

Bemsee



THE JOURNAL OF THE
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

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DECEMBER, 1962





BOGWHEELERS AHOY ! !

Yes, friends, there WILL be another Trial. On Sunday, 20th January, 1963, on the Brands Hatch estate you will have the opportunity of disputing yourselves on bogwheels and finding out how good, or otherwise, you are at this trials lark. So, if you have not a suitable bicycle, now's the time to borrow one from some mate who has. Regs., nothing too serious, will be included in the January magazine. The route plotters inform us that the sections will cater for every taste and that there will be plenty of opportunity for the less skilled to fall off or wrap themselves round trees etc.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF B.M.C.R.C. LTD.

Members wishing to submit resolutions for the Annual General Meeting of the Limited Company, must send them in writing to the Secretary at the Registered Offices of the Company, not later than 12th January, 1963.

A. C. SMITH,
Secretary.



Editor : Guy Tremlett

THE CLUB

President : Air Marshal Sir Geoffrey Tuttle, K.B.E., C.B., D.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.**Vice-Presidents :** H. L. Daniell, G. E. Duke, O.B.E. and J. Surtees, M.B.E.**Chairman :** L. S. Cheeseright, M.C., B.Sc.**Vice-Chairman :** H. L. Daniell**Secretary :** Alan C. Smith, 33a London Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey

EDITORIAL

Safety at race circuits is something that occupied a lot of the limelight a while ago. Just lately, apart from odd letters to the Press about poor marshalling, the emphasis has shifted to safety on race circuits; particularly in the Isle of Man. But is it right that we should get into a state of complacency about the former factor? Palpably not—after all it is no use trying to prevent the sort of “prangs” that marred the Manx this year, when circuits themselves are unsafe and when marshalling etc. is bad. By and large this Club has enjoyed a good reputation as an organiser of safe meetings. In any event courses like Silverstone and Snetterton, by their very configuration, are reasonably safe. Though there have been a few instances where things have gone wrong (or nearly wrong), our marshalling maintains a satisfactory standard of keenness, competence and application; indeed one might say, justifiably we feel, a very satisfactory standard. Of course, knowing, as we do, some of the stalwart types that form the core of Marshal Members, this is not at all surprising. However, in talking about this subject we are not restricting ourselves to B.M.C.R.C. meetings. We are not the only organisers of race meetings in the country.

Most British circuits are pretty safe. The A.C.U., very properly, insist on certain precautions and all that. However, one can only go so far in this; patently it would be impossible to have a course so ‘wrapped up in cotton wool’ that it was 100% safe—one wouldn’t want it, anyhow. So marshals are provided and first aid people, and firemen, and the rest. We are left with the voluntary officials of whom marshals, the actual track marshals, are our main concern. Now it does not need to be said that they are vitally important bodies. In their hands to a very great extent lies the safety of the riders. And the marshals with the flags are the most important of all. The appropriate flag is so often the only warning a rider will get of some impending danger. And, if an accident does occur, speedy action to remedy and clear up the situation is equally necessary. It should not be necessary to say all this, really; it is obvious, so we would imagine. However, one goes to meetings up and down the country where the marshals are not paying attention to their job and seem only to have volunteered to do a job to get a front view of the racing. How often does one see them wandering about with cameras or sitting down and not even watching approaching riders. Clubs and other bodies owe it to the riders, if no one else, to make sure that their marshals are tip-top men. And, at the same time, circuit owners should make sure their course is properly equipped and as safe as they can be. We know of one very well known circuit on which the telephone at one corner did not work for two thirds of the season. By the grace of God there were no serious accidents there.

We want, now, to devote a few lines to the social side of the Club. For one reason and another it is not easy to promote in B.M.C.R.C. the sort of club feeling that can be engendered in a strictly local club. For one thing we are pretty far flung out and, let’s face it, a great many of you merely join for the racing that we try to give you in a season. But surely the odd evening spent with your local mates in some suitable place having a good matter doesn’t do any harm. One or two Members have gathered together pleasant little groups and seem to have one or two excellent

gatherings every month in the "closed" season. We have attended a couple—very enjoyable. So why don't a few more of you have a "go"? The Secretary will provide you with the "gen" on Members in your part of the world. And, remember, the meeting place doesn't have to be a pub. Good thing, perhaps, if it isn't.

This is, in effect, our Christmas issue. So the Editor would like to wish all Members the compliments of the season. Nowadays this festive time has lost much of its meaning, and point. But it is no bad thing to try and regard one's fellows with peace and goodwill for one day in the year. True that is hard in this day of power drunk statesmen hurling atomic abuse at one another across the Globe and and the rat-race for survival in ordinary life, but, ladies and gentlemen, we have one thing which sets us apart from these politicians, these scientists and the rest of 'em—we are attached to the best Sport of all. Finally we would like to thank all those many people who have helped the Club in many ways during 1962. All right we have a Board and Committee and a paid Staff, but eight race meetings and the rest could not happen without the unselfish help of all you 'volunteers.' Thank you, once again one and all. And now we turn to 1963

ANNUAL DINNER

The Club's Annual Dinner/Dance, not forgetting the presentation of trophies was held, as usual, at Lyons' Coventry Street Corner House on the Thursday of Show week. One innovation this year, largely welcome we imagine, was a reduction in the number of speeches—to one! Sir Geoffrey, in the Presidential chair, welcomed everyone to the function, thanked all those people, riders, officials and the Board/Committee (in that order) who had helped in the past twelve months, paid tribute to the late Secretary and her assistant and, finally, made a forceful appeal to the Industry to do something concrete towards saving the

