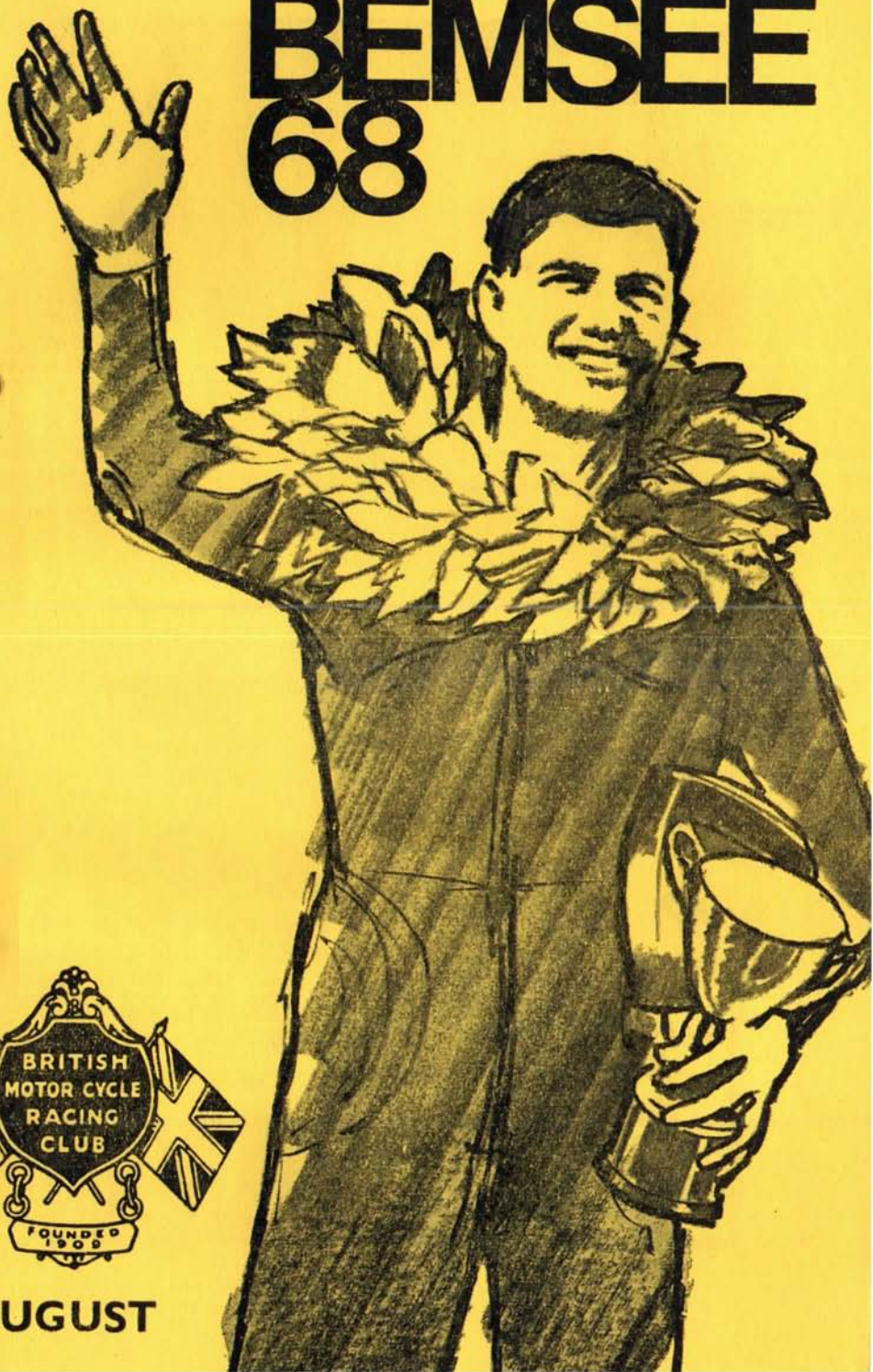
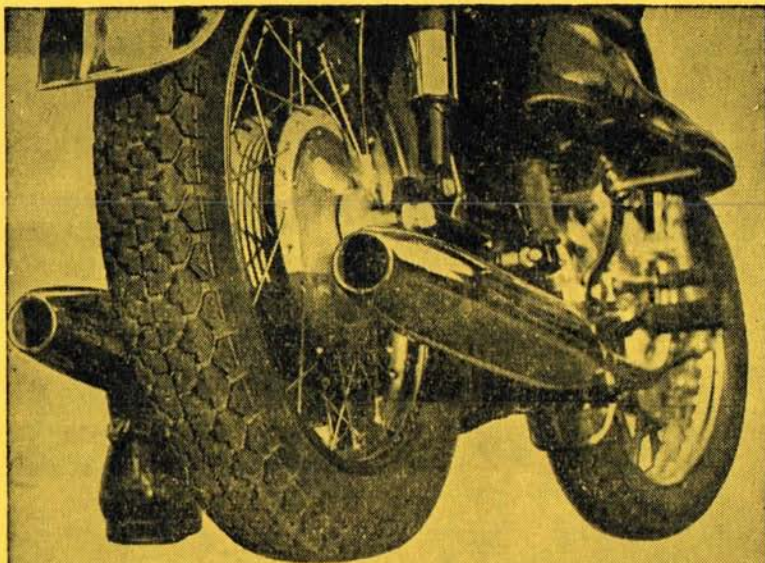


