

ALLARD

The Allard Register

No. 29

SPRING/SUMMER, 2000

Free

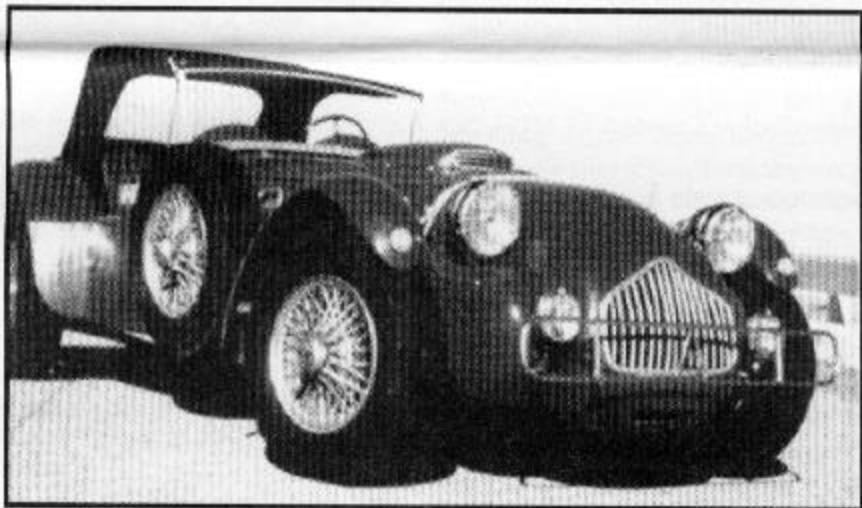
3000 FREEZING MILES IN A J2X By SPUR GEAR

The first Allard J2I saw was racing at Palm Springs in 1951. It left a lasting impression on me, and after 30 years, I finally decided to get one of my own. My search eventually led me to a J2X in Florida—some 3000 miles east of Los Angeles. I considered several options for getting it back here, and finally decided to drive it. After all, that's

what I bought it for. No matter that it was 29 years old, I had never seen it in the flesh, and the owner knew nothing of its mechanical condition or history.

So, armed with a one-way ticket to Tampa, I packed two suitcases—one filled with every piece of cold weather clothing I owned, and the other with tools. As it turned out, "sunny" Florida's temperature that December morning was sitting at 22 degrees F.

The Allard was sitting in front of its garage, overlooking a beautiful river. Despite the dead battery and the empty tank that reeked of rancid kerosene, it seemed poised to pounce on any unwary pedestrian. Once I installed an over-sized battery and filled the tank, the old Buick engine



sprang to life. Or maybe "sputtered" is a better term. Either the accelerator pumps of the twin four-barrel Carters were stuck, or the old girl was super cold. Maybe both. The leather hold-down straps were long gone, so I lashed the hood down with bungee cords attached to the front

shocks. I gave a hearty rap to each wheel spinner with my lead hammer, waved a hearty "good-bye" to the car's ex-owner, and headed for the freeway. On the way I had a rare opportunity to begin sorting things out. Now let's see. I'd better keep her in low and second 'til I reach the on-ramp. The transmission appeared to be a Ford three-speed with no boot around the shift lever. If it gets too windy, maybe I'll stuff a few rags up into that hole. But what's that "clunk" coming from the rear end? A limited slip rear axle? a bad U-joint? or worse??

Once I was sure its wheels were pointed straight ahead, I took a furtive glance in the mirror and ran it up through the gears. Wow-wee! Now that's acceleration! Someone must have tinkered with that old Buick engine before it left GM. The first two gears were enough to scare the pee-waddin out of your average driver. I recall getting a flash off the tach at 4600 as the speedo needle swung around 90. I began to wonder what TOP gear would produce. But that remained an item of speculation, since a bad front wheel shimmy came on at 80 MPH. So, I was resigned to running a mundane 79 the rest of the way to California.

ALLARD is Featured Marque at NHIS Vintage Celebration

August 2 - 6, 2000

New Hampshire International Speedway
Louden, New Hampshire
See Page 4 for Details

(Continued on Page 2)

3000 FREEZING MILES IN A J2X

As I head north, I pass through endless miles of pine forests and frozen-over swamps. Cold, cold! Good thing the sun is shining. Even so, after fifty miles, I am convinced I am freezing to death. The hole next to the shifter is providing an abundance of hot air to my right leg, but nowhere else. Two hours later, I stop for gas and a gallon of hot coffee. Both feet are asleep, fingers are numb, and I think my ears have fallen off. Other than that, I'm in great shape. Nothing like a roadster in the dead of winter.

