

# **TIMELINE OF MOTORCYCLING**

## **Volume Six**

**1925 - 1929**



**Compiled & edited by  
Dave Richmond**



Compiled, edited and written by Dave Richmond  
[motorcycletimeline.com](http://motorcycletimeline.com)

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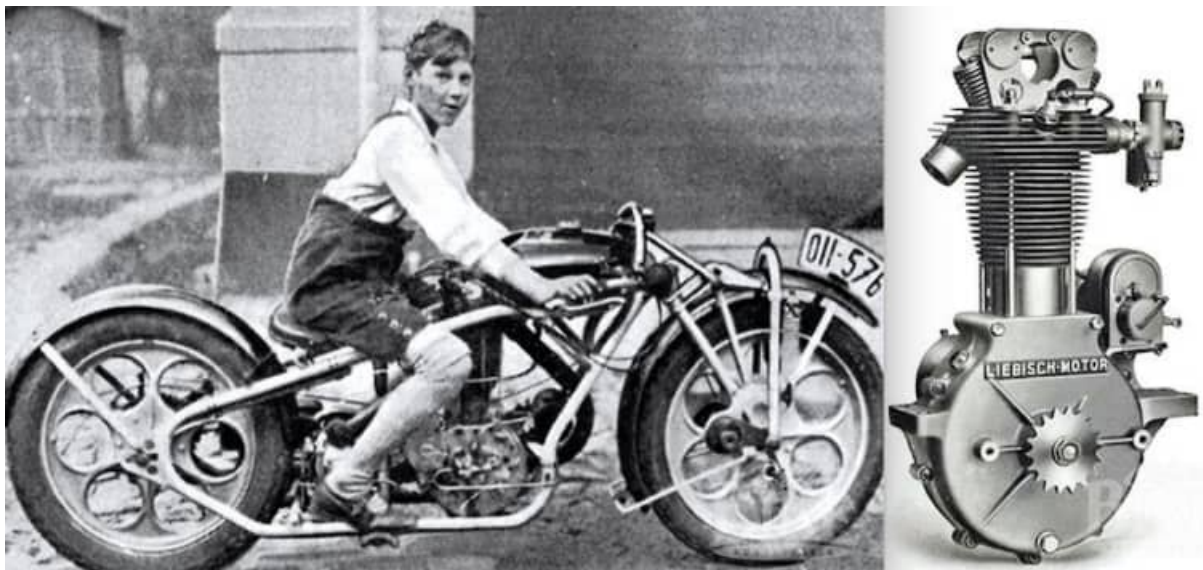
1925



The motor cycling world bid farewell to James Lansdowne 'Pa' Norton, pictured with his wife Sarah.

FOLLOWING A COUPLE OF YEARS in development an extraordinary motor cycle hit the streets of Czechoslovakia, taking on established marques including Jawa, Premier, Bekamo, Praga, Grizzly, Itar, Aeros, Walter, Satan, Velamos, Poustka, Koch, Sirocco, MB, Orion, Met, Velox, and JAC. The newcomer, designed by one Albin Leibisch, was marketed on its domestic market as Čechie but elsewhere it was named for its Bohemian homeland: Bohmerland. It certainly stood out from the crowd. Power, of which there was a claimed 16hp, came courtesy of a long-stroke (78x120mm) ohv single fed by an Amac (later Amal) carb, ignited by a Bosch mag and driving through a three-speed Sturmey-Archer box. The all-welded frame and girder/leading-link forks were clearly designed to withstand the roughest going; ditto the cast-aluminium 'artillery' wheels that would become ubiquitous half a century later. Despite being built like a tank the Bohmerland 'Jubilee' was said to do 80mph; the tuned and lightened Sport version came with a claim of 92mph. But Leibisch also catered for the family market with the remarkable three-seat

Touren and even more remarkable four-seat Langtouren which, with a 3.2m wheelbase, must have been interesting on corners. There was also a prototype military version of the Langtouren fitted with twin Hurth gearboxes (one of them operated by a passenger) giving a total of nine speeds. The tall engine precluded the use of a convention fuel tank so five-litre pannier tanks were mounted either side of the rear wheel—the fuel pipes stretched for almost two metres. To add to the already considerable overall length, a substantial luggage box was located behind the rear wheel, suspended from extensions to the top frame rail. There were no dealers; every Bohmerland was hand-built to order and delivered direct from the factory, once it had been roadtested by its designer. About 1,600 were produced before the company's demise at about the time the Germans came calling in 1939. In his company's final years Liebisch developed a 'People's Motorcycle' with a 350cc two-stroke engine. *Bohmerland reborn! See 2019.*

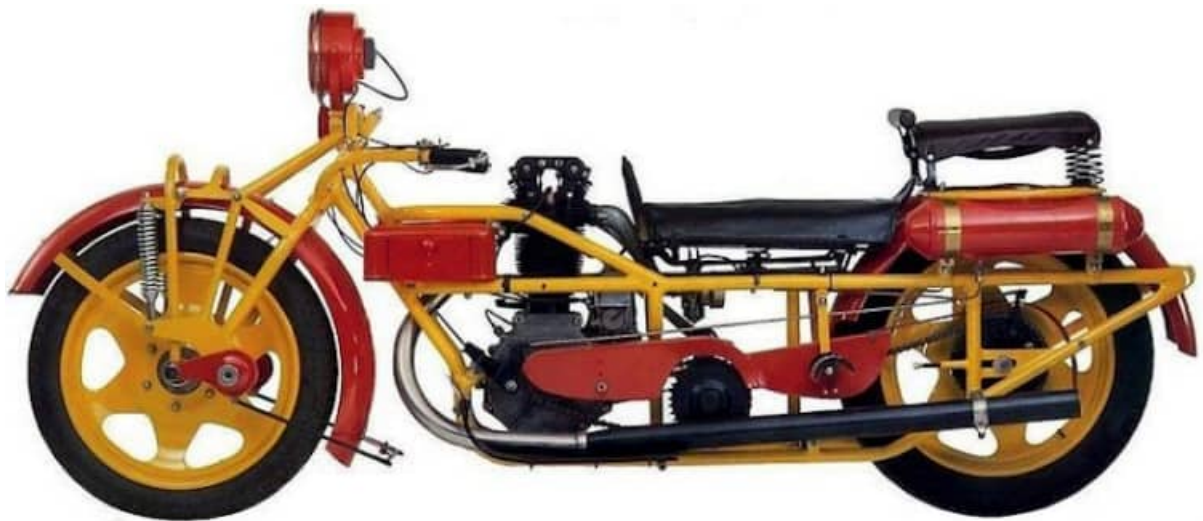


Liebisch's son Richard aboard a Bohmerland Jubilee. (Right) The long-stroke engine was notoriously oily, but it was sturdy and reliable.



One Bohmerland; four happy riders. (Right) With a 3.2m wheelbase a sidecar made good sense.

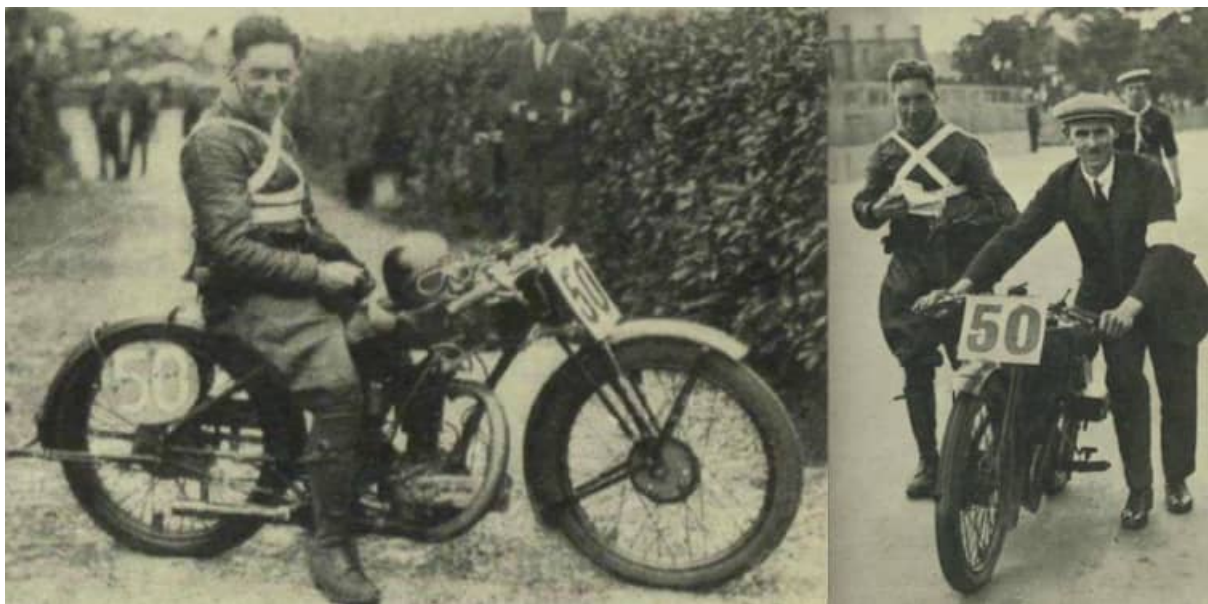




Touren, three seats one gearbox good; Langtouren, four seats two gearboxes better?

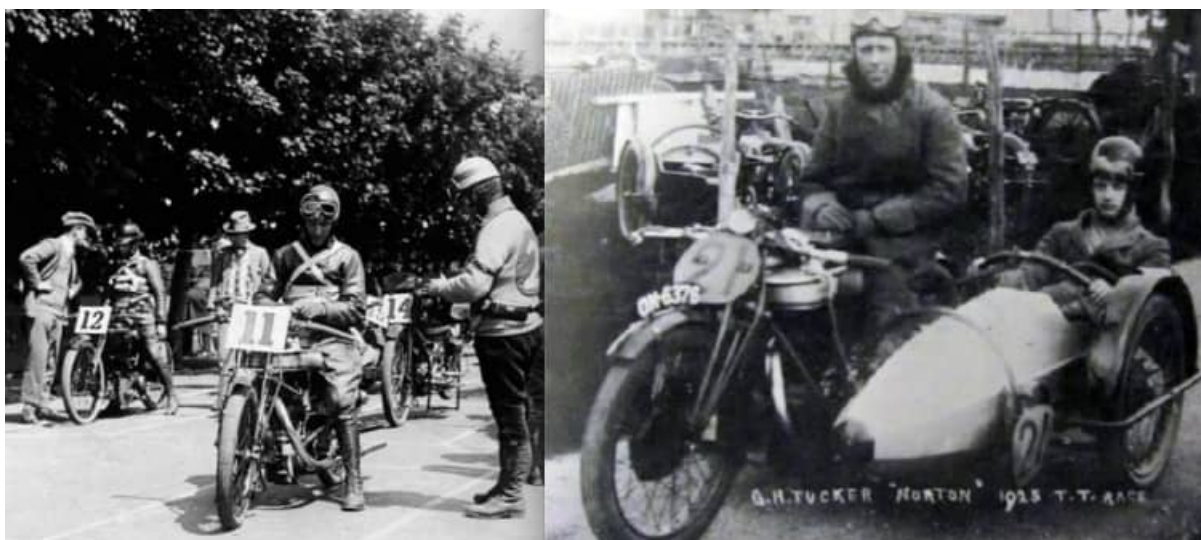


HAVING RETIRED FROM SIX TT races in the previous three years Wal Handley enjoyed a record breaking week. He became the first rider to win two TT races in the same year and he set record laps in three races. There were 52 starters in the Junior, including six New Hudsons; five Ajays and Sunbeams; four Duggies New Hudsons and Enfields; three Rex Acmes; and a brace of Howard Davies' new HRDs. Freddy Dixon (Douglas) led at the end of lap one but Handley (Rex-Acme) was only a second behind him and took the lead for the rest of the race, winning at an average of 65.02mph which was better than 3mph faster than Alec Bennett's winning ride in the 1924 Senior. Dixon retired, leaving Howard Davies and his HRD to finish second, ahead of Jimmy Simpson (AJS). Another AJS, ridden by CW Hough, was 4th, ahead of HF Harris on the other HRD in the race and L Horton (New Imperial). The *Brooklands Gazette* reported: "A more popular win could hardly be imagined than WC Handley's triumph on the Rex-Acme. Both the rider and the firm deserve every bit of praise we can give them. Handley, who is only 22 years of age...is just the type of rider whom we all



Wal Handley looks tickled pink by his Junior win; he went on to win the Ultra-Lightweight and set lap records.

like to see win a big race of this class. Quiet, unassuming, accepting defeat in the same spirit as he accepts victory; nothing spectacular about Handley, nothing but sheer grit and determination to place his firm's machine at the top of the list. A wonderful rider, with an uncanny knowledge of the things that matter. To see him take the bands was a fine education, his footrest just that half-inch or so off the ground, that half-inch that makes all the difference between a fine rider with experience and the new entrant. Of the second man, namely HR Davies, we can but say that he rode an excellent race, and deserved to win as much as Handley did. Without doubt the 'HRD' will be a popular machine this year. Simpson, the star of the course, accomplished a miracle by winning at all; nevertheless, his chagrin was great when he discovered that he had not run into first place.. Apparently some signals had been misunderstood, which accounted for his slackening the pace..." There were only seven starters in the Ultra Lightweight TT, established only the previous year for 175s, and the field fell from 17 to seven. This could be fairly blamed on the ACU which had imposed



Alec Bennett on the grid for the Senior; he finished a respectable third. (Right) George Tucker and his passenger WW Moore with their Norton outfit were among the 'DNF's, but to be fair only six of the 18 starters were in at the finish.

a 150lb weight limit. Let's not forget that the TT had been inspired by the Continental 50kg weight limit on racing motor cycles. The very name Tourist Trophy reflected the fact that TT machines had to be fully equipped; the races were designed to improve the quality and performance of road bikes. Most of the 175s in the inaugural Ultra Lightweight TT had weighed at least 225lb. As Geoffrey Davison, editor of the *TT Special* put it: "...to get down to the 150lb limit entailed an enormous amount of drilling and hack-sawing! Many prospective entrants just couldn't be bothered with this artificial weight reduction and felt that, if they got their machines down to the prescribed limits, they would be unsafe on the roads." Rex-Acme joined Cotton, New Gerrard, Excelsior and Dot on the grid which was good news for Wal Handley as he became the first rider to win two TTs on consecutive days with a winning speed of 53.45mph. Irish rider Paddy Johnston (Cotton) was runner up with Jock Porter third on the New Gerrard he designed and built in Edinburgh (Porter and his New Gerrard had won the inaugural race). Davison remarked: "The main interest in the race, indeed, was the triangular contest between the three countries." FG Morgan (Cotton) was fourth, with CS Barrow (Excelsior) fifth and





Howard Davies and the HRD he designed. It carried him to a Senior win in its Island debut.

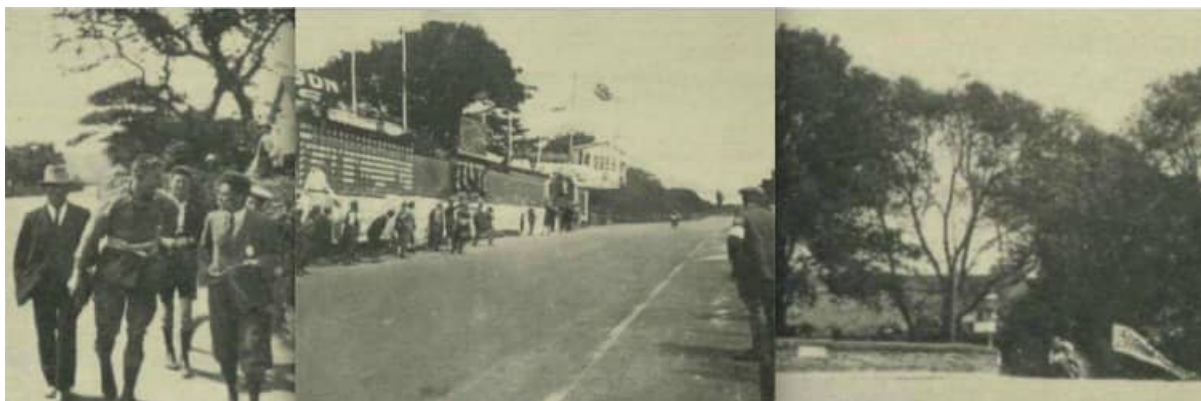
Charlie Dodson (Dot) sixth; N Hall (Excelsior) was the only 'DNF'. There were no less than 11 Norton among the 47 Seniors, with eight Sunbeams, seven Douglasses and, from Yorkshire, four Scotts and three of P&M's latest ohv sports models, the Panthers. There were also a trios from AJS and New Hudson and two apiece from Montgomery and HRD—one of which, of course, was ridden by its designer, Howard Davies. Completing the field was a Triumph, a Dot, and two more designer-builder-riders: Jock Porter on a 350cc Blackburne-engined New Gerrard and (also from Edinburgh) AJ Robertson on a 500cc JAP-engined AJR. The Norton team was led by Alec Bennett, who had won the 1924 Senior; he set a lap record of almost 67mph on his first lap but finished in third place. Howard Davies won the race at 66.13mph on his HRD; runner-up was AJS works rider Frank Longman. Fourth spot went to one of the new ohv Panthers in the hands of 18-year-old P&M apprentice Tommy Bullus who had been reserve rider on the factory team until he collided with





Ready for the off: the Senior TT grid.

another Panther ridden by works rider Oliver Langton, crashed into a stone wall and wrecked his bike. Then Langton crashed again, broke his collar bone and Bullus was in the team. The two other Panthers failed to finish so, as footballers are said to say, the boy done good (at a creditable 61.96mph). Hard on the heels of the Panther came its Yorkshire neighbour Scott followed by a trio of Sunbeams. The Senior remained a gruelling test of man and machine—of the 47 starters there were just 18 finishers. But Howard Davies had no complaints. Since his astonishing TT week in 1921 when he won the Senior of a 350cc AJS before coming second in the Junior on the same bike Davies had failed to finish a single race. Now he had matched his 1921 record of a Senior win and Junior second place on his first TT outing aboard the HRDs he designed and built. “My machine ran perfectly and I had no trouble at all,” he told the *TT Special*. “The course, incidentally, was very much improved between 1924 and 1925. A lot of work had been done on the Mountain stretch. The surface was tarred almost all the way round and there was a notable absence of stones. These improvements were reflected in the speeds of the races. My winning average in the Senior was 4½mph faster than the previous year, whilst my speed as second in the Junior was 7mph faster than the 1924 race.” The Lightweight attracted



Eddie Twemlow relaxes after winning the Lightweight. (Centre) Here he's about to take the chequered flag. (Right) Brother Ken at Quarter Bridge on his last lap, en route to third place.

19 250s and five of them were New Imperials. Following his Ultra-Lightweight and Junior wins Wal Handley was hot favourite on another Rex Acme and was on course for a hat-trick when he crashed following a third-lap puncture at Signpost Corner. Paddy Johnson took over the lead but a combination of lost goggles, brake failure and a leaking oil tank put him in second place behind Eddie Twemlow on one of the New Imps and just ahead of Eddie's brother Ken on another. Handley's first lap set a race record of 60.22mph; the first time the Mountain Course had been lapped at better than 60mph. There were 11 marques among the 18 outfits including four apiece from Douglas and Norton, two AJSs, two Sunbeams and single entries by Dot, Dunelt, New Hudson, P&M, P&P and Scott. Only six finished the course, led home by Len Parker and KJ Horstman on a Douglas at 55.22mph. Behind them came two Nortons, two Ajays and a Dunelt. The *Brooklands Gazette* reported: "Dixon (Douglas) and Langman (Scott) were the two giants of the practice laps, and with great expectation we looked forward to a wonderful duel;. They were both disappointing, however, for Langman fell out on the first lap with gear box trouble and Dixon, although taking our breath away for two laps surprised us by filling up with oil at the end of the second, and subsequently was reported as going badly near Ballacraine. His first lap constituted a record by being accomplished in 40min 17sec, a speed of 56.21mph. Some day he will pick a Douglas that



Len Parker and K J Horstman won the Sidecar TT on a Douglas at 55.22mph.

will stand up to his treatment, and TT riders for the following years will have a hard task to beat his lap times...Douglas hopes received another shaking when Hatton retired at Kirkmichael with broken front forks, and suffering from shock...Reed (Dot) retired with a faulty back brake...his passenger may have been thankful, for on the previous lap his face was literally shaved at Braddon Bridge, so neatly that his goggles were taken clean off. Perhaps we should say that he was rather roughly shaved, for certainly his face came in contact with the wall...Simpson (AJS) disappointed everyone by not finishing in under 51min 21sec, this however was due to his handlebars working loose, an incident which lost him second or at least third place...Those at the Grand Stand were treated to a real thrill by the attempt of 'Pa' Cowley, who is over 61 and who drove a Sunbeam, to pass Simpson along the straight. They were neck and neck at the top of Bray Hill, but Simpson being on the inside took preference in the descent...The winner, Leonard Parker, is a private entrant, and rode in 1923 in the Amateur TT, also in the Senior Race last year. His time for the last lap was only  $\frac{4}{5}$ sec slower than Dixon's record lap...AE Taylor is an amateur and is to be congratulated on coming home second in what was undoubtedly the best race of the week."



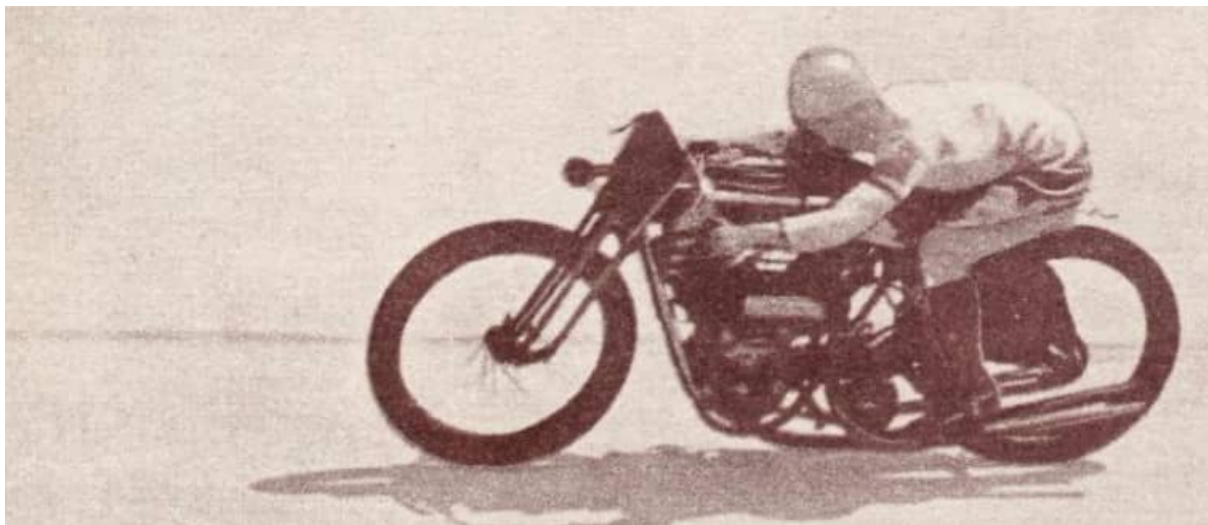


Alec Bennett rounding Quarter Bridge en route to third place in the Senior. (Right) AJ Robertson's Senior ended when he parted company with his AJR-JAP.

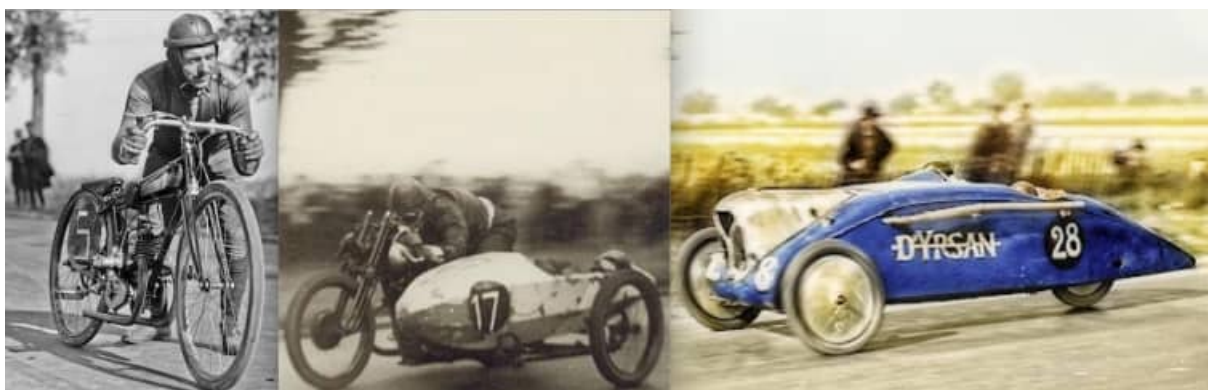
THE BELGIAN GP WAS POSTPONED by red tape. The Belgian Motor Cycle Federation banned FN for an alleged rule breach in a previous event. But FN took the Federation to court and a judge said they could race. The Federation stood its ground and simply postponed the race, while agreeing to pay the British contingent's hotel bills and fares. To allow the race to continue FN stood down. Alec Bennett's Norton won the 500cc class, Wal Handley won the 350cc class for Rex Acme and Porter's New Gerrard did it again in the 250cc class. But AJS teamster Jack Hollowell was killed when he crashed into an iron gate post.

FROM THE NEW ZEALAND *TRUTH*: "At Sellick's Beach, Adelaide...Paul Anderson on his Indian made a new world's speed record of 125mph, thus beating the world's record made by the famous English rider, Le Vack, at 123mph. During the same afternoon Anderson broke the world's lightweight speed record on a 3½hp Indian at 103mph...The weather was dull and cloudy, and conditions on Sellick's Beach were bad for racing, but nevertheless Anderson flew along the sands, his machine looking like a scarlet comet." The American ace certainly got about—in the USA *Motorcyclist* magazine reported: "Paul D Anderson, who with his Indian has been showing the Europeans, during the past several months, what the American machine can do, has returned from Europe and is now visiting at the Indian Motorcycle Company, Springfield, Mass. He has raced and entered record trials and championships in France, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland and Italy. According to this dashing motorcycle racer, everywhere he went 'they, across' welcomed him with open arms and did everything in their power to make things pleasant for him...At every race meet and trials he attended, he found enormous crowds overflowing with enthusiasm. In Belgium and France, however, the race courses were so far away from the cities that the distance served more or less to keep the crowds away. The course in Belgium near Spa, was one of the most picturesque he visited. It was a 15 kilometer run; a good asphalt road which stretched itself away into the hills, meandering down thickly wooded slopes and twisting here and there like a mountain stream. There were, however, some pretty bad curves which necessitated extreme carefulness on the part of the racer...He won several noteworthy races in Holland and made many fast friends...in Switzerland he competed in the Swiss Kilometer Record Trials in the 1000cc Class and established a new Swiss two-way kilo record. His speed one way was 189km/h or 117mph and average both ways was 173km/h or 107mph...His last week in Europe was confined to France. There he signed up for the Annual Day of Records Speed Trials held at Arpajon Speedway under the auspices of the Motorcycle

Club de France...This was held under the sanction of the Federation Internationale des Clubs Motorcyclistes. Paul entered both the Kilometer and Mile Record Trials, two ways and literally 'burned-up' the French track. The French enthusiasts gazed, awe-stricken, as the American racer opened up his Indian and 'zipped' over the measured distances: 159.08mph and no less was what Paul made one way in the mile. His mean average of two ways was 135.71mph. In the kilometer he straightened out a mean average of 194.59km/h or 120mph. He rode an Indian motorcycle, size 60.88 cubic inches (997.64cc). The time of 159.08mph is accredited to be the fastest ever made on wheels and therefore is a special tribute to the American-made machine and its plucky and daring rider. The *Petit Parisien* a Paris newspaper, referred to Anderson's performance as a 'wonderful and tremendous performance' stating that the speed was such as has never been obtained heretofore by any kind of vehicle."



CF TEMPLE WAS ALSO on the record trail, covering 164.117km (101.978 miles) in an hour on a 995cc OEC-Temple-Anzani on the banked circuit of the newly opened Autodrome de Montlhéry, south of Paris. OEC proclaimed: "This is the first time in the history of motor-cycling that a motor cycle has been officially timed to cover 100 miles in the hour." Arpajon, where Anderson so impressed the French crowd, was (indeed is) about four miles south of Montlhéry via a straight road that was often used for high-speed work. A number of record attempts were made there during a 'journée des records'.



Laudois was aiming for 125cc glory on his Train 'velomoteur' at the Arpajon records day; Eddie Meier had a stab at a sidecar record; Krebs did his thing in a Dyrzan cyclecar.

# MOTOR CYCLING and CLUB DOINGS

By FIXIT.

THE *ADELAIDE REGISTER* WAS CLEARLY staffed by journalists of the finest kind: every week a full broadsheet page edited by 'Fixit' was devoted to 'Motor Cycling and Club Doings'. And that worthy, having expressed his laudable devotion to motor cycles, provided the *Register's* readers with an excellent summary of the year's fastest rides, leading to the records set by messrs Anderson and Temple. He wrote like an antipodean Ixion so let's dive into the Aussie bike scene of the mid-twenties, from news of new models to the 'doings' of some thriving bike clubs. All these yarns came from a single issue so motor cycling was clearly flourishing down under. Fixit, over to you:

## **"NO MORE A TOY!"**

Most motor cyclists recall the tolerant contempt of their friends who believed that they were fooling with toy engines and refused to take the motor cycle seriously. The belief lingers in some quarters, but people willing to consider facts have surrendered it. They realize that the motor cycle has proved itself no toy, but a serious and valuable means of transport in any country. It has preceded motor cars to the summit of the highest mountains climbed; it has crossed the Sahara; wild beasts in African forests have fled from the sound of its exhaust; the steppes of Russia have been conquered by it; one has gone round Australia; and snow, sand, and mud alike yield to its power. Pitted against the most powerful motor cars it has proved itself superior in speed and equal in durability. Should any part of the machinery of either refuse to function, the motor cycle is away on its journey again while the car driver is still searching for the cause, the reason being the immediate accessibility of all parts in the former and the absence of complications caused by a water-cooling system. In proportion to weight the motor cycle engine gives greater power than that of a car, and it loses nothing in a comparison of relative durability. It is cheaper to own and run a motor cycle in proportion to power, because of the lessened cost of tyres and the lower weight of every section.

## **100 MILES IN THE HOUR.**

A famous British track rider on a British 1,000cc machine covered 100 miles in just under an hour at the Montlhery track near Paris recently. That was the first time in the history of the motor cycle movement that 100 miles an hour had been maintained for an hour, though the same rider a short time previously went within a few minutes of accomplishing the feat, which constituted the outstanding speed achievement in the motor cycle year. Four short years ago he was one of three famous speedmen making frenzied efforts to exceed 100 miles an hour over a kilometre. All three machines making that attempt were of American origin, and on that occasion the rider who has just made motor cycle history was unsuccessful, getting within one-fifth of a mile an hour of the coveted century. It is all the more pleasing, therefore, to be able to record now that he was the first motor cyclist in the world to cover 100 miles inside the hour. One or two cars have accomplished a similar feat, and a team of three British cars averaged over 100 miles an hour throughout last year's 200-mile mile race. In all those cases engines of 1,500cc or more, in most instances supercharged, have been used. At present British motor cycles have not employed supercharging methods, but it will be interesting to see how speeds will soar if and when riders resort to supercharging.

## **INDIAN MAKES WORLD RECORD.**

World speed records were established by Paul Anderson on an Indian motor cycle, racing at the Arpajon (France) Speedway, on October 11. They were 135½mph, mean average speed over the

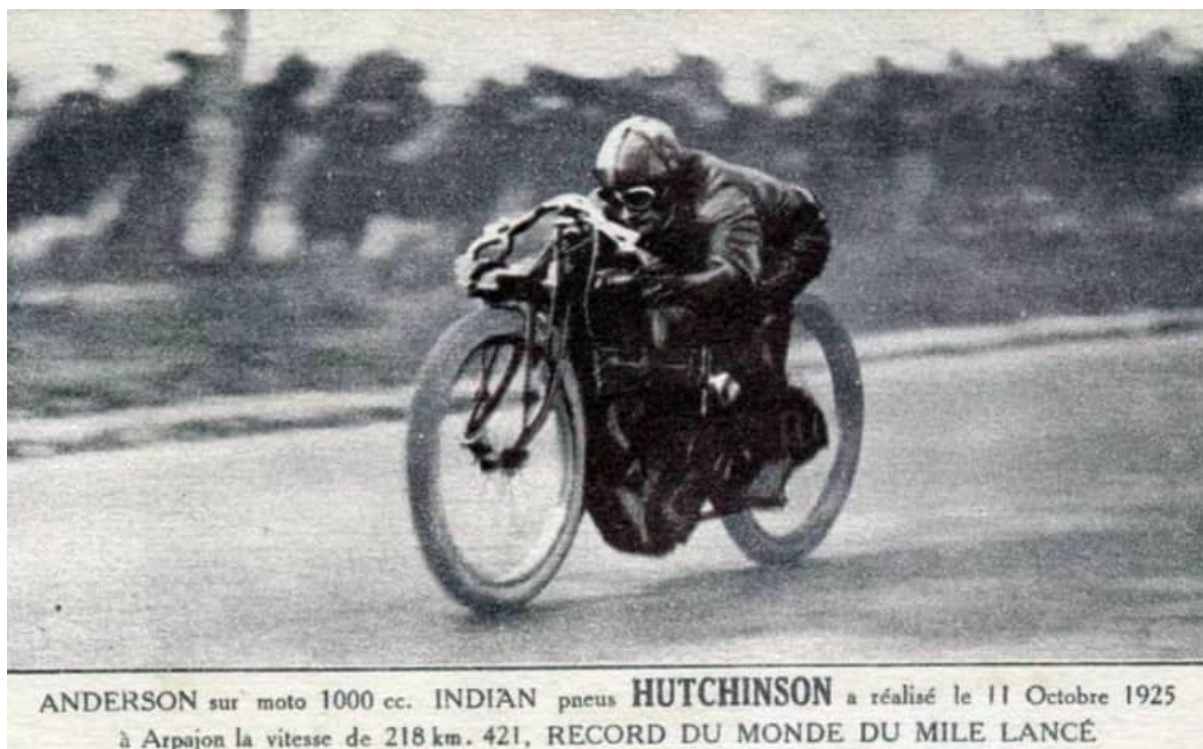
mile, two ways, and 121mph, mean average speed over the kilometre, two ways. Crowding on pace in the mile, Anderson flashed into the startling speed of 159mph, equivalent to a mile in  $22\frac{3}{5}$ sec. That is the greatest speed attained by any vehicle on land, and leaves Capt Campbell's famous achievement of 150 miles an hour a few months ago far behind. The records are official. The races were held by the French Motor Cycle Club, under the sanction of the Federation of International Motor Cycle Clubs, and were electrically timed. While in Australia recently Anderson, on an Indian, at Sellick's Beach, established a one-way record for Australasia of 125mph. Another noteworthy motor cycle speed achievement during the past year was 99.31mph by a 250cc machine over a kilometre. Fancy that, a speed being attained with such small nominal power, a thing no one would have dreamt of a few years ago. Since then 100mph was exceeded by an 1,100cc three-wheeler and also by a 750cc solo machine, 92 miles in the hour recorded by a 500cc machine, and more than 59 maintained for an hour by a 175cc machine. In addition 100mph was exceeded on the sands of the Lancashire coast, and in an Irish speed trial by 1,000cc twins, while a 500cc sidecar outfit covered 300 miles at more than 60mph. Development in Great Britain for some years has been in the direction of producing small machines with engines of such high efficiency, that they equal the big twins of a few years ago. At the same time attention there, as everywhere else, has been given to engineering methods, which ensure longevity of every part. One result has been to attract general attention to the smaller machine, and American companies have given it a place among their products also.



“Paul

Anderson on his Indian, who this month, in France, created two world's records—namely 135½mph mean speed for a flying miles (two ways) and 159mph one way, which was sanctioned by the Federated International Council of Motor Cycle Clubs.”





Here's how Anderson's run was publicised in France by his favoured tyre supplier...

**MOTO** *Vellurelle  
Cyclcars*  
**CICLISMO**  
MILANO - L. 250 ROMA 31

L. 2.-  
ANNO XI - N. 43  
25-28 Ottobre 1925  
SETTIMANALE  
Sento corrente con la Poste



*Indian* La macchina  
più veloce  
del mondo. **Km. 256** all'ora è la fantastica  
velocità raggiunta da  
PAUL ANDERSON alla  
riunioni di Arpaion bat-  
tendo tutti i precedenti

**RECORDS MONDIALI**

TORINO - C. S. Maurizio, 57 **NAGAS & RAY** Via Legnano, 32 - MILANO

...and the Italians

were clearly impressed.

### CONCULTY'S HAT TRICK.

At the Eight Hours Day meeting at the Penrith Speedway [30 miles west of Sydney, NSW] Douglas motor cycles delighted 10,000 spectators by winning three events and creating two new track records. The spectators anticipated great things, but the wonderful riding of Billy Conculity on his Douglas exceeded all expectations. Pitted against the cream of Australian dirt track riders, he won the five-mile all-powers invitation solo scratch race on a 3½hp Douglas in the record time of 4min 6sec, clipping 4.4sec off the previous record, which was also held by him. The five-mile championship of New South Wales, for machines under 500cc, was also won by Conculity on his Douglas. The five-mile under-350cc handicap was won in the record time of 4min 22.4sec from scratch. That was a wonderful speed for a 2¾ hp engine, especially when it is considered that the distance was covered from a standing start. Right from the outset the

Douglas figured from scratch in every event, conceding considerable starts to motor cycles of double the horsepower.



The ohv 494cc Douglas RA was aimed at the competition rider. Advanced features included alloy slipper pistons, a flywheel clutch, twin carburettors and all-chain drive, but most innovative were the cable-operated disc brakes with aluminium calipers at the front and rear (they were ahead of their time; after a couple pf years Douglas fitted drums). .



Organised speedway was spreading throughout Australia but it was still flourishing at Maitland Showground, where the first meeting was held in 1923.

#### **NEW MODELS OF CHATER-LEA.**

Rumours have been current for some time of an intention on the part of the assemblers of the Chater-Lee motor cycle to instal a new type of engine. The reason was difficult to discover, because the Blackburne has been such an efficient engine, and was wonderfully successful in the tourist trophy races this year. For a machine designed primarily for sports purposes, it would be hard to surpass, and the adherence of other firms to it indicates the idea of its value held by engineers. However, the Chater-Lea Company is not satisfied with satisfaction, and is ready always to try for something superior. That, no doubt, is the reason which has prompted a change to a JAP engine for the 350cc machine. Apparently the change is tentative, and an extension to other models will depend on experience with the sturdy and mercurial JAP. Buyers,

say the agents in South Australia (Messrs ET Fisher & Co), will be able to choose between single and double port overhead valve JAP engines for the lightweight. It may be remarked that the latter type is intended solely for racing, and the agents will not advise the selection of it for road work, for the speed developed would make the machine almost unmanageable on any except a prepared track unless a rider were an expert. Its qualities suit it beautifully for banked-track racing or attempts at records, but unless a sidecar were attached to keep the speed down it would be unwise to use it for fast touring...In all probability forks and springs have been modified on the 350cc model to meet the needs of the new engine and expected greater speed...As a result of the experience gained when Marchant shattered so many records with a Chater-Lea at Brooklands this year, the designers were given the task of incorporating the knowledge in plans for a similar machine to be placed in the hands of the public. The new model is of 348cc, and in every respect conforms with the Brooklands type as it appeared at the end of last season after necessary modifications. That model is certain to be sought by riders who desire to shine on the track and at Sellick Beach...The machine also has the valve camshaft overhead, which gives greater efficiency and lessens the frequency of adjustments. That position is almost essential for high-speed machines where the pushrod is subjected to severe strains, the lessening of which becomes more important as the revolutions increase. The Blackburne engine is kept on the model, its value having been proved so conclusively. Evidently the company realises the risk of swapping horses when crossing a stream, and has no intention of changing engines when first giving the public a super-hotted speed demon. The famous Chater-Lea frame remains standard, and it gives a saddle position far below tankhead level, the tank having the typical streamline always fascinating when the machine is seen in a race. The sporting impression is heightened by the absence of a carrier, tool boxes being fastened to the rear mudguard. All-chain drive and interchangeable wheels are justified by the number of firms which adopt both nowadays. Knee grips, of course, are attachments, and shock absorbers assist the fork springs. They are of the usual type for fast machines and occupy the orthodox position just above the front mudguard. The brakes on both wheels are internal expanding, and provision is made for simple adjustment and detachment of the gear when changing wheels...Modifications include the standardization of Binks carburettors, Terry saddles, carb-jetor silencers, large and even more handsome tanks, and ingenious reversible handlebars, which allow a variety of riding position...Another entirely new production is a sports machine fitted with a 545cc sidevalve Blackburne unit. The engine has been specially tuned, and speeds of 65mph solo and 50 with sidecar are claimed.





The Chater-Lea's 350cc Blackburne engine had a proven TT track record.

#### **MATTSON SETS NEW HILL RECORD.**

Sweed Mattson, the speedy hill climber on the Pacific coast, went over the 65% 375ft grade on Santa Cruz Hill with his 61 Indian in 12½sec. That constituted a record. Indian took first in the 61Expert, Mattson smashing the hill record. W Leighton, on a 61 Indian, took first in the 80 novice and third in the 61 novice. Luck was against Mattson in the 80 open, in, which he competed with his 61in. He turned over on his first trial and went off the course in his second attempt.

#### **CHAMPIONSHIPS IN POLAND.**

Competing in the 25-kilometre road race for the championship of Poland against a field of 50 machines, Indian won first, second, and third places. The championship was won by an Indian Standard ridden by Capt Choinski, with Robert Gunsch on an Indian Chief second and Alexander Duma on an Indian Chief third. Indian also won first and second places in the international road race for the championship of Danzig, Poland, over a distance of 210km. Bottch, on an Indian Chief, was the winner, with Lichtenberg, also mounted on a Chief, second.

#### **STANDARD OF QUALITY.**

It is interesting to notice that when *The Motor Cycle* desires to indicate a standard of perfection the Norton is one of the machines mentioned by it. It is used as a standard for both road and track work, and its records during the past few years gives every justification for that opinion. Among its latest feats in Europe is a trip from London to one of the Swiss lakes (an official club tour), two being entered and both finishing. The roads encountered were extremely rough, and as a good speed was required there were many eliminations due to engine failure. The Ulster Grand Prix has been won by a Norton for the fourth time in succession. In addition to that, A Bennett established a record lap. The average speed was in excess of 72mph. It has to be remembered that all those Nortons were standard machines, and that replicas may be obtained from any agent. The company have consistently declined to produce a special racing machine, holding an opinion that any rider must be able to duplicate any performance with his mount. The machine is simple to keep in order, and its successes on the racing track are emulated by those on the road. One, with a sidecar, went through the recent reliability trial in South Australia without losing points, and has qualified for the deciding contest next month. Some of the models similar to the new ones shown in London

last month are being displayed by Messrs BT Fisher & Co in their showrooms, Grote street, and are being given a lot of attention.



This Norton Model 18 is powered by the ohv 490cc lump prepared for Alec Bennett's TT campaign.

#### **WYATT MOTORIA.**

The Wyatt Motoria, next Arcade, Grenfell Street, caters for the requirements of motorists. The kerbside petrol pump, from which Golden Fleece petrol is drawn, has been found convenient by motor car drivers. The many extra articles which go to equip a car or cycle may be obtained, also spare parts for almost every build of motor cycle, and oil of all grades. The Wyatt Motoria is also the South Australian distributor of the two-stroke Francis-Barnett motor cycle. There has been such a big demand for the 2¾hp AJS lately that the stock has been depleted, but new machines are due almost immediately. Intending purchasers are advised to book their orders early.



The

147cc Fanny-Barnett was notable for its frame made up of straight tubes.

#### **SEVEN HP AJS TWIN.**

Motor cyclists who desire a high-powered machine should inspect the 7hp AJS at the Wyatt Motoria. The whole design is a masterpiece. From the twin engine 18 brake horsepower is



obtained, and its quiet running allows the longest journey to be negotiated without fatigue. The transmission system permits a crawl through thick traffic and a quick getaway. The wheels, being interchangeable, may be removed in a few seconds without interfering with the brakes or chains. The three-speed gearbox, clutch, and Renold chain transmission, twist-grip control, and Binks carburetter are high grade. The tough, supple springs of the Brampton forks, and the well-sprung saddle ensure comfortable riding. The Wyatt Motoria showrooms are in Grenfell street, next the Arcade.



The 799cc 7hp AJS: "The whole design is a masterpiece."

### **INDIANS MEET A DEMAND.**

Under the one name, says Mr NK Torode, of Waymouth Street, an Indian dealer sells models which cover the complete range of motor cycle demand...Behind him is one of the biggest motor cycle factories in the world, building its machines more and more each year with a comprehensive eye to Australasian requirements. Australasia was Indian's biggest overseas customer, taking nearly 50% of the factory's total export output last year. Indian sales in Australasia are now averaging more than 4,000 machines a year. Instancing the consideration given by the factory to Australasian demands Mr Torode said that when, towards the end of last year, a Melbourne agent visited Springfield as Australasia's representative, he was able to hold up for two months the production of Indian's 1925 export models, so that features he knew to be necessitated by conditions out here might be embodied in their design. That despite the fact that on his arrival he found the tools for production already set up. By introducing Scout and Prince the Indian factory had taken a shrewd lead in motor cycle manufacturing. Manufacturers were now realising that concentration on those types, low in initial cost, low in upkeep, and yet powerful enough for all requirements, meant the way to bigger business. During the war English lightweights, which had constituted the motor cycle market up to 1914, were withdrawn, and replaced by American heavyweights, the only machines available. After the war, when manufacturing costs increased, the heavyweights came into competition with cars, said Mr Torode, and suffered. Motor cycles underwent a period of depression. Now, through the continued development of Scout and Prince types, conditions had changed. The brightest outlook ever known for motor cycles was developing in America. Production had increased,

prices had fallen, and the price gap between cars and motor cycles on which motor cycle sales depended principally, was at its widest. The past 12 months had been a record for the Indian factory because it had pioneered the swing-back from the heavyweights, had gauged its limits, and had produced the types required. Australasia's lightweight requirements were embodied in the Prince. That wheelbase, added strength in the frame, extra weight in the spokes, and features like those were essential for Australasian conditions. The Scout created and monopolised a big section of motor cycle demand and now constituted 60% of the factory's export output...The Indian line comprised the three stabilised types of motor cycles. Prince, Scout and Chief were respectively comparable to Chevrolet, Dodge, and Cadillac cars. They held the same position in the motor cycle market as those three cars held in the automobile market. And they had the added advantage of selling under the one name...The coming 12 months would be of importance to Indian, said Mr Torode, for the factory had moved on to its 25th year; the oldest in the world, with a history of progress and achievement."



The three Indians that satisfied every need: 350cc Prince, 600cc Scout and 1,200cc Chief.



### **2¼HP RALEIGH.**

The manufacturers of Raleigh motor cycles are now producing a 248cc capacity, with bore and stroke 60x88mm, large diameter, outside flywheel. Ignition, HT with handle bar control; Carburetter, Binks; lubrication, mechanical, with reverse hand pump; gear box, Sturmey Archer three-speed, handle bar controlled. Transmission by Brampton chain with chain cases; brake, two independent internal expanding, operating in rear wheel; tank of special design with one seam only; large filler caps; petrol capacity, 1¾ gallons; oil, 2¾ pints. Front forks, Brampton pattern, with adjustable side-links; saddle, best quality, with low riding position; foot rests adjustable, giving three different positions; mudguards front and rear, 5½ section stands, front and rear; lubrication, Enot's grease-gun system fitted to front forks and wheels, gun supplied with tool kit; weight, 172lb. As seen by the above specification of this machine, it is complete in every way. When one takes into consideration all the latest improvements, being put on a lightweight machine which is being marketed for a very low figure, one gets a faint idea of the equipment complete with the production behind the Raleigh organisation, which is known all over the world as producers of quality machines. The sole distributors, Elliott's Garage, Payneham and 91 Flinders Street, are now unpacking the first shipment, and will be pleased to demonstrate at any time.



Elliott's Garage of Flinders Street were busy uncrating the latest 248cc Raleighs.

### **LEVIS MAKES BIGGER MACHINE.**

Various companies are announcing specifications of 1926 machines, and Butterfields, Limited, of Birmingham, are among them. Their famous Levis range is to acquire a bigger brother, and full details of it will be available within a few days. Though the popular single-gear model is to disappear from the United Kingdom, it is to be produced for sale overseas, where there is a big demand for it. Messrs ET Fisher & Co report that they could sell more if they were available, and the decision to send the whole production abroad is likely to increase their business. It is a wonder that there has not been a big Levis for years, for it was the first of the successful two-strokes, and its qualities were sufficient to encourage experiments with a larger model. The Levis has disproved a theory that a two-stroke motor cycle is wasteful of petrol in comparison with the orthodox four-stroke, and its admirers will welcome the new line. In every way Butterfield productions are suited to Australian conditions, and they are proving their worth in various parts of the State. Its latest successes include victory in the 350cc class of the Moriatta hillclimb, in which its lightness was a big factor, finishing without loss of marks in the reliability trial. The agents expect to do well at the final, and are looking forward to it eagerly.



ET Fisher & Co had sold out of Levis T3s but were confident that more were on the way.

### **LESSONS OF SPEED.**

Now that so many commercial machines are capable of really high speed in their delivery tune, perfect steering becomes more important than ever, and the vital factor is naturally affected by wheel alignment and frame truth. It is seldom safe to take either of those items for granted, though it may be done with a New Hudson. Though they are usually correct when a machine is sent out, a happy-go-lucky owner may ruin them both without suspecting the fact; quite a small toss may strain the frame, state Madge Motors and Breakdown Service, Limited of Grote Street, the South Australian agents. A bit of bad driving will haul too light a frame quite cockeyed, and a single careless adjustment of the rear chain may set the back wheel out of line with the front. Of course, the careful owner improvises his own depth gauges, and tests both items before he attempts any special speed stunts. Fortunately the agents impress the possibilities on, all buyers, and give an eye to everything when petrol is purchased. Experience has shown that an adjustment is seldom necessary, the New Hudson Company's employees having done their work thoroughly. Interest now is sure to centre in the overhead valve models, which are to be produced in three sizes, namely, 350cc, 500cc and 600cc, during the ensuing year. Speed events in 1925 have pointed the way to various detail modifications in the machines. The pushrods are now actuated by tappets bearing directly on the cams, while the overhead rockers are carried by ball and roller bearings, lubricated by the grease gun system, an even more effective and quieter method than that it replaces. The overhead rockers are roller-ended, thus minimising thrust on the valve stems. A crankcase release, mechanically timed from the engine, lubricates the transmission shock absorber and the primary chain. The ohv machines have a low riding position, and lines pleasing to the eye. Side-valve New Hudsons—again of 350cc, 500cc, and 600cc, the last mainly intended for sidecar work—will be shown, modified in detail only. Terry saddles will be standardised throughout and all models will have an improved mechanical oil pump. Each side-valve machine will be shown in two forms, semi-sports and touring, with appropriate equipment. It is the proud claim of the manufacturers that New-Hudson motor cycles are produced in their entirety in their large factory—the floor areas of which are nearly six acres—and by means of a plant that represents the last word in up-to-dateness and efficiency. There, under control, is cut every tooth in the famous New-Hudson gears, which are expected to be in service for many years. There, also, under the supervision of

expert motor cycle engineers, the New-Hudson engines are built. Each and every stage of manufacture is controlled by a highly skilled staff, bent on maintaining a 20 years' and world-wide reputation for producing only high-class motor- cycles. The successes of the machines in competitions during the past 12 months testify to the skill of the designers, who are jubilant over the selection of a New-Hudson to represent Great Britain in the international trials.



Madge Motors and Breakdown Service of Grote Street stocked the latest 600cc ohv New Hudson.



### CLUB NOTES.

October 27— Social and dance, North Adelaide. October 29—General meeting. October 31— Glenelg DTNA carnival. October 31—Waikerie Racecourse meeting. November 7— 50-mile elimination trial. November— Hillclimb. December—Racecourse fixture and oral carnival. Christmas Holidays—Two-days' Sellick's meeting and racecourse meeting. A social and dance will be given by the club in the Royal Institution for the Blind tonight, tickets for which may be obtained from any officer or committeeman; a splendid programme has been arranged by Mr JL Koch, who has obtained the services of the Levis Orchestra. A splendid entry has been received for the Glenelg carnival in aid of the District Trained Nursing Society on Saturday. A procession is to leave Queens Statue, Victoria square, Adelaide, at 2.15 pm, whence it will proceed to the seaside town, awakening interest on the way. The Levis and Indian Clubs will be in the procession, and prizes are offered for the best-decorated outfit and fancy- costume. The club is showing its determination to punish members who take part in speed events at unregistered meetings. Three who did so recently have' been disqualified for six months. It has been decided that for, a meeting on the Gawler Racecourse about the middle of December, there shall be the following events:— Solo, up to 400cc, handicap; over 400cc, handicap; sidecar handicap, novice handicap, light-car handicap. The novice handicap will be for members who 'have not won prize money in a race. Novice and light-car handicaps will be included in the two-days' Sellick's meeting during the .Christmas holidays. As a result of 12 motor cycles and five cars having lost no points in the 125 miles reliability trial on Labour Day there will be an elimination test on November 7. Competitors will leave at two-minute intervals. Outside the metropolitan area a speed of 22mph will be averaged; the course will be secretly controlled. Competitors will lose 1 point for each 30 seconds or part thereof early or late at any point in the course, but will be allowed 30sec, early or late, before being penalised. The course will be 50 miles in length.



### ENGAGEMENTS.

October 31— Glenelg Carnival, November 5— Fifth Creek. Members are urged to do their utmost to make the social of the senior club tonight a success in every way. The Levis Orchestra, as usual, will give its services, and Mr T King promises that it will add to its reputation. The orchestra will be in evidence in the procession to Gleneig and at the carnival there next Saturday afternoon. The funds are to be given to the District Trained Nursing Society. At the carnival the Levis broncho will give a display of its antics, and it has been suggested that a small charge should be made for a ride on it, the receipts to go into the society's funds. It is known that there will be some events quite new to South Australia; the programme has been



arranged with the object of showing the ability of motor cycles. The first social of the season will be given at Fifth Creek on November 6. It is the intention of the committee to make the Gunpowder Plot fade into insignificance into the minds of Fifth Creek residents when compared with the visit of the club, so the arrangements are on an elaborate scale. Of course, the orchestra will be in attendance. It has been practising new items, and it is whispered that skill has been attained in imitating the noises of fireworks exploding.

#### **ELL10TT AND CALTHORPE CLUB.**

The Victor Harbour run, organised by the club recently, was enjoyable. The weather was delightful, but unfortunately several stretches of bad road were encountered. A stop was made at Goolwa for lunch, after which Port Elliot and Victor Harbour were visited. A diversion, in the shape of a stray bull caused a little trouble. The first batch of riders passed all right,, but the bull appeared to take a dislike, to the second party and became a trifle annoyed. Although it is rather early in the season the committee is expecting a big muster for the Mannum run on November 1, as the report of the roads is good. The secretary will be pleased to receive information regarding a suitable site for a hill-climb. Several hills have been mentioned, but the ideal has not been found. The hill can be either public or private property, and preferably steep, with the top visible from the base.



This pic isn't from *The Adelaide Register's* 'Motor Cycling and Club Doings' page, but before we head back top the northern hemisphere, two final tales of Australian motor cycling. This rider is one Harold George Nelson, would-be Representative for the Northern Territory. He's on the stump, leaving Alice Springs Post and Telegraph Office on his 'Colonial' 250cc Velo. On the fence is Ernest Allchurch, Stationmaster of the Alice Springs Telegraph Station. He looks unimpressed because he'd tried to talk Nelson out of going—the politician had little survival gear and had already needed rescuing from the bush. Allchurch knew what he was talking about because Nelson lost his way again, near Barrow Creek and nearly died. The voters didn't seem to mind geographical shortcomings; he won the election, by 34 votes, and was a member for 12 years.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST, ARTHUR GRADY became the first rider to chose a motorcycle to circumnavigate Australia. His 350cc Douglas was loaded with 20lit of fuel, six litres of oil and nine litres of water—luggage space was so limited that he carried his toothbrush in his pocket. For much of the 9,000km he and the Duggie had to tackle brutal countryside but he was nothing if not determined: “On reaching a gorge I decided at once on a plan of action. First taking off the loaded carrier, I carried it over to the opposite bank. Next I unbolted the engine and carried that over. Finally the frame and then the wheels were brought along and the whole machine reassembled on the other side, but not without breaking two radiating fins off the front cylinder.” Soaked by the river crossing, Grady immediately ran into a bush fire: “As I rounded the hill a vast plain stretched before me and I saw thick volumes of smoke. Smoking logs had fallen across my path and the cattle pad was obliterated. Having noted the features of the landscape, I was independent of any tracks. I made my landmarks every time I left the pad and, when chance offered, cut to the pad again. In this manner I forced my way along, the smell of burning wood mingled with the fumes of heated petrol; the burnt ground radiating intolerable heat and with tears blurring my vision.” Grady made up lubricating oil from “six bottles of Castor oil, half a gallon of beef dripping and two pints of Windmill lubricant”. When petrol was unobtainable he used a drop to start the Duggie then ran on paraffin. Frame tubes were repeatedly straightened out over a fire with the aid of a rock.



After five months and 14 days Grady arrived back at Fremantle Town Hall: “An achievement that speaks volumes for the pluck of this intrepid pathfinder, who will go down in posterity as the first man to encircle Australia on a mechanically propelled vehicle.”

MEANWHILE IN THE USA a hardy bunch of enthusiasts did some hillclimbing. Say hello to the Mile High Motorcycle Club...









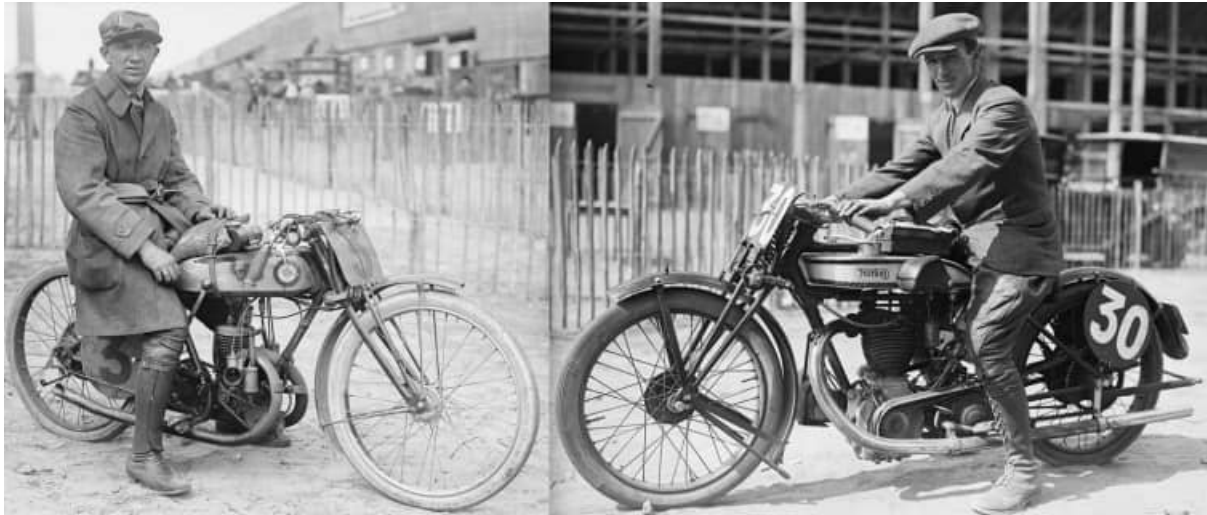


KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM took delivery of his fifth bike, a Jeecy-Vea, which was Belgian built but powered by a British Coventry-Victor flat-twin engine.

HUMILIATION FOR THE FRENCH in their GP with AJS, Norton and Douglas 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the 500cc class ahead of the Peugeot vertical twins. AJSs were 1st and 2nd in the 350cc race, with Jack Stevens ahead of his team-mate Jack Hollowell. Stevens sportingly insisted that he had been credited with a lap too many and Hollowell had won but the French officials sniffily refused to accept this so the result stood.



Gus Kuhn (Douglas) was third in the 500cc French GP. (Right) French ace Richard on his vertical-twin Peugeot.



Clech (Rovin) and Alec Bennett (Norton) who failed to finish the 500cc race he had won in 1924 (and would win again in 1926).



Nedham (DoT) and Barket (Douglas).



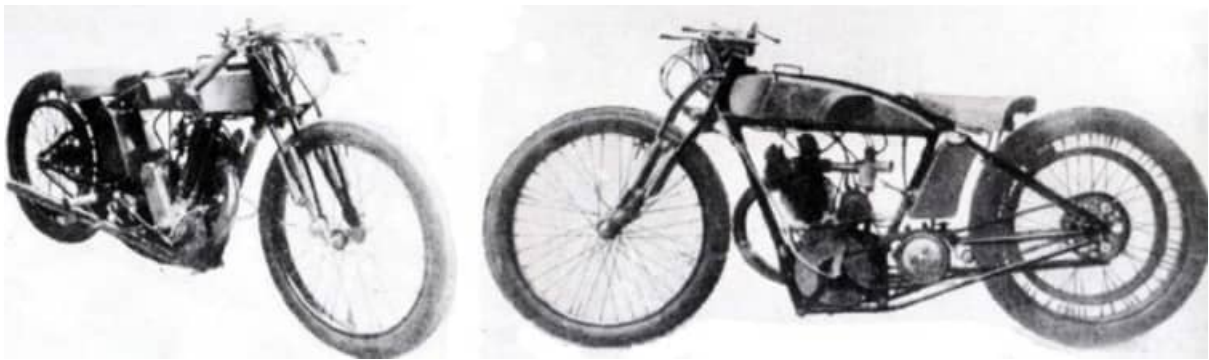
Rolland (Terrot), Stewart (Rudge) and Anderson (Indian)

THE GRAND PRIX DES NATIONS at Monza was run in foul weather which forced a number of retirements. Tazio Nuvolari won the 350cc class for Bianchi, followed home by two more Bianchis. In sixth place was German newcomer Ernst Henne in his first race outside Germany. His performance caught the attention of BMW; it was the start of a beautiful friendship. The 500cc race was won by a GR, an ohv JAP-engined special ridden by Count Mario Revelli, ahead of a Moto Guzzi. Revelli's brother, Count Gino, started building GR road bikes but went under in

1926. The 250cc class, normally an Italian shoe-in, went to Jock Porter's potent New Gerrard by a six-minute margin.



Class winners in the GP des Nations at Monza became European champions. (Right) Tazio Nuvolari with the sky-blue 350cc Bianchi that made him European champ in 1925...and 1926...and 1927...and 1928. It's rumoured he could drive cars, too.



The GR (Galloni Revelli) that carried Count Mario Revelli to 500cc victory was made in Turin but it was powered by a JAP one-lunger made in Tottenham.



Having finished his first race in third place aboard a rotary-engined Megola, Ernst Henne rode to



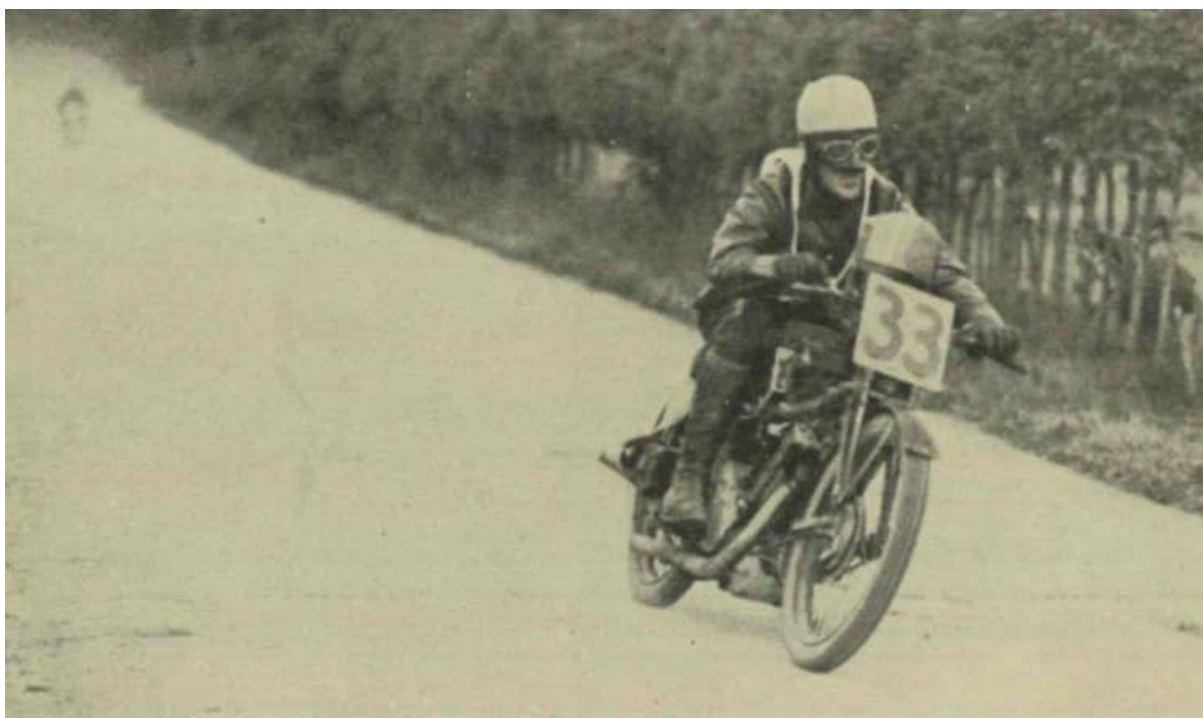
sixth place in the 350cc GP des Nations aboard a German Astra with a British Blackburne engine.



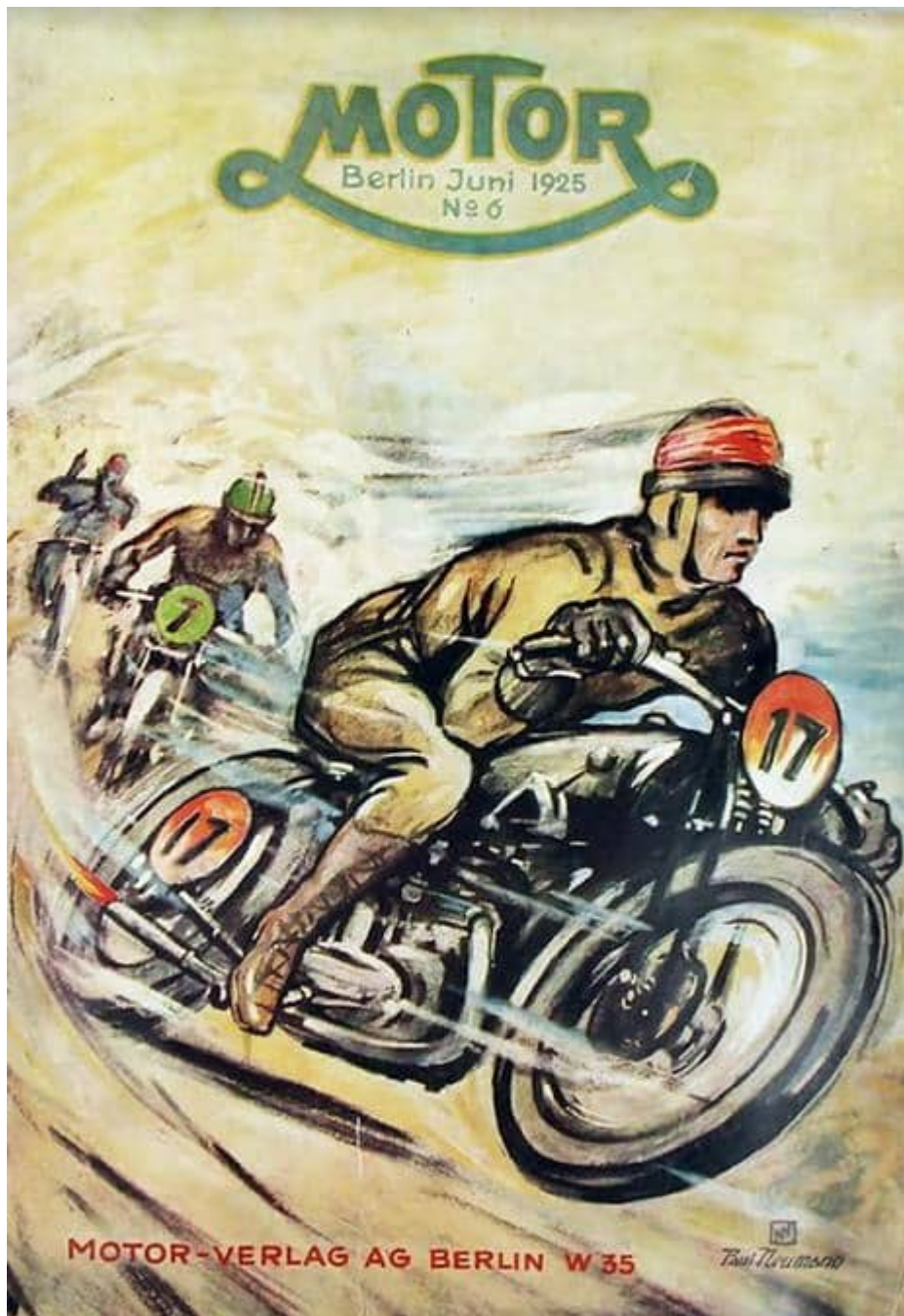
FA Longman (AJS) was part of the British contingent at Monza.

ELSEWHERE BRITISH BIKES continued to make their mark on the Continent. The Spanish Three-Hour 500cc race was won by a Spaniard, but he was riding a Douglas; Sunbeam riders won the Hungarian TTs; while CT Ashby won the 500cc German TT at the Swinemunde circuit on a Panther, setting a race record in the process—and beating a Brough big twin in the 1,000cc class. Ashby also won the 250cc class of the German Grand Prix (on a Zenith) and rode his Panther to a creditable third place in the 500cc class (Alec Bennett won the event on his Norton).





A picture to quicken the pulse of any Panther owner (me included): CT Ashby rides his 500cc sloper to victory in the German TT. He also managed third place in the Belgian GP despite losing his oil sump cap.



The German magazine *Motor* devoted its cover to the new Grand Prix.



This is Team Rovin in the (motor cycle) Tour de France.

ULSTERMAN JOE CRAIG, who would earn an awesome rep as a Norton tuner, won the 500cc clas of the Ulster Grand Prix for Norton. Royal Enfield took 350cc honours and Cotton won the 250cc class.

FOLLOWING A TECHNICAL VICTORY in the 1924 Belgian ISDT Britain finally got to host the event. The Norwegians had made the best performance in Belgium but had to be content with a lesser trophy because they had failed to ride bikes made in their own country (Norway didn't produce bikes). They crossed the Channel determined to do it again. Other teams came from Germany, the Netherlands—and, for the first time, Australia. The course started at Southampton docks, which was certainly convenient for the overseas contingent, and headed through the South-West taking in soe of the toughest hills in the country before concluding with special tests and a high-speed thrash round Brooklands. An Aussie newspaper, the Adelaide Register, reported: "Information received by Wyatt Motoria, Grenfell street, the South Australian distributors of AJS motor cycles, is that AJS machines swept the board in the international six days' trial, contested in England from August 17 till 22. Early reports of the severe test showed that the representatives of all other countries failed to continue, and during the final two or three days only the British and Australian teams were left in the



Going on trial: filling up at Southampton before the run to the South-West.

running. Most motor cyclists who have followed the racing career of several of the contestants were aware of the fact that AJS machines were well represented in the finishing number, but few anticipated the eventual scoop. The cable from AJ Stevens, Limited, Wolverhampton, England, read as follows: 'AJS sweeps the board, winning 350cc team prize and ACM Exhibition medal. Riders: JH Simpson, GE Rowley, and SM Williams. FW Giles and his 498cc sidecar combination recorded the best performance of any passenger machine and was the only one to lose no points. Giles was a member of the British team which gained the international trophy and international vase. The New South Wales team representing Australia (SM Williams, 349cc; AW Gregory, 498cc; and AG Stratford, 498cc) recorded best performance of any overseas team, and were the other team to finish.'" As well as the Blue 'Un and Green 'Un, the ISDT was covered by *Motorsport* magazine: "Although not a 'sporting event' in the strict interpretation of the term, the International Six Days' Trial calls for more than passing comment as being one of the most strenuous events organised





Middle Down—first test hill of the 1925 ISDT.

up to the present time. Eliminating the trade element, which naturally forms the greater part of the entries for such a trial as this, we find it becomes an ultra sporting event for private competitors, the severity of which may be judged by frequent remarks as to the danger of fixing the average speed at 20mph. In fact, for sheer continuous excitement nothing could have surpassed Tuesday's run when, with practically no main roads upon which to make up time, the route went along narrow winding lanes, up and down alarming gradients to say nothing of other baulks in the shape of cattle, lorries and occasional steam rollers. The solo riders were the more fortunate, for they always had the chance of turning into a hedge or ditch, but the lot of the sidecar drivers was often very hard and extremely cautious driving was the order of the day, which left little or no margin for maintaining the average speed. The trial commenced from Andrews' Garage, situated at Southampton Docks, which was perhaps just as well for some of the foreign competitors



The British 'A' Team won the International Trophy and International Silver Vase: GS Arter (499cc James), B Kershaw (346cc New Hudson) and FW Giles (496cc AJS outfit). Also pictured is Mrs

Giles, who went along for the ride; her hubby also won the individual award for best performance of any outfit in the trial.

who decided to do a little more tuning before the actual start. The air was filled with the bark of the Villiers' engines fitted to some of the German machines, and all the riders appeared to be very excited and anxious. When J Herzogenrath arrived late with an OEC-Blackburne complete with open exhaust and no front stand, he soon discovered it would be necessary to do some very quick thinking in order to get ready for the start. The night was a very busy one for the German team and after much telephoning the required parts arrived next morning in time to be fitted. Considering this rider knew no English at all, it is surprising how he managed to get through the first two days. He got absolutely lost at the top of King's Settle, thinking he was much further on the course. It is to be recorded that he and all other Continental visitors rode throughout in a very sporting spirit, and the writer who had to pass and re-pass continually was always given plenty of road, even by Moldenhaver, who was handicapped by his right-handed sidecar. This Norwegian was riding a Harley-Davidson with a flexible sidecar, and though some efforts were made to discourage him to attempt Lynton, he was quite optimistic, but nevertheless his machine proved very difficult to handle in the



The AJS works team, JH Simpson, GE Rowley and SM Williams, won the 350cc class of the Manufacturers Team Prize.

rough. Of the eleven German entrants, six at least had retired by Tuesday, which was unfortunate, but, as their press representative remarked: 'We do not have such hills in our country.' That is to say, they choose easier courses for their trials. Other foreign entries of interest were the D-rad machines and the Neanders, both of German origin. The former were very well driven and only one was observed to fail their sturdy construction appearing to be ideal for the conditions of the course. A Viktoria sidecar, a Solo NSU and a Gillet completed the German entries. Australia pinned its faith to the AJS machines, the Dutchmen rode BSAs and the Norwegians had two Harley-Davidsons and an Indian Chief. Sunday turned out as a day of

surprises, for who would have expected to find Heath astride an SS 100, Longman on a Panther, or Belfield on a two-speed Scott? Miss Cottle, Miss Foley and Miss Ball were all on their usual mounts, but Hugh Gibson was riding a solo ohv Raleigh, and with Cathrick (Dunelt) was unfortunate in having to retire by reason of indisposition on Tuesday. Monday's run started off fairly mildly, nothing of any consequence being noticed until Middle



The ACU East Midlands Centre team, AE Rollason (498cc Ariel), WA Carr (1,075cc Morgan) and L Crisp (498cc Ariel) lost a single mark and won the British Motor Cycling Championship.

Down Hill was reached. Here there was some first-class team work, the Panthers, James and Royal Enfields going up in single file and only a yard or so apart. The cloud of smoke raised by Himberg (Neander) was rather distressing to some of the early competitors, as it obscured the hairpin bend entirely for a while. King's Settle Hill, a picturesque landmark crowned by Alfred's Tower, proved the undoing of three competitors, and the next hill—a sharp rise out of Bruton village for 50 yards—meant a quick change into bottom gear if failure was to be avoided. After lunch at Shepton Mallet everyone had checked in except No 1, Bahr (Neander), who had crashed. Another crash was reported, but this turned out to be a non-competitor who had rammed an official car. In the afternoon Draycott Hill proved a long and trying climb, the gradient of 1 in 5 combined with a vile surface accounting for many failures; none of the British machines failed, however, which was partly due to correct judgment in selecting the best ascent and skilfully avoiding the loose portions. Draycott proved an excellent test for the machines, as after some 30 miles running in intense heat, the engines had a stiff job in front of them. Wedmore, the next climb, proved very deceptive, and though the percentage of bad failures was small, good driving was essential if the turn at the top was to be taken in correct style. At the summit a





The Misses E Foley (499cc Triumph), L Ball (499cc James) and M Cottle (Raleigh). Foley retired during the final day at Brooklands; Ball (who didn't drop a single mark) and Cottle won gold medals. *The Motor Cycle* described Foley as: "a game rider with plenty of dash and endurance" and opined that Ball made "the most outstanding performance of the trial". As for Cottle, "The more she rides the more impressed one becomes with her riding."

regrettable incident, when Bullus (Panther) unaccountably upset the veteran Raleigh rider, GJ Hamer, of Holland. He was severely injured in the thigh, but first aid was immediately forthcoming from a nearby cottage. [We'll never know what Hamer thought of *The Motor Cycle's* description of Bullus as "quite one of the prettiest riders in the trial".] Tuesday's run began in almost tropical heat and the entire day was spent in traversing endless lanes, grass-grown tracks, steep ascents and alarmingly sudden descents arranged in quick succession. In the morning the famous hills of the past were climbed and here failures were few and far between, Porlock, Lynton and Beggars' Roost all seeming quite simple for modern engines when the surface is dry. The ascent of Dunkery Beacon, the top of which was veiled in mist, was long and tortuous, small gullies and large stones helping the gradient to call forth great skill. A hundred cars and odd vehicles were assembled at Beggars' Roost and an enthusiastic audience cheered again and again as the famous hill was conquered by most of the riders, but it was not until Tuesday afternoon that the real piece de resistance of the whole trial came into view. Rising approximately 800ft in about half a mile, completely bestrewn with small boulders, Fingle Bridge is undoubtedly an excellent test for the modern motor cycle. The bends and twists are so numerous as to cause one to lose count, all one's attention being needed to manoeuvre one's machine over the surface, which only compared with the rocky bed of some mountain stream. Here some of the most experienced riders were seen to throw out a tentative leg and the banks were struck by several riders who bounced off large pieces of rock. When this happened there was little chance of recovering as frantic wheel spin ensued and the unfortunate riders would find it impossible to continue the climb. It is good to observe that the majority effected good ascents, the performance of Sibley, on the Rudge, deserving particular praise, for, in spite of one stop, he managed to reach the summit with plenty of revs,





Start of the final day's high-speed test at Brooklands.

if not too much wheel adhesion. Those who fancied Fingle Bridge to be the conclusion of the day's entertainment were mistaken, for the course continued over miles of rough ground until the main road was eventually reached at Wellington. Near the latter place a Matchless sidecar collided with a lorry, thus blocking the lane, so that for a long period all the sidecars were delayed, thus causing them to be caught in a violent thunderstorm., which certainly had the effect of washing away some of the dust the riders had collected during the day. At the conclusion of the day's run the absence of WA Bouette was discovered, and it appeared that he had crashed near South Molton. On Wednesday the weather broke entirely and what should have been a delightful journey turned out as a London-Exeter over the Welsh mountains. At the moment of going to press the trial is still in progress..."

**A-Z of ISDT mounts:** Six AJSs, four Ariels, two Brough Superiors, ten BSAs, five Douglasses, three D-Rads, two Dunelths, three Harleys, one Gillet, three Humbers, one Indian, four James, five Matchlesses, one Morgan, three Neanders, one New Gerrard, four New Hudsons, one New Imperial, one Norton, one OEC-Blackburne, one OK, four P&Ms, six Raleighs, three Royal Enfields, one Rudge, one Sarolea, two Scotts, two Sunbeams, one Triumph, one Velocette, one Victoria and one Zenith.

**Results:** Of the 85 starters 36 won gold medals, 12 silver and three bronze. Great Britain's 'A' Team, GS Arter (499cc James), B Kershaw (346cc New Hudson) and FW Giles (496cc AJS ofit), won the International Trophy and the International Silver Vase. The ACU East Midlands Centre team, AE Rollason (498cc Ariel), WA Carr (1,075cc Morgan) and L Crisp (498cc Ariel) won the British Motor Cycling Championship. AJS (JH Simpson, GE Rowley and SM Williams) won the 350cc class of the Manufacturers Team Prize. James (GS Lister, G Kimberley and J Lidstone) won the 500cc class.



Danish author Johannes Jensen won the 1944 Nobel Prize in Literature for a huge body of work published from 1895 to his death in 1950. He and his wife Else also had the good sense to ride a motor cycle; inevitably it was a Nimbus.

A GROWING NUMBER OF MACHINES were appearing with four-speed transmissions. Straight-tube forks, notably Brampton and Webb, were rapidly replacing curved fork legs; electric lights were superseding gas; drum brakes were driving out the old bicycle-style rim brakes. George Brough offered the option of spring frames.

BRITAIN PRODUCED 120,000 MOTORCYCLES, compared with 55,980 in Germany and 45,000 in the USA. British registrations reached 581,222 by year's end; motorcycle exports totalled £2,870,534 (about £200m today).





The launch of Beeza's cut-price 'round-tank' model the previous year ignited a price war with Matchless and Raleigh in the 250cc class. You might have noticed the 248cc Raleigh in the Aussie stories; here's the Matchless Model R.



Douglas also got in on the act with the cheap-as-chips 350 flat twin EW.



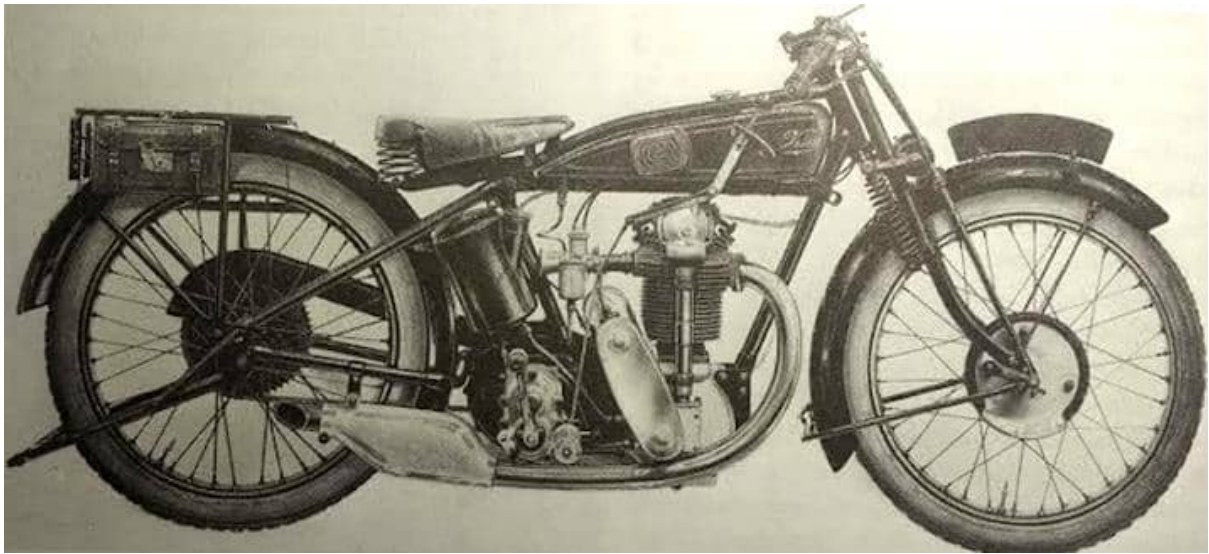
Triumph's 500cc sv Model P undercut the opposition with a retail price below £42 17s 6d. It caused a sensation and production hit 1,000 a week. However, Triumph's reputation was tarnished by the P's low quality and design flaws. About 20,000 were produced before the improved Mk II restored public confidence in the model. In any case the ohv twin-port developed by Victor Horsman was getting better all the time...(the ellipsis is a hint to look at the next story)...

UNDER THE WINCE-INDUCING headline 'Triumph Of Horsman' the *Adelaide Register* reported: "The recent series of scratch races held at Brooklands showed that [Victor] Horsman had his Triumph in good order. *The Motor Cycle* reports: 'The 500cc scratch race was just a duel—but what a duel—between Judd and Horsman, who moved together as if linked with some magnetic force. Even when Judd, who was behind, sprinted magnificently to gain the 10 yards necessary to let him win, he could not draw out of the five-yard circle in which the duellists had been manoeuvring for three laps. His wins secured him two world's records in Class C, and it is odd to think that just five yards deprived Horsman of the same records.' Horsman on his Triumph worried and beat Temple in the 1,000cc scratch race by half a lap. Despite beautiful riding on the part of Temple, his big twin was unable to pass the flying single. Horsman again carried all before him in the five-lap all-comers' handicap, even to increasing his speed of the former race by 2½ miles an hour. The exhibition given by Horsman on that occasion places him in the front rank of the world's riders." Triumph paid Horsman £1,500 for his design (he also uprated the frame) and put it into series production.

VIC WILLOUGHBY, TECHNICAL EDITOR of *The Motor Cycle* wrote : "When, in 1925, Velocette took the bold step of switching straight from small two-strokes to a high-performance overhead-camshaft three-fifty, that Model K incorporated several unusual design features. These were not only justified by almost instant success [victory in the 1926 Junior TT]; they also stayed basically unchanged until production of that most famous of all ohc Velocettes, the KTT racer, ceased in the early 1950s. Among the unusual features was an in-board primary drive, which left the gearbox final-drive sprocket very accessible for the simplest possible change of overall ratios in racing. More important, it enabled the crankcase to be kept very narrow, with the single main bearings closely spaced and in direct line with the walls of the crankcase and cylinder for really



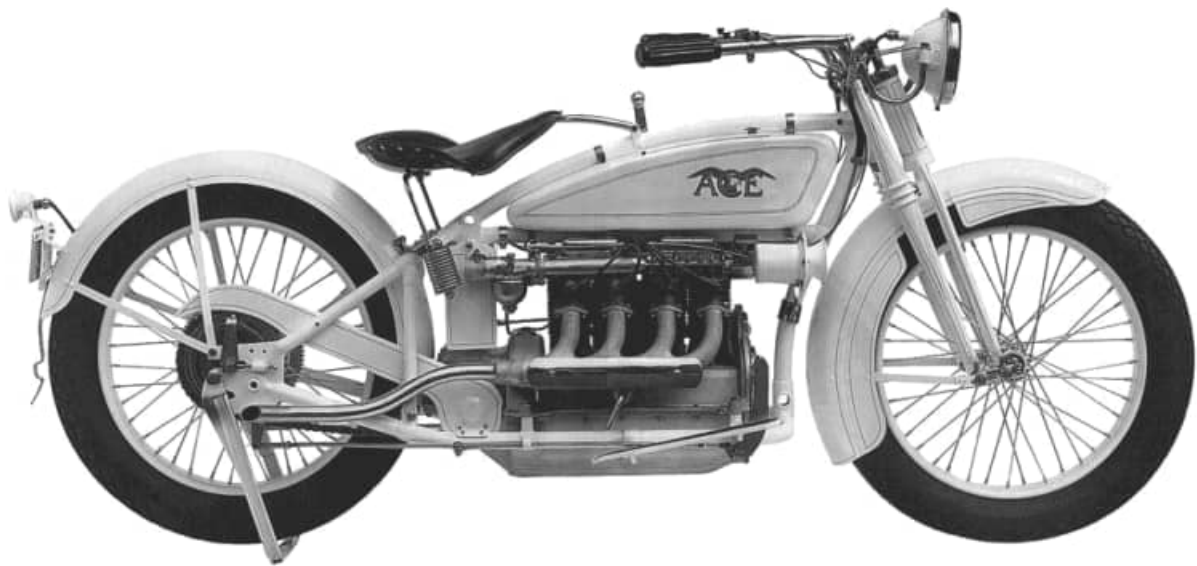
rigid support.” Wiloughby knew cammy Velos better than most: he rode KTTs in the 1948, 1949, 1950 and 1953 Junior TTs (though his best result, 12th in the 1953 Junior, was aboard a Norton).



First of a great line: the KTT Velocette.



Two years after its launch with the 4½hp R32 BMW got into its stride with a production racer. The 494cc R37 flat twin sported alloy heads, overhead valves and 16hp. Only 150 were made but they dominated Continental tracks, with 91 wins and the German championship.



Among those Yankee bikes were a small number of Aces. In the UK the Bruffsup was known as the Rolls Royce of motor cycles; in the USA the Ace was known as the Duesenberg.

AS THE MAJOR PLAYERS CUT PRICES to the bone smaller marques went to the wall. The second half of the decade would mark the end of the line for BAT, Brady, Beardmore Precision, Hazlewood, Hobart, Martinsyde and McKenzie. Connaught and Quadrant were in their final decline; Clyno, Lea Francis and Rover dropped bikes in favour of cars.

AN ENTHUSIAST NAMED Edward Turner designed and built an ohc 348cc motorcycle which attracted favourable coverage in the Blue 'Un.

ROAD RACING HAD BEEN BANISHED to the Island and Ulster, but sprints and hillclimbs on closed roads were attracting big crowds until the death of a spectator at Kop Hill, led to a nationwide ban.

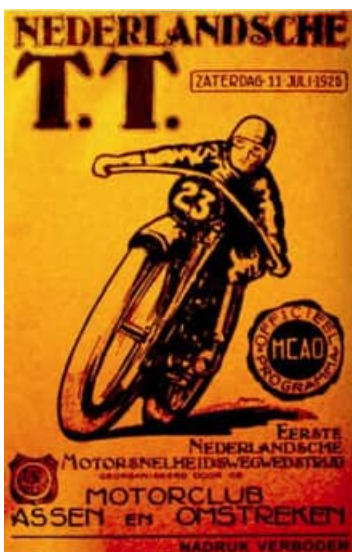
ARIEL RECRUITED VAL PAGE from JAP, where he had developed the big V-twins that powered the likes of the BruffSup SS80 and SS100. No wonder Ariel wanted him.

JAPAN OFFERED SUBSIDIES to domestic made vehicles with military applications. The Murata Iron Works and Mazda made unsuccessful Harley clones but the Japanese army was also importing Harleys. Kawamanda Kazuo won the 350cc class in a 100-mile race at Naruo, attracting the attention of a Harley-Davidson sales rep who recruited him as Harley's first factory rider in Japan. Within a week Kenzo won the unlimited class at a car and bike race meeting on a 74. Also in Japan, the Kansai MCC staged a 430-mile Tourist Trophy.

BY YEAR'S END about 190 miles of arterial roads had been built in Britain including the first dual-carriageway, the Kingston Bypass, which would be a favourite with the ton-up boys decades later.



The brand new Kingston Bypass. As Douglas Adams wrote in Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy: "What do you mean, why's it got to be built?" he said. "It's a bypass. You've got to build bypasses."



The MC Assen & Omstreken hosted the first Dutch TT over a triangular 28.4km course between Rolde (start/finish), Borger and Schoonlood.



Work started on the 17.6-mile Nurburgring; the first German Grand Prix was held on the 19.5km AVUS



(Automobil-Verkehrs-und Übungsstrasse— ‘Automobile traffic and training road’) in Berlin. Although a road race, the course could hardly have been more different from the TT, comprising two long straights with a hairpin at each end.



Peugeot must have impressed the competition at the Maule endurance race with this smartly turned out team.

THE FIRST ORGANISED ice race was held on the frozen Eibsee, a lake near Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany. It spread, first to other Bavarian lakes, then to Scandinavia and Canada.

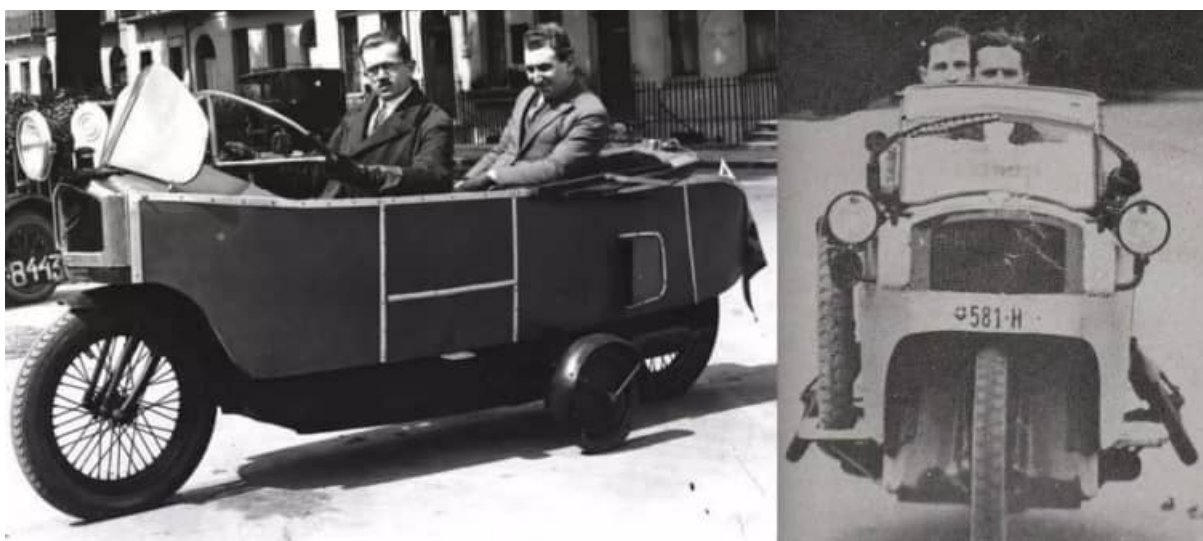
TWENTY YEARS AFTER HE PATENTED the first supercharger Alfred Büchi finally ironed out the problems and boosted a four-stroke diesel engine's power output by 40%: turbo-diesels were soon powering liners; this is the technology that paved the way for supercharged motor cycles.

To mark the 30th anniversary of The Emancipation Run (come on, it was only 40 pages ago) veteran bikes (and cars) headed for the coast, as they have ever since.





Zacharias Mateos won the 500c class at the MC De Catalunya's meeting on the Mataro circuit near Barcelona.



This is the Monotrace, produced in France by Mécanicarm. If it reminds you of the Mauser Einspur (you'll find it in 1923) it's because the Monotrace was built under licence from Mauser. Power came from a water-cooled 510cc single.



Mauser wasn't the only German arms manufacturer to turn to vehicle production; Krupp began making Autoped scooters under licence.



From *Popular Science* magazine in the US came this idea for a 50mph 'ice-cycle'. Come on...you know you want one.



Snow on the ground, Christmas is coming, and these turkeys are going for a ride.

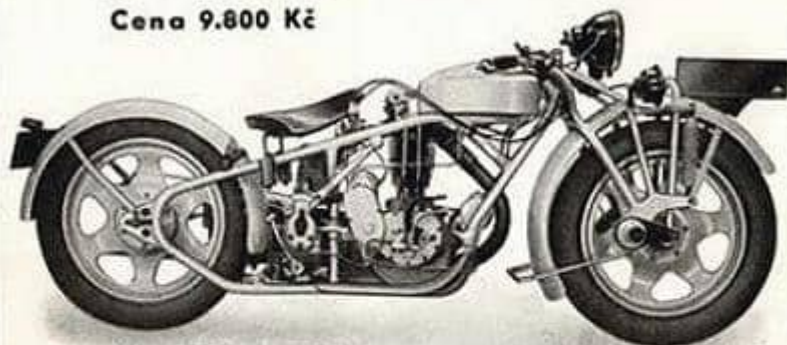
*Here are some of the ads that helped empty motor cyclists' pockets in 1925...*



# MOTOCYKL „ČECHIE“

„Jubilejní typ“ O. H. V. 600 ccm

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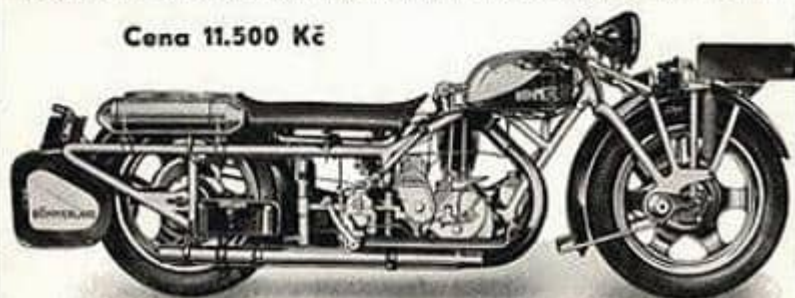


Jubilejní typ byl zvolen pro povolení a sport. Ještě příručnější a pro lokální potřebu má přídavnou před svítlou dlouhý. Má 600 ccm čtyřtátní motor a svítko 100 Watt značky Bosch-Magdynemo. Také s tímto modelem byly již představeny velké cesty. Jubilejní typ je klanem zdejšího průmyslu.

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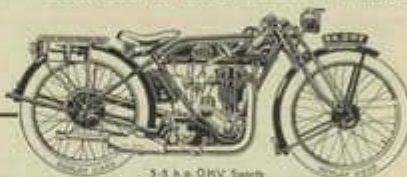
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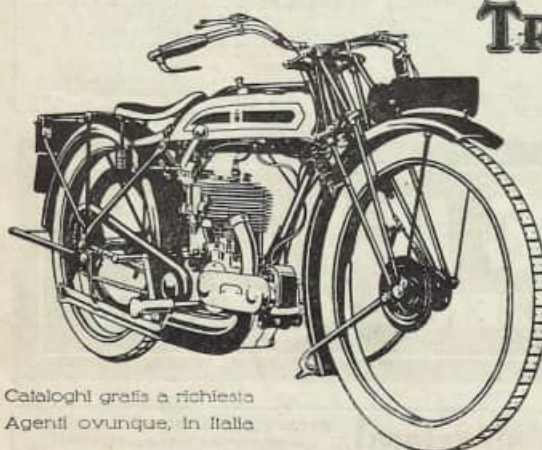
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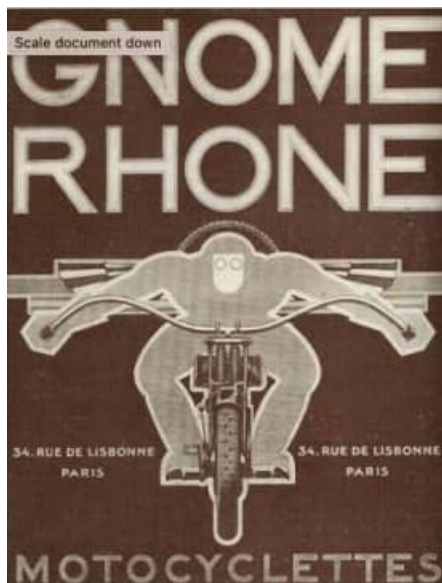
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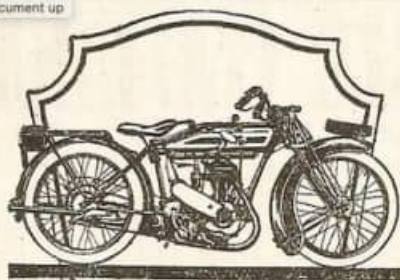
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2 et 4 temps  
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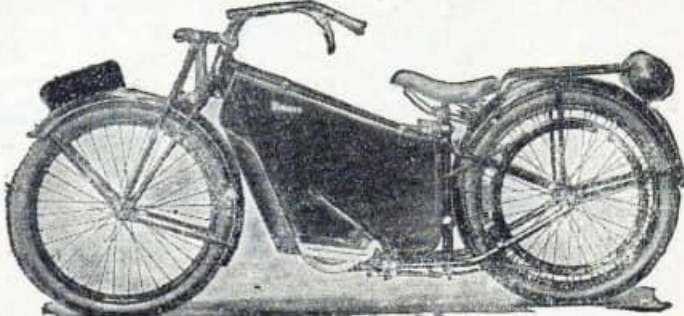


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MOTOS 175 cc.

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Tous sur MOTO **TERROT**, PNEUS DUNLOP

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**Établissements TERROT**

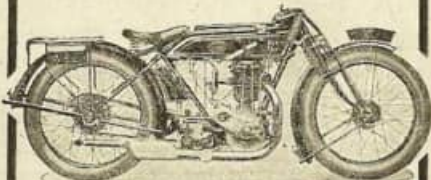
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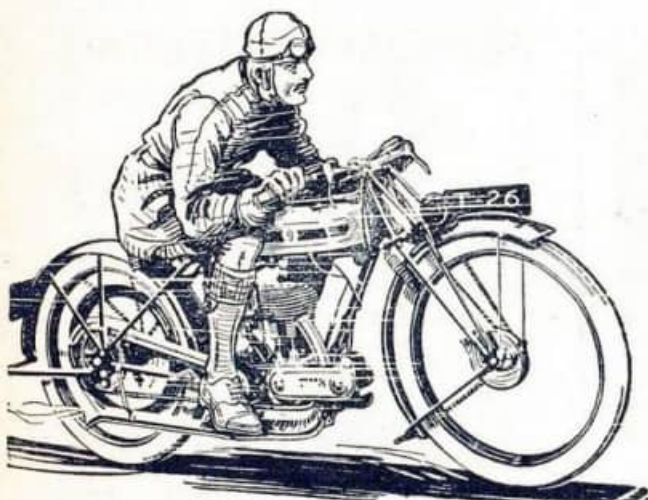
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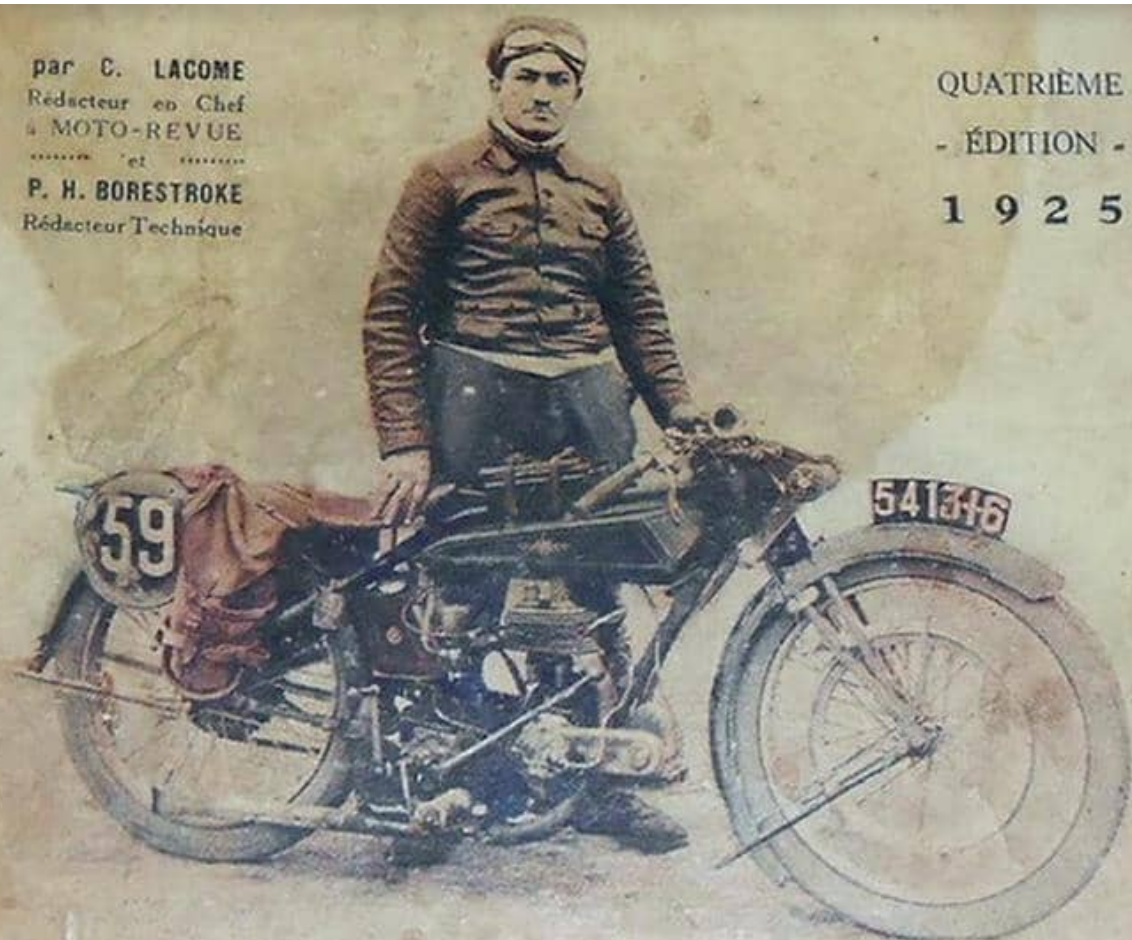


par C. LACOME  
Rédacteur en Chef  
de MOTO-REVUE  
et  
P. H. BORESTROKE  
Rédacteur Technique

QUATRIÈME

- ÉDITION -

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AUTOMOBILE \* MOTORRÄDER



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MOTOCICLETTE · MOTORI

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**GRAND PRIX de l'U. M. F. 1925**

La grande marque française de motocyclettes

**Terrot**

fait triompher l'industrie nationale.



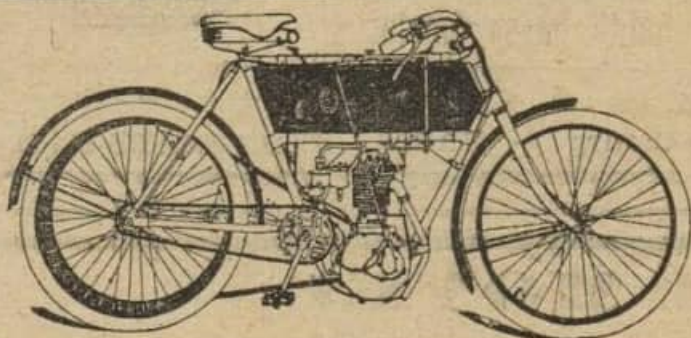
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MOTOCYCLETTE

**HALLOT**

2 ch. 3/4

Soupape automatique

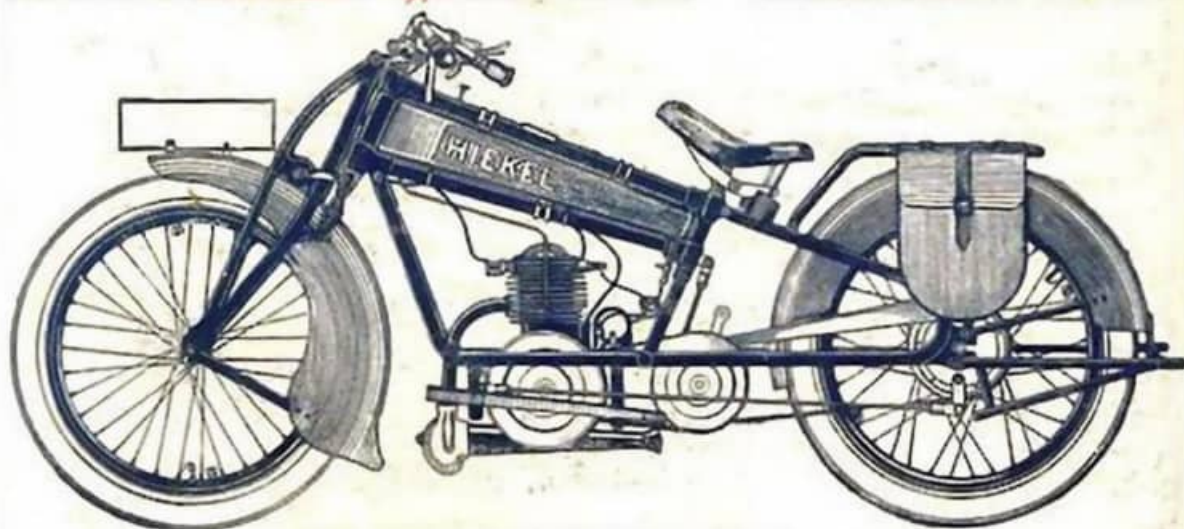
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## MOTORRAD „HIEKEL“ MODELL 1925



350 ccm, 2 Steuer-PS,  $6\frac{1}{2}/8$ ,  $3/4$  PS bei niedriger Tourenzahl.

Dreigang-Getriebe. Innenbacken-Doppelbremsnabe. Stoßdämpfer. Doppelt geführter garantiert bruchsicherer Stahlrohr-Rahmen. Die rassige, elegante, unbedingt zuverlässige schwere Sozias-Tourenmaschine von ganz hervorragender Bergsteigefähigkeit und außerordentlicher Stabilität, weil **allerbeste Werkmanns-Präzisionsarbeit**. Einfachste Bedienung ohne besondere Fachkenntnisse. Niedrigster Anschaffungspreis bei kulantem Zahlungsbedingungen. Einzelne Vertreterbezirke gegen Abschluß noch frei.



1926



An Egyptian stamp showing a rider in the desert marked the launch of a motor cycle express postal service.



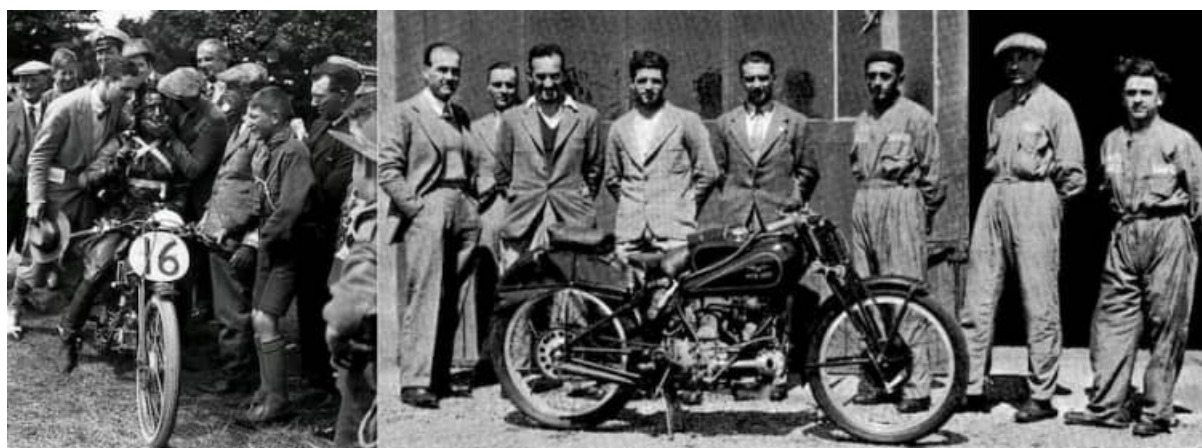
Mauser ceased production of the remarkable Einspurauto 'one-track car' but designer Gustav Winkler managed to build a few more examples.





Indian took over Ace, adding a well-proven in-line four to its V-twins which was accurately, if unimaginatively, marketed as the Indian-Ace.

SIDECAR RACING WAS DROPPED from the TT programme. The official reason was a lack of entries but pundits suggested that manufacturers feared racing outfits would harm the image of combos as safe family transport—cars had only just outnumbered outfits on British roads. (By way of contrast the American Motorcyclist Association dropped its ban on sidecar racing. In the US cheap cars had already superseded outfits so Stateside manufacturers had nothing to lose.) The Ultra-Lightweight (175Cc) class was also dropped from the TT, and this time the story about a lack of entries was true (the 1925 race attracted only seven starters). The mountain section had been tarmacked, which would boost lap speeds, and methanol was banned, forcing manufacturers to use standard petrol, which was true to the spirit of the TT. The TT had become the most prestigious race in Europe so inevitably the Continentals wanted a share of the glory. Garelli, Bianchi and Moto Guzzi all sent contingents; in Garelli's case a twin-piston two-stroke single with four carburettors while Bianchi's ohc twin Freccia Celoste (Blue Arrow) also attracted some worried attention from the



Pietro Ghersi receives plaudits for a record-setting lap and second place in the Lightweight TT. (Right) The Italians were not amused by Ghersi's disqualification in the Lightweight for a technical infraction involving a spark plug. There was boing and hissing during the prize-giving; the Guzzi team vowed never to return to the Island.

Brits. Bianchis came 13th, 14th and 20th in the Junior TT while the sole Garelli failed to finish. Pietro Ghersi led the Lightweight TT on a 250cc Guzzi for six of the seven laps and set a lap

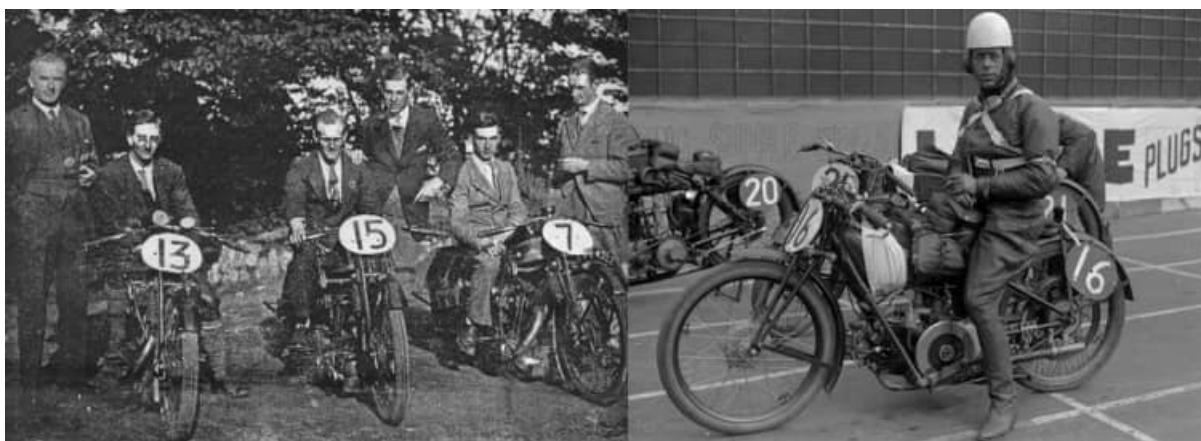
record at 63.1mph. Gheresi was on course to become the first overseas rider to win a TT but had to refuel on the last lap, allowing Paddy Johnston to snatch victory for Cotton by just 20sec—and Gheresi was excluded for using a different spark plug from the item listed on the entry form (Charlie Collier lost his runner's up spot in the 1911 Senior for the same infraction). It was a good year for the boys from Gloucester: second and third placed FG Morgan and W Colgan were also riding Cottons; they were followed home by SH Jones (New Imperial) and WF Bicknell Royal Enfield). The Italians were NOT amused by Gheresi's disqualification, particularly as the 500 Guzzi failed to finish the Senior, which *TT Special* editor GS Davison reckoned was "a memorable race—memorable for the terrific scrap between Stanley Woods, riding a Norton for the first time, and Wal Handley on a



Wal Handley had every reason to look pleased with his runner's-up spot in the Senior—he came a respectable 3rd in the Junior, both races on Rex Acme. (Right) Two of the greats: After the Senior Wal's hand on Stanley's shoulder says it all; they'd had a great scrap.

twin-cylinder Rex Acme...in the second lap Walter had trouble with the rear-cylinder plug and had great difficulty in extracting it. This lap took him some seven seconds longer than the average of his others and dropped him back to about 20th place...But Walter was unequalled when things had gone wrong. By terrific riding he tore through the field so that he was on the leader-board again by the fifth lap...I have seen many riders going down Bray Hill, but never have I seen anything like Walter on that occasion. He was absolutely full bore, flat on the tank and used every inch of the road...he was out for blood...and finally ran into second place, just over four minutes behind Stanley." That was one of his finest rides." Frank Longman (AJS) was third, ahead of Joe Craig (Norton) and CP Wood (HRD). Jimmy Simpson broke the 70mph barrier in the Junior, lapping at 70.4mph on his AJS. But Alec Bennett beat him into second place on a cammy Velo with Wal Handley finishing third on a Rex-Acme. Freddie Dixon (Douglas) was fourth, with Gus Kuhn fifth on another Velo. Bennett set lap and race records in the first TT victory for an overhead-camshaft engine—KTT Velocettes would be a force to be reckoned with for the next 30 years. AJS was acclaimed for extracting 10hp from its 350s; within a decade power outputs would double.



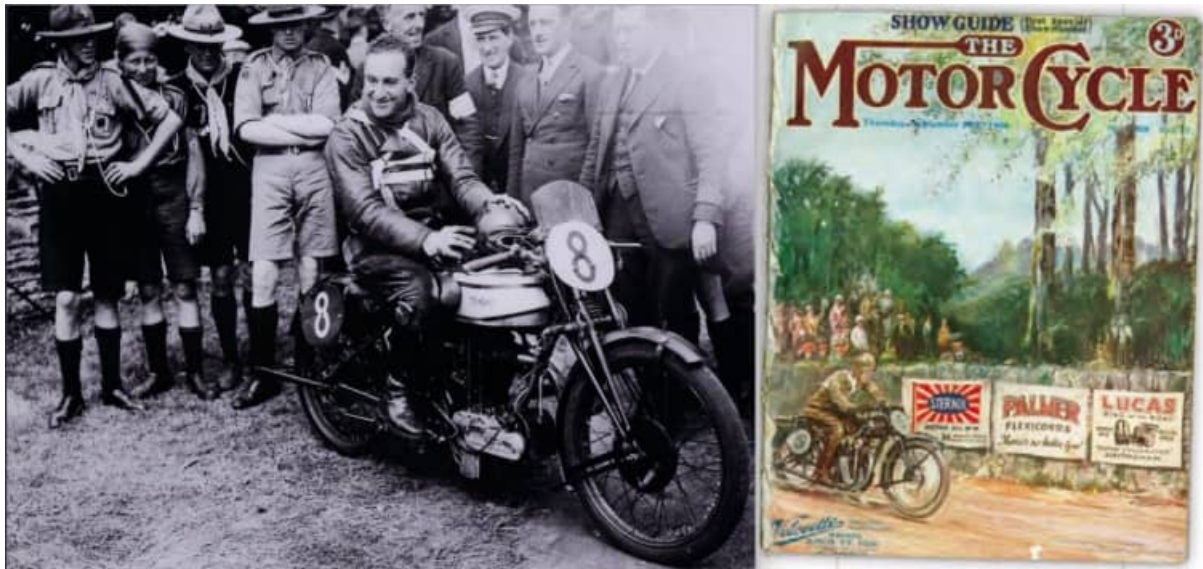


Contrasting fortunes in the 1926 Lightweight TT: Freddy Morgan, Paddy Johnson and Bill Colgan won a hat-trick for Cotton (Bill Cotton stands to the right). Pietro Gherzi enjoys a gasper on the Lightweight grid; he nearly became the first overseas rider to win a TT. With hindsight the Lodge spark plug banner behind him is a tad ironic.



The 1926 Junior TT grid. Alec Bennett, on the right of this picture, makes last-minute adjustment to the KTT Velo.





The scouts who marshalled the TT look rather glum but Stanley Woods is clearly delighted by his Senior victory. Velocette marked Alec Bennett's Junior win with a front cover ad on the Blue 'Un's first (of three) show numbers.



You can't win 'em all. L-R: Howard Davies on the Senior grid with his HRD: the previous year he won the Senior and was 2nd in the Junior, but this time he failed to finish. The Sunbeam team at work—but it wasn't their year, with 7th and 10th places in the Senior. Jock Porter had an impressive TT record, winning the 1923 (250cc) Lightweight and 1924 (175c (Ultra Lightweight) races on his own marque—New Gerrard—powered by Blackburne engines. He started in the 1926 Lightweight, Junior and Senior TTs but failed to finish any of them.

FOLLOWING HIS TT VICTORY Stanley Woods was the fastest rider at the Athey races, doing 88.3mph on a New Imperial.

AE 'BERT' PERRIGO JOINED BSA'S COMPETITION DEPARTMENT. The Small Heath team also staged a series of publicity stunts, culminating in a world tour by a pair of colonial-model 986cc Model G V-twin combos. The riders were BSA salesman Bertram Hall Cathrick and John Castley, who was a sub editor for the Blue 'Un. Cathrick had worked and ridden in South Africa and Malaya and had won a Scottish Six Days Trial; Castley was also an experienced motor cyclist who wrote reports of their progress which were published monthly in *The Motor Cycle*—over the next two years his reports ran to 117 pages; what follows gives the briefest idea of their adventures. (And, as a one-time sub for *Motor Cycle Weekly* I confess to delighting in the coincidence that Castley also went to my old school.) Modifications to the world-tour outfits included gauze-canister air filters, uprated spokes and forks, sump plates and a plunger-operated pump to oil the rear chain. The BSA sidecars featured tubular frames supporting steel-clad plywood boxes with five-gallon fuel tanks to give a range of 350 miles. As well as camping equipment the intrepid pair packed dress and lounge suits and a rifle—each outfit weighed in at

half a ton. In two years they covered 25,000 miles through western, southern and eastern Europe to Turkey, Syria,



BSA's intrepid duo slogging their way through the Aussie outback and (right) strutting their sartorial stuff in Bombay.

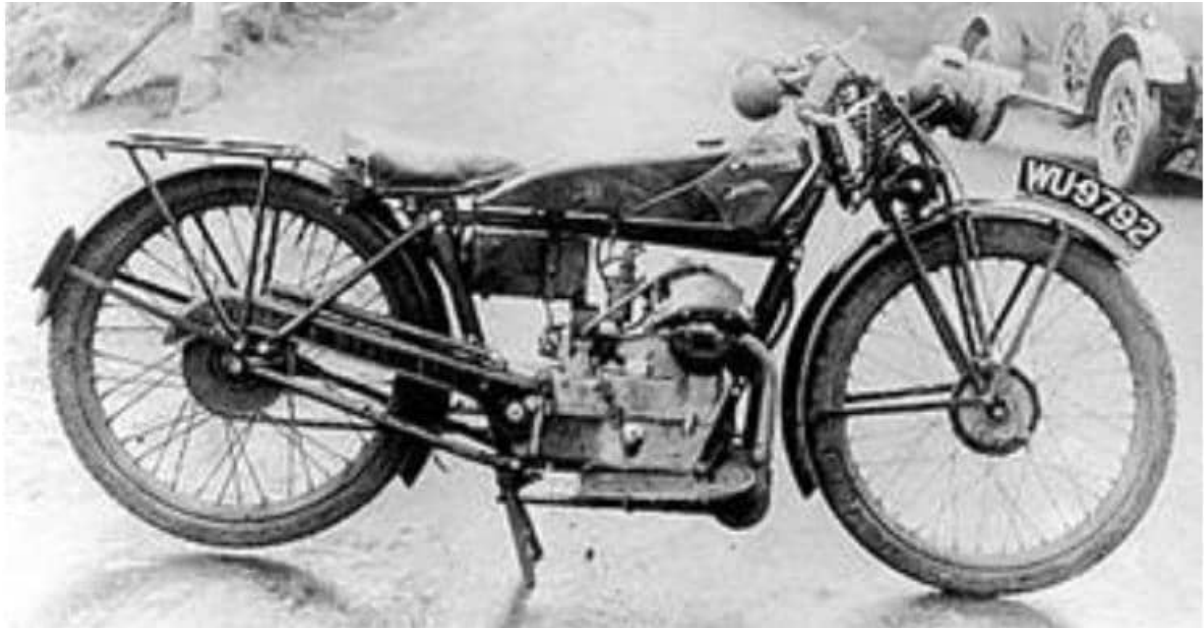
Palestine and Egypt, thence to India, Burma, Java, across Australia and onto Tasmania, New Zealand, South America, South Africa and back to Blighty. They were arrested, shot at and imprisoned in Serbia, and made the first motor cycle crossing of the Sinai Desert, helped by a twenty-yard roll of wire netting which they laid down to cross over stretches of soft sand. There were problems with customs officers who took the Beezas' piled arms logo literally and assumed they were arms dealers. Theirs were the first motor vehicles to cross the Andes from Valparaiso to Mendoza. Castley wrote in his report on Budapest and the Danube: "The mighty river was like a polished scimitar, thrusting into the heart of the capital clothed in the copper foliage of autumn." En route to Salzburg "The road ran all the way beside the River Salide until the last ten kilometres, and by the light of the full moon we had magic glimpses of a tumbled mass of foam in the deep gorge below, and of the towering, hoary mountain crests above. My front tyre (to descend from the sublime) punctured 15 kilometres out of Salzburg—our third puncture that day—and we spent a chllly twenty minutes over the repair, as both our spare wheels were flat. It is surprising how long solution takes to become tacky on a frosdty night!" A packet of Eno's fruit salts interested Czech customs officers looking out for cocaine. In Budejovice (where "we decided later that only Yorkshire could have produced ham and eggs tasting more English") "the representative of a Swedish firm, MJ Leon Karkoff, who had been dining at the hotel and in some mysterious way knew all about us and the expedition, brought offers of assistance, and promised to meet us again in Prague." When approaching Belgrade Castley took photo of a railway bridge—they were arrested at gunpoint and marched at bayonet point along the railway line for six miles to a small town where an officer confiscated the camera and accused them of spying. They were held for interrogation until a delegation from the Belgrade Motor Club, who had been waiting to welcome them, had them released and took them out for a slap-up feed. Castley noted that photos of the railway bridge were on sale next to their gaol. The Turkish authorities did not want them anywhere near the east bank of the Bosphorous where new fortifications were being erected so they had to travel inland by train for 50 miles. Christmas was spent in Jaffa. Castley described India as too vast for a human brain to comprehend: "The best that a bird of passage can do is watch, to ask and to listen." They passed though Agra, saw the Taj Mahal, and rode up into the Himalayas. In Rangoon they had a narrow escape from a major fire and helped rescue furniture, including a piano, from a burning house. On the ride down to Singapore they visited British outposts where they played tennis and

watched polo matches. Near Penang they met up with Cathrick's chums from his plantation days, one of whom escorted them south on his Norton. The BSA agents in Perth overhauled the outfits in preparation for a 900-mile battle with the sand, mud and potholes of the Nullarbor Plain. Castley reported: "It was dark and my light refused even to glimmer, so I followed Cathrick. Not grasping the meaning of a frantic swerve and shout from him I crashed, blind and groping into the ancestor of all pot-holes. My engine stopped in the general cataclysm which followed, and when I tried to restart, such gruesome groanings and gratings were wrung from the engine or gearbox. I almost sat and wept to think that we should have to leave one of the machines beside the road so near to the end of a great run. Cathrick was made of sterner stuff. He started the engine, engaged a gear and rode off, shouting to me to bring his outfit on. The saddle pillar had broken on his machine, and I had to sit on an entirely unsprung saddle—on such a road!"



BSA made nearly 30,000 motorcycles (backed up by 3,000 spares stockists), including this 250cc 'roundtank' which seemed destined for a hard life.





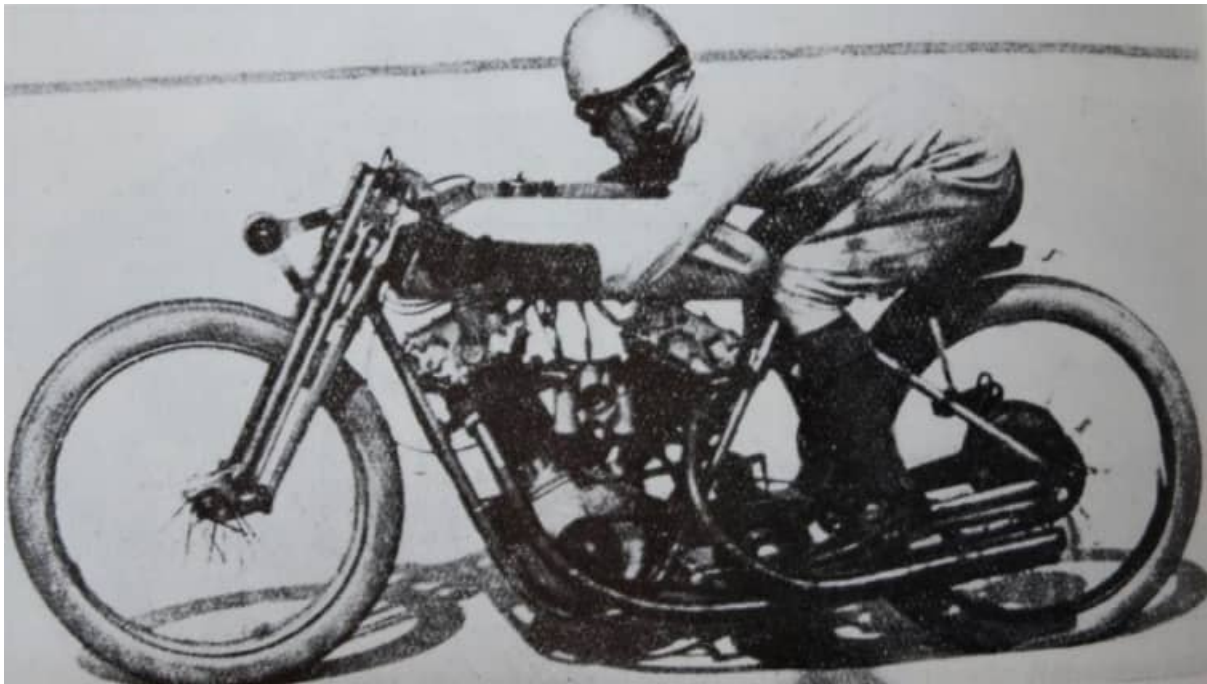
Phelon & Moore came up with the remarkable unit-construction, four-speed, 246cc ohv transverse V-twin Panthette designed by Granville Bradshaw; the brains behind the 1920 400cc ABC. P&M proclaimed: "No motor cycle has created such a sensation as the Panthette...it is difficult to speak with moderation of the Panthette road performance, incredible acceleration, uncanny smoothness." Sadly the excitement surrounding the Panthette's launch was not matched by demand for a high-tech lightweight.



Another promising vehicle with no clear market was the Saro Runabout, a fully enclosed motorcycle or a two-wheeled car. It was developed by Sir Alliot Verdon Roe (of Avro fame, the firm that would build the Lancaster). The Saro was driven by a 350cc Villiers engine with a three-speed box and shaft drive; advanced features included damped springing at both ends, 10in drum brakes, single-sided aluminium wheels and hub-centre steering.

FOLLOWING FOUR YEARS at the drawing board Narazo Shimazu (whom we last met in 1908 launching the Japanese motor cycle industry) came up with a 250cc two-speed sidevalve which

he named the Arrow First. He built six, painted them bright red, and Shimazu, his brother and a couple of their chums rode four of them on a 1,430-mile, 15-day publicity run to Tokyo. Despite the success of this run Shimazu went bankrupt but found new partners and set up Japan Motors Manufacturing in Osaka. Shimazu and his team uprated the Arrow First and produced up to 60 machines a month. Interviewed in 1972 he recalled: "I sold 700 motor cycles in three years, but the profit margin was insufficient to continue, and I closed up the factory. I was one of Japan's motor cycle pioneers...but owing to the fact that the timing was too early, as a business, it ended without bearing any fruit."



Claude Temple boosted the world motorcycle speed record to 121.41mph. at Arpajon on an OEC-Temple-Anzani.

SO MANY WOMEN WERE competing in races and trials throughout Britain that the Motor Cycle Manufacturers' Union honoured the gentle sex with a banquet in London.

A WOOD GREEN & DMCC dance at the Alexandra Palace was attended by 614 members and guests.

COMMERCIAL PLASTIC injection moulding machines arrived.

"RESIDENTS AT ALEXANDRA CRESCENT, Bromley Hill—mostly motorists—have had a 10ft wall built across the end of the road at the boundary with the LCC Downham estate, so that all through traffic is stopped. It is the sequel of an alleged right-of-way dispute, and developments are expected."

THE BLUE 'UN DESCRIBED an engine with a capacity of 3.6cc. Circulation of its show report issue topped 200,000.

THE AUTO-CYCLE UNION TOOK an active interest in expanding the motor cycle football and established a knockout cup, Coventry beat Middlesbrough in the final



Sliding tackles were clearly carried over to the motorised version of the beautiful game.

BRITAIN IMPORTED 520,194,737 gallons of petrol; up 146,235,874gal over 1925.

BY THE END OF the year over half a million motorcycle licences had been issued.

“‘PILLIONETTE AND PILLIONIST’ are the words suggested in a letter to a daily paper to denote respectively a pillion passenger and the rider of the machine. But wouldn’t ‘with my brother as pillionette’ sound a little odd?”

“200BHP FROM 1,000CC! It is rumoured that a French firm of car manufacturers is experimenting with a 12-cylinder 1,000cc engine which is claimed to develop no less than 200bhp.”

AS BIKES BECAME MORE and more reliable, riders were evidently determined to push them to the limit: Sydney Greenwood, 64, made a 5,120-mile trek across Australia on a 249cc Beeza. Following Arthur Grady’s truly epic lap of Australia (on a Douglas, in 1925) another Duggie crossed ‘the Union of South Africa; and Miss Gwendolyn Adams rode 3,000 miles from Ellesmere to Venice and back on yet another Douglas. It behaved perfectly, she remarked: “I was very proud of the mount, for neither France nor Italy can produce anything to equal it.” Captain Geoffrey Malins and Charles Oliver went global on OEC-Temple outfits powered by 1,000cc ohv British Anzani Vulpine engines. The Hughes sidecars didn’t stand up to the journey too well so the sidecar chassis were replaced in Melbourne. [You’ll find a taste of the trek in 1927 but for more details of this expedition turn to *Murray’s Timelines* in the main menu, scroll to the bottom of the page and take a gander at Volume B which also contains a comprehensive report on Arthur Grady’s odessey, including a lengthy first-hand account and so much more.]





Douglas published Gwendolyn's account of her trouble-free holiday tour (Gwen's view of the glamorised illustration isn't recorded). The Jerries clearly had their share of plucky mädchen: Fraulein Suzanne Koerner rode from Berlin to Birmingham on a 249cc Dunelt and announced plans to compete in the 1927 ISDT.



Messrs Malin and Oliver took 13 months to ride round the world on their OEC-Temple combos. Left, Malins poses with the chaps of RAF bomber squadron 55 in Baghdad; right, pause for a pint in Australia (note the change in sidecars).

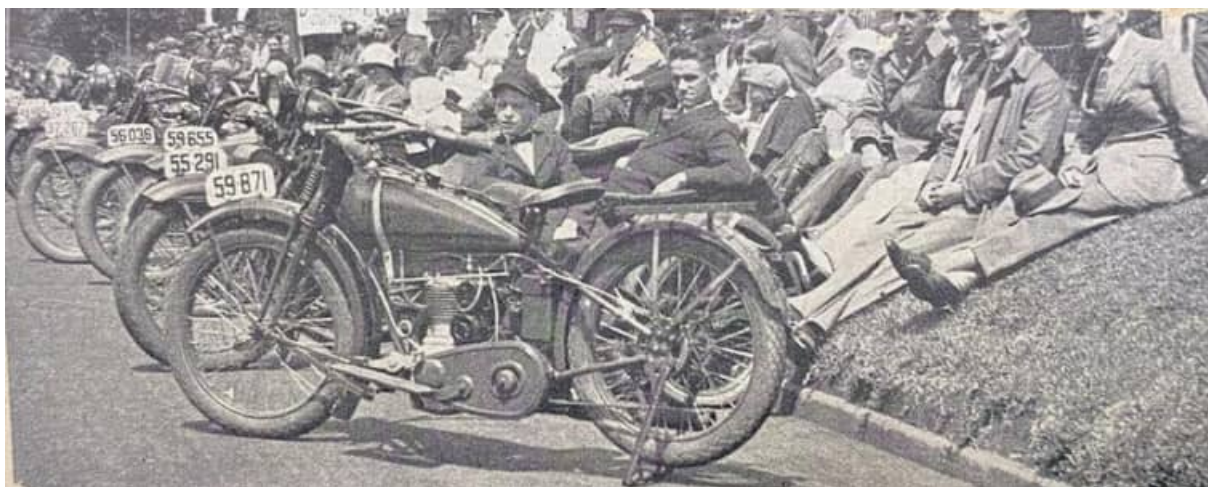


French photojournalist Robert Sexé and his oppo Henri Andrieux went for a 22,000-mile six-month ride on modified Gillet-Herstals, starting in Paris and ending in Brussels by way of Russia, the Congo and the USA. It's generally accepted that his adventures were the inspiration for Herge's Tintin books which first appeared three years later—the first three books were set in Russia, the Congo and the USA. Sexé was a pioneer rallyist and did the Elephant from 1961 onwards, riding there in 1970, aged 79, covering 1,600km from Poitu on his 125 DKW. He became a close mate of organiser Ernst 'Klacks' Leverkus and, speaking fluent German, acted as spokesman for the French contingent. *You'll find the story of Sexé's travels in Memories of Yesteryear Chapter 5.*





This striking image of Sexé and Andrieux is taken from the cover of *Travels in the Land of the Soviets*. The USSR government supported the tour with fuel dumps but the Belgian made Gillet Herstals made good use of their 40-litre (8.8gal) tanks.



Less dramatic than those globetrotting tours but probably more fun—70 riders from the Harley-Davidson Club in Sydney enjoy the sunshine before leaving on a run and picnic.



HAVING WON THE 1925 INTERNATIONAL Six Days Trial Britain hosted the 1926 event which comprised five days in the Peak District wilderness followed by a day's speeding at Brooklands. The excellent site 'Speed Track Tales', a mine of information on the history of the ISDT, has tracked down some fascinating newspaper reports, so for a change from the Blue 'Un and Green 'Un, lets see what they had to say:

**Glasgow Herald:** "During the coming week [whilst English cricketers endeavour to win back the 'ashes' from Australia] Britain will defend one of the few international championships in the realm of sport in which she is the holder. This is the International Trophy of motorcycling, which Great Britain won last year for the third time...Switzerland has also held the trophy for three years from 1920-22 inclusively, whilst Sweden won in 1923, when the trial was held in their own country. The international six days trial is the premier event of its kind in motor cycling sport. It will start from Buxton to-day, and continue throughout the week over a typical trial course in and around the Peak district, and conclude with a speed test on the Brooklands race-track at Weybridge. The race covers 797 miles on the road, and there will be included 33 observed hills on which competitors must make a non-stop ascent. As was the case last year, Germany is challenging British prestige in the contest for the International Trophy. In this competition teams of three are entered from each country—two riders to pilot solo machines and one a motor cycle with sidecar, all the machines being manufactured in the country from which the entry is received...Next in importance is the competition for the International Vase, in which national teams of three riders compete on machines manufactured in any country. Great Britain is also the holder of this event. Germany has entered her international trophy team, whilst Holland will be represented by three teams mostly riding machines of English make. England will defend her honour with her two International Trophy teams and a team composed of famous lady riders. These will be Mrs G Mclean (2.49hp BSA), Miss Marjorie Cottle (3.45hp Raleigh); and Miss Edith Foley (4.49hp Triumph). The trial will constitute a honeymoon trip for Mrs Mclean, who, prior to her marriage a fortnight ago, was Miss Louisa Ball, and she entered under her maiden name. Her husband is riding in the trial on a BSA. The British motor cycling championship will also be incorporated in the trial, and for this local centres of the Auto-Cycle Union are entitled to nominate teams of three riders. Altogether 15 teams have been so nominated, including two from the holders, the East Midland centre. There is also a manufacturers team competition, for which 20 British motor cycle manufacturers have entered teams of three riders each. Altogether 113 individual entries have been received including seven lady riders...including Miss M Bedlington on a lightweight Velocette. Miss Bedlington is a district nurse in the north of England and used her motor cycle to visit her patients. The trial embodies three distinct tests—general reliability, hill-climbing capacity, and speed...all machines must be equipped with two efficient brakes working independently, one efficient silencer, identification plates, and a complete set of lamps as required by English law."



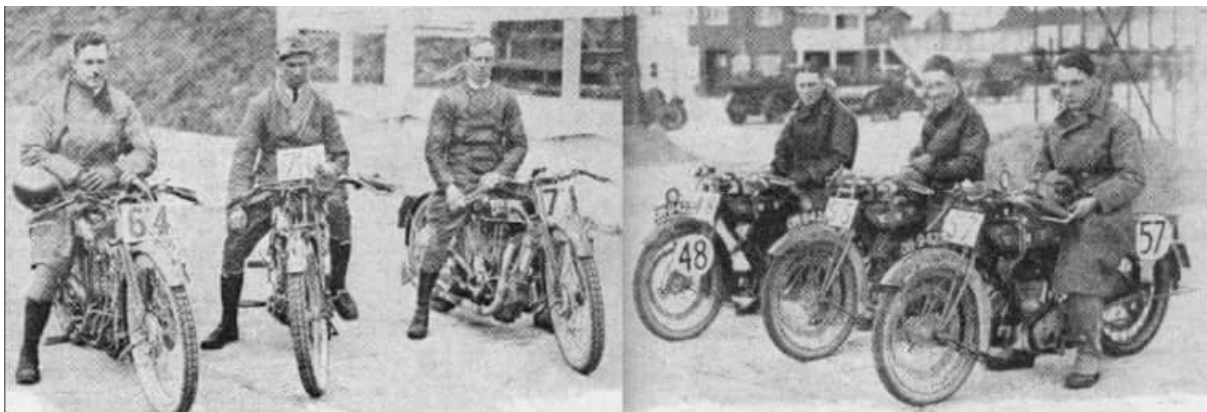
One of two German teams: Roth (BMW), Schleicher (BMW) and Count von Egloffstein (Ernst-Mag). (Right) Dutch riders J Boelstr (Harley Davidson) and Van der Veen (FN) tackling a mountain track near Buxton.

