
BEDS VMCC NEWS

KEEPING YOU INFORMED DURING LOCK-DOWN



David and Jennifer at the 2011 Albert Brown Run

David Watts RIP

This week the section suffered a great loss in Dave's passing. Many of you will have known him a lot longer than me and I invite you to send me a few words, and to share a few memories for the next issue. Nigel and Ivor have kindly provided a few pictures from their archives and I found the one above in my own collection. Finding pictures of Dave was not difficult because he was always there: whenever there was a run he was there, organizing many himself; whenever there was a club night he was there, rattling his box of change and making sure you didn't get away without buying a raffle ticket; whenever there was a committee meeting he was there making invaluable suggestions – and always cheerful. A true gent.

Funeral arrangements will follow when known but, at present, strict lockdown rules still apply so, unless things change, only close family will be allowed at the funeral itself but that doesn't mean we can't escort him on our bikes on his last journey."

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FROM A STATEMENT BY BOB CLARK, VMCC CHAIRMAN

The Coalition of Motorcycling Organisations (CoMOrg) met on Tuesday to consider how to take the major bodies, such as the VMCC, out of lockdown. The consensus is that in England, group rides of up to six people are permitted by law. The view of these "responsible" organisations is that such rides should be officially permitted, provided that appropriate distancing and hygiene measures are observed. It is accepted that some of the detail will differ between the various organisations, but that a core of advice will be overtly shared. The main focus will not be on the riding, but the danger areas of start and finish points, and of fuel, refreshment and loo stops. The consensus is that a higher degree of organisation and planning will be required than has previously been the case with small-scale Section runs.

Sub-groups have gone away to update and extend the previously-issued guidance, and to prepare a press release. It is anticipated that both will be ready for issue early next week, at which point it is reasonable to assume that the VMCC Board will formally approve the recommencement of runs that comply with the guidance. **But please wait until the updated guidance is published next week.**



No more than six at a time please gentlemen

BEDS SECTION POSITION

Don is keen to re-start our runs as soon as we get the green light from HQ and provided we can do them in full compliance with Government guidance and good old common sense. This will involve some kind of pre-booking system to limit numbers, and would probably only be able to include a refreshment stop if we go armed with our own flasks. More on that once we get the updated guidance promised by HQ.

June club night "Ride a bike to Shefford" is, needless to say, cancelled as is the Breakfast Meet at Shuttleworth on June 28th. It's a bit early to say for sure about the July Car Park Concours considering the rapid changes in Government guidance but, at this stage, I would say it's unlikely to go ahead.



Peter and Dennis hadn't heard that "Ride a bike" night was cancelled

There is, of course, nothing to stop us going out on our own or in small groups and I hope many of you have been taking advantage of that. I certainly have, riding every day since the partial relaxation – but always on my own and always avoiding places where other people are likely to congregate – not that Southend Beach is my kind of place anyway.



Everybody now: ♪ "Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside" ♪

Other VMCC-related News

The long list of cancellations and postponements continues to grow. That list now includes the Banbury Run and the Festival of 1000 Bikes. Today I have heard that the Classic Bike Show at Stafford will now be combined with the Classic Mechanics Show, also at Stafford, to be held on 10-11 October. I also heard that, despite Bob Clark's comments above, the navigational run Hereford-on-the-Edge is carried over until next year. The organisers felt that it still wouldn't be able to hold it in anything like its traditional format. I had entered that one as it sounded like good fun but I think they are right because VMCC events are much more than just the riding.

Latest auction buy (not Ebay)

BRYAN MARSH

This is Curvo 1000, made in the late 1940s or early 1950s by the Schuco company in what was known as the US zone in Germany. He joins his contemporaries in my collection - Moto Drill 1006 (a racer) and Charly 1005 (very similar to Curvo but dressed differently and the bike is slightly different). Schuco, more recently, also produced a limited-edition series of Moto Racers 1006, using the same pressings as the original Moto Drill 1006, in various liveries – I have three.



They all have wind up clockwork mechanisms and, whereas the racers just go around in a circle, Curvo and Charly have a lever to select either a circular or oval path. A pleasing addition to my collection of over three score original and reproduction tinplate motorcycles.

