

A couple of lanky, relaxed, middle-aged Wisconsin engineers walked off with the biggest prize in North American rallying, first overall in the Shell "4000," in the most effective way possible. Dick Doyen and Clay Gibbs (who were most every entrant's favorite if they themselves could not win) led from Vancouver right up to the final control at the Place Ville Marie in Montreal six days later. The winners' Chevy II took a total of two penalty points for the entire 4000 mile junket, losing one point the first night out in the rugged Douglas Lake area and the other on a relatively easy stage between Sault Ste. Marie and Toronto.

The team prize went to three beautifully driven and superbly prepared Ford Falcon Sprints entered by Ford of Canada. Their second, third, and ninth places overall to-

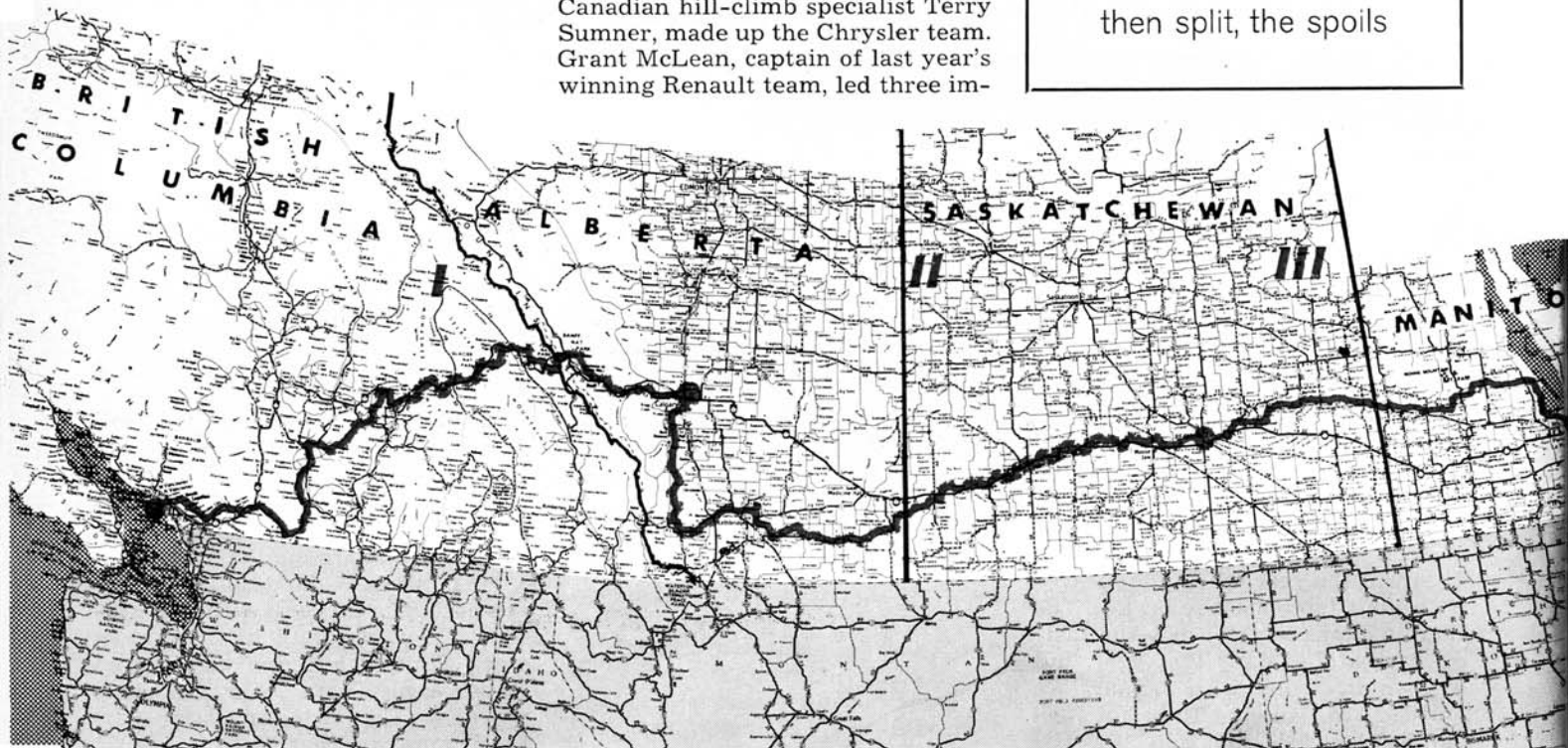
and driving could our car, #115, arrange to be in a different place relative to the rest of the field each day.

