

ALLARD

The Allard Register

No. 30

FALL, 2000

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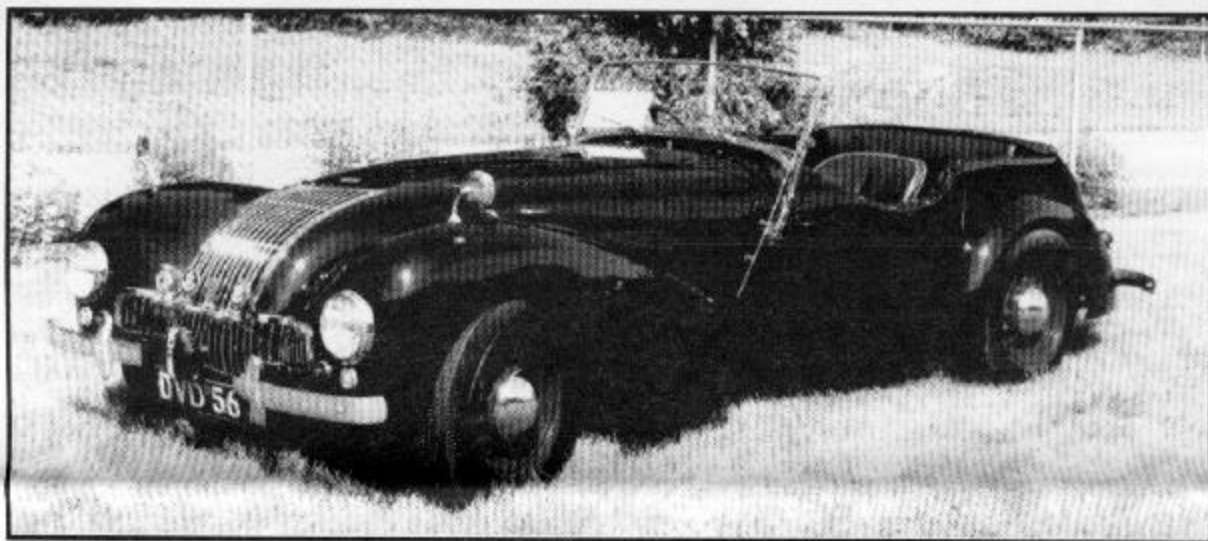
ALLARDS at Loudon, NH - August 2 -6, 2000

By Jon Lee, Pete McManus, and Andy Picariello

The three of us were together at Hershey PA last year. We got to talking about an Allard get-together, and one thing led to another. In April, Jon and Pete succeeded in getting Allard to be the featured marque at "The Elegance," the concours held in conjunction with the New Hampshire International Speedway's 10th Annual Vintage Celebration. The downside was - August was less than four months away!

speed run at B'ville, it obviously would not be running this weekend. However, Jim, Sheila, and company were the Allard group's biggest cheering section during the upcoming road racing event.

The events began on Wednesday, with the Vintage Oval racing program - primarily Indy car, sprinter, midget, and stock car drivers all having gobs of fun out on the track. Jerry Letteiri was among them, running his J2 along with the



Underwood's beautiful 1948 L-type tourer

That gave us scant time to get word out. But, thanks to mention in the *Allard Register* and the *AOC Newsletter*, followed by mailings to every Allard owner we knew, we attracted thirteen Allards to this event. To put it in some perspective, this was the largest marque turnout in the ten-year history of this event.

While Jon and Pete were getting things organized, Andy was dealing with plans to get Jim Tiller's much-modified J2 out to Bonneville for his speed record attempt. Andy prevailed upon the Tillers to advance their schedule to fit the Loudon celebration in, and thus arrive two days prior to the event. The car arrived as scheduled - wild looking in its bright orange livery. It would attract lots of attention all weekend long. Since it was set up for a high

- Jon Lee

sprint and Indy cars, since his schedule did not permit him to run on Friday. Jerry's car, by the way, is the renowned Zora Arkus-Duntov Ardun-powered prototype J2 that Dr. Tom Turner found, and so lovingly restored back in the late '80's.

