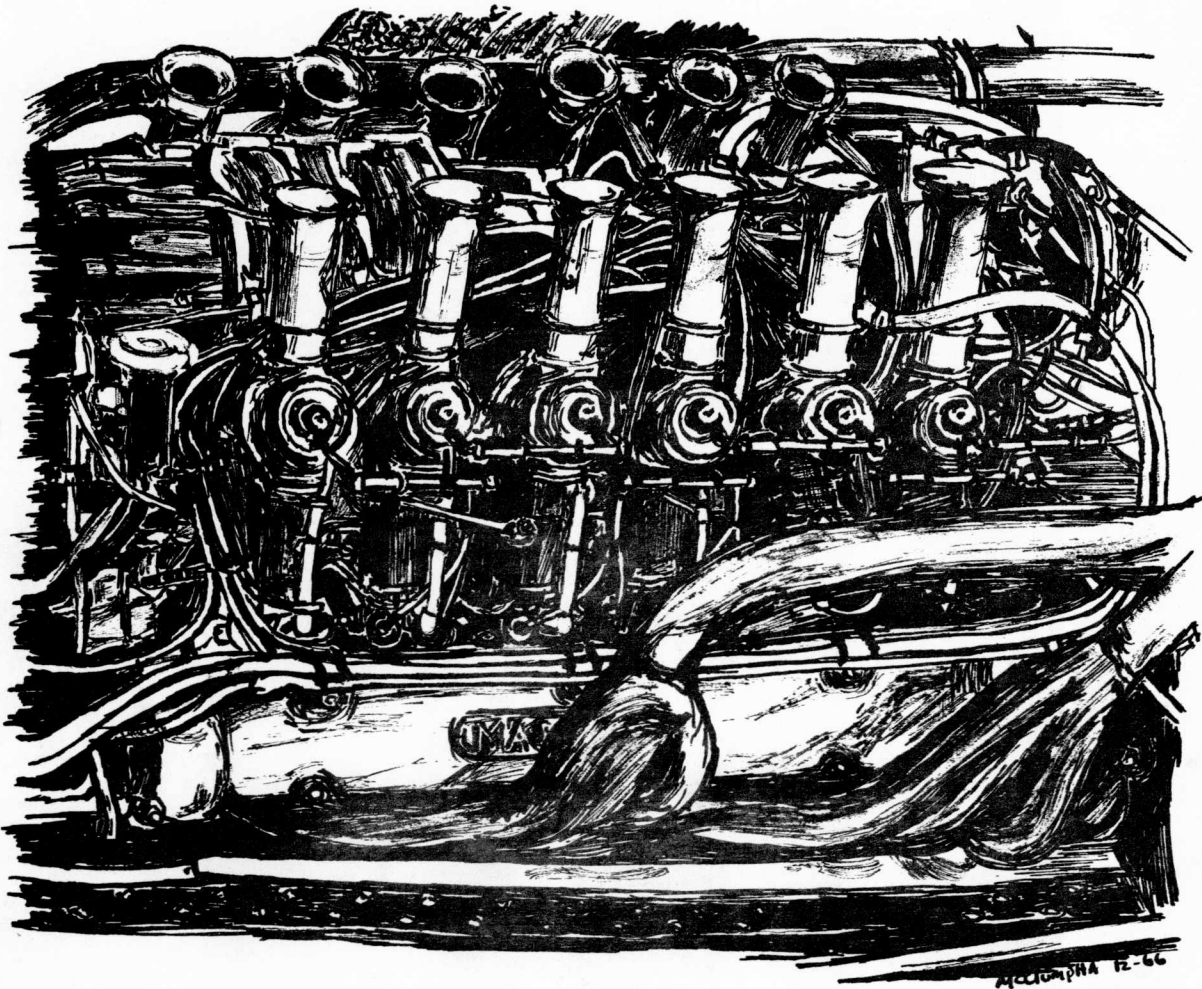


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Schenectady, N.Y.

The KNOCK OFF is published monthly and distributed free to members and friends of the Mohawk-Hudson Region of the Sports Car Club of America. Controlled Circulation postage is paid at Delmar, N.Y. 12054. All material is dependent upon contributions by the members and friends, and should be mailed or delivered to the Editor at the monthly club meeting held at 8:30 P.M. on the first Wednesday of each month. The September 3rd meeting will be held at the Sunset Inn, 5th Ave. and 125th St., North Troy.