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AUGUST



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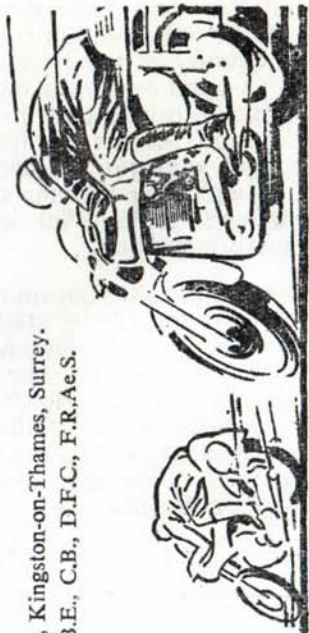
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THE JOURNAL OF THE
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

Bemsee



EDITORIAL

AUGUST 1968

Now the Hutch is only a few days away, may I extend the hope that you will all lend your support to the best meeting the mainland will see this year. This is not an ordinary boast, even if it is one which I make every year. The atmosphere at the Hutch is so utterly different that you can almost taste it. The Hutch is an individual meeting and always will be and at Brands it is helped to a great extent by the fact that we run the meeting in the reverse direction of the course. It's not just a gimmick but an honest attempt to provide a meeting which is different.

This year's meeting has attracted all the stars from this country and abroad. Renzo Pasolini needs no introduction but he is making his first appearance in this country at the Hutch. No doubt others will follow our lead but at least we were the first to negotiate with the great Benelli. Pasolini brings both his works 250 and 350 machines. Mike Hailwood returns to this country for only his second meeting this year with the 350 and 500 Hondas, and so do Phil Read and Bill Ivy with their Yamaha's. But consider another aspect—how far behind is Ray Pickrell going to be with the incredibly quick Dunstall machines?

It would be truthful to say that the good relationship between this Club and the riders has kept the Hutch on top of the start money difficulties. Because the prize money list had already been published we had to keep to our intent not to pay start money. This has in no way affected the entry for the Hutch. Coming over from Europe will be Klaus Enders, Helmut Fath, Gyula Marsovszky, Piere Naudon, Van Aken, Angelo Zanetta from Italy, Nick Mayo from Canada and Bo Granath from Sweden. Not great names but enough to keep an International flavour.

The Hutch will still be the finest meeting you could wish to see this year—the Production entry is a sheer thriller. The date—if you don't already know it—August 10th and 11th at Brands Hatch.



