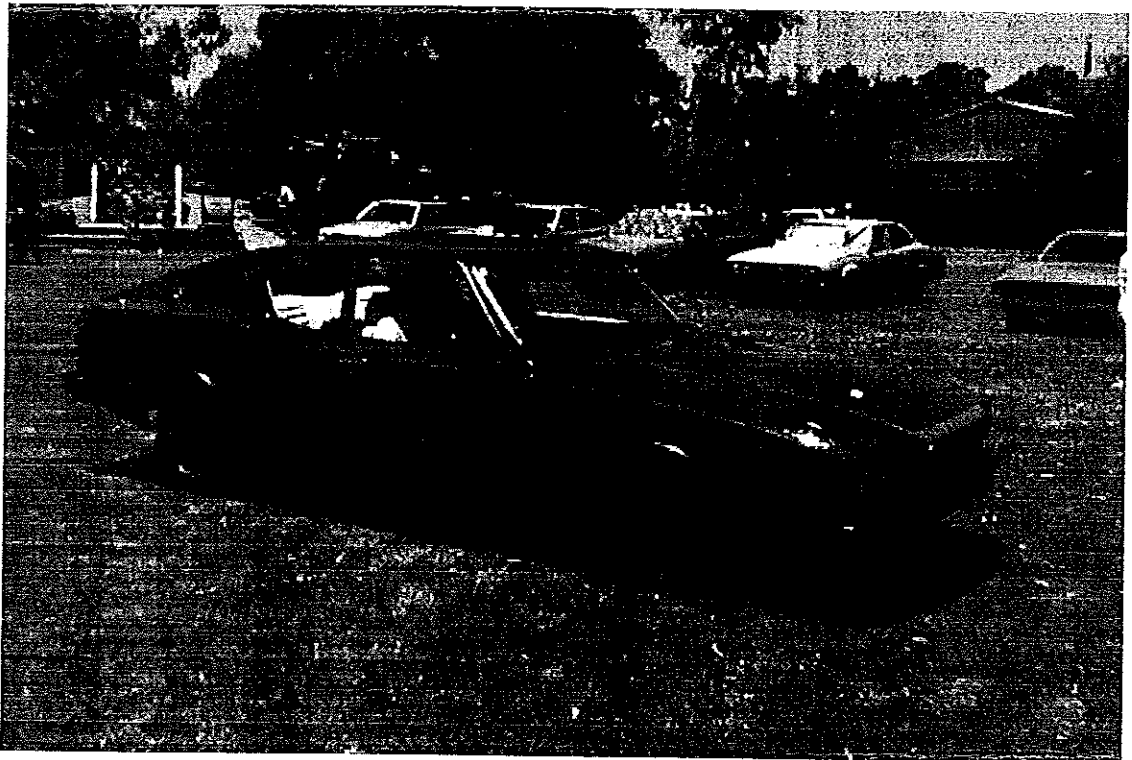


# LEYLAND P76

## SOUTH AUSTRALIA



*The Force 7 out at Birdwood*



***MAY 2005***

MINUTES OF THE GENERAL MEETING OF THE LEYLAND P76 OWNERS CLUB (SA) INC.  
HELD AT THE ST ANDREWS UNITING CHURCH HALL, EDMUND AVENUE, UNLEY  
ON TUESDAY 5th APRIL 2005

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**OPENED:** 8:06 pm  
**PRESENT:** 11 as per register  
**APOLOGIES:** Peter Gardiner, Di and Nigel Bray, Ben Flavel  
**PREVIOUS MINUTES:** Wayne read the minutes; adopted

**BUSINESS ARISING FROM THE PREVIOUS MINUTES:**

- Christine waiting to hear about copyright fee for "The Carmakers" movie
- 2-booter BBQ appears to have been stolen
- Wayne received 4 boot mats
- Anzac Day weekend event cancelled (maybe reschedule for Oct. 3 weekend, Labour Day)
- Christine will bring apparel samples to next meeting

**CORRESPONDENCE IN:**

Interstate magazines and event notices; letter to Wayne from Darren; FHMC minutes

**CORRESPONDENCE OUT:**

- Wayne letter of appreciation to Andrew Kloot for years of parts service
- Graham email Vic Club about posters; no response yet
- Graham was interviewed on regional ABC about the Club

**TREASURER'S REPORT:** \$5,458.15

**SPARE PARTS REPORT:** to be revalued by Geoff C

**COMING EVENTS:**

- Kadina Cavalcade of Cars, May 15
- AGM will be held Aug. 2 after light supper, and preceded by a General Meeting
- KI Motor Fest Sun Oct 2 as part of Birdwood "Cruising Classics" program
- Strathalbyn Swap Meet Sun Oct 16 at the Race Course

**GENERAL BUSINESS:**

- 60 Minutes showed motorcycle dragster with P76 motor
- Darren to show tape of McLeod's Daughters featuring his P76
- Bill O'Brien has an auto trans for sale, works OK, needs cable: \$30

**COMPETITION:**

- All members & non-members asked to submit design ideas for new logo (1 or 2 colours) for Club shirts, etc. Best design (judged by Committee) wins 1-year membership and free logoed shirt. Please present designs at or before May 3 meeting.

**NEXT MEETINGS:** Tuesday May 3; June 7  
**MEETING CLOSED:** Business meeting ended 9:17 pm.

#### TECH TIP # 1

If you lose your boot key, or the lock breaks, an easy way to open your boot is as follows:

Remove the number plate. At the spot 25mm (1") above the bottom edge of the number plate and 25mm to the right of the exact centre of the boot, drill a 5/16" or 8mm hole. Wiggle a Phillips head screwdriver around to move the latch lever to the right. Tape the hole over before re-fitting the number plate.

