

JUN 8 -



# CYCLE

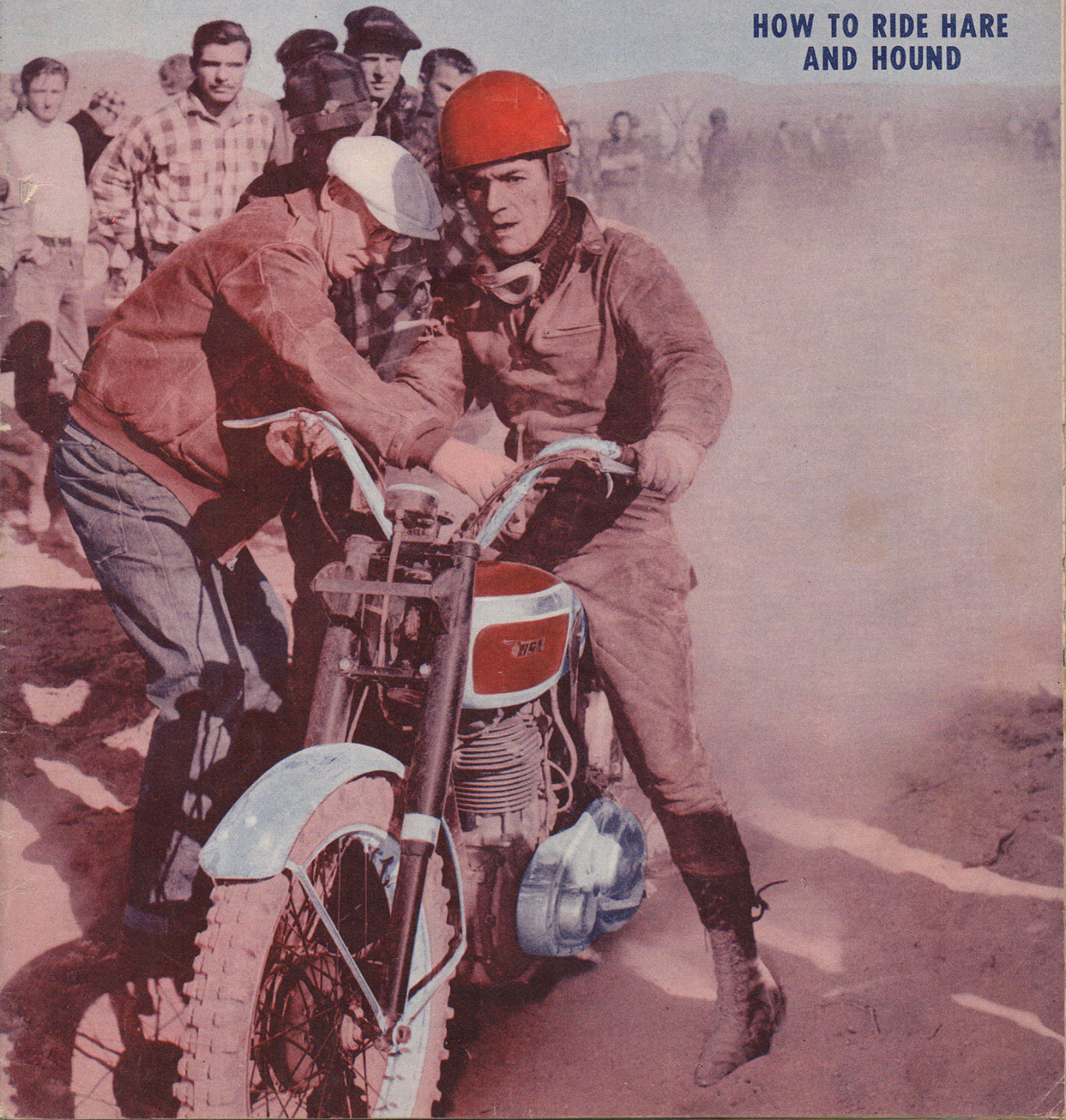
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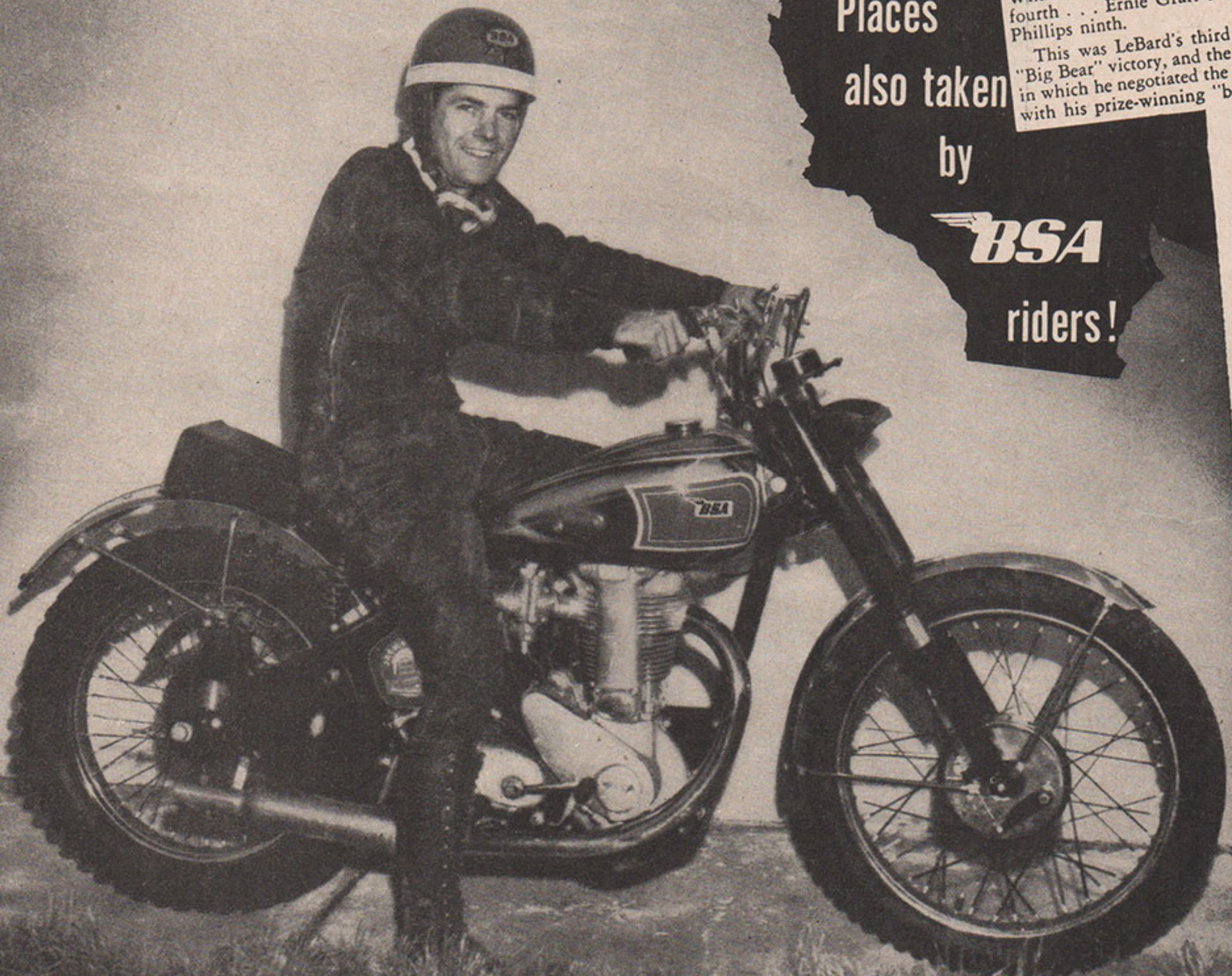
**by**

**BSA**

**riders!**

Los Angeles, January 10th, Aub LeBard, Los Angeles Motorcycle enthusiast and BSA-Sunbeam Motorcycle Dealer, took top honors in the annual "Big Bear" motorcycle Enduro held in the Big Bear Mountain Area. The strenuous course took cyclists over hundreds of miles of desert sand, river beds and the roughest mountain terrain. This National motorcycle event attracted exactly 234 entries, including practically all of the nation's top motorcyclists. LeBard, riding a B.S.A. Model B-34 beat the entire field! Other B.S.A. mounted riders in the first ten included, Willie Wilson third . . . Ed Sumner fourth . . . Ernie Graff sixth . . . Ray Phillips ninth.

This was LeBard's third consecutive "Big Bear" victory, and the second time in which he negotiated the tough course with his prize-winning "beeza."



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# Speaking Cycle

JULY 1951

## CYCLE

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EDITOR—Robert Greene

ART DIRECTOR—Al Isaacs

ADVERTISING MANAGER—Ray Bowles

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Gordon Behn

WRITERS—Gene Jaderquist, Clarence Czynsz

"World's Largest Monthly Motorcycle Circulation"

FROM THE many contacts made through our current photo contest, it is becoming more and more evident that hundreds of CYCLE readers are capable of doing a bang-up job of contributing to the mag, both from an editorial and pictorial standpoint. Most potential reporters are not hesitant because of a lack of material in their area, but rather because they are not just sure about the manner in which their material should be presented. If this should be the only hurdle in your mind, slide up and take a close look while we review some of the things that make for good coverage of any motorcycle activity.

Our first consideration, of course, is photographic. Without good pictures, even the best stories lack impact and will probably be filed 'til pics arrive or returned to the author. Aside from the mechanical functions of picture taking, three important facts should be kept in mind when shooting: try to capture general human interest, good composition, and action (implied or otherwise).

For an example of action in its milder form, let's consider an elementary situation. A figure posing rigidly beside his motorcycle contains little reader interest—no action. At best, this picture can offer little excitement, but even here, how much more compelling the subject becomes if he is given a tool and allowed to putter about the bike as the shutter is snapped. Then action is implied, the reader's curiosity has been given a jab and our purpose accomplished.

Good photographic composition is simply a matter of arranging subject matter so that it is pleasing to the eye, but becomes especially difficult when shooting fast action. A little forethought does the trick in this case. If at a race or hill climb for instance, first pick a spot most likely to yield action, then try several different camera angles to see which will give the most effect of height, size, proportions, etc. In brief, be sure that your picture tells its own story at a glance, even when reduced for magazine reproduction, and relies as little as possible on written explanation.

General human interest is possibly the most important component of any photograph (outside of strict mechanical shots) and is, therefore, the hardest to obtain. What might ordinarily be a dull series of similar race track shots, can often be livened, for example, if one or two of the same pictures can be taken over the shoulder of a couple of small boys who might be pressed against the track railing, wildly cheering their hero home; again, oftentimes, the odd expression on spectators' faces at a hill climb, for instance, are more attention-compelling than the antics of the rider himself. Remember, people are always interested in human emotions, especially those of youngsters.

By using these three thumbnail guides to their utmost, your camera will pay big dividends.

Editorial style is not so easily diagramed, and therefore, left entirely to the individual's technique. The only thing that can be said here is: give your opening lots of punch, maintain a general informative trend throughout the story, and wind it up with a snap.

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### ON THE COVER

Aub LeBard, star of this month's "How to Ride" series, makes a hasty pit stop in this year's Big Bear Run before going on for his third win.

... Photo by Chet Phebus

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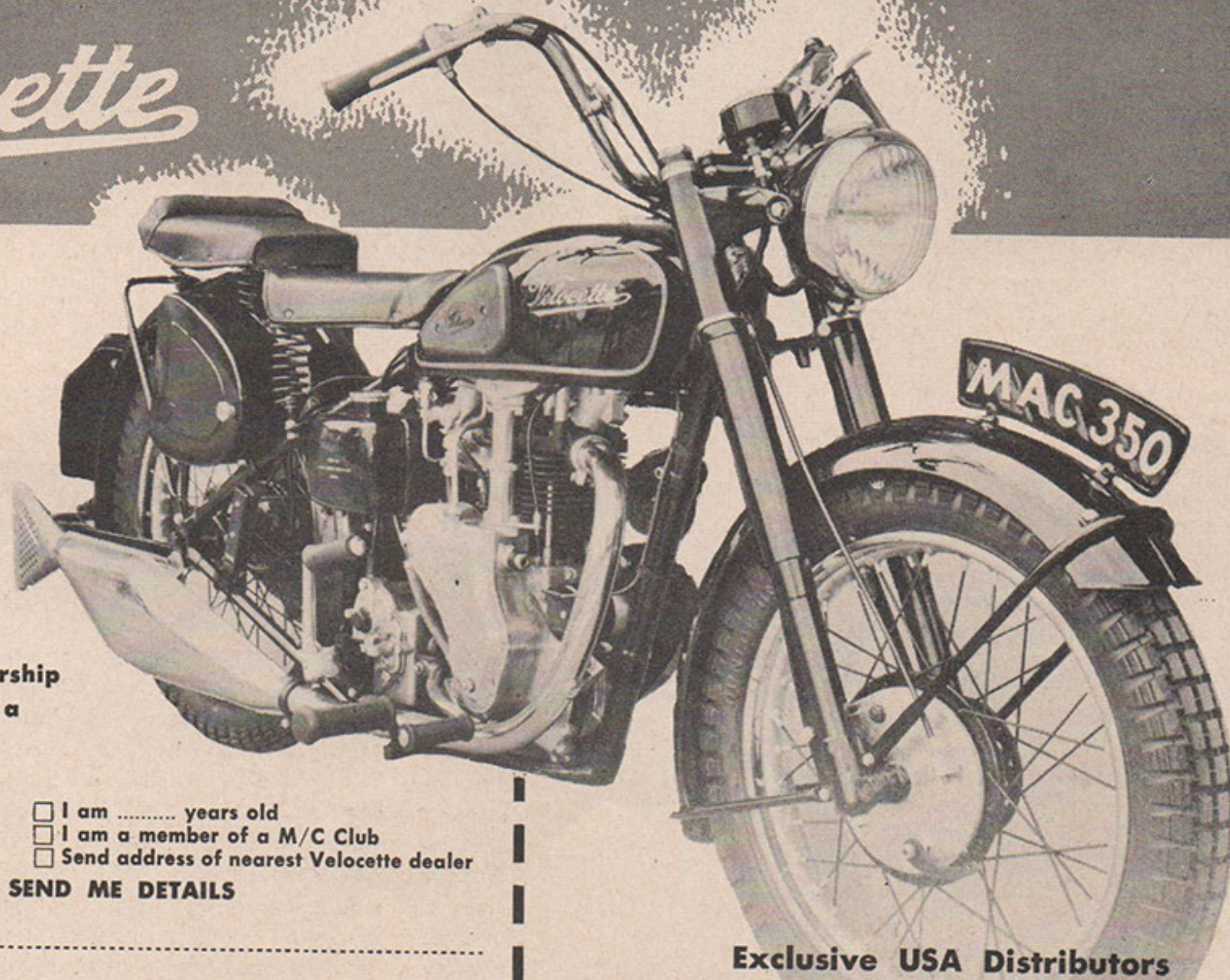
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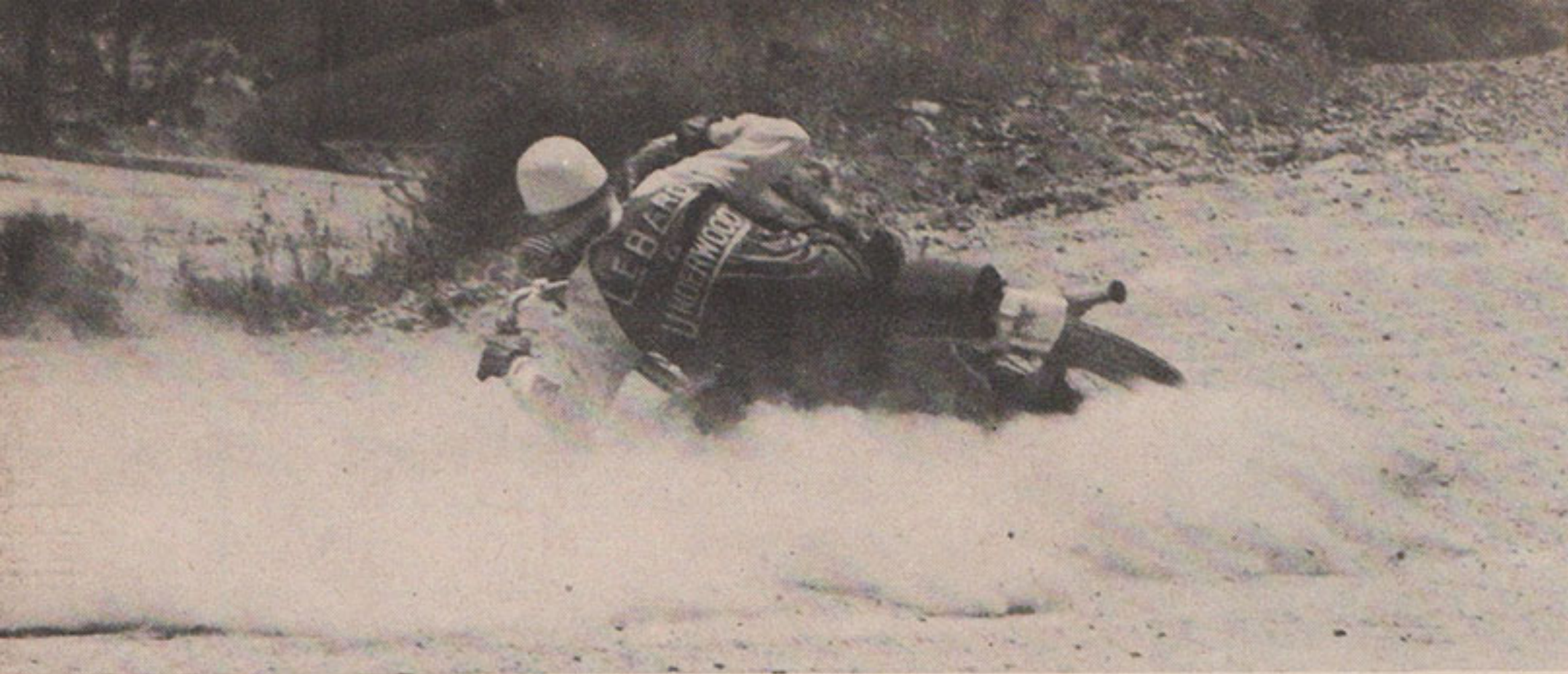


Photo by Gene's Photo Studio

Bud Dalton, one of the Beezer boys, goes down easy on the wide, slick, Catalina mountain grades



# CATALINA GRAND NATIONAL CYCLE COTILLION

7000 CHEER WALT FULTON TO VICTORY  
IN RUGGED ISLAND RACE

By Bob Greene



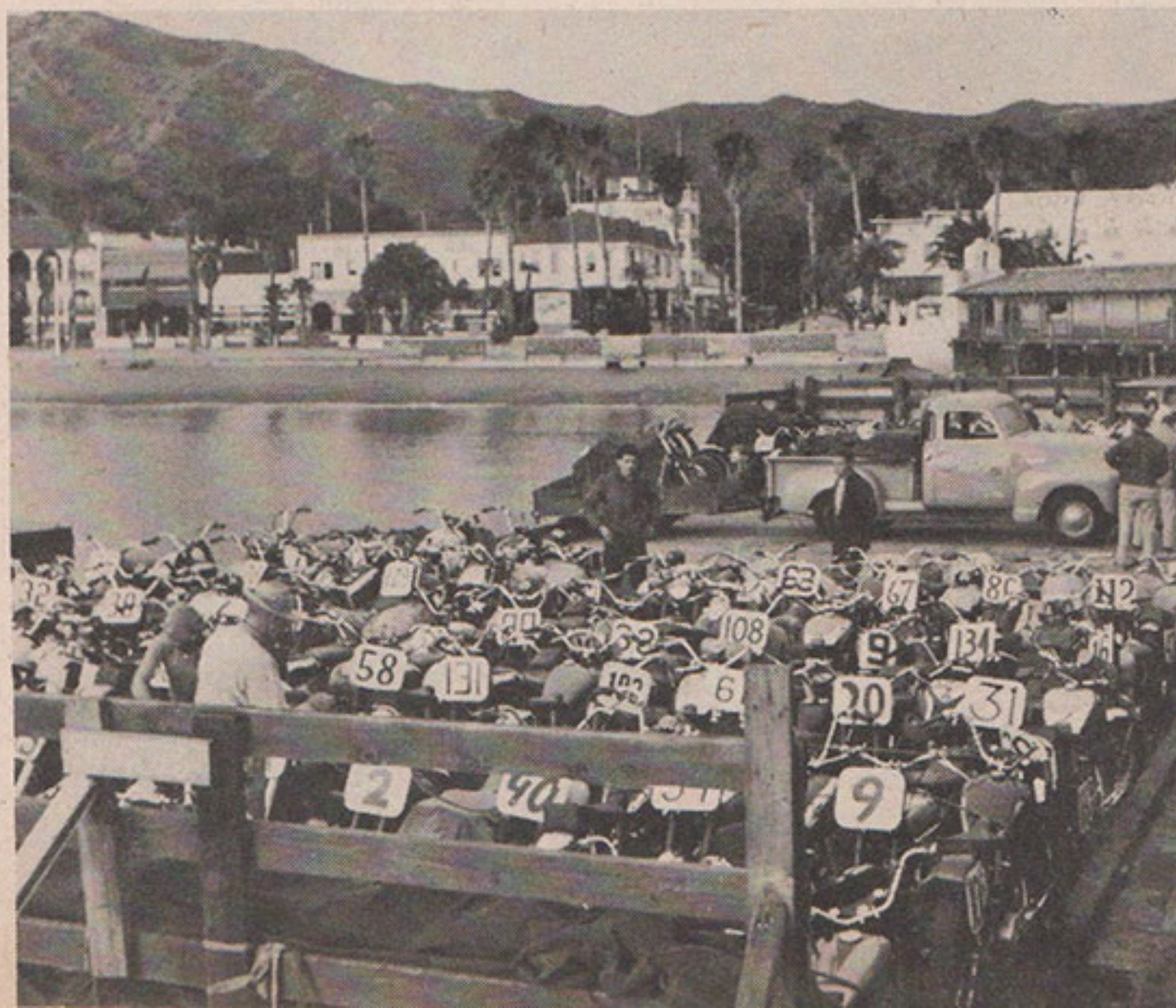
Photos by Schumann, Pete, Rick and Greene

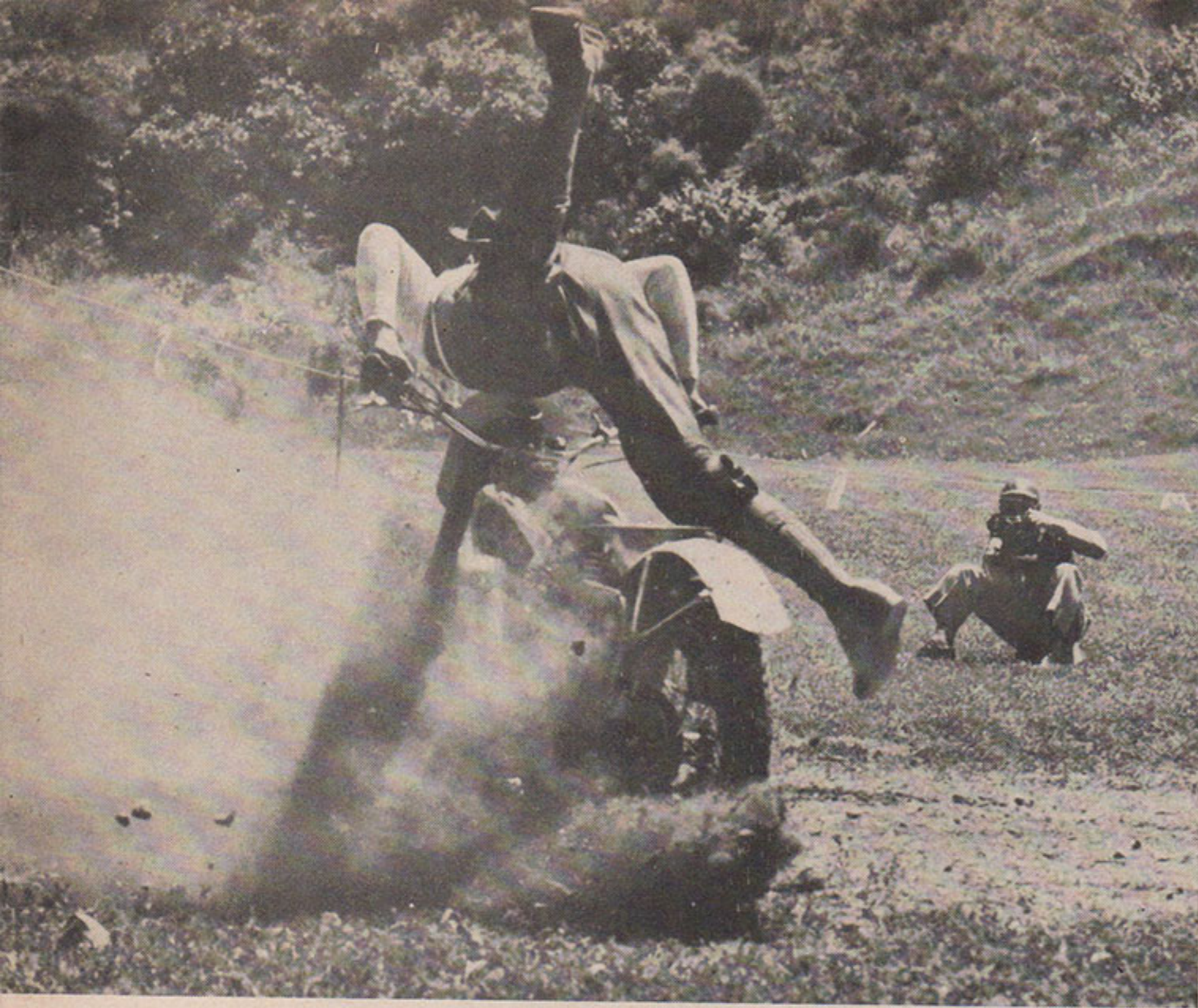
THE SHARP CRACK of a cannon echoed through the sunny, wind-swept Catalina hills and pulses quickened as we watched a solitary cloud of oil-blued smoke rise from the Bay of Avalon far below. Minutes dragged by like hours as we waited nervously at our vantage point, the first wicked turn, a mile up the smooth-surfaced dirt road of the 100 mile main event.

As the faint hum of some 124 machines grew stronger, I wondered—would a serious casualty on this fast, deceptive course today mar what had been up to this point, a perfect weekend of racing thrills and holiday fun? From the time we had first set foot on the steamship's gangplank at Wilmington, California, every detail moved smoothly and it was evident that preparations made by sports committee heads of District 37 had been thorough. Spectators and competition riders anxiously swung aboard with their identifying assortment of luggage and racing gear, then settled back for the two and one half hour

ABOVE, Lightweights come off mountains in the background and swoop down across finish line  
BELOW, About to unload competition bikes from barge at Avalon—the only ones on Island

BELOW, A.M.A. starter, Frank Kennedy, drops the flag on 9th wave. 5 left every 30 seconds





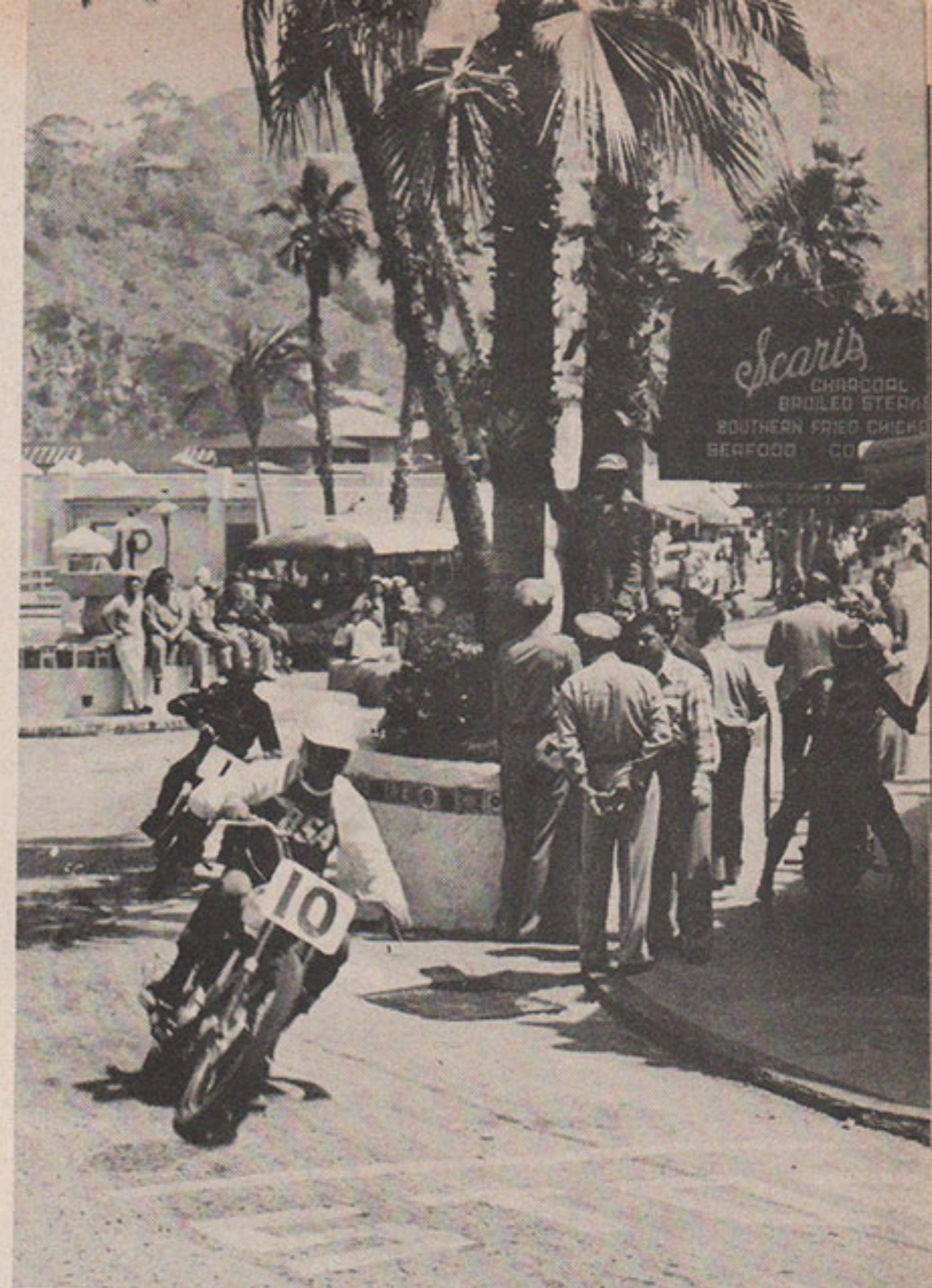
**ABOVE, From a purely photographic viewpoint, several of the riders were most obliging**

ocean cruise as the engines of the Catalina Island steamer throbbed, and we headed out into the blue Pacific. The bikes had been loaded on a barge the day before and towed to the island in advance.

After the sensational 50 mile lightweight race of Saturday, the day previous, tension had been keyed to a high pitch; and today's battle of the big deep-breathers had every earmark of being the race of races.

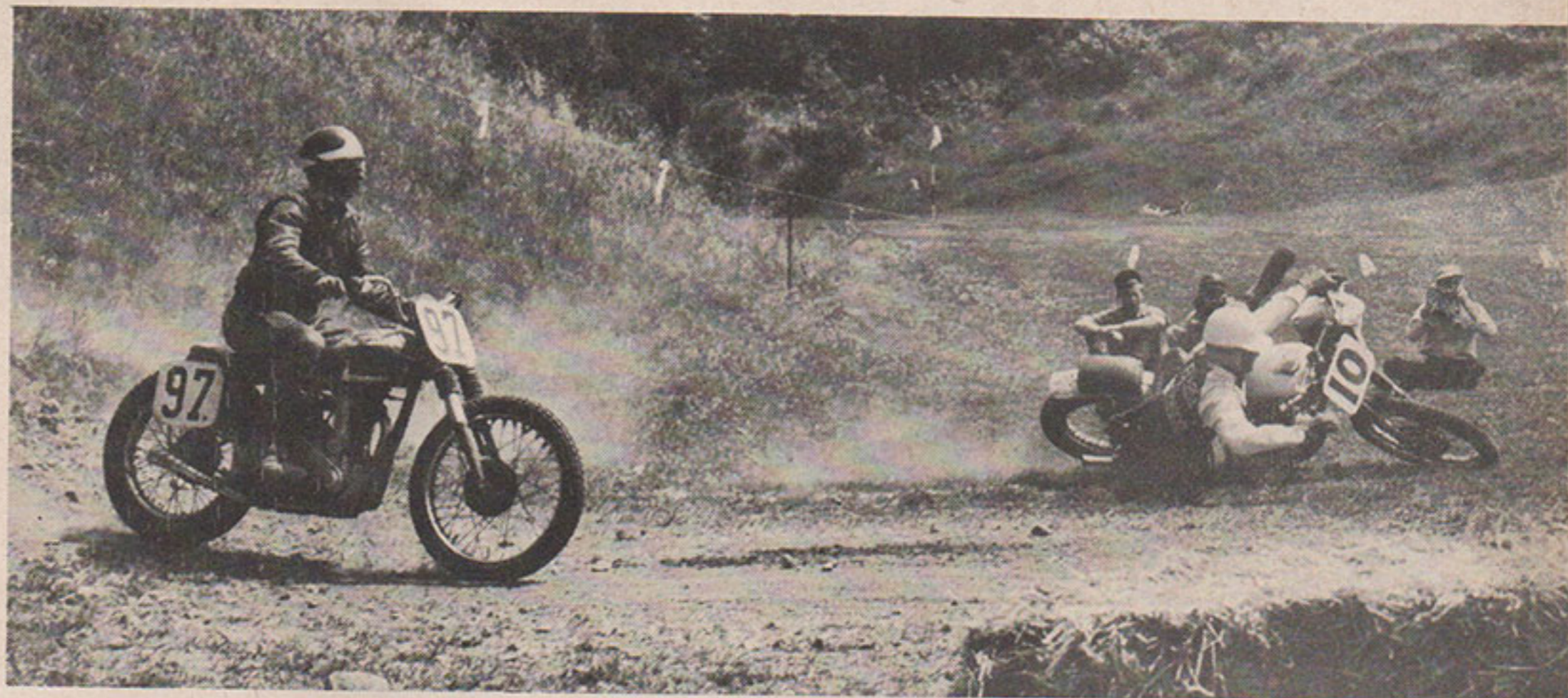
My reminiscing was abruptly punctuated when someone screamed, "There they are," as a hurtling rider and puff of dust appeared on the trail just below. Whoever it be, was operating wildly, going like the very wind, skimming the slick corners with complete abandon. In an instant, he was upon us and under the bobbing, plaid-covered helmet, we glimpsed the biggest grin of the day. It was plucky Nick Nicholson, literally tearing his throttle out by the roots and having the time of his life as he leaped and slid ahead of the first wave of riders. For what seemed

**BELOW, Bob Steele, John Bolotin, and Donald Darshkind, just out of hills, head for town**



*Photo by Chet Phebus*

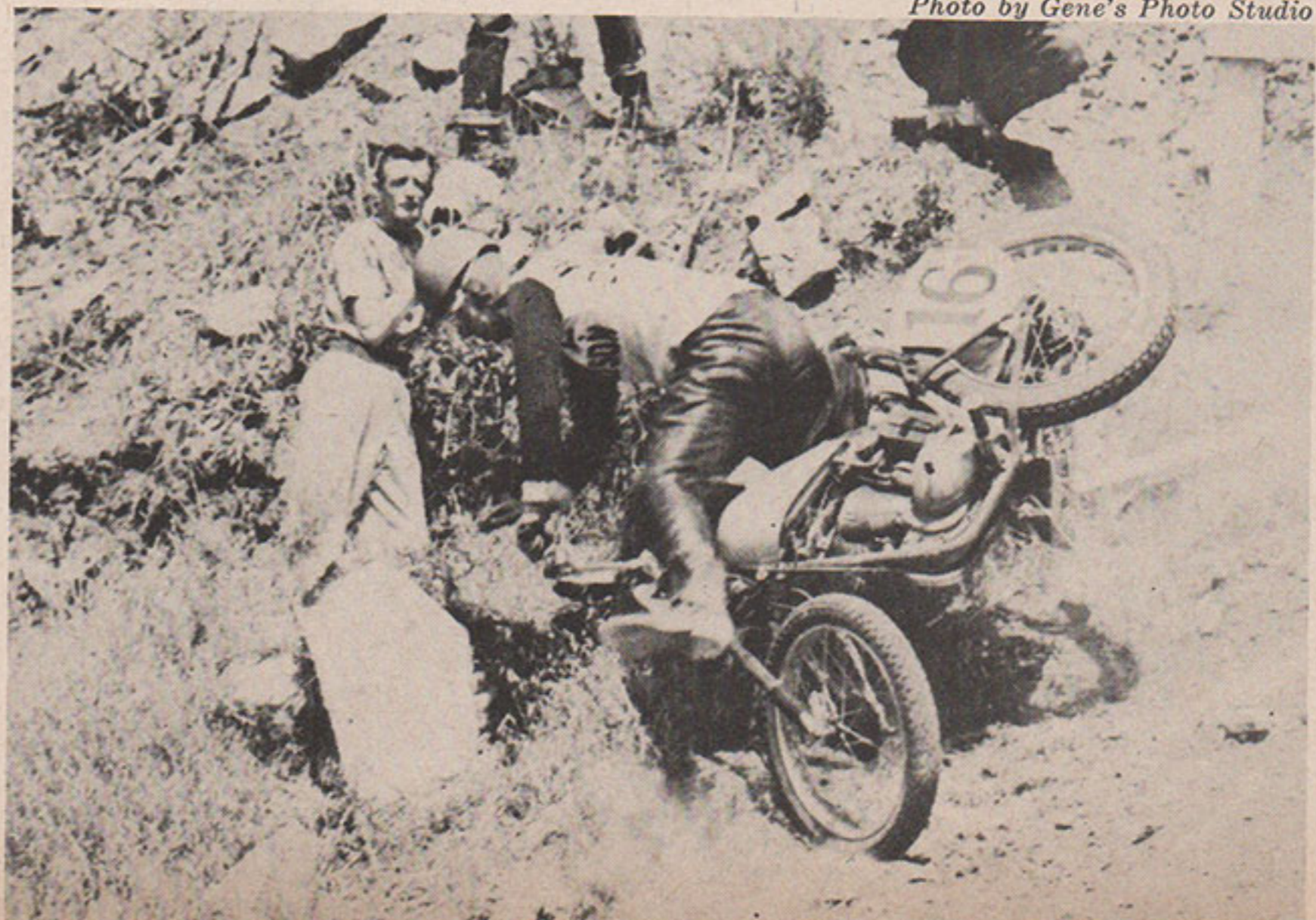
**ABOVE, Bud Dalton takes Russ Goode on a fast tour of the town of Avalon in the torrid main**