**Glasgow Herald:** For the third successive year England has gained the International Trophy of motor cycling. This, with her success in 1913, makes her fourth victory in what is essentially the motor cycle challenge of the world. She was challenged this year by Germany, who had nominated two teams of her strongest riders, but by the middle of last week one of the latter had lost all its three members, and the other, one. England's two teams successfully completed the road course of 777 miles, but during the speed test held on Brooklands track on Saturday one member of England's A-team was put out by a valve breakage. England's B-team, comprising Philip Pike (Norton and sidecar) of Plymouth, J Lidstone (James) of Birmingham, and Graham W Walker (Sunbeam), of Wolverhampton had dropped only 12 [out of 300] points in all, and thus achieve a noteworthy victory. In the contest for the International Vase, victory went to the same English team. The Holland B-team, comprising J Moos, Wm Smit and HM Vintges, all on BSA machines, who had lost 21 points, were second, while third place was secured by the English Ladies' team, consisting of Miss L Ball (James); Miss Marjorie Cottle (Raleigh); and Miss Edith Foley (Triumph), who had lost 25 points. This is the first occasion on which a ladies' team has been nominated for an international motor cycling contest, and the result is a clear indication of the tractability of the modern motor cycle. The result is no less a tribute to the riding skill and pluck of the lady competitors. The Auto Cycle Union Centre Championship was won by the South Midland A-team, composed of TG Meeten (Francis-Barnet), L Welsh (OK-Bradshaw), and WH Hardman (Matchless and sidecar). The Midland A-team and the South-Western teams tied for second place with 10 marks lost. Of the 113 competitors, 76 gained gold medals, eight silver medals, while seven had, by forfeiting more than the maximum points, failed to qualify for an award. Seven ladies started, six completed the course, of whom four gained gold medals. In all, 22 completed the course without losing a single mark."



Roy Charman, a Western Australian rider won a gold but “was occasionally not too brilliant on hills”. (Right) CM Ramstedt cruised through the Waterslacks ford on his 344cc Wallis but retired on the Wednesday.

**Townsville Daily Bulletin, Queensland, Australia:** “English files arrived by last mail and contain interesting particulars of the famous event which was held on August 16th to 21st over an 800 miles ‘Road’ course, terminating with a speed trial of approximately 50 miles on the Brooklands track. The mere mention of the distance covered, however, does not convey any impression of the severity of the conditions encountered, the course selected including atrocious road surfaces, water splashes and loose stones. On Blacker Mill Hill for instance, which competitors had to descend on the first day and ascend on the second day—very few of the riders managed the descent without falling off or losing control of their machines, so steep was the declivity. Again, only 25% of the entrants climbed this hill the following day, the remainder falling half way up. This year’s international trial attracted 113 competitors, of many nationalities, and of these only 91 completed the course. The three teams of BSA riders consisting of a ladies team, the gents’ B-team and a team of Dutch riders all scored notable successes ; the B-team being the only team in the trial to finish without loss of points. The ladies’ team secured a team’s prize trophy, and the Dutch team finished second for the international silver vase In addition to these awards the 12 BSA entrants secured ten gold and one silver medals. It is generally conceded by English motoring journals that this international trial is the most important, and incidentally the most severe reliability trial held in England.”



GW Walker, George Dance and FB Tetsall (500cc Sunbeams) won the Class-C manufacturer’s team prize. (Right) J Humphies, G McLean and HJ Willis (350s Beezas) won the Class-B prize.



**This excerpt from an unidentified newspaper report gives an interesting insight into riding styles—the writer is delightfully opinionated:** “W Hough (348cc AJS), gold medal, steady and unobtrusive throughout...E Rowley (348cc AJS), gold medal, inclines to wild riding on rough stuff...FW Giles (498cc AJS sc), gold medal, makes sidecar driving look an arduous job, but always gets there...Sangster (497cc Ariel sc), gold medal, goes for every observed hill ‘full bore’—and luck goes with him...CJ Van Marle (497cc Ariel), no award, had much tyre trouble but struggled on...N Hall (346cc Excelsior), gold medal, not quite up to usual form...N Walker (346cc Excelsior), gold medal, failed waterslacks; P Walker (346cc Excelsior), gold medal; both the Walkers were given to footing rather frequently and their machines seemed over-g geared...H van der Veen (346cc FN), no award, failed Cowdale and had a rough trip despite his huge balloon tyres...D McQueen (172cc Francis-Barnett), gold medal, a fast and steady rider...JW Moxon (172cc Francis-Barnett), gold medal, a great man for ‘feet up’ climbs, had a little bad luck on Goyt’s Bridge...JJ Boelstra (345cc Harley Davidson), retired Brooklands, used his feet a lot on hills and failed Litton Slack...G van Twist (988cc Harley Davidson sc), retired after sportingly running off the road to avoid running over a fallen solist, very hard lines; he had failed on Litton Slack, however, due to clutch trouble...WF Newsome, (349cc Humber), gold medal, steady and sure as of old...WF Waddington (349cc Humber), rather uncertain on rough stuff...G Kimberley (495cc James), gold medal, by no means as steady as one would expect...FW ‘Pa’ Applebee (Levis), no award, trailed his feet often, but that would be excusable in a man twenty years younger; put up a fine show at Brooklands...G Gubela (820cc Mabeco sc), retired due to collision, a great pity because he showed signs of being the most effortless sidecarist...R Charman (347cc Matchless), gold medal, Australia’s representative was occasionally not too brilliant on hills...FW Neil (347cc Matchless), gold medal, surprised many by the promptitude with which he used his feet...WH Hardman (980cc Matchless sc), gold medal, sometimes excellent, other times does not take sufficient care, consequently his performance varies...R Snell (980cc Matchless sc), no award, failed Litton Slack, Weag’s Bridge, Waterslacks and Alms Hill; lacks the necessary dash as a driver...L Snell (700cc NUT), gold medal, rather slow but plodded along and turned up smiling at every check...TL Hatch (499cc P&M), gold medal, probably the best rider on the road of the P&M contingent; upheld the northern tradition of feet up, did some wonderful work recovering time lost by tyre trouble...HH Stinnes (499cc P&M), gold medal, riding improved visibly from day to day, rode the quietest machine in the trial, while—HH Stinnes (499cc P&M), gold medal, rode one of the noisiest; his track speed was great but occasionally footed on hills...G Patrick (980cc Royal Enfield SC), gold medal, capable of making a star competition sidecarist but occasionally erred in judgement, failed on Stocksbridge, Weag’s Bridge and Waterslacks; with his wife’s help detached sidecar on Brooklands and refitted a chain, thus saving his award...Miss M Cottle (348cc Raleigh), gold medal, her usual fine performance but at times seemed to waver on hills...H Gibson (348cc Raleigh), silver medal, not too steady, failed Mow Cop, had tyre trouble and stops for valve adjustments on Brooklands; he finished where many would have given up...SW Sparkes (499cc Rudge), gold medal, the gallant RAF sergeant carries his regimentals through to an outstanding performance in the trial; he proved himself one of our foremost trials riders...GW Walker (493cc Sunbeam), gold medal, a very pretty rider indeed...Miss E Foley (494cc Triumph), gold medal, on the road portion was perhaps the second most consistent lady competitor; a leaking tank and a lack of ‘horses’ nearly lost her her medal on the track...WE Smithie (348cc Velocette), gold medal, made rather noisy, and sometimes not too steady, progress...Miss M Bedlington (249cc Velocette), retired, collision, after a good deal of previous misadventure...EO Hector (344cc Zenith), gold medal, a Scotsman who brought with him a 10 to 1 bottom gear and found English hills not too gentle; but he rode well and earned his medal...C Kolmspeger and OC Huslein

(249cc Zündapp), both retired by Wednesday, finding things beyond their capabilities; yet they tried hard while they lasted.”



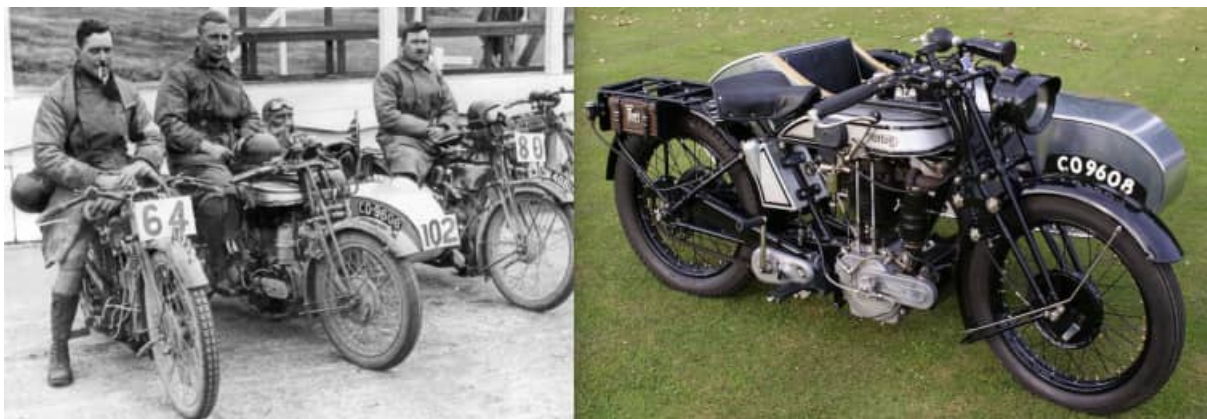
One of the rare high-speed sections of road allowed competitors to make up for time lost in the rough. (Right) GH Goodall (Morgan) “had one failure at Litton Slack” but :as usual the Morgans, as a team, were outstanding in the passenger class”.

**Daily Mail:** “Extraordinary scenes were witnessed near Buxton yesterday when the competitors in the ISDT attempted to climb Blackermill Hill, a towering and greasy ascent in the Peaks. Riders were flung from their machines, which skidded on the treacherous boulders. Miss Cottle and Miss Bedlington embraced each other in the mud after falling. The Misses Debenham, Miss Foley and Mrs McLean made better ascents than did most of the men, spectators had to scramble for safety as motor-cycles leaped from the boulders on to the grassy slopes. Later Miss Bedlington hit a car at Cranford and had to retire with smashed forks. Miss Betty Debenham fell in front of the Dutch rider, Van Twist, who steered into a seemingly shallow ditch which proved to be nine feet deep and filled with nettles. He and his passenger were badly stung and shaken and they had to retire...”

**Bath Chronicle:** “A Bathonian’s Forced Retirement—After an appalling storm of rain and wind throughout the Wednesday morning run in the ISDT my adventure has come to a premature end after covering nearly 400 miles of the gruelling course. The vagaries of the back wheel bearings were the cause of my retirement at the beginning of the afternoon’s run. When I started out this morning all-weather equipment was the order of the day as the rain was simply pelting down...setting forth on the route we were immediately led to the top of the adjoining hills, where we traversed bleak moorland tracks for mile after mile. The rain storm changed into a literal hurricane on the tops of the hills, and eyes were sore, while the protective clothing was practically useless. The constant gusts of wind at times promised to take the machine off the road and hurl it down the precipitous hillside...Hardly had we seen a main or secondary road after over an hour’s journey and then without any warning a cloudburst or something similar occurred, and the rain came down in sheets. It was scarcely possible to see and soon the tracks were like little rivers, easily covering the tyres and rims of the machine, and splashed on the plug so that it was an impossibility to slow up without the engine cutting out altogether. Acute corners taken at half-speed (about 30mph) and hectic skidding, a rapid dig with the foot to recover balance, and then I skid along the mud to keep to the time schedule...”

**Western Gazette:** “The stewards of the trial state that in comparison with previous ISDTs the course as a whole was more strenuous although the number of retirements was considerably less...The condition of the motor cycles which completed the course was generally much better than in previous years, and the standard of driving also showed considerable improvement...It would certainly appear that tyres are the least reliable part of the modern motor-cycle...In the

technical report of the trial prepared by Dr Low, the chief technical observer, it is pointed out that over 70% of the machines which completed the course did so without suffering any damage to frames or working cycle parts, in spite of the fact that the rough nature of the course which measured 800 miles approximately, was equivalent to 5,000 miles of average touring...More care would appear to have been devoted to the arrangement of cooling fins...That an engine may be capable of operation without loss of power for long periods on low gear was ample demonstrated, and it was noticeable that those engines which could maintain a low temperature were more reliable, clean and silent...Proper enclosure of all working parts can undoubtedly be achieved...Further attention might be paid to the possibilities of a multi-cylinder machine on account of the benefits to be obtained from even torque, and the mechanical reliability of small capacity cylinders...It is essential for a further improvement in the degree of silence to be accomplished...Many machines are too noisy on indirect drive."



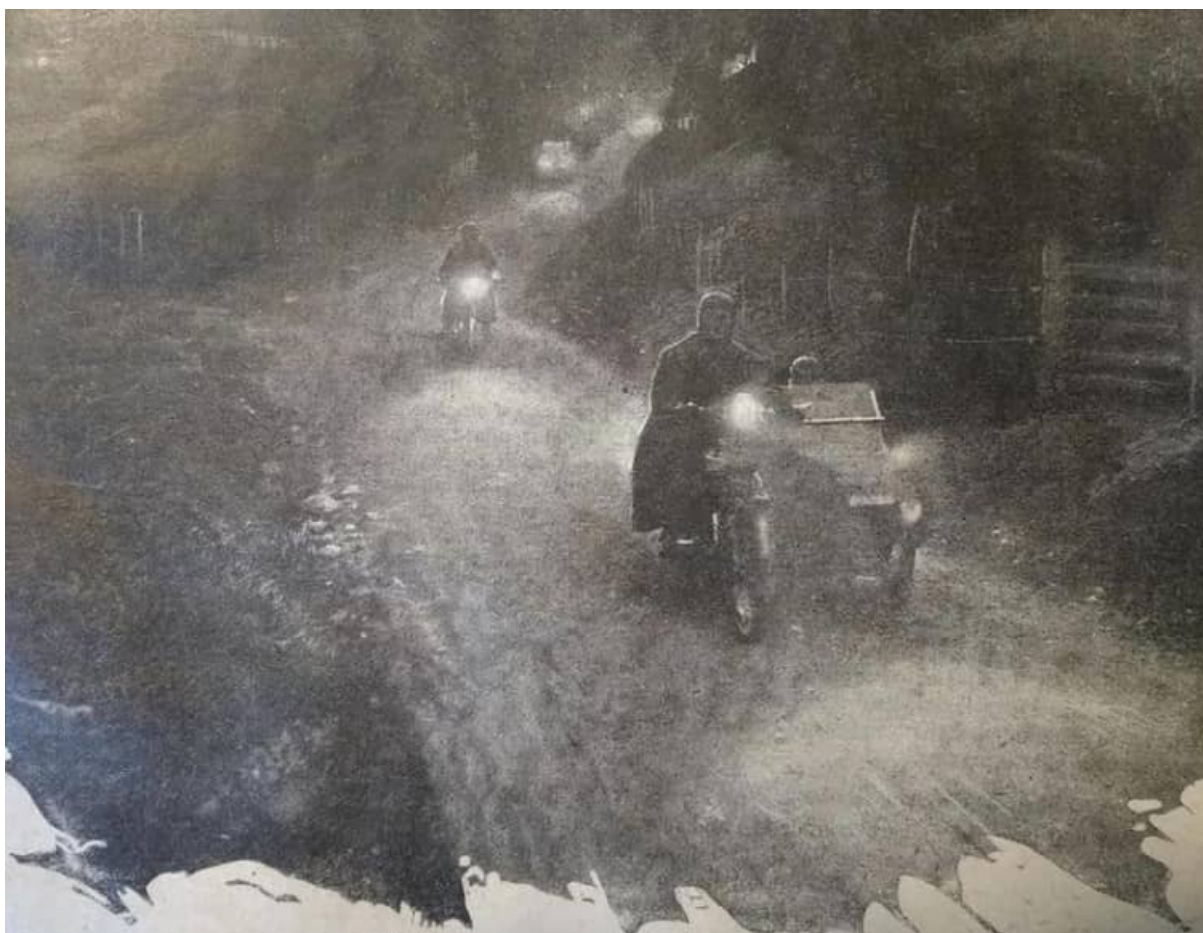
England's Vase-winning B-team: Graham Walker (Sunbeam), Phil Pike (Norton outfit) and J Lidstone (James). (Right) Pike's Norton had an eventful year, helping Norton win its fourth successive Maudes Trophy (*Read all about it in the 1926 Features section.*) What's more she's still on the road.

MARJORIE COTTLE WAS ROPED in for an imaginative, stunt: she traced the world 'Raleigh' on a map of England aboard a 174cc Raleigh—and 1,077 Raleigh owners got together at Monsal Dale in the Peak District (no, I don't know why).

THE MCC'S LAND'S END-John o' Groats trial attracted 27 hardy riders. There were 266 starters in the London-Exeter trial; the London-Land's End trial attracted 345 riders of whom 278 lasted the course.

THERE WERE 79 STARTERS in the Scottish Six Days Trial; 59 completed the course of whom 38 won silver cups. The Lightweight Prize went to JW Moxon (172cc Francis-Barnett); W Wick (550cc Triumph) was the top solo rider; NPO Bradley (493cc Sunbeam) was top combo pilot. RB Clark (499cc Rudge) took the prize for Most Plucky Performance. Douglas won the 350cc team prize, Ariel won the unlimited class. Cumberland County took the team award and, unsurprisingly, the Public Schools MCC won the Public School award (riding two Scotts and a Henderson).

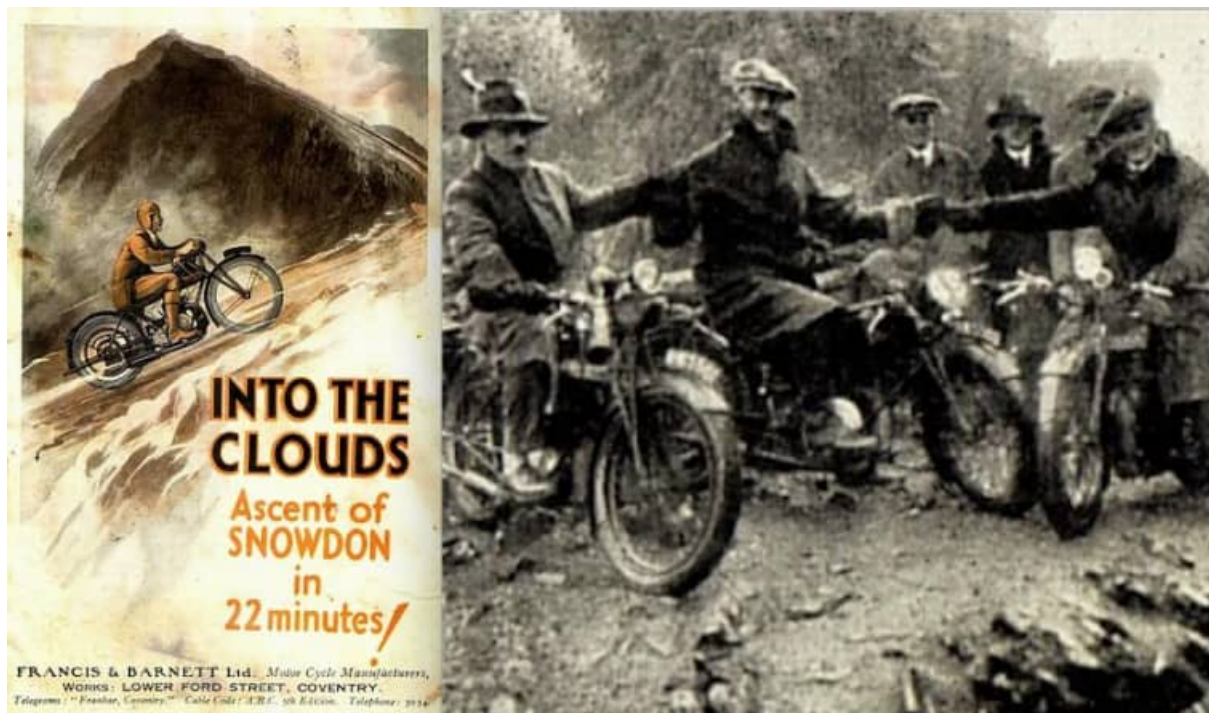




“First light of dawn: The most eerie hour of the London-Exeter Run—when a cold, grey sky in the East heralds the approach of day.”

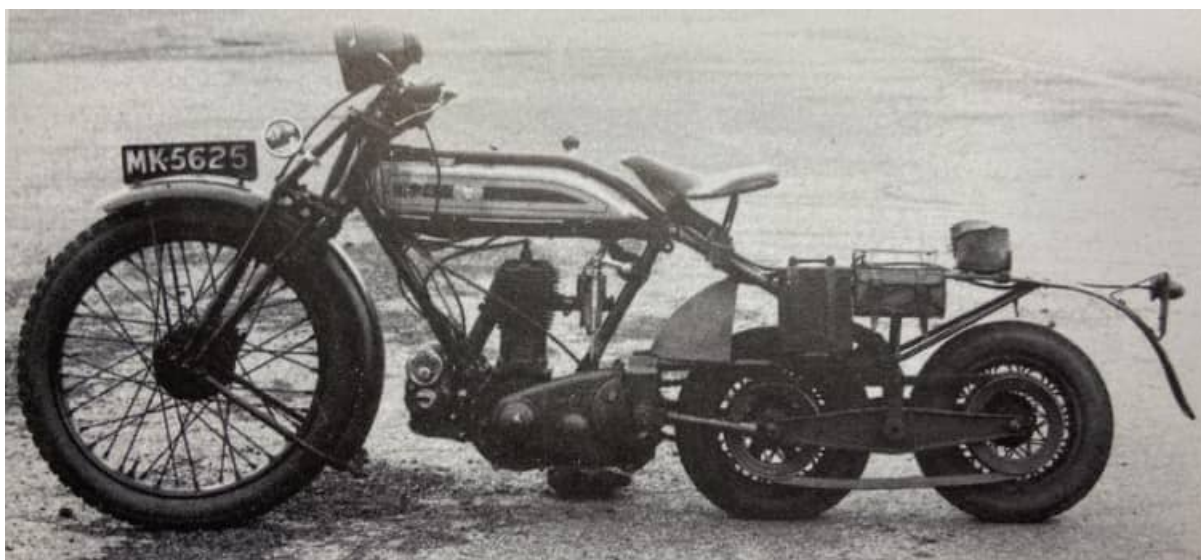
“IF, A FEW YEARS AGO, one had ventured the prophecy that the ascent of Snowdon was within the compass of a 172cc motor cycle, one would have been classed as a dreamer of dreams. Yet the conquest of Snowdon by three Francis-Barnett two-stroke motor cycles, each of 172 cubic centimetres capacity, was accomplished at the first attempt, and in a non stop run. The morning broke dull and threatening with a promise of rain. The upper half of the mountain was hidden in the clouds. The attempt was to be made up the track of the cog-wheel railway, the length of which is five miles and the average gradient one in seven point four. I places this gradient has a severity of one in five...the three intrepid riders, Messrs JW Moxon, EA Barnett and H Jones set out from the railway shed at Llanberis...Immediately after the start, bottom gear was engaged, and most of the ascent was carried through on that gear—a wonderful tribute to the Villiers engine and the transmission of the Albion gearbox. Steadily the ride went forward. The rough path permitted no wandering. The riding space was often a matter of inches only and seldom reached a width of more than a foot. At times the riders were obliged to take to the steel sleepers. On these sections progress was made in a series of rapid bounds, which subjected frames and forks to a severe hammering...The high wind blew straight across the track from the right...no liberties could be taken with gusts that were at once violent and disconcerting. Moxon led the way and was mounted on the machine he had recently used in the Scottish Six Days’ Trial. At the conclusion of that event, after 1,000 miles of hard driving over some of the worst roads in the Highlands, the engine and carburetter were sealed up by officials of the Edinburgh Club, so that no mechanical attention to these vital parts was possible. The intention was to ascertain whether the machines was equal to the task before it after undergoing the buffeting of

the Scottish Trial...The party at the summit, suffering the discomforts of wind, mist and rain, became increasingly pessimistic...In the midst of the discussion a voice down the track called out—"Here they come!" The rapid beat of the engine was heard and in a few seconds Moxon appeared, having completed the ascent in the splendid time of twenty-two minutes. Barnett and Jones followed quickly, and the triple ascent of the monarch of the Welsh mountains by three small two-stroke machines was an accomplished fact. The riders made a wild dash over the 'rough stuff' beyond the railway terminus and, grouped in front of the cairn, were photographed literally in the clouds. An immediate examination of the machines showed them to be in perfect condition in every respect...Their capacity for hill work, in truth, was by no means fully extended in the course of this historical ascent. The small two-stroke has entered into its own...we have proved that the rougher the road and the steeper the hill, the more the little two-stroke vindicates itself."



Francis-Barnet didn't hide its lightweights under a barrel. (Right) Summit meeting for Messrs Moxon, Barnett and Jones.

THE ARMY HAD THEIR own ideas about tackling rough terrain on a motor cycle. The Royal Army Service Corps got their hands on a Model P Triumph (successor to the Model H 'Trusty' that won its spurs in the Great War) and converted it to a three-wheeler with chain drive and a belt linking the two rear wheels. A track could be fitted over the rear wheels. It went really well over soft ground but was let down by its weight and ground clearance. The three-wheeler project was subbed out to OEC at Gosport; you'll find the result of that in 1928.



Two wheels good...three wheels better?

FRANCIS-BARNETT DIDN'T GET LONG to rest on its laurels—a 500cc Beeza climbed Snowdon; then a 350cc Raleigh was ridden up Ben Nevis by the aptly named R MacGregor.

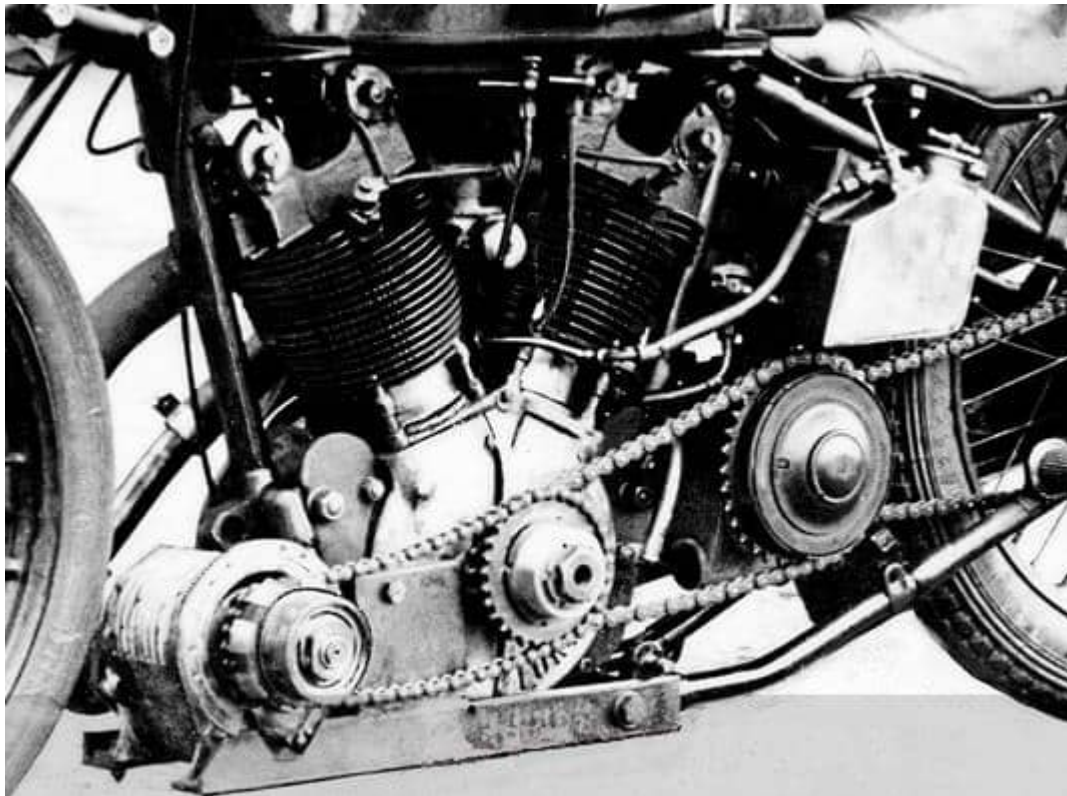
A 588cc NORTON FAILED to average a ton in a six-hour thrash but was oh so close at 99.98mph. What's more another Norton set a 50km record at 94.8mph.

AS WELL AS HELPING the South Midland team win the ACU Centre Championship in the ISDT, TG Meeten shred, with Mrs Meeten, victory in the Carshalton MCC Pillion Trial.

THE OLYMPIA SHOW attracted 153,867 enthusiasts; up from 118,770 in 1925 and 98,742 in 1923. British models ranged in price from £22 to £195.

GEORGE PATCHETT MOVED FROM Brough Superior to work with McEvoy as competition manager—until branching out on his own in 1924 Michael McEvoy had worked at Rolls Royce so the pair had an impeccable pedigree. With an advanced frame and big-twin JAP McEvoy promoted their creation as “the Fastest all-British big twin that holds all high speed British records worth holding in its class”. They went on to fit a supercharger, setting nine world records at Brooklands. Patchett then won the Championship of Southport in 1926 at 116.5mph—on the same day the McEvoy team won the 500cc sidecar and 500cc solo races. The Motor Cycle remarked that “The McEvoy firm has a great faith in the future of the supercharger, first of all for racing, and later for ordinary touring machines, and is carrying out a series of experiments to determine the possibility of employing an increased charge in standard engines.”





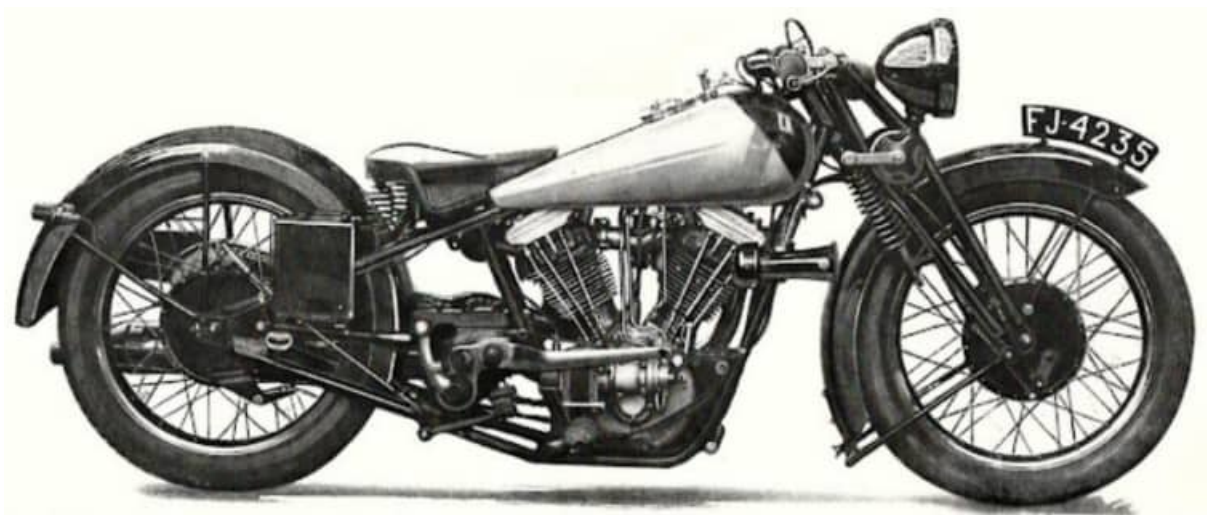
McEvoy

was a pioneer of supercharging, setting a number of world records.

MCEVOY WAS NOT THE ONLY manufacturer to brave the economic recession by roaring onto the market with luxury big twin; its ohv JAP was matched by AJW's eight-valve British Anzani. Both were aimed squarely at the BruffSup market, as was the JAP-engined Coventry Victor Flying Eight. Unfortunate timing, but nice for them as could afford one. And by 'eck they're gorgeous!



Hooligan's bike: Coventry Victor Flying Eight with Jap big twin.



Hooligan's bike: AJW with eight-valve Anzani big twin.



French designer Georges Roy patented the New-Motorcycle, replacing a tubular frame with a pressed-steel chassis. He launched it at the Paris Salon with a choice of 500cc ohv JAP, or Chaise engines. Despite some success at major French events including the Bol d'Or and Paris-Nice the New-Motorcycle was only in production for a couple of years (but read on because M Roy bounced back a couple of years later).

A RACE MEETING AT Druridge Park, Northumberland, attracted more than 100,000 spectators; presumably there was nothing good on the telly.

THE POLICE WERE ordered by the Home Office to crack down on noisy motorcycles.

AJAYS TOOK 500 AND 350cc honours at the Belgian GP (courtesy of Jimmy Simpson and FA Longman); Jock Porter led the 250s home on his New Gerrard. The 175cc class was won by J Milhoux on Ready-Blackburne which, while nominally Belgian, had a British engine and was of a distinctly British design.

BENNETT AND NORTON WON the French 500cc GP, Walker and Sunbeam won the 500cc Ulster. Another Sunbeam won the GP des Nations but on their home ground Guzzi won the Italian and BMW won the German GP – where Messrs Porter (New Gerrard) and Simpson (AJS) maintained their winning streak in the 250 and 350cc races.

THE DUTCH TT (THE BLUE 'UN sniffily referred to it as the Dutch 'TT') was restricted to Dutch riders but British bikes dominated: 250, 350, 500 and 750cc honours went to New Imp, Beeza, Norton and Scott respectively (the 1,000cc class was won by an Indian).

IT SAYS MUCH FOR BRITISH dominance that British bikes, engines and gearboxes were banned from the Berlin show. The German industry was expanding fast; new models included a 703cc ohv V-twin Wanderer and, shades of Scott, a 496cc vertical twin two-stroke from DKW.

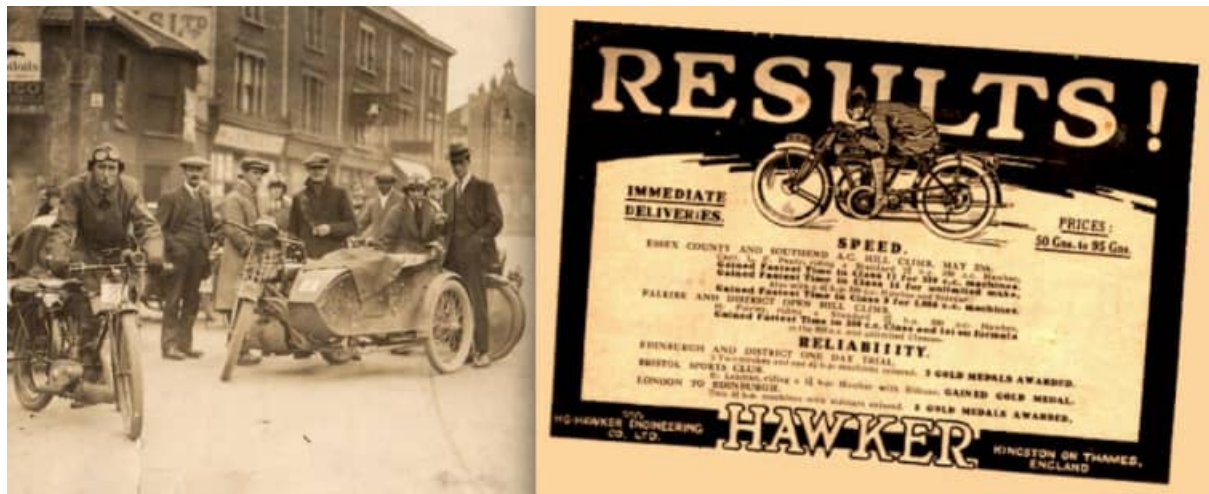


Scott's tourer, with its iconic 'bread basket' petrol tank, was joined by the sportier Flying Squirrel with a 'long tank'.

TALKING OF SCOTTS, NIGH ON a century later the registrar of the Scott Owners Club was restoring a 1921 Hawker and our chums at the DVLA were refusing to issue its original registration. Then, while browsing through a copy of *Classic Bike*, he came across a photo of his bike which had been sent in by Jake, who's married to Charlotte, my esteemed former colleague and a top-flight motoring wordsmith. Ernest Leaman, the Hawker's first owner, was Jake's great great grandfather—and Ernest had campaigned the Hawker, both as a solo and a combo, with considerable success. Over to you, Jake: "...I received an email from John, who told me that he had found the remnants of a motorcycle in a shed in Eastville. He was a retired mechanical engineer and said that all of the houses were being demolished, so he 'liberated' all that he could find from the shed with a view to restoring it. Several years later after doing that he was astounded to see the Hawker in the bike magazine. He then asked if I would like to meet up in Bristol and have a look at it in the flesh, how could I not say yes? John was having issues getting the Hawker's registration plate back from DVLA as he couldn't provide enough proof that it was the same machine. I was able to supply him with dates and addresses that my great great grandfather had lived at, one being a property next door to the house with the shed in. This information together with family history and the advertisement and photos was enough for DVLA to reissue the Hawker with its original reg number." John also restored an even rarer 350cc ohv Blackburne-engined Hawker which is a Good Thing because the company only made about 300 bikes before ceasing production in 1924 to concentrate on aircraft. (This was also a Good Thing because 16 years later its Hurricanes were put to good use in the Battle of Britain.) Only a handful of Hawker motor cycles survive but after 103 years Ernest's is among them. PS In the Hawker's restoration dossier John recorded that "numerous parts were missing", which is probably something of an understatement. He managed to source, restore or reproduce everything except an original 'gearbox'—the inverted commas are justified because the two-speed Hawker boasted neither clutch nor kickstart, merely a single dog that selected either of



two primary chains. Rather than leave the bike off the road John fitted a Royal Enfield gearbox of the same era, sourced from a member of the '225 Group'. He later wrote, "I am sorry if you thought I was restoring another RE 225. Think of it not as losing an RE, rather gaining a Hawker." How cool is that?



Ernest Leaman and his Hawker at a club event. (Right) Ernest's success attracted the attention of Hawker Engineering—it says much for the two-stroke's performance that he won a gold in the sidecar class, and Hawker combos won golds in the Edinburgh trial.



When this snap of Ernest was taken in 1926 the Hawker was already out of production. (Right) Ninety years later Jake got to sit on his great great granddad's bike, and helped its restorer retain its original registration.



The Royal Enfield 225cc two-stroke dates back to the Great War; the Hawker's gear box would have started life in this early-twenties model.

SAY FAREWELL TO VICTORIA, a pioneer Scottish marque founded in 1902. But the name lived on in Germany, where they had been making Victorias of their own since 1901. In 1920 Austrian Victoria came up with the KR1, a sv 494cc 6.5hp two-speed in-line flat twin; in 1923 this was followed by the ohv 9hp KR2; in 1924 the KR3 gained a three-speed box and three more horses; in 1925 they fitted a blower (Germany's first forced-induction engine) and in 1926 it did a record-breaking 102.5mph.



Adolph Brundes did 102.5mpg on a blown flat-twin Victoria.

EXACTLY 646,295 MOTORCYCLES were registered in Britain (up from 581,228 in 1925) compared with 695,634 cars (up from 590,156).

THE BLUE 'UN PUBLISHED a feature on 'how to wear a beret'. Even more significantly, it offered a prize for the first rider to do 100 miles in an hour on a British 500.

CAMBRIDGE BEAT OXFORD in the varsity hillclimb.





The 990cc Matchless was put through its paces in the London-Gloucester trial.

“RELIABILITY TRIAL RIDING is one of the few branches of motor cycle sport in which the amateur can hope to compete on fairly equal terms with the trade rider on a specially prepared machine, and provided the private owner selects his mount with care he will be able to use it with success both for touring and for competition work. The 990cc Matchless and sidecar in many respects fulfils this dual purpose and, in order to test the machine under conditions for which it was designed, one of these outfits was entered for the recent London-Gloucester trial. The machine had been entered for a number of competitions, including the ISDT and had seen about a year's service...The low-pressure tyres, 26×3.25in, are equally excellent for fast touring and for 'rough riding', but it is a pity that the specification does not include detachable and interchangeable wheels...a B&B twistgrip is used which was rather stiff to turn...it was found difficult to apply the front brake without turning the grip and thus opening the throttle...It is certainly one of the most comfortable outfits from the driver's point of view...the reclining position for the passenger was found to be almost ideal for a long-distance run...The sidecar chassis gave the feeling of being semi-flexible and thus the Matchless is delightfully easy to steer around corners...it appeared to be almost impossible either to lift the sidecar on a left-hand corner or to cause a skid, however greasy the road...with the damper in perfect adjustment the steering at all speeds was quite exceptional...Much has been written about the merits of servo-operated brakes. Although the Matchless internal-expanding brakes are of no unusual design their effectiveness and ease of operation appear to disprove that anything motor complicated is necessary. Throughout the course of the trial no trouble was experienced from the power unit, with the exception of the power unit, with the exception that the exhaust valve lifter was liable to stick...the engine always fired at once...The acceleration and pulling capabilities of the side-valve engine were good, and lack of power would never cause a hill failure...the reserve of power was large for the type of engine...Unfortunately the gearbox was by no means so satisfactory...after 100 miles considerable force was needed to withdraw the clutch...if a change was made from iddle to bottom when the engine speed was high the gears were liable

not to engage. On one observed hill the gear slipped out of bottom, and difficulty was experienced in re-engaging it. The kick-starting mechanism, in spite of gentle treatment, was inoperative at the end of the trial...With the low competition gears fitted the maximum speed—54mph—was distinctly good...40-45mph could be maintained indefinitely...Petrol consumption varied very considerably but on average it was between 45mph and 50mpg. Oil consumption was low...for those who require a sidecar machine for fast touring and for competitions the 990cc Matchless has few equals.



The 990cc Matchless combo and (right) by way of comparison, a shiny survivor.



For the first time since 1918 Harley Davidson produced one-lungers to complement its big twins. The 348cc Model 26, available in sv and ohv guise, was intended primarily for the export market (Yankee enthusiasts dubbed it the '21', that being the number of cubic inches in 350cc; qv the 1,200cc Harley '74').





Motor cycle taxis were plying for trade on the streets of Baltimore.





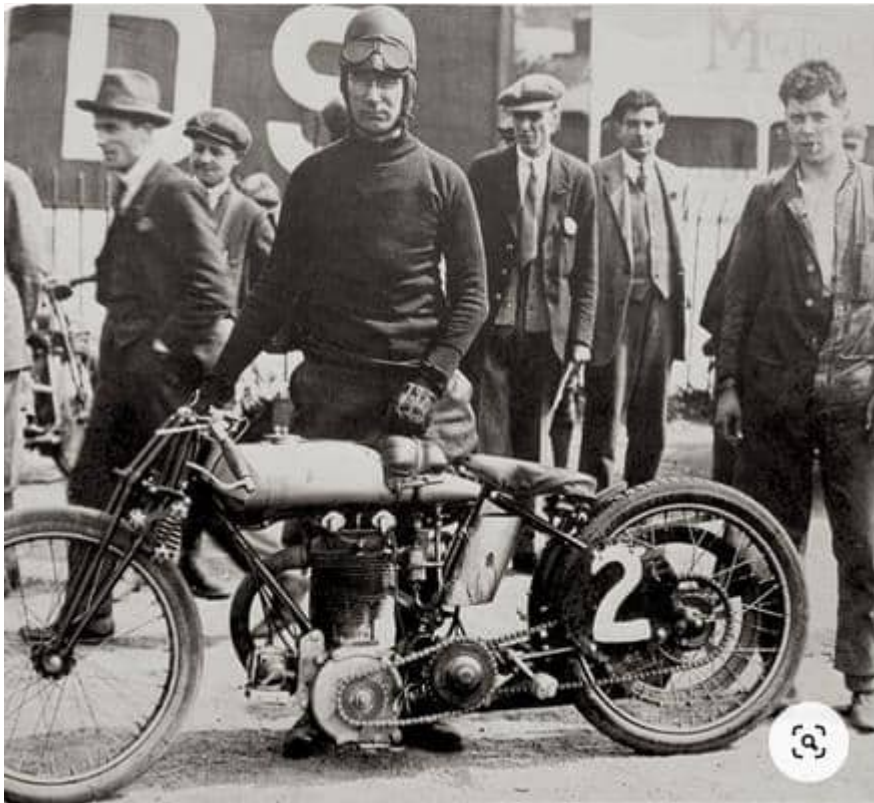
“A motorcyclist is attacked by an eagle in the forest”. From *Le Pelerin*, a catholic weekly publication published since 1872.

THERE WERE 141 OHV MODELS at the Olympia Show (44 more than the previous year) compared with 152 sidevalves (down by 15). All the major players fielded ohv engines; dynamo lighting was becoming ubiquitous, at least an an option. Ixion admitted to be feeling a tad liverish when he reported: “Umpteen different car manufacturers told me at Olympia that they were expecting to turn out 2,000 cars a week as soon as the coal strike ended [*The Motor Cycle* lost two issues during the general strike] , and what the roads will be like by June with all the Methusalehs, tabblies, half-baked flappers, and such-like who are crowding on to them, I cannot think. Of course, there will always be more room for us two-wheeled folk than for anybody else, but I can see the day dawning when I shall have to choose between buying a Moth aeroplane of exporting self *cum* bus to some land where cars ate still scarce and dear.”

I OFFER NO APOLOGIES for treating to you some more wisdom from Ixion: “In my school days I pretended a deep interest in wild birds in order to escape compulsory runs, whipped in by a large fellow with a useful switch. I have forgotten most of the lore which the boss zoologist taught me, but I dimply remember that every bird has a special call with which to summon his

mate. So has a certain Yorkshire motor cyclist, who acknowledged to the local bench that his ohv HRD was undoubtedly making a noise, but that the noise was essential, being the signal for Mamie to tell mummie that she had to run up to the draper's for some ribbon. This artless tale, coupled I dare say with a pathetic Charlie Chaplin expression, got defendant off for 12s 6d. I am left wondering how he will decoy Mamie out of her parents' protection now. The magistrate inflicted the usual homily: 'Most of the noise is due to a desire on the part of motor cyclists to show what very fine fellows they are.' Pure swank, in other words."

JOE WRIGHT RODE A ZENITH-JAP into the record books at 113.45mph, averaging 107.67mph for 10km and 108.88mph for 10 miles at Brooklands. Further down the scale a 124cc Francis-Barnet set some records by maintaining 38.5mph for three hours; JS Worters set a 50km record of 78.63mph on a 250cc Excelsior.



than 94 miles in an hour on his 498cc Triumph.

Victor Horsman did more





15 Juillet 1926

**DURAND - ROLLAND - PERROTIN**

**La Triplette fameuse des pilotes de Terrot**

Vainqueurs des principales Épreuves Motocyclistes du Calendrier

The Terrot team: "Winners of the main motorcycling events on the calendar."





Long before Japan had a competitive motor cycle industry these chaps did well at the 50-mile Shizuoka championships which attracted 100 entrants. Judging by their woolies and the size of the cups The BSA rider won and the New Imp rider was third (the rider in the middle won on a Harley).

**DRAMA AT BROOKLANDS:** While waiting for the flag in the 200-mile 350cc race Wal Handley's mechanic Sammy Jones spotted what the Green 'Un described as "a cut of considerable dimensions" in the front tyre of Handley's Rex Acme-Blackburne. Handley was known for wretched luck but this was plain sabotage. In silent fury Jones rushed the bike back to the paddock to replace the tyre. By the time Handley got under way he was seven laps, more than 19 miles, behind the pack. With Bill Lacey on his rapid Grindley-Peerless way out in front, who would have given Handley a chance in a hundred of finishing in the first dozen? Sammy Jones would for one.: "He was uncanny—superhuman. If I could get a bike to do 90mph, Walter could wring out another couple of miles per hour under exactly the same conditions!" Riding like a man possessed after 40 laps Handley had carved his way through the field, passing some of Brooklands' fastest and best, to lie in third place. At the line he was runner-up, just two minutes

and two seconds behind Lacey, whose winning speed was 81.2mph. Handley averaged 80.26mph on his Rex Acme, having broken seven world records. The 250cc class was won by JS 'Woolly' Woters (Excelsior); 350cc, Bill Lacey; 500cc, Jack Emerson (HRD); 1,000cc, CT 'Count' Ashby (Zenith). Allowing for that seven-minute handicap Handley beat them all.



Wal Handley at Brooklands on his Rex Acme..."He was uncanny—superhuman."

**A Few of the LATEST SUCCESSES**  
of the "RECORD MAKING REX ACME"

LONDON — GLOUCESTER — LONDON TRIAL.	LONDON — EXETER — LONDON TRIAL.	BIRMINGHAM M.C.C. HALF DAY XMAS SPORTING TRIAL.
<b>4</b> 350 O.H.V. Private Entries.	<b>6</b> 350 O.H.V. Private Entries.	<b>1</b> Private Entry.
<b>4</b> SILVER CUPS GAINED.	<b>6</b> GOLD MEDALS GAINED.	<b>AVON CUP GAINED</b> for the best performance of the day.

**100% EFFICIENCY IN EACH EVENT.**

SOUTHPORT M.C.C. SPEED TRIALS, 350 c.c. Mile Race, 1st.

**Rex-Acme**

"The Motorcycle that is making history."

Models from 31 Gns. Write for Catalogue. Deferred payments arranged.  
The Rex Motor Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Coventry,  
London Representatives: Lovett Ltd., 61, Holborn  
Viaduct, E.C.1, and 418, Romford Rd., Forest Gate, E.7.

Sports Model.

**THE REX ACME HOLDS 8 WORLD'S RECORDS**

**THE REX ACME IS THE T.T. RECORD MAKER**

Rex-Acme certainly had plenty to boast about—another advert cut straight to the chase with the headline: "For the Speed Demon!"





Monet & Goyon were keen to publicise their success in the prestigious Paris-Nice trial.



Messrs Bernard and Naas with the Gnome Rhones they rode in the Paris-Nice reliability trial (*for more details and some splendid pics from the trial take a gander at Part 5 of Memories of Yesteryear, via the main menu*).





A Swiss-made 110cc two-stroke Zehnder, known as the Zehnderli ('little Zehnder'), won its class of the Paris-Nice trial. The engine was designed by the German engineer Fritz Gockerell, who was responsible for the extraordinary five-pot radial-engined front-wheel-drive Megola. The fuel tank mounted over the horizontal engine lowered the tiddler's centre of gravity, which was said to give excellent stability.

IN REPLY TO A READER'S query, *The Motor Cycle* explained how a vehicle's horsepower was calculated for taxation purposes: "The RAC formula, which is the one employed, gives the power as being equal to the square of the cylinder bore in inches, multiplied by the number of cylinders and divided by 2.5."

A PROTOTYPE ABC appeared with a 1,200cc engine.

THE COURT OF APPEAL decided it was legal to have both brakes fitted to one wheel.

THE MCC HELD A MEETING to vote on ACU affiliation. They decided to stay out.

VELOCE MADE IT OFFICIAL and adopted the name Velocette.

THE MECHANICAL WARFARE Experimental Establishment was set up near Farnborough, Hants to assess mechanized transport including motor cycles for military use. Bikes were to be tested for 10,000 miles on and off road including acceleration, fuel consumption tests and durability tests.

BRITISH EX-PAT EDWARD SELF joined a Garelli team at Monza which snapped up a raft of world records.

ROAD ACCIDENTS accounted for 4,886 deaths in the UK.

ECKERT AND ZIEGLER patented the first commercial modern plastics injection moulding machine..

ACE DESIGNER Val Page moved from JAP to Ariel.

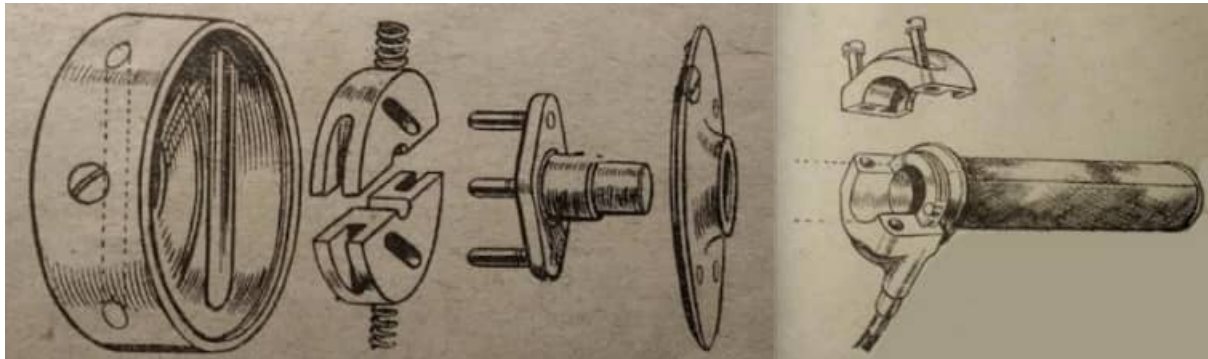


Austrian Anton

Gazda produced a range of 248cc two-strokes but was better known in Britain for his Gazda handlebars, which were formed from a complex bundle of leafsprings (a set of spacers allowed standard control levers to be used). Flexible handlebars...there's a thought.

HERE ARE A COUPLE OF goodies from the 'Items of Interest' page (in my day we simply called them 'new products' but the Blue 'Un could be a bit sniffy about 'trade'): "Automatic control of the ignition timing, hitherto known mainly to car users, is now available to motor cyclists in the shape of the 'SAM' Automatic Advance, made by AM Beatson and Co, London W9. The construction of the device is simple..." Yes, it's an advance retard unit that relies on centrifugal force to advance the spark as engine revs pick up. Thirty years on and many bikes still relied on a manual advance so well done Mr Beatson. [And half a century later, en route to the Goose Fair Rally, the bob-weights on the centrifugal advance on my 1953 plunger 'Flash combo parted company, punched two holes in the inner timing case and led to an unplanned overnighter in a

Nottingham alley. So much for advanced technology.] And if you were fed up with a conventional lever throttle control..."Known as the 'One Grip', an extremely simple twistgrip has been produced by the carburettor firm of C Binks (1920). The control wire is taken round a grooved drum at the end of the grip, and this drum is entirely enclosed by a cover, which also forms the two halves of a clip for attaching the grip to the bar. The cover forms a grease reservoir for the moving parts of the grip. One turn of the wrist brings the grip from 'open' to 'shut', or vice versa." The 1936 G14 Beeza I owned for a short time (also 50 years later) certainly had a twist grip but it involved a longitudinal spiral and a cable running through the handlebar: not for the faint-hearted. The Binks, apart from apparently being made for the left hand, is identical to the ubiquitous item on all three of my British bikes. So well done Mr Binks (1920).

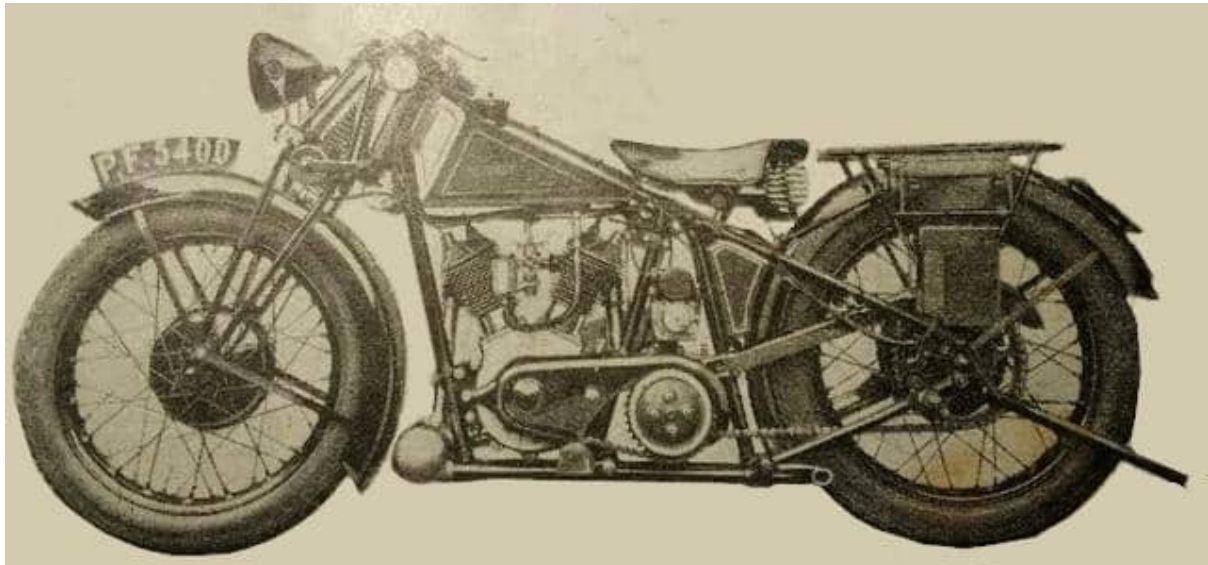


"SAM automatic magneto control." (Right) Binks 'One-Grip' twist-grip."

TO DESIGN A MOTOR CYCLE that straight away imparts to the rider a feeling of security and of familiarity is an ideal seldom achieved. Not only on this point, but on many another of equal importance, the new 680cc Burney rivals the best on the road. A gentle dig on the kick-starter crank, without the exhaust valve lifter being touched, was sufficient to start the JAP engine, and once under way there was the impression of smooth, effortless power. The flexibility of this engine, in conjunction with the Enfield cush-hub and with the shock-absorber in the Burman clutch, was unusually good. It was possible not only to run without transmission snatch at 12mph on top gear (4.77:1), but also to accelerate smoothly from that speed. Part of the credit in this respect was due to the single-lever Binks carburettor, which had no flat spot and functioned admirably throughout its range. A very light clutch and a gear box which was silent on all three ratios added to the pleasure of riding. Gear changing was easy, provided that the correct positions of the control could be found. Possibly a little experience with the type of seat-pillar control fitted would obviate any difficulty; nevertheless, this is a matter that merits the consideration of the gear box manufacturers. A few miles' fast cruising were sufficient to prove that the Burney has excellent steering qualities, and that for solo work the Brampton quickly operated steering damper is ornamental rather than useful. With this comforting knowledge, the machine was taken to a long, straight section of road and the very handy knurled knob which adjusts the delivery from the Pilgrim sight-feed mechanical pump was turned to the full-on position. The twist grip throttle control was turned to its fullest extent, and after two 'racing' changes had been made, the Burney was tested for maximum speed. Slightly in excess of 65mph was attained...On full throttle the machine steered hands-off with perfect safety. Cornering at speed is also beyond reproach, and the road holding is well above average...The combination of the largest size Terry saddle, 26x3.25 in tyres, and Brampton progressive action front fork was found to afford such a degree of comfort that high speeds could be maintained with impunity...deceleration, although perfectly smooth, was extremely rapid. This, perhaps, is hardly surprising in view of the fact that the brakes are similar both in design and in dimensions



to those fitted to the machine that won this year's Senior TT...The large aluminium expansion chamber and the two long tail pipes reduced the exhaust note to a pleasant burble, which under no circumstances can be termed offensive...it can be stated that for fast touring in comfort and with perfect safety the 680cc Burney has few equals."



The Burney was welcomed as a fast tourer with great handling and (8in) brakes. What might have been...the Surrey based marque survived for only another year.



A manually operated series of electric traffic lights was installed along Piccadilly (London, not Manchester).

THE FRENCH MAGAZINE L'AUTO reported that by year's end there were exactly 1,726,241 motor cycles in the world, compared with 1,435,147 the previous year. Britain was at the top of the league with 629,648—Tibet and Samoa had one apiece.

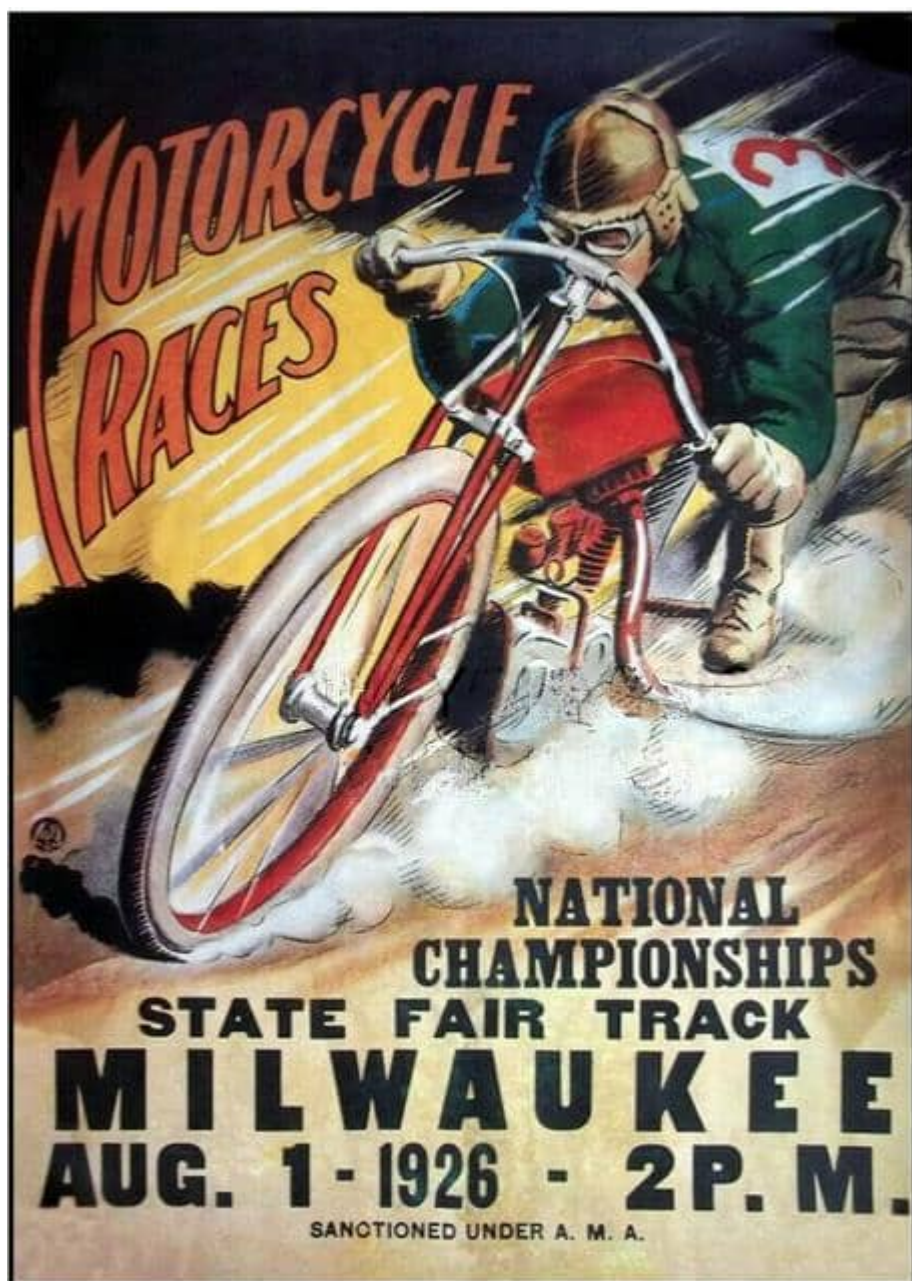
*THE MOTOR CYCLE CONCLUDED:* "The year 1926 has contributed its full share to the history of the motor cycle movement in all its phases. New models. which promise to be handed down to posterity as epoch making designs, have been introduced; advancement has been made in almost every branch of motor cycle engineering, and on the whole, the industry as good reason to regard its year's progress with pride and satisfaction. It is true that motor cycles are but little closer to finality than they were a year ago. It is, of course, difficult at the present time to accept the possibility that finality can ever be reached in any branch of engineering. In the field of racing

remarkable achievements have been attained, on both road and track, at home and abroad. A Tourist Trophy race won at 67.54mph and a circuit of the Isle of Man course at 70.43mph are important milestones in the history of motor cycle racing; a speed of 94.15mph for an hour on a 500cc machine is a noteworthy performance that brings 100 miles for the classic Class C hour record in 1927 within the range of possibility. At Brooklands excellent racing has been witnessed, and an innovation in the form of a Grand Prix race was probably the most exciting event of the year at the famous Surrey track. The entries received for reliability and sporting trials have exceeded all previous records, and the interest taken in the results of such events by riders and intending purchasers of motor cycles is greater than ever. Finally, the number of motor cycles exported, in proportion to the total output of British factories, is regarded by other industries as something almost unique in the annals of commerce. Thus, in spite of the unfortunate contretemps which has so severely taxed the wealth of the nation as a whole, the year has been a successful one for the motor cycle world. Everything considered, the year to come promises to be even more interesting; everyone is anticipating that 1927 competitions will provide good sport for the private owner and valuable data for the manufacturer.



*And, as usual, a clutch of contemporary adverts...*







# A New Year Resolution

**The Realisation of an Ideal.**

THERE must be many potential owners of an A.J.S. who do not know that any of our Models can now be obtained on the Hire Purchase System.

If you are one of these, and are able to put down the initial deposit—the machine to which you aspire can be yours.

Resolve not to wait until the Spring—Do it Now! because there are many days during the winter months when Motor-cycling can be indulged in with comfort, a delay in placing your order may result in your having to wait for delivery.

Any A.J.S. Agent will give you full particulars of our Gradual Payment Terms or we shall be only too happy to send them to you on receipt of your enquiry.

**The Model illustrated herewith can be driven away on Payment of a Deposit of £11-0-0 and 12 Monthly Instalments of £3-0-6**



The 49 h.p. A.J.S. Standard Sporting Model B.3.  
Price £44-0-0

## 1927 MODELS & PRICES

- Model M.1. 240 h.p. de Luxe Precision Construction with Crankcase Lubrication, Oil, Electric Ignition and Mechanical Lubrication. £32 8
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- Model M.5. 270 h.p. Standard Precision Machine. £44 8
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- Model M.7. 270 h.p. O.H.V. Machine with Mechanical Lubrication and Valve Gear Control in Crankcase. £42 18
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# A.J.S. Motor Cycles

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*A New Year  
Gift for a Motorcyclist*



An  
Amac Twist  
Grip Control

**9/-**

Standard model  
less cable.

THIS CONTROL CAN  
BE FITTED TO ANY  
MACHINE AND TO  
ANY CARBURETTER

NO DRILLING  
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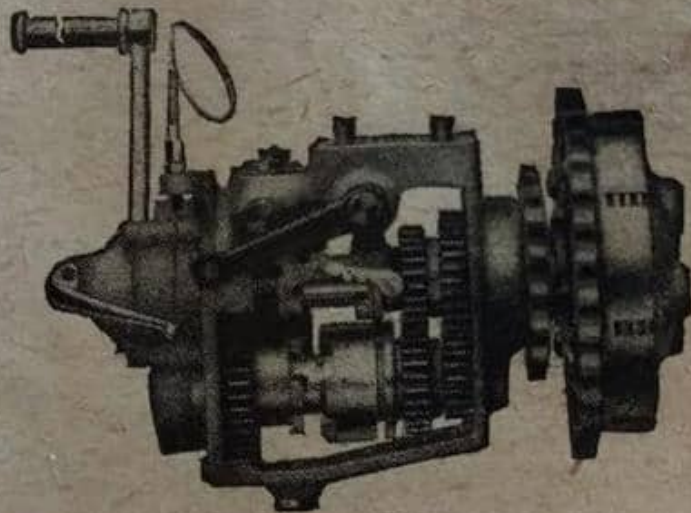
SPECIFY MAKE of MACHINE  
and DIAMETER of HANDLEBAR

**AMAC**  
TWIST GRIP  
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**AMAC LTD** HOLFORD WORKS, **B'HAM.**  
PERRY BARR,

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# **BURMAN GEARS**



for  
**RELIABILITY**  
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**Ease of Control**

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**MOTO** *Vehicule  
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**CICLISMO**  
MILANO (14)  
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**L. 2.50**  
ANNO XII° N.15  
17-24 APRILE 1926  
SETTIMANALE  
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*Un trionfo  
senza precedenti  
per la*

**Bianchi**  
**PIRELLI-MOTO-CORD**



La gran mar- **BIANCHI-PIRELLI Moto Cord** dopo aver primeggiato brillantemente in tutte  
ca nazionale le più importanti gare dell'attuale stagione,  
vincendo ovunque con indiscutibile superiorità, volle riconfermare nella più lunga e più aspra  
gara su strada le proprie impareggiabili doti di velocità e resistenza. Partecipò con tre macchine  
categ. 350 al V° **CIRCUITO D'ITALIA** Km. 2229, in 5 tappe, e le portò tutte e tre al traguardo  
classificandosi **PRIMA** con Luigi Arcangeli, **SECONDA** con Ottorino Dall'Oglio e **QUINTA** con  
Miro Maffei. Nessuna miglior dimostrazione poteva essere compiuta, nessun maggior trionfo  
poteva essere conseguito.

Nella fotografia da sinistra a destra: Luigi Arcangeli, Ing. Ottorino Dall'Oglio, Miro Maffei.

this cover ad, Bianchi was having a good year.

Judging by

# COVENTRY ULTIMATE MOTORCYCLE CHAIN

Joints cannot tighten.



MM. Sécé and Andrieu  
riding Gillet Two-stroke  
Motorcycles round the  
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**Coventry Chains.**

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D'HIVER**

1925

1<sup>er</sup> VARY, 2<sup>e</sup> JACQUOT

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1<sup>ers</sup> ex æquo VARY et JACQUOT

sur

MOTOCYCLETTE 3 CV ½

**LA FRANÇAISE-DIAMANT**

strictement de série

1926

**PARIS-NICE**

1<sup>er</sup> ex-æquo VARY

sans pénalisations

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Screen especially designed for racing; enabling the rider to attain high speeds without goggles, in comfort. Will lock in any position.

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**EQUIPMENT  
MEANS COMFORTABLE  
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Perfectly weatherproof yet well ventilated, rigid yet collapsible, the "ECLIPSE" Hood and Screen will give your passenger the utmost comfort in any weather.

**HOOD 30/-**

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**Easting Guinea Eclipse**

placed on the market to meet a big demand, same size, shape and design as original "Eclipse" Screen, and made from the best materials possible at the low price of **21/-**

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**"TOURIST" No. 3  
Handlebar Screen**

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All Screens can be repaired  
by ourselves.

29, FOLEY STREET, GT.  
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# The Machine for 1927

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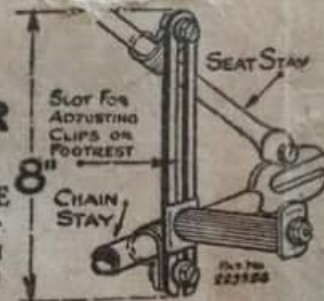
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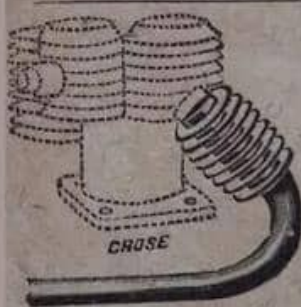
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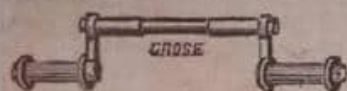
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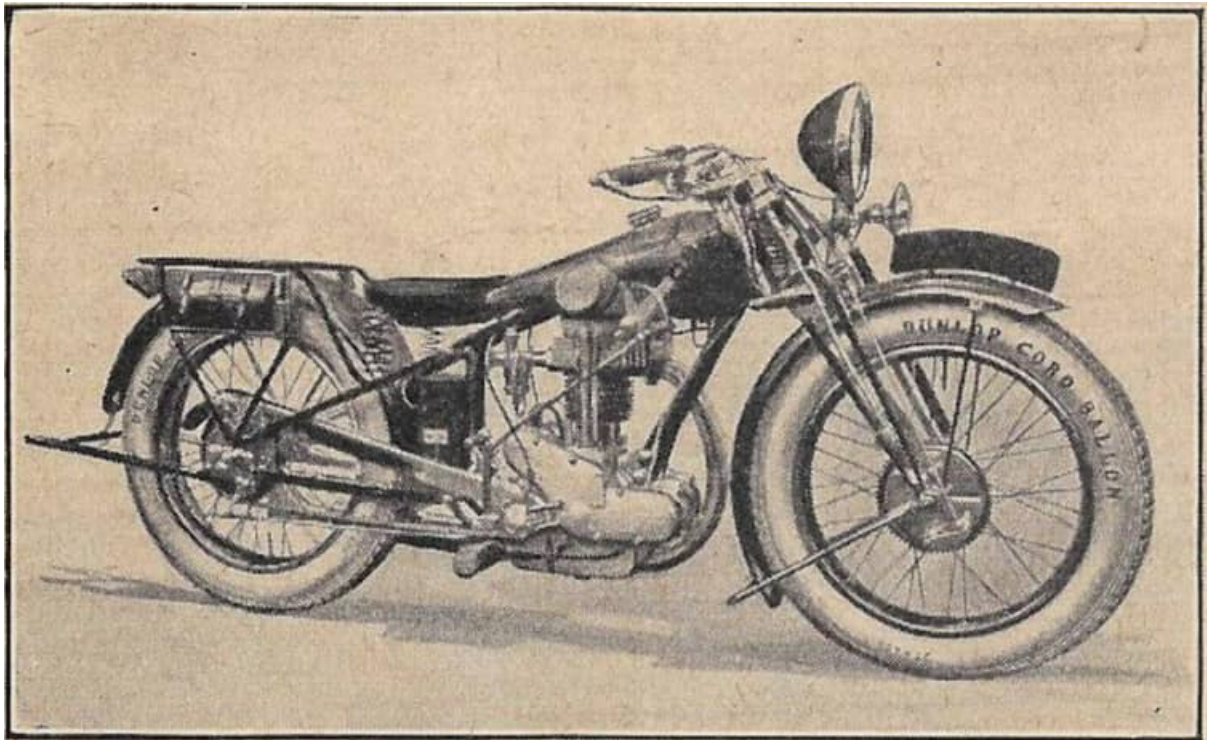


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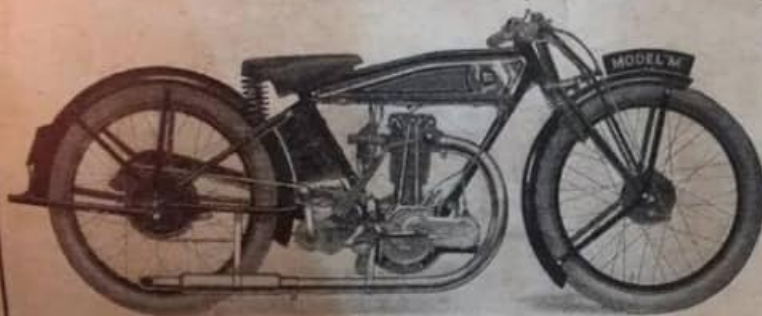
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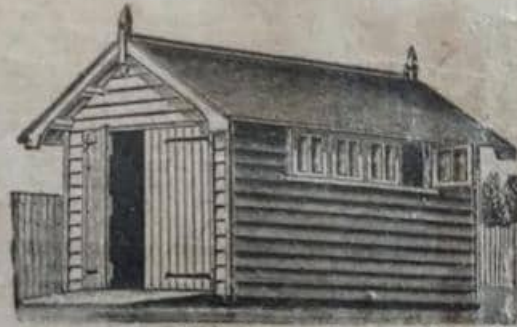
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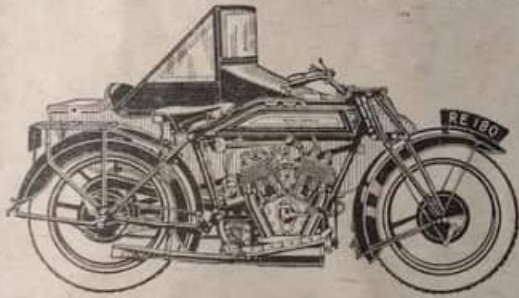
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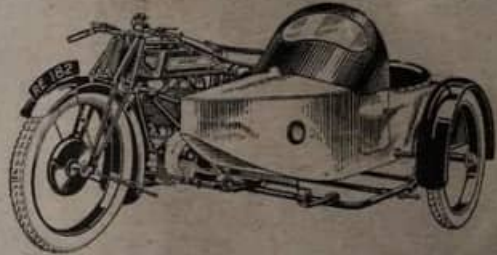


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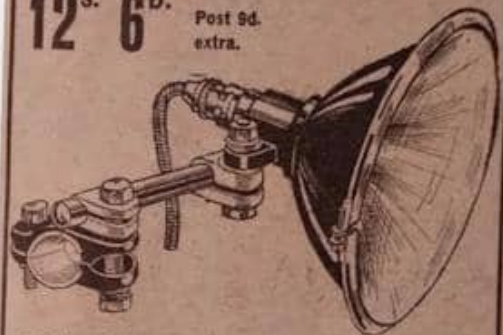
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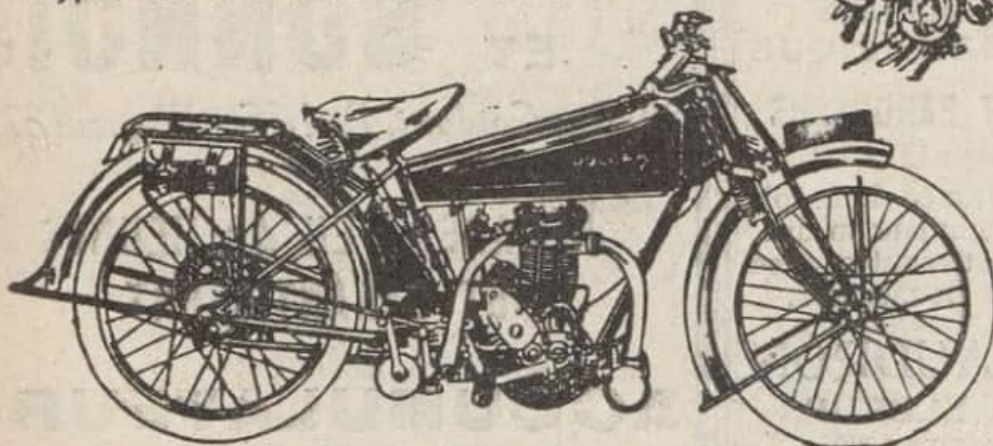


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Le Dimanche 26 Septembre

A L'AUTODROME DE MONTHLÉRY  
BOLIDE  
PROGRAMME **MATCH DE BOLIDES**

*Affiche éditée gracieusement pour le M.C.F.  
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Don't ride a  
boneshaker  
fit your machine with a  
**BROOKS**  
spring mattress  
SUPPLE-SEAT

LET'S GET THE YEAR OFF TO A GOOD START with a liberal dose of Ixion. Our hero's remarks on motor cyclists ring as true today as they did in 1927: "For many a long year anglers have ranked as the champion liars of the sporting world; but though the literary blokes have not yet discovered the fact we motor cyclists knocked the angler out at least ten years ago. The universe holds no such tarradiddler as the average youthful owner of a sports ohv. Indeed, I am wondering how far the popular prejudice against us and our mounts is founded on the reckless lies which some of us tell about our speed in public places, under which heading I include bars and the columns of such newspapers which are silly enough to print these fantastic claims. In view of the public antagonism to motor cycling...the wise motor cyclist never drives in an ungentlemanly fashion and never talks about his occasional speed bursts except when the lodge is close-tiled. In view of false impressions and false boasts I will try to set down what are—in my experience—the real facts about the speed habits of motor cyclists. In the first place, there are hardly any of us who regularly and habitually maintain high averages over long distances. I have ridden in company with a mighty assortment of good and bad riders of all ages at all periods of the motor cycling era, and I only recall one man who invariably turned the wick up. The late Ivan Hart-Davies, the famous End-to-End record holder, never in my experience travelled slowly, though he never intentionally took risks, except on a record run. Hard as nails, he could, and would, travel hard wherever he went. He never went as fast as some of the short-distance speedsters with whom I have ridden, or as some of my talkative friends profess to do; but it took a jolly good man to keep up with him over a long day. For, make no mistake, it is punishing work to drive a motor cycle fast for eight hours or more over varied going or on crowded roads. All the other fast men I have ridden with were fast in bursts only, and dawdled for a good part of the day. There are doubtless a sprinkling of Hart-Davieses whom I have not met; but the type is rare, except in the columns of a sporting paper. Many of the liars are drawn from the ranks of sprinters. There are plenty of lads who own fast buses and drive them too fast for comparatively short trips, on weekday evenings and at weekends. These are the lads who create trouble for us, as they usually make too much noise, ride with insufficient consideration for other road users, and talk unwisely in all sorts of places. They are often really good riders, but take liberties because they know they are pretty good. A percentage of them get killed every summer; and most of them get fired. Not one in a hundred of this type can keep going through a long day as Hart-Davies used to do, or ride with his combination of dash, restraint and common sense. The bulk of us would be described by the sporty boys as potterers, ie, we seldom go really fast, and on our longer runs reduce our speed average to very modest figures by occasional stops to admire views, enjoy a smoke without getting our eyes full of ash, and so on. But the potterer, who composes perhaps 95% of our total number, includes a leaven of drivers who occasionally turn what I believe the Scots call 'fey'. I do myself. As a rule, my average on a sunrise-to-sunset run would strike the Norton brigade as contemptible; during the actual spells in the saddle I probably keep up round 30—a little more or less, according to the character of the road and the traffic; but this shrinks to a far lower figure when my stops are ranked in riding time, as I do not really enjoy a non-stop of more than an hour or so, after which I enjoy a leg stretch, a pipe, and so forth. But my particular type of rider resembles Stevenson's Jekyll and Hyde, for he suffers from evil moods, which attack him without warning. Twice last year, for example, I started to tackle business journeys of more than 400 miles. When I started I intended to take two days over each trip—there was no hurry about them. But shortly after I put my wheels on the road I turned gay for some obscure psychological reason and on both occasions I covered the entire distance not mainly in one day, but in a most culpably small percentage of

the 24 hours which make up a day. I rode far, far faster than I ever dream of riding in the normal way. I took no risks of a kind to incommode or imperil the general public; but after an hour of pukka speed, instead of wearying of the strained attention and constant effort required to maintain such an average, I seemed to enjoy the tension and stress, and kept up the speed. Oddly enough, when this mood attacks me all idea of physical fatigue and bodily ache seems to evaporate, and the mood brings with it an unusual swiftness of decision, certainty of judgement, and general riding deftness. I have no doubt that a good many other readers are occasional victims of a similar mood. It may be the product of unusual physical fitness; for I note that the mood seldom attacks me during a long spell of office work, but occurs most frequently after a few consecutive days on the road."

"THE OTHER DAY," IXION reported, "three dozen motor cyclists were fined two dollars [ten bob\*] apiece at Banff for not having two independent brakes of adequate efficiency. One of them, a far labourer, risked contempt of court by exclaiming indignantly, 'It's nae fair.' 'What's nae fair?' asked the surprised Sheriff. 'Twa big deevils of policemen shoving yer motor cycle for a' they're worth.' I doubt very much whether any of my machines would remain stationary if I applied one brake only with twa big deevils shoving. Of course, if one of the big deevils stood on the foot brake, and the ither gruppit the hand brake, the bus might stay put. I am inclined to think that the Banff Sheriff has discovered a gold mine, and I only hope that my local bench will not be struck with a similar brain-wave. But what is a fair brake test for a motor cycle suspected by the police?"

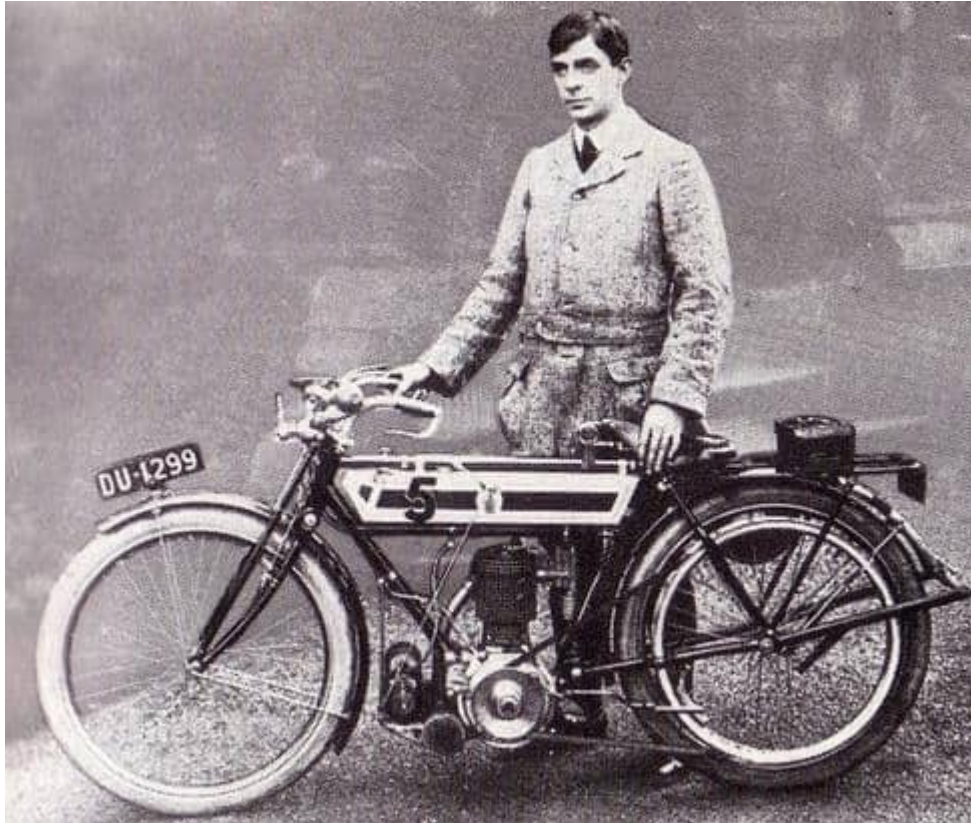
*\* Note for younger enthusiasts and those in the colonies: time was, hard to believe though it is in these strange times, when a quid would fetch you four US dollars, thus a buck was worth a crown, so 2/6d, half a crown, was invariably "half a dollar". "Ten bob" of course, is ten shillings = half a quid = 50p. Why is a "bob" a "shilling"? The Royal Mint, which should know, suggests: "Bob" was used to refer to a set of changes rung on church bells, and this may have been the nickname's origin as the word 'shilling' has its origins in the proto-Germanic word 'skell' which means 'ring'." Seems a tad tenuous to me, and they don't pretend to know the etymology of 'quid'.*

"I SEE SOME OF THE CYNICS are questioning the possibilities of running twins on one cylinder," Ixion remarked. "Here are two tales to the point. Many years ago—probably about 1906—I sold a Vindec Special with 5hp Peugeot AOIV [automatically operated inlet valve] to a chum of mine, resident some 200 miles away from Benzole Villa. After a month I wrote to enquire how he liked it. He replied that it was a joy to ride (it had the wonderful Truffault fork), but it was slow, and a bad hill-climber. As I won lots of medals on it, I was incredulous. But when 'absent treatment' failed to effect a cure, I rode down to see the machine. The railway porters had done in the front sparking plug, and he had ridden it for a whole month on the back cylinder only. Two years ago an old friend of mine known as 'The Tramp' in our coterie, picked up an aged big twin JAP for £7 and an old suit of clothes. He started to ride it from Newcastle to Brighton. Near Grantham the front cylinder blew clean off, together with most of the piston. Having about 1s 2d in his pocket, he made love to a village blacksmith, borrowed tools, sawed off the stump of the con-rod, clamped a plate over the crank case orifice, and proceeded to Brighton at speed. In this condition he rode the bike for quite a while, until he found a winner, and could afford new parts."

"YESTERDAY," SAD IXION, "I WAS footing it for once when an AJS passed me in an empty street. It bore no signs of being an experimental 1928 model, and it very certainly was not a standard model, for it was the quietest model I have heard since 1904, when somebody spent a lot of trouble on a rather fluffy 3½hp Ormonde and succeeded in making it really inaudible up to



25mph. This AJS passed me at 25-28mph without the faintest symptom of mechanical noise, and its exhaust was no louder than the sniff of my bridge partner last night when I put her up to four no trumps on rather a light hand in the rubber game. It was interesting to see how alertly a mixed pavement full of pedestrians spun round on their heels to gaze wonderingly after that rarest of all phenomena—a genuinely silent motor cycle. I was left speculating whether it was a private experiment or whether the factory has made a discovery.”



Archie Birkin's fatal crash finally led the Manx government to close the roads during TT practice.

THE TT GOT OFF TO A GRIM start when Archie Birkin was killed during practice on his 500cc McEvoy when he hit a wall trying to avoid a fish van. From then on the roads were closed for TT practice. Health and safety gone mad if you ask me. For the first time the TT was covered by the *TT Special*, edited by Geoff Davison who was also making his last outing on the Mountain circuit (riding a RexAcme in the Lightweight). Davison certainly knew his stuff—he won the 1922 Lightweight—and his newspaper quickly became an institution. Mr Davison, you have the floor: “The 1927 races produced more successes for the acknowledge experts—Freddy Dixon won his second TT in the Junior, Wal Handley his third in the Lightweight [Geoff Davison finished a respectable 9th] and Alec Bennett his fourth in the Senior. People began to say that newcomers had no chance and that men who were capable of winning a TT race could be numbered on the fingers of the hands. Nevertheless there were some ‘new boys’ in 1927 who were later to make TT history. Amongst them was a shy Scotsman, one Jim Guthrie, who rode a New Hudson into second place in the Senior, and a young Irishman, Tyrell Smith, who finished 13th on a Senior Triumph by showed he knew how to handle a machine. The Lightweight race was a runaway victory for Wal Handley (Rex-Acme), though for once he did not make record lap. The credit for this went to Alec Bennett (OK), who in his fourth lap beat Walter’s best by two seconds and was then only 53 seconds behind. Shortly afterwards, however, he retired and Walter won from Arcangeli (Guzzi) by over eight minutes, in a time of nearly 13 minutes less than that of the

previous year. Arcangeli earned his footnote in motor cycling history as the first Italian on the TT podium—he also rode a Guzzi in the Senior, finishing 14th. In both the other 1927 races the ultimate winner did not take the lead until more than half distance. In the Junior, in fact, Wal Handley made record lap and led for the first six laps, retiring half-way round the last lap to allow Freddy Dixon (HRD), who had been second to him throughout, to win by a comfortable margin from Harold Willis (Velocette). In the Senior, hot favourite Stanley Woods (Norton) made his first record lap and at the end of the fourth lap was over four minutes ahead of Alec Bennett on a similar machine. Then Stanley retired, allowing Alec into the lead, and on the last lap Jim Guthrie gave a preview of his TT skill by running through the field into second place. Whereas, however, the time of the Lightweight race had improved by so big a margin in the 12 months, the Junior and Senior were less than two and three minutes respectively faster than the 1926 events. Once again people said that machines were getting too fast for the course.” Norton’s senior team, Bennett, Woods and Joe Craig, were riding the new CS1 cammy singles designed by Walter Moore, who had joined Norton following spells with Douglas and ABC. This was their first of so many Manxland outings by cammy Nortons. *PS, you’ll find two short Pathé newsreels of the 1927 TT on YouTube.*

### Results

**Lightweight**, 29 starters, 17 finishers: 1, Wal Handley (Rex-Acme) 63.3mph; 2, L Arcangeli (Moto Guzzi); 3, CT Ashby (OK Supreme); 4, Syd Crabtree (Crabtree); 5, Achille Varzi (Moto Guzzi); 6, FL Hall (New Imperial). **Junior**, 46 starters, 20 finishers: 1, Freddie Dixon (HRD) 67.19mph; 2, Harold Willis (Velocette); 3, Jimmy Simpson (AJS); 4, GL Reynard (Royal Enfield); 5, Paddy Johnson (Cotton); 6, Edwin Twemlow (Excelsior). **Senior**, 50 starters, 18 finishers: 1, Alec Bennett (Norton) 68.41mph; 2, Jimmy Guthrie (New Hudson); 3, Tom Simister (Triumph); 4, JW Shaw (Norton); 5, Graham Walker (Sunbeam); 6, Freddie Dixon (HRD).



On the startline for the 1927 Senior TT: Stanley Woods was hot favourite on the new cammy Norton.



Alec Bennett on the CS1 that carried him to Senior TT victory, with Stanley Woods who set the fastest lap.



...and here's Bennett again, being congratulated by 'Pa' Norton himself.

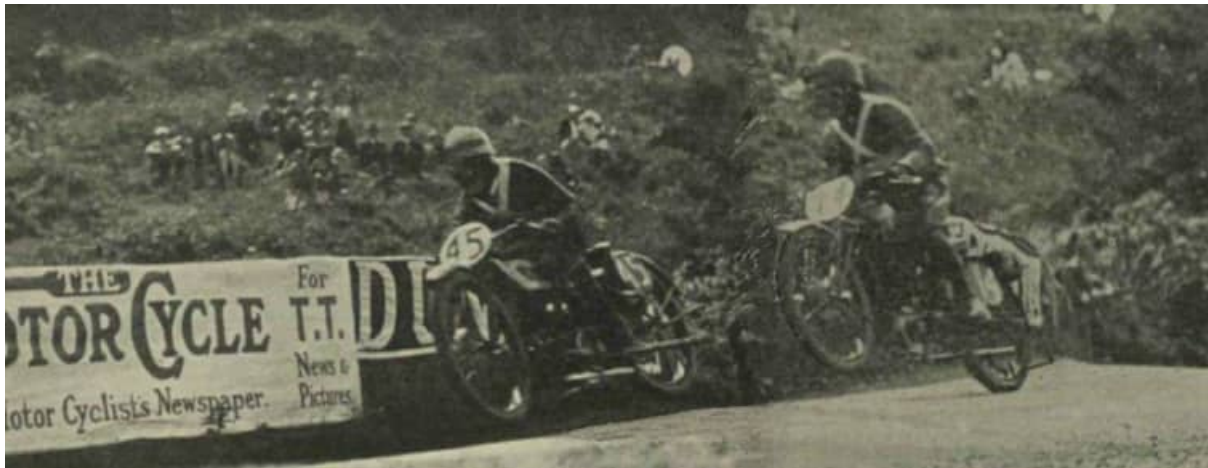




GL Reynard (Enfield) was first bike away in the Junior; he finished 4th.



Freddie Dixon banks his HRD in Paliarment Square en route to first place in the Junior. (Right) Relaxing with the inevitable post-race coffin nail. Dixon had made a number of modifications to his works HRD including footboards, a backrest, foot-operated clutch and a left-hand twistgrip. Half-a-century later a *Motor Cycle* correspondent explained: “The backrest was not so much to lean upon, but to prevent Freddy sliding off—there was a tendency to ride rigid-frame bikes to the limit of tyre adhesion on minor bumps and it helped to be sitting up so the plot could be arrested if it became too wayward.” *[Having won solo and sidecar TTs in the 1920s Dixon became a works driver for Riley in the mid-thirties and won the car TT in Northern Ireland making him the only man in history to have won TTs on two, three and four wheels. And not a lot of people know that.]*



Alec Bennet (Velocette) and Len Parket (Douglas) taking Craig-ny-Baa with a dash of panache during the Junior. Neither finished the race.



With second spot in the lightweight Arcangeli became the first Italian on a TT podium.



Walter Moore helped develop the ohv Model 18 (left) but is best remembered for the ohc CS1. Patina vs polish...they're both lovely, don't you think? Note that the CS1 was launched with a saddle tank.



Another shiny/patina contrast. There were six Triumphs in the Senior—Tom Simister rode one



into third place; others finished 12th, 13th and 18th. One survived in a loft from 1932 until the 1960s when it was re-commissioned (presumably that's when it acquired a saddle tank) and campaigned in Vintage MCC races, sprints and hill climbs.

NORTON WAS NOT THE ONLY also British marque to succeed on Continental circuits. Cammy Ajays led the 350s in the Belgian, Swiss and German GPs; a cammy Velo did likewise at the French. And an ohv Sunbeam headed the 500s in Germany, beating the BMWs on their home ground.

“LOST AND FOUND: Found on Great North Road, fur-lined gauntlet glove. Ref No1226. Found at Bexley Heath, sidecar apron. Ref No1327. Lost, between Harrow and Acton, brown leather bag containing inner tube repair outfit, and tools. Ref No1228.”

“MOTOR CYCLISTS IN MALAY now take a great interest in speed events, and altogether the motor cycle movement in that country is in a very flourishing conditions. British machines are used to a very large extent. It is possible that the MSVR (Malay States Volunteer Regiment) may inaugurate a motor cycle section in the near future. An armoured car section will shortly be in operation, and it is proposed to form it from the ranks of the motor cyclists...As sportsmen the Asiatics are more than keen, so there appears to be no reason why a Malayan ‘TT’, Malayan ‘Six Days’, and a Singapore-Penang Endurance trial should not be held.”

“A NUMBER OF MIDLAND riders were summoned recently at Walsall for using machines fitted with inefficient silencers. As several riders of Triumph machines were involved, the Triumph Co instructed its solicitor and technical experts to attend the court, to watch the proceedings, and, if called upon, to give evidence. The evidence proved to the Bench that although every has been explored to find a means of effectively silencing a motor cycle, no better method than the devices at present fitted have been found. It was revealed...that the company...had collaborated with The Motor Cycle and offered valuable powers and royalties amounting to many thousands of pounds for a silencer which would make the single-cylinder motor cycle engine as quiet as the car engine...After...the magistrates had witnesses a demonstration of the machine...the case was dismissed.”



Stanley Woods working on his CS1 in the pits at Assen before scoring the first of six wins at the



Dutch TT. The other Nortons were raced by Bertus van Hamersveld from Bussum (29) and J.G. Broers from Soest (49). Woods also rode his Norton to victory in the 1927 Belgian and Swiss Grands Prix.



Poster for the Dutch TT which was won by

Woods on the cammy Norton.



Norton was a pioneer user of saddle tanks but it wasn't alone: AJS, BSA and Douglas were also ahead of the pack; loads more appeared on 1928 models at the Olympia show. Within a year saddle tanks were all but universal.

EDWARD TURNER, WHOSE NAME was to be inextricably linked with Triumph, built a motor cycle with Webb forks and a Sturmey-Archer box. It was powered by a home-brewed 350cc cammy single; he registered it as the Turner Special.

BRITISH MOTORCYCLE AND accessory exports were worth £3,059,917, up nearly £450,000 on 1926. Now then, a 500cc ohv P&M Panther sports/tourer cost £60; today a sports/tourer will set you back, say, £8k. Which means that £3m equates to something like £400m. That was much better than most industry sectors that were struggling out of recession (and about to hit the Wall

Street Crash). “Yet,” The Blue ‘Un noted, “it is probably not exaggerating to say that no other industry has met with more determined opposition in the course of its development. This emanates principally from that sector of the community which has from time immemorial appeared to derive immense satisfaction from vilifying any form of recreative amusement, sport or diversion, in which it does not itself happen to indulge.”

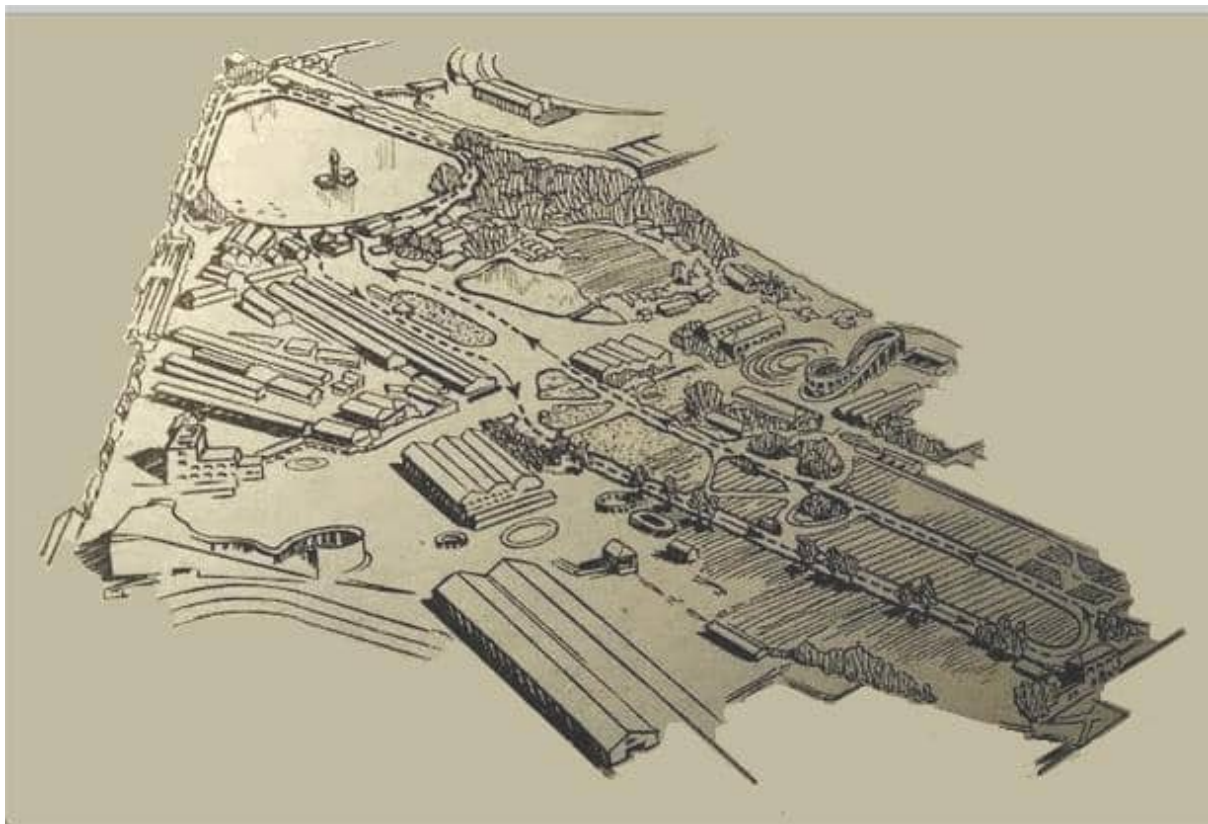
‘A NEWCASTLE RIDER ADVISES readers who tour abroad to visit the Jardins d’Acclimitation in Paris in order to see the brothers Abbins in a motor cycle sideshow. These stunt artists use a globe built up of metal lattice-work, inside which they circle horizontally, and finally loop the loop. The machines used are Monet-Guyon two-strokes, and on occasions a small car is similarly handled...The machines are perfectly standard apart from the front fork, which has a special rake. The engines, of course, are Villiers.”

BIKES WERE SPROUTING oil tanks as dry-sump lubrication became more common.

STREETLIGHTS HAD BEEN AROUND for centuries; now the government set a national standard based, logically enough, on “uniform illumination of road surfaces”. The first automatic traffic lights were installed, in Wolverhampton and Leeds; the first white lines appeared as road dividers.

“NEXT WEEK: The British Supremacy Number of *The Motor Cycle*, which will tell the story of how Britain still reigns supreme in the world of motor cycling.”

“OF THE 193 MOTOR cycles reported stolen in the Metropolitan region during 1926, only 92 were recovered. In the case of cars, the numbers were 809 and 712 respectively.”



“Grass-track races have already been held in the Belle Vue Gardens at Manchester (by the North Manchester MC), but the South Manchester MC is to take credit for being first in the field with a miniature roadrace in the same grounds. A circuit of about one mile will be utilised, and the

surface will chiefly be of asphalt or concrete. There will be sharp turns and bends, but no abrupt hairpins or gradients...several TT riders have promised their support.”

“ALTHOUGH *THE MOTOR CYCLE* is still receiving warnings of police activity (which it immediately publishes) these are becoming less frequent, and it looks as though many traps have closed down for the winter.”

“ENGLISH CLUB ACTIVITY: The number of motor cycle clubs actively engaged in promoting trials and other events in England is 468, and there are about 100 other clubs which exist for no apparent reason.”

“IN A GERMAN FILM called *Forbidden Fruit*, which can be seen at London and provincial cinemas, there are some interesting scenes of a sidecar-taxi operating in the streets of Berlin. The machine appears to be a DKW.”

“APPLICANTS FOR POSITIONS as waiters on some of the long-distance air lines have to pass some amusing tests. One is to ride a solo motor cycle through traffic with a tray loaded with food balanced on the head.”

FROM AN AUSSIE NEWSPAPER: “Details to hand of the English 24-hour trial, Leeds-London-Leeds, discloses mile after mile of hair-raising stretches through mountainous North Wales sufficient to cool the most ardent enthusiast.”



“Far from civilisation—A party of three on a six days’ tour halted near Nelspruit, Transvaal. The machines are a 147cc Francis-Barnett, a 246cc Excelsior, and a 1916 Harley-Davidson.”

“‘IF I WERE FINED in such circumstances I would immediately county court the makers for the amount of the fine.’—The Chairman at Aylesbury Police Court to a motor cyclist who said that his silencer was as supplied by the manufacturers.”

“PULLOVERS TO MATCH PETROL TANKS: A new fashion in striped woollen pullovers has been introduced by AE Menuge, Worplesdon, Surrey. The stripes, which are one inch in width, are dyed to match the tank colours of the various machines. Each pullover has two small pockets,



plain sleeves, a V-neck and is guaranteed all wool...types obtainable from stock are Raleigh, Norton, Ariel, Douglas, P&M, Sunbeam, BSA, Triumph (old colours) and New Hudson."

METROPOLIS MC: THIS NEW CLUB, with headquarters at 11 Edgware Road, Marble Arch, London W2, aims at providing not only a number of competitive events, but also a dance floor and restaurant for convenience of members."

"NO FEWER THAN 68 machines fitted with Villiers engines were at the Olympia Show. Of 175 machines fitted with four-stroke engines 145 were of JAP manufacture."



'Ginger' Lee looks ready for deep water as he poses on his Rudge before the start.

"THE 1927 INTERNATIONAL SIX Days Trial, held for the third year in succession in this country, again proved a triumph for England, for the Trophy Team easily topped the list, Sweden and Germany being second and third respectively. In addition, the International Silver Vase was won by the English Ladies' Team, who actually lost fewer marks than the three competing for the Trophy, though they beat the runners-up, Denmark, by the small margin of only two marks. On the whole the event, which was held in the Lake District, was a success, for although the route-marking on the first day was distinctly poor, the organisation of the rest of the trial, although

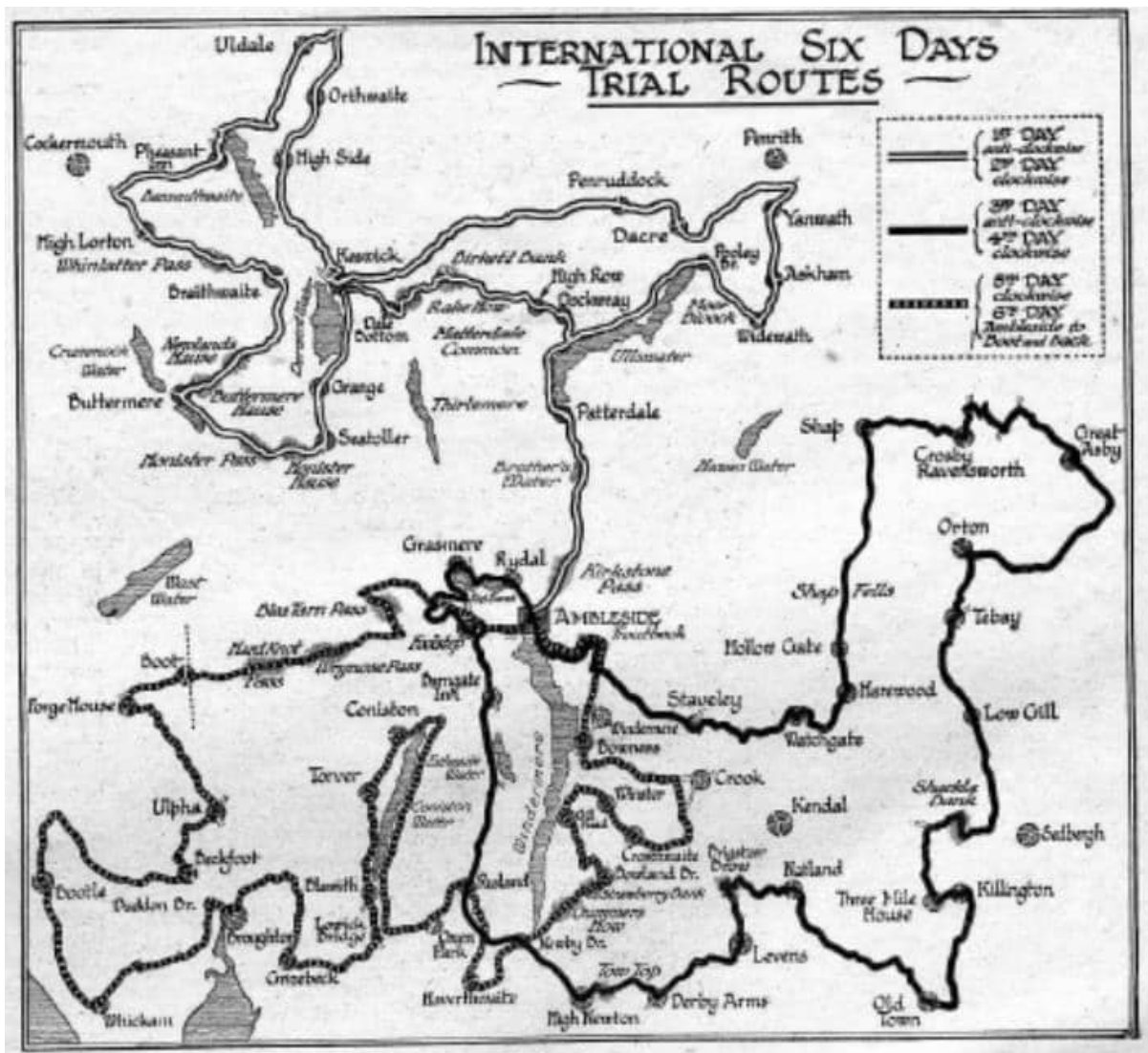
hardly up to last year's standard, was good. With the exception of two days the weather was bad even for Lakeland, and many small watersplashes which in ordinary circumstances are merely a few inches deep were raging torrents, and thus ignition trouble was more prevalent than in previous events. It was generally agreed that the foreign competitors were rather out of their element, for the trial was unusually difficult, and in Continental reliability trials such hills as Wrynose and Blea Tarn are seldom included. Nevertheless the Danish solo team for the Silver Vase, mounted on 499cc Rudge-Whitworths, were excellent, for they only lost seven marks between them; and although the Swedish Trophy Team, on Husqvarnas, lost many marks on the time during the last difficult days, their riding capability was high, and until Thursday they had lost not a single mark. In fact, on Tuesday and Wednesday they actually headed the list; the English team having lost a total of five marks. The



The victorious British Vase Team, Marjorie Cottle, Edyth Foley and Louise MacLean. (Right) Graham Walker (Sunbeam) of the winning International Trophy Team on Wrynose.

English team, composed of GW Walker (493cc Sunbeam), L Crisp (349cc Humber), and FW Giles (498cc AJS sidecar), put up an excellent performance, and the only marks lost were due to hill failures on the part of Crisp and Giles. In spite of the wet weather the trial was most enjoyable, and throughout the week large numbers of spectators were out on the course, closely following the progress of the competitors and of the International Teams in particular. Of the 125 competitors who braved the elements on the opening day of the ISDT, 123 checked in at the finish...at times the rain fell in sheets. Owing to the number of by-lanes and tracks introduced in the 126½-mile course, the riders had to splash through numerous watersplashes—one at Overwater (appropriate name!) became a raging torrent owing to a heavy downpour—and over grass tracks sodden with rain, so with nine hills steeper than 1 in 7, the day was a trying one..To add to the riders' difficulties the route-marking was woefully inefficient and many went astray...The competitors checked in at the finish travel-stained and weary, their machines covered in mud...an atrocious stretch of grass-grown gradient known as Birkett Bank...stopped nearly everybody and pushing was the general rule, groups of riders tugging away side by side to extricate their machines from the quagmire.Those on sidecars had a particularly exhausting time...The general opinion of competitors was that the Overwater splash and the Birkett Bank stretch were out of place in an International Trial, and the error of judgement on the part of the organisers was made worse by the inclusion of a secret check at the end of the grass hill. When Monday's result sheets were posted...it was found that 58 of the 125 competitors had lost marks on time. Actually only three riders retired...some, of course, were continuing in the hope that protests would be allowed. What pleased riders and spectators more than anything else was that the English Trophy team had lost no marks...and that the Ladies' team had followed suit! So two teams, at any rate, had put up marvellous

performances....AJ Wheaton (996cc AJW sc) had unfortunately overturned at an abrupt corner and his sidecar wheel was distinctly the worse for its flight. However he carried on...Apart from the supercharged DKWs, great interest was



evinced in the Belgian Gillets...RB Clark's and R Sexe's ohv mounts with primary gear drive, unit construction and dry sump lubrication look as if they have real merit...On Tuesday the first day's course was taken in the reverse direction...To make quite sure that competitors did not lose their way immense quantities of dye were used to mark the course, and Commander CAG Hutchinson RN offered to mark the Honister section, which was rather too much for the route-marking vehicle. He set off on his solo Ariel and performed wonders, including overturning on the road the case of dye which was securely fixed on the carrier!...Two of the lady competitors had nasty spills on Birkett Bank: Mrs PC Spokes (346cc Royal Enfield) shook herself and her machine badly...and retired. Betty Lermite skidded, and found that she and her 346cc Royal Enfield were doing catherine wheels down a small precipice. Although she was rather bruised, and in spite of her machine being somewhat bent, she carried on...To everyone's dismay the English 'Trophy' team suffered a hill failure: L Crisp (349cc Humber)...went into a narrow ditch on the right of the track...Crisp's failure was genuine bad luck and people were more sorry for him than for the marks debited to the team. The other two members, GW Walker (493cc Sunbeam) and FW Giles (498cc AJS sc) were excellent; the hurried remarks in *The Motor*



Cycle notebook of 'first rate' and 'Frankie up to standard' are perhaps the best comments. The two 175cc DKWs of the German team were cheered loudly, and certainly their little engines seemed to have almost unlimited power. Of the Swedish riders, Y Ericsson and G Gothe on 550cc Husqvarnas were both excellent...spectators were greatly impressed...CD Noel (596cc Scott) ran on to a projecting rock at the roadside and was suspended there while P Cranmore on the leading 349cc BSA and sidecar neatly avoided him in the narrow roadway. Even Pike found the soft stuff too much for his Norton outfit and was enthusiastically pushed by a group of schoolboy campers...Then followed the descent of Honister Pass proper, with the crags towering high overhead. Some little skill was required here, due to processions of four-horse coaches skidding their wheels down the gradient and cutting deep ruts in the surface...The lunch in a bern near Overwater was a great success, but everyone was very worried about the Langlands water-splash. Betty Lermite (346cc Royal Enfield) got into difficulties and had a very cold bath—much to her disgust...N Hall (247cc Excelsior) came through well, skidded right round and did the crossing again!...The weather on Wednesday was really lovely. The course, too, was very easy; there were no observed sections, and competitors and officials had a joy ride...JW Mortimer's Panthette was much admired, and indeed, the lowered saddle position, twin exhaust pipes, and footrests have greatly improved the P&M's appearance....Wednesday's lunch, which was taken in a field in brilliant sunshine, was a great success and competitors were busily engaged in reading *The Motor Cycle* of last week in which was published the full report of performances on the Monday...at Great Ashby came a watersplash at which a large crowd of the local inhabitants had collected...The two brothers Rossner (DKWs), members of the German 'Trophy' team, very wisely decided to take no risks, and, to the intense delight of the spectators, they walked through, lifting the front wheels of the machines in wheelbarrow fashion. The first clean crossing was made by an ACU marshal, to cried of 'Good old ACU!'...Thursday's run was merely Wednesday's reversed...But low clouds and pouring rain all day made the



"A lunch stop—when it did not rain."

grass by-lanes very slippery, and those who had punctures of any sort found that to make up time was none too easy...the 1 in 8 Ashtead Farm Hill had substituted any semblance of green mud for greasy black mud...HB Chantrey (980cc Brough Superior) had to foot slog heavily to assist his pinking engine. In direct contrast ALS Devyer (996cc AJW) did not seem to be going much faster but never removed his smile or his feet...P Cranmore (349cc BSA sc) stopped at the foot and made his passenger climb on to the carrier, and C Weichelt (496cc DKW sc)...quietly told his lady passenger to get out and push. She did but unfortunately slipped and seemed rather shaken when she picked herself up. The open-air lunch was rather a dismal affair but competitors were still cheerful, all things considered...Foolstep was the only observed hill...PHL Lamberts-Hurrelbrinck (493cc BSA), one of the Dutch riders, got sandwiched between two travelling observers and the crowd yelled frantically to clear a gangway for the competitor...WS Braidwood (499cc P&M) missed his gear, stopped, and ran backwards...Edyth Foley (498cc Triumph) dashed along to receive a rousing cheer for the cool handling of her machine...G Gothe (Husqvarna), crouching low, again impressed the spectators with his skill in the saddle...GG Kitson (596cc Scott sc) smoked a pipe unconcernedly as he put paid to the 1 in 5 gradient...the two Morgans arrived with chain-shod driving wheels and ascended at speed...The following retired: CJ van Marle (249cc Dunell) water in magneto; OB Bridcutt (249cc Dunell), crash making up time, unhurt; Willem Smit (348cc Rex-Acme), bent forks; J Kean (499cc P&M), brakes inoperative; DF Welch (490cc OK), started too late to gain any award; G Patrick (976cc Royal Enfield sc), badly hurt as the result of an accident after the conclusion of Wednesday's run...New ground was to be covered on Friday's run and the competitors were not looking forward to climbing Hard Knott and Wrynose Passes...the morning was beautifully fine...The previous rain had played havoc with magnetos...quite a number of machines had to be pushed off...Absolutely nothing in the way of difficulty was encountered in the leafy lanes—except wide-cornering touring cars...at one blind corner HM Hicks (Douglas sc) and GG Kitson (Scott sc) plunged over the edge and



WH Clough (Scott sc) and C Weichelt (DKW sc) on Ashtead Farm Hill. (Right) CW Hough (AJS), EW Spencer (Douglas) and WF Bicknell (Royal Enfield) on Hard Knott.

considerably damaged their outfits. Hard Knott has figured in many northern trials and it always commands full respect from the riders. The scene from the top is wonderful for the rolling panorama of hills and plains spread around and below, with the sea gleaming in the distance—but not often! And certainly not on Friday with its cold and rain...The pass is about two miles long...with an abrupt climb with severe right and left hairpin bends and a final grade of about 1 in 4 with a greasy approach, and then loose stones and slime to the summit...CJ Highfield's Scott boiled...G Gothe (550cc Husqvarna) of the Swedish team failed and baulked his team mate, Y Ericsson; this stop still further established the English lead for the Trophy...Purely as riders the

Danes are outstanding and if they had a native-built machine to ride, the International would be very likely be held in Denmark...RL Galloway (346cc New Scale sc) and P Cranmore (349cc BSA sc) made good climbs by dint of bouncing. M Gavson (346cc New Imperial sc), going well, stopped with a screech, his gear layshaft having stripped...Kitson's front fork rear girder was snapped, but by connecting the steering damper and a temporary spanner tommy bar across the fracture he carried on, but had the greatest difficulty in persuading the officials to allow him to start on the final day's run...Protests, complaints, and requests for investigation worried the stewards on Friday night and it was difficult to follow with any degree of accuracy the continual alterations made to the score sheet...The dry weather of Friday made it possible for the shingle of Blea Tarn to be very much loosened, and it was greatly feared by all. The zig-zag approach is of loose gravel and offers no grip for driving wheels. The lightweights went up well with their drivers trailing their feet, Minnie Grenfell (172cc Francis-Barnett) being especially applauded by onlookers. Heinrich Rossner (175cc DKW) of the German team began fast, negotiated the bends and then stopped...GE Rowley (348cc AJS) once again rode magnificently and was among the very fastest to make an absolutely clean ascent...B Malmberg's 992cc Husqvarna outfit stopped low down but went well after his agile passenger mounted the carrier...CE Wise (348cc AJS) charged up the face of the rock and stopped, while H Rawsey's 499cc P&M took a violent dislike to a spectator's Rudge and rammed it...Wrynose caused very little trouble and the great majority had averaged the requisite speed (20mph, less the 10 to 12 minutes allowance) over the mountain passes—actually about 14mph. After the road work was over machines were submitted to Dr AM Low for examination, but the inspection was only a cursory one for defects and few marks were deducted. In the final examination only D MacQueen (172cc Francis-Barnett), HM Hicks (596cc Douglas sc), GG Kitson (596cc Scott sc) and RT Horton (Morgan) were penalised. Subsequently MacQueen's broken fork spring was credited to avoiding a car by riding into a rock-filled ditch. Hicks had damaged his chassis in a crash and Kitson had broken his forks in the same circumstances. Horton had his high gear chain missing. Broken footrests, lost generators and the like were frequent but were not penalised, and generally machines finished the strenuous six-day trial in sound mechanical order—but covered with dirt...Professor Low states, however, that there is still room for improvement, particularly among details, as it appears that lubrication and mechanical adjustments were too frequently necessary. Protection not only of the rider but of the brakes and chains, as well as other parts of the machine, from mud could also be increased with advantage; and while the lubrication of the engine has been greatly improved by the majority of manufacturers, similar attention could also be given to transmission systems."



**"How the Mistakes made During the 1927 Trial may be Rectified in the Future. By Ogmios.**  
Of course the weather had a lot to do with it. Lakeland weather knows no responsibilities, except perhaps that it has to keep pace with Manchester and Fort William in the matter of



rainfall; and it does, especially in August!...this was, no doubt, the reason why the ACU organisation was rather below par...The 'International' is, or at least should be, to show the motor cycle and lay public what the modern machine can do, and not what it cannot do. It is not, in the trial sense, a 'sporting' event, and the organisers should bear this last fact very much in mind...the country in which the event is held is in practice the host and the visiting competitors are the guests; as such they are at a disadvantage in that they are a little nervous and, of course, they are usually totally unacquainted with the conditions and the route. This year great trouble was taken on the part of individuals to make things easy and pleasant for the visitors; so far so good. But it would have been an improvement if the rules and regulations had been printed in the various languages of the competing countries so foreign riders could fully understand all the technicalities of what they might and might not do...they should be told of the conditions likely to be encountered in an English trial—conditions which are seldom seen on the Continent. The choice of a crowded holiday centre for the trial appears to be rather an error of judgement; Lakeland, more in August than any other month is crowded with motor vehicles of all sizes—usually of large size...the fact that there were so few accidents indicates that there is a department of Providence that especially looks after competition riders who are picking up time after a patch of trouble.. The first day's run was not very encouraging. The weather was bad and the road-marking followed suit. Blue dye on tarred roads is, at the best of time, difficult to see...Many riders hopelessly lost themselves and quite a number could not find the mild Colonial section—fortunately the authorities turned a blind eye, or perhaps they could not find it themselves! The two German DKW riders went far astray and if JW Moson, the Francis-Barnett rider, had not chased them, and caught them up they would still be wandering among the hills of Lakeland! The wonder is that they, or any of the visitors, managed to find their way at all. Just before the lunch



From left: "Miss B Lermite (Royal Enfield) at a ford on the river Troutbeck. JJ Van Kooten (Harley-Davidson), WF Newsome (Humber) and CW Hough (AJS) at the Longlands Splash. GE Rowley rides through drowned bikes at the Ashby Splash."



From left: "At one splash the water was up to tank level. RT Horton (Morgan) forces his Morgan against the flood tide. WT Tiffin (Velocette) as his bike sinks out of sight in the Ashby Splash."



Some watersplashes could only be crossed with a helping hand.





It rained in the Lake District...

control came a watersplash. For the early solo men the water was only a foot deep, but for the later solo competitors and sidecar drivers the torrential rain increased the depth so that the water was up to tank level. Has it not been for three real sportsmen who waded in it up to their thighs and lent a hand, the majority of competitors would never have produced themselves and their machines to the farther beach. An obstacle such as this should have no place in an International Trial...It is poor comfort to tell a competitor with a waterlogged magneto that he is allowed an extra ten minutes' grace at lunch...this concession is not of much interest to a rider who has to retire with a disgruntled magneto. Phil Pike, the Norton sidecar driver in the English International Vase team, naïvely suggested that nearly everyone, always except himself of course, should be disqualified for receiving outside assistance!...next day a notice was posted drawing attention to the rule on which Pike based his point. Had this rule been enforced on the first day barely 25% would have checked in. Motor cycles are supposed to travel along roads. Sometimes if the roads are bumpy they tend to fly, but there seems to be no reason why they should be capable of imitating a submarine...competitors very justly maintained this last point and said so very often and very vehemently...the inclusion of Birkett Bank did not improve matters. The section consisted of a slippery grass hill which would have done credit to a sporting one-day course...in an





From left: "RL Galloway (New Scale sc) and P Cranmore (BSA sc) on Hard Knott. B Malmberg (Husqvarna sc) on the grass track at Widworth." 'Ogimus' and the trusty Triumph descending the steep hill on the grass section near Shap.

International Trial competitors should not be expected to have to push their machines through an unobserved section...Lunches were taken al fresco—a term which is attractive if accompanied by sun, and rather bleak if washed down by rain. Competitors after a hard morning ride do appreciate a wash and a sit-down meal...On the whole the standard of riding was high, and the visitors from overseas made a good impression with competitors and spectators alike. This year's machines seem to be a great improvement over last years in the matter of reliability and steering. Unfortunately few strides seem to have been made in silencing designs, and the foreign machines were particularly bad in this respect...In ascertaining the results for the manufacturers' team prize in the 500cc class the ACU, I suggest, made a ridiculous decision. The BSA, Triumph and James teams finished with absolutely clean sheets, but because the nominal engine capacities are 493cc, 494cc and 495cc respectively the BSA—the 'smallest' team—were awarded the prize having won by one cubic centimetre! It seems a pity that the ACU regards so important a matter as a manufacturers' team prize in so light-hearted a spirit. Each team should have been awarded a prize, just as was done in the 350cc class, where Douglas and Raleigh [both with a 348cc nominal capacity] tied...During the week I rode a model 'N' 494cc Triumph, and from a pressman's point of view it proved to be little short of ideal. It was not fast, not particularly quiet and not exceptional comfortable; but it steered well, it was dead reliable, and the engine seemed to have almost unlimited power at low speeds. There are only a very few six-day trials for which I have had machines which have given me no anxiety—for a pressman must at all costs produce himself at the observed hills up to time; the Triumph is supposed to be a reliable touring machine, and during the week it lived up to its high reputation...After the first day I regarded it as a well-tryed friend, and I feel sure that it would never let an owner down...This article may appear to be written in rather a pessimistic vein, and indeed, I have done so with a very definite purpose in view. The lessons to be learnt from any trial come only from the points which need improvement. The event fulfilled its main purpose, for it provided a stiff test from which English motor cycles emerged with flying colours...mention must be made of the squad of voluntary travelling marshals, who did wonderful work. The ACU made a brave attempt to rectify the mistakes of the Monday and the attempt was, on the whole, very successful. If next year the International Trial is held in a neutral country the lessons of this year's event will no doubt be digested so the 1928 trial may be more successful than any of its predecessors."

PS The excellent site speedtracktales.com unearthed this intriguing snippet from the *Canberra Times*: "It is to be regretted that France, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland will, not be officially represented, as a six days' trial with seven or eight nations competing would be an unusually interesting and informative event. It is understood that the present unfavourable rate of

exchange is accountable for the absence of European competitors.”

*Heinrich Rossner rode a supercharged 172cc DKW as part of the German International Trophy team. He lost 20 points, many of them for going off-course due to poor route marking. C Weichelt, who rode a 500cc DKW outfit, lost 26 but Heinrich's brother Herman, who rode the other 172cc DKW, 'retired' on the fifth day—more accurately he was knocked out of the event by a collision with one of the many cars that were roaming the Lakeland roads during the ISDT. The Germans finished third out of three in the Trophy competition behind England and Denmark; in the Vase they lagged behind the English Ladies, Danes, English, Swedes and Dutch. The Motor Cycle remarked: “It was generally agreed that the foreign competitors were rather out of their element, for the trial was unusually difficult.” And then they invited Heinrich to share his thoughts on the trial. He didn't need asking twice:*

“The FICM has only two international events, the Grand Prix of the FICM and the International Six Days Reliability Trial. These events are intended first of all for international competition between teams and riders of the different nations affiliated to the FICM. Following this international character, the rules and regulations for these events should be printed at least in English, French and German; this has been done for all previous Grand Prix and Six Days Trials, except those held in 1926 and 1927 by the ACU...there is no doubt that the German Sporting Body and the Motor Cycle Club of France would be only too pleased to make a good translation, or at least to look through proofs. The regulations printed only in English must be a handicap to the foreign competitor. One of the most difficult matters is to mark the course to make it quite clear to the foreign competitor who cannot afford the time to spend an additional week before



The DKW 500 (“The motorbike for the highest performance! Two-cylinder with water cooling”) and 175 were clearly aimed at different markets, but they both did Germany proud at the ISDT.



This beautifully restored

500cc Deek is still very much in action. Cool or what?

the competition to go round the whole of the course. In Regulation 25 the promoters promise to do the marking of the course by a trail of blue powder, but in Regulation 27 they protect themselves from any responsibility by stating that no excuse whatever can be accepted for taking a wrong course. One could accept this rule in a local or 'internal' competition, but there should be no possible chance of such an occurrence in an international competition. Unless marking can be clear and definite it would be better not to have any, and let competitors find their course by the aid of a map. The marking throughout was absolutely inefficient; the ACU did excuse themselves by saying it had been done by a new man this year. I do not think it an excuse but an accusation for the ACU to experiment in an international trial with a new marker. On Monday in particular it was so bad that even experienced English trial riders like Miss Foley and Mr Moxon lost the course and marks. Foreign competitors did likewise, losing marks and their gold medals, but on the result sheet it was stated marks were lost on 'reliability'...they lost the marks through inefficient marking. One can only say this in case the trial is held in Sweden, Italian Lake District, Germany or the Austrian Alps, for if the marking was just as bad,,the best English team would lose the maximum number of marks through not being able to find the course...In one of the foreign Steward's reports from 1926 it was stated that to enable foreign competitors to know their exact places on the route should be clearly marked, and that mile posts...should be placed; this was done only every twenty miles apart...You found, for instance, a place on the card 'Patterdale'; you saw some houses and on enquiry if it was Patterdale the reply was 'Yes, you go on for another half mile.' The same enquiry and again the reply



'Patterdale.' To expect competitors to be at places to schedule time but not to make it clear where these places are seems ridiculous and unfair...one secret check was about 1½ miles wrong so all the marks given had to be rectified...confidence was entirely lost when on Monday afternoon even a mile post was 1¾ miles out...the fixing of these notices by placing them on the ground or against a wall seemed very insecure, for not only were they blown down, but in one case a farmer had picked them up and fixed them in the wrong direction...Another handicap to foreigners was the water splashes. From previous experiences, the ACU had an enquiry from Germany about the depth of water and the official reply was: 'There will be no watersplash so deep as not to negotiate with machines of ordinary design'...only submarine motor cycles were able to get through. The ACU might have been caught napping by the heavy rains, but why not deviate the course? Basing my arguments on the official reply of the ACU I think they are sufficient for attention at the next FICM Congress, who will doubtless have to deal with this trial and may cancel all the results. These remarks are not intended to reflect in any way on the kind and very cordial reception expended to all foreign competitors."



GE Rowley rides his AJS past a number of frustrated riders including Marjorie Cottle (39) as they struggle with drowned bikes at the Asby Splash.

*MOTOR CYCLING* SUMMED UP the two sides of the 1927 ISDT story in a well considered editorial: "The International Six Day Trial, just concluded in Lakeland, has provided another victory for British machines. That was by no means unexpected, but, as a study of our report of the trial will show, it was thoroughly complete and convincing and by no means a mere 'win on points'. It is further to be noted that the foreign team who were the runners-up for the International Vase—beating the English A-team—were mounted on British machines. Throughout the trial the riding of the Continental competitors earned high praise, and it may therefore be inferred that the British triumph is due to the excellence of the motorcycles produced by this country and not merely to the ability of our rider. We find, however, even

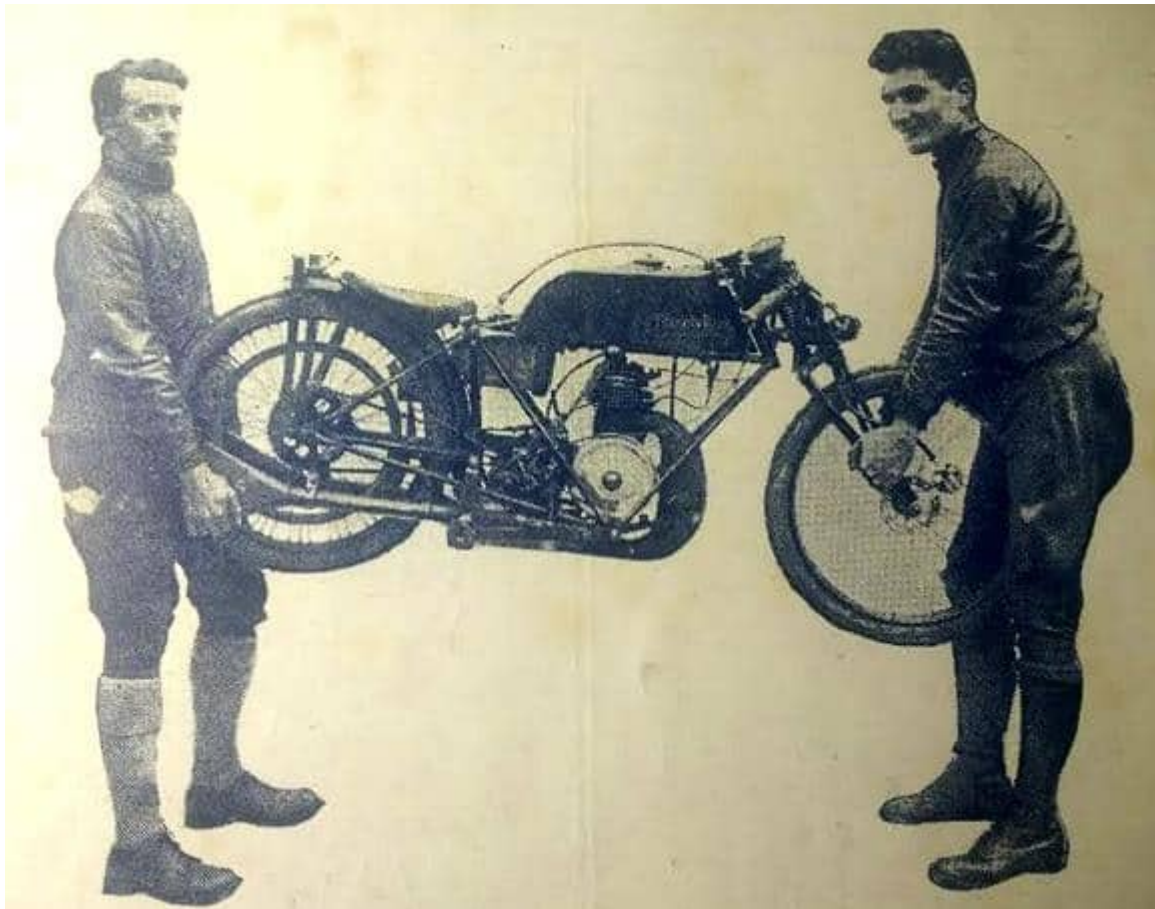
greater cause for satisfaction in the achievement of the English ladies' team in winning the International Vase. That its members should have beaten their male opponents in a trial of this nature, over a course that was in portions, quite severe, speaks volumes for their skill and for the modern motorcycle, and the result...will, we believe, do much to further the popularity of motorcycling amongst women. To the visitors from abroad, and to the manufacturers of their machines, we can also offer our congratulations. They put up a spirited showing, and the Swedish team, in particular, was at one period distinctly menacing. We express the feelings of the whole of the British motorcycling world when we say that we look forward to seeing an even stronger contingent from the Continent in next year's International trial. In the past, after an important event organised by the Auto Cycle Union, it has almost invariably been our happy duty to felicitate that body on its arrangements. Unfortunately, in the present instance, that is impossible; on the contrary, we consider that the organisation of the International Six Days' was open to not a little criticism. It very largely failed both as regards planning and administration; the trial was not well conceived, nor was the conception carried out in a satisfactory manner. The selection of the routes can hardly be considered as fortunate; the trial showed an extraordinary lack of balance, the serious work being almost entirely concentrated into Friday afternoon and Saturday morning. That was particularly unsatisfactory from the point of view of would-be spectators, and it may also be added that very little was done to acquaint the public of the fact that such an important and interesting event was being held. The trial also partook too much of a test of time-keeping—a most undesirable thing in an event of this kind—whilst the number of protests at the conclusion of the trial indicated a certain slackness in the administration, as did the numerous unofficial complaints that were heard from competitors. It was singularly unfortunate that the ACU should have selected the International Six Days', of all events in the year, for the perpetration of a series of faux pas."



Tommy

Meeten was denied an ISDT gold by a flooded ignition system but won a silver medal at the SSDT, as he had for the previous two years, aboard his 172cc Francis-Barnett. The factory

prepared a racing version which Tommy took to Brooklands to set some world records. (A 250cc P&M Panthette braved storms to cover 60 miles in an hour at Brooklands.)



Tommy Meeten and Broughton, his co-rider, demonstrate the low weight of the Fanny-B that carried them to four world records: four hours at 54.12mph, five hours at 54.90mph, six hours at 54.60mph and 500km in 5hr 39min 49sec. That year Villiers engines powered 18 British marques.

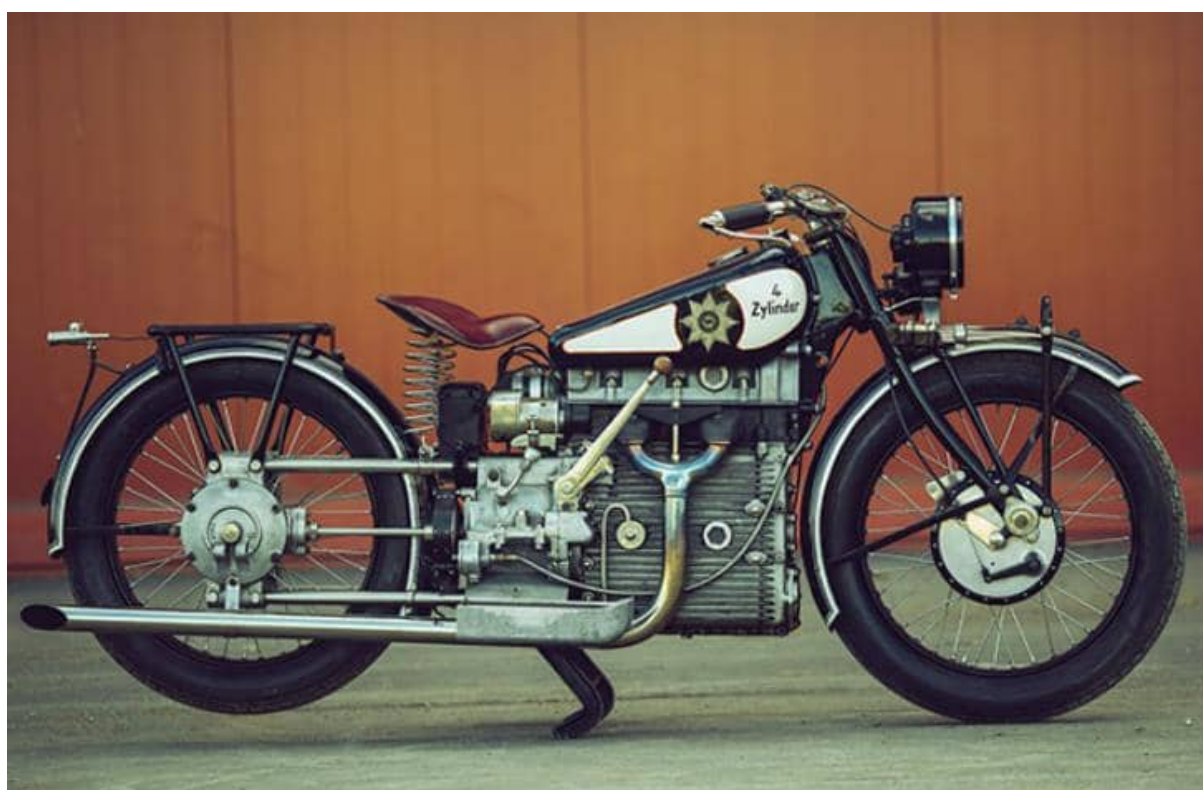
UNDER THE HEADING '5,000 MILES NON-STOP', ARIEL proudly announced: "A standard Ariel side valve motor-cycle and side-car was driven continuously for 5,011 miles, taking ten days and nights, by relays of drivers, without once stopping the engine. The side-car passengers were ACU observers and the course was chosen to centre from Banbury. For this World's Record the 'Maudes Trophy' was awarded to Ariel Works Ltd, for the most meritorious performance of the yer." The exact running time, over a 120-mile course, was said to be 251.5 hours during which time the engine turned over 40 million times.

THE DOMINANCE OF BRITISH BIKES in the TT and ISDT should not make British readers too jingoistic. Let's take a look at a few goodies that were stirring enthusiasts' hearts, and wallets, over the Channel...





Just to remind the world that France could still produce exciting motorcycles, Koehler-Escoffier, having made pretty humdrum bikes since 1912, came up with a 996cc ohc V-twin racer which was certainly competitive. Only a handful were ever sold, mais, c'est magnifique!



Windhoff, which had been making lightweight two-strokes in Germany since 1924, launched a short-stroke (63x60mm) 748cc oil-cooled ohc four developing 22hp at 4,000rpm with shaft drive, a top speed of 75mph and 70mpg. The engine served as a stressed member, so no frame. One more high-spec, high-priced thoroughbred that failed to find a market, but let it be known that Erwin Tragatsch, who set out to list every marque of motor cycle in his ground-breaking *Alle Motorräder: 1894 bis Heute*, described it as “the most unique, progressive and beautiful motorcycle ever made”. Wunderbar!



Like Windhoff, the Neander dated back to 1924 when Ernst Neander, who was known for radical designs, produced a lightweight, triangulated duralumin frame with cadmium plating instead of paint. Early models were powered by lightweight two-strokes but by 1927 engines included 350 and 500c ohc Kuchen engine, followed by Motosacoche and (pictured) JAP big twins [yes, ok, *this being 1927 I should have used a pic of the single but the big twin arrived a few months later and I couldn't resist it. In any case Opel made Neanders under licence with its own one-lungers, you'll find one in 1930, fitted one with rockets. Yes, rockets.*] Ausgezeichnet, nicht wahr?



Yet again you're looking at a bike that debuted in 1924. The dire state of the German economy wasn't conducive to the sale of touring motor cycles like this 500cc ioe 502 Sports—only 346 enthusiasts found enough Deutschmarks to buy one by 1927, which was its final year. In the same period NSU sold more than 23,000 250s. (Right) NSU also launched a range of sv and ohv unit-construction models .





Oh dear, bikes born in 1924 are still elbowing their way into 1927 but, beside wanting to point out that British bikes faced some serious competition sur le Continent, I make no apology for including a 1927 Bohmerland. Born in the Bohemian city of Krasna Lipa (now the Czech Republic) this three-seater was originally marketed under the Čechie banner but sold in Germany as the Bohmerland and the name stuck. The 600cc 16hp ohv engine drove via a three-speed Sturmey-Archer or Hurth gearbox, top speed was 60mph and the wheels were the fore-runners of all the cast ally wheels we use today. Go on, smile.



