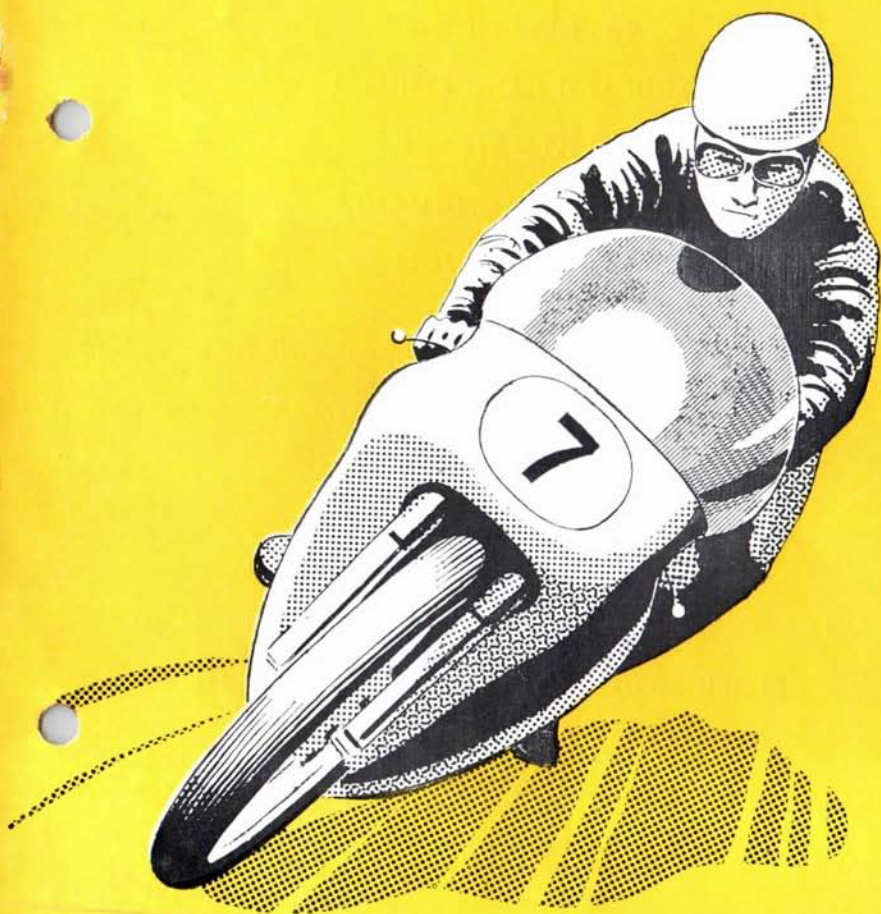


Bemsee



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NOTICES

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P.O. BOX 75,

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES,

SURREY.

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THE CLUB

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EDITORIAL

Professional riders' unions, 'amateur' riders' unions, safety at Silverstone (and elsewhere), more races for the 'boys,' how entries are accepted, the F.I.M., the A.C.U., the Rozzers, Marples—there's a lot we could talk about just now. All these things affect the Sport, either directly or indirectly. Then there is start money, television scrambles, circuits that are purely big business, too many people wanting their cake and wanting to eat it, spectators who won't go to meetings unless they can see one 'star' out way ahead and all the way round the course, too, riders trying too hard and so on, practically ad infinitum. And what we are all concerned with, gentlemen, is a Sport; or, rather, was! We don't moan about the 'good old days' (they were mostly bad, anyway), but ain't it all a bit crazy nowadays? We reckon so. Still, come to that, ain't the whole ruddy world plum crazy? We reckon it is. Oh well, what's the use . . . we apparently want to go racing motor 'bikes and, while we do, we'll have our problems, created by the times we live in mostly, and we'll have to overcome them or live with them. But it does get rather complicated sometimes and then we wonder whether it is all worth it.

Traffic laws generally are much discussed these days. Rightly so. They affect us as much, if not a lot more, than a great many road users because all of us, be we riders or officials or just spectators, use 'bikes, vans, combs, and even the odd bus to get to our meetings. Therefore, we all come within the purview of the Road Traffic Acts, the 'Law' and that man Marples. While we do not propose going into a dissertation upon the efficacy, or otherwise, of this 50 m.p.h. speed limit, we think it is of dubious effect. Ask anyone who went up to the July Snetterton in the early hours of the Sunday morning. Insofar as speed limits are necessary, there seems to us absolutely no reason why there shouldn't be graded limits and those localities and stretches of highway which are shown to be dangerous (from a speed angle) have their own limit imposed. It is done on the Continent; over there it soon becomes second nature to glance at the sign when entering a town. Also, of course, a lot of high powered devices, motor cycles at any rate, are not very happy at a mere 50 m.p.h. in top gear, so that one finds the speedo. creeping up and one is for ever glancing

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, Gwydor 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.

behind to see . . . you know what! Then there is the three offences in three years and automatic disqualification. That is wrong as it stands. All right, if a bloke is 'done' for dangerous driving or no insurance or being drunk, then take his licence away; not after the third offence, either, but after the first. But to include some 100 offences, many of a merely technical nature, is savage. It has been truly said that the motorist, and motor cyclist, is the most ill-used members of the community. He/she pays more in the way of taxes of one sort and another and is hounded by day and night and made to feel little more than a (petty) criminal. One can only hope, and hope fervently, that Marples goes and goes right soon. The roads today may be, definitely are in many places, dangerous. And why? Because there has never been enough money spent on them and imagination, foresight and planning are words of which the Ministry of Transport seems hardly to have ever heard.

One cannot help but wonder what will happen to the fast motor cycle on the public highway. The numbers have been steadily declining over the past years, as we all know. The reasons are manifold, no doubt. 'Bikes require more intelligence to ride—not obvious sometimes, we agree—and in this spoon fed, television and high powered advertisement age calls upon the intelligence are becoming rarer. 'Bikes expose one to the elements. They are still relatively noisy and dirty. They are still infra dig. (Lord, will we ever get shot of our awful class ridden society?). Their relatively low initial cost and running cost is no longer so great an asset in an age of high wages and easy money. What, may you ask, the hell has this to do with racing and a racing club? Simple, my friends, without fast road 'bikes there would be no racers and no racing. Still, it isn't as bad as that yet. But it is a thought; and that you must agree.

Last month a small number of you may have noticed an official notice (page 129 of the August issue) about our wanting a new Editor. Well, we do. The present 'goon' has had enough (and some!) and is going at the end of the year. Do we hear cheers? Seriously though, the magazine is the one thread, and a pretty tenuous one at times, that can keep some sort of continuity going, make B.M.C.R.C. a club. We do not disguise the fact that the job is no bed of roses. It isn't. But it can be interesting and the person who is the magazine Editor does have the satisfaction, possibly rather vicarious we admit, of doing a vital job in the Club and for the Club. So, if there are any Members who are genuinely interested and think they could do it, we do hope that they will not delay in writing or getting in touch with the Secretary. A last comment hereon. Do you realise that each of the last three Editors, Les Higgins, Peter Wright and Guy Tremlett, have 'lasted' four years apiece?

We have two meetings this month—Brighton and, a week later, Barry's Day. The latter is a Novice meeting pure and simple. Last year it was so 'novice' that two lap records were broken. When there are 'novices' who can do that sort of thing, even if the circuit is the fairly easy Silverstone club course, there is no likelihood of a shortage of riders for future International affairs. Still, no doubt it'll be a good meeting and provide everyone, no matter what they are there for, with a good day's racing. What we said about getting your mates to Trophy Day applies with equal force to this meeting. Furthermore the meeting commemorates the most remarkable and wonderful person ever associated with the Club. E. C. E. Baragwanath, or Barry as he was always known. Though he first raced in 1909 and was in racing in one capacity or another till his death the year before last, he never lost touch with the changes that took place. He knew they were inevitable. He saw that they were for better more often than not and said so. No one who had the good fortune to meet Barry, or, better still, get to know him as a friend and counsellor as the present Editor did, could ever forget him. This novice meeting is just exactly the type of race that he enjoyed most. He always used to enjoy Trophy Day more than any other. Brighton will attract some of you, too. The setting is superb, but other things about the meeting have not always been happy in the past. Still, let's hope all is well this year. There could be two more, at least, 100 m.p.h. performers this time.