**ABOVE, Alex Comazzi keeps right on grinding away as Bud Dalton goes into wild "wingding"**

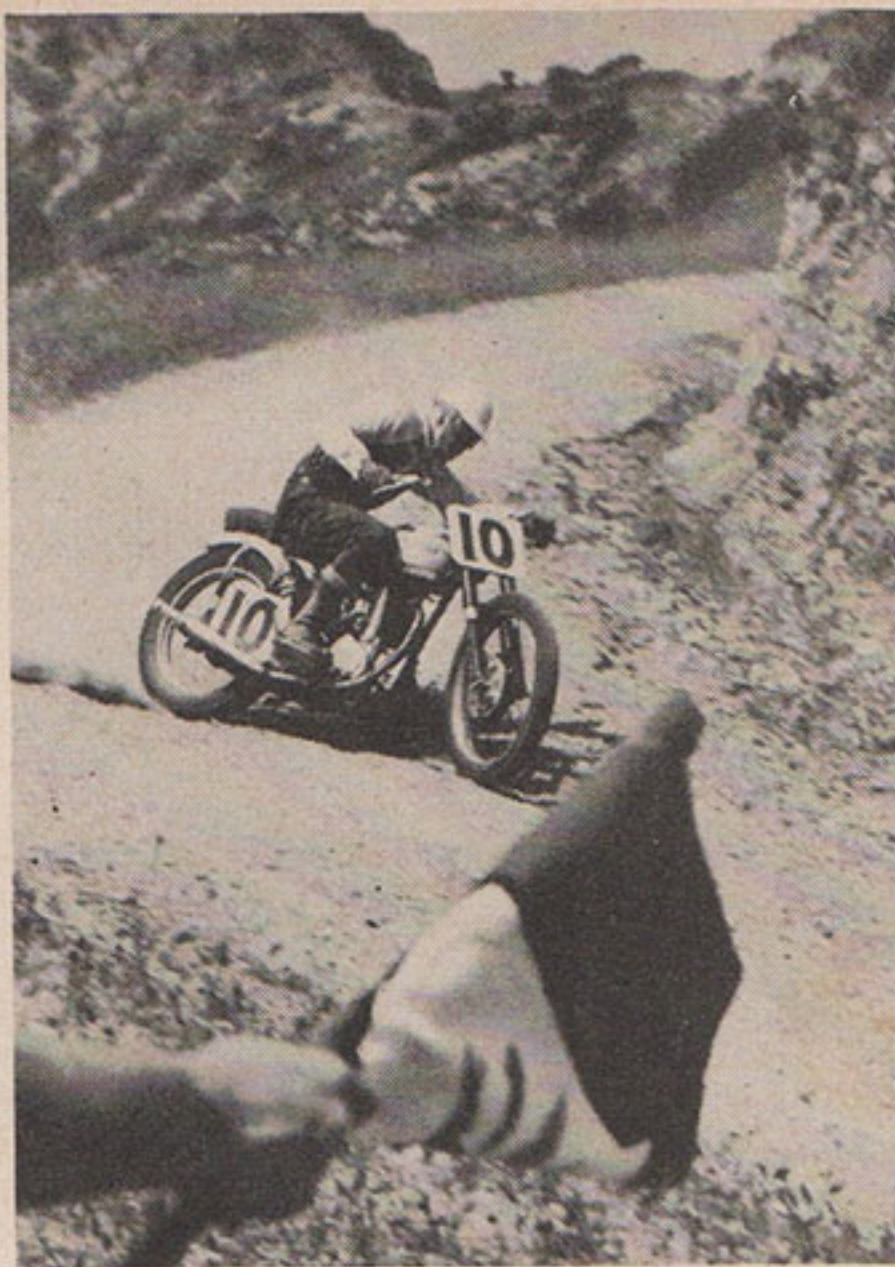
**BELOW, Speedy Dick Hutchins and his 125 lightweight, part company in a spectacular flip**

*Photo by Gene's Photo Studio*





Jerome Butterfield aviates after missing the course then proceeded to tangle with terra firma



Bud Dalton throwing a mighty brave slide on the brink of the circuit's most dangerous corner



Burton Raush unicycles past the mausoleum just before making a slippery left turn on pea gravel



an eternity, the following racers roared by, madly clawing at the hill in their efforts to break through the traffic and curtain of dust whipping up from the leader's wheels. Many of the less experienced and over-eager were riding on the edge of a fall, shooting the corners too fast, breaking hard at the last minute and stalling out at the most inopportune times. Others, however, were feeling out this first lap, tempering their ambition with past experience, and moving up without the loss of valuable time wasted in picking up their bike from a fall. As lead man Nicholson completed his first lap, one of the native islanders who knew the 10 mile course like the back of his hand, and had been timing the boys with his watch was heard to comment, "My God, it's impossible."

A short, flat dirt road continued across the top ridge of the hills, and then came the dizzying descent that consisted of a rapid series of twisting cutbacks that seemed to give the lighter bikes a slight advantage, and it was here that the carefree slide tactics of such riders as Chuck "Feets" Minert were to be marveled at. Riding at a speed that looked to spell certain doom, Minert seemed to leap into even the sharpest downhill bends, then throw the bike into an enormous fast slide in an effortless and relaxed manner. Being a master of the slide, however, does not necessarily mean the fastest time, for Walt Fulton, winner, clipped 35 seconds off "Feets" total elapsed time by riding in an entirely different manner. Walt's technique varied from the second place man's by his noticeably lesser slides; his rear tire seldom having more than 6 inches sideward slippage.

Coming out of the hills, the course whipped sharply left, past the Island mausoleum, over a narrow cement bridge, back onto more dirt trails for a short way, then onto several miles of paved roads. Even here, the boys had little chance to relax for there were few straight-aways of any length at all, and making time on the macadam was often more strenuous and certainly more dangerous than on dirt.

Terrific speeds were set on the city streets. Speeds so deceiving that one rider who

(Continued on Page 23)

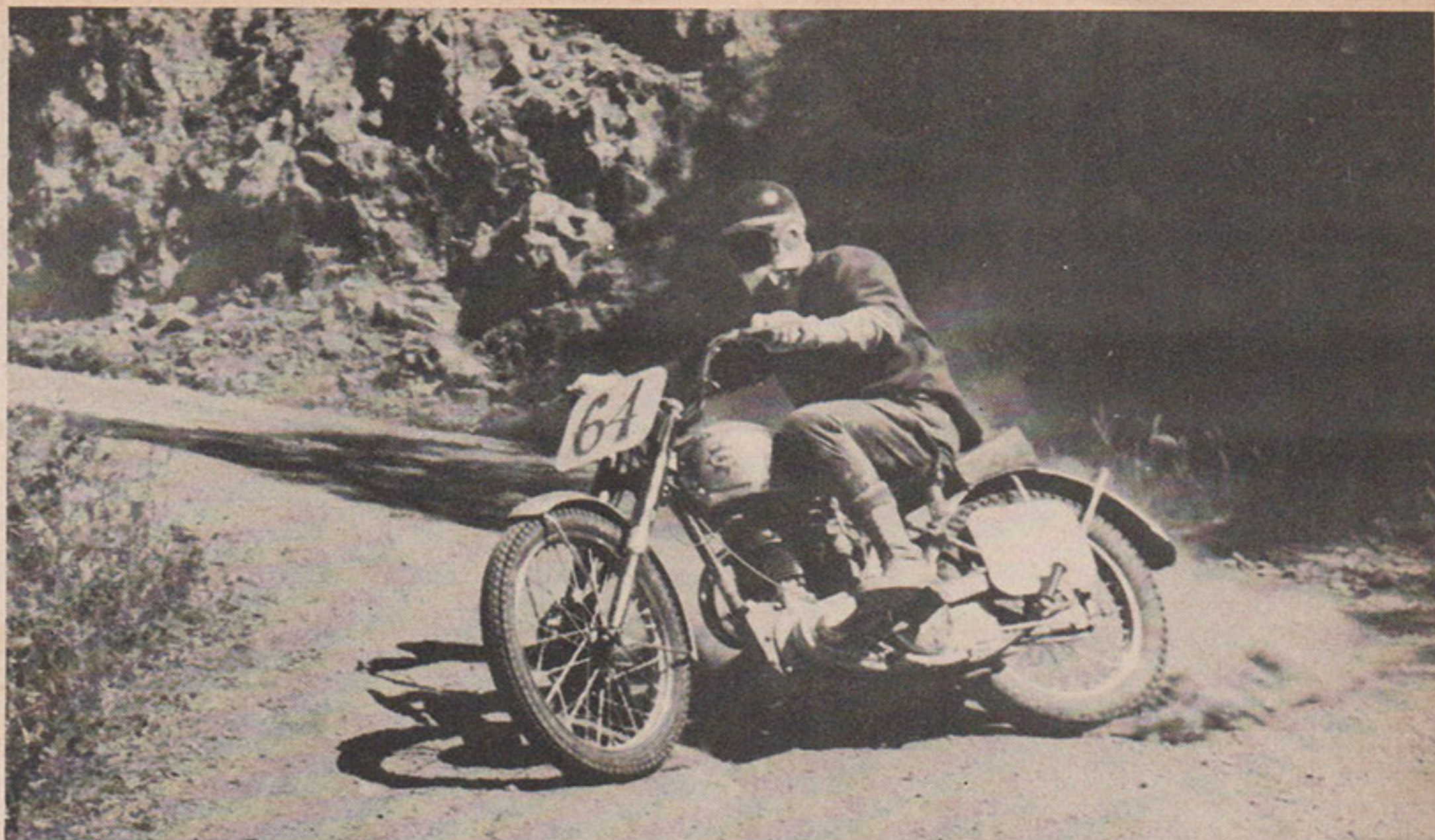
LEFT, Willie Wilson, Andrew Martinez, and Bob Steele start treacherous climb of 10 mile course

Photo by Chet Phebus





Propping his lightweight up in the corner, Eddie Kretz, Jr. saves the day with his long out-rigger



Amazing downhill technique, the most difficult of all, was seen in both days' races. Lado Kazmovsky's slide is an example of the action to be seen every minute of the grueling challenge



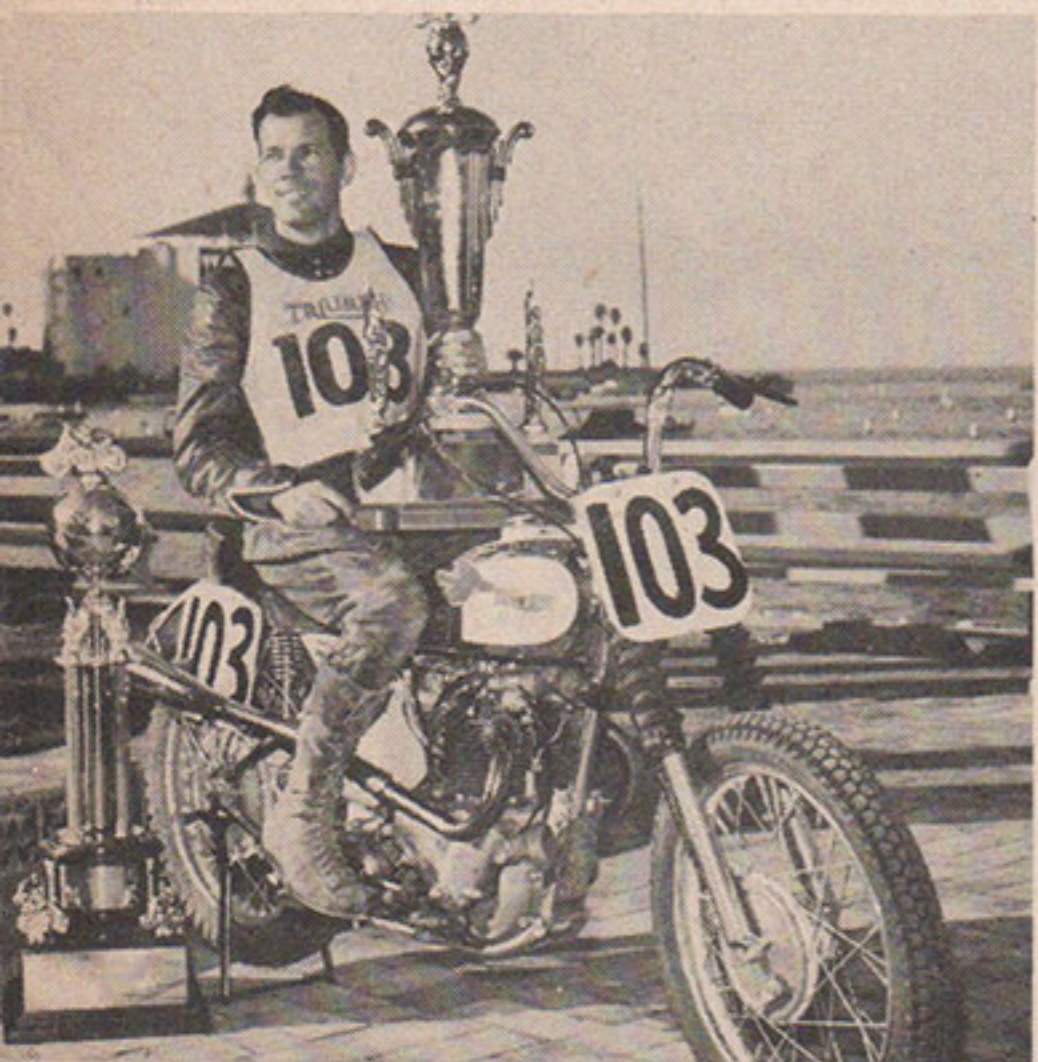
Riders emerge from the pit area prior to starting big 100 miler. Bikes were pushed to starting line



Holding it on too long cost Al Jacoby a little lost time and motion, coming out of the hills



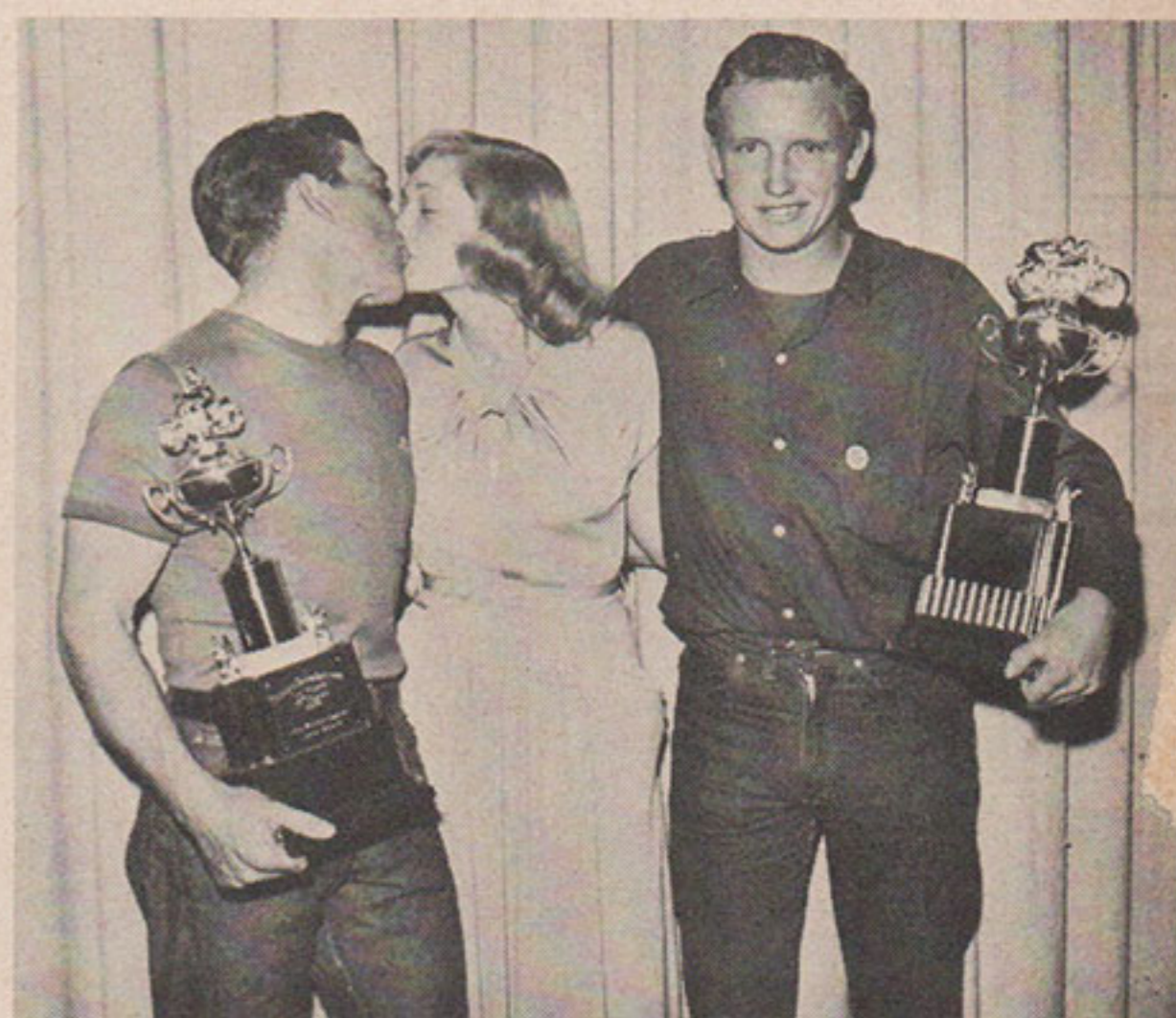
Tommy Bazzari pushing Eddie Kretz, Jr. down the garden path in Saturday's 50 mile run



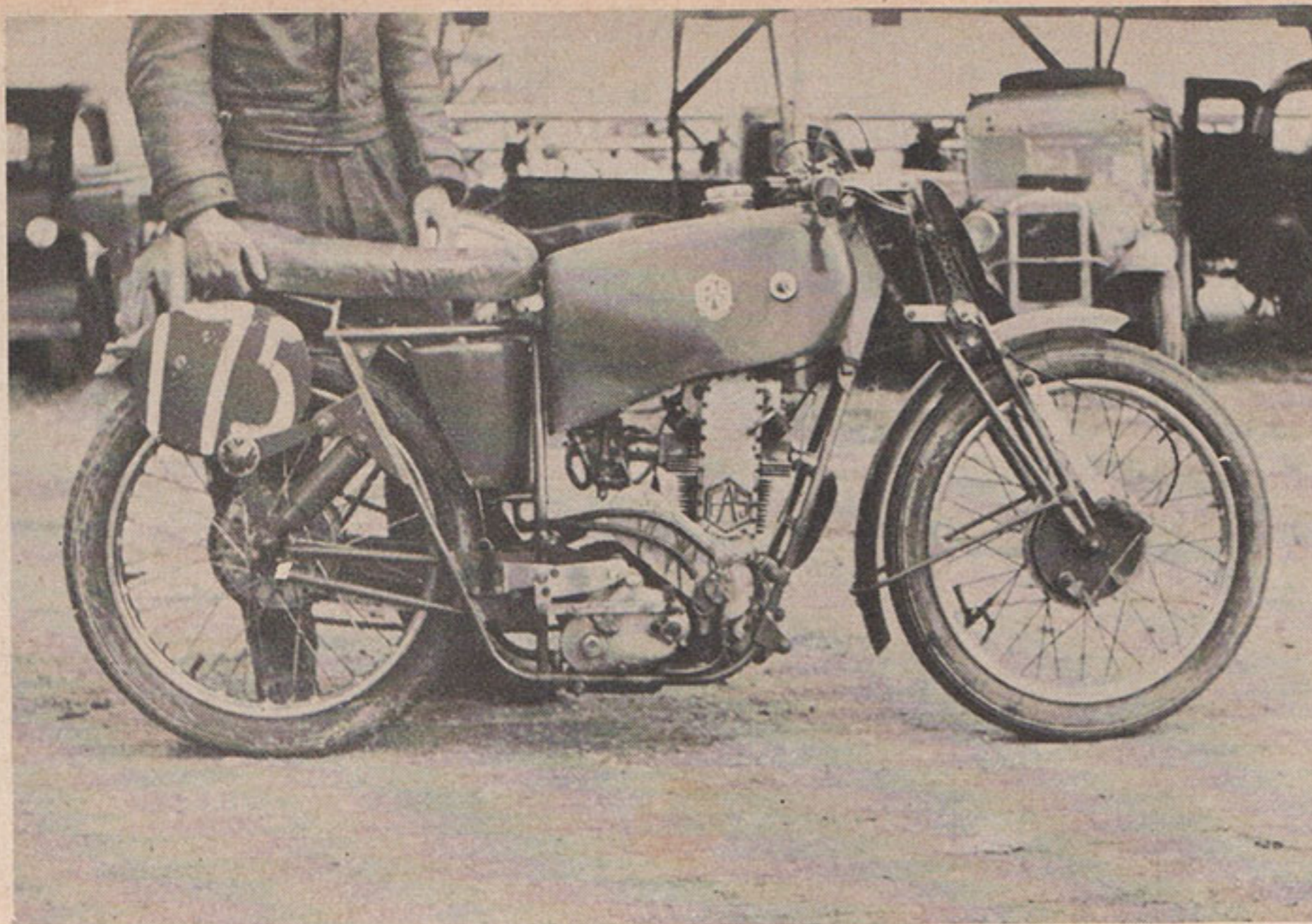
Walt Fulton holds Lamoreaux-Milne trophy. At his side, perpetual sweepstakes trophy by CYCLE



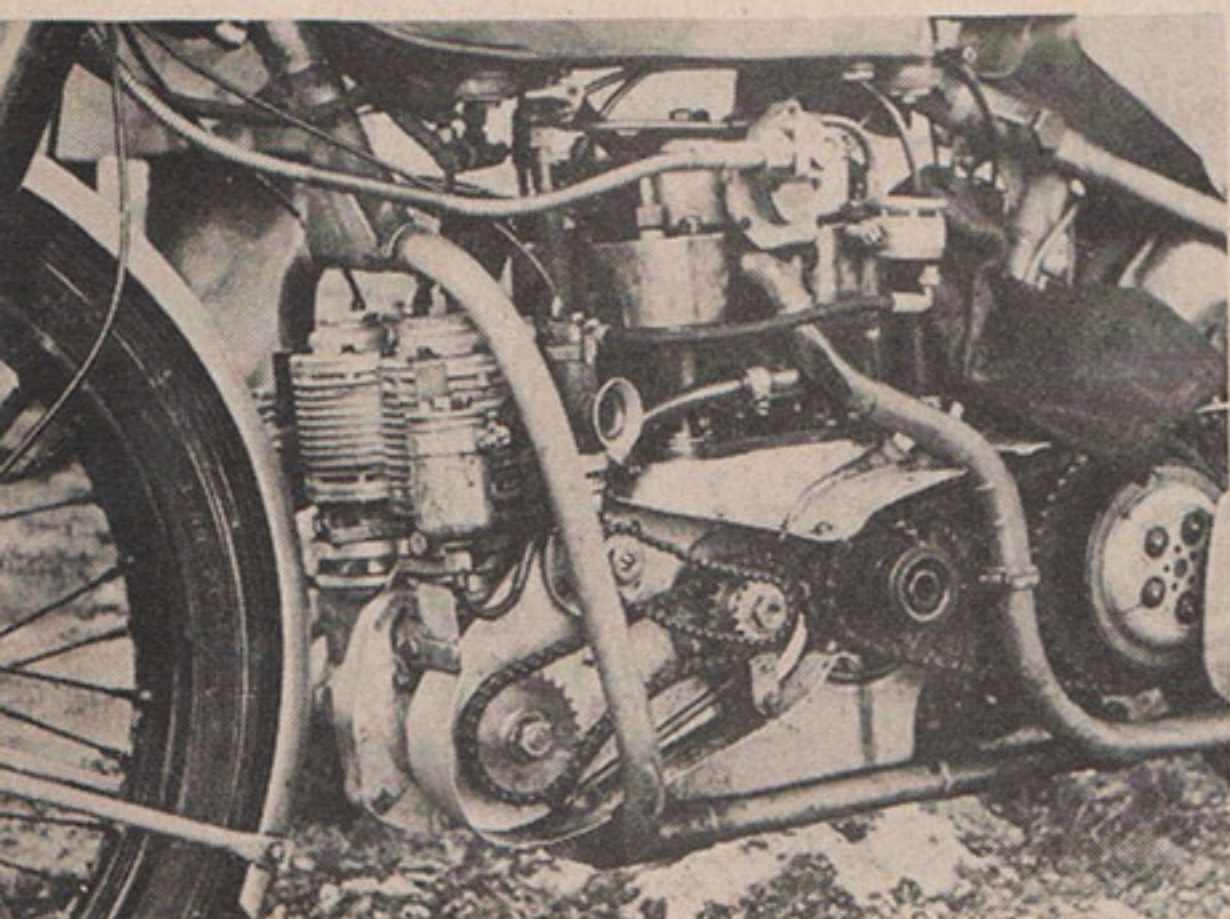
What to do when things go wrong is shown by Andrew Martinez as he corrects an over-slide



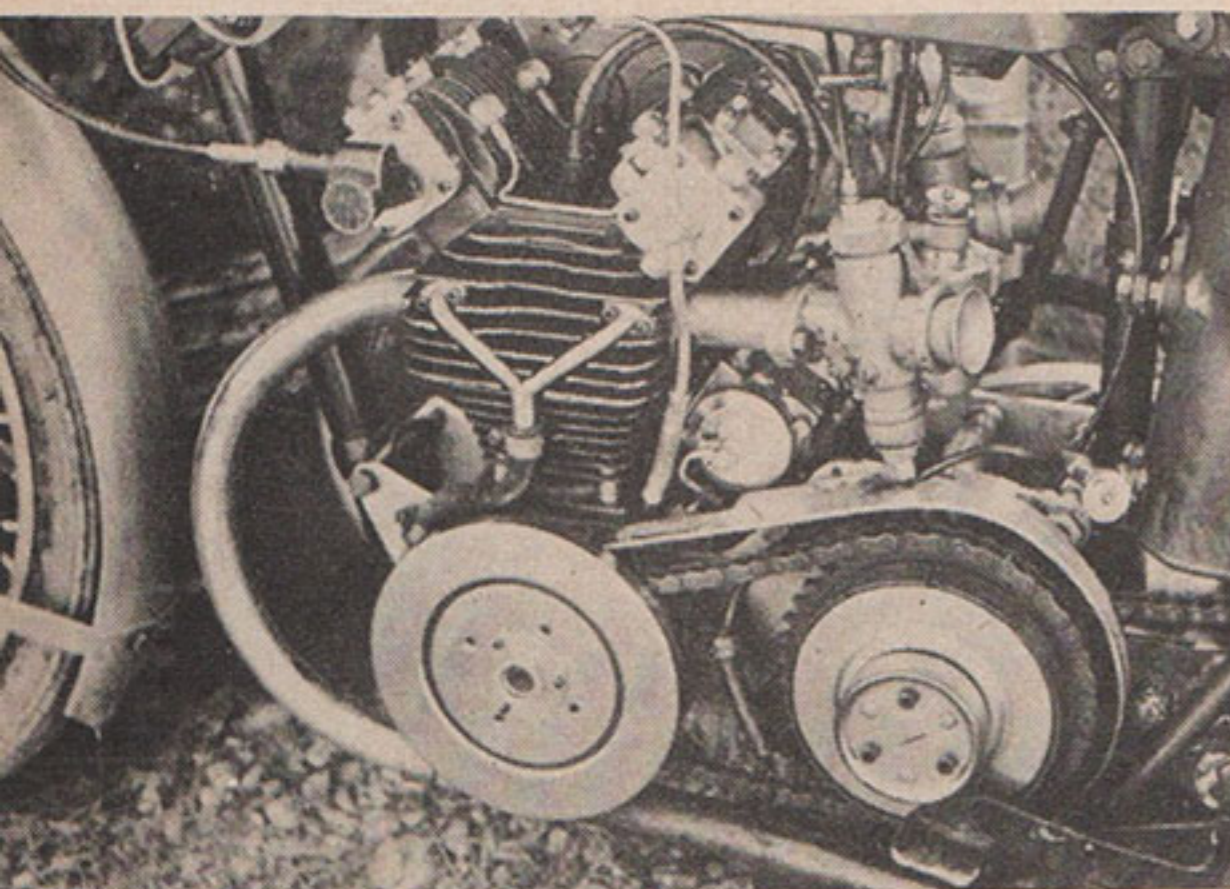
Catalina's "Miss Flying Fish" makes winning worthwhile for Nick Nicholson and Glenn Clinton



A neat piece of homework was this FAS 250 cc single. Peculiar shaping of lower rear portion of tank assures maximum constant gas pressure



Chain driven boosters added many horses and a multitude of weird whines to the show. Note size of exhaust as compared to frame tubing



Outside flywheels, unusual on four strokers, allowed narrower and more rigid crankcases. Flexible drive from overhead gear is for tach

SEEMINGLY, Mr. Graham Walker has "Old King Sol" tucked away in the many offices that house Temple Press in the East City of London, for, following months of almost incessant rain, bright sunshine blessed the Goodwood Motor Circuit in southern England. This is even more remarkable since the same conditions exactly applied to last year's event, though it was held at the famed Silverstone Circuit nearer the midlands.

Some 35,000 enthusiasts lined the newly laid, non-skid course of 2.4 miles, hoping that a two-wheeler would beat the lap record of our friendly rivals, the car aces. That we failed, is perhaps due to the riders not knowing the course; it being the first time we poorer brethren have had the use of this fine circuit. The car record 90.33 mph is held by that small and dapper Siamese, Prince Birabongse, (B. Bira), who at the wheel of a 4,470 cc V-12 Osca, won the main event during the Easter period. Given power in relation to weight, we probably consider ourselves moral victors, for with a mere 499 cc's our figure was but 1.2 mph in arrears.

The paddock was full to overflow with press, race officials, and over three hundred entrants, and one had quite a time seeking out machines that were to be seen out for the first time this season. The unique little 250 cc machines are always a source of interest; being either entirely home built or home modified jobs of pre-1939 vintage. Among these, the FAS was out for the first time and no doubt the owner-builder-driver, F. A. Spencer, was not a little dismayed when oil trouble put him out of the race in the early stages. Dennis Lashmar, on a modified LEF, ran out of road and still another home-built failed to finish. This first 250 cc event finished in the time honored way, with Maurice Cann's Gambalunghino Guzzi taking the flag, though he did not entirely have things his own way. Cyril Sandford, who had held the lead for the first half distance, hung his Velo in the wind of the flying Italian model, and was beaten by only 3/5 second, after making a vain attempt to use the draft to pull him through in the last few hundred yards. Balding Rolly Pike, astride his well known but aged Rudge, pulled a little extra out of the bag to gain third place from the New Imperial of Francis Beart's right hand man, Ray Petty, who in turn, made the sparks fly in a duel with J. McGubbin Cann, Rudge, in winning the ten lap event in 19 minutes, 27 seconds, to average 74.04 mph.

## "MOTOR CYCLING'S" GOODWOOD SATURDAY

### "BEMSEE" BOYS JOIN BRITISH MAG TO SPARK NEW CYCLE CIRCUIT

Text and Photos by  
William H. Onslow

Following the 250 sprint, a semi-professional event of 350 jobs was easily taken by Les Dear, whose Boy Racer romped home at 79.29 mph, almost fifteen seconds ahead of R. Sherry on an identical model. Third spot went to the Black and Silver Nortons; the equally well-known Cyril Horn having ridden a well judged race, saved his engine by refusing to crowd on more steam after having moved so far up the field. Quietness reigned for a few moments and out came the Clubmen on standard road machines to do a spot of dicing in the 350 class. Since half the entrants preferred BSA machines, it is not surprising that this brand roped the first five spots. Ken James set a mark of 70.51 mph, to lead in D. Sheppard by five seconds.

All were on their toes when the Union Jack fell for the fourth time to George Brown out on the big Vincent "Gunga Din," in the 1000 cc running. Everyone was sure that the record would crumble. As always, his acceleration out of the corners was terrific and he quickened with each flying lap. Behind him, but falling back on each turn, Johnie Lockett on a Beart Norton was tearing up the macadam in a duel with J. Hodgkin, astride another Stevenage brute of twice his horses. Power gained the day and led the Norton home by seven seconds, though neither were in striking distance of Gunga with its average of 82.84 mph.

With the program strictly to time and the weather holding good, the event preceding the big one was rather a novelty. Thirty-four riders of the Vintage Club wheeled their prize possessions to the line to "Do or die" in a seven-lap free-for-all; the accent being placed on the "Do." Machines were of 1925 to 1930 period and only two of the names seen are now out of production; the Brough Superior and Rex Acme. Run on a scratch system according to capacity, C. Allen on the big Brough departed in solitary grandeur after the smaller machines, who were putting up amazing speeds all around the track. The howl of the two speed Scotts had a tone of their own, and one could follow their progress by the sound of the motors as gears were changed at each corner. The battle ended in favor of M. C. Tomkinson on a 1927 Velocette, using regular gas, with a speed of 66.61. Petrol Benzol wafted A. Whiffen's 1930 499 Rudge into second place, and a like mixture suited the 1928 499 Norton ridden by E. Gross who gained third spot. The handicapper had done a good job, for a Junior had won the race and the varied classes were well

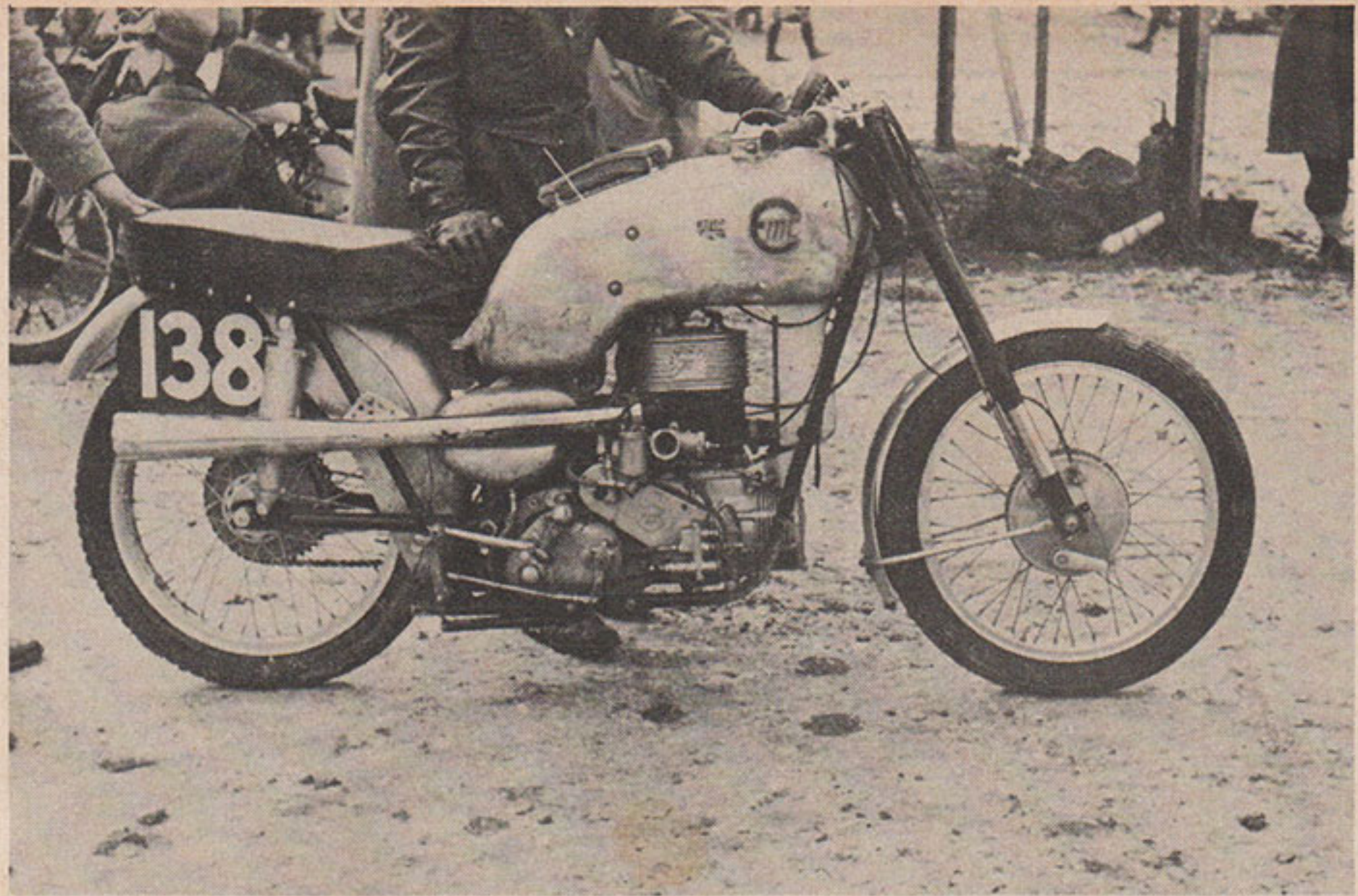
mixed up as they flashed past the finish.