Anyone wishing information on membership or events may attend our meetings or contact any of the Officers listed above. Membership in the Mohawk-Hudson Region is open to anyone residing in the Counties of Albany, Clinton, Columbia, Essex, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Hamilton, Montgomery, Rensselaer, Saratoga, Schenectady, Warren, and Washington.

The material in the KNOCK OFF is **that** of the author, and in no way reflects the attitude of the Mohawk-Hudson Region or the Sports Car Club of America, its officers or members.

EDITORIAL

This issue was collected and edited while recovering from four successive race weekends, and in the midst of preparing for our Solo II AutoSprint at Lime Rock. In addition to our usual loyal authors, Art Frederick has written a fine article about the Area 11 National race. Almost everyone was there, but unfortunately, everybody doesn't get to see everything. Art collected facts and comments from a lot of people, and as I said before, he has written a nice summary.

Fortunately for the Region, this is the last issue from the anonymous editor(s). Next month the Rexfords take over, so help them out by doing a little writing. We gratefully acknowledge the work of Diane and Dave McClumpha and Ted Baran for the fine covers, and Barbara Beck for the typing services.

RE GIONAL RAMBLINGS

by Wild Bill

TO ALL THOSE WHO HELPED WITH THE INEC NATIONAL, THANK YOU. I was quite pleased with the success of our second competition event this year, and especially by the support shown by the members of Mohawk-Hudson, the INEC officials and workers, and the neighboring Regions in Area 1. As race chairman, Gene Birdsey gets the lion's share of the credit, because he selected the officials who recruited the workers, and organized the whole event. He even had the practice sessions and races take place according to schedule. The next time you see Jack Collins, buy him a beer, because he has some influence with the Rain Gods. We will be applying for the same weekends for the Drivers School and National next year, and look forward to seeing everybody back once again.

The East Coast portion of the Trans Am series is over, and thankfully so. The GCR **has no provision** for a Region to sanction a Demolition Derby, but some clever organizers have been putting them on using the Trans Am as a front. Ask anybody who has had a chance to look over the sheetmetal after one of the races this year. Last year at Kent, Roger Penske said, "If you don't want to get bumped, don't go racing". I thought that a bit peculiar, since his cars seldom show evidence of bumping or being bumped (even this year). But the body and fender bills have spiraled, and I ask the question, "How much of the increase has come about through deliberate actions?" A few protests have been filed, and disallowed because intent was not proved. But when the same cars and drivers are involved in one race after another, it seems some action on the part of the officials is warranted. I think it represents a dangerous trend.

INEC NATIONAL '69

Funny - when I looked at the sky at something like 5:30 A.M., I could have sworn that the day would be bright and shiny. And I was really naive enough to believe it.

Ah, the friendly, dreaded anxiety. Somehow Lime Rock Park would lose some of its attraction were there not the delicious, harrassing, omnipresent threat of the machinations of Jupiter Pluvius. Jupiter, the Bringer of Rain.

But it didn't!

A least, it didn't in Lime Rock, Connecticut. New York City was in the midst of a week-long rainy spell, so attendance at our National race was sparse, to say the least. Who would have thought, living in N.Y.C., that it might be sunny at Lime Rock?

Might be, but wasn't. Until after the last race, naturally. What else?

The special practice session started shortly after 9:00 on the 26th, only a few minutes late. Very interesting, that - watching one Formula Vee rounding the course for 15 minutes. But maybe that's the best way to have Vees on the track after all.

Race 1 was dear to my heart - C and D Sedan. Naturally, Harry, the Greek, took home the bacon. Gee, if the track owner can't win on his own course, what will there be left to believe in? Dave Ammen, in a very similar Alfa, did give Theodoracopulos some trouble for a while, though, eventually finishing second after slowly losing ground throughout the half-hour race. Standard bearer for the Mini Battalion was Jim Boffo in a Cooper S with a very British Union Jack top over a bright yellow bottom.

Craig Fisher was the man to contend with in D Sedan. His Fiat Abarth came across the line ahead of Ray Walle in a surprisingly fast NSU and Fred Aibel in a Mini Cooper.

Due to a paucity of HP entrants, Race 2 became the Formula SCCA bash - literally. Actually, the whole problem began before the cars were gridded when it was announced that Fred Stevenson had come down to break the course record in his FB Lotus. This meant trying very hard, and it showed. Going into the first turn on the first lap, Stevenson took to the dirt and slowed fractionally in an attempt to get past William Gubelmann in an orange Brabham biplane. So the car behind Stevenson slowed a little more, another slowed abruptly, and then came Hap. Now here's a man out for his first race since his car was rebuilt after last year's shunt at the Glen; he sees a potential accident ahead of him, starts taking evasive action, and gets another

National Race (Continued...)