A BIG THANK YOU

The praises of marshals rarely go sung. Indeed, they seem to be taken for granted—a strange and entirely wrong state of affairs. For without these selfless and devoted individuals there could be no racing. They go all over the place to do their job and they do it in all sorts of

weather. They have to. In fact, they are a darned fine crowd—at least the Bemsee ones are. So we would like to take this opportunity of saying a big 'thank you' to all our marshals. Your splendid work is deeply appreciated.

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For once B.M.C.R.C. was lucky, rather incredibly so, I feel, with the weather. Last August Monday it poured and Saturday morning practice was grim this time. It was pretty nasty when I arrived for a couple of hours in the afternoon; course wet and greasy under the trees in the Glade. Very few people were there on Saturday. One wonders whether the a.m. session is worth while. Or, better still, why not have a two day meeting with racing all day Monday and, therefore, more would get a ride? Anyway, back to '63—the day was fine and we had four new lap records and a new outright two wheeler figure, the first at over 80 m.p.h. And most of the racing was keen enough, I think.

Practice really means relatively little at a meeting like this. The sessions are too short to do a lot. How blokes who have never been to the 'Palace learn anything much on a first visit, I don't know. Mind you, some people seemed to get more than their rightful share of the practice time. I had always thought that the idea behind having segregated practice times was to ensure a fair crack of the whip for everyone.

But still . . . I spent a short while watching two 350 periods coming up Anerley Ramp; very interesting. The 'bike has to be whipped over from one side to t'other and back again mighty quickly. A 250 seemed easier here; or was it just an illusion. Dunphy on his Greeves, Grotefeld and Watson on their Aermacchis seemed comparatively effortless, but even good 350's appeared to be trying hard.

Race One—50 c.c.: without any Honda racers we were back to the typical 'English' 50 race. R. J. Smith established his advantage early in the first lap and held it, increasingly, to the end, by which time he had set up a new lap record and race time; 58.05 m.p.h. was the former. Mike Sampson and Geoff Ashton, both on Itoms (the latter water cooled), disputed second spot and were separated by but 4/5ths of a second at the flag fall. J. A. H. Smith fell back after a promising start and became involved with Hone's Itom, Webber's Itom and Minto's Val Knapp Honda C110.

Race Two—350 c.c. 'A': someone slipped up here (it wasn't the writer either) and I mean no disrespect to A. C. Peck who won the race in a canter at

69.71 m.p.h., lapping at 73.37 m.p.h. Riding a Norton he had just bought from Syd Lawton, he was fortunate to get a ride, but I think he ought to have been in the next 350 race. G. Fogarty had a good try at keeping Peck in sight, but he disappeared on lap 7 and this allowed P. L. M. Evans to grab second berth by a short head from G. Short (all the way from Bootle), both on Nortons. They had been scrapping hard all the race. Mike Dixon and Barry Tingley also had a good dice, the former taking a nice 4th place at the flag. Ron Baylie was 6th, but another Northern Member, G. A. Lavington from Normanton, fell off on lap 2 while lying 3rd.

Race Three—Sidecar heat: Dave Wheeler, a reserve, cake-walked this one on the potent sounding D.M.D.-Vincent with Peter Horton, who had a right old brew up in Saturday's practice, next along on his 650 Norton. There was a very good battle between Pat Millard, Norman Huntingford, Terry Vinicombe and Tony Baitup, the latter leaving his 'ballast' behind at the start and having to stop again to pick him up!

Race Four—1,000 c.c. 'A'. what an odd race! It was no faster than the above-mentioned 350 event and, though to begin with John Stevenson from Spondon on his 'low' Gold Star and David Bayle with a stripped Norton 'Manxman' had a good scrap, was a disjointed affair altogether. J. G. Sear with the nicely turned out O.E.G. Special did go into the lead by lap 7, though the 'bike didn't seem to be running very well. Stevenson led by 4.4 seconds after three laps, but then Bayle caught up and Sear took them both. On the run-in Sear was just about maintaining some advantage, Bayle sat up before the finish, so Stevenson took back 2nd spot. I later found out that he had been holding his float chamber on for half the race. A. T. Cooper and Pete Butler (the Ajay Sports-twin was run sans its road equipment) had a worthy dice for 4th place. Don Cash caused a riot by coming round South Tower on fire and managed to pull up just short of the finish line well alight. Two fire marshals then had a ball putting it out. Rider was undamaged.

Race Five—Sidecar heat. it was Alan Thurgood's aim, if possible, to have a crack at the three-wheeler lap record.

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Well, he got down to 72.31 m.p.h. without much trouble in a heat, two fifths off it. The green/yellow G50 outfit won easily. Mick Rowell and Ian Macdonald on the incredibly low G.C.T. followed.

Race Six—125 c.c.: with George Hughes a regretted non-starter and George Murphy retiring after 3 laps, the CR93 Hondas had a field day. The quick starting, handy and accelerative Bultaco led off and Murphy was nicely ahead at the end of lap one. But very soon Peter Preston had recovered from a slow start, got past Wyler's Honda and set about catching the Spanish two stroke. This he did on lap 3 and, thereafter, won easily. Wyler was a steady second in no way troubled by Jim Russell and his CR93. Bob Minster did best for Bultaco, a good 4th and a nice ride. Cyril Jones steadily worked the Tohatsu up to fifth spot after a shocking start, though Ashton's Bultaco wasn't a long way behind—6th. Colin Spence rode his Honda 'racer' steadily into 7th place. Good, too, to see Basil Keys having a race again. 9th on the 125 Bultaco from the Keys stable. Mike Cook's ex-Redman Ducati G.P. expired on the last lap when lying 4th. John Smith's M.V. didn't survive practice and the ex-Hailwood, ex-Dave Moore Paton didn't arrive.

Race Seven—350 c.c. 'B': Ron Watts made a wonderful grass track start from the back of the grid, but it was John Stevenson who came out of South Tower first after one lap with Watts right on his back wheel. These then proceeded to have a great tear-up, being followed by Ron Gould's fast blue Beesa and John Rice's immaculate 7R and George Bonney's Norton having a big dice. Then Dave Chester and R. J. Flack, who had started slowly, came up. Chester eventually caught up with the two leaders and, on lap 6, coming up the Ramp took both of them to take over the first spot. Watts got by Stevenson, too, and that was the finishing order. If Flack had pressed on a little bit more a little earlier, he'd have been with this party at the end. As it was they were all pretty close together. A good race! Gould finished fifth. Rice just beat Bonney for 6th and there was an almighty battle going on behind these two which J. R. Geeson won from K. M. Scarf. Terry Sharp, C. F. Trimble (another lovely 7R) and Eddie Jackson.

Race Eight—250 c.c.: the thing here was whether Joe Dunphy and the Beart Greeves could put it across the Aer-

macchi boys, of whom there were four—Terry Grotefeld, Ken Watson, Len Rodda and Tony Smith. Terry made a lovely start and led for the first two rounds. At the end of the second he had Joe breathing down his neck and on the third a yellow 'at was first round South Tower. On the fourth Joe was on his own; the Grotefeld AM had again broken down—contact breaker spring trouble! This left Ken Watson a good 3rd behind the amazing old NSU of Alan Pavey which was a wonderful 2nd. Alas, Ken's AM then ruined its big end and he joined Terry by the roadside. Tony Smith's AM, he had come all the way from Belper, had chronic carburation ailments and retired after two slow laps. But at least Len Rodda finished third after he had disposed of Jim Russell, now on a Greeves rather than the unwieldy Ducati desmo. twin. Vic Poore and John Blanchard took two more Greeves into 5th and 6th positions and D. W. Lamb's Petty(?)—Norton was 7th. Two more fast Greeves retired—Chris Doble and Pete Butler. Griff Jenkins didn't commence on his. Joe broke the eight year old lap record for 250's at 74.46 m.p.h.

