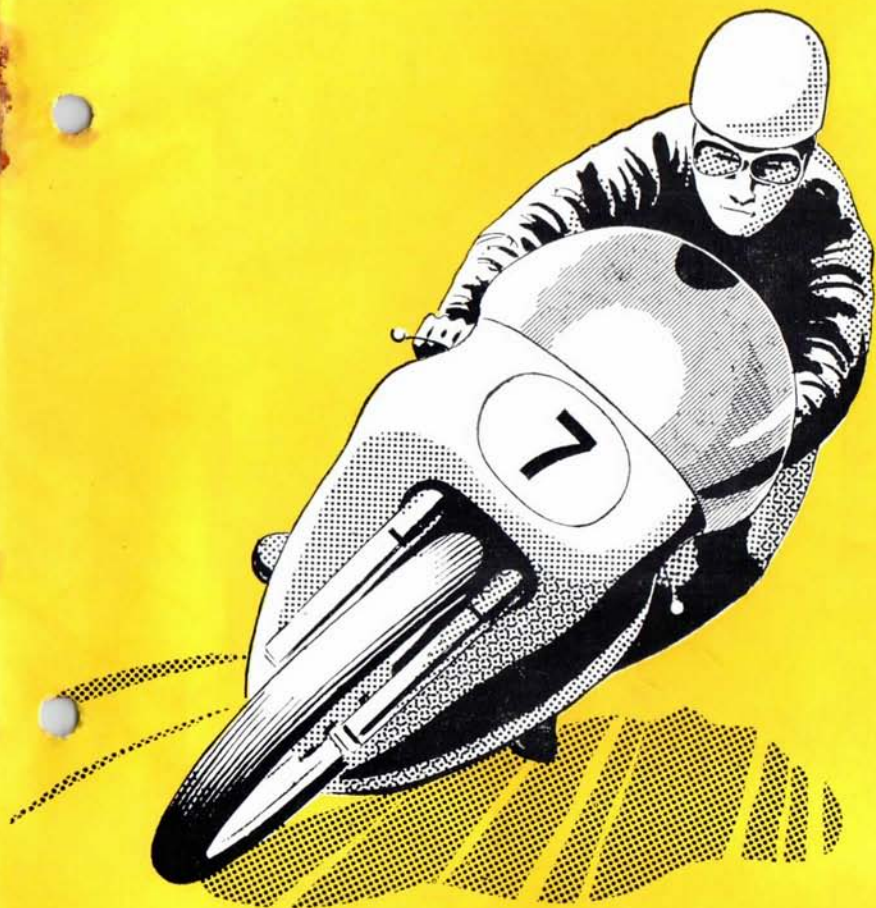


Bemsee



THE JOURNAL OF THE
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

Vol. 16 No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1963



Bemsee

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 :** A. L. Huxley
Registered Office : P.O. Box 75, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

EDITORIAL

Is it permitted for an Editorial in 'Bemsee' to take off, for a brief space, into the realm of fantasy? We see no reason why not. So we shall forthwith do so! It would be idle to deny that, in certain respects, the Club is currently suffering from stomach pains. We believe that one of the principle reasons for this, if not the principle one—there are others, of course—is the fact, always greatly regretted by the Editor, that the Club has never had a permanent home; a circuit of its own where it could have its own meetings and its practice days and, yes, its own Club house and H.Q. Ever since the demise of Brooklands the Club has been dependant upon other peoples' courses. In the case of Silverstone and the Crystal Palace and, in the last couple of years, Snetterton too, things have been quite satisfactory, but it does not take a long memory to recall what happened at Oulton Park and the riot which ensued when a B.M.C.R.C. race meeting, or two, was mooted at Mallory! But, however enjoyable the Silverstone and the 'Palace and the Snetterton meetings may have been, they have taken place on somebody else's track. We mean not to imply any criticism of the owners of these circuits. Far from it; we're darned grateful to them for allowing us to use them. In our mind we have dreamed of a 2/3 mile road course situated north of London—most important that—on which the Club and the Club alone ran meetings (two or three big ones and upwards of a dozen, if need be, of closed ones in each season) and equipped with everything needful for the benefit of rider, official and spectator and incorporating a permanent Club house and headquarters at which the permanent staff would be housed. In this way, and this way only, could the Club really come to a full fruition.

Is it, however, too late for such a pipe dream to be realised? Last year, or was it the year before, we touched upon this matter and our remarks sparked off some correspondence; all of it extremely enthusiastic, but mostly, at the same time, rather far off the beam from a practical point of view. We fear it is. And the main reason is financial. On the ambitious scheme we've dreamed about not less than a hundred thousand would be needed if one was starting from scratch. Probably a

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor welcomes contributions from Members for publication, subject to their being of interest and conforming with the dictates of legal necessity. All photographs sent for reproduction should be accompanied by full details of the subject. If return of photographs is required, this should be clearly indicated. All insertions for the "Mutual Aid" column MUST reach the Editor by the 15th of the month previous to publication and should be accompanied by the advertisers' FULL postal address and membership number. Please keep advertisements as much to the point as possible. There is no charge made for such insertions to paid-up Members of the Club. All, repeat all, correspondence, including the above, should be addressed to the Editor at 10, The Chestnuts, Gwyddor Road, Beckenham, Kent—telephone BECKenham 5172. The Editor takes every precaution to ensure factual accuracy and freedom from error in the production of "Bemsee," but cannot hold himself responsible for such mistakes as may occur.

better bet would have been the acquisition of a disused aerodrome, suitably sited, but then such places have serious drawbacks, as we all know. Certainly this could have been done a few years ago. At the time, of course, the Club was financially on a fine limit and not able to do much about it. Looking back on things, perhaps it might have been for the best to have taken a chance then. Still, it's easy to say that now. The plunge was not taken, for quite valid reasons at the time, and the Club is now in the far from pleasant position, potentially at any rate, of relying on the good neighbourliness of other circuits.

It seems no great step—we have been talking about circuits after all—to the matter of safety. We must say that it has caused us a certain amount of cynical amusement all the ballyhoo (in the motoring press) about Silverstone and its dangers. Until recently there has been little or no trouble at Woodcote with the cars (only once has a 'bike anywhere near the Pits as a result of a 'shunt'), but a series of, admittedly, alarming incidents (two of them with fatal consequences) have forced the B.R.D.C. to carry out some extremely expensive 'improvements' to that area of the course. While the Pits themselves will be isolated (a good thing), as far as we can see, Woodcote will become even faster! Anyway, the point we want to make is this. There is this pothole about Silverstone, and Woodcote corner in particular, when there are bends on other English circuits which are equally or more dangerous, if one applies the same standard. That chicane at Goodwood is one, though it doesn't worry the two wheeled folk (we were only tolerated there once), and Paddock Bend at Brands is another. The run-out there is terribly limited; once one is off the course at that place, one can be in big trouble. There are plenty of other places we could name. Of course, the main point is where does one draw the line? Many people think that racing has become too 'molly-coddled' in this day and age. There is, and always will be, an element of danger to racing. That is one of its attractions. We believe that all proper and sensible precautions should be taken. Today we judge things differently than even from immediately pre-war and, as a consequence, what was okay then, is not necessarily acceptable today. This criterion has to be applied to the matter we are discussing. On the other hand, there is a danger that safety can be taken too far. And, as against this, there are other factors operating that conspire to make racing more fraught with peril; courses that are made faster and faster, gimmickry in the Sport, big money and all the rest. But that's another story

The 1963 season has finished. In spite of the weather nearly every meeting and circuit has seen new records put up and some frantic dicing has been observed. We have another set of World Champions, of A.C.U. Star winners, etc. More people than ever have wanted to race and have raced. Never before has it been so hard for a newcomer to break into the game. In other words the 'rat race' fever has hit motor cycle road racing. It appears to be healthy, but is it lastingly so? Frankly, our personal view is one of doubt. And over the Sport now hangs the dreaded shadow of GOLD. Did we say 'Sport'? Well, that is a word which motor cycle racing is fast losing, like most other things similarly labelled. We must be simple, but to us motor cycling can still be, at times anyway, a pleasure. To many it hardly appears to be that these days. Still, it is symptomatic of the attitude of this day and age; a part and a parcel of it, in fact. So we suppose we shall continue to go front in pursuit of racing in 1964 just as in 1963.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The resignation of Mr. W. G. Tremlett from the Board of Directors and Committee has been accepted.

A.C.U. JUBILEE BOOK

Copies of this publication will be on sale at the Dinner. The proceeds go to the A.C.U. Benevolent Fund.

Travelling
Fast
in Comfort...



