



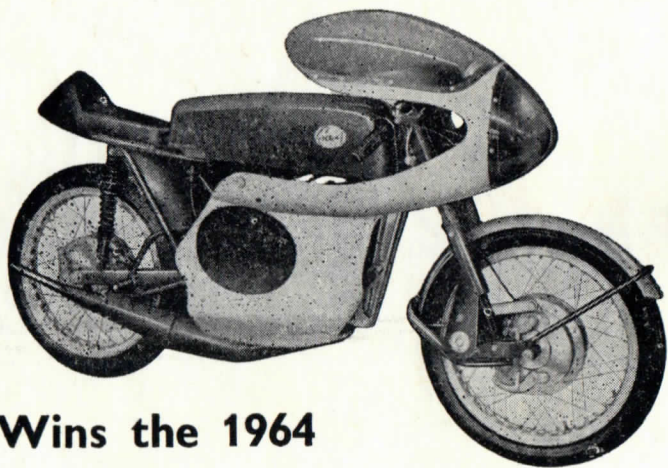
**HAROLD  
DANIELL**





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For a man to become a legend in his own lifetime he has to do something remarkably well and continue to do it. There are few who one can say were legendary, but Harold Daniell was one of these. He made history and he succeeded history. He made records and he broke records, more often than not his own. But to look at him one would never think that he did anything more active than play chess; even in his early years he tended to be broad, without being fat which, combined with his lack of height and spectacles, perhaps made one discount him as anything like serious opposition. But serious opposition he was in more ways than one.

Harold was a quiet man, enjoyed conversation and never was one to refuse a drink. He was going prematurely bald 'on top' but this was contributed to by the total length of time a helmet was on his head rather than off it. Certainly as Harold commenced putting one on in 1925 and didn't really take it off until 1951 one could expect little else. He was also a firm believer that one had to be fit physically as well as mentally and it was for this reason that he used to actively take off the 'overload' at a gymnasium, particularly after Christmas festivities. He grew up the hard way in the years when racing was hard and tough and when even the ultimate success meant little in the pocket. These were the years when racing really meant what the word implied . . . but let us go back to the beginning.

Harold was born on October 20th, 1909, the youngest of a family of four, two brothers—Ron and Frank—and a sister Claire who was later to marry Steve Lancefield with whom he was to associate more closely in his racing career. In his early years he just grew up as any other child of the times and had little idea of when he first took an interest in motor cycles. But, like most of us, the attraction of speed caught up with him as a schoolboy of fifteen

which was, admittedly, helped by the fact that his father ran a big-twin A.J.S. on which he used to 'have a go' from time to time until a machine of his own came his way—a 1925 Model 18 Norton. In his own words he "Got done a few times" by the local Constabulary. This probably made him take a more active interest in what was going on around him and his first competitive event was a hill climb which he entered purely on the spur of the moment and in which he won his class. Of course, this now set the seal for the future and, although he didn't know it at the time, his simple start was to lead to great achievements. Harold Lewis Daniell was on his way.

1928 came and with it Crystal Palace opened up with road racing—if it could be called that at the time. The early days of Crystal Palace were nothing like they are today. Just narrow Tarmacadam paths down which a sidecar would have difficulty in passing these days. Gordon Cobbold, later to become a close friend of Harold, and a fellow Director, recalls that Crystal Palace at that time had two tracks—one dirt and one 'road' and that the so-called road circuit was little better than the dirt track on which he used to race. Nortons predominated Harold's life, although he did sample one or two other marques during his career. His second machine was again a Norton, a 1929 Model 18 which he prepared and tuned himself. He was at that time studying motor engineering at Chelsea so, even in those days, he was more than an amateur at the art of machine preparation. In later years I can recall a scene in Harold's shop at Forest Hill. Two leather clad 'speed-merchants' had come in to buy some bits and pieces and were discussing tuning. From the idiotic remarks made Harold ventured to give some advice but was promptly asked "what the hell do you know about it?" Little did they know. Typical as ever when confronted with a situation which he could

really do little about, he just shrugged and walked off—but he sold them their useless tuning bits just the same!

Despite the fact that the Model 18 was hardly the best choice for racing, he won the 1929 Crystal Palace Championship, setting up the lap record in the process. By this time the T.T. in the Isle of Man had been running seventeen years and the names of the times were now Charlie Dodson, Alec Bennett, Freddie Dixon and a chap by the name of Longman who had earlier won the first Hutchinson 100 at Brooklands in 1925. Little wonder therefore that another ambition was born—to ride in the Isle of Man. 1930 therefore came and with the purchase of a CSI Norton, for which racing optional extras were readily available, he entered the Manx G.P. 1929 had seen the last of the Amateur T.T.'s and with the relaxation in the rules which barred members of the trade he could now enter. This is one theory why Harold never rode in the Island before 1930. As Harold was only a mechanic at the time it is doubtful if this is the reason for it wasn't until 1933, or thereabouts, that he went into business with his brother Ron in a garage on Anerley Hill, next door to the Crystal Palace. It was more likely that Harold had never really thought of entering until 1930.

A part of Harold's business at this time was sub-contract work from Indians, including work on the '4' in line.

One might say that 1930 was the start of a long chain of events which lead him to the top. If nothing else it certainly inspired Harold's ambitions. In the words of Dennis May "Harold's first two years in the Island were certainly not impressive." This is not to be wondered at for the oft-quoted 'luck' was not with him on either occasion. On the CSI in 1930 he split a petrol tank on the first lap and in the Senior race the following year his rear wheel spindle went within five miles of the start. All this, not to mention the practice troubles which meant a complete rebuild after a con-rod went through the crankcase doing, at

the same time, considerable exterior damage in its flight. In 1931 Harold also rode a 350 Excelsior for the first time but with little success. He again retired.

1932 came with meetings at Syston Park and Donnington Park and success for Harold as a short circuit racer. It was in these days that cash prizes were offered towards the cost of the Manx G.P. and little wonder therefore that riders who wanted to compete in the Manx provided the vast bulk of the entry. Even so, compared with present day standards, this was only in the region of £20. But the competition was fierce. Chief opposition to Harold came from another Norton mounted rider—Maurice Cann. While Donnington Park was in existence he notched no less than fifteen wins and ultimately held the lap record which stands to this day. During his meetings at Syston and Donnington Park he had won sufficient money to be able to enter himself for the Manx Grand Prix again, his third attempt. Again for the Junior he used his push-rod Excelsior, a pre-runner of the subsequently famous B14, and finished with a silver replica in ninth position. In the Senior he finished second to Norman Gledhill who won on his Norton at 67.32 m.p.h. But 1933 provided the first real success of his career. He won the Senior Manx Grand Prix at an average speed of 76.98 m.p.h., nearly four miles per hour faster than the winner of the '32 Manx, but this was mostly due to the fact that the previous Manx was run in quite foul conditions. In the earlier months of the same year he had taken part in many meetings at Donnington Park. But of 1932 there is little in the history books.

