

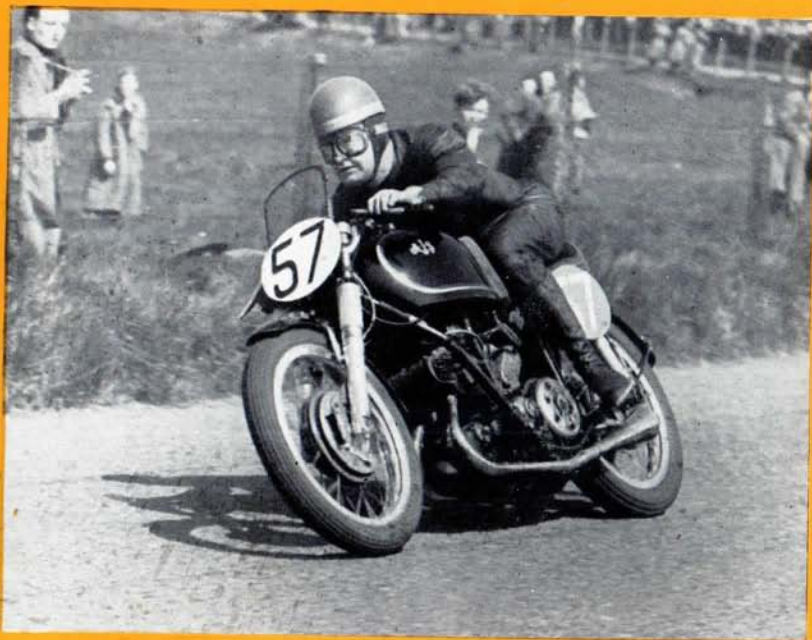


# Bemsee

THE JOURNAL OF THE  
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

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ONE SHILLING



Rod Coleman (A.J.S.) near Keppel in the 1953 Senior T.T.

(Photo: Motor Cycling)

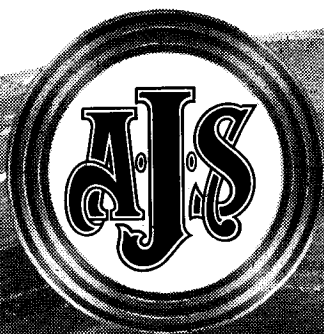
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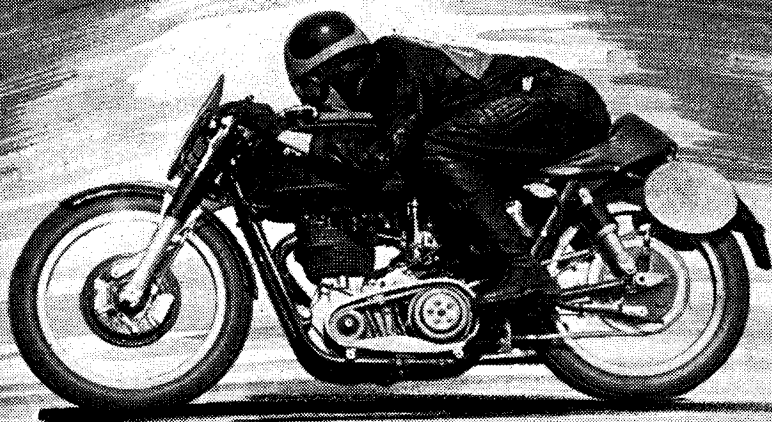
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## A British Challenger

A BRITISH two-fifty has not won the Lightweight T.T. since 1936. The one British factory challenge in post-war racing fizzled out and the behind-the-scenes experimental work of another home factory still remains there. Geoffrey Duke hopes to ride a British Lightweight this year. On the face of it, it appears that Italy (Guzzi) and Germany (N.S.U.) will contest the race, for unless Duke's machine is ready—and has no teething troubles—British opposition can only come from the ancient Ridges and the several specials. None of the 350 c.c. A.J.S., Nortons and Velocettes shrunk by 100 c.c. by enthusiastic private owners, have the necessary speed and power to oppose seriously the all conquering Guzzis. Even on our home-tracks in National events the privately owned Guzzi of Maurice Cann has been invincible.

There is however a spark of hope. On Easter Monday, at the Crystal Palace, the Cann-Guzzi combination was forced to take a second place. Its conqueror was the R.E.G., the double o.h.c., twin-cylinder special designed and manufactured by Bob Geeson. Its teething troubles are over and at the Crystal Palace, in the hands of John Surtees, it showed its real paces by lapping the track at over 69 m.p.h. It has reliability and, ridden by its creator, finished 10th in last year's Lightweight T.T.

There is a possibility that John Surtees will ride the R.E.G. in this year's T.T. If he is able to, a serious challenge to the Continental factories is a possibility. An advantage which the N.S.U. and Guzzis have is streamlining, for aerodynamic fairings and cowlings now play an important part and can add several m.p.h. to maximum speed.

# SILVERSTONE SATURDAY

## Carola Hassal looks at it from the Outside

**SILVERSTONE SATURDAY**, April 10th, the first meeting of the season, and blessed with lovely weather. It was almost hot, although the campers complained of a cold night.

We had a fair representation of Commonwealth riders; Bob Cooper and Ted Havens of Canada; Maurice Quincey of New Zealand; Rudy Allison of South Africa and, of course, Ray Amm, who had a fine day out smashing lap records.

That the day was enjoyed very much by spectators and riders alike was largely due to our overworked Secretary and the Marshals, plus the all-round co-operation of everyone. A high light of practice was Eric Olivers streamlined Norton outfit fairly raising the dust and giving promise of wonderful racing to come.

## Stan Hall sees it from the Inside

**THIS YEAR** the paddock seemed to be more crammed with bikes and tenders than ever before. There were dozens and dozens of new machines, and especially popular were the new "Gold Star" B.S.A.s. So crowded was the paddock that it was not easy to find one's own pit. I was lucky in this respect, for the distinctly painted "Renold" van acted as a marker for my little spot. I didn't see a great deal of the racing because, this being the first meeting of the year, most of my time seemed to be spent in greeting old friends and renewing acquaintance with all those out of hibernation.

A race I did see a lot of was the "two-fifty." I rode in that and from my back seat in the high-speed procession had a very good view of what was going on, except at the very front. There were something like fifty of us on the starting line, and for a lap or so things were a little tricky until the field began to string out. Comparatively speaking, my 'bike was going quite well! And I had an enjoyable scrap with two or three other competitors.

I made a particular effort to see the first sidecar race. With Eric Oliver's streamlined outfit, and Cyril Smith's partially streamlined machine, it looked as though it would be a good race. It was. There was a terrific scrap for first place. Pip Harris held it for the first lap, then Oliver and Smith passed him and finally by a matter

The Clubmen had a good run for their money and some of them were up to professional "dicing" standard. And for those with sensitive ears the absence of the megaphones was something of a relief.

High speeds were commonplace in every race. In the 125 c.c. and 250 c.c. classes the "foreign menaces" were unbeatable and aroused a great interest. The five-hundred Gilera was also a centre of attraction. The rider too!

The "Vintage" race was closely followed by spectators, (not literally, you were not that slow), and one rider evidently imagined that he was at Epsom at the wrong end of the field.

All in all a thrilling meeting, and I, for one, shall look forward to visiting Silverstone again.

of feet Smith won after managing to squeeze past Oliver at Woodcote corner half-way through the race.

