



Bemsee

THE JOURNAL OF THE
BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

Vol. 6. No.12. DEC. 1953 ONE SHILLING



Pip Harris and the ballast play at Peep-Bo to enliven the racing

(Photo: S. S. Hales)

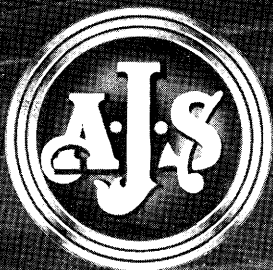
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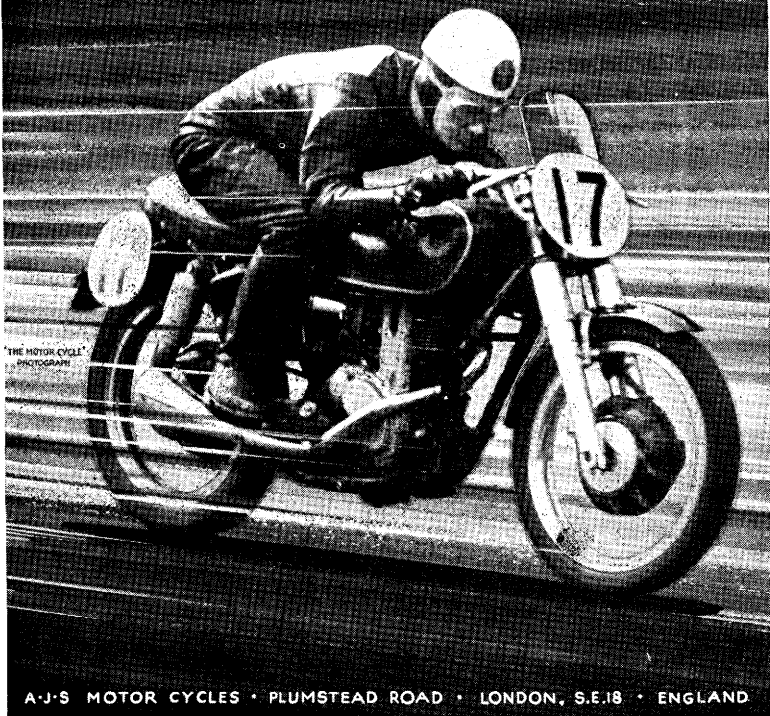
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Vol. 6. No. 12. DEC. 1953

EDITOR:

L. R. HIGGINS

THE BRITISH MOTOR CYCLE RACING CLUB

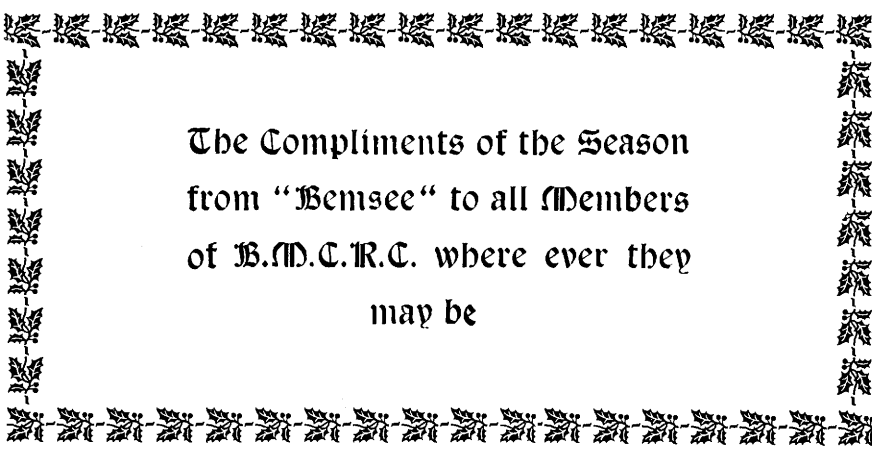
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The Compliments of the Season
from "Bemsee" to all Members
of B.M.C.R.C. where ever they
may be

ARMOUR WILL BE WORN

MICHAEL R. McGEAGH

SNEEZING loudly, I succeeded in relieving my lungs of their three hour accumulation of dust. In my brief case were the aged vellum sheets presented to me by the senior partner of Sproket, Spoke and Kamshaft, Solicitors. My mind, still dazed and uncertain, held the contents of what surely must be a classic slice of unpublished history, handed down from generation to generation, each suppressing their curiosity in deference to the penned request on the covering sheet. "Not to open ye manuscript before A.D.1953."

Perhaps my ancient ancestors never thought that 'fifty three would ever dawn, but as it has, and as you sit digesting your Xmas fare, let me sweep aside the cobwebs, lift the massive seals, and unfold the story of the first—the very first, in fact the Granddaddy of all—The T.T. Races.

The year is 1042, with a very worried Edward the Confessor ensconced upon the throne. Thomas Threford, a distant relation on his Mother's side and a pain in the regal neck was again in trouble. Over a pot of ale with Baron Egbert Scidard he had wagered his castle (unique residence, every mod. con., hot and cold dungeons etc:), his retinue of followers and a large and flourishing flour mill against the Baron's mansion and North London picture house circuit, that six of his horsemen could beat a similar number from the baronial stable. It was a wild wager, particularly as the King had controlling shares in the milling business and a private apartment in the castle. Being also a good King (Apart from an occasional flutter on the Stock Exchange) he knew the laws of the land, and these forbade racing.

Summoning Threfold to him, he quoted para. 7b. of the regs: "Ye King's highway shall not be used for racing, pacemaking or tests of skill by ye nags, chariots, coaches, carts etc:"

"So that rules out racing," said the King.

"What about the old chariot track at Brooklands?" Threfold inquired.

"In too sad a state to contemplate," the King retorted. He thought for a moment. "I have an idea. Across the sea lies an Island . . ."

"Inhabited?"

"Aye, an Island of men. There are wide open spaces for testing man and mount, and the Government is most lenient."

Threfold leaped to his feet in a clatter of armour. "To the Isle of Men!" he cried. "Isle of Man," the Prime Minister corrected. "Sounds much better."

So it came to pass that Threfold and the Baron sailed to this distant Isle and set up camps in the town called Douglas. The local population, enthralled at the prospect of a race, cleared a wonderous and lengthy stretch of road—37½ miles in all. From Douglas, it twisted to the ale house at Ballacraigne and on to the traveller's rest at the Glen of Helen. In fact it passed from ale house to wine shop, was wonderous to behold and would test not only horse but the capabilities of man, for "these houses of sustenance" knew no closing hours.

The organization was placed in the hands of a group of sporting Islanders. The race would be of two laps in full armour. Spears, swords and shields optional. Dope not permitted, but mead might be added to the horse feed. A change of nag at Douglas and Ramsey was allowed, and a practice lap must be completed, this at either a walk, trot, canter or at topmost bore (Old English for full chat). Riders must take care to avoid the kipper carts using the roads in the early morning.

The Threfold camp (backed by the King) collected the finest horsemeat they could find. A fast, lightweight filly from Rome; two Clydesdale crossed Birmingham Drays for Thomas, for in full armour he topped the ton and had hopes of producing a similar speed down the Creg. In all, they had 60 horses, and the Douglas population were nigh deafened by the champing of jaws on mead soaked hay. Baron Scidard relied on winning by using light alloy armour with all projections rounded to reduce wind resistance. Practice times were no guide to form. Threfold took almost four hours, stopping frequently to alter the harness and horse-shoes. Walton the Fish from the Baron stable lapped in 2hrs. 17 min., this including a stop in Ramsey for a change of horse and pint of bitter. The rest of the field stopped at every ale house en route and took almost a day to get round.