FC right in the back of his Cooper. Broke Hap's right rear upright (and heart, no doubt.). But at least he didn't get Bill Kane sitting on top of him like someone farther down the line. Luckily, the ex-Raeder-now-Simmers Stranguellini wasn't badly bent, and Bill was able to continue for a while.

Mostly everyone else was still racing, however, and here's potential record holder Stevenson following Gubelmann, which worthy is driving the car that Fred Opert ran last year. It never came out what happened to the record attempt, but Stevenson hardly came close to a minute, and he looked pretty ragged a few times on the back of the course. At any rate, Freddy looked like a sure second, until Gubelmann sucked his gas tank dry a couple of laps before the end and snuck back to the paddock for more. Sid Demovsky came in a distant second in FB. FC winners were Fred Harris in a Brabham, Rod DeRonge, and Wayne Ricciardi in another Brabham. Formula A was nonexistent.

A couple of dozen Formula Fords made up race 3. Marques represented included Lotus, Alexis, Caldwell, Macom, Crossle, Merlyn, and Winkelmann. Bruce Cargill, representing Mohawk-Hudson, went like gangbusters but didn't finish in the money as first place went to Skip Barber's Caldwell. Thomas Readdy brought his Winkelmann into second, and fellow **White Plains resident** James Jenkins brought the other team car through in third spot.

Incidentally, Barber's car was protested, but a teardown in Millerton following the race revealed nothing to cause the Stewards to uphold the protest. Barber and the Caldwell factory mechanics did have a time, though, when they really needed their Ice Blue Secret. The preliminary part of the protest checking procedure included weighing the car, and as gasoline was drawn from the tank to bring it to the specified amount for weight checks, the scales registered ever closer to the minimum allowable avoirdupois. A sigh of relief was heard all the way to Marblehead when the car was found to be 9 pounds over the minimum.

E Production filled the grid for the fourth race. Here the big contest was between independent George Frey in his uncannily quick 356 series Porsche Speedster and well-endowed (financially, that is) Mike Downs in the Group 44 Triumph GT6+. It was really a close thing for most of the race. Downs powered down the straight and Frey handled himself closer in the twisty portions of the track. However, something extra (\$?) showed in the Group 44 car, and George had to settle for a second place. Third was the Alfa of Gary Rutherford.

If the FB's and FC's tangled on the first turn, what could the Vees do to outdo them. Answer: Do it clean right through the race!! This may have been one of the dullest (from a squirrel's viewpoint) FV races ever. Zeitlers dominated the thirty minute parade - Tom Davey first and John Zeitler close behind. Third went to Charles Hevenor in a King.

Race 6 was scheduled for FP and GP, but the small HP entry was also added, making it rather confusing for spectators.

National Race (Continued...)

Naturally enough, Jerry Truitt in the Hank Thorpe FP MG Midget, Bob Sharpe in his Datsun, and John Kelley in Group 44's GP Spitfire were the main crowd pleasers. These old rivals went at it hammer and tong, to coin a cliché, and things were pretty tight for a while. However, Kelly managed to spin his white car directly in front of the other aforementioned drivers, thus causing some consternation. This came to pass in the notorious esses, but skillful driving by Truitt and Sharp averted calamity. Truitt finally took the cake in FP with Sharp close behind. James Harrison of Annapolis was third in his Sprite.

GP honors were bestowed upon Erwin Lorincz in a Spitfire, Turner driver Chris Jensen was next, and John Kelly managed a third after his spin. Sprites took the first two HP positions as Dick Seavey and Randy Canfield led the class followed by Faza's Craig Fisher in a Fiat, of course.

CP was not much in evidence in Race 7. Bob Tullius in the the Group 44 TR6 and Pete Pulver in his Elan were the sole entrants among a big bunch of DP cars headed on the grid by Bob Sharp in another Datsun. For a while, Pulver harried Tullius closely, but he eventually started dropping back, and it looked like a Group 44 benefit again until the Triumph packed up a wheel bearing and Tullius slowly motored into the paddock for good. Pulver took CP by default (quite a change from two years ago) behind Sharp's UFO (Unbelievable Fareastern Auto). Lotus Sevens filled out the DP list with drivers Norman Horowitz and Frank Bernstein second and third, respectively. Area 11 Governor Bob Henderson enjoyed (?) watching this race as a spectator. He spun in the Big Bend while trying to avoid a car in front of him and was tapped laterally by Brian Furstenau in a Group 44 car. It didn't appear too serious, but Bob found out that he had a broken wheel before he again reached the start-finish line and spectated from Station 11 from then on.

