

BEDS VMCC NEWS

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DAN ALBONE,
"IVEL" CYCLE AND MOTOR WORKS,
BIGGLESWADE.



What we might have seen at the Rose & Crown in Ridgmont at our usual Velo Club visit

Welcome to Issue Five

EDITORIAL

First and foremost, our great friend and club stalwart, Dave Watts, has been taken back into hospital. I'm sure you will all want to join with me in wishing him well and letting him know we are all thinking of him. It's a very difficult time for anyone in hospital or care because of the restrictions on visiting.

I'm pleased to say that the feedback I have received on these newsletters has been positive, so I'm happy to keep producing them for as long as I can find something interesting to put in them, preferably contributions from yourselves. And, to think, this just started as something to occupy one of the very few wet days we had a few weeks back. I have developed an increased appreciation of Richard Rosenthal and the effort he must put into his historical articles each month for The Classic Motorcycle.

Please keep the contributions coming, almost anything related to old bikes and/or the people that build/ride/polish them. How about some pictures from your partial lockdown ride-outs? I'll start:



1947 Triumph Tiger 100 in Woburn Deer Park

Thanks, this week, especially to Will, Don, Richard, Tim and Nige.

As, always please keep safe and well.

BRYAN

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CYCLES Built to Customers own requirements Any make supplied ; all leading makes stocked.

REPAIRS In all branches a Speciality

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WE DON'T CUT PRICES, THEREFORE WE HAVE NO SHODDY GOODS.

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IN THIS ISSUE

DON'S RALLYING DISASTERS

PICTURE QUIZ ANSWERS

MORE FROM THE ARCHIVE

A Firearms instructor?

WILL CURRY

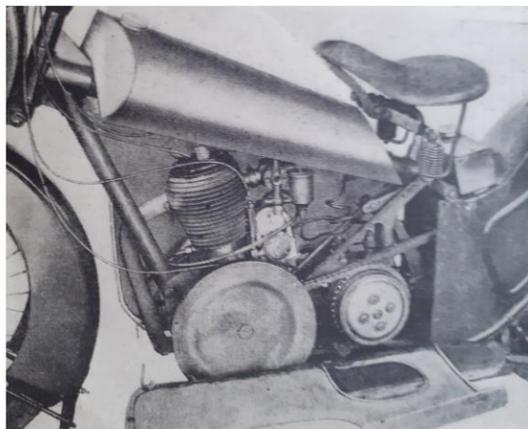
First of all, I'm not a firearms instructor, or, if I ever was, I'm not admitting to it now. I did however enjoy for a while the sort of kudos that some people attach to that occupation. As with most things in my life it started with a misunderstanding – unusually this time it wasn't mine. I was taking the Jawa sidecar to the tip - sorry - civic amenity site, not to dispose of it but the bags of workshop rubbish stowed in and to a certain extent on the sidecar. I was not the picture of sartorial elegance that day as my wife who had insisted on the disposal of the bags in the first place had also insisted I wore my 'fettling clothes'. I did not present a good picture of sidecarring. I needed petrol, not uncommon with the Jawa, and so called in at the filling station at the crossroads at Clophill. I filled up and as I was walking round to replace the hose a police car piled onto the forecourt. The driver's window wound down and I was told in no uncertain terms to 'Move that heap of rubbish

out of the way'. For various reasons I needn't go into I am not unused to that tone of voice, those sentiments or being shouted at by police officers. There's always a choice to be made - whether to act the smartarse or to out-dumb them. In this case the choice was simple. I started looking in my pockets for the key. A good motorcycle jacket has many pockets, outside and in. The key wasn't going to be found for some time, especially as it was in the ignition. 'Most terribly sorry Officer', 'I can move it as soon as I find the key Officer' and bobbing up and down and forelock touching provided some entertainment for the other customers. The officer got out and I quickly noticed two things. Firstly his colleague had stayed in the car and secondly he was dressed in flak jacket, the epitome of the armed police officer. At this point, just as I was wondering if I had picked the most appropriate strategy, events took another, completely unexpected, twist. What looked like smoke began to pour out from under the bonnet of the police car. This got the