As we have already mentioned, Harold's outstanding success in 1933 was his Manx win, the conclusion of 1932 however, saw his debut at a circuit he had never ridden at before—Brooklands. In fact at 5.20 p.m. on October 1st in the last race of the day. The results show in Ebblewhites own handwriting that rider number 5, H. L. Daniell, rode his 490 c.c. Norton to first place at a speed of 67.29 m.p.h. in

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engine seized at Kirkmichael, lost its edge and he finally ran out of fuel at the Gooseneck. His last race that year notched him another second in a Grand Prix when he finished behind Freddie Frith in the 350 c.c. class.

The advent of war now tangled the lives of many people, not the least of whose was Harold's. At the time Sir Malcolm Campbell (or was he just Malcolm at that time?) was running a rival campaign to recruit Military Police for the Territorial Army. His argument, which was published throughout the technical press, was "Why walk when you can ride!" Like many others, Harold applied for Major G. E. Sebag-Montefiore's corps but, unlike many others, was turned down with defective eyesight! I suppose to a certain extent this refusal to permit him to fight with the armed forces preserved him for even greater achievements when road racing revived after the war. At this time he had a motor cycle shop at Forest Hill near the old railway arch but war was war so he went and worked as an Aeronautical Inspector at Napier's where his expert knowledge in machine preparation proved him in good stead. After all, there were no motor cycles to be sold in any case, so the shop was closed down for good.

But before long (!) the war was over and racing resumed again in 1946. In fact the first meeting was at North Weald in Essex where Harold cleaned up both Junior and Senior races. There was no 1946 T.T. but there was a 1946 Manx which resumed the Island's activities after the war years. Harold re-opened his shop where it stands today in Dartmouth Road, a different site from before but still in Forest Hill. In 1947 he was back in the Island again as formidable an opposition as he had ever been. But the names were different—Bob Foster, Maurice Cann, Artie Bell, Peter Goodman, Bill Doran—these were but a few of the names that now provided the challenge.

Harold's 350 Norton packed up in the Junior race. In the Senior he achieved his second T.T. Victory but only just. His team mate Artie Bell was

only twenty two seconds behind, a close thing in those days. Harold's lap record remained intact, in fact it remained so until 1950.

During 1948 few things went right for Harold who had, until then, enjoyed a certain degree of good fortune. The year started well with an easy win at the Swiss Grand Prix on the 500 but the T.T. was not successful at all. He retired in both Junior and Senior events. Handling had deteriorated and the engines were completely off song. Both his machines were too slow to catch Freddie Frith and Bob Foster in the Junior and his team mate Artie Bell in the Senior despite having 'blown off' the new Porcupine A.J.S. ridden by Les Graham. Harold was all set for a second place when his primary chain broke, thus letting Bill Doran into second place and Jock Weddell into third. At least Nortons had again proved invincible.

By 1949 opposition was really beginning to stem from the A.J.S. team in the form of the Porcupines which, although fast, never handled as well as the Norton nor proved as reliable. However, as Harold admitted, "They were beginning to get a bloody nuisance!" This fact was later borne out by Les Graham winning the first 500 c.c. world championship on one. Add to this Gilera who returned after the war with air cooled, four cylinder machines. Their speed advantage was nullified by poor handling and lack of low speed torque but they were fast to improve upon the machines which Serafini had pioneered in 1939 and which Piero Taruffi smashed the one hour record on in 1937. The season began with a fantastic scrap between Freddie Frith and Harold during the North West 200. There was nothing in it as they both crossed the line but Harold was given the verdict as well as a clout with the finishing flag! One report suggests that they did an extra lap that year because the flag man got too excited and let them all go by! Come the T.T. and few pundits would put their money on a firm Norton victory. Both the Velo-cette and the A.J.S. had grown a

the 25 lap Mountain Handicap. By the commencement of 1933 Harold had acquired the handicappers respect and in March of that year he had entered for a number of races. Here we can start giving more facts and figures as they come within the realms of our own records, albeit a little tarnished with time. Brooklands in those days provided for a number of 'relaxations', the first of which, on March 25th, was the member's flying kilometre trials. Harold was fourth at 89.98 m.p.h. — 5th was a chap by the name of Jock West! I am afraid that here I become a little dazed myself, as the terms for some of the races leave big queries in my mind. Harold's second race at that meeting was another successful one—the five lap round-the-mountain all-comers handicap race (with obstacles!) He finished fourth. His third and last race that day was again on the old faithful Norton and he achieved second, his best performance of the day, beating Les Archer (Velocette) who raised the class B record to 67.80 m.p.h. Harold rode again in July without any conspicuous success, but in September, the 30th to be exact, he was second to Eric Fernihough on a 350 Norton in the Junior Mountain Championship. It would be wrong of us to dwell too much on Harold's successes at Brooklands to the detriment of those at other courses but these illustrations at least give some indication of the formidability of Harold in his early days.

By 1934 he had signed up with Mobiloil as a works rider—or shall we say he was signed up and was promised works machines! But, true to their promise A.J.S. produced a 500 c.c. over-head camshaft A.J.S. for him to ride. It blew up more often than not mainly because the flywheels were made of cast iron. Rebuilt with steel ones it finally stayed together although its success could never be termed as such. In 1934 Harold retired in the Junior and brought the Senior machine home to a ninth place. In 1935 he came eighth in the Junior and retired in the Senior. His only really significant success in 1936 was a win in

the Leinster 200. So, despite his newly found trade support, Harold's first two years with A.J.S. proved relatively unsuccessful. He had kept his own machines which he continued to ride at Donnington Park and Brooklands and enjoyed a relative amount of success on them.