The big bombers came out of the woods for Race 8 as A and B Production and A and B Sedans bellowed their way to the grid.

The AP Cobras for the most part resembled basket cases after Sam Feinstein and Dick Stockton had made emergency repairs following their Friday nose-to-nose meeting in practice. Stockton must have used a week's pay for the duct tape that held his car's nose together for the race.

To quote Greg Rickes, that renowned antithesis to Dennis Cipnic, "Remember the Hoselton Hugger, that orange Z28 at our Driver's School? Well, he has his National now. He still has that Drag race syndrome: going all the way down the main straight to the shutoff (sorry - escape road), and he also spun, but he's learning and he drove a really good race and finished second in AS to Len Greenhalgh, also in a Camaro. By the way, driver Warren Agor formerly worked for Penske, which might be the reason that his car runs like the proverbial train.

"John Paul had the only healthy Cobra. Stockton got started late, diced with Alex Cameron (BP Corvette). The AS battle started out with a dice between Len Greenhalgh in his Team Viper Camaro

National Race (Continued...)

and the Blue Mutha' Camaro, but Mutha' tired and had a job fighting off the Hugger. The BP win was a Chevy Victory for a change, as hard-working Alex Cameron got his Corvette in the money."

Statistics: AP bosses were John Paul and Sam Feinstein (with pit stops - Stockton had more pit stops). Fred Brandt and John Orr, both in Corvettes, followed Cameron in B Prod. The sedan champ was Len Greenhalgh with Warren "Hoselton" Agor second and Steve Elfenbein's Camaro next.

Volvos dominated B sedan (they also filled the grid for that class) as Robert Huber finished ahead of John Belanger of Winchendon, Mass.

Race 9 was originally scheduled to be Race 10 but became Race 9 when Race 8 was combined with Race 10 (which became Race 9) due to a lack of entries and, of course, Race 9 became Race 8 and the morning consolidation didn't change the sequence because even though Race 2 became part of Race 6, and Race 3 became Race 2, Race 3A became Race 3, and Race 4 stayed Race 4, etc. (this paragraph ought to be inserted in next years Supplementary Regulations to clarify them. Ed.)

Well, we had a last race. C and D Sports/Racing were thrown in with the originally-scheduled A S/R and BS/R. This combination brought out machines of all sizes and sounds, from Jerry Crawford's "Blue Mac" to the D Echidna and KLT Saab, the latter of which optically resembles a Lawn Boy-powered Boston Whaler.

Things went well at the head of the pack while George Alderman and Crawford charged in their Group 7's, but the Chief Steward's call for a black flag on Crawford started the stuff toward the fan. It seems that Jerry's battery or starter was something less than intended, and he had to be push started after stalling on the false grid. He also stalled on the true grid and the marshals shoved him onto the grassy verge so that the race could begin. Another push start from this position (and possibly his bad form in throwing his grid card at the Ambulance Station) disqualified him (protest disallowed).

A S/R was thus left to Alderman and Alex Dearborn in a Corvair-powered Deserter dune buggy. The latter put up a good front, but it didn't have the guts to compete with a G-7 McLaren (and a number of B S/R cars) and subsequently expired at Station 5. Alderman won, needless to say.

John Sherrigan took B S/R followed by John Fuller in a snaky-looking Viper (it really looks this way - it's not a bad pun) and Pete Sherman in an Elva.

The Lotus of Mickey Cohen led the C class while Sam Gilliland's Elva took second and Hans Rocke, a perpetual trophy winner, was third in a Bobsy. The Echidna, driven by Eric Ferman of Huntington, was first in D ahead of Jerry Lustig's Bobsy and John Girdler's car of unknown (to me) origin.

Perhaps the day can best be summed up by another comment of the famed G. Rickes: "Yes, we know the BP Corvettes don't go much faster than the Vees, but you have to remember that the monsters who drive the Big Prod Muthas haven't been out of their cages for a few days and you've got a real show with sideways action, harmonic vibration enough to rotate the Earth, and enough power to light the City of Albany for a week. You may have your graceful Formula cars and the swift Can-Am cars, but you still can't beat cubic inches in my book."

And I have all this in his handwriting, so those of you who can't see the light as G.R. sees it (Howard, Hap, Bruce, Tom, Bill, Art, Phil, Terry, Gene, Connis, Carl, Bill, Sandy, Ray, et.al) see him.