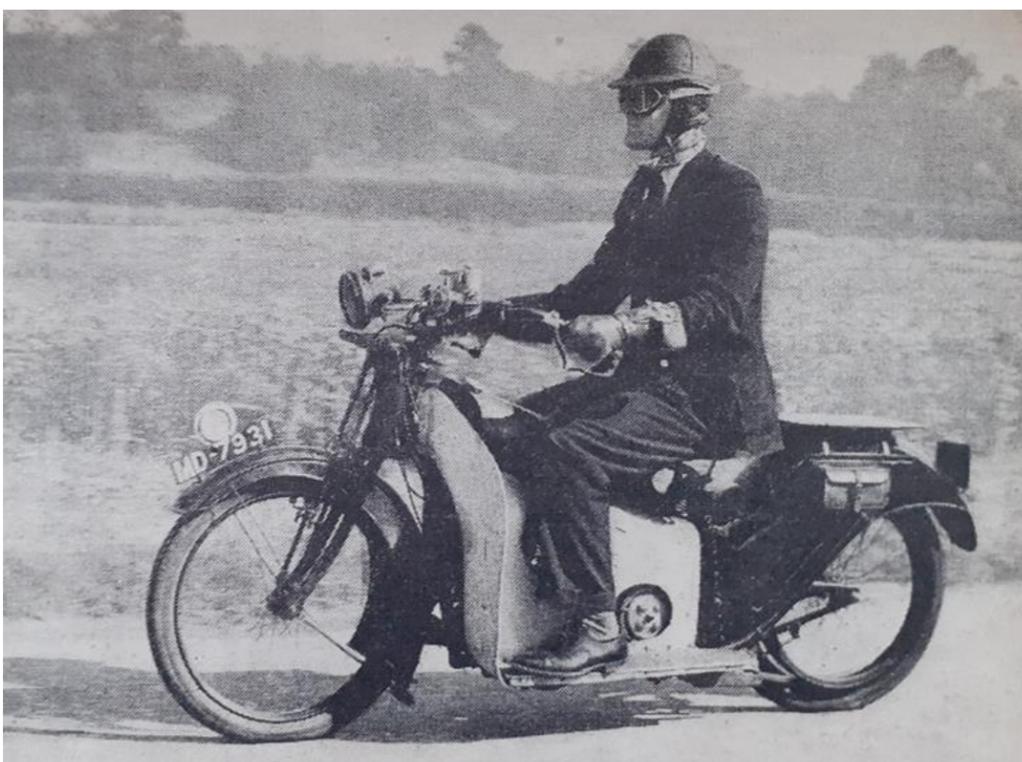
second officer out of the car really quite quickly - those flak jackets are not designed for speed and agility. He grabbed a fire extinguisher and called to the driver to open the bonnet. I didn't think that was a good idea -I've seen cars go up in flames before and the further away it was from me and the petrol station the happier I was going to be. As I turned to run I saw the thin trickle of bluey-green fluid appear from under the car. Instant diagnosis: "Nah, don't worry. It's just dropped a hose". I paid for my petrol and left them awaiting recovery. The next time I went for petrol the cashier asked me if I really was their instructor. Apparently the cashier had asked them what was going on with me, me being something of a regular customer. he was told 'he was our instructor'. Well, what else would you instruct firearms officers in? I enjoyed a certain undeserved kudos there for a while until the staff eventually moved on to other employments. It dawned on me later that I had indeed trained the first officer but in the art of motorcycling, not firearms.



Seen in *The Classic Motorcycle*, 1989



350cc Barr & Stroud sleeve valve engine



The owner, John Griffith, as seen in *Motor Cycling* thirty years earlier

Made in St. Albans – Part 2

Between 1920 and 1923, Messrs. Taylor and Haytor of Park Street, St. Albans produced the Hagg Tandem motorcycle, in limited numbers. The sole survivor, believed to be a 1922 model, is pictured here, as reviewed in two motorcycle publications thirty years apart. The Arthur Hagg design and the pillion seat which was originally fitted explain the unusual marque name although, by 1923, this had been abbreviated to HG, and a more conventional solo sports model was also being offered. Interesting, although you can't see it in the top left-hand picture the tank logo declares "Hagg Tandam" because the local sign-writer enlisted for the task couldn't spell!

