

small TIMES

Volume 6 Issue 3Official Publication of the H MOD - Over-the-Hill-Gang SUMMER 1995

"Anyone who ever had trailer problems...raise you hand!"

H MOD CALENDAR

H MOD REPORT

Le Petite' Galleria

Monterey Historics- August 18-20
 Sovren Fall Festival-Seattle, Sept. 9
 VSCCA Lime Rock-Sept. 22-23
 VARA Las Vegas Sept. 23-24
 SVRA Annual Blue-Gray Challenge
 Sept.29-Oct. 1.

SHOOK'S PBS EDGES PHOENIX SAAB AT LAS VEGAS

The H MOD Reunion for 1995 was a delightfully fast moving experience thanks to VARA and a hearty group of campaigners who braved 100 + degree temps to experience the much improved 1.7mile circuit. The announcer Allan Bolte was full of praise and compliments about the tiny, but mighty, H-Mods pointing up the unique engineering and craftsmanship of those assembled. This saga began on the promise of a large field but Glenn Sipe of Memphis Tennessee and Ugo Piccagli of Dallas had to cancel when Glenn had a family matter to attend to and he was planning on towing out his own PBS Roadster and Ugo's Bandini. Fortunately, Oregons' own Dave Camarano brought his chain drive Spectre Honda and Mike Cleary from Phoenix and his son brought their 1956 Devin Crosley to join Bud Clark driving my Phoenix Saab, Kip Fjeld in my Miller-Crosley, Scott Renner in the recently returned Unicorn Crosley and Steve Fieg in a Fiat Allemano originally run as an H Mod. The final entrant was Bim Shook in his awesome PBS coupe. So we began with seven cars but that, as they say, was only the beginning. The Saturday practice saw the Ex-John Murphy Unicorn Crosley pull in with handling and oil pressure ills. At the end of practice Cleary, pitted after some very quick laps but alas, although the engine still turned the camshaft did not! Fieg Fiat had it's own bad luck and broke its crank going to the grid ! As the Saturday race began with a warmup lap the cars included the PBS, Honda Spectre, Phoenix Saab, and Miller Crosley. (See page 2)



Photo Above-Las Vegas H Mods on the grid!

Photo below-Reno and Rodrigues Devin Panhard !



in memorium Bob Graham



Bob Graham will be long remembered for his contributions to the sport he loved so much. This longtime racer/builder was always there to council and assist friends and strangers alike. His vast knowledge of Automotive Engineering. His creativity with mind and hand, truly made him a Legend. Legends never die...

May God bless you Bob and your family.

H MOD

Inside This Issue you'll find:

Vegas and Reno Race Reports

Numerous H Mod Photo Spots

Glenn Reynold's Snow-Show-No-Go

Bill Molles' Meandering Memory

Ads, and Letters

small TIMES IS THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE H MOD-OVER-THE HILL-GANG. IT IS A QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER PUBLISHED SOLELY FOR THE MEMBERSHIP. THE ASSOCIATION IS A NOT-FOR-PROFIT SOCIAL, HISTORICAL AND RACING ORGANIZATION.

**EDITOR-JOE PUCKETT
FINANCE -TRACY GOMEZ
PRODUCTION-TERE OTEGUI
AND FRANK GOMEZ**

**SENIOR STAFF WRITERS
GLENN REYNOLDS
TOM CHURCHILL
BILL CUNNINGHAM
JOHN DONALDSON
BILL MOLLE
CURT ANDERSON**

**PUBLICATION FACILITIES ARE
AT 22901 LOUMONT DR.
LAKE FOREST CA. 92630. CALL
US DAILY AT 714/768-7882 OR
FAX 859/HMOD.**

H Mod car validation

Do you need to have *legitimate authentication* for your H Mod? Well Gerald Hite, Steve Soenke and Dave Camarano have and recently received a study and certification of their cars authenticity! For our members we have setup a program which researches evidence that you provide, augments that data if possible, utilizes volunteer staff experts to ferret out old records and recollections. For only \$25.00 you receive our study document, and the authentication certificate. *If we can't validate you get your money back. We're the only H Mod info source recognized by VARA, SVRA, Victory Lane and Vintage Motorsports magazines!* Replicas will be a future target for the major organizations!

