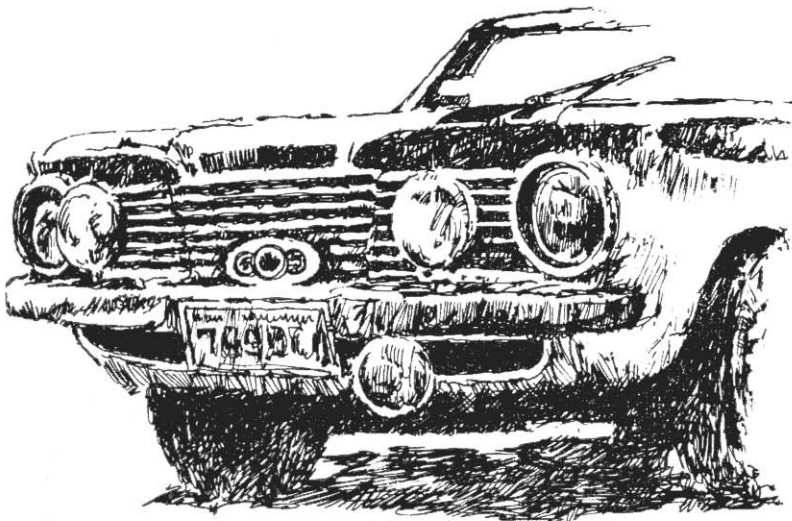


A rally can be other things besides oil, mud and sweat. This shot of Anneli Lindquist, of Stockholm, more than makes our point! (more pictures page 4.)

'64 SHELL 4000



TradeMaker

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SHELL CANADA LIMITED
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Toronto, Ontario

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I ~~Drove~~ Drove in the Shell 400,
(or How to Grow Old ~~Ungracefully~~ Ungracefully)



1964 SHELL 4000



Three cheers for the winners. Overall winners Klaus Ross and John Bird driving a Volvo and winning the Coupe des Dames Diana Carter and Gillian Field. Shell 4000 trophies are in the foreground.

SHELL 4000 — 1964 WINNERS

Position	No.	Crew	Home	Car	Points
1	125	Klaus Ross John Bird	Toronto Toronto	Volvo	4
2	119	Maurice Carter Ian Worth	Islington, Ont. Lachine, Que.	Chevy II	12
3	123	George Merson Brent Davies	Toronto Toronto	Falcon	13
4	109	Olivier Gendebien Mike Kerry	France Agincourt, Ont.	Volvo	19
5	111	Frank Curran Ron Carney	Toronto Toronto	Peugeot	20
6	162	Blair Bunch Robin Edwardes	St. Bruno, Que. Fabreville, Que.	Skoda	25
7	128	Paul MacLennan Art Dempsey	Toronto Toronto	Chevellé	44
8	157	John Merriman Paul Manson	Toronto Toronto	Falcon	43
9	148	Len Houser Wally Remington	Vancouver Montreal	Valiant	50
10	126	Werner Wenzel John Proctor	Calgary Calgary	Volkswagen	53

MANUFACTURERS TEAMS		Points	PRIVATE TEAMS		Points
1	Volvo Team	130	1	Ecurie Anonymus	308
2	Triumph Team	313	2	Toronto Team	361
3	Ford Team No. 1	461	3	Ecurie Confusion	910

