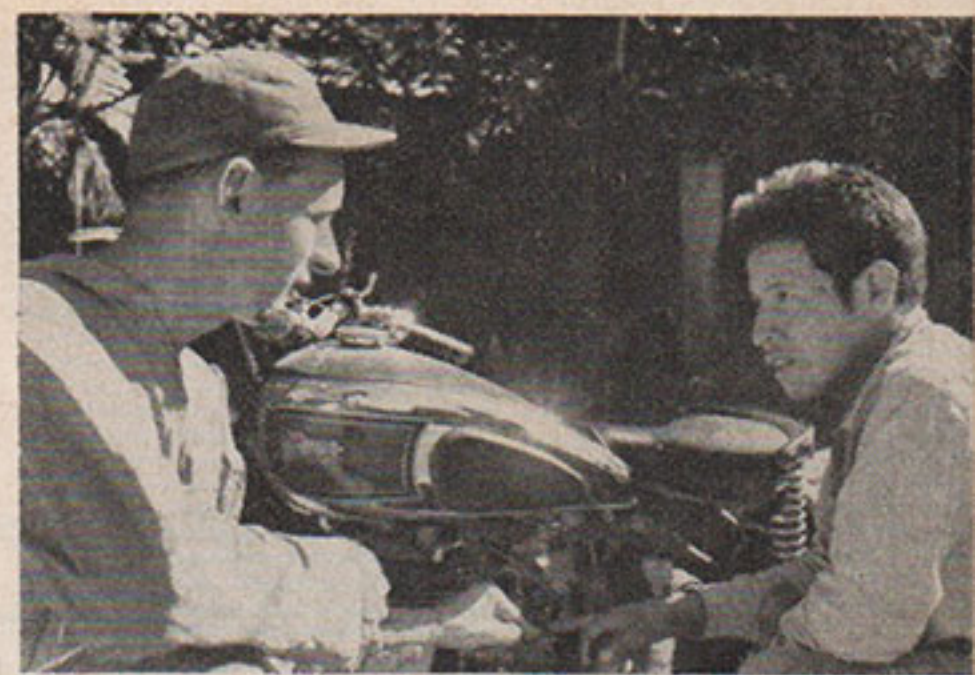


CYCLE

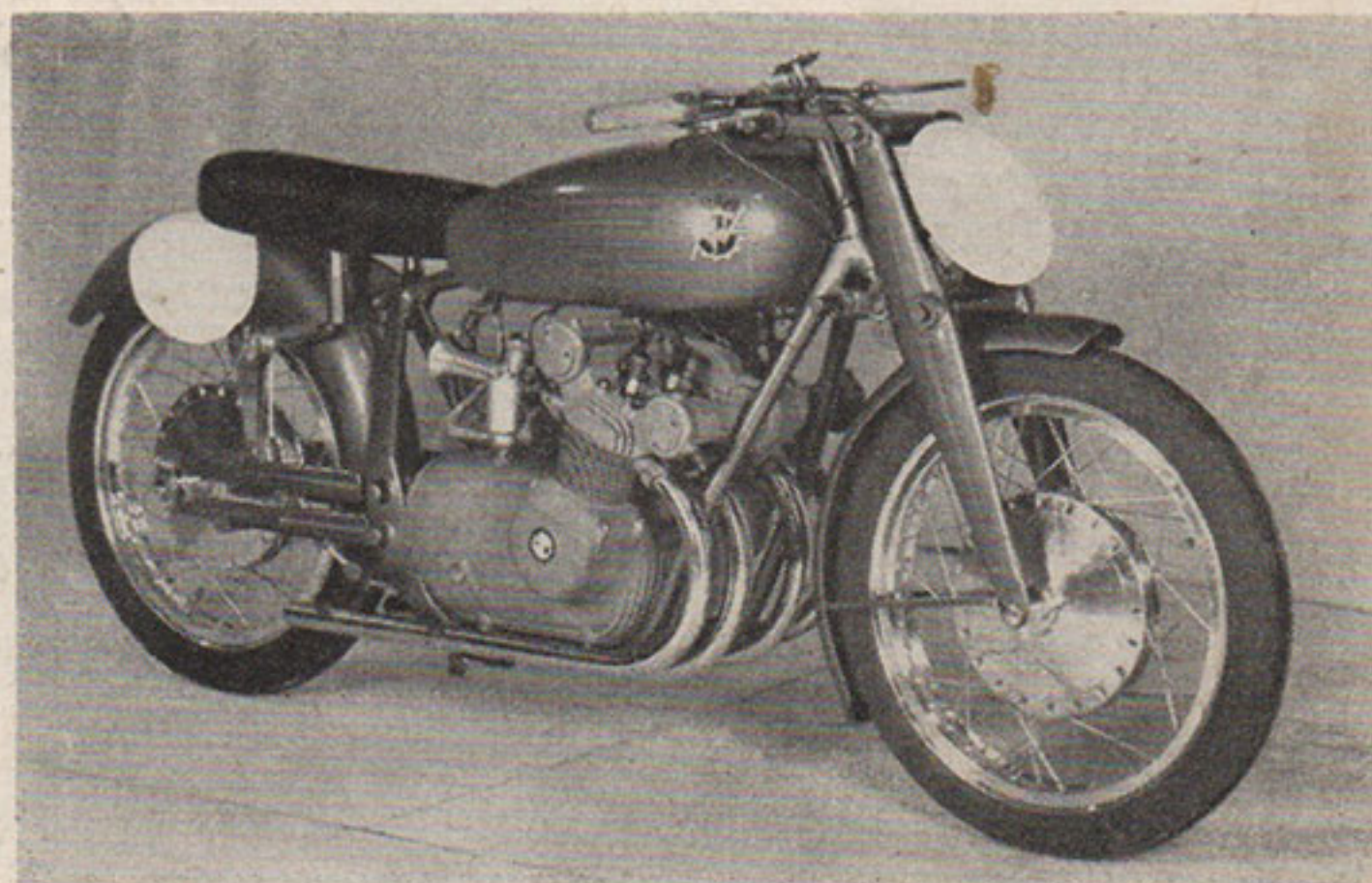
"WORLD'S LARGEST MONTHLY MOTORCYCLE CIRCULATION"



In This Issue

- CINDER TRACK STAR AT SIX
- COWTRAILING THROUGH MEXICO
- ITALY'S THREAT — MV AGUSTA
- FIELD MEETS — SPRINGTIME!

JUNE 1951



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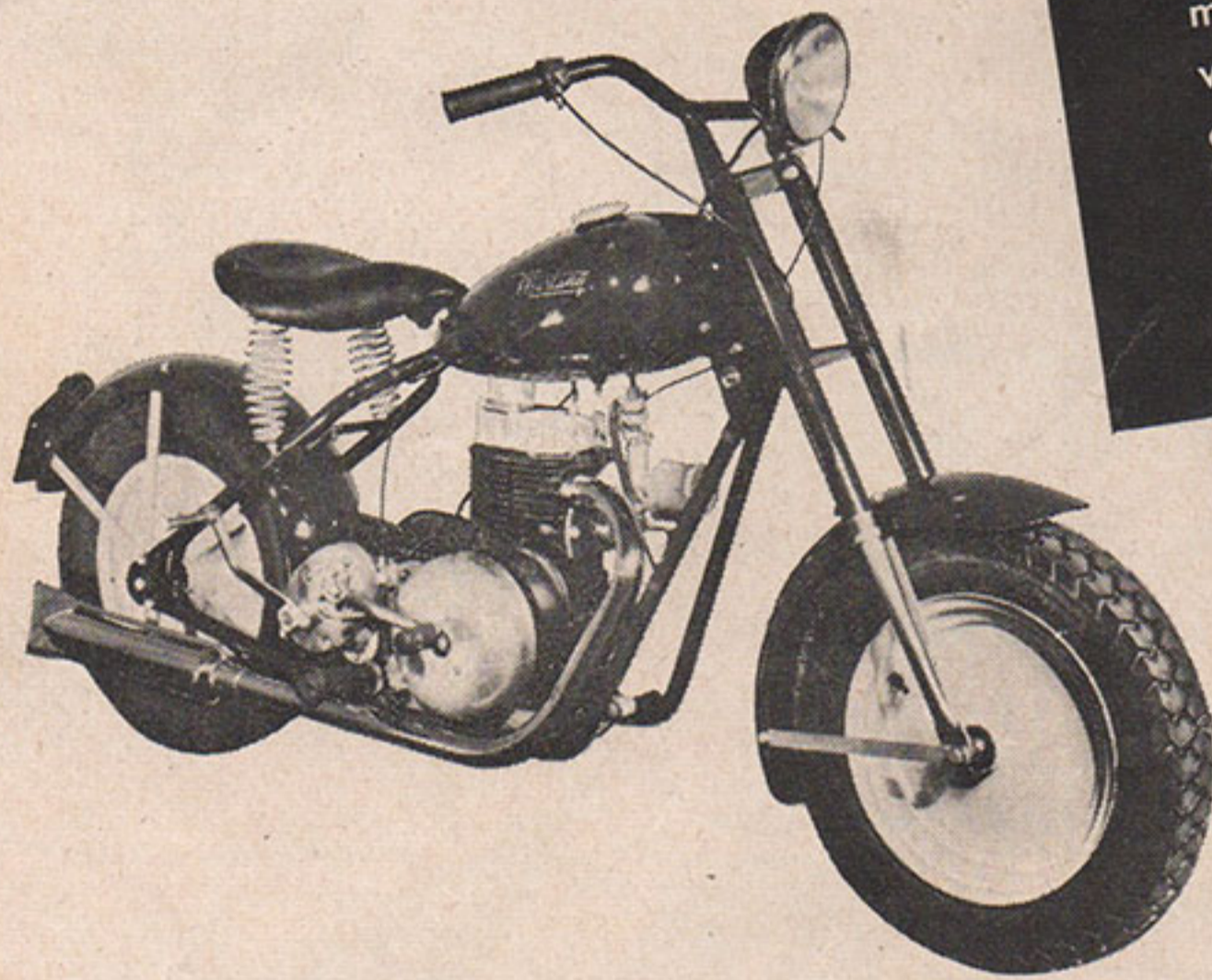
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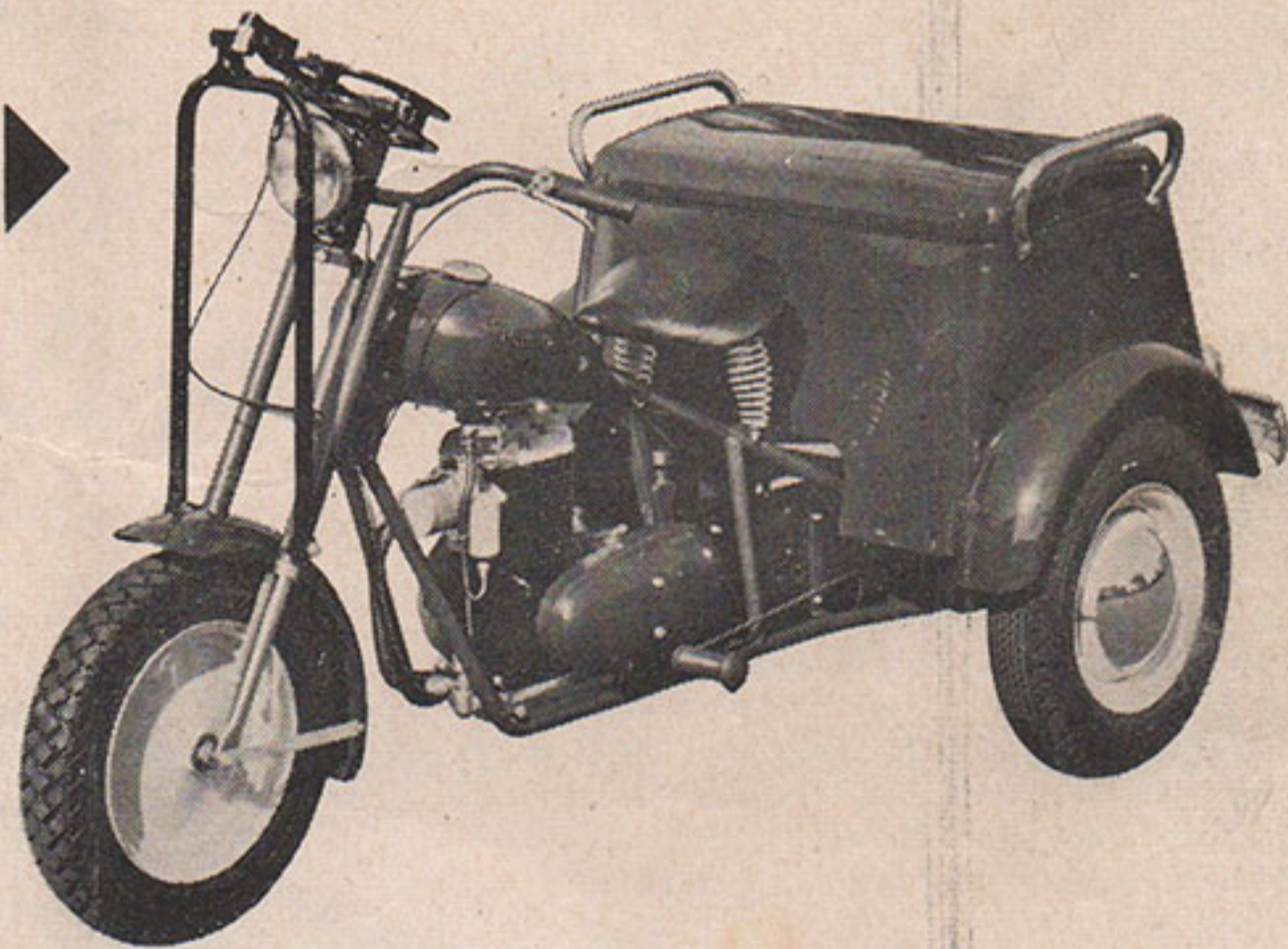


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Speaking Cycle

JUNE 1951

CYCLE

VOL. 2 Published Monthly No. 6

PUBLISHERS—Robert R. Lindsay, R. E. Petersen

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CIRCULATION MANAGER—Gordon Behn

WRITERS—Tim Witham, Gene Jaderquist,
Clarence Czyns

"World's Largest Monthly Motorcycle Circulation"


FOR THOSE who thirst for the mystic knowledge of technical engine data and how it may be put to everyday use, we call attention to a new series of instructive articles to be found between the covers of this month's CYCLE. Clarence Czyns (pronounced Sizz), conceded to be one of the nation's top tuning authorities by virtue of his many successes at Daytona Beach, will make a monthly pit stop our way, to reveal a practical application of the get-up-and-go that he has instilled in so many championship bikes. In clear basic terms, Czyns will shed the cloak that has thus far concealed his two-wheeled wizardry.

With the divulgence of Clarence Czyns's speed secrets comes still another welcomed addition to the CYCLE circle; a thrilling new series of "How to Ride 'Em" stories, as told by the top stars in every phase of current motorcycle competition. Bobby Micheals, sensational newcomer who skyrocketed to fame by winning this year's hundred mile Daytona Championship, breaks the ice in an exclusive interview with staff correspondent, Gene Jaderquist. Following Micheals' lead, you will be able to ride side by side with such greats as Ed Kretz, Jack Milne, Aub LeBard, Earl Flanders, Larry Hedricks and "Windy" Lindstrom, as they flash back through their most trying battles.

Yet even more impressive news comes with the late word that fabulous, internationally known Count Johnny Lurani will be a future contributor to CYCLE. Background of this outstanding continental figure screams of action—accomplishment—success. Aside from being vice president of the International Competition Committee of the FIM (Federation of International Motorcyclists), member of the Italian Central Motorcycling Committee and Chairman of the Italian Magazine "Motociclismo," he holds innumerable international competition titles and has been living the motorcycle sporting scene for over twenty years. A taste of Count Johnny Lurani's literary talents may be found in this month's "Continental Newsletter," as he subs for old favorite Dino Lancia, with a complete story on Italy's super-bike; the amazing new and little-known MV four.

Intentions to raise A.M.A. dues to \$1.50, as reported in this column (April '50) did not materialize and the annual fee still remains at \$1.00 a year; still a lot of fun for the price. What clearer proof of value received from this governing body than the management of the 1951 beach classic! Response from the aforementioned editorial on the A.M.A. was surprising. Some letters received, stated that the writers had never heard of the organization and welcomed information as to how they might join the ranks. Others asked for assistance in forming their present riding groups into recognized clubs, and how they might stage sporting events for fellow enthusiasts in their area. The interest is there; let's all do a little spade work this summer and really cultivate our sport!

CONTENTS

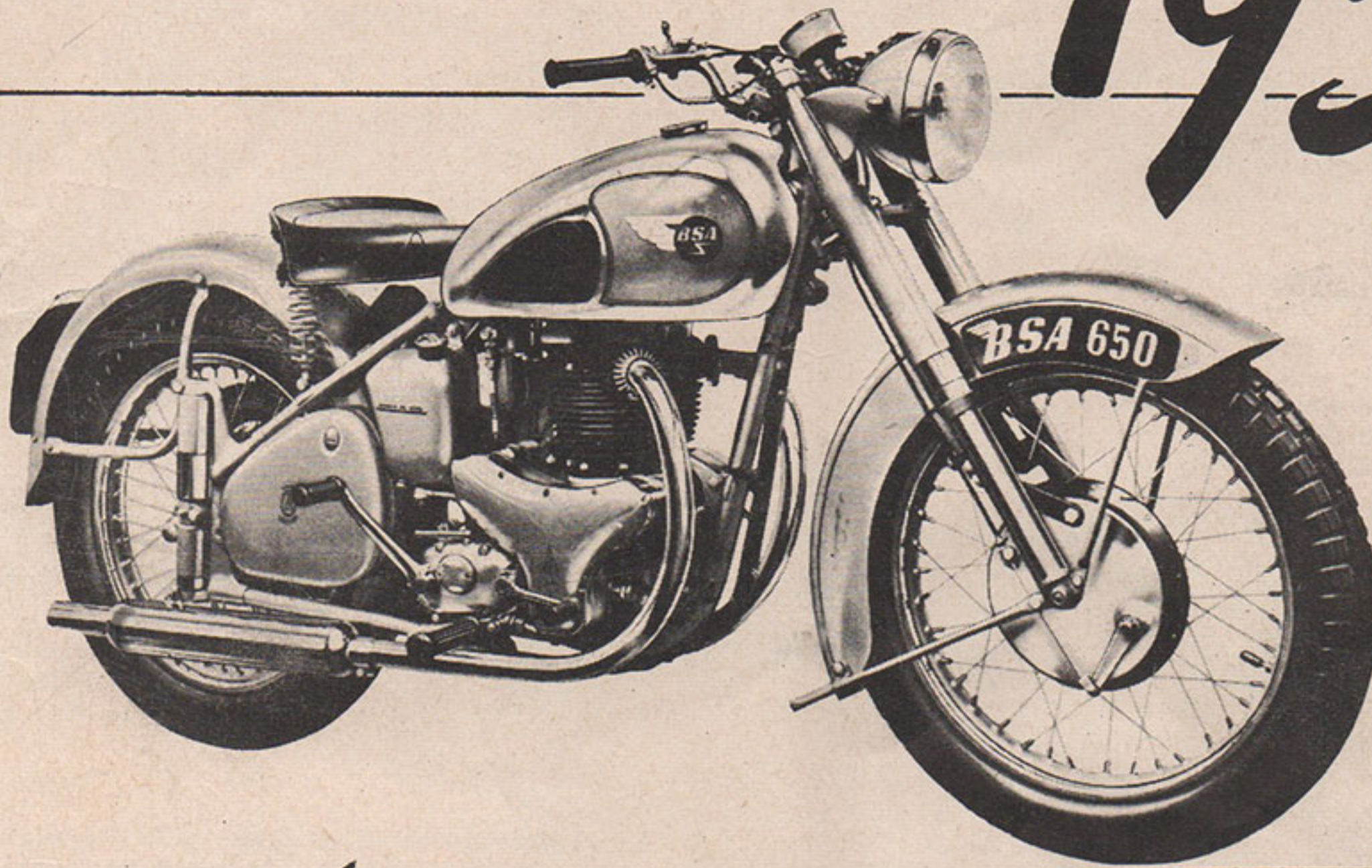
- 
- 4 SPEAKING CYCLE
 - 7 FLINTLOCK FIRED AGAIN—Bob Greene
 - 8 TWO WHEELS TO PANAMA—William Carroll
 - 10 WORLD'S MOST FORMIDABLE ROAD RACING MACHINE—Count J. Lurani
 - 12 BY SURF ON SAND—Gene Jaderquist
 - 14 POTENT BREWS MAKE HORSEPOWER CLIMB—Clarence Czyns
 - 15 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS
 - 16 TRAILBLAZERS' BANQUETS
 - 17 PIONEER RUN—William Onslow
 - 18 EXPLODING THE "350 BULLET"
 - 20 IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR POWER—Officer H. Filker
 - 22 CRATER CAMP—SIGN OF SPRING—R. W. Smith
 - 24 ANALYZING FRICTIONAL LOSSES & CAM CONTOURS—Tim Witham
 - 25 "SPOTLIGHT" ON ACCIDENT PREVENTION
 - 26 SPEEDWAY STAR AT SIX
 - 28 FLAT-OUT SNODGRASS—Tom Medley
 - 30 DEALER DOINGS
 - 33 LOOKING AHEAD
 - 34 RIDER WRITINGS

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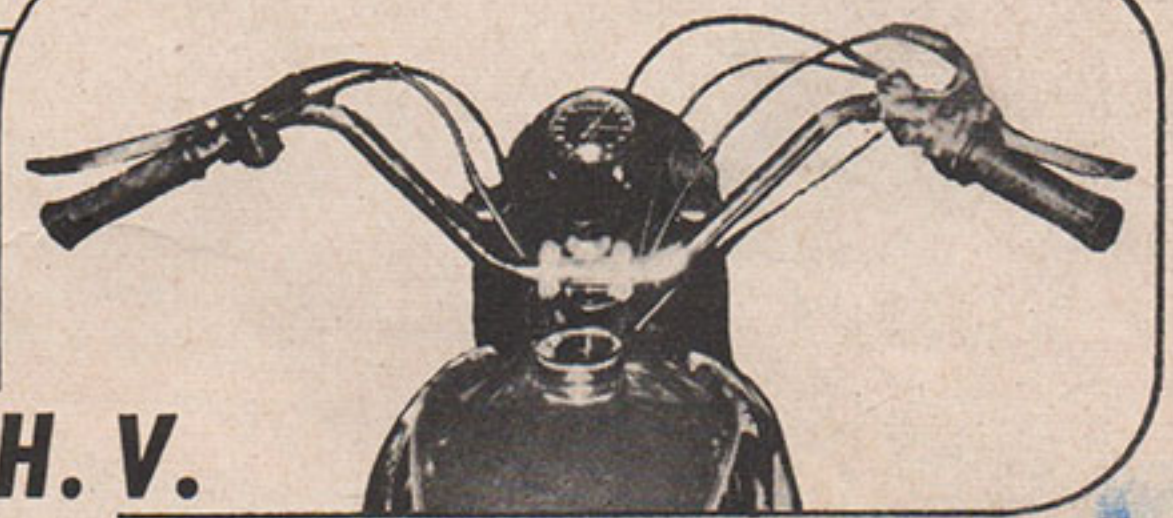
★ "GOLDEN FLASH"

for 1951



40

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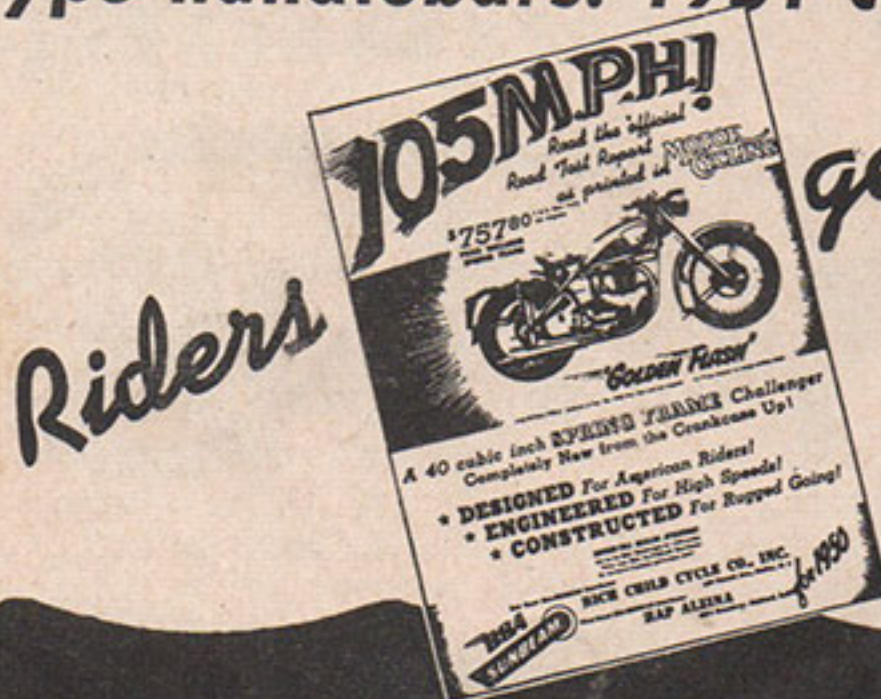


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Close-up of Klamfoth in the north turn shows his smooth relaxed style. Norton is noted for easy handling and is truly the World's Best Road Holder.

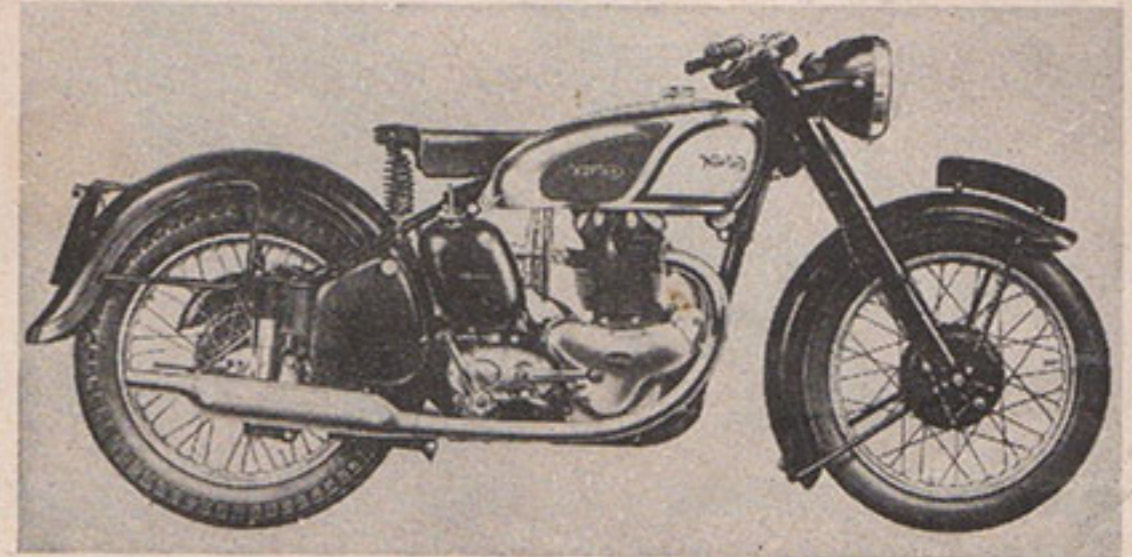
The one-two finish by Dick Klamfoth and Bobby Hill in the 200 mile National, and Bob Michael's victory in the 100 mile Amateur was due to their expert riding *plus* the terrific speed and dependability of their Norton motorcycles.

For the third successive winning year, Norton has demonstrated the unequalled high speed performance and good handling of their motorcycles... the same qualities that are built into every Norton produced for competition or for the highway.

See the new Nortons at your dealer's store or write for free catalog and address of nearest dealer.



Here's what Champion Klamfoth says:
"During the last four years at Daytona I finished 2nd in the 100 in '48, 2nd in the 200 in '50, and won the 200 in both '49 and '51... 700 miles of punishing full-throttle racing speeds... and every mile was trouble-free."
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FLINTLOCK FIRED AGAIN

"LOS GAUCHOS" PULL TRIGGER ON SECOND ANNUAL ENDURO

By Bob Greene



ABOVE, There isn't much that passenger, E. McIntosh, won't do for hack pilot, Howard Angell, when they're both riding the same sidecar rig

IT WAS MIDNIGHT and silver-capped breakers of the restless Pacific surf were crashing to a stop just a few feet away. Members of the Los Gauchos M/C issued last minute instructions and route cards while watching anxious contestants check watches and schedules, then fondly handle the winner-to-be's trophy, an authentic flintlock rifle.

A few steaming cups of coffee later, half a hundred cross-country operators were dipping in and out of the hissing ocean, riding in pairs, gunning for that unique frontier trophy. After a few miles of sandy beach travel, guided by bright moonlight and an occasional slap of a wave, the night riders wheeled and headed up into the beautiful, but yet dark, Santa Ynez mountains.

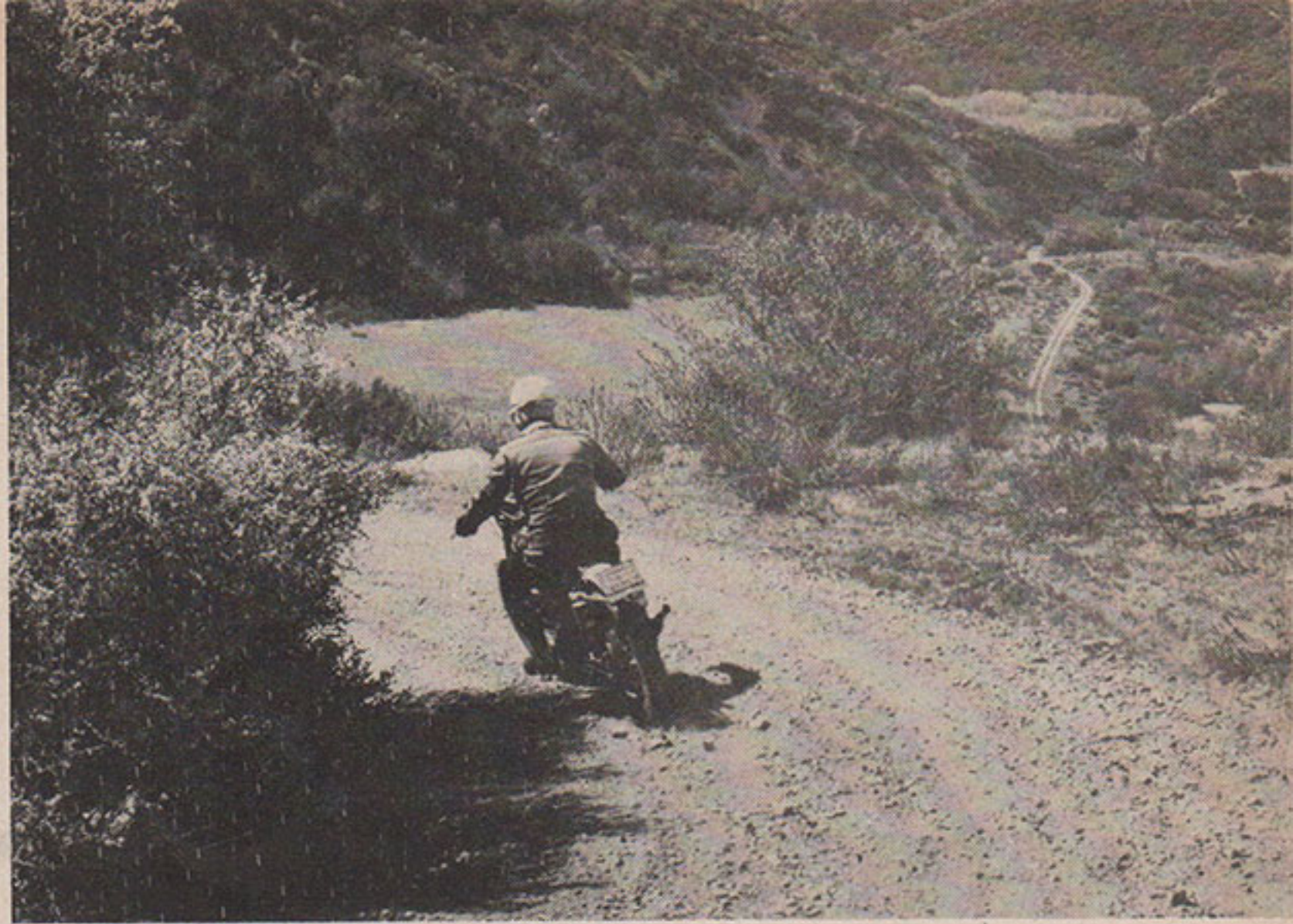
What at first had seemed an easy mark now turned to a definite struggle, as the challengers found it increasingly difficult to maintain the 24 mile per hour schedule. Up to this point the trail had been twisting, but at least obvious; now we were surprised to see the lime disappear over the side of the mountain and down through dense jungle-like brush under-growth, at Manzana Creek, that completely enveloped the cyclists as they vanished, one by one, head bent low and feet flailing.

By the breakfast check, the course had taken its toll. Few teams were still intact and the field had narrowed to a handful of the original crew. We were all late and several had decided they had received their two bucks worth of fun, picked up their marbles and went home, or assumed the role of spectator.

By dawn, it was anybody's race, but experience was beginning to tell, and most of the names of those still in the running were familiar ones to the enduro fans who tagged along.