Comparison with the later LE Velocette are inevitable, not only because of the similar appearance of the full-enclosure bodywork, but also its intended function as an "everyman" machine you can ride to work in your best suit, tie and shiny shoes. The latter might suffer a little scuffing because, unusually for an early 1920s bike, it has foot-change gears. Indeed, it's claimed that this was the first example of a three-speed foot-change; the gearbox being a Burman. Like the later LE, the kickstart is replaced by a long hand-lever. A review of the 1921 Olympia Show described it as a cross between a scooter and commented that it will be interesting to see if it appeals to the public. Reliability was demonstrated by the appearance of two Hagg Tandems in the finishers list of the 1922 MCC London-Edinburgh Trial. One was ridden by Mr. B N Taylor, presumably of Taylor and Haytor, its manufacturer.

Under the hinged enclosure panel, as can just about be seen in the top right-hand picture, there is leaf-spring suspension attached to a pressed metal rear subframe. The front end of the frame can be seen to be of conventional tubular construction. The massive flywheel was said to contribute to excellent tick-over and low-speed pulling. The carburetor is a Cox Atmos with single lever control. Transmission is chain to the gearbox and belt to the rear wheel.

Don's Rallying Disasters

The Vereniging Interessante Motorrijwielen

DON MCKEAND

The Vereniging Interessante Motorrijwielen (VIM) roughly translates as the Interesting Old Motorbike Club, and they started to hold an annual rally on the sports field in the small town of Middenbeemster, in North Holland, in 1985. Thanks to an invitation in the Royal Enfield Owners Club magazine, I decided to attend their first rally with my 9 year-old son, James, riding pillion on my 1959 350 Airflow Bullet. We thoroughly enjoyed the rally with excellent hospitality and a chance to see many classic bikes, with many makes which you would never see in this country. The rally souvenir was a tile with a part of the map of the Beemster Polder. In subsequent years the souvenir tile showed a different part of the map of the polder which made me decide to try to go again and complete the map. In 1986, we went as a family on the 1961 Super Meteor sidecar outfit; in 1987, I rode a 1957 350 Bullet solo leading a group from the REOC and, in 1988, completed the tile map by driving to the rally with the family in our car with a 1952 125cc Model RE2 carried on a trials bike bar fitted to the tow hitch.



The VIM club badge

They were all very enjoyable and we made some good friends in the Netherlands, but the 1986 trip was a bit of a saga.

The Super Meteor was hitched to a Canterbury Carmobile sidecar. This capacious vehicle would accommodate three people – one adult and two children ideally. People used to ask if it was going to be a double decker when it grew up, but on this occasion it just held James, now aged 10, and Eleanor, aged 8, with me and my wife, Mary, on the pillion. Camping gear which would not fit into the boot was strapped onto the sidecar attachment fittings. In the boot were a set of tools and a couple of spares “just in case” including cylinder head gaskets and valves.

The ferry from Dover to Zeebrugge was booked because the preferred Harwich to the

Hook of Holland route was already full. This meant more than 100 additional miles on the journey, but was accepted as the best alternative.

A few days before we set off, the bike had started to lose power. I eventually diagnosed a burnt-out exhaust valve on the left-hand cylinder and, the day before departure, a new valve was ground in and tested. The work finished about 2 am and there was just time to grab a couple of hours sleep before departing for Dover.

The run down to the ferry and the crossing was uneventful, and we left the ferry at Zeebrugge to travel up the Belgian and Dutch coast to the rally site, north of Amsterdam. As we crossed the Dutch border the bike started misfiring and got slower and slower. I pulled over onto the cycle track which is an inevitable accompaniment to any major Dutch road to examine the engine.

