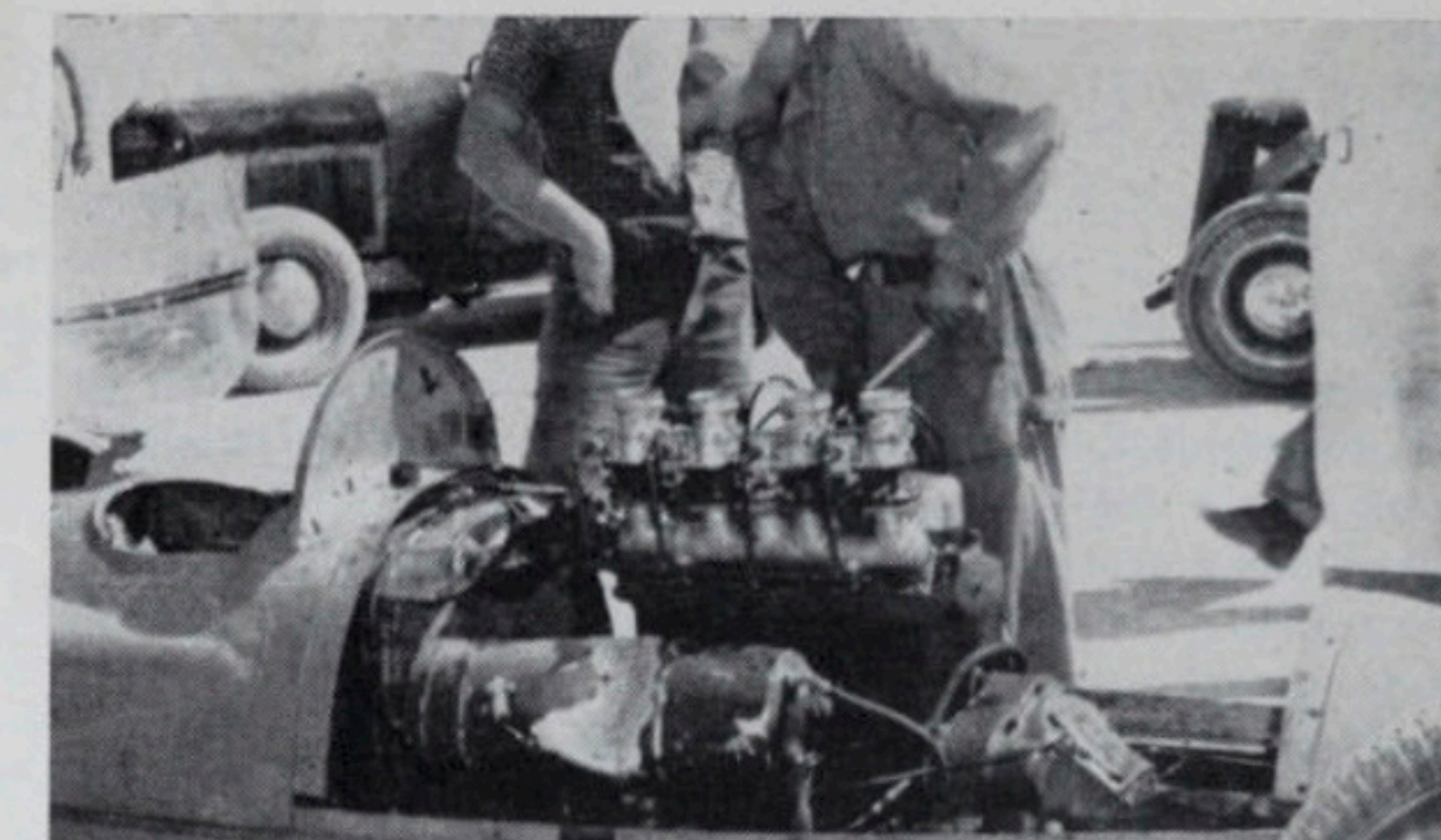
Tom Beatty turned up at El Mirage Dry Lake with four Stromberg carbs on a GMC blower.



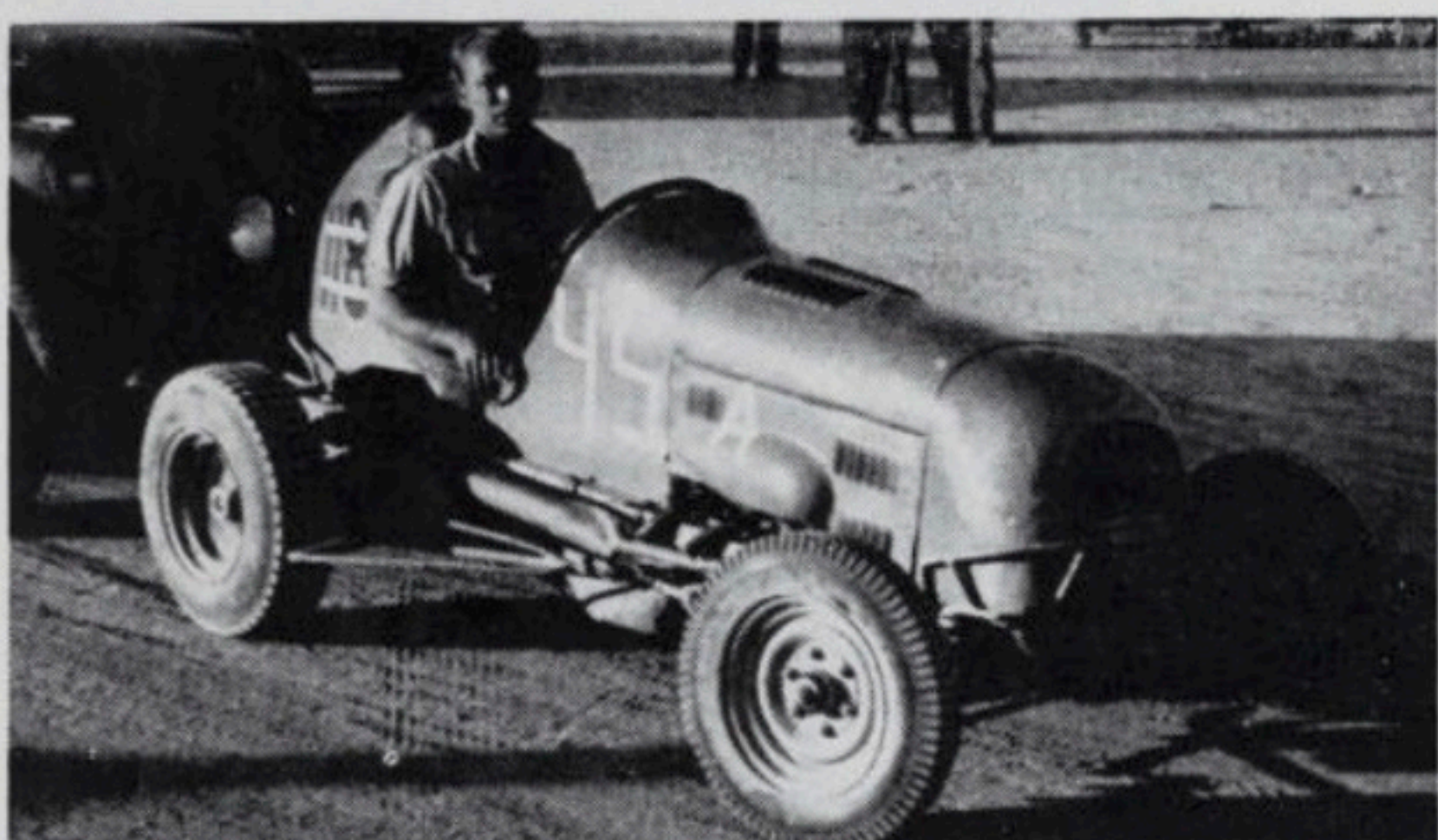
Even the drivers pitch in to "ready" this track job for qualifying at Gardena, California. Owner Phil Weiand (striped shirt) looks on.



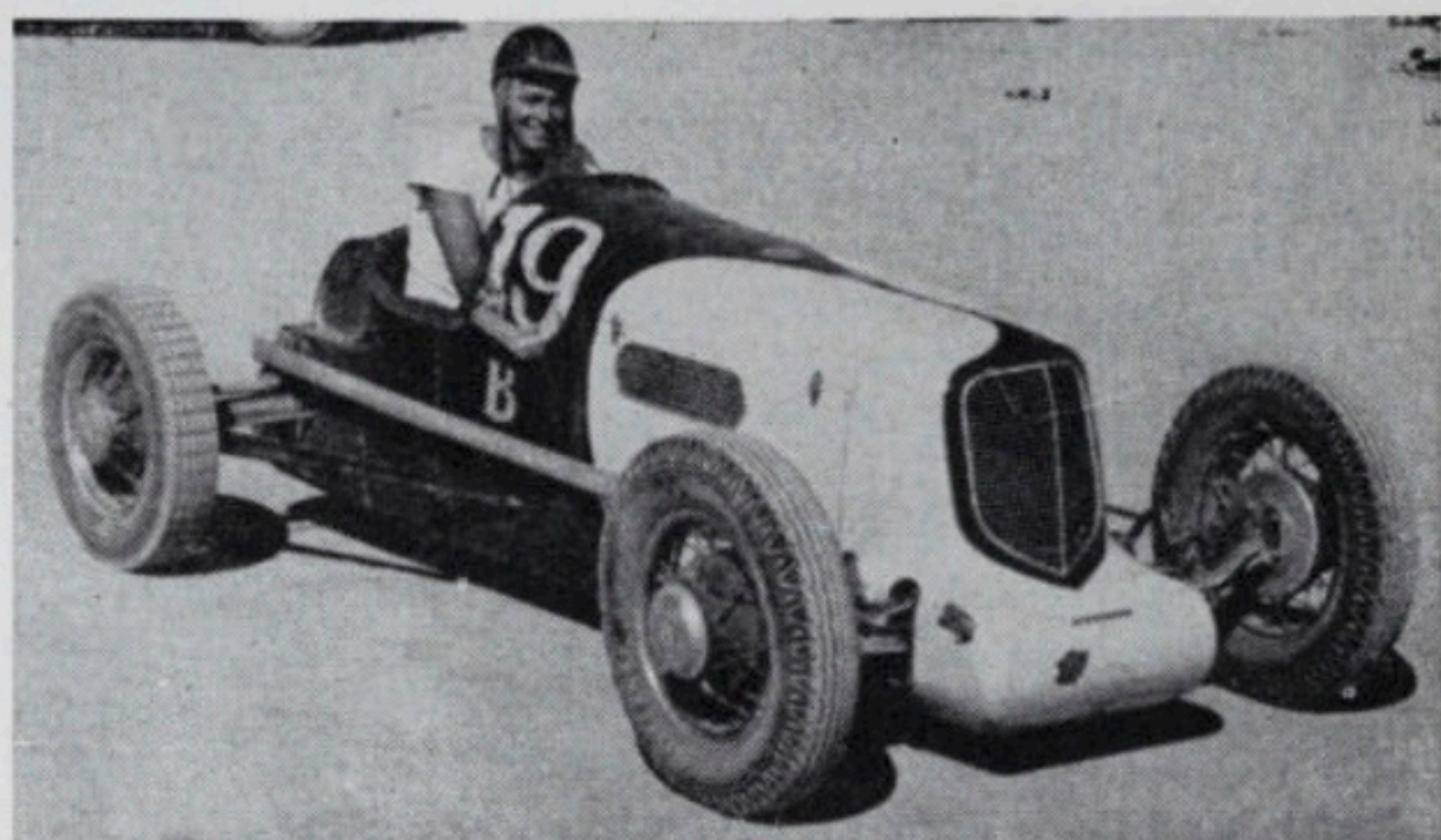
Dick Craft gets a push at the lakes starting line. He showed up sporting a goatee to match his announcement, "Avak is here."