The "Vintage" race proved that old machines are not necessarily slow or senile. Two Ridges and a Norton made the running for the first few laps. Wiffen (Ridge) led from start to finish, challenged at first by Coles (1928 Norton) and Griffiths riding Graham Walker's 1928 Ulster G.P. winning Rudge. Just when Griffith looked like passing Wiffen, his machine gave up the struggle, and this left Whiffen undisputed leader. He won easily. An amusing touch was lent by the rider of a 1920 269 c.c. Gamage, which trundled round at a steady 20 m.p.h. and was given a great ovation by those in the Grand stand. The rider acknowledged their interest in a suitable manner.

THE RACE of the day was the 500 c.c. 50 mile Championship Race. Amongst the competitors was Geoffrey Duke with his red Italian Gilera. Opposing him were a couple of works Nortons and A.J.S.s. The Gilera screamed away at the head of the race, out on its own. Following were John Surtees (Norton) and the works Ajays. The official Nortons—Amm and Keeler—were "somewhere in the crowd" and then Amm suddenly appeared in second place, giving hot chase to Duke, eventually passing him. It was a short-lived triumph, however, for Duke was soon leading again,

*(continued on page 7)*

# OFFICIAL RESULTS

## SPECIAL AWARDS

### *The Glover Trophy:*

J. R. Clark—Improvement over Handicap 2m. 7s. in Event 8.

### *The "Motor Cycling" Cup:*

E. A. Keeler — 11s. — Event 11.

### *The Bob Winter Trophy:*

E. Oliver — 2m. 8s. — 62.03 m.p.h.

### *The Colin Whorwood Trophy:*

J. Surtees

### *The Vintage Trophy:*

J. T. Terry — 1922 749 c.c. Martinsydc.

### *The "Anonymous Award":*

G. B. Tanner.

### *"Motor Cycling's" Award:*

Hillingdon and Uxbridge M.C.C. (R. A. Keeler — Event 11)

## EVENT 1. 30 Mile. Solos from 175 to 250 c.c.

Place	Rider	Machine	m. s.	m.p.h.
1.	M. Cann	Moto Guzzi	21.28 3/5	91.57
2	C. C. Sandford	A.R.T. Earles Velo.	21.52 3/5	80.07
3	B. Rood	Velocette	22.10 1/5	78.41
4	G. Monty	Velocette	23.03 3/5	75.96
5	E. W. Tinkler	Pike Rudge	23.29	74.60
6	I. I. Lloyd	M & F Excelsior	23.34 3/5	74.29
7	D. N. Edlin	Melam Special	23.34 4/5	74.28
8	G. S. Turner	Rudge	23.39 3/5	74.03

Fastest Lap:- M. Cann — 2m. 03 4/5s. — 84.89 m.p.h.

## EVENT 2. 30 Mile. Clubmen riding Production Solo Motor Cycles. 251 to 350 c.c.

1	H. Evans	B.S.A.	23.40	74.01
2	A. R. Singer	B.S.A.	23.46 1/5	73.64
3	D. A. Wright	B.S.A.	24.23 2/5	71.82
4	P. B. James	B.S.A.	24.43	70.87
5	D. J. Smart	B.S.A.	24.49 4/5	70.54
6	E. Minihan	B.S.A.	24.52 2/5	70.43
7	J. R. Hill	B.S.A.	24.58 2/5	70.09
8	C. A. Northwood	B.S.A.	25.03 2/5	69.89
9	R. J. Ashford	B.S.A.	25.05 3/5	69.80
10	R. R. Wood	B.S.A.	25.07 3/5	69.71
11	J. M. Moore	B.S.A.	25.07 4/5	69.70
12	R. Ebbutt	B.S.A.	25.10 2/5	69.58
13	K. Kay	B.S.A.	25.19	69.19
14	V. A. Gooden	B.S.A.	25.28	68.78
15	C. A. Dormer	B.S.A.	25.32 2/5	68.58
16	K. W. James	B.S.A.	25.35 2/5	68.54
17	J. F. Blake	B.S.A.	25.38	68.33
18	J. T. Brooks	B.S.A.	25.39 3/5	68.27
19	F. Wakefield	Norton	25.44 3/5	68.04
20	A. H. Jenkins	B.S.A.	25.48	67.89
21	G. R. Hilling	B.S.A.	25.48	67.89
22	W. P. Watson	B.S.A.	25.55 2/5	67.57
23	L. Hall	B.S.A.	25.58 3/5	67.43
24	P. M. Knocker	B.S.A.	26.32	66.02
25	F. Sheene	B.S.A.	26.32 2/5	66.01
26	J. J. Womack	A.J.S.	26.32 3/5	65.99
27	R. Castle	B.S.A.	26.35	65.87
28	H. D. Briggs	B.S.A.	26.35 2/5	65.67
29	H. W. Balcombe	Norton	27.05	64.67
30	W. Giles	B.S.A.	27.10 3/5	64.46
31	J. C. Holloway	B.S.A.	27.10 4/5	64.45
32	R. C. J. Maw	B.S.A.	27.37 2/5	63.41
33	C. J. Wilson	B.S.A.	27.39	62.97

Fastest Lap:- H. Evans — 2m. 17 2/5s.—76.49 m.p.h.

**EVENT 3. 30 Mile. Sidecars from 400 to 500 c.c. and Cyclecars up to 1,200 c.c.**

	Place	Rider	Machine	m. s.	m.p.h.
1	C. Smith	...	Norton	21.48 4/5	80.30
	Pass:	S. Dibben			
2	E. Oliver	...	Norton/Watsonian	21.49	80.28
	Pass:	L. Nutt			
3	P. V. Harris	...	Norton	21.58 4/5	79.69
	Pass:	H. Mikos			
4	J. Beeton	...	Norton	23.23	74.90
	Pass:	C. Billingham			
5	L. W. Taylor	...	Norton	23.40 2/5	73.99
	Pass:	P. Clover			
6	C. Hale	...	Morgan (994)	24.00	72.98
	Pass:	F. Hadley			

Fastest Lap E. Oliver — 2m. 08s. — 82.03 m.p.h.

**EVENT 4. 30 Mile. Solos from 251 to 350 c.c.**

1	M. P. O'Rourke	...	A.J.S.	20.43 2/5	84.52
2	J. A. Storr	...	Norton	20.43 3/5	84.50
3	A. King	...	A.J.S.	21.03 4/5	83.15
4	C. B. Tanner	...	Norton	21.25 2/5	81.76
5	B. P. Setchell	...	A.J.S.	21.38	80.97
6	V. T. Williams	...	Norton	21.38 2/8	80.94
7	E. J. Washer	...	A.J.S.	21.40 3/5	80.47
8	M. Brierley	...	A.J.S.	21.40 4/5	80.40
9	F. M. Fox	...	Norton	21.49 3/5	80.25
10	P. M. Hall	...	A.J.S.	21.52 2/5	80.09
11	F. A. Rutherford	...	A.J.S.	21.59	79.67
12	G. R. Dunlop	...	A.J.S.	22.07 2/5	79.18
13	J. Hartle	...	A.J.S.	22.24	78.20
14	G. T. Salt	...	A.J.S.	22.25	78.13
15	B. J. Thompson	...	A.J.S.	22.28	77.96
16	B. L. Turner	...	A.J.S.	22.32 1/5	77.65
17	C. A. Matthews	...	A.J.S.	22.34	77.62
18	R. Thompson	...	B.S.A.	22.40 3/5	77.24
19	A. G. Johnson	...	A.J.S.	22.52 2/5	76.58