#### TECH TIP # 3

Heater hoses can be a problem to obtain. The long hose can be replaced by a Ford XC hose, part no. XC18472AD, using a joiner. Or, you can use a VT Commodore LPG heater hose. The rear hose is best replaced by a Commodore VB-VK heater hose. It has a 17.5mm widened piece on a right angle end. To fit 5/8" hoses at the P76 heater, fit these connections over a thin piece of 1/2" bore rubber hose, such as that used on P76 petrol filler breather pipes. To fit plain 5/8" hose at the water pump, thread the outlet internally to 1/2" BSP and screw in a suitable hose barb.

#### TECH TIP # 7

If your boot light is giving you the pip, make up a metal bracket to mount a long handled plastic toggle switch right next to the right hand boot hinge bracket. Fit the switch so that it is on with the handle up. This way it switches off when you shut the boot, and doesn't stay on all day if you don't want it to.

#### TECH TIP # 8

If the plastic clip connecting the outer front door handle to its lift rod breaks, a quick way to fix it is to drill a 40mm hole with a hole saw at the top of the flat area at the back of the door. Replace this clip with one off the interior door 'pull lock connection, out of an old door. Tape the hole over with red reflecting tape or similar.

#### TECH TIP # 10

To make the odometer and trip meter numbers on your speedo more visible at night: remove the speedo from the dash, then remove the mechanism from its case. Undo the small screws holding the face onto the mechanism ONE AT A TIME and insert a very small washer (about 0.8mm thick) between the face and the mechanism. Hide any damage to the screw head with a black texta. Now the numbers will be much more visible, because there is more gap for the light to get through!

#### TECH TIP # 11

Boot springs weak? Using a Stillson wrench, carefully unhook one torsion bar from its support bracket hole, then hook it onto the OUTSIDE of that support. If after a while, the boot springs become weak again, do the other one too.

#### TECH TIP # 12

Has your short handbrake cable broken? A good substitute is the long through bolt out of a Bosch 55Amp or similar alternator (40 Amp type is too short). Thread the middle of a 10mm long piece of 3/8" rod (a bolt shank etc.) with a 5mm metric thread and insert the long through bolt. File out the split top pivot to suit the 5mm bolt. Fit it head upwards.

#### TECH TIP # 13

Windscreen leaks: NEVER use acid cure silicone sealant. ALWAYS use neutral cure silicone, (or urethane sealant) or rust forms under the seal due to the acid. For that modern, dechromed look, fill the gap between the glass and frame with black (or coloured) neutral cure silicone. Mask the edges, trowel off and remove masking tape. Don't touch for 12 hours!

#### TECH TIP # 14

When removing the pins which hold in the light switch and/or the wiper switch, make a small loop in a piece of fishing line. Tie that around the pin and when you push it out, you will be able to recover it instead of letting it slip inside the dash.

## LONDON-SAHARA-MUNICH WORLD CUP RALLY

The first World Cup Rally was conceived as a promotional adjunct to England's defence of its World Cup soccer crown in Mexico. England had won the Cup at London's Wembley Stadium in 1966. The 1970 rally, therefore, started at Wembley and ended at Mexico City's Aztec Stadium. England didn't win in Mexico, but the rally was a success and the organizers, an RAC committee led and inspired by Australian promoter Wylton Dickson, decided to make it a regular happening. It would be held once every four years, in the same year as the football World Cup contest, always start in London, and always finish in the city where the soccer finals were to be played. For 1974, that meant a London to Munich rally.

Now, even a person with the sketchiest knowledge of world geography realizes that a journey from London to southern Germany's biggest city is no marathon. The direct road distance is around 1,000 km. A major detour, therefore, would be needed.

The temptation to use Africa, the one continent missed in the previous big rallies, was too logical to be resisted. And right up in the north of Africa, sprawling across the continent like the floor of a sandy furnace, was the world's greatest desert, the Sahara. So the 1974 World Cup Rally from London to Munich went via the Sahara Desert.

It was a rally of extremes, and was certainly the hottest of the Marathons.

Competitors who broke down in the Sahara (and that meant most of the crews!) recorded temperatures as high as 64 degrees Celsius (147 degrees Fahrenheit). Other extremes concerned its roughness, the remoteness of the territory it crossed, the consistently hard stages, which persisted almost to the finish, the endurance required from the crews, the variety of terrain, and the extremes of weather. The Sahara was scorching, but on the final night of the rally, drivers ran into a blinding snowstorm on an alpine pass in Austria.

But probably the most astonishing thing about the 1974 rally was that it took place at all. Its route had to be changed many times because of political strife in Africa, a misunderstanding by Russia, and a war.

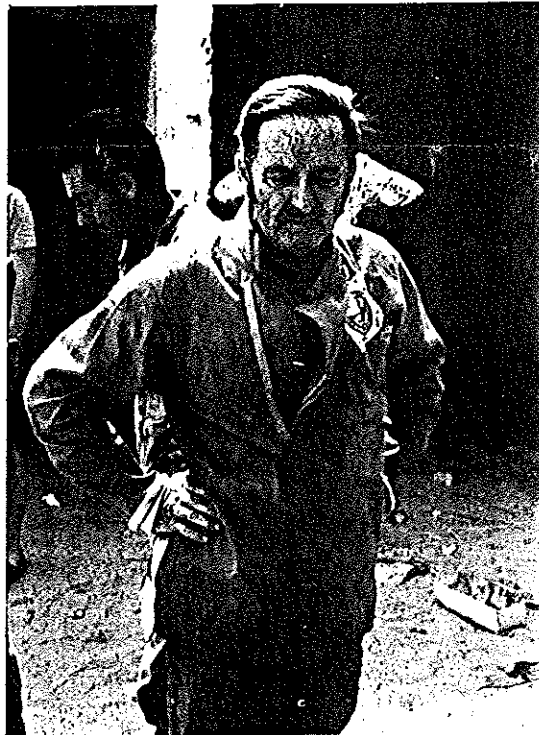
The concept was to travel through Europe to Africa, head south across the Sahara to Nigeria, turn east towards the Red Sea through Chad, cross the Middle East to Russia and reach Munich via Moscow. But the men in the Kremlin were peeved when the Soviet soccer team didn't make the World Cup finals (they were scheduled to play Chile in Santiago, and refused). Being unable at the time to distinguish between a World Cup football contest and a World Cup car rally, the Russians closed their country to the event and forbade their drivers to compete.