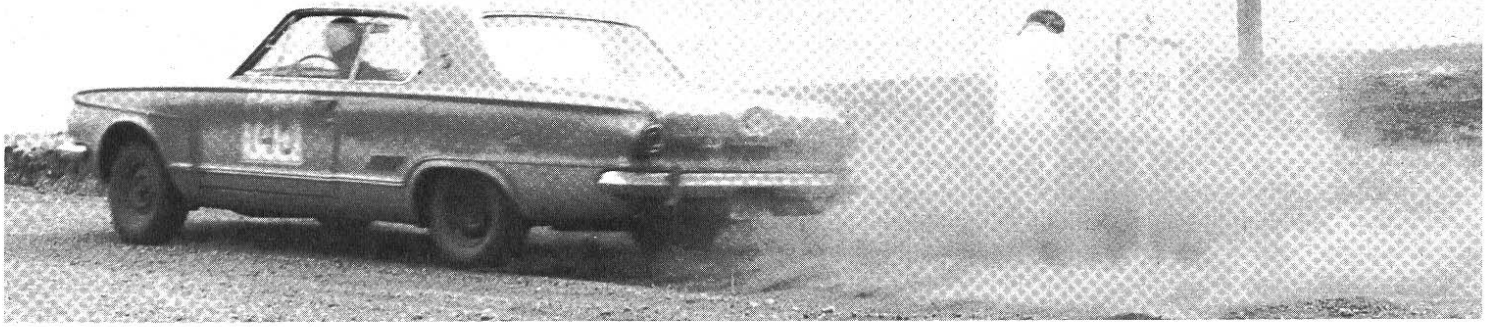
COUPE DES DAMES		
1	Diana Carter — Gillian Field	173
2	Anneli Lindquist — Sally Koelmel	228
3	Paula Murphy — Jean Calvin	1381



Crack European driver Gendebien and his navigator Kerry arrive at the finishing point in Montreal.



News reports came in from on the spot coverage from TV, radio and newspapers. Here Mr. G. P. Marchesseau gives the latest positions of the cars to CFCN-TV (Calgary) listeners — commentator Peter Jennings. The rally was covered from the air by Shell's DC-3 aircraft.



Start of the special section at Wainwright Army Camp.

When it was suggested I couldn't report on a rally knowledgeable unless I came down to earth and actually *drove* with the cars, I gave a short, sharp laugh and turned away.

I was covering the rally from the Shell aircraft that carried officials and newspapermen, as I had done adequately and in perfect comfort two years ago, and why tamper with success? I had just finished watching the hill climb at Calgary, moreover, and those cars seemed to be going mighty fast at the *top* of the hill. Also I had been present earlier when the first report came in that some of the world's better drivers had experienced 'difficulties' through the Cascades (and seen the look of pure delight rally organizer Jim Gunn didn't even try to disguise). It was about that point that I concluded this annual outing our company sponsors was not for dilettantes.

But the two self-appointed furtherers-of-my-education persisted. Munro Murray, a writer-photographer, and Ed Sebestyen, a cartoonist, had set out at 6 o'clock that morning from Saskatoon in a new Morris 1100 loaned by a friendly dealer; they were proposing to drive back from Calgary with the competitors to give their newspaper, the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*, a report straight from the exhaust pipe. Car addicts of long standing, they found it difficult to believe anyone would pass up this wonderful opportunity.

I began to give a little. Shell did have me well insured, after all; and it was a chance that probably would never come again. And there was this point: The automobile fraternity—while it is probably more articulate than most special interest groups—speaks with a sort of magisterial reserve to outsiders. Perhaps if I were 'blooded,' I could get closer to them and learn more about the peculiar fascination that motor sport exerts.

My 'Why not?' came after lengthy deliberation in this vein.

We arose at 3 a.m., coffeed, packed and made our way to the starting point. The

Morris had been stripped of unnecessarys before leaving Saskatoon, the unnecessarys including the back seat. Although comfort is not an important consideration on a rally, we agreed something had to be done about this omission. Ed acquired two pillows and a blanket from Calgary relatives, and this hurdle was cleared. Nestling myself into these accoutrements, and experiencing the floating sensation produced by the hydraulic suspension in this year's Morris 1100, I felt vaguely like a Maharaja being carried out to a tiger hunt.

It is still dark at the starting point. People make their way around with flashlights, speak quietly and tersely when they speak at all. They're brooding and thoughtful, intent on the job at hand. The starter gives his countdown and waves a car away. The 'brra-at-t-t' of the motor breaks the stillness. One official turns to another, eyes almost luminous, and says in reverent tones: 'Man, I love that sound!'

