



The Allard Register

No. 36

SPRING 2003

Free

J2-1971 Goes Home Again

A lot of “car guys” (or gals, as the case may be) nurse a “barn find” fantasy in one form or another. It seems, however, that only a CHOSEN FEW are either blessed or lucky enough to see those dreams fulfilled.

As in Wayne Adams’ case. He had been a car nut for years, and was actively campaigning a quick and agile Elva Mk 7 in the vintage racing scene around the Midwest. One day a work associate passed on word about some “Allard-something-or-other” rumored to be buried deep in the darkness of a basement garage in an older part of Kansas City.

Wayne wasted little time in pursuing the lead, and after meeting the owner, was eventually able to cajole him into letting him inspect the contents of his garage. This experience was not encouraging, for there was no sign of a car among the quarter century accumulation of sundry contents. He was about to leave when he just happened to glance down. The small portion of a front wheel, a mere 18 inches from his leg, caught his eye. Wayne and the homeowner commenced digging through the clutter, and their efforts were soon rewarded by the sight of a complete and intact J2.



Wayne Adams with a beautiful #J2-1971 at speed.

The owner was in a selling mood, and Wayne soon consummated the deal and hauled his prize home. In the course of his correspondence with Tom Lush, Wayne was to learn that J2-1971 was the very car that Sydney Allard had specially built to run in the *Giro di Sicily* (Targa Florio) and the *Mille Miglia* in the spring of 1951.

According to Tom Lush (see pp. 125-126 of **ALLARD - the INSIDE Story.**

Motor Racing Publications, Ltd. London. 1977), the car was pulled from the assembly line for special modifications - including a 40 gallon fuel tank, external fill spouts, and a dual master cylinder. It was set up with engine mounts for both an Ardun or Cadillac engine, however to comply *Giro de Sicily* displacement specs the car was fitted with an Ardun engine.

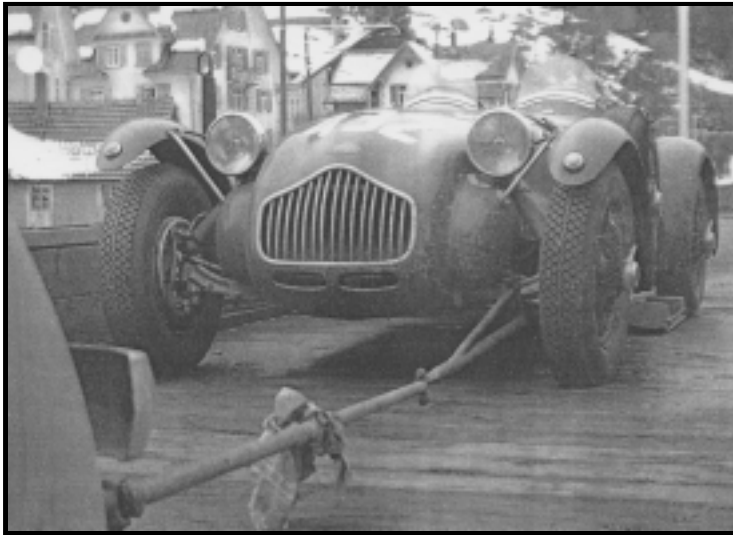
Getting the car from England to Sicily, and set up to run a pair of taxing races two weeks apart presented some interesting challenges. Those challenges were further compounded when the Ardun engine expired with a bang and cloud of blue smoke early in the *Giro*. Sydney and Tom held a brief war conference once the car was towed back to Palermo, and decided that the best strategy would be to truck the car up to Brescia. Tom and Teddy Pool, a young

Allards at the Corinthian Vintage Race Weekend

October 31-November 2 - College Station, TX

Details on the Back Page

J2-1971 Goes Home Again



Who needs AAA when you have a P2 and a towbar!

volunteer, would then use Sydney's Allard coupe to tow the broken race car 1300 miles back to Clapham so that a Cad engine could be installed along with other needed enhancements. Once completed, they would drive it back to Brescia for the *Mille Miglia*.

The tow bar was a rather "ingenious" (frightening) setup. The whole time Teddy was at the wheel of the J2 - constantly getting a face-full of the slush and shrapnel that the continental roads and rear wheels of the coupe could throw his way. The schedule was tight, and they pressed on despite the road and weather conditions, arriving at Dunkirk just in time to catch the night ferry. While warming up in the ship's saloon, they were approached by a British family that they had passed earlier. The family all remarked about how impressed they were with Tom and Teddy's driving skill, "travelling so close together at that speed in the rain ..." It was obvious that they had not seen the tether.

