

Bemsee



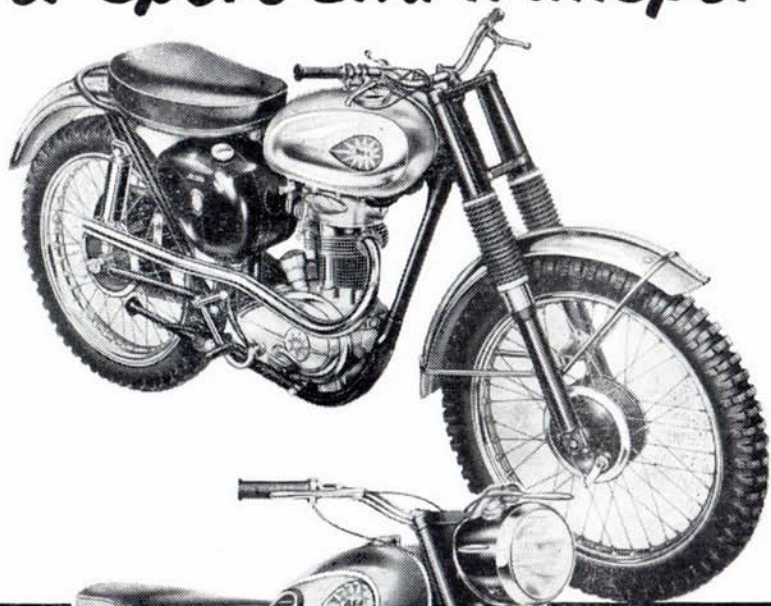
THE JOURNAL OF THE
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

Vol. 15 No. 4.

APRIL 1962



For Sport and Transport



BSA

250 STAR

Bemsee

Editor : Guy Tremlett

THE CLUB

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EDITORIAL

That the Annual General Meetings were scarcely better attended than usual was, to some extent, mitigated by the lively discussion that occurred when the 'Other Business' item was reached on the Agenda. A variety of topics concerning the Club and its activities, not to mention racing generally, cropped up and we feel sure that good will result, where necessary, from the various points made in the course of the evening. However, the Club suffered one loss as a result of the evening's proceedings. "Cabby Cooper" found it necessary to tender his resignation as a Director due to extreme pressure of business. Now "Cabby" has been a positive tower of strength to the Club for quite a few years and even more so since he joined the Committee four years ago. His departure will be a very great loss to the Board and Committee, but when you have several businesses to look after and put the amount of work and energy into twenty-four hours that Mr. C. does, well, there comes a time when something has to go by the board. Not that we have seen the last of "Cabby" on the Bemsee scene; he will be with us whenever he can. Just now we can say, with honest sincerity and gratitude, 'thank you for all you have done, "Cabby".'

At this time of the year, when the season is upon us and the various circuits are on the verge of reverberating to the noise of megaphones, one of the things liable to crop up in the course of conversation is licences—competition licences. Right now we do not propose to enter into a discussion about national licences; it is international ones with which we are concerned. There was a time, and that not long since, when the "Hutch" entry lists were not full at closing date. Today this is changed. The Office have been flooded with entries; not, perhaps, to the extent that they are for national or restricted events, but quite a lot of would-be runners have had to be turned down. Does this indicate a need for a tightening up in the granting of these licences? Frankly, we feel it does. When the A.C.U. introduced the points system in 1954, the idea was to ensure that only proven riders could obtain international licences. The system itself is, as it always has been, a pretty fair one; we mean the actual scoring. But surely the time limits should be altered at least every two years? As it is now, points scored eight or more years ago can count and, more serious, it is possible to score full points at novice or restricted meetings. This means that a comparative novice can get sufficient points in such meetings and then launch out into the big time stuff. In these days of such high speeds and fantastic corner work this cannot be considered at all desirable. No one, Bemsee least of all, wants to stop young riders getting on, but there must be logical progress in anyone's racing career as in anything else in life. We would earnestly suggest that the A.C.U. give thought to this matter as soon as possible. On grounds of safety alone it is necessary.

A little belatedly, through no fault of Editor or printer, we were able to use our new cover design on the March issue. We all felt that some change was needed—the old style of cover has been used every month since 1947. Certain other changes have been made both as to layout and preparation of the magazine, and we hope to effect some standardisation where possible. Thus, you will always find Mutual Aid on the

last page and Group News on the preceding page. In the centre pages, from this issue henceforward, there will be a pictorial section. In the main, during the season at least, the photographs that we publish will be of Bemsee events, though photographic merit and general interest will be important. We are fortunate in having several talented amateur photographers in our membership and we extend an invitation to anyone else who wields a camera to let us have a copy of any shot which he/she thinks might be of interest. Copies of photographs should be as sharp as possible and of not less than postcard size. Incidentally this invitation is not, repeat not, a dispensation from obeying Dennis Bates's edict re: photography and marshalling. One more thing, and this is important. All "copy" for the magazine should be sent to the Editor at Beckenham; this includes Mutual Aid. The Office have quite enough on their plate just now and, anyway, what is an Editor for? Only Group News should still go to the Secretary.

One last, short thing: all the best to you for the 1962 season. The first of the month saw the 'kick-off' at Mallory and Brands. On Saturday next we get under way with our biggest fixture, the 30th Hutchinson 100. The entry is a fine one: the pre-race publicity is something quite new; all we want now is a fine day. God grant we have one.

★ ★

IMPORTANT NOTICE

As you know the new membership card is, in addition, your admission ticket to our race meetings. It also admits your car. But it does NOT admit your car and/or motor cycle to the Paddock. So please do NOT try and get into that place mit vehicle. The paddock entrance marshals have enough trouble as it is weeding out those who are entitled to go into the inner sanctum from those who are not. Please do not add to their work. You leave your vehicle in the public enclosure and you use the bridge to go into the Paddock, if you want to. Thanks!

★

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES DEPT.

Quite unintentionally we dropped a "clanger" last month. The review of the latest Stanley Schofield T.T. records was sent us by George Todd of Bristol and was not by Jim Swift. Apologies to those concerned.

CLUBMAN'S TROPHY

Will any member who wishes to be considered for entry by the Club please let the Secretary have his name immediately. As in the past we hope to be able to enter three Members in each race and pay the entry fee too. All applicants should be sure to give full details of their machines and experience to date. It is understood that only racing machines will be catered for this year, presumably 350's and 500's.

Secretary



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1st

250 cc SWISS MOTO CROSS G.P.

1st

LEINSTER 200

250 cc — 1st, 2nd, 3rd
350 cc — 1st, 3rd
500 cc — 1st, 3rd

W. GERMAN MOTO CROSS GRAND PRIX

1st

**250 cc SWEDISH MOTO CROSS
GRAND PRIX**

1st

CADWELL PARK ROAD RACES

Sidecar — 1st, 2nd, 3rd
Senior — 2nd
Junior — 2nd

SCARBOROUGH ROAD RACES

500 cc — 1st
350 cc — 1st, 3rd
Sidecar — 1st, 2nd

IRISH MOTO CROSS GRAND PRIX

500 cc — 1st
350 cc — 1st
250 cc — 1st

WEST OF ENGLAND TRIAL

Solo — 1st
Sidecar — 1st
Manufacturers Team Prize

SCOTT TRIAL

Solo — 1st
Manufacturers Team Prize

BRITISH EXPERTS TRIAL

Solo — 1st
Sidecar — 1st

**1961 250cc EUROPEAN MOTO
CROSS CHAMPIONSHIP**

**1961 WORLD MOTO CROSS
CHAMPIONSHIP**



DUNLOP

FOR TOP MILEAGE — TOP SAFETY!

MEN AND MACHINES—VII by "Double Knocker"

I think sometimes that it would be instructive to hold a 'concours d'elegance' in the paddock of a race meeting. For there are quite a few exceptionally well prepared and beautifully clean bicycles to be seen about these days. But none, I guess, more immaculately turned out than the 7R A.J.S. and G50 Matchless owned by the Ainsworth family and ridden by 19 year old Dennis Ainsworth. I had noticed these lovely machines in several paddocks during the 1961 season. To see them close up was no disappointment; they really are better than new! And Dennis's father assured me that plenty of petrol and elbow grease was the only answer. However, that was not where our conversation began. I had hardly sat down before I was being questioned about Continental meetings; Finnish ones in particular.