Day broke grudgingly as we set out. Grey clouds lowered and a cold wind rushed around the windshield. We were to join the rally route about seventy miles out, at a little place called Caroline west of Red Deer. For a time we were on blacktop, and getting impatient for a piece of the action. Three things then happened simultaneously: we encountered a flock of geese on the road, it started to snow, and we passed Peter Bone, rally manager and clerk of the course, who leads the daily run from one check-point to another to ensure all is in order. He was by us before he spotted my brilliant yellow 'Shell 4000' parka in the back 'seat.'

At Caroline, the operator of the Shell station, Les Rhodes, appeared to be the only one stirring. The cars would be appearing soon, he thought, but wouldn't we have a bite of breakfast? We would. He served us mounds of toast dripping with butter and strawberry jam in the kitchen behind the sporting goods shop he runs next door, talked about the rally, refused to take any money because 'we operate



Hill climb test at Calgary.



Lost, stuck and disgruntled.

Pause at the bridge to pick up our photographer.

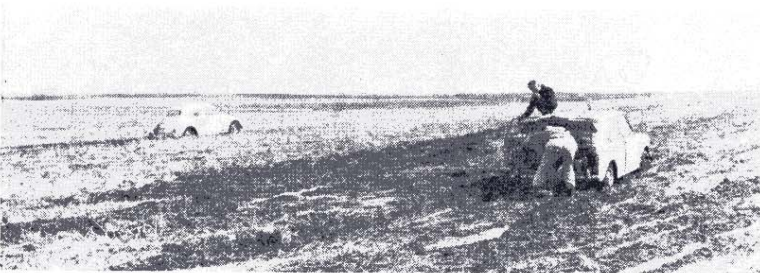




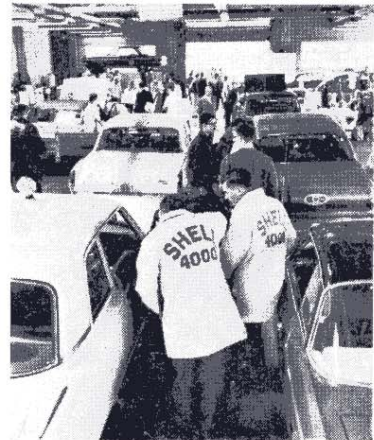
Mrs. Sally Ann Koemel in her Valiant.



It's not all driving. Peter Bone does a pre-start briefing of officials at the Bay-shore Inn, Vancouver.



Oops! How did we get out here?



Scrutineering is always an important facet of the rally.



Without exception Shell service was tops from Vancouver to Montreal. A credit to our dealers and their pump island staff. Here are Barbara-Jean and Mike Jack at Cranbrook, B.C.



No problem here. There is at least half a road without water.



No matter what the hour, Shell stations remained open to refuel and service the competitors whatever time they came through.



This North Star outlet in Kenora refuels Terry Sumner and Peter Van Der Meyden in a Valiant that has seen better days.

ranch style around here.'

We thanked him and took off for the nearest control point, which Les assured us we couldn't miss. Somehow we did, and as the snow got heavier we, to our great chagrin, became lost. Turning around on the narrow country road, we also became stuck. Mun took pictures as Ed and I heaved. It was not amusing. Miles from nowhere, lost, stuck, and we hadn't even joined the rally yet. So you want to be a rally driver?

At a junction of two country roads, that looked identical to every other rural intersection in the three prairie provinces, we got out to take bearings. Then we heard the whine of a car coming over the nearest rise, and uttered a joyous whoop. Olivier Gendebien and Mike Kerry were bowling at us through the snow in their Volvo. We snapped a picture of that, scurried into the Morris and were on our way.

Now it was: '25.06 turn right;' '42.41 bear left and cross bridge;' '68.70 begin 44.6 m.p.h. average speed,' as we rallied strongly, determined to make up for our unspectacular start. Out of Red Deer the heavy snow turned to sleety rain and the road was deplorable. The steady drumfire of gravel on the car's belly rose to a deafening crescendo, and the raindrops were a shower of arrows, each one directed straight at your eyes. We had been on the road for about seven hours, I guessed, and I found myself nodding. . . .

