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Dear Mark,

I was delighted to receive your packet of information and history you have compiled on the Alfa 1500 6c 1500 S/C I owned briefly in June 1953. Also, thank you for your check for the artwork. I hope it meets your expectations.

I am enclosing some additional information from a local Sports Car newsletter on the Estes Park Races. Also, a crude map of the course as well as a copy of the program cover.

When George Joseph, Jr, Western USA Ferrari rep, and I journeyed to New York in the Spring of 1953, I was already familiar with the Zagato-bodied Alfas of the 1930's since George and Dabney Collins (no relation to me) had jointly imported two 1750 Zagato-bodied cars from England. They sold these cars to collectors as well as various other 1930's SS Jaguars, Riley Imps. Bugattis etc. I spent an average of three hours per day over an 18-month period at Dabney's small maintenance shop driving these cars and soaking up history on the vintage sports cars of the 1920's and 1930's - gleaned from books and periodicals featuring their history and competition exploits.

While on that trip, Luigi Chinetti came to our tiny room at the Henry Hudson Hotel in midtown Manhattan to visit and discuss business. I remember vividly Chinetti sitting opposite us on one of the two twin beds (\$10.50/per night, each) with George sitting along side me on my right. Luigi turned to George and asked him: "George you have been importing old Jags and Alfas from England, right?" And George replied, "Yes, why do you ask?" "Well I have a friend in Italy who has a 1500cc Supercharged Alfa he would like to sell... (I had an immediate vision of just what he was talking about).. so I interrupted him to ask: "How much does he want for it?" Luigi, without hesitation, replied - "\$850." Before George could open his mouth, I said - "I'll take it!"

So we returned to Denver and I awaited the arrival of the car. It arrived on Friday, June 19, 1953, complete with a bill for a valve job of \$125, plus freight and customs (via the port of Houston, Texas) for a total of \$1400 plus. Dabney checked out the compression on the engine, which read a consistent 125 pounds per cylinder, which impressed him. He installed a new set of spark plugs, checked the brakes etc.

When I got to his shop after work, I installed a war-surplus seat belt and a five pound fire extinguisher.

Early Saturday morning, I headed for Estes Park - some 60 miles

Northwest of Denver with dealer plates attached.

I don't recall much about practice except I was concerned about switching the six wheels around to put the best on the right side where they would be stressed the most. Each wheel seemed to have a spoke missing here or there and I was quite concerned the tech inspectors would spot this and reject me, and also what might happen when I hit a particularly nasty pothole at the far side of a narrow wooden bridge, which was also the apex of an uphill left turn. That section of the course was unpaved. (The locals had collected crankcase drainings and spread them up the hill to reduce the dust... but their efforts did not smooth the roughness of the surface there.)

I have enclosed a copy of a rough drawing I made a few weeks before the race. The haybales we used in those days, seem today, to be a waste of time and effort as they did little to keep a car restricted to the road. I remember one MGTD slid off, over corrected and ended up going end-over-end into a pile of rocks landing on his wheels. Miraculously, the stunned driver was unhurt, but when rescuers arrived they noted his glove box had sprung open to reveal and unopened pint of "Jack Daniels".

My race was pretty uneventful as I was driving the slowest car there. So I enjoyed the excellent handling of the Alfa while I tried to unravel the mystery of the extra oil reservoir and how to use it when my oil pressure plunged to zero on arrival at a tight hairpin turn. This only happened twice after I'd done some 10 laps (33 miles). I learned this happened on all the wet sump Ferrari V-12's I raced, which I learned to ignor. However, I didn't wish to damage this exquisite treasure of Italian artisanship... so I parked it.

I drove it home and parked it on 9th Ave next to my tiny one room apartment and pondered what do next. Meantime, I suspect George Joseph and Dabney had been planning to sell the car for sometime, because a couple of days after the race they called me aside to say they had found two brothers who were interested in the car. So I agreed to sell them the car for a modest profit and briefly met David Biggs and his brother from St. Louis. That was the last I saw of it until Dick Merritt informed me Christmas 1968, he had acquired the Alfa from the owner in Des Moines. Iowa. Later he told me he sold the car to Wessells. I'm enclosing a full June 1963 issue of Steering Wheel Magazine along with the original artwork submitted by Steve Amos. As you can confirm from the masthead, I was the editor and writer for virtully the whole magazine, including the copy on that Alfa.

Best regards,

Danny Collins

Enclosures