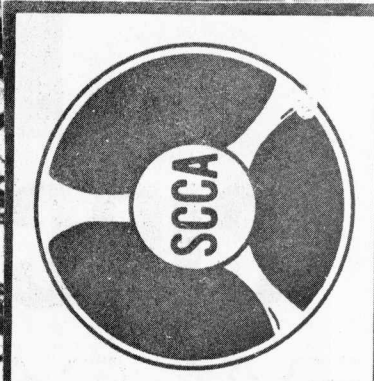
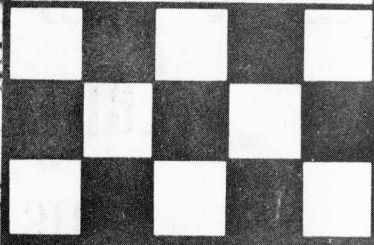


# THE KNOCK OFF



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NOVEMBER 69

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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.

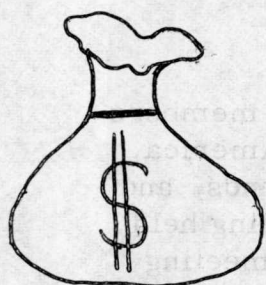
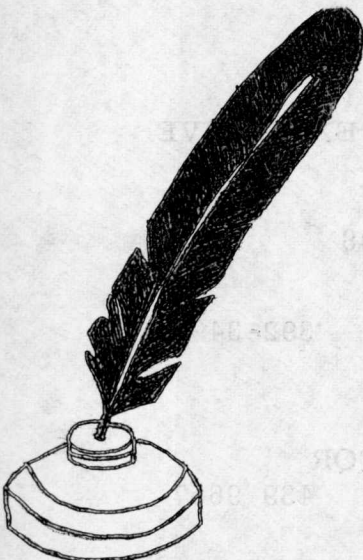
The material in the KNOCK OFF is that of the author, and in no way reflects the attitude of the Mohawk-Hudson Region or the Sports Car Club of America, its officers or members.

# from the Editors ...

It's time once again to choose next year's officers. Ballots will be in the mail (you may already have received yours) by the time you read this.

The following guidelines, concerning selection of officers, are quoted from an editorial by Mac Townsend in "The Wheel", San Francisco Region. They are reproduced here to provide food for thought as you mark your ballot:

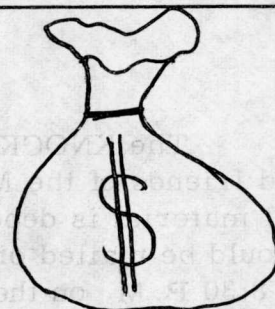
- "1. Can the individual afford the time... away from home, away from their job, and away from their known activities?
2. Can they afford "officialdom" monetarily?... The meetings, phone calls, dinners, and other expenses can place enough of a financial strain on those unable to afford this burden to quickly extinguish the fire of their zeal.
3. Why are they running... Have they spoken out in the past? Have they felt so strongly over some item that they have pitched in and worked it to a conclusion? Or perhaps they are only interested in the notoriety and popularity which position and title can bring?
4. Will they work on only those endeavors which they, themselves, want to see changed, or will they be interested in, and open minded to, all problems and suggestions?
5. Will they present that image which you could be proud of in the dealings with other parties and as they represent you?"



### TREASURER'S REPORT:

Old Balance	\$1542.79
Oct. Income	367.18*
Oct. Expenses	236.23
Nov. Balance	1673.74

\*Includes \$158 receipts from Toys for Tots Gymkhana which will all be spent.)



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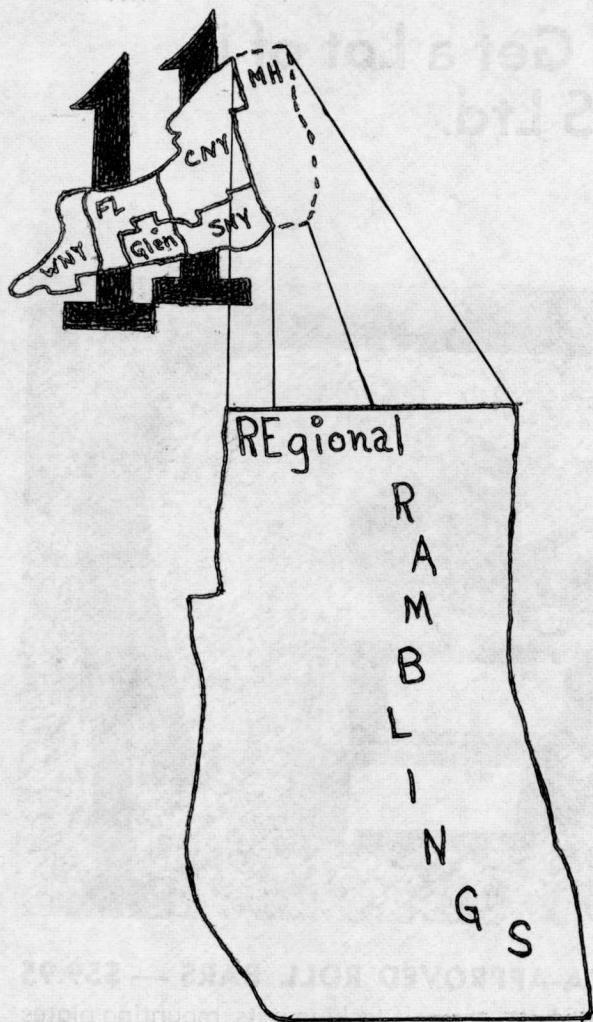
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COVER

Phil Raeder in his Formula C.

2 - Cover photo by Rich Waring -



The last major item for this year is the election of officers to serve Mohawk-Hudson Region in 1970. For the most part, 1969 has been a moderately successful year. We put on substantially the same events that we did in 1968, but improved on the quality of most of them. Autosprint was a new venture, characterized as an artistic success but a financial disappointment. In casting your ballot for next year's officers, you should consider the direction you would like things to go, and those people best qualified to carry out the program. There are several candidates for some of the offices, so it is very important that you do vote.