TROPHIES

By an oversight we omitted the results of two of the trophy competitions from the November "Bemsee." The J. S. Moore Trophy that is for the most meritorious performance by a Club Member in the T.T. series) was awarded to Colin Seeley who was a fine third in the Sidecar Race. The Torquemeter

Silverstone 1,000 Kilometre Race. The prize giving was conducted immediately afterwards. For once a large number of trophy winners were present. One or two Members had more than one trip to the top table for their silverware; Peter Preston made five! So after that ceremony dancing continued unabated until 1.30 a.m. Unabated that is except for the raffle draw. Thanks, once more, to the energy and assistance of "Cabby" Cooper and Bill Rose the display of prizes was wonderful (there were some 29 in all) and the whole thing raised over £100.

Trophy which goes, on a points basis, to the Member who puts up the best performance in the World Championship series went to Mike Hailwood for his M.V. 500 performances and he was followed by Alan Shepherd and Arthur Wheeler.

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In the December issue I am wont to put on paper a few comments on the machines I have ridden, either briefly or for longer periods, during the post twelve months. This year will be no exception, though I fear the 1962 bag does not include any racers—a plan to sample a 7R and G50 came to nothing due to lack of time and suitable opportunity.

Setting aside for a moment my own machines there were two interesting roadsters that I was loaned; one for but a morning and the other for several days. The former was a two stroke, a thing that I must confess to being none too fond of. It was a pre-production bicycle, the very first of its sort in fact, though whether it will ever see the light of day now is, I gather, most unlikely. The basis was an R.C.A. 350 two stroke twin motor with twin carbs. in a frame that bore a striking resemblance to a certain well known 203 c.c. M.V. As the model was in the nature of a test-bed it lacked a few refinements. For example the gear change wasn't very hot, the compression ratio was too high, the gear ratios weren't altogether suitable for road work (the high bottom cog was reminiscent of a Gold Star) and it was rather noisy. But it didn't half go and the road holding was superb. The steering was light but positive and the brakes pinned it down satisfactorily. I deliberately chose a 15 mile stretch of A25 which is twisty as part of my run on this 'cycle and I don't think I've ever had such fun on the road. Third gear had to be used most of the time—top was too high—but the motor, very smooth by the way, liked to be revved hard. Because of the aforesaid high top gear I didn't see more than 80; there were other road users about. I was told it wouldn't matter whether I dropped it or burst it. I did neither—well nigh impossible. Altogether a fascinating morning?

I am not one who has gone crazy over Hondas. While recognising their success, racing-wise and commercially, I have always reserved my judgement until I had the chance to ride one. Through the kindness of our printer, Frank Gillings, who loaned me his 125 Honda Benly C92 for a long week-end, I was able to get some idea. Right away one must say that the performance is amazing. It could be cruised at 60/65 without

any apparent mechanical drama for a long time. True the plugs went after a bit—I was in a bit of a panic when this happened as it felt just like the motor tightening up—but I am told this will happen with the standard "candles." It does well over 70; a fully, very fully, equipped 125, mark you! The brakes were quite good and the lights excellent as far as I could judge from the little night riding I did on it. It even had flashers which I forgot to operate most of the time. Yes, though, there was a snag and, I'm afraid, a big one. The suspension was far too soft and this upset the handling seriously. Thus, while it was supremely careful to ride along, the wallowings and pitchings became tiresome on bends and enforced, on me at any rate, cautious cornering. Still, it was all most interesting and I should very much like to sample a Dream Sports.

I myself started off 1962 with the ill-fated Norton 88SS which soon went for a new 650SS. After little more than 3,000 miles we seemed to be in as big trouble with it as with the previous 500. In view of the obvious road burning properties of the 650 I decided to have a Peel "dolphin" (touring type) on it and I also obtained the registration number SS 650 for it—well, plenty of the car types do it! Things at first weren't as bad as before. True the wheels were hopelessly out of balance, the stop light stuck on most of the time and the front brake squealed like a stuck pig and was rather spongy in operation. It was terribly stiff and didn't want to "go" at all. But at the mileage mentioned the oil consumption had risen to such heights that I decided it was time Norton Motors did something about it. So back it went to Birmingham, right in the middle of the summer just when most needed. The result of a four week—it ought to have been two—sojourn there was a new barrel, pistons and front wheel (I took the opportunity of having alloy rims and a folding kickstart put on; both ought to be standard items in my opinion). There was a crack in the front hub. I ran it in again and, since then, it has been taken over quite a decent mileage and done a short European tour. It goes better and better and I have found it happier when doing more than

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70 and when it is really hot. Oil consumption is high and it is noisy. Both seem to be points inseparable from high performance, large capacity British bikes. But it steers like a Norton should and is vastly satisfying to ride. Front brake action has been improved enormously by fitting a Manx type front brake cable (another thing Norton's ought to do as standard). We did have a bit of trouble with the fairing and Harold Daniell had to devise a better way of mounting it. It drums a little and shakes a little, but is well worth it. By and large I feel I have got quite a bicycle. But, at the same time, I feel bound to comment that it is a pretty disgraceful state of affairs when a machine costing all but £350 requires a major rebuild after a mere 3,500 miles and a lot of new bits. Oh, I know it happens with everything, but fifty per cent of 650SS owners I have spoken with have had the same trouble. I heard of one which seized up after 3,000 miles and another which "ruined" itself on the Autostrada del Sole after 6,000 kilos. It is not good enough.

