



SEPTEMBER

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Motor Cycle

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A LITTLE OF WHAT WENT ON

Timekeepers always insist that the only thing they see is a riding number; it's really all anyone wants them to see, except sometimes! 'Surely,' said Eddie Dow, on practice day at The Hutch, 'that's Phil on Barry Sheene's bike'. Read without the striped headgear wasn't positively identifiable so quickly, but 'THAT'S PHIL ON MY BIKE' mouthed a face at the commentators window high up in the back of the main grandstand.

'Here' said Eddie 'how did Barry get up there?' 'We don't look at the riders, all we see are numbers' said Vic Anstice. 'I agree with you' said Dennis Bates, thinking that was where he came in, or went out!

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Radio was never more important. With a burnt out rectifier, and no weekend rectifying mechanic the infernal phones at Brands Hatch were hors de combat. Bemsee wasn't. Bemsee Zulu, Yankee and X-ray kept the organisation in contact.

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How the other half lives 1. One of our guests either thinks nothing of Minters catering and/or thinks nothing of the Club. There in a place of honour in the Grovewood suite stood the Mellano trophy, whilst concealed by the lid reposed the remains of a pork pie.

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How the other half lives 2. Was it the same person or persons who took the Clerk of the Course push chair for his one year old daughter and sat on it until the frame bent.

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The great unreported. This was the Team Challenge Race won convincingly by Ray and Percy but dutifully ignored by both 'books'. Interesting on Saturday to see Barry Ditchburn stuck up the back end of Ray Pickrell's three for lap after lap. Seemed Ray got peeved for he came in did a double entendre and out again: free of that Yamaha?

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The Hutch attracts a lot of people. We saw Joe Dunphy now busy setting up his brake re-line service centre at Penge (and a good place to go for all racing types who want a friendly efficient, knowledgeable service). World Record Holder George Brown and sprinter son Antony; ex-works teamster Bill Doran and his former chief Jock West, editors Harry Louis and Robin Miller, Dickie 'Dunlop' Davies - a legend in his lifetime of serving Dunlops interests at international racing, who never fails to write his appreciation to BMCRC; Derek Minter ever popular, George Gedge former member and Brooklands type now bossing British Aircraft Corporation at Bristol, the famous Archers from Aldershot, Mike Hailwood, Jim Redman; The inseparables 'Chips' and Dennis Glover our former chief scrutineer, Howard German, another ex-racer and sprinter.

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Phil Read's runabout - Honda monkeybike and chair - was a neat piece of race equipment. It even carted the Evening News Trophy from Read's van to the start line. 'And its nice and clean' retorted Phil when asked about it beforehand.

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When its all over there is still work to do. 7 p.m. Saturday before all grid positions are allocated, typed and printed meaning late work for Enid Moss and Peter Galvin. Peter brought daughter Amanda along this year complete with push bike. The messenger service from Grandstand to Paddock office was never so good.

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Late work on Sunday for Treasurer Bill Rose. Having worked out the final payouts at the close of facing he kept lonesome vigil waiting to distribute the 'gold'. Only three takers. So up goes the postage bill on The Hutch!

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An innovation in the Production race. Ray Pickrell with trouble from a slipped disc asked for and got a 'pusher'. All this one had to do was push down the kick start. From the back of the field Ray got well in amongst the pack as it sped through Clearways.

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The same old groans. The same old doubts. The same denials by the handicapper that his times won't work out. Yet the Brothers Hanks had, by half distance conquered 50% of their handicap. By the penultimate lap that had it home and dry. Oh happy victors. Oh smiling handicapper!

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Remembering the difficulties of retrieval for the Mellano, especially when its a foreign win, Clerk of the Course, Dennis Bates remarked to winner Peter Williams 'let's have it back'. Emerge a despondent Williams minus trophy. Thirty minutes later the Mellano is espied on its jack. Ten minutes later victor and trophy re-united. Peter never did find out how much beer it held, but we got his Crystal Palace entry signed (shakily) before the night was over.

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Nice to see Alan Dunscombe, although well plastered (in the true sense of the word) looking cheerful in the pits with sponsor Vic Camp.

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Next day, yes next day, we had to make plans for the 40th Hutch. The ACU had found it could give us four days for a decision. Perhaps they were too taken up with learning how it's all done our way. Certainly there was some close observation.

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Wonder if Read will write about Silverstone the way he wrote about the Hutch (not forgetting that last year we forgot the victors garlands).

Said Read in MCN 'Despite my aches and pains I really enjoyed last weekend's Hutchinson 100. It was organised, of course, with usual Bemsee efficiency, and it was good to be riding on home ground again. And it made a pleasant change to know that the officials were on one's side and would do everything they could to help run a happy race.