Friday morning was warm and bright as the K1 Allards of Bob Lucurell, Pete McManus, and Jon Lee joined the other cars on the grid. Lucurell, running his modified Chrysler hemi, ran off so quickly that he requested, and was given permission to move up to a faster group. He had much fun on the track, but had to leave Saturday evening, and was not able to show his car in the Concours event.

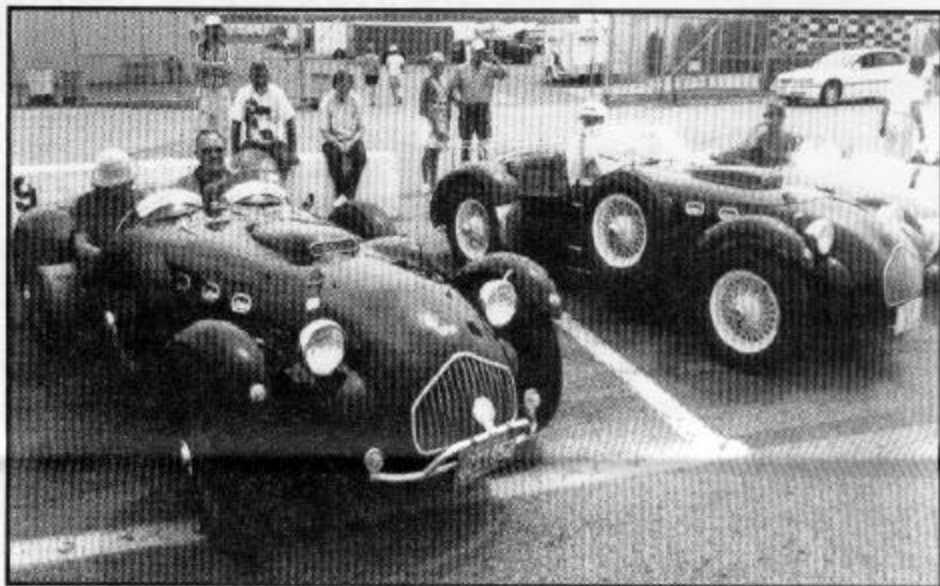
The Ford-powered K1's of Lee and McManus were pretty well matched, with Pete's car a tick faster ...

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ALLARDS at Loudon, NH

or perhaps Pete was a little better driver? Jon had one of his best races in his somewhat limited racing career against Bob Valpey aboard his '31 Studebaker Indy racer. Jon was only a bit faster in spots, so it took several laps of dicing before he was able to sneak by Bob on the backside of the course. Not long after that, Pete caught up at the end of the front straight and slipped by going into Turn One. Amazing things, those superchargers.

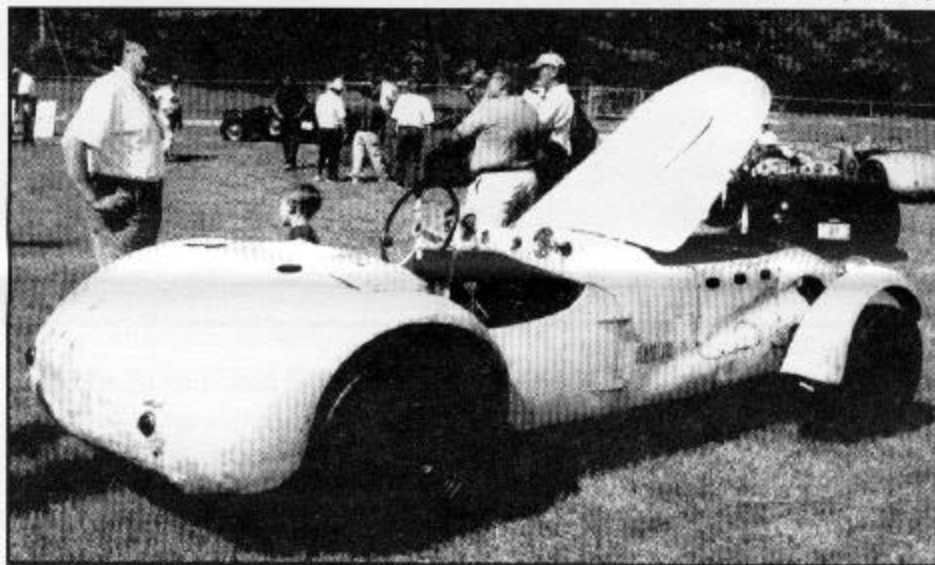
A lovely invitational dinner, hosted by the Bahre family – owners of the speedway – was held on the track's infield for the exhibitors and judges on Saturday evening.



