

# CYCLE

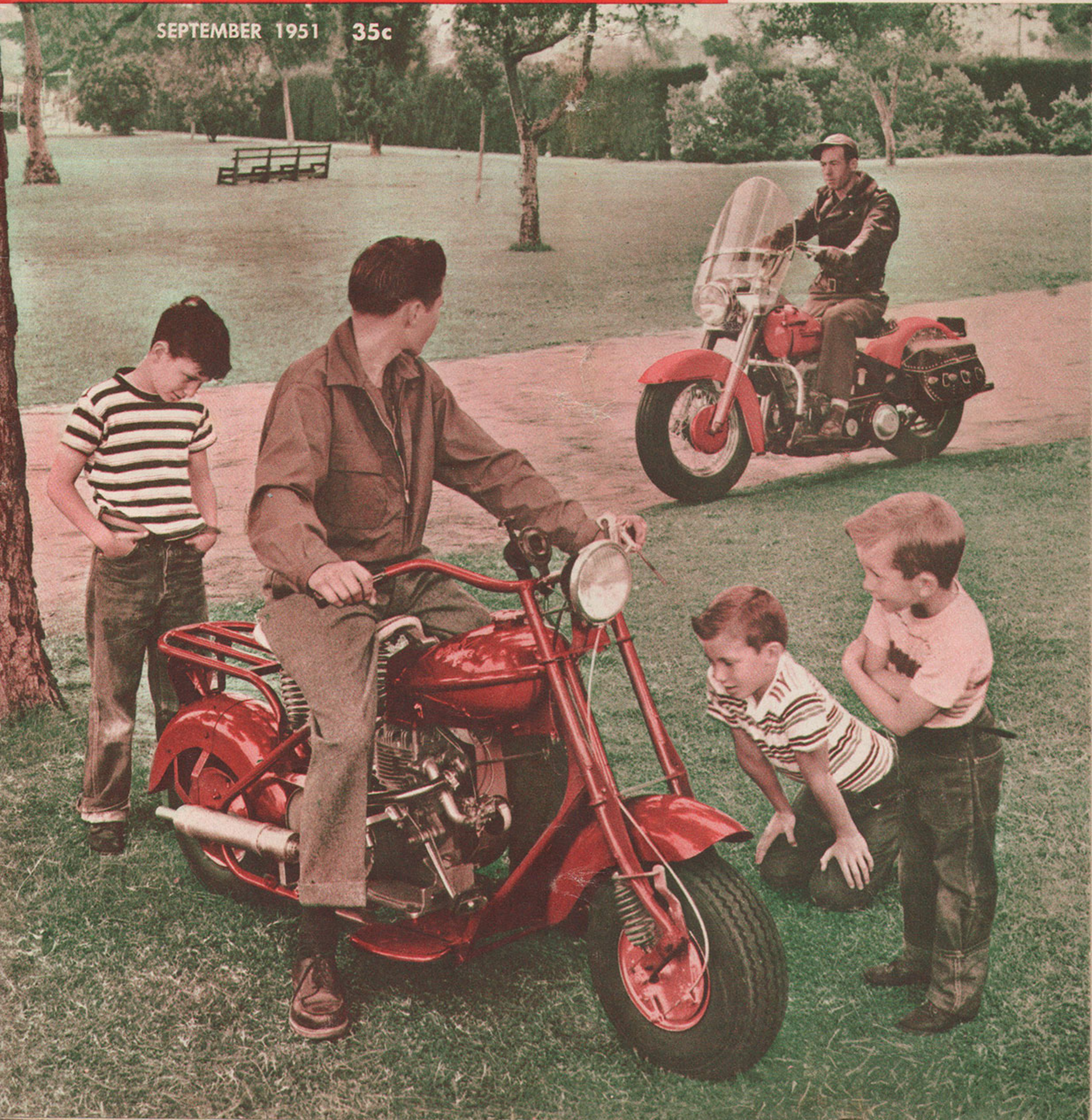
*In This Issue:*

A TRUE STORY—  
**"ONE YEAR  
TO LIVE"**

**ISLE OF MAN  
RACES**

"WORLD'S LARGEST MONTHLY MOTORCYCLE CIRCULATION"

