

## very sincerely yours:

ARLY this spring, as the winter snow began to melt, at least two eastern regions of the Sports Car Club of America began in earnest a program which bears intent scrutiny by every other region of the SCCA and other racing clubs in the country, particularly the California Sports Car Club.

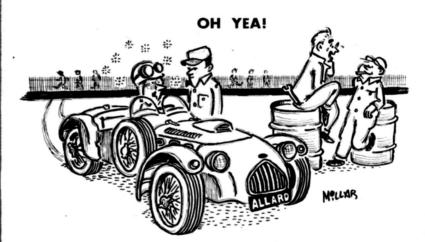
Knowing full well that many sports car owners would like to get at least one race under their belts, these two regions, New York and New England, realized that a majority of the nose-at-the-window types were merely suffering from a galloping case of cold feet brought on by inexperience. Those who did jump feet first into a novice race often got into serious trouble and were lost forever to the wonderful world of racing for kicks and cups.

With a large piece of help and organizing by Fred Proctor, as well as many others, the two regions started a continuing series of driving schools at Thompson and Lime Rock. The first time one of these schools was held, last April, the organizers didn't expect much of a turn-out-maybe twenty or so simon-pure novices and maybe five or six Senior license holders. Before the day was out over 90 aspiring handlers had showed up. Too many to handle adequately, in fact. Since that time, in order to give adequate instruction, schools have been on an appointment-only basis with selection being on a first come, first served basis as each session was announced. So much for

Each session began with an explanation of the course and its particular problems after which the budding drivers are sent out with a license holder and then turned loose for observation by other licensed handlers. At the end of the session there is a strong critique. Those with clear records for one or more sessions are then given provisional tickets and allowed to race in the next meet. There are no longer any novice races as such and a lot fewer "incidents" as a result. It bears thinking about:

This issue should be in your hands shortly after the 1957 Bonneville Nationals. By then we will all know whether or not a sports car (or several) has broken the 200 mile an hour barrier and taken the record held by the Mabee Chrysler for three years. What won't be too apparent will be why they did or did not crack the record and the barrier. In the next issue, Roger Huntington analyzes the problems of going two hundred per in anything other than an out-and-out streamliner. This time of the year is recordbreaking season-maybe at this time next year you can crack the barrier! Also coming up: The story of Sam Hanks, the man who is equally at home in an Indy winner, a G.P. Ferrari or Murphy's Kurtis Buick; also in is an interesting yarn on what can happen when you take the maintenance kick too seriously-this one you can't afford to miss; it's a shocker.

-iohn christy



"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT . . , IT CAME OUTA NOWHERE . . . COULDN'T BE . . . CAN'T BE TRUE . . . PINCH  $ME \dots$ ."

"YA WOULDA DIED LAUGHIN" ... THIS GUY IN A VW WANTED TO BEAT THE MOB TO THE GATES, SO HE TAKES A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE FIELD AND CROSSES THE FINISH LINE AHEAD OF SAM . . YOU SHOULDA SEEN THE EX-PRESSION ON HIS FACE."