In my haste to complete the job late the previous night I had failed to tighten the inlet manifold holding nuts more than finger tight, and there was now a noticeable gap between the carburettor and the cylinder head. Tightening the nuts only improved the performance marginally because the loose manifold had seriously weakened the mixture and had burnt out another valve. We were still mobile, but what had now become an engine with one sound 350cc cylinder (with slight assistance from the other cylinder well down on compression) was struggling to lug a loaded outfit with four people. However, the Netherlands are famously flat so we continued to limp northwards with about 150 miles still to go to the rally site.

As we drew near to Rotterdam the traffic thickened up when the main road through the Benelux tunnel under the River Maas was closed because of an accident. We had a good map and found there was an alternative crossing at a small ferry at Maasluis. Needless to say we were not the only ones with this thought and there was a horrendously long queue for the ferry. We had a slight change of fortune when the ferry operator beckoned us and a Harley outfit forward as they could squeeze a couple of small vehicles onto the next crossing. They did not have a tariff for sidecars, so we were charged as an invalid carriage, which seemed quite appropriate.

We then joined the motorway network north of Rotterdam, but this was now Friday evening rush hour and the traffic ground to a halt again. The stop-start running made the engine very hot and the notoriously weak Enfield clutch began to over-heat and eventually would not release despite desperate fiddling with the clutch cable

The Page 3 Girl



Miss May Walker of Redbourne (2 ½ hp Hobart) negotiating the sharp bend on the 1911 MCC Sundon Hill Climb to take 2nd place in Class A

Did you know...

That Andover Norton had their best ever trading month in April, this year. Should be lots of well-fettled Nortons on the road after the lockdown.

That the original Auto Cycle Union gold medals were fifteen carat gold...



...but the original Motor Cycling Club gold medals were only nine carat gold



[cont'd from Page 3]

adjuster. We pulled over onto the hard shoulder and the engine refused to re-start. A police motorcyclist came to investigate and told us we would have to await rescue by the ANWB (Dutch equivalent of the AA) and pay a hefty fee for recovery. Three quarters of an hour after he had left there was still no sign of a recovery vehicle, the engine and clutch had cooled and the traffic was thinning out. A few kicks got the engine running again, so we headed off in the direction of Amsterdam.



Sidecar running repairs

We reached the outskirts of Amsterdam after dark. To get north of the city we needed to go through the Coen tunnel and, as we reached the dip in the centre of the tunnel, the engine spluttered to a stop. Fortunately the children had gone to sleep in the sidecar and Mary and I struggled to push the outfit up the slope out of the tunnel while being harangued in Dutch by the loudspeaker system. We felt very vulnerable with traffic whizzing past, but luckily a BMW rider called Rene saw our plight and came running back into the tunnel to help. At the exit the cause of the trouble was obvious – we had run out of fuel, and the bike did not have a reserve. Concentrating on the ailing engine had distracted us from the necessity of refuelling. Rene took me on his pillion to see if we could get some petrol, but by this time all the filling stations were shut. However, we did find a telephone and I rang Henk, one of the rally organisers, who said he would come and help.



VIM Rally Tiles from different years

However, we had a long wait as Henk was a part time fireman and had got called out to attend a fire after he got our phone call. When he eventually arrived in the early hours of the morning he was able to tow us the relatively short distance to the rally and kept his car headlights on while we pitched the tent.

The next day, the top end was stripped and the expected burnt-out valve removed. At this point Dirck, who raced an AJS 7R, came along to see what was going on. He whisked the offending head away to his workshop and returned it with the valve seat recut, the valve ground in and he had even made a set of rocker box gaskets. I was immensely grateful and offered to pay, but he said, "Just buy me a beer!"



James (the boy, not the bike) enjoying the VIM Rally

After this the engine was put back together. It fired up first kick and we were able to participate in the ride-out. The carburettor got rather hot on the run, so an insulating gasket was made from a cereal packet. After we left the rally we headed back to Zeebrugge in stages, stopping at campsites for a couple of nights on the way. The only excitement then were when the horn bracket sheared on arrival at one site, shorting out the contacts and loudly announcing our arrival. Oh yes! and when a car suddenly stopped in front of us in Middleburg. It was obvious that the brakes were not going to stop us before we hit the car bumper, so I veered off onto the pavement, coming to a halt with a lamp post between the bike and the sidecar just before we made contact with it.