The *Mille Miglia* is best described in Tom Lush's own words. "Race day was again wet and cold and the darkness seemed intense as we left the arc-lighted starting area and roared off through the dark but crowded streets. We covered 78 miles in the first hour, and 43 in the next 30 minutes, but just after dawn we misjudged a corner on a stretch of road running on top of a steep embankment and plunged nose-first over the edge. The car remained on its wheels, and seemingly from nowhere a crowd of people and carabinieri appeared and man-handled the car back on the road. We discovered that as the car had spun it had hit a kilometer stone which had bent the offside axle-beam and steering column. Loosening the bolts clamping the steering box to the chassis allowed the steering wheel to turn, but with

an up and down movement, so after stretching wire across the top of the bolts to prevent loose nuts from vibrating off, we resumed a fairly high-speed drive! Soon it became apparent that the car could not be controlled at a speed necessary to reach the next control before it closed, so reluctantly we retired when we reached it, just as the officials were leaving. We drove back to Calino, loaded the damaged car into the coach, and later began the journey back to Clapham."

#J2-1971's career as Sydney Allard's private mount was short, for it was soon to be replaced by the improved J2X model in development. By that September, it had been repaired and repainted, fitted with a Ford flathead, used as a factory demo, and ultimately sold as a new car. (The practice was not unusual that NASCAR, and even *Pan American Road Race* veterans were detailed and sold as new back in those days). It was purchased by Dr. Warren Sites in the mid '50's, who imported it to his home in Columbia, Missouri. At some point the flathead got replaced by a small-block Chevy, and became part of a trade-in for a new E-Type Jaguar. It sat in the back of the Jag dealer's Kansas City lot until Jim Williamson bought it for \$1600 in 1962. He drove and ralleyed it for a couple years until the Ford 3-speed transmission broke.

-See Mille on Page 8



There's an Allard in here somewhere.....

Coronado Takes Off Again!

Earlier this year Bob Lytle mentioned a race at Coronado, CA and invited me to be his crew chief. I accepted and flew to Arizona to drive to Coronado with him. The trip was enjoyable, as I had not seen this part of the country. Since this race was held on the North Island Navy Base, there was very strict security in place, even with the dogs checking out the inside of the car trailer.

The race course was laid out on concrete runways using concrete barriers and cones. The track's length was 1.68 miles. There were three Allards entered: David Cammarano's 1951 J2, Glenn Shaffer's 1951 J2 LeMans, and Bob's 1953 J2X. Friday was Tech. Inspection followed by a Drivers Meeting at noon then practice from 1 till 4:30.

That evening a reception in honor of the event was given by the Commander, Naval Air Force, U. S. Pacific Fleet. The Navy did it right as usual. The affair was held on the grassy lawn behind the Admiral's House, where tables and chairs were arranged for the guests to eat. A Navy dance band played 40s and 50s music most of the evening. As a cool ocean breeze was blowing in off the Pacific, propane heaters were stationed around the lawn area, and lighting was provided by tiki lights. Several bars served great California wines and beer. The food was also delicious and plentiful and the whole affair was "done right."

On Saturday, there were eight practice sessions, one for each group, which concluded at noon. Twenty minute qualifying races were held that afternoon. The three Allards were all in Group 2, 1947-1955 Sports & Sports Racing Cars. Cammarano's J2 was gridded in front of Lytle, and Glenn Schaffer's J2 was gridded several cars behind them. David held off Bob the first two laps but Bob passed him to take the lead in laps 3 & 4, only to give up the lead due to lack of tire adhesion. Glenn Shaffer had brake lock-up problems, early on, causing him to spin out. The Race finished with Cammarano ahead of Lytle by a car length. During the race the announcer mistook Joe Harding's Kurtis 500 for an Allard, and announced throughout the race that an Allard was in second place. We all had a good laugh at Joe's expense. He's an Allard lover also, but raced his Kurtis this weekend, as did Duncan Emmons.

Chrysler did a great job in providing a private Drivers Corral and grandstand area for the use of the participants. They served breakfast and lunch on Saturday and Sunday from three buffet lines sheltered under tents, while the seating and tables were sheltered from the California Sun by umbrellas.