Rallyists don't drive like ordinary mortals: the navigator announces the average speed for

the section, the driver gets the speedometer needle to the required level and tries to keep it there—come potholes, curves, loose gravel, wandering minstrels or high water. This is punishing to both the crew and the car, but it's part of the age-old struggle of man to dominate his environment. And it's why manufacturers enter teams in a rally. Better than any test, it will tell them the strengths and weaknesses of their product. And the motor-ing public benefits accordingly. . . .

The route instructions suggested a left turn before Erskine, but we proceeded into town to get gas. And in the nick of time. One of the million pieces of 'flak' exploding on our underside had pierced the gas tank, and what we had left was streaming on the ground as we pulled up. The proprietor patched it with a sealant, calmed our apprehension somewhat with a laconic: 'That should hold 'er.' We were intrigued, while this was going on, to see a number of rally cars bustling by, pausing, stopping, turning about, tearing back, the navigator busily checking, the driver looking angry and harried. Even the pros can misread directions (which Jim Gunn contends are absolutely unambiguous).

We decided to bypass the next section, reasoning that a recurrence of the gas leak in what appeared from the map to be howling wilderness would be too quixotic, even for us. But we would not pass up the 'special section' at the Wainwright army camp.

These 'special sections' were indeed something special. An innovation in this year's

4000, the little-used stretches of road became the exclusive province of the rallyists for the few fraught moments they were on them. The public was barred, and it was up to the rallyists to traverse the stretch as speedily as conditions would permit. The entries in the rally are divided into four classes, according to engine size. Fastest through in each class was 'clean.' All others were penalized a point a minute behind the leader. The Europeans loved these stretches, because they reminded them of their own rallies on the continent. The Canadians and Americans loved them too, because for the first time the driver was getting a chance to show his daring and skill—the 4000 in the past has emphasized split-second navigational precision, and the driver was a jockey carrying out his navigator's instructions. One driver, a veteran Canadian rallyist who himself did not last through the Cascades the night before, enthused: 'This is the best thing that has happened to rallying in North America.'

At the Wainwright starting control, with army personnel standing by to keep an eye on things, the cars were being flagged off at four-minute intervals. Crew members, looking amazingly calm, would secure their shoulder harness, don safety helmets, settle themselves in their seats. As the flag came down, they gunned the engine, a rooster tail of gravel screeched into the air, and they went hell-bent down the road, disappearing over the brow of a hill a half-mile distant.

We watched the cars for awhile, and Ed went off in an army truck to take some pictures. The snow and slush of Red Deer had given way to a brisk, bone-chilling wind, and I had a cup of coffee at the stand set up by the Edmonton Light Car Club. The girl there told me she had been up at 4 that morning and driven the 100-odd miles from Edmonton with other club members to the location. They had the coffee stand set up and the control manned by 10 a.m., waiting for the first cars. There was a tent pitched nearby, but though she was shivering she was staying at her post, as she had been for the last two hours.

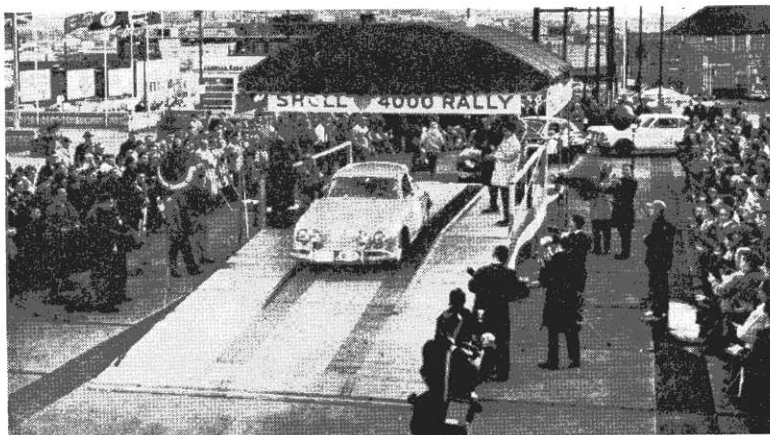
Why do they do it, I mused. The Murphy-Calvin Studebaker drives up, and the girl busies herself with the coffee as the crew comes over. Paula Murphy last year drove 160 m.p.h. on the Bonneville salt flats and is known as the 'fastest woman on wheels.' Her navigator, Jean Calvin, a former professional ice skater, also has done some racing driving. The car club girl's eyes glow as the rallyists chat with her, answering my unasked question. Rally officials enlisted the support of forty-six such car clubs across Canada for