Consistent efficiency under all conditions to give extra stability at speed and greater comfort—these are the qualities motor cyclists look for, and find, in race-proved Girling Suspension Units.

GIRLING **SUSPENSION UNITS**

the smoothest answer to
the world's road surfaces



GIRLING-EQUIPPED MACHINES

1ST in SENIOR, JUNIOR, 250c.c. and
SIDECAR EVENTS in 1963

GIRLING LIMITED • KINGS ROAD • TYSELEY • BIRMINGHAM 11

Let me comment, at the outset of this piece, that the 1963 edition of Barry's Day was just such a meeting as the late E. C. E. Baragwanath would have enjoyed the most. For Barry moved with the times and realised, far more than many, the importance of these 'novice' meetings. I am quite sure that the racing would have delighted him had he been alive to witness it. For indeed it was good; and the entry even less well known than that for Trophy Day. Well, then, what happened . . .

Race One—50 c.c.: not inspiring. I fear. R. J. Smith with one Bee Cee Spl. took the lead at the start of lap two and won by over 4 seconds from R. J. Wild (Itom) who led for the first tour. Smith did a lap at 58.59 m.p.h. and, as a result of his speed for the three laps, won the Baragwanath Trophy with the best 'figure of merit,' minus 2.92 m.p.h. Abbott's T.N.T. detonated itself into 4th berth, but was unable to blast off C. Walpole's Itom.

Race Two—350 c.c. 'A': I made a note in my programme against this one 'good race.' It was, and exciting, too. After one lap J. G. Rudge (Norton/B.S.A.) led. But then A. R. Hunter—from Slough this one, though he rides a 7R, as well—took over, only to have Rudge attempt to get by again on the inside at Woodcote! This manoeuvre resulted in the latter very nearly 'buying it' and Hunter kept the lead! J. H. Godwin then challenged, his Beesa being fast, and the pair of them kept up hot dispute to the flag, the 7R getting it first by one fifth of a second. Rudge became engaged in a fierce fight with G. Hunter (B.S.A.) and they were then joined by the stylish D. Macgregor (Norton) who beat both of them to finish third. W. A. Roberts (B.S.A.), J. Henson (A.J.S.) and P. Hughes (Norton) were three others who enjoyed a vast scrap. D. Cooper by no means disgraced himself with his 3T Triumph (with curly, upswept pipes and sprung hub—ugh!).

Race Three—125 c.c.: last year's Baragwanath Trophy winning 'bike (it also holds the lap record), J. A. H. Smith's Bultaco TSS ex-Peter Preston, led for two laps, but was passed thereafter by T. J. Springett on a similar bicycle who built up a useful lead and

won by 4.6 seconds at 68.18 m.p.h. But the luckless Smith wasn't allowed to enjoy second place. A most colossal battle grew between him, R. E. Turner, Geoff Ashton, David Elvin, R. G. Thomas and Derek Trollope—all on Bultacos, except the latter who had his very recently acquired Honda CR93. On each lap the order was different. Often two or even three of them would try to take Woodcote together! On the very last lap Trollope wound the 'rice machine' up to a 70.6 m.p.h. lap, passed all the Spaniards and finished second. Very neat. Evidently, too, the Honda had a broken cylinder head stud. Elvin was third, Ashton 4th, Smith 5th, Turner 6th and Thomas 7th. G. A. Kennedy just got the better of Grant Gibson for 8th place—two more Bultacos.

Race Four—1,000 c.c. 'A': this was even more desperate than its 350 c.c. counterpart, though very little faster in point of fact. Initially A. Melody (Manx Norton) was challenged by J. G. Rudge (ditto), but he drew away a little by lap three, riding far better than at a novice Oulton earlier in the season. B. C. Dowling on a very quick Gold Star was soon second and went on to such purpose that he caught up to within 1.4 seconds of Melody at the end. It was the scrap for 4th berth downwards that was frantic. D. Brown (600 Norton) and R. Dickinson (Gold Star) started it off and were duly joined by another party consisting of P. M. Shepherd (650 Triumph), R. G. Bosswell (Gold Star) and D. E. Whapshott (Dewton). G. A. Pullen (Gold Star) was neat on Woodcote, but P. Anderson (Norton) took a very wide line and nearly got on to the grass each time, while T. G. Pallister (Norton) wobbled all over the place. Definitely not for faint hearted to watch!

Race Five—250 c.c.: fifteen non-starters just isn't enough in a field of 40. As there were even less finishers, the circuit looked empty at the end of the 8 laps. G. Daniels (Greeves) led initially—for two laps to be precise—and then John Mawby (Aermacchi) took over. A lap later Pete Butler (Greeves) also passed Daniels. Mawby began to draw away, but on lap six dropped it at Woodcote and retired. So the two Greeves Silverstones won as they pleased, Butler 3.8

THE 'EXPERTS'

AJS

... and for the inexpert too!

seconds ahead. W. Purnell (Velocette) was a good third, beating H. Heward's Greeves on lap 7 for this berth. Another quick Greeves, that of J. Wetherall departed from this competition on its side when lying 3rd (on lap 3). John Brent's Arrow broke piston rings and packed up. Sundry Ducatis followed the above four home—K. Batley's 250 Daytona leading, though David Baker thrust his 196 Bultaco in between two of them.

Race Six — Production: no. John Bowman did NOT win this one, though he did put in the fastest lap. This wasn't as fast as his record, anything like in fact. By now a thin drizzle was wetting the track and it looked most dicey with all the oil and rubber already there. Mick Bennett, riding his immaculate D-series Vincent extremely well, led for two laps, but then O. A. Dixon took over on his 650 SS Norton and stayed ahead of the Vinnie to win by 2.6 seconds at 71.17 m.p.h. Derek Older was third, also 998 Vincent mounted (a much older — oh my Gawd — model), sitting bolt upright and really bombing the plot away from the corners. A. E. Riches (Norton 99) was a very fine fourth, smoking well, and nothing W. Purnell (Triumph Bonneville) could do was able to dislodge the old Norton either. Of course, Bowman was fantastic. He started last—the Bonneville wouldn't commence. He then proceeded to carve his way through the field (46 runners) and took 5th off D. M. Grant (Gold Star) who was sixth until passed by Bowman and who won the 500 c.c. class with some ease. J. Cooper (also Gold Star mounted) was second best 500 and Ray Knight, unfamiliar on a Tiger 100 S/S Triumph, third. T. M. Rawsley (Ducati Elite) beat Bill Ottewell (Honda CB72) in the 250's.

Race Seven—350 c.c. 'B': this was another good 'un. On lap one Ray Watmore (Ajay) led the pack which was exceedingly close together. On lap two Ron Gould (Norton) and Mick Bennett (Norton) had passed Watmore, but he was followed ever so closely by Charlie Sanby (Ajay), Alistair Copland and D. Lamb (Nortons). Lap 3 and Lamb was 3rd. Lap 4 and Copland was 4th. Sanby and Watmore trailed a wee bit thereafter and were eventually caught up in a big dice twixt W. I. Maclean (Norton) and Gordon Ansett (A.J.S.) On lap 5 Bennett took the lead off of Gould, but a tour later Gould was back in front with Copland and Lamb sitting behind Bennett waiting (Copland, remember,

had been 10th in the Junior Manx). On lap 7 Copland passed Lamb for 3rd and the next lap Bennett for 2nd and on the 9th Gould for the lead. But he took Bennett with him, who was also ahead of Gould. The last lap was dramatic. As they came into Woodcote Copland led by four or five machine's lengths with Bennett, Gould and Lamb following. Then, in a superb piece of corner work, Lamb outraked the two ahead and went to go inside Copland to beat him to the flag. He didn't quite make it, but it was a "damned nice thing" to quote the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo! It tended to overshadow some truly excellent racing lower down the field; for instance the race long dice involving E. J. Hurley, E. J. Stallard and P. Fursman (all on Nortons).

Race Eight—Sidecars: Dave Comly, ex-solo performer (with a Goldie), now has a Vincent outfit and he showed us he could ride it by leading the race all the way and winning by the tidy margin of 19.4 seconds. Vincent Macfarlane, another ex-solo rider, kept a good second place till the seventh lap when he seemed to lose a few cogs and fell back. Maurice Toombs, he of the forceful cornering, made a bad start and climbed steadily through the field into second spot. D. J. Voaden (D.M.D. Triumph), Allan Bambrick (Norton twin) and M. L. Harris (Pegasus) had an entertaining battle, but Mick Farrant kept his big Vinnie in front of them to take a merited third place. His regular passenger, Gerald Martin, was hors-de-combat, too. R. L. North (Triumph) kept us well entertained at Woodcote by his cornering antics.