To begin at the beginning—I was told that Dennis's interest in 'bikes kindled at school and that embraced avid reading of race reports. Until he got his first machine—a second hand 1952 A.J.S. 16MC—that was as far as his interest in the competitive side of things went. However a visit or two to Brands soon altered that and, after passing the M.o.T. Test on the comp. Ajay, father brought a 1950 7R from Geoff Monty. The machine, an ex-McIntyre example, was complete with a fairing, but the motor was locked up solid. They took delivery in September and, by the time most other people have their devices in bits for the winter tuning session, Dennis hied him to Brands and started to learn all about it. And learn he did. He practically lived down there on Wednesdays and Saturdays, come rain, hail or even snow! At least the nasty weather gave him plenty of experience of adverse conditions; the wet holds little terror for him now. Often Dennis and his father were the only people there, other than Bill Scott who was likewise getting in plenty of training. The 7R proved, like most 7R's of that era, dead reliable, even if the riding position was way up in the clouds and none too comfortable. Gransden and Tempsford were also used for practising; there being an argument one day at the former venue (not far from Cambridge) with some johnnies playing about with land yachts who apparently took exception to the presence of the Ajay. Ah well, there's no accounting for tastes!

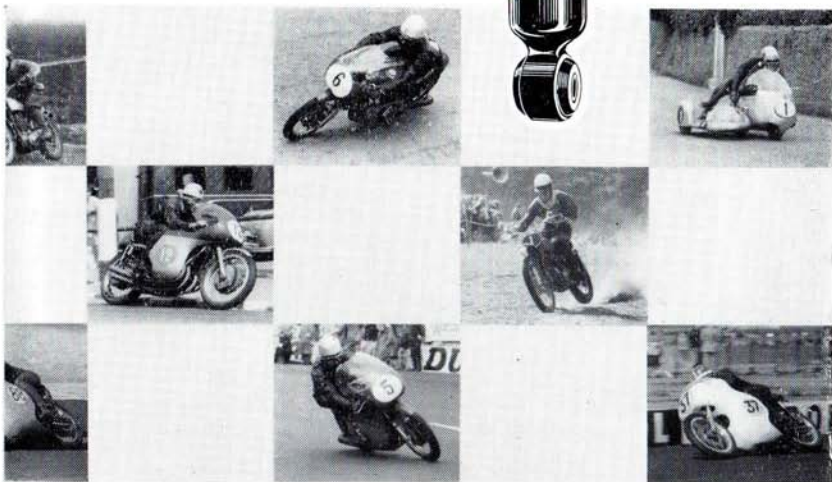
In point of fact the whole purpose of the old 7R was to learn the rudiments of the game. Dennis used it for very few meetings and then swapped it for a '56 model which had been unused for 18 months and had been raced by the Arter stable, then by G. C. A. Murphy from Tulse Hill and thirdly by M. C. T. Sampson who dropped it at the 'Palace in 1958. Since that time it had been rebuilt and never run. It was one of the very first batch of short stroke models, easily distinguishable by the very big petrol tank. The old 7R had been ridden into 16th place in the heat at the Easter Sunday Snetterton (in 1960, of course) and the next day, was 12th in the 'non-expert' 350 c.c. final at Thruxton. These were Dennis's first two meetings and he enjoyed them enormously. At Snetterton he picked grid position one, but assured me that he didn't feel at all nervous. Brave man! The Clubman's at Oulton was the new 7R's first outing, but he only made 16th place in the heat and so didn't qualify for the final. He found the newer 'bike a good deal easier to ride and it handled a lot better too. It was much quicker too—at Cadwell on Whit. Monday he won his first prize gold, the princely sum of £1 for finishing 6th in the 350 c.c. final. Thereafter meeting followed meeting; as many as the calendar would allow in fact. Dennis got to know something of Brands Hatch, Silverstone (both circuits), Aberdare, Oulton, Snetterton, Mallory and Thruxton. By and large the results showed a small yet steady improvement as the season progressed; a sure sign that Dennis was going about his racing in a sensible and methodical fashion. And the careful preparation bestowed on the A.J.S. was more than worth while. Only twice did it fail to carry its rider across the finishing line. At the July Snetterton the motor went very sick in practice and, when stripped down, a breakage in the timing gear was found. Notwithstanding considerable effort on the part of the family and Geoff Monty the trouble was not cured in time for the race. And then, in September, Dennis was passed by Hailwood going into Stirling's Corner at Brands. If he can do it, then why can't I was the thought. He didn't and rushed off the road, up and over the bank and landed where the spectators usually are. Dennis was quite okay, but the 7R wasn't. £60 was needed to repair it and much midnight oil had to be burned to get it raceworthy for its next engagement at Bemsee's Club Day at Silverstone a week later. The frame was broken in

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**Land yacht trouble !
Early days with the 1950
7R practising at
Gransden Lodge**

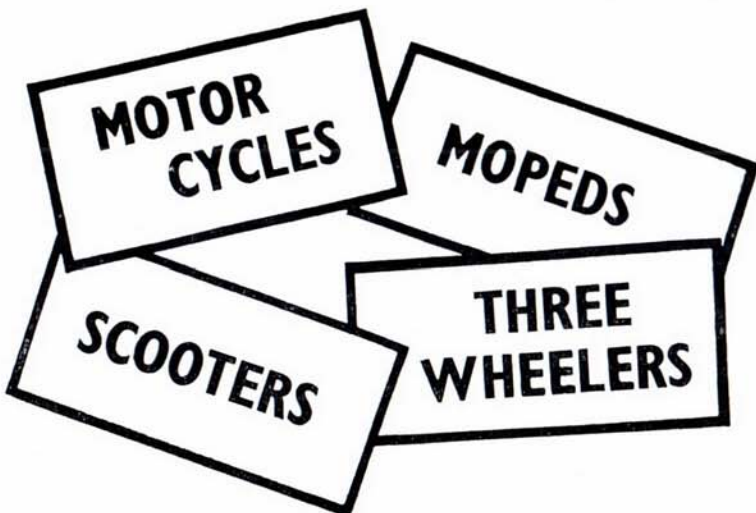
five places and the forks sadly deformed. The latter were by no means right for the meeting, but Dennis coped with the peculiar steering and finished in the first dozen after holding the lead for the first couple of laps.

So we come to the latest season, 1961. The '56 7R was retained for the time being and very completely overhauled during the winter. The engine went back to Plumstead to be "done," while Dennis and his father tackled the job of going over the rest of the 'bike themselves. Snetterton, Thruxton (where he lead the 'non-expert' final until he ran out of road) and Mallory saw Dennis ride the old 'bike. At Aberdare at the beginning of May, the new 7R had arrived and carried him to 5th place in the 350 c.c. final. That he was fortunate to get a new model so quickly he does not deny, but it can hardly be said it was a bicycle wasted. The Clubman's saw him win his heat (in the fastest time) and finished third in the final in some considerable pain. By the time he finished he was in

agony and could hardly walk. While the new 7R went very nicely, it was next to impossible to change gear properly A.M.C.'s had the 'box back to fix, but it was no better afterwards and a new component was supplied. The two halves of the gear box shell were out of line to the tune of $\frac{1}{4}$! There were other little bothers too. At Thruxton on August Monday where Dennis won the 'non-experts' final very convincingly, the rear brake packed up and it was found afterwards that the drum was "chewed up" badly. The factory had to fix that one too. Then, when a fairing was acquired (up until this time the 'bike had been raced "naked"), it proved quite unsatisfactory. Still, apart from the Thruxton result, there was a 3rd at the July Brands and a 5th at Snetterton in September in the 350 final. It was at this meeting that Dennis made his first appearance on the ex-Fred Neville G50 which his father had just bought. He failed to get it going at the proper time and lost a lap exactly. To make up time he lapped at

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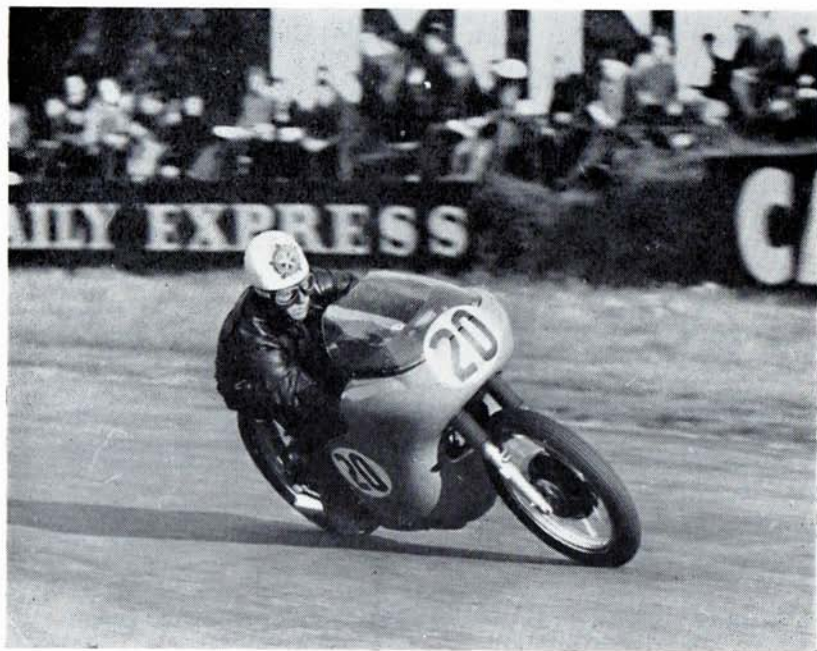
BRISTOL

87 and passed Shorey, who was lying 2nd.

