



The Allard Register

No. 51

Winter 2009

FREE

Allard's in New Jersey - 2008

-Andy Picariello

It seems that we lonely Allardists yearn to get together on a somewhat regular basis. It happens that the burden for organizing such an occurrence has recently fallen upon me. For 2008, I was looking for an easier task than in the past. I grasped the opportunity when Pete McManus mentioned to me, sometime late in 2007, that the Vintage Racing Group (VRG) was planning a September 2008 racing event at the yet-to-be-opened

New Jersey Motor Sports Park in Millville, New Jersey. A few inquiries were made, and yes, Allards would be welcome as part of the racing weekend. Furthermore, the MG Vintage Racers (MGVR) would be there in force, so a few more pieces of British iron could be easily accommodated.

A preliminary walk-through of the Motor Sports Park was held early this past April. At this point, the park could only be kindly described as a work in progress. Lots and lots of construction equipment, piles of dirt, and the mud to go along with it greeted us. Only one race circuit, the shorter one, was paved. The club house was just being framed. As for anything else, forget about it. We were assured by the Motor Sports Park folks that there would be a functioning facility for the first races to be held there in August. Having faith in what we



Emil's Loeffler's almost restored J2 with Andy's K2 in the background

were told, and calculating that September was a month later, we proceeded to plan for the event.

Over the course of the spring and summer I tried to corral as many Allard owners as I could to attend the event. More difficult yet, was to get racing Allards. One of the first respondents for racing an

Allard was Gary Dryer. This was not to be, as Gary's untimely death intervened. Of course, Pete McManus and his K1 would be there.

The Friday night awards dinner was set up by the MGVR, and the Saturday night barbeque by the VRG. By good fortune, the chosen weekend coincided with the Wheels and War Birds event. This meant that, along with the vintage racing, there would be a vintage car show sponsored by the Garden State 50s Car Club and a World War II airplane show and flyover sponsored by the adjacent Millville airport.

Both Saturday and Sunday were event filled. Not only was there the VRG racing on the Lightning Circuit, but also vintage formula racing on the Thunderbolt Circuit. If one tired of that, there was also racing on the kart track. All this was complemented by frequent flyovers of

Allard Gathering Continued...



Pete's K1 being 'briefed'

WWII military aircraft while one was viewing the 1950s cars at the adjacent car show.

The end result was a very enjoyable weekend for all attendees. The weather could not have been finer. All of the necessary facilities at the motor sports park were functioning. The hospitality shown to us by the various participating groups could not have been bettered.

The Garden State 50s Car Club show drew over 300 display cars for both Saturday and Sunday. Our Allards on the show field were the main attraction of the event. To many spectators, these were the first Allard that they had ever seen. Judge's Choice Awards were given to Emil Loeffler's J2, Paul Schoonmaker's XKE Jaguar, Terrill Underwood's L-type, and my K2.

In more detail, the Allards present were:

- Victor Pastore's K1, which was originally registered in the UK, and shipped to the USA in the 1950's. An unusual K1, as it has aluminum fenders, factory-installed port-holes and front brake vents. The car is painted a pristine white color, which sets it off splendidly. Victor is still tracing more facets of this unique Allard's history.

- Terrell and Gloria Underwood's 1946 L-type Allard is one of the very few in this country to retain the original 30 HP Ford V8 engine and gear box. It was the oldest Allard

present, and still had most of the factory build fittings. This Allard is a true "driver" as Terrell and Gloria put many miles a year on the car.

- Emil Loeffler's 1950 J2 had just been ransomed from the restorer. More work needed to be done to make the car move under its own power. Not a problem, as there were many willing bodies to move it on and off the trailer. Emil's Allard has a 392 Chrysler Hemi, and it is painted a stunning rich silver color.

- David and Louise Watson's British Racing Green 1952 J2X was a crowd pleaser. David had rescued this Allard from the scrapyard after it had endured many years of neglect. More remarkable yet, due to David's efforts and perseverance, the car took little more than a year to restore to its present glory.

- Bill and Annabelle Wilmer's 1952 J2X still retains all of the features it had when it last raced in 1958. It was originally owned and raced by Preston Gray. It was then owned by Harry Paine Whitney, who installed the present supercharged Bill Frick Corvette engine, and raced it for several more years. A class winner in major concours, it was the most original racing Allard present.

- Judy and my 1950 K2 was also on display. After been shown at several concours since it completed a



Allard J2X Mk2 Pace car complete with flashing light and camera

Gathering, Continued...

ground-up restoration last year, it was a pleasure to show it at a “relaxed” local car show.