SEPTEMBER 1951 35c



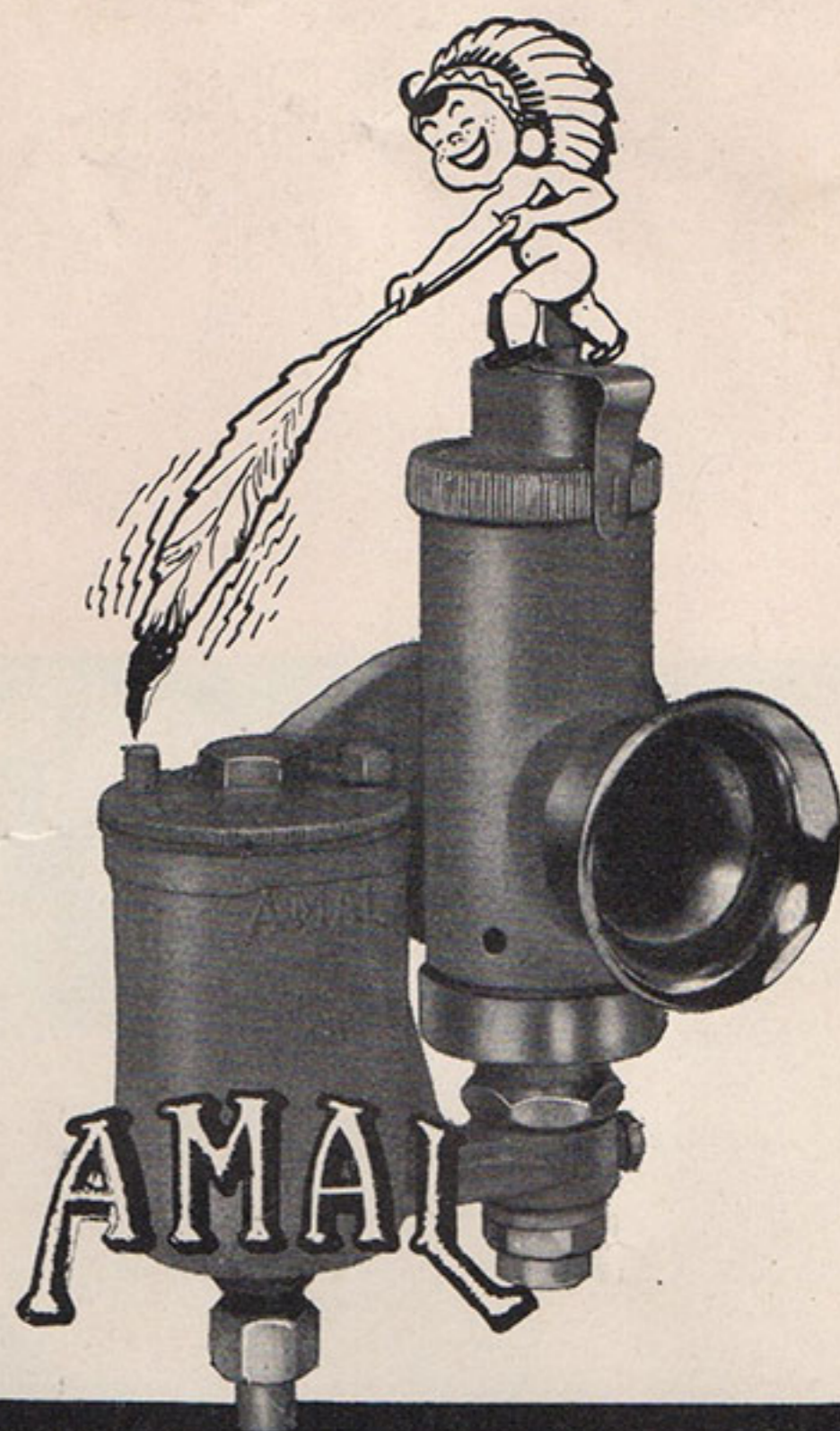


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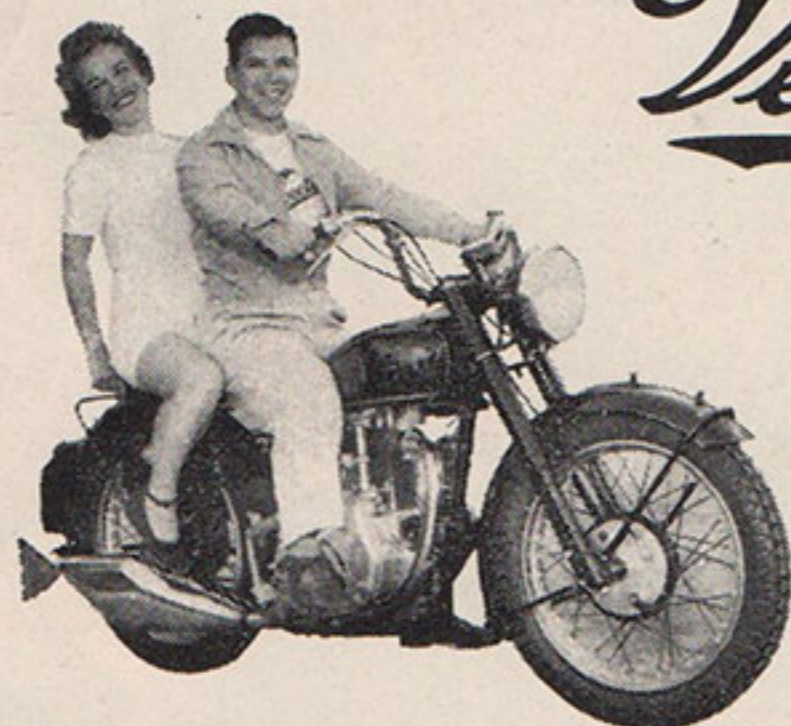