The season finished on a very bright note; at least insofar as the G50 was concerned. At Club Day Dennis won the 'fast' 350 race on the 7R, going just as fast as was necessary to win the race. Then came the Dave Chadwick race at Oulton. He got the 7R into 8th place in the 350 event (against all-comers), but was in bad trouble at the start of the Chadwick heat. He had no very bright grid position and another competitor and he got entangled when the flag fell. Once he did get under way he managed to push the Matchbox along into 5th place at the end of the 4 laps. In the final he was leading after the first round and continued to do so until lap 9 when Tom Phillips got past (we mentioned this episode in the February issue). The very considerable bottom end 'poke' of a G50 was used to good advantage leaving Cascades on the last lap and Dennis stayed in the lead to win the race. So a

fine trophy was won and, probably as important, a cheque for £50. Alas, it was as well that he had won that 'lolly.' At Brands the next day he was knocked off the 7R at the start; the 'bike being badly mangled and Dennis more than a little shaken.

I naturally asked Dennis what he thought of his current raceware. He has nothing but praise for the Ajay. It is better than the previous one in every way. In his opinion it shows quite clearly the results of steady development by the factory.; thus he has found his '61 7R faster, better to handle, better to ride and better braked than the '56 example. Once the snags were eradicated and a decent fairing fitted, it was as trouble-free as the others. The G50 is noticeably more powerful and quite different in handling. Dennis has found the front end skittish when cornering with the wick turned up (others have found this out) and thinks that one could lose it altogether if one were careless. But, like its 350 stable-



That Dave Chadwick Trophy win! Dennis cuts a pretty corner at Old Hall on the G50 (photo: Len Thorpe)



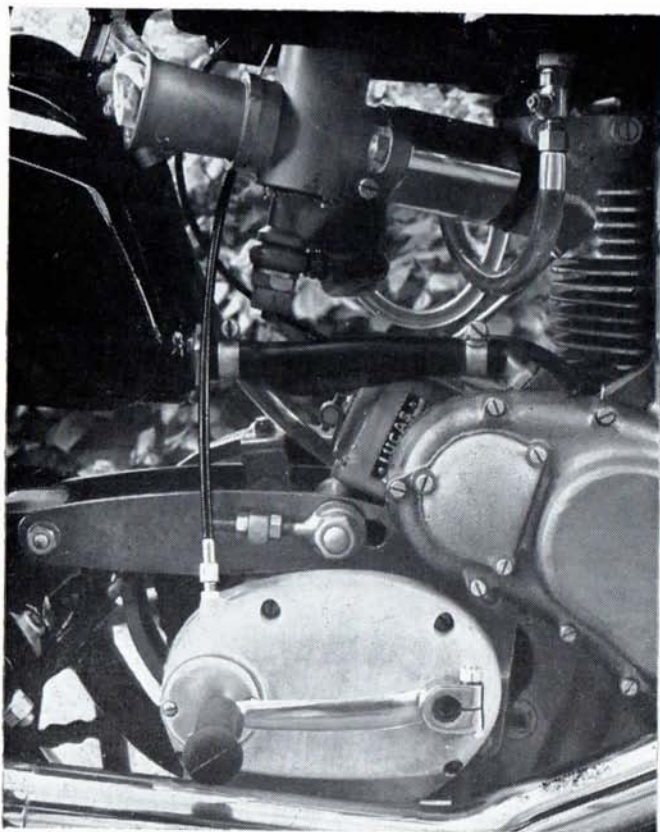
DAVE CURTIS
MATCHLESS

Winner of the 1961
British M - X Grand Prix

mate, the G50 has given absolutely no bother. Fred Neville had only used it three times anyway before he sold it. Incidentally both bikes are equipped with those excellent Peel Engineering fairings and run on Esso Golden petrol, Castrol oil and Avon tyres. For 1962 they have both been completely checked. When I first called to see Dennis it was November time and, even then, the Matchless was practically ready to race and quite pristine—it looked better than a new one. On my second visit both bikes were virtually ready for the fray. The 7R's motor had been back to Plumstead for overhaul. Otherwise all the work had been done by Dennis and his father.

Though the Ainsworths live in Camden Town (within most audible distance of

the main line out of Euston station) one can perceive at once that they are not from the South. In point of fact Dennis was born in Altrincham on the 17th of August, 1942 and he lived there until ten years ago. He takes racing very seriously indeed and hopes before very long to take it up professionally. He has no other real interest in life other than the 7R and G50. The preparation and use and maintenance of them leaves him with little time in any case. Indeed Dennis is one person that you could almost guarantee to find in of an evening when he's not off racing somewhere or other. He is the ideal shape and size for a racer, too, being of medium height and stocky without being a man mountain. To show how determined he is to do all right I may mention that on most evenings he dons a track suit and goes for a brisk trot.



**How about that
for a clean 7R ?**

One thing shows above all others when talking to Dennis about his racing. Here is no family that is apathetic about its son's riding. Dennis obviously owes a great deal to his father who is enormously keen and spends a large amount of his time on the 'bikes. If Dennis doesn't succeed in his chosen sport, well then I'll eat my hat. I would say he is bound to do so. By way of concluding our evening's conversation I asked him, first of all, about the amusing incident. He looked puzzled and explained that there were so many. Having a good sense of humour he had enjoyed nearly all the meetings but remembered an occasion when he had written off three brace of partridges (they were buried afterwards

—dear me!) and another when one of his faithful mechs. got soaked with hot oil during an oil change rather carelessly. Dennis thinks that entry fees ought to be returned at paying gate meetings and would like to see the prize money spread down the field more (that's the fourth time those sentiments have been passed on to me). His father added another point; more places at which to practice. At present the scope is by no means as wide as it may appear. Which brings me to the end. By the time this article appears the new season will be with us and I have little doubt that you will be seeing quite a bit of D. G. Ainsworth—349 A.J.S. and 496 Matchless in the results' sheets.