Paul and Louise Schoonmaker labored into the small hours in a valiant attempt to get their J2X ready for the event. Rather than not have a British car there, they brought their immaculate Jaguar XKE, and were rewarded with a trophy for their efforts.

Bill Latham drove his 1958 MG Magnette to the event. His L-type Allard is still a ways from being on the road. Bill spent the greater part of the weekend under Terrell’s L-type, getting restoration pointers and grass stains.

David Hooper and his companion, Pat Lee, were there from England. If you attended the 2006 Seattle/Portland Allard event, or were at the New Zealand Festival of Speed earlier this year, you will remember them. David started as an apprentice with the Allard Motor Company in London in the mid-1940s. He was chief engineer when the company ceased making cars ten or so years later. As always, David was willing to share his wealth of Allard information with the attendees. The photographs accompanying this article were taken by him.

The racing venue pleased all of the racers. The circuit, being new, was smooth and fast. John Maiuccoro’s Cadillac powered K1 Allard was forced to retire early, due to a major oil leak. Ralph Steinberg drove Pete McManus’ K1 Allard flawlessly, finishing second to Pete, who drove his historic “Ardent Alligator” Ford-powered Riley Special. Joanne McManus ably crewed for both racers. Roger Allard provided the pace-car services with his J2X MKII Allard. Even more appreciated was the case of Canadian beer that he was able to smuggle through customs.

At the Friday evening banquet several awards were given. Pete McManus was awarded the Allard Owners Club Transatlantic Trophy in recognition of his many years in promoting the Allard marque. Emil Loeffler was given the Methuselah Award. This, for his patience and endurance through the several years that it took for his Allard to be restored. I was given the MG-Allard Challenge Trophy, which I look forward to awarding at the next Allard Gathering.

Other Allard owners and enthusiasts present were: Harold Haase and Anita Harris, Judy and Dick Stilwell, Peter and Bette Bland, Don and Bobbie Milligan, Lindsey Parsons and Merrill Yeager.

The Allard Dragster

Most of our readers are familiar with the Allard Dragster, which was featured in issue #44. Since we last reported on the Dragster, a group called the ‘Allard Chrysler Action Group’ (ACAG) was formed with the purpose of restoring and running the historic dragster. The ACAG is a non-profit group that is working in conjunction with the National Motor Museum in the Beaulieu, UK which owns the dragster.

The basic chassis and body of the car are OK and there are some important bits like a new GMC Potvin adapter blower, but most of the rest needs restoration testing or replacing – particularly a new 354 cubic inch Chrysler Hemi and Hilborn injection. Their plan is to get a new Hemi to be built by Ron Hope in the USA. The only break with tradition is to add a starter to the engine so the car doesn’t have to be push started. They also need a trailer to transport the car, which will carry all of the sponsor identification.

The group is currently pursuing a number of sources for revenue, including drag racing DVD sales and both private and corporate sponsorship. The ACAG has recently gained a notable new-member, Nick Mason...of Pink Floyd fame. Nick is an avid vintage car enthusiast and has agreed to serve as the patron for the group as they seek to raise an estimated £45,000. If you are interested in helping this historic dragster get back on the strip, please contact Brian Taylor at brian@petrolhead.vianw.co.uk.

To learn more about the ACAG, you can visit their web site at www.theaccelerationarchive.co.uk/acag/acag.html.



Photo: © The National Motor Museum

Wacker's "8-Ball" – Fantasy, Hoax, or Fact?

–Rudyard Quisling

I agreed to ferry this 50 year old ex-Aeroflot AN2 from Auburn WA to Grand Rapids MI. The Antonov AN2 biplane is basically Russia's Cold War-era, single-engine equivalent of a Ford TriMotor. They all look like pre-WWII relics, even though their 45 year production run continued will into the early 90's. Some guy imported a few of them several years ago, expecting to make a killing. But they just sat rotting away at the Auburn airport until a nouveau riche Russian émigré made him an attractive offer – provided the owner could get one of the derelicts airworthy and delivered to the émigré's home in Grand Rapids.

That's where I come in. He managed to get one of them certified, just about the time when I happened to be short of cash, and was in the wrong place at the wrong time. The money seemed attractive and the weather forecast was good. So I figured "why not?" My neighbor, Jock, was also out of work, so he came along as co-pilot.

We'd planned to make Grand Rapids in three days, skirting down around the southern end of Lake Michigan. But that was before some electrical gremlins put our schedule two days behind. Then the weatherman started playing tricks on us. So, that's how we ended up north of Chicago, coming in to Palwaukee Airport to get fuel for our final leg across the lake to Grand Rapids.

