

THE ALLARD REGISTER

President

TOM LUSH
U.K.

Vice-President

FRED G. WACKER, Jr.
U.S.A.

Hon. Secretary

R. W. MAY
8, Paget Close, Horsham, West Sussex. RH13 6HD. ENGLAND. ('phone 0403-61372)

Assistant Hon. Secretary

JIM DONICK
5, Mary Road, Milford, Mass. 01757. U.S.A. ('phone 617:473:9327)

U.S. Area Correspondents

Southern States

TOM TURNER
1100 Pebble Creek Road,
Fort Worth, Texas. 76107.

LOS ANGELES

BOB LYTTLE
6378 West 79th Street,
Los Angeles, Cal. 90045.

Eastern States

ED REED II
24 Butternut Hill Road,
Worcester, Mass. 01609.

THE BULLETIN

April/June, 1985

Page 1.

Our Assistant Hon. Secretary writes:

ALLARDS RETURN TO WATKINS GLEN - 12th - 15th SEPTEMBER, 1985.

The 1985 USA Allard gathering will be held at that most historic of American Allard venues, Watkins Glen. Rooms have been booked at the "Lodge on the Green" in Corning, New York and can be reserved by contacting the Assistant Honorary Secretary at 617:473:9327. They are going fast. A fair number of members have expressed their intention of coming and there are rumours of a British contingent as well.

We had 19 Allards at Road Atlanta in 1984. It is quite possible that this number will be exceeded.

Members will, no doubt recall that Watkins Glen saw the first great American Allard victory when Erwin Goldschmidt won so convincingly in 1950. 35 years later seems a very appropriate occasion to gather the clan to remember this feat. Join us!

Our Hon. Secretary writes:

Some U.K. members will be competing in the Classic Car Meeting to be held at Prescott Speed Hill Climb, near Cheltenham, Glos. on Sunday, 2nd June next. Practising takes place on the 1st (Saturday) and it is hoped that members will make a special effort to attend. Be there!

We have received a letter from new member Dave Fogg of Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A. which reads as follows:-

"...I was interested to read in the Jan/Mar Bulletin, Mr. Jan Bellander's remark that his excellently restored and driven J2 is not a 'Hot Rod'. During the 1950's when we were racing J2's they were often referred to as English hot rods. I might add, damn good ones, too.

The term 'Hot Rod' as used in the US is a very broad term that includes cars with chassis or body modifications, cars with different engines than original, the addition of non-stock parts or high performance equipment and cars assembled from various makes or models. Does this fit a J2 Allard? I think so, and I don't consider it to be derogatory.

In the name of safety and dependability I can justify the use of Jag rear ends in racing Allards. How about the well known failures of the skinny little Ford, pre 1948 based stub axles? Both outer and inner.

Tom Carstens' Allard J2 No. 14 broke a rear outer stub axle at Pebble Beach. Loss of the wheel caused Bill Pollock to lose control and hit a pine tree. 14 was not economically repairable and was sold as salvage. The tree died for loss of bark. Mr. Rehfeld deserves great credit for the restoration. * I worked as a crew member with 14 during its entire racing career. I also drove a J2 No. 15 for transportation on nice days - and decided to prepare it for competition when 14 was lost.

Based on our experience with 14 we made many changes, i.e. complete replacement of front suspension. Replaced rear wishbone with parallel arms, larger brakes installed, engine moved ahead, larger radiator, and the infamous stub axles re-designed with larger diameter. The outer ones gave no trouble. The inner ones were replaced once. We obtained the assignment of No. 15 to the car and Tom Carstens drove it about 3,000 miles in competition, winning most of the races entered from 1955 through 1958.

...Tom recently purchased the car in very sad condition; I had sold it in 1959. We are restoring it and would be pleased to send pictures."

Many thanks, Dave, and I look forward to receiving some pictures of the car. ED.

* see overleaf.