The Wilmer and Valpey J2X's respectively and respectfully showing off - Jon Lee

Sunday morning greeted us all with perfect concours weather. As we were getting things set up, Roger Allard informed us that he had set an official speed record the prior evening on NH Route 106 – 84 MPH, certified by the NH State Police. He indicated that he plans to use the citation in the sales brochures for his J2X replicas.

- Bob Girvin's newly-injected hemi-powered GT.
- Terrell & Gloria Underwood's recently restored '48 L-type tourer.
- Andrew & Judy Picariello's hemi-powered '50 J2.
- Bill & Annabel Wilmer's '52 J2X – with super-charged Corvette power.
- David & Louise Watson's partially restored J2X.



David & Louise Watson's '52 J2X work in progress

- Jon Lee

Among the winners of "The Elegance" concours were Bob Valpey, getting *Best Original* for his unrestored J2X; and Jerry Letteiri being awarded the *Most Significant Competition Car* award for his '49 J2.

Other Allards on display included:

- Bob & Alice Valpey's ex-Tom Cole J2 and their unrestored '52 J2X.

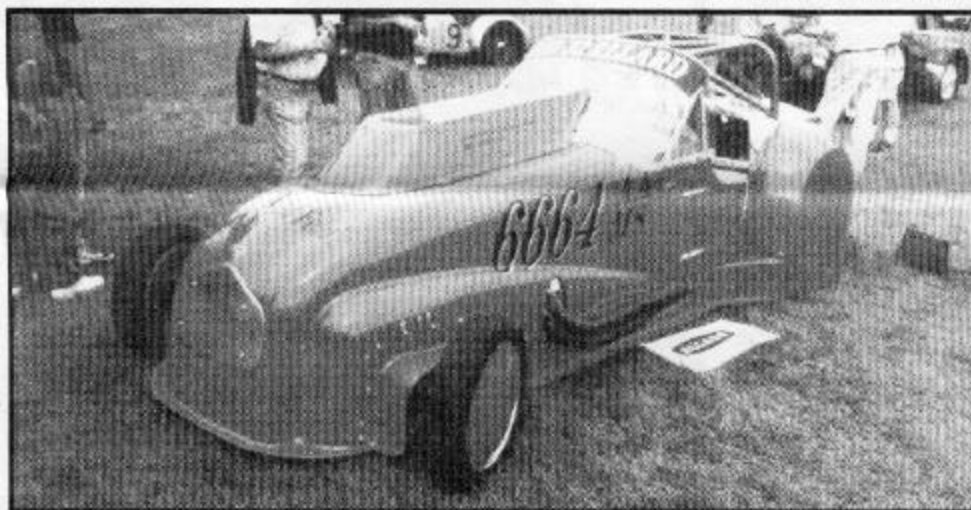
- Roger Allard, who drove his Hardy Motors J2X replica over from Montreal.

All those in attendance judged the event to be a rousing success, and the response from Allard owners was great, especially considering the short lead-time. We want to thank all who participated, and we look forward to the next time we can go play with our Allards.

Tiller's Bonneville Odyssey – 2000

– by Andy Picariello

Monday, 8/7: We got home after dark last night from the NH Int. Speedway and all the Allard events of the weekend. Despite the late hour, Jim Tiller decided to go back to see Jim Reid, who built the 596 cubic inch, 835 HP Chevy big block engine for Tiller's Bonneville try. He, along with his mechanic, Alan Hassell, wanted to give the J2 its final tweaks before heading for the salt flats of Utah.



"The Old Fella" at New Hampshire prior to speed "tuning"

A noontime call from Tiller, saying he would be here at 3 PM caused a flurry of activity, as we had planned to make an early start the next day – with the five ton load behind my Chevy Suburban.

Friday, 8/11: We got onto the salt flats about 5 PM, and pitted next to Bob, Jim Tiller's buddy whom he met during his initial visit to Bonneville last year. Bob was of great help to Jim in planning his modifications to the J2 for this year's run. Good Buddy Bob was to prove to be of more help in the upcoming week.