Race Nine—350 c.c. 'C': Joe Dunphy meant business here and he allowed no one to lead him after one lap, least of all his two main rivals Griff Jenkins and Roger Hunter. Brian Davis made by far the best start from the front row of the grid and led after one lap. Dunphy was close behind, however, and went by on lap 2 and continued to build up an easy lead, missing the 350 lap record by two fifths. It is an indication of the way in which Davis was going when I say that only Hunter and Jenkins passed by him during the twelve laps. They did and finished second and third. Peter Preston a little stiff still methinks, held off Ron Chandler for fifth spot. And, try as he could, John Simmonds couldn't quite pass them both. Bob Macgregor just pipped John Blanchard for 8th place. Tony Bolton and Cyril Davey had an intense scrap behind these two.

Race Ten—Vintage: dear me, what a surprise! After one lap Roger Cramp in the lead, after two laps the same, and so on till the finish when the superb old Velo. was comfortably in front. The Chris Williams' ridden Scott was bested. Needless these two were well ahead of the rest who were headed by the curious hybrid Scott/Norton of Bob Collett. Behind him, and not so far so either, S. R. L. Grigson with a fine

cammy Norton did great battle with John Wilkinson's side valve Norton. The greater speed of the former told in the end and Grigson was fourth. P. G. Taylor's more normal 596 c.c. Scott was a good 7th, but the Booth Ariel didn't do as well as it normally does. Winter's 1929 Sunbeam, Smoker's 1930 Ariel, Wilshire's beautiful 1929 Rudge and Lavington's 1927 cammy Velocette had a goodly dice. Here, too, we had a new lap record, Williams getting the Scott round at 72.10 m.p.h.

Race Eleven—Sidecar heat: no leaving of passenger behind this time for Tony Baitup. He went right into the lead and stayed there for all the ten laps. At first Peter Horton pursued him with Mick Rowell and Pat Millard next along. Alan Thurgood made a bad getaway, but was soon in trouble (there had been a bit of a flap round the Matchless in the warming-up pen before the race started) and eventually retired. Then Horton packed up. Terry Vinicombe became third, for one lap, before Wheeler thrust all 998 c.c.s. of his Vinnie kneeler into the third spot. Seven finished.

Race Twelve—1,000 c.c. 'B': for the first few laps Joe Dunphy, Roger Hunter and Griff Jenkins, the three fastest men at the 'Palace, had a glorious scrap. Griff led after one lap with Joe on his rear wheel and Roger just astern. Joe then passed Griff and, a lap later, so did Roger. The latter then pressed Joe to such purpose that, on lap six I think it was, he drew level with him in the Glade. Joe held on, however, and completed the lap 2/3 machine's lengths ahead. There after he opened a slightly bigger gap,

did a lap at 80.19 m.p.h. (62.4 secs.) and went on to win by several seconds. What rather spoiled the last three laps was having to lap slower runners; that split 'em up a lot. Though Peter Preston was soon 4th, he had to be content with that, well as he and the Bennett 500 Norton were travelling (a new head has worked a treat, I'm told). John Wilkinson dogged Ron Chandler for all the race and passed him on lap 10 to take 5th position, but Chris Williams couldn't catch Geoff Young who was a steady 7th. Ken Inwood had an enormous dice with Bob Macgregor, John Jackson and George Bonney and his delightfully 'hairy' Norton/Vinnie. Cyril Jones was also in on this, he having made a sensational start when he left everyone else standing. And there was a fine dice, too, at the back of the field which John Funnell and Bill Scott disputed the head of till Dave Strickland passed them.

Well, there we were; a fine little meeting with some excellent racing to be seen. I personally like the 'Palace, though I was firmly told by one rider that I'd change my ideas if I rode his 500 Manx round it and had those sleeper fences rushing so close! at me. Yes, maybe I would an' all! I wish we could have more meetings there. The L.C.C. Parks people are a darned decent crowd to work with, too, which makes things so much pleasanter. Also, and most important, the Editor can take a 6d. bus ride to the place! For the record, and to conclude with, I learn that the Les Graham Trophy was awarded to J. G. Sear. Congratulations.



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After what always seems to be the inevitable last minute rebuilding of machinery, in this case the 125 c.c. ex-works Ducati, I left Burgess Hill at 1.30 a.m. on Friday, 31st May bound for Moscow. Throughout the drive to Dover, I checked and re-checked in my mind everything that I should have packed aboard the Bedford van. My mechanic for the trip had not turned up at the last moment, so it was a one man band to the U.S.S.R. I hoped that I had not forgotten anything. After the four hour trip from Dover, I landed at Ostend at 10 a.m. and set forth through Belgium and into Holland.

My first stop, by 7 p.m. that evening, was at a small town called Tubbergen, near the Dutch-German border, where on Whit-Monday they hold an 'International Motor-Cycle Road Race Meeting.' This once-a-year 'do' is just a part of the Whitsun festivities in and around Tubbergen. For the race the Police close off all the roads which are to be used as part of the circuit and put straw bales in the most dangerous places. These straw bales are supposed to soften the impact if a rider has the misfortune to fall off, though more often than not they are more a nuisance than a help.

On the Saturday and Sunday I was kept busy preparing my three machines and on Whit-Monday riding them. The six mile tree-lined circuit is a fast one; once a rider knows where the bends begin and end! The locals (Dutch and Belgian riders) simply flew round. I managed to struggle round and finish 9th in the 125 c.c. event and 9th in the 350 c.c. event.

After the Monday's racing, I loaded the van, cooked a meal (only a Cook by name!) and started on my long drive to Moscow. By 10 a.m. Tuesday morning, I arrived at the East German border at Helmstadt and went through the weary procedure of getting a transit visa to cross the "People's Republic!" An hour later I was on my way again, driving through what seemed to be a dead country. The Autobahn in East Germany is badly in need of repair. Quite often the sides of the dual-carriage ways are blocked off. The difference in the quality of the road, compared with the West German Autobahns, is quite staggering. One is not allowed to stop whilst crossing East Germany, so I plodded on and

arrived at the East German-Polish border three and a half hours later.

The Customs Officials at this border crossing (who must have been motorcycle enthusiasts) were more interested in the three racing machines than any official papers. I spent an hour trying to understand their lingo and also trying to make myself understood. After this interlude and continuing into Poland, tiredness had caught up with me, so I decided to pull in for a snooze in the middle of what seemed to be nowhere. I was awakened suddenly by thumpings on the van. Looking out of the window I found that I was surrounded by numerous bulls and cows. The Polish shepherd was quite happy to let his inquisitive beasts satisfy their curiosity by buffeting my poor old Bedford van and I certainly was not going to argue with them! Once the bovines had moved on, I got the primus stove going for a cup of tea and some soup before getting under way again.

The next big town I came upon was Poznan; incidentally, here the roads are atrocious. Would-be travellers in Poland are advised to take two spare wheels and also to fit tyres and tubes—not tubeless tyres! Generally speaking, the roads right through Poland are in a disgusting state; being mostly made from brick and cobbles. The people do not seem to mind because the majority of their vehicles are horse-drawn trucks with big rubber tyred wheels! My route across the country was from Frankfurt-on-Oder to Poznan, then through Warsaw to the Polish-Soviet border at Terespol (on the Polish side) and Brest-Litovsk (on the Soviet). The Polish official ushered me through their Customs and told me to drive across the bridge over the River Bug. The Soviet barrier was guarded by a soldier, equipped with an automatic rifle who wouldn't let me through until the okay was given to him by his Comamnder in the Customs House.