At the November 1 INEC meeting there was a general concern expressed about INEC Championships, both road racing and gymkhanas. This year's gymkhana series has received universal criticism, and will be changed for next year. The most likely solution will be a single event with a title something like "New York State Championship Gymkhana" to be held on a convenient weekend sometime during the summer, and open to all SCCA members in Area 11. The Road Racing Championship suffers from a lack of

events, and there has been talk of including some points which could be earned at Solo I events. The recognition of INEC as an Intermediate Organization by Westport is presently a dormant topic.

The Finger Lakes Regional Race at Watkins Glen in October was indeed the "Fun One". If there is an award for entertainment above and beyond the call of duty, it would have to go to the group W bench racing team. For those who used to enjoy the antics of the Ferrari Pit Crews, you should have seen the unsuccessful pit stop to add water (the crew didn't have any) or the graphic description by the driver of how to advance the timing three degrees. By the end of the weekend, group W was quite well known, but not at all easy to understand. If you haven't yet seen them, keep your eyes open, and someday you'll have the questionable fortune of meeting them.

Don't forget the Annual Banquet, Elections, Meeting and Christmas Party December 6 in Chatham. If you can't attend, mail your ballot to the secretary before the meeting.

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS:

- Donna Deans
- John Deans
- Lawrence Wile

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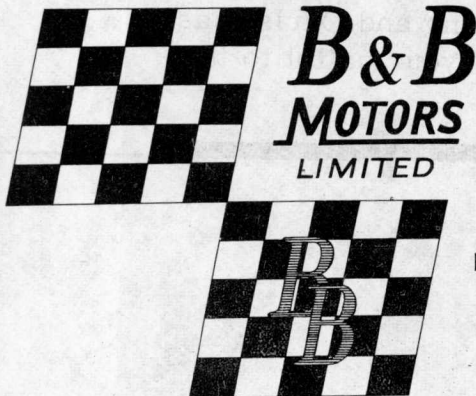
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From the

# GROUP W BENCH

... indented and quoted by  
Sandy Fisher

First of all, I would like to take this opportunity to thank a whole bunch of people. The reason for this is that without a lot of help that I recieved, obtaining my license this year would have been quite a bit more difficult than it actually was. I won't take the chance of embarrassing some or forgetting others by listing names and their contributions; but to each and every one that helped, thanks a hell of a lot, and if I can ever return the favors, I am indebted.

Secondly, this is my appointed time with which to enlighten the readership with some words of wisdom. Well, you can forget that. I ain't puttin' out any dope this month. I will leave that to Mr. Wood who had the unmitigated gall to introduce himself last month, without even receiving an official group W sanction. (\*please note: Official group W sanctions are available at a reasonable rate from yr obd svt and will allow you to do almost anything you've got the nerve to. end of note.)

Thredly, or Thirdly, whichever the case may be, it looks like the engine damage on my English Thunderbird is not as extensive as I hoped, or feared, (pick one) and for a nominal investment (compared to the present one) I can have it ready to go again in a rather short time. Now, whether you are interested or not is completely beside the point--I said I'd write something this month and you are just going to have to suffer along. Of course you could stop reading, but that is called quitting, and people who quit have no

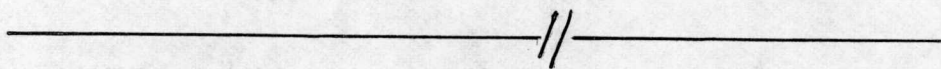
From the group W bench (continued...)

cojones.

Also, I have to apologize to the trophy winners from our Toys for Tots Gymkhana. Due to a complete lack of personal time and the fact that I encountered a thief of a merchant while looking for trophies, it looks like a little longer than expected. I appreciate your patience.

Regarding the supposed Fun One, the last race of the year fiasco, there just wasn't much to be found. Anywhere. And man, did I try! More on that from Wood. (If he didn't do his article you are all going to wonder what in hell is going on). As a matter of fact, (I think) I am going to let Mr. Wood take over from here. Thank you for your ears.

also ...



# THE FUN ONE (sic)

... indented and quoted by  
haL woOd

Finger Lakes Invitational (The Fun One) ... Registration was the usual hassle; tech line was incredible. It was COLD!! as only the Glen is cold. Bill Morris must be lined with heating cables. I was bundled tight and freezing, yet Bill wore a mere sport jacket and uttered nary a shiver. Either he's superhuman or he fakes warmth quite well ... Group W's cabin at the Seneca Lodge was unbelievable. It was the only one with a horseshoe over the door (apprehension, apprehension). The heater resembled a giant bunsen burner and leaked furiously so we slept with the windows open Friday night. Saturday, Sandy got brave and lit the damn thing; it was fortunate that he was wearing his Nomex 'cause a big ugly flame tried to devour his leg ...



Saturday's practice was not too cool; the Alpine began to boil and never stopped for the whole weekend. Gene Birdsey also had problems: a broken rod bearing ... Sandy gridded the car (last) next to Ed Holeva and had a good dice with Ed and some cat in an old Turner. Three laps from the finish, the Alpine came steaming into the pits. We beat Sandy with chains but he refused to go back out. Fortunately, he completed enough laps to qualify as a finisher (last) and received his regional license (hooray!) ... Other Mo-Hud people turned in good performances: Bill Morris took second in class as did Hap Farnsworth. Bob Claffie took fourth in GP and Pete Chester had second place in HP sewn up before his fuel pump went scroffly ... There was a rather nasty accident at the top of the hill. A BP Vette crested the top with a stuck throttle, slid sideways for a hundred yards, and went off the course, striking two flaggers. Fortunately, neither was seriously injured, although one of the workers was paralyzed for a short time after receiving a dose of an improper drug ... The Big Muthas capped the day. Have you ever felt the ground shake? When these beasts came by on the first laps, the tremors would have registered an 8 on the Richter scale. Garry Morgan must have seen some strange numbers with his Camaro 'cause he led all the A and B Prod. cars both days. The McLaren from Michigan was terribly fast and mighty impressive, even when he was doing burnthroughs on the pit road. Bill Morris grew a third arm for the weekend as CP was thrown in with the Muthas; he draped it over his left door so all the big iron knew which side to pass. Rare sight: watching Vette drivers pointing to the side to be passed (by the McLaren and Garry Morgan) ...