Saturday, 8/12: The official start of Bonneville Speed Week: Got to the salt early. No matter how many times I have been out onto the flats, especially in the morning, I am always impressed with the beauty and vastness of the place.

The pit area is about a five-mile drive from the end of the paved road. We set up a tarped awning, and unloaded the "Old Fella" from the trailer. Then to the indoctrination sessions, followed by the rookie indoctrination session – obligatory for first-timers. Besides learning the layout of the courses and the rules of operation, we were told that this

year's salt was exceptionally smooth and hard.

Speed Week, organized by the Southern California Timing Association, is run on two courses – a three-mile "short" course for speeds up to 175 MPH, and a five-mile "long" course. Each course has a two-mile run-down at its end and new drivers must earn a succession of licenses. For example, Jim had to run in the 125 – 150 range for the first category, then two more 25 MPH increments before he could make his 200 MPH try.

The indoctrination sessions were followed by tech inspections of all the vehicles. Jim's was lengthy due to all the helpful advice given by the tech inspectors – even to the point of loaning him a driving suit. Once this was over, we returned to the pit, hoping to get in one run before day's end, only to discover that the big-block Chevy would not start. No spark. Screwed up ignition module. No spare aboard. Discouraged, we headed back to Wendover, and to bed.

Sunday, 8/13: I got out to the salt by mid-morning and, to my surprise, the engine was running. Alan Hassell had gone through the ignition module, soldered each suspect joint, and presto, she started! We thus proceeded to the starting line-up for the "short" course for a 4:30 run.

Much to our surprise, Jim was timed at 111 MPH.



The Super 8 Motel J2 Special in tow after a run down the flats

How could that be, since he held his revs in the 135 MPH range? Tire slippage on the salt was later found to be the culprit – and was factored into the equation for future runs.

Monday, 8/14: Jim made two runs to attain his first two category licenses. The second run, in the mid-160's, had the

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Tiller's Bonneville Odessa – 2000

engine starving for air. Good Buddy Bob, tin-snips in hand, suggested some cuts in the J2's bodywork to permit more intake air. This done, the next run saw 187 before the engine engine again ran out of air. Enter Good Buddy Bob and his magic tin-snips for even further modification.

Tuesday, 8/15: A large Super 8 Motel sign, painted on a 4' X 6' sheet of aluminum, greeted me when I arrived at the pit this morning. "Where the hell did that come from?" I ask. "Behind our motel." "Do they know you have it?" "It was next to the rubbish bin, so they must have wanted to get rid of it." was the reply. British logic – no further questions needed.

Bits of the sign were cut off to make rear spoilers, and holes were cut in the body behind the rear wheels to relieve air build-up in the wheel wells, and more holes were also cut into the front ductwork. Alan was busy lowering the front suspension, and had to cut into the front fairing to do so. While this was going on, a British TV crew arrived, and Jim provided them with a narrative of what we were trying to do. They took some special interest in the Super 8 proceedings, and Jim obliged them by penning a credit to Super 8 Motels on the side of his J2.