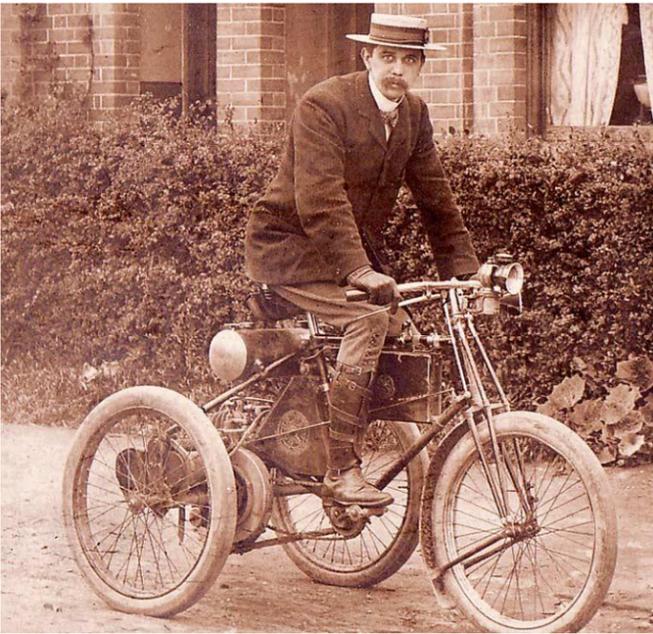
The 1899 Paris-Bordeaux Race

CHARLES JARROTT

[Part 2 – and they're off.]

At the end of Part 1, a sleep-deprived Jarrott, and a well-rested Edge, had just collected their newly serviced tricycles from the De Dion works in Paris and were looking forward to a good day's sport.

The start took place from the Bridge at Suresnes, and I was amazed to find such a number not only of spectators but of competitors. The various cars were all ranged up in line – enormous 12hp Panhards and vicious 10, 12, and 15hp cars of other makes, all taking part in the race, the cars starting twenty minutes after the motorcyclists. There were seventy-eight entries altogether, thirty-seven of these being motor tricycles, the start of the latter taking place at 3.15am. so dark it was at this hour, that a considerable number set off with their lamps alight.



Our instructions at the start, so far as I could understand them, were exceedingly brief. An official with a red flag addressed the whole crowd of us lined up about four abreast – I think there were nine or ten rows all close up behind each other – and his speech was somewhat as follows:-

“Gentlemen, this is Paris. There is Bordeaux” (pointing to the road). “There is but one thing you have to do – *Get there!* Are you ready? Go!” Immediately every rider put every ounce of energy into getting his machine started, and then the fun began. Some of the riders could not start at all, and were run into by the riders behind. Some managed to get a few explosions and then stopped, the riders frantically pedalling to keep the machines going. Others, attending to their taps and levers, instead of their steering, ran into the side of the road, and those of us who missed these many dangers fled away up the hill in a big bunch, enveloped in a great cloud of dust, hardly able to see an inch in front of us in the darkness, and trusting to luck to keep on the road at all.

Edge had started just in front of me, and within ten minutes I came upon him pushing his machine, evidently in trouble, but realizing it could not be serious I kept on my way. It seems that his engine “seized” immediately after the start.

And what a race we had!

At that time, as no restrictions were made on speed through the towns and villages, everybody rushed along having but one idea, namely to carry out the starter's instructions and get to Bordeaux. I was at that time in the best of physical condition, but the lack of sleep had affected me, and after two or three hours I began to feel tired; but there were many hours yet to go, and I realized that the ordeal was going to be very severe if I had any hope of reaching Bordeaux successfully. Then another horrible sensation overpowered me, and I began to be desperately hungry. This was a possibility that had never occurred to me. I had before starting put into my pocket some chocolate and some dried raisins, but when I came to hunt for these I found they had been

reduced to a pulpy mass in my pocket, mixed up with the sand and dust which had been poured over me by the other racers.