Fastest Lap: M. P. O'Rourke } 2 m. 01 1/5s. — 86.71 m.p.h.  
J. A. Storr

**EVENT 5. 15 Mile. Scratch Race for Vintage Solos and Sidecars with which was combined a Sealed Handicap.**

	Place	Rider	c.c.	year machine	m. s.	m.p.h.
1	A. J. Wiffen	...	499	1930 Rudge	12.10 1/5	71.96
2	J. A. Lanc	...	498	1929 A.J.S.	12.54 2/5	67.88
3	F. D. Booth	...	499	1930 Ariel	12.54 3/5	67.85
4	M. C. Tomkinson	...	348	1927 Velocette	12.54 4/5	67.82
5	J. Catchpole	...	498	1930 Scott	12.56 4/5	67.65
6	L. D. Larque	...	348	1929 Velocette	12.57	67.62
7	J. T. Terry	...	749	1922 Martinsyde	12.59 2/5	67.42
8	P. J. Chivers	...	348	1928 Velocette	13.00 2/5	67.33
9	D. K. St John	...	490	1929 Norton	13.01 1/5	67.26
10	F. J. Coles	...	490	1928 Norton	13.14 3/5	66.13
11	J. H. Walsh	...	490	1928 Norton	13.15	66.09
12	T. B. N. S. Seymour-Smith	...	493	1928 Sunbeam	13.16 3/5	65.96
13	R. A. Pierce	...	493	1928 Sunbeam	13.22 3/5	65.47
14	J. D. McKay	...	498	1925 Scott	13.59 4/5	62.61
15	S. A. Johnson	...	490	1922 Norton	13.59 2/5	62.59
16	J. R. Hurlstone	...	498	1930 Vincent		
				H. R. D. J. A. P.	14.03 2/5	62.31
17	J. P. Swindlehurst	...	350	1930 A.J.S.	14.04 1/5	62.24
18	R. R. Sullivan	...	498	1928 Scott	14.09 4/5	61.83
19	J. H. Diver	...	490	1926 Norton	14.10 3/5	61.78
20	E. P. Evans	...	349	1930 Sunbeam	14.21 3/5	60.98
21	E. C. Overett	...	998	1925 Brougn-Sup.	14.37	59.92
22	E. Thompson	...	348	1929 Velocette	14.51 4/5	58.91
23	O. Neal	...	600	1927 Scott	14.52 4/5	58.86
24	R. Dickenson	...	588	1928 Norton	14.58	58.52
25	B. McEntree	...	498	1929 Scott	15.23 4/5	56.88

Fastest Lap: A. J. Wiffen — 2m. 20 1/5s. — 74.96 m.p.h.

Sealed Handicap: J. T. Terry, M. C. Tomkinson.

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## FIRST CHOICE OF THE EXPERIENCED RIDER

**EVENT 6. 30 Mile. Solos 351 to 1,000 c.c.**

	Place	Rider	Machine	m. s.	m.p.h.
1	J.	Surtees	Norton	20.02 4/5	87.38
2	J. A.	Storr	Norton	20.12 3/5	86.66
3	B. H.	King	Norton	20.14	86.57
4	C. B.	Tanner	Norton	20.56 4/5	83.62
5	F. M.	Fox	Norton	20.57 4/5	83.60
6	R.	Touche	Vincent (998)	21.14	82.49
7	A. J.	Dudley-Ward	D.W. Special	21.14 1/5	82.46
8	A. A.	Fenn	Norton	21.24 2/5	81.85
9	R.	Dowty	Norton	21.28 3/5	81.57
10	C.	Julian	Norton	21.28 1/5	81.54
11	W. R.	Fletcher	Norton	21.35 2/5	81.12
12	N. J.	Price	Norton	21.36 1/5	81.08
13	P.	Ninton	Norton	21.40	80.84
14	J. E.	Williams	Triumph Special	21.44	80.59
15	R.	Harrison	Norton	21.46	80.43
16	S.	Cooper	Triumph	21.55 4/5	79.87
17	J.	Alexander	Matchless	22.11	78.96

Fastest Lap:- J. Surtees — 1m, 56 2/5s. — 90.29 m.p.h.

**EVENT 7. 30 Mile. Solos up to 125 c.c.**

1	W. A.	Lomas	M. V. Augusta	23.57 1/5	73.12
2	J.	Hogan	M. V. Augusta	24.35 2/5	71.23
3	W. M.	Webster	M. V. Augusta	25.20 4/5	69.10
4	W. N.	Webb	M. V. Augusta	25.21 2/5	69.07
4	E.	Jackman	E.M.C.-Puch	26.26 3/5	66.24
6	J. A.	Thompson	M. V. Augusta	24.07 4/5	9 Laps only

Fastest Lap:- W. A. Lomas — 2m, 21s. — 74.46 m.p.h.

**EVENT 8. 50 Mile. B.M.C.R.C. Championship Race. Solos 351 to 500 c.c.**

1	G. E.	Duke	Gilera	32.17	92.24
2	W. R.	Amm	Norton	32.28 4/5	91.68
3	D. K.	Farrant	A.J.S.	33.10 2/5	89.76
4	J. R.	Clark	Matchless	33.18 1/5	89.42
5	R. D.	Keeler	Norton	33.18 4/5	89.38
6	R.	McIntyre	A.J.S.	33.26 4/5	89.04
7	J.	Surtees	Norton	33.28 2/5	88.96
8	R. A.	Allison	Norton	33.56	87.75
9	M.	Quincey	Norton	33.56 2/5	87.67
10	J. A.	Storr	Norton	34.04	87.48
11	D. T.	Powell	Norton	34.05 4/5	87.33
12	B. H.	King	Norton	34.14 3/5	86.96

Fastest Lap:- W. R. Amm — 1m, 51 2/5 s. — 94.34 m.p.h.

Sealed Handicap:- 1st J. R. Clark, 2nd D. T. Powell, 3rd G. E. Duke.

**EVENT 9. 30 Mile. Sidecars from 490 to 1,000 and Cyclecars to 1,200 c.c.**

1.	E. Oliver	...	Norton/Watsonian	21.58 4/5	79.69
	Pass: L. Nutt	...			
2.	C. Smith	...	Norton	22.25 1/5	78.12
	Pass: H. Dibben	...			
3.	P. V. Harris	...	Norton	22.31 3/5	77.75
	Pass: H. Mikos	...			
4.	E. J. Davis	...	Vincent/Canterbury 998	22.40	77.27
	Pass: E. G. Allenn	...			
5.	F. W. Johnson	...	Vincent Garrard (998)	23.25	74.80
	Pass: J. Cahill	...			
6.	L. W. Taylor	...	Norton	23.34 3/5	74.29
	Pass: P. Glover	...			
7.	F. Taylor	...	Norton/Watsonian	23.59 2/5	73.01
	Pass: R. Taylor	...			
8.	E. Walker	...	Norton	24.06 4/5	72.54
	Pass: D. G. Roberts	...			

Fastest Lap:- E. Oliver — 2m, 09 2/5s. — 81.28 m.p.h.



**EVENT 10. 50 Mile. B.M.C.R.C. Championship Race. Solos 251 to 350 c.c.**

	Place	Rider	Machine	m. s.	m.p.h.
1	W. R. Amm	...	Norton	33.27 2/5	89.00
2	R. McIntyre	...	A.J.S.	34.19 2/5	86.75
3	J. Surtees	...	Norton	34.43	85.77
4	C. C. Sandford	...	Velocette	34.52 2/5	85.39
5	R. A. Allison	...	Norton	34.53	85.36
6	J. A. Storr	...	Norton	35.02 2/5	84.98
7	J. E. Clark	...	A.J.S.	35.03	84.96
8	M. F. O'Rourke	...	A.J.S.	35.03 2/5	84.94
9	D. T. Powell	...	Norton	35.05 2/5	84.85
10	B. Root	...	Norton	33.30	16 Laps only

Fastest Lap:- W. R. Amm — 1m. 56 2/5s. — 90.29 m.p.h.