Switzerland was very much in the game: the 350cc Condor Grand Sport was a well repected middleweight.



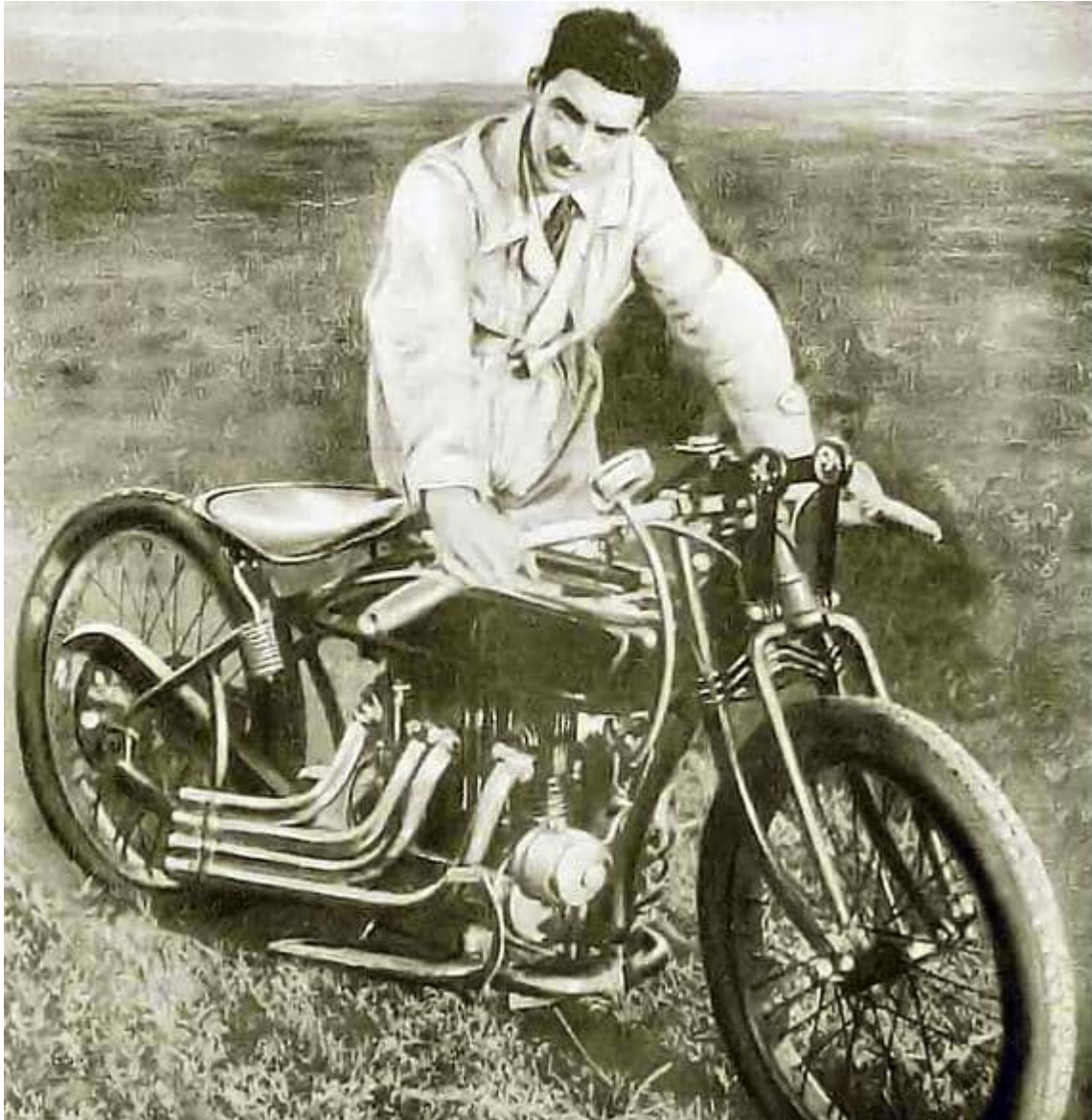


The Italian glory days were yet to come but the 500cc sports Gilera was beautifully engineered.



BMW's first sports bike, the ohv R37, was powerful but complicated and thus expensive: not a

good thing in a recession so it was discontinued in 1926. But the engine was a winner, so the rolling chassis was simplified (dynamo, lights and horn were optional extras) cutting production costs by 36%. It outsold the R37 by a factor of 10 and was as successful on the track as the road. A BMW factory team campaigned R47s with superchargers, beefier drivetrains and lighter frames. There was even a quick-release secondary fuel tank that could be used for longer races or detached for sprints.



Having built a series of advanced sports cars Casimir Ragot and his son Charles, based in Boulogne, came up with the CRS (Casimir Ragot Special), a four-pot 958cc ohv motor cycle inspired by the Henderson. Charles subsequently redesigned the bike and fitted a supercharger to boost engine output to a claimed 50hp. It might have been a race winner, but no more were built.





Tazio

Nuvolari won 72 major races on four wheels, including 24 GPs, two Mille Miglias, two Targa Florios, two RAC Tourist Trophies, a Le Mans 24-hour race, and a European Championship. Ferdinand Porsche called him “the greatest driver of the past, the present, and the future”. But before he started messing about with cars Nuvolari won the 350cc European motor cycle championships. He’s pictured on a Bianchi.





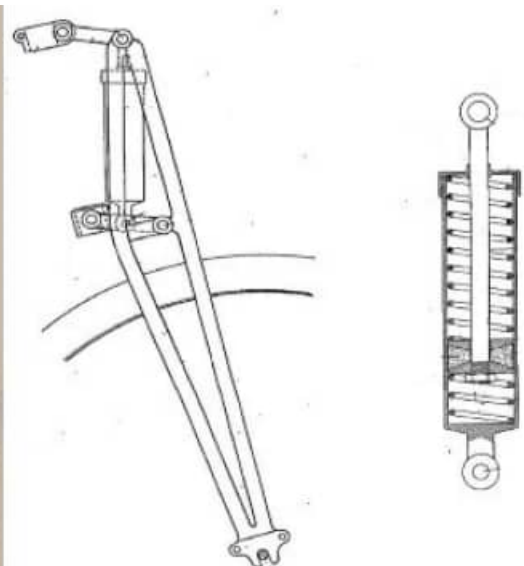
Benelli came up with an ohc 175cc racer that won the Monza GP and the Italian 175cc championship.



Two french army officers, Captain Bruneteau and Lieutenant-Colonel Gimie, and a Belgian mechanic, Joseph Weerens, rode 350cc sidevalve FN M70s across the Sahara. The bikes, fitted with larger tanks and saddlebags, covered 8,800km, including 6,300km of desert; the M70, marketed as the Sahara, was FN's most successful model of the inter-war period. The external flywheel of the early models was coloured red, inspiring the memorable nickname 'Moulin Rouge' (red windmill).



Ok, not exactly glamorous but certainly functional, this 'Triporteur', powered by a 350cc Anzani engine and built by Blotto Freres, was plying its trade on Parisian streets.



Austral works rider M Chéret won his class in the '6 jours d'hiver' (Six Days of Winter) trial on a 250cc D7 two-stroke. It was a good year for the French marque, which dated back to 1908 and was part of the Alcyon group—it also came up with girder forks incorporating a damped spring unit.

A NORTON RIDDEN BY Bert Denly won *The Motor Cycle* prize for the first 500 to cover 100 miles inside an hour (at Montlhéry). *Motor Sport* (née *Brooklands Gazette*) put it well: "All honour is due to Denly and his Norton for capturing the 500 c.c. hour record at Montlhéry recently. Denly actually covered 100.57 miles in the 60 minutes, beating his own record, which he established only a few days before, by over 5mph. There was an outcry when Temple put the 1,000cc hour record to 101.98mph, but now this speed has almost been equalled by a machine of half the size. Terrific flying kilometre speeds are all very well, but there is something very convincing in the hour record. It is sheer design, workmanship and riding which win a record of this type, and the Spring-Denly-Norton combination may well feel proud."

BERT LE VACK WON the first Brooklands Gold Star to be awarded to a 500 when he completed a ton-up lap aboard a New Hudson.

THE NURBURGRING opened for business; the first race was won by Toni Ulmen on a 350 cc Velocette. The 17.5-mile track was opened to the public in the evenings and on weekends as a one-way toll road.

THE BLUE 'UN LAUNCHED a campaign to develop 'Everyman' motorcycles for non-enthusiasts. The idea was to develop motor cycles that were easy to start and ride, economical, clean to ride in everyday clothes (often with enclosed engines) and fitted with weather protection.

SIXTEEN MATCHES WERE HELD IN the first round of the Auto Cycle Union Motor Cycle Football Cup (there were 31 clubs in contention but Coventry drew a bye). Coventry, generally accepted to be the best team in the country, beat New Southport 11-0 in Round 3. Wolverhampton beat Reading 3-1, Douglas beat Leeds 4-2 and Ace (also based in Coventry) beat Middlesbrough 3-1. Coventry maintained their winning streak against Ace in a local derby semi-final, winning by 7-0. But Douglas matched Coventry's performance, beating Wolverhampton 10-1. The Cup Final was played at Crystal Palace. *The Motor Cycle* reported that Coventry captain Jack Montgomery was "designer and manufacturer of the 344cc Montgomery he will ride; he competed in the first sidecar TT and has met with success in trials and sporting events generally...S Jackson (348cc AJS) is a dashing young rider who gained replicas in the 1926 and 1927 TT races." There were two other Ajays in the Coventry stable, as well as a Sunbeam and a Grindlay-Peerless, all of them were 350s. "The Douglas team, although not of so many years' standing as its opponents, has advanced by leaps and bounds of late. This year the Douglas men have carried all before them, having played and won in all 11 matches with a total of 96 goals, while their own line has been crossed on four occasions only. Each member of the team is employed by Douglas Motors and each will be mounted on a 348cc Douglas...W Douglas (captain) plays forward



L-R top row: "Mr Werret's beret is knocked off. Coventry Goalkeeper: 'Three thousand three hundred and thirty-three hundred and thirty-three psnes of glass; three thousand...'. Billy Douglas comes up to the tank to get in a beefy kick." L-R bottom row: "Referee: 'Here, young man, stop your engine while we look for the ball.' The ref has to solve the problem of the irresistible force and the immovable object. Elliott sees it through—non stop." Right: "Brandish(ing) his foot he returns the ball."

on the left wing; he learnt football under the Rugby coach at Clifton College. W Werrett (vice-captain) put in three years with the Tank Corps in France, so he will probably want some



stopping if he moves from his position of full back and starts on the offensive.” Motor cycle substitutions were not allowed—damaged or broken down bikes had to be sorted out on the touchline; in a 1926 league game four bikes were hors de combat at one point, leaving two heroes to protect their goal (which they did successfully) until repairs were made. On the day, the Blue ‘Un’s man at the match turned it up to 11: “We few, we happy few, we band of brothers! That was how the players in the final of the ACU Motor Cycle Football Cup Competition at the Crystal Palace seemed to regard themselves. They had obviously been living only for the game, and they saw to it that they enjoyed themselves during the afternoon. The game was won by the unbeaten Coventry team by 12 goals to 1. Their opponents—the Douglas MCC—played a plucky game throughout, but they were no match for the Midlands though their victories in the preceding rounds had been just as decisive as those of the Coventry team. One factor that contributed to their defeat was their lack of all-out speed, and it is a factor that is all-important when rushes from one end to the other are made...Silencers were non est on the Coventry machines, which had short exhaust pipes. Couple this to an hour of almost continuous low and second gear work with violent acceleration called for every few seconds and some idea of the noise can be obtained. On the other hand, however, the Douglasses were fitted with standard silencers.”

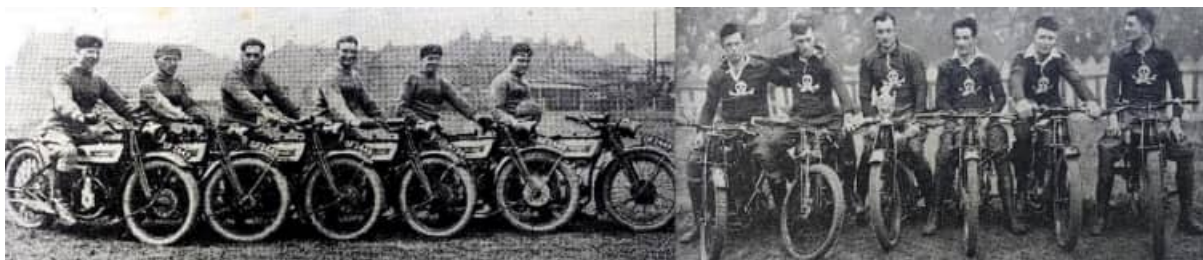


Coventry beat Douglas in the ACU Cup Final; you can just make out the Crystal Palace in the background of the the right-hand pic (nine years later the great landmark burned to the ground).



“Two Douglas men endeavouring to make the most of their opportunity.”

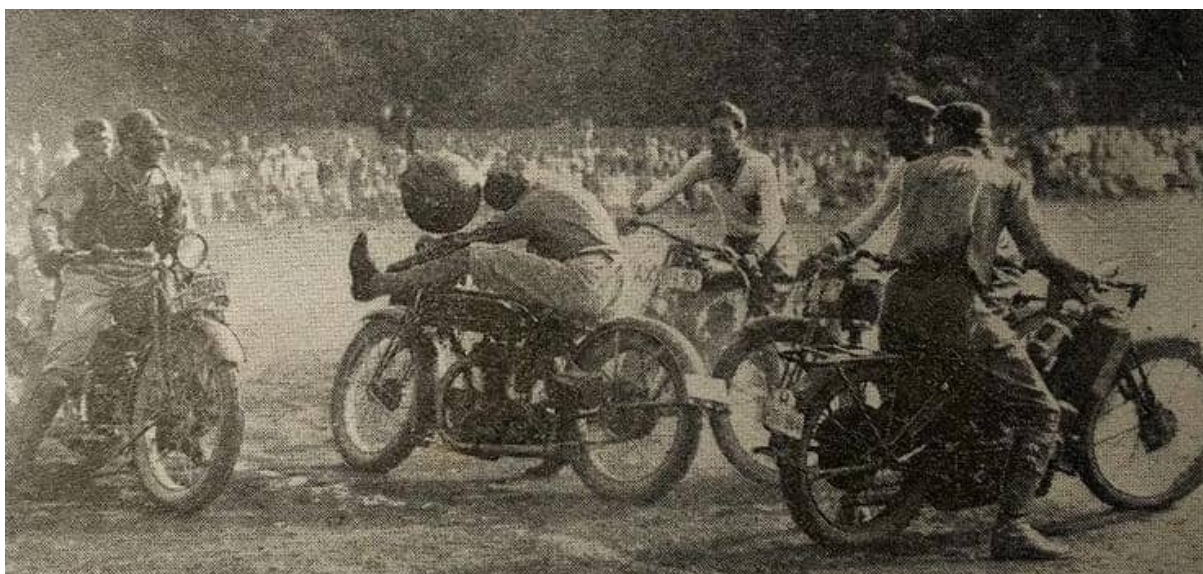




The Douglas and Coventry teams rode for the ACU Cup at the Crystal Palace; Coventry won.



“Bad luck, Wolves! The Wolverhampton motor cycle football team which, after successfully fighting its way into the semi-final of the all-England competition for the ACU Cup, was beaten by the Douglas MCC team by ten goals to one.”



“First international Motor Cycle Football Match: An incident in the recent match between Austria and Hungary, which was won by the former country.”



It seemed appropriate to insert this illustration here. It comes from my chum Francois' archive, captioned "sidecar polo at Camberley". Is it based on an actual event? No idea, but I do hope so.



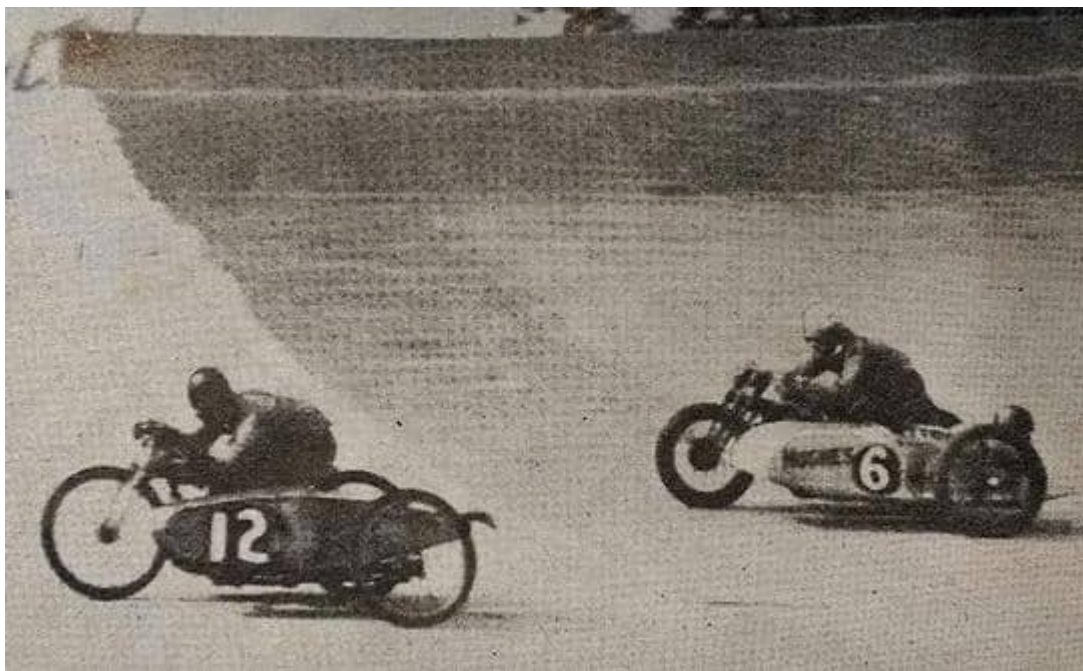


FOLLOWING ALEC BENNET'S 1926 Junior TT win on a cammy Velo a lot of riders wanted Velos. So many, in fact, that Velocette needed a bigger factory and duly moved to what would become the world famous Hall Green works in Brummagen. To raise money for this Velocette sold shares and a large number were bought by one Sydney Willis. So far so what. But Sydney had a son named Harold why had resisted attempts to get him into the family firm and was pursuing a career in engineering. As part of the share deal Harold joined the Velocette board as technical director. It was a match made in heaven and, for Harold, a dream come true. He'd ridden a Montgomery into a highly respectable 5th place in the 1924 Junior TT and took 12th place in the 1925 Junior. He soon showed an affinity for Velos by finishing as runner-up in the 1927 Junior behind Freddie Dixon's HRD. And then Velocette's new director won a famous victory at the Brooklands Hutchinson Hundred [This was just the start of Harold Willis's contribution to motor cycling; we'll meet him again in the years to come]. The Motor Cycle's man on the spot was in a distinctly whimsical mood: "Freddie Dixon was there with a gorgeous new 996cc Brough Superior, which included a beautifully streamlined silencer, a seat-pillar oil tank, cut away to make room for the rear exhaust pipe...a neat mudshield taped to the front down tube to protect the front exhaust valve, and the carburetter, placed between the cylinders, completely hidden by two aluminium plates...The



"PJ Ashton (348cc McEvoy-Blackburne) watches CE Slade-Jones (349cc Allday-Bradshaw) take a spectacular toss; fortunately the latter was not seriously hurt.

limit man, N Anderson, was astride a 249cc Dunelt with a new two-port cylinder-barrel with generous finning round the exhaust ports...The fuel supply on RE Dicker's Rudge-Whitworth was augmented by an ordinary two-gallon Discol tin, complete with tap union and pipe, strapped on top of his petrol tank...Rex Judd had changed his large, battered old tank for one that simply blazed newness; later, Judd decided not to start...Wright got fed up with waiting and, sitting in the middle of the track, started playing 'put and take' with a few of his henchmen. Then a mighty cheer went up as 'Ebbie' emerged from Chronograph Villa, and a few seconds later Anderson went away on his Dunelt. No one took any notice, however, and Cobbold, Hicks and Baragwanath, attracted by chink of coin on concrete, sat down with Wright and the four played 'double or quits'. Stakes were beginning to run high when a smiling police officer suddenly joined the party; Cobbold was still surreptitiously settling his obligations five minutes later. Gradually the crowd on the starting line thinned, while the track became more and more crowded. Anderson was still a long way ahead, lapping consistently at about 68mph Then there were only two stationary machines left—Wright's and Dixon's Brough Superiors. At last 'Ebbie's' flag fell for the last time that day, but both machines had to be pushed as far as the pits before either showed a sign of life. By this time Anderson had completed 11 laps. Much to everyone's disappointment Dixon had tyre trouble and came off after one lap; he hurt his elbow...Denley passed with his motor running poorly, and smoke issuing from the cylinder head joint...Worters came in early to adjust a loose exhaust pipe, and just afterwards last year's winner—CS Barrow—came in with his float chamber adrift and lost several precious minutes righting matters.



Chater-Lea (348cc Chater-Lea sc) and GH Tucker (588cc Norton sc) all out in the three-lap sidecar race for the O'Donovan Cup.”

After doing seven laps Bilney (Rex-Acme) passed slapping himself and then was seen no more. Afterwards he said the mice has been at his engine!—they had!! [To date this is the only double screamer I have spotted in the pages on the Blue 'Un; I hope to find no more—Ed]...Then came the news of some crashes round the other side of the track. Poor Hieatt (Cotton) came off after seizing his engine and was cut about a little, CE Slade-Jones (349cc Alldays-Bradshaw) was touched by another rider and cut his shoulder, and Archer hurt his head. AG Walker (Chater-Lea)

was flagged off for a flat front tyre. Then a travelling marshall toured in with half of Dicker's crack case (jagged edges) to which one flywheel was still attached! On his 26th lap Anderson was passed by Ventura, and HJ Willis had brought his TT Velocette up into 3rd place, a lap behind...On his 31st lap Hicks slipped in front of Willis. With Ventura's 248cc Cotton only half a lap ahead and five clear laps in which to catch him it was obvious that Hicks must win handsomely. One more lap saw Hicks almost on top of the Cotton and then it happened—Hicks had the wretched luck to break his inlet valve spring...This left Willis in second place and two laps later he took the lead. When Willis finished Ventura was at 36 laps, followed by Anderson (36), Longman (35), Hobbs (35) and TR Wainwright (35). Running like a sewing-machine, however, the Harley beat Anderson into third place...Officials then discovered a large hole in the side of the Harley's silencer. **Results:** 1, HJ Willis (348cc Velocette), 86.39mph; 2, E Ventura (248cc Cotton), 73.78mph; 3, FA Longman (989cc Harley Davidson) 90.63mph; 4, N Anderson (249cc Dunelt), 66.30mph; 5, HE Hobbs (348cc AJS), 76.97mph; 6, TE Wainwright (348cc Cotton), 76.94mph.



The game of put and take which the chaps played on the Brooklands starting line was invented in the trenches of the Western Front—the original game was made from a brass bullet that Tommies shaped into hexagonal spinning tops.

BEFORE THE MANX GRAND PRIX there were the Manx Amateur Road Races, generally known as the Amateur TT (the name changed in 1930). The man from *The Motor Cycle* was on the Island in good time to see the chaps arrive and practice: "Saturday last was unlucky for the 'Amateur' men for it was the beginning of Oldham Wakes—and Douglas is popular with Oldham mill operatives [*Wakes Week had religious roots but during the industrial revolution evolved into a works' holiday, particularly in the North-West, though paid holiday did not become a legal right until 1938—Ed*]. The boats were crowded, and embarkation and unloading again at Douglas were carried out amidst a welter of seething humanity...that charming official Mr Shimmin at once made everybody feel at home, just as the Ashton Ford Services Depot staff on the pier had eased every move in obtaining Isle of Man licences, unloading, transporting luggage and filling up the machines. The completed entry list consists of 75 men and already the enthusiastic officials are taking of a two-day event in 1928—Junior and Senior races....JO Cunliffe's HRD, it is said, is the actual machine which its designer rode in the TT, and which was sold as it finished, tape, shellac and all. CW Provis (Norton) also bought an actual TT machine—the push-rod model ridden by Jimmy Shaw, and reputed to be faster than the camshaft types...K Dixon (346cc OK-Supreme), having been gently warned [by a policeman] as to noise, proceeded to Woolworths to buy pan scrubbers for stuffing in the fishtails, and [also following a police warning] GBM Hay (346cc New Hudson) and R Farquharson (346cc Royal Enfield) set out for the same emporium (that IS the word in good journalese) to purchase appropriate instruments for



giving audible warning of approach...The atmosphere was happy, the weather was brightening, and even the request, as riders entered their particulars, for 'addresses of next-of-kin' only provoked such replies as 'Must you really know who to send the bus to?'...Lomonossoff arrived with a most resplendent McEvoy, and when the rain ceased someone remarked, 'Is that the sun shining?' And got the reply, 'No, it's Lomonossoff's machine coming along

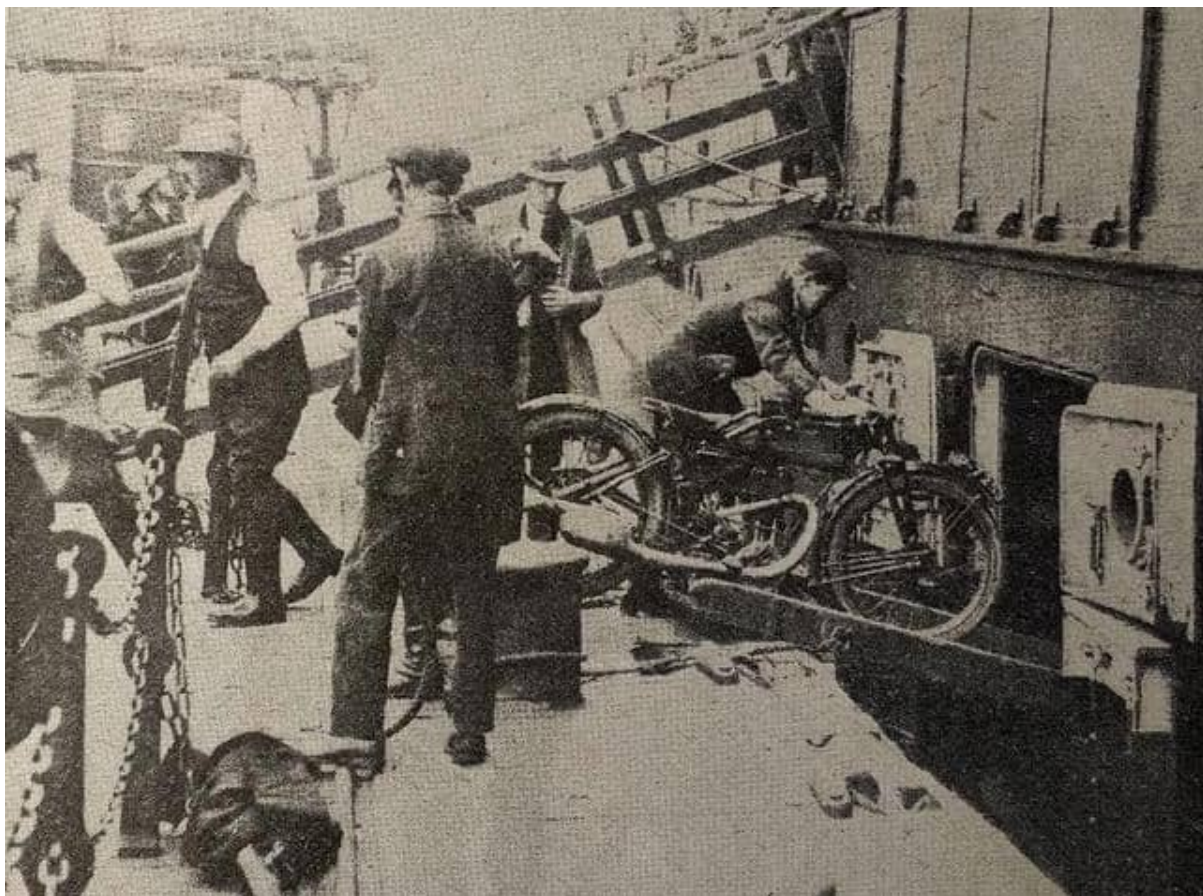


"A scene on

the Liverpool landing stage."

the promenade.'...The fastest [practice] laps were made by Matthews (Norton) in 37min 10sec, and 38min 23sec, but the following were all good: Cunliffe (HRD), 46min 15sec and 40min 25sec; Mellord (P&M), 45min 6sec; Archibald (Triumph), 45min 35sec and 41min 20sec; Vaughan (Norton), 45min 38sec and 41min 22sec; and Farquharson (Royal Enfield), 42min 42sec and 42min 48sec." For a change of tone, here's a report on race day from Motor Sport: "It was no mere pit-a-pat, but a steady downpour that greeted us when we awoke in Douglas...An absolutely unbroken grey sky foretold a race run under the worst possible conditions, and one could scarcely envy those who were to take part in the mad, tearing, desperate battle on the famous TT circuit between the hours of ten and three. The practising weather had been mainly fine, and the present terrible conditions would undoubtedly upset the chances of many a rider. Visitors began to whisper that chance had come, long overdue, to the Scott riders. How near these enthusiasts came to the truth is now common knowledge. With the exception of those unfortunates who had either crashed in practising or not reached the island at all, every entrant had succeeded in qualifying...For the first time since the inception of the race, the competitors were started at intervals of 20 seconds, this measure being necessary in order to accommodate the enormous entry of 75. The pre-race parade of the riders through the streets of Douglas is a somewhat bizarre event, presenting, as it does, the spectacle of leather-clad riders, in full racing gear, sedately piloting their highly-tuned mounts at a snail's pace up to the Glencrutchery Road. Arrived at the start, the riders proceed to replace touring plugs with ones more suited to racing. Despite the weather, 9.45 finds the grand-stand tolerably well filled, and long lines of cars and pedestrians can be seen moving out of the town to the local vantage-points. There is

not quite such a breathless hush as usually precedes the firing of the first maroon, and it comes as a mild surprise to all, spectators and riders alike, when No 1, Braidwood (P&M) pushes off on his long ride. Idle chatter is immediately drowned by a round of cheering, and the



“R Farquharson taking his Royal Enfield aboard the IOM steamer.”

crowd settles down, in defiance of the Clerk of the Weather, to enjoy itself. Incidents during the starting period are few and far between, nearly all the riders getting under way immediately...the chief favourites seem to be Birch and Hancocks, (Sunbeams), Matthews and Provis (Nortons), Stables (Scott) and the departed Braidwood...Having seen the last man on his way, we seize our machine, and thread our way through the throng to Governor's Bridge. Here the crowd is amazing: late arrivals are borrowing ginger-beer crates and the like, so that they may see over the head of the more advantageously-placed early arrivals. After a few minutes, the warning whistle is sounded, and Braidwood arrives, some 37 minutes after 10. Six minutes more elapse before the next man is seen; he turns out to be No 11, Hunt (Norton), and is closely followed by No 9, Dawson (X-JAP). What has become of Nos 2 and 3, Cullis and Oldroyd (Sunbeams), both fast men? They are soon through, however...Out of the mist which is coming down from Brandish corner, there appears a Scott rider and it is immediately seen that he is in difficulties. His mount is completely out of control, and just as he reaches the corner, he is thrown, fortunately clear. Another rider is already in sight, so a danger flag is waved, while willing hands— police, marshals, and press—dash to the assistance of the hapless rider, and drag his machine from the course. The forks have broken beneath the crown, and thus ends the race as far as Lomas, absolutely unscratched, is concerned. The race has now been in progress for nearly an hour and a half, so we return to the scoring board to see how the riders are faring. As we reach the start, Braidwood is just leaving his pit on the commencement of his fourth lap...So



far, a great race, with nothing between the leaders. Meanwhile Braidwood is signalled at Ballacraigne, his rival, Matthews, being somewhere on the Mountain. The latter's indicator moves on to Creg-ny-baa, but the P&M riders seems to remain at Ballacraigne a long time. The Norton is now at Governor's Bridge, but Braidwood is not yet signalled at Kirkmichael. Has the marshal there missed him, or ? We wait in suspense, and presently the third lap places are put up, showing Braidwood once more in the lead, albeit by a very small margin. Limmer is reported to be cornering magnificently, and is very close on the heels of the leading pair. Meanwhile, a fine struggle is taking place for pride of place among the 350s, who are led by Thomas (RexAcme), closely followed by Gates (Velocette). And now, at long last, comes news of Braidwood. He pushes in to Kirkmichael, having retired with serious engine trouble, and so ends a fine ride. Our eyes go immediately to Matthews' pointer. Surely he, too, has stuck; and such proves to be the case, news coming through that he has been unlucky enough to become involved with a bunch who have come to grief on a treacherous bend at Greeba. This bend, although previously almost unknown as a danger spot, has been giving much trouble to the riders. Seven are reported to have crashed here in the space of a few minutes. Thus Limner jumps into the lead...The first lap claimed nine victims—Nash (Scott), JD Potts, Brookes and Cunliffe (HRDs), Hogg (OK), Archibald (Triumph), Hancocks and White (Sunbeams), and Lomonosoff (McEvoy). A further 10 entrants had failed to survive the second lap, these being-Fletcher and Weston (Cottons), Harrington, Jackson, Kehoe and Moorhouse (Nortons), Robinson (Chater-Lea), Hanson (Velocette), Lomas (Scott) and Leonard (Enfield). Meanwhile Thomas, the 350 leader at half-distance, has retired, his place being taken by Gates, who, by three very consistent laps, retains it to the end. Soon after, Hunt comes through and commences his final lap, and all eyes are keenly watching Limner's dial. The Norton is going



Matthews' handsome Norton ES2 survives. It was the fastest bike in practice, completing a lap in 37min 10sec, but failed to finish the race.

beautifully, whereas the Scott appears to be slowing, a contention which is borne out when the Lap 5 leaders are announced...Only 22 seconds between the first two men after nearly 190 miles! But do the riders know the position? Hunt's pointer moves steadily on, but surely Limmer's is sluggish! And so goes on the ding-dong struggle, until the Norton is signalled at Governor's Bridge, and almost immediately roars over the line, to the accompaniment of enthusiastic cheering. First or second? Nobody can definitely say. Limmer is climbing the Mountain, and might just arrive in time to win. The spectators are breathless with excitement until, with Limmer between Creg-ny-baa and Governor's Bridge, it is announced that 'No 11,



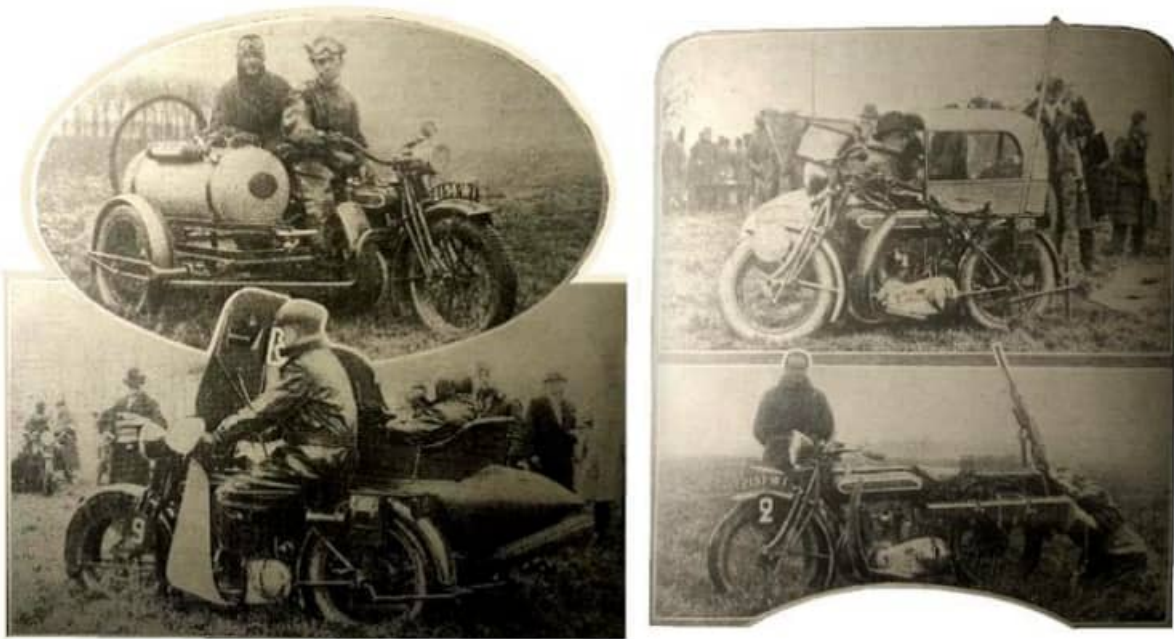
Hunt, cannot now be beaten on time.' By the time the renewed cheering has subsided, Limmer flashes past, two minutes behind the winner. Truly a great race! Five minutes later, de Ferranti (Scott) arrives, and we settle down to see whether he has displaced Provis from third place. When the latter passes the line, allowing for their starting difference, it appears that they have dead-heated, but it subsequently transpires that the Scott has got home by the narrow margin of two seconds! The winner's speed works out at 57.66mph, a wonderful achievement under such appalling conditions. His last lap was covered at 60.40mph, being the fastest speed achieved in the race. News now filters through that Limmer had been handicapped by ineffective brakes during Laps 5 and 6, a misfortune which, no doubt, cost him the race. Having conscientiously seen the last finisher arrive, we return to the town to await the evening prize-giving. Our final impression is of a small, wet, but triumphant, boy-scout, still perched up behind the indicators, joyously whistling his farewell to that apparently unceasingly departing creature, the blackbird. The Palace, on the occasion of prize-giving, presents a very animated scene, and the riders, successful and unsuccessful alike, come in for a deal of good-natured banter. The Trophy is presented to an obviously embarrassed young man amidst the acclamations of a mighty throng, and so concludes one of the finest sporting events of the year." **Results:** 1, P Hunt (499cc Norton), 3hr 55min 55sec=57.66mph; 2, GW Limmer (498cc Scott)\*; 3, D de Ferranti, (498cc Scott)\*; 4, CW Provis (490cc Norton)\*; 5, A Cownlwy (490cc Norton)\*; 6, S Gates (348cc Velocette)†. \*Gained replicas. †Winner of The Motor Cycle 350cc Cup.



"In lighter vein: Competitors take to four legs on Douglas sands."

"FRENCH MILITARY MOTOR CYCLING—During the Great War motor cycles were not used in the French Army to the same extent as among the British forces, and an impression still exists among French military officers that the two-wheeler is a machine of doubtful utility on the field of battle. It was with the object of dispelling this idea that the French newspaper *Moto Revue* recently organised a demonstration on the Satory tank manoeuvring ground, near Versailles, before an important military commission. Twenty-five machines supplied by Rene Gillet, Gnome and Rhone, Gillet, and Motorace, took part in the demonstration. All were fitted up for some special class of military work, the devices comprising machine guns mounted on the

carrier of solo machines, sidecar with wireless transmitting set, a sidecar ambulance and a first-aid machine for aeroplanes forced down in open country. During the demonstration the motor cyclists endeavoured to prove that they could perform the same work as cavalry, and while under certain conditions they failed to prove their point, in other cases they effectively demonstrated that the technical mount was superior to a horse. It was in crossing water that the motor cycles had to give way to cavalry. One of the generals took his place in a side car, but after the engine had been completely submerged a dragoon had to be sent out with a spare horse to rescue the officer."



"French Military Motor Cycles—Fuel carrying tender for aeroplanes and armour-plated outfit with quick-firer gun. (Right) A sidecar used for field wireless and an anti-aircraft outfit."



Rene Gillet anti-aircraft combo.

ARMY MOTOR CYCLE EXPERIMENTS—Captain CH Kuhne, of the Royal Army Serviced Corps, displayed a film showing in actual operation a three-wheel motor cycle with which the Army authorities are experimenting. It was clear that the machine (a 'P' Triumph) is capable of being used over roadless, boggy, marshy, and hilly country not negotiable by an ordinary motor cycle...Captain Kuhne referred to the War Offices's experiments with motor cycle sidecar outfits. These had been found too fragile for the work demanded of them in cross-country operations...the War Office was making experiments with specially designed three-wheelers to take the place of sidecar outfits for military purposes."



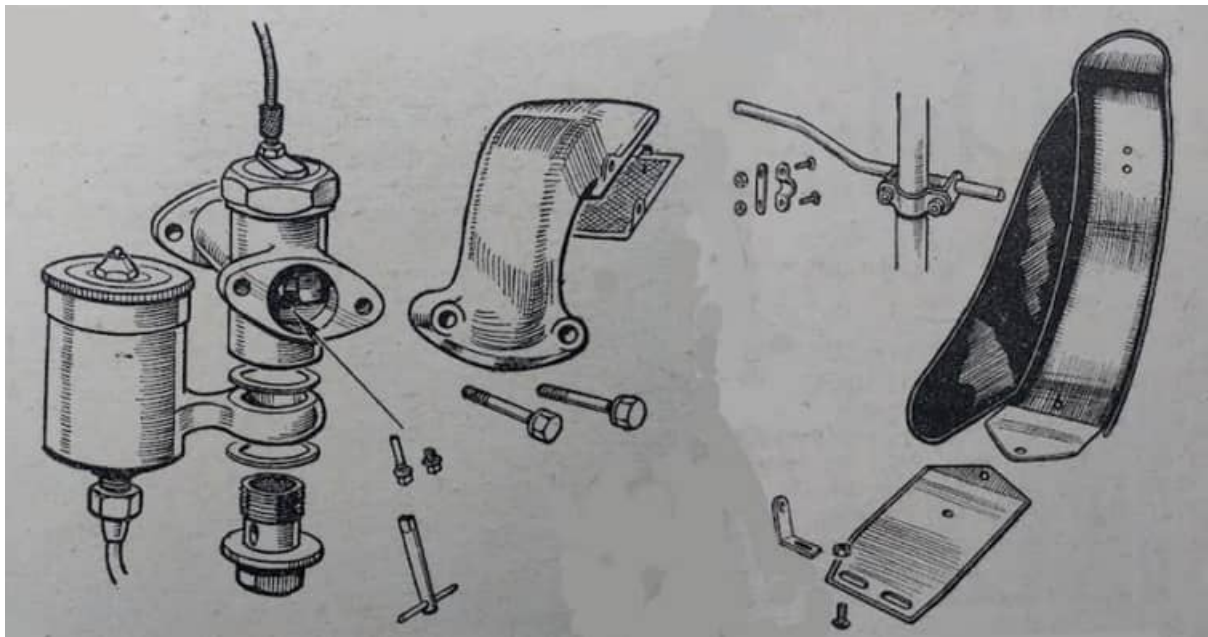
"The adapted 'Model P' Triumph."





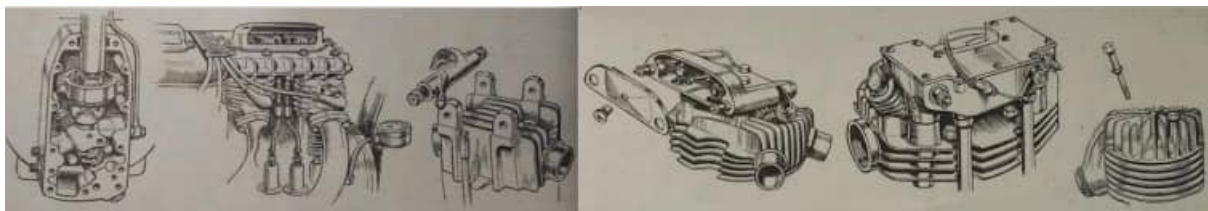
"WHEN I TOOK DELIVERY OF A 249cc Dunett," Blue 'Un scribe 'Icarus' wrote, "I vowed, as I saw it in its resplendent newness, to cherish and protect it with vaseline and elbow grease. This vow was broken in the first week's running. After a wet and sticky run I put it in the garage and left it to its own sweet self. Now, after more than 3,000 miles of hard riding, the little machine still drags about the original mud. Perhaps the machine looks a little woebegone; it does not seem to mind and I am afraid I do not...Ever since [after 500 miles or so] the engine and transmission had got bedded down to their work I have driven it as I would a hot-stuff '500', incidentally putting up averages which would not have disgraced its bigger brothers..."The single-lever Binks carburetter gives one the impression that it was designed for the Dunett giving good power, good consumption and being completely free from flat spots...The three salient characteristics of a machine capable of good averages are acceleration, faultless brakes, and good road-holding...the last trait is really remarkable for so light a machine; potholes on corners mean nothing, and on straight sections one feels that the frame would take another 10mph without being dangerous. Both the acceleration and braking are excellent...One very wet day in the winter I arrived at the office with highly muddied extremities. The Editor, overcome by a wave of pity, offered to let me use a pair of Middlemore legshields which he had received for test...Not only do they improve the looks of the machine, but they really keep the mud off and have not yet developed a rattle. On one mud-plugging trial they actually kept the frail craft from sinking beneath the waves—of mud! Incidentally, trials are where the little Dunett scores. It is light enough to be handy, and powerful enough to climb anything but a brick wall on its 14 to 1 low gear. You can engage low gear, open the throttle fairly wide, and give your whole attention to choosing a decent course, holding the snaking rear wheel and keeping your feet up...Two piston rings, one plug, and a spring link for the rear chain have been the sole replacements, and the plug was burnt out through excessive full-throttle work while the rings were still new. Three separate petrol filters, in the tap, the float chamber and beneath the jets, make my mind easy as far as choked jets are concerned. When the gearbox requires more grease it signifies its want by making top gear difficult to engage, but neither the box nor the clutch have the slightest objection to my roughly pulling the lever right back from top to bottom, so how can I grumble? If

the little hero falls to pieces I shall have been given only what I deserve. But I do not think it ill. Nowadays it only runs out of petrol when passing garages which, one must admit, is a sensible habit."

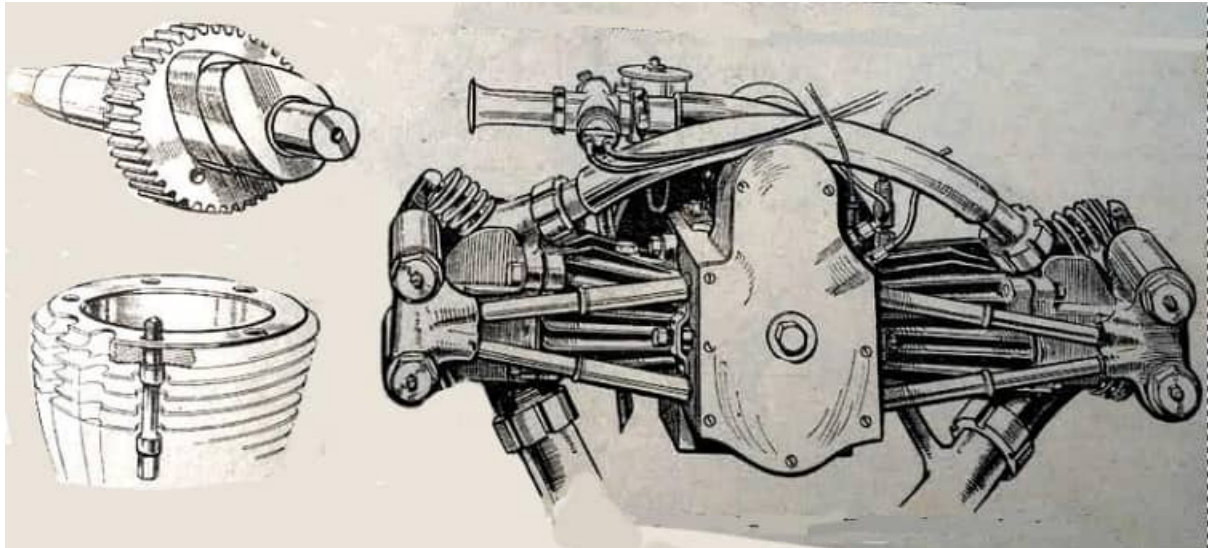


The Binks carb gave good power and economy. (Right) the legshields were effective and rattle-free.<sup>9</sup>

"AS TIME PROGRESSES IT IS possible to forecast the general tendencies of development, and without doubt one of the most marked features of the forthcoming show will be the introduction by many well-known firms of smaller models. Not only will the ranks of the 175cc class be augmented to a considerable degree, but firms that have previously specialised in 500cc engines will produce machines with engines of 350cc capacity, and those whose speciality has been 350cc power units may introduce new engines which will belong to the 250cc category...modern improvements in engine design have brought the small engine to such a pitch of efficiency that it is capable of fulfilling the requirements of the average motor cyclist as regards speed and general performance; and, in addition, it has proved itself to be reliable...Already there are thousands who use a motor cycle as a regular conveyance between home and work, and the



L-R: "Bevel-drive for the camshaft and oil pump arrangement on the ohc Norton. Bent pushrods are used on the new Indian-Ace four-cylinder engine. Single-port head of the 348cc Blackburne engine. The rocker-pillars are now solid with the head. Cylinder head and rocker box of the ohv Ariel engine. Rocker box on the new ohv New Imperial Engine. New AJS cylinder head, which is fixed to the barrel by four extension pins."



L-R: "New pattern Ariel camshaft. Holding-down bolts of the Blackburne detachable cylinder head. The new 348cc ohv Douglas engine with enclosed valve gear."

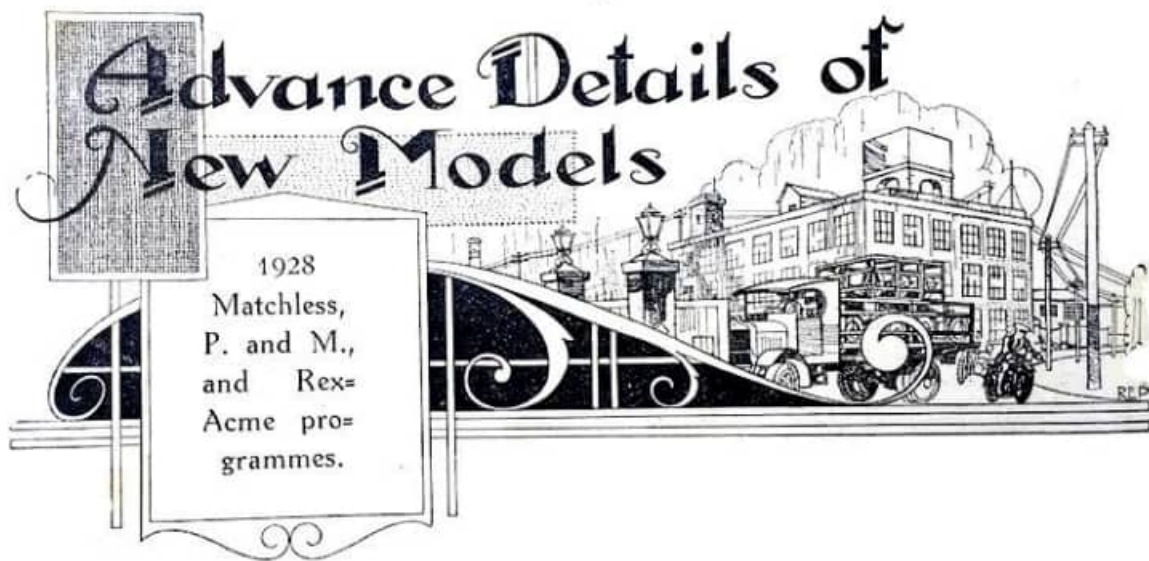
day is not far distant when the low-priced lightweight machines will become the standard means of transport for hundreds of thousands of working people." As long as the popularity of the motor cycle increases at the present rate there can be no serious attempt at a general standardisation of designs. A critical and enthusiastic public demands a range of models varying from the ultra-lightweight to the heavy passenger outfit or the sports machine capable of 90mph, or of even a higher speed...A British machine with a four-cylinder engine is staged more as a proof that design has not stagnated rather than as a marketable proposition...It is a hopeful sign that prices are becoming more stable, for a continuous 'price war' inevitably spells inferior quality and the ultimate disappearance of some of the small firms...it is not without interest that there are no fewer than four firms offering two-cylinder two-stroke machines. There appears to be little increase in the number of multi-cylinder engines of the four-stroke type, although a new proprietary engine of 750cc capacity has been introduced. Cradle frames are steadily supplanting those of the modified diamond type for high and medium-powered machines, and this tendency is even spreading to the lightweight class. A new frame of pressed-steel construction makes its appearance and shows signs of great promise...not only is the construction sound but the frame should be cheap to manufacture in quantities...wire-on tyres are the rule in spite of prognostications to the contrary. Electric lighting has been standardised in many cases, and cellulose finish, as far as tanks are concerned, has made a definite attack on stove-enamelling...there has been an improvement in both mechanical and exhaust silencing. The latter improvement has been brought about by the former, for more than one firm has found that a reduction of exhaust noise has emphasised mechanical clatter, and in consequence designers



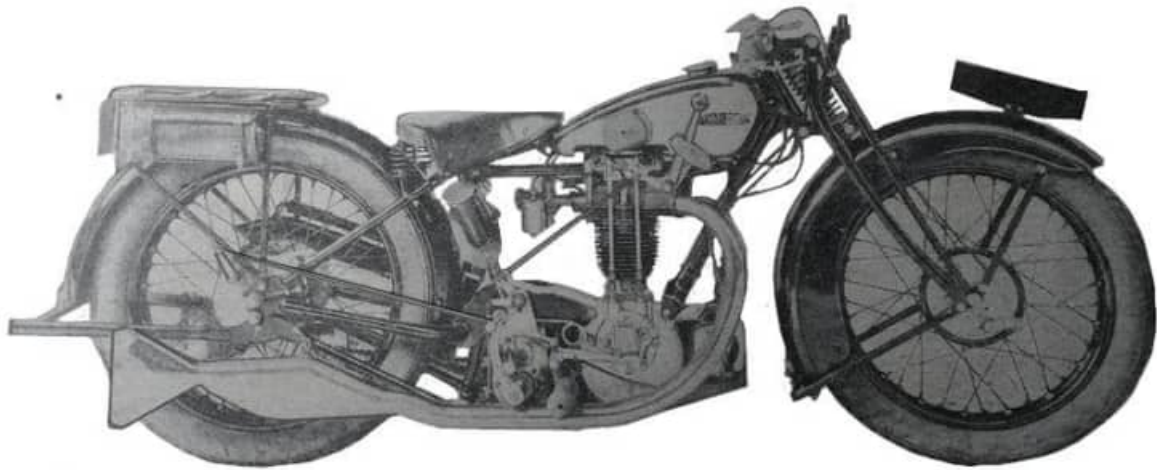
L-R: "Frame of the experimental Brough Superior four-cylinder machine. Coventry-Eagle lightweight pressed-steel frame. Coventry-Eagle frame and torque tubes of the 490cc model. Matchless frame, in which bent tubes are avoided."



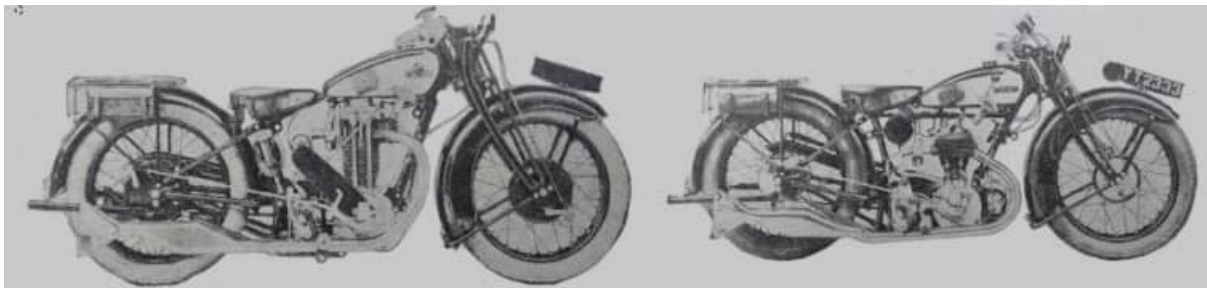
have encountered the difficult problem of eliminating valve-gear noise...Overhead valves are no longer regarded as the attributes of only the racing machine. The improved power output and economy provided by engines employing overhead valves have popularised this sort of gear for touring purposes...Even the overhead-camshaft engine has passed beyond the purely racing stage, and is now recognised as an admirable type for touring purposes. Three overhead-camshaft engines bearing the famous names of Norton, AJS and Humber make their debut at Olympia...They come as a welcome addition to an already long list of ohc engines which includes Velocette, Matchless, Atlanta, Calthorpe and Chater-Lea...neither JA Prestwich and Co nor the Blackburne firm has yet standardised ohc engines though each has carried out extensive experiments in this connection. The Rudge-Whitworth is now the sole representative of the four-valve motor cycle engine for the Triumph Ricardo model is no longer shown...It is very pleasant to be able to record that a side-valve New Hudson engine is exhibited with entirely enclosed valve mechanism, and it thus joins the Douglas as the second British machine to adopt this simple and obvious way of reducing noise and wear. It seems probable that enclosed valve gear will in the course of time become universal practice for motor cycle engines...Although the majority of new two-stroke machines are fitted with Villiers power units, there are three new engines from the Velocette, BSA and W&G works...Dunell remains the only firm to standardise a single-cylinder two-stroke unit of 500cc; the Francis-Barnett 350cc two-stroke has reached production in time for this year's Exhibition.



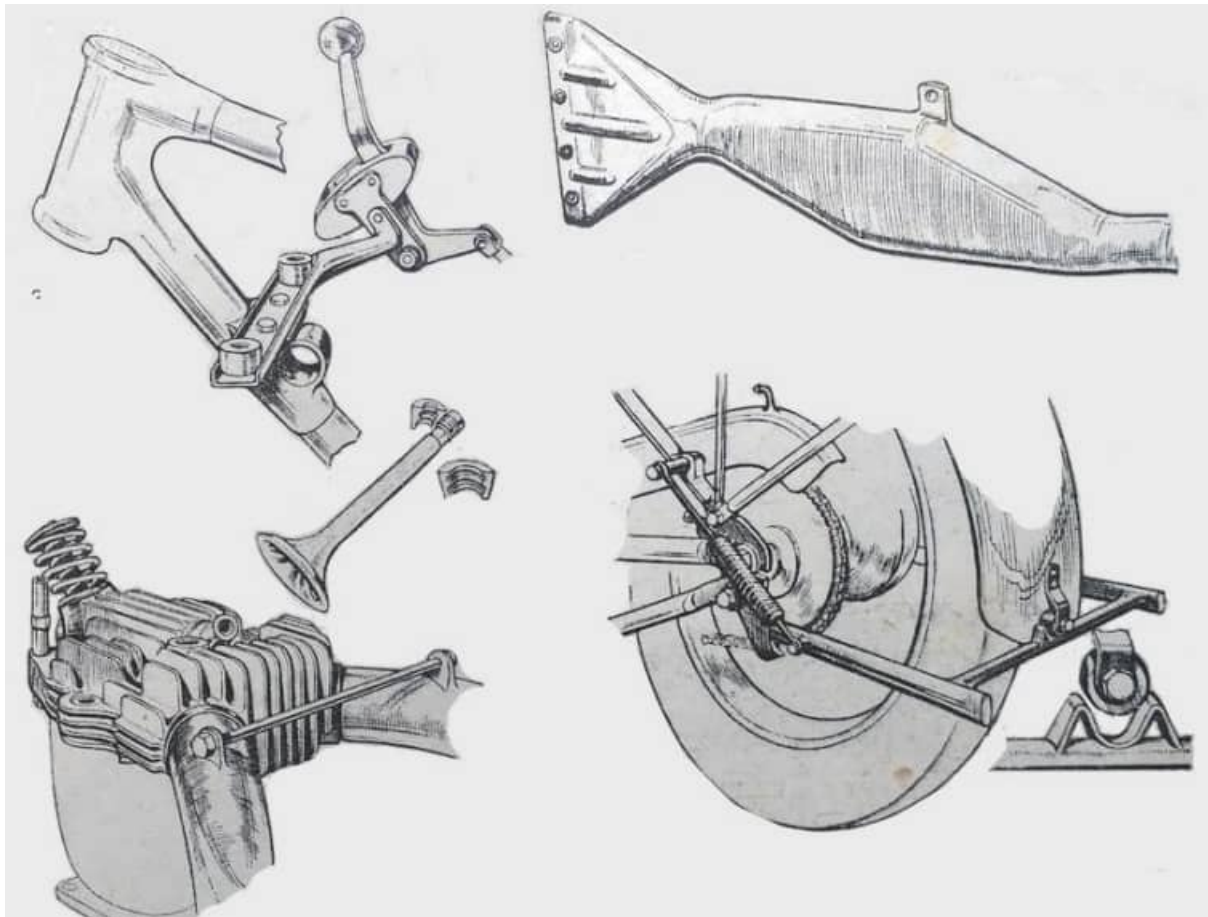
"THE MAJORITY OF THE SINGLE-cylinder Matchless models have been redesigned for 1928, and so different are their appearances that Matchless enthusiasts will hardly recognise their favourite mounts in new guise. The new trussed frame, with duplex torque stays from the rear hub to the crank case, and duplex detachable lower tank rails and sidecar lugs integral with the frame, are some of the major alterations...The new type tank is made in two halves, each a steel pressed sheet with specially stiffened inside panels...The finish is black, stoved all over, and pure white side panels are painted on in four coats of cellulose, the resultant effect being startling but quite pleasing...it is claimed to be the only tank on the market made without solder...one entirely new engine is offered—a low-priced ohv mount of 347cc called Model T/s."



“The new low-priced 347cc two-port ohv sports model.”



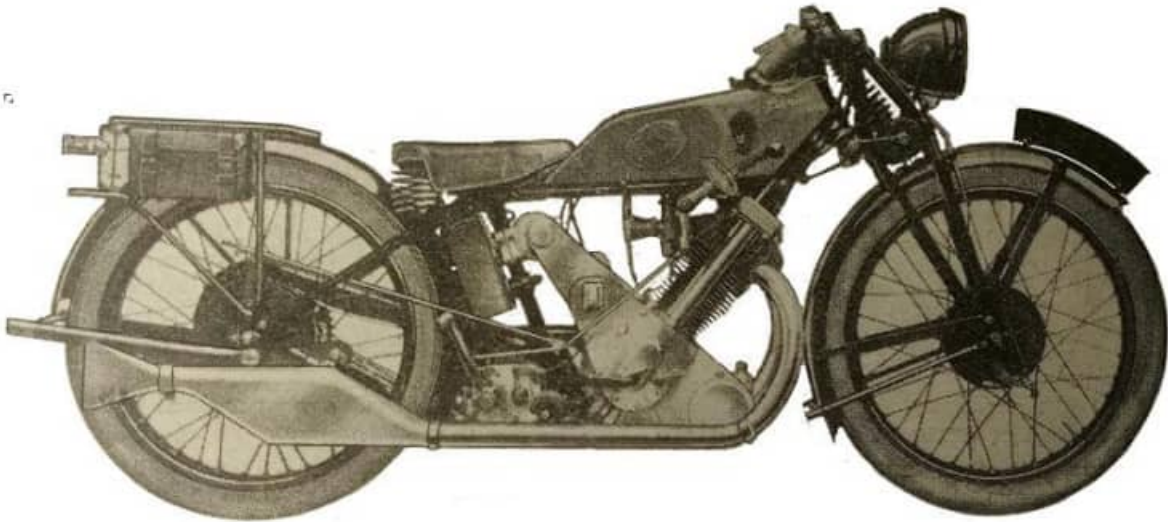
“The super-sports 500cc ohv two-port machine, with enclosed rocker gear. (Right) 500cc side-valve model.”



“Front mounting of the tank with new gear lever bracket. New plated silencer, which is clear of baffles. Two-port head and exhaust port finning on the new 495cc ohv sports models. Spring-up stand with self-centring buffer on the mudguard.”

“A GENERAL ALL-ROUND IMPROVEMENT has been achieved in P&M designs for 1928. Much of the development has been in the direction of appearance, and anyone who is inclined to consider the lines of a motor cycle from the artistic point of view should study the new Panther...The tank is the most striking feature: the colour of the front panel is a delicate shade of green, and is decidedly striking; the rear part remains the well known dark green, and is improved by a new Panther transfer. The new tank shape allows the saddle to be set a little more forward and 3in lower. It is now only 26in from the ground when 27×2.75in tyres are fitted...The exhaust system has been redesigned with complete success from an appearance point of view, and no doubt in efficiency. Twin pipes sweep down and back always in the same vertical plane, and continue parallel with the ground without kinks of any kind. The silencer is larger, ending in a large fishtail, and the whole is plated and polished. twistgrip throttle is optional on all models except the basis model...Substantially the Panthette remains unchanged, and one model will be sold as before, with footboards and a single silencer, but the sports model, one of which has just run in the ISDT, is to have two separate exhaust pipes carried to the rear, ending in a pair of conventional silencers and fishtails. A handsome tank, almost a replica of the new Panther tank, in the same colour scheme, holds 2¼ gallons...The new sports Panthette is, in fact, one of the prettiest machines which have been produced for a long time.”



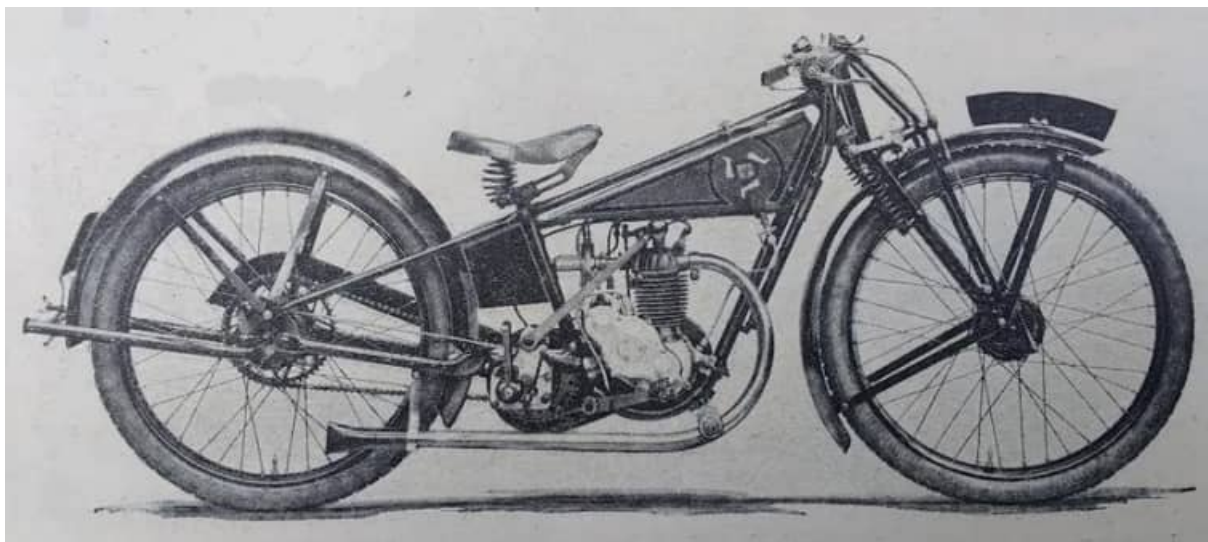


“The latest P&M Panther.”



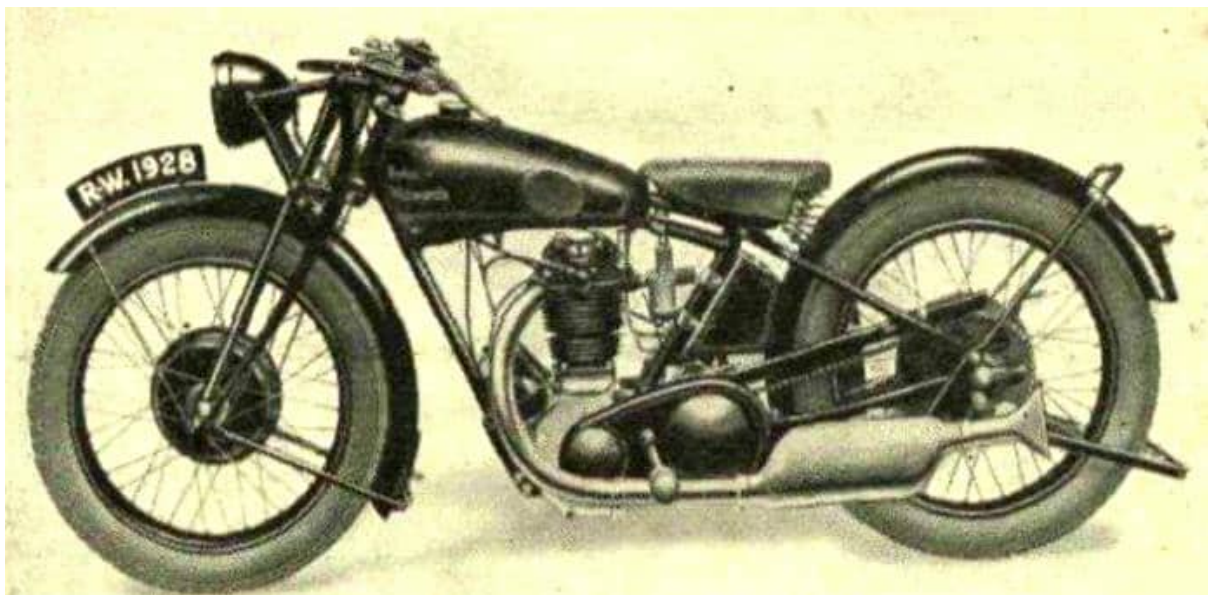
“The sports P&M Panthette. Panthette and Panther tanks.”

“ALTHOUGH THE TWOSTROKE ENGINE with its minimum of moving parts is undoubtedly in the majority among the power units used in machines of under 200cc, the fact that there is at least one small four-stroke, the Rex-Acme, proving itself as reliable as any of its larger brothers must not be overlooked. Since the last Olympia Show the 175cc Rex-Acme has been considerably improved both in appearance and performance. A loop frame with straight duplex tubes running from the steering head to the rear spindle is the most noticeable alteration. The duplex tubes are bolted to lugs on the head and saddle tube, and to the after ends of the chain stays. New and lighter forks of Rex-Acme manufacture, on the usual girder construction, are now fitted, the wheels are 26in instead of 24in, and the guards are wider and heavily domed....The little ohv engine is supported in the frame by means of adjustable clips and, by the use of thicker packing blocks, can be moved to any position. In the standard model a hand pump is used for lubrication, but provision is made on the half-time gear for the attachment of a Best and Lloyd pump, which can be fitted for 12s 6d extra cost. The exhaust system appears to be ‘straight through’ with a flattened exit, but in reality the last six inches of the pipe are made up of a Vortex silencer with half-a-dozen cups. Internal expanding brakes are now fitted on the less expensive model, but the specification with Sturmey-Archer three-speed model and kick-starter remains otherwise unchanged...the manufacturers give 50mph and 150mpg as its average performance.”

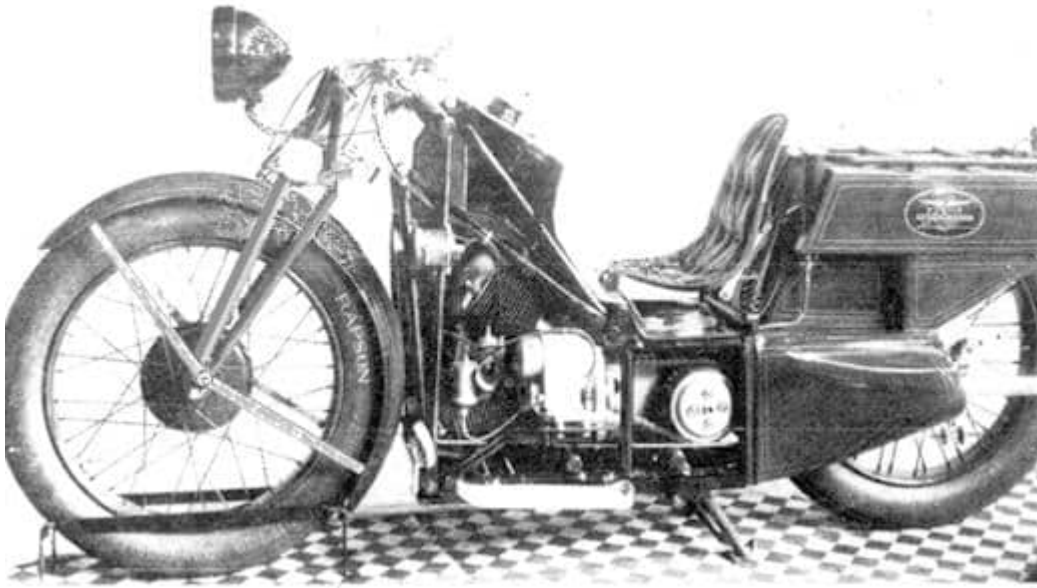


“175cc ohv Rex-Acme.”

“THE RUDGE-WHITWORTH 1928 PROGRAMME shows that three different types of the 499cc machine will be marketed. These are the Standard at £46, the Special at £55, and the Sports at £60. An electric lighting set costs five guineas extra...the Special and Sports have ben entirely redesigned. Four valves are used as in the past, but the exhaust ports are not set at 90° instead of being parallel, and long pipes run to silencers which are located one on each side of the rear wheel...The wheels now have internal expanding brakes of large [8in] diameter and width, proportional coupled together as in the past, so that one pedal applies both together...the braking surface is very much larger than is found on most motor cycles. The frame has a special double top tube...on which fits a handsome saddle tank finished in black and gold. The oil and petrol tanks are now combined...The specification includes a four-speed gearbox...and twistgrip or lever control to the carburetter...The Standard machine is capable of 60mph, the Special of 70mph and the Sports of 85mph, speeds which should satisfy the most enthusiastic of ‘roadburners’.”

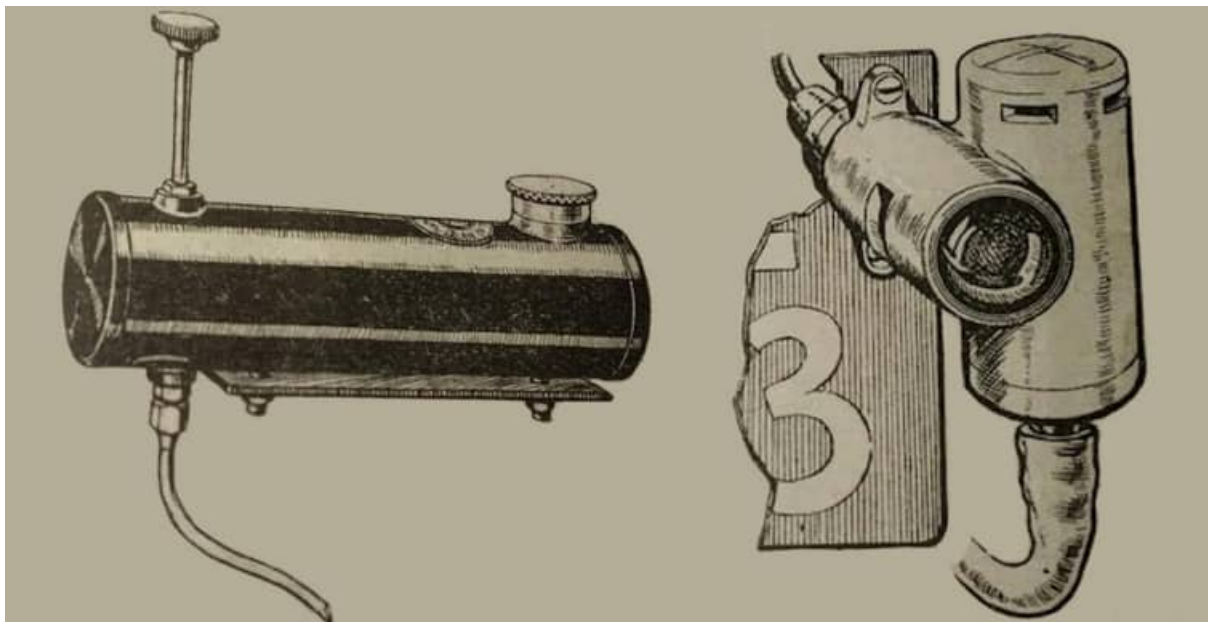


Rudge’s Sports model had a split personality: “Two compression plates are fitted below the cylinder, and these must be removed for the maximum speed to be obtained. When they are in place the Sports model is docile and comfortable for touring.”



Accessory

manufacturer FEW Patents and Engineering built the FEW Paramount Special with a forward facing 980cc JAP V-twin engine to reduce the centre of gravity in a bolt-together space frame made from straight tubing. Engine and gearbox were totally encased; this pic was taken at Olympia with the side panel removed to show the Lucas Magdyno. Options included a horizontally mounted 498cc Blackburne single, long-wheelbase chassis with two bucket seats and a Triplex safety-glass windscreen. There was an instrument panel where the top of the fuel tank would usually be found; fuel lived in pannier tanks on the rear mudguard with a carrier on top. There were plans to enter series production and several models were displayed at Selfridges in Oxford Street. But with a list price of £130 (twice the price of a sports ohv 500) it didn't come to pass.

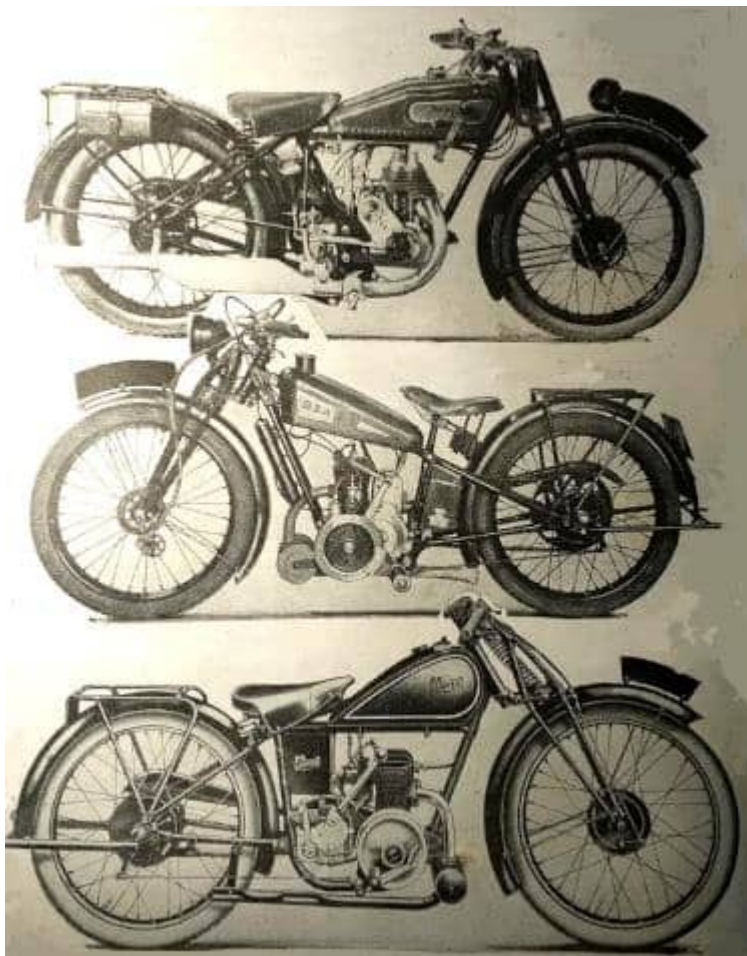


*Some half a century before the excellent Scott oiler...* “Primarily intended for use on Cotton motor cycles, but also supplied with clips to go round the frame tubes of other machines, a chain lubricator has been brought out by RS Inglis of 26, Upper Marylebone St, W1. It is a very substantial and well-made accessory, and retails at the moderate price of 9s. (Right) This combined electric and acetylene rear , marketed by Marble Arch Motor Supplies, 135, Edgware

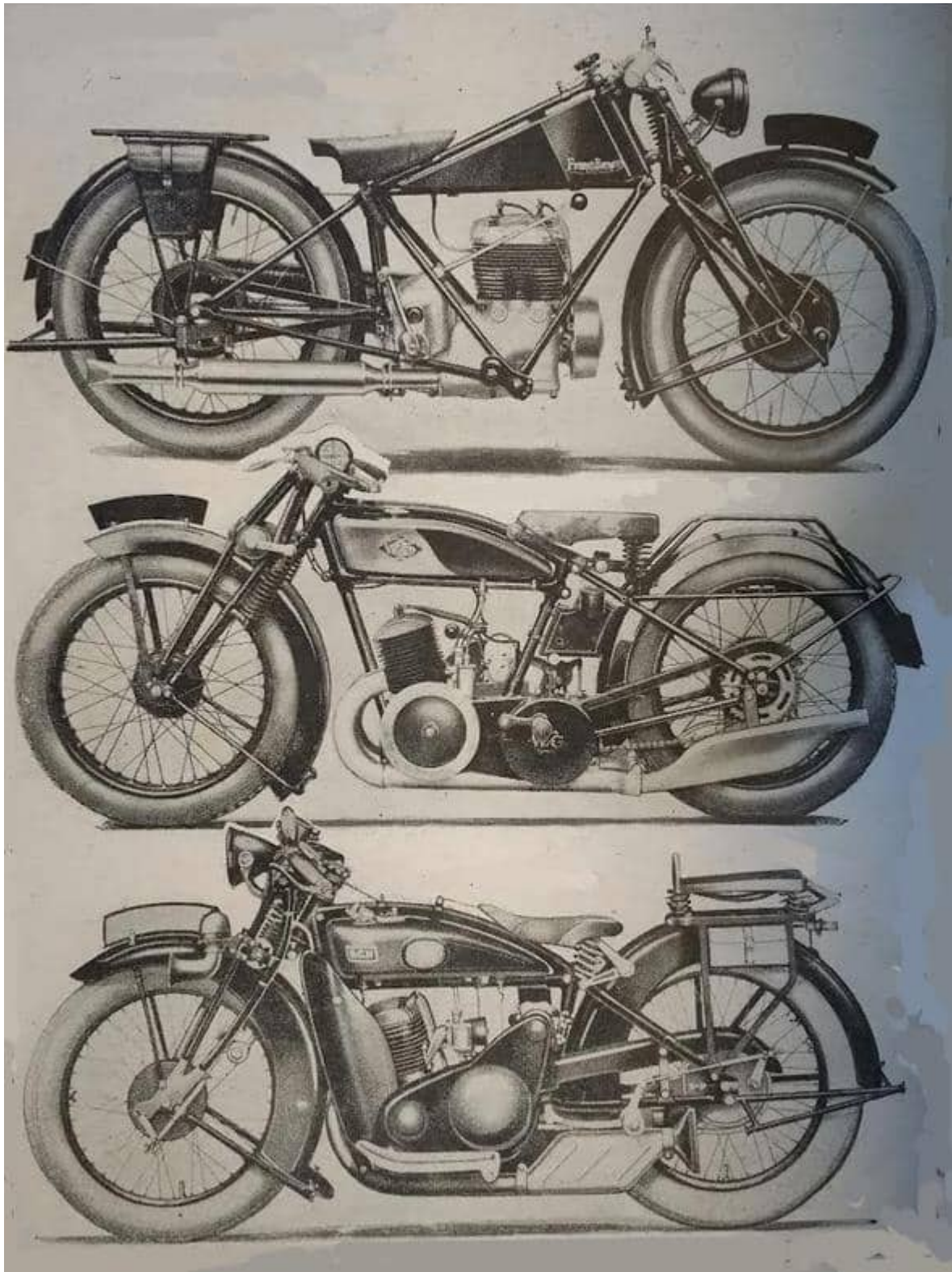


Rd, W2, consists of two cast aluminium barrels set at right angles to each other. One barrel contains an acetylene burner, while the other is fitted up with an SBC lamp holder. Either can be used independently, and both show light through a red bull's-eye to the rear and through a slot which illuminates the rear number plate. The price of the lamp is 2s 11d."

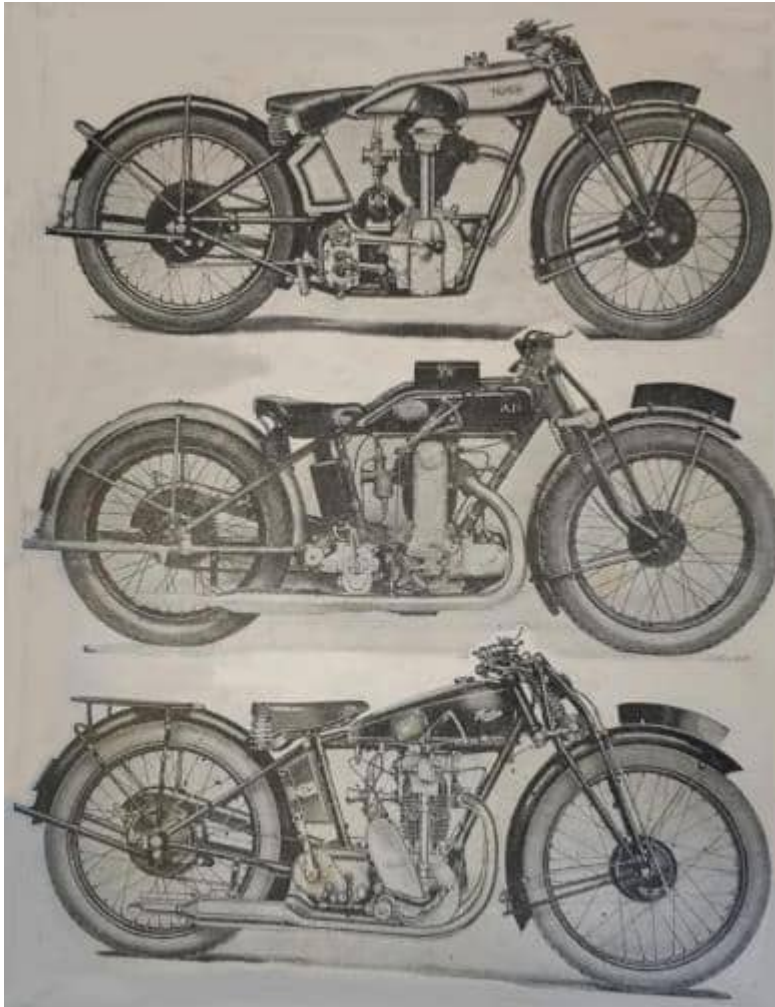
"AT OLYMPIA THIS YEAR motor cycles produced in Belgium, America and Germany are exhibited alongside the British models...Machines representing Italy, France, Sweden, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and Spain would be welcomed." Ixion added: "Hundreds of other British industries survey with a puzzled wonder the unexampled success of this particular industry, which practically alone among the trades of this country need at the moment fear no foreign competitor, and in spite of all our post-war troubles is at once financially prosperous and technically supreme...progress at the moment takes the form of perfecting detail, and extracting from given designs and materials a little higher roadworthiness than was possible a year ago. The natural result of the unparalleled success of this great industry has been to evoke in all classes of Briton an interest and an enthusiasm which are still almost absent in other countries...A similar zest is coming to the birth in Germany, and in Holland, and in Italy. In France and Switzerland and Czecho-Slovakia the enthusiasm is much weaker and far more limited in area. In America it hardly exists. But throughout the British Empire it is alive and vigorous and intense."



Royal Enfield 228cc side-valve. BSA 174cc two-stroke [Yes, it's a unit construction 175 twostroke Beeza, exactly 30 years before the BSA 172cc Bantam]. James-Villiers sports 172cc two-stroke.



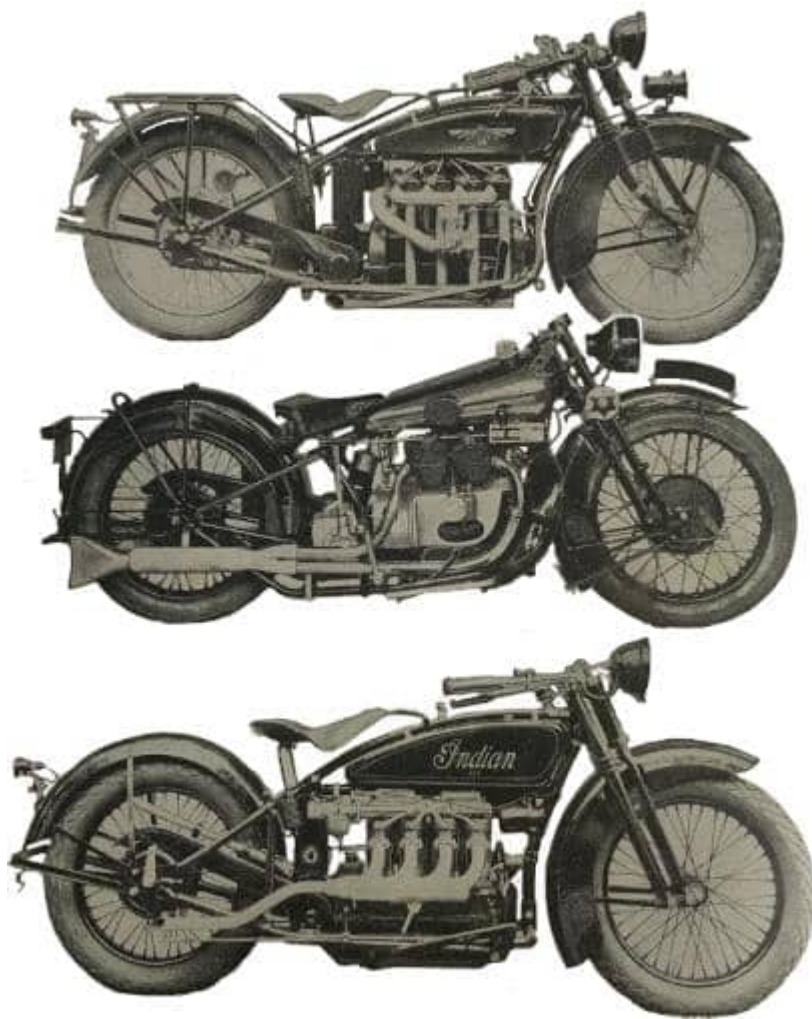
R: Francis-Barnet 344cc two-stroke twin. W&G 490cc two-stroke twin. DGW 497cc twin.



Norton 490cc ohc. AJS 498cc

ohc. Humber 349cc ohc.

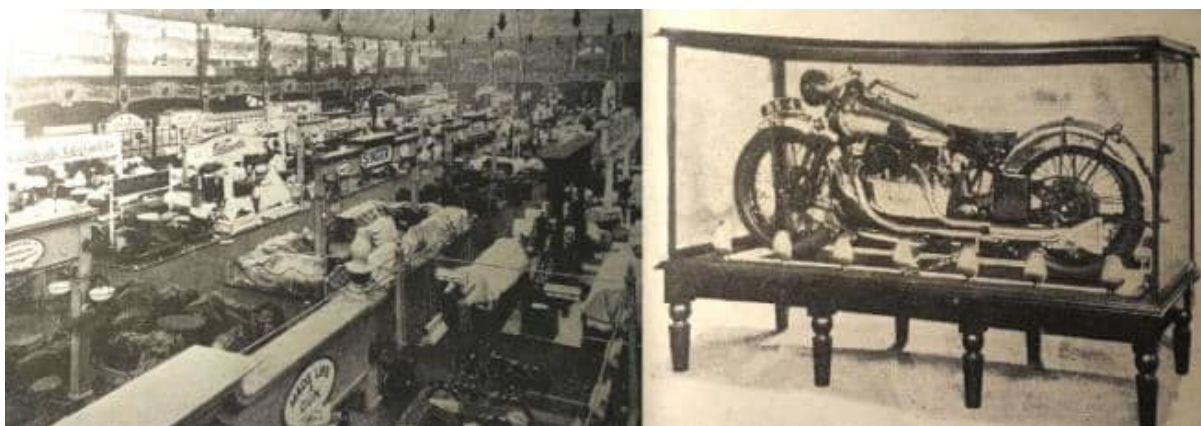




Henderson 1,301cc in-line

four. Brough Superior 994cc V4. Indian-Ace 1,265cc in-line four.

“A NEWCOMER MAKING ITS FIRST appearance at Olympia, the 248cc side-valve **AJS** is a perfect miniature of the 348cc model...all the latest modifications in AJS practice, such as the bolted-on cylinder head and oiltight tappet guides are incorporated...Three entirely new **AJWs** are shown. Two of these are identical except for the power unit, and represent the last word in luxury in a sporting big twin. The model...is fitted with a new two-port twin-cylinder Summit (Vulpine) engine; the other houses the 980cc ohv JAP power unit...A left toe pedal applies both brakes. An inverted lever on the right-hand bar also applies both while a lever on the left-hand bar operates the front brake only...a Best & Lloyd hand pump mounted on the tank top is fitted with a two-way tap, having one lead to the chains and the other to the overhead rocker boxes...The third newcomer to this range of resplendent blue and silver-tanked machines...is fitted with a single-port Summit engine (a JAP is offered as an alternative)...Although the new four-cylinder Vee type **Brough Superior**, with its four-speed gearbox, cast-in induction, speedometer and revolution indicator, is the most imposing exhibit at



“All ready for the Motor Cyclists’ great week: Olympia on Monday morning. (Right) George Brough knew a thing or two about marketing; he regularly appeared at shows with bikes designed to hog the limelight. His 1927 offering was a 994cc 60° sidevalve V4 featuring coil ignition, a car-type clutch and gearbox with integral final sprocket driving a conventional chain drive to the rear wheel. It was displayed in a glass case guarded by a copper. Another one-off BruffSup was built to order with a 500cc racing JAP engine in place of its 680cc twin—according to the Brough Superior Owners Club this one survives, having been left for 40 years in a hedge at the side of the road following a fatal crash.

Olympia, its present price of £250 (it is an Olympia rule that all machines exhibited must be available) puts it beyond the reach of most motor cyclists...An entirely new Brough Superior model with a 750cc side-by-side valve engine is shown. Though primarily designed for overseas use, it is also an attempt to provide Brough Superior quality at a moderate price...One of the outstanding features of the show is the addition of a small two-stroke machine to the long **BSA** range. The new model has a unit-construction engine and two-speed gearbox with clutch and kick-starter...Both brakes are contained in a single drum attached to the rear wheel...but for an extra charge of £1 1s a separate brake can be fitted to the front wheel...Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the neatly constructed 498cc **Calthorpe** is the extraordinary accessibility of the valve gear and cylinder head...the cylinder head can be detached without removing the camshaft gear. An ingenious method of dry sump lubrication is employed by means of which oil is circulated to every part of the engine, including the gam gear, whence it returns to the oil base and is pumped back to the tank through a sight feed on the filler cap...There is no ohc **Chater-Lea** in the strict sense of the term; instead face cams operated on the vertical shaft operate the valves through rocker gear...An ingeniously fitted magneto cut-out prevents the engine being started until the oil tap is open, so that if the oil is turned off at the conclusion of a trip there is no possibility of a seizure caused by



L-R: Following a short break Abingdon re-entered the market with a tidy 174cc ohv single. The only non-Douglas flat twins on the market came courtesy of Coventry Victor. This ‘3½hp’ 499cc ohv, now in its second year, was uprated with wider tyres and a bigger back brake. Optional

extras included a belt-driven dynamo—and a Berk supercharger. Or you could opt for the 688cc sidevalve 'Super Six' with a top speed of 80mph.

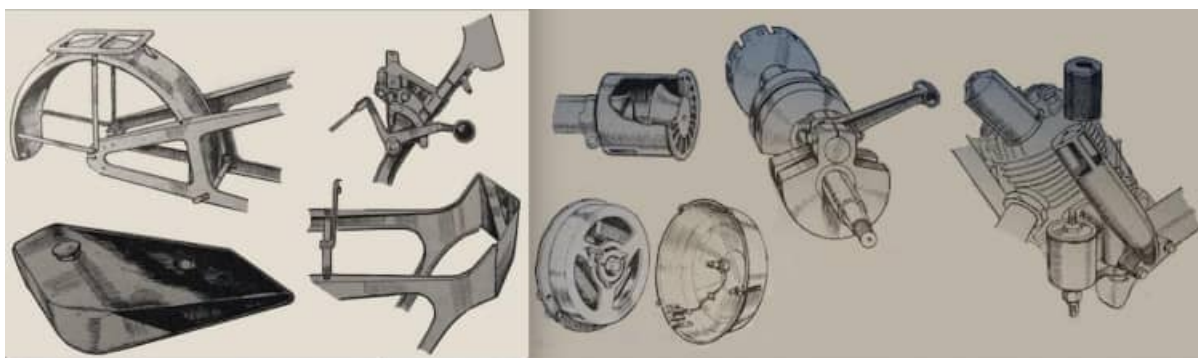
the forgetfulness of the rider...The new **Coventry Eagle** lightweight has a pressed-steel frame of remarkably sound construction. Two pressed halves are welded at the head and braced by the engine and gearbox bolts. The construction is light and rigid, and lends itself to economical production methods without the loss of constructional soundness...An example of the new frame is of stainless steel but there is an extra cost of £30...if this material is specified...An example of duralumin construction is also shown...Complete redesign has taken place throughout the range of **Excelsior** models, and in every case now the frame is of the double loop type, with straight sloping top tube and saddle tank...An **FN** introduced to British riders for the first time is the 348cc sidevalve model. Probably the chief point of interest on this machine is the balloon tyres; the makers of the FN were the first to adopt them for motor cycle use. The three-speed gear is constructed in unit form with the engine...although hitherto unknown in England it is by no means a new



L-R: The 1928 344 ohv New Henley was transformed with a new frame and a saddle tank; all Henleys were JAP-powered, ranging from 300-750cc. The 490cc twin-port HRD could be fitted with the long-stroke TT engine.

model, for it achieved fame by a very successful crossing of the Sahara desert some time ago...After a year of experimental work the twin-cylinder **Francis-Barnett** has reached the production stage...the jockey pulley adjustment for the rear chain has given place to an engine which is moveable longitudinally in the frame...A new link-type fork and internal-expanding brakes in both wheels form the main changes since last year...As last year, when they were shown for the first time, great interest is being taken in the **Gillet** machines. The ohv model of 489cc is noteworthy in that it has pushrods on the nearside...the highly successful 350cc twostroke stands out as being one of the only two machines with belt drive in the whole Exhibition...a world tour in remarkably short time has been accomplished on machines of this type...Clubmen who seek a genuine TT design need travel no further than the pedestal on which the **HRD** Super 90 model rests. It is the ideal of many lovers of speed who confine themselves to nothing bigger than the 'Senior' class of





L-R: "Coventry Eagle lightweight rear forks and mudguard, welded tank and steering head; and forward fixing for the gate on the 490cc model. The Villiers air cleaner; magneto with lighting coils and arrangement for charging battery; components of the twin Villiers engine, showing the built-up crankshaft; the Dunelt air-intake silencer."

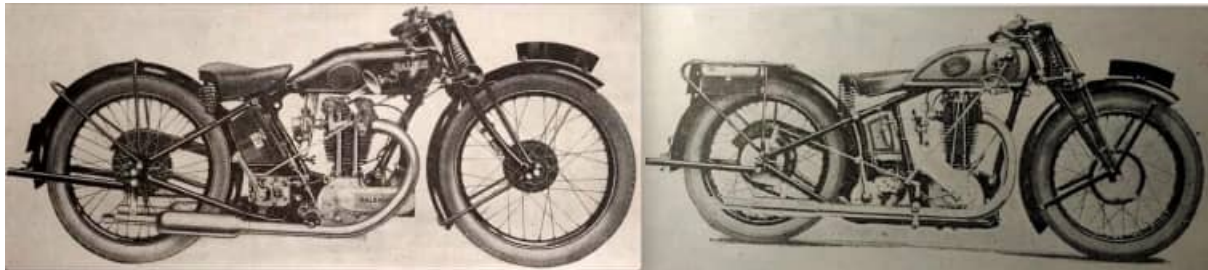
500cc. The sturdy duplex frame, powerful brakes (with cooling flanges on the rear drum) and general layout speak of TT experience...Racing knee grips are fitted to the black saddle tank, and there is no carrier; one pair of mudguard stays are extended to form a lifting handle. Route card holders fitted on the tank tops are another notable HRD feature...A specially attractive sidecar suitable for use on the 490cc or 596cc models is the 'Launch' sports model, which has a boat shaped fabric-covered body having a flat boat deck 'forrard' with a cowl ventilator in the centre thereof and a small flag mast astern...If for no other reason the **Henderson** is a novel exhibit in that it is the only motor cycle in the show to which a reverse gear can be fitted. The prominent features of the Henderson are retained: the single-coil enclose fork spring; the long, swept-back bars; the toolbox mounted on the tank top; the extraordinarily comfortable bucket sat; the exhaust-warmed intake system; and the characteristically American method of mounting the rear lamp above the number-



The frame of the 700cc NUT twin had been shortened and lowered; "the interchangeable wheels are a commendable feature which few makers provide". The range included a 750cc version and a 172cc twostroke. (Right) OEC's new duplex- steering frame was shown with a 680cc JAP engine, with a 346cc twin-port option.

plate...Interesting as are all the **Indian** models, the visitor to the stand is irresistibly attracted to the distinctive four-cylinder machine styled the 'Indian Ace'; its basis is the old Ace machine, but since that firm was taken over by the Indian company many improvements have been made. Not the least important of these changes is in the appearance, and, finished in the well-known Indian red, the machine is indeed handsome. Viewed from the British sporting rider's standpoint the riding position is unusual, but there can be little doubt that it is comfortable...Still something of a novelty in America, the 348cc 'Prince' appears a conventional lightweight to British eyes...The appearance of the 495cc twin-cylinder **James** has been entirely changed as the result of a new frame with a neat saddle tank...only the 172cc 'Standard Sports' and the 172cc 'de luxe

Super-Sports' are entirely new productions. The engines are of Villiers manufacture...Two new and exceedingly attractive models, both two-stroke machines of 247cc, have been introduced by the **Levis** Company...the 'Levisette' costs only £29 15s, the specification throughout is particularly good...Six **LGC**



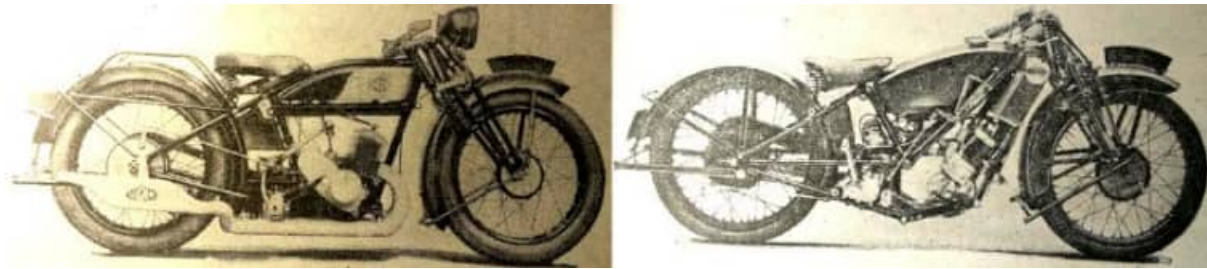
The Raleigh range ranged from a 174cc sidevalve to this latest arrival, a 498cc twin-port ohv by way of 248, 348 and 498cc sidevalve singles. (Right) "WL Handley's experience on road a track is reflected not only in the Rex-Acme TT machines but in some of the touring models only." This model was debuting with a 498cc Blackburne engine.



Raleigh's new ohv 500 took centre stage on its show stand, but as this fine portrait shows, the workaday Model 21 sidevalve was also a handsome beast.

machines and three sidecars manufactured by the same firm are on show...The 300cc model has been entirely redesigned, and now has a smaller frame more suited to the engine than formerly...Sports, touring and commercial sidecars are exhibited; the commercial model has been specially designed for the 300cc machine in order to market an expensive and economical tradesmen's outfit...After their specialising mainly in sports and racing motor cycles the adoption of the miniature machines by the makers of **McEvoy** motor cycles is an indication of the trend of development now proceeding...The McEvoy employs the popular super-sports 172cc TT Villiers engine, carried in a very compact little frame, which gives a resultant height of only 23½in to the top of the Terry saddle...There is also a stripped racing model with the ohv twin JAP engine. This is a purely racing model without mudguards, front brake or kickstarter. A range of 3540cc and 500cc machines with JAP or Blackburne engines is also shown...In these days it

is unusual for a firm to introduce super-sports models with sidevalve engines, and for this reason alone the **New Hudson Le Vack-**



W&G ploughed a lonely furrow with its air-cooled 490cc twostroke parallel twin. (Right) “Developed largely in connection with the TT races, the Flying Squirrel shows the marked effect of road racing on the sign of a machine which combines high-speed capabilities with smooth and effortless performance under ordinary touring conditions.”

designed ‘Super-sports’ models are of particular interest. At first sight the 350cc engine appears to be of 600cc, so deep is the finning on the cylinder. A feature of these machines, which are of 346cc and 496cc, is the enclosing of the valve springs and tappet heads in oiltight aluminium covers...Great improvements have been effected to the **New Imperial** models. Saddle tanks are now standard on all except two models, the new 346cc sidevalve lightweight and the 680cc sidevalve JAP-engined machine...Loop frames have been standardised throughout the range. The 499cc ‘Semi-Sports’ is an entirely new model with a sidevalve engine and the new frame and tank...A choice of JAP, Blackburne, MAG, Villiers, Bradshaw, Atlanta and Vulpine power units is offered to purchasers of **OEC** motor cycles...The main principle of the duplex steering introduced by the firm at this year’s TT Races is that the weight of the machine is used as a righting or stabilising force. Two models are shown thus equipped: the 680cc twin and the 346cc two-port JAP-engined machine. A 750cc engine can be fitted in place of the 680cc without extra charge...The 300cc **OK-Supreme** embodies an entirely new

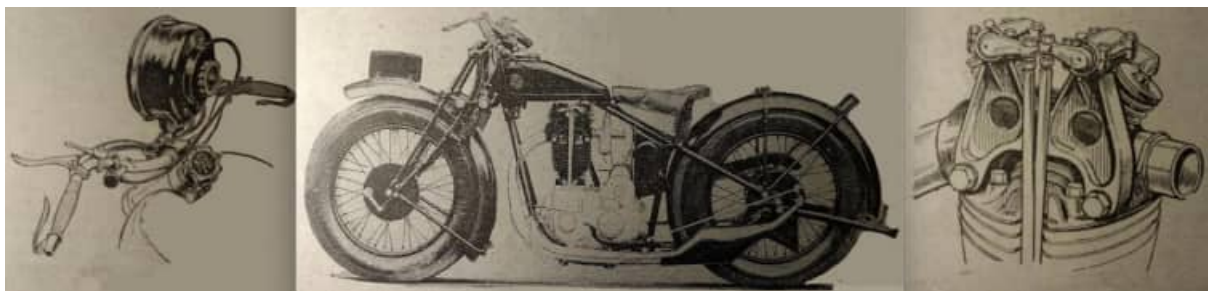


L-R: Royal Enfield had been making big twins for a long time to haul sidecars; now the Redditch boys decided to let their hair down with a 976cc four-speeder “definitely planned for sport and solo use with a short dropped frame, very low saddle position, saddle tank, redesigned exhaust system and improved front forks with steering damper.” As well as 172 and 343cc twostroke Villiers-powered solos, Royal Ruby offered a cyclecar powered by a 596cc JAP sidevalve lump. “A front axle is dispensed with by using two pairs of transverse front springs which function both as a suspension system and an axle.”

frame of considerable interest. There are only two brazed joints, these being at either end of the tank rail. From the lower part of the steering head duplex tubes extend to a point in front of the crankcase, where they are met by twin tubes running from the rear fork ends. Duplex tubes are also carried from below the saddle to the rear of the engine. Three points of suspension are provided for the latter; and the gearbox is inverted and attached to the chain stays and to a



special steel bracket. This design gives an exceptionally rigid construction, and the ends of the tubes, instead of being trapped, are thrust into sockets and secured by bolts in such a manner that there is no possibility of their moving...Upwards of 14 models are shown as the 1928 **Royal Enfield** range, and the latest of these, the 225cc fourstroke, is a worthy addition to a respected family. It is a distinctly pretty little machine, and the fact that it is made throughout in one factory will have special appeal to those who do not favour assembled machines. The saddle tank and the compact layout of the engine and gear units result in a very workmanlike appearance, and there is no lack of refinement in the detail accessories, such as steering damper, etc. Several examples of the two-stroke model are exhibited, including an entirely new one with two-port detachable aluminium aluminium head engine and three-speed gear, and there is a ladies; open-frame machine which has a two-speed gear. All the 225cc models come within the 200lb weight limit for taxation purposes...For the ordinary tourist and for the rider who competes in reliability trials the 596cc **Scott** Super Squirrel makes a special appeal. It is lighter than the Super Squirrel, and, although not so fast, its slow pulling capabilities and ease of handling on 'rough stuff' make it particularly fitted for such arduous duties. The new gate change gear control mounted on the front downtube of the frame adds the final touch that was required in this direction on this always delightful machine. The same machine can be fitted with a 498cc machine. Although the day of the two-speed gear is continued to be past by most people, yet the remarkably good slow pulling and smooth torque of the Scott engine still hold many adherents to the original type of model with the foot-controlled selective clutch two-speed



FN launched a 348cc sidevalve at the show but this unit-construction ohv 500 stole the limelight, not least for its 'balloon tyres' which were said to "above the average road-holding". The Bosch headlight featured "handlebar-controlled dimming switch".

transmission. These machines are light and silent on either gear and have a fascinating performance of a kind peculiar to themselves...That a two-stroke **Velocette** is to be marketed again will be a source of gratification to many. The model shown includes all the outstanding features of earlier types, and sells at a very modest price. The two-port engine has an overhung crank with a roller big-end bearing, and it is lubricated by oil from a sump contained in the crankcase casting, crankcase depression being employed to ensure the supply...When the 490cc twin-cylinder two-stroke **W&G** was first described in *The Motor Cycle* some months ago great interest was aroused, as it represented a distinct departure from the usual practice of British motor cycle manufacture. Since that time the machine has been extensively tested, and although the general design is unaltered, the machine has undergone a complete revision...The outstanding feature of the W&G is its extreme simplicity. It was the aim of the designer to concentrate the weight in a block low down in the frame, and to do this he has placed the engine sloping forward...The design of the new 172cc **Zenith** is perfectly straightforward, but the specification and the excellent appearance make the machine of outstanding interest. The engine is the 172cc super-sports Villiers and is lubricated on the Villiers automated system...The

frame is of the low diamond pattern and provides a low, comfortable riding position. A saddle tank costs an extra 25s...Undoubtedly one of the novelties of the Show is the **Whitley** stabilised trailer. By means of a simple but ingenious turntable, which can be fixed to any make of motor cycle, the trailer can be attached in such a manner that the machine is free to turn or lean in any direction and yet is held vertically so that it cannot fall.



L-R from top: "Folding hood on the Watsonian 'Sunshine Saloon'. The Rudge-Whitworth model with adjustable bucket seat. AJS canoe sidecar with oak decks. Montgomery Sports 'Torpedo'. A Millford on a Rex-Acme machine. The Matchless, which has detachable upholstery. The latest Triumph sidecar. The new Douglas sidecar with coil-spring suspension."

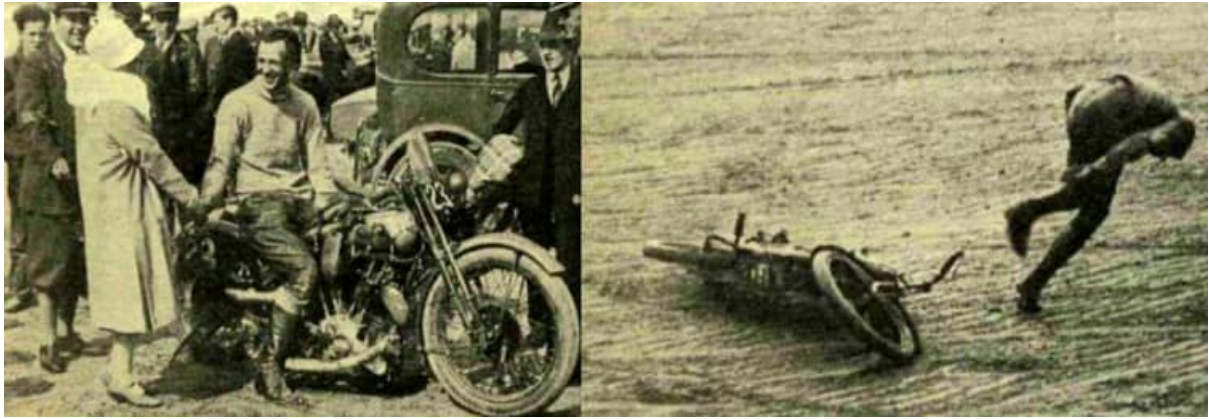


“WHILE AT OLYMPIA, SEE: Fabric-covered Royal Ruby tanks...’all-gold’ fabric sidecar on the Milford stand’...cellulosed fabric sidecars with the appearance of mottled aluminium...zoological exhibits—a horse, panther, flying squirrel, and an eagle...stove-enamelled tanks on the Matchless and Rudge-Whitworth stands...AJW hand-pump lubrication of chains and rockers...illuminated photographs of events of the year on *The Motor Cycle* stand—the circulation chart and its record of over 200,000 copies for its first show number—and *The Motor Cycle Book for Boys*...small schoolboys gazing longingly at big Brough Superiors...the ‘launch’ sidecars attached to AJS, HRD and Brough Superior machines...NUT black and white tank inspired by the ‘colours’ of Newcastle United...blue-and-black Triumphs, black and white Matchlesses and bright yellow Bakers...what a peculiar animal the (stuffed) Flying Squirrel really is...Duralumin and stainless-steel frames on the Coventry-Eagle stand...the Belgian ohv Gillet with the pushrods on the left...Watsonian detachable sidecar going through a side entrance typical of a suburban ‘desirable residence’...photographs of the world tour sidecar outfits on the walls of the BSA offices...the stripped racing ohv big-twin McEvoy—a genuine racing model...the ‘arm of the Robot’ demonstrating things in connection with Duckham’s Adcol oil—most uncanny!”



The BSA stand at Olympia featured photos of the firm’s promotional world tour which proved the durability of the BSA G14. This example’s certainly looking good for its age.

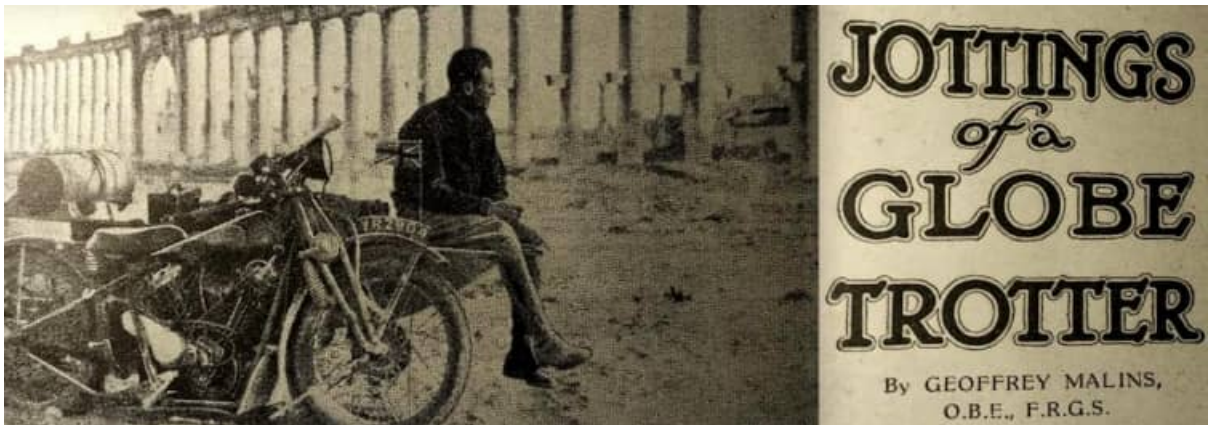




“JO Cunliffe, a successful amateur rider, after a Southport win.” (Right) This rider did not finish the course. Staged by the Southport Club, this sand race was described by the Blue ‘Un as “the most important of beach events”. [*Beach racing at Southport was revived in the 1980s and 1990s.*]



The oldest road racing circuit in Germany is the Schleizer Dreieck to the south of Schliez, in the wonderfully named Free State of Thuringia. Motor cycles first raced there three years before these lads had a go, bikes still race there today.



“The ruins of Palmyra—Near the entrance to Queen Zenobia’s palace.”

THE OEC-TEMPLE WORLD TOUR (which got under way in 1926) had reached the Middle East: "Palmyra was 168 miles away, and we wanted to make the town before dark...unfortunately the road was badly rutted and numerous pot-holes were dotted about the surface practically the whole of the way. The roads in some of the villages which we passed were very narrow, and at times we had real difficulty in scraping through. I am sure it was the first time that the natives in this part of the world had ever seen a motor cycle and sidecar...When we arrived at Palmyra there were only about a dozen Arabs and their families clustered together in camp near the entrance to Queen Zenobia's Palace. Goats and sheep were wandering about between the magnificent pillars forming the main colonnade; here and there a jackal ran under the cover of some fallen masonry; blocks of marble littered the sandy track leading into this desert city of the dead. I walked out towards the ruins of a building which was originally the Temple of the Sun, and mentally tried to reconstruct some of the massive buildings which in bygone days sheltered a queen and her Arab warriors, who ruled the entire country and for years held at bay the Roman legions which were sent to destroy them...in the year AD260 a wonder city rose from the hot sands by the brains of the few and the hands of the many—a magic city which for sheer glory of workmanship and real beauty of conception is not equalled in the present day...there was a moon, and I could not shake off the magic and fascination of dead Palmyra...Impressive before, the majesty and drama of the ruins were now almost beyond description. Silver light drenched the towering pillars and columns, accentuating their height until I felt dwarfed—a pigmy from another world...At three o'clock we halted for lunch, and it was then that we saw the first



human beings since we had started that morning. Miles away in the distance on our left I saw three figures on horseback galloping towards us...it was nearly three-quarters of an hour before the horsemen came up to us. They were Bedouins, well-armed, and not knowing whether they were friendly or otherwise, I took the precaution of unobtrusively loosening my revolver...I went up to one of them and offered him a cigarette. He took it—that was enough: we were friends. At close quarters they were ugly-looking customers and even though they had accepted our gifts we did not feel at all inclined to linger in their company. Gradually we backed away to Pip and Squeak, and while Charles packed up I engaged our friends, who still appeared quite friendly, in conversation. Then Charles signed that all was ready, and I warned the Bedouins to move away, as I knew that as soon as we started the open exhausts would probably cause the horses to bolt. However, they took no notice, and so we kicked off. If they had had any intention of giving us a sly shot, Pip and Squeak quickly changed their minds, as for the next few minutes, until we were well away, they had to hang on to their horses for dear life, finally disappearing westwards in a cloud of dust...To us Pip and Squeak are not merely machines, they really have souls! We have asked them time and again to do incredible things, things which under normal conditions

they would never be expected to attempt—and they have responded with a gameness which is a perpetual joy.”

“THE AUSTRALIANS,” IXION REMARKED, “simply cannot understand why sportsmen in Great Britain remain unmoved by dirt-track racing, which enjoys over there a furore far greater than greyhound racing has excited in these islands...At the moment Billy Lamont seems to be acknowledged as the champion at the game. He literally never shuts his throttle after he once gets it open. Fancy this on a 348cc AJS, which is no creeper, and that on an unbanked track of 440 yards a lap. I have seen some amazing photographs of his ‘broadsideing’. In one unfaked print...his back wheel is pointing at right angles to the outside fence, and his front wheel towards the track centre. The rider and machine are leaning away from the skid at an angle of about 60°. The whole outfit is sliding bodily sideways at about 45mph...He is skidding to his right, and his left foot is dug into the loose dirt of the track, his boot being steel-soled for the purpose. He does four laps in one long skid lasting about 1min 20sec, and it beats me to guess how he steers under such conditions.”



Billy Lamont impressed the hell out of Ixion, who didn't impress easily.

“A NEW SECTION of the National Safety First Association has been formed under the title The Road Fellowship League and has as its object the promotion of a spirit of good fellowship and give-and-take on the road. The League will, therefore, give effect to the appeal of the Duke of York, who said: ‘Cultivate a spirit of good fellowship on the road. We want more goodwill among the different types of road users, more attention to setting a good example and appreciating courtesies received, than to abusing the failings of the few...Keep the true unselfish meaning of Safety First (safety of others first) before you, and live up to the good old British motto of “Play up and play the game”.’”

INDIAN DECIDED TO stop producing new models every year; instead the Springfield factory announced: “Changes and improvements will be issued as the occasion demands and circumstances permit.”

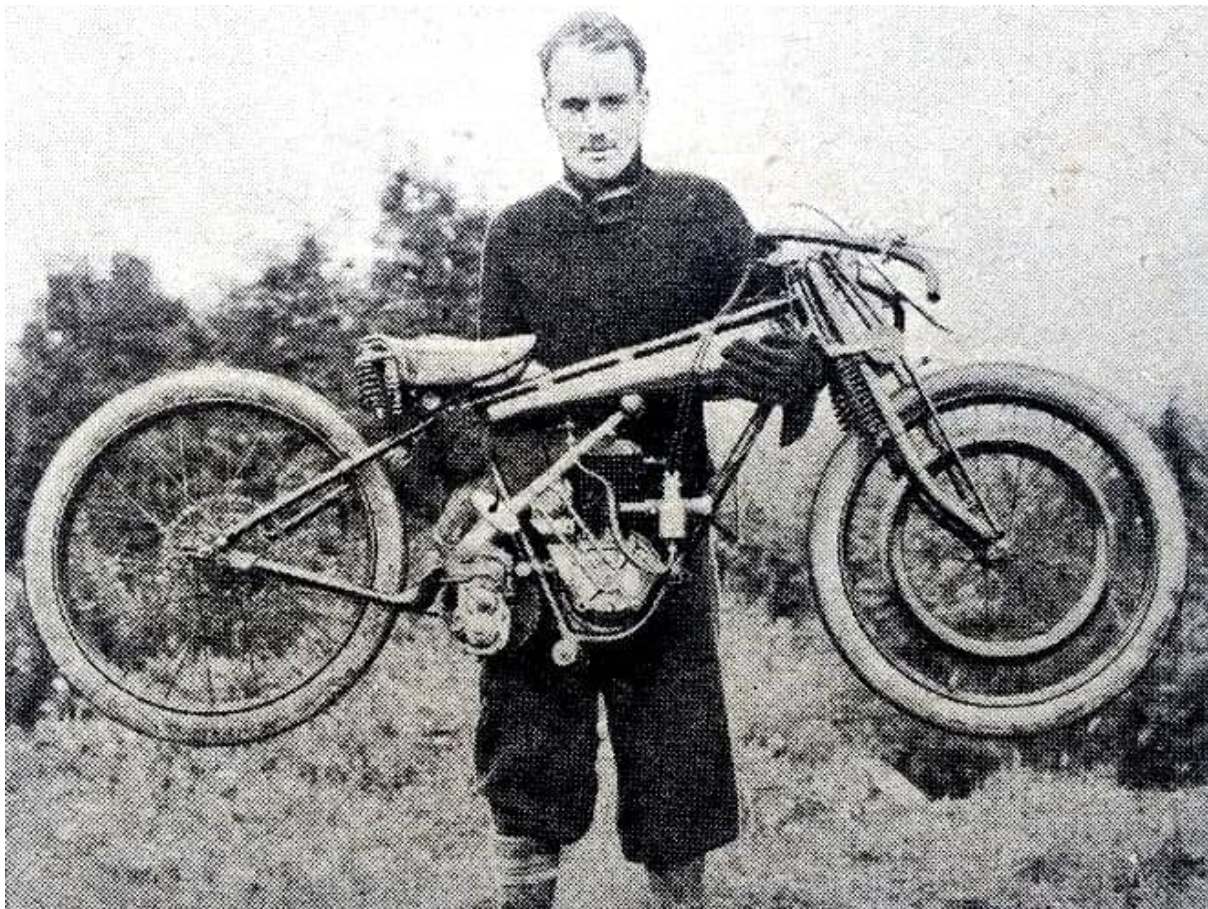


“THERE ARE NOW FOUR 4-cylinder motor cycles in America: The Indian-Ace, Henderson, and Cleveland of 750 and 1,000cc.”

“ANOTHER TIRADE AGAINST one-armed motor cyclists was raised last week when one of these riders appeared as a witness in a police court.”

“Sir,—I enclose a photograph which I thought might amuse some of your readers, as I think it must be the lightest machine which has ever got a record at Brooklands. It is the 98cc Omega on which I recently broke 13 records in Class 3. Total weight with petrol and oil has now been cut down to 130lb. A fact which comes under the heading of cruelty is that I am 6ft high and weigh 11 stone.

**JJ Hall“**



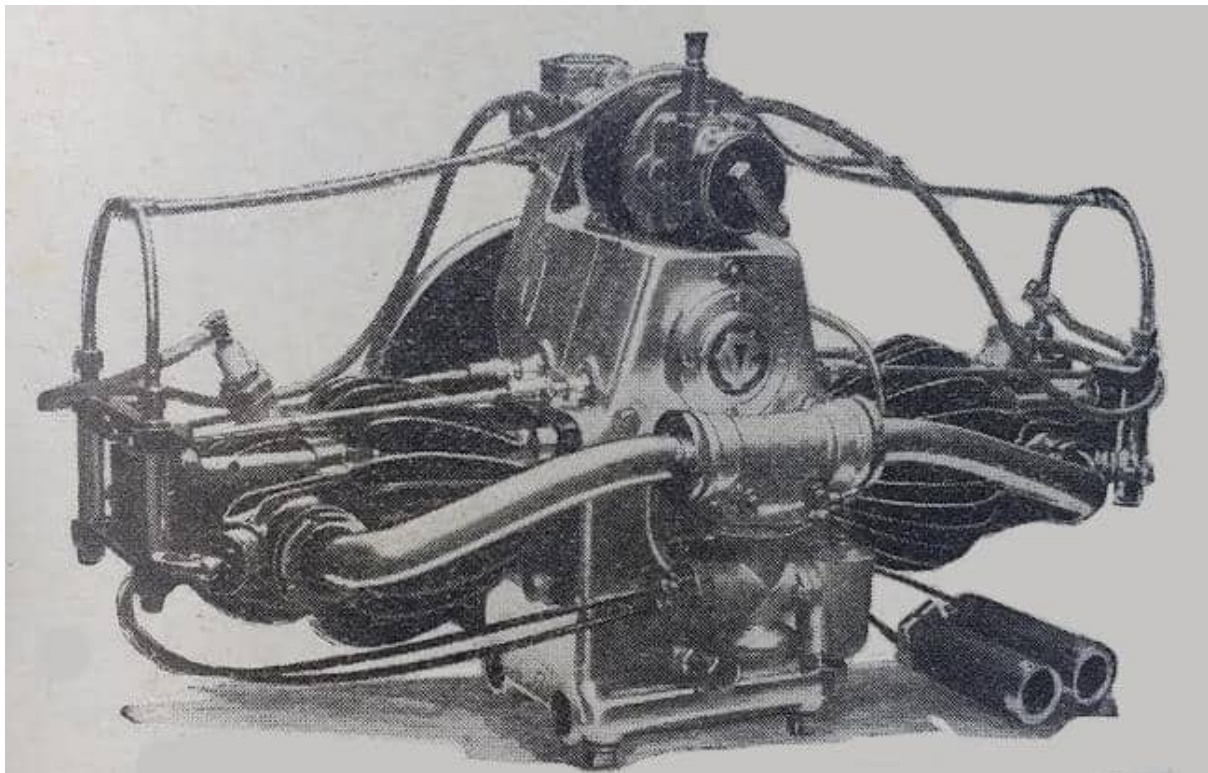
“One hundred and thirty pounds!—JJ Hall and his record-breaking Omega.”

“DURING THE PAST YEAR there has been a marked tendency for motor cyclists to consider silence a greater attribute than what is popularly known as a ‘healthy exhaust note’. In certain trade circles it is still thought that riders prefer a noisy motor cycle. While this impression exists, the silencer problem will be attacked only half-heartedly. There is a certain amount of truth in this contention, but manufacturers should give consideration to its reason before accepting it as an irredeemable trait. Until recently the average motor cycle was mechanically noisy; any effort to reduce the report of the exhaust gas was counteracted by the apparent accentuation of the mechanical noise. It was only natural that enthusiasts preferred a noise which suggested power to one which conveyed the impression that the machine was mechanically imperfect. In some cases manufacturers have refrained from silencing the exhaust of their productions in order to cloak their mechanical imperfections. Now that great improvements have been made

to valve gear, designers have less to fear from a more silent exhaust, and should renew their investigations to bring about a general improvement...a revival of the multi-cylinder type would bring about a general advancement both in smooth running qualities and the silencing of exhaust and of mechanical parts.”

THE IPSWICH & DMCC staged an open speed trial on a 1,000-metre stretch of the newly finished concrete sea wall at Lowestoft

“AT BROOKLANDS ONE OF THE two AJS motor cycles which went through the Shell-Mex Trial covered 500 miles in 9hr 14min 50sec, which represents a speed of 54.07mph. It was a 348cc ohv model and was ridden alternately by LH Davenport and A Simcock. Four laps were covered all out, the speed being 68.69mph.” The Ajay also achieved a top speed of 75mph.



“A Royal engine—the 500cc flat twin Coventry Victor unit, which has been supplied to HM the King of the Belgians.”

POLICE AUTHORITIES IN Wellington, New Zealand decided to spoil their speed cops with a Brough Superior SS100 Alpine Grand Sports; it joined a fleet of lesser American machines.

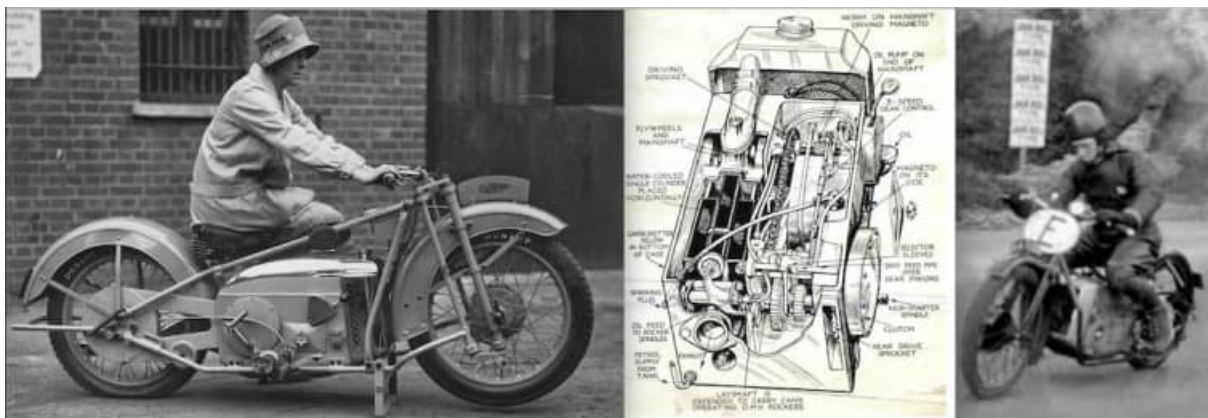
THERE WERE AN estimated 1,500 motor cycles on the roads of Brazil (up a couple of hundred on the previous year), representing less than 2% of Brazil's total vehicle parc. ”

“TWO-HUNDRED RIDERS attended the AJS Rally, organised by Ossie Wade, at Moel Faman, where, among her attractions, a hill-climb with two primitive single-gear belt driven machines was staged.”

“THE MOTOR CYCLE TAXI CABS introduced into Berlin two years ago have been withdrawn because they did not pay. It is suggested that the inefficiency of the machines used contributed to their early demise.”



THE TINKLER BROTHERS OF LIVERPOOL came up with a 'power egg' comprising a 500cc water-cooled engine complete with radiator, fuel tank and three-speed gearbox installed within a metal case for fitting into a motorcycle rolling chassis. A fuel tank was bolted to the top and, thanks to a deal with OEC, the whole assembly was dropped into an a duplex cradle frame with hub centre steering. "Special features of the design," *The Motor Cycle* noted, "are that every moving part of the entire unit is enclosed and lubricated, and perhaps most striking of all is that the layshaft of the three-speed gear forms the camshaft for the overhead-valve mechanism." The Tinkler Special was entered for the Senior TT but teething troubles kept it out of the race..."almost immediately afterwards the machine was put in the hands of a representative of *The Motor Cycle*". That worthy felt it was "a most creditable attempt to produce 'the motor cycle of the future', ie, an all-enclosed machine which would require a minimum of adjustment and cleaning to keep in good order...important developments are taking place with regard to its finance and manufacture on a scale greater than was originally conceived." Alas, it wasn't to be.



L-R: The fully enclosed chain and deeply valenced mudguards combined with the 'driveline-in-a-box' to make the Tinkler a serious contender as the 'everyman' motor cycle.

"THE FOG SEASON IS HERE. An ordinary headlamp is practically useless in a fog, but if a piece of yellow material capable of being slipped over the glass of the lamp is carried, night driving in foggy weather is made much easier."

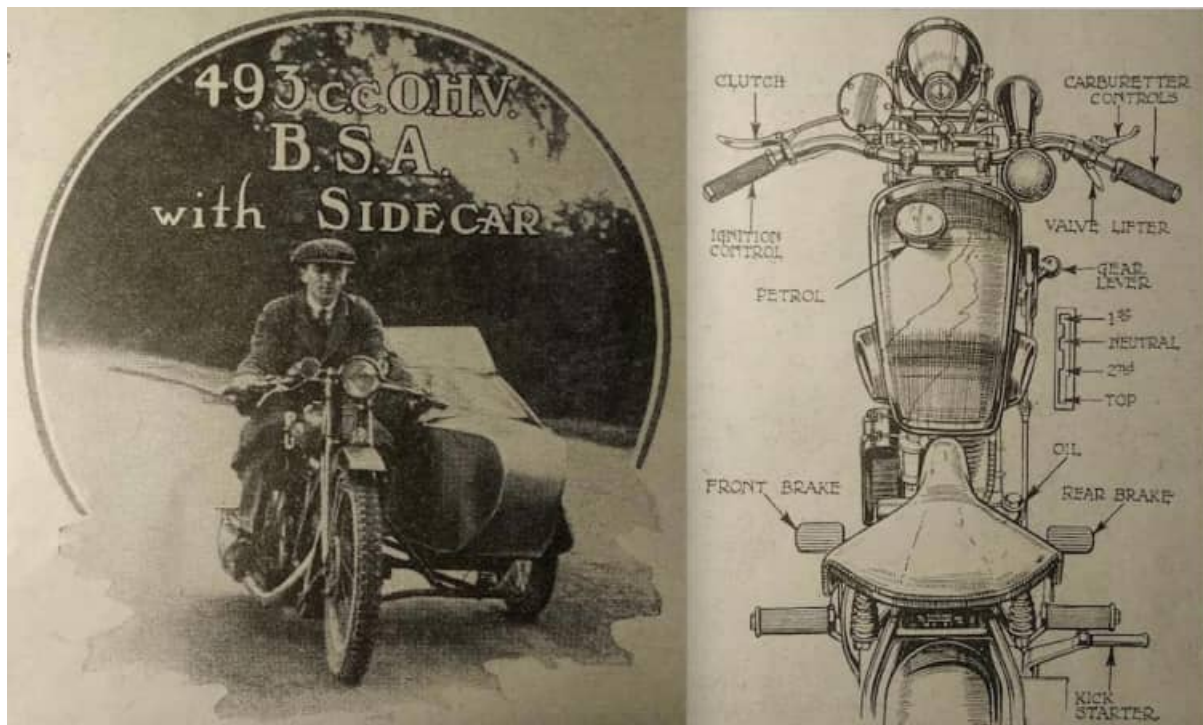
"WONDERS OF THE GPO:

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England.

A letter addressed as above safely reached its destination (the JAP factory at Tottenham). The postal sorter was clearly a motor cyclist." [*This one made me smile; about half a century later a letter from Czechoslovakia, as it was then, reached me with the address 'Dave Richmond, Motorcycle, England'. We had readers everywhere—Ed*]

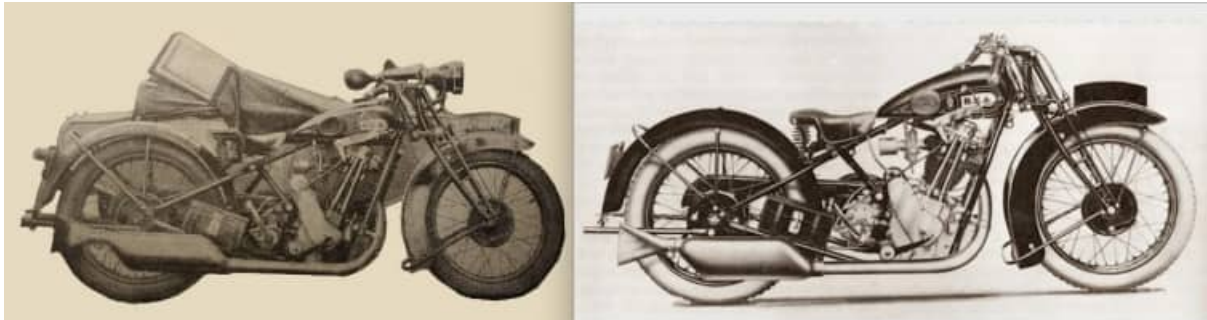
"THE FIRST TWO AA roadside telephone boxes have just been erected. One is at Shankhill, Co Dublin, and the other is at Carryduff, Co Down."





BSA OFFERED THE 493CC OHV 'SLOPER' (though unlike the Panther, it retained a downtube). The Blue 'Un tried one with a sidecar: The introduction of the 493cc ohv BSA was marked by the keenest interest of the whole motor cycling public...the machines represents a complete break away from previous types for which the firm had become famous...From the engineering standpoint it leaves little to be desired; those parts which are subject to severe stresses are generously proportioned, and the whole is assembled with that degree of accuracy which ensures the maximum of efficiency; and the finish is up to the same high standard of excellence...The maker's catalogue holds out a promise of high speed and given proper tuning, and with the high-compression piston in use, this promise should be fulfilled...Its docility, its inoffensiveness and freedom from aggressiveness. its response to throttle, brake, and helm, all combine to place it in the very forefront of modern two-wheelers...At the moderate speeds rendered necessary for town riding the soft, deep note from the tailpipe is the acme of unobtrusiveness...As regards petrol consumption the figure obtained was 72mpg with a loaded sidecar...with a full tank the machine has a travelling range of 152 miles...Oil consumption is particularly light, equivalent to 1,640mpg...oil leakage was so slight as to be negligible, a point which counts for much with the man who takes a pride in the smartness of his mount...the regulator of the supply may be operated while on the move without burning the fingers on the exhaust pipe or cylinder. No alteration was made to saddle or footrests, as it was felt that a more comfortable riding position would be difficult to find. Steering was perfect and quite effortless to control...the forward position of the saddle renders the reach to the handle-bars an easy one, and relieves the shoulders and wrists of undue strain...Both twist-grip controls [for throttle and ignition advance] turned easily on the bar and required no conscious effort to retain them in place...the clutch lever could be manipulated with just that precision which ensured a smooth start, free from snatch or jerk...the transmission was a revelation of silkiness. On hills the engine showed pulling powers which were good, though not phenomenal...Each wheel is fitted with a 7in brake, and the only criticism that can be levelled at these is in regard to their method of operation. Left and right toe pedals operate front and rear brake respectively, and the need was felt for a hand control when re-starting on a steep hill...otherwise the brake

performance was excellent...Maximum speed was not high as speeds go nowadays, being approximately 55mph; the comfortable cruising speed, however...allowed a high average speed to be maintained. There is comfort and roominess in the sidecar, and ample accommodation for personal effects in a large locker at the tail...On taking over the outfit it was found that the tools were in a parcel in the sidecar, and the engine spares—supplied with every machine—including a high-compression piston, spare plug, valve, valve springs, and engine sprocket reposed in the toolbag...It is undoubtedly a motor cycle outfit of outstanding merit.”



A higher compression piston, change of engine sprocket and dropped handlebars transformed Beeza's new ohv 500 sloper from a gentle sidecar hauler to an out-and-out sports bike.

“THE RECENT INTRODUCTION of road racing in London has been extraordinarily successful, and there is little doubt that the percentage of ‘sporting’ motor cyclists, in the accepted sense of the word, among the many thousands of spectators was relatively small. Many people who have but little interest in motor cycles, as motor cycles, figured among the spectators, for they had come to watch an afternoon’s sport; but it was particularly noticeable that a very large number of ‘touring’ riders were present. Apart from the excitement of the racing they were intensely interested in the technique of the riders; they watched exactly how competitors changed gear, how they took a corner, how they applied their brakes. For although the possibility of their competing never crossed their minds they had a large element of that sporting spirit which is so largely responsible for the unparalleled success of the British motor cycle industry. The continuance of this success and the continuance of competitions are very nearly one and the same thing. We urge motor cycle manufacturers not to forget this point, which is closely connected with their success in the future.”

“SIR,—AS AN ENTHUSIAST for whom the Isle of Man is impossible, and Brooklands does not fill the bill, I should like through you to express me thanks to Fred Mockford and the LMS for the fine afternoon’s sport staged by them at the Palace. On seeing the entries for the first meeting I jumped to the chance of seeing in action, in something approaching their element, men whom people like myself can only read of. I was highly delighted to see the lesser-known trade men and in some cases amateurs make better time than the ‘Manxmen’. I eagerly await the next meeting to see them endeavour to get their own back with a vengeance. Imagine my surprise when the entries came out—with one exception *they had not entered!* It is indeed regrettable that they all had important business engagements on the day of the race. I am sure everyone was pleased to see Gus Kuhn do so well after being right out of the picture at the first meeting. One would have liked to see other ‘fallen stars’ show the same spirit.