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'SAFETY' AT SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPENSE

A massive protest by racing motor cyclists over the erection of a steel safety barrier at Brands Hatch's notorious Paddock Bend, has highlighted the need for serious consultation when 'improvements' are made to race circuits.

The new safety barrier is an R.A.C. requirement for the British Grand Prix which took place during July. It supplements a six foot high earth banking.

Reason for the protest is that the steel barrier is only a few feet high, and at such a level that a dismounted rider may be projected on to it. Paddock Bend is a fast, adverse camber downhill swoop which is particularly accident prone both to motor cyclists and car drivers. Although the run off area provided by the circuit owners is considerable, the speeds at Paddock Bend are high, and on a surface lubricated with rainwater a fallen rider can skid the full width of the run-out to collide with the barrier. Riders prefer to take their chance with the softer earth banking.

It has now been established that the A.C.U. were advised of the need for the safety barrier by the R.A.C., who directed the circuit owners to install it. How far the A.C.U. went towards inspection is not clear, but if any inspection took place active riders were not invited to give an opinion.

More and more are circuits being modified with stronger concrete or steel 'safety' barriers—Devil's Elbow at Mallory, Park Curve at Crystal Palace and Woodcote Corner at Silverstone. Motor cyclists legitimately feel that the power of the R.A.C. to direct the circuit owners in these matters, and the apparent willingness of the A.C.U. to submit to dictation is making a sham of safety. Circuit improvement should be a matter of discussion between governing bodies (R.A.C. and A.C.U.) the circuit owner who is frequently at the receiving end of political and public pressures, and active competitors represented by such authoritative bodies as, say, British Racing Drivers Club and their motor cycling equivalent.

KNOW YOUR LAW — No. 3

Bert Beavis

In my last article I mentioned an accident where a small boy was injured and the driver did not report the accident to the Police. Section 77 and 230 of the Road Traffic Act 1960 gives us the answer to this problem. Section 77 states, 'If in any case owing to the presence of a motor vehicle on a road, an accident occurs whereby personal injury is caused to a person other than the driver of the vehicle, the driver of the motor vehicle shall stop, and if required so to do by any person having reasonable grounds for so requiring, give his name and address, and also the name and address of the owner and the identification marks of the vehicle'. Our driver did stop and did give his name and address to the mother of the boy. Section 230 states 'Where an accident occurs involving personal injury to another person, the driver shall produce his certificate of insurance to a Police Officer or to some person who has reasonable grounds for requiring its production'. The certificate of insurance was produced to the mother in this case so the law was complied with. The action of stopping at the time of the accident is statutory in all cases, whether it is a damage only accident or whether it is a personal injury accident. But as regards reporting to the Police, this is only necessary where the names and addresses and identification marks of the vehicle have not been exchanged, and in the case of a personal injury accident, the certificate of insurance has not been produced. Should these particulars not be exchanged the accident must be reported to the Police as

soon as possible, and in any case within 24 hours of the occurrence. It is important to remember the insurance certificate when produced, must enable the person requiring its production to take any particulars from it. It is not sufficient just to flash it in front of them and say "Here's the insurance."

I have been asked on a number of times recently about the totting up of offences, and about various speed offences, so here is a little on these subjects. First speed: many people seem to be getting caught lately by Radar traps, they come to me and ask "Is there any get out." The answer to the question generally is 'No'. The Police are very careful to ensure the instrument used is not effected by the presence of other vehicles which may effect the reading given, and the instrument is tested before and after any offence.

A student of mine was caught the other day and said 'I don't know whether I'm going to be done or not, the policeman did not say, perhaps he had not had his quota for the day'. First of all the Police do not have to book so many or they get the sack. They are not necessarily pushed to report so many, but they are paid to do a certain job, which they do to the best of their ability.