Sealed Handicap:- 1st. W. R. Amm, 2nd. R. McIntyre, 3rd. J. A. Storr.

**EVENT 11. 30 Mile. Clubmen riding Production Solo Motor Cycles 351 to 500 c.c. and 501 to 1,000 c.c.**

**351 — 500 c.c. CLASS.**

1	E. A. Keeler	...	Triumph	22.45 1/5	76.96
2	L. R. King	...	Triumph	22.56 2/5	76.35
3	T. H. Stazicker	...	Norton	23.38 2/5	74.10
4	K. F. Brown	...	Matchless	23.38 3/5	74.06
5	R. A. Wheeler	...	A.J.S.	23.40	74.01
6	A. Matthews	...	B.S.A.	23.46 2/5	73.67
7	R. F. Keen	...	Triumph	24.06 1/5	72.67
8	R. Arthur	...	Norton	24.17 3/5	72.10
9	B. J. Daniell	...	Norton	24.18 3/5	72.05
10	M. W. Gillingham	...	Norton	24.20 4/5	71.90
11	J. N. Clarke	...	Matchless	24.22	71.88
12	J. P. Griffith	...	Triumph	24.25	71.39
13	T. H. Saunderson	...	Matchless	24.32	
14	R. L. Dawson	...	Vincent	24.40 3.5	
15	R. J. Hyde	...	B.S.A.	24.46	
16	W. H. Allen	...	Norton	24.51	
17	B. M. Jones	...	B.S.A.	25.03	
18	C. Watson	...	Triumph	25.11 3/5	
19	W. Wilshe	...	Triumph	25.15 2/5	
20	D. Merriden	...	Triumph	25.37 2/5	
21	R. Preece	...	Norton	25.50	

Fastest Lap:- L. R. King — 2m. 14s. — 78.36 m.p.h.

**500 — 1,000 c.c. CLASS.**

1	24	V. W. Cottle	...	998 Vincent	22.45	76.99
	49	R. T. Hammond	...	649 Triumph		
3	3	G. R. Dore	...	649 Triumph	22.45 2/5	76.93
4		J. E. Lawrence	...	B.S.A.	24.18 2/5	72.06
5	19	T. S. Kelly	...	650 Triumph	24.20 2/5	71.96
6	50	C. H. R. Warner	...	998 Vincent	24.33 1/5	71.24

Fastest Lap:- G. R. Dore — 2m. 12 2/5 — 78.42 m.p.h.

and Amm passed by pointing at his engine and with a look of disgust on his face. I think he must have overwound it.

Next to Duke's performance, was that of J. R. Clark. On a G.45 Matchless he finished 4th ahead of the works machines

of Keeler (Norton) and McIntyre (A.J.S.). Cecil Sandford was riding his 350 c.c. Velo, the new "500" was not ready. If the Arthur Taylor 250 Velo is anything to go by, the 500 will be a very fast motor-cycle.

# THE RIGHT TRACK

## BILL SALMOND

**SILVERSTONE SATURDAY** was really good once more with lap records being raised, new machinery to be seen and perfect weather topping it off. I was especially interested in the great duel between Ray Amm on his 1953 Norton and Geoff Duke on the 1954 Gilera (Jill-era, remember) which bore out the various claims we have read about it being lower in height, better shaped for the rider's knees, and generally more navigable. Just whether it would permit being taken as close to the limits as Ray was edging his model, as far as handling was concerned, is a matter of conjecture. Maybe Geoff felt that there was no need to push it any further in this direction than he was doing—and what a pleasant change he must have found that from the 1952 days when, from all accounts, it was his ability to outride Masetti and Co. through the twiddly bits that brought as much success to Britain as it did. Remember how we used to wish we could see some of our own jockeys on those potent fours? We can at least console ourselves with being right in believing that we would "show them" the way round—even if it had to be on foreign machinery.

That the several British four cylinder five hundreds, that were in the offing a couple of years ago, never saw the light of day in open competition, mostly rouses my sympathy for our technical experts who must have felt rather frustrated by the situation. Not enjoying Government subsidies, that one understands some of the foreign manufacturers had available, it is not surprising that the poor old British manufacturer found that the situation was a bit too much all the way round, and I can well believe that the average British banker would hardly enthuse at making large enough loans to develop racing 500s, even if the manufacturer had enough confidence that he would be able to win it all back again. I am not at all sure that the situation has very probably been for the ultimate best.

When you come to think about the way the very small capacity motors are getting two-up quite happily around the countryside these days, it would appear that the large capacity multis are quite unnecessary to the average citizen, and with the steadily increasing speeds of racing machines, it may soon be necessary in the interests of rider-safety to emulate the rac-

ing car world and reduce the engine size of the various classes. If this quite probable eventuality comes to pass, then the British designer will once again be in the best position, thanks to existing circumstances that have forced him to concentrate in steadily improving the efficiency percentage of the numble single. More often than not, the simple things have proved the more reliable and effective in the long run, although this may not have been the case with racing engines entirely.

All things considered then, we are seemingly on the right track, even if it is not entirely of our own choosing. More of us will benefit as the more simple engine is improved, both financially by way of needing only one pot rebored etc., as well as initial outlay, and in that as time goes on we will find that a smaller machine will do the same job as a present larger one. We will also find that time has not been wasted in side tracks in the racing field if the reduction in capacity sizes of the various classes be adopted.

Personally, I have always found it very surprising that our manufacturers have so studiously ignored the 250 and 125 since the war, for the general world economics situation has so unwaveringly pointed to the fact that far more of the motor cycle buying public would be interested in smaller and less costly machines. Although we can appreciate that the cost of re-tooling is prohibitive, there must have been many jealous glances cast at the sales figures on the Continent of models like the Lambretta and Vespa scooters, to mention but two tiddler engines, and if they have not been able to pay for their re-tooling costs several times over by now, I would be very much surprised.

As an enthusiast, I would be one of the first to miss the thrill of watching a multi-cylinder 500 c.c. racer roaring down Bray Hill in the Senior T.T., and just so long as that mighty spectacle remains, I will always be amongst those present if humanly possible, competing with the best for the biggest gleam in the eye. But even so, one cannot help wondering whether more of our manufacturers had not better start taking stock of the trend of things to come and start steering on to the right track before they find that they are getting left out with the empties. Come on Britain—get in the groove!

# MARSHAL'S MUSINGS

W. G. BILL JARMAN

THANKS to verbal hints and a few good correspondents, these notes get written somehow. It isn't always easy, especially during the "Social Season" which some people call "Winter." Anyway this month I have been called upon to say more about A.C. Generators in conjunction with a special battery. Two members ask for information about the latter and all I can say is that it is known as "Silver Cadmium" and is still in the early stages of development. Furthermore it is very expensive but showing remarkable promise. I still maintain my statement that magnetos will not be used for racing in the near future. I will stick my neck out further and say that Injectors will replace Carburettors before we are much older.

\* \* \*

My next letter tells me I'm all wrong about lots of pots, so allow me to express things in a different way. Assume a 500 single and a 500 four both equal in quality and reliability. Assume also that both machines have jockeys of equal ability. All fair and reasonable? Agreed and the four will beat the single on acceleration alone without worrying about the maximum which also favours the multi. Similar arguments can be applied to other engine sizes so don't think a 250 four is out of reckoning.