The war was simpler to understand. It was the Arab-Israeli conflict of 1973, and that effectively closed roads through the Middle East that the organizers had been planning to use. Even without the war, the route to the Middle East would have been difficult as Chad refused permission for the event to cross its country. Vanity was stirred as Chad has no road of any substance where the rally was heading and the nation's leaders didn't want the world to know.

The 1973 war caused the Arab petrol squeeze which led to the energy crisis and the cancellation of many motor sporting events. Wylton Dickson and his team refused to abandon the event, a decision that was entirely justified by May 1974 when the rally was held. However, in the nervous months that preceded the event many factories decided not to take part.

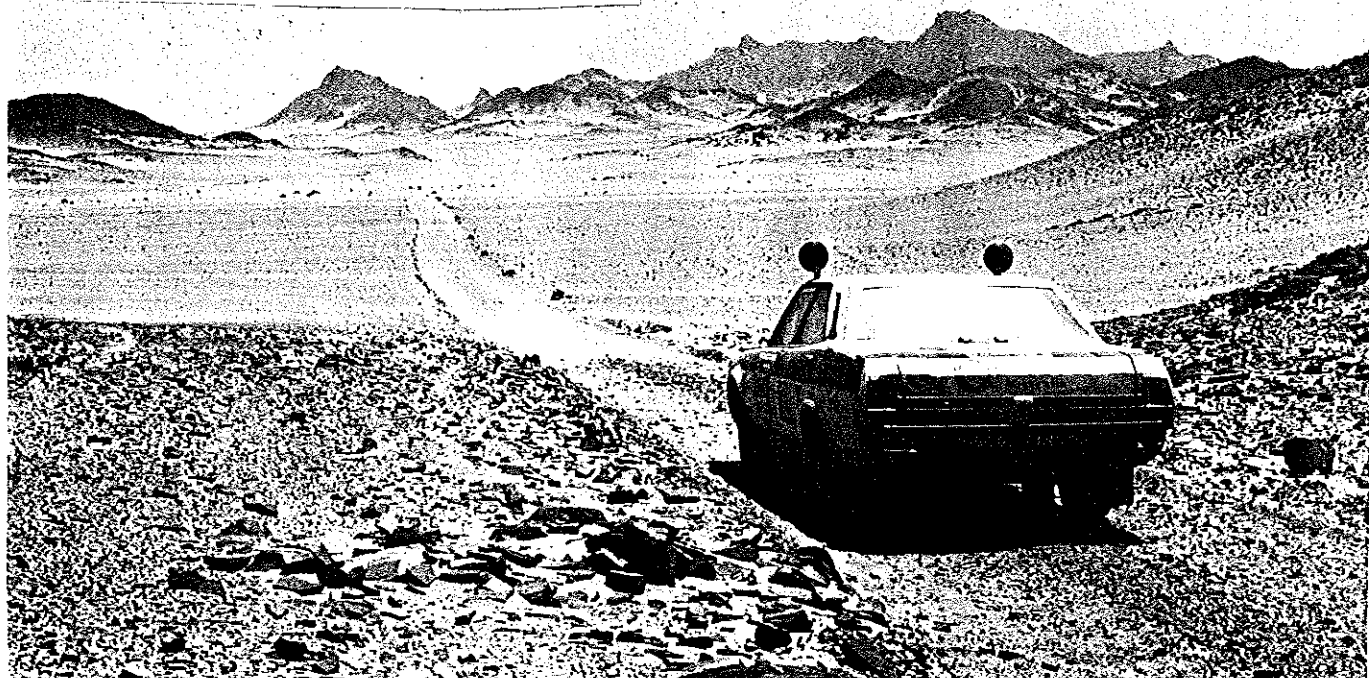
Only Lancia entered a fully-fledged works car for the great East African driver, Shekhar Mehta. Ford of Britain prepared an Escort for Andrew Cowan but let him make his own service arrangements.

*Right: Even the winners feel the strain. Ken Tubman, with co-driver Jim Reddix in the background, shows signs of the hard drive from Kano to Tamanrasset, in the 1974 Marathon.*



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This article is from Evan Green's book  
*Channel 7 World Of Motor Sport* (1977)  
Courtesy of Geoff Cutting



Porsche, Peugeot and Citroën helped in the preparation and servicing of cars with varying degrees of enthusiasm but if ever there was an event for the privateer, this was it.

And if ever there was a marathon that was true to its popular image and was more adventure than motor sport, it was the World Cup Rally of 1974. The route travelled south from England through France, Spain, Morocco, Algeria, Niger and Nigeria. Then it doubled back on itself to the central Saharan settlement of Tamanrasset and speared north to Tunisia and the Mediterranean once more. Sicily and southern Italy followed, before the rally's fifth ferry crossing took cars to Turkey. A loop through mountainous stages in that country preceded rough sections through Greece and Yugoslavia, Austria (and its unexpected snowstorm) and the final gentle procession from Salzburg to Munich. The total distance was 17,209 km.

