



In this issue:

Photo Caption Contest Fascinating Editorials Classified Ads Remembering The First Guess That Snarling

CAR CLUB OF AM

Photo Caption Contest:



The winning caption, shown above, was submitted by Matt Tucker

Second place goes to Joe Kramer, with:

"I thought it was 1 foot = 3 meters! That's the last time I order a metric trailer..."

Honorable mentions are shown below:

"For Sale - triple midget carrier" (Joe K)

"After Rex was named King of the Hill at Hershey he decided to get a new trailer" (Jon C.)

"Hmmm...if the Maytag repairman were a car...Hmmm..." (Jon C.)

"If the dictionary were a picture book, this would be next to the word 'lonely'. " (Jon C.)





In case you missed the announcement in SportsCar, or at www.scca.com, SCCA has launched a new program designed to encourage membership growth by rewarding current members who refer new members to the organization.

For each new member referral generated, current SCCA members will receive a \$5 discount on their next renewal. In addition, new members referred to the SCCA receive a \$15 discount. For more details please click on the announcement link:

http://www.scca.com/News/News.asp?Ref=818

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the **Snarling Exhaust**

July 2007

The Central New York Region of the Sports Car Club of America

CNY Region website: www.cny-scca.com

SCCA National office: 1.800.770.2055

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The deadline for submissions is the 25th of the month.

All editorial opinions expressed in this publication are solely the opinions of the author, and are not necessarily representative of the policies of the Central New York region or of SCCA.

The subscription rate is \$15/year. Commercial advertising rates per year are \$250/full page, \$165/half page, \$110/quarter page, and \$75/business card size. Monthly ad rates are annual divided by five.

Classified advertising rates are free for region members, \$5/month for others, and must be paid in advance.

Graphics assistance courtesy of Alex Fairbank.

Cover photo: Brian Heffron works the start as Scott Grinnell waits to begin his run at the New York State Fairgrounds, May 20, 2007 (Karl Hughes photo.)

From the Editor:

The June membership meeting, for those of you who missed it, was the setting for some lively discussion. The Solo event at the fairgrounds was critiqued, as was the state of affairs in road-racing and the SCCA in general. We even discussed why it is that spouses and friends used to attend these meetings, but are rare these days.



We (as a club) got some very valuable feedback from these discussions, and it behooves us to act upon what we heard. Now, I must plead guilty here, because I instigated a big chunk of this discussion. I knew that one of the attendees was less than pleased with his experience at our Solo event, so I encouraged him to tell us why.

"Careful what you ask for" comes to mind. From the perspective of someone who rarely participates in Solo events, the work assignments lasted too long, and there was little seat time, among other things.

This criticism may sting some of the people who have worked hard to get the Solo program where it is today, but it is important to remember that no matter how much better things are than they used to be, there is still room for improvement.

Our goal is to hold an event that makes people so happy they can't wait to be back. Can't do that without feedback.

Effective event operation can mitigate some of these issues, such as unreasonably long work assignments. Seat time can be greatly increased if the event runs efficiently, although you'll still get more seat-minutes at a typical track day. What you won't get at that track day that a Solo does provide is a nearly non-existent risk of damage to your car, and an entry fee for less than the cost of a pizza and a six-pack.

Be seeing you,
-Karl



Lisa Cartini

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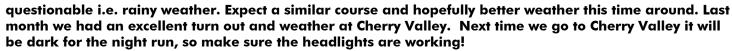


Last Minute

From the R.E., Mike Donofrio:

Since I like to push the envelope of time, July has arrived, with it comes another month of excitement. One solo at the fairgrounds, two club races at the Glen, and a visit by our area 10 director.