The Fun One was not, if you were under thirty. For group W, the

From the group W bench (continued . . .)

party was a bomb. Most people had fun (Claffer was super spaced-out; he turned on the homing device in the Vette and slept all the way back to his camper). There was a distinct lack of unattached, delectable females (I think all the Glen mothers lock up their daughters on race weekends, or any weekend). I and a group W member who wishes to remain anonymous drove down to the local malt shop in his green 1967 Chevelle. It was the grooviest place in town (which isn't saying a helluva lot) except for the How Gay Tavern (we didn't go in there).

Sunday, we invaded the circuit early to make a few "adjustments". Brock Yates was there repairing Car + Driver's latest project: a Boss 302 which could be purchased and prepared for less than \$6,000(!) and DRIVEN HOME FROM EVERY RACE! Contrary to popular belief, Brock Yates is human (when he's away from his typewriter). Saturday's race was a bit of a disaster for the Boss: a Vette phufed its engine on the back straight, went off the course and back on, striking the Mustang in the left door and cutting a tire. Sunday, the C+D project car took second in AS after a tremendous dice . . . Mo-Hud's did well on Sunday. Pete Chester finished second in HP with a fine drive. Bill Morris was third behind two very fast Tigers and Bob Claffie finished third in class. Gene Birdsey found a rod bearing Saturday but completed only one lap on Sunday, retiring with no oil pressure. Hap Farnsworth, driving his final race, was second in FC when the lead car blew. Hap was well on his way to nine points when he ran out of gas with a lap-and-a-half remaining. However, Hap may win the Area 11 Championship if points were awarded for Saturday's race as well so let's hope so. Ed Holeva led the first few laps of his consolation race until a Mini driver found the

accelerator.

And how about group W's Great Orange Hope? Well, we had the distinction (dubious as it was) of being the only DNF in our race. The Alpine was steaming on the pace lap. Sandy came charging into the pits after three laps and demanded water. We had none and he went back out. Greg borrowed a water can (thank you, Lothar Stahlberg) and ran out to the pit rail and waved it at Sandy, much to the hilarity of all. Sandy stopped on the next lap and Greg and I removed the hood, Rich preparing to remove the radiator cap. But, what did the illustrious driver say? "No water, please. Just advance the timing." By now, the whole pit was in stitches, including ourselves. We put the hood on and Sandy went out but never came around. The Alpine came back at the end of a long rope, the temp gauge pegged at 250°F., the oil medium rare, and the head bolt washers a neat shade of Penske blue. Enough said?

---

**finally...**

Good afternoon (or good evening, or good morning, or whatever)

... indented and quoted by

greg rickes

I'm sorry, this month there are no great money making schemes, no great truths hitherto untold, no revelations to be revealed. I'm just going to let my train of thought meander along the tracks of my mind, so hop aboard.

Two Guys was the scene of group W bench's latest epic. Things went as is customary for group W, that is to say, absolute anarchy. Hence the appearance of two cars both numbered 4, and two more with equal claims to

From the group W bench (continued. . .)

29. Well somehow we got it all together and got the Toys for Tots Gymkhana run. We had a good time and hope you did too. Going no further, I (excuse me, we; group W has no leader) WE would like to thank everyone who helped out: Dave Watchel who ran tech; Hap Farnsworth who brought the extra pylons we needed to finish the course; and some others who I will obviously forget unintentionally--to you my deepest thanks and apologies.

Oh, wait! stop! go back two spaces. I forgot, or rather I just remembered who I forgot, and boy, after running off at the mouth about sponsors, it is unforgivable on my part, so for penance I will walk across a pit of hot litchi nuts, barefoot, everyday for a month. I forgot the people who put up the special awards.

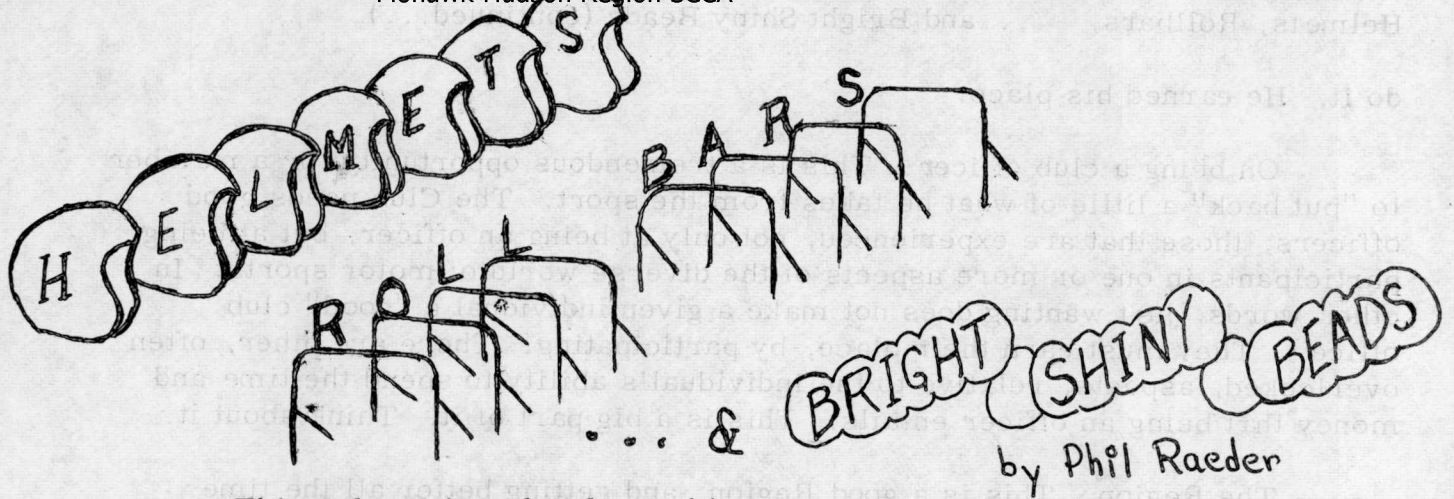
FTD: A case of Castrol oil, donated by Ted Baran's NORTHEAST FOREIGN CAR ACCESSORIES, 901 19th Street, Watervliet.