A visit to the pits before the next event, the main Championship race of the day, gave me a glimpse of the AJS Works jobs for this season. The "Porkies" have lost the familiar spines, a little of their wheel base, and are blessed with an entirely new carb arrangement. The large tank has been replaced by one of 7 R pattern and the front anchor has grown even larger. Beside them the 350 jobs showed the same springing, huge brake drums and the rear has been altered from last year. If it is possible, these masterful racers seem even neater than before. A trip to the Norton camp and it was seen that they were using the 1950 models with a modified rear end. Seemingly, Bracebridge Street is still busy with the new editions, while the Ajays did not seem to be in a completely finished state. Therefore, no comparison can be made in relation to this year's World's Championship.

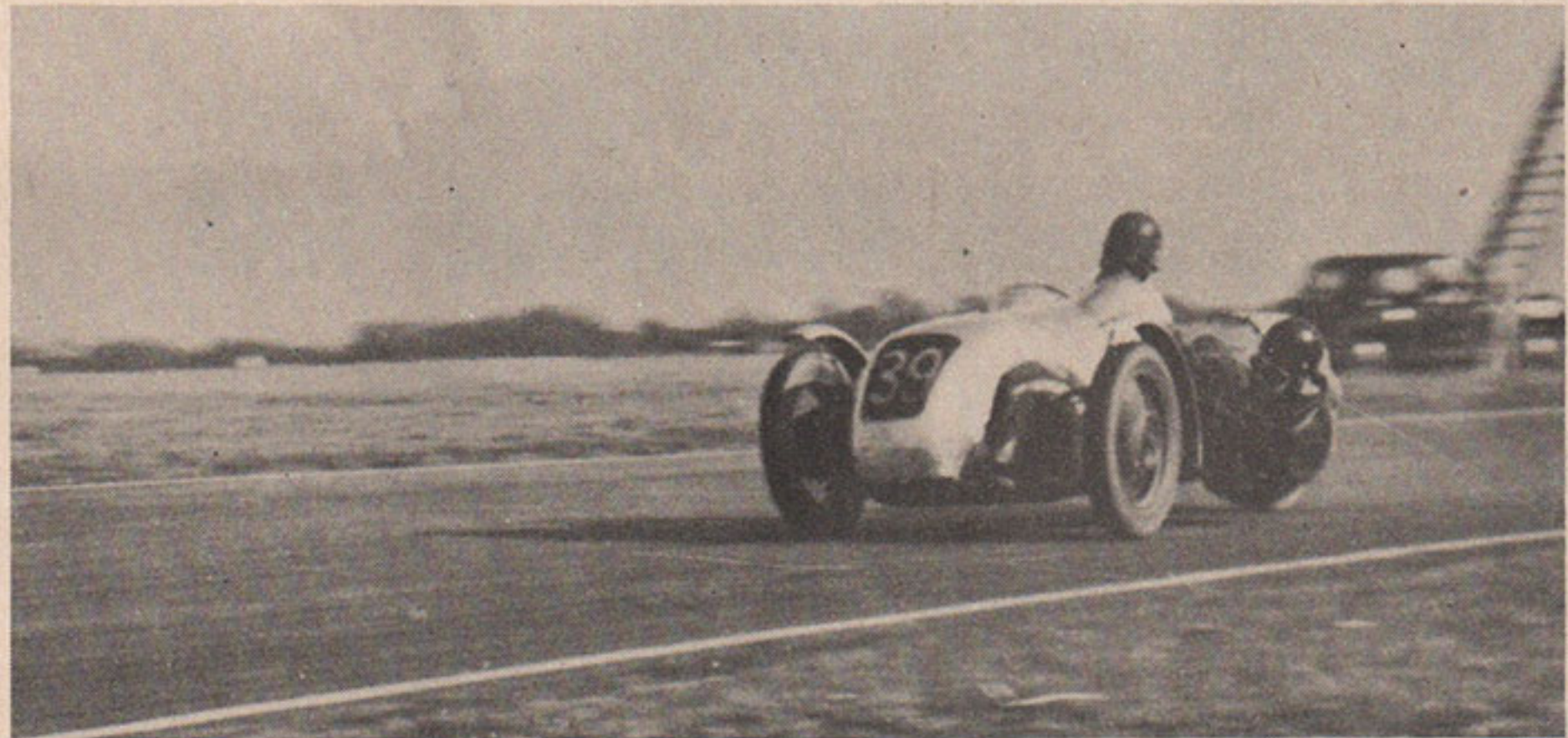
A hasty warming of motors occurred as I scampered to the last corner known as Woodcote, and just managed to beat the latest AJS aspirant to it. He had completed the circuit and was leading teamster, Bill Doran, by some few yards. Duke, on the Norton, was bunched in with half a dozen other riders but could easily be picked out by both his style and white battle helmet, as he used the scalded cat method along the lavant straight. The Porkies still seemed to splutter when heeled over for a corner, and had a slight inclination to tail waggle in leaving them. This probably was the cause of young Mick Featherstone hitting the tar in the early laps. Duke, riding better than he did on the new 1951 Manx model at Thruxton, had passed both the AJS riders before this happened and though the game Doran clung to his tail for two thirds of the distance, Geoff, making the highest speed of the day, won by over half a minute at 87.08 per, with a fastest lap of 89.1. All but the leading four or five had been lapped at three quarter distance; consequently, Harold Daniell in the role of starter, waved his "checkered" with more vigor than usual when the Duke flashed past.

At St. Marys for the chair scratch race, I considered a slight miscalculation had been made by the handicapper. Scratch man, "Pip" Harris, going like a bomb, chair wheel off the ground, had little chance of winning. Though I confess that the three wheeler Morgan of C. Hale and passenger, strangely commands my attention from the rest of the field. On this particular occasion, it developed fits and starts gaining several spots in one lap then handing them back again. I could not pull my eyes from the sight of a car passenger clinging to the side of a car with his behind sweeping the road. Would I do it? Not for all the tea in China! From the corner of my eye, while watching these queer antics, I saw one chariot take to the grass. The passenger, having done his stuff for the left hander, regained the safety of the chair and was unprepared for the driver's attempt to pass the rig ahead of him. The chair lifted and away they went on the toughest ride in Goodwood. Fortunately, both escaped injury in their attempt to plow turnips with a Norton and outrigger. The first three spots went to Norton machines, with Bill Boddice the winner at 73.20 mph.

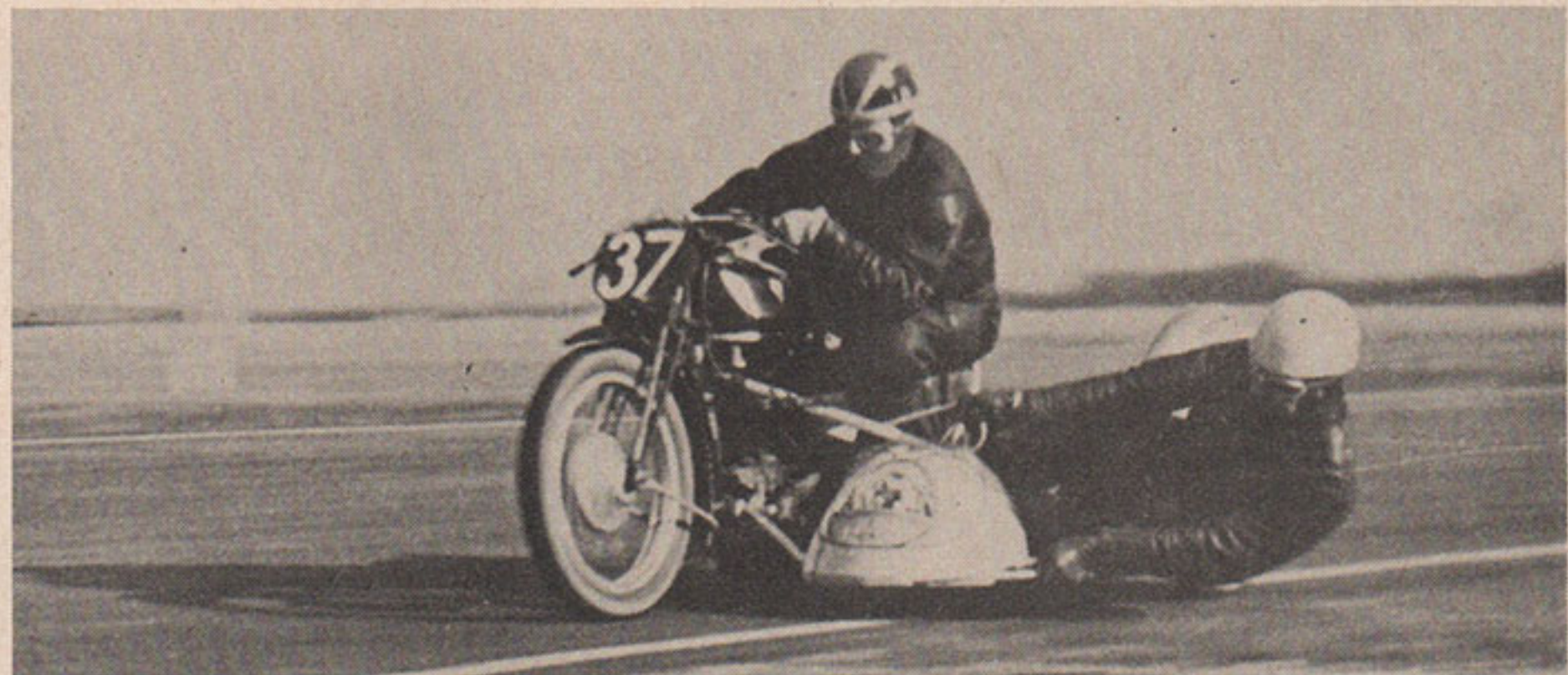
The 350 Championship, next in order, turned out to be the thrill of the day, besides offering a rare picture of the Works Velocettes, out for the first time in years. It was unusual to see Duke make a good start and he was away like a shot out of a gun to gain a comfortable lead in the initial lap. Doran was a few yards ahead of Featherstone. Behind them, grouped together were Dale, Norton; Sandford, Velo; Sherry and Dear, AJS. The world's 350 champ was well back in the pack and try as he may, Mr. Foster could not find the needed explosives. Doran, however,



Hydraulic dampened springing is a recognized necessity on both ends, especially on the short coupled lightweights. By facing the exhausts rearward, backpressure is slightly reduced



Hot rodder or cyclist? The passenger of this Morgan three-wheeler had good reason to be enthusiastic but imagine the hassle that might take place between them on a right hand turn

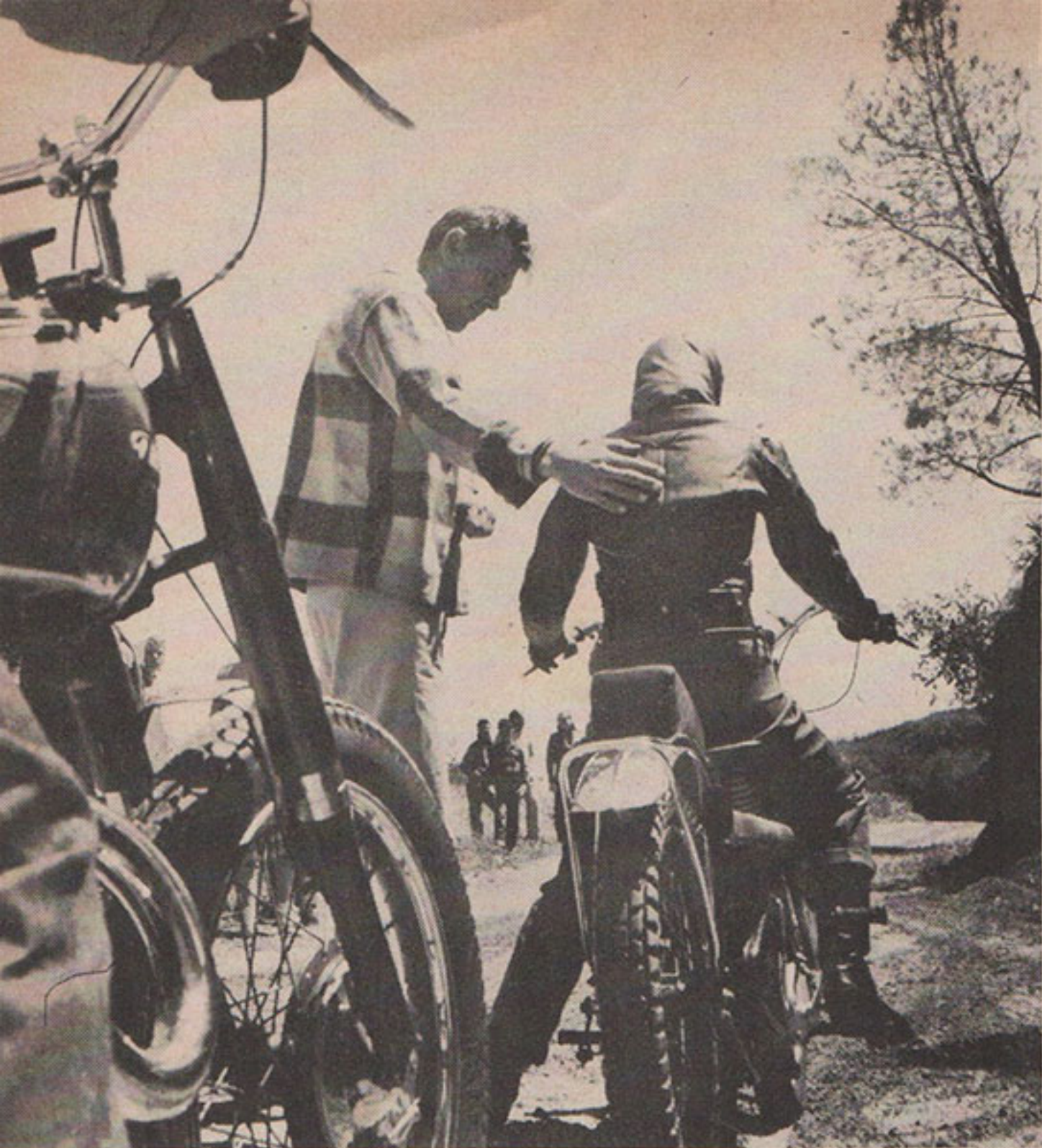


Note lightweight construction of specially made, low swung sidecar. Girder type forks are actually preferable for hack racing because of acute side strains encountered in skidding corners

had different ideas about his Ajay, and going like steam, gained a few yards on the Duke with each lap after the fifth. He took the lead early in the 12th circuit, but two laps later, the announcer blasted over the speaker that Duke was again drawing ahead. This was not the real state of affairs however, for with a sickening motor, Doran was falling back towards Featherstone, who though some distance behind, still held third spot. With this challenge broken, Duke swept on to complete the double, with a speed of 83.56, almost a minute ahead of the young Ajay teamster.

Dale roared across third on his Norton, being but one second in arrear of the Boy Racer. Thus ended the first clash of the British giants, but we have learned little of things to come. The AJS Junior will be formidable if it runs in form, but we have still to see Norton's challenger.

The ninth and last event, a 24-mile scratch race for Clubmen riding Standard machines from 400 to 1,000 cc, included thirteen Triumphs in the thirty starters and ended with two 998 Vincents leading a 650 Triumph to the flag, to end a perfect day's sport.



L. to R., Dottie Ellison, Triumph; Janice Hill, Ariel; Si Stoner, BSA; Jeanette Butler, Velocette; Betty Stone, Triumph Thunderbird set to go

LEFT, Who can blame starter Ernie May for using the pat on the back signal in place of the flag to start pretty Pat Micheals on her way

## "HANKIE HATS" RUGGED BUT NICE

BANDANAS AND BOBBY PINS SUB FOR  
HELMETS AT GIRLS' HARE AND HOUND

*Text and Photos by Ernest Reshovsky*



ABOVE, Apparently Pat Micheals had thoroughly water-proofed her bike before the contest, judging from the speed at which she took this splash



ABOVE, And of course all the girls are adept bench racers too. L. to R., Betty Stone, Dolores Steblas (only riding four months—first in the Novice class), Marlene Morrison and Jeanette Butler



**LEFT, Janice Hill spun out on a mud slick, but lost little time in firing up again and continuing this exclusive girls' timed hare and hound**

**BELOW, Hitting the left-overs of the previous day's cloudburst. Girls' times are a little slower than the boys', but their enthusiasm is above par**



the sport by riding double on either husband's or friend's machines) are taking up the sport on an active basis and are finding it to be great fun. There are many motorcycle clubs in existence where the Ladies Auxiliaries have developed into expert riders and the number is decidedly on the increase.

For most of the girls, cycling provides a type of outdoor exercise of which there is no equal. They feel it's good for their figures, it limbers them up, and provides a welcome change from the everyday humdrum sort of routine. The girls, who come from all classes and professions, also feel that the comradeship provided, in addition to the sights and experiences, which they share, are far superior to the bridge playing type of ladies' clubs, which meet an afternoon a week, po-

*(Continued on Page 32)*



**ABOVE, Marcella Eschrich, left, contends that her day's practice requires a skill equal to her doctor husband's. Cec Adams listens**

**LEFT, Spills were taken in good spirit by Edna Giordani who arrived at the start too late, but nevertheless went over the course**

# DRAG KING OF THEM ALL

**HERBERT'S MONSTROSITY SCREAMS  
129.49 IN QUARTER MILE**

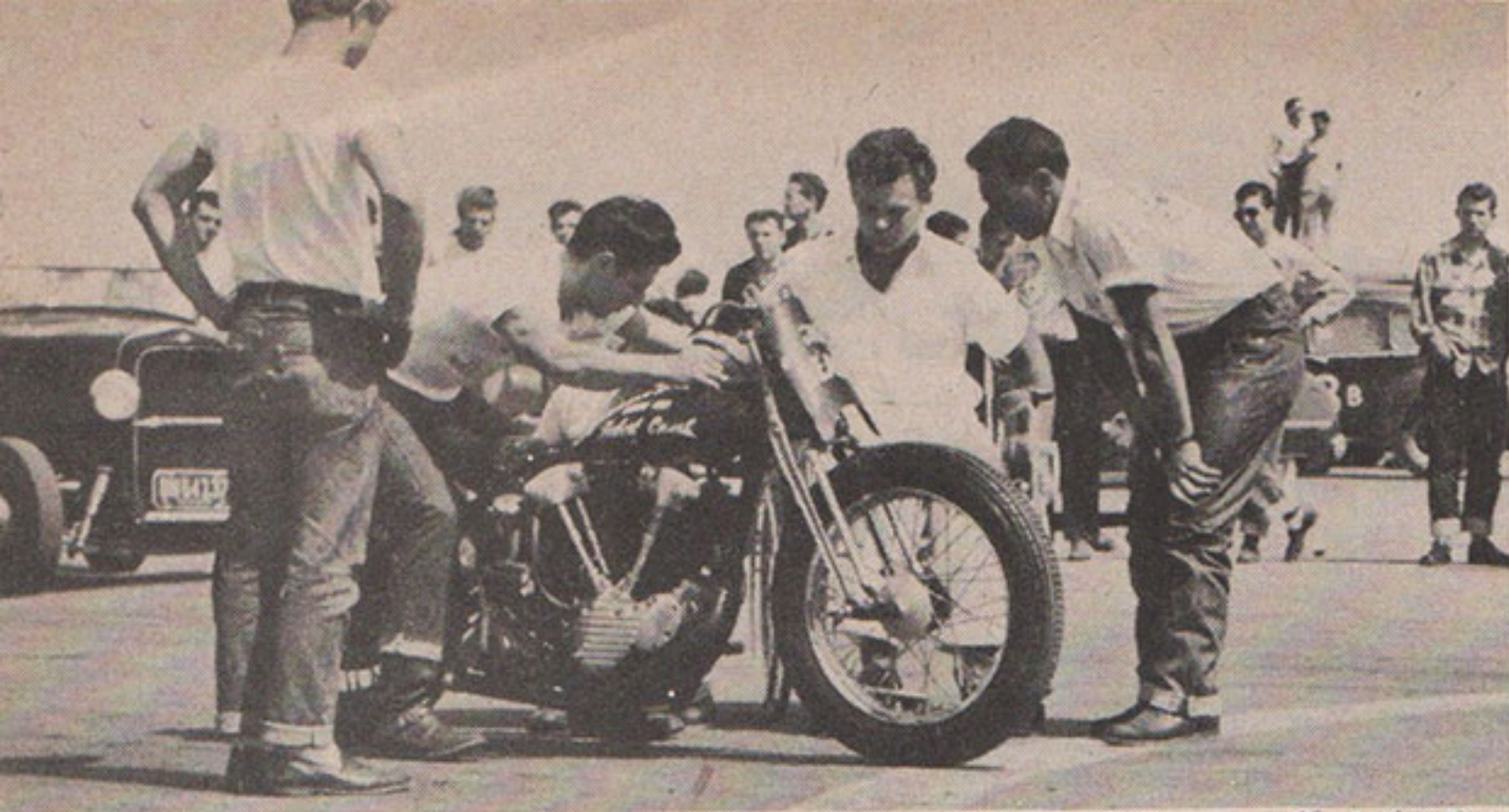
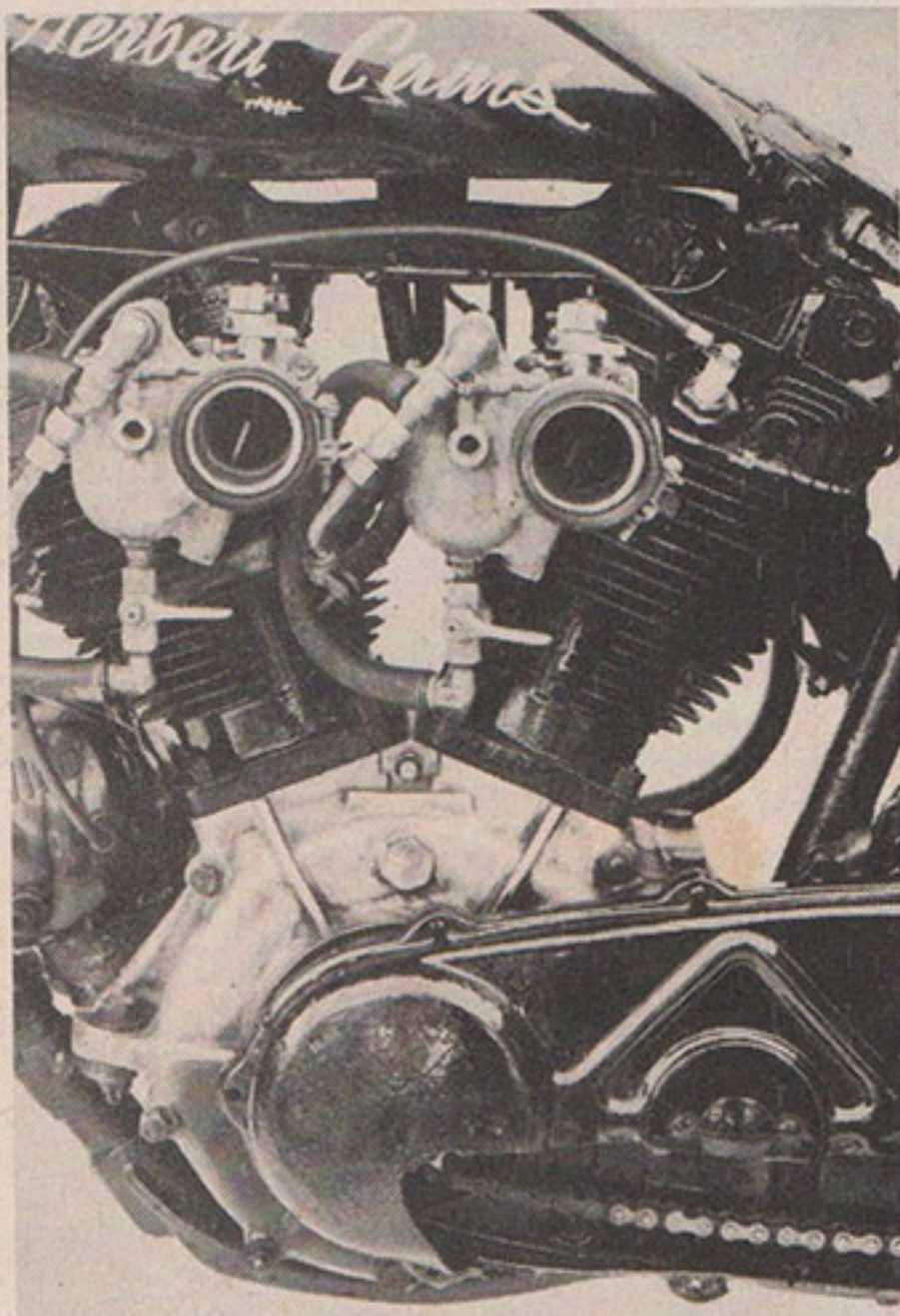


Photo by Pete

ABOVE, No clutch or kill button is used. Full throttle is applied at start, then as the Beast gets under way, throttle must be backed off until wheel spin is minimized, then gradually turned on again

Photos by Felix Zelenka



FIVE MILES south of Santa Ana, California is the Orange County Airport. This colorful spot is fast approaching the fame of Indianapolis and Daytona Beach in the eyes of speed enthusiasts because of the almost unbelievable drag race records that have been established there.

Every Sunday the whine of power-packed engines and the smell of alcohol and castor oil invades the quiet atmosphere of this county airport. A spot that has been quiet all week is in a few minutes transformed into a roaring testing grounds for some of the fastest cars and motorcycles in the world.

Drag racing is not new for it has been going on as long as there have been two vehicles trying to beat each other away from a stop sign. It has been in just the last year that it has gained national recognition as an organized sports event. There are many spots that feature drag racing as a weekly contest, but Santa Ana leads them all with its three to four thousand paid admissions and its two to three hundred contestants every week. This is due to the central location between Los Angeles and San Diego which offers easy accessibility to Southern California speed enthusiasts. The site is an abandoned landing strip built during the

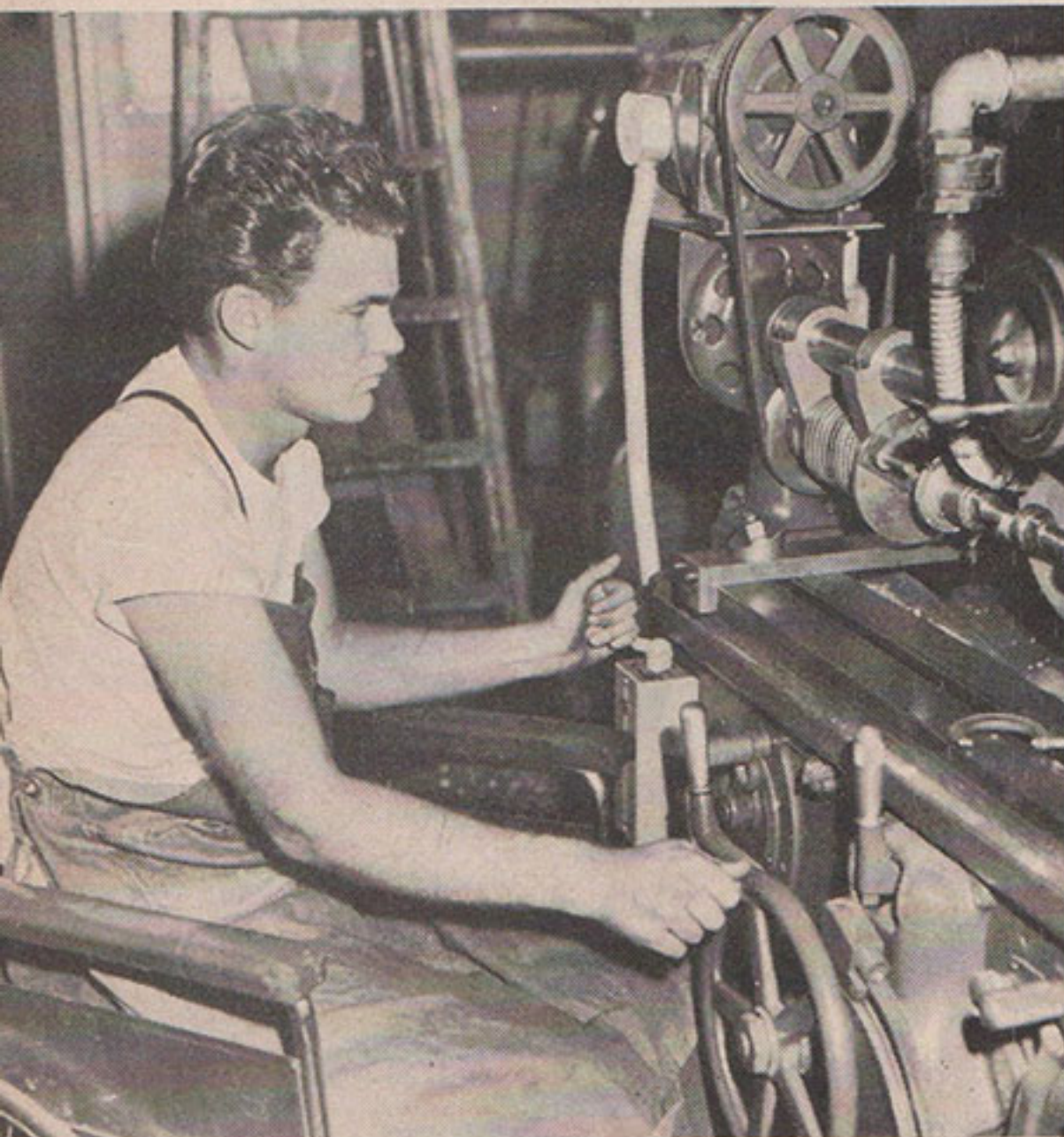
war by the Army, with exactly  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the starting line to the last clock. The clocks are spaced eighty-five feet apart and the zoom artists are checked for this last eighty-five feet of the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Electrical timing is provided by Frank Christian who times nearly all lake meets and track events in Southern California.

Many weird looking projectiles built specially for dragging have come and gone from Santa Ana in the last year. Most consistent of these sprint wagons to make their bid for top honors is a motorcycle owned by Chet Herbert. In July, 1950, Chet took his home made creation to the drags for the first time. It had turned 128 mph at the June lakes meet and at its drag race debut set a new record with 103. The previous record was 101 set by a modified roadster named the "Bug" because it was so little, having nothing but a frame and motor. The crowd that Sunday stuck the "Beast" on Chet's frame twisting dynamo because of its ugly appearance and the nasty trouncing it gave the "Bug." All week Chet and Roy Felkner, motorcycle shop owner in Santa Ana, would work on the "Beast,"

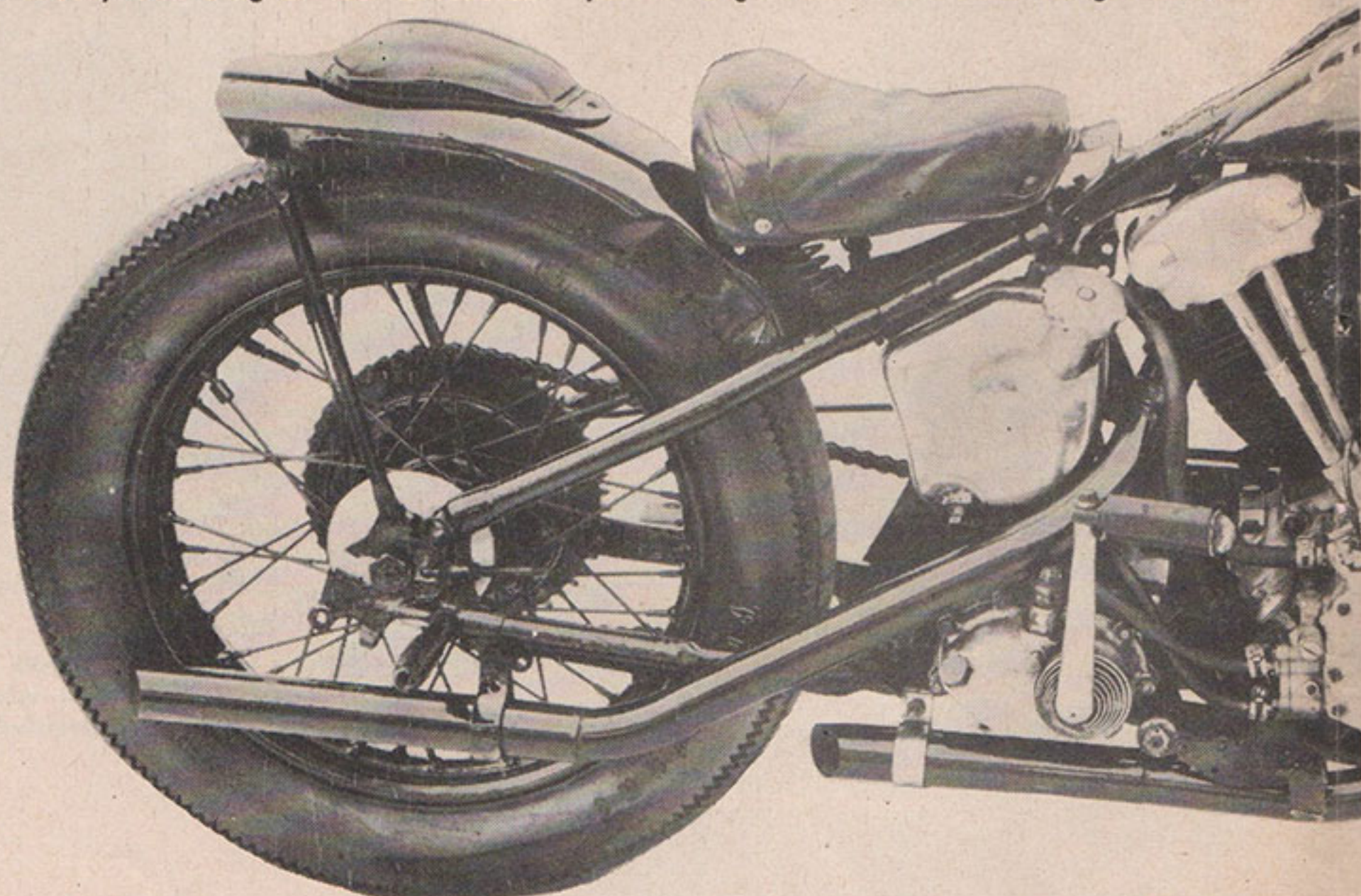
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ABOVE-LEFT, Monstrous looking pots have been reworked to floatless principle and excess fuel is run out hole in carburetor onto ground when petcocks are open. Venturas have been removed so that velocity and drag of fuel is reduced

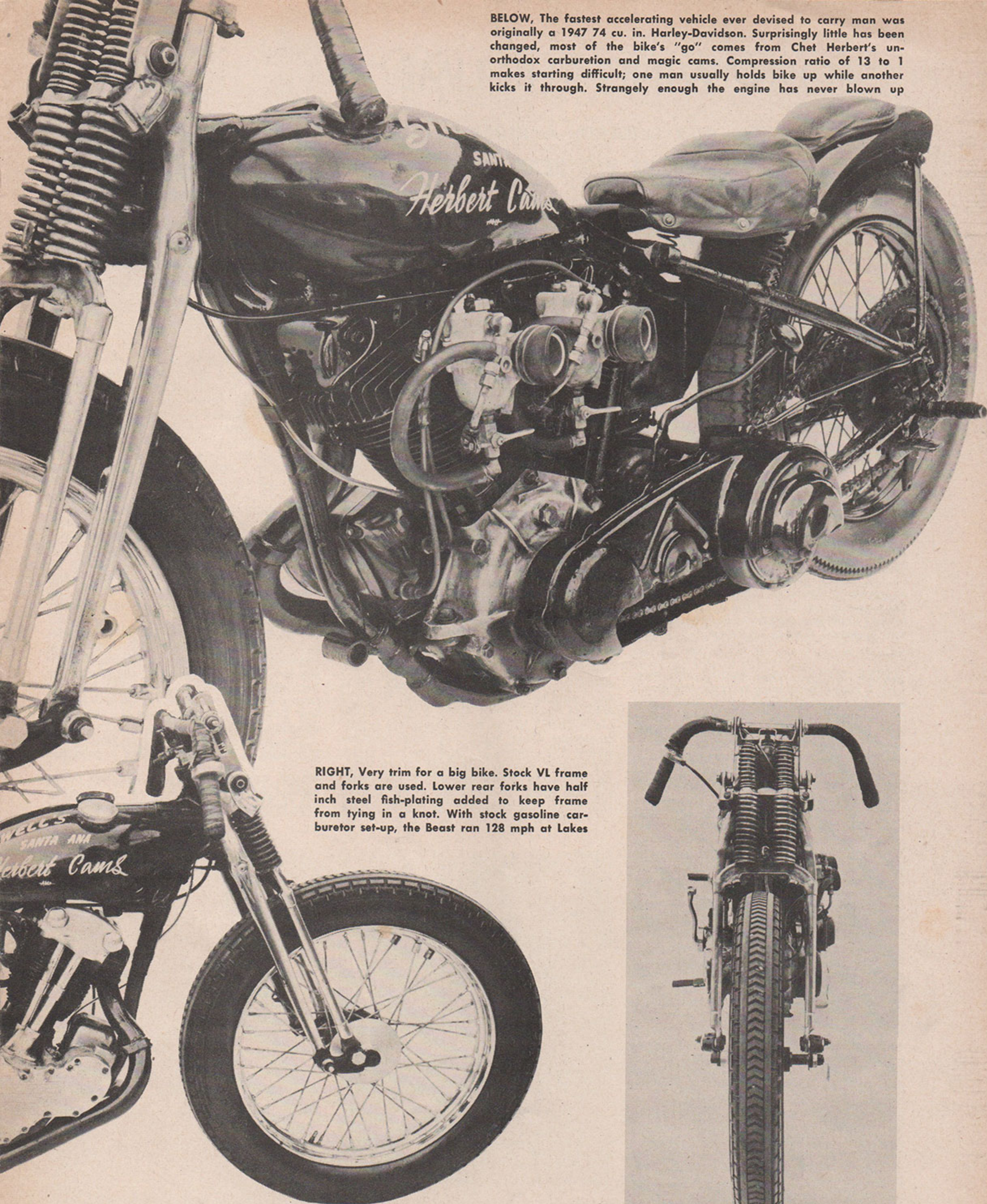
BELOW, Auto headlight gas tank holds  $2\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of brew: alcohol, nitro-methane, water and castor oil. One run down quarter mile trap sucks and spews a gallon of the potent juice through twin Offenhauser midget carbs