After all this the remainder of the journey was something of an anti-climax – thank goodness.

Seen in the papers:

LUTON REPORTER - FRIDAY 26 APRIL 1907

The [Sharpenhoe Hill Climb] event passed off entirely without accident, though two motor cycles had a collision after the event and had to be brought back with considerable loss of dignity, the poor despised horse being brought into requisition.

KILBURN TIMES - FRIDAY 04 OCTOBER 1907

Mr. Charles Williams, a motor cyclist, of 6, Kenmare-mansions, West Hampstead. was awarded five guineas damages against Mr. J. H. Williams, also a motor cyclist, in respect of damage to himself and his machine at Sharpenhoe, Beds., in April last. Plaintiff's witnesses said defendant was going at 20 miles an hour, but this defendant, who counterclaimed also for damage, denied. He said that thousands of cyclists were returning from the hill-climbing contests and although he did his best to avoid the accident by running on to the grass plaintiff ran on with him. When Mr. Nonweiler, for the defence called a witness named Elliman, the judge asked if he was to be used for lubricating purposes. (Laughter).

Racing away with Richard...

RICHARD CHAMBERS

I wonder how many people recognise or remember this machine, it is a 125 Moto Rumi 2 stroke twin. It belonged to Fred Andre who worked at Hunting Aircraft with my father building Provosts; Fred raced it for some years way back, and I must have pestered him to sell it, It sounded amazing as it had just 2 short megaphones.

This is me with it at my one and only meeting on it at a wet mid-sixties Snetterton, quite an eye-opener. After going into the Esses on full lock once, and being lapped by Jim Pink on a Tohatsu, I think it was undaunted that I went into the second race - but it ended when the machine stopped, not untypical in racing, I came to realise.

The bike behind the van I seem to remember perhaps being a Brough; I know it had a JAP engine that broke its crank shaft in practice, and Rex Boyer who was the rider retired to the bar.

It was obvious that I never had the resources to go racing then; my father didn't encourage it so the bike was sold to a young Rex Caunt who came down to collect it with his father, and unexpectedly stayed for Sunday lunch (how on earth did our mothers cook all those huge meals for all of us back then?), and regaling us with stories of sidecar racing I think even before the war.

The bike was duly loaded onto the luggage rack across the rear of a huge old car, possibly a Buick. I have met Rex Caunt in recent years at race meetings, he sells electronic ignition and parts for Bantams, and tells me he still has the Rumi, and can remember staying for lunch.

I regrouped 2 or 3 years later, bought an old A55 van, and had a great time racing Tiger Cubs with the Formula Racing Club; really good cheap racing, you could pick up Cubs for next to nothing and were only permitted certain tuning parts Then I had outings on 600 and 750 Norton Domiracers, a great '66 Bonneville and, finally, an ex-works AJS 7R - a proper bike, loved it.

To this day I still love to be in a race paddock. I had a little go, didn't lose too much skin or disgrace myself, but I have the utmost respect for those who are up at the sharp end going for it - a different breed.



The 1899 Paris-Bordeaux Race

CHARLES JARROTT

[Part 1 – preparation]

The end of May saw Edge and myself in Paris with our [De Dion] motor tricycles with the object of taking part in the motor cycle section of the Paris-Bordeaux race. We went over rather in the spirit of explorers. Our baggage was of a very meagre description, and we had