To make matters worse, the goggles with which I had provided myself were of a very primitive description. It was the first year that goggles had been considered necessary, and I found that those I had gave me little protection. To add to our discomfort, the cars which had started later began to overtake us. I forget which of the cars came long first; I think it was Charron, but it took me little time to realize that he was travelling faster than I was, and as he came by I made a desperate effort and dropped in behind him, and thereby obtained the benefit of his pacing, thus being drawn along behind the car with no wind resistance to overcome. It was a desperate game, as he, on a car fitted with springs, was able to take every inequality of the road, *caniveaux*, gutters, and *pavé*, at top speed, whereas I, on my little machine without springs of any sort, found these obstructions terrifying, as I had no opportunity of seeing them before I struck them. It was all very thrilling while it lasted, and I stuck grimly on for miles. And then my engine began to over-heat, and to my despair I began to drop back. In the meantime, however, I had passed a number of motor cycle, and was in a very much better position than I had been before Charron's car assisted me. Then another car came along, but I found another motor cyclist had followed my example, and was safely tucked in behind it. I made a desperate effort to hang on, but failed. On the next car coming by, however, I succeeded, and another twenty miles was covered in splendid style.

I was feeling terribly done, and eyes were very painful from the dust. Then I arrived in a town which I was informed was Poitiers. Here I found a control where I had to sign my name in a book, and I was told I was in third place and only a few minutes behind the leader, Bardin, who was on another De Dion tricycle. I also obtained some refreshment, and started off again feeling much happier.

Within ten miles from Poitiers, however, the heavens seemed to open, and the rain came down in sheets. This was bad, but to my consternation my tricycle, which had previously run like clockwork, began to go very badly and my motor to misfire. It gradually became worse and worse, and then with a sudden jerk it stopped altogether. By this time I was reduced to a condition of absolute despair. Tired to death, aching all over, and my eyes causing me the most excruciating pain, I flung myself down in the road by my machine and there lay oblivious of everything. I seemed to have lived a lifetime since the commencement of the race; Bordeaux appeared an impossible goal, and I seemed to have left Paris years before. My greatest trouble was in my eyes, and I tried to bathe them with my handkerchief soaked in rain-water. Shelter there was none. I seemed to have stopped in the middle of a wide, open, desolate plain. There was not even a shrub large enough to protect me from the down-pouring rain, and I could conceive of no one being in a more unhappy plight.

[concluding part next week]

The page 3 girls



Three lovely ladies, the third being a Triumph Model H

Keeping a veteran under control

WILL CURRY



It's 110 years old and things have changed quite a lot in that time. We've had two world wars and the foundation of the United Nations. We've got antibiotics and the NHS and now covid-19. You can't help but wonder what Mr. Kinnear of Dundee would have made of it all. He registered the Ariel as TS 414 on 6th April 1910.

The Ariel had the 'cutting edge' technology of the time. Its magneto was a vast improvement on the accumulator-powered system used previously. With no on-board charging system a discharged accumulator usually meant the hire of a horse and cart and driver too. Its carburettor likewise was a huge improvement on the previous surface device. The surface device was not easy to control and needed fuel more akin to lighter fuel than petrol. To say this lighter fuel was a fire hazard isn't overstating the case. While the control of the Ariel's carburettor would probably confuse a modern motorcyclist - there are two levers, one for petrol and the other for air and both needed adjusting while on the move - they are considerably more precise than the controls of a surface device.

Despite having no gears there are more controls on the veteran Ariel than there are on its younger garage-companion, the 1929 Ariel. There is also and perhaps not surprisingly, more to do to when riding.

What follows - the 'meat' of this article as it were - is a guided tour of the Ariel's controls. There has to be a starting-point, in this case the left handlebar, and a route, in this case clockwise around the bike.

On the handlebar:

- Valve lifter

This is the 'inverted' lever on the end and it functions exactly as you would expect. In practise I use it very little. It plays no part in starting and is only used when pushing the bike around.

- Free-engine

This looks like a branch off the main handlebar and deliberately so. One is expected to operate it on the move and, according to the literature is 'Quite robust enough to safely steer with'. It operates to separate the flanges of the crankshaft pulley so that the belt is free. This device is essential to starting the engine and can be used, sort of, as a clutch and variable gear. Opening the flanges of the pulley reduces the effective diameter of the pulley and thus lowers the gearing. it also reduces the grip of the pulley on the belt with inevitable results.

- Carburettor petrol and air levers

These are mounted together on the righthand side of the handlebar. It's not an 'automatic' carburettor in the sense of a Monobloc or Concentric. You need to work both the petrol and the air levers in conjunction. I move the petrol lever before the air lever when either accelerating or slowing down.