And what a field! Olivier Gendebien paired with the brilliant Torontonian Mike Kerry in an 1800 cc Volvo Canadian, returning to his first love—international rallying. Bobke, the Czech champion, was in a Skoda. The formidable Ford Falcon line-up consisted of Howell-Silvera, Merson-Wilson, and MacLennan-Dempsey, four-time winners of the Canadian Winter Rally team prize. Two strong Studebaker Lark teams were led by last year's "4000" winners Jones and Lalonde, and backed up by Homer Trotter-Bill Carlisle and three fiercely determined all-girl cars. American SCCA champions Roger Bohl, Scott Harvey, Bob Mollman, Gene Henderson, and Fred Browne, along with Canadian hill-climb specialist Terry Sumner, made up the Chrysler team. Grant McLean, captain of last year's winning Renault team, led three im-

SHELL 4000 RALLY

BY AL BOCHROCH

Chevrolet and Ford dueled
all the way across, divided,
then split, the spoils



taled a mere 31 points. Gendebien and Kerry's Volvo was fourth overall and first in Class II. Three Chrysler 300s, the largest cars in the rally and the only ones with automatic transmissions (except for the Canadian-built Valiant that won Class III), took the second team prize with 88 points. Two of the 300s were tied for fifth, the third team car was 15th. Seventh overall and first in the coveted private-entry category was the Peugeot 404 of Curran and Carney.

A fourth Chrysler 300 was cunningly driven by your *Car and Driver* correspondent in order best to observe the progress of all 47 entries. Only by inspired navigation

maculately turned-out blue and white Renault R-8s. Maurice Carter and Don Hambly, Winter Rally winner in 1960, were in a 4-cylinder Chevy II. And the 1951 Mark VI Bentley of Don McQuirk, with over 300,000 hard rally miles behind it, was the oldest car in the rally and a great favorite with the crowds.

Selected by England's RAC as one of the five international rallies counting toward the World Rally Championship for Manufacturers, this year's Shell "4000," "the longest rally in the world," reversed the line of march of the two previous "4000s" and started from Vancouver, British Columbia.

On Friday afternoon, April 20th,

after the thermal underwear set had taken the cars through a well-organized technical inspection at Plimley's and had been given their final briefing, the 25 imports and 22 North American makes assembled at the Queen Elizabeth Theater Plaza for the start. The privately entered Corvair of Ralph Reid, a Spokane banker, was first up the ramp and was flagged off at 7:01 p.m. P.S.T., the field following at two-minute intervals.

Section I—To Calgary My navigator was Dr. John O'Leary, who finished second in SCCA's 1962 National Rally standings. We got lost leaving Vancouver. Why? Because we failed to realize that when the

instructions say "Main Street," the organizers assume that you have read your maps, know the general direction of the route, and will turn when appropriate. Eventually, we got back on course and on the outskirts of Vancouver checked into the first control. This in itself is unimportant except that we were one of the few cars to make it. Practically all the rally's hotshots missed this one because it was dimly lit. We were heroes for awhile, but the control was later thrown out, to the chagrin of the Ford team and some like ourselves who lucked into it.

Except for a few snow showers, the route remained relatively tame until the midnight lunch stop at Princeton, B. C., when we began a fast run on narrow dirt roads overlooking nothing but tree tops. Somewhere along here we began feeling the first onset of fatigue. I began to imagine seeing a drive-in movie out of my left side window; not wanting to watch a blank screen, I decided on