The great day dawned fine and clear. Vast crowds surrounded the course whilst men were stationed at every corner with

brushes and shovels and coloured flags of warning, should man and mount part company. At the Start, tiers of seats filled the verges and over fifty stalls accommodated spare horses, bales of hay and straw, blacksmith's shops and grooms. An impressive sight capped by a flag bedecked dais for the nobility of the Island lead by one Quiggan of the Red Beard who had twenty crowns on the Sciard Stable. In the Press box sat a row of scribes and three monks from the continental scrolls. An enterprising youth, Geoffrey son of David was preparing an illuminated vellum sheet, and it is from this report that these notes are compiled.

9-50 a.m. A blare of trumpets; ye dozen mounted men move to the start. The followers of Threfold dressed alike in black, Fred Tudor on the Roman lightweight. Ye Sciard Stable in gleaming silvered metal, horses clipped and polished, with light alloy hooves. Five minute trumpet, and Quiggan is shaking mailed fists with the riders. John Porter (Baron) is having trouble with his nag. Now there is silence. One minute. 'Pon my word, 'tis a fine sight. They're off! Eggead Osburt (Threfold) is well and truly off with an almighty clatter. In ten minutes he is remounted and away down Bray Hill. Now the runners are coming in with news. At Quarter Bridge, Sir Launcelot (T) on an Arab stallion leads the Baron into the turn followed by Lord James Delamere (B) and Tom Threfold flattened on the back of the B'ham-Clydeside Special.

At the back is Eggead who again falls with an almighty clatter on his ear. He is pulled from the road by marshals and retires into a nearby ale house.

At Ballacraine, the Baron leads. Lord James overshoots but manages to pull up at St. John's. Ye vizor clogged with flies, methinks? Kirk Michael—and a surprise. Walton the Fish (B) a youngster from Hastings has pulled away, and the little white mare corners fast, on perfect line and snorting beautifully. The Baron is third with Threfold fourth. Threfold gains a little at Sulby, but an overheated armour bearing is giving trouble. Ramsey, and the Fish goes straight through. The rest pull up to swap steeds, with Threfold being swung onto his fresh nag by a complicated system of pulleys attached to a lampost. He has got back to 2nd place and is away up the mountain climb, sweeping close to the kerb on May Hill (thus named, as you may or may not get up). Montmerency (T) retires. A fractured

armour rivet has pierced his . . . Well, anyway, he retires.

At the Start, we await the first man having enjoyed an excellent meal, quaffed much ale and watched a jousting match on a Noble Park. The grooms are alert, and here he comes—Walton the Fish. He dismounts, downs a half gallon of red biddy whilst the joints of his armour are being oiled, remounts a fresh filly and is away in ten minutes. Fred Tudor retires at Kate's Cottage. No reason given. (Probably Kate). Sciard goes through on a flying lap lying 2nd. Owen Llywelyn (T) the Welshman pulls in and chews on a leak whilst a grease gun eases a stiff knee plate. John Porter (B) requires welding, process which sets fire to a stack of straw and disorganizes Threfold's pit stop. By error he mounts a hack oxen which comes in on the bellow so rapidly that he decides to stick with it—if he can!

Harry of Haslemere and Richard Magnus, both of the Baronial Stable, come through in close company each spiking a truss of hay with their lances—plus one groom who got in the way.

Fish's time goes up. 2hrs. 15mins. A record lap! Threfold leading his remaining two riders is twenty minutes behind. The Baron's team is still intact. No! A change. Lord James falls at Govenors. He tried to push his lame horse in, but without avail and he retires.

The last lap and the order remains unchanged. Walton is on the mountain (vide Snaefell smoke signal) moving at a steady canter. The Baron lies second his armour grazed from the wall at Waterworks. Threfold keeps with the hack ox and is nearing Ballaugh. And here is Walton the Fish, over the line and pulling into the paddock. A great ride on genuine loosebox material. The Baron is second, beaming to the crowd and eager to collect his castle plus all accessories. Two more retirements: Owen the Welshman and John Porter collided at the Gose-neck. Injuries, two deflated ego's. Sir Launcelot finishes fifth, whilst Threfold is missing, being finally located astride one hack ox in a Sulby curraugh chatting with a farmer's daughter.

The end? Not quite. Tom Threfold having lost practically everying and gained only the King's wrath remained in this Island of Men. His five riders and sixty nags stopped too and they started a business which continues to this day. Don't tell me you've never been on the Douglas horse trams? Look carefully next time

(continued on page 23)

DID YOU KNOW?

ERWIN TRAGATSCH

That the production of the 250 c.c. N.S.U. twin racing machine as ridden by Werner Haas at the Isle of Man involved 3000 hours of work. The cost for one of these machines is 70,000 DM (German Marks).

That the 500 c.c. Norton "Featherbed," ridden by Erich Wuensche (not to be confused with the D.K.W. rider Siefried Wuensche!) of Germany, was belonging before to Tony McAlpine of Australia.

In Italy they want to make a Museum for old, successful racing machines. Among others, this will contain the 1933 supercharged, watercooled Rondine four—the forerunner of the pre-war Gilera's—which was ridden by Piero Taruffi and designed by Ing. Giannini, the 250 c.c. and 500 c.c. Moto-Guzzi which won the T.T. races in 1935 under Stanley Woods and the 500 c.c. Bianchi single, produced in 1935 which was good for 200 km/h on alcohol.

That there is some talk about a new Belgian 4-cylinder racing machine. None else than the famous Sarolea Factory shall build it. Many will remember the fast double knocker single cylinder racers, ridden pre-war by the late "Grizzly" in Continental races.

Ing. August Pruessing, who was the chief-designer of the pre war D.K.W. racing machines (including the Lightweight T.T. winner of 1938) left East Germany and is now with the Victoria Works at Norimberk. Chief of the racing equips of this factory is an other former famous D.K.W. exponent . . . Walfried Winkler, who was already mechanic to Tom Bullus 1925 to 1939. It sounds that Victoria will 1954 return to racing!

The only C.Z. 350 c.c. factory racing machine—designed by J. Walter—outside of Czechoslovakia is in the hand of the Austrian Champion Leonard Fassl, who wins race after race against the English machines in this class in Austria. In the 500 c.c. class, Fassl rides a Norton.

That the German designer—rider Ernst Hoske is working on the rebuilding of a 500 c.c. Horex racing twin. He rode before very fast, privately owned B.M.W. machines.

During the T.T. was missing in the N.S.U. pit the Chief racing mechanic of this factory for many years, Otto Mack who was already mechanic to Tom Bullus in the early thirties. Otto was killed in

a road accident, early this year at the age of 56.

That the new 4 Cylinder 500 c.c. Moto-Guzzi shall develop 65 h.p., the 500 c.c. M.V.-Agusta 62 h.p. and the 4 Cylinder Gilera "only" 60 h.p. And Joe Craig's "old" single?

The 350 c.c. single O.H.C., C.Z. racing machine develops now 33 h.p. A bad thing that the factory riders of this firm can't compete in international races in the West and that these machines are unobtainable for private entrants.

That the 350 c.c. two-stroke 3 cylinder D.K.W. needs the delivery of 36,000 sparks in the minute. The magnetos they are using now are normally belonging to an 6-cylinder fourstroke engine. They are turning—of course—at half-speed of the engine.