I had for some time been contemplating the purchase of a small four stroke Italian bicycle for riding to work and all that. So, in January, I took delivery of a 75 c.c. Capriolo TV. The initial price is high, of course, but, so far, it looks as if I shall get my money's worth. One thing which always scares me a bit about foreign machines, and Italian ones in particular, is the availability, or otherwise, of spares (after all one does hear such tales on this score; some must have a grain of truth!). So far the Capriolo hasn't been put to the test in this way other than a two month wait for a speedo, gearbox, the original of which broke after 805 miles. It was of German manufacture, too. I must say that I find the "titch" good fun. It goes quite well, steers finely for a machine so light (only 160 lbs.), has good brakes and seems dead reliable. It gets little attention, being a "hack," but only the rear chain has needed replacing yet (it was a cheap Italian one anyway). Debit points are the noisy exhaust and the complete inability of the bike to do a mileage of any worth when it is raining in the English manner without imbibing quantities of water into its carburettor. The latter is not cleverly positioned at all. Maybe they don't have

rain in Italy or, when they do, local Caprioloisti put their wee bombs away till it has stopped! The riding position looks awful, isn't as bad as that in fact, though the dual seat is hard. Italians must possess well armoured bottoms, too. Petrol consumption, and here's where I really score, has worked out at 155/160 m.p.g. since I have had it. 5/6d. or so a week to go to work—not bad, eh?

The 88SS is still my ken. I borrowed it one weekend when the 650 was being "done" and, boy, wasn't it hard work after the big 'un and without a fairing. While the motor is a nice one, a lot smoother, of course, than the 650, I am more than ever convinced that there is something wrong with its frame. It just does not handle like a Norton should. But it does motor for a 500. I was also loaned, by Peter Dawson, a 250 trials Beesa Star for the infamous Club trial. I must be the biggest ass that ever tried to ride in a trial, but I found the Star much easier to ride than a two stroke. But it's too heavy. A trials 250 should scale about 200 lbs. in my opinion. And that Beesa had some urge, too, when the throttle was wound open. I'm hoping for a little ride sometime on a beautifully prepared Triumph Tiger Cub—more my line, I think.

Now, I turn toward the next twelve months. I wonder what they'll bring. I am not likely to change my duo. The Norton seems to be getting well into the groove and will be doing an even bigger mileage in 1963 than in 1962 and, I hope, carrying me on a more extended Continental trip. And, if the Capriolo continues to do its stuff as well, I shall be more than satisfied; hope it doesn't rain too much, though!

(continued from page 241)

Fergus Anderson wrote to the effect that, when a racing motor cyclist is killed, some people are shocked to see his friends not as mournful as they might be. Anderson opined that this was not because they were callous, but because they thought there were worse ways of passing on. It is just, too, to remark that we can only hope and pray that the fools who command the fate of the world, those so skilled in the arts of destroying mankind, do not show us that worse way of dying.

Yours & etc.,

Ray Metters

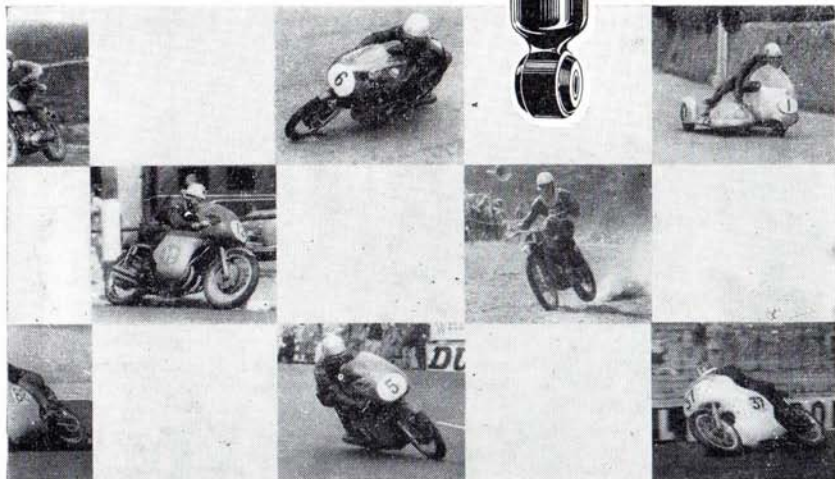
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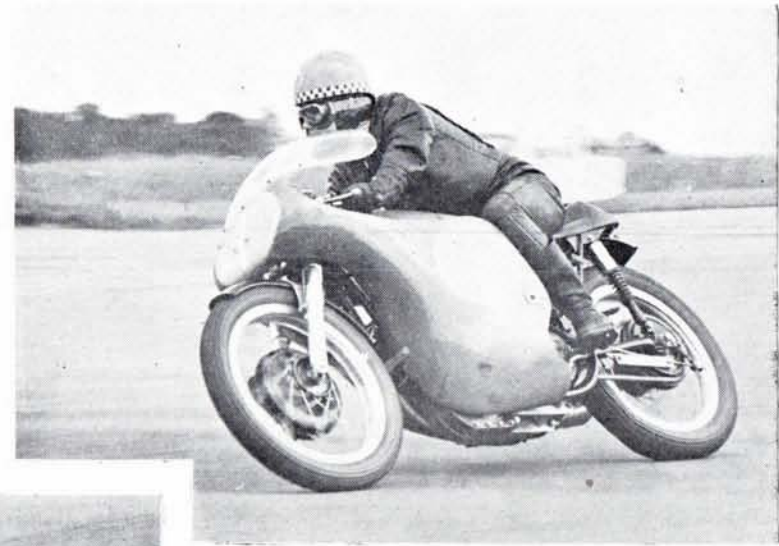
A private owner in the 50 c.c. T.T. Peter Latham (Itom) takes Governor's Bridge on his way to finish 18th.
(photo : P. Burg)