Arnold Birner, president of the Mojave Timing Association, checks the plugs on his model B-4 cyl. belly tank. Arnold plans to convert to an alcohol-burning setup next season.



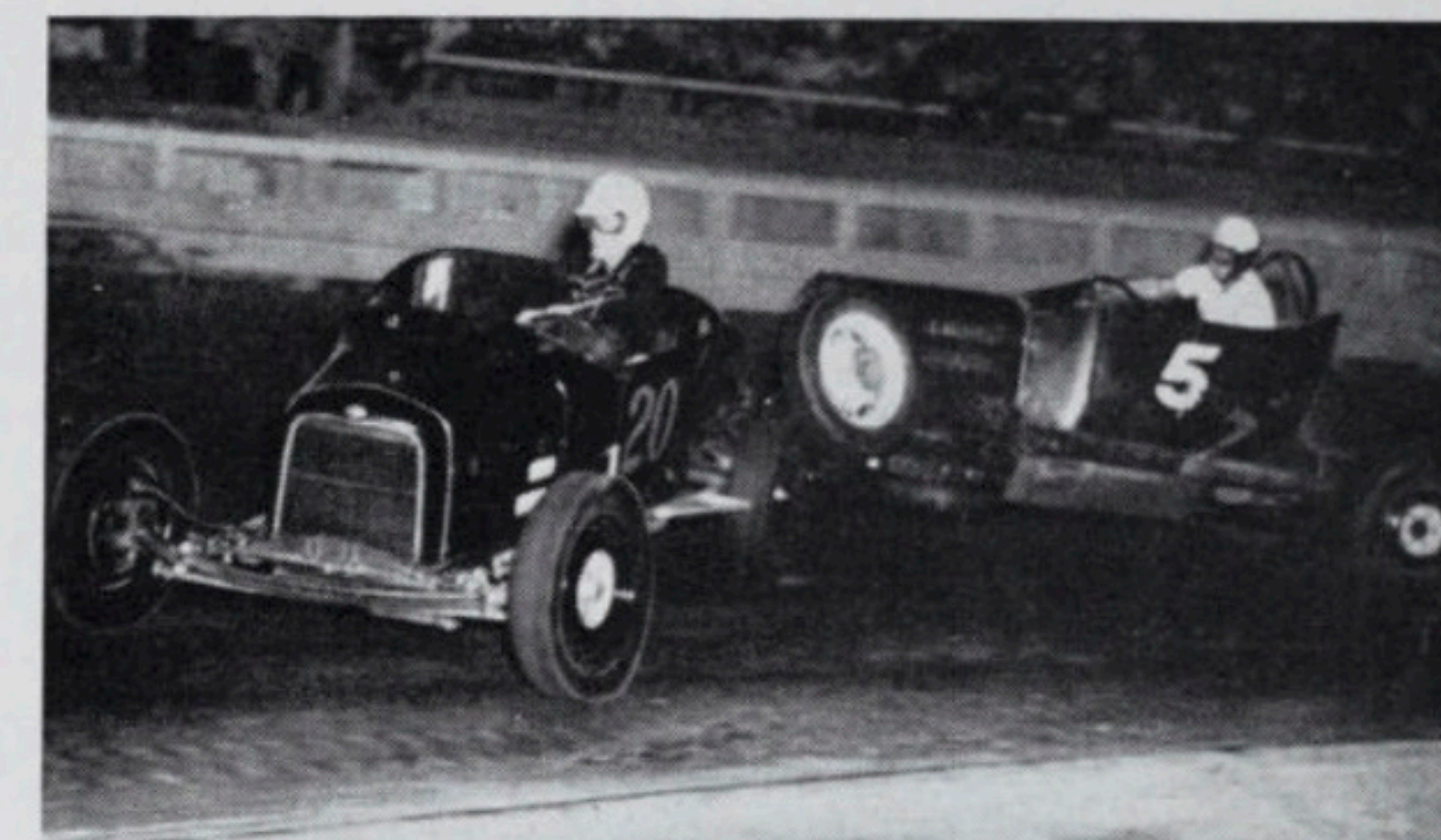
Chauncey Crist in his midget Class AS which turned 117.49 at the final SCTA lake meet of the season.



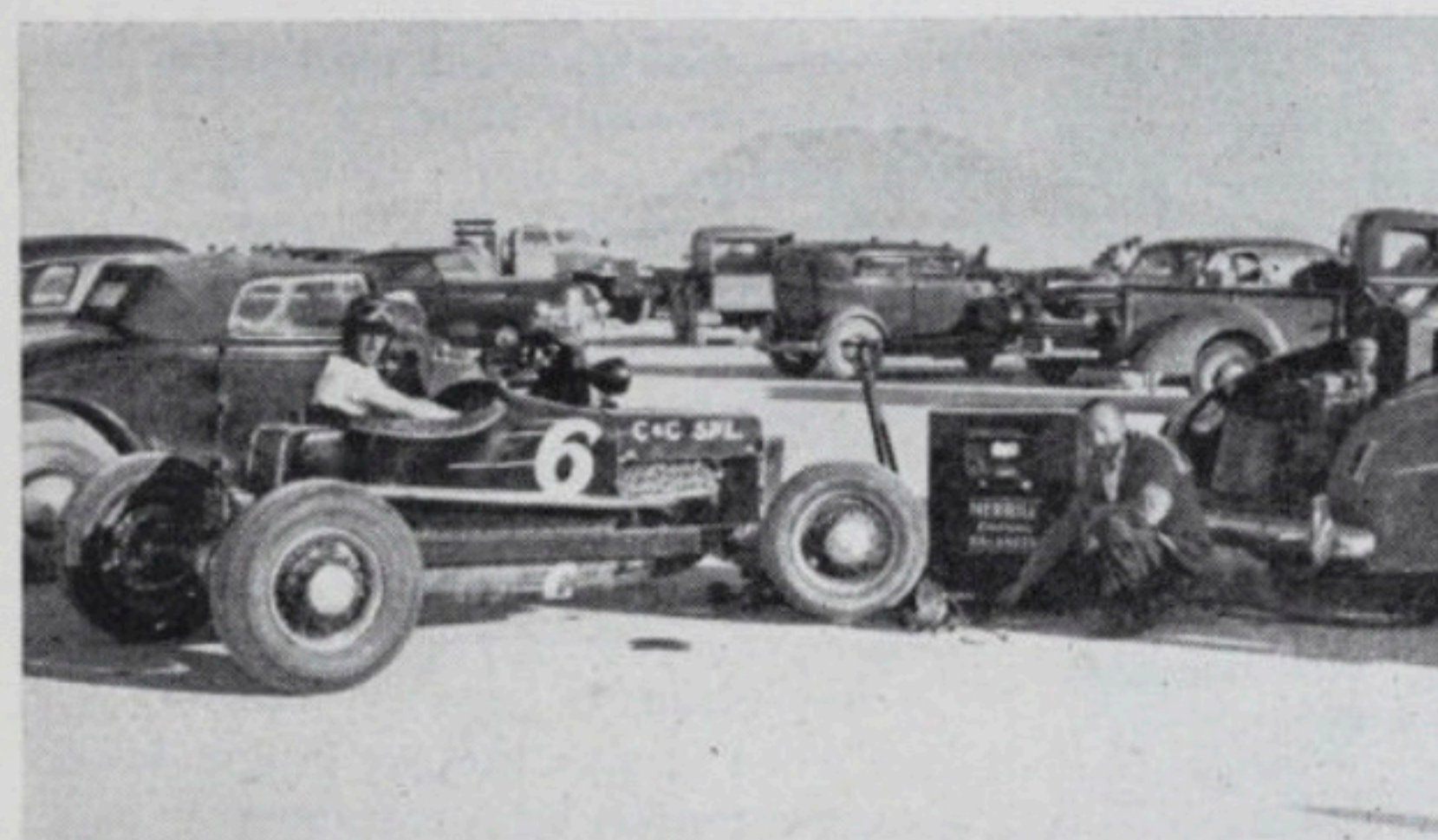
Phil Remington in the cockpit of his consistently fast Class BS. Phil, a member of The Low Flyers, prides himself on his car's beautiful body work.



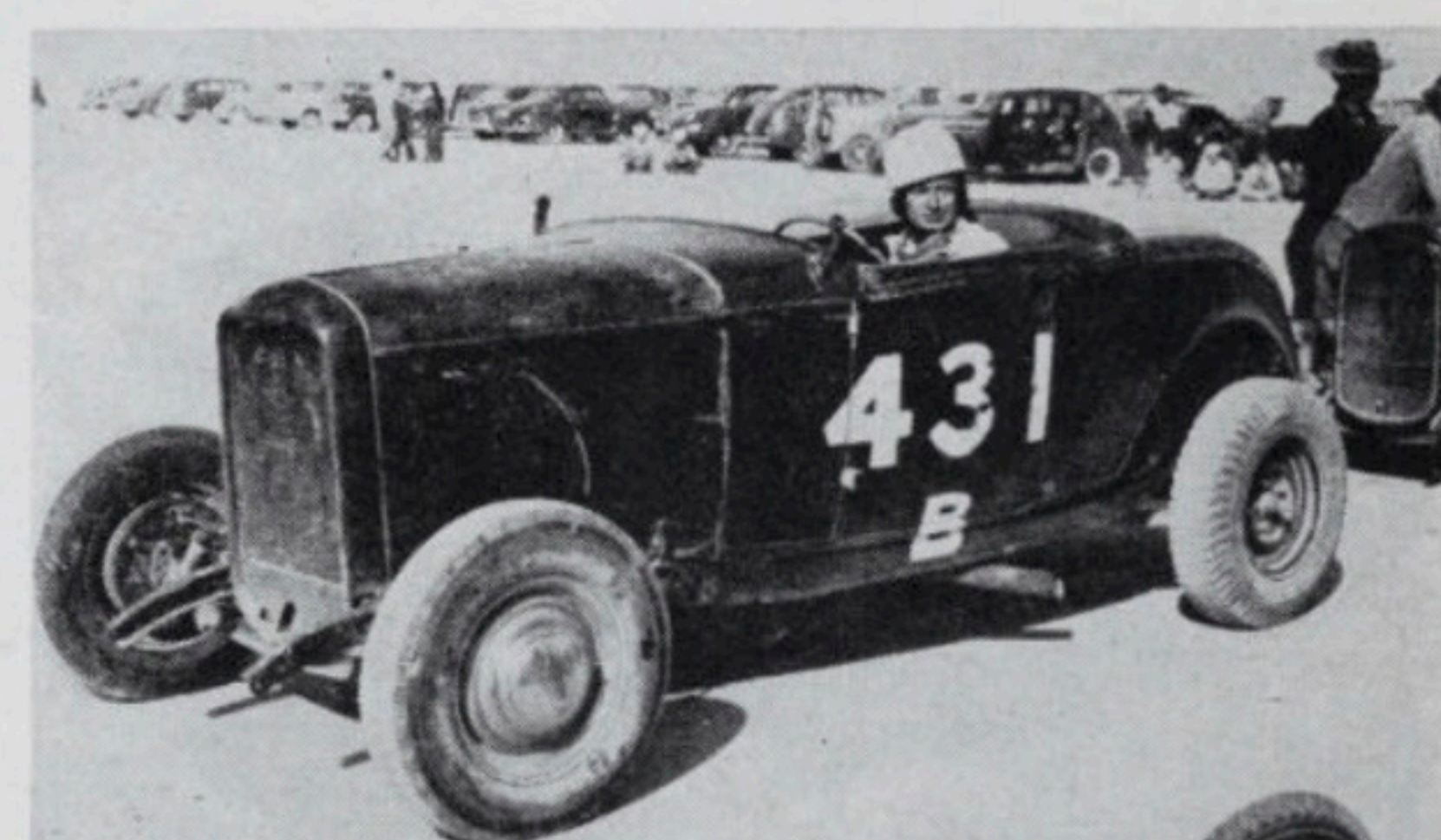
CRA's Dick Rathman brought his track job to this Russetta Timing meet at El Mirage. Here he is clocking 126 plus.