That the best German sidecar driver is this year the B.M.W. factory rider Wilhelm Noll. His father was already a famous racing man who rode in many races — B.S.A. in the 'twenties.

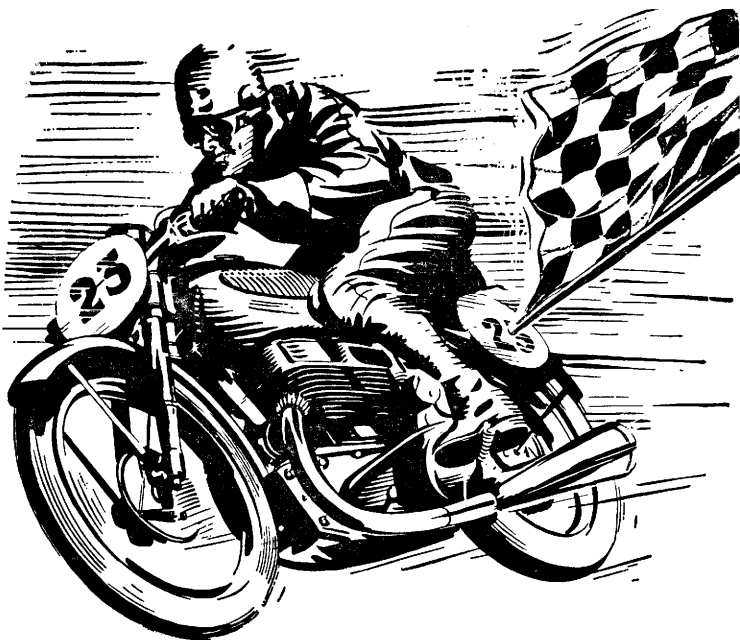
When talking about B.S.A. it reminds me that Charles Salt put up a 26.16 lap in the Senior T.T. and a 26.42 lap in the Junior T.T., whilst W. E. Dow in the Clubman's Senior made a lap in 26.51 on a machine from Birmingham Small Arms. These machines are real goers and one only wonders, why Englands biggest motorcycle factory still ignores officially international races.

That Piero Taruffi, the Italian, who manages the Gilera team—with Masetti, Pagani, the Milani Bros. and Merlo—and who drives now Ferrari cars too, was 20 years ago the most successful Norton rider on the Continent. And now he tries to make these Nortons unsuccessful with his Gilera riders!

That the first supercharged road racing motorcycle was ridden in the French Grand Prix of 1925. The machine concerned was a French made D.F.R. of 250 c.c. capacity and was ridden by Pierre.

That a 350 c.c. O.H.V. British Triumph single cylinder machine holds still the Czech 24 hours record, since 1929.

That Stanley Woods during a French Grand Prix at Comminges once broke his throttle cable. Taking some wires from a nearby fence he managed to repair and continue, but the race was won by his team mate Joe Craig.



First of all

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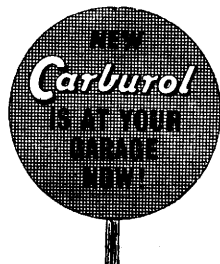
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DISCUSSION — on fuel

Asking the Questions — Pet-Benz.

Providing the Answers—Harold Daniell.

Q I was unable to be present at the last A.G.M. but I understand from an associate who was there that the "fuel question" was raised. The impression gained was that the meeting were generally in favour of any fuel at any club sponsored meeting. For myself I am for no restrictions as this would bring in a number of riders who are unable to afford an expensive racer. I can see no useful purpose in restricting meetings, even like the "Hutchinson 100," to petrol as this can only be of value in "Clubman events" for standard machines. Let us get the feeling of members generally on this important point, with the object of passing a suitable resolution at the next A.G.M.

At the recent Brighton Speed Trials only one award was available for motorcycles irrespective of size. Should Bemsee support such events where the motor cycle racing is "just another attraction?" In this event the F.T.D. was made by a motor cycle, but the £100 award went to a car driver.

A The question of fuel was discussed at the 1953 A.G.M. A member tried to force the issue by making a proposal and having a vote taken. The Chairman, Prof. Low, advised the meeting that it would be unwise to force decisions upon the Committee. A far wiser course was to put suggestions to the Committee and recommend them to give every consideration, when they met, and to examine the suggestions from every angle. This the Committee did, and at both our closed meetings, "Trophy Day" and Oulton Park, there was no restrictions on fuel.

The "Hutch" cannot be run on "dope" fuels because it has International status and the rules of the F.I.M. restrict the fuel to petrol.

The banning of alcohol fuel has proved popular in the past, both in respect of the Manx Grand Prix and Donington Park Road Races, and I personally feel that it is unfair to the majority of our Members who have road racing machines to be put to the trouble and expense of chang-

ing to alcohol fuel for the benefit of a few Members with "dirt track specials" who are catered for in our closed Meetings.

I am not in a position to comment on the matter of awards at the Brighton Speed Trials, but my only comment is that if our own Members don't like the Prize Money they need not enter.

The question "should Bemsee support such events where the Motor Cycle Racings is just another attraction," of course refers to Shelsley Walsh and Brighton and this has already been discussed in Committee. The question of prize money was not discussed but it was generally agreed that insufficient racing was provided for our Members at these Meetings. I can only assume that the £100 award for the F.T.D. at Brighton was for the fastest car and no award was made for the fastest Motor Cycle. Surely the awards were clearly defined on the Entry Form?

Editor's Note.

Brighton Speed Trials: Entry was free. The awards offered to motorcycle entries were:

- Fastest Time of Day (Solo):
Dolphin Trophy and replica.
- Fastest Time of Day (s/car):
The Sidecar Trophy.
- Fastest Time of Day (351-500 c.c.):
The 500 Trophy.
- Fastest T of D (not exceeding 350 c.c.):
The 350 Trophy.

Shelsley Walsh. The awards offered to the motorcycle entry were:—

- Fastest Time of Day:
£30 and Challenge Trophy.
- 2nd Fastest Time of Day:
£15 and Challenge Trophy.
- 3rd Fastest Time of Day:
£10 and Challenge Trophy.
- Fastest 350 c.c. machine £8; 2nd £4.
- Fastest 500 c.c. machine £8; 2nd £4.
- Fastest 1000 c.c. machine £8; 2nd £4.
- Fastest S/car machine £8; 2nd £4.

Subject to a minimum of four entries in each class.

MARSHAL'S MUSINGS

W. G. BILL JARMAN

THESE NOTES are not due to appear until December which only gives me the one opportunity to wish you all you wish yourselves for Christmas and next year.

Nineteen fifty three has been a fairly good year for this Club of ours, thanks to decent weather and much work behind the scenes. A few good years would soon see us with a home of our very own. Always bear in mind the fact that "Bemsee" is run by the members for the members and if any of them dislike certain things, it is a simple matter to write to the Secretary and ask him to place the matter before the Committee. If this doesn't please the member, he can blow off steam at the A.G.M. when the Club and the Limited Company affairs are available to everyone who is entitled to be present.

Apart from the A.G.M. there is a fine chance to meet your pals and take wine with them after the various items have been debated. We generally go to the "Crimson Beast" which is not a million miles from Pall Mall.

These paragraphs are being written just before the Annual Dinner, the Earls Court Show opening Day and the Parkinson Racing Films. These three events look like becoming annual fixtures and enable the members to make a week-end simply saturated with motor cycles plus social amenities of a unique character. There is nothing quite like it in any other sphere of activity—Think it over!