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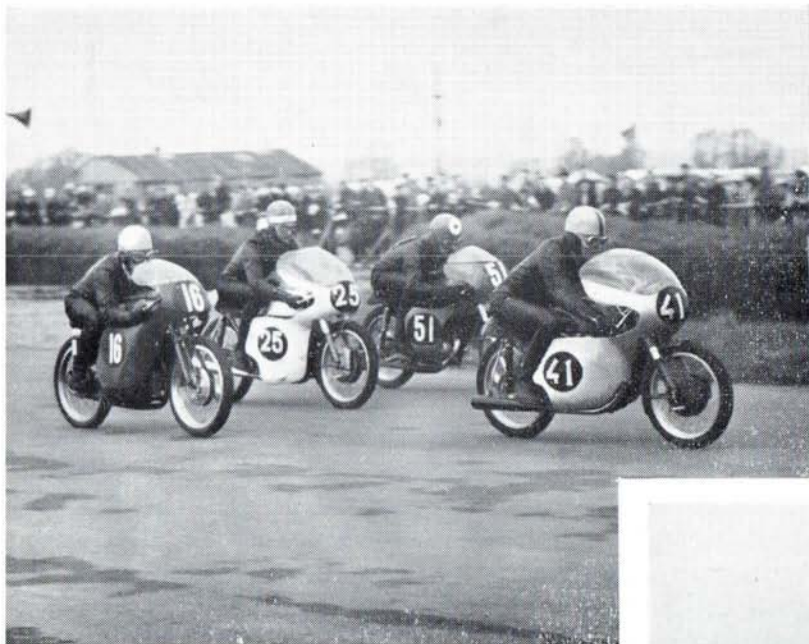
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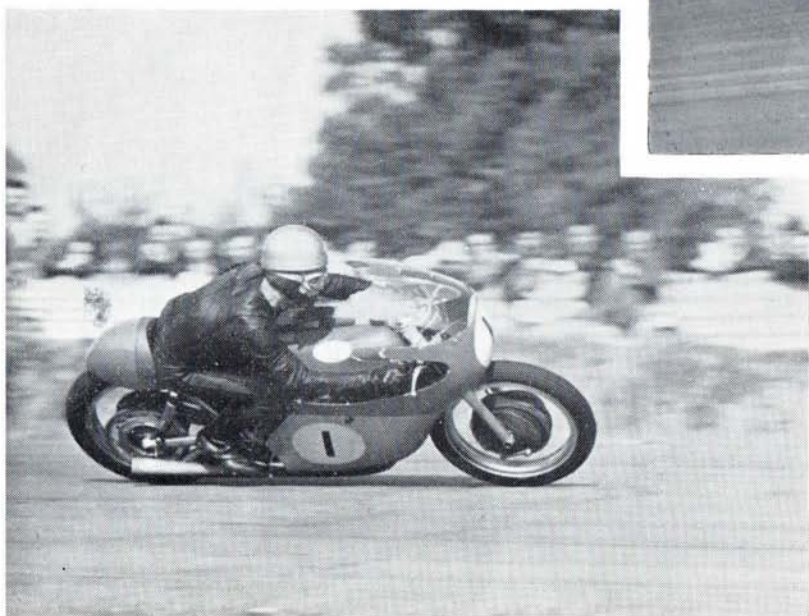
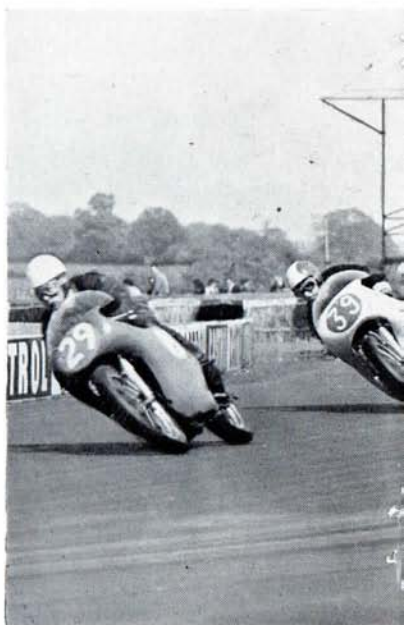
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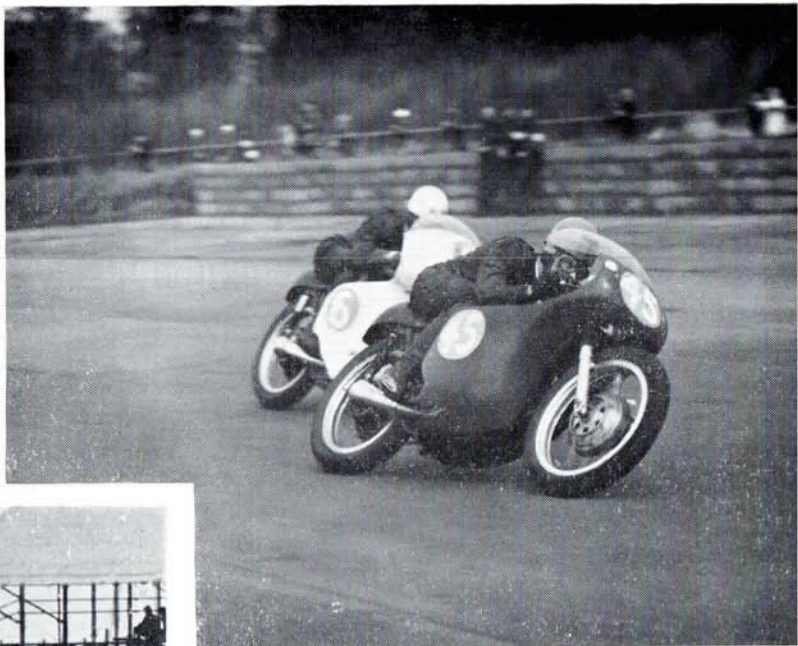


What one saw at the last Hutch. (ii) A group of 125's heading for Copse Corner. Left to right we have Fred Hardy (M.V.), Ivor Watton (Ducati), Brian McEntee (Montesa) and Lennart Hogberg (Ducati).
(photo : Gordon E. Hicken)

Dig that style! World Champion Gary Hocking and the big M.V. winning at Mallory Park last year.
(photo : Peter M. Knocker)

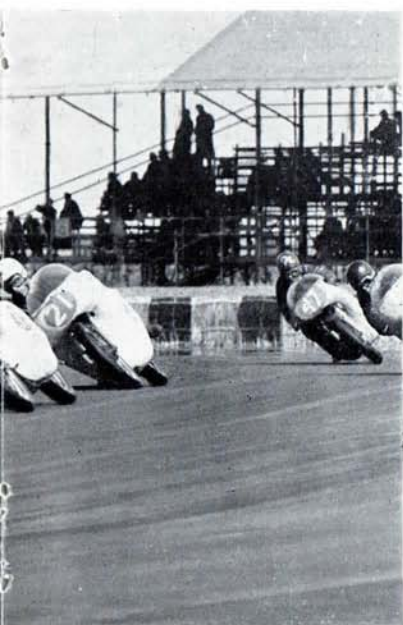


One of the ma
that have e
Hutches. In th
350 c.c. Cham
From left to
Ned Minihan,
Dale, Bruce Da
and the late
"drifting"
(photo : T. C.



What one saw at the last Hutch. (i) Tom Thorp on Ted Pink's A.J.S. and Ron Langston on Geoff Monty's similar model dispute Maggotts Curve.

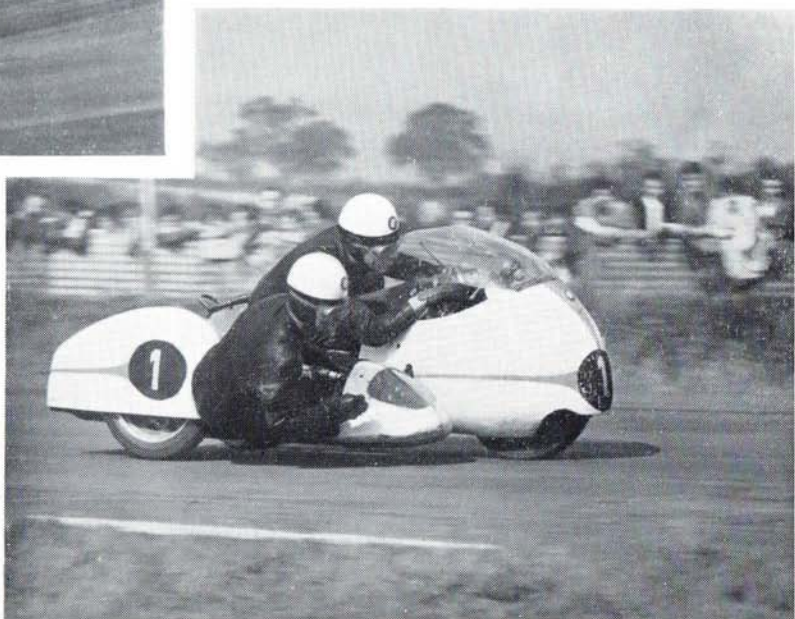
(photo : Gordon E. Hicken)



We shall see him on Saturday. Sidecar champion Max Deubel (493 c.c. B.M.W.) at Mallory who is due to make his Silverstone debut at the Hutch.

(photo : Peter M. Knocker)

any great battles
enlivened past
his case the 1960
ampionship race.
right you see
the late Dickie
niels, Rex Avery
Fred Neville
g" Stowe.
March, F.R.P.S.)



A COPPER'S JOB — by John Welch

Being a Policeman has many advantages and disadvantages as have many other occupations. I got my fair share of the latter during the years 1959 and 1960, when I was that most hated being—the local Traffic Cop.

As a member of the Kenya Police, I was the Inspector in charge of the Traffic Dept. in Kisumu, the fourth largest town in Kenya, on the Northern shore of Lake Victoria.