'As my American mechanic (Steve) who had never seen the race in England before, said "It puts Continental racing into a cocked hat" '.

BEMSEE'S ANNUAL DINNER-DANCE
and PRESENTATION of AWARDS

At the Hanover Grand, Hanover Street, London, W.1.
Near Oxford Circus. Good Parking Facilities.
FRIDAY, 12th November, 1971. 7 p.m. for 7.30 p.m.
Completely sold out last year.
Complete the enclosed Form.

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M E N U

ANANAS CERISETTE

(Juicy African Pineapples cubed and returned to their natural shell with exotic fronds and decorated with Grapes and Cherries)

VICHYSOISSE CHAUD

(A classic soup created from a base of New Potatoes and Fresh Cream, to an authentic French recipe)

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(An attractive brioche casing filled with the most luxurious seafood delicacies)

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BAVORIS DIPLOMATE AUX FRUITS

(Fruits of the Season and Chantilly Cream)

CAFE VIENNOISE

(Flavoured with a hint of Figs - Viennese Coffee)

PETIT FOURS

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CLUB LIFE IN THE THIRTIES

By "Cabby" Cooper

My first experience in joining a motor cycle club was in 1930. I had just returned from Australia, and after a few months as a cab driver saved enough gold to place a deposit on a model C.S.1, the original camshaft model made by Nortons, this was purchased from O'Donovans whose shop in Gt. Portland Street was the mecca for all Norton fans. I think I chose the C.S.1 because of the nice big tank and the camshaft tube which was so smartly polished as it lay in the cylinder barrel fins up to the top bevel housing. I was very proud of this machine and kept it spotlessly clean, and polished the crankcase till I could see my face in it, or the girls ankles when one pulled up to discuss would they like a ride up to Epping Forest. "The Wakes Arms" at the junction of the Epping and Loughton Roads was "the" place in the 1930's for us East Londoners, and many tales were told, but I'm sure seldom believed, of the time taken to get from Whipps Cross and the "Roof Gardens" cafe in Epping itself, another must for us "Cockneys".

Eventually I grew tired of listening to, and telling, about one's performances with the m.p.h. achieved, how long it took one to get to Yarmouth, and the speeds achieved - or dreamt - at Six Mile Bottom, Newmarket, and on the Thetford Straights. Having seen a few motor cyclists riding in groups, and the badges displayed on the rear mudguards, began to look for one that would be prepared to accept the Norton & myself, and eventually joined the Bohemian M.C.C. in a somewhat unusual manner, as while riding the Norton very late one Sunday evening,

I was passed by a dozen riders with the "Bohemian" badge displayed, incidentally the Club was formed at Brooklands by Ben Bickell, who was the first President of the "Boh's" as we were known, and after following these for a while plucked up courage to stop and speak to the driver of a comb, who had yelled out goodnights to the other members, and he turned out to be the Club Secretary, George Woods.

I soon had the information I required as to becoming a member, and duly turned up the following Friday at the clubs H.Q.'s, the "Lord Raglan" near Dalston, and was soon made very welcome and became a "Boh" the same evening.

Our Club runs always started outside Renno's, the North London dealer, at Highbury Corner, another President, and we would gather on Sunday morning, around nine a.m., as many as fifty machines, and set off the arranged run for the day, all with our lunches, and as one began to learn, by experience, the tea stops, for around 1/6d. we could get a tea that one seldom hears of to-day, or see's, consisting of eggs, bread and butter, celery, jam, cakes, all nearly ad. lib., with cup after cup of tea, until one could hardly get up from the table. One particular favourite tea stop was at Little Wymondley, in Herts, where everything, including the bread, was home made, or came off the farm. I defy any cafe at that time to produce this feast for the 1/9d. it cost.

Evenings were spent joining up with other Clubs at their H.Q.'s, or pub stops. The Tottenham, of which Harry Shuttleworth the

A.C.U. Timekeeper, ever present at Bemsee meetings, was a leading figure, the North East London, our friend Harry Clenshaw, who also officiates as timekeeper for the club meetings, and of course the "Hutch", the "Monte Christie", "Highgate", "Barnet & District", "Rookery" and several others in the N.E. London area combined to meet and enjoy some wonderful social evenings together. Most of the clubs had a pianist available to start the sing-song and dancing at the various pubs and cafes, or at the particular clubs H.Q. and looking back to those years when clubs had memberships of over a hundred, one wonders where, or why, they have passed on. Some are still in existence, such as the "Boh's", but they have become golf, or yacht enthusiasts, and like yours truly uses a car. Bemsee survives as a "Club" because its aim has been, and may it long continue, to encourage road racing, and its heritage from its past and present world famous riders will always ensure its future.