With regard to Earls Court you may, or may not, be surprised at the attention being given to smaller "pots." Maybe the British Manufacturers are thinking in terms of "lots of pots" as a long term policy. There is much to be said in favour of this sequence irrespective of whether the object is touring or racing. As one famous designer recently told me, "Anything which brings production, touring and racing closer together is a very good thing." He also added something significant to the effect that the vee twin and vee four can now be considered very seriously if used with the right kind of sparks, i.e. alternators.

During the past year we have collected some valuable contributors to the Journal. We still however, lack technical efforts and I feel that some of you bloques might do something during the winter

months. The Editor and the Secretary will see that you do not commit any serious blunders so why not amuse yourselves these long cold nights? If you feel like pairing up with a fellow member or friend, so much the better. Two heads etc.

I hear of a strong movement to get the Ulster G.P. to follow the T.T. and if this can be arranged I think it will be a good scheme because the men who have to travel long distances can then compete in both events, instead of one or neither. No useful purpose is served by holding these two meetings months apart. The European can then follow on in geographical sequence in order to cut down the heavy expenses.

A suggestion has been put to me about the "Bemsee Transfer." The idea is passed on for what it is worth although some lads have already done it but not in the Club colours. As most of you know, our colours are Old Gold and Black so why not paint the "bonnet" accordingly and finish it off with the transfer in its proper place, i.e. the front! Trade members might also but this grand transfer on their main entrance windows. It looks very good and the sale of transfers helps the Club, in more ways than one.

Another member asks me if I can find out from the lads who have grown beards if they are susceptible to colds. This poor fellow is much troubled by continual hay-fever and his doctor has suggested no smoking and no shaving. The former is no problem but the latter is thrown open to the members (I only know three) who have stopped scraping their faces. I am also interested because the urge to grow a Van Dyke or Captain Kettle is somewhat strong. In my case, I regard shaving as a waste of time and money. This item has been in my notebook for several weeks with a remark "Write up *after* the racing season has ended."

Did you spot the notification of a collection for the B.M.C.R.C. Benevolent Fund in last month's issue? We need some more money in this fund and I hope you never need any of it, so when any of you get the chance, do not forget this worth while object. Several members are often asked to give racing talks and here is a chance to take round the hat. Denis Parkinson has helped the fund on several occasions with his first class film shows. Others have

(continued on page 22)



And watching with eternal lids apart.

(J. Keats)

Drawn by **N. B. Pope**

ENTREATY

BILL SALMOND

"WE can only go backwards," he said; I nearly broke my neck. It was last Sunday afternoon that the sunshine had tempted me out for a spin round the course. At the cutting above Brandish I had pulled up and climbed the bank to enjoy a smoke and watch the sunset. I suppose that it was the mist rising in the surrounding fields that had started me thinking about Ghosts—that and approaching Christmas. I was wondering whether anyone really had ever seen a ghost from the past, when the Voice had said:

"We can only go backwards."

I, of course, had promptly fallen backwards off the bank and, as I just said, had nearly broken my neck. There was no one else in the field, and as the bike was in the road, I had to climb the bank again whether I liked it or not; right then I rather favoured the not. As I reached the top of the bank again, the Ghost said:

"Sit down again Old One," and damn me if I didn't obey from sheer surprise!

"That's better," approved the Ghost, "Now I will tell you that there is no such thing as a Ghost really, at least not in the accepted sense." Hoping that he did not think that I had fallen out of fright, which I had, I tried a somewhat truculent tone.

"Who are you calling Old One?" I demanded, and silently cursed the slight quaver that rather spoilt the effect, "And where are you, and how did you know what I was thinking about?" The Ghost gave an unexpectedly well fed chuckle.

"Considering that you are about eighteen hundred years older than I am," he replied, "I think I am reasonably justified, apart from which it is the custom in my Time when discussing this bygone age. In case you did not know it, you did not know it, you said 'Ghost' aloud just now, and I am sitting on your gauntlets."

As my gauntlets were about a yard to my right, I hastily moved about a yard to my left—so as not to crowd him. I could see no one sitting on my gauntlets. I heard another non-hollow chuckle.

"No need to feel timid," he said insultingly, "As I just told you, there is no such thing as a ghost. Anyone who has ever claimed that they have seen or heard one

has been the victim of a legpull by a Time Traveller like myself."

These astonishing words somehow sounded quite acceptable in that setting, and curiosity began to replace my earlier sense of unease.

"Do you mean to say that all the ghost stories for hundreds of years are all eye-wash and, what is more, that if Time travellers have been responsible, no one has found it out before now?" I demanded in a rather fine scoffing tone, only robbed of its full flavour by the fact that it was about three octaves too high. For camouflage, I gave an admirably gruff cough.

"Obviously not," he reminded me gently, and without sarcasm, "the reason being twofold, in that most of the travelling in Time has been carried out until recently by our scientists, who may have deliberately scared off anyone they have chanced upon, to avoid wasting the two-hour limit of a visit, or may have caused panic by being invisible anyway. Secondly, it is probable that anyone who has discovered the truth has either been ridiculed or locked up, or has kept quiet about it, fearing disbelief."

"What is the reason for a two-hour limit to your visits?" I asked, wondering how I was going to get round the difficulty of being believed when I told others about him, "and why are you invisible?"

"I am afraid that as electronic sleep educators were not invented in your day, you would have only about a fortieth of the knowledge required to properly understand these things," he answered, "but put in the most simple terms, the reason is that it is my astral or spiritual self that has made the journey, leaving my physical body back in my own Time. So far, we have not been able to extend the time we can remain alive without our spirit beyond two hours, even though it has gradually been extended a few minutes each year for several years now. You see, Space and Time are very closely inter-related through the common denominator of Pure Energy, and can best be described perhaps, as being something like a coil spring. From a point on the coil to another point can be reached in two ways, either by following the coil round in the normal way, which is equivalent to normal Time and Space as you know and live it, or by compressing the spring until the

coils touch each other, when you can move across Time to an adjoining coil or year. The only way to get the Time-Space "spring" to compress fully is by warping Space itself by the use of energy. We achieve this by means of an electric machine which we call a Timeship. It operates by automatically tuning certain of the contained circuits to the frequency of the natural vibration of the astral body of who-ever climbs inside and switches it on. This frequency is then raised high in the spectrum and suddenly released, causing what I can only describe as very rapid oscillations of increasing amplitude which warp the space within the machine outwards. The reaction is a heterodyne between Time and Space which sets up radio activity and radiates back from all directions, creating violent heat and high pressures. Next there is an outward wave of pressure, or parting of the compressed coils of the Time-Space "spring," which this time carries the spirit of the traveller with it. This sequence continues, at a gradually slowing rate of course, and permits the traveller to "step off" and return to his original point in Time and Space. I fully realise that this is a crude explanation, but scientific knowledge in your era is far too inadequate to allow me to explain it to you properly."

Starting out of the coma I had been, I spat out the small insect that had flown into my open mouth and realised that although I had been listening to the voice of someone sitting beside me, I had, in fact, been staring through him at the lighted bar window of the Kepple Hotel up at Creg-ny-Baa!

"But if you use a radio-active "explosion" as a means of travel," I asked him, "How can you control where you go, and why would it not just as easily blow you forwards?" He sighed as he replied to that.