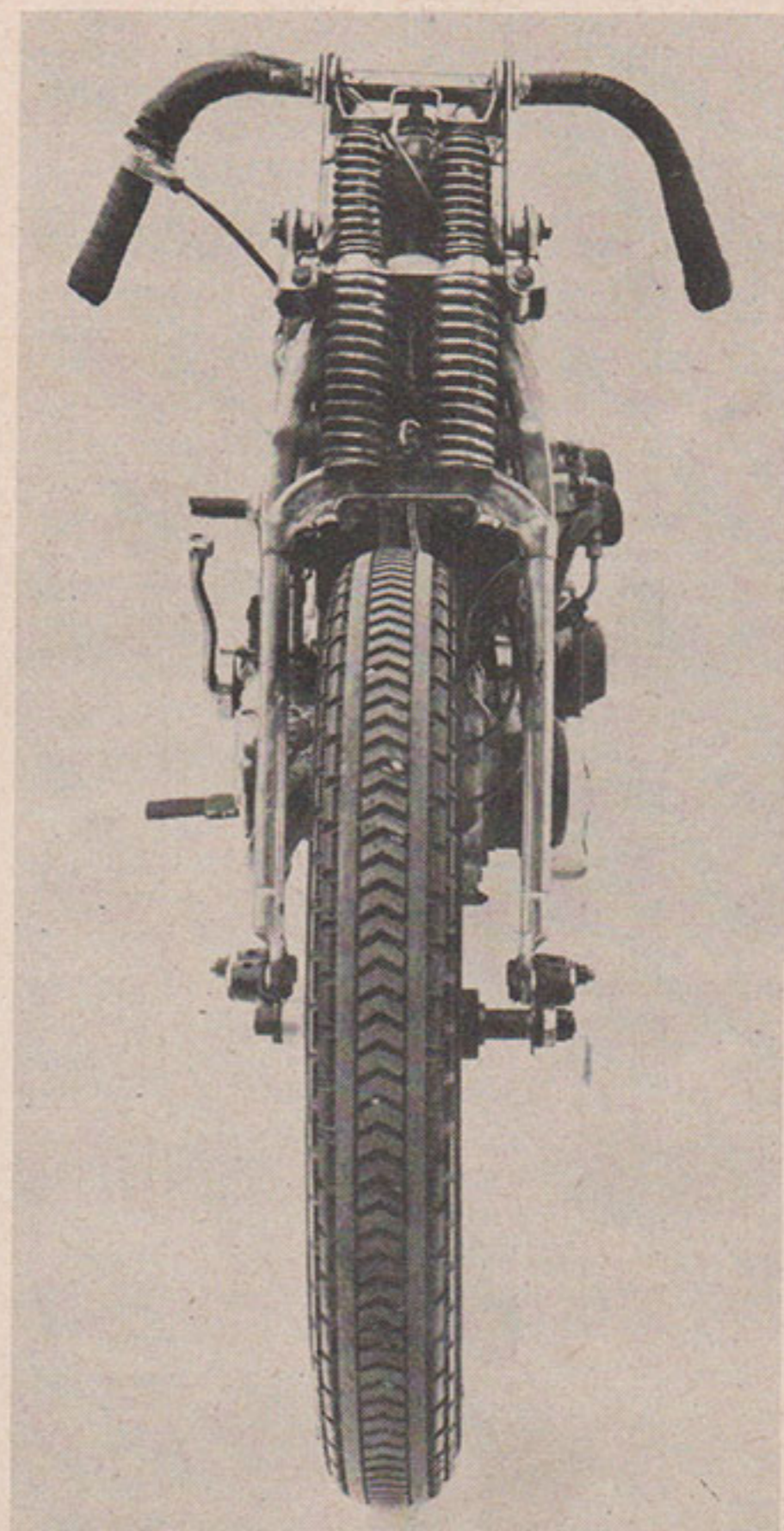
ABOVE, Chet Herbert, polio victim for several years is far from inactive. Shown here at his cam grinder which is capable of doing seven different grinds without changing master cam



BELOW, The fastest accelerating vehicle ever devised to carry man was originally a 1947 74 cu. in. Harley-Davidson. Surprisingly little has been changed, most of the bike's "go" comes from Chet Herbert's unorthodox carburetion and magic cams. Compression ratio of 13 to 1 makes starting difficult; one man usually holds bike up while another kicks it through. Strangely enough the engine has never blown up



RIGHT, Very trim for a big bike. Stock VL frame and forks are used. Lower rear forks have half inch steel fish-plating added to keep frame from tying in a knot. With stock gasoline carburetor set-up, the Beast ran 128 mph at Lakes



# FOLLOWING THE LIME

## WITH AUB LeBARD; A RIDER'S RIDER, THREE-TIME BIG BEAR CHAMP

As Told to Gene Jaderquist

Photos by Chet Phebus

*Second in a series of competition champions sharing their techniques and experiences with you in the pages of CYCLE. Aub, three-time Big Bear winner, Class B Jack Pines champion, two-time winner of the Flintlock run, holds a total of 80 trophies, most of them earned since 1946. At 29, the dynamic, wiry rider is considered the man to beat in hare-and-hounds events.*

*Between races, Aub keeps busy holding up his half of LeBard and Underwood, a motorcycle shop with a BSA franchise at 1346 E. Firestone Blvd. in Los Angeles. He hates clocks and watches, tells time by the sun and his own instinct, always arrives early for appointments. His wrist watch, a gift last year from Rhea, his wife, lies at home in a desk drawer.*

*Besides his wife, Aub has three other motorcycle enthusiasts in his immediate family. His son, 3, who rides with dad and a daughter, 6. Aub's father, "Pappy" LeBard is a legendary figure in Los Angeles events. He scouts, acts as part of the pit crew, avidly follows sporting competition, but has only two solo pavement runs to his credit.*

**A**FTER YEARS spent trailing the hare, I should be able to relax on the morning of a race. Instead, I'm worse now than on my first run 13 years ago. At breakfast, before the 1951 Big Bear National Championship, my throat was too tight to swallow a mouthful of coffee and I knew if I forced it I'd throw everything up. All I could do was sit around and chew cigarettes and watch the others eat.

We all left for the starting line near Victorville together. I drove the truck because I was too nervous to be a passenger. We arrived an hour early because I hate to be hurried at the last minute.

When the ready bomb puffed in the distance, I calmed down. Just knowing the BSA was in top shape helped ease my mind. Most of the race is really run in the shop long before January 8 dawns. In the last five years of steady competition hare-and-hounding, I've learned that the condition of my machine can win or drop the race, regardless of how well I ride. A patch-up job comes un-patched on the rocks; a weak tire will blow up in your face when you need speed most.

Not that I spend a lot of money and time on speed-tuning. My BSA is always running a stock engine. A top speed of 85 is all that anybody needs for hare and hounds. The only special work I've done is raise the exhaust above the lower level of the chain guard and chop six inches out of the muffler; fix a safety-wire to the transmission cover plate; bolt in a heavier skid plate. These are all minor adjustments but they've been made to stay. None of these adjustments are important compared to the real preparation—painstaking, methodical inspection of every joint, every nut, every working part. Examine, test, replace when in doubt—that's the only way to be sure your machine will

finish. And the time to do all this is the day after the race before. Then you've got plenty of time for repairs. I clean and gunk my cycle very slowly after each race, studying each section carefully as it comes clean.

Five minutes after the ready bomb, the starting bomb is fired. When I spurred forward toward the smoke this year, I knew my bike was good for the distance. Now I could concentrate on staying the route myself.

In the first fifty yards a number of the 300 starters found themselves flat on their backs. I always take it slow at the beginning, giving plenty of space to the eager jockeys. First man into the first check doesn't usually win any prizes. There's no profit in blasting through the dangerous confusion of three-hundred excited, throttle-happy riders. In a race as long as the Bear, the steady man has the best chance.

I learned that lesson thoroughly in a recent Turkey run. For some reason I still don't understand, I decided to make an early break for first place. I bolted through the pack, blowing off guys right and left, weaving and twisting in the choking dust, trusting to some sort of blind radar I thought I had to keep myself out of trouble. So at 65 mph, with zero visibility, I jammed my front wheel at an angle into a dry wash. There was nothing to do but take it. When I crawled back to the BSA, I was in last place. Then I had to make emergency repairs where the chain guard had wiped out ten spokes. I was lucky to finish the race at all.

I cruised into the first check in this year's Bear in about 100th position. Shortly after the first check, the trail led along a fence and we all rode single-file. At the end of the



fence, the lead rider turned left and we followed him—I don't know why. Perhaps some expert in mob psychology understands why everyone turned left when the trail was clearly marked as a right turn. Here, I was lucky. Because I was so far behind, I saw the others milling around in the blind canyon. It was obvious that they had missed the trail so I whipped back to the fence and picked up the right turn. Just like that—I was now in first place.

Following the lead rider has cost me more than one race. Through bitter experience, I've discovered that you can't trust anybody but yourself to follow the trail. And if you do get off, double back until you pick up the lime. Taking out after a pack of riders somewhere in the distance doesn't pay off. Ten guys can be just as wrong as one—sometimes more so.

Old hands at hare-and-hounds can interpret the lime markings and save several mistakes. A real shark can damn near tell you the bust measurement of the blonde the hare was thinking about by looking at the lime pattern. You could always tell by the way Royal Carroll threw lime his speed and direction of travel at a glance.

The next stretch was desert sand. Sand, like shale, is odd-ball stuff and a rider has

**BELOW, Aub's machine varies little from recommended factory fitting, the few small exceptions include higher bars and added skid plate**



**ABOVE, The victor atop Big Bear mountain. His father, at left, Aub's strictest critic, is always waiting along the trail to service his Beezer**





to be awful careful about snapping the throttle. Sixty-five is a good speed. Slower, and you'll be plowing through the sand; faster and you may get thrown. At 65, you travel on top of the sand. Whatever you do, don't turn fast on either sand or shale, especially at high speed. If you find yourself overshooting a corner, go on over, slow down, and come back. Everybody overshoots a corner once in a while. Playing it safe will cost you less time than a spill.

In one race, a couple of years back, I slid into a pile of sand and threw myself. Before I could go any farther, I had to sit down and clean out the air-cleaner. That cost a lot of time but it was the only way I could finish the race. I always carry plug wrench, extra plug, screwdriver, crescent wrench, pliers and wire for emergencies.

Toughest stretch in this year's Bear is now generally referred to as "Impossible Hill." Almost impossible to climb because it is composed of rock and shale. Most of us went side-hilling. This was one time when it paid off to be near the front—late comers to "Impossible Hill" found the going too soft to handle.

Coming down the other side of "Impossible Hill" there was nothing to do but hold on and let your job bounce down the other side over a few choice rocks. Rocks are the toughest going, the most dangerous obstacle in a hare-and-hound. The only thing you can do is stay off the biggest and sharpest boulders. Hold the bars tightly because the front wheel will do its damndest to throw you when it stubs on a big one.

Best preventive against rocks is proper inflation pressure for tires. I keep 25 lbs. of air in the rear 4.00x19 and 28 lbs. in the front 3.00x21. In addition I put two and one-half tubes of Never-Leak in the front tube and one and one-half tubes in the rear. Use good tires, too. No boots or other make-shift devices. It takes a new or excellent tire to stand up over the shattering course most hares love to set. Tread style doesn't seem to make much difference. Some of the best riders I know tell me my treads are all wrong and I don't like theirs.

The fifth check in the Bear run is the gas check—about 80 miles from the start. At this distance, time becomes very important and extra-seconds at the gas check

**BELOW, Headed for deep sand in Cactus Derby, LeBard favors enduros equally as well as the Hare and Hounds, rides both with consistency**

can cost time at the finish or force you to take wild chances to make them up. My gassing procedure had been practiced at home. I'd drive the Beezer into the garage, stop it anywhere and begin to unscrew the gas cap. The pit crew would run toward me, each ready to do one specific job. Bob Moffitt checks the oil; Pappy, my dad, fills the gas tank; Rhea, my wife, wipes my goggles with one hand and stuffs fruit-flavored Life Savers into my mouth with the other. They taste wonderful when your mouth is dried up from nervousness and full of dirt and sand.

In the garage runs, we got the time for these operations down to 47 seconds. During the race I pulled up slightly beyond the check to avoid the crowd and confusion.

After the desert, the long climb began—approximately 3,000 feet in two miles. The weather turned cooler as the climb continued, a relief after the monotonous desert. The low temperature didn't bother me, even at the finish line. I was dressed for anything.

That is another important preparation—clothing. Good competition clothes for hare-and-hounds are warm, but not hot, and loose. This year I wore long woolen underwear, leather riding pants, wool shirt, unlined leather slip-over jacket, boots, riding gloves. Under the boots I wore heavy, wool boot socks and under these, a pair of silk socks. Borrow your wife's or girl friend's nylons if you don't have silk socks of your own. Your legs will feel warmer and sweat less. Under the gloves, wear silk gloves. I use the standard surplus air-force silk gloves. Then, if you ever have to take off your riding gloves, your hands will be protected.

When buying riding clothes, be sure your body movements are free and unhampered. Buy your boots large enough to wear boot socks. I suffered through two years of tight boots and aching feet because mine weren't.

As you draw toward the finish line, you pass through pine trees. The light is very deceptive here and distance is tough to judge. In previous years, the road to the finish line lay in alternate light and shadow. Light spots would be wet but give good traction; shadowy spots would be frozen solid. I almost blew the race once when I went into a shadowy turn too fast.

When the race is over, the bench-racing begins. I get as much kick out of hashing over the details and troubles of each run as I do out of the actual riding. This article is really just a bench-racing session for me.

A lot of riders like to play with gear

ratios, changing their machines around from one race to the next. I've found that the wisest solution is to find a versatile combination that will handle any kind of up or down slope on hard or soft ground. Extreme ratios just don't pay off in hare and hounds. If you could practice on the course, you might be able to calculate a perfect set of gears, but there are no practice sessions.

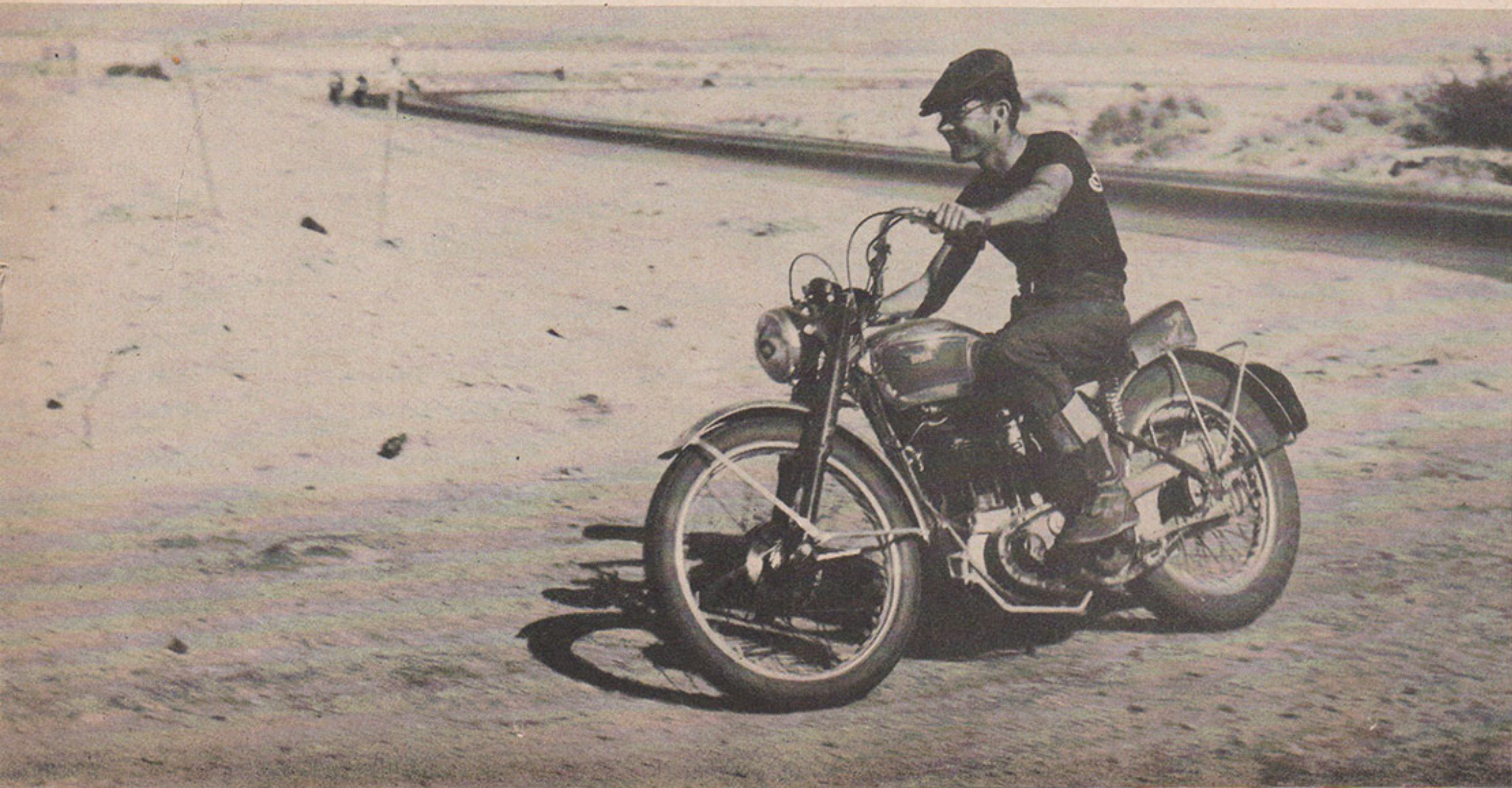
The same goes for compression ratios. In my experience, 7.5:1 is the absolute maximum for rugged cow-trailing. I use 6.8:1 and it has proved to be satisfactory for the past two years. A too-high compression ratio generates too much heat for the slow slogging that you encounter somewhere in every run.

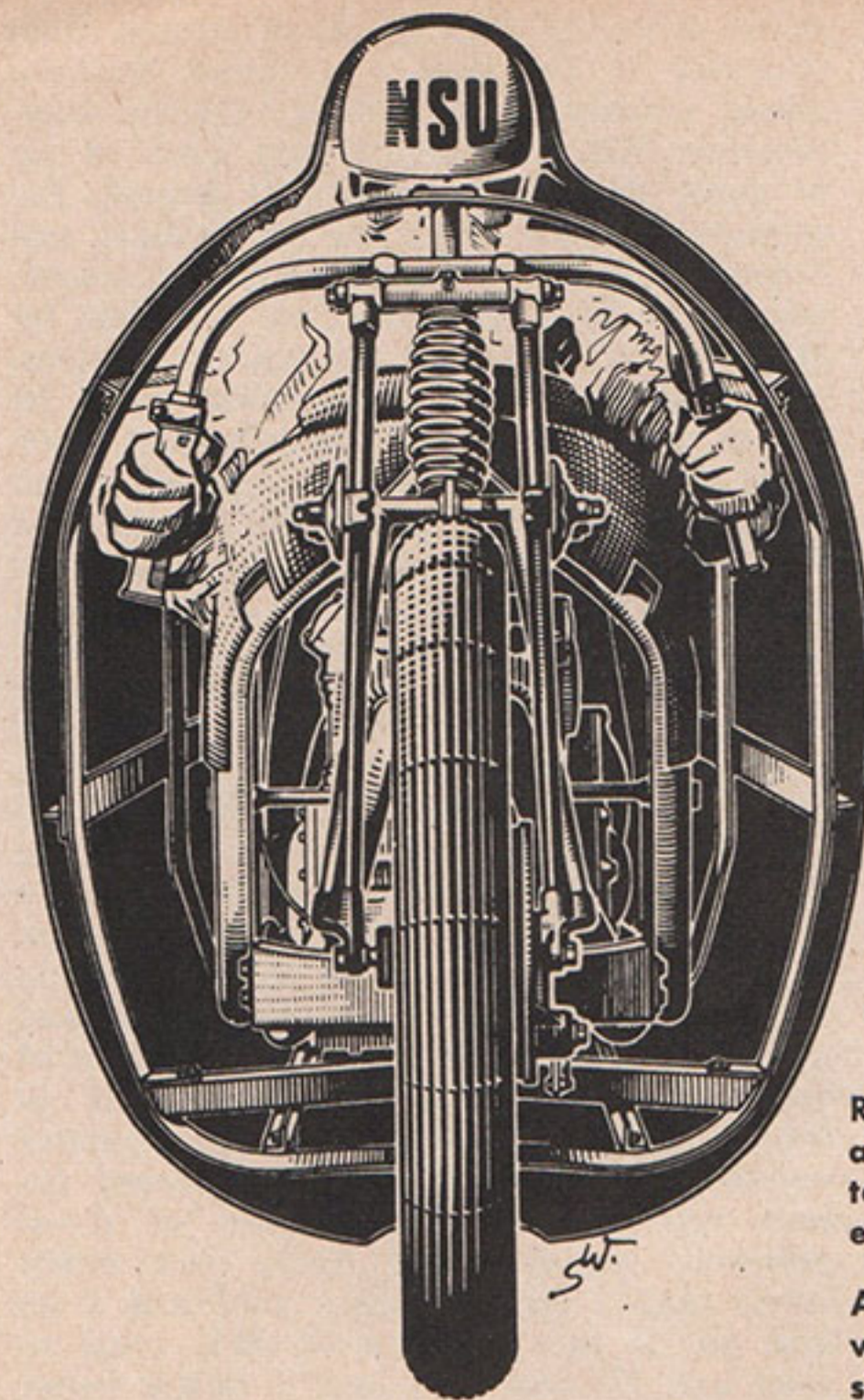
I've stopped using folding pegs because they're dangerous for me. I ride the pegs a lot during a run, and when I put my foot down for a peg I like to find it there, not folded-up by contact with some obstacle. The rigid pegs do get bent occasionally but it isn't much of a trick to straighten them out.

The hardest thing for me to learn was to take it easy. I used to get all excited and try to blow off every guy I saw in front of me, and quite often I'd find myself in trouble. Now, I concentrate on one objective—*finish* the race. I set my own speed for each type of terrain and hold to it—if somebody passes me I figure he's either better than I am or riding wild and I let him go. If he's riding wild he'll come to grief and I'll pass him and if he's a better rider he's going to beat me anyway.

First place man always has it tough. He's the one who has to guess exactly right on speed, direction of turn. The man in second place can profit by the errors of the leader. But never follow the leader too closely, because you may find him in your lap if he goes down suddenly. On the other hand, don't give a thought to the rider behind you. Let him take care of himself. If he's a good rider he'll make his own opportunities for passing and if he isn't as good as you he won't be able to pass.

Don't run with the hounds unless you are having fun. I guess I got too serious about winning after a while and that may be why I tighten up so badly before every event. From here on, I'm going to slack off a little and take it easy. Amateur events like hare and hounds are the best recreation a rider has. No special equipment or expensive modifications are necessary. The winning combination is a good machine in peak condition plus a lot of experience.





RIGHT, Rider position is low for least resistance and helmet made to blend with headrest contour. Huge air ducts scoop up cool air and exhaust along side large stabilizing fin at rear

ABOVE-LEFT, Head-on view of the egg showing wide-spread frame tubes for rigidity. Less air resistance could be achieved if the driver's head were within shell but this proved unsatisfactory since it detracted from driver's balance

LEFT, Wilhelm Herz, 38 year old speed king, first to crash three miles a minute on two wheels also established 350 cc mark of 173.3 mph



## 180 M.P.H. NSU SHATTERS ABSOLUTE WORLD'S RECORD

### 30.50 Inch Twin Upsets 14 Year Old Mark at German Autobahn

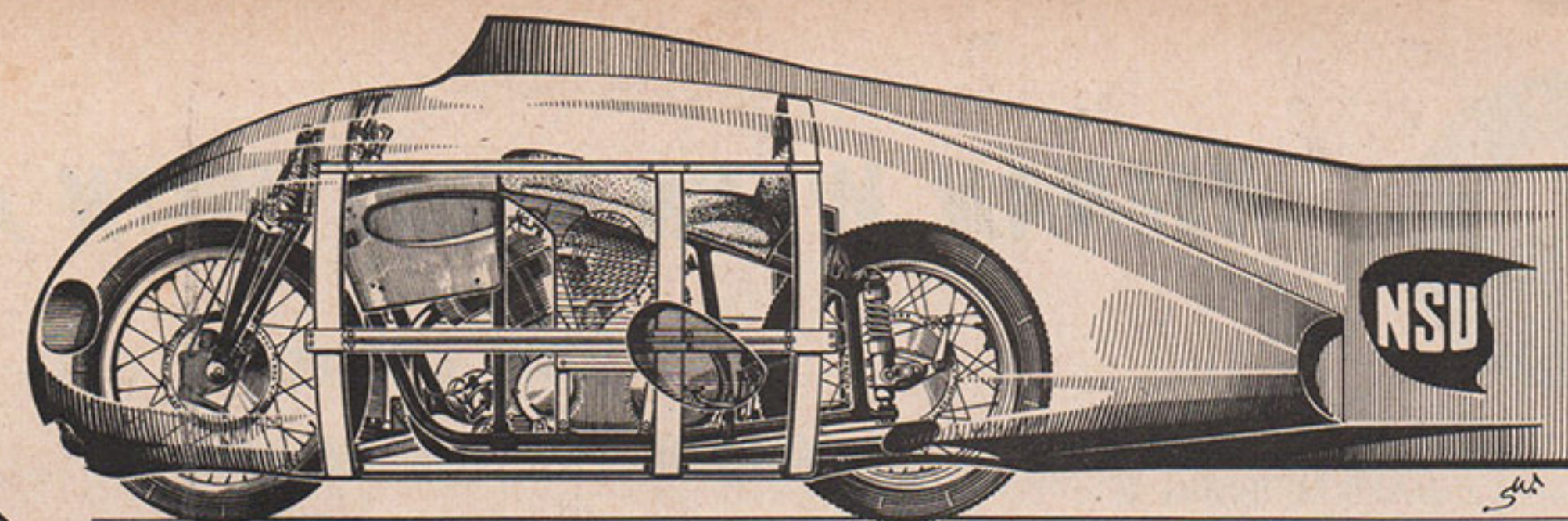
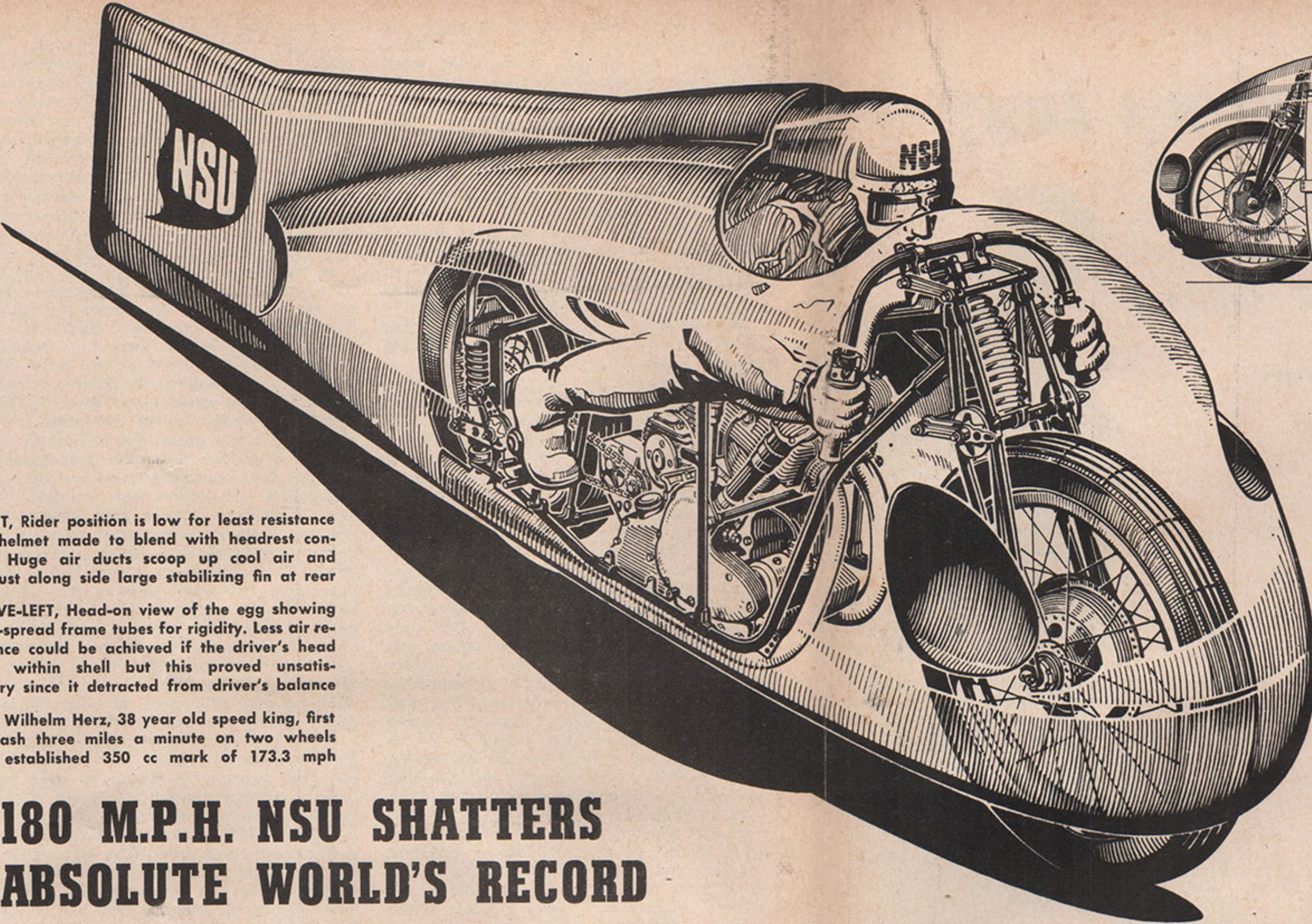
By Herbert G. Schwarz

IT WAS APRIL 12th, 1951, on the great Autobahn between Munich and Ingolstadt, Germany. The weather was clear as far as the eye could see and not a sign of breeze was stirring. This was the ideal moment that the engineers at NSU had been waiting patiently for. Quickly they loaded and trucked their beautiful, smoothly streamlined, 500 cubic centimeter, super-charged twin, over to the smooth pavement straight-a-way, and two hours later, four world's records had been shattered. As suddenly as this, Wilhelm Herz had swept over the marked kilometer in 12.425 seconds on a shell-enclosed, double overhead cam parallel twin, and established an average speed of 289.96 kilometers per hour, the equivalent to 180.065 miles per hour; which is the absolute speed record for present day motorcycles.

Ernst Henne's record of November 28, 1937, 279.506 kilometers per hour, had been bettered by 10 km/h (6.4 mph). Henne's record over the mile was also broken when Herz reached 288.347 km/h or 179.063 mph.

At the same time, two other world marks were set by Hermann Boehm in the sidecar class. Running for the mile, as well as the kilometer, Boehm reached 202 km/h, that is 125.4 mph, leaving Henne's mark, made on a BMW, far behind; for Henne had only reached 183 km/h or 113.5 mph.