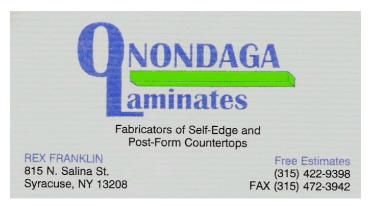
July 29th is the fourth solo of the season and the second at the NYS Fairgrounds. The previous event here had nearly 100 competitors in



July 14th-15th is the Glen National. If you have never attended a club race this is the one to see, it doesn't get any closer and any SCCA member can attend. Besides you will get to see some of your fellow members competing this weekend. On the 28th and 29th is the Glen regional, equally as exciting as the national, however less spectator friendly.

July 11th is the next general membership meeting at the American Legion in Liverpool. This month Area 10 Director John Sheridan will be attending, I am sure we have plenty of info to go over, so the meeting will start promptly at 7:00.

The following meeting will be the annual picnic at the Onondaga Yacht Club. So if you have any suggestion or ideas please attend the July meeting and let your voice be heard.





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<u>CNYR SCCA General Membership Meeting held on Jun 13, 2007 at the American Legion</u> Post in Liverpool, NY.

The meeting was called to order at 7:24PM by CNYR Executive Mike "the diaper changer" Donofrio. He had nothing to report, although he did smell baby fresh.

<u>Assistant R/E:</u> Anthony "my mini is faster then yours" Donofrio was not in attendance. Evidently he was still in the process of manipulating the Solo times to be sure that he was, in fact, the fastest mini.

<u>Secretary:</u> Joe "I think soccer might be more fun then racing" Zingaro was not in attendance. So I "the all knowing" asked that the minutes as published in the Snarling be accepted, it was motioned on and seconded.

<u>Treasurer:</u> Jay "man of the year" Cartini let everyone know that reminder notices had been sent out to all Solo sponsors and Snarling advertisers that had not paid as of yet. I also announced that Chip Davis of Skaneateles Jewelry has decided to sign on as a new Gold Level Sponsor.

<u>Newsletter:</u> Karl "king of all things written" Hughes managed to run out of space last month and hit our self imposed 16 page maximum. Additionally, he would like to add a classified section and a club calendar. He is also looking for any pictures or for people to pick up the ball and write an article or tell a story that might be of interest to our membership.

<u>Solo:</u> Mark "my mini might be slower but I still won my class" Bizzozero thanked everyone for the last event and mentioned that our next event will be at the NYS Fair on July 29. At this point in the meeting Bruce "I can't believe I wasted a whole day soloing" Parker went into a long, drawn out, rambling dissertation about how much he hated participating in the last solo event at the Fairgrounds. We all thought he was carrying on a bit until he threw himself to the ground, crawled up into the fetal position, and began to scream never again! It was then that we realized just how unbalanced he truly is and had security escort him from the building.

<u>Competition:</u> Dave "where have all the racers gone" Kicak mentioned that entry fees for racing have gone up considerably and therefore attendance at many events is down.

<u>Flagging/Communications:</u> Bob "my wife thinks I'm at the store, sshh" Holcomb mentioned that the absent Mic Levy is recuperating from another back surgery but hopefully will be up and running soon. We were also brought up to speed as to the next few events to be held at the Glen.

<u>Merchandise:</u> The Mogle Family was not in attendance but Rex "since my new paint job my mg is faster then anybody" Franklin brought along an assortment of merchandise that we have for sale. And, unbeknownst to the treasurer, made the announcement that new items have been ordered.

<u>Activities:</u> Mike "I could solo, but what car would I drive" Mollura was not in attendance. So we have no update on a caterer for the picnic or on the t-shirt research he was suppose to do. As of now, he is on double secret probation.

Old Business: None.
New Business: None.

 $\underline{50/50}$: Without Mike being there we had no tickets. So we will be charging him \$500.00 to compensate the club for his indiscretion.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:16PM.

Submitted, Jay "fill in the blank" Cartini

Ramblings from Rex

A friend of mine, Jerry Skinner, got tired of land living. He bought a big sailboat, and lives eight months of the year in the Carribean on the boat. What a life! No taxes, no rent or house payments, no cars, no neighbors, but, of course, boat maintenance.