With little slack in tempo, the weary band of ramblers pounded doggedly over the in-

(Continued on Page 29)



ABOVE, Mac McLaughlin tightens his grip on second spot the first time out on a new sprung Ajay, claimed best cornering was done feet up

BELOW, Frank Kennedy and Frank Chase prefer big twins. At night check, both confirm suspicions that average speed was higher than stated

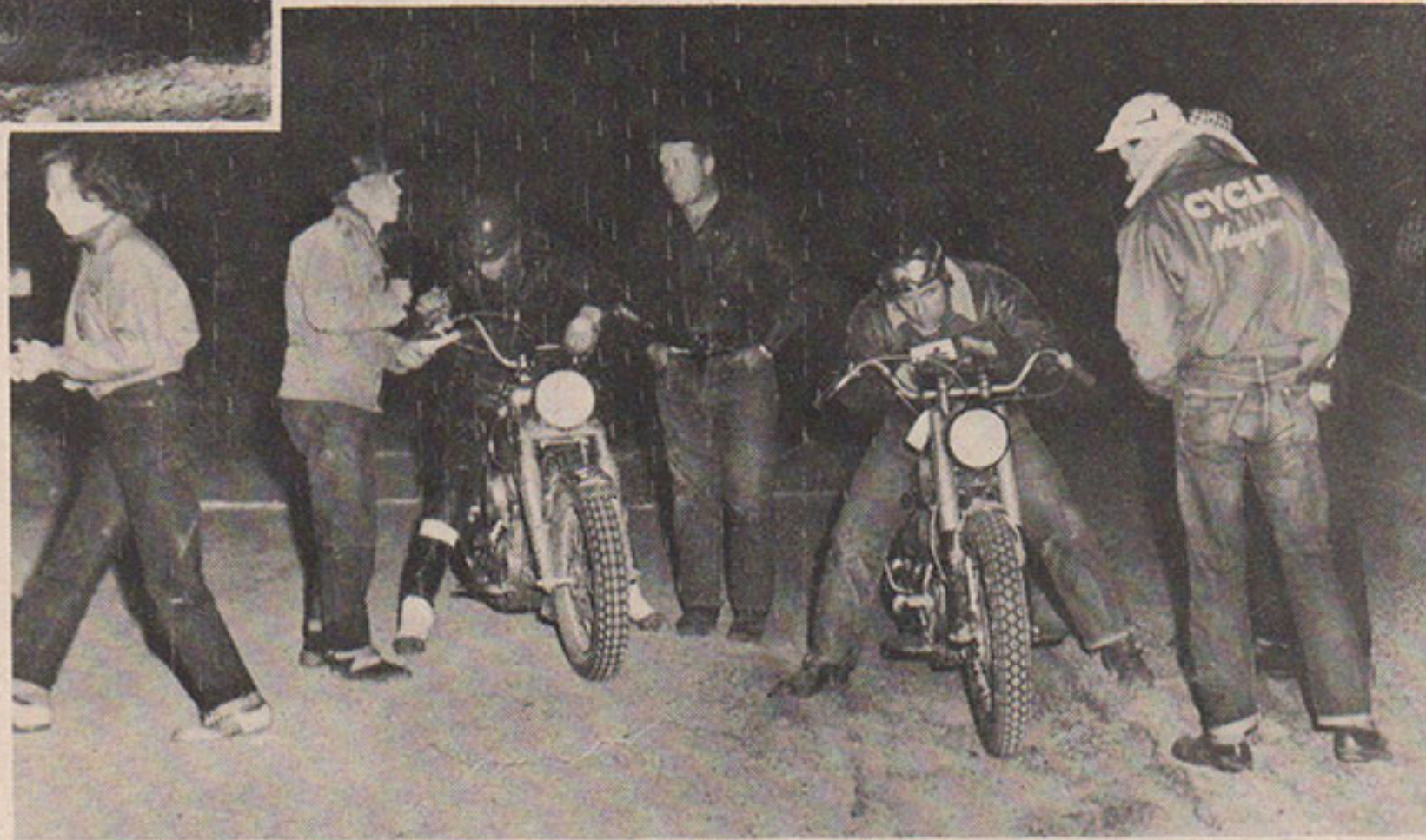


Photo by Chuck Pollard

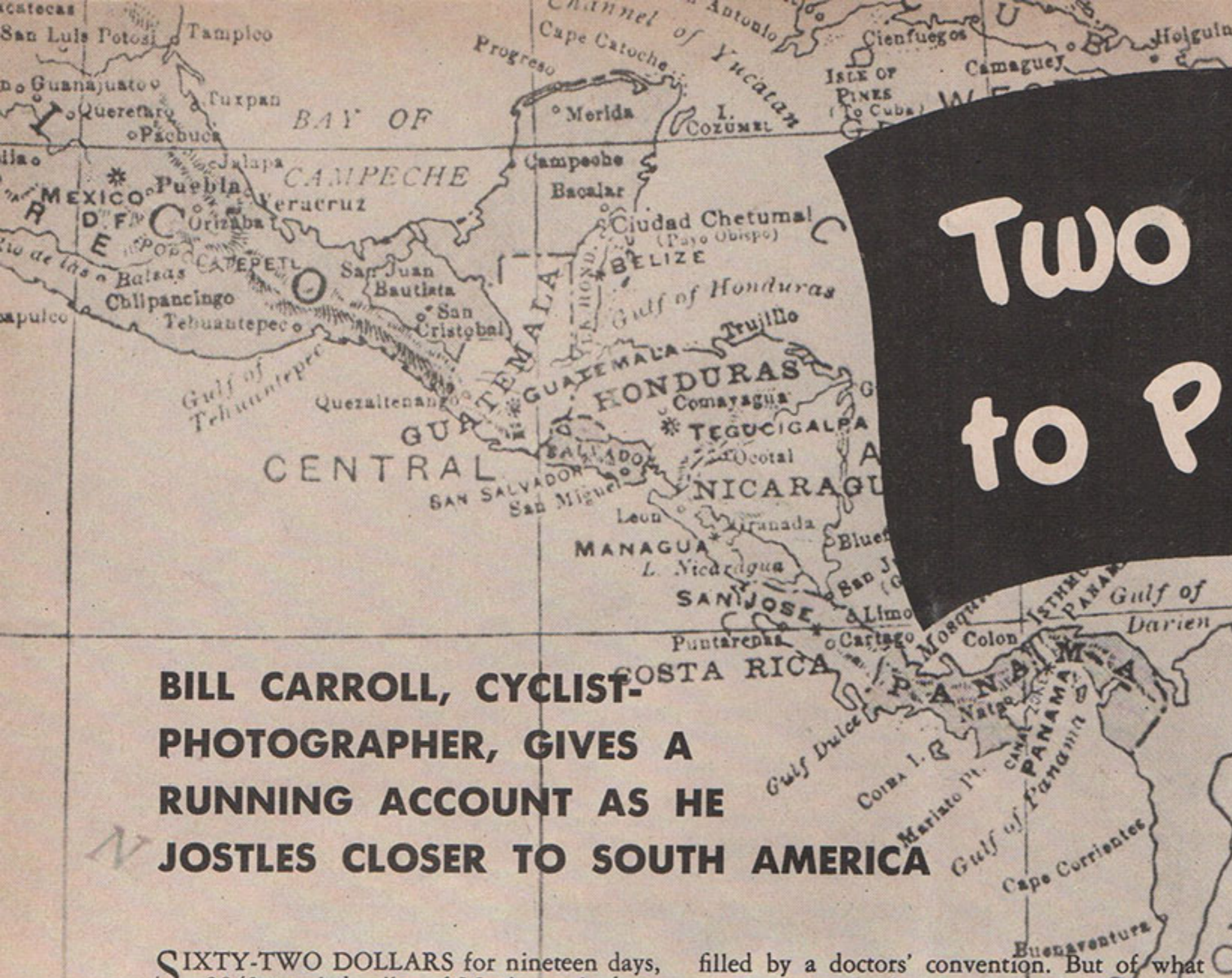


ABOVE, Jack Fiddament starts the first series of small lakes that stretched for nearly half a mile. Bikes that were water-proofed had no trouble

RIGHT, Two-time champ, Aub LeBard, left, lost more than his usual number of points but managed to keep Flintlock rifle trophy nevertheless

Photos by Louie Mass and Pete





Two wheels to PANAMA

BILL CARROLL, CYCLIST-PHOTOGRAPHER, GIVES A RUNNING ACCOUNT AS HE JOSTLES CLOSER TO SOUTH AMERICA

SIXTY-TWO DOLLARS for nineteen days, 2843 tangled miles of Mexico at its best, from El Paso, Texas, to the border of Guatemala, at Tapachula, Mexico. Then on to El Salvador, Central America. My BSA and I have forded streams, ridden 80 mph on super-highways, bumped over cobblestone streets, plowed down sandy ox cart trails, sworn at gravel roads, and even ridden foot paths in the first portion of this fabulous, economical motorcycle ride from California to Panama. Gasoline and oil totaled \$14.20 to Tapachula, with all other costs balancing to \$47.90.

Flying out of Juarez at sixty miles per hour, on the first leg of this below the border hop was definitely a thrill, not only because of the newness of it all but partially because of the pistol shots that greeted me as I swung around a sharp corner and past some Mexican customs officers. The screeching of tires as I braked to a halt stopped all shooting and I had time to notice that bored customs guards were target practicing at pebbles placed on the highway.

250 miles later, Beeza and I pulled into Chihuahua to find every large hotel in town

filled by a doctors' convention. But of what consequence is that to a starving man? A plate-sized steak set the world right again and I soon found myself walking the streets in a strange new town, amazed at the number of people and amount of business being transacted. Funeral directors have tiers of caskets on open display, lottery ticket vendors are everywhere, and only one private motorcycle to be seen.

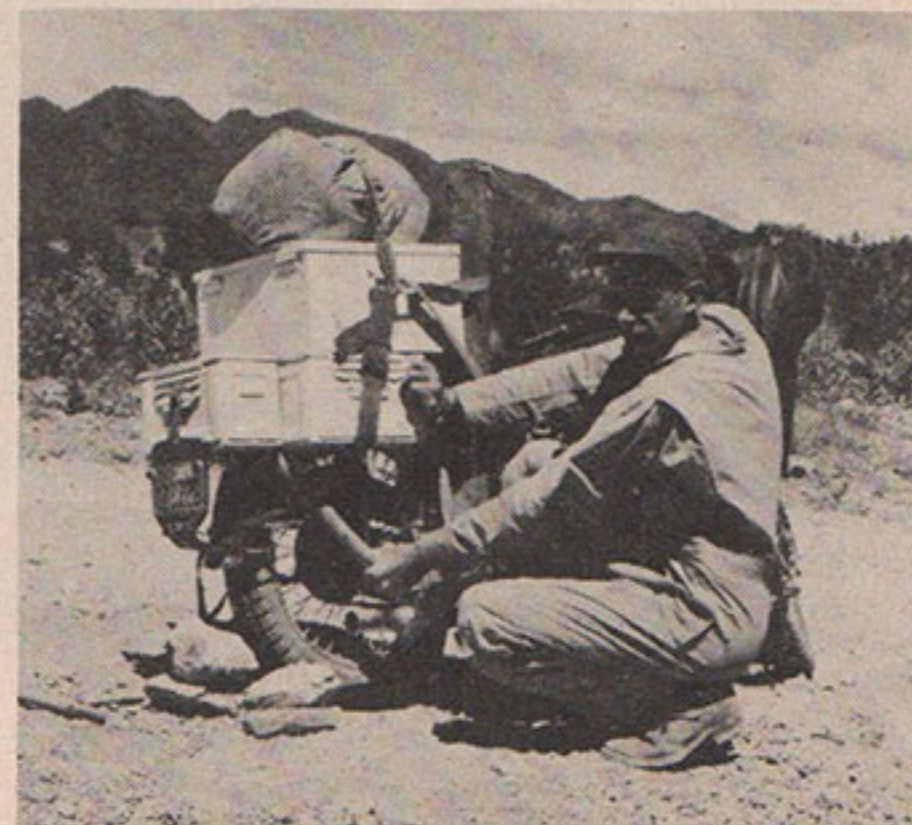
In Parral, the next town, 200 miles distant, an English-speaking bicycle rider turned out to be the town's only official guide. He sits on a nearby hill all day, using field glasses to spot tourists entering town. Led me to a good hotel (Fuentes—\$10) with a back patio for parking the cycle at night. (*This and all future prices are in Mexican currency. See footnote for U.S. equivalent*). Most amazing characteristic of this town is the nightly promenade in the Plaza. Here one finds an old Spanish custom still holding forth in a modern North American city. Between eight and ten each evening, the unmarried youngsters in town are permitted to visit the Plaza. The girls walk two or three abreast counter-

clockwise, around and around; to the music of records from a church belfry. The boys walk in the opposite direction, and as they pass, flirtations are begun with that member of the opposite sex most appealing.

The colorful towns of Durango, Zacatecas and Queretaro were next to roll beneath the Beeza's wheels and the road, surprisingly well posted, pointed toward Mexico City and civilization. The surrounding country now had more people, villages, and farms; plus a roadway of ever decreasing quality, with pavement bumps of exciting proportions. Here 2,400,000 people live in one of North America's most modern cities. 8000 doctors, ambulance service of promptness, new modern apartments, regulated hotel rates for tourists, a variety of food, and a cosmopolitan atmosphere are in sharp contrast to the close outlying villages. Here in the Federal District are located about 80% of Mexico's 4000 privately owned motorcycles. All popular makes are represented by importers, who also act as retail sales stores; with spares and



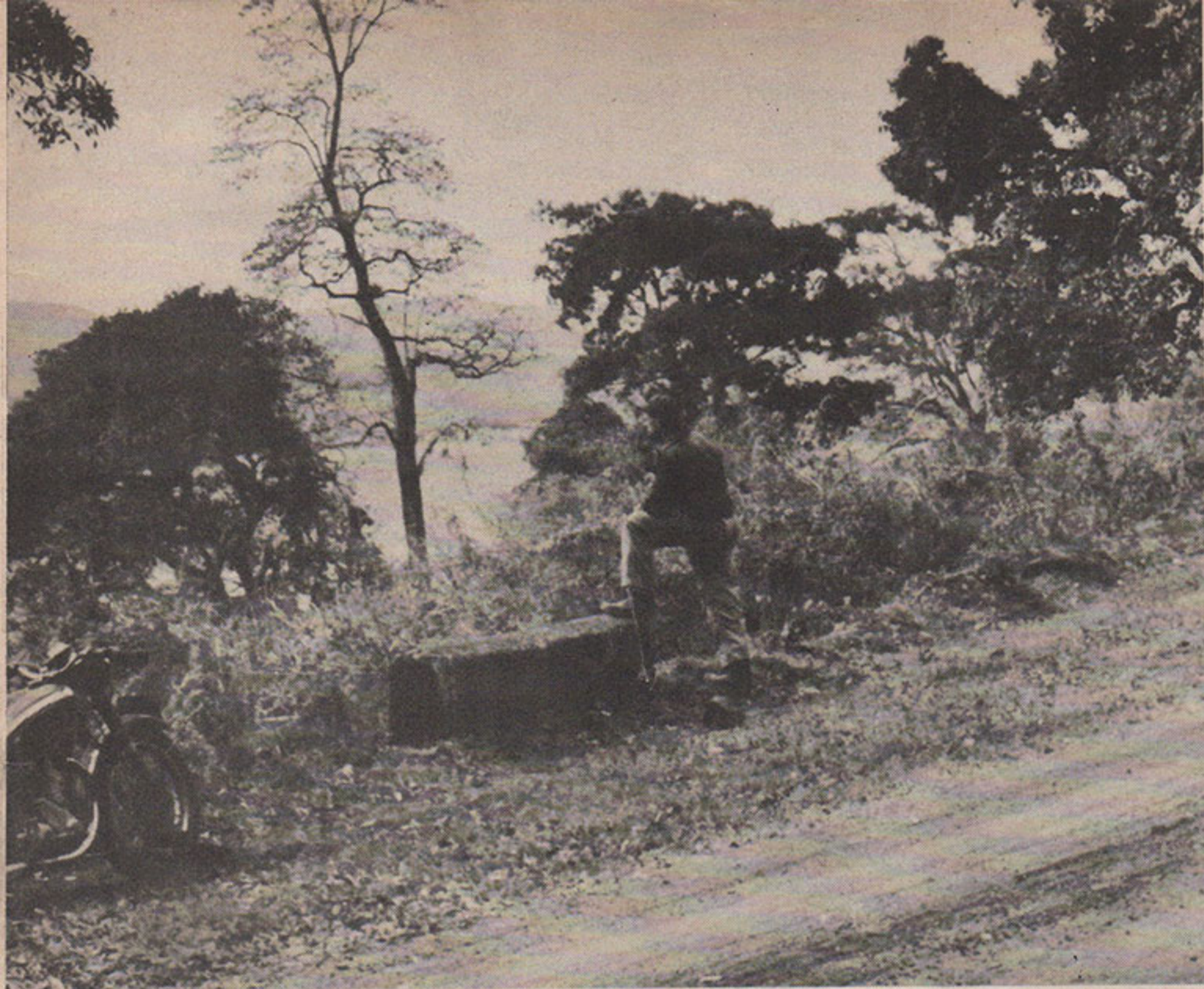
Life is just a bowl of "Cheeli Paapers" as far as these gauchos del camino are concerned. Ruta No. 1 was a mosaic masterpiece of small rocks placed on a bed of tamped earth. The spaces between were filled with more earth. I wanted a shot of this crew working, but the motorcycle and camera were too much for their curiosity



A fierce chuck hole in the road, taken too rapidly, and my rear fender broke completely down. A wooden prop was made and the fender supported from the muffler. After riding from the cool highlands of Guatemala City, to the tropical lowlands near the Salvador border, my long underwear was getting mighty warm



This is a typical section of the Pan-American highway as it enters Guatemala from Mexico. Carved from sheer rock in some areas, it travels from valleys to mountain peaks in just a few miles. Streams are often crossed on old wooden bridges, while beside them new concrete structures are still going up. Progress is slow here



With Lake Amatitlan in the background, the Beeza and Carroll rest for a few minutes. This lovely lake in Guatemala is only 18 miles from the capital city, surrounded by summer homes, and makes a lovely spot for weekend rides and picnics. On the southern shores are hot water jets of volcanic origin, over which have been built bath houses. Volcano "Aqua" in distance

repairs readily available. Machines are almost always sold for cash to young men of wealth, or infrequently used for business. A new Triumph Speed Twin sells for \$5,500.00, with spring hub and dual seat. However, the average young man who could be interested in our sport, only earns \$40 to \$60 weekly, which makes it difficult to popularize the two-wheeled mounts. There are three major motor clubs, which have rare field meets and speed trials. No commercial racing is carried on at present, and past attempts have been financial failures. Insurance on equipment is not required by law, but costs more than equivalent coverage for autos. Gasoline is about 20 cents (U.S. cur.) per U.S. gallon, and is a low octane (70), while oil is about 30 cents (U.S.) per quart. A few gasoline stations do have 80 octane fuel at a slightly higher price.

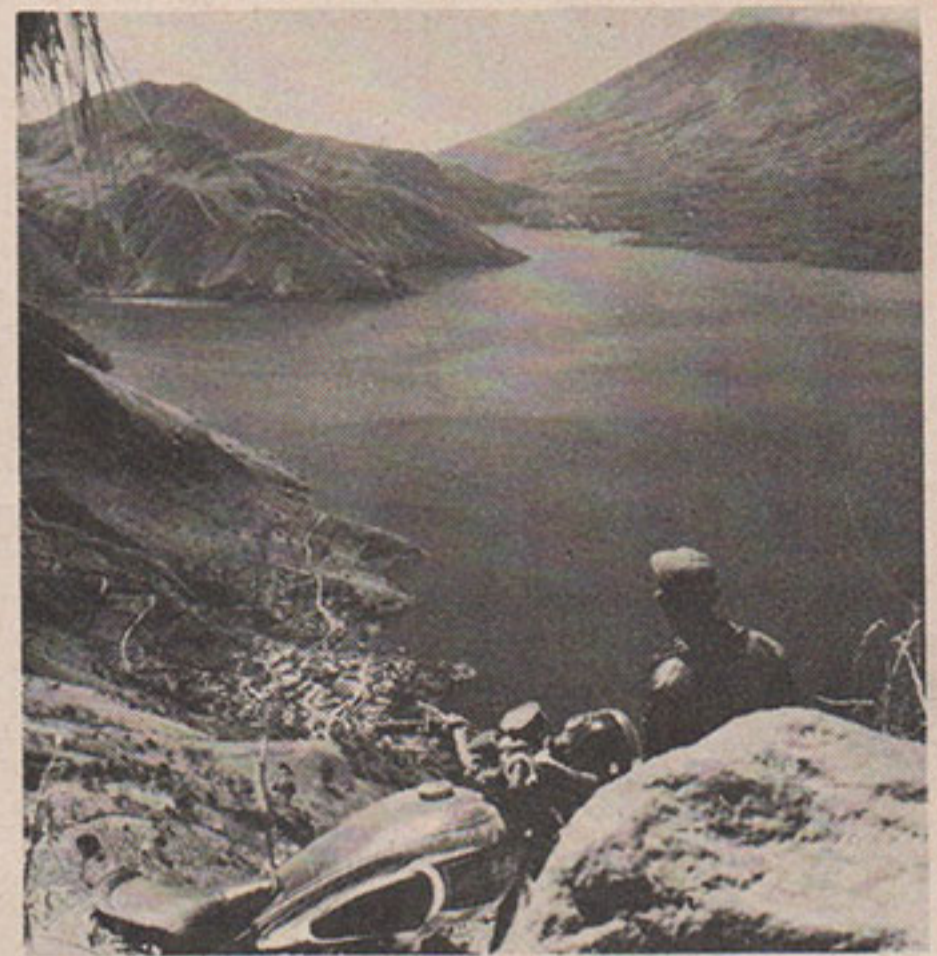
Pulled out of Mexico City about noon, and rode to Atlixco through a hundred miles of breathtaking scenery, beautiful tiled churches, neat farms, huge mountains, and excellent roads. Next day more scenery, with mountain roads of second gear curves, leading me a 300 mile chase into Oaxaca.

Prior to entering Tehuantepec, the Beeza and I were fumigated by government officials against hoof and mouth disease. Then twelve miles of road construction, which in Mexico consists of fist-sized rocks poured over dirt. After the rocks have been beaten into the roadbed by passing vehicles, an asphalt cover is laid and rolled smooth. About six that evening and still no town at all, when I discovered my light bulb had fractured on the rough detour. The sun soon disappeared and here I was, nowhere in particular, so decided to ride further in the dark. Eighteen miles of pavement on a moonless night is not impossible, but when the paving disappeared, I found forward motion difficult. 500 yards of this was enough and the first wide corner was selected as the night's hotel via my sleeping bag. Sun-up and woke to a panoramic view I did not par-

ticularly enjoy. The dirt road of the night before, was a one-car path carved on the edge of a sheer mountain cliff. I had slept on a ten foot area with a 400 foot drop a few feet from the sleeping bag. Later, I was told this road was a 50 year old mule trail.

At Arriaga for breakfast, gasoline, and road information. This town is the end of all roads south at present; and automobiles are loaded on railroad flat cars for a 160 mile trip to the Guatemala border, and the beginning of another road. However, one of my many maps did show a road to the border, but no one seemed to know anything about it. Decided to find the route if possible, so expressed my excess baggage ahead by train to Guatemala. Cobblestone streets led me out of Arriaga to a wide river through which we splashed. There an excellent dirt road had me well pleased with the prospects of an easy ride. It wasn't long though, before sand appeared; the road became wheel ruts, another stream, more sand, then flour-like dust about six inches deep. But the Beeza pumped on, bless its little thumping cylinder. A dust cloud ahead soon showed itself to be a herd of cattle using the ruts as a pathway to town; then ox carts were in the way, and I had to park while they squeaked slowly by. At the eleven mile mark, a wide stream was forded and I spent a few minutes washing off and appreciating the company of some friendly pigs. Back again to a dusty saddle for more rugged territory. At times we traveled through an actual tunnel cut through the tangle of vines, then a cultivated field, more jungle, and finally a welcomed ten mile rest. Then more first and second gear work brought another stream of good size into the pathway. It was of innocent appearance, so dropping into first, I splashed slowly into the water. Almost across, there was a terrific shock as the front wheel smacked a hidden rock, the machine slowed to the right and buried its nose into a deep hole; with water rushing merrily only a few inches from the

(Continued on Page 32)



A short pause to appreciate the beauty of Lake Atitlan from high above. Thirteen villages (one visible in foreground) are tucked away at the feet of its surrounding extinct volcanos. Many of the settlements can only be visited by boat



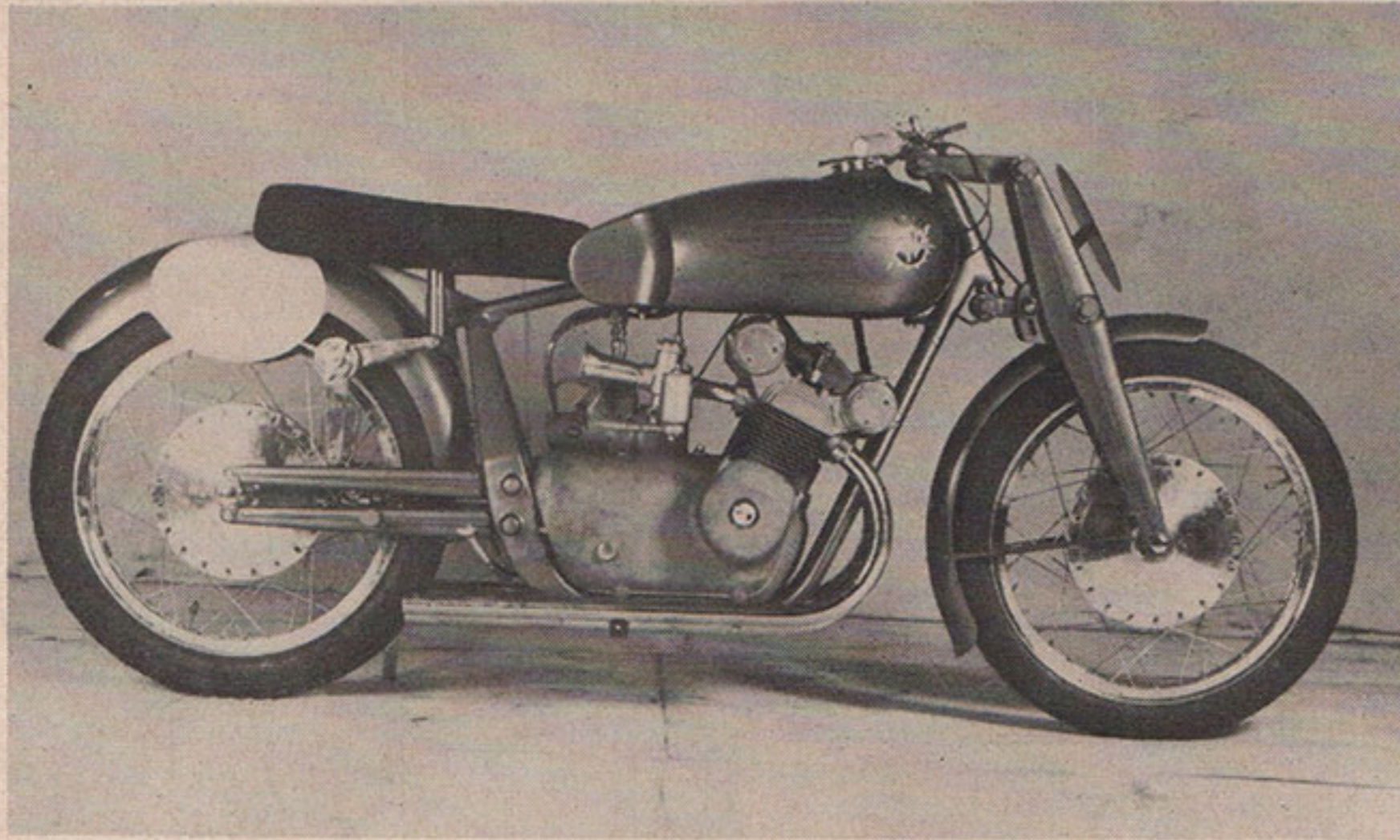
Once this was a lovely church called "La Candelara," built originally in 1765. A severe earthquake destroyed the entire town of Antigua, second capital of Guatemala. Almost none of the old buildings were rebuilt and today they present a view of past grandeur. Forecourt of this remnant is used to cultivate poinsettias



Downhill work on this side road called for some fancy peg standing and truly used the front forks and my legs for every bit of their travel

WORLD'S MOST FORMIDABLE ROAD RACING MACHINE!

The MV Epic As Told By
Count J. Lurani



ABOVE, Transverse in-line engine has square bore-stroke ratio, both 54 mm, 10 to 1 compression, twin overhead cams. Crankcase, oil sump, barrels and heads are light alloy. Cylinders fitted with steel liners. Wheel rims are also alloy and huge brake drums form extra strong hubs. Engine and four speed syncro-mesh gearbox are built in unit. Clutch is steel disc type



ABOVE, Touring model is now in production with complete road equipment, two headlights. Compression ratio is 7.5 to 1 and at 8000 rpm delivers 40 hp and 110 mph. Sturdy crankshaft turns on special roller bearings. Color scheme is metallic grey with red flukes. Cost is near \$1500

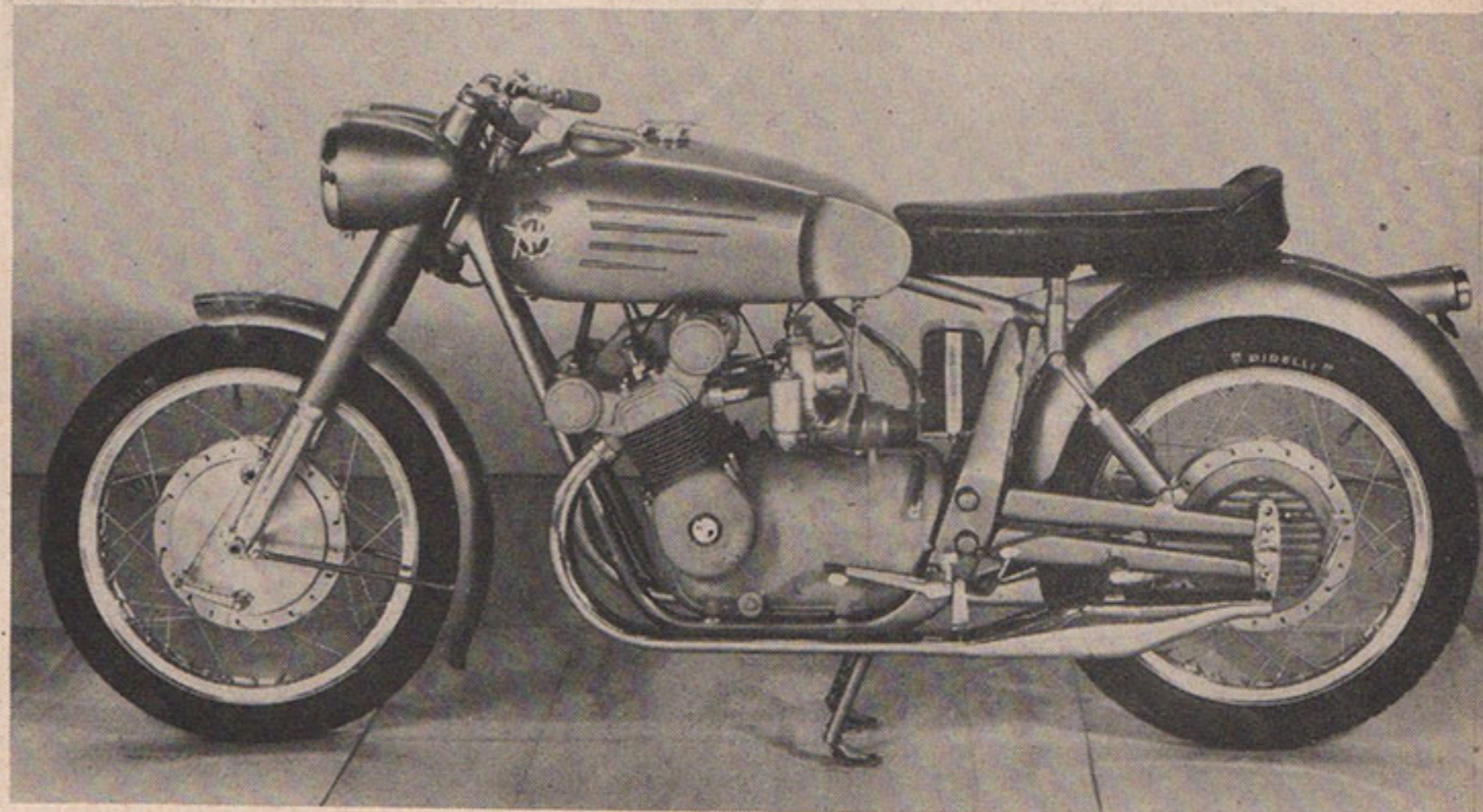
LEFT, Ingenious designer-builder, P. Remor, responsible for the six beautiful racers now ready to compete for 1951 World Championships

SURELY THE most formidable team of riders and motorcycles competing in the 1951 eight-country classics and the world's championship title; will be the MV team.

Prior to last season, the MV juggernaut was an unknown quantity and few dreamed of the meteoric rise in fame and power that this "equipe" has made in less than eight months. But it can be better understood when one knows the story of Rome-born, 50 year old, tall, P. Remor, a brilliant engineer of Northern Italy, whose name is synonymous with the MV venture.

As far back as 1927, engineer Remor had designed a four-cylinder racing motorcycle much akin to today's deep-breathing reality. This early model was christened the O.P.R.A., a transverse air-cooled four. Built as a prototype in Rome, it proved to be quite outstanding but was soon forgotten.