The rally had an astonishing result. The Australian crew of Ken Tubman, Andre Welinski and Jim Reddiex won by the margin of 28 hours, 27 minutes and 31 seconds. They didn't finish more than a day ahead of the next competitor of course, it was just that penalties were expressed as

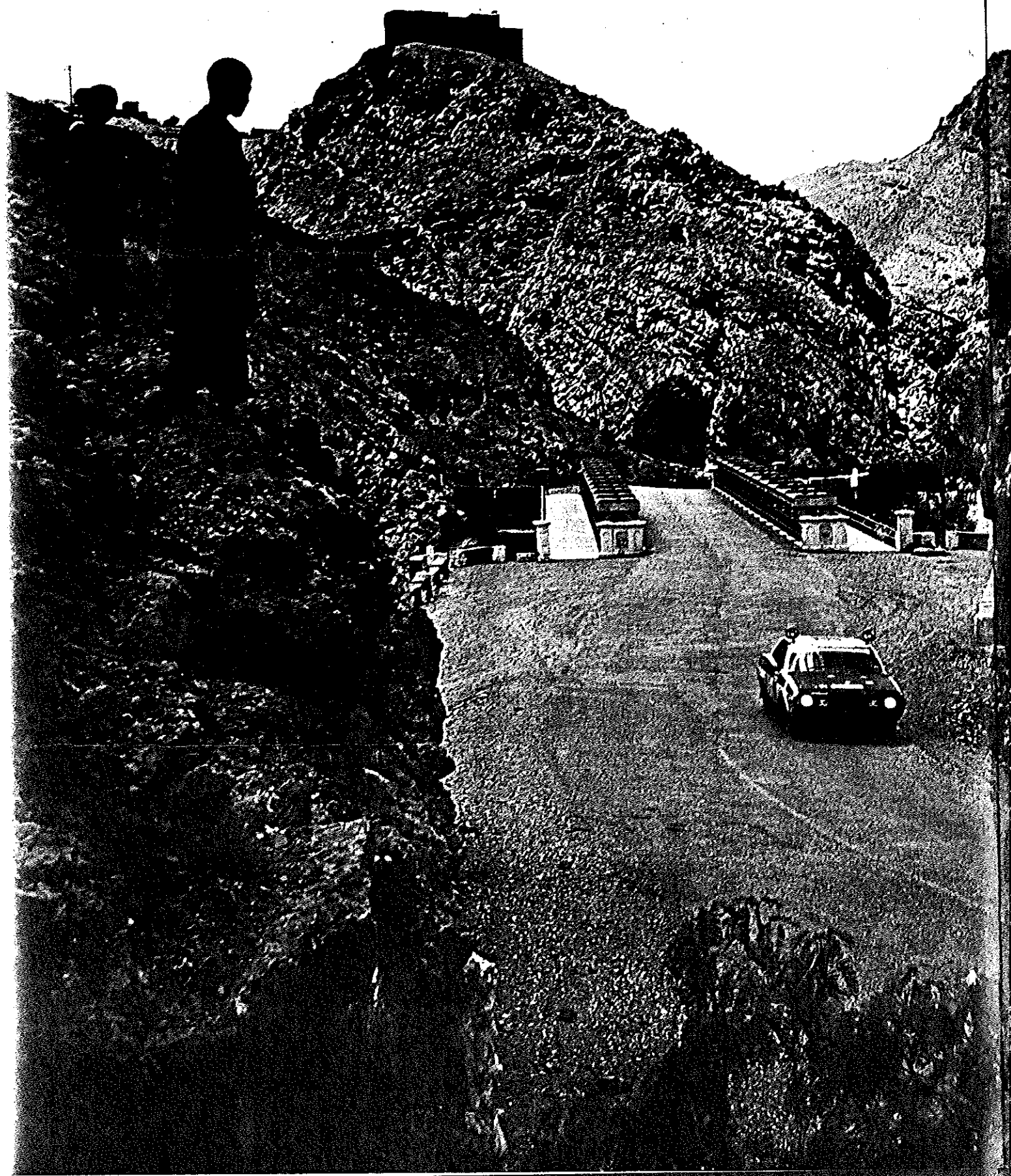
time and no other crew covered the entire route, thereby incurring vast penalties for lateness and missed controls. The Australians drove a Citroën DS23, thus atoning for the disappointments suffered by the French make in 1968 and 1970.

Only five of the finishers reached the rally's southern most point at Kano, in Nigeria. The three Peugeot 504s that ultimately filled second, third and fourth places, and the Jeep CJ6 that was fifth, all missed a looping section near Tamanrasset and a couple more stages in eastern Europe.

Nineteen cars were classified as finishers at Munich, but the final twelve, which included my own entry, were grouped at Tamanrasset, and missed the southern spur to Kano.

That we didn't enter Nigeria was due to a mistake that could have had fatal consequences. Because of the strife that preceded the event, the organizers were unable to check the route and the instructions prepared by the survey team. At the oasis of In Salah, in the Algerian Sahara, new road works out of town made the instructions meaningless and almost every competitor became lost. It was the misfortune of my navigator John Bryson and I to be the leading crew at the time, to be the first ones lost, and to go farther into the forbidding

Above: The Australian Leyland P76 led the 1974 Rally into the Sahara and had a two hour lead before the shambles of In Salah.







dunes of the Sahara than anyone else.

We were in a Leyland P76, the short-lived, much maligned but impressive big car that Leyland Australia produced from early in 1973 until the end of 1974. We entered privately, with sponsorship from Fabergé, and additional backing from Endrust, Total, Avis and Travelodge. The whole venture cost about \$A25,000, but the experience was priceless. It was a real distillation of the high and low points of life; great excitement and crashing disappointment; elation and suffering; great physical hardship and occasional touches of luxury at some of the rest points. We went where we would never have ventured but for the rally, and mostly swore never to return.

