

JUL 6 -

# CYCLE

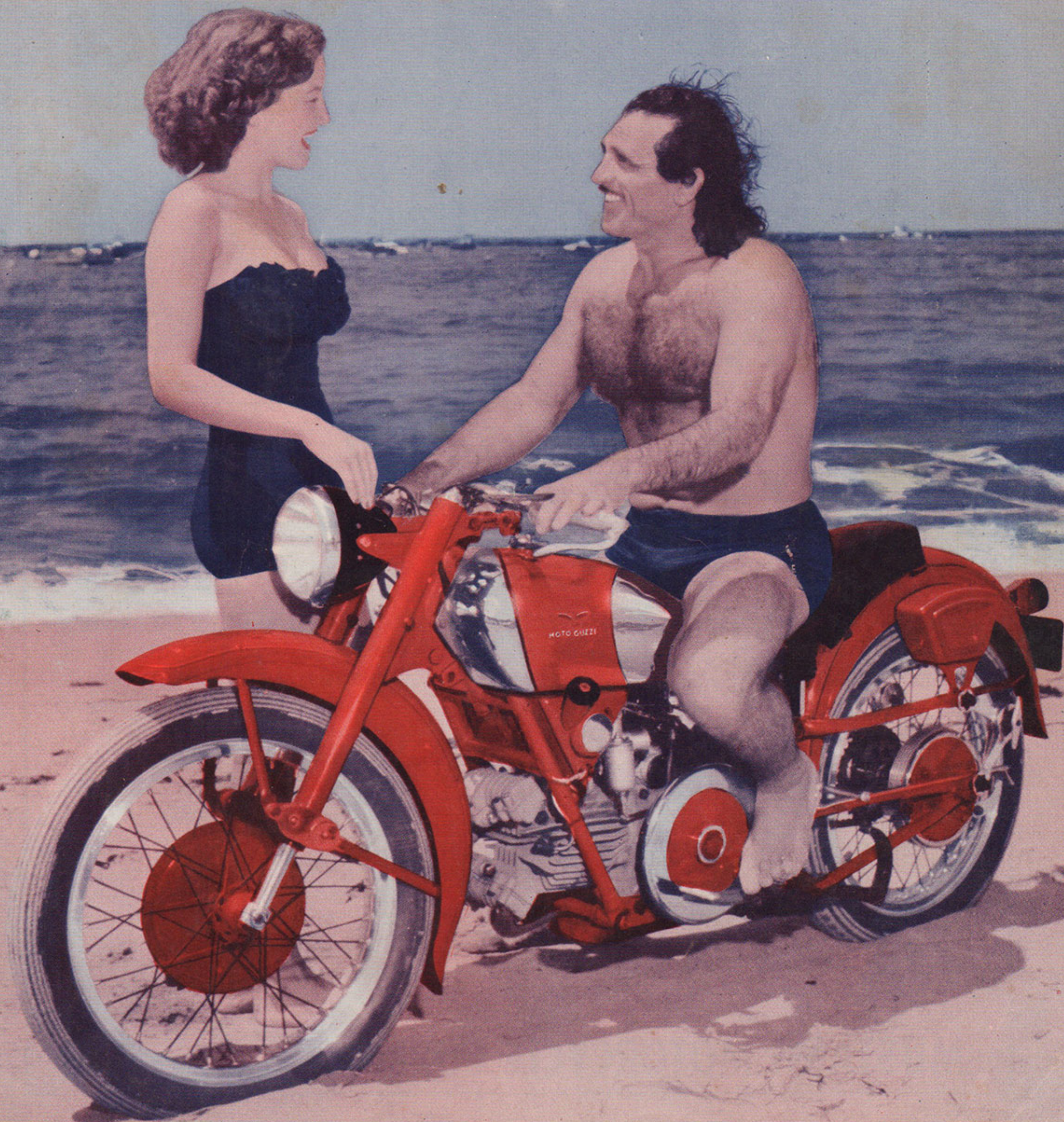


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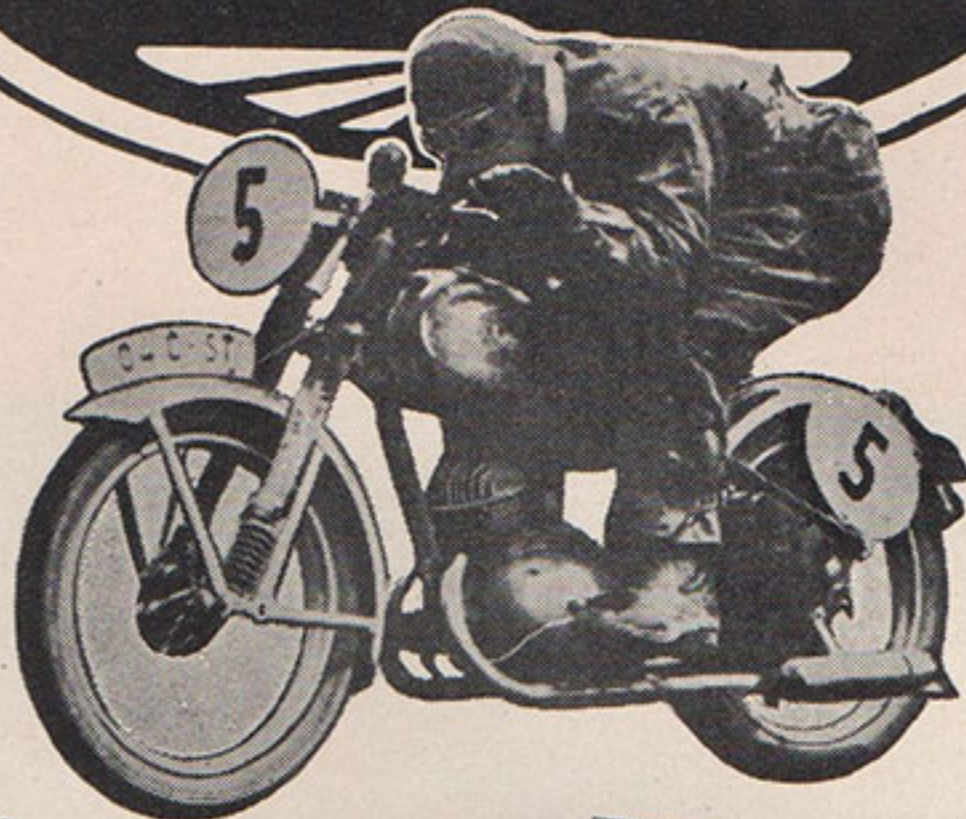
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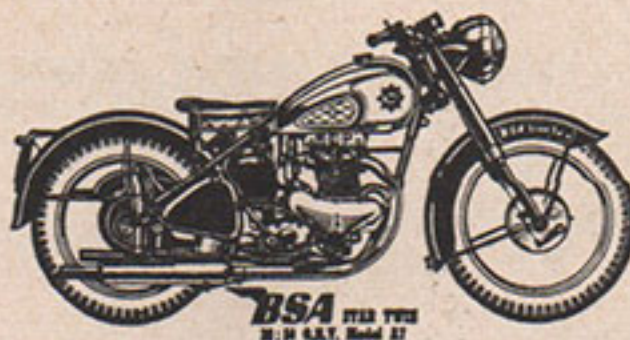
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# Speaking Cycle

AUGUST 1951

## CYCLE

VOL. 2 Published Monthly No. 8

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

EDITOR—Bob Greene

ART DIRECTOR—Al Isaacs

ADVERTISING MANAGER—Ray Bowles

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Gordon Behn

WRITERS—Gene Jaderquist, Clarence Cysz

"World's Largest Monthly Motorcycle Circulation"

EVERY corner of the British countryside will be open to those wishing to tour the Islands this summer. Since 1951 is Festival Year in Britain the entire country will be on show, waiting to give you a royal welcome. The nearest office of the American Automobile Association will arrange all formalities connected with taking your bike to Britain.

A machine weighing under 200 pounds costs \$30.00 to ship across the Atlantic from New York, one way, while one of 200 pounds or more costs \$60.00 one way. In any case, it's advisable to box or crate your machine for shipment. If you should decide to take delivery of a new motorcycle in England, an order may be placed in advance with your local dealer here in the States for delivery on arrival. If you agree to export it within twelve months, no British purchase tax will be charged. The prices of cycles (free of tax) vary from around \$180.00 for a lightweight up to about \$840.00 for the bigger machines. Gasoline at 43 cents per Imperial gallon is unrationed and, incidentally, the Imperial gallon gives you a slightly higher measure of juice than the American gallon.

Those of you who follow British motorcycling activities will realize that every week offers a variety of sporting events, such as trials, scrambles, speedway meets, hill climbs, and road and track races throughout the country. In addition, of course, there are the classic events such as the Manx Grand Prix, usually held on the Island each September, and the Ulster Grand Prix held on the outskirts of Belfast, capital of Northern Ireland, every August.

Whether you go especially to see one of the classics or join up with the British clubs on their weekend runs to sporting events or coastal and country resorts, you will have every opportunity to see such riders as Geoff Duke, R. L. Graham, H. L. Daniell, B. M. H. Viney, W. Nicholson, and many others whose names are household words among motorcyclists the world over.

Factory visits can usually be arranged for those of you who may be especially interested in seeing British motorcycles in the course of production. The British Travel Association, 336 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York, will be pleased to answer any queries you may have and also supply you with tourist literature on all parts of the British Isles.

To book passage consult your nearest travel agent. Cabin class fares average \$245.00 one way, while tourist class accommodations can be obtained for \$165.00 one way. The air fare is \$675.00 for the round trip except during the off-season (West bound, December to June and East bound, September through March), when the round trip fare amounts to \$500.00. With a motorcycle handy to transport you around the British Isles, as little as \$7.00 a day should suffice for medium priced accommodations, food and gasoline.

Wherever you go, British motorcyclists, and indeed all the British people, are set to give you a royal welcome in their festival year.

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### ON THE COVER

Baron Michele Leone, Junior and Heavyweight Wrestling Champion of the World, renews acquaintance with an old friend and fellow countryman, the Moto Guzzi. Baron and the Guzzi's owners are both from the little town of Abruzzi, Italy. . . . Photo by Bob Schumann



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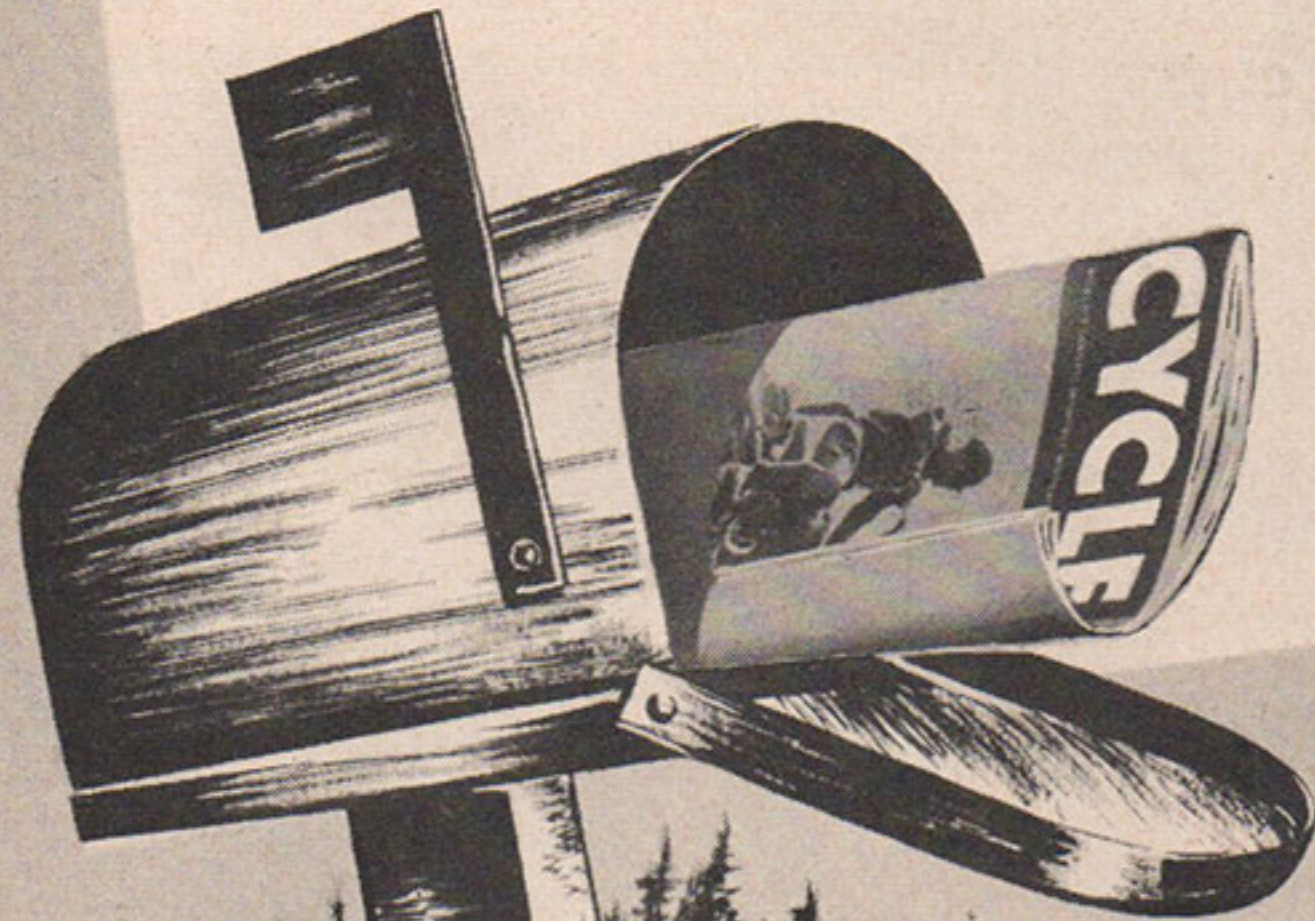
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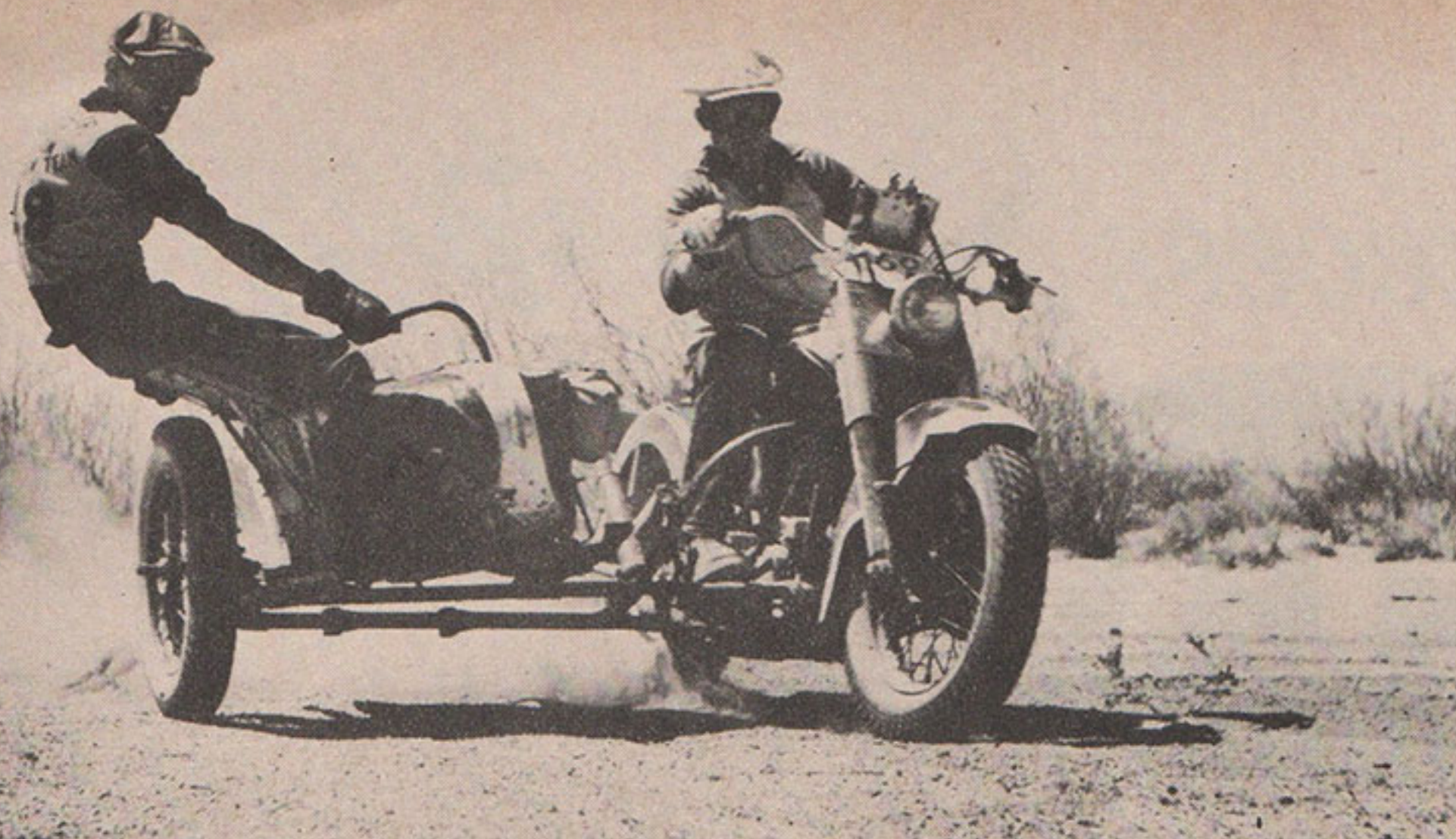


MR. AVERAGE RIDER COMPLETES

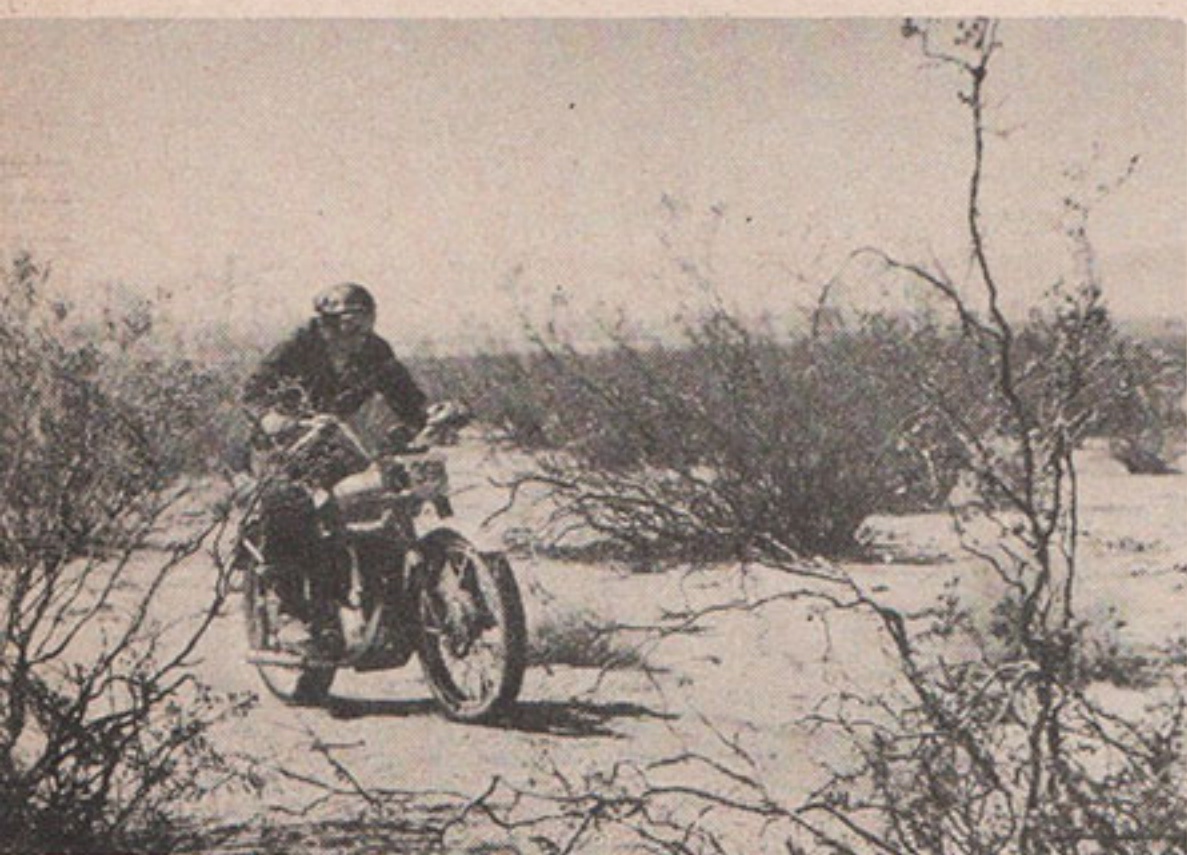
# America's

NEARLY ONE-THIRD  
DEL KUHN, AJS 30.50,

Text and Photos



Basket boy, Larry Bornhurst, tries in vain to get away from that mad Swede. Belin and scrambled passenger won sidecar trophy with a mighty high score



ABOVE, Dave Chapman, in hot pursuit of a hamburger, searches the plains for noon check



LEFT, Mountaineer Ken Kluth picks up a few precious seconds on one of the smoother, straighter sections of the Angelus Crest trail



BELOW, After two days in the desert, Dave Doney is given final test as he nears finish



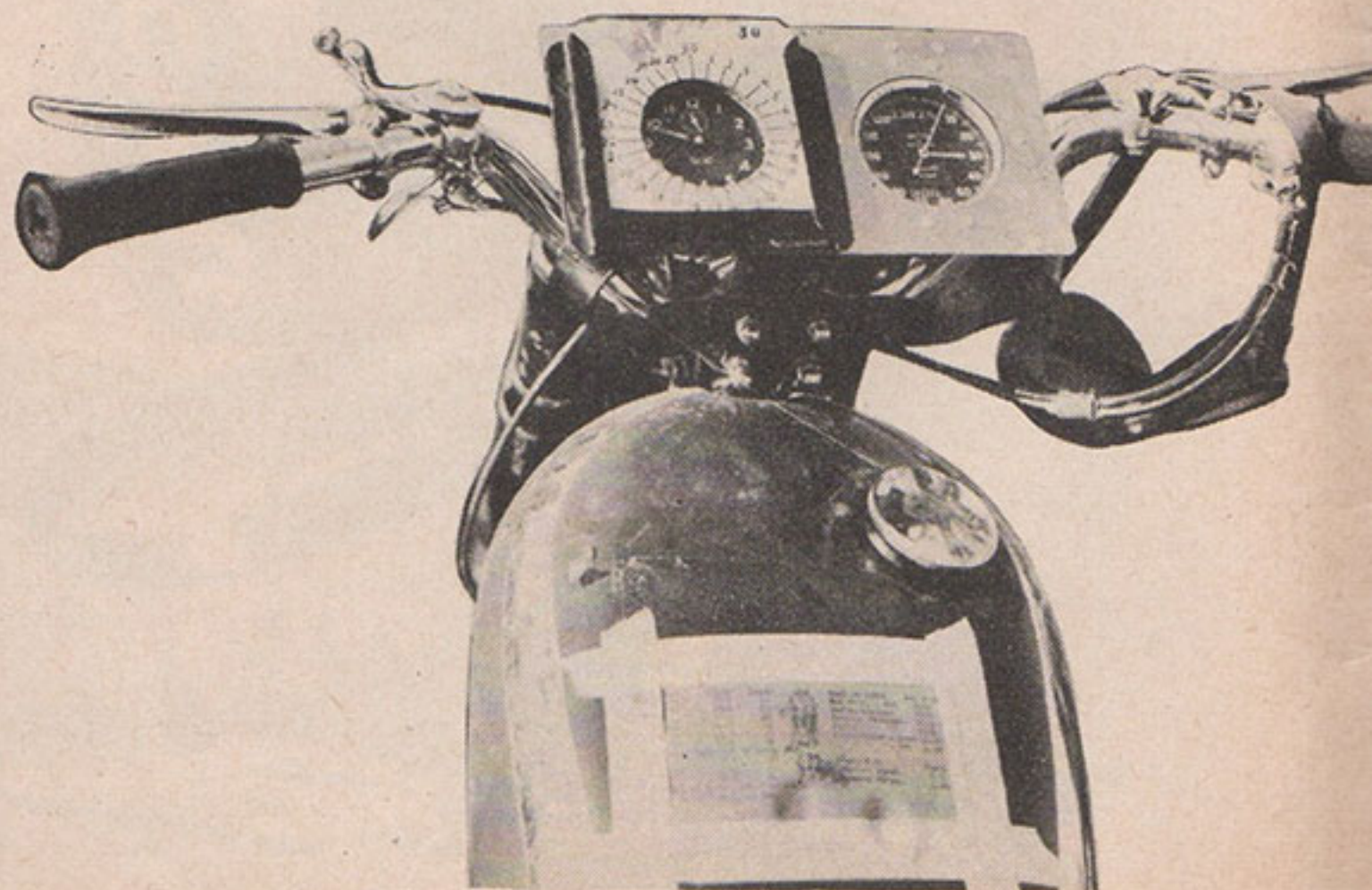
SUDDENLY a loud shout thundered from the crowd that was milling anxiously in front of Johnson Motors in Pasadena, California.

"Here comes the first one!" Around the street corner a low evening sun threw long shadows as the first bike streaked across the finish line and skidded to a stop in front of the timekeeper. The rider slumped in the saddle of his bike and gulped eagerly at the water offered him. The fifth annual Greenhorn Enduro was nearing its official close. "Boy, that was a course," he said, handing back the water jug. "Dry desert, loose shale, mudholes. I'm lucky to still be in the saddle."

The crowd was excited. The day before, Saturday, May 26th, 315 Southern California riders had left the Johnson Motors Building to try their skill on the 500-mile run sponsored by the Pasadena Motorcycle Club. Pasadena clubmen had done an effective job in plotting the devilish course, and yet we were surprised to find that 95 of the hope-

LEFT, Which way'd they go, George? Actually, the checker's name is Harvey Feuerhelm and the inquisitive rider is Nick Nicholson, about to leave the old mining town of Red Mountain

BELOW, A typical enduro board used to keep rider on schedule. Clock at left is a Baby Ben alarm with hour hand removed. The 30 mph schedule card pictured is calibrated in thirtieths so that when rider has been out say 50 minutes, as shown here, he can quickly see that he should have covered 25 miles. Other cards are made up for each speed. Rider's itinerary is taped to tank



# biggest enduro

## FINISH GREENHORN THREE TIME WINNER

by Bob Behne

ful starters finished the two-day tour. The eager crowd was back at Johnson's now to see the thrilling finish. The crowd didn't have long to wait. Soon after the first rider had skidded to his final stop, three other bikes appeared in the distance, and their long shadows grew closer as they powered across the finish line. There had been seven side cars, 12 girl riders and 5 double riders in the starting lineup, and the crowd was anxious to see how many would finish. One of the side hacks finished; only two of the girls, and one of the doubles completed the tough circuit, although the doubles were disqualified.

Soon after checking in with the timekeeper, the Enduro riders who had finished began to bunch together to rehash the run. The bench racing had begun even as the remaining riders were screaming toward the finish line. The 500-mile course, with every kind of terrain in Southern California, had given them something to remember.

"The first day wasn't too bad," one rider

ABOVE, Booming over this hill, Greenhorners were surprised to find they were bearing down on old Dove Springs Mill check that has been in run last 4 years, each time from a different direction

remarked. "Of course, there was that desert stretch just before the lunch stop!" The desert was difficult. Tearing out of the mountains and across smooth dirt farm roads, most of the still hopeful riders came abruptly to a patch of sage-studded sand. Tires digging into the soft shifting surface, twisting and turning to avoid the chuck holes and ruts, they screamed across the desert toward lunch.

Leaving the Tehachapi lunch stop on time, the boys were off again into the golden mountains which rim the Mojave desert. Most of them had made the stop without much trouble, but there were some novices who, having never run an Enduro, found trouble in the desert. The afternoon was really tough, and the going hard. "That was me," said a rider. "I was going hot all morning, but when the afternoon was nearly over, I thought I'd break in half before I finished. That stuff around Dove Springs almost beat me."



ABOVE, Go back and do that one again! Although Gene Vincent, Jr. appears to be riding his big Harley backwards, he's actually doing his best to pick up a little forward motion

BELOW, This hill, just around a bend in the sandy trail, was hidden from view until last minute and many of the boys were taken off-guard. Jerry Butterfield apparently didn't hit the throttle soon enough and had to take best advantage of specially fitted hand clutch, although completely unable to reach foot shift

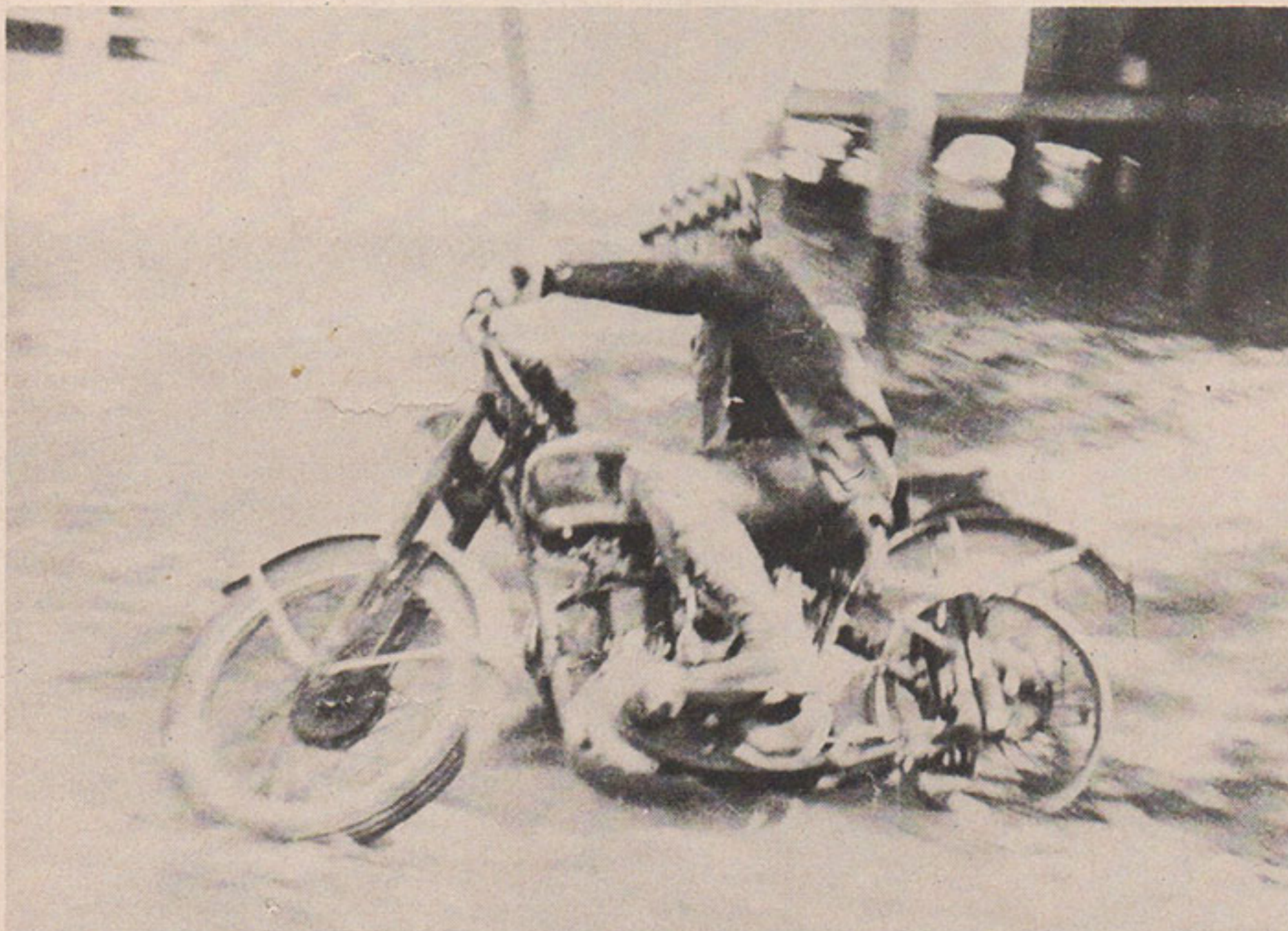
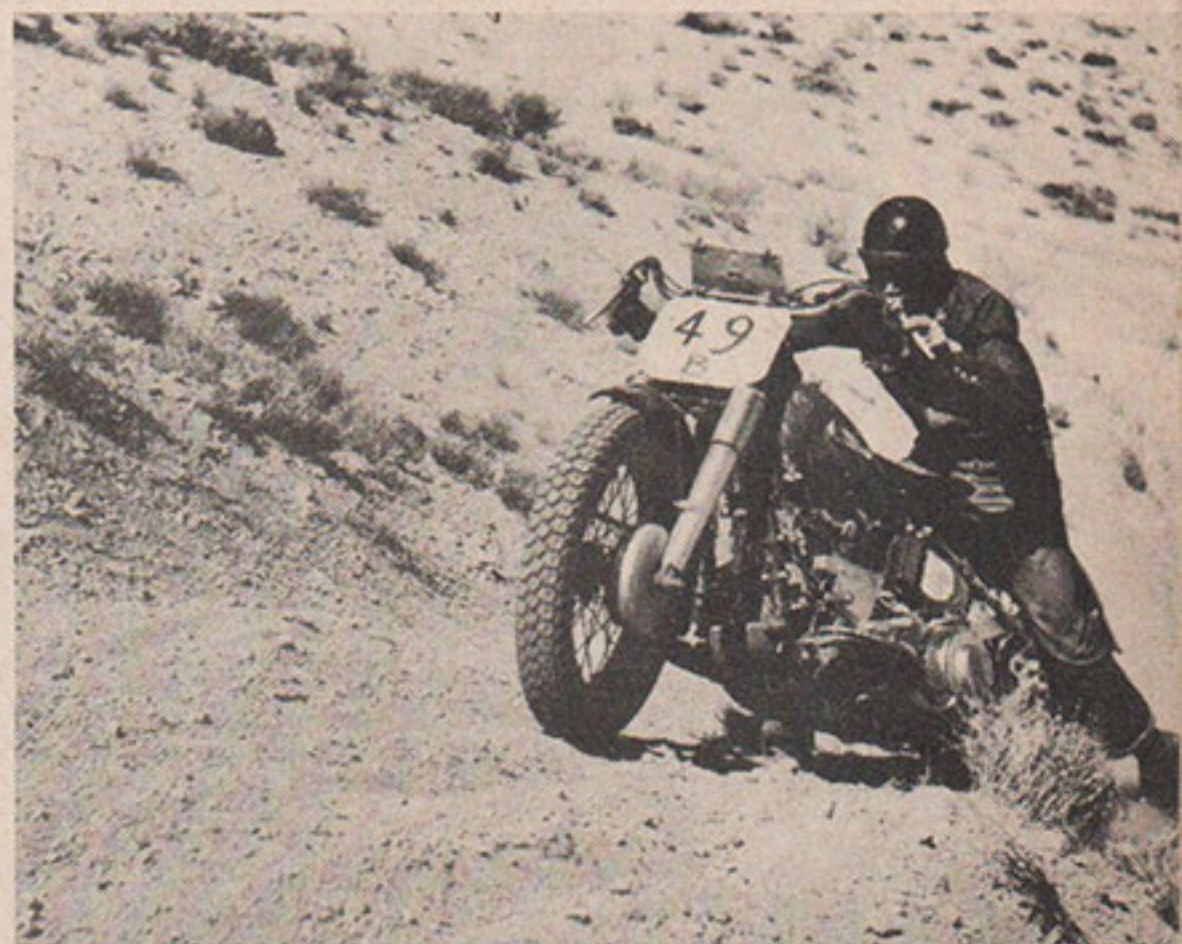
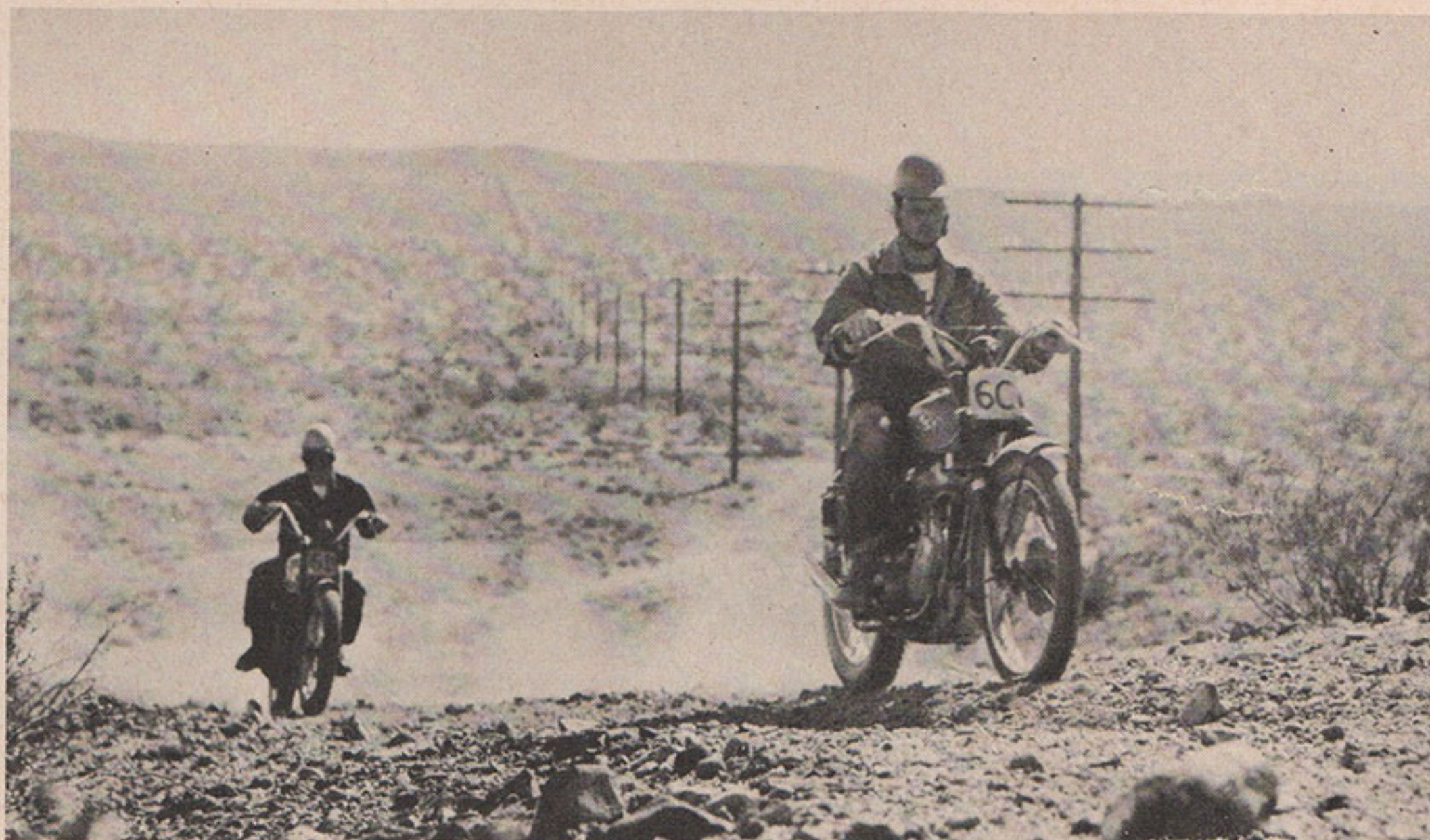


