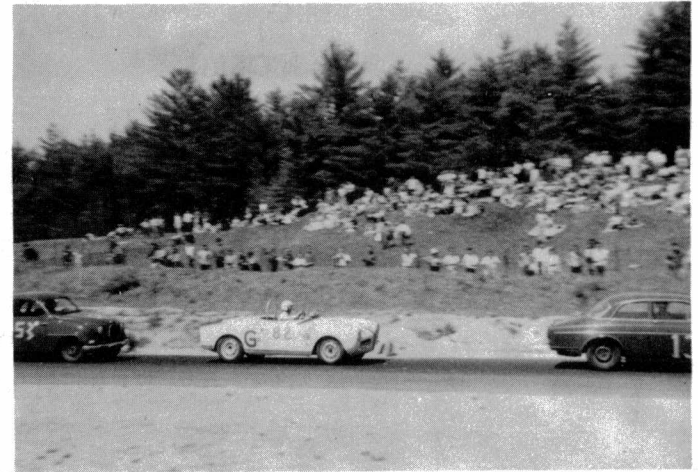
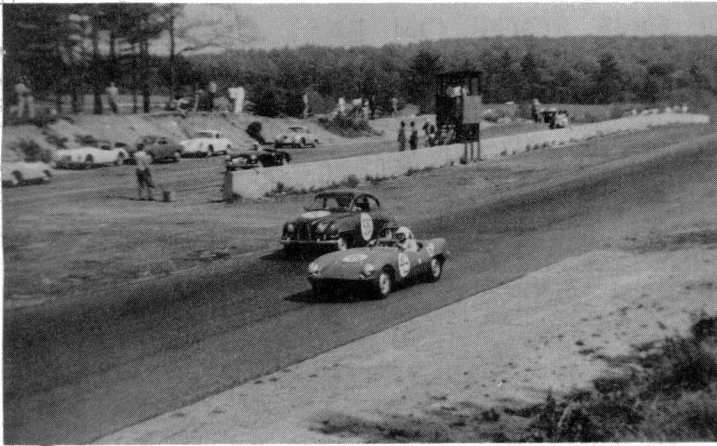




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OCT 1962



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Thompson, Connecticut -- May '62

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THE KNOCK OFF

This Newsletter is the official SCCA publication for the Mohawk-Hudson Region. It is dedicated to news, announcements and results of sports car activities in and around this Region, published by and for sports car enthusiasts. The publication of this Newsletter is supported by Regional dues and advertising fees. The cooperation of all members is earnestly solicited in keeping mailing lists current and correct.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor:

Dick Leonard
Van Dyke Road
Delmar, New York

MOHAWK-HUDSON REGION MEETINGS

Regular meetings are held on the first Wednesday of each month at the Circle Inn, south of Route #7 intersection on US #9, Latham, New York. Information regarding the Region and its activities can be obtained from any of the club officers.

SCCA MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the SCCA is open to all persons of good character who are sympathetic to the purpose of SCCA. The procedure for joining is as follows:

1. Obtain an official application form from any of the club officers.
2. Fill in the blanks and present it to the club officers with remittance for one year's National dues, \$10 in addition to \$2.50 for Sports Car Magazine and one year's Regional dues, \$3.50 - Total dues, \$16.00.

* * * *

Closing date for KNOCK OFF material is the 15th of each month.

1962 OFFICERS

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R.R. #1, Box 14
Chatham Center, New York
Chatham 4-4288

Assistant Regional Executive

Henry Van Deusen
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Cobleskill, New York

AF 4-2082

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54 Adams Place
Delmar, New York

HEmlock 9-9656

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RD, Altamont Road
Voorheesville, New York

Rockwell 5-2180

Activities Director

Vacant

Membership Chairman

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197 Hoosick Street
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AShley 6-5845

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2.

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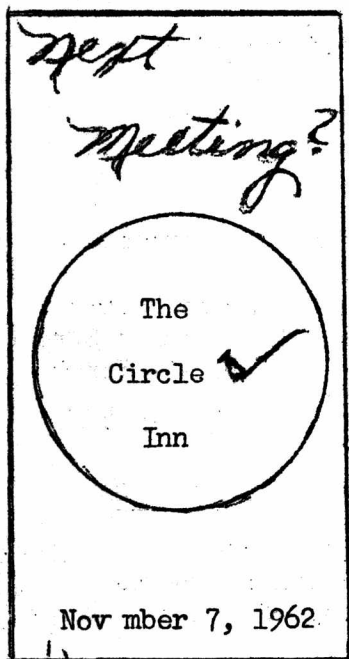
At the last meeting, three or four people asked me what had been planned for the rest of the year. The answer was "nothing."