Class Winners: From the PIZZA HUT (Central Ave., across from the Holiday Inn, and Latham, across from the Fidelity Bank) a Pizza Buck, good for a dollar off on a large pizza.

To both of the above mentioned, group W bench is grateful, because it appeased everyone since the trophies hadn't arrived.

Then we went to The Fun One (sic), but it wasn't THAT much fun, really. Everyone had their own reasons for being anti-Fun, but what got me (but bad) was the band (?) at the party Saturday night. Okay, I realize that most of you aren't ultra-heavy (or acid-rock, or like that) fans, but couldn't they hit some median point, like halfway between The Doors and Herb Alpert. At least something to keep you awake. Hal and I bailed out, Sandy got liquidated to the point where he couldn't hear. I don't know what Richard did, but it couldn't have been

(Cont on page 12)



This column is a desultory thing . . .

Some reflections . . .

My first race (road race) was in 1956, at Lawrenceville Airport, in central Illinois. I drove a TC. As I look back on it, I am overwhelmed at what we didn't know. There was no talk of wheel rim width; nothing of adjustable suspension, and most of the troops raced on street tires. I remember that, for the modern, late-model TD's, the hot set-up was a set of Wards All Weather (not snow tires, they were not invented yet) tires; very good in the wet. I remember that first race - 57 cars on a 2.1 mile course, and gridded by class, not by lap time. Wow! There was Jack Ensley, in a Kurtis-Buick. John Magenheimer in a 2 litre Ferrari, and the 550 Porsche was the way to go, though the 3 litre Maserati (straight DOHC 6) was a strong threat. I recall that everybody, but everybody (except Porsche) used wire spoke wheels. Perhaps this was the time that the cult of science served notice on the world of motor racing.

Today, the sport is vastly different, and in my view, vastly better. True, some things irritate, but these tend to fall by the wayside when held up against the brilliance of the over-all picture. The sport is safer (good thing), more costly (bad thing), offers more opportunity (good thing), and is far more competitive (what this is depends on whether you are a racer or a playboy racer). The sport is better organized, which permits it to function - and inflict injustice - in a highly efficient manner. I raced at the inaugural event held at Road America (Elkhart Lake). Talk about confusion - that race had everything from inoperative cans to a fatal accident in practice. Things are better now; I reserve judgement on the cans, but the fatal accidents are down.

Some observations: (at the risk of insulting someone)

Sponsorship - Racing is an expensive undertaking, wildly expensive, especially if you want to race the high-level type of competition. So, the answer seems to be to get a sponsor. There is a contradiction in this sport of motor racing, and that is the remarkable extent to which a driver will prostitute himself for a few bucks worth of sponsorship. I get the feeling that some drivers seek sponsors not so much for the money but for the comfort represented by the vote of confidence of sponsorship - even when reduced to the paltry quantification that is a twenty dollar bill. In pleasant contrast, consider the efforts of Tom Dutton - he felt he was good, good enough to perhaps make a living at motor racing, so he went that route. Raced a lot, and showed he could

do it. He earned his place.

On being a club officer. This is a tremendous opportunity for a member to "put back" a little of what he takes from the sport. The Club needs good officers, those that are experienced, not only at being an officer, but at being participants in one or more aspects of the diverse world of motor sports. In other words, just wanting does not make a given individual a "good" club officer. They must earn their place, by participating. There are other, often overlooked, aspects, relative to the individual's ability to spend the time and money that being an officer entails. This is a big part of it. Think about it.

The Region. This is a good Region, and getting better all the time. I'm probably one of the most long-term members this Region has had, and I've seen it grow, especially in the last few years. The race program has especially expanded - I can remember being Competition Director when this Region had only 3 licensed drivers - this year there are 12, and 14 Novice permits have been issued. There is Solo 1, a big program, and don't forget ice racing. I think that ice racing is the sleeper of the century, and that this Region has a tremendous opportunity to be on the ground floor. The local interest and support is here, and several Region members have been doing a tremendous job.

Racing. The Continental series has got to be one of the best yet to come out of Westport. Formula cars, the magic of the all-out pure racing cars. The glamour. The drama. The girls (whoops). The money. We ran Continentals this year, three of them, and still found time to earn Nat. pts. In the money every time. It's great. In my opinion, there are relatively few secrets to running a successful Continental campaign. The important parts are to be there at the start, and be there at the finish. In other words, qualify, and then finish. Neither is as simple as it sounds. Heroics is out. You don't see it, at least from the real racers in the Conti circuit. We are eagerly looking forward to next year, especially since our new car (Titan) has already been delivered.

\*\*\*\*\*

I've had a great year, and I look forward to another, as a race driver, and equally, as a member of this here Region. See you at the party. Support the sport.