Back on the road, children wave, middle-aged folk stare shamelessly, and the oldsters just gawk in admiration. Tallahassee comes into view with its promise of a hot toddy, a warm meal, and a cozy bed. Checking my notes, I see I have made 278 miles since leaving at noon. And the old Buick is just loafing along, drinking fuel at a modest 13 MPG. Not bad.

Theft-proofing the car at night is a chore. Earlier, I had chain locked the spares to the body, but the other bedtime rituals included removing the coil wire - chaining one front wheel to the frame, and enveloping the entire car with a cotton cover to hide it from inquisitive and possible mischievous eyes.

The next morning, after fueling myself with a good measure of southern grits and eggs, and the Allard with a quart of oil, I set forth on my first full day of travel. The 6 AM temperature stands at 17 degrees F. Much too cold for my #10 weight blood. Nevertheless, the Allard and I resume heading west on I-10. My snow cap is jammed down around my ears, held in place by a fleece-lined aviator's helmet strapped under my chin. Still, the wind comes over the windshield with a vengeance and soaks right through my down jacket.

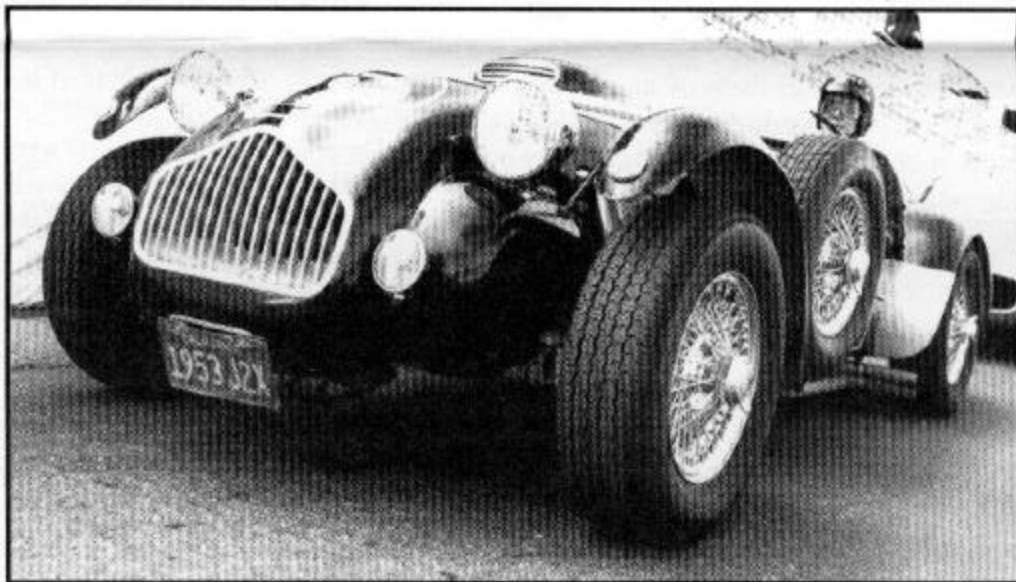
The water temperature is 210, the oil 205. The radiator is mounted at a 45-degree angle to the airflow, so chances are not too much air is passing through the core. I wonder what these temps would be on a normal day. But then, I seem to recall that these Buicks were known to run a little hot, even when new.

The traffic is light, the highway is straight as a string, and virtually no side roads. A pity I can't open this thing up, but each time the speed reaches 80, the front wheels start dancing a jig on the pavement. The wire wheels are running true, so I suspect it's just a lack of balance with the rather new rear tires.

What's this? The engine starts to miss on the outskirts of Pensacola. Seems like a plug miss-fire, so I run into town for a look-see. No telling how old those plugs might be. The engine dies at the first stop light. Dead battery. I lift the hood and see that the hood has shorted across the battery posts and melted the cables out of their clamps. It's a wonder the aluminum hood didn't curl up like a potato chip. Once I installed new cables, insulated the underside of the hood, and replaced the fuse on the Lucas voltage regulator, I'm back on the road again.

Water, water, everywhere. Frozen over. The whole state of Florida must be under water. Seems strange to see trees growing straight out of the water... even more strange to see them growing out of the ice. I zoom through Alabam', Miss'ippi, and on into Lou'siana. Still passing through endless swamps with trees crowding to the very edge of the roadway. The oil and gas wells become more dense. It's a sight to see the unattended pump rigs mounted on platforms ten feet above the water, with no access other than by helicopter or airboat.