- Front brake

This is a bicycle-type stirrup brake where operating the lever brings two brake shoes into contact with the rim, one either side. This can be used without any fear of somersaulting over the handlebars, pushbike style. Its main function seems to be to remove any paint from the rim before wearing the metal away too. Front rims were consumables, like tyres, but somewhat longer-lived.

Operated by the right foot:

- 'Town and country' exhaust pedal

This is the long plunger at the front of the footboard. Pressing down on the pedal alternately opens and closes some of the exits from the silencer. This changes the exhaust note from a characteristic 'chuff - chuff' to a more muted sound, suitable 'When encountering livestock'. I've not noticed any difference in performance when changing modes.



- Half-compression pedal

This is a rocking pedal at the rear of the footboards. In half-compression mode this slips an extra cam-follower onto the exhaust cam which reduces the effective compression. This device is essential in the starting process. Without it in operation it is impossible to turn the engine over while pushing the bike.

Operated by the left foot:

- Back brake

This is the more effective of the two brakes, not by much. Pedal-operated, it presses a V-shaped shoe against the outside of the belt rim. In the same way that it is well-nigh impossible to get the tyre rim completely true, the belt rim 'wobbles' and feeds back to the pedal. It is imperative that the bottom of the shoe touches the belt rim first or the brake may well lock up. Not fun.

[cont'd on next page]



- Oil pump

No automatic oiling. The literature recommends half a stroke every 10 miles but that the rider's experience is the best guide but if you are not sure too much is better than too little.



On the left side of the petrol tank:

- Petrol tap

A simple On-Off lever tap. There is no reserve for reasons that will become apparent below.



- Priming tap

I've never needed to use this because modern oils don't gum up. The idea was that one opened the feed on the cylinder head and swivelled this pipe round and as they aligned the pipe would pass a small amount of fuel with then entered the cylinder and, hopefully, softened the gummed oil enough to allow the engine to rotate.

- Sight glass

The reason you don't need a reserve petrol supply. Unscrew the needle a few turns and the petrol will flow into the sight glass indicating the level in the petrol tank. It took me weeks to work out what it was as there is no mention of it in the literature.

- Magneto advance and retard control

Forward advances the ignition and back retards it. There is a considerable range of movement, probably twice as much as on a '50s magneto.

There are some features which aren't on this bike. It has no pedalling gear nor kick starter or any other kind of starter. Ariel guaranteed its starting but still offered a model with pedalling gear.

For some reason Mr Kinnear can't have been too satisfied with the bike for it was registered to Mr Murdoch, also of Dundee, on the 21st of July.



To start the bike turn on the fuel, set the half-compression lever, advance lever, the air lever and the petrol lever. From the right-hand side push the bike. The engine will turn and hopefully fire. Use the free-engine to free the engine. Turn the half-compression off and fiddle with the air and petrol levers. Climb on, more fiddling with the air and petrol levers while paddling along and slowly disengaging the free-engine. Glow with satisfaction, exertion and possibly surprise.

THE 2016 LAND'S END TRIAL

BRYAN MARSH

[originally published in "Restart", the quarterly journal of the Classic Trials World, June 2016]

The "Land's End" isn't just a trial, it's an institution – and for me it has to be done on a bike, and that bike has to be a Triumph twin. I call my trusty mount the "Mock Adventurer" as it's loosely based on the factory-built TR5T "Adventurer" from the early 1970s. Built for me especially for MCC long-distance trials, it uses a low compression 500cc Triumph Speed Twin engine from 1964 in an oil-bearing frame from a 1971 250cc Triumph "Blazer", with an abundance of alloy bits and pieces to reduce weight, and lots of modern upgrades to help it go the distance, so to speak. The bike is a lot better than me.

This year was the 94th Land's End Trial but only my 8th, my apologies for missing so many but I was a late starter. All started well with a new initial run from the Cornwall start, through the lanes around South Petherwin and up to the old A30; a welcome change from a drag up the A30 dual carriageway on bikes not built for speed (or comfort). Dry, but chilly up to the Bridgewater gathering point and a feast of ham, egg and chips before heading off, around midnight, down the A39 and the first section at Felons Oak, somewhere near Washford in Somerset. A relatively straightforward climb with no restart for Class C (post-1970 bikes over 450cc) posed no problem for the Mock Adventurer and me; always good to get through the first section with a clean slate (not always the case though). Unlike many of the more competitive riders, I rarely venture "off-road" between MCC events (and it shows) so the long lane out of the section is an opportunity to enjoy some night-time green laning and get back into the swing of things – 12V lighting from a modern Triumph helps. Bit of a problem from dust being kicked up by the stiff breeze so down with the goggles; not exactly a foretaste of what was to come!