Why? There's one answer - there is no-one left who will put on an event. Just about all of us who were willing to run an event have done so, and we're not about to start all over again from the top. The last two events have been volunteer jobs, but, needless to say, you can't hardly find that kind no more.

My mind jumps back to last June, when we needed a gymkhanamaster for an event to be held in a very short time. Luckily - we talked Gerry Oathout into taking the job after other, far less busy people, had declined.

You ask why we aren't putting on an event? Why aren't you?

To get to a lighter subject, please don't forget to send in your reservations for the Annual Meeting, December 8. You will find a form either in this issue or in the mail - just return it and show up.



NEW MEMBERS

E

W

Frank Mazzarella - MG A
1366 Helderberg Avenue
Schenectady 6, New York

M

E

Bob Bailey - Porsche
Kingsley Road
Burnt Hills, New York

M

B

Varro J. Clarke - MG TD
11 Irving Road Corvair Monza
Scotia 2, New York

E

R

S

* * *

NEW MEMBERS

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*
*

FICTION FACTS

Did you know that better than 50% of all sports car drivers have a license?

* * * * *

ATTENTION!

Vinyl Plastic Emblems for Mohawk-Hudson SCCA Racing Team may now be ordered.

All interested persons please contact Ray Gaul of Voorheesville for details on ordering these emblems.

* * * * *

Sportsmanship Demands Safe Driving!

WAEFRTI Rally, September 30, 1962

The weather couldn't be better when a group of area rallyists assembled at the A & P Parking Lot in East Greenbush, even the instructions which we received at the start, did not reveal anything unusual, but only at first glance. When my dear wife and navigator started reading them off to me while I looked out for the first two or three, I said "Ach du lieber augustin, this is going to be a real dilly." And then it started. Turn right a few feet before "STOP" sign, but there were two, so naturally we made the wrong decision supported by the waving hand of a helpful trooper. How could he know that there were different sets of instructions when we hadn't even found that out. So back we went, try again. Pretty soon we were alone with "Mother Nature" and enjoyed a scenery every bit as breathtakingly beautiful as the one the night before. We encountered spans of high altitude, an ocean which turned out to be the Atlantic (Service Station) - I think it was low tide because there was no water. Not to forget that Ursula threatened never to navigate for me again and when we finally landed at the Frederick's we were, shall we say incommunicative. The married couples among you rallyists will know what I mean.

I had to make a choice between a speedrun, a regulation run and pulling 5 cards out of a deck. Knowing Art's track and having washed my car in the morning, I tried my luck at the cards and there, Fortuna gave me 5 plus points. Meanwhile Ursula had a cup of coffee thoughtfully provided by Art's dear wife Jane, and Blif covered everything with a thin layer of dust while doing his best to break the track record. Now with all this coming back to mind, I must not forget to mention the noise we heard before reaching the checkpoint. It sounded like half a dozen "Sprites" chewing up Art's front lawn. (I hope Lonny will forgive me this comparison). But it was only the Motorcycle scramble around the corner. We

watched for a while but then decided to "go back where we came from!" I bet the fellow working on the cemetery just closing a new grave was slightly surprised about so many strangers wanting to know the whereabouts of a certain Wederwax. He had a good variety of them. My dear navigator could not be persuaded to help me with this one. She reasons she has to be there long enough, so why go in it now.

Are there five Chathams or is there another one hidden between two cornfields which Art forgot to incorporate in the instructions?

Well, with some more brainracking and of course some more luck we managed to reach another checkpoint to the surprise of its sole inhabitant, since only one other car ahead of us had checked in. He told us that this was the end and instructed us how to get straight to the finish. There, after the usual waiting and drinks, we were happily surprised to receive 1st place trophies and now we're talking to each other again.

HANNS G. FLEBBE

* * * * *

DOWN EASTER MOVES WEST, ONLY TO RETURN

Well, the fall season means two treks to the wilds of Watkins Glen, New York and this year we were greeted by cold and raid respectively.