Editorially yours Joe Puckett

This issue finds your Editor torn between the successes H MOD has enjoyed this year and the terrible loss of H MOD Icon Bob Graham who passed away just weeks ago as. On page 1 we wrote a tribute to Bob for Bob's family from his friends in H Mod.

Now to thoughts about the Las Vegas and Reno events as well as the Pittsburgh GP. Las Vegas saw us get our own race and a lot of compliments by the announcers, officials and fans alike. It seems we in H Mod have become somewhat novel, camp, legendary or maybe just a curiosity. These guys that race today are a mixed bag of young people, old people, rich and poor, serious drivers and Sunday drivers. All of the above folk seem envious of what we in H Mod have. Charm, style and performance in a small, charismatic, well presented package.

Reno was certainly more of the same...More cars and more crowd. We must give a lot of kudos to Don Racine for his efforts as well as CSRG, and the drivers who came out to play.

As we are putting this issue together, out East the legendary Pittsburgh Grand Prix is underway. For years this event has been at the forefront of vintage racing events. The Pittsburgh race is set among stately trees, curving roads, one wooden bridge and numerous unforgiving haybales. This well run event is annually attended by H Mod racers from the East, Midwest and Pacific Coast. Kip Fjeld competed at Las Vegas, Reno and again this year made the long trek to the Pittsburgh race. He has nothing but nice things to say about the organization, the race, the setting and above all the participants. Kip at 26 years old is one of the most active of the Over-The-Hill-Gang!
Editor

(Vegas Report continued from page 1)

When the green flag dropped Bim Shook saw that Dave Camarano and Bud Clark wanted to win as bad as he did. It was like a cat fight .First one car would lead then one lap later a different car was in front. These hi Jinks went away when Dave's Spectre spun out in the dirt leaving Bim a hundred yards ahead of Clark's Phoenix Saab at the checkered flag. Kip Fjeld was some distance back in third place. On Sunday Dave Camarano lost his face shield on the warm-up lap. This incident dropped him way back and left it to Clark who gave Bim trouble a-plenty until the end when Shook won by a whisker. Fjeld finished ahead of Camarano in third place. We started with 7 cars and finished with 4 .Not too bad for H mod's in 100+ temps.

We want to thank VARA for caring about the little cars and especially Todd Gerstenberger, as our Race Steward.

Meanderin'

by
"Doc" Bill Molle

The Newport Murder?

Here we were, going clear to Oregon to run these silly cars. Jim Paul with his car, Rich Erickson and I had a double trailer borrowed from Frank Monise and could carry two cars. My car was on the bottom, and Barry Blackmore's was on top. Now as it so happened I was to meet my 'friend' at the Newport Airport, which is a small peedinkin field that probably only gets three airplanes a day. So we pulled up by the Admin office, which also served as the tower, lunch counter etc. We walked up to the man at the counter who also sold tickets and I told him that I was about through. He said "through what?" Then I laid it on him about how our crew had placed the haybales around the runways and had laid out a very good race course, and that all was ready for the sporty car races. We revived him with some water and he was beside himself, that a airliner was due in and there would be a terrible crash if the runways had bales on them. But we relented, and told him the truth.

(continued on page 3)

RENO RACE REPORT

by
John Donaldson

Who knew what to expect? You'd think that the first AGC / Reno Hilton Vintage Grand Prix would be a kind of Raggedy-Andy affair, it being the first of its kind in the area. Untrained course workers, ill-informed scrutineers, poor practice and race scheduling, etc. Not the case by a long shot. The Classic Sports Racing Group (CSRG), in conjunction with the Northern Nevada Association of General Contractors, the Reno Hilton-Casino, and Buick, did a first-rate job of promoting a vintage car race, and many more to them, one hopes. The whole show came off with almost nary a hitch. The only significant delay in an otherwise smoothly run schedule came when a big-bore driver attempted to put his mount into the Hilton Lake, ending on an embankment, with all four wheels off the ground. There'll be hell to pay with CSRG for that one!