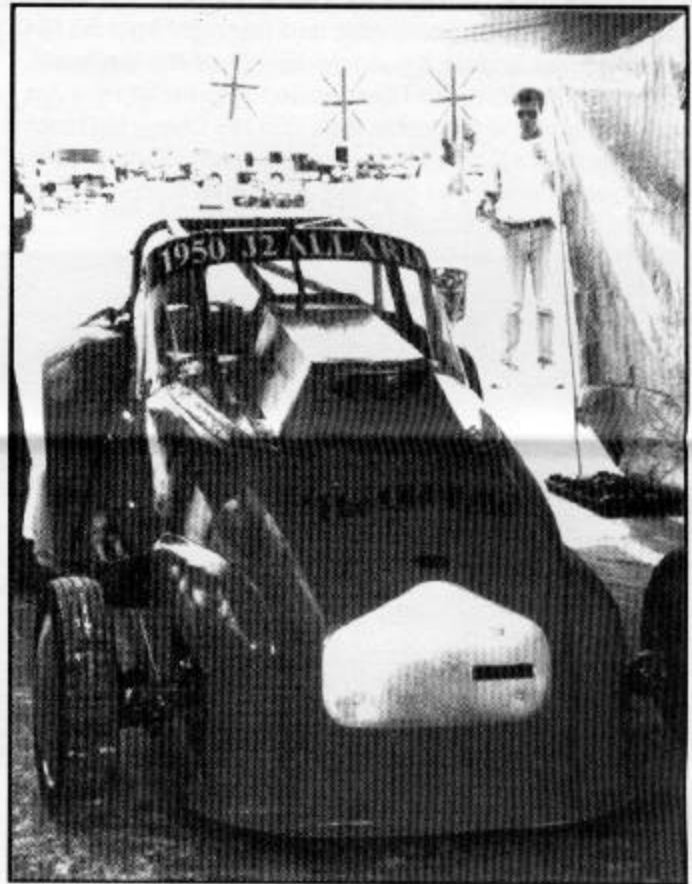
Jim's mid-afternoon run ended with a spin-out at 160. He figured that lowering the front suspension reduced toe-in, causing the spin. There were also reports that water was being drawn up from the underlying mud on the course, making the salt slippery.

Wednesday, 8/16: I discovered 6 bars of pig iron stowed in the rear of my Suburban this morning. I was to learn that they had been acquired from the nearby Union Pacific rail yard some time the previous evening. It seems that Good Buddy Bob reckoned that Jim's spin-out was caused by a lack of weight on the front wheels, so the better part of the morning was spent stowing the iron in all the available places over the front wheels. Two more bars kept Jim company in the cockpit as he made a run, only to spin out again.

Good Buddy Bob reappeared back at the pits, remarking "Still not enough weight over the front wheels. And you could also use a tail fin." As Jim and Alan went to work on the weights, Robin Beech and I fabricated a tail fin from the remnants of the Super 8 sign. Jim got in one more run – 193, and no spin-out. We called it a day

Thursday, 8/17: Jim decided to give Julie Hassell and Sheila each a chance to have a run. Both ladies ran a respectable 152. Later that afternoon, Jim did his final run – where he was officially timed at 197.3 MPH. No runs tomorrow, so we started to pack up. Speed Week 2000 was over.

Friday, 8/18: Back on the salt for the last time to load the rest of the gear on the trailer and head off the flats. A local entrepreneur set up shop with a huge water tank and battery of pressure washers at the beginning of the paved road. We wait our turn, and presently are relieved of \$42 and about fifty pounds of crusted salt from the Suburban and Jim's J2.



"The Old Fella" with slight modifications

Jim, Sheila, and their J2 are now back in England. While the effort fell a short of Jim's goal of 200 MPH in a J2 Allard, 197.3 was much faster than the wildest dreams of many skeptics, and was definitely a Land Speed Record for Allardom.

Jim wanted to set an Allard speed record that would stand for his lifetime, and I think he has. His next goal is to better a one-minute lap at Silverstone, and I intend to be there for that one too. The English weather is cooler and less sunny, and the beer selection is definitely better. Staytuned.

Dear Allard Enthusiasts

We are gratified by your response to our recent appeal for articles and photos which made up the bulk of this issue. They have given us a good head start on the Winter edition. We want to continue to encourage you to forward stories about your cars, Allard-related events, and memiors.

We have recently gotten some more indications that much of the content of the SOURCES and CARS FOR SALE sections have become somewhat obsolescent over the years. We are currently in the process of re-thinking formats for sharing current information with you, and would appreciate hearing your thoughts about this.

The Hon. Sec. Turns 90!

The Hon. Sec. Ray May celebrated his 90th birthday on the 30th of July and a jolly one it was, indeed. As most of our readers know, Ray founded the *Allard Register* and has been a guiding hand on it for a quarter of a century. His untiring enthusiasm has been shared with many of us via thoughtful letters, and as the editor of the bulletin for at least twenty years before passing it along to yrs trly.

For this particular festive occasion, the court in front of the May house at Number 8 Paget Close in Horsham was adorned with a couple of Allards that a few of the *Register* lads drove down to West Sussex for the celebrations. We are told the gang spent the afternoon partying and sharing Allard and motorcycle stories. Ray had been a successful motorcycle racer in his youth, specializing in Nortons.