To lead this gig was the Watkins Glen Grand Prix and assorted races on the 22nd of September.

A real cross-section of entries from M-H showed up featuring Ted Baran's Cooper FIII, Ray Gaul's MG A, Phil Groggins and Elva Courier, and Roly Heacox's Jag 120 M. Well, Ted never got out of the paddock on race day and Ray Gaul's MG A had (get this) too

4.

Down Easter (continued)

much compression and ran lousy and didn't finish. For the bright side of things Roly Heacox got off to a good start; but, unfortunately, things slowed down as the race wore on. The M-H gold star of the day went to Phil Groggins. He showed us a spirited drive in EP. Now if it weren't for those fast TR 4's (which like straights a lot more than Couriers) and an occasional Healey, Phil would have gotten a well earned trophy. As it was he drove a good race.

The rest of the day was basically a parade around the track featuring Walt Hansgen winning the F. Jr. event and the Grand Prix with Cooper and Cooper-Buick respectively. The battle of the day was between Howard Hanna (DB) and Skip Barber (Turner) for FP honors. The lead changed no less than umpteen times with Hanna forging ahead on the straights and Barber going ahead in the tight right hander entering the start-finish straight. But some last lap traffic separated the two a bit and Hanna got first in the best action of the day.

Two weeks later we found the Glen in a cool monsoon and in time for the United States Grand Prix. With factory teams supplied by Lotus, BRM, and Cooper plus two UDT Lotuses and two Bowmaker Lolas and several independents (featuring Jack and his Brabham-Climax V-8).

After two days of practice (one dry, one soggy) we found Jim Clark on the pole in his Lotus 25 Climax V-8 with a record 1.5 litre time of 1:15.8. The other top qualifiers were Richie Ginther and Graham Hill in BRM's, Dan Gurney in the works Porsche flat 8, Jack Brabham, and Bruce McLaren's Cooper-Climax V-8. The fastest independent was Tim Mayer in a four cylinder Cooper at 1:20.7.

Well the track was dry on Sunday and after

a parade of the drivers and Phil Hill and one S. Moss, and Dan Gurney taking a few laps in the new Ford Mustang sports car (a very clean and sharp little item) the race was about to begin. Jim Clark showed that his practice time was no fluke and took off at the drop of the flag to lead the first lap around, and the next, and so on. Graham Hill did forge ahead for a few laps but after lap 19 it was all Clark and Lotus. And at the end of the 100 only Clark and Second Place Graham Hill were on the same lap. Dan Gurney had a steady third throughout most of the race but started to slow a bit toward the end and Bruce McLaren and Jack Brabham slipped ahead of Dan for third and fourth. Steady also, and the last driver to complete 99 laps was sixth place Masten Gregory in the UDT Lotus-BRM V-8. The highest placed independent was Roger Penske in a Lotus V-8. He completed 96 laps for ninth position. Tim Mayer retired after 31 troublesome laps with a broken shift lever. Wait'll next year after brother Ted has bought out the Cooper factory.

Having slowly worked one's way out of Watkins Glen, I got back east just in time for the Divisional races to close out the Thompson, Conn. season October 14.

The weather was a little warmer than at the Glen, also dryer, and there was a large turnout of cars. Ray Gaul represented M*H with his MG A and to the bewilderment of them all he finished a race without problems (although he did break an axle in practice which necessitated some last minute repairs). No trophy but after this year Ray was glad to finish with a sound running car.

The speedy event of the day was the seventh and last - this was the Formula race. Stutz Plaisted set a new Formula Libre record and the fastest time of the day with his front engine FI Lotus-Buick at over 71 MPH. Second and third overall (and the first two in class) were the



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Down Easter (continued)

Cooper Jrs. of Bill Smith and Peter Revson. And as the shades of night fell on the trophy presentation, I bade good-bye to Thompson for another season. On to the Lime Rock Closer.

henry manley IV

* * * * *

MINUTES REGULAR MEETING CIRCLE INN

October 3, 1962

Secretary's report read and accepted. Treasurer's report read and accepted. Balance is \$208.05. Activities report given by the R.E. R.E. also announced the winners of the September 30th Rallye:

- 1st - Hanns and Ursula Flebbe
- 2nd - Lonnie and Dolores Granito
- 3rd - Richard and Karen Granito

Contest Board Chairman announced up-coming events. Bernie Burns, Membership Chairman, introduced two new members.