Scrutineering at the Cornwall start of the 2013 Lands End Trial

Along the lanes and back onto the A39 heading West, past Minehead and this year we climbed Porlock Hill, trying to imagine what it would have been like to climb when it was narrow and unsurfaced in the 1920s as a Lands End Trial section in its own right. On across the top of Exmoor and views across the Bristol Channel to the lights of South Wales, trying hard not to get blown off the edge and into the sea coming down Countisbury Hill. Through Lynmouth and up to Barbrook for tea and fruit cake in the village hall – important to keep energy levels up for the long night ahead (as if I ever need an excuse for cake).

Off again, just up the road to the legendary Beggars Roost, in use as a section since the days of Porlock, but no huge challenge these days

especially as there was no sneaky deviation this year. No problems, clean again.

To my mind, touring through the Exmoor lanes at night is as much a part of the event as the sections themselves. No sign of Lorna Doone out on a bender in Simonsbath but patches of wonderful hedgerow primroses caught in the glow of the headlight; thankfully no snow on the verges this year. Then across into Devon to the next section, Riverton – a glorious long, curvy, muddy climb but with a surprising amount of grip, so even the restart doesn't blot my (currently) clean sheet.

On through Great Torrington and Milton Damerel to the village of Sutcombe and the next section. Down a steep, loose and very dark lane to the first queue of the night. My turn – carefully through the deep wet mud of the left-hand turn, through the watersplash (trials language for "stream") and, usually, a good, firm blast up the rocky slope on the other side. But this year, even us Class C types faced a rather nasty restart. Lacking the insight and intuition (and talent) of a true trials rider, I tend to stop wherever the bike lands me within restart boxes. Faced with some daunting rocks just ahead of my front wheel and the intimidation of some locals there to enjoy the spectacle, I got away but took a quick dab before I got the beast under control – hopefully it was within the allowed 3 yards (none of those alien "metres" in MCC events). I'll have to wait until the results to find out.

More tea and cakes, supplied by the wonderful local ladies; another highlight of the trial for me. Some people don't stop – they can't know what they're missing. Through some heavily pot-holed backroads over towards Hartland and the infamous Cutcliffe Lane, a section that always fills me with dread, especially when it's been wet for a while. Last year it was dry and I cleaned it for the first time; point and shoot and hope the bike bounces over the big rock step (no restart). Amazingly, I cleaned it again and celebrated with a loud yee-ha on passing the "Section Ends" marker. Actually, the long slippery lane out to the road was harder than the section and, despite a lot of nervous footing, I managed to topple over into the hedge; hopeless, I know.

Darracott, on the Devon-Cornwall border, is a true gem of a section. To misquote Samuel Johnson: "When a man is tired of Darracott, he is tired of trialling". On and on, up and up, keeping the power on, using every inch through the tight turns but finally out through the farmyard. Boy, did I enjoy that. Another one where the lane on the approach is trickier than the section itself – but I stayed on this time. Back out to the A39 again and finally into Cornwall proper but still a long way to go. Down to Bude and along the glorious coast road, close to where I was born and grew up, then down and up the 1-in-3s at Milllook, and along to the next section at Crackington.

Crackington has long attracted many spectators and, with them, a good helping of local mischief. In the great tradition of the Cornish "wreckers" from years gone by, many bikes are hastened to their fate by making sure there is a generous helping of deep, glutinous clay near the top. With no restart for Class C, I opt for the point-and-blast strategy but am thwarted by a mystery misfire and the left-hand bank getting in the way – no chance of gold now (as if there ever was).

The rain and winds that were to last the whole of the rest of the event had now set in with a vengeance and the finish seemed even further away. On to Laneskin and much discussion over that's pronounced locally in Cornwall. I probably set the slowest time for the special test, much to the amusement of the marshals; better safe than sorry.

