

ALLARD

The Allard Register

No. 34

SUMMER 2002

Free

Amelia Island or Bust!

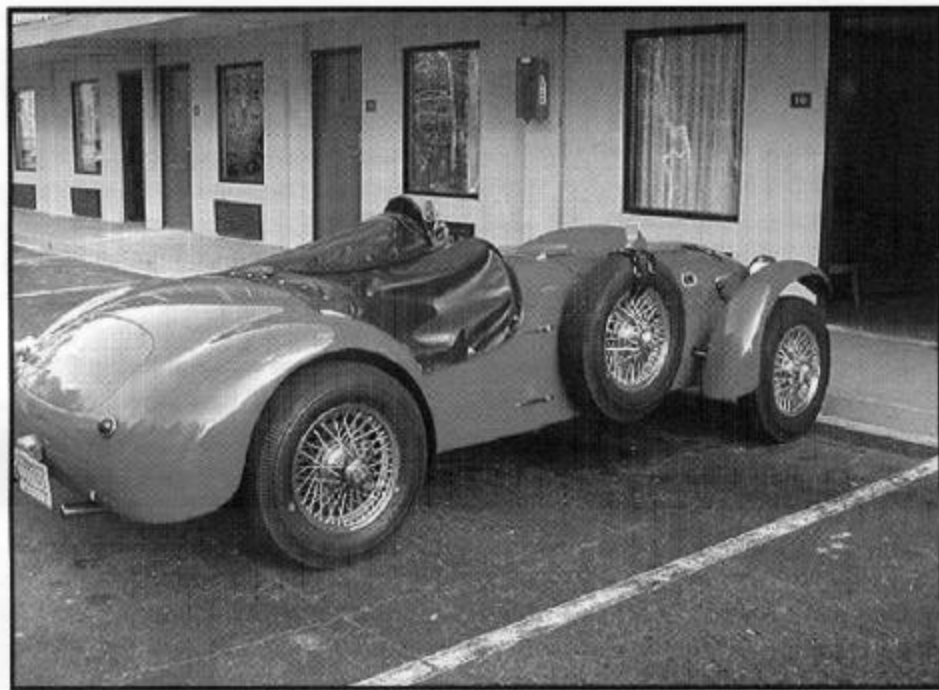
By Lindsey Parsons

My first experience with the Allard marque was at Bridgehampton in '51, where I watched the late Tommy Cole, driving John Perona's "El Morocco Club" Chrysler Allard J2, dominate the field. The car's performance was stunning at the time, especially to a humble MG TC driver such as myself. Although I subsequently added a super-charger to my TC and enjoyed some successes in club racing events, the Allards continued to tickle my fancy. I was determined to purchase one as soon as I could develop the necessary funds.

The next fall, shortly after the race at Watkins Glen, I ordered my Allard J2X from Major Seddon,

the New York representative of Allard Motorcars. I ordered it with a mildly tuned Cadillac engine, and specified the car to be red, with matching wire wheels, dark brown upholstery, and the spare in the rear rather than the usual side mounts. I also ordered a canvas top, and full windshield and wipers in addition to the racing windscreens. I wanted a machine that could be used every day, and could also be easily converted to racing configuration. The car, #3158, arrived in the spring of 1953, exactly like I ordered it.

The purchase was financed from the sale of my TC, some other meager savings, and all the money I could borrow. As a result, little was left for a racing program. While I did run in several SCCA National events in the summer of '53, the cost of any serious racing was well beyond my resources.



#3077 *reposing at a motel in Georgia - the evening after a chilly start from Richmond*

At that time I was just completing my junior year at Colgate University, and I put nearly 15,000 miles on it during that year. This included several long trips during that wonderful summer of '53, including a trip out to see my brother in New Mexico. It continued to be my daily driver throughout my

senior year - despite the fact that the winter months in upstate New York can be quite severe. I recall numerous occasions driving back from one or another evening frolic on snow covered and icy roads. On these occasions, a little libation often served as the substitute for the car's absent heater. I admit that these conditions left something to be desired as far as safety goes, but we did manage to survive it all.

It was with great regret that I was forced to sell the car upon entering USAF flight training upon college graduation in the spring of '54. I had no other way to satisfy the numerous debts I had incurred with the owner

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ship of the car. I did, however, pledge to myself that some day I would own another Allard.