Phil Groggins of the Nominating Committee presented the slate of nominees for 1963 as follows:

- Regional Executive - Roly Heacox
David Ward
- Assistant R.E. - Dick Moody
- Secretary - Betty Heacox
Sandra Jacobson
- Treasurer - Gladys Gaul
Carol McMillan
- Activities Director - Mike Hancock
- Directors - Art Frederick
Bill Ackner
Francis McClumpha
Hank Van Deusen

Meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

Irma McClumpha

MINUTES BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING CIRCLE INN October 17, 1962

Treasurer's report read. Balance is \$181.36.

R.E. asked Assistant R.E. Hank Van Deusen to get a state trooper to speak at the November meeting. Treasurer, Gladys Gaul gave the R.E. a letter of withdrawal of her name from the slate of nominees for 1963.

R.E. announced that Fort Wm. Henry is not interested in a rallye at Lake George for 1963. Annual trophies to be presented at the annual meeting were discussed.

There was a discussion on the September 30 Rallye. Hank Van Deusen made the motion that the problem be handled by the protest board. Ray Gaul seconded. Passed.

Meeting adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

Irma McClumpha

* * * * *

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THREE WILD WEEKENDS

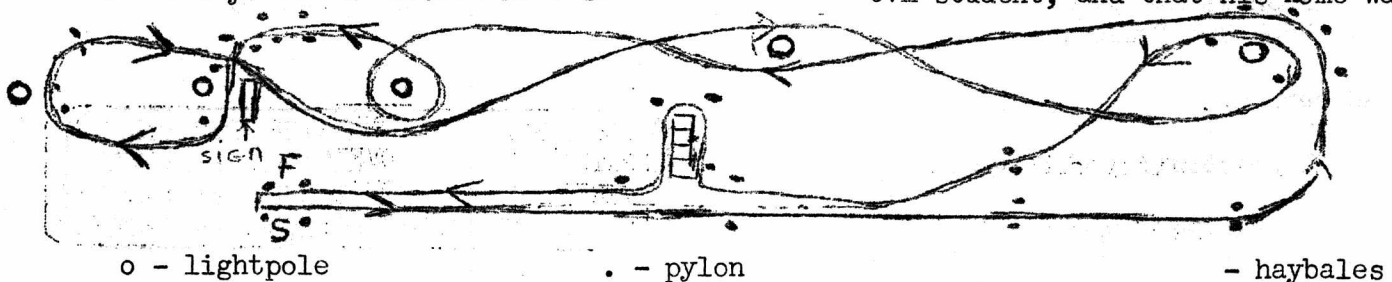
by Art Frederick

The story starts the week before September 23. SCCV, the Sports Car Club of Vermont, had sent fliers to all people on their mailing list announcing a "Winged Victory" gymkhana scheduled for the above date. Having conceded a previous weekend outing for one reason and another, I was able to sneak away on the 23rd, and negotiations were started to take along a team. However, some little thing going on at Watkins Glen on the day before was holding everyone's attention, and most did not feel that they would be in any shape to drive to Burlington early Sunday morning.

Well, the opportunity seemed too good to miss, so the old P-wagon trundled on up alone. Thanks to a fine day, an early start, and a commendable lack of traffic, it was a quick, easy trip.

Upon arriving a little too early, I discovered that nothing was yet in readiness - but this gap provided a great opportunity for a second breakfast (after all, it had been four hours since the first one). A second reconnoitering revealed that substantial progress had been made in the interim. And what progress it was.

Such a sight to behold: it was enough to make an old gymkhanist's heart jump for joy. The course was laid out upon a parking lot some 200 yards long and 50 wide. There was no reversing, no garaging, and plenty of high-speed maneuvering. To top it all off, each competitor was allowed one practice run (for kicks) and two timed runs; the best timed run was to be used for scoring. And the layout? It looked like so:



Joy was short-lived, however, for what was bobbing into view but a Mini-Minor. Of course, you'll say that such a wide-open course would eliminate the Mini's sprightliness; but let me hasten to add that this was one of the wildest Cooper Minis that you've ever laid eyes upon. Well, sir, I was scared.

