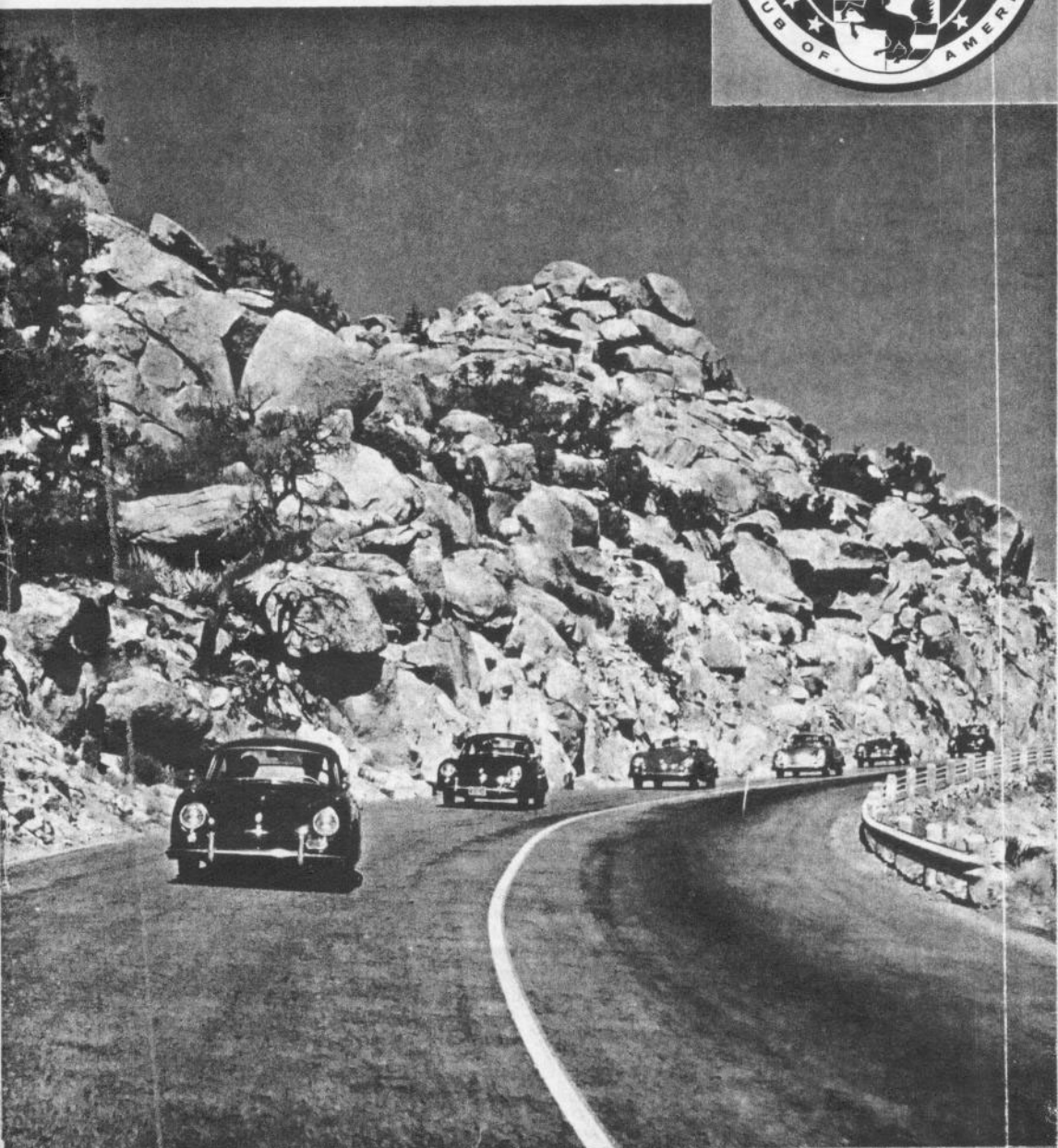


# PORSCHE PANORAMA

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**CALIFORNIA COMES OVER THE MOUNTAIN**  
Welcome, San Diego Region!

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Porschering Is a State of Mind

# NEWS

## FROM THE REGIONS

**SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA** A most interesting letter, complete with pictures including the one on our cover, has been received from San Diego R. E. Paul Madigan. Also enclosed is their application for National Charter, and we are delighted to have our western cousins with us. (Some day we hope to have a report from Johnny Case, National Executive Veep, that he has brought the Los Angelenos into the fold.) We know from experience that the West Coast lads have unusually inquisitive minds as to matters automotive, as well as the can-do to execute their ideas. And we are thirsty for knowledge—so contribute!

It seems that the San Diego Pushers took off on a couple of trips, one to the races at Palm Springs on which no details except the pictures which are enough to make an old Californian drool. The other trek (cover photo) went south from San Diego to Tia Juana and then west through the northern part of Baja California to Mexicali, just south of the border at Calexico, California. But shall we hear from Paul?

“. . . our last road trip into Mexico—this is the road from Tia Juana to Mexicali via the “Cantu” grade, about two hundred seventy-five miles from San Diego, round trip. (The pictures were taken on the “Cantu” while riding backwards—action yet—in Doug Stephens Speedster).

“. . . We had a fine trip but a little warm (115 degrees on the desert) and the bugs ran a little warm too. This is a fine place to decarbonize the beetle with some stretches of twenty miles or so of beautiful road—no crossings, etc., where the skies the limit. Some of the members ran in excess of the century mark on the clock just to satisfy their curiosity on the cars highspeed handling qualities. The trip starts at sea level, climbs to about five thousand feet, drops back to below sea level on the desert then back to approximately five thousand five hundred on the trip over the mountains back to San Diego. “We plan to make it an annual affair—but in the spring when it’s cooler.”



Paul goes on to describe the big race on the new course at Riverside, and from his account, as well as that of Road & Track, it was a thriller. The Raceway has been described as the fastest road course in America, and it must be to drop Walt Hansgen back to fourth spot on the Cunningham “D” Jag. A local Riverside lad named Dan Gurney took second in his first tour on a Ferrari, driving a 4.9, and apparently everyone had to do some research to find out who he is. Old familiar Carroll Shelby had to work hard, but came up with the final checker with Masten Gregory third. This underplays the story, it was unbelievably fast and close all the way.

The San Diegans have a group of four couples interested in the Stuttgart trip in '59—and now is the time for anyone else who's interested to start some advance planning.

Sounds like a real enthusiastic group upholding the Porsche banner out in the land of the sand, sagebrush, rocks, beaches and geraniums. And for touring that, or any, part of the world, what could be sweeter than a Porsche.

**CONNECTICUT** From Bob Fennelly comes the sad, sad story of the year. As we lamented in the Parade Issue (Vol. II, No. 9), Eric Strom's Concours winner did not pose for its portrait. We remedied that lack in No. 10, and now here is the last installment. The “Before” shot is that gray beauty as we remembered it, and the “After” number is enough to make a strong man (Porsche type) weep.

It seems that Eric garaged his car, freshly lubed and fueled, in a private garage next door to a lumber yard, and went his dutiful way in a company car while Porsche rested in seclusion behind locked doors. But, over to you, Bob.