Coffee and soft drinks were available to the crews all along the route, compliments of twenty-six car clubs that assisted with the rally.



No it's not the KKK, but two Shell 4000 officials dressed in the bright yellow and red uniform — practical, warm and distinctive.



The start of what has been termed 'the second toughest rally in the world'. We are still not certain which event is considered the most difficult on the motor sport calendar. We do know that competitors were well tested this year, over 4,000 rugged miles.



'As I was saying . . .' Rally Organizer, Jim Gunn, addresses the competitors prior to the start of the 1964 Shell 4000.



Back to the ice-age. Suddenly number 110 was trapped by a 'glacier', near Yorkton, Saskatchewan.



Anneli Lindquist of Stockholm, Sweden and Sally Ann Koemel of Pennsylvania check the oil in their Valiant. Both girls and the car look so neat that it must have been taken in the early moments of the event.



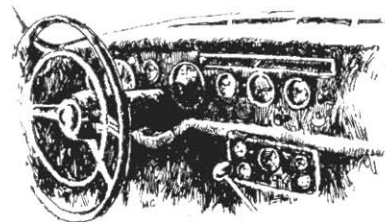
Car Guard Service going flat out to service and refuel these three rally cars. A Check-point in Ottawa.



If you call that a tire, then I can call this a wheel. Len Houser and Wally Remington examine damage which cost them penalty points in the Sandilands Forest Reserve special stage. They blew the tire and continued for more than five miles on the rim rather than waste precious time changing it.



Throw the spare gasoline overboard and winch away. Here is Henry Acteson pulling his Volvo out of the ditch on a muddy road in the Muskoka region.





A water-filled ditch in the Muskoka area of Ontario cost two cars valuable penalty minutes.

this year's event, and each member is giving his time and effort unstintingly and unquestioningly. Car nuts. The unsung, unpaid, salt-of-the-earth heroes of this and any other rally.

There came a lull, and we learned via the telephone the army had strung through the course that Ed was getting cold and impatient. We asked the head marshal if we could go through. He glanced at the horizon where a dust cloud announced another car was arriving soon, deliberated briefly, then in a manner that left no mistakes as to his meaning, said: 'Go and pick up your man at the bridge... then get out of here. There'll be another car on your tail in four minutes, and I don't want you holding them up!'

The scrunch of gravel sounded immensely professional as we took off like a scalded rocket. We were over 50 at the top of the hill, bent to the right, down and to the left in a tight turn, then 'schussed' to the bridge. Ed caught our picture as we slithered to a halt, but when Mun yelled he was in the car in a flash. The little Morris picked up speed slowly through the ankle deep stones and gravel and was still laboring as it reached the top of the next hill. Then the real party started.

I have a death clutch on whatever is close at hand, but the occasional hurried glance assures me that Mun is driving well and with intense concentration. With the road to yourself, you 'play' it with all the geometry at your command. Approach a corner agonizingly wide, cut sharply to the inside to get the most out of your tangent, finish the turn with a slight 'drift' if need be.

We spotted one car that had gone off the road as we plummeted down an incline, and there wasn't much conversation in the car for the ensuing minutes. We finished the sixteen miles in slightly more than nineteen minutes, which is a long time to hold one breath. Best time, for the largest and fastest cars, was about twelve minutes or an average of something better than seventy

m.p.h.—but we had stopped to pick up Ed, and there was the heavy gravel and low clearance of our car, and... well, we didn't hold anybody up and we felt terribly happy.