The event was the most physically demanding of all the Marathons because every competitor had problems, and a long drive becomes an ordeal when it is punctuated and prolonged by strife. The troubles were mainly in the Sahara. They ranged from simple sand bogs (although simple is an inadequate word to describe digging and hauling a car from the clutches of sand so hot it burns your skin) to mechanical breakages and loss of direction. A couple of crews were lucky to escape death—not from accident, but from thirst.

The rally had only three leaders, and it ceased to be a time contest after the In Salah incident. From that point onwards, with two thirds of the route still to be covered, the rally became a procession, and an adventure.

Almost from the start at Wembley Stadium, Polish rally driver, Sobieslaw Zasada, led in his works-prepared Porsche Carrera. He made fastest time through two short, forestry stages in southern England and was again fastest through four longer stages in Spain. Andrew Cowan, in the Escort RS 2000, was second on points by the Mediterranean.

The P76 disgraced itself in England. It stopped on each of the first two stages because of a petrol blockage in the carburettor. The fault was trifling, but enough to drop us to third last in the field of fifty-two cars that embarked on the ferry at Southampton. Spain was much better. The V8 engine ran sweetly and the big Australian car moved up forty-four places, to be eighth as the Algeciras-Tangier ferry took the rally to North Africa. Only Zasada's Porsche had been faster than the P76 through Spain.

The cars leading us, as we headed across the Atlas Mountains of Morocco towards

*Opposite:* On one of the less crowded sections of the rally, two lone tribesmen watch the Leyland from their rocky vantage point.



Above: A Tuareg tribesman, near Tamanrasset.

the Sahara, were a strange mixture. The leading Porsche of Zasada was a factory car, as was Cowan's second-placed Escort. But then came a couple of experimental vehicles. Third was a works-prepared Leyland Marina, fitted with a 3½-litre Rover V8 and being driven by British Army officer, Major John Hemsley, while fourth was a four-wheel-drive Renault R12 station waggon, with experienced French rally driver Jean-Claude Briavoine at the wheel. Former Grand Prix drivers Stirling Moss and Michael Taylor were next, sharing a Mercedes-Benz 280E. Shekhar Mehta was sixth in the works Lancia HF Fulvia, just ahead of Horst-Rudi Eberhardt in an Opel Ascona. We were next. German driver, Alfred Kling was ninth in a Mercedes similar to the Moss-Taylor car. American off-road specialist, Brian Chuchua was tenth in a 6-litre V8 Jeep.

The best of the Peugeots was French rally veteran Robert Neyret, whose 504 was twelfth. Ken Tubman in the Citroën was thirtieth.

One long, rough section through Morocco shook the field. Briavoine tore the bottom out of his four-wheel-drive Renault on a rocky outcrop, Moss, who was sensationally fast, if not discreet through the early stages, bent the suspension of his Mercedes. Hemsley had tyre trouble with the V8 Marina while the Californian Chuchua experienced the first of a string of twenty-seven punctures that were to cripple his Jeep's progress.

Cowan caught Zasada but couldn't pass the Polish driver's Porsche. Rather, he wasn't allowed to pass, despite drawing level twice, for Zasada has an unfortunate reputation as being a difficult man to overtake.

We had no troubles, gained five places, and were in third position by Adrar, on the edge of the Algerian Sahara. From third last on the shores of the English Channel to third on the fringe of the desert was so sensational a switch in our fortunes that we began to worry. Things were going too well.

At Adrar, our progress became even more startling. Both Cowan and Zasada stopped for lengthy service and the Australian P76 went into the lead as the surviving cars raced into the Sahara.

A long run through the evening to the desert oasis of In Salah followed. The big car relished the heavy going. With its high clearance and lusty power, it churned through the sand more like a beach buggy than a well-equipped rally car and averaged almost 110 km/h to the check point. Virtually every car behind us either became bogged or had mechanical trouble. Zasada blew the motor of his Porsche in the heavy going while Cowan's Escort became badly bogged in a patch of loose sand. Our lead at In Salah that night was more than 2 hours.

We knew none of this, of course. When you're in front, especially in largely uninhabited terrain, you have no idea what's happening behind. You just keep going, as hard as you dare. Then it all went wrong.

The trouble lay with a new road being built south of the town. When the survey team had plotted the course six months previously, they had noted the beginning of the new road and had advised competitors to follow it as far as possible. Late in 1973 when the survey was made, the logical way to follow the rally route from In Salah towards Tamanrasset was as they suggested. But when we arrived in mid-1974, the



new road he been extended by many times its original length and the correct track or 'piste' was an undisclosed and difficult-to-find turn-off. Ken Tubman, who with Andrew Cowan was the only competitor to have been there on a pre-event private survey, had told the organizers in London of the problem. But the official dispatched to In Salah to advise crews of changed instructions reached the check point after the first four cars had passed. And so our P76, the Peugeot 504 of Robert Neyret, the Lancia of Shekhar Mehta and the Escort of British veteran Eric Jackson all speared off into the desert, on the wrong road.

Being first, we went farther than anyone else. We entered a region of towering sand dunes and made the car suffer terrible punishment in getting out again. Retracing our path, we found Mehta and Neyret bogged in a sandy hollow and spent several hours helping them dig out. Closer to In Salah, we found most of the competitors camped for the night in total confusion. They had been told of the turn-off, but couldn't find it in the dark.

A few cars had discovered the turn. Leading them was the Citroën DS23 of Ken Tubman. Thirtieth at Tangier, the man who had won the first Around Australia Trial twenty-one years before was suddenly in front, and never to be headed. Andrew Cowan also found the turn but his Escort's rear-end collapsed on the corrugated piste to Tamanrasset.

John Bryson managed to navigate a course overland (or more correctly, over-sand) from the new road works to the correct track. The rest of the field followed. However, no sooner had the P76 reached the piste than a front strut cracked. It had been badly hammered in the toss-and-pitch antics we had endured in escaping from the sand dunes. So I spent a day in the Sahara, John went for help (hitching a ride with another competitor) and we lost the 1974 London-Sahara-Munich World Cup Rally.