On Sunday, October 13, practice was held from 9 to 12, followed by an opening ceremony by the Navy.



Cleared for takeoff, Allards on the grid at Coronado

A fly-by was performed by several WWII aircraft, followed by two high speed passes by the latest F-14 Tomcats. As there is a noise restriction of about 1,000 decibels, the pilots did not light off their afterburners. Still, they were able to climb straight up out of sight.

The races were from 1 to 5 PM. Group 2 was the second race of the day and the three Allards were gridded according to their lap times taken from the qualifying race the day before. Glenn Shaffer's brakes again locked up and he was forced to drop out after the first lap. Both David and Bob put on a hot race, running at their maximum and finished in the same position as they were gridded. Allards made a good showing finishing 9th and 10th in a field of 26 cars. Not too bad considering the C and D Jags, Ferraris, and Maseratis. No one was able to overtake the winning car, a 1955 Manning Special.

On Sunday night, the Award Ceremony was held on the Hanger Deck of the Aircraft Carrier USS Constellation. Again the Navy did an outstanding job. We were ushered aboard the ship across a gangplank directly onto the hanger deck where we were greeted by Navy personnel. For fun, Bob Lytle wore his old WWII Navy white hat with his Navy insignia and placed it on the table only intended for the officer's hats. Everyone had a good laugh including the officers. The hit of the reception was prime roast beef and iced shrimp served in a never ending quantity.

The Navy gave tours of the flight deck before the awards ceremony. What a marvel of engineering to see how they can launch two planes every thirty seconds! 0 to 160mph in TWO seconds !!! Whew .

The Allard boys and a few others were presented with beautiful Naval Aviator's jackets. To sum it up - the weather was good, the grandstands packed, the racing was great, and the hospitality First Class.

-Bill Bauder



On the Road to a Car Show: Amelia Island or Bust!

In July 2002, I applied to get our 1951 Allard K2 the Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance scheduled for March 7-9, 2003 just north of Jacksonville FL. While it is not a show car, it has lots of character and patina - being an old British sports car with 86,000 miles on it from participating in European road rallies. I had been keeping it down in FL, and decided to bring it up to Arlington, VA where we now live. The driving experience convinced me that serious work needed to be done to make it more roadworthy, such as a completely new wiring harness, work on the suspension system, and other important components. I turned it over to Mike Gassman of Waynesboro, VA, who specializes in restoring and fixing old British cars, to do what was needed.

In November, we heard that the Allard had been accepted at Amelia Island, so that set the timetable for the remaining work. My plan was that I would drive it to FL rather than haul it there as most of the cars had done. My wife Dottie elected to follow in our Volvo station wagon as backup. We could also haul lots more stuff to the meet that way.

So in February, the countdown really began. This, of course, included finishing the car in time to work out any bugs. With key parts from the Allard Trading Post in England, Mike Gassman got it all done, and in the days before we were to head south, he drove it 180 miles. All seemed fine. Then at 6 PM, the night before Dottie and I were to start the trip, Mike called saying the left water pump had just started squealing and ought to be replaced. To do this, we had to find someone who could get the part into FedEx that night so that the car could be fixed the next morning. A frantic search through Hemmings came up with a guy in Arizona who had the parts (right and left water pumps) and could ship them that night. Thus we left Arlington at 7 AM the next morning (Wednesday the 5th) heading for Waynesboro to start the drive. By noon that day, the water pumps had been replaced, and off we went on our adventure!

I got about two miles out of Waynesboro and the engine coughed and missed a beat. A mile later it did it again, and almost died, but I kept it running until the problem cleared. A half-mile later it did it again, and then when it did it again, it quit entirely. I called Mike Gassman to ask "WHAT'S GOING ON??" He got there a half hour later and proceeded to try to sort out the problem. In the meantime, I had determined that the fuel pump was OK so it appeared to not be a fuel problem. He decided that the condenser in the 'new' distributor I had gotten from England (it was an unused one that had been in a box since 1951) was bad. He reinstalled the distributor and the car started up! That cost us about 3 hours, but off we went

at 4 PM and Mike returned to Waynesboro. Well we got one half mile down the road and it missed again, and again, and then quit. I called Mike and told him that there was no way I could make it to FL and that I was returning to his shop. I turned around and got ¼ mile further and it quit again and would not restart. At that point, I called AAA and had it hauled to Waynesboro. By then it was 6 PM. Mike felt awful about all this, and proceeded to work from 8 'til 10 that night and from 5 AM until 10AM Thursday morning to sort out what was going on.