As regards the student not knowing whether he was to be reported or not, this is all wrong. It is my opinion that all offenders should be put in the picture immediately they are stopped, this no doubt would improve the relationship between the Police and the public. Section 241 of the Road Traffic Act 1960 states that in the case of speed, dangerous driving, careless driving, failure to observe traffic signs, and failure to observe a P.C. on traffic duty, the offender shall not be convicted unless at the time of the offence he is told the question of prosecuting him would be taken into consideration. In other words he should be told at the time of the offence he is going to be reported. If this is not done he must receive the summons for the offence within 14 days, or receive a notice of intended prosecution within 14 days. Unfortunately the student received the summons within the 14 days.

Now a little about the totting up procedure. As from the 29th May, 1963 if a driver has three endorsements on his licence within three years he will automatically be disqualified for at least six months. A court will endorse a licence for any of the following offences: 1. Manslaughter. 2. Causing death by dangerous driving. 3. Dangerous driving. 4. Careless driving. 5. Driving or being in charge of a motor vehicle while under the influence of drink or drugs. 6. Racing on the highway. 7. Driving whilst disqualified. 8. Exceeding the speed limit. 9. Driving under age.

10. Improper carriage of passengers on a motor cycle. 11. Failure to comply with traffic signs or P.C. on traffic duty. 12. Leaving a vehicle in a dangerous position. 13. Contravention of Pedestrian crossing Regulations. 14. Contravention of certain Motorway Regulations. 15. Failure to obey a School crossing Patrol sign. 16. Contravention of a street playground order. 17. Using a vehicle in a dangerous condition, with a dangerous load, or with defective brakes, steering gear, or tyres, contrary to Construction & Use Regulations 1966. 18. Failure to stop after an accident. 19. Driving without a licence. 20. Failure to comply with the conditions of a Provisional Licence. 21. Using a motor vehicle uninsured. 22. Taking a motor vehicle without authority. 23. Driving with defective eyesight. 24. Stealing a motor vehicle.

With any of the offences listed above the Court not only may disqualify but in some cases must disqualify, unless there are some special circumstances mitigating the offence.

Having completed three articles on the Road Traffic Law of this country, which I hope I have made interesting, I will rest on my laurels for the time being and come back later with some more Law. Meanwhile if there are any points which you would like brought out in future articles please let the Secretary know and no doubt he will forward your request to me.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL IRISH VINTAGE AND VETERAN MOTOR CYCLE RALLY, 1967

by Ian Thompson

**Or how two venerable motor cycles dismantled themselves over
1,000 miles.**

Continued from last month.

On the Saturday we temporarily forsook our Norman residence and rode to Wexford to meet our Rally hosts and begin competition. We arrived at the Talbot Hotel assigned as a rendezvous and proceeded to enquire of our Rally hosts; the receptionist giving us a jaundiced look disappeared into the inner sanctum. Meanwhile, we figured out the reason for the black looks, when glancing at ourselves and dress in sophisticated surroundings it hits one like a brick together with the smell. Imagine three motor cyclists in full gear liberally covered in assorted morning fresh cow pack standing in the foyer of the Savoy. That was the picture.

Having partaken of another breakfast in the foyer handed to us on a tray at a discreet distance by an incredulous waiter we began our journey after being informed that the Waterford start-

ing point was closed and that we would start at Clonmel at 12 noon approximately 100 miles distant.

Our hosts, having our welfare at heart and driving a black Zodiac, said they would lead the way at a reasonable speed. We had travelled about 5 miles when I noticed a large round calibrated instrument with moving pointer attached behind the steering damper, strange to say I never noticed it over the other side of the ditch. Still the needle only moved around the 45-50 mark so when a 12 mile straight opened up, well, it was too good to miss. Dick's backside appeared and head disappeared into the dark recesses of the tank steering damper region, his right hand furiously working gear change and throttle proceeded to motor down the traffic. Less straight at 85-90 speedo reading was maintained, unfortunately, all good things come to an end and so did the good road and we were down to cruising in the mid 70's again.

