

Fellow Americans, we have not been giving proper notice to the European-style rally. As it is known in the US, rallying is a pleasant regularity run in which navigation plays an important part and driver talent requirements are very low. To win, you have to arrive at control points on the second, but your grandmother could handle the driving chores and never risk a hair of her silvery-grey head.

European rallying is a horse of vastly different hue. Navigation is confined to the correct reading of maps, and you can arrive as early as you like without penalty. Then there are the special stages, which are flat-out road races and hill-climbs run over surfaces that range from good to awful. Because they simply wanted to make the Shell 4000 as important an event as possible, the organizers promised that 1964 would be more like current European rallies.

A call from the Standard-Triumph office in New York informed me that a team of three TR-4s was being entered, under the joint sponsorship of the factory, the American and Canadian distributors, and that Triumph wanted European, Canadian, and American crews for the cars. Jean-Jacques Thuner, a Swiss; and Roy Fiddler, an Englishman; had been selected to man one car, and they brought with them a wealth of experience in Continental rallying. Named for the second team car were Bert Rasmussen and Paul Coombes, a pair of Canadians who are the scourge of rallies in Canada, with a very impressive list of victories to their credit. And then there was the "American" TR-4, which I was asked to drive. Ed Homsey, who was to be co-driver, had proved his competence as a navigator in American rallies, and it was obvious why Triumph had selected him for the job. The reasons for my being asked to join the team were more obscure. As a matter of fact, I had not run in a rally for nearly 10 years, and had never run in any rally of any consequence.

Starting time for the 5-day Rally was at 7 o'clock one evening, and our Triumph was away at 8:02. Homsey did navigator-type things with the route instructions, which were handed over just two minutes before the start, while I threaded the TR-4 out of town through the evening traffic. Unfortunately, there had been no time for practice, and we managed to get ourselves off course before reaching the second control, which is not the best way in the world to start a 4000-mile rally.

In the wee hours of the morning, everyone began to sag a bit, but just as the first light of dawn brought a grey, dim illumination to the mountain forest, we reached the first special stage. The organizers had thoughtfully provided this long, full speed run over a twisting, narrow gravel road through the Cascades to get the adrenaline flowing and everyone's eyes wide open.

Being completely bushed at the onset of this first special stage, we didn't get moving for a couple of miles, but after that I was able to push the Triumph along to good effect. There was no oncoming traffic to contend with on the special stages, and that, in some respects, made them seem a bit less dangerous than high-average running on the open road. In any case, gathering speed and confidence all the way, we made our way through the Cascades.

For the special stages, scoring was on the basis of keeping within one minute of the total time for the fastest car in one's class. Our talented and experienced Swiss teammate, Jean-Jacques Thuner, did everyone in the eye on the first stage by coming into the control ending the stage 30 seconds early. I took a little longer (four minutes late, to be exact) and collected four

Our Associate Editor from the West Coast was asked to compete. He thought it might be a trifle dull. It (ouch!) wasn't.

SHELL 4000 RALLY

BY GORDON H. JENNINGS

marks against us for my tardiness. The famous Bo Ljungfeldt made an excursion into a ditch, and by the time he had extricated himself, he was running late. One of the Volvo team cars also came a cropper in this section, rolling on one of the turns and badly rumpling the bodywork. This Volvo did continue, however, and made it all the way to Montreal.

At the end of the first day, in Calgary, there was a short hill-climb, and the Triumphs did very well there. Mad Bert Rasmussen banged to the top in record time, and covered himself with glory.

The next day's run, from Calgary to Saskatoon, was started in the very early dawn, after we had had a cool four hours sleep, and it became exciting almost



Bruised and battered, Car and Driver's Gordon Jennings and his Triumph TR-4 check in toward the end of the gruelling Shell 4000.

immediately. The rally route took us north and into the hills, where we were given more very high averages over more twisty dirt roads. All went well for a while, but we soon found ourselves slithering along on rutted, frozen mud, with ice over the mud and a blanket of snow over the ice.

This sort of thing was quite impossible for me to deal with, as we don't have such conditions in southern California and I was completely out of my element. After struggling for a while, and recovering from many wild slides, I asked Ed, who had been sitting and suffering in silence, if he could do better. He said he could; and he did. While I sat in the "shotgun" seat, Ed blasted through that incredible mess of a road at speeds that seemed suicidal to me.

Once out of the snowy section, our progress was somewhat less exciting—for a while. Then we came to the second day's special stage, which was a 27-mile sprint across a military reservation; again on a gravel road. At this point I was back at the wheel, where I was to stay for the remainder of the trip, with crash hats strapped on and courage mustered.