My main troubles began, however, when the powers that be noted that yours truly could be found with his feet up on his desk every time the sea mail was in, mesmerised by his latest copy of "Bemsee", or the "Green 'Un". They decided that, as I was obviously keen on this two wheeler lark, I could get cracking and teach the Traffic Office staff to ride the batch of four new Matchless 350's that we had been issued with.

The response from the staff of twelve was overwhelming, so I selected the three most likely chaps, and got cracking. The only snag being that trying to teach people to drive using the Swahili language isn't so hot.

The preliminaries were got over with first; such as "this is the brake, it stops the machine; and, "to make the thing go faster you twist this thing here" etc. The thing which caused most consternation was the "Kerlatch". Any explanation on this subject brought the blank expression to the faces of the boys and the words "I see", which I know means they don't understand a ruddy thing. So the clutch became the thing you pull to stop, start and change gear.

At last came the time that they had all been waiting for—the first ride, confidence was excused by all, as we went down to the local airfield where there is a long strip of disused hard standing about 500 yards by 100. I thought that on here, accidents are well nigh impossible, bar falling off, but here again I was to be taught a lesson.

The first happy smiling constable got astride the first machine, itching for the time that he could ride through the town, the envy of all the footslogging beat men. The smile faded a little when he realised that the machine was a little heavier than his bicycle. I told the lad not to put the machine on the centre stand, as he would have to learn to balance it anyway. With the bike wobbling from side to side, he gave

three feeble prods at the kickstart with the valve lifter held tightly in. I told him to let it go as he swung. So the next time a furious swing at the kickstart, roar of a motor, then the sump view of the bike as it lay on its side on the floor, with a pair of legs waving frantically in the air and a terrific noise as the engine revved away in a cloud of dust.

The other pupils were in stitches, as the Africans always find there is most to be laughed at when another African suffers a misfortune such as this. They thought it was the best pantomime they had seen for years.

I got the bike off the poor lad, whose face was as ashen as an African's can get, and then sat him back on the machine, ignoring the fact that he now thought that this lark was very dangerous. We started it on the stand this time, not wishing to write off a new bike the first day.

At last, the engine running, clutch in, into gear—"Right, clutch out, open your throttle, slowly—slowly", I yelled, but, alas, as soon as the clutch began to bite, the twist grip was tweaked to its extremity, and the clutch went in with an almighty thud. The piston slapped in agony against the cylinder walls and the bike leapt off down the tarmac in a Kangaroo Hop, the poor constable doing his impression of the Can-Can as his legs flailed the air, and the bike got into one of the best "tank-slappers" I've seen for some time. I covered my eyes and began thinking up excuses for the morning at H.Q. When I looked again the machine was under control and was proceeding up the tarmac at a low rate of knots. He did three circuits of the tarmac before he twigged on how to stop it with the help of self running alongside. He came to a halt with that "I'm no fool" smirk on his face, whilst the other boys had had their best laugh since the first Big White Hunter took his false teeth out.

Very similar performances were recorded by the other men and it was with very supercilious expressions that they walked into the Barracks that night, not wishing to mix with the common herd who couldn't ride motor bikes.

The training progressed without much further incident, except for the night when Constable Nery opened the throttle instead of closing it at the end of the run and vanished with a roar of the exhaust, into the bush with a resounding

crash of branches. This delighted the crowd of locals who gathered every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night, to watch the antics of the Policemen on their "Piki-piki's", as the bikes are known out here. Luckily the bike missed all the big trees. The rider's face was split by a "water-melon" grin, which showed that he was confident anyway!

After this I progressed to the real McCoy stuff—Hugh Viney style riding, in the Big Sand-Pit, where the local roads department take the ballast from. Being full of hills and holes, and safe from other traffic this proved very good training. Most of the roads out here, outside the main towns, are very poor, dirt surfaced roads and riding a bike on them is rather akin to doing International Six Days Trial stuff.

It was with many slides to earth, and skinned elbows and knees that the pupils progressed (we wear shorts to ride in out here—temperature in the 90's). Luckily the worst damage was to a headlamp and a crash bar, so we didn't do too badly considering that most of the pupils are very non-mechanical minded, and only semi-literate.

Most of the pupils passed their driving tests within about four months of concentrated training, but I had to admit defeat with an old Sergeant-Major, who every evening had forgotten all he'd been taught. I had to give him up after about twenty hours as a bad job, my hair half torn out by the roots and going grey prematurely.

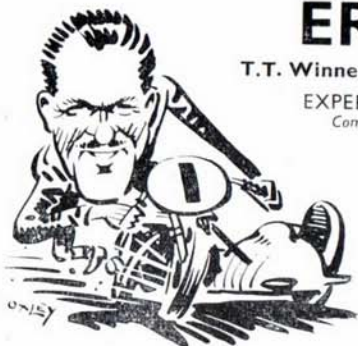
Most of the trained men are now using the machines about their work much to the chagrin of the local populace, who find themselves to be kept by the letter of the law now that the boys are mobile.

Unluckily the milk-bar cowboy element is almost non-existent in this place, as there are very few bikes, and even fewer milk bars. Otherwise I could have gone to town on our long-haired publicity merchants, but their place is taken by the local Asian youths on their scooters, who in traditional manner try to get the most out of their vehicles. They have been copped riding three and four at a time on a scooter!

Well, that's about the lot, but, if you're ever in Kisumu watch out for the boys in the white bone-domes; they're Bemsee-trained.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

As you know the new membership card is, in addition, your admission ticket to our race meetings. It also admits your car. But it does NOT admit your car and/or motor cycle to the Paddock. So please do NOT try and get into that place mit vehicle. The paddock entrance marshals have enough trouble as it is weeding out those who are entitled to go into the inner sanctum from those who are not. Please do not add to their work. You leave your vehicle in the public enclosure and you use the bridge to go into the Paddock, if you want to. Thanks!



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LAST BUT NOT LEAST — by Tom Jackson

It all started when I received a card from Bemsee to tell me that I had been accepted for the 250 c.c. event at the Crystal Palace. This was so unexpected. The proposed machine wasn't remotely ready to race! The hours and hours of night "mechanicking" that filled the next couple of weeks require no further explanation: to those who have done it, anyway. Came a Saturday when it was ready to try out, so I loaded it—"Gobbler 2"—into my battered 10 cwt. and set off for Brands. When I got there, I found that there was no 'bike practice that day, so my mech. and I could do nothing else but sit and watch some people rush round the circuit like mad in their extremely unsafe looking four wheelers.

The following Wednesday I made sure that I could practice and did a number of reasonably fast laps. All seemed well. Dick Wyler—that man from Interpol cum road racer, scambler, journalist, coffee bar cowboy (dare I say it) and motor cycle public liason man—was parked next to me and many a lap was completed on his tail: he going like the clappers on a very standard looking Greeves twin. But, came disaster. Ear'oling round a fast right hander in the Paddock, yes, the Paddock, I hit a patch of Jag. oil and slid off. Unfortunately I was unhurt, but the machine was. The next few days were spent straightening out the forks and other bits and pieces. To no avail because on the following Saturday the engine decided to blow-up.

There was only one thing for it. Buy a new one. I did, that very day: a 1957 M.V. Trouble was that I couldn't try it before I bought it. I took a chance. The following Saturday I took it to Brands to try it out and performed the incredible feat of dropping it on the same oil patch in the Paddock while I was trying to get it to go. Back home to the "din shop" again, wishing Count Agusta and Jag. owners where the pixies wouldn't go (**poor man, Count Agusta that is; what had he done to deserve that! : ED.**), went Mech. (a blonde) and I. Four days later, the Wednesday before the race, we were back at Brands. Carefully avoiding the infamous oil patch, I dashed through the Paddock, leapt into the air and came down on the seat with a thwack. Horror, nothing happened. Repeat performance with more energy, but still nothing. Four Paddock laps later

I gave up. It was most baffling. It sparked. There was petrol. It wouldn't go. Then I found little compression and a quick decapitation operation told all. I was quite sure Agusta hadn't put a hole in the piston, so I retrieved my practice fee, loaded the M.V. up more roughly than I had unloaded it and went home.

After chasing all over London for a new piston and working until 3.00 a.m., I finally made the 'Palace for the Saturday's practice session. There we pushed and shoved, heaved and swore, but it wouldn't even burp. The timing was up the creek and no one seemed to have the necessary data, apart from a Manx man who possessed an instruction book (in Italian). This, of course, was at home. So we watched the rest of practice, collected the book that evening and spent all Sunday timing the motor.