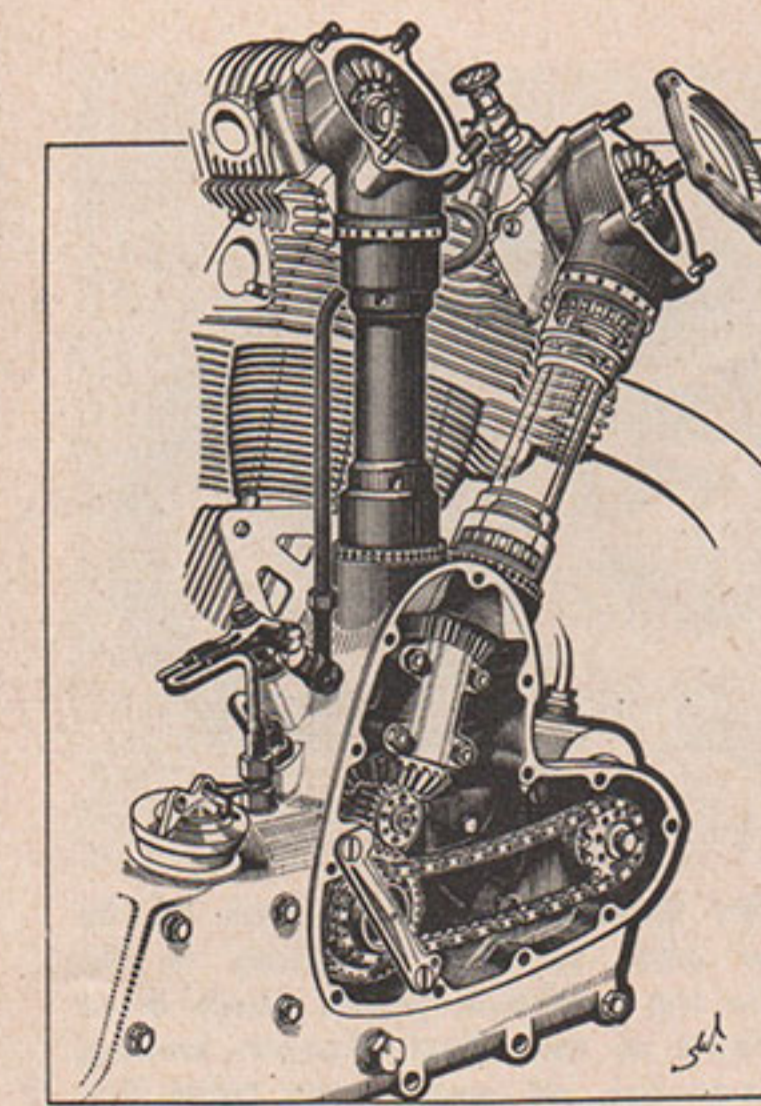
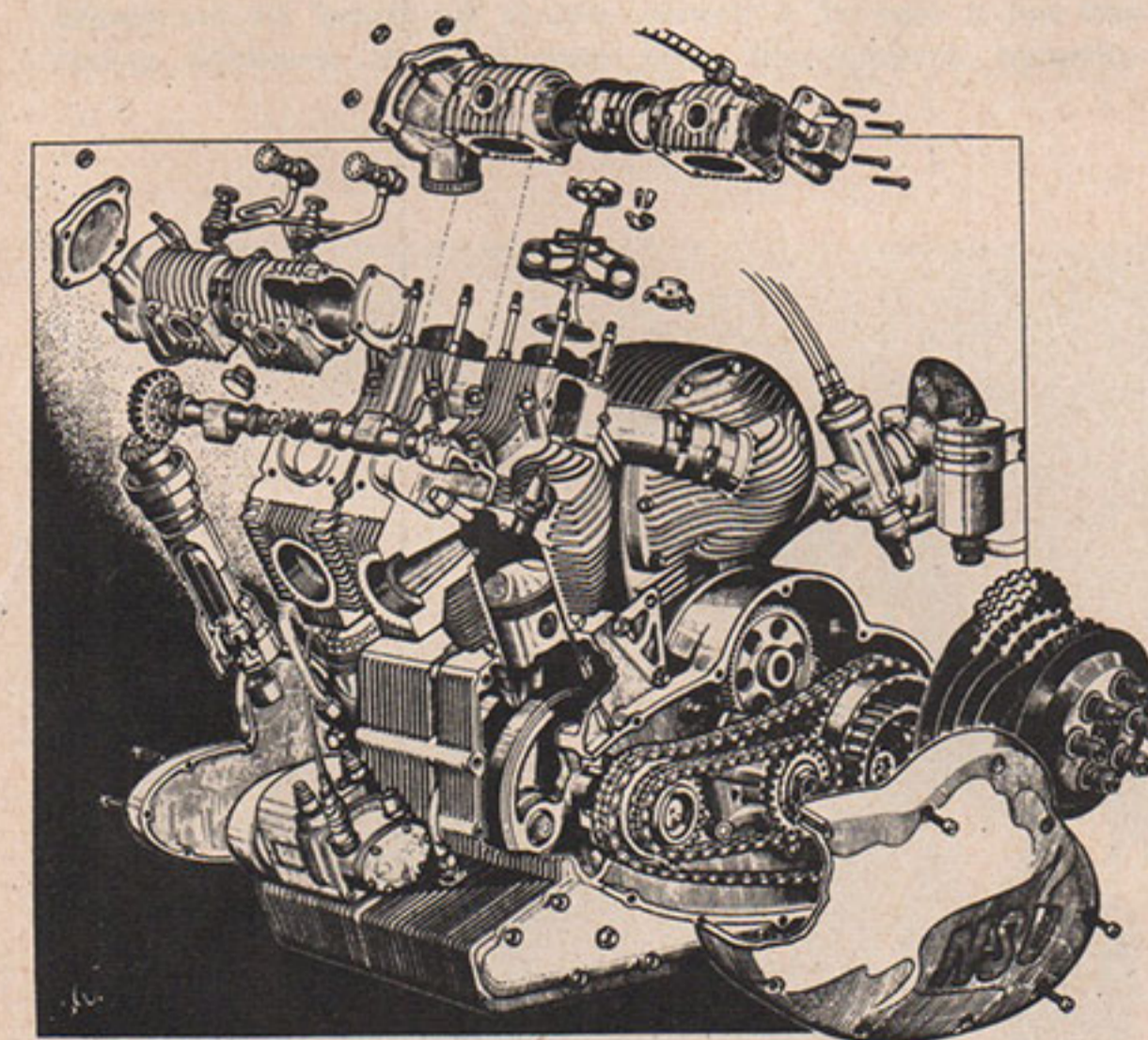
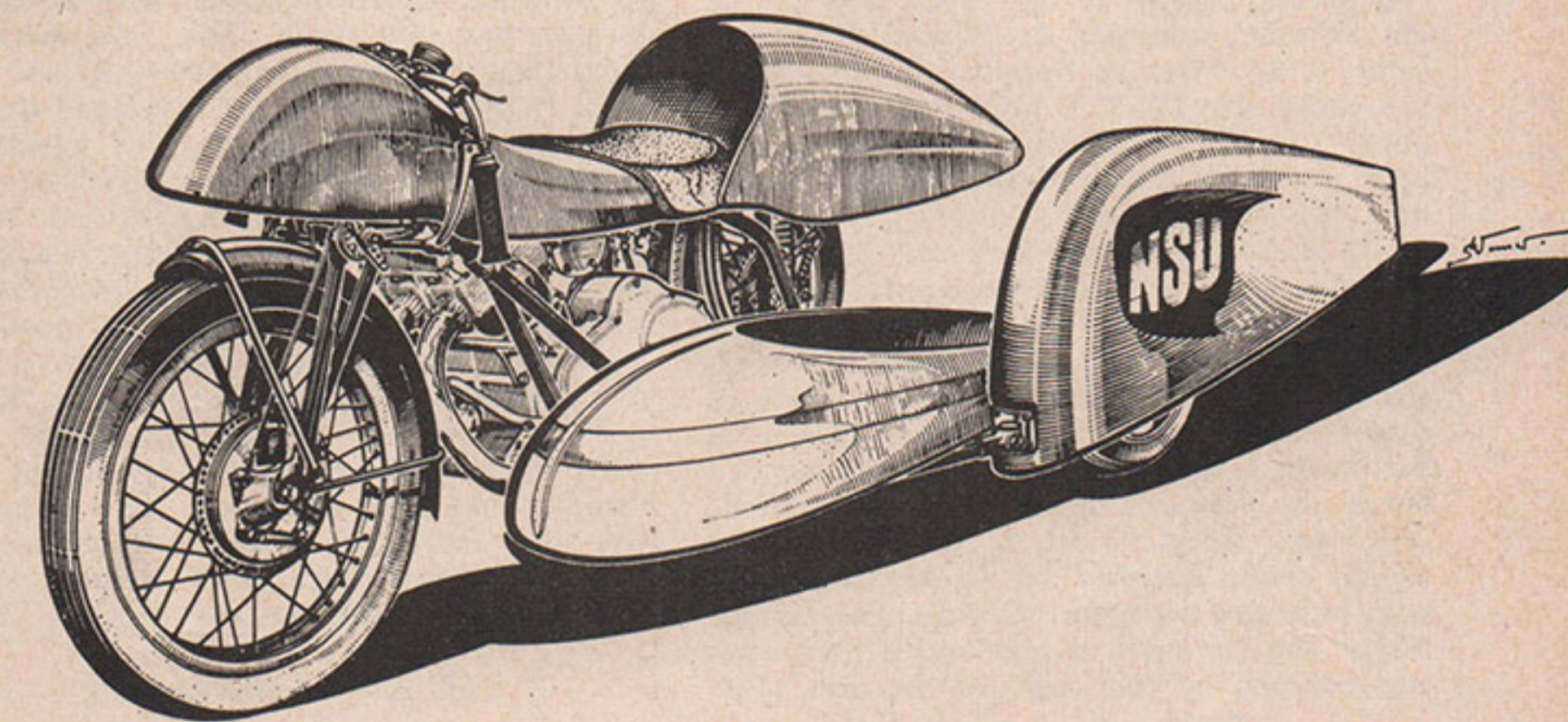
LEFT, One of the biggest problems was transmitting engine's tremendous power to the road. The Continental Tire Works at Hanover spent much research in the development of special tires that would withstand extreme high speeds and deliver maximum traction for this effort



ABOVE, Sloping cylinders allow lower riding position and overall height. German designers have apparently perfected the streamlined shell that has caused others so much trouble in the past. Note extreme squareness of tail fin

RIGHT, Hermann Boehm had to leave his sidecar passenger, Franzl Holler, to establish the two-wheeled record of 125.4 mph. Instead of Holler a 120 pound piece of wood was used

BELOW, Boehm's record smashing rig was odd looking. Reason for half shell design was not given but it is suspected that full streamlining was omitted because of buffeting effect of wind between full shell and third wheel fin



ABOVE-LEFT, Offside view of the concentrated 110 hp blown NSU mill with compressor and Amal carburetor at rear. Note unorthodox taper on exhaust ports. RIGHT, overhead camshafts are operated by individual shaft drives. Maximum power output is developed at 8000 rpm



## KEENAN WYNN STARS WITH A BMW

### MGM COMEDIAN GETS SERIOUS ON THE FAMED OPPOSED GERMAN "SHAFTY"

By Keenan Wynn

FIRST OFF a word about what I happen to be doing on the pages of this Road Test section. Working at M.G.M. Studios in Culver City, I had just finished a scene with Red Skelton and Esther Williams in the picture "Texas Carnival" (watch for it in your local theatre, plug!), when CYCLE Editor Bob Greene called and said that Officer Filker was leaving on vacation and a BMW had to be tested and would I be so kind? etc., etc.

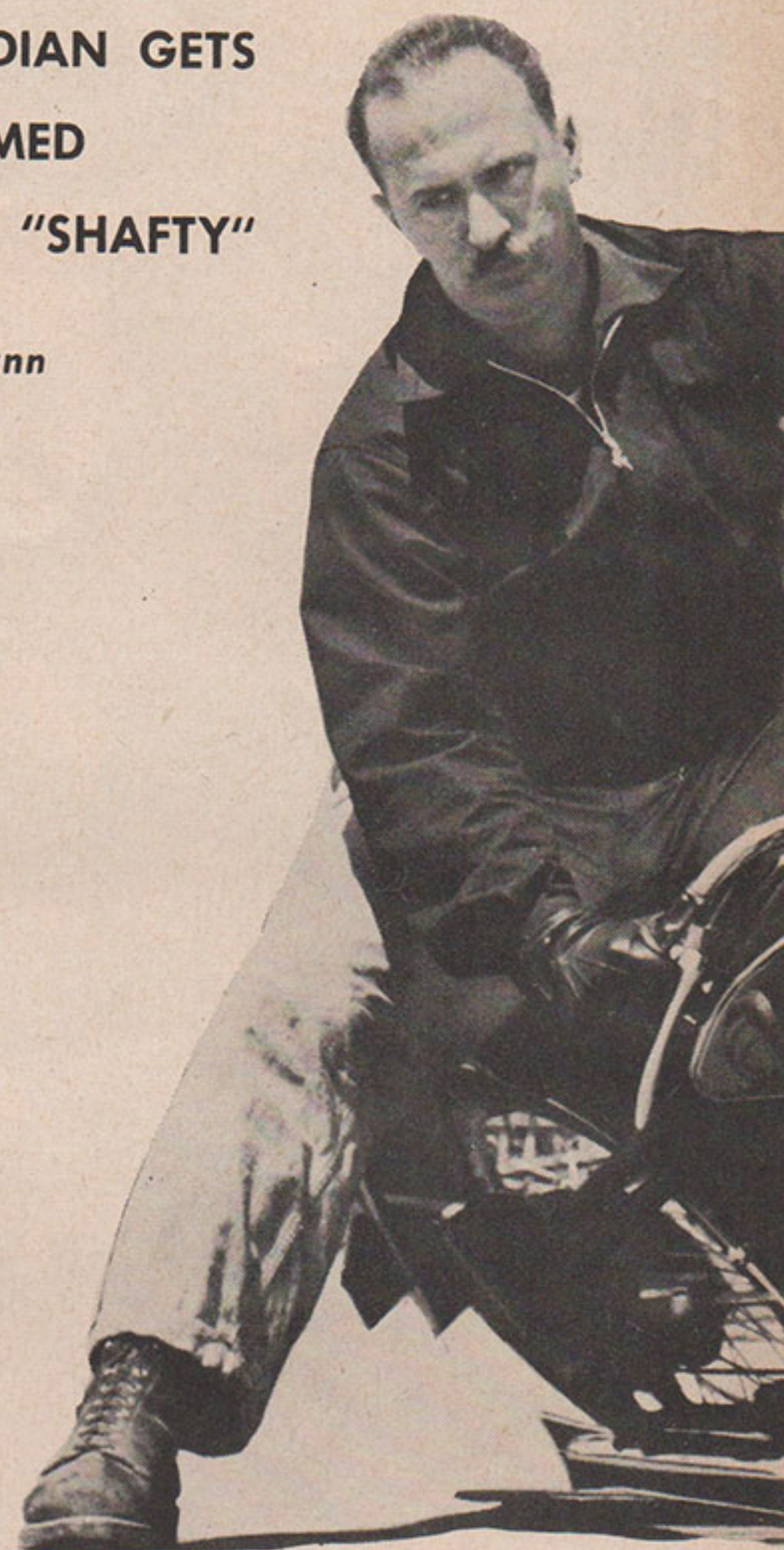
Well, sir, my conceit overcame my better judgment and I hollered, "Yeah!!" I should have stopped to think, "Why should they ask me, a consistent finisher in the Big Bear Run in the high 70's; a cinch for 398 points in the Greenhorn Run; a sure one to be first over the line in the slow race. Why should they ask such a finished rider as myself (and I do mean finished!) to do the test run?" Then it came to me in a flash. They figured if Wynn could ride it, *anybody* could ride it. Pocketing my pride, I told them Monday would be fine. Actually, I was looking forward to this ride, not having ridden a BMW (Bayerische Motoren Werke) since 1944 in Alexandria, Egypt. It had been one of the old Rommel side-hack desert jobs. They had been 750cc bikes as opposed to this 500cc job today. In 1939, I had owned a BMW product called a Nimbus, a 4-cylinder in-line hand clutch, foot shift, deal of amazing lightness for its size and plenty of power; so while my acquaintance with the BMW had been sparse, it left quite an impression.

After a blood chilling ride in ye editor's Studebaker, with Bob at the controls, we arrived at 9058 E. Rose Avenue, address of Roger Riewert, brand new BMW dealer in Bellflower, California. Hardly had we touched down at Riewert's agency when the little jewel was wheeled out, a 30½ inch, 180 degree shafty finished off in lustrous black with blue and white pin striping. The famous BMW name plate is in blue and white porcelain enamel, on each side of the tank. Fol-

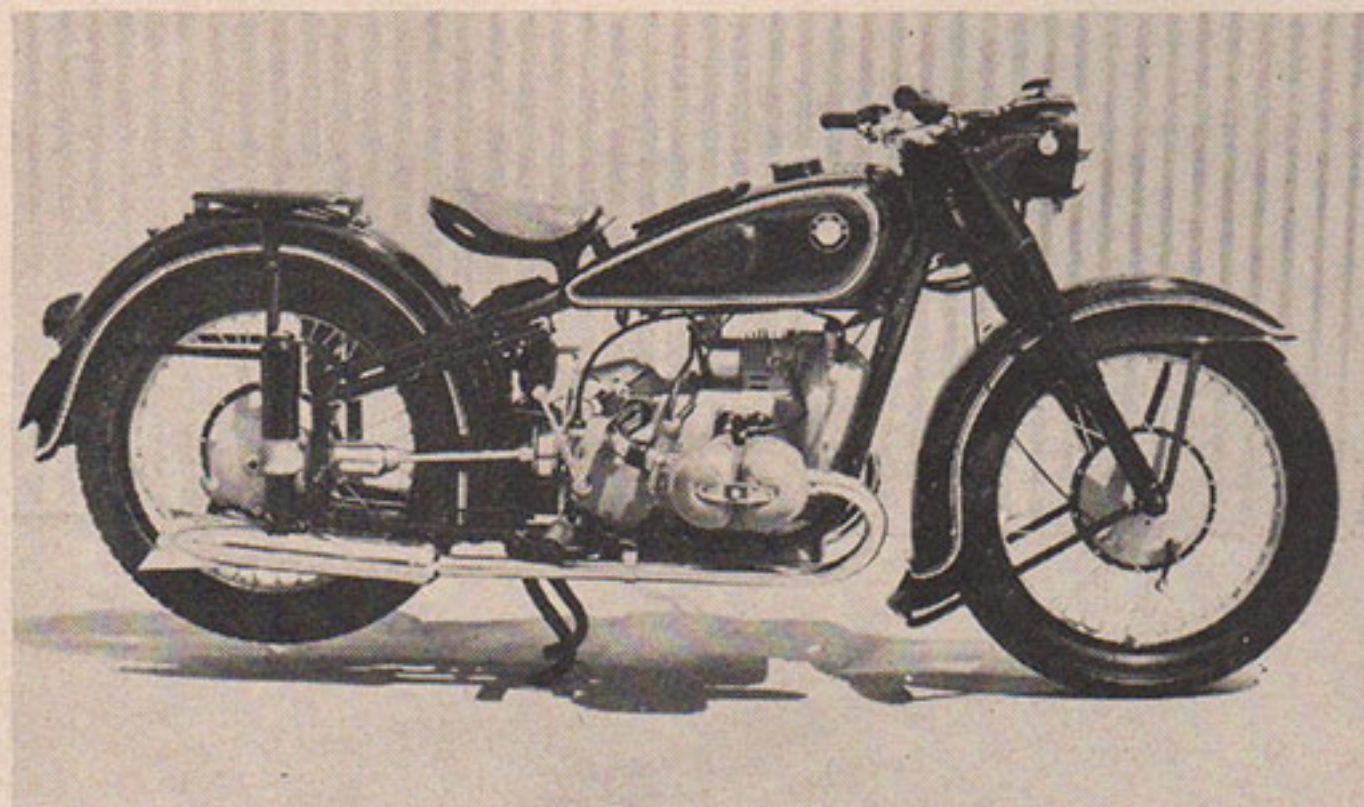
lowing a natural impulse, my first act was to drop an unwieldy 190 pounds into the bike's neat molded rubber saddle and was surprised to find it wonderfully comfortable; amazed by the fact that even I couldn't make it hit bottom. The secret here is a very ingenious coil spring lying horizontally beneath the saddle that is pulled rather than compressed when rider's weight is applied.

On looking down at the tank, I saw that its surface was only interrupted in two places by a rather large, simply designed gas cap and toward the rear of the tank a simple single hinge door that opened into a centrally located tool box built down into the tank. There is a very neatly designed fork lock which does away with all the old-fashioned links of chain and padlocks, the keys of which you always lose and have to wind up filing your machine out of. If you're a slow kick starter man, like yours truly, who always cracks his shin on the backfiring pedal, this machine will be a joy to start. It practically turns over from the weight of your foot and for this reason is an excellent machine for the gals. Here's a 30.50 that starts as easily as any 21 inch twin made. Just retard the spark, one kick through and putt, putt, putt. The gears fool you; first feels like second, and second like third. The only criticism I could have on this machine would be the fact that I felt

(Continued on Page 29)

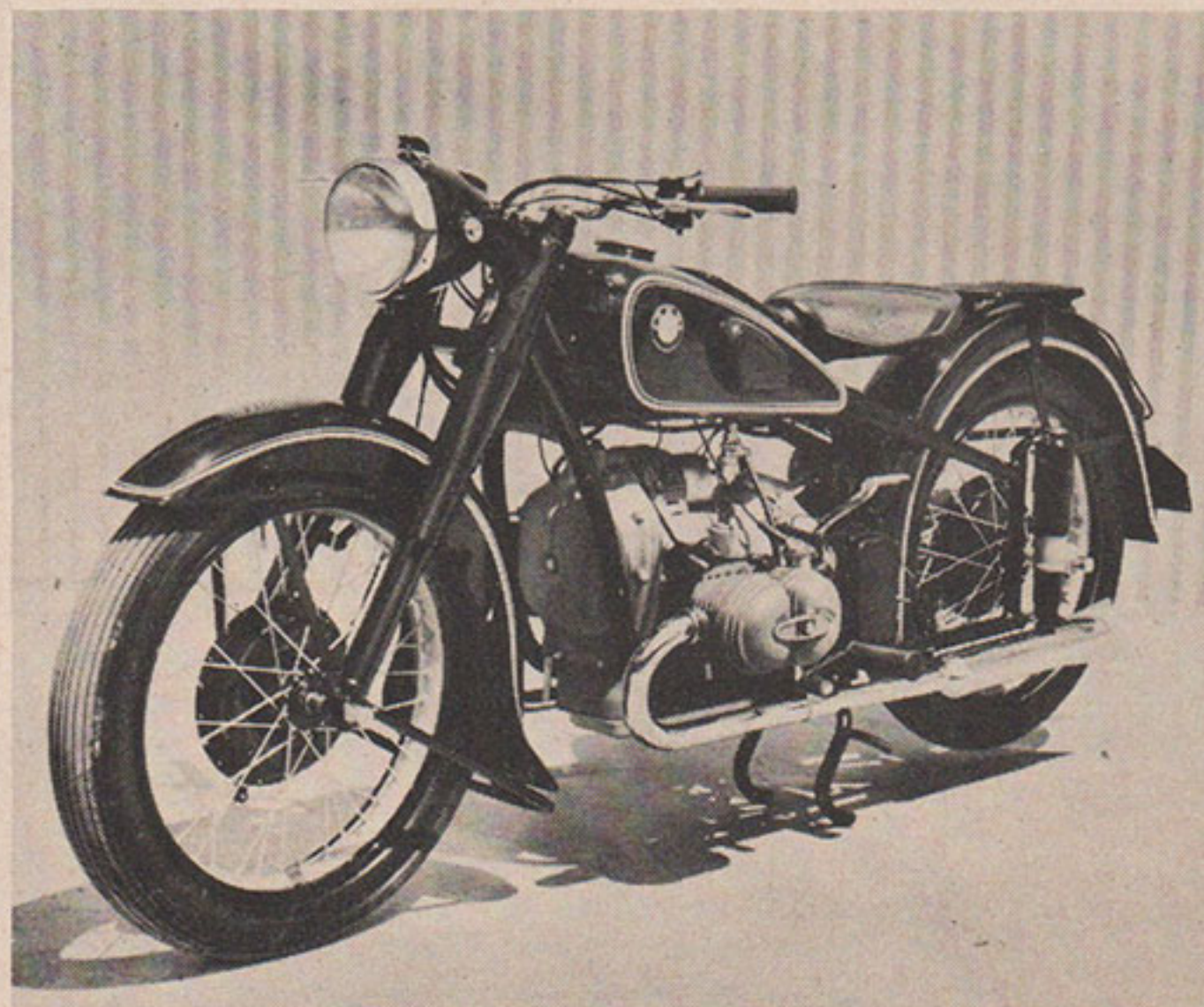


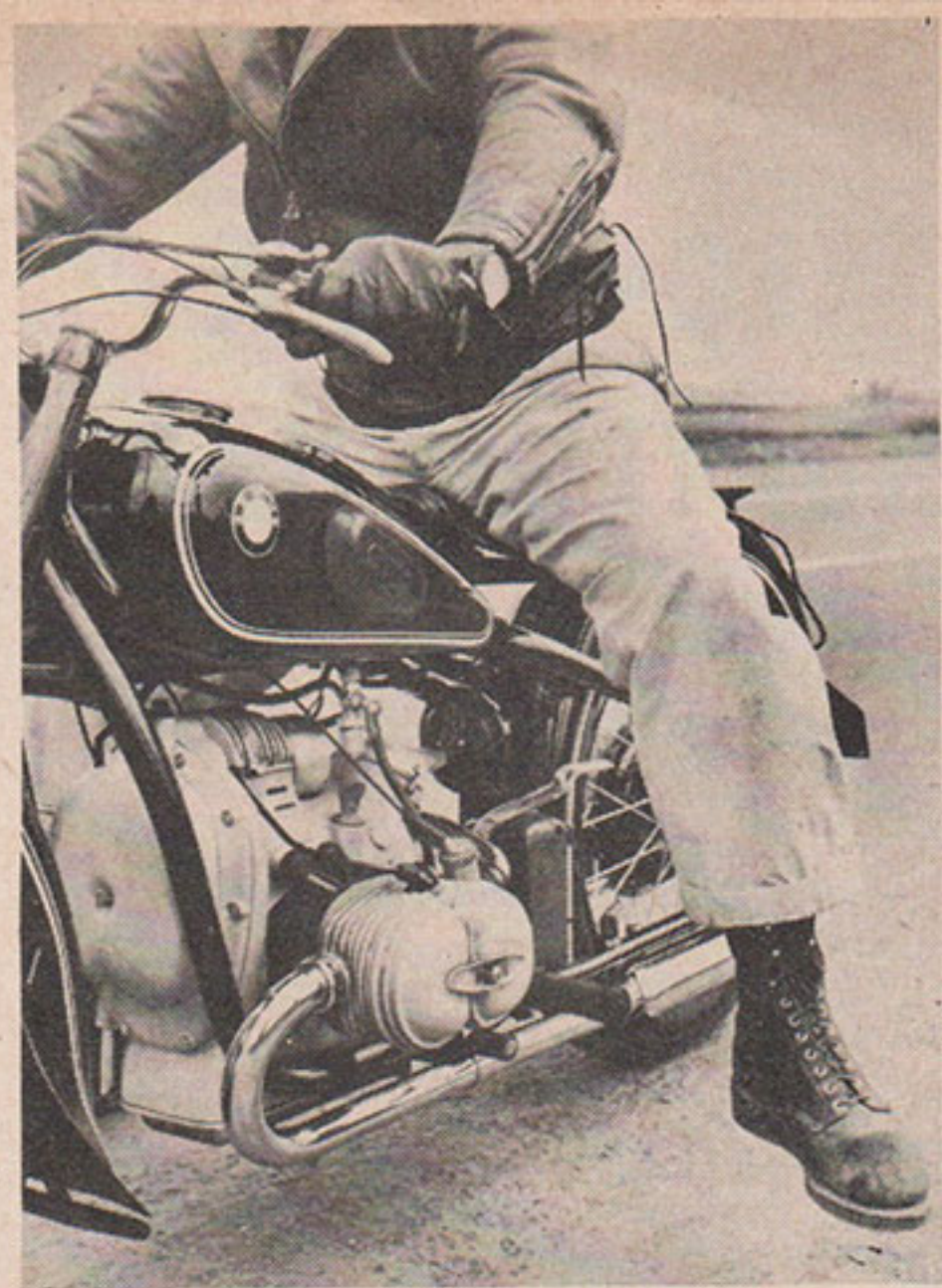
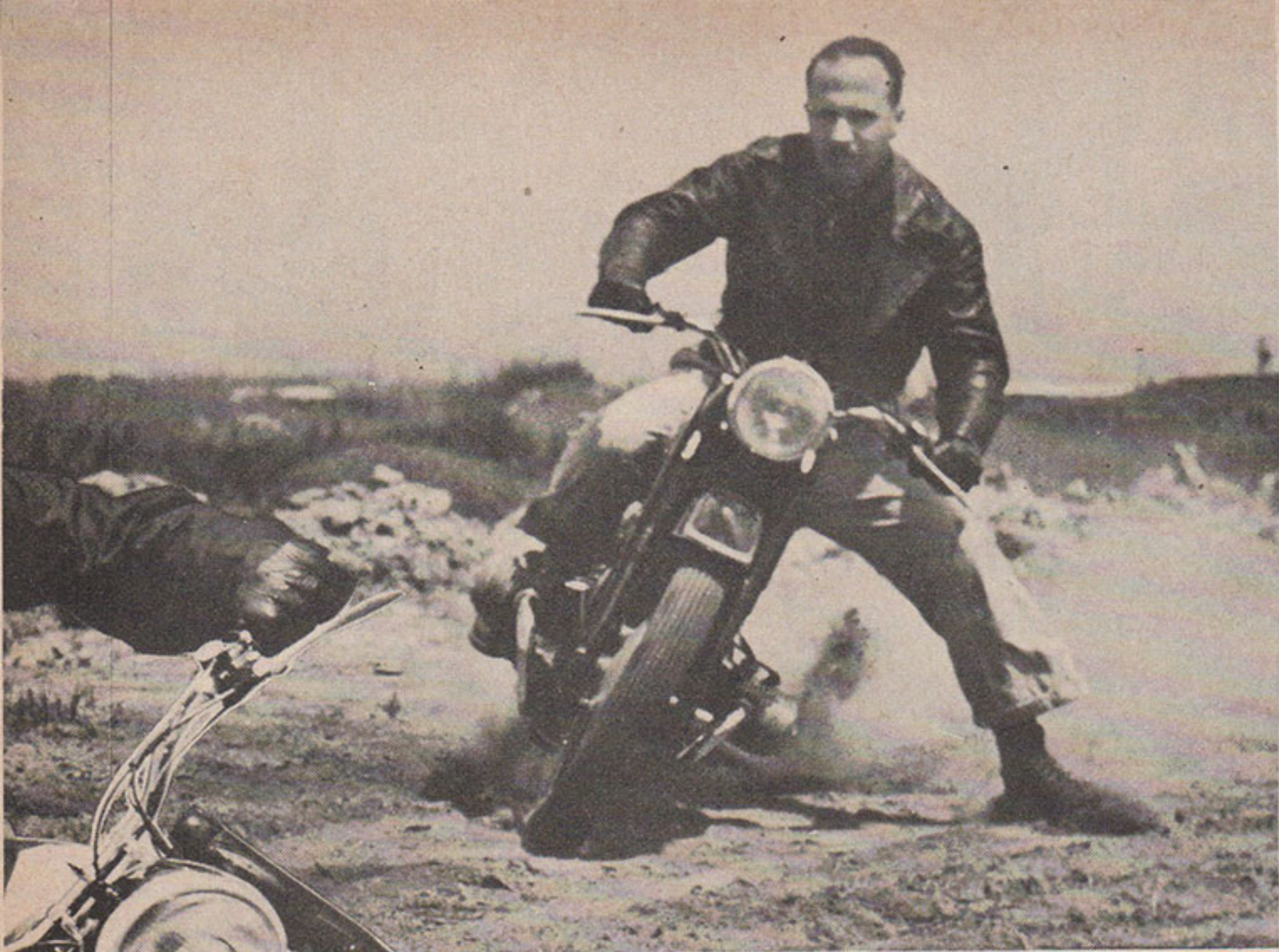
ABOVE, In our efforts to drag the cylinders, the footpegs were worn to a nub and not a sign of a scratch was to be found on the heads. The bike cornered exceptionally well even at near standstill speeds



ABOVE, My first impression of the German flat twin was of its extreme neatness. One detail that adds to their simplicity is the enclosure of the tool box within the top gas tank panel. Shaft drive and integral air cleaner also contribute to the effect. Smooth looking telescopic forks and sprung rear frame are not new to the BMW line

RIGHT, Cylinders of the smooth 180° twin are rugged and reported to withstand terrific jolts. The manufacturer's faith in their strength is evidenced by the fact that no crash bars are fitted. From all outward appearances the workmanship on this sturdy bike was of the finest

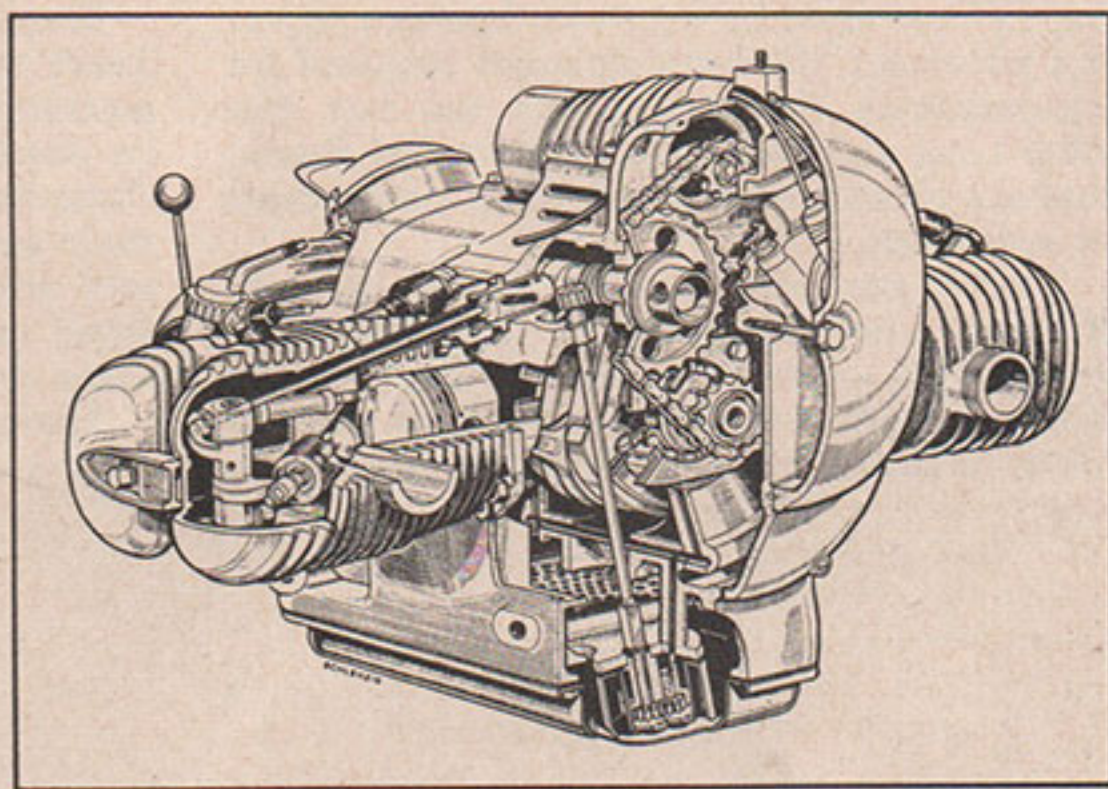
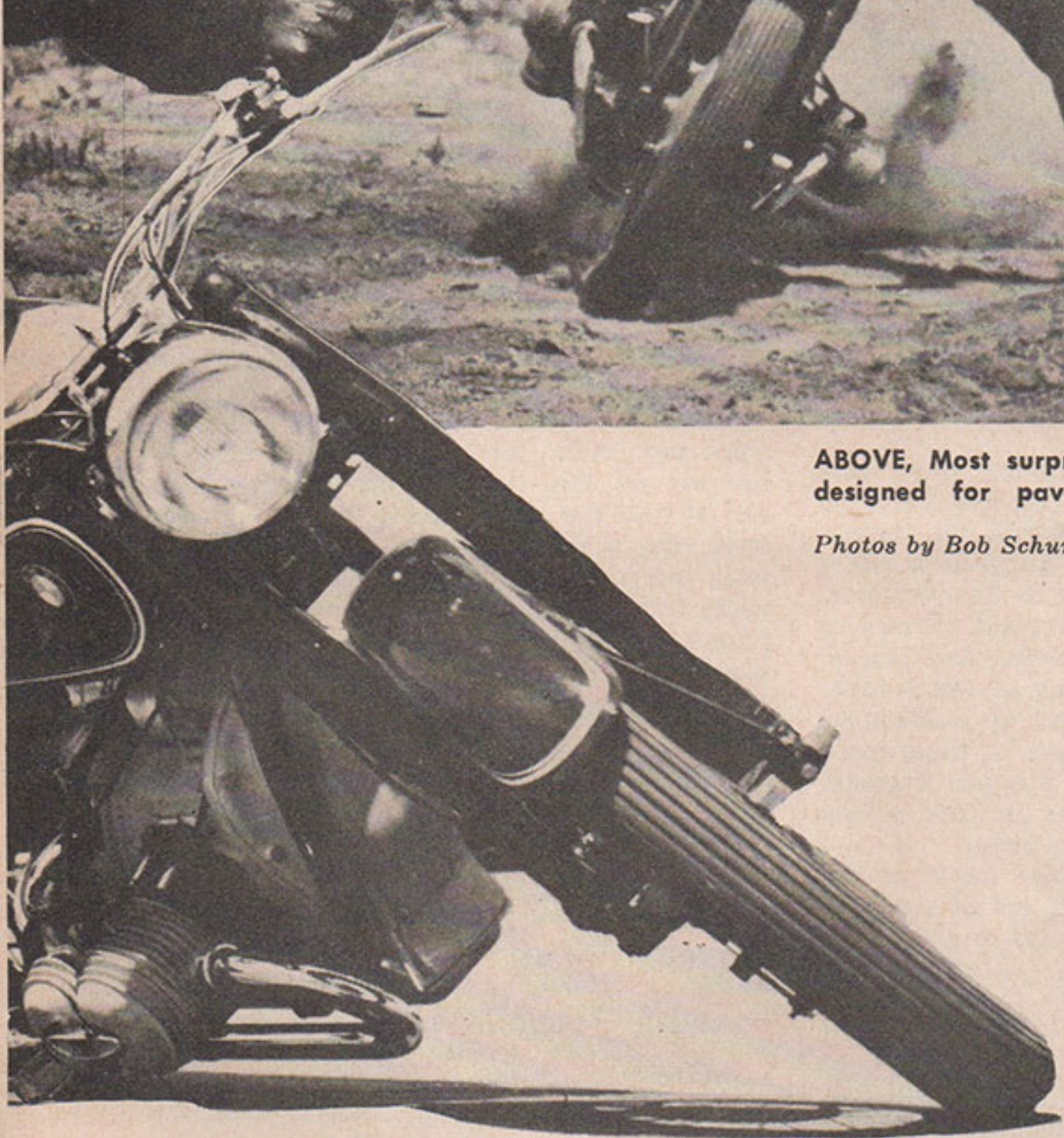




ABOVE, Kick pedal action is to the side rather than back. Gearing to the engine makes it very easy to start and pedal returns out of way

ABOVE, Most surprising of all was the way the bike handled in the dirt. Although primarily designed for pavement riding, I found no fault with the BMW's sliding characteristics

Photos by Bob Schumann



Cut-a-way shows shaft-driven oil pump and chain-driven cams, although latest changes feature gear driven camshaft and magneto ignition

## General Specifications

**ENGINE.** Two cylinder 180° flat twin, overhead valves, air-cooled. Both bore and stroke 2.677 ins. (68 mm), total displacement 30½ ins. Big end connecting rods are fitted with roller bearings. Twin crankshafts make for short push rods and are driven by roller chain from main shaft, which also drives generator. Carburetors; German made, slide type "Bing," one fitted to each cylinder, both breathe from air cleaner which is cast into unit constructed transmission housing.

**CLUTCH.** Single dry plate type.

**DRIVE.** Gear drive to transmission and shaft drive to rear wheel. Front universal joint on drive shaft is of rubber coupling. Rear joint is conventional universal. Completely enclosed rear end housing employs ring and pinion gear and contains own oil supply.

**TRANSMISSION.** Silent four-speed box can be operated either by foot pedal or separate hand shift stub. Oil capacity, one quart.

**LUBRICATION.** Wet sump oiling system contained in pressed steel pan, rather than cast-

ing. Pressure system to overhead mechanism and bearings by gear pump shaft driven from cam. All controls including cables are fitted with lube nipples.

**IGNITION.** Highly refined battery type with Bosch distributor has centerless points with less reciprocating weight.

**ELECTRICAL.** Bosch generator with voltage regulator. 75 ampere battery, 6 volt headlight with high, low, and park adjustment. Powerful horn.

**INSTRUMENTS.** Speedometer in headlight with warning light for generator. Future models will have neutral finder light in head lamp also.

**FRAME.** All torch welded, double tube, with spring rear end.

**EXHAUST.** Twin pipes with cross-over pipes beneath frame connecting exhausts. Helps expedite relief of gas and makes for quieter engine.

**FORK.** Telescopic oil dampened, very husky with notched steering damper control. Fork has approximately 5 inch travel.

**HANDLEBARS.** Left bar is fitted with spark, horn, clutch, and dipper switch. Right bar has

throttle and front brake.

**TANKS.** Approximate 3½ gallon capacity including reserve with under tank shut off. Oil capacity in engine is two quarts.