Jerry and his girlfriend Karen are "Jacks of all trades". They can fix anything on the boat, no help needed. They come back to Phoenix, NY for a few months in the summer to repair, replenish and wind down. Never a shortage of things to do on a boat! And, of course, to get some real food.

Down there they eat mostly fish! Bleagh! Fried squid! Cut a steak off a shark (if it don't get you first!) or club a dolphin, it's free and a lot of it in the ocean! Personally, if I want to fish I go to Doug's Fish House and catch a haddock sandwich. Now you wonder – what does this have to do with SCCA? Nothing! But I thought of it just when I started to write this article!.

On a sad note, I just found out a friend of mine, Karinne Young, died. She was a member back in the '70s and '80s. She and her husband Bob were very active in the club. She was R.E. for a year or two and they both ran rallies and autocrosses. Bob club raced also, in a Mini, and then a Camaro. They also were members of the local ice racing club, CNYIRA. After a divorce in the '80s, Karinne and their daughter Summer moved to Goldsboro, NC. Bob later moved to Tennesee.

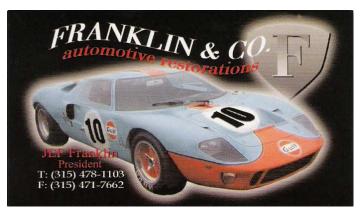
Even though I lost contact with them as we do with many people in our lives, it always is a shock to hear of a friend's death.

I'm sure that I can express the heartfelt sympathies of the club members along with Janet and I to her daughter Summer, sonin-law Wade Teague and grandsons Luke and Will.

-Rex



Karinne K. Young





Guess That Snarling:

Go ahead and give it a try – how many of the Snarling Exhausts below can you identify? Make, model, nickname – any identifier you can think of, just give it a try! Answers will be published in next month's newsletter (Hint: Bring this issue to the next Solo event and see how many you can match up...)



Memories of my First

By Joe Kramer



"I'd drive it around for 2 weeks or so before I tried drifting it through a corner", my buddy Steve advised. "It's got some ferocious oversteer". And with that he handed me the key to my very first sports car, a 1961 MG Midget.

She was a beauty. Fourteen years of southern New England winters had taken their toll on the bodywork. The rocker panels were rotting; the paint had faded to the palest shade that could, by any stretch of the imagination, be called yellow. A previous owner had installed yellowish green shag carpeting, a homemade wooden dashboard, and a wood shift knob with an MG emblem on the top. Steve had replaced the seats that came in the car with some from an old Triumph Spitfire he was using as a parts car for his racer. The Spitfire seats placed the driver farther back from the steering wheel, making for a driving position that was almost comfortable provided that the driver was 5'8" or less. At some point, for reasons unknown, the gas filler cap had been relocated inside the trunk. Steve had removed the car's front and rear bumpers for aesthetic reasons. And because the engine had run a little hot when he got the car, he'd cut a rectangle out of the bodywork below the grille opening to get more air flow to the radiator. OK, so she wasn't much to look at. But she had character.

I decided to take Steve's advice and get the feel of the car before trying anything fancy. On the following Saturday night, I was tooling down a country road that I had driven just about every Saturday for over a year. I was enjoying the feel of the Midget following the gentle curves of the road. The low growl of the engine and the soft sound of the summer wind had a soothing, almost hypnotic effect. And suddenly there was a barn in the Midget's headlights where the road should be. How could I have forgotten the sharp left-hander at the end of the road? Panic and instinct took over. I cranked the wheel left and got off the gas. Tires screeched as the Midget strained to change direction. I felt the rear end slide out from under me and counter-steered, certain that I was going to hit something, looking around for what it might be. I caught a glimpse of the farmer's mailbox as I skidded by. The car got dead sideways, slid for a bit, then started swinging back the other way. I spun the wheel to opposite lock as the car got dead sideways in the opposite direction, then swung back toward center. By this time all the skidding and sliding had scrubbed off enough speed that, miraculously, I was able to regain control and get the car stopped, still on the road. I hadn't hit anything. Amazing!