Race Nine—1,000 c.c. 'B': Alistair Copland and Mick Bennett left everyone else standing here and indulged in a terrific battle until Bennett overdid it at Woodcote and fell over his handlebars and from grace and from a very close second place. Thereafter Copland won as he liked by 18.6 seconds. Oddly he didn't make the best lap; that honour going to Bill Sims (G50 Matchless) who had been involved in a goodly battle with Charlie Sanby, J. H. Williams and J. L. Thomas (all Nortons). In fact Sanby took second berth by a fifth of a second only. John Bowman, now on the Keeble Norton, worked his way steadily up and took 5th position off C. Burton (Matchless G50) on the last of the ten laps. J. Ward (G50) and B. Langham (Norton) had a nice little private scrap, but neither could best the neat Ivor Duffell also Manx Norton). George

(continued on page 193)

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR SOME . . .

I really do not know how to describe the '63 Guinness Trophy Meeting. I must say, frankly, that I didn't enjoy it much; not, at least, to the extent that I did, say, Trophy Day. Was it, perhaps, the memory of last year's truly superb meeting (and weather!) was in the mind? May be. Still, the latest of these meetings started off very quickly and, before long, there were two new lap records and one more figure very close to a record. The weather, never very bright, grew slowly duller and, in the 'fast' 350 race, the rain began to fall in earnest. The meeting finished dismally.

Race One—50 c.c.: even I have been heard to comment that 50 c.c. races are looking up these days. Though Dave Simmonds whipped the Tohatsu twin into the lead for the first two tours, by the end of the second Ian Plumridge with the fast CR110 Honda was breathing down his neck and, with a final lap at 70.08 m.p.h.—a new 50 c.c. figure by $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h.—he passed to win by three seconds. Phil Horsham was a steady third on his Honda, with Jim Pink (also CR110 mounted) a long way behind fourth. A. Kemp was the best Itom, but he seems to have been left out of the result (or was my lap chart wrong—it was being operated with some difficulty between people's legs!); at one time he

led Pink.

Race Two—350 c.c. 'A': John Henson with a late 7R Ajay held the lead for a couple of laps in this one, but was then passed by Tom Dickie (also 7R mounted) who went on to win by 5.4 seconds at the tidy speed of 81.30 m.p.h. Henson was later passed by W. A. Roberts on a fast Gold Star, but he did battle with him and failed to wrest second berth back again by a fifth of a second. John Rice's immaculate 7R was fourth and a race long scrap twixt P. J. Williams (Norton) and P. C. Gilbert (A.J.S.) ended in favour of the former by a fifth. Ray Knight was observed putting the Hughes-Triumph round smartly.

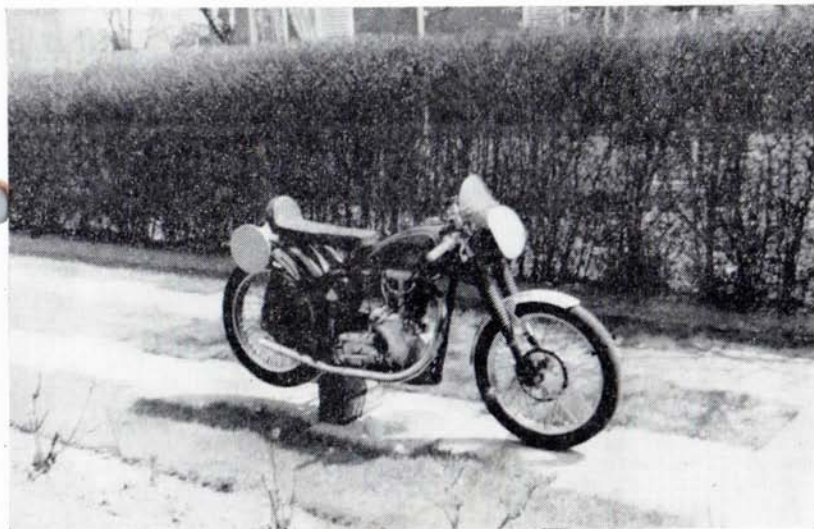
Race Three—125 c.c.: by virtue of an obviously excellent start (by now I had worked my way round to Coram Curve) Jim Vincent led on lap one with his newly acquired Bultaco TSS and, though he had to give best on the next lap to both Dave Simmonds and the bigger Tohatsu and John Riches with his very speedy and well ridden Bultaco, he maintained a good third spot to the end of the race. Still, it took Simmonds three laps to pass Riches, who actually led on lap two, and he had to do one lap at 81.16 m.p.h. to win. There was a considerable dice after the first three involving David Elvin, T. J. Springett and George Collis, all on Bultacos; the

by

The Editor

A DANISH VELOCETTE

See Page 190



middle mentioned eventually took 4th place and Lester Iles nearly passed Collis on the run-in, too. I made the first four stroke Derek Trollope's CR93 Honda, which didn't seem too happy and took three and a half laps to catch Mike Cook's twin cam Ducati; these were the first four strokes home.

Race Four—1,000 c.c. 'A': this actually proved the best scrap of the day for the leading position. Though M. J. Tooze (Norton) led the whole race, he was never secure with J. L. Thomas (Matchless) and R. W. Corbett (Norton twin) snapping at his heels all the while. Thomas must have made a great effort on the run-in because he was only 4/5ths of a second behind at the flag. Corbett was second for two laps. John Judge was a steady fourth on his very well turned out Gold Star, but a scrap, a little frightening to behold at the Esses I must confess, between P. M. Sheppard (Triumph 650) and W. D. Owers (B.S.A.), with Harry Aldous (B.S.A.) not far away, for fifth position enlivened our lives! It was in practice for this race, at the Esses, that one Member on a beautifully turned out 600 Norton twin had the most shattering accident—evidently he didn't appreciate that the Esses were the Esses—from which, thank goodness, he emerged unscathed. Surely it is no bad plan to walk round a circuit you don't know.

Race Five—250 c.c.: Reg Everett sure gets that Greeves of his under way quickly. Several times this season he has seized an early advantage and this race was no exception. For it was not until lap four, braking into the Esses, that Trevor Barnes with the beautiful ex-Arthur Wheeler Guzzi took over first spot. Once past the Greeves he drew away to a four second win. And, I must say, a very good win with some excellent riding to be seen; aided, too, by Tom Phillips' crash hat—his own had been impounded by the scrutineers! Chris Doble kept his Greeves—the sensation of Brands two weeks before—in a steady third place, although by the end of the six laps Terry Grotefeld's unpredictable (mechanically) Aermacchi was catching him up. Mick Chatterton (Aermacchi), J. J. Weatherall (Greeves) and Pete Ownsworth (Aermacchi) followed well spaced out and not changing positions at all. Dave Strickland, riding the Aermacchi of John Green, very nearly beat R. A. Freeman's

Honda twin and both of them were breathing down Vic Chatterton's neck; he having a 'go' on a Yamaha.

Race Six—Production: it may look as though I'm acting as John Bowman's publicity agent, but really, you know, he is so fantastic in these races that it is difficult not to sing his praises; indeed, I feel one should do so! For there can be no doubt about it that he is incredibly good on that Bonneville. This time it started reasonably well and he was in the lead by the Esses on lap one. W. Purnell (Triumph T120) and Derek Older followed through; the latter's big Vinnie going splendidly. By lap two John was drawing away fast, Pete Butler was up to third on his Bonneville and Older had gone farming with the Stevenage 'lot' (he re-appeared about 20th with grass adhering to the bicycle). Fourth at this stage was A. E. Riches with the old-ish red Dommy 99 that went so well at Barry's Day and then Brian Davis, the first 500, with the Antar Motors Tiger 100 S/S. But David Bayle (Norton Manxman) steadily climbed up after a slow start and took over fourth place on lap four. Riches fell back a bit, but Older went finely after his little lapse and got back to 9th place. Bill Ottewell's 250 Honda, which won its class, beat Bill Scott's 305 model of the marque. T. M. Rawsley's Ducati Elite was easily the steadiest 'bike of all through the Esses and C. P. Thompsett's little Tiger Cub one of the quickest and engaged in mighty war with a couple of Arrows and not so far behind the Aermacchi Ala Verde. So fast was Bowman going that he broke his own lap record by nearly one mile an hour and left it at 87.57 m.p.h. This was the best of the day!