**FENDERS.** Full length with deep valance and flare at tip of front fender to keep excess water off cylinders.

**SADDLE.** Soft two layer thick rubber cover and is sprung by the pulling action of a single coil spring.

**STAND.** Center stand with kick stand optional.

**BRAKES.** Both controls on right side, 8 inch drum, aluminum backing plate.

**WHEELS & TIRES.** 350 x 19 size, wheels have hub spindle axles and are interchangeable.

**STARTER.** Kicks out away from left side of machine. Extremely easy action.

**FINISH.** High lustre jet black with blue and white pin stripe, chrome bars and exhaust.

**EQUIPMENT.** Tool box built into tank. Air cleaner, horn, rear luggage carrier, center stand and front stand.

**WHEELBASE.** 56 inches.

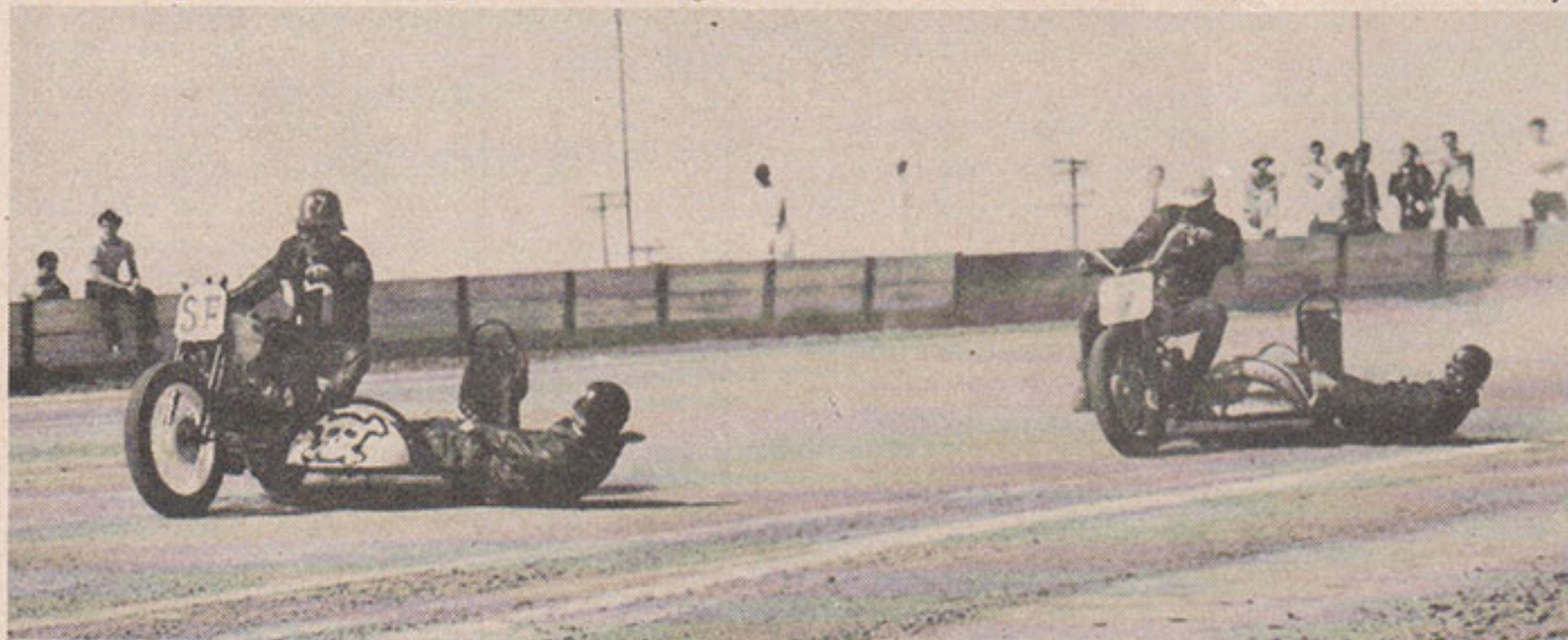
# LOW ON A HURLING HACK

DAREDEVILS ON THREE  
WHEELS REKINDLE THE SPORT

Text and Photos by Pat Corner

THE CRITICS praise was emphatic, and for those who witnessed the west coast preview of side-car racing, it was a day of days. The flying "pancake turners" were firing down the straight-a-way once more, after years of silence, screeching through the corners again in those vicious tire-tearing, full-locked slides in what was unmistakably the most sensational motorcycle show ever devised. Why the thrill, the tenseness, color? For the same reason that the old 2-man team Indianapolis races were so glamorous; the sense of phenomenal understanding and infinite timing that must be common between driver and passenger, the brute strength required for comparatively short races and the fact that these most awkward of all mechanical Frankenstein's should near equal track times made by solo bikes.

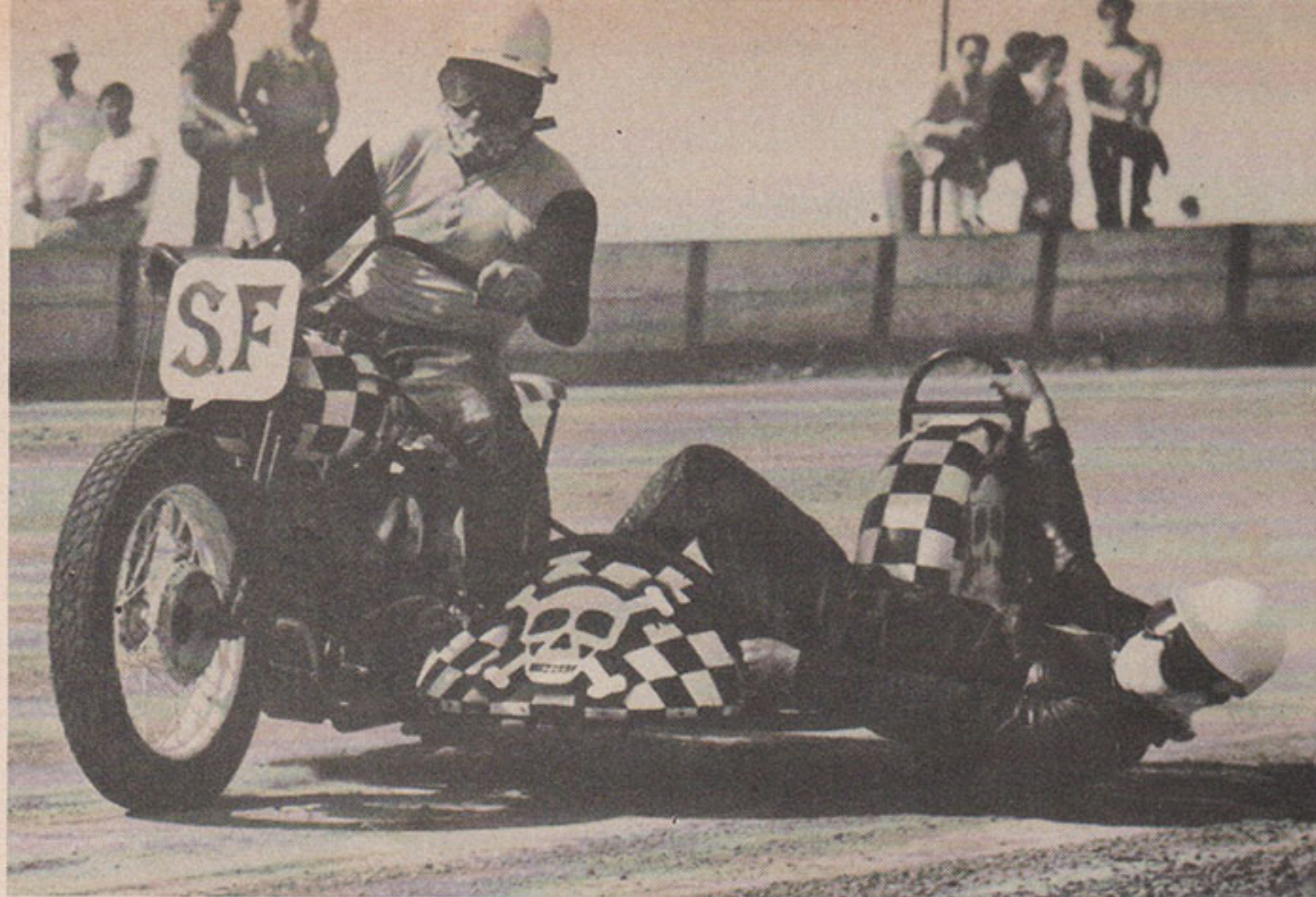
Had it not been for the native curiosity of cyclist, Bill Maasberg of Stockton, California, this current revival of the 3-wheel thrillers might not have occurred for years to come. Inspired by some pictures of English



side-car racing that he had seen in a local paper, Bill contacted the Britons and received more photos but little encouragement. Shortly thereafter he had sent for and received one of the lightweight English buckets and was soon to be seen wheeling it alongside his Indian racing Scout.

As the hack bug nibbled deeper, Maasberg spread his enthusiasm and encouraged buddy, Pat Clow, to help hold the combo down for a trial spin on a local track. In a very short time the fire had spread and enough of the local sportsmen were interested to form several racing teams. Buckets were revamped to suit individual taste and strong alloy metals substituted at points of stress for lightness, improved handling, and strength.

Flying the banner, "Pacific Coast Side-Car Racing Association," the Stockton Warriors, Vallejo Gophers, Martinez Hornets, and San Francisco Buccaneers, set about to sweep the competition tracks with this flashing new motorcycle craze.



Skimming the track at a dizzy pace, driver and hack man must move as one to keep the combo in balance; a terrific strain on man and machine. Handrails are built on sidecar nose and fender

From a financial standpoint their first season was no roaring success, but the boys admittedly had nothing but fun, the strongest driving factor in any competitor's heart.

Several obstacles had yet to be overcome. Team riders had to be recruited to replace members going into the service, and this to be done without the blessing of the A.M.A. Then there was the problem of publicizing their exhibitions. Maintenance of these track jobs was higher than usual because of severe strain on frames and engines imposed on the bikes during a 20-lap main event.

Physical punishment is the worst of all. At the start of the tour, several of the boys

would wheel into the pits after a 15 or 20 lap go, turn loose of the bars, and roll onto the ground. Any side-car driver will tell you that just pushing a hack down the highway requires more effort than driving the biggest truck and trailer, but in the same breath will tip you off that twice as much fun can be had at half the speed of a solo bike. On the track, fun is increased ten-fold and the work ratio jumps in proportion. Equal efforts and savvy must be applied by the "flat-out" passenger, for the amount of throttle given during a turn depends much on his technique.

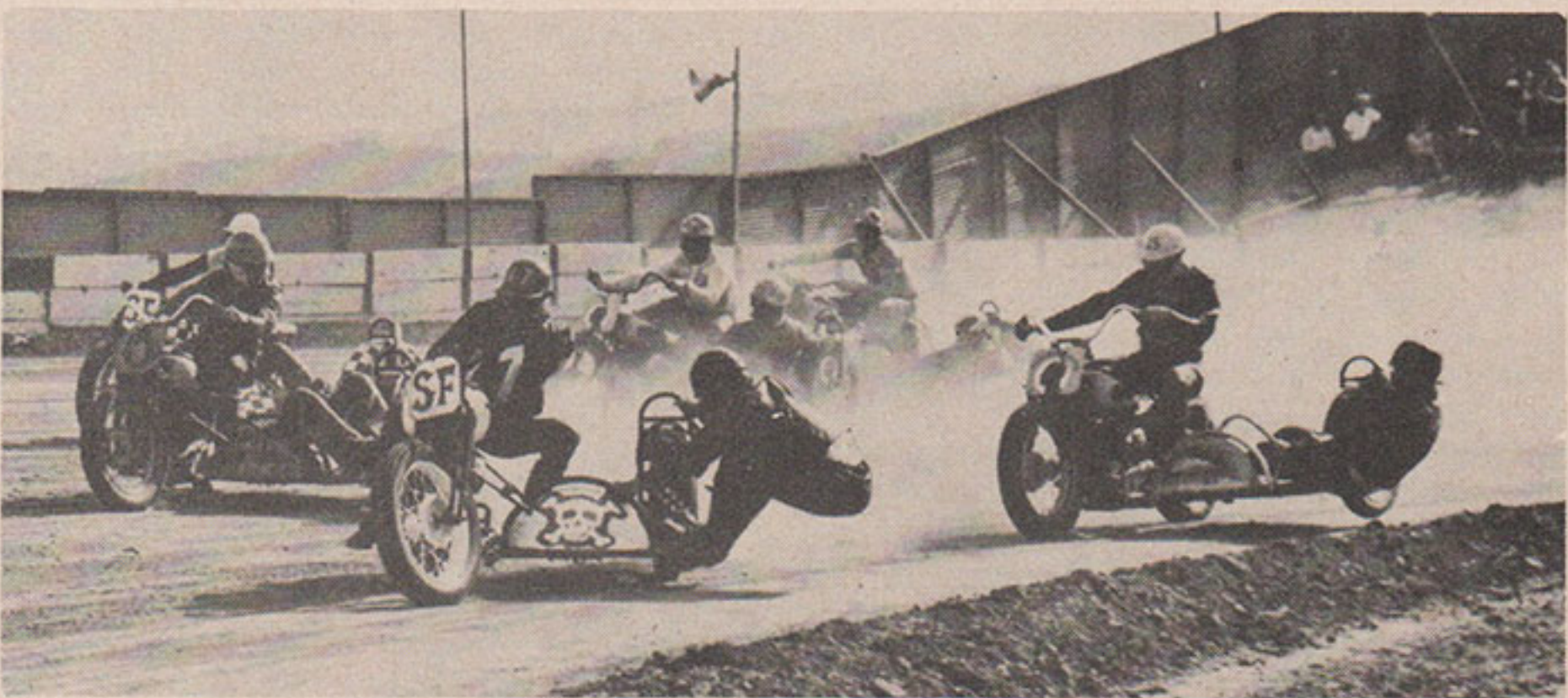
The Association's safety record is outstanding for its lack of casualties. Despite the fact that the boys are carrying up to 300 lbs. more than a solo rider and turning quarter mile tracks in 18 seconds, very close to class C solo time, there have been no serious accidents.

During the winter months the picture brightened and the Association was contacted by Mr. A. C. Digney of Vancouver, B.C., and indications are that the fellows may spend the summer in the northwest. In Vancouver, teams are being built up and the Californians will soon be competing against the Canadians.

Side-car racing is already a popular pastime in Australia and throughout many parts of Europe; but it looks as though the Americans will have to catch this infectious sport on the rebound. If all goes well in Canada, look for an awakened interest here in the States, and be prepared to see the most exciting competition a wheel, when the Pacific Coast Side-Car Racing Association returns State-side.

ABOVE, Laying out at Belmont Speedway. Cycle on left piloted by Bill Crail; Walt Nechritz holding down, while Bill Maasberg and John Mendes cross up to overtake them

BELOW, Riding on the verge of a spill. Note the two different styles of balancing that are being used. Passenger at left prefers to risk seat of his pants while the others lie flat-out



**CATALINA COTILLION**

(Continued from Page 8)

chanced a split second sideward glance upon nearing one of the city corners, found himself driving headlong into one of the many bales of hay that padded the dangerous street turns. With little loss of time, he remounted and was again on his way. Another competitor was not quite so lucky, however, whereupon taking one a little fast, lost his grip on the road and welded his bike to a tree stump. Ray Tanner, riding a big twin, showed complete disregard for confines of city ways by laying the corners at such speed that his rear wheel was often over the opposite curb before recovering, while Blackie Bullock seemed to have trouble telling pavement from dirt, so used the full locked slide technique at all times.

As the closing laps drew near, the winners circle narrowed and it looked certain that the first Catalina Cycle Cotillion would fall to Nicholson, Fulton, Minert, or faultless Del Kuhn who had been turning marvelous lap times and touring so smoothly that all but the rider he was currently passing, were hardly aware of his presence. At the end of nine laps the race was called on time. The streets had to be cleared so that island traffic might resume and soon modest Walt Fulton was confirmed as champ; his time for the 92.7 miles being 3 hrs., 3 min., 16.91 sec.

Saturday's 50 miler for the 15 and 7½ cubic inch displacement motors was hardly less spectacular. Speeds were lower and the course shorter (3½ miles per lap) but throttles were seldom snapped shut and mechanical failures were commonplace. The 7½ inchers were taxed to the hilt on steep dirt inclines and in the later laps several riders were banging the ground with their feet for added thrust. The lightweight circuit was actually most colorful of the two, having a bit more of the deep grass, backwoods atmosphere with narrow, twisting trails and a few sharp gully drops for good measure. Here again fleet Nick Nicholson displayed amazing ability by winning the 15 inch class although outsped in the early laps by master Walt Fulton who held an incredible lead on the entire field until his oil pressure failed. In the 7½ inch struggle Glen Clinton proved that the peewees could really perform, but it was the opinion of many that next years course for the lightweights could be shortened to two miles and run entirely on pavement.

The outstanding success of the Catalina road race is now history. The crowd's behaviour was absolutely perfect and at no time have I ever seen a motorcycle event that was so thoroughly enjoyable from every viewpoint. Both days of racing were managed to perfection and it can be said that the first Catalina Cycle Cotillion has established a precedent that we may all be proud of.

**RESULTS**

**100 Mile Unlimited Class**

1 Walt Fulton	Triumph	Glendale, Cal.
2 Charles Minert	BSA	Downey, Cal.
3 Del Kuhn	AJS	Long Beach, Cal.
4 Nick Nicholson	BSA	Long Beach, Cal.
5 Wally Albright	AJS	Reseda, Cal.
6 Ray Tanner	Har-Dav	Los Angeles, Cal.
7 James Johnson	Matchless	Hollywood, Cal.
8 Chas. Cripps	BSA	Long Beach, Cal.
9 Dalton Holiday	Matchless	Van Nuys, Cal.
10 Bill West	Triumph	N. Hollywd., Cal.

**50 Mile 15 Inch Class**

1 Nick Nicholson	BSA	Long Beach, Cal.
2 Tommy Bazzari	Mustang	Los Angeles, Cal.
3 Chas. Cripps	Jawa	Long Beach, Cal.
4 Eddie Hildrebrand	Indian	Monterey Pk., Cal.
5 Dewey Merritt		Los Angeles, Cal.

**50 Mile 7½ Inch Class**

1 Glen Clinton	Puch	Lynwood, Cal.
2 Cordy Pieper	R. Enfield	Pasadena, Cal.
3 Bob Southern	James	Long Beach, Cal.
4 Dick Hutchins	Har-Dav	Downey, Cal.
5 Bud Wright	James	Ojai, Cal.

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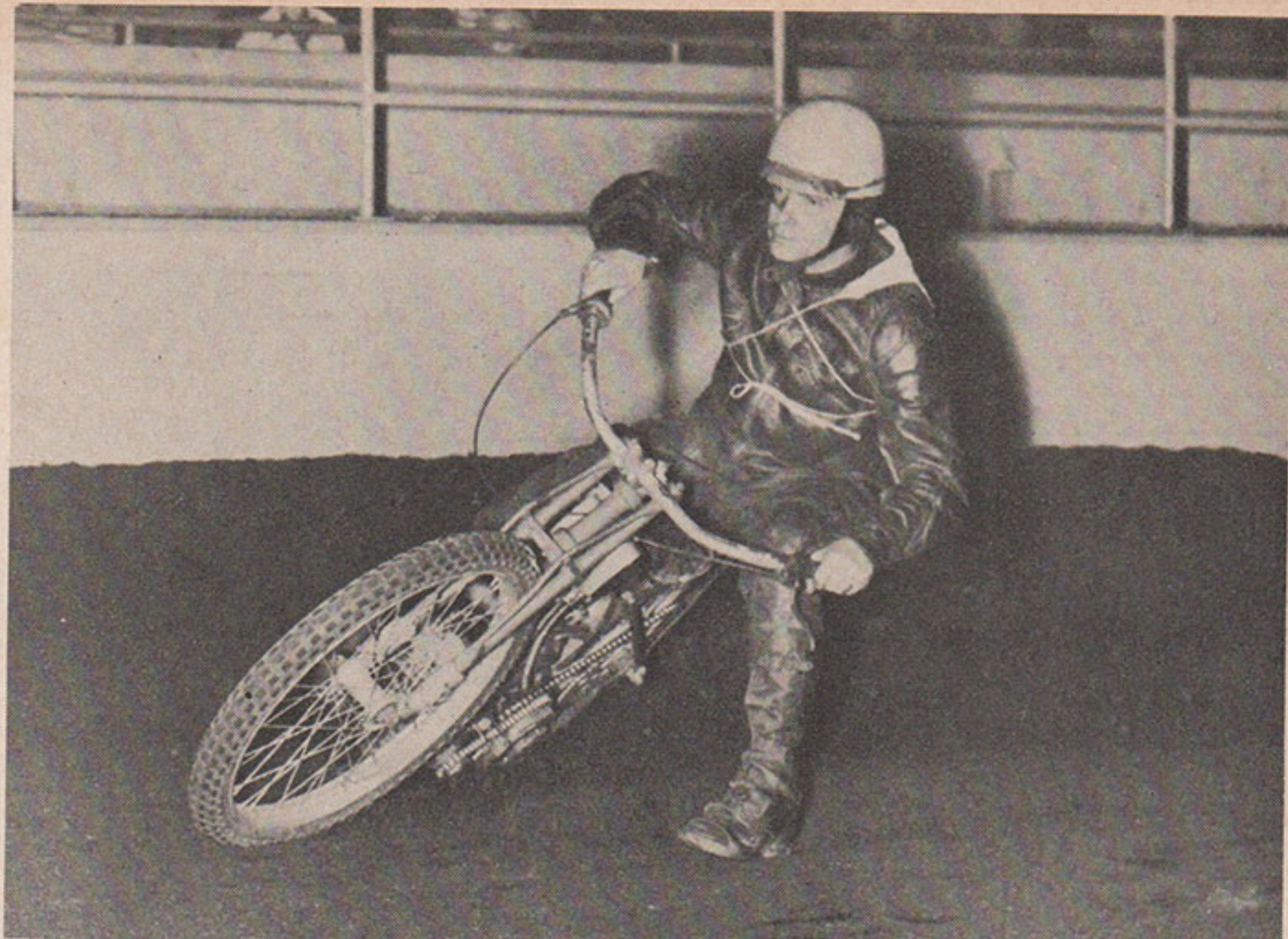
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Photos by Pat Corner

## JAPS BATTLE at the COW PALACE

**SHORT TRACKERS DYNAMITE EIGHTH MILE INDOOR OVAL**

By Russ Kelly

**U**NDER a blaze of flood lights, 15,000 fans watched while the world's best short-trackers twisted the tails of their specially built J.A.P. (J. A. Prestwich) racing machines during a three night opener at San Francisco's Madison Square Garden; The Cow Palace.

Such hard riding international stars as Jimmy Gibb, Jack and Cordy Milne, and many others, put on a roaring, sliding, castor-oil permeated exhibition of indoor short-track racing, that gave great promise.

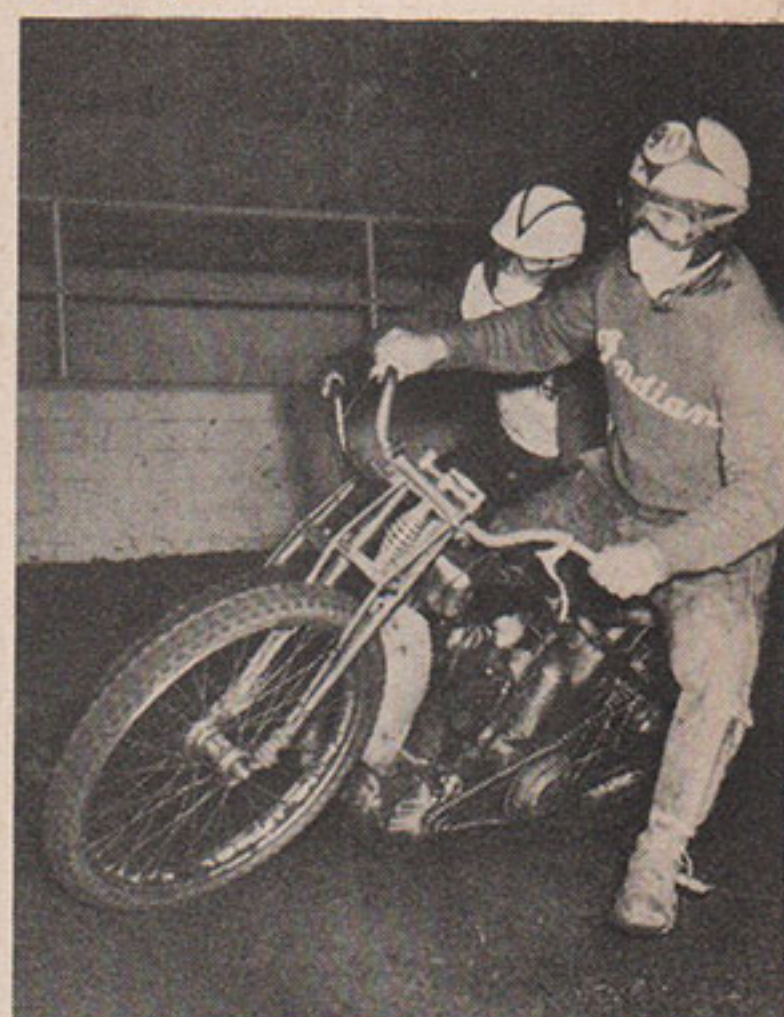
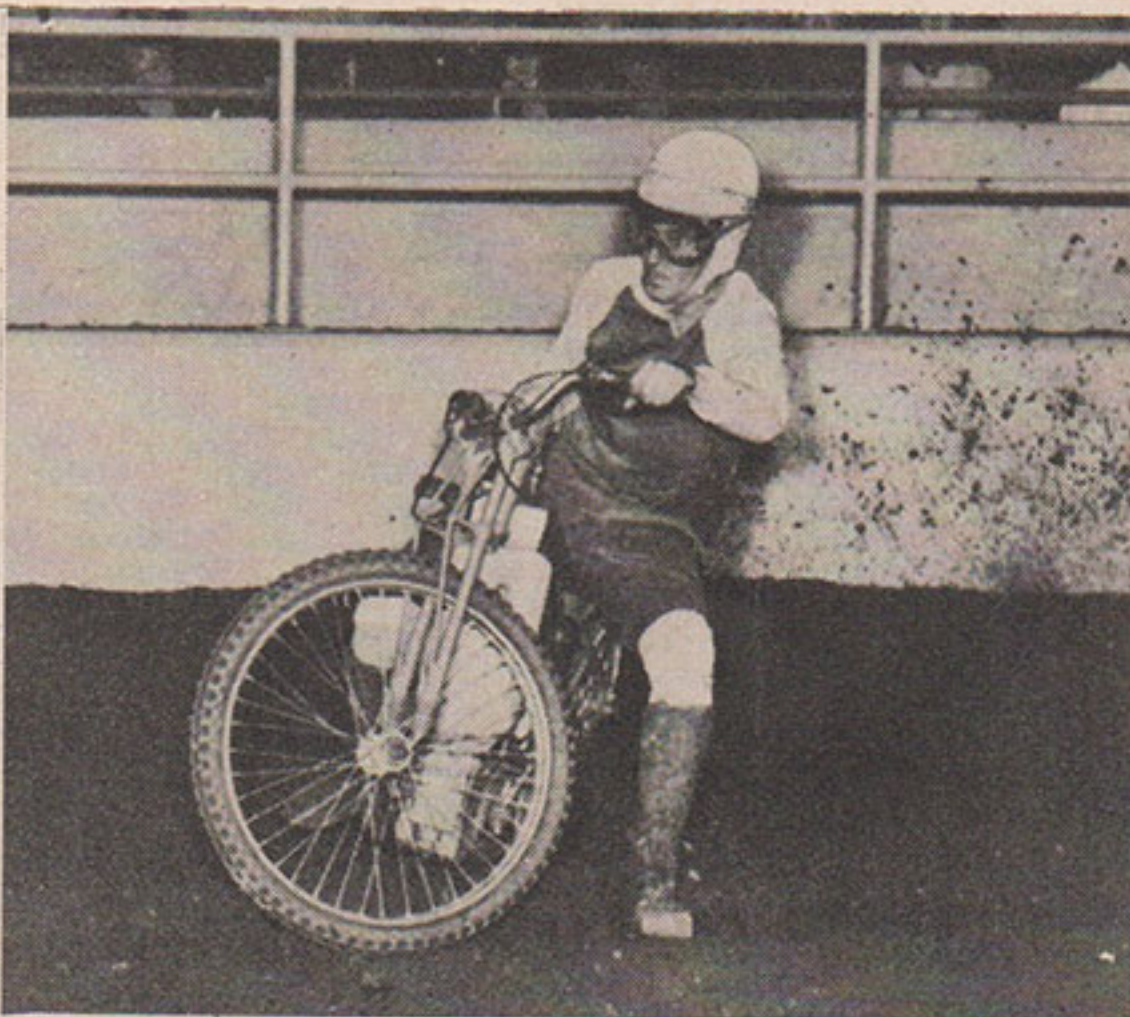
The first night's racing, a series of 20 scratch elimination heats, semi-finals and finals, rounded out by match duels and consolation races for the runners-up, was dominated by veteran Class A men. The Milne brothers displayed their famous skill throughout the evening, making light of handicaps up to 80 feet on the 1/8th mile track, threading through traffic with unbelievable control. The

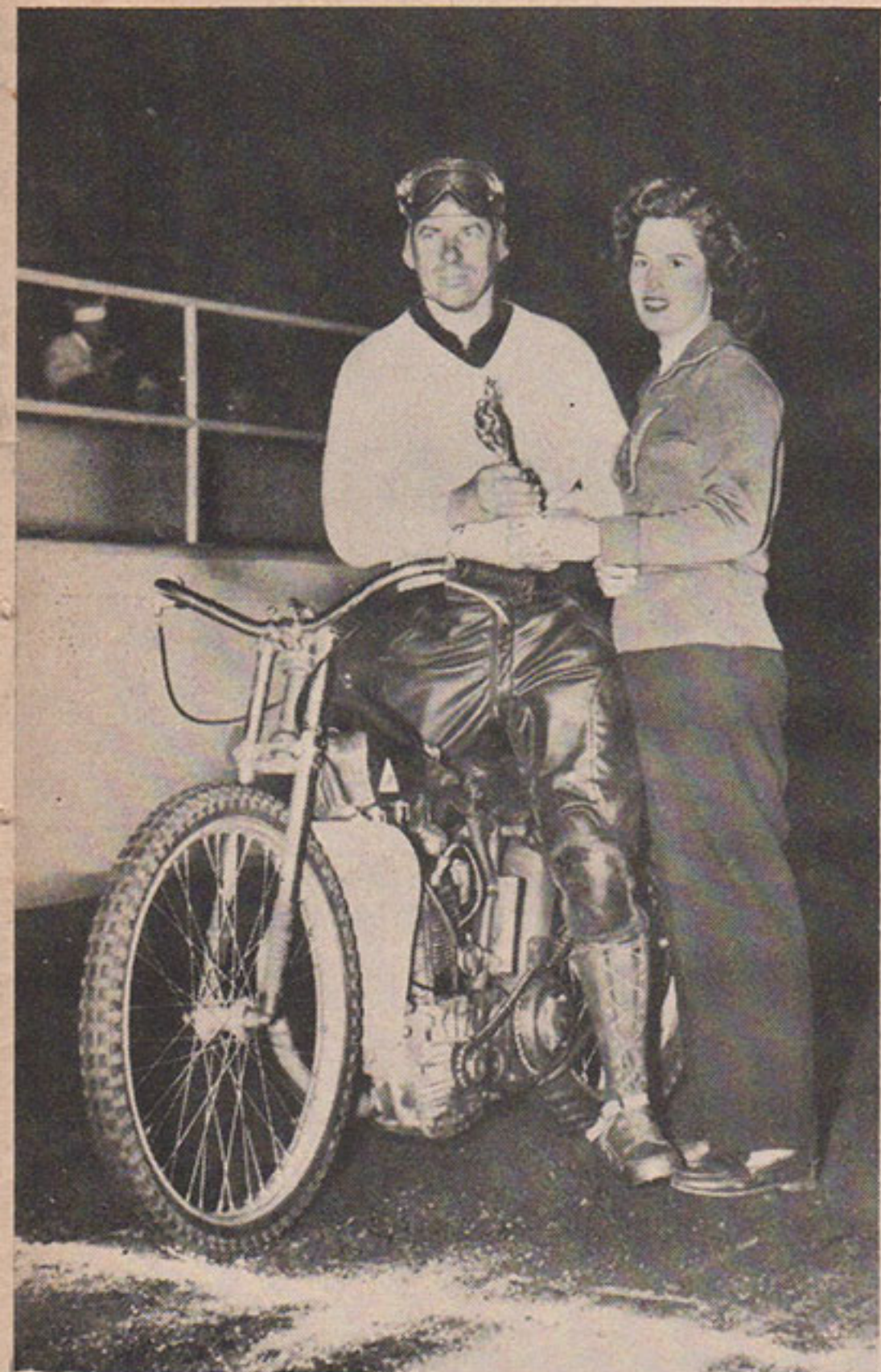
first show ended with Cordy nipping by a surprised Jack in a last minute slide that won the scratch final; and Jack taking the handicap final by a masterful display of technique that brought the crowd to its feet.

A thick layer of soft tanbark covered the track's surface, flew high when throttles were cracked and was seemingly less disconcerting to the newer riders than was their equipment. The ability of a J.A.P. to foul plugs under an inexperienced hand, and gear ratios so low they seemed unbelievable to 1/2 and 1/4 mile Class C riders, contributed to their difficulties; but remarks in the pits that, "five laps here are tougher than 20 laps at Belmont," indicated that the 45 hp engines in their light frames, gave an evening's exercise in a few short laps.

The second night out brought real improvements to the entire show. Handicaps became effective, fouled plug and starting delays were kept to a minimum, and the newer men at Class A were riding with greater fury. Scratch and handicap heats were being won by Chuck Basney, Bud Hogan, Shorty Tompkins and Harry Pelton, Jr.

**BELOW, Chuck Basney in a full lock slide. Head angle on English track racer forks is practically nil, allows quick and very sensitive handling**



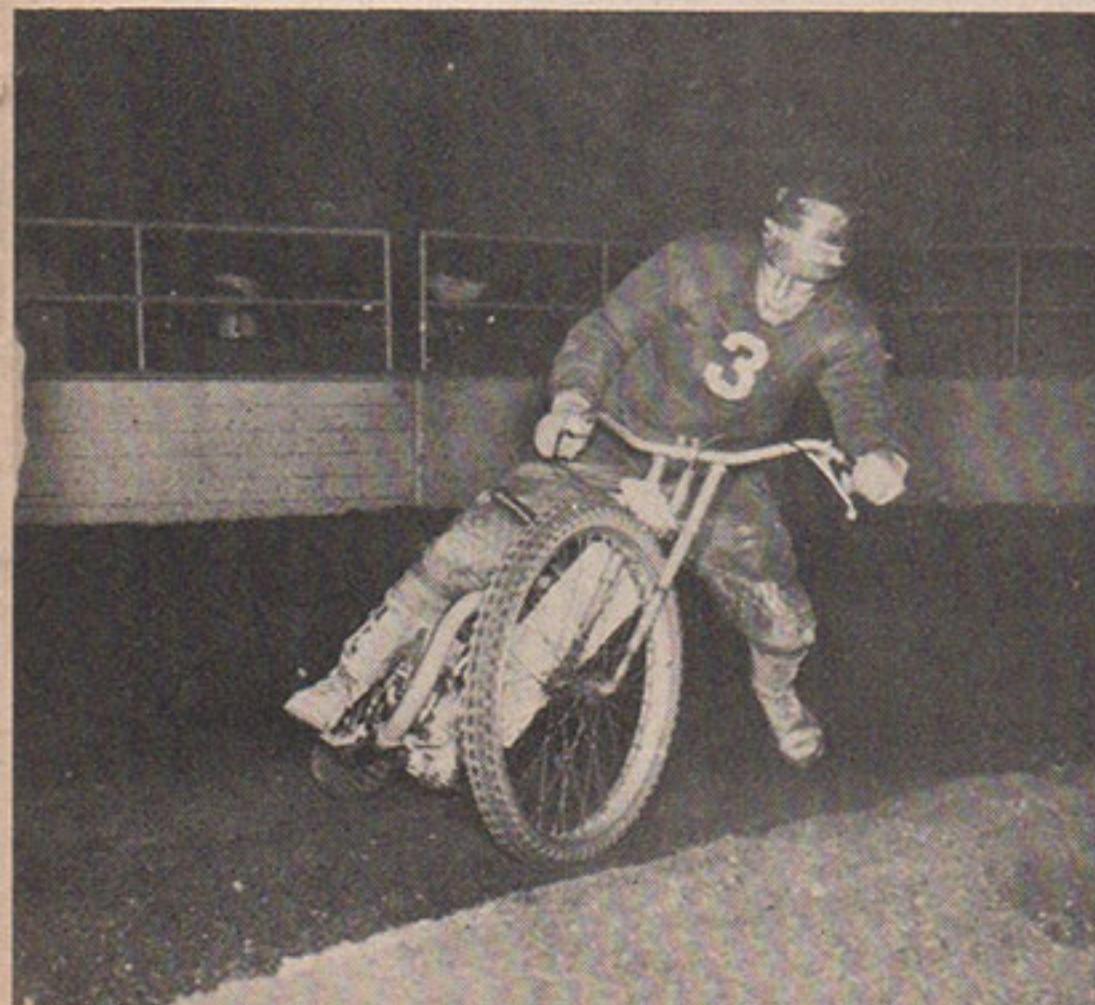


ABOVE, Master track strategist, Jack Milne, is paid off by local lovely. ABOVE-LEFT, brother Cordy is capable of any feat when pushed

The final night presented a type of motorcycle racing seldom seen now-a-days; a highly competitive action-filled sport with near perfect organization. Under the direction of pit steward, Dave Golden, heats were run off like clock work and handicapping was such that comparative novices at Class A were winning heats. This same handicapping, instead of ham-stringing the veterans, forced their best efforts, and their magnificent riding sparked the whole show. Times were 10 percent faster than on the opening night, which meant a gain of more than a full second per lap.

As a short-track revival, the meeting was a success and should prove sensational as a winter sport; what with ideal weather conditions indoors and the absence of summer sport competition.