As we mentioned earlier, Harold's future brother-in-law was to be Steve Lancefield who Harold met while both were riding at Brooklands. It was the successful liaison between the two that produced Harold's 1937 successes when he won every race he entered at Donnington, Brooklands and the Crystal Palace. During the year he had the distinction of winning both the Junior and Senior Brooklands Championships and both Junior and Senior Brooklands Grand Prix's, as well as the German Grand Prix in the 350 c.c. class. By '37 he was back on Nortons.

But to go back to '36. Matchless Motor Cycles had by now produced a monster of a machine which was in effect a super-charged four cylinder. It was in fact four single cylinder A.J.S. engines on a common crankshaft. This machine was the pre-runner to the later machine built in 1938 which suffered from overheating troubles and subsequently did not prove much of a success. In the words of John Griffith in his book of 'Historic Racing Motorcycles' the machine was termed a "temperamental monster." George Rowley was to join Harold in the 1936 T.T. neither of whom had much success, Harold retiring after five laps and George after six. Thus ended his short reign with A.M.C.

So, as we have already mentioned, 1937 saw him back on Nortons tuned by Steve Lancefield. At the conclusion of 1936 he did have his first go on a works Norton which was loaned to him by Joe Craig—the first of many such rides. It was the Ulster of that year, but cable trouble put him out of the race on the last lap.

In an endeavour not to bore the reader we will now skip mention of all but the most important short circuit successes and keep to the main title. Suffice it to say that 1937 proved most

successful. He finished fifth in both Senior and Junior events of that year on his by now elderly Nortons.

And so to another piece of history in the never-to-be forgotten saga of a great rider. Norton Motors Ltd. invited him to become a member of the works team which, at that time, was headed by Joe Craig. His first race was the Dutch T.T. at Assen but he missed the boat and arrived a day late. Joe Craig was a man who was never to be crossed as he prided himself on his team management. Therefore temperaments clashed and Harold, who until now had never been used to being dictated to, gave vent to his feelings when Joe refused to let him ride. However, somehow Harold managed to win the argument and qualified just in time. Needless to say he won, at 80.06 m.p.h. Next he won the German Grand Prix on a 350 where he was entered with 'Crasher' White. A tragedy marred an otherwise perfect meeting for here Jimmy Guthrie was killed a mile from the finish and with the race in his pocket. He fell on the last corner and died later with head injuries. (Incidentally, the Guthrie Memorial on the T.T. course marks the placed where he **retired** in his last T.T. race, the 1936 Senior—and it is reputed that on a clear day this spot can be seen from Scotland, Guthrie's habitat.)

1938! And again a place in the Norton team. But now it meant that Harold could no longer ride in private meetings on his own machines so his faithful Nortons were discarded. During practice for the Senior he fell just after Ballacraigne when he caught a wall with his footrest. Although he ended up in Nobles Hospital he was back again for the Junior race and finished fifth despite a first lap seizure. The Senior however was to make him renowned the world over for in winning his first ever T.T. he set up a new lap record of 91.00 m.p.h. (24 minutes 52.6 seconds) in a last lap dash to snatch the trophy from Stanley Woods who was riding a Velocette. Harold's average race speed for that race was 89.11 m.p.h. Freddie Frith was third. Harold later recalled that epic ride—

a ride which made history. He knew he had to ride with extreme caution as he had only completed four practice laps on the Senior machine most of his practice being done on the 350. The Norton responded instantly at the start and the first lap was completed without incident. Crossing the line he was in fourth position. On lap two he moved up to second, but never knew who was in the lead as he started far off in the back rows. At the conclusion of lap three he pulled in for fuel and oil (!) and received the news that Stanley Woods was leading, Freddie Frith was second and he was half a minute behind the leader. He rode himself and his machine as hard as he could from thence on and, as he started his third circuit, he was only three seconds adrift of Woods. He won of course, as the records show, and he afterwards wrote "I can fine no praise high enough for the Norton machine which ran faultlessly throughout the race and finished in such perfect condition." And so to a round of the Continental Circus where again he proved successful. At the Swiss Grand Prix he won both the Junior and Senior events but, as he put it himself, he was lucky to win the Senior as his machine was no match for the Gilera fours and it was only a puncture on the last lap that left Harold to get past one of them to win. In the German Grand Prix he was second. His last meeting that year was at Donnington Park in the Dunlop Jubilee meeting where Harold won the 350 event. He also had a lone crack at the ultimate course record which he attempted to wrest from the cars. Although he didn't succeed, he raised the two wheel record to 77.48 m.p.h. against a car record of just over 80 m.p.h.

Nortons did not race at all during 1939, but Harold managed to borrow the two works machines to enter himself. He did not repeat his previous years success but he achieved a second place in the Junior T.T. and set up the fastest lap at 85.05 m.p.h. Stanley Woods was mounted on a Moto Guzzi for the Senior race so Harold's normal quiet start went by the board. The

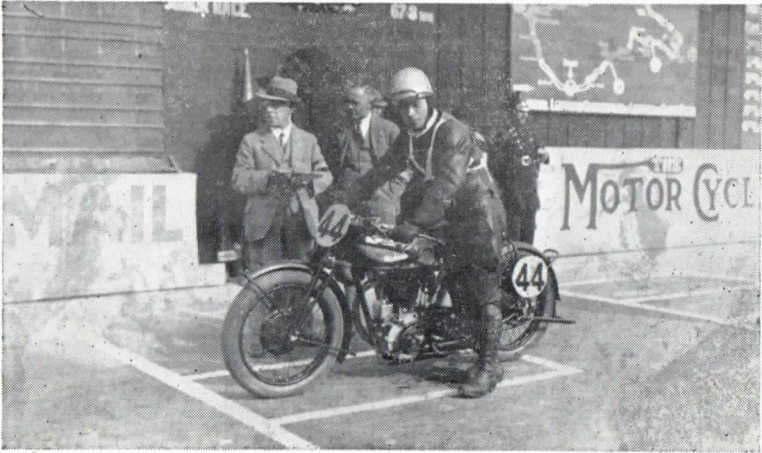


remarkably quick turn of speed and, as expected, Harold had to fight to keep his Norton on the leader board. The last lap failure of Doran's A.J.S. gave him a fourth place behind Frith, Ernie Lyons and Artie Bell. Bob Foster wheeled the big Guzzi to the line for the Senior T.T. that year. Also there was Les Graham and the might of the Porcupines. Perhaps of all T.T.'s the scrap during the opening laps of the race will live long in the memories of those who watched it. Les Graham lead the first lap. Graham, Ted Frend and Bob Foster were equal on the second and so on. But Frend fell off, Foster packed up with gearbox trouble and Graham's magneto armature sheared at Hillberry, two miles from the finish. His fourth Isle of Man victory. The reliability of the Norton had conquered the speed of the Porcupines. Second place went to fellow team member Johnny Lockett and Artie Bell was third. Harold was never satisfied with this win. It was not a case of false modesty but Harold could never satisfy himself with a win which was only achieved by someone else's failure. The win should have been Grahams and Harold was the first to say so. However in one respect 1949 was to be momentous for something else. Geoff Duke won the Clubman's Senior race. Harold joined the Board of Bemsee. The latter event was significant for Harold had been present at the reformation of the Club in March 1947 and had served as a Committee member until a Company was formed. He was Chairman of the same Board of Directors when he died — a record which I doubt will be equalled.