Race Seven—350 c.c. 'B': up to this point the track had been dry, if well coated with rubber and oil. Now, on the first lap, the rain began to fall and it soon became a skating rink. Just how much so was found out by the eventual winner Vic Chatterton (Norton) when he had his rear wheel step out at the Esses on lap 2. He controlled it and went on to press Bob Macgregor hard and take the lead off him on lap 4. Eventually, riding with a velvet glove, he won by 9.2 seconds. Poor Selwyn Griffiths dropped the 7R for the second time during the weekend on lap two and A. Rutter also fell in the same incident; both riders quite okay. Rex Butcher and

Ron Watmore had a great dice for third place (the former actually putting in the best lap at 83.67 m.p.h.). Butcher got it in the end, but not without a great fight from Watmore, who had been first on lap 1. Behind them Fred Launchbury and Gerry Saward (Nortons) had enjoyed a dice; Fred getting the better of it and drawing off in fifth place only to be relegated to sixth on the last lap but one by Dave Lamb who worked up from a slow start. Lamb, in fact, was as fast as anyone, through the Esses. Then there was a perfectly colossal scrap between Dave Strickland (ex-John Griffiths, Ned Minihan 7R Ajay), Alan Peck (Norton), Barry Randle (Norton), Norman Archard (A.J.S.), Bob Difazio (Norton), Dave Degens (A.J.S.) and Bob Watts (Norton). This lot seemed to change places every yard of every lap. Peck drew away after a while and Strickland retired and Randle beat Archard and the rest to the line by a whisker and no more.

Race Eight—Sidecars: there must have been a number of non-starters in this race, as the field seemed a little sparse on the first lap. It was even sparser at the finish. By now everything was well and truly soaked. Still, a goodly dice developed immediately between Mick Rowell (Norton Atlas), Tony Wakefield (B.M.W.), Terry Vinicombe (Triumph), Ian Macdonald (B.G.B. Triumph) and Alan Baitup (Triumph), each one of these holding the lead for a period and fighting closely. But Rowell got the lead finally and began to draw away; his impressive Weber carburettored outfit slewing almost broadside between two black markers at one stage as he left Coram Curve. For a brand new machine in its first race Rowell's was an impressive performance indeed; with his regular passenger, Alan Holtom, in the chair, incidentally. Wakefield's Bee Em slowed and retired on the last but one lap. Baitup went out with evident signs of water where it didn't oughter and Vinicombe slowed and was caught on the line by D. Comly (E.T.Y. Vincent) who had worked steadily up from a poor start and was riding well. Dave Read was his usual steady self—6th; being bested on this occasion by Norman Huntingford (Triumph). Among the non-starters was Charlie Freeman.

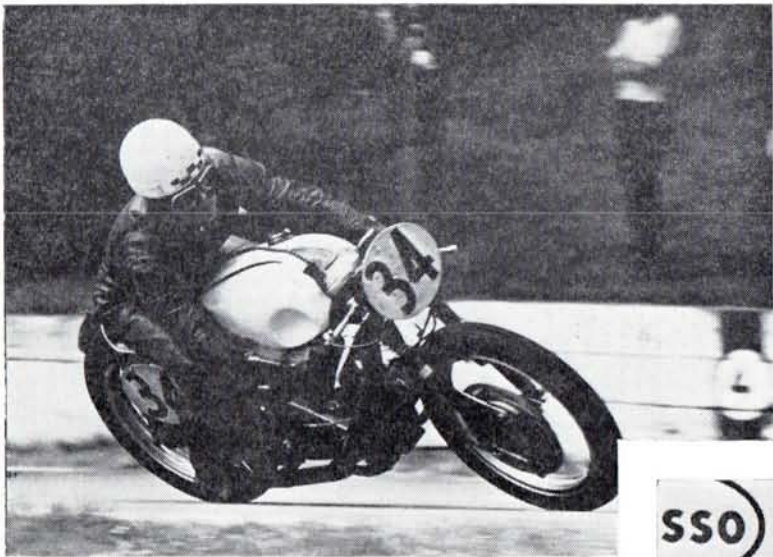
Race Nine—1,000 c.c. 'B': by now things were miserable. Your scribe had accepted the comfort of Tom Phillips' van from which to view this damp and

rather dismal ten lapper. Dave Degens cleared right off at the start and, riding better than anyone else, won as he liked with his G50 Matchless. Indeed the race was a complete procession with the exception of a brief scrap between Rex Butcher and Chris Williams (Norton) for second place, occasioned when Butcher took that position back off Williams on lap five, and a set-to twixt John Somers and John Bowman (Nortons), in which the latter triumphed and took 6th berth. Williams was second, Butcher third and A. Melody (Norton) a lonely, but good fourth (he's only in his first season). Many people didn't start in this one.

I then packed up and made my way home. What a foul ride that was, too! I think there have been better Club meetings. It may be, of course, that the previously mentioned and most regrettable lowering in the standard of administration (the field organisation, i.e. marshalling etc., is still good) has something to do with it. While I am for a free and an easy atmosphere at Club meetings, things are too free and easy at the moment. Mean to say, did you know that only an **Entrant** can nominate a substitute rider; no one else, not even a rider who enters himself! And it is also obligatory for everyone to practice a minimum qualification limit; the limit being set by the organisers. Such rules as these are disregarded completely these days by all and sundry, organisers and riders alike. And without rules chaos will quickly descend, just as too many rules will have a similar effect. I guess some re-thinking will be necessary before 1964. However, that is another story . . . The Guinness ended the Club's 1963 season on a dismal note as far as the weather was concerned, but not too bad, I suppose, racing-wise.

DECEMBER ISSUE

A most important issue — it will contain, complete, the revised Articles of Association. This will be presented to the Company in Extraordinary General Meeting in January.

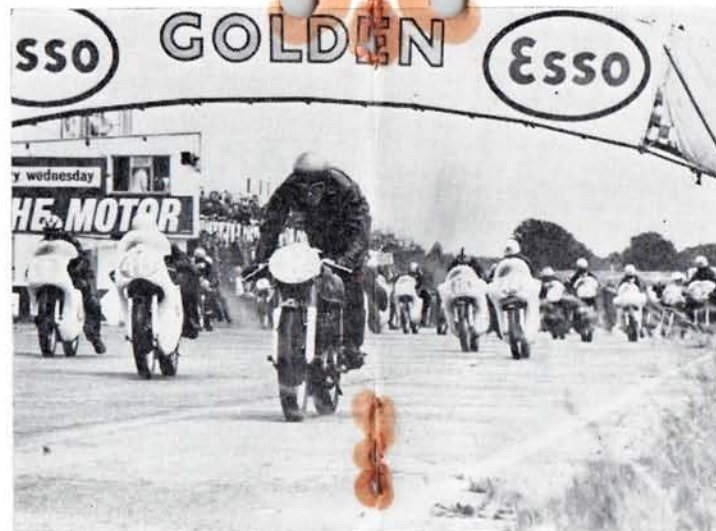


A fine 'Palace shot of John Stevenson and his B.S.A. Special. Here John takes North Tower Crescent on his way to second place in the first 1,000 c.c. race.
(photo : Peter Knocker)

Quite a feature of this year's Club meetings has been Ian Macdonald with the incredibly low slung Triumph powered G.C.T. Here it is seen at Snetterton.
(photo : Brian Curtis)



PICTURE GALLERY



A Snetterton start—it is uphill. The first 350 c.c. event at the Norwich Trophy gets under way with No. 8 M. L. Unstead climbing aboard his 7R in front.
(photo : Peter Knocker)



The fastest 650SS Norton of all! Barry Lawton with father Syd's Silverstone 1,000 and Thruxton 500 winning machine at Brand's in September when he won.
(photo : John Stoddart)

One of those, oh-so-expensive Honda CR93's. Here is seen Peter Preston on his way to winning the 125 c.c. race at the 'Palace'.
(photo : Peter Knocker)



As it now turns out this will be the last of these pieces. I've had orders to pipe down altogether, save for an Editorial and Mutual Aid, and the pictures of course, for the December issue; to make way, I may add, for something of very vital importance to the Club and, in my opinion, its survival. Anyway, that's next time.

As far as I've been concerned the season went out in furore of activity. In its last five weekends I made nine meetings—seven 'bike and two car. Racing-wise I thought the Cadwell International, referred to last month, and Barry's Day were the best. The weather at Barry's Day was hardly the thing for the less expert and at this stage in the season there is so much rubber on the Silverstone club circuit that it looks, and no doubt is, slippery. All credit, therefore, to the majority of Members, whose riding was excellent. There were a few whose conducting merited precisely the opposite description; Woodcote shows 'em up! Neither of the last two Brands meetings filled me with wild rapture, though the September one saw one or two vast dices twixt placemen. I always seemed to be seeing Joe Dunphy, Mike Duff, 'Paddy' Driver locked in combat with Dennis Ainsworth and Griff Jenkins not far away either. The 350 c.c. race, in particular, was very good. But I make no bones about saying that, in my opinion, the presence of the two Gileras rather spoiled things. Oh, a very fine sight to see, but just what did they prove?