As usual when I start to contribute an article for the magazine, I realise I have such a lot to say, but cannot expect to occupy the complete space available, that I have to close, and hope to be allowed to continue future copy when the editor finds room, and until that time I will leave my reminiscences; after forty-one years of Club life one has so many to recall and recount.

"CABBY"

WHY RUN TO BUMP

Few things are calculated to look and be more hairy than a field of solo riders getting away at the drop of the starter's flag. Run and bump is what we call it. The trouble is that machines are more complex, some starts are uphill, every second counts in a race - and one missed footing, one chap in front who fires, then stalls - all this can cause a collision. And collisions today are expensive affairs.

A few Hutchinson 100's back we tried a clutch start for the production race. Then the ACU let us get away with it. Our argument was simple: why should the result of an important race depend on the ability to give a good swinging kick. Let every man come under starter's orders with his engine running and then see. It worked magnificently and we and many competitors and sponsors thought that clutch starts could be a feature of racing. We reckoned without the ACU. Our august body agreed they were OK providing we doubled the distance between riders, effectively cutting the field by 50%. With such enlightened knowledge does our sport flounder. But it is getting costlier to repair machines. Certain types of machines are harder to start or need a longer push.

We decide grid positions either on a ballot or by practice times. Neither is particularly pertinent to the problem of getting a machine to fire. If the ACU was sensible about safety it would devise a method whereby the easier, quicker, lighter machines (those that started in, say, two paces) occupied the front of the grid. And progressively to those which were bad starters on the rear.

Nobody can accept that current practice is safe since accidents happen. Surely clutch starts are either a) just as unsafe, in which case there is no grounds for restricting the size of the field, or b) less likely to cause accidents (surely a point demonstrated in the short life of full fields and clutch starts). In the car world shunts on start lines can bring hefty fines. As a result they are rare occurrences. It seems that with clutch starts on motor cars drivers feel safer, have time to take any avoiding action, and take damn good care not to stall. WHAT DO YOU THINK. If we are to get a change for the better we have to voice a demand. BMCRC is your club representing your views. WHAT DO YOU WANT? To run and risk a bump or make a clutch start.

Fill in your form and return it to us.

V O T E

Clutch starts.	Yes.	Tick the
	No.	answer you
		want.

Name:

Membership No:

1.9.71.

Complete and return to the club office.

BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB LTD.
PO Box 75 Kingston upon Thames Surrey.

125cc RACING

The following reprint of a letter is of the utmost importance to the owners and riders of 125cc machines.

By the time this magazine is published we shall know whether the 125cc race has been removed from the Silver Trophy Meeting and the remaining meetings at Brands Hatch and Snetterton for this year.

- - -

18th August, 1971.

Dear Sir,

re: 125cc RACES.

We notice that up to the present, we have not received an entry from you for the Silver Trophy Meeting at Brands Hatch on 11th September.

Entries close on Tuesday next the 24th, and as Secretary of the Meeting, I regret to say that only 8 entries have been made to date.

This means that unless a minimum of 20 entries are received by 24th, the race will be withdrawn in accordance with Supplementary Regulation No.4, and the time and awards given over to another 1,000cc race - a capacity class for which we are always oversubscribed.

Over the years, we have endeavoured to give all members a "Fair Crack of the Whip", but it is now impossible to run an uneconomical event.

I'm afraid that should it be necessary to take this course of action, there will be a distinct possibility of 125cc races disappearing from all Bemsee Race Meetings. This is exactly what happened to 50cc racing a few years ago.

Well, - it's NOW up to you to keep the 125cc class alive. - It's no good waiting to enter after 24th or on the day, it WILL BE TOO LATE.

Yours sincerely,
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB LTD.

(Peter Lewis)
Secretary of the Meeting.

S L A N G

Thank goodness for Dave, Bernei and Barbara of Hadleigh Custom Motor Cycles. It's keeping me going on the slang.

- Tank slapper - wags its head; interesting line round corner.
- On the limit - going faster than advisable;
On the ragged edge - doing a Hailwood without
'ear'oling the skill
scratching
- A dice - two or more riders playing motor cycle leap frog.
- Step off - completely demolish engine by crashing.
- Casting the model away - step off (1950's 'Motor Cycle' vintage)
- Tucked well in - 14 stone rider on a 50cc Itom.
- Windows in the crankcase - usually accompanies 'throwing a rod'
- Throwing a rod - mobile engine dismantling.
- On the mega - engine revving inside power band.
- On song - audible good state of tune.

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