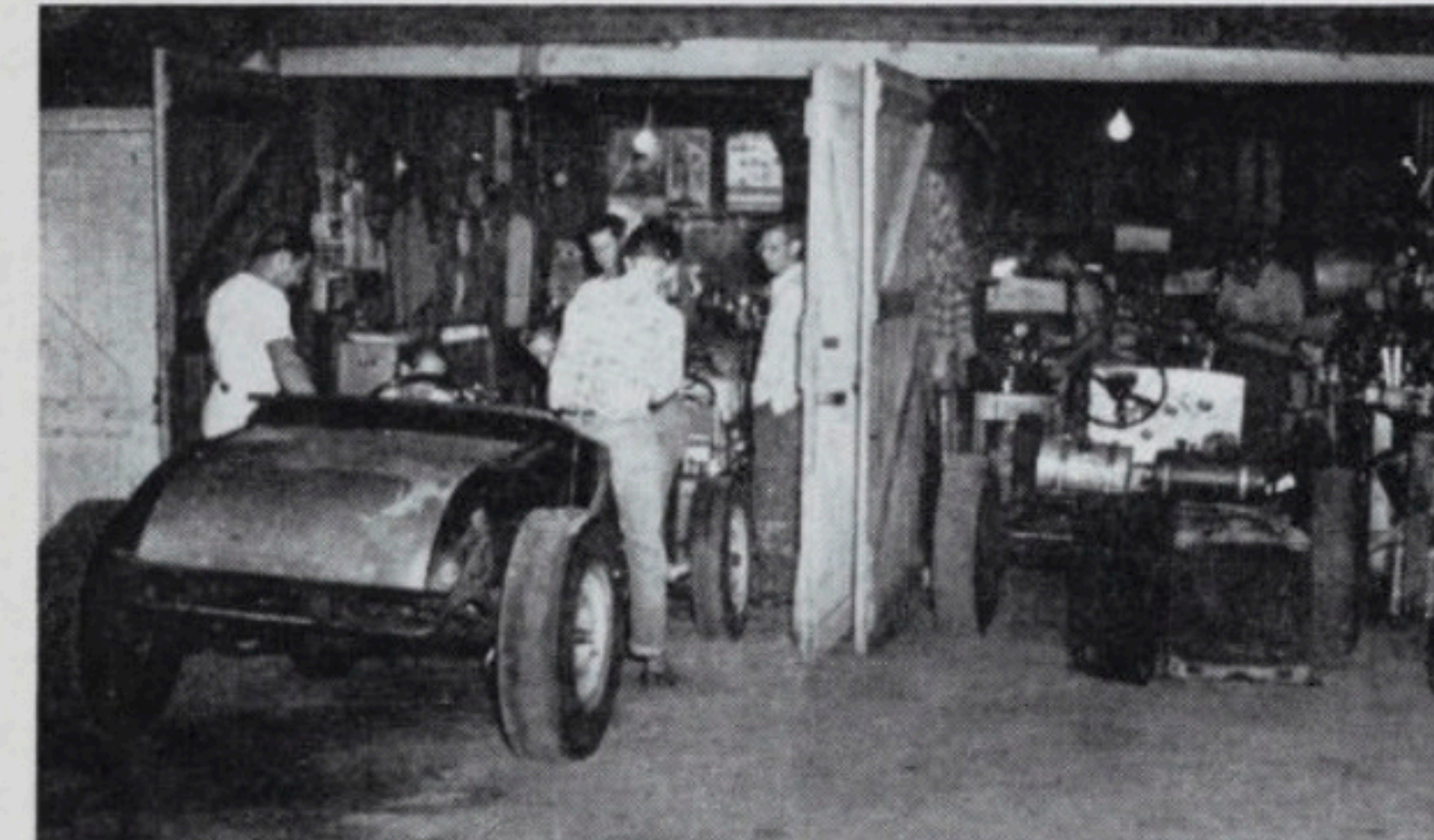
Andy Linden, No. 5, tries to pass Troy Ruttman the hard way during night racing at Bonelli Stadium in Saugus, California.



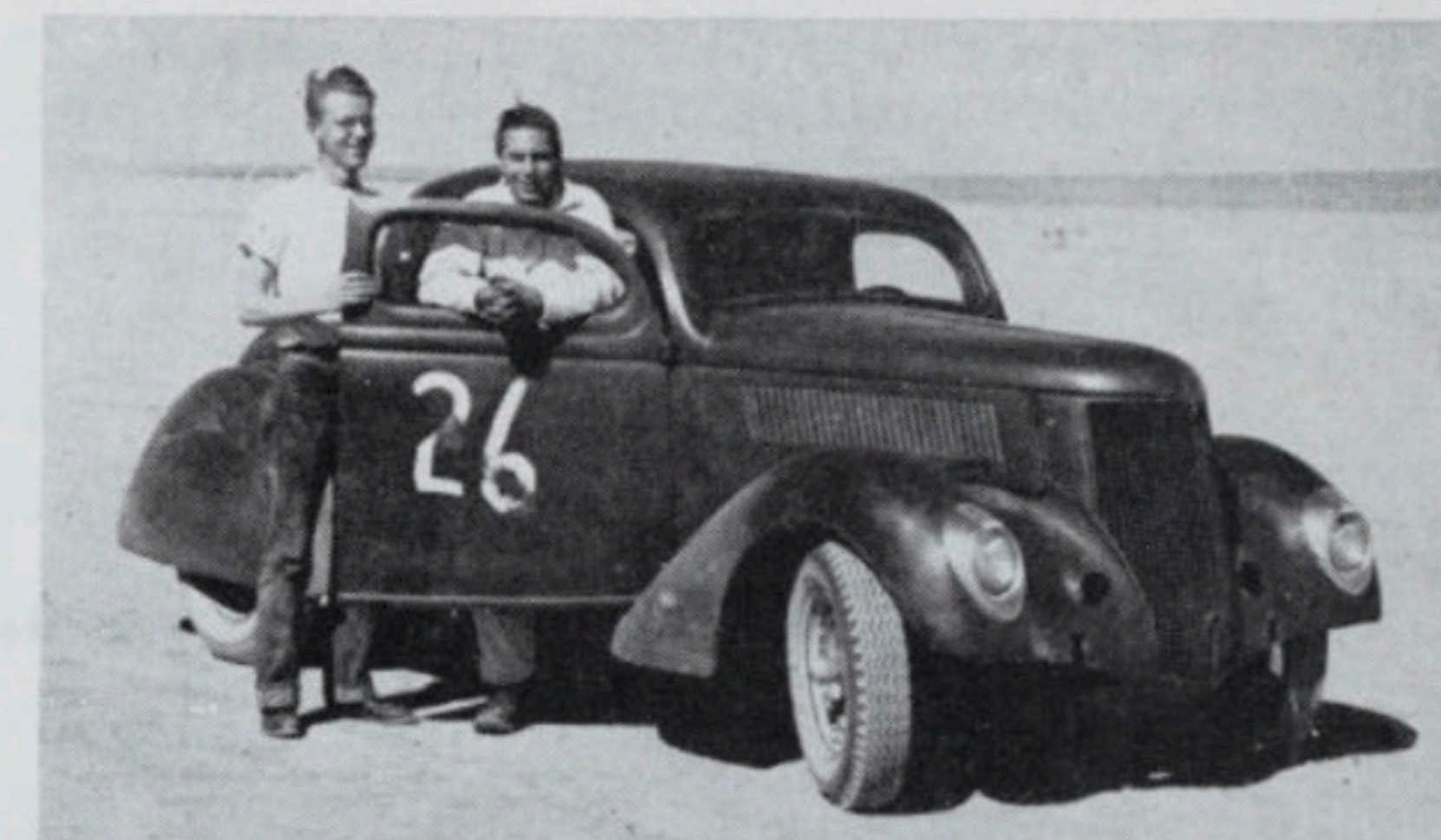
Johnson-Caruthers lake entry now holds BS record of 136.39. Shown here is Doug Caruthers getting his wheel balance checked.