At end of day there was a dinner at the editor's favorite restaurant in Horsham, along with an informal group that makes up much of the influence of the West Sussex Conservative Council. Rob Cottrell reports: "There were 11 of us and we went to the Station Restaurant in Horsham. - - We estimated our total age at 750+ !!

Win and Ray had checked it out on Friday and established a rapport with the new manager

who was interested in Nortons and knew of Allards! We started with drinks at the bar and then went in to a long table they'd set up for us. The food was very good, the service discrete but effective (always difficult with a large, strong-minded group like this) and the whole evening went very well. It wasn't too late when we returned to No. 8 for a few drinks."

All in all it sounded to have been a marvelous day and we wish we could have been there. -jpd



The Honorable May celebrating 90 years of motoring

3000 FREEZING MILES IN A J2X (Continued from last issue)

With the top up, the wind no longer comes whipping over the windshield. That, coupled with the hot air blast coming up through the shift lever hole, improves my physical comfort immensely. But the trade-off is that now I can hear the constant whine coming out of the rear end. Just one more worrisome noise to add to the clunking U-joints, pinging engine, and rear body banging on loose brackets.

Lunchtime finds me in beautiful downtown Ozone, a wide spot in the road some two miles off I-10. Refreshed after a bowl of Texas chili and a flagon of beer to douse the fire, I commence to leave town with some local hotshoes as escort – mostly pickup trucks with fat tires, and one tired-looking Mustang with twin antennas and mud flaps. It's a terrible temptation to punch that old Buick and show these locals what Sydney had in mind when he invented this car, but I can't risk breaking something this far from home. So, I just force a smile, wave, and hold steady at 70 MPH. One by one, they peel off and head back to the local A&W to spread the word that the Allard was chicken.

Day Five greets me with snow blowing in around the windshield. Everything is white except me. I'm blue. Since the wipers don't work, snow builds up on the windshield. By popping the rear of the hood open with a

screwdriver, the engine heat begins to serve as a defroster – which lets the melting snow run under the weather stripping down on my freezing legs. Gangs of fun!

The snow finally stops one hour out of Deming, NM – and so does the fuel pump. Having learned earlier that SU fuel pumps could be revived with a good sharp rap, I found an appropriately sized rock and proceeded to beat it back to life. It worked. Since the fuel pump is mounted on the fire wall just above the clutch pedal, I kept the rock for future adjustments. One good whack on the mounting bolts every 400 miles was all it took.

But the old Allard is gradually falling apart. The hood hinge comes adrift, the left side exhaust gasket blows out, the body brace eventually falls off, the Florida license plate went missing some place in West Texas, and the mirror is succumbing to the constant vibration. The rear body section is screeching so loud I can no longer hear the ring and pinion whine. I tie a rag between the body and what's left of the missing bracket to muffle awful din.

The Arizona weather is starting to warm up, and so is the Buick. Gas stations are spaced 30 miles apart, so it behooves one to keep a wary eye on the temperature gauge.

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Allards Return to Mount Equinox 50th Anniversary 10 & 11 June, 2000

– By Jim Donick

The Mount Equinox Hillclimb was particularly special this year, as it was the 50th anniversary of this glorious fixture on the East Coast racing calendar.

Allards have always done well here, since it's a place that rewards horsepower and puts a premium on raw

to verify that God hadn't rearranged the mountain in our absence. He hadn't.

Girvin's Allard GT led the time sheets for the first set of runs - followed by Kim Eastman's Kurtis, Jerry Morici's Lotus, and the editor's Allard K2. All were under 5 1/2 minutes, with Girvin comfortably under the 5-minute mark. John Harden was next at just over 5 1/2 minutes. He lowered that considerably on his next run.

There seemed to be a few new bumps on entry to some of the corners and a number of folks noted that they nearly had a bit of a moment in several places. Bob Lucurell was well into a good run, but he backed off at the sight of caution flags warning of a stalled car near the crest. While that eliminated any chance of a fast time for Bob, it

may have saved him from more serious grief. The Allard's rear end had begun to feel a bit suspicious and a vibration had set in as he neared to top of the hill. It felt even worse on the descent, and examination at the bottom disclosed the two-rear axle locating arms to have bought the farm. It might have gotten ugly.