Now final practice was at 10 o'clock Monday with final scrutineering twenty minutes before. So at 7.00 a.m. we prepared the van with tools and things. Mech. filled vacuum flasks, I filled the tank and off we went to the C.P. But the van stopped half way there and refused to budge further. Mech. knowing nothing of the mysteries of such vehicles disappeared into a handy cafe, while I set about the van's motor with feverish vigour. At 9.00 a.m. a dirty black object was to be seen rushing into the Paddock and came to a halt before a barrier protecting the refreshment tent. The M.V. covered with an intricate design in black oily thumb marks, was hastily yanked out and rushed before the dreaded scrutineers. After much headshaking and discussion about the bald front tyre and unjoined nines of the numbers, the 'bike was okayed and my clothing requested. Panic: where was it? A quick demilap of the Paddock by Mech. produced leathers etc. which were passed too. So far so good, but when, with ten minutes left, I galloped down a slope to start it it refused to fire. No compression again.

Flinging the 'bike down on to the grass and grabbing a large hammer from the tool box, I headed for Mech. With inspiration born, I am sure, from pure fear, she pointed to the plug lead and said ever so sweetly: "Is that supposed to dangle?" I said, politely, that it wasn't and calmly began screwing in a plug. Then, much to the astonishment of nearby female members of the Paddock population, I stripped to my pants

and whipped off my leathers in 10 seconds flat. By breaking all Paddock lap records I made the starting bay and got on to the course by insisting that there was a second or so to go. Finally, wonders of wonders, it started.

With a cold engine I decided to take it easy on the first lap. For once I was lucky. Thundering into, well tearing into—oh all right then, going into the first corner, I applied the front brake slightly and then heavily and finally with all my might—there was nothing there anyway—so I heeled the model over, got into the most frightful wobble and slithered round the bend with both eyes closed. After three laps of this horrifying procedure I pulled in and made a bee-line for the nearest Gents! A study of the machine later on revealed the reason for the lack of handling and braking. During the previous day's work a gudgeon pin circlip had fallen into the crankcase. With strength born of desperation the machine had been picked up, turned upside down and shaken like a dog until the offending piece of metal fell out. During this demonstration of brute force the oil in the right leg fork had run into the front brake which was thus rendered n.b.g. and causing my corner work to be most interesting—spectatorwise—due to the uneven damping and lack of retardation.

Came the race and, wonderful, I picked the inside second line grid position next

to Dick Wyler, who sat there on his Greeves blissfully happy and grinning at me through those bushy eyebrows. Several agonising minutes later the flag was raised and off we went; at least they did—the M.V. remained stationary. A quick glance at the controls showed me that the ignition switch was in the 'off' position! (Mech. had decided to save the battery; she still has the scars to prove it!) A quick flick of the wrist to switch it on and off we went. At least I had the sadistic satisfaction of knowing that several others had made bad starts too, including Wyler. No help to me, though. On lap 3 there was an awful noise behind me and three machines hurtled past me as though I were pushing. Mind you, I was the only 175 in the race So for the next four laps I pottered round trying, half heartedly, to remain in sight of O'Rourke, Osborne and company and creating something of a sensation at South Tower Bend by being waved at by the Balham Boys who had come along to cheer me on. I am now known in those parts—Balham that is to say—as 'Tun Tom'!

After the race, in which, needless to say, I was last, my only thought was that at least I had finished. But no, even that was not to be. A day or two later I got a charming letter from Maggie telling me that, as I had only completed 7 laps, I was not classified as a finisher. It is worth it?

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EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

(The Editor is not necessarily in agreement with what his correspondents say and stresses that arguments and/or opinions in this feature are those of the writers)

Sir,

Re: Brian Clark's letter in the February issue I would like to confirm that Brian is quite correct when he says that I am the owner of a 220 c.c. "double knocker" Ducati. This machine is a five speed model and is similar to the model owned by John Harper other than the gear box. But I believe he will be hitching the fifth cog in during the winter. I think the Watton/James Ducati is a 175 c.c. Formula 3 model.

Yours & etc.,

MICK MANLEY

Cathays,
Cardiff.

Sir,

Every now and again, when I have seen a plea for members to write about something or other in the magazine, I have thought of doing just that, but have never got round to doing it. However, now I have; here goes!

How to crash, drop the model, fall off, buy a box of tacks, call it what you will. My point is that one should never, under any circumstances, let go of the bicycle. Hang on to it whatever happens. To illustrate I must go back in history to pre-1914 days. I think the actual year was 1912; the race the T.T.

Along with two other youngsters I was seated on the wall about half way down Bray Hill. I would mention that, in those days, Bray Hill had stone walls on both sides for at least a part of its length. Some silly fool had brought a dog along and, naturally, the dog got loose and on to the course. Two riders were coming through at that moment, the first about 60/80 yards in front of the other. He swerved to avoid the dog, got into a wobble and lost control. He let his 'bike go and was airborne until he hit the said stone wall. He was badly smashed up. The following rider hadn't an earthly chance. He got mixed up with the other machine which was bucking about all over the road. He hung on to his mount and finished up yards down the hill still with the 'bike. He stood up, dusted himself down and walked away! The gent who sat next to us on our wall leaned forward and said. 'If any of you lads

ever go in for this game, never forget what you have just seen; hang on to the model whatever happens."

After over forty years riding the fastest solos I could afford, I am more than ever grateful for receiving that advice. Perhaps some other experts on the subject could give opinion and/or advice to the young beginners.

Yours & etc.,

J. S. MOORE

All Stretton,

Salop.

(Very nice to hear from you, Mr. Moore. Now, what about a few letters on this topic? Most of us have fallen from grace some time or other! Incidentally, Mr. Moore is the donor of the J. S. Moore Trophy which goes to the Member who puts up the best performance in the T.T. each year—ED.)

Sir,

I hope this letter will help to answer the query as to why there is no sidecar racing at Thruxton. There are several reasons, but here are two.

Chairs would tear up the circuit too much. As it is £100 is spent on the track after each meeting. Then, in past years when things were rather tough, the solo riders helped out a great deal (by continuing to enter). So Mr. Goss feels under an obligation to give the solo lads a fair crack of the whip. Two sidecar events, and a final, would mean over 70 solo lads being disappointed.

Yours & etc.,

J. H. PROCTER

Gosport.

CLUBMAN'S TROPHY

Will any member who wishes to be considered for entry by the Club please let the Secretary have his name immediately. As in the past we hope to be able to enter three Members in each race and pay the entry fee too. All applicants should be sure to give full details of their machines and experience to date. It is understood that only racing machines will be catered for this year, presumably 350's and 500's.

Secretary

BOOK REVIEW

I have just finished reading a good, little compendium, well illustrated too, called "Famous Racing Motorcycles" by John Griffiths. It is published by Temple Press Ltd. at 10/6. In all 50 different arranged alphabetically. There are copious pictures, most of them from the pages of "Motor Cycling" and so seen before. Among the many intriguing devices we can read about are the 1939 supercharged water cooled four cylinder A.J.S., the Gilera four of that era, also "blown", the Guzzi 500 c.c. vee twin, in-line four and the vee-8 and the three cylinder D.K.W. "Potted", one page histories go with illustrations.

Books like this are very useful. For one thing this one will show the younger fraternity what machines were raced just before and just after the war. On the other hand they are tantalising. One wants, so much, to know an awful lot more about the bicycles about which John Griffiths talks. So I would suggest that he now puts pen to paper and gives us a much more weighty volume on the same subject. There are a few errors. It was, surely, the 1947 250 T.T. that caused the fuss—the Barrington/Cann timing episode—and not the 1950 race, which had a massed start. Harold Daniell, and he himself has told me this, only won the 1949 Senior because Graham's Ajay

broke down at Cronk-y-Mona on the last lap. And for some reason the myth of the Benelli lightweight lap record in the 1939 practice period is perpetuated. Mellors did not complete a full circuit in 26m. 28s., as is suggested. Tenni's Guzzi was fastest 250 in the training that year. And I did wonder why there was not a page on the Excelsior Manxman (or "Mechanical Marvel" come to that—this model did win a T.T.). Certainly I think one of these has more right in a collection of this sort than the Norton "kneeler" which could be described as a freak. A good volume nevertheless. Go and buy it.