\* \* \*

My next correspondent ticks me off for setting such a high standard for marshals, especially those on the course. The answer is simple and carries the full weight of your President, Chairman and Committee. The B.M.C.R.C. do not approve of spectators with armbands and that is why the men on the course at Silverstone possess most or all of the following qualifications:

- First Aid Certificates.
- Racing experience.
- Knowledge of crowds.
- Tact and diplomacy.
- Special training (Services or Police etc.)

Membership of an affiliated club.

Believe me, a couple of hundred fellows like the above are worth a thousand of any other kind and after all said and done this is a Racing Club.

Right in the middle of the Silverstone preparations Secretary Bob Walker had to spend a few days in hospital. This meant extra work for the office Staff who had to cope with a very large amount of paper work. I mention this matter because a few members do not realise the fantastic quantity of correspondence involved. The back room people behind your sport are often taken for granted until something goes wrong. I am sure you will join me in the hope that Bob will not have to pay any further visits to hospital.

\* \* \*

The T.T. is not so far away and like many others I am somewhat concerned at the risky experiments being taken with the actual events. The T.T. is *number one road race* in this world simply because of its length and difficulties. I have talked to a very large number of men on the subject and they are unanimous that it should be left alone, i.e. seven laps for each capacity.

The Sidecar T.T. is in a class by itself and is not included in the above arrangement. The "barrow-boys" can be relied upon to put up a good show regardless, but to put twenty outfits on a thirty seven mile circuit is not good showmanship. The Clype course will prove this point next June.

\* \* \*

Do not forget to wear your buttonhole badges this season, especially in the I.O.M. and on the Continent. Use them as a means of introduction and do not forget the Transfer on the "Bonnet," etc. It all helps your club you know and brings nearer the day when we shall not be homeless.

\* \* \*

These notes are penned just prior to Silverstone Saturday which means that we are engaged on preliminary work for Oulton Park on the 14th/15th May. Can you come and help with the "Marshal Plan" for one or both days? If so, drop a line to 153, Reigate Avenue, Sutton, Surrey. *Do it now* because there is so little time available. Oulton Park is a delightful place and well worth a visit. Camping should be a proposition in mid-May but there are some really nice country Inns around about the Circuit.

(continued on page 10)

## THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

THE fuel restriction (to petrol) decided upon at the recent A.G.M. and commented upon in your April editorial, is reminiscent of the colour bar!

It dictates to riders the type, and almost the make of machine they shall ride, and is a manifest insult to the long tradition of sportsmanship once associated with the B.M.C.R.C.

It seems that the present constitutional right of those responsible for this decision greatly exceeds their assumed technical and sporting standard, and on the present showing I am convinced that decisions of such fundamentally vital importance should be outside the jurisdiction of an A.G.M. Appropriate steps to rectify this position are sadly needed.

That the F.I.M. and A.C.U. are being followed is no justification, as the choice of fuel is as fundamentally the rider's own right as is the choice of machine, tyres, plugs, oil, chains, magneto, carburettor, and wearing apparel; and an attempt by any organiser to dictate in this matter constitutes a piece of insolence, intolerable to those other than mere jockeys and yes-men.

For many years I have challenged the poor sportsmen similarly involved, to produce any justification for fuel dictation which is not based upon selfishness, technical ignorance, or a financial interest. *I repeat that challenge here and now.* London S.E.18.

L. W. E. Hartley.

\* \* \*

“THOSE who voted against the motion were mostly riders who race the modern type of road racing machine—.” Thus your editorial on Mr. Ferbrache's recent motion that there be free choice

of fuel at all national meetings organised by B.M.C.R.C.

The proposer had asked that there be no fuel restrictions. Those who voted against insisted that restrictions be imposed. Mr. Editor, Sir, we have indeed sunk to an all-time low in standards of sportsmanship. What manner of men are these who regard the winning of a race as if it were a matter of life and death, and the prospect of losing so humiliating that it must be prevented at all costs?

When I was in my youth, engine capacity alone was the governing factor in motor cycle competition. No one cared a hoot what Tom had in his tank, whether Dick's cams had Mae West's contours, and that Harry had cunningly added a blower. It was sport with a capital “S” and he with the wit and intelligence to get most b.h.p. out of his motor deservedly proved the winner.

To-day, a clique owning costly replicas and whose tuning knowledge begins and ends with a C.R. of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to 1, decides what the boys must put in the tank and therefore what machines they must buy. In due course, no doubt, the moronic intelligence responsible for this uplifting state of affairs will further decide what type of plug will be used, what brand of cigarette is to be smoked, and that the girl friend, for use of when not racing, must be blonde and not brunette.

If we had but remembered over twenty years ago, when the seeds of this fuel controversy were sown, that the object of motor cycle racing is to produce machines of certain fixed engine capacities which are the fastest that can be built, then this lamentable exhibition of bad sportsmanship would never have occurred. London S.E.7.

Joseph Bayley.

### Marshal's Musings (continued)

I cannot conclude without mentioning the late Peter Chamberlain. The non-territorial Clubs will miss him as much as anyone because he never overlooked the fact that these organisations are among the brightest jewels in the A.C.U. Crown. Peter was a man who loved motor cycle sport in all its phases and we mourn the loss of a good friend who will not easily be replaced.

We have also lost another man of the highest calibre, G. Ernie Nott, the best

man to ever lose a T.T.! Shall we ever forget his one and two hour rides at Brooklands? Or the cheerful way in which he took his misfortunes? Ernie Nott will be remembered by the B.M.C.R.C. for a very long time to come.

\* \* \*

As they say in the Theatre, “The Show must go on” so let's hear from you about Oulton Park and thank you for the help given on Silverstone Saturday. Thanks a lot!

## AREA NEWS

### CHESHIRE

G. E. Tottey, 2 Rocky Lane South,  
Heswall, Wirral.

THE last meeting took place on Wednesday, April 14th, at the *Shrewsbury Arms* as usual, and I was very gratified at the excellent attendance (25) in view of the fact that quite a few were very busy in the usual last minute rush preparing their bikes, and could not get along.

However, the attendance of those who live near and were not thus engaged, was rather disappointing and more than one third came more than 30 miles to our venue. Nevertheless, our membership is growing steadily, and interest seems to be increasing. This last do was certainly very amusing and lots of good repartee was bandied about, including a few good cracks at the writer, all in a very happy atmosphere.

We were all glad to hear Bob Walker was about again after his recent spot of being dismantled and reassembled in Richmond Hospital.

I collected the Dugdale trophy and replica from Hector on my way to Silverstone to hand over to the powers that be for engraving, and I can say right now that it is a most handsome outfit. It will certainly help to keep the taps open at Oulton Park next month (this of course is being written in April).

Hector kept away from this meeting: I think he was afraid of blushing too much when we would have personally expressed our appreciation.

A very pleasant surprise was the presence of "J. Alexander," a well known ride under that nom-de-plume, who came the goodly distance from Llandudno and hopes to come many more times, and in the absence of a "cell" in N. Wales, we have attached him to ourselves at his request.

Normally our meetings are for members only, but it does not come amiss for a male guest or two to be present and often it bears fruit in the way of new members. On this particular evening two people were present who had come along as guests for the third time and at the end of the meeting two yellow forms were produced, duly filled up, three pounds each changed hands, all sent on to Bob for attention. Might I, through the medium of these notes, suggest to my fellow area organisers that they might do well to adopt

this idea if they have not already done so.

Of course our meetings are definitely male only, except on the odd social occasions in the winter. Much as I like the ladies, they are a bit of a binder when the lads get going a bit. Having said this I go in fear and trembling as to my fate when Linda and Dorothy get hold of me at our next meeting (and my hair is just beginning to grow nicely too!!)