Photo by Richard Ryder

ABOVE, Abraham Lincoln was once quoted as saying, "I had no shoes and complained until I saw a man who had no feet." For those who had trouble with that rutted, sandy stretch around Dove Springs Mill, take a good look at Nick Nicholson and his plight. Nick rode about 50 miles of mountain trails and sand wash on the rear rim and still managed to place 10th. Notice that his frame is practically dragging





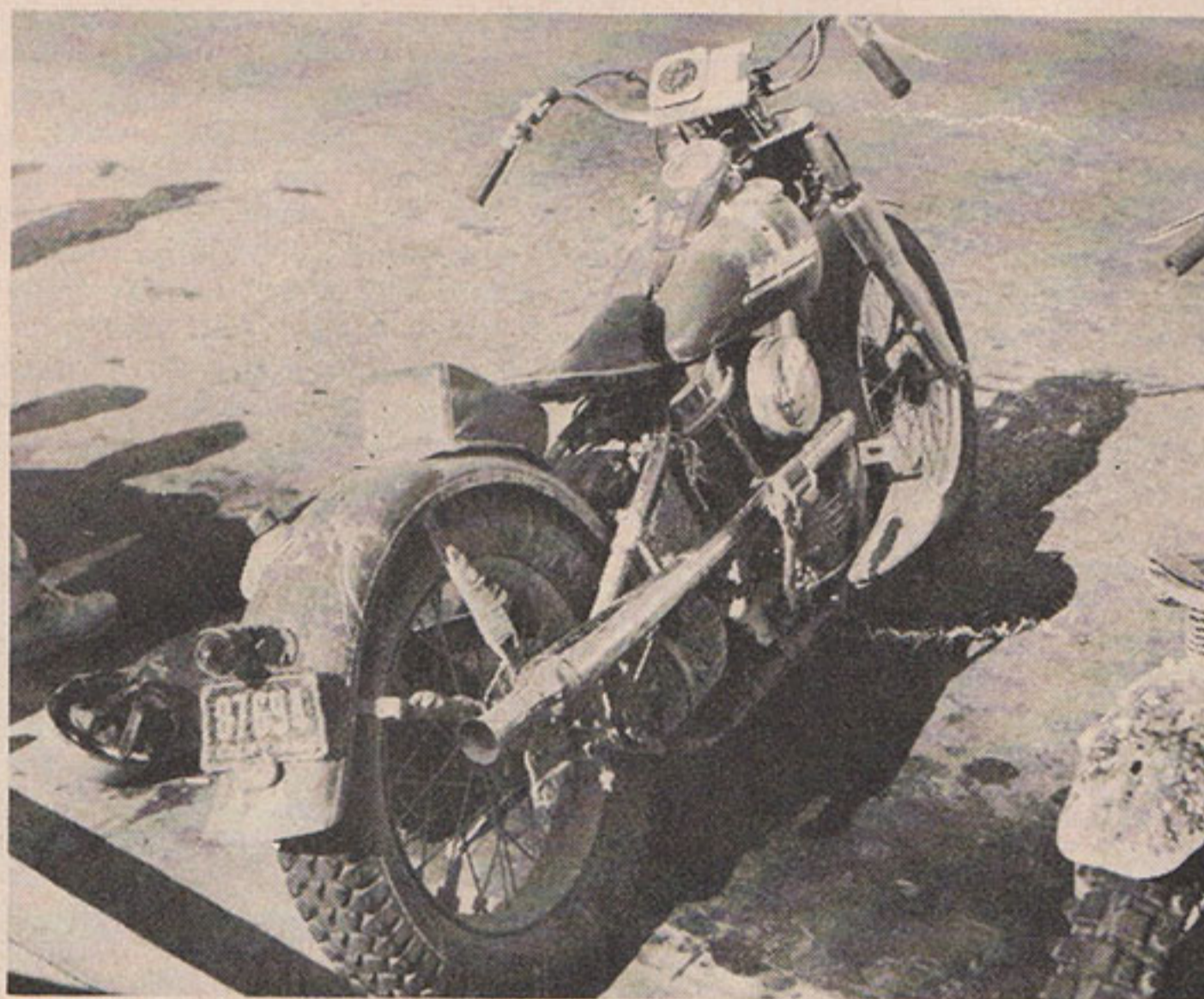
**ABOVE,** Picture of a three-time winner. Del Kuhn takes little notice of a flat front tire as he leads George Gunther into a difficult rocky patch. Del is the first three-time champ

Many of the riders, after fighting the blazing sun and hot sand all afternoon, were surprised when they reached the little abandoned mine at Dove Springs. Streaking across the desert, they hit a short turn just before Dove Springs. Even the novices, who stuck amazingly close to the experts, got around the turn—but when they reached the bottom, they found themselves tearing up a rutted, rocky and tricky hill with the noses of their bikes pointed to heaven. "I got halfway up before I came off," one tired rider said. By the time they reached the night stop at the sleepy little highway town of Red Mountain, California, almost 100 of the starting 315 had dropped out. Many of them had quit because of mechanical failures. The sand was rough on tires and engines. "You think tires were a problem! Not for Nick Nicholson," said another rider. "I was tearing along the sand, just out of Dove Springs when Nick passed me ripping up sand for all he was worth. I took a second look. That man was slipping and sliding across the course on just his bare rear rim!"

The second day was no picnic for the remaining riders who pushed on from Red Mountain at day break. Gunning their bikes as much as they could on the easy sections, they found it was a battle to keep up to schedule on the hard going. "That's where it really got tough," one of the jockeys said. "About an hour out of Red Mountain we hit the loosest shale I've ever seen, and before

*(Continued on Page 29)*

**BELOW,** Doc Trainor's idea of an enduro bike is well worthy of notice. An MCM highflow exhaust keeps stacks and muffler out of harm's way. Foot brake mechanism has been raised and converted to a push brake. A small competition saddle replaces the original seat. Rear tire is 19x475 and front is 19x400. Tool box is strapped shut and pliers, wire, etc., are taped to frame for immediate access. Hand clutch and foot shift replace hand shift. Note his refreshment jug bolted to rear fender. Doc reports high-flow pipe worked well



*Photo by Chuck Pollard*

**BELOW,** Like two peas in a pod, partners Dick Dean, 16, and Tom Smith, 17 years old, apply identical body English on a jagged lava rock hill



**BELOW,** Al Copping blows in from Frog Creek toboggan slide and throws his Ajay for a surprise turn. Partner M. R. Overholt approaching





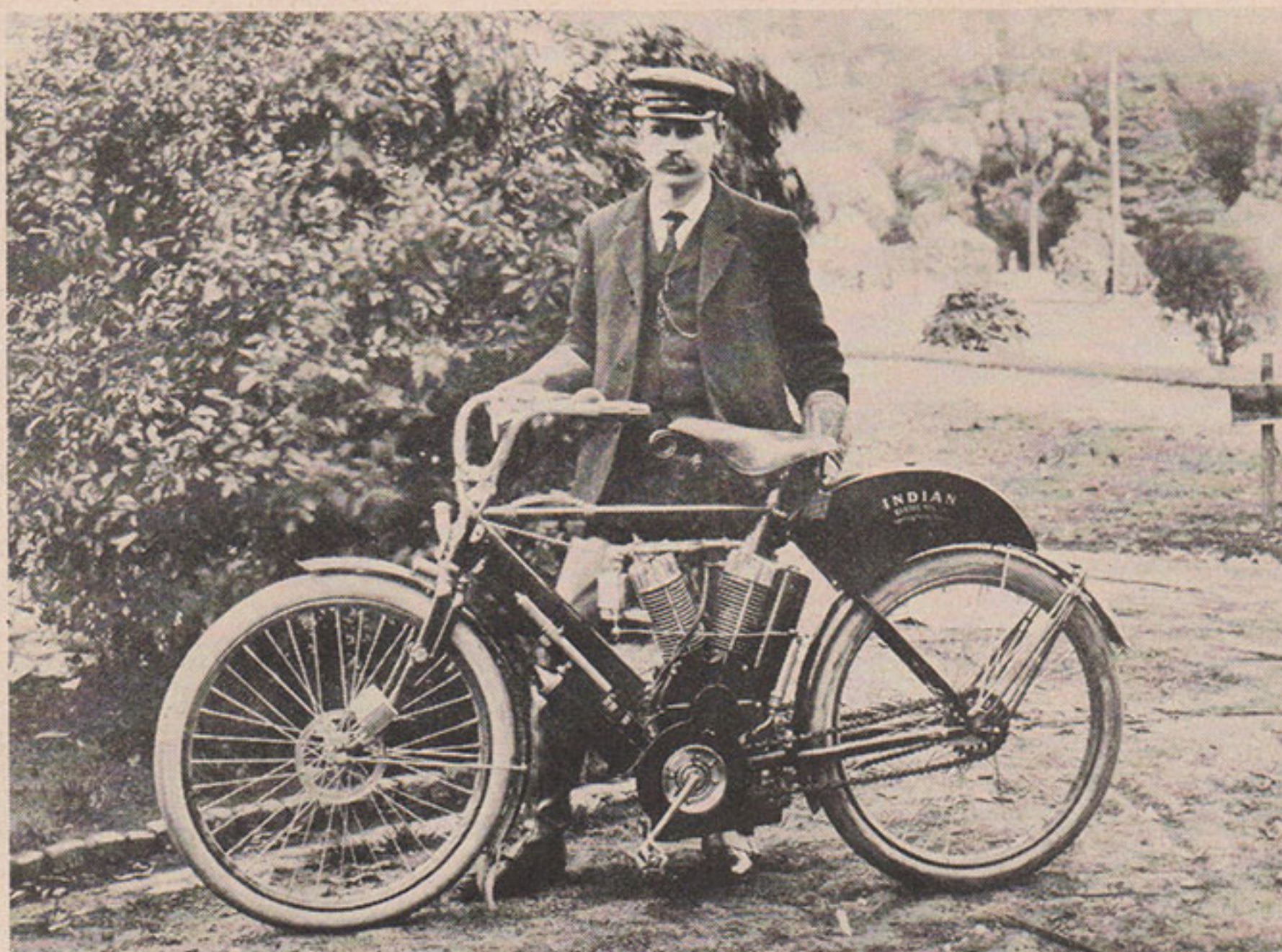
# THE MOTORBIKE AND FATHER

... "WHO NEVER ALLOWED  
HIS CONVICTIONS TO  
INTERFERE WITH HIS  
CURIOSITY"

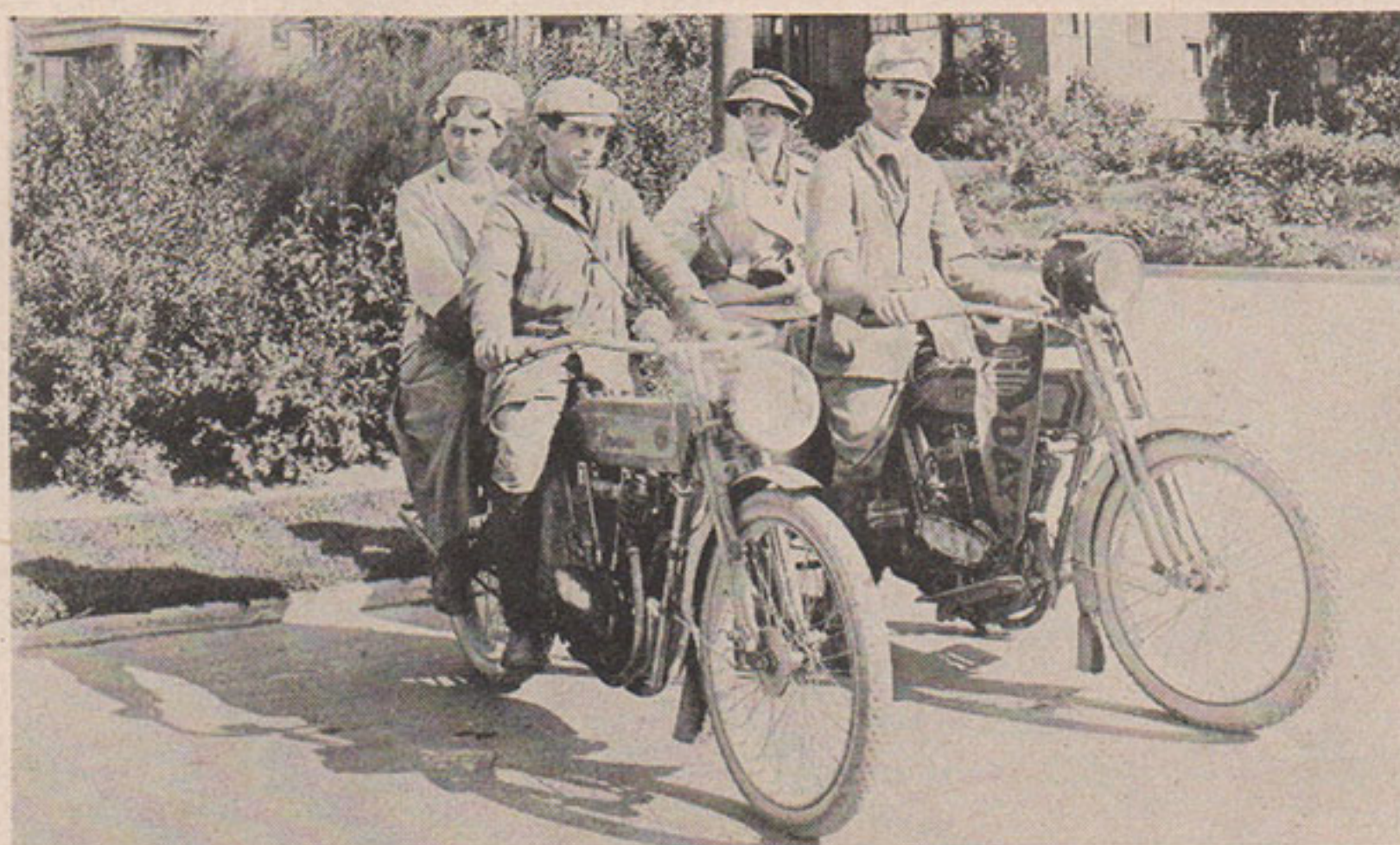
by Herbert G. Moore

AT THE GREAT Bicycle Show of 1895, held in New York's old Madison Square Garden, there was exhibited a newfangled contraption that aroused a mild ripple of excitement—very mild. It was a bike to which had been attached a naphtha or kerosene motor. Father took a dim view of it—very dim. At least, he did in 1895.

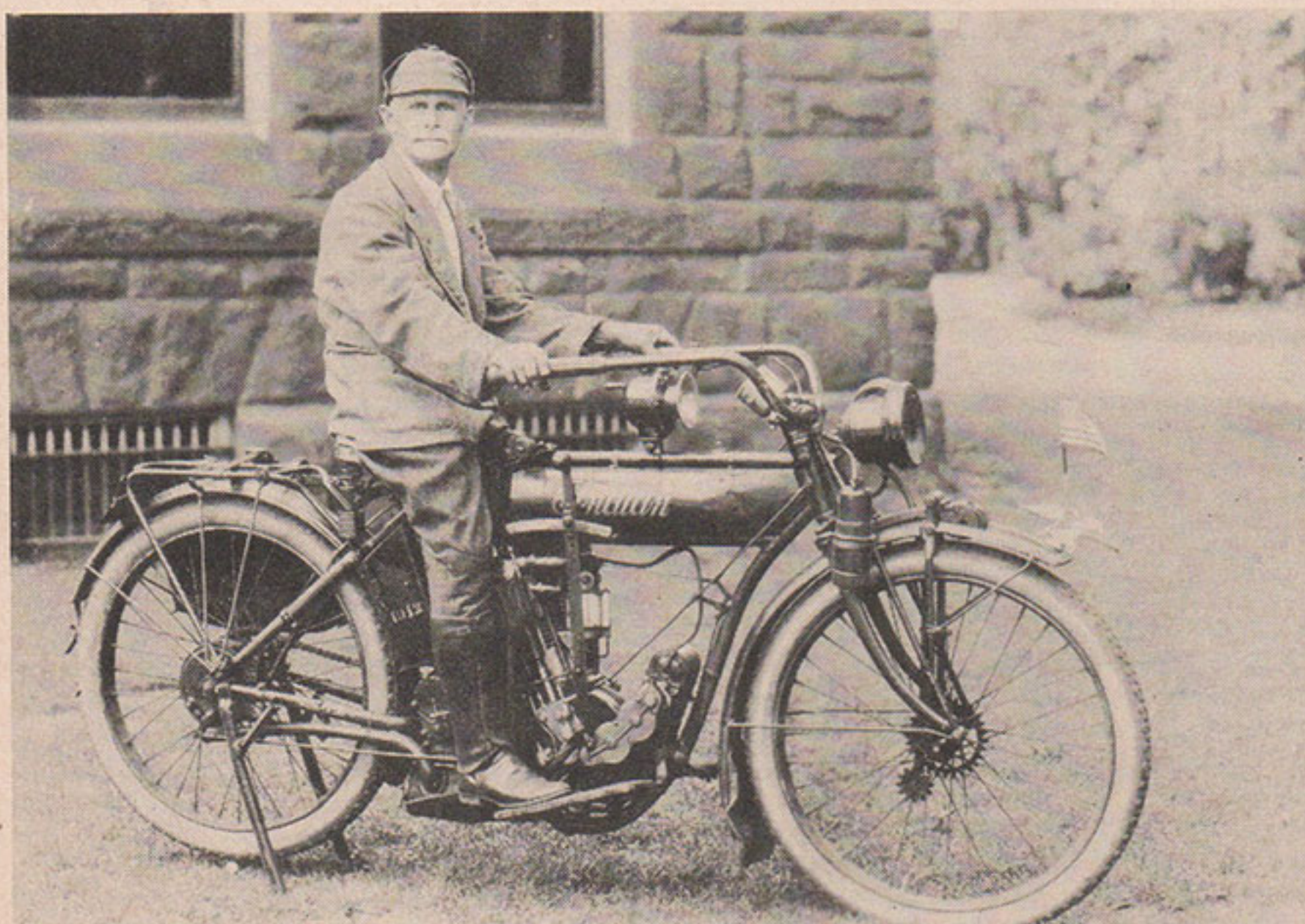
This motor bike, of course, marked a revolutionary departure in the field of transportation, and the cycle manufacturers regarded it with mixed emotions. The previous year they had turned out 250,000 bikes, and their goal for 1895 was 400,000. With the Standard selling for \$100 and the Special for \$125, this represented a lot of business for those days. Now along came this motor bike, and the exhibitors at the Show didn't know whether to clasp it to their corporate bosoms or to keep it under wraps. They finally compromised by treating it more or less like a step-child.



ABOVE, Father had to start somewhere. This early Indian wasn't his first, but it was obviously only one step ahead of the popular leg-powered jobs. Note rear frame tube bolted to cylinder



ABOVE, Later in the game, gas lamps and spring forks meant sheer luxury. Surely they would never go much beyond this! These early Harley-Davidsons were rugged despite frail appearance



Tall in the saddle and ready to go at the drop of a masterlink! From his alert gaze and firm grip on those king-size handling tubes, this fellow appears to have been one of the "hotter" riders

Because it seemed so highly impractical to a lot of people and because its unsightly mechanism added so little to the gaudy splendor of the show, the motor bike was barred from the main exhibition floor where the new "safety" bicycles, vintage of 1895, and the latest foot-propelled racing models were permitted to hold undisputed sway. If you wanted to see this queer experiment with the "out-board motor," you had to make your way to the basement—down among the heating pipes and coal bins—and only the more adventurous souls took that trouble. Among the latter was Father, who never allowed his convictions to interfere with his curiosity.

Of course, all this happened long before the family physician ever introduced Father and me, but it should be explained that Father had for many years been an enthusiastic cyclist—of the foot-propelled breed. In fact, he belonged to the Century Club, an exclusive organization made up of mustachioed citizens who had ridden a pedal job one hundred miles in a single day. To a person like me, who feels a bit weary after a brisk stroll around the block or a climb

(Continued on Page 25)

Meet Ed Kretz, almost a legend in his lifetime. Since he first donned the racing leathers in 1934 at the old Ascot speedway in Los Angeles, the mighty Ed has blazed through the motorcycle competition world, leaving an unforgettable trail of victories and successes behind him. Spectators, familiar with his square, powerful frame, have often remarked that he looks as if he had been designed specifically for the machines he rides. In truth, Ed designs the machines to fit him, having spent many of his early competition years as a mechanic.

For the past 17 years, Ed has lived and breathed motorcycles. Today he owns a Triumph dealership in Monterey Park, a suburb of Los Angeles, where he still handles some of the mechanical work himself. His chief interest now is Eddie, Jr., at eighteen a veteran of the Daytona 200-miler and starter in more than 20 TT events. Dad is instructor and inspiration. Eddie says, "He taught me everything I know."

Visitors to the Kretz shop have trouble pinning the active Ed to the spot long enough for a conversation. His hobbies are physical, too—hunting and fishing—but most of his time away from business is still occupied by the major events of motorcycling where the name Ed Kretz is usually entered.

# TT RACING

AND HOW IT'S DONE BY  
AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING  
TOURIST TROPHY RIDER  
... ED KRETZ

As Told to Gene Jaderquist

AFTER 17 years running on Tourist Trophy tracks, and two years drilling the facts of racing into Eddie, Jr., I know one thing: you can't just tell somebody how to ride a TT race and then sit back, expecting him to come in for the first drop of the checkered rag. That only happens in the movies. On a real track, under a hot summer sun, the skill that can only come from constant practice pays off almost every time.

The first thousand laps are the hardest. In that breaking-in period you first use all the tricks you've heard about and invent others to take care of the new situations you find yourself in. While you're learning, you develop a style of riding that will probably stay with you for the rest of your career in the saddle—a set pattern so much your own that other riders can tell exactly what you're going to do at any point in a race.

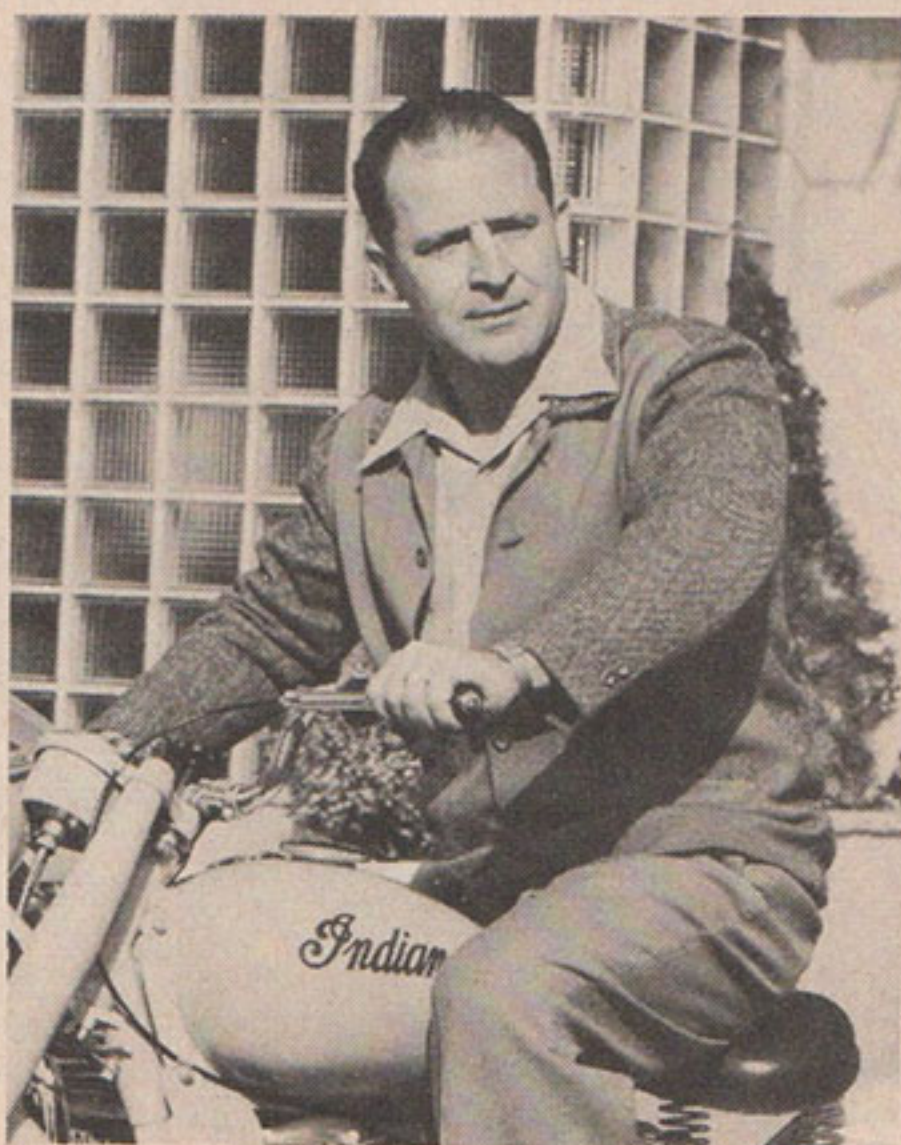
Because that first style is hard to break or change later on, it helps to start out right. I don't claim that my own method of riding a TT is the only correct one because I've eaten dirt from men who didn't learn a thing from me. And I do a few things that some experts taboo as dangerous—using the front brake, for example—which might cause a beginner a lot more grief than good. But I've got enough good races under my belt to consider

my techniques have been proven in action.

Each TT course has its own peculiarities. I've probably raced on more than 100 different tracks in all parts of the country since 1934, and the only single feature all have in common is a right turn. Most have jumps, some are paved, a few are long, many are short. A safe speed at Laconia, New Hampshire, can be a dangerous speed at Riverside, California. But some conditions are the same at all tracks. All have corners, all have other riders to be passed if you want to finish in the money, all have straightaways.

On any TT track, I start fighting for the lead when the first flag goes down. The rider in front is the man to beat and I want to be the rider in front. There is less traffic up there, for one thing. For another, if something minor goes wrong, you've got a little bonus of time to be used.

I've only broken that rule once recently. In the '48 Riverside TT, I started from the third row back, behind such riders as Bert Brundage, Harrison Reno, Tex Luce. Making an early bid for the lead would have meant wild chances on corners that might have put me out of the race for good. With 168 laps to go, I figured there was time to make my move later. But I did push my way up into the first five or six leaders to get out



of all the traffic behind. On the 38th lap I finally made my way into first place and stayed there for the distance.

A race can be won or lost in the corners. At Laconia last year, after I had already slipped quite a ways behind with mechanical trouble, I tried to make up laps in the corners. To do this, I had to up my speed on the straights, shut off late and use both brakes, then slide all the way around the turns. Up to a point, that is all right, but I was pushing my luck too far on every corner and it finally caught up with me. I came up to one bend at about 90, slammed on my rear brake and tapped the front. For just an instant I felt the squeamish lurch of the front wheel on an oil slick—then I flipped. For two-hundred feet I rolled, flew, bounced and staggered. Three times I was on my feet and three times my momentum slapped me forward into another roll. Because I remembered to roll, no serious injury resulted but it takes heavy friction to stop motion and friction ruins skin.

The front brake is always tricky, but handled right it can pay its way. Locking the front wheel is deadly anytime. Just shifting weight to the front wheel can be dangerous, too. If you do use the front brake (and most TT racers don't) tap it lightly at the same

time you put on your rear-wheel brakes, using only the first two fingers of your hand.

In a tight race, every corner is crucial. The rider either keeps up the pace or gets passed. If he lets himself get pushed too fast, he flips or goes down. The most useful stunt in most corners is the controlled slide, which is faster than no slide and safer than an all-out slide.

Slides are only useful on decomposed-granite or dirt tracks. Pavement sliding is too dangerous to pay off because on hard track a slide only takes place at high speeds. On softer footing, sliding is natural at moderate speeds.

Take the first corner at Riverside as an example. This is a left turn following a mild uphill straight. Most riders get to the end of this straight at a speed of about 85 mph, then shut off. When I hit the corner after shutting off, I'm doing about 60 so I put the rear wheel into a deliberate slide to finish slowing me down. During the slide I watch my speed carefully and try to keep the rear wheel from sliding too far around. Sometimes it takes a heavy foot and a lot of strenuous body english to stay under control. In a fast slide there is sometimes as much as 100 pounds weight on the foot. By the time I'm under control, my speed has slowed to



Photo by Ray Porter

ABOVE, Hot on the trail of Jimmy Phillips at the Santa Barbara TT. Ed rides hard but always relaxed, goes especially well in long races

about 25 mph and the rear wheel has stopped sliding. Now it's time to use a power slide.

Seen from the stands, the power slide takes over the instant the brake slide ends so that it seems as if the rider is making one continuous splash through the dirt. Actually, the power slide is a separate operation. You're in second gear and you're gunning your way out of the curve fighting for more traction all the time, spinning the rear wheel on the dirt to keep turning.

Slides are handy on both tight and gradual turns, if they are level or uphill. Downhill bends are no place for a power slide in my opinion. Brakes are good on these if you remember to go in slowly enough, but a power slide will sometimes send you right off the edge of the track.

On the right turn included by law in all TT tracks, caution is good advice. Eddie, Jr., overshot the Riverside right turn in practice laps, then went right ahead and slipped over the bank during the race. Since right turns are unusual in racing, even veterans make a

wrong guess occasionally and get into trouble.

If you don't want to take a chance on a power slide in a gradual corner, it is possible to brake-slide until you can square off the opposite end of the turn and start down the next straight.

Corners are a good place to do some of the passing that is part of every race. The best time to go around any man is at his weak point. Follow your man around a couple of laps until you see what he is doing wrong. If he's cutting off early on corners you can slide your corners and go outside. If he is sliding way out on every corner, you cut off early and duck inside, staying ahead by using a power slide.

Passing on the straights is usually easy. Roadhogs are rare in TT races, but it may happen that you find yourself tailing a twin that wants to stay in front. If your man won't stand still and be passed, you've got to make the opportunity any way you can.

This is a rugged business so be sure you're right when you try forcing somebody. I'm not in favor of any of these tactics myself, remember. But, if that rider in front of you keeps pulling into your path, try first to suck him out of position by feinting. Move over to his right and crack your throttle as if you were going around. When he cuts over, you

in a tail-first squat. The fastest method is to come up to the jump full throttle, then cut down to half. You will land squarely, ready to dig out.

Don't try to straighten out in the air, either. Even if you take off at an angle to the track, stay straight when you land. You can correct the angle once you are on the ground. If you try to turn in the air, you stand a solid chance of flipping over when you hit the ground.

Before you go into any race, you should know how to lay down if you get in trouble. I've missed corners in a lot of races, and in almost every case, I lay down rather than take the risk of being flipped. If you're fast, a lay-down only costs 10 seconds. A flip can mean a wrecked machine or an injury that will put you out of the race.

If you find a slide going out of control, see the rear wheel coming around to meet the front and all the body english you've got won't stop it, take your leg out from under the side, sit on a corner of the seat and the gas tank and push the bike right down to the ground. Don't let the rear wheel get too far around or you won't be able to let down easily. And be sure you have moved your leg out from under the down side.

Often the most dangerous man on the

came Kelly, McCall, and Arena—all of them looking for a space to squeeze through. None of them made it. McCall and Tommy were killed outright. Campanele and Kelly spent a year in the hospital recovering. Arena was badly bruised and shaken but otherwise all right.

TT racing is both slower and safer than track competition, but safety is just as important. And one of the most rigid safety requirements is good brakes. I make sure my bike has a good set of linings before every major event. A 100-miler at either Riverside or Laconia will wear out a set of linings. Then I check to see that the brake drums are perfectly round and that the brakes are making contact all the way around. Even in a shorter race, no one has any business in the tough, pounding grind of a TT without perfect brakes.

Control terminals should be tested and soldered firmly. Engine parts can be tested by Magnaflux. I have my transmission gears shot-peened to smooth out the rough edges and sharp spots. Gas tanks should be mounted in rubber and exhaust pipes are out of the way of danger if they are crossed over.

For all tracks, I use a compression ratio of 7.75:1, fed by either Texaco or Union

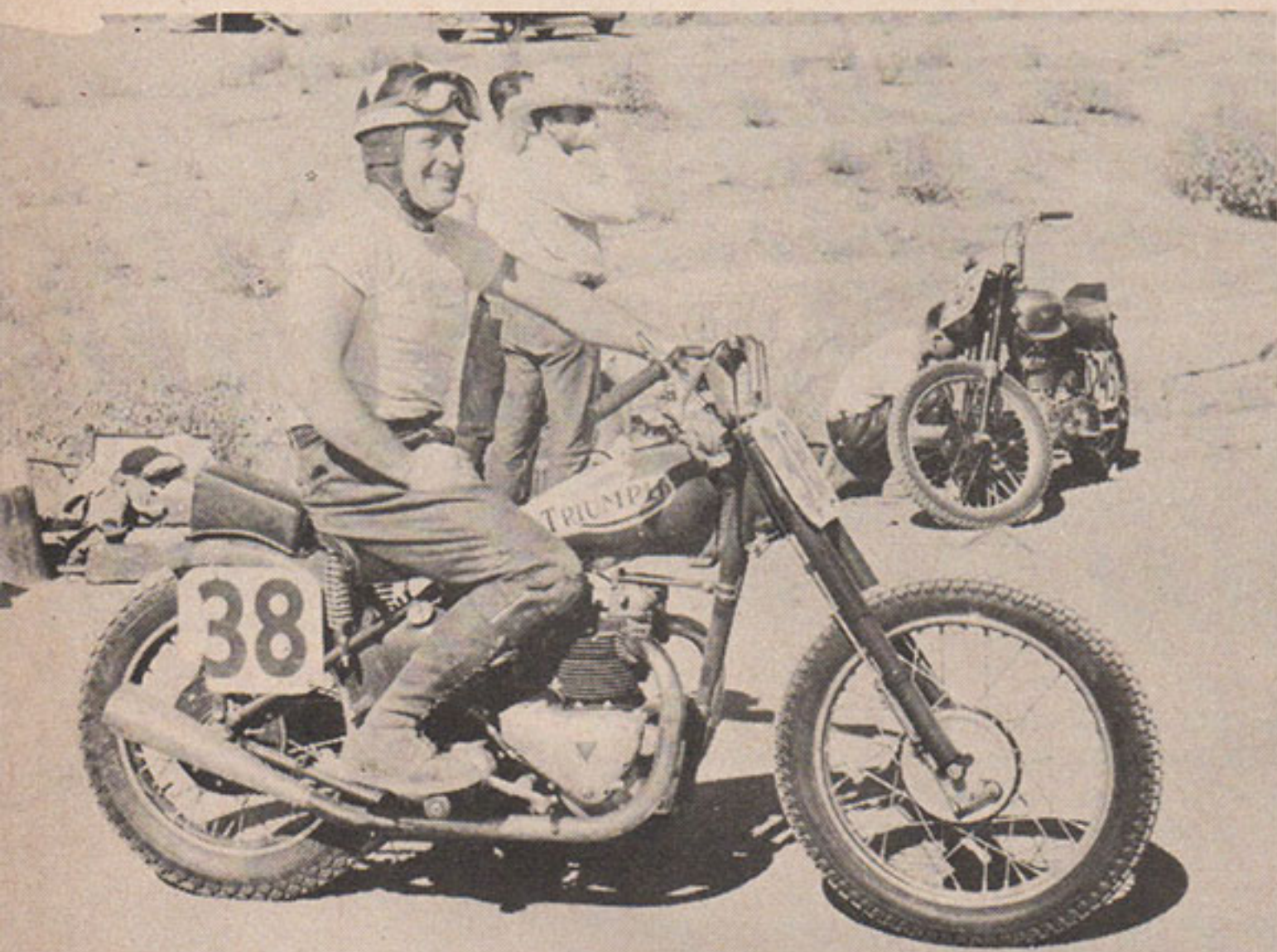


Photo by Campbell

**ABOVE, Relaxing for a minute at Riverside. His Triumph twin is a typical TT bike. Note funnel exhausts, rear pillion, small tank, high bars**

turn a sharp left and try to go inside around him. If you can get part of the way, you are ahead of the game. If he cuts back and tries to force you back, you can either try forcing him out or, as a last resort, lift your right foot, place it solidly on his rear fender and push hard. One firm shove usually makes a believer out of an infidel.