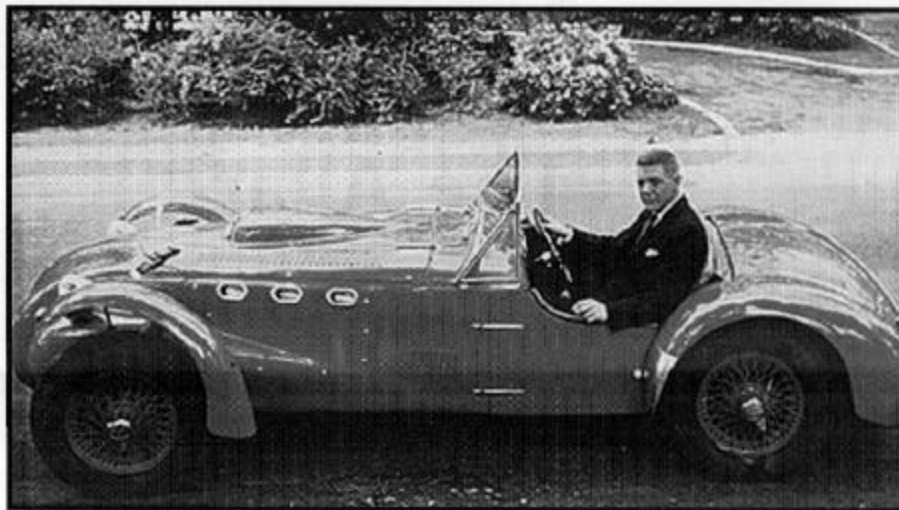
That day came in 2001. I had previously bid on three different J2X's at auction without success. I then had occasion to contact Bob Lytle, who told me of a car in Pittsburgh that might be available. It had been in Dr. Morris Gardner's collection for a number of years and had little recent use. I purchased #3077 within a week.

This car had left the London docks on October 4, 1952. It was ordered by Noel Kirk, the Allard dealer in Hollywood, CA, through Alan Moss, the Southern California Allard distributor. It was painted gray, with red leather interior, and was fitted with a Cadillac 331 cubic inch engine and Lincoln Zephyr transmission. Little is currently known about the car's history during the first 20 years, but Tony Gould of Florida was the owner in 1975. It was also owned by Don Marsh of Ohio for a few years, and was reportedly shipped back to England in 1989. It was subsequently repatriated via Richard Gorman (Vantage Motors of North Miami, FL), who sold it to Dr. Gardner in early 1990.

My primary interest in purchasing the car was for my own use. I have no objection to showing the car, but it MUST arrive under its own power. I am not at all attracted to trailer queen types that so often make up the field of the various car shows that I have attended. I therefore wanted to drive this car the 1800 mile round trip from my home in New Jersey to the Amelia Island Concours in Florida.

Although 3077's drive train seemed quite sound, much work was indicated, and we wanted to go over every system in the car to prepare it for the trip. When I first attempted to drive the machine, I found that I couldn't even sit in it properly. I have a prosthesis on my right leg, and it kept clashing with the Hurst shifter for the car's Muncie transmission. The Marles steering box certainly needed attention, as did the car's alignment.

Numerous other tasks were performed on the car, and we were nearly ready for road testing when we discovered that both front wheel spindles were cracked. It came as no surprise that original spindles for the Allard J2X are no longer available.



A dapper young Lindsey and #3158. 1953.

From what I can gather, Sydney either used Ford Pilot spindles, or else had some made specifically for the marque. My own belief is that they were adapted from something. Our solution was to get spindles from an early '50's Ford F-150 truck, which we machined and modified to fit, while still retaining the original Allard steering arm placement. Finding such F-150 spindles was a challenge in itself, but Hemmings lists several houses that specialize in old Ford car and truck parts. We obtained ours from Job Lot in Long Island, NY.

Fabricating new spindles took almost six weeks, which left us very short on testing time before launching off to Florida. Actually, we finished working on the car the very morning I left.

The trip down to Amelia Island was wonderful. Having been a long distance motorcycle rider in the past, often riding down to Daytona for "bike week" in previous winters, I had a good idea of how to dress for freezing weather in a car with no heater and only a pair of tiny windscreens.