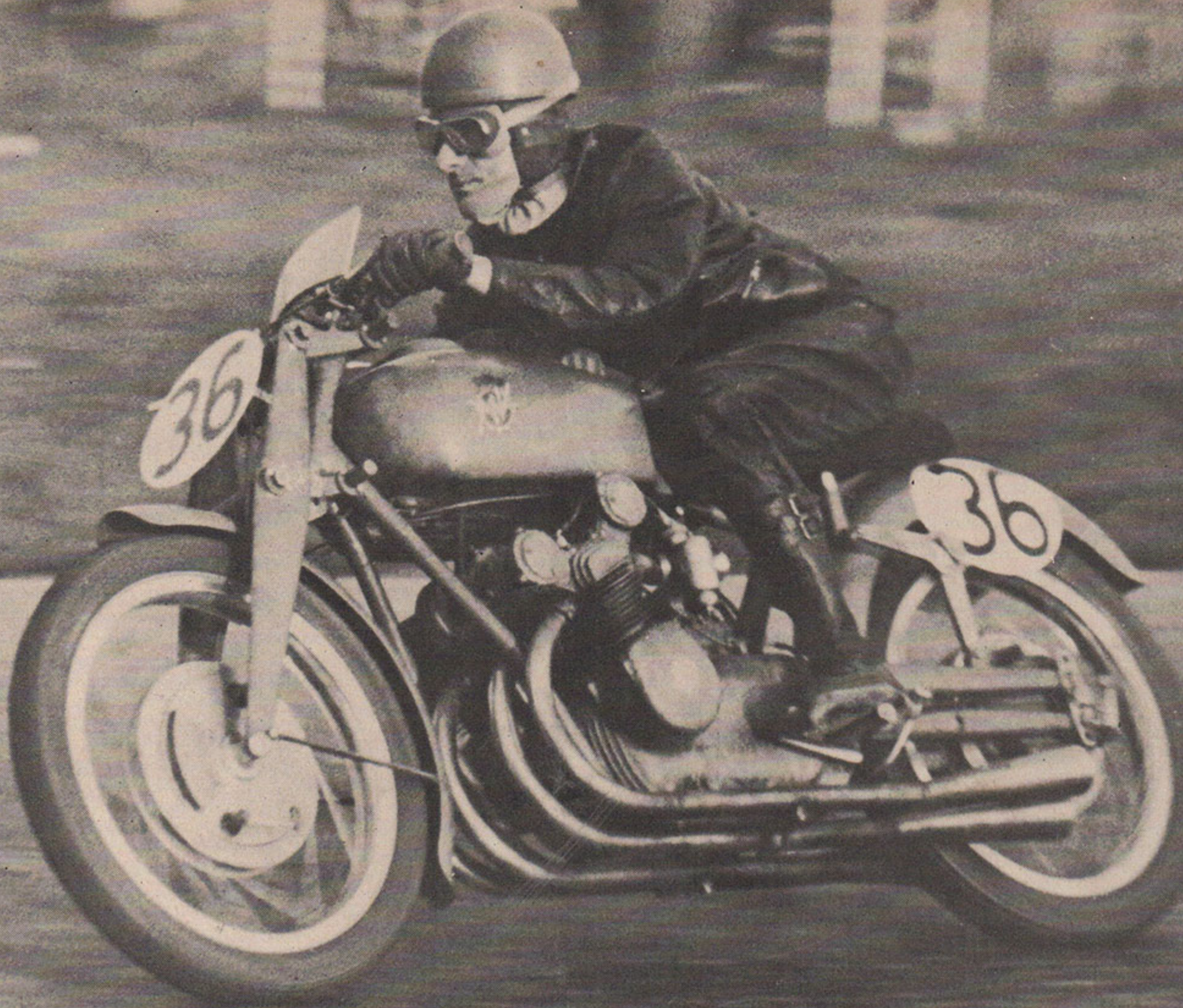
In 1933, working with another famous designer and graduate engineer by the name of Giannini, Remor designed and built a new four-cylinder job. This time, the engine, a transverse 500 cc unit, was water cooled and called the Rondine (the swallow). This venture was strongly supported; a team of four machines was built and the Rondine surprised the world, when at its first outing



on the then famous Tripoli circuit in North Africa, it won the race at tremendous speed, beating all of the then conquering speedsters.

Ridden by the great P. Taruffi, the Rondine also did some unbelievable record-breaking, but the Abyssinian war stopped further development and the Rondine faded from the sporting picture.

In 1937, however, the great Gilera factory bought all the Rondine interests, rebuilt and slightly improved their models and won a great number of races, cracking many existing marks. Among the records still in possession of the four-pusher Gilera of Rondine origin,



A. Artesiani runs the red monster full speed at Monza Track. Burning 75-80 octane gas, bike develops phenomenal 55 hp, revs to 10,000 and hits 135 mph in road racing trim. Frame is steel tubing and pressings

is the current World's Hour Record at over 130 mph!

The 1939 European Championship was also won by a Gilera four, water-cooled and supercharged with a Roots type blower. The O.P.R.A. and Rondine were, of course, blown, and used a gasoline-benzol mixture.

Then came the war and Mr. Remor again joined Gilera to see what could be done. In the meantime a very interesting four-cylinder 250 cc air-cooled and supercharged engine had been developed by Remor but was never actually used in racing.

So in 1946 the famous blown Gilera, water-cooled and tuned for gasoline-benzol fuel, had to be drastically altered, as the new racing rules called for unsupercharged machines using ordinary commercial gasoline. Remor went to work and the famous old racer appeared sans blower but still water-cooled and went on winning. At the same time Remor was busy on the drawing board, designing an entirely new racing engine; always, of course, a four-cylinder, always a transverse 500, but an air-cooled job and using normal 75 octane gasoline. This new missile made its debut in 1948 and immediately proved a success. It was reliable, very light, fast and it won in 1948, '49 and '50, the greatest races in Europe including second place in the World Championship of '49 and '50.

Again in 1951 the Gilera factory will go on using this world-beater that is still in

full form; but let us continue with the Remor story.

At the end of 1949, Remor had left the Gilera factory and was at once hired by the four Agusta brothers, owners of the MV plant. The Agusta family is in itself very interesting. Nearly 50 years ago, Papa Agusta started a small aircraft factory at Cascina Costa near Gallarate, (30 miles from Milan). Since then, the name of Agusta has been closely tied to airplane pioneering and construction. After the last war, the Agusta brothers started the MV concern (MV stands for "Meccanica Verghera," Verghera being the name of the little village near Cascina Costa) and started to build very successful two-stroke 125 cc scooters and sport bikes. But the brothers were more ambitious. They hired the great Remor, who a little over a year ago started first draft of still another big four racer, bristling with novelties. Of course, his great experience served him well. This latest project was actually little short of a miracle. In fact, less than three months after having started to design the model, his first racer was exhibited to the public, and in the 1950 season this powerful, roaring machine competed in some of the biggest events in Europe with excellent results. It finished 3rd at Spa (Belgium) and Monza (Italy) and showed great promise.

Last fall and through this winter, a great deal of work has been done. The most famous riders of Europe have been hired and

one can certainly say that the MV team for 1951 is the strongest combination of motorcycles and riders that will compete in the greatest competitions in Europe for the coveted world's honors.

The four official riders of these ultra fast and formidable racers are: Leslie Graham of England who in 1949 won the World Championship for AJS and is now reputed to be the world's best rider, together with the Norton star, Geoff Duke; Carlo Bandirola from Italy, famous Gilera master, daring and fast; Arciso Artesiani from Italy, also a renowned Gilera exponent and the first to ride MV machines in 1950; Bruno Bertacchini from Italy, an ex-Guzzi wizard and winner of Italian championships. Obviously such a strong team will be difficult to catch.

So this is the inside story of engineer P. Remor and his astounding achievements in the field of racing four-cylinder motorcycles, and this is the story of the Agusta brothers that now look with great confidence towards a brilliant new racing era.

... FLASH ...

The MV is also busy with the new four-stroke 125 cc single cylinder racer but there is still another "secret." This is going to be a new Remor miracle. A 350 cc four-stroke twin cylindered automobile built for two persons. A very light, economic, streamlined, modern, fast runabout that should create a great hit in a few months!—More news soon.

BY SURF ON SAND . . .

HOW I RODE AND WON AT DAYTONA

As Told by Bobby Michael to Gene Jaderquist

Photos by Dean Williams

(Meet Bobby Michael, 100-mile amateur champ. Bobby is 28, a veteran of four years TT racing. Between races he drives a truck in his home town of Pomona, California, where he now lives with his wife, Pat, herself an ardent motorcyclist and the Southern California director of the Motor Maids.

Though Bobby's first major victory was at Daytona Beach this year, Norton expert Clarence Cysz, who furnished Bobby his Norton, is lavish with his praise of the slight, athletic rider. "One of the best I've worked with," Clarence says emphatically. "Tell him something once and he never forgets it."

In the fourteen years since he first owned a motorcycle, Bobby has learned a lot about engines from brother-in-law Skip Fordyce. Some of his riding skill is due to the tutelage of another brother-in-law, Ed Kretz. Right now, Bobby is coming up fast. In 1950 he placed 21st in the Daytona 100-miler, in 1951, 1st. Next year he hopes to enter the 200-mile expert event. Robert Michael is one young man who knows how to ride *By Surf, On Sand*—ED.)

FROM THE starting line two miles of wide, sandy beach stretch toward the north turn. Saturday was clear and there were 119 riders waiting for the starter's flag to signal the beginning of the 1951 Daytona Beach 100-mile amateur classic. I sat on the Norton in the back row in 104th position feeling a little uneasy about the size of the crowd in front of me. Last year I'd fought for every foot of distance and only finished 21st.

I kept the Norton turning over fast while I waited, listening for any sounds of trouble in the single-cylinder engine, but Clarence Cysz had done a beautiful job and it sounded sweet and strong. The exhaust rap from the other motorcycles went up in pitch then. From the corner of my eye I saw the flag pause at "ready" then drop for the start. For the next hour, 12 minutes, 41.22 seconds there was nothing but the roar of the engine and the pounding of the surf in my ears.

For the first hundred feet I babied the machine along by slipping the clutch. With the high gear ratio, installed for this race, and the one-cylinder engine, the Norton will stall

out unless it gets help. When I finally let the clutch all the way out the rest of the pack had already begun to spread. I knew that these first two miles down the beach straightaway would decide the tactics I would follow for the entire race.

The tachometer needle climbed smoothly up to 6,200 rpm. That was my signal to shift. Clarence knew the engine's limits and he had set my cruising speed well within maximum. If I needed it, there would be more in reserve but for now there wasn't much reason to drive the Norton too hard. A hundred miles is a long way to stay at top revs.

Shifting is simple. The minute the tach says 6,200, go up to second. When you reach 6,200 in second, go up to third and then repeat the same process to get to fourth. 6,200 rpm in fourth gear is about 120 mph. I deliberately took my time running through the gears. Jamming through too fast can be fatal two ways. At best you lose time if you miss a gear—time spent feeling your way back in. At worst, you don't realize you're in neutral and you twist the hand throttle as you let out the clutch, racing the engine way past safe maximum. This is a good way to burn a valve and put yourself out of the race.

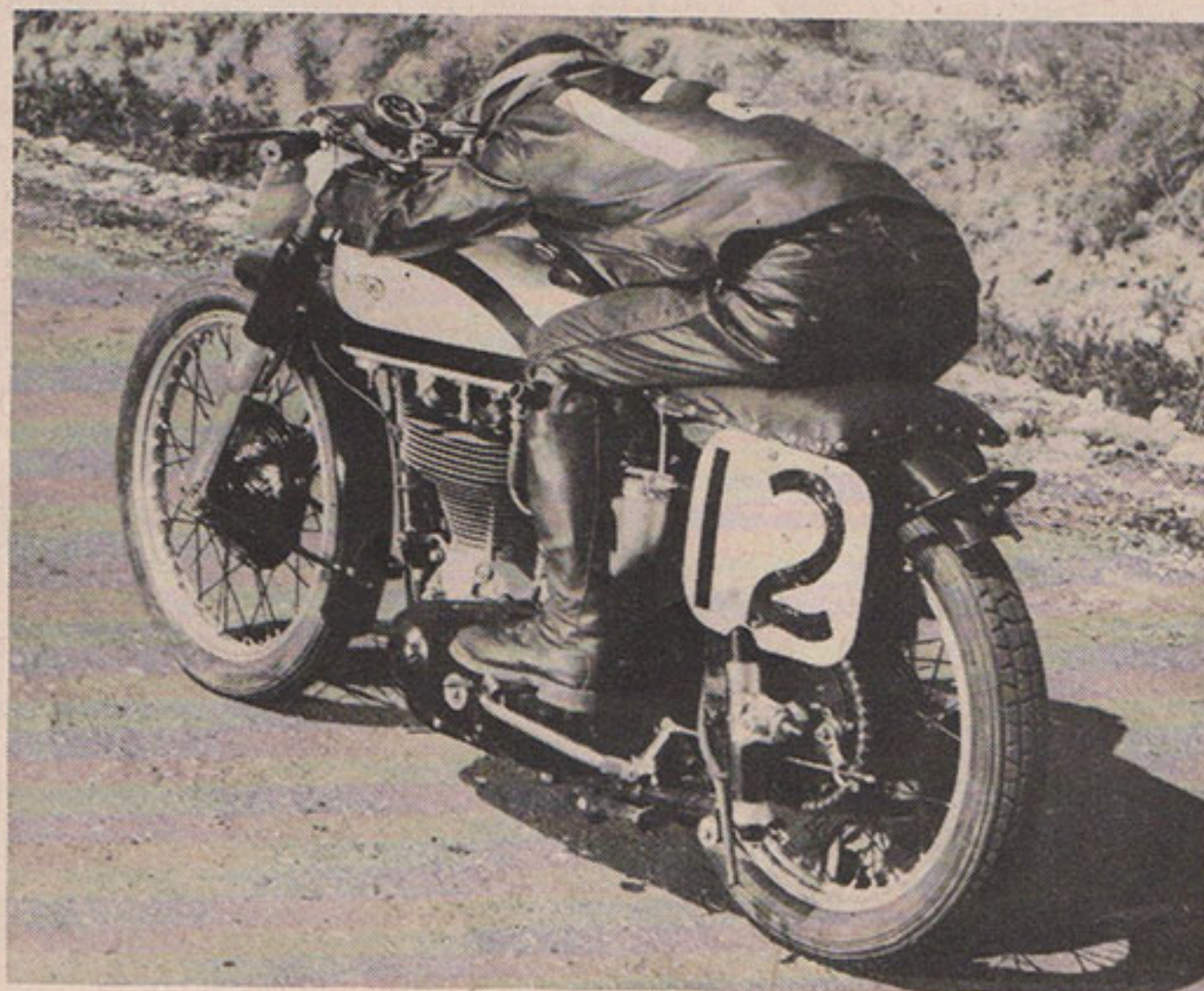
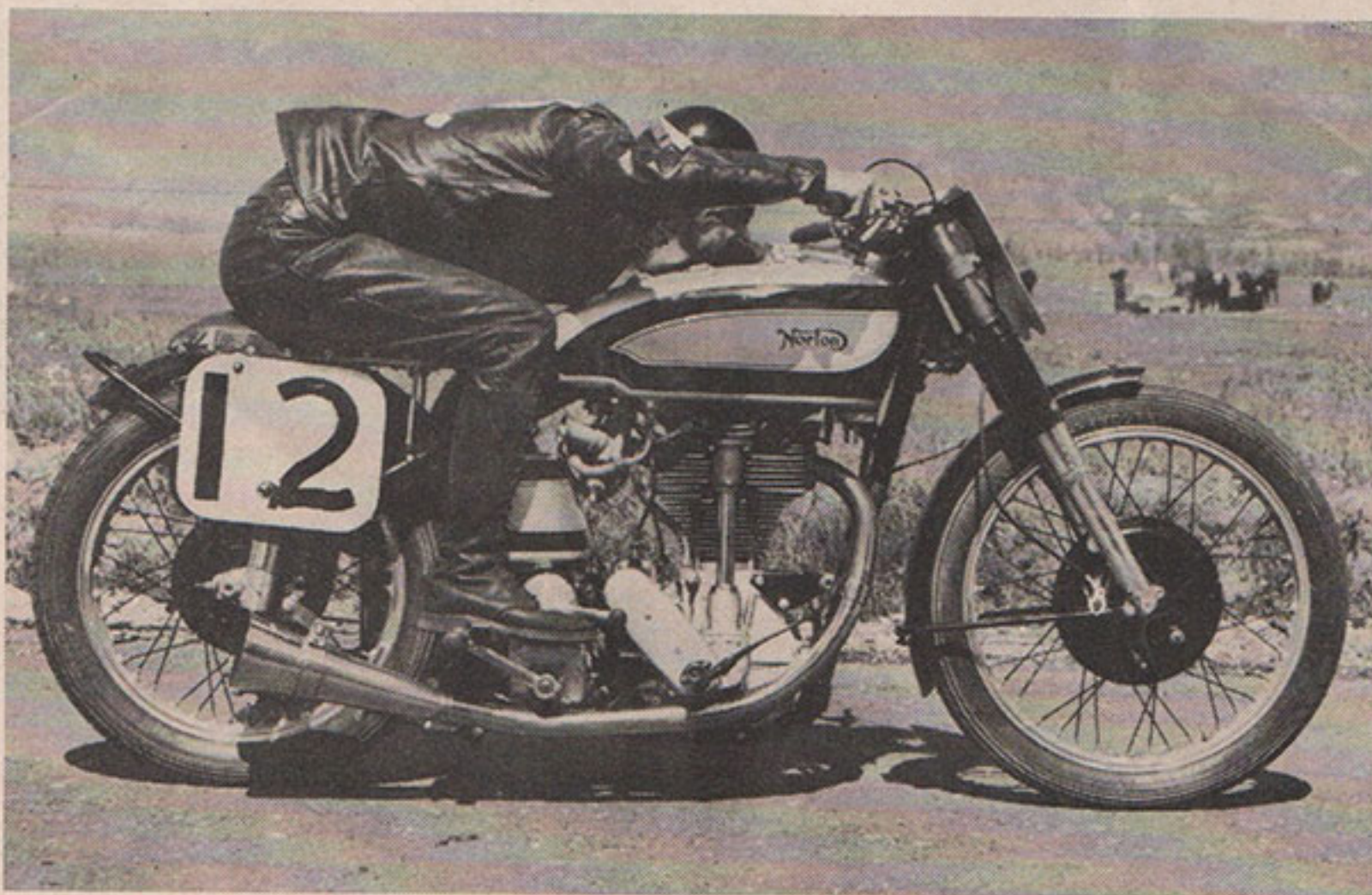
On that first lap I felt the gear all the way in gently every time I shifted. When I leveled off in fourth gear I found that I was gaining steadily. That was the crucial point for me. Just knowing that the Norton could forge ahead on the straightaways made me feel good. In 1950, the bike I rode lost points on the straights and I had to fight every corner to keep up. I took chances, crazy risks, and still finished far behind the leaders. This year, the Norton was so fast that I could play the corners safe.

So, going into the north turn, I picked out my landmark and cut speed early. The only landmark I could find was a spot on the beach where the water came up higher. Where that semi-circular wet area began, I began to shift down.

Shifting down is harder than coming up through the gears. You've got to keep all your

LEFT, Bobby Michael "flats out" to reduce resistance. Sponge chin pad is strapped on tanks during race. At speed, wind sucks on jacket tail, creates drag. Next year, look for one-piece suits

BELOW, In the crouch, right hand grips throttle while the left grasps upper fork leg, further reducing wind friction. Even more minute details are watched; such as holding both feet level



ABOVE-LEFT, A quick peek over the bars to check course and traffic before dropping to the tanks again for the count of five

ABOVE-RIGHT, Down for the count. Raising head every five seconds slows engine 100 rpm each time. Note plug wrench in left boot

gear ratios in mind. First, you let the tach drop off in fourth, then, in rapid succession, throw out the clutch, rev the engine up to 6,200, hit the brake gently and feel your way into third. Then repeat this process until you get back to first gear. There's a good reason for this. Any engine has a certain speed where it works better, has more power. If you drop below that engine speed you have less control and slower pick-up coming out of the corner. The Norton liked 6,200 and that's where I tried to stay.

My best cornering speed was about 80 going in and somewhere between 40 and 50 coming out. I like to go in gradually and come out sharply.

The west straightaway at Daytona Beach is a paved road, smooth enough for Cadillacs at Sunday speeds but like a cow-trail for a motorcycle at competition tempo. It's narrow, too, and the customers form tight lanes on either side. Passing was difficult on the first few laps on this straight. I kept my head down as far as I could to cut wind resistance and bored ahead.

Coming into the south turn from the paved road, I picked out a yellow line drawn across the road for a landmark. To slow down, I simply sat up straight and took the 120 mph blast of wind in my face. This dropped the tach needle instantly and I was ready to shift.

On the beach straightaway again, I hunched down to shift, then slid back all the way on the special seat Clarence built for me, clamped my knees tight against the front part of the seat, and pressed my cheek against the rubber pad on the gas tank. This way I could only see a small area below the bike and off to the left where the pits were located. While the field was still crowded with competition in front of me, I had to raise up to look after counting to three. Later, when I was in the lead, I could keep my head down for a count of five. This is the most important fact I've learned about Daytona racing: Keep your head down. Just raising enough to look at the tach costs 100 rpm. At high speed, frontal area acts like a tremendous brake.

I still kick myself for the foolish chance I took on the seventh lap. Coming down the

beach straight, I started passing a string of six other machines. By the time I passed the fifth man, I saw that it was going to be a narrow squeak passing the sixth man before the north turn. There was time for a decision. I could stay behind and lose time following him around the turn or I could blast my way past him now and use brakes to slow down for the corner. I chose the latter.

It was the wrong decision. There were seventeen more laps in the race and I could have caught him on one of the straights. But I slipped around him and found myself in the corner at 100 mph. I stabbed the brakes gently but it felt all wrong. You always know when you hit a corner too fast but it's usually too late to do anything about it. Now I had to make another decision. I could play it safe and ride over the bank or slide around and pray. If I went over the bank, it might cost me the race. So I threw the rear wheel into a slide.

It kept sliding when I tried to pull out. For a moment, I was sure I was down, but then the Norton straightened out on the back straightaway and I was safe. That was the last time I gambled on a corner.

On the next straight, I felt a slight tug and it puzzled me till I realized that I had a hitchhiker. Somebody was sucking draft behind me.

That reminded me of last year. The only way I could keep up with the crowd in 1950 was to hook myself onto a fast machine and stay in his draft. There is an airfoil-shaped pocket behind any speeding motorcycle where there is no wind. At 100 mph, this pocket extends about 16 feet behind a motorcycle and furnishes a comfortable haven for a slower machine. Last year, I would ride into this pocket, cut my throttle to keep from riding the other bike down, and stay there until the corner. When I asked Clarence if he wanted me to do it this year, he just stared at me.

"Absolutely not!" he finally said. "It's too dangerous."

I learned that last year, too. One of the bikes I was trailing blew up right in front of me. I was tucked tightly into his pocket,

when I saw the big puff of smoke from his engine. It's just like having a car stop dead in front of you on the highway when you're trying to pass him at 75 or 80. The only thing I could do was swing out around him and hope he didn't turn into me. When I went by his handlebars I was no more than three inches away from disaster, but he held straight and I went around him.

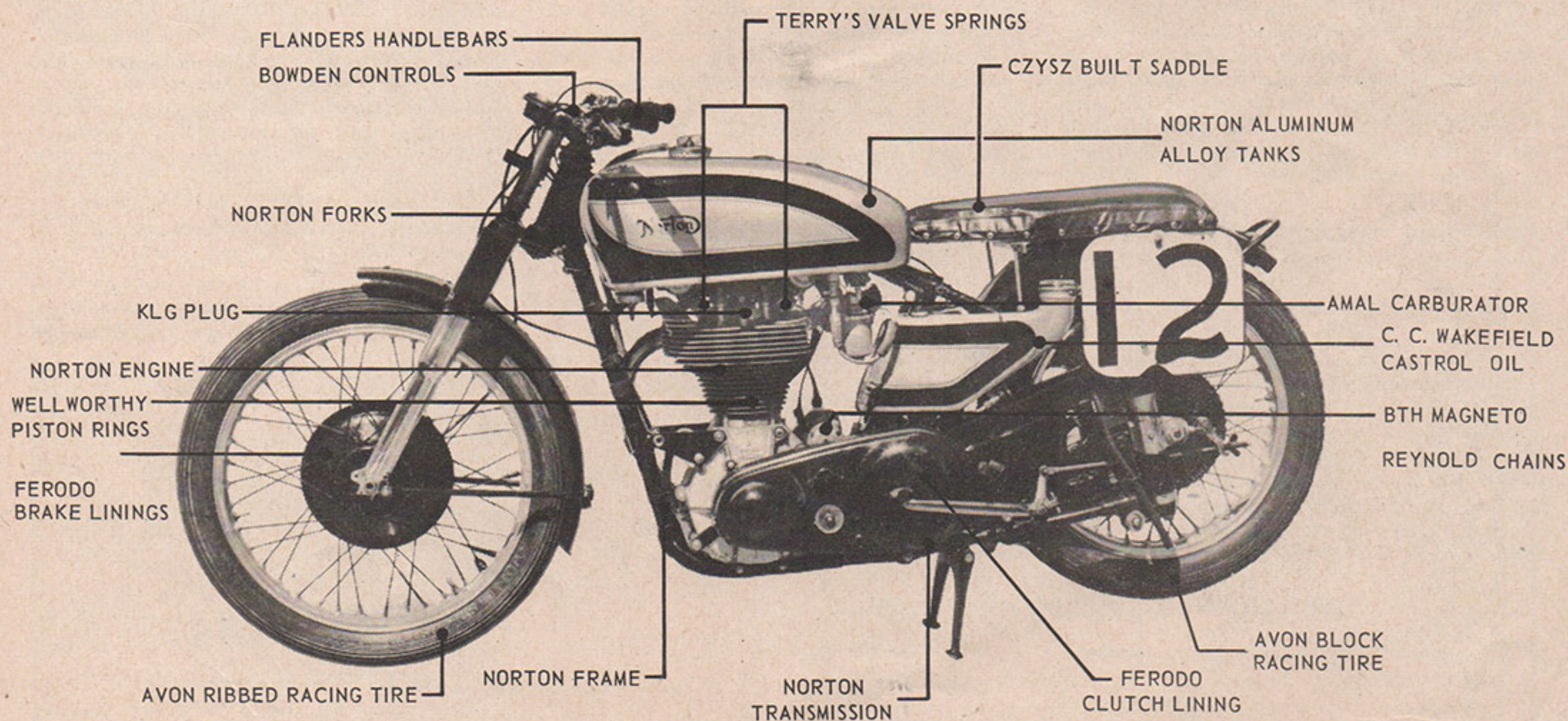
So I was very happy to hear that Clarence didn't want me to suck draft this time. Later I discovered that there was another reason, too, for his decision. The Norton carries no air cleaner and it would only take a couple of laps in somebody's dust to foul the carburetor.

When I felt that tug behind me this year on the eighth lap, I knew somebody was hunched in behind me. To throw him off, I began to weave back and forth, letting the wind catch him suddenly and slow him down enough to push him out of my draft.

On the ninth lap, Clarence signaled from the pit to tell me I was in first place. By then I had the circuit down to a routine. I knew exactly where to cut speed for both corners; I had discovered that the Norton liked the wet sand near the water rather than the loose dry sand higher on the beach. For the last fifteen laps I concentrated on holding my lead, watching the pit carefully for a possible signal from Clarence to raise my speed.

The rest of the race was uneventful. Once my goggles began to leak air from the bottom, but I stuffed part of my handkerchief into the gaps. The handkerchief was new this year—last year I didn't wear one and my mouth was caked with sand all the way down to my throat.

Clarence never did tell me to boost the rpm reading. I finished the race at 6,200. It may sound strange that I didn't try for a better time by riding the Norton at maximum against Clarence's orders, but I never tell Clarence how to run his bike. He knows it a lot better than I do. I'd feel pretty small if I burned out a valve playing "Flat-Out Michael—Idol of the Grandstands." You can't win a race unless you and your pit chief work together and trust each other.



POTENT BREWS MAKE HORSEPOWER CLIMB

CZYSZ ANALYZES LATEST RACING FUEL INNOVATIONS

By Clarence Czysz

MUCH HAS been said in the past regarding racing fuels and fuel formulas. At every airport drag race, the main topic is always "fuels and mixtures."

At the midget auto races or at the Dry Lakes speed tracks, where the basic fuel is Methyl Alcohol (Methanol CH_3OH), you'll always find a dozen John Does with two or three bottles, making their secret mixes. (Of course, when no one is supposed to be looking). Let's find out what it is and what effect it has on engine performance.

First, in order to evaluate the importance of one blending hydrocarbon compared to another (condition and air mixture being equal), consideration must first be given to the importance of rich mixture. We know that enriching a mixture always reduces the tendency to knock. Although not generally known is the large extent and effect there is between one fuel and another.

Two different fuels allowing the same mean effective pressure at weak mixture without knock, will increase when using a fuel that is sensitive to rich mixture. It's possible to have a difference of 60 lbs. per sq. inch in the allowable mean effective pressure when using a sensitive aromatic hydrocarbon.

The most generally used aromatic hydrocarbon, of which benzol mainly consists, has a very good rich mixture performance; with benzol having a high knock resistance on rich mixture. (Octane Rating Benzol lean—87; rich—120—gasoline lean—85; rich—100.) We find that in Europe it's common to use pure benzol. In races, due to its high latent heat, it will increase the volumetric efficiency and allow a high B.M.E.P.S. with approximately the same B.T.U. per gallon of benzol as gasoline (see chart).

This high B.T.U. per gallon is most important in long distance races, where pit stops must be kept to a minimum, and the miles per gallon and horsepower, to a maximum. In some types of races where severe braking and accelerating occur, by adding a straight 20% benzol to methanol, you can eliminate the over-run and load-up you normally get with straight alcohol.

Volatility and boiling ranges in a racing fuel can, to a large extent, be taken for granted. The ethanol, ether, acetone, methanol and water being single substances remain approximately the same temperatures when boiling; where the gasolines and benzol being mixtures of different substances have different boiling ranges. You note we used the term boiling range, not boiling point, because gasoline and benzol start to boil at the boiling point of the most volatile substance contained in them. Then, as the temperature increases and boiling proceeds, the more volatile substances are driven off, and the last few drops that are boiled away will be the temperature of the least volatile substance. Gasoline will start to boil around 45°C and end at 155°C . The most widely known substance to increase the volatility of a racing mixture is ether (C_2H_5) so must be used very sparingly. Ether will give approximately a 25 octane rating an even boiling point (being a single substance), and will give one of the lowest B.T.H.'s of any known component used in preparing a racing fuel, except water. Ether is obtained by the process of distillation of alcohol with sulphuric acid.

The basic alcohols are far superior to any of the best hydro-carbon mixes we have today. As when using alcohol, the effect of a high latent heat fuel will reduce the engine temperature, allowing the highest possible

compression ratio without fear of pre-ignition taking place.

The latent heat of vaporization is the amount of heat required to change a liquid mixture into a gaseous state. It is important in sprint type racing to obtain the highest possible latent heat for maximum performance, and often an addition of approximately 15% water is used. Adding water has no direct value as a fuel, but will definitely increase the latent heat of the mixture, allowing a cooler running engine when at maximum rpm.

The calorific value is the amount of energy given in form of heat for a given amount of fuel. We find that the lower the calorific value, the higher the consumption. This may seem conflicting when we find that alcohols have the lowest calorific values, but the highest latent heat. Gasoline, benzol, etc., will have the lowest latent heat, but the highest calorific values.

We can understand from the above, that before a mixture can be decided on, we must know its breathing ability, compression ratio, mechanical limitations (stresses) and the type or length of the event.

A component which has not been mentioned but is being widely used is the nitro-propane and nitro-methanes. The nitro components have opened a new field and approach to racing fuels; although unstable and dangerous to an engine if not properly mixed, it is being widely used at the lakes. A detail behaviour of nitro to different types of engines would be too lengthy for this report.

In summing up, we find that it is the latent heat and calorific values which are important. There has to be a compromise between the two.

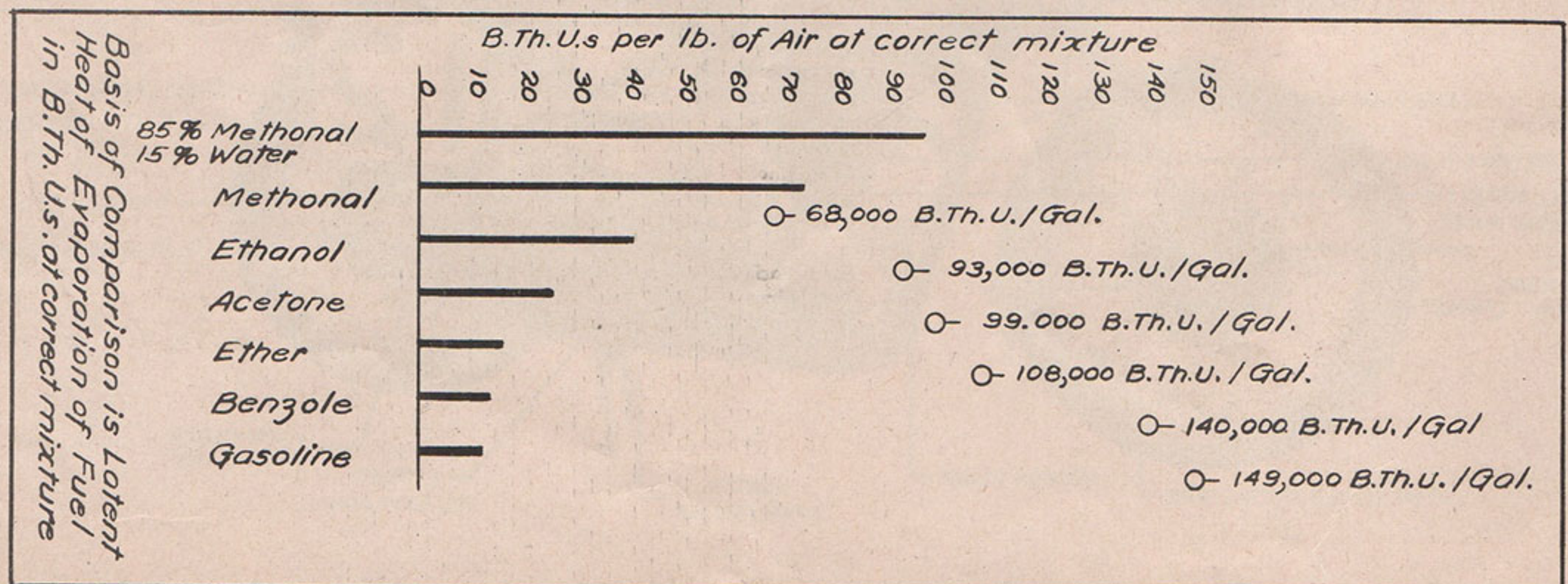


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1950 Jack Pine offered action galore. Aub Le-Bard took no chances crossing deep Chippewa River. Photo by Earl A. Risley, Lansing, Mich.