but one idea – to see whether the sport of motor road-racing was all that had been claimed for it, and whether we could successfully play the game. Our arrival at the Paris terminus began our troubles. We had seen our tricycles successfully lifted into the guard's van at Calais, and everything was arranged so simply that we imagined the preliminary difficulties were over. At Paris, however, we had to pass our machines through the customs. I believe I had a maker's invoice which apparently saved me any more trouble, but in Edge's case he was not prepared with this. We explained to the customs officials that both machines were of identical construction, and that they were made by a French firm, and that we were merely bringing back into France what had originally come out of it. But the officials were obdurate. Then Edge produced an extraordinary collection of articles. First he pulled out of his pocket a passport bearing an enormous red seal; this document the customs officials tried to seize, but Edge would not on any account let go of it. This had no effect except to infuriate the *douaniers*. He then produced a ticket of the Cyclists' Touring Club, a badge of the Motor-Car Club, a membership ticket of the Automobile Club, and several other tickets and badges, pouring them in a heap on the table. Then, I think, the officials came to the conclusion that we were really people of great importance. Whether they imagined that these badges and tickets were some form of special decoration I do not know, but it all ended in Edge transferring his collection to his pockets and paying fifty centimes for a stamp which was stuck on to a big yellow document, which was duly signed by everybody present. We were then allowed to depart in peace.

We were the guests on this occasion of Mr. Paris Singer, and we made our way to his apartment in the Champs Elysées. After calling there with our luggage and machines we set off for Messrs. De Dion-Bouton's works, to have our tricycles gone over and prepared for the race, which took place on the following day. My own machine was practically all right, but a lot had to be done to Edge's before it was fit to start. We arrived at the works at about eleven in the morning, and after waiting for two hours until the workmen came back from *déjeuner*, we were able to give our instructions, and I decided to wait and see both the machines finished, Edge in the meantime going back into Paris to transact some business. And what an experience I had! My own machine was quickly put in order, and set on side already to start. Then I took a seat on a pile of wood near by, and watched them work on the other tricycle. To my horror they began to pull it all to pieces. I explained that the machine was wanted for the race on the following morning – or at least, I tried to explain – but my words had no effect, and the dismantling process was continued.

Other riders – Bardin, Osmont, Tart, Gleize – all dashed about on their racing machines, apparently very happy and ready for the fray, but as far as I could gather there would be no machine for Edge on the following day. I could not communicate with him, and there was but one thing for me to do, namely, to sit there and see that as little time was wasted as possible by the men. Sunset, twilight, and then darkness; and little candles were produced, and the workmen still toiled on. It was eleven o'clock before the machine was finished, and I was out of Paris unprepared and without any chance of getting any sleep that night, and the race was starting at five o'clock on the following morning. With the greatest difficulty I managed to borrow an ordinary bicycle [Penny Farthing – Ed.], built – judging from its size – for a juvenile. Borrowing also a small paper lantern, I started to make my way through the Bois de Boulogne back to the Champs Elysées. When I remember the agony I experienced endeavouring to ride that bicycle and the number of occasions on which I lost my way, I realize that the troubles connected with all motor races are more or less alike. Anyhow, it always seems impossible to obtain a full night's rest before the start of the race, as something always turns up to prevent it... I crept into bed tired out, without seeing Edge at all. I was informed that he had been in bed some hours; as he told me afterwards he felt quite convinced that I should see everything through all right. This was very complimentary, in fact charming, but not appreciated by me at the time.

Two hours' sleep, and I was awakened by Edge himself – he, refreshed and ready to start, and I worn out, sleepy, and very cross. However, I soon forgot my troubles, and as we made our way out to Messrs. De Dion's works by cab to obtain our machines, I think we both looked forward to an exciting experience and a good day's sport.

[Part 2 – “They're off”, in the next issue]

Secretary's Scribbles – Brent's Bit

BRENT FIELDER

Hi Friends,

Hope you still like a chuckle. Here are a few thoughts:

People worry too much about their kids not being top of the class. My son said to me Dad, I can't spell Armageddon. I said so what, it's not the end of the world...

My wife and I often laugh about how competitive we are, I laugh more though...

I've been trying to write my autobiography but I never seem to find the time to do it properly, story of my life...

My wife was putting on her make-up and pencilling in her eyebrows. I told her that she'd drawn them too high, she looked surprised...

I've just been reading the worst page ever of the dictionary. What I read was disgusting, dishonest and disingenuous...

Good news for local residents. I've worked out how to stop my dog chasing anyone he sees on a bike...

...I've taken the bike away from him.