As the tonneau cover over the right cockpit hid the speedometer and the tachometer gave out while I was still in New Jersey, I had little actual knowledge of my speed. I would pick the fastest cluster of cars on I-95, and simply hang onto them. I'm sure we spent most of the trip in the low 70's, with occasional passing events up into the low 90's. The car is SERIOUSLY fast, and a delight to drive. Having diligently worked on the front

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alignment, the Marles steering box, and rear end Panhard rod, the car responded by tracking with surprising stability.

The only technical problem I had in driving it on the trip is the constant necessity to be very careful with throttle movements. The throttle travel is very short, and with my prosthesis feedback on the knee for "feel." I could easily over throttle the car and spin wheels at virtually any speed. The car is a real tiger on torque!

I simply couldn't count the number of smiles and friendly gestures I received on the road. On numerous stops, the Allard would provoke much interest and engaging conversation. I'm sure that some thought I was insane. This was particularly so on the morning of the second day when a record 16 degrees F. was reported when I started out from Richmond VA. However, most people overlooked my mental condition and simply waxed forth their enthusiasm for those wonderful machines they remembered from the '50's - even if the Allard itself was a stranger to their memories. A few people even knew what it was, and were amazed to find one on the road!

It really felt great when, on the third day, I rolled up to the main entrance of the majestic Ritz Carlton Hotel on Amelia Island in a somewhat road soiled J2X, and unloaded my odd-shaped baggage to the waiting bell hops who were both delighted and somewhat awed that the car came under its own power "all the way" from New Jersey. Needless to say, the next few days spent at that great automobile event were certainly worth all the effort we had put in getting there. We met many interest

ing people, saw some great cars, and exposed the Allard to about a thousand different photographers during our four-day stay. The trip back was also great fun, but somewhat less pleasant due to a rather damp and rainy last day.

I had worked out a plan for the car when it got back home, and we got underway with that program as soon as we could. The only real trouble with the car during the Florida trip was a badly leaking rear main oil seal. We suspected that the rope seal was "spinning within its groove, and indeed, that turned out to be the case. Besides overhauling the engine's main bearings, we wanted to locate and install a longer ring and pinion ratio to reduce cruising RPM's. We thus replaced the 3.78 with a 3.54, and have also rebuilt the Muncie transmission. The engine is presently out of the car for an overhaul, and we expect to have the car back on the road in the next few weeks.

My immediate plan for the Allard is to take it on a leisurely trip out to my daughter's home in Monterey CA this summer. I hope to arrive in time to take in the Monterey Historics at Laguna Seca, and also visit friends along the way. In short, my itinerary is VERY flexible, and my idea is to stay off the interstates as much as possible.

God willing, I will have the car back here in New Jersey by fall, sitting in my garage next to my '48 MG TC. I plan to continue to use it as a frequent driver in the local area.

There's something great about using a J2X for grocery shopping!