You'd also think that at such a first time event, it you got a couple H-Modifieds, to run with maybe the Bug -eye Sprites, you'd be lucky. Oh, ye of little faith! According to Austin Miller of Victory Lane magazine, the H-Modified field was to his mind the largest in the history of West Coast vintage car racing. The race organizers gave us our own race, Group 5, with only a few non-H-Modifieds to flesh out the grid. None of these grid fleshers figured in the results, by the bye. Twenty one cars entered. Nineteen took the green for Saturday's race. Fifteen were around for Sunday's race.

(Editors note: In 1990 we had 15 legit H Mods at Las Vegas. No other non HM cars.)

The dropout rate was lower than all but the F-Production race. Balls o'fire, this was better than when the cars were new, 35 years ago. H-Modified people were walking around two feet off the ground.

Ethnically, the cars were a broad based lot. Italian entries abounded. There were two Siatas by Marty Stein and Ernie Mendicki, three Fiats by Rose Ward, Nick Manarello, and Neil Lynch, Jarl deBoer's Giaur, and Don Baldocchi's Nardi. From Sweden we had Sam Wing's Saab 96, Dr. Peter Talbot and his Saab Sonnet, and Bill Chizar's Lotus 23 Saab. More on Bill and his misadventures later. Does one count Bill's car as Swedish or English? Speaking of English cars, there was Dick Duncan with a Lester Climax, Paul Gilbert's 950 cc Turner, Jim Smith's RAE, and Pancho Kohner in a blown Cooper. The Franco-American contingent included Don Racine's Aardvark, and Panhard specials by Jean Pierre Molerus and Alva Rodrigues. Last by far from least were the American cars, including Terry Matheny's Tholen special, Dan Mullin's Crosley special (bearing a suspicious but unverifiable resemblance to Bob Snow's car of yore), and Joe Puckett's Miller Crosley, driven by Kip Fjeld.

The track was short and tight, 1.2 miles around, with two hairpins, a chicane, and a flock of other turns. Ideal for H-Modifieds. The big-bore lads were lucky to get into third anywhere. Weather ran from cold and blustery to warm and windy, subject to change. Atypical Reno conditions. Ordinarily it's hot in the daytime, cool at night. I didn't see anybody scrambling to rejeet for the mile-high elevation, but I wasn't watching all that closely. Don Racine pretty much ran away with Saturday's Group 5 race, trailed by Bill Chizar, Jarl deBoer, Rose Ward, and Jean Pierre Molerus.

Saturday's order of finish:

1. Racine, 2. Chizar, 3. deBoer, 4. Ward, 5. Molerus, 6. Rodrigues, 7. Talbot, 8. Kohner, 9. Baldocchi, 10. Wing, 11. Mullin, 12. Lynch, 13. Fjeld, 14. Manarello, 15. Smith, 16. Gilbert, 17. Matheny, 18. Stein, 19. Mendicki.

Sunday's race started out as a differently hued equine, with Bill Chizar all over Don Racine's Aardvark. Bill actually passed Don, whereupon Bill jumped