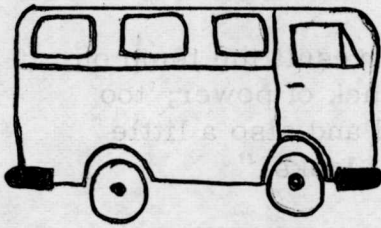
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From the group W bench (continued...)

too groovy because he was the first one back to the cabin. Again we have to thank people: first Bill Kane who loaned us the trailer; secondly Marge Corbett who did our T+S for as long as we ran; Much grass!

It is true, Bill Morris is taking gas from the gWb. Well not actually gas, but money for gas. Seems as though Wild Bill was all set for the C Prod. wars when he looked at his gas gauge, then his pockets, and found they were both almost empty. So he borrowed the buck from us, and it bought the gas which got him a second. Oh, yes, he paid us back.

And so, we have reached the end of the line. Hope we'll see you down at Ye Olde 1811 Inn on Dec. 6, for you-know-what (if you're going to have a band, make it good) which is also the birthday of one of the gWb. Guess who it is and you might win something (then again you might not).



# PARSIMONIOUS RACING PRESENTS

## Part I:

Team driver #2 Dave "Bob, something's wrong," Hathaway took the trusty Spitfire down to Thompson and entered New England Region's Drivers' School in September.

I mention Dave as being #2, but only as in regard to starting date and not ability: got that Dave, I'm not putting you down!

Since I was making big money at G.E. on the Saturday of Dave's school, I entrusted the car to Dave Gamwell, Mark Brossmer, Bill Bandurski, and the redoubtable driver, Capital D. Dave G. came out to the house Friday night and loaded up his wagon with spares, trash, and miscellany, since he was going to be Pack Horse.

Dave H. and I loaded the Spitfire on the trailer, then loaded the trailer on to Dave's Chevelle, which was to be the tow car with Marc driving. Driver Dave went home about nine saying something about being rested, clearheaded, alert and bbbboy aam I nerrrvous. Class will tell.

Reports are that tech was a snap and Dave did a real good job Saturday driving very steady and fairly fast. He was partly handicapped by using a conservative red line of 6,000 because we had replaced the rings the previous weekend and hadn't had time to seat them properly. (We tried running the car for fifteen minute periods with an electric fan stuck in front of the radiator.)

Dave Gamwell dropped up Saturday night and left his pit band off for me along with a list of junk Dave H. wanted. So, bright and early Sunday morn I set off for Thompson, sorry Mom, set off for Church. Picked up Bill B. at 7:30--see I was up early--and set out for Conn. After arriving at the track, we couldn't find Dave or Marc who had the keys, so we waited. Patiently?

After a while they showed up so we set valves, timing, and checked, checked and checked. After the drivers' meeting we sent Dave out for his first session! My, my what a relief, no ill smoke. Driver #2 sure did call the shot on the problem. Just think, we used to spend the time between practice and the race wiping up oil. Now we have time to fix things.

Anyway, Dave started going faster as we raised the red line and by the end of Sunday he was up to 7,000 RPM and really motoring. He had some good dices with a nut in a Saab, and a Lotus 7 and an "F" Sprite. He ended up with 2 3/4 hours and good marks. The only bad thing was that in Sun-

## Parsimonious Rides Again (continued...)

day's last session there were some delays on the grid. As a result the temp on the Spitfire climbed off the end of the guage with a resultant lack of power; too bad about that lack of fan. At the end Dave was still enthused and also a little respectful. "It's a blast," he said, "But it's not as easy as it looks."

## Part II:

October's race was to be Finger Lakes Region's "Fun One." It was, we did, and probably will do it again. The plan of attack was for Dave Hathaway and me to leave Pittsfield Friday afternoon about 3:00--and hopefully register in Watkins Glen before 10:00 close of registration and have the car tech'ed before the 11:00 close of tech. We left, along with Bill Bandurski about 3:30, stumbled thru Albany traffic and set out on Route 20 for the Glen. I was towing the Spitfire and Bill and Dave were following in Hotel Bus.

After stopping halfway out to remove one of the trailer fenders because of a broken bracket, we got to the Glen at 9:15 or so. We found the registration bldg. only thru the help of Ed Holeva (They changed the number of the bldg.). We expected to find a few early comers, but instead the place was mobbed. About now Marc and Marily Brossmer showed up after getting a later start from Pittsfield. Next we bopped out to the track for tech inspection and here Parsimonious met the "group W bench" team--otherwise known as Sandy Fisher's Alpine racers. We parked our group of vehicles, unloaded and waited out the tech inspectors. It wasn't a tough tech, but it was rather lengthy and it was COLD. Also, for the first time this year they they required a brake test--. Well--in 40° temperature try to start a Spitfire with new bearings (that hasn't been run in six days? We almost flunked tech because we couldn't start the car to prove it would stop. However, justice triumphed (pun) and we finally got it going.

After tech we, ha, ha, Bill pitched his tent and we all trooped over to Seneca Lodge for R + R. Finally to bed with Bus. Saturday dawned with sunshine and we all rejoiced (the Glen in Oct. is notorious for wet). We got out to practice about 10:00 and immediately found out the track is very narrow, also tricky in places. The first twelve times thru the 90° before the start-finish was on twelve different lines--usually too fast. Parsimonious got its first dent in this practice from a Volvo sedan who didn't recognize my hand signal to pass on the left--he passed, ouch, on the right. --Anyway, we tried the 2nd practice and started to learn the course. I told Dave, "As soon as I'm satisfied I'll come in to save the car." When practice finished I retired! Still learning, eventually during this session we got a lap time of 1:51 and turned that in as our "Honor" lap time.

During the Saturday race I ran into my 1st honest case of blocking and, in my opinion, poor sportsmanship. We had the speed to go by but as soon as I pulled out, no matter left or right, my worthy opponent would pull over too. Fortunately, or unfortunately, this car spun in the esses, forcing me to pull off the track to avoid him. He was able to restart first but, for some reason, he was unable to continue after the back straight while I was able to maintain a 4th place. After picking up our first trophy of the year, we ran over to the



As you all know, Terri has been writing a column for the Sunday Times Union. Although copy was submitted each week, the column did not appear regularly. Why not take a few minutes to let the T.U. know you enjoyed Terri's efforts. The following is Art Frederick's effort. . . .Eds.