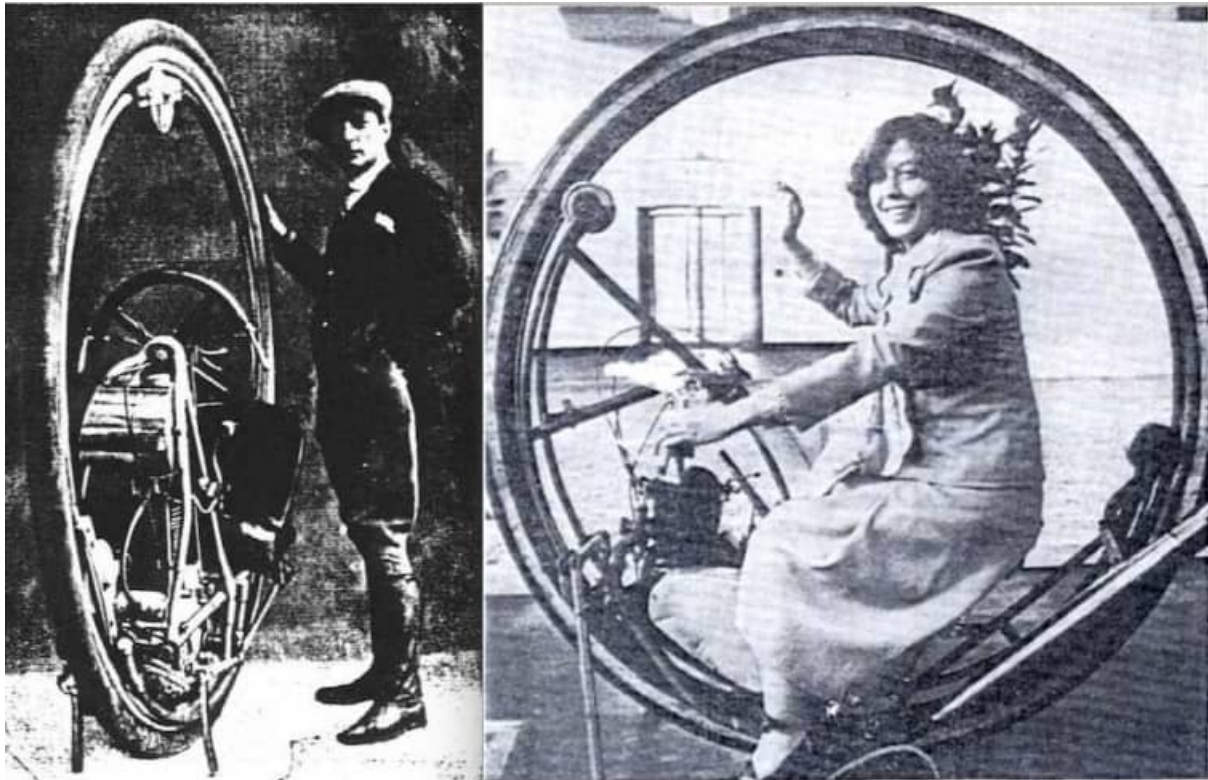
**OHC Emptybox**, Icklesham.



Crystal Palace brought motor cycle racing to the heart of South-East London. The mile-long circuit ran on existing paths through the park, including an infield loop past the lake. The surface had tarmac-covered bends, but the straights only had hard-packed gravel.

“SINCE SPEED TRIALS ARE banned as far as main roads are concerned the Midlands are very lucky in being able to use a private drive. Shackerstone Avenue, however, appears to get narrower and rougher as time goes on, and one feels sympathetic towards the newcomer, such as a competitor who drawlingly remarked that ‘he didn’t pay to take his motor down a six-inch plank’. Planks, luckily, are usually dead straight, and so is Shackerstone; all one has to do is to open the taps, hold on, and try not to go through the time-keeper’s box!...HR Attwood (493cc Sunbeam) skated for 200 yards with his back wheel locked and without a rear tyre, to the detriment of the course and his rim. It was difficult to tell what happened first, but both his tyre and chain came off, effectively locking his wheel and leaving his tube in ribbons on the road. Only a very fine exhibition of riding averted a rather unpleasant crash. C Waterhouse evidently did not take things very seriously, for he rode in an ordinary lounge suit, but his time was 22.2sec” (which equated to some 75mph).





The Motoruota monowheel, pictured in Rome with its designer, Davide Cislighi; the 1.45m wheel was powered by a 175cc twostroke with a three-speed gearbox. (Right) Pictured at a vintage show in Dusseldorf in the 1970s, this French-built 'Mono Cycle' had a claimed speed of an eminently sensible 6mph.



Patrolmen in Detroit had a fleet of more than 100 four-pot Hendersons, and not just for chasing hoodlums: "Their flexibility permits throttling to the speed of the slowest traffic for parade duty or in congested districts." Was the average British enthusiast lusting after a four-pot bike? Yes...and no...



Swedish engineer Nils Eiber designed a 250cc ohv lump and fitted it in a bolted-up frame comprising mostly straight tubes. This example was made under licence by another Swedish manufacturer, Nymans and marketed as the NV Eiber. Like so many small manufacturers, Eiber and Nymans were finished off by the 1929 Depression.

FOR MANY YEARS MOTOR cycle designers have been constantly altering and improving that most popular type of engine unit, the single cylinder four-stroke, so that the engine of today has reached a very high standard of perfection. And yet satisfaction is as far off as ever! There is a growing feeling among a certain section of riders that the 'five hundred' has been developed to the limit of its useful capabilities for, argue these riders, surely no one wants to travel any faster. Certainly there is some sound sense in this argument, but there are also some fallacies which are not immediately obvious. The higher the power output, which naturally spells an increase in speed, the greater are the demands on frames, forks, tyres, brakes...although record speeds are not required by the public, tourists are liable to forget that the present standard of steering, to mention only one point, is directly due to the experience gained from road and track races. There is, however, another aspect of the question which is even less realised. The modern single-cylinder engine has been developed entirely at the expense of silence...Some months ago *The Motor Cycle* instituted a silencer test for prizes presented by the Triumph Company with the idea of trying to find a system which would render



“Perhaps the best known four-cylinder motor cycle of the present day is the Henderson.”

the exhaust gases of a touring single-cylinder motor cycle engine as silent as those of a four-cylinder car...although it failed to produce a silencer of the required efficiency...the test marked in the beginning of an era when makers seriously considered silencer design. The particular instrument which was the most silent (and even then the machine was not so quiet as a touring car) was not practicable. The power absorbed was far too great, and the machine fitted with it would not have been unusual from one born in 1913! There is little doubt that any form of silencer decreases power output, and therefore performance. The whole problem rests upon the question: ‘How much speed is the present-day rider prepared to sacrifice in quest of silence?’ Obviously no rider would be prepared to sacrifice the power demanded by the most silent instrument in *The Motor Cycle* test, but there are other ways out of the difficulty: one is to develop the single-cylinder engine still further so the power absorbed by the silencer can well be afforded, and another is to produce engines which are inherently more silent than those of the present day. The first of these suggestions is apparently





“...it

was not many years ago when the James V-twin of 500cc used to make best time of the day in many a Midland hill-climb...”

useless, for the more the power which is obtained from an engine of given size, the more is the exhaust noise. And motor cyclists would still refuse to lose any acceleration, whatever power could be produced from the engine...Up to the present, exhaust noise is ahead of silencer design; it is like the old battle of the armour plating versus guns. The alternative is at once complicated and simple—the multi-cylinder engine. This type has many advantages, and like everything else in the mechanical world, many disadvantages...Twin-cylinder engines have, of course, received much attention from designers, and there is no doubt that the power output is, other things being equal, as great as that of a single of the same size. The number of times that the ABC and the Douglas twins have held the classic hour record is sufficient proof. And the same type of engine was the first to exceed a speed of 100mph. In addition it was not many years ago when the James V-twin of 500cc used to make best time of the day in many a Midland hill-climb. In the last high-speed test of the MCC on Brooklands a 250cc Panthette covered sixty miles in the hour under the most exacting weather conditions...if a twin-cylinder ‘two-fifty’ is a success, there is every reason to assume that a 500cc four is well



“a 250cc Panthette covered sixty miles in the hour under the most exacting weather conditions...”

within the realms of possibility...with a given size of engine, the smaller each individual cylinder the less the exhaust noise...a four-cylinder 500cc or 1,000cc unit could be made quiet; and, with careful silencer design, there is no reason why it should not be as silent as a car...But if the four is designed with a view to being silent, some desirable traits of the present single will be lost. During the past months many letters have been written to *The Motor Cycle* about this question, and, apart from technical considerations, the common objection has been that the four is reminiscent of a sewing machine...what these correspondents really mean is that the four has not the ‘punch’ of the single...‘Punch’, often the coarser the better, is regarded by the sporting rider as a necessary qualification of this machine. On the other hand, the car owner of a six-cylinder engine considers that a four-engine cylinder is rough!...there is something in what each says, but neither can understand the argument of the other...Perhaps the best known four-cylinder motor cycle of the present day is the Henderson, the workmanship of which is in every way excellent. True, the detail work is hardly up to British standards, but an examination of the ‘bits that matter’—the cylinders, the wheel bearings, the crankshaft, and all those components which require careful machining—will at once prove this point...anyone who has had experience of the Henderson will agree that it is reliable. The idea that multiplication of parts necessarily spells trouble is a fallacy, as any owner of a six, eight, or twelve-cylinder car will admit. And the same applies to motor cycle engines. The power output is not exceptional considering the large capacity of the engine, 1,301cc, but a speed, which is greater than that of nearly every ‘five hundred’ sold to the public is surely sufficient, and that is the aim of all American manufacturers—to produce power by means of capacity and not by means of super tune or design. It is certainly rather against the British idea but there is no doubt that it is successful. The petrol consumption is, considering all things, not excessive...In the Henderson engine plain bearings are used for the main and big end bearings, forced feed being employed for the



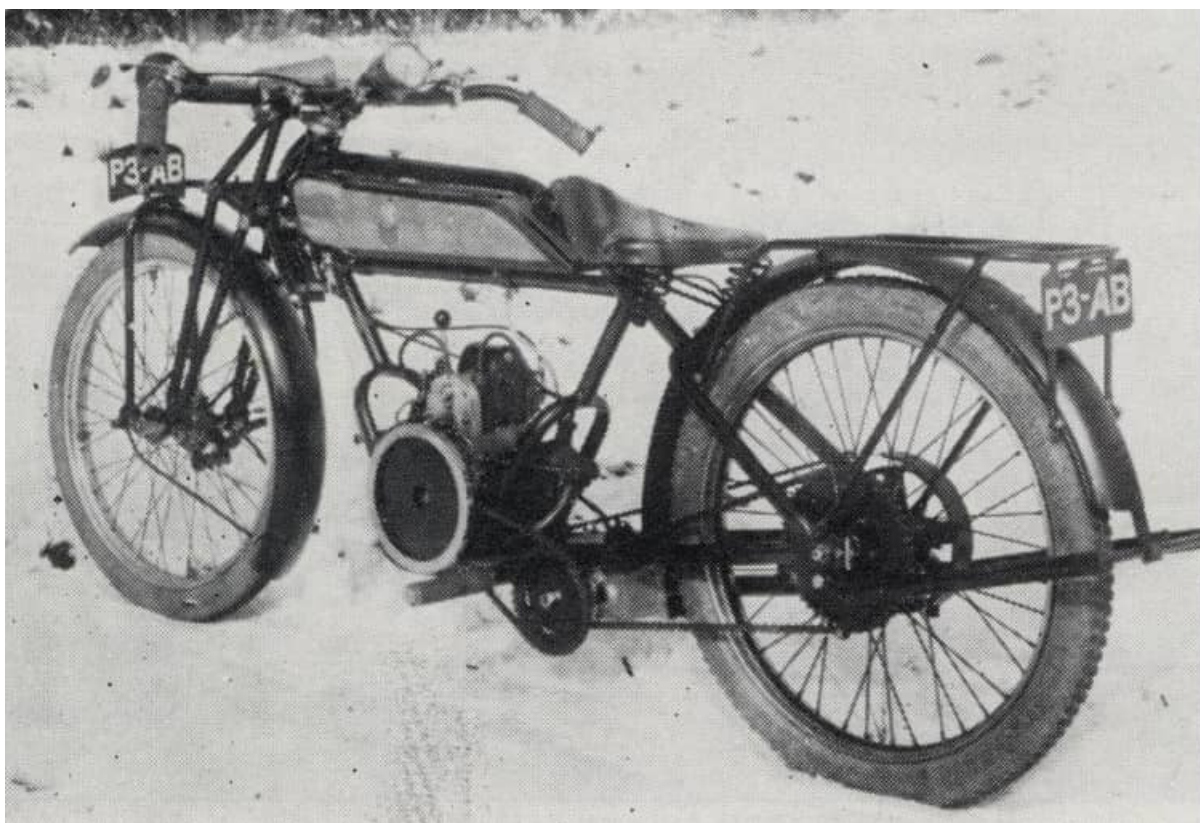
lubrication. This system is entirely satisfactory and is the easiest way out of a difficult matter. No especial design of cylinder fins is employed and it seems probable that if a higher compression were utilised cooling difficulties would face the makers. These have been overcome by the Henderson designer, who has followed American practice by basing



..."the TAC with its delightful engine, but complete inability to corner...the 500cc FN..."

his power on cc as opposed to tune. With the exception of a bevel at the rear end of the gear box the machine is conventional in size, length and weight with the average British 1,000cc big twin. Some years ago a famous British car firm carried out some extensive experiments with a 1,000cc four...had the makers continued their experiments they would have produced a delightful machine of real merit. The designer started off with the very laudable idea of enclosing everything and making provision for proper lubrication. The pushrods for the overhead valve gear are completely enclosed and the rockers are lubricated on the wick system...The air-cooled cylinders are in line, and the crankshaft is partially built up, so that walls are used for the three main bearings and white metal for the big ends...this layout teaches many valuable lessons. On the motor cycle market there are many clutches and gearboxes which are entirely satisfactory, and so there seems to be no especial reason why the designer of this 'experimental four' should have chosen to incorporate a box of an entirely new layout. Also the clutch, which is of the multi-plate type, is not altogether satisfactory, for it apparently only works if lubricated by graphite as opposed to oil...this is where designers of unusual machines go wrong. Not content with introducing one new idea, they must, perforce, make and design every component in a novel way. This is probably the reason why so many fours have died a natural death, unregretted except by those who pin their faith on the multi-cylinder engine. At this year's Olympia Show the machines in the RAC Historical Exhibit revived memories of some multi-cylinder motor cycles—the flat twin 250cc ABC of 1916 which produced 4½bhp at 4,500rpm, the 500cc FN, the TAC with its delightful engine, but complete inability to corner and many others. 'Here,' say the 'single' enthusiasts, 'is our argument. Had the four been a marketable proposition it would be more than a memory now—had the idea been really good the 'steam hammer' single would have died. But it has not, and there you are!' The argument certainly does seem strong, and statistics can be quoted to show the steady demise of the multi-cylinder motor cycle engine...[But] many old-type fours have gone out of production, not because they were of the multi-cylinder type but because the designers, admittedly clever men with ideas, tried to be too clever...in so many cases have they forgotten that the ordinary motor cycle factory is not equipped for the production of an entirely novel type of unit, and whatever one may say about the enthusiastic public, buyers are still conservative, and are liable to be suspicious of anything new. Thus the makers did not understand their public properly, and consequently made the





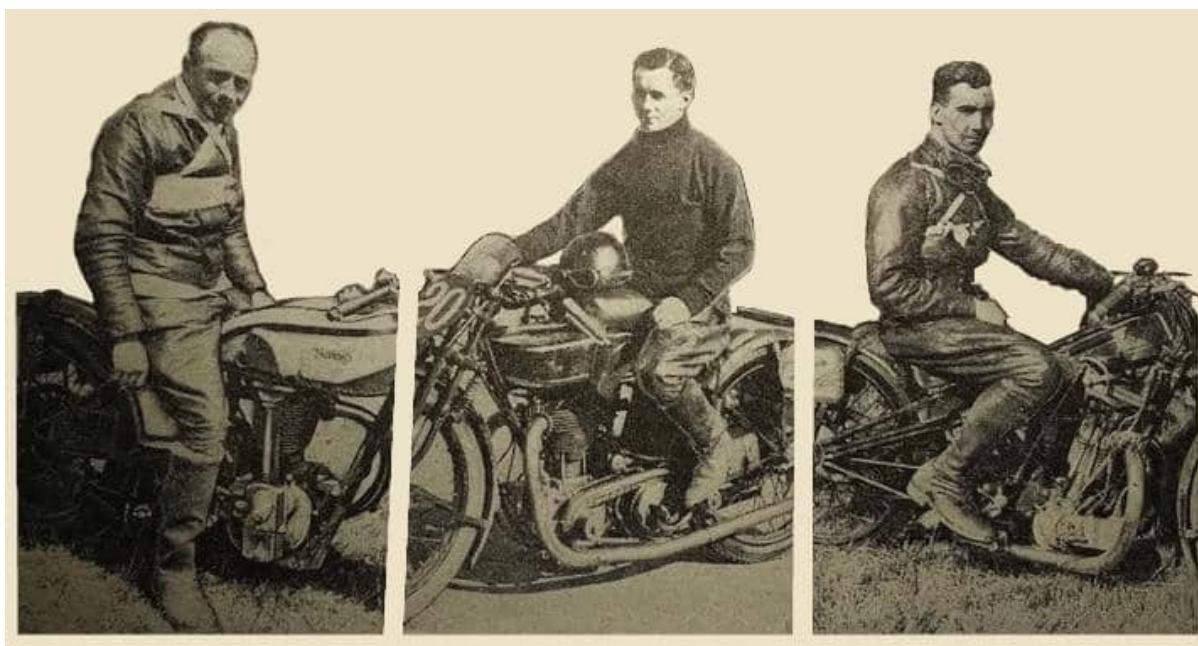
“...the flat twin 250cc ABC of 1916 which produced 4½bhp at 4,500rpm...”

most fatal mistake of producing an article for which there was only a small market. Today there are proprietary car engine makers who are capable of turning out four-cylinder engines in small quantities at a smaller price than an ordinary motor cycle engine of approximately the same size...If nothing else, surely it proves that a four is no more expensive to produce than a single, provided—and this is the point—it is made by a factory properly equipped for the work. What possibilities there would be were these proprietary engine makers to supply four-cylinder units to motor cycle manufacturers! The difficulty of housing a straight-four unit in a frame is not really so acute as would appear. For instance, the wheelbase of the Danish-built 750cc Nimbus, which has been in production since 1918, is not excessive, while the weight is only 336lb. A V-four, such as the Brough Superior, certainly demands less overall length than a straight unit, and so, perhaps, this type may offer a solution. Bearing trouble should be easily overcome, and there is every reason to suppose that plain bearings and forced-feed lubrication would be absolutely satisfactory. With modern methods and modern metals these problems could surely be solved...All internal-combustion engines are air-cooled, though sometimes the cooling is by a two-step process. Thus, in a water or oil-cooled engine the air cools the water or oil, which in turn takes the heat away from the cylinder. If, in a straight-four, any of the cylinders tend to overheat, surely a little careful design and alteration can overcome this difficulty...So numerous are the possibilities that designers have an almost unlimited scope...it must not be forgotten that two-strokes have the same number of power strokes per revolution as four-strokes having twice the number of cylinders. Perhaps the supercharged two-cycle engine will be the unit of the future...it is probable that in a comparatively short time the pendulum will begin to swing the other way, and then the single-cylinder motor cycle engine will be relegated to the position now held by the single-cylinder car engine built twenty years ago.”



This study was originally captioned "The beach police in California consists of a number of scantily clad ladies who check the area on police motorcycles." No, I don't believe it either.

'SELDOM HAS AN IMPORTANT road racing event provided so many thrills and so close a finish as this year's 500cc Ulster Grand Prix. Only twice did the lead change hands, three ohc Nortons taking it in turn; but for the greater part of the race there were merely seconds between the hare and the nearest of the pack, and the first three finished within a minute of each other. Since, as in previous years, the four Grand Prix races were run concurrently, interest focused on the 500cc event almost to the exclusion of the others. Even on the first lap, in spite of the handicap of a standing start, J Craig (490 Norton) broke the lap record for the course, covering the 20½ miles in 16min 2sec, a speed of 76.70mph, and 0.4mph faster than Alec Bennett's record of last year. Stanley Woods (Norton) was 2sec slower, but next lap he clipped 19sec off Craig's time, thereby gaining the lead, and putting the lap record up to 78.26mph. Right until the ninth lap Woods was first, and then, owing to a valve rocker adjuster slacking off, his speed dropped, and JW Shaw (Norton), another of the hares, took the lead, the final order being JW Shaw (Norton), FA Longman (Rudge-Whitworth) and S Woods (Norton). Like the other races, the 500cc was won at a higher speed than in any of the previous years, the speed of 74.18mph for the 205 miles being the highest achieved in any long-distance road race." Results: 250cc Ulster Grand Prix, WA Colgan (248cc Cotton-Blackburne) 3hr 14min 9sec, 63.35mph; 350cc Ulster Grand Prix, CJP Dodson (347cc Sunbeam), 2hr 51min 54.6sec, 71.90mph; 500cc Ulster Grand Prix, JW Shaw (490cc Norton), 2hr 45min 53sec, 74.18mph; Over 500cc Ulster Grand Prix, A de Gourley (588cc Norton) 3hr 6min 2sec, 66.12mph.



L-R: "JW Shaw (490 Norton) the winner of the 500cc Ulster Grand Prix. CJP Dodson (347 Sunbeam), first in the 350cc race. WA Colgan (248 Cotton-Blackburne) the winner of the 250cc event."

"DETERMINED THAT THEIR annual 'Bloater' open trial to Yarmouth should live up to its name, the organisers of the North London MC saw to it that every machine set out on the return journey with one of the bloaters for which the East Coast town is famous tied to its carrier.. Competitors for the most part relied upon their standard lighting sets, but G Slade and FW Tillion, both of whom drove Norton outfits, had rigged up dual electric and acetylene head lamps...Both Miss Grant (Rudge-Whitworth) and Miss Ruby Slade (Norton sc) managed their big machines admirably over the rough going, but Mrs Grenfell had a puncture which delayed her...Speeding to make up time she burnt a plug and so arrived at the finish on her much be-gadged Francis-Barnett just outside her time limit...Just before the lunch stop at Bury St Edmunds, DF Welch (Rudge-Whitworth) went of the course and when 'blinding' to get in on time met a flock of sheep on a bend., to the detriment of several, while others only saved their lives by leaping over a wall into a cemetery! G Slade (Norton sc) achieved the distinction of being one of the few who retained their bloater to the end."

"IT IS STATED that a new road surface now being tested in France consists of heavy iron plates riveted to a concrete base."

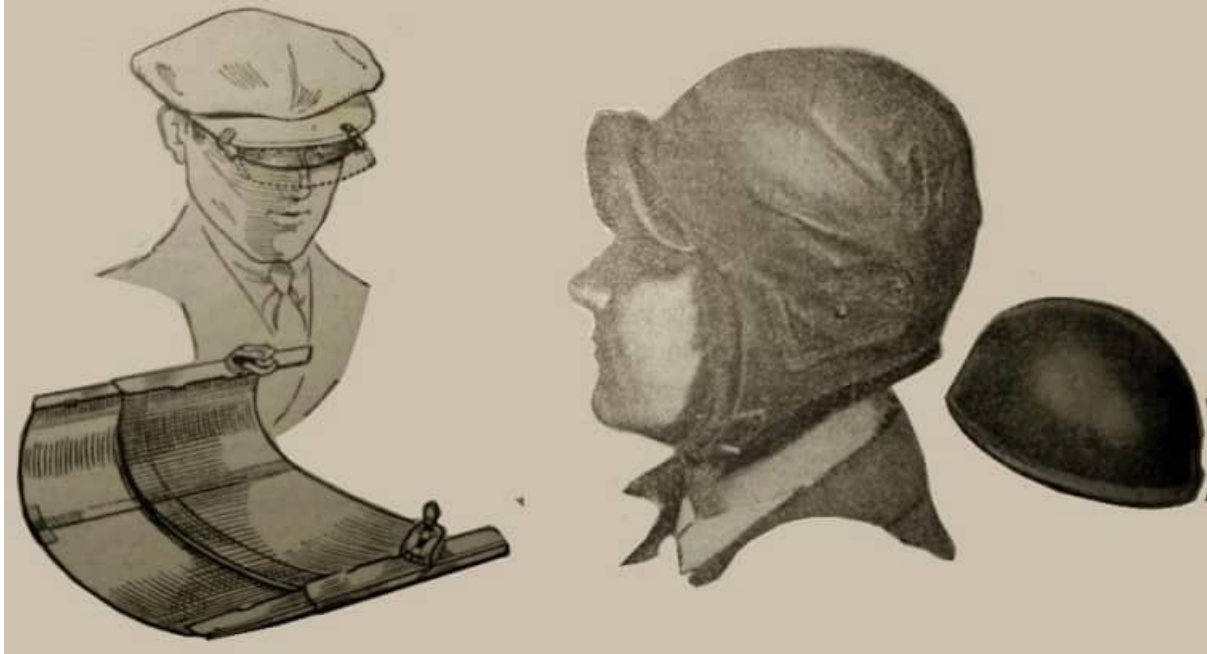
"ALTHOUGH ONLY A FORTNIGHT old, the St Albans & District AC already has a membership of thirty, a club room, a garage, a motor cycle football field, a miniature 'TT' course and about 50 acres of land to be used for speed events."

"UNDER ITS 'GET YOU HOME' service the RAC dealt with 188 motor cycles and 796 cars last month. This represents the highest figure recorded during one month since the scheme was first started."

"MOTOR CYCLISTS WHO ARE in the habit of wearing caps will doubtless be interested in an accessory which is being retailed by Mr AE Menuge, of Worplesdon, Surrey. It takes the form of a telescopic attachment to fit to the front of the cap, with the object of protecting the eyes of the rider from the rays of the sun or at night from the head lamps of motor cars. The device, which is



small, is called the 'Telescopic Cap Shield' and sells at 3s. A new type of Cromwell crash helmet, specially designed for the use of tourists, has this week been placed on the market by Helmets, Ltd, of Oswald Road, St Albans, Hertfordshire. The helmet, which weighs 9oz, is designed to be used in conjunction with the ordinary leather flying helmet, and can be slipped inside the latter without its presence being apparent."



"A simple adjustable eye shade. (Right) An unobtrusive crash helmet."

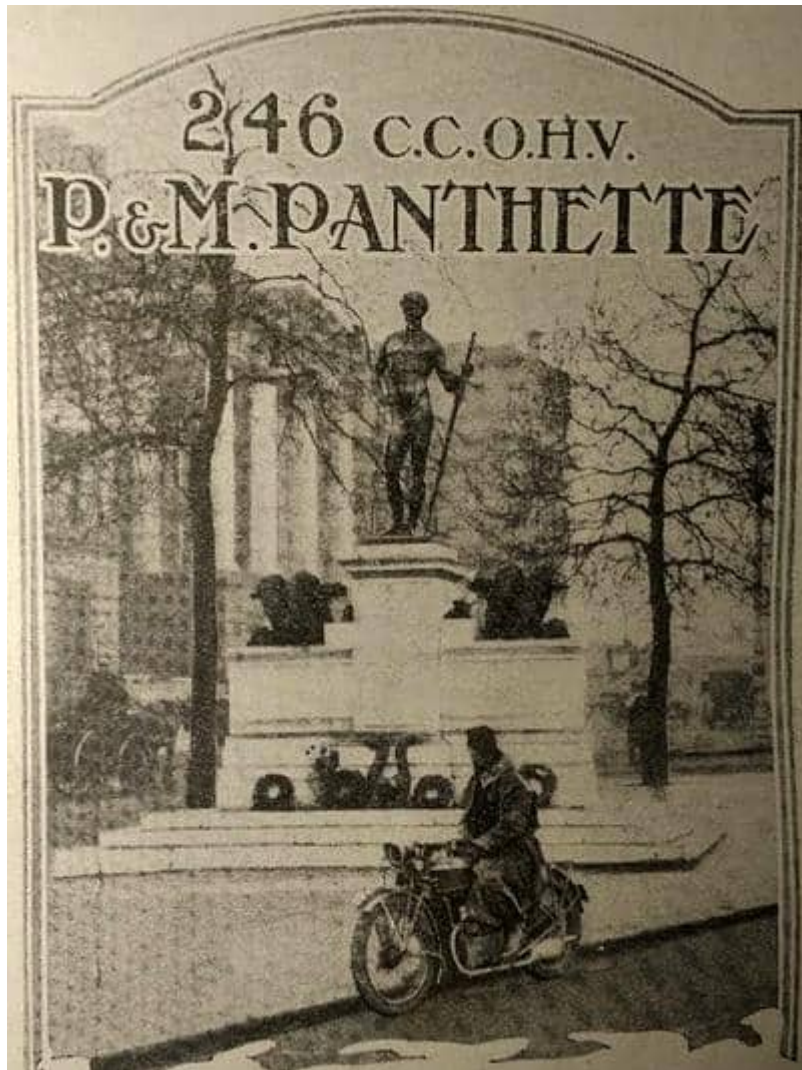
MOTOR TRANSPORT MAGAZINE noted that many road hauliers were reluctant to use sidecar outfits to carry goods because of "a perceived lack of reliability...A firm cannot afford to have a single vehicle off the road even for half a day. The wonderful knowledge that goes to win TT races will avail little in this field. Detail knowledge of transport requirements, a special and stabilised design of machine, special selling methods and special service are needed—in short, a mentality completely severed from the happy-go-lucky 'sporting' atmosphere prevailing in the motor cycle industry, so busily selling sports models to those of us who, in our leisure moments, remain young in spirit."

"AT THE PRESENT TIME 70% of the world's records are held by British motor cycles. Last year the percentage was 73, and the slight reduction would appear to be of little importance since Great Britain easily retains supremacy as far as the record list is concerned. In the 350 and 500cc solo and the 350cc sidecar classes, however—the classes into which fall the majority of motor cycles produced in this country—British machines hold only 36 of the total of 96 records. The value of supremacy in the record list, particularly in the classes on which manufacturers in this country concentrate, can hardly be overestimated."

IXION WAS ON TOUR: "A few night ago Stanley and I put up at a small town in what used to be the Austrian Tyrol and is now Italy. It is therefore bristling with armed Fascisti soldiers. We decided to dine at a restaurant and Stanley chose one at which he had seen a lady motor cyclist stop as we entered the town. Stanley is very amorous. There was her BSA on its legs outside the garden gate, so in we went. Inside we sighted the lady motor cyclist consuming a birra (quart size). She was a very handsome girl—white calico racing helmet with scarlet earcaps, white three-quarter length coat, red gloves. But she weighed at least 14st. As Stanley only weighs 9st 2lb they struck me as an unmatched couple. Presently she stalked out, making all the bottles in

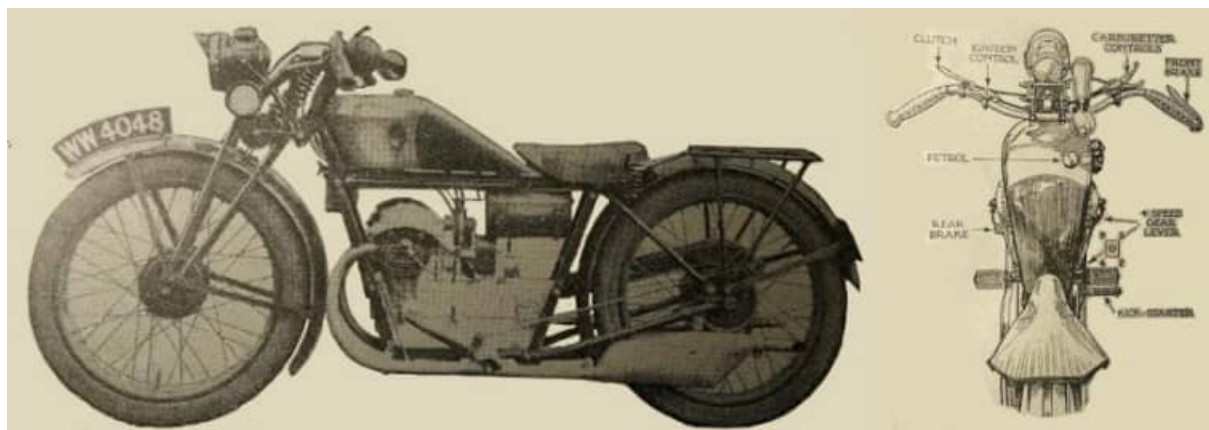
the bar dance, and I felt safe for a moment until I saw a dreamy look in Stanley's eye and knew we were in for trouble...

## Models 1928 *on the Road*



"IF ONLY FOR THE REASON that it is the smallest multi-cylinder motor cycle at present on the British market, the 246cc P&M Panthette is of particular interest. Actually however, the whole machine bristles with unconventional features, the value of which can only be determined during the course of a strenuous test on the road. The Panthette employed was the Sports model, which differs from the Popular, or standard model, in that it has footrests, 25×2.75in tyres, and two long exhaust pipes with the silencers alongside the chain stays. Although no exhaust valve lifter is fitted, there is not the slightest difficulty in rotating the crankshaft. In fact, the engine can be started without effort merely by depressing the kick-starter with one hand. During the test the engine seldom started at the first kick, but since it invariably fired after two or three effortless kicks the machine can rightly be termed easy to start. The clutch is of the multi-plate type and runs in oil. Nevertheless, even on very cold mornings there was no tendency for the plates to stick...no amount of abuse would cause slipping, nor, indeed, would it make the

clutch at all harsh in action...The four-speed gear box is an excellent feature of the machine...the gear lever is light to operate, and the ratios are well chosen...The Panthette will travel without snatch at 15mph on its top gear of 5.7 to 1, and at even a lower speed if the ignition control is retarded...on third gear (7.7 to 1) approximately 44mph is attainable. On bottom gear (17 to 1) the Panthette restarted on a 1 in 3 bank...the harder it is driven the better it seems to run, and the Panthette was on a number of occasions driven at full throttle for mile after mile. The maximum speed is not exceptionally high: under normal conditions the full-throttle speed was about 52mph. The machine has an ability more valuable than the ability to reach a very high speed, and that is extraordinary acceleration. As a result of this property remarkable average speeds can be maintained without the taking of risks, and for high-speed touring the Panthette is excellent...Both brakes, which are of 5in diameter, are smooth and progressive in action, yet have ample power...but it is necessary to remove the foot from the footrest in order to depress the rear brake pedal...During the course of the test the fuel consumption was 86mpg at an average speed of slightly in excess of 30mpg. The fuel tank has a capacity of 2¼ gallons...oil consumption was unusually low. As far as the exhaust is concerned the Panthette is particularly quiet, but the machine tested was noisy mechanically. The machine leaves little to be desired as regards comfort, and it can be used for long journeys without the rider becoming fatigued...In the case of the machine tested the Lycette saddle top was insufficiently sprung for the 12-stone rider, and consequently the saddle bottomed. Brampton progressive-action forks with friction dampers are fitted as standard...On normal roads, either wet or dry, the steering was excellent and the machine easy to handle at any speed...On one occasion, when a corner which was covered with grit and small stones was taken rather fast the front wheel skidded, but the machine came out of the skid without foot steadying. A certain amount of skidding was experienced on rutted, muddy cart tracks; however, on tram lines, wet asphalt and slimy wood paving, no fault could be found with the machine..in traffic it is difficult to set the throttle in tick-over position without stopping the engine by mistake.



“ON JULY 3RD ST GLANFIELD AND FLIGHT-Sergeant Sparkes started from London [Tottenham Court Road to be precise where, some 60 years later, *Motor Cycling Weekly* would be based] on an ambitious world tour, which they hoped to complete in 120 days. The machines were Rudge-Whitworth ‘Sports’ models, with extra-large petrol and oil tanks and metal under-shields to protect the crank cases. Despatches received from the drivers show that some almost insuperable difficulties were encountered which, entirely apart from the time factor, made the trip an exceedingly arduous one...From Vienna the tourists were welcomed by 24 Rudge-Whitworth outfits and, incidentally, only just escaped the political riot [which was sparked by the acquittal of three paramilitary nationalists for the killing of a WW1 veteran and an eight-year



old—police fired at protesters who were trying to burn down the parliament building, killing 89. Five policemen died; some 600 protestors and 600 cops were injured]...Bad weather and uninteresting country gave them a poor opinion of Hungary, so they made a very brief stay at Budapest. From Budapest to Constantinople the roads were appalling—deep ruts and potholes, and either dust or mud...Proper food was difficult to obtain, and the tourists existed principally on eggs and bread. Members of the police and armed forces had to be carried from point to point as an escort, while on one occasion Sparkes and Glanfield had to make a detour of 120 miles in order to obtain the signatures of some important official...At Constantinople...Glanfield had to deposit £46 before being allowed to proceed [That must have hurt—in the issue of the Blue 'Un that carried this report Shepherd's Service Station of Enfield, North London advertised a 1927 Rudge, with dynamo lighting, speedo, Rudge touring sidecar, spare wheel, hood and screen for £45]...lavish tips being necessary to get anything done at all...In removing Sparkes' outfit from the ferry boat at Haida



"Native

interest in the outfit in India."

Pasha the porters became scared after dragging it to the top of a flight of steps and allowed it to run back. Luckily, Sparkes was at hand and managed to swing the handle-bars over at the critical moment, and the outfit came to rest with the sidecar hanging over the quay. At Deurtyol the two drivers were placed under arrest owing to the fact that they had deviated from their original itinerary, but at last they crossed the frontier into Syria, where, in spite of hostile inhabitants, they were free from officialdom. Alexandretta provided a brief taste of civilisation, and from there the world tourists decided to attempt the passage of the Euphrates Valley, a stretch of desert which had never before been crossed by motor cyclists. They headed away across the Syrian Desert. After endeavouring for several hours to miss the boulders hidden in the sand, they decided the only way to get along at all was to sit tight, open the throttle wide, and hold on—to quote Glanfield : 'I cannot find words to describe the awful punishment we gave the machines that day; surely never before have motor cycles been so continuously bumped and shot in the air. The temperature was 120 in the shade, not a vestige of life anywhere, only miles and miles of endless sand.' When the sun sank they still had 40 miles to go; then Sparkes had a puncture, and many feverish moments were lost before they could start

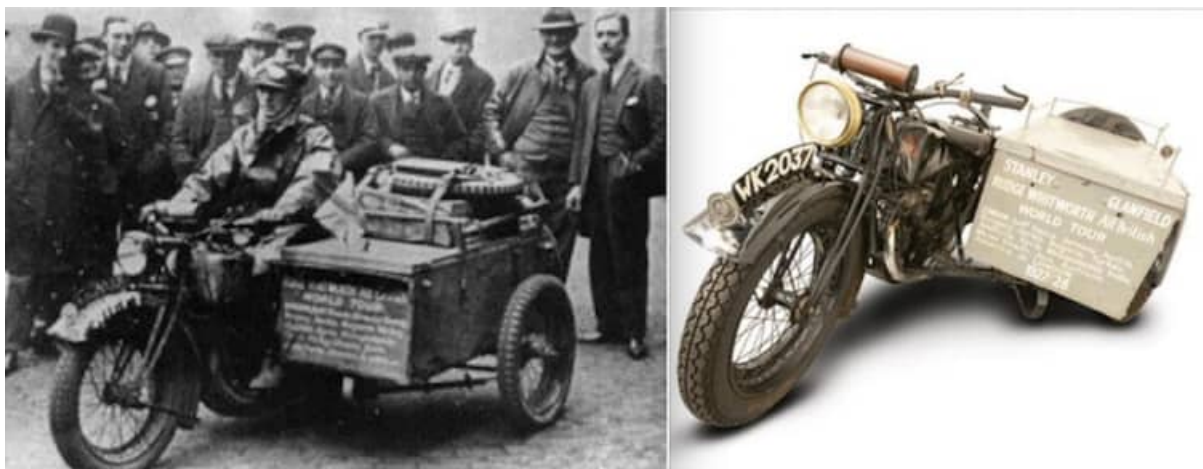
again. About an hour after dark they fortunately ran into an Arab outpost of police who refused to let them proceed, saying they would never reach their destination alive. The Arabs seemed friendly, but the tourists spent a somewhat anxious night having covered 195 miles with no food and little water. After another section of desert they arrived at Mosul, where they had two very unpleasant experiences. Once they had to charge at full speed across a narrow stone bridge through a lane of hostile onlookers, and shortly afterwards they took another risk by passing through the hill-top town of Tel-e-For. Sparkes charged straight through the town, but Glanfield, without thinking, stopped for a drink, and was promptly surrounded by crowds of ferocious-looking Bedouins. Realising that they were hostile he offered them cigarettes and while they were scrambling for them started his engine and dashed for safety. At Mosul they were told that the last motorists to visit Tel-e-For were the crew of an armoured car, all of whom were killed. From Mosul to Baghdad and Basra the route lay over desert country, but the tracks were fairly good and the journey was accomplished without accident. From Basra the machines were shipped to Bombay. By this time the riders were well behind their schedule



“In a picturesque corner of Ceylon.”

owing to the numerous Customs delays in Anatolia and Turkey, and so as Sparkes' leave was drawing to an end it was decided that he should take the southerly route through India to Ceylon, and so to Australia, while Glanfield kept to the original itinerary and went across India to Calcutta. Both riders made extraordinarily good trips across India. Glanfield covered the 1,800 miles between Bombay and Calcutta in six days, having considerable difficulty in fording some of the rivers, and on one occasion being dragged out of bed at midnight and requested to kill a tiger which had appeared in the village. Stopping near Indore for a short rest he nearly sat on a large snake, and hundreds of tiny squirrels and many wild peacocks were to be seen along the roads. After Goona, he saw numerous hog-deer, cheetahs, monkeys, and birds of every colour and description, while at one point a panther suddenly leaped out of the grass and bounded alongside the machine to the intense agitation of the rider. Finally he reached Calcutta utterly

worn out and went by steamer to the Straits Settlements, where he found excellent roads. Meanwhile, Sparkes, who left Bombay several days before Glanfield, had made good progress in a southerly direction over very difficult roads, negotiating stiff climbs in the Bhore Ghat on a road which is so dangerous that it is closed between sunset and sunrise. Sparkes soon passed Poona and made for Bangalore. On this section of the route he was troubled by an inflamed eye, and had narrow escapes from heart failure when bullock carts, on hearing his approach, suddenly swerved across the road, blocking it completely. At one point a large ape dropped from an overhanging branch, close alongside and Sparkes nearly fell off the machine with surprise, but the way that the ape faded into the distance, taking a large cactus bush in its stride, more than compensated him for his fright. Food was not easy to obtain, and Sparkes several times had to set off with only a cup of tea for breakfast. After Hubli the road was so bad that he broke several spokes in the rear wheel, but in spite of this he



Glanfield's Rudge outfit took him round the world and (Right) is now at rest in its birthplace.

covered 275 miles in nine hours' riding. On the next day he managed 306 miles, including the 41-mile climb to 8,750ft. on the Nilgiri Hills. Hairpin follows hairpin as the road winds upwards through the clouds, and gradually it became colder, foggier, and darker, finally starting to rain. From the summit to Ootacamund the road was shrouded in mist, and darkness fell, making this section one of the most unpleasant of the whole trip. At last, after 5½ days' riding, he reached the coast and shipped to Ceylon, landing there at 2am. In spite of the fact that the road lay through dense jungle, Sparkes immediately started off for Colombo, having at one point to take to the bush to avoid a tree which a 'rogue' elephant, known to be in the district, had pushed across the path. Reaching Colombo in time to catch his connection for Australia, Sparkes had a welcome rest in the ss Cathay, eventually landing at Adelaide and covering 1,500 miles to Sydney, where on November 3rd he left by steamer for San Francisco. From San Francisco Sparkes drove right across the United States, covering the 3,550 miles in eleven days in spite of rain, fog, heat, and, in the Rockies, snow. Undoubtedly, this journey was the most remarkable of the whole tour; Sparkes, owing to his leave running, short, drove like a fury and covered a distance which even under perfect conditions would be considered extraordinary. In the foothills of the Rockies he had an exciting experience. Suddenly two wild looking men jumped into the road and called on him to stop. Thinking they were brigands Sparkes shot past, and the next moment stones and dirt rained down on him—the men were only warning him to stop because of blasting operations! In California the outfit had a maximum speed of 62mph, although the best speed attained in Australia was only 57mph. In each case the total weight of the machine and load was approximately half a ton. Arriving in New York he straightway boarded the Aquitania, catching it with only a few hours to spare, and reached Southampton on



Wednesday, December 14th, concluding the tour by driving up to London, where last Friday he had a most enthusiastic reception. In the meantime Glanfield is in Australia, continuing along the route originally planned, and is expected to arrive back in London early in the New Year." *Glanfield arrived home on March 4th 1928 after covering 18,000 miles in eight months. Forty years later he donated his outfit to Coventry Transport Museum.*

"I DON'T KNOW," IXION admitted, how merrily the haggis and the *usquebaugh* circled at the annual dinner of a certain Scottish club, so that it may not have been a case of *in vino veritas*. They had a sporting parson there—a DD\* no less—who averred that the pillion girl flings her arms round her cavalier's waist, rests her head tenderly on his back, and urges him to 'let her rip'. The learned Doctor is hereby invited to come out pillioning with me, and rest his head tenderly on my back; he will soon find that if I 'let her rip', my humerus will catch him where Tunney got Dempsey§, and he will carry his head very tenderly for the rest of the week."

\*DD, Doctor of Divinity ('D Div'), an honorary degree conferred upon churchmen who have demonstrated "an outstanding commitment to ministry and theology". § Having beaten Jack Dempsey to become world heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney had won the rematch to retain the title. Ixion had just become a parish priest in Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex.

"ILKLEY & DMC: FOLLOWING closely upon the receipt of the MCC Team Trial Trophy, the club's annual dinner, held at the Black Horse Hotel, Otley, was in the nature of a special celebration, and well over a hundred were present. The toast of the ACU and the Yorkshire Centre was proposed by Capt T Moore, of Leeds, who, as a car competitor, stated he was particularly struck by the efforts of the ACU to keep the sport clean and straight. Mr TW Monkhouse, replying for the ACU, mentioned the work of the competition committee, of which he was a member, in connection with endeavours to give all riders a fair chance in open events, and at the same time provide safety for the public. For the Yorkshire Centre Mr WA Dovener, its secretary, jestingly replied that both previous speakers had rather evaded the real definition of the ACU, which was a London body controlled from Yorkshire; a further interesting item he conveyed was that there was more than a chance that the 1928 International Six Days would be held in Yorkshire, and that the centre was already actively preparing for the eventuality. Mr C Thackray proposed 'The Press', and asked the lay press to tell the world about the good driving that avoided thousands of accidents daily rather than of the small proportion of dangerous drivers who came to grief. He complimented the Press on its general acceptance of the need for rear lights on all vehicles). Mr W Finnerty of The Yorkshire Post replied in delightful vein, combining humour with wisdom. The toast of 'The Club' was given by Mr DH Smith, of *The Motor Cycle*, who congratulated the club on the achievement of its ambition to win the MCC team trial; its prowess in team events showed the each-for-all spirit which permeated the club. The secretary, Mr JH Holmes, replying, said that the only ambition remaining was to win the same trophy again and yet again. Mr HW Preston proposed the health of the ever popular president, Mr H Payne, MBE, whose reply was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Upwards of a hundred valuable cups and trophies were distributed, and wild cheers greeted the MCC team, not to mention W Bradley, the freak-hill sidecar exponent, on his reappearance after a serious accident some time ago."

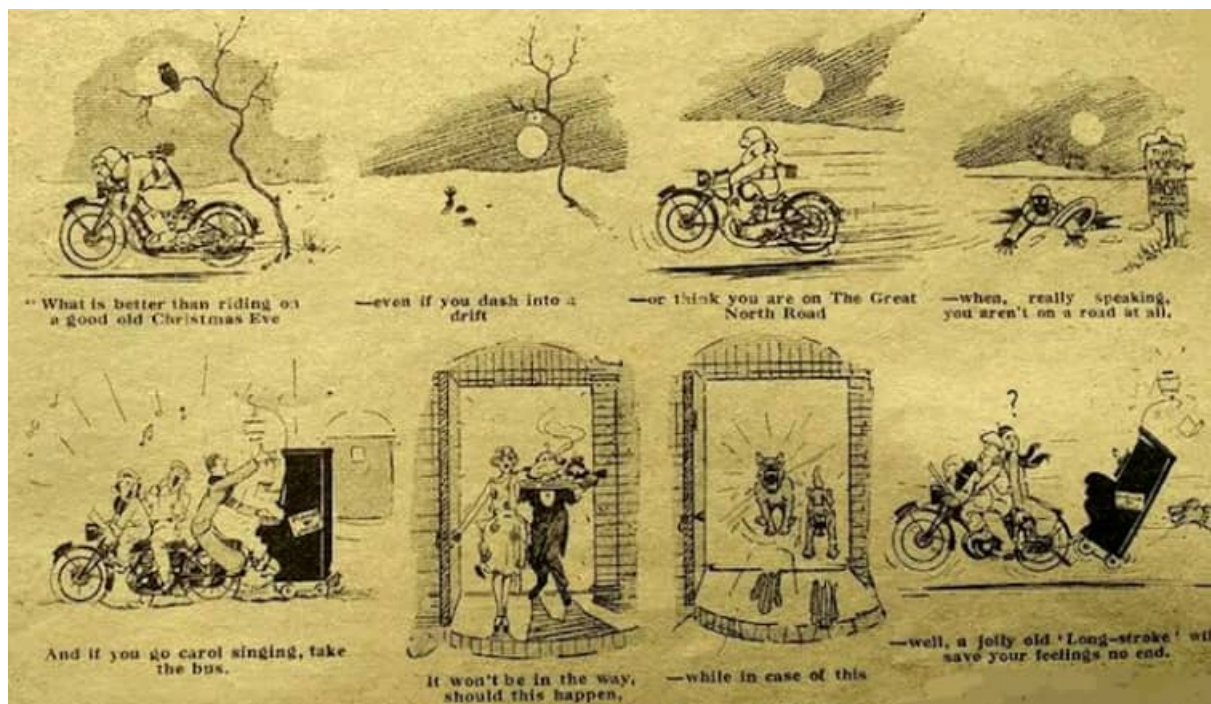


"The end of a successful year: the recent dinner of the Leeds MC."

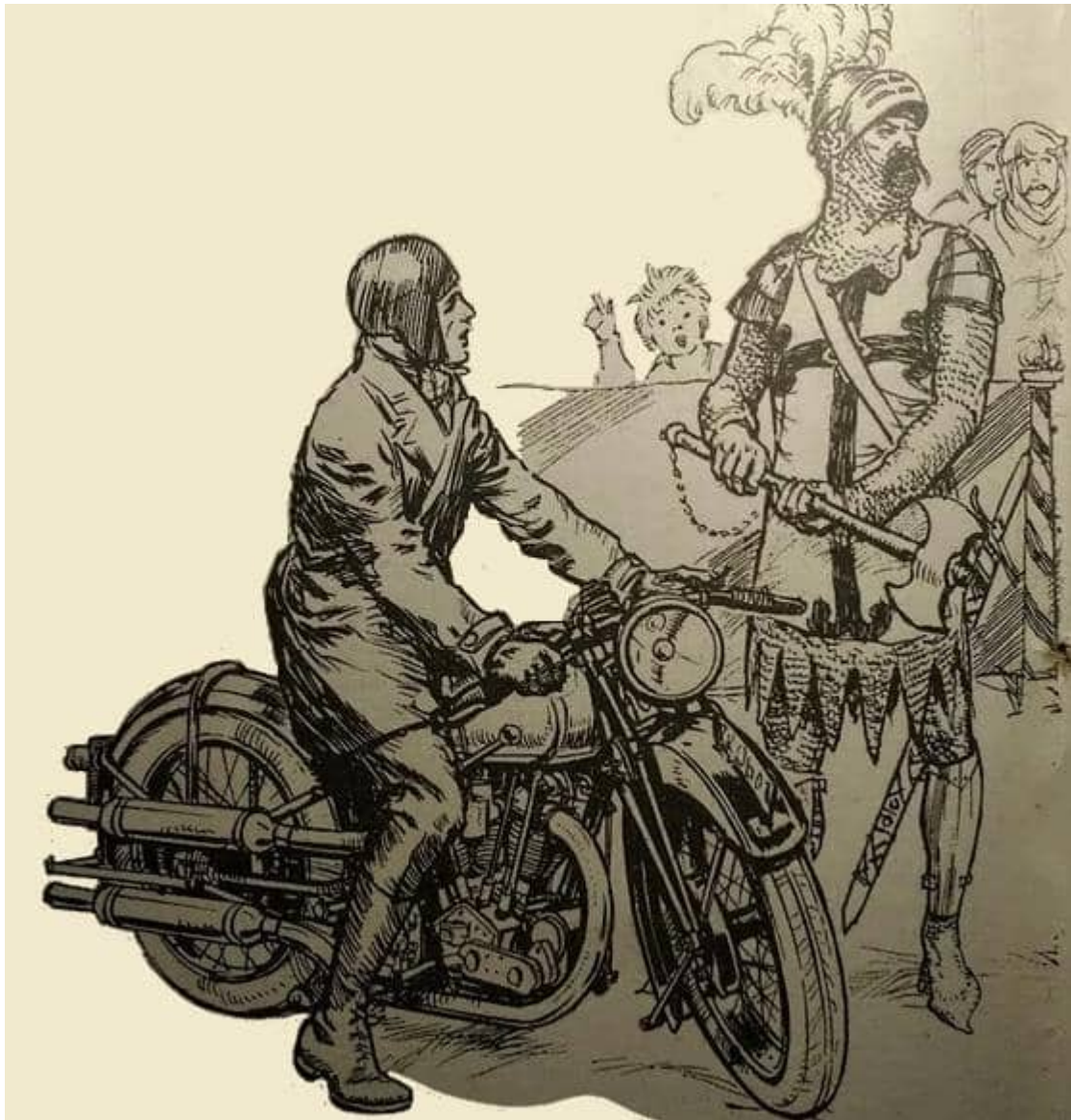
"A HUNDRED AND THIRTY Bolton MCC members and friends met at dinner at the Pack Horse Hotel; an increase of thirty over last year. The increased attendance was ascribed by the chairman of the club, Mr JH Bate, to the absence from the menu of the club's old enemy, the haggis...Councillor W Bradley proposed 'The club', which he said had increased its membership by 20% and had had a most successful year, the programme being very strong socially, which had resulted in the formation of a dancing class for the winter which kept all the members together...For 'The Visitors' response was made by Mr DH Smith, of *The Motor Cycle*...A splendid musical programme was provided by members and friends." *[How many club dinners did Mr Smith attend in the festive season? Nice work if you can get it!]*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS from Ixion: "Here's how to all of you! Motor cyclists can only be identified on Christmas Day by (a) their general appearance of bronzed and healthy tan, and (b) the nature of presents received from their families—a packet of split pins from the kiddy sister, a pair of fur gloves from the one and only girl (probably not the same girl as last Christmas), and a cheque from pa wherewith to meet the year's fines. But my especial salaams go out to those hardy lads marooned 100, 200, 300 miles from their family homes by the abominable principles of our social policy, which compel youngsters to do a spot of work instead of compelling the oldsters to ladle all their wealth on to us at an age when we know how to spend. This lads will mostly be working up to noon on Christmas Eve, and after lunch on Saturday set out to ride home. It may be snowing, or raining, or blowing—probably all three; but out comes the grid, and these lads will start to streak home at highly illegal speeds, knowing that even the carborundum-lined bosom of the British Bobby melts a little at such seasons of good will...And ye motor cyclists who stay at home recuperating from the efforts at the festive board, give a thought to the hardy souls who are endeavouring to surmount the precipices, and overcome the wiles of the Lord of North End in the Exeter Run...I suppose you all know why the Exeter run was first organised? 'Twas in the days when all men regarded motor cycling as a species of mania, and there were said to be risks that Parliament would prohibit the use of such lethal instruments. We had to be very vigilant in downing prejudice, and one Boxing Day six eminent members of the MCC

foregathered at a chemist's in Wardour Street to have their tummies decocted after the Christmas dinner by an especial and very famous dope. Quoth one: "Twill never do for us to be seen looking as yellow as this. Some Harley Street idiot will write to the *Lancet* and expound how the compressed position of the digestive organs, imposed by motor cycling, ultimately produces acute engineering.' So the six put their heads together, and decided (a) that a long, compulsory ride on Boxing Day would remove our yellow faces from the notice of people who matter; for truth to tell, we do look worse than other folk after a beano, because our rollicking health engenders a colossal appetite, and we down two goes of turkey to their one. Furthermore, and (b), the trip to Exeter and back would restore us to London bursting with health at that critical moment of the week when a billious managing director is sacking everybody he meets in the corridor; and thus motor cycling would be subtly and forcibly advertised."







of *The Motor Cycle*'s traditional Christmas stories involved a motor cyclist crashing and dreaming of a trip through time to medieval England where he entered a joust on his motor cycle. Not a great story—but a rather fine illustration...



"A kind of hard unfriendly expression came into her eyes."

...and the other Christmas story was an adventurous yarn that (plot twist) the reader belatedly discovers was made up by the narrator who didn't want his wife to find out that he'd hurt his leg playing motor cycle football, rather than chasing a gun toting criminal of the female persuasion. At least it had another great illustration.

As usual, here's a selection of contemporary adverts.

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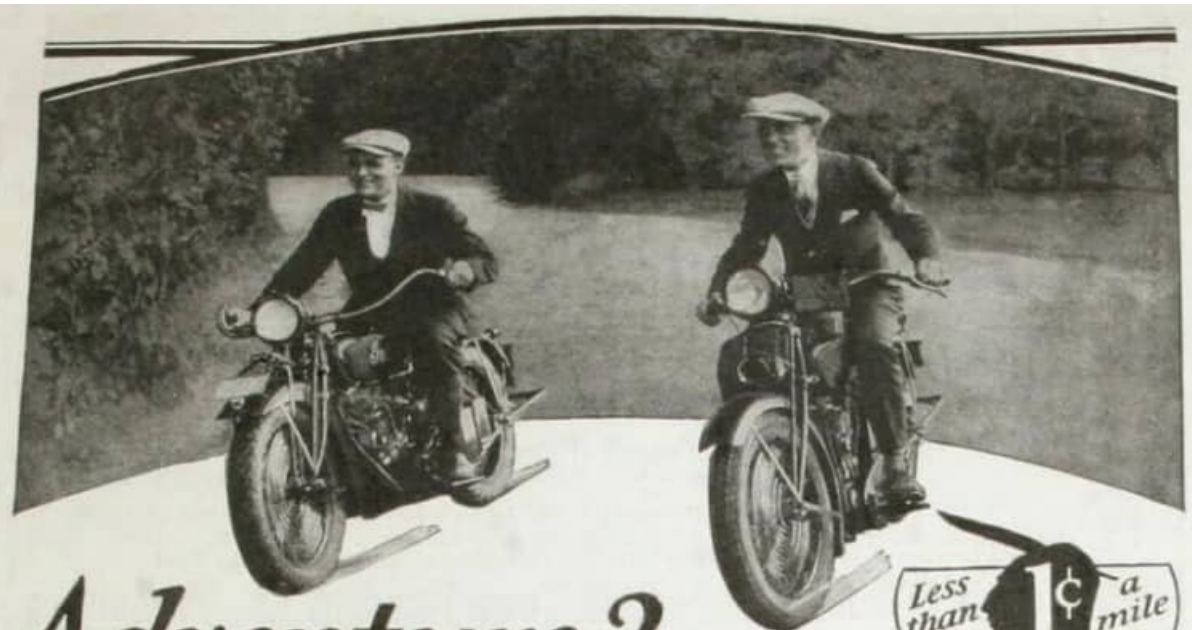
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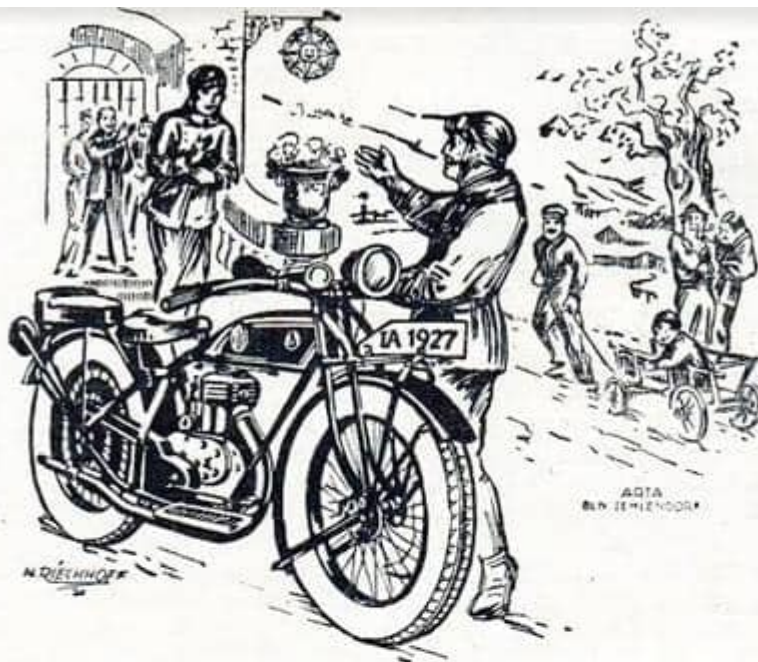
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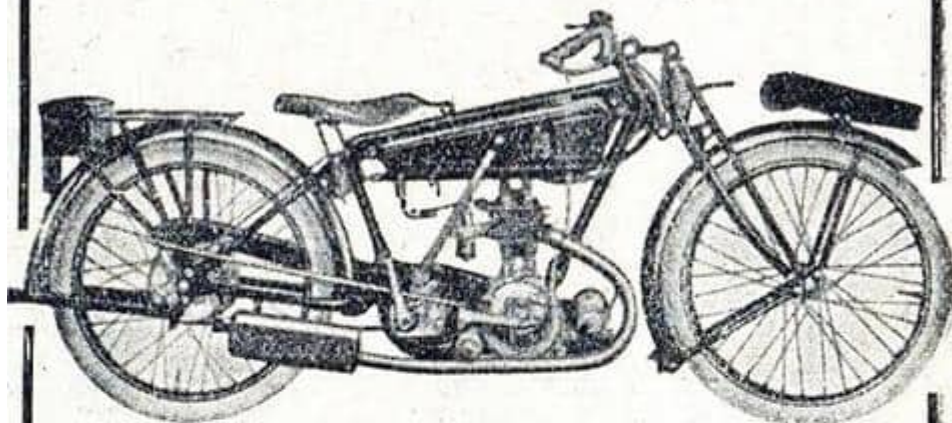
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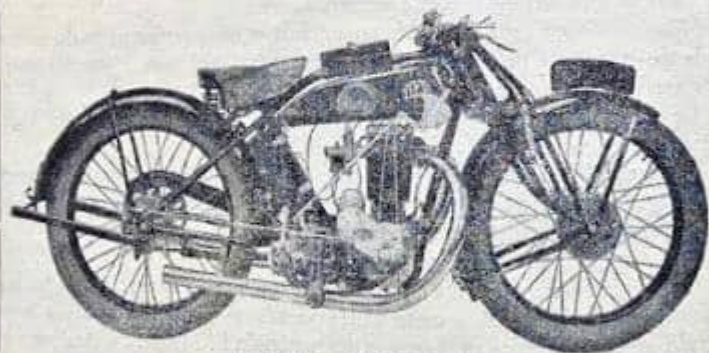
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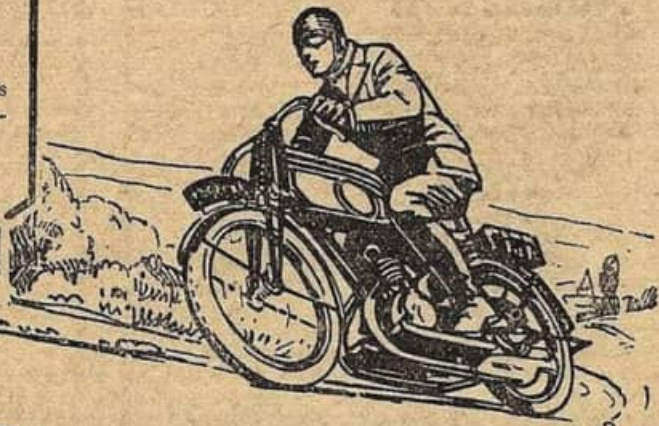
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I assume the automatic was a starting pistol, or did scouts pack heat in the 1920s?

Scale document down



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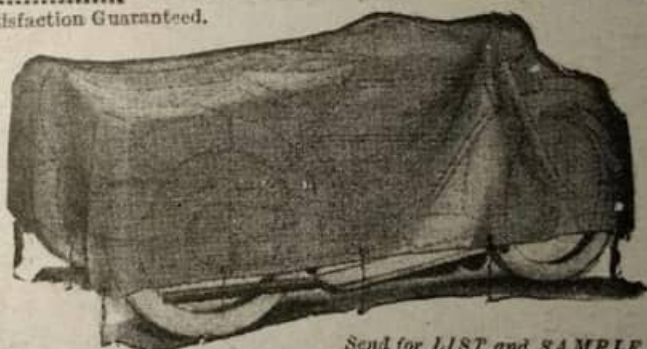
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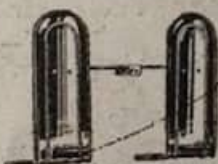


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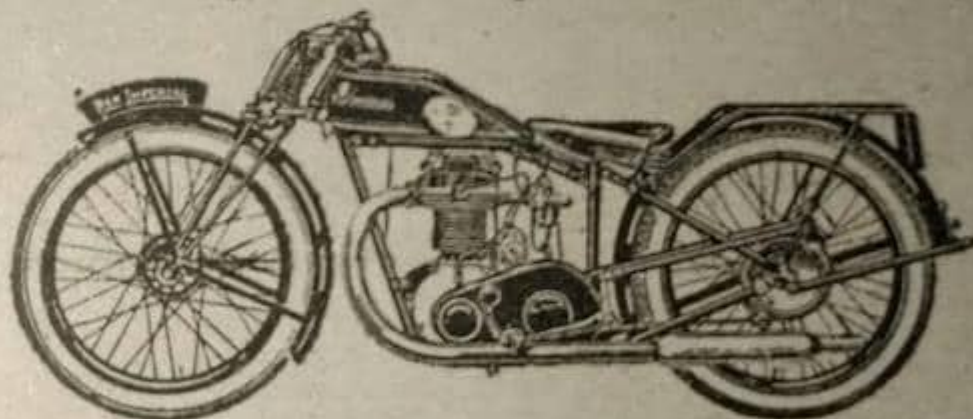
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1928

WHO BETTER THAN IXION to greet the new year? "My best wishes to our millions (steady old man – Ed) of readers, whether they are blowing their noses and convalescing from plum pudding in England, or fanning themselves and trying to believe that a scraggy chicken is a royal turkey and that dates are raisins in Baghdad; or sucking blubber and rubbing their frost-bitten extremities with snow in the Arctic circle. May your new mount be all that you hope! If you cannot afford one, may pa relent; or some aged and distant relative die (by a smooth and easy death, of noxalcourse) and leave you the wherewithal; or a geegee come home in front for once; or the managing director suddenly realise your ability and nominate you as his new personal assistant. Or some old thing or other happen, and enable you to order a Brough Superior if your fancy runs that way. May all the police in your county be afflicted with aural cattarrh, and smile benignly when you pass at high speed. May next summer have knobs on it, the right girl consent to occupy your carrier and depart without hysterics when you grow weary of her. In fact, dear lads – all the very best for 1928!

GARELLI DIVERTED RESOURCES from motor cycles production to military hardware, much of which was exported.

THE MURATA IRONWORKS IN JAPAN changed its name to Meguro (after a local racetrack) and began selling proprietary engines under that name. Japan could muster 7,670 motorcycles, of which two-thirds were British. Mada Tetsuji founded Japan Automobile Co (JAC) to make motor cycles in Tokyo.

JOHNNIE HOSKINS, WHO HAD staged the first speedway meeting in Australia in 1923, set sail on the *Oronsay*, arriving in England without the use of a suitable track. Sir Arthur Elvin, the chairman of Wembley Stadium, asked Hoskins to promote speedway at Wembley for the 1929 season. He accepted, and the Wembley Lions team was born. To give British enthusiasts a taste of the new sport a demonstration was staged—nearly 20,000 thrill-seekers packed into the King's Oak Speedway [actually High Beech Speeddway, it was known as King's Oak because it was next door to the Kings Oaks Hotel in Epping Forest] for a demonstration of the new sport. The Blue 'Un reported: "There was no real broadsiding but there was thrill upon thrill...the crowd rocked with laughter as LP Wilson (172cc Francis-Barnett) had the impudence to harry HM Smith (ohv Sunbeam)...heat 7 made the most staid spectators gasp and women scream..." The fastest lappers were a 348cc Douglas, a 493cc Sunbeam and a 497cc Ariel; quickest combo was a 498cc Triumph. When an Aussie and two Brits gave a demonstration of broadsiding a contemporary report opened: "Thrills! Thrills!! Thrills!!!" Speedway tracks sprung up all over the place. Within weeks a 'broadsiding exhibition' was held in Manchester at the Audenshaw greyhound/trotting/athletics track (generally known as the Snipe track because it was behind the Snipe Inn...is a pattern emerging here?). A local newspaper told its Mancunian readers: "Dirt track racing on a track similar to those used overseas has yet to be witnessed in this country. A loose surface on which 'dry' skids are easily developed appears to be the characteristic of the Australian and American tracks, and, in this respect, the Audenshaw ground near Manchester does not quite fill the specification, for its surface is the typical comparatively hard cinder track, similar to



Audenshaw Speedway in its first season, when the majority of the spectators were seeing motor cycle racing for the first time.

that used for pedal-cycle racing...When the South Manchester MC staged the first motor cycle event there last Saturday afternoon [3 March] the track surface was fairly hard and compact after a previous day of rain, but whether any more lurid riding would have been seen by the 15,000 spectators in the enclosures, on the stands, and even on the roofs of the stands, had the surface been loose remains to be seen. As it was the thrills were there in plenty, but many who were anxious to learn if the Australian 'broadside' was quicker than our own method of riding round corners were disappointed, for the Australian visitors who were present were unable to demonstrate any advantage over the local men. Races were run anti-clockwise (although the ACU, it is said, will only licence the track for clockwise running)." The meeting featured a three-lap exhibition race by Aussie riders W Galloway and E McKay using Douglasses supplied by the factory. "Sidecar races followed, but the heats were so mixed and departed so much from the programme that it was not possible to tell what was happening...H Clayton (490cc Norton sc) overturned—the sidecar event was run anti-clockwise—and his passenger was hurt." Following three fatalities over the next few months one of the bends at Audenshaw was dubbed 'Suicide Corner'. Over the next few weeks tracks opened at Greenford, Glasgow, Leeds (Post Hill), Blackpool (Highfield Road), Halifax, London (Stamford Bridge), Crystal Palace (featuring a '£100 International Match Race and, subsequently, a motor-cycle gymkhana including dirt-track racing, motorcycle football, motorcycle polo and trick riding), Edinburgh (featuring an International Golden Helmet race and a Scottish One-Mile Invitation Handicap), Mansfield Woodhouse, London (White City), Wimbledon, Barnsley (with classes for side-valves, ohv 350s, ohv 500s and ohv unlimited and a three-way shoot out between the Barnsley, Goldthorpe and Thurnscoe MCs), Harringay, Wolverhampton, Brighton, Birmingham (Perry Barr), Lea Bridge, Chalton, Coventry (Lythalls Lane), Bradford (Greenfield), Manchester (White City), Belle Vue, Coventry (Brandon), West Ham, Huddersfield, Swindon, Birmingham (Greet Motordrome),



Northampton (Hannington), Birmingham (Hall Green), Rochdale, Bolton, Middlesbrough, Bristol, Salford, Leicester, Blackpool (St Anne's Road), Dublin, Belfast, Southampton (featuring a six-a-side England vs Australia 'test match'), Broxburn (between Edinburgh and Glasgow) and Cardiff. By year's end (according to the excellent site [speedwayresearcher.org.uk](http://speedwayresearcher.org.uk)) an astonishing 684 speedway meetings had been scheduled—Boxing Day meetings were held in Leeds, Cardiff and, possibly, Halifax. (about a dozen were cancelled due to rain). For the first time the general public could enjoy the thrill of motor cycle racing in relative comfort, and in most cases they could get to the meeting by public transport. Speedway quickly became a part of the nation's social fabric.



The new sport clearly inspired the Blue 'Un's artist.

WOMEN TOOK TO THE DIRT too, including the memorably named Vera Hole of Watchet, who rode (to great effect) as Sunny Somerset. On the whole they were seen as an amusing novelty until Irish lass Fay Tylour, already an established competitor in trials and grasstrack, switched to speedway. She went Down Under and beat many of the top Aussies and Kiwis on their home ground, then proved herself one of the top riders in Britain riding a Douglas. Tylour persuaded her uncle, Lord Riddle, owner of the *News of the World*, to watch her first competitive outing, as well as asking him to wave the starting flag. He came up with the *News of the World* Trophy and helped promote the new sport. She attracted huge crowds and won significant prize money. The Green 'Un reported: "The prospect of watching a lady rider, Miss Fay Tylour, matched in a handicap race against a star such as Ron Johnson was chiefly responsible for the excellent crowd at Crystal Palace Speedway last Saturday." Yorkshire farmer's daughter Eva Askwith had learnt to ride a motor cycle as a DR in the Great War. She raced with a TT AJS, earned a finisher's certificate in the Scottish Six-Days Trial and was runner-up in the York-Edinburgh trial. Askwith entered the inaugural meeting at Leeds Speedway on a special dirt-track Douglas bought with

prize money and was soon totting up the wins. She often raced against Fay Taylour; their match races drew huge crowds. There were other women who were successful competitors but within a couple of years women were banned from speedway. Taylour switched to racing cars with considerable success, saying the day she met a man who was more difficult to handle than a racing car, she would probably give up racing. She remained unmarried and was still racing in the 1950s.



Sunny Somerset, Fay Taylour and Eva Askwith were among the women who took on male speedway riders on equal terms—Taylour and Askwith were regularly matched against each other and drew large crowds. Within a couple of years the ACU banned them.

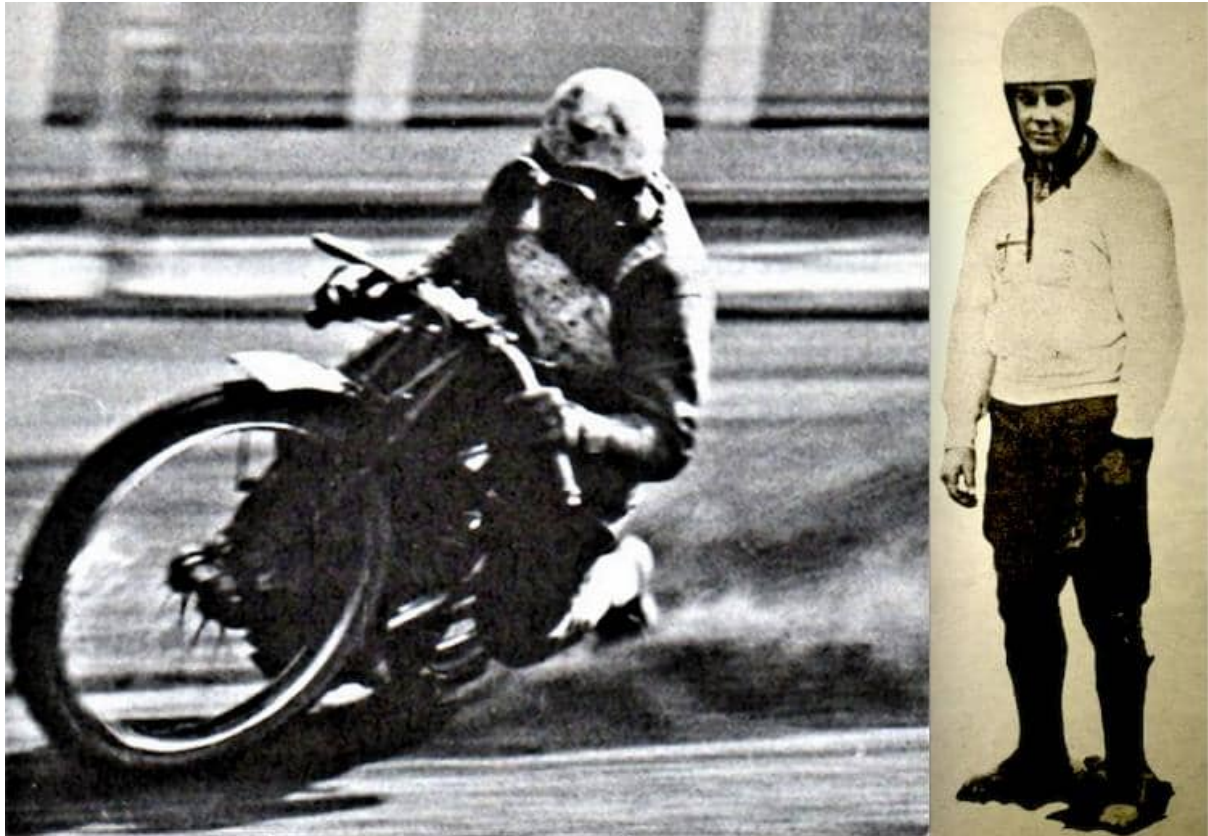
BEFORE LONG INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY Ltd was running events six evenings a week at Wimbledon, Harringay and White City, featuring Aussie star Frank Arthur and American ace Art Pecher on his Indian.

HERE'S ONE OF THE FIRST speedway reports to be published in *The Motor Cycle*: "Nearly an hour before the start of the opening meeting on the new Crystal Palace speedway, a steady downpour of rain set in. In spite of this, spectators continued to pour into the grounds, and a little before zero hour there was not a stand seat to be had for love or money. Thousands had to stand out in the rain, and when it was announced that, owing to the conditions, the start would be postponed for half an hour, the crowd bore its discomforts with great patience. The Marconiphone loud-speakers refused to function, so announcements had to be made by megaphone; apart from this, the organisation was excellent. Although a shade heavy owing to the deluge, the track was in very fine condition. Later on, the rain almost ceased, and the crowd was fully repaid for its long-suffering. The chief event was an international match race between three celebrated Australian and English riders....Two Englishmen and one Australian lined up for the Final, and after one false rolling start, caused by the fact that Schlam's "Peashooter" was running very erratically, the three got going and dead-heated for the first bend. Here, However, Schlam went into a broadside like lightning, and shot ahead. On the following straight, however, his engine suddenly cut out like a knife, and he had, perforce, to become a spectator. Thereafter, the race became rather dull, for, although Frogley and Wills were at the top of their form, their riding, as a spectacle, was not in the same street as that of the Australians. Less experienced riders on the more reliable machines ruled the day."



BEFORE LONG SPEEDWAY WAS an integral part of the Blue 'Un, courtesy of Talmage's weekly column Cinder Siftings whence comes these notes on speedway's first international superstar, Billy Lamont: "About Billy Lamont there is something irresistible—not only about his riding, but about the man himself...He started dirt-track racing in at Maitlant—the first dirt-track built in Australia—in 1924 (aged 17) and, unlike many of the other riders, he has remained true to his first love throughout. For Lamont started racing on an old 348cc side-valve AJS. This machine was gradually tuned up to do great things, but eventually, of course, it had to give way to an ohv 'Ajes' [I assume this is the 1920s version of 'Ajay'—Ed] of the same size, which in turn was replaced by a 500. The year following his start on the dirt the Newcastle and Cessnock tracks (both ½-mile) were opened and he divided his attention between the two. In 1926 AJ Hunting opened two ¼-mile tracks at Brisbane. On these tracks Lamont used to thrill the good people of Queensland until he came to England this year...the nickname 'Cyclone' suits him to a 'T'. His riding is unlike that of any other speedway 'ace' I have seen. There is only one man in the whole world who, crouching over the bars of a buck-jumping AJS, stays flat-out while trying (apparently) to uproot the safety fence...But when Lamont and his AJS are really in a





Lamont was the world's first speedway superstar. In an interview some 40 years later he remarked: "Until you've seen a leg trailer you haven't seen speedway." (Right) From Talmage's feature: "'Cyclone' Billy Lamont; for once he is not looking at his feet and scratching the track with his toe!"

going mood, nothing can stop them. Bumps, fence, rear tyre of the rim—they are all the same to Billy, who apparently does not notice such trivialities." Best to let Cyclone's contrymen have the last say. According to the site Speedway Past Australia: "Lamont was a spectacular leg-trailer who knew no fear, crashed as often as he won, could beat anyone on his night, partied with the finest of London's high society and, for a time, lived at the Savoy Hotel...Lady racer Fay Tylour once dubbed him 'The idol of Millions'. Lamont was a thrill-maker out of the pages of a Boy's Own annual. His name would put thousands on the gate of a speedway meeting and it was legend that promoters would always book a bed at the local hospital when arranging his appearance...At the end of the 1927-8 season 19-year-old Lamont was one of 11 riders (10 Aussies + crack American Cecil Brown) chosen by Davies Park [Brisbane] promoter AJ Hunting to pioneer the sport to England...Billy was the first Aussie to truly wow the British with his flamboyant never-shut-off, full-throttle sweeps around the safety fence, showering everyone with the deep black cinders of the time. He was a strong man and could whip his bike all over the track...He rode for big money in front of big audiences in New Zealand, France, Germany, Denmark, USA, Sweden, Holland, Argentina, Uruguay and became a household name throughout England where he voted the most popular rider." Following a crash at Lamont Lamont lay in hospital, unconscious with a fractured skull. For several days newspaper placards in London bore the simple message: "Billy Lamont latest". He was *that* famous.



“BRITISH RIDERS COMING INTO THEIR OWN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. The local heroes are learning to ‘lay it over’ at Coventry, and one, who has more than a local reputation, has—learnt! Sid Jackson sprays the cinders like a veteran, and does some of the prettiest riding on the dirt. Still, it was to be expected, judging by his evolutions on the grass, and he certainly has one of the hottest AJSs in the Midlands. Sid, in fact, carries everything away with him....Saturday’s meeting at Folehill opened with an exhibition run by the only rider who might, with better luck, have given Jackson a run for his money—Geoff Taylor. He took his Douglas round in the cleverest and most spectacular series of wicked broadsides, but was not, in actual fact, so terribly fast...The Australian, Keith McKay, was absolutely nowhere; apparently his engine could not be persuaded to give enough horses to get the wheel spinning and he toured round...Some surprise was caused at Lea Bridge on Saturday by the appearance of the Frogley brothers on Douglas machines...In spite of poor weather there was a bigger crowd than usual at the Marine Gardens Speedway, Edinburgh, on Saturday. In a four-lap inter-city contest between Edinburgh and Manchester, Drew M’Queen (Edinburgh) literally ‘walked away’ from Arthur Sherlock (Manchester)...Thrills, spills and retirements were the order of the day at Blackpool on Saturday. The 350cc race resulted in a brilliant win for A Wilcock (Chater-Lea). The qualifying heats for the Sunday Chronicle dirt-track championship were productive of many thrills—Abbott (Rudge) getting entangled with Sunny (Raleigh); both remounted and the former won his heat. The sidecar record was broken for the second consecutive week by NH Buckley (Scott sc)...An unusual thing happened in one of the sidecar heats [at Lea Bridge]. AE Warwick (P&M) drew the inside position, but he was so hemmed in on the first bend by B Coles that his right hand-bar got jammed behind Coles’ passenger, and he could not steer his outfit round the bend. It was impossible also for Coles to get round the bend, for the simple reason that Warwick’s Panther got in the way! Thus both outfits went straight into the fence, and became considerably bent: the crews were unhurt...The final of the sidecar event [at Stamford Bridge] was spolt by Taylopr crashing at the north bend, which brings many sidecar drivers to grief. In this instance the passenger lost his footing on the chassis and was flung out—or off. The outfit then did a somersault, and finished on top of the fence...The White City Wizard has been



“Dirt-track Stars in their Courses, as Grimes of *The Motor Cycle* sees them. L-R: Frank Arthur, Sprouts Elder, Paddy Dean, Gus Kuhn, Arch Pechar and—his mechanic.”

'acquired' by Stamford Bridge, and he appeared there on Saturday in a match race against Art Pechar. The American was in excellent form, and revenged his defeat by Frank Arthur the previous week. In doing so, however, he disabled his 500cc machine and had to meet Sprouts Elder on his smaller one. Nevertheless, he lost by a very narrow margin. Les Blakeborough, both last Wednesday and on Saturday, was riding like a demon, and he was almost invincible. Colin Ford, the new Rudge star, however, beat him in a match race at 40mph. During a match race between Gus Kuhn and Hilary Buchanan...Buchanan fell, and Kuhn turned his machine into the safety fence—a plucky act in which was greeted with roars of applause. Buchanan won the re-run...In the Belle Vue handicap all the heats except one were won by Australians, whose riding, particularly that of Huxley (Douglas) was very spectacular...Alec Jackson was the only English rider in the final of the Silver Sash scratch race, in which he was beaten by both Dicky Smythe (Douglas) and Jack Bishop (Harley). Many of the local boys showed great promise."...For the first since dirt-track racing went to Manchester heavy rain fell on the appointed days last week. International Speedways cancelled the Tuesday event at Belle View, but the local body, the BDTRA, carried on with the Wednesday night White City display, even though the track was intersected with two or three serious watersplashes. About 18,000 people turned up and were rewarded for braving drenching by gleams of sunshine when the programme started. The 'Juniors' had a rough time, for water stopped many engines—in fact, in one heat all six runners stopped at one time. Franklyn (Rudge) once again carried all before him, winning in Triumphant fashion from A Taylor (Douglas) in the final for the Pemberton Corinthian Trophy and collecting once more the Golden Sash, from a pack of screaming Douglas broadsiders...Franklyn devotes his attention to being first off the mark and first at the finish; while the broadsiders collect the applause he collects the substantial satisfaction in winning....Pechar fans 'peeved' at the Palace—Now that dirt-track racing is established as a 'popular' sport, the difficulty of promoters is going to be to guarantee that matched riders appear on machines of identical reliability. Roger Frogley won his match against Art Pechar at the Crystal Palace on Saturday evening, although Pechar led him handsomely till the very last bend, where his engine seized. The crowd of 20,000 odd, with its own peculiar ideas of sportsmanship, was not at all pleased with Frogley's success. Frogley's speed in this match was only 30.79mph, due to his easing up to investigate when Pechar stopped, but he won the one-mile scratch





“Informal but enthusiastic. The opening event at the new Quarmby Dirt Track near Huddersfield.”

race at 38.5mph...Stamford Bridge has done well out of the summer sales, having bought Frank Arthur for something 'running well into four figures'. Thus Frank and his Harley will be seen exclusively at the Chelsea track...A running commentary on next Saturday's Stamford Bridge meeting will be broadcast from 2LO from 9.50 until 10.20pm by Ixion of The Motor Cycle...Owing to poor public support, the dirt-track meetings held on the Greenfield Greyhound track at Bradford by the Bradford & DMC have been continued—there is a feeling that dirt-track racing does not appeal to the public of Bradford...At a recent meeting of the Scottish ACU permission was granted to the Scottish Dirt Track Motor Racing Club to stage the 1928 Scottish open dirt-track championships for 350cc and 500cc machines on the Marine Gardens Speedway, Edinburgh...The outbreak of speedways in this country seems to be causing quite an amount of interest 'down under', and one correspondent suggests that it is useless to give times and speeds when the size of the track is unknown. The following licensed tracks have now been measured to within the nearest yard: Wimbledon, 330 yards; Harringay, 340; White City (London), 384; Stamford Bridge, 445; Crystal Palace, 441; Lea Bridge (446), West Ham, 440...Practising started last week on the Bolton dirt track at Raikes Park greyhound course. The prime movers in promoting the track are Mr A Horrocks and Mr M Edwards who manufacture Royal Ruby motor cycles and the MEB three-wheeler respectively...I wonder if Freddie Dixon has kept off dirt owing to the advance of years? I always think he would make a first-class broadsider and give the invaders something to think about. He certainly has the pluck, the skill and the stamina for the job. Also, what about his flexible sidecar?...All the tracks in Australia, with the exception of Davies Park, Brisbane, are considerably larger than the average track in this country, and consequently spills are very rare...The new London track, which is being run by Dirt Track Speedways Ltd, is on the old Customs House Sports Ground at Plaistow, and is known as the West Ham track. A new stadium has been built which is said to be able to accommodate 120,000 people. The track itself is 440 yards in length, 35ft wide, and is banked on the corners. The riders at the opening will include Paddy Dean, Sprouts Elder, Spencer Stratton, Irvine Jones, and Arthur Pechar...An amalgamation has been effected between the British Dirt Track Racing Association, of Manchester, Dirt Track Speedways, Midland Speedways, and Northern Speedways. The controlling body will be known as the British Dirt Track Co, and tracks affected

are Manchester (White City), Bolton, Blackpool, Bristol, London (West Ham), Glasgow, Edinburgh, Coventry, Leicester and Middlesbrough.”



American spectators were used to seeing dirt-track riders broadsiding: Brits happily paid up to see demonstrations of the new technique.



Combos were taking to the dirt tracks too: this team are pictured at Stamford Bridge in London. Judging by the collar and tie and lack of protective clothing this is a publicity shot.

FLAT-TWIN DOUGLASES WITH their low centre of gravity were dominant on the first dirt tracks though they were soon challenged by Rudge, and JAP-powered machines. Other dirt-track contenders included Scott, Zenith, Royal Enfield and Triumph.



First generation speedway irons, by Douglas, Rudge, Royal Enfield and Scott.

THE BLUE 'UN'S REGULAR 'Important Dates' column previewing sporting events was expanded to include 'This week's speedway meetings'. A typical issue in August included: Thursday, Lea Bridge, Huddersfield and West Ham; Saturday, Brighton, White City Manchester, Belle Vue Manchester, King's Oak, West Ham, Barnsley, Wolverhampton, Edinburgh, Greenford, Lea Bridge, Crystal Palace, , Rochdale, Wimbledon and Harringay; Wednesday, White City Manchester, White City London and Stamford Bridge.

"VIC HUXLEY, THE broadsider, was fined 21s at Tottenham recently for not having an efficient silencer."

ACCORDING TO A LOCAL newspaper dirt-track racers were using "special petrol, containing ether, chloroform and iodine, and costing £4 a gallon".

"IN ADDITION TO the usual import duty a luxury tax of 5% is now being imposed on all motor cycles and sidecars imported into Hungary."

"TRICK RIDING BY FV Newman, well known to Crystal Palace and Stamford Bridge habitues, will be a feature of the London Ladies MCC gymkhana at Mitcham."

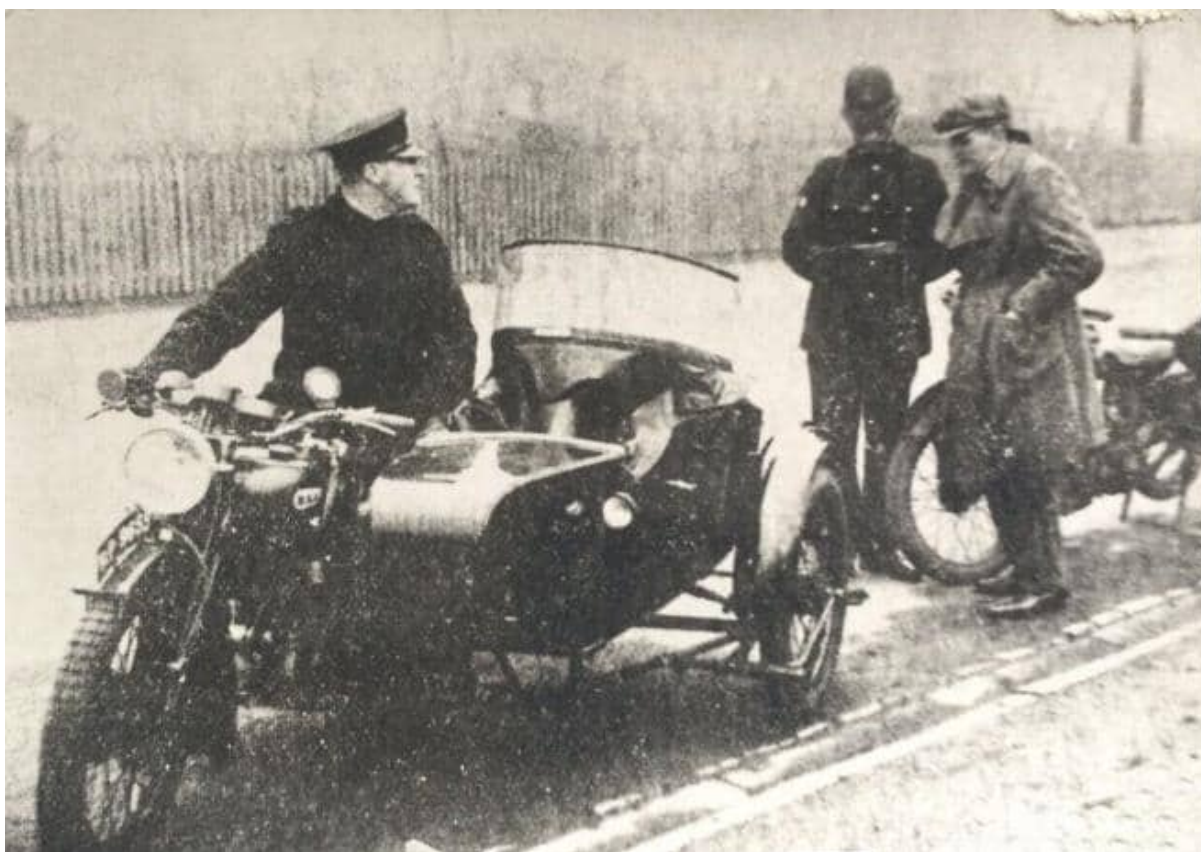
"IN ALL CASES WHERE I find two pillion passengers on a motor cycles I shall bring the drivers before you. It is too dangerous.'—What a police superintendant at Linsdale (Bucks) Police Court said to the magistrates."

"IN ONE YEAR AA road service patrols have covered 22,047,572 miles."

"IT'S CHEAPSKI. Imports of ` Russian petrol into Great Britain and Northern Ireland are increasing: 685,051 more galloins were imported last June than during June 1927."

"THE BEDFORDSHIRE standing Joint Committee are providing the police with motor cycles to help in the detection of crimes committed with the aid of motor cars."





The Northampton force acquired a sidecar outfit to track down speeders.

THE CHIEF CONSTABLE of Swansea says he is not in favour of traps, and has no more use for 'hedge hogs' (his designation of the police who operate them) than he has for road hogs."

"ORGANISED BY THE TADCASTER Club and held on ground within 200 yards of the centre of the town, a grasstrack meeting attracted 46 entrants. The 2,500 spectators could hardly complain when 14 events lasting several hours were offered them for their shillings...The elaborate championship belt was presented to O Langton (348cc AJS) amid loud cheers, after which he was chaired by a crowd of lady friends and admirers."

THERE WERE THRILLS APLENTY during a race at the Edsviken Ice Track near Stockholm when a Harley and an FN were clocked at 112mph (this was also the year that Harley finally fitted its roadsters with front brakes as standard).


"SIR,—IT IS WITH REGRET that I see you devoting space to reports of 'dirt-track' racing. Dirt-track racing has nothing to do with either sport of motor cycling. It is merely a transient money-making venture, duller even than Association football; and in the crowds who witness it, it evokes a spirit very similar to that to be found in Association football crowds. Dirt-track racing is incredibly dull. A purposely impossible surface is prepared to create danger, and the more danger the greater the thrill. Not one in a thousand of the spectators has the slightest interest in the motor cycle. Young flappers surrounding me at my first visit could only yell 'Hurrah, he's off.' Probably they would be only bored at the spectacle of a TT rider winning a great race without a spill. One needs a sense of humour at the dirt track. The low average speed is really too funny for words. Here in Manchester twice a week one can see the English and Colonial 'cracks' (who, by the way, number scarcely a single well-known rider in their ranks), with great exuberance of noise, dust and smoke, tearing round quite ordinary bends at about 15mph amid frenzied excitement. Unjust criticism is often levelled against legitimate racing on the grounds that it

does nothing to improve the breed. But what on earth is the use of dirt track?

**N WILLIAMS**

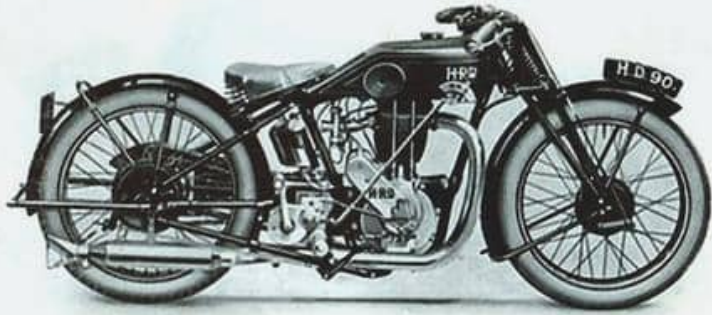
“TT OR DIRT TRACK? This ‘TT or Dirt Track’ wrangle is a very silly controversy. You go to a dirt track, and for a few brief minutes your heart nearly stops (on the rare occasions when at least two of the models are on their best behaviour and ridden by really well-matched men.) It is like the opening round between a British heavyweight boxer and a world champion (ie, jolly soon over). You go to the TT and the business drags on for nearly four hours. But the interest is cumulative. As the hours pass you get caught up in the pent efforts of the men, and the last lap has you trembling and jibbering. It is more like a Test match—with England trying to make 300 runs in the fourth innings on a worn wicket. The one event is the hors d’oeuvres, the other a sirloin.” —Ixion.

OK-SUPREME SNAPPED UP the ailing HRD but really only wanted the factory space. The HRD name, jigs, tools, patterns, and remaining components were subsequently offered for sale. Philip Vincent had just graduated from Cambridge with an engineering degree and patented a coil-sprung cantilever duplex cradle frame. With the backing of his wealthy family (they were well-heeled ranchers in Argentina) Vincent acquired the trademark, goodwill and remaining components of HRD from OK Supreme for £500. The company was renamed Vincent HRD Co and production moved to Stevenage, Herts. JAP engines got the new marque off to a powerful start.



**MODEL:**  
"HOWARD DAVIES 90."

**PRICE:**  
76 GUINEAS.

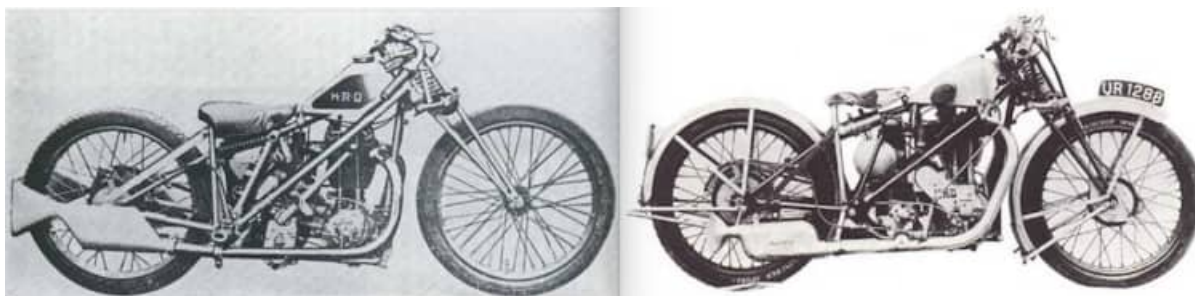


**ENGINE.**—Special 500 c.c. O.H.V. Sports J.A.P., 85.5 x 85 m.m. Approximate road speed, solo, 85/90 m.p.h. (With double port head, £3/3/- extra). **GEAR RATIOS.**—Top, 4.64 to 1; Middle, 6.87 to 1; Low, 9.35 to 1. **FORKS.**—Heavy Webb with adjustable shock dampers and steering damper incorporated. Drivids optional. **TWIST GRIP.**—Optional if specified.

Details as General Specification.      Code Word, "NINTY."      Use Wakefield Castrol R.

**WINNER OF TWO T.T.s. IN TWO YEARS.**

HRD had won its spurs as a formidable competitor; HRD-Vincent would achieve legendary status.



The first HRD-Vincent ran a creditable 6th in the Brooklands 200-miler; its 500cc stablemate was less successful—only two were sold. They used ohv JAP engines.

YORKSHIREMAN JOHN GILL went touring on a 4hp/600cc JAP-powered Model E Vincent-HRD/Noxall combo; his mate Wally Stephens from London went along for the ride. It was some ride: London, Dover, Calais, Paris, Zürich and across Europe by way of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and so to Constantinople, where passport problems led to Gill spending two weeks in a Turkish prison. South and east... 'French Syria, 1,400 miles of desert, shot at by Bedouins... Iraq, round Iran (Persia as was) as they were refused visas and so by ship to Karachi in Pakistan (India as was) and east across India to via Agra and the Taj Mahal and Calcutta to hop on a ship to Myanmar (the British Crown Protectorate Malay States as was). And thence to Singapore to hitch a lift aboard the Shell tanker Solen to Australia, where we shall meet them next year.

GILL WASN'T THE ONLY long-distance tourist that year. Ivan Sergevich Kralichek Soboleff (who with that moniker could only be Russian) found himself in Shanghai. So, inevitably, he bought a secondhand pushbike, caught the ferry to Hong Kong and pedalled through the jungle from Burma to Singapore where he came to his senses, deep-sixed the bicycle and bought an unspecified motor cycle. That took him as far as India where, history recounts, he was given an Ariel. After two years, 22 countries and 43,000 miles Soboleff was back where he started. As if that wasn't adventure enough for one lifetime, he moved to England and served with the Rifle Brigade in WW2, rising to the rank of Major and winning the Military Cross. His autobiography, *Cossack at Large*, is still available; Major Soboleff is buried in Bournemouth.



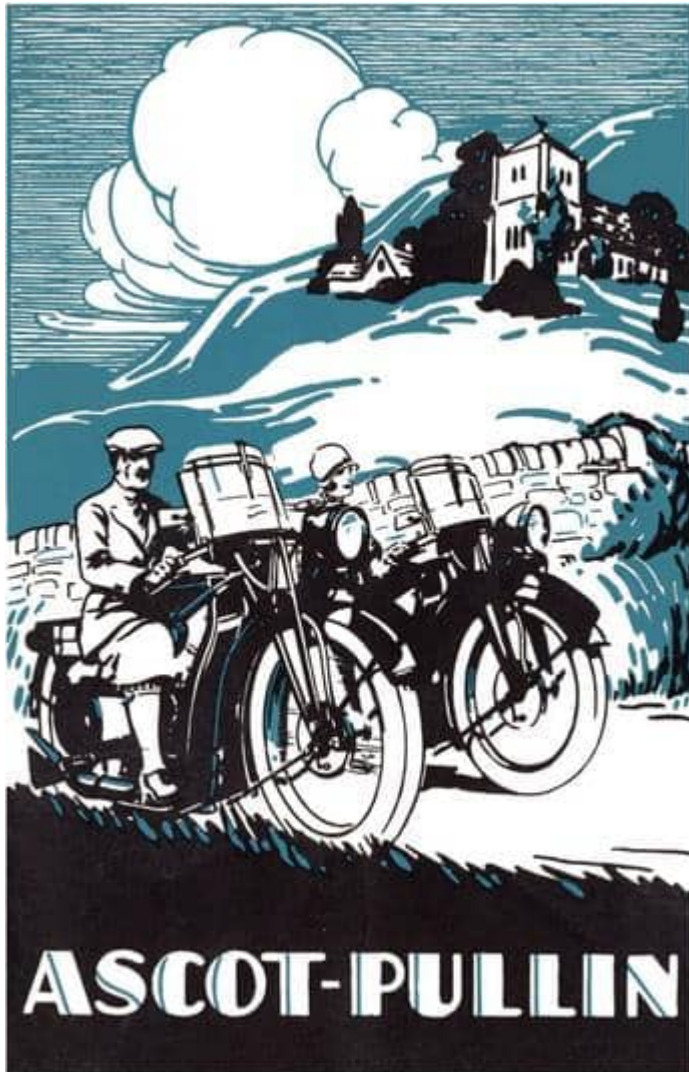


Ivan Soboleff covered 42,000 on his world tour and went on to win the MC.

PHILIP CYRIL PULLIN, CREATOR of the ill-fated Danum All Weather (1919 if you want to flick back), came up with a luxury motorcycle that was a hymn to modernism, but the advanced design of his enclosed Ascot-Pullin was more than skin deep. Its 500cc ohv unit-construction lump was mounted horizontally a la Guzzi, giving a rock-bottom centre of gravity. Frame and forks were pressed steel; the wheels were QD and interchangeable; both brakes were hydraulically actuated; the kickstart automatically engaged the valve lifter; a height-adjustable screen (with wiper) and legshields came as standard; instruments were tidily mounted in a dashboard over the handlebars, just as they are today. You could even have a matching monocoque sidecar ( I'm struggling to forgive the Blue 'Un for describing it as 'chassis-less')— and it was claimed to be capable of 100mph.



A hymn to modernism; the everyman motor cycle...the glorious Ascot Pullin.



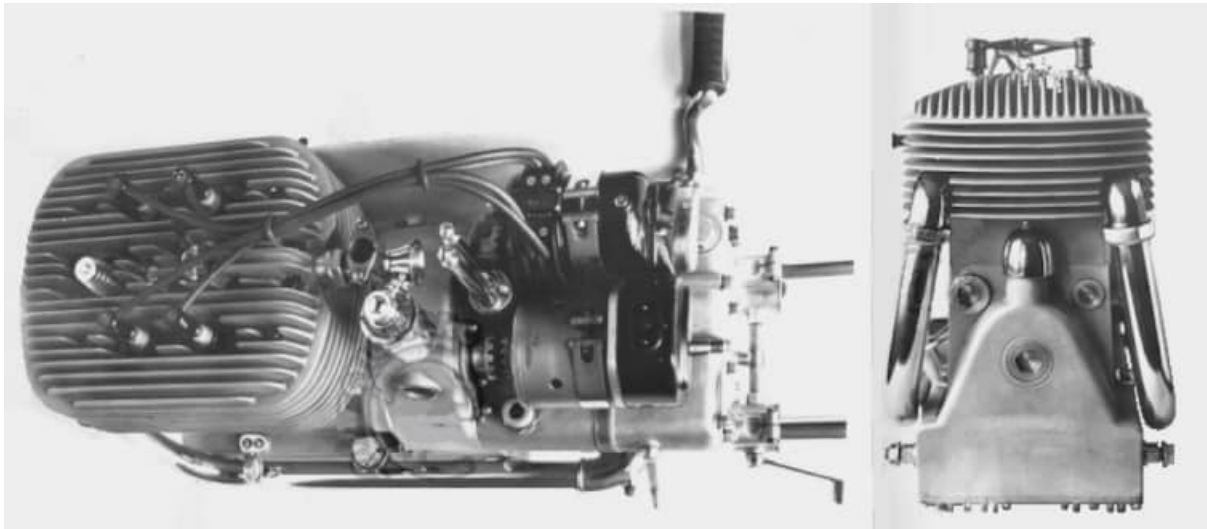
This stylish promotional poster reflects the Ascot-pullins credential as an 'Everyman' bike: male and female riders in 'smart-casual' clothing, protected by the integral weather-protection gear.

THE TRANSVERSE FOUR designed in Rome by Carlo Gianini and Piero Remor in 1924 was finally bolted into a rolling chassis. The sohc prototype had evolved into the OPRA, a dohc air/oil-cooled lump with individual heads developing up to 34hp at 7,000rpm. In its first outing former Italian national champion Umberto Faraglia led for three laps until the OPRA blew up chasing a Norton single. .

THE MAT IN-LINE FOUR, built in Prague by Milos Bondy, was aimed at the luxury market. Unfortunately its launch coincided with the global economic crash and only about 25 were produced. It looks like a square four because, to make the engine as compact as possible, its designers placed a camshaft on each side of block. The side valves of the first and fourth cylinders are on the left, while those of the central second and third cylinders are on the right. The exhaust valves are in the four corners, for optimum cooling. Maybe because it relied on a single diminutive carb the MAT four produced less than the 14hp produced by Bondy's previous model, a 500cc sidevalve single.



The MAT is one more example of innovative Czech engineering—it was scuppered by the global recession.



“SIR WILLIAM JOYSON-HICKS, the Home Secretary, performed the opening ceremony at Olympia...[he] spoke on the accomplishments of the British motor cycle industry, and congratulated its members on exporting, in the first nine months of the year, more machines and oparts than were sent abroad in the whole of 1927. There were, he said, immense markets to be tapped in India, South Africa and the Dominions, and he considered that more attention should be given to the popul;arising of light commercial transport by moroe cycle, having regard to the handiness and small size of asidecar outfit and the congestion of traffic on our roads today.”





“NO EXHIBITION OF MOTOR CYCLES has ever approached the present Olympia Show in the matter of interest. The progress made in the past twelve months has been remarkable, and the new models prove that Britain still leads the world in the design and production of motor cycles...there are many novel designs showing originality of thought on view at Olympia...one of the chief aims has undoubtedly been to improve weather protection, both as regards the rider and the mechanism...Another, and equally important, matter...is the provision of quieter and more flexible power units...”

“FEATURES OF THE SHOW: Chromium plating. Pressed-steel frames. Multi-cylinder engines. cellulose finishes. Gear-driven speedometers. Enclosure of working parts. Brighter tank colours. Great attention paid to silencing.”

“THINGS TO LOOK FOR in a tour of the stands at Olympia: The ‘specially finished’ P&M Panther and sectioned model of the Panther engine in motion with glass oil pipes to show circulation...Foot gear-change on the ‘TT’ Velocette...Francis-Barnett cellulose-finished saddle tanks...Method of carrying a reserve supply of oil on the petrol-lubricated Gillet two-stroke...Euclid’s proposition on the Francis-Barnett stand...New 500cc twin-port unit-construction Gillet...Knee-grips mounted on the gear gate of the new twin-port Calthorpe...The neat oil-tight valve box on the side-valve Ariels...Bayonet-fitting clutch cover built into the new Norton chain guard...Sunbeam’s new frames and saddle tanks...The ‘TT90’ racing twin-port Sunbeam—perhaps the prettiest machine in the Show...Foot-operated horn switches on the Brough Superiors...A trial rider’s mount—the competition-equipped Matchless...Thirty-three engines all in a row—the JAP gallery exhibit...A main-hall stand without a dirt-track model—if you can find one!...The black, green and ream Dunelts...On the Ariel stand—5.50 horses in the engine and one on the tank...The Show model Rudge-Whitworth—everything chromium plated but the saddle and tyres!...A dirt-track V-twin—the ohv James...A green saddle to match the green and plated Vincent-HRD...All-enclosed Ascot-Pullin and its chassis-less sidecar...An open-frame OEC with enclosed mechanism...The DKW taxi...Unit-construction 500cc and 350cc ohc Automotos with hand-operated central stand...BMW flat-twin units with shaft drive

and pressed-steel frames...The cheapest machine at the Show—a 147cc Excelsior at £21...Coventry-Eagles in every size from 150cc to 1,000cc...A 350cc ohv Triumph—the first of its kind...The ‘under 300lb’ 350cc models on New Imperial and Douglas stands.”

*And here are just a few of the goodies you’d have seen, among the crowds at Olympia...*

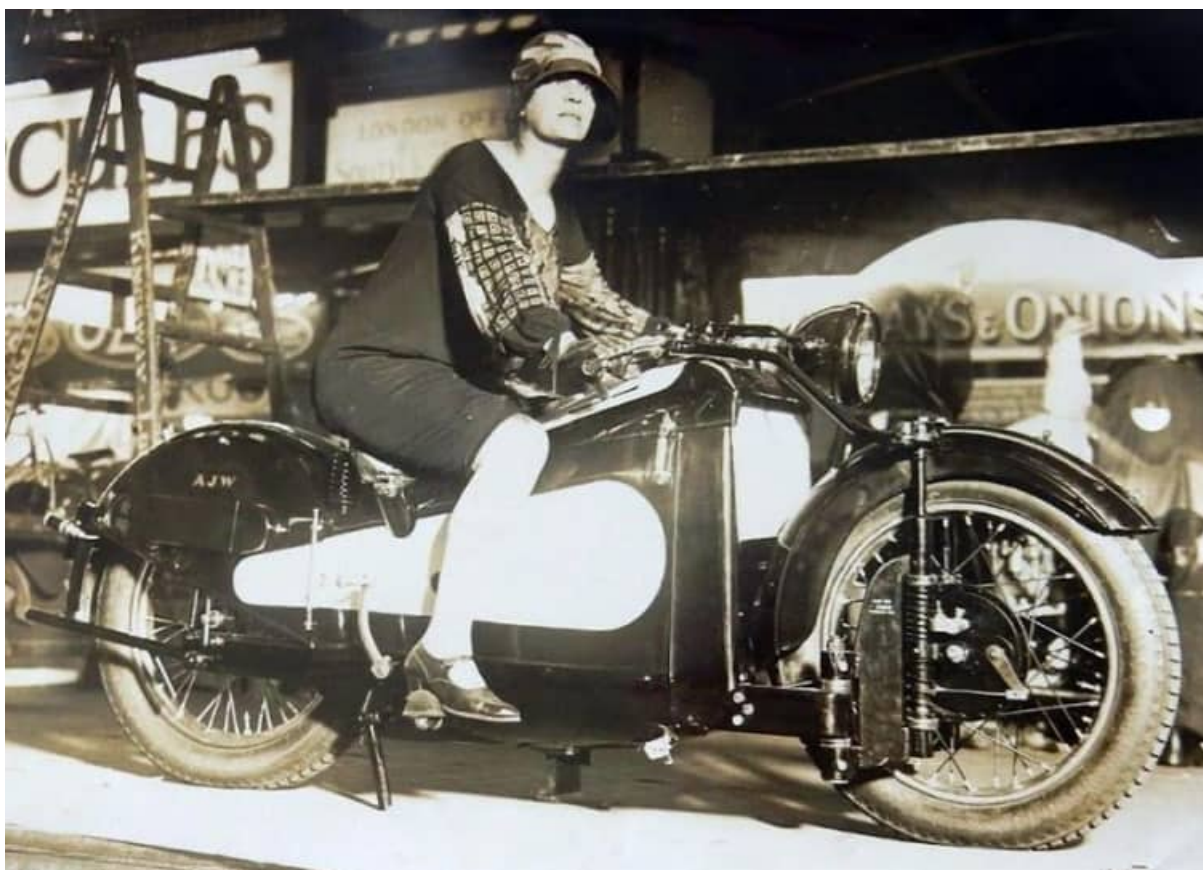


“Unwrapping the chromium plated P&M Panther at Olympia. By the time all the coverings were removed from the exhibits the gangways were in places almost knee deep in litter.”



There were five in-line fours at the Olympia show. From the USA came the well-proven 1,301cc Henderson and the 1,265cc Indian-Ace. Brough had mounted a 900cc sv Motosacoche car engine in a cantilver sprung frame. From McEvoy came a cammy 498cc with optional electric start, while AJW’s Super-Four used a 985cc, watercooled sv British Anzani car engine with the fuel tank under the saddle and a dummy saddle tank. Here are four of the five fours with the Brits on top: Brough Superior and AJW. And the Yanks, Indian-Ace and Henderson-X.

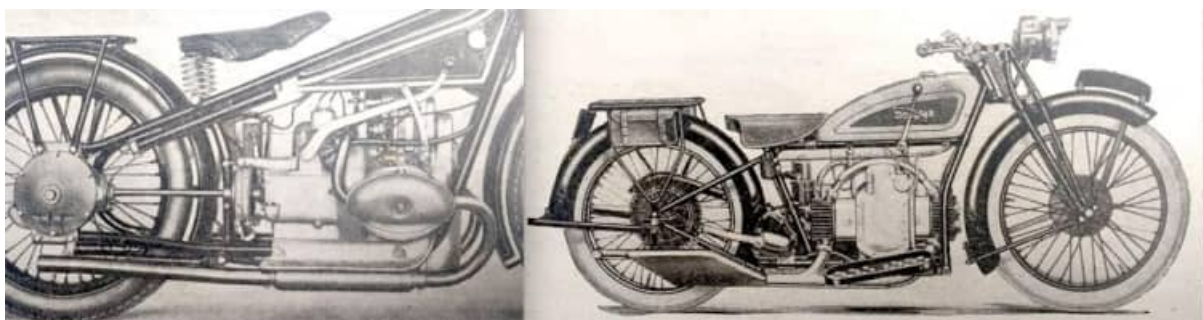




Here's the AJW at Olympia, with the Matchless and Alldays & Onions stands being prepared in the background. The young lady in this publicity shot looks rather warmer than the bikini-clad lovelies who adorned the stands in the 1970s...



L-R: "The 147cc unit-construction AKD. A handsome big twin—the 976cc side-valve Royal Enfield."



L-R: "A Continental exhibit of outstanding interest—engine and transmission of the 500cc ohv BMW. The 600cc side-valve Douglas remains almost unaltered except for modifications to suit the new saddle tank."





L-R: "The 172cc Villiers-engined Francis-Barnett is greatly improved by the provision of a neat saddle tank. 147cc Excelsior—a sturdy ultra-lightweight."



L-R: "The 348cc side-valve FN has unit construction of the engine and gear box. A French Automoto fitted with a twin-port 350cc ohc engine."



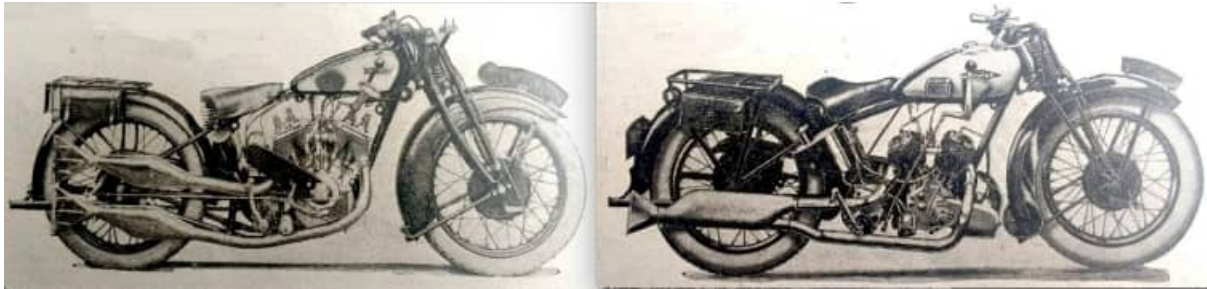
L-R: "Graceful lines characterise the 'Special sports' Grindlay-Peerless. It is fitted with a 490cc twin-port JAP engine and Castle forks. Important modifications to the 346cc ohv Levis give it the appearance of an entirely new type."



L-R: "A spring-frame sporting mount—the 490cc Vincent-HRD. A specially tuned super-sports edition of the famous 348cc ohc Velocette."



L-R: "The neat 349cc ohc Humber engine is now housed in a particularly sturdy cradle frame. Air-cooled 292cc two-stroke DKW."



L-R: "The redesigned Matchless 'big twin' has a very compact appearance. 499cc side-valve James in its latest form."



L-R: "A sturdy newcomer—the new 349cc side-valve New Hudson. A sturdy sporting mount—the 346cc ohv New Henley."



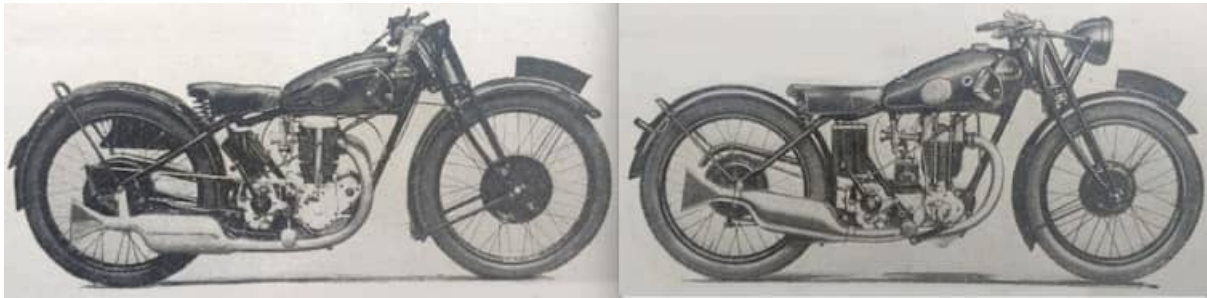
L-R: "The water-cooled OEC-Tinkler has the engine and gear box combined in one unit. The new 348cc ohc Norton 'Junior'."



L-R: "The 499cc P&M Panther has a twin-port cylinder head and a graceful saddle tank of new



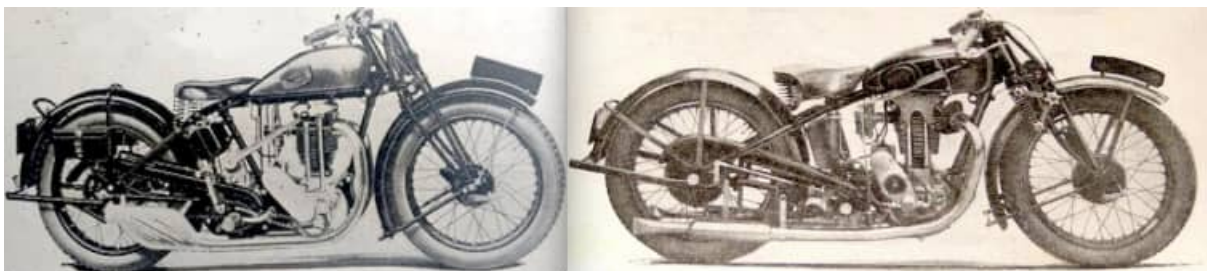
design. The 247cc Villiers-engined sports Panther looks every inch a thoroughbred in its new form.”



L-R: “A Rudge-Whitworth surprise—the new lightweight model with a 246cc ohv JAP engine and four-speed gear box. ‘Ulster’ model 499c Rudge-Whitworth, a replica of the winning machine.”



L-R: “A neat four-stroke lightweight—the 300cc JAP-engined Sun. An old favourite—the 1929 edition of the 498cc two-speed Scott Super-Squirrel.”

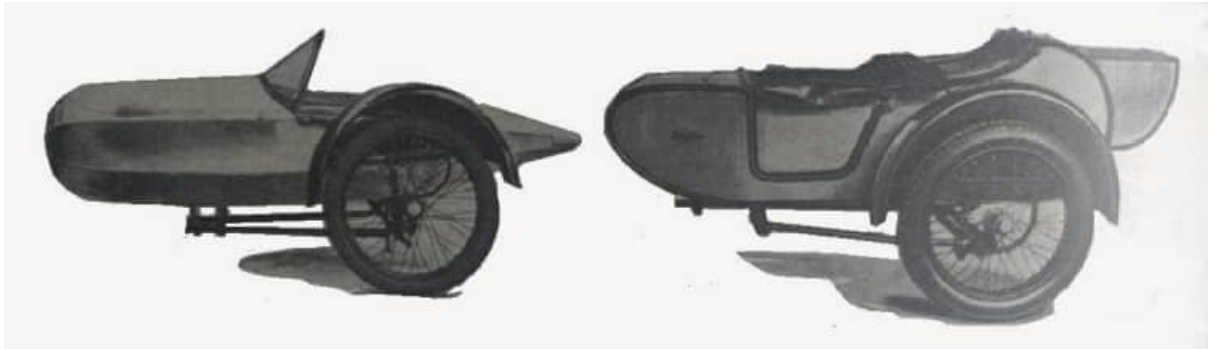


L-R: “The popular 498cc ohv twin-port Triumph has enclosed rocker gear, a new saddle tank and a low saddle position. A ‘hit-stuff’ power unit—the 4903cc twin-port ohv engine fitted to the racing Sunbeam.”

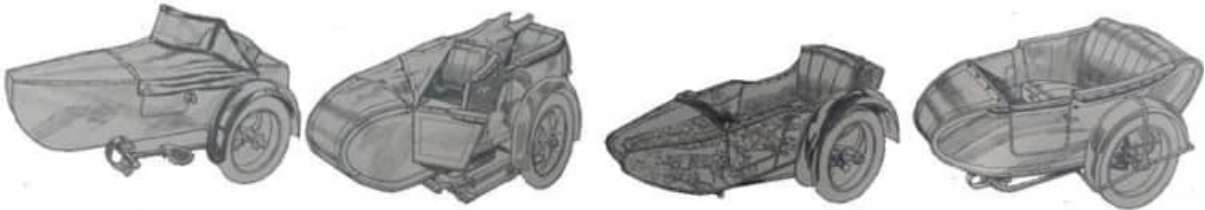


L-R: “An innovation—the Ascot-Pullin pressed steel sidecar in which the body forms the chassis. An example of modern sidecar practice is the Milford ‘Saloon’. The tandem two-seater Watsonian is suitable for any weather. An attractive semi-sports sidecar—the Model 7 Swallow.”





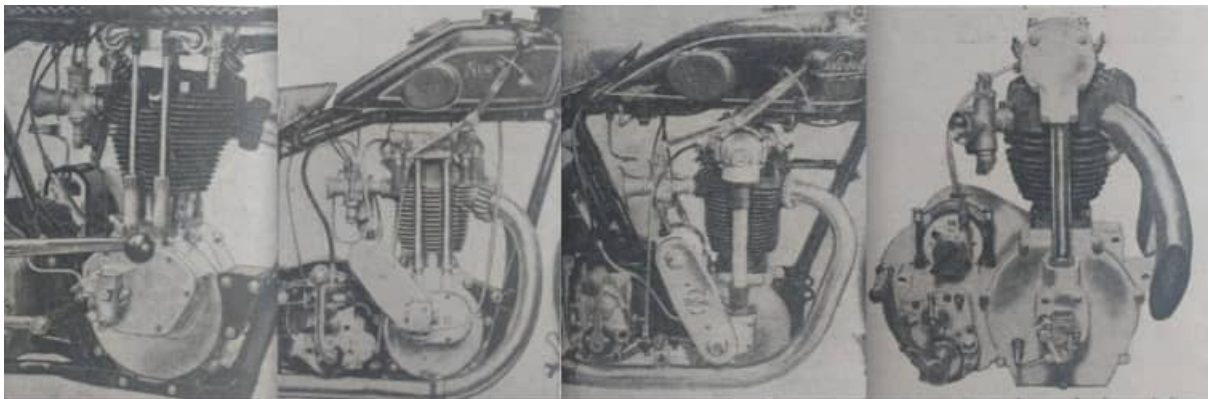
L-R: "A sporting Montgomery model with mottled upper panels. The Whitley 'Family' sidecar has a neat dickey seat, suitable for a child."



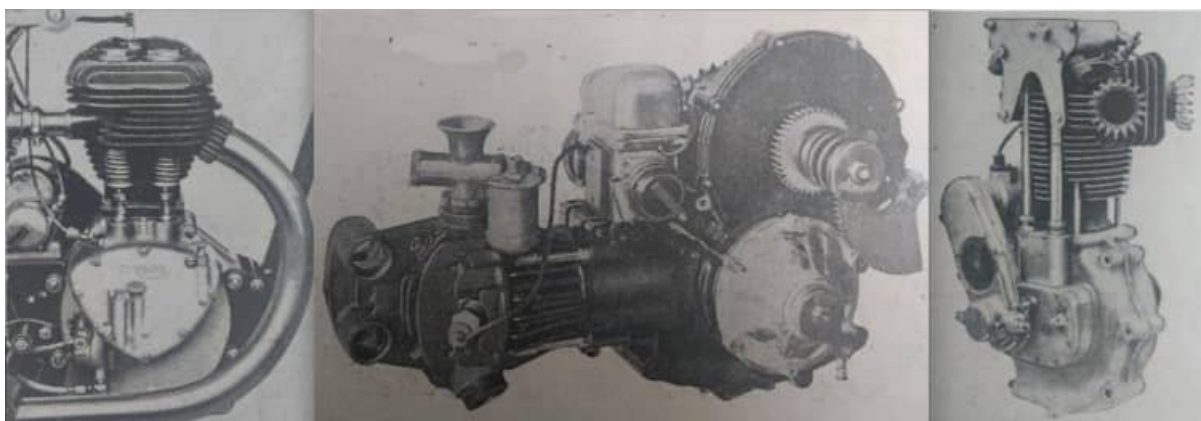
L-R: "Tornado touring sidecar with aluminium fabric finish. The two-seater Dorway has a well to accommodate the feet of the rear passenger. An imposing Whitley sidecar with 'dazzle' finish. The Watsonian 'Sociable' two-seater has a large locker in the back."



L-R: "A favourite with the sporting rider—the Milford aluminium model with blue panels. Swallow sidecar specially built for dirt-track racing. Smart black-and-white Matchless sidecar with white panels and white rim. Low-built and with rakish lines, this polished aluminium Montgomery has a most attractive appearance."



L-R: "The 348cc push-rod Norton engine—an example of clean design. The 498cc ohv twin-port New Imperial engine has its rocker gear entirely enclosed. The ohc Velocette engine: stays run from the cylinder head to the duplex down tubes. The new three-valve ohc McEvoy has two inlet valves, two exhaust ports, and unit construction of the engine and gear box."



L-R: "The 498cc side-valve engine fitted to the new Triumph 'CN' model. The combined engine and gear unit of the Ascot-Pullin. A 'hot-stuff' power-unit—the 493cc twin-port ohv engine fitted in the racing Sunbeam."



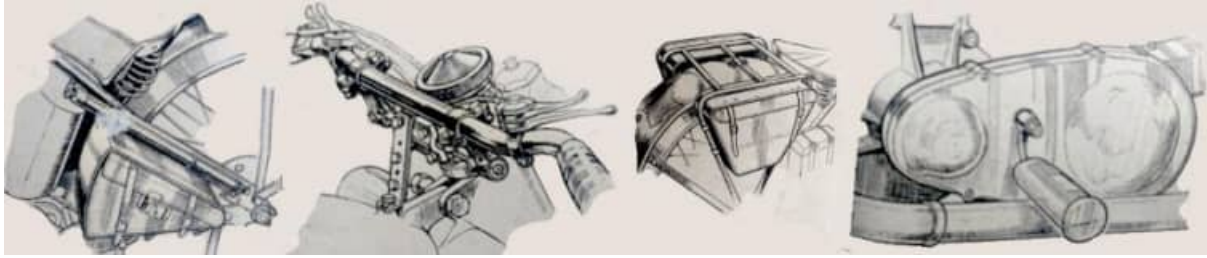
Amid all the monotone pics, here's the saddle-tanked Model N Triumph as enthusiasts would have seen it at Olympia.



L-R: "Combined oil tank and gear box bracket on the 198cc OK-Supreme. A combined dual-purpose Baker sidecarrier finished in black leather cloth and white piping. Front brake anchorage on Indian models; the sliding members can be lubricated by grease gun. Front brake



adjustment and flanged brake drum on the 348cc ohc Velocette.”



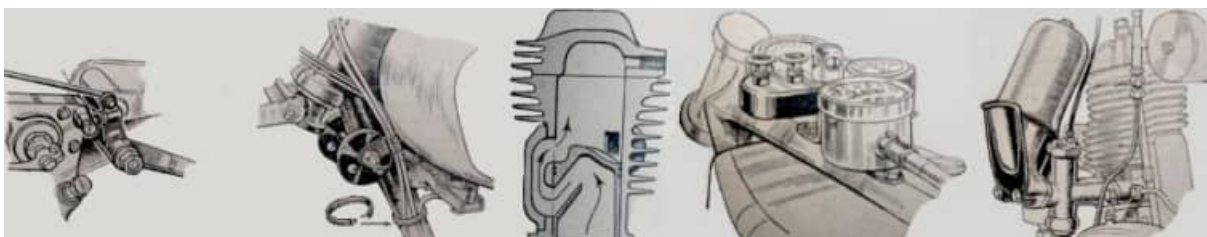
L-R: “Neat toolbox fixing on the twin-port Sunbeam. New type of handle-bar fixing used on Scott Flying Squirrels. Large tool bags are neatly placed between the carrier tubes on certain Royal Ruby models. An aluminium two-piece chain case is fitted to the new Rudge ‘Ulster’ model.”



L-R: “Overhead valve rockers of the BMW. New gear quadrant on the two-stroke Royal Enfield. Ribbed valve cover on the side-valve 348cc Douglas. New bonnet on the ‘de luxe model Morgan.”

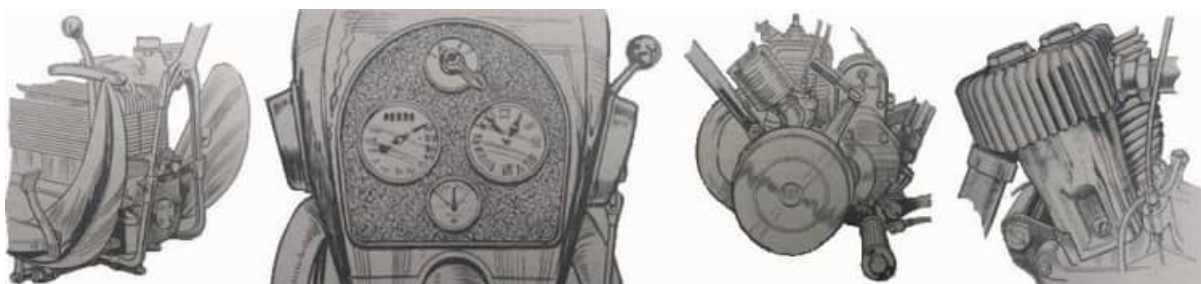


L-R: “A one-piece cover is provided for the dynamo and primary drives on the 350cc Rex Acme. The gear box mounting on the 300cc Radco permits of the primary chain being adjusted without the gear control being affected. On the ohv P&M Panthers the carrier and rear section of the mudguard are both readily detachable. Oil tank on the ohv Montgomery models.”

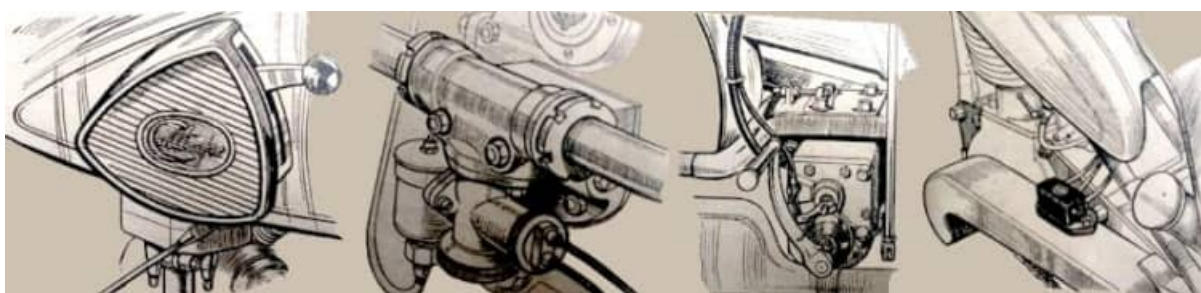


L-R: “Neat adjustable brake stop on the new Royal Enfield models. The adjustable, eccentric fork stop on Matchless machines also acts as a carrier for the legshield support. Diagram showing the ingenious transfer system of the ‘Six-port’ Levis. The air cleaner fitted on the 249cc Dunelt has a small ‘legshield’.”

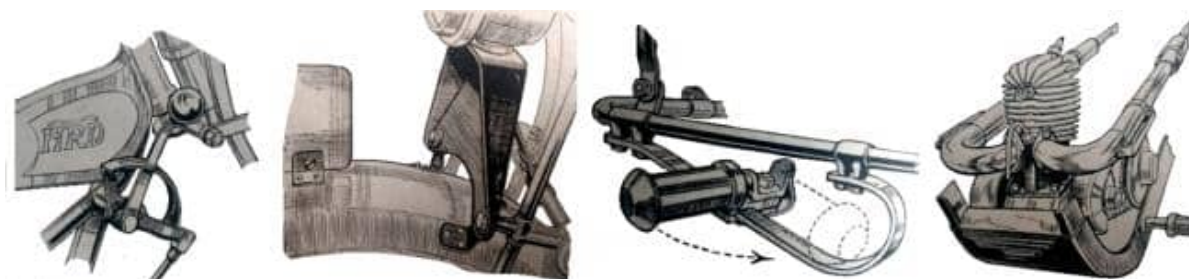




L-R: "The Brough Superior 'Straight Four' has legshields and a particularly neat front engine mounting. Metal instrument panel on the 500cc ohc Automoto. Flywheel cover and air cleaner on the BSA two-stroke. Aluminium valve covers are fitted on the 996cc AJS. The covers for the side-valve single-cylinder engines are of slightly different shape."



L-R: "Neat method of attaching the knee grip to the gear quadrant on the new twin-port Calthorpe. Carburation on the Coventry Victor is assisted by the 'hot spot' from the crank case. Neat arrangement of the clutch and speedometer cables on Chater-Lea machines. Fuse box on the chain guard of the 496cc side-valve Cotton."



L-R: "On the Vincent-HRD the gear quadrant is mounted on one of the front down tubes. Combined head lamp and mudguard fixing on the FN. The spring steel skid and pivoting footrest fitted to the Club model Zenith. Unusual horizontal arrangement of the exhaust pipes on the 147cc Villiers-engined Coventry Eagle."

DURING THE SHOW "The fourteenth annual banquet of the Manufacturers' Union was held at the Connaught Rooms, with the president of the union, [Triumph boss] Mr Siegfried Bettman JP in the chair." The "toast to the British cycle and motor cycle industry," let it be noted, was proposed by Ramsay MacDonald, The Prime Minister. "Mr Justice McCardie said the main reason why he attended the banquet was because the industry was a vigorous enterprise, and vigorous enterprises were the foundation of Britain's greatness." McCardie was a High Court judge. "Sir Edward Illiffe [publisher of *The Motor Cycle*], in proposing the toast of the chairman, paid a tribute to Mr Bettmann, who at one time was Mayor of Coventry...He then suggested that it would be well for the motor cycle industry to alter slightly its ideas. Due to the TT, manufacturers were inclined to concentrate on machines of ever-increasing weight and speed, machines which were difficult to start and almost too fast, except for the use of lusty sportsmen. There was, he thought, an enormous potential market for light motor cycles that

were easy to start and to handle, and unless the production of such machines were tackled the industry might become narrowed down to catering purely for sportsmen.”

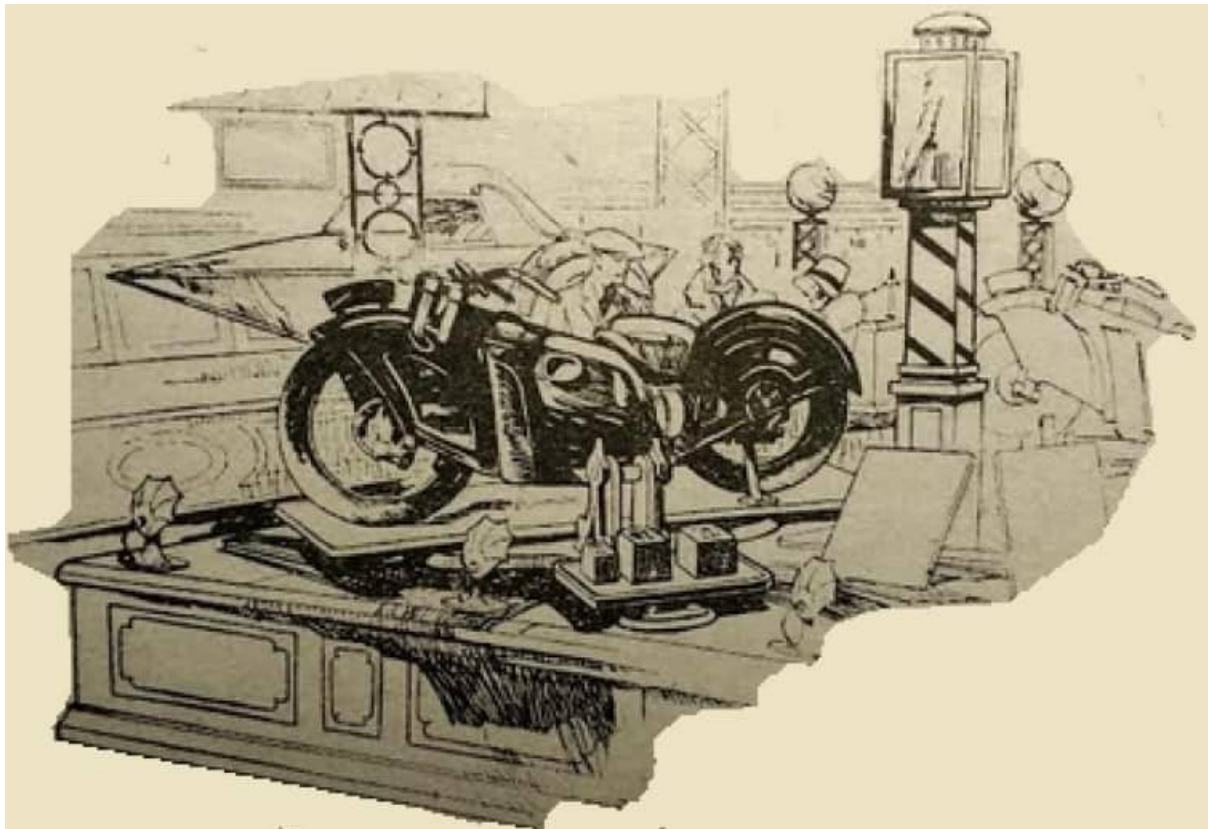
THE WAR OFFICE SENT scouts to the Show to look for WD candidates but found nothing that fully met their requirements which included a sub-300lb weight limit.