After passing through Ross and Waterford we pulled up about 20 miles from Clonmel, my wife deciding to rest in the car for the remainder of the journey; it is quite tiring on the passenger over those bumpy roads. We progressed into a motor cyclists dream, the road opened out into a new wide Kingston By-pass type carriageway with lots of high speed curves and bends that you can see round and no traffic—something that can't be missed. So slide on to the back pad, head down behind the stone guard, and away using all the road and keeping the tap open where one would normally ease off on our traffic clogged roads. Absolute paradise—the road reverted to the old style about a mile from Clonmel. Leaping over a small hump back bridge entering Clonmel there appeared an Irish 'Guarda' having a quiet rest and smoke in a gateway. His surprised expression in mid puff was worth seeing.

Having been treated again to a true Irish welcome on behalf of Ireland, the Munster M.M.C., Paddy Morrissey, and Jim Hennissy the organiser in that order, we proceeded to the bar of a grand and spacious Hotel utilised for the purpose of starting the rally. Generally the choice of drinks in Ireland are; big black longstroke singles or high power twins. Having partaken of a good sample of Guinness and lunch the rally started at 2 p.m. We were off.

Pottering along taking our time and enjoying the scenery we were surprised to see a 1925 Ajay belt past with what appeared to be a cossack in the saddle exhorting us to hurry. Without further ado, we tucked in behind and were surprised after about 20 minutes motoring to pull up before a pub. He leaping off his mount rushing into the bar and declaring 'what were we having'. Before we could answer a high power twin was thrust into our hands and quenching of the terrible 'thirst' began. With the drinking time we had in hand, clocking in at the control was done on time.

Seeing the manner of things the 'Beam and Nortons speed were put to good use and more time was had in the appreciation of longstroke singles at the following controls. From here on recollection becomes slightly hazy.

The second control section ran through some beautiful mountain scenery, with purple hills in the distance and the sun was shining on the unbelievably green country side with an appearance not unlike the Isle of Man but with more trees. The pub before the end of the section was reached—it couldn't be missed as a line of 'bikes was parked across the road making progress beyond impossible. We reached the start of the third section which began at the foot of a local hill climb course.

Dick was away a minute ahead of the Norton; he disappeared in a flurry of smoke and flailing right arm and it made quite an impression as he charged the hill and hairpin bends wrestling the 'Beam about and handchanging the cogs. Then it was our turn; in fact we felt a fraud with foot change and close ratio box taking the work out of the ascent. Even so metal chippings and filings were left to mark our passage, safe but not uneventful.

After the ascent, while we were looking long and lingeringly at a pub, I hit a large bump bringing me metaphorically and physically to earth. The fork damper had worn out, that last bump being the proverbial last straw. So we proceeded to Dungarvan without this necessary aid to comfort with the hope that the rebound springs could cope. The pub procedure was again enacted at the next control to ensure insulation from discomfort.

Proceeding from Dungarvan to Youghal we came across an excellent piece of ear'oling road leading to a suspension bridge the road being put to the test, which proved the road O.K. But as the steering damper was worn out, the best remedy we could find for this was pulling up before O'Brady's Bar and sampling a longstroke single. We toured down the mainstreet in Youghal looking for the rally sign and progressed into the country which has much to be admired and is very picturesque by the river estuary in which Youghal is sited. But this didn't help us as we had a time schedule to keep and had only two minutes in hand. My wife was keeping time as my watch was a little blurred. We about turned and met several other strays and proceeded through the town in the reverse direction to find the sign, my wife stating this was done at 40 in bottom gear on the wrong side of the road past a mounted Guarda, but I have no recollection of this, I put it down to rally strain.

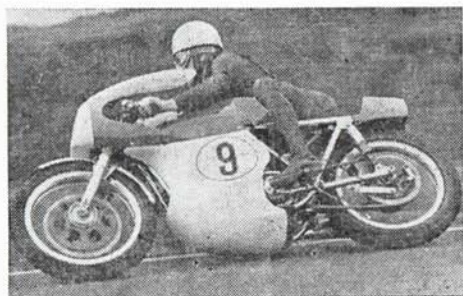
We found the mischievous sign lurking behind a parked car and proceeded to clock in by the Quay two minutes late. After

enjoying a chat, snack and a lubrication, we travelled in a gentlemanly manner to the finish at Monatrea House Hotel and Country Club overlooking the Bay at Youghal.