Upon arriving at a blind downhill bend, we were slowed by members of the military running about in the middle of the road, waving their arms. Off to one side, down an embankment and out in a meadow, was Ljungfeldt's Falcon with its doors ripped off and practically unrecognizable as an automobile. Nearby was the Chevy II of Doyen and Gibbs, in similar condition. It appeared that all those intimately involved were up and walking about, and after clearing the troops in the road we sped on, contemplating the wondrous workings of fate. The cars involved had started the special stage just minutes ahead of our Triumph, and we could easily have joined them. Others, in fact, did join

them. Scott Harvey rolled his Valiant down the same bank, but was able to continue, and a Volvo also landed on its lid out in the meadow. Although we have no official count, we understand that a grand total of seven cars made that unwelcome excursion.

Our car made it through the special stage all right, but after leaving it we met with near disaster. Coming down a hill, we could see a bridge, but didn't worry about it much as we were busy keeping the car under control on the S-bend approach. However, bursting into the open, we saw to our great horror that there was a step, at least a foot high, from the road level to the edge of the bridge. I clapped on the brakes, but couldn't even slow much before we hit, taking the blow full force on the stone at the front of the frame.

With a mighty crash, the TR-4 leaped high in the air, and—after a long, airborne moment—we came down again with another mighty crash. We rolled to a stop just past the far end of the bridge. Examining the damage did nothing to raise our spirits; I had bent the steering wheel with my arms in the impact, the steering had a tightness that did not bode well for future driving, and water was pouring from the radiator at a steady rate.

We pressed on to the next control, and then stopped to see where the water leak was; it didn't take long to find. The engine had jumped forward on its mounts under the force of the impact and had rammed the fan hub deep into the center of the radiator. It appeared that the first Triumph team car was out of the running.

Desperate conditions called for desperate measures, and upon learning that there was a town about eight miles away, we struck off in search of assistance.

We made the town, and found a tractor shop where the proprietor set about repairing the radiator. The damaged tubes had to be sealed off, and we lost part of the cooling capacity, but this was not to be any problem. While the radiator was being repaired, we discovered that the steering rack was bent, the entire front frame cross-member was banged out of alignment, and the front wheel camber had been drastically altered.

About two-and-a-half hours were lost in patching up the Triumph, and as being three hours late at a control excludes one from the rally, we pressed on with all consummate speed. We were making up time nicely when we topped a rise, doing about 70 mph, and found a small glacier dead in the middle of the road. There was not a chance of stopping, so we blasted through, sliding along on the underside of the car with the wheels hanging down in ruts the big sedans had cut. We almost made it, but collected a large stone with the front wheel and that pulled us off the road and into a ditch. Immediately thereafter, a Mini-Cooper hit the snow, too, but did not have enough speed to slide all the way through and sank from sight right in the middle.

The human spirit of cooperation came to the fore, and the Mini's crew helped us out of the ditch, and we then tried to get them out by sheer force of muscle. It was no go: the Mini was too thoroughly stuck to be lifted out, and they had to get out their cables, block and tackle, and pitons. They waved us on, because we were in danger of being excluded for being late beyond the time limit.

Approximately a mile farther along, we topped yet another rise, and found ourselves sailing into the great grandfather of all mud holes, which was complicated by bumps, humps and stones. Again, we almost made it. But we emerged on the far shore completely sideways, went up the verge and smashed into the bank. This time, however, it was a slightly downhill

SHELL 4000 CONTINUED

slide onto the road, and we were underway again in a flash. I should mention that while all this was going on, Ed was trying to crawl down under the instrument panel, but was restrained from doing so by his seat belt. The steering wheel prevented me from doing anything so blatantly craven, but I will confess that my jaw muscles did tighten a bit.

We were away the next morning before the crack of dawn with another three hours of sleep behind us, and for a time it appeared that the worst was over. Then we were in trouble again. Topping a rise, we came upon a scene of great confusion. There was another of those small glaciers and some unhappy soul in a VW 1500 sedan was sitting in the middle of the glacier and sinking slowly from sight. There was absolutely no way of getting through. There was an alternate route leading out through a rain-soaked wheat field. We observed about three cars hopelessly mired in a hollow, but by keeping our speed and following the high ground we made it back to the road. Many others did not. We were allowed to trundle along at a mere 58 mph average the rest of the way into Winnipeg.