Mr. Robert J. Danzig, Publisher  
Albany TIMES UNION  
24 Sheridan Avenue  
Albany, New York

Dear Mr. Danzig:

It makes no difference whether or not you choose to agree with what I have to say, in part or in total. What is important to me and many others is that you take the time (less than five minutes) necessary to read this letter from one of your readers and to consider his opinions.

For many years I have been interested in automobiles and in automotive competition of many sorts. In this, I am not alone either locally or nationally. Over this period of time I have watched all manner of automotive sporting events - especially locally sponsored and organized events - grow in popularity. When I first began participating in sports car activities over a decade ago, I was one of a small group of strange people who owned strange cars. I was considered a heretic (perhaps a fanatic, too) by many of my friends and acquaintances; I actually enjoyed driving an automobile. I had the temerity to announce that there could be more to automobile ownership than simply going somewhere and, hopefully, returning.

No, I was not one of the first by any means. The "sports car movement" was actually well under way when I was introduced to it. However, I trust that in some manner I have helped the sport to gain acceptance and adherents over the years.

Whether it was because of anything that I said or did, I cannot therefore say. But the fact remains that the automobile as an instrument of sport and competition has flourished. Witness the difference between the market penetration of foreign cars since the middle 1950s. At that time, when I was still dreaming about owning my first car, foreign cars were still so scarce that anyone driving one was almost automatically a long-lost friend of anyone else owning another. Perhaps one percent of the total U.S. automobile sales were accounted for by imports.

Then consider that by 1960 the imports had gained almost ten per cent of the market. So great was their growth that the domestic auto producers felt constrained to produce their own small cars to compete with Volkswagon et al. Naturally, import sales fell for a while, but the point had been made. Cases in point are the Falcon, the Corvair, and the Valiant.

But there is more to my little history lesson than that. Imported cars again became increasingly popular. Not only were more units sold, but the percentage of market penetration also increased. Why should this be if domestic economy cars were available? The secret ingredient was, and is, a quality called "sportiness."

Dear Mr. Danzig (continued...)

By "sportiness" I mean that quality in an automobile that makes it fun to drive. It is a quality that can instill in a driver the desire to make his car perform in accordance with its true abilities. Perhaps it creates a desire for competition on one level or another. It is a quality that makes driving interesting, not drudgery or necessity. It is something special, indeed.

Make no mistake, this quality is important. Detroit knows that it sells cars. Witness the tremendous acceptance of the Mustang and the Camaro. Mustang recorded sales figures that astounded and confounded experts who hadn't thought of such a car themselves. Witness all of the sales messages directed toward the sporty models in almost every line. If you doubt, carefully read any dozen automobile advertisements. I mean the national ads, not those from local dealers who simply try to outshout each other about low prices. Of the really professional ads, some will stress economy, some will emphasize comfort, some will sell luxury. But you will find that the category of appeal deserving the most investment is the "sporty" approach. Four-on-the-floor, bucket seats, shaker hood scoops, heavy duty suspension systems, better tires, better brakes, more efficient engines; these sell cars. Detroit knows this full well. And it's hard to argue with success.

Perhaps you recall Ford's advertising campaign in 1958. 1958 was not a vintage automobile year, and each manufacturer tried to find the secret to sell cars. Ford tried the safety approach, emphasizing the superior features of Ford products. Sales plummeted, and Ford's agency learned something about selling cars.

On economy: if economy sold cars in quantity, Falcons would have remained small. Neither would they have spawned the Mustang. Chevy II would not have brought forth either the Nova or the Camaro.

Luxury: this feature cannot be disregarded. It makes the Impala Chevrolet Division's best seller. And, needless to stress, it sells Cadillacs. But then, why do some people prefer a Mercedes Benz?

Think on the car models that have arisen in the last five years in response to the demand for sportier cars: Mustang, Torino, Cougar, Marauder and others from Ford Motor Co.; AMX and Javelin from little American Motors; Barracuda, GTX, Road Runner, Charger, Challenger, and more from Chrysler Corporation; Camaro, Firebird, GTO, Le Mans, and others too numerous to mention from General Motors. Consider also the proliferation of options available to turn any pussy cat into a tiger.

These things just aren't done unless they sell cars. They sell cars because they appeal to people. Q.E.D.

Since the concept of sportiness is so prevalent these days and since it is so demonstrably important to the public, it stands to reason that there must be many who are interested in the sporting qualities of the automobile. This, I believe, cannot be easily denied by anyone with the proper perspective.

A case in point: check any source that you like and look at the most

Dear Mr. Danzig (continued. . . )

popular spectator sports in terms of paid admissions to events. Naturally enough, horse racing leads. But then what is the biggest non-betting spectator sport? It's not baseball, not football, not basketball, not hockey. It's automobile racing. Statistics compiled by many varied sources confirm this contention. Look where you like.

Doesn't his lead one to think that there must be a great many people in this nation who are interested in automobile sports? Or perhaps I should say "a vast number."

No, not everyone who watches automobile races actually engages in automobile competition. But then, how many football or baseball or basketball fans play the game?

Herein lies the difference between the other spectator sports and the totality of autosports. For while not every man has a baseball diamond or a basketball court or a hundred-yard field in his back yard, more people own cars than hate them.

So autosports begin with a potential appeal that is almost universal. Identification between spectator and competitor is at a maximum. And although few people can drag race in a Double-A Fueller that will make 200 mph in 1/4 mile or drive road racers or Indianapolis cars, they have other outlets for their enthusiasm; outlets both lawful and available.

And please do not get the impression that those who are active participants in autosports are the only interested parties. Many others simply like to read about what is happening for their own information and enjoyment. This must be true for all those who read the sports pages.