The section that followed was a bit sneaky, ending with a steep bank of brickworks-quality clay, hiding an abrupt 90-degree turn at the top to the end of the section. Luckily, I remembered this from last year and somehow managed a slow, balanced, feet-up turn to clean the section. Very satisfying.

Through the woods to Hoskins and a climb up to the muddy restart box on a right-hand bend which looked a lot worse than it proved to be. A lovely long section – just keep the power on and keep climbing. Another clean.

[cont'd on next page]



The start of a clean ascent of Hoskins, 2016

The usual short tour around some cones on the Bishop’s Path special test, again at no great pace, and then on to the Bishop’s Wood section. An easy, gentle climb up to the rather steep, loose surfaced restart box. Not my finest hour – I failed to find any grip and ended up heading backwards down the slope before falling off, sacrificing any chance of Silver. Into the escape route to marvel at Richard Griffin showing how it should be done on a whacking great KTM “Adventure”, even getting some “air” over the large rock slab the other side of the track that crosses the section. I can only dream.



Precariously balanced in the Bishops Wood restart box, 2014

Another 30-mle stretch of road work, fighting wind and rain, via Perranporth, and on to St. Agnes and the two famous Blue Hills Mine sections and more personal disasters. Class C benefits from no restart on Blue Hills 1 but my attempt at finding the best line through the usual mud at the bottom forced me wide on the nasty steep ramp of granite sets; up the side bank instead and, whoops, another fall. Oh well, that’s me out of the running for an award – unless there’s a wooden spoon this year.



Successfully over the Bishops Wood rock slab, for once, 2017

The approach to Blue Hills 2 is great fun, climbing over the jagged rock surface and loose stones with the forks bottoming out and a surprisingly large crowd looking on, despite the atrocious weather. Nothing to lose now, except my dignity, and lose it I did on the restart

– up yet another side bank and off the bike again. Not my day but good entertainment for the crowd.



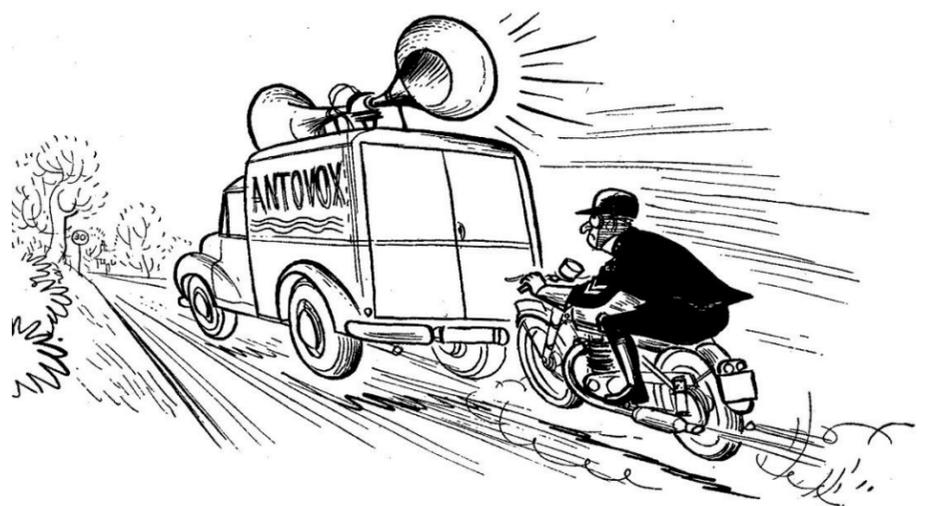
Struggling with the Blue Hills 2 restart box, 2015

The final section was a new one for me – Old Stoney. A badly rutted and very rocky section; I really thought I was going to come a cropper again partway up but somehow managed to survive it to record a final welcome clean after three failures and falls in a row.

To sum up the event in one word, I’d say “wet”; in two words “very wet”. But, as ever, it was a marvellous, friendly event with the most amazing band of marshals and other helpers to keep us on track, on time, nourished, watered, amused and even to help me and the bike up off the ground more times than I had planned. Same again next year?

Footnote: I only ever won one medal on the Land’s End Trial – a Silver in 2014. I’ve now retired to marshalling, and passed the baton (and the Mock Adventurer) to Nige Coote to show me how it should be done.

[Thanks to Dave Cook Motorsport for the photographs]



“... To whom it may concern, I am about to put on my brakes, hard.”