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Cottonwood Bob at pre-grid, Laguna Seca '99

- Colin Warnes

Ikepod Watkins Glen Grand Prix Festival - - 1999

by jpd

My wife, Carol, and I had the chance to do the Ikepod Grand Prix Festival right this year. We had the honor of representing the Vintage Motorsports Educational Foundation by displaying their 1952 Allard J2X on Franklin Street, which included a reenactment of the original Watkins Glen Grand Prix course. It was truly a hoot and certainly one of the high points of the weekend.



The Lucurell's in their Hemi-powered K1

Imagine 120 or so vintage racers lined up nearly the entire length of Franklin Street as they take off in a blaze of glorious sound and fury to re-run the original course. I guess it could have been hokey and contrived. It wasn't.

Racers from the SVRA event at Watkins Glen were lined up in the paddock around 4 PM and given the usual sorts of instructions - "Groupings by historic decade, '48 to '57, '58 to '67, etc." ... "this is done with the full cooperation of the police. So behave, and NO PASSING." The early cars, "heritage" decade, would be lined up at the front and would have the first lap by themselves. They would then return for a short period, and be accompanied by the others for an additional two laps. - "Expect a little more speed than last year, we have asked the police to put their young bucks in the cruisers leading the pack." By 4:15 we were on the road, the J2X up near the front of the "heritage" cars in company with the T-series MG's and Lucurell's K1. Cars from the other decades fell into line behind us, and represented everything from the usual club racers of their respective eras, to fairly modern endurance racers. "Eclectic" would have been an understatement.

A fairly sedate drive out of the track led us cross-country to the old course, which we picked up just below the stone bridge. From there it was around the back half of the course and down into Watkins Glen in a cloud of engine noise and exhaust - running down Franklin street between the

throngs on either sidewalk, and providing some small hint of what race day in 1951 must have felt like. It was as dramatic an entrance to a party as this writer has ever attempted.

We parked on Franklin Street race grid fashion and spent the next couple hours basking in the hospitality of the crowd. Their enthusiasm and warmth were wonderful.

The Festival had succeeded in closing off most of the main drag. Thus, we were able to wander up and down the street - seeing old friends, listening to live music, inspecting the other cars, acquiring the odd bit of memorabilia, and even indulging in tasting of some of the local wines bottled in the Finger Lakes. (This latter indulgence, by the way, was mostly limited to our fearless navigatrix. It wasn't exactly "Dutch courage," but she seemed surprisingly relaxed at speed in the Allard when we finally got out on our reenactment.)

By about 6:15 the crews were directed back to their cars. We stood for the singing of the Canadian and American national anthems, then belted in for our standing start after the obligatory "Gentlemen, start your engines." We were sent off with a wave of the green flag and sped down the Franklin Street in two columns, with the starter all but dancing as he waved the green flag dramatically. The columns passed on either side of him as was the case with his predecessor, Nils Mikelson, in that same spot nearly fifty years ago. There was a brave man.

We bent the cars into the right-hand turn up the hill, and poured on the noise for the benefit of the spectators. The J2-X was started behind the MG-TC's of Canadians Bob Grunau and Frank Mount, Pete McManus' Ardent Alligator, and Jerry Lettieri's ex-Duntov/Turner Allard J2. The three Allards soon passed the MG's and joined in formation. While this was mostly for the benefit of the photographers, it did give us a chance to have a little fun and provide a bit more entertainment for the spectators. The run through the downhill esses that lead to the famous stone bridge was particularly exciting, and gave rise to appreciation for what Erwin Goldschmidt and the others had accomplished at much higher speeds so many years ago. Soon it was over the bridge and into a hard right.

From there it was down to the railroad crossing that George Weaver, John Fitch, and the others had taken with

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ALLARDS AT THE VINTAGE CELEBRATION

New Hampshire Int'l Speedway

Louden, NH

August 2 - 6, 2000

New Hampshire International Speedway, located 10 miles north of Concord NH, will host its 10th Vintage Celebration – a five day vintage auto event featuring oval racing, VSCCA road course action, vintage motorcycle racing, open auto show, and *"The Elegance"* Concours d'Elegance. *"The Elegance"* is an invitation-only event, and one of the finest displays of automobiles assembled in the Northeast.