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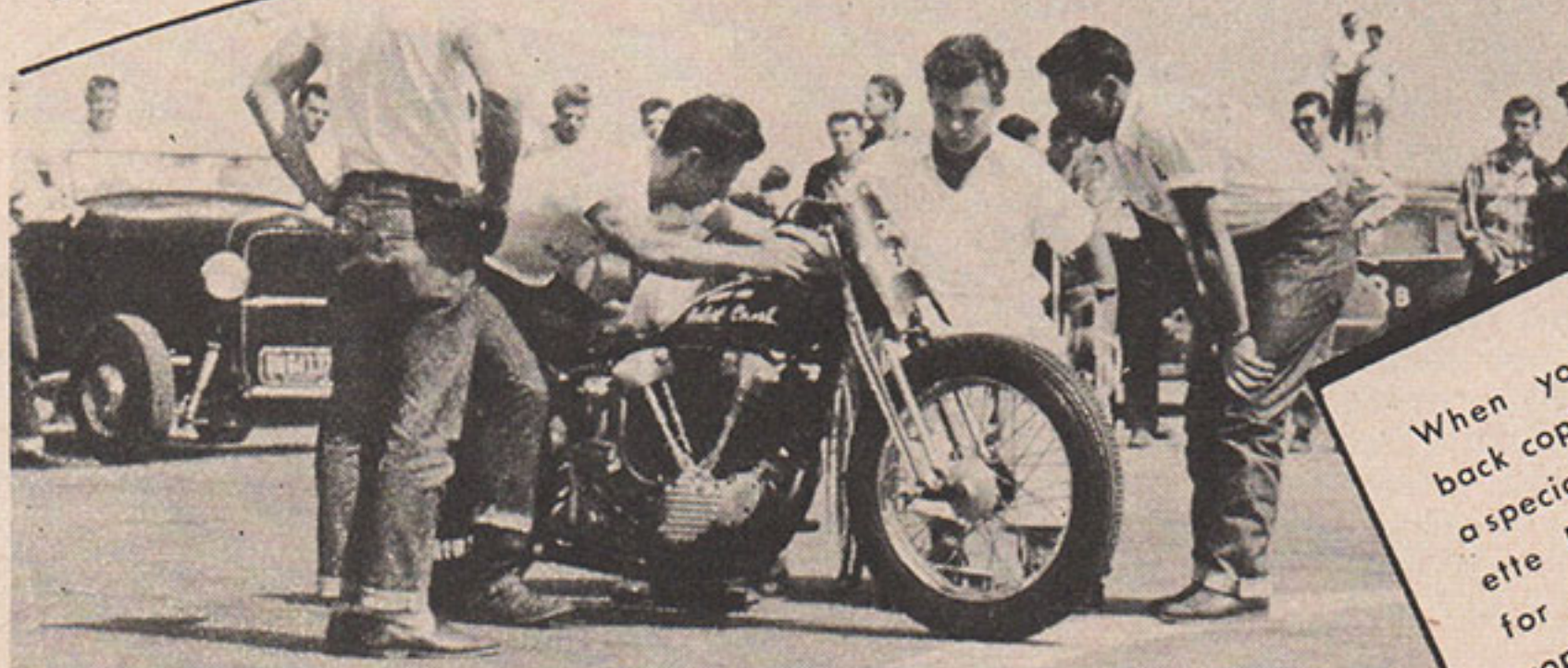
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**ROAD TEST**