It didn't take long for me to get the hang of the Midget's handling. Over time the coil springs on the front had softened and sagged under the car's weight, while the quarter-leafs on the back had given up entirely; the rear suspension rested on the bump stops, yielding zero travel. There are various degrees of oversteer. There is normal oversteer, where the rear end starts to slide a bit at the limit, requiring the driver to counter-steer a bit. Then there is severe oversteer which demands that the driver do more counter-steering and maybe work the gas a little to straighten out. And finally there is what I would call dirt-track oversteer – the kind of sideways-sliding, throttle-steering, steering wheel cranking action that every dirt track racer has to master. The Midget fell into this last category. The stiffness of the collapsed rear suspension coupled with the soft, worn-out front springs made the front of the car stick and the rear end slide. As you powered through the turn, the inside rear wheel would lift and the differential would stop driving the wheels until some speed scrubbed off and the inside rear came back down. With a little practice I was able to control a slide pretty well. I found that the right mix of throttle and steering inputs could get the Midget through a turn fairly smoothly.

As I said, this car had character. Whoever installed the wood dashboard had left enough clearance for a shifter and almost enough for a hand positioned on top of it. This didn't become apparent until you hit third gear, which had a longer throw than first. After I smashed my knuckles once or twice I adopted a pistol-grip shifting style, wrapping my fingers around the side, not the top, of the shift knob.

Continued from Page 9

I had bought the Midget from Steve for the total sum of \$75. This included the price of the car - \$50 - plus \$25 for the 1100 cc engine that Steve had found to replace the original 948 which, although severely overheated, had gotten him home one last time, destroying itself in the effort. Along with the 1100 engine, we had to install a Bendix electric fuel pump, which we mounted on a bulkhead near the gas tank. After I had been driving it for awhile, one night the engine started sputtering, then died. At first I thought it might be out of gas, but the gauge was reading about a quarter of a tank. Then I noticed the absence of the tick-tick-tick of the fuel pump. I hitched a ride home. The next morning I drove my main car, a Volvo 1225, into work.

At that point in my life I was working as a mechanic-in-training at Imported Car Service in Providence, RI. As we got ready to start work, I told Paul the owner's son what had happened, ending with the observation that I needed to get a replacement fuel pump.

"Did you try tapping it with something?" he asked.

"No, why?" I replied.

"The motors on those Bendixes stick every once in a while. Sometimes you need to give them a few taps to get them started. But look around, I think we have some electric pumps that work laying around here somewhere. After work we'll go out there and see if we can get 'er running." I thanked him for the offer and went off to scavenge the pumps he'd mentioned. As I was organizing pumps, fittings and bits of fuel line, Paul's brother George showed up to paint part of an Alfa Romeo spyder he was restoring.

"What's up?" he asked. "Replacing a fuel pump on something?"



The only remaining photo of the Midget, parked behind a Spitfire.

"The Midget died on me last night. The fuel pump's not working."

"Well, is it broke or just stuck? Did you crawl under there and hit it with something?"

"Was I supposed to?" I asked.

"You know the copper mallet that comes in the tool kit they give you with those cars? The one that most people assume is for the knock-offs on the wire wheels? It's really for tapping the fuel pump when it stops working."

When we arrived at the Midget later that day, I took a ratchet handle, crawled under the rear of the car, and tapped the fuel pump a few times. When I turned the ignition on, the fuel pump started tick-tick-ticking away. I started the car and drove off, having discovered another of the joys of British sports car ownership – occasional fuel pump tapping.