This year's Featured Marque for *"The Elegance"* is the Allard automobile. We would like to assemble a field representing this great piece of auto history. Therefore, we extend this invitation for you to bring your Allard. *"The Elegance"* will be held Sunday, August 6.

As a participant in *"The Elegance"* you and your guest will receive a VIP pass, which entitles you to:

- *Vintage Races – viewing from the grandstands.*
- *Saturday night dinner hosted by the Bahre family.*
- *Use of the air conditioned NHIS suite on Sunday for food, open bar.*
- *Five days of infield pit passes.*
- *Parade Lap (optional) on Show Day.*

Come and celebrate the "Blacksmith's Revenge" at New Hampshire International Speedway. Entry deadline is July 1 (*but if you're a few days late, tell them it's the AR publisher's fault*).

Allard Coordinators

Jon Lee, ME	207/442-7819	jonlee@clinic.net
Andy Picariello, MA	508/420-2914	afpic@cape.net
Pete McManus, PA	610/459-8918	allardun@aol.com

The Long Road Back for an Allard in Australia by Chris Lowth

Around Easter '99, I got a phone call from my father-in-law about an Allard saloon that may be for sale. Having never heard of an Allard saloon, I rang the owner who confirmed it was a P series, and gave the impression that it was the actual car that won the Monte Carlo rallye. He also implied that it was just about ready to drive away. Whilst believing it was beyond my price range, we went along to see it.

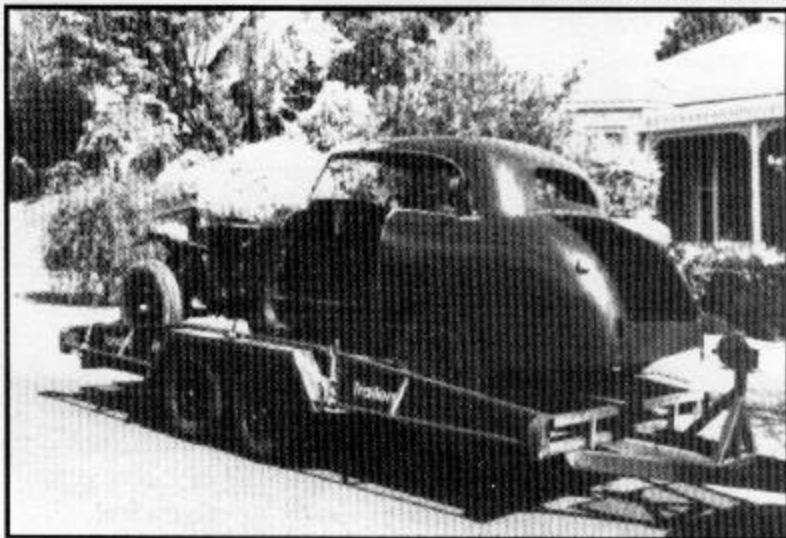
What greeted us was "an old tin shed" down an overgrown driveway, where we found the Allard and a 1938 Austin parked in the dark, dusty surroundings. It was a bit like entering a time capsule. Both cars were in very poor condition with the doors hanging off, tyres flat, covered in dust, interiors full of rubbish, rats, bird nests, and the like. Despite their looks, we made the decision that both could be saved. After four weeks of negotiations (the owner was a Scotsman), we ended up buying both – I the Allard, my friend the Austin.

The big day dawned, with the first job being to empty the full trunk of the Allard. This provided a treasure trove of parts, original paperwork, and 30+ year old newspapers. The big surprise was that after 20 years, the tyres actually inflated!

Once we got home, the next job was to remove the remaining rubbish from the car (now christened "Sydney") which uncovered more parts for the car. These included a bundle of wood, which was saved from the rubbish heap when we realized it was a large part of the interior trim.

Shifting our attention to the motor, we soon learned that the aluminium heads had "welded" themselves to the block – a process that had likely been augmented by 30 years