Six Weeks of American Hospitality - by Tom Lush. (continued from Jan/March Bulletin)

During the following days I had the use of the pick-up while Bob was at work, and after finding my way down to Long Beach to see the Queen Mary, together with Howard Hughes' 'Spruce Goose' wooden aeroplane, got completely lost in finding Bob's house again! I didn't have his phone number or his address, except that it was W.79th Street. After half an hour driving round hoping to spot some known point of reference, I was about to enlist the help of a cab driver to pilot me, when I suddenly recognised a corner garage, and from there finally 'got home' in a somewhat mental exhausted condition! The next two or three days I spent with Bob on his visits to up-country depots, and on Thursday took advantage of 'cheap' weekend rental rates to hire a car (actually a Dodge Charger) for a sight-seeing tour via Las Vegas to the Grand Canyon and the Boulder Dam. I planned to arrive at Las Vegas after dark for the full effect of the neon-lit Strip, and was not disappointed, as the reflected light against the night sky was quite spectacular, but as nothing, of course, compared with the grandeur of the Canyon.

After spending the night in Las Vegas and taking the conducted tour inside the Dam, I got to the South rim in the early dusk and so was able to appreciate the sight of the gradual darkening as the rugged outlines faded into the background of the sky. I stayed overnight in Tusayan, just outside the boundary of the National Canyon Park, and was able to see an 'Omni' three-dimensional film of the Canyon's history, shown in a specially built cinema, and thus probably saw more of the Canyon than could have been seen from the tourist flights through the ravine, which at \$100 were out of reach, anyway. I spent all next morning driving from one viewpoint to another, then turning south through the old Indian country, up through Jerome with its gold mine and back across the cattle area around Flagstaff, where even a roadside garage had several horse boxes standing outside, and boots and saddles on sale everywhere!

The following Tuesday morning Bob took me to the airport for the next stage, down to stay with Tom and Yvonne Turner in Fort Worth. During my time there I was taken to a Tractor Pull, new to me, but seemingly becoming as popular and as professional as drag racing. I rather thought of it as wasted effort, building 2,000 plus H.P. engine just to pull a 50,000lb. sled as far as possible over a strip of sand!

However, it provided a splendid spectacle (with almost unbearable noise) with all the showmanship and highly developed technical skill in the construction of these 'tractors', and compared most favourably with my next outing, to National School Rodeo Finals, held in an arena in the heart of the stock yards, where once hundreds of cattle were herded for transportation by rail after days of travelling from the distant ranges. The riders here were all under 21, competing in the usual events we see on our TV screens, except there were no steers to tame! Tom kindly allowed me to use his Jeep Wagon to see something of the surrounding countryside, including an open air museum of aircraft (and a London bus) with a good collection of vintage cars in a covered hall. I was also taken to see a set of dinosaur footprints set in the bed of a shallow river, frozen there by some freak of nature that caused the ground to solidify and thus preserve the imprints. If one had lingering doubts as to the authenticity, they were quickly dispelled by the adjacent museum, containing many bones found in the adjacent valley over the last 100 yrs.

After a wonderful week with the Turners, which included the family gathering for Thanksgiving Day, Tom and Yvonne took me down to New Orleans for a long weekend, having planned a cross-country route to show me more of the Southern plantations and Cajun country areas that would be unknown to the average tourist, and two days later I flew to Cincinnati to meet Brenda and Dean Butler (and baby Kira). Brenda met me at the airport, and took the long way home to show me the town which was decked out with sparkling Christmas decorations, and in conversation, in answer to a casual question, said it rarely snowed heavily, perhaps an inch or two which quickly dispersed. The following day it started to snow in the morning and kept on for 24 hours, drifting to some feet deep outside parts of the house, and lying some six inches on the drive and roadways!

In this weather I had the opportunity to take an oil pump out to 'Ohio George's' workshops, where the ex-Drag racer, now a renowned race-engine builder has a magnificent machine shop and a 1,000 H.P. dynamometer in a sound-proof room, set in a country district outside Dayton. Just after leaving his premises, I slid off the road into a snow bank and had to get him and his son out from their warm surroundings to help me, rather undignified after my (quite undeserved) reputation as a Monte Carlo Rally veteran. Following this adventure I went on to the little known but vast American Air Force Museum, which lay about four miles away. Five hours spent here only partially covered one half, leaving another unexplored. I was told before going that two days would be required to see everything, and I am now convinced that this is an understatement.

During the next day or two, Dean took time off from his busy schedule to take me up to Indianapolis to see the museum, and take a bus trip round the oval circuit, and next day to go up to Detroit to collect some books from an elderly gentleman who had a vast collection of motoring literature stored up in his attic, and a personal memory of every

/continued on Page 3.

/continued from Page 2.

