



VMSC AT DANVILLE
(On the Course & On the Hill)
by No. 37

The First race on the new course was a National event, well attended by the top point contenders. There were a lot of complaints from the spectators, but it is our understanding that most of these will be taken care of by October. The course itself is a delight to the high speed driver, the slightly narrow corners calling for more skill, and the straights calling for the lead foot. The first races were held Saturday with Bowers and Harding entered. Bowers finished 10th behind the Veloces while Bill's bomb broke the bell housing retiring him for the weekend. Sunday started off hot, then a small hurricane blew up, soaking things thoroughly. Bowers slid thru the rain to a well earned 6th in this race, the Veloces proving the old adage "Go costs Dough". A fine pair of races Bob.

Some highlights - the class E intergration at the top of Hog Pen - Gene Green-spun's spin, thoughtfully in front of Jerry Chamberlain's camera - some lovely young things, all frilled before the rain, somewhat bedraggled afterward - Wright running back from the pit to his car to get a rain coat only to discover McClintic had taken it somewhere else; back to the pit and trying to stay dry behind the sign board, no luck - Shelby's "honest" car - the lovely accents of the Faircast announcer, Michael Wynn-Wilson - Cato on crutches trying to dodge Ferraris in the paddock, and many others.

Well, the next ones in October, till then, we have Marlboro in September.

TIGNOR & LEWIS PUSH NEW PORSCHE TO VICTORY IN
RECUPERATION RALLYE

The meeting of August 15th was brief and to the point and shortly after 8:30 19 cars were underway on Jack Finnegan & Bill Pettit's Recuperation Rallye.

It was nearly unbelievable...all hard surface roads and low average speeds. Not too far out into Henrico County the fog closed in, sending the little autos groping blindly for road names and permit numbers on Sealtest Signs.

Bill Trevvett found the sign but missed his footing and toppled off an embankment. Result: one bruised arm. Significantly he finished 13th!

Ed Jett, with his usual attraction for Henrico police, was last seen confering with one.

Kessler was also stopped by the Henrico police. This kind cop merely wanted to inform the rallyist that he was on the wrong road. When informed that there were nearly 20 more little cars headed that way in the fog the officer cried: "I'm heading cross-county" and sped from the scene.

Herewith, the results:

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Tignor & Lewis | 6 (tie) Weaver & Walker |
| 2 Harding & Fine | A. Rennie & T. Rennie |
| 3 Kessler & Branner | 8 (tie) Waters & Beattie |
| 4 Norton & Norton | Patteson & Winslow |
| 5 Payne & Brown | C. A. Armstrong & S. M. Armstrong |
| | 11 Johnson & Johnson |

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SPECIAL

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- '53 MG-TD
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CONTACT CHARLIE ARMSTRONG, TREAS.

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THE BATCHELLER'S CORNER
by "Hap"

When clutch troubles occur that merit the pulling down of that part it is wise to check the pressure plate as well as the driver disc as follows before removing them from the plywheel: Place a straight edge across the rear of the pressure plate and measure the distance from the straight edge to the clutch release bearing plate. On Austin-Healey it should be 1/16 inch and on Jaguar 3/8 inch. If the distance is greater than stated, the release levers in the pressure plate are probably bent or worn; if the distance is less the driver disc is probably worn thin. The former condition is usually indicated by a "no adjustment left" situation prior to a pull down of the mechanism.

A note to wives: if you use frozen foods, save the boxes especially those from small pies and TV dinners; they are wax lined and just the right size for sandwiches, potato salad, etc. and the wax lining saves waxed paper.

When washing a car, use cold plain water and a cellulose sponge. Start washing from the bottom up--thus you can see where you've been and avoid skipping. Wash about 1/4 of the car thusly then rinse with the hose. When drying off the car use the sponge again--do not use a chammy as it will not only remove water but also wax. By test, a wax job lasts over

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twice as long using a cellulose sponge rather than a chammy--maybe that's why service stations use them!

CLUTCH CHATTER

We're all shook-up...having just seen the first pictures of the EDSEL!