It had taken me 1½ days to get to Russia from Holland and I now needed a good night's sleep. My Interpreter was waiting for me on the Soviet side and, after the necessary formalities had been dealt with, we drove into the town of Brest and to the Hotel Bug. There I was introduced to the Russian way of eating. Two glasses of vodka and a plate of

caviare to start off with ; then beef steak and salad, beer and bread. After this I slept for 12 hours solid before the drive from Brest, via Minsk and Smolensk, to Moscow.

The road to Moscow is absolutely straight, quite wide, but very bumpy. Nevertheless, we averaged 50 m.p.h. over the 1,050 kilometres. My interpreter, and guide, led the way in his Russian Volga car, cruising steadily between 50-60 m.p.h. We stopped at Smolensk on Thursday night at 9 p.m., after travelling 650 kilometres and arrived the next afternoon in Moscow.

My first race was at Tallinn which is on the Baltic Coast and capital of Estonia. All the other competitors had arrived and were at Tallinn that day, practising, so the officials of the Central Auto Club in Moscow flew me to Tallinn that evening. The van was unloaded and bikes and spares put on the freight train to Tallinn, arriving at 11 a.m. on the Saturday morning. At Tallinn I was booked into the Palace Hotel, the biggest and best in town, and, at breakfast, I met up with the only other British rider competing, Tom Jackson.

On Saturday morning, whilst waiting for my bikes to arrive, I borrowed a bike and spent my time trying to learn the six mile, tree-lined, half-park and half-town circuit. It had many hazards apart from the trees ; one bend in particular, a sharp right hander which would cause 'bike and rider to fly through the air and into the river below, if they were on the wrong line ! My bikes arrived ; not quite sound, but at least rideable. A little damage had occurred in transit and the Organisers paid for this very generously.

At 4.30 p.m. the opening ceremony began with the parade of riders, with the English contingent leading. A crowd of approximately 100,000 people had gathered round the circuit for the first day's racing, which was to begin at 5 p.m. The Estonian people are very enthusiastic about their annual International road races. They seemed to make a point of really welcoming Tom Jackson and myself. The first race was the 250 c.c. event in which I managed to obtain 3rd place and Tom 4th place. After this race, Tom and myself spent the rest of the afternoon signing autographs and having interviews with gentlemen from the Press.

That evening was spent viewing Tallinn which is very old and still maintains its ancient buildings ; many left by the

various invaders of the country. Walking through its streets, one could quite easily be in Paris, then perhaps London, its environment changes much. It never became really dark in Tallinn and I later found that it was the time of the year when they celebrated their "light nights." The sun was still setting at 1 a.m. and it was light again two hours afterwards !

The next day racing started at 12 o'clock with the 125 c.c. event. The MZ team from East Germany were there in force and were obviously going to win. Fifteen laps of this bumpy circuit and I was glad to see the chequered flag, having finished in 9th position ; ahead, I'm pleased to say, of the Russian two-strokes. The 350 c.c. race followed, in which I was mounted on the Norton. On the grid were the Czechoslovakian factory Jaws and C.Z's. and, of course, the Russian C360's (a copy of the Jawa). This was a 20 lap event and, when I got the chequered flag, once again in 9th place, my petrol tank was completely empty (lucky me !).

After this came the closing ceremony when the prize winners were given their awards. Whilst standing in the queue for these, I was beginning to get concerned about the crowd which seemed intent on getting as close as possible to us. The Police had already summoned the help of the Army to form a barrier, but even they were unable to control the crowd. The prize-giving over, I was glad to get out of the heat and dust and away from the crowd, so I thought. Back at the paddock, I found that the crowd had gathered again, this time intent on obtaining autographs and, as is the custom in Russia, swopping lapel badges. As I had no lapel badges to give them, they gave me theirs and seemed happy with my autograph. I hate to think of the things I've signed for in Russia !!

The weekend's racing was concluded by a banquet which continued in to the early hours of the next day with everyone full of vodka and champagne (what a horrible mixture !).

The next day was spent sightseeing and shopping in the town's biggest departmental store. This store was like many others in Russia and took the form of a huge, covered-in market, four storey's high. One can buy practically anything in these places, if one can get to the counter ; they always seem to be packed out with bustling shoppers. After looking round the various shops and stores, I

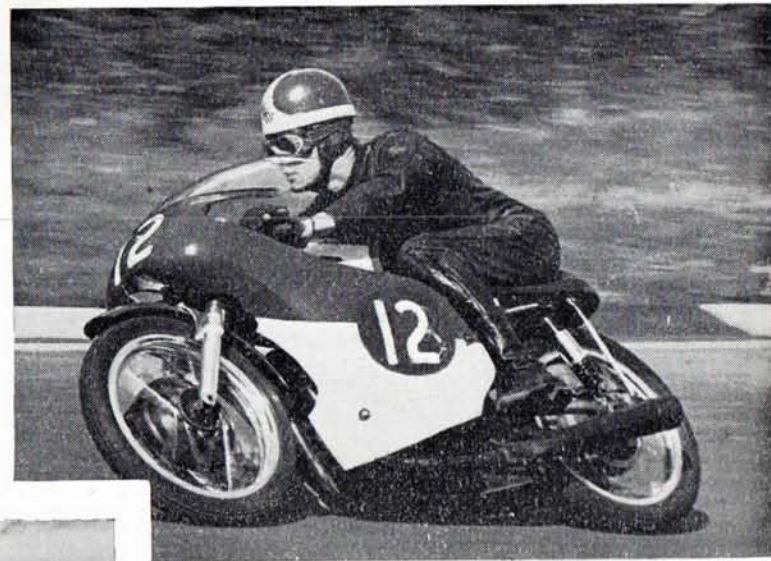


C. R. Burton takes his G50 Matchless neatly through the first part of the Esses at the June Snetterton meeting.
(photo : Brian Curtis)

He can usually be seen trying hard ; sometimes a little too hard ! Dave Strickland and his 350 Norton at Brands.
(photo : Brian Curtis)

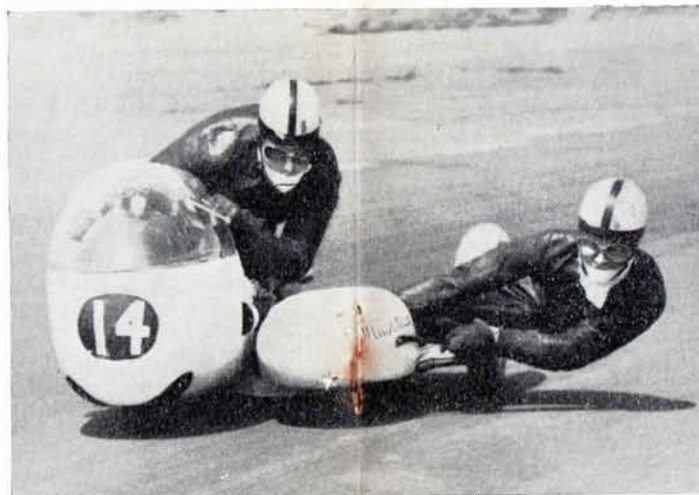


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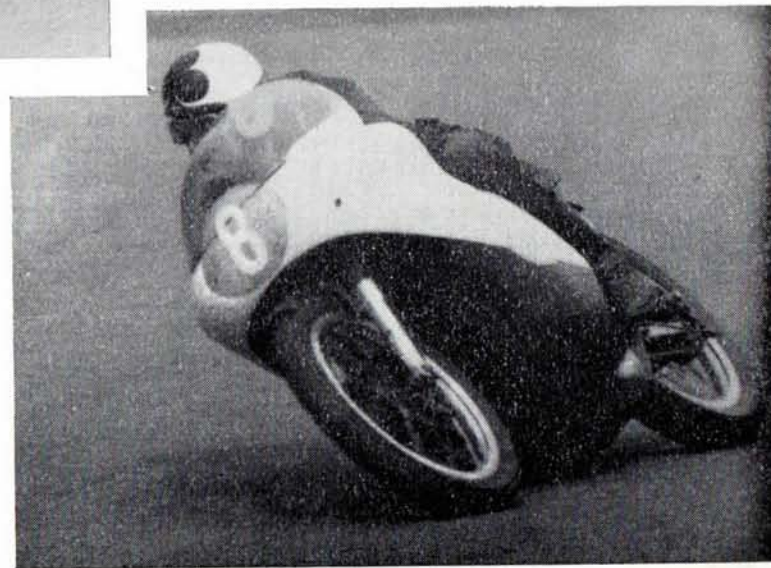