“HANGING ON ITS FOUR horizontal propellers, the hundred-seater plane sustained no semblance of a shock when its cushioned keel came to rest on the flat roof of the vast hall built by Associated Motor Industries Ltd., for the display of their wares. We stepped out of the doors of the saloon opposite a railed space, which instantly rose 8ft above the level, disclosing a luxurious lift; and entering its chamber, we sank rapidly to the floor level of the great hall. All its stands were set by internal jacks to a height of 3ft., so that we could inspect the exhibits without kinking our spines. I noticed that, by a wise decision on the part of the manufacturers, every machine was mounted on a device resembling letter scales, so that its weight was accurately recorded. Moreover, and this was astonishing – until I wandered round into the special overseas section I could not unearth a single bus which weighed more than 150lb. I commented on this extraordinary fact to a salesman on the Brough stand. “Where have you been this last 10 years?” He enquired incredulously. I explained that when I was a motor cycle journalist in my youth, I had always held that weight didn’t really matter; after all, the engine attended to its propulsion. “We exploded that ancient lie years ago!” he condescended to inform me; “we found that many potential riders were scared of weight; nobody, except very young and crazy people, really likes handling a badly balanced 3 cwt. or more.” “Well, you haven’t abolished plating” I retorted; “there seem to be more bright parts than ever; and what’s more, the quality of your plating has deteriorated. The surface is all right, but it isn’t really bright – doesn’t glitter as they did in 1928.” “Of course not. When they got the chromium process right, we did away with rust, and we started plating frames and tanks and all sorts of parts. Then dazzle got to be a nuisance, especially in bright sun or among powerful lamps. So about 1935 this dull plating came out. It can’t tarnish, it is tougher than cellulose, and it won’t dazzle. But you can have cellulose, if you like.” After this revelation I lay low, and risked nothing but questions. The electrical equipment struck me as rather odd. No magneto. Push-button hooters. Electric lamps. Something which looked like a starter motor. Quite a small battery. No dynamo. I decided to study this item on the

Lucas stand. The attendant was quite amiable when he found that I'd been out of England and was not a moron or trying to pull his leg. He explained how silly it was to make ten million people buy small and fragile dynamos, when the whole country was a network of power lines. "It all dates from the invention of this steel-cased battery" he recounted. "It can be charged from flat down in an hour. So at the end of the day – you see this socket under the carrier? – you just plug in the power line of your house or the garage, and an automatic switch disconnects the power the instant that she's full. Light, ignition, horn and starter will then be all right for a week or so. Simpler, isn't it?" I was learning something of what progress means – there is nothing like absence to teach one that; but I'd never dreamt in 1928 that we could ever move as fast as all this. So I was eager when I turned to the engine section – I'd found it impossible to see much of the engines installed in the complete machines, for they no longer stuck out all naked as in the past. Certainly, there were novelties here. Four tin-cup cylinders seemed to be the rule- some of them in line, and some of them double "vees". Once again I found a courteous mentor. "You left England in 1928?" he queried. "Ah, that was just when all the fuss about noise was beginning? Single cylinders which barked with the larynx of a fox-terrier and the lungs of a Great Dane? And, lord, how some of them shook! Long before that people had ceased to look at any car with less than four cylinders and they were racing with twelve cylinders. Cost bothered us for a year or two, but with the trade getting concentrated in a few big factories, we were able to improve production methods. These tiny fours are rough compared with the twelve cylinder cars of today – I suppose you know that even Morris makes nothing less than eight cylinders nowadays? But these bikes purr instead of barking, and unless you were used to a twenty-four cylinder Rolls you wouldn't complain of vibration. Speed? All you can use. You shouldn't have asked that. They'd got speed mania badly enough in 1928 from all I remember. They'd put up with anything to get the knots. Wasn't it about then that Malcolm Campbell and Segrave and all those funny old jossers were trying to do 250mph in the Sahara or somewhere? None of them used single cylinders, did they? We can give you more speed than you've ever tasted, and what's more, it won't give you pins and needles all over your body." So I wandered into the tyre section, for I'd noticed that every bike had dead smooth covers. How the





Dunlop man laughed at me. "You've surely been resurrected from the Dark Ages, ain't you? When you last rode at home, the surveyors gave you roads like greasy glass. And Dunlop used to design fancy treads with pimples and scollops and ribs and rot of that sort? Your cover had a contact area to about a tenth of what it ought to have been and it wore out fast in consequence. And punctures! We've still got some of those prehistoric covers in our staff museum at Fort Dunlop, and a drawing pin would hole them. I remember having a puncture or two on wet nights when I first started, and a filthy job they were. Now this 1938 tread of ours is dead smooth as you can see. But it can't skid because all our modern roads are matt – something like coarse sandpaper. I don't say that if you laid it on an anvil and took a sledgehammer you couldn't drive a 3in nail through it. But the road's different. We are guaranteeing these tyres against puncture for five years and the tread is good for 50,000 miles." I gasped. But what commonsense! "And the weight?" I queried? "Well, of course, they aren't light, and I know it is unsprung weight too. They'd have felt cruel on your ancient buses. But with gradual improvements in springing forks and frames, and the fact that modern roads don't wave and pothole three months after they're resurfaced, you won't find anything to complain of in the comfort line. 'Fit and forget' is our slogan!" In the export section I found, as I expected, some much heavier machines. The trade had long since broken away from the old thoughtless policy of trying to sell one and the same machine for use in superfine roads in highly developed countries and over barely recognisable tracks in new lands. The layout usually included a couple of small back wheels, mounted in line and, coupled by a caterpillar track. The magneto still survived in this class as power lines are not yet universal in the Veldt and the Bush. Petrol tanks were much larger, and the machines were altogether heavier and more powerful. I was growing impatient to make a trial run, and noticing placards on every stand I decided to ask for a short trip on the 'John Citizen' 1938 model of the BSA range. Rain was falling heavily when their representative led me out into the road. He adjusted a waterproof cape over my shoulders, but really the legshields and windscreens rendered any such protection almost unnecessary when once I got into action. I

started operations by pressing a small button normally concealed under a hinged flap on the instrument board. No raucous uproar saluted my ears – just a sort of gentle breathing somewhere down between my calves. “Don’t try any gear changing!” warned the salesman; “she’s only got two gears and the emergency ratio is just for use on a really fierce hill.” So I selected the gear notch marked “Normal” after discovering that the only two handle-bar levers operated the clutch and the front brake. A small rotary movement of the twist-grip and the breathing sound beneath me became faintly more rusty. I released the clutch lever gradually, and could hardly say when motion began, except that the road surface seemed to rasp against the soles of my boots and warned me to lift them on to the Sorbo footplates. Slowly gathering courage, I accelerated. Gee-whizz! Some mover! A huge ‘bus swung out of the oncoming traffic stream. I effected a convulsive swerve to clear it, with my heart in my boots – that sudden turn would have fetched any bike over on the London tarmac of 1928, but no. the trusty grip of smooth tyre on matt road did not fail. So on and on ... I must certainly buy this bus!”

UNDER THE NON-NONSENSE heading ‘Improvements in Design and Equipment which are Needed to Maintain Our World Supremacy in Motor Cycles’, ‘Engineer’ wrote: “The motor cycle of to-day can be infinitely improved, and if Britain is to continue holding her proud position of leading the world in the production of motor cycles improvement must be made without delay. At one fell swoop transmission trouble and the need for constant adjustments can be overcome. The solution, so palpably obvious that it seems almost absurd to mention it, is to incorporate the gearbox with the engine unit and to fit shaft drive. Why has this not been done already? The fact is that manufacturers have put off year after year the trouble and expense involved in changing over from one form of transmission to the other. Some day they will be forced to take the step. Why should they not take it to-day?...Is it really beyond the ingenuity of gear box makers to produce gear units of standard design suitable for coupling with engines?...The same suggestion applies to shaft drive: standard units, varying in dimensions according to the torque to be transmitted, and incorporating an efficient shock absorber of the rubber buffer type, should be employed, even as standard chain drives are to-day...The shaft drive with its etceteras may absorb 1 or 2% more power than a chain running under those mythical—except in racing—ideal conditions, but for ordinary use there is no question as to which is better...manufacturers’ constant aim is to improve their designs, and, at the same time, reduce production costs. No policy could be more short-sighted or more likely to result in the ultimate downfall of the industry. During the last few years we have seen an era of price-cutting. What has it given us? Cheap machines? Certainly, and a partial stagnation in design as well. The reduction of prices to a bare economic level is in the interests of neither motorcyclist nor manufacturer...Much has been written about multi-



cylinder engines giving flexibility, silence, and smooth running. That this type of engine will be produced in quantities at no very distant date I am quite certain, but...the design and production of as reliable air-cooled unit is not so straightforward as some would believe, and much careful experimental work is essential. An easier task is the production of a satisfactory spring

frame...Only a few days ago I tested an experimental spring-frame machine which a friend was putting through its paces, and then immediately afterwards I rode a machine of the same make fitted with a standard frame. The difference between the two was astounding. In the one case one floated over a pot-holed road, while in the other the rear wheel administered a series of jars to one's spine. If anything, the spring-frame machine was better on corners, so it may be assumed that there was no loss of lateral rigidity. So great was the improvement in comfort and road-holding that I fully endorse my friend's view that no one who tries the spring frame model of this particular make will ever purchase the unsprung type. If one maker can, at a single stroke, make such an enormous improvement in his machine, why should not others follow suit?...Another feature I want on my 1929 machine is quickly detachable wheels, so that when I have a puncture or wish to change a tyre, I can do the job in a few minutes without exertion or emulating a contortionist. Of course, production costs again...Then there is the question of tyres...I refer to ribbed front tyres. By their use front wheel skids—the only type that matter—are almost entirely avoided. This is no fantasy. Probably 90% of all the crashes due to skids would be avoided if all machines were fitted with front tyres having ribs carried well down the walls. No TT riders use any other type; why are they not standardised on production models? Manufacturers, unfortunately, cannot afford to be idealists. But I am not alone in my cry for something better than my present machine. It will be more expensive—that is obvious; but the extra few pounds in outlay will be more than repaid by the greater service and enjoyment I shall obtain due to the improvements.”

AJS DEVELOPED A RANGE of in-line fours. The first, a 500, had four separate barrels to aid cooling but it was felt to be too complex for economic production so the Stevens boys came up with an ohv 632cc version featuring a one-piece cast-iron block and rubber mounting. It was a promising project but AJS turned its attention to developing a light car and a transverse V-twin (which you'll find in 1931) and it never went beyond the prototype stage. However that prototype survived and can now be seen, fully restored, in the Sammy Miller museum. Just another might-have been, but what a beauty.



The AJS in-line four, prototype, as it was in 1928...





...and as it is now, beautifully restored by Sammy Miller's team.

THE ONCE MIGHTY US industry was now down to Harley, Indian, Excelsior, Henderson and Cleveland – and the final Cleveland (a 996cc version of the factory's well established 746cc four) rolled off the line before the end of the year. The design was offered to Harley Davidson as a ready-made four to take on the Indian Ace but it wasn't to be.



The Cleveland didn't join the other fours at Olympia: this was its final incarnation.

MORE SUITED TO THE harsh economic environment were a clutch of new British lightweights. The new 174cc two-stroke Beeza was joined by a 250cc JAP-engined Rudge, 200cc Ariel Colt and Villiers-powered models from Panther and Coventry-Eagle.

“AS A PREVENTIVE OF ACCIDENTS the white line denoting the middle of the road, which is frequently used at bends and corners, is excellent. The majority of motorists fully realise its advantages and instinctively keep close to the left of the road, so much so that it is to be hoped that local authorities throughout the country will make even. greater use of this simple but effective ‘Safety First’ measure. Indiscriminate use of the white line, such as is common in

certain parts, should be avoided, otherwise the measure will, like the antiquated red 'danger' triangle, fail to deter people from driving dangerously."

"IN SPITE OF THE decrease in the sale of motor cars, to the extent of £1,287,911 for the first six months of the year, motor cycle figures show an increase of £589,307 over the same period.. It is to be hoped that those manufacturers who are taking advantage of the growing interest in motor cycles in almost every country of the world, especially in Japan and in Europe, will continue to maintain their supremacy in the face of the competition that will inevitably come from the Continent in the near future."

"FOREIGN COMPETITION FOR HONOURS in the record list is on the increasing

JACK SANGSTER INVITED Edward Turner to join Ariel where he would work alongside Val Page. Between them, they would design many of the most successful British motorcycles from the late 1920s to the late 1960s.

"IN THE ANNUAL PETROL consumption test of the Natal MCC FAR Zurcher (348cc Douglas) returned a consumption of just over 300mpg and was an easy winner...at the conclusion of the test he proceeded to the steepest hill in Durban, which has a gradient of 1 in 5, making two top-gear climbs from a standing start. Later in the afternoon Zurcher rode the Douglas over a measured quarter-mile in 14.4sec, representing a speed of 62.5mph. The petrol consumption test was over a distance of 110 miles; solo machines were allowed five hours for the journey and sidecar outfits 5½ hours. Second in the test was L Summerfield (490cc Norton), who averaged 220mpg, and third, K Griffiths (493cc Sunbeam) with 196mpg."

HAVING WON THE 1927 MAUDE'S Trophy for a 5,000-mile non-stop run on a sidevalve combo the boys from Redditch did it again. This time ohv 500 and 250cc solos were ridden for 10,000 miles under ACU observation. The company reported: "Throughout the time careful note was made by the officials of any adjustments which were necessary, and it was conclusively shown that nothing but the most trifling attention was required, even in a distance which is probably equal to two years' mileage for the average motor cyclist."



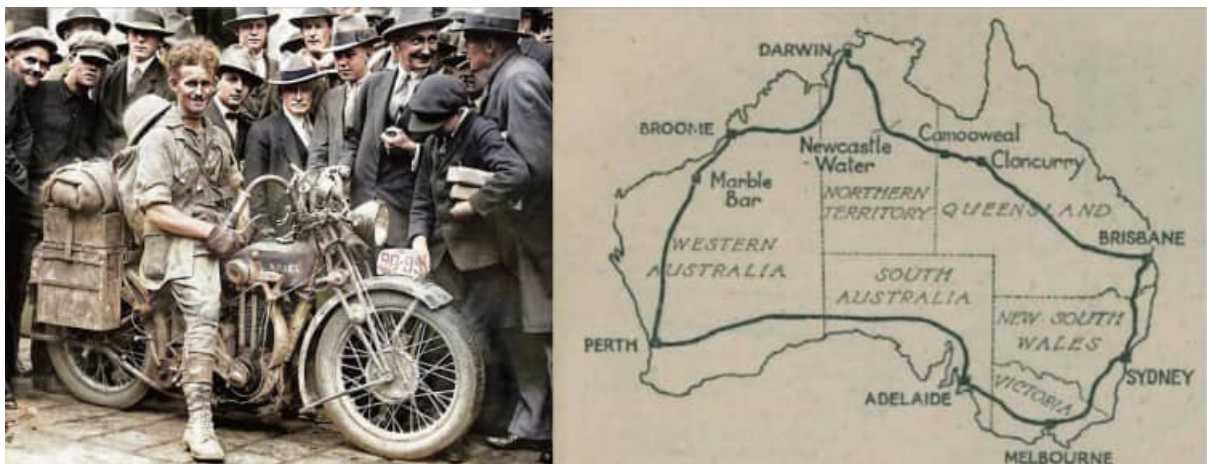
The 250 and 500c ohv Ariels are being waved off at Banbury by comedian Harry Tate. *[FYI, Tate's involvement reflects the high profile of motor cycling in this period. He was arguably Britain's most popular comic between the wars and was a petrolhead, owning T8, the first known celebrity personalised number plate. During WW2 the Royal Naval Patrol Service was known as 'Harry Tate's Navy'.]*



The 500cc ohv Ariel looks jolly sporting, as indeed does the plucky gel in the saddle.



RAISE YOUR GLASSES TO Jeff Munro who rode a 500cc ohv Model E Ariel round Australia. And I owe a beer to Peter Whitaker of *Old Bike Australasia* for sending me his account of what can only be described as a nightmarish trip. In a nutshell, Munro was a star speedway rider whose dad ran the Australian Ariel importers. Ariel had won two Maude's Trophies in succession with road runs; as you'll see from the following excerpts from the *Old Bike Australasia* feature, Munro's ride was just a tad more challenging. Mr Whitaker, you have the floor: "...Tumultuous rain across the Darling Downs almost brought Jeff's journey to a premature end in the glutinous black soil. So utterly exhausted was he that when he fell, which was often, he merely turned off the petrol and lay in the mud until his strength returned. On more than one occasion it took him almost an hour to free himself from under the machine. A sodden physical wreck, having lost the top of his finger and badly injuring his hip, Jeff ascended the Old Toll Bar Road, eventually reaching Toowoomba...Approaching Chinchilla he crashed badly and, in his weakened condition, was unable to extricate himself from under the scorching exhaust which fearfully burned his leg before he passed out. Discovered by a chance motorist, Jeff was taken to the ambulance station in Chinchilla, where his severe burns and a 'wrecked' ankle were patched as much as was possible. Back on his battered machine 48 hours later, Jeff's injuries forced his return to Chinchilla, where it was ordained he remain in bed for a further two days before being cleared to continue. Even then it was with his left foot encased in a hospital slipper, a circumstance that was to persist for a further three weeks; despite the rough going and frequent falls...Hoping to reach Blackall before sunset he used half an inch more throttle than usual and touching speeds of 40mph, felt some of his old speedway flair return. Until the front wheel ploughed into a patch of soft sand, causing a single moment of excruciating pain. Followed by oblivion. Regaining consciousness Jeff was unable to move until he was picked up by a local grazier and taken to Blackall Hospital Where, despite his demanding an immediate discharge, it was proposed he remain. The authorities, believing him crazy, confiscated his clothing and kept him in bed for a week. Bruised, swollen, plastered in bandages and poultices, Jeff had adequate time to reflect on his progress...



The Maude's Trophy that never was—Geoff Monro and his Ariel. (Right) Not a run for the faint hearted—this 21-year-old speedway star did his dad proud.

before reaching Camooweal he suffered his first taste of bulldust which camouflaged seemingly bottomless holes. Falls were now more frequent than ever. With the Ariel often buried to its fuel tank in Bulldust, kickstarting became almost impossible...Almost delirious with thirst he resorted to the only water available; from a stinking waterhole brimming with rotting wildlife. The resulting dysentery produced vivid nightmares, which often persisted in daylight hours. Now obsessed beyond reason, Jeff decided to ride day and night, reckoning this would reduce the

need for water and eliminate the nightmares...Then he ran out of fuel. Also out of water, he set out on foot but was soon stricken by dehydration...unable to follow the cattle pads in the darkness he resorted to firing shots from his revolver during the night in a futile attempt to attract attention. Several hours after sunrise he was found by bore workers, who carried him to their camp. Maddened by thirst Jeff had torn off all his clothes and was absolutely naked except for his boots...After a week spent in Broome Hospital, but much hardened by his experiences, Jeff made exceptionally short work of the 'madman's track', along which scores of would be prospectors had perished...In little more than a week, he rode triumphantly into Perth; without the need to visit hospital. And whilst he enjoyed a week of celebrations courtesy of the Ariel distributors, the local mechanics set about refettling his machine..." Jeff Munro made it back to Sydney after six months. He subsequently toured England to great acclaim but although he had carried an ACU card which was stamped at various points Ariel seems to have made no claim for a third Maude's Trophy in 1929, and none was awarded. In 1930 Dunelt won the pot for running a 500cc single round the Isle of Man for 13,119 miles in 16 days. Motor Sport magazine reported: "The lunch recently given by the Dunelt Company to celebrate the winning of the Trophy was a fine example of the thoroughly sporting spirit that prevails in this industry. Ariels, who have held this trophy now for a couple of years, were present to applaud the latest winners and Mr Jack Sangster expressed his admiration for the feat which had wrested the Trophy from them, at the same time in a very amusing speech suggesting that should the Trophy show any signs of returning to its old home nothing would be done to obstruct it!" Ariel did regain the trophy in 1931 with the clever 'sevens' stunt (you'll find details in 1931). Worthy efforts, no doubt, but compared with Jeff Munro's lap of Australia they were child's play. Meanwhile, *The Adelaide Advertiser* reported: "Mr Jeff Munro, who was the first solo motor cyclist to ride round Australia, returned to Sydney from London by the *RMS Orontes*. During his ride round Australia he used an Ariel motor cycle and while abroad he was the guest of the Ariel Company at Birmingham. He was greatly Impressed with the modern works used for the construction of the Ariel motor cycles...About 5,000 men were employed at the works...There are, in England, Ariel service cycles, which travel the roads and help unfortunate motor cyclists free of charge. Mr Munro attended several dinners while in England, and was impressed by the goodwill that existed between agents and the Ariel Company. The Ariel Company had a special plant for the building of motor cycles for use in Australia. At the present time they claimed to be exporting to Australia more machines than any other company in the world. Mr Munro expects to race Ariel machines in Sydney and to return to Adelaide at Christmas to compete in several races here." He did just that, winning 10 and 20-mile beach races at the Gerringong Speedway.

**PS** The *Old Bike Australasia* website is well worth a look: [oldbikemag.com.au](http://oldbikemag.com.au)

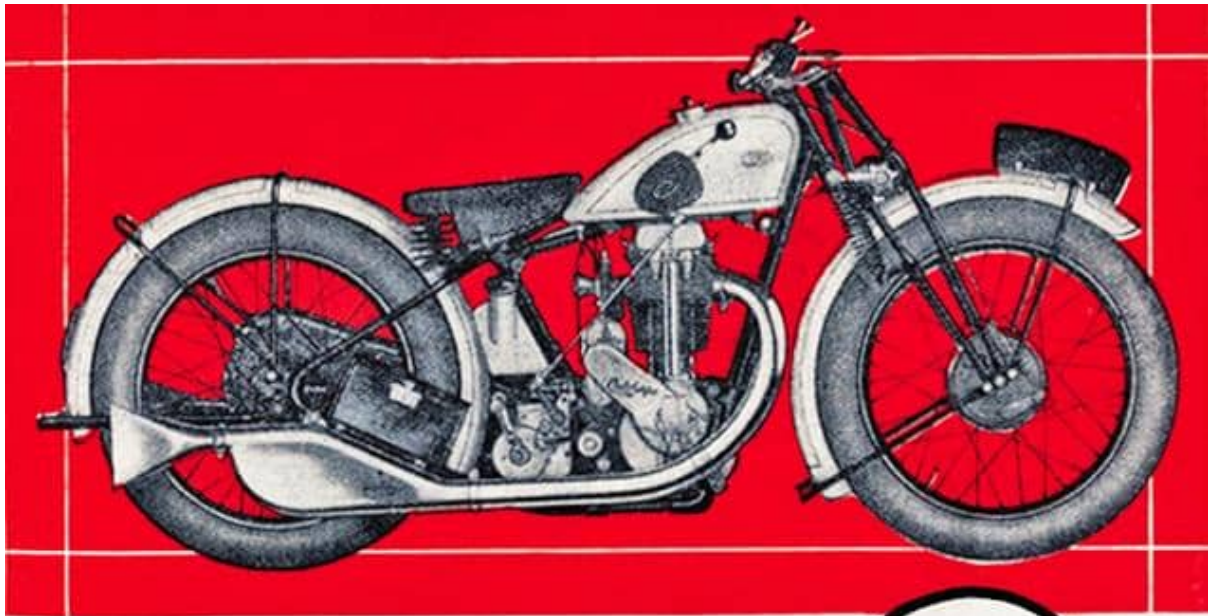
ONE OF CANADA'S EARLIEST trans-continental pioneers was J Graham Oates who travelled from coast to coast on his 497cc Ariel motorcycle. In 1928 he became the first person to cross Canada on rubber tires. Oates was born James Walter Graham Oates in 1897 on the Isle of Man. As a teenager he served in WWI as a dispatch rider, both on horse and motorcycle. He was also a motorcycle builder, tester and TT racer. In 1927 Oates moved to Canada Wartime comrade Charles Brown, representative of the then-struggling Castrol oil brand, agreed to sponsor the trip. The Trans-Canada Highway wasn't yet complete, so Oates had to persuade the Canadian Railway Authorities to let him use their railway track. A 497cc twin-port Ariel was fitted with a Sturgess made in Hamilton, Ontario. Oates named his combo Toby, He wrote in his diary: "Days blended into nights but sleep was a secondary consideration to me. Was I not working on my dear little Toby? At last all ready, tyres fitted with great care, kneegrips adjusted just so, handlebars placed to take the strain off my arms and the favourite Terry (saddle) adjusted to a

degree for what of the hundreds of miles of spine shattering, body pounding ties of the Canadian railway. Gas, oil and now for the engine, a lusty kick and Toby starts for the first time on Canadian air. But I must take her gently for a few hundred miles in order to settle the bearing surfaces down to their work.” And later wrote: “Why did I ever think of this confounded across Canada trip? My neck feels as if the hangman had been putting in a little practice on me. My spine I swear will never be the same again and I am cold as well; never mind, I am. Those that have slept in a sidecar with the framework as a mattress probably will agree with me that it needs a big stretch of imagination to include it under the word comfort. My face was giving me a great deal of pain, it having been blistered and peeled by the combined efforts of sun, wind, and rain. It ached and I almost felt like taking a rest instead of a contemplated all night ride.” Oates encountered mechanical issues, flat tyres and continual problems with his sidecar, but on 21 September he completed the 4,000-mile transcontinental journey and symbolically dipped Toby’s tyre in the Pacific at English Bay.”



Graham Oates and Toby at English Bay. LD Taylor, Mayor of Vancouver, is holding a bottle of water from the Atlantic that Oates had collected at Halifax.

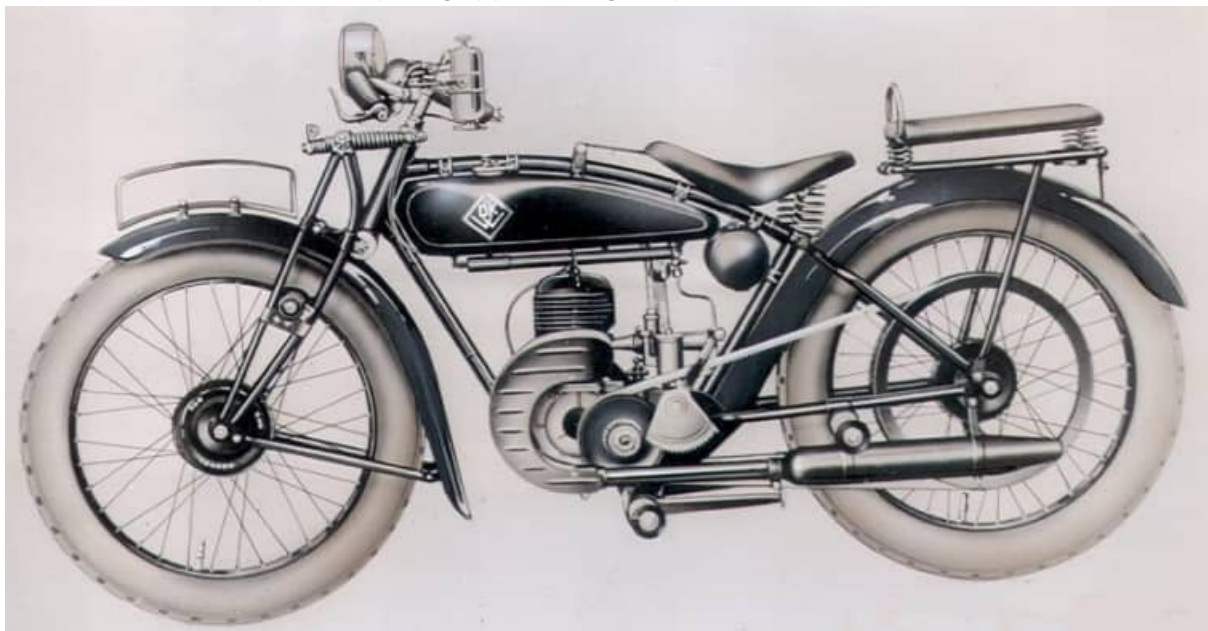




# The Ivory 2-port Super

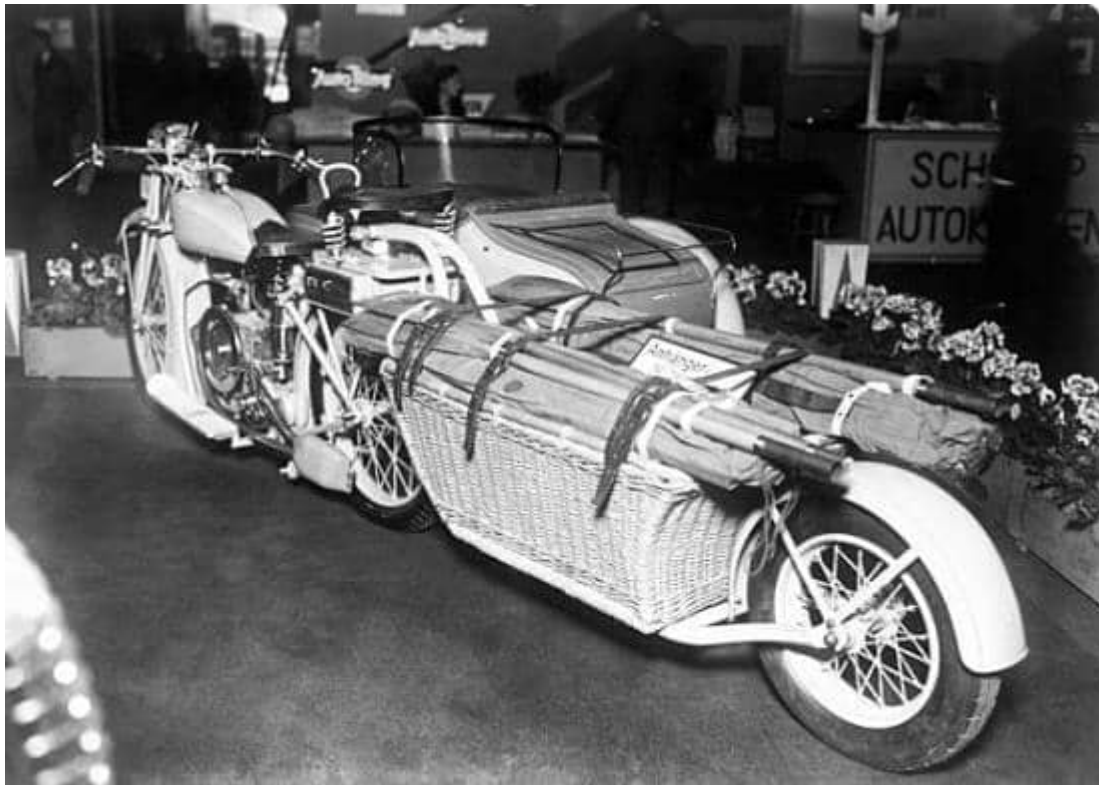
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Calthorpe brought out a pretty ohv twin-port 350 single at a rock-bottom price; they painted it white and sold it (successfully) as the Ivory, claiming: “We can confidently state that you cannot buy a better motor cycle at anything approaching the price.”



The German government exempted motorcycles under 200cc from road tax and riding licences. DKW quickly developed the E200 model to take advantage of the new laws and offered a conversion kit so riders of older models could stop paying tax. Claimed top speed was 70km/h (43mph). Demand for DKWs rocketed, more than 60 German motorcycle manufacturers used

DKW engines and output from the Zschopau plant grew from 5,000 to more than 65,000 bikes a year, making it the largest motorcycle factory in the world.



This stylish combo and monowheel trailer attracted crowds at the Berlin show.



Ten years after the US Post Office launched its first airmail service (between New York and Washington) a nationwide network had been established—and motor cycles were an integral part of a door-to-door service.

GEOFF DAVISON, WINNER OF the 1922 Lightweight TT and editor of the TT Special, produced this concise report: “The 1928 series proved that it was possible to win a TT race without having won one before, so to speak, for two of the events went to riders whose numbers had not



previously been wreathed in laurels. Alec Bennett started the week by winning the Junior—his fifth TT—on a Velocette [*the Velos sported the new foot gearchange developed by Harold Willis that was said to save 30sec per lap*] but new names were added to the list of TT winners in the Lightweight and Senior. The Lightweight race was a peculiar one. Never had a solo TT race been won by so handsome a margin—and at a lower speed than that of the previous year. Wal Handley, as usual, was in the picture, running second for the first five laps, but Frank Longman, who was first throughout the race, gradually increased his lead until he won by over seventeen minutes. The 1928 Senior promised to be one of the best contested in the series. All the famous riders were there—and all the famous makes. Everything pointed towards record speeds. And then it began to rain—and continued to rain all day. It was quite the worst Senior since 1923 and probably the worst of the whole series. All thoughts of records



Ken Twemlow was third in the Junior; (right) Stanley Woods was fifth in the Senior.

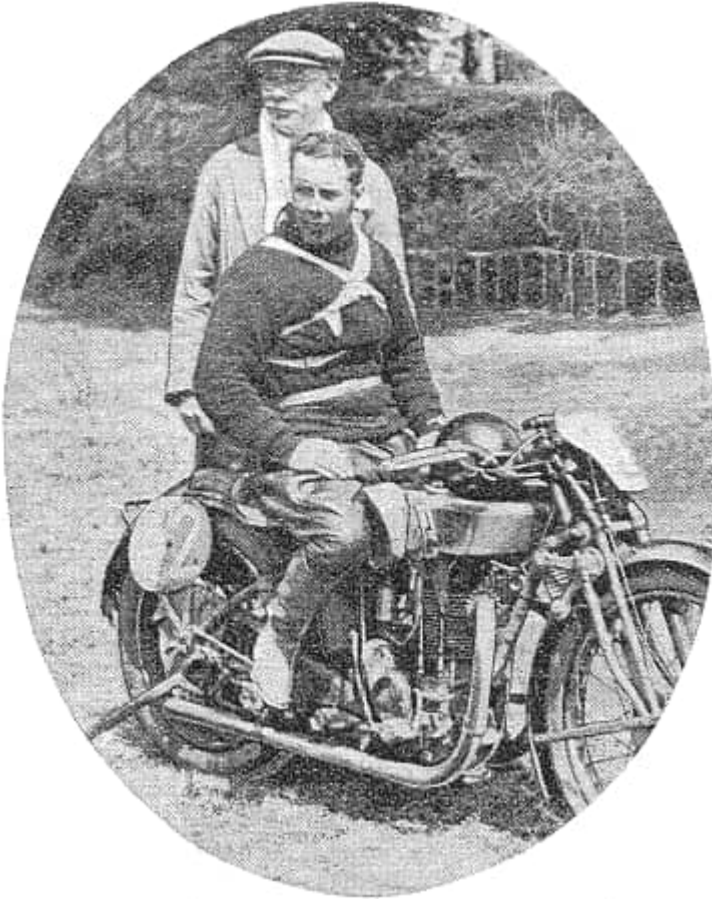
disappeared and the strs retired in droves. But a new star had arrived, one Charles JP Dodson, and he proved that it is brain more than brawn which wins a TT race. He had first ridden in the 1925 Ultra-Lightweight and in 1928 no-one thought much of his chances on his Sunbeam, a machine nearly three times the size of his first TT mount. Charlie was content to take things easy in the early stages. Jim Simpson led on the first lap, with Charlie running fifth. He picked up a place on the second lap and when Jim retired in the third lap slipped into the lead. He held this in the fourth and fifth laps, closely pursued by Graham Walker (Rudge). Then in the sixth lap Charlie slowed down and Graham took the lead. When he was clocked at Ramsey on his last lap, with only thirteen miles to go, he had a three-minute lead, and then the finger on the dial stopped. Charlie, who was nine places behind him on the road, passed him, and came in to win the wettest TT on record by over eight minutes.” [*Dodson’s 63mph average was the lowest winning speed for five years, reflecting the awful conditions.*] **Results: Junior TT:** 1, Alec Bennett (Velocette); 2, H J Willis (Velocette); 3, Kenneth Twemlow (DOT); 4, Syd A Crabtree (Excelsior); 5, Freddie G Hicks (Velocette); 6, GL Reynard (Royal Enfield). **Lightweight TT:** 1, Frank A Longman (OK-Supreme); 2, CS Barrow (Royal Enfield); 3, Edwin Twemlow (DOT); 4, G Himing (OK-Supreme); 5, CT Ashby (OK-Supreme); 6, Vic C Anstice (OK-Supreme). **Senior TT:** 1, Charlie Dodson (Sunbeam); 2, George Rowley (AJS); 3, TL Hatch (Scott); 4, HG Tyrell Smith (Rudge); 5, Stanley Woods (Norton); 6, Ted Mellors (Norton).





L-R: Frank Longman led the Lightweight from beginning to end. Alec Bennet banks through Parliament Square en route to his fifth TT victory. Bennett with his team-mate Harold Willis, a Velo director who designed the foot gearchange system. Willis was devoted to nicknames; his TT mount was dubbed *Roaring Anna*.

HAVING WON THE SENIOR TT, Sunbeam ace Charlie Dodson was invited to share his thoughts with *The Motor Cycle* readers: "Back in 1920, when belt drive and single gears were in fashion, I began to wonder what all this racing business was about, and in consequence took a trip over to Axe Edge, to watch the boys perform, and became, there and then, infected with the speed lure. Having decided that it was a real he-man's game, I purchased my first racing machine, and when I look back on its specification I smile, and yet marvel at the strides made by the industry within the last nine years. For four years I rode regularly at Axe Edge and at Southport. After a time I became more ambitious and decided to enter the Amateur Road Race of 1924. The experience gained was invaluable to me in the more important races in which I competed. (I use the word 'important' purely from the point of view of a trade rider, and do not wish in any way to detract from the merits of the Amateur Road Race, which, is, of course, and rightly so, the most important race from an amateur rider's point of view.) At the outset I realised that if I had to cover 200 miles of the TT course at speed, it would be necessary for me to be in perfect physical condition. Therefore, I began to turn in early at night, get up early in the morning, and do a 50-mile ride before breakfast. I figured it in this way: in the Island one has to be up for practice at 5am, and there is something strangely different in early morning riding which, if one is not used to it, is liable for a time to restrict one's capabilities. Let us turn for a moment to the preparation of the machine. When riding a factory bus there is, of course, very little a rider can do to it beyond detail work such as centre-popping all nuts etc. But one thing I consider most important—the adjustment of saddle, footrests and handle-bars to suit one's individual requirements. It is impossible to make the lightning decisions necessary in a road race unless one can devote all faculties to the job in hand. With an uncomfortable machine that is impossible. Only those who have experienced it can know what it is like sitting on the squares on the morning of the race. It seems as if the crowds on the stands are looking only at you and smiling cynically at your chances. You wonder whether you tightened up your gear box nuts, put the right jet back after that last morning's practice, whether that plug oiled up when the machine last fired, and a thousand things. For myself,



Charlie Dodson following his victory,  
pictured with Sunbeam designer John Greenwood.

after the weighing in I prefer to forget all about the machine and the TT until it is my turn to move up into the starting square, when I turn on the petrol and offer up a prayer to the gods that she will fire immediately at the word 'Go'. For there is nothing more exhausting physically nor disturbing to the nerves than starting difficulty; a long and perhaps fruitless push, the making of adjustments when the fingers are 'all thumbs' with thousands of spectators looking on, may easily destroy one's confidence for several laps, if not for a whole race. One's first inclination is to turn on all the taps and tear off down Bray Hill or wherever the race may be. But after the first few hundred yards or so, common sense asserts itself, and you turn back your throttle just that little bit which makes all the difference between victory or defeat. I always adopt this procedure, unless I am hard-pressed, when obviously I use all I have got and trust to luck and a good engine. Sometimes you get through and then again sometimes you don't—that is the glorious uncertainty of the game—but I am afraid when we hear an expensive noise we are inclined to view it from a different angle! One point that always occurs to me is the time some riders lose at the pits. Many times as a spectator I have seen men lose seconds in the pits that they have gained through sheer good riding on the corners. The next time you are on the Island notice the organisation at the pits of the old hands. The rider comes in, opens his oil tank, fills it with oil, while his assistant fills his petrol tanks. All is done calmly and methodically, he is away again inside 20 seconds, and he has still had time to snatch a drink and a clean pair of goggles. It is often at the pits that a race is won or lost. This point is very much in evidence in the Continental races in which our riders are so often successful. It has been said that our boys are far superior to our foreign rivals, but I feel that if some of the Continental riders were on machines of the same calibre as our own we should have to ride very, very hard to beat them; not that it is easy

as it is—far from it. But any English rider who enters for any of the big Continental events is sure of a warm welcome and every courtesy. I have yet to find a finer body of sportsmen than those I have had the pleasure of meeting on my various Continental visits, and I am looking forward to renewing next season the many acquaintances I have been fortunate enough to make among the tracing motor cyclists of other countries. One often hears the opinions expressed that road racing has no beneficial effect on the standard production model. Nothing is farther from the truth! No doubt the average rider does not require a machine capable of 90mph, but he does require a strong, reliable engine and first-class brakes, and I am fully convinced that the wonderful value offered to the public to-day is the direct outcome of racing experience. If our manufacturers are to maintain this high standard of production, road racing must continue. We cannot afford to let our foreign competitors get ahead of us, even though they are, as we know, making every effort. We have earned our pride of place. Let us keep it.”

DODSON PROVED HIS TT victory was no fluke by winning the 500cc Belgian and German Grands Prix; he was second to Stanley Woods’ Norton in the French GP. Pietro Ghersi, who had had such an unfortunate time at the TT on a 250 Guzzi beat his own lap record at the Italian Senior TT—but he was riding a Sunbeam, and another Sunbeam won. Bianchis came 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the Junior—Nuvolari, in third place, despite losing third of the spokes in his rear wheel.



“Claessens (Sarolea) and Guthrie (Norton) cornering in the Belgian Grand Prix.”

THE DUTCH TT WAS A British benefit. Graham Walker (Rudge) won the Senior, just 1.4sec ahead of Tommy Spann’s Ajay; Stanley Woods won the Junior on a new 350 cammy Norton; SA Crabtree (Excelsior) led the 250s and his brother LC Crabtree’s Excelsior followed him over the line ahead of a trio of watercooled DKW two-strokes.





The Dutch TT: DJ de Jong (Norton CS1), Harry Beverdam (Enfield 350) and Wilmot Evans (Triumph 500),



This section of the Dutch TT woke up a sleepy village.



The Motosacoche M35 ohc works racer was built by Dougal Marchant, pictured on the beast at Montlhery, but the M35, and its M50 big brother, were ridden to the 350 and 500cc European championships by Wal Handley, who scored outright wins in the Swiss Grand Prix.

HAVING FAILED TO FINISH the Senior TT, Graham Walker rode his Rudge to victory in the 1928 Ulster Grand Prix. He battled for the lead with Charlie Dodson for over two hours at an average speed of 80.78mph, becoming the first rider to win an international race at over 80mph.

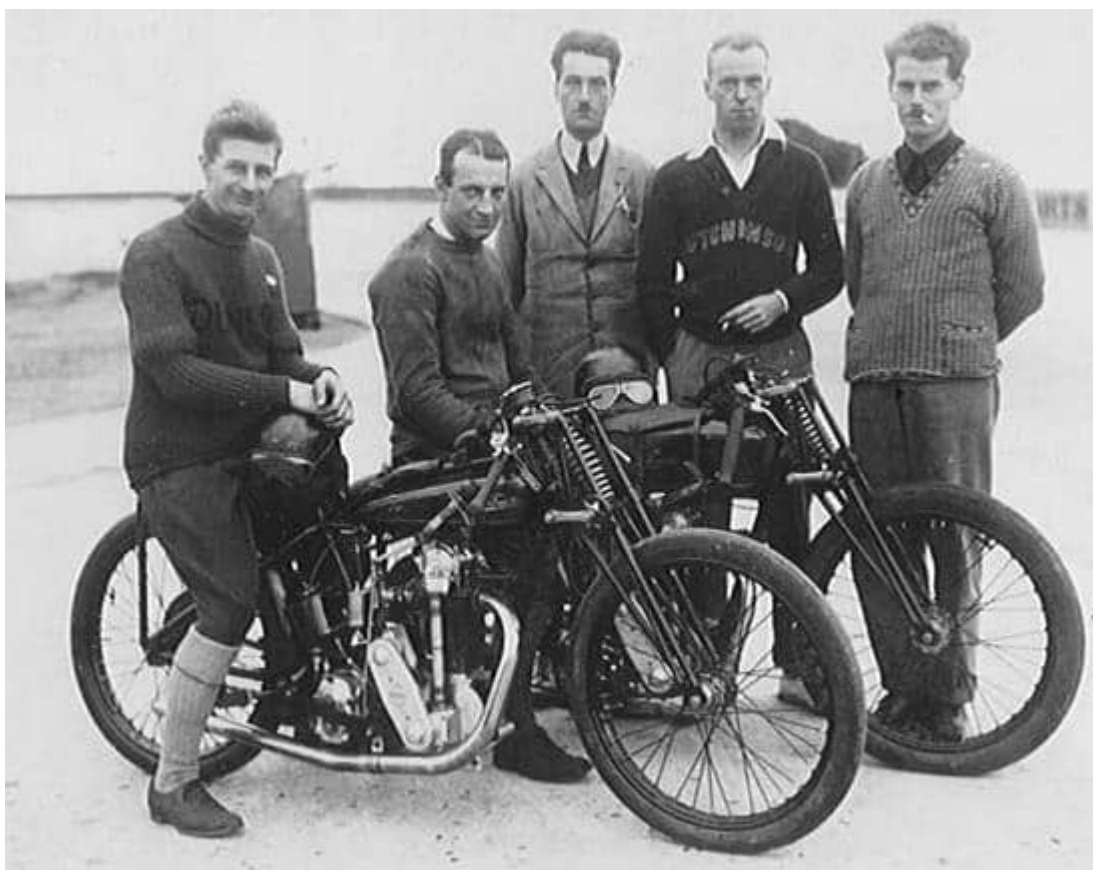


This is the Rudge that Walker rode in the Ulster Grand Prix—within a few months his victory was marked by the launch of the Rudge Ulster roadster.



Rudge wasn't alone in launching a sports roadster based on a successful racer. The Sunbeam twin-port ohv Model 90 was named for its 90mph capability.





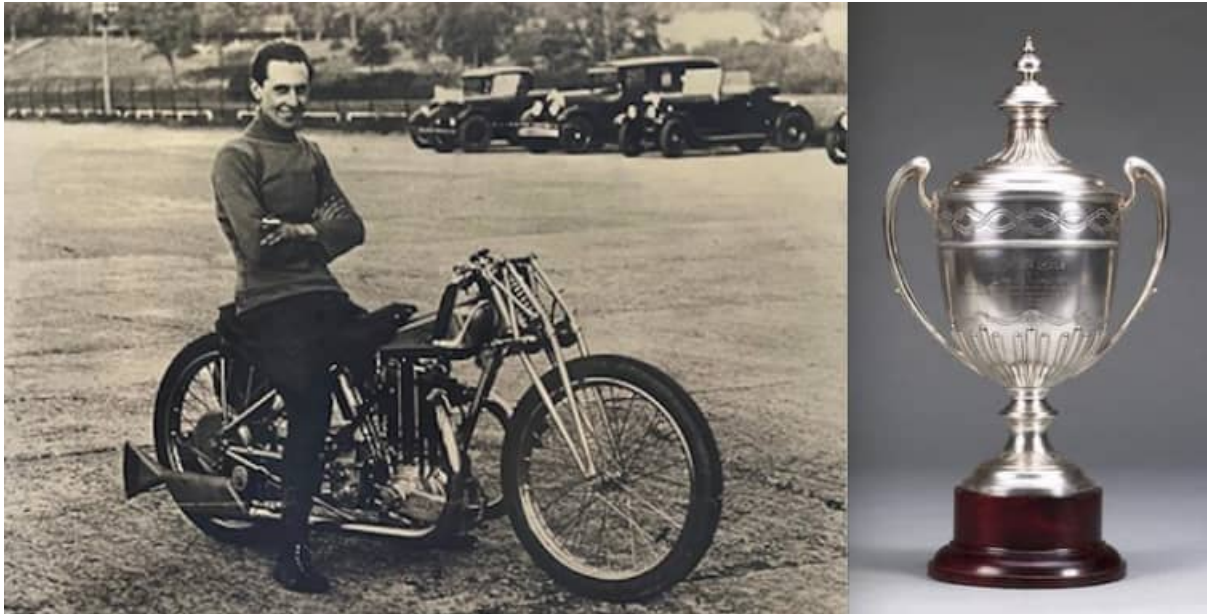
Freddie

Hicks and Harold Willis at Montlhéry. Following Velocette's 1-2 in the Junior TT Willis's bike, *Roaring Anna*, was modified to run on a petrol-benzole mix with a 10.5:1 compression ratio and a 4.5gal tank. With Willis in the saddle *Roaring Anna* took the world one-hour record at 100.39mph—the first 350 to top 100mph.

ZENITHS WERE BUSY TAKING more 'Gold Stars' for 100mph laps at Brooklands than any other marque, and the tall, lanky Freddie Barnes was their guru. He hired Oliver Baldwin, a Brooklands regular, to ride his 996cc KTOR JAP-engined Zenith to finally break the 200km/h barrier, at 200.56km/h. That equates to 124.62mph which was a flying-mile world record.

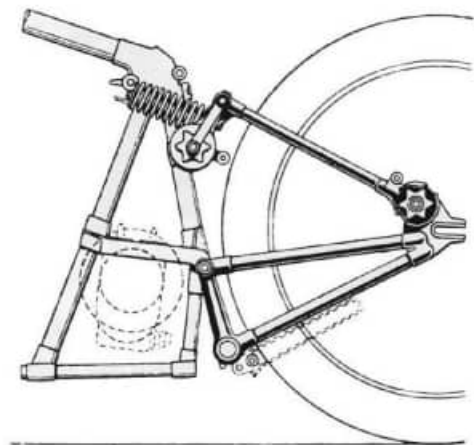
BILL LACEY PICKED UP a shedload of records for Grindlay Peerless. Riding a 500cc twin-port JAP-powered racer he covered 103.3 miles in an hour at Brooklands, setting 10 world records in the 500, 750 and 1,000cc classes. He was also rewarded with a trophy presented by *The Motor Cycle* "in recognition of his achievement in being the first to cover over 100 miles in an hour in Great Britain on a 500cc motor cycle". At the Arpajon Speed Trials in France he set flying-start kilometre records in the 350 and 500cc classes at 104.12 and 112.16mph respectively.





Bill Lacey was the first rider to cover more than 100 miles in an hour on a 500; The Motor Cycle rewarded him with a serious hunk of silver.

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS' development work AD Draper patented a cantilever frame suspension system which was adopted by George Brough on the Alpine Grand Sports and marketed as the Bentley and Draper spring frame. Brough was never a large-scale producer—nine Grand Sports out of that year's total of 35 were fitted with the Draper frame. It offered the rider unheard-of comfort, at the cost of a lousy ride for the pillion. Another version of the SS100 was adapted for speed, rather than comfort. The 'Works Scrapper' was stripped to the bone; its big JAP twin was tuned to give rather more than the SS100's standard 50hp and George Brough took it to the MC de France annual record attempts meeting at Arpajon and set a one-way kilometre record at 130.6mph.

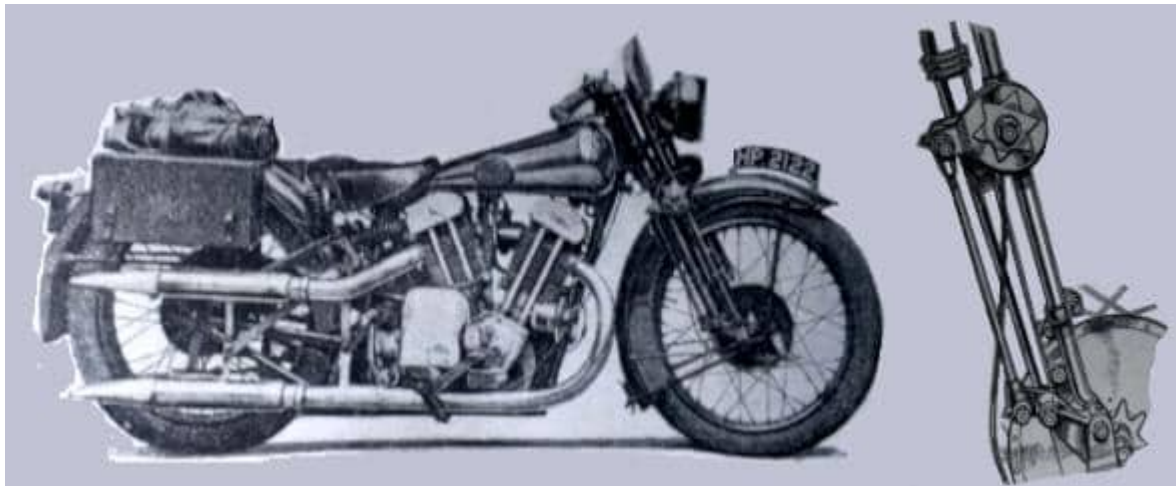


Brough went for speed, with a 130.6mph run at Arpajon, and comfort, with the Draper sprung frame.

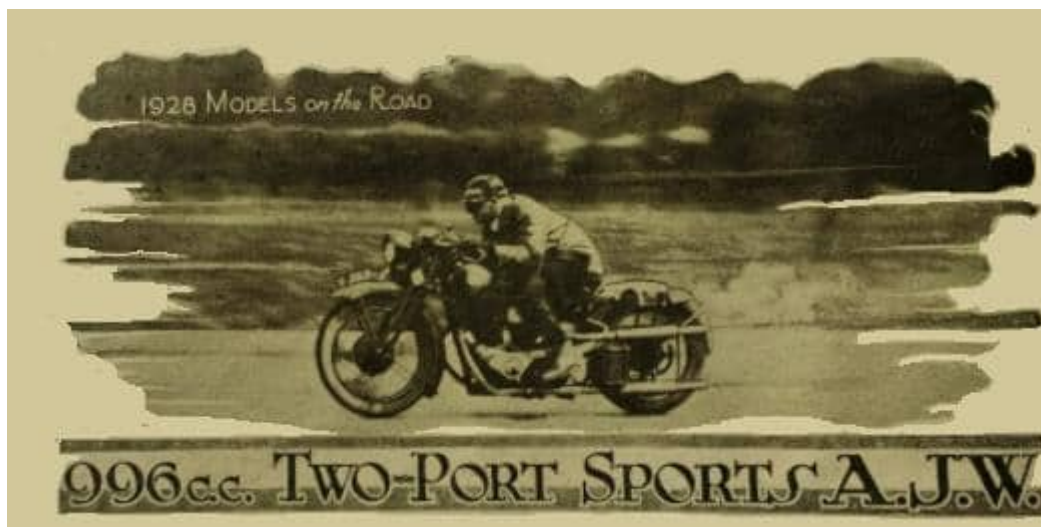


"AFTER A TRIAL OF AN Alpine Grand Sports Brough Superior," Ubique reported, "I came to the conclusion that it would be almost impossible to improve on the road holding qualities of this machine...Now my eyes have been opened to possibilities of luxury travel on a two-wheeler which were beyond my most sanguine expectations, and the cause of my awakening was a similar 'AGS' model with the new spring frame (manufactured under B&D patents)...it was impossible to discover a trace of side play, and in no circumstances on the road was there the slightest symptom of whip. Yet a total vertical movement of three inches is available for the back wheel, and the dampers are set so that after absorbing a shock the frame returns slowly to the normal position. The machine was driven over all kinds of road surfaces, good, bad and indifferent, in districts frequently covered by the writer on rigid-frame motor cycles...The results were astounding. A natural tendency to throttle down for particularly bad pot holes or bumps was overcome after the first few experiences of the delightful floating action of this machine. Not the slightest jar was experienced, and 'floating' seems to be the word most applicable to the motion—there are certainly very few cars...which are better sprung than the new Brough Superior. Potholes, wavy roads and bumps were attacked at high, medium and low speeds, and all were 'smoothed out' to a marked extent. Perhaps the most severe test to which the machine was put occurred when a hump-back culvert was taken at speed. Though there was, of course, a definite shock on contact with the ground, there was no unpleasant jar...the average speed at which a 60-mile course was covered came as a shock, though I have a fair experience of speed judging on various machines. This was the first time I had ridden a spring-frame machine without experiencing some sensation of inefficient front springing, and upon mentioning this point to the manufacturer I was informed that this very point had caused a lot of trouble in the experimental stages, and that quite different fork springs are required for rigid- and spring-frame machines. In the latter case far lighter forks are fitted to the Castle forks, and their action is heavily damped by friction pads operated through rods from rearward extensions of the thrust links...George Brough tells me that for his own comfort he will use nothing but spring-frame models in the future, and he expects that as soon as the advantages of the new frame are realised about 75% of the output will be of this type...I cannot imagine a more delightful solo

vehicle for covering long distances in the shortest time, for the saving in effort and consequent absence of fatigue after a comparatively short trip was particularly noticeable; without doubt this absence of fatigue would be even more remarkable if a 200-mile trip were undertaken. One other point in proof of the efficacy of the spring frame; the rear tyre, which I am told had covered approximately 7,000 miles of high-speed work, was in first rate condition; on many machines the life of a rear tyre is less than 3,000 miles. Even the most violent braking did not cause the slightest sensation of 'juddering' of the rear wheel."



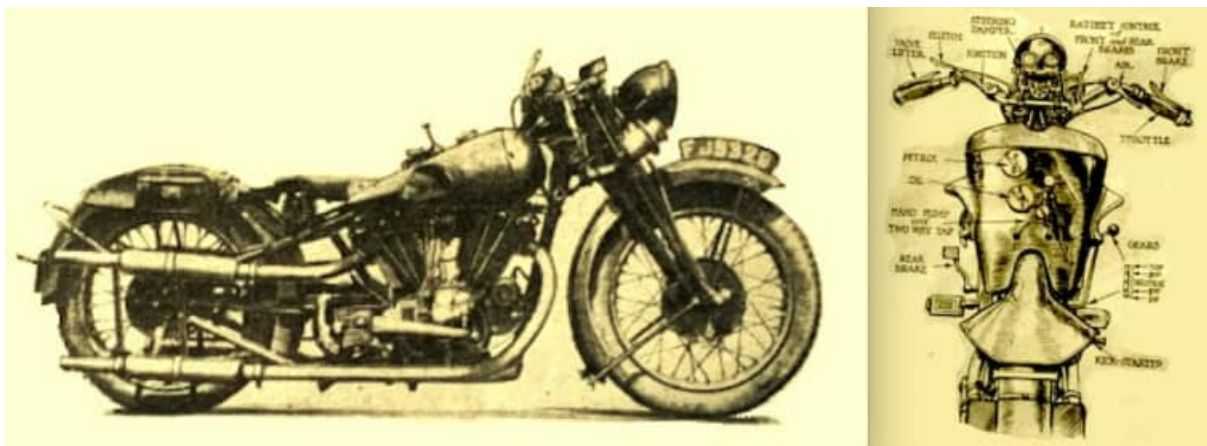
L: Brough planned to produce 75% of its output with the new spring frame. "Method of attaching the shock dampers to the front forks."



"THE BIG TWIN-CYLINDER motor cycle may not appeal to every rider, but there is no denying that it has a fascination all its own...With its top gear ratio of  $4\frac{1}{4}$  to 1, the 996cc double-port sports AJW at 50mph gives the rider the impression that he is pottering, and it is not until a speed of nearly 70mph is reached that the big Summit engine begins to feel to be 'at work'. As far as high-speed touring is concerned, the AJW has few equals...Once under way the machine, in spite of its size and the fact that it scales nearly 4cwt, handles perfectly; more easily even than many motor cycles that come within the 30s a year tax...the AJW makes no apparent demand on its rider...at no time was use of the steering damper found to be either advisable or desirable...During the test the machine was used for high-speed touring, in London traffic, and on the type of roads and tracks included in trials. Although undoubtedly it is as a fast touring machine that the AJW excels, it is by no means intractable in traffic...A further aid to the



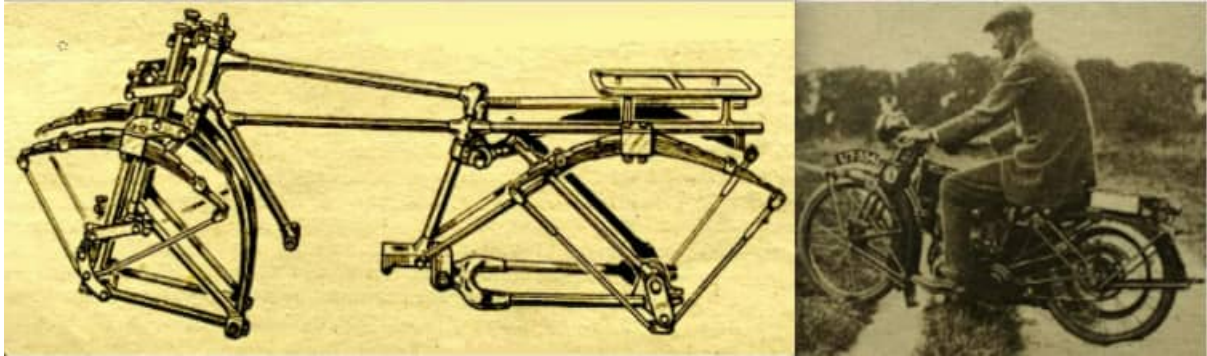
negotiation of dense traffic is the very light clutch with which the machine is fitted. The Jardine box proved to be silent in each of the ratios...No gate is fitted to the control, and unless care was taken it was easy to miss one's gears. With the exception of those for the gears and rear brake—which is already being modified—the controls are well placed, and the riding position is of the type that gives both confidence and comfort. Perhaps due to its weight, the machine was especially good on rough roads, and on good roads the degree of comfort afforded was remarkable. In the matter of acceleration the AJW is probably as good as anything on the road; from a standing start the machine will attain 70mph within a few hundred yards. Conditions did not permit of the maximum speed of the AJW being tested, but at 78mph, according to the speedometer, the machine was still accelerating...mileage per gallon was almost 70 at an average speed of approximately 40mph...Both brakes...are of Enfield manufacture and of 9in diameter...that on the front wheel was the more effective, and proved to be smooth and powerful. The effort needed to operate the hand control was, however, rather excessive and a longer lever would be an advantage...the rear brake was not so good as is usual with brakes of the make in question...Starting the engine proved to be problematical, and when cold the engine was difficult to rotate. On certain occasions starting required only one or two kicks, while on others, apparently with precisely the same setting of the controls, several minutes' hard work might be necessary. One further criticism may justly be levelled at the machine: it is noisy both mechanically and as to its exhaust. A Miller dynamo lighting set was fitted...and made night riding not only as safe but as pleasant as travelling in daylight. During the test the driving chain became so slack that it fouled the polished aluminium cover over both the primary and dynamo chains. Adjustment, however, was only a matter of seconds...Engine lubrication is by a Pilgrim pump of the sight-feed type, which, being mounted on the timing chest, is liable to become covered with dust, so that it is impossible to tell whether the pump is functioning correctly. This is a fault common to many machines...An uncommon feature is a hand pump with a two-way tap, which enables the rider to lubricate the primary chain or the valve gear while the machine is in motion. To sum up, the 'double port' AJW as a high-speed sporting machine gives a remarkable performance, a low fuel consumption, and great comfort."



L-R: "The lines of the sports AJW spell power and strength. Control plan of the 996cc AJW."

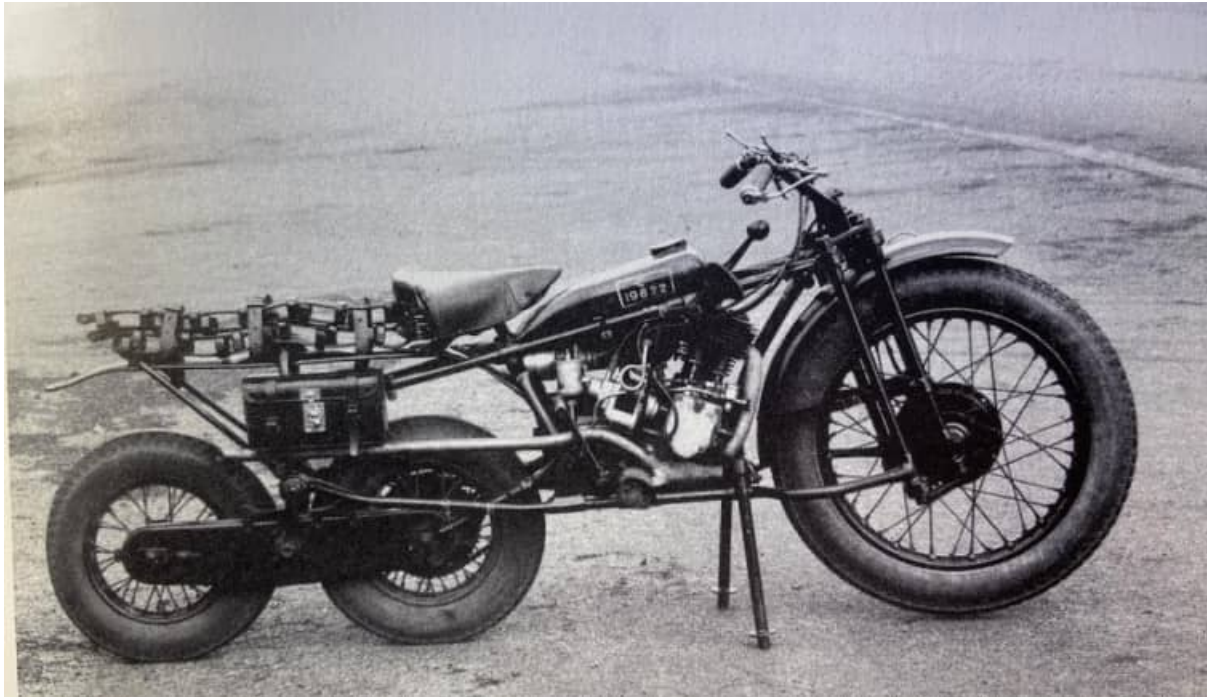
WM TANNER OF THE MOSTYN Cycle Works, Wagga, NSW, has not only converted a 350cc Humber to his ideals but has brought it from Australia to this country for demonstration purposes...Leaf springing is employed for both front and rear suspension, there being a possible rise of 3¼in from normal for both wheels...One of the designer's chief aims was to relieve the working joints of the weight of machine and rider. To achieve this he has attached the springs to the moving frame members at points adjacent to the wheel spindles...The machine could be

driven at any speed over badly pot-holed roads in extraordinary comfort; no sense of shock could be felt, and the machine appeared to be perfectly stable and rigid laterally, while it steered quite normally...the machine was subsequently ridden to and fro over a rough grass common. Deep holes hidden in the grass caused moments of acute apprehension, but were traversed with a smoothness which was positively uncanny, and only once did the suspension reach its limiting stops. This occurred when a gutter about a foot deep was traversed at moderate speed. Even under this severe test, which would have been impossible on a normal motor cycle, the shock to the rider was of the slight, and there is no doubt but that the Mostyn spring frame, under which title the design is to be known, will make motor cycling possible over tracks which at present might be deemed unrideable."



"Details of the Mostyn spring frame. Carrying out the test over bumpy ground."

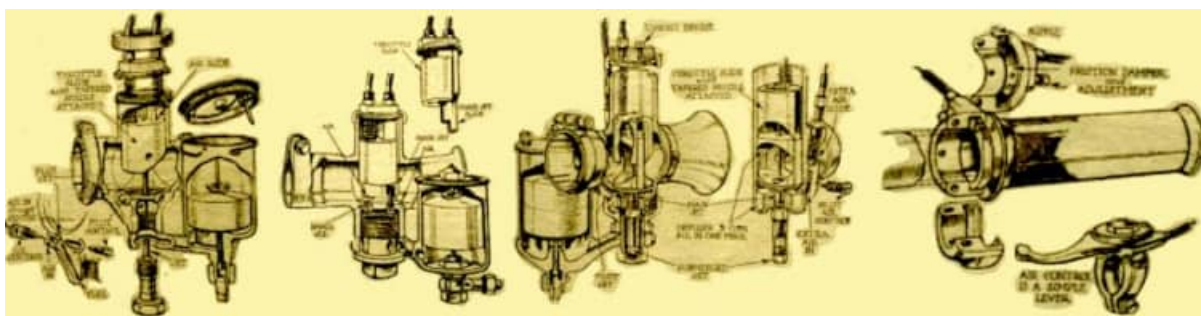
MR TANNER WOULD HAVE BEEN well advised to take his all-terrain chassis to Whitehall because the Army was very interested in anything that could improve off-road capability. Having rolled their own three-wheeler (a flat-tank Model P Triumph) in 1926 the boys on khaki has handed the project over to OEC, which was already supplying the RAF with conventional 342cc Villiers-powered bikes. As requested, the Gosport crew produced three prototypes, one with a 490cc JAP and two lighter models with Blackburne engines rated at Blackburne 2¼ and 3½hp. All three were fitted with OEC's signature duplex steering. While testing of the 1926 Triumph was confined to Aldershot, some lucky lads got to try out the OEC 'Caterpillar Tractor in India and Egypt. As with the Triumph, a track could be fitted round the rear wheels (it could be carried on the rear mudguard when not in use). The big JAP version weighed over 450lb, about 100lb more than the 3½hp model, and was soon discarded. The duplex steering proved to be a bit of a handful and was replaced with conventional forks. Evidently it worked pretty well on soft ground but, as any trials rider (and any WW1 DR for that matter) could have told them, the last two things a working DR needs is complexity and weight. The Blue 'Un and Green 'Un were both allowed to test the three-wheeler, which was then quietly dropped.



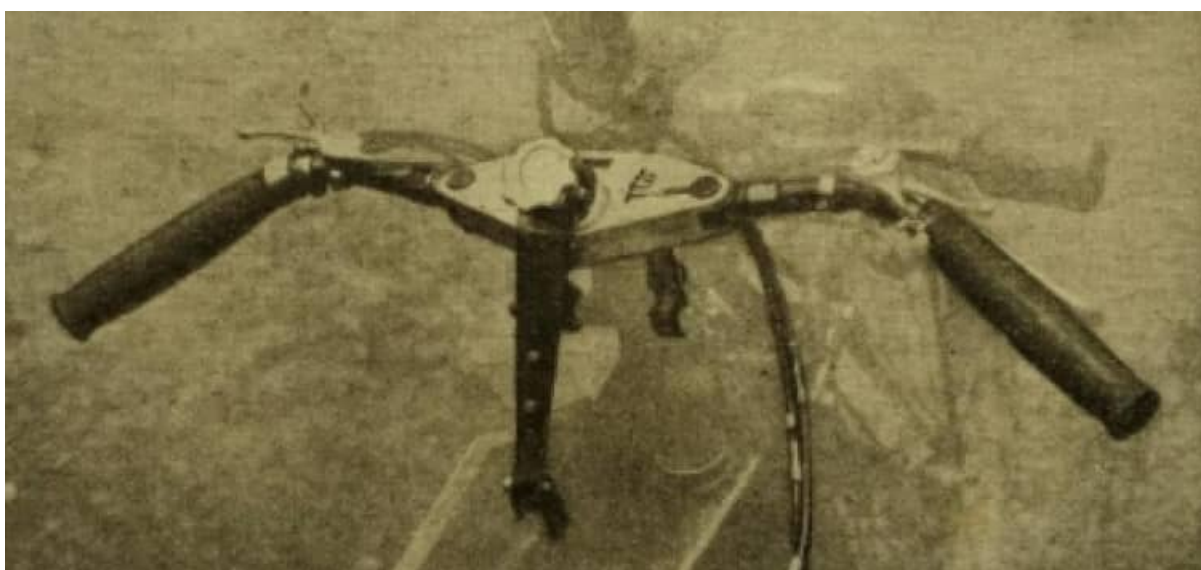
This is the lightest of the three OEX three-wheel Army prototypes; note the caterpillar track on the rear mudguard.

“THE RECENT AMALGAMATION OF the three carburetter firms, Amac, B&B, and Binks, being chiefly a combination for the general control of common interests, is not at present likely to lead to the disappearance of any of the designs. Still there have been certain notable changes which point to a clearing up of carburetter design generally, and this is particularly noticeable with regard to lever and twist-grip controls; already the number of types has been reduced, and a distinct tendency towards simplification of controls is in process. ‘In the recent campaign’—in the IoM—carburation played a larger part than probably ever before in the all-round increase in speed, and only those who were constantly associated with the riders and the trade through the weeks of practice knew how much reliance was placed on expert knowledge of the carburetter manufacturers’ representatives; incidentally it was surprising how little some of the riders knew or took the trouble to find out about tuning their carburetters. Loud complaints of constant misfiring were proved in several cases to be due to nothing more serious than a dirty filter gauze, or some similarly elementary cause which the rider did not trouble to investigate; needless to say, such riders are not found among the winners, for the ‘stars’ know all there is to know about their mounts, and are exceptionally careful with regard to carburation. All three makes were in use. The Amac seemed the most popular, generally in the form illustrated, with, in a few instances, two flat chambers; in this connection the makers’ amalgamation prevented the competition between the makes which obtained in former years, and riders were free to use the instrument which they found best suited their engines, without the bonus question cropping up...Doubtless next year will see further standardisation of details—until all controls and small parts are of identical pattern, the three designs remaining separate only in principle.”



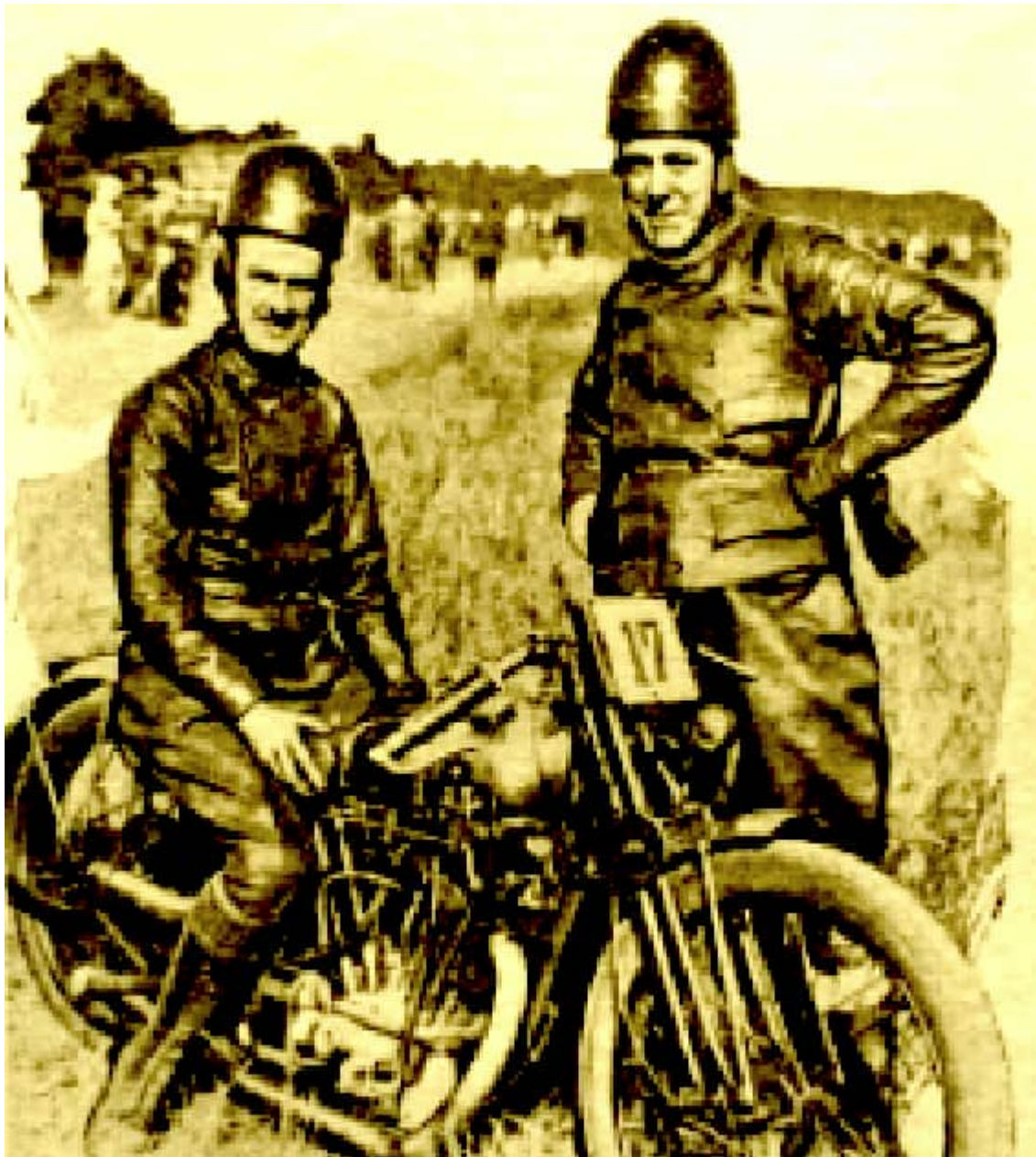


L-R: "A B&B racing carburettor used in the IoM this year." The Binks two-jet carburettor with (inset) formation of the slides. Amac model used on TT machines. "Details of the Amal twist grip, and (inset) the air control."



"A motor cycle handle-bar which is also used as a gear lever has been designed by Mr Otto Dehne, of Berlin, the object being, of course, to allow the gears to be changed without the necessity for removing the hands from the bars. By pulling a small release lever both sides of the bar can be moved forward and backward, and this movement is conveyed to the gear box by two strong wire cables or a rod."

"NO FINER SAND RACING event has ever been staged at Saltburn by the Middlesborough & DMC (or for the matter of that, by any other club on any other beach) than the open event last Saturday...With a programme of flying kilometre speed tests, one-mile and four-mile races, 20-mile championships and a 50-mile championship, there was catering for all tastes in sped riding. The flying kilometre events...were responsible for the achievement of speeds that have never before been attained on sand in this country. Searle, on his 490cc Norton, began the process of making 100mph cheap by clocking 21.8sec...attaining 102.51mph—a 500cc speed not attained anywhere outside pukka track work before. With his 588cc model, Searle knocked up the speed to 103.56mph, but when the Brough Superiors got busy even these times paled somewhat, for RW Storey put up 120.01mph, G Brough himself (riding solo again) did 116.52mph, and the Yorkshire rider of this make, JH Carr, got in his run at 106.52mph. In passing one must not overlook the 98.11mph achieved by FW Dosser on a 348cc Velocette! Such extraordinary speeds can only be explained by the fact that the surface was absolutely devoid of bumps and dead hard, while a very slight breeze blew down the course."



“101.12mph—RW Storey (Brough Superior), who made a new record for the Doncaster speed trials’ course. George Brough (standing) was only a fraction of a second slower.”

“QUITE THE MOST OUTSTANDING feature of the ‘Welsh 100’ at Pendine was the appalling weather. Conditions for racing could not possibly have been worse, for the torrential rain, besides soaking the riders to the skin, rendered it most difficult for them to see their way, and the sands in many places were under water, which came not from the sea but from the sky. Solo races of 50 and 100 miles were contested, but such havoc was wrought by the weather that the number of finishers in almost every class was exceedingly low, and in some cases nil. Engines ‘packed up’ one after another, and the number of sparking plugs used was truly phenomenal, one rider employing now fewer than 18! Conditions for the riders were not made any easier by the rather slack organisation. Spectators drifted about the course in the most casual manner, becoming danger to themselves and the competitors, and the marshalling was totally inadequate to deal with the situation. Thus, the result of the 100 miles race is...a matter of doubt, due to the fact that it was possible for a rider to cut some of the course without being



noticed, and, although it is probable to every rider who finished accomplished the full distance, the officials made the disconcerting discovery that the records of the lap scorers at either end of the course did not tally. In the 250cc class five competitors set out on the 50-mile strip, and trouble began almost immediately. First one then another dropped out, some managing to continue again in a very lame state until all but one rider, CF Edwards on a Cotton, were rendered hors de combat. The 'race' resolved itself into a valiant, though rather protracted, endeavour by Edwards to struggle to the end. He was thus the only rider to figure in the awards list in his class. Meanwhile the competitors in the 350cc class were going through a similar experience, but this event was relieved somewhat by the spectacular display given by RF Parkinson (348cc AJS). This rider had evidently been watching the dirt track stars...for a more perfect example of 'sliding' could hardly have been provided. His cornering was the one bright spot in an awful day...The physical state of some of the riders towards the end was pitiable, and several were forced to retire through a mixture of mechanical failure and bodily exhaustion. Eventually C Jayne (348cc Cotton) emerged the winner, with GF Bowley (348cc AJS) second, third place being taken by CL Pulman (348cc Velocette)...the 100-mile race attracted an entry of 28...Gordon Bennet found himself about two laps ahead of the field [when] he discovered a large piece of aluminium...had broken away from his engine, putting one lung out of action. For some obscure reason he requisitioned a cold chisel and a hammer, and...proceeded to hack a large hole in the crank case, presumably to gain access to the damaged interior parts. He found, however, that this method of adjustment has its drawbacks, and he was forced to accept defeat. The only finisher in the 1,000cc class was Spann, and he limped home on one cylinder...those who finished well deserved their awards, for to ride a motor cycle at all was an arduous task; to ride one at heroic speed was heroic."

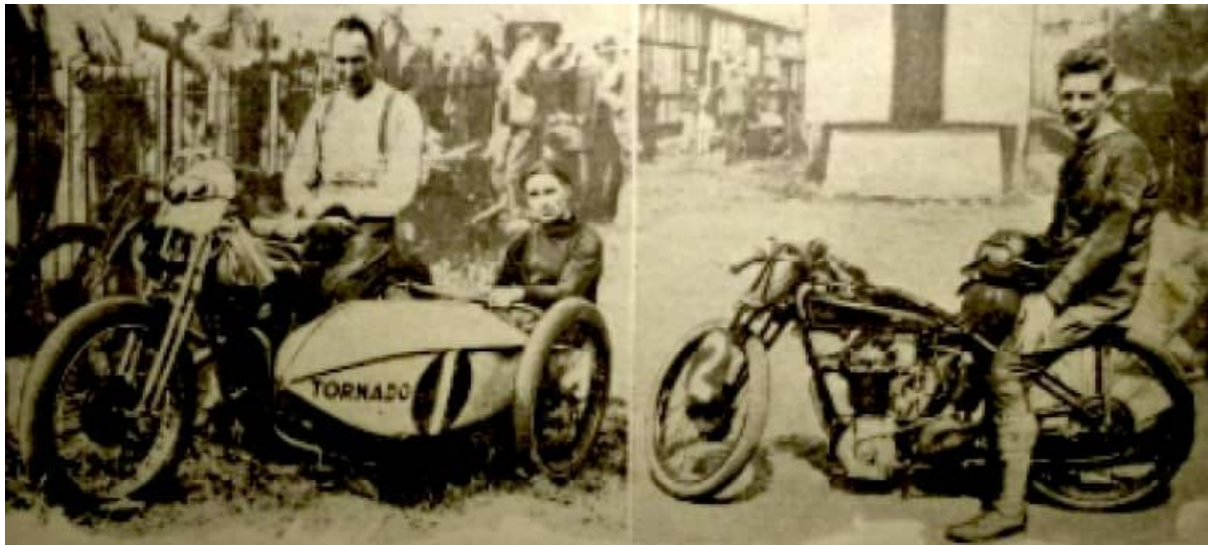


L-R: "The start of the 50-mile solo race. CF Edwards (Brough Superior sc) and Alec Grey (Matchless sc) cornering in the 50-mile sidecar race."

"RIDING IN MOST CONSISTENT fashion, P Brewster (495cc Matchless), one of the veterans of the track, last Saturday won the 'Hutchinson Hundred'—the 100-mile handicap race for the £200 Hutchinson Challenge Cup—at an average speed of 93.52mph. A sensational performance was put up in one of the preliminary handicaps by FG Hicks (348cc Velocette), who covered a lap at well over 100mph—on a 350cc machine! Perfect weather favoured the event and, incidentally, an 'aviation meeting' which the track wasps had unfortunately elected to hold upon the same day. Wasps were everywhere; they zoomed over the heads of spectators, crazy flew round the faces of the officials, and made concerted aerial attacks upon the competitors; and one even presumed to land upon the nose of none other than Professor Low...The hors d'oeuvres duly consumed and digested, the paddock blossomed with coloured jerseys for the '100'. Thirty-seven laps had to be covered, making a total; distance of 102.37 miles, to be exact...at 4pm the white, red, yellow and green jerseys were assembled in a clump by the timing box and the task of despatching them on the 100 miles began. Between the time of starting the limit man, FL Hall (246cc New Imperial) and the fall of the flag for the scratch man, Lacey ('995cc single-cylinder Grindlay-Peerless' according to the programme!) just 20min

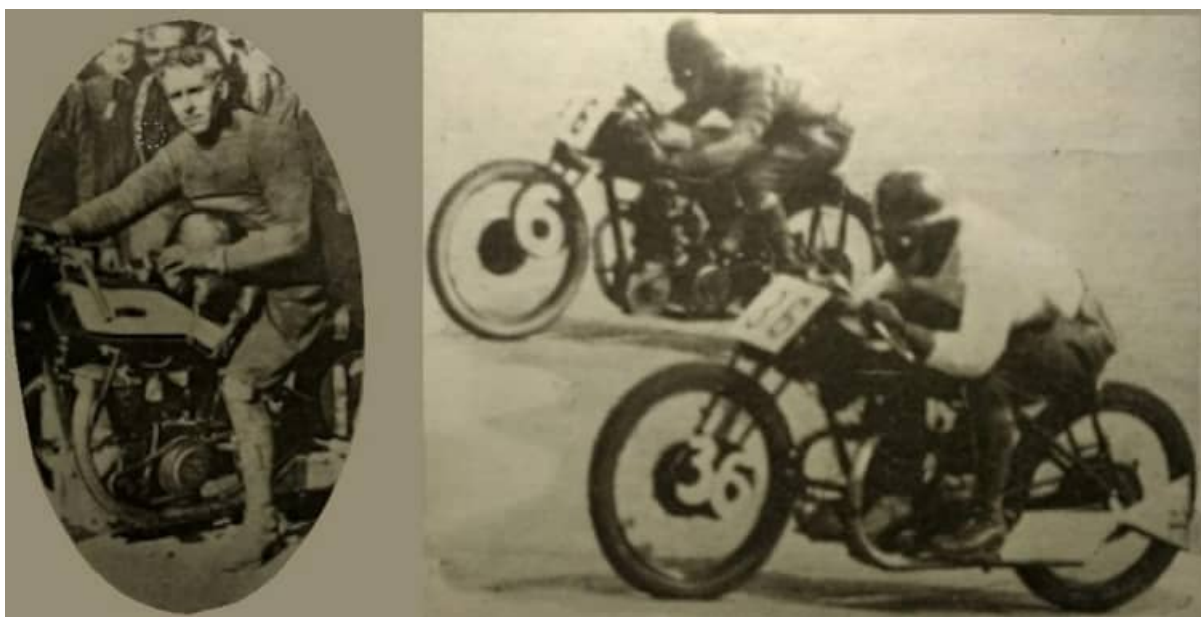


21sec elapsed...RR Barber (495cc Matchless) was experiencing steering trouble, a conjunction of short frame and big fuel tank being the



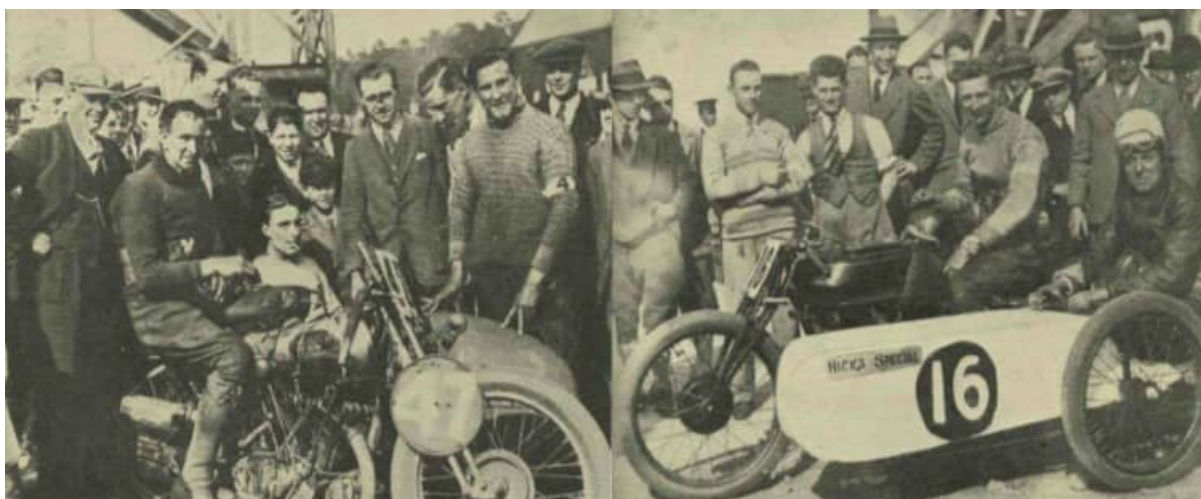
L-R: ECE Baragwanath (996cc Brough Superior sc), winner of the five-lap passenger handicap. FG Hicks (348cc Velocette) who won the under 350cc and '90mph' handicaps.

apparent cause. He made several stops, one to half-empty his tank, but after one particularly sinuous arrival at the pits he was called off by the officials...E Ventura (248cc Cotton) had a broken oil pipe; Victor Horsman (590cc Triumph, apparently feeling chilly, stuffed under his jersey a copy of The Motor Cycle as a chest protector; R Harris (490cc Norton) toured in and retired...At half distance FL Hall (246cc New Imperial) led, but only 39sec now separated him from EC Fernihough (246cc Excelsior-JAP). Several others were noticeably picking up places...FG Hicks (348cc Velocette) had gone up from 35th to 11th; and Brewster from 29th to 12th...After covering 23 of the 37 laps Fernihough went into the lead...There were more stops: Cobold (347cc Sunbeam) went out with magneto trouble; Bell (490cc Norton came in after 17 laps and said that his sparking plug had retired then looked in his tank and found it bone-dry! HW Collier (495cc Matchless) stopped with a flat tyre...Lacey (Grindlay-Peerless)...reported a rather doubtful oil pump and decided to retire rather than wreck his engine. Willis went out with engine trouble on the far side of the track. With two laps to go, Brewster, with Hicks hard on his heels, caught Fernihough, and was soon drawing away from the smaller machine. Another few minutes and Brewster was flagged off, a winner at the excellent pace of 93.52mph. The victory was a popular one, for Brewster probably has a good claim to the title of doyen of the Brooklands riders; although a most familiar figure at the track, he does not now do a great deal of actual racing."



L-R: "P Brewster, who won the 'Hutchinson Hundred' on a 495cc Matchless at 93.52mph. A duel between HJ Willis (348cc Velocette) and FL Taylor (246cc OK-Supreme)."

A YEAR AFTER ITS LAUNCH, in 1924, *The Brooklands Gazette* morphed into *Motor Sport* magazine which took a healthy interest in motor cycling. So, as a change from the Blue 'Un or Green 'Un, here's a *Motor Sport*'s report from its spiritual home, Brooklands: "This year's '200' sidecar races were rather dull and uninspiring, as this event usually is. It was enlivened by a long duel in the 600cc class between Le Vack (New Hudson) and Denly (Norton), until the former blew up. The Byfleet was the scene of two rear-crashes, Kempster had the front downtube of his McEvoy come in half, and Baldwin's sidecar became unattached, standing on end amid a cascade of sparks. The big twins, as usual, were very disappointing, and the 600cc winning speed was nearly five miles an hour faster than the 1,000cc. Results: 350cc race: 1, PG Hicks (348cc Velocette), 70.84mph, 2hr 50min 39.8secs; 2, PJ Ashton (348cc Chater-Lea), 68.31mph, 2hr 57min 27sec; 3, PA Longman (346cc New Hudson), 65.87mph, 3hr 3min 59sec—Hicks broke the three-hour record in Class B/S at 70.79mph. 600cc race: 1, A Denly (588cc Norton), 78.73mph, 2hr 33min 37.4sec; 2, GH Tucker (588cc Norton), 75.86mph, 2hr 39min 48sec; 3, LP Driscoll (588cc Norton), 67.30mph, 3hr 0min 6sec—Denly secured three records in Class P: 100 Miles, 1hr 13min 3.02sec, 81.47mph; two hours, 161 miles, 601yd, 80.67mph; 200 miles, 2hr 32min 17.96sec, 78.79mph. 1,000cc race: 1, ECE Baragwanath (996cc Brough-Superior), 73.95mph, 2hr 43min 35sec; 2, PM Walters (980cc Zenith), 66.62mph, 3hr 1min 59sec; 3, CP Edwards (980cc Brough-Superior), 64.54mph, 3hr 7min 43sec. Bert Denley, who won the 600cc race, lapped Brooklands to take 18 long-distance world sidecar records aboard a 490cc Norton. His co-pilot was Pat Driscoll; local enthusiast Jack King rode on the sidecar.

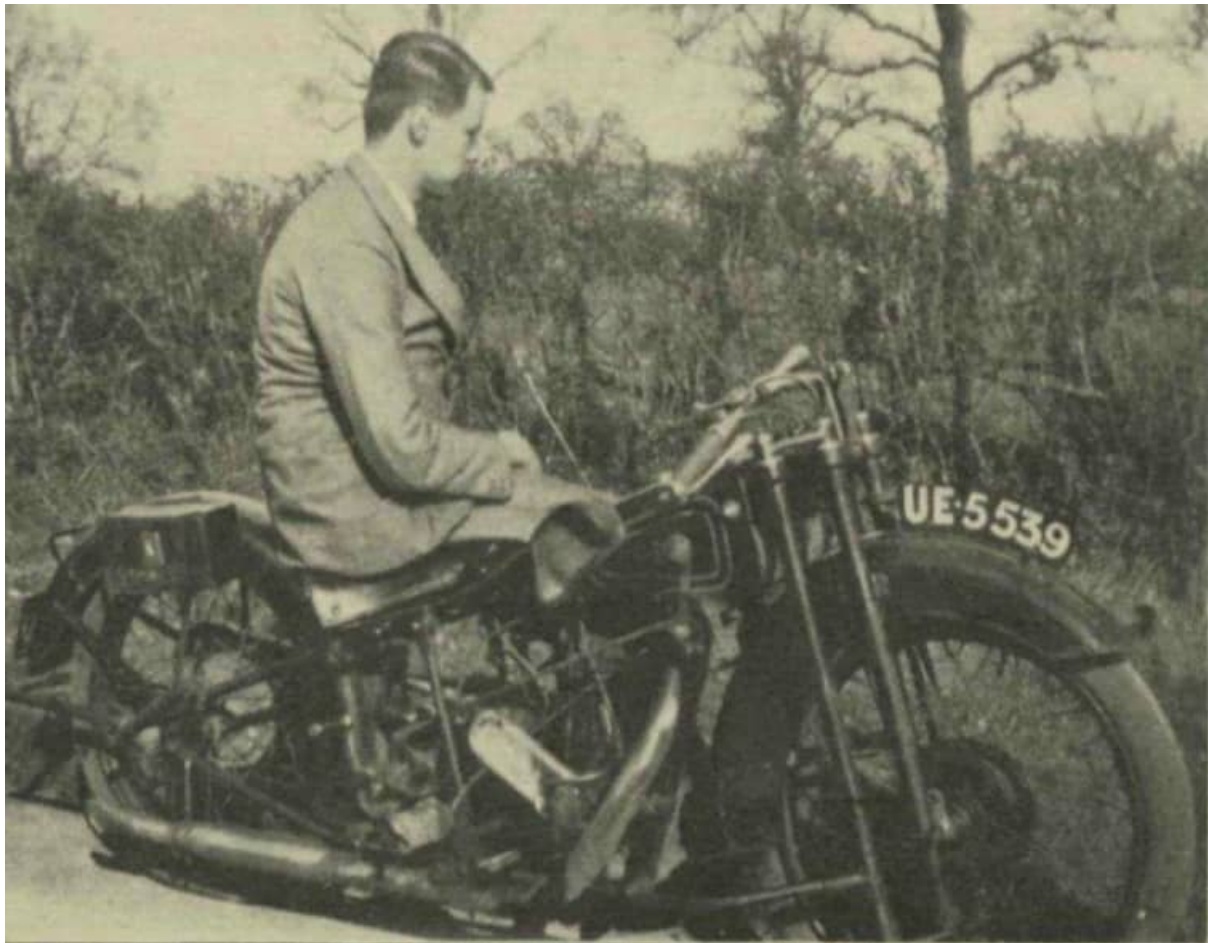


Baragwanath won the 1,000cc class, Hicks won the 350cc class—and set a record.

FORTUNATELY, DESPITE ITS BROOKLANDS ROOTS, *Motor Sport* took an interest in road going bikes too, so we can enjoy ‘Some impressions of an unconventional frame, the duplex steering OEC By EBN’: “I ordered the model in question last Show, greatly against the advice of my friends—technical and otherwise—who told me that it wouldn’t steer; that it ran out of track; the hind quarters were always off the ground; with the aforesaid result—I ordered one. It was delivered to me at the end of last January, and since then it has moved about 4,000 miles—100 miles a week regular—to and from work, in all weathers and an odd jaunt or two up to Town or the Track on the week ends. I got the bus about six o’clock one Friday night, fitted it with a flash lamp and rode it straight from Coventry to Twyford non-stop, a distance of 83 miles, on a frosty—a very frosty—night. The manhandling of the model is somewhat difficult at first, owing to the balance and one or two of my experienced friends promptly fell over it on first trial; but it becomes simple after a day or two. The lock, which is not all that could be desired when foot slogging, becomes ample when riding owing to the ease with which the machine can be heeled over to any angle. I can ride round in an 18 feet circle, which is more than sufficient for any town or hairpin. The lock can be greatly improved by replacing the large valenced guard for a sports type guard, as the large guard restricts the movement. To continue, directly I got going on the road the superior steering at once became apparent, and let me say now, once and for all, I shall never, never go back to the old 6in length single head perched above the front wheel, flexing and wobbling at the smell of a pot hole or corner; the steering is excellent and honestly and truly, I couldn’t ask for a better, and all who have tried it have enthused on this point, and agreed with me. My first experience of a skid was on the aforesaid night when taking a corner slightly faster than the surface considered decent. The tail started to swing outward and I pursued a diagonal course round the bend, but to my amazement, the model just straightened out and continued on without the suspicion of a wobble or reactionary skid. All the time I have had the bus, I have never had a wobble, in fact, it can’t wobble; you can ride along hands off and punch as hard as you can either end of the bars and simply nothing happens, the bus just ‘shivers’ and goes straight on. As far as skid cornering is concerned it is great; one can go round a dusty corner in a front wheel skid, just like a car, and provided you don’t try to correct it by straightening out in a hurry it simply takes grip as the corner is rounded and one continues on as I have already said without any wobble. There is a left-hand bend I go round every morning on the way to work which can be taken at 40-50 and necessitates the model being leaned over to an angle of about 45°; the front wheel completely ignores half a dozen pot holes on the corner, and the back just moves two or three inches to the right over each hole and that is all! I tried



some broadsiding on a cinder track the other day and provided the back wheel is kept revolving the



‘EBN’ looks thoughtful as he demonstrates to low seat height of his OEC-Blackburne.

model goes round the circle definitely in a real broadside with the front wheel on the opposite lock, until you wear your left shoe through or it comes off, as mine did! A rumour is abroad that the model will not steer at slow speeds; to disprove that statement I am often having ‘slow’ races with my critics; I can beat them, or at least they beat me, by yards in about 20yds, or they subside. I sometimes find some slight difficulty in manoeuvring round the Arm of the Law when they stand on the far corner and make you go round them to turn right, if you know what I mean. As far as pot-hole roads are concerned, they can be traversed at any speed you may choose, even the wheel buckling variety, and except for sundry Ford-like noises in the interior (of which more later), one continues blithely on without any wobble or uncertainty whatever. There is a certain amount of back wheel bounce over rough roads, only noticeable by the spasmodic revving up of the engine and the consequent loss of speed, but I think this is entirely a case of riding position; you see, you can’t have your cake and eat it, so to speak, and to obtain a low riding position with the consequent low c of g, the saddle must be placed forward to miss the rear wheel, and to keep the rear wheel on the ground, you must sit on top of it to keep it down. Hence, the track racing position. NB—I have dwelt rather lengthily on the steering and road holding capabilities of the model as these are undoubtedly its most interesting and unique features; but let us now disintegrate the model and examine it in detail from the mechanical and technical points of view. Starting at the forward end, the 27×2.75 Dunlop all-Rib shows no appreciable wear even for 4,000 miles which speaks well for the tyre and the front springing

arrangement of two barrel springs accommodated in the two front tubes; these could be slightly stronger and I am thinking of fitting a Hartford from the hole over the off-side spindle-rest to the tube above, to counteract an occasional pitching. The forks are attached by four flat links to a similar fixed rectangle on the frame as shown in the accompanying photograph. En passant, it would be better if these links were braced vertically or made T-shaped as the strain is vertical rather than horizontal. Thee links work in cups and balls, which must have been made of very inferior steel as they have now worn 'flats' in the vertical position and made the steering come out of the straight with a jerk. I am replacing them with Timken Taper Roller bearings. The tank, such as it is, is a weird and Heath Robinson looking contrivance, precariously suspended by thin strips from the duplex top rails and a small quart oil tin stuck in the top which rattles on the tank at every opportunity. The whole, and a lot more, is covered by an enormous tin canopy, which covers a multitude of sins, and doesn't fit and does not go far enough down the front to cover the mess of strips and petrol tin, which, by the way, holds gallons. The general effect, when viewed with any scrutiny, is far from pleasing. The engine, an excellent job (of which more later), is suspended by (God forgive them) 3/32 engine plates; the front plates, or rather wafers, are suspended in turn by two long thin bolts clipped to the duplex front down-tubes and distance pieces which hang over the bolts like quoits. The Burman box and ML magneto all exist on the rear plates, which extend right away back to the seat-pillar, like a suspension bridge, and when you kick over, the whole contraption bends and flexes in. a most alarming manner. The box fixing is, or rather was, made of aluminium, and consequently the first time I tightened up the bolts it cracked all over. I have made a steel one which is certainly better and seems to steady the plates a little; but I am making some new engine plates of steel and some respectable bolts and fixings, and dropping the engine in the frame—it is far too high—and exchanging the box for one having a bottom fixing, giving room for a seat-pillar oil tank and a decent petrol tank. The foot-rests are bolted on to two fan-like plates, drilled for six positions, only two of which are available owing to the unique design of the brake-rods and stays in the vicinity. The tool-box on the back mudguard suspended from the valence has already fallen off owing to insufficient support. The brakes, two 6in, front and rear, work well enough if kept in good order, but the front is worked by Bowden wire from the right foot and bottoms on the exhaust pipe unless kept right up, and then requires such force that you have to stand on it to feel the brake at all. I am fitting up a rod and lever with only a 6in. length of cable at the far end, which should be more efficient. The rear brake is good at 50 and over, but gradually declines as the speed drops, until at 10mph it hardly has any apparent effect. It has a habit of sticking on unless carefully oiled and has to be pushed up with the toe on release. The motor itself is a touring 350 SP Blackburne engine with low-lift cams, weak valve springs (rather too weak) and no pressure fed lubrication (as on the sports models); it is capable of hauling the bus along at a maximum speed of just under 70 when excessive valve bounce puts an end to its further activities. The touring Amac gives a low petrol consumption, bad acceleration, good starting, and continually loses its float chamber top. The Burman box stands up to a lot of hard wear although I dislike the cork clutch (I have burnt it out twice) and the somewhat difficult gear change at low speeds owing, I think, to the coarse design of dogs on the gear faces which do not give sufficient positions of enmeshment. In conclusion, as far as the general design is concerned and the link motion type of steering, the model is far away ahead of the present average designs; the smaller points of design and materials leave much to be desired, but I think the 1929 models will have the majority of these points eradicated, and in its improved form with the teething troubles over I could not think of a finer machine."



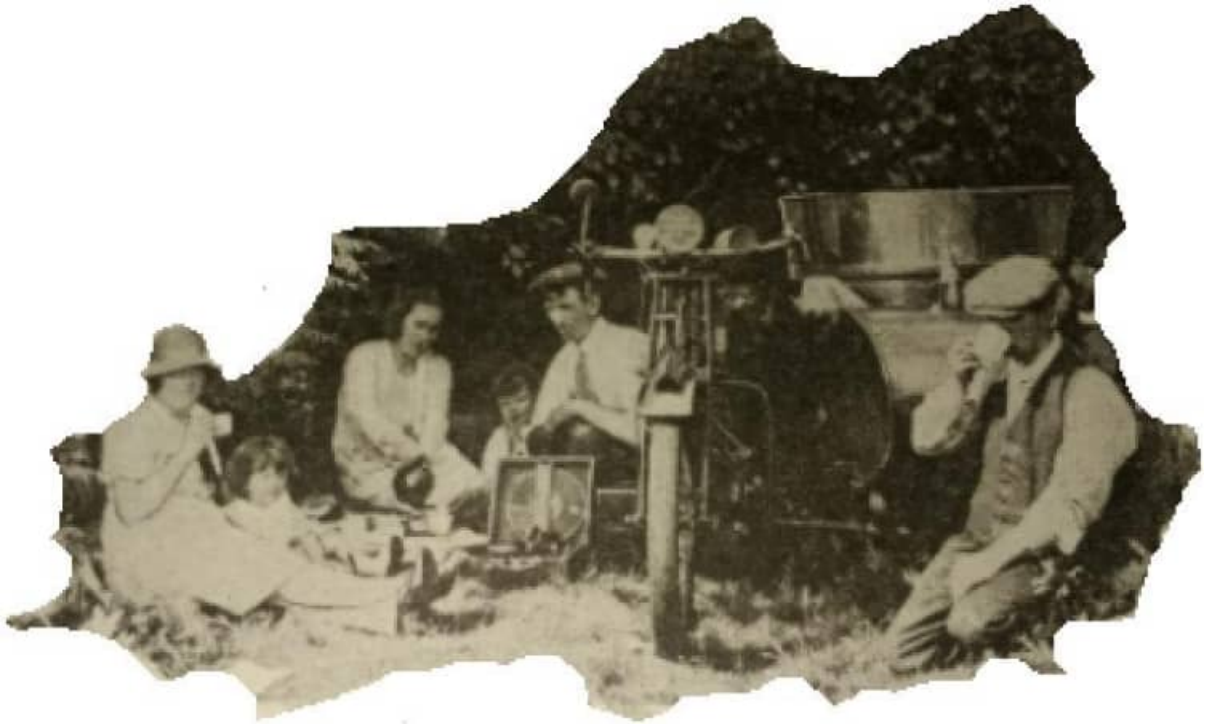
This

restored OEC-Blackburne features OEC's swinging-arm rear suspension.

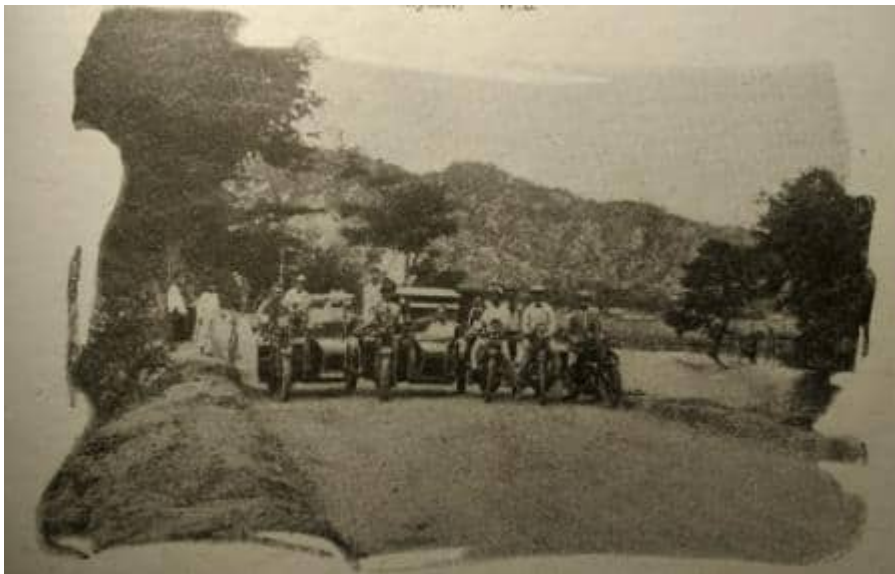
“A SCARE FOR THE MCC’ read a London evening paper contents bill last week. This caused a brainless fellow to remark that proceedings were being taken to stop this year’s ‘Exeter’! But the words were later discovered to have some reference to cricket.”

“IT HAS BEEN STATED that a properly constructed British tarred road is completely immune from the skidding danger. If this is so, the obvious thing to do is to bring all road surfaces into line in this respect.”





"An open secret: Happy sidecarists who have learned the secret of healthy and carefree weekends."



"Chinese enthusiasts.

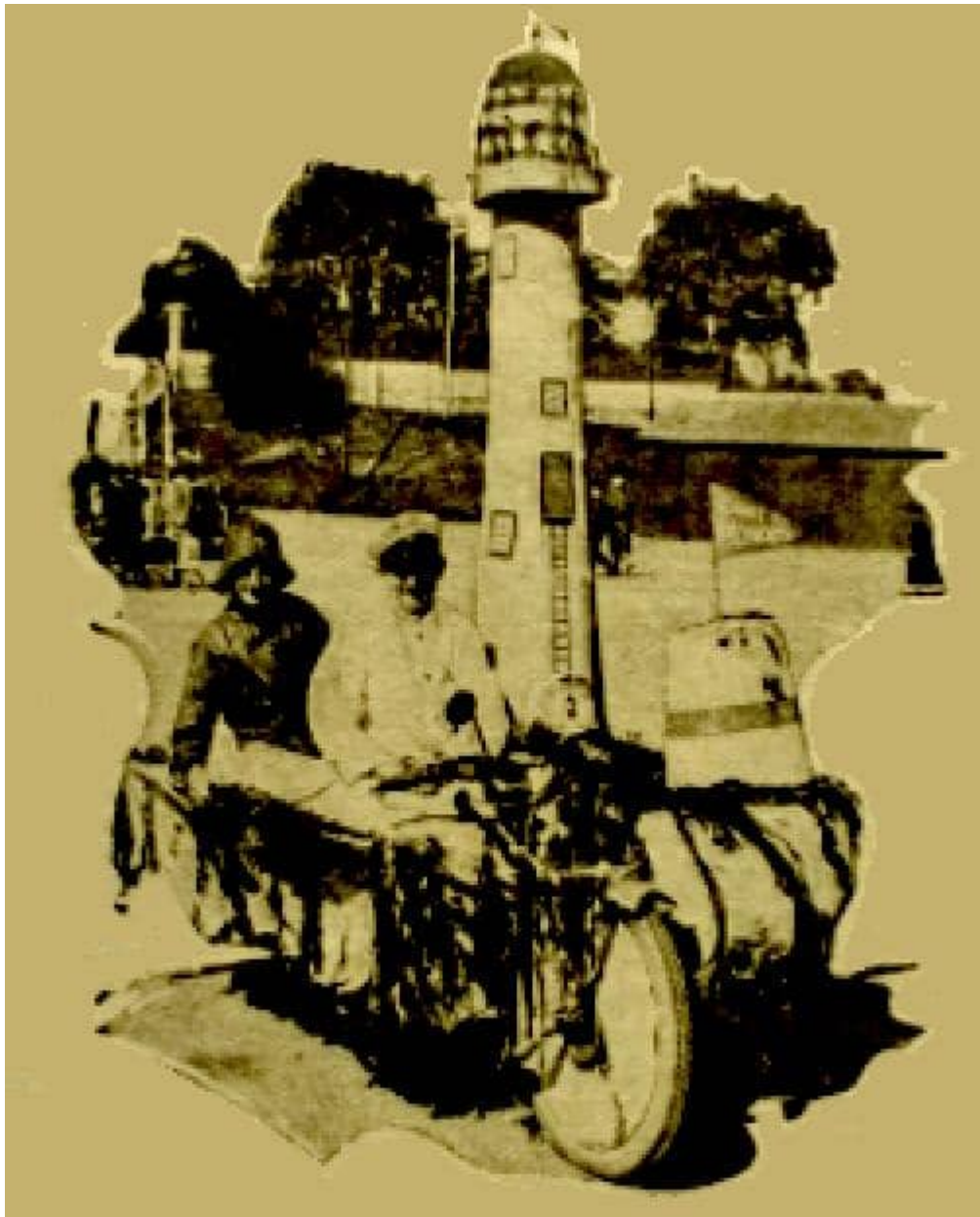
the motor cycle movement is expanding rapidly in the East; here are shown a group of Royal Enfield riders in Saigon, Cochin China."



“The world’s youngest motor cyclist? Kevin Kronk, a young Brisbane laddie 3½ years old, and his motor cycle which he handles confidently at 15mph.”



“Balancing grace—RA Cutlack and his sister trick riding at the recent Carshalton sports gala.”



“Heat, Light and—Plymouth Sound! During the summer nearly every seaside town holds a carnival, but few of the motor cyclists who compete take such trouble in decorating their machines as the owner of this sidecar outfit.”





“Motor cyclists at play. Musical chairs at the London Motor Club’s recent gymkhana at Egham.”



“Chinese enthusiasts. The motor cycle movement is expanding rapidly in the East; here are shown a group of Royal Enfield riders in Saigon, Cochin China.”

“THIS PAPER WOULD,” IXION warned, “be absolutely unreadable for most riders if we published much information suited to novices, but I will be childishly simple for once in the interest of boobs, mutts, and other embryo nuts. One lad, for instance, asks me to put the fluence on a famous lamp firm, who sold him an actylene generator which won’t work...I never knew a drip

generator which didn't work, George, and I'd guarantee to make one myself out of any old cocoa tin. But they take a bit of knowing..." Ixion went on to explain in detail how to void "an Aurora Borealis for half a minute, followed by darkness, whistling noises, bad smells, and a choked chamber". He then turned a latter from one Algy who, "naming a famous sports single, remarks en passant and pensively, 'What a pity it is that these engines seize so violently and so frequently!' I suppose there isn't any cure for it, Ixion?" He might as well assume there is no cure for small boys who don't wash behind their ears . As a matter of fact I don't think I had ever heard of one of these engines seizing up in road work, with an ordinarily competent rider. There is always a cure for seizure..."

A RIDER CLAIMED A RECORD skid: after his front tyre came off and locked the front wheel of his 493cc Sunbeam he left a 104yd skidmark before wrecking his forks on a grassy knoll. Another rider claimed a record "toss". After snapping a fork link at 55mph he flew through the air to land 69ft from the bike, according to a bobby who was clearly obsessive about measuring things.

"TESTS OF PHYSICAL FITNESS before a driving licence can be obtained are, it is said, being seriously considered by the London County Council. Most motor cyclists would easily pass such a test, as modern machines are not of a type which would attract weakly purchasers."

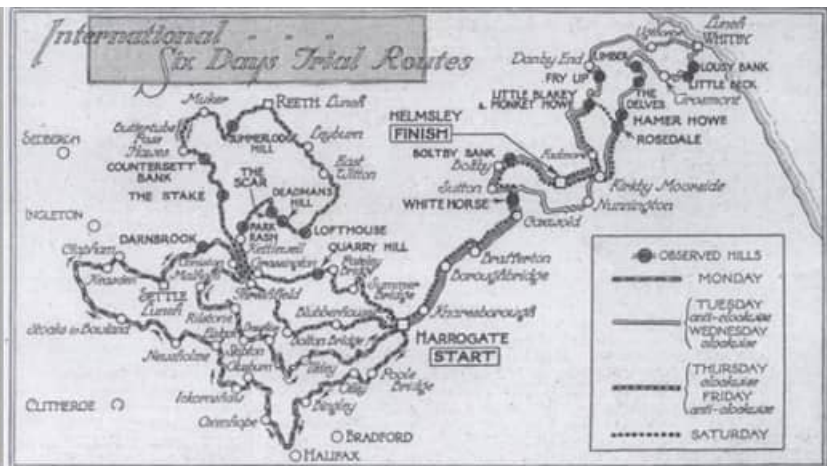
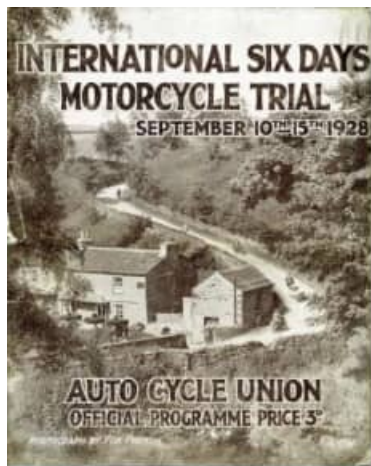
"POLICE CONCESSION TO MOTORISTS. Warnings to be issued for first offences of a minor character". The headline referred only to the Metropolitan Police; the Blue 'Un commented: "It would seem from the announcement that the police...hold the view that to adhere strictly to the letter rather than the spirit of the law is unreasonable. With this view we are in entire agreement. It now remains for the authorities in other parts of the country to adopt a similar attitude...nevertheless the authorities are determined that an even higher standard of silence shall be attained, and...until motor cycles are as silent as the average private car no decrease in police activity can be expected."

"DURING THE SIX MONTHS ending in June only 696 motor cycles were imported into the Irish Free State. This compared unfavourably with the 777 machines imported during the corresponding period last year. All but two of the machines were made in England."

"SIR—I HAVE JUST been reading Ixion's comments...his remarks are particularly pertinent at present when there an urge from various quarters for more small multi-cylinder machines. Writes he: 'I fall to imagining a 250cc or 350cc Scott, which I shall probably never see in the flesh; a tiny lightweight twin Sunbeam; a mediumweight Triumph 'four' with eggcup cylinders, and lots of other dream buses, none of them at all heavy, all of them with exquisite engine balance, and all of them se easy to start that my little daughter could kick 'em into life.' Now, why should these remain dream buses merely; why should we not see them in the flesh? After all, all motor cyclists are not keen on lugging about 325lb of dead weight, and there must be many who would welcome the sort of machines indicated by Ixion.

**ANTI-HOGBUS, INDIA"**

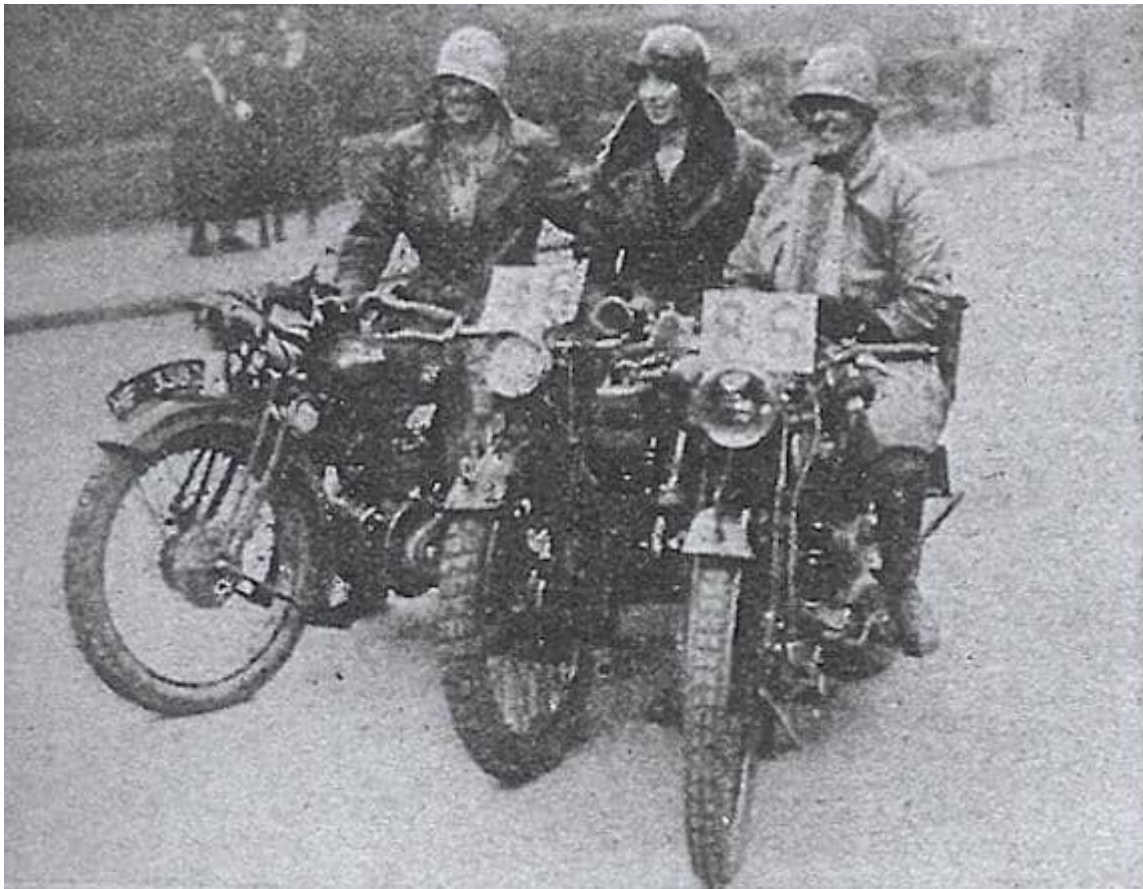




THE GENERAL PUBLIC TOOK more of an interest in motor cycling than is now the case, hence this preview of the ISDT in the *Glasgow Herald*: “When the special selection committee last year nominated three women riders as a team to represent England in the international motor-cycling trial, it was regarded as a compliment to three clever exponents of the art of steering a machine over rough places in road tests. Also, there was the hint of a graceful gesture to the growing number of the fair sex who use these fascinating vehicles. As it turned out, the women’s team not only won the silver vase trophy for England, beating several teams of foreign riders, but they also finished higher in the final placings than the Englishmen’s team. The three women were Mrs G McLean, Miss Marjorie Cottle, and Miss Elizabeth Foley; they have been again chosen as the English ‘A’ Team, the ‘B’ Team consisting of Leonard Crisp, Graham Walker and Frank W Giles, the last of whom will be piloting a sidecar. Teams from Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, Holland (two) and Germany will also be engaged in in this section of the tests, which is open to riders mounted on machines of any country of origin. The Irish riders are pinning their faith to British machines, as are also the three representatives of Denmark. The Swedish riders, like those from Germany, will bestride machines made in their own country, while the two teams from the Netherlands have selected four British machines, One Belgian, and one produced in Holland. For the premier contest, the International Trophy, in which the riders are required to ride machines made in their own country, two teams will be in opposition. Britain will be represented by VC King, one of the famous brothers who have won many victories on Douglas machines; FW Neill, a clever international rider; and HG Uzzell, whose feats with a sidecar border on the miraculous. If the Swedish team—G Gothe, Y Ericsson and B Malmberg—are to win, they will have to produce riding of an extremely high standard. They have all ridden in England before, however, and, with others of the foreign riders, have been already over the course, acquainting themselves with its peculiarities. A foreknowledge of the best way to tackle some of the test hills may save them valuable points in the final reckoning. In conjunction with the trial, the British Motor-Cycling Championship is also to be decided. The Scottish ACU have entered a team, D MacQueen and AR MacGregor riding Raleigh solos, and A Pattison on an Ariel sidecar; the English South-Eastern Centre two, the Midland Centre one, and the Yorkshire and Western three each. Altogether there are 113 individual competitors, 12 of whom will be handling passenger machines; while, in addition to the three mentioned, three other women riders are in the list—Miss B Painter, Miss Betty Lermite, and Miss E Sturt [*Ms Lermite finished the event despite losing her exhaust; all three won golds*]. The daily routes radiating from Harrogate total 880½ miles, and include some 160 hills having gradients from 1 in 7 to 1 in 3½. Monday’s route runs southwards, skirting Bradford, then westwards to Settle, and back to headquarters by Skipton and Askwith. Britain first won the trophy in 1923 and has held it for the



past four years. Whether we shall be able to withstand the determined challenge of the foreign riders is the question which is to be answered next week.”



Britain's 'A' Silver Vase Women's Team ISDT at Harrogate. L-R: Marjorie Cottle (348cc Raleigh), Louise McLean (348cc Douglas) and Edith Foley (494cc Triumph). To keep themselves match ready the girls took their bikes on a spring tour of Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Holland.



“Mrs M McLean, who has been chosen as a member of the British Ladies’ Team to compete for the International Vase.”

HAVING WON THE 1927 ISDT, in the Lake District, England hosted the 10th ISDT but moved it south to Harrogate in Yorkshire. The introduction to The Motor Cycle’s report sums it up: “92 of the 108 starters survive gruelling event held in perfect weather. Sweden succeeds in road test, only to fail in final examination, leaving England the victor.” Here are some of the highlights: “A heavy shower fell just as the first competitors were due to start from Harrogate but the rain was local...Fairly steep and uncommonly corrugated hills at Pool and Bingley shook machines and riders until teeth chattered and spring forks bottomed...the endless twists and turns resulted in not a few minor tosses, both Miss Painter (247cc Excelsior) and HS Perrey on the new 250cc Ariel coming ‘unstuck’ while FG Foster (347cc Sunbeam) struck a wall, damaged his front wheel, and retired before the luncheon stop at Settle...The afternoon run was fairly uneventful



although a certain amount of tyre trouble was experienced...A Pattison (497cc Ariel sc) had to renew two inner tubes owing to the valves pulling out...IM Garth-Atkins (596cc Douglas), after reaching Harrogate once again in spite of any amount of carburettor trouble, sorrowfully removed his numbers, believing that the morrow, and the hills, would only bring failure. Thus with five non-starters and two retirements the entry was brought down to 106 actual runners by Monday night...there was no question, judging by the form shown at Darnbrook, that the foreign competitors were a force to be reckoned with...The second day's run proved a glorious day out, remarkable chiefly for the ferocity of its descents...the White Horse gleamed ahead on Roulston Scar...but those who expected a tarmac surface were rudely shocked; it was loose and only a firm hand on the cars would bring a machine round in safety in the case of those who disdained to lower a precautionary foot...The long road over the summit was 'real colonial' and the steep but good surfaced descent of the Delves came as a relief. The hill at Grosmopt, though possessing a very rough surface, worried no body except VC King (348cc Douglas), who failed owing to his gears coming out of engagement. The British team for the Trophy thus lost 5 marks, putting Sweden in the lead at the end of the second day...The real trouble at Lousy Bank was the watersplash...It had a considerable depth (owing to the successful damming efforts of the locals) when the first men arrived, but HL Grimes (172cc Baker) assumed the role of lock-keeper and released a great deal of the water. He



L-R:

"AJ Clarke (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) and H McKee (493cc Sunbeam) making light work of Monklet Howe. FW Giles (498cc AJS sc) near Malham, one of the many pretty parts of the course. Captain Phillips, Press Secretary of the ACU, sits in the launch sidecar, smiling for the photographer, while Major Dixon-Spaion and other officials break down the dam at Littlebeck."

then walked his machine through the water, and so did a number of others. Bert Kershaw (172cc James) retired because the top of his gear box blew off! By this time local 'enthusiasts' were once more endeavouring to encompass the waters, but a rebuke by Capt AW Phillips, and a practical one by Major Dixon-Spain, caused the work to be abandoned. These two ACU officials had cause to resent the depth of the splash, as their outfit was incapacitated for half an hour after they had stopped in the middle. G Stannard (494cc Triumph) followed the example of the representatives of the parent body and stopped, and so did PN Keuchenius (494cc BMW), who rashly charged into the water at speed. With his legs waving wildly in the air, A Olsen (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) made a clean crossing...The fate of the ACU outfit (Ah! Publicity, where is thy Sting?) led the crowd to anticipate eagerly the arrival of the other three-wheelers. Amid howls of derision, HM Hicks (596cc Douglas sc) wheeled his machine through the water, but applause was accorded FW Giles (498cc AJS sc) and GW Shepherd (596cc Scott sc) for good crossings...JW Moxon (172cc Francis-Barnett) retired at the summit [of Monklet Howe] with a burst gear box, while FW James (1,096cc Morgan) failed when the low-gear chain came off the



sprockets...The teeth of the tigers are drawn! Hills that once were terrors created next to no trouble on the third day of the trial...the star hill of the afternoon, Rosedale, beside which the other hills (Littlebeck, Limber and the Delves) paled into insignificance, only resulted in about a dozen failures—machine after machine romped up with the greatest of ease. The day was most gloriously fine, yet not too hot, and the green valleys and purple moorlands looked their best in the clear atmosphere...For some reason L Crisp (349cc Humber), after grounding his crank case on a gully, put in an extraordinary amount of footwork, the engine apparently having died of fright...TF Hall (498cc Matchless) hit a bump, and for a few moments used all the road and a fair amount of the upper air as well...C Jayne (496cc Cotton) and van



L-R: "Miss Betty Bernitte (488cc Royal Enfield) on the outskirts of Arncliffe. N Hall (247cc Excelsior) and DF Welch (246cc OK-Supreme) find Monket Howe a stiff proposition. HG Uzzell (493cc BSA sc) crossing a stone ledge on Blakey, a rough observed hill."

Marle (490cc Lady) were both sure and steady, although the Lady rather lovingly caressed an outstanding bump in the track. FB Tetsall (492cc Sunbeam) and J Parker (349cc BSA) were both impressive, the former being too slow to steer a true course, while the latter was too fast to select one...Before lunch HR Kemble (490cc Radco) had retired with gear trouble, added to the many vicissitudes of the previous day...Nor did the 1 in 3 gradient of Littleback Hill cause trouble, for the surface was excellent, and even the 'little fellers' purred up with the greatest of ease...A really sporting [fourth] day for he-men—and women! Starting with a tour of the whole length of Upper Wharfedale—glorious sunshine and magnificent scenery—the only rough interlude being the well-known '£200 Trial' country in the Moorcock Hall section at Kex Ghyll...Dropping to Wensleydale and crossing the valley at Hawes, the competitors climbed Buttertubs Pass, and here Betty Painter (247cc Excelsior) seized her engine and retired. Retirements among the small machines were heavy; HL Grimes (172cc Baker) had finished with a broken front spindle and VL Strudley (247cc Baker) had packed up for unascertained reasons. Then on a ferocious little hill out of Swaledale leading to High Oxnop, HS Perrey (248cc Ariel) ended his course when a stone jammed between his chain and the rear stays, breaking the sprocket away from the hub...The descent of Summer Lodge worried not a few...Several riders took tosses and the German D-rads were very consistent in this respect, for all fell. Lunch at Reeth was a welcome breather; the machines parked on the village green and glittering in the sun, the grey-green valley, and the gleaming stone houses composed a picture not readily to be forgotten. In the afternoon there was really hard going nearly all the time [The Western Daily Press mentioned that "Miss Marjorie Cottle was pitched from her machine and pinned beneath it until rescued by an official. She arrived at the luncheon control at Reeth on time, but was limping painfully]...Between Middlesmoor and the top of the Scar, A Paster (249cc Zundapp) crashed at a cross gully and suffered a broken collar bone; he was assisted by many following competitors...The surface of Deam Man's Hill was very loose, and quite a number of riders came to grief on the left-hand bend halfway up the steepest section. That it could be taken feet-up was demonstrated by the more expert riders, some ordinary motor cyclists, and the other Pressmen found that footing was necessary...After a skid from which he recovered brilliantly,

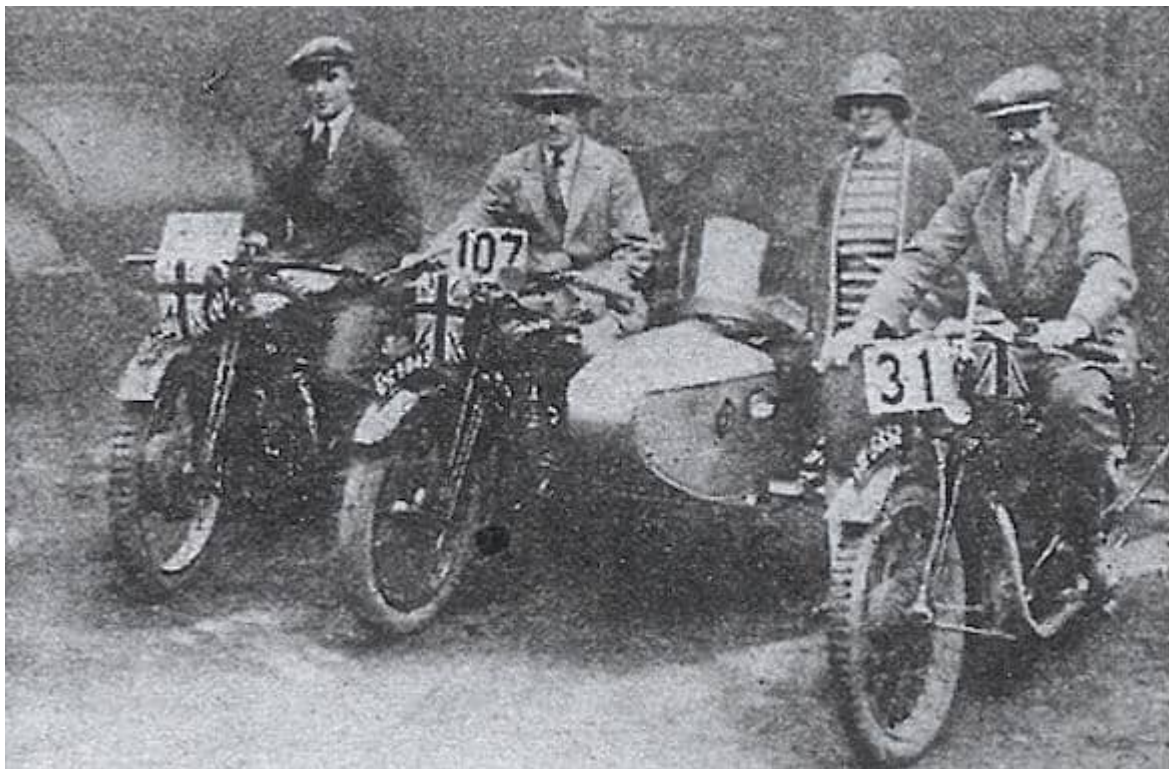
GW Hole (348cc Raleigh) made a perfect ascent, and just behind him came HC Dolk (348cc FN), who paddled and pinked in the most shameless manner. Louie McLean (348cc Douglas) received spontaneous applause for a wonderfully neat ascent. Probably the cleanest climb of the day was made by FW Neill, the Matchless artist. He seems incapable of failure anywhere...A thrill was provided by HM Hicks (596cc Douglas sc). He passed F Ischinger (493cc D-rad) on one of the narrowest sections; another inch or so and he would have fallen over a precipice [the *Western Daily Press* added: "All the international teams arrived back at Harrogate last evening, and with only the final



L-R: "A string of competitors at Huton-le-Hole watersplash. GL Reynard (488cc Royal Enfield) and EEA Rudnall (490cc Radco) round the worst bend on Summer Lodge. A Jefferies, W Moore and CH Wood (596cc Scotts), the Scott Manufacturers' team cross Ilkley Moore."

sprint to-day, Sweden holds a clear lead, and is likely to win back the Championship Cup which Britain tool from her four years ago"]...Contrary to expectations the fifth day's run was not so difficult as was expected...as is often the case, gradients which appear terrific as descents are not nearly so bad when they have to be climbed...Park Rash proved to be like the cry of 'Wolf!'. In slithering down the hill on the previous afternoon the competitors had worn such a groove through the loose stones that there was a dead certain path to the top for those with a good climbing speed and firm wrists to keep the model confined to the narrow way, and for those who did this there was a ready cheer from the great crowd of enthusiasts which had gathered...FW Neill (495cc Matchless) who got up to the hairpin over the loose rubble without a sign of being difficulty amazingly and suddenly skidded, turned completely round and finally stopped. This added another hill failure against the British 'Trophy' team. Another failure was WF Newsome's spectacular climb of the wall after striking a boulder—a feat which happened so suddenly that even the vulture-like Press photographers all missed it...For the last morning a repetition of the worst portion of the North-Eastern circuit was used. But by now the riders were so accustomed to the hills that almost everyone took them in his stride...HC Dolk (348cc FN), for once in a while, found his combined tactics of footing and clutch slip ineffectual. He baulked PJ Nortier (493cc Sunbeam), who had to foot hard; observers rushed to pick up Dolk and his mount, and into the melee came G Dance (493cc Sunbeam), who, taking to the rough and keeping his feet up, slipped through a momentary gap between the two machines in a wonderful way, where ninety and nine other men would have raised to Heaven and the observers the cry of 'Baulk!'. A big crowd waited to welcome the riders to Helmsley...all that remained was the final examination, lunch and the trek back to Harrogate; the last matter, one must admit, was a rather irresponsible 'TT, in which one severe crash, at least, occurred. ACU officials carried out

the examination, and Professor Low gave the final OK—or otherwise—to the machines. Very few of the motor cycles had been sufficiently damaged by their week's buffeting to lose marks, though in one or two cases mudguards and other similar fitments were loose. DF Welch (246cc OK Supreme), who was No 4, should have been the first to arrive, but he did not put in an appearance for some time. He reported a puncture just after Rosedale. The only retirement on Saturday was CM Harley (996cc AJW), whose rear cylinder valve gear was said to be disarranged. The surprise of the final 'exam' was the loss of marks by the Swedish team, who up to that time had been sure of the International Trophy, but who were thus deprived of it at the last minute. Both Y Ericsson and B Malmberg were minus rear brakes, a fracture at the cam arm being the cause in both cases. They lost 11 marks each. The British team lost no marks in the final examination, so, although each member had a hill failure against his name, Great Britain once again won the trophy...NOTES: HC Dolk rode the same FN he uses on the road every day in Holland. He was reported to have declined the offer of a special machine from the Belgian firm...Immediately his machine had been examined Gus Kuhn left for London and Stamford Bridge dirt track. He had appeared there the previous Saturday and went up to Harrogate by night. During the week, incidentally, Gus lost his left footrest. The irony of fate!..The blow to the Swedish team put a gloom on the gathering at Helmsley, and at the official hotel in Harrogate on Saturday night. British riders were the loudest in their condemnation of the result, and organised a strong protest...The word 'stolen' was written on a large notice inside the case where the International Trophy had reposed all week. Significant!"

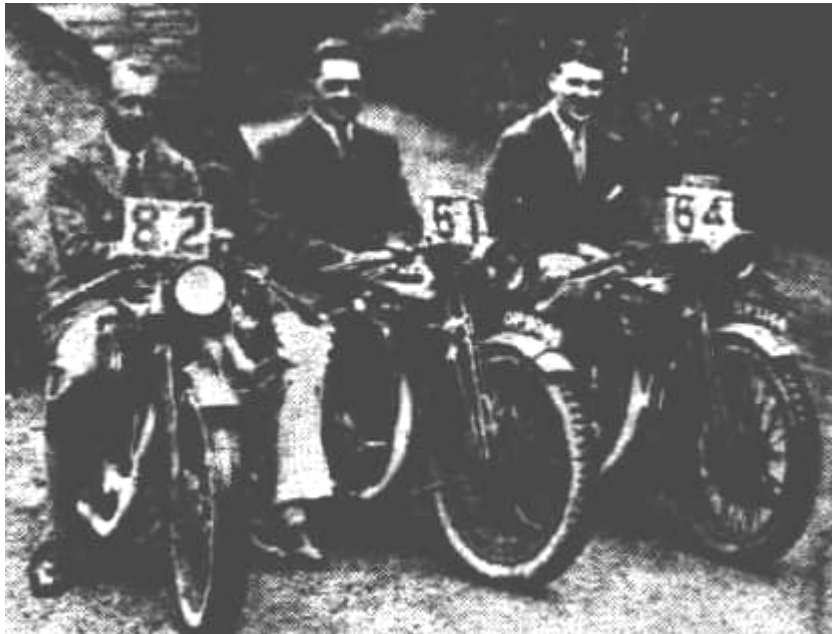


Britain's 'B' Team that won the Silver Vase: GW Walker (499cc Rudge Whitworth), FW Giles & Mrs Giles (498cc AJS sc) and L Crisp (349cc Humber)

HAVING RELIED ON THE *Glasgow Herald* for a preview of the ISDT, let's turn to it for the last word: "Sweden lodged an official protest, but this was disallowed. The contest for the International Vase was not affected by today's results. The British men's team finished with a clean record, the only team in the trial to do so. The British women's team, Mrs M McLean, Miss Marjorie Cottle, and Miss Edith Foley< dropped five points and gained second place. Third place



went to the Holland first team, who lost 16 points. After a close contest, the British Championship went to the Western Centre team, Arnott, Walker, and Butch, all on Rudge-Whitworth machines. Torkshire 'A' team let the prize slip from them when Wood, one of their stalwarts, unaccountably skidded and fell on Rosedale. The Scottish ACU team made a brave show, and with a little luck would have gained better than third position, for D McQueen was unfortunate to fail on Pinkey through slipping on a patch of grass, while A Pattison got his sidecar driving wheel into a loose spot on Park Rash, and stopped through wheelspin. Apart from this they lost no marks and were always in the picture." **Results** The International Trophy: England—marks lost: VC King (348cc Douglas), 5; FW Neill (495cc Matchless), 5; HG Uzell (493cc BSA sc), 5; total, 15. Sweden—marks lost: G Gothe (246cc Husqvarna), 3; Y Ericson (490cc Husqvarna), 11; *B Makberg (495cc Husqvarna sc), 11*; total, 23. \*Marks lost for condition of machine at final examination. The International Vase: England 'B' Team—marks lost: L Crisp (349cc Humber), 0; G Walker (499cc Rudge-Whitworth), 0; FW Giles (498cc AJS sc), 0; total, 0. Manufacturers' Team Awards: 250cc, Excelsior; 350cc, BSA; 500cc, Ariel; 750cc, Scott. Of the 108 riders who started 94 finished the course, 87 of whom won gold medals, five won silver.



Ariel won the 500cc class

Manufacturers' Team Award.

**REAR LIGHTS BECAME COMPULSORY.** As well as motor vehicles the light law covered horsedrawn traffic though other slow moving, hazardous traffic such as bicycles, handcarts and livestock drovers, were exempt. Self-contained electric rear lights with their own batteries were soon available. The Transport Minister was empowered to require headlights to incorporate anti-dazzle (dipping) devices as soon as they became practicable. To cope with rising traffic levels the Ministry of Transport was doing away with toll roads and replacing level crossings with bridges.

"THE SEASON OF FOGS will be here shortly, and new riders should note that an ordinary head lamp is practically useless under such conditions. If a piece of yellow material, capable of being slipped over the glass of the lamp, is carried, however, night driving in foggy weather is made much easier."

"MOTOR CYCLISTS IN the vicinity of Lahore and other towns in India are said to have been bitten by a 'speed bug' and their activities are proving objectionable to other resident."

“AT A RECENT SCOTTISH gymkhana there was no entry fee for any of the events!”

“THE NUMBER OF MOTOR cycles in the use in France has risen in one year from 137,979 to 232,201.”



“You may park here!—In Germany, where the motor cycle movement is forging ahead as rapidly as in this country, it is no uncommon sight to see solo and sidecar machines massed wheel to wheel in their thousands, as in this picture taken at a German sporting event.”



Remember Gwendolyn Adams? We last met her in 1926, when she rode her Duggie from home in Ellesmere to Venice for her summer hols. She made that trip alone and must have developed a taste for solitary adventuring as, switching her allegiance to Royal Enfield, she took off on a six-week 4,500-mile run to Gibraltar, returning home over the French Alps.

“MOST MOTOR CYCLISTS WILL have realised the danger of wet leaf-strewn roads at this time of year. There is a risk of skidding, especially on corners.”

“BY THE WATERS OF Thornton Heath: At week-ends there is often a speed trap between Norbury and Thornton Heath Pond. The exact position is about a quarter of a mile before the entrance to the Croydon by-pass.” [Generations of motor cyclists gathered there; I was among them. The sausage-meat sandwiches available from Dave’s all-night teastall might have inspired Cut-me-own-throat Dibbler’s sausage inna bun.—Ed]

“FAST—EVEN FOR A VELOCETTE. In reporting the recent Velocette ‘100 miles in the hour’ record one provincial paper recorded the time taken as 59.47 seconds. This works out at the remarkable speed of 6,053mph.”

“IN A NORTHERN TOWN recently the strange spectacle was noticed of three motor cycles linked together side by side. All had their engines running. It is thought that the equipage is the only one of its kind.”

SOVIET RUSSIA’S FIRST FIVE-Year Plan called for intensive mechanisation including the establishment of a motorcycle industry. Among the first products of the new state factories were the 300cc two-stroke Krasnyj-Oktabr; the 600cc sv Tiz-Am; and, for police and military use, the 1,200cc sv transverse V-twin Izch featuring shaft drive, leafspring forks and a pressed-steel frame which incorporated a silencer. Izch, like BSA, Husqvarna and FN, was rooted in firearms—it was set up in 1808 by the Czar to make muskets for the war against Napoleon. The Russians have gone on to produce 11 million powered two-wheelers—but Izch is best known for everyone’s favourite assault rifle, the Kalashnikov AK47, with global sales topping 70 million.