Tom Pendleton at Danville...in the rain...looking as if he had lost his only set of car keys...in fact, he had! Dick Gunn had everything in the station wagon but the kitchen sink...Wonder how Nancy Rucker lost her sunglasses at Dan-

ville??...15 VMSC "Hilltoppers" crowded under one tarpaulin; then the rains came. 3 more Porsche Pushers have been added to the list - Judy Baylor, Jack Lewis and Ed Jett.

SPORTS CAR SET

(Ed.Note: The following item was written & contributed by Jen Trainer, Secretary of the Richmond Automobile Club.)

"Hey, wadda ya wear on the other foot?" "What's it going to be when it grows up?" or "No, I'm sorry, we won't have part AZL2304 in for at least two months." Those are some of the many things one hears if he belongs to the Sports Car Set.

As a member of this revered clan, my stomach turns at such remarks as, "Oh! How cute!" or "What a ridiculous looking thing!" But I have learned to take them in my stride.

In a sports car, it is a common courtesy to acknowledge another of the clan. Sooner or later, one gets to know many of these enthusiasts. In meeting these "people", I was shocked to find that there are many kinds, and that they are very different from regular people. They regard an American car (with the exception of the Corvette) as Domestic Monsters; something to fear and to hate.

First, there's the stately Englishman who owns the 100/6 (that's an Austin-Healey). He treats it like a brother, and keeps it in perfect condition. Since they are both British, they get along famously.

"Well, mash my monocle!" The old boy 'as just seen another Healey just like 'is!

The owner of the other Healey is the teen-ager. Not too much of a teen-ager to know how to handle the car, though. He, too, loves the car dearly. Being a teen-ager, he delights in "scratching off" from a stop light.

Then there's the family man who owns the 3.4 Jaguar sedan. He shyly admits he'd rather have a convertible, but with three kids, well, you know...The poor man's wife thinks the car is atrocious and wants a Bissel 6 with fins and chrome.

Another of the Jag family, is the Coupe owner, a portly doctor. His patients wonder who gets more care, they or the Jag. If you look carefully, you can find a pair of forceps and a needle or two in the tool box. The forceps are especially handy for picking up those stray nuts and bolts, while the needle holds just enough grease for those little parts.

"I'll out-corner that thing of yours any day!" Those are the oft-said words of an MG owner in argument with a Healey owner. This argument will continue until one or the other factory goes out of business.

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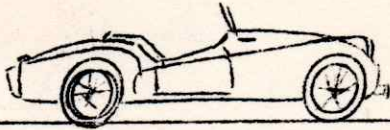
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"Nein! Nein! Fraulein! is the frantic cry of the Porsche owner as his innocent wife throws her largest and heaviest valise in the engine compartment, which, by the way all you D.M. owners, is in the rear. Many are confused by the reverse order in the Porsche, but it really does go forward. Just ask Charlie Wallace.

The last and certainly the least, is the "hope" who buys a "totalled" sports car, tosses a hot engine in it, pounds out a few dents, and digs off to show the world how easy it is to blow a transmission.

M.G.s MAKE LIKE HYDROPLANES AT MARLBORO

The MG Nationals at Marlboro August 25 will undoubtedly go on record as one of the wettest races ever held. Rain fell in torrents all day long. Terrific weather for all web-footed creatures and MG's fitted with water wings. As might be expected the wet course provided much excitement and many spins. However, there were no serious accidents. The chicane area was flooded in one spot with $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water which to say the least put a damper on most of the participants. (In particular the Coopers.)

Results are not available at present due to the fact that the score pad got soaked and finally disintegrated.

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NOTICE TO DOG LOVERS

Fredericksburg Dog Mart will be held October 12 on athletic field of high school - Begins at noon. Judging starts at 1 P.M. No admission charged - nothing to buy but dogs. Lunch served on the grounds by various churches at modest prices. This is the day set aside 300 years ago between whites and Indians for trading dogs. No killing to scalping permitted between sun rise and sun set. This rule still in

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effect and rigidly enforced. Plenty room for parking.

SELL THOSE TICKETS ...

A large number of WMSCeers gathered at the Mall at Willow Lawn last Monday (Family Night), showed Sebring movies and sold chances on the MGA. We didn't get an accurate count of how many tickets were sold, but Fred Johnson seems to have been champion salesman by unloading nearly all of his book.

Let's get behind this campaign and finish all the books.
Margo Fry of the Miami Sports Car Club sold a whole book for us at one rallye!