Pete McManus brought out the Ardent Alligator,
(Continued on Page 7)



Bob Lucurell blasting up Mount Equinox

courage - both well known aspects of Allards and of Allard driving. This year's running saw four Allards competing, and two of them - Girvin and Donick - finishing in the top four. Allard folks actually made up three of the top four finishers! Girvin - 1st, Harden - 3rd, and Donick - 4th. The two KI's of Jon Lee and Bob Lucurell made up to the rest of the Allard team.

Other Allard racers aboard alternative mounts were Syd Silverman in his Kurtis 500S, John Harden running the Lister Jag, Pete McManus with his "Ardent Alligator," and Bob Valpey atop his Studebaker Indy.

This annual pilgrimage is, for many, the best event of the year. The quality of the weather, the road surfaces, and the dinner were incidental to the overall value of the experience. We're mostly just happy to be there. This year, the dinner was moved from Johnny Seesaw's to the top of Bromley Mountain - site of the very first Hillclimb Banquet in May of 1950. Our host and bartender, Timothy Collins, proved charming and hospitable. The live music was pleasant and unobtrusive. The food was sublime.

Saturday's running got off to a late-ish start in hot and humid weather, with initial runs being taken for familiarization and, in some cases,



The McManus KI with the Ardent Alligator in the background

3000 FREEZING MILES IN A J2X

Since I can't trust the fuel gauge, I stop every 200 miles or so to fill up. One of the locals "allowed as I had owned one of these cars once. MG, ain't it?"

Dusk finds me pulling into Yuma, AZ. 629 miles since leaving this morning. Sunrise finds me and the old Allard burning up the desert towards Los Angeles and home. The day has warmed to 72, which necessitates stuffing rags around the shift lever to keep the engine heat from burning my right sock off. It's also time to remove the top, and 3000 miles of accumulated road dirt off the body. By golly, she's still red, and the chrome wheels fairly sparkle in the California sunshine. The car evokes friendly stares of admiration and an occasional war whoop from the local street racers on the LA freeways. Little do they know that this old warhorse is being led to the barn for a body-off restoration.

It's 1:30 PM on Christmas Day when I finally arrive home. Having called home to get the children off the streets and the garage door opened, we coast into this car's new home. Five days to cross the country hardly qualifies for a starting position in the Gum Ball Rally, but then they don't use 30 year old roadsters in the dead of winter either. I feel fortunate that I made it with no more trouble than a balky fuel pump and enough discomfort to remind me that I'm alive. A great tribute to the man who created such a tough old hoss.

Mr. Spur Gear (the World's Oldest Teenager) reports that he has researched the history of J2X 3162 through seven previous owners. In that, he learned that this car was first displayed at the World Motorsports Show in Madison Square Garden in March 1953. One of its owners, a 19 year-old, turned it into a dragster in 1957. His father worked in the experimental engine department of Buick Division, which gave him access to a variety of factory experimental engines. Those engines helped accumulate quite a collection of trophies over the next six years.

The car had a 401 cubic inch Buick Wildcat engine when Mr. Spur bought it, and he has continued the tradition of racing with Buick engines through six subsequent engine failures. Since he does all his own engine work, he grudgingly acknowledges at least partial responsibility for those failures. In his 21 years of ownership, the car has over 8000 race miles on the clock, and it continues to provide more than its share of fun for Mr. Spur, and entertainment for vintage race fans.

Old #65, arguably one of the most photographed Allards in the vintage racing arena, is featured in the 'ad' section of the novel, Montezuma's Ferrari by BS Levy, and was "Pick of the Litter" in the 2000/2 issue of Vintage Motorsport.

caw(the elder)

Allards Return to Mount Equinox

the old Collier brothers' Mercury-engined Riley Special that won Watkins Glen in 1949 at Mt. Equinox in July of 1950. He had it going well and it was the first time that the car had made the summit since that July afternoon fifty years ago. History is a grand thing.