This marvellous Brands shot shows Jim Russell cornering the 'difficult' 249 c.c. desmodromic twin cylinder Ducati.
(photo : John Stoddart)

Another hard trier—this time one from Sweden. Sven-Olov Gunnarsson with his 350 Norton, Torsten Aggard tuned and with one of his 5 speed 'boxes.
(photo : Brian Curtis)



At the May Snetterton meeting Tony Wakefield and Geoff Milton had their first win on the ex-Harris B.M.W. outfit.
Here they take the Esses.
(photo : Brian Curtis)



found that, generally, goods were expensive, especially clothes. For example, a pair of women's stiletto heeled shoes cost approximately £20. The majority of Russian women do not use cosmetics because of the high prices and, for the same reason, are not well dressed.

After this rest at Tallinn, all the competitors moved down the Baltic Coast to Riga, the capital of Latvia. This town is not quite so old and picturesque as Tallinn, but still has much history attached to its very ancient buildings. The beach at Riga is famous in Russia for its miles of sand (similar to Camber Sands) and is, therefore, quite a popular holiday resort.

The events at Riga were very similar to those at Tallinn except that the circuit was shorter in length, i.e. 4 miles, and was in a park. The crowds throughout the weekend's racing numbered approximately 250,000 and the enthusiasm was just as great. Unfortunately, I slid off my 125 c.c. Ducati in the light-weight class, whilst lying 3rd, but remounted the dirt-covered machine and finished 11th. In the 250 c.c. event I retired with a broken throttle cable and managed a 7th place in the 350 c.c. race. The opening and closing ceremonies followed the same pattern as at Tallinn but the farewell banquet was even more hectic.

The next day we flew from Riga back to Moscow, where it was absolutely teeming down with rain (accused of bringing English weather with me). That evening we looked around Moscow and found that a sight well worth seeing was the Kremlin lit up by night. All the gold covered spires were illuminated and above these, shining a brilliant red, were the seven pointed stars. The roads in Moscow are very wide and I found it most confusing deciding where exactly to drive in safety. The following day I serviced the Bedford van and prepared it

for the long trek home but, before that, a last look round Moscow in daylight. It was still teeming with rain, but, crossing Red Square, I saw a mile long queue of people waiting to file silently past the tomb of Lenin in his Mausoleum. It was hard to believe that so many people (I was assured that the queue never ended) would stand, soaked to the skin, to pay homage to one man. Driving in Moscow is a matter of every man for himself—it's even worse than driving in Paris. The majority of vehicles on the roads seemed to be lorries; all being state owned and a dark green colour with huge numbers painted in white across their backs. I did my last tour of the shops, spending all my Roubles (one cannot take these out of the U.S.S.R.) on many items including a camera and tele-photo lens (very good quality), said my farewells to the officials in Moscow and set off for home.

100 kilometres from Brest my tubeless tyres on the rear gave up the ghost—one exploded and the other ran off the rim! My guide got a life into Brest, taking with him one wheel and I set about putting my spare wheel on. I then sat down to wait for my guide's return. Four hours later he returned with some willing helpers in another car with a new tyre and tube fitted to my wheel. The 'helpers' insisted on fitting the wheel and eventually we all set off for Brest. Here the Russians gave me another new tyre and tube and fitted it to my spare wheel and they also supplied me with 50 gallons of petrol to get home!

With these pleasant surprises and many happy memories of the previous 15 days, I left the U.S.S.R. determined that next year I will return again. I found the Russian people to be very friendly, helpful and hospitable and I would advise anyone who has the chance to see this vast country to do so because it is well worth while.

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GORDON PILL

We regret to have to record the untimely death at Castle Combe in July of Member Gordon Pill from Oxford following a crash in practice at that meeting.

We are greatly indebted to Colin Fenton, a close friend of Gordon's, for the following lines. We would take this opportunity of extending our deepest sympathy to Gordon's family upon their sad loss.

Colin writes that Gordon Pill started his racing at the beginning of last season

with a 350 Gold Star B.S.A. He had been to most of the short circuits in the course of his racing career since that time. He was typical of so many of those riders who never get into the limelight, but who derive a tremendous amount of fun out of the game. He was a big fellow for racing, but managed to reduce his weight by three stones in recent years. He used to comment that it wasn't much use lightening the 'bike, if he didn't lighten himself as well.

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I always seem to start off this feature with references to the weather. I doubt whether any nation such as ours or a section of its community as racing (or just ordinary) motor cyclists look so apprehensively at the skies and mutter things about the state of the clouds and such like. Anyhow in July, after the Brands 'do' on the 14th, I went to three successive meetings where it was not necessary to take one's waterproof combs. Miracles will never cease! Two of them were for four wheelers and the last was Snetterton which was graced by a day such as one longs for all the drab winter and so rarely gets. Our ten days of summer?

We are a motor cycle club I know, but I imagine a lot of us have some interest in the four wheelers. So I make no apology for touching upon the British Grand Prix and the succeeding club Silverstone meeting devoted to Vintage and post-Vintage thoroughbred motor cars. The Grand Prix meeting—I say 'meeting' because they had races for other sorts of vehicles as well as the G.P. bolides—was well worth going to. I must say the B.R.D.C. give excellent value for money at these affairs which is more than can be said about last year's event at Aintree. Actually there were four motor cycle racers, or ex-ones, in the G.P. John Surtees who coped, as it turned out fairly successfully, with the only Ferrari entered—a car neither as fast nor as good handling as, say, a Lotus 25—he was 2nd; Bob Anderson who finished 11th—he had a pit stop when attacked by cramp in his throttle foot—in his modified 1962 Lola-Climax V8; Mike Hailwood who was an excellent 8th in the Parnell Lotus-Climax 24—a drive, only his fifth in a racing car, notable for its good sense, steadiness and neatness; and the Swiss Joseph Siffert who had his own beautifully prepared Lotus-B.R.M. 24—he retired when lying 9th with none of the six speeds in his Colotti gearbox capable of being engaged (the motor was screaming its head off—in his next race a valve dropped in). Jo Siffert, incidentally, started off as Hans Haldemann's, the well known Swiss Norton sidecar pilote, passenger and then became a solo performer in his own right on a brace of Nortons. Subsequently he acquired a Lotus Junior, did well with it and began to get F.I. drives in a four cylinder Lotus

with the Ecurie Filipinetti. In addition, 'Paddy' Driver drove Tony Marsh's Lotus 22 in the F.J. race, but, though he finished, he wasn't well placed—the motor misfired most of the race. Quite a lot of two wheeled interest, you see!

To all who feel for things mechanical I suppose the meetings of the V.S.C.C., be they races, hill climbs or just concours d'elegance, are wonderful events to attend. It is quite true there were many bad, thoroughly bad, vehicles made in the older days. The same applies both to 'bikes and cars. But there were some which were good or which had something about them that makes them of great, or even supreme, interest. So, when you go to one of these meetings, you are certain of something intriguing to see. Admittedly the Boulogne Trophy meeting, as it is called, was not the most packed with admirable motor cars that I have been to but I think I'd go any distance to see an E.R.A. like Patrick Lindsay's (and being driven like it was) or the magnificent 1922 5.8 litre hill climb, and later Brooklands, Delage of Nigel Arnold-Foster. And there were four other E.R.A.'s, a six cylinder Maserati from 1936, sundry vast and thundering Bentleys, several beautifully preserved Bugattis and Alfa Romeos. Once in a while I find it pleasant to wallow in what has been.