On a corner, you don't need the foot. Just move over into the obstructionist and he has to get out of your way.

A common obstacle on TT courses is a jump. Jumps are easy, but there is a knack to getting away fast after the landing, and this, in turn, is tied up with how you take the jump.

When you come down to earth, the first thing you want is traction. The best traction is obtained when both wheels are solidly on the ground, so the best way to land is almost evenly on front and rear wheels. If you shut off before you take the jump, the front wheel will hit the ground first in a nose dive; if you go off the top at full throttle, you'll land

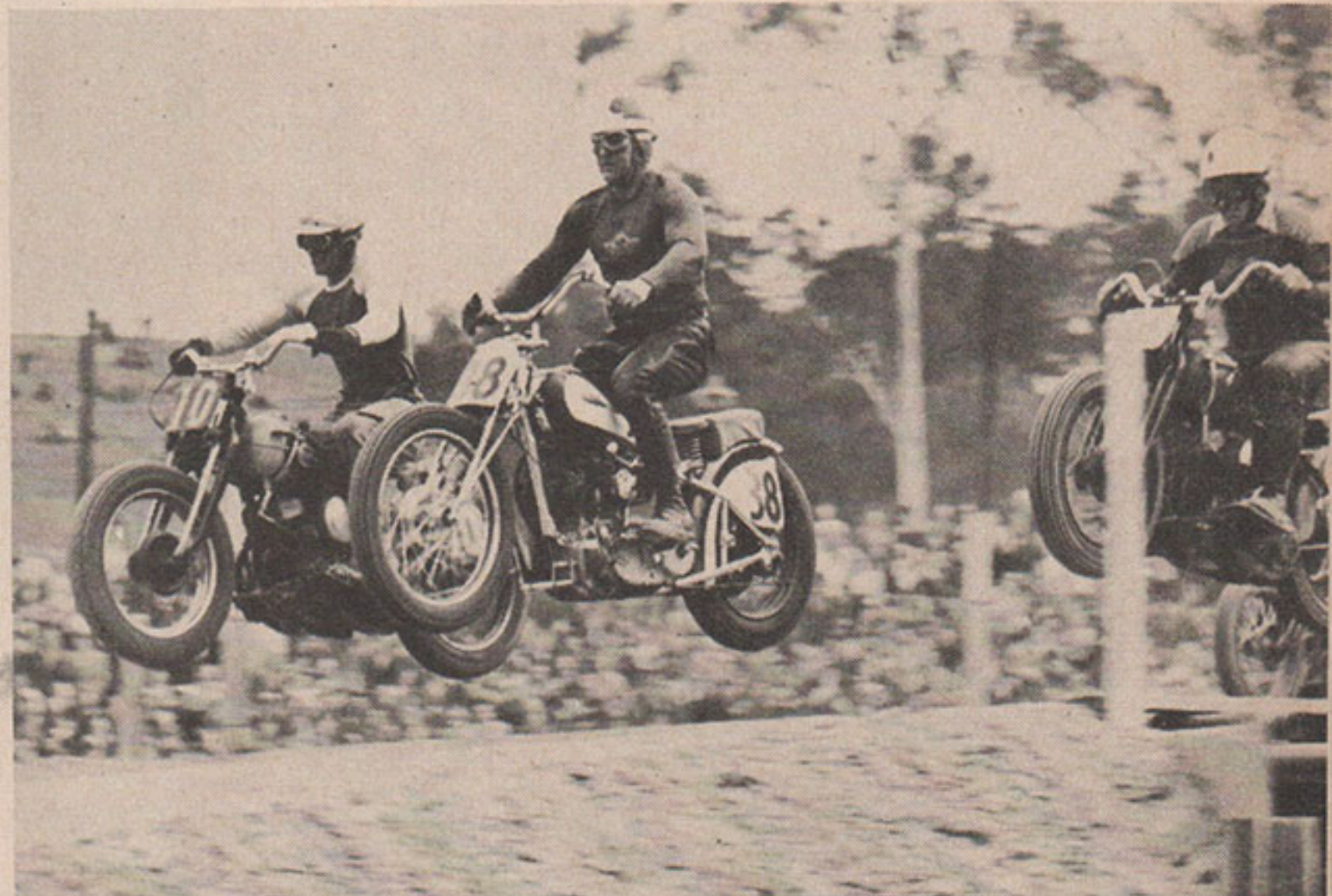


Photo by Larry Cantin

**ABOVE, Leapin' at Lincoln Park on his faithful old Scout, No. 38. This Indian 45 has probably won more national events than any other bike**

track is the one who goes down. I keep a sharp watch on everybody in front of me, especially on corners. If I see somebody about to get in trouble, I start making plans to avoid it.

Sometimes tragedy can't be avoided. On a mile track in Oakland, I lapped the field on the 30th round and came up behind Tommy Hays. Tommy heard me and jerked his head around to look. Evidently he was surprised to see me so close behind him again, because he started going faster, passing Ben Campanele on his way into the next turn.

Tommy was a good rider and he must have known he was cracking that turn too fast. From the minute he went in, he didn't have a chance. Ben was right on his tail when he slammed up against the fence, and nothing Ben could do would avoid the accident. Ben went down right in front of me, and I had to either get through the confusion of machines and men or go down, too. This was not a TT, so I had no brakes to save me.

Tommy's bike hit the fence and bounced away. Ben's machine bounced against the fence a moment later. Through no good management of my own, I went past Ben's machine while it was still on the fence and skirted Tommy's machine an instant after it fell away from the fence. Right behind me

Ethyl gasoline. The only thing I change from race to race, track to track, is the gear ratio on the sprockets. At Riverside, for example, I used 6.80:1 on my Thunderbird last year. In 1948, I rode the same track on a 30.50 Indian and set the rear for 7.5:1. Best way to find the right ratio for your machine is to try the track. You want to find the correct setting to enable you to stay in the top two gears of your transmission all the way through the race.

I pull my engine down all the way and work it over before every major event. For smaller races, I have found that one overhaul will usually last three meets without giving any trouble.

When the machine is in shape, the rest is up to you. Get out and enter all the events you can, race against all the best competition you find. Learn from watching, learn from doing. TT's are as good for fun as they are for honors. You can't win them all so at least have a good time while you're riding.

# Things Happen Fast at NINETY DEGREES To The World

Photos by Campbell, Wheel and Zelenka

THE INDIAN SCOUT is old, but when Ted Poteet kicks it over, the whine of the merry-go-round organ is buried under the sharp, unmuffled rap. Strolling gawkers jerk their heads to stare at the platform, set in front of the circular tank. Slowly, person by person, a small crowd begins to build under the watchful eyes of Carl Terrell, talker for Hell Drivers.

Ted hunches his big shoulders and tries to smooth the Indian's firing. A gang of sailors round the corner, homing on the beam of noise. From the huge Cyclone Racer, reputed to be the largest roller coaster in the world, a young couple stroll up to the platform. They are wearing motorcycling togs and their eyes are sharp with criticism as they watch Ted pampering his complaining mount.

Carl counts the crowd with a swift glance and signals to Ted. Ted presses the mag button a few times and the Indian emits a series of urgent explosions that bring more of the curious around the corner to investigate. Carl takes the microphone off its hook and the crowd watches him silently, apathetically.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are ready for another death defying show at the Motor Drome. The only show in Long Beach where you've got a guarantee that you'll see double your money's worth in thrills and excitement, the only show that can afford to give you that kind of a guarantee."

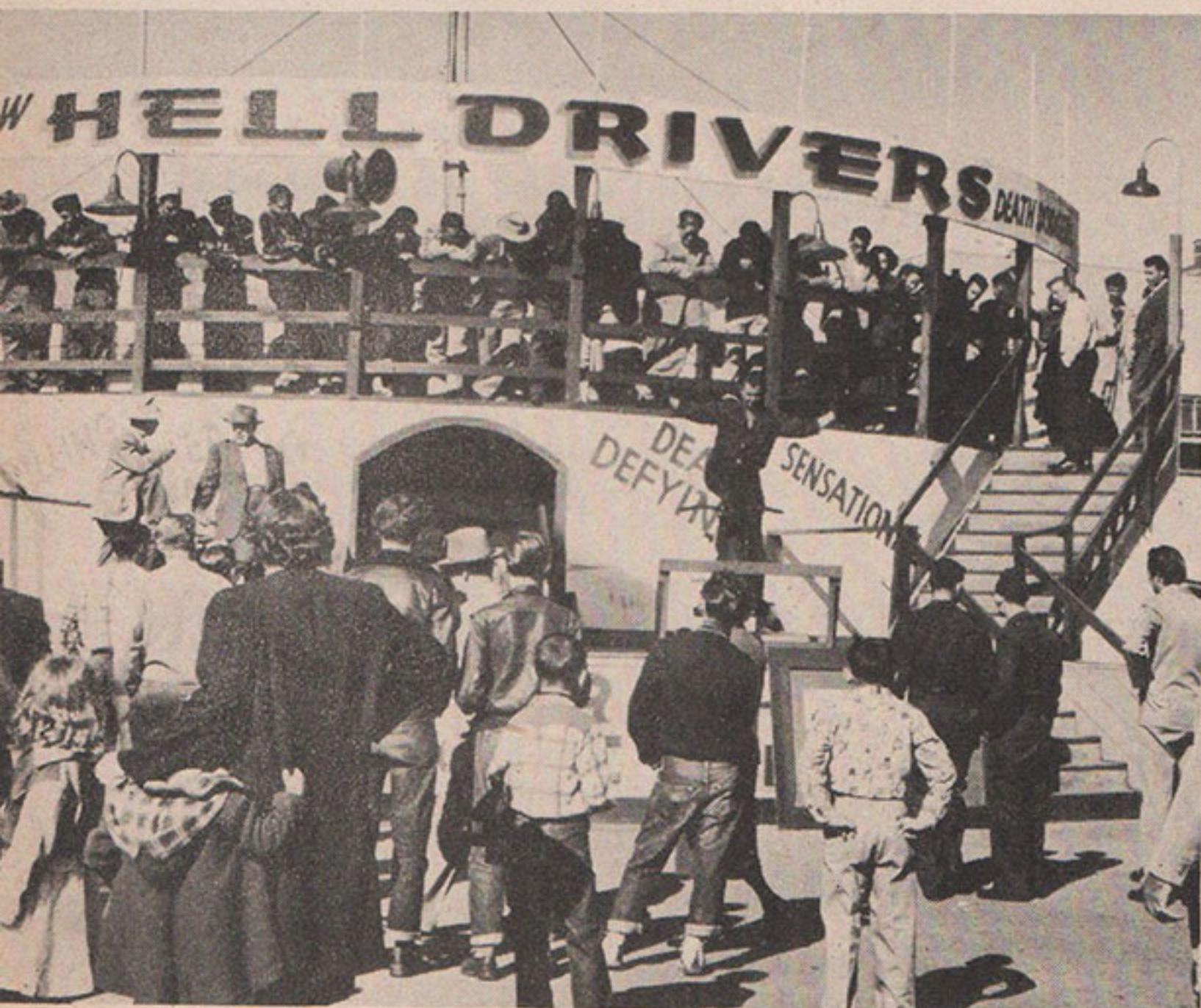
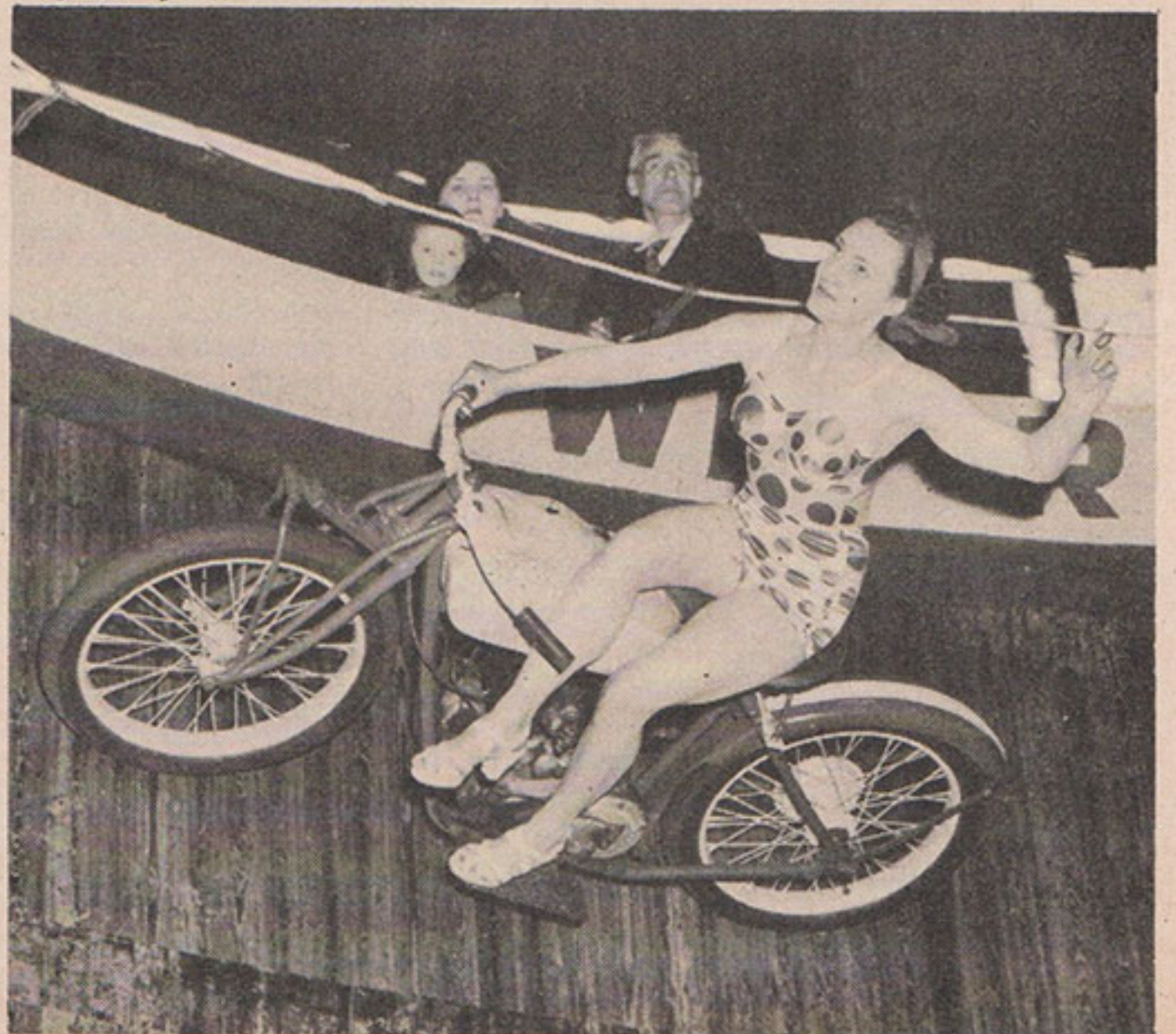


Keystone photo

ABOVE, Three's a crowd for everyone but Maureen Swift, 18 year old British drome rider and partners, Jack Campbell and Jack Bradey, Even in England Indian 101 Scouts are preferred

BELOW, Attractive Maureen demonstrates that being a "wall-flower" is no cinch in this game. Feminine wall riders are practically non-existent but this little gal goes the boys one better

Keystone photo



ABOVE, The attraction of Ted Poteet's drome in Long Beach knows no bounds. Young and old alike thrill to the rumble of the boards and the roaring staccato of his ancient but trusted Scout

"... Sixty miles an hour, thirty feet above the ground, you'll see the daring ride without hands, the Dips of Death. Nothing below but a solid concrete floor. Bring the ladies, bring the children, it's a show for the whole family..."

Carl has been in show business for 66 years. He talks quietly, informally, taking the background while the audience watches Ted go through a sample repertoire of tricks on the rollers out front. Ted throws one leg over the gas tank, stands on the footrests, sits sideways on the saddle.

"We're going inside that tank now and the show begins in just two minutes. Get your tickets while there's plenty of room on that platform. Twenty-five cents..."

The crowd stands undecided for an instant, then a few hurry toward the ticket booth and up the stairs to the platform built around the top of the tank. Ted cuts the engine on the Indian and the merry-go-round organ wheezes through with "Now Is the Hour." The young girl in levis tugs at her escort's sleeve. He shrugs and goes to the ticket window. The four sailors are just ahead of him. On the platform already are a strange assortment of customers—middle-aged men with the dignity of bankers, a few high-school freshmen puffing cigarettes, a couple of neat, brisk girls, secretaries in a downtown office. All are silent, looking blankly down the vertical walls of the tank to the bottom where Ted has just wheeled his machine. Followed by thirty pairs of eyes, he closes the section of wall that serves as a door, locks it. He walks back to the center of the concrete floor, throws his head back suddenly and looks up, squinting against the sun.

"This show consists of three acts," he says in a hurried, pleasant voice. First act is straight wall riding, second..."

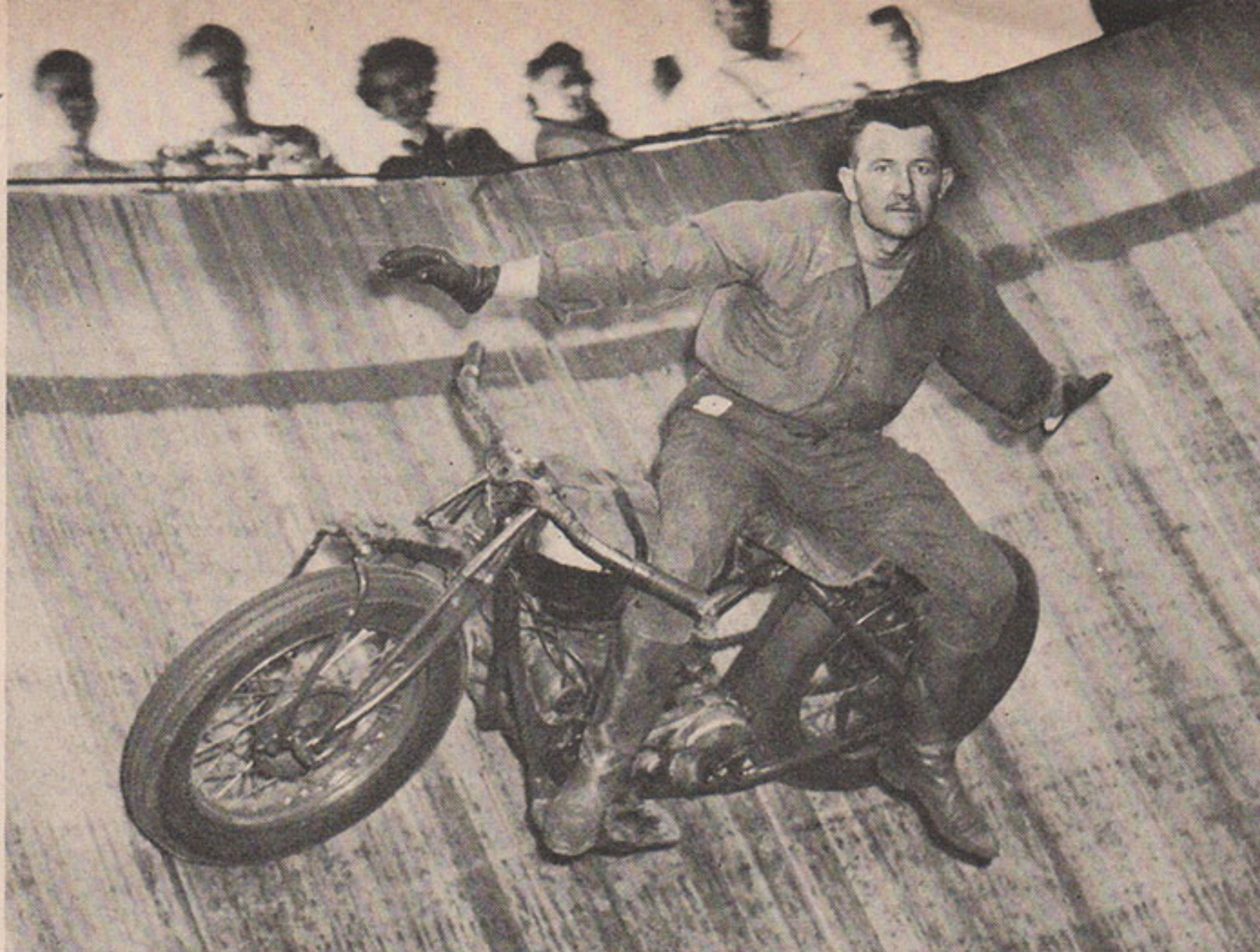
Straight wall riding is what most of the curious have paid to see. They look into the pit, slightly puzzled that any man could ride a motorcycle on vertical board walls, highly fearful of the possibility of accident, yet hoping for it unconsciously. Ted takes two slow turns around the center pole, keeping on the concrete floor, before he starts climbing on the first set of sloping boards. These are only three feet high, set against the wall at a pitch of 45 degrees from the floor. One tour of these and Ted starts kicking it hard, up on the 60 degree wall for three rounds and then in a rush that sends the audience scurrying for safety the Indian seems to leap to the vertical wall, almost to the top of the tank. Ted knocks off lap after lap, shaking the wooden tank, the platform above, using his mag button to keep his speed constant without changing the throttle setting. The Indian spits sharp, cracking explosions that gather volume in the closed tank and break like gunfire against the curious ears above.

"Centrifugal force!" the motorcyclist spectator shouts to his girl. In a lower voice he adds, "It's not as hard as it looks."

Ted keeps knocking out laps on the 34' diameter wall while the audience watches. Then, just as suddenly as he leaped to the vertical, he changes down to the 60 degree wall and in two laps he's back on the concrete.

Crazy? More guts than brains? Perhaps. One thing is very certain in the testimony of those who have ridden tandem with Ted, including CYCLE's Editor... it isn't easy.

Ted's been riding eight years now, playing carnivals occasionally but usually picking a location like Long Beach and settling down. He now owns the Long Beach Motor Drome. In those eight years, Ted has grown indifferent to the chances he takes. One good fall to the concrete every year is his average. If he actually were 30 feet in the air and riding at 60 mph, the fall would kill him.



Actually, he usually is about 13 feet above the floor, traveling between 35 and 45 mph.

It takes about a year to make a good stunt wall rider. Everything in the act is a result of plenty of practice. Ted rides by the seat of his pants, depending on his own ability to gauge the proper speed to jump from the slant wall to the vertical wall and down again. From the spectator's view, it seems that centrifugal force does all the work but this is not true. Theoretically it would be possible to ride with little effort at the mathematically correct speed, but in practice this speed is never maintained. Ted always rides below the critical speed for his own safety. In effect, he is always climbing, rear wheel tracking about six inches below the front wheel—and sliding back down. This shows up in tire wear. Both front and rear tire wear down to the fabric on one side before the tread on the other side has been touched. This takes about a month of steady work on the wall. If he rode at the precise speed where centrifugal force allowed him to track straight, he would be in constant danger of flipping himself over the top of the wall or simply flattening himself against the wall if he

**Daddy of them all, Carl Terrell, 72 years old, 66 years in show business. Carl acts as barker for Poteet's show and doubles on the wall. Steel cable atop wall is for rider's protection—Spectators usually give ground when bike nears top**

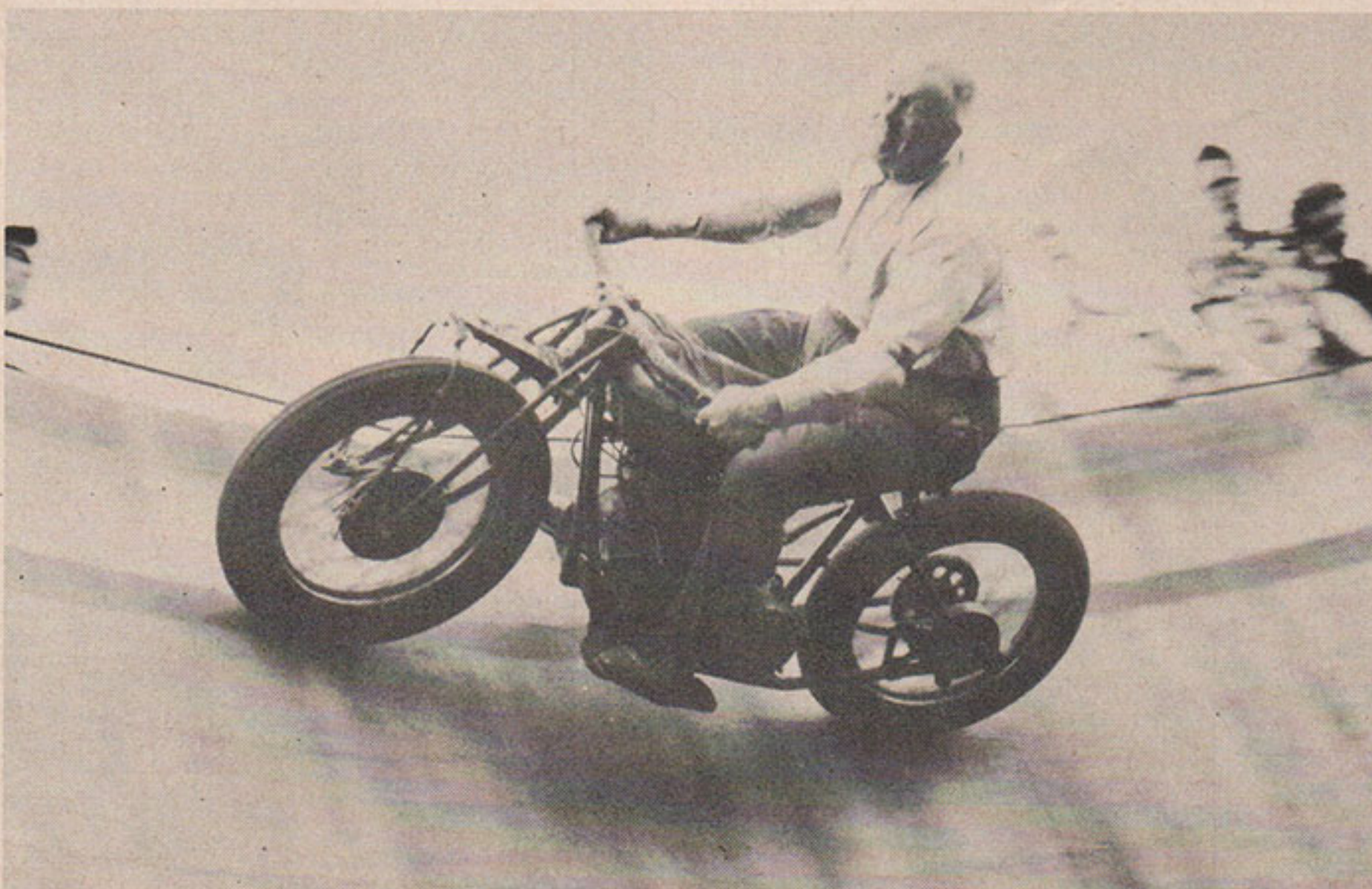
**The side saddle spread, facing into pit, has weird effect on balance. Poteet's bag of tricks also includes riding handlebars, standing sideways on floorboards with his back to the pit, riding blindfolded, and his chilling Dips of Death**

shifted his weight wrong.

The hardest thing to get used to at first is the effect of the centrifugal force on the body. Riding the wall is literally riding under pressure—actual physical pressure, as real as if a giant hand were squashing you against the wall. Moving hands and feet under that pressure is like getting around in a tank of molasses—heavy and slow. In addition, the constant whirling around in a small area affects the balance of most people. Cocky pavement riders have ridden tandem with Ted around the wall and come down woozy and wiser.

The second act of Ted's show is a tandem ride. He likes to invite members of the audience to go around with him, but takers are few. Ted's most memorable passenger was a 190-pound sailor, talked into the trip by his "buddies." The first two laps were uneventful, but on the third, Ted felt the sailor's hands going slack around his middle. This surprised Ted because very few passengers care to slack their grip. When the sailor's hands started to slide away altogether, Ted felt the

*(Continued on Page 23)*



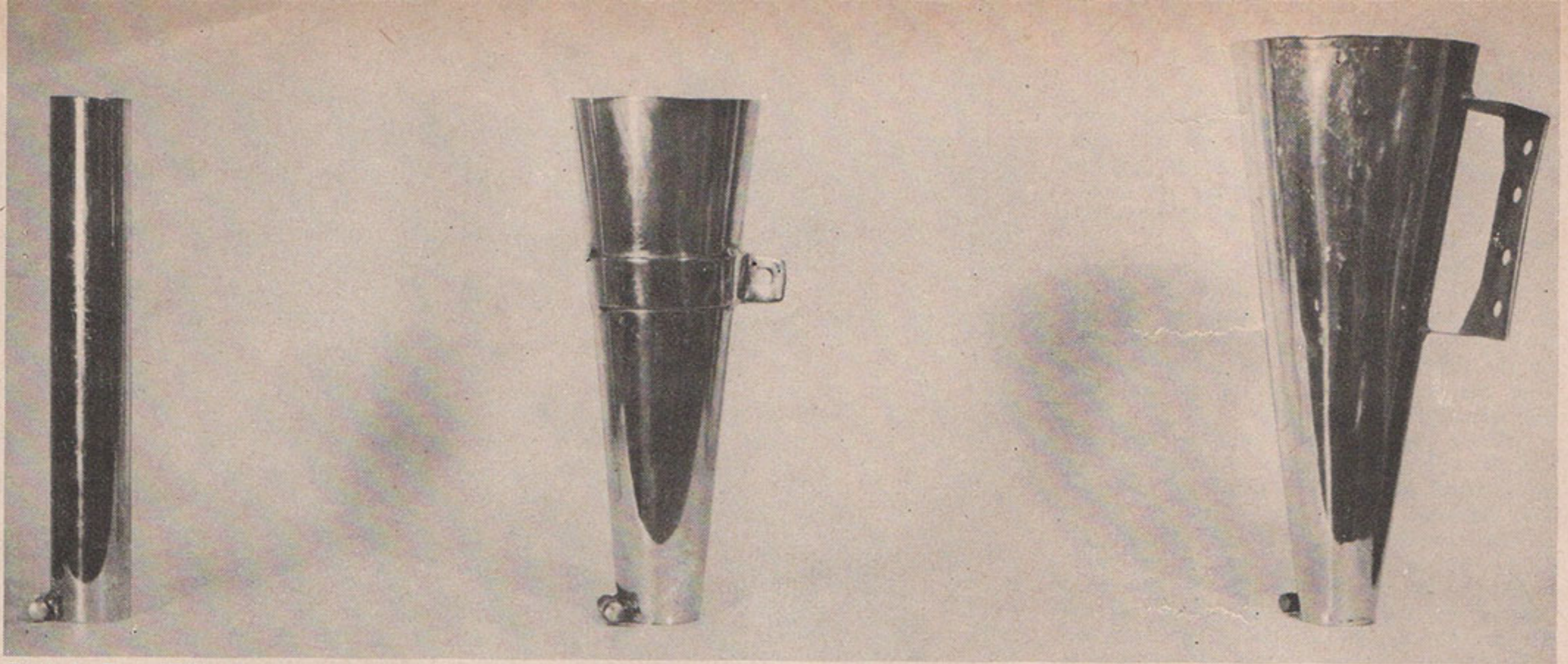


Photo by Dean Williams

# MEGAPHONE or STRAIGHT PIPE?

## CONTROLLED EXHAUST MEANS MORE SPEED AHEAD

By Clarence Cysz

**I**N THE SERIES of forthcoming articles we will try to give you the finer details of tuning and it shall be assumed that all who use this information are technicians acquainted with the ordinary routine of motorcycle repair, maintenance, and engine tuning.

We feel you know and will appreciate that it is very difficult to explain to the uninitiated the whole of the details of preparing a machine for championship races. We will endeavor to give you as comprehensive details as possible without giving information that would apply to one make only and could not be used by the majority of the motorcycle fraternity.

There is no "royal road" to success in connection with motorcycle racing any more than in other types of sports, and a reasonable share of success will be yours only if you give meticulous care to the smallest detail. The exhaust pipe length and megaphone is one important detail that is usually taken for granted.

Exhaust pipe lengths will vary due to various pet valve timings, compression ratios, grade of gasoline or fuel used, and engine operating temperatures. There can be no set rule or formula compiled to determine the most effective length for a given compression ratio or engine displacement. As long as we

**BELOW, Large megaphone allows quicker expansion of hot gases and cleans a high rpm racer faster. For average highway riding, effect of straight pipe or funnels is negligible**

have intake and/or exhaust pipe pressure pulsations in a four cycle engine, we can increase horsepower by the utilization of this knowledge. All that is necessary is to coordinate and synchronize the kinetic energy in the exhaust pipe with that of the intake valve opening. By resorting to freak cam timing, it's possible to assist the scavenging effect in an engine over a narrow rpm range (4,000 to 6,200) with not only a definite increase of horsepower but also a decrease in operating engine temperatures of valves, head and pistons.

In theory and in practical application we are trying to create the greatest amount of negative pressure in the export area at a few degrees before top dead center. The vacuum that is created in the exhaust port can be governed and controlled to a small degree by the engine rpm and exhaust pipe length. This vacuum will bring about a scavenging effect, not only by the removal of the hot gases in the combustion chamber, but also by inducing and starting a fresh cool mixture flow at a few degrees before top dead center with intake open. This gain of incoming mixtures will have attained some velocity in the intake port and with the commencement of the induction stroke, a greater amount of mixtures will flow into the cylinder throughout the entire induction period. It therefore will have a greater increased charge weight. Due to this type of exhaust phenomenon we will say our volumetric efficiency exceeds 100 per cent.

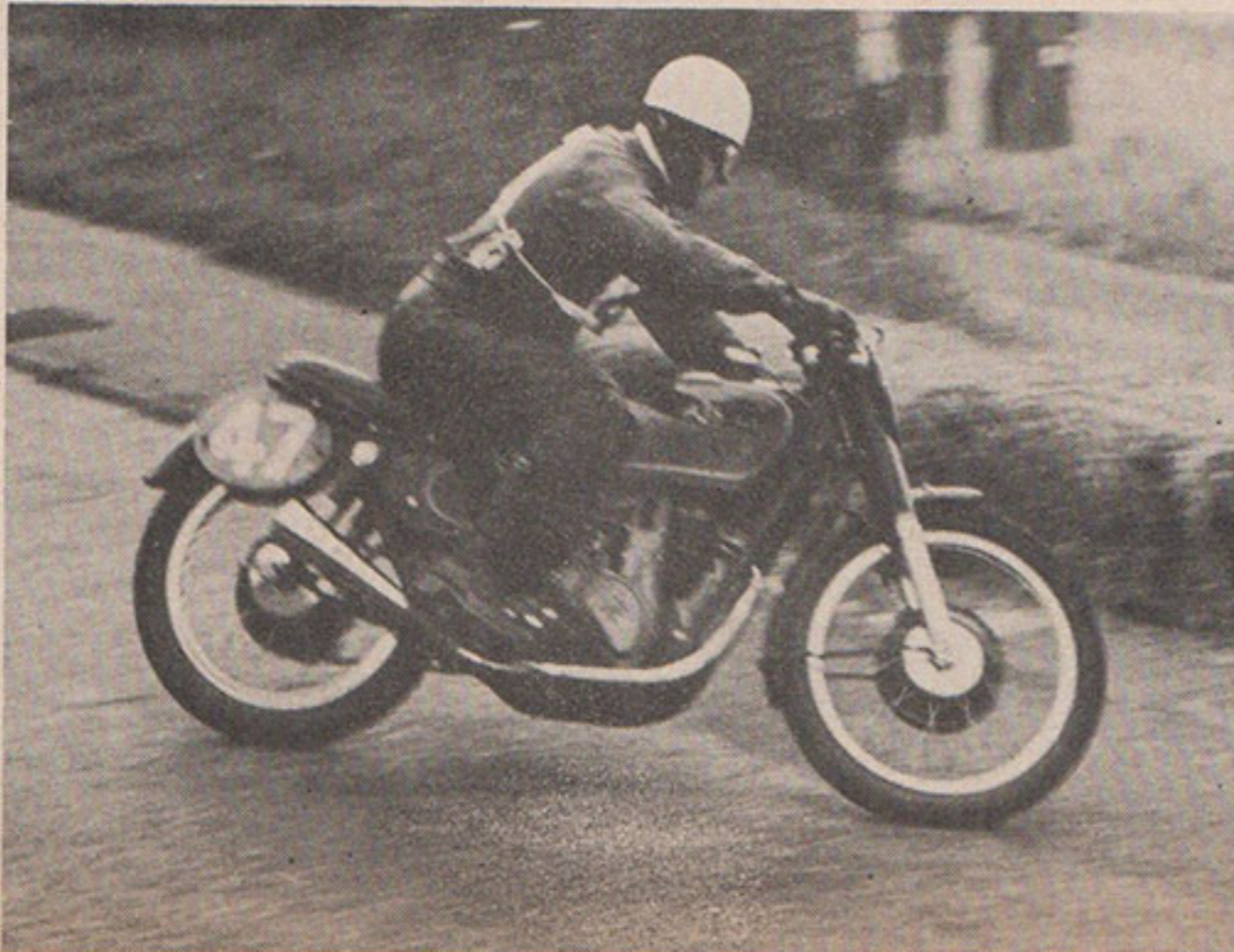
**LEFT, The straight pipe found most effective for quarter mile or field events. CENTER, Megaphone widely used for longer, sustained high rpm races. RIGHT, An adjustable experimental funnel**

This means that the piston is drawing 100 per cent of the full displacement on the intake stroke plus a cylinder pressure at bottom dead center depending on pressure (altitude), temperature outside the engine. At this point our Boyle's law in high school physics books can no longer apply and we find the polytropic compression is extremely high. Similar figures cannot be approached unless the engine is supercharged. On an engine that would be built and used for short 1/4 mile or field meets, we find that the straight pipe extension (above) will provide the greatest maximum horsepower over the greatest rpm range. The maximum permissible valve timing should never exceed the following. Intake opens before top dead center 40°, closes after bottom dead center 65°. Exhaust opens before bottom dead center 70°, closes after top dead center 35° when using a straight exhaust pipe.