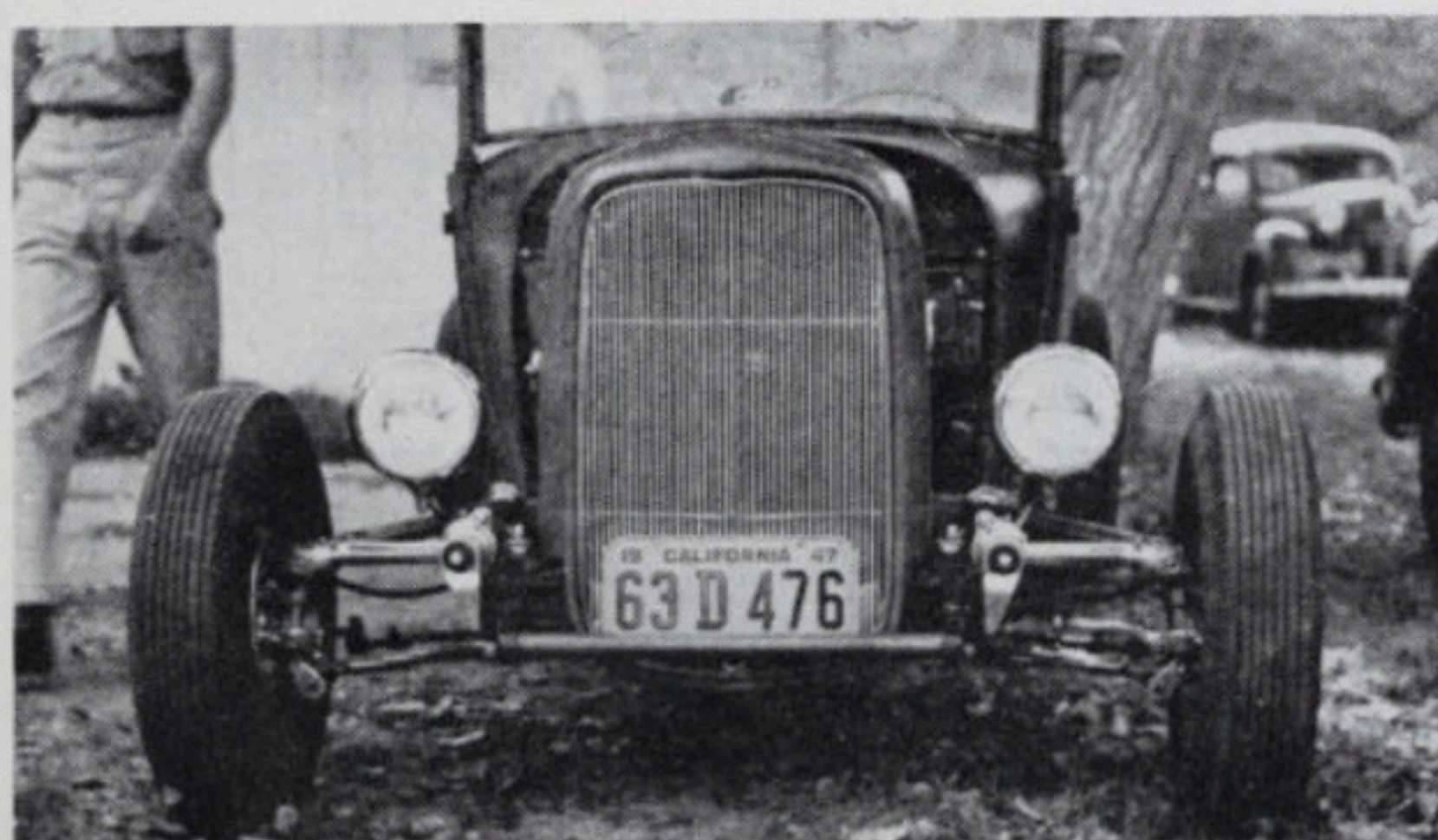
Homer Farnum waiting at the starting line to try out his boat engine in Manuel Ayulo's chassis.



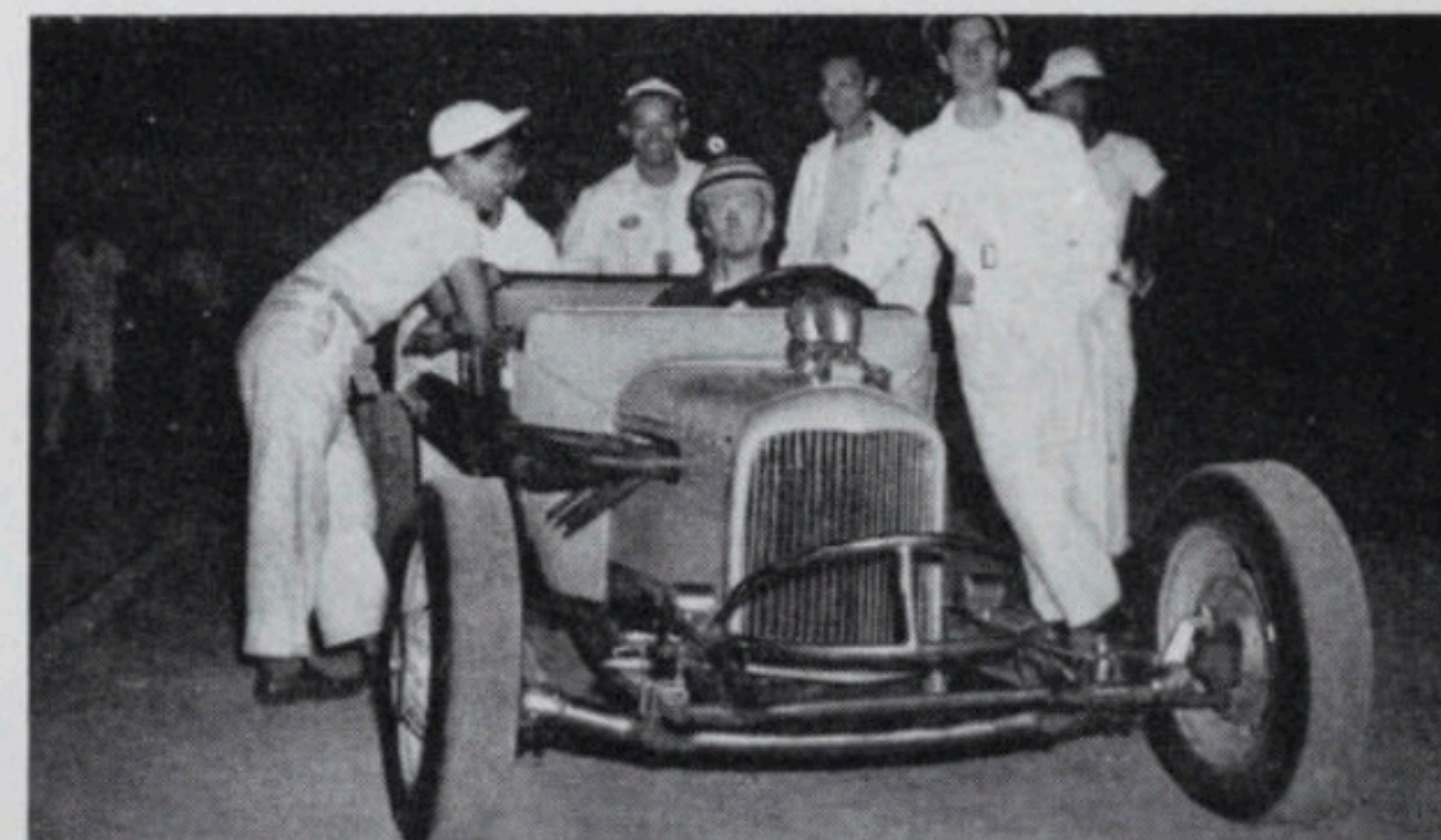
Manuel Ayulo's garage buzzes with activity as CRA mechanics and drivers soup up for the next race. Manuel's car is on the left, Jack McGrath's on the right.



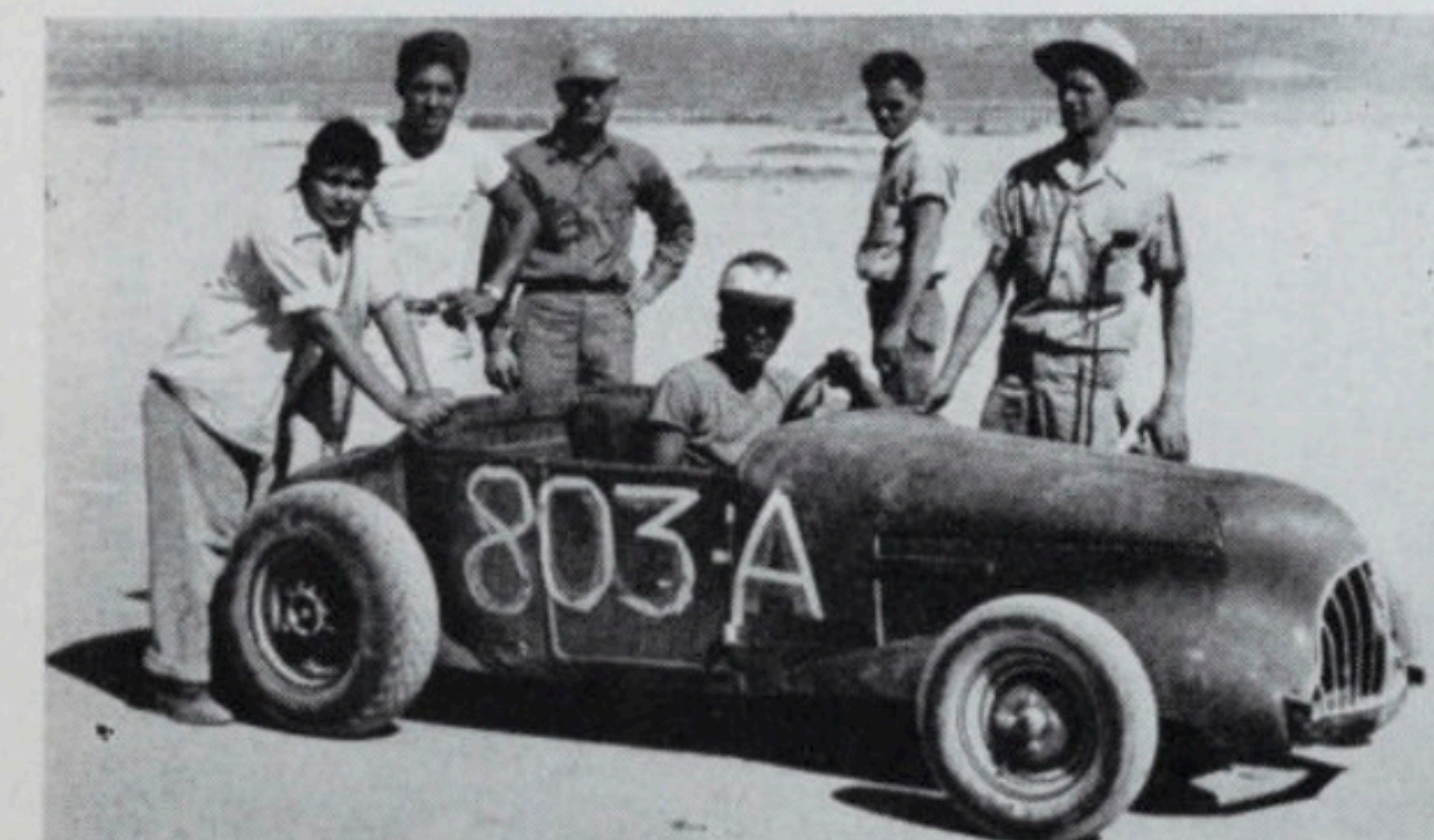
At Russetta Timing meet Don Brown's '36 coupe clocked a surprising 115.97 as is—fenders and all. Don is on the right.