Aside from the car part of the races, there were some other comments. Most vociferous were the timers and scorers who found soon after the festivities began that they couldn't see a damn thing from their new timing stand on the outside of the track. Not only is the angle between the stand and the track inconvenient for good visibility, but the protective barricade makes things even worse, though safer.

Did you know that the timing stand is safe for adults but dangerous for children? Ask Rob and Wanda?

Finally, we changed the name of Station One. For some strange reason, it can't be called "One" but has to be an exotic "Emergency" or something else of the sort. Now it's "Ambulance" and doesn't shake up the phone lines when someone calls "Emergency". Personally, I still think it should be called "Safety".

And it didn't rain. But it's been raining ever since.
(By arrangement with Jack Collins. Ed.)

Thanks to Steve Short, Don Rexford, and G.R. for their comments solicited at the most recent Exec meeting and included in this article.

And this year we have our own race report - we won't have to lift it from another region's newsletter.

Art Frederick

Cleveland Correspondence

from Stan Bubar

Fifty odd thousand dead per year is nothing to sneeze at, but the American driver is really not as bad as the National Safety Council would have us believe. It is certainly true that the death rate in persons per year steadily climbs, but I really feel that's a poor representation of the facts. For example, in 1935 we had about 35,000 traffic fatalities as we rolled up 228.6 million vehicle miles. In 1968 we had about 53,000 traffic fatalities as we rolled up 1,010 million vehicle miles. If one neglects the increase in number of vehicles and number of miles travelled as the NSC does, that amounts to a 50% increase in deaths. However, that's less than 2% increase per year when one considers the 33 year period covered.

A more reasonable way of looking at the same data is to realize that the death rate per million vehicle miles in 1935 was 153 and in 1968 was down to 52.5...thus the death rate has actually dropped by a factor of three over this same time. Instead of wasting time, money and energy on things as unproductive as high school driver training and evaluations on headrests, the National Highway Safety Bureau might try and find out why the death rate has dropped. We might be able to make it drop faster.

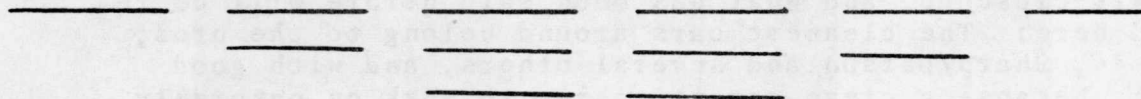
NE Ohio monthly meeting for June had as a speaker, the former Traffic Commissioner of the city of Cleveland, who now works for the Cleveland Safety Council. He has a truly simple-minded and very shallow-knowledge of automotive safety. If he is representative of the current "safety establishment", I can appreciate Phil Raeder's problems in getting facts considered, etc. You have my sympathies, Phil. This guy talked for 66 minutes, and essentially said nothing other than drive defensively and don't drink!

I recently returned to Cleveland from Schenectady via the N.Y. Thruway. All in all, I still think that's one of the best highways in the country. I was somewhat dumbfounded to have to pay \$43.9¢ per gallon for gas (hi-test). When one considers that 11¢ of that is tax, there has been about 14% hike in gasoline prices in about one year. That hurts!!

Some people have no respect for anything! I recently mounted all my dash plaques on a large walnut plank, and was also looking over my trophy mugs when I realized there were some missing. I checked the kitchen cabinets and found that Judy has appropriated no less than three of them for **Ingrid**. Next thing I know she'll be eating popcorn out of my silver Mt. **Ascutney** bowl. (Or maybe potato chips from the silver tray you got at a 1966 gymkhana, Ed.)

Cleveland Correspondence (continued...)

In reading over the results of the Mo-Hud INEC Gymkhana, I am reminded of my earlier prediction regarding the return to a state wide series. Out of about 50 entrants, only 5 are from the SCCA regions. These people will probably get championship trophies just for traveling, as happened in '66.



FROM THE GROUP W BENCH

indented and QUOTated by Richard Waring

Friends, Roamers, and Fellow miscreants, lend me your eyes. One night a few weeks ago, during one of those glorious storms this area seems to have so many of, with lightening flashing and thunder crashing, and even a full moon up there somewhere, there assembled at my apartment the strangest collection of social deviants found in one place since the Werewolf Convention of 1932. There were mother rapers (sic), mother stabbers, and even a few father rapers. When it was noticed that we were all handsome, rich, talented and interested in racing it was suggested that we form an organization (better than a movement, but that's another story.) Thus, and pay attention because there will be a short quiz after, the group W bench Racing Team came into existence.