★ ★ ★

I have also been reading the Third Edition of Modern Motorcycle Maintenance by Bernal Osborne of "Motor Cycling." I found it excellent. Now I am a bit of a clot when it comes to things mechanical and I am rather lazy when it comes to maintaining the bicycle. After reading a few chapters of Bernal Osborne I was impelled to go out into the garage and do a few overdue tasks on the Norton. Seriously though, this is good stuff. The whole machine is covered and the text and sketches are easy to grasp. There are introductory chapters on setting up a workshop, metals and tools. There are useful appendices covering a good selection of current popular road models with the relevant technical details given. And in this latest edition, due attention has been given to 7 and 10 year machines with a view to passing the M.o.T. Test. The publishers are Temple Press Ltd. and the price is a modest 10/6. Worth it! W.G.T.

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BEMSEE BOGWHEELERS' FROLIC

My goodness me, those fiendish characters Bill Mason and Ken Phillips, not to mention their worthy wives and our Maggie, didn't half go to town on some sections for this year's Club Sporting Trial (to give it a proper title—not that there's much 'proper' about the event!) At least the writer found them difficult, but then he's a self-confessed nit when it comes to bogwheeling. However, the main thing was that everyone enjoyed themselves; that's what the event is for. The weather helped too; not too hot nor too cold.

Held at Brands Hatch again on Sunday, 18th February, some 52 members and friends turned up for a day's sport amid the bushes, tree roots, the odd mud hole and the steep ups and downs of the Brands estate. Most of the sections were of necessity rather artificial and a lot of tape had to be used. Still the enormous advantages of a compact course all on private ground outweigh other considerations. Two laps were held, one before and one after lunch. Many members shared machines amongst them Pete James and Frank Gillings the former's Cub, Derek Minter and Jim Baughn the Minter 250 Norman. Ian Goddard and Terry Grotefield on somebody's Tandon and Triumph (or was it Triumph and then Tandon) and Brian Scrivener and John Freeman on an Ajay bigger banger. Not all the racers were riding; some helped with the observing—Dave Wildman and Chris Williams for example.

David Nixon on a 249 Francis Barnett won the event with 26 marks lost, of which only 6 went on the second lap.

This should serve to show how hard the first round was. Derek Minter was runner-up, 30 marks to the bad, and next came Peter Dawson, 36, and Geoff Monty and Pete James, 40 each. G. L. Jackson (no relation, we understand) won the chair award. There were only three three-wheelers and Bill Rose's Norton wasn't ridden by half the entry this time either! The writer made an ass of himself on Peter Dawson's 250 Beesa Star and enjoyed every second of it, except possibly when the blessed 'bike fell on top of him on Chris William's section and dug itself into various parts of his (the writer's) anatomy! Roll on, next year! In the meantime our thanks to John Hall of Brands Hatch Estate Ltd. for use of his land and to the men and wives who looked after the paper work and all that.

W.G.T.

(News from the Groups continued from page 75)

S.W. LONDON. Tuesday 3rd and Tuesday 17th April. Surrey Tavern, Trinity Road, Wandsworth Common. Johnny Wheeler, 211, Burntwood Lane, S.W.17 is organiser

Others still trying are:

BOURNEMOUTH. Barry Cortvriend, The Nook, Minchington, Nr. Farnham, Blandford, Dorset.

ISLE OF MAN. Jack Bridson, 114, Malew Street, Castletown.

LIVERPOOL. Keith Evans, 32, Lichfield Road, Liverpool 15.

SURBITON. Pete Gain, 101, Grand Avenue, Surbiton.

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7TH APRIL

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETINGS

The two A.G.M's. were held at the R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1. on Friday, the 23rd February. At that meeting of the Club, after his re-election to the post, our President, Sir Geoffrey Tuttle, took the Chair. In his introductory message Sir Geoffrey thanked those present for re-electing him. He mentioned what pleasure he derived from being associated with the Club and going to its meetings. The three Vice-Presidents were re-elected en bloc and the Club Benevolent Fund Account was approved. Four nominees had been put forward for the two vacant places on the Committee, so a ballot was necessary. Unfortunately there was a slight hiatus over the first ballot and a second was necessary before the Chairman announced that Messrs. Cheeswright and Rose had been elected. Then came 'other business' and an excellent crop of points was raised. Mr. Fifield started the ball rolling with a question on streamlining and was supported by Mr. Tremlett. However Mr. Wise disagreed and was supported by a majority of those present; therefore, one Club meeting will remain streamlining banned. Mr. Bates raised a question in regard to last year's Brighton sprint and in this connection very good points were made by Messrs E. A. Woods and R. C. Walker. Mr. Graham, supported by Messrs. Farrant and J. E.

Green, pressed for a reduction in the 1,000 kms. race to 500 kms. and an alteration to the programme of that meeting to allow for national races over the full G.P. course at Silverstone. They wanted to see absolutely standard and fully equipped machines in this race too. Whilst there was obvious sympathy with the view that as many races for the "boys" must be held by the Club, there was general disagreement with the points raised here. Mr. Minihan spoke feelingly from the competitor's angle and Mr. Glover from the Machine Examiner's. The many other matters raised included starting grid positions at some circuits, ladies riding in certain events, footrests with pointed ends, 50 c.c. racing on the G.P. course at Silverstone, publication of social dates in the motor cycle press and poster design. Previously the Meeting of the Company had been held with Mr. E. Cooper in the Chair as Chairman of the Board of Directors. The Director's Report and the Accounts for 1961 were approved and Messrs. Daniell and Mills re-elected Directors. Mr. Cooper tendered his resignation due to extreme pressure of business and handed the Chair to the Vice-Chairman for the rest of the meeting. Mr. Tremlett thanked Mr. Cooper warmly for all he had done and a vote of thanks to him was passed with acclaim.

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Area News
NORTHANTS AREA
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Our meeting at the Bedfordshire Arms, Souldrop, on Thursday, 8th March was a very pleasant evening. We entertained the Bedford Eagles Motor Cycle Club to a Darts and Skittles Tournament. The matches were completed about eleven o'clock. One thing was absolutely certain; a large amount of "wallop" and solid refreshment was consumed and everybody had a damn good time. But, when we came to go home we were not too sure what the result of the match was! As far as I can recall Bemsee won the darts match and Bedford Eagles the skittles after a play-off between the two Captains as a decider in the latter. There were no protests to the stewards, but many requests to meet again at the Bedfordshire Arms! This can be arranged next year, I feel sure. Thanks for turning out.

A lot of important events happen in the Northants Area—the next one being the Hutchinson 100 at Silverstone. Come on, rally round; let's get it well known that this is the meeting of the year—it's in the Northants Area; therefore, it has got to be a success! See you there.

A.F.M.

NEWS FROM THE GROUPS

Mike Cook's inaugural meeting in Brighton was not very encouraging. The only people there were Mike and his mate from Burgess Hill and myself, Beryl Launchbury and Peter Marsh from London. Presumably the people who live in Brighton aren't particularly bothered about getting to know one another! Not to be deterred by the initial lack of success, Mike had a second try scheduled for March 19th. Unfortunately I had to miss this one, having to make a rapid journey to Evesham for a Committee meeting that evening. I hope Mike's efforts were rewarded by a little more enthusiasm this time.

South West London continues to have a steady dozen or so turn out. It's encouraging that it isn't the same dozen every time. We were amazed to have Dick Wyler turn up on the 6th March. He had just motored down from Liverpool after a particularly rough Atlantic crossing, and the Surrey Tavern was his

first port of call. How's that for enthusiasm?

Johnnie Walker tells me that, among other benefits which have resulted from the Dagenham Group's formation, it was instrumental in bringing together Alan Rutherford and Tom Kirby. The result is that Alan will be sponsored by Tom during the coming season on two A.M.C's. Tom gave a show of film he took during last season recently, which went down well.

Another packed house at the Odd-fellows Arms listened to a talk from Phil Read on his South African experiences. Jim and I arrived just too late to hear these, but we enjoyed the nattering nevertheless. The landlord had turned over his public bar to Dunstable Group, making the locals go into the saloon bar!

From Geoff Galloway I hear that his inaugural Derby meeting went with a big swing. Some 50 bods arrived at the "Kingfisher" at Chaddesdon to see four films, the Club's Golden Jubilee one and the Shell Mex B.P. "The Right line" included. Jim Swift went up in my place. Geoff tells me that regular use of the room is now assured. Incidentally an excellent little example of what the new groups can do to help the local Members concerned is told to me. Several Members were due to go to Silverstone for the practice day on the 21st March and transport facilities were suitably pooled to save expense all round.

This month's dates are:

DAGENHAM. Friday, 13th and Friday 27th April. The Brewery Tap, Barking. "Johnnie" Walker, 79, Albert Road, Ilford is the organiser.