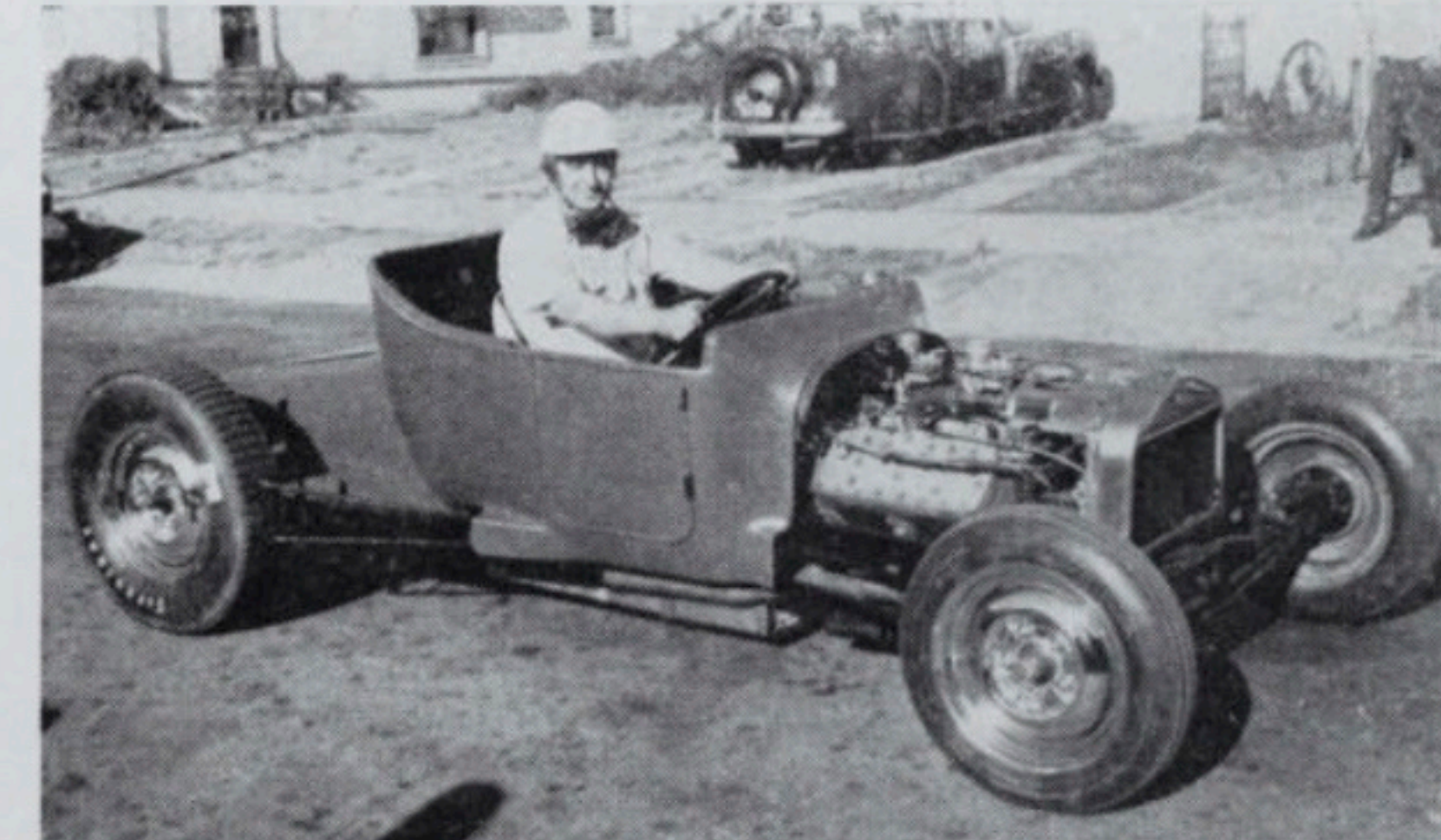
Something unusual in roadster front ends is seen here in this '40 Studebaker setup mounted on a V-8 A.



Pat Flaherty receives pit crew's congratulations after clocking a fast qualifying time at Huntington Beach Speedway in California. The car runs a four-barrelled rocker arm setup on a '25 T body.



Almer Vess at the wheel of his Class AS. He was a guest entrant in SCTA's last '47 meet.



Al Palamidas of the Northern California Roadster Racing Association shows off his '25 T V-8 in Oakland, California.



# First Annual Hot Rod Exposition

Long regarded as a screwball diversion for a lot of reckless kids with more nerve than brains, the building and racing of hot rods has finally come to be recognized as a major sport in this area.

Realizing that there is more to the sport than just an outlet for a bunch of young bucks to blow off steam, the public has finally accepted this activity, as sponsored and conducted by the Southern California Timing Association as a healthful, beneficial avocation for thousands of motor car enthusiasts.

Taking the veil of semi-secrecy off their operations, the S.C.T.A. is sponsoring a unique and colorful Exposition at the National Guard Armory in January when the best designed and engineered cars belonging to Association members will be placed on public display.

In the conviction that the benefits and advantages, which accrue to scientific knowledge through the time trials conducted by the Association, are of such import that they may be pro-

claimed generally, the S.C.T.A. membership agreed to stage the Exposition.

There will be at least 30 Association cars on exhibit at the show strategically spaced among display booths for industrial exhibitors in the automotive field. The list of exhibitors includes not only specialty equipment manufacturers in the Los Angeles area but many other automotive firms of national reputation whose officers believe that the hot rod sport should be supported as a contribution to automotive advancement.

The Exposition is being staged primarily as a public relations project for the Association and secondly as a contribution to the current safety campaign being conducted in Los Angeles to put a halt to reckless driving and the use of unsafe motor vehicles.

Throwing the full support of the Association's 700 members behind this campaign, the S.C.T.A. officers believe that they can show the younger element of the community that fast cars can be safely built and safely operated.

The rules of operation and the code of conduct observed by the S.C.T.A. will be made known to the people attending the Exposition and it is hoped that through this direct contact with youthful car operators the gospel of safety may be effectively spread.

The Los Angeles Police Department, through its traffic education unit, will participate in the Exposition, showing sound movies on traffic regulations and safe driving. The safety Department of the Southern California Automobile Club has also been invited to participate.

The Exposition itself will offer many unusual attractions aside from the technical exhibits. A program of entertainment will be presented each night with stage and screen luminaries who are hot rod enthusiasts participating in the festivities.

One of the principal attractions of the show, and a feature which is expected to attract news-reel, television and national magazine and press cover-

(Continued on Page 17, Col. 2)



SOME OF THE CARS TO BE ON DISPLAY AT THE HOT ROD SHOW

## PARTS WITH APPEAL

Here is something new in a fuel pump! Held carefully in the hands of the young lady on the left is a fuel pump which is sure to appeal to our readers.

Measuring  $5 \frac{3}{16}'' \times 4 \frac{5}{8}'' \times 3 \frac{3}{8}''$ , this unit is compact and handy... inded an asset to a hot rod. It weighs only one and three-quarter pounds and will be produced in lighter models in the near future.

The fuel pump pictured gives instant reaction to pick-up requirements. It shows the same smooth operating characteristics at speeds exceeding 100 mph as in the lower speed brackets.

This pump is constructed of the strongest materials, affording fine performance under unusual stress and giving year 'round satisfaction to the user.

Built to sell at reasonable prices, this part is expected to be very popular with hot rodders everywhere.

The model shown here produces from three to five pounds pressure and provides an excellent fuel supply at all speeds.

## BEST MATERIALS

Metals used in the construction of this part have been shipped to the factory from mining areas throughout the country. This was done to insure that only newly processed fine grade ore would be used. The glass in this fuel pump was blown under exact required specifications, making a perfect fitting part. All in all, the pump we have introduced on this page is the finest of its type available.

## THE YOUNG LADY

For those of our readers who already have a fuel pump, here are a few important facts about the rest of the picture.

Posing with the fuel pump is nineteen-year-old Jane Norred, a Patricia Stevens model. Every bit as well-proportioned as the engine part she holds, Miss Norred hails from Culver City, California. Aside from modeling, she works as a stenographer at a local motion picture studio.

Miss Norred was born in Fort Worth, Texas, and moved west with her family in 1943. She is a graduate of Alexander Hamilton High School in Los Angeles.

Looking to the future, she hopes to become one of the nation's top photographic models. Beyond her working ambitions, she looks forward to marriage and a home in her adopted state, California. Of her "dream man" she says, "He must be tall, dark, not necessarily handsome, have a fine sense of humor and enjoy most of the things I do."

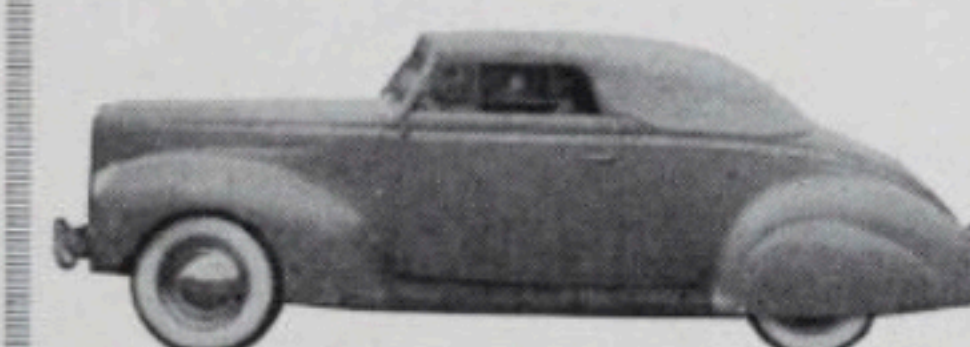
Miss Norred's favorite sports are horseback riding, ice skating and tennis.

She loves to dance, enjoys movies, hot rods, hot dogs, phonograph records and beach parties. Although interested in hot rods, Miss Norred confesses an ignorance of their working parts. When handed the fuel pump she was to pose with, she revealingly asked, "What is it?" (We are still explaining.)

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# This Is the C. R. A.

by Dorothy Sloan

The California Roadster Association was fathered by Babe Ouse. It's birthplace was the garage at Babe's home where he gathered together a group of fellows, all interested in the amateur racing game. Most of the boys had run at the lakes. Babe had set a lake record in a Marmon. The hobby was an expensive one; so, in the interest of racing and to help get the speed-happy boys off the streets, Babe, along with Bill Dehler and Emmett Malloy, encouraged the building of the track at Gardena. Babe then called the first group together to form an association for the protection of the boys. C. R. A. as the first hot rod racing organization on the Pacific Coast after the war.

The charter members of that first meeting included Babe, Johnny Walker, Gordy Reid, Chuck Leighton and his partner, Paul Cantarano, Don Freeland, Johnny McManama, Walt Bowen, Rudy Ramos and a few others. Present-day meetings call for a large hall to accommodate the attendance.

Babe conducted the meetings until elections were held when Johnny Walker was voted in as the first president. At the next election Babe was voted in as president and since then he has done a fine job of looking out for the interest of the boys.

The first race of the C. R. A. was run on Labor Day, 1946, at the completed Gardena track. At that time it was a half-mile dirt track. The drivers had only one day to practice before the race and many of the 50 cars that participated had never before been on a track. Wally Pancratz was the day's winner.

By the third race 95 cars had been listed with the C.R.A. and about 85 of them were on hand to qualify.

The main consideration of the organization has been and will continue to be the safety of the drivers. Cars must fulfill all specifications before they are allowed on the track. Each new car is checked thoroughly by at least two of

the members of the technical committee. Each driver must prove his age to be 21 or over and have a clean bill of health from a physician.

C.R.A. worked out their own system for the payoff to assure a fair deal to everyone.

In a year's time the association has paid out approximately \$180,000 in prize money and had given the racing world a large number of top race drivers. A great many of the hot rod drivers have gone on to make names for themselves in big cars, midgets and stock cars where their fearless, hard, close driving has given the old timers something to think about. Several of the fellows have already been invited to run on the Indianapolis track next year. This, of course, is about the height of any race driver's ambition. The names of the hot rod drivers are becoming as well known as De Palma, Rex Mays or any of the other big names in racing. However, be they big shots or little, the C.R.A. makes no discrimination between them when it comes to upholding the rules. Manuel Ayulo and Troy Ruttman have both felt the whip of a thirty day suspension for tract infractions.