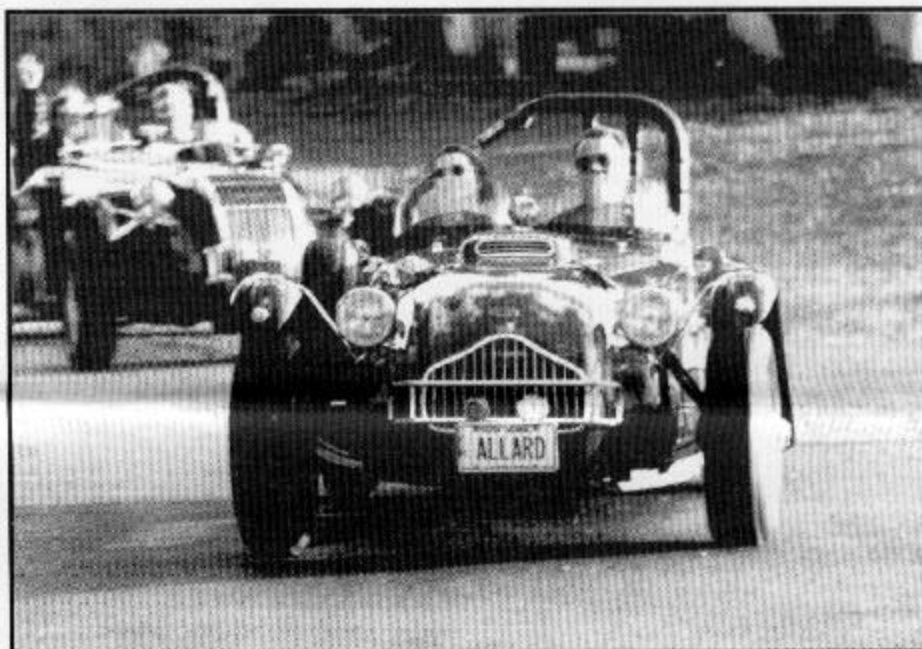
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Ikepod Watkins Glen Grand Prix Festival - - 1999

four wheels in the air. We slowed down to first gear and crossed gingerly. Then, with a blast on the loud pedal, we were heading for the long right hand sweeper above the town with its breathtaking views of Seneca Lake. All too quickly we were on the steep down hill section that leads to Milliken's corner, and then a 90-degree right back onto Franklin Street.

The view of the crowds as we finished those last corners and headed to the finish line was beyond compare. How it was ever done for real - and at serious racing speeds - just overwhelms the imagination. My wife is still smiling.



Jim and Carol Donick leading the Allard pack

Bob Harrington

The Long Road Back for an Allard in Australia

of rusty water in the cooling system. A week of soaking in penetrating oil and some muscle got them off to disclose what appeared to be sound pistons and no evidence of rust in the bores. The lubricating system got the next attention with the external oil filter unit being discarded and the ancient sump oil being replaced. Whilst the oil smelt terrible, at least it was free of water. After two months of hard work, the big day came when we fired the "beast" up for the first time in 30 years.

Over the next few months a check was done of the brakes, clutch, and like which, despite the long rest, were in remarkably good condition.

Next came the bodywork - with removal of all the instruments, interior lining, steering wheel, and sundry parts. Apart from being spray painted over by the previous owner, the steering wheel and instruments were found to be in excellent condition. The roof lining had also been oversprayed, and obviously had to come out. Pulling the lining out produced a cloud of what appeared to be saw dust! On closer examination, we found that the roof frame had been the main course for wood borers, and it crumbled to the touch. The end result was the removal of the affected parts without disturbing the panels too much, and replacement of

the pieces with marine grade plywood which should prove stronger than the original, will be rot-proof, and not liable to shrink.

Due to the aluminium it was decided that plastic bead blasting would be the best method of stripping the old paint. This is where trouble began when we found filler up to an inch thick, and signs of major panel damage in the past. We also found that a past sand blasting episode had caused substantial damage to the panels.

It was then found the doors were too big for the door holes, which explains why the doors were hanging off when we bought the car. Peeling back the aluminium panels from the door jambs disclosed prior attempts to cure wood rot by covering the wooden framing with up to a half inch of fibre glass, swelling the overall size by up to one inch! As the timber disintegrated when the fibre glass was removed, we have had to make the frames by trial and error.

With the framing fixed, the rest of the body work is getting attention, with the hope of having the car on the road in 2001.

Dear Allard Enthusiasts:

One of our goals is to produce the Allard Register on a quarterly basis. However, we sometimes have some difficulty maintaining that schedule for a number of reasons, including:

- The demands of our day jobs sometimes interfere with our personal priorities.
- Your publisher is still struggling with the mysteries of the PageMaker program.
- A lack of Allard-related stories, articles, and photos.

This 3rd point – the lack of Allard-related material – is the primary reason for the tardiness of this issue. You can tell we're getting desperate when we end up calling on the likes of Cottonwood Bob and our own kinfolk for material.