We might have gotten out of there – if it weren't for Clem, the old geezer who was manning the fuel pumps. He was totally enthralled with the AN2, and spent more time chattering away and asking questions than he did pumping fuel. He followed that up with a lecture about the folly of trying to cross a large body of water with an ancient, single-engine plane. By then the ceiling dropped down below the minimums, so there we were stuck.

We checked in to the motel next to runway 24, and headed for the bar. We had just ordered our second pitcher of beer when old Clem shuffles in and parks himself on a bar stool close to our table. He seemed to be ignoring us, but then turns around, and squints purposely at Jock's 'ALLARD' hat. He breaks into a grin and he asks "You got one of dem too?"

"Uh, oh," I thought to myself. It's an invitation for Jock to launch into another soliloquy about the resurrection of his basket case K3 – as a prelude to an exhaustive history of the marque.

Jock was building momentum when Clem interrupted him. "You ever heard of Fred Wacker?"

"Well, yeah. Of course I have." Jock replied. "He raced that '8-Ball.' Some place back east, right?"

Clem shook his head with what might pass for a sympathetic smile, hinting that Jock was about to get an education whether he wanted it or not. "Well, yer partly right. He raced dat '8-Ball.' But not yust back east. He raced all over da country! Betcha you ditn't know he had *two* '8-Ball' Allards, dough – first da black one, and *den* da red one!"

"No, I guess not." Jock replied meekly as he took another sip of beer.

"Yup. He got da black one in 1950. He used to beat da pants offa all dem 'spensive cars from Europe. Den he took it down to Argentina to race, and sold down dere! He bought da new *red* one when he come back!"

"He learnt a lot from dat first one, so he made a lot more improvements to da new one. *Den* he went out and beat da pants offa every one again! He woulda kept on beating everone, too, if it wasn't for dat accident back in New York. Y'now, where dat kid got kilt."

"Oh, you mean Watkins Glen in 52?" Jock interjected. Clem's expression said that Jock had just scored a point. He took that as an invitation to pull a chair up to our table and refill his glass from our pitcher.

"Yah, it was real bad. But da crowds, dey just ditn't have no sense back in dem days. Dis kid was sitting dere on da curb, right where da cars was coming around da corner." He paused, shook his head and took another swallow of our beer. "John Fitch and Freddie, dey was really going at it when dey just run outa room and dat kid was in da wrong place at da wrong time. Y'know, dey even tried to arrest Freddie for what happent?"

"Yeah, I read something about that." Jock replied. "Sounds like you know quite a bit about that."

"Course I do! I was dere!"

"Really? You used to live back there?"

"No. I was dere on Freddie's racing team! Freddy, you see, he lived yust a little ways east of here. Over here in Winnetka. I worked in his fambly's tool factory. I was purty handy wit tings, so he had me help out wit his racing stuff.

"I even helped him bring it right over to da airport here, to test it on one of dese here runways. Dere wasn't much airplane traffic den. Besides, Freddy was a real big shot, so dey didn't give him no guff about it." Clem was leaning over our table, with his back to the bar, where the bartender was washing glasses. He looked up at us, shook his head, and rolled his eyes.

"Right here at Palwaukee, eh?" said Jock. "You got any idea whatever happened to that car?"

“Nobody knows for sure.” Said Clem. “Dere was a lotta rumors going around after dey went and tried to arrest Freddie back dere. Somebody says dey hauled it out to da middle of da lake and dumped it in. I even heard that dey took it out to some farm and buried it in a gravel pit. But none of dem stories is true, you see. Because I seen it wit my own eyes two years later - when Freddie was racing it up here at Wilmot Hills! Dat vas after Freddie got famous, racing dem open-wheeled cars over dere in Europe.”

“So, then maybe the Wacker family still has it somewhere?”

“Could be. I hear Freddie’s son is still around, but I don’t know if he’s a car guy.”

Meanwhile, the bartender answered the phone behind the bar and caught Clem’s attention. He put his hand over the mouthpiece and mouthed some words that caused a sudden change in Clem’s demeanor. “Uh, oh. Tell her I just left.” Then, as he high-tails it toward the door, he turns back to us, he says “Well, I gotta go now. But I get to work right after noon tomorrow. So’s I can tell you some more den, if yer still around.”

Once he left, the bartender came over and says “So, I guess you guys have met Clem. Hope he didn’t bug you too much. He’s done a lot of things in his life, but he’s also got a pretty vivid imagination. Problem is, he’s told those stories so often that he’s starting to believe them himself.”

“Was he really a part of Wacker’s racing team?” Jock asks.