The Izch-1, progenitor of the Russian motor cycle industry, was only in production for a couple of years.

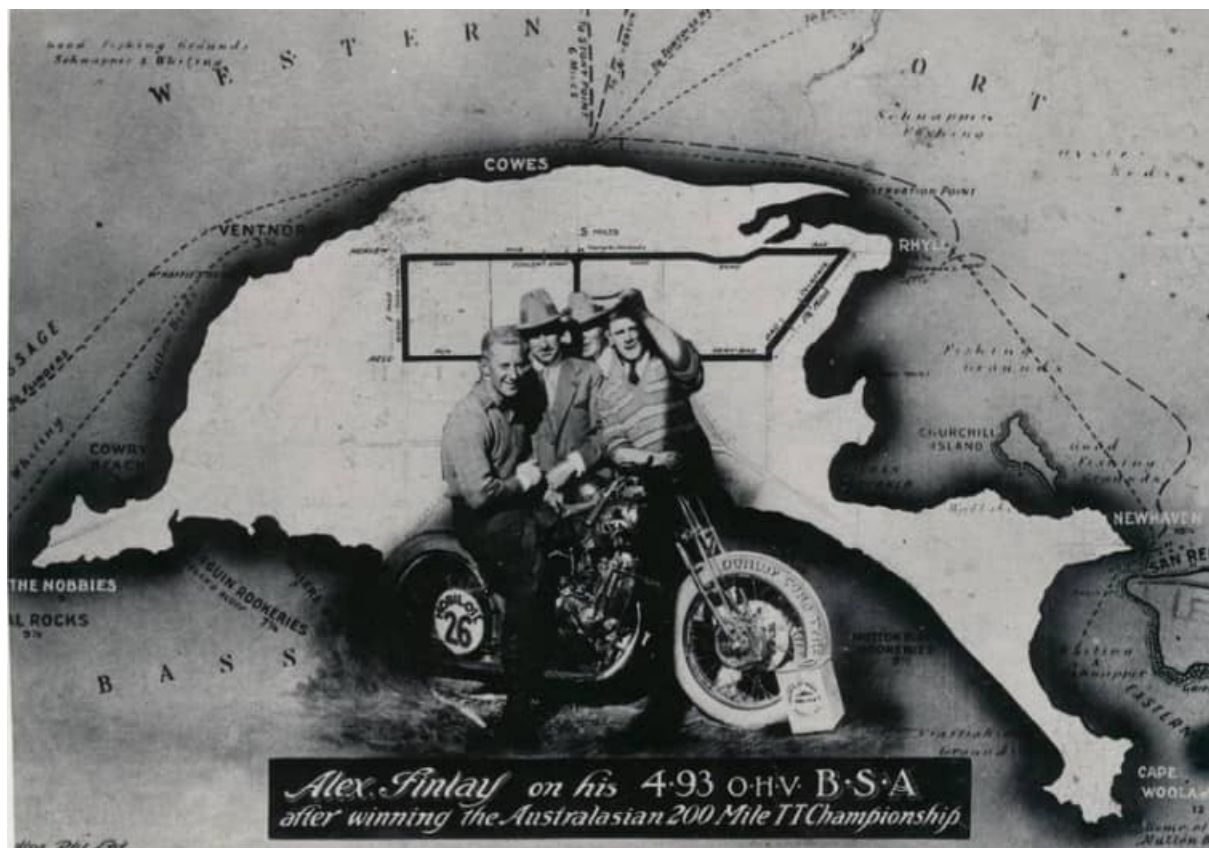
WHILE REVIEWING THE BIKES he’d encountered in 1927 Ixion waxed lyrical: “The Francis-Barnett super-sports is something of a buzzbox – but I use the term in a purely Pickwickian sense. The balance and – lady readers, please excuse a he-man word – ‘guts’ of this engine are simply amazing...”

MANY MOTOR CYCLE CLUBS, with the support of the RAC, were organising annual runs to give deprived kids (they called them ‘poor’) a day in the country. Clubmen were also staging



gymkhanas and other events to raise cash for their local hospitals – this was long before the birth of the NHS.

THE TWO BSA G14S OUTFITS making a global promotional tour reached Malaya where, it was reported: “The majority of motor cyclists are either Chinese or half-castes, though a large number of impecunious British assistants on rubber estates use two-wheelers from necessity.”



Alex Finlay won the Australian Senior TT 200-miler aboard a Beeza sloper.

THE TIMKEN COMPANY was advertising its taper roller head bearings [and 50 years later we were still messing about with cups, cones and ball bearings. Go figure—Ed].

IN RESPONSE TO CLAIMS that 75% of “accident ward cases” were the result of “motoring mishaps” the Middlesbrough MCC launched an insurance scheme to cover the cost of patching up its members.

THE YORKSHIRE CENTRE of the ACU considered seceding from the union in protest at “the recognition of promoters of commercialised events” and the ban on Sunday events.

NIMBUS, DENMARK’S SOLE motor cycle manufacturer, suspended production of its in-line fours to concentrate on vacuum cleaners.



Villiers celebrated the production of its 200,000th engine. Its range of seven engines was in use with more than 20 manufacturers.

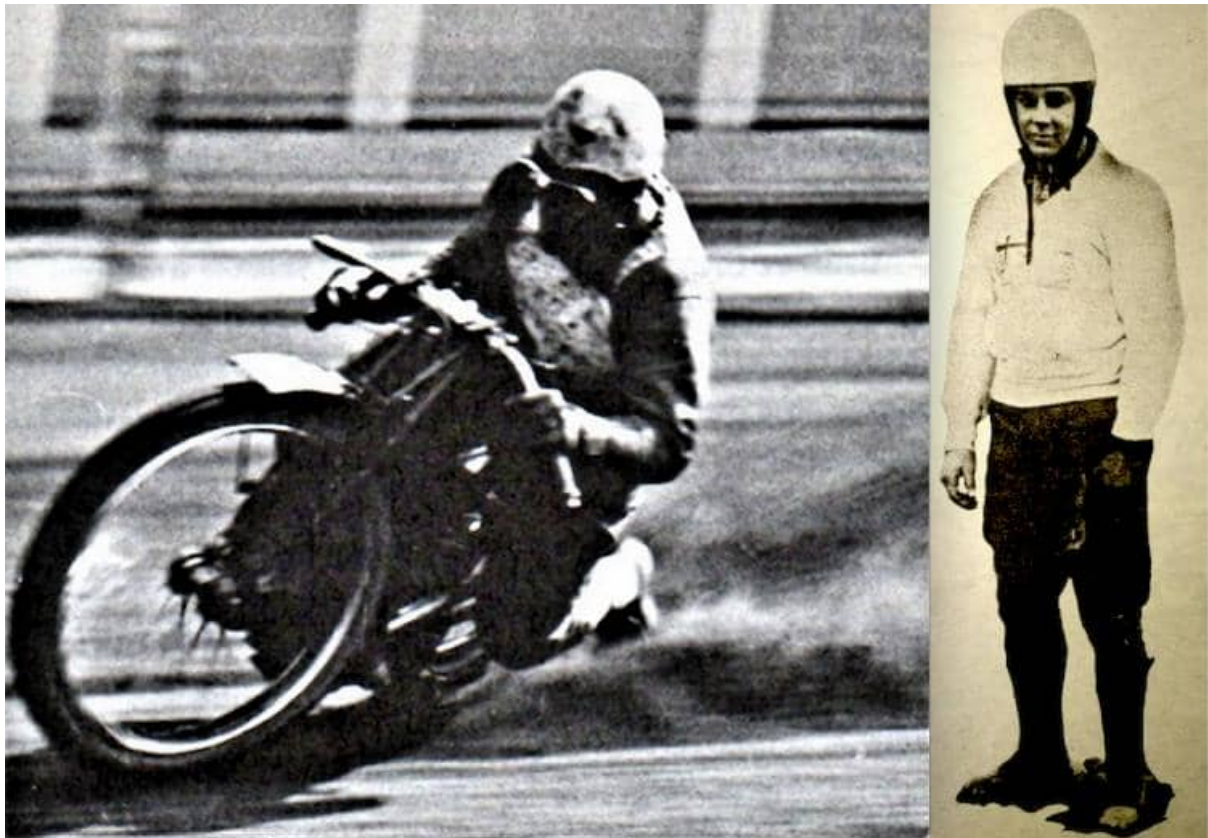
BSA TRANSFERRED ALL motorcycle production to Small Heath.

THE FIRST TRAFFIC LIGHTS were installed, in Wolverhampton, four years ahead of the capital.

AMERICAN CARS appeared gleaming with chromium plating.

THE LACK OF A QUANTIFIED noise limit led to riders of bog standard bikes being fined for excessive noise.

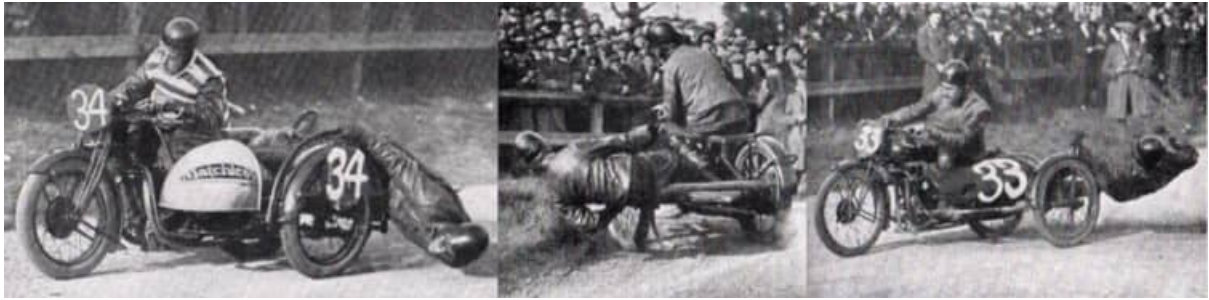
“NOVEMBER ROAD RACING: It is a real November afternoon. It is cold. The sun which shone so brightly in the afternoon has given way to that bright dullness which always seems to beckon one to muffin and tea and a hot fare at the close of a November afternoon. From the loud speaker comes ragtime music. It is hard to write instead of dancing. A gentleman on a two-stroke rides round the competitors' enclosure on bottom gear. No, he does not ride; he has ridden; he has fallen off. Here we are at the Crystal Palace to watch the road-racing. The crowds are growing thick and fast. Mr Mockford has a megaphone and an intense air. Mr Smith just has an intense air. It seems to work, anyway, for the crowds are still growing and the organisation seems as though it is going to work with that genial smoothness one always associates with these Crystal Palace meetings. There is no need to describe the course, a mile of twists and turns...It writhes like an eel in pain, true; it is full of bumps, true; but is meant as a test more of riding ability than of sheer speed...spectators are enlivened by a terrific battle between Gus Kuhn (Calthorpe) and EH Tomkins (Velocette). Kuhn uses every bit of dirt-track skill at his command and eventually succeeds in passing Neill, only to be repassed and finally to fall off. However,



LO Bellamy (344cc Coventry Eagle) won *The Motor Cycle* trophy for the second year running.

after losing three laps he remounts and shows the crowd a particularly 'blue' exhibition of riding. And when Gus Kuhn rides 'blue', enough has been said...enter the sidecars and excitement at the same time, the two being synonymous. RV Newman is first away on a 498cc Matchless followed by A Noterman (498cc Triumph); then the celebrated pair, Brackpool (495cc Matchless) and Norchi (490cc Coventry Eagle), next L Pellat (346cc OK Supreme) and CW Sewell (980cc Brough Superior). Brackpool goes like—well like that, anyway—and catches Noterman at the end of the first lap. After them both comes Norchi, rounding the first corner of the second lap with a terrific skid. Pellat is handicapped by his little engine, and Sewell's Brough by its superiority, for it is burdened with full touring equipment and a full touring sidecar. Norchi disappears somewhere round the course, and, try though he will, Brackpool cannot catch Newman, who ultimately wins from him in 10min 12sec. It is rapidly getting dark. The sun sets, a ground mist obscures the far side of the course, and the cold becomes intense...It is now almost dark, and one can only see the competitors in the last race for the Crystal Palace Solo Championship and The Motor Cycle Trophy as they pass the stand. Result: 1, LO Bellamy (344cc Coventry Eagle); 2, HL Daniell (490cc Norton); 3, G Kuhn (352cc Calthorpe). Winner's time, 10 minutes. And so to those muffins and that tea and hot fire that has seemed so welcoming all the afternoon."





“Enter the sidecars and excitement at the same time, the two being synonymous.”

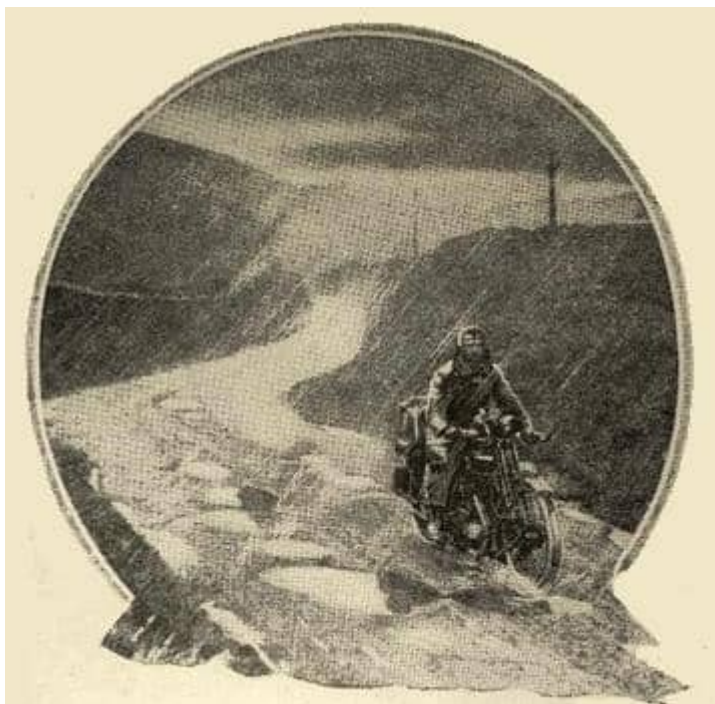


Miss Mae Ruffell is clearly delighted with the silver bowl she's just earned for winning the first women's race at Brooklands. Misses JR Hole and BE Tippet finished second and third.

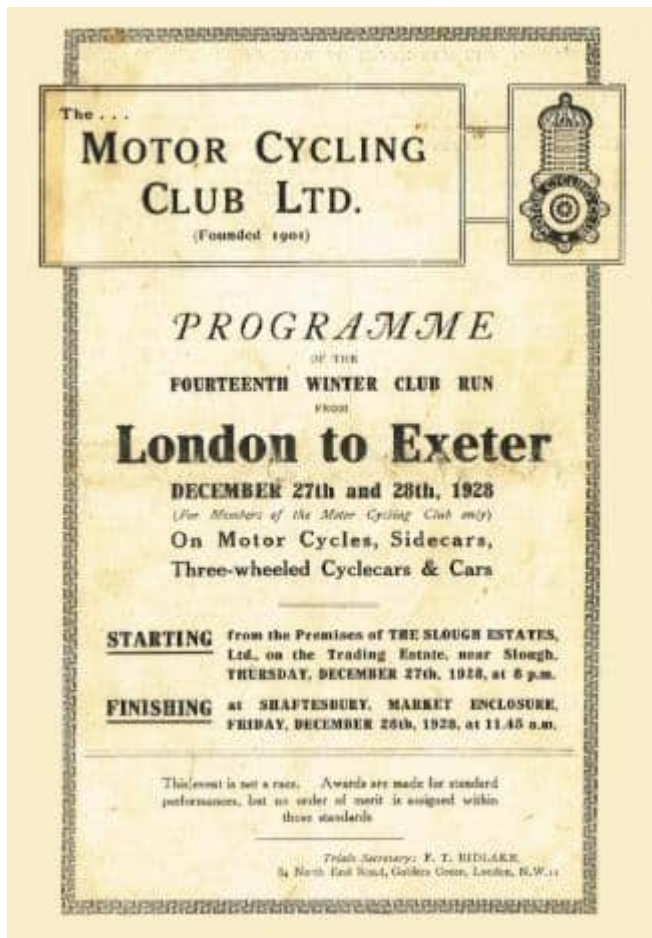


"THE FALL. AUTUMN FROSTS. Is it worthwhile renewing our licence for the last quarter—October, November, and December?" 'Pelorus' asked. "Well is it? To tell the truth I had never even considered the matter until someone said to me the other day: 'But it's October, y0u'll have clear roads; most people don't take out their last quarter's licences.' I was amazed. I took particular notice as I continued my usual rounds, a warm sun beating down on my back as I headed north-west in the morning, his level rays dazzling me as my course trended south-west in the afternoon. And true it is; there are souls so misguided, there actually appear to be Britons—motor cyclists—with presumably the red blood of youth flowing through their veins, who solemnly lay up their machines from October to April, from equinox to equinox, for all the world like ancient Phoenicians, Greeks, and Romans, who laid up their galleys and triremes between September 21st and March 21st, and refused to venture forth into the open sea...their frail rowboats could be lost with all hands on the rocks of Greece as easily as the *Association* on the rocks of Cornwall with Sire Cloudeley Shovel. But on a really bad day the modern motor cyclist can remain at home or betake himself to the grimy indignity of a railway train. Even on a holiday tour far from home there is no matter of life and death in an October shower; even in a November storm there is merely a certain measure of discomfort, with, at the end of it, a hot bath, a change of clothes, a certain glow at having taken on Nature in frowning mood and won through...One of my happiest memories is that of a 90-mile winter journey that started too late, in the long ago, through the unknown hinterland of Sussex. My lamps failed, I lost my way, the signposts were meaningless, and presently I found snow by the roadside. I got cold, tired, hungry, depressed. I rather think that I may have cursed England, Sussex, the weather, all motor bicycles, particularly all acetylene lamps, and my own folly in ever having the idiocy to suppose that I could better my father's method of steam railway locomotion. And then I saw ahead the orange glow of light. Several lights. A village. An inn. Too late for a regular meal. I was given cold beef and potatoes and a posset of beer. And a good bed. And I realised even then, and I have realised ever since, that that was the first time I had ever really appreciated beef, or potatoes, or

a good bed. One always appreciates beer. Next morning when I set out—it had been snowing again—my back wheel spun on the newly fallen stuff, my belt slipped. It was a new experience, and it was an adventurous 20 miles that took me home, but when I arrived I felt that snow and darkness had no terrors left for me; I had met mine enemies in the way and had triumphed. But what of the bright side, ye *fainéants* who fear a wet jacket or a cold pair of hands?...I have enjoyed many a crisp sunny December ride muffled up—'figure of fun perhaps, but beautifully warm with a pair of airman's sheepskin thigh boots (17s 6d from a Government Disposal sale), and a leather apron home-made out of a simple sheepskin, price £1 from the local butch, the trimmings serving as a great woolly collar buttoned on as an extra to my ordinary leather coat collar. I do not fit a handle-bar windshield myself, but certainly I would think it more self-respecting to ride behind one in the winter than not to ride at all. And as for protecting one's hands, the twist-grip throttles now coming into fashion enable you the more easily to fit a pair of handle-bar muffs and to wear fingerless gauntlets, both conducive to the comfort of warm hands....And if winter comes in earnest, the sidecarrist at least will know the satisfaction of being able to hold the road daintily while the great trade lorries and the big limousines are sliding all over the place and ending in the ditch, and as for fog, it is the one element which enables the motor cyclist to heap scorn on all his competitors. The idea of forgoing all this happiness, of mewing one's self up for a warm, sunny October week-end or a bright, sparkling December day, just to save a really contemptible sum, as it is in comparison with the cost of the machine, is to me quite unthinkable...If it really is parsimony which defrauds the poor Exchequer of its last quarter's quota from the fraternity of motor cyclists, then I can only hope that the aunts of all those who were so mean as to lay up their mounts at the end of September will die during the next two months at a distance from their unworthy nephews, and will necessitate their cashing in their ill-save shillings in railway fares to go and attend their funerals!"







A blizzard forced the *Motor Cycling Club* to postpone the London-Exeter trial. Some diehards rode cross-country to starting points when roads were blocked by snowdrifts—one farmer charged a couple of determined clubmen a bob each to drag their bikes across his land. .

THE BLUE 'UN PUBLISHED a 'British Supremacy' number, reporting: "Everywhere else (but America) you will find the British bus well on top." The USA imposed a 45% import duty.

FROM SPAIN CAME A 350cc engine with just the one valve to control the inlet and exhaust ports. Said valve was described as "of an exceptionally large diameter".

MOTORCYCLE PRODUCTION PEAKED at 145,861, a figure that would not be exceeded until 1950. By the end of the year exactly 712,583 bikes were registered on British roads, representing a third of the global total. The USA had about 110,000.

"MOTOR CYCLISTS WHO contemplate tours in hilly districts should pay special attention to their brakes. A good front brake is almost indispensable for descending steep hills."

"'SCOOPED' AGAIN! THE fact that an 'Overhead Crankshaft Norton' was advertised in a Lincolnshire paper has led many correspondents to ask whether Nortons have produced a new model of which The Motor Cycle has no details!"

"FINED AT CHESTER for dangerous riding, a Wolverhampton tester was stated to have turned a corner at 55mph on a sports machine. Against him it was stated that he had on the petrol tank an air cushion so he could lie on it!"

"A CORONER HAS warned that the most dangerous speed at which to travel is 5-6mph."

“DURING APRIL OF this year 654 motor cycles were exported from England to Australia: America contributed 90 of the total of 745.” South Australia had 13,126 motor cyclists at the end of February.”

“INCLUDED IN THE 89,981 motor vehicles in Switzerland at the end of last year were 28,766 solo motor cycles and 2,768 sidecar outfits.”

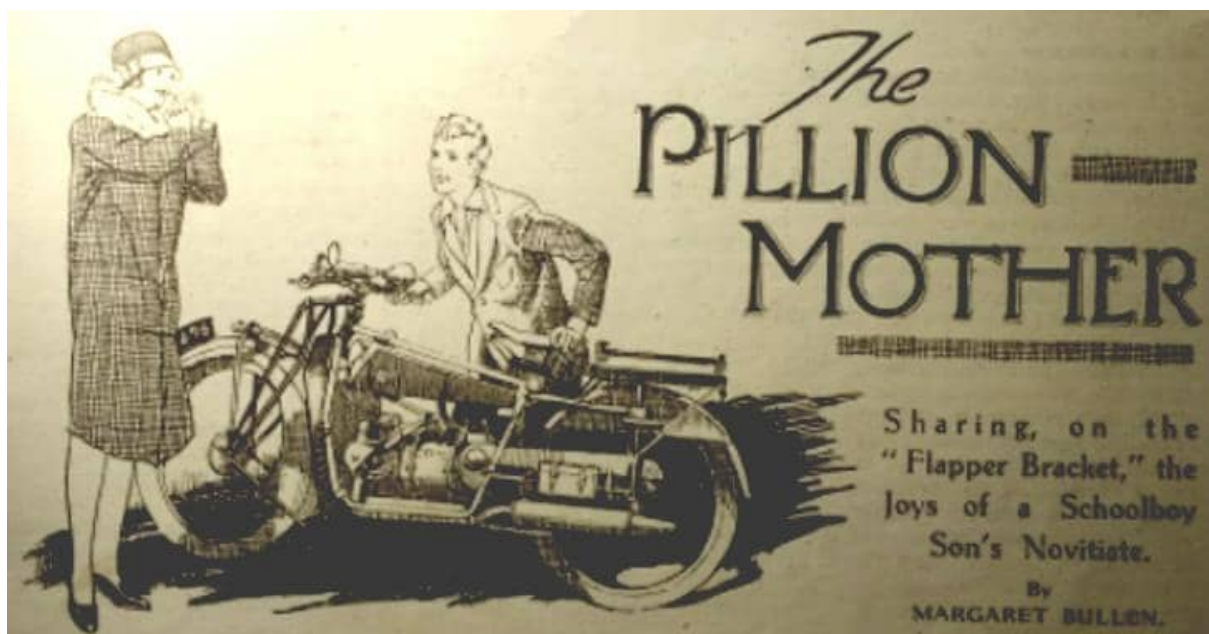
“ANOTHER SUPERSTITION DEAD. A. watchmaker of Fleur de Lis (Wales) was thrown off his motor cycle and injured. And all because a black cat walked into his front wheel.”

“WHAT ABOUT MINIMUM SPEED? Motor roads on which a maximum speed limit of 60mph will be imposed are under discussion. The project is to build them between London and Brighton and Birmingham and Birkenhead. A toll of ¼d a mile for motor cyclists is suggested.”

HIGH-NECKED JERSEY. Speeding in Jersey is frowned upon by the public as well as the police, and a private resident who recently took a motor cyclist's number and reported that the machine was being driven at an excessive speed was the cause of the unfortunate rider being fined £1 and having his licence suspended for a month.”

“AN EVEN CHANCE. In a competition organised by a Yorkshire newspaper to discover which form of sport produces the most graceful and charming girls, lady motor cyclists are eligible to compete.”

“THEORY OF UNRELATIVITY. The vicar of Thames Ditton calls the section of the Portsmouth Road which runs through the parish ‘the Road of Sudden Death’. He thinks pillion riding ought not to be allowed.”



“THERE COMES A TIME in the life of nearly every mother when her some can no longer face life happily without a motor cycle. With inward qualms you see the day gradually approaching, until at last the moment arrives when your defences are down, and you write a cheque...that opens the door to a thousand hours of anxiety and fear, or—and here is the whole point—a renewal of youth for yourself and a new comradeship between the two generations. An imagined danger can be shared, and when it is braved in this way, fear vanishes in the joy of adventure. I made up my mind I would seek the open road on the flapper bracket. We bought an ABC—second-hand,

or course—and life flowed happily on a sea of oil and petrol, punctuated by nuts and bolts...Within a week of possession the machine and its rider had proved their ability in the Schoolboys' Trial, and we immediately planned a little trip to Winchelsea...I decided not to share the traffic dangers through Town; it was good enough for me to be picked up at a convenient station...it is hardly fair to expect a boy of 15 to be guardian of his mother's safety through...busy London traffic...I had no proper footrests so there was no feeling of security. However, the machine behaved beautifully on the way down, also during the first three days; and then, just on a short run of two miles, something broke...the machine had to be pushed all the way up that steep hill that leads into Winchelsea!...About ten o'clock Stephen arrived home with a thin layer of black grease covering his face, hands, and the greater part of his clothing. 'Well?' I enquired anxiously. 'We got it going all right, and then one of the connecting rods broke.' 'Can you mend it?' I asked ignorantly. 'Mend it? Of course not. We'll have to get it up to Town and have a new one put in.' Feeling very depressed, we took our disabled possession back by train, and left it to be repaired, saying hopefully that no doubt it would be ready for our next trip at Whitsun. And was it? No!"

## **FAME IN A MONTH**

### **The Sensational Rise to Romantic Heights in the Motor Cycle Industry of a Rider Doomed by the Doctors.**

*by 'Eccott'*

The silence in the Harley Street Consulting Room was intense. One could have heard a pin drop. William Morrison Globb looked into the face of the famous specialist. "Well?"

The famous specialist folded up his stethoscope and cleared his throat. "For one month you must observe the strictest diet. At the end of the time –"

"– I shall be well?"

"You will be dead!"

Silence reigned (the same kind as before), broken only by the physician's cough, by means of which he tactfully strove to suggest that his fee was five guineas, and the sooner the quicker! One month to live! William Morrison Globb passed out into the damp fog of Harley Street with bowed head and the great physician's umbrella – a doomed man. "One month!" said he. One month! Such a little time in which to prosecute life's unfathomable purpose. To be nipped in the bud like any wayside flower... to be parked like a lump of discarded spearmint on the bed-post of eternity... he laughed hollowly.

"'Ere! Wotcher larfin at? You ain't no blinkin' pitcher yerself – 'ere, arf a mo'" –but William Morrison Globb had hailed a taxi. "A month's a month," he said. "I must refrain from laughing hollowly in public places."

To William Morrison Globb, Man, and all his works, conventions, laws constituted a big joke. He was outside the pale. For instance, that large, bulbous policeman: it wouldn't be a bad idea to kick him in the pants. Or he might go to the British Museum and touch aqll the glass... he might ring the bell in a tea-shop... or – a great idea struck him! He might go to the office and pull the nose of Mr Boom!

Mr Boom, advertising manager of Gooper Motor Cycles, Ltd, was about as popular as toothache with his subordinates. That afternoon, Mr Boom was puzzled. He had used all the superlatives he could think of – what next? He stood bewildered, an imposing figure executed in "vieux plum" shade, his thumbs stuck in the elaborate belt which tenderly craadled the gigantic mass of his paunch.

To Mr Boom entered Mr Globb. Mr Boom testified his pleasure in the usual manner. He enquired (1) whether Mr Globb thought he was the Prince of Wales, coming in at that time; (2) what he



thought he was paid for; and (3) if he'd have the sack now, or when he got it?

In reply Mr Globb said that he hoped no act of his was going to sever a connection which he valued as much as that existing between himself and his revered chief, Mr Boom; furthermore, he would like, before matters went further, to assure Mr Boom of his extreme willingness at any time to give him a dashed good zonk on the point. "Say, old man" gasped the enfeebled Boom, "you been taking a willpower course?"

"Moreover," continued William Morisson Globb, "you're about as much use at writing advertising copy as a sick headache. Look at this: 'The Gooper, the best motorcycle.' Poo-bah! pshaw! faugh! This is the stuff that sells." And, seizing Mr Boom's gold mounted stylo, he wrote: "Say, fellers! You reg'lar guys! We ain't speiling none at no poor dumb, candy-coralling lounge lizards. No Sir! It's the reg'lar hard-boiled yeggs who'll bet their suspenders that they got enough grey stuff put away in he organ loft to spot one real 100%, drawn from the wood, hell-tearing, bone-crushin', skull smashin' tornado of a packet of dynamite. Yep, bo, you said it – one Gooper! Send along right now for our catalog all dolled up in dandy holiday duds – show you just how and why you gotta have one o'these road-tearing speedirons. Buy a Gooper and show the speed-cop where he gets off!"

"Great" gasped Mr Boom. "Your pay's doubled!"

"Doubled?" said Mr Morisson Globb coldly.

"Trebled!" corrected Mr Boom faintly, as the door closed on Mr Morisson Globb.

The Gooper works were in confusion! In three days was the IOT, the Great International road race round Taggs Island, or as we motor cycles affectionately call it, the DT. Pinney, the great hope of the Cooper team, awaited an operation.



L-R: "He ran into the pits with moths in the engine..." "Ere! Wotcher larfin' at?" "...And then, one day, LOVE came to William..." ...With a strangled cry the lovers fell into one another's arms."

"What's he got?" was the question. "Money!" answered the surgeon joyfully. "Who will ride?" was the cry. "Who has the reckless courage to – Well, who do you think? "William Morisson Globb!" shouts the staff with one (extremely raucous) voice, lifting him shoulder high. William was extremely popular with his workmates. Every evening they would gather at the gates, take the horses out of his Ariel and pull him through the streets in triumph (preferably towards the nearest pond).

Well, when our hero – I'm not going to write the name "William Morisson Globb" again for a long time. I'm fed up with it – won the IOT – oh didn't I tell you? Well he did! With that reckless daredevilry and insouciance characteristic of one who knows not fear, and that he's about to hand in his checks anyway.

'WMG' tore round the island, lap after lap, two laps at a time sometimes. True, he fell off the island every lap except one (when he ran into the pits with moths in the engine) but fortunately, he was a good swimmer. And so he brought home the bacon amid the plaudits of the crowd, thus winning the Woolworth Cup, the freedom of Wigan and the right to sport the badge of the Firestone-Chapel-of-Ease-Young-People's-Get-Together League.

The following day, after a successful career on road and track, he retired from racing and took

over the post of head designer and managing director of Gooper's. Round the board table would sit some of the cleverest brains in Europe (in their usual casing, of course) and at their head W Morisson Globb, silent, omnipotent, omnivorous, omissive, and omnibus. The meeting would break up. Each man would strive to shake the hand of his revered chief. They would return to the battle of life strengthened, enheartened – but William Morisson Globb would sit on. Perhaps in the gathering gloom he would soliloquise. “What they devil they were talking about, heaven only knows!”

William M Globb! The world thought him fortunate, but they knew not his secret. “Ha!” he would laugh hollowly (if in private), “Ha!”

And then one day LOVE came to William. She was a lovely thing – so fragile, so petite, one of the first of that little band of American Camp-Fire girls who came over at the end of '28 to show our lads what's what on the dirt tracks. Her lush lashes dusikly embowered the violet depths of those twin pools she called her eyes (they were twin but only just). A neck so slender could eke support the chestnut fires that warmed the copper of her hair, and all that sort of thing – in fact, she was a wooze!

“Aimee!” said William, “Aimee! I must tell you my secret”.

“Say! You ain't broke?” asked Aimee anxiously.

“Broke! Broke on the wheel of Fate!” and William laughed hollowly. “Harley Street has condemned me!”

“Say, Wum (She called him Wum now). You ain't gong to put your kelly on your dome and call it a day just because that old backwoods medico put the death stuff over on you? Lemme give him the once over. I guess I can make him change his mind.”

“You are right,” cried William. “Courage! Not for nothing is the motto of the Globbs ‘Ne Se Pencher Au Dehors’.” And throwing himself on his Brooklands Blutz (he was far too intelligent to use a Gooper) and his beloved into his Brooklands Sidecar, he tucked her in carefully with his heel and they were at Harley Street in as long as it takes you to persuade a policeman that your rear light is still warm when you haven't one fitted.

Silence in the Harley Street consulting room as before. The celebrated surgeon folded up his dethoscope. “Doctor!” cried William Morisson Globb. “Before you speak, remember! You condemned me once, but what did I care! Life held nothing for me, but now – ah, now!” – his big hand sought her little one (which was exploring his watch pocket) – “now life holds everything – that jewel without price – the love of a woman.

The great specialist cleared his throat. “You came to me,” he said, “and I told you what at that time I believed – that you had one month to live. I was wrong!”

With a strangled cry of mingled ecstasy and relief the lovers fell into one another's arms. “I was wrong,” continued the great specialist. “I should have said three weeks!”

AND HERE'S ANOTHER DOSE of ‘Eccott’: “On the Decline of the Beret—I have noticed with grave anxiety a serious decline in the popularity of that delightful form of headgear known as the ‘beret’. At that season of the year, when Nature (at no little trouble and expense) has ‘washed the steely earth with vivid green’, when we long to take the road with a longing so passionate that we even ‘pop’ our ‘tails’ to find the licence money—at that season, I say, we are imbued with that spirit of ‘insouciance’ and devil-may-care what-not that can only, and should only, be expressed in the wearing of a beret...There is a school of dress, unfortunately, which thinks to get away with it by wearing a cap hind-foremost. Not only is this far from graceful, but it leads to unnecessary confusion. It is irritating to find yourself addressing the back of a man's head when under the impression you are looking him straight in the eye. The beret, then, should be of genuine Basque origin...None but the genuine imported article will impart that atmosphere of

'chic' so essential to the smart motor cyclist. The beret, then, breathes romance! It exhales that pulsating atmosphere of the sunny South, where men are men, and passion is passion, where white teeth glimmer in the hot shadows, and knives flash at the lightest word...No wonder, then, that in our own England young Art flings on his beret with an air, preparatory to making a dashing journey round the houses. Even Uncle George, whose face is executed in a series of pink wallops decorated with weeping willow whiskers, looks impressive as he settles himself in the saddle, with beret a-perch on his shiny skull. What does he care if the world laughs? He thinks they are laughing at Aunt Hannah who wears one too!"



HAVING OPENED THE YEAR with Ixion, let's leave it with him, in an uncharacteristically melancholy mood: "The passing years: Heigho! Another section on the way to the last check! I never know whether to curse my luck or bless it. I took up with petrol in the very early days and owing to that I am on the staff of *The Motorcycle* and need never think a thought that doesn't reek of hydrocarbon, except, of course, when Mrs Ixion...but enough of that. On the other hand, when I was young, and full of dash, and didn't know what a human body looks like after a traction engine has passed over it, or it has been violently arrested in full flight by spiked palings why then engines were bad, and 'buses were slow, and a beggarly 45 was all I could do. Nowadays, when George Brough wheedles up to me and coos "She'll do 110 mph hands off, old man; just hop up the road and see for yourself!" I turn a sort of greenery-yallery colour and hope



he won't come along and watch me, for I am so old and fat and timid that 80mph hands on is about my limit, and then only if the roads are dry. It is a horrid thought that in another 20 years I shall simply have to sham illness when the Scott Trial comes round and shall be detailed by Horace (the Editor) only to road test machines of only 175cc and under. But youth will be served; and the years which bring me nearer the bath chair epoch are ardently counted by lots of bright laddies who will soon be old enough to take out driving licenses. And here's to them when the time comes!"

As usual, a selection of contemporary adverts and, this being the year that speedway burst into Britain, speedway success joined TT and ISDT success in advertising copy...

**PROOF THAT**

# **Douglas**

**HAS NO EQUAL ON THE  
DIRT TRACK.**

Below are some of the successes that have been gained on DOUGLAS machines since the commencement of Dirt Track Racing in England.

<b>GOLDEN GAUNTLETS</b> April 29th, S. St. George, Celtic Park Speedway. May 12th, I. Cook, Celtic Park Speedway. May 26th, B. Gallows, Celtic Park Speedway. June 16th, B. Gallows, Celtic Park Speedway. July 21st, S. St. George, Manchester. July 28th, "Spartan" Elder, West Ham Dirt Track.	<b>GOLDEN HELMETS</b> May 19th, S. St. George, Marine Gardens Speedway. June 19th, I. Cook, Marine Gardens Speedway. June 16th, "Spartan" Elder, White City. June 30th, Paddy Dunn, Marine Gardens Speedway.
<b>SILVER ARMLET</b> June 2nd, Vic. Huxley, Harringay Track.	<b>SILVER HELMET</b> June 30th, Vic. Huxley, White City Speedway.
	<b>SILVER PENNANT</b> July 16th, Dicky Swerth, Wimbledon Track.

**4 CUPS**  
**55 FIRSTS — 24 SECONDS — 12 THIRDS**  
**5 TRACK RECORDS—FIVE-LAP RECORD—2 ONE-LAP RECORDS**  
**9 MATCH RACES—"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS" CUP**  
**AUDENSHAW INTERNATIONAL MATCH RACE & CUP**  
**CELTIC PARK SPEEDWAY HANDICAP WHITE CITY CHAMPIONSHIP**  
**2 WHITE CITY HANDICAPS (FINAL) 2 WIMBLEDON HANDICAPS**  
**DIRT TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP OF YORKSHIRE HARRINGAY HANDICAP**  
**STAMFORD BRIDGE INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP.**

THE FOLLOWING ARE SOME OF THE WELL-KNOWN DIRT TRACK RIDERS WHO RIDE DOUGLAS MACHINES—  
 Vic. Huxley, Iest Cook, "Spartan" Elder, Charlie Dutton, E.W. Spencer, A. Kilgob, Paddy Dunn, Billie Gallows, S. St. George, A. Marshall, J. A. C. Williams, Keith McKay, Charlie Sparks, Dick Sneyton, G. Clifton, Rex Johnson, Sig Schlan, J. Buxwell, Dave McQueen and Sam Reid.



DOUGLAS MOTORS Ltd., Kingswood, Bristol

This ad for Duggies reflects the

sheer scale opf the new sport.



EN 1928 TOUS LES  
**CHAMPIONS DE FRANCE**  
MOTOS

M. Jolly sur <i>Alcyon</i>	175 cmc.
Lemasson sur <i>Alcyon</i>	250 cmc.
Perrotin sur <i>Terrot</i>	350 cmc.

*ont refusé tout carburateur autre que l'AMAC français  
de série, à aiguille de freinage.*

**Lui seul donne toujours le maximum**  
Exigez-le sur votre prochaine moto puisqu'il ne coûte pas  
plus cher qu'un autre.

**ÉPURATEUR D'AIR A FILTRE SOIE**  
**POIGNÉES TOURNANTES AMAL**

Société Anonyme AMAC, 75 ter, rue de Villiers, NEUILLY-SEINE, Tél. Wagram 92-42  
DÉPOT A PARIS : Société des É<sup>ts</sup> Robert MUNRO, 198, Boulevard Péreire, PARIS - Tél.: Wagram 10-14



**RAPIDE.**

**125**

**KIL. 815 m**

**DANS L'HEURE**

**LÉON VANDERSTUYFT**

**CHAMPION DU MONDE**  
**DE**  
**DEMI FOND 1922**

*Champion officiel d'Australie 1928  
Vainqueur des principales  
épreuves internationales  
derrière motocyclette*

**RECORDMAN DU MONDE**  
**DE**  
**L' HEURE**

*1<sup>er</sup> octobre 1924 = 107 kil. 710  
1<sup>er</sup> octobre 1925 = 115 kil. 096  
29 septembre 1928 = 122 kil. 771  
départ lancé = 125 kil. 815*

IMP. DAUDE FRÈRES, PARIS

Vanderstuyft

was a champion cyclist. So why is this ad in a motor cycle timeline? Because Anzani was reminding the buying public who made his pacer.



**"A thing of Beauty  
is a joy for ever"**

**DUNELT**

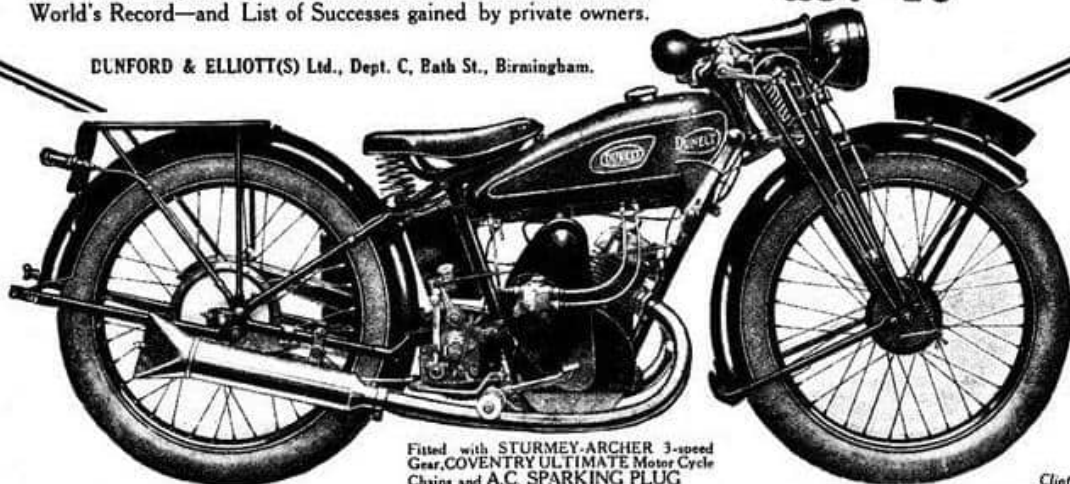
**BUT**—when beauty is combined with a performance such as the DUNELT gives, it is doubly desirable.

Send for Illustrated Art Catalogue of the "SUPER-CHARGED" DUNELT—the standard machine that broke the Double 12 Hours World's Record—and List of Successes gained by private owners.

Models from

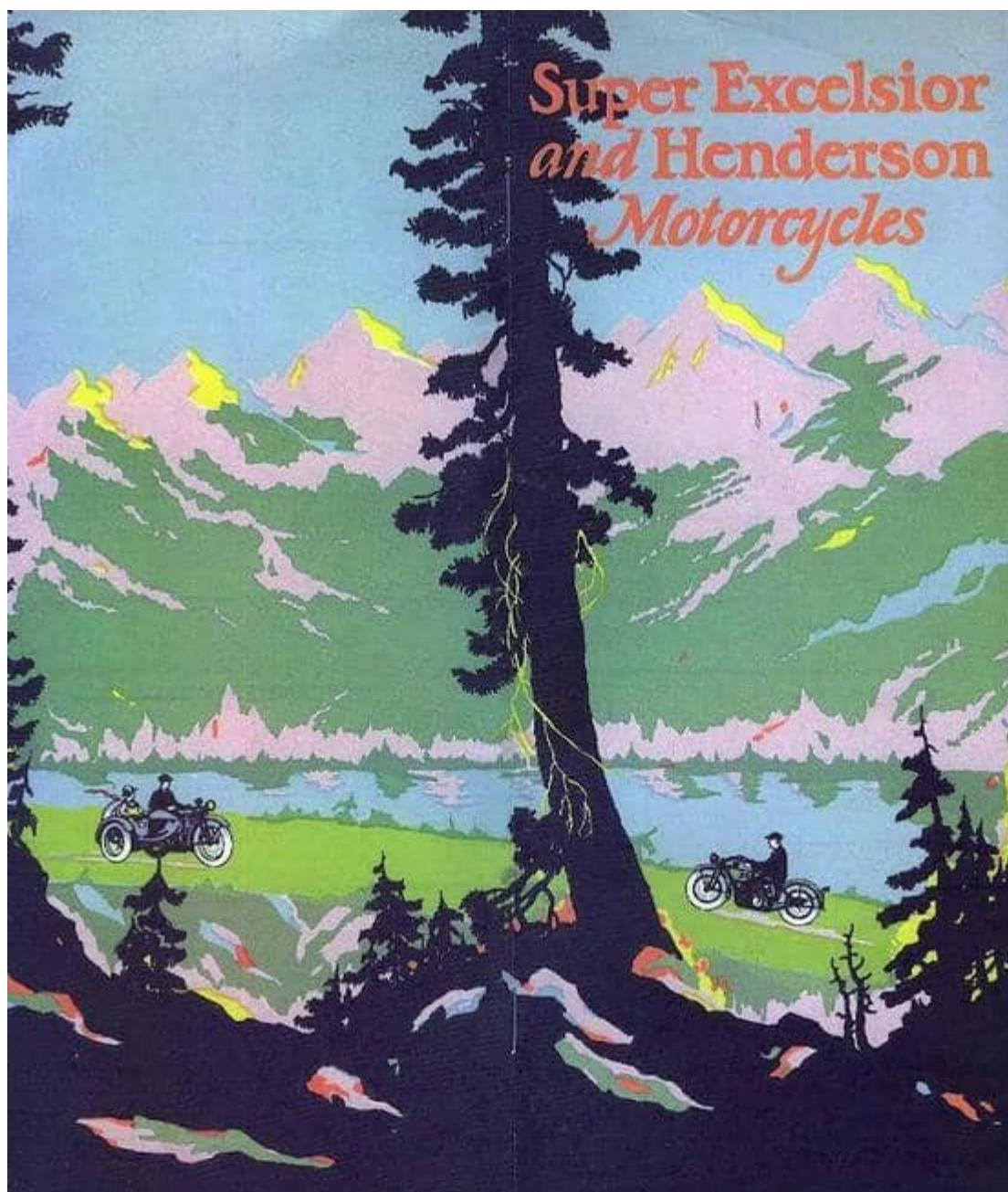
**£37-10**

DUNFORD & ELLIOTT(S) Ltd., Dept. C, Bath St., Birmingham.



Fitted with STURMEY-ARCHER 3-speed  
Gear, COVENTRY ULTIMATE Motor Cycle  
Chains and A.C. SPARKING PLUG

Clinton-Wall



**F.N.**

**VENTE - ACHAT  
ÉCHANGE**

aux meilleures conditions des fameuses Motos 350 et 500 cc. 1927 et 1928, avec facilité de paiement et école de Moto-cycliste gratuit. — Carte grise

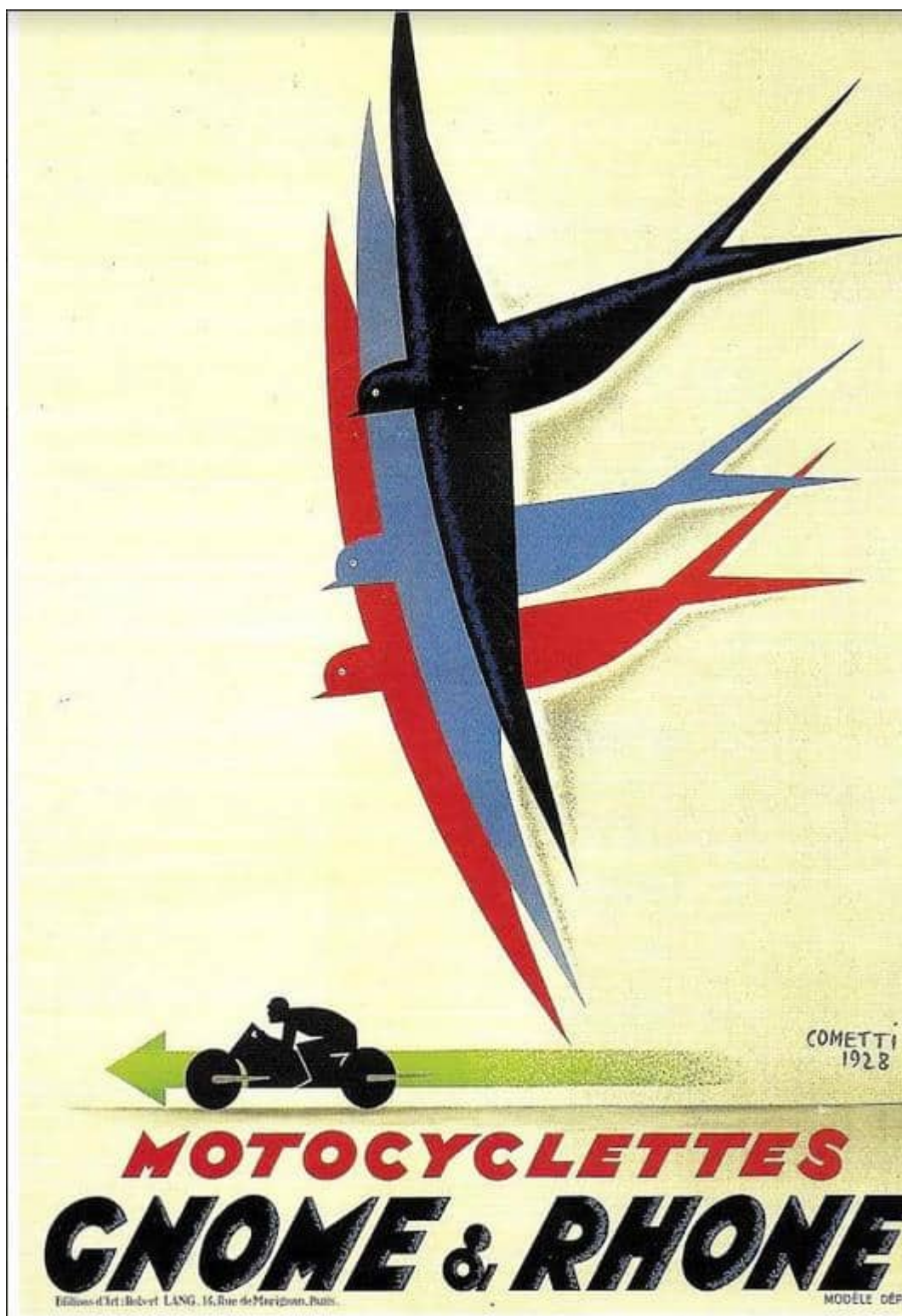
TYPE 500 cc. 1928.  
et impôt gratuit à tout acheteur de Moto

**LATSCHA**

187 bis. r. Armand-Silvestre - COURBEVOIE  
(près gare d'Asnières) — Ouvert Dimanches et Fêtes

**F.N.**





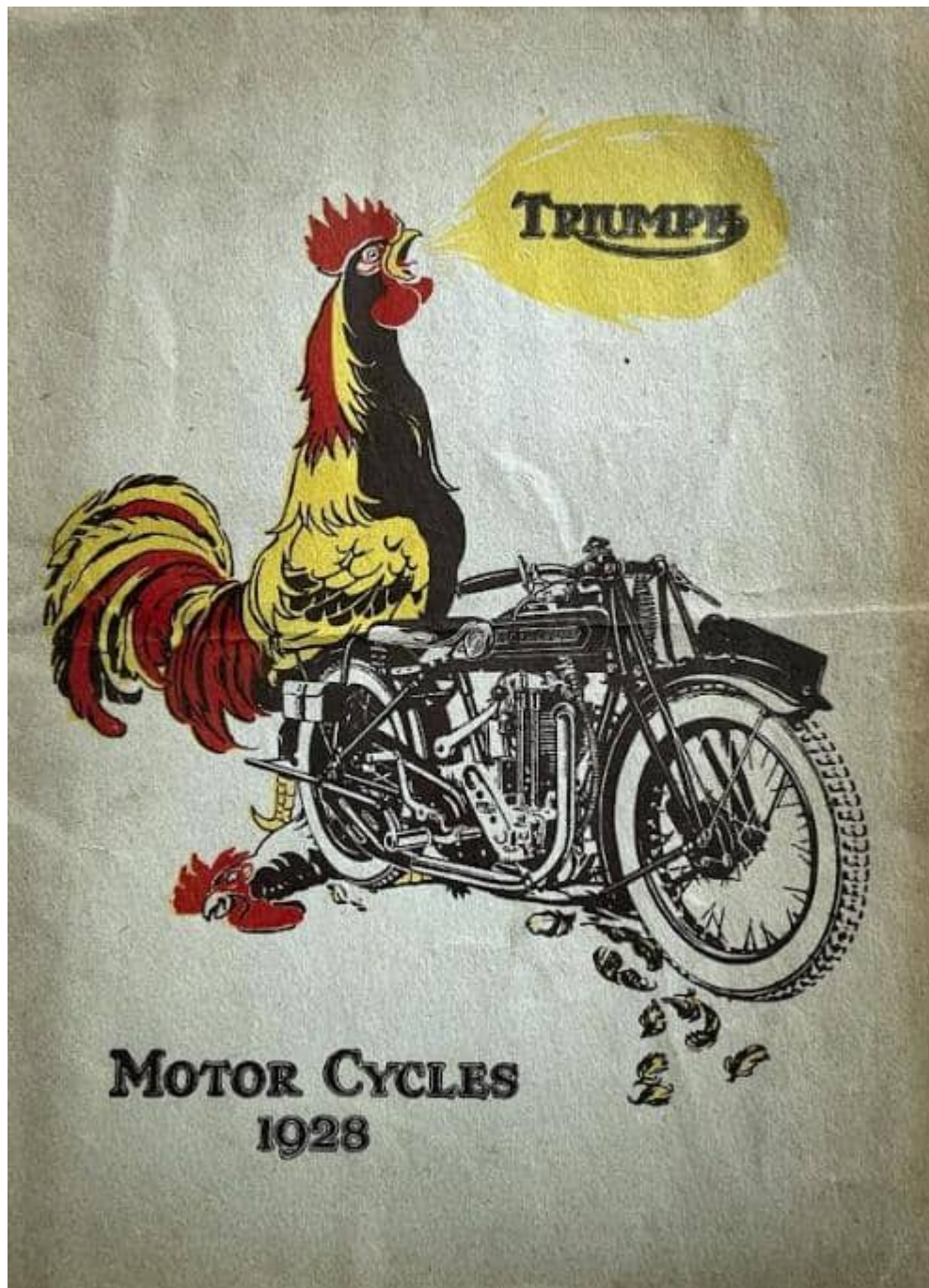
COMETTI  
1928

**MOTOCYCLETTES**  
**GNOME & RHONE**

Editions d'Art Robert LANG, 16, Rue de Marignan, Paris.

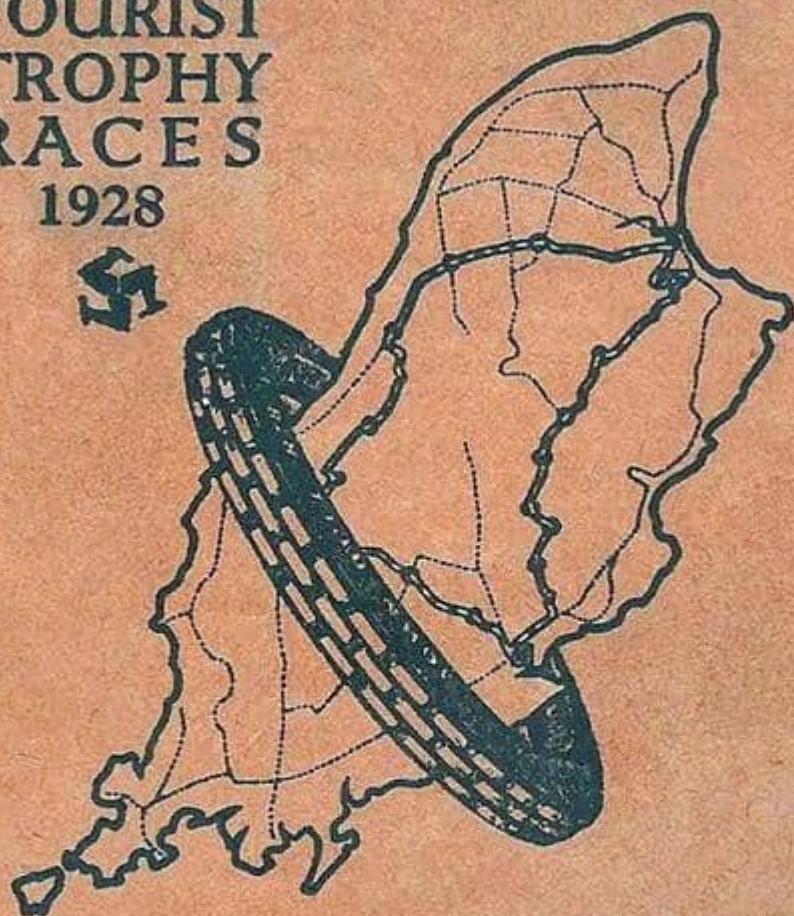
MODÈLE DÉPOSÉ





# TOURIST TROPHY RACES 1928

EIGHTH ISSUE

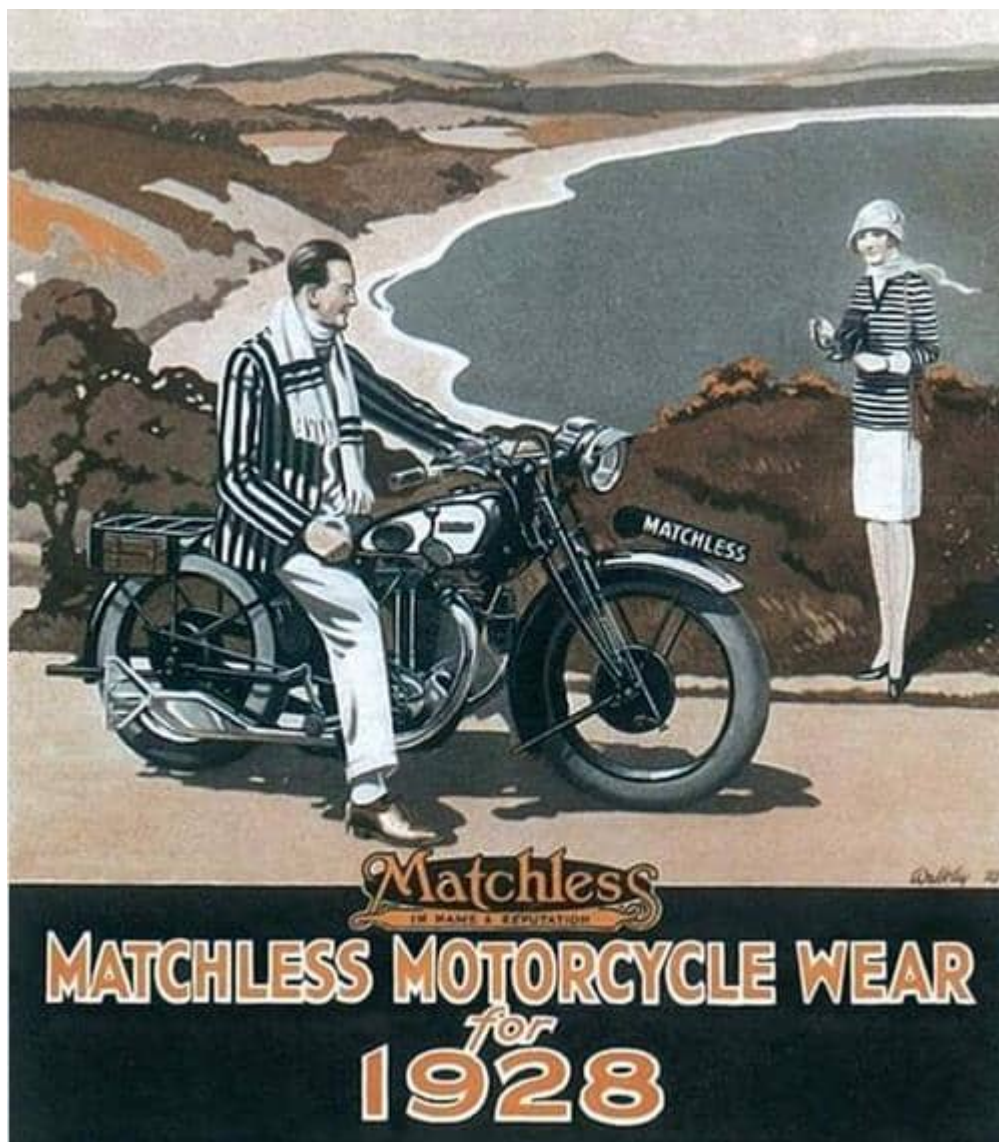


## JOHN BULL'S SOUVENIR (GRATIS)

LEICESTER RUBBER CO. LTD., LEICESTER, ENG.

MAY, 1928





## MONET GOYON

**4 fois  
CHAMPION  
de FRANCE**

En 1924 - 1925 - 1926 - 1927  
Cylindres 175 cm<sup>3</sup>

Vous offre la gamme complète de ses motos  
**2 Temps**, moteur Villiers,  
**4 Temps**, moteur M.A.G.,  
 dont la réputation n'est plus à  
 faire. Construites en séries impor-  
 tantes, elles sont, à qualité égale,  
**LES MOINS CHÈRES**  
 à l'achat comme à l'usage

NOTICE FRANCO  
 MONET-GOYON, 121, rue du Pavillon, MACON

## MONET GOYON

**GRAND  
CHAMPION de la MOTOCYCLETTE**

vous offre la gamme complète de ses modèles 1928 :

**2 temps**, moteur Villiers - **4 temps**, moteur M.A.G.,  
**qui ont fait leurs preuves,**  
 remportant plusieurs centaines de victoires,  
 21 Grands Prix, 18 Records, 4 Championnats  
 de France (1926).

NOTICE FRANCO SUR DEMANDE  
 MONET-GOYON, 121, rue du Pavillon  
 MACON



# THE MOTORIST

41, Avenue des Ternes Paris 28, Rue des Acacias  
GALVANI 77-64 WAGRAM 12-20

## LE CASQUE "MOTORIST" PROTECTEUR



à double calotte de liège  
et tampon métallique  
ne coûte que..... **85 fr.**

—: GRATUIT —:

pour 2 casques il est offert une  
lunette "205" à verre incassable.  
Valeur... **32 francs**

## VÊTEMENTS DE CUIR : 325 FR.



CANADIENNE 275 fr.  
U.S.A. ORIGINE

VÊTEMENT huilés 149 fr.  
Olivier Anglais.



SACHES Huilés de MOTO  
160 x 160.  
La pièce... **49 fr.**



BOTTES  
AVIA-  
TEUR  
depuis  
**159 fr.**



BOTTES  
fermeture  
acier  
Homme  
et  
Dame  
**275 fr.**



WADERS  
Bottes de  
moto pour  
mettre sur  
la  
chaussure  
**150 fr.**



TOUS CAMPEURS pour  
**150 fr.**

Voir notre rayon  
"Tentes" le plus  
complet.



SACS  
Tyroliens **25 fr.**



Lunettes  
pr la pluie  
**14.50**



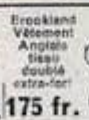
La nouvelle lunette MOTORIST  
en verre INCASSABLE **32 fr.**  
recom. pour la vitesse



anti-est.  
lignes 25 fr.



Sacres-  
Tête. **25 fr.**



Brookland  
Vêtement  
Anglais  
tissu  
doublé  
extra-fort  
**175 fr.**



SAMMY  
vêtement  
impermé-  
able en  
peau d'é-  
léphant  
**250 fr.**



BOTTES  
caoutchouc  
**99 fr.**



SEATLESS  
ANGLAIS  
depuis  
**79 fr.**



l'ancien 39 fr.



CUIS-  
SARDS  
en  
tous genres  
depuis  
**35 fr.**

**BON** POUR UN SURCOT EXPÉDIE AVEC LE CATALOGUE 40 Pages, 120 Gravures, contre 3 fr. en timbres.



# NSU

VEREINIGTE FAHRZEUGWERKE A.G.  
NECKARSULM





**Tous les Motocyclistes le recherchent  
pour le confort qu'il leur procure**

# le Strap Meilleure 640



**en vente partout**

Publinter Bowden-Cross-Brompton-Bowen

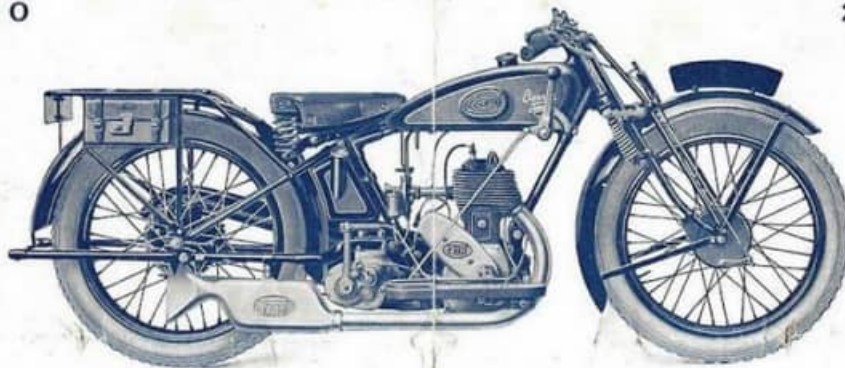
Publinter et Vign



# La 3 CV *Cerrol* Luxe

Type O

250 cc.



## CARACTÉRISTIQUES

**MOTEUR** monocylindrique 4 temps à soupapes latérales. - Alésage 59 mm. - Course 90 mm. - Cylindrée : 246 cc. - Puissance fiscale 3 CV. - Piston aluminium. - Tête de bielle sur gilet. - Carter-écrapote.

**GRAISSAGE** par pompe automatique à débit réglable et visier.

**CARBURATEUR** nouveau modèle à aiguille, correction d'air et réglage du ralenti.

**MAGNETO** à haute tension avec avance réglable.

**ÉCHAPPEMENT** par gros tube nickelé de 44 mm et silencieux effluve terminé par une queue de poisson.

**TRANSMISSION** par chaînes de 127 x 7,9 avec amortisseurs de chocs. - Carter semi-fermé à l'avant et garde-chaîne à l'arrière.

**CHANGEMENT DE VITESSES** par boîte 5 vitesses avec engrenages toujours au point. - Commande des vitesses par levier bien à portée de la main sur le côté du réservoir. - Rapports : 6,25 - 9,95 - 15,76 à 1.

**DÉBRAYAGE** à 3 disques. - Commande au guidon.

**MISE EN MARCHÉ** par pédale se repliant dans le plan de la machine.

**FREINS** avant et arrière dans les moyeux. - Un dispositif d'attache spécial permet de démonter instantanément les triangles de commande.

**ROUES** montées avec jantes base creuse et pneus ballun à triangles de 25 x 3 (650 x 73).

**GARDE-ROUE** enveloppante de 120 mm à l'avant et 140 mm à l'arrière.

**CADRE** soudé entièrement brasé avec double tube supérieur.

**FOURCHE** articulée à parallélogramme déformable.

**AMORTISSEURS** de chocs réglables combinés avec les biellettes supérieures.

**GUIDON** semi-élevé réglable et marchepieds souples (type OT).

**GUIDON** TT réglable et repose-pieds caoutchouc réglables (type OS).

**SELLE** souple "Braun license L. extra" de 33 cm réglable.

**PORTE-BAGAGES** avec tirants et deux sangles latérales, renfermant un outillage de bord très complet.

**RÉSERVOIR** en tôle pour l'essence. Capacité : 11 litres.

**GENOUILLÈRES** caoutchouc sur les côtés du réservoir.

**RÉSERVOIR D'HUILE** alu avec gros orillon de remplissage. Capacité : 2 l. 700.

**EMAIL** noir avec punaises bleu sur réservoir.

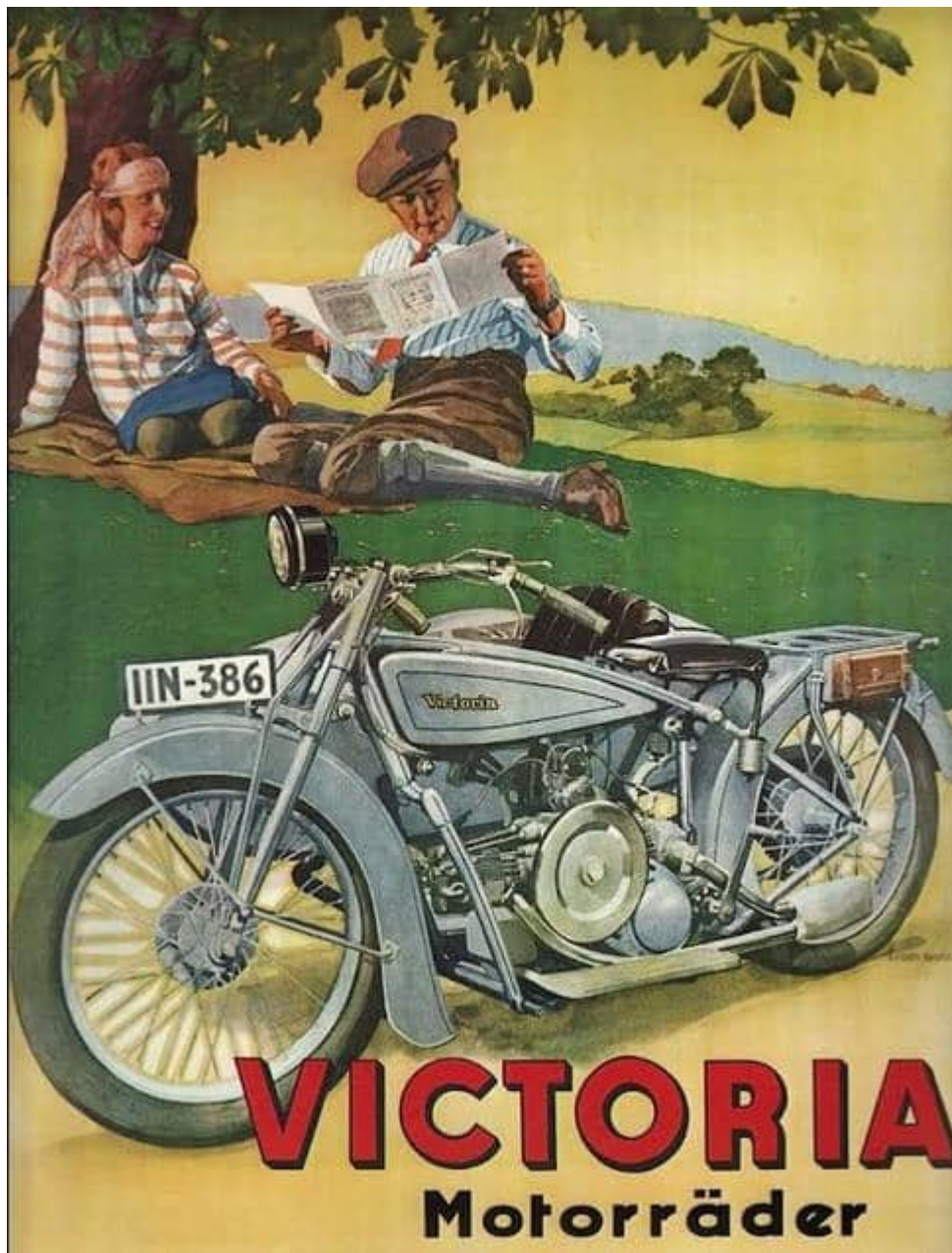
**POIDS DE LA MACHINE** : 110 kilos à vide.

**VITESSE** : 80 kilomètres-heure environ.

**CONSUMMATION** : 21,500 aux 100 kilomètres environ.

PRIX : 4.700 FR.

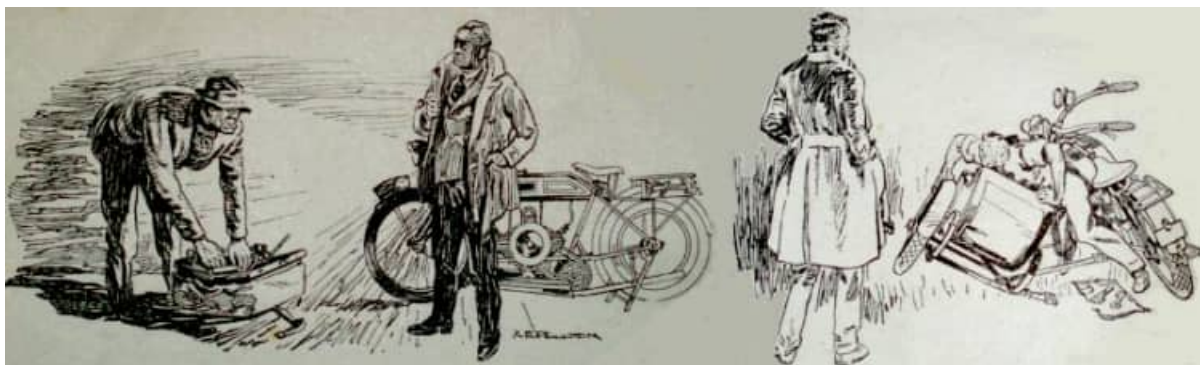
1928



AMID THE NEWS AND TECHNICAL REPORTS The Blue 'Un had a taste for features that ranged from whimsical to downright silly. They often appeared around Christmas time but the two that follow were culled from January; they are, I suggest, space fillers written in advance to give the staff time to recover from the Christmas merriment (we did the same thing when I worked for *Motor Cycle Weekly* in the seventies and eighties). They're easy reading and serve as a light hors d'oeuvres for a busy year on two and three wheels—and, in Ariel's case, floats. The first, under the heading 'In the Not-so-old days', offers "Reminiscence of Road Adventures Experienced by a Rider of Today", by Centaur...

"ALTHOUGH THE SUM TOTAL of my riding experience does not exceed eleven years. I have, thanks to the reliability of post-war machines, been enabled to cover many thousands of miles during that time, and in the course of my wanderings many adventures have befallen me. In consequence my memory holds a considerable store of reminiscences, some sad, some gay, but all dear to the heart of a true motor cyclist, and ever ready to conjure up visions of loved and long-departed mounts. Perhaps what was one of my most intriguing experiences occurred shortly after the War when I was returning late one night from an East Coast town. I had reached a particularly bleak piece of open country when my machine, an old WD Douglas, started to show various signs of distress. I stopped, and discovered that a valve cotter had jammed between the valve stem and the spring collar. It was distinctly annoying, but I had little doubt that with the very complete tool kit in my possession I should soon be able to put things right. Judge my horror, then, when I found the tool bag gaping open and no sign of the contents! It was while I was composing a few sentences to describe the situation that a voice at my elbow caused me to jump with fright by enquiring "Allo, wot's up?" I turned swiftly to find myself confronted by a burly specimen of the Bill Sykes type, with a large bag over his shoulder. Now. I don't like people who roam the countryside late at night with bags on their shoulders, so I haltingly explained my trouble. 'That all, mate?' he said, when I had mentioned about the bike, 'we'll soon put that right!' Off his shoulder came the bag, and as he spread it open in the light of the head lamp I saw that it contained tools. And what tools! Various sizes and shapes of pliers, several keyhole saws, a small crowbar—and a large bunch of keys! So much I saw before he snapped the bag to and went to my machine with a particularly neat pair of round-nose pliers in one hand and a flash lamp in the other. A few minutes' tinkering round the engine and he straightened up. 'Right as ninepence now, guv'nor,' he said. A brief inspection showed me that everything was indeed OK—the cotter was once more in its rightful position. I thanked my strange helper profusely, and endeavoured to press a half-crown into his hand. 'That's all right, guv'nor,' he said, 'might want help meself someday.' I did manage to get him to accept a cigarette. however, before he turned away with a 'So long—mustn't be late for work.' 'Work.' I wonder...? A few months later, owing to financial reasons, I was forced to sell the Douglas, and to exist motorless. I stuck it for six months, but then the urge for wheels became almost unbearable, and when a friend announced that he knew where a perfectly good three-wheeler was going for £4 I jumped at his suggestion to go fifty-fifty in the





L-R: "I saw that it contained tools. And what tools!. The machine then lay on me."

purchase of it. I am not going to say anything rude about that three-wheeler. It was a perfectly good specimen of the type usually fitted with a large body and driven by a small tradesboy. This one, however, had a remarkably comfortable two-seater body, access to which was gained by lifting a flap. Funds being limited, we were unable to tax the bus at first, so our usual procedure upon spotting a policeman who looked interested (believe me, policemen weren't the only people interested in our turn-out!) was to open flat out and roar away at about 15mph. Failing the opportunity to do this, we would stop the engine, lift up the flap and clamber out, restart the engine by means of a huge handle, climb back into the seats, and close down the flap again. By the time this procedure was completed it was a safe bet that the Law was in convulsions—thus we got away with it! One day we injudiciously left the bus outside the house with the engine running. When we came out it was nowhere to be seen! Suddenly we espied it lovingly embracing the front railings of a house about 50 yards down the road. Visions of our cherished possession smashed beyond repair floated before us as we dashed in pursuit. We discovered, however, that the only damage was a burst front tyre—until we dragged the bus into the road! There, clinging to its underside, we saw what was once a 'gent's smart push-bike', now a cross between a grid-iron and a birdcage. We were considering the proper procedure to adopt in an unfortunate contretemps of this kind when the owner of the aforementioned push-bike appeared. He was distinctly annoyed—and said so! The upshot was that we had to sell the three-wheeler to pay for the damage. And I was left motorless once more. Two years passed before I was able to afford another motor cycle. This time my choice fell upon a huge Yankee twin. I could have chosen something more suitable, for my small stature really necessitated a pair of steps in order to reach the saddle! Also, once aboard I could only just touch the ground with the tips of my toes; consequently traffic riding was far from pleasant. However, I managed without too many adventures until, owing to pleasure from a feminine quarter, I attached a sidecar. Then trouble started in earnest. In fact, it started while I was fixing the 'chair', and was probably due to just indignation on the part of the bike at the thought of being put into harness. Anyway, it pushed me into the sidecar and then lay on me. I was there a good five minutes before a pal found me and removed that 300lb of knobbly ironmongery from my chest. By that time the arm had entered my soul! I had some good times with the sidecar—after I had learnt to keep the wheel down—and there was always competition among my friends as to who should occupy the 'chair' in the absence of the usual fairy. One fellow in particular, a huge chap weighing about 13 stone or so, was terrifically keen, and not particularly scrupulous as to how he got the rides, either! One day I had just left the garage with an empty sidecar and was accelerating down the road at about 10mph when a sudden crash at my side nearly caused me to lose control. I looked down and found to my amazement that my fat pal was snugly ensconced amid the cushions. He was grinning all over his face, and plainly pleased at the success of his vaulting act. But suddenly a look of horror began to erase the smile, and

searching for the cause of his discomfort I was astounded to see that his body stopped short at his knees—the rest of his legs was missing! Of course, I guessed at once what had happened. The force of his fall had knocked the floor-boards clean out of the side-car and allowed his legs to drop through on to the road. Here was a chance for revenge, I



L-R: “Our usual procedure was to open flat out and roar away at about 15mph. The owner of the push bike...was distinctly annoyed...allowed his legs to drop through on to the road.”

thought. I could see that he would have the utmost difficulty in extricating himself, so I throttled down to about 4mph and made the fellow walk about a quarter of a mile inside the sidecar. Some young ladies who were on distinctly good terms with my friend assured me later at me that the sight was very amusing. Anyway, this particular lad suddenly lost his interest in sidecars, and never asked for another ride! Some months passed, during which I owned many weird and wonderful machines, mostly of the side-valve variety. But, as was inevitable, I eventually got bitten by the speed bug. Nothing less than an ohv Norton could satisfy my desires, so by dint of careful saving one of these machines came into my possession. It was fast when I first purchased it second-hand, but (spare my blushes) it went a bit faster after. I had played about found with the ‘works’. Thereafter, with true boyish enthusiasm, I would haunt the wide open stretches of an arterial road nearby, in search of trouble. Eventually it came—good and proper—in the guise of a mild-looking little man dressed in a mackintosh suit and trilby hat, and riding a most disreputable-looking side-valve single with real ‘touring’ handle-bars. He passed me at about 40mph without the slightest of side-long glances. That couldn’t be allowed, so I promptly turned up the wick and repassed at about 50mph, and kept the bus at that speed in the hope of losing him. I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when to my amazement a terrific clatter at my side told me that my adversary was not yet done with. As he came level I opened flat out, and as the speedometer climbed to the ‘65’ mark, I was gratified to find that the clatter gradually dropped behind. Not for long, however, for this time he took a run at me and if he wasn’t doing a cool 70mph as he passed, well—I’ll eat my bowler hat, brim and all! At this point in the argument the arterial road degenerated into a fairly narrow country lane with numerous twists and bends. The way that fellow cornered was a revelation! Suffice it to say that after the second bend I never saw him again, and I went home in a very crestfallen state with a considerable amount of conceit knocked out of me. It was not until that evening, when discussing the denouement with my greatly amused friends that I found my late adversary was none other than ———, the famous TT rider. Apparently he was also riding his TT machine, suitably detuned, I suppose, for touring purposes!”

AND, SECUNDUS, A SMASHING space filler from *The Motor Cycle*’s Northern correspondent Wharfedale, which even sports a superior version of ‘the editor called me into his office’ cliché intro. The editor was, for no clear reason, known by his scribes as ‘Horace’; the features was headlined ‘Thanks, Horace!’ with the intro “Orders from ‘GHQ’ that Resulted in a Scramble in the Snow at England’s Winter Sports Centre.” Over to you, Wharfedale...

“IT WAS A VERY FAINT VOICE INDEED that drifted over the long-distance line. But it was a voice to which one gave heed. It was the voice of Horace speaking from the gloom and fog of London. And the voice said: ‘Look here, Wharfedale, you’re supposed to live in the frozen North; why haven’t we had an article about winter riding on snowbound roads? Must have one this week.’ Now, by all the conventions of writing, I should have replied to this opening gambit by one of two methods: one, the ambitious, young and enthusiastic journalist—the go-getter who will produce his ‘copy’ briskly at the right moment and win the fair daughter of the ‘chief’ (method ‘a’ for short); or the soured hack, bereft of hope, single blessedness and enthusiasms (method ‘b’). Method (a)—‘Yes, sir, at once, sir, it shall be done.’ Immediately followed by floppy sounds ‘off’ as of waders being flung on; then the ‘staccato bark of a well-tuned single’. (Ertcher!). Method (b)—‘Oh, yes! Well, we’ve a fog on here, but I’ll step out and order some snow. Say, what are you doing in the office, anyway? Can’t you...?’ As a matter of fact I didn’t follow either of these methods for the simple reason that my secretary took the call. (By secretary I mean the charming young lady who gives the once-over to mad inventors before admitting them into the inner presence, and who discreetly fades away when the local clubmen drop in to query, ‘I say, have you heard this one?’) Yes. She dealt with Horace, and her reply, I believe, was something to this effect: ‘Mr Wharfedale isn’t in. No. He’s gone out to take some photographs. Yes. Snow pictures, I think.’ Observe the signs of quiet and unostentatious efficiency (ahem !). Horace rings up for a winter riding article, and his faithful lieutenant has already adventured forth into the snow-bound wastes to seek experiences and pictures! But there is a terrible confession here to be made. Let us whisper it. Very low...Wharfedale has gone out in a car! It was like this: There were two cameras and a big box of slides to be carried, and Christmas festivities, not to mention a few club dinners, had left rather a weak feeling. So that’s why I stole out secretly in a thing with a wheel at each corner, and travelled via Macclesfield and over the ‘Cat and Fiddle’ towards Buxton—headquarters of English

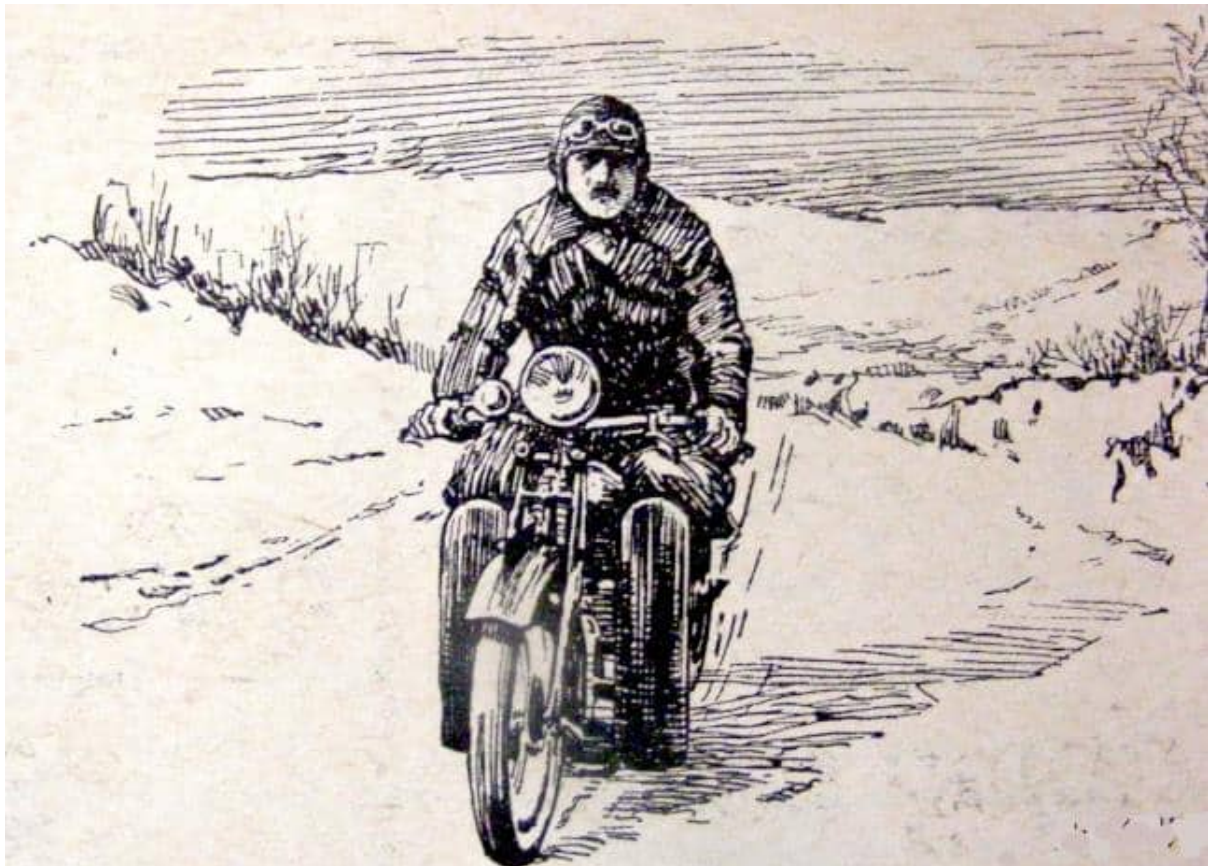


L-R: “Level unbroken snow and not too deep. Solo riding in snow is not particularly easy. Tobogganning in Derbyshire.”

winter sport. The snow lay thicker as the higher country was reached, and the powdering on the low-lying fields became a dense white blanket on the hills. The sheep were down off the moors and dotted the roadway. An AA sergeant, with his outfit, was fixing a ‘Chains advised’ notice to a telegraph pole. Five gaily-clothed ski-ers had just started out across the snow-buried heather as I pulled up at the summit, where their big saloon was sheltered behind the famous inn. Now for the camera work, I said, rather peeved at just missing the ski party. Anyway, they were heading for the Goyt valley, so, happy thought, I would cut them off. I drove down the old road in that direction. It looked good, too! Level, unbroken snow, and not too deep. But a hundred yards from the main road there was a swerve and a lurch, and the car came to rest. ‘Throwing in the reverse,’ as the lady novelists say, I tried to back out but nothing happened. Happy thought number two! Put the chains on Did so, and still nothing happened. Car resting bodily on drift, all wheels clear of terra firma. It didn’t need two cameras to photograph that car, which was my only picture, but it did need the mats, floorboards, the AA sergeant (who providentially came up)



and a helpful young man with a shovel—who appeared out of thin air apparently—and my brow darker. This seemed bad work; so next day the faithful ‘model’ was brought Out. Soft snow of even depth is easy; hard, frozen snow, especially if much broken or rutted, may call for firm steering. The polished ruts made by much heavy traffic are perhaps most trying, but I find that an even, steady pace, a fairly hard front tyre, and feet at the ready will get you there with safety. I always like to pioneer a rut of my own in the unbroken snow at the roadside. Lorries don’t leave you the road crown, and big saloons, chain-shod, come hooting along without yielding an inch. Discretion is the better part of valour in such circumstances. Give them room, brother. Snow, part melted, is more searching than any other form of wetness. Remember thy chains, and keep them oily. and cover up thy magneto. My second day was much more successful than my first—after all, a solo ‘250’ can’t become the incubus that half a ton of car, floated on top of a drift, can be. One can drag, lift or push the two-wheeler through most places. on long as they are not too bad to walk through. True, I wasn’t able to carry two big cameras and a great box of slides. But I had a good day. and practised all kinds of skidding, both plain and figure, in the snow patches. And got home with a wonderful appetite, and so to bed, praising Horace for his thoughtfulness in sending the instruction that justified my leaving the workaday office for an outing on Peakland’s snow-covered hillsides.”



OTHER FEATURES IN THAT January issue of the Blue ‘Un included ‘Cameos from the Wooded Westland’ (a spread of West Country scenic pics “to stimulate the desire to visit this district when the longer days arrive”); ‘The Sound at Daybreak’ (a fishing yarn by H Mortimer Batten that opened with “There was the faintest brightening of the east as we packed up our tackle for the night—our baskets were heavy with trout running three to the pound...”); and ‘The Return to the Fold’, with the intro “After being Fleeced by Wolves and Wandering in Strange and Unaccustomed Paths, a Lost Sheep finds his way back to the Cote.” I can’t resist inflicting the

opening paragraph on you: "I know not what precisely are the feelings of ecstasy and reclaimed vitality that follow a successful operation of rejuvenation, but I presume—if all that is claimed for it is authentic—that the grafting of monkey glands into an elderly person's internal working assembly must produce a state of exhilaration and animation somewhat resembling my own at the present time. I hasten to add that I am far from the tottering stage, but I am again taking an active interest in the affairs of the motor cycle universe after twelve months' divorce from participation in this sport of ours."

YOU'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH. Take a dose of Ixion to clear your palette. In fact take five doses.

HAPPY DAYS! "Since December 28th I have been prostrated with a frightful attack of Exeterenza. My Squirrel has hibernated; my Ariel hack has cast a shoe and gone dead lame; my Panthette retired to the warmest and darkest recesses of its cage, and not even a sucking pig filched from the larder on Christmas Eve and dangled before the bars would induce it to come out. At last I cadged a scat with one of *The Autocar* plutocrats and went west in a 'sunshine' saloon with the roof stuck full open. Hence my New Year message of hope has had to wait till this issue. All the best to everybody! If you've got a bike, may it go well; and when it goes too well may a passing fly temporarily blind the bobby who sees you. If you haven't got a bike, may the relation whom you value least decease as painlessly as possible and bequeath you the wherewithal. May your pillion fairy balance nicely, never cling too tight, and insist on paying for all her tarred stockings. If you're in the trade, may you enjoy record sales, encounter no service grouses, and make no bad debts. If you're on the Press, may you soon have a new editor. Above all, may we have lots of sunny week-ends and decent weather for the TT."

"CONTROLLING A REAR-WHEEL SKID. Your reaction period, as the RAF call it (ie, the interval between putting the lighted end of a cigarette in your mouth and ejecting your pet oath) may be so long that you will hit mother earth before you take any steps in the matter of the back wheel, but unless you are a dreadful dud or frightfully old you will instinctively do something. You may do it late, or do it wrong, but you are pretty sure to do something. And if you are youngish, and have any notion of balance, and your nerves have not been shattered by riotous living, you will very soon learn to correct a rear skid with accuracy and success. If the rear wheel skid occurs on the diabolical surfaces which trials secretaries love, the wrench of correcting skid No1 may induce skid No2. Skid No2 will catch you in the wrong mood for cool and scientific action. Your mouth will be wide open, and regrettable words will be hosing out of it. Your heart will have deserted its proper location under the left armhole of your vest, and will be fluttering under your collar-stud. Your feet may be doing splits at the level of the filler cap. Your elbows will probably be akimbo, and your tongue sticking out far enough to lose its tip when your teeth close. But one rear skid occurring by itself is child's play on ordinary surfaces and with an average bike."

"THE SIDESLIP BOGY. I notice that all my letters from utility riders of over thirty years of age mention the dread of side-slip, and it is a fact that no factory has ever yet organised any intense research into this boggy. Until a man is fifty years of age or so he does not seriously mind those tumbles which we all take on occasions. But the trouble to-day is that there is so seldom any free space on the road whereon we may fall. If we lose control of the bus in a skid, the odds are that we shall find ourselves under a lorry or a motor 'bus. So a man who tries riding to work in any city or industrial area decides after one or two lucky falls that the next fall will very probably lead to his being ironed out into a pink mash by a five-tonner, sells his bus, and buys a tram season ticket. One or two machines have proved unusually easy to hold up. The original open-frame Scott was one; the duplex-steering OEC is another. The question is whether a year's research on the part of a No 8 hat might not evolve a machine which almost anybody could hold

up at normal speeds on all normal surfaces. After all, a very moderately expert push cyclist never fails off in a skid (apart from trapping a tyre in a tramline); and his centre of gravity is very much higher than that of a motor cyclist, while his tyres afford far less grip of the road. The solution of this problem is one of the main keys to establishing utility twelve-months-a-year motor cycling on a firmer basis.”



Members of the London Ladies MCC, pictured at Elstree.

“ADDLESTONE’, A CORRESPONDENT of mine, is thoroughly thrilled with the proposed Everyman Trial in 1930. His local cycle shop boasts a stock ranging from the 19lb stripped road racer with dropped bars to an all-black, heavy tourer with sit-up-and-beg bars ; he says if all cycle shops stocked nothing but 19lb. road racers most of the cycle shops would have to close down within six months. Whereas, by contrast, in motor cycle showrooms the road-burner type of bus always has the place of honour, just as it has in the Press and in trials and club life; and a utility bus, manageable by a weak or elderly or female rider, can seldom be found in the stock of a small agency, though it could, of course, be obtained to special order. Suggestions that Addlestone makes for an Everyman bus run as follows: (1) Short wheelbase (ie less leverage created by a skid). (2) Tyres not less than 3in (irrespective of machine’s size). (3) Four standardised nuts, with two double-ended spanners. (4) Legshields (quickly detachable). (5) Magneto high up behind engine. (6) High clearance (utility riders frequent tough lanes). (7) Woolly side-valve engine, with tolerable acceleration. (8) Safety on grease to bc intensified by research. (9) Genuinely adjustable riding position. (10) Experimental designs to be vetted by duffers rather than by experts. (11) Large silencer, easily cleanable.





Toyo Kogyo, a Japanese cork manufacturer, went into the motor cycle business with a two-stroke 250 that beat an Ariel in its first race. This led to a batch of 30, after which Toyo Kogyo switched to making three-wheel trucks. The company is better known as Mazda.

“A STRANGER IN A (VERY) STRANGE LAND. My Christmas letters from the exiles are beginning to flow in. One of them is the only Briton in a big German factory. For one thing he is a Tory, and his men are all flaming scarlet in politics, which annoys him. For another, he has ‘never defaced his bus by a carrier housing a pair of gawky legs’, and the local lads all take pillion riders and corner slowly on top gear with both inside boots on the ground. For another, he considers the local Helles beer a miserable substitute for Worthington, and when a single bottle of Black and White appeared on the shelf of the local ‘Pig and Whistle’ (‘Der Vaterland’), they charged him 1.75 marks for one finger of it. For another, he has to tighten up nuts on the job with a spanner that doesn’t fit. He has only once seen a motor cycle exceeding 30mph and when the rider’s hat fell off no attempt was made to recover it, from which he opines that the lad was fleeing from justice in a completely scared condition. He showed the Blue ‘Un pictures of the Scott Trial round the works, and the local riders seemed considerably shocked, and remarked that it was ‘very bad for the bikes. and ought to be verboten’. A very bad attack of homesickness, gentlemen!”

**It’s not surprising that photos of the Scott Trial alarmed even hardy Teutons; it had a reputation as possibly the toughest of all the one-day trials, to the extent that it was nicknamed ‘The Tragedy’. Even on easy years, it was hard but, judging by this report, everyone concerned had a jolly good time.**



“WHAT SHALL BE SAID OF THINGS when the Scott Trial riders come home in unprecedented numbers and say that it has been too easy? What shall be said of a Scott ‘Tragedy’ in which only 22 people retire out of 110 starters? What shall be said of a Scott course that allowed forty folk to gain first: class awards and 35 other riders to get in within ‘certificate’ time? Must it be said that the Yorkshire wilds are less wild, or that riders are more he-mannish, or that machines are so much better that they float over all obstacles? Perhaps a little of all of these things accounts for the state of affairs. The course was shorter than ever before and the time limit wider, so that all and sundry—pip-squeak riders, the weak but willing, and the rabbits—had a much better chance of getting home. The weather, too, was much kinder—it was a splendid day, and there had been no rain previously to complete the frightfulness. In consequence, watersplashes were empty and even the appalling Denton Moor was devoid of those occasional morasses into which machines sink, leaving riders standing in surprise, astraddle in mid-air. The start, as usual, was in Higher Wharfedale, at Grysedale House, in the Moorlands. There were nine non-starters in the entry list of 119, and none of these was more reluctant to be in this category than Alec Jackson, whose entry form was bungled in some way. Alec had put off his track engagements specially for



“Let’s play trams! R Swires (348cc Cotton), TR Walker (493cc Sunbeam lead a string of others along the tram track.”

the great day but the stewards were inflexible; he could not ride. WG Gabriel (499cc Triumph), another of the Scott Trial habitués, had worked nearly all night re-juvenating his ancient Ric-umph (that has survived the course for no one remembers how many years) and reached the start nearly half an hour late. Nothing very much of a troublesome nature as faced in the first few miles, although one muddy lane cost nearly everybody a few marks, and Heights Laithe saw the first two retirements—NE Peacock (499cc P&M) and B Holden (348cc Velocette). JE Storey (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) was cut badly in the face by a flying stone from someone else’s rear wheel. Threshfield Moor was cut out, but Linton Watersplash had been dammed somewhat. Here E Mainwaring (596cc Scott) retired although not much trouble was experienced. A certain amount of rough stuff shook people up in readiness for Doantby Rash—the alleged ‘only freak hill of the trial’. A big crowd of spectators had arrived, and the lack of parking facilities for the many cars added confusion to difficulty at the foot. Doantby Rash is a long climb, starting with a grass load, with a middle section of loose stones and a final piece of slimy ruts. The whole of the hill is under trees, and it was sufficiently damp to be tricky. Povey (340cc Rudge-Whitworth) was the first arrival, and he tackled the gradient at speed, making a fine show with just slight footing at the summit. BJ Jenkins (494cc Triumph) tried the slow and steady method, and also had to use his feet. CM Harley (495cc Matchless) simply streaked up, fighting the swerves of his model wonderfully, until he had to foot near the top. L Ellwood (248cc Ariel) was slow and used his feet slightly, but E Damadian, on a similar model, screamed up twice as fast, tried to overtake him, and then bought the first box of tacks recorded in favour of the hill. Half a dozen people came up, using feet ‘as and when’, then R Syers (493cc Sunbeam) essayed a speed





“VN

Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), the winner of the premier award, makes a faultless feet-up crossing of the wide splash at Linton.”

climb, caught the stump of a tree with his footrest and stopped with a ‘wump’! Then came GE Rowley (498cc AJS)—a real ‘racer’—flying up through grass and stones. A cheer commenced, but the sound was frozen in mid-air when the AJS made one wild plunge and flew vertically upwards, spilling Rowley off backwards. Just the same thing happened to Jack Williams (499cc Rudge-Whitworth), then EH Welch (493cc Sunbeam) demonstrated the slow method and did excellently, with only the slightest touches at the top, and both C Williamson (490cc Montgomery) and PW de la Haye (346cc Levis) were almost as neat. PH Smith (596cc Scott) obliterated the landscape with smoke and wheelspin, while H Harvey (348cc Velocette) of the ‘Salers’ (who don’t care!) rammed the bank good and proper. Calling ‘Look cut!’ C Helm (493cc Sunbeam) negotiated the hill and the gentlemen in difficulties with considerable force and determination, while Stuart-White (247cc P&M)—one of the veterans—pursued a steady course with light footing. CJ Marsden (348cc Raleigh) fell, then Geoff Mines (596cc Scott) made a fast show with but slight touches: incidentally, he carried an Army water-bottle, but whether for radiator or personal replenishments is not known. So far no one had climbed Doantby Rash clean. Was it possible? Yes! VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam) went up straight as a die. Fast! Sure! Certain! Two men floundering he passed on the way, in a passage barely wide enough for two handle-bars side by side. And disappeared at the summit to the echo of cheers. AH Bramley (348cc Raleigh) fell and picked up his machine so quickly that his stop was scarcely apparent,

then Wilmot Evans (348cc Triumph), standing on the rests, made a fine attack, only to see his model climb trees at the top. He lifted it down from the branches by the handle-bars, planted it down in the proper direction and was away before anyone could rush to help him. The first real engine failure was by



“J Rudd (346cc Royal Enfield) braves the terrors of Hoodstorth splash.”

NT Bennett's Douglas, which sounded weak in the carburation department, and Edyth Foley (494cc Triumph) likewise had not the revs that spell success. FE Thacker (248cc Ariel) made a good show past several stragglers, and T Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam) only trailed his feet to pass those who balked him. Alec Hill (298cc Scott) was the second (and only other rider) to prove that Doantby Rash was cleanly climbable. G Fletcher (497cc Ariel) made a noble effort to avoid a baulk, while JW Brigham (347cc Sunbeam) romped up splendidly with slight touches. The Scottish contingent were having a rough time, for Andy Pattinson (248cc Ariel) had terrific wheelepin, and R MacGregor, appearing for the first time on a Rudge, had to step off at high velocity—an act which he performed very gracefully. Another noble effort to avoid baulks was S Flintoff's (493cc Sunbeam) performance, but TR Walker (493cc Sunbeam) was equally deserving but less fortunate, for JC New (495cc James) turned completely round in his track. After the ascent of Doantby Rash the course led on to the moortops and the much-discussed fast section, the railway track, was reached. Deceived by cleverly faked photographs, the competitors found that what they had thought was a broad-gauge railway track was in fact a disused narrow-gauge tramway connected with a derelict lead mine. Earth ballast between the sleepers had fallen away, and machines banged and clashed from sleeper to sleeper—some successfully, and some to roll off the top of the embankment into the boggy heather. Miss Edyth Foley's magneto gave out here, and she had a mile to push to reach a main road. The railway track was best summed up by F Swires (347cc Sunbeam), who stopped to enquire of the direction marshal, in most grieved tones: 'Who the dickens troubled to find that lot?' The clashing of forks rent the air, stands fell off, saddle tops dropped off as riders were jolted upwards, tool bags suddenly opened and spilled their contents. Altogether a nasty business. Pockstones Moor came next, and at Hey Slack Gabriel (Triumph) gave up an unequal contest, and was joined by Miss Foley, who had trouble again and accepted the offer of being towed back to Ilkley. Hoodstorth splash claimed its full quota of failures. Both Jack Williams (Rudge-Whitworth) and Bert Kershaw (248cc Ariei) measured their lengths in the stream; Kershaw, however, stepped off the more gracefully! W Evans (348cc Triumph) and G Elliott (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) were the only two riders to go through clean, although N Walker (247cc Excelsior) and WG Harrison (347cc Sunbeam) made excellent if slightly less successful attempts. Holme Gill splash eliminated T Gamble (348cc AJS), and Bramley Held was the farthest point reached



by JC Edward (348cc Douglas). Cat Crag, that terrific ascent through mud, bracken and rocks, eliminated J Rudd (346cc Royal Enfield), D Smallwood (348cc Calthorpe), and RF Shaw (348cc Cotton). Povey (Rudge-Whitworth) still led the way and made a fine climb, and CM Harley (Matchless), BJ Jenkins (Triumph), L Ellwood (248cc Ariel), E Damadian (248cc Ariel), GE Rowley (498cc AJS), W Milner (347cc New Hudson), de la Haye (346cc Levis), VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), E Williamson (346cc Levis), JA Hudson (248cc Ariel), TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam), and HS Perrey (248cc Ariel), all made clean climbs of the worst section. All of there were early arrivals, then came at least twenty people who had to use their feet more or less—mostly more. Next ME Crosland (348cc Velocette) made a clean run, followed by a lot more semi-failures, relieved by Bert Kershaw (248cc Ariel), who was astoundingly fast considering the size of his model. JC New (496cc James) showed how a Southerner can tackle the sort of stuff that looks like Camberley, and his fine upward flight was only checked by a wild plunge into the bracken. Then came Graham



“A Tidswell (348cc AJS) and T Gamble (348cc AJS) rock-dodging on Jeffsfynde.”

Goodman (348cc Nortim) at terrific speed. The AA man, who was directing ‘traffic’ was evidently making his first acquaintance with Graham’s methods. He was a quick learner and jumped like a hare, what time Graham TT’d aloft, endeavouring to regain the time he had lost throughout the morning due to a repetition of seizures. Walter Hillas (248cc Ariel) made a good show, but his chain came off at the top. There was scarcely the usual precision in the coffee stop arrangements, and JA Hudson (248cc Ariel) unfortunately hit a flock of sheep between the checking point and the hotel, damaging his head and his summer suitings about equally badly; after bandaging the former he pluckily carried on to a successful finish. After the coffee stop the route passed out of the ken of all but the riders themselves. Denton Moor—‘five miles of frightfulness’ (as the programme said)—was generally agreed to be less frightful than of yore,



but retirements were more and more frequent. E Damadian (248cc Ariel) and A Hill (298cc Scott) missed a route direction and so were automatically retired. H Fearnside (490cc Norton) lost his electrical energy; D Buckingham (346cc New Imperial), WW Hey (499cc Rudge-Whitworth), and G Ashon (348cc Velocette), also got no farther. George Rowley (498cc AJS) knocked an oil pipe off and suffered a puncture; he, too, retired. Another half-dozen people retired in the late stages and so missed the two circuits of Jeffsfynde, that stone-strewn galley that is the last sting in the tail of the event. A Jefferies (298cc Scott) had had two punctures to repair, J. Williams (499cc Rudge) had had a chain break, and WM Mason (596cc Scott), having pulled a tyre valve out, cut his tyre away and did the last ten miles on the bare rim. Povey was the first finisher, at a little after 1pm, but J Williams (Rudge-Whitworth) and GE Mines, on his two-speed Scott, were early arrivals, closely followed by TE Flintoff and VN Brittain on their Sunbeams; obviously the zero time lay amongst these stalwarts. MacGregor (Rudge-Whitworth) finished without bearings in his front wheel, and M Greenwood (346cc New Imperial) fell as he crossed the finishing line and was so relieved to find himself laid on the smooth grass that he stayed there. R Baron (172cc OEC) finished very late, and called to a certain scribe (who has carried 'No 1' on occasions) : 'You see, I started first and can finish last, too!' One by one the troops came home, and never has such a number got through: riders were fresh—even Miss Everitt (247cc Baker), the only girl to finish, was quite happy—and machines were perhaps less battered than usual. Footrests, mudguards, and number plates were generally the worse for wear, however. **THE RESULTS. Awards Based on Time and Observation.** Alfred A Scott Memorial Trophy (star performance, time and observation): VN Brittain (493cc Sunbeam), 11 marks lost. Raymond Bailey Trophy (second best performance: TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam), 15. Yorkshire Evening Post Rose Bowl No 1 (third best performance): GE Milnes (596cc Scott), 20. Yorkshire Evening Post Rose Bowl No 2 (best Northerner): C Helm Jnr (493cc Sunbeam), 25. Herbert Payne Trophy (best Southerner) W Evans (348cc Triumph), 31. Hepworth and Grandage Cup (fourth best performance): A Jedffries (299cc Scott), 28. Folbigg Cull (for best Scott rider not connected with makers): J Binns (596cc Scott), 54. Special Prize (for best performance by a lady): Miss Norah Everitt (247cc Baker), 131. **Awards on Time Only.** President's Rose Bowl (best Performance against standard time): TE Flintoff (493cc Sunbeam), no marks lost. Raspin Rose Bowl (runner-up): J Williams (499cc Rudge-Whitworth): 1. mark lost. Frank Hallam Tankard (third) GF Povey (340cc Rudge-Whitworth): 4.

**You'll have noticed the reference to Denton Moor as 'five miles of frightfulness'; it clearly had a lasting effect on this competitor...**

ON DENTON MOOR.

My bike is bust, it will not go

On Denton Moor.

Both footrests went some time ago

On Denton Moor.

When the Yorkshire hills are clad in snow,

And the lads are riding in the Exeter show,

I shall still be wandering to and fro

On Denton Moor.

In this Scott Trial I showed some fight

Till Denton Moor.

But every rock my crank case hit

'Twas dented more.

I crashed through bracken left and right,

My gear box screamed, and well it might,  
And so did I, such was my plight  
On Denton Moor.

My silencer soon came away  
On Denton Moor.

I've left the bike some times today,  
On Denton Moor.

And rocks and stones and dirt and clay  
Have filled my mouth as there I lay,  
While the poor old 'bus ploughed on its way, On Denton Moor.

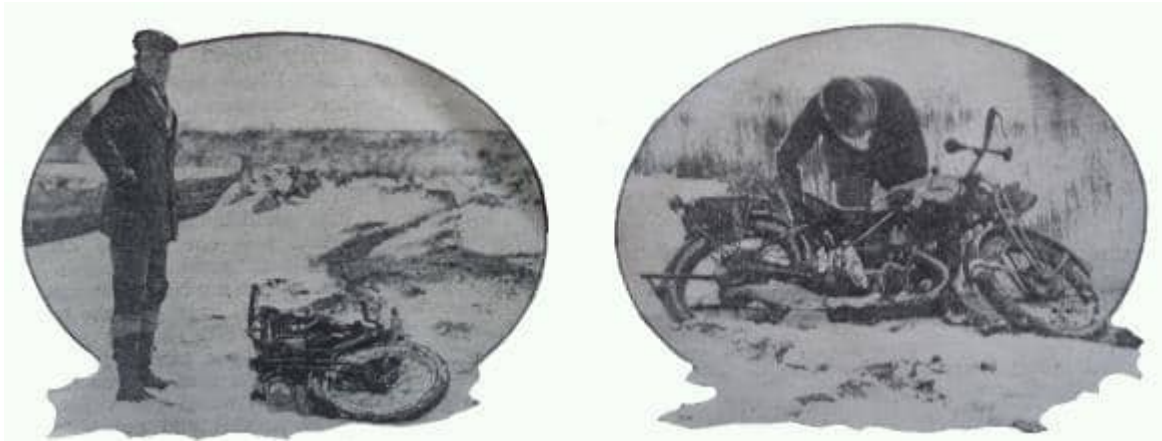
I shout aloud, none hear my cries,  
On Denton Moor.  
The light gives place to darkening skies,  
On Denton Moor.

Methinks I'll lay me down and dies,  
Till Judgment Day when all arise,  
Perhaps I'll get a special prize,  
For Denton Moor.

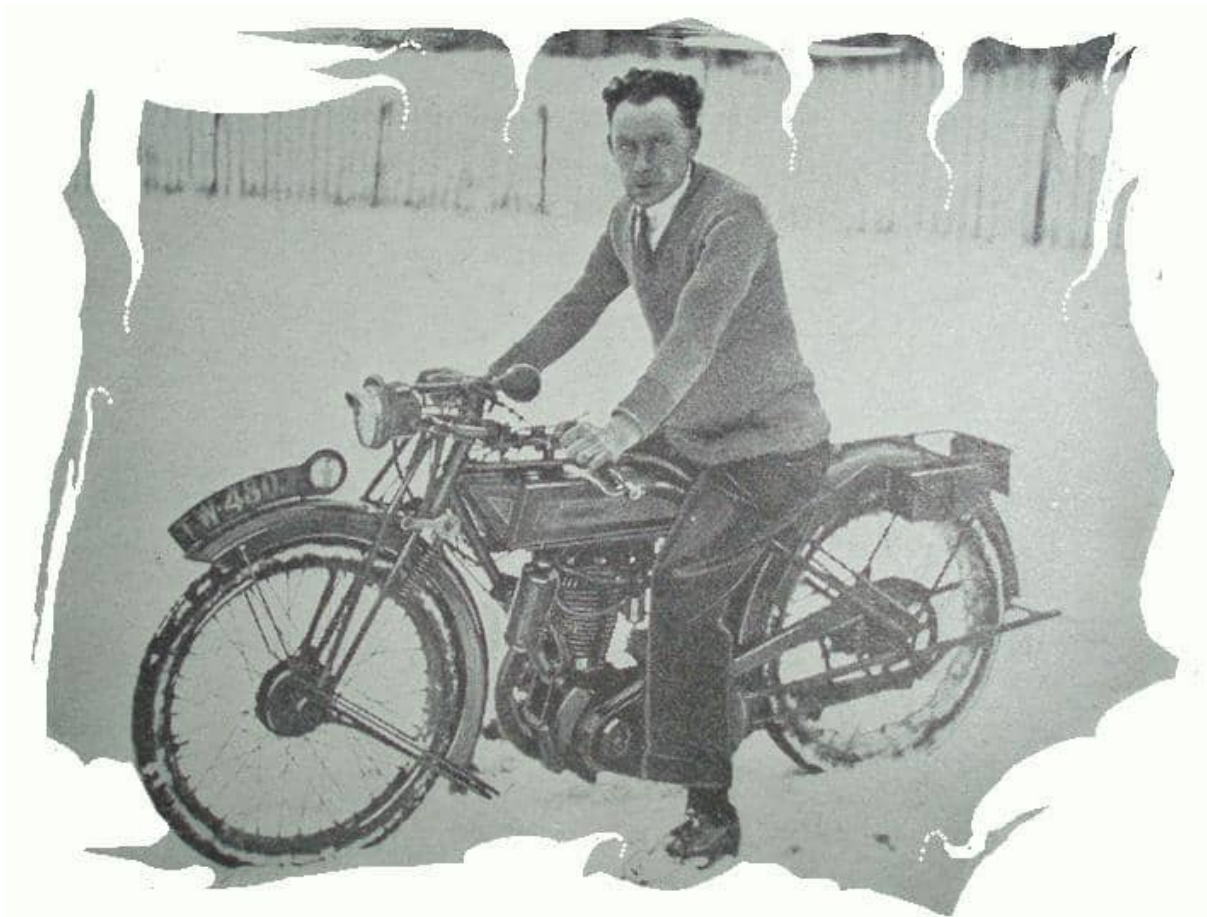
**JC**



"Ferry ahoy! the ferryman at Greenway on the Dart is called by the ringing of a bell at D(ittisham on the opposite bank of the river." (They filled half a page with this study of a flapper ringing a bell, but it is a charming pic.)



“Marshland and dykes, sand, shingle and groynes were all traversed by members of the Clacton MCC in a recent event.”



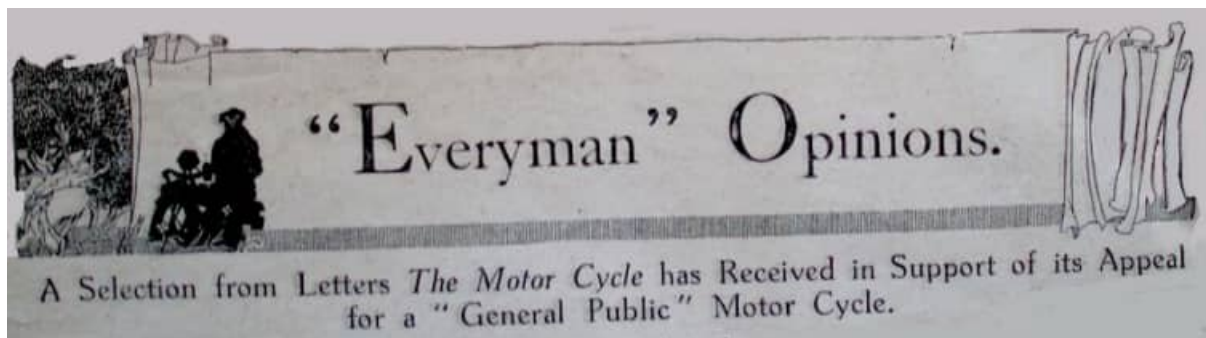
“The hero! N Alberts (Royal Enfield) who won the recent Clacton MCC scramble along the coast from St Osyth to Clacton. He overed the four-mile course in 19¼ minutes.”

WE’LL HEAR MORE FROM Ixion anon but that reference to the Everyman Trial bears some explanation, for which we can turn to the Editor’s comment...

“A LONG CAMPAIGN ATTRACTING New Adherents. On all sides remarkable support is forthcoming for the ‘Everyman’ motor cycle trial, for which this journal has offered £500 in cash prizes. This support is extremely gratifying, because until last year *The Motor Cycle* ploughed a lone furrow in its demand for silent, easy-to-start, docile machines. Never did we allow lack of



support to deter us from our set purpose, since it was becoming abundantly clear that the lines of motor cycle development ever since the War were such that in time the movement would inevitably become narrowed down to a purely sporting pastime. In short, the quest for speed involved ever-increasing weight and noise, and deterred many from joining the ranks. At that time our insistent demand for silent and more refined machines was even distasteful to a number of motor cyclists and to manufacturers. But happily a change of feeling has come about. It is now apparent that our views are 'widely held by riders, manufacturers, and by both the lay and technical Press. 'We welcome this support, since it should do much to ensure the development, and ultimately the wide popularity, of 'Everyman' motor cycles.' Now firmly in 'smug' mode, the editor included extracts from past issues in 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 and 1928 to prove his point, including a reminder that "it was *The Motor Cycle* which, urged a 250cc TT Race in order to foster the lightweight machine, and though the ACU would not at first organise a separate race for this type, our trophy was accepted and awarded in 1920 and 1921... Later, in 1925, when phenomenal speeds were being attained with special fuels, this journal put up a strong stand against the use of non-commercial fuels, with a view to checking the development of purely racing engines in so-called touring machines... More recently, a 250 silencer competition was organised by *The Motor Cycle* in 1927 in a steady campaign against noise and with the object of making motor cycles more generally popular. Our main deduction was that multi-cylinder machines offered the greatest scope in the matter of silence, smooth running, and flexibility."



"As an old motor cyclist dating back to Ixion's earliest adventures, I read in *The Motor Cycle* with much pleasure of the enterprise shown by you to taking up the cudgels on behalf of our much neglected friend 'Mr Everyman'. All sporting motor cyclists will commend you for this, because they will rejoice to know that, although 'Mr Everyman' may not appreciate the thrill of speed, he will enjoy in some measure motor cycling pleasures, on his daily run to and from his work, on his little utility bus. The yearly output of the 'Everyman' machine will, in time, far outnumber that of the sporting type, and mean employment for thousands of present unemployed, and add thousands of hours to the working man's life, which may be spent according to the choice of his hobbies. Factories will be kept going right through the year at a steady rate instead of the violent fluctuations experienced by motor cycle manufacturers engaged in producing machines which are entirely unsuitable for winter riding.

**AW CHATTELL**"

"Your continual advocacy of machines for the tourist and 'general' motor cyclist, and your emphasis of the danger of stagnation of design resulting from the 'speed at any price' policy, must have hearted considerably many men who, like myself, regard a motor cycle as a means of pleasurable and economical transport rather than as a sports outfit. There are two items in the very desirable 'Renaissance;=' of motor cycles, however, which I take the liberty of adding to

those with which you have so exhaustively dealt: (1) The rendering of a motor cycle a compact unit instead of a collection of apparatus. (2) The adequate provision for the carriage of luggage, etc. Those who traverse bush roads in summer need no reminder of the enormous amount of work involved in keeping the machine tolerably clean, and when removing caked red dust from innumerable 'dirt traps' we sigh for a clean crankcase-gearbox-magneto-oil pump which could be wiped bright with the minimum of inconvenience...Now providing provisions for the carriage of personal luggage...My ideal equipment...would be...The carrier to be built well forward so that the front cross member may be used as a hand-rail by the pillion passenger, and also that the maximum weight may be over the centre of the wheel. Brackets to be welded to the side stays for the optional attachment of large metal pannier bags.

**TRUSTY T**, New South Wales."

"I note with great pleasure that you are offering a substantial prize through the medium of the ACU for the development of a utility or 'Everyman' motor cycle. As a designer I am naturally much interested in this, and wish the project every success.

**TH JONES**, OK-Supreme Motors Ltd."

"May I be permitted to compliment you upon your initiative in the matter of the proposed 'Everyman' motor cycle? I believe that the step you have taken is of vital importance to the manufacturer, and, above all, to the would-be driver of a motor cycle...I believe that an entirely new public would adopt motor cycling for business and pleasure if a trial were conducted to develop and to measure all these items of conduct. Comfort is a part of efficiency, and may be defined as the absence of the unintentional. It would be very amusing were you to offer a prize for the reader who succeeds in placing, in the most popular order, such features as springing, silence starting, weight, speed, cleanliness, hill-climbing, and reliability.

**AM LOW MIAE**, etc."

ARIEL BOSS JACK SANGSTER wasn't short of talented designers: Val Page led a dream team including Edward Turner and Bert Hopwood. Having won the Maudes Trophy for two years running Ariel stayed in the limelight when Harry Perrey and FE Thacker crossed the Channel in three-and-a-half hours aboard a 497cc Ariel 'amphibian'. They must have enjoyed themselves as they immediately rode back again.



Perry and Thacker leaving Dover and arriving at Calais aboard the Ariel amphibian.

THE ITALIAN OPRA (Officine di Precisione Romane Automobilistiche) boasting the motor cycling world's first dohc transverse-four lump, was raced at the Belfiore circuit in Mantua by Italian

champion Piero Taruffi. He led the field until the penultimate lap when the engine blew up, as it had in its 1927 debut.

DANGEROUS DRIVERS IN BUCHAREST risked being handcuffed and paraded through the streets with signs round their necks reading “BAD DRIVER” (or, this being Romania, “ȘOFER RĂU”.

THE AA REPORTED THAT traffic outside major population centres had risen by 12% in the previous year—and by 500% in six years.

THE WALL OF DEATH followed speedway into the UK; the first venue was the Kursaal Amusement Park, Southend-on-Sea. And the first star of the new attraction was Tornado Smith from Boxford, Suffolk, starting a Wall of Death career that would last until the late sixties by which time he had ridden thousands of miles horizontally, often carrying a lioness in his sidecar. Mrs Smith rode the wall too, under the stage name Marjorie Dare. Rather than Spandex, bespectacled Tornado rode in brown riding boots, grey trousers, white shirt and tie, plus a black beret with a skull and crossbones badge. Reflecting the stunt’s American roots, for many years Indian Scouts were the bikes of choice.



Wall-of-death riders Tornado and Mrs Smith (who rode the wall aboard her own Indian Scout) take a break with their lioness Briton and, inevitably, a lamb.

“A DROP IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN. The number of motor cycles registered in New Zealand at the end of last October was 38,710. The number of machines in Indo-China is about 15,00.”

“A DIFFERENT ROAD RACE RECORD: The equivalent of 217 miles of all-concrete road were laid in the British Isles during 1928, and this constitutes a record in this country for any one year.”

“NOW LONDON WANTS TO PLAY! Automatic traffic control is to be tried again at two points in London. Red and green discs will be used, and there will probably be semaphore arms raised and lowered like railway signals.”





“Skilful riding demanded—ski-ers riding behind motor cycles, one of the most thrilling of the winter sports in the Alpgau Alps.”

“WHY NOT BRITISH RIDERS?’ British machines will be used by three Swedish motor cyclists who will shortly start an expedition from Stockholm to Capetown.”

“WEST (VERY EXPENSIVE) RIDING. Motor cyclists will be sorry to hear that the cost of providing traffic police in the West Riding of Yorkshire amounts to £20,000 a year.”

“OCH, OIRELAND! ‘It was very wet in the Midlands on the night of 27th-28th December, and this may have accounted for the large number of failures in the London-Exeter Run.’—An Irish paper.”

“SWAN SON (PIANISSIMO). Every evening, it is said, there is a noise trap in operation between Fair Green and ‘The Swan’, Mitcham. It is therefore inadvisable to employ the loud pedal in this vicinity.”

“OF COURSE (TWICE). During 1928 over 10,000 cases were dealt with by the RAC ‘Get you home’ service, and this, of course, easily constitutes a record. The majority of the breakdowns occurred to motor cars.”

‘HE’S AN AIRMAN. Another TT winner has joined the ranks of ‘plane owners. WL Handley, true to his tradition, has purchased a ‘hot’ single-seater—an SE5A. This machine previously belonged to Mr Will Hay, the comedian.”



Hot indeed—Wal Handley’s SE5a, powered by a 220hp Hispano-Suiza engine, could do 115mph; it was arguably the best British single-seat fighter of World War One.

“THE BRAKE. In Spain now motorists are imprisoned for not less than six years if they knock a man down, and for not less than twelve years if they kill him. This is an inexorable rule. There have been no motor accidents in Madrid since the law came into force on New Year’s Day [three weeks before].”

“THE CHOICE: BLIND OR UNABLE TO SEE? A correspondent in a daily paper says that the best way to guard against blinding headlights is to wear sun glasses while driving at night.”

“ABOUT TO BE BY-PASSED. Coventry is the latest city to be by-passed, and Shrewsbury has also decided to fall in line.”

“SILENCE! Motorists in Calcutta, under revised regulations, may not use cut-outs, exhaust whistles, sirens, electric horns, or noisy applications of any description.”

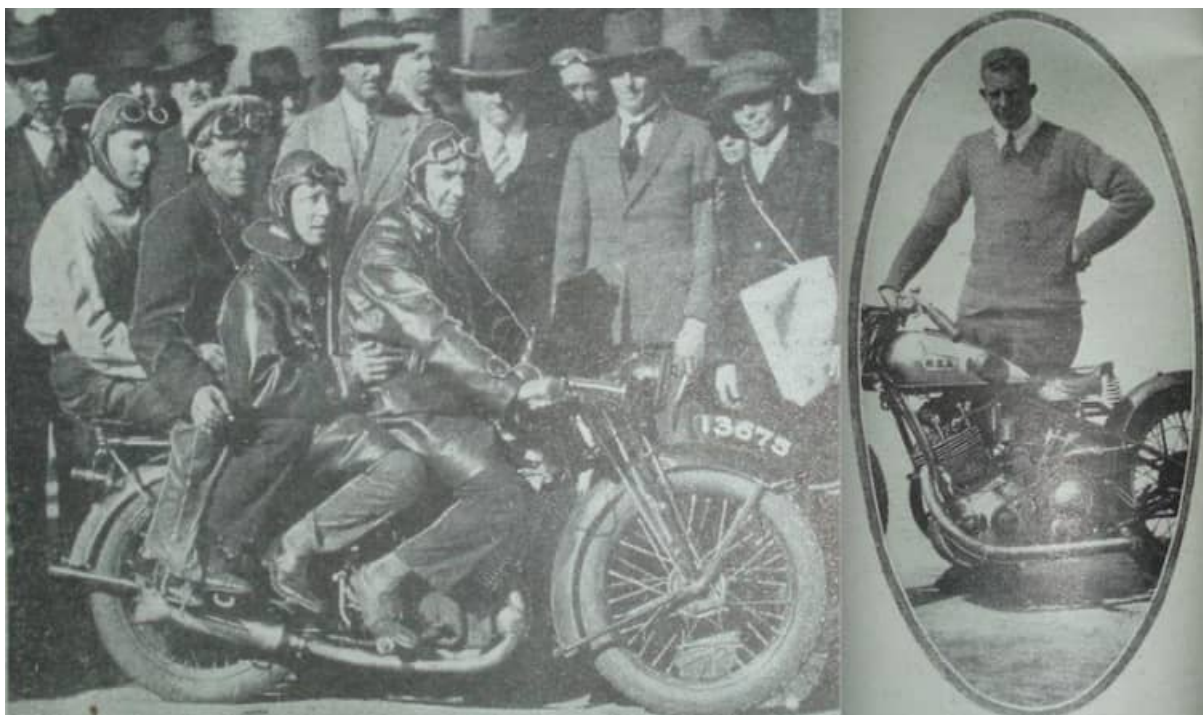
“THE ASSOCIATION OF PIONEER Motor Cyclists is holding an inaugural rally and Social run...Prospective members are reminded that to be eligible they must have owned or driven a motor cycle or quadricycle before December 31st, 1904, and must have held a motor cycle driving licence prior to this date. All right, grandpa!”

“BACK INTO HARNESS. There are one or two glimpses of motor cycles in the British war film ‘Victory’, and it is to the credit of the producer that he went to the trouble of obtaining WD Triumphs for the purpose. In one scene, however, he slips up, for a ‘P’ model—first made in 1925—is discernible.”



Fancy pretending a model P is a model H! (But still better than the 1961 Triumph TR6 masquerading as a Wermacht BMW R75 in The Great Escape.)

“AUSSIES’ DON’T CARE! The distance between Bendigo and Melbourne in the State of Victoria is 100 miles, and some time ago a solo Rudge-Whitworth carrying four men accomplished the journey and back again in slightly under eight hours. Subsequently the Bendigo Dunelt agent decided to make an attack on this ‘record’, with the result that a 249cc Dunelt has travelled, four up, from Bendigo to Melbourne and back in 5hr 59½min. The men who made the trip must have been rather heavier than the Rudge riders, for the Dunelt equipage weighed 63 stone, compared with the 41 stone of the Rudge outfit.”



L-R: “The Dunelt with its four riders, which travelled 200 miles in less than six hours. In spite of seven punctures, Alex Finlay rode from Melbourne to Sydney and back (1,130 miles) in 42 hours 51 minutes on a 493cc BSA sidecar outfit sealed in top gear. The outward journey was accomplished in 16 hours 38 minutes. Finlay won the Australian ‘TT’ last year.”

SEVEN 350S WERE SELECTED from AJS, BSA, Douglas, Francis Barnet, Matchless, New Hudson and OEC for evaluation by the Army. Before the tests were completed the War Office stepped in to set up a comparison between Douglas and Triumph, both of which had supplied successful DR bikes in the Great War. The Duggie L29 was selected over Triumph’s NL3 but orders were subsequently placed for BSA ohv V-twins and Matchless Silver Arrows.



NSU SENSIBLY STOPPED MAKING sports cars to concentrate on bikes, and for the first time it appointed an agent in Japan, as did Guzzi and BMW. They were competing with a new range of 350 and 500cc sv singles and a 500cc V-twin from the newly formed Japan Automobile Co (JAC).

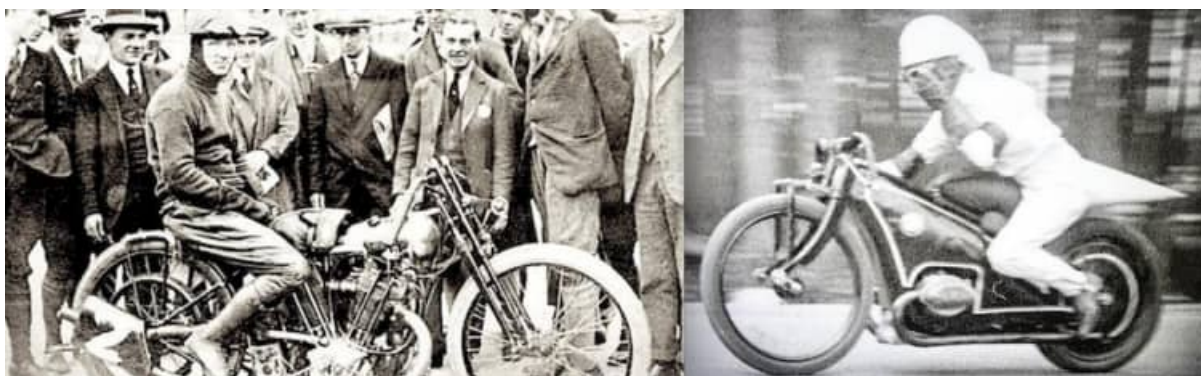
WITH ONE EYE ON THE EXPORT market, Depression-hit Harley Davidson launched a 497cc sv single. The Japanese—biggest importer of Harleys after Australia—persuaded Harley to sell them the rights, blueprints, machine tools to the obsolete 1,200cc twin' with the loan of personell to show them how to set up a modern motor cycle production line. The Japanese learned about workshop cleanliness, precision manufacture of spare parts, assembly line operations; in short, everything they needed to mass produce motor cycles. The Harleys the Japanese company built were dubbed Rikuo (Continent King) and became the standard mounts for the Japanese army. The Japanese began adapting the machines for military use straight away, developing a combo with sidecar drive and plenty of ground clearance. Delegations from other Japanese factories visited the new plant.



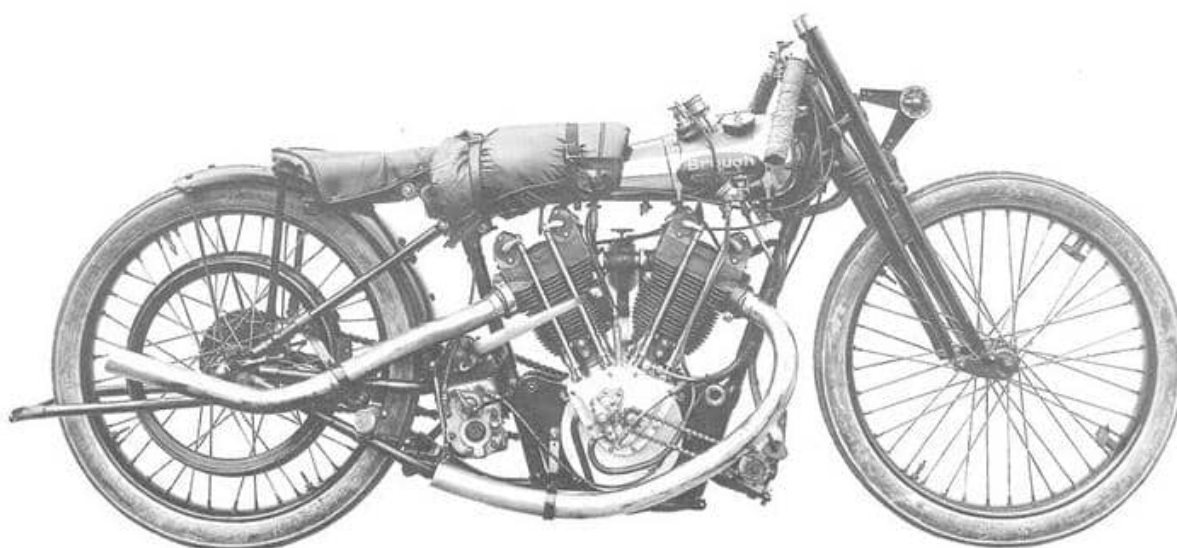
Harley's 29C 500cc one-lunger was designed as an entry-level model.

A JAPANESE CORK MANUFACTURER names Toyo Kogyo Co Ltd developed a 250cc two-stroke motor cycle and made six machines in its first year. Before long Kogyo changed its name to Mazda.

BERT LE VACK WENT TO Arpajon to raise the flying-kilometre world record to 12.83mph on his Brough Superior—his fourth world record and the last time it would be held by a naturally aspirated bike. But after seven years in British hands the record was snatched by Germany when Ernst Henne in a streamlined suit and lid, did 134.68mph on a supercharged 735cc BMW WR750—the first of his 76 land-speed world records.

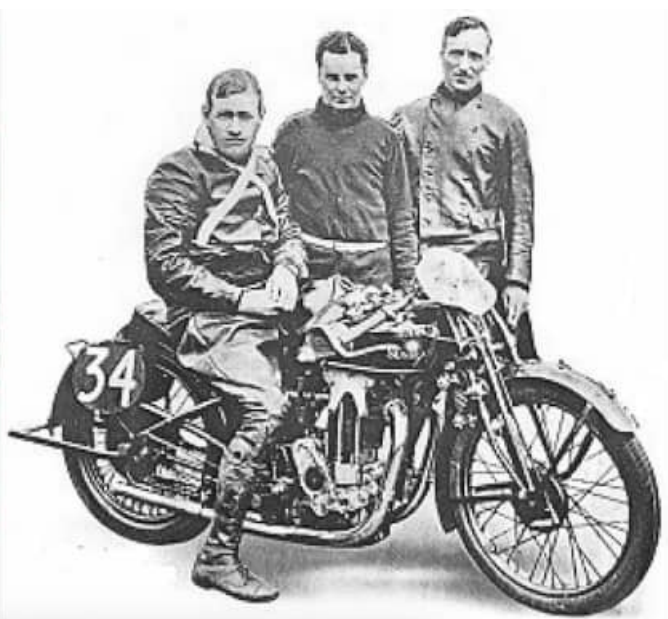
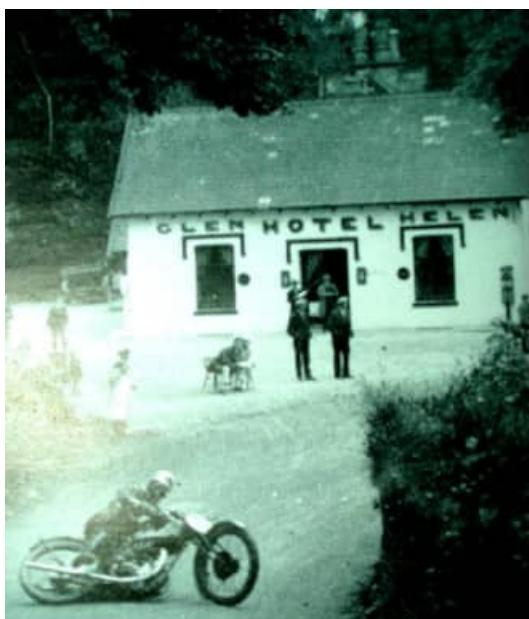


Bert did 129; Ernst upped the ante to 134.



There could hardly be a more businesslike projectile than Le Vack's bad-to-the-bone BruffSup.

HERE'S A TT REPORT from the guru—Geoff Davison, editor of the *TT Special* and author of the definitive *Story of the TT*: “The most memorable race in 1929 was the Senior, in which Charlie Dodson repeated his success of the previous year. On this occasion, however, the weather was good and Charlie's average speed was 72.05mph—the first time that a race had been won at over the seventy mark. Also—an interesting point—Charlie's time was 32min better than his winning time in 1928. The race was notable, too, for the fact that Ridges were really in the picture for the first time since 1914. Tyrell Smith was the Rudge favourite and he led for the first two laps. Then he crashed at Glen Helen, to allow another coming star, Tim Hunt, to take the lead. Tim was delayed in the fourth lap, however, and Charlie Dodson came to the front to win from Alec Bennett, on another Sunbeam, by nearly five minutes, with Tyrell Smith less than a minute behind. It was clear that one had to reckon with the Ridges. ‘Why was your fourth lap so slow?’ I asked Tyrell. ‘Slow!’ he exclaimed. ‘It was nearly a case of stop altogether! I had a lead of about three minutes, I think, when I came to Glen Helen on the fourth lap. It was a pretty tricky bead in those days and I took it a shade too fast. The exhaust-pipe touched the road and spun me round. I crashed into the bank, was winded and tore my leather, badly. They carried me into the hotel and pinned my clothes together. After a bit I got my breath back, but had a nasty pain in my chest. However, I came



Tyrell Smith caught in the process of breaking three ribs and gashing his leg open at Glen Helen; he still finished 3rd in the Senior. (Right) *Motor Cycling* captioned this pic: “Messrs A Simcock, CJP Dodson and Alec Bennett—the winning Sunbeam Senior Team.” Sunbeam took home the Manufacturers Team Prize for the third year running.

out of the hotel to see what was doing and found that someone—Bob McGregor, I think it was, but I was never quite sure for I was still rather dazed—was holding my machine up with the engine running and the clutch out, strictly contrary to regulations, all ready to move off! They sat me on it and, still very muzzy, I let in the clutch and carried on. I believe that the officials had more than half a mind to stop me and they would certainly have been quite justified in doing so, for it was discovered later on that I had cracked three ribs. I was very glad that they didn't, however, for I was just able to carry on and I was very glad to finish third.' [*just 17sec/0.26mph behind Alec Bennett.*] The Junior race resulted in another win for Velocettes—their third in four years—this time by Freddy Hicks, of Brooklands fame. Wal Handley brought his AJS into second place and Alec Bennett, also on a Velocette, was third [*Hicks and Handley, of course, were both former TT winners*]. Less than two-and-a-half minutes divided the first three men, as against over eighteen minutes in the Junior of the previous year. In the Lightweight race Excelsiors scored their first win, after a duel with the Italian Guzzi. Pietro Gherzi led until the end of the fifth lap, with Sid Crabtree 2in 40sec behind him. It looked like a safe win for Italy, but in his sixth lap Pietro broke down and Sid took the lead, to win by over five minutes from Ken Twemlow (Dot).” **RESULTS:** Senior: 1, Charlie Dodson (Sunbeam), 3hr 39min 59.0sec, 72.05mph; 2, Alec Bennett



Freddy Hicks rides his cammy Velo through Parliament Square en route to victory in the Junior.