Mechanically the cars have gone as far in a year's time as the drivers, and the old type street job with self starters and license plates still attached is now extinct from the tracks. The cars on the C.R.A. tracks today are strictly track jobs and could not be run on the streets. They have only in-an-out gears, doing away with a clutch. They must be pushed or towed to get them started because starters, flywheels, and unnecessary machinery are all eliminated to cut down weight. The cars are towed to the tracks on trailers. In recent months drivers have been competing for trophies to be presented at the end of the season. These are for best looking car and best looking pit crew, which has encouraged the boys to bring out some beautiful jobs.

The C.R.A.'s track jobs are not only beautiful outside but are superior examples of mechanical workmanship. Some of the owners have over \$3,000 tied up in their cars and the least you could buy one for would be about \$1500. Going under the much publicized name of Hot Rods has been somewhat of a handicap in that the public has been slow to realize that these rods are not convertible to street jobs. Many people still confuse them with the "junks" responsible for so many accidents on the streets. The C.R.A. is building up a good reputation and gradually overcom-

ing the prejudice and is now encouraged, not only by the public but by the city and state police for the help it has been in letting drivers work off their speed legitimately.

The C.R.A. has also won over the city fathers of Pasadena and has held races several times at the Rose Bowl. It was there they held their National Championship race to which organizations all over the United States were invited. The boys have also been invited to the Orange Bowl at San Bernardino, a dirt track, making a particularly thrilling show. They recently held a benefit show there for the Shrine Club Children's Hospital Fund. Along with weekly races at Bonelli and Huntington Beach Speedways they have had spot shows at Gardena and out of town tracks, including Bakersfield and Fresno. This has given the boys enough racing to make it profitable so that they could devote their full time to the game.

Many of the boys who own their own cars also do their own machine work. Jack McGrath, crowned King of the Hot Rods when he won the Pacific Coast Championship last year, is a good example. He is not only a superior driver but an excellent mechanic. Jack is also making a name for himself in big car racing, having won six main events to date.

Troy Ruttman, long a favorite of hot rod fans, is as well known to the midget crowd and recently went to Langhorn to compete in the National Midget Championship race. Troy ran second fastest qualifying time and was well up in the running when motor trouble put him out.

Andy Linden has been specializing in stock car racing and is doing all right for himself, too.

These are only a few of the boys that had their start in Hot Rod competition and branched out. The list includes many names well known in the other fields such as Gordy Reid, Ed Korgan, Manuel Ayulo, Doug Groves and Bill Steves, just to mention a few. As the

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Mr. and Mrs. Houlette are doing a series of sketches of hot rod streamliners for Ford Times. They are from Disney studios.

Bob Tattersfield has a new blower in the development stage which he has run on a Ford truck with very fine performance.

A new cam, not reground, but completely custom made will soon be in production by Bill Spaulding.

We hear that Phil Weiland will soon announce a new and improved line of heads and manifolds.

## CRA

boys branch out others come up in the ranks to take their places and show their skill by breaking records. Pat Flaherty, Roy Prosser, Colby Scroggin, Jim Rathman and Dick Vineyard are just a few of the boys that are out to prove that the best driving hasn't been done yet.

Of course, there are the old-timers like Slim Mathis and Ed Barnett, who know their way around in anything with wheels but prefer hot rods. Both of these fellows have placed consistently high in main events and Slim has been winning trophy dashes regularly. They have generally helped put many a newcomer on the right track with advice on driving an dmechanics.

Hot rod racing has given the boys a healthy outlet not only for their speed but for their skill and inventiveness. Street racing is no longer of interest to them. The California Roadster Association is justly proud of the part it has played in encouraging interest in fair play and sportsmanship and providing the stimulus for the advancement of the racing profession.



The S.C.T.A. has a special committee working on a system of lights for warning drivers of hazards on the timing strip during speed runs. This system, similar to that used at Salt Lake, would speed up the meets considerably.

In Florida some of the roadster enthusiasts are holding time trials on Daytona Beach and charging spectators two dollars per head.

Joe Rathman is using the new Kinmont brake on his track roadster. It has been used successfully on Indianapolis cars and looks like it might be the coming thing for hot rods.

## HOT ROD EXPOSITION

(Continued from Page 14)

age, will be the actual transformation of a 1932 roadster into a dazzling, chrome-plated hot rod during the progress of the show.

Skillful planning and timing is required to accomplish this renovating process but the team of experts in charge of the project assert they will have the car ready to be given away as door prize.

No expense is being spared to make this show a class production. The booths of uniform construction will be made of velour of various colors, the lighting will be both overhead and indirect and the booth arrangement will be such to provide maximum spectator interest for each exhibitor.

Dates of the Exposition are Jan. 23, 24 and 25. Hollywood Associates, Inc. are in charge of arrangements. They may be reached by telephone at RI 9937 and RI 9064 or by writing National Guard Armory, 700 Exposition Blvd., Los Angeles 7, Calif.

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"He's awfully worried about his wife, poor chap."  
"Why, what's she got?"  
"The car."

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Hot rod drivers in the Los Angeles area were up in arms over the way local newspapers wrote up a five-way accident in which a roadster driver lost his life. The only way the reader could tell the wreck was not the roadster's fault was by reading far into the story where it explained that a woman stopped her car and a truck, unable to stop, swerved around her and turned over on the youth's car. Driver George Hyder deserved a better break.



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## SOMEONE TO UNDERSTAND ME

(Continued from Page 7)

that he liked to put his hands over her red hair to warm them.

The dream wandered to his operation. The time the doctors operated on him. Acute appendicitis. In the hospital there was a guy in the next bed to him. The fellow was named Ryan. He was a talkative man with a gift for blarney.

"Hospitals make you realize how swell it is to be outside all ship shape. Some guys say 'I'm Irish and proud of it' . . . me, I'm Scotch and fond of it. Me, when I get out of here I'm getting me a beautiful doll. Women are something. I think they're here to stay. Me, I recommend them highly."

After the hospital he dreamed of college. He met Byron Fowler in college. By was his pal. In a way he had felt sort of brotherly to Byron. They read books together in the library. They even went out for football together. By was the quarterback and Jerry was the half-back. Every once in awhile they'd go on a trip up to the mountains. They'd fish and sleep under the trees beneath a blanket of leaves. Jerry had studied engineering. He liked the campus and the profs and all the routine. Then the dream replayed the war. Byron had joined the Infantry but Jerry had enlisted in the Tank Corps. Like he told Byron, "It's better than walking."

They wrote and talked about tomorrow. Patten kept moving like scurrying wildfire. The tanks rubbed out enemy replacements, rumbling on. All the guys would sit around and talk about the weenie bakes, the beach, funny little incidents. It kind of brought back a bit of home and some laughs.

Patten couldn't be stopped and the whole U. S. Army seemed like a big motor clicking on all cylinders. The whole war machine pasted the Nazis and after V-E Day came V-J Day. Everybody was saying goodbye and soon Jerry was sent to a separation center.

When he got home, he noticed that the home town hadn't stood still. It had grown. Where there were once vacant lots, there were now stores and buildings. He stayed home a few days taking it easy and then went down to the garage. He wanted to see Spike.

"You look good, kid. Your buddy, Byron, was in the other day."

They talked and then Byron came over to the house and there was Myra and music and laughter. And he was building a rod with a Merc motor. Suddenly he heard the alarm ring. It was morning and he realized that he had been dreaming all the time. He remembered last night and he grinned slackly.

That Sunday he called up Eve and asked her to go to the beach. She said okay and he picked her up. She had on

a playsuit. As they drove down to the beach he watched her quizzically.

They walked down to Muscle Beach and sat there. Eve took off her playsuit. There was a bathing suit underneath. She looked thin and milky white. He stretched out on the sand and fell asleep.

He was awakened by the sound of laughter. He looked up, blinking his eyes. Myra was sitting there with some other guy. She was in a black bathing suit that looked like it had been made out of half of a handkerchief. 'It was probably legal or they wouldn't have sold it to her', Jerry mused. He noticed the difference between Eve and Myra.

"Long time no see, Jerry. You becoming a hermit? Why don't you bring Eve around and let the gang see her?" Myra was smiling. "Oh yeah, I guess I better get back to my Emily Post. I didn't introduce you. This is Johnny Keston. Johnny, this is Jerry Conners. And this is his fiancée, Eve Bogardus."

"Pleased to meetcha." Jerry glanced at Myra, "See you around."

After they left, Jerry got to thinking. He had been away from the gang. That was because they didn't understand about him and Eve. It had been better to keep to himself with Eve. Then there were no laughs. No gags or giggling.

He was going to talk to Byron tomorrow. By would give him some good advice. By knew the score. All the answers. He hadn't seen much of By since he was going with Eve. He seemed to keep to himself. It was strange. They had been close pals. Like two of the three musketeers. All for one and one for all.

He went over to Byron's place after work. It was a nice little apartment. Strictly from Esquire. Pictures on the wall. Pipes in a handcarved pipe rack. An ivory radio sitting on a desk table. Small kitchenette. It was just what he expected of Byron. He sort of fitted into a place like this. Jerry felt that he knew Byron like a book.

"Hi, Jerry," Byron greeted, sitting in an easy chair. "Make yourself at home. You kind of surprised me. From what I hear you're pretty busy with a romance. I haven't seen you for quite awhile."

Byron Foster had quiet brown eyes and a trim mustache. His hair was a curly brown and he had a perpetual smile on his face, as if he were constantly laughing at the world. By seldom combed his hair and was continually making jokes about it, something about combing it with an eggbeater. He was seldom without a pipe in his hand.

"What's new, By? How's it been going?" Jerry wasn't too sure about how he was going to bring up the sub-

ject of Eve and him. He didn't want to sound like a dope about it. Like a character who would write a letter to a lovelorn columnist. He hadn't been able to figure out how he started going with Eve. It seemed like it just happened. First thing he knew he was engaged. He was not in a happy state. Sure, Eve understood him. But he couldn't figure her out. She hadn't gone over with anybody. She liked solitude and sad movies and classical music.

Foster shook his head, "Same old stuff. Following the crowd. Been kind of busy lately, getting set for the next time trials. How's everything down at the garage?"

"Same gang of characters. Spike is a lot of laughs, too. Somebody ought to write a book about that place. All kinds of characters coming in all day. Charlie Anderson, who says he likes to go window shopping with his wife because he can bring home so many windows. Screwball. Georgie Shaw still plays the ponies. One horse of his is still running. It was scared to finish by itself yesterday, afraid of the dark." Jerry watched Byron's face wreath in laconic chuckles.

"You look a little troubled, Jerry, kind of under the weather. Anything I can do?"

The time had come. Jerry breathed deeply, "Well, Byron, I could stand a bit of advice. You see, I'm engaged to Eve Bogardus. I think you know her. Well, everybody thinks we're a mismatch and after my Mom and Dad nixed her, I started to wonder. Then I began to notice things myself. Before I met Eve I used to be right in the middle of the crowd. Parties. Meetings. Dances. With Eve lately, we're all by ourselves. She don't talk or laugh or even kid. She kind of dreams. There is a faraway look in those shiny blue orchid eyes. When I saw Myra at the beach I kind of felt that maybe we could get together again. Call me fickle, but that's what I felt when I saw her. But Eve was there. We were engaged and I felt ashamed of my thoughts. After all, Eve was dependent on me. No other guy's given her a tumble like I have. Here's the 64 buck question, By. Do you think I should break our engagement?"