"I told you that you would not have the knowledge to understand; naturally, pre-selectors are set in the Timeship to determine how far we travel, and we cannot go forwards because the Time side of Space-Time can be likened to the ripples on a pond when a stone is dropped in to the middle. The first ripple is always Present Time when the stone is dropped, and as it travels outwards, it creates a bow wave which, in the case of Timeship travel, needs about sixteen million times as much power to break through as it does to break backwards from the ripple and remain motionless until the following rip-

ples catch up with your position. It has been calculated that with the method of operation of our type of Timeships, even if we could produce enough power, it would cause an energy reaction that would throw the Earth out of its orbit and into the Sun. That is why we can only travel backwards."

When he had finished speaking, his words seemed to echo in my brain like the reverberations of a bell. It was some while before I asked, "How am I going to tell my friends about this, I would burst trying to keep this all to myself?"

"Perhaps I can help you with one section," he replied, "I see a "Bemsee" badge on your machine. I am also a member in my day and perhaps they will believe you if I tell you about some of the T.T. machines of a Thirtyseven Fiftythree vintage, which have been developed in the only logical way."

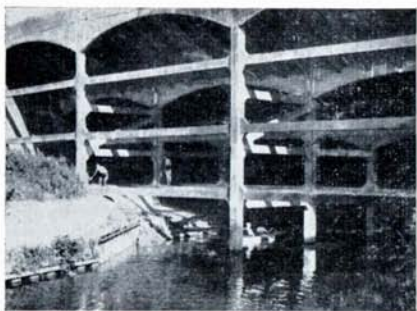
I was so eager to find out what the racers of the future were like that I was quite prepared to be scoffed at, then—at least I would know that it was true.

"If you tell me the principles of your machines," I cried, almost bouncing with excitement, "I don't give a damn if nobody believes me. For Pete's sake go on."

"I am afraid that you will find later that being believed will become the most important thing in your life," he said slowly with a trace of pity in his voice, "but you will know yourself that as the years went on, racing machines became more and more simple, in contrast to the mounting complication in your time. My own machines for next year are pneumatically sprung, and the motor, like every other source of power in my day, is what you would call electric. Once more I cannot explain properly the exact methods used to one of your limited knowledge, as devices are incorporated that you have never heard of. In simple terms again, the power is developed by converters from the Cosmic Rays themselves, and braking is achieved by multiplying gravity. Cosmic ray bombardment of the Earth from the Sun is normally damped out by the atmosphere and by using a form of magnetic attracter tuned to the frequency of the wavelength we want, you could say that we use the power of the Sun itself, and all for the price of a converter that weighs nine pounds. The Gravity booster instantly multiplies the weight of the machine, simultaneously causing it to be attracted towards the Earth's core with such effect that we can pull up from our pre-

continued on page 15)

BROOKLANDS



TODAY

(Photos by J. O. Finch)



Oulton Park — Cheshire

(Photo Salmond)

SUMMER DAYS



Crystal Palace, South Tower Corner

(Photo: Photosurveys)

AMERICAN NEWSLETTER

THERESA WALLACH

IT is possible that you have more unofficial followers of Bemsee than you imagine, and amongst the ranks, I think, of either Postmen or Customs inspectors! The Journal envelopes arrive empty and I open them with intense disappointment. It is from "The Books" then, that I follow so closely all that is happening at home and share the excitement and tragedies from afar.

The racing season has reached a climax here, too. Most States have an annual exhibition. It is a terrific affair promoting all which that particular State is noted for and compares (almost?) with your BIF. The State Fair is the time and place when certain of the National motor-cycle races are held. I shut shop and joined the pilgrimage, 180 miles to Springfield just south of Chicago. Talk about a conversation... Riders from all over the States, West Coast included, camped down in the sheep pens. Agriculture is of such a high standard, the sheep pens so substantial and so clean and were bedded with good straw. Hefty Harley-Davidsons heavily loaded with kit lined the passageways. In the big tent, club machines circled heaps of tossed straw where tired riders slept, feet to the centre like their cowboy cousins of the wild west. The camp scene was eerie with rustling straw and squeaking gates and the glitter of chrome in the half-light of the hot night. A low babble of voices and salutations continued all night long as riders and riders kept on arriving.

The actual racing next day was very good. One of the finest races—so they say—of all time. The six champion leaders were bunched together and changed places continually. Bill Tuman (Indian) was the winner. The starting of the race may perhaps have had a bearing on the result.

Pit steward passes with an acknowledging finger to each man in turn on the line. The starter dropped the flag when pit steward had still one more to check, none other than the favourite, Bobby Hill (Indian), who was thus momentarily delayed. For three whole laps the crowd Boo-oed and Boo-oo-oed the race to stop, for a false start. The flagman got the flags mixed up in the excitement, the riders couldn't guess what was what. For three laps no one thought to turn the red lights on and the crowd wouldn't stop. The

event was restarted. The crowd had more control over that race than the A.M.A.

The whole affair was another adventure for me, though I would have enjoyed it more had I not bent my own machine. On the fast open highway a car in front of me skid 78 feet and made a sudden turn across the road into a building construction field. Unfortunately I couldn't help hitting him and although I wasn't hurt, my poor Norton doesn't look a very good advertisement. Last week was the Wisconsin State Fair at Milwaukee and here again the champions battled for this States' honours, with California putting up a very good show. This time Bobby Hill won (Columbus, Ohio).

A few weeks ago my little shop went forward another step. I am now very pleased to say that, as far as I am aware it is the only place in the States where, contrary to policy here, a complete range is under the same roof. The BSA, Ariel, Sunbeam group as well as Triumph have been included and all without a breach of "dealer contract." The other branch is under the name of Imported Motorcycles. A rider can get what he wants without having to leave his agent or preferred workshop. In short it is a little Earls Court and the general impression is very encouraging when the lads see the BSAs and Nortons and Triumph and A.J.S's altogether. So here's hoping for better motorcycling in this area.

The increase in the negro population here is one of this country's domestic problems. Until recently the A.M.A. would not enroll negro members. The Chicago Iron Horse is an extremely popular and successful coloured club. They have a fine ranch type club house and live horse stables "Boots and Saddle" club combined. The club prefers to remain independent of the A.M.A. Negro clubs from far afield support the event and at the Grand Parade it was a fine sight to see the long distance riders from Detroit and other places in formation on their bedecked H/D's and wearing colourful club uniforms. How the girls ride those huge machines I don't know. The brighter the paint and the more stuff on them (the machines, I mean) the more they like it.

A news paragraph in "The Book" mentions time and wavelength of broadcasts of the Manx and of the International in

ten languages from Czechoslovakia. The nearby radio shop where now they are all motorcycle conscious has prepared a short wave set especially. I shall get so excited if we really do hear anything. The chief argument is "When it is 7-30 p.m. in Czechoslovakia what is it on Central summer time in Chicago?"

Today is "Labor Day" a National Holiday. The Jack Pine is being run in Michigan about 300 miles away.

May I suggest you contact Nick Nicholson (BSA) while he is in England, if he is not already a member? We want as many good "Bemsee" members as possible over here to bridge the gap between the A.M.A. and the F.I.C.M. I hope he will look me up when on his way home through Chicago. I hear unofficially that all the

top flight riders are organising themselves here. There is no knowing just yet what effect this method may have. Californian riders once did a similar thing, but the A.M.A. was able to get along quite well without them and to their own detriment, simply by banning them from riding National A.M.A. events.

On Nov. 10th I am giving a small display somewhere in town of various new machines and showing the 1953 Shell Film of the Island, and others. It will be televised.