Who says Arrows, of the Ariel variety, don't fly? Or perhaps it is Thruxton's notorious bumps! Michael O'Rourke and the fast A. R. Taylor entered machine in this year's 500 miler.
(photo : Les Wise)



A most versatile sidecar and passenger—Tony Wakefield and Geoff Milton at a Brands Hatch meeting with their Triumph "kneeler." They do NOT use this one for the mud plugging!
(photo : Brian Curtis)

PICTURE GALLERY



A Trophy Day shot of B. J. Randle and his 348 c.c. Norton going into Woodcote Corner.
(photo : Peter Knocker)

Snetterton sensation was the speed of John Bowman and his Triumph Bonneville. What a good thing the regs. allow removal of stands—the 'bike is almost rubbing its crankcase on the deck!
(photo : Brian Curtis)



It was as though the gods had relented—almost too late. We had a dry and quite fine day for Oulton, a perfectly brilliant one for the Guinness Trophy and, to finish up with, another day of sun at Brands. I personally always arrive at the end of the racing season with mixed feelings; sorry, on the one hand, that it is all over for another year, but relieved, on the other, that one can now have a little peace and quiet. It was the same again this time. Riding away from Brands on the evening of Sunday, 14th October, it suddenly seemed rather chilly and quiet and just a little, well sad. Perhaps I'm being sentimental . . .

For one more weekend SS 650 took the M1 northward, but not all the way to Liverpool, because four wheels carried me on the last 100 miles to Robin Dawson's wedding. I did threaten Robin and Elaine I would arrive on the 'bike and in motor cycle kit, but I guess convention was too strong for me. Having seen the pair well and truly "spliced," I hied my way back to Warwickshire in my four wheeler (one of the beetle variety so justly lauded by millions of motorists the world over, not forgetting the Editor of "Motor Sport"), snatched a few hours of sleep and got on the Norton for what turned out to be one of the best rides I've had on it yet. It was very nice indeed and that machine does go nowadays. In all honesty I must, to some extent, eat my words regarding what I said about Brands in last month's article. It was an excellent meeting with a wide diversity of winners and one or two fantastically close finishes. Admittedly the reason for all the winners was a most unfortunate spill on the first lap of the 125 race which eliminated Minter from that race and the rest of the programme. Tony Godfrey borrowed the 650 Dommi-racer and won the last race, the first he had won at Brands. Virtue rewarded! I thought the 250 race was the best. I have always liked the 250 class better than any other. It has far more interest machine-wise. The way in which Fred Hardy stalked Norman Surtees was a masterly display of racecraft. On each lap except the last Hardy would sit up as he entered the top straight. But on that last lap he stayed glued to the tank, nipped by the Aermacchi on the inside and won the

race by half a machine's length. There was an even closer finish to a battle for third place in which Chris Vincent beat Mick Manley by no more than a tyre's width. It was rather a pity for Manley that he was beaten by so small a margin as, I'm told, he could have won the 250 Star had he been 3rd. And the scraps between the Arter G50's, Driver and Duff up, Joe Dunphy and Tony Godfrey were wonderful. Altogether a fine meeting, even if there were a number of lurid "shunts," as well as the 125 fracas. I thought the gent who disappeared over his handlebars leaving Clearways in the 250 race was rather lucky. It looked horribly spectacular.

And the next weekend I did nothing, spending Sunday, a most delightful day of Indian summer, riding gently through some pleasant byways and lying in the welcome, if tardy, sun in a place of great natural beauty. A most pleasant change. SS 650 had only had one more long run (we experienced a veritable cloudburst on the Motorway which made no difference to forward motion, even if that was like unto solo motor boating), but racing was not the end product for once. I did spend an afternoon, another fine one, at Brands watching a few people having a final fling. It was, literally, for some. A G45 Matchless cast a connecting rod with immense abandon to the atmosphere to the consternation of its young owner; a naughty looking road going Triumph took its owner for a grass tracking spell who thereupon fell from his bucking broncho (owner merely lost dignity and may have a slightly sore bum—T120 "racer" was rather second hand!); two more normal looking Triumphs gave the onlookers a cheap thrill or two on Paddock; and a rider, quite well known, turned up with the scruffiest late-model Manx I've ever seen—it would hardly drag itself round—much need of the winter rebuild. They do have fun, don't they?