Please re-read the above paragraph. It is the most important one to this point.

So here, at last, is my complaint: not only does your newspaper studiously ignore autosports news but it actually seems to discourage it.

ITEM: Each year in February, there is a world championship sports car road race at Daytona, Florida. Did you know that a local team attended this race in 1969? How would anyone who did not know the persons involved find out about this? Certainly not from your Capitaland newspapers!

ITEM: Sebring, Florida is the site of an annual twelve-hour world championship sports car road race. Same situation, same response!

ITEM: Watkins Glen, New York is the location of a major world championship Formula I race each October. It is one of the richest races in the world. The organizers supply literally mounds of news. Attendances of 100,000 are common. That's a full tenth of a million bodies. Who did you send to cover this event? Did the Sports Editor know about it? Did he care?

ITEM: Many interesting people are doing many interesting things with

Dear Mr. Danzig (continued...)

automobiles locally and notionally. One local driver recently was engaged by a well-known racing team based in Texas. Isn't that worth a line or two?

All right - I'm ready to concede that there are not a lot of publicity flaks making a lot of noise about motor sports and taking sports editors out for lunch. And perhaps we haven't a lot of people with a lot of time to write letters to the editors to complain about the lack of coverage of their favorite sport.

But when we do finally get something, why can't we keep it?

"...And Don't Fall Off the Road" by Terri started as a weekly column in your Sunday issue this year. For a while, it appeared quite regularly. We thought to ourselves, "Well, they've finally seen the light and can finally give us a few lines of copy each week."

But you seem to forget about it some of the time. Indeed, you seem to forget about it most of the time recently.

Please be assured on this point: there is NO sports car season. In the summer we go to races, rallies, and gymkhanas. In the winter we go to ice races, winter rallies, and ice gymkhanas. In spring and fall, we go to the same things with appropriate changes for climatic conditions. No winter layoff, no spring training. And we have enthusiast clubs that meet throughout the year to pursue their favorite avocation.

Name three baseball fan clubs with the same record.

Racing, rallying, and gymkhana-ing are not necessarily rich man's sports. Racing can consume a great deal of money, obviously. But quite a few salaried, budgeted, family men manage to go racing - just for the love of it. These are real people, not hero drivers. But perhaps real people aren't news.

Rallies are for everyone. Check the attendance at any rally and you'll find that the entrants are driving their family cars. There is no fancy preparation necessary; no restrictions, no snobbery. Anyone can enter and many do. Does something with this potential appeal deserve oblivion?

And then there are gymkhanas, my own particular preference. Those of us who would like to go racing but cannot - for one reason or another - find enjoyment in this form of competition. Gymkhanas are a form of motor competition involving one-at-a-time runs over a course laid out in a parking lot or similar area. Runs are based on elapsed time and penalties for driver error. Cost is nominal, and appeal is great. Specially prepared cars are rare and often unnecessary. I have won six events in six starts in the same car that I use to drive to work and take my children to Sunday School. This is hardly a sport for the select few.

So here is my main point in one succinct sentence: TERRI'S COLUMN

Dear Mr. Danzig (continued...)

IS READ WHEN PUBLISHED AND MISSED WHEN IGNORED.

What does it require to get this point across? If it takes a landslide of letters, I'll create one for you.

If it requires letters as long as this one, that can be arranged, too.

But I, for one, have had enough of this game-playing with the news. And Believe me, sir, I am not alone by any means.

One last point relates to my personal experience as a retailer. One of the salesmen who has called on me for years tried unsuccessfully for quite a while to convince me to try a group of merchandise that his company was offering. I refused because I knew that it wouldn't sell. After all, similar merchandise had never sold before and no-one had asked for this group. Eventually, though, he wore me down and I tried it.

I've been making money on it ever since, stopping from time to time to kick myself for not starting sooner.

Superior style sold this group for me.

That's what Terri has, too.

Cordially,

Arther H. Frederick

cc: Mr. Tom Cunningham, TIMES UNION Sports Editor  
Mr. John J. Leary, Executive Editor