1ST PRIZE PROFESSIONAL*

The eastern lads put a lot of preparation into their bikes. Sidecar winner of the Mercury M/C's Spring Run Gene Baron at Ardsley Splash. Harley 45 has 7" clearance; wing tank hack, a safe 11". Photo by Jack Mercer of New York



HONORABLE MENTION

C. B. Hudson, active Los Angeles cyclist and photographer, preserved this bit of action at the recent Crater Camp Field Meet with his Rolleiflex



HONORABLE MENTION

Herbert Hoover III leveled his Leica II on the International side-car races at Vesoul, France, and came home with this shot of Triumph racing team. Hoover used an Elmar 50mm lens

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"OLD TIMERS RALLY"

AMERICA . . . Pacific Trailblazers Banquet

Photos by Bob Schumann



AT PORTLAND By Ray Garner

THE BOYS of the first annual Pacific Northwest Motorcycle Trail Blazers reunion, gathered early and left late. Everyone relived the best part of a lifetime in the short hours from 12 noon to well after 5 p.m.

Many who hadn't seen each other for over 25 years failed to recognize their old riding pals until they were introduced or had read one another's identification card. Endurance runs, races, and motorcycle meets were being re-run and from every group could be heard such words as, "Bill, do you remember," "Where have you been all these years?" "My God, Joe, I thought you were dead," and on and on like this.

After dinner introductions made by Ray E. Garner, master of ceremonies, brought forth short talks by such old-time champs as "Cannon Ball" Baker, Floyd Clymer, Dud Perkins, Wells Bennett, Pop Shanks, Ray Tauscher, Bill Kemp, and Red Parkhurst.

Midway in the introductions, a half hour of girlie entertainment brought the rosy glow of youth to the boys' cheeks once again.

Photo by Gladys Gilbert

Finally, as the party broke up, everyone nodded his approval and agreed to do it all over again next year; at which time it's predicted that four hundred cyclists of yesterday will once again take their bars down from off the wall for the hottest bench-race session in all the Northwest.

LOS ANGELES

IT'S ALWAYS a treat when good fellows get together, and when these fellows are such colorful notables as "Smokey" Joe Petrali, Don Johns and "Cannon Ball" Baker, it becomes a big occasion. This was A. F. Van Order's logic 12 years ago when he organized the first Annual Trail Blazers Banquet.

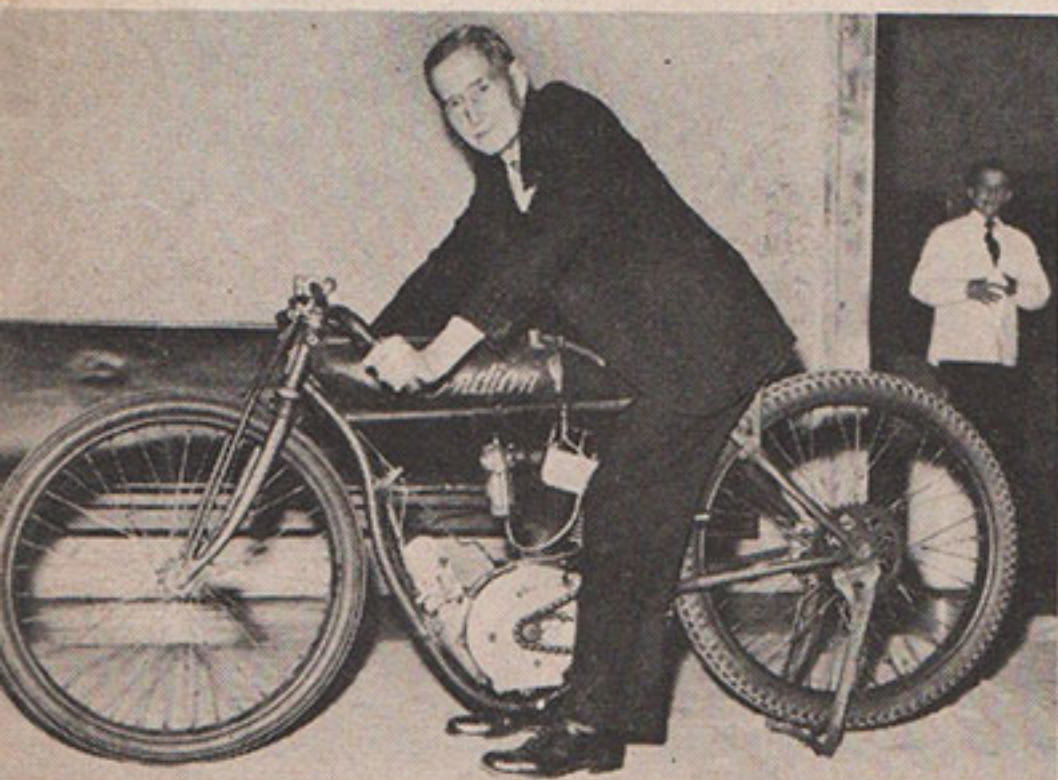
Today, the yearly feasts are a must for every old-timer up and down the West Coast. The halls of the Rodger Young Auditorium in Los Angeles echoed loud and long after Indianian, Chas. Suddeth had fought the last board track race to a standstill, and Sprouts Elder had finally roared over that impossible hill.

A few of the pioneers are still in the game, but the majority have gone far afield, business-wise, and welcome the annual trek to Van's motorcycle mecca. Some were unable to attend, and cablegrams from as far away as Australia and England expressed many a veteran's regret.



ABOVE, Organizer and enthusiast extraordinary, A. F. Van Order, measures off a close one for the Angelenos. Van is said to have largest collection of old-time motorcycle pictures

LEFT, Head table Pacific Northwest Trail Blazers first annual meeting. L. to R. Frank Clark, enduro rider; Bill Kemp, ex-Hen. dealer; Geo. Schantin, Har-Dav. dealer; Ray Tauscher, International champ; "Pop" Shanks, B.C. Har-Dav. dealer; Wells Bennett, 3-flag champ; Dud Perkins, Har-Dav. dealer; Red Parkhurst of old Har-Dav. team; "Cannon Ball" Baker, 3-flag champ; Floyd Clymer, all around rider; Ray Garner, emcee



ABOVE, 83-year-old enthusiast, L. J. Berger, dropped into the saddle with ease; showed the other youngsters how it was done in the good old days. Berger was the editor of an early cycle magazine back in Chicago, Ill., prior to 1912, and later editor of Pacific Motorcyclist

ABOVE-RIGHT, "Cannon Ball" Baker, border-to-border records holder, and track racer, Ralph DePalma, bench-raced up and down the speakers table the better part of the evening, only to be interrupted by their turn at the mike



HERE AND ABROAD

BRITAIN . . . Pioneer Run

Text and Photos by William H. Onslow

THE SUNBEAM M/C once again has turned back the calendar through over half a century, by presenting their 15th annual Pioneer Run between Epsom and Brighton. The 40 mile route over that well-known road that once knew the sound of "Coach and Four" was packed with spectators, the majority of whom have never owned a motor vehicle. Even those that are biased towards modern travel in any form, seem to swell the numbers of this most highly patronized event in British motorcycling.

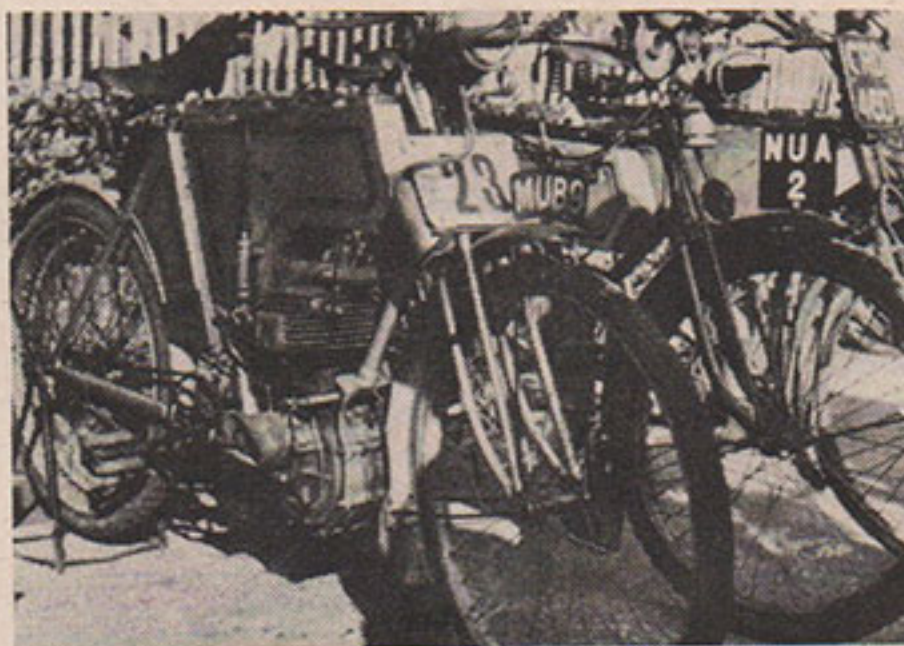
A cross section of this mixed gallery presented a picture of history, past and present. Side by side were seen riders who, long past their prime, had travelled by train over long distances to peer with age-dimmed eyes at machines that once were the acme of motorcycling and the youths, young to the game, who laughingly cheered on those who found a little light pedal assistance of great merit in relation to forward motion.

Of the original 193 machines comprising 63 different nameplates, 11 were non starters and were unable to enjoy the sunshine that glistened on the grey waves of the Brighton sea-front. They were fortunate, however, for though the day dawned bright, frequent heavy showers and a strong head wind battered and buffeted the riders in their head down dash.

The real old-timers built before 1905 were first away and were required to average 15 mph for two-wheelers, and 10 mph if tricycles or front wheel drive. Third to start in a field of 32, J. M. "Jock" West was first to receive the Brighton sunkiss, his 1904 Matchless in TT trim, deposited him at the control, 33 minutes ahead of schedule. Edgar Marshall who won the special plaque with the highest total of years for man and machine added together (114 years), managed to bring his grandpop Beeston of 1897 vintage in non stop at a fair speed, 47 minutes ahead.

Distaining these snails, A. H. Grundy set his teeth and arrived 75 minutes early on a 1903 200 cc tricycle even after having to stop with belt trouble. Unfortunately, under the ruling, he will not receive a reward. Competitors are allowed one hour early and twenty minutes late. Should the journey be made non-stop and inside the time allowance, a First is awarded. A stop for any reason except a balk relegates a rider to a Second, even if within the time allowance; a Finishers Certificate being awarded to all who finish after but not before the set schedule. Speedway rider, Oliver Langton, is now proud possessor of one. I passed Ollie enroute; there he was

RIGHT, Oddest 3-wheeler ever built was 1902 Rex Forecar. Undoubtedly, the empty passenger seat contributed most toward discontinuance of this model, since the second party served as a sort of advance scout for the driver and made first contact on any right-of-way disputes



ABOVE, Primed for race against time, ancient P. & M. (Panther sidecar) 1906 vintage, twisted many a head. Its wicker basket sidecar with tarp top was once the epitome of high style. Note the king sized rubber-bulbed brass bugle

LEFT, 1903 single had form-fitting tanks and unusual banjo motor mount. Motorcycles were still in the tadpole stage, as seen by the bicycle pedals used for auxiliary power and starting. Rigid frames and forks offered little "come-hither" to would-be motorcyclists of this era

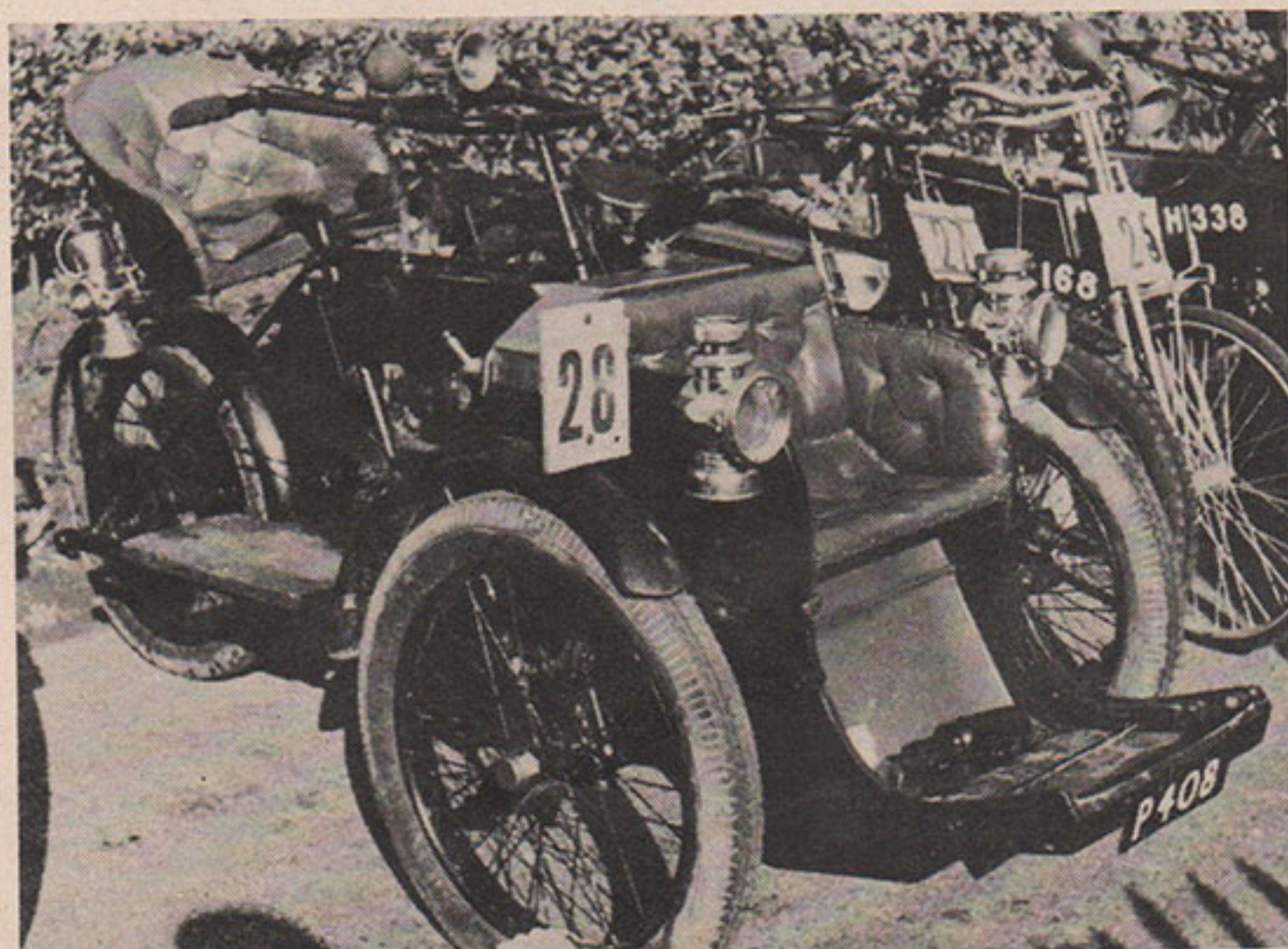
fanning his fifty cents worth of 1902 Zedel with his cap. Flames were shooting high around him and not knowing his cap waving intentions, I just waved back, for he had two ways of keeping warm. Despite this, he wafted to the check 49 minutes late with a wide grin for all to see. Eleven in this class obtained the premier award; Seconds went to seven while the remainder, with the exception of R. Skerman whose 1904 Ariel gave up the ghost, obtained finishers. That almost half the entry stopped enroute was due entirely to the weather, for in each case the cause was either belt slip or ignition troubles. How these early pioneers must have eyed black clouds in the skies and dashed home at the first spot of rain!

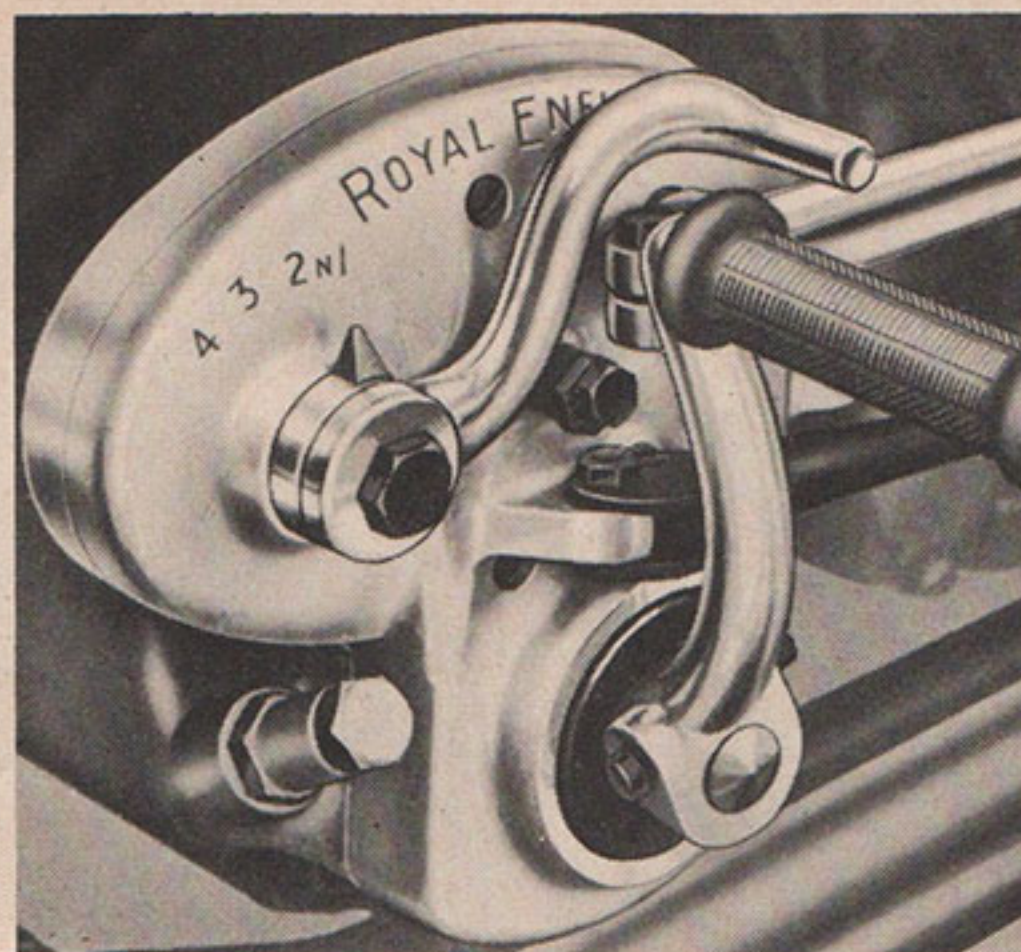
That improvements were made between 1905 and 1909 goes without saying. Sixteen of 27 starters of this era gained top prizes and only eight came to a halt for any reason. Most kept around the set speed of 20 per with the sole exception of C. Wayne. His 1905 BAT failed to fly and he crawled in 110 minutes in arrears.

Next came a whole flock of youngsters

who first saw light of day between 1910 and 1914. No less than 86 of the entry of 123 were un-penalized and averaged the set 24 per. Six, including the only Harley-Davidson, retired. Seemingly, the owner C. Broad has little time to spend on the mount. Rather a blow was given to enthusiasts when it was found that the big four Henderson was a non starter and it was left to the "Redskins" to uphold the Stars and Stripes. W. Mansfield astride a 1912 big twin, stopped but gained a second class award. A third Indian, vintage 1911, had several stops for various reasons but finished the course giving Springfield a mixed bag of prizes.

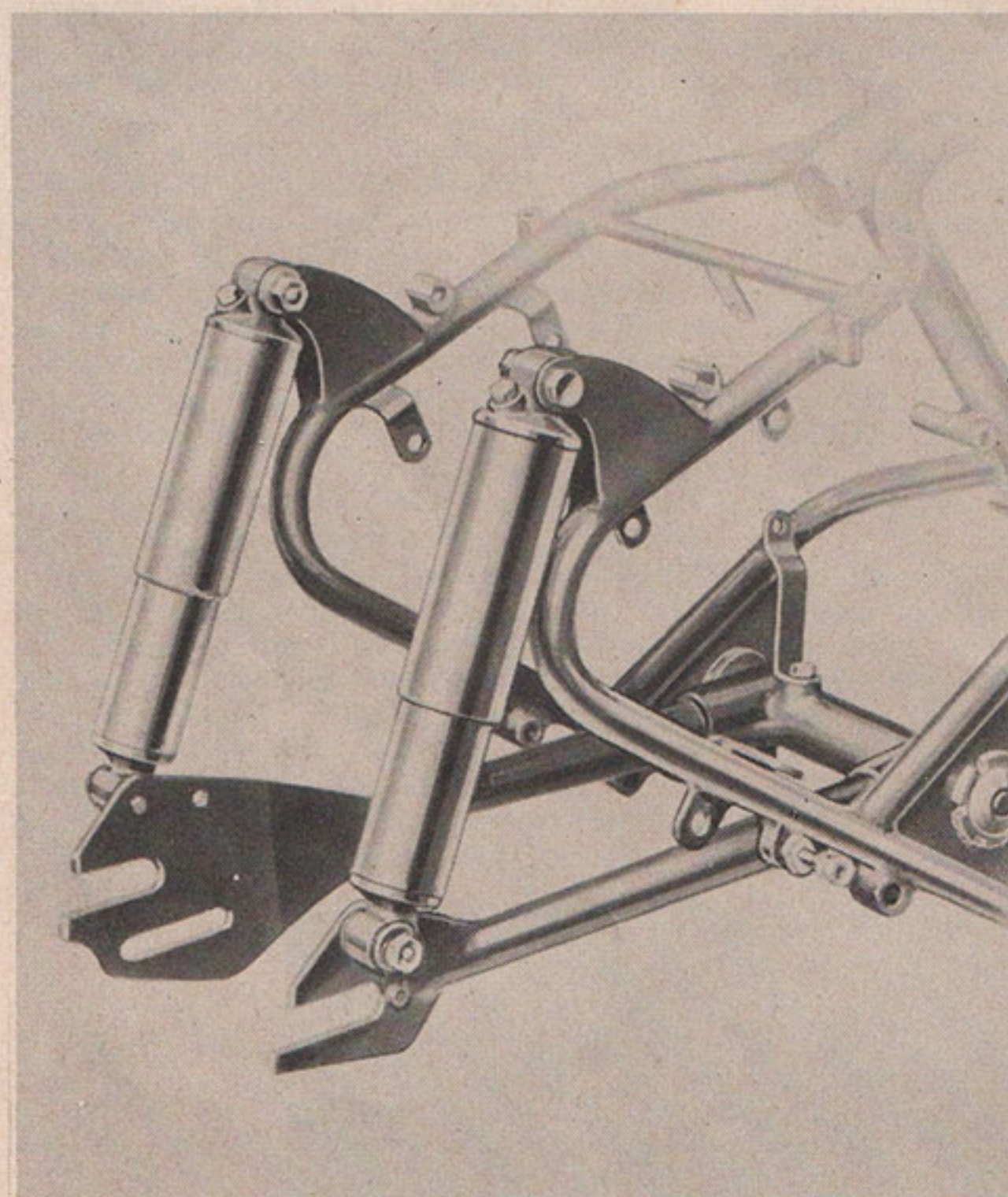
Miss P. M. Hurrel rode the 1913 Wall Autowheel non-stop but it is evident that this little one-horser will never gain an award other than a Finisher's Plaque. That she finished two hours late is not surprising, for top speed of the Wheel is 4 mph lower than the set average. Graham Walker, Editor of Motorcycling, has the only known veteran Norton in existence and Graham, following a recent operation on his foot, hobbled about the starting paddock on crutches.





LEFT, Neutral finder, a Royal Enfield feature, takes the by-guess or by-golly out of hitting that elusive spot. Stomping the lever locates neutral from second when standing, or from second, third, or fourth, when under way

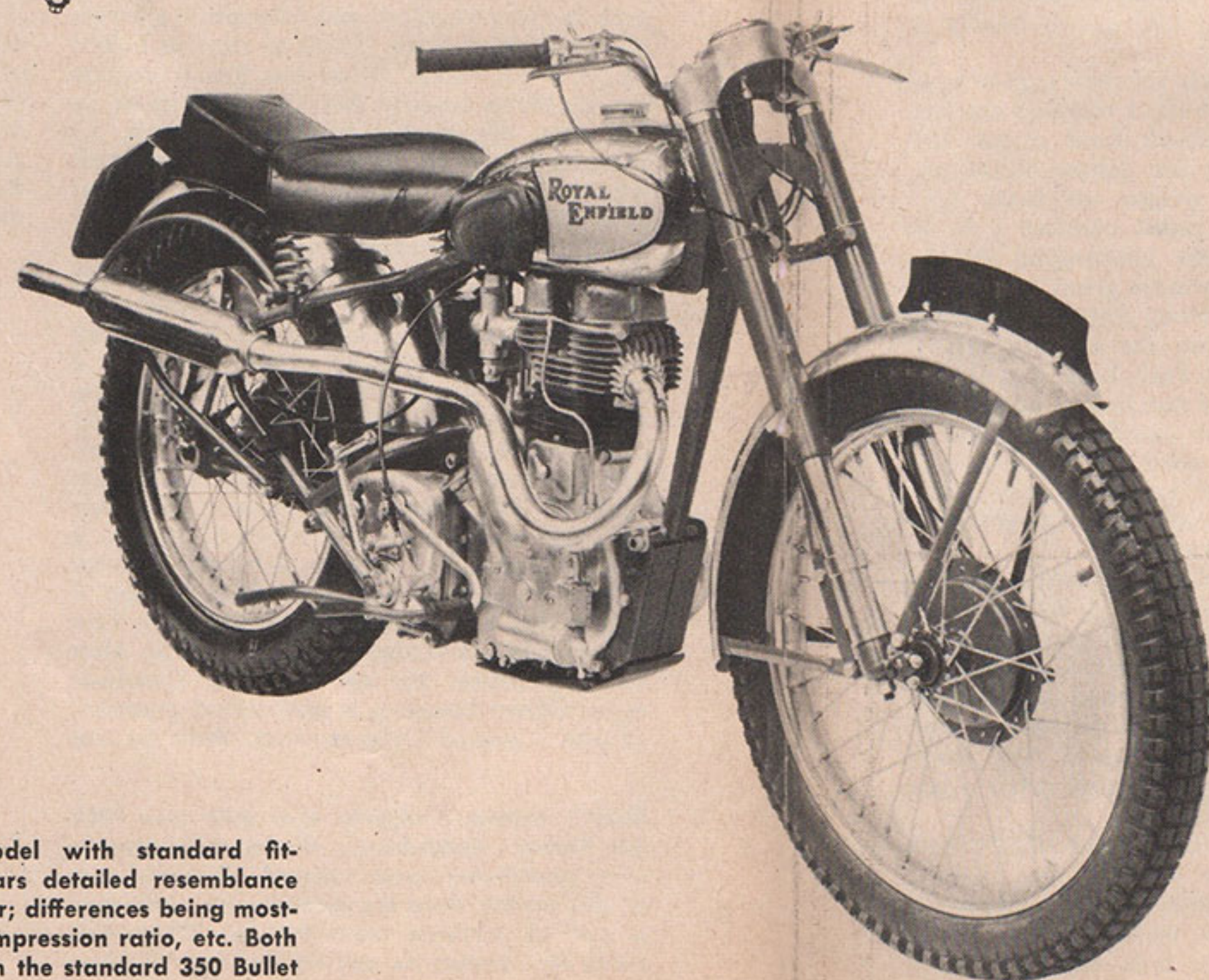
RIGHT, Progressive fork action is obtained through long flexible springs and controlled oil dampening. Fork-legs trail the axle in this design, adding high speed stability. Instruments are in top fork bridge



ABOVE, Ideal rear springing has long been a universal engineering problem. Biggest hurdle is the maintenance of lateral rigidity. A spring unit must not twist or impart a pitching action. The Enfield's massive pivot bearing surface and hydraulic dampening is a fine approach to the solution. Weight of a machine so equipped is little more than that of a rigid model. Tapered, swinging arm members that impart a slow, gentle action, are strong enough, despite their length, to be free from side-loads on the plungers or bending stresses on the rear axle. Chain tension does not vary and wheel base is 54"

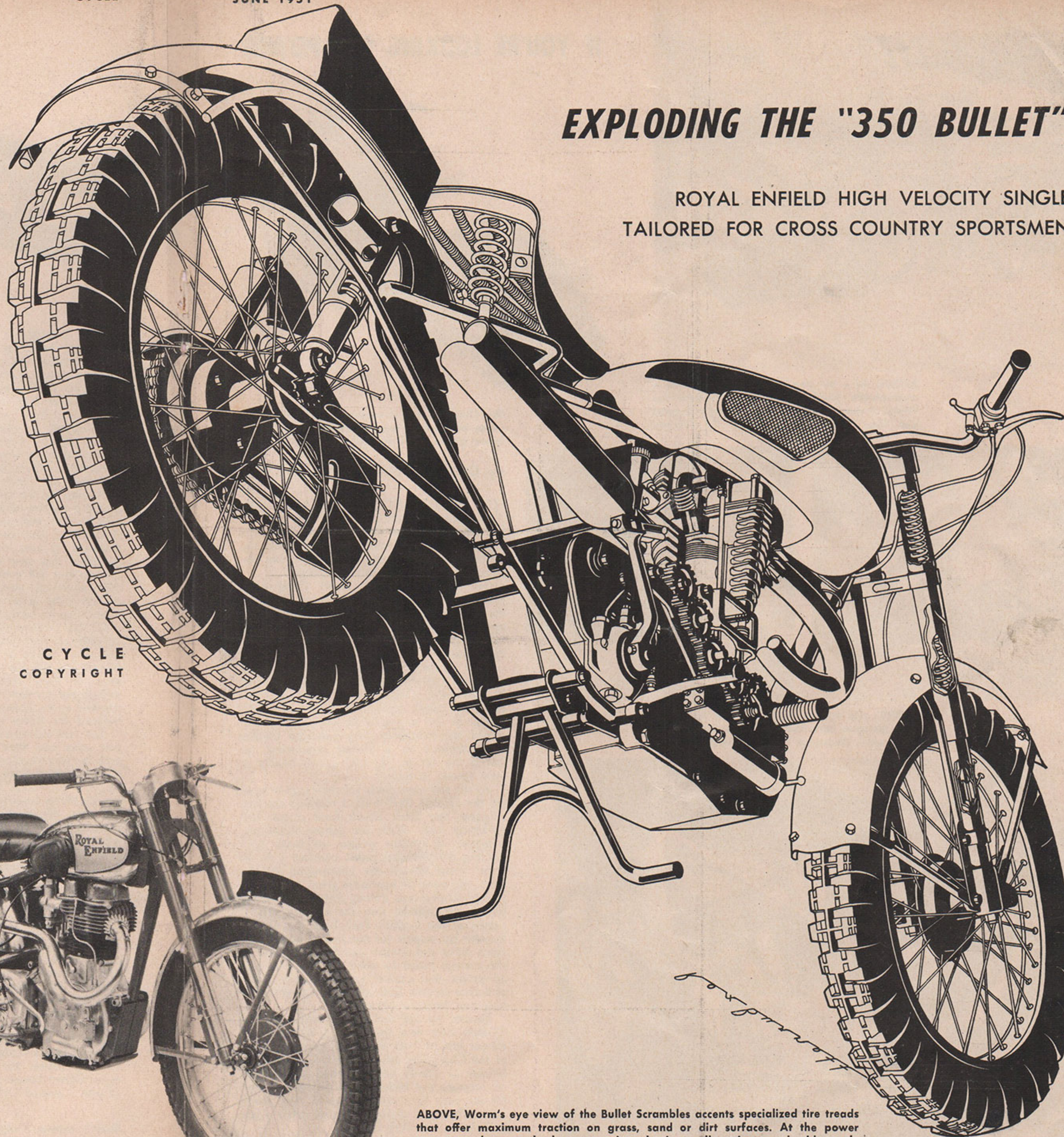
RIGHT, the Trials model with standard fitted up-swept pipe bears detailed resemblance to its Scrambles' brother; differences being mostly in tires, gearing, compression ratio, etc. Both are direct takeoffs from the standard 350 Bullet

CYCLE
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EXPLODING THE "350 BULLET"