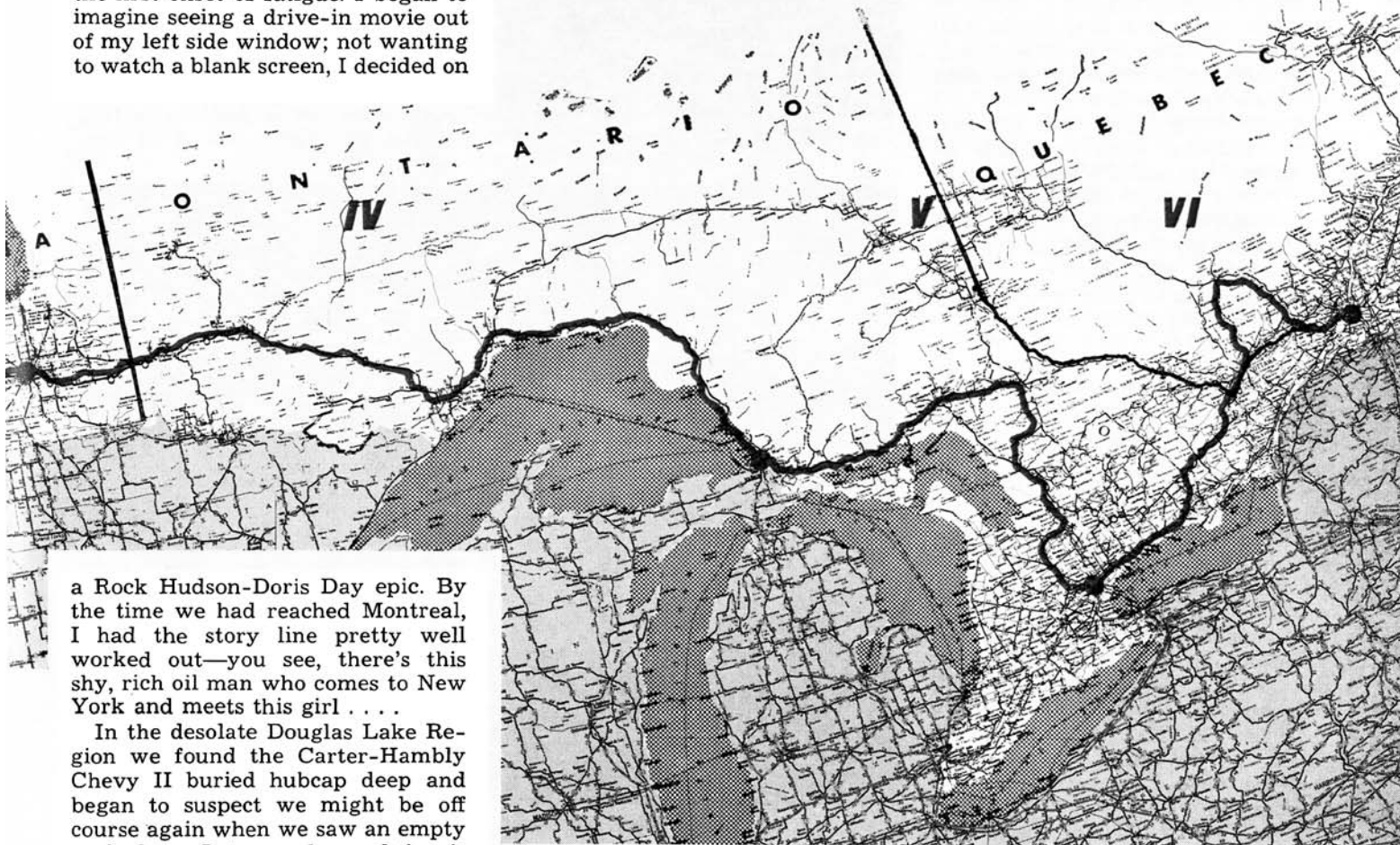
pounds, but gave up before they got stuck themselves. So big Don Hambly resignedly hauled out his winch, wrapped the cable around a tree and got both the Chrysler and the Chevy out of the goo, Paul Bunyan-style.

It was now morning and we were on a series of fast time sections through Salmon Arm and the ski resort of Revelstoke. Breakfast here, then a breathtaking 300 miles into the Rockies through Glacier National Park and Banff. Mid-afternoon Saturday found us in Calgary for the first of our tests, a half-mile hill climb. More TV cameras, hundreds of spectators, more goodies, and the end of a 750 mile, 19-hour stretch.

Section II—To Regina To bed in broad daylight, up at two a. m., off at three. Out of Calgary to the rolling country south of the Rockies over hilly, dusty roads to the big

tanker truck along the rally route. This is deep in Saskatchewan with hours of driving and little to look at besides gravel, dust, and mud. But the wonderfully high average speeds are exhilarating in themselves and keep things from getting dull. Gendebien goes off course briefly and we tuck in behind to watch him as he rams the Volvo through a difficult uphill section with great *brio*.

Excitement outside of Moose Jaw; a contestant gets stuck in the middle of an enormous mud puddle on the near side of a time control, blocking most of the road. There is no time for finesse, and as we're the first of the four big Chryslers, it seems like a good idea to get out of the way fast. Power, slam, pow, and we're safely through. We had changed from snow



a Rock Hudson-Doris Day epic. By the time we had reached Montreal, I had the story line pretty well worked out—you see, there's this shy, rich oil man who comes to New York and meets this girl . . .