a curb, provoking a furled black flag from the eagle-eyed course marshals. Bill, hoping for the Pope's intervention, pitted for a knuckle rap. On leaving the pit, he killed the engine in the Lotus-Saab. Shades of Michael Andretti! After long seconds of growled imprecations and switch-and-button jiggery-pokery, he got the corn popper lit, and returned to the fray. Alas, too late to further threaten Racine. Along about lap 7, Don Racine stretched his lead over Ward in the Abarth Corsa and deBoer's Giaur. Back in the pack, there were several clumps of cars dicin' and scrappin'. To these rusty eyeballs, it looked like a good crowd-pleasing show, but notes taken in the heat of the race prove indecipherable, so I can't give your cars in each clump. Further, CSRG was unwilling to turn loose of the Sunday order of finish, so the results beyond the first three pkaces are scrambled. After the race, Victory Lane honcho Austin Miller spoke glowingly of the H-Modified turnout, and presented a plaque to Ernie Mendicki for his responses to a VL questionnaire. Questions included "Did you walk the track? (Answer: "Are you kidding?") and "How much hay did you eat?" (Answer: partly unintelligible, but having something to do with his first wife's maiden name being 'Hay'). On H-Modified cars appearance. This was by far the sharpest looking batch of H-Mods I've seen. Open a hood, any hood. You could eat lunch off the engines, as long as you didn't like soup. External finishes were equally impressive. This kind of appearance, along with spirited racing, gets H-Modified invited back for future events. One of the track announcers was associated with H-Modified. As a result, H-Mod got a lot of good things said about it as the cars waited on the pregrid. Words to the effect that H-Modified was the most inventive, innovative class in American racing. Last word on H-Modified at Reno. A well organized show by the promoters. Many good cars, much fine racing, much fun for all, and our own race. Let's do it again next year!

Molle (continued)

The plane came, and we went on our way to Newport. After a while one of the party had to squeeze a lemon by the side of the road, and thus we all stopped in line. Now this was on a dark road in front of a farm house. One of us, who shall remain nameless, took my revolver out of the glove compartment and we started talking in loud voices, yelling and the lights came on in the farmhouse, and three shots were fired into the ground. We said, "let's get out of here!" and we all jumped into the cars and took off. We were all laughing so hard we were crying, like the bunch of class H idiots that we were. I had hidden the gun in back of the race car, thinking that we might get stopped. Sure enough, the red lights came on and we pulled over. This was thirty miles later. The Cops looked very carefully and we in all our innocence knew nothing about what he was talking about. We finally convinced him that we were just ordinary folk going to a race in Newport, and we went on our way. The race was uneventful, it was held in the middle of a forest, and the rain created six inch deep mud lake in the pit area, so when you went out to the course your car weight was increased about 300 pounds with mud which eventually had to be thrown off. A wonderful time was had, but it was a good thing that we were as young as we were and could put up with the discomfort, frustration, loss of sleep, broken parts and all the things that made H Mod such a wonderful experience and none of us would trade any of it. Next I will tell you about how Don Miller showed the world that Ken Miles wore Bikini briefs.

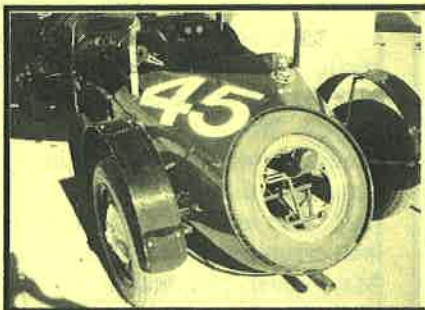


Photo-Don Racines
awesome Aardvark at Reno

NORTH EAST REPORT BY GLENN REYNOLDS

This check is for Jerry Greaves who I decided to sponsor for membership. He raced H-mod in the 50's with various cars including a Jabro. He now owns two (that's right TWO) Bandini's and a Crosley Hot Shot amongst a variety of other neat stuff. I had the privilege of driving his 1953 Bandini Spyder in the 43rd running of the Mount Equinox hillclimb June 10th; quite a treat for a guy who is used to schlepping around in backyard specials!

Race Report; VSCCA Spring Sprints,
Lime Rock, CT. April 8, 1995.

Ah, it was springtime in New England. The flowers were starting to poke through the thawing earth, the sun rose higher in the sky with each day, and it was race time at Lime Rock. I checked both the New York and Hartford weather reports, and both predicted temps in the 50's with a "chance" of showers in late afternoon.