Applause, fade out, fade in, pan members.

(Anyone who is in the dark about group w bench, mother rapers, etc. should ask their friends about Arlo Guthrie.)

Two of the gentlemen (humph) in our group are already known to many of you under various aliases. Everyone who is anyone know Greg Rickes, or is that the other way around? Either way he is our resident masochist (all those Renaults must mean something). Our other claim to fame is Lloyd Fisher who you all know as the harried Sunbeam competitor working for his license. So far he has completed his driver's school requirements. (Stay tuned to this station for the further adventures of group W bench at not one but two driver's schools, which should appear in the near future). We (notice the team spitit) plan to make the regional at Lime Rock on August 23 and then another either at the Glen or LRP.

There are two other members at the present time. Hector Riveria is our token Puerto Rican. He has had a new VW for several weeks now which he will drive at Lime Rock, August 16. The last (only because I'm writting this, of course) is me. Probably some of you have met me as I have been at almost all the meetings and several-events since I arrived here last September. As Greg said in one of his articles, I was 'bnce owned by a TR3." This is a sad tale which I shall perhaps relate at some future date.

A lot about little things, or maybe it's a little about lots
of things.....

by greg rickes

Going back to our National for a moment, as part of the Tech crew I was afforded the opportunity of seeing most of the cars close up, and what has been said before will be repeated here: The cleanest cars around belong to the pros, Group 44, Sharp/Datsun and several others, and with good reason, because a clean car is easier to work on naturally, but it also reflects on the sponsor, so if you want a ride next year you better present the best image, good isn't good enough, it's got to be the best. Kind of in line with this, Al Moxey, Dave Watchel and I did a long night of bench racing about the question of amateur versus professional racing, sponsorship and other topics. Somewhere along the way the question of how to get a sponsor came up, and because of my connection with the publicity end of the sport, I thought I'd try to answer the question, or at least outline the way for anyone who might be looking for an "angel", whether to just pay for expenses, or to finance a whole team. The mechanical end is Steve Short's department, and the question of driver ability has to be answered before you approach anyone for sponsorship, so we'll just deal with sponsorship "promotion-wise" as they say on Mad. Ave. First, go back and read Joe Lane's article in the November 1968 "Sports Car". This outlines what is the everyday type of detailing, your press kit (photos, biography, personal management), then go and pick up (if you can), the August 1969 issue of "Drag Racing", where they'll show even more, like how to get the most out of your budget in lots of little ways, and finally cough over one dollar and send it to Group 44 (113 Gordon Road, Falls Church, Va.) and ask for a copy of their press kit. If you can put together one that is half as good, you should be well on your way to a sponsored ride.

So much for crass commercialism. Or maybe not. Dennis Cipnic made some comments (rather derogatory) about American cars in a recent issue of Autoweek, while lauding the imports to the end. Just by way of an oddball type of comparison, in the Lime Rock Continental Championship, 14 or 15 Formula A cars (powered by American stock block engines) finished, while on the same day only four of fifteen starters finished in the Formula One race at the Nurburgring. Ah so.

Speaking of Lime Rock, Phil Raeder, as you must know by now, finished the pro race for B&C cars and made fifty bucks, and Bruce Cargill (sponsored by Art Simmers, WTRY, 980 on your dial, who will, I hope appreciate the plug, since he didn't exactly like my calling his Stanguilini an antique in the race report for the program at the National) made 75 of the green ones. Not bad. I don't know how Bruce fared, but Phil looked like he had just driven a sauna bath for 75 miles when he was helped from the car at the end of the race. Who says driving a race car isn't hard work???

from the group W bench (Continued...)

Well, now that I've given you some idea of who we are and what we're doing I hope you'll stick around. I'll try and keep something interesting going here as often as possible.

A lot about little things.....(continued)

Still on the Lime Rock thing, I had one of my big wishes answered when I got to meet John Cannon's chief wrench, Tom Jobe. Who? Tom Jobe, baby one of the SURFERS, of tip the can 98% nitro, super-science, type drag racing; the Surfers, **legendary** heroes of bucks-down racers everywhere. I hope to get to talk with Tom again to try and capture some of the folk-hero mystique that always seemed to accompany the cry "Surf's Up" whenever they ran, and if I do you'll read about it here.