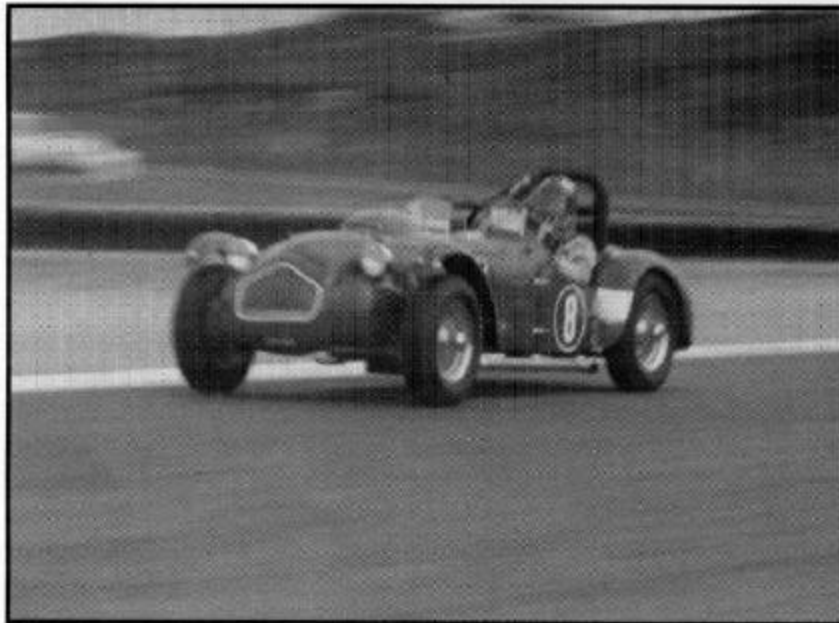


Lindsey in 3158, running in anger. Giant's Dispair Hill Climb. 1953

Monterey - August 2001

The Monterey Peninsula's vintage auto festival actually begins a week *before* the Monterey Historics with one of the region's best kept secrets – HMSA's Monterey "Pre-Historics" – a rather low key and laid back affair reminiscent of the Monterey Historic Auto Races of 20 or so years back. Fred Flintstone jokes aside, the "pre-historics" were established a few years ago to provide an opportunity for racers who were not able to make the MHAR entry list, and also a chance for MHAR entrants to become more familiar with Laguna Seca (recently renamed "Mazda Raceway at Laguna Seca").

The following Thursday is when THINGS



Mike Stott blasting down the main strait

BEGIN TO HAPPEN, with scrutineering and driver schools- activities that present a great opportunity for one to wander about the pit areas while also getting a chance to see and hear a sampling of cars getting some track time. Spectator tickets do not go on sale until the following day.

That same morning, about 90 Pebble Beach *Concours* entrants depart from the Del Monte Lodge on the *Tours l'Elegance*, a 44-mile trip around the Monterey Peninsula and Carmel Valley. Their route brings them back to downtown Carmel where they park for a leisurely lunch, presenting a rare opportunity for the masses to get up close and personal with an awesome cross section of the *PBC* entrants without shelling out Sunday's \$100 ticket price.

On Friday, *the Monterey Historic Auto Races* officially begin with scheduled practice sessions for all fourteen groups. Just to put the term "historic" in perspective, 8 of the 14 groups are for cars built in 1963 and earlier. Concurrently, the *Concours Italiano* gets underway at the Quail Lodge in Carmel Valley, just over the Los Laureles Grade from Laguna Seca.

Other weekend functions include at least three classic auto auctions (could be four or more, but we lost count), with the weekend climaxed by two premier events at Pebble Beach – the world famous *Concours d'Elegance*, and Christie's Auto Auction.

This year's Monterey Historics saw seven Allards representing California, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, and Tennessee; plus about twice as many Allard owners either running other equipment, or just seeking camaraderie and/or inspiration. It was good to see the Lamont Cochran's flathead J2 and Jimmy Dobbs' Arduin J2 holding their own among the rest of the pack in Group 4A.

Much of our attention during the race was drawn to the three Allards of Peter Booth, Bob Lytle, and Glenn Shaffer who occupied 9th, 10th and 11th place on the starting grid. Shaffer quickly pulled up to 8th spot, which he maintained behind a motley pack of six California-bred specials and a lone C-Type Jag. Lytle and Booth remained tight throughout the race, swapping places with some regularity almost up to the bitter end.

Booth was leading Lytle down the hill out of Turn 10, when Bob's "Nailhead" Buick dropped a valve, suddenly relegating him to bystander status a mere 1/4 mile from the checkered flag. Lytle was later heard to confess that this was his J2X's *sixth* blown engine in 22 years of vintage racing. Might be time for ol' Bob to start givin' some thought to either switching brands, finding a better mechanic, or developing a lighter touch on those six Strombergs. But, on the other hand ... how many guys have had as much fun vintage racing as Bob has over these past two decades?

There have been some intense negotiations between Steve Earle, founder and organizer of the MHAR, and Laguna Seca Management during the past few months. However, the parties have since come to a three-year agreement, with Corvette as the honored marque for the 2002 MHAR.

K3 Odyssey - Part One

By Rudyard Quisling

It was the first decent weekend in March, and I was out on the patio with a cold can of Pabst and a copy of Cormack McCarthy's latest novel. I was just getting into it, when the serenity of the quiet afternoon was rudely disrupted with the harsh bark of an unmuffled V8 from a nearby garage. I was both annoyed and baffled. It surely couldn't be from that proverbial Allard project – the one that had been cluttering up Jock's garage and serving as fodder for local scorn and ridicule.

I got up to investigate, and got to the street just in time to see the smoking, skeletal contraption lay a short patch of rubber as it lurched down the street. Jock held the wheel with his left hand as his right clutched at the end of a makeshift coat-hanger throttle. His long-suffering wife sat alongside, stochically securing the jury-rigged one-gallon "fuel tank" in place with her feet.