In the center (above) it shows the most widely used megaphone for 30.50 cubic inch engine when using the following cam timing. Intake opens 55 1/2° before top dead center and exhaust closes 38° to 42° after top dead center, and we find a small hp increase over a narrow rpm range but, more important, a cooler running engine at maximum rpm.

Only a painstaking workout on the open road or on a dynamometer test stand will show the many variables and different combinations that can be worked out. Figure at right (above) shows an experimental megaphone that can be used for road testing by sliding back and forth on the exhaust pipe to show the maximum effect by obtaining the proper length of exhaust tubing.

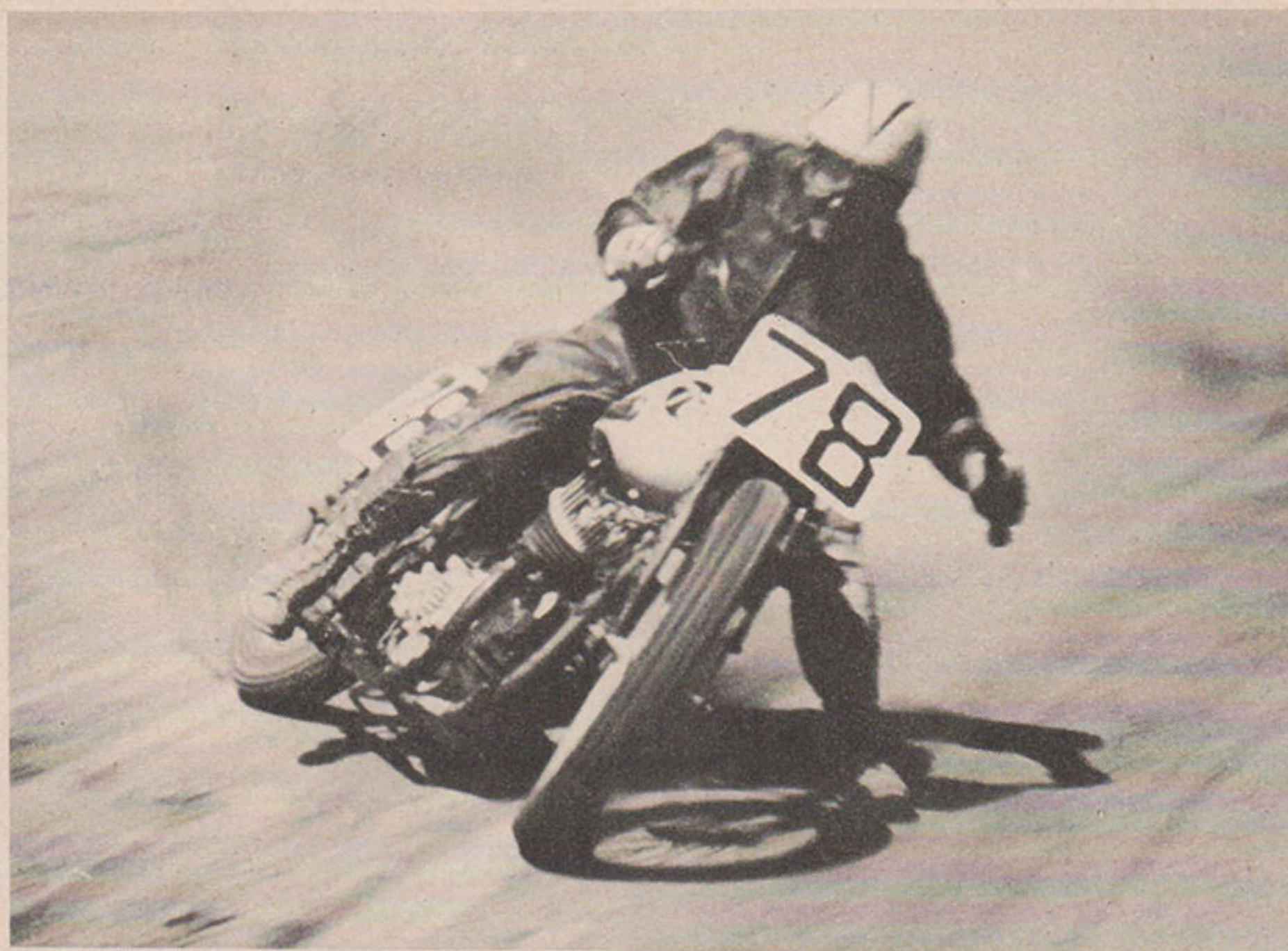
**BELOW, in short slow speed events such as this, where the throttle is frequently fanned shut, the straight pipe provides a very good exhaust scavenging without sucking off upper engine lube**



# TEMPEST AT TULARE



LEFT, Joe Walker, Santa Ana, undoubtedly recalls his own competition days as he awards Chuck Basney the 1951 Pacific Championship cup



ABOVE, Paul Albrecht lapped the track under 28.60, but Kenny Eggers turned in the fastest time—28.16. Both rode Harley-Davidson 45s

## BASNEY STORMS PACIFIC COAST CHAMPIONSHIP MEET

Text and Photos by Chuck Pollard

WHAT DO California Highway Patrolmen do on their day off? Not what you might suppose. Instead they assemble the fastest speeders in the state, provide them with a fine half mile dirt track, climb up in the grandstand and let the boys have at it. This is the latest twist on the "Postman's Holiday" routine and over a 100 of the hottest flat track racers plus a grandstand load of spectators will tell you that the idea really pays off in fun and excitement. Top-notch champs such as Paul Albrecht, Kenny Eggers, Chuck Basney, Floyd Emde, Don Bishop and the 18 year old boy wonder Joe Leonard, amazed the crowd with a spectacular show of riding ability.

Kenny Eggers of San Jose started the fireworks by nabbing the fastest time of the day with a 28.16 second lap. Albrecht, Emde and Basney qualified under 28.60; all four landing in the four lap Trophy Dash. At the whip of the starter's flag, "Flyin'" Floyd Emde

BELOW, The north and south battle still rages. Southland's Wes Drennan, Tri. and Northern Luther Burns, Har-Dav. duelled in Novice event

snatched the lead and fought off the pack for one lap before giving way to colorful and determined Chuck Basney who overhauled Emde the hard way—on the outside. Once out in the breeze, Basney didn't shut down 'til the checkered flag stopped the first thrill-packed card.

In the Novice Main George Sepulveda, Har-Dav. romped home a winner, trailed by Wes Drennan and Clem Kramer, both Triumph mounted.

Joe Leonard, Triumph, stole the show in the Amateur Main, while a third of a lap behind, Bob Emler, Har-Dav., and Eddie Kretz, Jr., Triumph, were dueling in the dust.

As exciting as the day had been, it remained for the Expert Main Event to bring the crowd to their feet by the sheer audacity of riding ability displayed by the champions. Starter, Frank Kennedy, lined up the field and at the dropping of the white, started 14 laps of the greatest display of motorcycle racing to be seen for a long time. Chuck Basney fought for and obtained the lead, which although comfortable, was never secure. Don Bishop time and again challenged the

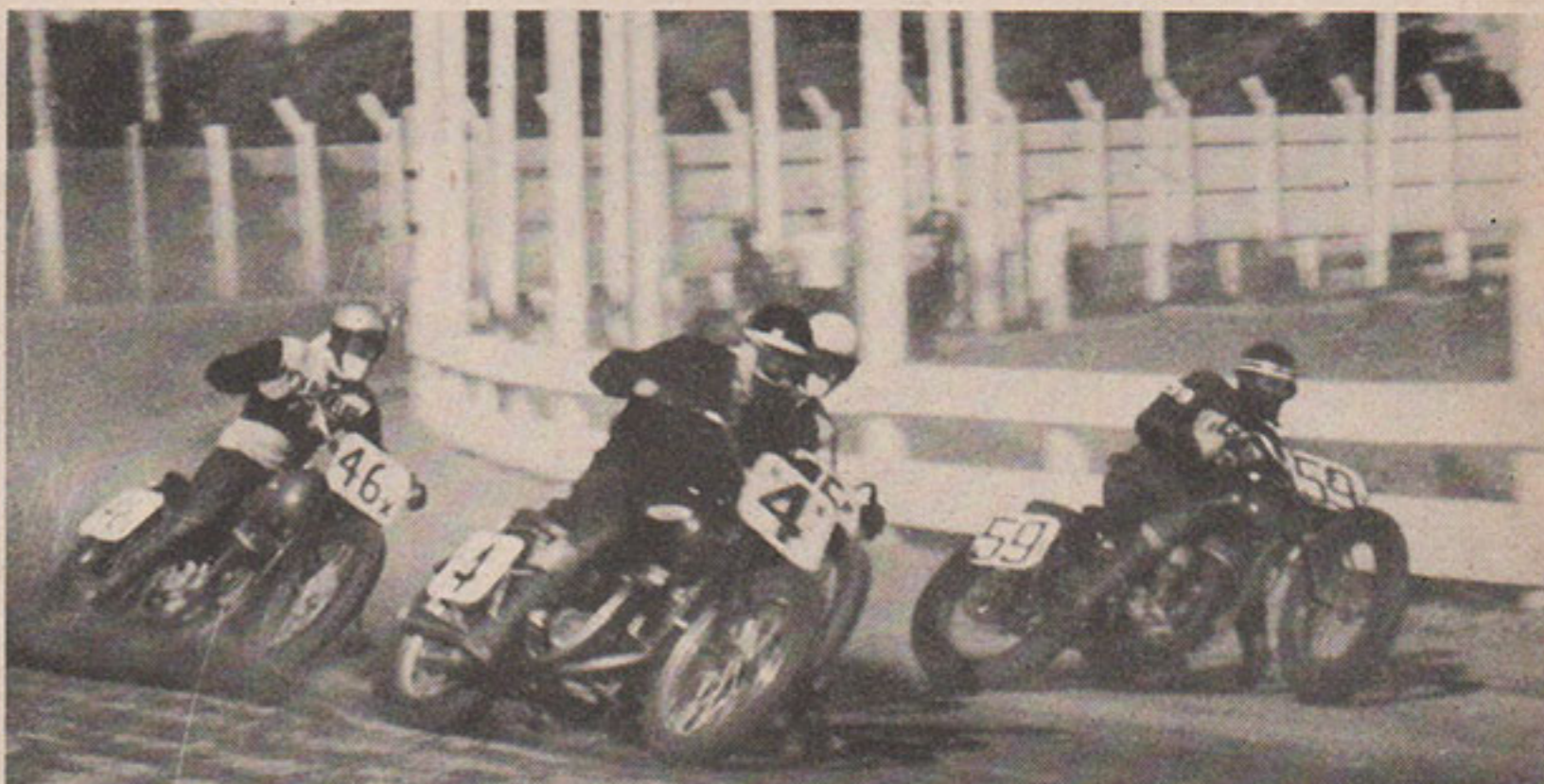
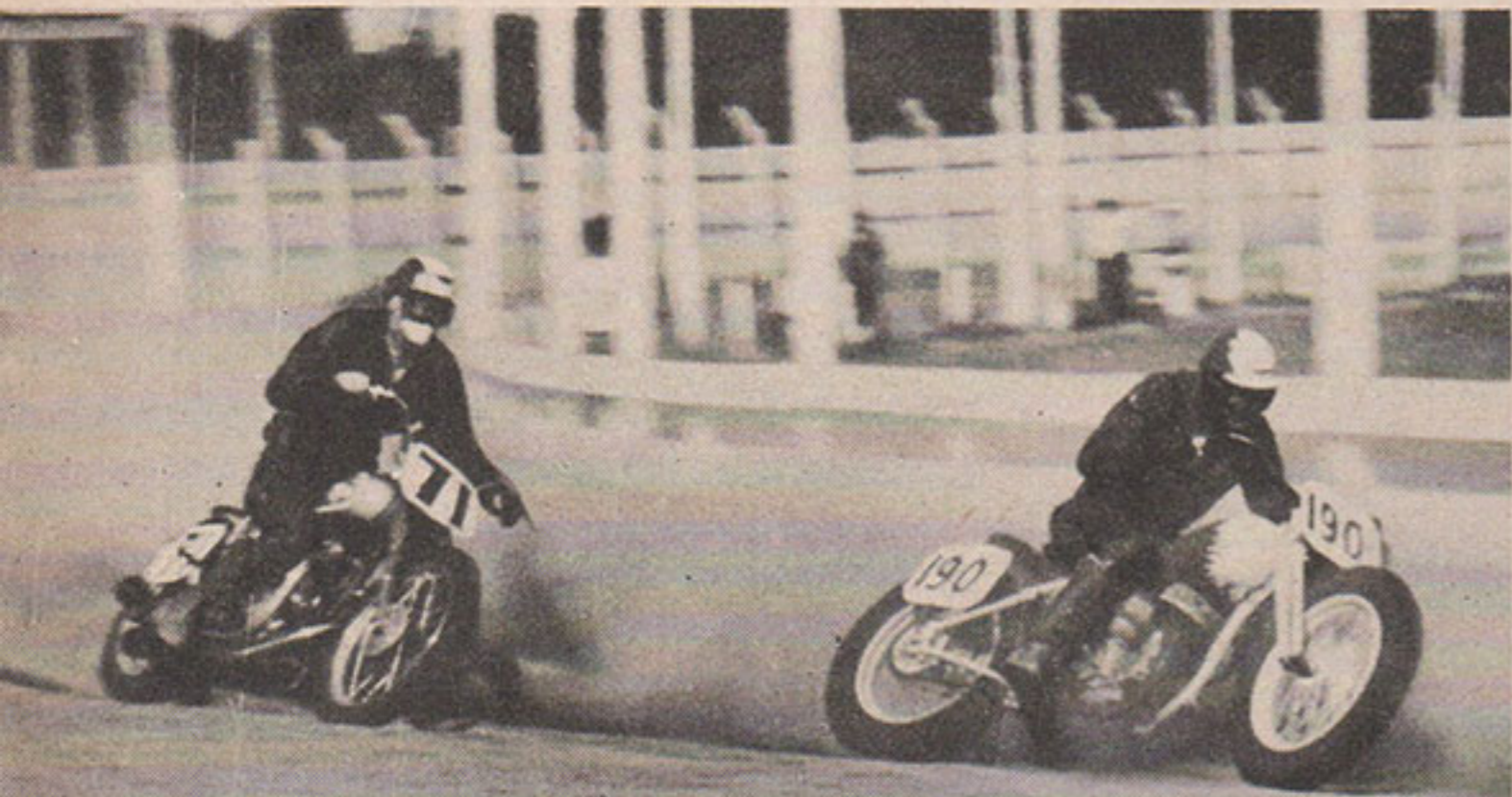
leader until motor trouble forced him out early in the race. Bud Hogan and Kenny Eggers tried to close the gap between them and the fleeing Basney, finally Hogan's cycle gave forth symptoms of internal disorder and he gradually worked his way back. In the meantime Bob Shirey had found another handful of throttle and was running in second spot. Although he could not gain perceptibly on the flying Basney, he held this position for the remainder of the event. The climax was Chuck Basney, Har-Dav., first; Bob Shirey, Har-Dav., second; Kenny Eggers, Har-Dav., third; Tex Luse, Triumph, fourth; and Harry Pelton Jr., Triumph, fifth.

It might be interesting to note that although Chuck Basney did not have the fastest time of the day, he won the Trophy Dash, his Heat Race, and the Main Event.

The Los Gauchos M/C from Santa Barbara won the Man Miles Trophy which was presented to the club by Officer Chuck Pollard in behalf of the Visalia C.H.P. Squad.

At the opening ceremonies the riders lined up for parade with the Visalia squad as the National Anthem was played. A big "thank you" to the California Highway Patrol and the cycle riders that made possible one of the best race programs of the season.

BELOW, No. 4, Tex Luse, Triumph, comes out of the corner in fast company of Harley-Davidson exponents Bob Shirey, 46, and Ken Eggers, 59



# Vindication in Hollister

## SUCCESSFUL GYPSY TOUR EARNS CYCLIST WELCOME

Photos by Stan Peterson



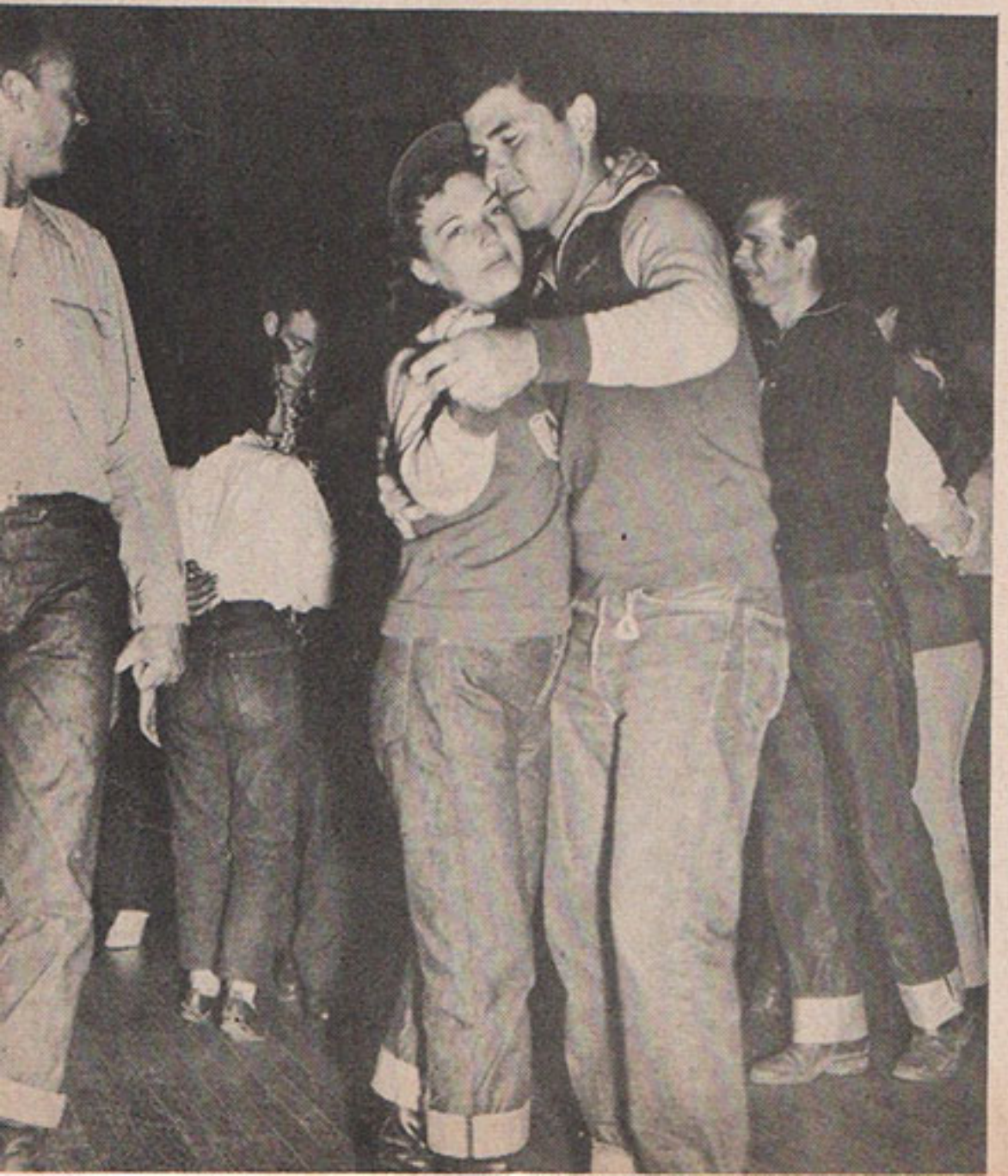
**ABOVE,** Pleasant relaxing for Stan and Ann. Parade has just ended and the two are gathering strength for the dance. Lawn is in front of Veterans Memorial Hall where dance was held



**LEFT,** Slab of steak, bigger than her hands, is served at barbecue Sunday. Also available were cold drinks, beer, salad, French bread. Spectators were hungrier than half-mile riders

**LOWER LEFT,** Jeans are accepted dress. Stan and Ann drift dreamily through a slow one by the orchestra. Lone rider (left foreground) seems to be concentrating on something he wants

**BELOW,** TT action on the corner as Stan Schmidt (120Y) tries to skirt around the outside of three competitors. Track was very hard underneath, had good loose sliding dirt on top for fast action

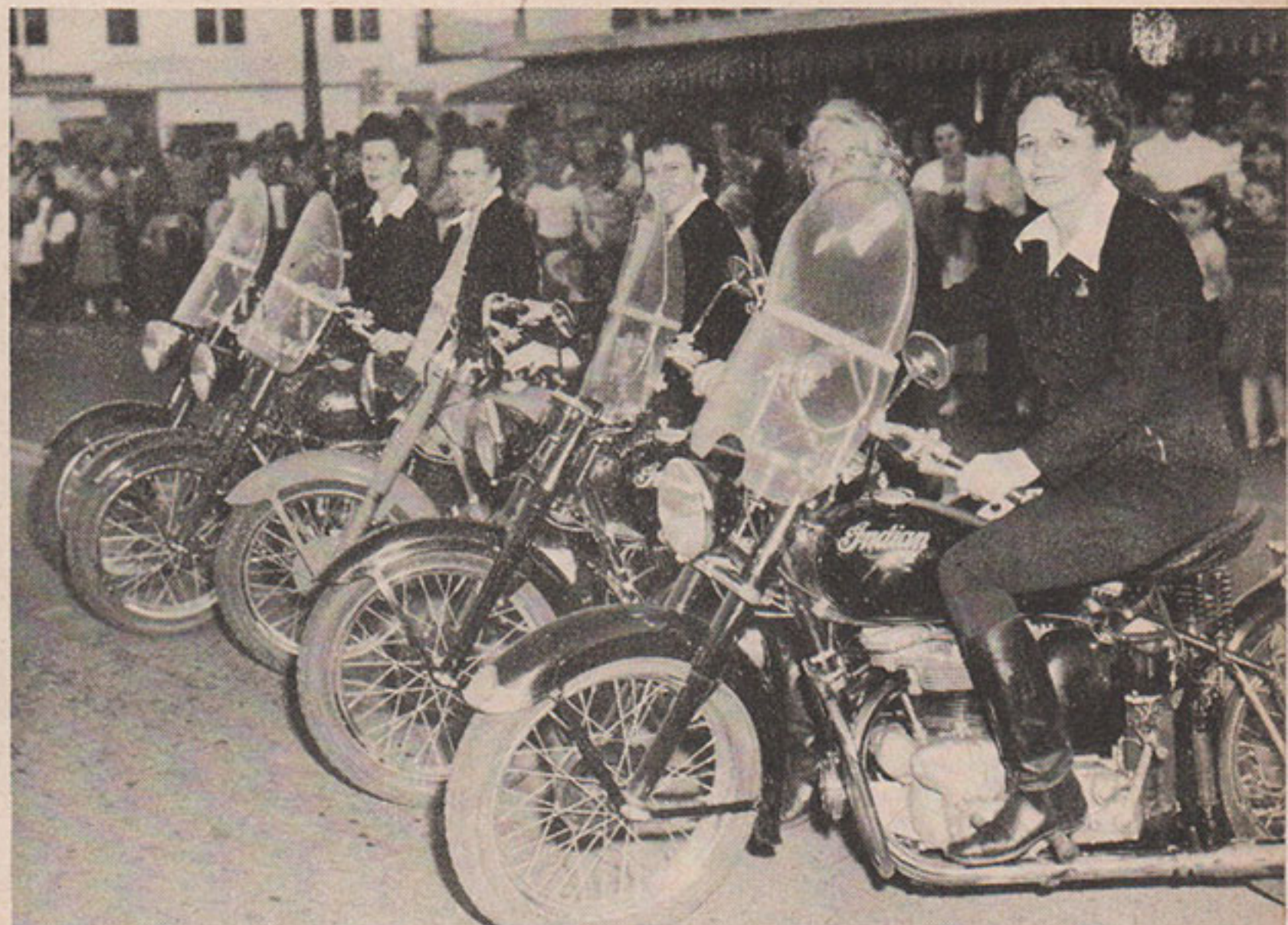
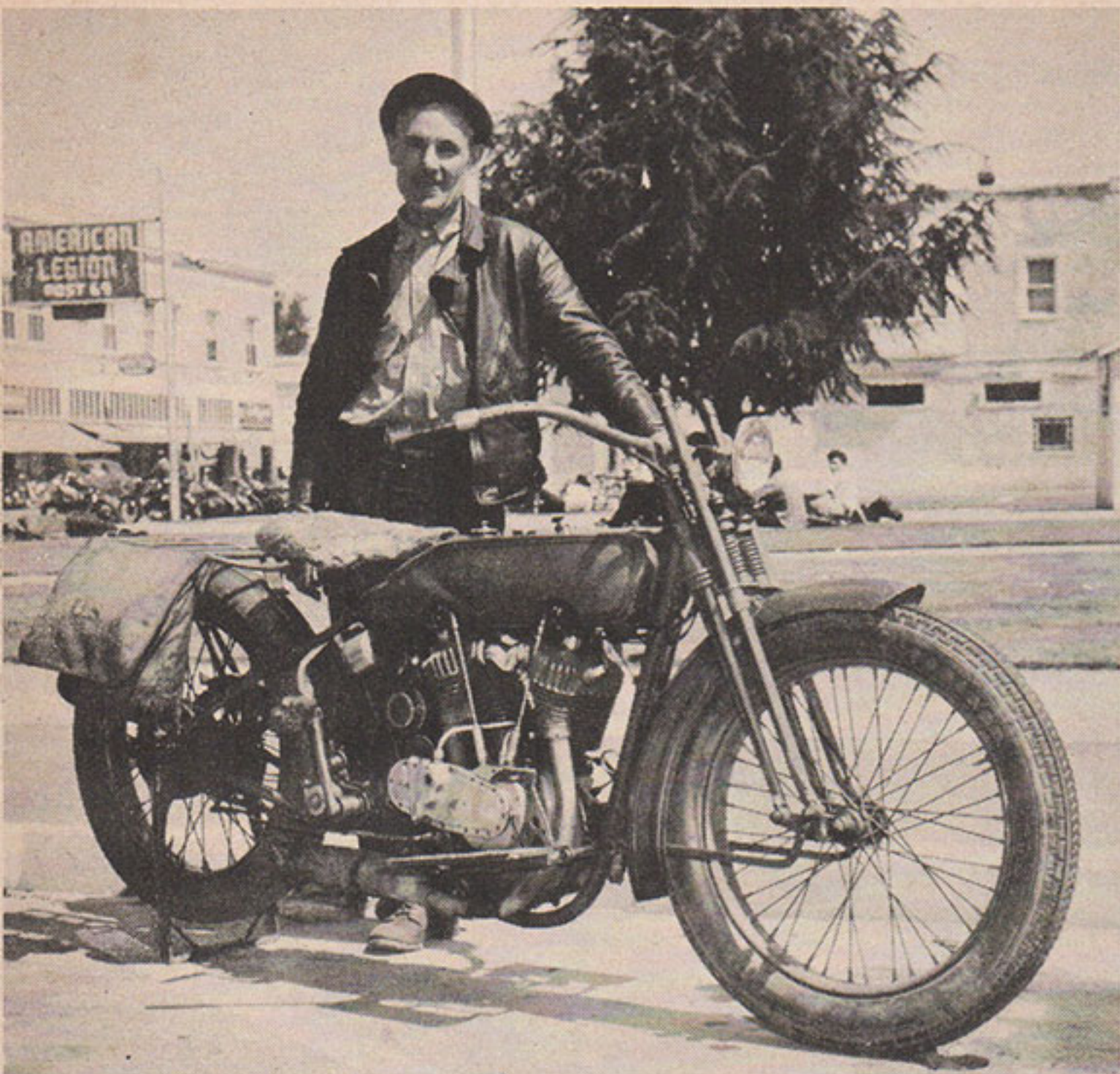


**T**HE EARLY SUN slanted brightly into Hollister's San Benito street Saturday morning, glared from the plate-glass windows of the seven busy blocks of shops and stores. Signs in a few stores proclaimed "Welcome Motorcyclists" and the early shoppers frowned apprehensively when they saw these. City police had already begun clearing the four blocks in the heart of the town so visiting riders would be able to park together, near the registration booth at the Veterans Memorial Building.

As the sun rose higher, tension began to grow. Fresh in the memory of Hollister was the 1947 Gypsy Tour, when a tiny kernel of rowdiness had been nursed by visiting reporters and photographers into a large, ugly plant of violence. Now, four years later, Hollister had invited the motorcyclists back again in the hope that town and visitors could behave as host and guest should. Hollister was prepared to do its part—those of its citizens who had contributed to the previous unpleasantness would be watched carefully. But Hollister could only hope that the guests would police themselves equally well.

Highways 152 and 156 began to resound to the muffled blast of flat-head 45's, ohv 30.50's, powerful 74's, purring Sunbeams. But most of the traffic was winging down or





up 101, the great California coast highway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, dodging pleasure cars and week-end vacationists. One of the cities on 101 is San Jose, and from here two clubs gathered their members and rode south to Hollister.

With the Dons, came Ann McCracken and Stan Schmidt. The club left early, rode relaxed, arriving for breakfast at 9:30 that morning, June 2. Stan's '50 Harley 74, bought from his earnings as a sheet-metal worker, was already entered in that afternoon's TT, novice class. Like most novices and more than a few experts, Stan had a good case of the stomach jumps at breakfast. While he struggled to swallow a bowl of corn flakes, his rooting section, the darkly handsome Ann, cheerfully munched her way through a large order of ham and eggs.

At 11 that morning, Stan took his five practice laps around the TT course. Other Dons were entered too—Bill Kimball, Bernie

Bernheisel in the novice class, Kenny Eggers as an amateur. No experts rode Saturday's TT.

In the early afternoon, the grandstands at the Veterans Memorial Park Track began to fill. In town, a mile away, more and bigger groups were arriving, filling the registration area. The Salinas valley sun was hotter now, the glare brighter. Noise from 500 exhausts filled the main streets, swelled over into the residential areas. Most of the arriving riders registered, took one fast cruise through town and sped out to the track. There would be time for the town after the TT's were through.

Stan drew outside last starting position in the second heat. Not pushing his Harley very hard yet, he only managed to work his way up to fifth place in the six laps allowed. When the semi-finals came up, however, the chips were down. Again Stan found himself

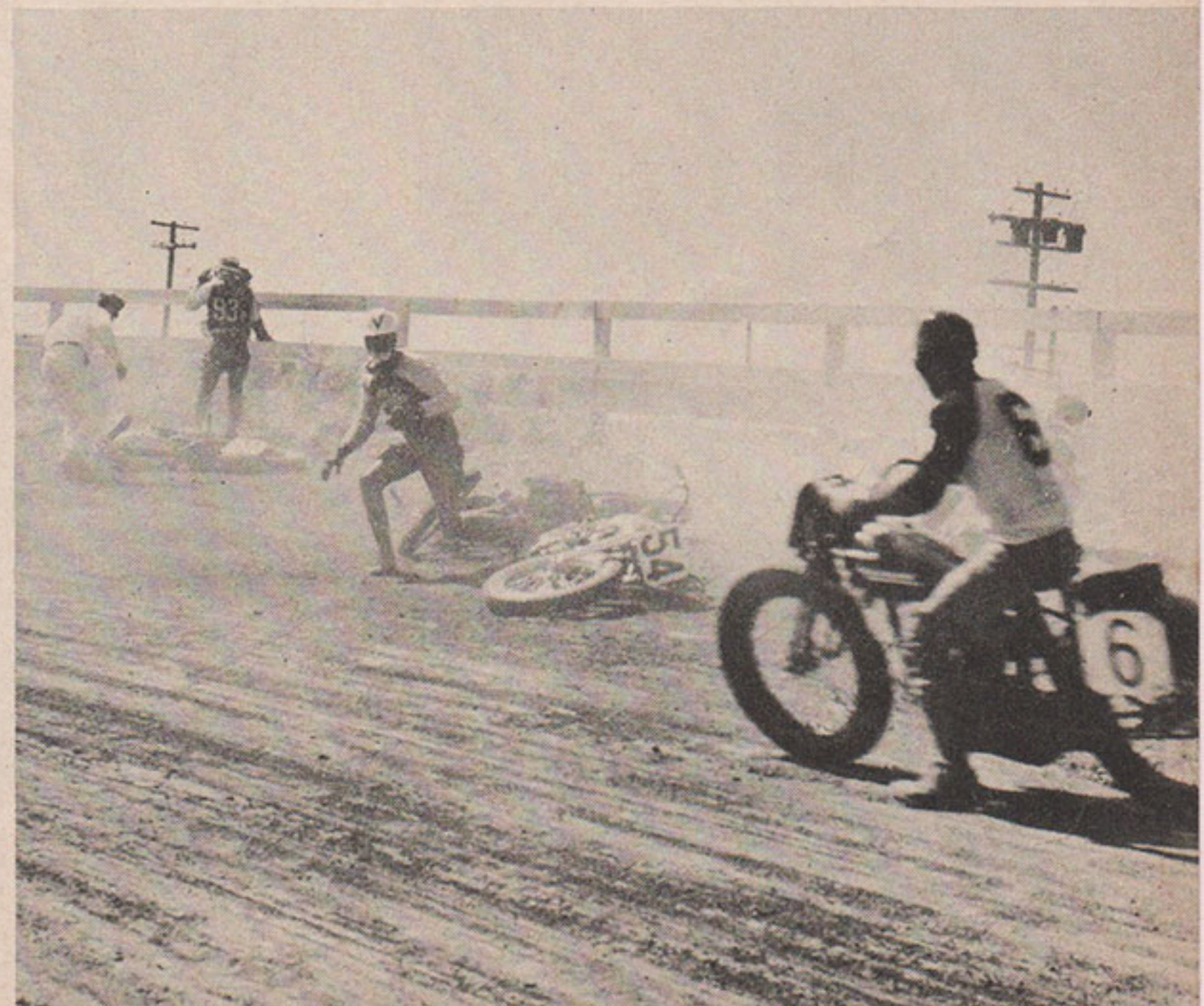
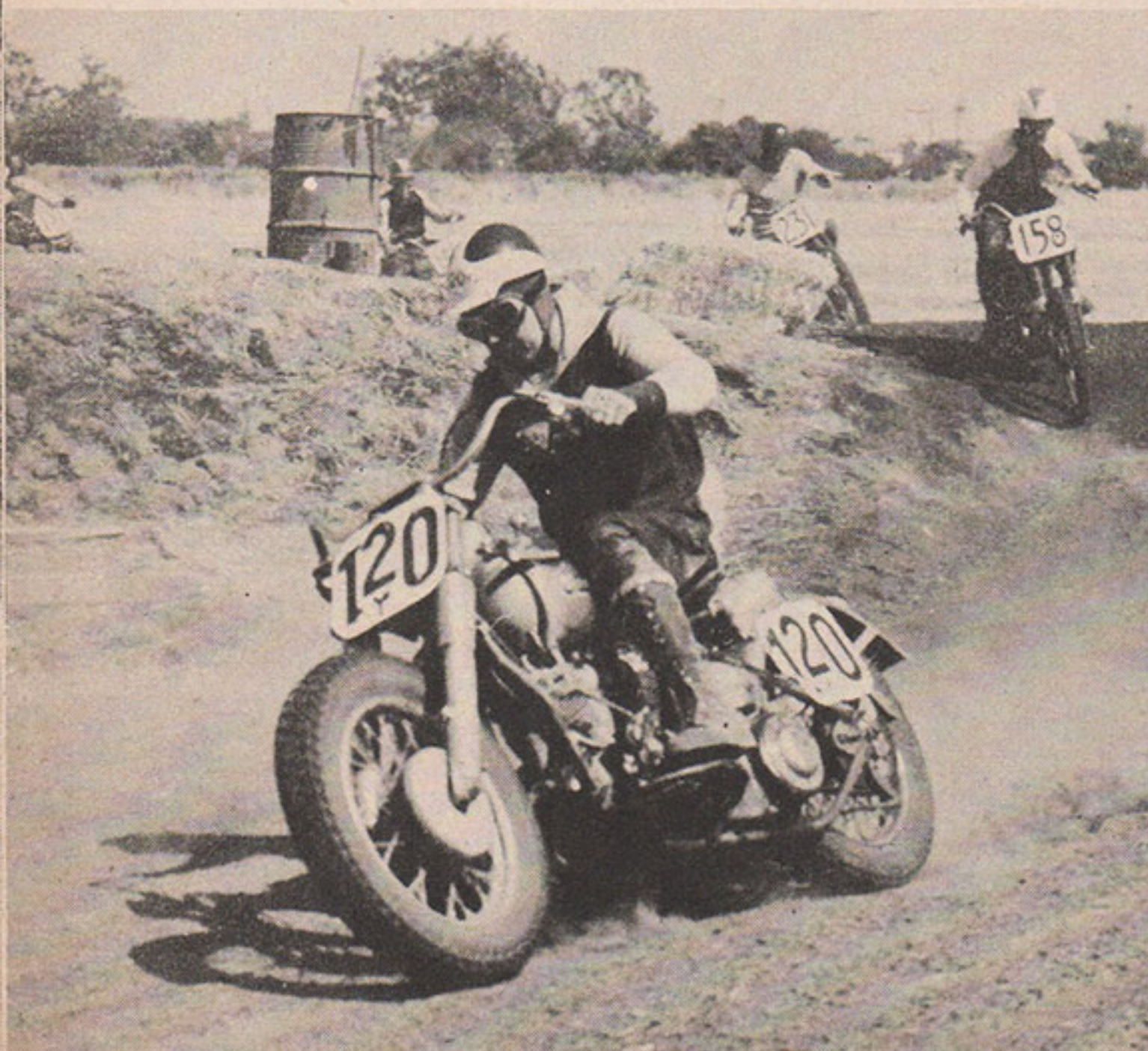
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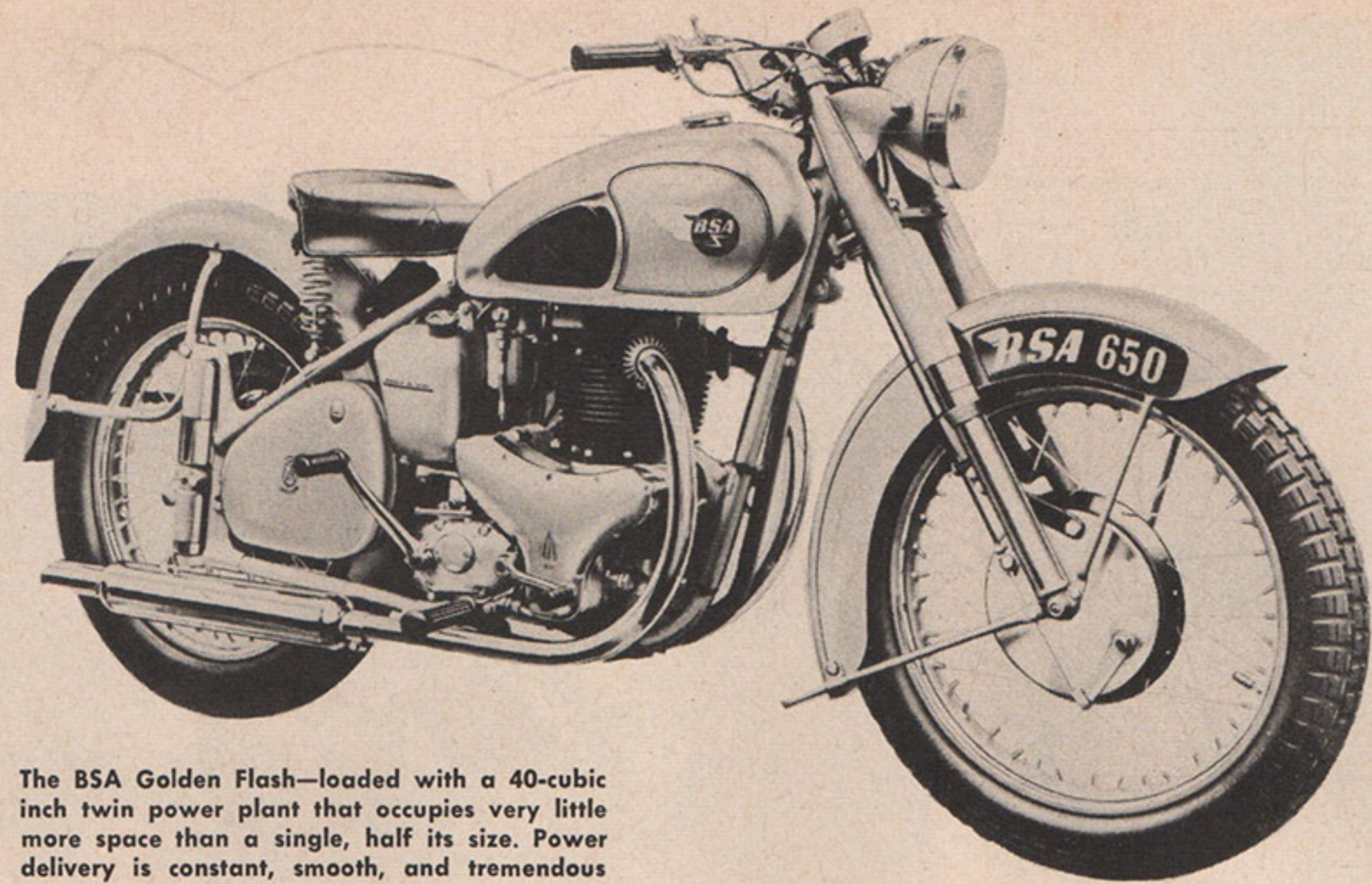
**ABOVE, Lodi Comets is club limited to women. Girls looked very sharp in their uniforms, perfectly polished machines. They rode parade with men, drew special applause for appearance**