As a post script to last month's "Requiem", we had an extra Renault hanging around doing no good, so we stripped and I mean stripped, everthing...doors, engine trans, hood, seats, trunk, steering box, and some other things and hauled the carcass to friendly Morris Body Works, and deposited the remains, you guessed it, right behind Old Dodge. Somehow it seemed fitting and proper.

But enough of this nonsense, see you next month.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Once again from the pen of Diane McClumpha, we present the Cooper-Maserati Formula One engine. It has a very high dollar/horsepower/pound ratio.

ROLL BARS, HELMETS and bright shiny beads

This column is a desultory thing...
The racing season is in full swing...
Zowie!

There is a lot to tell you, but I'll keep most of it to myself.

Sold the blue car the other day - to some cat from Chicago who came with cash - man, I mean cash, in sufficient bunches. Good car, prepared to the eyes, and all that. I sort of pity the poor bastard though - now He will have to decide if it is a failing of suspension engineering or a failing of his manhood that is impairing his lap times. I can assure you, however - if he survives, he will have a ball. Sedan type racers are some sort of nice, which is true of all sorts of racers (OK, OK, even Vee drivers).

* * * * *

The Milenium!!! My car finally went through a tech inspection that didn't frost me. And, would you believe this self-same tech was perpetrated by the infamous North New Jersey Region. Tis True. Let me regale you with a wondrous tale...

Once upon a time there was this Continental Championship Race, for Formula cars - see - you know the kind, with the wheels all naked and all that (and you ought to check some of the flag stations!). So. This marvelous thing was to be at Bridgehampton, but those worthies got an attack of the dreaded fiscal no-stones, and so cancelled out.

Enter Super-promoter - Jimbo Haynes, who offers to put on the thing at his place. Bear in mind, this involves a big chunk of dough, and is all on very short notice, but Jim decides to do it. So. The Continental Championship for Formula A, and B and C cars is set for August 2, 1969 at LRP, CONN.

On August 1, 1969, I get done repairing the damage and other disasters that befell our crudy old Brabham BT 18 at the last race, and discover that the car runs right well - all this at about 3 in the PM of August 1. So. I ring up LRP and enter - just like that. We show up Saturday AM, fork over the \$50 entry fee, flash our FIA driver's license, and our FIA entrant's license, and in we go.

The thing -

Paddock, and unload the race car. Groovy. Tech's over there.

Roll bars, Helmets, & Bright Shiny Beads (Continued...)

As per usual, I set my lip, take my tire iron, and head for tech. I push the car in. The bit begins. But. But. But. Here the familiar liturgy ceases.

From the time I entered until I left, with tech approval sticker glued on, took a total of 4.5 minutes. That's right, 4.5 minutes. And it was a very thorough inspection - no nonsense, no gloss-over. The tech line people even learned that there are magic words like "please" and "thank you" and "can I help you push your car" and like that. To say I was stunned would be the understatement of the year.

Racing -

A rolling start. Good bit, easy on the car, and it affords an opportunity to look over the course. Those who the rolling start lacks drama should have seen the chap in the Chevron who spun in the middle of the pack as we were charging toward the first turn.

Qualifying. In a pro race, a big flail. Knowing that the heat is on, that if you don't go fast you won't race. Tension. Two gallons of petrol; the big jets, the hot plugs, the bit - the sinking feeling as you are coming down the hill neat and clean, and you know that on the next lap you had better damn well do the thing.

Racing. Super-sanitary. The quality of driving in the pro-formula is not to be believed. No hicks, these. But fast! No hump, no bump, just go fast, race all the time, and pass when you can. Every driver obviously aware that with all those wheels out in the breeze, a certain amount of aloof behaviour in traffic would be a good thing. The driving is so subtle that I despair that the average spectator could ever comprehend (and savor) all the nuances of the art of driving a racing car very quickly, in company with other racing cars of similar intention.

Impressions. Magnuson and his tech guys swing. The pro-formula drivers and crews are some kind of great. To paraphrase "no brag - just fact." The racing is great, and without any of the tension in lesser competitions - the worry that some eager novice is going to put on you. And I think an especial thanks ought to go to Jim Haynes, the Lime Rock Park promoter. Over the years many have said the Jim is looking out for himself; for his sake I'm happy to observe that he has done just that, while at the same time making a real contribution to the sport.

HR &sb (Continued...)