500 mile race at Indianapolis since his teenage years! On another day I was invited to accompany him and two colleagues, flying his Company's private plane, to Atlanta where they had a business meeting. Dean arranged for me to have a hire car to get about during the time they were in town and I took the opportunity to see something of the city, including the famous 'round' Peachtree Plaza Hotel with its inbuilt lake!

It was soon time to leave on the last stage of my journey, flying up to Boston to stay with Jim and Carol Donick and the children, and our first job after collecting me was to rescue his Triumph Spitfire, which Carol had had to abandon in the school courtyard after it failed to start after meeting the children. No problem here, just a loose connection and we were soon back home. Jim had met me in his huge Chevvy Estate car, so after the Triumph started, I was put into this (seemingly 30ft. wide) car to follow him back through the evening traffic. Later in the week I borrowed it to go down to Falls River, where the Navy have a static display consisting of the cruiser Missouri, a destroyer and a submarine, all open to the public, and I was able to wander round undisturbed, one advantage of visiting out of the tourist season. Another day (and a very cold one) we all visited the American equivalent of our H.M.S. Victory, the frigate Resolution, afloat in Boston Navy Yard. From Boston, I flew home, arriving at Heathrow on December 17th, concluding an unforgettable period with such splendid and hospitable people in a wonderful country.

Thank you, Mr. President, for this most interesting report of your trip. ED.

Mr. Ed. Reed, our Eastern States Rep. writes as follows:-

"...Just by feeling the weight of the Jan/March Bulletin I could tell that there would be many pages of interesting Allard news. I was not disappointed. I have some news. I had been invited to four parties, all at the same time, on December 15th last. It was difficult deciding which one to go to until I got a telephone call making it easy to decide. Jim Donick called me on the phone, told me he was now living nearby in Massachusetts and that he was having a party for Tom Lush who was staying with him Saturday night. Jim now lives less than an hour's drive from Worcester. I told Tom Lush some of the experiences I had with my Allard, although I am sure his Allard experiences were far greater than mine. One fact I told him did interest him, and that was that I had owned and driven my original Allard ever since January 11th, 1952. Tom said "It is extraordinary that you have had your Allard since it was new in 1952. Quite a record." I also brought along my book "ALLARD" by Tom Lush and he autographed it "To my good friend Ed. Reed".

The Allard get-together next September for the Vintage Cup Race at Watkins Glen, N.Y. could be the largest Allard meeting ever. I plan to tow my K2 on a trailer to this meet."

Many thanks for your letter, Ed. and I'm glad that you had the opportunity of meeting our President. ED.

We extend a very warm welcome to the following new members:-

- | | | |
|-------------|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| T. F. Jones | of Warren, Rhode Island, U.S.A. | P.B.II.72/7104 Z |
| L. Johansen | " Redlands, California, U.S.A. | M.1 834 & P.1.1932. |
| Ian Grant | " London, S.E.11, ENGLAND. | J 2014. |
| D. Fogg | " Tacoma, Washington, U.S.A. | J 1851. |

FOR SALE

ALLARD 1948 K1, Registration No. HRU 2, Ardun O.H.V. engine. Full history and engineering bills available, and photographs of car sent on request. Price £10,000. Further information from Mr. M. S. SAUNDERS, 2, Park House, Ridgeway Road, The Lincombes, Turquay, Devon. TQ1 2ES. ENGLAND. (phone Torquay 23942)

oOo

WANTED

Member A. Nagelhout of the Netherlands is a Car Club badge collector. He wishes to buy or exchange metal Car Club badges. He has a collection of over 1900 items. Those interested, please write to him at Veldheimweg 16, 3741 SG BAARN, NETHERLANDS.

In a letter from member Dr. W. J. Glasson of Wanganui, New Zealand we extract the following:- "...Through the Allard Register Bulletin, I enjoy reading all about our favourite 'marque'. Best wishes...." Many thanks for your letter, Sir. ED.

New member Roger Murray-Evans writes as follows:- "... I had a small but successful season Hill-climbing in '84 and did in fact win the final meeting at Prescott in Sept. I'm currently preparing a 331 Caddy for the K1, the old flathead being somewhat weary, and 3 meetings plus 4,000 road miles have nearly done for it!". Thanks for letter. ED.

N.B. Some 1985 Subscriptions are still due. £2 or \$5. Air Mail add £1 or \$2.