Thus, we are issuing an appeal to all you Allard folks to be forthcoming with some of these stories you have been harboring, pondering, and embellishing. You don't feel you can write? Don't worry about it. Just send us the facts and a few anecdotes, along with some photos – and we'd be happy to work with you on "fleshing it out." Some general guidelines are:

- The primary subject and focus needs to be on Allards.
- We try to hold items to a 1200 word limit.
- For space purposes (and a few other reasons that make sense to us), we reserve the right to do some editing and cutting.
- Please direct submissions to the Publisher, Chuck Warnes. MS Word submissions by disk or E-mail are appreciated.

Sincerely,

Jim and Chuck

3000 FREEZING MILES IN A J2X

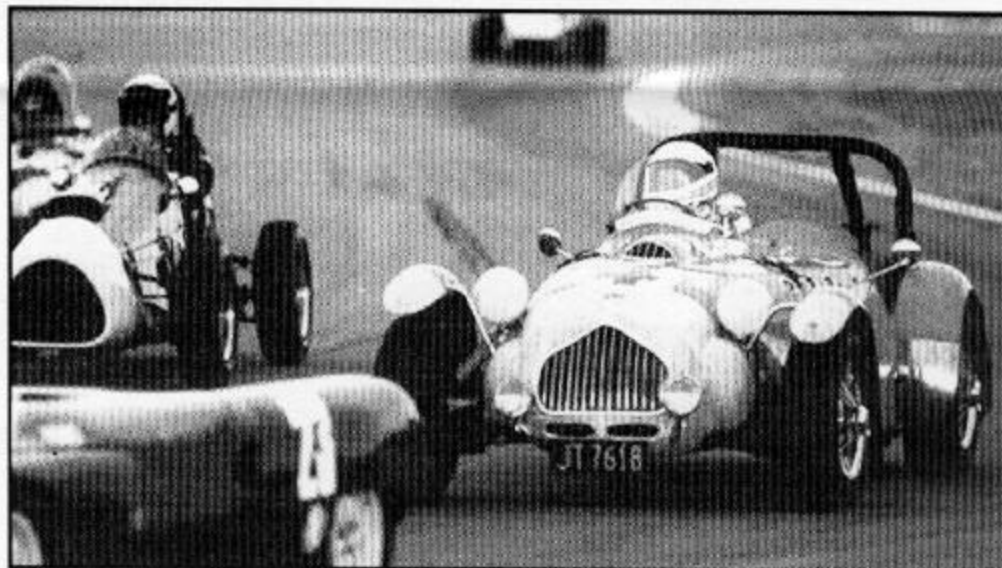
It's getting dark, and still fifty miles to the next town. I fumble with the toggle switches on the dash trying to find one that turns on the lights. Thank God for small miracles, they work – even though they hit the roadway about twelve feet ahead. Who cares? I have a brilliant moon, no traffic, and a straight road. 459 miles today.

This top-down roadster and I are trying to dodge rain clouds much of Day Three. As we enter one that we couldn't dodge, I discover that the wipers don't work. Folks look at me like I must be crazy as I'm leaning out with my face in the driving rain – and I'm beginning to wonder about it too. The front tires are also throwing water into the cockpit, and I had no place to hide. Just imagine trying to drive with a garden hose pouring cold water on you.

The weather starts to improve in East Texas. As I pass through Houston, the temperature sign on a bank says 64, and the temperature sign in the Allard's dash says 225. Not to worry, the 15 pound pressure cap will raise the boiling point to at least 250 – I hope. Anyway, she isn't losing any fluid.

The next day begins with blue sky and brilliant sunshine – however only 20 degrees. After two hours of deepening sunburn on my left side, and frostbite on my right, I decide to have a go at erecting the top. I find a rest stop where I can spread the top out and try to figure out how it attaches to the car. Even though it's nearly 30 years old, it appears to have never been used. Even the side curtains are in good shape. Too bad I can't install them, but someone had removed all the attaching pins from the windshield posts.

To Be Continued ...



J2 Allard "Down Under" followup from last issue. Rob Boulton and the Crazy Kiwi Masking Tape Monster running to a win at the Southern Festival of Speed - Dunedin NZ

Allards on the Internet

No longer do Allard owners have to wait until the arrival of the next *Allard Register* or the next vintage race gathering to get their Allard "fix." The Internet is offering Allard owners across the world fast and easy access to the information they seek. All you need is a computer with a modem, and access to the Internet via America Online or a local Internet Service Provider (check your local phonebook). Once you are connected to the Internet, there are a number of "web" sites hosted by folks like you that are willing to give advice, exchange pictures, and even sell car parts. Although there is a vast array of information pertaining to almost every type of automobile, the following paragraphs will detail four specific areas of the Internet that will help you become a better Allard owner.