My wife was despatched with luggage to procure sleeping accommodation and our interests were turned to the machinery. After de-oiling the Norton I was horrified to find the whole back end loose as well as every nut and bolt from the saddle tube back. This was suitably dealt with but discoveries of all stripped tank bolts, loose gearbox and broken stone guard supports were not morale raising. The gearbox was reset but the other things had to take their chance as only a limited amount of aeroplastics were forthcoming. Dick's 'Beam' was in reasonable shape only a worn out fork and steering dampers being traced. So the bikes were wheeled into the stables and forgotten and the serious matter got under way—we progressed to the bar. Consolation was forthcoming until dinner and what a dinner. They killed the fatted calf with a vengeance, the Irish are well-known for their table and they fairly excelled in preparation of the dinner, it was fabulous.

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After dinner and speeches, etc., the dancing began for those who liked dancing, and others proceeded to the counter where interminable discussion went on until the early hours, I recollect us having an involved discussion on the products of John Marston with the knowledgeable Rev. Father Field until approximately 3 a.m. We then adjourned to the piano which the band had vacated and our Chairman Arthur Whitmarch struck up. Unfortunately, we were in no state to give voice but a hazy recollection of an Irish lady singing something about the 'Bottle of Boing'. If that was what we were drinking, we all sang to that. About 4 a.m. we disappeared to bed.

The next morning started quite bright (not us) but dulled over (that's us) and bikes were prepared for concours judging, Dick's being untouched except for the temporary removal of his piece of luggage string. Mine was not cleaned very well (only for inspection purposes) and when it was lined up with the other entries I wished someone had removed the $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick layer of cow pack adorning the frame and cycle parts. During the concours the 'Soft' began to fall which it did for the whole day.

After lunch, speeches and prizegiving we set out on our return to the Norman Keep at Kilmore Quay, that was the wettest journey we have ever undertaken. If anyone has experienced the 'soft' they will understand it gets in everywhere. We rode on to Wexford where, stopping for petrol, it was found there was no restart. Peering into the murky depths of the inlet tract a large water globule was spied and extracted. The bike was then bounced, it coughed spat and died so, availing ourselves of a couple of enthusiastic pushers, we restarted and began our journey of 15 miles to Kilmore Quay. Darkness had fallen and with the rain it was a shocking ride as the headlight was intermittently shorting at inconvenient moments. Tagging on behind a Morris Minor we did it the easy way for 12 miles then, going into a corner, there was a slowing sensation together with a huge deluge followed by a lack of urge and the motor died. Pushing to a farmhouse we enquired how far it was to the Castle. The forthcoming reply was 'to be sure 'tis only a mile up the road' we decided to push the bike and get warm. Noting the trip recorder reading, we began to push until after the mile came up, we enquired at the next farmhouse and got the reply 'to be sure 'tis only a mile down the road'. We then considered drying the points but we had nothing that was dry to do the job so we pushed on again into the Village of Kilmore when enquiring of how far the Castle was, you can guess the reply. So we pushed on, the previous mile we had coasted downhill for about three quarters of it and we were faced with the unwelcome exercise of pushing the last three quarters of a mile from the village to the Castle,

with boots squelching like an Irish Bog. It's amazing what one sees or senses during a quiet of the night. Large looming shapes, crunching sounds and chomping noises together with furtive rustlings and ploppings in the ditches. Small lights that glow and extinguish in the pilot light reflection, take the mind off the task in hand and give rise to speculation on how large an army of little people (complete with spanners) were accompanying us and how much they could dismantle if the machine was left unattended. We arrived at the Castle to find Dick there ahead of us, he had turned off the main road and come another way by the back road. Next day we heard reports from the locals of a black object making a great noise and travelling at high speed at night with no lights . . .