I drove that Midget through that driving season and most of the next. Then late one night, as I took a left turn I saw an orange glow, apparently coming out of the left front wheel well. I leaned my head out of the car for a better look and immediately realized that the engine was on fire. I stopped the car and made a quick exit – stationing myself a safe distance away. I remembered that I had smelled gas earlier. My guess is that fuel started to leak onto the exhaust manifold and caught fire, igniting the oil that had collected on the engine (this was a British car, remember. They installed oil leaks at the factory). With no phone nearby I was helpless to do anything but watch. And somehow it made sense that this was how it would end, with the Midget going out in a blaze of glory. By the time the fire burned itself out the car was destroyed. The only thing I managed to salvage before the tow truck dragged the smoking hulk away was the wood shift knob, which I've kept to this day.



I've driven quite a few sports cars in the 30+ years since then. But I've never had more pure fun than I had sliding that old \$75 Midget sideways through the turns. I guess it's true; you never forget your first...

HSR at the Glen 2007:

The 2007 edition of HSR (Historic Sportscar Racing) at Watkins Glen was to feature Trans-Am cars from the 1980's and 1990's along with a Formula Atlantic Reunion.

Actually the Trans-Am field was a bit light and the Formula Atlantic field proved a tad fragile. That left the old IMSA GTP and ALMS Prototypes as the stars of the field in my opinion. It was a very good representation from the endurance racing crowd. The weather, as it has been all season so far, was quite un-Watkins Glen, warm and sunny. It seems as though Mother Nature is taking pity on those of us who worked through the long, cold, wet and windy 2006 season and is rewarding us with good racing conditions for 2007.

Some of the cars were apparently only there for show and not for go. The LeMans Bentley formerly driven by Butch Leitzinger ran on Friday but was parked the rest of the weekend. Having missed the events on Saturday, I cannot say if any F-1 cars or some GTP cars ran that day or not. There was a beautiful Bruce Levin 917 which was paddocked but not run either Friday or Sunday. There was an early 1950s Allard, slow but pretty that ran Friday and spewed fuel around every corner. There were also some very nice looking MGAs and a good old Bugeye.

Of course, there were more than enough Porsches to shake a stick at, including one which tossed a portion of its exhaust at my flagging station on Friday. A snarling little British coupe came along (TVR or ?) and moved the piece about 100 yards down the course. Later in the day a Historic Stock Car dropped a piece of its exhaust at exactly the same spot and made me think I was turning into a target for them. Hmm, wonder if they run SOLO on the side? Fortunately, the rest of the weekend went better, with only

4 cars visiting the gravel trap at my station on Sunday, two GTPs and two G's. One of each required a hook to get out and the other two drove away. HSR is definitely for the boys & girls with old expensive toys and they sure like to have fun with them and



Photos by Bob Holcomb



why shouldn't they?

I'm old enough to remember many of the cars when they were in their heyday and each lap would bring a smile as they raced past.

If anyone wants a good dose of nostalgia, plan on HSR at Watkins Glen in 2008 and you won't be disappointed.

-Bob Holcomb



Where have all the ladies gone?

By Bob and Nancy Holcomb

Where Have All The Ladies Gone?

This is for all the female members of CNY Region of SCCA. Where in heck are you?

According to the membership list forwarded to us by RE Mike Donofrio, there are about 160 current members of CNYR. Of this total 28, or roughly 18% are women, with at least 20 being local enough to attend the monthly meetings. Over the past 3 meetings we have averaged about 17 members per meeting with exactly ONE female at each meeting, for less than 8% of the total attendance. Good gosh that's a low percentage.

We remember in years past (okay, w-a-y past) when we held meetings at the old Seneca Grill in Baldwinsville there were good sized, mixed crowds with various interests, be it rally, SOLO, racing, working, etc. Even GOOD old Rex Franklin commented on this at the June meeting (note emphasis on good vs. old).

What has happened to keep you away? We want you back and we want you to let us know what you would like to see (or hear) at the meetings to get you to continue coming back.

Yes, the current rendition of CNYR SCCA is SOLO oriented and the conversation at the meetings is definitely top heavy with this group. But, in all honesty, they're really a decent group of guys no matter how tunnel-visioned some of us feel they may be (hmm a certain retired pharmacist and a certain retired dentist come to mind).