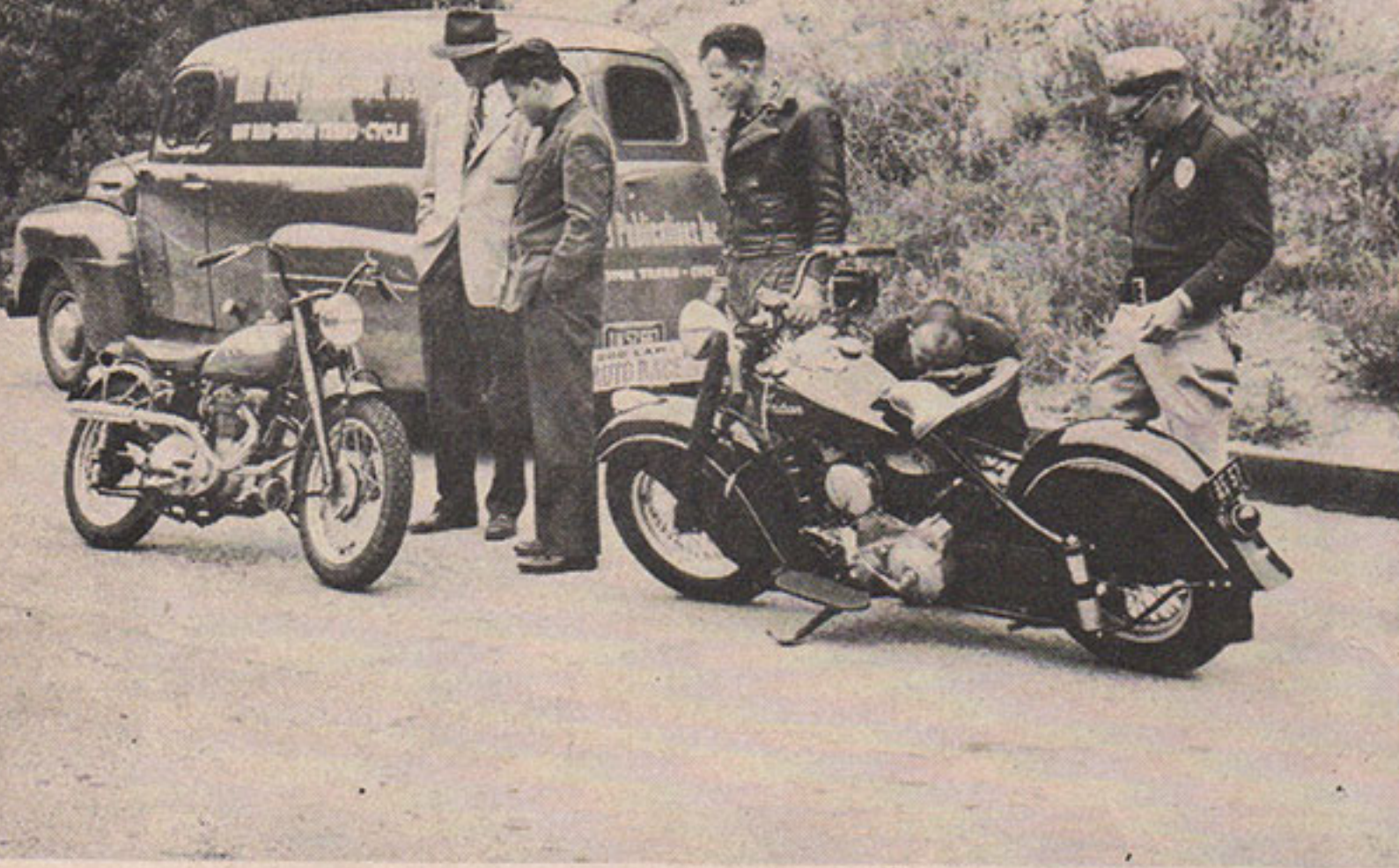
ROYAL ENFIELD HIGH VELOCITY SINGLE
TAILORED FOR CROSS COUNTRY SPORTSMEN



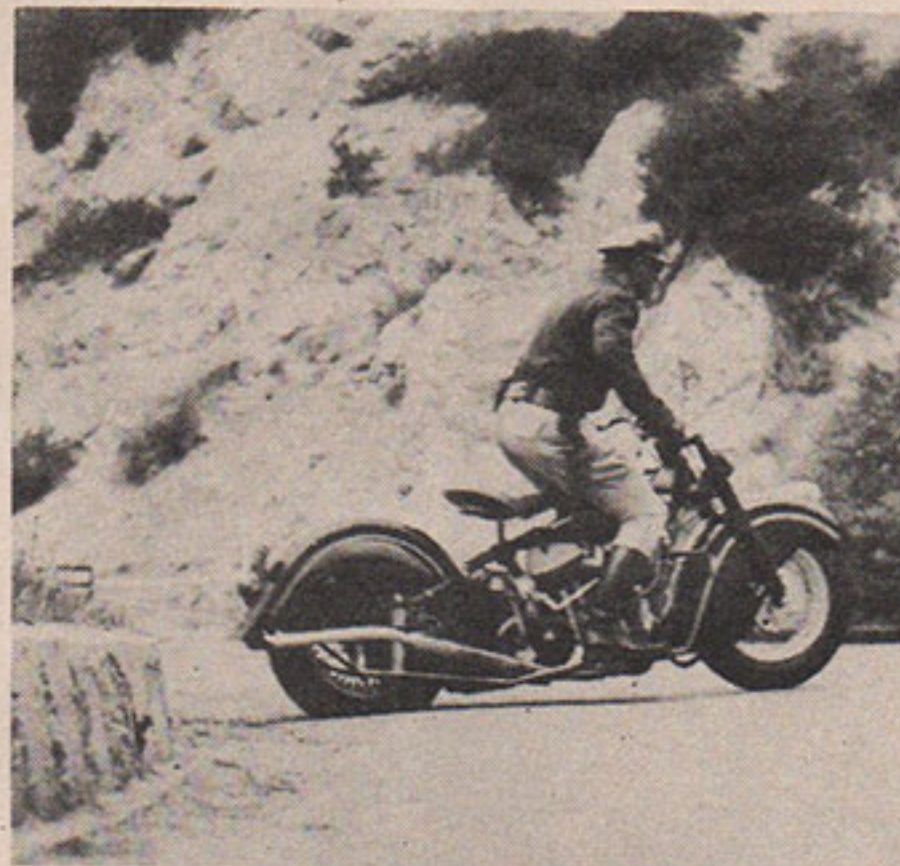
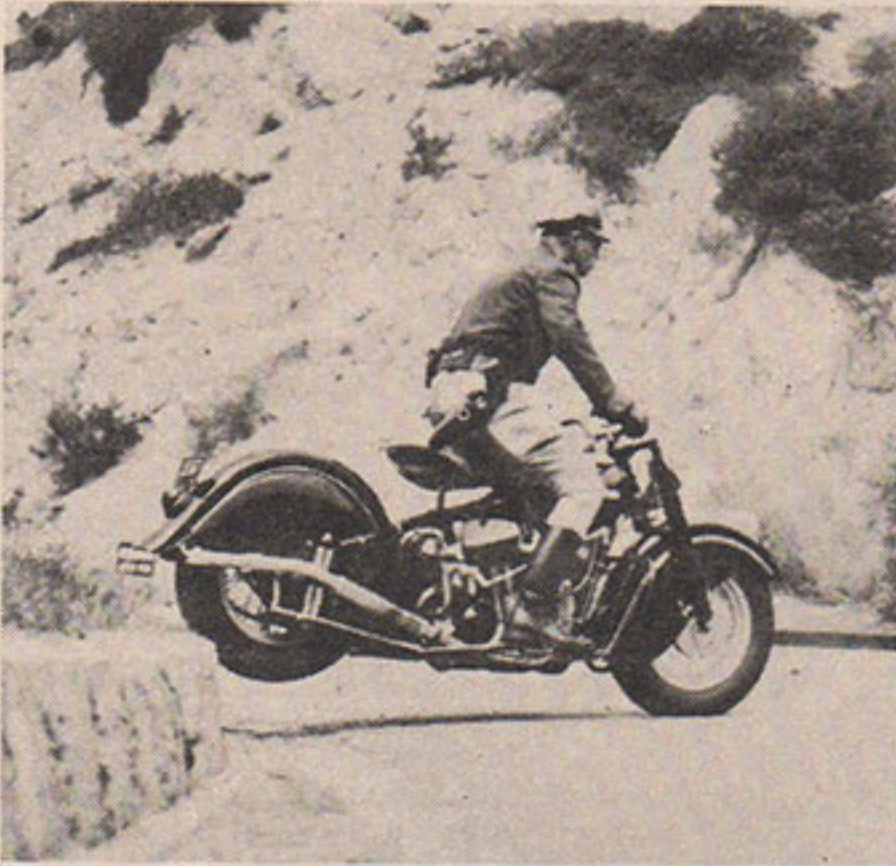
ABOVE, Worm's eye view of the Bullet Scrambles accents specialized tire treads that offer maximum traction on grass, sand or dirt surfaces. At the power source can be seen the low expansion aluminum alloy piston and wide angle valves which have cast-in inserts for valve seats. Timing gear mechanism runs in oil bath and individual cams operate wide flat-based tappets that incorporate oil dampening. Valve adjustment is easily made by quick removal of small door at base of cylinder. Heavy crank case shield is standard on this model

ROAD TEST

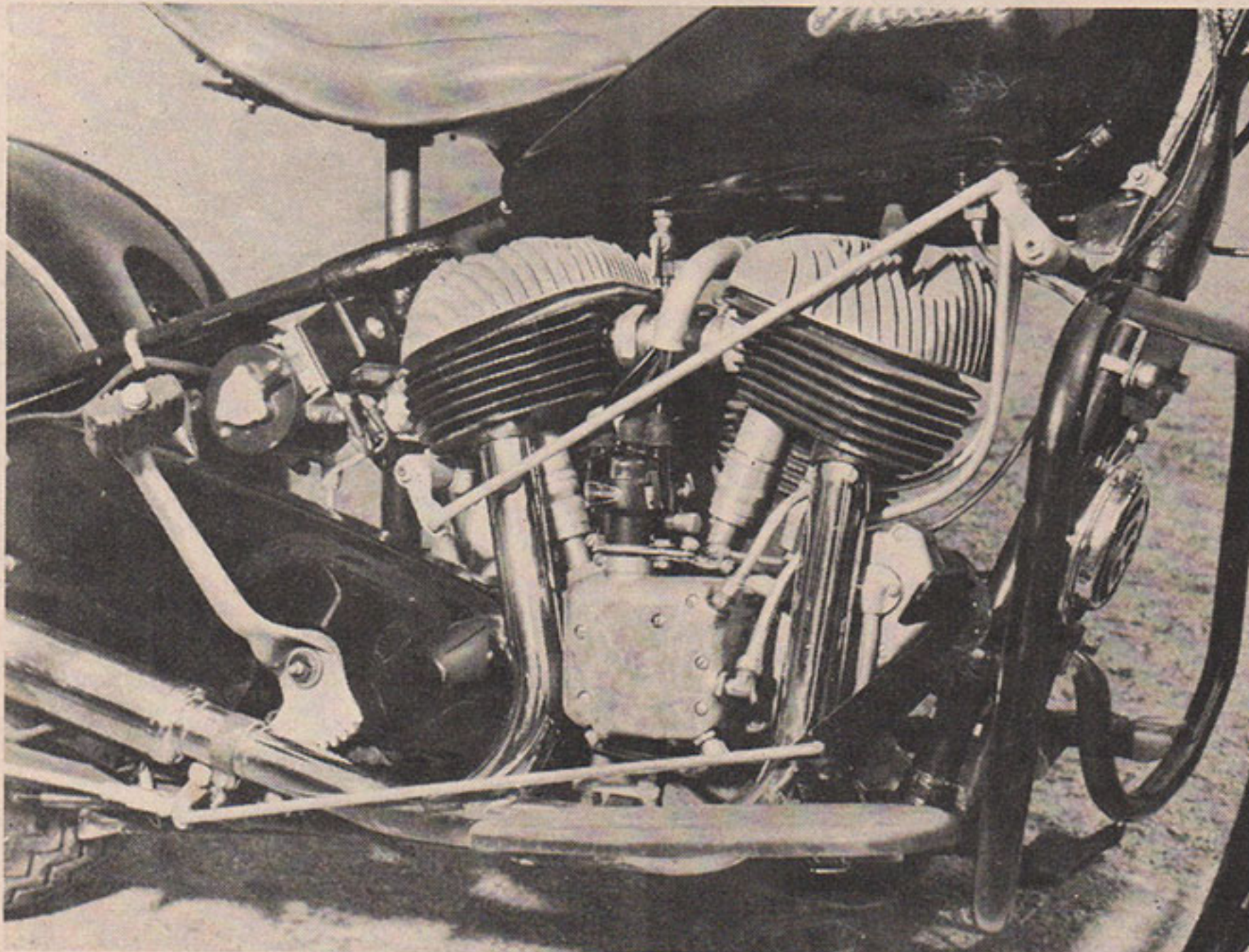
Indian



ABOVE, At a pit stop in the hills, attention is momentarily fixed on western representative "Nels" Nelson's TT twin while Chief's clogged gas filter is cleaned by dealer Ed Farrand

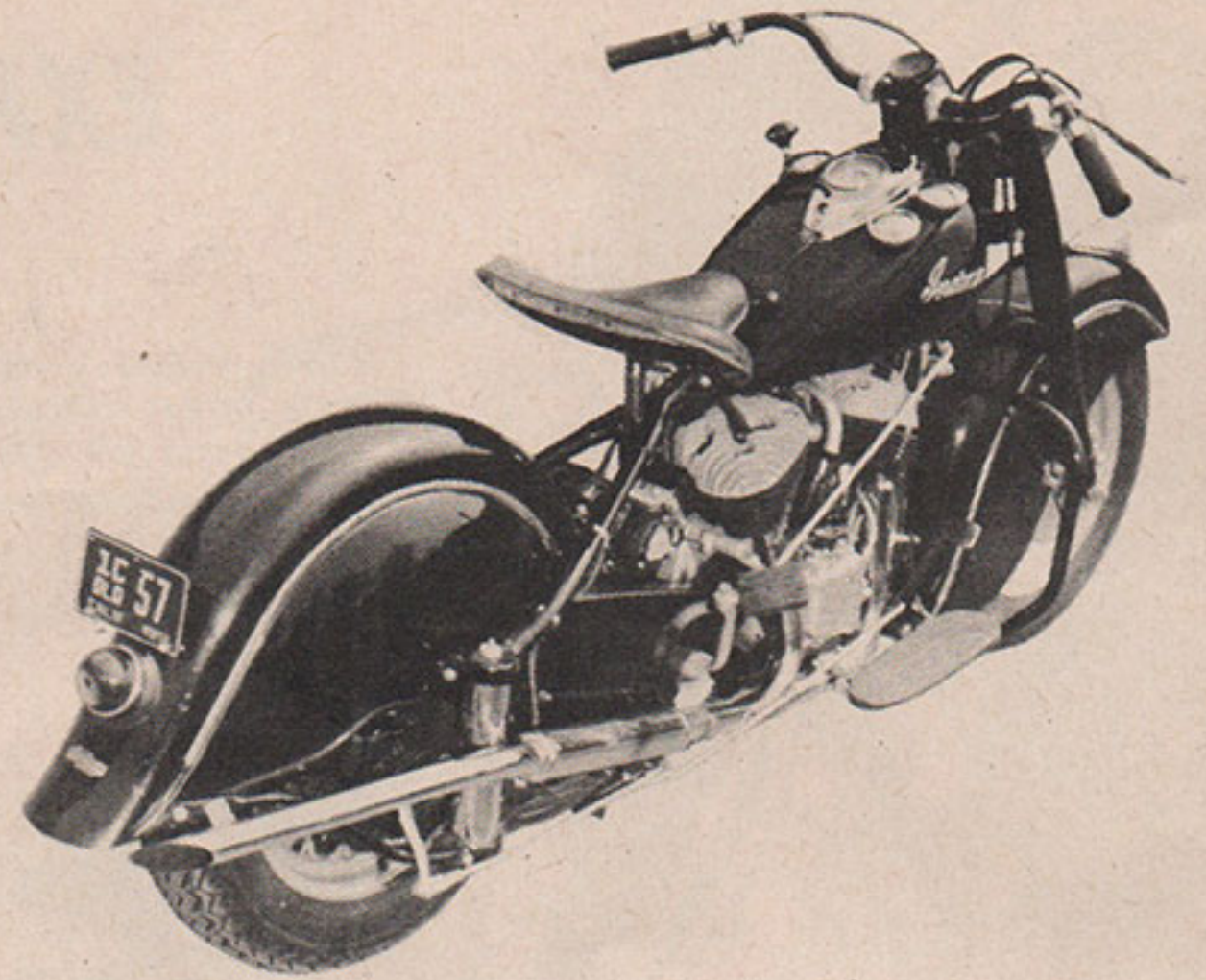


ABOVE, pile driving tactics checked springing. Rear plungers bottomed lightly but served purpose well. Clearance indicates terrific impact



The most inches for your money and a real mile eater. Forty hp "powerplus 80" is ideally suited for long, hard riding and sidecar work

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR POWER . . .



The Chief is long, streamlined, and unique because of plunger type springing at three different points. Note full skirts and chain guard

By Officer H. Filker, Alhambra P.D.

TO MOTORCYCLISTS the world over, America is recognized as the land of big twins, and the flowing tribal headdress of the American Indian has long been significant of one of this country's most impressive models; the Indian Chief.

The big 1951 Black Hawk Chief bears little resemblance to its predecessors, since the recent year's refinements which have added spring frame, telescopic front forks, full-skirted fenders, and 6 cubic inches to the motor.

As I wheeled this biggest of all standard machines (80 cu. in.) from Farrand's Shop in Glendale, California, several questions came to mind: would the telescopic forks prove to be too soft in choppy corners; would the extremely deep valanced fenders be hazardous in a strong cross-wind; or would the 80 cu. in. mill prove baulky at slow speeds in traffic?

As the test crew made for their cars to head for the Griffith Park hills, I received my first surprise; the Black Hawk fired at the first switch-on kick. With the proper technique, a person of average weight can easily boot the big 80 through; point number 1 in its favor. Once aboard the long-legged streamliner, the sense of heaviness given by its full-skirted fenders was greatly dispelled, and the higher we climbed into the ever-sharpening curves of the Griffith Park hills, the higher became my respect for the Indian aerodynamic front forks and overall handling. Pressure in the corners failed to mash the forks to such an extent that control became difficult, and clearance seemed little affected. My first question was partially answered.

Farther up the snaking mountain road, a 12-inch curb was sighted and served as an all-out test of both front and rear springing of the Chief. The forks could not be made to bottom or top in any case, and no signs of oil seepage was visible after riding over and off the curb in a rapid series of very severe jolts. The rear springing tubes were made to bottom, but very lightly.

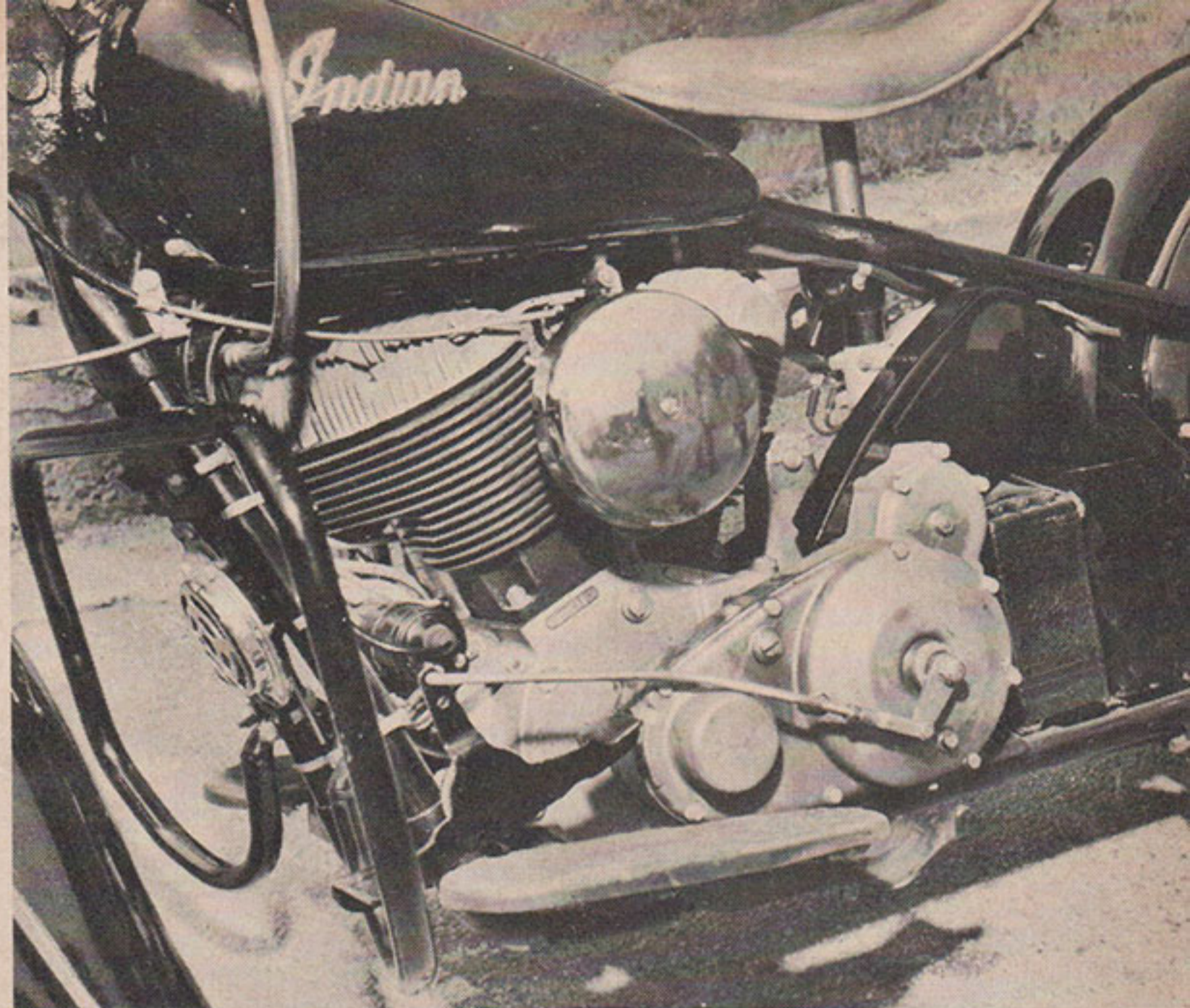
Unfortunately, no high cross-winds came up during the test, so that the side pushing effect on the full fenders could be measured. Suffice it to say that no wobbling was noticed during the high speed run, and aside from

AN INDIAN PACKS THE MOST OF ALL — 80 INCHES



Full skirts helped, but spray from front of wheel still managed to find operator. Drip-back from front fender was practically eliminated

Photos by Rick



Cylinder finning is generous. Forward bulge on aluminum primary case houses spring loaded torque evener sprocket, reducing chain snatch

creating a striking appearance, the guards kept both rider and machine unusually dry at several river crossings. An interesting side note lies in the fact that during the curb-hopping episode, the rear tip of the front fender, low though it may seem, was not damaged.

The current adaption of a cushion primary drive made riding in heavy traffic much more enjoyable than might be imagined. Power impulses of the big twin, when idling along in high gear, were very smooth because of this torque evener. What with its brute strength, a three speed transmission works out very well on the Chief, although it was this rider's opinion that a four-speed box with a wider range of gearing would be even more suitable. Added weight when riding double makes almost no change in the bike's handling or acceleration, and this particular model should make an excellent side-car partner. Cruising speeds at 60 to 65 mph averaged 40 miles to the gallon of gas. At this clip the powerful 80 incher had just barely gone to work, and

vibration was at a minimum. One feature that has been retained through the years and may bear a second look is the Chief's oil clutch. Until the operator has become adept through practice, engagement of low gear without clashing is difficult, and considerable drag was noticed when shifting in all gears.

A new fabricated porous bronze filter is fitted over each of the two gasoline outlets on the floor of the tanks. The new filters are noteworthy, in as much as they are very sensitive to any foreign particles in the fuel and may easily and quickly be removed for cleaning from the lower outside of the tank. As a matter of fact, at one point in the test, when it seemed that the bike had run out of gas, a quick check on the filter showed that it had only become sediment clogged and we were soon again on our way.

An overall appraisal of the Big Chief's rideability places it in the top bracket. Its rare combination of fore and aft springing (83% of weight sprung) plus its seat post suspen-

sion and long wheelbase are a boon to any rider's confidence and comfort on highway or byway.

PERFORMANCE SUMMARY

SPEED

Maximum in low 45 mph
Maximum in second 70 mph
Maximum in high 92 mph

BRAKING

From 25 to stopped, rear brake only 54 ft.
From 25 to stopped, front brake only 32 ft.
From 25 to stopped, both brakes 28 ft. 9 in.
Slow running, 17-18 mph

Turning circle 16 ft. 8 in.

* Standing start to 40 mph 6 sec.
** Standing start to 60 mph 12 sec.
*** Standing start to 80 mph 22 sec.
*Low. **Low and second. ***Three gears.

WEIGHT

Front only 270. Rear only 300. Total 570 lbs.
With rider, Front only 360. Rear only 400.
Total 760 lbs.

General Specifications

ENGINE. Two cylinder 42° V-twin, "L" head, aircooled. Bore 3¼", stroke 4 13/16", displacement 79.84 cu. in. Connecting rods diamond bored and precision line ground, roller main bearings in precision line-ground crankcase housings. Cam ground aluminum pistons, aluminum cylinder heads with bronze spark plug inserts. Indian high performance cams and cam mechanism. Linkert carburetor with wire mesh air cleaner and chromed air cleaner. **CLUTCH.** Multi-disc foot-operated. Enclosed in oil bath in primary drive case.

DRIVE. Primary chain to clutch sprocket; final chain to rear wheel. Primary chain is 3/8" pitch, four row endless adjustable, driven by cam and spring type "torque evener" cushion sprocket, operates in oil bath. Final chain is 5/8" pitch, 3/8" width, .400" diameter rolls. **TRANSMISSION.** Wide ratio three speed, sliding gear progressive type with hand shift.

LUBRICATION. Dry Sump five gear pump supplies stream of oil to main bearings at rate of one quart every three miles in top gear. Return unit in pump scavenges oil from crankcase base back to oil tank.

IGNITION. Battery ignition with single-spark distributor.

ELECTRICAL. Indian 15 plate, 29 ampere hour battery. Heavy duty generator with voltage regulator. Sealed beam headlight, running light on fender, unit tail and stop light. Horn control button on handlebar.

INSTRUMENTS. Lighted speedometer with front wheel drive. Speedometer, ignition and light switch, and generator charge indicator light mounted in chrome tank panel.

FRAME. Double tube cradle spring frame. Rear wheel mounted to enclosed spring units. Long action saddle spring fitted in vertical seat post. **STANDS.** Spring-release center stand and "jiffy" side prop stands. Stands permit positioning machine to remove either wheel.

FORK. "Aerodynamic" telescopic, hydraulically controlled plunger fork with metered action. Steering damper.

HANDLEBAR. Full width curved handlebar attached to bracket with serrated clamps permitting adjustment. Bracket is rubber mounted. Right grip throttle, left grip spark, reverse controls with right hand shift lever optional.

TANKS. Main section capacity 9 quarts, reserve 5 quarts. Oil supply 2½ quarts in right tank. Chrome Indian script insignia.

FENDERS AND GUARDS. Full skirted design with chrome trim. Full chain guard section.

SADDLE. Indian "Chum-Me-Seat" double saddle with passenger footrests. Has "air-foam" rubber cushion under prime leather top, adjustable springing. Solo saddle can be supplied.

BRAKES. Water shielded internal expanding, brake drums, finned for strength and cooling. Lining area 40.8 square inches. Molded linings.

WHEELS AND TIRES. Interchangeable wheels with 5.00x16" tires. Chromed rims.

STARTER. Foot crank starter with ball-lock engagement and silent release.

FINISH. Indian red, blue, black, green and yellow on tanks, fenders and toolbox; frames black. Chrome finish on tank caps, handlebar, shift lever, horn, headlight, instrument panel, exhaust pipes and muffler.

EQUIPMENT. Chromed front and rear safety guards, chromed rear bumper, toolbox and tools, horn, rider's instruction book.

WHEELBASE. 61 inches.

CRATER CAMP— SIGN OF SPRING

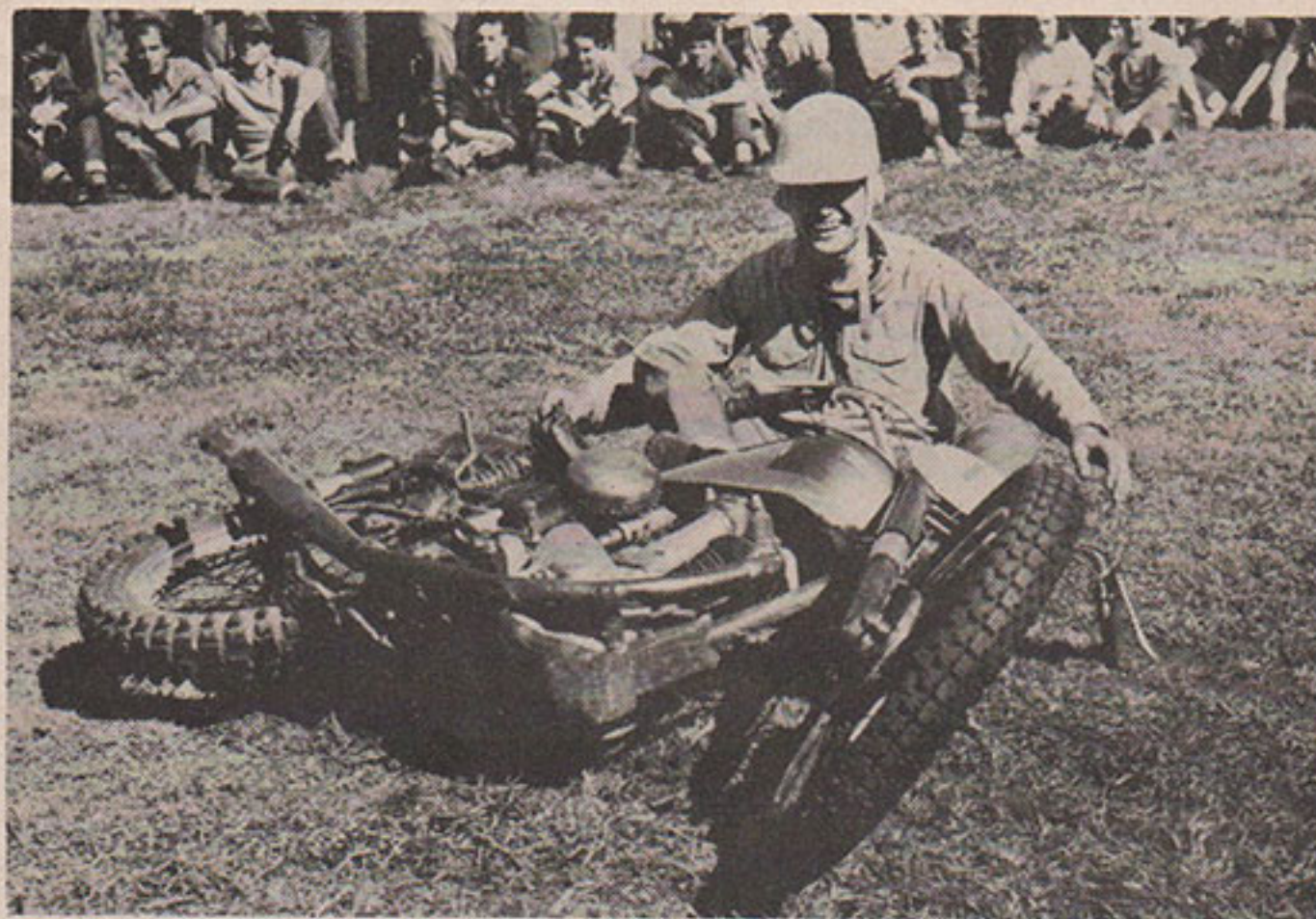
CLEVE McNEIL OUTPOINTS FIELD
AT SO. CAL. M/C CYCLE GYMKHANA

By R. W. Smith

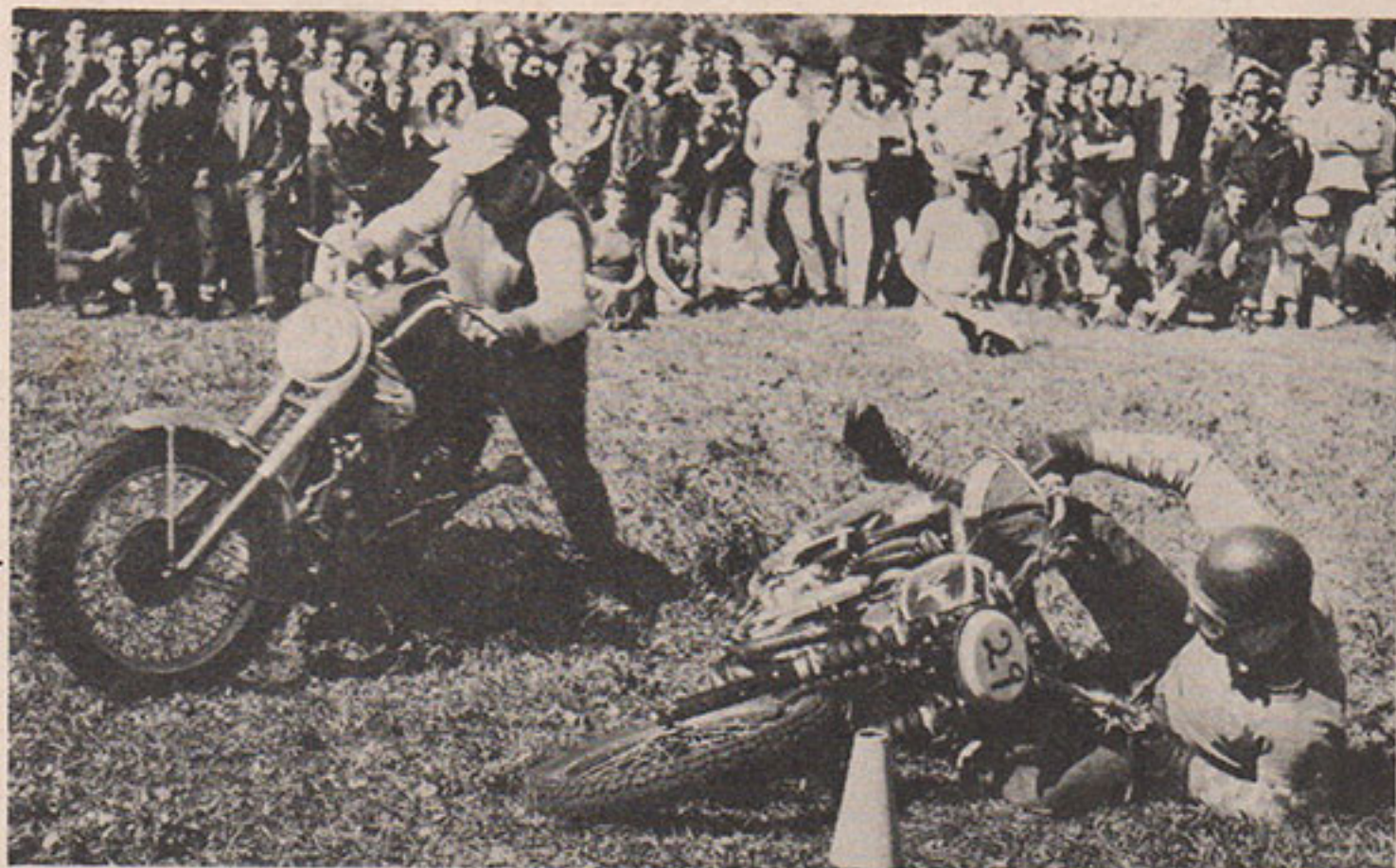
Photos by Chet Phebus-C. B. Hudson



ABOVE, Final thrill of the day—a rugged one-shot hill. Steep slant, unusual curve and choppy ruts added to spectator amusement and kept down all but most tenacious. Bill West won climb, placed sixth in the meet on a Triumph twin. To win at a meet is outstanding achievement



ABOVE, Smile and the crowd smiles with you. An expert scrambler kisses the long green during excitement of hot Australian Pursuit Race on fresh grass. General idea of field meet events is to bring out riders' all-around ability



ABOVE, Stan Irons chops a little grass and one competitor during the spectacular, spill-filled Australian Pursuit Race, an ever-quickening circular speed test where each jockey rides full tilt until he is passed. Once passed, a rider must retire, and the last man out is winner

RIGHT, All crossed up and no place to go! Wes Drennen, mighty master of immobility appeared to have trouble getting under way. As a matter of fact, he stalled around and won the Slow Race. With clutch lever in, Wes sits motionless, allows frustrated competitor to pass



ASK ANYONE of over 1000 enthusiasts who assembled at the recent Crater Camp Field Meet if they enjoyed themselves and it's doubtful that a single negative reply would be received, for reason that almost everyone got into the act. Other factors contributed to Crater Camp's popularity. When filmland chooses such a spot as background scenery for Dorothy Lamour's latest, "Jungle Princess," you can understand that the countryside is intriguing, to say the least.