Talking of cars prompts me to make a few comments on the subject of the expense of racing. I know it can be misleading to compare the finances of a racer of motor cycles and those of a racer of cars; of course, some cars are more expensive to race than others, something which is not so much applicable to two wheelers. When I hear talk of the expense of motor cycle racing, I can agree up to a point. But then I think of the expense of racing one of the current Grand Prix cars. Now I am perfectly well aware that the entrants of such devices may well receive more assistance from 'outside' sources. On the other hand, with the possible exception of one or two very special factory 'bikes, no 'bike can cost its owner, relatively speaking of course, as much as one of the current V8's in the car G.P. sphere. All right most of them are factory owned, but the factories concerned are small ones. I mentioned the Swiss Siffert above. He evidently owns

his Lotus-B.R.M. In two week-ends he suffered first a wrecked gearbox and then dropped a valve in. I have often wondered how a great many riders can possibly afford to run the machinery they do. I wonder even more how most of the car G.P. people can go on at the rate they do. Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying that you've never had it so good (silly phrase, really—emanated from a politician I believe). Plainly you haven't. But the G.P. car folk are in the same boat, perhaps more so.

I thought the July Snetterton was a good meeting. Once again all the solo finals produced a different winner. Some day I really will have to make the effort and go and watch at Snetterton at some place other than the Esses. Still, it is the best there, I guess. I thought Joe Dunphy, Lewis Young and Selwyn Griffiths were outstanding at this point; a reference to the results will show that these three riders were virtually supreme in the two big solo classes, though Peter Darvill was a fine second in the 350's and Roger Hunter 4th. It's funny how some riders seem to go better at some circuits than others—a matter of personal like or dislike, I imagine. Thus, for example, you usually see Lewis Young going excellently well at Snetterton; and so does Darvill. Yet other riders seem to take circuits as they come and do well at all of them. The Snetterton lap records have stayed put for a long time, thanks to Mike Hailwood turning up one Easter with a couple of M.V.'s. Still Dave Simmonds got pretty near the 125 (also held by Mike with a desmo. Ducati twin) and this will probably be the first to go. Tom Phillips did 93.63 m.p.h. on the Dunstall Norton twin (to Hailwood's 96.21) in his heat. Unfortunately it broke on the second lap of the final. Joe did 90.33 in the 350 final as against a record of 92.55 which is closer, but then the disparity in performance between the 350 M.V. and a good 7R or Manx was never as great as the 500's. Incidentally, talking of Snetterton lap records I hear that at the Bantam club's meeting on July 20th John Bowman lopped two fifths of a second off his own production machine time. For once, and not nice to see, a number of 'shunts' occurred at the Esses. There was a bit of a whatsit in one 350 heat when four or five runners fell and then, later on, Cyril Jones did a copybook spill from which he appeared to emerge scatheless.

Now left for Australia is Bob Harrison, late of Luton. Bob raced a very well turned out 500 Norton in the Manx and other mainland races. He actually began his racing quite a while ago with a 'garden gate' Norton. Another Member who has changed his domicile and sends his regards to Members of the Surrey/Sussex group is E. H. B. Whittles, now of Bradford. He comments, somewhat ruefully I feel, that there are not the events up there, though he has got to Oulton, Scarborough and Cadwell (well, you know they are three of the best circuits we have). His plea for Sunday meetings I endorse; alas, it ain't always possible. Via his brother-in-law Alec Kimber, he who emigrated to Australia last year and who used to ride a 250 Norton, has sent me the programme for the Bathurst T.T. meeting held on Easter Sunday over the Mount Panorama course (New South Wales). The machines read much the same as an English meeting, but the entry list is minute compared with the 200 or 300 names you read in the average British programme. In the 125 race, to take an example, Hondas predominate (mostly converted roadsters, I take it), but there was a Mondial, two M.V.'s, some specials and seven Bantams (Australian Bantams are quick, or at least some of them are). One thing interested me a lot. Two production machine races were included; one for for up to 250's and the other for the big bangers. The former consisted of singleton NSU, B.S.A. Adler, four Yamahas and the rest Hondas and the latter featured a good variety of the British sportsters (even a Vinnie and two Ariel Huntmasters) together with three B.M.W.'s. Alec also sent me a copy of George Lynn's 'Motor Cycle and Scooter News.' Does £750—Aussie ones, remember—seem a lot to you for a seemingly well raced Norton/Vincent outfit? Another Member who will soon be leaving for 'far away places' is Paul Truscott from East Barnet. He is the 'P' in R.P.M. Autos (Rowley (Ford), Paul (Truscott), Mike (Dixon)). He is going to California where his sister now lives. Bad luck indeed on Ken Inwood having his new 350 Manx stolen. I would personally like to shoot the b..... who took it. I think it's about the lowest of the low. I hope Ken gets it back and I hope Members will keep an eye open for it (see end of mag.).

I enjoyed the 'Palace, though I must
(continued on page 156)

(With acknowledgments to the Editor of the T.T. Special)

Grey mists swim before my eyes, gradually materialising into a high ceiling and white walls with red blotches and stars in orbit . . . Gosh, my head! I feel for it, and find a mass of bandages in the midst of which something throbs where my nose should be . . .

The numbers '1' and '6' come and go . . . 16 . . . that was it. Number 16—my 'pet stooge' for that particular meeting. What was his name? Charlie . . . Charlie Heap; that was the chap. I'd thought up the funniest wisecracks about him; and the crowd had roared with laughter at each successive sally over the P.A.—"Here, at last, is sweet 16; ah well, we all learnt to ride at 16" . . . "or is that the age of the bike?" And later . . . "He's riding like a Charlie, too" . . . "the bike's a bit of a 'heap' by the look of it" and so on. The spectators loved it.

And then . . . heavy footsteps on the ladder leading to the P.A. cabin . . . the door crashed open . . . six feet three and fourteen stone of black leather . . . and I can't remember anything after that.

Though I says it as shouldn't, I've a pretty good memory. I can remember most of the previous performances, lap record and such-like—well, near enough anyway. And what you can't remember you can always flannel round. All you need is a good flow of patter. And a ready wit. But some folk don't seem to have any sense of humour . . . Ouch! My head!

No, I'm not one of those bookish commentators who have to keep masses of notes and records. Some of 'em fuss around the paddock for hours before the races. Daft—the riders are too busy to bother with you anyway. I can always pick up some scraps in the bar—and maybe some free drinks too . . . "Give

us a mention, old man!"

And a! this mugging up of the programme beforehand. Waste of time. I know 'em when I see 'em. They've all got distinctive styles. Hailwood always sticks his knee out. So does Duff. Or is it Driver? One of those "Australians" anyway. You only need to say who the first three are on every lap and fill in the rest of the time with blab about the weather and the crowd; and that couple in the cornfield you can see through your binoculars! And all those messages about Bill meeting Tom; and the Hogs-well Club losing Harry with the lunches; and the lost ignition keys—I always announce those very clearly; and, of course, plenty of funny stuff about the lines some of the rabbits take round the bends, just to keep the customers amused. ("Round the bend"—ha! that's subtle! I'll use that next time). Musn't forget the results, too—and it's not my fault if the bikes are warming up on the grid just when I give out the official placings of the last race but three.

Mind you, if that . . . ! Club Secretary had sent me an advance copy of the entry list, I might have had the time to glance at it beforehand. But it's not really so important when you're a 'natural' with the microphone. Off-the-cuff—that's the drill.

It was a lousy mike at that meeting, anyway; and the loudspeakers were all distorted. And no-one sent up any tea. Nor any programme alterations. Well, how was I to know that Redman always rides a Honda now? I get him mixed up with Read sometimes.

The whole meeting was a flop actually. If it hadn't been for that clown Charlie Heap. Well, it was a heap . . . ouch! my nose!

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,

The 1,000 kms. production race should be dropped. It seems that there is no enthusiasm among the manufacturers. Also, it can only cater for about 70 riders at the most.