The next Sunday provided the answer to that one. For, though I hold no brief for that 'Race of the Year,' I humbly raise my 'bone-dome' to Mike Hailwood. I've no doubt in my own mind but that he's one of the three or four greatest riders that have ever been. The consummate ease with which he took the M.V. round that, for the M.V., pint-sized course, and the immaculate corner work, showed that he is in a class by himself. Frankly, it showed the Gileras up for six year old bicycles. If Arcore seriously wanted to contest the 500 c.c. Championship in 1964, then they would be well advised, surely, to design something fresh. I'm certain they could do it, too. Alan Shepherd's performance on the

superbly turned-out Kirby G50 was absolutely tremendous. And the skill of his riding was never better demonstrated than in the 350 final when, with what appeared to be nothing outstanding in the line of 7R's, he stayed with Minter, Duff, Ainsworth and Jenkins, picked them off one by one as the race race drew to its close and finally took second place in the last 500 yards. Another truly great rider is Alan. I do not like that Mallory meeting. That I'm in a minority is, I fancy, proved by the size of the crowd (the presence of Mike and the M.V. had a lot to do with it, even if he was more or less a dead cert. for a win). Whether, of course, all that enormous assemblage of persons could see much is another matter. It's all very well to go on giving that first prize, but what of those stalwarts who plug on and on in the lesser places? Unless they finished 8th, or higher, they got sweet f.a. Chris Conn, for example, did, so his sponsor Harry Middleton calculated, the best part of 95 laps that day in racing alone. And what reward did he get? £1; just one single pound! There were others like that, of course; Chris, I mention, because I happened to be talking with him afterwards. No one has to race, of course, but many do and, when one attains some proficiency in the art, one is entitled to some small recompense for one's skill. At least, I think so.

Remember I mentioned the misfortune of Ian Goddard last month. Well, I'm glad to say he's out of the repair shop, though still in plaster (suitably stamped by various scrutineers as being up to the required standards of the Plaster of Paris Wearers Union). He'll be on a pair of sticks for a while yet, though. Another Member with a broken lower limb is N. C. Lovett—one of the two brothers from Dagenham who led the 'slow' 1,000 c.c. race at Trophy Day. He fell at Barry's Day. We seem to have rather a crop of 'bent' Members just now. Howard Seaton—he rides a Honda—is at present in Ward B2 of the Central Middlesex Hospital, Park Royal, London after rather a serious accident on his way to work one morning. Howard finds the time drags a little, who wouldn't, and so, if any Member should be thereabouts, he'd be glad of a visit. And I was sorry

to learn from his mother and father of the death, in a road accident, of one of our fairly recent Members, Garrick Hawley from Rotherham. A terrible business because his fiancée lost her life at the same time. I am sure our sympathies go to the families in their tragic loss.

Last month I 'accused' Peter Darvill of retiring! Well, I think I'm going to be proved wrong. When I asked Peter whether this was so, he grinned and said nothing. Maybe the T.T. in 1964? John Brent, he of the quick and much 'modded' Arow, isn't selling up after all. He has decided to keep the bicycle and build himself a new motor. Another Member who will be keeping his '63 bicycle is Terry Grotefeld. Though the Aermacchi has had a distressing amount of mechanical ennui of one sort and another this season, it seems to be going well now (he was 4th at Snetterton and 7th at Brands). He was dead lucky at Oulton, though. Second in his heat; everything seemed rosy. Well up for a couple of laps in the final, the darned thing stopped at the bottom of Clay Hill (just by where I was watching). A valve had dropped in, but been 'biffed' back into the guide again when it smote the top of the piston! On the other hand, I hear that Tom Phillips will not be on Greeves in the 250 class next year. His quarter litre mount should be something very different. Incidentally, Tom has made the Greeves pay its way this year and the machine is privately owned, too. Talking of the Thundersley two strokes reminds me that I was an interested listener to Reg Everett at Brands telling how a revised and privately thought-out exhaust system was fitted to his Silverstone and the effect it had on the performance. Unfortunately, at Brands, he fell off right at the beginning of the ten lap race and had to retire.

I always try and make the Oulton/Snetterton weekend that occurs at the end of the season a sort of grand finale. This year four of us, on the SS and an Ajay CSR (with h.c. pistons and 2 carbs, and other 'goodies'), made a right fine two days of it. In fact, we went rather mad at Oulton and laughed till we cried over one comical incident in which I was involved; yes, I think I'd better shut up . . . Two fast sports machines can, even in these Marpellian times, enjoy a good, fast, long run, as we proved

going up to Oulton on the Saturday morning. I won't say the trip from Oulton to Newmarket was as pleasant; the things I was saying about the Hunts, C.C. not putting cats' eyes down on the A604 were nobody's business. Oulton was worth going to. Over 500 runners (whew). And the 500 final between Read and Minter was quite a race. Read took the lead back at Knickerbrook on the last lap with a fine bit of riding. It was a pity the weather broke at Snetterton. The other three were enlisted as extra marshals at the Esses. I was trying to photograph and report for these pages when an over zealous 'Constabule' tried to kick me out! If it hadn't been for Charlie Hodgkins, Lord knows what would have happened to me. I wondered whether, perhaps, I wasn't at Monza or the Nurburgring! Most impressive at the Esses was Trevor Barnes with the lovely, ex-Arthur Wheeler Guzzi, whose win was very well merited and most stylish. By and large the Aermacchis, the Guzzi and the sports Ducati (in the succeeding production event) were far steadier than anything else through the Esses. The Greeves, for example, seemed to be hard work for their pilots and the Bonneville's wriggled like South American ladies' posteriors in some exotic dance rhythm. John Bowman's didn't, but then he is incredible on the thing. When it began to rain, all at once things took on an air of tension—the Esses were fearfully slippery. Some coped better than others. I thought Dave Lamb fastest of all. And, needless to say, we had a terrible ride home. Where all that traffic on A11 had sprung from, goodness knows, but it wern't 'arf clot-like.

Well, that's about that. Cheers, do I hear? I wouldn't blame you, mates. I hope to heck that some of you, one or two of you, assist the new Ed. with a piece or two. I may be persuaded to write occasionally for 'Bemsee' in the future, though I think (big 'ead) that I've written enough for this 'ere mag. to last a lifetime. We'll have to see. Anyway, cheers and the best of British to all . . .

BACK COPIES

Urgently required at P.O. Box 75, Kingston-on-Thames; copies of 'Bemsee' for the months of January, February, April, May and June.

The December issue usually contains a few thoughts by me on what, if anything, I have ridden during the past twelve months. For reasons beyond my control these thoughts, a mite compressed this time, have to appear now. As it so happens, I have ridden practically nothing other than my own three bicycles during 1963.

I made no change in my ride-to-work transport, there being absolutely no reason for me to do so. The Capriolo continued to give excellent service, though I had to give best to the snow and ice in the first three months of the year. So did the Cap. It slides rather well and all too easily on the dreaded icings! Apart from a rear wheel puncture and a regrettable interlude when it was 'pinched,' it required no attention except regular oil changes and adjustments of the chain. The brakes, steering, motor, etc., needed nothing done to them, until I went away on holiday when my good friend Arthur Carter, had the 'top' off and found that, notwithstanding the 9,500 miles on the clock in nineteen months, it barely needed 'de-coking.' The engine is beautifully made, too. By and large, I can safely say that I am a satisfied Capriolo owner. There are snags, as I mentioned before—noisy exhaust, poor chrome, a rather spartan dual-seat (the old backside is now 'tuned' to it, however!) and a continuing inclination to cease forward motion when it's raining hard due to the vulnerable carb. But they are small things to pay for, when 150 m.p.g. is constantly returned with fair enough performance, excellent handling and brakes and a lot of fun in riding.

And now what of SS 650? Well, the year began badly. For one thing, until the end of February, it didn't stir from my garage. The first time I did go out on it I got into Regent Street, on a Saturday morning, and the clutch push-rod broke in two! And then, during its pre-season check-over, it became obvious that the big ends were suspect, the exhaust valves only fit for the waste bin

and the piston rings in no good state of health! The mag. was also u/s—that was almost by the way. This little lot after a mere 9,000 miles or so. Not being made of 'lolly' I had little option, unless I dropped a packet, to keep the thing, so I made the best of it. And I must say that it seems to have gone better and better as the months have passed by. Every now and then things happen—for example, a broken spring in the front brake one evening, half a kickstart 'knocked off' by some thieving b... at Cadwell, the rev. counter giving up the ghost on the way back from Silverstone, followed, a fortnight later, by the final demise of the long unreliable speedo. It still uses a lot of oil and the motor is far from oil tight; one gets used to this and watches the oil level like a hawk. But it does go and it steers and it stops and it is a joy on a nice, long run.