Whether the Tubman-Welinski-Reddiex Citroën would have won but for the shambles of In Salah is a question no one can answer. They did win, and by the greatest margin in the history of modern rallying. The fact is the from In Salah onwards, the three Australians cleared away from what opposition remained. At first Eric Jackson gave chase, but the front suspension on his Escort broke south of Tamanrasset. Shekhar Mehta made up several hours on the Citroën, but eventually the engine of his small Lancia failed in the southern Sahara. The three Peugeots of



*Left: Andrew Cowan. He won the first Marathon, broke his neck in the second, was stranded in the Sahara Desert in the third.*

Robert Neyret and his female team-mates Christine Dacremont and Claudine Trautmann skipped a section through the eroded peaks of the Hoggar Mountains, near Tamanrasset, and travelled in convoy, not trying to catch the Citroën, but waiting for it to fail. It didn't.

The Peugeots were rewarded with second, third and fourth places, and the team prize. Only one other vehicle, the Jeep CJ6 of Scottish driver James Ingleby, reached Kano in Nigeria and then made it back to Europe and the finish at Munich.

Of the fifty-two starters, nineteen were classified as finishers. Only the winning Citroën covered every section. Only the first five returned from Kano. The sixth finisher, Patrick Vanson in a second DS23 restarted from Niger in the southern Sahara. The other thirteen finishers rejoined at Tamanrasset where many crews had been lost in the desert for more than two days.

If the lead didn't change on the run home, plenty of drama occurred among the also-rans. Nearly every crew became lost at least once on the long drive north towards the Mediterranean. The luckless Cowan, his Escort repaired at Tamanrasset, broke down again. So did Stirling Moss, whose team was out of water and suffering from heat and dehydration when rescued by a follow-up vehicle. Sand drifts blocked the track inside Tunisia and an army squad from a border fortress towed and pushed cars through. In Turkey, the Brian Chu-

chua Jeep hit a big dog and crashed into trees. The Range-Rover of Richard Beldam ran off the road and demolished a house. In Austria, a snow storm almost blocked an alpine pass and cars slid, became bogged, and bumped into each other as drivers tried to coax their vehicles, fresh from the scorching Sahara, up and over the frozen mountain.

We resumed at Tamanrasset in nineteenth place. Like most competitors, we had spent several days in the oasis township refitting the car, and left in high spirits, determined to do well on the second half of the course and catch as many cars as possible. Unhappily, the dream of success turned into a nightmare of trouble on the long journey out of the Sahara. The replacement strut had been damaged in

transit from London and it broke as we pounded along the corrugations north of the Hoggar Mountains. That left us with a crippled car and more than 1,800 km to travel to Tunis. The P76 was down in one corner, difficult to steer and likely to collapse with the impact of each bump. We had the choice of waiting for rescue, or trying to continue, so we went on.

The car took a fearful hammering. The flailing strut battered the mudguard and split the inner wheel arch so thoroughly that on one occasion, as the car slid down a sand dune to make a heavy landing on a clay surface, the coil spring actually punched its way into the engine compartment. It took six hours work to free the coil, which wedged itself against one bank of the V8 motor.

182

To our astonishment, we made Tunis. The journey took almost three days. It was the most punishing drive of my life, for the steering wheel shook and kicked like an animal in its death throes. My fingers remained numb for more than a month.

A new suspension strut, one that was not damaged, was fitted at Tunis and the big Leyland came back to life.

We won a trophy for best performance on the Targa Florio circuit in Sicily, made fastest time on a number of stages in Turkey, and beat all cars but a four-wheel-drive Range-Rover up the icy alpine pass in Austria. Nineteen cars were classified as finishers at Munich's Olympic Stadium. We were thirteenth.

Statistics and placings linger in the minds of observers but what contestants

remember are the other people who take part, the characters encountered, and the funny, hazardous and often bizarre experiences that befall all who become entangled in these long, intercontinental rallies. To take part is to guarantee the unexpected.

Just getting to the start and coming home again can mean adventure. After the 1974 rally, John Bryson and I drove the P76 back to Sydney, mainly along the route of the London-Sydney Marathon. We drove from London to Bombay in only six and a half days, shipped the car to Fremantle, and then travelled across Australia in one and a half days. A total driving time of nine days from London to Sydney must be some sort of record for overland travel. The reason for such haste was not to set records but to reach the Sydney Motor Show, for

183

which the car had been booked as an exhibit on the Leyland stand.

The key factor was the P and O freighter, *Mulbera*, which was sailing the vital Bombay-Fremantle segment at the appropriate time. Just as we were preparing to leave London, John Bryson and I learned that the ship's departure from Bombay had been advanced by a couple of days: we had one week to reach the Indian coast, about 12,000 km away via the route of the 1968 Marathon.

Like people and politics, roads can change a lot in six years. The Marathon's first 'horror section' in middle Turkey had all but disappeared beneath new road works. We were caught up in a military parade in Sivas in Turkey, became involved in the rescue of a truck driver who had crashed through a bridge into a river near Tabriz in Iran (we saw him, half drowning in the water, when we stopped on the bridge to take photographs) and were welcomed into Afghanistan, which had undergone the

transformation from Monarchy to Republic, as honoured guests.

'What? Search a car being driven by two famous Australian rally drivers. Never. I merely beg you to open the door so that I may sit in such a splendid vehicle. You do not object?'

Of course not. He even showed us his collection of impounded Playboy magazines.

Things became more difficult a few days later when the Pakistani army toyed with the idea of shooting us as smugglers. The trouble was caused by our desire to follow the precise Marathon route. An intervening war between Pakistan and India had led to several border bridges being destroyed and roads being closed. This we did not know as we drove from Lahore towards the Indian border. Little English is spoken in that region and our regular checks on the direction of Amritsar were met with pointed gestures that eventually had us on minor roads crossing fields and canals.