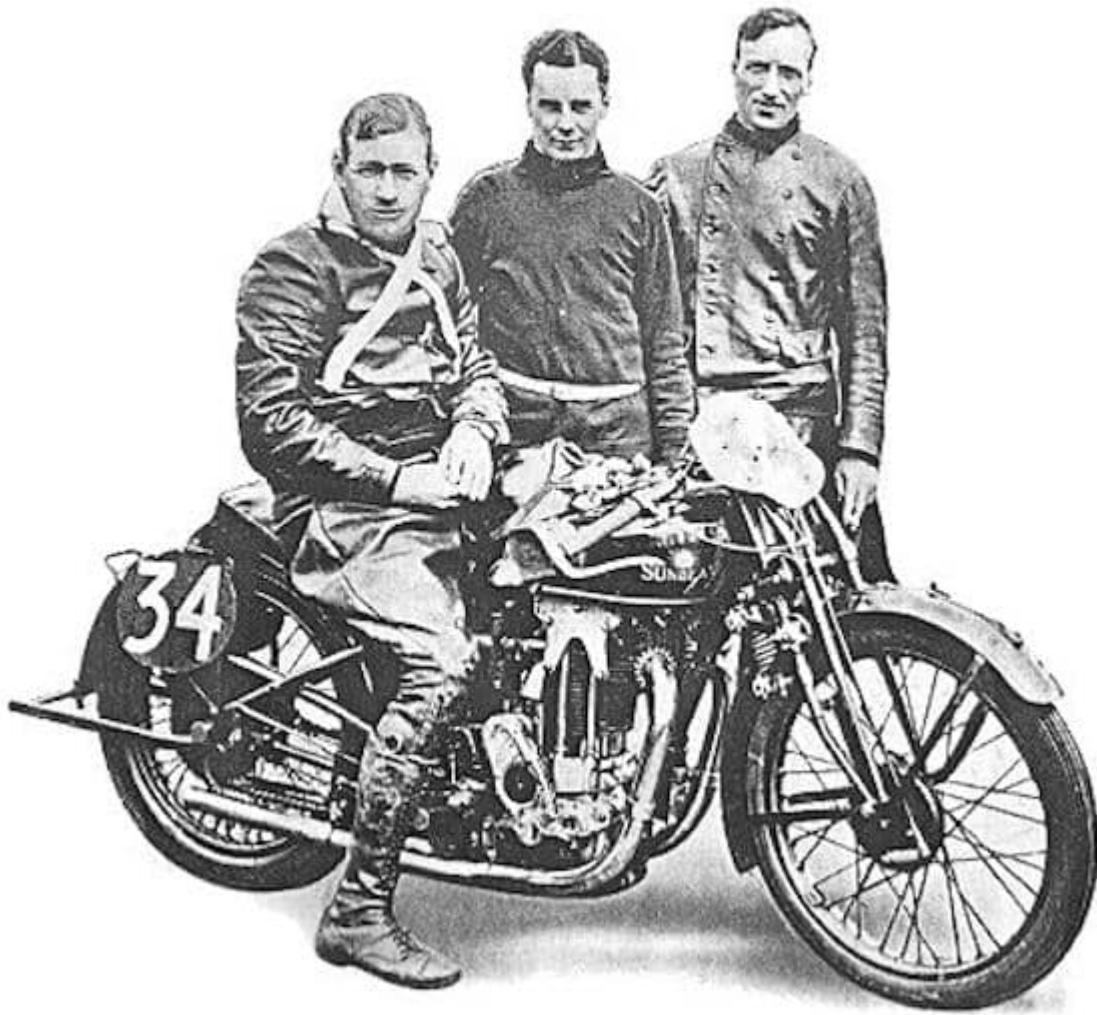


(Right) Excelsior won its first TT, courtesy of Sid Crabtree (and if I were Sid I'd have had that cigarette card in my wallet).

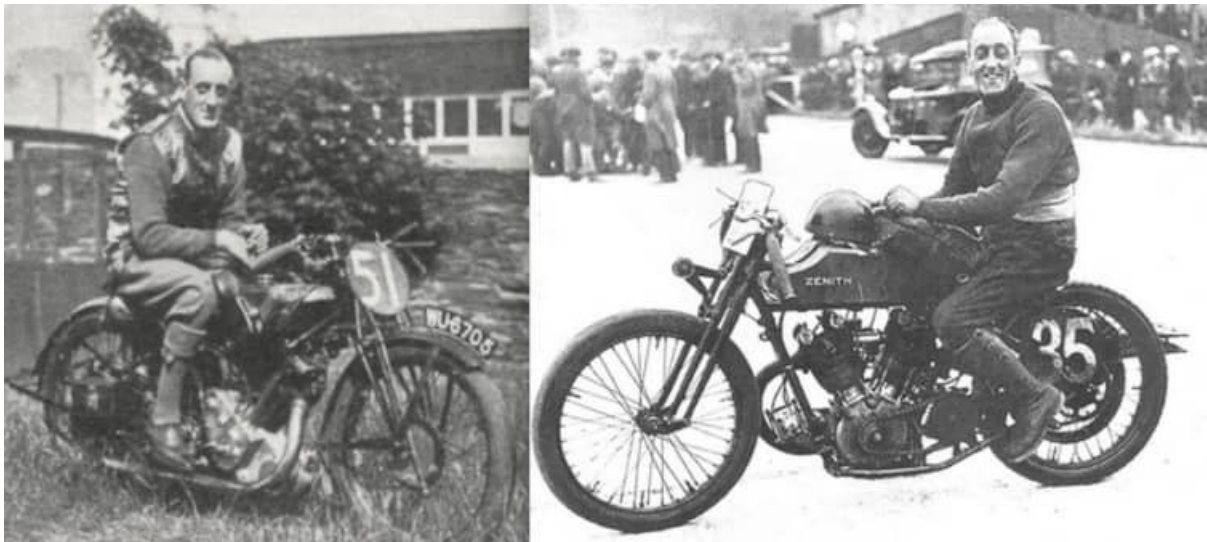
(Sunbeam); 3, HG Tyrell Smith (Rudge); 4, Percy [Tim] Hunt (Norton); 5, G Ernie Nott (Rudge); 6, Freddie G Hicks (Velocette); 7, AE Simcock (Sunbeam); 8, CW [Paddy] Johnston (Cotton); 9, Edwin Twemlow (DOT); 10, SP Jackson (Montgomery). Junior: 1, Freddie G Hicks (Velocette) 3hr 47min 23.0sec, 69.71mph; 2, Wal L Handley (AJS); 3, Alec Bennett (Velocette); 4, Charlie JP Dodson (Sunbeam); 5, Tom Simister (Velocette); 6, OD Hall (Velocette); 7, Syd A Crabtree (Velocette); 8, OK Burrows (DOT); 9, Kenneth Twemlow (DOT); 10, JW Shaw (Velocette). Lightweight: 1, Syd Crabtree (Excelsior), 4hr 8min 10.0sec, 63.87mph; 2, Kenneth Twemlow (DOT); 3, Frank A Longman (OK-Supreme); 4, O J Sarkis (OK-Supreme); 5, CW [Paddy] Johnston (Cotton); 6, SP Jackson (Montgomery); 7, Edwin Twemlow (DOT); 8, JW Whalley (Cotton); 9, JW Shaw (OK-Supreme); 10, H Lester (SOS). The mountain circuit was hard on men and machines alike—compare the number of starters and finishers, bearing in mind that the retirees listed here, and many not listed, were formidable TT competitors riding world-class motor cycles. Senior starters, 47; finishers, 16. Retirees included Pietro Gherzi (Cotton), Wal Handley (AJS), Ted Mellors (Norton), Jack Porter (New Gerrard), Jack Porter (New Gerrard), Jimmy Simpson (Norton), Graham Walker (Rudge) and Stanley Woods (Norton). Junior starters, 44; finishers, 16. Retirees included Pietro Gherzi (Cotton), Jimmy Guthrie (Norton), Tim Hunt (Norton), Paddy Johnston (Cotton), Ted Mellor (New Imperial), Jack Porter (New Gerrard), Jimmy Simpson (Norton), Ed Twemlow (DOT), Harold Willis (Velocette) and Stanley Woods (Norton). Lightweight starters: 33; finishers, 13. Retirees included Pietro Gherzi (Cotton), Wal Handley (OK-Supreme), Ted Mellors (New Imperial) and Jack A Porter (New Gerrard).



Wal Handley (AJS) couldn't have been too disappointed with 2nd place in the Senior—and more success awaited him over the Channel. (Right) Jimmy Simson (Norton) round's Governor's bridge on his way to a 70.7mph Junior record lap but failed to finish.



“The winning 1929 Sunbeam Senior TT team: A Simcock, Charlie Dodson and Alec Bennett.”



Cecil Ashby (New Imperial) crashed during the Junior and died that night. The former WW1 fighter pilot had worked and ridden for Wooler (astonishing everyone with a standing-start 67mph lap at Brooklands); Coventry Eagle; Montgomery (90mph Brooklands lap with half a JAP racing twin engine in a Montgomery Junior TT rolling chassis); P&M (won the German TT, oodles of trials and an ISDT gold medal); OK Supreme (3rd in the Lightweight TT, 250cc European championship at the Nurburgring, wins in the Swiss, Austrian and Belgian GPs). But his favourite

mount was the 1,000cc Championship model Zenith-JAP: "If one is used to holding a machine capable of 100mph...the 500cc machine used for road racing feels ridiculously easy to manage."



The three TT winners all crossed the Channel to win their classes at the French GP; Dodson also rode his Sunbeam to victory in the 500cc Belgian GP, where Wal Handley led the 350s on an alcohol-burning Motosacoche. Jock Porter and his New Gerrard once again took 250cc honours.

**GRAHAM WALKER'S SENIOR TT was ended when his Rudge succumbed to a broken pushrod. But his blow-by-blow account of the race is an absolute delight—within a few years his gift for telling a great yarn would be put to good use in the editor's chair at *Motor Cycling*. Gentle reader, you are in for a treat:**

"The editor of *The Motor Cycle* has published articles dealing with the feelings and the methods of winners of various races, but he has now struck an entirely novel note in asking a *non-finisher* in the greatest of all motor cycle events—the Senior TT—to give his impressions. Possibly the best title I could give this article would be 'The Unfinished Symphony', or 'The Tragedy of a Broken Push-rod', but I have borrowed from horse-racing a title which conveys the impression I desire. I have, however, a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with this screed—it is similar to writing a serial, but with the exciting climax usual in a serial missing by force of circumstance. Some of you who read may get the impression that the TT is far from thrilling; believe me, this is not the case! It is simply that I have put down my actual thoughts during the race, and, as I am by nature a very 'cold-blooded' rider, the account necessarily lacks colourful excitement. It is impossible to convey in print my feelings towards the TT—they constitute an affection that is so deep as to amount almost to a religion. Well, it is the evening before the race, and the practising has been jolly good fun — the usual inevitably long working hours, the usual anxieties and spots of bother, the usual shortage of sleep; but all this has been more than compensated by the wonderful weather and the glorious feeling of being able to 'blind' to your heart's content every morning on the most perfect road surface the IOM authorities have ever produced. Yes, I've had a wonderful fortnight of riding, and—it is difficult to convey this feeling in



words—I consider the Rudge-Whitworth crowd, consisting of George Hack, Tyrrell-Smith, Ernie Nott, Jim Dalton and Wills (affectionately known as ‘Gold-Flake’) the happiest and friendliest gathering it is possible to spend a fortnight with. And now I think a good night’s rest is indicated! Seven-thirty, Friday morning. Great Scott, it’s raining! If this keeps on it will upset a lot of people’s calculations. But there will be frantic excitement in the tent when we get the machines—hectic slapping-on of plasticine and oiled silk over magnetos, lowering of tyre-pressure, etc. Wonder if there will ever be a decent remedy for rain on goggles and the consequent misting on the inside of them? Must get dressed and swallow some breakfast. Nearly zero hour; we are all in position and the rain is falling harder. Have I got everything? Changed a plug in the tent before I was chased out; magneto waterproofed; tanks topped up with juice and oil; what about fork dampers?—Yes, they seem OK. Goggles cleaned and elastic adjusted; plug spanner in boot (not that I am likely to need it, as I’ve had no plug trouble in the practising); pipe in the other boot and tobacco in my pocket—feel I shall need that to-day, somehow. Now for the infernal wait—got 23 minutes to hang around after No 1. How I hate the waiting! Loud-speaker music seems a great improvement on the band we have previously had. Ah! there goes the maroon! Sounds as though the rain has damped its ardour a bit. Ebbie has dropped his fag, and off goes Charlie Dodson—and the second maroon, no advertisement to its maker! Move tip a bit in front there! Getting near my turn now—always feel like a Frenchman going to the guillotine during this starting business. Time for a final cigarette, anyway. Where’s my wife? Ah! there she is—the son and heir is apparently having a heated argument with someone behind him; no, he’s seen me and is waving—Cheerio, son! On the front grid at last—petrol on; flood carburetter; bottom gear and wheel her back against compression. What’s the matter, Ebbie?...Don’t like my smoking?... This is a race?...Never! Well, to satisfy you, I’ll dispense with my cigarette, but you’ll be smoking that foul old pipe of yours in the timing box all the time I’m barging along smokeless. Besides, although a trifle ancient I’m still as nervous as a novice until the engine fires. ‘Five Seconds!—4—3—2—1—GO!’ Shove hard—it’s all downhill—she’s fired! Easy down Bray Hill—give the oil a chance. Careful for Quarter Bridge—easy to misjudge it the first lap...that’s all right. Now Braddon—very difficult this year; somehow I can’t get into the right-hand gutter as I used to, and that memorial stone on the left undoubtedly is stone! Union Mills, and an unknown friend waving—every year that chap is there, and yet I’ve never spoken to him. Engine feels very dud; is it my imagination or is it really fluffy? Always get this feeling in a race, so had better see it I can change up at the usual spots—that’s a pretty sore indication as to whether power is up to scratch or not. Hullo, there is that girl at the top of the Crosby rise—she is very faithful to the race; never a morning’s practice goes on without she is sitting on the bank. This year she has acquired a fiancé, judging by the way he has his arm round her! Now the downhill swoop to the Highlander, with the horrible jump that seems to twist the model all shapes in mid-air...Umph, it’s a lot better this year. Can’t think why more people don’t watch there. Very careful now—this is the worst bit of the circuit; in fact, the only really dangerous bit when wet—tree-lined and shiny polished tarmac instead of the wonderful non-skid type of surface all round the rest of the course. And now for Greeba Bridge...Easy now, the road is slimy...brake...change down to third...cut in to the left...easy...hello! 15, 32, 42, ivy torn off the wall and the kerbstone crashed; let’s see, 42 is Arnott, 32 is Lamb, 15 is Wal Handley...Someone was laid out—must have been either Lamb or Arnott, as I saw Handley standing up. Rotten luck in the first lap, too! Why didn’t the flagman wave me down? Ballacraigne; and now for my old friend Ballig; more haste, less speed—down to third...Up!...Over...BUMP! The Glen Hotel; Creg Willey’s; and now we’re in Kirkmichael. Down to second (probably take it in third when I get wound up a bit). Lovely sensation, going flat out through the narrow village! Ballaugh (I don’t like it, and I respect it); the glorious blind flat out to

Sulby; Ginger Hall. There is the crippled lady in the bath-chair; she has watched every practice and race since 1920. I give her a wave. Flat out now to Ramsey. Big crowds about to-day Third; brake...second; brake harder...first...into the gutter. Curse the footrests—hit them on the kerb! Up to second round the Picture Palace (just missed the kerb)—and up May Hill. Hello, where is the Sunbeam signalling station? Not in its usual position. It's all right, flagman, don't get agitated—I know the corner is bad! (He looks like a bull-fighter with his red flag.) More fast bends, and now the magic hairpin. Looks as though the tar is melting—no, it's just the braking marks. Third; brake hard...second...first. Clutch in hand—get straight before you open up...Good! The Gooseneck (with its conscientious old flagman); the wee bridge; change down, up to third, and then really wind it up. Where is my private signalling station? Ah! I've seen yon—next time round I shall get my approximate first lap time. Now we're well on the heights and—Curse, here's the mist! Steady...slow up, or I'll be into the Shepherd's Hut bend too quick. Ah! here it is...hate that corner. The tricky



“That’s done that. Now for the corner...”

bridge at the 30th milestone—where is it? Curse this drifting mist! Ease up...there’s the John Bull milestone. Mist getting thicker; careful for the Bungalow—can’t see it, mustn’t lift my goggles. Where’s the red mark across the road?...There it is—blessings on the man who thought of the idea. Bump! over the tramlines. That’s better, the mist is rising. Very carefully through the second mountain gate. Here’s the mist again; awful pity—as it is drifting so much it means some riders will get it worse than others. Where is Windy Corner? Where is it? Oh help, here it is!—brake hard...All right, there is plenty of room to skid...Round, and we breathe again! Must give my goggles a wipe before the accursed 33rd milestone corner...here it is...all in order. Can’t miss that bump before Keppel Gate however I take it. I’m through the gate. Now were moving: Craig-ny-Baa—brake hard just before the white patch...hard!...harder!! I Change down! Curse!—missed the gear—kick it—hard! Round! Funny thing how you can hear your name shouted on this corner and on no other—must be the comparatively slow speed. Now to Brandish Corner, like blazes; round with an inch or two to spare. Hillberry—lovely swooping sensation that is! Ease early for Signpost, it’s deceptively downhill. The Nook—too slow there. Governor’s Bridge; what a battery of cameras—great temptation to charge them. Mind the skiddy bit at the bend; Glencrutchery Road; the Pits. Wills, as I pass, has his mouth open and looks startled—I must have gone a bit quicker than was anticipated. Flat down Bray—gird up your loins—hold it...Managed it! Quarter Bridge; Braddon (no faster there, my lad, or you’ll buy it—toes touched

well and truly); Union Mills (I was slow here last lap)...Great Scott! That's much too quick! Landed all shapes, and in the gutter at that! Bet that startled my unknown friend; it certainly startled me, and a wobble always looks worse to a spectator than it feels to the rider. Engine seems to be much better now, and I'm changing gear at the usual marks. Must have been my nerves and imagination which caused the apparent lack of power in the first lap. Wonder what has happened to Jimmy Simpson—I expected him to pass me at the end of the first lap; something must have bothered him—great pity if both he and Wal Handley are out of the running. Crosby; the Highlander Inn; Greeba; Ballacraigne; Ballig (I see that chap with the vivid red hair is here again. He is a regular spectator at all the races); the Glen; Creg Willey's; Kirkmichael (settling down now, and it doesn't seem so long between the different planes); Ballaugh- (slow here last lap; that's better—just missed the cottage and did a reasonable jump); Sulby Straight (getting deaf—wind pressure always affects me): Sully Bridge. Ramsey already—shan't attempt the gutter this time...that's better! Ah! there's the Sunbeam signalling station, on the other side of the road this year. George Dance, Mr Bowers and that wonderful timekeeper, Jimmy Beck. Pity the TT is not a massed start affair—soulless job, racing against the clock. Charlie Dodson and Alec Bennett are in the first four, and I'm 46 at the other end of the list ; besides, I have a bad tendency to slow down at times when there is no one to scrap with. Come on, less reflection and more attention to the job! Here's the hairpin; and the Gooseneck, and Father Flagwagger still active. Wonder what the mist will be like this lap? Ah! I'm due for a signal this lap—where's the signalling post?... '32'—that means my standing lap was between 3min 30sec and 32min—faster than schedule. I'm filling at the end of this lap so shall get some news. The first gate. Oh! curse the mist. Slow down, mind the Shepherd's Hut...that's better, I can see the Bungalow. Hullo! who's this in front? Thank goodness for a break in the monotony and someone to scrap with. The second mountain gate...looks like Longman . Windy Corner ... 43!—Yes, it is Longman. Can't pass him .safely on this section. 'Get over, Frank!' (Don't be daft, of course he can't hear you.) Keppel Gate; now flat on the tank and pass him before Craig-ny-Baa. That's done that. Now for the corner; don't brake too late...just managed it! Brandish; Hillberry; Signpost; Governor's Bridge; the Straight. Get petrol and oil caps open—ease up—change right down—carefully up to the Pits. There is Ernie Nott just leaving. 'Petrol, quick! Can you get at the oil-tank. Flake? What's that, Hack?—one, too, three?—don't get you...Rudges first, second and third?...excellent! Where am I...Second? Thirty-one forty-nine standing lap? Right; no drink, thanks; oil cap shut? Cheerio! Go on, shove harder...we're off ! How dud the model sounds after a pit stop! Due to deafness, I suppose. Quarter Bridge; steady, I'm wide...I'm round. Must be careful after filling up—it takes time to settle down again. Braddon; Union Mills—that's better, no 'rough stuff' this time.

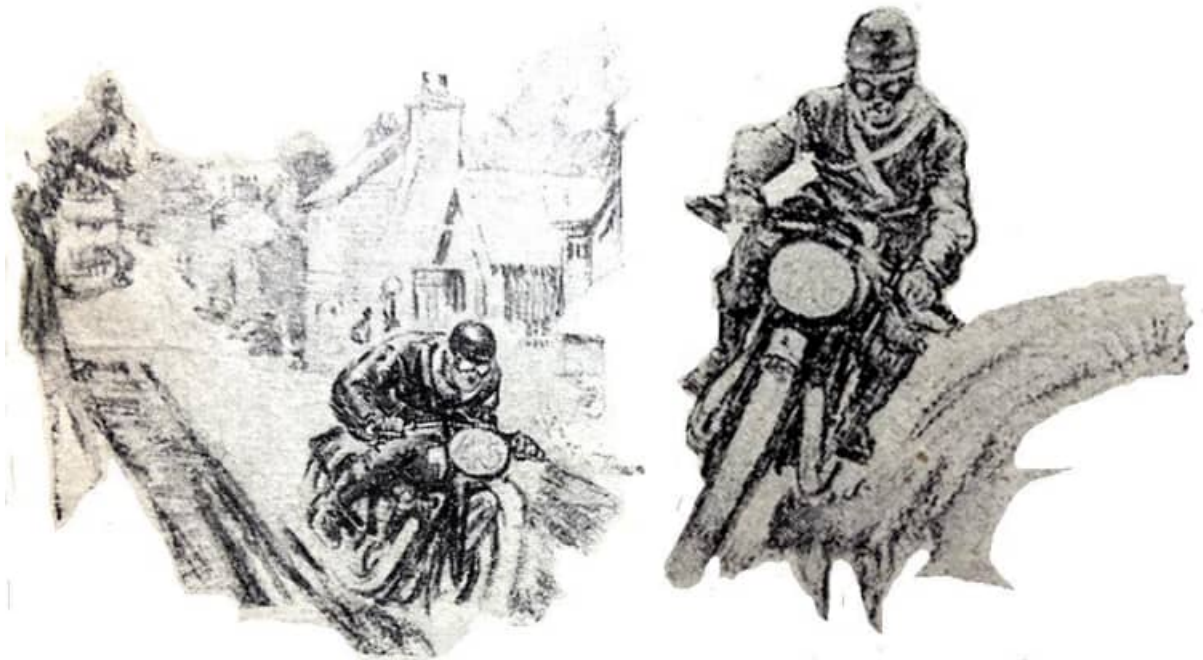




"I'm off!...I'm not...definitely not!"..."Up...Over...Bump!!"

Curse the petrol, must be coming out of the filler cap vents—makes me feel sick and mists my goggles; mustn't sit up, though—too much wind resistance; happy thought, slide forward a bit—that's better. Greeba; gee, that broken kerb and torn ivy look unpleasant. Ballacraigne; Ballig; someone touring in front. Get on your own side, man; get over, for heaven's sake; how on earth do you expect me to pass you? Oh, curse the man! Go round the wrong side and risk it...that's done it. Kirkmichael; Sulby (they slip past quickly now the job is well on the way); Ramsey; the Gooseneck. Shall get my second lap time now. What's that? '31.30.' That means between 31.00 and 31.30—not too bad. Third lap will be slower, though, as it will include my filling time at the end of the second lap. Oh, help! it will be longer than I anticipated—the mist is coming across again. It's here; it's like a blanket. Now a crawl to the Bungalow—mind the bank. Oh, clear away, mist, and give me a chance! Or is it like this for all of us? Steady, here's the second gate. At last—Windy Corner, 33rd milestone, Keppel Gate, and daylight. Funny thing how we can ride with one hand, wiping one goggle continuously with the other hand. Wouldn't do that normally for all the tea in China at this speed. Craig-ny-Baa. Leave it a bit later on the brakes—must make up time now!...*That's* all right. Brandish; Hillberry; Signpost; Governor's Bridge; the Pits. *Sixth*? Great Scott, things must be close if my pit stop has dropped me from second to sixth. Yes, Bray Hill is decidedly good fun 'all out' this year. Someone's had a beauty at Quarter Bridge—tar in all torn up. Braddon Bridge—can't get that gutter at all. Ballacraigne already—wonder where Ernie is? He can't be far away. Don't think I can manage the Glen much quicker—I seem to be using all the available space. Perhaps I'm a bit tired; usually feel it fourth lap and then get 'second wind'. Kirkmichael; Ballaugh; Sulby. Feeling fit again now. Must make up time—come on, my lad, pull your socks up! Let's see, I'm due for a fill-up again at the end of this lap. Very lonely existence to-day; either everyone is going the same speed or those that have broken down have got off the road quick (it seems to be the thing nowadays to disappear promptly with a broken model—we never used to worry about that in the old days). Ramsey and up the Mountain again. Where is the signal for the third lap? Under 32 minutes—not so bad as I had anticipated. I'll know more when I fill. No mist, apparently—thank heaven for that, as my goggles are sweating inside badly for some peculiar reason. Seem to be wafting round my old enemy the 33rd milestone bend all right to-day. Keppel; Craig-ny-Baa; crowd are shouting and seem pleased; wonder what it's all about? Perhaps I have picked up a place or two. Brandish; Hillberry; Signpost; Governor's Bridge. Get caps opened again—change right down—goggles up. Hello, there is Ernie Elling again. Steady...nicely. 'Quick, the hose...Can't hear you, Hack. Dodson leading me by approximately 30 seconds? Has he got to fill again?...Yes?...Right! No, my

goggles are OK—Cheerio!’ Shove hard (knees seem stronger than in the second lap fill)...we’re off! Well, that’s over half-way. Now some clear thinking is indicated. I’m thirty seconds down, but have finished filling. Charlie Dodson has to fill again—(careful! Here’s Quarter Bridge)—that means he will have a standing start to his sixth lap—(Mind—here’s Braddon). I shall have flying sixth and seventh laps, all being well. Time? I’m apparently doing under 31.30 and have not yet had a flying lap—let’s see, first lap standing start; second, coming in to fill up; third, standing start ; fourth. coming in to fill ; fifth, standing start. Should mManage under 31 for the sixth and seventh laps. Anyway, it will be close. Must squeeze out a bit more speed by later braking and squeeze myself out a bit more on the model. Ballacraigne already? Ernie can’t be far away. Suppose to the spectators he and I must have constituted a good scrap, although I’ve never seen him except at the pits. Ballig—faster this time...Wallop! (that gave the forks. something to think about). Glen Helen—up Creg Willey’s—the beastly right bend. Hello a woman holding a red flag over the garden wall and smiling amiably. What does it mean? Where is the flagman? Surely she would wave the flag if there was any danger. It’s queer, though; I’d better ease off...By Jove, I’m skidding...Oh! heavens, *there’s a machine across the road*...I’m broadsiding—feet down, quick! Hold it! Its poor old Ernie...I can’t miss his machine...He’s jumped for the bank...go for his back wheel...BANG!...I’m off!...I’m not—I *am*...No; I’m definitely *not*!



“...flat out through the village.” “...and now the magic hairpin.”

Loud cheers! That was a near do! Ernie must be all right or he could not have jumped like that. Amazingly treacherous on that corner. Must have been a local shower. The thought of a rider crashed round a blind corner has been one of my greatest fears for years, but, like most fears, it is not so bad when the actual experience comes. Still, I’m glad I was in second and not flat out in top gear! Come on, get on with it, there is thirty seconds to wipe off—what a pity it was not a massed start—Charlie and I would be in sight of each other at times if it was. Kirkmichael; Ballaugh (that’s got it to a fraction); Sulby Straight (flatter on the tank, arms in; that’s better); Sulby Bridge (a bit faster than before). Mind Temple’s Corner—rash to risk it there. All out round these bends and flat for Ramsey—BANG! *What on earth is that?* Most be the plug blown through the tank. Pull up quick, it may mean fire. Felt as though I’d been hit in the chest with a spent bullet. Good-bye to a win! Off, quick. No. it’s not the plug. Exhaust push-rod and tappet are

missing, inlet push-rod is bent; tank is dented underneath—that must have been done by the tappet flying out. Ah! here's a man running with something—half the exhaust push-rod. Thanks, very. good of you—interesting specimen, but a trifle expensive! Well, that has finished me—to-day there will be no exciting climax like last year's Ulster Grand Prix, so far as I'm concerned, anyway. Two weeks' practising—two weeks real hard work—many weeks of the Firm's time (and much of its money) gone west. Another year to wait. And the motor going better than ever till the infernal push-rod saw fit to break. Still, it's no use grouching, but I wish I could have had a flying lap, anyway. Where's my pipe?...that's better. Must get a message through to Elsie. Ah! here is Joe Sarkis pulling up. 'What's your trouble, Joe? No oil? Right; take some of mine if your motor will function. Here, sonny, get me a tin or something from that cottage. Give a message in at Ramsey Box for me, Joe; tell Mrs Walker, in the Grandstand—Block D, seat A1—that I've broken a push-rod and am walking into Ramsey and am all in order myself—Cheerio!' This lady, hurrying, up, looks worried—hope she isn't about to sympathise. 'I'm sorry, Madam; this business makes me deaf; would you mind repeating it? DREW ME IN THE SWEEP?!' (that explains the worried look!) "Well, I'm sorry; if that's the case, there are two of us unlucky to-day. You can tell your friends, however, that the money didn't fall off; it merely faded away.' Well, that is certainly one of my funniest TT experiences, and she seems genuinely annoyed with me, too! Oh, well, a hit of humour relieves the strain, anyway. Must try to find the missing piece of push-rod and the tappet for laboratory examination...There goes Ernie—so he is all right; and Freddie Hicks—his bus sounds beautiful. Can't find the other pieces, so had better push the model to Ramsey. There goes Charlie—he must be leading comfortably; then Alec; and now Tyrrell...in nautical terms he is 'showing his sternsheets'. He must have been off pretty badly, as I can see that his green corduroys are torn, exposing his white shirt. Poor kid is standing on the footrests, too, so he must be hurt. There goes Hunt; near as I can tell, Charlie is leading, with Hunt, Bennett and Tyrrell scrapping for places, and Nott well up. Warm work, this pushing. To-day's pleasant thought: a large White Label with a very minute 'splash'. Will call for George Dance and drink in good company. Ramsey at last. 'What's that? What's wrong? Broken posh-rod—can't be helped...thanks, just shove her in that shed—that's fine!' Hello! there goes Charlie on his last lap—excellent performance two years running. Well, here is the Sunbeam signalling station. . . . "Congratulations, Mr Bowers—a splendid performance. Alec second?—excellent! What about the team?...all right if Simcock comes round? Well, I hope he does, as 'Digger' is a good rider and a good sportsman. 'What's that? Mr Bowers will take me home in his sidecar? Excellent—many thanks. Well, cheerio, George, see you next year—and I hope see have as good a scrap again!"

BERT PERRIGO WON THE inaugural British Experts Trial for BSA, which also launched a three-wheeler car powered by a modified (transverse) version of its 1,021cc V-twin bike engine. It featured reverse gear, electric start and front-wheel drive. More than 5,000 would be built.

REMINDING US THAT THE French could still build bikes with panache, Automoto came up with a sporty cammy single in 348 and 499cc and a twin-port 175cc twostroke featuring a separate oiltank and metered lubrication, as well as more conservative 250 and 350cc twostrokes.

THERE WERE 48 BRITISH MARQUES at the Olympia show, the same as the previous year. The Blue 'Un noted that they "constitute the recognised standard by which motor cycles are judged in almost all parts of the world". But it warned against any complacency, "especially in view of the progress which other European countries are making in motor cycle design". Germany, Belgium, France and the USA had bikes on show. Matchless drew crowds with a 400cc narrow-



angle (26°) monobloc V-twin, the Silver Arrow. It wasn't fast, but it was smooth and comfortable, with a remarkably modern looking cantilever sprung frame.

AFTER FOUR YEARS IN England the ISDT moved over to the Continent. From Munich the route passed through Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Switzerland to a final speed test in Geneva. The editor of *The Motor Cycle* concluded: "Men in the competition movement are apt to describe each succeeding Six Days International Trial as the worst ever held. Be that as it may, the Six Days International Trial, which concluded at Geneva last Saturday, must be characterised as one of the most gruelling events ever organised. To Britishers unfamiliar with terrible road surfaces, often inches deep in dust, and with successive mountain passes ten to fifteen miles in length, with scores of difficult hairpin bends, the long daily distances proved a real trial; consequently, it is good to be able to acclaim victory once again for the British Isles not only in the all-importance contest for the International Trophy, but also in that for the International Vase. Generally speaking the trial will prove valuable propaganda for the motor cycle movement in the five countries embraced, for at every important centre along the route the event evoked enormous interest...almost to the end the issue was to be in doubt; the British teams were closely pressed throughout...In the contest for the International Vase the British victory was a sweeping one, for while our No 1 team lost no marks at all, the runners-up, the French team, lost no fewer than 24. Only four of the 16 Vase teams finished. The second British team, the ladies team, having the misfortune to lose one member through a collision, and was not among the four...the conditions under which the competitors rode had to be seen to be believed; mile after mile of towering mountains; sweltering heat and choking dust; precipices; tunnels; these were but a few of the difficulties...The arduous daily rides are graphically described in the following messages despatched by *The Motor Cycle's* representatives who accompanied the trial: "**PARTENKIRCHEN, MONDAY.** Five-thirty AM is an unearthly hour for a start, but a fine, sunny morning made some amends, and the mass effect of 168 motor cycles roaring along behind a German police car was enormous...Six kilometres out the multi-voiced monster swerved through a gate, the leader flung a hand heavenwards, the monster halted, and everything was ready for filing out through a second gate, three per minute by numbers...The morning run of 95 miles to Oberau...crossed the central



"Lining up for the 5.30am massed start from Munich."

plateau of Bavaria...the minimum speed of 25mph leaves no time to consume a *helles bier* or photograph an Alp when the going is colonial...If, in addition, you don't get your check card back until 17 minutes after you've been timed into a control, punctuality begins to assume the dimensions of a miracle...Tyrell-Smith remarked at lunch that it was rather like a road race; and he ought to know...a few yards from the checker began the ascent...up the Ettalberg...Here the

scenes soon beggared description...this narrow, bouldersome, gulleyed, eternal 1 in 4...was easily the finest competition hill *The Motor Cycle* man had ever seen...the sidecars were mixed up with the solos. It is not a sidecar hill...At one time there were 28 machines stuck simultaneously...within a space of 20 yards. The air was so thick with burnt oil fumes that it was literally impossible for a competitor to see the man next to him. The stench of burnt oil, dope, tyres, and clutches was nauseating. Some of the foreign riders, clad in heavy leathers, were so exhausted that they simply sat over their stopped engines and panted...On the average our men showed far more machine-control and presence of mind than those of other nations. Mrs McLean (348cc Douglas) got the loudest cheer, but Miss Betty Lermite (346cc Royal Enfield) was splendid under greater difficulties, rounding one awful jam by climbing up a grass bank and down again...Poor Van Kooten (743cc Harley-Davidson), of the Dutch A-team, burnt his clutch out on the hill and retired...there are 13 foreigners riding British machines, exclusive of those who are astride colourable imitations of our designs. **FELDKIRCH, AUSTRIA, TUESDAY.** Seven AM is a far more rational starting hour than 5.30am...The scenery up to lunch at Reutte was simply magnificent. The roads were so easy that a very old lady could have driven a baby car over them without the least agitation. The Austrian gendarmes wore their best swords in honour of the occasion...a Jager band welcomed the competitors at Reutte with much clashing of cymbals though they ceased to salute each individual rider when they discovered that there were nearly 200 of them...the morning run was, as one lad put it, a 'beer and camera' section...But the 78 miles after lunch taught many that a main road in the Alps is not the Portsmouth Road...some of the sidecar passengers were literally terrified. For some five miles the line gyrated along a blind, twisty rock shelf hewn out of the living cliff, with often a sheer drop into a gorge 1,000 feet below...At Lechleiten the trial entered Voralberg, a district of



GR Butcher (488cc Royal Enfield sc) rode with the team that retained the International Trophy for Great Britain. (Right) Speedway star Fay Tylour competed on a P&M Panther.

Austria so independent that it reverses the Austrian rule of the road, and keeps to the right, German fashion...when you meet another fellow on a rock edging a precipice, and he takes the same side as you do, matters may become awkward...then began the indescribable descent of the Arlberg Col—20 miles...along a gash scored at a failing angle against a colossal rock with a sheer drop of 2,000 feet, passing at intervals through cloistered tunnels...After the final check...the local petrol merchant had stacked about enough juice for 20 machines, and when supplied failed he would send a lad with a hand-truck to fetch eight more times from a distant garage...Some of the men have had time to buy green Tyrolean hats with shaving-brush decorations, and long pipes of the German model, which keep the stomach warm in

winter...Our girl riders are all in and have vastly enjoyed their first taste of the Alps. **PALLANZ, ITALY, WEDNESDAY.** The check sheets are in such a mess that no official information was available except the retirements...157 men started out to cover the 110 miles before lunch at Hospenthal, near the foot of the St Gothard Pass...Corners were incessant. The village streets were often indescribably narrow. Dust soon rendered everybody completely unrecognisable...uncertainty as to whether the next check would occur at the scheduled distance...caused the trial to degenerate into one prolonged and mighty blind...We passed through four *douanes* to-day as easily as one enters the Arsenal footer ground...between Faido and Bellinzona a covey of Englishmen had to wait at seven separate level crossings for one and the same goods train...the afternoon section will be remembered for life by everybody. The narrowish road winding under the low cliffs which fringe Lake Maggiore. There is not a teaspoonful of tar on the entire length and the visibility was about 30 yards...At every village and corner the populace were gathered to cheer the 'race'...Our boys tumbled to the fact that they could go as fast as they liked, and most of them did. With men like Tyrell-Smith in the lead, the pace was simply terrific...The trial passed through Locarno...Hundreds of bathers scrambled out of the Lake to see the lads go by and returned to the water immediately to wash off the granulated soil of Italy which the tyres had deposited on their bronzed and naked bodies. **MOUTIERS, FRANCE, THURSDAY.** At home 210 miles is hardly reckoned a really good day's run but this distance to-day has punished the lads pretty severely...Bumps, dust and blistering sun were the conditions, with every corner for Fay Taylour to slide them if she had been so minded. Every mile or two an Italian village, with its narrow, sweltering, pave street, full of children...a Colonial section culminated in. a 15-mile climb up to the 400-yard tunnel piercing the mountains above the famous Sanctuary of Oropa. When it is said that the tyrants who govern this fearsome run only asked the men to average 12½mph up this 15-mile climb, it can be guessed that it was a genuine machine-smasher...An eight-foot shelf, cut out of a sheer face, zig-zags incredibly, clinging precariously to the mighty slopes. The surface is uniformly atrocious. One famous road racing man—a member of his national team—barely managed to cover this section on time, although it included a three-mile descent of good





“Competitors on the Ettalerberg, where the complete entry met its Waterloo.

surface, and he went clean over his handle-bars in the attempt...not a share of the solo entry can show a tidy pair of foot spindles and quite a number are limping. FW Clark (346cc New Imperial) hit a wall so hard that he had to see a doctor. FR Forbes-Taylor (499cc P&M) had four spills...When the surface is loose all day, sooner or later attention is relaxed for a moment, and over the model goes...France, mercifully is a land of tar and the entire entry revelled in smooth, dustless going to Moutiers for the night. Nothing can exceed the hospitality and sportsmanship of our Italian friends, but we simply cannot love their waterbound, mud-faced roads. At Moutiers the organisation was immense. A banner across the road, ‘Soyez le Bieuvenue!’ A gentleman with a megaphone who bellowed each man’s number to the timekeeper as soon as he rounded a distant corner, so that he was probably checked in early. A lovely lady waiting to present each feminine rider with a bouquet. A free bar for competitors, staffed by the belles of the town, who gave them dry wine or sweet as they preferred. A service of motor buses to convey the lads to billets in three neighbouring towns...[But] no official results were obtainable this morning and most probably none will be published tonight...Wallis, on the Dunelt sidecar, was delayed on Thursday with chain trouble, due to a spring link coming adrift, and was rammed by a car in the dark...but is carrying on. GP Wills (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) and Forbes-Taylor (499cc P&M) got off the course this morning, picked up the afternoon’s arrows...and are naturally disqualified for having cut out the worst 100 miles of the day’s route. Many others await the results of protests due to foreign checkers, who could not understand their statements and wishes. Messrs Loughborough and Ebbelwhite [the ACO officials at the trial] are probably wising in giving imitations of the elusive pimpernel...**CHAMONIX, FRANCE,**

**FRIDAY.** This has been a day of national and other tragedies in the history of this most searching of all six days trials. Most people started to-day's run all weary and battered after their terrible hammering of Thursday over the harsh Italian roads. The luggage lorry wandered about futilely last night, arriving very late in one of the three towns where competitors were billeted, two of them miles away from the motor cycle park. No real organisation existed for transporting competitors from billet to park. Bed were scarce. One lady competitor staggered round Brides-les-Bains till 9.30pm, got abed at last, lay down in her clothes, was bitten by noxious insects, went out and got to bed in a cleaner house at 1.30am, to arise at 5am...The Husqvarna sidecar driven by Malmberg retired at lunch with its back wheel damaged beyond repair, and so put the Swedish team,



“H Von Sartorius (497cc Ariel) finds a foot useful on Ettalerberg; many competitors pushed their machines up the difficult hill and nearly collapsed owing to the heat.”

weakened by Göthe's puncture yesterday, quite out of the running. Profound sympathy was felt with them all three, as their gallant riding of fine machines had made them the universal favourites. On the top of this, Trapp's Victoria sidecar, Germany's passenger representation in the Trophy, struck tyre trouble after lunch today. This makes the Trophy a gift for the British team, assuming that they all finish; and at the moment Austria and France stand equal for the vase, both being 10m points down on maximum. Nor does the tale of pathos end there. Poor Miss Sturt (495cc Matchless) had her clean sheet spoiled by an awkward puncture which made her late this evening, and she finished almost in tears; it was a cruel disappointment after surmounting tribulations which have overcome so many of the alleged stronger sex. There have, as a matter of fact, been no fewer than 24 retirements to-day, of whom seven are British,



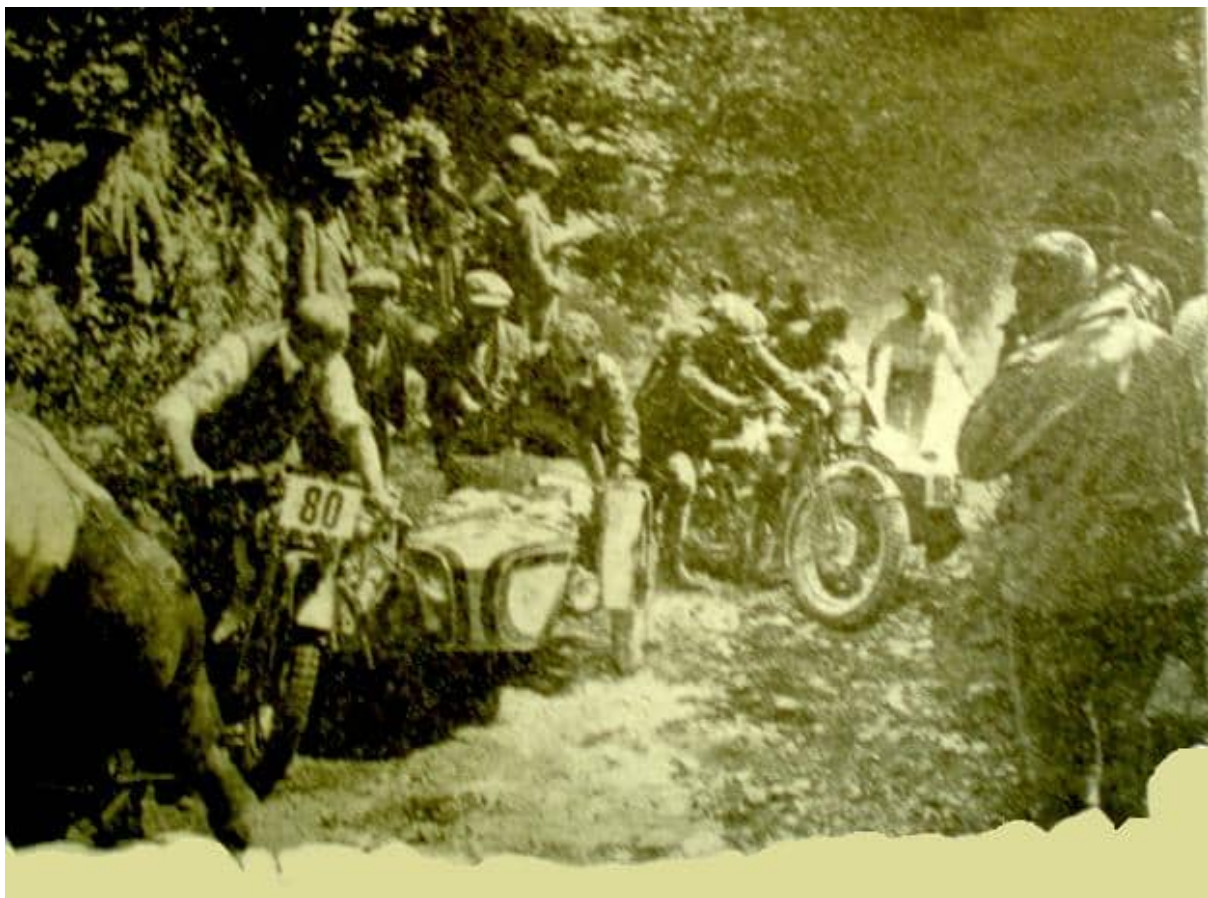
namely, GP Wills (499cc Rudge-Whitworth); FW Plastow (488cc Royal Enfield); WF Bicknell (488cc Royal Enfield); AA Hamilton, (499cc Rudge-Whitworth); CF Wise (348cc AJS); FR Forbes-Taylor (499cc P&M), and FW Clark (346cc New Imperial). Of these, Wills and Forbes-Taylor, as reported, merely lost their way; but Bicknell's fate has befallen other unfortunates, for example, LA Welch (488cc Royal Enfield). Bicknell's timing gear began to admit strange noises near Oropa on Thursday. He drove gently, hoping to get his machine on to French soil for easy Customs clearance home. But it gave out entirely, and then Miss Betty Lermite *towed him 80 miles*, though she herself was half crippled through being charged over by another competitor, who had fallen asleep in the saddle from sheer fatigue! At last she could tow him no longer, and to-night Bicknell wires that he is stranded inside the Italian frontier, his passport and Customs papers being in France aboard an official car. Furthermore, most of the official and Press cars have broken down. There were great doings at the Franco-Italian frontier on the summit of the Little St Bernard Pass last night. Mr Loughborough *taxied* there from Pallenza, 170 miles away, and wired for another taxi to meet him there, and Mr Ebblewhite made a somewhat similar journey, his German driver having collapsed from the strain. Officials and benighted competitors were descending the pass in the dark, to an *obligato* of hail and lightning, and arriving at Brides-le-Bains at all hours of the night, only to find every hotel crammed full to its very bathrooms. It is thus that the most fantastic week in the history of motor cycling draws to a close. Some competitors have spent absurd sums in the effort to retrieve damaged machines from the wilds. Johnny Douglas, knowing his mount was an experimental 1930 model, spent £6 transporting it to a railway station. Miss Foley, after a crash which knocked out two teeth and probably fractured a rib, struggled gamely into Chamonix to-night, rather than leave her bus by the roadside in a strange land. Plastow parted from his model as it went over a cliff, and bribed umpteen peasants to drag it up again. Miss M Newton (348cc Douglas) cut inside an official car on a hair pin to clear the dust-clouds, met an unexpected boulder, and carried on minus footrests, with both legs waving in the air. Rowley (348cc AJS) saved his clean sheet by riding innumerable hairpins on a flat tyre. H Langman (298cc Scott) had no bottom gear, but still contrived to climb all today's cols. Thumskin Airdie's sidecar rolled over on a



Scott's new Lightweight Squirrel was powered by a 298cc air-cooled single. It carried H Langman to a silver award.

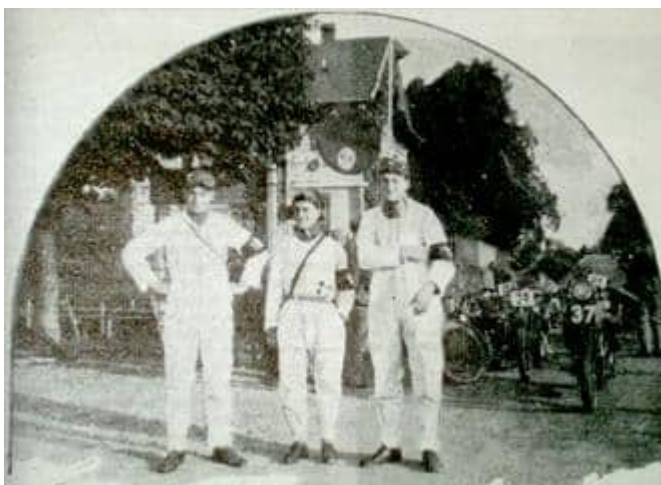


bad corner, and he came in streaming with blood...there were 194 corners on a single pass...there was a lot of really foul going, and the whole constituted a veritable ordeal for sleepless riders and battered mounts. Tarmac was scarce, loose metal almost incessant, and cornering never ceased. Chamonix, the tripper centre of French 'Switzerland' gave us a truly royal welcome, with tiny girls presenting bouquets to all the lady riders...Incidentally, the arrowing to-day was far from good. Nothing is more upsetting to a trials rider within sight of his gold medal than to reach an unmarked road junction, but the French clubmen do not realise that to a Briton anything up which a goat would clamber is a potential trials route...Nobody will ever forget this trial, and the people who come through with clean sheets and no falls deserve statues in Trafalgar Square. **GENEVA, SATURDAY.** A rather depleted band of survivors enjoyed an unforgettable experience at 7am. The rocky gorge leading up from Chamonix to the frontier was still in deep shadow, but the climbing (yet still invisible) sun was just beginning to catch the mightiest peaks of the giant ranges on either hand, and the loftiest snowfields of Mont Blanc were suffused with rose. The sheer heavenly softness and beauty of a scene of this kind has to be seen to be believed...Everybody admires the *sangfroid* of grey-haired Mrs Edge, who sits quite unmoved in her son's sidecar round the most appalling places; Colin Edge himself is still limping badly after his crash on the dirt at Liverpool, but he contrives to handle<sup>3</sup> his outfit well [*you have to wonder if, when Colin asked his mum if she fancied a run out on his combo, he told her the run was the ISDT*]...Lunch was taken early at Ouchy, on the shores of Lake Geneva, and some 40 miles of tarmac—real, smooth, dustless tarmac—brought the lads to the final speed test on a road



"A sidecar mêlée on the Ettalerberg: R Neisse's Rudge-Whitworth is in the foreground, with FR Forbes-Taylor's P&M behind."

encircling Cointrin Aerodrome. Here arose certain amount of international friction, probably due exclusively to mutual ignorance of languages and to the German reverence for a given order. Everybody had to do an hour's speed, ranging up to 49mph for 500cc solo machines. No touring plug will stand this. No sane rider will use a racing plug on the road, because it will inevitably oil up. The Englishmen assumed that they would be allowed to insert racing plugs at Cointrin; they had been told so. The Germans had been told more fully, in their own language, that they must change plugs, adjust oil pumps, etc, *outside* the Cointrin control. So all the early starting foreigners entered the aerodrome control ready for business. The first Britons to arrive were the Irish, whose numbers were in the twenties. They slid into the control and began changing plugs. Instantly a horde of excited German and Swiss marshals dived on them, shouting, gesticulating, and even pawing them. The Irish began to square up, and a free fight was imminent. No British officials were present—this is nothing new—but an English journalist intervened, and temporary peace was restored. Finally Major Watling arrived, but the foreign officials were adamant, and some of the Continental riders obviously gloated at the spectacle of men like Tyrell-Smith attempting to lap at 60 odd on a roadster plug. Meanwhile a picket was posted down the road to put the other Englishmen wise, and as their earliest rider was No 105, there was just time to warn them. It is unfortunately true that much jealousy existed over our standing first at this stage for both the Trophy and the Vase. The track was the course for the Sunday's extremely crazy Swiss Grand Prix—twelve hours' lapping of a four-mile circuit without change of riders—a feat calculated to render any intelligent man perfectly insane. Fortunately the six-day men had only to do one hour. In shape the circuit is a mildly distorted square with practically rectangular bends at each of its four corners, all banked the wrong way, rather loose, and slimy with fresh tar oozing in the sun. Two hundred yards from the start is a nasty S-bend, studded with dangerous telegraph posts and trees right on the edge of the road. The entry was divided into three batches, which made massed starts at 2.30pm, 3.45pm and 5pm. The first batch were all foreigners, except for the Irishmen, of whom the pardonably enraged Tyrell-Smith decided to risk disqualification by changing his plug in defiance of his tormentors. The start was a horrid sight. Massed on a turn, in a close jumble of all sorts and sizes of solos and sidecars, with a dangerous S-bend close at hand, all engines racing and the air pungent with blue oil fumes, the men got off somehow without collisions, but the corners all round were an appalling spectacle. A couple of sidecars and four slow baby two-strokes arrived at one bend en masse with fast Ridges and BMWs chafing on their tails and another bellowing, snorting covey of mixed machines close behind. Somebody fell on nearly every



Three stalwarts from the Irish contingent who were ready and willing to go nose to nose with the Continentals.

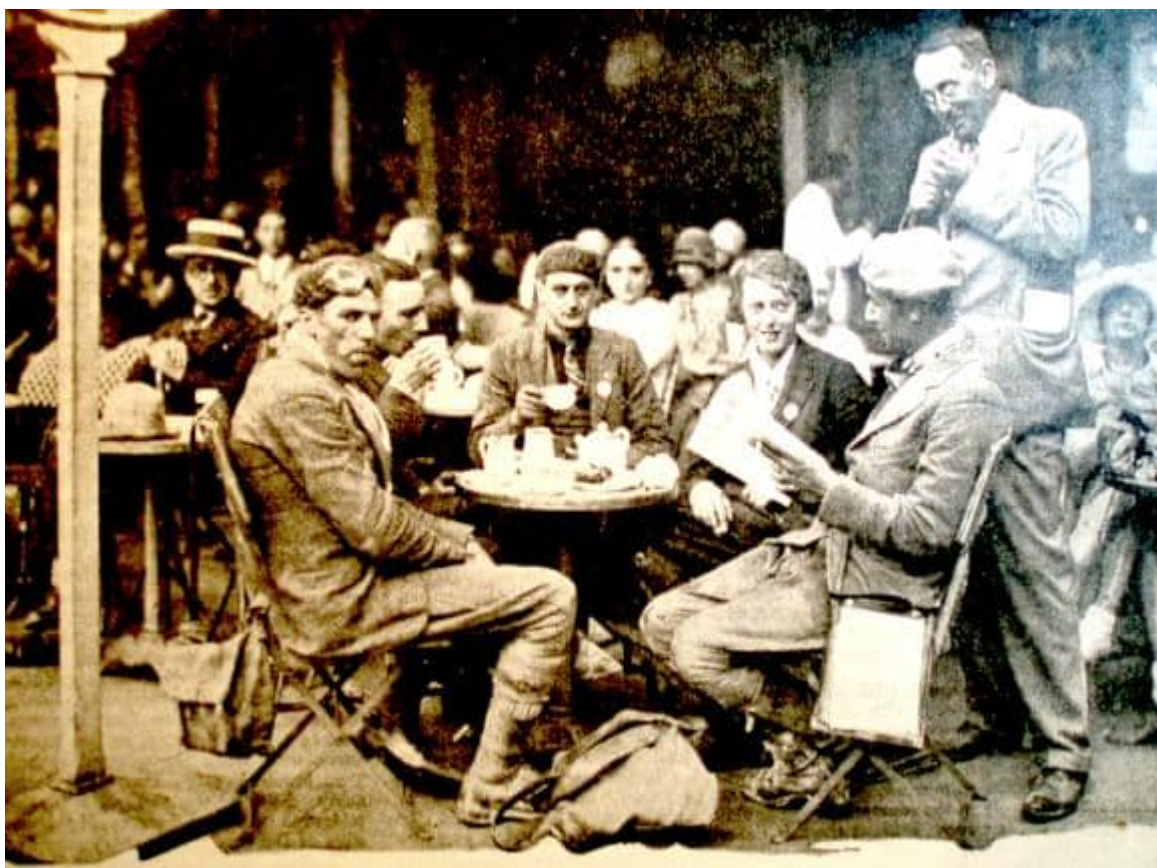
corner for the first lap, and one Dane removed the entire seat of his leather breeches, his woollen undies, and his skin as well. This first hour soon developed into a furious duel between Tyrell-Smith on a Rudge and Soenius on a BMW. Tyrell was better on the corners, but the bigger German engine was faster on the straight, and, though Tyrell rode as only a very angry Irishman ran ride, he was fractionally outpaced. As usual, no official information whatsoever was vouchsafed, but the tale is that only five of some forty riders contrived to average the speeds specified for their gold medals. One reason was that the small foreign two-strokes, being very slow, were most abominably in the way. But this was not, of course, enough to spoil really fierce machines like the flying Rudge and BMW; it just proved fatal to men whose buses would have qualified with a clearer field. Batch No 2 included Miss Marjorie Cottle, Fraülein Köhler, and Mrs McLean. None of them had ever done any road racing in their lives. The Englishwomen had to average 47mph for 60 minutes on a dangerous and crowded circuit, and Fraülein Köhler, on her larger BMW, was set to do 51mph. Plus the ordeal of a particularly stupid form of mass start, this was enough to put the wind up a strong man, and the girls were plainly rather scared. However, they faced it nobly, started steadily, and accelerated when they had settled down a little. There was a nasty crash in the first few minutes. Drew Macqueen's 493cc Sunbeam tried to round a jam of men on the S-bend, cleared a telegraph pole by millimetres, but caught its iron stay with his bar. His 'Beam reared up, shot vertically into the air, and seemed to hurl Drew fifteen feet up. He fell on his head, and was carried into the Aerodrome hospital a few yards away. He soon recovered consciousness and is not badly hurt. This second batch was very slow, and few riders can have done the speed necessary for gold medals. Baylon, a very fine rider on a big BMW, lapped the bulk of the field twice or three times, and nobody could hold him. When the third batch started at 5pm everybody was bored to tears with waiting in the terrific heat. Nearly all the English riders were in the crowd. Another terrifying massed start, a



"A mix-up on the Ettalerberg—a trio of Germans struggle up: the machine parked at the side is A Reinhardt's Rudge-Whitworth."

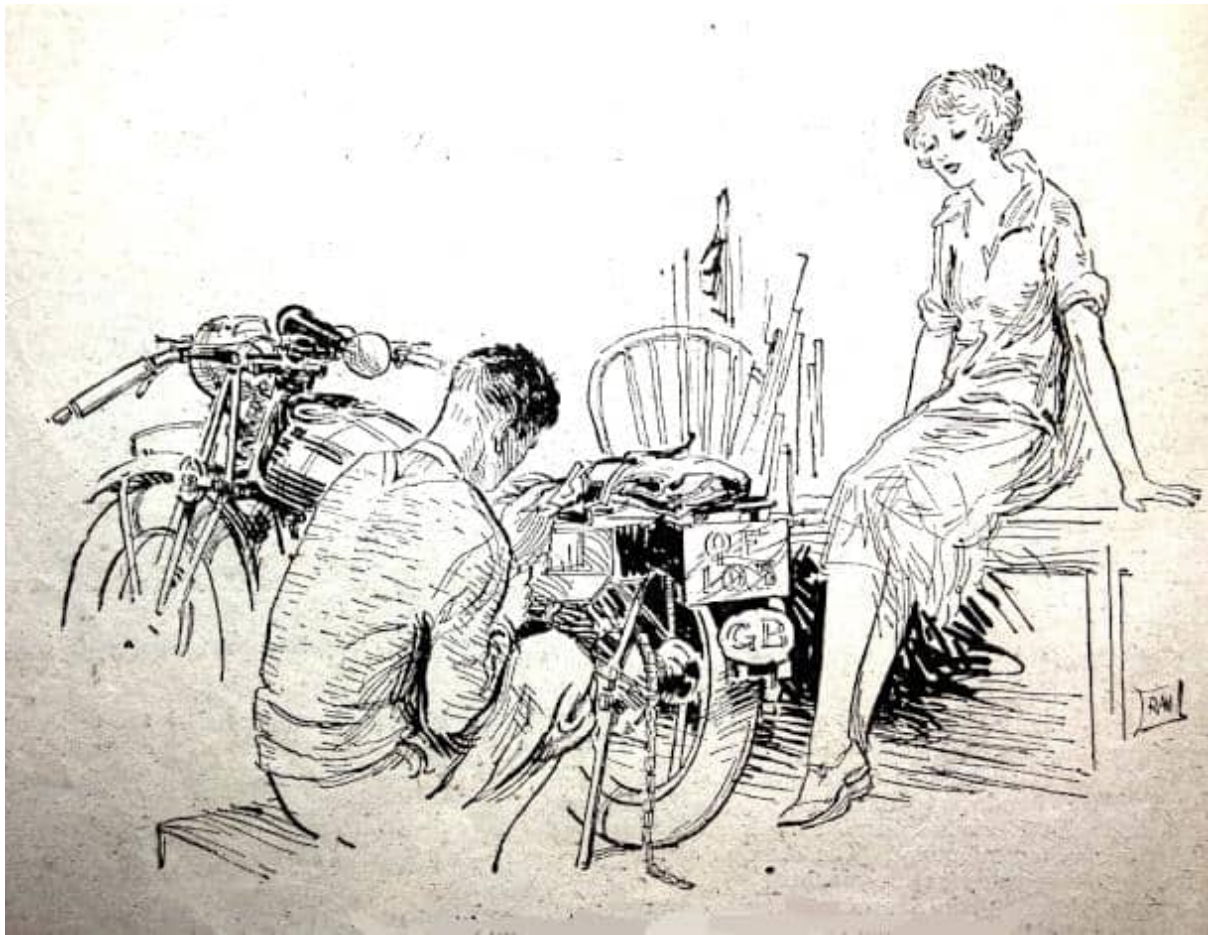


generally high average speed in the comparative absence of slow Continental machines, and a hectic duel between Williams on a Rudge and Pattison on an Ariel, who rode neck and neck for most of the hour. Many of this batch undoubtedly qualified as there were fewer tortoises to cramp the cornering. Miss Lermite (346cc Royal Enfield), Miss Herbert (497cc Ariel), and Miss Sturt (495cc Matchless) figured in these final acrobatics, but poor Miss Sturt's plucky Odyssey was terminated by a bad tank leakage. So the great trial ended. **ISDT RESULTS: The International Trophy.** (1) Great Britain: GR Butcher (499cc Rudge-Whitworth sc), no marks lost; GE Rowley (348cc AJS), no marks lost; FW Neill (498cc Matchless), 1 mark lost ; total marks lost, 1. No other team competing for the Trophy finished complete. **The International Silver Vase.** (1) Great Britain No 1 Team: LA Welch (488cc Royal Enfield), no marks lost; AR Edwards (346cc Levis), no marks lost; HS Poetry (497cc Ariel), no marks lost; total marks lost, nil. (2) France: C de Lavalette (348cc Peugeot), no marks lost; G Bonnard (499cc Gnome et Rhône), no marks lost; H Naas (499cc Gnome et Rhône), 24 marks lost; total marks lost, 24. (3) Holland No 2 Team: H Vintges (498cc FN), no marks lost; Hans Dolk (498cc FN), 34 marks lost; M Flinterman (498cc FN), 4 marks lost. Total marks lost, 38. (4) Austria No 1 Team: Hobel (248cc Puch), 28 marks lost; Oswald (248cc Puch), 27 marks lost. Total marks lost, 57. **Manufacturers' Team Prizes.** 250cc Class.—(1) Puch Team—Hobel, Cymral, Oswald; lost 57 marks. (2) BMW Team—H Winkler, A Geiss, L Steinweg; lost 81 marks. 350cc Class.—(1) AJS Team—GE Rowley, LH Davenport, CE Wise; lost no marks. (2) Raleigh Team—Miss M Cottle, GW Hole, R MacGregor; lost 15 marks. 500cc Class.—(1) Rudge-Whitworth No 2 Team—J Williams, CF Povey, Pyecroft; lost no marks. (2) BSA Team—L Berringer, J Humphries, AE Perrigo; lost 1 mark. 600cc Sidecar Class.—(1) Rudge-Whitworth Team—lost 2 marks. (2) BMW Team—E Henna, H Soenias, FH Kohler; lost 16 marks. One hero completed the ISDT on a 175 and earned a silver award. **Statistics.** There were 11 250s, whose riders won two golds, one silver, two bronzes and four certificates; two retired. The 50 350s won 10 golds, 16 silvers, two bronzes and five certificates; four finished with no award—the remaining 13 retired. Fourteen of the 69 500s won gold, with 21 silvers, 11 bronzes, four certificates, one no-award and 13 retired. There were 19 750s—five golds, five silvers, a bronze, a certificate, two no-awards and five retirees. Another hero tried his luck with a 1,000cc solo but didn't get it to the finish. Four out of 11 600cc outfits won gold with two silvers, a bronze, a certificate and three didn't finish. Half of the six outfits up-to-1,000cc failed to complete the course; one won gold, one silver and one finished but no cigar. So of the 168 starters 36 won gold, 47 silver, 17 bronze, 15 certificates, eight no-award and 45 took an early bath.



“Drowning their troubles—weary competitors taking tea in typical Continental fashions at the finish at Chamonix.”

“WELL MAY IXION WONDER how those competitors fared who, having retired from the International Six Days Trial, were left eight frontiers or so from home, with neither passports for themselves nor customs papers for their machines. Those whose machines became completely unrideable suffered most; their adventures were varied and expensive. Those who ‘executed repairs’ and continued—though too late for any award—were compensated by the marvellous scenery, through which they were no longer compelled to blind at 40kph. Their troubles came later. The writer, having burnt out his clutch on the Etallerberg on the Monday, secured a tow to Obentmmergau, where the Hotel Alte Post produced innumerable corks with which to restore it. These were cut to shape with the enthusiastic assistance of the proprietor’s daughter (who is cast for the part of the Virgin Mary in the 1930 Passion Play) and his youthful son, the rider of a 174cc Raleigh. The number plate of the latter machine was almost as large as the motor cycle itself, but the lettering was almost entirely defaced. Thus works the official mind on the Continent! When the clutch had been repaired, the machine was headed for Partenkirchen, the official stop for the night. Here many competitors ventured on the funicular railway to the top of the Zugspitz, a climb of almost 10,000 feet, producing both deafness and giddiness. On Tuesday the Austrian frontier was successfully crossed without any questions being asked, and Feldkirch was reached for the night.



“...with the assistance of the proprietor’s daughter...”

Here the event of the day was the appearance in the street of the municipal band, with a drum so large that one man towed it in the procession on a trolley, while the drummer followed behind, smiting it whenever he came within reach. Here, also, the ACU, which had collected all the competitors’ papers, was supposed to have sent me mine. They did not arrive. The Wednesday, it may be remembered, saw the competitors traverse Switzerland from north to south, Italy being reached in the evening. The Swiss-Italian customs houses were at opposite ends of a bridge on the shore of Lake Maggiore. Here the guards at the Swiss end were suspicious, but, as I was leaving their territory and not trying to enter it, they eventually let me by. The Italians, at the other end of the bridge, were made of sterner stuff. At no price would they let the passportless stranger go on to Pallanza for the night; and now the trouble became serious, for, on recrossing the bridge. I found that the sturdy Swiss who had been prepared to speed the parting guest were not anxious to welcome him upon his return. I pointed out in my best French (though this was not the occasion when a similar effort produced the amazing reply, ‘Pardon me, but are you Scotch?’) that I could not stay for ever on their charming bridge and would like to telephone to Baron Tindal, the Clerk of the Course, at Pallanza. This they allowed, but unfortunately he was in his bath (pardon Baron, but you know this is true!) and could not be persuaded to leave. When he did it was only to inform me that my passport and carnet were at Feldkirch, in Austria. And that, roughly speaking, was that. Thus, with a sickening feeling of loneliness, I saw the last hangers-on of the trial vanish into the evening, with hotels awaiting them at Pallanza, while I remained marooned on the bridge. At last, probably because they feared another outburst of ‘French’, the Swiss took me along, under guard, to the nearest prefect of police at Brissago, from whom I obtained an excellent cigar and permission to remain



at Brissago protem. On Thursday I thought it better to telephone to Feldkirch before starting off on a possible wild goose chase. There was nothing of the '100% Talkie' about this telephoning, but a good deal of 'Silent Drama'. I explained what I wanted said (still using Scotch-French) to Madame of the Hotel du Myrte. She put it into German and told her husband, who put it into Austrian, and then into the transmitter of the telephone. Where it went to I do not know. It cost a lot of money,



"I pointed out in my best French that I could not stay for ever on their charming bridge..." "She put it into German and told her husband, who put it into Austrian and then into the transmitter of the telephone."

but produced no passport. After this I tried telegrams, but this meant collecting the postmaster, an elderly but charming man, who was usually to be found on a raft a hundred yards or so out of the municipal bathing place, where he disported himself in the company of a bevy of Italian belles, each of whom could have got at once into the front row of Ziegfeld Follies. While he swam back to dispatch my messages, I deputised for him on the raft; but he sent off those telegrams with unwonted despatch. Friday came, and still no news; but then friend postmaster (who had begun to wonder whether I was a visitor or a visitation) produced a map by which it appeared that it was possible to get to Geneva, the finishing point of the Trial, without leaving Swiss soil, providing—and here was the rubs—one was prepared to go back through Locarno, Bellinzona and Airolo, reascend the St Gothard Pass, go over the Furka Pass and the Rhine-Rhone watershed, and down the valley of the Rhone. He said the road was easy; very easy, in fact. Reflecting that what Hilaire Belloc had done on foot (though I suspect him of cutting the corners) I should be able to do on a perfectly good motor bicycle, I set off on Friday afternoon. The passes were memorable chiefly for being lonely and cold. One Morris-Cowley appeared, boiling furiously. When I called, 'Hello, GB!' the occupants looked down their noses most orgulously, and generally intimated that they were very superior persons. The following day I picked up the Trial at Martigny, and pleasant it was to overtake the last competitor. Apart from a miraculous draught of papers by the ACU, one final impression remains: a memory of the speed trial, as seen from the seat of Edge's Rudge sidecar, which I occupied for the hour in place of his gallant lady passenger (his mother)—an experience that left one with a higher opinion of her courage than ever."—'DION'



“...the occupants looked down their noses most orgulously...”

“LAST SUNDAY THE SWISS Grand Prix was held on the Meytin circuit of 6km 550m, and this year it took the form of a 12-hour race rejoicing in the lengthy name of geschwinditkeitsprufung (speed test). At the early hour of 6am the 42 competitors were despatched, and even at that early hour many spectators lined the course. All the riders were foreigners since HS Perrey, who was entered on an Ariel, failed to put in an appearance as he slumbered so soundly following the strenuous ‘International’ that he could be awakened in time. A short-distance grand prix would have attracted many British entries, while the six-day men in Geneva would also have seized the opportunity of witnessing a first-class Continental race. As it was, tired out from their struggles, the Englishmen were absent. The race itself proved most monotonous; it was just a continuous stream of riders passing on machines of all sizes and types of machines, their lap scores being recorded each hour on a huge board...the heat was stifling and in the stands there was no protection from the sun’s rays; consequently the seats presented an empty appearance. At half-distance, when 32 riders were still in the running, a commanding lead had been attained by Emile Frey on a 500cc Radco. At six hours he had covered 83 laps, the second being Marius Cudet on a 348cc Norton with 80 laps, and third Francois Gaussorgues on a 350cc MAG-engined Money Goyon with a lap less. The fastest rider was Alfter on a 750cc twin Indian, but trouble overtook him in the early stages, and at half-distance he had 70 laps to his credit, and was second in his class to Starkle (Scott); then he began to streak round the track in hot pursuit of the leaders. After seven hours 28 riders remained, and Frey still led with 96 laps—a distance of 639km—but Gaussorgues, with the Monet-Goyon, had overtaken Cudet (Norton) and shared second place with 92 laps. At eight hours Frey’s Radco still ran with remarkable consistency and led with 110 laps, and Gaussorgues maintained his speed, registering 106 laps; Cudet covered 101 laps and retired awhile. D’Eternod (Sunbeam) retired after 100 laps when in fourth position. At 3 o’clock the Radco was still four laps ahead of the Monet-Goyon, and now Kappeler (Sunbeam) came into the picture, lying third with 112 laps, Cudet being physically unable to continue after a trial of two more laps. Twenty-one competitors now remained. After ten hours’ running, Frey, consistent as ever, led with 136 laps, Gaussorgues (Monet-Goyon) being second with 131 laps, and Kappeler third with 122 laps; Divorne (Condor) was but a little way behind. The Flying Indian was in frequent trouble and registered but 107 laps at this hour. Generally the speeds were disappointing considering the achievement of the full-touring-trim ‘International’ machines on the same course the previous day....Interest increased as the closing stages

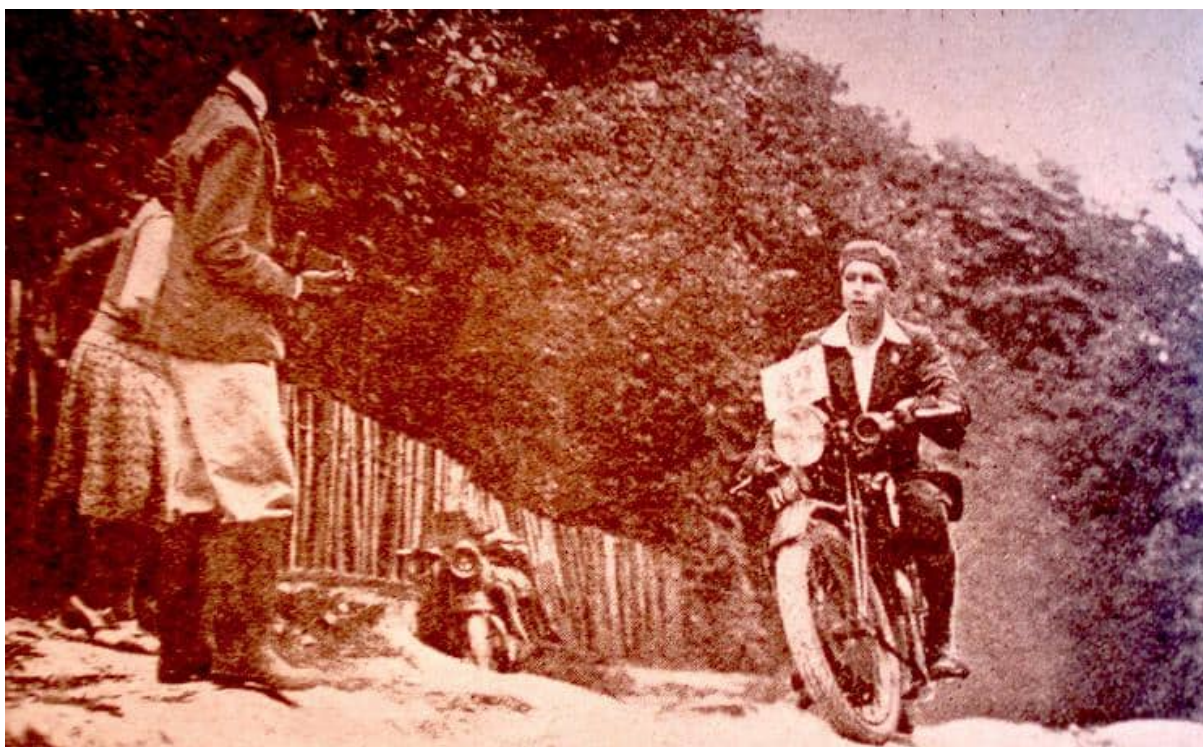
arrived, the crowds flocked to the stands, and then there was a thrill, for with but 25 minutes to go Frey toured in on his Radco with the back tyre flat. After a consultation at the pits he was advised to continue; he did so amid cheers, but his path was a wobbly one. Very soon it was seen that his tyre and tube had disintegrated and he was riding on the bare rim, and the crowd gave him loud and sympathetic cheers. Meanwhile Gaussorgues continued his speedy laps, gradually overhauling the leader. Twelve minutes to go! And the 12 minutes sufficed for him to make up the loss; when he was flagged off as the winner he had covered 156 laps. Poor Frey's rim collapsed after two tyre-less laps."



"F Regard (Radior) leading a couple of others and, incidentally, looking very grim about it. (Right) O Zehnder (Zehnder) and E D'eternod (Sunbeam) pass through the start; four other competitors are at their pits."

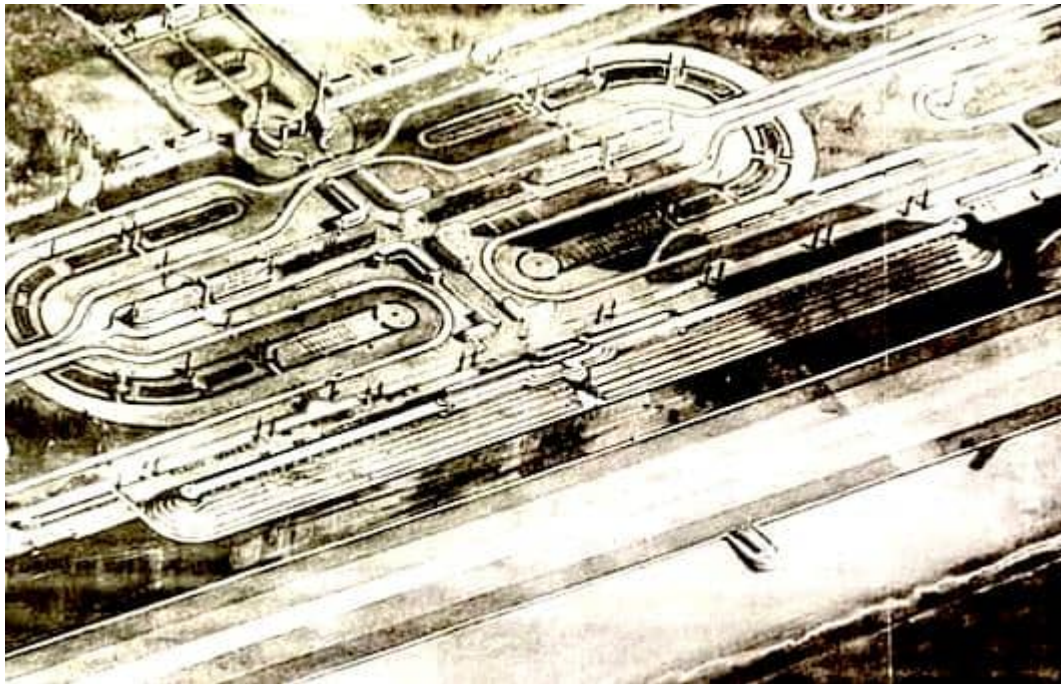
"AFTER THE THRILLING FORECAST of 'A Schoolboys' TT' in the lunch edition of a London evening paper, matters seemed very calm down Carshalton way last Saturday. The Carshalton Club had undertaken to organise a trial suitable for those under 18 years of age, with result that 46 entries were received...The schoolboy atmosphere was entirely missing, in its place was a professional air of last minute bustling...very few wore school caps and only one or two deigned to wear their school blazers. The course under the sweltering afternoon sun was bone dry, making extremely hard riding on the loose, sandy surface...Old Chalky proved the undoing of many. This scarred and rutted old veteran of Surrey is almost impossible when wet. The first man up was E Wheelwright (196cc James) quite three-quarters of an hour too early; it seemed that the newspaper was not so far wrong after all!...RT Newberry (247cc Excelsior) with a 'Meet William' expression of glee on his face kept well to the left, dodging under the bushes, to be followed by EA Dussek (490cc Norton); the latter literally romped up, exploring every gulley en route, and made easily the quickest ascent of the day. A moment of peace, until a familiar buzzing was heard, and, incredible as it might seem, Mr Wheelwright, amid roars of laughter from the spectators, appeared once more, this time on the third lap of his TTI Newman made an excellent climb on an old belt-drive Triumph of uncertain age; he was followed by EL Angus (493cc BSA sc), the only passenger man to arrive at the hill; at least two others had started. After a few anxious moments at the beginning of the rutted section he chose his path carefully and made the best of it. Soon after No 13, in the shape of EC Large (349cc BSA) appeared a la Denley, making a fast climb with feet on pillion footrests, the normal type being inconspicuous by their absence...the riders chased the dye to the Greyhound, Carshalton—the finish of an excellent organised trial which demonstrated the high standard of riding attainable by the modern schoolboy, at the same time giving a very excellent reason for allowing the licence age-limit to remain at 14 years."





“HA Stelle (Matchless) on Old Chalky.”

“IT WAS BORROW,” IXION RECALLED, who sang about *The Wind on the Heath*, and thereby joined the company of the famous. I think he got in rather cheaply, but it would never do to say so in the *Spectator*; I also think he was a bit of a poseur, and enjoyed the wind on the heath about as much as the minor poets are honest when they chant about the bliss of dying for love ; personally I prefer to live for the next love. But listen to this: ‘What can compare with the sting of the hail on your bare cheeks, the chill, giant pressure of the raging gale on your eyeballs, the lethal chill of the rain trickling down your manly torso, the lurch of your iron steed as the vicious wind shifts it sideways on some bald moor, the slide of the helpless tyres on some grease-spread bend, the foretaste of death’s icy hand on nose and ears as the blast congeals their blood, that sensation which comes when all feeling save that of cold quits your frame, and, physically moribund, you ride on and on, seated on a howling projectile which seems to be the only live and sentient thing in a world of cold and noise and rage and water and ice?’ No, I didn’t write it. It is a reader’s protest against some words of mine which suggested that even in mid-winter there are some days on which it is worth taking out the bus. His words affected me to such an extent that I almost began to feel a certain sympathy with a coroner who recently opined that all motor cyclists are mad; and no less with Mr Weller, Senior, who held that on a winter night a nice cosy bar, with a buxom widdler behind it, and a steaming glass with a kick and a bit of spice in it, take a lot of beating.”



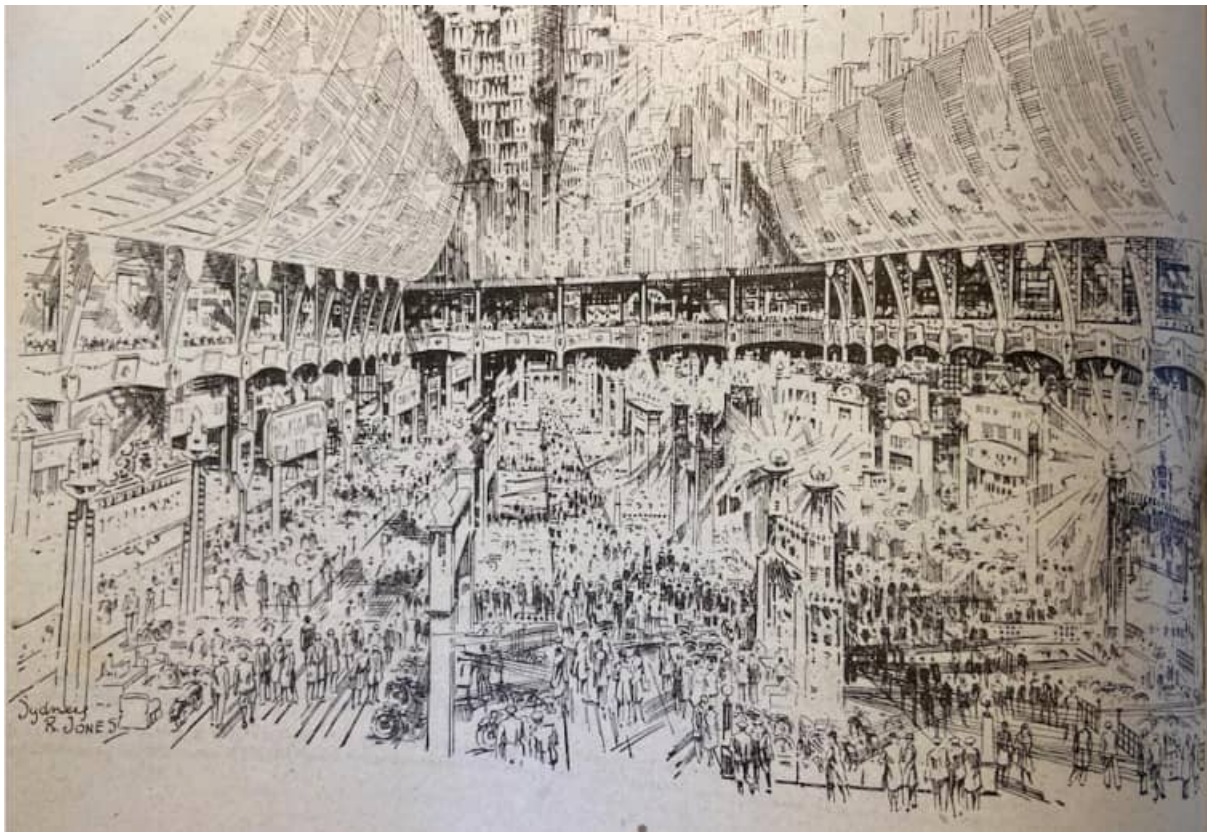
“Lincolnshire is destined to become the Mecca of high-speed motorists if a scheme which has been based before the Board of Trade receives official sanction.” The Automobile racing Association planned a 15-mile track between Boston and Gibraltar Point with seating for 150,000 spectators in a four-mile grandstand, as well as a 12-mile TT circuit, a motor industry test track, a 1½-mile waterway for motor boat racing, and an aerodrome.

‘UBIQUE’ OF *THE MOTOR CYCLE* made some informed predictions about the Olympia show.

“”Perhaps the first thing to strike the eye will be the prevalence of chromium plating on sports and de luxe models. To the eyes of some of us the blue-white sheen of this admirable finish is still more striking than natural; but who can deny the advantages of a tarnish-proof handle-bar, exhaust pipes and, in some cases, even tanks? Early experiments...were not altogether successful...but first-class chromium plating is now to be obtained at moderate cost...There will be a certain number of those unusual designs which the public are apt to term ‘freaks’, though it is likely enough that they are just good designs born before their time...For the benefit of the many riders who are interested in the future of the quiet, flexible, multi-cylinder engine, it is safe to say that the prospects...are more rosy than they have ever been in the history of British motor cycles; and it should be noticed that the manufacturers who have given their minds to...this type of machine are concentrating not upon highly priced luxury motor cycles but upon reasonably priced utility machines which will cost no more than some 350cc super-sports models...towards the end of 1930 there will be quite a little crop of British four-cylinders, all bearing famous names...it is quite possible that we shall see a half-way step towards the four-cylinder in the form of a novel twin four-stroke placed with the crankshaft in line with the frame. There will be a distinct tendency towards the employment of inclined single-cylinder engines...not only is it easier to house a big single in a normal frame in an inclined position, but the possibilities in regard to cylinder head cooling and weight distribution are improved. Another very interesting development is likely to be the return of coil ignition. Those who remember the coils and accumulators of 20 years ago need not shudder needlessly. Much experimental work has recently been going on, and coil ignition in its present form is thoroughly reliable and satisfactory. the main advantages...are easy starting, a big range of advance and a single rotating armature for both lighting and ignition. The only catch appears to be that the current must be switched off when the engine is stationary, and it remains to be seen whether we are to



have buzzers or red lights to warn us of our sins of omission...There are so many possible constructions of the 'Everyman' type that it is doubtful we shall see a very definite move in any one direction, but the whole tendency of the trade is towards the development of a lighter, and more tractable type, and this is a trend in the right direction...It is more than likely that one or two firms who at present specialise in lightweights may give us their versions of the 'Everyman' machine, and the form which they are most likely to adopt is based on existing models plus very special mudguarding, simplified controls, and minor refinements to render riding and handling more easy than at present...the standardised control, scheme appears to have borne fruit at last, at least as regards handle-bar fittings, though it may take time before everyone falls into line with brakes and gear levers. Overhead valves have ruled the roost for some years past, but there is a possibility that a new side-valve engine, incorporating all the latest improvements of the type, will make its appearance under a name which has made a world-wide reputation for speed, reliability and first-class workmanship...In regard to frame design...there may be an entirely new spring frame propelled by an unorthodox engine unit and emanating from a works which has been famous since the early days of motor cycles."



Olympia was packed to the gunnels with bikes, sidecars, accessories and riding gear.

"WHEN A FIRM OF CONSIDERABLE experience [Dunelt] markets two distinct lines comprising small two-strokes and larger four-stroke machines its programme is bound to be interesting. The 'K' Royal De Luxe is already very well known to the motor cycling public, and has earned itself an enviable reputation for reliability and comfort...Apparently owing to the proposed increase in weight for taxation purposes the manufacturers have been able to fit 3in tyres and to carry the exhaust through two entirely separate pipes and silencers. The lines of the new tank have effected a further improvement in appearance and rubber knee grips are now fitted at no extra charge...All Dunelt models can be supplied with chromium plated tanks with a black top panel and with chromium-plated exhaust system and silencers...The 496cc twin-port four-



stroke...has been designed to meet the demands for a fast and powerful roadster of even greater power than the well-known 350...In memory of the amazing achievement of covering 25,000 miles in 23 days on the Montlhéry track the latest 348cc twin port Dunelt has been christened the Montlhéry model...the most outstanding feature is the adoption of dry-sump lubrication..."Something quite new in the way of Dunelts...is one of the smartest products which has emanated from this well-known factory, and is engined by a two-port 250cc Sturmey-Archer engine specially produced for this machine. The valve operation is of the Slater type—that is to say, there is a vertical shaft at the side of the engine on which two face cams are mounted; the rocker spindles extend through the cam casing, and arms operate direct on the valve stems. This is one of the neatest and most efficient types of valve gear which has yet been introduced for motor cycle work, since the reciprocating weights are no greater than in the case of a normal overhead-camshaft design...the cam spindle and bevel spindles are quite separate, being mounted independently in their own bearings, and the connection between the two is made by a tubular shaft with Oldham couplings at each end...The engine is inclined forward in an unusually sturdy frame, and though there is but a single top tube, this is braced by a pressing carried from a point near the back of the tube to the lower part of the head lug. This pressing is designed to carry the tank."



L-R: "The 'K' Royal De Luxe model in its latest form. (Right) A smart thoroughbred—the 496cc model 'S' four-stroke. The air silencer on the two-stroke models is now tucked away beneath the tank. The new and more graceful tank. The oil tank and battery box on the Montlhéry model are carried on platforms attached to a lug on the seat tube."



“Of very symmetrical and ‘clean’ appearance the new Sturmev-Archer-engined Dunelt.” (Right)  
 “The sturdy frame of the new Dunelt. The channel-steel tank-support helps to stiffen the construction.”

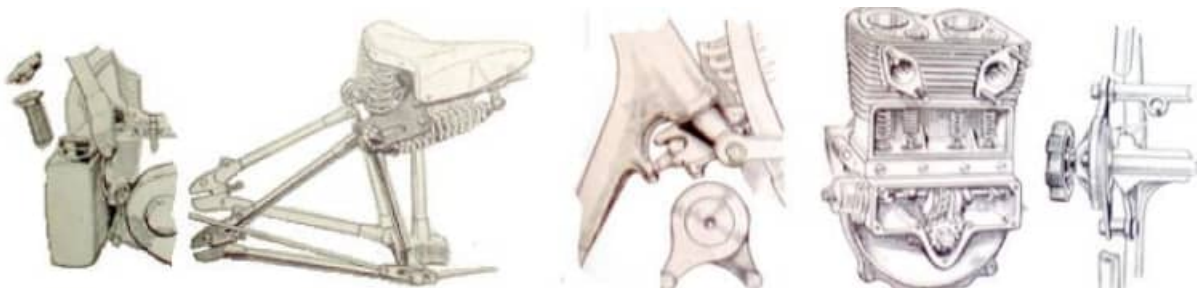
“NOTHING LESS THAN THE creation of a new standard in motor cycle performance has been the aim of the designer of the ‘Silver Arrow’ Matchless...At first glance anyone might take the new 400cc Matchless for a very compact, straight four-cylinder. Actually the engine is a monobloc side-valve V-twin with the crankshaft in its normal plane across the frame and the cylinders set at the very narrow angle of 26°. The frame, too, is unusual; it incorporates a very simple, yet perfectly sound system of rear-wheel springing...a real endeavour has been made to provide an extremely comfortable machine of great docility—one that can be started without effort and that will run with the mechanical and exhaust silence of a high-class car...the designer has striven to produce a machine with true ‘Everyman’ characteristics, although the weight is high—about 340lb...the engine is of 397cc, having a bore and stroke of 54x86mm. The stroke is unusually long in the hope of providing flexibility and smooth running...A single iron casting is fixed to the cylinder block by 12 accessible studs and forms the two semi-turbulent combustion heads...the valve gear is fully enclosed and has a chromium-plated cover plate that can be detached on removal of a knurled hand-wheel. A copper-asbestos washer is used for the head joint...Both aluminium pistons carry twin rings and have their crowns cut at an angle so a



“Though the new Matchless is such a ‘good mannered’ machine, it has the rakish lines of a typical sports mount.”

normal combustion chamber shape is obtained. The camshaft is set at right angles to the crankshaft, from which it is driven by skew gearing...Although the engine has a compression

ratio of 5.6 to 1 no exhaust valve lifter is fitted, it being found that with cylinders so small as 200cc no effort is required to rotate the engine against compression. For stopping the engine, which, owing to the carburettor being fitted with a throttle stop, ticks over with the throttle lever closed, there is a magneto cut-out mounted on the handlebars; when full electrical equipment is supplied, it is on the dashboard....there is not a single external oil pipe. At the front end of the crank case...there is a bolted-on oil tank, with the necessary leads or ducts to and from the tank drilled into the crank case...In design the spring frame is ingenious in its simplicity. The centre position is of the diamond type with three straight large-diameter tubes. The top tube or tank rail carries close to its rear end a pair of compression springs...attached to a triangular rear portion which pivots immediately behind the saddle tube...Right at the rear end of the tank rail there is a massive T-lug. This carries two rubber buffers—to prevent the possibility of the springs closing up solid in the event of the machine striking a really deep pothole—and a pair of slotted steel plates which act as saddle spring mountings, and form the necessary friction surfaces for two hand-adjusted shock dampers...The Sturmey-Archer gear box is fixed immediately behind the engine unit and in front of the saddle tube, so that the pivot of the rear portion of the frame is not concentric with the rear driving sprocket...Both brakes are of 8in diameter and are interconnected. A central rolling stand and a front-wheel stand are provided. For ease of access to the rear wheel the wide, D-section rear mudguard is detachable from a point just behind the 'seat stays'. A test of the Silver Arrow proved that it has a performance right out of the ordinary. Starting is exceptionally easy, and the machine tested had a useful top gear range of 8-63mph. No whip was apparent in the frame, while the degree of comfort afforded was very high indeed. In the matter of silence the new Matchless can more than bear comparison with the average light car.

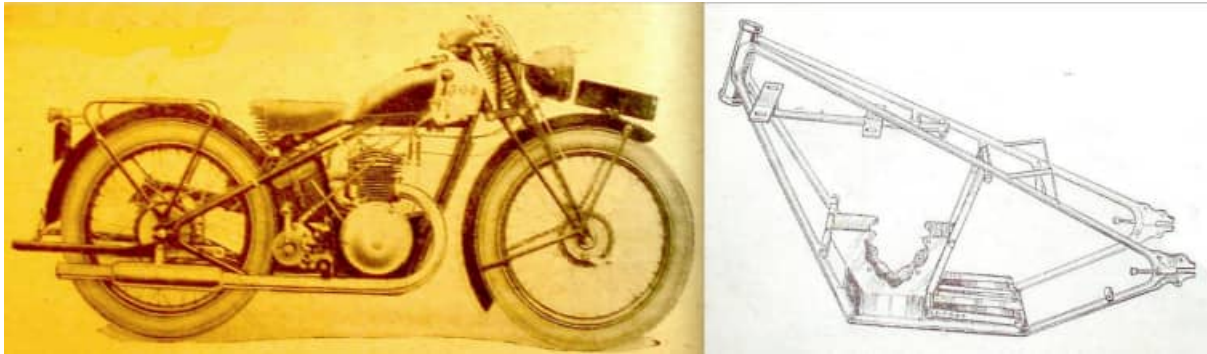


L-R: "What might at first be mistaken for the silencer—the oil tank, placed low down in front of the crank case. The rear portion of the spring frame, which pivots behind the saddle tube. Silentbloc 'rubber bearings' are used as the pivot bearings. Neat arrangement of the steering damper and fork stops. Delightfully clean lines, reminiscent of modern car practice, characterise the engine of the 'Silver Arrow'. A spherical seating washer is used on the Matchless fork dampers to ensure proper alignment of the friction surfaces."

"FRAME DESIGN HAS ALWAYS been an outstanding feature of SOS models. For 1930 even further improvements have been made in this respect, and the latest frame embodies many ingenious ideas. It has welded joints throughout, and the main frame consists of continuous tubes bent round the head, rear wheel. and below the engine, the tubes being arranged in duplicate. This duplicate construction is braced by a steel tray which protects the whole of the engine and gear box and stiffens the construction to an enormous extent...the gear box is bolted to square-section tubular runners above the steel tray. Flat steel strips are bolted along the bottom rung of the frame, and are drilled in such a manner that both footrests and brake pedal may be mounted in any position to suit the convenience of the rider. The whole frame layout is most ingenious and sturdily constructed.. On the Villiers-engined models an oil tank is let into



the space between the duplex top tubes; although constructed entirely separately from the main saddle tank, it is permanently fixed between the duplex fuel tanks.”



“A thoroughly sporting little machine—the Villiers-engined SOS.” (Right) “The SOS frame, which has welded joints.”

“FITTINGS ON ALL GRINDLAY-Peerles models will be chromium plated as a standard finish, and even the tanks will be thus finished on the 350cc and 490cc double-port loop-frame models. These two are, perhaps, the most handsome of a good-looking range, and a big improvement in appearance has been brought about by a change in the tank shape. The tank is now deeper and more generous...The equipment includes a gear-box-driven, tank-mounted speedometer and a remarkably neat eight-day clock incorporated with the petrol filler cap.”



“The 500cc two-port loop frame model has a chromium-plated tank. (Right) “The steering damper has a limited movement, but a second adjustment makes a wide range possible.”

“IN ADDITION TO THE two-strokes and 350cc four-stroke Levis machines there will be two new models, a side-valve and an overhead-valve, each of 247cc (67x70mm). These new models will come as a surprise to many Levis devotees, but they are smart little machines of excellent appearance...Except for the valve gear the engines are exactly similar...These engines are housed in a frame very similar to that of the six-port two-stroke, having two top tubes, but the front down tube has been modified somewhat to suit the needs of the case. A Burman gear box with long lever control; Druid forks; and 26x3in wheels are employed, and there is a 5in brake in the front wheel and a 6in brake in the rear. Chromium plating of detail fittings is employed throughout, but an extra charge will be made for a chromium-plated tank...A very neat little gadget which will be fitted to the new Levis models takes the form of an extension leg for the spring-up stand, for use when the machine is brought to rest close to a kerb. It is often very difficult to leave a machine on the stand in these circumstances, owing to sharp camber of the road, but the small extension hinged to the near side leg can be brought into action by the toe, and thus packs up the machine to a suitable height. It is probable that this device will be placed on the market as a proprietary article.”



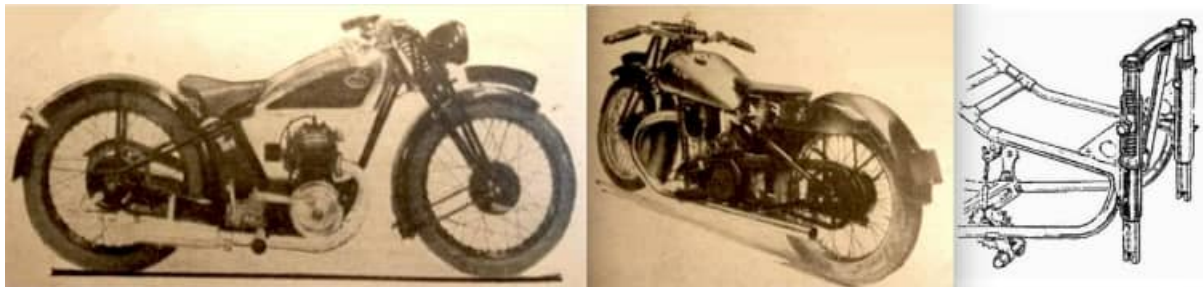
L-R: "Enclosed valve mechanism on the 250cc side-valve model. The cover is easily detachable by the removal of a milled nut. The new 250cc side-valve four-stroke Levis. A 'false foot' on the Levis stand for use in gutters."

AJW BOSS (ALBERT) JOHN Wheaton called in Brooklands veteran George Tucker to ride the racing version of his Super Four. The 'two wheeled car' that had attracted so much attention at the 1928 Olympia show had been stripped of its road going equipment; its 986c Fraser Nash engine was fitted with a Cozette supercharger and, following 'difficulties' with handling during a Brooklands test session, a Swallow racing sidecar was fitted for the All-comers Passenger Handicap Race. Wheaton sat in the side-car and they went for a test run. As they got on to the Byfleet Banking the outfit took one leap and nearly had them both over the top. Back at the paddock Tucker said that he was not going in that again; Wheaton replied, "Neither am I." And that was the end of the Super Four racer.



"George and the giant. GH Tucker demonstrates the curious kneeling position which he adopts in riding the new supercharged four-cylinder AJW. The small wheel just below the rider's knee is the drum of the transmission brake."

ON A MORE MUNDANE NOTE, AJW's range of big twin and singles were joined by a range of two-stroke lightweights with the ubiquitous Villiers engines and Albion three-speed boxes. "The greatest interest," according to the Green 'Un, "attaches to the design of the frame. The main portion of this is made from two malleable castings running from the rear spindle to the front of the engine—one on either side. These are of D section until they reach the gearbox, whence they get very much deeper and form a solid mounting for the crankcase and gearbox...The gearbox can readily be detached through a suitably sized square hole in the side of the casting. The rest of the frame is built up of ordinary tubes, trapped, and using bolts instead of brazed lugs. A pair of long tubes run from the rear spindle to the top of the steering head, tapering all the way....Saddle tanks holding both petrol and oil have the Villiers sight feed mounted centrally between the two filler caps, and there is also a route card or map holder frame...for an extra £3 these models can be supplied ready for competition work with upswept pipes, Petrolflex tubing, ports tyres, number boards and non-inverted levers covered with rubber...Any of the four-stroke models can be fitted with a spring rear wheel working on a principle which gives very little unsprung weight, and is unobtrusive in appearance. The rear fork ends are altered to take two vertical tubes one on each side of the rear wheel. These tubes carry large phosphor bronze bushes in which slide two further members with forked bottom ends to take the axle. The movement of these inside sleeves is controlled by two main and two rebound coil springs, which abut against a solid block contained inside the sliding sleeves (these latter are slotted vertically so that this block can be pinned in position through the outer casing). The tops of the sliding tubes are bridged by a heavy cross-piece which is concealed by a metal cover made in one with the rear mudguard. The brake anchor arm is taken from this bridge piece. The rear wheel has a maximum vertical movement of 1½in, and the tensioning of the rear chain is automatically controlled by a spring-loaded jockey sprocket mounted on the lower near-side chain stay. The final model in the range is the special four-port Anzani, which also has a four-speed Jardine gearbox and is sold fully equipped."



L-R: "The new 250cc Villiers-engined model. Note the malleable casting for the chain stays. The 500cc ohv AJW has a racing type JAP engine. The rear wheel has a maximum vertical movement of 1½in."

"FOR NEXT SEASON," *MOTOR CYCLING* reported, "Brough-Superior machines generally have been greatly improved...The designs of the only addition to the range is the Black Alpine 680, which strike an unusual note in that it is the first machine that has been turned out from the Brough works with the tank finished in any other scheme than the familiar black and nickel...The frame is the same design as used on the '680s' last year and can be had either rigid or with rear springing. In the latter case...the ground clearance has been increased to 5¾in, which is no mean achievement...[as] the saddle position has...been lowered to 27½in. The engine is made by the JAP concern especially for Mr George Brough and has oh valves with fully enclosed rocker gear. A new system of entirely automatic lubrication has been evolved which employs no pumps whatsoever but relies upon the vacuum and pressure created in the crankcase by the



movement of the pistons...A four-speed gearbox...is standard...The petrol tank is finished in egg-shell black and is relieved by a silver-leaf line round the top portion, twin filler caps and chromium plated metal badges...A design of rear carrier is used which will make a strong appeal to sporting riders. The actual carrier can be detached leaving the toolbags in situ by removing four accessible bolts. The arrangement also allows of instant inter-changeability of the standard toolbags...and the well-known large touring valises which have been obtainable with this make for some time...A speedometer light throws a diffused light over the dial when the lamps are on 'full'...The 8in brakes are now fitted with water and mud-excluding flanges. The famous side-valve SS80 has quieter valve gear, and the actual springs and tappets are enclosed in aluminium tubes split vertically. The front half, which is detachable, can be removed in a matter of seconds and is retained by spring pressure.///Every machine is fully equipped with special Lucas magdyno electric lighting having the switchbox mounted conveniently on the top of the tank. A dipping-beam system is standard, also a pilot bulb for parking...the large single headlamp has a cute little motif on the top of the rim."



"Enclosure of the valve springs and tank modifications have considerably improved the appearance of the SS80." (Right) "The Black Alpine 680 with spring frame—a most attractive newcomer."



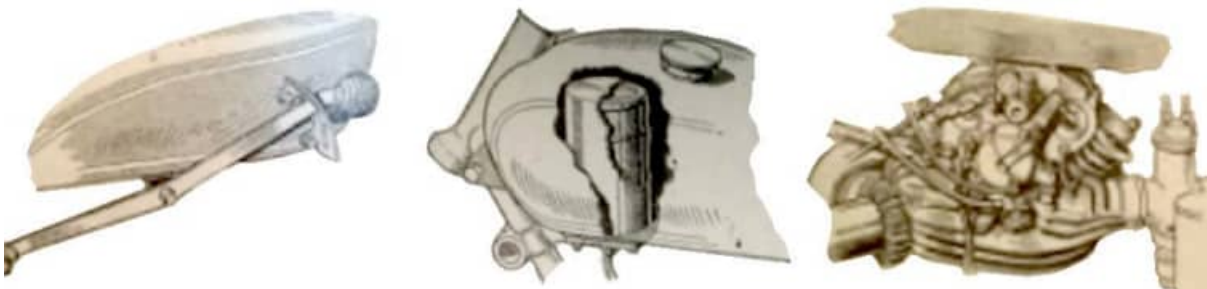
L-R: "How the BS carrier and mudguard flap may be detached, leaving the tool bags in situ. The enclosed-spring Brough-Superior-Lycette saddle, with Sorbo back edge. On all models a speedometer lamp is fitted to an extension of the instrument bracket. The valve covers on the SS80 are split vertically, quickly detachable and oil tight."

VELOCETTE CAME UP WITH two new models, an ohc 350 and a two-stroke 250, both eschewing mags in favour of Miller coil ignition which was "designed in conjunction with Veloce Ltd". The twin-port KTP joined the production racing KTT and super sports KTS; it was sold with electric lights and horn as standard, twistgrip throttle and larger brakes. According to the Green 'Un: "This machine is a serious attempt to provide a motorcycle with a good all-round performance (a comfortable 65mph is claimed), with a very comprehensive equipment, which will give trouble-free running without the need of constant adjustment...The performance of the 249cc engine is quite extraordinary for this class of machine. Veloce Ltd have always been noted for producing two-strokes capable of surprising speeds but the GTT, as it is called, is definitely far in advance of past examples. With a cruising speed of 50mph and capable of exceeding 63mph, this little engine develops the remarkable figure of over 9bhp...lubricant is carried in a

compartment of the petrol tank and fed to the engine by a pump...It must be stressed that each of these mounts has been designed in conjunction with the silencing system with which they are sent out. We were able to hear both running and can confirm that the degree of silence attained is very high...any alterations effected by owners will most materially decrease the performance."



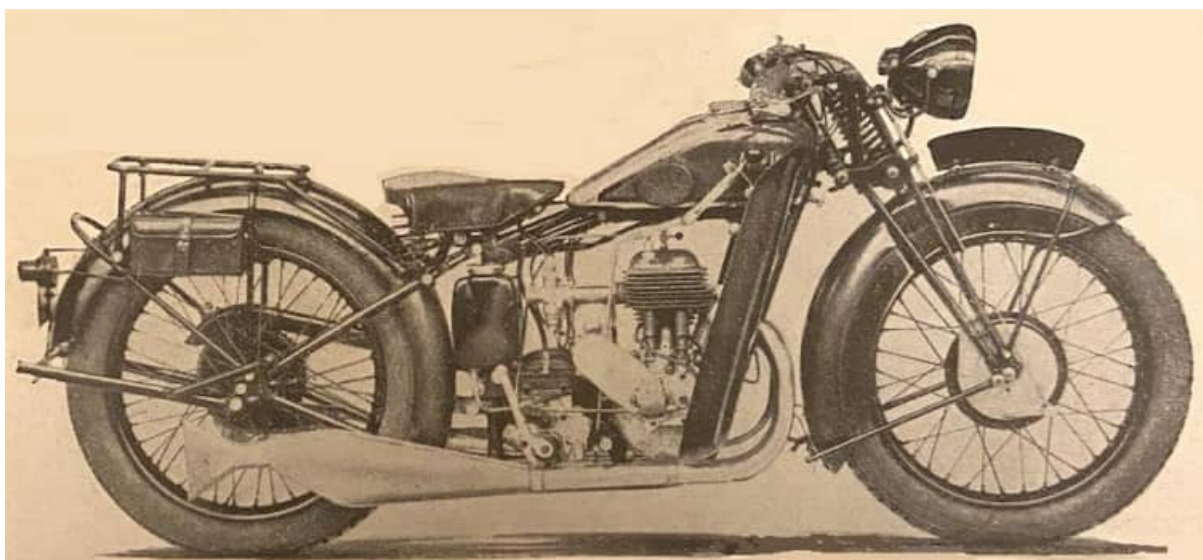
"The new Velocette two-stroke with foot gear change and coil ignition."



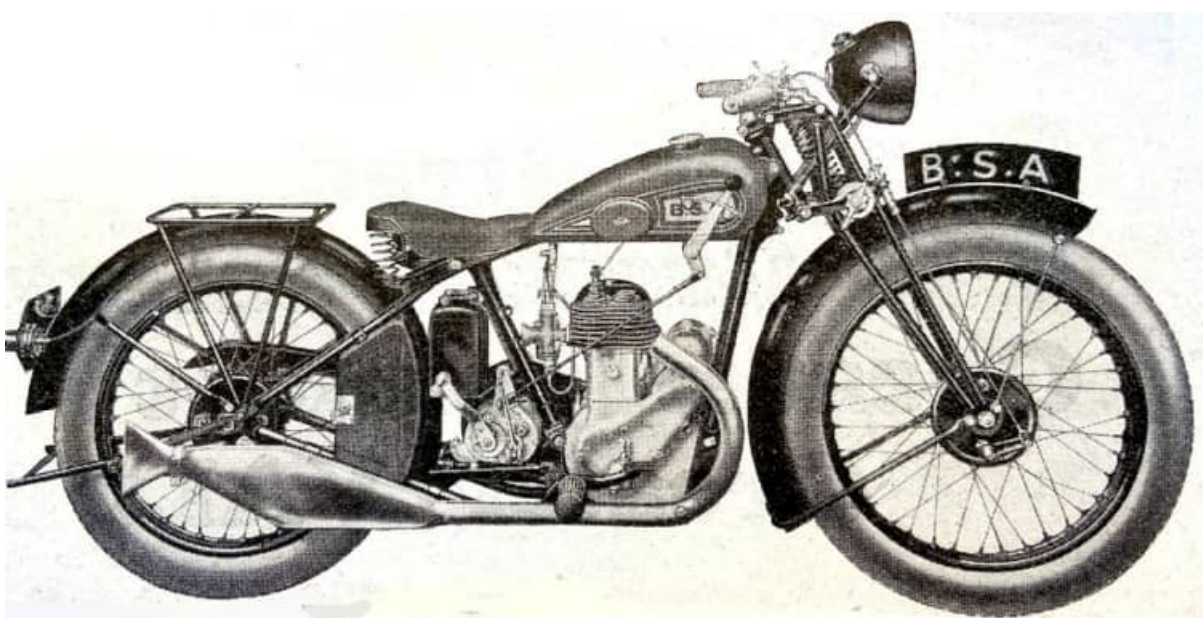
L-R: "The very long gear lever employed on the four-stroke Velocette. An 'exploded' view of the Velocette KTP tank showing the coil mounting inside the tank. this is clamped in place by a plate which also incorporates the condenser. The cylinder head on the new two-port KTP, showing the contact breaker which is driven from an extension of the camshaft."



"The CSD model Triumph of 549cc capacity."

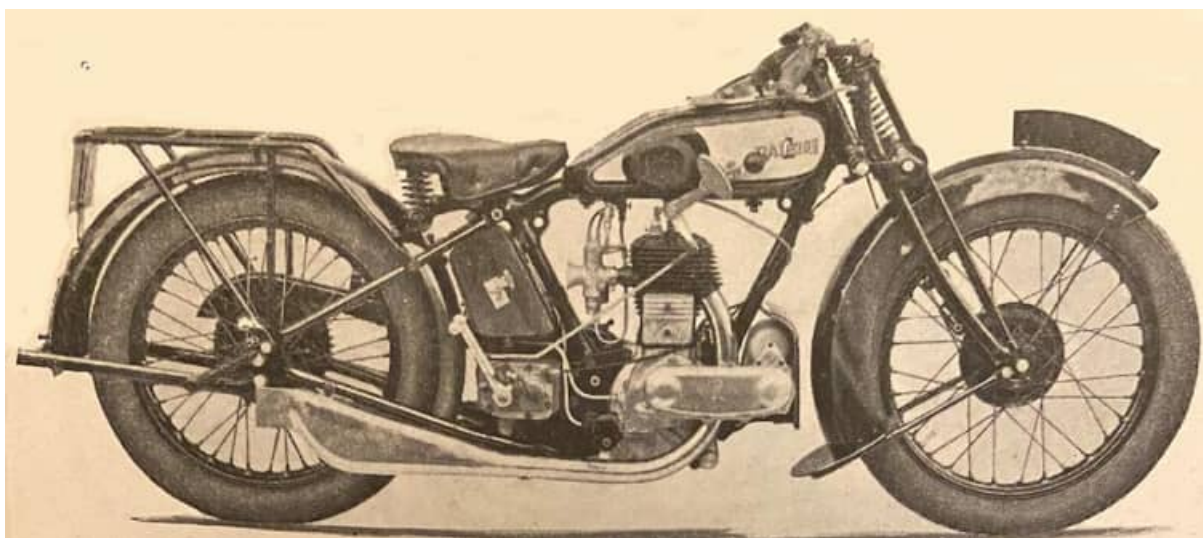


“346cc de luxe ‘light tourist’ New Imperial.”

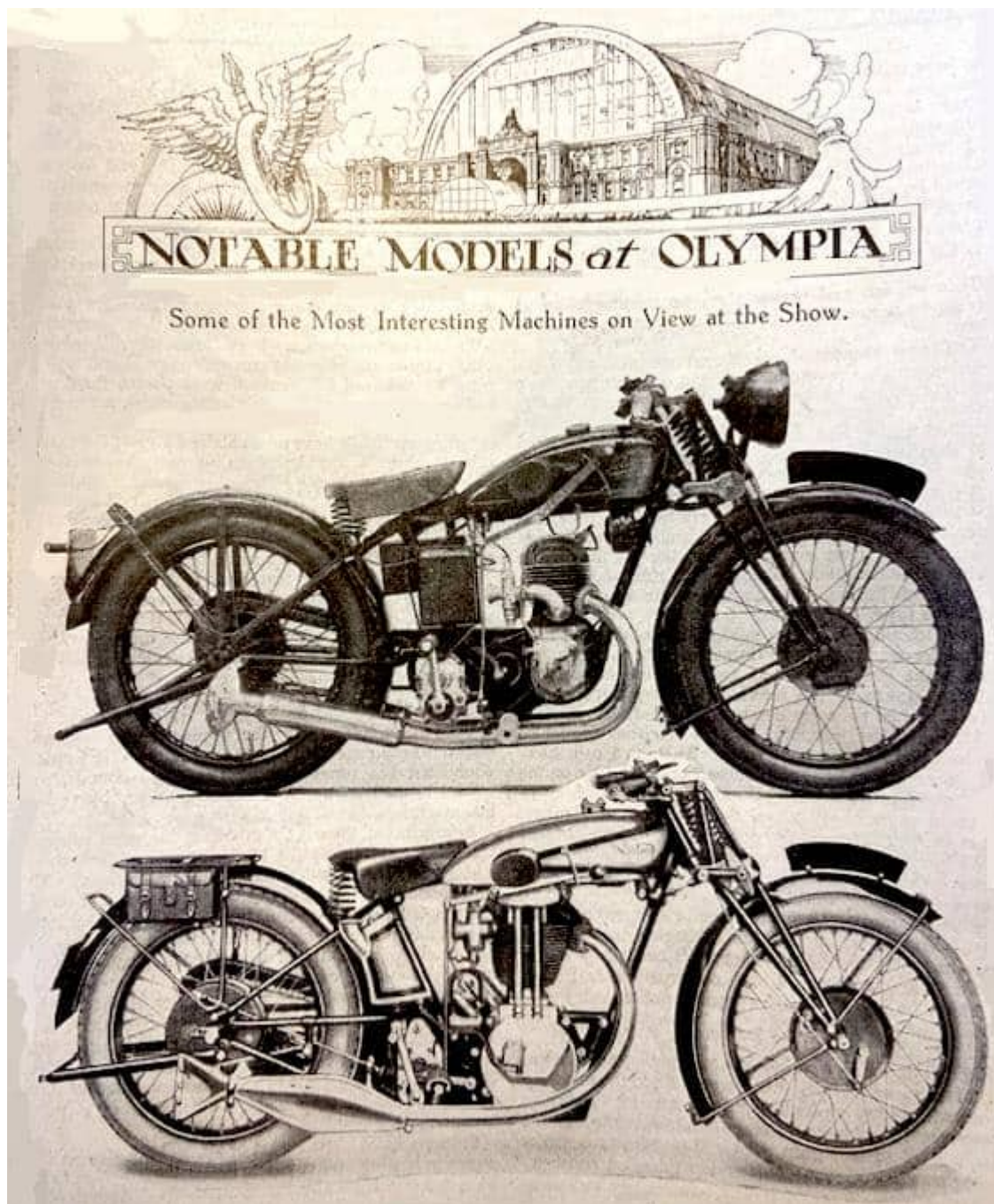


“BSA 2.49hp Model B30-3.”



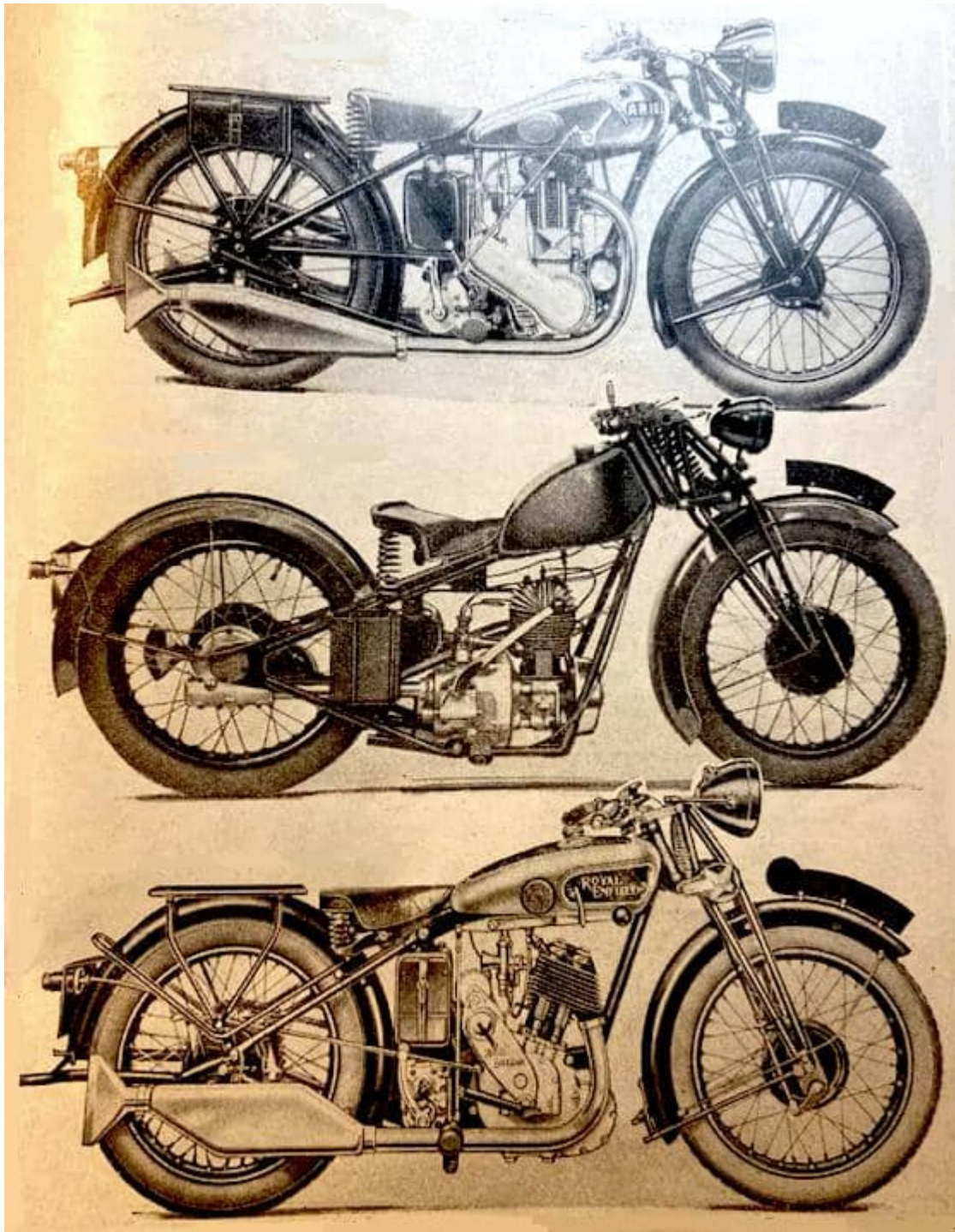


"496cc side-valve Raleigh.



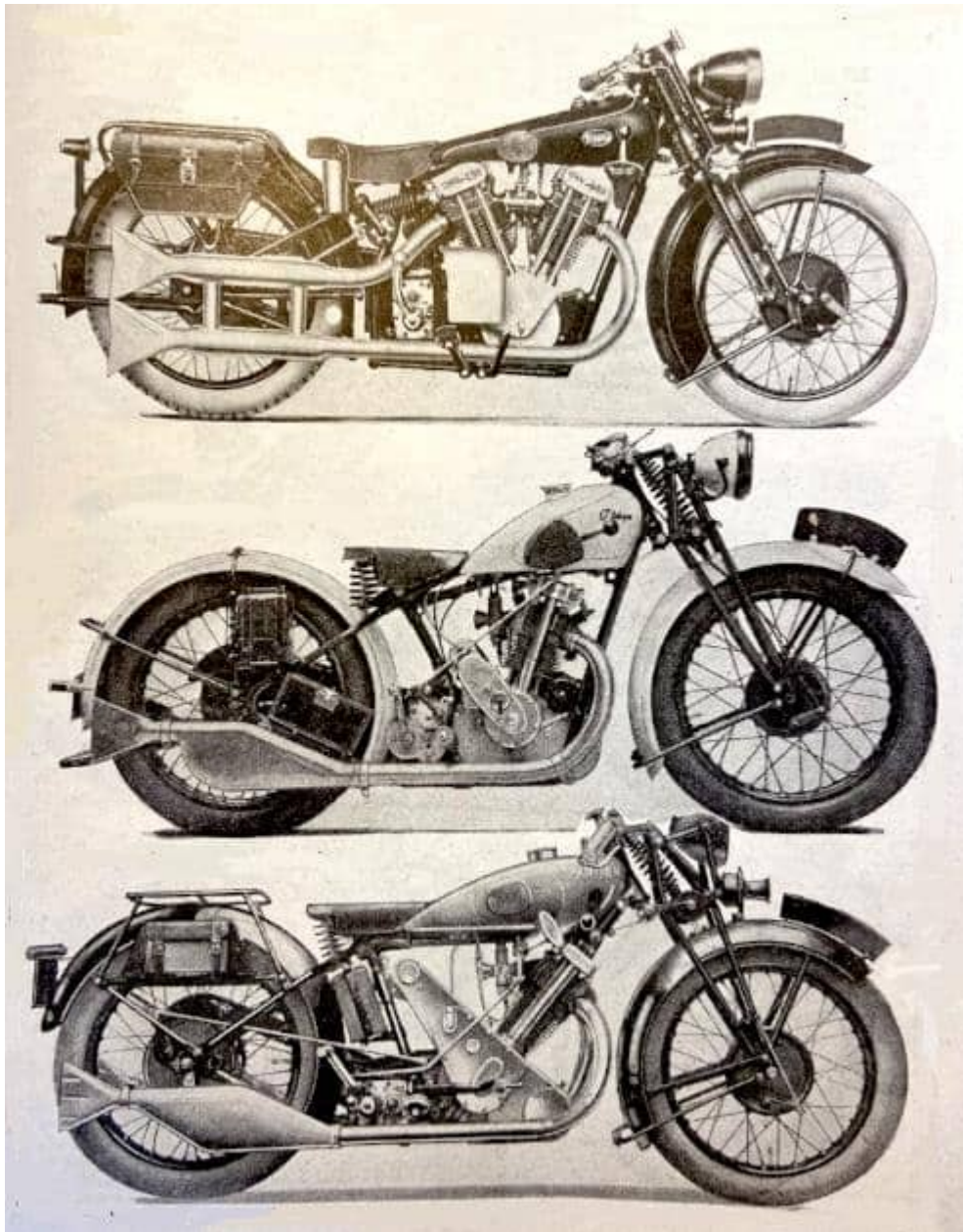
From the top: "249cc Velocette two-stroke with coil ignition. 490cc ohv two-port Norton with cradle frame."





From  
the top: "248cc Ariel 'Special'. 343cc Villers-engined Berwick with shaft drive. 488cc de luxe side-valve Royal Enfield."

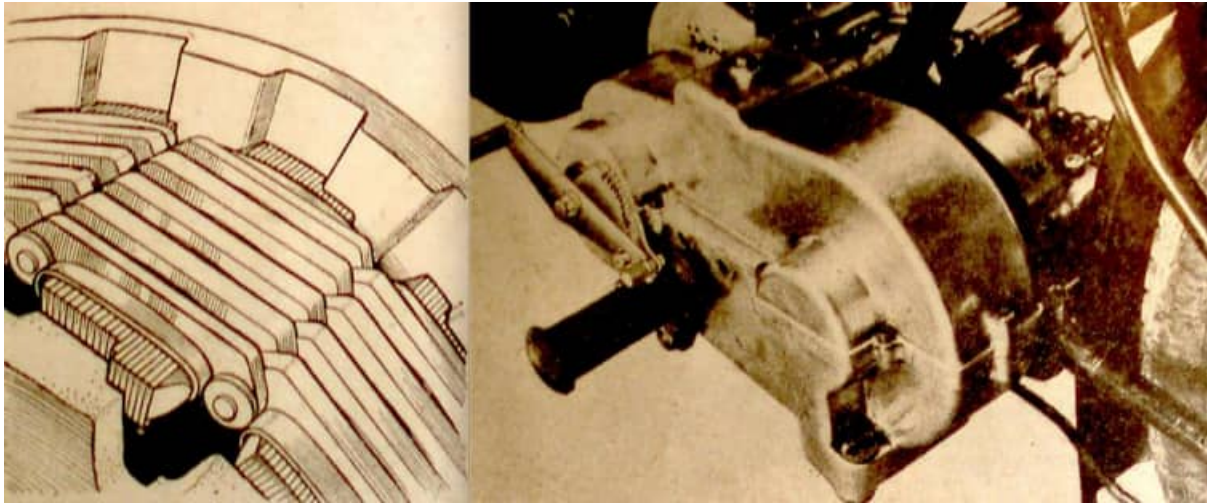




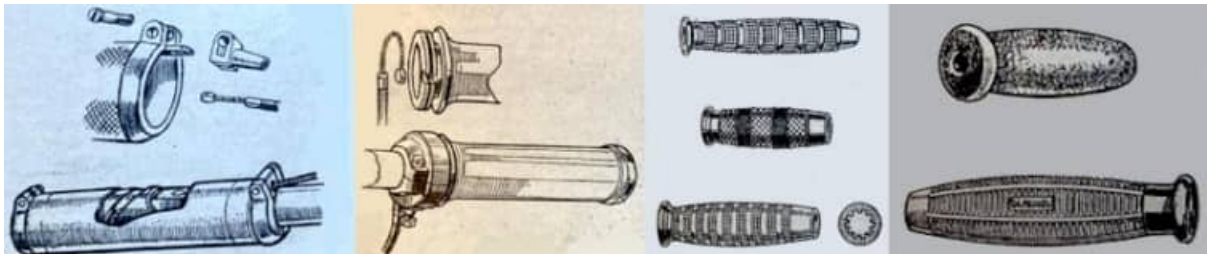
From the top:

“680cc ‘Black Alpine’ Brough Superior. The 348cc ‘Ivory’ Calthorpe. 499cc ‘Standard’ P&M Panther.”

“FOR OVER 1,000 MILES a positive, infinitely variable gear has been giving satisfactory service in the hands of *The Motor Cycle* staff. The gear in question is the PIV...it is a simple yet most ingenious form of primary drive, consisting of two expanding pulleys, with grooved faces, between which runs a special type of chain...A 349cc side-valve BSA was used for the test...no alteration had to be made to the standard BSA footrest position. In a production form the gear, it is claimed, can be made between one-half and two-thirds of its present width...any ratio between  $5 \frac{3}{4}$  to 1 and  $10 \frac{7}{8}$  to 1 was obtainable...the gear was most fascinating to use. To change either up or down it is merely necessary to rock the control pedal, the clutch being only used for getting away from a standstill and when the rider wishes to stop with the engine running...the machine was able to maintain an excellent average speed, just by the rider rocking one pedal and operating the throttle...It seems definitely proved, therefore, that the PIV principle can be applied satisfactorily to motor cycle constructions.”



“How the special chain accommodates itself to the grooved pulleys. (Right) The PIV gear fitted to the 349cc side-valve BSA.”



L-R: “Easy detachment of the cable is a feature of the Amal twist grip. Binks’ racing twist grip for quick throttle opening.” From top: “Dunlop. Dover. John Bull.” From top: “Sorbo. Bluemel.”



L-R: “Desmo-Flexi waterproof plug cover and cooler. AC. Champion. Bosch. Lissen. Lodge. KLG. Lepele ‘high-frequency converter’ plug connector. Waterproof Lodge terminal acceptable to most plugs.”

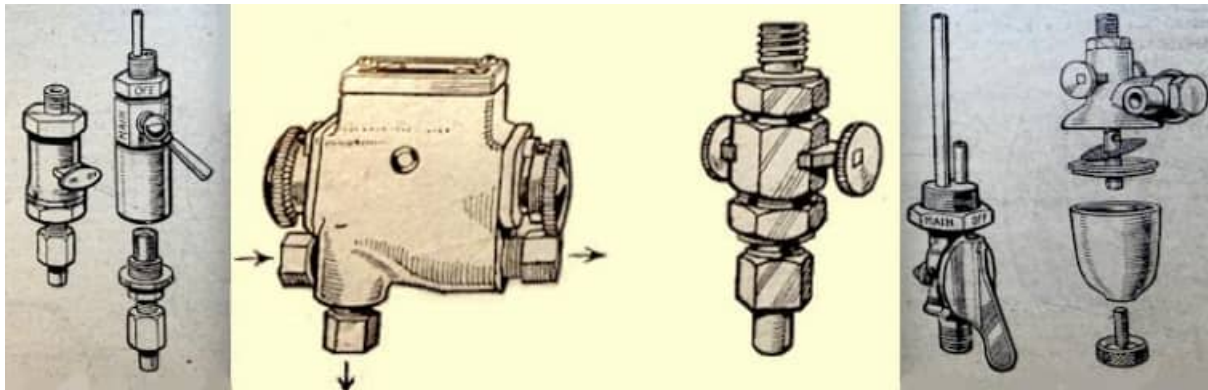


Top row L-R: “Sorbo pillion seat with sponge-rubber padding. P&H pillion seat for carrierless mounts. Leatheries ‘Safastri’ pillion seat, shaped for astride riding. Gough frameless saddle for direct fixing.” Bottom row L-R: “The Dunlop rubber-topped waterproof saddle. Saddle-type Leatheries pillion seat. The latest Brooks pillion air cushion. Brooks pan-seat saddle.”





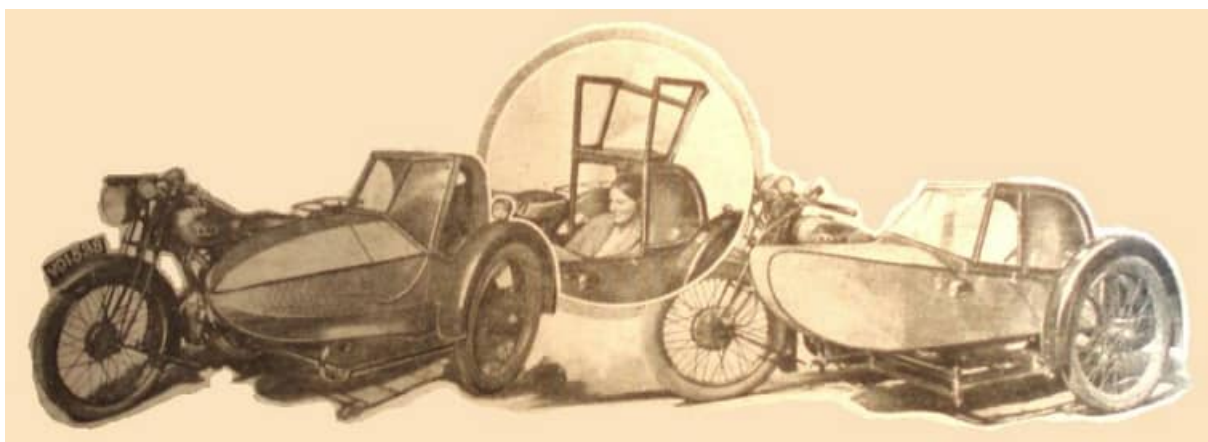
L-R: "Cowey 75mph trip speedometer. Watford trip speedometer for handlebar mounting. Trip speedometer on the Cooper-Stewart magnetic principle. OS speedometer and clock in flexible mountings. A new Smith speedometer drive enclosed in the front brake drum."



L-R: "Concentric petrol tap and two-level Rotherham tap and filter. Duplex Pilgrim mechanical oil pump. Best & Lloyd concentric cork-seated petrol tap. Two-level Enots cork-seated petrol tap. Tacalemit combined concentric tap and detachable filter sump."



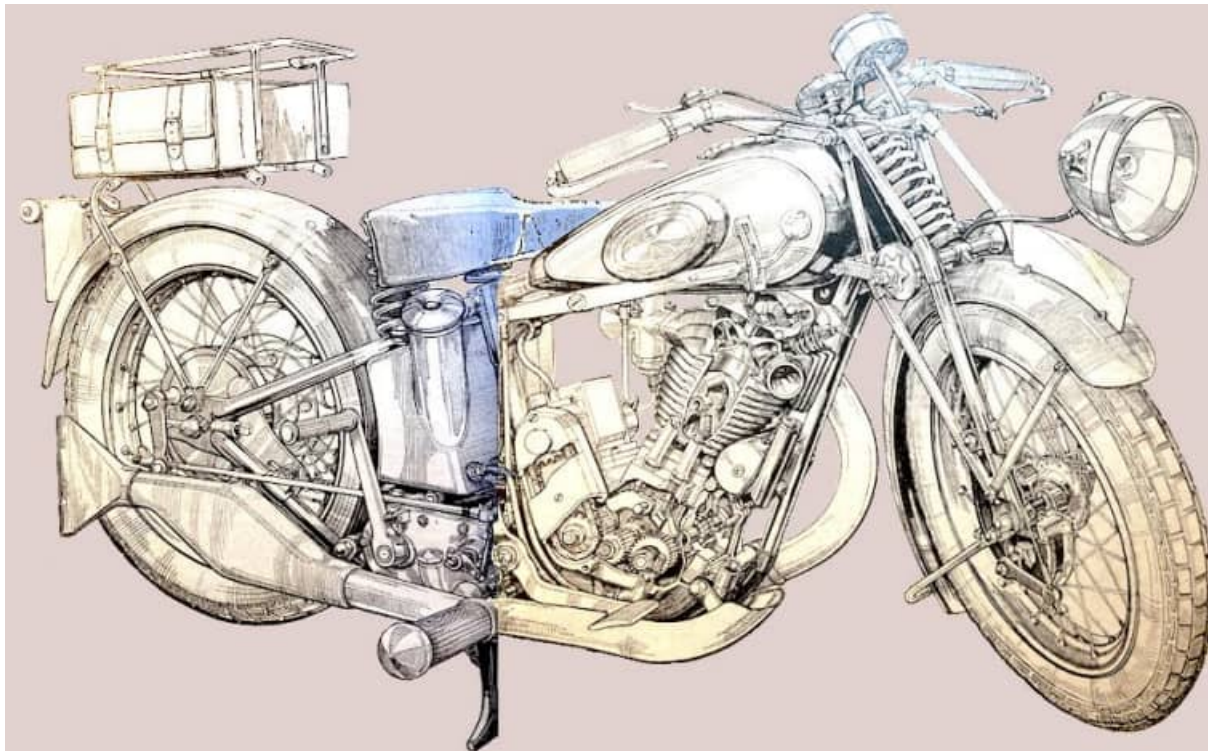
L-R: "The Watsonian 'Kwikfit' sidecar is quickly detachable and has a 'prop wheel'. A luxurious Brough Superior sidecar has a floating sidecar wheel and rear connection. A car on one wheel! The Tornado sunshine saloon. A family sidecar in full sail—the two-seater AJS."



"The cult of the coupé: Two very pleasing designs to secure weather protection on sports sidecars. The screen lifts, as shown in the circle, to allow the passenger to enter or leave the

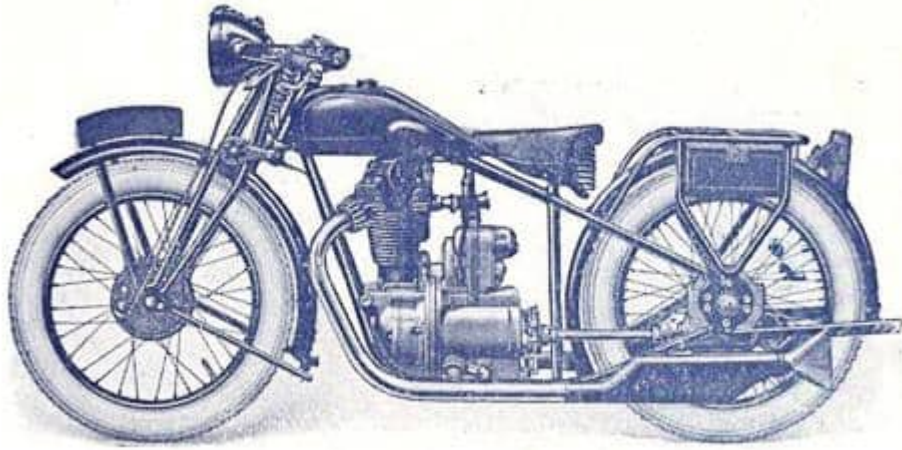


sidecar. In fine weather the roof, which is of waterproof fabric, can be rolled back. The designer is Mr TA Bromley, of Warrington."



"This drawing is typical of 1930 motor cycle design; in it will be found the many features that constitute the latest practice, such as inclined overhead valve engine with two exhaust ports, and their natural corollary, two separate exhaust systems; dry-sump lubrication; duplex cradle frame; central spring-up stand; hand adjusters for the brakes, which have specially flanged drums to prevent the ingress of water; detachable carrier and detachable tool-bag; taper roller bearings in the wheel hubs; conveniently mounted speedometer; large supple saddle, and split rear mudguard, the back portion of which can be removed quickly to facilitate tyre repairs."

"FRENCH DESIGN FOR OLYMPIA. One of the most interesting models among the array of half-litre single-cylinder machines that will be seen at Olympia this year will be the French 500cc Alcyon. This machine embodies unit construction of engine and gear box, with shaft drive to the rear wheel, and is truly an indication of the extent to which the Continent is advancing in the matter of motor cycle design."



Alcyon had been making motorbikes since 1902; its 500 shafty was a formidable contender.

*That remark about advances in Continental motor cycle design was timely...*

FRENCH DESIGNER GEORGES ROY had a thing about pressed-steel frames. The New Motorcycle he patented in 1926 was not a great success (though some examples did well in long-distance trials) so he went back to the drawing board and came up with the aptly named Majestic. And this time in addition to a pressed-steel frame he fitted hub-centre steering, in line with his dream of a two-wheeled car (many years later Roy revealed that he was inspired by the Ner-a-Car). Shaft drive was an optional extra. As with the New Motorcycle, power came courtesy of Chaise and JAP, with a choice of 350 and 500cc singles, but the Majestic could also be ordered with a JAP twin. Roy sold the rights to Delachanal, the firm behind the Dollar range, and went back to work in the knitting industry. But Dollar went under in 1933 and that was the end of the line for the Majestic. Only about 100 were ever made, mais c'est magnifique!



The outfit sports a 500cc ohv Chaise engine and a Bernadet sidecar which is a perfect match.