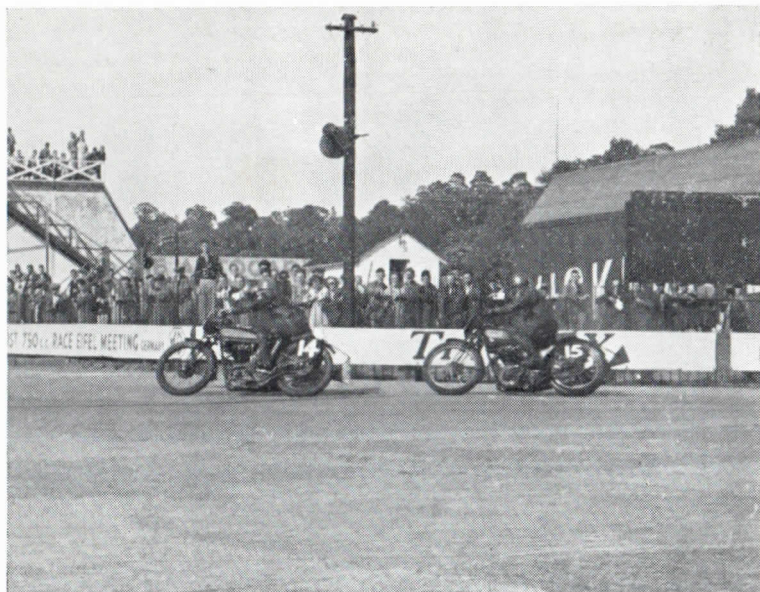
Despite another great win, Harold was nearing retirement particularly as the machines he was riding were getting a little old in the tooth. He competed in a few more Continental meetings where he was well placed but the old challenge of the Gilera fours began to make themselves felt. It is interesting to note that the 'fours' were a little in short supply, the spearhead of the Gilera attack coming from Nello Pagani, father of Alberto, backed up only by the single pushrod motors in

the hands of Massetti and one or two other Italians. Rex McCandless instilled some life into the Norton once more by assisting in the design of a frame which Harold was to nickname the 'featherbed', a name which he coined after having ridden a machine with one fitted for the first time. "Compared with the garden gate" he said, "It's like riding on a feather bed." This remark was made during a short speech at the prize-giving in the Villa Marina following the T.T. in 1949. The design was a success although now Harold was having to drop back a bit with the addition to the Norton team of Geoff Duke who, in 1950 relegated Harold to third place in the Junior T.T. by three minutes. Artie Bell won but with only just over a minute from Geoff. Suddenly the 'old fox' was being hunted and none realised this more than Harold. Clutch slip put him out of the Senior that year, a Senior which was won by Duke who, in doing so, took the lap record to 93.33 m.p.h. Harold's lap of 91 m.p.h. had stood for twelve years! The World Championship races, introduced in 1949, were revised, points wise, and racing took on a new interest; but not for Harold who was due to retire later that year. Home fans still recall Harold's fighting appearance at Silverstone in April of 1950 on a new machine borrowed from Ted Frost (it hadn't even been run) when Norton ate Norton. Geoff Duke was at his finest and poor old Harold fought so hard that he fell off at Stowe corner endeavouring to keep in front. In actual fact the racing was so close that Harold's megaphone touched on the ground although witnesses on the spot swear to this day that they touched each other. However, Harold would never agree to this point of view. It must have been the Ulster that finally put the cap on it for, as Harold later recalled, he knew that he couldn't keep in front of Geoff so he might just as well make room for the younger man.

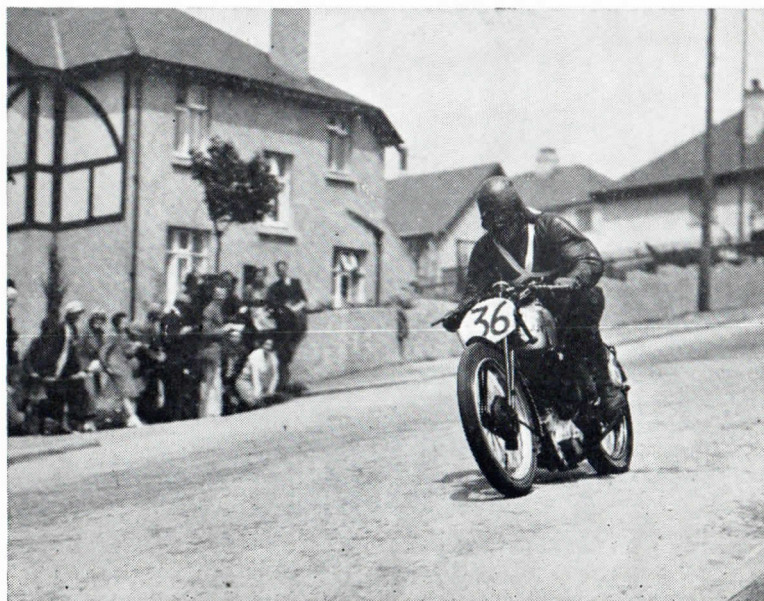
Harold retired from motor cycle racing successfully, at the height of his career. He had won no less than thirteen T.T. replicas and was one of the