That not all Norton twins are badly made is obvious and I have proved it with a '56 99 (a pillar-box red one, moreover) that I bought for a modest sum in March and to which Frank Gillings and I fitted alloy rims (ex-Manx—from Frank Williams) a large Fi-glass tank and racing seat (ugh!) and one or two other bits and pieces. It had had two owners only when I bought it and was still in need of some final running-in after a £70 rebuild! It goes like a bomb now. However, with the 650 going more or less as it should the 99 is virtually redundant and is looking for a new owner.

Well, that's that. I had a short ride on Robin Dawson's Ariel Leader—not for me at all! I used a Mini-Morris de luxe one evening to go to Brighton in; they are interesting as a change, but there ain't much there in the way of poke. And I've done several hundreds of miles on the back of an R69 Bee Em (very pleasant) and a 500 Clubman's Goldie (exciting, but back breaking). Rather a disappointing year in some ways; the weather didn't exactly help, either.

Time for The Dinner Dance!

A DANISH VELOCETTE

by

Guy Tremlett

I have mentioned on a couple of occasions, I think, our one current Danish Member, Bjorn Jensen. Bjorn, 21, lives at Dragor which is a pleasant outer suburb of Copenhagen, has been 'crazy' about motor 'bikes for some time and has, in fact, been scrambling on and off for some time (he has ridden a Greeves and a Swedish Lito). But road racing is his main interest and at the beginning of this year he bought a road racer. At this stage I should explain that there is only one road circuit in Denmark, the diminutive Roskilde Ring which is barely 1,000 yards round and very slow, and meetings thereon are few and far between. So trips to Sweden have to be made; no difficult feat, of course, because the ferry takes twenty minutes and there are no economic or other artificial barriers twixt the two countries.

One evening during this year's trip with the SS to Scandinavia I was conducted to see the Velo. As the accompanying picture will serve to show, the machine is beautifully turned out. It is basically a Scrambler. In common with all 500 c.c. Velos, the motor is an 86mm x 86mm (499 c.c.) unit with a compression ratio of 10.5:1 (Clubman Venom piston). Nothing special has been done to the motor except that the flywheel assembly has been lightened and balanced and the head cleaned up. Venom Clubman camshaft, valves and valve springs are used. A one piece, 50 in. long exhaust pipe is used for Roskilde, though a megaphone has been used on one of the faster Swedish circuits. A 1½ in. bore TT9 Amal mixes the ether and petrol and a B.T.H. racing magneto provides fat sparks. Bjorn has

two spare mags.—just in case; wise man. Standard Clubman Venom gears are to be found in the gearbox, though the rather Norton-like gearchange linkage and lever were made by the owner—better than Norton, too. For Roskilde a 60t rear wheel sprocket and an 18t engine sprocket suffice.

Bjorn is the first to admit that the machine is essentially a short circuit racer; again a look at the photo will show this. The frame is original and, apart from clip-on 'bars, rear set 'rests, etc., is still scrambler. The old 2 gallon steel petrol tank, 6 pint oil tank and 19 in. steel rims are retained. But the racing seat is home-made (less spartan than some of our fibreglass affairs!) and racing tyres and brake linings are used. Avon tyres (cling variety) and Ferodo linings look after adhesion and stopping and the driving chains are Reynolds (the primary chain is very, very old and quite sound yet). Alloy mudguards are not standard either. Incidentally Bjorn couldn't get a range of engine sprockets, so he turned up a set of his own—very well done, too.

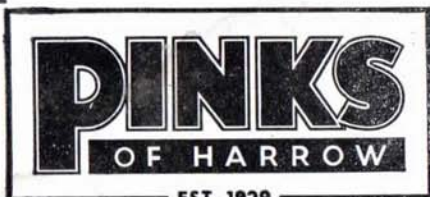
The Velo. was bought, new, in 1956 for dirt track racing and a year later sold and made into a road racer. Its present owner, its third only, acquired it in January '63 for 1,200 kroner (about £60). It runs on B.P. Super Plus, 'green' Castrol (sae 40) and KLG FE250 plugs. Its owner is modest to an extreme on his efforts to date; he says he is just starting to learn! Well, he certainly deserves to do well with so immaculate a bicycle. Come to that there is just a feint possibility that we might see it over here some time soon.



SOLOS AND SIDECARS SCOOTERS & 3-WHEELERS

All the new models and hundreds of first-class keenly priced used ones, all lined up in Pinks huge showroom for your inspection.

**PINKS
SELL BY
SERVICE**



EST. 1929

E. T. Pink (Harrow) Ltd., Station Road, Harrow Tel. 0044 (Sales) 0062 (Service) 3328 (Reps)
Showroom Open until 7 p.m. Wed. 1 p.m. Sat. 6 p.m. (Spares and Reps 6 p.m.)

" WANTED :-Lightweight Scrambles
bike, good order, must be reasonable.
BOX 29."

Advertisements, such as this, appear with a heartening regularity in the classified sections of the weekly journals and every reader, I am sure, must frequently come across similar notices. How many of you, however, have really stopped to consider the underlying aspects of each of these pre-paid epitaphs? Have you ever wondered what kind of chap this BOX 29 is, and what his future will be, should he achieve his heart's desire? If so, I think I can enlighten you with some degree of certainty.

In most of these cases the advertiser is a beginner, or may be a hibernating roadracer with an itching throttle hand who has yet to taste his first mouthful of mud. It says much for the younger generation that, in spite of witnessing the obvious discomfort and painful pulverisation of our brethren of Sport in this rugged pastime, there is a constant flow of willing, even eager, candidates for the fray! This enthusiasm, which is admirable, is naturally accompanied by a desire on the part of the novice for knowledge and advice. Too often the person consulted in these instances is an Expert. I say too often, advisedly, because it is unfortunately common belief that an expert will tell you 'how to do it.' He won't! All he can do is to tell you HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE. The difference only becomes painfully apparent when the beginner attempts to translate theory into practice!

No! The only person who can advise and reassure these lads with some semblance of reality is one who has himself plumbed the depths, yet never risen to such heights as to become indifferent to the horrors which confront every newcomer to the sport. May I, having plumbed deeper than most and stayed there therefore offer myself as one eminently qualified to instruct and enlighten both beginners and reader-spectators alike?

Most of you will have watched at least one Scramble and, even if your glimpse had been of the briefest, I am sure you will have been impressed by the regularity with which riders take leave of their machines. Indeed, at some meetings it would appear that this normally second-

dary object of the game has assumed primary importance. It is this aspect which appeals most to the novice, even though it be entirely against his will. As a result of this it is possible to outline the first two years of any scrambler's career under the general and scientific heading of Extra-Involuntary Projection.

There is a popular rumour going the rounds that, in the event of a spill, 'The Great Thing is to be Thrown Clear Of The Machine.' Now the first discoverer any Scrambler makes is that this 'Thing' is not only Great, it is impossible! You will realise, if you follow this article carefully, that whilst there are many and varied ways of being cast off in fury by the wheeled beastie, the vicious brute, having done you dirty, is always immediately overcome by a strange compassion. This loveable trait prompts it to curl up on your chest, purring vigourously, or to caress the back of your neck—albeit with an iron fist!

In fact riders have been known, when overcome by a craving for solitude, to bury themselves deeply in the heart of large and formidable bushes only to be followed seconds later by their faithful, though boisterous, mounts. Still, there it is. I suppose it is just these funny little ways that make our pets so endearing.

Now I can best illustrate the **methods** of leaving the machine in motion by means of numbered paragraphs. Any intending competitor who may feel conscientious enough to learn them by heart need to bother. He can rest assured that they will come quite naturally in practice!

1. The Dummy Run or Sucker Fall!

You are on the starting line. At the fall of the flag rush at your machine, catch it by the antlers and hustle it down the course under your own impetus. Then hurl yourself onto it sidesaddle. At this point the machine will show its annoyance by laying down suddenly on its other side, thereby dashing you under the wheels of your neighbouring competitor who had the good sense to kick-start anyway. Your mechanic will find this all unnecessarily amusing.

2. The Sandwich Man or Take Your Partners

You have managed to leave the start

this time and, proceeding down the straight at a fantastic rate, you enter the 'Narrer Bit.'