In the desolate Douglas Lake Region we found the Carter-Hambly Chevy II buried hubcap deep and began to suspect we might be off course again when we saw an empty parked car. Later we learned that it had been abandoned by a rally route-checker a month before, when he too missed the turn.

Carter and Hambly had run clean up to this point, so after extracting a promise to help us if we got stuck giving them a push, we pressed the 300's nose against the Chevy, only to dig ourselves hopelessly into the muck without budging their mired machine. The Legare-Steagall Lark came up, tried to pull out our 4000

ranch country. The American Rockies appear, a dramatic snow-capped ledge on the distant horizon. Then a magnificent short section, a twisting, turning series of fast switchbacks through Cypress Hills Provincial Park with a time control just around a blind bend to trap the tardy.

The vast prairie surrounds us and several times, in the absence of gas stations, Shell is forced to stash a

tires to Goodyear Luxembourgs after leaving the Douglas Lake area, and while the Luxembourgs lack cleats, their 9-inch profiles got us through this and worse to come.

Night in Regina, and as was the case after each day's run, there is one hour to work on the car, then in to the lock-up section of the Parc Fermé to remove your gear. The car is then impounded until 15 minutes before the next morning's start.

SHELL 4000 CONTINUED

Rally timing is to the minute, with the daily tests at the end of each day's section used only as tie-breakers. For the most part, the Longines Punch Clocks were on the button. Times were taken to the whole minute—for example if a competitor arrives at 11:44:01, he's clocked in as 11:44; another coming in at 11:44:59 is still clocked in at 11:44. Most of the veterans would try to hit the time controls about 15 seconds after the even minute.

Section III—To Winnipeg Everyone was deeply concerned with conditions between Regina and Winnipeg. This section called for a run through the dreaded prairie gumbo of the Qu'Appelle Valley and even the most experienced crews were on edge. Fortunately, the spring had been a relatively dry one, and except for a few spots the Qu'Appelle Valley was dry. Even so, average speeds were high and everyone had to push hard to stay clean.

Long dashes across open country, short pitching hills, hundreds of miles without seeing other cars, narrow tracks through open fields, brief snow flurries and rain storms, and then probably the most severe test of the entire rally: Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba, with its entrance made all but impassable by a mile of deep, thick mud. The fact that only one car failed to get through reflects the calibre of driving and the care that went into the preparation of the machines. We made it with the navigator hanging on the back deck of the Chrysler, bouncing as in an English trial.

It was said, I believe in jest, that the Bunch-Mallette 850 Austin Mini, the smallest car in the rally, used our 300 as a bridge over one of the worst spots—I failed to find any tire tracks on our roof. A brisk downhill dash on a series of switchbacks, a control, and on to Portage La Prairie with 106 minutes to make 97 miles. Then Winnipeg, a well-organized Parc Fermé, and a good gymkhana.

Section IV—To Sault Ste. Marie

We were up early for the 900-mile jaunt to Sault Ste. Marie, and before this day was over, fatigue was really to become a factor. Half the pack got shuffled around Waldhof, but the organizers were kind and almost everyone got himself sorted out before the next control. It's unlikely that we'll forget the Wawa control—Mooseburgers and a little china Canadian goose to remember them by. Each day Shell awarded \$50 for the best control, and Wawa

was a pushover for that day's run.

In some towns, the gendarmes waved us on and showed us the way; in a few they had their radar trained tight on our tails. A couple of rallyists were stopped and lectured, but no one was pinched. For the most part, Canadian bystanders and fuzz alike cheered us on. Some remarkable work was being done in the Parc Fermé. A new door and windscreen were applied to one of



A bit of R-8 Gumbo, but they got through.



PHOTOGRAPHY: JOHN FLOW

Winning Wisconsinites Doyen and Gibbs bring their Chevy II to the final finish line.

the Falcons after a little moose trouble, and VW #114 clobbered a tree stump, put in a new front axle in one hour, and seemed to need repairs at every pause thereafter.

Section V—To Toronto Out of the Soo into the North Bay country, and we were into Canadian Winter Rally country—steep pitched hills, logging trails, frost heaves, frozen lakes, and pretty girls with coffee and cake. Another good day of rallying for us.

After a distressing first day's score, we had a series of 3s and 4s. On this day's run, though, we got a 7 because we got lost trying to find the Canadian National Exhibition grounds in Toronto. Then we became confused entering the Parc Fermé area when the crowd closed in and surrounded the car. So we lost more points within the city of Toronto than we did in almost 900 miles of rallying.