Lastly—congratulations to yourself and helpers for such successful handling of another racing season and the colossal task of looking after "Bemsee" for us.

With best wishes to all friends.

Entreaty (continued)

sent maximum of around eight twenty down to a crawl in a matter of yards. We have to wear inertia governors of course, otherwise our hearts would be wrecked on acceleration and all the bloodstreams would burst on braking. We have gone back to the simplest fundamental sources of power that not only never fail but are free, and only require a minimum of equipment of very light weight."

I was fairly writhing with frustration at the thousands of questions that leaped to mind, almost instantly to be replaced by a thousand more. "Listen," I said with determination, "forget about the rest for the time being, and for Heaven's sake tell me in the most elementary terms possible just how the cosmic rays are attracted as a source of power."

"I thought you might pick on that," he answered with a laugh, "well, you know how the first atoms were split by bombarding a deflector plate in a vacuum tube by shooting a stream of electrons from an electrode at one end to another—" He broke off as though a hand had been clapped over his mouth.

"Go on," I urged desperately, "what are you stop—" He interrupted me violently.

"I have only seconds left or I will be split," he shouted in panic, "I must return at once. The coils permit an annual trip,

so be here in exactly one year from now and I will come..." His last words tapered into a faint echo that I could hardly hear, and I knew he had gone back. I waited for nearly two hours just in case, at first asking him if he had gone, in that stupid way we do, and then by just sitting there trying to remember every word he had said. Finally, stiff and cold, I slid down to the bike and returned to Douglas in a daze at the fantastic implications of what I had learned.

Four days have gone by now, and although I realise that it would have been better to have waited another year so that I could have told you the story with all the answers filled in to all the questions that I shall think of in the meantime, I have found out a very curious thing. He was quite right about wanting to be believed. No doubt people in his time have found it out before, otherwise why was he so definite that it would become so important to me?

My wife will not believe me, neither will my friends, and unless I can find someone who can recognise Truth, when they hear it, it is going to spoil my Christmas. It is therefore, with a desperate urgency that I cry out from the wilderness—"Won't *somebody* please believe me?"

'REV COUNTER' REPORTS

AN Engineer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions which are based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a chimerical group of hopeless fanatics referred to all too frequently as **Engineers**.

* * *

IF a man gets money—he's a grafter.

If he keeps it—he's a capitalist.

If he spends it—he's a playboy.

If he doesn't get it—he's a ne'er do well.

If he doesn't try to get it—he lacks ambition.

If he gets it without working for it—he's a parasite.

And if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work—he's a sucker.

* * *

"THIS model has double overhead camshafts and is supercharged. She'll do 130 easily," bragged the car salesman, "and stop on a sixpence."

"What then?" asked the prospective customer.

"A knife scrapes you off the wind screen."

IN the early days of the T.T. Races, when the roads were not so firmly closed for practising as is the case today, a certain rider had the misfortune to drop his brand new model at Bishops court, with the result that it caught fire.

When the somewhat dazed rider recovered his senses, he found to his horror, the machine a blazing inferno. As he stood watching it, up drove Archie Birkin in a new Bentley, which he parked a safe distance away. He sat watching for a moment, then putting his head through the car window called out: "Hey! do you think the plug will stand it?"

* * *

THE crash of a car colliding with a roundabout brought a policeman quickly to the scene of the accident.

"How did it happen," he demanded of the very shaken driver.

Shaking his head, the driver jerked a thumb towards the back seat, and mumbled, "Wife fell asleep."

* * *

TOMMY'S mother found him in the garage, crying.

"What's the matter, Tommy?"

"Dad stepped on the rake and it hit him on the nose."

"Well, that's no reason for you to cry like that."

"I didn't cry," bawled Tommy, "I laughed."

One Act Play

Wife: Well, it's come dear, the fifth anniversary and no children. If I'd only known they'd pass a law that's like this

Husband: Yes, and there is no way round it either. I've read and re-read it, and can't make it any different. There's what it says: In view of the falling birthrate it is compulsory for married people to have at least one child in the first five years of their marriage. Failure does entail the services of a government agent being called in to assist.

Wife: Oh dear, I suppose a man from the Ministry of Birth Compulsion will be here today.

Husband: Well, I'd better be getting off to work.

Later—a knock on front door and wife answers.

Wife: Oh, I suppose you are the man . . .

Man: Yes, I have come to

Wife: Yes, yes, I know. Will you excuse me a moment. (*Exit*).

Man (to himself): I suppose I have come to the right house. I can't see why these proud mothers can't bring their children to the studio to be photographed. Doesn't seem to be any sign of any baby, still she seems to be expecting me, so it must be alright.

Wife (re-entering): Won't you sit down, Mr.

Man: Jones is the name. I suppose your husband is agreeable to this.

Wife: Oh yes, my husband thinks it's the best thing, seeing as he cannot do it himself.

Man: Yes, a professional touch is really necessary for perfect result. Now, I suppose I had better get ready. Might I suggest two on the sofa, one on the mat, one in the bath, and a final one on the bed.

Wife: Good heavens, I didn't think so many would be necessary.

Man: Well, Madam, the best of us can't get a good one every time, but one in five is sure to take.

Wife: Forgive me, but it does seem a bit informal, doesn't it?

Man: The shame of the thing is the informality. Would you like to see some of my samples? (*producing photos*). Look at this baby. Took me four hours to get this, but isn't it a beauty?

Wife: Yes, it is a lovely child, to be sure.

Man: Now look at this one, done on top of a bus.

Wife: On top of a bus ?

Man: Yes, but it isn't exactly difficult after some practice. I do get a kick out of it. Here's one I did at a big store.

Wife: That sounds a bit public.

Man: Yes, the mother was a film star and wanted publicity. Here's a tough job I did in St. James' Park one snowy day. Took me from two o'clock until five o'clock to do it. The worst conditions I've ever worked under.

Wife: St. James' Park and twins, My Goodness!

Man: Yes, it sure was some job too; people crowding round to get a good look at me.

Wife: OH!! OH!! OH!!

Man: Yes, I would never have finished the job if it had not been for two cops. Had it not been for squirrels I would have got another shot in before dark, but they kept nibbling at my equipment. Now, madam, will you help me with my tripod — to erect it?

Wife (weakly): Tripod?

Man: Yes, I get a three foot stand for it cor blimey, she's fainted!

COMMITTEE NEWS

Meeting held on 9th November, 1953.

Present: N. B. Pope (Chairman), G. C. Cobbold, H. L. Daniell, D. J. H. Glover, W. W. Hunt, W. G. Jarman, K. Rickard and A. H. Taylor.

Ex-Officio member: E. C. E. Baragwanath
In attendance: The Secretary.

Oulton Park. The report of the Clerk of the Course on this meeting was read and a number of criticisms relating to the track and general facilities were noted for future reference. It was agreed that certain recommendations would be made to the tenants of the Circuit in order that difficulties experienced in the past might be avoided at any future meeting. Despite the fact that a special enclosure was provided for B.M.C.R.C. Members, only twelve applied for Transfer passes and not one member was seen to use this facility.

Racing Programme. Provisional arrangements for the 1954 Racing Programme were reviewed and the Secretary was authorised to make such alterations to the agreed meeting dates as might be essential to avoid clashing and duplication of race meetings on the same day.

Annual Dinner. The Minutes of the last Meeting of the Social Committee were read and approved and final detail arrangements for the function agreed.

The Monthly Account was presented and approved.

New Members were elected.