I went to the Show. This over-rated affair is dealt with elsewhere, so I will not dwell on it here. While one applauded the Greeves and the Cotton (whoever called the latter "Telstar" is right up to date; a good gimmick, I think) racers and the small manufacturers who have courage to produce 'em, I just could not find it in me to do likewise to the big

British makers. Their 'bikes were for the most part several years old and their stands unimaginative: All right, they still sell a lot of their products. But how much longer for? By and large I thought the Show just plain dull and the ballyhoo that surrounds it . . . dear me! I leave it with two points. One could rush upstairs and gaze upon some racers, amongst which was a Gilera "four," the greatest of the great, when one got too fed up. The exhibition was sponsored by the "Daily Express." When does that paper give decent coverage to our Sport in the normal course of events?

Lastly 50 c.c. racing. You may recall Brian Woolley took me severely to task for belabouring the 50's. We have since had an entertaining correspondence on the subject; quite friendly, I assure you. I don't think we shall quite convince each other of our respective points of view, but a healthy argument is good for one. I most certainly acknowledge that there are 50's in this country which, when one takes all the relevant circumstances into consideration, are fast. Fast, that is, for their diminutive size. And, of course, no one, least of all myself, would deny that the factory jobs are fabulously quick. But I am certain that

their small size (yes, I did peer at the Suzuki at Earls Court) and, compared to their bigger confreres, their lack of speed and, therefore, spectacle, militates against them from the general public's point of view. At Oulton Park at the McIntyre Memorial meeting they had a 50 c.c. race. It was in the middle of the programme—we had seen six heats previously (250, 350 and sidecar)—it had but 15 starters and about 8 finishers. Being an ordinary spectator on that occasion I heard the remarks of those around me. Not one was at all complimentary; all seemed either bored or derisive. That may exhibit ignorance on the part of those spectators, but it is such people who make up most of the crowd at a race meeting. 50's are now a part of racing here and, as such, are entitled to a fair crack of the whip, but one must try to keep a proper perspective. On some circuits they are obviously excellent fare; on others they are not. I look forward to the time when there are two dozen 50's capable of lapping Brands at 67/68 m.p.h. (I mean home-grown ones) and not 5 or 6 as there are now. Then we shall hear less of the sort of comment which I heard at Oulton.

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FIRST, SECOND, THIRD . . . A Summary of Members' Recent Successes

The last weekend of racing in the British Isles and the last World Championship event—that's what the second weekend in October saw. **Arthur Wheeler** went all the way to Argentina for the G.P. there and was richly rewarded with a fine win in the 250 race on the Guzzi. This gives 3rd place in the 250 Championship a wonderful performance and a fitting end—we believe he is going to retire this time—to one of the finest private-owner careers in racing history. He subsequently went on to the other Argentine International meeting, at Mendoza, and won the 250 race and, we hear, was 5th in the 500 race also on the $\frac{1}{2}$ litre Guzzi. While Arthur was enjoying himself in sunny Argentine, **Dan Shorey** was getting soaked in Spain, at Zaragoza, where he was 2nd in the 500 race and 6th 125 home.

Here there was a foggy Gask meeting in Scotland on the Saturday at which **Brian Hornby** got two seconds on his Nortons, **Mike Toombs** won both sidecar races with his red Triumph/Norton and **Tom Fearn** was 2nd in the 250 race. At Brands the next day there were nine winners to the nine races—excellent! **Derek Minter** won the 350 race, in which **Chris Conn** and **Jim Cripps** were 5th and 6th. **Joe Dunphy** staged a dead-heat for 2nd place in the 500 race, Conn being 5th again and **Griff Jenkins** 6th. But in the 1,000 c.c. race Joe was only 4th, Cripps a good 5th and Griff 6th again. **Fred Hardy** and **Norman Surtees** had a hell of a scrap in the 250 race, the order at the end being that mentioned, but only just. **Mick Manley** was 4th, **Terry Grotefeld** 5th and **Jim Russell** 6th. **Peter Preston** beat **Michael O'Rourke** in the 125 event with **George Murphy** 3rd and

Russell 4th. The non-expert event went to **Brian Davis**, with **B. J. Randle** and **D. Best** (the latter on a 650 Beesa) 2nd and 3rd. **Bill Boddice** was 2nd in the three-wheeler scratch race and **Colin Seeley** 4th. **Dave Simmonds** won the 50's and **George Rice** was 4th in the short "chair" handicap.

Though the above weekend really saw the end of the season, it didn't die as easily as all that. There was a Mallory meeting for 50's, Bantams, British 250's and Vintages the next Sunday. **Dave Simmonds** and **Charlie Mates** mastered the 50 c.c. races between them fairly completely, with **Peter Latham**, **Peter Horsham** and the **Lawleys** also in the picture. **Fred Launchbury** won the Bantam races easily from **Roy Bacon** and **Ron Herring**. **Chris Williams** beat **Roger Cramp** in the Vintage race and **Peter Inchley** won the 250 final nicely from the almost veteran T.T.S. of **Ian Goddard**. **Fred Curry** had a 3rd on the Cotton, too. And then, even as late as the last Sunday in October, there was a sprint at Church Lawford, that much used venue. B.t.d. went to **Neville Higgins** who beat **George Brown** and **Ernie Woods**. Class winners included **Margot Pearson**, **Peter Inchley** (twice on the same 250 Ariel), **Alec Bascombe**, **Reggie Gilbert** and **George Breach**.