Dick's back brake anchorage had dropped off and after our reluctant farewell to our splendid hosts we called at the local welders and proceeded to make a brake anchorage out of spare nuts. If they could only do jobs over here as they do over there there wouldn't be any bad feeling towards garages. We proceeded on our way to Dublin and thence Dun Loghare or Dun Long Hairry as the local wits term it after rubber necking at O'Connell Street and the Liffy.

The journey back to London and Suburbia was dull and uneventful compared with the events of the last week and was accompanied by Dick's forks clashing their spindles with monotonous regularity over any reasonably sized undulation. The rally gave topics of conversation for many months after, including the discoveries of a complete 1925 Riccy Triumph Runner stored in a barn, which had been like that since 1928 and a 1913 Levis.

Also a complete model T Ford in pieces being painted and reassembled by a retired mechanic as a hobby. We were asked not to divulge the whereabouts of the above as they are not for sale. Needless to say we're going again and Dick's building up a faster 90 'Beam motor, and the Norton is in one piece again and has had ten laps round the full circuit at Brands to blow any remaining little people out of the can—and nothing fell off!



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Mick Sears.

POSTBAG

Dear Editor,—There has been a good deal of argument this season regarding assistance on the starting line. With respect I feel that a lot of rubbish has been put forward on both sides. No rider has the right to expect a push if he fails to start, and no club need be officious enough to refuse one. The situation in all other clubs is simple enough. If someone needs a pusher due to health, short legs, or a bad clutch, he is normally permitted one—the discretion of the steward or organiser prevents this from going to extremes.

If someone is left on the grid, a marshal, starter, or in some cases the secretary, will run out to give a hand. In my mind Bemsee are trying too hard to set a concrete solution to a problem which will thus be made more complicated. Clutch starts are no answer, and may be both dangerous and hard on machines.

If the Club wishes to show willingness to be fair, then why not do something about the trophies situation with three-wheelers. I think it disgusting that a passenger should receive an inferior trophy to the driver—especially in a club having the resources of this one. I know a good few sidecar men who feel strongly about this, and I'm sure that many solo riders will join me in supporting them. Come on Jim—how about it?

IVAN HACKMAN, Stewartby, Beds.

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Dear Jim,—I am considering asking you to make an entry in the "Mutual Aid" section of the magazine, but I do not know what to say.

For various reasons I have decided to empty out my workshop and sell all my Velocette's along with all the spares and racing equipment. The big snag is to find out how much it is all worth so I wonder if a sort of description of what I was up to at the time I suddenly packed it in would give the right person the chance to ask and then make an offer for any of it. Firstly, the Viper which many people will remember for the way it used to eat up Venoms and any odd Triumphs that got in the way. It has all the mods. which are permitted in production regs., that is, up to the time it was last raced back in 1964. It does not look so smart as it did when first registered in 1959 but then it has 15,000 miles on the clock and much of these were on race tracks. Very little of the engine is original as I was in the habit of spending every penny I had on goodies and provided a little careful attention is paid to it now it should be in good running order.

It was dropped once or twice but nothing is bent and in fact much of its speed in lappery was around the earlier bits.

Well I hope that some kind soul would consider making me a sensible offer as I consider it must be worth more than its year would indicate.

The other main item was my intended shock for 1965 which was a newly built up from spares Venom to give me just the extra to catch the boys up front. However, my prang at Brands stopped that and the job was never finished. What I have got is a frame with all cycle parts including new Dunlop alloy rims and genuine Avon "sticky" tyres brand new. The engine alas was never completed and all I have is a dismantled gearbox and the top end of the engine.

As far as the remaining parts are concerned I have stacks of bits and pieces, including my leathers and boots and if someone has a pocket full of money and wants to take a large part of this away they had better soon get in touch with me.

I had intended to start using the Viper again just for fun, but I must have lost something for I am now more or less content to hammer my MGB into every bend I can find. I must say in passing that I tremble when she starts bucking and bouncing at speed which is something I never did on two wheels.

