



Ted Jones of Anchorage Plastics (Warren, R. I.), Sidney Allard and Larry Richards with a new Allard sports car which served as a check point on recent New York rally (Photo by Owen-Corning).

Something New, Something Blue

By RUTH SANDS BENTLEY

"WE CAN'T TELL YOU where the secret check point is located," said Honorary Starter Sidney Allard and Activities Chairman Brete Hannaway as they smilingly sent off the first car, "but we will give you a clue. It's something new, something blue, and something very fast." Thus began "The Dam Rally," so-called because part of the route skirted Kensico Dam.

Organized by Brete Hannaway and Doc Samuel Scher, with the valuable assistance of Bill Baldwin and Mike Rodney, the two-hour drive through beautiful sections of Westchester County proved tricky, and none of us finished with a perfect score. Penalties included 10 points for each minute early, 5 points for each minute late, and 100 points for missing a control. Instruction sheets advised that the 45.7 miles had to be completed in two hours. This put the fast Jaguars, Allards, and modified MG's at a disadvantage, for a speed limit of 22.8 miles per hour

was too slow even for the Saturday afternoon traffic. In an attempt to reduce our average speed, several of us pulled up on the side of the road—beyond a curve—a few miles before reaching the second control. The handsome new Rolls-Royce of Dr. Osborn came barreling around the bend at high speed and, spying the parked cars, the good doctor braked suddenly.

"Is this a check point?" asked the doctor's wife.

"No, we're just killing time," called the driver of the ultimately winning Jaguar coupé. "We were getting to the control too early and didn't want to lose points."

"Oh, do you mean you have to arrive at a certain time?" queried the perplexed Mrs. Osborn. "We thought this was a race!"

That was one of the many amusing incidents of the day. After leaving the second control (Jim Pauley's

in Bankville, where each driver had to spot a gold Ford engine and collect used spark plug), we were routed on Banksville Road to Armonk. During this stretch, we came upon a man with a clip board standing by the side of the road. Behind him was a new and blue car. The car didn't look fast to us, but we slowed down. The man waved us on with, "Keep going, I've got you." That was all very fine until we got a few miles away and realized that he had not signed our record, a penalty of 100 points. "How does he know who we are?" we wondered. "Our cars are not numbered and he has no way of knowing our names." We kept going and, a while later, another man with a clip board loomed into sight. He too motioned for us to keep going. This was too much for one curious driver who stopped and got the answer, "What rally, Bub? We're just taking a traffic survey for the State of New York."

Minnie and Dave Mitchell manned

the control at Kensico Dam, where we were asked to copy down the wording appearing on the Memorial Marker. "We've driven over this road a hundred times," said Dave, "and so help me, we've never noticed this monument before."

We still hadn't found the secret control, and, as we drove on, we started running out of time. The last minutes of our two hours were ticking away and we were within a mile of the final control before we spied it—something new, something blue, and something very fast. It was the stunning new Allard Sports Car—then a "hush-hush" job. Genial British car-manufacturer Sidney Allard and his associate, Larry Richards, were in charge of the secret check point and must have been pleased with the reception given their new creation. Painted azure blue, this Fiberglas-bodied car has great eye-appeal. After the end of the Rally, Mr. Richards sent me off for a spin in the new car with Brete Hannaway, and we deliberately took corners very fast to see how it would react. While it is not considered a competition car, this sports machine with tubular chassis hugs corners as if on rails; its acceleration is of the champagne-cork variety; and the three-speed gear box moves up and down the range with equal smoothness and ease. With Allard front suspension and a rear suspension



Young Mr. Sammis and his navigator are sent off in their TD by Sidney Allard and Brete Hannaway (Photo by Ruth Sands Bentley).

that is almost identical with the Aston-Martin, the passenger has a comfortable yet *safe* ride. The net weight of the car is 1860 pounds, and the wheelbase is 96 inches. This particular car has a Ford Zephyr engine, but the buyer will have his choice of a Zephyr or Consul, and the car's price should be under \$2900. The Consul engine will be sleeved to under 1½ litres, 1490 cc. The Fiberglas body was made here in the United States. Mr. Allard insists that this prototype is not a competition car, but he says they

are making a competition car on the same chassis and fitting a 1490 cc. engine that will develop approximately 80 brake horsepower. Both the sports and competition versions can be ordered with either Fiberglas or aluminum body. Top-speed figures are not being released, but we do know the present car has exceeded 100 miles per hour. Looks as if the competition type will be a class winner!

Most of the 42 rallyites were so fascinated with the new Allard that they forgot about the final control and arrived there late. Tex Asche, rabid Allard enthusiast, asked on arriving at the final control minutes late, "How can you *possibly* stop at the secret control and arrive here on time?" He and his beautiful wife, Jeanie, lost 210 points! They, however, did not lose the greatest number of points. There were four cars exceeding their record, and the winner of the booby prize actually lost 570 points.

After the last car checked in, every one moved to the Greenhaven Inn for cocktails and prize-giving. The drivers and navigators of the three winning cars were:

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Grainger, Jaguar Coupé, only 15 points lost.
Messrs. Morris Carroll and Bill Dresser, Jaguar XK-120, —20.
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Collette, MG TD, —25.



Minnie and Dave Mitchell (on right) await cars at Kensico Dam control (Photo by Ruth Sands Bentley).