8:00 AM raceday at Lime Rock and the sun is shining. Temp is only 30, but no matter, it'll warm up as soon as the sun has a chance to radiate a little, I reasoned. 45 minutes later the temperature was the same but the sky was black. Must be an isolated storm cloud, I thought, right?...WRONG! As our group heads out for the first practice session, snow begins to fall. Gently at first, but within 10 minutes it's a blizzard!

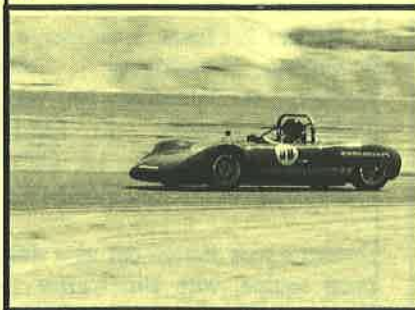


Photo-Dave Camaranos Spectre
was fast at Vegas!

The track is getting slicker than fresh deer guts on the doorknob, and the snow is icing on my visor to the point that I can't see a damn thing. Finally, I give up and pull into the pits. Two laps later they black-flag everyone and we sit around waiting for the weather to clear. At 11:00, the weather service NOW says it's going to snow an inch an hour for the next 5 or 6 hours. The pits resemble a scene from "The Donner Party" as folks debate whether to head home fast or wait it out. I opt for the former. By now there is about 2 inches of snow on the ground and it's coming down steadily. I load up and gingerly make my way out to Route 7. As luck would have it, I get behind a snowplow/sander within a couple of miles. Using 4 wheel drive, and averaging about 25 mph I make it home in 2 hours. Just when I thought that the worst was over, I got out of the truck to unload the H Mod and couldn't believe my eyes. All the way home, my truck's rear wheels had been spraying my little race car with a snow/salt/sand mixture picked up from the snowplow. Talk about corrosion! Rust was already forming on anything that wasn't painted or plated. Needless to say, my Sunday was replanned as a disassemble, clean, spray with WD-40, and reassemble festival. Frankly, I've had better race weekends.

Glenn.

New H MOD Tee Shirts! *available*

*rainbow of color blended on white
premium 50/50 adult shirts...*

unique new design...

*send \$ 13.00 per ea. to Joe Puckett
c/o H MOD shirts, 22901 Loumont dr.
Lake Forest Ca. 92630 now! This cost
includes s/h. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.*

Show your colors!

sizes left are Lg./XL/XXL

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Here is an H-Mod story from the old days told by a guy who never owned one. Back in the late fifties, I was friends with a kid named Bob Webster in Cincinnati. His dad had a veritable machine shop in his basement and his mom drove a Crosley station wagon. Bob liked cars and sports cars in particular. So did I, though neither of us owned one personally. Bob's Dad was a Nash man and my Dad owned an Opel. No thrill there for sure. To make a long story short, one day Bob and I were out in his Mom's Crosley tooling around the countryside. On the downside of a particularly steep hill Bob decided to see how fast the Crosley would go. I remember that the speedometer needle got somewhere over 75 before we had to slow down for the stop sign, there was a loud bang and the little Crosley's motor seized dead solid. Bob somehow inherited the expired engine after getting a pretty bad reprimand about blowing it up. The next thing I knew he was spending evenings designing a tube-frame chassis for a sports car he was going to build. This must have been about 1960 or maybe 61. Later he had a bare frame in his garage. We christened it "The Beast" his H-Mod to be. Since I was dead crazy about cars, I would do anything to "help" just to have my hand in things. I spent endless weekends and evenings fooling around in his garage. I was in art school at the time. I remember using the welding equipment in the sculpture shop to build a one piece Ram tuned intake/exhaust manifold to take the Amal motorcycle carbs Bob planned to mount on the Crosley. I also remember watching a guy bore out the block. The first iteration of the car had the Crosley engine mounted with the original Crosley transmission and live axle. It had coil-overs in the rear and Renault suspension and steering in the front. After a time, we finally got the car running. I say after a time, because