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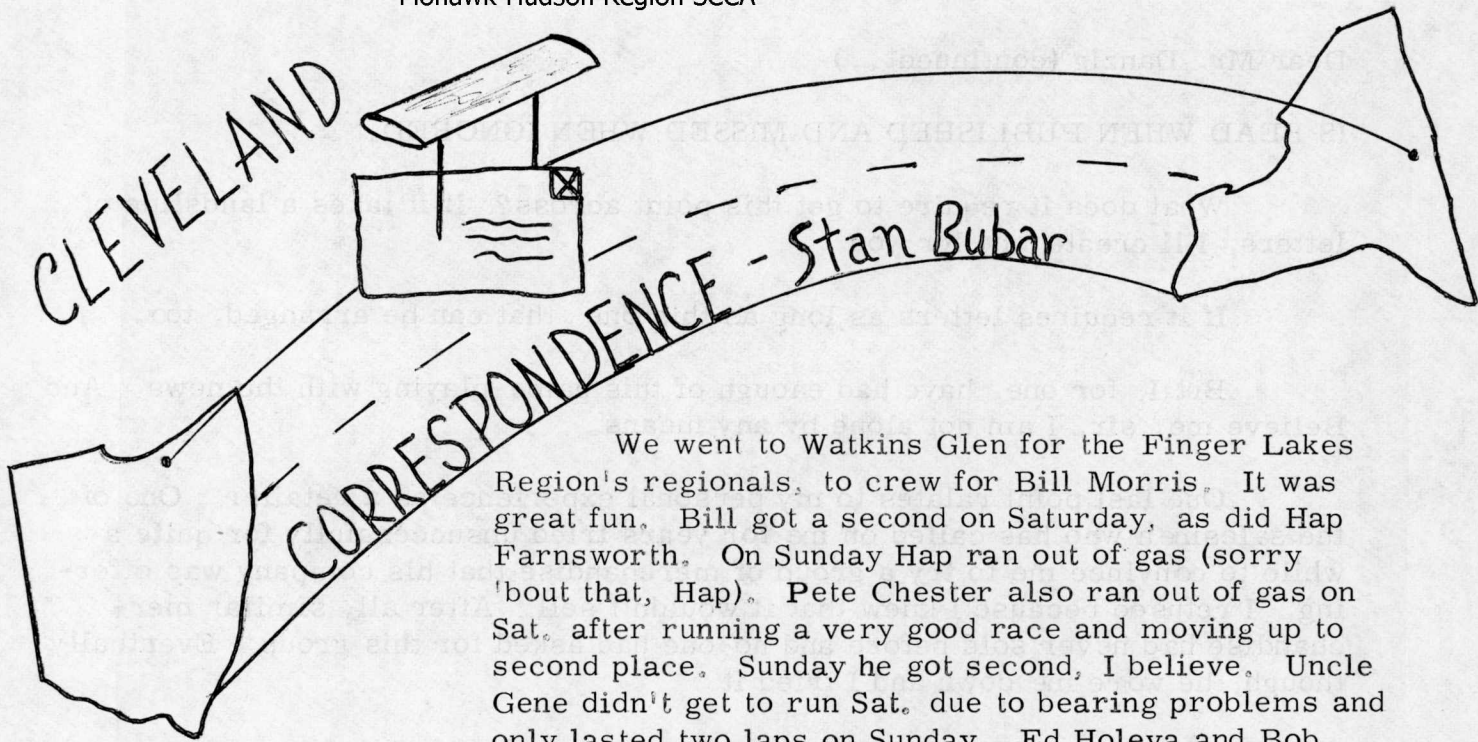
Parsimonious Rides Again (continued...)

Seneca Lodge again. My team retired at 10:30, but this driver + mech Bill B. had to hold out till 1:00, table tennis is great for the reflexes.

After returning to hotel bus + having a baloney lunch, Number 1 team driver went to bed. Sunday dawned dry too, yea, yea. After Sunday church, I bought a tail light lens to make our trailer more legal (two red lights to the rear) and spent a couple hours viewing other racers on the course. Our race was No. 4, so until 3:00 everything was quiet. As I gridded, the crew moved out to the pits + practiced our signal system. I started in 14th position. The car ran fast and well. The only problem was getting caught last in a group of 6 misc. cars all different classes but similar potential. Bluffed my way up to third place and stayed with it.

A good finish for a good year.

Come on April.



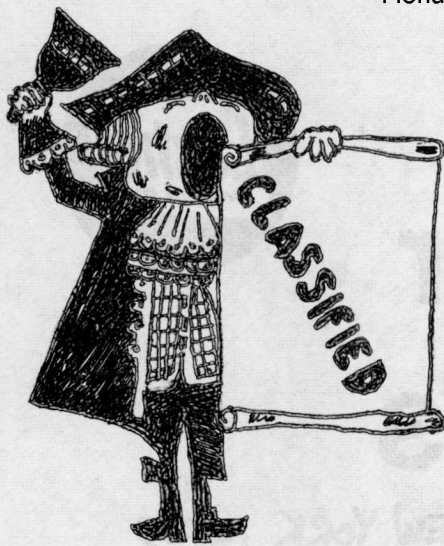
We went to Watkins Glen for the Finger Lakes Region's regionals, to crew for Bill Morris. It was great fun. Bill got a second on Saturday, as did Hap Farnsworth. On Sunday Hap ran out of gas (sorry 'bout that, Hap). Pete Chester also ran out of gas on Sat. after running a very good race and moving up to second place. Sunday he got second, I believe. Uncle Gene didn't get to run Sat. due to bearing problems and only lasted two laps on Sunday. Ed Holeva and Bob Claffie ran steadily but finished out of the money. Sandy Fisher ran his Alpine and had the group W bench racing team as pit crew. Now this bunch is really something else! I wish I had a movie camera with tape recorder for Sandy's races. Hey - anybody got any water??? Mo-Hud's answer to the Keystone Kops!! Go to it gang. One question bugs me though. Is it the "group W" bench racing team or the "group W bench" racing team? Think about it!!

The trip home was uneventful for the most part. I turned over the wheel to Judy just before getting to Buffalo so I could catch a little sleep, assuming she'd see that we only had 1/4 tank of gas. I awoke a while later to notice she was still going - on Empty and we had passed the last service area on the N.Y. Thruway. Yes, we ran out - about 3 miles from the N.Y. - Pa. line. It's surprising how dark it is at midnight, when you're parked on the side of the road. Fortunately, we only had to wait about 40 minutes for a State Trooper, and they carry gas in their trunk.

Well we're finally taking the plunge, and buying a house. It's got four bedrooms, so if any Mo-Huds get out this way, give us a call. The new address is 8303 Chagrin Rd., Chagrin Falls, Ohio after Nov. 15. Judy was beginning to panic before she found this place as I had warned her that the race car selling season was coming up. Oh well - Judy has her house with attached garage and I have my garage with attached house.

The place is even closer to the race courses - 30 minutes to SCIR and 1 3/4 hours to Mid-Ohio.

I just finished watching "A Man and a Woman" on the TV. It makes the most honest presentation of sports car racing I've ever seen in a movie.



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Contact: Phil Raeder, 474-8865 office, or 439-9657 home.

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November 25-30: American Road Race of Champions/1969; Daytona International Speedway, Daytona Beach, Florida.



"The following members of your region have been issued competition licenses as indicated below."

James D. Patterson  
Director of Club Racing

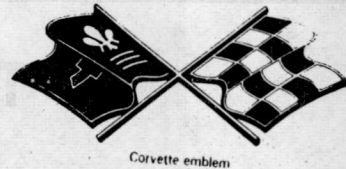
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