All the best Chums,

Brent

[Disclaimer: The Editor cannot be held responsible for the level of humour displayed in this column]

Tim's 7R

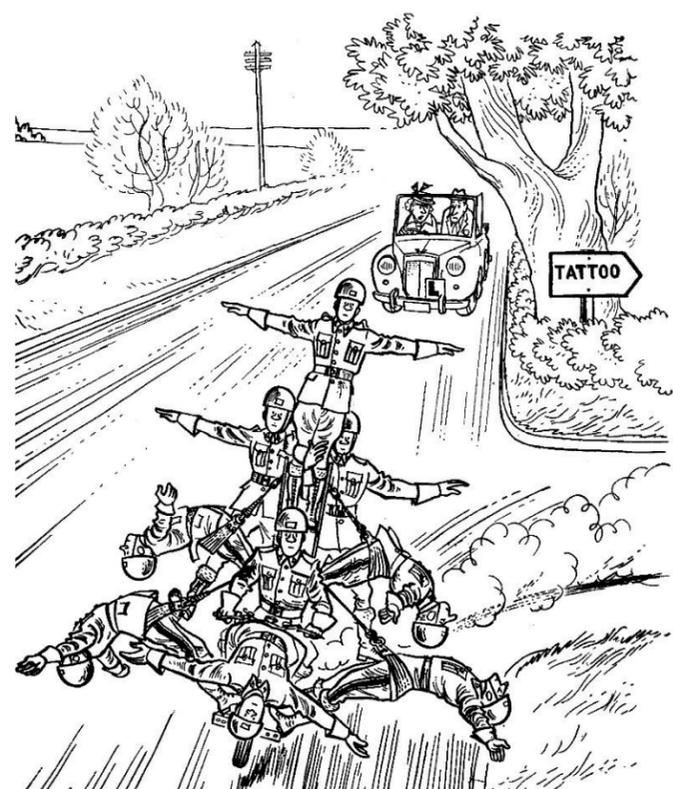
TIM KINGHAM

Riding down the hill towards High Wycombe on my G3L Matchless I called in at Harrison's for some petrol, and there in the showroom, footrest leaning on a Castrol R tin, was a G45 Matchless resplendent with a road numberplate. I still think that it was the most beautiful motorcycle I have ever seen, from its swan neck clip-ons, its enormous tank to its gold lines and alloy wheels. Negotiations ensued, it was £120 and I could get £80 in part exchange for the G3L so the deal was done (I still have the pro formas invoice); all I had to do was get Mum to lend me £40. At home she agreed I could borrow the money, but she had no cash. She could give me a cheque to give Mr Harrison, but back then you had to see if cheques were acceptable so she rang him up. After introduction she asked "My son wants to buy a 500 Matchless and you are giving him £80 part exchange for his 350 Matchless, will you take a cheque from me for the balance" back came the reply "Oh yes Madam that will be OK, but you do know it's a 500 racing Matchless...."

What really galled me was that by the weekend my so-called mate Steve was riding it up and down outside my house as, after telling him the story, he had gone straight out and bought it! He soon knew how I was upset about it, so on Saturday he parked it up against my house fence and asked, "Have you got any of that ¼ in. steel rod you had knocking around?" I produced it and Steve made a kink in the middle and stuffed it up the hollow rear axle of the G45, saying, "I am going to sort you out, jump on". Giving him a push start, I jumped on the bump of the racing seat and off we went the 40 miles to Twickenham, London to Monty and Wards. We told them I needed a suitable bike and Geoff Monty took me round the back to a lock-up garage and opened the door. It was crammed to the ceiling (There was a second tier of bikes on planks). All old race bikes, some with full dustbin fairings, some with mesh screens, hand painted numbers - a treasure trove. Geoff indicated a bike near the front "That's what you want" he said, and there leaning against the wall was a 1951 long stroke 7R, dusty but with a gold engine and huge black tank with AJS in gold script on the side. "Come back next week with £50" he said, "and it will be ready for you to ride away".