**ABOVE LEFT, 1917 Harley was oldest machine at Hollister. Eugene Herrel bought bike new for \$245. Cycle now has lowered frame, larger wheels. Original paint now dull but still good**

**BELOW LEFT, Stan struggles for position in TT main on Saturday. Picture shows south loop added to make TT track out of half-mile ground. Stan was put out with oil failure in 14th lap**

**BELOW, Tragic note for the day occurred in Sunday's amateur main. Four machines went down on the north corner. All riders were uninjured except Bill Boyd who was taken to the hospital**

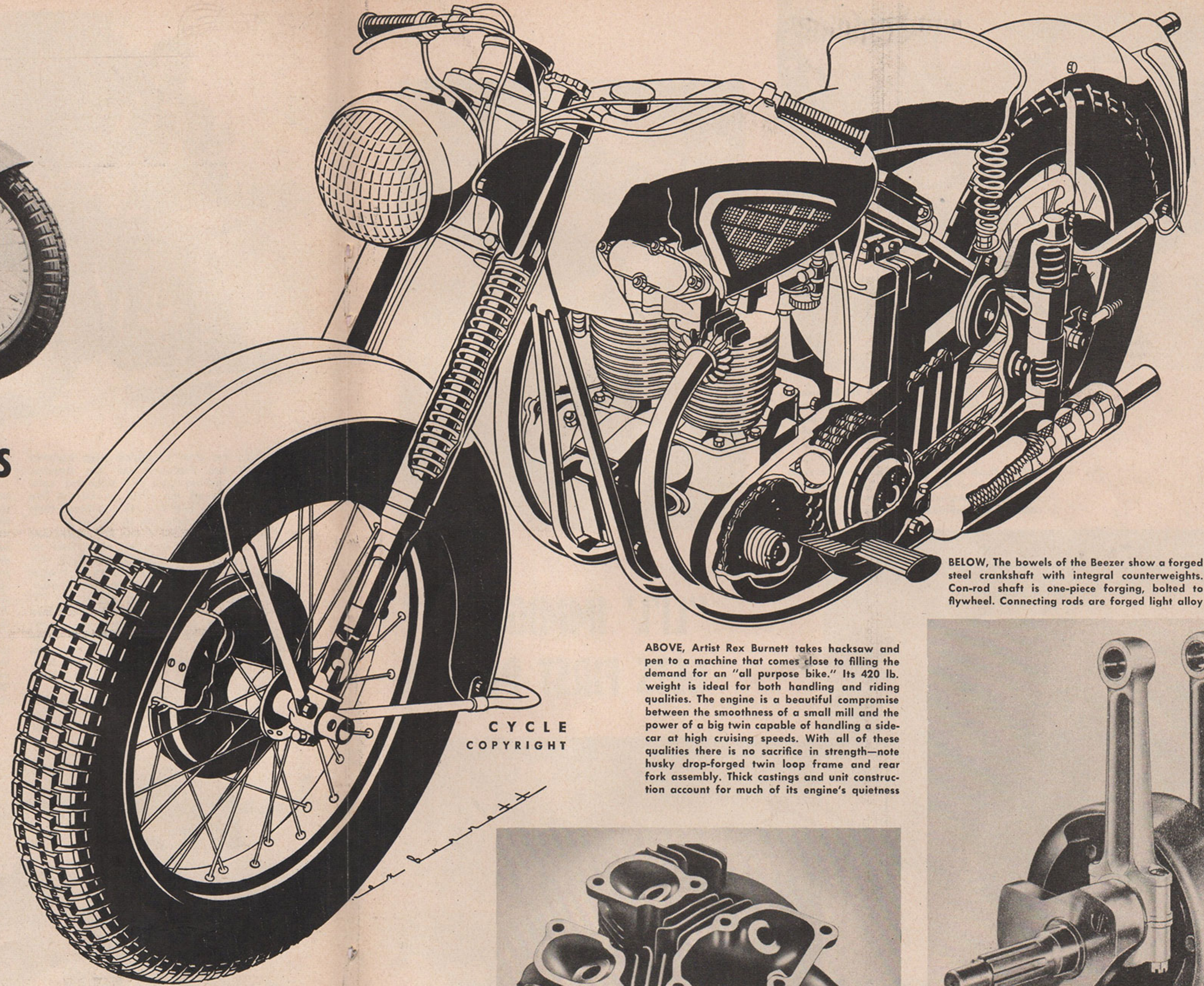




The BSA Golden Flash—loaded with a 40-cubic inch twin power plant that occupies very little more space than a single, half its size. Power delivery is constant, smooth, and tremendous

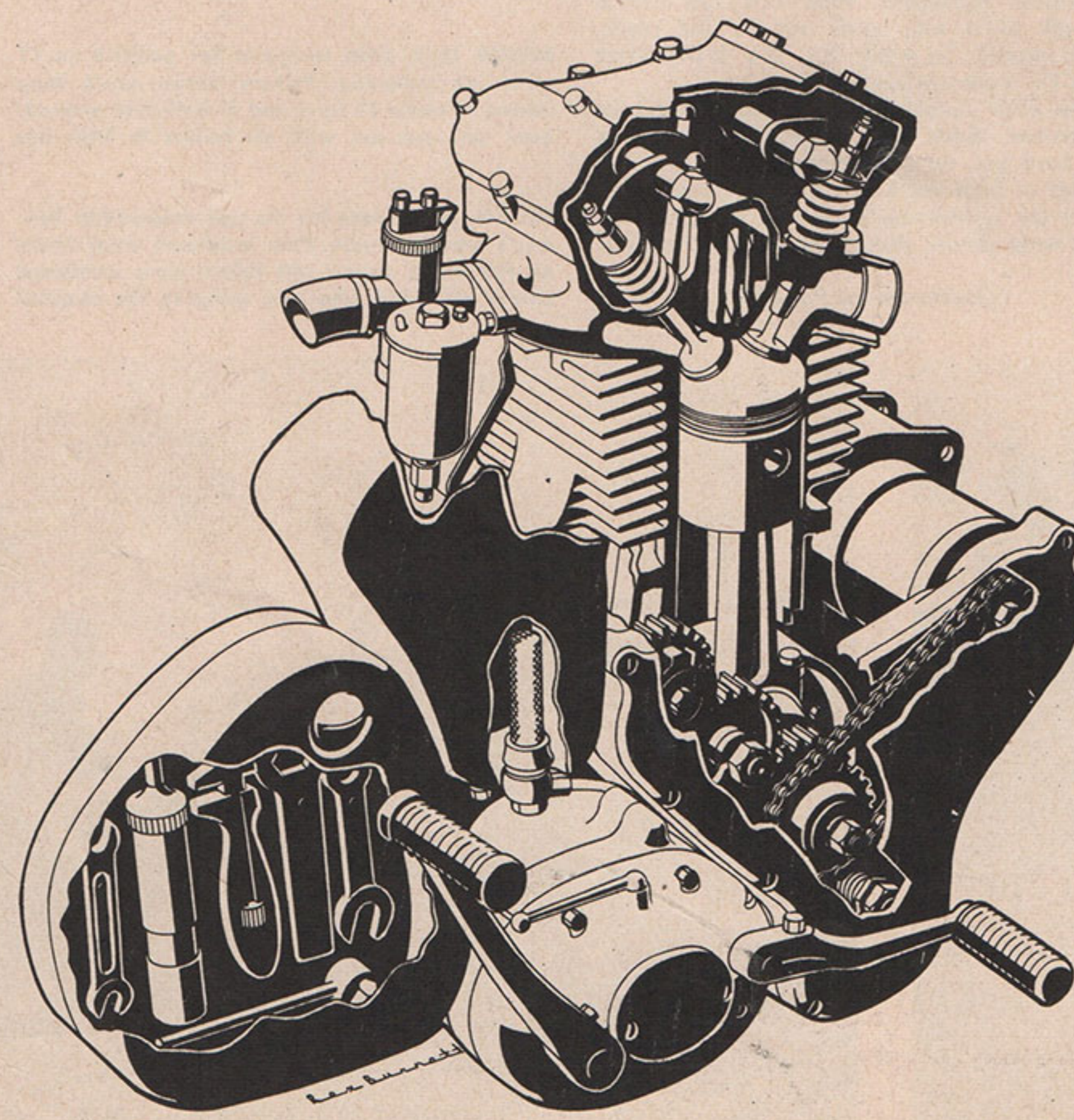
## The TREND in TWINS—40 INCHES

U.S. CRIES MORE INCHES, BSA ACCOMMODATES IN A FLASH



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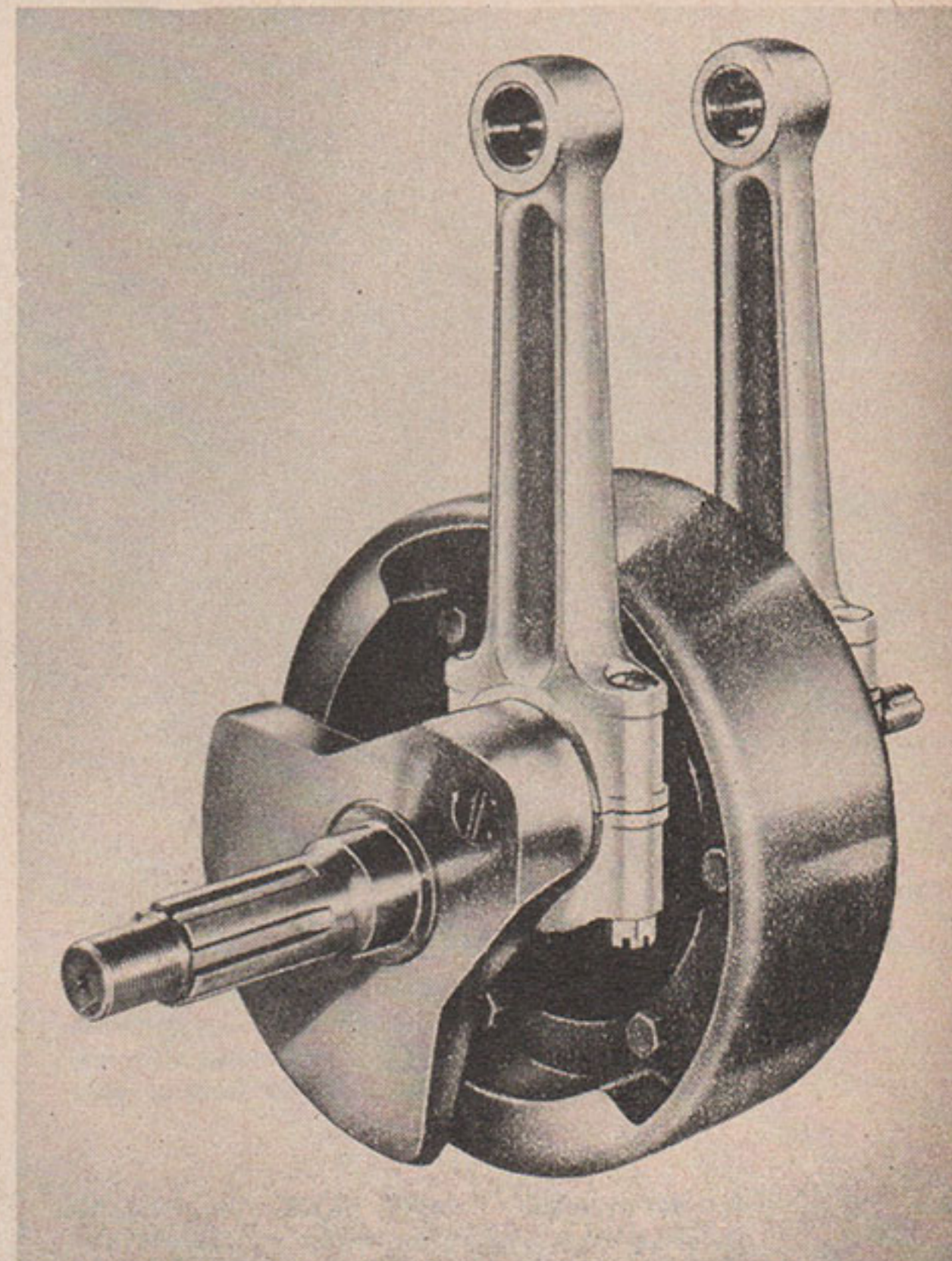
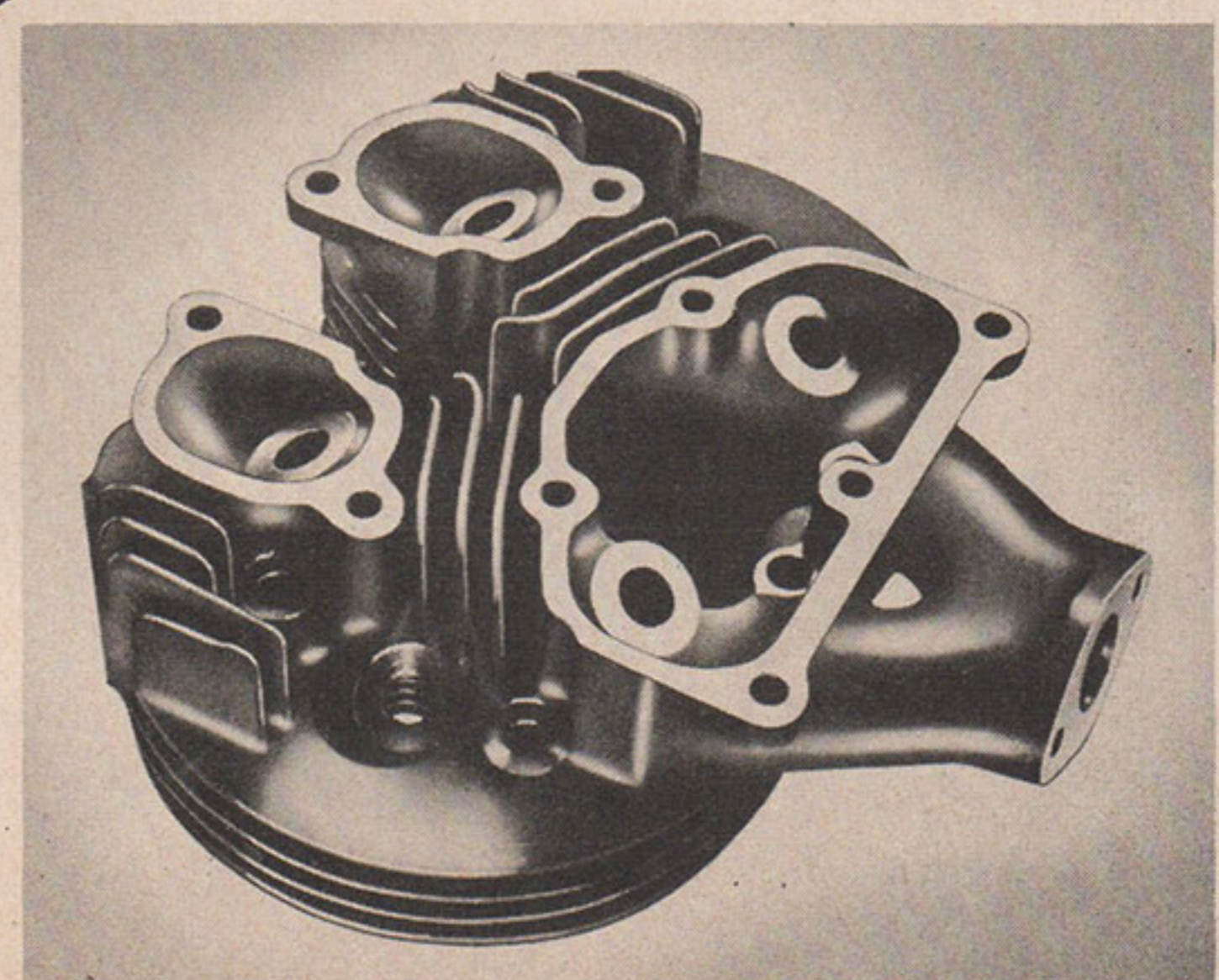
BELOW, The bowels of the Beezer show a forged steel crankshaft with integral counterweights. Con-rod shaft is one-piece forging, bolted to flywheel. Connecting rods are forged light alloy



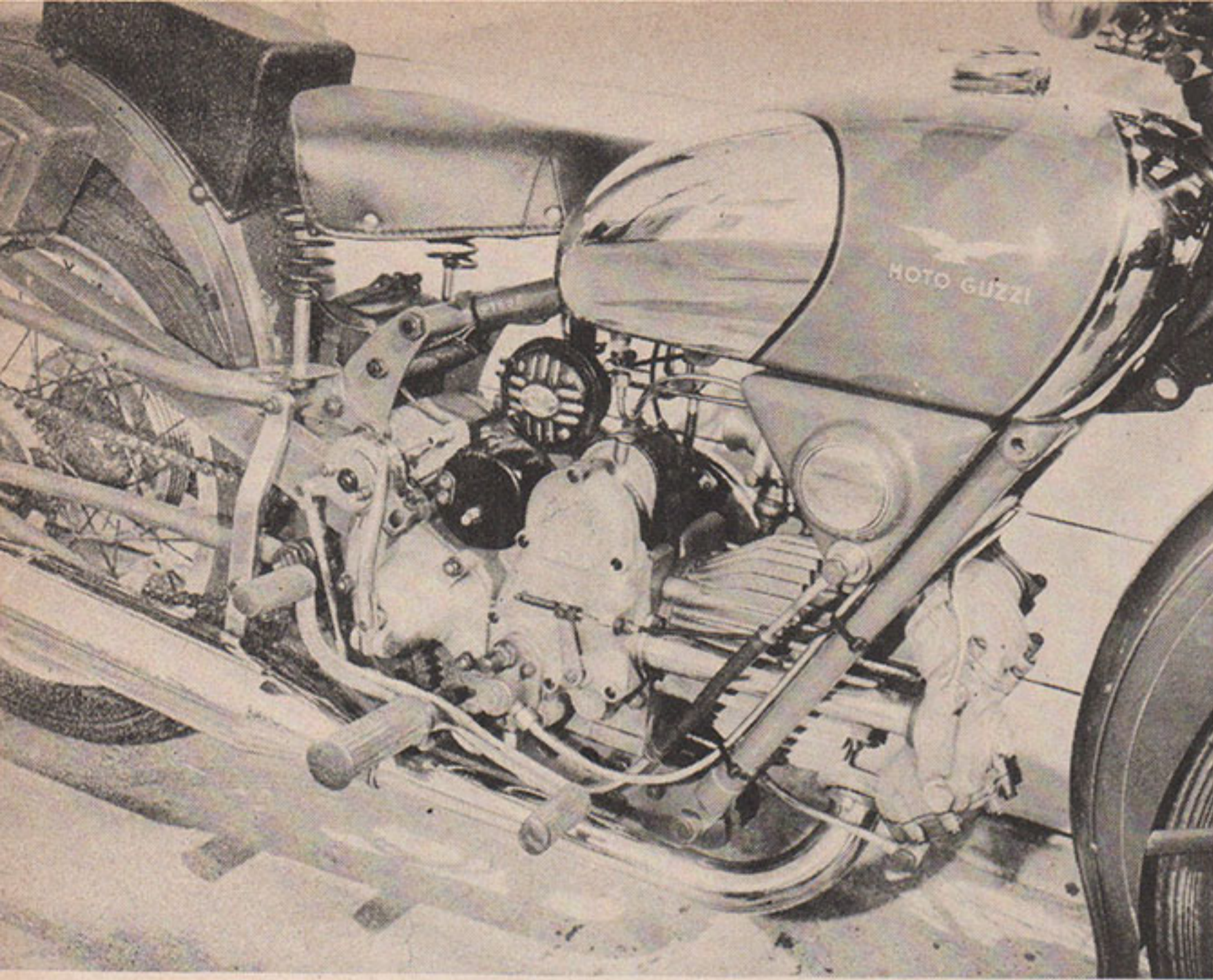
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LEFT, Overhead rockers are operated from the rear by pushrods from a single camshaft with large car type tappets. The camshaft is gear driven from engine shaft through idler pinion gears incorporating a timed mechanical breather. Both cylinders are cast in single unit with specially cored air passages between the barrels

ABOVE, Artist Rex Burnett takes hacksaw and pen to a machine that comes close to filling the demand for an "all purpose bike." Its 420 lb. weight is ideal for both handling and riding qualities. The engine is a beautiful compromise between the smoothness of a small mill and the power of a big twin capable of handling a side-car at high cruising speeds. With all of these qualities there is no sacrifice in strength—note husky drop-forged twin loop frame and rear fork assembly. Thick castings and unit construction account for much of its engine's quietness



LEFT, Unit cylinder head casting is deeply and amply finned with narrow angle valves, operating in shallow combustion chambers, specially developed for maximum efficiency at all speeds

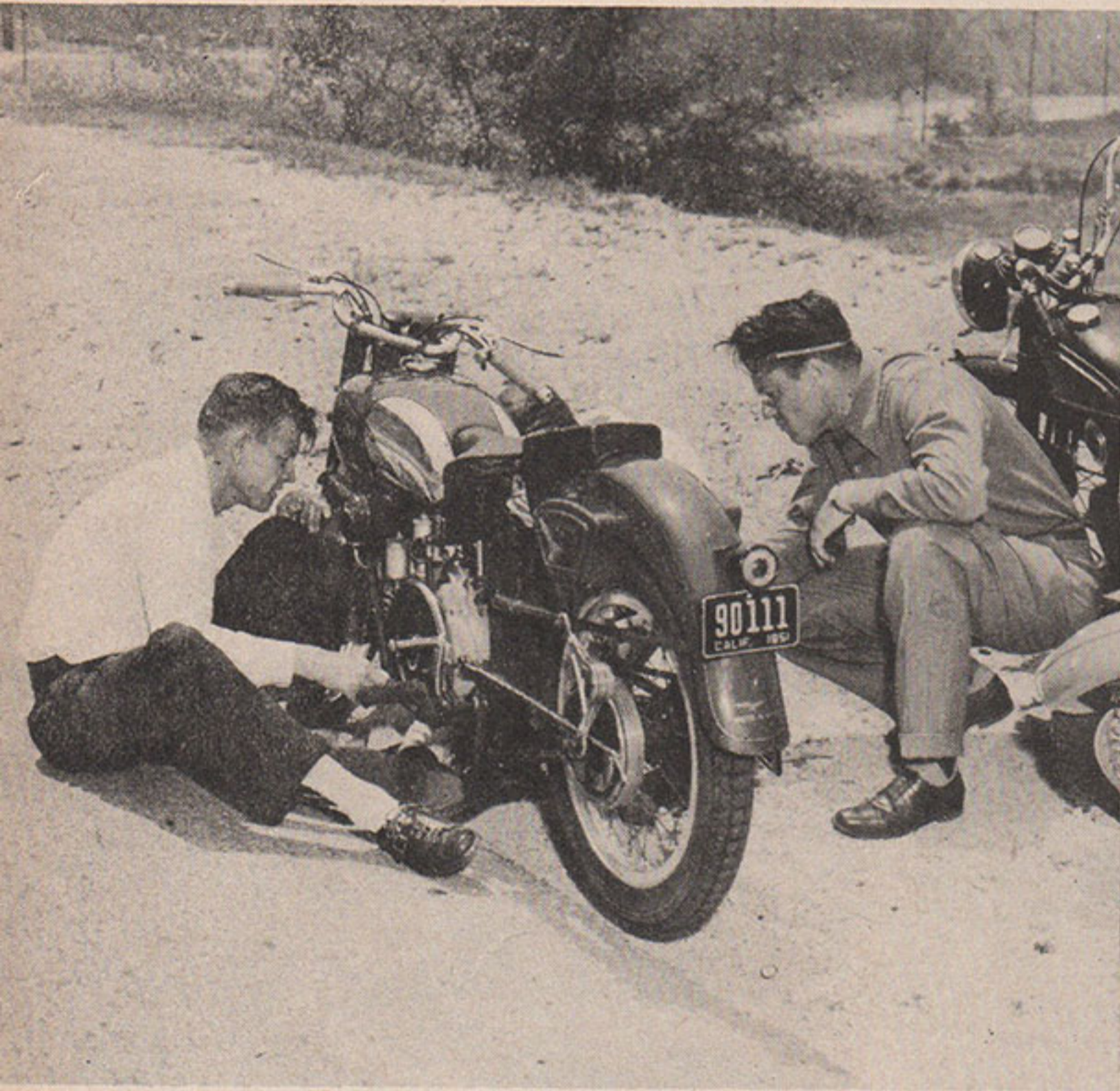


ABOVE, A little confusing at first, the horizontal cylinder lay-out has much in its favor; easy access to overheads, low center of gravity, maximum dissipation of vibration, and good cooling

RIGHT, There were few opportunities to catch the Moto Guzzi airborne. She held her ground even in the bumpiest hills as a result of the terrific springing latitude incorporated at both ends

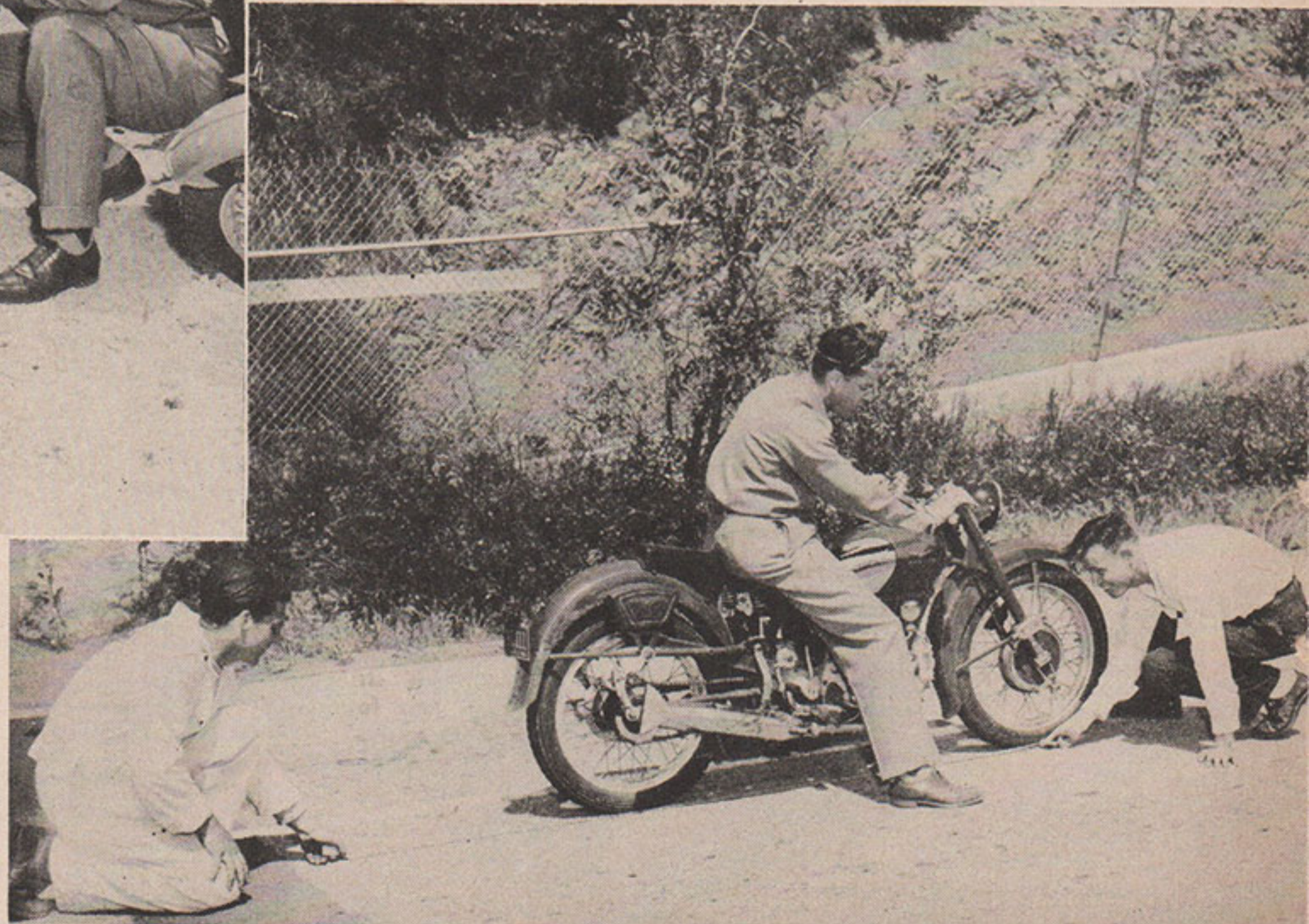


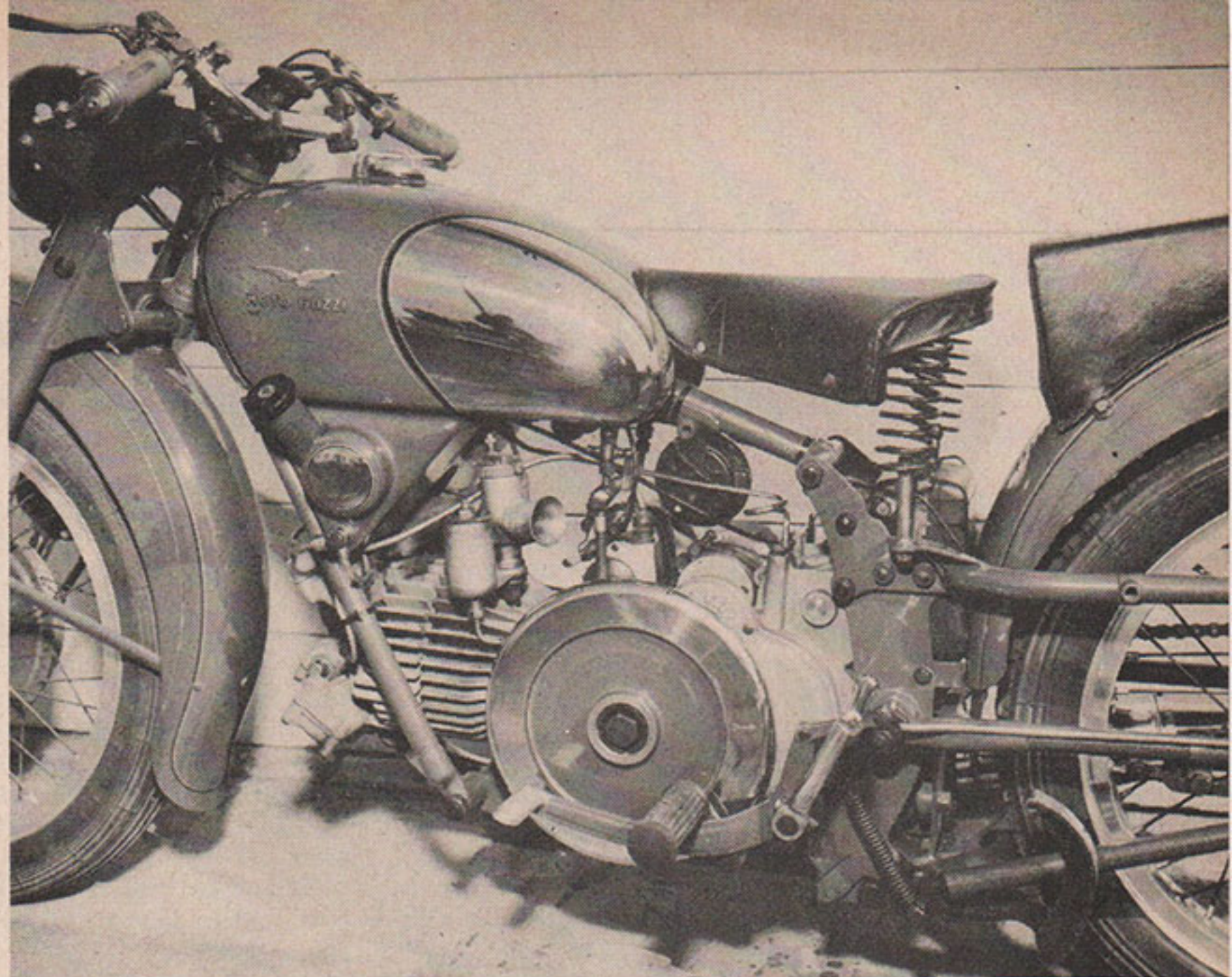
# "LI'L' IMMIGRANT" GETS FIRST PAPERS



ABOVE, Not as serious as looks imply. Top motor mount nut loosened up and disappeared. Mechanic Wally Harper, hidden behind bike, improvised with a handy piece of bailing wire

RIGHT, Another "brake" down, this time on purpose, and judging by smiles on Harper and Ray Bowels you are justified in assuming the Guzzi really stops when the anchor is tossed out





ABOVE, The Guzzi owner must be a sociable sort, for the bike is a real crowd stopper with its dazzling but functional design. Best of all, the little jewel really operates to the Nth degree

LEFT, Hot footing it through a dirt corner was a bit tough because of the extremely high gear that was fitted as standard. With a lower ratio, look out, this thumper packs a Sunday punch

Photos by Zelenka

## ITALIAN MOTO GUZZI MAKES FRIENDS ON FIRST INTRODUCTION

By Bob Greene—Editor

FOR QUITE some time, reports of fabulous motorcycle progress from far off Italy have been popping up in cycle journals the world over, but most of us have been obliged to accept the gospel of the printed word and an occasional picture or two. Consequently when news reached our office that Lou Branch, U.S. Velocette distributor at Los Angeles, was also taking on the Italian Moto Guzzi line (pronounced Moto Gootsy), our

first thought was to introduce this flashing single to CYCLE readers through the medium of our monthly road test report.

Because of the lack of previous representation in America, there was said to be only one 1951 model about the Los Angeles area, and this had been sold to a Mr. Ernie Avril of Montrose, California. With his generous consent the privately owned machine was borrowed for the rigorous ride and we set

out to do everything that the bike had been engineered for, plus a couple surprise capers that hadn't originally been a part of the tester's master plan.