Despite Jock's career in the safety profession, I had good reason to suspect that he had embarked upon this venture without the benefit of license, insurance, seat belts, or brakes. This last point was confirmed when he came back around the block and herded the beast toward his driveway. He then yanked on the parking brake to no avail. A brief look of panic swept over his face. Only after he reached over the cowl to grab a fistful of wires did the balky critter finally jerk to a stop – half way down the block. A small crowd soon gathered to help him push the docile, steaming monster back to his garage – a benevolent act that also gave us chance to witness the flow of fine-tuned sarcasm roll off his wife's tongue.

The event brought back vivid memories of another Saturday morning – some 15 years earlier – when I found myself party to the task of extracting a motley conglomeration of junk from the constipated bowels of a seedy backyard shed, and helping transport it to his home.

He came over one Thursday evening in a state of excitement atypical for his Nordic temperament. "Hey Rudy! You'll never guess what I just bought!" he announced upon bursting in the door. Before I could respond, he blurted, "I got an Allard!"

"Oh?" I replied tentatively, as a cloud of disappointment developed around his eyes. I knew that a more substantial response was called for – *right now*. "Hey, that's great! ... But, uh, ... what's an Allard?"

His rolling eyes signaled my pitiable status among the unenlightened masses of this world. He promptly addressed my state by shoving a ragged, musty copy of *Road & Track* in my face. It was opened to an article about some English hot rods of days gone by. Thus, after a few minutes of his tutorial, I felt qualified to comment "Yeah. Looks pretty neat. Kinda mean lookin' with those cycle fenders."

"Well, no ... mine's not exactly like that. You see, these are J2's, which they built for *racing*. Mine's a K3, more like a GT, or a road car ... with a full envelope body and everything. Here, lemme find you a picture." He proceeded to fumble through *another* tattered issue of *R & T* to an article introducing Allard's new K3 model. Rather bulbous and sedate, especially when compared with the J2's bulges and contours that bordered on obscenity.

"Looks nice," I responded with forced enthusiasm. "Kinda like an MGB." Little did he know how often such exchanges would repeat themselves over the next several years. I have since coached a few people to respond with "Hey! Yeah! Wow! Looks like it mighta been a prototype for a Cobra!" A response sure to warm the cockles of Jock's heart, but it is also apt to subject one to lengthy anecdotes on the amateur phase of Carroll Shelby's racing career, and an exhausting monologue on the mechanical similarities between Allards and Cobras.

Anyway, I tried to mollify him by suggesting "You gonna take me for a ride this weekend?"

"Well, no ... not exactly," he replied. "Y'see, right now it's what you might call a 'basket case.' But, hey! A bunch of us are running over to pick it up Saturday morning. If you're free, we thought you might like to come along. It's only a few miles from here. Shouldn't take more than an hour or so."

No schedule conflicts conveniently came to mind, so I shrugged and said "OK, what time?"

"Oh, 'bout nine or so. We gotta go rent a trailer first. Your pickup's running OK, isn't it? We sure would appreciate it if you'd bring it."

"Aha." I thought to myself. I knew there was a catch to it.

The sight that greeted us among the gloomy shadows and decaying clutter of that old backyard garage was truly demoralizing. The battered mass of multicolored sheet metal and Bondo that lay next to

K3 Odyssey

an equally decrepit Auburn Speedster was hardly recognizable as a car. It took a real stretch of the imagination to discern any semblance to the magazine photos Jock had shown me.

Five of us spent the next hour moving a mountain of clutter before we could hook a winch line and drag the grimy chassis on its belly out to the daylight. Only then were we able to get a clear view of the mess. The front cowl looked like it had rear-ended a twin-screw cabin cruiser, and the rear was equally mangled. Much of the aluminum alloy skin bore deep scars of someone making an inept, angry - and possibly drunken - assault with a heavy-duty angle grinder.

The rusted and dirt-encrusted engine bay evoked an image of the unembalmed contents of a disinterred casket, and the '30-something Dodge truck rear axle was 'secured' in the general vicinity of the car's posterior with a chunk of rotting, oil-soaked rope. We eventually discovered the headless, frozen Chrysler hemi engine in pieces among the pile of clutter behind the Auburn. All four tires were atrophied in their flaccid state, and only two of the wheels would turn. If it weren't for Jeff's heavy-duty floor jack serving as a temporary rear axle, we might never have gotten the sorry mass loaded onto the trailer.