Another visitor was G. Sugden, secretary of the local Vintage Club with whom we have very happy contacts, and who I expect will be providing some of their members to help us at Oulton Park.

A notable absentee was Bill Webster who sent word to say he could not come as he had a most fearful cold. As most of us know, Bill has been working in the warm and sunny clime of Crewe all winter and has got his M.V. going to some tune with the result that when he started lapping Silverstone he made such a hell of a draught for himself that he caught cold.

Ken Brett turned up for the opposite reason, in very good health. Having increased the compression ratio and revs. on his beautifully self made 125 he did some very good lapping until the grem-lins drilled some little holes in the top of the piston, and so Ken was soon sitting in no draught at all. However, I am glad to say no other damage was done to the engine which would have been a shame after the hundreds of hours he has spent on this job.

I called in on Brian Duffy who was putting the finishing touches to his Velo before proceeding to the Continent to do the Circus. The units are assembled in a very excellent much modified frame with teles etc. and the whole assembly is a really nice outfit. Good luck to him in his travels.

Michael McGeagh is back in local circulation after dashing all over the country for some months.

Next meeting is on Wednesday, May 12th, at 7-30 p.m. at the *Shrewsbury Arms*, and may I just once more ask the local lads who didn't come along, this time to make a special effort as this meeting will be just before Oulton Park and we shall be wanting some mutual help with transport etc.

(continued on page 18)

# NEW BOOKS

## Formula III Year Book 1953-54

Edited by Roy Pearl and Douglas Armstrong.

Published by Pearl Cooper Ltd., London.

Price 6s. - 0d.

THE purpose of this book is a two-fold one, to provide entertainment and information. In the latter category is a comprehensive list of the results of British and Continental Formula III (500 c.c.) car races held in 1952 and 1953; a review of Continental racing in the same years; details of circuits, illustrated by maps, including the new Aintree course; a who's who of personalities in car racing; and brief details of the current half-litre cars and the engines they use.

Despite the fact that this is essentially a book for the car enthusiast, there is a great deal to interest those who follow motorcycle racing. A number of well-known motorcyclists are to be found in the Who's Who section, Harold Daniell, Granville Grenfell and Francis Beart, to mention but three; and three famous engines are featured in the technical data section, namely the J.A.P., the Matchless G45 and the Norton. A fourth engine will not be familiar to motorcyclists, but it looks an exciting piece of machinery. It is an in-line four with shaft-and-bevel-gear driven double overhead camshafts. The bore and stroke are equal (54 m.m.), the cylinders aircooled (Alfin barrels are

used), the r.p.m. 9000, and 10 m.m. pulg are specified. The weight is given as 125 lbs., 20% more than a Norton single.

Amongst the articles written to entertain the reader is one by Professor von Eborhorst, entitled "My Ideal 500." The professor was co-designer of the pre-war Auto-Union cars, and, until recently, with Aston-Martins. He has now returned to Germany.

He advocates a four cylinder w.c. engine and the abandonment of chain drive, but specifies a 5-speed gearbox with a range of 3 to 1.

On the subject of fuel he states: "I would favour the elimination of free fuel—methanal fuel is utterly useless as a commercial fuel." Those of you who favour fuel restrictions can stop hugging yourselves with delight at this, apparently, weighty support in your favour. There are other alcohol fuels besides methanol, some of which are useful as a commercial fuel. One has just returned to the market.

A useful directory of suppliers and manufacturers is included, and some very good action photographs are an added interest.

## "Motor Cycling" Year Book 1954

Published by Temple Press, Ltd., London.

Price 8s. 6d.

THE fourth edition of an annual review of the year's motorcycling history; edited by the late Peter Chamberlain in co-operation with the staff of *Motor Cycling*. There are chapters devoted to racing, at home and abroad; speedway racing; moto cross; trials; record breaking; design and trends. The book is not entirely a compilation of technicalities and sport, however; foreign touring is dealt with authoritatively by Bernal Osborn of *Motor Cycling*. He also contributes a chapter on Accessories, included with which are safety helmets and clothing.

In a Year Book statistics are naturally an important item, and the year's sport-

ing events are analysed in a comprehensive manner—trials, scrambles and racing at home and abroad throughout 1953. There's also a "Who's Who" of those who were in the news during the year.

There are a great many illustrations to enliven the pages, excellent action shots of sporting events, stills of machines and cut-away and "exploded" diagrams of engines, gearboxes and machines.

The book is handsomely bound in cloth, in "Motor Cycling Green" and gold lettered. Altogether good value for 8s. 6d., money which will buy you just as much enjoyment as could be bought for the equivalent amount of petrol.

# ONE LAP TOO MANY

DONALD THOMSON

RACING CAREERS may be long or short, the big-time or strictly the short-circuit class, but once it is all over there must be a memory of at least one occasion when all went well and indeed exceeded all reasonable expectations.

In a session lasting from 1947 till 1951 I was never in the big-time but there was one occasion which I remember as the only time I had two bicycles to play with and the only time I nearly won a race.

This was the Scarborough meeting of July 1951.

For this attempt I had my own 7R and the loan of an "actual" Clubman's T.T. Matchless Twin. Because of going to collect this Matchless and a big enough trailer, which turned out to be a sort of tumbrel on an Austin Heavy Twelve axle, the departure was delayed until about 10-30 p.m. on the Wednesday. There were 90-odd miles to cover but my two pals were in the best of form and nothing could dismay them.

As we headed into Yorkshire, darkness closed in and somewhere around 1 a.m. the first diversion of this outing occurred.

On the open country of the Wolds we came upon a small car, stopped at the roadside with no lights, but with the doors open and two blokes with their heads inside. We pulled up and inquired if we could be of assistance and what was the trouble. We were then informed, in refined accents, that they had heard a scraping noise and had stopped and discovered they were towing the battery. To demonstrate the truth of this, matches were struck and we goggled at the battery, or rather the remains of it, lying on the road underneath with the cables still attached.

Our friends then declared their intention of getting on the move again somehow and proceeded to remove the seats and the entire floor in no time at all. The car was an ancient Triumph Super Seven and was turning out to be the bad end of a part-exchange deal in Hull the previous day. There followed for us a hilarious quarter of an hour while the battery was wedged on top of the gearbox and literally yards of apparently redundant wiring was ripped out. We steadily became more helpless as the two characters tinkered and raised sparks and

smells of burning rubber, to a most earnest running commentary with never one coarse epithet.

Eventually the lights came on, which was the signal for the passenger to put in some frenzied work with the starting handle. This was optimism indeed considering that most of the battery case was non-existent. But the engine did start.

"It's a very good motor," declared the driver and revved it, till the valves floated, amid bouts of chronic backfiring. As there appeared to be a straight-through pipe of about two inch bore this racket must have been heard for miles. After all the loose tackle had been hurriedly stowed back inside, our friends, with the most courteous of farewells, piled in and set off. For Whitby, they said! On two and three cylinders and with the faintest of lights, the battered Triumph stuttered away into the distance.

We found them stopped again and in darkness about a mile farther on, but we were assured that only slight adjustments were required. We left them to it.

We arrived in the paddock at Scarborough at 2 a.m. and quietly walked past the vans, tents and sheeted over models already there, to find a place to pitch our tent. All the insects on Oliver's Mount come to buzz round the Tilley Lamp. A couple of straw bales, borrowed for bedding, and, after a last smoke and a last guffaw at the Super Seven episode, the lamp was put out and three tired but happy heads lay down.