From the time that the unusual but beautiful fire engine red and chrome single was rolled off the trailer, here at Olympic and La Cienega, not a soul passed by that didn't turn for a double take or stop to inquire. Like everyone else, we were left pretty much agog by its huge looking, immaculately cast horizontal cylinder and unbelievably flexible cantilever rear springing, but more about these later.

After many miles about town, spent getting acquainted with the "li'l immigrant," your editor in the company of Wally Harper, top flight mechanic and talented competition rider from Lou Branch Motors, Ray Bowles, CYCLE advertising Manager and Felix Zelenka, staff photographer, headed away from town to settle the all-time question . . . "what will she do."

The first step, engaging low gear, was sim-  
(Continued on Page 34)

## General Specifications

**ENGINE.** 4 stroke 30.50 cubic inch single cylinder overhead valve, horizontally mounted and air cooled. Cylinder head is light alloy with valve gear totally enclosed in oil-bath case. Bore 3.46 in. by 3.22 in. stroke. Cylinder is of light alloy with special cast iron liner. Valves actuated by push rods and rockers. Compression ratio is 6½ to 1 and brake horsepower is 23 hp at 4500 rpm.

**CLUTCH.** Multiplate metal discs running dry.

**DRIVE.** All roller chain.

**TRANSMISSION.** 4 speed box operated by positive foot shift of heel and toe type. Gear ratios: low 1 to 2.3, second 1 to 1.73, third 1 to 1.31, fourth 1 to 1.

**LUBRICATION.** Dry sump, pressure to overheads.

**IGNITION.** Magneto.

**ELECTRICAL.** Generator and battery supplies

power to headlight, taillight and horn. Generator signal light incorporated in headlight.

**FRAME.** Double loop-cradle type with swinging arm rear suspension with helical coil springs positioned horizontally beneath the engine block. Rear springing dampened by adjustable friction disc shocks.

**EXHAUST.** Chrome plated three piece pipe.

**FORK.** Telescopic with hydraulic dampening. Main outside struts are heavy gauge single tubing. Lower fork shafts work vertically between two roller spools rather than conventional bronze bushings.

**HANDLEBARS.** Left bar is fitted with clutch, compression release, spark and horn. Right bar has throttle, choke and dimmer switch.

**TANKS.** Fuel tank capacity about 4¾ gallons with half gallon reserve. Oil tank capacity

approximately ¾ gallon.

**FENDERS.** Full length deep valance, setting high off the wheels for spring travel.

**SADDLE.** High quality leatherette covered. Sprung by two conventional single coil springs.

**STAND.** Rock-back type stand with large foot.

**BRAKES.** Both controls on left side of machine. Brake drums have large cast cooling fins and shoes are of light alloy.

**WHEELS.** Light alloy rims; 19x2.5 inches.

**TIRES.** Front, rib 3¼x19. Rear, block 3.5x19.

**STARTER.** Kick pedal on left side.

**FINISH.** Highest quality satin smooth red enamel with generous chrome plating.

**EQUIPMENT.** Twin tool boxes, one on each side of rear fender.

**WHEELBASE.** 59 inches.

**WEIGHT.** Approximately 380 lbs.

# Wire Wound Pistons

## A STEP TOWARD THE PREVENTION OF SLAP AND SEIZURE

IN THE modern high speed engine, the use of aluminum in piston metal is generally universal. Aluminum pistons reduce the reciprocating weight, however, aluminum expands more rapidly than the irons used in cylinders, and thereby confronts the engineer with the twin problems of "slap" and "seizure."

The split skirt piston, if properly made, is one of the most successful solutions of the thermal problem of the aluminum piston; but one has only to consider the explanation of how it works to see that as it heats up it must be subject to pressure along its major axis. This pressure causes friction and loss of power which may be quite perceptible when working temperatures are high. This defect has now been overcome by what is termed the "wire-wound" piston. The special feature of this piston is a steel band, wound round and round the piston just below the oil ring groove, to control the expansion of the piston.

According to technical engineers at the Indian Sales Corporation, whose AJS and Matchless lines are fitted with the wire-wound

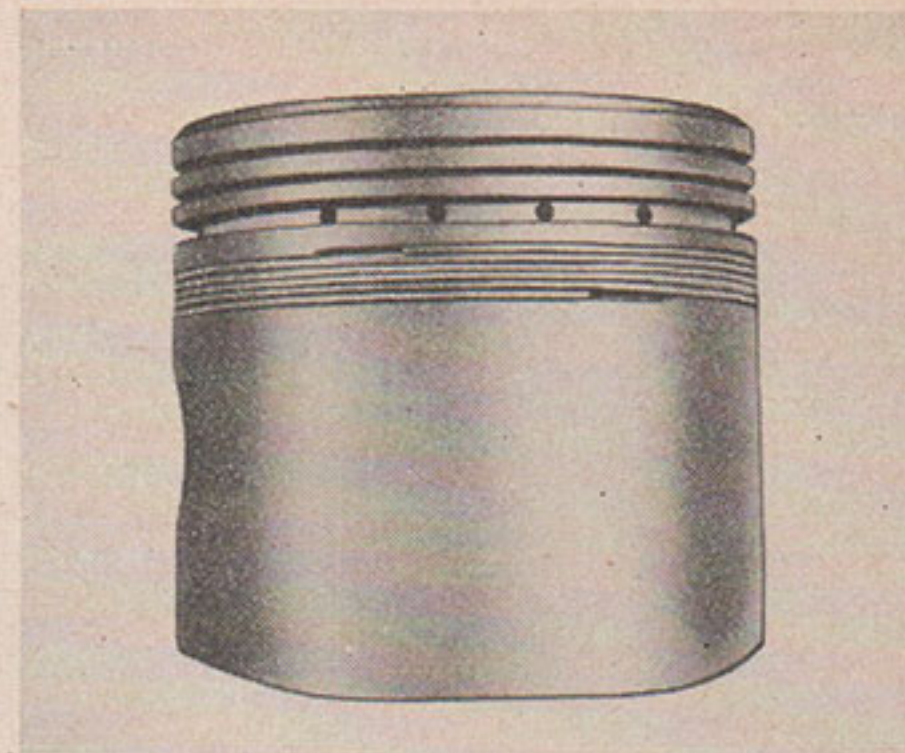
piston, it is explained that the ordinary piston is made to work by letting the bore exert pressure on it, whereas the wire-wound piston has the necessary pressure exerted on it by a band which expands no more than the bore. The piston, therefore, remains the same size as the bore, and neither pressure nor friction increases as the temperature rises.

In practice, the band takes the form of a steel wire wound round the piston skirt above the wrist pin, it having been found that the wire in this position is also able to exert sufficient control of the bottom of the skirt. It is laid in grooves cut in the skirt and there is no tendency for one turn to ride on the others. This piston is ground after the wire is in place.

The wire is held in place by spot welding the last two turns to a conical ended rivet inserted in a small hole drilled in the skirt. The weld is steel to steel—and the attachment has been found to be proof against any working stress, having stood up to severe seizures caused deliberately to test this point. When seizure was caused, the wire although of course damaged, was still in its groove after this treatment.

Although this new wire-wound piston embodies an entirely novel conception of piston manufacture, it is not such a departure from the past as to cause any misgivings about its adoption. After all, it is merely the well-tried and successful split-skirt piston with the addition of an element to restrain the expansion of the aluminum. The control of expansion is so effective that practically no clearance is required for pistons up to 3½" diameter.

In conclusion we may explain why we attach so much importance to a piston fitting accurately in the bore at all temperatures. Any engineer who reflects that a piston is only a cross-head bearing of a complex type



Rear side of wire-wound piston shows ends of wire at point where they are permanently fastened to body of piston with steel rivets



Forward side of a wire-wound AJS-Matchless piston shows "T" slot. Note five turns of wire

will at once instinctively feel that such a bearing should, if possible, be properly fitted under all working conditions instead of being sometimes tight and sometimes loose. He will also see the objection to the noise created by a slack piston, and to the loss of power due to a tight piston. But there is something more important than all this. Too little thought is generally given to the way in which piston rings function. They are one of the most accurately made products in the internal combustion engine, but their sharp scraping edge can be relied on to control compression and oil consumption only if they are moved in the way that the maker intends, straight up and down the bore. Usually a ring is not steered straight up and down the bore, but owing to play in the piston, is tilted backwards and forwards at each stroke—particularly when starting up from cold. Naturally the sharp scraping edge soon becomes rounded and dulled, and oil consumption rapidly increases.

The importance of constant piston clearance cannot, therefore, be over-estimated, and the advantages of the wire-wound piston may, in fact, be summed up in the single statement that this novel piston fits its bore correctly at all temperatures. From this fact alone it necessarily follows that friction is reduced, oil consumption is controlled, piston slap is banished and a new standard of piston performance is created.



## When in Rome . . .

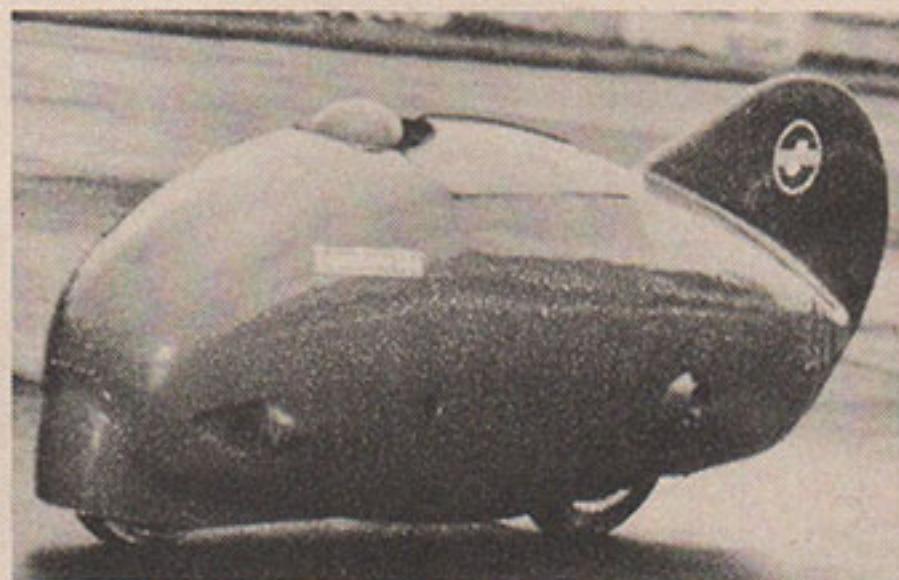
LOOK OUT FOR FALLING RECORDS

### Motor Scooter Reaches 121.5 MPH—Sets Record

IN THE last few days on the Montlhéry Race course, racers Romolo Ferri and Carlo Poggi, driving a totally enclosed 125 cc Lambretta motor scooter, established seven new world records, including the hour record at a sensational average speed of 98.5 mph. Here are the other records set at the same time.

10 Kilometers . . . averaged.....	93.5 mph
10 Miles . . . averaged.....	96.5 mph
50 Kilometers . . . averaged.....	100.9 mph
50 Miles . . . averaged.....	100.0 mph

LEFT, Lambretta projectile and pilot are made ready to establish a fantastic record. Part of the secret lies in fact that rider and machine are so low to ground, thereby cutting resistance



ABOVE, Italian conception of a streamlined shell, with generous curves and bulges, differs radically from German square tipped and flatter version. Italians are mad about scooters—go everywhere, do everything with them

100 Kilometers . . . averaged.....	99.6 mph
100 Miles . . . averaged.....	98.5 mph

The Lambretta had also toppled the one kilometer record at an average speed of 118.29 mph, and the mile mark at an average of 118.47 mph. On his first pass over the New Appia Street course in Rome, where the top speed records were set, rider Ferri reached a maximum of 121.5 mph. Is it any wonder that these immaculately detailed little jobs are so popular on the continent?



Ted peels off for his most terrifying stunt, Dips of Death, where he zooms dangerously down the wall, skimming the bottom of the opposite side, and almost straight up again in dizzy series of dives

## DROME RIDING

(Continued from Page 13)

Indian going out of control. He reached around with one hand and clamped the sailor tight and came down off the boards at double speed, guiding himself with the other hand. Once stopped, he turned to bawl out his passenger. But the passenger was in no mood to listen. He slid off the saddle, out cold.

"Took him a good ten minutes to come around," Ted says wonderingly, "and then he sat up, shook his head, took one look at the bike and ran—ran right to the center pole in the pit and shinnied straight up before anyone could stop him. He stayed up there, too, until his buddies came for him."

Without exception, tandem passengers are dizzy when they alight. One thoroughly confused boy accused Ted of turning around while on the wall and going back the other way. Rare is the passenger who volunteers for a second ride.

One point that discourages some would-be volunteers before they raise their hands at all is the sight of Ted's bike. It is a 1927 Indian 101 Scout with the original 45 cu. in. engine still operating. The frame has been reinforced; seat springs have been removed; front leaf spring has been built up with extra leaves and then tied down with stovepipe wire and tape to make it absolutely rigid. Comfort is not considered important on the wall. This old machine has the look of a beaten and shabby veteran, barely able to make the trip to town and back, but Ted wouldn't trade it for anything he's seen.

Carl Leon Terrell, the talker for Ted's show, has been in show business for 66 years. He began at the age of six, working as an aerialist in a circus troupe, graduated to trick bicycle riding and finally devoted himself to Motor Dromes. He still rides the wall, insisting that he'll ride on his 100th birthday, if there is still a drome to ride in. He has built 38 dromes in the past 30 years, most of them still in operation, some of them located in such exotic sites as Shanghai, Java, Mexico City. They vary in size from 25 feet to 40 feet in diameter, in expense from 3,000 to 5,000 dollars. Most of the traveling shows that serve the great county fairs have a more portable version that can be knocked down in 40 minutes when the pressure is on and assembled in three hours. Assembly is touchy because very precise leveling is required and carnival lots are not noted for their smooth surfaces.

Motor Dromes probably sprang originally from two sources: the old board race tracks for motorcycles and early bicycle stunt tanks. Since the beginning the general design of all Motor Dromes has been very much the same.

The stunting is the third part of Ted's

regular show. An audience that has been cool always warms up after Ted has done everything but carry the Indian around the tank on his back.

Ted begins by taking a few rounds in the ordinary way to set his throttle speed and check the boards and the machine for possible trouble. First stunt is riding without hands on the bars for a few laps. Dips of Death come next, consisting of alternate lunges at the top of the wall and dips to the 60 degree wall. This really sends the on-lookers to a respectable distance from the edge. Ted has frequently hit the guard cable at the top of the wall and once he flipped over the top. The bike fell back inside, but Ted had a useless left side for a few days.

The Dips of Death are followed by a few laps with Ted standing on the footrests, arms crossed on chest. Next, Ted hooks one leg over the gas tank, rides a few circuits this way and then prepares for the first of two stunts that make the audience much more respectful. Gradually, he moves both feet to one footrest, then shifts his body sideways. He is now sitting, facing down into the pit, not seeming to care where the Indian feels like going, certainly not watching. He can hold this for a number of laps.

Going into the last series of movements now, Ted lifts one knee over the handlebars and rests one foot on the forks. Slowly, aware that going out of balance means a sudden trip down, he lifts his other knee over the forks, using both hands. Now he's ready for the last stunt. He moves back to a sitting position, then moves both feet to the lower footrest. With a last check on the throttle setting, he stands up on the lower footrest, rips off his gloves, throws them into the pit, puts his hands in his pockets and then lifts his head and smiles at the crowd.

Mad as this occupation seems, however pointless the risk may be in riding the wall, there are other, more dangerous forms of the same game. Carl swears that there has existed more than one lion drome. This, as its name implies, is a standard Motor Drome plus a lion. Once the rider is up on the wall, a helper lets a lion into the drome. It is the task of the lion to look menacing and convince the onlookers that any fall, however small, will be deadly. That little scheme fell flat on one occasion. The rider did fall, right at the front paws of the astonished jungle king. There was a hushed silence and the helper quickly opened the bars of the lion's cage. The lion ignored all distractions and sniffed at the inert form before him, looked quizzically at the little trickle of red flowing from a minor wound . . . then trotted quietly into his cage. Carl says this is because the lion was old and experienced and knew very well that motorcycle men are too tough to bother with.

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on Page 34

# Tracy Stripsters

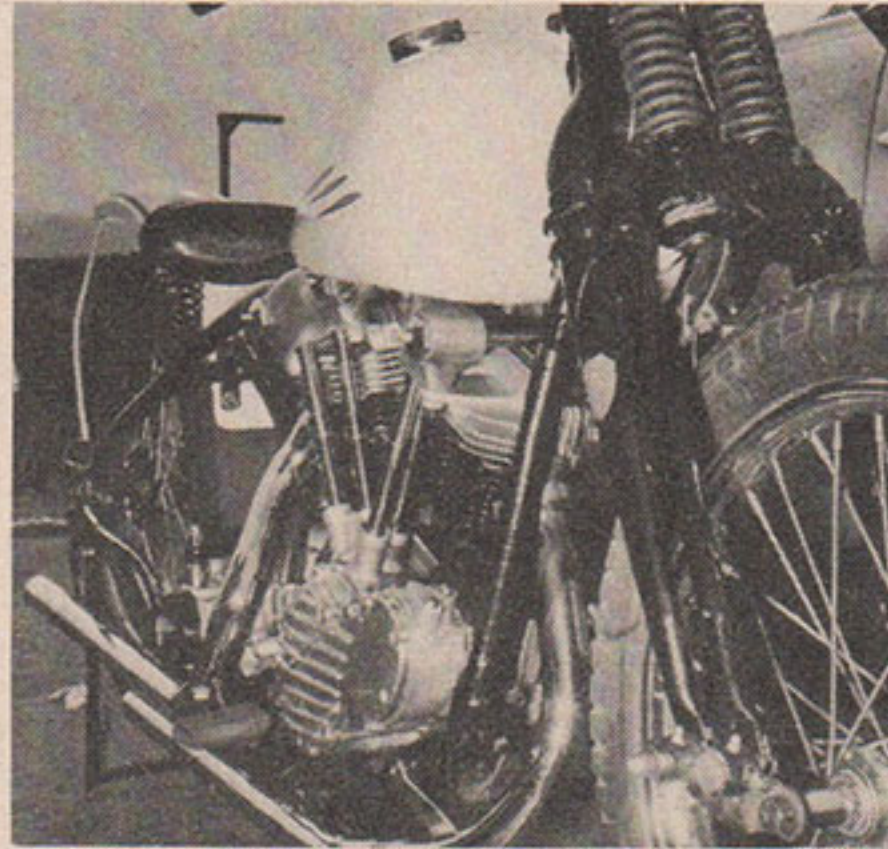
READY TO "CLUTCH-OFF" WITH SOUTHLAND'S BEST

Text and Photos by Stan Peterson

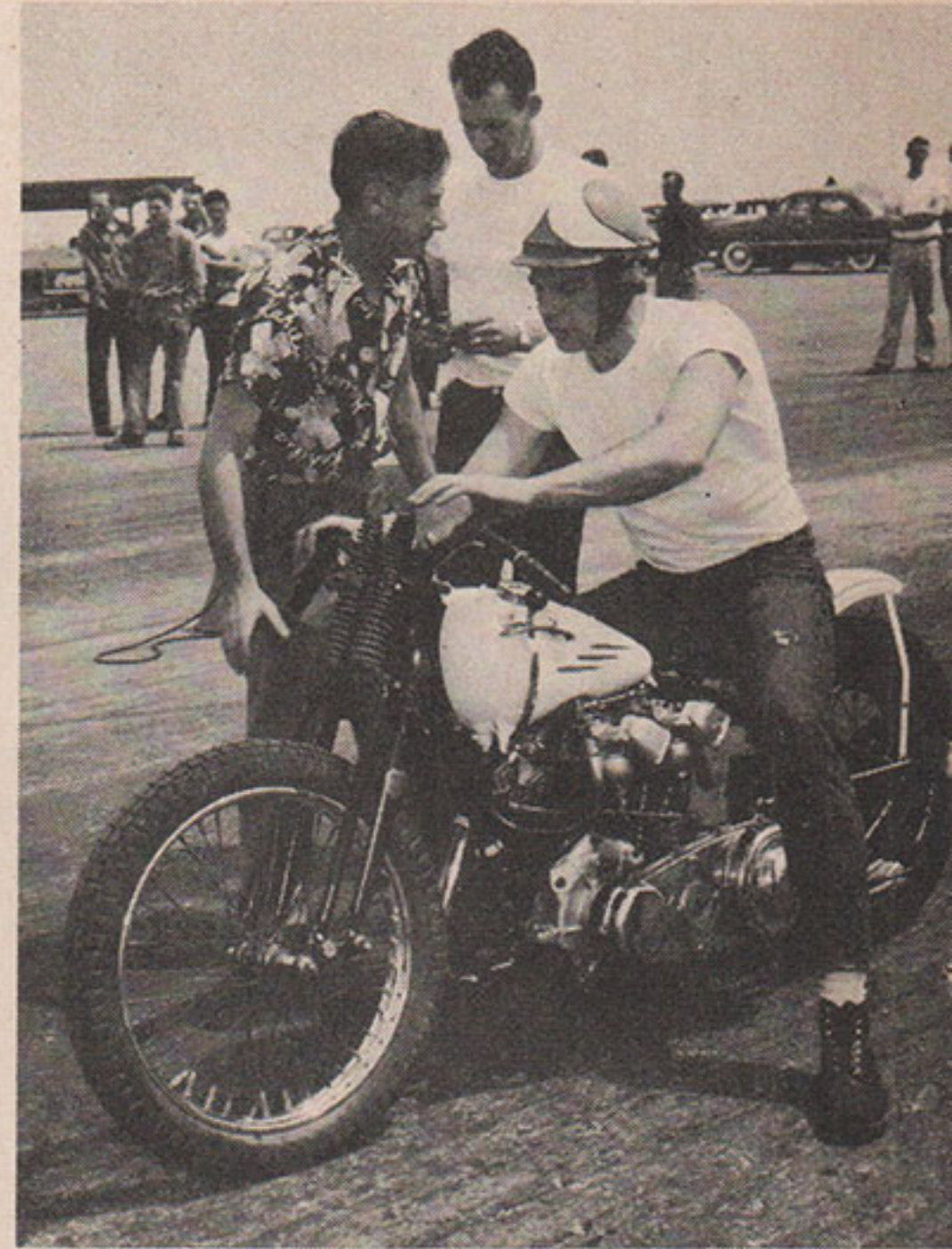
**M**ANY northern Californians feel that the Southland's recently established drag race records are not long for this world. Logic behind their reasoning stems primarily from a particular 73 inch OHV Harley-Davidson owned by Bill Reynolds of Oakland.

Using the Tracy drag strip as his main base of operation, Reynolds feels that he has an even chance of topping the present 1/4 mile mark. Bill's feelings are even better understood when one considers that the famed cam shaper Bus Schaller is usually at his elbow. Schaller's responsibility covers cams, carburetors and last minute adjustments, and Reynolds takes over from there.

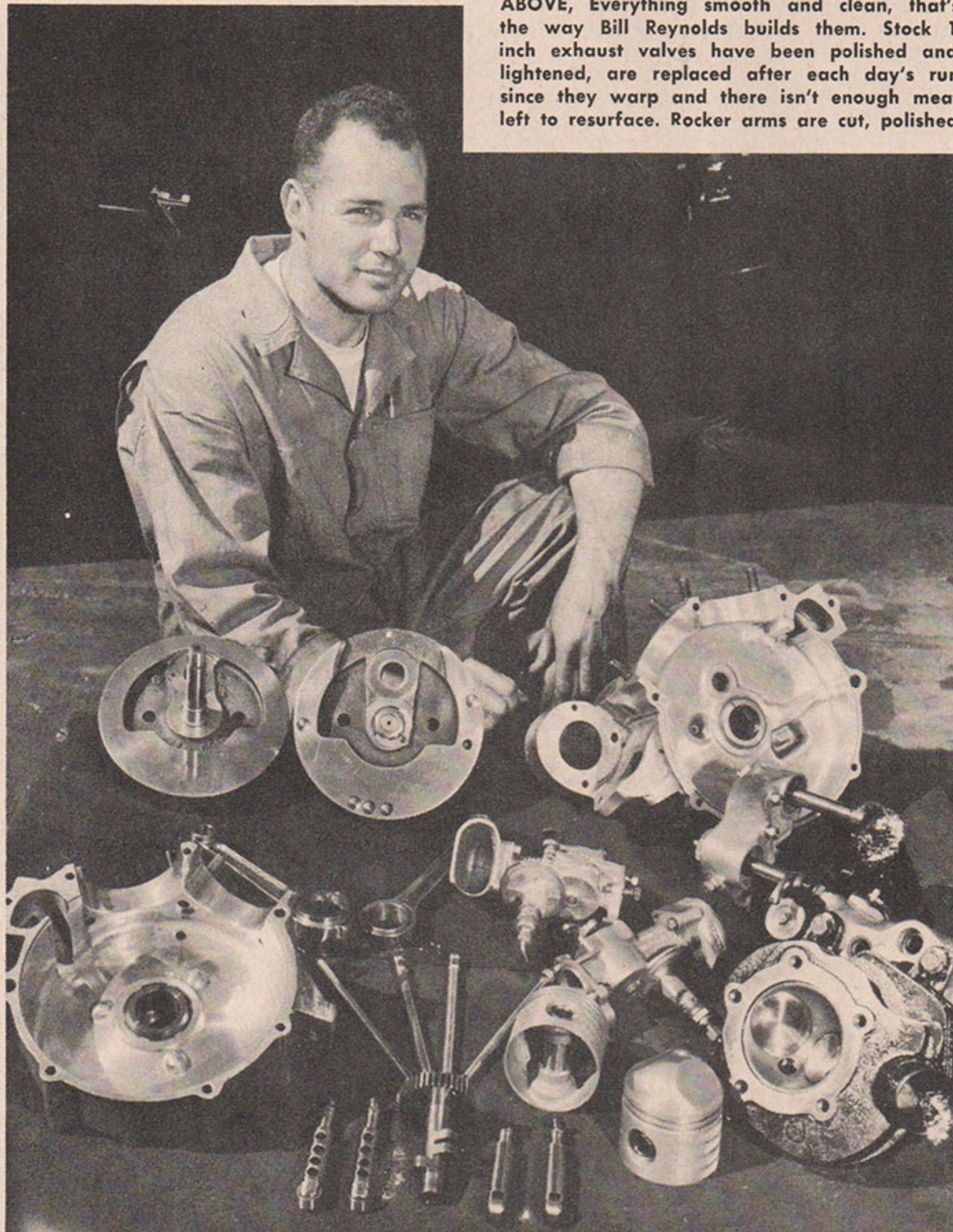
The bike's best time to date is 117 mph from a rolling start and Bill's fine workmanship and close attention to the most minute details reflects that this is only the beginning.



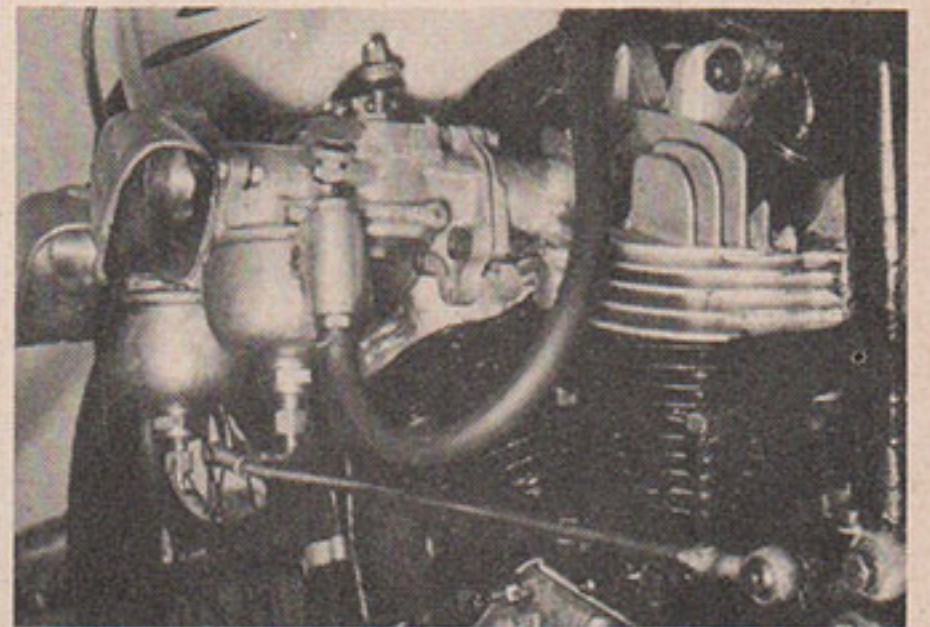
ABOVE, Everything smooth and clean, that's the way Bill Reynolds builds them. Stock 1 inch exhaust valves have been polished and lightened, are replaced after each day's run since they warp and there isn't enough meat left to resurface. Rocker arms are cut, polished



ABOVE, Bus Schaller, in loud shirt, turns the throttle over to Bill after a last minute check-out. Slight rolling starts are usually used to reduce strain on equipment. A standard transmission has been used, but a new two-speed gear box will be installed in the near future



Two ring 61 racing pistons are made for 11 to 1 cr, knurled for better oiling, cut for longer stroke, and give 15 to 1 compression. Special lightweight pushrods are used with stock cam followers that are drilled and polished. Flywheels are regular 74 but polished. Rods and cases are also polished



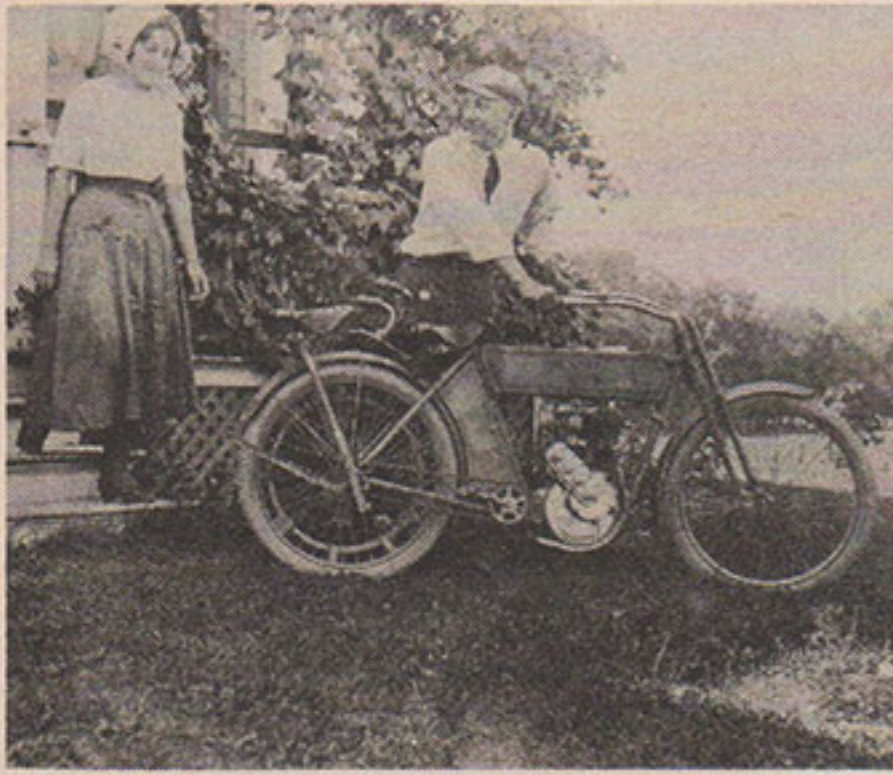
ABOVE, Separate carburetors, intake manifolds and fuel lines are shown. Note exposed rocker arm and valve assembly. Overheads are run dry with two ounces of oil of Myrbane added to five gallons of alcohol fuel to keep valves free. The breaker cam in chain drive was rebuilt to fire both barrels at precise degree

Although the lower end is a conventional 74 Har-Dav. setup, the potent mill's base has been sleeved down to standard 61 cu. in. size (3 5/16) which gives a displacement of 73.40 cu. in. Better results are claimed from this combination than with the large displacement bikes used prior. Both barrels and heads have been entirely reworked by Bill. The overhead setup is reminiscent of the old JD's, being mostly in the open. Carburetors are mounted with separate manifolds on each barrel. Spray bars and idle sections of the high-speed Linkert carbs were rebuilt by Bus Schaller to improve acceleration characteristics and, of course, Schaller cams are featured. Heads have Indian inlet manifolds welded on at right angles to the standard position, eliminating the Y manifold. Combustion chambers and parts are beautifully polished and matched to the barrel valve Linkert pots.

When asked why the small bore Reynolds confided that he could probably get more torque from a larger engine but it would also come apart much sooner. With this combo he stays within structural limits of the bearings and his pocketbook.

**MOTORBIKE AND FATHER**

(Continued from Page 9)



Many will remember the efficient little Harley-Davidson single. Most Americans preferred twins, however, and the "thumpers" disappeared. Now they seem to be in demand again

to the second floor, this feat of propelling a bike up hill and down over rutted, dirt roads for ten or twelve hours at a stretch—well, it leaves me limp.

Yes, Father was a cyclist extraordinary—and proud of it. The family album reveals his first bike as one of those rare museum pieces—with a large front wheel and a tiny one trailing behind. And since Father's figure was not exactly streamlined, he must have presented a pretty picture sitting up there atop that huge 54-inch wheel, with his short, stumpy legs making like two pistons. And he must have taken some nasty spills from that lofty perch, although he never admitted it. In fact, he always averred that it took so long to fall from that height that one had plenty of time to plan on how one was going to land, and maybe he had something there.

That reminds me that Father also tried out the "Bicycle Built for Two"—both the tandem on which the extra rider was placed behind the steerer and the "sociable," a chummy little job on which the two rode blithely side-by-side, a particularly happy arrangement in case the two happened to be of opposite sexes, which they usually were, I suppose. I might add that the tandem was not an efficient machine. It actually required three times the effort to propel the vehicle as would be required by two separate bicycles. But, of course, this power loss was more than offset by the chummy seating arrangement.

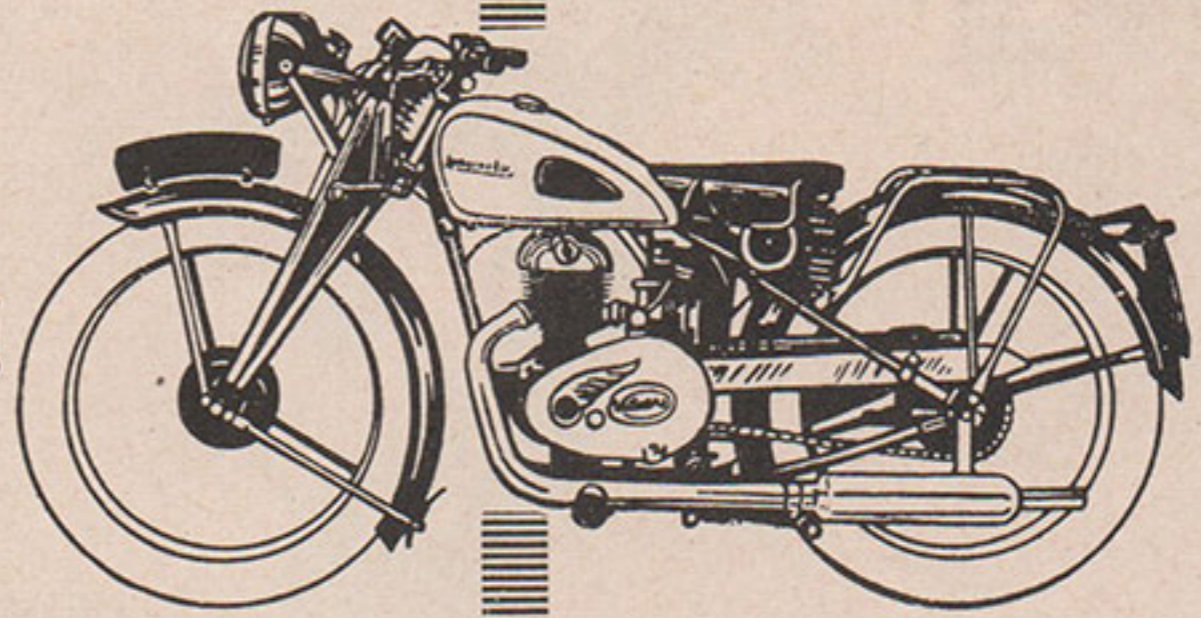
But when he wasn't pitching woo, Father was pretty sure to be cycling somewhere. Riding this new "safety" bike, he was probably the proudest young gentleman in the pre-internal combustion age. Equipped with a frame of hollow steel tubing, weighing less than 60 pounds and all gaily painted like a merry-go-round chariot, complete with a spring saddle and pneumatic tires and tool kit and a bell and an acetylene lamp, and even a brake that sometimes worked—well, as he asked so often, who could possibly want cheaper and more rapid transportation? Didn't he pass the horse-cars as though they were standing still?

It was in that mood that Father found his way to the basement in the old Madison Square Garden in 1895, and took his first look at this newfangled motor bike. He was fully prepared to sneer and scoff—and so were a lot of other people. As one eye-witness reported it:

"On the day of my visit, the motor bicycle was not working as usual in the basement,

(Continued on Page 27)

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ABOVE, Vincent Azcarate breaks into the winner class this time with another sensational hill climb shot from San Jose, Calif. Azcarate snapped this Rose City M/C rider with a 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 Graflex to win this month's \$10 prize in addition to the quarter annual \$25 bond. Nice shooting, Vincent!



HONORABLE MENTION

ABOVE, Chuck "Feets" Minert hardly uses the tops of his footpegs but he sure gives the underside a bad time. Leon Callaway of San Pedro, Calif., caught this beautiful full slide



HONORABLE MENTION

ABOVE, Fabulous Don Johns caught in one of his famous long power slides, riding a small crankcase, 8 valve Indian. Taken about 1917 and submitted by D. McMorran, Portland, Ore.