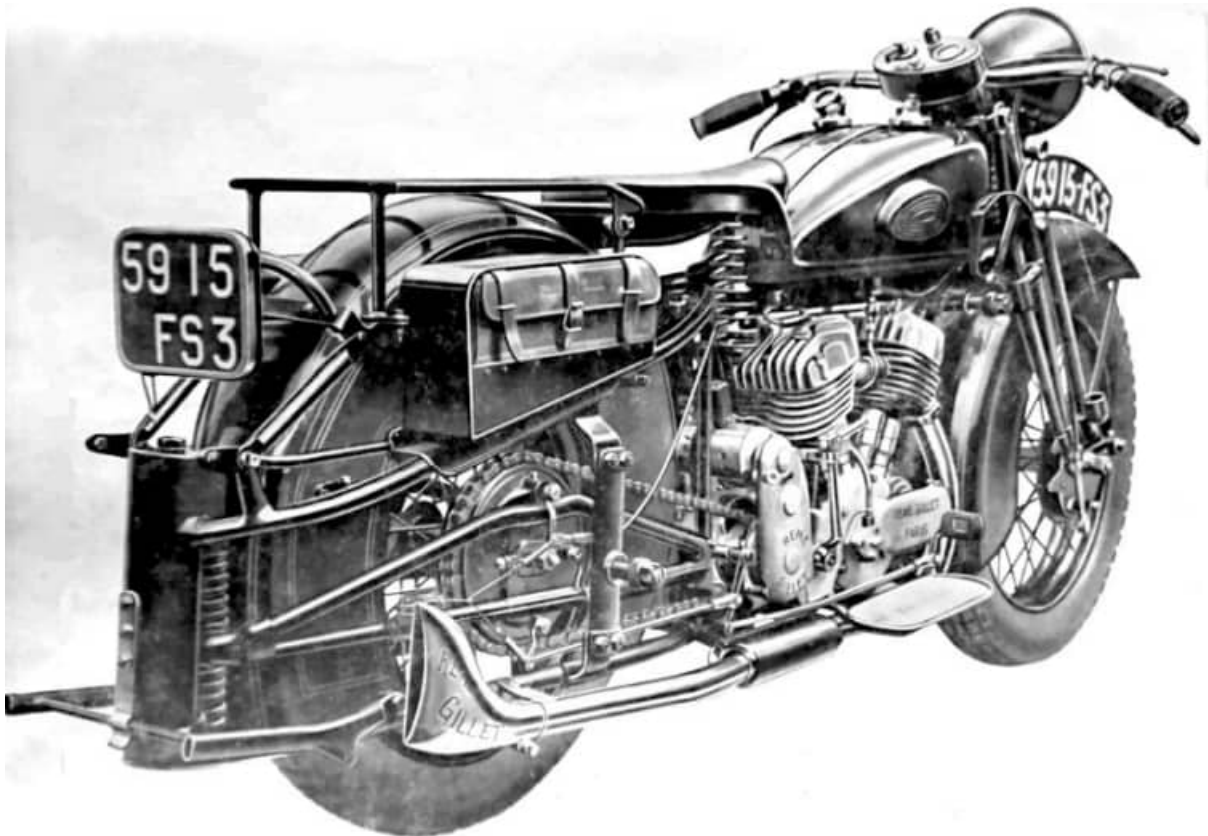


The Majestic stole the limelight at the Paris Salon.



Terrot was another pioneer French manufacturer, having produced its first (Zedel-engined) model in 1902. The HST 350 had used the 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hp JAP but now had a home-brewed engine. During 1929 Terrot produced its 100,000th motor cycle.





From France came a Rene-Gillet 996cc sidevalve V-twin with four-speed box used by the police and the army.

A YEAR AFTER TRIUMPH founder Siegfried Bettmann set up his motor cycle factory in Coventry (1902, as I hope you knew) he set up another, in his home town of Nurnberg producing almost identical bikes (though after 1913 the German factory began production of two-stroke 250s). So why is this relevant to 1929? Because things were getting a little tense in Germany. The Wall Street crash wrecked the German economy and a jolly soul named Heinrich Himmler became chief of the SS. It was time for the German Triumph to go it alone. Bikes were exported under the Oriol banner but there was a defunct French marque by that name so the German Triumph

became Triumph Werke Nürnberg (TWN). Instead of Coventry-made parts TWN bought in MAG engines from Motosacoche (MAG stood for Motosacoche Acacias Genève). With production topping 13,500 TWN ranked third among German manufacturers after DKW and Zündapp.



This German Triumph Model RR was badged Triumph or Orial until it was badged TWN. The 741cc MAG side-valve V-twin was rated at 16hp. At the other end of the range was a MAG-engined 350.



Bücher had been assembling bikes in Germany since 1922 using Bark, Cockerell, Columbus and Rinne proprietary engines made in Germany and importing MAG engines from Switzerland. But despite surging nationalism this example was, and is, powered by a Tottenham twin courtesy of JAP.



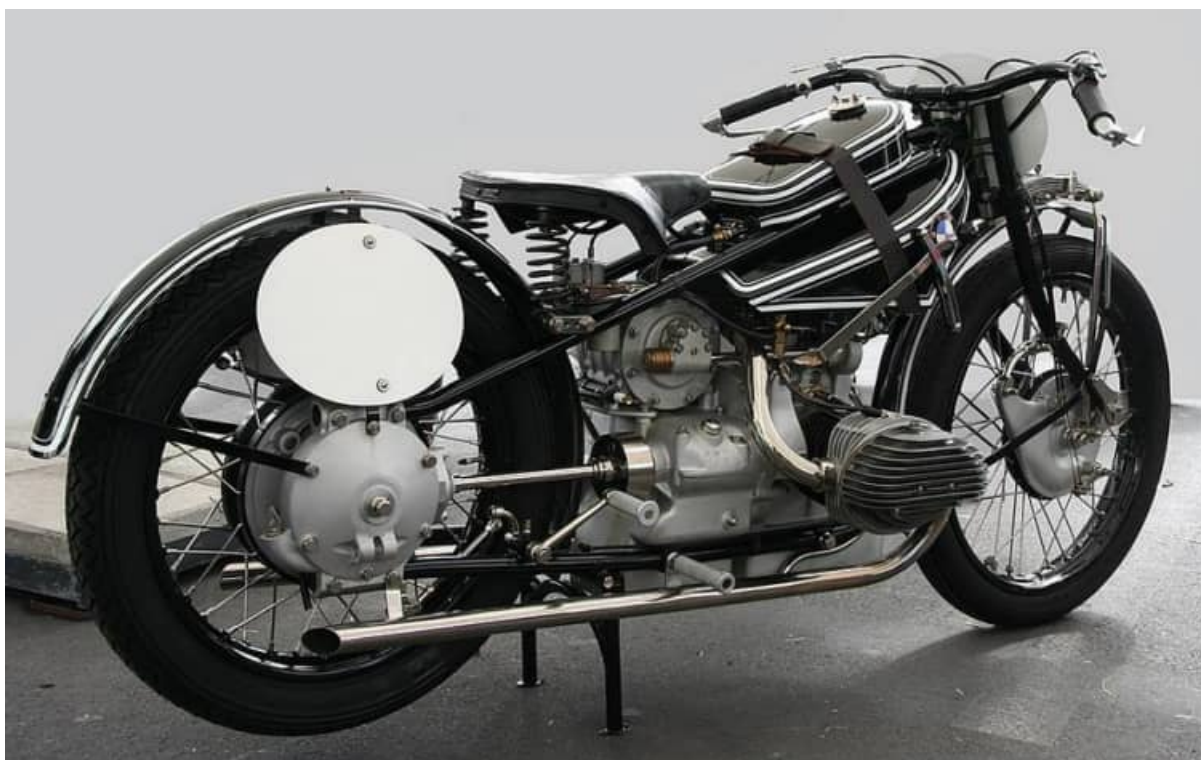
Frantisek Janecek's Prague arms factory was short of work so he started to build motor cycles under licence from Wanderer of Germany. Combining Janecek and Wanderer gave the marque its name, Jawa. Jawa soon came up with its own designs, helped by George William Patchett, who joined from McEvoy by way of FN. The first model was a 500cc four-stroke with 18hp on tap.





Having been forced to produce bikes for the German occupiers during the Great War FN was now assembling bikes in Aachen for the German market. The Belgians were about to introduce lightweight two-strokes, courtesy of Villiers, but at this point specialised in unit-construction 350, 500 and 600 ohv and sv singles; this sporty combo relies on the side-valve 500.





The blown Beemer that Ernst Henne rode into the record books further up the page was a tweaked version of BMW's proddie racing WR750.



Having launched a supercharged production racer BMW didn't neglect the discerning (and well-heeled) roadriders. The R16 combined the R63's 750cc ohv 25hp flat twin with a pressed-steel frame.



Ok, it used a British-as-roast-beef JAP 1,000cc sidevalve lump, but the rest of the Neander was an exquisite example of German engineering.

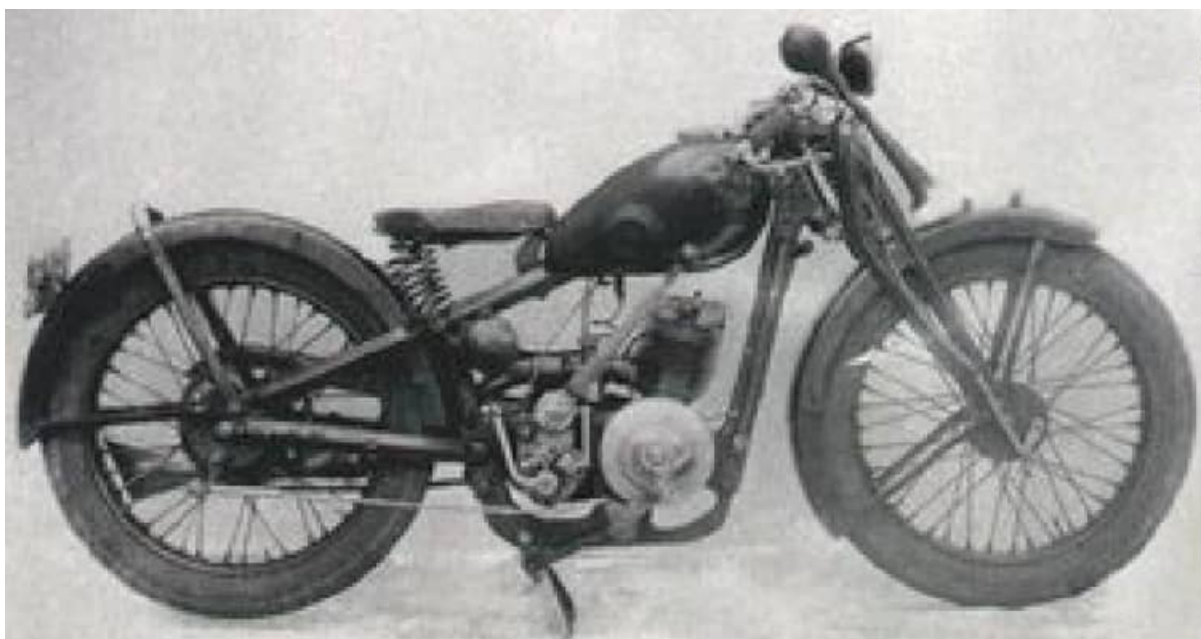


Another happy marriage of British power and Continental rolling chassis; in this case the ohc Jap single propels a Husqvarna 30A racer.





Beemers were certainly competing with the best of British on road and track but BMW was small potatoes compared with DKW which the largest manufacturer of motor cycles in the world (most German motor cycles were DKWs or had DKW engines). Just launched, this 494cc Super-Sport was good for 75mph; its 18hp water-cooled two-stroke twin engine also powered a DKW car.



The Russian motor cycle industry was beginning to stir. Two years after the roll out of the 1,200cc transverse-twin Izh 1 prototype they came up with the 350cc two-stroke L300, inspired (OK copied) from the German DKW E-300. With 7hp and a top speed of 50mph it was hardly revolutionary but the Russians were learning fast.

IXION took a stroll round Olympia; here, for your reading pleasure, is an excerpt from his report. "Value is the keynote of the **OK** series, and has been demonstrated in many a tight race as definitely as it is proclaimed in the catalogues. The **Panther** bares its teeth in a feline grin of derision, noting how many of its rivals are coming round to the inclined engine which it has always preached; but they cannot get their weight as far forward as the big cat, because it holds



the patents for mounting the engine as part of the front down tube. Quality, workmanship and performance is its slogan, and the year-to-year changes seldom amount to more than varying details of a design that was always right. **Enfield** machines have been brought bang up to date, regardless of factory expenses, and they display one of the neatest dry-sump oiling systems in the Show. As its record since the old quadricycle days implies, this firm possesses that indefinable quality we call 'class'. Take over a brand new machine from these works, and you will find, for example, that mechanical noise is at a minimum, and that every control moves properly, neither tight nor resistant. Little things, but they testify to quality. The **Rudge** has had a magnificent year, and deservedly draws vast crowds to its stand. Its successes have been so facile and consistent that they can neither be ascribed to that spice of luck which every good bus needs, nor yet to the possession of several super stars as jockeys. It has almost uniformly developed an extra knot or two, coupled with an immunity from breakage which has been the marvel of all beholders. These two facts indicate great brains in the drawing office, and real conscientiousness alike in materials and in machining. For 1930 there will be no resting on laurels. Still more engine power, backed by stiffer transmission, all the old features, not forgetting the four-speed box, which few makers offer; one of the best stands (not the Olympian variety!) in the Show, new lubrication, more durable valve gear, quieter all-round running...this is indeed a great exhibit, and will cause the heart of the foreign designer to feel like melted wax within him. The big **Scotts** evince interesting detail alterations, and many will welcome the Olympia début of the 'half-Scott' which did so well in the International Six Days when it was scarcely weaned. **Sunbeams** have shared the principal honours of 1929 with Rudge, and the directors evidently consider that a few inside alterations will keep them at the top in 1930, too. As a matter of fact, it is not racing success which has made the 'Beam a household word wherever motor cyclists forgather—numerous and distinguished as its racing victories have been. It has long ranked as the Bentley of the two-wheeled world; not so large and expensive as the Rolls-Royce Brough, but just big enough to give all the speed which skilled youth can ordinarily use, and priced to add quality to its speed proclivities. I know many men who 'potter' on Sunbeams 'because they never give any bother'; and other men who buy them because 'you can get such fine prices for them second-hand'. These two testimonials are independent of racing, and fine tributes to merit. The '90' represents every youngster's dream unless he chances to prefer [Rudge ace] Graham Walker to [Sunbeam ace Charlie] Dodson."

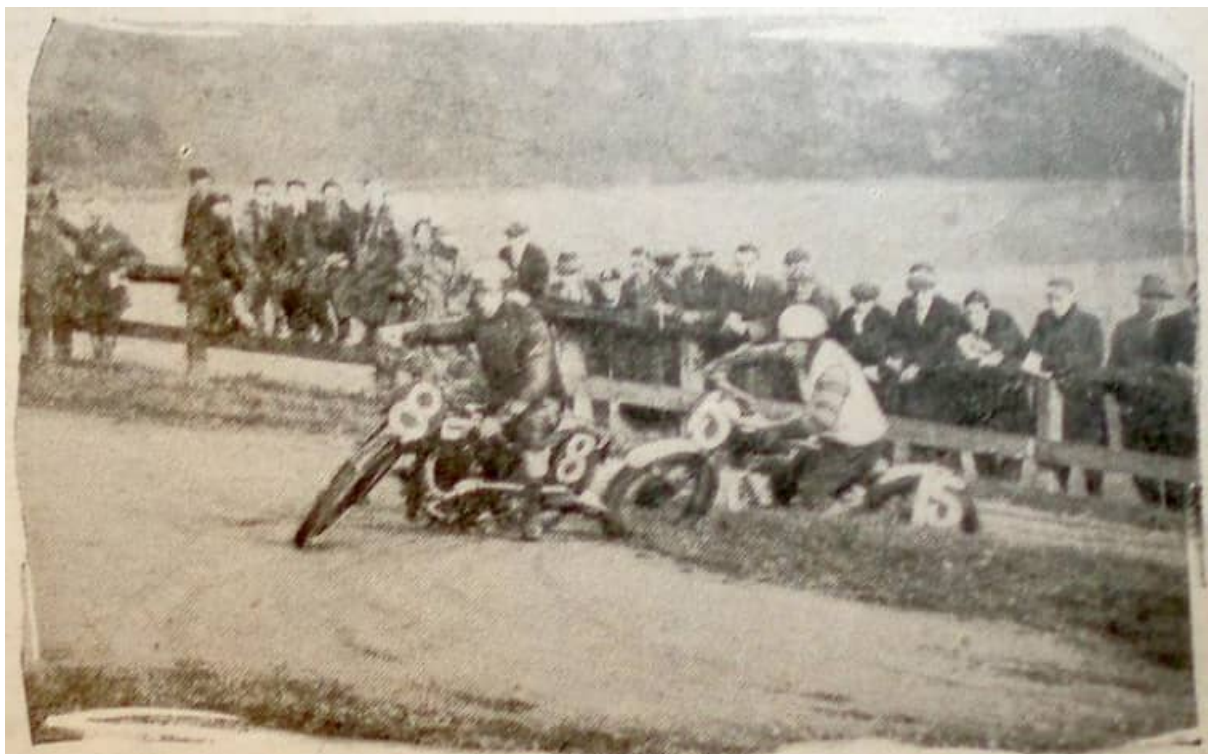


Ixion clearly approved of Royal Enfield, and who can blame him.

...TALKING OF GRAHAM WALKER, he also featured in the Blue 'Un's show issue under the heading 'What the TT Means to Me'. Here's an excerpt: "It is practically impossible to get across in print how I really feel about it, as the sentimental attraction of the TT is to me tremendous. As a small boy of twelve I first took an interest in motor cycles and had my first ride on one. The next year—at the tender age of thirteen—I owned my first machine (strictly illegal, but even magistrates break the law!). Coincident with this event, my interest in the TT arrived. I knew the Christian names of all the riders, the details of their machines, even their private hobbies. I was a walking vade-mecum [handbook] of TT information, and the riders were my gods. Although I had never seen it, I could recite the names of all the corners on the course, and imagined that I knew it by heart. Thus, at a most impressionable age, I had TT fever of the most virulent kind. Then came the War. I was a despatch rider, was eventually fairly badly wounded, and was told I would never ride again. My enthusiasm was still with me, however, and I can recollect going to a fancy dress affair as a TT rider. And any man who could brave the heat of leathers in such circumstances was undoubtedly an enthusiast! In 1919 I went to Norton Motors, Ltd, and managed, in spite of the pessimistic forecast of the Army doctors, to ride a machine again. I was lucky enough to win one or two hill-climbs, and Nortons picked me as a possible candidate for the first post-War TT. I wonder if you, O gentle reader, can imagine what that meant to me? I had gone into the Army in 1914 a boy of eighteen, with all a boy's ideals and enthusiasms...I had come out of the Army in 1918 a man, with a lot of disillusion, physically crooked and rather embittered. Here was an opportunity to regain one of my boyhood's enthusiasms and to dispel some of the disillusion. I was taken over to the Island by that father of riders—DR O'Donovan—to see if I was capable of doing the job. Imagine my stage fright, and imagine if you can my sinking heart when taken round a strange road, totally different from my boyhood's conception of it, the only familiar thing being the names of the corners. When told I must do a qualifying lap in sixty minutes, I felt like packing my bag and fading away to England before I made a fool of myself. Suffice to say that O'Donovan was kindness and understanding personified, and passed me out as OK. Shall I ever forget the feeling of pride? I shall certainly not! And now I believe I am one of the only three still riding who took part in that Senior TT in 1920. I have ridden in every Senior, with the exception of 1924, and in a couple of Sidecar Races and one Junior. I suppose I ought to be blasé or bored, but I am not. Each year I get the same thrill when the Island looms up out of the mist; each year I recapture for a fortnight the feeling of an enthusiastic boy again; each year I think 'Just one more and I must retire,' but the fever is in my bones, and I am beginning to dread the time when I must give it up." Walker kept riding in the TT until 1934 (when he rode Ridges to 3rd place in the Lightweight and 6th place in the Senior); he won the 1931 Lightweight, was runner up in three TTs and 3rd in two. The writing skills demonstrated in this piece were put to good use as editor of the Green 'Un from 1938-54.

"PATH RACING IN THE LOOSE. For last Saturday's path-race meeting at the Crystal Palace the mile course was in a worse state than ever, for, in addition to all the usual looseness, rain had, in parts, made the surface even sticky. The racing, however, was full of brightness...after a 500cc three-mile event, in which HL Daniell (490cc Norton) and TF Hall (495cc Matchless) ran away from the rest of the field, for the former to win, the machines were wheeled out for an A-grade three mile sidecar race. As usual, FH Brackpool (495cc Matchless sc) pocketed the race from the start. Soon after, however, Brackpool did a thing which for two years or more has seemed inevitable...he turned his outfit overt. The race, of course, then fell out of his pocket. Restarting immediately, however, he managed to put it back again almost at once. But fate, for once, was against him. At an awkward moment his sidecar wheel came off, the outfit turned over a second time, and the race rolled out of his reach, to be snapped up by LT Truett (490cc Norton sc). Next

came a match race between Daniell and Tommy Hall...Towards the end of the first lap Hall had a lead of about six yards, but going up to the Maze Daniell got right on his tail...Hall's machine meantime was snaking and bucketing all round the course...on the atrocious surface...Daniell was handicapped by his glasses having been broken by a stone. On the last lap Daniell was making a supreme effort to take the lead along the stand stretch when he happened to put his Norton over a little too far on a patch of grease and came unstuck; everyone had a splendid view. Daniell picked himself and his machine up, restarted, and came in highly amused at the incident. When congratulating Hall on his fine win, The Motor Cycle man asked him how on earth he managed to hold his machine round that course. HE admitted quite frankly that he really didn't know what he was doing at times...he also said that he would rather lap Brooklands continuously for an hour and a half than do three laps of the Palace circuit. Hall was actually using an engine which has done over 100mph on Brooklands; the compression ratio was 10 to 1, and it was, of course, running on dope."



"The star event of the day—the match-race between TF Hall (495cc Matchless) and HL Daniell (490cc Norton). Daniell is seen on Hall's tail at the Maze Hairpin."

"DURING 1928 THERE WERE 31,778,203 motor vehicles registered throughout the world, of which America licensed 24,493,124 and Great Britain 1,318,169."

FUEL AND FOXTROTS. A service station at Askers, Dorset, clears its floors for dancing from 8.30 to midnight every Thursday."

"ALL MOTOR FUEL used in Hungary must consist of 80% petrol and 20% alcohol."

"JW ROSSITER TOOK 61hr 22min to cover the 866 miles from Land's End to John o' Groats on a Raleigh pedal cycle. And on the last MCC run competitors were scheduled to take 63½ hours!"





These rather charming sketches illustrated an article on the charms of Scotland as a touring destination.

“A PRIVATELY OWNED 196cc Villiers-engined James has been ridden with sealed tank from Chester to London; the fuel consumed was 7½ pints—which is equivalent to nearly 200mpg.”

“DENLEY AND HIS SPEEDY AJS have not been allowed to remain in peaceful possession of the famous 500cc hour record for very long...Lacey on his 498cc Grindlay-Peerless-JAP has regained it. He raised Denley’s figure from 104.51mph to 105.25mph.”

MORE THAN 20 Italian marques were turning out advanced, high revving 175s.

A PUNDIT ADVISED: “Sight is the only sense by which good drivers can proceed with safety... deafness therefore should in no way affect the granting of a licence.”



“Three men in the space of a dozen yards—a thrilling moment in an International road race.”

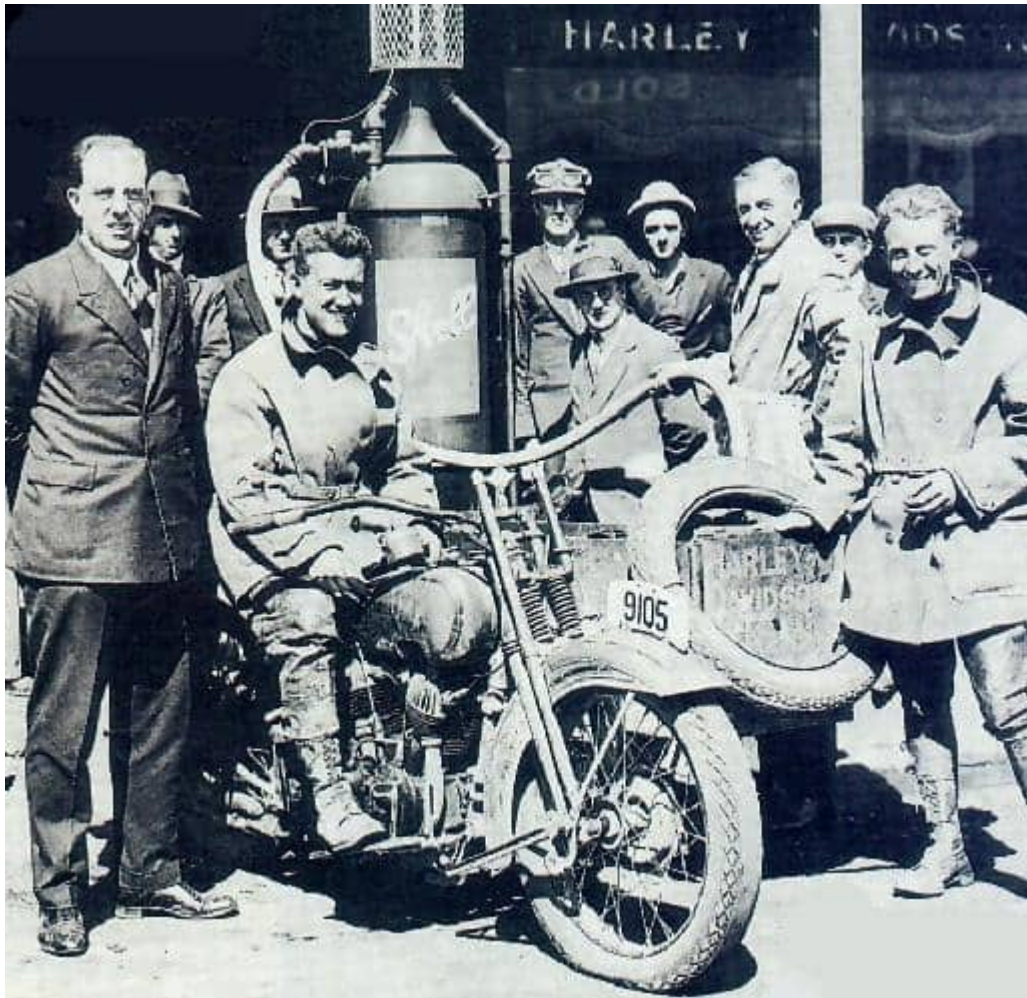
TRIALS VETERAN HARRY BAUGHAN had been making motorcycles in Stroud, Glos since the early twenties, with engines by Blackburne, Sturmey-Archer and JAP. Now he built a trials outfit

with a 500cc Blackburne TT engine and patented sidecar-wheel drive which was so good that many clubs banned it from their events (shades of the 'barred' 1908 Zenith Gradua).

THE EXPANDING GERMAN INDUSTRY produced 195,686 motorcycles – the Brits managed 164,000. By year's end there were 731,298 motorcycles on British roads. Numbers would decline after the recession and wouldn't be as high again until 1950.

VELOCETTE OFFERED ITS REVOLUTIONARY positive-stop footchange as an option on all models, even its new GTP twostroke. It also offered the KTT to all-comers – the first pukka racing bike offered to the public since the pioneer days when there was, in any case, little difference between roadsters and racers.

IF YOU'VE ARRIVED HERE via 1928 you'll recall that a hero named Jeff Munro lapped Australia on a 500cc Ariel which was literally a near-death experience. A year later and two more Aussies decided to do a lap on a combo. Once again I'm obliged to Peter Whitaker of Old Bike Australasia for this yarn: "Jack Bowers' motorcycling days began out of sheer necessity, his trusty (read:leaky) BSA delivering him to work before dawn and back well after dark each day. With 1928's depression starting to bite like a Pit Bull in a Butcher's, Jack and close mate Frank Smith did the sensible thing of jacking it all in and going for a record 'lap' around Australia. For transport they chose a Harley Davidson to which was attached a coffin-like hardwood box, the bottom of which was extended to accommodate an eight-gallon petrol tank from a Model T Ford. We're guessing they didn't have a mate brave enough to ask 'Why?'. The sidecar seat was a circular inflatable cushion, spare tyres were strapped on either end and a pair of two-gallon galvanised-iron water tanks finished the oddity off nicely. Catering was by means of a 12-gauge, a repeating Winchester rifle and a steady hand...it was Independence Day [26 January] when Jack and Frank headed north from Sydney with a grand total of 60 quid in their money belt. The hardships they encountered are legendary. Through 'blackpella' country—where skirmishes and spearings were still common—to the far north, at the time so unexplored that the pair were commissioned to map a route from Katherine to Darwin. Food was never an issue with bush turkeys an easy-to-whack favourite. The exorbitant cost of petrol was an academic problem, matched only by actually finding the stuff. The search was harder for water, but the intrepid duo could travel like kings as long as the sun rose every day, the petrol held out, they didn't die of thirst, they didn't run across a Kalkadoon War Party and, most of all, they remained mates. Jack Bowers and Frank Smith returned to Sydney in triumph. With the final stamping of their Auto Cycle Union of Australia card at the GPO on September 21 they were not only recognised as the first to fully circumnavigate (including the return trip to Darwin) the continent on a motorcycle and sidecar, but set a new record for any motorised vehicle by more than a month. And in Jack's final words, 'We also dispelled all doubts about man not being able to live with man for long periods of isolation. We really felt as though we had achieved something.'"



Jack Bowers and his mate Frank Smith tooled up and rode a Harley outfit round Australia in record time.

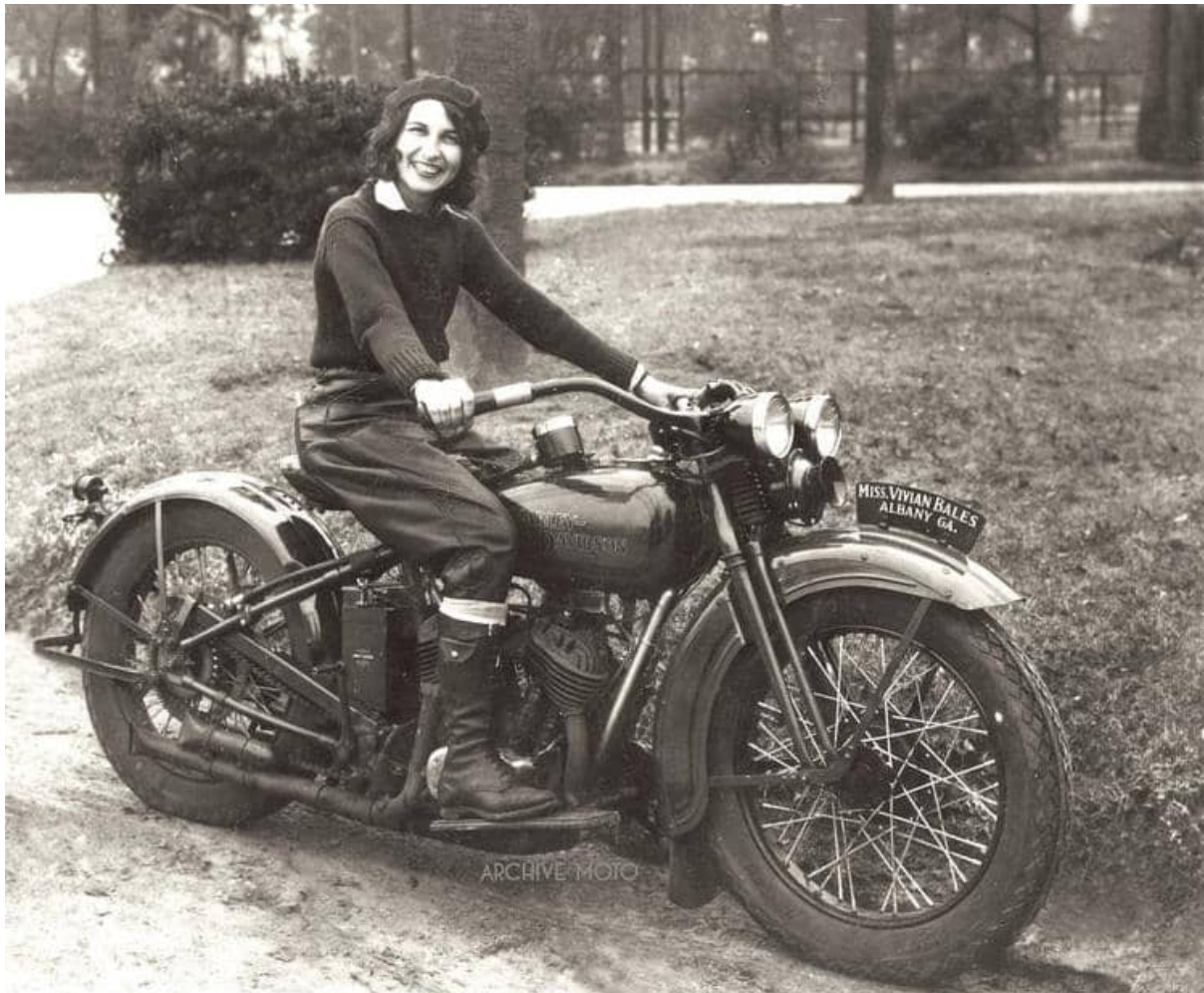




"A transcontinental tour: Bertil Hult photographed at Tangiers en route from Stockholm to Cape Town. His mount is a 976cc Royal Enfield."



Emeric von Semendy left Budapest aboard a DKW on a world tour he expected to last for six years.



Vivian Bales, a professional seamstress and dance instructor, took her Harley 45 on a 78-day, 5,000-mile tour., during which she was introduced to President Herbert Hoover, wearing her trademark all-white riding breeches, shirt, helmet, socks and sweater with “The Enthusiast Girl” across her chest. She rode on to become a professional stunt rider; Arthur Davidson dubbed her ‘The Georgia Peach’.

“EIGHTEEN MONTHS HAVE PASSED since dirt-track racing was introduced to this country. Now, at the end of the second season, motor cyclists can look back, not without amusement, at its stormy advent. According to some, speedway racing was to prove a kind of cuckoo in the nest; it would kill all normal forms of motor cycle sport, and it would be so dangerous that every spectator would eschew motor cycling in all its aspects. Others, however, saw it in the birth of a new era of motor cycling. What do we find? Just this, that speedway racing has settled down to its own particular niche and that club life has never been more healthy. So much for the pessimists. And as for the optimists, who can say that the speedways have had any real effect one way or the other? The number of motor cycles registered continues to increase, that much we do know; and we know that it has been increasing for years past...speedway racing seems to have had little effect other than that of providing an exciting spectacle for the general populace...but, to say the least, its general reception has been a mixed one...many of the tracks are too small and too far away from the spectators; a number of them...have a greyhound track between cinders and audience. But so far speedway racing has not been put on a national footing. If this is done by developing the league system a boom may be expected, for among



speedway spectators is to be found a keenness quite equal to that displayed by football partisans, who go so far as to follow their team round the country on all its away matches.”

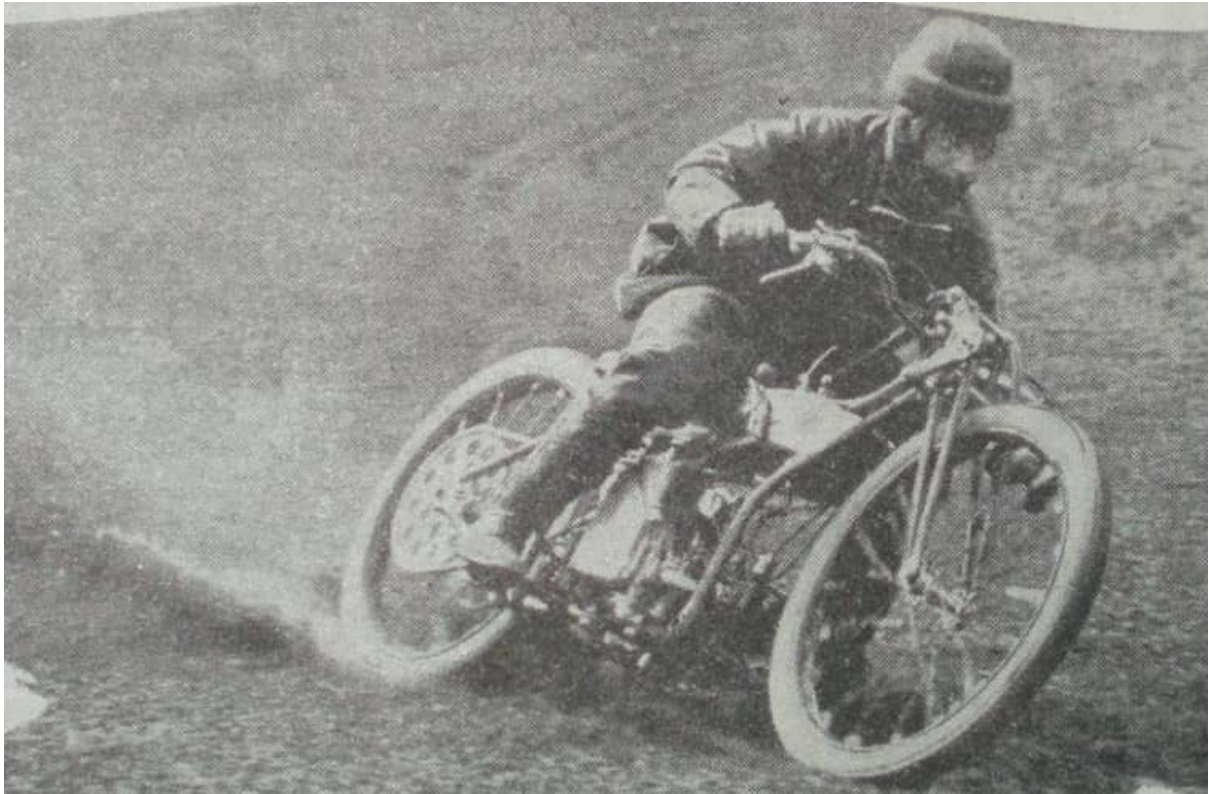
A SEASON AFTER THE initial contingent of Australian stars kickstarted speedway in the UK Geelong Speedway star Colin Stewart arrived and he brought his bike with him (in his cabin). With three years’ experience he was one of the best riders in the business. Having started with a 250cc Cotton-Blackburne Stewart had progressed to a TT Velo, a Norton, a Douglas and a four-valve, twin-carb Indian before settling on a Glanfield Rudge. But he was not just a first-class broadsider: working with engineer Alan Bruce, Stewart was constantly modifying the frame, experimenting with wheel sizes and rear tyre pressures up to 90psi. As well as appearance money Stewart’s contract included the best equipment. Rudge engineers duly examined his extensively modified frame and found it was twisted. In any case didn’t really approve of non-standard bikes. But they couldn’t ignore Stewart’s record and were finally persuaded to build a replica. Before long fellow Aussie Billy Galloway was using one too. Stuart spent three months in hospital recovering from injuries sustained in a crash at West Ham (though he was back the following season as captain of Glasgow White City) and within a couple of years the bespoke Rudge was outclassed by JAP-powered machines. But Colin Stewart deserves his footnote in speedway history for developing the first specialised speedway frame.



Colin Stewart helped develop the first generation of specialised speedway frames.

THE AUSSIE INVASION LAUNCHED British speedway but (as Caulkheads on my beloved Isle of Wight have been known to remind cocky overners), “the boat goes both ways’. Witness this antipodean newspaper report: “Riding a 3½ Douglas racer, Miss Fay Taylour, the celebrated Irish lady rider, was successful in wining the A Grade Handicap on Saturday night. She was never in danger of losing any of the events...her time in the semi-final was the fastest recorded for the season. Mis Taylour has ridden several makes of machines, but she prefers the English Douglas for reliability.”





“Charlie Datson is the only one of the pioneers of Australian dirt-track racing who is still riding on the speedways. He turned out at the very first meeting held in Australia—at Maitland in 1923. On that occasion he rode over from his home, 20 miles away, on his ‘7-9’ Harley; he arrived just in time to hear his name being announced over the megaphone, and, having no time to strip his machine, rode it straight on to the track, lights and all.”



Douglas sold 1,200 dirt track machines in a single season; this is the 600cc ohv DT6.



Speedway was clearly flavour of the month: James weighed in with its 500cc twin.

YOU KNOW A SPORT HAS hit the big time when its stars get their own set of cigarette cards...



“**Clem Court**, who is one of the youngest of English riders, has recently come very much to the front. Unlike many other riders he is not at all superstitious, for he usually rides on green. Although he has been riding only a few months he has won both the White City and the Wimbledon Handicap races, while at the White City track he won the News of the World Belt. Clem Court was one of the group of English riders chosen to go to Cairo to ride there during the winter of 1928-9. ‘**Wizard**’ **Frank Arthur** started racing at an early age but had no great success until 1927 when he surprised everyone by winning the Golden Helmet in Australia. Since coming to England to ride for the International Speedways Ltd, Arthur has carried off many valuable trophies including the much prized Golden Helmet, which has probably won more than anyone else. **Roger Frogley**, the idol of the Crystal Palace Speedways, came into prominence at the Stamford Bridge tracks. He has also ridden successfully at the West Ham Speedways where he recently defeated in a match race Australian rider Charlie Spinks. He has also won the *News of the World* belt for the Crystal Palace Track. **Sprouts Elder**, the great American champion, started racing in the USA and rapidly attained prominence on the big tracks, securing many trophies and records. He has also raced successfully in Australia, where he holds many records. He came to England in 1928 with some of the Australians and is now one of the best known riders competing on our tracks, especially West Ham, White City and Stamford Bridge. He won the championship of the former track on 1928. **Tommy Croombs** is one of the few English riders to ride a Pea-Shooter Harley successfully. His method of almost standing on his right foot-rest when going round the bends is reminiscent of Australian champion Frank Arthur.

In 1928 he broke the record for the Lea Bridge Track. Few other riders have had more experience of different kinds of track-riding than **Cecil Brown**. Born at Manistique, Mich USA, he started riding at 17, and for three years was undefeated on the big tracks there. He went to Australia in 1915 and me with great success on the Manubra hard track, winning the Golden Helmet several times. He secured the three-mile Australian Dirt-Track Championship at Cessnock. Since coming to England he has become popular at the International Speedway meetings.”

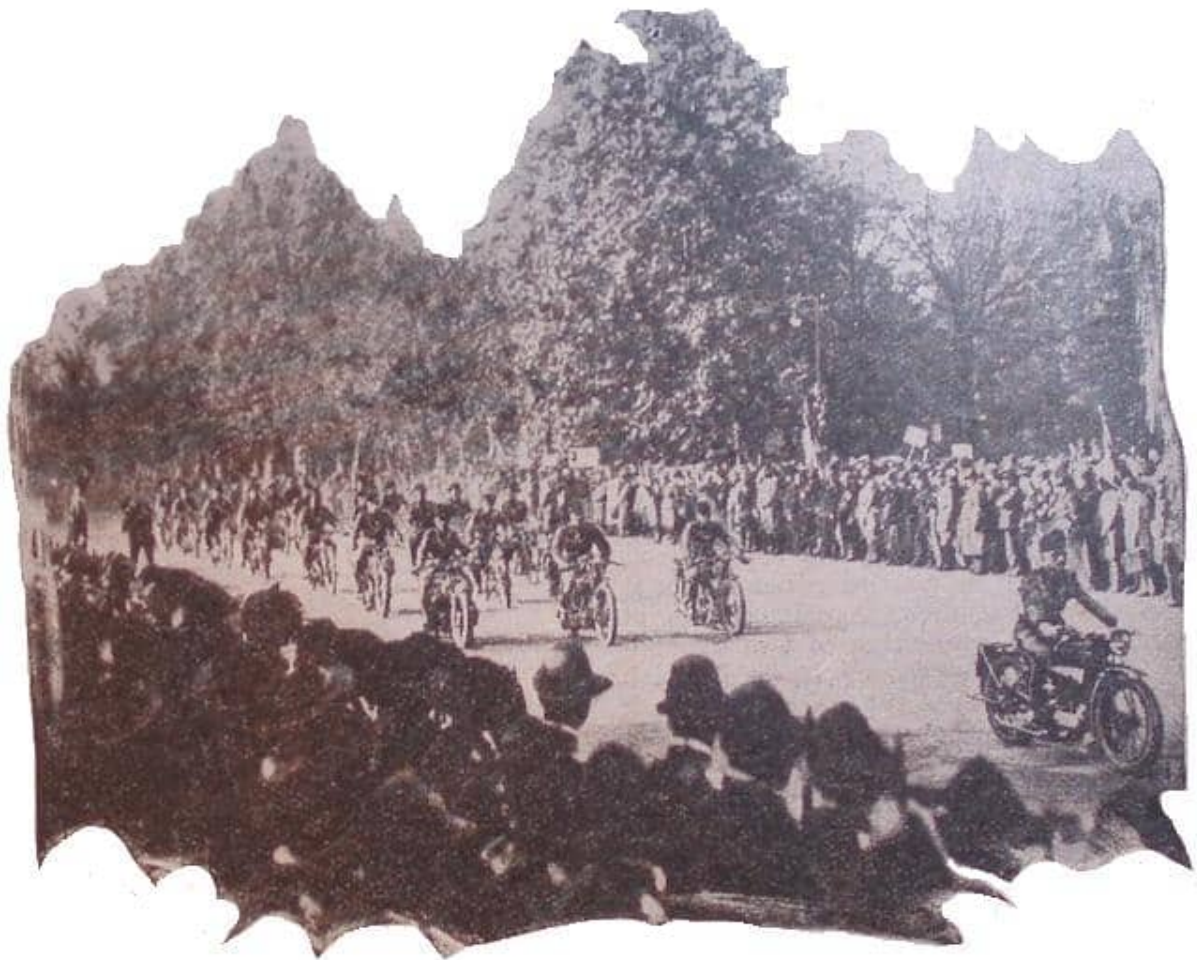
THE FIRST SPEEDWAY Star Riders’ Championship had separate sections for British and Overseas riders because the organisers believed British riders were not ready to compete with the Americans and Australians. The first British Star Rider was Roger Frogley; Overseas Star Rider was Aussie Frank Arthur, who beat his compatriot Vic Hurley. Within a year the British and Overseas sections were merged into a single championship.

A SPEEDWAY RIDER NAMED Billie Smith fell during the grand parade before a meeting at Wembley and broke her collarbone. The St John Ambulance officers had to cut her leathers away on the track, exposing her breast. Track owner Arthur Elvin felt this was improper and banned female riders from riding at Wembley. He reported the incident to the ACU who made the ban nationwide. Women wouldn’t be allowed back on the shale for nearly 60 years.

“I KEEP NOTICING,” IXION remarked, opprobrious references to saddle tanks in our Correspondence columns. Novices, don’t take any notice of them. They are just disgruntled taunts from the Old Brigade, who, not having found any winners lately, are still riding machines with tanks of the Huntley and Palmer rectangular variety. A good saddle tank in tasteful hues does more to make a bus look decent than any other single item. Incidentally, they are strong mechanically and hold plenty of juice in very workmanlike fashion. They have only one snag, namely, the the weather is apt to shoot along their surface and damp what my old gardener always refers to as his ‘abodum’. And I believe this doesn’t happen except with abodums of the supercharged variety, which young riders out not to possess.”

SADDLE TANKS WEREN’T the only innovation to attract Ixion’s attention: “Of the little things announced as figuring on the 1930 new models, at least three have intrigued me enormously. No 1 is the clean Triumph handlebar, for I never owned an even moderately clean bar since designers dropped using chess bishops on the tank top for throttle, air and ignition. No 2 is the Douglas hand-lever starter. Of course, it mightn’t be such a success on a sulky single, but it gives a far pleasanter action than the frenzied leap demanded by a kick-starter—a leap, too, which has to be made while you are restraining 3cwt from assuming the horizontal, and while you are wearing a heavy suit of overalls. No 3 is also Douglas (and one or two others)—the central stand with removable feet. There is always a mild snag about this last, for the feet will not always be there when they are most wanted, unless we begin to keep our tool bags locked. But I have always resented the job of hoisting 3cwt of metal six inches off the ground when all I wanted was to keep the machine vertical. A clear brain will see at once that a machines wants to kinds of stand, viz, *a repair stand* (only needed on rare occasions at long intervals) and *a prop stand* (needed forty times a day). Most makers force us to use a repair stand for prop stand purposes; some No 8 hat at Kingswood has perceived that the normal stand should be of the prop variety.”





“A motor cycle contingent of Fascisti at a recent meeting in Milan evoked great interest. The fact that the leader is riding a British machine is rather surprising.”

“THE PRESSMAN’S JOB,” ‘TORRENS AVERRED, is to test and test and test. Usually a score or more different motor cycles pass through his hands in a year, and no sooner does one of them become a pal than back it goes to its maker...Once in a way his luck is in, and instead of a mere 500 or 800 miles on a particular mount he covers several thousand in connection with some special test. This has been the case with a 490cc overhead-camshaft Norton that has recently been gracing my garage...it is of a breed that has won its spurs time and again. To mention that mine has covered 3,500 miles and never let me down savours of the obvious, but in this particular case nearly every one of those miles has been a real one. Beggars’ Roost, Cloutsham, Hampton, Yascombe, Meerhay, Fingle Bridge, Simms, Porlock and dozens of other lesser-known hills have been climbed, and hundreds of miles have been over tracks and by-lanes...No motor cycle is perfect—which is just as well for press critics—but very, very few faults can be found with my Norton. It is more than fast enough for use on the road, for even when it was returned to the factory, with 2,500 miles of carbon in the engine, it was capable of an honest to goodness 76mph. And what is equally important, at high speeds one does not have to hang on to the bars like grim death, not even at the speeds of well over 80 which the machine could attain while the engine was free from carbon. For fast cornering I have only met on motor cycle that is better—an actual TT mount. In braking, too, even the most critical could find no fault...Added to these characteristics is an exceptional degree of riding comfort; so for high-average work the Norton is almost in a class of its own...A close-ratio box would make a world of difference...a four-speed box with three close ratios and an emergency bottom one would do the trick, and then—well, I

might even consider pensioning of Willing William and buying a camshaft. Some folk maintain that on rough roads an ohc Norton is a bit of a handful. It may be so if they ride fey, but...at my leisurely gait it is as easy to handle as you could wish. Nor have I any complaints about its behaviour on rough tracks, unless they are covered in deep mud; then one's work is cut out, but so it is on almost any bus, unless you turn the taps up...No-one expects a super-sports 500 to be ideal as a potterbus, but on the Norton you can trickle along at 20 in top gear...The fuel consumption was not especially good. At an average 40mph it worked out at 65mpg...Mechanically the machine was really quiet, there being very little noise except piston slap, and even that was never obtrusive once the engine had warmed up. All told, the camshaft Norton proved itself an out-and-out thoroughbred that was a joy to ride...One final criticism remains: the cam gear leaked oil."

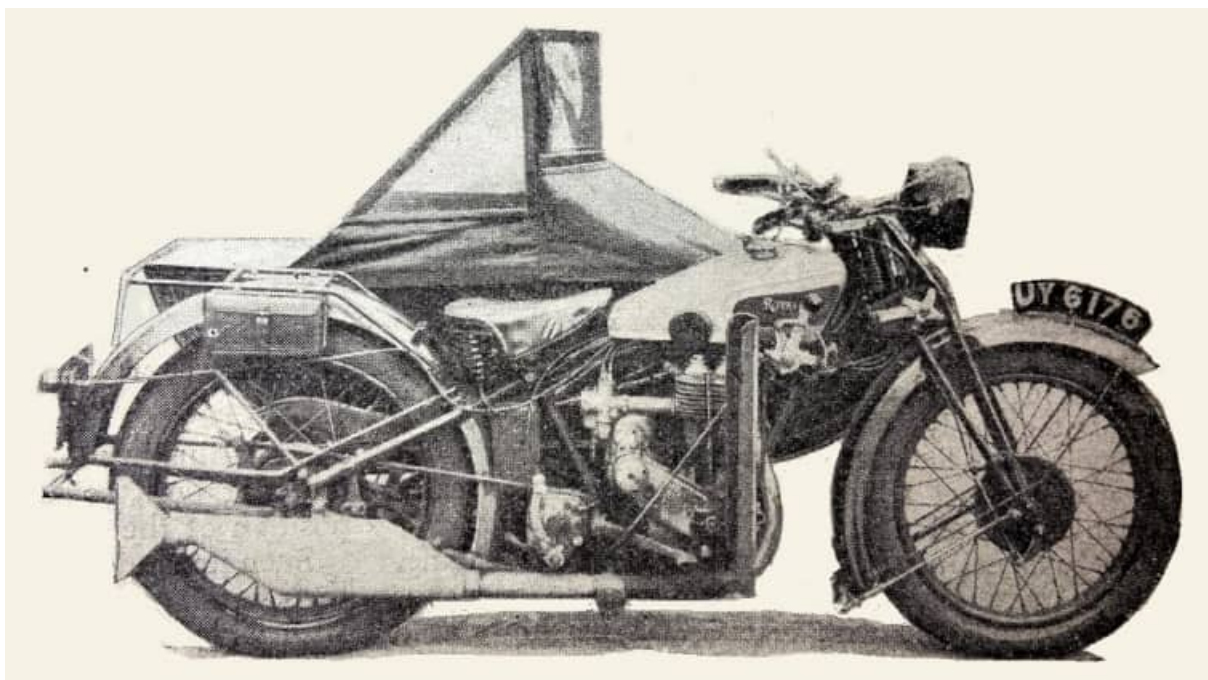


"All told, the camshaft Norton proved itself an out-and-out thoroughbred that was a joy to ride."

**Horses for courses—Torrens' colleague 'Colebank' had been out and about on "a docile touring outfit as a relief from super-sports sidecars"...**

"IN THE RECENT PAST it has been my lot to sample one or two different makes of sidecar outfit. These were all of the sporting variety, where the machine itself was capable of a phenomenal number of miles per hour and the sidecar was shaped rather like a cigar. Now this type of outfit is all very well up to a point. It looks well, it will maintain an average speed worthy of the Correspondence columns, and, nowadays, it is extremely reliable. I speak the truth when I say that I enjoyed the temporary ownership of these machines, but it struck me that they do not represent the ideal of quite a number of people. It is not everyone who likes lying down to a forwardly placed handle-bar; the terrific acceleration of a high-efficiency engine does not appeal to every member of the motor cycling community; a cigar does not represent the ideal carriage for every member of the fair sex, especially if a child also is to be carried; the noise from a well-tuned single is not music in the ear of a peace-loving passenger, and it does not improve the temper of a youngster of very tender years any more than it gives delight to a conscientious policeman. There are some moods during which sheer speed, and all that it involves, is willingly sacrificed for other qualities. Speed alone palls after a time; comfort never does. Speed and comfort in a motor cycle represent an ideal combination, and the ideal is rarely, if ever, achieved in anything mechanical. One of the first concerns to recognise the merits of the sidecar was the

Enfield Cycle Company, and it applied itself to the production of this class of vehicle. That its efforts have been rewarded is proved by the number of its machines that are on the road. Recently I had to take over an Enfield outfit for a fairly long-distance journey. My demands were, primarily, for something that would be absolutely reliable; secondly, that would offer the maximum of comfort; and thirdly, that would be reasonably quiet in all its departments. At the Enfield works I was shown the machine that was to be placed in my charge. It was the 488cc side-valve model, fully equipped with electric lighting, leg-shields and a touring sidecar with windscreen and side shields. It was just the sort of outfit that gave one the impression that it would go on performing for ever without attention, and throughout the 1,000 miles or so that I drove it this impression was never dispelled. One adjustment only was found to be desirable. and this was the raising of the metering needle in the carburetter to give slightly better power on hills. With this adjustment made, there was but little criticism that could be levelled at the performance, taking into consideration the type of machine. Quite the most noticeable feature was the steering,

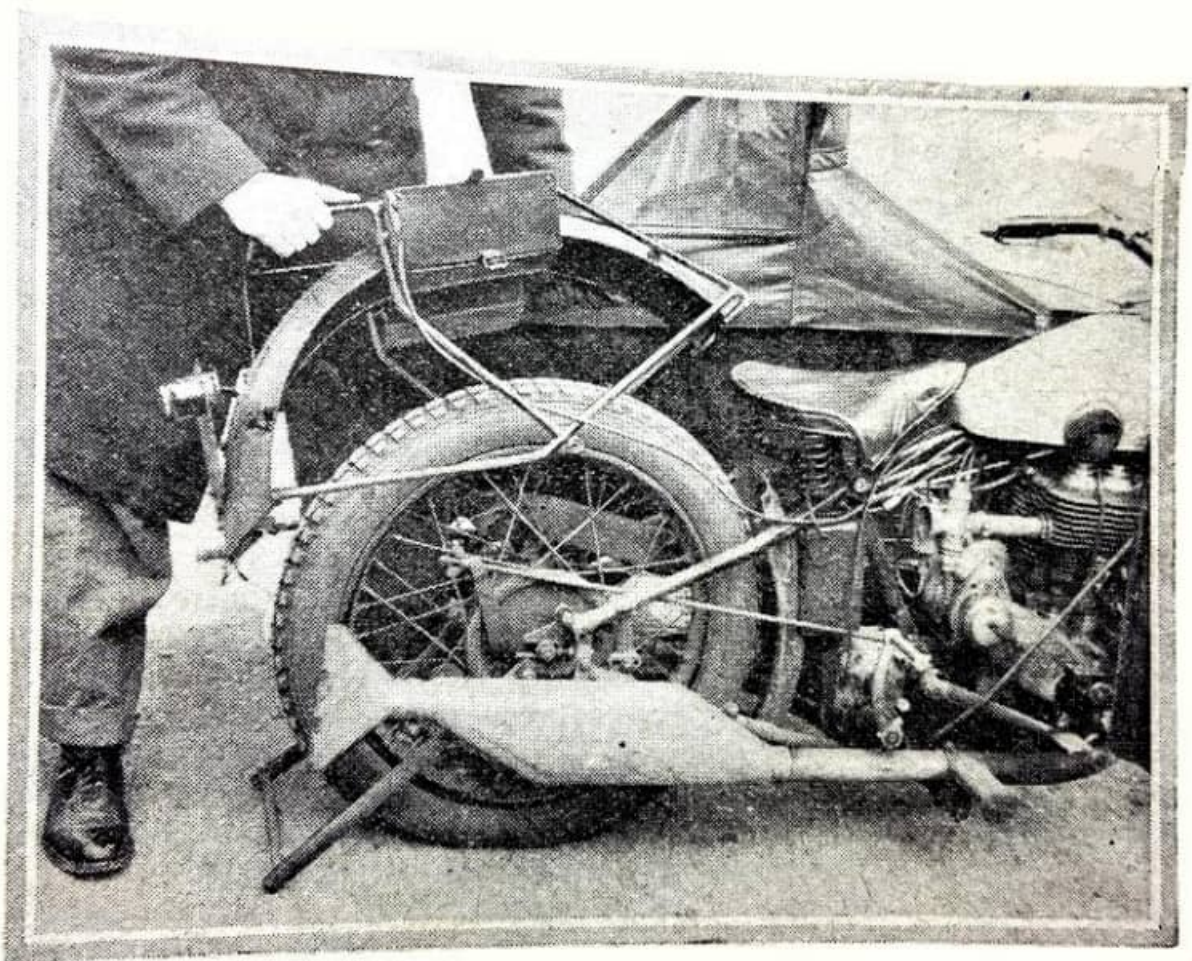


“It was the 488cc side-valve model, fully equipped with electric lighting, leg-shields and a touring sidecar with windscreen and side shields.”

and in this respect it can quite truthfully be stated that no sidecar outfit could have handled with less effort. There was not the least trace of pull to the left; indeed, with the sidecar empty, and running on the crown of the road, the machine was inclined to steer to the right. With the steering damper screwed lightly down the outfit followed a straight course when driven hands off. Fatigue over a long distance was thus reduced to an absolute minimum; at the same time there was no undue tendency for the sidecar wheel to lift on a left-hand bend. We settled down comfortably and covered mile after mile without a falter. Heavy rain and wet roads were but minor terrors, for the legshields provided ample protection for the lower part of the legs, and the sidecar equipment gave full protection to the occupants of the ‘chair’. I say ‘occupants’ for there were two of them, mother and child, and some idea of the roominess of the body can be gained from the fact that repeated enquiries as to their comfort met with only one response—a ready affirmative that all was well. There was not a great deal of speed in the engine, but there was sufficient for our needs, and sufficient for the needs of all who wish to use their machines as a



means to an end—with the exception, of course, of the fast, independent solo rider. Starting was ridiculously easy, and the slow tick-over well above the average. The exhaust was silent too, and the brakes all that could be desired from any machine. Two people besides myself who drove this machine remarked on the easy gear change and the lightness of the clutch, and the ease with which the outfit could be whipped round an acute right-hand corner. There are other points about this machine which commend it to the use of the ordinary rider. Accessibility has been studied; the rear wheel is immediately laid bare by undoing two nuts and removing the mudguard and carrier. This is an old feature of Royal Enfield design, but it is well worthy of emphasis. There is an inspection door in the front chain case through which the state of the chain may be examined. Also, when one is adjusting the chains, the brake pedal moves with the gear box, so that there is no need to readjust the position of the pedal stop. Such items, taken separately, may be insignificant, but their sum represents a valuable contribution to the ease with which the machine may be maintained. I thoroughly enjoyed myself with the Enfield, and my passengers were also pleased. It is a machine eminently suited to the person who likes to take his motor cycling quietly. I found it a distinct, and, indeed, a pleasurable, change from the high-speed, sensitive and noisy ‘cigar’-pulling mounts that I had been handling immediately previously.”



“A boon when punctures occur—the quickly detachable rear mudguard.”

“THE WESSEX SCRAMBLE, which held over the red Hone Hill Artillery Range, near Devizes...was voted, by spectators and competitors alike, an unqualified success...the course consisted of a five-mile circuit of rough grassland, plentifully bestrewn with craters...occasional precipices

and wooded dells with intriguing titles...The event was held over five laps...and was open to solo machines of every capacity from 175cc to unlimited...the complete entry of 46 got away to a massed start, and to say the sight (and noise!) was impressive would be putting it very mildly...The Motor Cycle man made his way to the first obstacle—huge basin-like depressions terminating in a stiff 1 in 2 climb for about 30 yards...J Williams (499cc Rudge-Whitworth), riding his bucking and bouncing mount with superb skill, rushed the hill apparently flat out, with his feet glued to the footrests. He certainly deserved the applause of the delighted spectators...then came a bunch of five, led by W Evans (490cc Triumph). Wheelspin spelt the fate of Evans, and he rolled backwards down the hill before the tow rope could be got into working order...WJ Barnes and DJ Barnes, both mounted on Scotts, suffered from too much power and not enough wheel-grip. FE Webb (246cc Excelsior) came into sight holding his complete exhaust pipe in one hand, and to everyone's amazement he essayed the tricky climb. He did very well to get as far as half-way up before wheelspin claim him as a victim...By this time the spectators were worked up into a fever pit of enthusiasm and when HC Perry (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) appeared with a trickle of flame issuing from the region of his cylinder, their excitement knew no bounds. The inevitable happened, for half way up the gradient the trickle grew with alarming suddenness and before he actually knew what was happening the rider was tumbling backwards down the hill with his blazing machine quickly following on his heels...the machine burnt itself out in spite of the intense application of a battery of extinguishers...HS Perrey (248cc Ariel) arrived, and the way he jockeyed his small machine was worthy of the greatest praise. FE Thacker and B Kershaw, mounted on 248cc Ariels, were also riding with grim ferocity, and there is little doubt that this trio had its mind set on the Team Prize. It was perhaps fortunate for them that E Fernihough (246cc Excelsior) broke his rear chain on the first lap, for he was then leading the 250s, and would have needed some catching. However, it was the luck of the game, and Fernihough himself did not seem to mind. [This is an early appearance of Eric Crudgington Fernihough who, in the 1930s, was to win Grands Prix for Excelsior and set solo and sidecar land speed records on a Bruff-Sup before a fatal crash ended his illustrious career.]...Williams and his Rudge ran home winners in the excellent time, considering the conditions, of 1hr 2min 31sec for the 25 miles...the non-finishers numbered 24, which in itself speaks volumes for the severity of the course...It was decided to give a certificate of merit to all those who finished."



L-R: "J Williams (499cc Rudge-Whitworth) [who won the *Motor Cycling* Trophy for best time of the day] looking anxious, but making a star climb of a really steep grass bank. W Evans (Triumph) caught in a dirt-track attitude, watches HR Kemble (Rudge-Whitworth) attack one of the 'choicest' sections of the course. W Evans (Triumph) about to receive tow-rope assistance, BW Swabey (Rudge-Whitworth) in the centre of a crowd, and a third hero pursuing a lonely course."

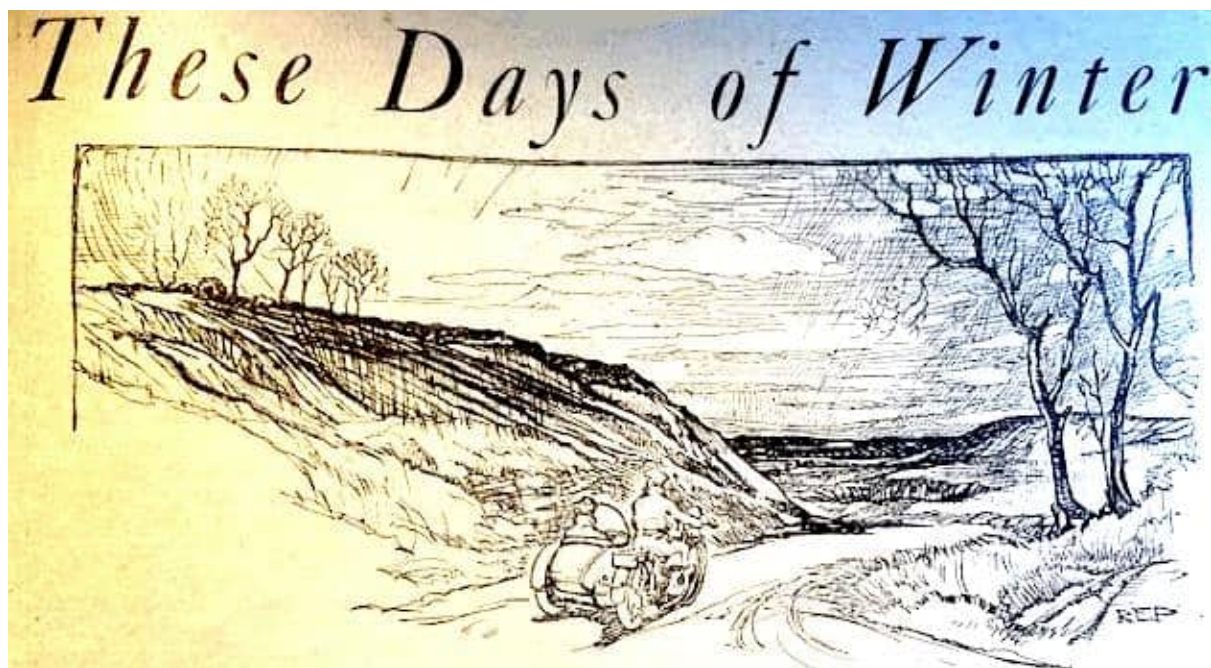


“I NOTICED A LETTER in your paper...re flat-twin revs. It may interest some people to know that the Douglas DT engine can be made to do 7,000rpm without difficulty. Indeed, the ‘EW’ type 350cc side-valve has actually done 8,000 on the bench, running on coal-gas. This was in a destruction test, and the motor maintained those revs for a week non-stop, and was none the worse afterwards! Concerning high speeds, it is a fact that before the BMW did the 134mph, the tuner of OEC-Temple’s machine expressed the opinion that there is no reason why the 600cc ohv Douglas should not attain 150mph. A short time after, a comparatively untuned and unsupercharged 600cc Douglas did 110mph on Southport Sands. So there is hope for us yet.

**AL Bashan“**

” I WAS INTERESTED TO read in *The Motor Cycle* how a Brooklands rider was stopped by a wasp on his spark plug. Your contributor jokingly asks, ‘Is this a record?’ I have many a time been held up by locusts. At about midday the locust swarm settles on the ground for a feed and a quiet smoke before resuming its journey, and at such times the whole landscape is thickly carpeted with them. If you try to ride slowly through them they will fly up in such dense masses that all vision will be obscured, and one’s face becomes so bombarded with their hard, heavy bodies that further progress becomes impossible. The best method is to say your prayers in shorthand, open out to 45 or 50mph, and chare through. The locusts rise in solid crowds, it is true, but owing to the speed the insects have time to ride only as far as one’s knees, leaving the face and eyes unmolested. Now, while charging through, the engine is liable to become completely hidden by a vast bank of locusts, and unless the plugs are protected the engine will cut out in the first ten yards, leaving one to divest the plugs of their coating of zizzling corpses, while the startled swarm fairly makes the air boom with the beating of countless wings.

**B6773, Kenya Colony.**



**“A Woman Passenger Speaks of their Joys, and Adds some Hints on Clothing. By MARION DAWSON.**

BRR! UMPTEEN DEGREES OF FROST on a winter’s night and a fifty-mile run in prospect. No one in his or her right senses—not even a motor cyclist—would contemplate such a trip purely for its own sake. That is the opinion of the fire-worshippers; though some of the same dear folk, with perhaps just a shade of regret that their own inclinations do not take them beyond the



hearthrug, prepare a hot meal against the return of the couple of adventurers. As someone more or less famous once remarked, it is the point of view which counts, and a night when all the world is moonlit and the hedgerows and stark trees bedight with sparkling gems can provide an hour or two's exquisite enjoyment to many who love the open road. Not that the scene is always so well laid, perchance, for crisp moonlight nights are few and far between, and the elements are often served up mixed-grill fashion in our delightfully unstable climate; but in scarcely any mood does the weather deter those whose chief pleasure it is to be abroad with the old bus. Speaking for myself, sidecarring in the winter months has been responsible for many pleasant memories in spite of the attendant slight discomforts of cold toes, and a realisation, as the sidecar has been directed homeward, that my nose reflected the same hue as the setting sun. But if these trifles had carried weight I should not have been aware of some sunsets at all, and certainly never could have visualised the beauty of some of the pictures displayed by Nature at the close of a winter's afternoon. Sometimes a pastel—a lazy river meandering across the sombre landscape, steely-grey in the pale light, with softer greyish mists rising from the low-lying meadows; or perhaps an etching—a huge shoulder of ploughed earth, intensely black, reaching up to the reddening sky, the trees on the crest sharply silhouetted against the clouds. "You and your sunsets," jeers my partner, overlooking me—a reprehensible habit which he alleges has become second nature due to our relative positions, his up on the saddle and mine down in the sidecar. His chief concern at dusk is whether the temperamental lighting outfit is functioning, and secondly if, when and where we shall be fortunate enough to get tea; but we are both in agreement that we have obtained as much satisfaction from the sport in winter as in the milder days.



"A good meal before starting goes a long way towards ensuring comfort." (Right) "A suede hat, pulled well down, keeps the ears warm."

It was in January some years ago that a party of kindred spirits, soloists as well as sidecarrists, ventured into North Wales, and spent an exhilarating week-end endeavouring to climb the wonderful hill which forms the descent into Vortigen's Valley. This hill is known to-day by a name which aptly describes its winding characteristics. Some made successful climbs unaided, others did not; but the scenery and the fun was worth all our endeavours. The snow was falling when some of us again visited Wales, and that outing is memorable largely on account of a certain alfresco 'supper' eaten in coaching days. We had yarned away for hours as we sat under the eaves, as it were, of the huge fireplace, and it was well after midnight when we unanimously decided that another meal would not come amiss; so we raided the kitchen and larders and regaled ourselves with sausages, cold pheasant and cake, eaten picnic-fashion, as the cutlery

was locked up for the night. In the morning we looked out on the Snowdonia mountains, white-capped and lovely in the brilliant sunlight. Incidentally, we made our way homeward the following day in a heavy downpour of rain. Another recollection is of a trip late one November. The day was one of slight mishaps and delays, so that we did not reach the object of our journey (a 'new' hill discovered by the organiser of the party) until the edge of darkness, when it was too late to try conclusions with it. We were all many miles from home, and as we retraced our steps the mists came down and blotted out the scenery. For hours we carefully crawled over moorland tracks and through narrow lanes, and all heaved a sigh of thankfulness when we reached a little town where we were able to get a meal. Did we enjoy the ham and eggs? We did, likewise the steak and chips which followed; which only goes to prove that one of the greatest blessings bestowed on the motor cyclist is a good appetite. It is only common sense, of course, in the interests of health and pleasure, to aim at keeping warm when passengering in the cold days, and from experience I can say that a good meal before starting goes a long way towards ensuring comfort. Clothing should be plentiful, and the outer garment waterproof; for preference, it should not be leather as it holds the rain, though a leather jacket worn beneath a raincoat is a boon. The top coat should be buttoned up to the neck, and sleeves drawn in at the wrist right at the start; once the skin is chilled it is hard to get warm again. Any small hat which can be pulled well down over the ears is serviceable, but the beret is not so suitable in bad weather as a felt or suede cap. Footwear should be strong and, to ensure warmth, should be easy-fitting. Rubber Wellingtons have much to recommend them, though personally I prefer leather boots, or leather shoes and gaiters, permanently keeping pair of rubber overshoes in the sidecar to slip on if I have to alight on to wet ground or in the snow. It is fatal to get a caking of snow on one's leather shoes before settling in the sidecar. It is a good plan, too, to carry a small rug or piece of matting on which to rest one's feet. Some of the non-elect comment on the fact that the sidecarrist is 'so exposed to the elements'. Well, to many of us that is one of the attractions of the pastime, and, after all, there are sidecars as enclosed and well-equipped as a modern saloon car for those who desire them. The average windscreen, however, plus a side-screen to ward off the persistent draught which is deflected from the driver into the sidecar, is all I could wish for. Tucked away in the locker I keep an ancient waterproof cape, and in a really heavy shower it is admirable protection against the rain getting into the sidecar body, as it can be well spread out over the sides. One last wrinkle. Warmed gloves are very comforting on a bleak day, and I came across this knowledge in a rather curious manner. I was pulling on my gauntlets while my partner settled the bill at a cottage where we had fed when I discovered a small hot roast potato in each glove. Our kindly hostess confessed to having put them there and explained that as a child, when she had to walk three miles to school, she usually carried a warm spud (her word!) inside her gloves in very cold weather. She also added, rather diffidently, that the young gentleman was welcome to a couple if he, too, could manage with them."



“The passenger’s kit need not appear uncouth.”





**A Few Hints on Keeping Dry and keeping Warm: 'Deep-sea Fisherman' Kit the Solution in Really Wet Weather.**

By WHARFEDALE.

ALL-WEATHER RIDING demands all-weather kit, and, except for those butterfly souls who only license their machines for the summer quarters, any riding in the British Isles is apt to be all-weather riding. What did Browning say? 'Oh to swim in England, now that spring is here!'—or at least something like that. Now, if you ask me, there is only one kind of kit for warmth and 'dryth' in this country all the year round, and that is what I call 'competition kit'. And by competition kit I don't mean the Scott Trial or Rough Riders' Ramble sort of kit, where one has to sacrifice weatherproofness to agility and a reasonable chance of keeping cool when rough-stuffing. No! I mean the ordinary trial riders' attire as assumed by the great majority of those knowledgeable fellows who ride in winter trials, all-night runs and six-day events. Practice has made perfect, and they have become as skilful in avoiding discomfort from the elements as they are cunning in getting round rules and regulations. Starting from the feet upwards, I regard full-leg-length waders as the first essential of the all-weather kit. Above the waders a rubber coat (or sleeved-cape is the better word) of the poncho type will keep out the worst kind of rain, especially if there is plenty of scarf round the neck, and on top of all—crowning the noble edifice of man, as it were—an oil-skin sou'wester. This kit is absolutely stormproof; but (shall we say?) it looks it, and many ordinary riders object to looking like deep-sea fishermen. But what would you? Deep-sea fishermen don't look like deep-sea fishermen because it is necessary to look like that to catch fish. They look like it to keep dry under very wet circumstances, and the same applies to the motor cyclist who insists on keeping dry above all things. Now the kit I have described does not make any special provision for warmth—it is wearable in summer. In winter it is desirable to clothe oneself for warmth before the all-weather garments are assumed. Thus I would strongly recommend whatever sort of 'undies', if I may mention the matter, the individual person finds most comforting and heat-retaining, while a good rough tweed suit cannot be beaten for conserving bodily heat by virtue of the peculiar texture of the material. Then I would suggest, for those cold souls who need all the clothing that they can get on, that a woollen pullover, or much better still, one of those woven-but-look-exactly-like-suède golfers' jackets is most desirable. The last-named garment I think is even better than a leather waistcoat (although I often wear one myself) of the sleeved variety; the only snags with the leather waistcoat are that unless it is

warmed and aired before it is put on it feels uncannily and clammily cold at first; and if it does happen to get wet it is still more clammy and takes an unconscionable time to dry again. Scarves? Yes, one must have one big one that can be wound twice round the neck, or two shorter ones in really cold weather. One of my friends, who does a lot of winter riding, always wears a scarf topped by a big turkish towel, which, being very absorbent, arrests all those uncomfortable trickles that sooner or later try to get down the back of one's neck. It is not a bad idea. Perhaps, at this stage, it will become glaringly evident that I have not mentioned gloves. Actually, in a real continued downpour I prefer to ride without gloves, but if the cold is too intense for the hands then something must be worn; I personally have failed to discover any gloves that are permanently waterproof, but I have heard of some rubber gloves that are on the market, and they are said to be the goods, though inclined to get clammy inside. I have kept hands warm and dry for fair periods in those big, loose-fitting army-type leather mitts which have just the thumb and first finger separately accommodated; a pair of thin woollen gloves inside these provide ample warmth, but I do not like them because they destroy the firmness and sensitiveness of one's grip on the handlebars. Actually I like ordinary washleather gloves only, but, of course, they have a blotter-like propensity for soaking up water, and apart from breaking the full force of the wind, they are useless in rain. Handlebar muffs are thoroughly to be recommended, although they are scarcely personal kit, being accessories of the machine—like leg-shields, which are another desirable fitting, but one which I do not favour personally as I find that I write-off quite enough footrests per year without adding to the items of a writable-off character. As I said before, my ideal kit is of the deep-sea fisherman type, but for those less boisterous occasions I can and am prepared to recommend an alternative. From the waders I will not depart, however, although I am told that waterproof spring-on gaiters (especially those that incorporate a full golosh to cover the shoes) are very good. I stick to the wader personally because I can wear an ordinary lounge suit, glad socks and light shoes and step right in or out, as the case may be, in a moment, clean and tidy, even if I have had to wallow in pools of mud and water. Thus, I say, I stick to the wader. As an alternative to the poncho, which I must admit I regard as a bit of a curse because it is awkward to pull over the head (especially when one wears glasses) and anyway ruffles the hair abominably, I often wear a trench coat of the oilskin interlined variety. There are lots of these coats on the market, and I can not say that I am absolutely pleased with any of those I have tried. There are various reasons, the chief being that sooner or later they do let in water, especially at the crooks of the arms. I don't mind that so much, as it is a fault that only arrives with age. But my biggest grouse is that the skirts are seldom full enough in front to remain wrapped round the knees unless pulled taut by rather awkward tabs and buttons. I think the fault is due to the makers endeavouring to produce coats that look 'smart', and that can be advertised as such 'for walking'. It is a mistake. Who wants to 'walk' 'in a great heavy garment that boasts a certain number of inevitable oil stains and the mud splashes cast up by the large cars of the bad rich men, as Wells calls them? These heavy multi-layer trench coats do certainly keep one warm, for they provide lots of thicknesses of material over the chest. They are apt to leave the lower part of the body very unprotected, however (I believe there is only one maker of this type of coat sufficiently practical as a rider to have realised the fact!). I overcame this by cutting down an old pair of trouser-type fawn overalls to about the length of running shorts. These, tucked into the tops of the rubber waders, are a boon on a long, wet journey. It will be observed that this is the only use I have found for something of the almost deceased type of 'fawn paramatta motor cyclists' overalls'.

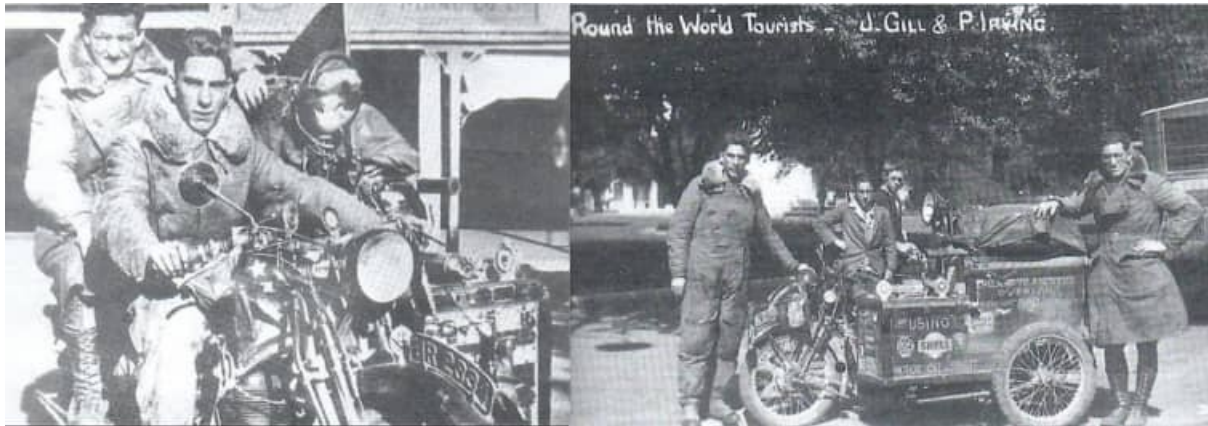


“On the left is that indispensable stand-by of the all-weather rider, the full-length wader. In the centre is illustrated its companion, the rubber poncho. On the right is shown a spring-on legging, with a golosh to cover the toe of the shoe.”

YOU MIGHT RECALL, if you’ve just arrived from 1928, that John Gill and Will Stephens had ridden an HRD-Vincent outfit through Europe, the Middle-East, India and South-East Asia to Australia. They landed in Melbourne where there was a change of passenger. After 12,000 miles on the flapper bracket Will decided to stick around in Australia. So what were the chances of finding a volunteer to drop everything and take off into the wild blue yonder? No worries; this is Australia we’re talking about. What’s more the Aussie who climbed onto the HRD-Vincent’s pillion performed miracles to keep the outfit moving. His name was Phil Irving and he was to have a profound effect on the British motor cycle industry. From Australia they sailed to New Zealand, thence to Vancouver. *At this point in the tale I can relax and let Peter Whitaker of Old Bike Australasia take over. My thanks to him for allowing me to crib part of his feature on messrs Gill and Irving’s Canadian adventure; a beer is also owed to Paul Gearside for letting me use his excellent illustration. Peter, over to you:* “Arriving in Vancouver they were welcomed by the Shell representative. Arrangements for free fuel and oil were welcomed, though the advice that crossing the Rocky Mountains was impossible in winter was not. After ditching nearly 100kg of weight to bring the outfit down to 400kg, they set off anyway. They faced first-gear, full-lock climbs and descents over sharp, rocky goat tracks. With no reverse gear, three-point turns were somewhat problematical on a 30° slope. Between the mountain passes, the surface alternated between glutinous mud and deep, power sapping sand. Mechanically they fared pretty well, broken sidecar springs were easy to repair and, after the sand, the wheel bearings were fixed by fitting their replacement wheel; along with a new primary drive sprocket and chain. Nights under canvas at temperatures below zero were unpleasant to say the least but an evening at the



Moose Jaw Throttle Twisters Club proved most enjoyable. The Canadians were amazed that the single-cylinder JAP engine had handled the task, and after many drinks, a discussion about the merits of British engineering versus USA cubic inches developed into a tug-of-war between the Vincent and a V-twin Harley-Davidson. By virtue of lower gearing and extra weight advantage, the Vincent's power prevailed; but the contest caused repercussions. Leaving Qu'appelle, Jack and Phil came across an Indian Scout outfit on which the mangled chain had jumped the sprockets, leaving a young beau and his belle distraught. Jack attempted to tow the Indian into town but, under load, the Vincent lost compression and ceased firing completely. 'Unexpected help arrived in the form of a voluble Italian, with a wife and four kids jammed into a Model T Ford,' Phil recalled in his autobiography. "Poppa' had once owned a



Gill and Irving on the road; the right-hand snap was taken in Dunedin, on New Zealand's South Island.

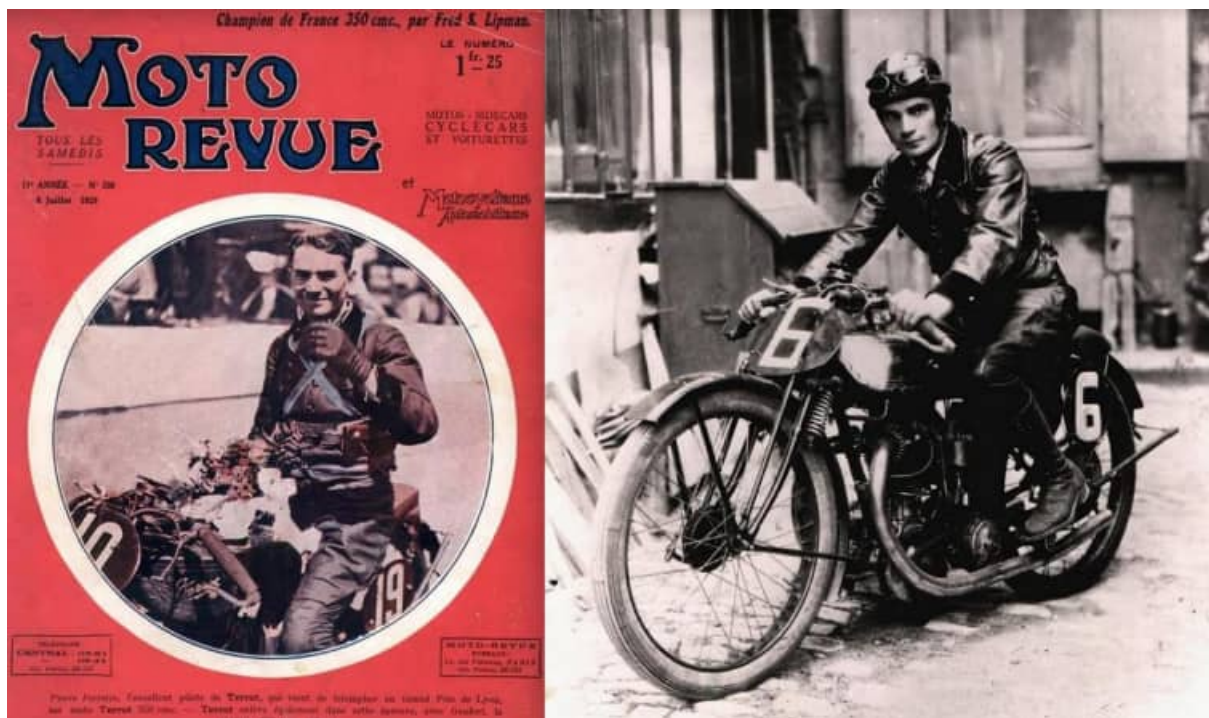
motorcycle and without prompting offered to pull both outfits. The Vincent was hitched to the car, leaving the Indian at the end of the line. In retrospect, what followed would have done full justice to a Keystone comedy, even though it did not seem very hilarious at the time. I stood on the running board of the car with one arm round the door post to lighten the load on the towline, and observe progress. Poppa knew little about towing and started off so suddenly that the ropes tightened with a twang, and then he changed from bottom to top so quickly that there was nearly a double rear-end collision. When the speed got up to around 40mph, he heeded my urgent request to slow down by slamming the hand-throttle shut, creating much confusion; which was not lessened by him immediately opening out again to the accompaniment of shouted imprecations from both riders. Meanwhile, 'Mamma' had thrust into my unoccupied hand a bottle of warm beer, which is not my favourite drink even when cold, and I had to go through the motions of imbibing it without losing my precarious foothold or pouring too much down my neck externally. After a couple of miles, progress became a little more orderly until approaching Indian Head, where the road turned sharply and dived under the Canadian Pacific Railway line. It was almost dark by then, and Poppa failed to notice the turn, keeping straight on over a foot-deep drain with the outfits crashing after him until the whole lot stopped and both drivers dismounted and started abusing the good-hearted Italian in no uncertain terms. Wanting to get out of this imbroglio quickly, I cast off the tow lines and, with Gill's help, shoved our machine under the bridge out of sight. What happened to the Ford and the Indian we never found out, having enough of our own troubles.' Thanks largely to Irving's bush engineering skills, they rode into Montreal where, to the awe of the Canadian Automotive Association, they demonstrated their prodigious thirst as they marked out their pioneering 2320-mile route on the map. Jack Gill completed his world



circumnavigation, while for Phil Irving it was his first amazing achievement in a truly remarkable career.”They rolled into Vancouver exhausted and out of funds. Phil Vincent agreed to pay their passage home while Cunard took care of the outfit. The HRD-Vincent had covered 23,000 miles, most of them far from tarmac. The publicity helped the company weather the global recession that followed the Wall Street Crash. Having made it to the old country the hard way Irving went to work for Velocette and later became the engineering genius behind the development of Vincent motorcycles and so much more. *[I once met Phil Irving. As a young shaver I spent some glorious years writing for Motor Cycle Weekly, which the suits had decided was a better title than The Motor Cycle. As such I was present at the retirement bash thrown for our incomparable technical editor, Vic Willoughby. Now Vic and Phil Irving were mates and Phil was at the leaving do. I was gazing at two of the cleverest brains in motor cycling who were chatting (I wish I knew what they were talking about but truth be told I probably wouldn’t have understood them) when Vic glanced in my direction and waved me over. Feeling rather proud that Vic thought me worthy to be introduced to the great man I strode over, ready to extend me hand. “Phil,” said Vic, “This is Dave Richmond, he’ll show you where the toiler is.” And I did.]*

AND NOW, FOR YOUR delectation, a random selection of 1929 images, most of them courtesy of my ami Francois (who also supplied most of the pics in les deux melanges) with whatever information I have unearthed to go with them.





*Moto Revue* described Pierre Perrotin as “L’excellent Pilote de Terrot” which hardly needs translating. He won the 350cc class at the Grand Prix de Lyon.



This is one Albert Sourdöt, pictured at Brooklands aboard his 175cc Money Goyon.



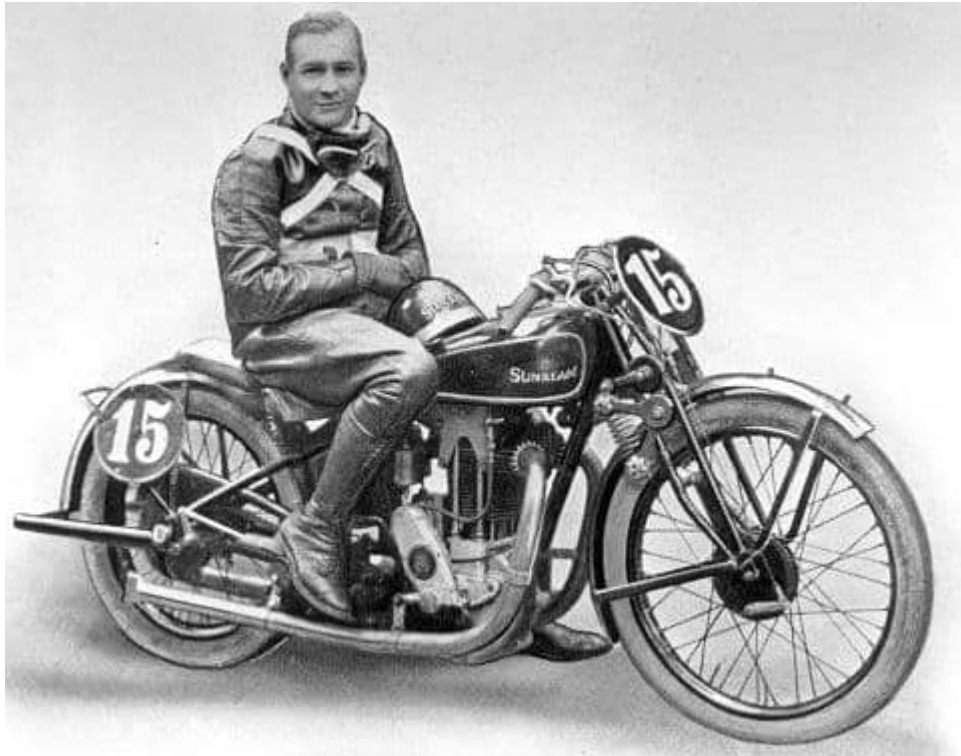


These stern looking chaps are on a 350cc Swiss-made Allegro outfit.



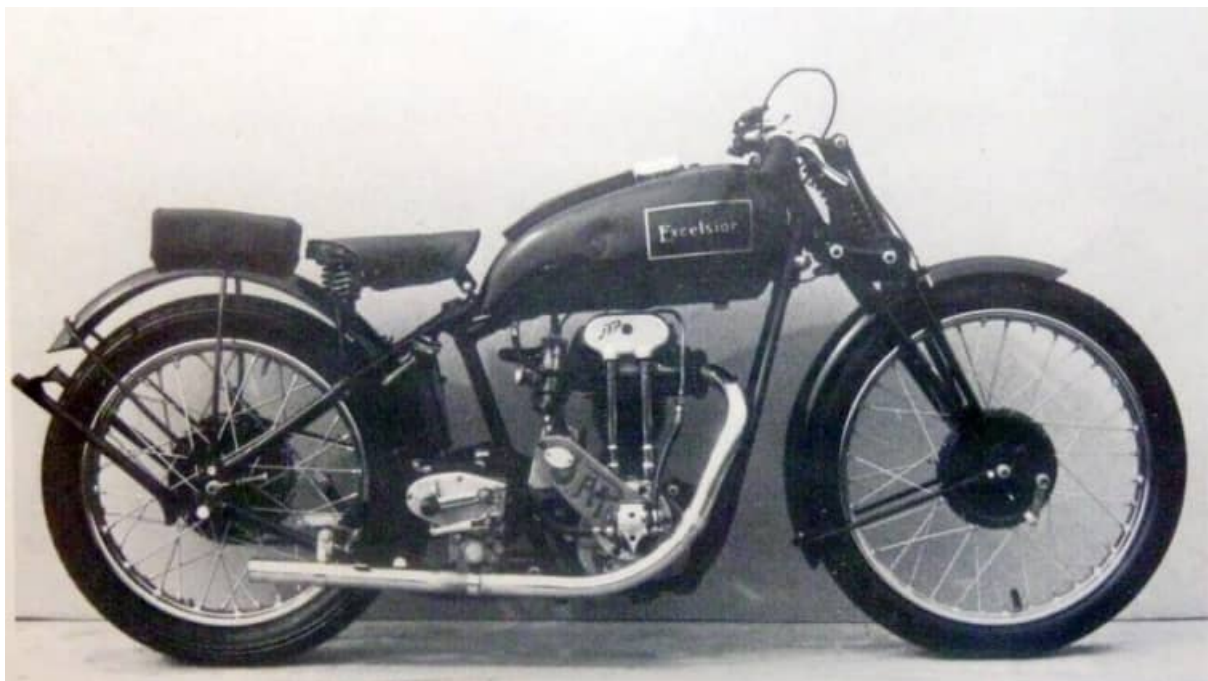
In case you can't read the tank badge, it's an Ariel.





Arthur Simcock

with the Sunbeam Model 90 he rode in the Austrian Grand Prix.



Excelsior's 250cc B14 gave the company its first major racing success when Syd Crantree rode one to first place in the Lightweight TT.





This is

GW Baker, "Midland record breaking motor cycling champion".



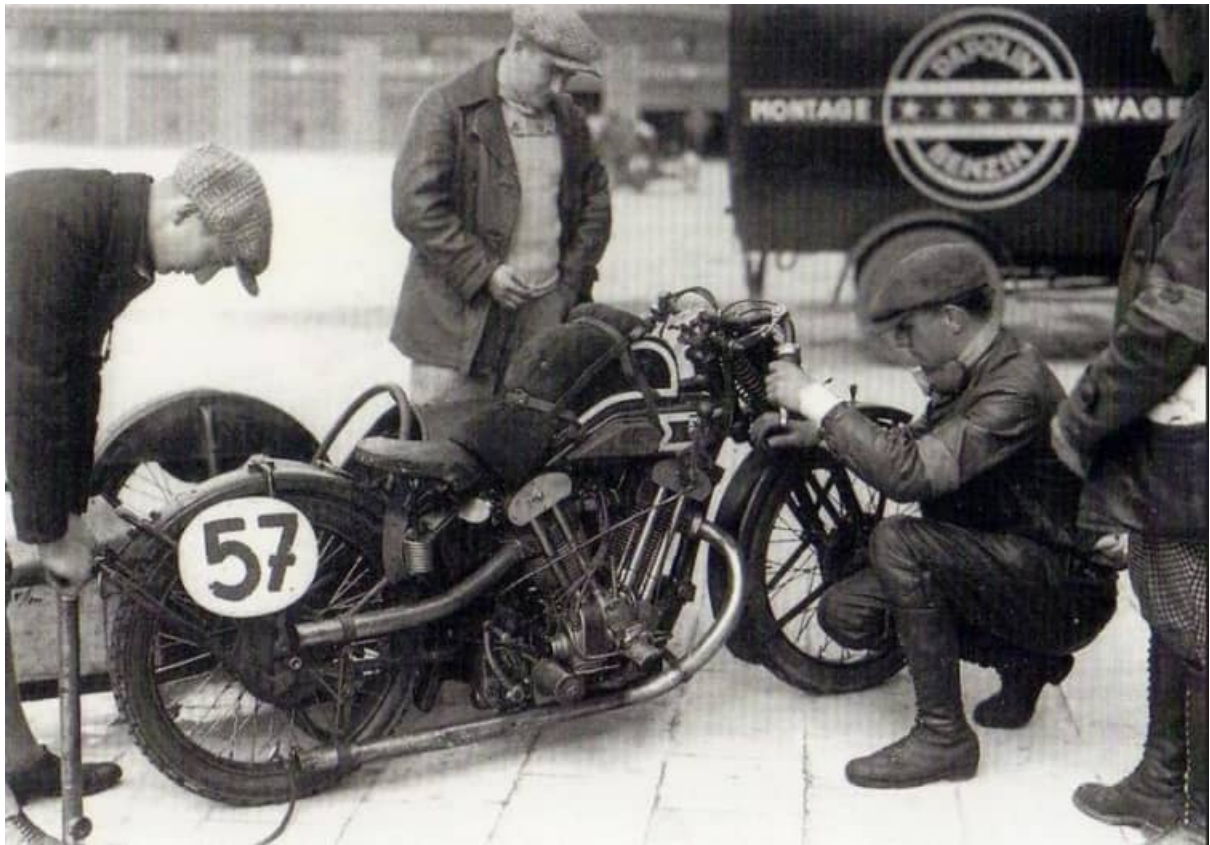
No names to hand for its crew; this 1,200cc Harley VL combo is pictured in the Norwegian Sverresborg Trial.



The depression sparked off by the Wall Street Crash devastated the US motor cycle industry. Harley-Davidson and Indian survived but not, alas, Cleveland, whose swan-song, and magnum opus, was this 1,000cc Tornado. It was the fastest bike in the States, matching the Brough Superior SS100's guaranteed ton.

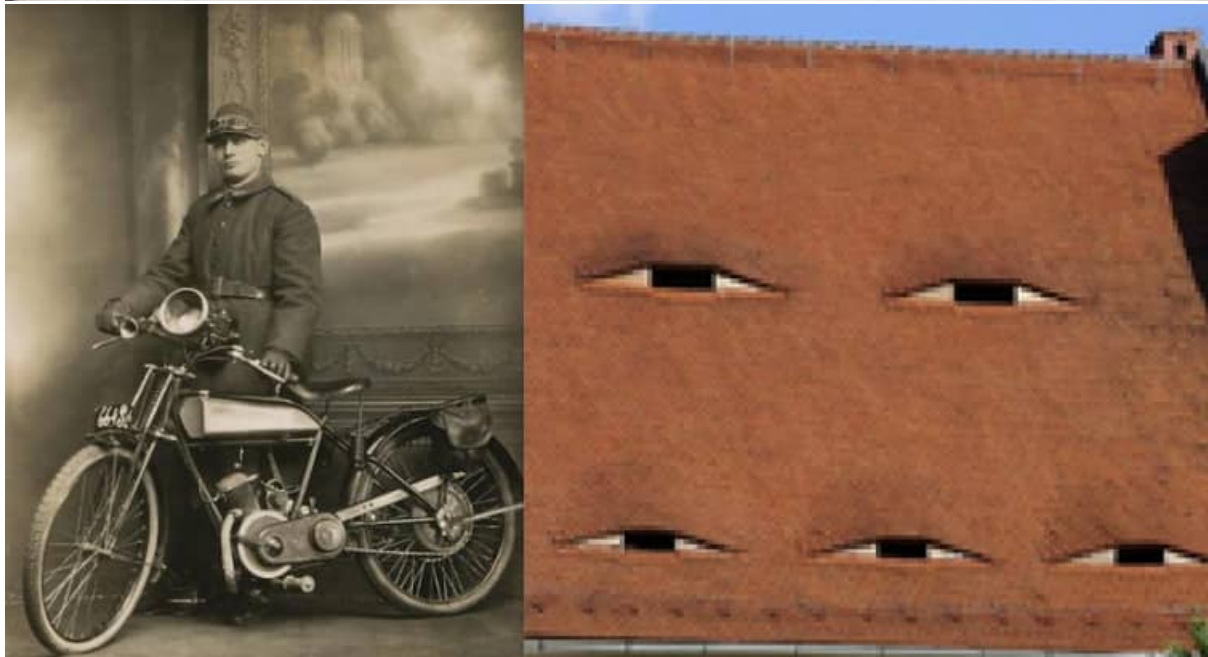


By the time this flathead 45 (sorry chaps, 750cc side-valve) was produced American Excelsiors all; carried the name American-X which was initially used to differentiate exported Excelsiors from the British marque of the same name. Unlike Cleveland American-X survived the 1929 crash but only by a couple off years.



This snap was taken in the pits at the Nurburgring.





This rather fine studio portrait hails from Sibiu in the Romanian region of Transylvania. Sibiu, for obvious reasons, is known as 'The City with Eyes'.



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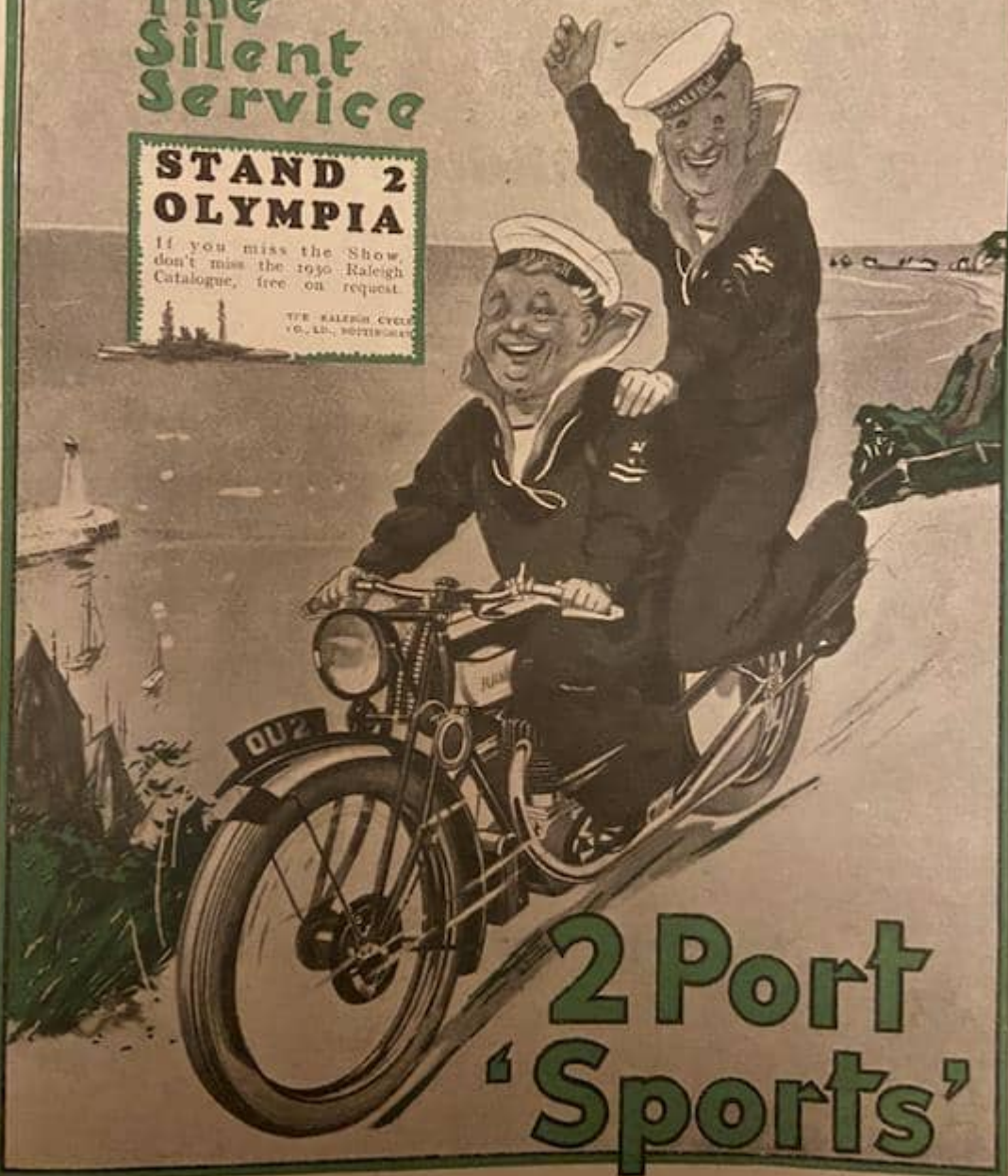
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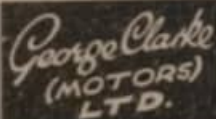
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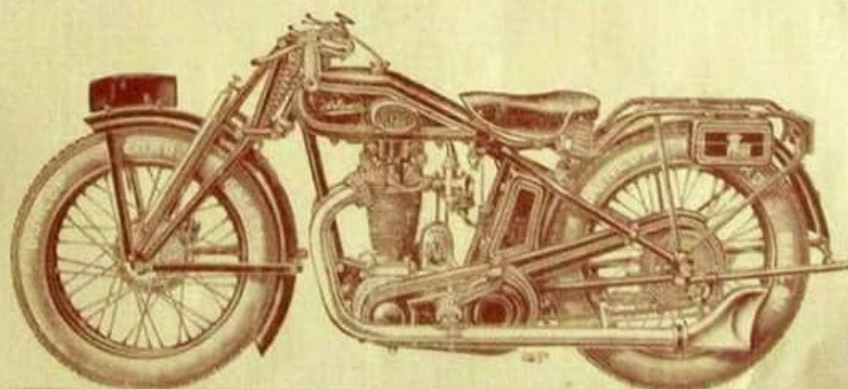
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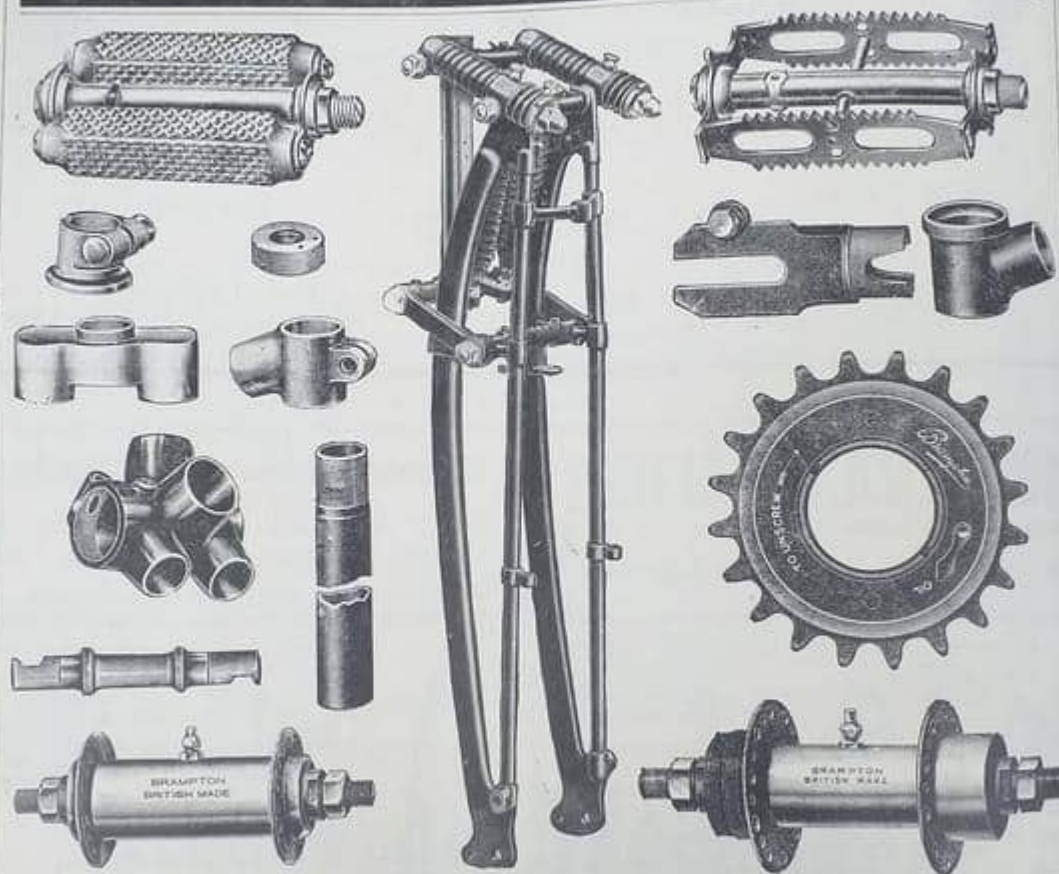
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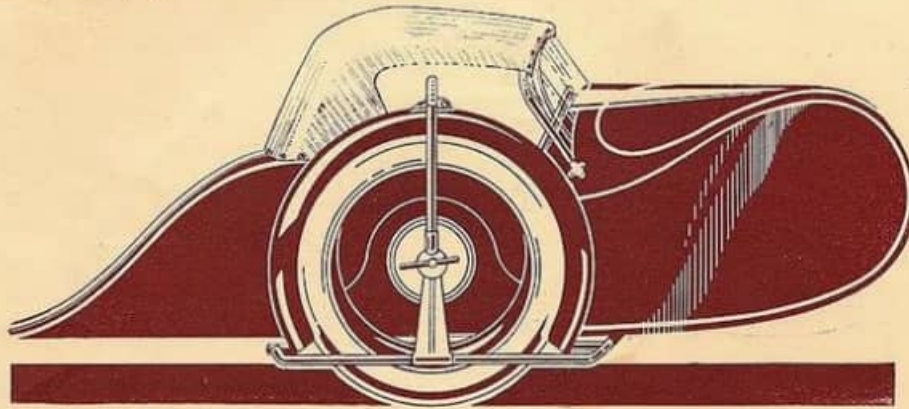
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these are a few of the many surprising advancements awaiting your inspection in the 1929 Police Special. Accept this man-to-man invitation of ours in the spirit that it's given—there's absolutely no obligation attached. No matter whether you ride your own or the department's machine; no matter whether you straddle a Harley-Davidson or some other make—visit the Harley-Davidson dealer and see this striking new Police Motorcycle at close range. Look it over feature for feature—take it out for a trial spin—then you'll realize why we are proud of this superb machine. Visit the Harley-Davidson dealer now, "get acquainted" with a totally new Police Motorcycle.



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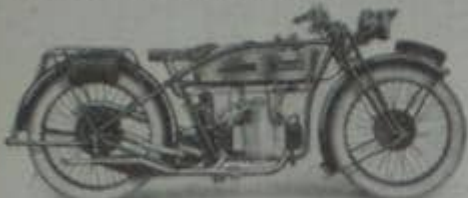
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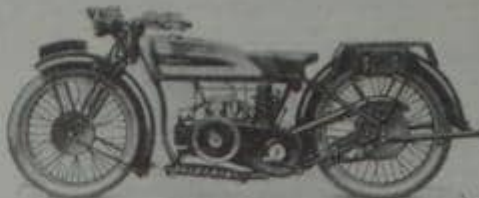


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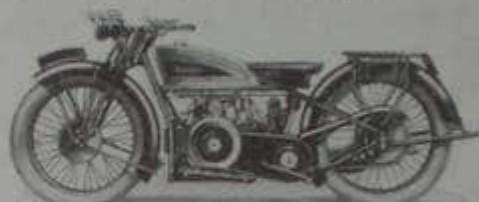
18 c.c. Model A-23. Two and valve gear, semi-curve handle, foot-plate. Weight definitely under 200 lbs. 100 m.p.h. a year. PRICE £41.



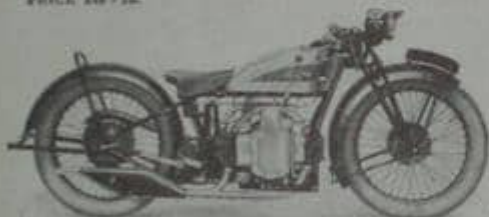
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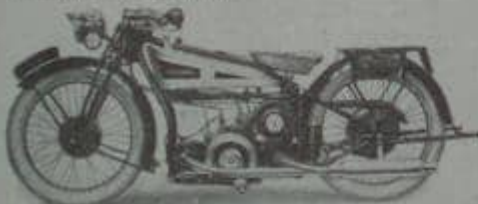
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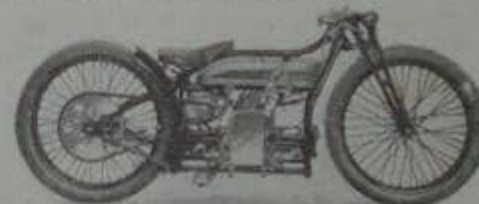
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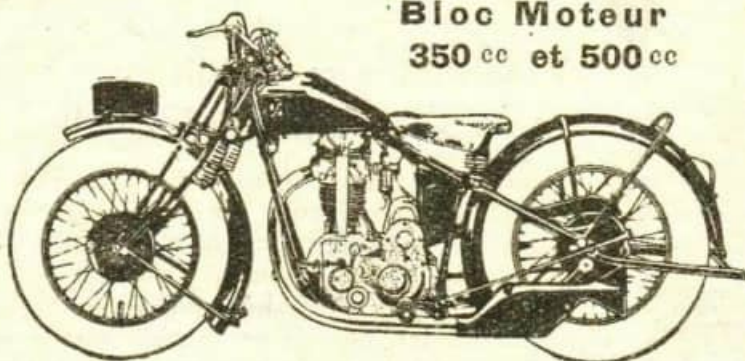


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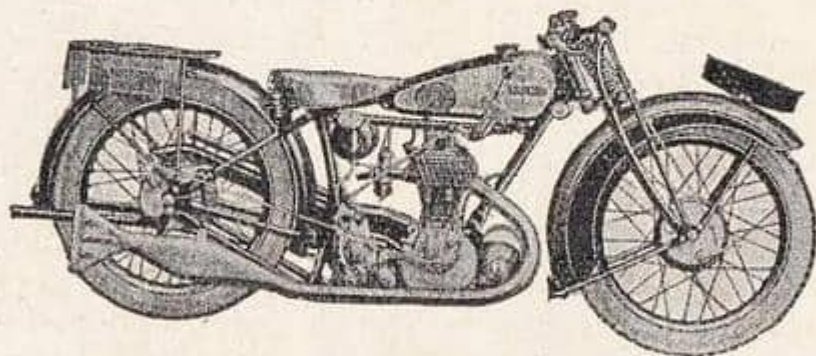


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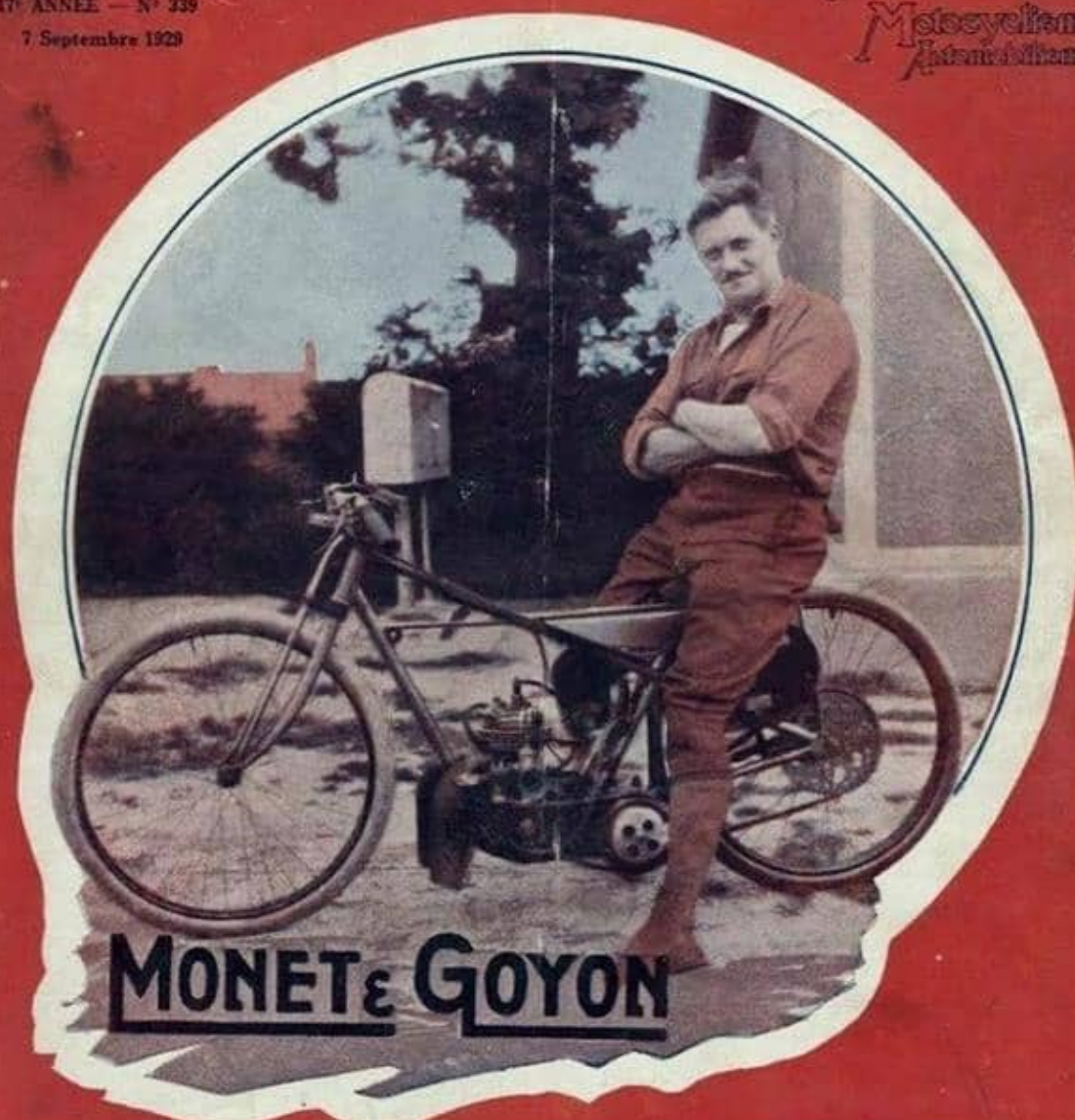
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17<sup>e</sup> ANNÉE — N° 339

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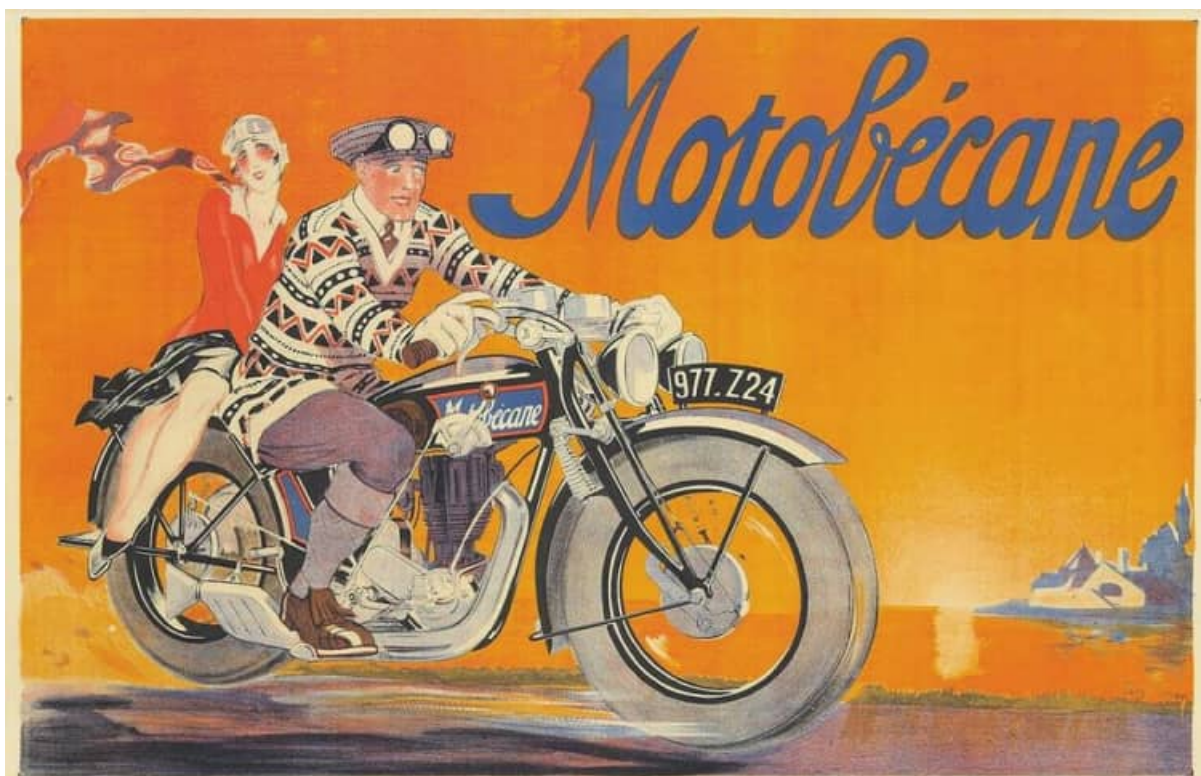
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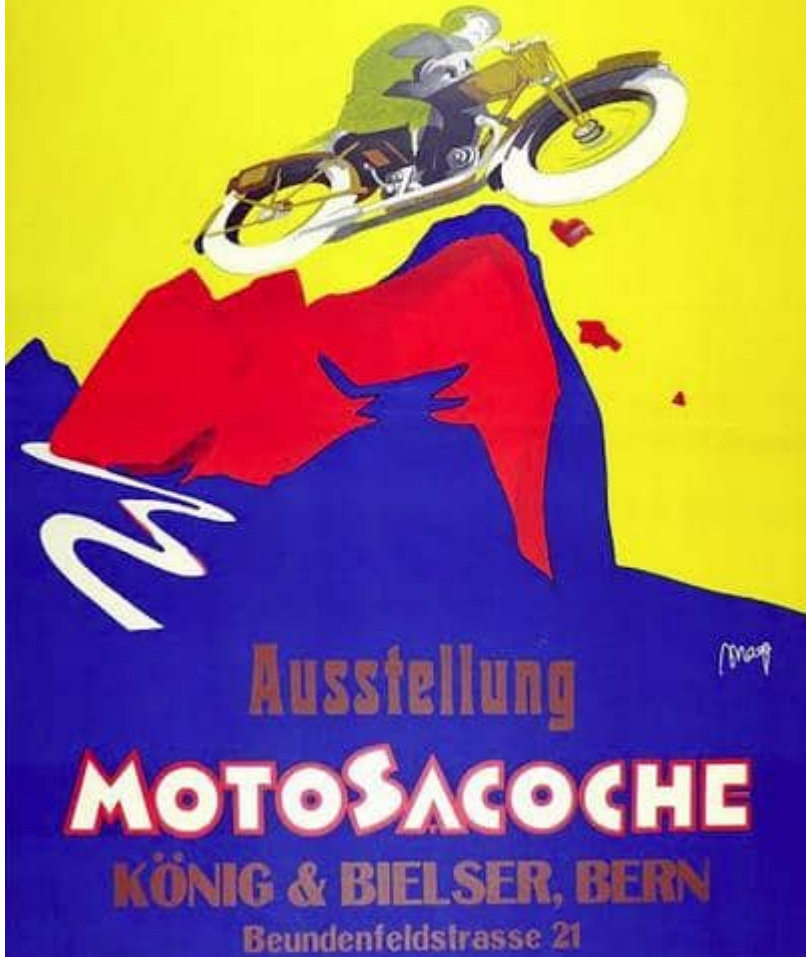
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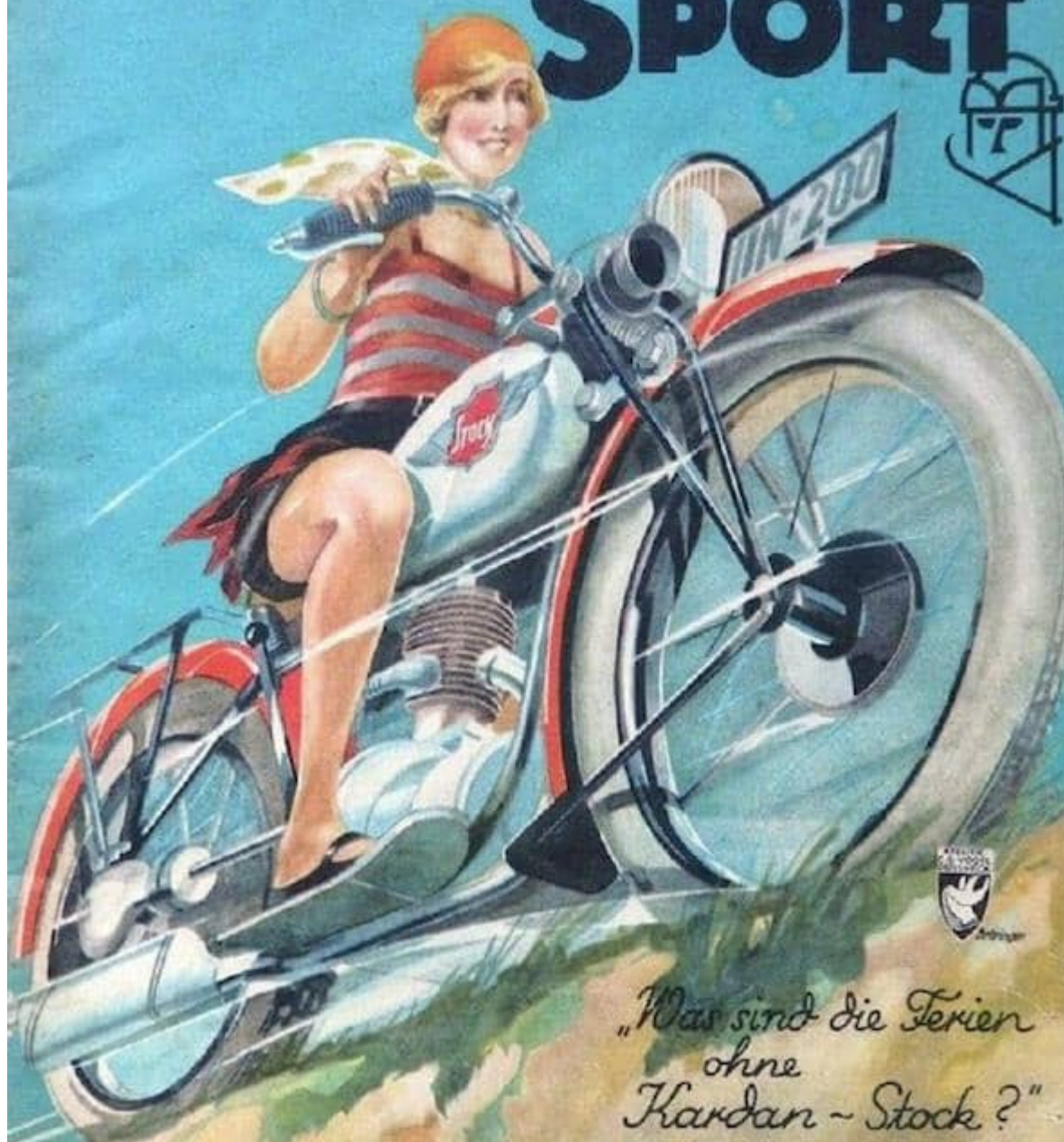


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# MOTOR UND SPORT



*„Was sind die Ferien  
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A DEUX

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## THE PERFECT MOTOR CYCLE FOR £45?

A Reader Sets Out the Points of his Claim to Owning the Ideal Machine.

*Extract from "Motor Cycling" Nov. 5, 1929.*

WITH so much discussion now taking place on the subject of frame design, I feel it incumbent upon me to remind readers of "Motor Cycling" that there is one motorcycle which, in my opinion at any rate, approaches nearer to the ideal than any other on the market to-day. I refer to the duplex-steering rear-springing O.E.C. Here you have a motorcycle which really is built, and built to last, not for one or two seasons, but for years; and a machine which will still be modern in five years' time. Unlike 60 per cent. of the motorised bicycles now offered to the motorcyclist, this machine has a frame which remains a frame even when the engine and engine parts are removed. The crankcase does not form part of the so-called "frame" which so many machines possess, and neither has the O.E.C. odd forged steel bits here and there, designed to inspire confidence. Instead it has a frame built solely of tubes, light and as strong as even the severest of colonial conditions would demand.

The duplex-steering feature is a point which has remained in obscurity for too long, and I maintain that any motorcyclist with average skill will find it a hard job to upset a duplex-steering O.E.C. on the worst surface, whilst travelling—for me, at any rate—present no terrors. One can brake as easily in the wet as on a dry road. Speed wobble is impossible, and the carrying of a pillion passenger, either on the carrier or upon the very excellent "tandem seat" with which the makers supplied me, does not affect the stability or steering in the slightest degree. What other motorcycle, regardless of price, can claim this?

And lastly, the spring frame. I think the design incorporated in the machine under consideration is actually the only scientific solution to a problem which seems to be baffling the industry. A great deal is written week after week about the comparatively great cost of producing a spring frame. Is it generally realised that an O.E.C. with a sprung rear wheel can be bought for £45? On any model made by this concern a spring frame is but £8 extra. Do you call this expensive? And it really is a sprung rear wheel, the only unsprung part being the wheel itself, and I believe no other make in the industry can claim this for their rear wheel suspension.

I wish to make it perfectly clear that I have been prompted to write all this merely to remind other motorcyclists that their ideal machine (ignoring the question of motive power, perhaps) is in their midst, could they but realise it. I write out of sheer enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of a perfectly satisfied owner, and am in no way whatsoever connected with the Osborn Engineering Co., or with anybody who is. And even the cost of posting this letter has been borne by myself.

C.J.J.

While we are grateful for this generous tribute, yet we have no knowledge whatever as to the identity of this very representative O.E.C. owner.

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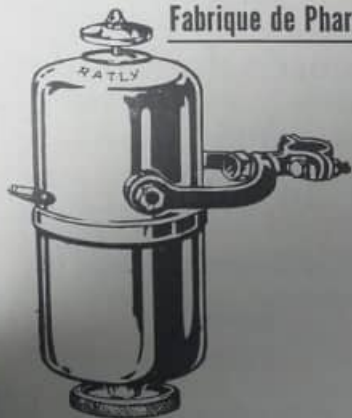
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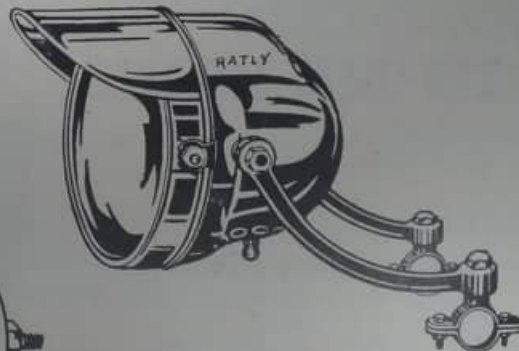
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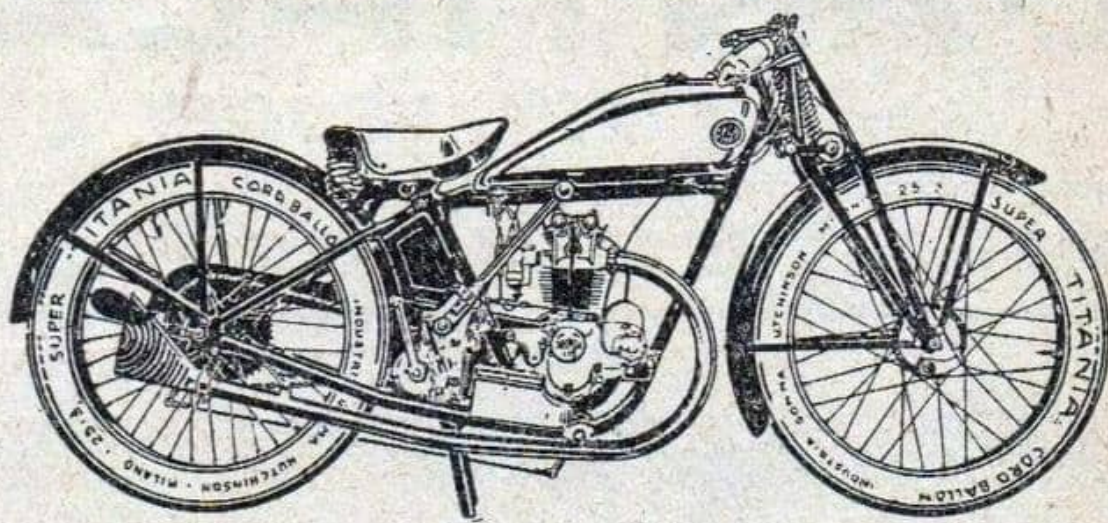
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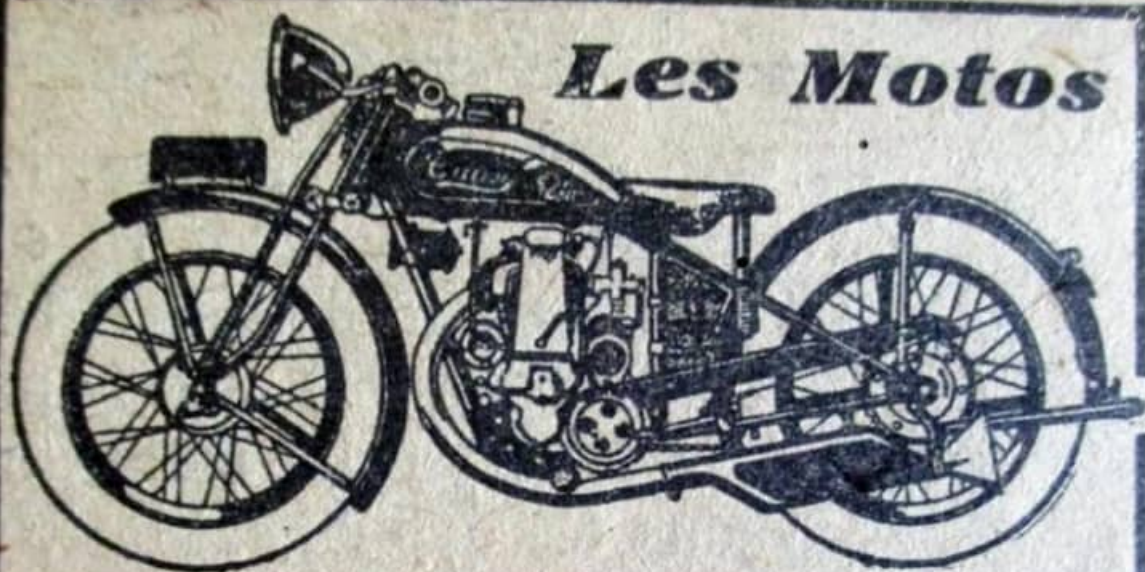
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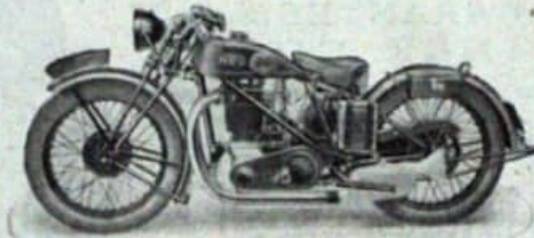


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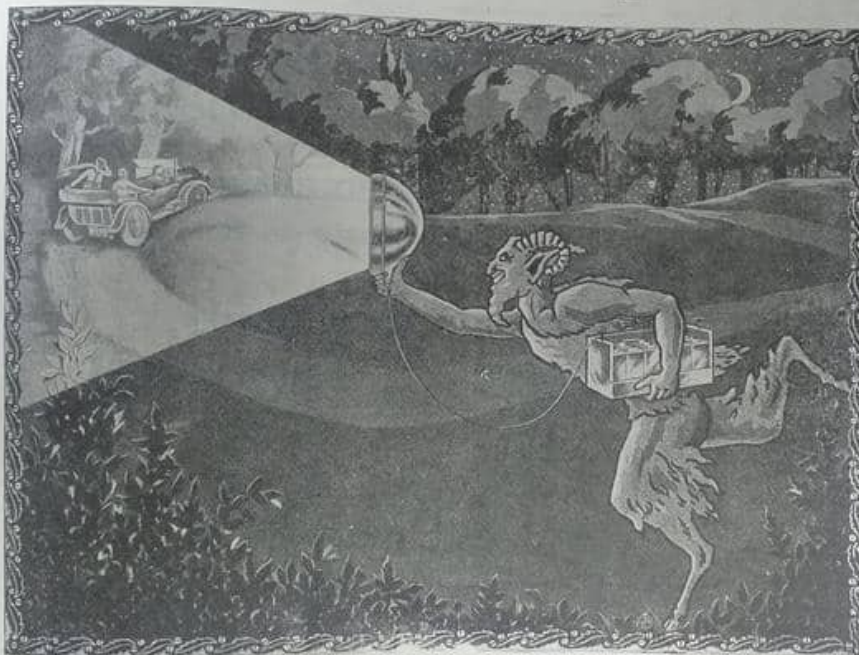
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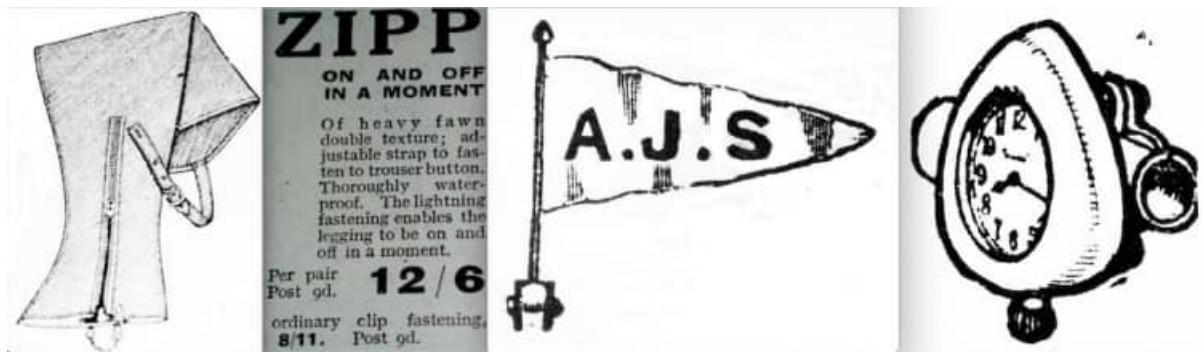


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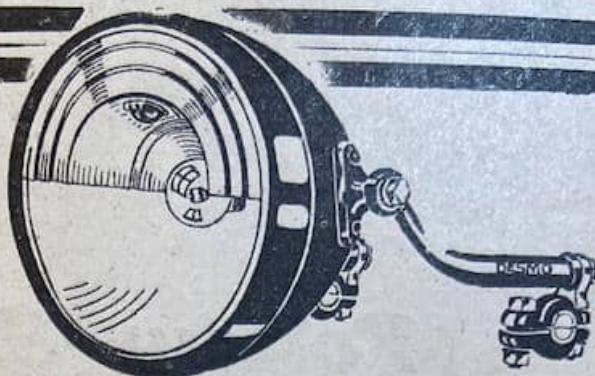
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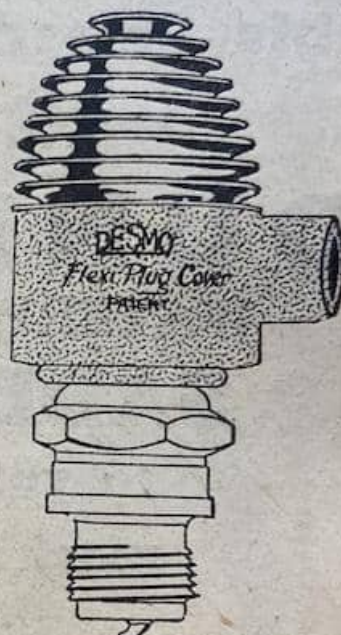
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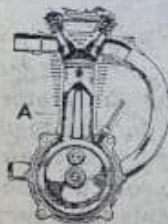
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This model can also be supplied suitable  
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Fitted with a Silvered  
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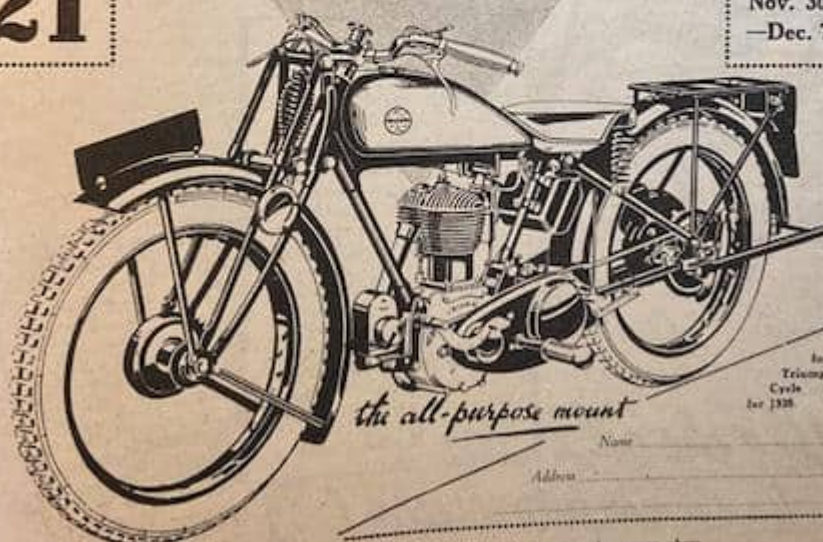
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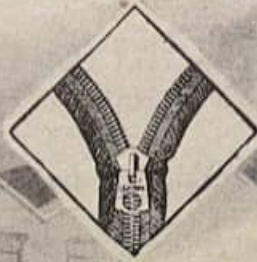
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