This is the signal for two burly gentlemen, probably complete strangers, to rub shoulders with each other. You are in between! Some people will 'get away with it,' notably the two burly gentlemen; you, however, will not. Some hours later, when all the dust has settled, a team of strong-arm men will lift the ruddy motorcycle from your prostrate and battered form. You will then feel an uncontrollable urge to leap to your feet and cavort madly hopping from one foot to the other and clutching wildly at your shins, elbows, knees, etc. The performance is further enhanced by the careful choice of adjectives which, when uttered with sufficient volume, will cause hardened marshals to blanch beneath their mud-packs and timid old ladies to burst into tears. Do not overdo the dramatic here or you will be carried off and put to sleep.

3. The Vertical Descent of Shriek Fall

At some point on the course just where it is most inconvenient, you will become suddenly aware that the land falls away to the right giving the tourist an exquisite panoramic view of the surrounding countryside in which can be seen, on a clear day, the spire of St. Prang's nestling serenely in the hollow below.

Don't be taken in by the tranquility of the scene, mate! You are up an 'ill and you have got to get down it.

This operation involves a movement tricky in execution, namely the Somersault. There are two variations—with the bike and without. Either way you will both be very much together again when you reach the bottom.

I might add that this 'fall' starts from a point halfway down the hill. The first part of the descent is tackled by grabbing grimly at any knobs and levers that may still be adorning the handlebars; at the same time crashing the bars violently from side to side on full lock taking care to trap the thumbs painfully between the grips and the petrol tank. Accompany this with a thrashing movement of both legs with boots at about ear level. I regret I have no clear record of the remainder of the journey.

4. Force of Circumstances or The Playful Rut

Very early in your Scrambling career you will be struck by one great truth, amongst others. Some people with jobs in a rut find it soul-destroying, but you will discover that being only **half** in a rut is indescribably fiendish in its effect on your person. What will happen is this. On the course at a point selected as a grandstand by all the people who know you (you have no **friends** by this time) is a very deep rut hardened by overnight frost. When you and the bike reach this point you will both be drawn by some unseen force to the rut entrance which has your number on it. The laws of Moto-Cross, which govern all unwilling bodies, decree that only one wheel at a time can remain in the rut. Therefore, to play this game you must proceed up the rut with in a series of vicious jerks and swerves with the front and rear wheels taking it in turns to hop in and out. The boot thrashing movement mentioned in 3 above can be indulged in here.

The game ends with the front wheel showing the rear wheel how it is done and giving a particularly violent jerk sideways to full lock which will cause the 'bike to stop dead. You, dear friend, will carry on making a graceful porpoise-like plunge over the steering head scraping your shins and knees on the ignition and air levers as you go, and ending by pressing your face lovingly onto your front tyre.

With these beautiful thoughts I must finish these notes, but before I do I would like to impress the following on anyone who still contemplates taking up the rough stuff. Participation is not enough. The real kick comes from the happy hours spent button-holing people in the Clubroom afterwards and engulfing them in 'Lurid Tales from the Arena' over a pint of the best and a packet of crisps.

(NOTE: For this last sporting attribute you do not even need a machine! But of course you knew already!)

FOR SALE: Lovely Scrambles bike; immaculate condition; suit beginner.

BOX 30.

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,

We would like to put on record how sorry we are that Guy Tremlett, our Editor, has at long last decided to call it a day. We can't say that we blame him, as it must surely be the most thankless task of all.

When one considers how difficult it seems for any of our 2,000 odd members to submit an occasional article, the magnitude of writing for all the Mem-

bers every month will be appreciated.

He has done much for the Club, both as Secretary and Editor, and his sometimes Herculean efforts have been taken very much for granted. Here are two members who would like to say: "Thanks a lot Guy."

Yours & etc.,
Les & Pat Wise

Addlestone,
Surrey.

(continued from page 181)

Bonney was most exciting on the Norton/Vincent. Three beautiful machines to be seen in this race were Godfrey Nash's Norton, Rodney Mahon's similar machine (red—most effective!) and the R. V. Bowring Triumph with a five speed gearbox, I believe.

I suppose I'd better not go on repeating myself about how good, racing-wise, these meetings are. I'll content myself with commenting that the sparse crowd must have been damned glad they went. I know I was, and I imagine that the riders were, too. But there are too many non-starters for my liking and my hope, pious as it turned out I'm afraid, about competitors getting their numbers in time . . . Anyway, Barry's memory was well satisfied.

(Mutual Aid continued from back cover)
Clothing for Sale

Leathers; 5 ft. 10 in. and 40 in.; not new—£12. B. P. Dennis, 'Woodcote,' Flemings Farm Road, Nobles Green, Eastwood, Essex.

WANTED

Spare Parts, etc.

Triumph 'kneeler' or late Dommy;

must be fast and reliable. K. B. Griffiths, 96 Mercia Road, Tremorfa, Cardiff.

Dommy front hub and alloy wheel and Lucas 6v dynamo. D. V. Doyle, c/o Mrs. Anderson, 228 Walm Lane, London, N.W.2.

Rocket Gold Star engine or would consider Super Rocket or Bonneville. John Judge, 4 Runfold Avenue, Limbury, Luton, Beds.

Two G.P.2 carbs; 1 in bore. Doug Rose, 10 Ribblesdale Avenue, Corby, Northants.

For Bonneville remote float Monobloc assembly, rev. counter assembly or parts and close ratio gears. D. Hill, Northorpe Road, Halton Holgate, Spilsby, Lincs.

Good pair of late T110/Bonneville small bore 'pipes. R. Mogge, 74 Southdown Avenue, Hanwell, London, W.7. (Tel: EALING 0067 after 6 p.m.).

Clothing

For next season one piece leathers in good condition; 6 ft. and 38/40 in. chest; also size 10/11 zip back racing boots. D. Hill, Northorpe Road, Halton Holgate, Spilsby, Lincs.

COMERFORDS LTD.

The Motor Cycle Distributors and Buyers

EXPERIENCED AND PRACTICAL

SUPPORTERS OF ALL PHASES OF THE SPORT

COMERFORDS LTD. PORTSMOUTH ROAD
THAMES DITTON SURREY

Telephones: Emberbrook 5531 (7 lines)



SURREY'S LEADING
RIDER AGENT
FOR YOUR
NEW OR USED

Motorcycle — Scooter — Sidecar — 3-Wheeler.

Main Agent for all the Leading Makes.

TOURING * TRIALS * RACING

SATISFACTION and an unrivalled AFTER SALES SERVICE assured.

● *Part Exchanges and Hire Purchase Welcomed* ●

ARTHUR WHEELER LTD.

45, 47, 51, Waterloo Road, Epsom Tel. 4505/6

**STREAMLINED
WEATHER PROTECTION**



by **"AVON"**

The ORIGINAL and Still the BEST

*INSIST ON GENUINE "AVON" FAIRINGS
FAIRSHIELDS, STREAMLINERS SCOOTER SCREENS
AVONAIRES & STOWAWAYS*

From all good stockists or if in difficulty write

**MITCHENALL BROS. LTD. Sales Division,
Amesbury, Salisbury. Wilts.**

Telephone: Amesbury 3016

**T. W. KIRBY 
MOTORCYCLES**



RACING FAIRINGS 15in. wide, high ground clearance, very rigid, specially made to our design from experience gained over several years racing. Suitable for all models. £16 (order now). Special attention to Club Members' requirements.

WE are AGENTS for B.S.A., Triumph, Matchless James, Francis Barnett, Norton, Ariel, Greeves, Honda, Lambretta, Sunbeam, Tigress, Watsonian, Swallow & Canterbury Sidecars, and can supply practically any model—New or Used—from stock.

**ALL THE USUAL FACILITIES PLUS
ENTHUSIASTIC SERVICE**

**CLUBMAN—SUPPORT THOSE that SUPPORT THE SPORT
RONEO CORNER . HORNCHURCH . Hornchurch 48785**

MUTUAL AID

No charge is made for insertions by paid-up members. All adverts to the Editor.

FOR SALE

Racing Machines

1959 A.J.S. 7R modified to '62; immaculate condition and well maintained—£250. G. Ansett, 5 Charlbury Gardens, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex.

1961 A.J.S. 7R; works maintained since new; new tyres, brakes, clutch, chains, etc.; Jakeman fairing; sprockets; replica in '63 Manx G.P.; photo—£350. J. Chapman, 17 Hollins Avenue, Bower Lane, Dewsbury, Yorks.

My 1959 A.J.S. 7R complete with fairing and spare sprockets; £65 overhaul at works last season; will deliver within a reasonable distance—£300 o.n.o. T. R. Sharp, 11 Abbey Terrace, Tewkesbury, Glos.

