

☐ Rallying can be one of the most frustrating sports of all time. However, there is that certain "the show must go on" determination instilled in the rallyist's blood and they are known to fight against the most overwhelming odds.

On these pages we present some of the frustrating, but amusing moments, which hit John Callon and Joe Mazuch, during this year's Shell 4000 Rally. Callon and Mazuch were the winners of the Track and Traffic Sportsmanship Award and the incidents below are taken from Callon's log book. On the same pages artist John Carson humorously illustrates what could possibly face a rallyist on the Shell 4000.

4100 miles in a Mini

Arrived in Vancouver after two days of snowstorms, ice and high winds with engine running on three cylinders. Tore it apart in hotel parking lot, found one valve burned and three cracked seals. Located parts and machinist, repaired and replaced head, finally got car running properly four hours before start after assist from Bill Fredericks of Champion.

Start — Engine running sweet, car going like stink, maybe we'll do something this year-Generator quit, battery going dead at start of Cascades speed section, had to shut off lights to keep engine running, navigator seemed absolutely thrilled by all this — Lost brakes on Bow River speed section, great fun, oil cooler fell off, shorting out ignition within sight of control, wanted to flatten car with rock, restrained by navigator —Short in light wiring at Calgary safety check, no muffler, lost more points . . .

Doing well, blew head gasket on Wainright, engine very sick, navigator seemed relieved, adding water every five miles after Wainright, losing points, repaired head gasket, engine seemed O.K. after



"Trees! Trees! Trees! Nothing but - - - - trees!"





draining antifreeze from pan.

Once again doing well nearing Winnipeg, engine started to run on three cylinders, found burned valve—Oh well, the damned thing still runs... Hit washout on Sandilands speedsection, engine quit, dried out, exhaust manifold cracked, ears ringing. Sault Ste. Marie, Finally found time to replace exhaust system missing since Bow River. Oh boy, we won't have to yell at each other tomorrow!

Thirty miles east of Sault, ripped exhaust system off in mudhole, hell, we didn't need it anyway. Took wrong turn, restrained myself from strangling navigator. Arrived in Ottawa with both front shock mounts broken, repaired.

After Ottawa, lost brakes again, cut line to left front wheel, very interesting when braking on gravel. St. Jovite—pounding the poor little Mini for all she'll do, lapping at 1:37 and 1:38, looks like we're finally going to beat "her" on one stage, Fire broke out in floor carpets caused by exhaust, put out with water carried in brief case, only half a lap to go, engine quit cold because of short in electrical system, spent what seemed like half a day rewiring the damned thing-Arrived in pits to cheers of our two friends in the french taxicab.

Bought new battery in St. Jovite, back on road, engine very, very sick, running on two cylinders, another burned valve, hitting controls late . . .

100 miles from finish, came over rise airborne, landed atop bloody big rock, breaking sump (ever see a grown man cry?) stuffed with rags, stopping every five miles for oil, taking load off engine when oil pressure drops, tramping it when it came back up again.

Finally made scrutineering at Quebec City, lost points galore, checked out of control two minutes under maximum for lateness.

Arrived at Finish — Chateau Frontenac, no crowd at ramp, everyone had gone home, missed reception, tough. Hung around rally headquarters waiting for results, when polished rally organizer told us we had finished felt like we had just been given a pardon from the electric chair.

Awards Banquet — Felt like heroes, got two trophies, one for second in class, one for stubbornness. Very, very happy, got gloriously drunk, can't remember the rest. Have to try again next year Jim Callon





"Now sharp left and follow the streetcar tracks!"