*Features*

- Triumph Thunderbird, Apr. '50
- AJS Springtwin, May '50
- Harley-Davidson, 61 Twin, June '50
- Ariel Red Hunter, July '50
- BSA Golden Flash, Aug. '50
- JAWA 21" Two-Stroke Twin, Sept. '50
- Panther 100, Oct. '50
- 500cc Vincent Comet, Nov. '50
- Puch 250 TF, Dec. '50
- Indian Warrior TT, Jan. '51
- BSA Gold Star, Feb. '51
- Mustang Special 75, March '51
- Velocette MAC, Apr. '51
- Ariel Square Four, May '51
- Indian Black Hawk Chief, June '51
- BMW, July '51
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# Speaking Cycle

SEPTEMBER 1951

# CYCLE

VOL. 2 Published Monthly No. 9

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"World's Largest Monthly Motorcycle Circulation"

AS YOU MAY remember, several years ago there were a few incidents that popped motorcycling right into the middle of the public eye in a highly unfavorable light. Compare the editorials and comments of today with those of just a few years back and ask yourself why the change. This change was brought about by the efforts of thousands of motorcyclists, dealers, and city and state governing bodies. California is mentioned as a splendid example in an article by CYCLE'S staff correspondent Gene Jaderquist, appearing on page 9 of this month's magazine.

Many Police Departments have been working in conjunction with the various clubs and dealers. Possibly foremost among these is the California Highway Patrol, an organization that originally started with the recruiting of cycle hounds for its force. Almost 100% of this first patrol were motorcycle riders before their acceptance. As time went by, the C. H. P. expanded. It was the goal of many cycle enthusiasts.

When public opinion waxed indignant at a few exaggerated motorcycle escapades and the handwriting was on the wall, this organization set forth a program that could have ended in ridicule if not successful. Two men were assigned to the Safety Education Department under the direction of W. A. Huggins. Officers Chuck Pollard and Ez Ehrhardt have been cycle hounds since teenage, belonging to clubs, riding competition, and being acquainted with hundreds of riders. To them was assigned the task of becoming a part of the motorcycle clubs and giving their assistance wherever possible. No pattern was given them; only these words—"We figure it takes a hound to catch a hound, so go to it and let's see what you can do."

For two years these officers have attended club meetings, races, hare and hounds, dealer meetings, and motorcycle shops. At first there was a great deal of skepticism. Many of the fellows were not accustomed to having a patrolman along on their rides. Little by little these two enthusiasts were rewarded by the confidence of the riders. Dealers welcomed the program as it helped their business, and most of them were quick to see how the actions of a few had been hurting the sport of the majority.

Then came the pay-off. For the first time in the history of California, motorcycle riders have been able to bask in the light of a unique position. There has been a decrease in the accident rate with an increase in registration (reported in "Speaking Cycle," May CYCLE, 1951). The figures are substantial enough to make coincidence take a back seat. The purpose and success of this unusual program cannot help but command our attention and respect.

With the initiation of this special Motorcycle Safety Program and the officers detailed to its cause, it is hoped that all 47 of the other states will follow suit. It is not inconceivable that should the same efforts be applied throughout the nation, similar outstanding results might be achieved.