Foster puffed on his pipe, the smoke  
(Continued on Page 20)

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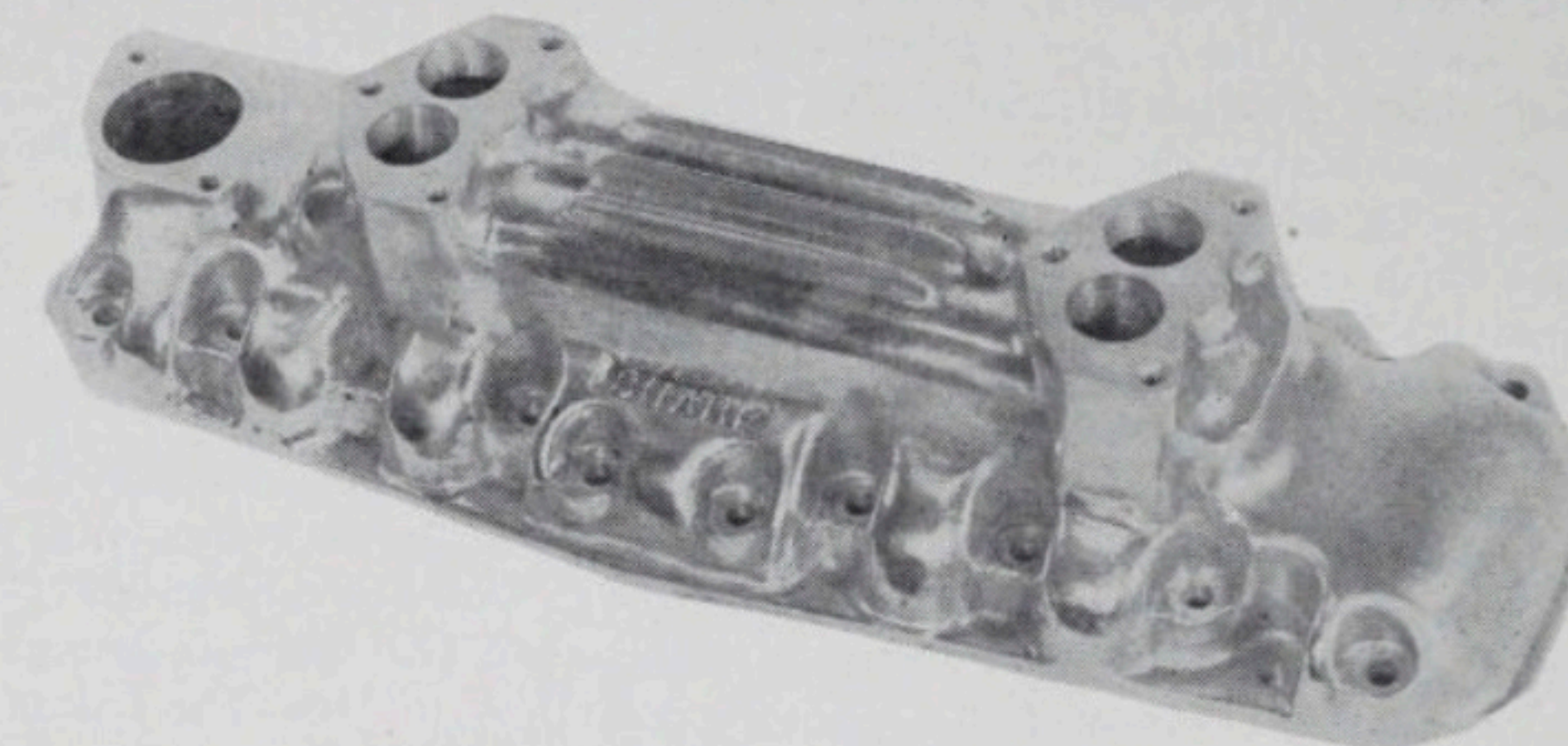
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SOMEONE TO UNDERSTAND ME

spiraled to the ceiling in a bluish haze. "Listen, Jerry, I'm not a guy that can tell people what to do. I make mistakes myself. I'm human. I have two hands . . . two legs . . . two arms . . . a heart. I'm no Solomon, but since you're asking me this way, I'm going to give you my opinion. It's just an opinion. Take it or leave it. Eve Bogardus is not for you. Everybody is talking about it all over town. It's the wrong partner. You can't dance through life with the wrong partner. You're the type of guy that likes to be with people. You like to kibitz with a gang of friends at after-show snacks. Eve is no Myra Cummings. She has a strange way about her. Do you see, Jerry? Do you get my drift?"

Here it was, the straw that broke the camel's back. His best pal was giving him the goods on the level. That about made it unanimous. He was glad that he wasn't head over heels in love. Just a touch of infatuation probably. He thought back about all the steers that Byron Foster had given him. Not a bum steer in the bunch. By had helped him build his first rod. Given his tips on jobs. Gotten him dates. By had called the signals that had made him score touchdowns and become a football hero.

"Yeah, I get the pitch," Jerry said, dismally. "That about makes it unanimous."

Foster chuckled, "To coin an adage, one man's dream girl is another's nightmare."

Jerry smiled weakly. "Very funny. As humorous as a broken back."

It took him a couple of days to get up enough nerve to tell her. He had wrung it through his mind as if it were an article of clothing going through a wringer. He wondered if this Keston guy had cut him out completely with Myra. He pondered the extent of his turmoil and the amount of l'amour he had for Eve. These thoughts made a shambles of his mind, cluttering it like a disordered room.

He kept watching the squares on the sidewalk and kicked a can, that bounced tinnily into the gutter. As he got closer to her house, he felt as if a clammy hand were clutching his stomach. Some people, he thought, have no worries. It was guys like himself that finished with one problem and leaped into another. His existence was one conveyor belt of woes.

He kept rehearsing his speech in his mind. He would be here and she would be there. Jerry knew that things would not work out that way. Something would be out of place. It always was.

Then he saw the apartment house and he forced himself forward reluctantly. He wished it was over and he

was back home in bed. Jerry opened the front door of the apartment house, eyed the foyer rapidly, then walked over to the elevator. The car was on the main floor. He opened the cage door, stepped in, let it squeak shut and pressed the buzzer. Third floor. The elevator jolted to a stop at the third floor. Jerry opened the door, mechanically ambled out. He walked down the green carpet as if it were the last mile. There it was. 306. Now . . . the buzzer. His hand rose toward the little pushbutton. His palm was sweaty. Brrr. Clatter, clatter. Eve's high heels. Tidying up the room probably. It seemed like an eternity before she came to the door.

Orchid blue eyes staring at him, "Hello, Jerry, haven't seen you for a few days. Won't you come in?"

He sat on the lavender lounge and she was close to him. The lounge was close to the color of her eyes . . . yet different. Nothing matched those eyes.

"What's on your mind, Jerry. You look troubled?" It was that low voice that sent chills up his spine.

He stared at her. Somehow he couldn't get his mouth to open so words would spill out.

"Well," Eve's voice shook him out of it.

"I've been busy the last few days. Had a lot on my mind."

"I can imagine." He detected a hint of sarcasm in her voice, but ignored it. It was odd, how strange she suddenly seemed to him. He eyed her curiously as if he were seeing her for the first time.

"Sometimes the days seem too short for me. The hours seem to race by. I'm working on my car."

"What exactly do you have on your mind? You could have phoned, but maybe you didn't have a nickel?"

There was no sense sitting there like a 24-carat dope. Jerry decided to get it off his chest fast and then get out. It would be better that way.

"Okay, Eve. I've been thinking a lot the last few days. About us. You and I, you see, we're a problem." He looked at her blankly.

"Are we?"

"Yeah, you see I'm a funny guy. I always have been. I like people to be nice to me. I like things to run smoothly. No rush, no hurry, just leisurely. I found that I enjoy life more that way. I always hoped that I'd find someone who understood. Someone who would listen to what I had to say. I figured that maybe that's what romance would be like." He stopped, wet his lip with the tip of his tongue.

She didn't say anything. She seemed nervous and the blue orchid eyes

seemed a little feverish. There was an unnatural look in them.

"I met you and you were understanding. But somehow I drifted away from my pals and my crowd. My life seemed to be draining of all the fun that was in it. Pretty soon there was just the two of us by ourselves. Then I realized that I was only infatuated with you and that it wasn't the real thing at all. We're wrong for each other."

Her low voice was beating like a drum. The words were pulslike. "I suppose you want to call it quits. I expected it. I could see it in your eyes. That questioning look."

"It's better this way. Eve. Better now that later."

"If that's the way you want it. Here's you're ring." She sobbed a little. It was a funny kind of sobbing, something like you'd see in the movies. He slammed the door and went out.

Eve Bogardus got up from the divan and walked over to the closet, "You can come out now, darling," she called. The closet door opened and out stepped—Byron Foster.

(The End)

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CRA, RESULTS OF RECENT RACES

BONELLI STADIUM, SAUGUS, CALIFORNIA, Oct. 19

(1/3 MILE—PAVED—AFTERNOON RACE) (Fastest qualifying time turned in by Slim Mathis—19.03)			
Place	Driver	Time	
TROPHY DASH			
1.—	Slim Mathis	3 laps	58.43
2.—	Pat Flaherty		
FIRST HEAT			
1.—	Harry Stockman	6	2:00.03
2.—	Jim Davis		
3.—	Bud Van Mannen		
SECOND HEAT			
1.—	Jack Bayliss	6	1:58.68
2.—	Archie Tipton		
3.—	Bob Lindsey		
THIRD HEAT			
1.—	Colby Scroggins	6	1:57.85
2.—	Lou Figaro		
3.—	Bob Cross		
FOURTH HEAT			
1.—	Jim Rathman	6	1:57.46
2.—	Slim Mathis		
3.—	Pat Flaherty		
AUSTRALIAN PURSUIT			
1.—	Joe James	6	2:09.60
2.—	Corvy Tulio		
SEMI FINAL (Stopped on the Eleventh Lap due to water on the track. Standings at that time)			
1.—	Harry Stockman		
2.—	Ed Ball		
3.—	Steve Dusich		
FINAL			
1.—	Colby Scroggins	30	10:11.30
2.—	Pat Flaherty		
3.—	Lou Figaro		

BONELLI STADIUM, SAUGUS, OCTOBER 26

(PAVED — 1/3 MILE) (Fastest qualifying time turned—Slim Mathis: 19.23.)			
Place	Driver	Time	
TROPHY DASH			
1.—	Slim Mathis	3 laps	58.53
2.—	Pat Flaherty		
FIRST HEAT			
1.—	Roy Prosser	6	2:01.53
2.—	Colby Scroggins		
3.—	Bud Van Mannen		
SECOND HEAT			
1.—	Jack Baylis	6	1:59.43
2.—	Yam Oka		
3.—	Chuck Leighton		
THIRD HEAT			
1.—	Archie Tipton	6	
2.—	Bob Cross		
3.—	Jim Rathman		
FOURTH HEAT			
1.—	Bud Gregory	6	1:59.71
2.—	Ed Ball		
3.—	Pat Flaherty		
AUSTRALIAN PURSUIT			
1.—	Walt James	6	2:02.09
	Dan Tracy		
SEMI-MAIN			
1.—	Colby Scroggins	15	5:02.37
2.—	Roy Prosser		
3.—	Bud Van Mannen		
MAIN			
1.—	Jim Rathman	30	9:55.53
2.—	Wayne Tipton		
3.—	Pat Flaherty		

\*This race was stopped without a finish when Bob Cross and Archie Tipton cracked up on the North end of the track. Above are the lineups at the time of the smashup. Cross's car overturned, however, he walked away from the wreck under his own power. A few minutes later Bob ran a mock race "just to get into the feel of it again."