I think that it should be replaced by

another closed-to-Club meeting, at Oulton or Mallory. 300 riders could ride at such a meeting.

Yours & etc.,

Hugh O'Neill

Dublin,
Eire.

BOOK REVIEW — 'THE ART OF MOTOR CYCLE RACING'

Some months ago I was asked, I wasn't quite sure why, by Murray Walker if I would read the proofs of a book Mike Hailwood and he were writing about racing. I said I would if it would be of any help. It really was most fascinating. The finished volume has now been published and very well worth getting.

Now the purpose of this review is not to tell you what it is all about. Suffice it to say that what Mike and Murray have set out to do is to provide the lad starting out on a racing career with the basis of what he wants to know. Obviously some of the information given—I have rarely read a book which packs so much useful 'gen' into such a relatively few pages—is based on personal preference. But one has to remember that Mike is now one of the very greatest riders in the world, he has been racing continually for six years, and I do mean continually, and he has ridden more different types of machine than any other top line rider ever, with the possible exception of Stanley Woods. So it follows that his opinion on one facet or another of his chosen profession and sport is worth paying a hell of a lot of attention to.

Everything that a newcomer should want to know is covered—choice of machine, clothing, riding, circuits, road conditions, how to enter etc. and etc. As far as I could see, nothing was left out. There is also a fascinating chapter on the bikes that Mike has ridden in his career to date. Being historically minded I think those pages intrigued me most. But the real purpose of the book is to try and smooth out the way for the less experienced and the newcomers. Come to think of it, I reckon some of the not-so-newcomers would do very well to read it carefully!

I do not honestly think I can offer any constructive criticism. I myself could have read pages and pages more like it. But, obviously, readability would then suffer. I found one or two little points when reading the proofs, but they were of small moment. I would say this is a 'must' for any budding racer. But do not run away with the idea that you just have to read 'The Art of Motor Cycle Racing' and start riding like Mike Hailwood. As the authors quite clearly maintain the personal will to have a 'go' has to be there. W.G.T.

(continued from page 154)

admit I did at one time have some thought about going to see the hairy motors at B.H. I'm glad I didn't. Les Clifford and I shared the talking machinery (Lordy, how hot those boxes of ours get!) I thought one of the most splendid things that happened was Alan Pavey's fine second place in the 250 race. His NSU must be at least seven years old by my calculations. And there can be no doubt that Joe Dunphy is a very, very fine rider. He must be well placed indeed

in the Road Racing Stars. The A.C.U. seem tardy in getting out up-to-date lists. The list I had at the 'Palace (5th August) told of the position on 22nd June! It's nice to see some of the older bicycles, but does the Vintage race really prove anything? I've often wondered. I'm glad we have it; we get a 'full house' now, of course. But am I being unduly purist when I jib at Scott/Nortons or Cotton/Nortons? Still, the V.M.C.C. accept them and you can be sure they didn't do it on the spur of the moment.

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EXTRACTS OF THE SECOND MEETING OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE

Held in Room 15, Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1, on
Monday, 10th June 1963, commencing at 6.40 p.m.

There were present:—Mr. D. Bates, Mr. L. S. Cheeseright, Mr. G. C. Cobbold, Mr. H. L. Daniell, Mr. A. L. Huxley, Mr. A. F. Mills, Mr. W. E. Rose, I. F. Telfer, Mr. W. G. Tremlett, Mr. R. C. Walker.

In attendance:—Mr. A. C. Smith, Secretary.

Apologies were received from: Mr. D. J. H. Glover.

In the Chair: Mr. L. S. Cheeseright.

1. Minutes of the first meeting were agreed and signed.

2. Matters Arising.

(a) Premium Bonds. The Secretary informed the Meeting that a corporate body was not entitled to hold premium bonds. It was agreed that no further action should be taken on this matter.

(b) Letter from Mr. G. Hadfield. The Secretary informed the Meeting that the contents of Mr. Hadfield's letter regarding tetanus injections had been passed on to the delegates to the A.C.U. and the F.I.M., but no reply had been received yet.

(c) Brighton Sprint. The results for this meeting were discussed and it was agreed that this year the results should be obtained immediately after the event. Mr. Bates made suggestions regarding the publication of times and alteration of commentary points which it was agreed to pass on to the organisers.

(d) Circuit Stickers. The Secretary informed the Meeting that he had designed a different circuit sticker for the Norwich Trophy Meeting and gave details of the design. These were noted.

(e) Programme Sellers in the Paddock. It was agreed that a large poster be displayed on Mr. Cheeseright's car in the paddock area announcing that official programmes were on sale from this point.

(f) Police Escort for Cash at the Hutchinson 100. Mr. Mills informed the Committee that a police escort was used to convey the cash from the circuit to the bank during the Hutchinson 100 Meeting.

(g) Public Relations Officer. This matter had been referred to the Board who had not yet had a meeting.

3. BEMSEE 1000 Kilometre

The 1000 km. production run on 18th May was then discussed by the Committee. Mr. Walker said that whilst this

event was not a satisfactory one from the financial angle, he felt that it should be continued at Oulton Park if it was not possible to run any other kind of meeting, always providing that the Club did not lose on running it. Mr. Tremlett said that this was not fair on Members who were unable to compete owing to the lack of machines and licences. Out of the sixty riders who took part, very few were in fact members of the Club. Mr. Huxley said that the biggest complaint came from people who would like to have entered but found the entry fees were too high, particularly the trade entry fee. Mr. Walker explained that the entry fees were fixed before any form of sponsorship was agreed and Trade entries had been hoped for. The Secretary then gave the views of several entrants and drivers who felt that a series of heats and a final should be run at future meetings. This would enable more riders and machines to take part and prove more interesting from the spectator point of view. It was generally felt that a meeting should be called between entrants, riders, organisers of production machines races and members of the manufacturers to discuss the future of this type of event and to agree upon the best way of running a production machine race which will be both interesting from spectators' point of view and from the riders'. After discussion it was agreed that recommendation be made to the Board of Directors that a meeting be called between all interested parties.

4. 1963 Annual Dinner.

The Secretary asked if a dinner Sub-Committee could be appointed in order to commence arrangements for the 1963 Annual Dinner. After discussion it was agreed that the dinner Sub-Committee should consist of Mr. Cheeseright, Mr. Rose and Mr. Telfer together with the Secretary.

5. Election of New Members.

Members numbers 4709-4736 inclusive, a total of 28 new members were elected. The question of total number of members and the breakdown of members was then discussed by the Committee and the Secretary was asked to provide a complete breakdown of members and subscriptions to be circulated to the Board of Directors by the next meeting.

The question of completing the new membership record system was discussed and it was agreed that members of the Committee would assist the Secretary in getting the system completed ready for next year.

6. Guinness Trophy Meeting.

Mr. Tremlett gave details of the meeting between members of the Board of Directors and the Brands Hatch Circuits Ltd., at which it was agreed that the Guinness Trophy Meeting should be a national meeting. This was noted.

7. Long Marston Sprint.

The Secretary informed the Committee that he had not received sufficient entries at the present moment for this event. After discussion it was agreed that the Secretary should contact all last year's riders and all applicants who had applied for regulations and not yet returned them and the entries should be held open for another week.

8. Any Other Business

Metropolitan Meeting.

Mr. Tremlett stated that entries in the 350 c.c. class were dropping off rapidly whilst all other classes were quickly filled. The unlimited and the 250 c.c. class were extremely popular and he felt that consideration must be given next year to more 250 c.c. races in the programme and that a general revision of the programme for all races should be considered. These remarks were noted.

Mr. Huxley then raised the question of judging for certain awards and said that some of the rules were so loose that it was almost impossible to judge accurately the winners of these awards. He asked if some contact could be made with the donors of these awards to see if the trophies could be awarded in a different manner. It was agreed that this could be done during the closed season.