BELOW, Harold Ball and Bud Hogan, number 90, are under attack by Jimmy Gibb who always plays hard. Veterans usually hug the inside rail



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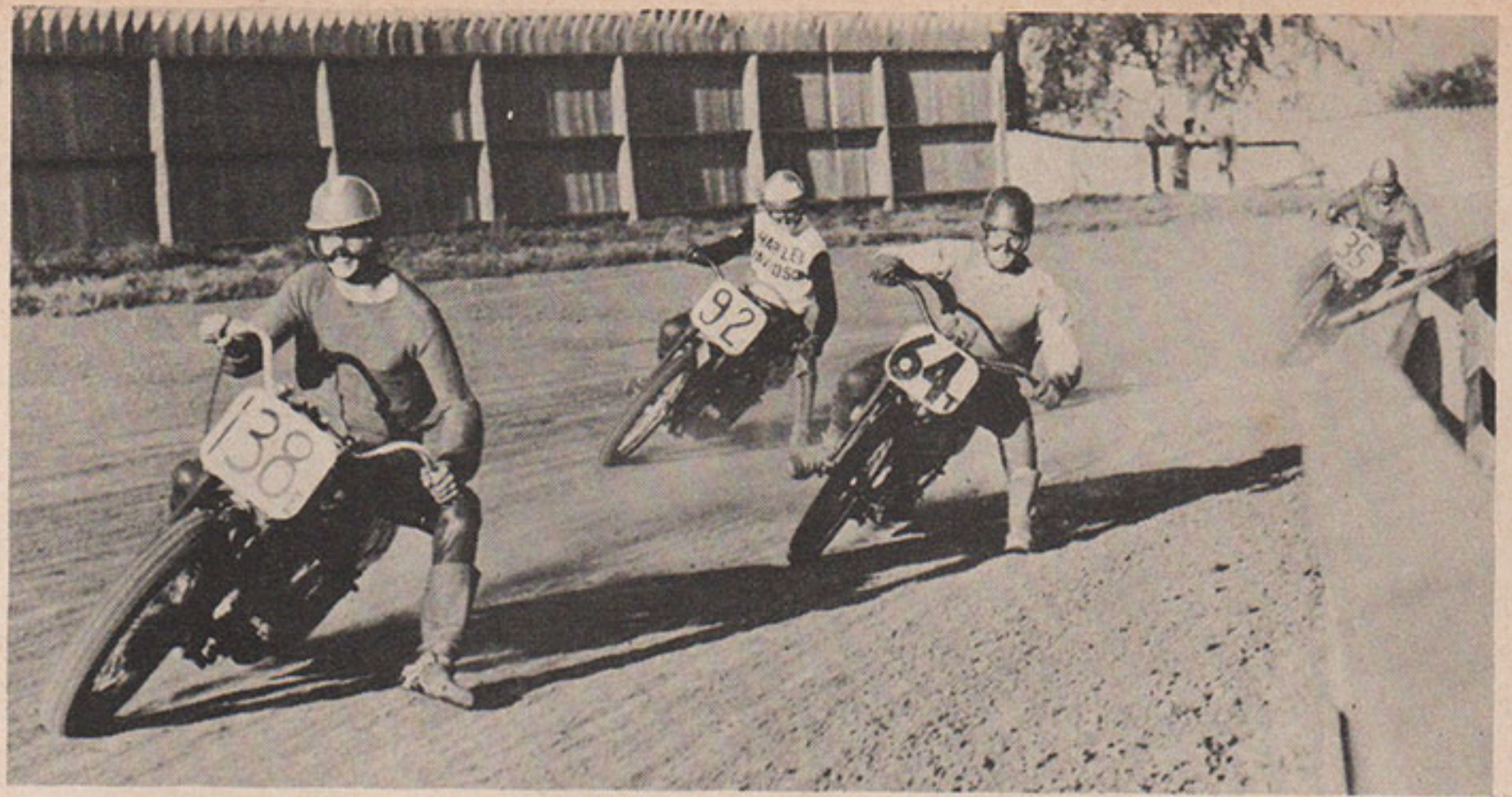
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"North Turn" by Chuck Hein, taken at Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin Fairgrounds 1950 championship races. Chuck used a 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 speed Graphic, superpan press film, F/8 at 1/500 (focal plane)

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4. Caption all photos in detail so that the judges may fully evaluate its interest editorially.
5. Winners in each class every month will receive \$10.00 in cash. Then, every four months these monthly winners will vie for a \$25.00 savings bond, and at the end of the year the triannual awards will compete for the BIG PRIZE of a \$100.00 savings bond.
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## HONORABLE MENTION

Kenneth Boring registers mixed emotions at crossing deep creek while Ray Porter of San Bernardino took pic with his 4x5 speed Graphic. Superpan press type B film, 1/500 second at F8



## HONORABLE MENTION

Sea going cycle. John Fenimore rescues his marooned daughter during a New Jersey flood. Experience gained from riding this very bike in some forty enduros was put to practical use. Photo by Fred Metzler with a Brownie



## 1ST PRIZE PROFESSIONAL

Sand fills the air at a recent Southern California Gypsy Tour. This exciting moment was put on no. 428 pan film by Louie Mass of South Pasadena, California using a 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 miniature speed Graphic

**SPOTLIGHT  
on**

**CIVIL DEFENSE**

IN THE last few months, a great deal has been written in our newspapers on the need for Civil Defense. For the most part the response of the public has been indifferent and apathetic. Meetings were poorly attended, volunteers have been slow in coming forward. Altogether there seems to be far too much "it can't happen here" philosophy.

You may be asking what this has to do with motorcycling. In all parts of the country plans are in the making for developing a Civil Defense program to try to minimize the effects of enemy attacks should they be attempted. It will not be possible to prevent all loss of life and damage, but if speedy rescue efforts are available, then many lives will be saved and vital centers of production can be restored to activity.

Motorcyclists as a group have an important responsibility to their communities in this respect. In times of disaster, communications are disrupted. In such times the maintenance of communications is more vital than ever if efficient rescue services are to be operated. When streets are blocked and littered with debris, a motorcycle may be the only type of vehicle that can get through. In London in the blitz of 1940 there were many occasions when vital messages asking for help would not have been delivered had it not been for the volunteer motorcycle messengers. Don't think that this is a job for the he-men only. The London Fire Service had a large motorcycle corps almost entirely of women, who in their spare time built a fine drill team.

Another problem which has to be anticipated is the mass flight of refugees from a stricken area. To control these evacuees and prevent the spread of panic, large numbers of auxiliary police and highway patrol officers will be needed. In addition, the vastness of the area of destruction that will occur in our cities will necessitate conveying the injured to neighboring cities and relief columns from those cities to the devastated area.

These are just a few of the jobs for which motorcyclists are ideal. But just as with any other job, it is necessary to have some training and to be organized in advance. Now is the time for action in this respect. What are you doing about it? Many of us mean to do something and no doubt would be there to do our bit when things happen, but that does not permit the best organization to be built up.

Many parts of the country are well advanced in the planning of Civil Defense programs. Some have already held test exercises to see how the plans should work. If you are in any doubt about the importance of the motorcyclists in the program, the lesson of more than one city should be remembered. In several such tests, had it not been for delivery of vital messages by motorcycle, the whole program would have collapsed. Several clubs in the east received handsome bouquets from the press for their contributions.

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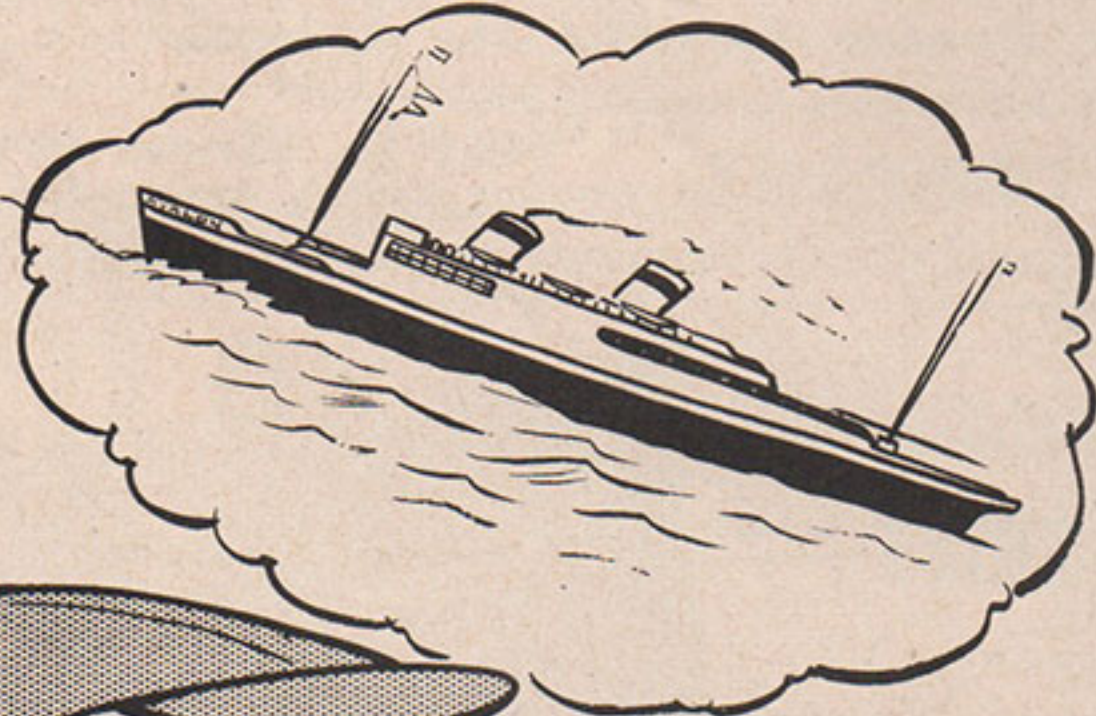
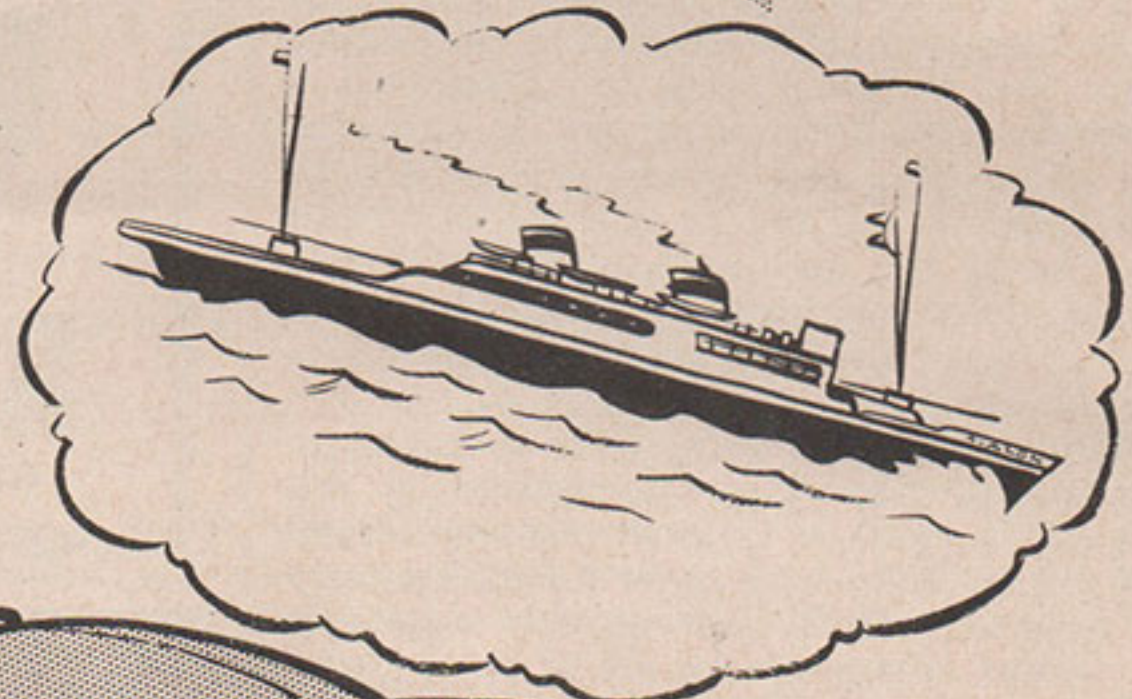
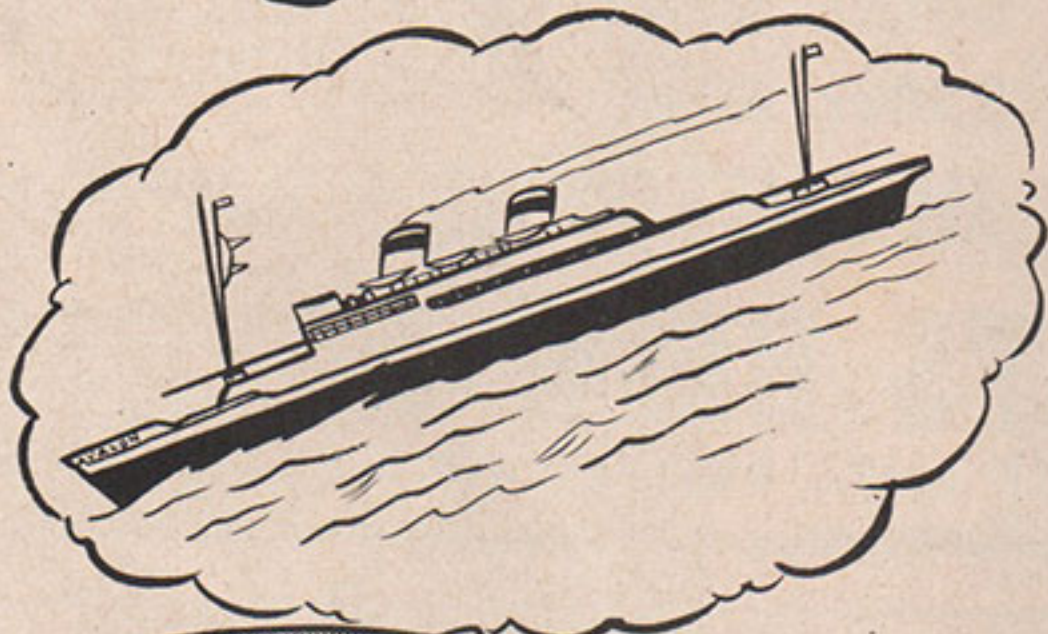
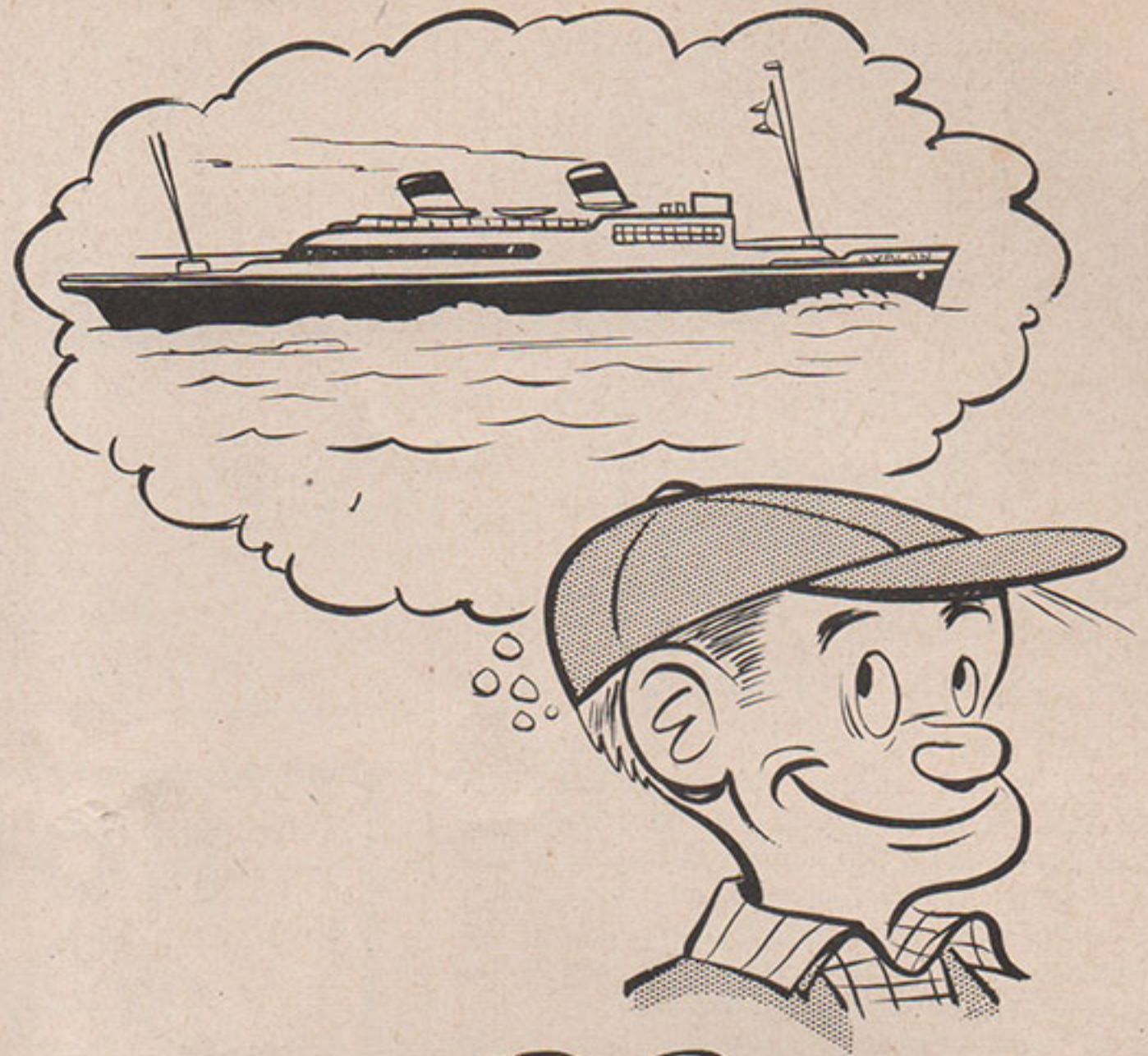
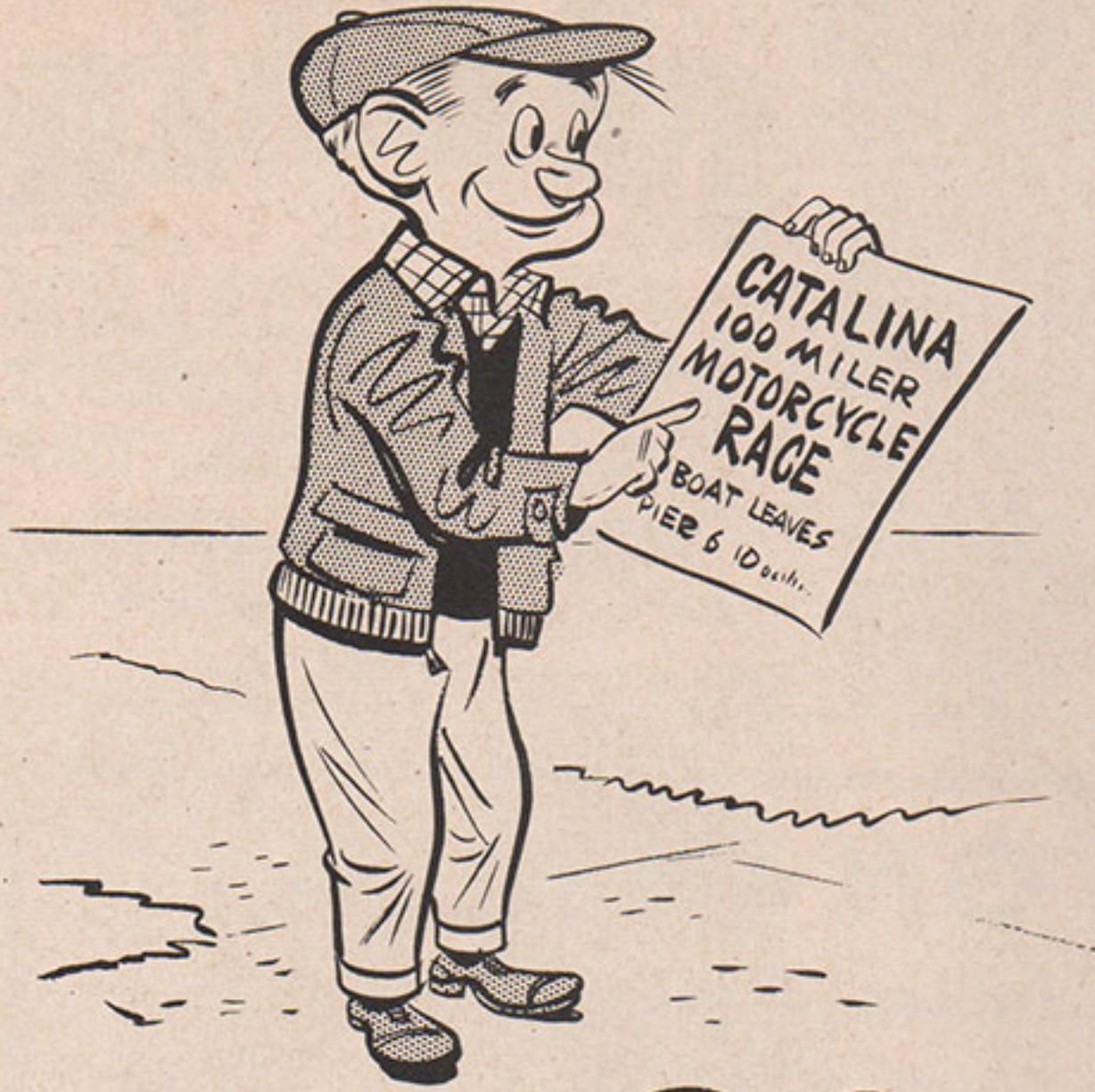
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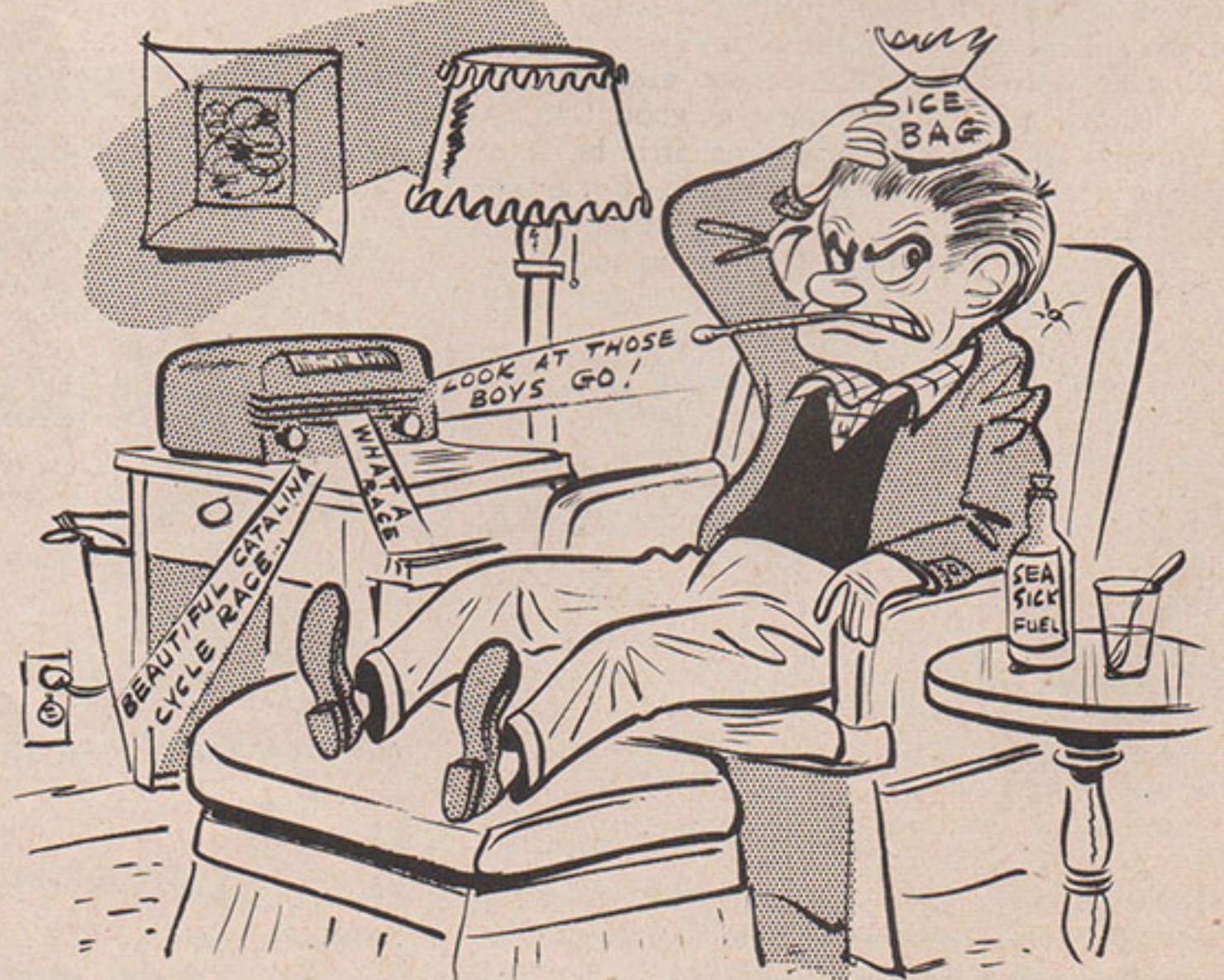


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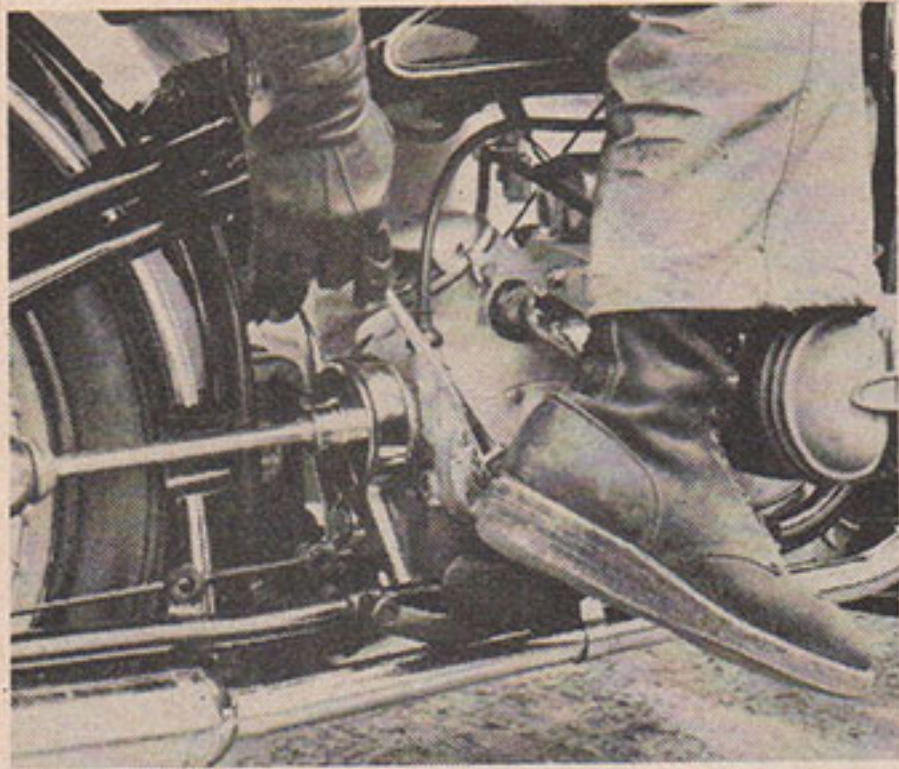


TOM  
MEDLEY  
51



**BMW ROAD TEST**

(Continued from Page 20)



these two gears could be of a lower ratio. Third and high are beautifully smooth. Let us keep in mind that this is not a Hare and Hound bike, but a wonderfully designed and comfortable road machine. There is absolutely no torque with these opposed twins when under way—a point best proved by riding side-saddle with no trouble at all. Hands off at 45 mph and completely relaxed, and once again this is *me*, not Ernst Henne.

In answer to the question that may be in some reader's minds, let me say that at no time during the test did the cylinders hang up or interfere with the bike's handling. In riding a 14 foot, 6 inch circle, the pegs dragged long before the barrel was near contact.

Once again, while I assure you Earl Robinson would have no worry from me in any cow trailing session, nevertheless, for the average dirt rider, the BMW is surprisingly nimble and easy to handle. On spinning a circle in the dirt, I noticed the rear wheel would lose traction before the barrel was about to touch. It jumps smoothly and even when riding; the front of the bike won't speed-wobble in the dirt. Opposed barrels seem to help straighten it out, even on a sandy corner. It's almost as though you have to pull it down when you go into a turn. The braking power on pavement is quite amazing. It stops right now, as you can see by the accompanying figures. Braking figures were made from emergency stops with the engine left in gear for maximum drag.

All in all, I would say that here you have a fine bike for that rather difficult combination of the machine that takes you to work all week, and the one that gives you fun on Sunday. Girls will find it a perfect 30.50 and one that they can kick over without yelling for "papa." Incidentally, the price of this smoothie is \$1108.71 delivered here in Los Angeles. That includes all taxes, license and freight.

Let me reiterate: it must be good because I rode it for hours without one little hunk of pavement rash; and I can't think of a better recommendation for any motorcycle!!

**PERFORMANCE SUMMARY**

*Speed*

Maximum in low.....	38 mph
Maximum in second.....	58 mph
Maximum in third.....	74 mph
Maximum in high.....	85 mph

*Braking*

From 25 to stopped, rear brake only	39' 6"
From 25 to stopped, front brake only	36' 5"
From 25 to stopped, both brakes	25' 4"

*Acceleration*

*Standing start to 38 mph	5 sec.
**Standing start to 58 mph	11 sec.
***Standing start to 74 mph	23 sec.
*Low **Low and second ***Three gears	

*Quarter Mile Drag*

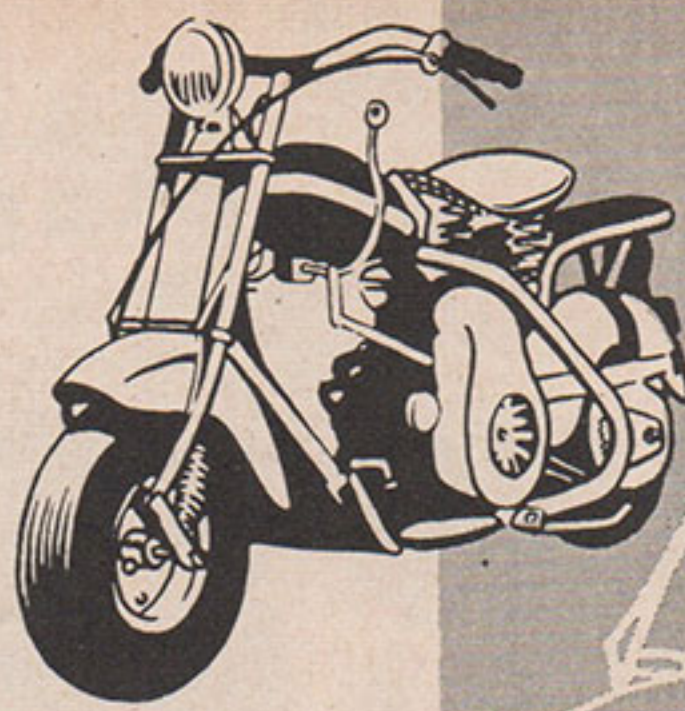
From standing start	52 mph
---------------------	--------

*Slow Running*

High gear without snatch	12 mph
--------------------------	--------

*Turning Circle*

Minimum diameter	14' 6"
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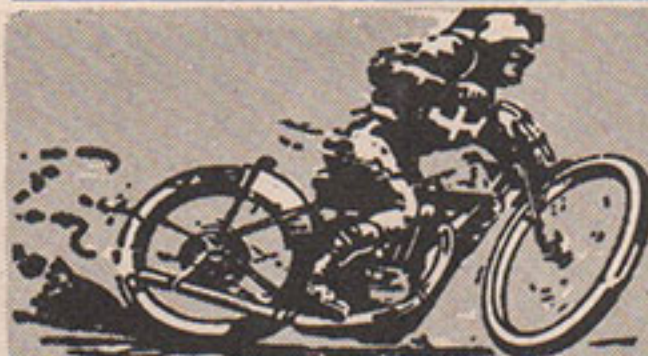
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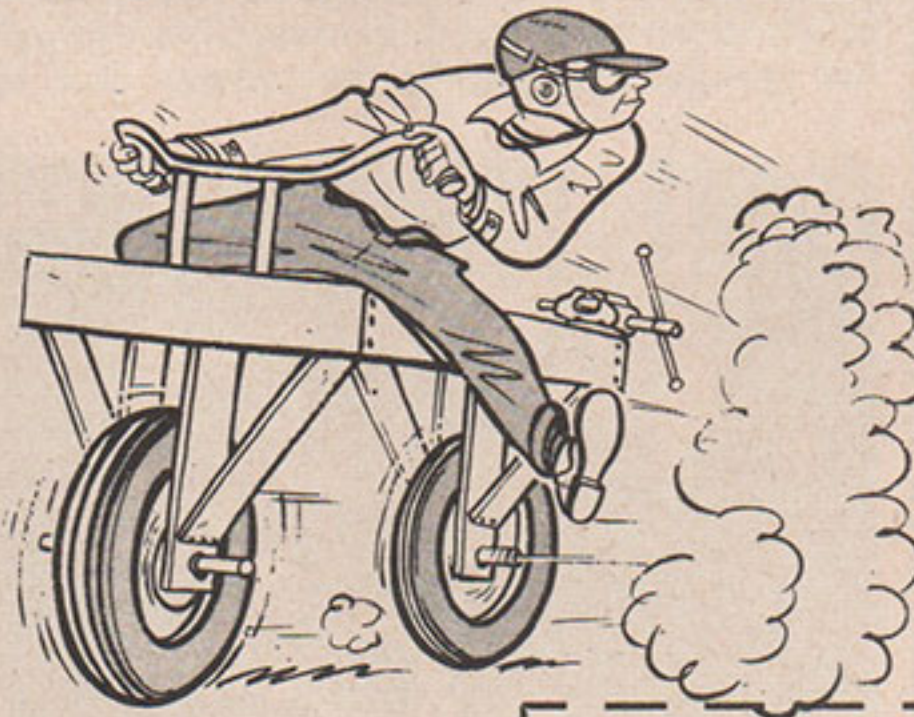


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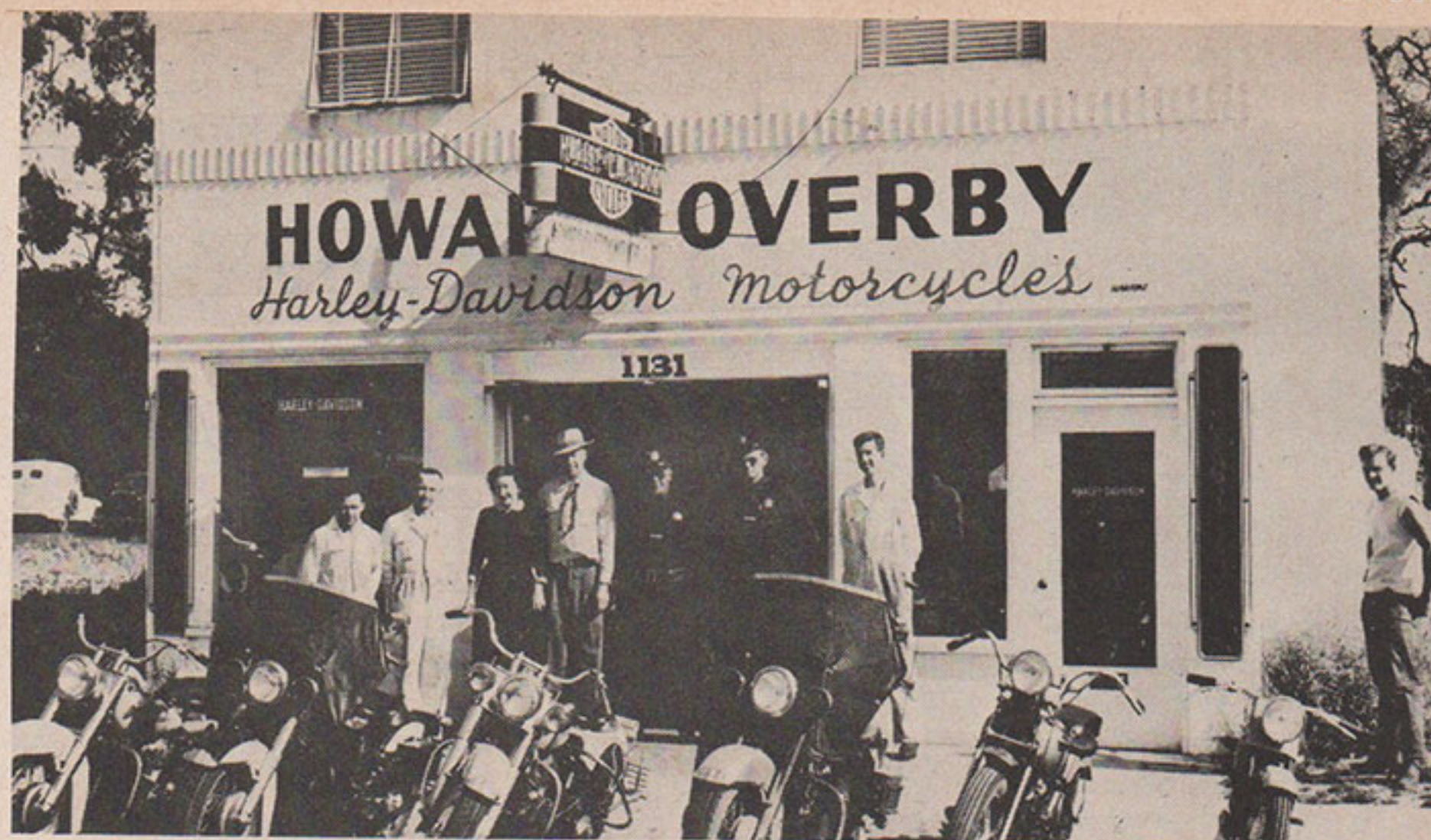
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WHAT'S NEW IN  
**CHICAGO**  
SEE PAGE 34



## DEALER DOINGS . . . Howard Overby

Text and Photos by Pat Corner

A QUICK LOOK through the front door of his Harley-Davidson agency and it's obvious that Howard Overby is definitely in stride with the rapid growing residential and business section of the San Francisco peninsula. Howard's modern new shop, located at 1131 Eaton Avenue, San Carlos, California, is always chuck-full of new bikes, parts, accessories, and friendly service; a habit he got into some six years ago when he sold his machine shop and decided to combine business with pleasure at this present location. Much of the shop's success has been through the additional efforts of Mrs. Overby, a great cycle booster and fine sport, who helps Howard "man" this enterprise. As a result of their initiative, the Overbys have become an accepted part of the community. Both have worked hard to sell cycling to the citizens of San Carlos. They have been rewarded by seeing many a would-be expensive car driver won over to 2-wheels for the sheer pleasure and sport they have found.