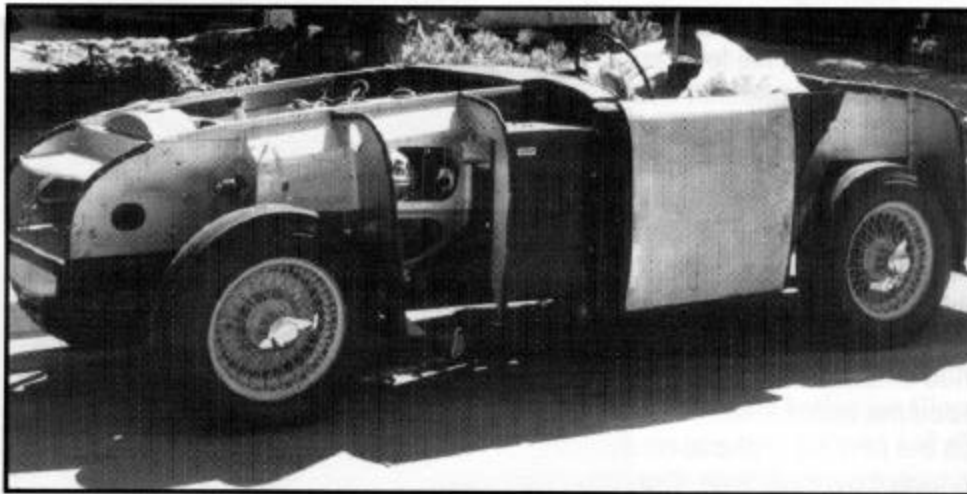
Jock's wife was out of town that weekend, and he hoped to get things securely ensconced in his garage before her return. However, as such projects are oft fraught with complication and delay, she got home in time to see five tired and frustrated guys struggling to drag the battered hulk and sundry parts into the garage - the stall where she had

normally parked *her* car. She remained surprisingly calm. At first anyway ... until she learned how the hapless fool had 'invested' their 1983 tax refund.

Most of Jock's spare time in the ensuing months was devoted to what he liked to call "re-research." Translated: trying to figure out how deep a mess he had gotten himself into. I might add that, while he does have some redeeming qualities, strong mechanical skill is not one of them. Couple that with a full time job and limited cash, I could expect that this restoration project might take a while

... provided he had the tenacity to stick with it.

He began in the library, where he located information about the Allard Owners Club. Hence, a letter was dispatched to the Honourable Secretary, Ray May inquiring about getting an Allard



That's a car!?

Shop Manual, and also the whereabouts of other Allard owners around our fair state. Mr. May courteously replied that there never was such a thing as a shop manual, but did provide the names and addresses of several K3 owners in Southern CA. Meanwhile, Jock managed to get wind of a K3 owned by the LA County Museum of Natural History (now the Peterson Museum).

Thus, he embarked on a trip down to LA in search of real, in-the-flesh K3's. First stop - Queen's Auto Air Conditioning in Long Beach, only to learn John Queen had sold his K3 for parts several years earlier. John did, however, show him two other projects he had under restoration - the ex-Bill Stroppe Kurtis, and a J2X (now owned and raced by Mike Stott). John was known for his candor, and it did not help Jock's morale when John proceeded to ask him "why the hell anyone in their right mind would ever want to restore a K3?"

To be continued - space permitting.

AUSTRALIAN ALLARD REGISTER

In previous issues we have had the pleasure of sharing Allard-related news from several Allard owners and enthusiasts "down under." Their enthusiasm continues to grow - to the point that they are now publishing a quarterly AUSTRALIAN ALLARD REGISTER consisting of six pages of interesting articles, color photos, ads, and anecdotes.

While it is published and distributed electronically, we understand that the publishers are not yet able to use that media for international distribution. I am currently receiving my hard copy via Bob Lytle.

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Congratulations on a job well done! CAW

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and ... A FEW MORE LUCAS JOKES.