There being no further business to discuss, the date of the next meeting was fixed for the 10th July and the meeting closed at 8.15 p.m.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

By arrangement with the circuit owners the Guinness Trophy meeting at Snetterton on Sunday, October 6th, will be a National meeting. The meeting will thus revert to its original status. Amongst other things this has posed the Committee a problem in regard to admission to the meeting by means of the membership card. This will not now

be possible. However, free admission will be possible if those Members, repeat Members, who wish to attend the meeting, and who are not riding or helping with the organisation in any way, write to the Secretary and advise him that they wish to go. All such applications should be made to Kingston not later than 14th September.



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Ex-works 125 c.c. Grand Prix double o.h.c. Ducati; ready to race; spare barrel, head, pistons, valves, sprockets etc.—£350.

250 c.c. desmo. Ducati twin—what offers?

125 c.c. Honda production racer; used few times only. Phone Jim Russell at TOWNLEY 6273.

Mondial 125 c.c. d.o.h.c.; in Reynolds frame; motor rebuilt; red and polished alloy finish—immaculate; 'bike has good history; full details and tuning data; new spares worth £70 included in price of £150. G. Lund, 4 Pinkwell Lane, Hayes, Middlesex.

Immaculately prepared 125 c.c. Montesa; machine recently rebuilt as new; 100% reliable and fast; has 3rd, 4th and 5th placings and always in first twelve—£170. Syd Williams, 3 Stanhope Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17. (Tel: COP-perrill 6237 after 6 p.m.).

1961 350 c.c. Manx Norton prepared by Beart and not yet run-in; new valves, big end and piston; sprockets and fairing—£350. E. J. Grisley, 41, Farm Way, Worcester Park, Surrey. (Tel: DERwent 4922).

350 c.c. Manx Norton; 11th finisher in Junior T.T. this year; basically 1958, but now much modified; late type piston, coil valve springs, large bore carburettor, Oldani front brake, Mk. 3 Peel fairing, 3 and 5 gallon tanks, sprockets and spares—nearest £270 for quick sale or exchange for car. D. Watson, 52 Demesne Road, Whalley Range, Manchester 16.

1956/7 500 c.c. Manx Norton; professionally maintained regardless of cost; many late parts; very little used—£175 or exchange for very good Norton, B.M.W., Velocette or Vincent road

machine. D. Scott, 63 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5.

1961 Nortri; 498 c.c. Triumph engine in Manx; 5 gallon tank, magnetic rev. counter etc.—£160 o.n.o. Ron Carter, 8 Maendy Place, West Pontnewydd, Cwmbran, Mon.

Ex-Hailwood NSU Sportmax; completely rebuilt this year with new con. rod, barrel, piston, camshaft, in fact everything; numerous spares and complete range of sprockets; this 'bike is as quick as the average Aermacchi, but repair bill far lower—£265 o.n.o. H.P. can be arranged. Alan Stanton, 13 Windmill Lane, Deptford, London, S.E.8.

Production racer 692 c.c. Royal Enfield; equipped with every racing extra; new motor fitted 1961; mechanically in 'racing condition' throughout; new Avons—just fitted; spares include cylinder heads, pistons, camshafts etc.—bring a lorry; machine seldom unplaced in last four years; still competitive and clocks 120 m.p.h. down the Norwich straight; good reason for sale; offers, including the £20 worth of spares haggling to start at £99 19s. 11½d. Ray Knight, 12, Subrosa, Battlebridge Lane, Merstham, Surrey.

Road Machines

August 1962 Triumph T110; 12,000 miles; in very good condition and maintained regardless of cost—£185 o.n.o. Ron Carter, 8 Maendy Place, West Pontnewydd, Cwmbran, Mon.

Spare Parts, etc.

350 Manx Norton motor 1960 complete with new 1 5/16th in. G.P. carb. and twin spark magneto and head; ex-'Ginger' Payne—£150. Clive Wayne, 12, Turpin's Close, Oaklands, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

Racing spares for Honda CB7; including sprockets, brake linings, clip-ons, etc.—£15 the lot. A. C. Hale, 229 Wren's Park House, Warwick Grove, Upper Clapton, London, E.5.

3.00 x 21 in. Avon Speedmaster and tube and 3.25 x 20 in. Avon new Supreme—offers. Tim Miles, 47 Portland Street, Cheltenham Spa, Glos.

700 c.c. Meteor engine/gearbox unit complete; reliable; log book—£6. Craven luggage carrier—10/-. Avon touring fairing with light unit and rim—£1. S. G. Hancock, 50 Spinning Wheel Mead, Harlow, Essex.

Montesa spares; practically everything from keys to crankshafts; state requirements; also small quantity special racing parts including special barrel and liner, exhaust system and 27 m/m Dell 'Orto carb. Les Griffiths, 294 Badminton Road, Downend, Bristol.

1958 T100 less engine; alloy rims, racing Avons and Girlings—£30 the lot or will split. Ron Carter, 8 Maendy Place, West Pontnewydd, Cwmbran, Mon.

For 650 A.M.C.'s. silencers, camshafts, standard 8.5; Ipiston and rings, gudgeon pin, oil tank panels, front engine plates, tank badges, steel rims and other bits; 650 Triumph con. rod (plain type) and gudgeon pin; ex-racing tyres 3.00 and 3.50 x 19 in.; 3.50 x 19 in. sidecar tyre; 6v regulator (new) and Lucas dynamo—no reasonable offers refused (due to clear out). D. V. Doyle, c/o Mrs. Anderson, 228 Walm Lane, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

1959 350 c.c. Manx Norton engine; almost unused—£125. Manx gearbox complete with clutch—£40. Phone Jim Russell at TOWNley 6273.

One Norton 79 m/m standard piston; brand new with rings, circlips and gudgeon pin (Hepolite); suitable for Inter or ES.2—35/-. P. A. Edwards, 132 Kensington Ave., Manor Park, London, E.12.

Clothing

New Lewis one piece horsehide leathers; 40 in. chest; cost £25, accept £18. Zip-back boots; size 9½—£2. A.C.U. stamp Super-Jet helmets; one size 7½ and v.g.c.—£2 and other new size 6¾—£2 10s. Zip racing gloves—10/-. Short racing gloves—10/-. Curved lens racing goggles—10/-. Belstaff Trialmaster jacket; 40 in. chest—15/-. Short leather trial boots; size 6—£1. S. G. Hancock, 50 Spinning Wheel Mead, Harlow, Essex.

One piece black racing leathers; excellent condition; 5 ft. 10 in. and 38 in. chest—£12 10s. Size 9 zip-back racing boots; brand new—£2 10s. Please write; will post or deliver in London area. J. F. Blount, 25 Dilston Road, Leatherhead, Surrey.

WANTED

Machines

New or used Greeves Silverstone. G. Lund, 4 Pinkwell Lane, Hayes, Middx.

Post-1960 Tiger Cub in standard and/or production racing trim; reasonable price according to condition, or exchange for racing 50 c.c. Maseritom. D. V. Doyle, c/o Mrs. Anderson, 228 Walm Lane, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Spare Parts, etc.

19 in. alloy rims; two front and one rear. Tim Miles, 47 Portland Street, Cheltenham Spa, Glos.

Racing rear tyre, 3.25 or 3.50 x 20 in. for Vintage racing machine. F. P. Heath, 31 Saintbury Road, Glenfield, Leicester.

MACHINE STOLEN

Ken Inwood has had his 1963 350 c.c. Manx Norton, engine/frame number JMS 1 1028/10/12, stolen. If anyone comes across this machine or any part of it, they should get hold of the nearest policeman or police station pronto. Ken would naturally be very grateful if Members would keep a weather eye open for the machine.

EDITORIAL

A new Editor for 1964 and thereafter. See page 141.



Now — a new flashing indicator set for motor cycles. Fully automatic, all electric. Four attractively styled indicator lamps with accurately moulded amber lenses. Two for crash bar mounting and two for rear number plate mounting. Three position, handle-bar control switch, flasher unit with spring mounting, tell-tale warning light which gives indication of correct working of flasher lamps, snap connectors, bullet terminals, etc.

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