In early February of 2000, Larry Young of Tulsa, OK signed up with E-Groups, an Internet hobby forum, to provide all Allard owners and enthusiasts with an Internet meeting place to share advice, one-up each other, and brag about their cars. The web site can be accessed by typing: www.egroups.com/group/Allards in the address bar of your Internet browser. Larry owns 3 Allards: a 1948 M-1, 1949 M-1, and an un-restored 1951 K-2. He states that the purpose of the group is to provide, "A discussion of all things related to the Allard automobile. The preservation and enjoyment of the Allard, maintenance and restoration tips, spare parts, and events." Once at the site, you can join the list (which currently boasts at least 20 Internet-savvy Allard owners). All new postings are e-mailed to the members giving them the opportunity to reply back if they wish. If you want an easy and affordable way to communicate with an international group of Allard enthusiasts, please visit the website and follow the instructions to join the list!

www.ebay.com is undoubtedly the biggest auction house in the world. Ebay gives any Internet user the ability to buy and sell almost anything including clothes, antiques, human organs, books, and even cars! Once you are on the site just type "Allard" in the search bar. In a few seconds at least 30 items with the word "Allard" will appear. Beware though, roughly half of the items will be clothes designed by some gal Linda Allard. The other items should pertain to Allards (of the automotive kind) memorabilia such as original brochures, pins, badges, art, old magazines, and models. On at least two occasions Allard owners have tried to auction their cars on the site (however it is not known if they were successful). Just click on any item that interests you and a new screen will appear with the bid amount, seller information, item description, and hopefully a few pictures. You can also search for other items that pertain to Allards such as: Hemi/Cadillac/flat head engine parts, wire wheels,

- by Colin Warnes

old MG/Jaguar/Ford parts, Smiths gauges, Lucas switches, etc. I could go on for a few more pages discussing the finer points of Ebay, but I won't – just go there and see for yourself!

Allard owner Gary Peacock hosts two web sites that offer Allard enthusiasts all the Allard pictures, history, and automotive links their hearts could ever hope for. To access Gary's sites just type:

<http://community-4.webtv.net/raydonggp/PeacockBlue/index.html> or

<http://community-4.webtv.net/k3x/AllardAlley/> in the address bar of your Internet browser. Gary's web sites boast many Allard pictures that have been donated by their modest owners. Because there are so many pictures on these two web sites - the pages take a *looong* time to load depending on your connection speed. In addition to pictures, Gary's web sites also offer many interesting links to other web sites catering to vintage automobile enthusiasts. If you would like to see your Allard on the Internet, e-mail Gary a scanned picture (Jpg preferred) of your Allard to: raydonggp@webtv.net.

We also invite you to visit John Allard's web site at www.ptinet.com/~jallard/allard.html which includes several Allard photos. It also includes a number of articles that present a comprehensive and insightful history of the Allard marque.

That completes the Allard tour of the World Wide Web (www) for now. If you would like to learn more about how to get connected to the Internet, get around on it, or just decipher its strange vocabulary – please feel free to write me via the publisher or send me an email at wwwarnes@qnis.net.

The Allard Register

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SOURCES: Parts, Services, Whatever...

MOTOR, SUSPENSION, MECHANICAL:

Brakes (& all the little parts):

- Catalog: Pegasus Auto Racing Supplies (414)782-0880
- Brake linings: TSI Automotive (419)384-3022

Allard Parts:

- PB Top Frame & Front Bumper Will de Rothschild(213)856-5101

Cadillac Parts:

- Cadillac Parts Bill Bradley (817)855-4650
- Early Cad Eng Racing Parts: Robt.Whitehead(501)855-0471

Chrysler Parts:

- 2/4 Carb Manifolds for early Chrysler (One never used) S300
- Four Carb Manifold w/carbs S460
- Charles A. Dresden (800)353-4750

Ford Parts:

- Motor, suspension: Antique Auto Supply-Stacy Brown (817)275-2381
- Ford Flathead heads & intake Edelbrock (213)781-2222
- McCollough Supercharger for Ford Flathead, good condition, orig. fuel pressure gauge: Yvonne Turner (817) 926-2808
- Tech.quesl (mechanic): Dewayne Grammer (903) 425-3182

Motor, Suspension, Race Parts:

- Catalog: Speedway Motors (402)474-4411
- (1" lug nuts & lots of other good stuff!)