Thursday and practising. No trouble with the 7R and I qualify easily. Immediate and hopeless clutch-slip with the Matchless, which I had not ridden before. We drained the oil bath and I tried again. No better. We took the oil bath off and washed the clutch out with benzole. (Don't ask what the benzole was for at this 72 octane meeting). Some improvement. Took the clutch to pieces and did the job properly. Much better. Now a smaller engine sprocket which seemed to start the clutch off again. Successive tightenings of the springs finally got it to bite and I qualify at the final session. The machinery now seeming O.K. we left justified in having a quiet pint or two and a matter with some of the boys in the town that night.

Up at the crack of dawn on Friday and a shave at the very cold water tap. Not recommended for tender skins! Breakfast of eggs, bacon and other delicacies with lasnings of strong tea; and what can possibly taste better in the fresh air of a fine summer morning? Before long people were beginning to roll up and motors were cracking into life.

The 7R was got on to the grid and then followed undistinguished lappery which put me 9th in my heat but still fast enough to be in the Sixteen Second Fastest Final. In due course we were back on the grid, and after the scramble at flagfall I found myself third at the first corner. I pressed on desperately, not expecting this to last because we had some good bloques in this race. But at the end of the lap I was still there and apparently with quite a lead on the next astern. Then, on rounding Mountside the next time, I came on the erstwhile leader, slowed right down and touring in the middle of the road.

So, now I was second and, if anything, closing up on the new leader. Another lap and I was determined to catch him somehow, which is a mood contrary to my usual nature. Through the start again and he disappeared round Mere Hairpin. Immediately there was the beginning of action among the flag-wallahs on the corner, but by then I was going round and what's this? What's this? Here was a Gold Star and rider spilled all over the place and not being able to stop anyway I scraped past and away.

It is only fair to mention here that the subsequent flag-wagging produced some baulking among the remainder of the field and made me a gift of at least half the length of Quarry Hill.

So this was it at last and it looked like roses, roses all the way as long as I did not do anything stupid.

At the end of that lap I spotted the looks of amazement on the faces of the pit staff and next time round they had a board as big as a hoarding hung out with the figure "1" writ large upon it. They seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. My lead seemed as big as ever. Another lap or two and I began to feel just a bit rattled. The 7R was running beautifully but the stoppers were no longer really stopping; particularly the back one. All the force I could use on the pedal did not produce must result and it began to be touch-and-go at various points but somehow I didn't overshoot anywhere.

For one Scarborough lap of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles I make it 24 gear changes, at least 3 heavy braking points at the 3 Hairpins, one steep hill up and one down and the dicey full-bore passage through the start, among other and lesser features.

I lost track of time and laps and I mouthed the word "LAP?" at the pit staff every time round but they only capered foolishly, stuck out the board and waved me on to greater efforts. Those I was incapable of making.

I soon got rattled some more when a look back at Mount Corner told me there were two bloques much closer than anybody had been up to now.

Surely there couldn't be much longer to go through. Maybe it was imagination, but the motor seemed to be going slightly duff. The revs. came up all right but it was taking longer and I now had only half of one good brake. My feverish grasp pulls the lever right back to the grip and this was a stone-dead stopper before the merry-go-round started!

I do not recollect if there was a last-lap flag but the frantic pit signals told me that something was up. The opposition was now so close I could hear them and, sure enough, at Mere they were only yards away. I stayed in my precarious spot as far as the Memorial, but from there it was three in line abreast and suddenly I'd had it. From first to third, just like that. At the finish I was  $2\frac{3}{4}$  seconds behind John Hogan on the Velo and a few yards behind Harry Brown on another Velo. Still, how good it was while it lasted.

The rear brake linings later proved to be nothing but stringy remnants with the hub full of dust, and the inlet valve had a large dent on the rim. Must have swallowed a stone or something. There was no compression to speak of. Saturday was something of an anti-climax, but once again I got to the final and finished, and not last. The Matchless was creating interest at the time, only having been seen previously in the Island. After our attentions the clutch was so heavy that my slightly "gammy" left wrist became nearly paralysed.

We did full justice to the junketings at the Cambridge Hotel that night with plenty of beer-money on the strength of the eight-pound cheque graciously handed over by the Lady Mayoress.

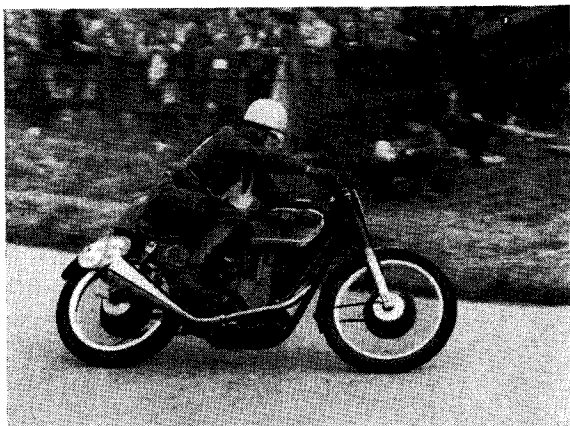
At midnight or thereabouts, and most certainly ill-advisedly, we headed the Citroën and tumbril for home, causing some merriment among the slightly-



apprehensive send-off committee by doing two complete laps of the adjacent square, in spite of the utmost concentration I may add, before getting properly

on track.

Thus ended my most enjoyable meeting and I wouldn't have missed it for anything.



Donald Thomson—Scarborough 1951

(Photo: C. Hall).

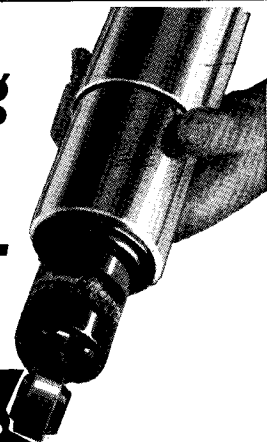
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# IN AND ON . . .

MICHAEL McGEAGH

He was just about 150 yards ahead of me as we approached the gradient, pulling hard in third. Extracting every ounce of power from his motor. The road tapered in towards the bend at the top, a deceptive left-hander, and though gaining on him, I knew I couldn't pass; not with safety, so I did the obvious and tucked in behind, changing down a gear to keep station. It was at this moment when I heard it. A sound more thrilling than the first cuckoo, more devastating to the human nervous system than the landlord's final call. The heavy machine slipped into second cog as the hill steepened and, tucking in still closer, I enveloped myself in the sound, unwilling to pass though the advantage was almost there.

Such a wonderful morning . . . Such a glorious, exhilarating sound. We crested the rise, rounded the bend and normality returned. The slim racing lines vanished in a puff of exhaust smoke. That hulking great ten ton coal wagon came off the megaphone and a grimy hand beckoned me on from the cab window—on towards Durham when my mind had been focused on the East Snaefell gate.

Ah well! It was pleasant whilst it lasted, and I must admit that I had never before heard a coal lorry megaphoning with such reality and perfection.

Whilst on the subject of sound, let us continue (leaving the technicalities to the technicians) and probe for the pleasures. That harbinger of the Manx racing season—the first man of the first practice period; what of his reception? Like the Xmas pudding, it's mixed. Without poaching too deeply on the Salmond preserves, in the North of the Island I can say, that there are those who reverse the normal procedure and sleep(?) with their heads under the pillow; there are those who curse a recalcitrant alarm clock and are still rubbing sleep from bleary eyes with one hand and adjusting their braces with t'other as the overture becomes a crescendo, and there are those who have beaten the king of the roost to the dawn by a whole heap of minutes and in doing so have smoked half their daily ration, placing the spent matchsticks on what they hope to be the correct line, thereby simplifying the cataloguing of *good*, *bad*, and *downright shocking*.