For weeks preceding the Southern California M/C's annual gymkhana, A.M.A. style, eager sportsmen for miles around carefully tuned their mounts for this exciting day; some came from as far as 300 miles distant.

A little before noon, the trials commenced with each of 125 hopefuls anxiously awaiting his chance to "show 'em." The sound of blasting power echoed through the ancient crater walls, as one by one they flashed by the qualifying marker. Unfortunately, only half the speedsters qualified for a position and riding number.

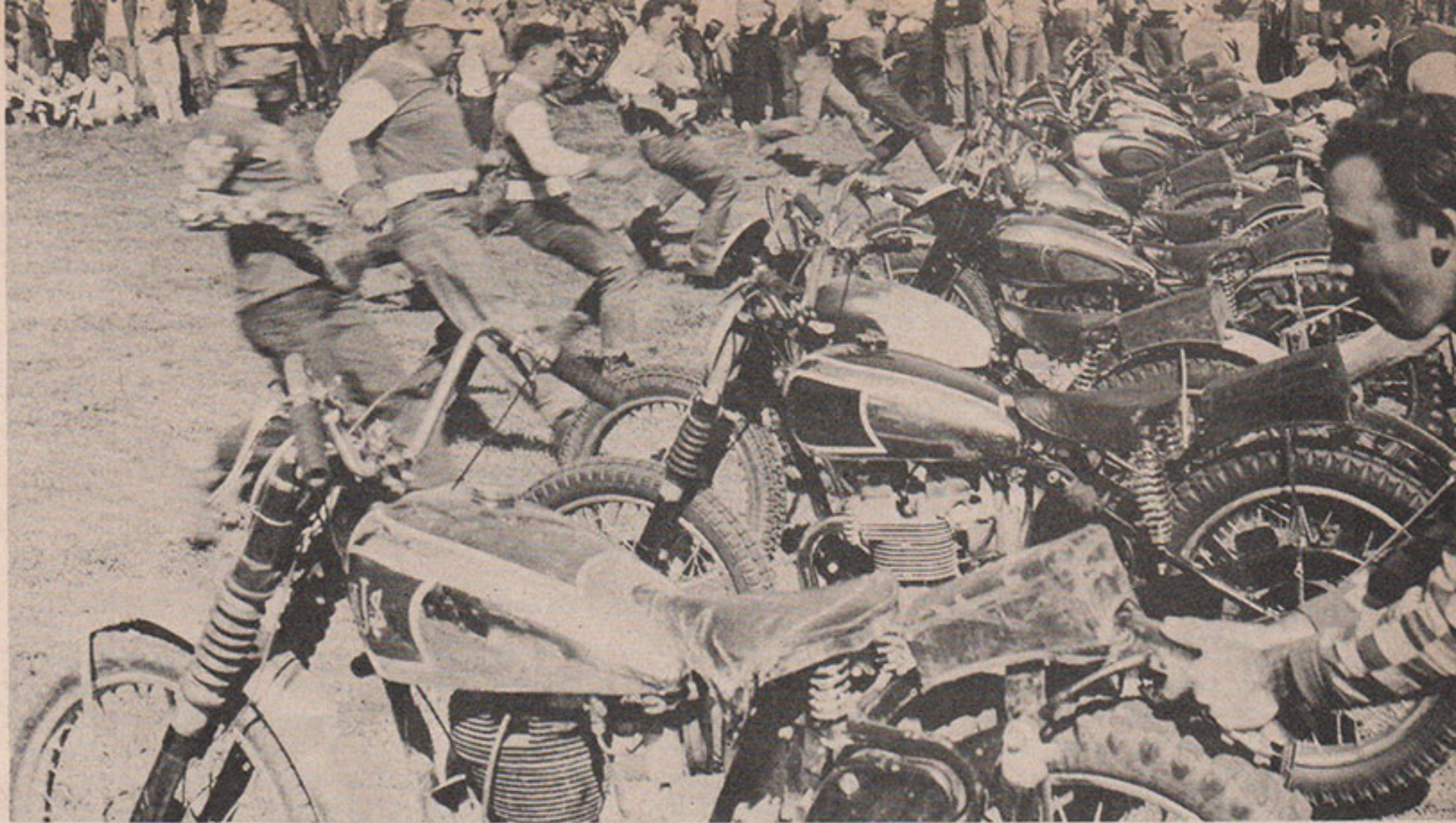
Rider versatility means everything at a field meet. His ability to emerge victorious requires the utmost skill at handling everything from blistering straight-a-way speeds to near vertical hill climbs and sharp balloon-busting maneuvers. A slow race, for example, is usually won by the rider who can put his forks against the stops and sit motionless for minutes at a time. Although spills and thrills were almost commonplace and a good 80 per cent of the riders bit the dust at least once during the day, the proof of their capabilities was evidenced by the fact that not a single serious injury was sustained.

Only the toss of a coin would determine which of the two main events was more spectacular, the hill climb or the scrambles.

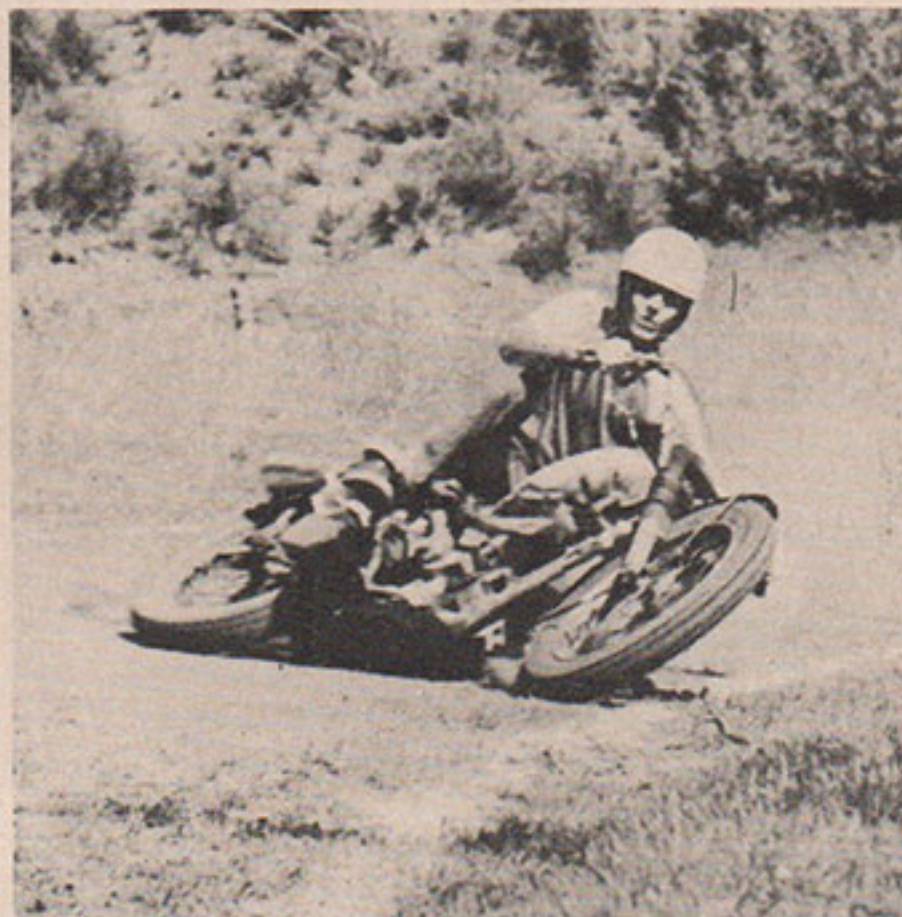
The hill was challenged time and again as riders grabbed big handfuls of throttle to set forth on the seemingly impossible task of conquering the rutted 250 yard skyward trail. One attempt with a bare 25 foot start was allowed each of the slant artists to mount the precipice. Only 3 of the earth-bound, teeth-gnashers found the required traction and saddle adhesion to master the miniature mountain.

The scrambles, in this case, came nearer being a shambles, although operator, Swede Belin, Harley-Davidson mounted, held the lead securely and his throttle hand throughout the race. Though the challengers never let up, Swede managed to stuff his big twin through the tight series of deceiving turns with an unusual display of talent. This TT course is undoubtedly one of the most sensational to watch, with approximately 2 miles of rough going and brief straight-a-ways that demand skillful crossing-up and rapid de-accelerations, from 60 mph down to a walk.

At the end of the day, Cleve McNeil on his 6 T Triumph, had bested the field and was crowned king for having highest number of over-all points. Hail to Cleve, for such a wonderful job of all-around riding.



Maddest scramble of all was the Run and Ride. After a foot race, the sprinters had to build a fire in their bikes and race to finish line. Don Morgan's fleet feet and easy starting Triumph won for him



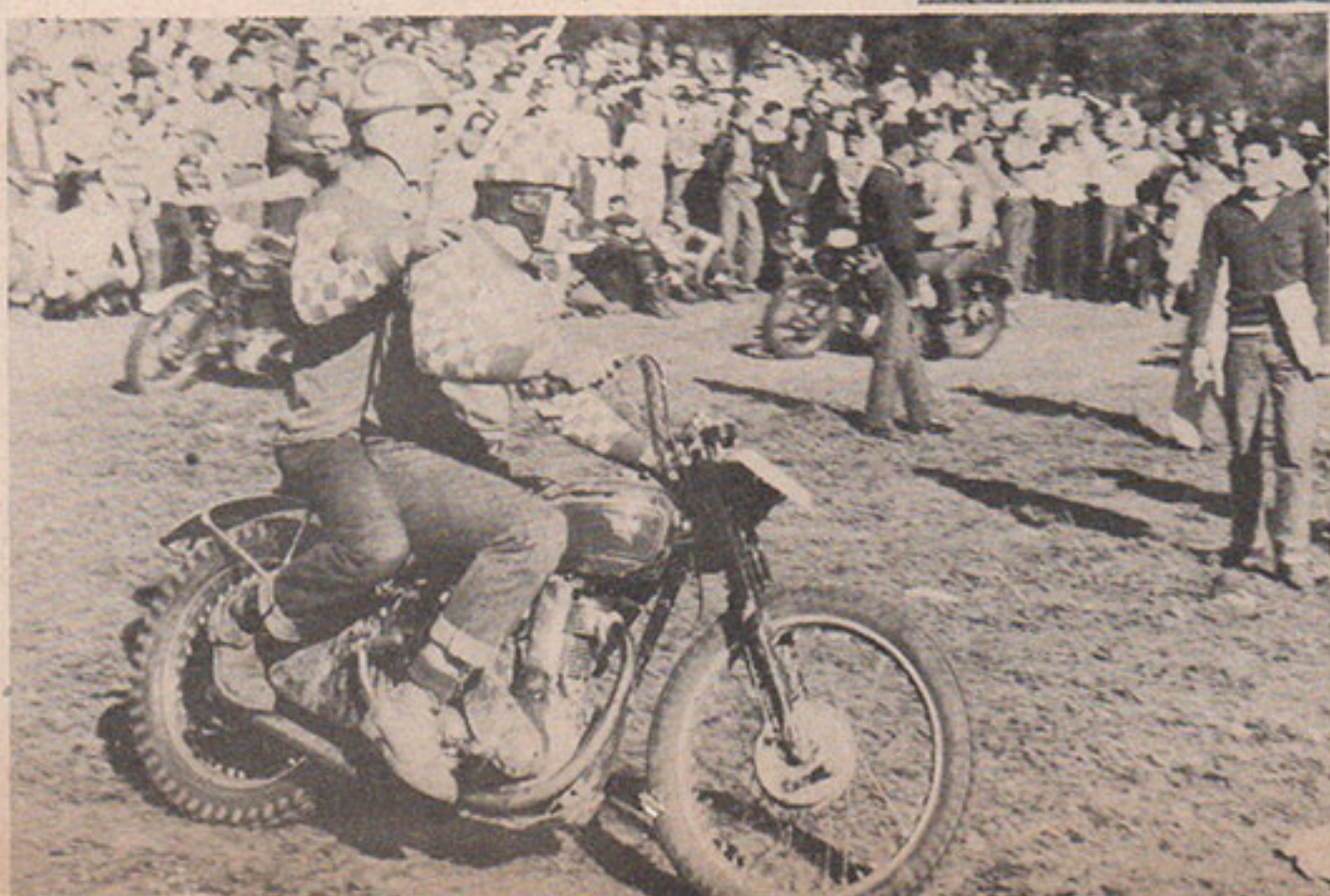
Bud Eakins placed high in the Slow Race but apparently decided to reverse the TT course; unreeling a little too much throttle and spun in.



No one was hurt. A characteristic of most motorcycle sporting events is the lack of injuries despite numerous spills such as this one



ABOVE, "Bubby" Dalton managed to call "Swede" Belin's hand once in the TT scrambles though he had lost a lap and the seat of his pants in an early slide. Besides being a star scrambler, Dalton is top motorcycle tuner for LeBard and Underwood, southland BSA dealers



LEFT, George Alguire artfully dodges as tail gunner, W. Wilson, swings on others in Balloon Bust Contest. Weapons were rolled paper

ANALYZING FRICTIONAL LOSSES AND CAM CONTOURS

CONCLUDING THE SERIES ON POWER AND SPEED SPECIFICATIONS

By Tim Witham

Drawings by Don Fell

PISTONS, RINGS, rod alignment and cams serve as the subject matter for our final phase on speed tuning. These three components account for a great deal of the inherent friction losses in an engine. Reducing these losses to a minimum means more power will reach the rear wheel. The piston must be free to slide with a minimum of drag within the cylinder, but not so loosely that it will have a tendency to become tilted during its travel. Piston skirt clearance for racing use can be about .001 inch looser than for road use, but clearance for ring lands should be somewhat greater, since the head of the piston tends to run a great deal hotter in a race, with only temporary relief when the throttle is snapped shut upon entering a turn.

Cam ground or oval turned pistons have proved very satisfactory for racing. Such a piston design reduces side-wall friction to a minimum and still supports the piston rings at right angles to cylinder at high revs.

A piston ring performs three functions; seals the compression pressure in the combustion chamber, prevents the ignited mixture from reaching the crankcase, and keeps all but a little engine oil from reaching the combustion chamber. Recommended practice is to use two compression rings and one oil ring on each piston, with narrow-faced compression rings and a broad-faced oil ring preferred. Modern piston ring research has brought about several changes of previous conceptions regarding side, base and ring gap clearances. It is now accepted practice to employ piston rings that are somewhat thicker in width (radial depth) than in previous design. Increased radial depth requires that the individual ring grooves be deepened to provide about .005 inch clearance between the inside circumference of the ring and the base of the ring groove. Up and down clearance between the side of the ring and its ring groove, as well as ring gap clearance, have been found to be less critical than previously considered possible. These tolerances, when used with modern high pressure piston rings,

prove completely satisfactory and practically eliminate ring flutter. In the past, this ring flutter has caused hot engine builders no end of trouble but has now disappeared through the lesson learned in modern research.

Connecting rod alignment is of paramount importance and can be checked on a rod aligning fixture. Great care must be taken to prevent the upper end of the rod from rubbing one or the other of the piston wrist pin bosses. This action is commonly referred to as "bossing on the piston." Bossing can be caused by mal-alignment of the rod and general mis-alignment of other engine components, such as cylinder mounting surfaces not being square with crank case flanges, etc. One method of checking this feature is to cut off the top of an old piston and mount it on the con-rod in question. Insert it in the cylinder and observe whether the rod is bossing or not. If it is, remove some of the stock from the boss, then recheck. When sufficient clearance of about .015 inch to .020 inch have been attained, measure the distance with inside calipers between the two bosses of the old piston and proceed to duplicate this distance in the piston you intend using.

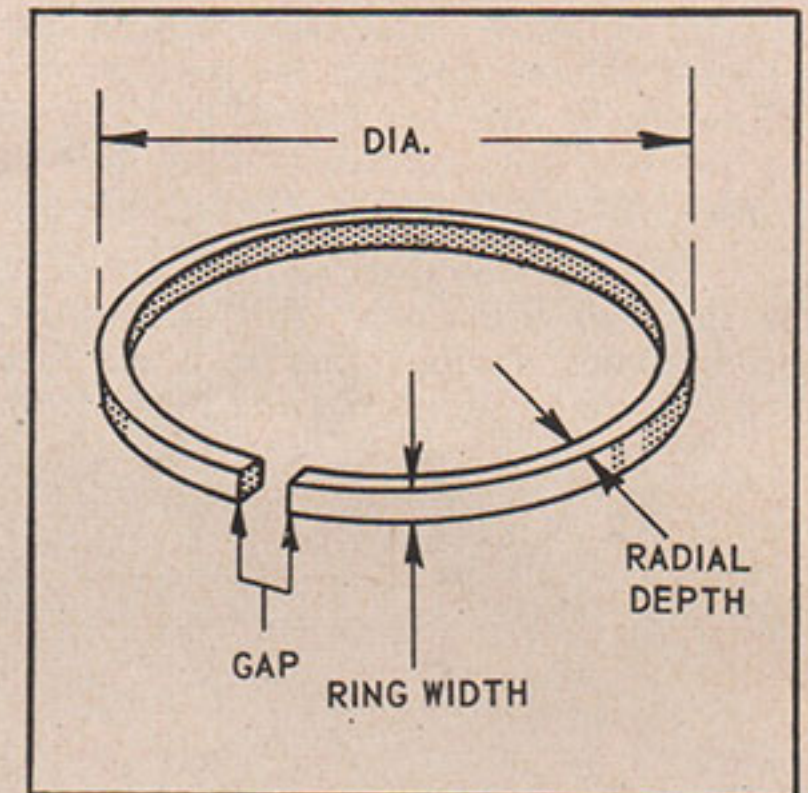
While the subject of cam grinding is based on higher mathematics, port proportions, cylinder bore, etc., coupled with good judgment and experience, there are some principles of cam design that we can consider without becoming involved in the realms of geometry, trigonometry, and calculus.

Two types of special cams are usually available; the high speed type (for racing) and cams designed for increased torque at low revolutions, (acceleration or drag). Cams designed strictly for racing are poor performers at slow engine speeds. Cams designed for high torque at low revolutions do not have high speed capabilities. For general road use, a happy medium between these two extremes is desirable. Of course, a stock cam does a pretty good job of compromising, but a stock cam can often be reground to improve general performance as regards higher top speed.

The simplest way to regrind a stock cam to improve performance is to grind off a certain amount of the base circle, or heel. Removal of some of the "meat" of the base circle will result in increasing the amount of valve lift as well as cause a valve to commence opening a few degrees earlier and close a few degrees later than provided with the stock cam. These beneficial results contribute to increased volumetric efficiency or engine breathing and power output.

Such a regrinding operation requires great skill because final accuracy of the smooth way in which the newly-formed base circle blends into the flanks of the cam contour is of greatest importance. Usual practice is to coat the profile surface of the stock cam with layout blue, or some other suitable coloring agent. Scribe a line on the "blued" surface at the exact point where the base circle blends into each flank. These two scribe marks will indicate the extreme limits of regrinding of the base circle portion of the cam that can

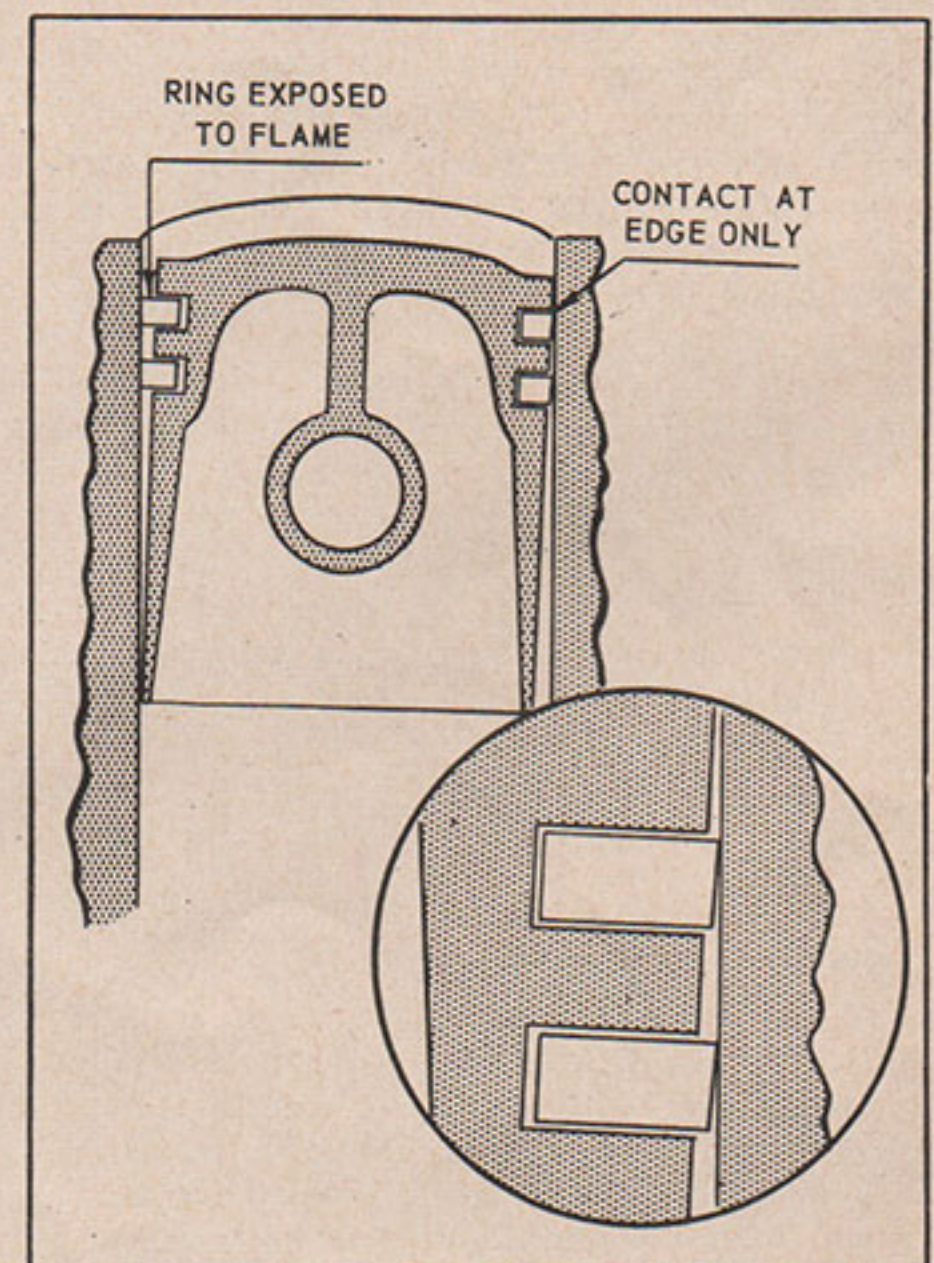
be done. After all required stock has been removed from the base circle there will remain a decided ridge or peak across the width of the cam exactly at the scribed lines—providing the work of regrinding has been carefully done. These ridges must then be oil-stoned or hand-ground to give perfect blending curves between the base and flanks. After regrinding, have a heat-treating firm re-harden the cams. This can be done at home but a professional will probably do a better job—and they will not be likely to warp the cam or camshaft out of shape or alignment. The subject of valve timing overlap has



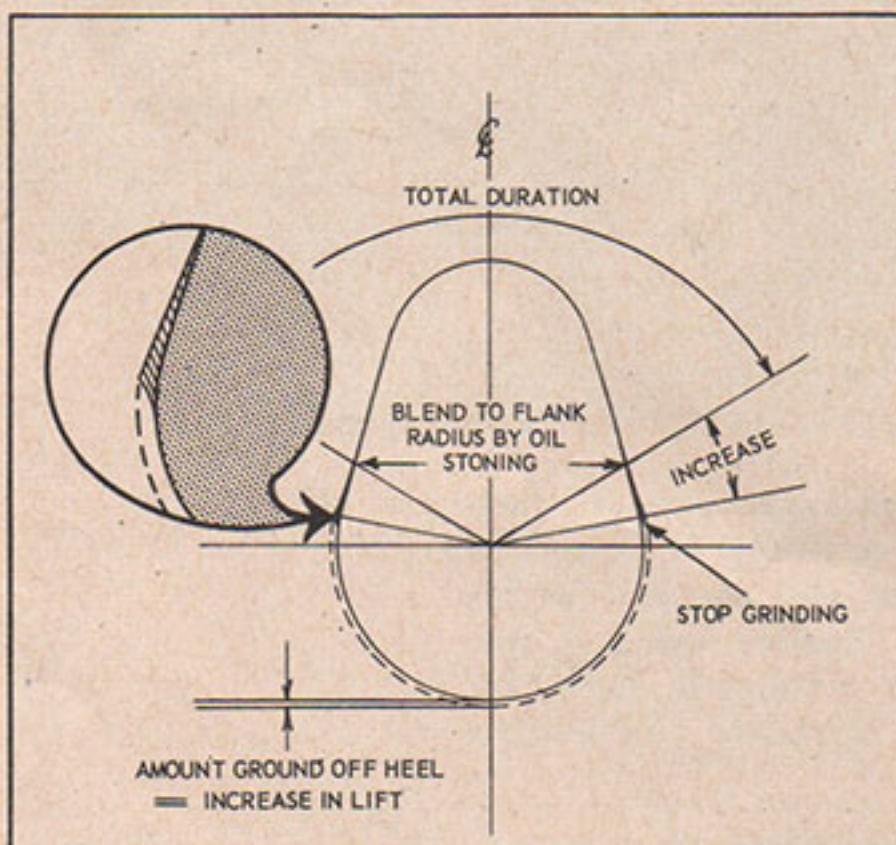
Experts say radial depth and width are most important factors governing harmful flutter

been described previously. It is only necessary to mention it here for this reason; overlap valve timing assures most power at high revs but definitely spoils low-speed operation.

Cam followers, sometimes called tappets, play a distinct part in valve lift characteristics. Quite often by increasing the radius of the cam follower foot, a marked improvement in all-around engine performance can be gained. This change, of course, can be done only by regrinding the foot of a stock cam follower or by securing new cam followers already ground to a larger radius. If you undertake this regrinding operation yourself, remember to have the cam followers re-hardened after the work is completed.



Worn pistons make barrel-shaped rings. Modern piston speeds require close ring-piston fit



One of the simplest ways to increase valve lift without getting into technical cam shaping

SPOTLIGHT on

ACCIDENT PREVENTION

TO THE ORDINARY man in the street, the motorcycle is a dangerous machine. If one stops to think why this should be, it soon becomes obvious that it is an idea founded on long tradition passed on from one generation to another in the same way that infallible remedies for incurable diseases such as baldness and rheumatism are planted in us. Basically, most of those who make assertions about the danger of motorcycles are really expressing a subconscious fear of them.

Many parents of youngsters who express interest in some activity that has an element of danger are genuinely motivated when they refuse to grant permission or make it difficult for those activities to be followed. However, the end result of such disapproval can be more destructive in terms of frustration and anxiety produced in the mind of the adolescent than development of skills in riding a motorcycle with safety.

Let us examine the known facts of this problem. First of all, safety is a relative term. If absolute safety were attempted, life would be impossible in the ordinary sense. Practically everything we do or with which we come in contact has some degree of danger. The food we eat, the air we breathe, the homes in which we live, all these have dangers of one sort or another.

If we put the motorcycle in its true perspective, we find that it is a surprisingly safe device compared with many others. It comes as a surprise to most people to know that our homes cause more deaths from accidents each year than do our highways.

Approximately 100,000 persons die each year in the United States from accidental causes. Close to 40% of these take place in home surroundings compared with about 32% in connection with all types of motor vehicles.

In 1948 for example, 32,259 persons were killed in motor vehicle accidents out of which only 787 were deaths in motorcycle accidents. If one looks down the list of these official figures published by the National Office of Vital Statistics, it is interesting to note that in the same year there were 5,299 deaths from drowning, 2,270 from firearms, 1,863 from mechanical suffocation and 24,687 from falls and crushing. All these figures are for accidental deaths only, which excludes suicide or murder.

The National Safety Council founded in 1913 to study the whole problem of accidents in all fields has devised a "Science of Safety." All accidents, they tell us, have a cause. Causes are due either to mechanical failure or human failure. A high percentage of all accidents include failure in both respects.

Prevention of accidents involves taking care of both these possibilities. If the motor is kept in good condition at all times by re-

(Continued on Page 29)

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SPEEDWAY STAR AT SIX



WORLD'S YOUNGEST CINDER ARTIST AIMS FOR FUTURE CHAMPIONSHIP

Photos by Keystone Pictures, Inc.



Dad obliges for a push start. When no one is on big Cradley Heath track, Wolverhampton, England, George Cole takes Junior to practice

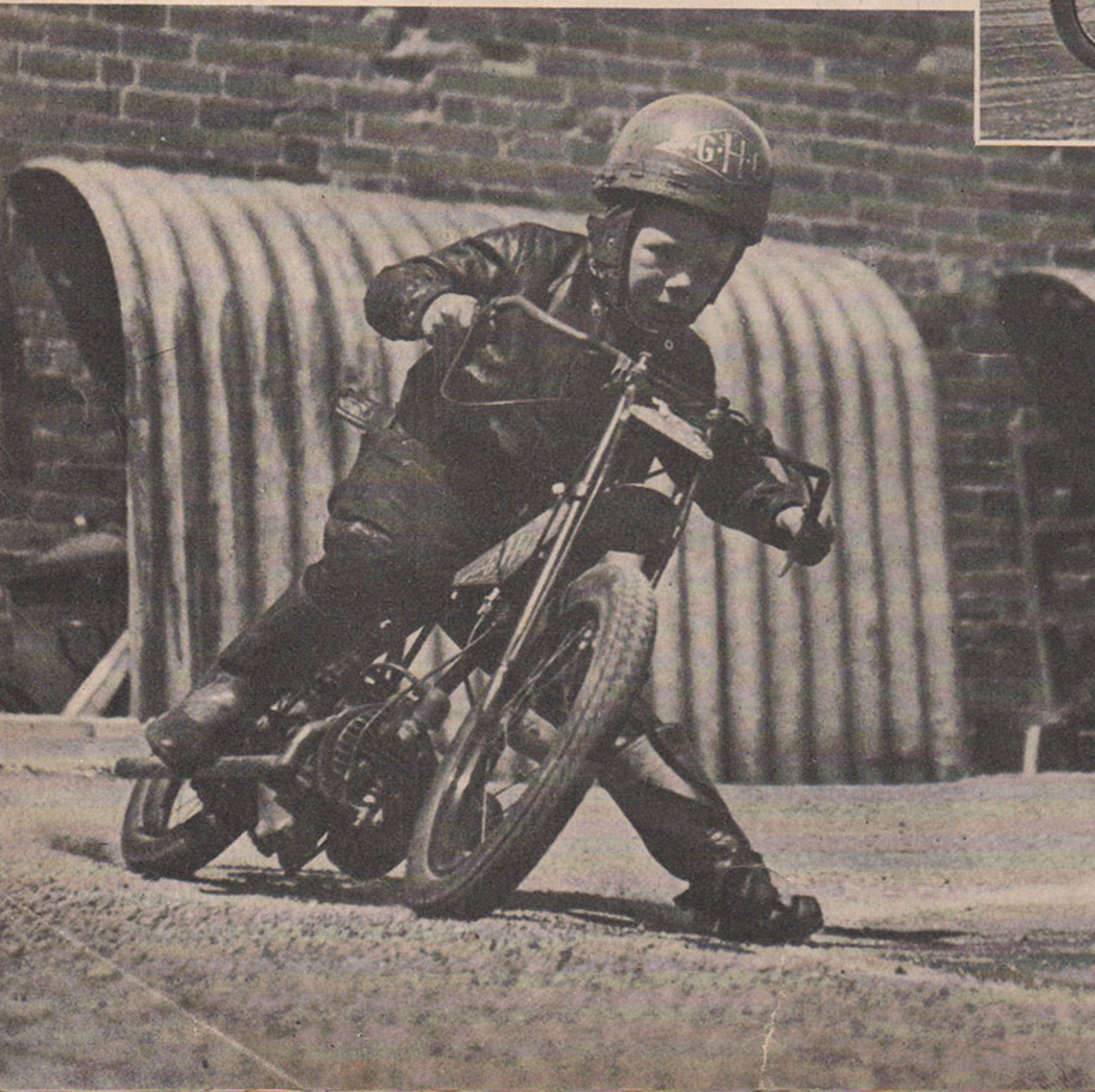
WITH PERHAPS ten years to go before he will be allowed to ride for profit in public, George "Junior" Cole is already a veteran of the cinders. At six years of age, he has a record of 100,000 laps to his credit.

Incredible as it may seem, he started riding a racing motorbike specially made for him in his father's workshop, almost as soon as he could walk. For the last few years he has spent all his days astride his 1 hp two-stroker, lapping up the miles on his own private dirt-track built in pop's back garden. Special equipment includes custom tailored leather riding suit with zippers all over, his boots, and his tiny crash helmet with initials G H C painted on it.

Four-year-old sister, Janet, idolizes her "big" brother and serves him innumerable cups of tea when he is practicing.