That was the end of the speed season. No doubt, however, several Members will be bogwheeling in the winter months. I would be glad to hear of any successes in that direction. I know that **Derek Minter**, **Pete Jamts**, **John Cooper**, **Peter** and **Robin Dawson** and **John Blount** are so doing. There are probably more of you. So let's be hearing from you. W.G.T.

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There is little point in writing a stand-by-stand report of the Show in this journal. In any event it caters for every sort of motor cyclist and, primarily, we are interested in those machines which are racers or high speed roadsters. I do not propose, in this short article, to go into the question as to whether it was or was not a good Show. Suffice it to say, at this stage, I personally, and I think that I am not alone in this, thought the lavish praise handed out by the motor cycling press by no means justified. I am surprised, too, that it should everywhere be referred to as a 'new look Show.' Apart from brighter colours in some quarters I saw little evidence of change in the general run of stands and exhibits. The extension of "shops" and the sporting section were worthwhile, on the other hand.

The novelty of the '62 Show, from the point of view of racing bicycle-ware, the 250 Villiers powered racing two strokes. Greaves, Cotton and D.M.W. In fact there is to be at least one more, Dot. The Greeves looked very good. It employs a motor very similar to the scrambler with one Amal carb. I gather there are one or two things to be sorted out with it, but one cannot help but wish all success to the small Essex factory. Their example is a shining example in the British motor cycle industry of a successful competition policy. The Cotton "Telstar" (when I viewed it one could hear the Tornados playing in the background!) is very well made and looked to be just the job. This has the twin carburettor layout. At £280 odd it seemed to me to represent very good value. Surely the average private owner would get quite as much fun out of one of these as some expensive, third hand Italian lightweight of yester-year? The D.M.W. which also has the two carb. motor, showed signs of extreme haste in preparation. Both it, and the Cotton, seemed to have little ground clearance and I was left wondering what would happen under conditions of severe ear'oling. The other two English pure racers were the 7R and Manx, 1962 models, and, alas, likely to be the last of their respective lines, if what I hear is true. There was no G50.

Of foreign racers there was an Aermacchi 250. Though it was one of

the Bill Webster models that have been seen on the circuits here this season, the 1963 models are said to be improved, notably as to the bottom half of the motor. Honda showed a 50 and 125. Neither machine was new. Indeed they could be described as race battered. The price of these seems so high that few will be able to afford it. Maybe Mr. Honda doesn't intend anything else. I know I would think more than twice before forking out 380 gns. for a 50. Trouble is someone probably will and so effectively spoil the fun for the others.

Everywhere over Earls Court were scattered racing bicycles of fame (or notoriety). The Shell Mex/B.P. sport set-up was fine. Here there were racers, solo and sidecar, sprinters, scramblers and bogwheelers in profusion. The doyen was the Gilera "four" (the one we saw at Oulton). It stood next to a 500 Manx Norton and two away was the Junior Manx-winning 7R Ajay. Both "Nero" and "Super Nero" were present (and being disgracefully mauled a lot of the time, too), the Silverstone and Thruxton winning 650SS Norton, an interesting Daytona-ised Triumph twin and the immortal Brough outfit that "Barry" conceived. On Girling's stand was the Beart Norton which won the Senior M.G.P. Suzuki had one of their 50's (quite a little bomb, this one). Yamaha showed a 250 t/s twin; the only time one was ever raced over here it was pathetic. Another Suzuki, the 250 twin, could be seen on the Motor Cycle Mechanics stand, while Honda had a 250 "four," now familiar to most of us. Most interesting was the lovely Biachi 350 twin on the NSU stand. What a thousand pities this machine has not been raced this year. The motor is a massive affair housed in a frame of incredibly small diameter tubes (it's almost like a space-framed 'bike). The other two really interesting racers were Italian too. The strange 1926 Garelli 500 and the fascinating 1951-3 250 traverse vee-twin Lambretta, the engine of which appears to be finned all over and is beautifully finished.

With the more sporting Italian small four strokes absent, except for Aer Macchi, the mixture was precisely that
(continued on inside of back cover)

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,

Your correspondent, Barry Ryerson, has drawn the proverbial "red herring" right across the subject of production machine racing by quoting exceptions rather than rules.

If an oil pump or any other component fails, it does so generally because of poor material, workmanship or design on the part of the manufacturer; or neglect on the part of the owner. It is unlikely that neglect will lead to continual failure of any one component on one machine, so conclusions are not likely to be drawn from such isolated cases. If, however, a particular component continually fails, then the manufacturer is at fault and, to save his face when so openly exposed, he should put the trouble right; or lose trade. After all, let's face it, some manufacturers' order books thrive on competition success. Look at Honda and at the way Norton twins have increased in popularity since their production racing successes.

Continual failure in one way or another gives a machine a poor reputation. To take Mr. Ryerson's example—it is certainly unusual for a Triumph to handle well. You have only to follow one on the track or, better still, ride one. It happens, conversely, that one does often follow a Triumph in a race because of their fine engines. Both "reputations" of the marque.

One of the exceptions to which I refer is that Triumph Speed Twin, ridden so well at the '61 Trophy Day by Cyril Jones and publicised in "Motor Cyclist Illustrated." In all fairness it must be pointed out that the engine of this machine was selectively assembled at the factory and mods. were made to the suspension, i.e. s.a.e. 30 oil in the front forks and competition Girlings on the back. The very fact that the suspension was interfered with is, surely, an admission toward the popular Triumph reputation.