However, this dedicated group of guys do love the SOLO division of SCCA and actively participate in it and participation is what SCCA is all about. It is a family oriented club.

Please come to our next meeting at the American Legion Post in Liverpool, NY on Wed. July 11th and give us your input. While there is nothing overtly wrong with the guys having a SOLO night out, we'd really like to see a mixed crowd with interesting viewpoints at the next meeting and we don't mean just at a "party" meeting.

They say behind every good man is a good woman so come on out and let us see what you look like!

-Bob & Nancy Holcomb





Photos from the track:

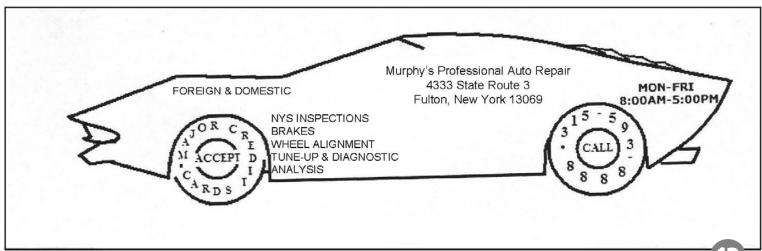
Chris Forte on station at Watkins Glen, May 2006.





A Miata gets rescued at Lime rock.

-Anthony Donofrio photo



Classifieds:

Rex's Garage Sale:

- 2 Jaq XJ6 crome rims
- MGB wire wheels, steel wheels
- MGB and Midget windshield assemblies
- TR3 steel wheels
- Rebuilt 1275cc Spridget engine/trans.
- AUDI V8 short block
- 2 1972 VW Bug convertible doors
- 1 new VW Bug bumper
- 2 Porsche 914 seats
- '72 MGB 4-speed transmission
- MG Midget hood and doors
- Misc. VW and AUDI alloy wheels
- Mustang 4-bolt 15" and 16" wheels
- Triumph TR3 exhaust manifold
- VW Bug IRS transaxle
- VW Bug front beam axle
- VW Bug 1600cc dual port engine
- MGB and Midget seats
- AH Sprite grille
- Misc. triumph TR6 engine parts
- 4 late Spitfire rims/tires/hubcaps almost
- '72 Alfa GTV: Complete, rusted.
- '84 Alfa Spider: Complete
- '50 Austin A40 Sport convertible. Aluminium body, no top or interior
- '78 FIAT 850 Spider
- '86 Jaquar XJS Coupe nice car, white
- '70s Edmunds USAC Midget Sprint car complete but no engine
- '74 Bricklin
- '86 Porsche 944 Turbo
- '68 Volvo 122 4-door rare automatic
- '74 Karmann Ghia coupe good condition
- '86 Cadillac Limo: 8 passenger, 40k miles like new!
- And more....

"Cash Talks, BS walks! Call me - 315-559-4859 or e-mail at Gosolo2@aol.com **CNYR membership meetings** are held on the second Wednesday of the month at 7:00 PM, at the Legion hall in Liverpool.

The exception is the August picnic, which will be held at the Onondaga Yacht Club.

CNYR Solo Schedule:

July 29th

NYS Fairgrounds

August 25th

Cherry Valley Night Run

September 16th

Cherry Valley Enduro

October 7th

Shoppingtown Mall

Registration and Tech open at 8:00 AM



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Meet Area 10 Director John Sheridan at the next membership meeting:

July 11, 7:00 PM

at the American Legion hall in Liverpool



Membership Application

Dear Prospective SCCA Member:

To apply for membership in the Sports Car Club of America, the world's largest member participation automotive organization, please complete the form below and return, with payment to SCCA Membership Department, P.O. Box 299, Topeka, KS 66601-0299 or you can join online at SCCA.com by clicking on "Join Now".

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