“Well, from what I hear, it was kinda ‘yes’, kinda ‘no’. He did work for Ammco Tools for a couple years. That was the Wacker family’s company. But most of us believe that his being on the race team is mostly Clem’s imagination.”

“Well, what about the car?” Jock pursued. Even the hint of a possible Allard ‘barn find’ turns Jock into an aroused bloodhound on a fresh scent. “Does the Wacker family still have it?”

“No, they don’t. But I do know where it’s at.”

Jock’s expression told me that this comment had set the hook. “Oh,” Jock said as he tried in vain to sound nonchalant, despite the glow in his eyes. “Any chance we could run over and take a look at it?”

“Well, as a matter of fact, yes. But not right now. Y’ see, I don’t get off ‘til closing time. But tell ya what. It’s a little ways from here, so there’s some expense involved. Whaddya say you give me a hunnert bucks to tell

me you’re serious about seeing it. Then meet me out in front of the lobby at 6 AM sharp. And dress warm.”

I felt there was something fishy with this sudden development. Jock, however, was oblivious to it as he cleaned out his wallet to come up with the \$100. I knew that meals for the rest of this trip would be on me.

Our mugs of hot coffee offered minimal comfort against the chilling overcast and steady rain as we stood under the canopy outside the lobby. We were looking forward to the shelter of a warm vehicle, but none was in sight. Our growing apprehension was interrupted by a harsh, mechanical barking sound in the distance. We soon caught sight of a vintage Norton motorcycle breaking out through the mist. It was running at an insane speed and headed our way. The rider wore a full face helmet and a white set of leathers which gave him a ghostly appearance.

He expertly slid to a halt on the wet pavement directly in front of us. Without raising his visor or saying a word, he passed a spare helmet to Jock and gunned his engine. With a deliberate jerk of his head, he gave a clear signal that Jock had better put that helmet on and get aboard - like RIGHT NOW. Jock would have, but the helmet simply would not fit over his oversized noggin.

So then ‘The Stig’ pointed at me. Before I had a chance to give it a conscious thought, I found myself throwing my leg over the machine as Jock slammed the helmet over my head. He barely had time to tighten the chin strap and we were off, screaming through the traffic and bone-chilling rain at a furious speed.

I was thankful for my leather jacket, for my Levi’s were rain-soaked in less than a minute. The wind chill was the only thing to detract my mind from imminent mortality. I began to wonder why my eyes were not adjusting to the smoked visor – and then realized that the inside had been painted black. I tried to flip it up, but it would not budge. My fingers were already growing numb, but I was still able to feel around its perimeter where they touched a couple of pop-rivets near the top edge. So there I was, effectively blindfolded and shackled-by-mortal-fear behind some shadowy madman, racing through the rain and Chicago-area traffic to God-knows-where.

The trip could have been an hour...or two hours. Just like we could have traveled a hundred miles... or maybe we just went five times around a twenty mile circuit. There was no way I could tell from the confines of my

8-Ball, Continued...

cocoon. But finally, the machine slowed as we turned on to a winding gravel road.

Once we pulled to a stop I was able to remove my helmet and stretch my freezing legs. We were in a wooded area, parked in front of an ancient carriage house. I was chilled to the bone, and was also in dire need to use ‘the facilities.’ My escort pointed to some bushes behind the structure. From that vantage point I could barely make the sagging roofline of a once-imposing mansion through the mist and treetops.

‘The Stig’ was unlocking one set of the heavy wooden doors when I returned. As the door creaked open, I saw the bulbous, dust-covered outline of a strange looking dark green sedan surrounded by various pieces of yard care equipment. I am not an Allard aficionado by any means, but concluded that Jock had just been ‘had.’ But then, as the door opened further, I could make out smaller shape, just to the left of the sedan. Actually it was a collection of shapes, nestled under sundry parts, and surrounded by several vintage V8 engines.

While I was in no position to determine whether this was Wacker’s ‘8-Ball’ or not, it definitely was a red J2. I could also see that it bore mute witness to surgical and battle scars from a long and hard racing life. All the while, my strange ‘escort’ stood mutely by, apparently watching me like a hawk. But who could tell, for he kept his face hidden behind his darkly smoked visor.

Then, much to my surprise, he stepped outside, apparently to also make use of ‘the facilities.’ I quickly hauled out my camera and took this opportunity to snap off a few hurried shots before I heard his footsteps on the gravel driveway.

I have no idea whether or not he knew – or even cared - what I had been doing. But upon his return he unceremoniously pushed me outside and pulled the door closed. Once we were outside, he stuffed the black-out helmet back over my head, took a firm grasp of my arm, virtually shoving me back astride the Norton. So we were again off for another mysterious and terror-filled return trip to Palwaukee. It was a mixed blessing that the sun was starting to

come out. While I did not miss the bone-chilling cold, it no longer served to divert my mind from mortal fear of another wild ride on a vintage bike though Chicago area traffic.