But. This Continental was a special thing. Jim didn't have to do it, and on very short notice he took on the responsibility of making a race - with the support of the North New Jersey Region, SCCA - that had for him an opening tab of \$15,000 - the guaranteed prize money purse. (That it was there I can personally testify, since I took some of it home myself.) Add the rest of the costs, the time, and the vagaries of the weather, and I think you can see that it was a big plunge. Unfortunately-for the gate - the weather in the surrounding areas was poor, so the gate was down, though the races were run in fine weather. On balance, I'm sure Jim lost money. So give the guy a break. Support the Sport! Take a race driver out to lunch.

Phil Raeder
Competition Director

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SCCA CALENDAR

Aug. 30-31	Bryar	National Race	NER
Aug. 30-31	Tuscarora Mt.	Hillclimb	SNY
Sept. 6-7	Thompson	Drivers' School	NER
Sept. 6-7	Bridgehampton	Drivers' School	NYR
Sept. 6-7	Watkins Glen	Advance Driver's School	Glen Reg.
Sept. 13-14	SCIR	National Race	SCR
Sept. 13-14	Watkins Glen	Solo I	Glen Reg.
Sept. 20-21	Marlboro	National Race	D.C. Reg.
Sept. 20	Lime Rock	Regional Race	NNJR
Sept. 27-28	Weatherly	Hillclimb	NE Penn Reg.
Sept. 27-28	Appalachia	National Rally	Phila. Reg/
Oct. 4-5	Watkins Glen	USGP	
Oct 4-5	Thompson	Regional Race	NER
Oct. 4-5	Marlboro	Solo I	D.C. Reg.
Oct. 11-12	Pocono	National Race	N.E. Penn
Oct. 11	Lime Rock	Regional Race	NYR
Oct. 10-11-12	Jersey 500	National Rally	NNJR

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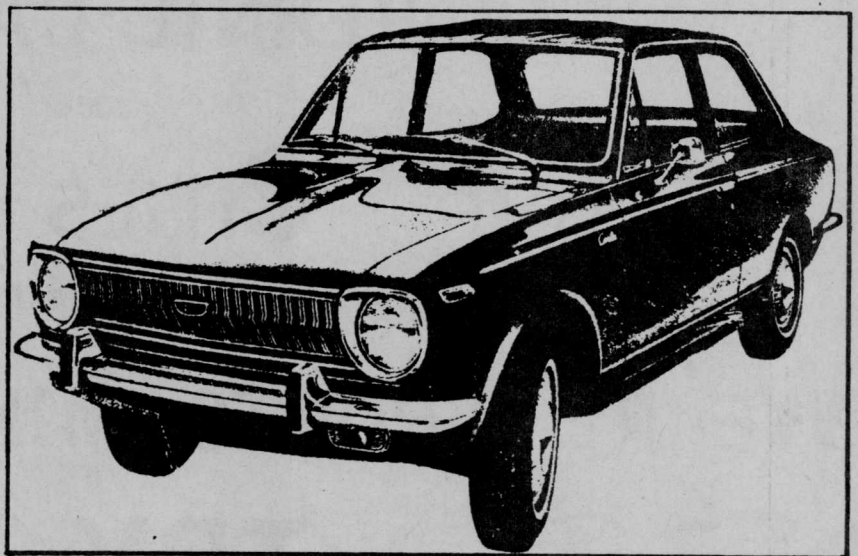
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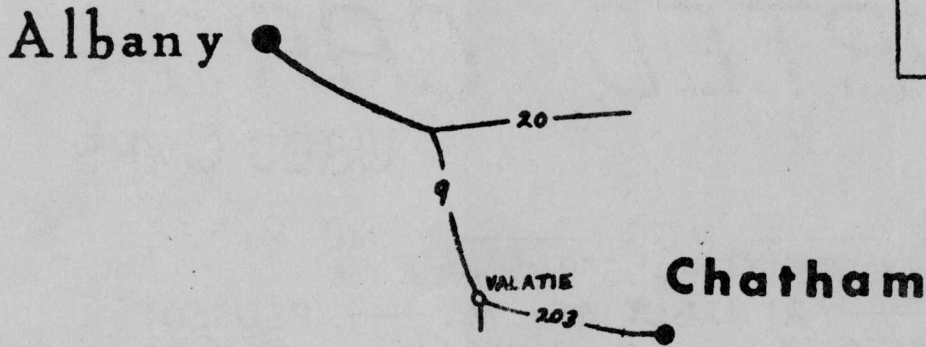
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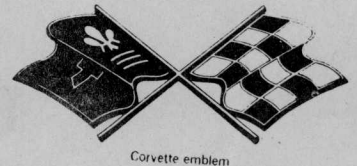
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