Area Representatives. As a result of an offer, the Committee had pleasure in nominating Mr. R. J. O. Burnie as the Club's Representative for South Africa.

VINTAGE M.C.C. SPRINTS

THRUXTON, OCT. 11th

Provisional Results

Fastest Time of Day—R. J. A. Petty, 490 Norton 13.4 secs.

250 c.c.

1.	J. T. Terry	- Ariel	16.8s.
2.	Guy Newman	- Rudge	17.6s.
3.	E. A. Barrett	} Phoenix	} 17.8s.
	H. D. German		
Tie undecided equal fastest losers.			

Over 500 c.c.

1.	R. Barton	- Brough	14.6s.
2.	W. S. Austin	- Lucas	14.8s.
3.	E. A. Barrett	- Phoenix	15.4s.

350 c.c.

1.	B. E. Keys	- Norton	15.6s.
2.	W. S. Austin	- Lucas	16.2s.
3.	E. A. Woods	- Norton	16.4s.

Sidecars

1.	L. Collins	- Velocette	17.2s.
2.	C. E. Allen	- Brough Super'd	17.8s.
3.	A. McKone	- Brough	29.6s.

Up to 500 c.c.

1.	R. J. A. Petty	- Norton	13.6s.
2.	D. Young	- Norton J.A.P.	14.8s.
3.	R. A. Beecroft	- 1928 Norton	15.0s.

Vintage

1.	R. A. Beecroft	- Norton	15.4s.
2.	J. Catchpole	- Scott	16.2s.
3.	D. Pickering	- Brough	16.4s.

Individual Performances by Bemsee Members

250 c.c.

Guy Newman	- Rudge	17.6s.
L. Sherman	- Triumph	18.2s.
A. W. Jones	- D.K.W.	19.6s.

350 c.c.

Guy Newman	- Velocette	17.4s.
R. Davies	- 248 Rudge	17.2s.
A. W. Jones	- 248 D.K.W.	19.6s.
E. A. Woods	- Norton	15.6s.
E. Cheers	- Ariel	15.8s.
P. M. Knocker	- B.S.A.	18.2s.
B. E. Keys	- Norton	15.6s.
L. Sherman	- 249 Triumph	18.4s.

500 c.c.

E. A. Woods	- 348 Norton	16.4s.—15.4s.
B. E. Keys	- 348 Norton	16.0s.—15.6s.
Guy Newman	- 248 Rudge	18.2s.
E. Cheers	- 348 Ariel	16.0s.
R. J. A. Petty	- 499 Norton	13.4s.

1000 c.c.

R. J. A. Petty	- 490 Norton	13.8s.—14.2s.—13.6s.
B. E. Keys	- 348 Norton	15.6s.

S

GEOFF DUKE and RAY AMM
with other leading riders
helped to develop this
high grip · high mileage



GEOFF DUKE
 500 c.c. World Road
 Racing Champion



RAY AMM
 1953 Double T.T.
 Victor

New! ... extra wide
 shoulder ribs give
 even wear, eliminate
 'centre peak'...

Shoulder slots and
 interrupted centre
 ribs give better braking
 power

Result! ... greatly
 improved handling at
 all speeds, outstanding
 safety, and ...

**FRONT WHEEL TYRE
 FOR YOU**

It's a *thoroughbred* ... built as only
 Avon, with their notable record of racing
 successes, know how. It's the only tyre you'll want
 on your front wheel once you've experienced its
 splendid handling at all speeds, felt its tremendous
 braking power and realised the outstanding
 safety and true economy of its slow, *even*
 wear. See it at your local dealer's.

... the highest
 mileage
 yet!



SPEEDMASTER

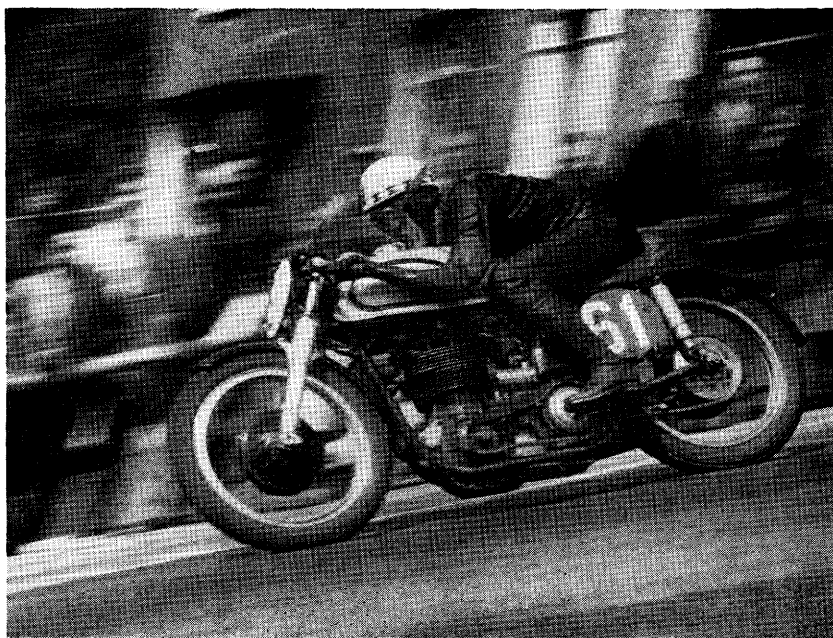
FRONT WHEEL TYRE

MADE BY

AVON

MAKERS OF TO-DAYS





RAY AMM—THE MAN OF THE YEAR

Comes from Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia. First visited England in 1951 and rode in the I.o.M. In the Junior T.T. he finished 9th and in the Senior 28th. The next year he finished 3rd in the Senior T.T. and finished 2nd or 3rd in several of the Continental races. His double win this year in the Junior and Senior T.Ts. places him in that select company of riders who have won two T.T. races in a week. He is the sixth rider to accomplish this feat. A few weeks ago he added the classic hour record to a rapidly lengthening list of successes. The illustration shows him on Bray Hill in this year's Senior T.T.

Bemsee Dines

A RECORD CROWD of 268, speeches cut to the minimum, nearly £30 collected for the Benevolent Fund, and Cabby Cooper literally getting the bird were high lights of "Bemsee's" annual dinner, dance and distribution of awards.

The choice of date, to coincide with the eve of the motor cycle show, met with approval; opinions expressed at the show favoured the Friday during Show Week. The Secretary would like to have your opinions, the dinner is organised for your benefit. This year the venue was changed to the Strand Corner House, a smaller but cosier place than Coventry Street where past functions have been held. So used to visiting Coventry Street were a certain group of members that they automatically went there this year, and then beat a hasty retreat to the Strand. Notable absentees were Professor Low—away on a lecture tour; Graham Walker and several of our other friends and members of the Technical Press, prevented from attending by their professional duties.

During dinner our President, Sir Algernon Guinness, called on all pre-1914 members to take wine with him—there were two, "Barry" and Granville Grenfell; then, in succession, Gold Star Holders, Double Gold Star Holders—Noel Pope; Hutchinson 100 winners,—there were three present and Mrs. Ranson sent a message to say that Humphrey is making a

good progress from his crash.

Speeches were commendably short. Sir Algernon proposed the Loyal toast and the Club. Don McBain rolled the Press, the Guests and the Ladies into one short speech, reminding us that the daily Press did not devote much space to our sport, except when disaster occurred.

Amongst us was Edna Graham, looking remarkably well; she presented a bouquet to Lady Guinness after the distribution of prizes.