TOP 20 - 1957 POINT STANDINGS

The following points were compiled through the Recuperation Rallye of August 15th.

1	Bill Harding	840.5	11	Wade Norton	461
2	Jack Lewis	800.5	12	Charlie Armstrong	459
3	Mary Byrd Tignor	793.5	13	Bill Pettit	454.5
4	Allen Fine	755.5	14	Marge Mayo	431
5	George Patteson	663	15	Bob Cook	426
6	Len Winslow	638.5	16	Suzanne Branner	424
7	Key Weaver	574	17	Bob Mayo	408
8	Frances Norton	561	18	Tom Pendleton	397
9	Robert Walker	541	19	Allan Rennie	389
10	John Kessler	462	20	Jack Finnegan	332

DON'T MISS THIS ONE!

SEPT. 28
M

GYMKHANA

McGUIRE CIRCLE
shopping center

1:00 PM
more details later

GRAND PRIX IN VIRGINIA

A brand-new sport in Virginia got off to a colorful start over the weekend, when the Virginia International Raceway staged its first Grand Prix races near Danville. An estimated 16,000 persons turned out for the two days of racing, and while the gate was considerably less than the sponsors had hoped for, it nevertheless represented an auspicious start.

Road racing, or sports car racing, differs from ordinary track racing as dog shows differ from dog tracks - which is to say that the sports car aficionado draws infinite pleasures from his pastime that seem somewhat occult to the non-initiate. These races were fun for the ignoramus, meaning us, but they were pure joy unrefined for spectators who knew something about it all.

The new V.I.R. track is a 27-foot asphalt roadway that winds up hill and down over a twisting 2.3-mile course. On the straightaways, drivers scoot along at speeds in the neighborhood of 150 miles an hour; on some of the hairpin curves, the cars must be braked to 25 miles an hour. There is a good deal of passing, as faster cars lap the slower ones. Yesterday's feature race was a 64-mile run (20 laps), which saw an average speed of 78.2 miles per hour.

Yet the races themselves, and the details of who finished in what position seem to be of almost secondary importance. The car is the thing, and the races merely an opportunity for a 200-acre bull session on the merits of the Alfa-Romeo as opposed to the MG, or the Ferrari as distinguished from the Model D. Jaguar. The cars are loved as men love horses and dogs, and strange to say, these creatures of steel and rubber appear to return the affections. A well-tuned car responds with a loyal performance, and the loving care that is lavished upon an engine rewards the owner with a surge of power at a critical instant.

A young lady from the New York Herald Tribune was there, a slender girl with the face of a novice at a convent. "It's such an honest car," she said solemnly to Carroll Shelby, as she rubbed the hood of a Maserati; and he looked at

her earnestly and said, "Yes, in every way." There followed a moment of silence more reverent than many a litany we have heard. And then Mr. Shelby roared off in a fine red flash and soon was spinning around the track while \$150,000 worth of other beautiful automobiles struggled helplessly to catch up with him.

The outsider, attending his first sports car meet, was impressed not only by the dedication of the fans, but by their behavior also. It should be said that these races were not run for money, but for love; the winners who risked their necks were rewarded only with silver trophies and points toward a mythical championship. Nothing so sordid as mere money was at stake. As an extension of this remarkable selflessness, there wasn't a bookie or a bet to be seen. No little men with sallow complexions and great wads of folding money; no touts, no hangers-on, no form sheets. And something more? You know what these people were drinking? Milk-ice cold milk, soft drinks and orange juice. It was a hot steamy day, gritty and dirty, and the closest jug of martinis was evidently back in Richmond.

It is a superfluous gesture to wish the sponsors well. They will go on racing, spectators or no spectators, just as long as tires and gasoline hold out, just as some men will hunt 'coon by themselves, all night long, in the darkest swamps, as long as they live. The Italians have a phrase for it: a thing is done, they say, con amore. It means more than merely "with love," and as applied to the sports car fan, it goes beyond mere pride in craftsmanship. These men drive con amore, and the ignoramus can appreciate the sentiment if he fails to understand the justification.

This is quite a sport. The next major races at V.I.R., it is said, will be in October. Richmonders who want to spend a few hours in another world may want to go down. It's an interesting trip.