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2. Any entrant earning more than 40% annual income from the sale of photographs will be considered a professional. (Please state your classification.)
3. Photographs should include a cycle in the composition. Any number may be sent.
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**CONTEST EDITOR, CYCLE MAGAZINE**

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\*An amateur picture entered in the professional classification for lack of professional entries

BELOW, "Monument Valley" by Bob Magill using a Medalist camera with super XX film. A rare blend of nature, humanity and things mechanical that is exceptionally pleasing to the eye



1st PRIZE AMATEUR

## MOTORBIKE AND FATHER

(Continued from Page 25)

owing to some accident. Some of the habitues of the show, who had seen the thing run, told me that it seemed to work well enough, but made a good deal of hissing noise."

Now this "hissing noise" seemed something less than desirable, and this racket, many people opined, would not only disturb the peaceful countryside, but it would make Old Dobbin extremely unhappy and skittish. And we must remember that in those days this four-legged animal was not merely something that ran around a circular track and on whose nose people placed \$2. The horse performed a very useful economic function in life, and until the time when he was ready for the glue factory Old Dobbin's well-being and peace of mind were important—at least to those who had to ride behind him.

And even if this temperamental motor could be properly cajoled into performing all the things promised for it—which many people at the time seriously doubted—the price of it would virtually eliminate it as a popular vehicle. The very cheapest machine was tagged at \$275, and another—a four-wheeled affair—at \$500! What was this world coming to anyway? Maybe it's just as well that the people of 1895 never found out the answer to that question. For I'm sure they would have been greatly distressed had anyone given them an inkling of Form 1040 and the atom and a few other things to which we today have come.

Yes, Father was a bit skeptical as he first viewed the motor bike in 1895. It was, he felt, too expensive, too noisy, too impractical. And he was not alone in that opinion, just as today a lot of people take a rather dim view of a rocket to the moon. Yes, he came to scoff and to sneer, but he stayed to acclaim, if not exactly approve. For there were other pressures tugging at Father from the opposite direction.

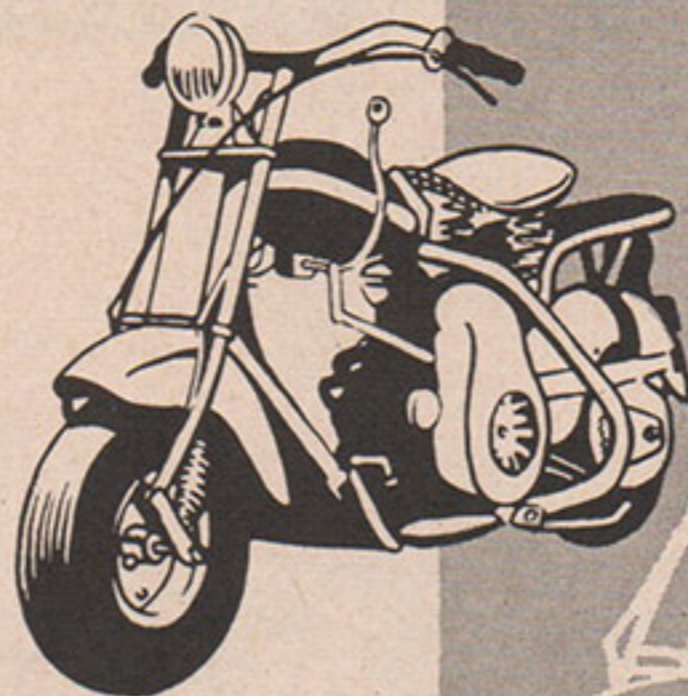
First, Father was a progressive soul. He already possessed the finest stereoscope in his neighborhood, and he had been one of the first in town to own a magic lantern. Now he was worried lest some gay young blade should beat him to the motor bike. After all, the thing might work.

Then, too, Father was getting a little tired of walking up the hills. The idea of having three or four horsepower at his command and of taking even the steepest grade at perhaps eight miles an hour—well, maybe he had been a bit hasty in regarding the common or garden variety of bicycle as being the last word in economical, rapid transportation.

So, while Father resisted the urge to buy in 1895, he finally became motorized in 1896. Of course, it was a strange looking vehicle by today's standards, and was awkward to handle. To start the motor, Father had to run alongside, causing the machine to rotate the crankshaft through the belt and pulley until the initial explosion was obtained, when he would jump into the seat, hoping for the best. One had to be something of an acrobat to perform this feat, but Father managed it. And, clad in goggles and duster, he frightened horses from coast to coast for many years. Hunched over the handlebars, Father found a new thrill in life, a new twinkle in his eyes, a new glow in his cheeks. And since this sporty little chariot made most of the hills, Mother sometimes climbed on behind. That newfangled contraption, which had been relegated to the basement in 1895, moved upstairs to spark a new era in American life.

Yes, that was a colorful period back around the turn of the century—and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. To be sure, life moved at a slower tempo, and there were no radios

(Continued on Page 31)



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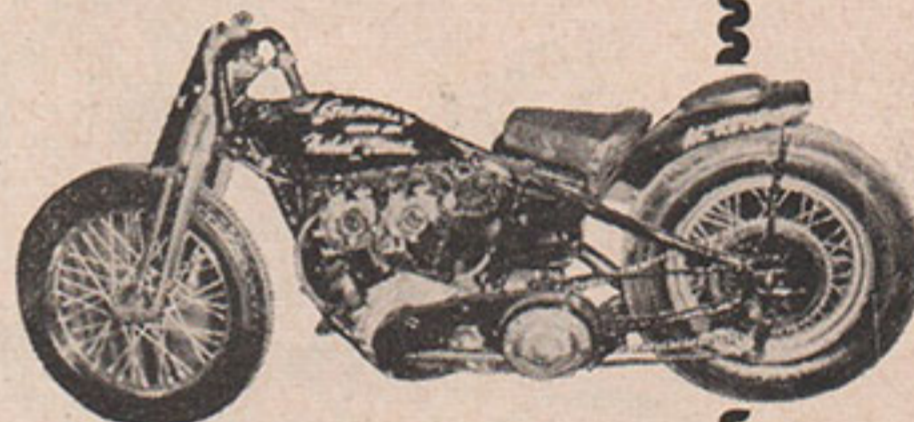
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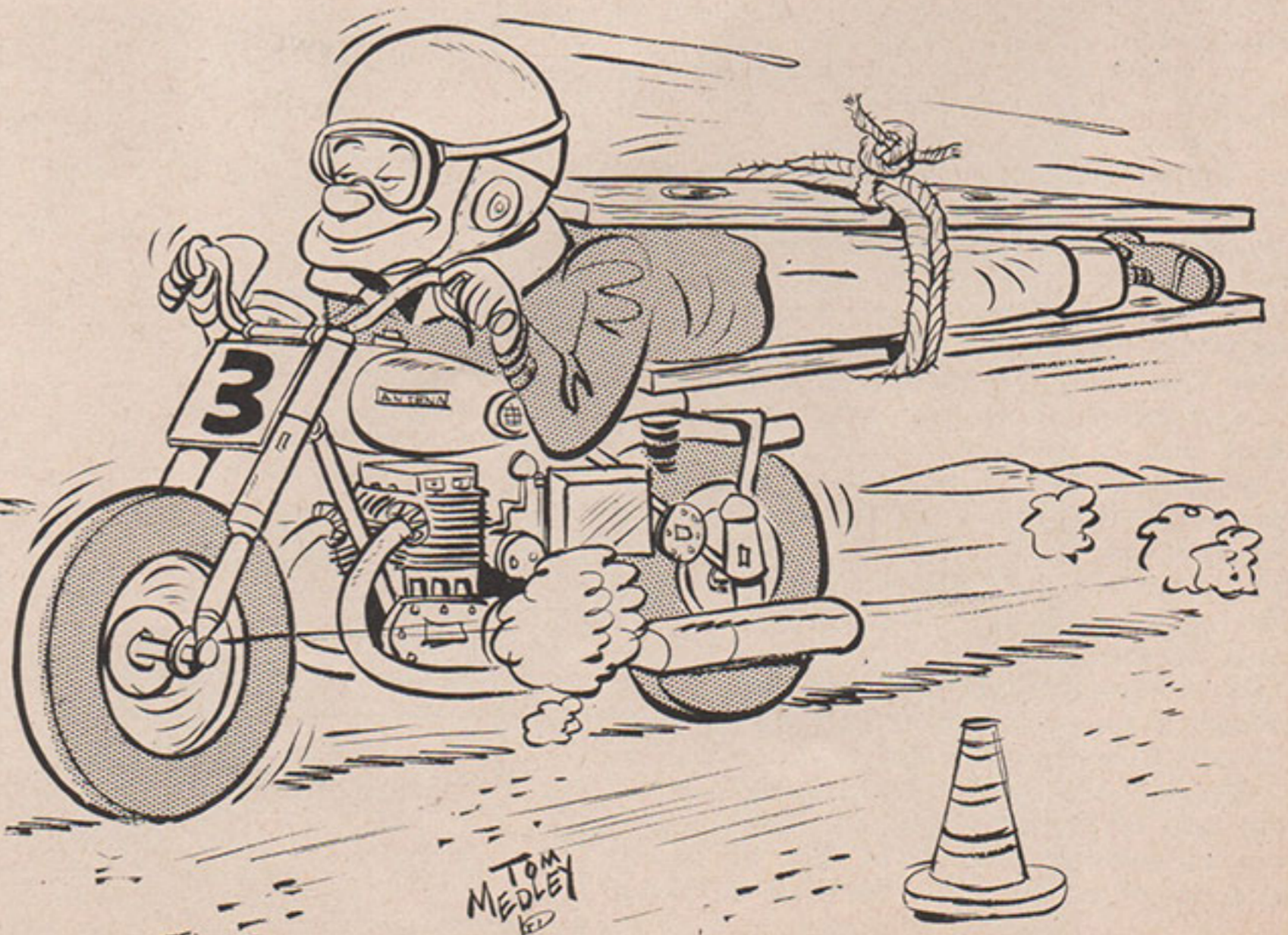
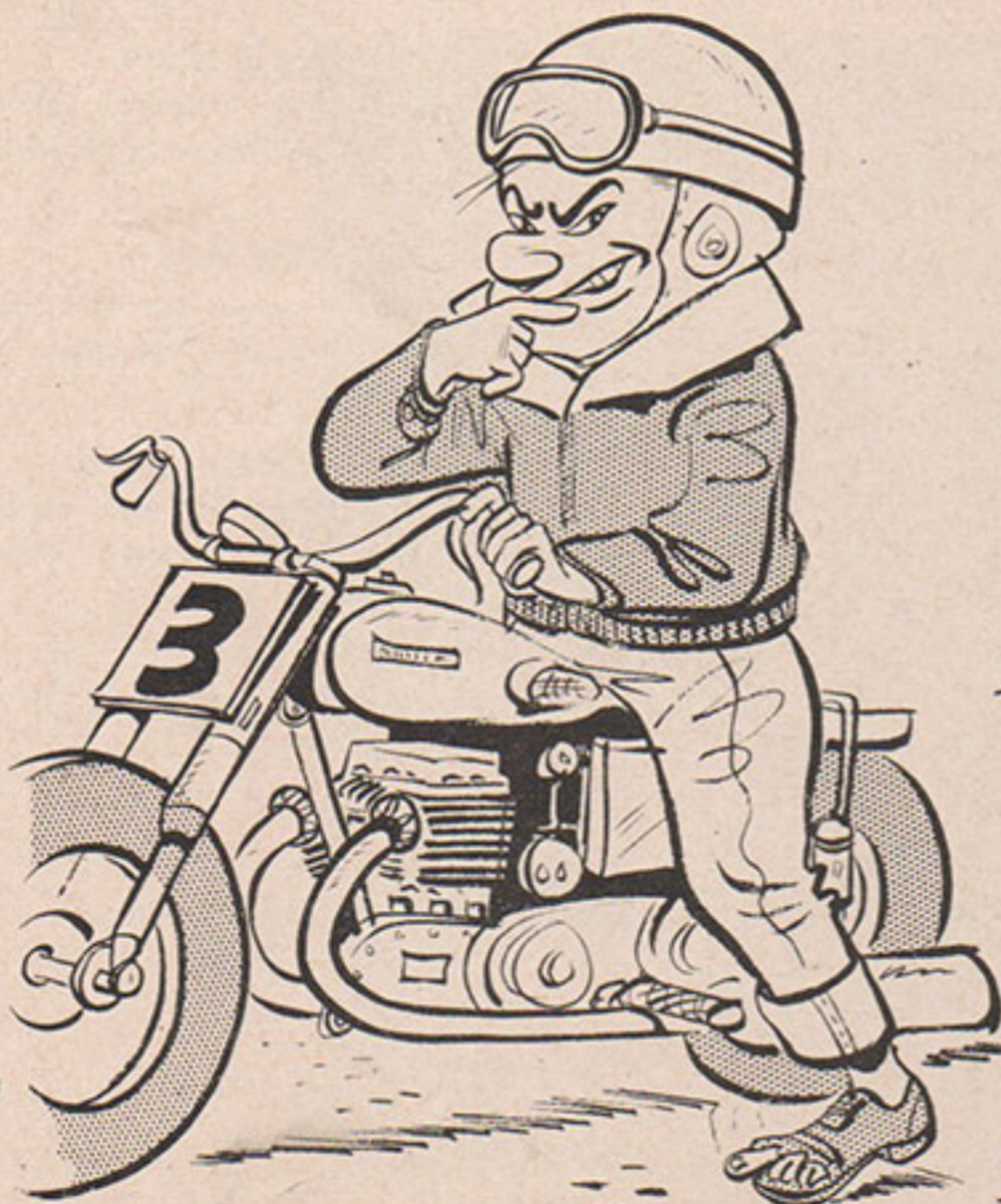
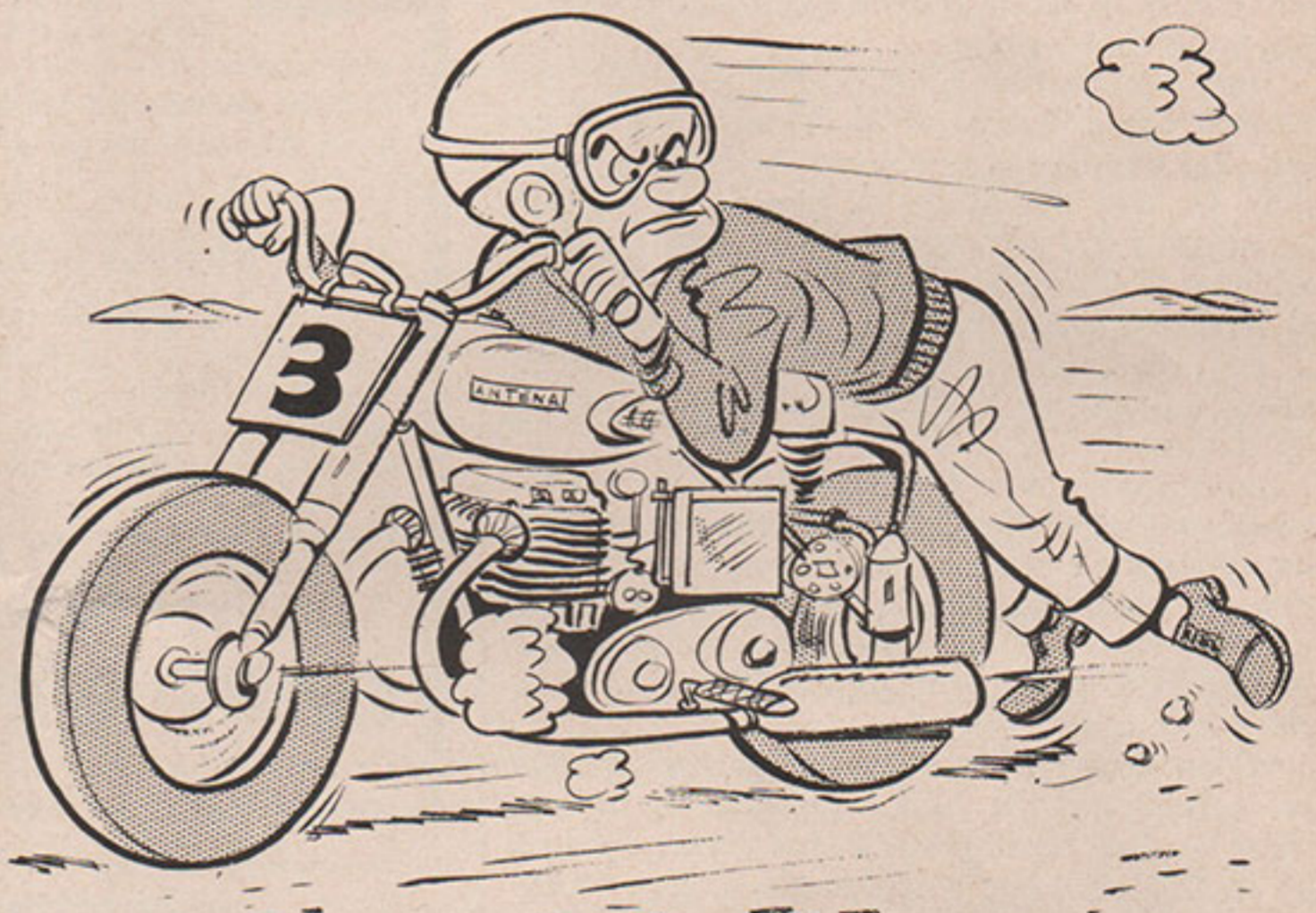
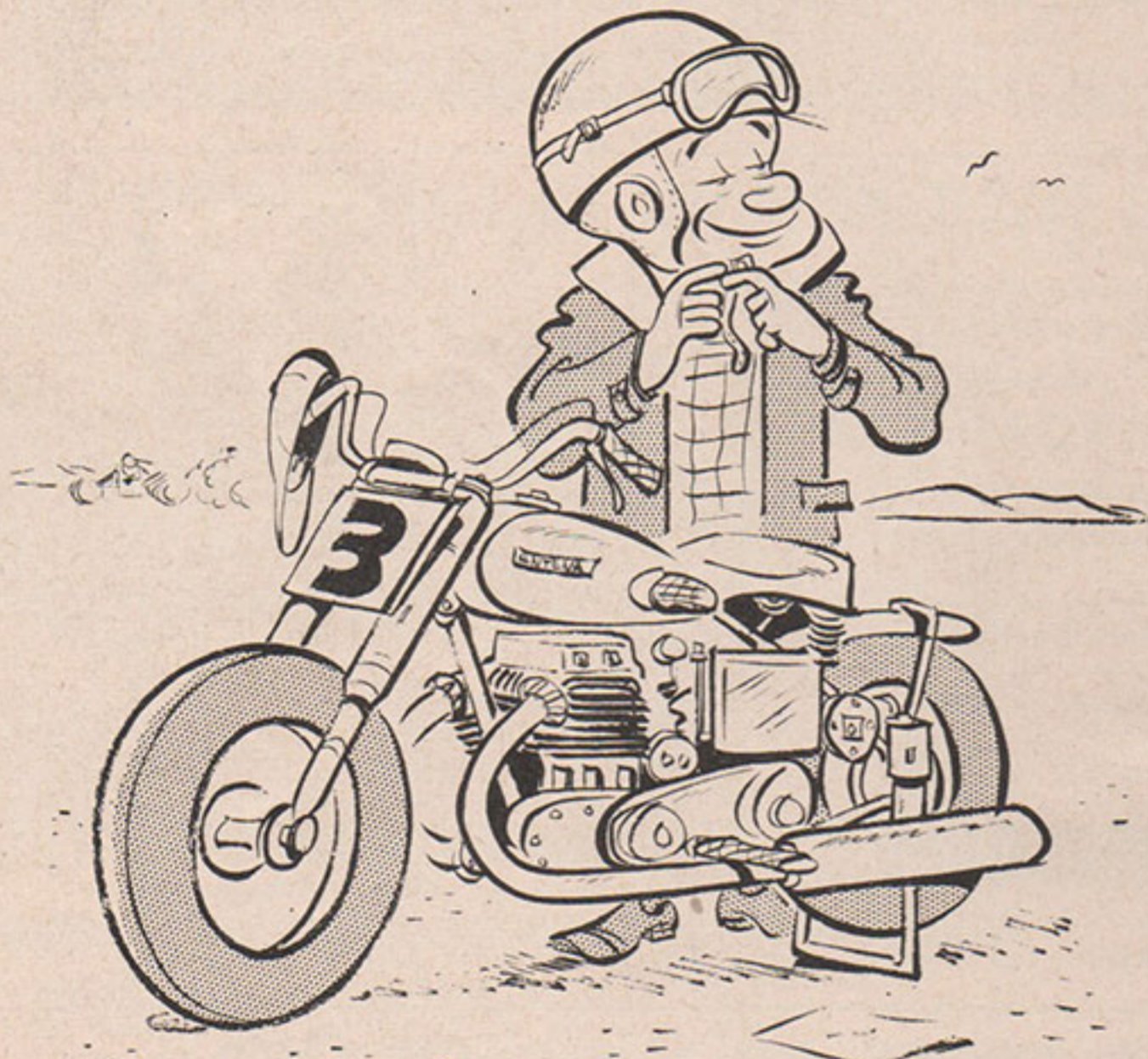
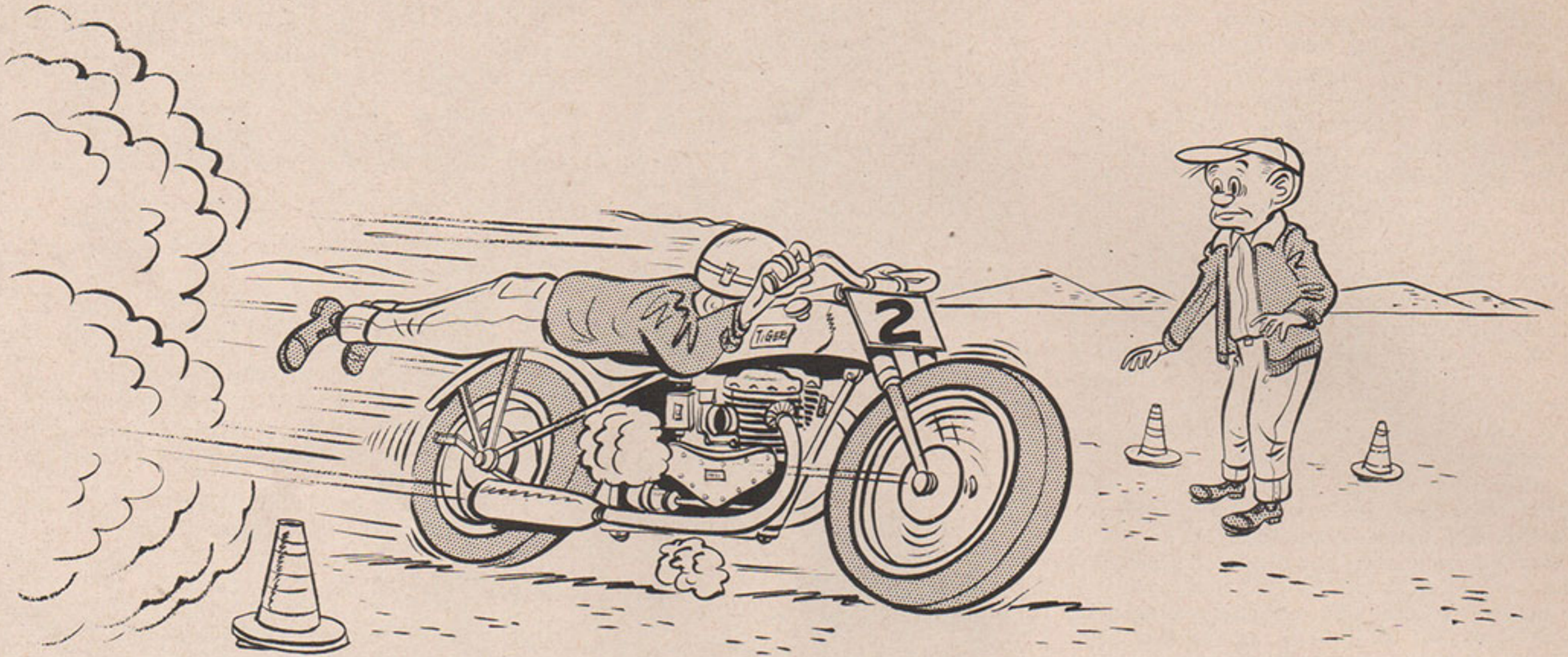
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TOM  
MEDLEY  
FD

# GREENHORN ENDURO

(Continued from Page 8)



Little Lucille Meeker outperformed the average male by finishing the run. Lucille beat out Si Stoner, the only other woman to finish run

I could see what happened, the guy ahead of me had come off his hog and was heading along the course peddling the air with his feet while his bike was spinning circles below."

By the time the riders were back at Johnson Motors and the low evening sun had settled itself against the red glow of the sky, the toughness of the course had been proven. Del Kuhn was first place winner, but he lost 29 points. Second place winner, George Gunther was down 35 points, while third place winner, Aub Le Bard, was out 40 points.

First place winner in the girls' division, Lucille Meeker, finished 75th in the run and had lost 276 points. Si Stoner, second place winner in the girls' division was low scorer with 715 down.

Rip-roaring Swede Belin, who was noted throughout the race for his terrific "when in doubt—crash it" sidecar technique, placed 18th in the race and first in the side car class. "A lot of fun," Swede said as he climbed off his yellow and black hack job with its tell-tale marks that bore mute evidence of a heap o' livin'. "A lot of fun and a little work—but that's what Enduros are for."

### RESULTS

1	Del Kuhn	AJS 30.50	971 points
2	George Gunther	Matchless 30.50	965
3	Aub Le Bard	BSA 30.50	960
4	John Bolotin	Triumph 30.50	959
5	Bob Sothern	Triumph 30.50	956-2.06
6	Doc Trainor	Har-Dav 74	956-2.23
7	Ernie May	AJS 30.50	956-2.33
8	Max Bubeck	Indian 30.50	954
9	Guy Lewis Jr.	AJS 30.50	953-3.05
10	Nick Nicholson	BSA 30.50	953-7.32
11	Ang Comini	Matchless 30.50	952
12	Loyd Bulmer	BSA 30.50	950

### SIDECAR CLASS

1	Swede Belin	Har-Dav 74	930 points
	Larry Bornhurst—Passenger		

### GIRLS' CLASS

1	Lucille Meeker	Triumph 21	724 points
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### 125 CLASS

1	Dick Hutchins	Har-Dav	126.1 miles
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### 250 CLASS

1	Walt Fulton	Mustang	759 points
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### 350 CLASS

1	Lucille Meeker	Triumph 21	724 points
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### DOUBLE RIDER CLASS

1	Bill Smith	BSA	468 miles
	Larry Bennett—Passenger		

### SECOND DAY ONLY CLASS

1	Howard Angell	Har-Dav 74	967 points
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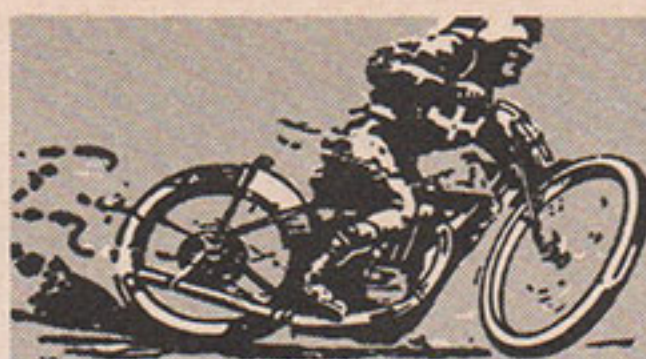
### OLD TIMER CLASS

(45 years or over)

1	Frank McCartney	Har-Dav 61	756 points
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### CLUB TEAM CLASS

1	Hilltoppers M/C		2,823 points
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## Dealer Doings . . . SAM ARENA

Text and Photos by Vincent Azcarate

SAM ARENA (Ol' 79) thought of going into business for himself for quite a few years before taking the plunge, and as he was so busy competing in cycle events all over the country, realized that he wouldn't be able to give a business all the attention it would demand. Finally, a little over two years ago, he began looking for a spot where he could get started, deciding at the same time to retire from racing and limit his competition to endurance runs and hill climbing.

His first location in Palo Alto, Calif. soon proved to be too small for his rapidly growing business, so Sam kept his eyes open for a bigger place. Last fall, he moved to his present location at 3441 El Camino Real, also in Palo Alto. The new shop has sufficient room for Sam's needs and here he welcomes his old friends and customers, some who come from as far as San Francisco and Richmond to benefit from Sam's cycle "know how."

Sam's interest in motorcycles dates back to the days when he carried a rural paper route after school. Only sixteen, he decided that pumping a bike was too much like work and saved his money to invest in a Smith Motor Wheel, a power attachment which he installed on his bike. However, this wasn't quite fast enough for him and soon he replaced it with his first motorcycle, a 37 cu. in. Indian. That was the beginning of the long trail.

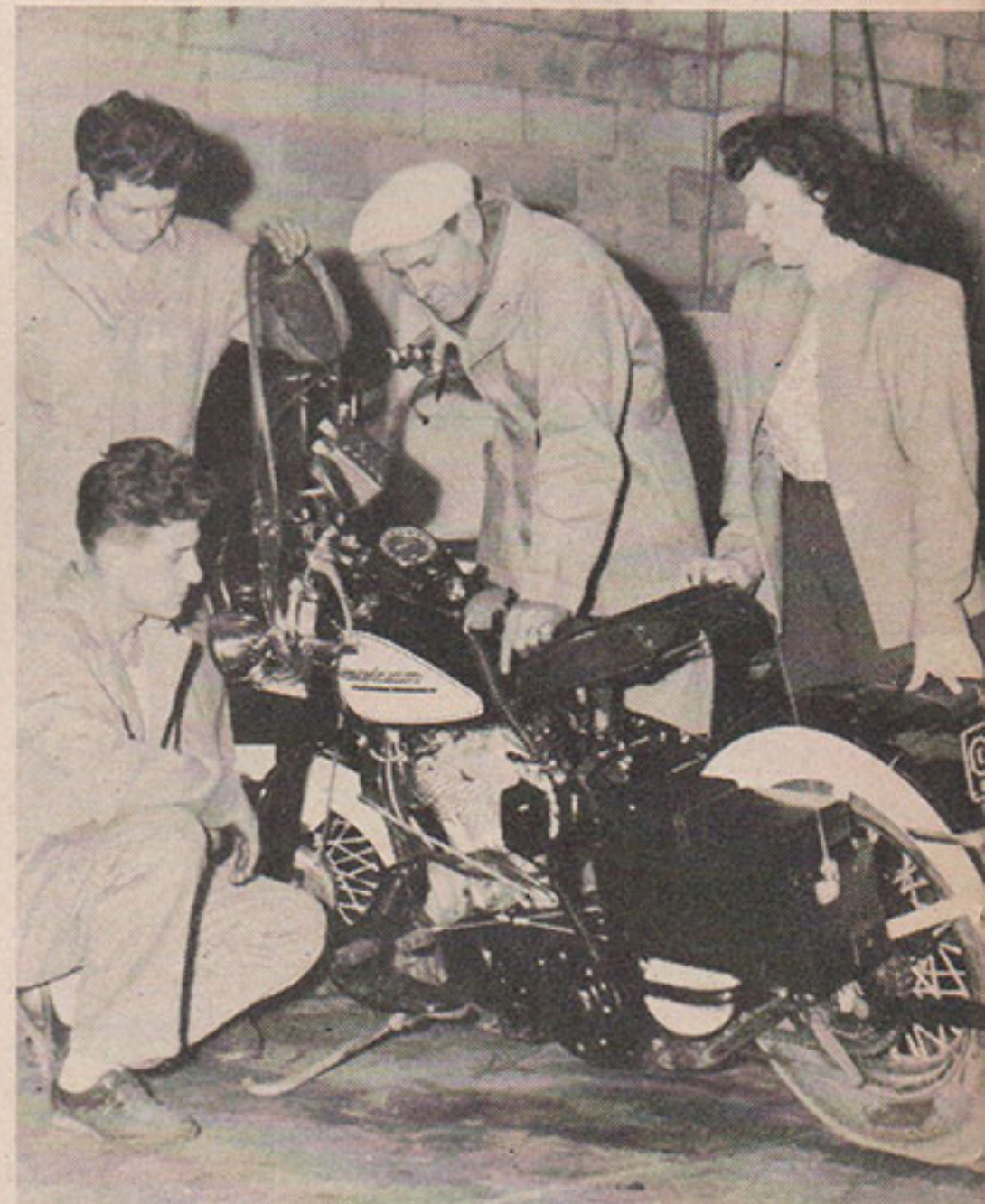
Born in San Jose, California, Sam attended Washington Grammar School and San Jose Technical High, where he started tinkering with motors in earnest in the school shop. After graduation, he went to work at Fred Merlow's Harley-Davidson agency in San Jose. In 1934 when Merlow sold the agency to Tom Sifton, Sam stayed on as shop manager until 1949 when he acquired his own agency in Palo Alto.

The Arena shop staff is comprised of Sam, his wife Myrt who doubles as bookkeeper and family historian, and mechanics Bob Boyd and Dave Mosher who are as good at revitalizing ailing motors as they are in the riding department. Bob has been competing since 1938 both in hill climbing, in which he holds Expert rating, and Amateur flat track racing; while Dave, the youngest member of the outfit also shows promise of developing into a fine rider. Mrs. Arena, also a club member, rides a Harley-Davidson 125 as does Sammy Jr., under the watchful eye of papa of course, as Junior is only fourteen. Incidentally, his ambition is to grow up and be a champion rider like his dad. In 1943 when the boy was only six years old, Sam decided that he was big enough to own a bike with a powerplant. The fact that motor-bikes didn't come in 1/2 pint sizes was of no significance to Sam. Starting with an old bicycle frame, he cut and welded it down to half its original size, installed a Briggs-Stratton washing machine motor and the finished product was as fine as any factory job. The peewee bike, now outgrown by Junior, hangs from one of the rafters in Sam's shop and draws daily comments from customers.

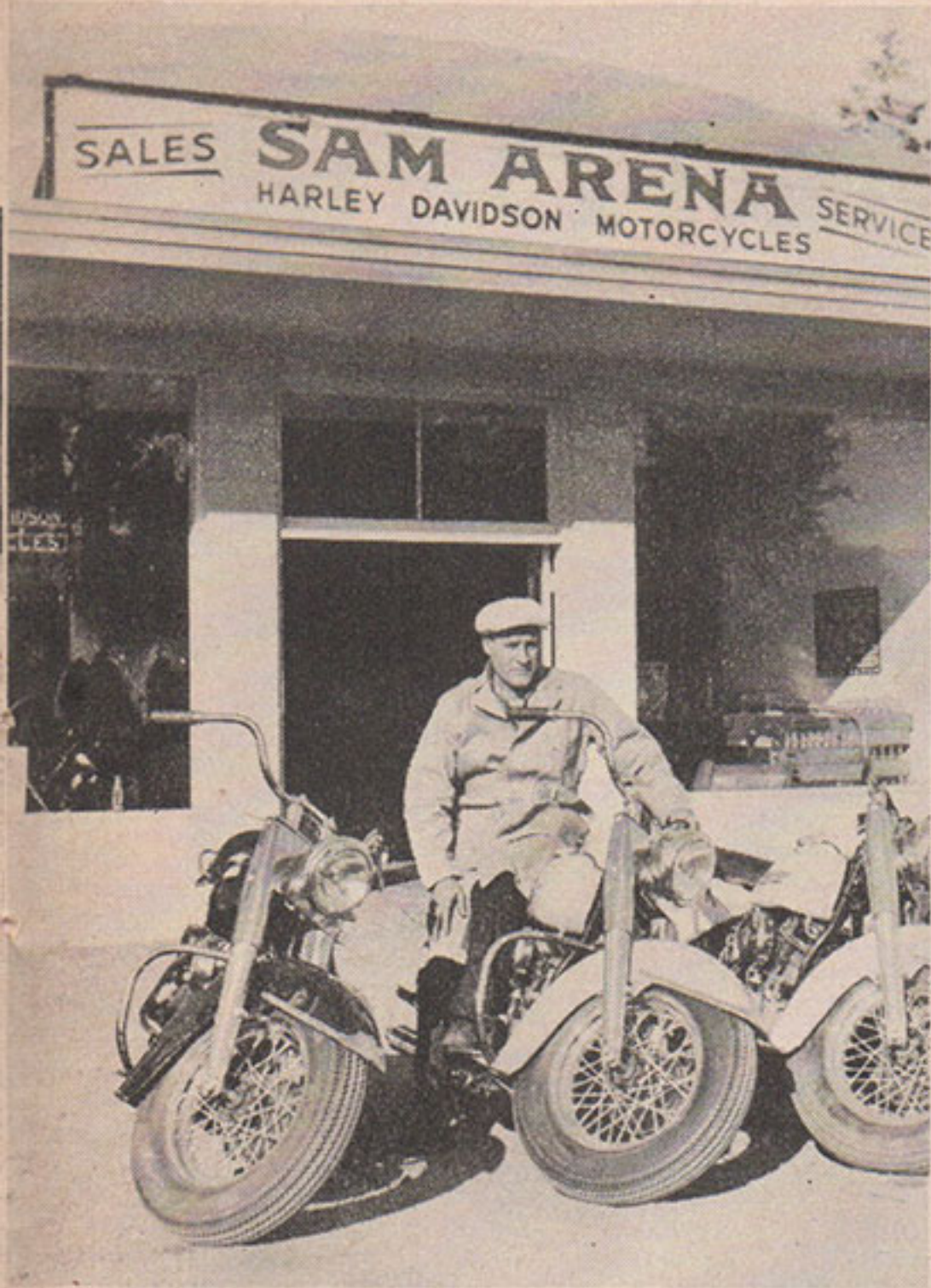
An interesting sidelight on Sam was brought out in regards to his nickname, "Ol' 79." In 1933 when he first started racing, the numbers of all newcomers were in three figures, making it hard for the public to remember them, so when Ray Evans, the original number 79 retired, Sam took his number over. He won so consistently under that number that later when he was entitled to take a much smaller one, he had grown

so fond of it that he wouldn't give it up. Among the motor fraternity Ol' 79 and Sam Arena became one and the same. To further cement the two, in 1948 when Harley-Davidson publicized the Champion of Champions Awards sponsored by the Santa Clara County Chamber of Commerce in which Sam received the first trophy, the ensuing writeups nicknamed him Ol' 79. The sound of it was to Sam's liking and he adopted the number as his official trademark. Every motor that is sold in the shop leaves with a small decal pasted on the gas tank. Pictured on it is a reproduction of Sam making a fast racing turn with the words "Sold by Sam Arena, Palo Alto," and in the upper left hand corner the words "Ol' 79."