Dancing went on to 1-00 a.m. A diversion was a man and girl skating act. Cabby Cooper promptly accepted an invitation to take the girl's place. It was no mean feat to whirl Cabby round and round at high speed.

Don McBain's raffle realised £29-16-0d. for the Benevolent Fund. Amongst the goods was a plump turkey, and Cabby Cooper got the bird. It was a popular win, for Cabby has generously supported these occasions for many years. That bird must have cost him £s per lb. As a celebration, Cabby, with the turkey round his neck, executed a dance of victory.

A spot-prize for the most filthy driving licence produced an amazing number of contestants. All shall remain nameless, including the winner. Don McBain, however, looked at each contestant very intently!

THE DENIS PARKINSON FILM SHOW

There is no doubt that Denis exceeded all his previous efforts in collecting a series of excellent and impressive films, in full colour and covering many of the major events of 1953. This two-hour show, given to "Bemsee" members in the Crown Hotel, Morden on November 15th was one, if not the best private-enterprise film ever seen and was a most fitting end to the most successful year's racing Denis has yet known. With his win in this year's Senior M.G.P. it was exactly 21 years since his first appearance in the Island in 1932.

The Programme included shots of Cadwell Park, B.M.C.R.C. Silverstone, The T.T. and M.G.P., and a first class B.S.A. film of the Maudes Trophy Test which,

of course, included the I.S.D.T. and gave a vivid impression of the gruelling nature of the test that the three stock machines underwent so successfully.

In addition there was the usual "full supporting" programme of lesser but equally interesting films of scramble and grass-track events. The evening concluded with an amusing "comic" which, incidentally, was the only non-colour film of the show.

Altogether, a most pleasant social event and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. We are greatly indebted to Denis Parkinson for the not inconsiderable trouble to which he must have gone in laying-on this evening entertainment for "Bemsee" Members.

NEW BOOKS

SHELL-MEX and B.P. have produced a new guide, *The T.T. Races*. It is a book which every motorcyclist will want, and he can have it for the asking because one of its several attractive features is that it is *free*. As Jimmy Simpson—Shell's Oil Baron—writes in the foreword, "It is a book of statistics, but a wonderfully interesting book of statistics."

Every page is packed full of interesting information about the T.T. races; photographs and pen pictures of some of the makers of T.T. history; photographs of the winners of this year's races and race progress charts; some notes on vantage points around the course; a pictorial record of development over the past fifty years; and results of all the races since 1907.

A most interesting section is the Index to Riders and Machines, which covers the whole of the 1907-53 period and names every rider and make of machine that has taken part in a T.T. race, showing the race, the year in which they competed, whether they retired or finished, and in what position. In addition there are some excellent action photographs, several by Bill Salmond.

Shell-Mex and B.P. are to be congratulated on producing a very fine book. It is not the sort of book that will be read and discarded, but one that will find a place on the bookshelf or in that box under the bed where motorcyclists store their cherished possessions.

Copies can be obtained direct from Shell-Mex or the Secretary Bob Walker.

AREA NEWS

Cheshire Cell:

At a Meeting held on October 25th it was decided to hold a Hot-pot on Wednesday, January 13th, 1954, at which there would appear a professional entertainer, and guests may be invited.

Our very hard worked Secretary will be coming to see us and taking the chair at this function. He will speak to us about "Bemsee" in general and will reply to any personal queries you may have, so roll up and don't growl later on when it is too late.

In February we have a Film Show due, and, all being well, in March Eric Oliver will be coming along to talk to us in a not-too-serious strain. All Cell members will be written to in due course about these

functions. If any other Bemsee members could get along to our Hot-pot they would be very welcome. It is expected that tickets for the whole do, including entertainment, will be about 8/-.

G. E. Tottey.

* * *

Sussex Cell:

Meetings of Sussex members are gradually improving in attendance and the next to be organised by David Bradshaw, at the Gaiety Club, Church Street, Brighton, is on the 10th December. Secretary Bob Walker expects to be present, so please come along and bring all your grouses and queries when he will do his best to reply to them all.

Marshals Musings (continued)

sent along a contribution when they have won a decent prize and so on. Never forget that "Bemsee Ben" is your own little fund.

May I thank the unknown but kindly thought which prompted someone to send a negative and snapshot of Linda and me when busily occupied at the Crystal Palace meeting. I do not know who it was

and if this paragraph catches his eye will he kindly accept the acknowledgement of a very nice picture which is being enlarged and framed.

Hampshire members please note and join us for a toast over Xmas. Avonmouth Hotel, Mudeford, Nr. Christchurch Linda in the Chair—I hope!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FLASHBACK

Contrary to the view held by many members and other spectators who were in attendance at our International Meeting at Silverstone last September, we can authoritatively state that the machine on which Cecil Sandford put up such a remarkable performance, and won the Mellano Trophy, was not in fact a Works job but belonged to Bill Webster and was, generally speaking, a standard Racing 125 M.V. Agusta.

A-C.U. JUBILEE BALL

As a fitting climax to the marking of the 50th Year of Motor Cycle Sport, a social event is being organised for Friday, December 11th, 1953.

It will take the form of a Charity Ball, Fancy Dress Competition and Cabaret Show at the Hammersmith Palais, London, W.6. (100 yards from Hammersmith Broadway). Five hours of first class enjoyment and entertainment will be provided from 8 p.m. till 1 a.m. and many valuable prizes are to be won for various items on the programme.

Many of the star T.T., I.S.D.T. and Scramble riders will be present, and a host of other personalities connected with the sport. No effort is being spared to make the function a memorable occasion. The A-C.U. Benevolent Fund will benefit from the Proceeds. Ample Parking facilities are being arranged.

No venue in London is available which would accommodate all who will want to come along and the allocation of 2,000 tickets—at the inclusive cost of 7/6d each—will, therefore, be on a first-come-first-served basis. Application, with remittance, may be addressed forthwith to the Secretary, Auto-Cycle Union, 83 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. There are no dress restrictions, but a choice of Fancy Dress (ladies and gents), dinner jackets or lounge suits.

A NEW BUSINESS:

News is just to hand that R. H. King has now taken over the business of G. & J. Bettle at 56 Claudwell Street, Bedford, (Phone 5684). All will wish him every success with this new venture and it is nice to know that he will be carrying on racing next season. In the meantime, visits from any member who may be in the locality will be welcomed.

MUTUAL AID

For Sale: 1952 350 "Gold Star" (Die-Cast Motor), Alloy Rims etc. Full road and Racing equipment. Taxed and insured. £155.

Wanted: Reliable Float for Racing Transport.

B. L. Turner, 18, Cromer Road, Emerson Park, Hornchurch, Essex.

1938 V8 22 Ford.

Saloon converted to open brake. Sound tyres, battery etc. Everything works. Transport for 2-3 bikes £30. Enquiries c/o L. R. Higgins, at 28, Gordon Road, Gillingham, Kent.

NEW MEMBERS

The following new members have been elected.

G. Barker	B. Rimes
J. E. P. Miles	C. Jervis
S. Wallwork	H. H. Roebuck
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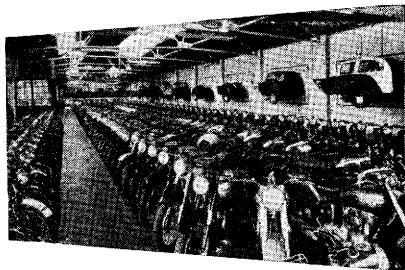
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