My main reason for clearing out my gear is that I may soon be clearing out myself to a land where the climate is less inclement and the tax man less of a b—— nuisance. I am certainly not going to flog myself for the rest of my life for politicians who spend my money like water on things which do me no good. However, negotiations are at an early stage yet and I am only toying with the idea but the place is likely to be South Africa if they will have me.

Look forward to seeing you at the next Sunday meeting at Snetterton. All the best,

PETE WALKER, 67b Nutfield Road, Sth. Merstham.

Dear Sir,—I have just read the letter by K. G. Hampton in your last Bemsee magazine. The point that really interests me is the new ideas he has for races, as I have often felt a change in programme structure could mean new interest for spectators and competitors.

I would love to have a go at a 40 lapper of Snetterton but I think for many difficulties exist (500 entries for 40 places is a bit steep for a start) and if 40 people have to pay for the use of the circuit the entry fees will be dear. As the race will last one and a half hours there will not be many races, and if supporting seven lappers are used the cost will have to be cheaper. You cannot pay the same to do seven laps as forty at the same meeting.

The final point however has no such problems. I think a Club championship will be a real boon. The exact idea would have to be worked out and I feel must give all riders a chance to compete. So as an extra incentive to win as well as to retain interest in every meeting, I think all the races should count towards some kind of Club championship trophy; best performance in one race at one meeting counting.

As to the suggestion to use the G.P. course at Brands, what a finale it would be for the Club championship. At a meeting like this the new wireless system would, due to the relatively large areas covered by marshals, be a boon to the marshals.

Finally I would like to wish all members a safe and happy racing career.

Yours, etc., C. J. TARR, Birkenhead, Cheshire.

BEMSEE SAMARITAN

At the Baragwanath meeting, July 13th, Snetterton.

Ray Knight (who shall remain anonymous) was observed towing another competitor into the Paddock from some remote corner of the circuit after a race in which they were both competing. Nothing remarkable? But Ray was due to perform in the very next race—and we all know how little time must elapse between the end of one and the start of the next event. Happy sequel he made it to the line before the flag fell.

Of such metal is the best motor cycle racing Club compounded!

BEMSEE LAMENT

Silverstone was once well-known
For Monsoon weather of her own
With rain on every Bemsee meeting
More a custom than a greeting.

Now the rain has moved to Brands
And Silverstone has it off her hands.
On Bemsee meets it's almost certain
A dry start is a mere diversion.

Wearing leathers, crash hat, goggles and boots
At Brands it's flippers and frogman's suits
Here's hoping that future meetings are better
In that we hope to get dry and not get wetter.

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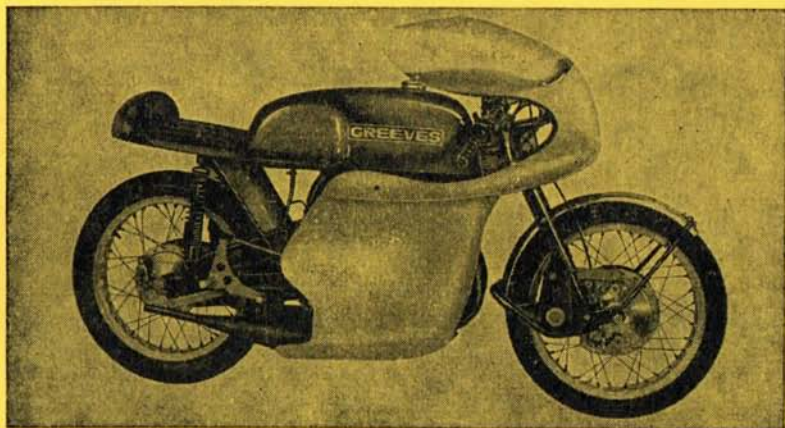
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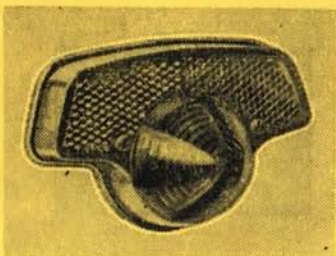


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