The next morning, Dottie and I arrived at his shop at 10 AM and he was closing the bonnet and driving it out of the shop! He had traced the problem to the fact that the car was running out of gas! He had installed a new fuel level sending unit (it is a Smith's gauge and sending unit - British car components) and had calibrated it by filling it up a gallon at a time. The car has a reserve tank, and in their 'filling it up' approach to calibrating it, when the needle said ¼ tank, the driver should switch over to the reserve tank. Well, it turned out that when the car is being driven and the tank is emptying and the gas is sloshing around, the tank in effect appeared to be near empty when the needle indicated ¾ of a tank was left! Since it said ¾ of a tank when this was happening, I never thought that I should switch over to the reserve tank!

We made it to Columbia, SC by 7:30 PM but by this time it had started raining, and I had donned my slicker to keep dry (the Allard has a top that can be erected, but the visibility is too poor for serious driving). We left the Allard out in the rain and gladly sought refuge in the dry, warm Courtyard Inn. We got out the gin and tonics, ordered in a pizza, and collapsed for a good night's sleep. The next morning, I looked out and it was pouring down rain. Ugh. We packed up and headed for the cars. I rolled back one half of the tonneau cover, hopped in ... and ugh again - it wouldn't start! Water had dripped through the bonnet louvres all night onto the engine and everything else! So, what to do? It would be hopeless to try to dry it off standing there in the rain. Since the Courtyard Inn has a large portico over the entrance, Dottie and I pushed the Allard 100 feet to get it under cover where I could dry it off.

At this point: what to do? The Courtyard Inn folks loaned us a long extension cord and a very small hair dryer that Dottie used to dry off each spark plug as I wiped down things with a cloth. It soon became clear to me that we'd be there all day drying it with that little hair dryer. So I called Mike Gassman for advice. He suggested we get a can of WD40, and spray the inside of the distributor as well as the outside of the cap, and it would start right up. Well, the Courtyard Inn folks again came to the rescue providing me with a can of WD40 (which they gave me)



A cold, damp, but very happy Martin Stickley & K2

and, sure enough, after doing what he said, IT STARTED UP!! So then I donned my rain proof clothing, and off we went for the last long leg (330 miles) to Amelia Island in the rain.

The drive that Friday was slow, wet, and cold. The Allard has wipers, but water was running down the inside of the windshield and down both surfaces of my glasses as I had no cap bill to keep them dry. So visibility for me was bad. We made it to the Ritz-Carleton on Amelia Island that Friday evening at about 6 PM. Dottie got out of the Volvo and immediately took a photo of the Allard and me to record that moment. What a drive – it was wet all the way, but we made it after all – 720 miles on the Allard with no further troubles.

I was able to keep the Allard in the lower level of the Ritz garage where it would not get wet and mess up its new shine that our new friend, David Eshelbrenner, had brought to the surface. That evening, there was a black-tie champagne reception followed by a gala dinner. Jim Hall, of Chaparral fame, was the featured speaker of the evening. He shared stories about his aerodynamic experiments that virtually revolutionized racecar design in the 60s.

Sunday morning I was due to drive the Allard onto the golf course for the concours. But we awoke to the noise and flashes of thunder and lightning! No one is going onto a golf course during a thunderstorm. The Weather Channel showed that these storms were going to go on most of the day. So I thought maybe the concours would be cancelled, but no. The organizers worked with the Ritz management and found a way to display all the 275 cars under cover. Some were put in a large tent outside that had been used the previous day for the RM car auction. About 25 cars were moved into the Ritz ballroom (with plastic under each car to catch the drips) where we had the gala dinner the night before.

Fortunately, the Allard got to stay in the lower garage level to be judged (it was in the Sports Car 1 class for 1939-1956 cars) and thus I did not have to deal with the rain.

I met two people currently connected with Allards: Terry Underwood of Conyers, GA who has a 1948 'L' model (but not at the show); and Barry Parker from Pennsylvania who is doing the restoration work on Andy Picariello's J2. A red 1953 Palm Beach Allard was auctioned off on Saturday. I met the purchaser and told him to contact me and I would put him in touch with the *Allard Owner's Club* and the *Allard Register* folks.