Sam's record book reads like a who's who of the motorcycle world. Starting in 1933 in his first competition Class C night racing at Emeryville Speedway, he blazed his way into Class A in the next two meets. In 1934 he entered the Northern California circuit, racing five nights a week. In 1935 he toured Australia and New Zealand as a member of the famous Putt Mossman's Motorcycle Troupe, with time out in the middle of the season to hurry back to the States to marry Mrs. A. after a transoceanic proposal and then rush back to join the gang in England. While in England, he had the distinction of being asked to ride for the world famous Wembley and Wimbledon Speedways, which he declined for previous commitments. In 1938 he was singled out by the Harley-Davidson Company to be one of their hillclimbing members. This was the year that Sam won his most dramatic race, the 200 Mile Pacific Coast Championship, breaking the existing track record by a full twenty minutes. He has also competed twice at Daytona and both times has had the bad luck of being forced out with motor trouble while leading the field. He has won four consecutive national championships from 1947 to 1950; two in San Jose, one in Dubuque, Iowa and one in Eugene, Oregon.



The staff checks over the latest patrol bike equipped with two-way radio, L to R, mechanics Bob Boyd, Dave Mosher, Sam and Mrs. Arena



At the track or at his shop at 3441 El Camino Real in Palo Alto, Calif., Sam Arena puts his stock in Harley-Davidson and does right well

Sam is quite active in club affairs. He was one of the organizers of the Palo Alto Yellow Jackets a year and a half ago; also is a member of the Tri-City M/C of Redwood City, a charter member of the San Jose M/C and an honorary member of Harry's Roamers M/C of Denver, Colorado. It was Sam's great pleasure to be chosen to present an inscribed wristwatch to his good friend and former boss, Tom Sifton, at a banquet held by the San Jose Dons last Christmas Day. The Dons presented it to Sifton in appreciation of the great work he has done in local motorcycle activities.

Over the years, Sam has acquired the amazing total of 110 trophies. His name is a byword wherever cyclists get together and yet to know him is to know a quiet and unassuming guy who will always stand out as one of the great figures in the motorcycle world.

### MOTORBIKE AND FATHER

(Continued from Page 27)

or TV's or a lot of other things which we take for granted today. But at the same time our highways were not marred by billboards and hot dog stands, there were no income or luxury taxes, there were no Stalins screaming at us out of the headlines and no bombers threatening us from the skies—and there were plenty of parking spaces along Main Street. Yes, it was a colorful age and people had fun. And much of the color and much of the fun were provided by a little bike to which had been added a naphtha or kerosene motor. And we today owe much to those pioneers like Father, who took to the open road at a time when it was really open.

The modern, streamlined motorcycle, with its finger-tip control and its power waiting to be released, is a far cry from that hissing motor bike of 1895, which sometimes worked and sometimes didn't. But it's good now and then to turn the pages back and see from whence we have come.

### VINDICATION IN HOLLISTER

(Continued from Page 17)

in outside last position. But ten laps later, he was so solidly in second place that he felt he could slow down safely. That this is a common error was demonstrated when George Sepulveda snapped past him in a Triumph Thunderbird in time to push Stan back to third, leaving Stan embarrassed but still eligible for the main.

After 14 laps of the main event, Stan held eighth place solidly and was working on seventh with such earnest concentration that he did not see his crankcase plug pop out. The next lap told him what he hadn't seen before. The Harley developed an alarming series of clanks and clatters and one cylinder finally cut out, putting the Harley out of the race. Eventual winners were Howard Mayers who took first on a Harley 74 ohv fitted with Hydraglide; Joe Leonard, 2nd on a Harley; George Sepulveda 3rd, riding a Triumph.

At the end of the races, the crowd drifted back into town. The still-bright sun carried its memory of mid-day heat, but a gentle wind cooled the sidewalks and store fronts. Townspeople just released from work walked slowly along the sidewalks with their families, glancing at the jeans-clad riders, gathered in knots in the streets and on the sidewalks. In the bars which cluster tightly around the business section, motorcyclists drank beer and bench-raced the afternoon's events. Restaurants were packed with hungry riders and spectators, some waiting patiently for service, others eating excellent spaghetti and chicken. For four blocks on San Benito, the polished motorcycles sat, waiting dumbly for the kicks that would bring them to roaring life. City police, a special posse from the Monterey Sheriff's office, a contingent from the California State Highway patrol, including Ezra Ehrardt and Chuck Pollard, waited and patrolled.

Now was the time. This was the danger hour for Hollister in 1951 as it had been the danger hour in 1947. Tension covered the city like a cloud for a moment—a tension of memory rather than present fact. For the most part the riders were unaware that this feeling existed. Only the citizens of the town remembered and wondered.

The parade began at 7:00 p.m. and included most of the riders who had come to town in clubs. With the beginning of the parade came the noise again, but it was this noise and activity that took the heavy spring out of the tension. By the time the Tamalpais club came by with their mascot—a motorcycling Bugs Bunny complete with pink-lined ears and white suit—the crowd was relaxed. When Bugs Bunny wheeled his way over to one of the police squad and offered him a carrot, the laughter brought the first feelings of lasting peace.

Like the other motorcyclists, Ann and Stan watched the parade, talked, rested, then went to the dance that evening. Hollister was happy now and so were the visitors. That night most of the riders slept out in an area that had been reserved for them, laying out their bedrolls and sleeping bags under the cool blue sky.

Time trials for the half-mile events the next day began at 11:00 a.m. Most of the visitors reached the track early and stayed for the entire day. Newcomers cycled in from nearby cities especially for the race, regarding it as one of the principal warmups for the Bay Meadows national championship one-mile affair on July 1. The sun was hot and bright again. Blue-dotted brown hills in the background were filmed with a light haze. On the track and in the grandstand, the

(Continued on Page 33)

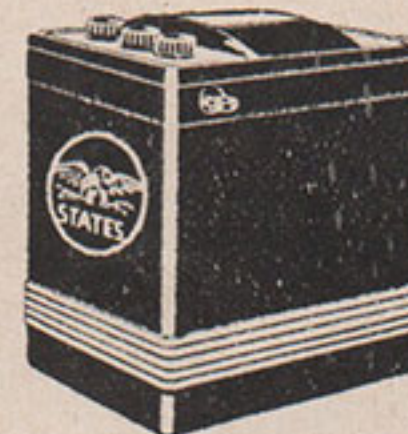


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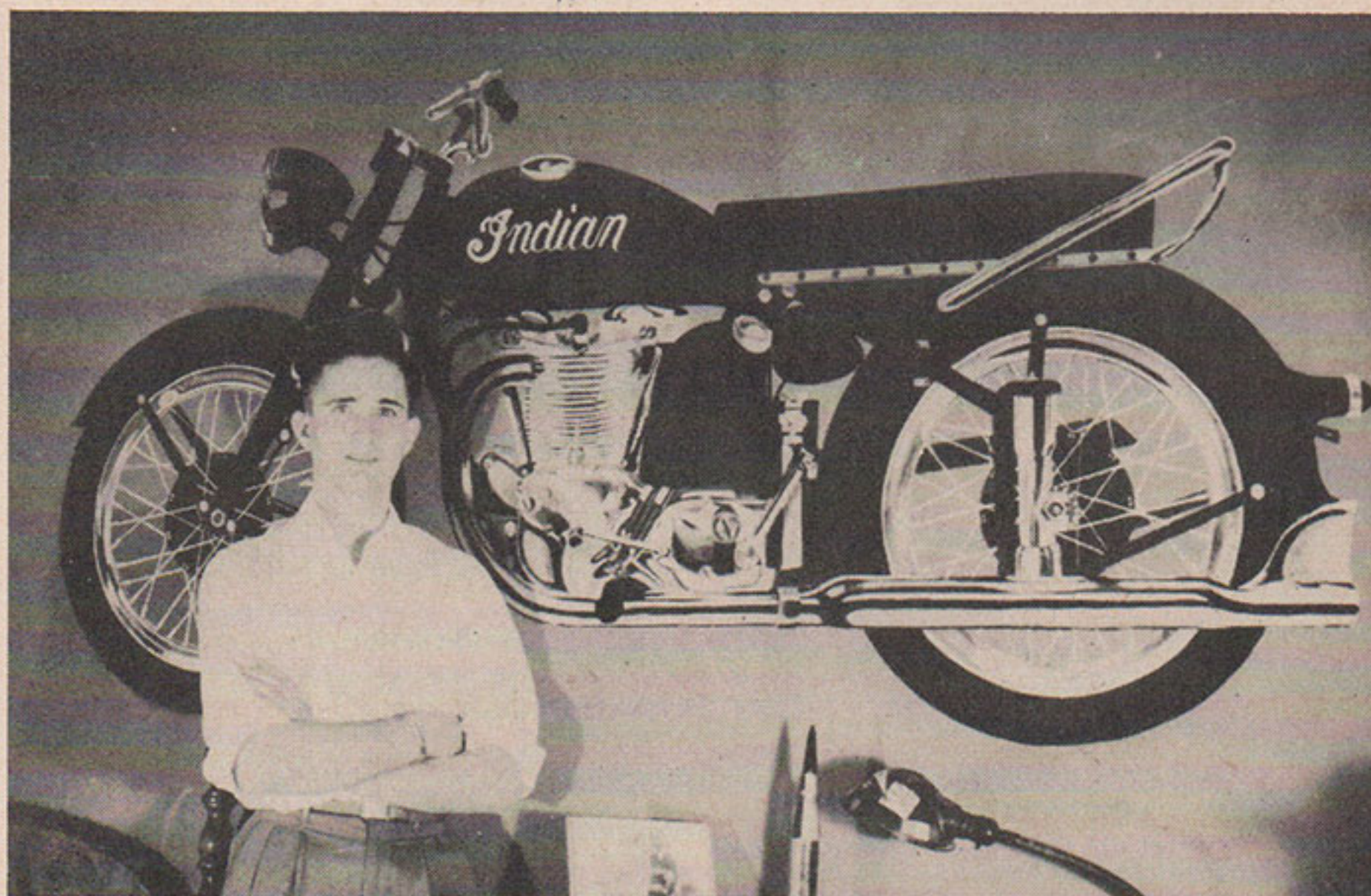
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# RIDER WRITINGS



Dear Sir:

About the picture . . . for four years I've been wanting a motorcycle but Mom says no. So, last fall, at the suggestion of a friend, I started to paint one on my bedroom wall. The picture shows me with my "bike."

Everything was free hand with the exception of a compass to outline the wheels. Genuine Indian Red enamel was used. The "chrome" is aluminum and black. This was quite difficult because the enamel didn't take to the aluminum too well. Rubber paint was used for the tires. Everyone who has seen both the photo and the "real thing" was surprised. Even my mother thinks it's good. However, on completion of Dental College, I hope to own a machine.

John H. Wormley  
Davenport, Iowa

(John's excellent painting appears above.  
How enthusiastic can you get?—ED.)

Sirs:

. . . After receiving five issues of my subscription, I consider that yours is one of the finest motorcycle magazines published. With the aid of it I have convinced many people that motorcycling isn't really the international road hazard that some mistakenly label it.

We motorcyclists have long acknowledged the fact that there is a small minority group among us who persist in making themselves a menace on the public highways. (And, not being a hypocrite, I admit I served my apprenticeship in foolish riding, too.) The open muffler advocates, using their "straights" to an extreme degree, have been the molasses in our hair for many years, and, unfortunately, it is this small minority group on which I continually find people basing their adverse view points. However, with logical reasoning, the commendable efforts put forth by the American Motorcycle Association and publications such as yours, we may yet convince the public that we are intelligent, and a sane group of sportsmen. I am certain that all enthusiasts appreciate the service you are doing the motorcycle fraternity.

Louis Pentz, Navy 943  
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. LeBard:

Now that the First Annual Catalina Island Grand National Motorcycle Race is history, we wanted to write you and extend our thanks to your organization for the exceptionally fine event held here May 5 and 6, 1951. All of Avalon was most enthusiastic about the race which was so efficiently organized by your committee. Every detail was perfect and we can only observe that any deficiencies were failures on our part rather than your organization.

Needless to say, all of the residents of Catalina Island, as well as our visitors, were impressed by the high calibre of the entrants and motorcycle enthusiasts who attended the two-day show. It was beyond a doubt the best group to come to the Island in a long time and we feel the event will go a long way in establishing motorcycling in the eyes of the public as the great sport that it really is. You and motorcycling have gained many friends here who are anxious to have you return in 1952. So we extend to your organization an invitation to hold the second annual Catalina Grand National here next year: We are already working on plans to greatly improve every detail so you will be assured of the greatest motorcycle event on the West Coast. Be certain that you can call on us for any assistance required to make next year's event even more successful.

Reyn McCullough  
Avalon Catalina Chamber  
of Commerce  
Avalon, Calif.

(A copy of this letter received by CYCLE, is only one of the many received from the Island officials and is indicative of their feeling toward our sport—ED.)

Sirs:

Since I buy every issue of CYCLE anyway, I have decided to subscribe while the old prices are still in effect . . . I like your magazine very much but would like to see it fattened up to include more on activities throughout the entire country.

Charles D. Gardner  
Oakland City, Indiana

Dear Sir:

... On a rainy evening in April, the St. Louis Motorcycle Club rode in a group to Red Cross Headquarters so that members could donate a pint of blood for the boys overseas. The club has four of its members serving in Korea and strongly feel that giving blood is one of the few ways we can help the boys over there. Now actively working in the communication division of Civilian Defense the 20 members and 5 wives who all ride and own their own motors are kept mighty busy.

Butch Widman, Secretary  
St. Louis M/C  
St. Louis 18, Missouri

Dear Sirs:

I've been reading your fine magazine since the first issue and now wish to make some comments which might be classed as constructive criticism.

... Why isn't there more of the local or American motorcycle events, especially pictures? Now I realize this may not be entirely the fault of the magazine, but a few appeals to your readers could possibly help. Club runs and rallies are out, but I am sure a great many readers would like to see pictures of and read about more track and TT races, hill climbs, and some of the bigger hare and hounds and enduros. Who won and what were they riding.

James Acord  
Bakersfield, Calif.

(Our sentiments exactly! The west coast is pretty well covered this trip, but eastern coverage is still at a premium—ED.)

Gentlemen:

... As I am especially interested in the details of the performance summary of each cycle you road test, I'm continually frustrated by my inability to make an accurate comparison between any two machines insofar as the acceleration statistics are concerned. Why don't you standardize the speeds at which the machines are timed, using say, standing start to 40, 60, and 75 mph? This would give your readers an accurate basis for comparing the performances of the different bikes.

David Goldberg  
St. Paul, Minnesota

## MOTORAMA . . .

### SEE MOTORCYCLING'S BEST

THE EARLY INTEREST being shown by manufacturers and dealers in the second annual Motorama exposition indicates that the motorcycle section of the show will once again be the outstanding feature of this great motorized equipment display.

With Hollywood's famous Pan-Pacific Auditorium as the locale, there will be more room in which the exhibitors may plan their displays for the best effects. Bike exhibits at the 1950 show were all crowd stoppers.

A noted designer and decorator has been employed by the sponsors to draw floor plans for this year's exposition to achieve a colorful setting for the exhibits which will also include cars of all types, championship boats and record-breaking light planes.

Dates of the show are November 7-11, but outstanding pieces of equipment in the various classifications are already being selected for display purposes.

For additional information on this outstanding event, please contact Lee O. Ryan, the Show Director, at 1015 So. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles 35 Calif.

## VINDICATION IN HOLLISTER

(Continued from Page 31)



Bugs Bunny was biggest hit of the parade. Entered as a float by Tamalpais M.C., Bugs failed to win a prize but captured audience. Carrots were presented police, children, cute girls

smells of castor oil and gasoline mingled with the pungent aromas from the barbecue pit nearby.

Steak barbecue was served at 12 noon. For \$1.50, the hungry crowd ate thick, tender steaks, French bread, salad, coffee. Good-natured banter competed with the never-ending roar of exhausts from the pits and the track, as Hollister citizens mingled with riders.

Stan and Ann were especially interested in Kenny Eggers, one of the fast-rising young riders from the Tom Sifton Harley dealership in San Jose. Kenny is a member of the Dons, possibly a winner in the Bay Meadows race later this year. Like most of the riders, Kenny was Harley mounted. He won his heat early in the afternoon.

Other interest was centered on the brand new BSA twin ridden by Gene Thiesen, Eugene, Oregon native. Both Gene and Kenny came into the expert final with a good record in the time trials and the heats. In the main event, they played tag with each other most of the way, Kenny's smooth handling paying off more than once. At the finish it was Kenny by a few lengths, closely followed by the BSA.

Among the spectators were both Larry Hedricks, national one-mile track champion, and Windy Lindstrom, something of a phenomenon in the hill-climbing business. Both top riders, they get as much kick out of a gypsy tour as the enthusiast who never takes his machine off the pavements. Stan and Ann point up another good reason for taking the trip to Hollister—economy. For the entire week end, Stan spent only \$15.00 for himself and his date. Most of the riders who steamed away from the track after the main event Sunday agreed that Hollister had done the job very well. And Hollister, watching the machines trail out of town, listening to the fading rap of the exhausts, was convinced that 1947 had never really happened at all. The 1951 crowd was OK with them, and very welcome next year. So are all the California as well as out of state riders who can plan to make the jaunt.

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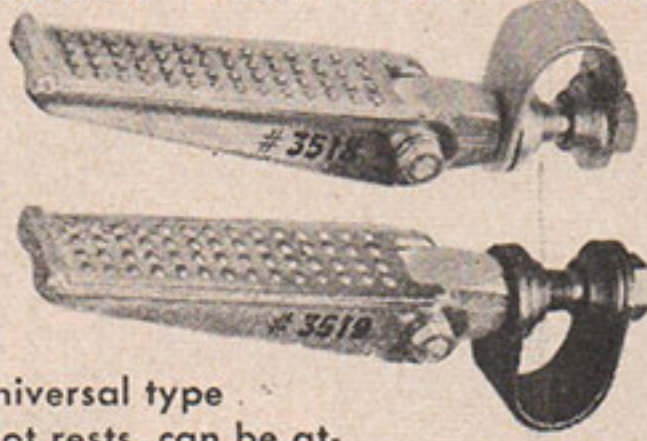
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## MOTO GUZZI ROAD TEST

(Continued from Page 21)



Coming up fast on the inside. The Moto Guzzi always seemed to have plenty left when traveling at very high cruising speeds and will stay along-side bigger jobs long past my "red line"

ple enough. The Guzzi foot shift, located on the right side, pulls up for low and then progresses positively down through to high. However, to save scuffing shoe tops and permit faster back shifting, an extension on the rear of the shift pedal allows the rider to pop quickly and surely into a lower gear by stomping the rear heel pedal, rather than pulling up with the toe on its conventional forearm, a very desirable feature that seemed perfectly natural after a comparatively short time. The hand operated aluminum disc clutch made extremely smooth engagement and I eased off in low gear for the sprint in first cog. Here was the acid test for engine balance, which in this case, proved a true revelation. Holding at maximum rpm's, there was surprisingly little protest from the 30 1/2 inch and the ultimate speed in low was staggering . . . 50 mph. The handlebar tips did not balloon noticeably at this speed and my respect for the Italian theory of mounting the cylinder on its side, to reduce vibration, had increased appreciably. Another obvious advantage of the system is the forward positioning of the cylinder head and exhaust port to allow for more efficient cooling.

We had cleared the first hurdle in grand style and after scribbling a few quick notes on the test pad, wheeled around for a go at second gear. Here again the Guzzi seemed to have endless acceleration when once under way, with the engine retaining near perfect balance. The top figure of 76 mph on this second run seemed very satisfactory, but the high revs had taken their toll and I noticed that the nut on the large cross shaft linking the cylinder head to the front frame down tube had loosened and parted company somewhere along the road. Normally, it would be advisable to drill and pin this shaft for future security, but circumstances being what they were, a quick roadside repair made the shaft fast throughout the remainder of the test.

During the next run in third, my suspicions that the bike was packing too much gear were emphasized and although the job registered 84 mph, its storm packed mill didn't seem to have quite the wind that it had shown in the other two ranges. Positive proof came in round four, when upon engaging top cog, speed dropped below third gear figure and a little more distance was required to hit its maximum rate of 90 mph. Had it not been for the extreme high gear-

ing, the machine would have possibly equaled or even bettered current European test figures of 98 mph.

Well worthy of mention at this point is the Moto Guzzi's handling characteristics at speed. Its hinged rear heel with 5 1/2 inch travel and adjustable friction disc shocks, took the sting out of the sharpest of dips and with the snubbers a bit on the tight side, pretty fair bends in the road were taken full tilt. Good roadability was easy to understand, what with its exceptionally long wheel base and low slung weight mass. The bike was very capable of comfortable high speed cruising, safely in the high 70's, and with the previously mentioned adjustment in gearing, should give a strong account of itself in competitive dirt riding. Although this particular machine was not set up for operating off the pavement, considerable time was spent hill climbing and trailing, with each of the crew taking his turn at the bars.

Finally, back on hard surface again, we were anxious to see if the bike was as determined to stop as it had been to go. After several attempts to better the rear brake figure of 52 feet without avail, I decided to try the front anchor. Enthusiasm overcame better judgment and a crash landing in 27 1/2 feet gave all too clear proof of the stopping power of the Guzzi's huge king size air-cooled brakes. A repeat performance, again using only the front binder, netted the same figure but this time with rider and bike remaining upright. Probably most amazing of all was the cycle's ability to come to a dead stop from 25 mph with both brakes within 16 feet, 8 inches.

On returning from the test strip, the Griffith Park hills gave both rider and machine a chance to exercise their cornering techniques, and at no time did the Guzzi lack clearance or traction; its unusual outside flywheel in no way interfering with its layover ability. It might be well to point out here the advantages of this type flywheel. By placing the wheel outside the crankcase, the cases can be made narrower and stronger. The wheel itself is consequently less restricted and its diameter can therefore be made larger and lighter; rim weight being equal to the conventional smaller diameter but heavier inside flywheels. The wheel's smooth polished surface was in no way objectionable, either from the standpoint of appearance or practicability.

In summarizing the test, I emphatically praise both the machine's performance and craftsmanship. Even the most minute details of construction are finished to a surprisingly fine degree. All castings, enamel finishes and plating appeared flawless. The design throughout is clean and practical, and its phenomenal springing makes light of the old axiom, that a comfortable machine must be a heavy one.

### PERFORMANCE SUMMARY

#### Speed

Maximum in low	50 mph
Maximum in second	76 mph
Maximum in third	84 mph
Maximum in high	90 mph

#### Braking

From 25 to stopped, rear brake only	52'
From 25 to stopped, front brake only	27'6"
From 25 to stopped, both brakes	16'8"

#### Acceleration

*1/10 Mile Drag	11 1/4 sec.
**1.4 Mile Drag	19 3/4 sec.
*Low and second	**Low, second, third

#### Slow Running


High gear without snatch	18 mph
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#### Turning Circle

Minimum diameter	14'4"
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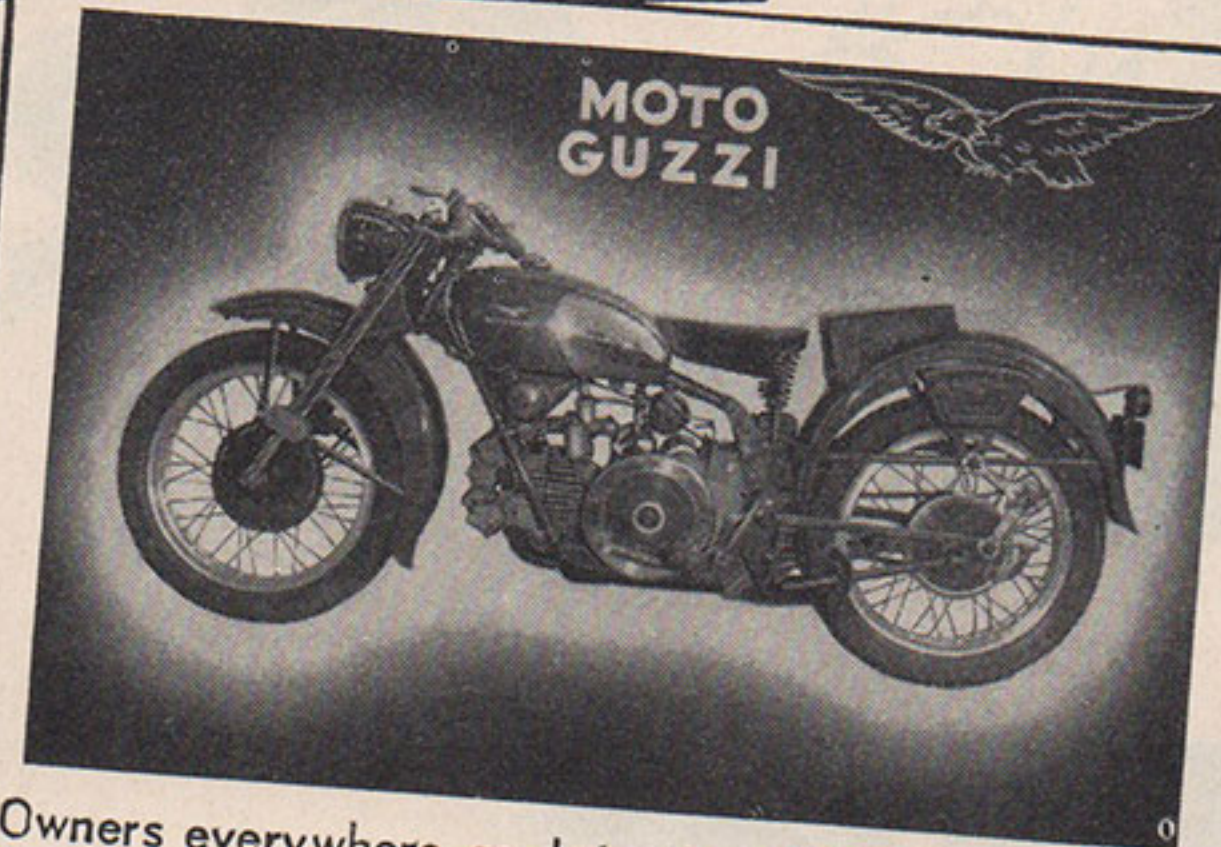
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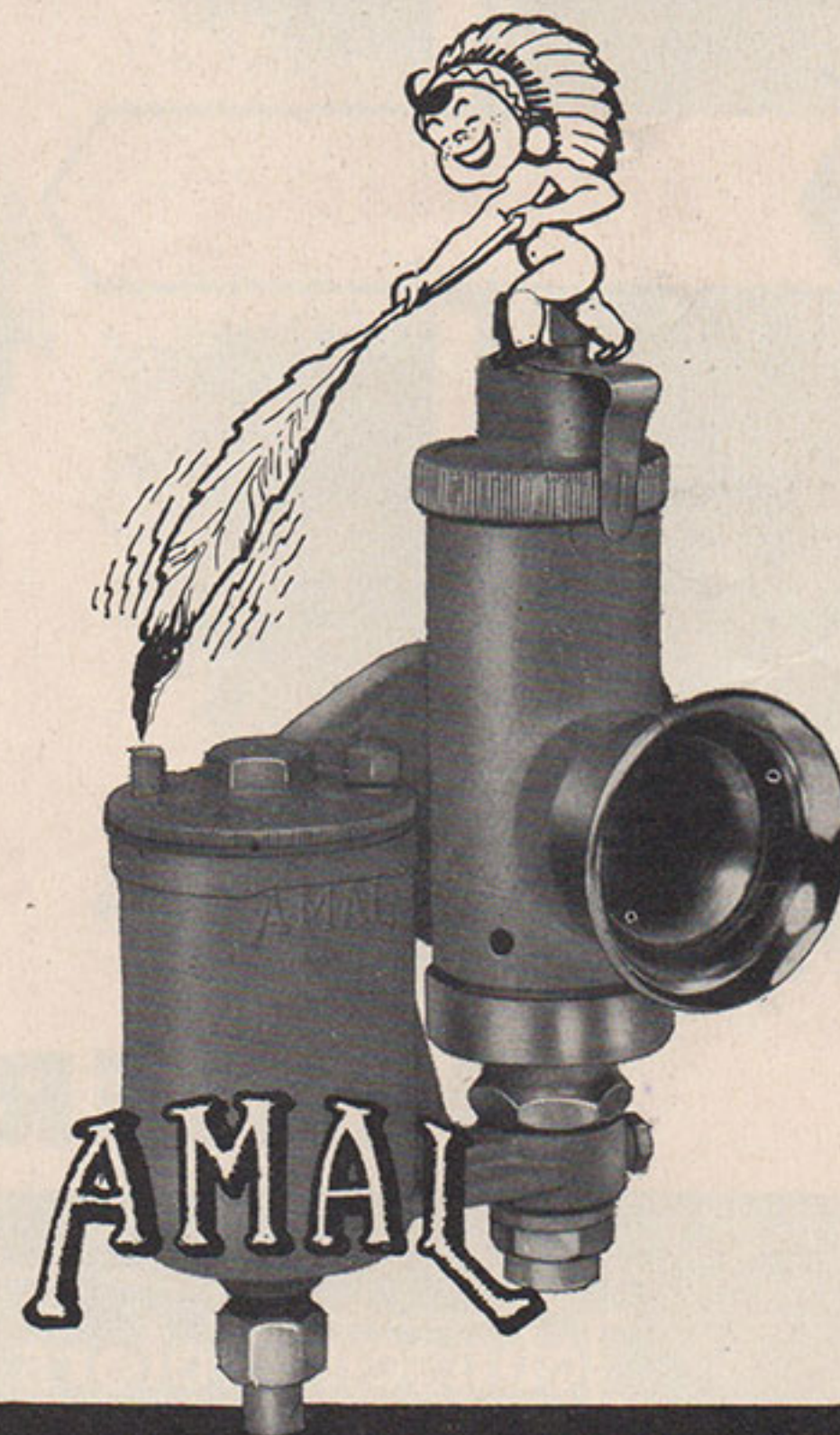
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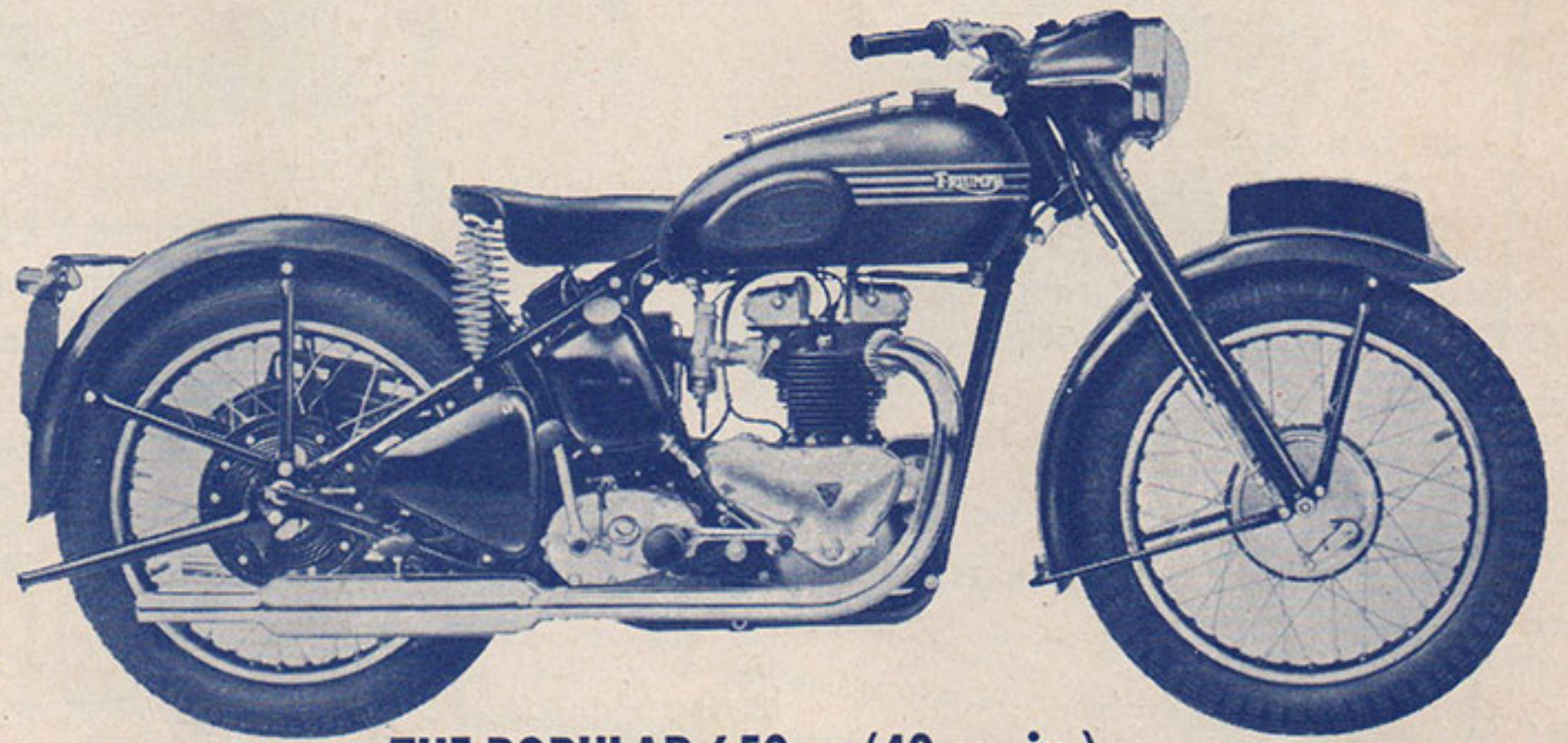
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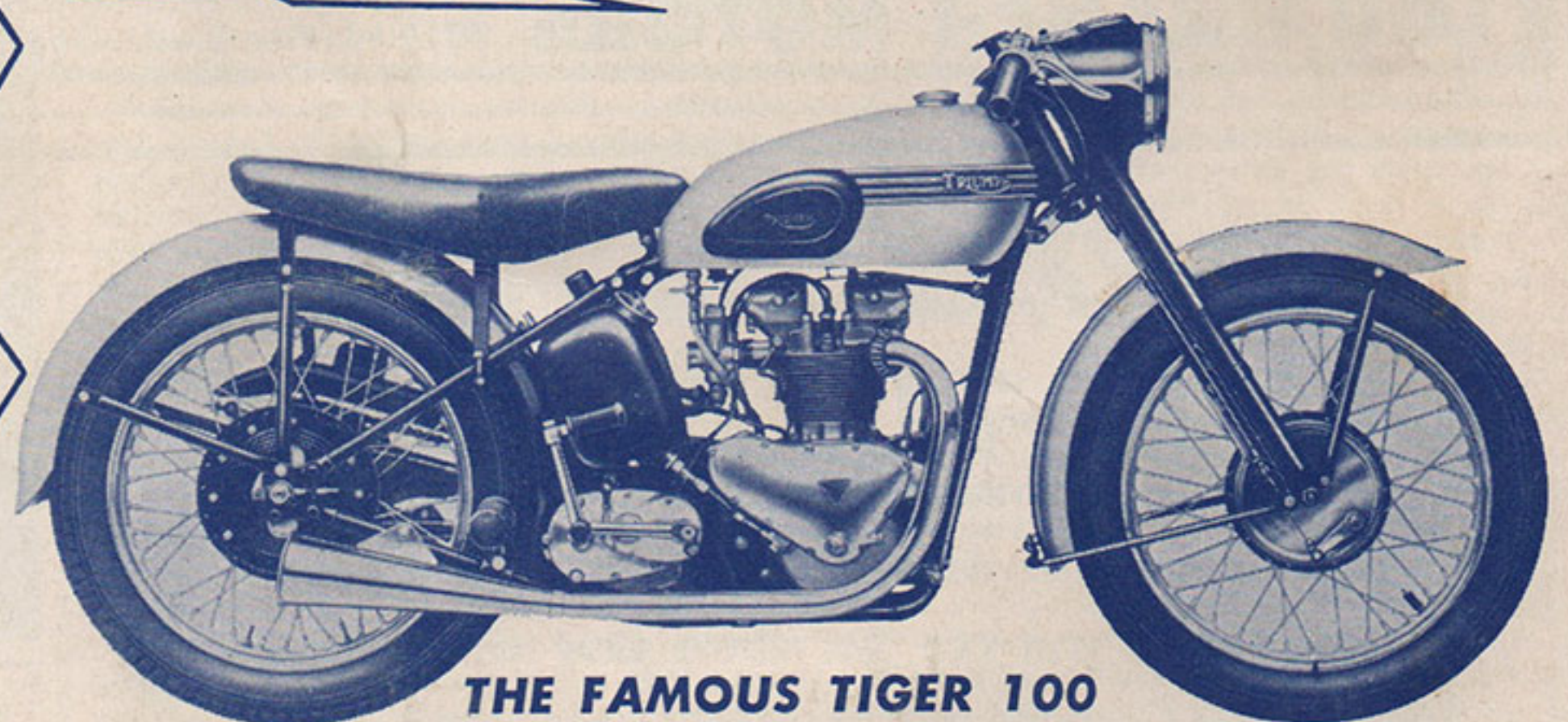
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