I remember one particularly stupid Saturday night when three of us worked until 2am trying to get the cam timing right. No matter what we did, the car popped into the intake every time we tried to fire it up. The next morning we were scratching our heads trying to figure out why we didn't realise the cam was 180 degrees out when we were sure it wasn't the night before. Another time, Bob had a party. About 11 PM we dragged the girls he had invited to see our project. Bob proudly fired it up. In the concrete garage with straight exhaust, it sounded absolutely wonderful. Then the clutch exploded, leaving shards all over the floor. Needless to say, the girls didn't get the impression Bob planned! After this fiasco, Bob tried to build an adapter for a Hillman 4-speed with his dad's shop equipment, but never could quite get the alignment right. The minute the engine fired, the whole car shook like a vibrator in a weight loss clinic. After a few years, Bob got the whole thing working, more or less, and pop-riveted on an aluminum skin. I remember that the car looked like a cross between a Lotus 7 and a sheet-metal shop's cast off. (No offense Bob but it was ugly!) With Art school and new friends, Bob and I drifted apart. I do remember a friend of Bob's saying that the car ran an SCCA "gymkhana," but the car's turning radius was too big for one of the tight corners and he couldn't make it through the course. Sometime in the sixties, the car got either sold or scrapped. Knowing Bob, he surely was building an H-mod. I didn't figure this out until today, when reading the latest H-mod newsletter brought back a flood of memories from Bob's project. It also reminded me of why I stayed out of racing for so long. That summer, I saw a dentist get killed in an Alfa 1300 at Mid-Ohio. The car flipped and he died of a skull fracture. It took me until 1984, when we moved from Chicago to Connecticut to find the time, nerve and money. Vintage racing looked fairly safe and fun. I've been in it ever since with under 1 litre Abarths. My 750 Record Monza Abarth is about half done. So far, I have just about built the whole thing from scratch, including about 200 hours of bondo and paint prep. It's red, lettered in Team Roosevelt colors again and sitting on its own suspension. The twin-cam 750 engine is

in my basement, ready to go together, but I've gotten side-tracked fixing my dumpy garage so it will keep out the damp New England air and the zillions of mice that seem to find the place comfortable every fall. I am now aiming at the Fall Festival at Lime Rock for the car's first outing, but that may still be too ambitious. I'll send photos of where the car is now in a few weeks or so. I know it's not a real H-mod, but I hope to run with you guys someday anyhow. I missed a lot of good times in the old days and I'm still trying to make up for them.

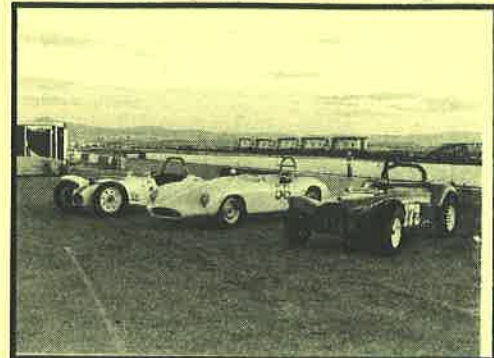
Regards,
Mahlon Craft

Thanks for the great story. To my mind Bob made a couple of little errors. Renault front end and steering looks good but alas, not so. Weak wheels and 4 turns lock to lock...The Hillman tranny had poor as hell gear spacing. But who knows maybe by now it's been restored and somebody's racing it.
Ed.



Photo above-Bill Chizar's Ex-Ed Walsh National Championship Lotus Saab at Reno.

Below- Vegas H- mods L to R, Unicorn Crosley, Devin Crosley and Miller Crosley



New Member Application and Membership Renewals
 Prospective new members should fill in the info below and mail the Application and a check for \$15.00 to H MOD 22901 Loumont Dr. Lake Forest Ca. 92630. They will receive the membership packet including the H MOD club charter, membership card and number, and tool box stickers within 2 weeks. Dues for H MOD are \$12.00 every November 31.