There have been occasions when Ramsey Square has made Monte Carlo a poor second to a kindergarten game of snap. The knowledgeable ones are the small boys crowding the barriers, and, with devastating precision, they know all the answers. I believe that there is more in this autograph hunting than merely collecting names. As you scrawl on the grubby slip of paper, young eyes size-up you and your machine. They know all about your capabilities before you and the model have reached the line. From past experience they deduce that "X" cannot possibly be the first man round. "He's coming fast," they will inform you whilst rider and machine have barely reached Kerromooar; "And it isn't an Ajay, 'cause they don't make that noise."

Naturally, you argue (being older you presume that you know better), but there are featherbeds and Featherbeds, and the time arrives when you wish you were back in your own. Arguments to one side for the time being, there is little to equal that moment when, as you stand by the Guthrie Memorial, the futility of urbane cares and worries slip away; and the eastern sky glides through a kaleidoscope of sunrise colouring; and the lark, a mere dot in the heavens above you, shrills defiance at the "angry bee" yowling along in the plain below.

From a fishing boat in Ramsey Bay, when the practice period is in full swing, one might assume that the whole Island was driven by a giant electric motor. The air pulsates; the sound waves rise and fall; you may see a glint of helmet and machine at the Waterworks; Or you may see nothing at all. And if you didn't know? Well, your guess is as good as mine.

If you really enjoy the note of a "megga," an ideal spectating point is a few yards past the Bungalow on the Douglas side of the climb to the 31st milestone. Here, riders are going up the gears on full song in each cog, and the separate "circles of sound" lose their individuality and blend into one dovetailed unit. This happens with every machine that passes, so you get your audible refund even if you cannot hear clearly for a week or so afterwards.

A real earful of punishment can be gained (or could be, anyway) by tailing

(continued on page 18)

# RACING SHORTS

## Brough — Easter Saturday

I WONDER what P. A. Davey was thinking about as his Norton ran away with him at the Blackburn Welfare M.C.'s Easter Saturday Meeting held at Brough Aerodrome nr. Hull. After bumping his machine and hopping aboard he accelerated a little too hard which caused him to slip off the saddle. He was pulled along for perhaps 20/30 yards before he was able to shut off enough to enable him to remount, by this time the remainder of the field had streamed past, but riding hard, he managed to annex 5th Place.

## Esholt Park — Easter Monday and Tuesday

EVERYONE interested in certain machines which are invariably painted red, had looked forward to seeing (and hearing) the Gilera, entered by J. B. Denton of Bradford, in the event which took place at Esholt Park on Easter Monday and Tuesday. On arrival however, we learned that it had not been delivered, instead, he was to ride his very potent Triumph which had carried him very close to victory at Brough on Saturday. Opposition was provided by Denis Parkinson (Norton) Wakefield, and, as expected, showed how easy it is (for Denis) to win on this tricky 2 mile course.

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## AREA NEWS (continued)

### SOUTH WALES

**Mrs. M. Pryse, Preswylfa, Mountain Ash, Glamorgan.**

OUR membership in the South Wales area is growing slowly but surely and due to the good offices of our Re-

presentative, Mrs. M. Pryse, who, as most are aware, is Hon. Sec. of the Aberaman Club. Mrs. Pryse reports that on the 13th April a presentation of Welsh Championship Awards was held and that Des Snow (a "Bemsee" Member) was officially inaugurated as Welsh Champion.

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## IN AND ON . . . (continued)

a 7R fitted with a two gallon megaphone. This taratantra is so "al-veloping" that apart from ending the proceedings with a brace of eradicated eardrums, there is the omni-present danger of finding one's nose gauging the temperature of an Ajay exhaust valve. And the other fellow wouldn't like that, so perhaps this is one reason for fitting cones and small megga's.

And now, a shaggy sound story. It concerns a certain house bordering the course in Ramsey. In this house is a bedroom containing a large bay window bearing four bits of glass. Comes a practice morn-

ing. Still four bits of glass. Comes the end of the cantering, and we find three sheets of see-through" and one not so viewable. A hairline crack wends its way across the fifty per cent mark. Small boy with stone? Small boys with bricks have been chucking them at the "rabbits" not the windows. Perhaps a pebble from a passing pneumatic? Not indentation on the glass-ware. What then? Sound, my friends: simply sound. The song of the megaphone has written it's score for all posterity to read. But that still doesn't alter the fact that the rain comes in when the east wind blows.

# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## THE LESLIE GRAHAM MEMORIAL FUND

IF you were one of the few who were present at the Club's Annual General Meeting held last February, you will remember that our friend, G. E. Tottey, proposed that "Bemsee" should set up a memorial within the Club to the late Leslie Graham. He suggested that a Fund be opened for subscription by the members to provide the necessary money for whatever form the memorial should take.

It says a great deal for the standing, personality and good fellowship of Les Graham that the memory of him should remain so green with all of us, when memory, notoriously, is so very short. Never is this more noticeable than in the case of those in the public eye, as Les was for so many years. Of course, he was always one of us and to most of you he was more than just a name.

Les Graham, in his field, was quite unique. To whatever he turned his attention he gave of his best. A man of no little courage, both physically and in spirit, his persistent run of bad luck never seemed to depress him, although at times he was wistful of his inability to win the Senior T.T. A great sportsman but, withal, an unassuming man, willing and eager to help where and how he could. Certainly "Bemsee" could always rely upon him.

The Committee wholeheartedly endorsed our Tottey's suggestion and they have decided to match, pound for pound, all subscriptions from members up to the first £100.

We hope that every member will be willing to make some voluntary contribution, however small, to "Bemsee's Les Graham Fund." To keep down administrative costs, no individual acknowledgements will be sent. However, a list of subscribers will be published in the magazine, but the amount subscribed by each individual will *not* be published. The sum subscribed by an Area collectively will be set out as a receipt to the Area organiser. The monthly total of subscriptions will be published.

We especially commend to Area Representatives a collection from members within their Area. Please help all you can. We want this to be really worthwhile and a final salute to Leslie Graham.

One final point. If you have any particular ideas as to what kind of memorial should be set up, please do drop a line to our Secretary. The Committee would be grateful to everyone for their co-operation — and, please, do be generous.

### Lo.M. (Practice and T.T. Weeks)

MR. DENIS GLOVER will again be representing the Club in the Island during T.T. Week and the Practice week previous. Should a club member or any rider wish to contact him he may be found at the undermentioned address. Last year some difficulty was experienced in locating this address and the information that it is on the back road to Hillberry will be of some assistance.

c/o Mrs. Cowley, "Ballacain," Onchan.

### Transfer Passes—Oulton

MEMBERS who desire to have a Transfer Pass to the paddock are asked to apply for them to the Secretary, at Richmond, **not later than** May 10th.

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### OBITUARY

IT IS with great regret that we record the death of R. A. Russell, who died of injuries received in a crash at Silverstone on April 10th.

To his family and his friends we offer our deepest sympathy.

"Bemsee" was represented at his funeral by D. J. H. Glover.

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## FINAL NOTICE

**W**ILL those Members whose subscriptions for the current year are still outstanding please give this matter their immediate attention. Cheques and Postal Orders etc. should be made payable to British Motor Cycle Racing Club Ltd., and forwarded to the Secretary at No. 34 Paradise Road, Richmond, Surrey.

**ORDINARY SUBSCRIPTION: £2-2-0. — OVERSEAS MEMBERS: £1-1-0.**

The names of any members who have failed to pay their subscription by Monday, 17th May, 1954, will be placed before the Committee at their next meeting and these names may be deleted from the Club register.

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