At about 2 PM, the editor of *Automobile Magazine* introduced herself to me. She said they annually give an award to a car that has been driven to the Amelia Island Concours. I told her I had driven it 720 miles from central VA, and when I showed her the list of all the European rallies that it had participated in, she told me that, hands down, I had just won the prize! She said others had also been driven, but not anything like the Allard. Naturally I was overjoyed. She returned with a photographer in tow and, with a crowd of people around, presented me there and then with the trophy. It has a metal cast figure of a driver with his hands on the wheel that is mounted on a slab of green marble to which is attached an engraved brass plate: "*AMELIA ISLAND CONCOURS d'ELEGANCE 2003: 'THE GREEN RIBBON: I DROVE IT MYSELF AWARD' PRESENTED BY THE EDITOR, JEAN JENNINGS, OF AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*".

The next day we were off by 7:30 AM to begin the drive home. It was a gorgeous sunny, warm day that was perfect for driving an old open British sports car. We covered 480 miles that day and spent the night in Greensboro, NC. The next day the weather had taken a turn for the worse: it was 34 degrees with light rain that later turned to sleet. That was very discouraging and I was freezing, so I stopped to put on all the clothes I had. Upon doing that, I stayed reasonably warm and my spirits improved.

As we had no further problems with either car, we pulled up at our condo in Arlington, VA at 4 PM on Tuesday, the 10th. I had driven 1516 miles in the Allard, and Dottie had driven 1800 miles in the Volvo. As I got out of the Allard, a guy pulled up beside me, rolled down his window, and said: "Where did you get that gorgeous car? I haven't seen one of those in years! I saw you as I was driving the opposite direction and made a U-turn to look at it!" That's what's neat about an old car like the Allard, it brings the old car guys out of the woodwork and the memories start unfolding!

-Martin Stickley

K- Odyssey - The End?

By Rudyard Quisling

Note: Nineteen years ago, my neighbor, Jock, stumbled across the remnants of a basket case K3. This is the third (and hopefully the last) in a series about the tribulations, mistakes, and glacial progress of the restoration project at the hands of one who is arguably the most stingy, inept and pig-headed members of the Allard clan.

One day Jock picked up a Ford 3-speed gearbox from some junkyard. We told him that the hemi's torque would eat those fragile boxes like popcorn, but he wouldn't listen. Jock finally got the message after hearing an old 'rodder's story about the need to change out those transmissions so often that they resorted to using wing nuts. So, with considerable grumbling about the cost, he went the four-speed Muncie route. A side benefit was a legitimate excuse to scrap the K3's awkward, under-the-tush, left-handed shift linkage.

The deDion's splined hubs didn't go well with the front bolt-on's, so Jock spent several months exploring potentially expensive and unattractive Jaguar options. Finally, rescue came from ex-Allard engineer, Dudley Hume – who was having a batch of hubs machined in England. Jock bit the bullet, wrote a check, and soon had these hubs in place. They matched well with a new set of Dayton 72-spoke 16-inch wheels with a 3.0 inch (offset) dish.

"Progress" - albeit glacial and sporadic - was now approaching its next major hurdle: the battered, crud-encrusted mass of sheet metal that one might, with some imagination, call the car's body.

First he had to get through the layers of crud, body filler, and paint down to base metal. This became his teenaged son's summer project - which the lad tackled with gobs of time, elbow grease, and space-aged stripper. Thanks to heavy rubber gloves, a respirator, and a modicum of ventilation, he *eventually* had most of the aluminum exposed - with only moderate degree of collateral brain damage. Ironically, they later learned that judicious application of a propane torch to a panel's backside makes this job as easy as peeling a peach - *without* the use of expensive and hallucinogenic chemicals.

The remains were not a pretty sight. There was nary a square foot of aluminum that was not either gouged, dented, or cracked. Several areas suffered from profound metal fatigue demanding major surgery. Urban legends about the mystique of welding and working aluminum did nothing to help Jock's mood, - which was further darkened by a price quote from a local panel beater. Yeah, the guy was known for turning out several concours winners, but this is an *Allard*. Jock felt that hiring him would be akin to commissioning Andrew Wyeth to paint a billboard. I disagreed. But, hey - it's *his* car, and he can do what he wants with it.