- Lucas—inventor of the first intermittent wiper.
- Lucas—inventor of the self-dimming headlamp.
- The three-position Lucas switch—DIM, FLICKER and OFF. The other three switch settings—SMOKE, SMOLDER and IGNITE.
- The original anti-theft devices—Lucas Electric products. "
- I've had a Lucas pacemaker for years and have never experienced any prob...
- If Lucas made guns, wars would not start either.
- It's not true that Lucas, in 1947, tried to get Parliament to repeal Ohm's Law. They withdrew their efforts when they met too much resistance.
- Did you hear the one about the guy that peeked into a Land Rover and asked the owner "How can you tell one switch from another at night, since they all look the same?" "He replied, "it doesn't matter which one you use, nothing happens!"
- Back in the '70s Lucas decided to diversify its product line and began manufacturing vacuum cleaners. It was the only product they offered which didn't suck.
- Quality Assurance phoned and advised the Engineering guy that they had trouble with his design shorting out. So he made the wires longer.

PLEASE NOTE

1. Some of our readers may have noticed that several months have passed since our last **Allard Register** issue. Our publishing an issue depends heavily upon our having interesting, original Allard-related stories, articles, and photos. In short, we depend on you to provide us with those items.

2. Allard-focused articles and photos are always welcomed. Please direct submissions to the Publisher, Chuck Warnes. MS Word submissions by disk or E-mail are appreciated. Due to space limitations, we may have to do some editing.

3. Please direct any additions or changes to our Mailing List to Bob Lytle. **NOTE BOB'S NEW e-mail ADDRESS:**
<cottonwoodbob@wildapache.net>

4. We are again running the **CARS, PARTS, AND SERVICES** listings. Each item will be listed in **TWO ISSUES**. If you want us to continue running your item beyond then, you will need to resubmit. We appreciate notification if an item is no longer for sale.

Jim and Chuck

CARS, PARTS, AND SERVICES



For Sale: '50 Allard K1.#1703. Powered by '48 Mercury built by Dwain Dolan. Bored and stroked to 295 cubic inches. Isky cam, Edelbrock heads and manifold, three Stromberg 97's. Harmon Collins dual ignition, Zephyr gears. This photo was taken last year, just a few months before Thomas passed away. Asking \$30K US. ONO.

Eileen W. Selby, M.B.E.
13429 Tiara Street
Van Nuys, CA 91401
818/780-7834

Items for Sale

Ford flathead parts -
Used finned heads
Many intake manifolds
Many different supercharger set ups
Mag ignition
Aluminum flywheels
New bored/stroked short blocks - 276 - 285 ci

Robert Whitehead - Vintage Acquisition
7 Robin Lane
Bella Vista, Arkansas 72715
501/855-0471

Splined Hubs

For sale: Four sets of new splined hubs to fit any Allard that is now equipped with disk wheels. Designed to fit Jaguar XKE or SJ6 wire wheels. These are machined from billet, ball bearing steel. \$1200 US per set.

Joe Harding - California
e-mail address: bubbree@aol.com

ALLARD ITEMS FOR SALE

I have a quantity of Allard clothing items that I have had made up locally. They are all top quality, US products, with the Allard script logo embroidered on them in contrasting color. I have to order them in quantity, so I have a number of caps, polo shirts, sweatshirts, tee-shirts and sew-on patches for sale, in various sizes and colors still available.

ALLARD CAP	\$16
ALLARD T-SHIRT	\$18
ALLARD POLO SHIRT	\$40
ALLARD SWEAT SHIRT	\$25
LARGE ALLARD PATCH	\$15
SMALL ALLARD PATCH	\$7.50
BOTH PATCHES	\$20

Shipping charge - \$4 for each item, \$1 for each additional item except Allard patches. Allard patches will be shipped for \$3.50 regardless of the quantity. If Allard patches are ordered along with other items, there will be no additional shipping charge. Above amounts are in US dollars. Shipping charges for outside the US will be adjusted accordingly.

THE QUANTITY OF SIZES AND COLORS OF THE SHIRTS ARE ON HAND. IF I DO NOT HAVE THE COLOR OR SIZE YOU WANT, I CAN ORDER THE ITEM FROM THE MANUFACTURER. I HAVE SEVERAL CAPS IN RED OR WHITE, AND SEVERAL PATCHES.

I have also arranged to have a number of reprints made of the original Allard Motor Company servicing manual for Post-war Allard automobiles up to 1956. This comprises thirty pages, plus an additional thirty pages of service and parts information that I have accumulated in my years of Allard ownership. Current price is \$42/copy plus \$4 for Priority mailing. If you want additional copies, add \$2/copy additional for mailing. I am having the first run printed in mid-May. Subsequent printings will be for sale at \$55 each. If you are not pleased with it, you can return it to me for a full refund (less mailing costs).

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