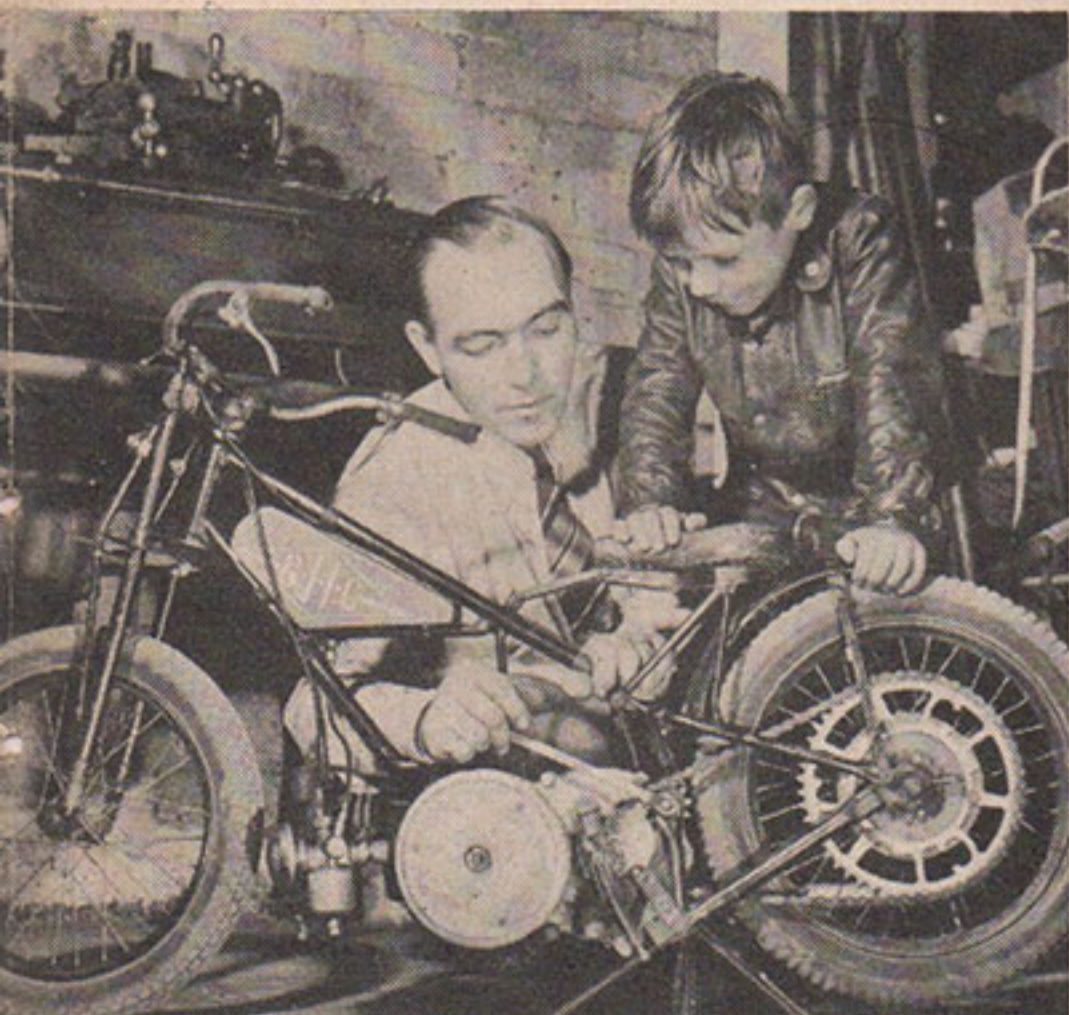
Brought up in a speedway atmosphere (his father was a professional rider and now makes speedway bikes), he knows all about such figures as Tommy Price, teen-age British champion. Greatest treat of all is when his dad puts his bike in the car and takes him for a spin around the big Cradley Heath tracks.

LEFT, George shows concentration and footwork as he puts down on a fast corner of his back-yard circuit. Flat Villiers single is slung low





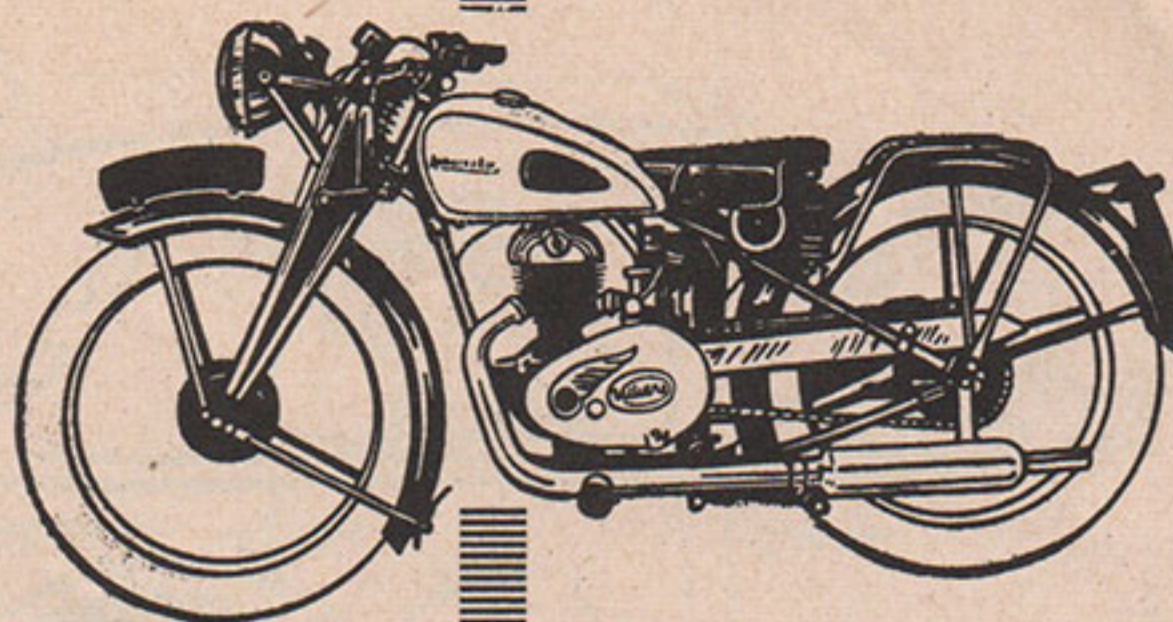
"Junior" has a sideways glance at admiring girls. Already he's a bit of a hero with the local kids, but always gracious and gives them a smile



Father and son make an interesting team. George takes a lesson as he watches dad adjust rear chain idler in their neat family workshop

The Law says he mustn't ride in public. Once when he did, his father and the promoter were fined a few pounds, so now George is content to ride before his first grade audiences and to bide his time, improving his technique, already very advanced, and prepare himself to sweep the tracks of England and the Continent in the years to come.

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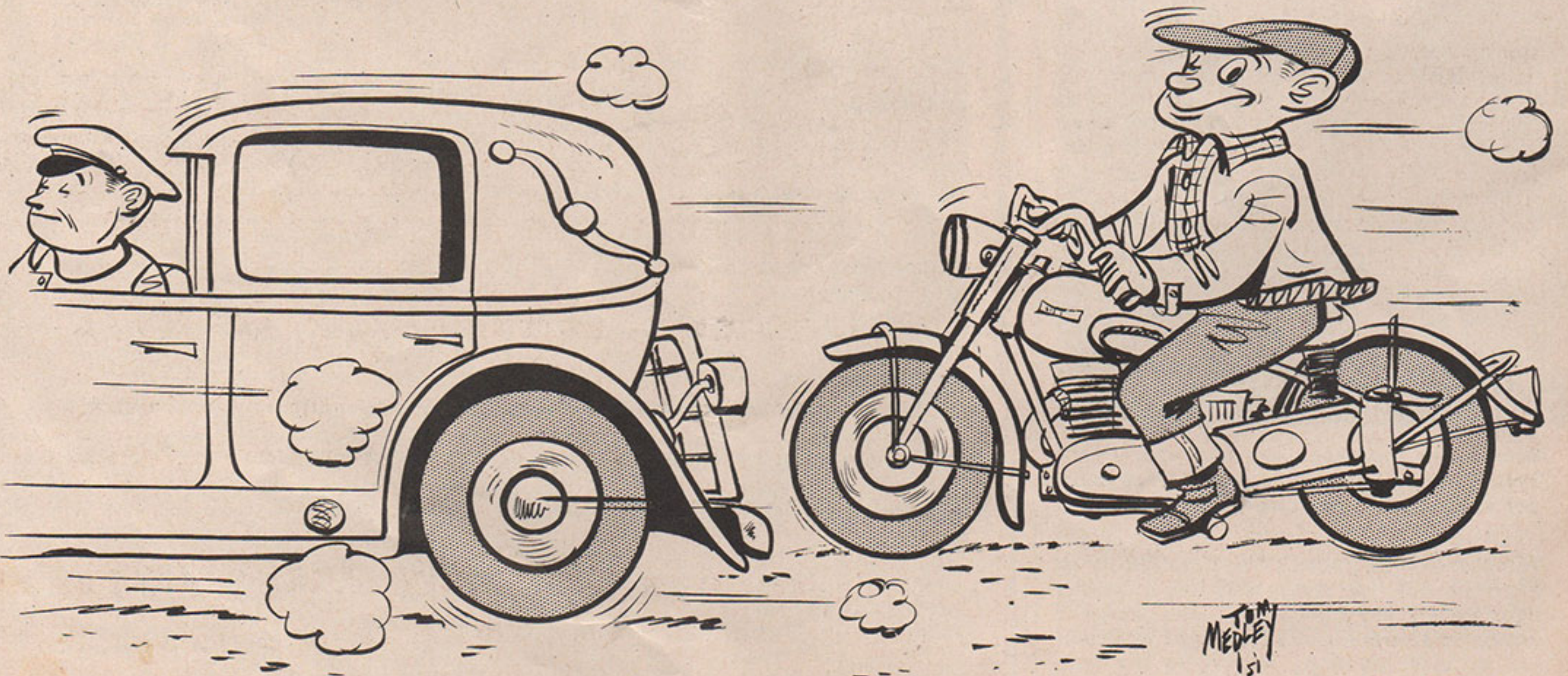
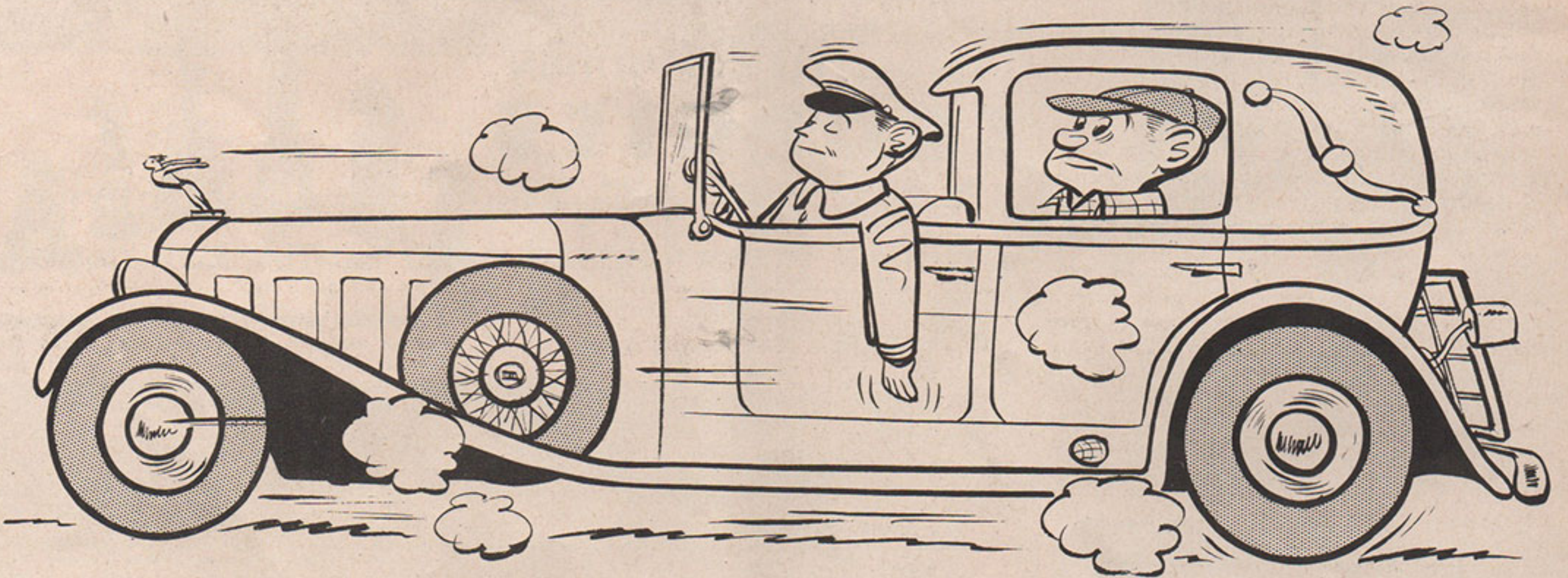
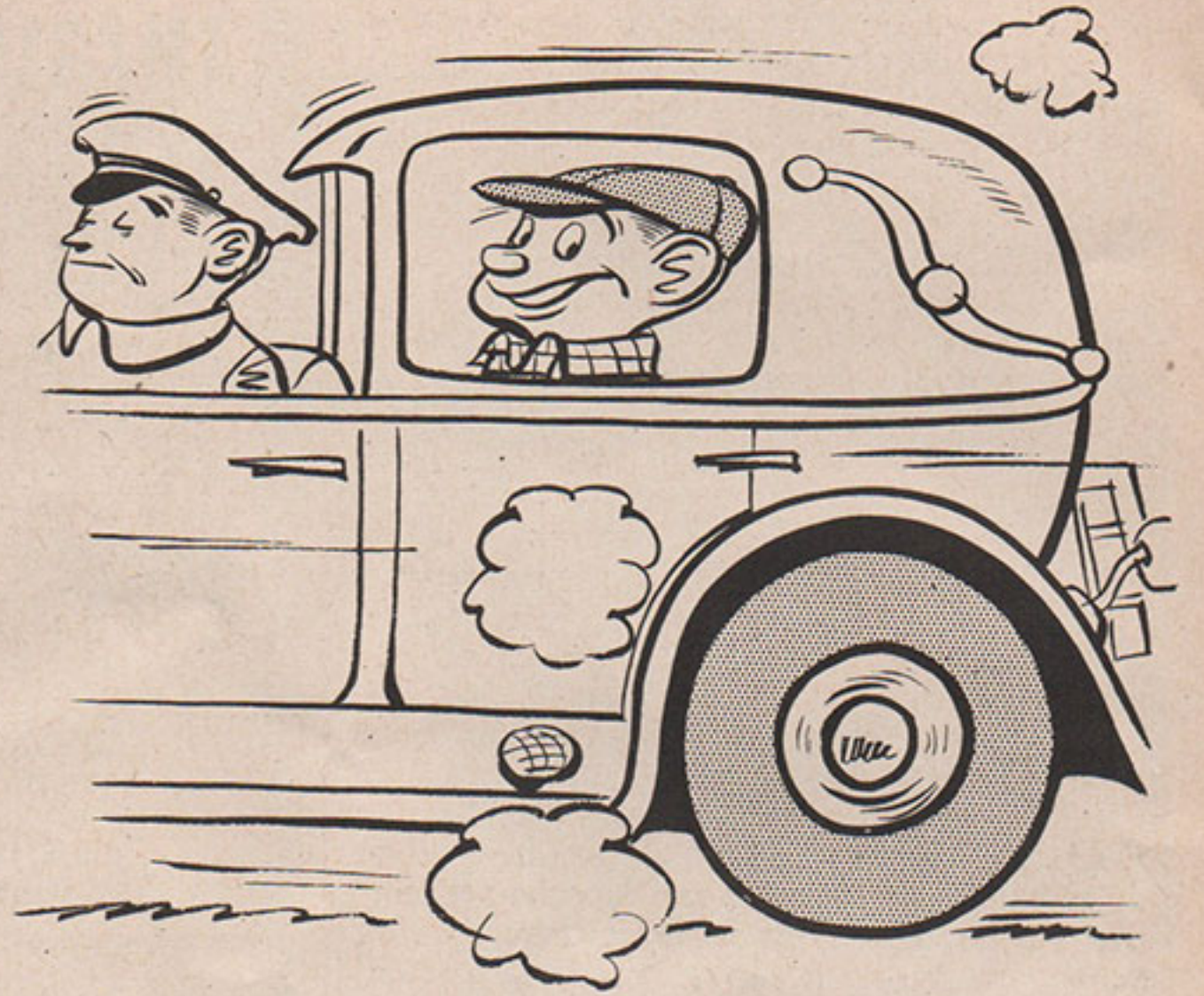
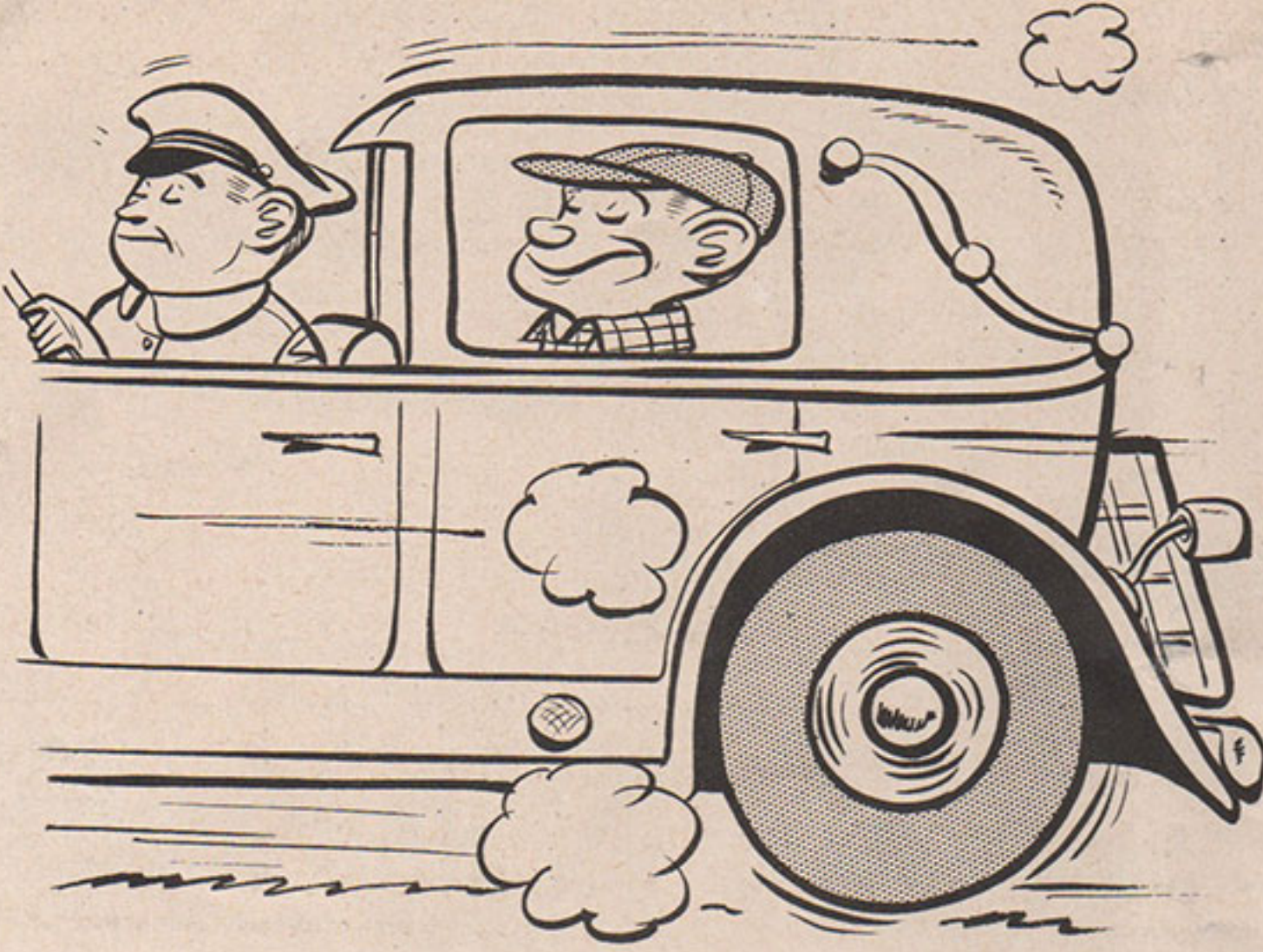
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 - Nov.
 - June
 - Sept.
 - Dec.
 - 1951
 - Jan.
 - Feb.
 - Apr.
 - May
 - Mar.



"SPOTLIGHT"

(Continued from Page 25)

placing worn or damaged parts and keeping all parts properly adjusted, the first category can be greatly reduced. This means regular servicing of the machine which may involve spending money, but in the long run this is money well spent.

The human failure is chiefly due to lack of skill, care or judgment. These factors are harder to correct in some cases. The process of controlling a motorcycle depends on a great many reflex actions developed as habits when we learn to ride. If we learn good habits by being taught by a good rider, we will follow these habits automatically in our riding. To that end, it would seem logical for clubs to develop a training program as part of their activities, so that the new rider may start off on the right foot. It is much harder to correct a bad habit than to learn a good one at the start.

There are a few individuals who have a much higher proportion of accidents than do most of us. These are the "accident-prone" that psychologists have been investigating lately. A large trucking company found that a small number of its drivers had many more accidents than the average. By transferring these men to other jobs they were able to reduce their accident rate by 80%.

The recognition of this accident prone individual can often be accomplished without much difficulty. He has a fairly well defined type of personality, being usually the person who makes snap decisions; plans for today instead of tomorrow, is introspective about his health and demonstrates signs of emotional instability. Not everyone with these characteristics is accident prone, but nearly all the accident prone fit the bill.

While it is the commonly expressed view among experienced riders that it is only a few, who by having accidents tend to give the whole sport a bad name, it is encouraging to know that the scientists can provide the proof. It remains for us as a group to play our part in efforts to reduce the whole accident problem and thereby demonstrate our desire and ability to play an effective part in community leadership and so improve the position of motorcycling with the public.

FLINTLOCK FIRED AGAIN

(Continued from Page 7)

spiring coastal ranges surrounding resort-like Santa Barbara. By noon it was over, and many a smoking saddle stood deserted as the former occupants waited anxiously by, watching the check sheets come in from the outlying hills to be tallied. Final adding of the scores showed Aub LeBard still had his hand on the gun while sidecar pilot, Howard Angel, and passenger, E. E. McIntosh, once again shared grips on the three-wheeler trophy, a flintlock pistol.

Solo Class

Aub LeBard.....	BSA	30.50 cu. in.
John McLaughlin.....	AJS	30.50 cu. in.
Lloyd Bulmer.....	BSA	30.50 cu. in.
James Opp.....	Triumph	40. cu. in.
Max Bubeck.....	Indian	30.50 cu. in.
Bill Slattery.....	Har-Dav.	61. cu. in.
Frank Kennedy.....	Har-Dav.	61. cu. in.

Girls Class

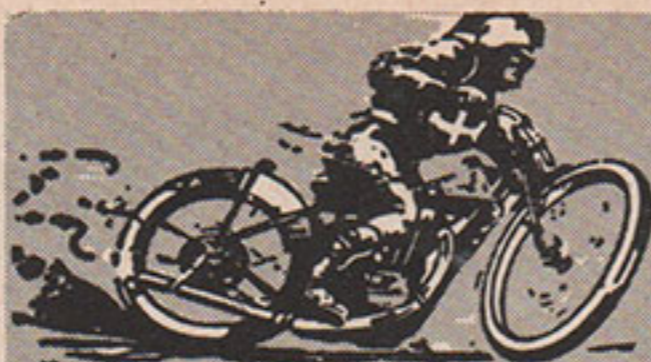
Dottie Ellison.....	Triumph	30.50 cu. in.
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Sidecar Class

Howard Angel and E. E. McIntosh.....	Har-Dav.	74. cu. in.
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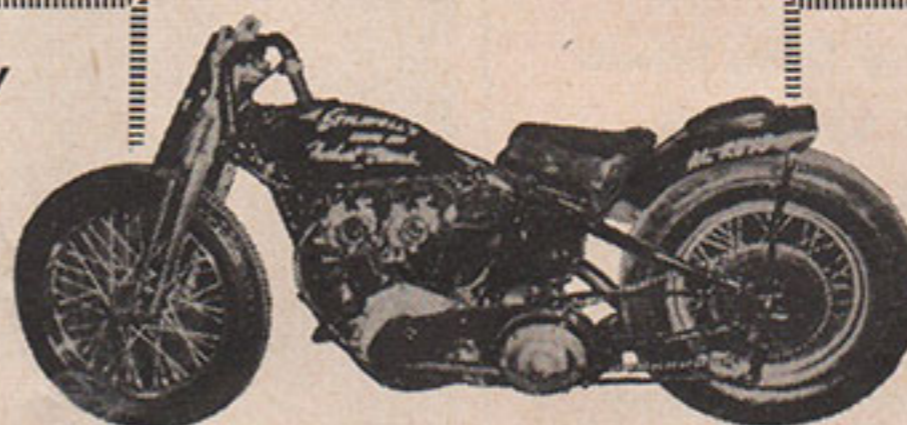
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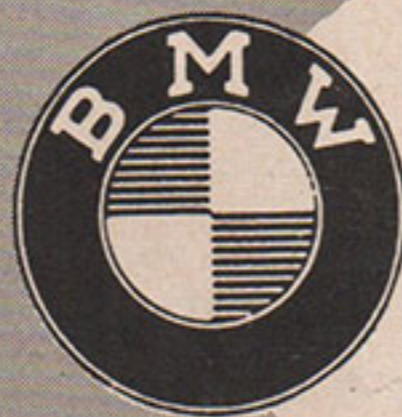
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Owner Harry Foster, left, and Ellery Wayman

HARRY FOSTER, boss of the Slauson Motorcycle Shop, 2056 West Slauson Avenue, Los Angeles is one of the best pit chiefs in the country. This year he worked for the Kretz father-son combination at Daytona, bringing Ed in with a healthy sixth.

Harry began riding in 1928 aboard one of the old famous Indians, the 101 Scout. From 1930 to 1937, he raced in TT events, pausing now and then to try his hand at hare-and-hounds, scrambles and hill-climbs. When he gave up TT work in 1937, Harry kept on with the cow-trailing sports. Until this year he rode the Big Bear whenever he could find the time.

In 1946, Harry began the pit work that earned him his present reputation. By 1947, he had helped Ed Kretz with the Laconia, New Hampshire 100-miler which Ed won. In 1948, he helped boost Ted Evans to the West Coast 1/4-mile dirt-track championship in Bakersfield, California. Harry can handle more than one kind of machine—Ed rode an Indian in the Laconia race and Ted Evans was on a Norton.

1948 was a big year for Harry. In addition to the Laconia race, he worked for Jimmy Braithwaite on several races, including Jimmy's win at Lakeland Park in the 1/3-mile event. Then he teamed up with Dick Milligan for a victorious steeplechase at Lincoln Park.

Harry has owned his shop since 1947, but not until this year has he decided to cut down on his traveling. He says that he can't give proper attention to non-racing customers unless he stays around home base more of the time. With the help of Ellery Wayman, mechanic, salesman and parts clerk, Harry wants to build up a steady clientele of en-

thusiasts. He splits all duties of the shop with Ellery, preferring to stay in the shop, by the workbench when he can.

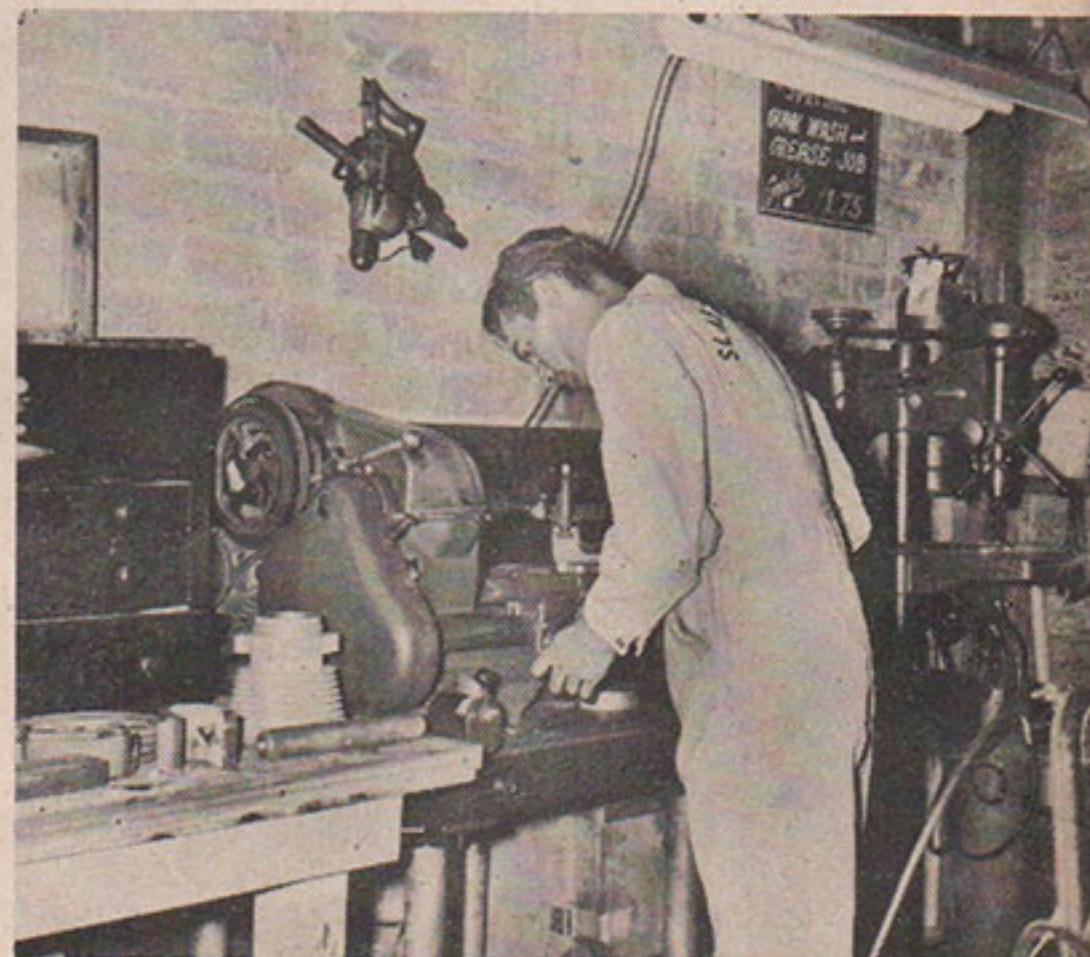
In the front part of the shop, Harry has a good stock of new Ariel and Triumph machines and a growing supply of used bikes. There are parts for all makes and Harry has the experience to handle any job that comes along. While his special experience is with racers, he can patch up road jobs with the same precision and skill.

While Harry fully intends to stay close to home this year, he still keeps active in competition. He had two machines entered in the Catalina run for George Alguire. One is a 1950 Trophy Triumph and the other is a rare 15 cu. in. Triumph. That last machine is newly equipped with the 15" engine. When Harry first bought it several years ago, he ripped out the small engine and installed a 30-50. The 15" engine was re-installed especially for the Catalina meet.

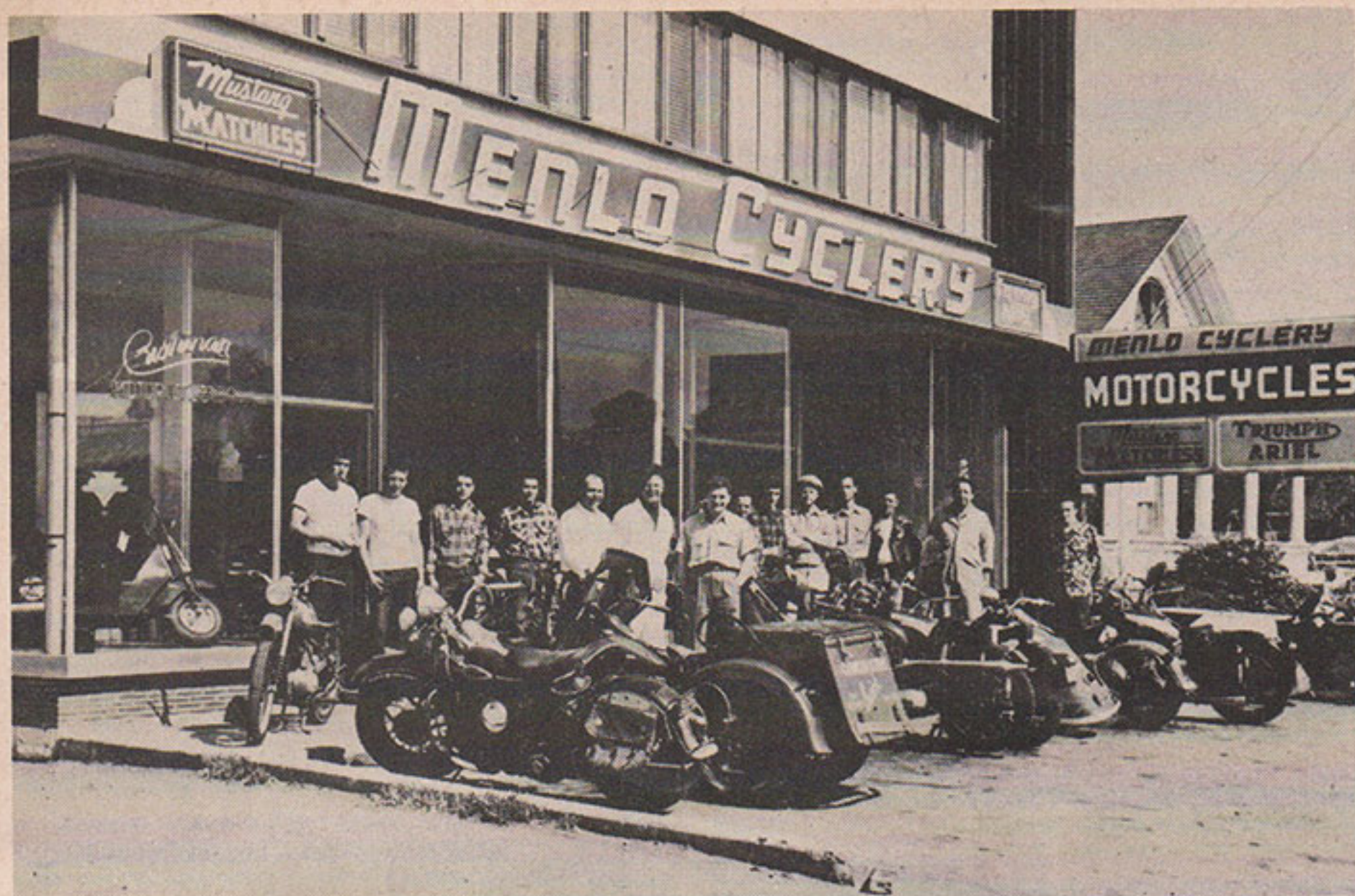
In 1950, Harry took a flier at the dry lakes speed runs with two Triumphs. The 30-50 clocked 126.50 mph and the 40 cu. in. job went through at 124 mph. At the next meet, the big engine ran second to Bobby Turner, losing by 3 mph.