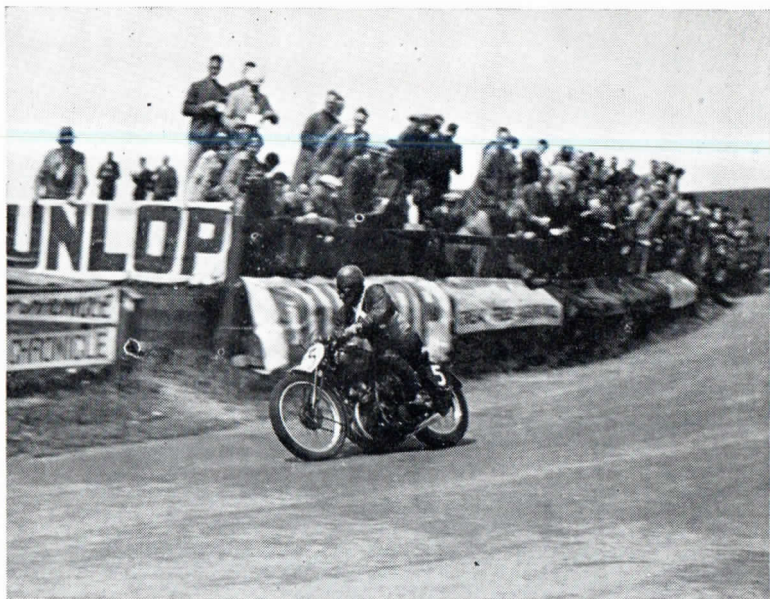
First Isle of Man machine — M.G.P. The start of many Isle of Man experiences.



Mountain Circuit at Brooklands—15 "H.L." 14 Ron. Harris.



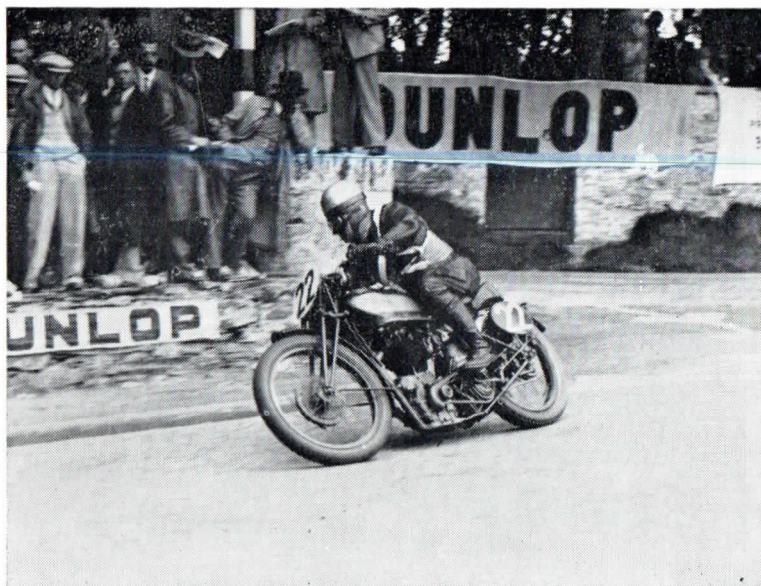
Bray Hill, 1935 T.T.



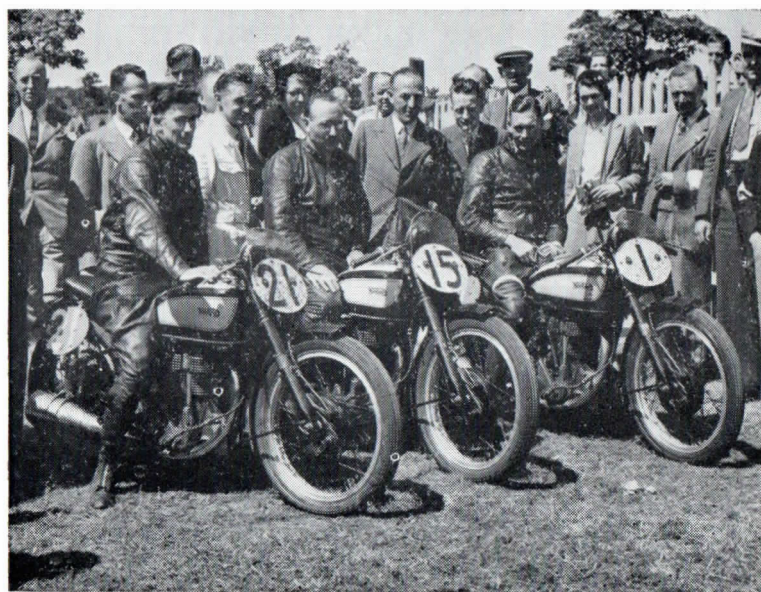
The "temperamental monster," 1936.



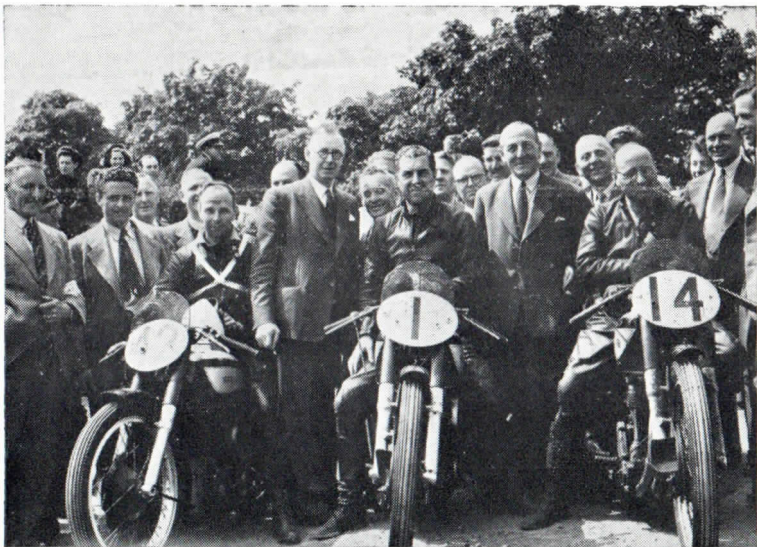
Caption speaks for itself.—1937 Junior



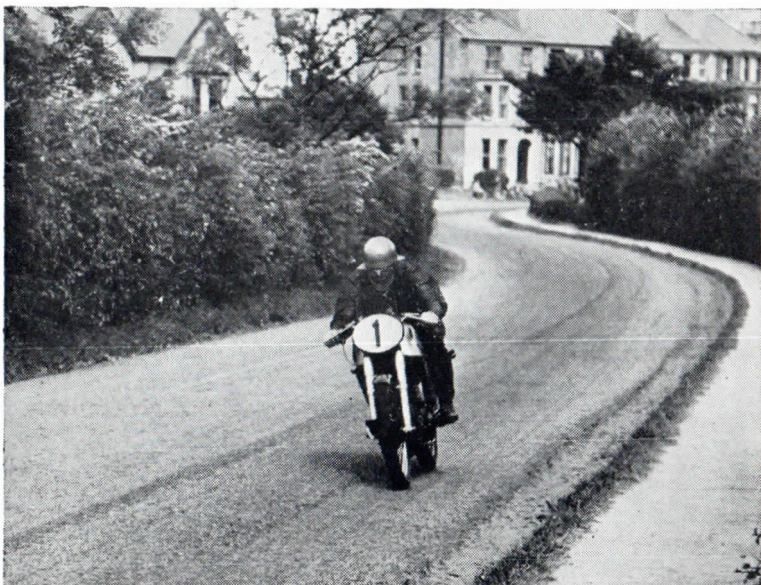
Governor's Bridge, 1937.