So the project went into another stall mode while Jock pondered his limited resources and options. Some respite came one Sunday in late August when a Chevy Suburban with Texas plates, car trailer in tow, pulled up in front of Jock's house. Jock

had met those folks while doing his Allard *groupie* thing at the Monterey Historics. They had heard his sob stories - and against their better judgment took pity on him.

The rhythmic 'rat-a-tat-tat' from Jock's garage triggered my curiosity. I wandered over to witness an apparent miracle as the affable visitor - hammer in one hand, and a shop rag in the other - gently transformed a mangled panel back to its original shape. Thus, I got a chance to witness Dr. Tom Turner introducing Jock to the basic rudiments of aluminum panel beating. One thing led to another as Jock invested in a proper shot bag, hammers, and an array of aluminum alloy remnants. Through considerable trial and error, he eventually learned that .062 inch 3003 aluminum alloy was a fairly good match to the K3's original skin.

Jock continued his annoying habit of calling me over to help out with some task that required more than two hands, activities that I viewed with mixed feelings. The upside was that they gave me ample opportunity to give him a "hard time" about his quirky, jury-rig approach to auto restoration. OK, a few of his modifications made sense - like the dual master cylinder, the 22-gallon fuel cell (safety), and a set of bucket seats (the K3's original bench seat having *almost* as much support and comfort of a chopped and channeled church pew). But I feel that his stuffing the pedal cluster from a '68 Chevy Nova under the dash, and installing a GM electrical system are 'over the top.'

Despite all the delays, mistakes, and false starts over the years, the day finally arrived when he actually got enough parts hung in place to get the K3 registered and insured. Not *finished*, mind you, but at least road worthy. Heck, the aluminum body doesn't even look *that* bad - if you stand back far enough, and squint, in the twilight.

Which brings us to the issue of finishing and painting - which threw Jock into yet another case of nearly terminal "sticker shock." But then one day last month I noted his face wearing an expression that told me some wheels were turning in his brain.

"Hey, Rudy. Ya 'member that Allard picture I showed you last year? In that old magazine? That Allard with the thatched roof?"

"Well, yeah...." I replied.

"An', y'know. They did that in England. An' what did it get him? His car got written up in a worldwide magazine! It didn't look too bad, either, did it?"

"Ugh, ... no, I guess not." I said. Then I followed his gaze to our neighbor's house across the street. The home had just gotten a fresh coat of stucco that had transformed it into the showpiece of the neighborhood.

I looked back at Jock, and started to shake my head in protest at the demented gleam in his eyes. No. No. *No!* Only a madman would even *consider* going the stucco route. But then, I'm talking about an Allard guy here. With them, *nothing* is sacred....

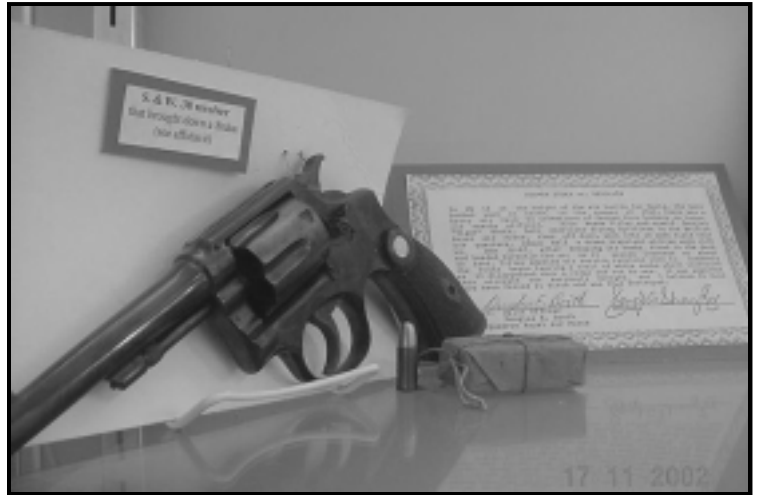
Reade Tilly, American Hero

I recently learned one of our Allard owners has taken his final checkered flag. Col. Reade Tilley was Aide de Camp to General Curtis LeMay back in the '50's, and they owned and raced two of the seven Allard JR's.