To help with the transition from racing work to more prosaic labor, Harry takes active interest in a number of local events. He donates trophies to such events as the Catalina run, Big Bear, Cactus Derby, Greenhorn Enduro, San Gabriel Hare and Hound.

Sixty per cent of the Slauson Motorcycle Shop is devoted to motorcycle repair. Harry is an expert at improving the speed of any machine and likes to do that kind of work. Any kind of technical problem is his particular joy. If you're having trouble getting that speedometer needle into the upper segment of the dial, drop around and talk to Harry about it. He's probably got the answer.



Mechanic Wayman takes a turn on the lathe



MENLO CYCLERY

Photos by Pat Corner

The friendly Menlo shop offers a wide variety of merchandise and will tackle any repair job

ONE OF THE up-and-coming motorcycle shops in the Northern California area is the Menlo Cyclery, located at 1820 El Camino Real, Menlo Park and owned by partners, J. D. Mitchell and Gene Rocchi.

This thoroughly modern establishment serves as a second home for all Triumph, Ariel, Matchless, Mustang and Cushman riders in the area, as well as boasting a complete line of accessories and parts for the many different makes. Shop facilities are good, and rightly so, since all repairs are directed by an expert, Mr. Bill Crane, Sr. Bill has been barking his knuckles as a mechanic for the past two decades and besides his regular chores, builds and tunes the shop's sponsored competition bikes. Bill Crane, Jr., takes advantage of pop's savvy; has become well-known in competition circles and often lends Dad a hand on the track machines. Leo Lanfri, another top cycle man of the area, also works in the shop.

Mitch and Rocchi decided to team up in the cycle business at the close of the last war; Rocchi being a navy man in the Pacific Theatre, while Mitch served in the Merchant Marine. After they had buttoned up the formalities, the boys decided that they should take root in a fast-growing community with

a clean, modern shop. Menlo was the spot, and their first intuition was the right one, for they've been busy as the devil ever since.

Mitch attends all the cycle doings and his charming wife, Freda, is very active in affairs down the peninsula. All work together for the betterment of the sport and offer their whole-hearted cooperation to the cause. Both partners lend a hand to the Tri-City club at Belmont Speedway, and to the Peninsula club in their activities. Both are cyclists through and through and make sure that shop visitors and customers are well taken care of when they stop in. A special workbench and good set of tools are always on hand for the fellow who wants to come in and just tinker around or make his own minor repairs. Most of the time a pot of hot coffee is brewing and a magazine-littered lounge always tempts the gang to let up and catch up on the latest cycle chatter. This friendly atmosphere and informal treatment are rapidly establishing Mitch and Rocchi as regular fellows among the guys and gals in Menlo. If you are ever riding along the El Camino Real, consider this your personal invitation to stop, stretch, and meet a couple of boys who feel the same way you do about how a cycle shop should be run.



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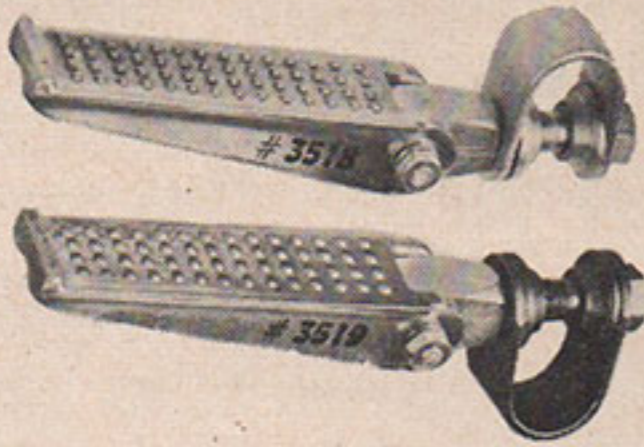
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TWO WHEELS TO PANAMA

(Continued from Page 9)

magneto. Mumbling some very crude English, I picked myself out of the water and walked to dry land to unwrap the cameras from around my shoulders. Back to the cycle where a cursory examination disclosed no damage, but a very definite problem. The front wheel was jammed between two boulders, the crankcase was cooling off under water while resting on its own private rock, and the rear tire had spun a sand trap. In short order I had dislodged the bike and bumped, thudded and bubbled back to dry land.

Here I loaded up and dripped off through the dust. A few miles further, a pair of wiggly rails crossed the path and later bisected a town, Tres Picos. (Population 300), speedometer reading was 41 miles. Elapsed time was exactly six hours.

A warm beer was located in the general store and information provided indicated there was not even a foot path any further through the jungle. Attempted to ride the railroad, but after a mile of ever increasing tie separations, decided not to risk a blowout. Returned to the railroad station where the agent was able to make me understand that \$25.00 for the motor and \$18.00 for me, would put us both on the only train for Tapachula; which was due in an hour, more or less. So I bought tickets and began to search for food. The town was too small for a restaurant, but fortunately I was invited to eat at a gracious villager's home. Afterwards the bike was pushed aboard a rickety box car and lashed down for the trip. This taken care of, I grabbed my belongings and rushed back to the comfort (?) of a first class coach; jumping aboard the moving train to keep from being left behind.

But what a madhouse. The train averages about 12 miles per hour over a roadbed of the ninth class. The front of my coach traveled in many directions at once, and all of them different from the rear of the same coach. A noisy vendor was selling cold beer and renting pillows to the weary as we rocked through the jungle. Every stop finds village children chasing each other up and down car aisles, to jump off after the train has started; and the bravest, of course, is the last to leave. At 3:30 the following morning we finally lurched into Tapachula.

In Guatemala City motorcycles are everywhere, ridden by men of all ages, and used for most unusual things. I even saw little 97 cc jobs pulling trailers loaded with food, or packing double; with the girls sitting sidesaddle. Slacks for women are taboo, and none of the girls will risk criticism nor do they ride motorcycles by themselves.

In the capital I found many interesting varieties of machines including BMW's, DKW's, Horex, Zundapps, Husqvarnas, Lambrettas, etc. Despite this great usage, the Guatemalans like the two-wheeled steed only as a source of economical transportation on their 50c a gallon gasoline. Practically no sport riding is done, the one club is inactive, and no racing has been seen for years. Here, the cry was parts, for no matter what kind of equipment you own in Guatemala the spares problem is a severe headache.

My machine was very handy in circulating about the country to take pictures. I visited Antigua, which was the fourth capital of Guatemala; and was completely destroyed by an earthquake some 200 years ago. Rode 97 miles to Chichicastenango and saw its famous church steps, where the Indians pray in the open, while burning tins of incense to carry their words to heaven in the smoke.

At the "Parque Central" one day a very unusual thing happened. I was using my outstretched hands to frame the Cathedral,

while deciding upon the best viewpoint from which to take a color picture. The fountain, which was spouting water gracefully into the sky, decided to turn itself off just as I lowered my arms. Thinking of it only as a coincidence, I turned to leave, and almost missed an Indian family of three who had been watching me closely. Their faces were a study in sheer amazement and the old man ventured closer to say something in his native tongue while pointing to both my hands and the fountain. Taking the cue, I told him in Spanish, "Yes, I did it; it was nothing," and walked away. It must have created quite a sensation in the village that evening when he told his story of the tall "Ladino" (white person) who was able to turn off the park fountain with a wave of his arms.

Packed and left so early one Sunday morning that I sleepily misinterpreted the directions given me by local police, and rode the wrong road out of town. There are two highways out of Guatemala City toward El Salvador; one is fairly good and in daily use, the other is the nice wide Inter-American Highway—which has no surfacing, maintenance or anything. I bumped along for 18 miles before finally arriving at the right road. Then there was an additional 84 miles of poor dirt to the border. The road caused the only damage on my trip so far, when the weight of my cargo broke through the fender braces, as I thumped into a typical Guatemalan chuck hole. Finally arrived at the Guatemala border station and in a few minutes was all checked out except for inspection of baggage. For this, the inspector was telling me in Spanish, I would have to pay \$2.75, because it was Sunday. Such bad news completely ruined my understanding of the local language and I could not understand a word he had said. Then he wrote the \$2.75 on a slip of paper, but I made a terrific racket in English; I had paid duty to come into the country and it was not correct to charge me to leave. Finally he gave up in disgust, sold me 25c worth of tax stamps, and retired to his office amid the laughter of the fellow officers. They all considered it a huge joke on him, and passed me through without further delay. About seventy miles further on I stopped at the American Embassy. Rode to the main gate and found it well guarded by ONE Marine in civilian clothes. He was more than helpful, provided a map of the city, the address of a good boarding house, and careful directions as to how to get there; including a stern warning regarding the one-way streets. Now we were officially in El Salvador, the smallest, richest, and most densely populated country in Central America.

And am I green—while bargaining for a garage space to house the Beeza overnight, the manager said, "Veinte Y Cinco Centavos" (25c) per night, but being a really sharp "gringo," I said, "No, that is too much, I will pay you only \$2.00 for a week. No wonder his twelve year old son had a sudden attack of laughter.

* * *

Note: All prices are in Mexican pesos (\$). Divide by 8.60 to obtain United States dollar equivalent.

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Cargo weighs 94 pounds and the rider 174.

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(The conclusion of Bill Carroll's exclusive CYCLE trek to Panama will be told in a future issue, recounting his many interesting personal experiences with our Mexican neighbors.—ED.)



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LOOKING AHEAD



advance news of events

ONCE AGAIN the months have rolled by and it's just a few weeks when the New England Motorcycle Dealers Association will play hosts to the thousands of motorcycle fans throughout the United States and Canada at the famous million dollar Belknap Recreation Area on June 15-16-17.

Saturday, the amateurs will have their 50 mile event, with the late afternoon set aside for a barrel of fun for the everyday motorcycle rider. Games of all kinds and stunts with your own cycle are planned. Saturday night will again see a free dance for riders in the million dollar recreation hall. Once again the various dealers, manufacturers and accessory houses will display their models and accessories for the three days. Saturday's races are free to everyone. Sunday, of course, is the big 100 mile National Championship.

Reservations can be made early through Miss Barbara Lyman, c/o Belknap Recreation Area, Box 301, Laconia, New Hampshire. Thousands of beautiful cabins nestling in the pines and overlooking the lakes are available as well as hotels and tourist homes. Write early and enclose \$5.00 deposit for reservations. Riders can secure their entry blanks by writing to the A.M.A. office or Al Ralston, secretary, N.E.M.D.A., 18 Station Street, East Weymouth, Massachusetts.

DISTANT rumblings from the hill country surrounding Red Mountain, California, indicate that scouts from the Pasadena Motorcycle Club are again blazing a trail for their annual Greenhorn Endurance Run, scheduled May 26 and 27.

The course of this two-day brush-busting saddle-shaker, last year's national enduro, leaves Johnson Motors in Pasadena shortly after dawn of the 26th. After approximately 200 miles of cross-country riding at a set pace, the trail swings into Red Mountain, the overnight stop. The following day will be spent on the return trip to Pasadena, where the last man is expected to check in before dark.

P.M.C.'s trail scouts report that this year's course is a shade milder than last year's championship run, but add that very few of the contestants will be troubled with time on their hands.

Price of the entry fee will be \$2.00 including souvenir pin. All inquiries should be addressed to Pasadena Motorcycle Club, 21 East Howard, Pasadena, California.

H. A. NELSON, Indian Sales Co., was elected president of a new non-profit corporation which plans construction of a timing strip in the Los Angeles area. Nelson was elected at a meeting of representatives of various timing associations and companies in the motorcycle and automotive fields. Other officers are: Rollin Mack, Trend, Inc., vice president; Morgan Sinclair, Sports Car Club of America, secretary, and Jim Lindsley, So. Cal. Timing Ass'n Inc., treasurer. The officers plan an early meeting to name a board of directors to represent all organizations interested in the timing strip development, which, it is planned, will also include a European type road course.

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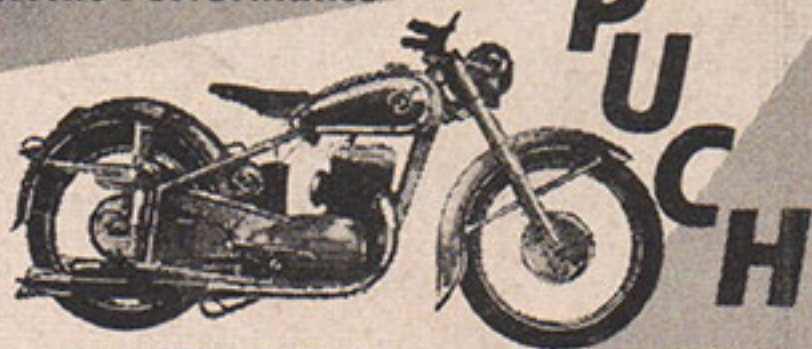
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RIDER WRITINGS

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find a subscription list for 5 members of the Hell's Angels M/C. We have collected \$15.00 for the 5 subscriptions. If this club subscription plan doesn't end with this one letter, we would appreciate having this service regularly for our club members. My husband and I have been reading your book faithfully and like it very much. Our only complaint is that there is little Michigan news in your book.

Hell's Angel's M/C

Detroit 23, Michigan

(The club plan, whereby the club keeps \$1.00 of each \$3.00 subscription, is in effect through the month of May. We share your regrets on Michigan coverage. Where are the Michigan contributors??—ED.)

Sirs:

At the present time I am stationed in Japan and don't have much of a chance to see or do any riding. . . . What riding I have done has been in sunny Southern California . . . so I am familiar with most of the places you mention in your magazine. Speaking of your magazine, that's the reason I am writing this letter. When I wrote my club to send me some books on bikes, I didn't know what they intended to send. When the magazines arrived, I found out what they had been reading and what all of us like to see: a darned good book. It is written in the kind of language I like to see. As they say in Japanese, it is ichiban, or number one: the best. You will never know how much pleasure your magazines bring me.

Cpl. Patrick M. Dirks
U.S. Armed Forces

Dear Editor:

I think CYCLE is tops!! I especially like Rex Burnett's fine cut-a-way drawings and Tim Witham's technical articles. I am one of the "lone riders" mentioned in April's "Speaking Cycle." How do I join the A.M.A. and where do I send my \$1.50? Please answer this in your "Rider Writings" column, as I'm sure many of your readers would be interested in the same information. Thank you.

Joe Richardson
Runford 16, R.I.

(The planned A.M.A. dues hike never materialized and the annual fee still remains \$1.00. Send your dollar along with your name and address to American Motorcycle Association, 106 Buttles Ave., Columbus 8, Ohio. This will entitle you to a card and pin and make you eligible to participate in A.M.A. activities nation-wide—ED.)

Editor:

I enjoyed the article on Flexi-Sidecar-ing in the May CYCLE. I think it's the first thing I've seen in print on this interesting rig. Now if Mr. Bizallion would explain how he's getting around that left turn, with his front wheel cut to the right, I'd appreciate that too. Nowadays, I do all my motorcycling within the covers of CYCLE. It's so much more interesting than the one I used to read when I was riding; twenty-five years ago.

Harold E. Fatland
Peoria, Illinois

(Apparently author Bizallion was cutting his front wheel back to the right to correct an over-slide. This is a perfectly normal maneuver since the Flexi is handled in the same manner as a solo bike.—ED.)

Sirs:

I have a "hot rod" motorcycle that you may be interested in. It is a 1951 Harley-Davidson 125, equipped with a front parking light, a speedometer light, hub caps, direction signals, stop light, and an ammeter. The engine has been stepped up by using a 9 to 1 compression ratio head. The block has been ported by a racing outboard specialist and fitted with special piston and rings. It has an Indian Arrow carburetor, dual spark plugs with a big twin coil, and twin exhaust ports. I am trying a special countershaft sprocket from a Cushman motor scooter. I'm sorry I have no pictures, but if you like I can send you some along with performance figures. I am very interested to know if there are other people who have modified their 125's and I would enjoy hearing from them.

Jack W. Crenshaw
1212 Narrow Lane
Montgomery, Alabama

Gentlemen:

Here is all the "paper work" to start my subscription rolling. This is the letter of a convert who is fast learning that there is more fun and performance per dollar in a motorcycle.

Racing M.G.'s is fun too, but based on the present costs of living, much joy is lost when competitive spirit is quenched under a flood of expenses in order to keep the sports car in trim.

That isn't the only reason for the change. I can say in all sincerity that I haven't met a more genuine tribe of enthusiasts, who gather together for fun and games. . . .

Jay Gude
Roslyn Heights, L.I.

(Welcome to the fold, Jay. We know you'll find two wheels more sporting than four in every respect—ED.)

Dear Sir:

Please, please, please! Have your staff and you read your road test report for the MAC in last month's CYCLE. You appear to have forgotten to include the valuable part of the article, namely the points of criticism and the statistics from the report. Where are the miles per gallon on this specific test, the maximum speed in each gear, the acceleration times through gears, the braking distances, etc., etc.?

John R. Perrin
U.C.L.A., Los Angeles
(So you're wondering too? Velocette fans take note below.—Ed.)

PERFORMANCE SUMMARY

Acceleration

Standing start to 35 mph— 4 secs.
Standing start to 50 mph— 8 secs.
Standing start to 75 mph—19 secs.

Braking

From 25 to stopped, rear only —42 ft.
From 25 to stopped, front only —27 ft. 6 in.
From 25 to stopped, both brakes—23 ft. 4 in.

Speed

Maximum in low —35 mph
Maximum in second—51 mph
Maximum in third —76 mph
Maximum in high —81 mph

Weight

Front only, 158 lbs. Rear only, 180 lbs.
Total, 338 lbs.
With rider, front only, 210 lbs.
Rear only, 318 lbs. Total, 528 lbs.

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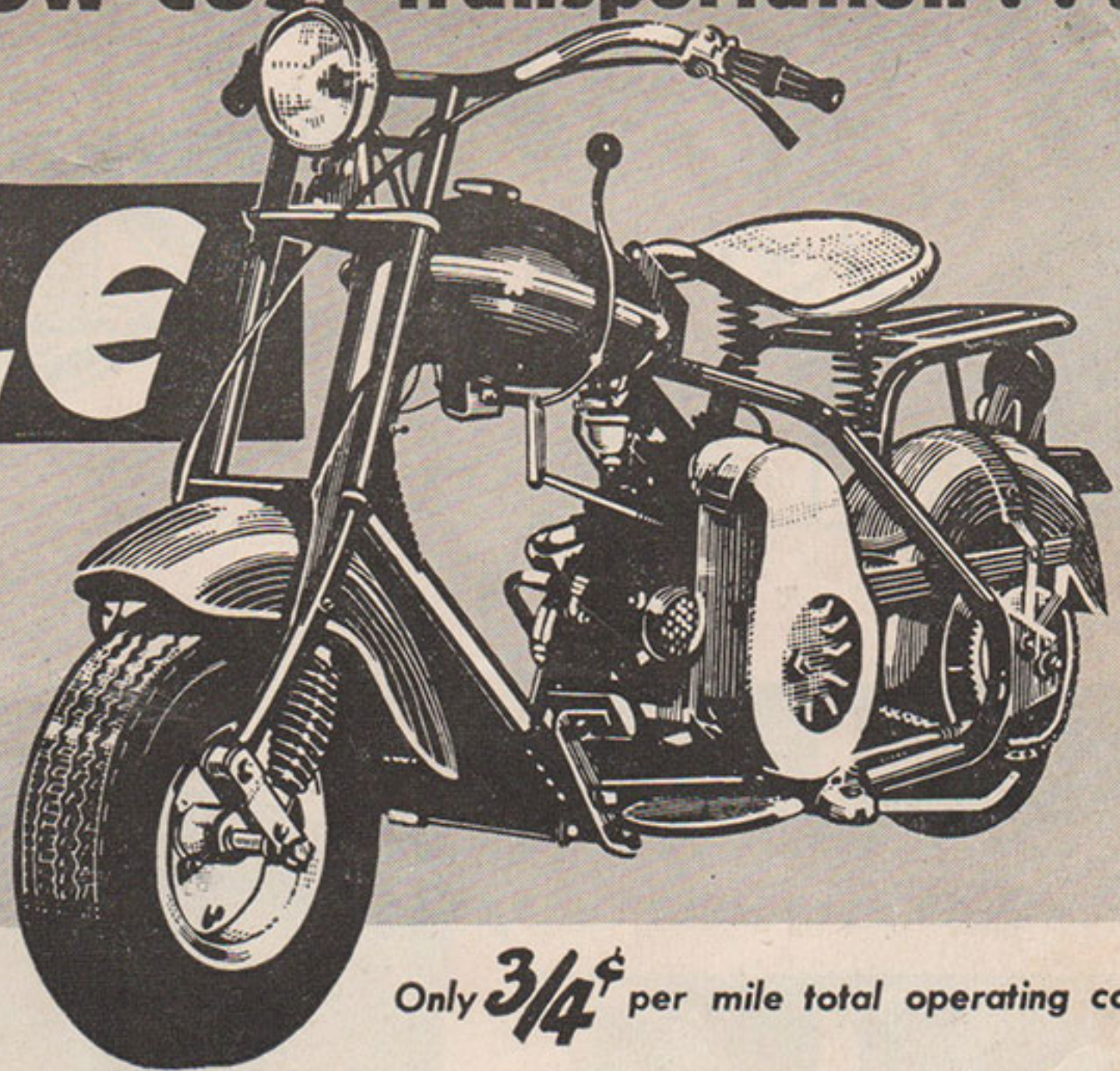
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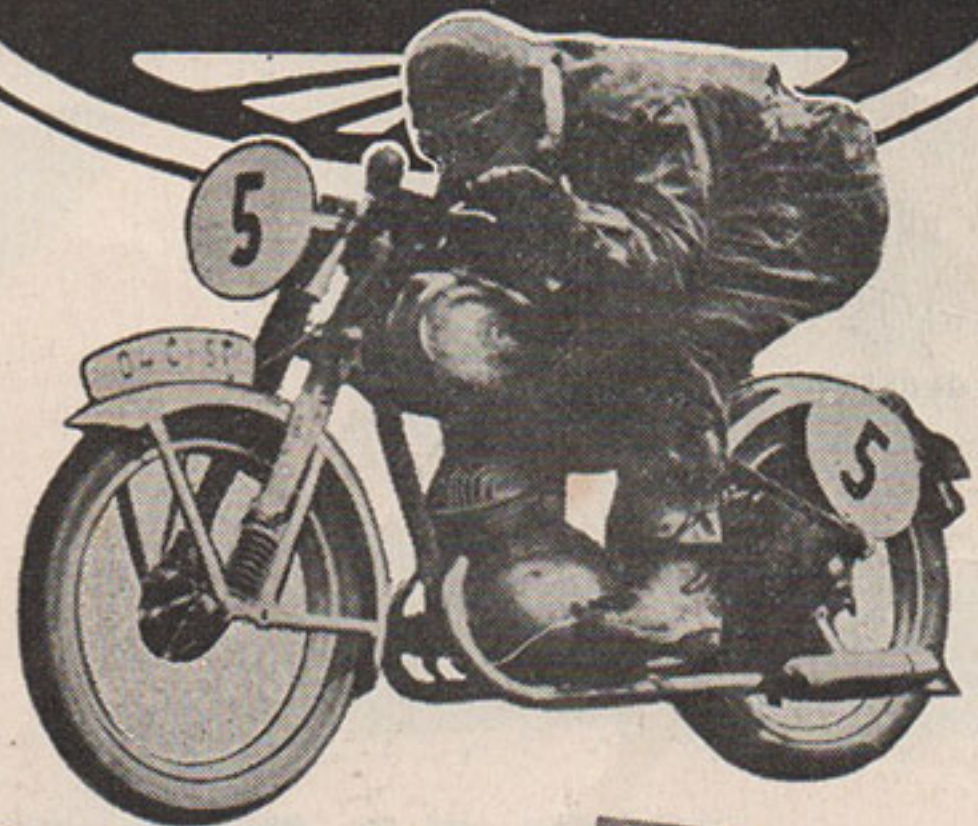
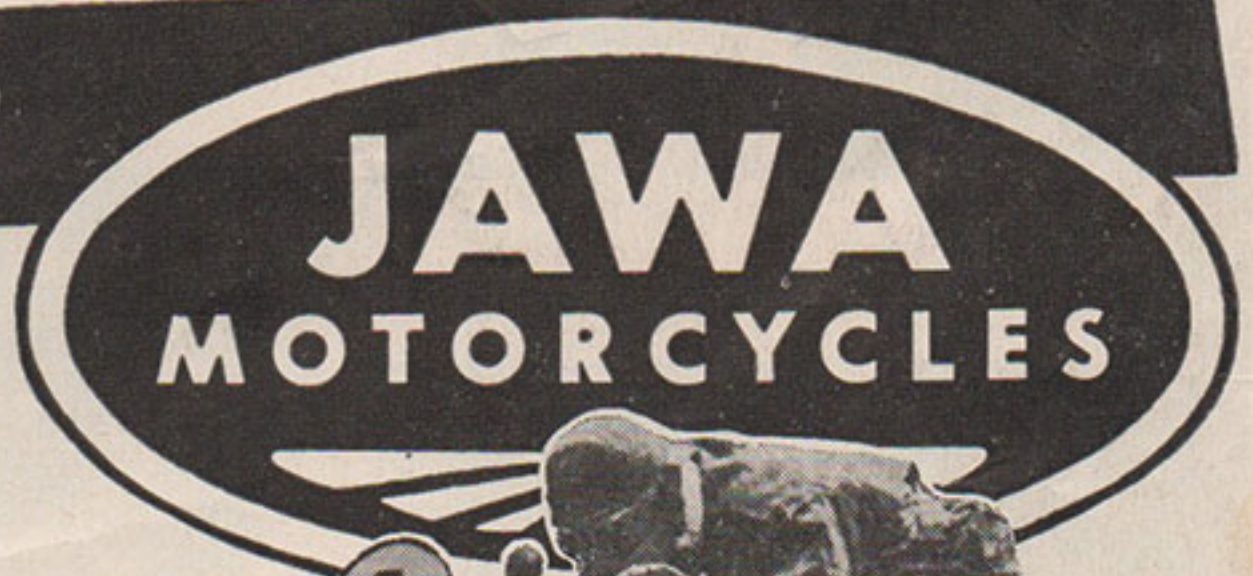
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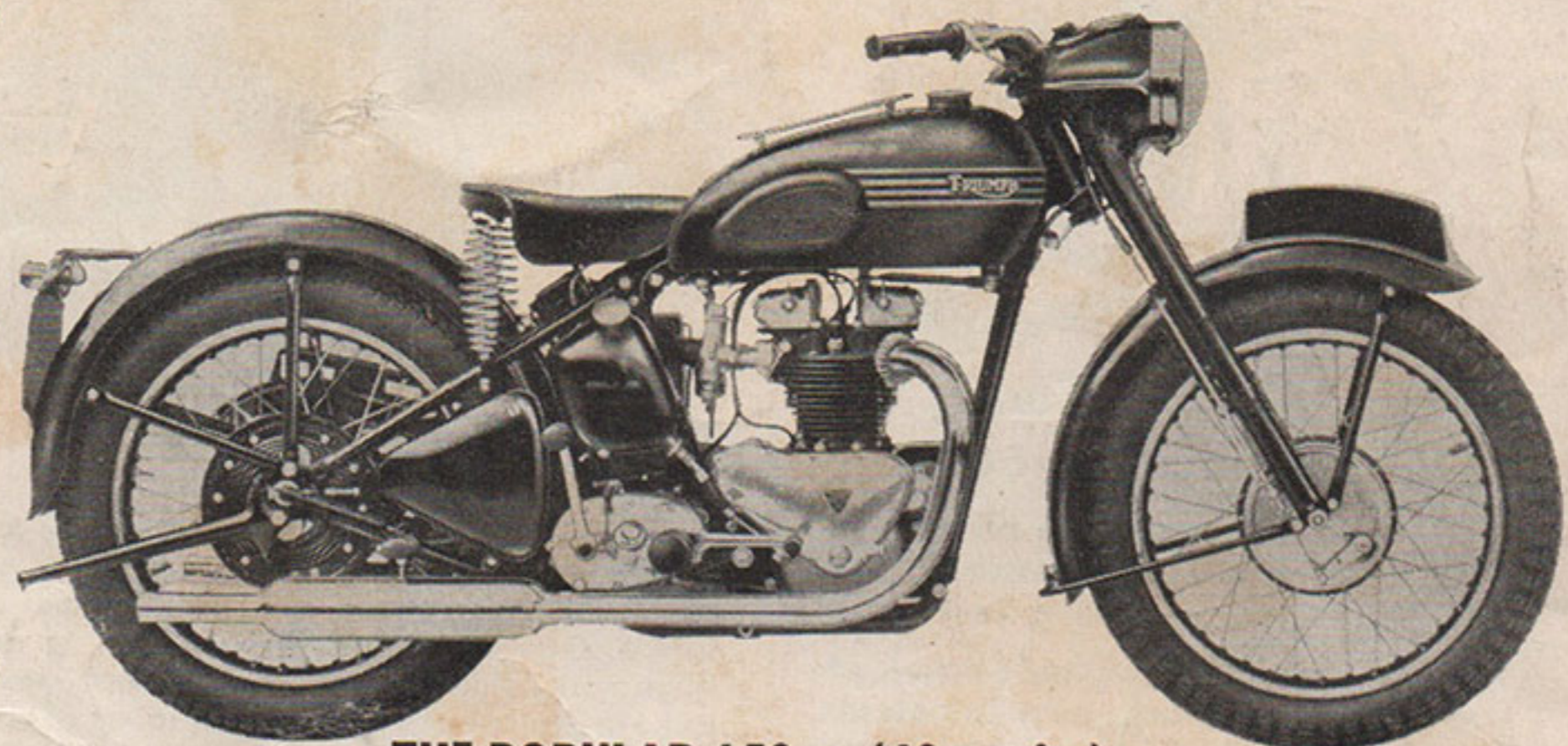
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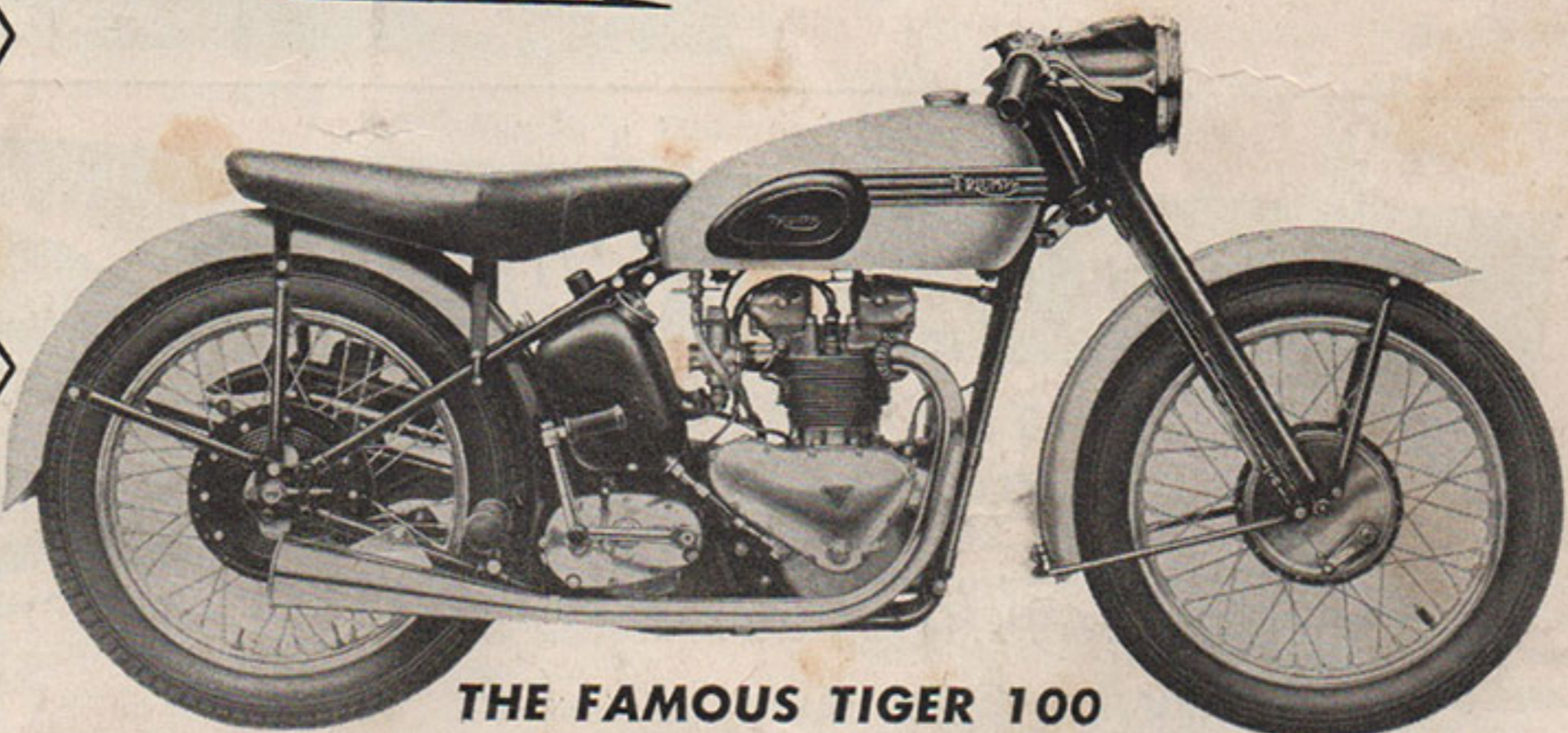
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