1939 Norton team—"Crasher" White, Harold and Freddie Frith



Faces change but Harold's still there—Johnny Lockett, Artie Bell and Harold.



1950—Harold's last year in the Island

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finest riders of his day. However, the indomitable spirit didn't give up there. He started racing formula 3 cars but could never quite manage to get the hang of the other two wheels. He raced an Emmeryson, fitted with a 500 c.c. Norton engine for about a year, "More on than off" as he put it. But he didn't take it seriously and so turned it in for a time before he once again took an active competitive interest in racing motor cycles. This time, however, it was from the mechanical aspect, when he branched out on the project of building an Ariel Arrow for racing. In this he was assisted to a great degree by Herman Meier who provided the store of knowledge which Harold lacked on preparing two-strokes for racing. Mike O'Rourke was to ride this machine into a very creditable seventh place in the 1960 Lightweight T.T.

Harold rode a Manx Norton twice in later years, but a machine which was very different from those he raced. In April '64 he gave Derek Minter a flip round Snetterton, Derek sitting astride the seat and Harold on the tank. Asked what he thought about it afterwards he replied that it was a bit docile and couldn't understand why everyone made such a fuss of riding them. Of course, the later Manx was cheese compared with the chalk of those earlier days.

A year later Harold made what turned out to be his last public appearance. I've no doubt you remember the occasion—the wet and wintry Hutchinson 100 at Silverstone. A galaxy of stars turned out to join Harold who had got them all together as guests of the Club for the day. Joe Dunphy had loaned Harold his 500 for the spin. It

was a memorable occasion both from the riders point of view and from the spectators who braved the elements to cheer the 'old-timers' around five laps of the circuit. There were Duke, Lomas, Frith, Cann, Doran, Beevers, West, Kitchen, Foster, Sandford, Heath and Tyrrell Smith. Harold packed up after two laps because his glasses kept steaming up. His remark as he pulled in—"bugger this for a lark!" His only worry before he started was that he would have to bump start, for at that time Harold was beginning to suffer a little more from his 'weak ticker'. Harold was responsible for bringing those stars of the past together again at a race meeting and I think everyone of them appreciated the gesture of the Club which Harold headed.

Harold died suddenly from a stroke on the morning of Friday, January 20th. Although it has been said before and I've no doubt it will be said again and again when great riders pass away, Harold was a great man. He was born in the year in which the Club was founded and he later took an active part in the Club even when he was still at the top of his form. Motor cycling has lost much by his death, but I doubt that his presence is missed more sadly than by his family and his Club. We shall miss the dour, wise-cracking personality of a man who took trouble in his stride and who was never beaten by anything. His unyielding spirit lives with his fellow Directors of the Club and his friends. There never was a man more dedicated to the sport than he.

One cannot write just a few words as an epithet. Let the following appreciations be a fitting tribute to a man admired by all.

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*(Any inaccuracies in this narrative are unintentional. The writer would be pleased to have any pointed out so that the history can be amended accordingly)*



giving each other a sickly grin as we did our best to keep the models vertical and pointing in the right direction whilst travelling at approximately 120 m.p.h. and a not dissimilar performance in the 1938 Belgian Grand Prix where the trouble was a circuit inches deep in loose grit. Harold finished with the front half of his works Norton completely sandblasted and a cylinder so worn that we threatened to report him for running an oversize engine.

Without his glasses Harold was absolutely helpless and when "Crasher" White was also a member of the Norton team we used to tell them that the only reason they went so fast was because they couldn't see what they were doing.

Space does not permit me to record the many other incidents that are photographically registered in my memory and so I must conclude.

The record that Harold leaves with us provides ample evidence of his greatness but in addition I will always remember him as an efficient, formidable and fearless competitor who never took an unfair advantage and who as a result was popular and respected by his fellow competitors. Kindly and at times tolerant beyond belief, Harold contributed much to our sport, both as a rider and later as a Club official.

With the passing of Harold I have lost a good friend of long standing. He will be greatly missed.

JOCK WEST, London, N.12

To me Harold Daniell, or H.L. as I shall always remember him, was the hardest, safest and fairest rider that it was my pleasure to ride against.

Donnington Park days were memorable ones, when Harold and I regularly diced together in both 350 and 500 classes. Invariably I won the 350 race and he the 500. It seemed to follow such a pattern that many people thought that it was organised between us. This was not so because, on the circuit, no quarter was asked for and none given.

We diced against each other many times at Crystal Palace where much the same thing happened.

In the saddle H.L. was a force to be reckoned with on any circuit and under any circumstances. He gave his utmost in, and out of leathers. Out of leathers he was a jovial soul full of dry humour.

The motor cycling world is poorer for his passing. The likes of H.L. pass but once in a lifetime.

MAURICE CANN, Kirby Muxloe, Leics.

Harold's death is a great blow to the sport as well as being a tragic loss to his relatives and his many friends.

My closest contact with him came during the late '30's when we were both members of the Norton works team under the leadership of Joe Craig. Harold was an extremely reliable man to have in a team; he was deceptively quick and always gave me the impression that nothing would put him in a 'flap'. He would usually break the tension on the starting-grid with a dry crack, and although his racing effort was 100% he never took things too seriously.

He was a good friend and sportsman, but neither gave nor asked for quarter. Although we were in the same team we had many hard battles against each other.

Harold will long be remembered for his dry wit and his 91 m.p.h. lap!

FREDDIE FRITH, Grimsby, Lincs.