Reade began his military career by joining the Royal Canadian Airforce in June of 1940. He was member #121 of the American Eagle Squadron of the Royal Air Force in 1941, and fought in a number of air actions over France and the English Channel prior to the U.S. entry into WWII. In 1942 he flew a Spitfire off the American aircraft carrier Wasp, off Algiers in the Mediterranean, to the defense of the besieged island of Malta, then the most bombed spot on earth.

After his fourth victory, pilot Officer Tilley was awarded the British Distinguished Flying cross, the citation read, in part: "On three occasions by making feint attacks after having expended all his ammunition he has successfully driven off enemy fighters attempting to machine gun our aircraft as they landed" His tally record was 7 kills, 3 probables, 5 damaged, all air.

A most remarkable event of his career occurred when he and several other officers came out of the base mess on Malta and got to witness three German Stuka



The gun that made history....

bombers making a run on the airfield where their planes were sitting. Tilley was so enraged and taken over by helplessness of the situation that he drew his GI issue Smith and Wesson .38 and banged away all six shots. He hit one plane, which started a fire and fell into the sea !!!!

The episode was fully documented and resulted in another commendation as he was the only person to have ever shot down a plane with a pistol. The story of his exploit along with the gun rests in a glass case at the Champlin Fighter Aircraft Museum in Mesa, Arizona.

-Spur Gear

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PLEASE NOTE

1. We appreciate the fine submissions from members of the Allard Register. Just a reminder - our publishing an issue depends heavily upon our having interesting, original Allard-related stories, articles, and photos. We depend on you to provide us with those items.

2. Allard-focused articles and photos are always welcomed. Please direct submissions to the Publisher, Chuck Warnes. MS Word submissions by disk or E-mail are appreciated. Due to space limitations, we may have to do some editing.

3. Please direct any additions or changes to our Mailing List to Bob Lytle. **NOTE BOB'S NEW e-mail ADDRESS: cottonwoodbob@wildapache.net.**

4. We are again running the **CARS, PARTS, AND SERVICES** listings. Each item will be listed in TWO ISSUES. If you want us to continue running your item beyond then, you will need to resubmit. We appreciate notification if an item is no longer for sale.

Jim and Chuck



Mille - Continued...

Jim pulled it into his basement garage where he replaced the transmission with another Ford unit. Then, in the course of test driving, he was reminded all too late that he had forgotten to strap the bonnet down - with traumatic consequences. While awaiting bonnet and windshield parts, Jim's wife smelled a fuel leak. This relegated the car to their front yard for some time. Jim later rolled it back into the garage and dismantled the back end of the car. But by then other issues began to take priority, so there it sat until 1989.

Wayne resisted the temptation to do a concours restoration, and over the next three years he restored J2-1971 as closely as possible to its *Mille Miglia* specs. This included a mildly modified Cad engine and LaSalle 3-speed box. He made only a few minor changes to comply with vintage racing specs - such as the installation of a removable roll bar, and fitting a 20 gallon fuel cell *inside* the original 40 gallon fuel tank.

During the '90's he ran it in eleven vintage races, including the Zippo US Vintage Grand Prix at Watkins Glen in '98 where he came in 4th overall. Wayne has continued to enjoy driving it, and in June 2002 Wayne and his Allard were featured in the **Kansas City Star's** *Auto Gallery*. With considerable regret, Wayne offered his Allard for sale shortly thereafter. He recently sold it to Don Shead, who has returned the car to Great Britain where he is planning to use it extensively in tours and rallies.

PARTS FOR SALE

(4) Chrome wire wheels, bolt on 5 1/2" x 16", with Allard inscribed hubcaps – five bolts on a 4 1/2" circle. In excellent condition and will fit any Allard with disc wheels - \$500. Purchaser pays UPS charges. Call Anthony Martinis at (916) 483-1761. Sacramento, CA.

(1) Iskenderian E-2 camshaft, a set of tappets and adjustable pushrods – fits Cadillac 331 to 360 c.i. engines. All perfect condition - \$300 + freight. Call Dave Fogg at (253) 588-9132.

The Allard Register Via Email

The Allard Register is now available via email! The email version of the Allard Register will appear exactly the same as what you receive in the mail, except with color and a few extra photographs that we cannot fit within the standard 8-page format.