And away we went. The first run was a double, consisting of the practice run followed immediately by the first timed run. The practice was no problem, and Yours Truly breezed through with 1:04.2. Then, when the heat came on, a rather strange thing happened: my autopilot ceased to function and for some reason the car failed to make the 360° turn around the center pole. The possibility of driver error was immediately eliminated as too far-fetched an explanation. As a consequence, the time was excellent, but the 25-point penalty hurt a bit.

This first run revealed the competition, and some of it came from an unexpected area. The Cooper Mini turned 1:02.4 and scared everyone with its ungodly noise (such a small car has no right to be so loud!) Then along came Ken Churchill, the old SCCV stalwart, to turn 1:05.2 in his TD, of all things. And another SCCV member made 1:03-something in a Healey 4. Thank Heaven the best run counted for score.

At this point, it might be convenient to mention the gentleman (?) who had been causing no inconsiderable trouble for one and all ever since he arrived. Wheeling in in his Stirling Moss Ace Bristol (aluminum racing mirrors, etc.), he promptly started to shoot off his less-than-petite mouth about these Vermont hicks and their back-country gymkhanas. It soon came out that he was there simply by virtue of being a UVM student, and that his home was in

WEEKENDS (continued)

Boston. We were soon notified that it was done differently in Boston, and much better. In that illustrious city, the clubs holding events hire their own police for safety and crowd control, use nothing but electronic timing devices and, apparently, complain about everything.

Well, we sure found out how they do it in Boston during this personality's first timed run. Weaving his way back toward the far end, he stuck his foot in too far, headed right for a light pole, and attempted to climb it. Now, everyone knows that the Bristol is no cat, so he didn't make it. But he did manage to get about four feet up, knock off the right front suspension, smash the body-work, and bend up that inexpensive little space frame rather horribly. After surveying the scene of the slaughter, we all decided that the way of the Vermont hicks was more fun, and it's surely less expensive, too.

The second timed run was nothing special, except that the Speedster remembered to make the 360 for a time of 1:01 flat, I think. The Mini couldn't improve his first time (even though he did do it louder), and the driver of the Healey tightened up before the haybale chicane and plowed into a curb.

Aside from those unfortunates who suffered costly noises in the suspension department, everyone seemed to have a ball. The spirit was generally fine, and few unkind remarks were passed. Too bad we can't always find that much cooperation at events, isn't it?

As it turned out, I came home with two trophies, an overall being awarded as well as class trophies. So it really is a shame that some of you couldn't see fit to tag along - we might have made a sweep.

NEXT WEEKEND: This was the time of the WAEFRTI (When All Else Fails, Read the Instructions) Rally. Everybody got lost, and they all hate me for making it too hard (vague?) (misleading?). So let's

just report that third place trophies were given to Karen and Richard Granito of Delmar (Lonnie's brother), while second place went to Lonnie and Dolores. Hanns and Ursula were recipients of first place trophies.

I'll NEVER put on another rally!!!!!!

THIRD WEEKEND: USGP. Made a fast trip up on Saturday morning with friends, saw a little practice, and camped out for the night.

Sunday morning saw a fine hangover, fog, and drizzle. Oops, forgot to mention seeing Bernie B. on Saturday while searching for a lost soul from whom we had become separated in Ithaca.

Hangover gone by Sunday afternoon - well, almost. Bufferin supplied bulk of nutriment for the afternoon. Fog gone, too, but drizzle remained. Reminded one of Nurburgring. Von Hanstein must have felt right at home. Wondered whether anyone could beat Jimmy Clark's practice time of 1:15.8-109 mph.

It was obvious from the start that six cars would be near the front of the pack; Clark took off in his works Lotus and hid from everyone but Graham Hill in the Baroom. They came around neck-and-neck for many laps until Graham bobbled a bit and fell behind by about ten seconds. Actually, the "Flying Mustache" had lead from the eleventh lap to the 21st, but he couldn't hold off the motorized shepherd. No-one else saw Clark after that until he lapped them. This he did with admirable consistency, passing everyone but Hill at least once.

Gurney, Ginther, Brabham, and McLaren were the other four, and they really went at it from beginning to end, with one exception. Gurney lead for much of the time - that is, he was in third place. At the eighth lap, he was followed by Ginther's BRM, Brabham's Brabham, and McLaren's works Cooper.