DERBY. Monday, 16th. The Kingfisher, Lime Grove, Chaddesdon, Derby. Geoff Galloway, 239, Derby Road, Chaddesdon is the organiser.

HORLEY. Thursday, 5th and Thursday 19th April. Red Lion, Turners Hill. Andy Wade, Titrangi, Tudor Close, Smallfield is the organiser.

LEAMINGTON SPA. Friday 13th and Friday 27th April. Willoughby Arms, Augusta Place, Leamington. Andy Walczak, 36, Dunblane Drive, New Cubbington, Leamington is organiser.

(Continued on page 72)

MUTUAL AID

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All adverts to the Editor

SALE. DB32 Gold Star complete less engine, gearbox, petrol tank and seat; fitted A.M.C. forks and full width front hub—£50. RRT2 extra c.r. gear cluster—£7. DB32 flywheel assembly in good order—£10. J. S. Duff, 17, Seton Street, Ardrossan, Ayrshire.

SALE. left/right chrome tank panels, two blue heads, oil tank cover (black) and rear damper unit covers, all for '59 Matchless; Lucas spotlight; '57 Triumph Terrier (needs some attention)—offers. See below.

WANTED. left/right hand exhaust pipes for 60/61 A.M.C. twin. D. Doyle, 2, Yew Grove, London, N.W.2.

SALE. T. W. Kirby offers 1957 A.J.S. 7R : very fast ; ready to race—£275. Terms, exchanges. Roneo Corner, Hornchurch, Essex. Hornchurch 48785.

WANTED. cambox for 1949 350 c.c. Manx Norton (long stroke) ; must be in good condition ; good price for right 'box and carriage paid too. F. Aldridge, 209, Ruddington Lane, Wilford, Nottingham.

WANTED. large size in Barbour suit; good condition please. David Walton, 167, Cranbury Road, Eastleigh, Hants.

SALE. 1958 499 c.c. Gold Star ; low mileage ; immaculate ; new 190 m.m. front brake ; many spares including front wheel—£160 and H.P. arranged. Also 250 c.c. double o.h.c. Norton. Enquiries to E. Buckingham, 13a, Braemar Avenue, Neasden, London, N.W.10. Tel : DOLLIS Hill 6114).

WANTED. new member with rather tight budget seeks another who would be prepared to share transport to meetings; will be willing to share of petrol etc.; any offers to B. M. Kemp, 74, St. Andrews Crescent, Windsor, Berks.

SALE. 1957 348 Manx Norton ; Beart tuned ; specification to 1961 standard ; set of sprockets and other spares ; ready for season ; £220 o.n.o. Malcolm Uphill, 62, Hoel Trecastell, Caerphilly, Glam.

WANTED. leathers, height 5 ft. 9 ins., chest 38 ins. and waist 34 ins. P. Deamer, 97, Twycross Street, off Melbourne Road, Leicester.

SALE. 350 c.c. sprint 'bike ; Ariel frame and Royal Enfield engine ; the whole in good condition ; motor has many new parts and has been professionally tuned ; new c.r. Albion gear box ; alloy front rim ; complete except for rear wheel and tyre—£20. See below.

WANTED. racing "dustbin" for 500 c.c. sprint machine; anything considered; R. R. Salter, 4, Churchbury Close, Enfield, Middx. (Tel. Enfield 7875).

WANTED. I am entering my 220 c.c. Ducati in the 1962 T.T. and would like to ride a 125 c.c. machine as well ; any offers or suggestions, please. M. W. Manley, 39, Cosmeston Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

SALE. 1954 Vincent Rapide with Brough Superior sidecar ; completely rebuilt by Mike Creamer in 1961 ; selling for health and old age reasons ; photograph available ; £175. Paul Corbett, Raven House, Boorley Green, Botley, Hants. (Tel : Botley 2309).

SALE. DB34 Gold Star ; full racing trim including fairing—£125. Clubman spares for above—£10. Would exchange lot for 1956 or later Manx Norton less engine. B. P. Dennis, 108, Priory Crescent, Southend-on-Sea, Essex. (Tel : Southend 65875).

INFORMATION WANTED. on gearing a 500 Gold Star for new Cadwell Park circuit. Also is there any member in Wandsworth area going to Easter Monday meeting at this course who could assist me by transporting my 'bike. 3524886 SAC Burg. P., c/o 145., Trammere Road, Earlsfield, S.W.18.

SALE. 1961 250 R.E. Crusader Sports. Works prepared ; many production event successes. Perfect condition ; with spares. Reason for sale—skint ! £160 or prepared to swap for 1962 Manx ! R. J. Harrison, 31, Swifts Green Road, Stopsley, Luton, Beds.

SALE. P.V.C. racing suit 6 ft. Chest 38 in. Well worn £6. Burman G.B. close ratio gear box with clutch, £8. 1961 Gold Star front forks, £6 10s. Gold Star G.B. flywheels less rod £4. Same, barrel cracked liner £3. Rear wheel with new 300 x 19 racing tyre and swinging arm out of racing bike. Ideal for special builder, £7 lot. 8,000 r.p.m. rev. counter head and gear box, £5. Gold Star front hub 190 m.m. brake drum skimmed out, £5 o.n.o. J. R. Blackwell, 22, Park Lane, Coptie Green, Brentwood, Essex.

WANTED Manx wheel and seat.
SALE. T110 in featherbed. Parsons,
3, The Avenue, Bedford.

WANTED. 1960 499 c.c. Manx Norton
cylinder head; good condition. R. J.
Lawrence, 275, Long Lane, Grays, Essex.

WANTED. leathers; height 6 ft. 1 in.,
chest 40 ins. R. V. Nathan, 116, Tollgate
Road, Colney Heath, St. Albans, Herts.

SALE 1959 Manx Norton (499 c.c.);
brought new; spares include Fi-glass
fairing, valve springs and suspension
units; £330. Peter Arnott, West Winds,
Staunton Road, Monmouth.

SALE. Gold Star B.S.A. front wheel
with 8 in. brake complete; as new—£8.
P. Cottrell, 37, Sherbourne Road, Acocks
Green, Birmingham, 27.

SALE. 1956 Manx Norton 350 c.c.
Recent engine overhaul. 1960 piston.
Clubman's team award. Well maintained.
£210. R. A. Robinson, 19, Cowley Road,
London, S.W.9.

SALE. 125 c.c. G.P. Ducati, double
o.h.c. and five speeds; previous owner
the late Hilmar Cecco; many 1sts and
places; mechanically sound, but will
strip for genuinely interested buyer;
spares include barrel, twin plug head,
piston and rings, bearings and complete
range of sprockets; motor will "buzz"
to 11,000 r.p.m. in safety—£525 o.n.o.
Jim Dakin, 24, Knightsbridge Crescent,
Staines, Middx. (Tel: 55331).

SALE. '55 7R A.J.S.; £40 works
overhaul; complete with fairing and
sprockets etc.; good history; faultless

appearance and condition; haggle around
£150. R. Fowles, 90, Green Lane,
Sunbury-on-Thames, Middx. Call in
evening or at weekends or 'phone BAT-
tersea 6480 during day.

WANTED. a ride in the 50 c.c.
or the 125 c.c. T.T. this year. John
Kidson will be riding his 250 Norguzz
in the 250 c.c. race again this year
and would welcome a ride in the 50 c.c.
or 125 c.c. race as well. At first attempt
last year finished 15th at 77.34 m.p.h. on
home constructed special and after many
pre-race difficulties. Suggestions and/or
propositions (serious) to Box Post Office,
Stroud, Glos., please.

ASSISTANCE REQUIRED.
The Bantam Racing Club urgently need
marshalls and other officials for their two
meetings at Snetterton on Saturday, 28th
April, and Saturday, 12th May. Any
offers of assistance will be gratefully
received by Peter Gallant, 4, Castle Place,
Kentish Town, N.W.5.

SALE. Norton-Vincent 998 c.c.;
Lightning engine; built from new spares;
special plate clutch; Scintilla Mag.; 5
gallon tank fitted in latest type Manx
frame; used five times only gaining 1st
and 2nd at Charterhall and 4th at Cad-
well; 150 m.p.h.; immaculate condition;
£400. Can be put in road trim if re-
quired. Also 1960 7R; all 1961 mods.;
finished 7th in 350 Gold Star 1961;
maintained regardless of cost; all set to
race; £395. Louis Carr, 149, Ashley Rd.,
Parkstone, Poole, Dorset. Phone: Bourn-
mouth 37627 after 6.30. Machines can
be delivered.



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