Jon Lee was doing a super job in his K1, and he proved to be a gold mine of flathead speed parts sourcing information while we stood about on top of the hill between runs. His K1 looks truly fine in a fresh paint job. Bob Girvin's GT was sporting Hillborn injection, which is a work of art - and it seems to work pretty effectively as well. John Harden has always claimed that when properly set up the Hillborn unit is good for fifty to a hundred horsepower. Wow! The editorial K2 was making good power and put in a personal best time on the mountain. However, it began to develop gearbox ills that resulted in jumping out of second on the overrun - not real confidence inspiring.

Overall it was the usual superb weekend in one of our favorite places. We got to do a few other things besides just play cars and that was fun too. Carol and I did about thirteen miles of canoeing with Chris Campbell and Crane Eveland from The Vintage Connection - John Harden's guys, who look after Syd's cars. The experience was memorable as we watched them navigate the various rapids sideways, backwards, frontwards, and in nearly any other configuration one might imagine. We had no idea that "trick canoeing" was such a well-developed sport in Oklahoma.

Can't wait 'til next year.

The Allard Register

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Dean Butler's JR Wins at Goodwood

A recent e-mail note to Cottonwood Bob.

Did you hear that we won the early post-war race at Goodwood last week with my JR? It was really exciting, as we never thought we had a chance to do so well. We were up against the very best cars and drivers in Europe! The primary competition was C-type Jags, DB3S Astons, HWM-Jags, and various Masers.

The top four qualifiers were a C-type and two DB3S's - all well known, well sorted cars. Favored to win the race was Willie Green in one of the DB3S's. My car was driven by ex British F3 champ Martin Walford. He passed Willie Green on the second lap. Martin spun on the next to last lap, but Willie never did catch him.

The announcer did not even mention the Allard at the beginning of the race. He only talked about the Jags and Astons. Then, as we started to lead the race, his tone really changed! After the race people were incredulous - especially when we showed them the engine, which sports a Holley 4 bbl and stock cast iron intake manifold. We even use stock ignition

- and no dress-up stuff on the engine. It looks absolutely stock. The engine is a 390 with 12:1 compression, a mile street hop-up hydraulic cam, Carillo rods, stock crankshaft, and little more. The gearbox is a T-10, and we use a quick-change rear (which is a real advantage).

However, the real key to our performance was the suspension work done by Mick Moberly, who used to be Richard Attwood's chief mechanic. Mick runs a small (one man) race car set-up business here in the UK. He made a number of suspension adjustments to the JR and absolutely transformed it - beyond belief. And, it was done without making the car non-original. Mick changed the spring rates, lowered the rear one inch, lowered the front end 3/4 inch, and significantly changed the front end camber, and other suspension settings. My driver says it actually BEAT the Jags and Astons through the turns.

This winter we are going to do a number of things to attempt to improve the car - and go out and scare some more Jags and Astons.

- Dean

Birth of an Industry

- Excerpt from *New Zealand Congressional Record* - 1875

A new source of power which burns a distillate of kerosene called gasoline, had been produced by a Boston engineer. Instead of burning the fuel under a boiler, it is exploded inside the cylinder of an engine. This so-called internal combustion engine may be used under certain conditions to supplement steam engines. Experiments are underway to use an engine to propel a vehicle.

This discovery begins a new era in the history of civilisation. It may some day prove to be more revolutionary in the development of human society than the wheel, the use of metals, or the steam engine. Never in history has society been confronted with a power so full of potential danger and, at the same time, so full of promise for the future of man and for the peace of the world.

The dangers are obvious. Stores of gasoline in the hands of people interested primarily in profit would constitute a fire and explosive hazard of the first rank. Horseless carriages propelled by gasoline engines might attain speeds of 14 or even 20 miles per hour.

The menace to our people of vehicles of this type hurtling through our streets and along our roads and poisoning the atmosphere would call for prompt legislative action even if the military and economic implications were not so overwhelming. The Secretary of War has testified before us and has pointed out the destructive effects of the use of such vehicles in battle.

Furthermore, the supplies of petroleum, from which gasoline can be extracted in limited quantities, make it imperative that the defence forces should have first call to the limited supply. Furthermore, the cost of producing it is far beyond the capacity of private industry, yet the safety of the nation demands that an adequate supply be produced.

In addition, the development of this new power may displace the use of horses, which would ruin our agriculture. The discovery with which we are dealing involves forces of a nature too dangerous to fit any of our usual concept.