Shift Lever Mechanism:

- K1 & early L & M Paul Kosma (601)393-2290

Wheel Studs:

- Catalog: Jegs (614)294-5050

Wheels:

- Disk & Special (not wire): Taylor Made Wheels (213)567-3998
- Allard Wire Wheel Spinner: British Wire Wheel & Wheel Service .. (408-479-4495)

Engines for Sale:

- Ardun-Ford Robert Whitehead (501-855-0471)
- Chrysler Hemi 331 & Ford gear box Lorna Aternus (315)858-2389

- Cadillac 331 Jerry Lettieri (860) 529-7177
- NOS Hydraulic Tappets for '53 - 55 Buick V8. \$50 + 5 S&H
- Pete McManus (610)459-8918

Instruments

- Smith NISONGER, Bob Castagnetta (914)381-1952

Grills:

- K1-L-M-P Colin Daniel
- Well Hill, 42 Lund Lane, Killinghall, ..
- Nr. Harrogate, North Yorkshire,
- England, HG3-2BQ

Rubber Parts:

- Catalog: Metro Moulded (800)878-2237

Trim & Lucas Electrics: • Moss Motors Tel: (800)235-6954

J-series grills, K3 bumpers and license boxes:

- Alan Tiley Tel 011-44-1737243812

MISCELLANEOUS:

Allard badges (from Allard Owners Club):

- Bonnet badge (front) £19 + postage
- Scroll badge (rear) £16 + postage
- (£2 to US)

AOC Membership £25

- Contact: Michelle Wilson
- Secretary and Press Rep., AOC
- 10 Brooklyn Ct., Brooklyn Rd.,
- Woking GU22 7TQ
- Tel and Fax 0181 874 1306

Allard Goodies! :

- T-Shirts, Clocks, Caps Gary Peacock (602)829-9499
- Embroidery & T-Shirts: Allard logo embroidered on ANYTHING; Underwear a specialty! Janet Kinzinger (248)685-1660)

Photos (Race):

- Gordon Jolley (SVRA) (404-368-1503)
- Alfred Manley (CA) (415-455-1168)
- Bob Harrington Photography, 1270 DeQuincy Crescent
- Burlington, Ontario L7P 1E4 Canada

CARS FOR SALE

J1	Roger Hayes (U.K.)	0280-847-182
J2	Ashton Marshall	(619) 299-3224
	H. Wheeler	(801) 775-0162
J2X-LeMans	Charles G. Love	B:(408) 459-2862
Repro J2X	Doug Berstein	(415) 777-9739
sK1	Pete McManus	(610) 459-8918
K1-Ardun	Alain Bels (France)	20-46-66-66
K2	Jonathan Bien	(201) 886-2710
	C. C. Lipscomb	(902) 538-1200
	Jack Stinson	(313) 363-3051
	C. S. Warner	(717) 295-1540
	Jack Wheeler	(619) 454-7210
	David Williams	P.O. Box 1572,
		Clemens, NC 27012
M	Larry Johansen*	(909) 793-0513
	Ross Marshal	(704) 526-5666
K3	J. S. Blaine	(810) 684-6444
L	Jim Donick	(914) 635-2373
	Frank Savage	(404) 929-3715
	Rick Percell	(619) 481-707
	John Reaves	(916) 663-2030
M-Project	Yvonne Turner	(817) 926-2808
	[Tech ques: Dwayne Grammer(903) 425-3182]	
P	Jerry Conti	(813) 447-2221
	Larry Johansen*	(909) 793-0513
	Andrew Leonard	(213) 454-0096
PB	L. O'Meara	16 Oakridge Dr.
		Granby, CT 06035
PB Mark II	Ted Jones	(401) 245-3300

*Note: Will sell only one of my two cars.

An Allard Story

Why, for heaven's sake, does one get interested in cars? After leaving school, I bought my first old-timer with the very first money I had earned - a '29 Citroen. During one of the rallies I participated in, I was struck by lightning when I saw a car bearing my own name - Allard! Finally, in Beaulieu, I saw an Allard K1 that was soon to be mine. The woodwork and aluminum parts were in a bad state, so I had them restored in England by a member of the AOC. The car is now in my garage, awaiting restoration of the mechanical parts.

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