184

Once, as I drove the P76 along a raised track between two ploughed fields, we were surprised by a squad of soldiers carrying out a bayonet charge. Or rather, we surprised them for they stopped in mid-charge to let us pass.

John, who understands the army mind (having served for five years in Korea) hopped out of the car, sought out the officer in charge and from that astonished official gained the information that this was, indeed, the way to Amritsar.

When next we encountered Pakistani soldiers, they were no longer playing games. They appeared from behind bushes wearing steel helmets camouflaged with leaves, and bearing automatic rifles. They encircled the car.

'Ignore them,' John said. 'Do a U-turn and let's go back to Lahore.'

The car had reached a bridge across a canal and it was from the bushes lining the bridge's approaches that the soldiers had sprung their trap. I could sympathize with John's desire to return to Lahore and restart our quest for the correct road to India, but I had no intention of driving away. Standing next to my door was a soldier decorated like a walking sapling and he was poking his rifle barrel through the open window.

'Let's go back. Forget them,' John continued, still more concerned with the map puzzle than the military threat. But I was half way out of the car, for the soldier was jabbing me with the gun. He spoke no English, but didn't need to. The rifle conveyed the message with absolute clarity. Soldiers closed on the other side of the car, and John soon joined me.

Heading a procession of camouflaged and menacing troops, we marched across the bridge to a site where a field telephone was hidden. Much animated conversation took place before our captors were ordered to take us to the base camp.

A vehicle detached itself from the shrubbery and escorted the P76 to the army camp. One soldier came with us, perching himself on the spare wheels which were bolted to the rear floor.

The camp was in the ruins of a village that had become partly overgrown by the jungle. A crowd had gathered to witness our arrival. They were all soldiers but they watched in a way that reminded me of Hollywood films in which crowds, silent but intensely interested, congregated for a public execution.

An officer appeared. He was a young man, wearing only slacks and singlet

whereas all his inferiors were in full uniform. He approached us with curiosity, studied the car for a few moments and then walked around it reading the various rally signs still applied to its exterior.

He spoke English and we told him our story. He burst into laughter.

'Oh dear, they thought you were smugglers,' he said. 'Much smuggling now goes on from Pakistan to India.' My mind conjured up images of gold and jewels being slipped across the border. 'Dear me, no,' he said. 'Wheat. They smuggle wheat. My men have never seen a car like yours before and thought it was some sort of truck or van.'

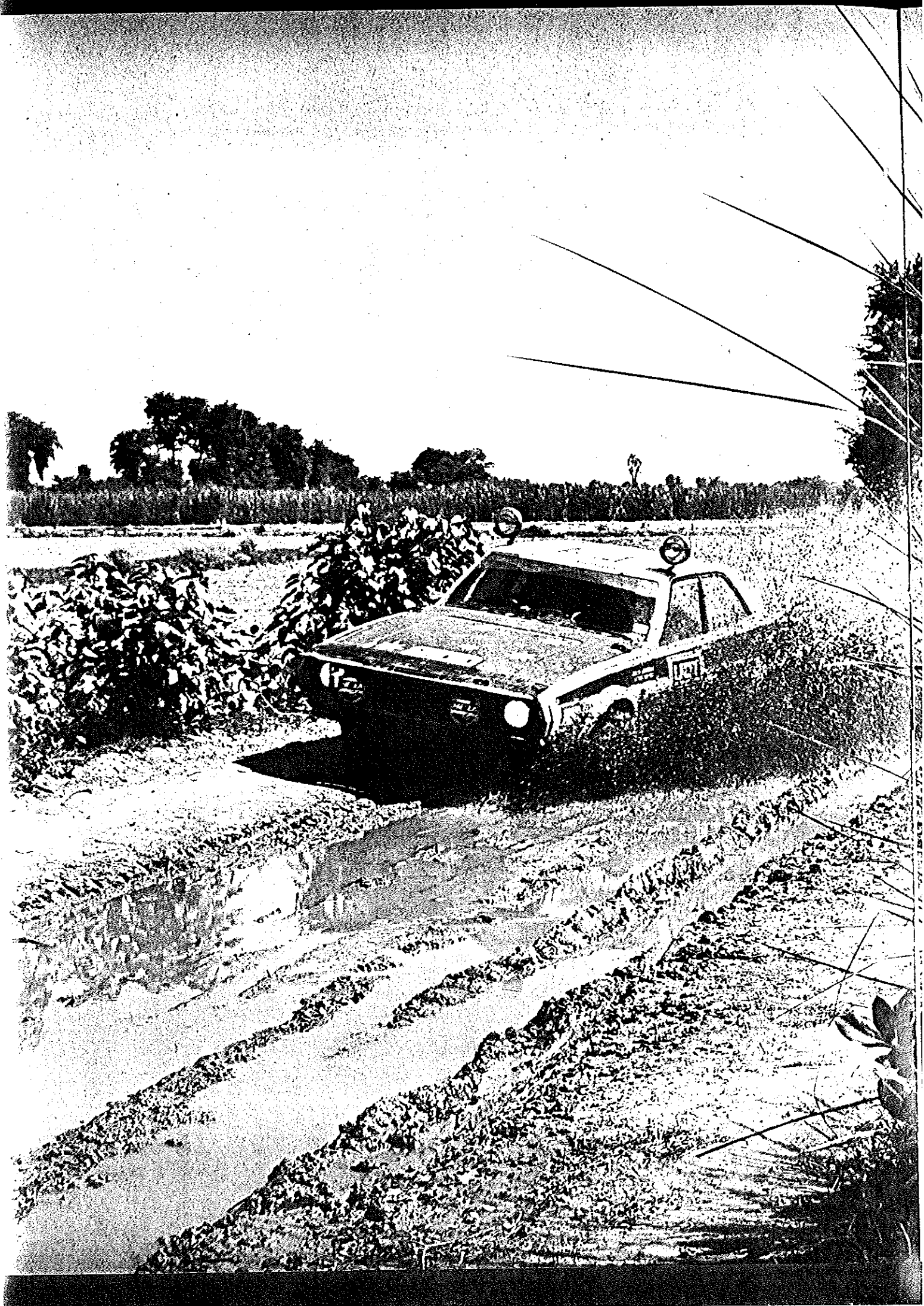
He offered us cups of tea and then advanced the astounding information that we were still on the correct road. 'There are two roads,' he said. 'The main one is over there'—he waved his hand across the fields—'and you are on the alternative...the one the wheat smugglers prefer to use.'