I noticed Clay Gibbs standing at the finish point, smoking a cigarette and chatting with an army officer. After awhile he strolled over to his car and climbed in. As he and Dick Doyen drove slowly away, I noticed for the first time their car was badly damaged. We were informed the defending champions were out of this year's rally, after rolling on the special section we had just traversed.

The rest of the leg was anticlimax. Still not convinced the gas tank seal would hold, although it had performed faultlessly since it was applied, we decided to hold to the main roads as much as possible on the way

in to Saskatoon. We had a much easier time of it for the last 200 miles than did the competitors.

It was dark when we arrived, almost as dark as when we had set out some sixteen hours earlier, but the checkpoint was a blaze of light. I was astounded at the size of the crowd that had gathered to watch the final driving test the competitors must go through before they called it a day. The crowds seemed to be larger, the interest higher, the coverage in the news media greater, than it was two years ago, and I reflected on how the rally had grown, how its organization had been perfected, the professional way in which everyone went about his business, compared with the 'catch-as-catch-can' of the first rally in 1961. With its 'major league' status now recognized around the world, it was conceivable the 4000 could become a Canadian sport classic comparable to the Grey Cup in the years ahead.

Our plane crew was there to greet us as we checked in—Gerry Marchesseau, Shell's doyen of the rally since its inception, Jim Gunn, Don Stewart, the rally steward, Bill Wordham, press liaison officer, and John Gallop, the communications expert from IBM. Each had something to say about plane vs automobile travel.

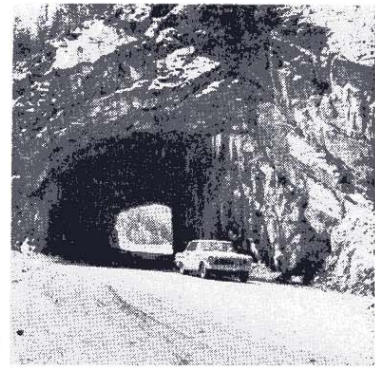
A car pulls off for the parc fermé, emitting its characteristic snarl. I turn to Mun and Ed and say: 'Man, I love that sound.'



Winner Klaus Ross interviewed at the finish line. He and partner John Bird (both are from Toronto) led the Volvo to the team championship and also paced the excellent showing of Canadian crews against stout foreign competition.



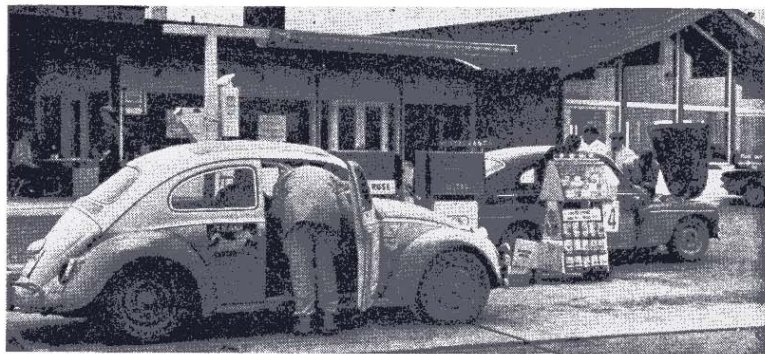
A lone competitor somewhere in the Rockies.



No reason for publishing this except we liked the picture.



Shell officials, staff and of course the press were out in strength to greet the arrival of contestants in Montreal.



Volkswagen and Volvo refuel and grab refreshment at the White Rose 1867, Parry Sound, Ont. A natural stopping point for the contestants.



No event of this magnitude, however safely and expertly driven, is completely free from accidents. This one happened at Bancroft. Crew Stuart Ramsay and Donald Elliott.



They never had it so good — the farmers we mean, with the tractor.



One slip here and all is lost. Two competitors slither down this mountain track hoping for better roads later.