If you would like to receive the Allard Register via email, please, contact Colin at 559.244.0774 or cwarnes@adcomfg.com

Allards at the Corinthian Vintage Race Weekend

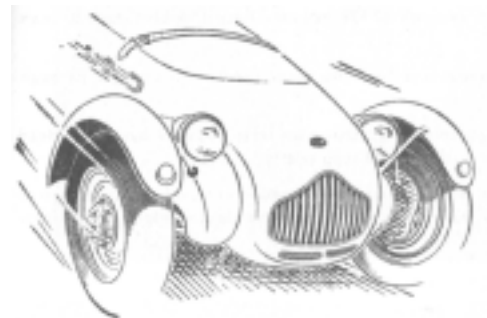
October 31-November 2 - College Station, TX

The "Gathering of the Clan" is very much on track. We have reserved a block of rooms at the Aggieland Kiva Inn (979/846-7333) under the name of the Texas World Speedway, and have of them have already been blocked. This is a Texas A&M football weekend, so there will be a limited number of rooms available. Several nationwide chains also have facilities in College Station (Holiday Inn, La Quinta, Motel 6, Quality Suites, Ramada Inn, Towneplace Suites by Marriott, Best Western, Days Inn, Fairfield, and Hampton Inn).

Those of you who intend to race your Allards can log onto the Corinthian Village Race Group website at www.corinthianvintagerace.com Information on the Texas World Speedway can be gotten at www.texasworldspeedway.com. Racing Allards will run in Group 4, the Corinthian Classics group for pre-1961 cars. Friday, Nov 31 will be a tune and test day; Saturday and Sunday will be race days.

Roger Allard, builder of the magnificent J2X replicas, will provide the pace are for the track events. We are also planning an all Allard car show and Saturday night banquet. There will be plenty of opportunities for parade laps for racers and non-racers alike.

For more info, contact Andy Picariello at 508/420-2904 - or afpic@cape.com



Additional Photographs



A little fine tuning....



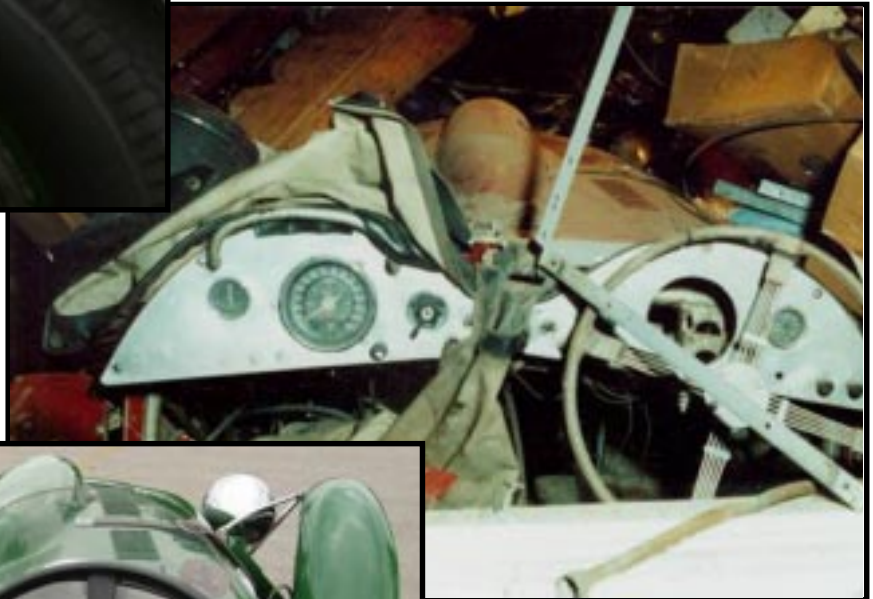
Martin accepting the 'I DROVE IT MYSELF AWARD' from Automobile Magazine Editor, Jean Jennings



Funny, Martin didn't mention the State Police in his story...

Additional Photographs

Some additional views of Allard J2-1971.



The Last Checkered Flag



We have lost a fine gentleman, Glen Shaffer. He suffered a heart attack while on the track at Sear's Point, California on June 1, 2003 at the Wine Country Classic. During the race in his Corvette, he just pulled over and took his last Checkered Flag. Glen was past 70 and passed away doing just what he enjoyed most, kicking butt. Always the Gentleman driver, never putting anyone in jeopardy on the track and forever the cool, predictable racer.

Our sympathy and prayers go out to his loving wife, Margaret, his children, and mechanic Tim.

-Spur Gear