He gave meticulous instructions to reach the main road. We drove across bullock tracks, around a lake, through a village and finally found ourselves on the highway we had used in 1968.

We turned left towards India, and stopped. Barricades blocked the bitumen. The officer who had given us such detailed route instructions to the border crossing had omitted only one fact—the crossing was closed. A bridge had been destroyed during the war over Bangladesh, and the route had not been re-opened. So back to Lahore we drove, having lost half a day from our slender time schedule and stewing with frustration as we reflected on the curious Pakistani trait that had permitted dozens of people to give us directions to the border without any one of them bothering to add the information that the road was closed.

Even with the delay, we reached Bombay in time to catch the ship. Thus, the much travelled P76 arrived at Sydney on schedule for the Motor Show, before moving to its present location in George Green's Motorcade Museum near Liverpool, south-west of Sydney. As for me, the mini-marathon, wheat-smuggling episode and all, added to the experiences of the three full-scale events that had preceded it, have created a desire to be involved in the next ones. Pity us, for these competitive journeys across the world breed addiction.

Now there's sure to be another London-Sydney Rally, and they say the next World Cup Rally will go to Buenos Aires, and after that...



# LEYLAND P76 S.A.

## SPARES LIST 3/5/05

	Price		
<b>V8</b>		Front strut top (rebushed) changeover	\$40
V8 throttle link ball joints	\$1	Power steer pinion adjusting shims	\$1
V8 throttle link bushes	\$1	<b>Gearbox</b>	
V8 PCV rubber hose	\$10	4 speed g/box gasket set	\$12
V8 plug leads stainless steel Bosch	\$60	4 speed g/box shifter saddles	\$5
V8 rotor button	\$8	4 speed g/box reversing switch	\$15
V8 distributor cap	\$35	<b>6 cyl</b>	
V8 distributor shaft	\$30	6 cyl muffler, genuine	\$60
Second hand V8 distributor	\$50	6 cyl choke cable	\$5
V8 radiator hose, top	\$15	6 cyl engine breathers	\$2
V8 radiator hose, bottom	\$15	<b>Electrical</b>	
V8 long heater hose (VT Commodore LPG)	\$35	Lucas starter motor bushes, per pair	\$10
V8 short heater hose	\$10	A/C thermostat switch	\$5
V8 thermostat housing	\$25	Headlamp dip switches	\$15
V8 thermostat gasket	\$2	Wiper delay relays, Ford.	\$10
Z86 oil filter	\$13	Wiper switches	\$30
V8 front seal, CR 19777	\$30	<b>General mechanical</b>	
6 & V8 rear seal, PR 4978	\$18	Master Cylinder kit	\$28
V8 head gaskets	\$29	Front disc pads (standard) CDP 1045	\$24
V8 rocker gaskets	\$12	Radiator recovery system cap 13psi	\$4
V8 sump & timing gasket set	\$36	Long handbrake cable	\$10
fuel pump gasket	\$1	<b>Interior</b>	
V8 carb. Jet	\$4	Brown carpet set, repro	\$130
Genuine fan belt, V8	\$5	Deluxe window winder handles	\$5
Genuine P. Steer Belt	\$5	T-bar selector handles	\$5
Power steering pulley	\$10	rear parcel tray clips only (cream/brown) set.10	\$5
Airconditioner belt	\$5	Door lock knobs	\$2
V8 reco water pump changeover	\$100	Console lid cover parchment	\$10
V8 Water pump gaskets	\$2.50	Console lid cover Imperial leather	\$10
V8 Water pump bearings, ISB630	\$40	<b>Exterior</b>	
Water pump bearing, ISB61, suit 6 and V8	\$40	Front indicator lenses, painted, pr	\$60
V8 extractor gaskets, set	\$15	Front indicator lens, painted, single RHS	\$30
V8 exhaust pipe rings (non-asbestos)	\$5	R.H.F. zinc corner, no chrome	\$20
V8 engine mount	\$40	Ford number plate lenses, pair	\$15
GL27V (V8) points	\$15	Number plate lenses, repro, pair	\$25
V8 oil pressure switches	\$8	Tinted Laminated Windscreens	\$130
V8 thrust washers, Pair	\$10	Bonnet insulation hangers, set	\$10
V8 oil pressure relief valve	\$2	Lower guard repair panel, each	\$35
<b>Suspension/steering</b>		Window scraper rubbers, repro, set 4	\$100
Rack boots, p/steer and R.H. manual	\$25	<b>General</b>	
Rack boots, L.H. manual rack,	\$25	Auto Quarterly magazines	\$40
Power steer control valve spacer bush	\$5		
Urethane tie bar rubbers, set of 4	\$30		
Front strut inserts (Pedders) per pair	\$200		

For a spares contact Geoff Cutting on  
(08) 8270 3799 or  
[gcutting@picknowl.com.au](mailto:gcutting@picknowl.com.au)

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**If undelivered, return to:**

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