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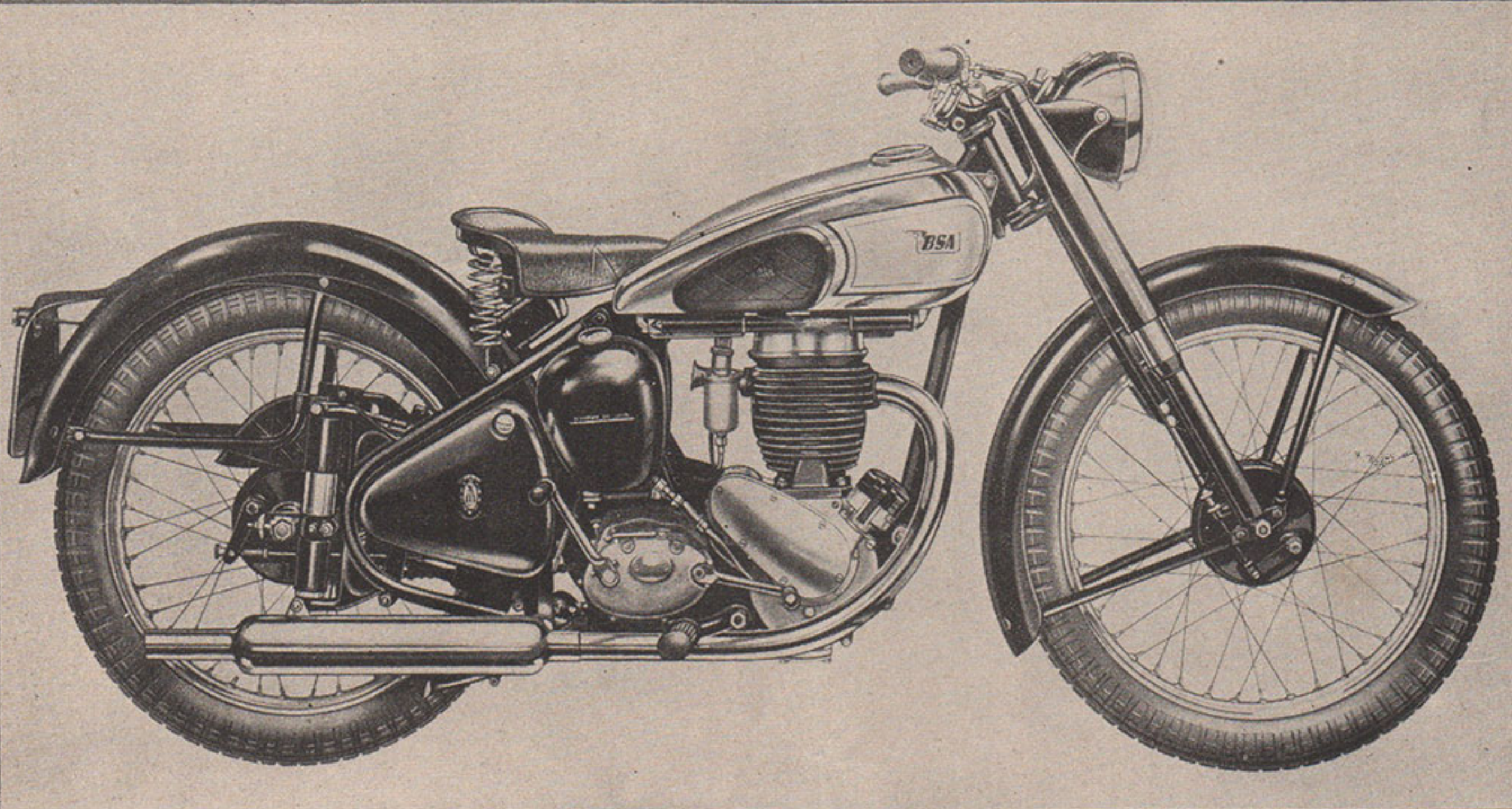
Kids are natural-born actors and, incidentally, Cushman Eagle admirers. Their enthusiasm was truly genuine. This shot, taken prior to the road test, was a costly one—payment being in the form of many rides through Brookside Park, in background. Harley-Davidson enthusiast is Roy Worrell. Boys are, left to right, Carlton Adams, Bob Jarvis, Steven Delnick, Micheal Delnick. . . . Photo by Felix Zelenka