250 c.c. Arrow unit in tele/swinging arm frame; works exhaust system and twin carbs.; very fast; brakes poor; paint gaudy—£85 (cost half as much again). K. B. Griffiths, 96 Mercia Road, Tremorfa, Cardiff.

Arrow; new Avon racing tyres on rebuilt, alloy rimmed wheels; f/glass tank, front number plate and screen; 10,000 r.p.m. rev. counter; padded fly-wheels and 12:1 heads; frame cleaned up, but needs more work done—£50. Stan Hopkins, 44 Hawthorne Crescent, Slough, Bucks.

350 racing Gold Star; all extras and many mods. including 'slim line' fairing with built-in oil tank; fast and reliable and immaculate; many placings; ready to race; write for further details—£140 o.n.o. W. A. Roberts, 'Greenacres', Cranfield Park Avenue, Wickford, Essex.

1959 DB32 Gold Star; all T-D mods; new parts include Manx seat, Kirby fairing, con. rod, valves, guides, springs, big end and mains; Fi-glass petrol and oil tanks; very special 190m/m front brake; spare parts include complete head, barrel, valves, cams, oil pump and Girling units and two more boxes full; all engine parts crack tested; very fast; 64 seconds Brands lap; always in first ten—£120 o.v.n.o. George Pullen, 6 Dovecote Close, Weybridge, Surrey. (Tel: 45310).

1963 6 speed 125 c.c. Bultaco and 1963 196 c.c. Bultaco; both machines in excellent condition, fast and complete with fairings and sprockets; ridden by

myself successes include first, second and sixth at Cadwell, fifth at Scarborough and second and third at Snetterton—£325 the 125 and £310 the 196. V. D. Chatterton, Sibsey, Boston, Lincs. (Tel: Sibsey 394).

125 c.c. Grand Prix Ducati double o.h.c.; Oldani front 'stopper'; quick and in really excellent condition throughout; fairing and sprockets—£220 or would exchange for Bultaco with cash adjustment. L. G. Blissenenden, Robert Street, Deal, Kent.

125 c.c. o.h.c. Ducati (over £500 new) fitted with new 18 in. Dunlops and rim with fairing and sprockets; handlebars, stops and goes like a Manx in miniature; never failed to finish 27 races since new—must sell for £175. K. B. Griffiths, 96 Mercia Road, Tremorfa, Cardiff.

250 c.c. s/k Ducati; FIII cams, special light valves and valve gear; alloy wheels; f/glass tank and seat; fairing; always in first seven—£230. K. Batley, Jr. Tel: PALmers Green 5154 (Mon.-Fri. 6.30 to 7.30 p.m.).

E.M.C.-Puch 125 c.c.; probably the finest and fastest example of this model left; fitted independant oiling system (pump fed to pistons); never dropped; unraced this season; ideal for beginner; mortgage forces reluctant sale—£60 o.n.o. For details, write or call M. Beames, 'Craig End,' Long Wittenham, Berks.

1958 Manx Norton 'featherbed' fitted with DBD (500 c.c.) Gold Star engine; special seat, oil tank, etc.; fairings; sprockets; beautiful condition; very light and very quick; photo—£150 o.n.o. J. Chapman, 17 Hollins Avenue, Bower Lane, Dewsbury, Yorks.

500 c.c. Norton/B.S.A. complete Manx except engine; latter has unburstable J. Smith flywheels; ready to race—£160 or will split for right offers. B. P. Dennis, 'Woodcote,' Flemings Farm Road, Nobles Green, Eastwood, Essex.

Road Machines

1962 Norton SS 650 c.c.; 11,000 miles; many extras including a dolphin fairing, matching rev. meter and speedo, rear crash bars, 'Ace' handlebars and full rear chain case; immaculate condition—£230 o.n.o. Brian Ratcliffe, 1 Heathfield North, Twickenham, Middx. (Tel: POPesgrove 8733 any time).

1956 Norton 99; motor rebuilt 2,500 miles ago; f/glass tank, racing seat, rear set rests, etc., clip-ons, chrome guards, new ex/pipes and silencers; reconditioned dynamo and new battery just fitted; spare tank, bars, dual seat, rests included; fast—£95. Guy Tremlett, 10 The Chestnuts, Gwydor Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Spare Parts, etc.

350 Manx Norton, less engine and gearbox; sprint tank, fairing, sprockets, stand and other spares; all in very good condition—£150. E. J. Hurley, 6a Queensland Avenue, Earlsdon, Coventry, Warwicks.

Road racing 'featherbed' Special; complete less engine; fitted Norton 19 in. wheels with Borrani rims, Earles-type forks, alloy tanks and Albion box etc.; very light—£95. Norman Webb, 46 Matlock Way, New Malden, Surrey. (Tel: MALden 4779).

B.S.A. Gold Star complete less engine, gearbox and p/tank; alloy engine plates; almost new high-hysteresis tyres—£50. C.R. gears (not extra close)—£6. Finned rear brake assembly with spindle for Gold Star—£2. J. S. Duff, 17 Seton Street, Ardrossan, Ayrshire.

R.C.184 Smiths rev. counter; unused—offers. D. Hill, Northorpe Road, Halton Holgate, Spilsby, Lincs.

Brand new Ducati Grand Prix fairing with double curved screen—£7 5s. 0d. W. A. Roberts, 'Greenacres,' Cranfield Park Avenue, Wickford, Essex.

22t and 55t sprockets for 7R A.J.S.—10/- and £1. 10 R47 plugs, new—5/- each. 2.75 x 18 in. tyres, front and rear—£1 each. Sundry primary and rear chains—offers. R. M. Baldwin, 109 Maidstone Road, Rochester, Kent. (Tel: Ratham 42902).

Magnetic rev. counter (9,000 r.p.m.); suitable for Gold Star—£5 B. P. Dennis, 'Woodcote,' Flemings Farm Road, Nobles Green, Eastwood, Essex.

For Gold Star ZB bottom half complete, 21 in. alloy rim front wheel (with tyre and tube, 3 in. brake and spindle), 1½ in. G.P. carb. (less float), 1 in. Monobloc and rear brake drum and 46t sprocket; 350 c.c. Triumph head, valves and springs; all in best condition—what offers? J. G. Birch, 37 Queen Mary Avenue, Colchester, Essex.

For A.M.C. 650 c.c. twin 8.5:1 standard piston complete, pair of standard camshafts, new 6v Lucas regulator, ball-ended levers, oil tank panels and engine plates. 3.25 x 19 in. Dunlop racing rear tyre—£1. Scores of N58R and N63R plugs; hardly used—2/6d. each; also others. ½ lb. tins of soecial low friction silicone grease; tins of grinding paste. Triumph Terrier plunger frame, forks and 'guards, 150 c.c. barrel and piston (needs rebore)—take away. Home-made Earles-type forks for 50 c.c. D. V. Doyle, c/o Mrs. Anderson, 228 Walm Lane, London, N.W.2.

1925 CTA Blackburne engine and host of spares, i.e. crankcase, flywheels, cranks, single and twin port head, barrels, sprockets and so on. R. V. Doggett, 42 Victoria Road, Fenny Stratford, Bletchley, Bucks.

Montesa spares—large stock for 125 c.c. road and racing being cleared including one or two special racing bits; also 27mm (1 in.) Dell'Orto carb. 2.50 and 2.75 x 18 in. road and racing tyres—all brand new. Enquiries to Les Griffiths, 294 Badminton Road, Downend, Bristol.

Pair of racing Avons, 3.00 x 18 in. front and 3.25 x 18 in. rear, (two races only)—£3 10s. 0d. the pair; also few racing spares for Honda CB72 including clip-ons, fork yoke, etc. A. C. Hale, 229 Wrens Park House, Warwick Grove, Upper Clapton, London, E.5.

All parts for Rudge Ulster and Special approx. 1938, including barrel (lined to standard) and new piston. Write John Judge, 4 Runfold Avenue, Limbury, Luton, Beds.

FOR 'WANTED' ITEMS TURN TO . . .

GET HOME SAFELY

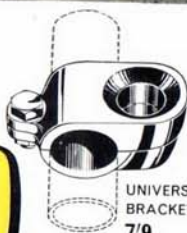
Fog is never pleasant—but it needn't be a nightmare. With a Lucas Fog Lamp fitted to your machine you'll get home safely, however bad the conditions, because these lamps are scientifically designed with a "flat-topped" beam—free from annoying back glare. *Alternative Long Range Lamp also available if preferred. Price 79/6.*



WITH A



LUCAS



UNIVERSAL
BRACKET
7/9



SFT 576
79/6

FOGLAMP

-the most effective in the world

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM 19