Section VI—To Montreal Friday's route was complicated by a little navigational problem best solved by a sextant when the instructions said, "Proceed to true 77° 18' 55" W. Longitude—44° 42' 57" N. Latitude," followed by "Proceed to true 77° 09' 35" W. Longitude—44° 42' 57" N. Latitude at an average speed of 30.20 mph by the shortest and most direct route." So okay, we finally found the control except for the little matter of coming into it from the wrong direction. Boom, 50 points.

Into Ottawa for lunch on Island Park, and then due north to the Laurentians for our last severe test, the inevitable combination of nar-

row, rough, occasionally-muddy roads, with high speeds and a time control just beyond the last blind turn. Then an easy couple of hours back to Montreal, interrupted most pleasantly at Lachute where the Montreal MG Car Club gave the Chrysler a bath and the local ladies plied us with more cakes and coffee.

Coming through Montreal, we resisted a couple of invitations to drag, and with 4000 miles and 70 controls

behind us, rolled up the ramp at Place Ville Marie. TV cameras, thousands of spectators, much excitement, and great noise crowded the whole scene, so much so that the scrutineer never noticed that we were sans muffler.

We must congratulate Carl

Those two cool cats, Dick Doyen and Clay Gibbs, gave everyone something to shoot for. Incidentally, they deny that they always stay cool. Clay Gibbs says their secret is that when one guy gets excited the other one calms him down. Clay related an incident that occurred on

other checkpoint. The hand, needless to say, will recover.

The Wisconsin pair began rallying as a team in SCCA events around Milwaukee in the fall of 1956. Clay Gibbs, when asked how he felt about U. S. rallying as compared to the Shell "4000," said that he didn't want to be critical, but that Canadian events made the stateside affairs seem pretty boring. And then with a wave of his bandaged hand, he said, "And where else but in Canada can you meet a wonderful gang like this?"

This was Doyen and Gibbs' first "4000" win. Last year they missed a control to mar an otherwise almost perfect run. Their equipment by U. S. National Rally standards is somewhat stark: a Stevens counter with a spare drive, one Heuer rally clock, one Curta and one 10-inch slide rule. They used Firestone snow tires on the back and Firestone 500s on the front, their philosophy being that it is to their advantage to use the same tires as the rally organizers and to avoid the non-expandable type. The fact that they could run as far as 50 miles and only be 1/100th of a mile off seems to justify their confidence in regular tires.

Their Chevy II six-cylinder was prepared and sponsored by a group of three Toronto Chevrolet dealers, one of them, Gorries, Canada's most active sponsor of racing cars over the years.

The three Ford Sprints were not the Monte Carlo cars, but were set up by Ford in Detroit in similar fashion—164 hp V-8s with limited slip differentials and HD shocks.

Early in the week when we asked Gendebien how he liked the rally, he said he thought there should be more for the driver to do. But as times tightened up, he seemed to enjoy himself very much. In one spot, where it was difficult to figure out which way to go, he came barreling from the wrong direction with his air horn screaming and yelled to us as he made the turn, "What is this, a guessing game?"

One of the amazements in this magnificent event is the sheer logistics problem imposed. Thirty sports car clubs across Canada must cooperate to run check points and keep communications open with the organizers, sometimes 3000 miles away. Two men, Jim Gunn and Doug Wilson run the show for Shell of Canada, and they *must* have one of the most enjoyable jobs in the world. They're to be commended for giving North American drivers a chance to compete in a truly first-class sporting challenge. **c/o**



From sea to plain to mountain, this whirlwind geography lesson encompassed them all.



Chrysler team had largest cars in rally, still had no trouble with stuff like this.

Preuhs, the chief mechanic of the Chrysler team, for a wonderfully prepared and sound-running car, and congratulate Chrysler as well for building a machine that could take a couple of softies like O'Leary and Bochroch on a wild, pitching, car-breaking 4000-mile ride without missing a beat and in *complete comfort*. Only one beef did we have about the car, the whole trip: that damn square steering wheel.

the last tight section in the Laurentians, when their watch bounced out of its holder and slid under the seat. As Clay reached for it, he gashed the back of his fingers. In seconds his hand was covered with blood, he was without a watch, and he began to panic. At this point Doyen said, "Take it easy, I'll run by my wristwatch until you find it." The watch was found, calm restored, hand bandaged, and they zeroed an-