Another luxurious three hours of sleep . . . then away again. Although we did not know it at the time, we were headed for the most exciting of the special stages in the Sandy Lands Forest. It was about thirty-five miles in length and much of it on dead straight roads. That may not sound exciting, but those dead straight roads were about a foot deep in loose sand and gravel, bumpy, deeply rutted and bordered on each side by very sturdy-looking pine trees. Because of the drag of the sand and the repeated bottoming of the car on the sand humps, we could only pull just over 100 porpoising mph, which was as much as I could stand under the circumstances anyway.

The Canadian segment of Team Triumph warned us the next morning when we were leaving Sault Ste. Marie that the trip to Toronto was going to be something we would never forget; very high averages over roads you couldn't walk down without stumbling—I have never done so much gear-changing, brake-pushing and steering wheel-twirling mile for mile in my entire life. It was in this section that nearly everyone went off the road and hit things or merely sank from sight in the mud. In one section we passed eleven cars, six of them either in the ditch or hopelessly mired in the middle of the road. Somehow we managed to stay clean on this entire section, one of the few to do so.

Happily, the stopover in Toronto was reasonably long and we were able to recover somewhat before starting on the last leg of the trip. One thing that helped was that the special stage for that last day's running was to be five laps from a standing start at Mosport, the well-known and excellent race course near Toronto.

At Mosport we did not have to carry anyone in the car with us and I am sure Ed was delighted at that. The TR-4 and I hustled around quickly enough (oversteering to the right, understeering to the left) to make "scratch" time and avoid penalties. The rest of the day went well enough except that soon after leaving Mosport we were back on impossible roads with high-average speeds to maintain. We did run into one small problem: sand and dust had played havoc with the front brakes and, while they were working (disc brakes never entirely give up), they were also doing some peculiar things.

At last, we reached Montreal. We had collected a total of 95 points against us, many of which were directly or indirectly connected with hitting the bridge



Even beautiful Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba held road conditions of surprising severity for the Triumph TR4 team.



Looking something like a scene out of a WW II movie, two of the entrants mire themselves in the mud. A tractor pulled them out.

on the second day. Klaus Ross and John Bird in the winning Volvo reached the finish with only four points against them. Our finishing position was a middling seventeenth and we felt lucky to have finished at all. The Rasmussen-Coombes Triumph team car was immediately ahead in 16th place and the Thuner-Fiddler car was back in 21st place.

It was certainly interesting for myself and Ed, and the European drivers seemed to think that this year's Shell 4000 was more difficult and dangerous than the famous Monte Carlo. Everyone seemed to think that Shell has the elements of a first-rate international rally but that they should add special stages, make them count for more, and reduce the speeds on the public roads. **cjo**

Position	Car	Driver	Navigator	Make	Points	Categ.
1	125	Klaus Ross	John Bird	Volvo	4	Mfrs.
2	119	Maurice Carter	Ian Worth	Chevy II11		Spons.
3	123	George Merson	Brent Davies	Falcon	13	Mfrs.
4	109	Olivier Gendebien	Mike Kerry	Volvo	19	Mfrs.
5	111	Frank Curran	Ron Carney	Peugeot 20		Priv.
6	162	Blair Bunch	Robin Edwards	Skoda	25	Spons.
7	157	John Merriman	Paul Manson	Chevelle	44	Priv.
8	128	Paul MacLennan	Art Dempsey	Falcon	47	Mfrs.
9	148	Wally Remington	Len Houser	Valiant	50	Priv.
10	126	Werner Wenzel	John Proctor	VW	52	Priv.

**For those of you
interested in
performance and
durability events:**



On April 25, Volvo won the Canadian Shell 4000. It's called the 4000 because that's how long it is—4000 miles of mountains and prairies and dust and gravel and mud and hardtop.

There are four major win categories in the Shell 4000. Volvo won all four. No car in history has ever done that before.

Volvos competed against Falcons, Valiants, Chevy II's, Triumphs, Volkswagens, a Ford, a Pontiac GTO, a Thunderbird and a Porsche among others.

10 Volvos started. 10 Volvos finished. Not one of the team Volvos lost a minute because of mechanical failure. Not one had a part replaced. Not even the Volvo that rolled over in the first 500 miles but continued on to finish.

If you own a Volvo all this isn't much of a surprise is it?



**For those of you
who couldn't care
less:**



Volvo gets over 25 miles to the gallon under normal driving conditions.

Results subject to official confirmation (but we're not worried).



How do we caption this photo without making BMC mad at us? (see page 88)