Harold Daniell to me has always meant the 'opposition'. He was that when I was a schoolboy; he was that when I first rode against him at Donnington Park and he was that in later years in the T.T. And what opposition he provided, so consistent and pressing. No matter what the odds, H.L. would give his best all the time. He would never let up.

The motor-cycle world has lost a great man and will be the poorer for it and I, for one, salute a great gentleman.

PETER GOODMAN, Solihull, Warks.

Harold Daniell first became known to me at Brooklands and Donnington in pre-war days and presented an image which changed little with passing years and closer acquaintance.

Harold's riding was always forceful and while very much a professional, he always did his best even when on not-so-fast machinery. He was never a bad loser and while at the top was always a good team man.

I have always regarded him as one of the most knowledgeable of riders I have met and had certainly forgotten far more about racing than most of his contemporaries ever knew. He had his own concise and amusing way of summing up a situation—"Sulby to Ramsay, only two shut-offs after rounding Ginger Hall"—quite true, but a bit of a struggle on a 500 even in those days.

The passing of H.L.D. will be deeply regretted by all; people like him have more influence on the background of racing than is realised at the time and those more closely associated with him will appreciate, even more, that the motor-cycle world has lost more than a friend.

JOHNNY LOCKETT, Culceth, Lancs.

I was deeply shocked by Harold Daniell's death.

To have to write a short appreciation of Harold, both as a rider and as a person, is difficult if only because of the vast number of little incidents that I can recall which made Harold such a likeable character.

As a "riders' rider" I think he had few equals, and I well remember, as a new boy to the Norton team, I was very apprehensive and a little overawed by having the great "H.L." as a team leader. Harold very soon endeared himself to me as a newcomer to the T.T. course and willingly showed me round in practice on many occasions and was most helpful in every way.

As an exponent of a type of cockney wit I think he was terrific and we all enjoyed his exchanges with the "Professor" Joe Craig when we were both on and off duty.

The passing of such a character is indeed a tremendous loss in every way, and I would like to convey my most sincere sympathy to his family.

ARTIE BELL, Belfast.

The record books are evidence of Harold Daniell's prowess as a rider, although in my opinion he was very underated. There is little need therefore, to sing his praises in this respect.

As a team-mate he was faultless, with a sameness and a dry humour which could be a great relief in times of stress. His sense of sportsmanship could never be denied and, as a very new boy to the Norton team, this, to me, was an object lesson in itself.

As one of the rare stars who tried to put as much as possible back into the sport after retirement, he will be greatly missed.

GEOFF DUKE, Port Soderick, Isle of Man.

“H.L.”

## APPRECIATIONS BY HIS FRIENDS

To the enthusiast, Harold Daniell will be remembered, justifiably, for his T.T., Grand Prix and many other successes.

His close friends will have the advantage of many additional memories of a more personal nature. We were still schoolboys when we first met but because we were already both motor-cyclists we found that we had much in common and as we lived only a few miles apart we met frequently.

At that time Harold was riding a big twin A.J.S., in the sidecar of which he used to “chauffeur” his parents as they couldn’t drive a car and Harold was too young to qualify for a car licence.

His “chauffeur” commitments over, the 2-seater sidecar would be whipped off and Harold would be off on the unwieldy solo to join his friends at their usual rendezvous.

The youthful Harold standing on the footboards of the Ajay, lying flat on the tank and reaching high above his head for the “sit up and beg” handlebars whilst participating in the highly illegal speed events that were held on open roads in the late twenties, was a sight for sore eyes.

Cudham Hill in Kent was a popular meeting place for motor-cyclists in those days and one Sunday afternoon Harold contributed to the demonstrations by riding up the 1 in 3 hill standing on the saddle of the same solo big twin A.J.S. Unfortunately he was met at the top by the local “bobby” who was not amused and who duly booked the star performer. An expensive afternoon.

His first real solo was a very potent 350 c.c. o.h.v. A.J.S. and this was followed by a secondhand 1926 Model 18 Norton on which Harold started his competition career. That evening he arrived at our meeting place on his new mount, shouted that he couldn’t stop as he had promised his parents that he would swot hard if they bought him the Norton. With that he let in the clutch and disappeared in a homeward direction at high velocity.

The first event in which the name of H. L. Daniell appeared in the list of competitors was a Speed Hill Climb organised by the Sydenham Club and held near Shoreham, Kent. The bespectacled and unknown youth who had arrived from nowhere shook everybody by making fastest time of the day.

There followed a string of successes on the path circuit at the Crystal Palace and at S.Eastern Centre Grass tracks. On his first visit to Syston Park Harold was unbeaten and he repeated the performance at the opening of the Donnington Park circuit two days later.

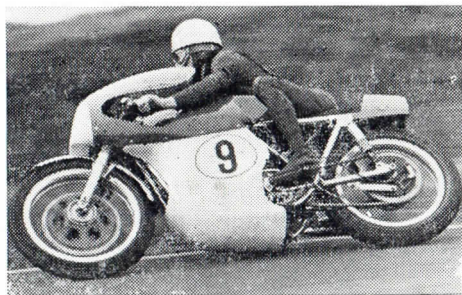
After failing to finish in the 1930 and 1931 Manx Grand Prix, Harold won his first Replica in the 1932 Junior Manx Grand Prix and in 1933 he won the Senior. In 1934, he transferred to the June races, in which he participated as a member of the works A.J.S. team, and his subsequent performances and successes as a Norton “privateer” and then as a member of the Norton works team are comparatively recent history.

Nevertheless my chief memories are of relatively unimportant incidents.

Harold competing in Trials on an ancient 250 c.c. two-stroke P & M, his not very successful efforts on a Douglas in the early days of Dirt Track Racing, our battles on the grass at Ashford, Layhams and Brands Hatch where no quarter was given or asked and which always ended in much leg pulling and roars of laughter in the paddock, visits to Club Dinners during the winter months in or on whatever transport we could scrounge, collecting him from hospital in Belfast after he had crashed in the 1935 Ulster and where a bevy of nurses seemed determined to keep him in for the weekend, his joy at winning his first I.O.M. Replica on a 350 c.c. Excelsior, the time when the pair of us were refused entry to the paddock at the Ulster until we paid a fine of £1 each for arriving late—what a hope! Again in the Ulster riding side by side in a thunderstorm and

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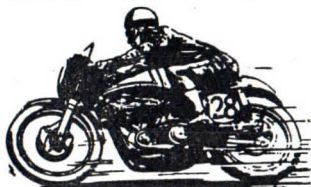
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The motor-cycle fraternity has suffered a great loss by the passing of Harold Daniell. Not only was he one of the 'greats' as a rider but he devoted the remainder of his life by so generously giving his valued knowledge and experience to younger riders, Bemsee and the A.C.U. Indeed anyone who may have required it.