Howard is not just a dealer. He believes what he preaches about the advantages of motorcycling, and rode a new Harley back to Daytona this year in the company of several other enthusiasts.

Apart from the local citizenry, Howard has improved the relationship between various police departments and motorcyclists through his personal contact. At the present time he

The Overbys have quite a police trade established at 1131 Eaton Ave., San Carlos, Calif., and are pictured with Redwood City officers S. W. Ferrier and George Bold. At left is Carl Accurso and Joe Gazrulak. Chuck Herron at right

is organizing a motorcycle posse for the sheriff of San Mateo county, Earl Widmore, a personal friend. This posse, while for civil defense purposes, will undoubtedly add much to the prestige of the whole cycling group and will become a permanent organization because of their extreme mobility in emergencies. This, and other past activities is typical of the work that both Howard and Mrs. Overby are usually engaged in, besides backing local groups with all possible support. Competition machines are sponsored by the shop and the boss expects to have three riders on the best bikes he can provide for next season. Carl Accurso, shop mechanic, George Cooper, and one other will be riding this season on bikes tuned by Joe Gazrulak, top Harley mechanic of 28 years experience who has been with Overby since he opened. Chuck Herron is apprentice mechanic and learning the tricks of the trade mighty fast.

In his quiet, dignified way, Howard Overby is doing a great deal of good for the community motorcyclists in general, and the sport as a whole.

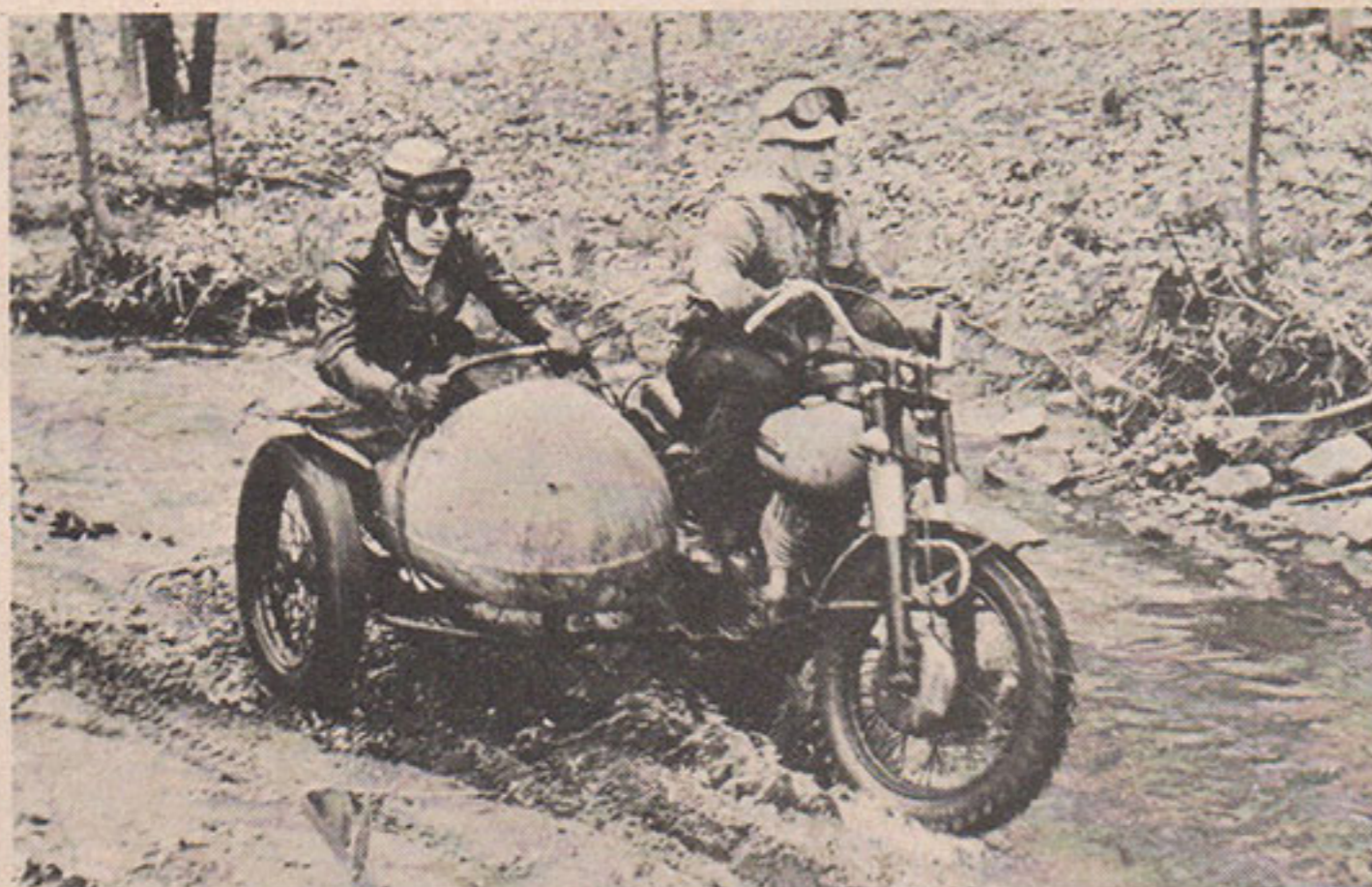


The display and sales room of Howard Overby's Harley-Davidson shop is smartly arranged in such a way that customers can readily see merchandise. Repair department is on second floor and is reached by a ramp at the rear of the building, leaving the entire main floor dedicated to sales

# Crotonans Throw a Soft One

NEW YORK CLUB MODIFIES SPORTSMAN'S TRIAL—12 FINISH

Text and Photos by Jim Claxton



ABOVE, Gene Baron at the tiller of his Harley-Davidson 45 guides Leo Sullivan, in the belly tank hack, through the Ardsley woods. The boys finished second in the sidecar class by covering 62 miles



ABOVE, Dorrance Wood finds a little slogging helps now and then, as he sashes gingerly through a bog on his Triumph twin. Wood finished third in the Class A group with 945 points



AL KROEGER, backwoods wizard from Rochester, New York, duplicated his last year's victory by scoring high with his trusty Ajay in the 36th annual running of the Crotona M/C Sportsman Trial, which brought together 50 of the east's potent trophy snatchers. Hint of a tough course lies in Al's relatively low score of 958, with Julie, his brother mounted on a BSA 125, trailing close behind with 948.

For the past few years, Crotona's road committee has outdone itself and many a competitor by laying out the roughest, toughest course possible, but by popular request, this year's trail was modified; inasmuch as it was laid out with a sidecar. This eliminated many of the semi-impossible sections which had previously cost riders innumerable repairs.

Only 12 of the 50 starters hit the finish with scores of any sort; most of the non-finishers having come down with a bad case of "hour-late-itis" at the wayward checks, while the usual number fell out with mechanical failures.

LEFT, Clem Murdaugh and passenger, first sidecar, churn up leaves in Ardsley Woods with their Indian 4 sidecar rig. Breaking trail with the three-wheelers is a tough task since sidecars have a tendency to turn at slow speeds in goo



Larry Soprano lends a hand with Ronny Binoe's Matchless single, while Clem Murdaugh and passenger wrestle in the background. Note customary coil of rope on nose of Murdaugh's hack

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## HANKIE HATS

(Continued from Page 13)



lately drink tea and gossip about the one or two absent members.

Lately there has been quite an increase in the number of events specially created for girl cyclists. There are hill climbs, English trials and hare-and-hound races under sanction of the A.M.A., which fully realizes the importance of the impetus given the sport by the feminine contingent of enthusiasts. And feminine they are; all of them. With bandanas around their hair, scarves flying in the wind behind them, the days of the crash-helmeted, leather-belted variety, who usually gave a man the feeling that he was looking at a male being from Mars, are gone. Even the conversation of the girls bears this out. When they recently got together over hamburgers and hot dogs to talk over the days events, after the Girls' Hare-and-Hound, the talk soon drifted from the relative merits of vari-

ous makes of machines to the best way to preserve make-up while cycling. The conclusion reached on the latter point, was that a foundation of cold cream is the best protection against excessive dryness and dirt.

Most of the girls regard cycling as a sport, and have adopted the simple method of using trailers to transport their mounts to and from the location of events.

The pictures on these pages were taken during the Girls' Open Hare-and-Hound race, which took place near Castaic, California. In this event, six entries were in the "Experts Class" while the others entered as Novices. The winner of the event, run after a day's very heavy rain which made the trip more difficult, was Joyce Morgan, riding her Ariel. As mentioned earlier, the big surprise of the run was Dolores Steblas, who after having ridden her husband's cycle for only three months, finished with third-best time on a new Triumph Thunderbird. One of the girls (Gwen Guthery) arriving too late to start officially, still went over the run and completed the 32 mile course way behind the field; obviously just for the fun of it.

Originally, the course was laid out to run over 60 miles, but due to heavy snow at some of the higher altitudes, the officials cut the run to 32 miles. The girls were started off at 30 second intervals by Ernie May, the well-known competition rider. They found the going comparatively easy at first, as the weather was good. Shortly after starting time, however, it began to rain, which later turned to hail and the riders arrived at the finish in a heavy downpour of both hail and rain.

When it was all over, during the usual gab session at a local cafe, the girls all seemed very much in agreement that motorcycling for the feminine half is "here to stay," and that on the whole, they had not had as much fun in ages.

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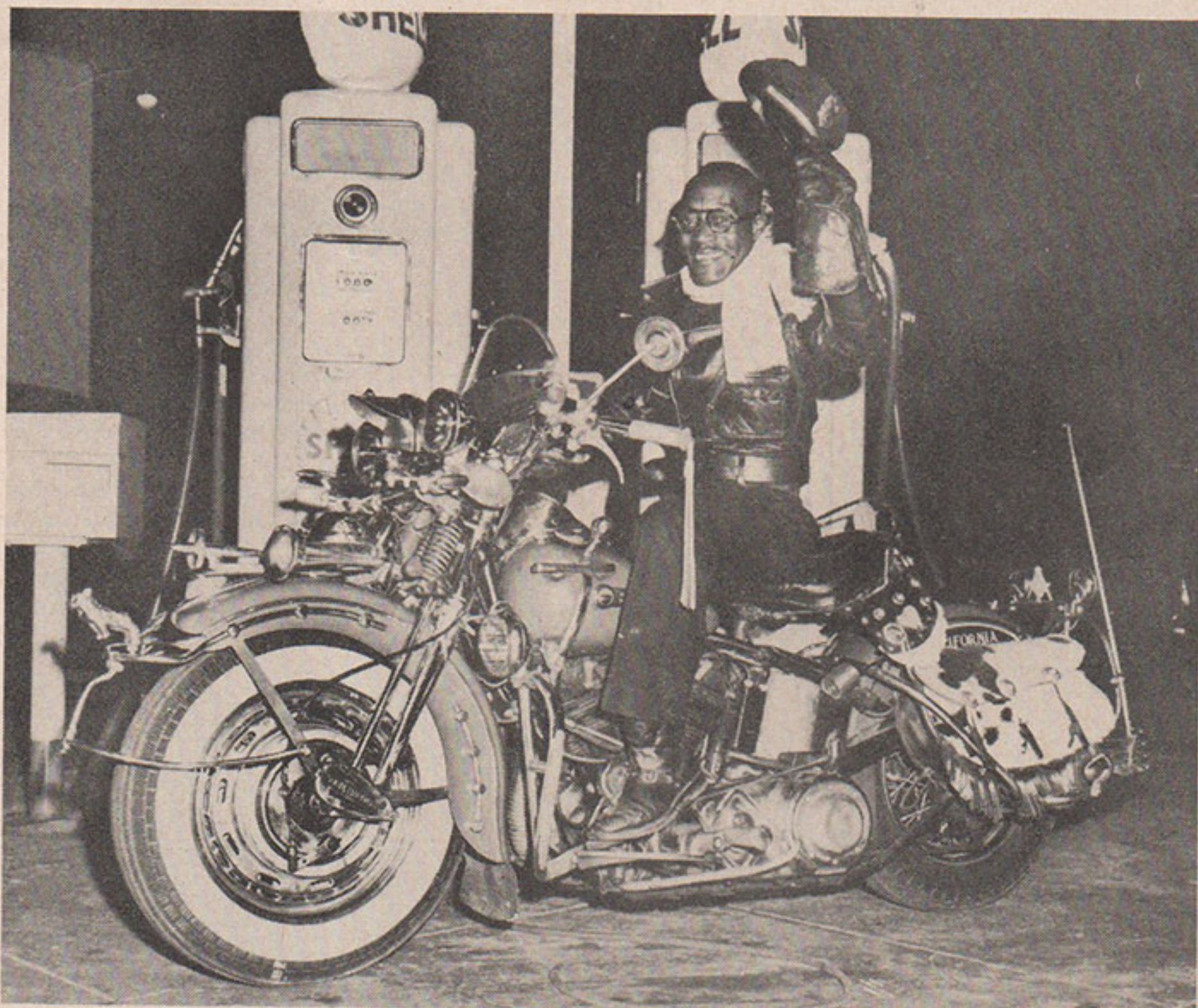


Photo by Pete

## THE JOLLY RIDER

While driving along the Coast Highway the photographer was amazed to see this rider gesturing frantically at each turn with a rapid routine of animated arm signals. A big smile spread across his face and every little movement was done with a snappy flourish. With a waving of the arms and a blink of his blazing signal lights the gay cyclist pulled in for a gas stop and cheerfully posed for the camera. When asked if the bike was a stock model he replied with a chuckle, "Man, every piece of this equipment has a purpose," and to our astonishment, proceeded to prove it.

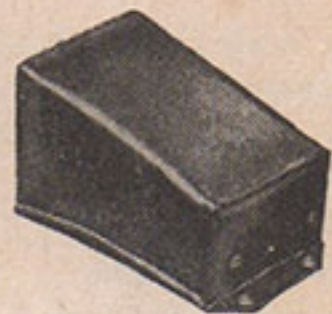
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## DRAG KING

(Continued from Page 14)

trying higher compression, different carburetors and ignitions. Chet was grinding new cams every week, looking for the right combination. Finally his monstrous looking twin bumped the record from 101 to 103 mph, then 107, 109, 113, and 119 mph, which stood until November 1950. In September, the "Beast" had first place at the Dry Lakes Speed Trials, with 142 mph. Two months later, the roadsters really got going and the one that held the record at Bonneville with 160 mph boomed through the quarter mile tape back down at the drags at 120 flat. Like a cat playing with a mouse, Herbert gapped his plugs, oiled up the throttle and raised the mark to 121 mph.

At about that time a 1949 Harley owned by Joe LeBlanc and equipped with one of Chet's cams went out and hit 122 mph. Then like a bolt of lightning, a roadster owned by Leon's Auto Parts of Santa Ana, turned 127 mph. It seemed almost impossible for anyone to beat this record, but Chet vowed that the "Beast" would. Two months of work followed, getting every little part perfect and experimenting with fuel. Then, on March 11, 1951, Herbert's high cam was ready for its grand attempt. Ted Iorio of the USMC was riding and took it through on two trial runs at 124 and 125 mph. The big one was coming; special fuel that would burn up an ordinary engine was pumped in by rubber-gloved pit men, and Ted took off for the record run. The "Beast" starts in second gear, winds to 8,000 rpm, then power shifts to high. On this run, everyone knew that it was going to do it, as the rear tire caught fire from spinning on the asphalt, then was off fish-tailing all the way down. At the other end there was a cloud of dust, as Ted went off the end of the strip doing sixty. He was going too fast to stop. Cycle and rider were one blur, spinning end over end in the dirt, while over the loudspeaker came, "He's all right, folks. You have just seen a new record set—129.49 mph for the quarter mile drag!" To emphasize this, it might be noted that a good stock 74 OHV Harley-Davidson will hit 80 mph in the same distance.

The Drags are open to everybody every Sunday. As long as the record is 129 mph, there will be many hours spent by the big names in racing, trying to go 130 mph. What is this that makes people always want to go faster?

## TRIUMPH-BSA MERGER

TRIUMPH and BSA riders will have much in common in days to come; what with the announcement that the share capital of the Triumph Engineering Company has been purchased by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, thus merging their ownership. This shift of financial control will have no effect upon the management of Triumph; which will continue to be sparked by Mr. Edward Turner. The two companies will operate as individually as before, with their respective machines marketed through existing channels.

The Triumph Corporation at Baltimore will continue to represent their interests in Eastern United States under the management of its president, Mr. Dennis McCormack, while Rich Child carries on as Eastern distributor for BSA at Nutley, New Jersey. In the West, Johnson Motors, under the guiding hand of president William E. Johnson, Jr., will handle the Triumph distributorship, while Hap Alzina remains as BSA distributor in Oakland, California.

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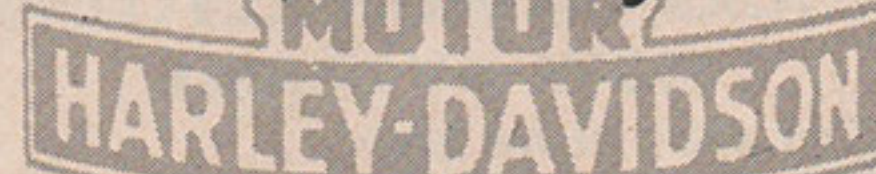
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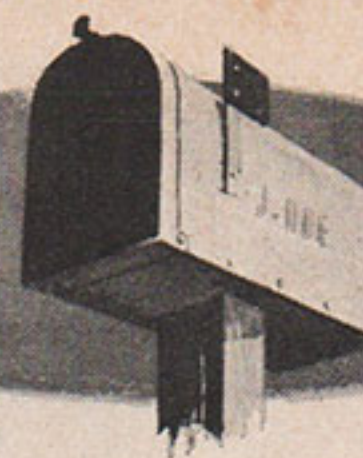
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# RIDER WRITINGS



Dear Sir:

I am 16 years old and weigh 150 lbs. I would like to know if, in your opinion, I would be capable of handling a 250 cc ohv BSA motorcycle. I have had several arguments with my parents on the subject. Thank you.

Marvin Katz  
Ann Arbor, Michigan

(I can only refer you to such champs as Larry Hedricks, dirt track rider; Bobby Michaels, this year's Daytona winner; and many others who are under 150 lb.—ED.)

Gentlemen:

Again I am sending you a subscription to one of your publications, this time, CYCLE Magazine. Although a little too old (I'll be 38 next birthday) to take part in some of the activities of motorcyclists, I can still get my kicks in drags and fast touring on my Vincent Black Shadow. I have ridden approximately 10,000 miles the past year and have been down four times, each time the fault was mine and not that of the machine; had I been in an automobile, it is possible that I may have been injured, as I was traveling in excess of 50 mph on three of the occasions. The last time, I ran over a cycle because I had been following too closely. When he went down, I ran over his machine and so to earth went I: Moral, when touring, keep your distance.

Gerald Deatherage  
Wichita Falls, Texas

(Am not yet in a position to argue the point on this 38 year old business—hope you're only kidding—ED.)

Dear Sir:

I am happy to inform you that barring some unforeseen circumstance, there will be pictures and a story on the Cornbelt M/C Mudrun.

... The California boys seem to think the riders in the Midwest are soft, uniform-wearing "pussy-foots." Not this club! We wear overalls and boots and go in for scrambles, mudruns, paddle runs, and a game called "scully-gully." It was invented by Bud Swanson, popular Midwest Racing Association midget driver, who is also a motorcycle enthusiast. It resembles hockey, the puck being an airplane (Cub) tire with a disk of wood on the bottom. I shall be glad to send anyone who wishes, information on this game.

Don Evans  
R.R. 2  
Danvers, Illinois

(Well, all right!—let's see some of that eastern coverage so that the westerners can add to their bag of tricks—ED.)

Gentlemen:

As I have just put in a subscription for two years, I feel I have the right to ask a few favors of you. How about an article and maybe a road test on a J.A.P. speedway bike? How about covering some west coast hill climbs ... or the Reno speed trials September 2-3?

Dan Cozzi, Jr.  
San Francisco 16, Calif.

("Your slightest wish"—check page 24 of this issue for a story on the J.A.P.'s. We have our hook out for hillclimb coverage now and hope to report on it in the near future—ED.)

Gentlemen:

I've been buying CYCLE Magazine since No. 1 on the newsstand and have come close to missing it several times, so thought I'd better take advantage of the low rates and get my name on your list. . . .

I like your tests of different cycles, but have one thing I'd like to see added. How about the price tag on the machine—could that be included, so we could see just how much it sells for at the dealers from whom Officer Filker gets the machine? Or is this against the rules.

Keep up the good work with the magazine. I especially like your features on European machines, as I like to see the different types made all over the world.

Walter C. Beachler  
Phoenix, Arizona

(Good Suggestion. Note price included on the BMW tested in this month's mag—ED.)

Dear Sir:

I am presently the owner of an AJS . . . and a 1929 Velocette . . . with hand shift and overhead camshaft which gives the 21 cu. in. motor considerable energy. . . . The low center of gravity and the 21 inch front wheel gives this bike handling characteristics that the newer bikes . . . cannot equal. It would be small exaggeration to say I can take a corner with my elbows touching the ground on this Velocette. The bike runs remarkably well for its age and demands only occasional pampering and tinkering.

I would like to find out from your readers about other "vintage" bikes still in service and also if mine is one of the oldest English veterans in this country.

I cannot close without complimenting your fine magazine and especially your impartial attitude toward both American and foreign cycles.

Irwin Brown  
Box 108, RFD 1  
New Market, New Jersey

Dear Sir:

Concerning motorcycles, I know a very limited amount and so I wonder if you would do me a favor, since you are the Editor of one of our best motorcycle magazines.

I am planning a three months trip around the U.S.A. this summer, by motorcycle. My doctor at home warns my family that motorcycle riding will ruin my kidneys. I would like very much some authoritative information and some facts regarding this problem. I understand that this trouble was prevalent in the earlier models which were not as well sprung as the new ones are.

Another thing in connection with this; just what is the value of rear springing? What is the difference that it makes? Will it or does it effectively limit or eliminate the danger from kidney trouble? Can you please answer my questions. Thanks a million.

Fred Woodruff, Jr.  
Northfield, Minnesota

(After some twelve years in the saddle, I find my kidneys have retained their same relative position and shut-off capabilities as before. If you are inclined to have weak pipes, motorcycling may make this condition more noticeable, just as riding in a car, but if you are normal in this respect, have no fear.—ED.)



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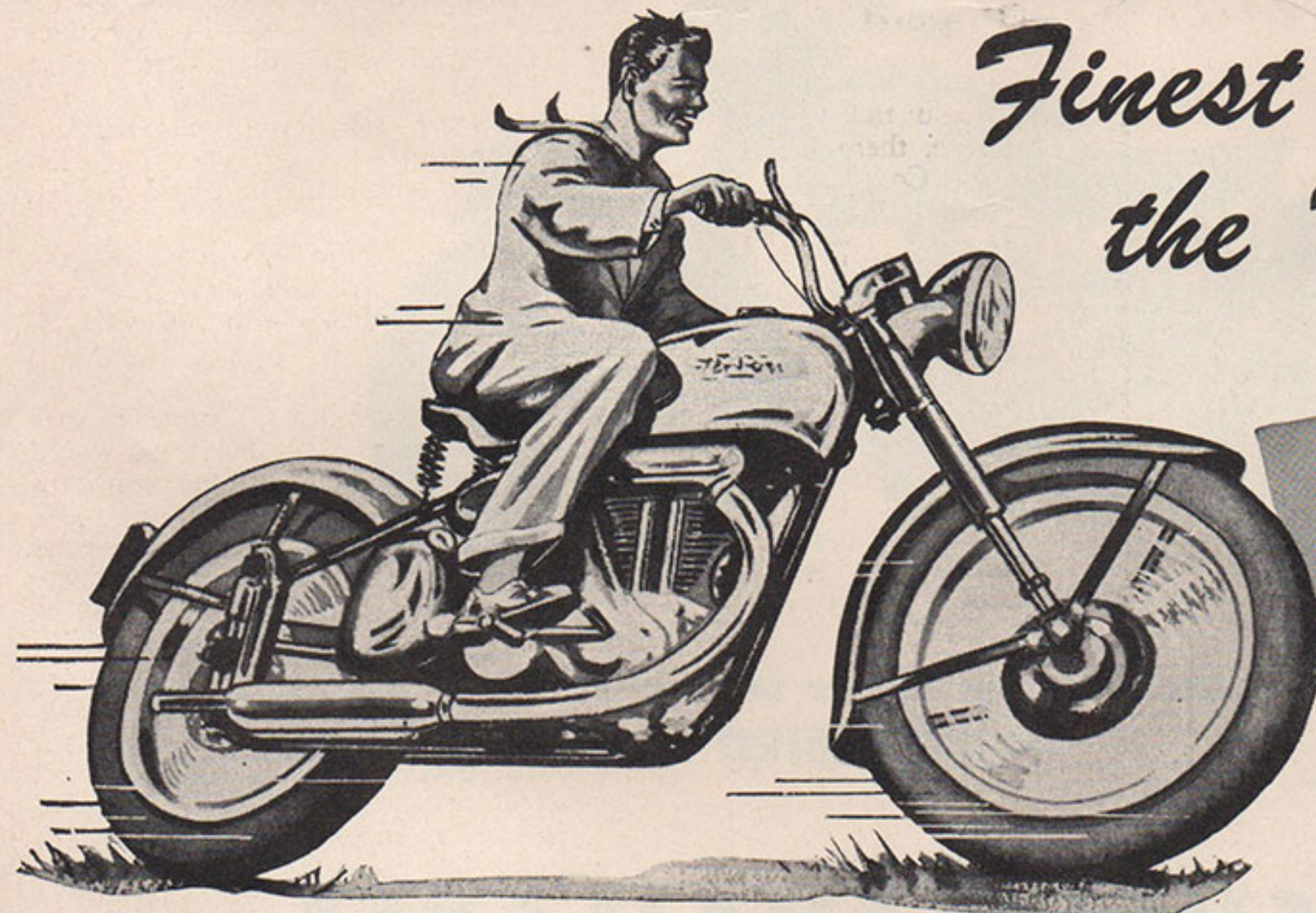
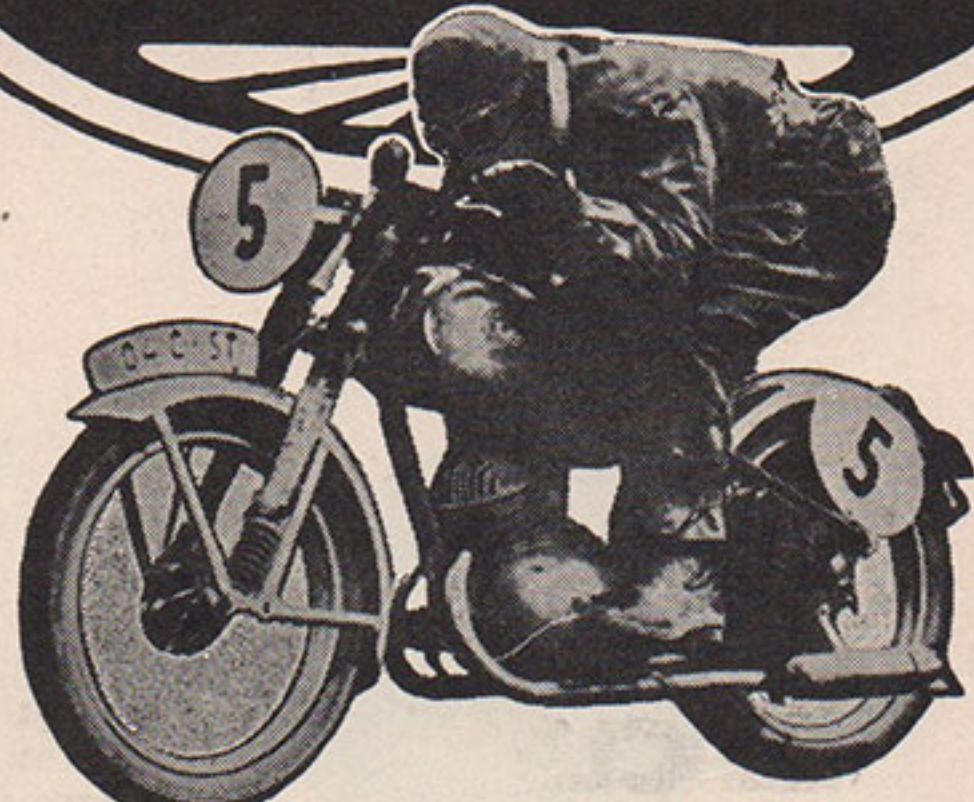
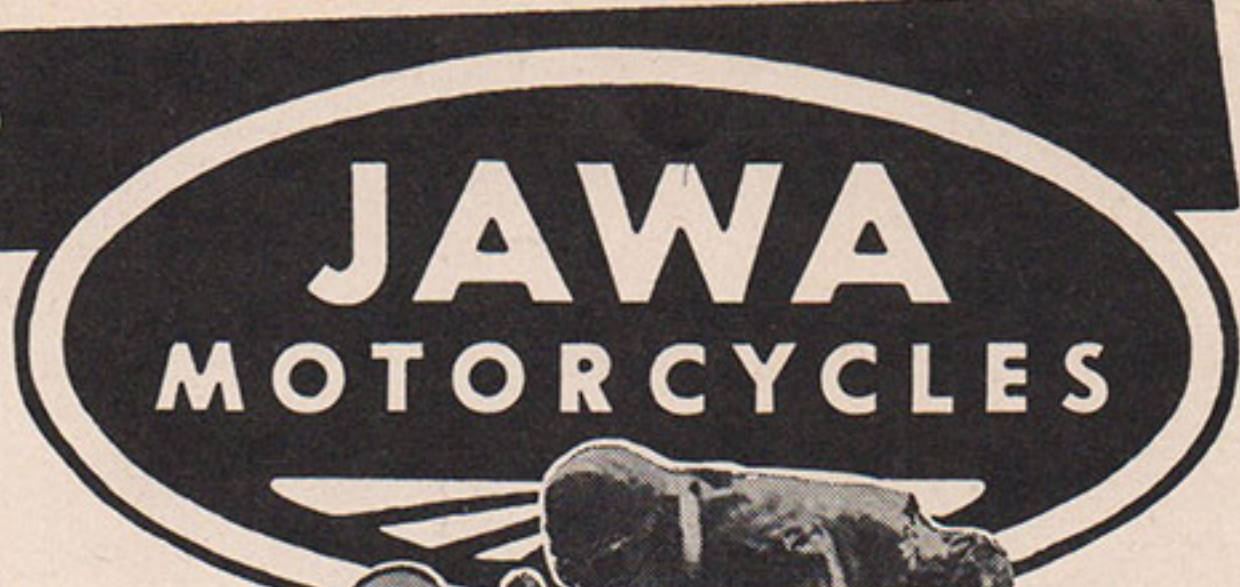
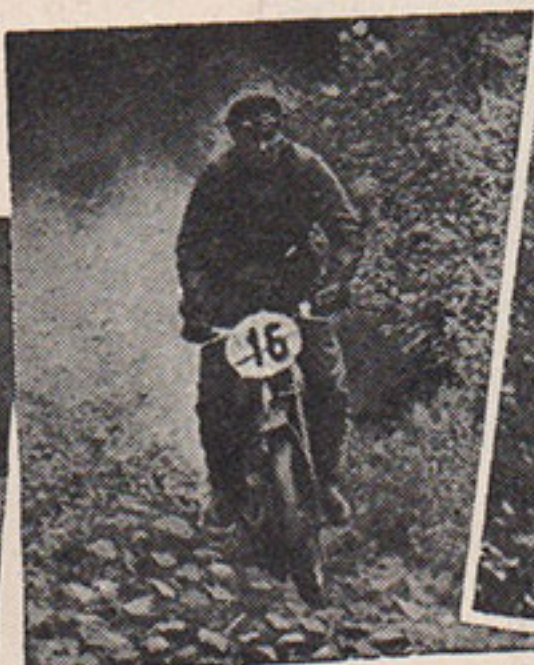
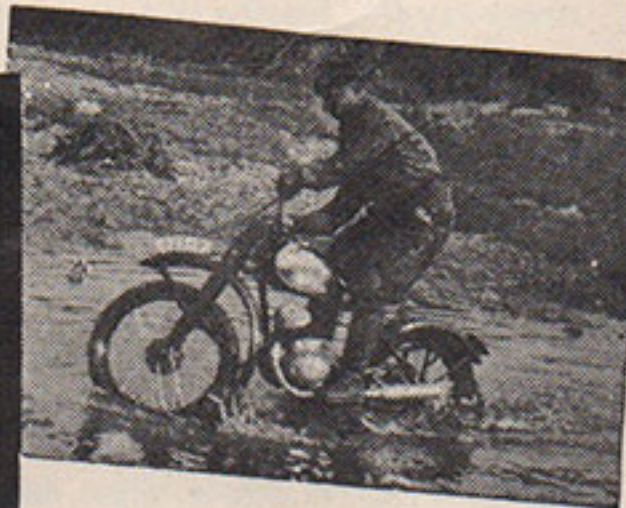
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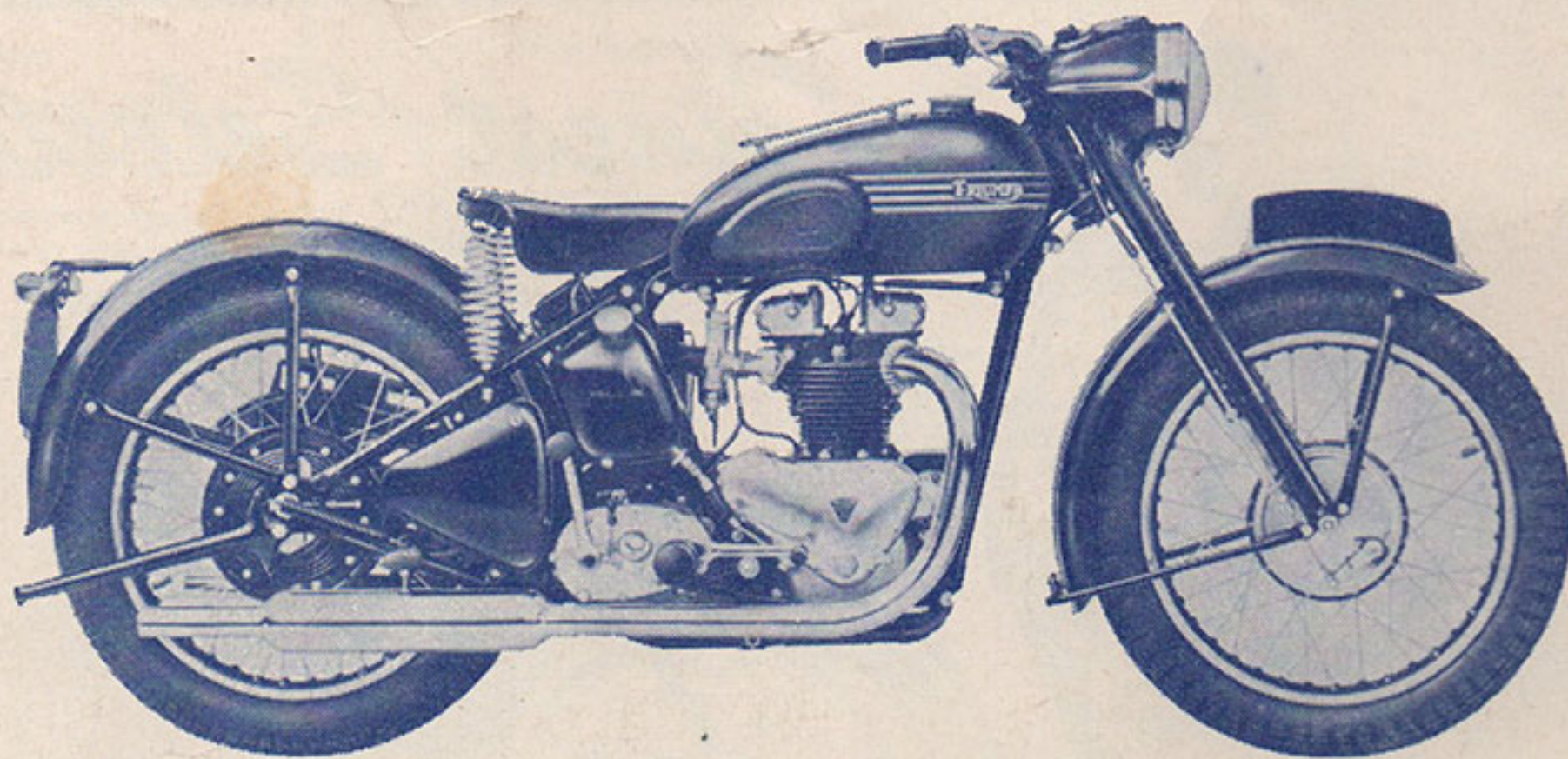


## ED KRETZ

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