I was glad to make it back in one piece, but otherwise was pretty bummed out, sure that the whole terrifying adventure was a waste. At least I was until Jock saw the pictures – which really got him excited. A few things that seemed to hit his ‘hot button’ included the:

- Location of the gas and oil fillers,
- Placement of the radiator and engine mounts,
- Makeshift ‘webbing’ between the cycle fenders and cowl,
- Radical air scoops for the front Alfin drums,
- Anti-roll bars on the rear axles, and
- Location of the white backgrounds for the racing numbers.

On this last point, I reminded Jock that 8-balls were black with a white number 8 – to which he responded by pointing out the black background under the chipped white paint.

I’m still not sure what I saw in that mysterious place on that chilly morning, or if this surreal adventure was just a figment of my imagination. Oh, yeah, as they say – pictures don’t lie. But then, who knows what folks can do with Photoshop these days?







ALLARD NEWS

Correspondence

With 11,000 km under my belt, I've returned to home base.

In the time that I had, I accomplished only 60% of what I wanted, which included getting to meet you in Fresno. Unfortunately, a combination of my client waiting for his car in Sedona, AZ and waiting for my opportunity to meet Jay Leno, I couldn't swing up to Fresno.

As it turned out, over the 3 weeks away, I managed features in *AutoWeek* mag., *MOPAR Performance Mag* (Jan./Feb), and the *L.A. Times*. Jay Leno even featured the car on his web site www.jaylenogarage.com. I even managed to squeeze in a few car shows!

I also had a number of potential clients and dealers to see in the greater L. A. area, along with the required 'road test'. I finally delivered #001 to its permanent home in Sedona. I took the opportunity to generate a new set of photos, which will allow me to refresh my marketing material in the months ahead.

I would very much have liked to have driven up to Fresno to, but this will have to be at a later date, as I could not extend the CA portion of my trip any longer.

Until then, I wish you a good day.

Cheers,

Roger Allard - www.allardj2x.com



Parts For Sale

Assorted parts from Cyril Wick's J2 (1912):

- Gas tank for J2 (they pulled it out when they installed a fuel cell). \$500 obo.
- Two front spindles. \$300
- Custom made chrome roll bar with Monterey and Road America stickers. \$350
- '51 Cad engine in parts (block, heads, rods, pistons, manifolds), with many spares. \$300

Contact: Bill Bessesen, Tel: (952) 900-9435

Auction Update

On the weekend of January 17, an unprecedented five Allards were up for sale in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Friday saw the first cars go across the RM Auction block at the Biltmore hotel in Phoenix. The first car sold was a green J2 (1781) that had an extensive racing history in Australia at the hands of Reg Hunt. Later, a green K3 (3189) was sold to the high bidder Larry Titchner of Ontario.

On Saturday, Janet Kinzinger's old K3 (3166), "Beowulf" was put up for auction by its new owner at Russo & Steele, but it failed to meet the reserve price.

Next up was Gooding & Company which featured a maroon J2X (3144) from the estate of the late Ron VanKregten. This car is unique in that its whereabouts were unknown for almost 30 years until it was featured prominently in the Gooding auction advertisements. The car was sold Colin Comer of Wisconsin.

The final car to cross the block is arguably one of the most significant cars to carry the Allard badge, the Steyr. Easily identified by its "dually" rear wheels and air cooled Steyr V8 engine, it's like an American sprint car on drugs. The Steyr was the cover car for the Barrett Jackson auction catalog and was featured prominently during the live SPEED channel coverage of the event. Many were surprised when the Steyr was sold for what had to be the bargain of the weekend.

In light of the troubled economy, the Allards held their value pretty well and we hope that their new owners will exercise their cars regularly!

-Colin Warnes

Request for Submissions!

We'd love to hear what you did with your Allard this summer! Whether it was a race, rally, or just a nice drive in the hills. Drop us an email with a few pictures. Please send submissions to chas.warnes@gmail.com

The Allard Register

Sponsor:

Syd Silverman
White Plains NY

Editor:

J P Donick
Tel: 845/635-2373

Publisher/Advertising

Chuck Warnes
Tel: 559/436-1588
chas.warnes@gmail.com

President:

Dudley Hume
dudleyhume2006@yahoo.com

Tech Advisor/Archives

Bob Lytle
cottonwoodbob@wildapache.net

Layout/Graphics

Colin Warnes
cwarnes@sbcglobal.net