We agree that road testers cannot be impartial. Bearing this in mind I really do think that tests of the usual type are worthless; especially if you cannot risk 'starting off a reputation.' Yes, Mr. Ryerson, production racing is, then surely the answer. Taking the facts of this sort of racing a reputation earned therein is well earned. And racing does improve the breed.

St. Albans,
Herts.

Yours & etc.,
R. V. Nathan.

Sir,

A dangerous occupation will always claim its victims. One hears of deaths of mountaineers, boxers, coal miners etc., as well as motor cycle racing aces. This is a price paid for the exhilaration, or money, derived from such occupations. In fact, just what Colin McDonnell said in last month's "Bemsee"—it's quite true.

Mr. McDonnell says in his letter: 'the reason that a lot of inexperienced riders come to grief is simply that there are many more "unknowns" than there are top riders.' I do not think all that many "unknowns" come to grief. Take, for example, the Isle of Man and make a comparison between the T.T. and the Manx over the last two years. In the latter four "unknowns"—well, not entirely so—were killed. As far as I can remember there were none last year. But, on looking at the better known riders, we find the same number, viz. Tom Phillis, Mike Brooks, Ralph Rensen and Fred Neville (the latter would have been just about unbeatable by now, surely?).

The majority opinion seems to feel that a lightweight race, or a special one for newcomers, would solve the problem. (As we see it, the suggestion of the 250 Manx is to give the lads with such machines an I.o.M. ride rather than anything else. There was a Newcomers Race for two years, but it was dropped: ED.). I personally do not agree and I think that Mr. McDonnell shares this view. However, we could be wrong and I don't think the A.C.U. or M.M.C. can afford to ignore such suggestions, if they are so widely held. Surely they must try them, even if they don't like them, even though they themselves think them a waste of time and even if they become unpopular as a result. Only by trying these ideas practically can a definite result be derived. We do not know the answer; we only think we do.

The death rate among the top riders in recent years is appalling. At least we can be fairly sure that they died doing what they liked, which is more than can be said for the millions who died so young twenty years or so ago. The late

(concluded on page 233)

GROUP NEWS

First of all—and most important if you organisers want us to give your meetings publicity (I'm sure you do; I do!)—will you please note that all "gen" should be sent to me, the Editor, at Beckenham from now on. And please try to get the dates to me by the 15th of the month previous; it helps so much.

I'd like to take this opportunity of repeating what I know Margaret said on a number of occasions. There are areas of thick population, which have a good

sprinkling of Members, where there are no groups. What about doing something to get one going? South East London/North Kent are two that spring to mind. We heard that someone was going to raise interest in N.W. London last month. But it is not only London. What about Birmingham, the Leicester district, Bristol etc.? We have a good few of you living in these parts. Let's be hearing from you.

Dates for December are as follows:

DAGENHAM. Friday 7th and Friday 21st December. Brewery Tap, Barking. "Johnnie" Walker, 79 Albert Road, Ilford is organiser.

DERBY. Monday 10th December. "Kingfisher Inn," Lime Grove, Chad-desden, Derby. Geoff Galloway, 239 Derby Road, Chaddesden is organiser.

HORLEY. Thursday 6th and Thursday 20th December. Red Lion, Turners Hill. Frank Gillings, 14 Tudor Close, Small-field is organiser.

IPSWICH. Friday 21st December at our home (address below); help with beer appreciated). Charlie and Jean Hubbard, 339 Humber Doucy Lane, Ipswich art organisers. Incidentally, Jean also asks me to say she wants to have a draw (the proceeds to go to the Club Benevolent Fund). So prizes etc. would be welcomed.

LEAMINGTON SPA. Friday 7th and Friday 21st December. Willoughby Arms, Augusta Place, Leamington. Andy Walczac, 36 Dunblane Drive, New Cub-ington, Leamington is organiser.

MID. HERTS. Thursday 13th December. "New Fiddle," St. Albans Road, Hatfield, Herts (just off A1). Michael Robinson, 34 Chelwood Avenue, Hatfield, Herts. is the organiser.

S.W. LONDON. Tuesday 4th and Tues-day 18th December. Surrey Tavern, Wandsworth Common. John Wheeler, 211 Burntwood Lane, S.W.17 is organ-iser.

W. MIDDLESEX. Tuesday 11th Dec-ember. Bricklayers Arms, Hillingdon Road, Uxbridge. Tony Singer, 1 Queen Road, Uxbridge is organiser.



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No charge is made for insertions by paid-up members. All adverts to the Editor. drive parts—10/-. Russ Nathan, 116 Tollgate Road, Colney Heath, St. Albans, Herts. Call evening or weekend.

SALE

Road Racing Machines

Ariel Arrow ex-Michael O'Rourke; only used twice this season, 1st and 5th! £195. See below.

125 c.c. twin cam Ducati Grand Prix, ex-works; five speed gearbox; 4th at Brands International and 5th at Mallory ditto and has won over £100 in '62 season; spares and sprockets—£550. Jim Russell, c/o Pullins Motor Cycles, 69/75 Lordship Lane, Dulwich, London, S.E.22.

Just built Maserati-Itom 50; motor fitted with Amal carb. and remote float chamber; complete with Fi-glass fairing, petrol tank and seat; spares and tools; can be further tuned and has great potential for rider interested in this class; don't want to sell, but have to; haggling starts at £89. Declan Doyle, 194 Walm Lane, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2. (Tel. GLAdstone 8347).