Buying/Selling

Wanted: headlamp for a 1950-ish plunger D1, doesn't matter if it's a tear drop or bowl type apparently, if anyone has one to spare Richard Chambers would like to buy it please. [I will pass any replies on to Richard]

For Sale: 1951 Ariel KH 500 twin. 8,000 miles (including a 1125 mile trip to Germany & Netherlands) since complete engine rebuild by T&L Engineering & top Ariel twin specialist, Colin Reed, at great expense including: re-sleeved barrel, new pistons (+0.20), conrods, valves & guides, clutch basket & friction plates, timing pinions, timing chain & adjuster, cam followers, new Monobloc carb (original pre-monobloc included) etc. Personalized Number "KH"Z. I would like £5000 but don't really expect to get it. More information on request – Bryan Marsh bryan.marsh@btinternet.com 01525 877585



1951 Ariel KH 500 twin for sale

For sale: If Will's article has wetted your appetite, and you have £17k burning a hole in your pocket then you might like to speak to Pembrokehire Classics. A little newer than Will's, this 1913 model benefits from a starting handle, three-speed hub gears and a foot clutch.



1913 Ariel for sale at Pembrokehire Classics (a snip at £16,995)

Secretary's Scribbles – Brent's Bit

Hello Friends,

Such a sad time with the loss of one of our very best pals, Dave Watts. I won't repeat all of the good words spoken by Bryan on the front page, except to say that this great bloke will be sorely missed by his many friends and family, me included. I'm sure that more will be written about Dave by those close to him.

Although I am in the shielding malarkey I will be joining the funeral escort, assuming that is what Dave's family want.

Keep safe mates.

All the best, Brent

Seen in the papers:

LUTON REPORTER - FRIDAY 25 MAY 1906

MOTOR TEST - On Saturday afternoon a number of gentlemen met at Hexton for the purpose of testing their motors on hill climbing. The course was from Hexton along the Lilley-road for one mile which included a very steep curved hill. Although unable to make fast progress the motors exhibited their very best, and out of a number of twenty cars Mr. Hodgson's, of Hexton Manor, succeeding in doing it in the best time. The test was witnessed by a large number of people. Telephone was laid along the road, and a large contingent of police were present.

LUTON REPORTER – FRIDAY 8 MAY 1908

TARRING ROADS- The decision of the County Council to go in more largely for the treatment of main road surfaces with tar will be hailed with approval by those who understand how beneficial this process is to everybody concerned. Not only does it do away with the terrible dust nuisance, and afford vehicular traffic first-class roads, but it is proven beyond a doubt that it prolongs the life of the roads and results in economy despite its greater initial cost. To be convinced of this one has only to examine lengths of road treated in this manner throughout the year and compare them with roads that have not been tarred. The County Surveyor's report upon the experiments he carried out last year is most gratifying, and this in spite of the fact that there was so much wet weather which is so unfavourable to the tarring process. He says "That even the work done in the cold weather more than paid for its cost, and that it has preserved the roads from excessive damage for 12 months, and is still efficient to a certain extent. The roads so treated are still intact, have a fairly good surface, and in fact are nearly as good as when the tar was applied, excepting in a few places where depressions have formed. Where the work was done in hot weather the tar has penetrated more deeply, the surface appears to be in practically the condition as when the tar was applied, and it is difficult to say how much longer the coat of metal will last." There is a good deal of truth in the statement made recently by Chas. S. Ryder that the motor car is not altogether an unmixed blessing, because it is teaching us how to make good roads, which will, in the end, cost less than our old-fashioned muddy concoctions. There is also another thing in favour of the tarred roads, and the most important of all, namely, it has a direct influence for good upon the health of the community. This "Country Life" has just announced in the following striking passage:- The use of tar macadam has now been shown to confer other benefits than these of dustlessness and durability. In these respects it is rapidly commending itself to the attention of surveyors all over the country; but experiments in Battersea show unmistakably that it has a direct influence for good upon the health of the community. Thirty-five of the streets were paved in this way during 1904 and 1905, and the work was then suspended for eighteen months in order that its effects might be judged. In 1906, which was an exceptionally hot year. the death-rate in London generally from summer sickness was considerably higher than in 1905, but in Battersea itself the death rate was the lowest ever recorded.

FROM THE ARCHIVE