HUNTINGTON BEACH SPEEDWAY, NOVEMBER 2

(1/5 MILE) (Qualifying time 15:06 by Slim Mathis)			
Place	Driver	Time	
TROPHY DASH			
1.—	Slim Mathis	3 laps	45.92
	Jim Rathman		
FIRST HEAT			
1.—	Jay Frank	6	1:34.79
2.—	Lou Figaro		
3.—	Jim Davies		
SECOND HEAT			
1.—	Dan Tracy	6	1:37.40
2.—	Puffy Puffer		
3.—	Walt James		
THIRD HEAT			
1.—	Don Baylis	6	1:33.65
2.—	Wayne Tipton		
3.—	Jim Rathman		
FOURTH HEAT			
1.—	Bud Gregory	6	1:31.41 (new record)
2.—	Yam Oka		
3.—	Dick Vineyard		
AUSTRALIAN PURSUIT			
1.—	Joe James	6	1:40.27
2.—	Jim Rigsby		
3.—	Ed Corgan		
B MAIN			
1.—	Ed Barnett	25	6:34.53
2.—	Wayne Tipton		
3.—	Jim Davies		
A MAIN			
1.—	Slim Mathis	25	6:47.63
2.—	Dick Vineyard		
3.—	Dan Tracy		
RUNOFF			
1.—	Wayne Tipton	6	1:36.07
2.—	Slim Mathis		
3.—	Dick Vineyard		

HUNTINGTON BEACH SPEEDWAY, NOVEMBER 9

(A new qualifying record was set by Slim Mathis: 14.86; Old Time—14.92.)			
Place	Driver	Time	
TROPHY DASH			
1.—	Slim Mathis	3 laps	45:46
2.—	Bud Van Mannen		
FIRST HEAT			
1.—	Jim Rigsby	6	1:34.76
2.—	Bob Lindsey		
3.—	Colby Scroggins		
SECOND HEAT			
1.—	Jim Davies	6	1:33.43
2.—	Roy Prosser		
3.—	Don Freeland		
THIRD HEAT			
1.—	Yam Oka	6	1:31.51
2.—	Pat Flaherty		
3.—	Bud Gregory		
FOURTH HEAT			
1.—	Dick Vineyard	6	1:32.56
2.—	Lou Figaro		
3.—	Jim Rathman		
AUSTRALIAN PURSUIT			
1.—	Joe James	6	1:39.60
2.—	Puffy Puffer		
3.—	Archie Tipton		
B MAIN			
1.—	Colby Scroggins	25	6:53.86
2.—	Bob Lindsey		
3.—	Jim Rigsby		
A MAIN			
1.—	Roy Prosser	25	6:31.45
2.—	Jack Baylis		
3.—	Dick Vineyard		
RUNOFF			
1.—	Colby Scroggins	5	1:18.82
2.—	Jack Baylis		
3.—	Bob Lindsey		

HOT ROD MAGAZINE



# ASC, RESULTS OF RECENT RACES

## CULVER CITY SPEEDWAY, Oct. 19

(PAVED 1/5 MILE)  
AFTERNOON RACE

Fastest qualifying time was turned in by Bill Steves, who ran 14.34.

**TROPHY DASH**  
1.—Bill Steves 3 laps 39.55  
2.—Mickey Davis

**FIRST HEAT**  
1.—A. A. Knight 6 1:56.81  
2.—Chet Stafford  
3.—Bill La Roy

**SECOND HEAT**  
1.—Tom Wiley 6 1:52.51  
2.—Bob Rozzano  
3.—Jess Pompa

**THIRD HEAT**  
1.—Chuck Burnett 6 2:05.03  
2.—Len Shreenan  
3.—No Car

**FOURTH HEAT**  
1.—Pat Patrick 6 1:29.58  
2.—George Seegar  
3.—Bruce Emmons

**AUSTRALIAN PURSUIT**  
1.—Curtis Hayes 8 2:38.31  
2.—Jack Hill  
3.—No Car

**SEMI FINAL**  
1.—A. A. Knight 15 3:49.83  
2.—Tom Wiley  
3.—Jess Pompa

**MAIN**  
1.—Bill Steves 25 6:26.12  
2.—Mickey Davis  
3.—Len Shreenan

An ASC record was broken at this meet when Pat Patrick set a new six lap mark of 1:29.58 in the Fourth Heat, topping the past record by .12.

## CULVER CITY SPEEDWAY, Nov. 2

(This race was run with an open centered figure eight course. Fastest qualifying time — 31.07 — set by Bruce Emmons.)

**TROPHY DASH**  
1.—Mickey Davis 3 laps 1:34.61  
2.—Bruce Emmons

**FIRST HEAT**  
1.—Chet Stafford 6 3:45.77  
2.—A. A. Knight

**SECOND HEAT**  
1.—Bill Steves 6 3:13.63  
2.—Bruce Emmons  
3.—Kenny Vorce

**THIRD HEAT**  
1.—Pat Patrick 6 3:22.39  
2.—Rod Parker  
3.—Len Shreenan

**FOURTH HEAT**  
1.—Frank Danielson 6 3:18.04  
2.—Chuck Burness  
3.—Bernie Parks

**B MAIN**  
1.—Bill Steves 20 9:54.52  
2.—A. A. Knight

**A MAIN**  
1.—Chuck Burness 20 11:12.14  
2.—Mickey Davis  
3.—Len Shreenan

**RUNOFF**  
1.—Bill Steves 10 5:11.10  
2.—Mickey Davis  
3.—Chuck Burness

## BONELLI STADIUM, SAUGUS, Nov. 15

(A new qualifying record was set by Slim Mathis: 14:86)

**TROPHY DASH**  
1.—George Seegar 3 laps 1:04.00  
2.—Bob Rozzano

**FIRST HEAT**  
1.—Chet Stafford 6 2:12.35  
2.—Dan Marruffo  
3.—A. A. Knight

**SECOND HEAT**  
1.—Hook Klein 6 2:32.41  
2.—John Mark  
3.—Don Bailey

**THIRD HEAT**  
1.—Pat Patrick 6 2:05.05  
2.—Frank Danielson  
3.—Chuck Burness

**FOURTH HEAT**  
1.—Bill Steves 6 2:02.03  
2.—George Seegar  
3.—Tom Wiley

**SEMI-MAIN**  
(Called in Eight Lap due to accident on track.)  
1.—Chet Stafford  
2.—John Mark  
3.—Curtis Hayes

**MAIN**  
1.—R. C. Morton 30 10:05.12  
2.—Pat Patrick  
3.—Mickey Davis

# S. C. T. A. POINTS STANDING - 1947 Season

## CLUB'S POINTS

	Previous	Oct. 19	Total
Lancers	212	33	245
Road Runners	177	67	244
Low Flyers	116	27	143
Gophers	113	16	129
Gaters	67	32	99
Gear Grinders	44	13	57
Stokers	46	N	46
So. Calif. Roadster	20	13	33
Albata	27	6	33
Dolphins	14	14	28
Mobilers	25	N	25
San Diego Roadster	18	4	22
Pasadena Roadster	12	1	13
Clutchers	9	3	12
Throttlers	N	12	12
Stokers	11	N	11
Wheelers	7	N	7
Cal. Roadster	4	N	4
Hornets	4	N	4
Sidewinders	4	N	4

## INDIVIDUAL'S POINTS

	Previous	Oct. 19	Total
Doug Hartelt	60	12	72
Dietrich-Thomas	60	12	72
Randy Shinn	49	11	60
Jack Calori	48	8	56
Bill Burke	35	17	52
Bob Riese	37	9	46
Jim Palm	43	—	43
Frank Coon	34	6	40
Jack Mickelson	34	5	39
Tom Beatty	39	—	39
Johnny Johnson	38	—	38
Stuart Hilborn	19	11	30
Bert Letner	29	—	29
James Culbert	20	8	28
Spurgin-Giovanine	18	6	24
Lee & Geo. Wise	24	—	24
Ludvig Solberg	23	—	23
Nelson Taylor	13	9	22
Burleigh Dolph	21	—	21
Ed Stewart	16	4	20
Robert Drew	19	—	19
Johnson-Caruthers	—	17	17
Regg Schlemmer	—	17	17
Dick Kraft	16	—	16
Arnold Birner	0	19	12

# S. C. T. A. TIME TRIALS - - - RESULTS

October 19, 1947

1 *668—Regg Schlemmer	136.05 mph.	Gaters	17
2 1—Randy Shinn	131.77	Road Runners	11
3 115—Akton Miller	125.69	Road Runners	10
4 147—Nelson Taylor	125.34	Gophers	9
5 12—Jack Calori	124.82	Lancers	8
6 500—Chuck Daigh	123.62	Dolphins	7
7 25—Frank Coon	123.45	Low Flyers	6
7 75—Harold Warnock	123.45	Lancers	6
7 77—Bob Syks	123.45	Lancers	6
8 161—Jack Mickelson	123.28	Gophers	5
9 480—Ed Stewart	123.11	San Diego Rd.	4
10 36—R. L. Shinn	122.95	Road Runners	3
10 666—Chuck Hossfeld	122.95	Gaters	3
11 23—Jack McGrath	122.78	Gophers	2
12 55—Blackie Gold	122.11	Pasadena Rd.	1
12 74—Coshaw Brothers	122.11	Lancers	1

\*—New Class Record: 136.57, 135.54, 136.05 Average.

<b>CLASS "B" ROADSTERS</b>			
1 60—Doug Hartelt	125.34 mph.	Lancers	12
2 5—Stuart Hilborn	123.11	Low Flyers	11
3 110—Harvey Haller	122.11	Road Runners	10
4 51—Bob Riese	121.45	Gear Grinders	9
5 264—James Culbert	120.00	Southern California Rd.	8
6 487—Bill Slawson	119.20	Dolphins	7
7 87—Giovanine Spurgin	118.89	Albata	6
8 277—K. P. Yenawine	118.73	Southern California Rd.	5
9 361—Byron Froelich	118.42	Gear Grinders	4
10 616—Donald Jensen	117.47	Clutchers	3

<b>CLASS "C" STREAMLINERS</b>			
1 * 16—Bill Burke	139.10 mph.	Road Runners	17
*—New Class Record' 139.96, 138.46, 139.21 Average.			

<b>CLASS "B" STREAMLINERS</b>			
1 27—Arnold Birner	134.73 mph.	Throttlers	12
2 * 6—Johnson - Caruthers	134.52	Road Runners	16
3 19—Phil Remington	128.02	Low Flyers	10
*—New Class Record 134.12, 138.67, 139.39 Average.			

<b>CLASS "D" STREAMLINERS</b>			
1 657—Dietrich - Thomas	139.31 mph.	Gaters	12



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