The next week was a rush selling the G3L and then off to London again on the bump seat and there by the kerbside outside the shop sat the 7R, registered for the road, with a numberplate made of stick-on numbers, gold star silencer and bulb horn on the RH rear footrest. I paid my money and Geoff gave me a piece of paper to memorise the revs in the gears for 30MPH in case a copper stopped me ('a rev counter is my means of indicating speed, officer') and away I went. I loved that bike; I ran it for a year, I knew every petrol station on a hill for thirty miles around - I bumped it everywhere. I fitted a push bike light on the front and had one of those flat battery packs from Woolworth (they were shaped like a packet of twenty) and fitted in the rear pocket of my jeans. This fed a bulb painted red held in the zip in

the rear of the racing seat (That pocket was where spare plugs were kept back in '51, for a rider when out on the course at the TT) My procedure at night was to ride to the end of the street lights, and then wait for a car. One night I tailed an XK120 - he tried to outrun the pushbike behind him, but I knew I could not let him get away; very scary! It did not have a stand but I had a crafty triangle of tubes with a short cross tube at the apex to fit over the footrest. I kept it strapped on the race seat bump with an aeroelastic. One day, rushing down the Hazelmere straight at a fair lick, as I was overtaking a car, I felt it go and I guess it must have followed me spinning down the road like a grand panjandrum. As soon as practical I slowed, made a U-turn and returned up the road. There in the road was a car, the owner standing by the open car door with the triangle in his hand looking up to see the plane it came from! I kept going, and when I returned he had gone so I retrieved it from the ditch. Steve and I used to visit the Busy Bee and the Ace and other cafes on the two AMC racers and I remember, to increase the impact, we also wore full Barbour suits and not leather jackets. In the end Steve fed the G45 into a police inspector's car, went racing and eventually joined the continental circus; and I made the biggest mistake of my life when I sold the 7R (which with all my hours on it would have been perfect for what I had planned next) for a stripped down Ariel Arrow from Lawton & Wilson to go road racing with BMSEE. Hey-ho, that's youth for you.



"That's nothing like the "turning left" signal you taught me"

Picture Quiz – answers & results

CAN YOU NAME – THE MAKE AND MODEL

Only two entries were received: Don McKeand, scoring 8½, and a Mrs Trellis from North Wales, who seemed to misunderstand the question

1936 500cc Triumph 5/10

1940 125cc Cotton two-stroke

1936-39 1,100cc Zenith Twin

1939 250cc Excelsior two-stroke

1937 500cc Coventry Eagle Flying 500

1939 500cc Matchless G5

1939 500cc spring-frame Montgomery

1939 250cc Royal Enfield

1939 500cc Rudge Sports Special

1940 125cc Royal Enfield two-stroke

1939 350cc AJS 16M

1939 250cc BSA C11

1939 500cc Levis D Special

1933 500cc James Twin

1939 500cc OEC Commander

1939 500cc International Norton

1939 350cc Triumph Tiger 80

1937-39 1,000cc Vincent-HRD Rapide

1927 250cc P and M Panhette

FROM THE ARCHIVE

Sportsmen, one and all...



The look of concentration



Handy place to put a tree



The look of terror



The look of quiet confidence



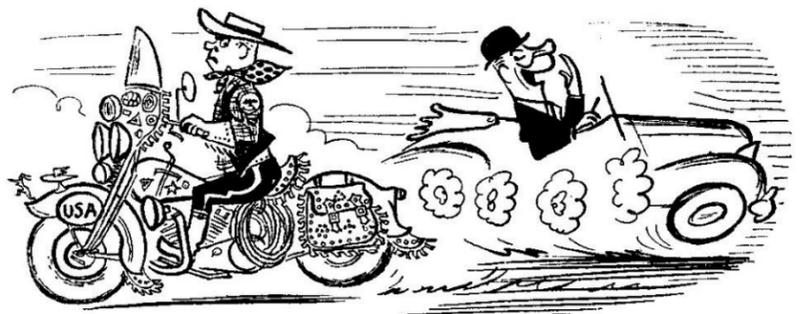
Brighton, 1989 - 344cc 1923 Zenith-JAP



Festival of 1000 Bikes, 2013



Brighton, 2006 - 1000cc JAP V-Twin THOR



And finally, a picture just to fill the space at the end...