8.

WEEKENDS (continued)

Ginther led in the tenth and eleventh laps, but Dan pushed the Porsche past again on the twelfth. The tenth lap also saw a little excitement in the chute when de Beaufort, who had a solid next-to-last in last year's 4-cylinder Porsche, lost it and smacked the guard rail. Never one to give up, he drove the car back to the pits, but a little problem in the rear suspension made him do it sideways. Very interesting!

The lap 25 order was Clark, Hill, Ginther, Gurney, Brabham, and McLaren. The last two swapped spots on lap 27, and things stayed pretty stable until lap 36, when Ginther's Baroom went Baroom in a pretty cloud of blue smoke. Eyewitnesses said that rods, pistons, and miscellaneous crankshaft parts went flying in all directions. This left Gurney in third and McLaren and Brabham in fourth and fifth, respectively. Nothing changed here until lap 57, when Gurney left the road slightly at the chute and let Young Bruce into third. Shortly after, Dan developed ignition trouble that left him 1000 rpm short and fouled up his shift points. Brabham passed him on the 70th lap (their 69th because Clark had lapped them by that time), and they finished in that order.

For some strange reason, Clark got a bee in his bonnet on the 62nd lap and turned an unofficial 1:15.6, a new lap record for any car. That's fine, of course, but the reason for it is a little unclear because he was a good 14 seconds ahead of Hill at the time. Graham, having turned on the gas after lap 80, was caught at an unofficial 1:15.8.

So there we are - it looks as though the Championship will be decided at South Africa in December. Is anyone taking bets?

An interesting pre-race feature was the showing of Ford's proposed entry into the sports car field, the Mustang. This is a two-seater 1.5-liter machine powered by the German Ford V-4 originally slated for the Cardinal. It is arranged in the rear in

the manner of the Porsche Spyder, ahead of the transmission and final drive.

Briefly, it looks like a two-seater Corvair with an integral roll bar (streamlined - or stylized - of course). The oversquare engine is said to develop 89 hp in road trim and 109 hp in competition tune. With a curb weight of 1544 lbs., top speed is about 110.

Specifications include a space frame, 90-inch wheelbase, hidden headlights (released from under the front deck lid), wishbone suspension front and rear, integral seat with adjustable pedals, rack-and-pinion steering, ram engine cooling with thermostatically operated fan, folding license plate holder for competition, cast magnesium wheels, adjustable suspension settings, and console-mounted choke, turn signal, and horn (naturally). One thing of which no mention is made is weather protection. And there seems to be no provision for it, either.

Well, that about finishes our three weekends. Even if you haven't enjoyed reading this article, it fills up some space that someone else should have utilized.

* * * * *

A man had just bought a new sports car, and he took his seven-year-old son for a trial spin. He couldn't restrain himself from seeing how fast the auto would go, so he posted his boy in the back seat and told him: "If you see a man in uniform on a motorcycle, be sure to tell Daddy."

Off they went, faster and faster. The speedometer had just hit 90 when the seven-year-old tapped his father on the shoulder.

"Daddy," he said, "that gentleman you were expecting has arrived."

Dan Bennett (The American Weekly)

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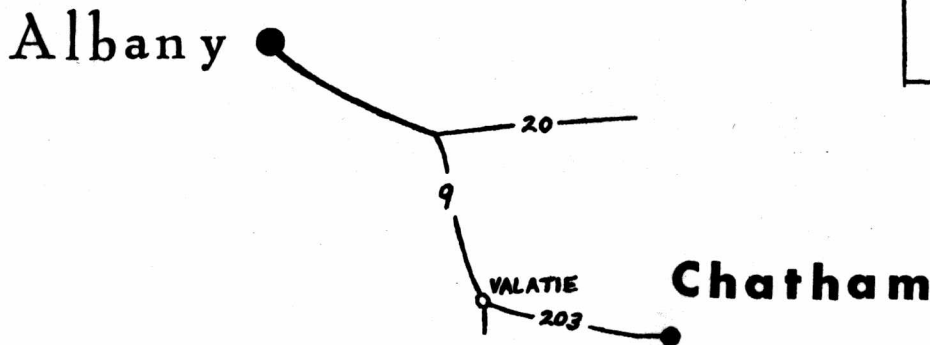
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