Name/Phone _____
 address _____
 City/State/Zip _____
 Amount Enclosed _____
 Describe H Car/s owned/did own _____

North East H MOD James Broadwell Trophy
 This year we will initiate the Award of an annual "Jabro Cup" to the NE member who exemplifies the "H MOD Spirit." Glenn Reynolds who provided a rare old SCCA racing cup trophy for engraving will administer the H MOD sponsored effort. Look for more on this award in the next issue.

Want Ads Cars, Parts n' Services

CROSLY H-MOD AVAILABLE. BUILT BY SHANNON AND MERRILL. TUBE FRAME BASED ON JABRO DESIGN, FIAT TOPOLINO CLOSE RATIO GEAR BOX, FIBERGLASS BODY, ALLOY RIMS, BODY MOLDS. CAR COMPLETE BUT NEEDS ASSEMBLY. H MOD VALIDATED \$6,500 W/ TRAILER. DARYL VERKERK, STOCKTON, CA. (209)952-0380/FAX(209)952-4036.

JABRO MK 1 KITS NOW AVAILABLE RECENTLY RACE PROVEN - BODY AND FRAME COMBINATION - EXPERIENCED FAB PEOPLE, EXCELLENT PRODUCT! BUD BOSSART 116 E.4 MILE RD. RACINE WI. 53402 414/639-3049

MORETTI ENGINES, STOCK SOHC. ALSO OTHER PARTS, INCLUDING FIAT, WEBER, CROSLY. MAY HAVE YOUR PART. PLEASE CALL: WILLY MUELLER 714/650-6260 DAYS ONLY.

JABRO MK 3 CROSLY SPL. HAS RALPH MALLAMUD BUILT 750CC ENGINE, VOLVO TRANS, QUICK CHANGE ACRO REAREND. "HANDLES LIKE A TROLLEY CAR ON TRACKS!" HAS BEEN TO PITTSBURGH GP '83, LIME ROCK '86, WATKINS GLEN '85 AND BRIDGEHAMPTON '87. IN GOOD RACE CONDITION...\$18,000. CONTACT FRANK R. RIGHETTI 914/737-7772, 2051 E.MAIN ST., PEEKSKILL NY. 10566

10 INCH LEGRAND CHEETAH MAG WHEELS WITH ORIGINAL GREEN SPOT TIRES. CHARLIE HAYES (219) 233-12 96

1957 JABRO / SAAB - 940CC, FULL RACE QUANTUM BLT ENG., + SPARE, BRONZE CRANK CAGES, SOLEX 40 DOUBLE DWDRAFT CARB., NEW START., L. FLYWHL. JUST \$14,000 STEVE MORRISON 607/273-1087, 607/273-705,

BRAJE CROSLY SPEED AND CUSTOM EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE. CALL NICK AT: 310/321-2247

FOR SALE LAST MILLER REAR ENG. CAR BUILT 68, FIAT POWER CAR IS A ROLLER. NEEDS TLC \$5,000 OBO. ALAN SCHOCKETT 206/878-6722

Need early Saab starters pull type... Joe Puckett 714/768-7882

FOR SALE...Dyna Panhard rebuilt eng. new tires, runs well... \$1,600 call Walker Edmiston 818 / 340-2856

Coker Tires 1-800-251-6336 We now have Michelin "V" rated Vintage tires in your size... Call for Pricing.

You too can be in print ! FAX 714/ 859-HMOD or write the small TIMES editor.

**H MOD-OVER-THE-HILL-GANG
 22901 LOUMONT DR.
 LAKE FOREST CA. 92630**



FIRST CLASS MAIL

Churchill, Tom
 3177 Wilburforce-Clifton
 Cedarville, OH 45314-9520
 mem#075

H MOD IS A NOT-FOR-PROFIT-SOCIAL AND HISTORY ORIENTED GROUP OF CURRENT AND EX- RACE DRIVERS.