125 M.V. Agusta; ex-Hailwood and fastest s.k. model in country; new big end in July; 2nd, 3rd and 4th at Cadwell, 2nd Catterick, 3rd (1st heat), Rhydymwyn—first s.k. to finish at these circuits (and Aintree); finished in 20 races this season; complete with fairing, seven sprockets, tools and literature; spare piston, valves, springs, cotters etc.; delivered anywhere—£205 or exchange late 250 scrambler. Geoff Smith, Gelder Clough Farm, Ashworth Road, Heywood, Lancs.

1959 350 c.c. Manx Norton; new big end and piston; cambbox overhauled; GP2 carb.; new tyres; Peel Mk III fairing; 3 or 5 gallon tanks; range of sprockets; tools; spares include valve, rings, clutch, seat etc.; whole in first class condition and very fast—£280 (H.P. possible) or exchange Bultaco or similar, fast 125. Brian Clark, 18 Bescoby Street, Reiford, Notts. (Tel. 2266 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.).

1960 350 c.c. Manx Norton; with fairing and sprockets; little used—£320. G. Clark, 27 Victoria Avenue, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.

1961 500 c.c. Manx Norton; excellent condition and used only four times; Peel Mark III fairing; sprockets and spares; best and fastest machine you can buy for £365. Trustham, 30 Woodcote Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

Road Machines

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Spare Parts

Itom engine complete; not used since fitted with new, racing crank, assembly, bearings, piston etc.—£30. New racing suspension units—£3. 18 in. wheels—£4 the pair. Also frame and other parts—offers. See below.

Manx Norton ("featherbed") petrol and oil tanks, sound—£3 each. Lucas contact breaker for Manx—£1. All these parts delivered. W. Southcombe, The Limes, Tintinhull, Yeovil, Somerset. (Tel. Martock 2254).

Fibreglass fairing less screen and fittings—£5 10s. 0d. Fairing with built-in oil tank (6 pints); weighs only 7½ lbs. £9. Two gallon petrol tank (for most small 'bikes); weighs just over 4 lbs.—£5. Gold Star central oil tank—£5. Front mudguard for Gold Star, 7R or Manx—15/-. W. A. Roberts, Greenacres, Cranfield Park Avenue, Arterial Road, Wickford, Essex.

For A.J.S./Matchless chrome tank panels, footrests, brake assembly, silencer and handlebars ("dropped" and standard), mudguards, CSR camshafts and followers, speedo, gearbox—offers. Lucas K2F magneto; tested perfect 1,500 miles ago—£5 10s. 0d. Lucas 12v coil—offers. 1959 Matchless G12 (650 c.c.) motor complete with carb., coil and distributor; 5,000 miles—£30. Set of twin carb. manifolds for CSR—£2. Declan Doyle, 194 Walm Lane, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2. (Tel. GLAdstone 8347).

Two racing fairings; suit 250 and/or 350—£8 for both. David Marshal, Vale-side, London Road, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

For racing Gold Star—fairing, seat and alloy engine plates—£4 (will split). W. H. Day, 57 Leonfield Road, London, N.5.

Matchless G50 sprockets, rear wheel 58t and engine 22t and 24t—£2 each. Brand new stop watch; 7 jewel, lever movement; cost £6 10s. 0d., but will accept £4. E. Horsfield, 22 Princess Road, Maybury, Woking, Surrey.

T.T.9 1 1/16" Carburettor complete with single and twin float chambers, cables and pipes—£7 10s. 0d. o.n.o. M. V. Biggs, 9 Fir Tree Walk, Enfield, Middx.



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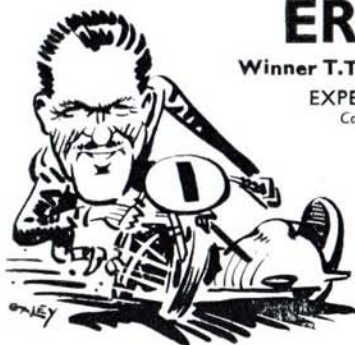
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(continued from page 240)

as before in the high performance roadster field. There was nothing new. One had to look on the Sport feature for a Clubman's Gold Star. Beesa featured a Rocket Gold Star on their stand with all the extras on and looking like a cowboy's dream! The A.M.C. Sportstwins, masqueraded under silly names and flashy colours. The big Nortons looked more dignified, but were unaltered. And so on . . . True there were 250 Francis Barnetts, Royal Enfields and the like with garish decors applied to them, dropped handlebars and Italian style petrol tanks. But, underneath, there is precious little new. Ah well, o tempora, o mores.

The Show serves some useful purposes. It must be most convenient for the Trade

to meet each other under one roof. And there is progress to be seen in some quarters, if not others. The tyre people sure don't let the grass grow under their feet. I will conclude with two, unrelated observations. A cycle firm showed a penny-farthing. They are said to have received £10,000 worth of U.S. orders for them. That, ladies and gentlemen, is known as Progress — BACKWARDS! Jubilation was expressed at the attendance on the first Saturday, over 40,000 through the turnstiles (what a mob—I wonder there was anything left by closing time that night), and it was compared with the opening day of the Motor Show. Well now, that exhibition starts on a Thursday and it costs a quid to go in, all day. No comment!



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