It is indeed a sad loss to the sport of one who put more back into it than he took out.

BILL DORAN, Wellington, Salop.

How sorry I am that Harold Daniell has passed away. He was one of my boy-hood heroes in the prewar Donnington era. Later he became a friend from whom advice was easily asked and given. His racing successes speak for themselves, but to me his lap at 91 m.p.h. in 1938 to win the Senior T.T. on a "garden-gate" framed Norton was the best ever, and was never bettered by anyone on that type of machine. On retirement from racing no-one put more back into the sport. He will be sadly missed.

I know he wanted every T.T runner, young and old, to join and to attend the yearly show-time dinner of the T.T. Riders' Association. What a wonderful reminder of Harold this would be.

BILL LOMAS, Alfreton, Derbyshire.

Last month's issue of the magazine was already in the process of going to press when we received the tragic news of the death of our Chairman, Harold Daniell.

To many of us who remember the Island in the 'good old days', when British machines were on top of the world, his name is a myth. Elsewhere in this issue you will find tributes by riders who he numbered amongst his friends in competition.

Yet we also remember him in his more recent role as a friend and a diligent worker for the sport and all that it means to the younger generation of today. As a Director and Vice-President of the Club, not for the first time was he our Chairman during the past year. We owe a great deal to his sagacity in helping to steer the Club through the difficult times which, we hope, are now behind us.

For a Club like ours, without a permanent home and with its members scattered all over the country and beyond, negotiation becomes a very tricky business and it was particularly here that Harold has shown his strength, actuated always by the maxim of the greatest good for the greatest number of our members.

It is hardly three years since we were mourning the loss of his wife Rene, whom we all knew and loved. He remarried, and Evelyn has also proved herself a good friend of the Club.

To her, and to his two children John and Pat, we extend on your behalf, our sympathy in their tragic loss.

GEOFFREY TUTTLE, President.

I cannot speak of Harold Daniell as a fellow competitor during the time when he himself competed, as my career started after he had retired from active racing. However, I came into contact with Harold from the time I was about eight years old due to the fact that my father's motor-cycle business at that time was situated in Forest Hill and a reasonable amount of inter-trading took place.

Also, the very first machine which I campaigned to any extent—first on a grass track and then on road circuits—was bought from him for the vast sum, I believe, of £30. The machine was a Triumph Tiger 70 which I had seen on one of my errands to collect spares for my father from Harold's Norton agency.

I, as just a lad interested in motor-cycles, found him a quiet, considerate enthusiast. Thinking about his record and his achievements just prior to the war and then just after, it is obvious that Harold Daniell was coming up to his peak in '39 and it was a great pity the war intervened as it must have dealt a cruel blow to his career.

His riding style wasn't spectacular but obviously, from results, very safe and quick. His name definitely deserves a place amongst the great of motor-cycling.

One of the tremendous things about him was that he never really lost his enthusiasm and was quite willing to carry on his association with the sport and continue to donate precious time to it by taking an active part in clubs such as BEMSEE.

Motor-cycling is one of those sports which is for ever being given backhand slaps by the outside world, some of which, I must say, are deserved by the behaviour of a small element within the movement. It is because of people such as Harold Daniell, who reached the very top of his chosen sport and profession, yet retained his enthusiasm and, most important, remained unassuming and unspoilt by his success, that these minority elements are always overcome and the sport remains what it is. The whole motor-cycle movement is the poorer for the passing of Harold Daniell.

JOHN SURTEES, Limsfield, Surrey.

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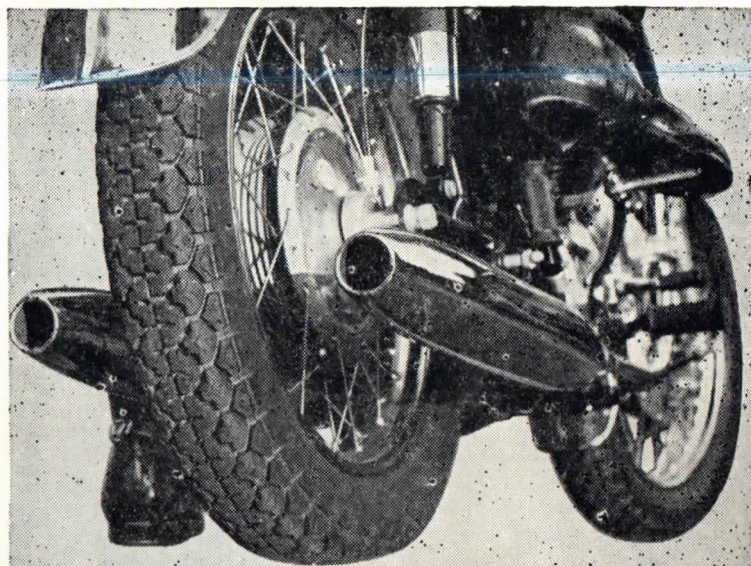
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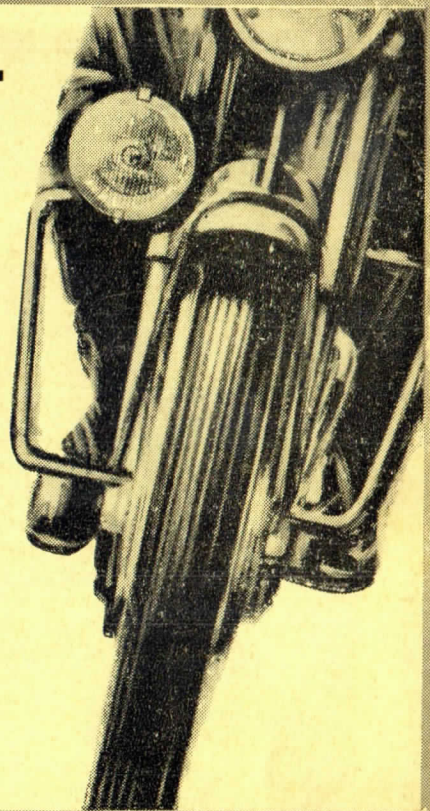
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