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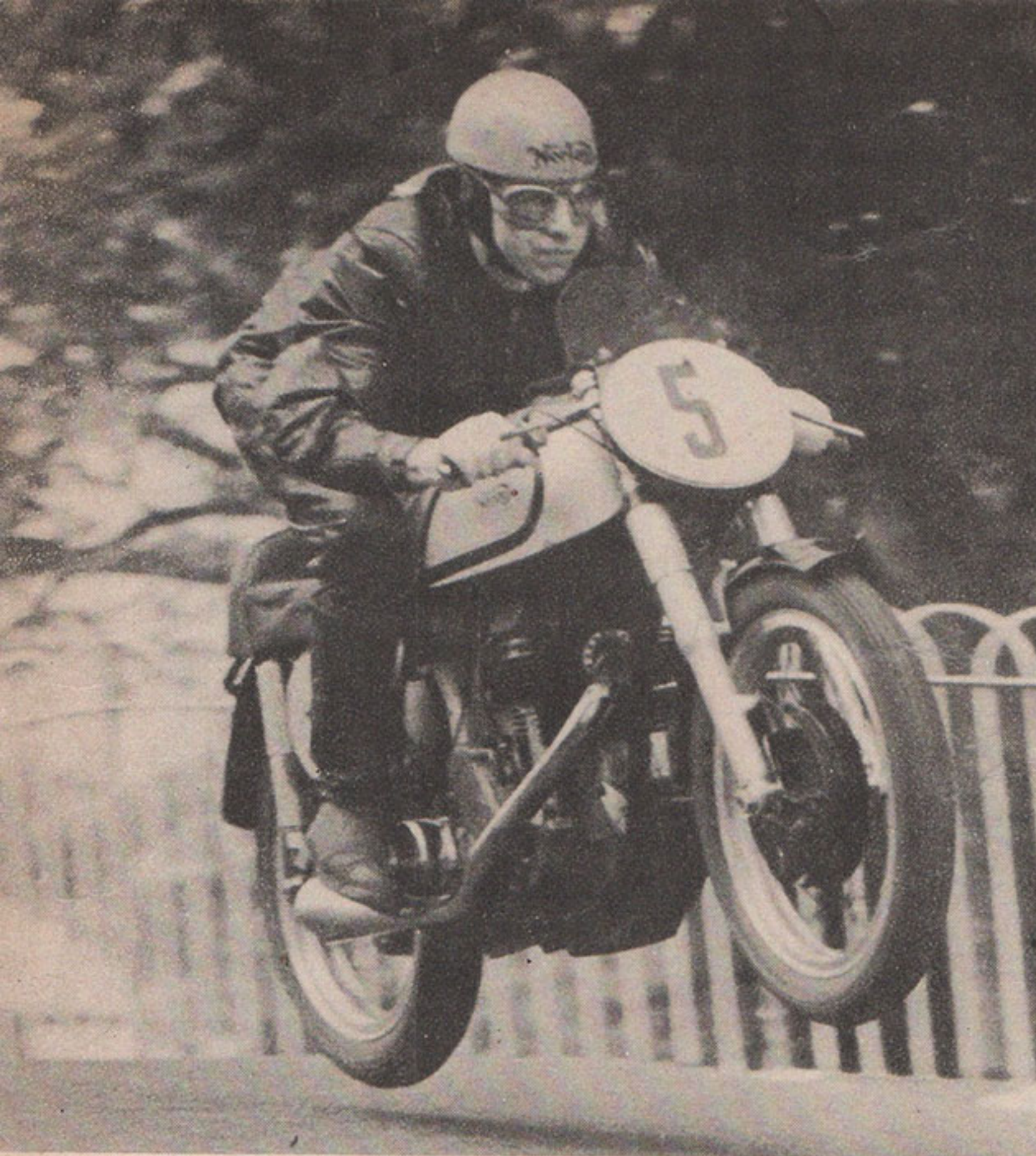
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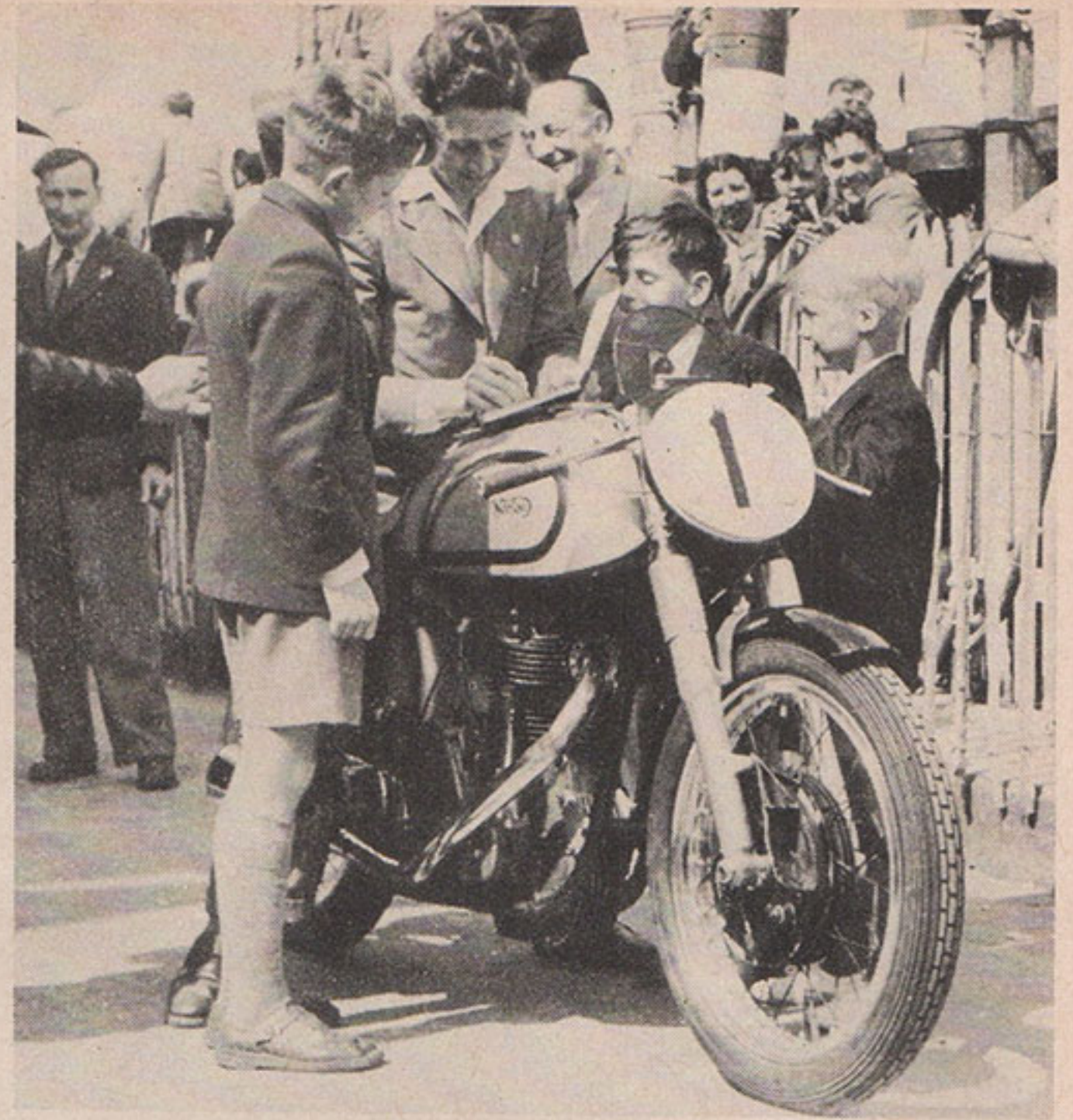
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Jack Brett comes down off "cloud nine" after hurtling yards through the air at tremendous speed over Ballaugh Bridge. Brett finished 3rd in Jr. TT



Hero worship is the same the world over. Geoff Duke signs for his miniature fans. Larger lad at left, more self conscious, requires push from pop

## 28 YEAR OLD ENGINEER STARTLES WORLD WITH A LAP AT 95 M.P.H.

Photos by "Keystone Photos" and Wm. H. Onslow

# Norton PUTS UP THEIR DUKE

By William H. Onslow

## at the ISLE OF MAN . . .

"SURE! IT'S THE toughest, meanest course I've ridden," said 26 year old Eddie Stidolph from Toronto, "but I hope to return with both Canadian and American contestants next year. We'll come early enough to go round and round, 'til we're sick of going round and then go round some more." Eddie, holder of the Canadian speed record on sand, came prepared to adopt those resting tactics on Sulby Straight and was most dismayed to find it possessed both a right and left hander that afforded no relaxation, not even for a brief moment. "Pages have been written about the way to tackle this Manx-

land Terror but experience is the only answer," he exclaimed, rubbing his bruised "skid pan" that had altered the contour of Quarter Bridge. First over from the Maple Leaf land, he finished 46th of 59 finishers in the Junior and 29th of 39 in the Senior. Now let me relive the busiest week of my life.

### THE 350 JUNIOR

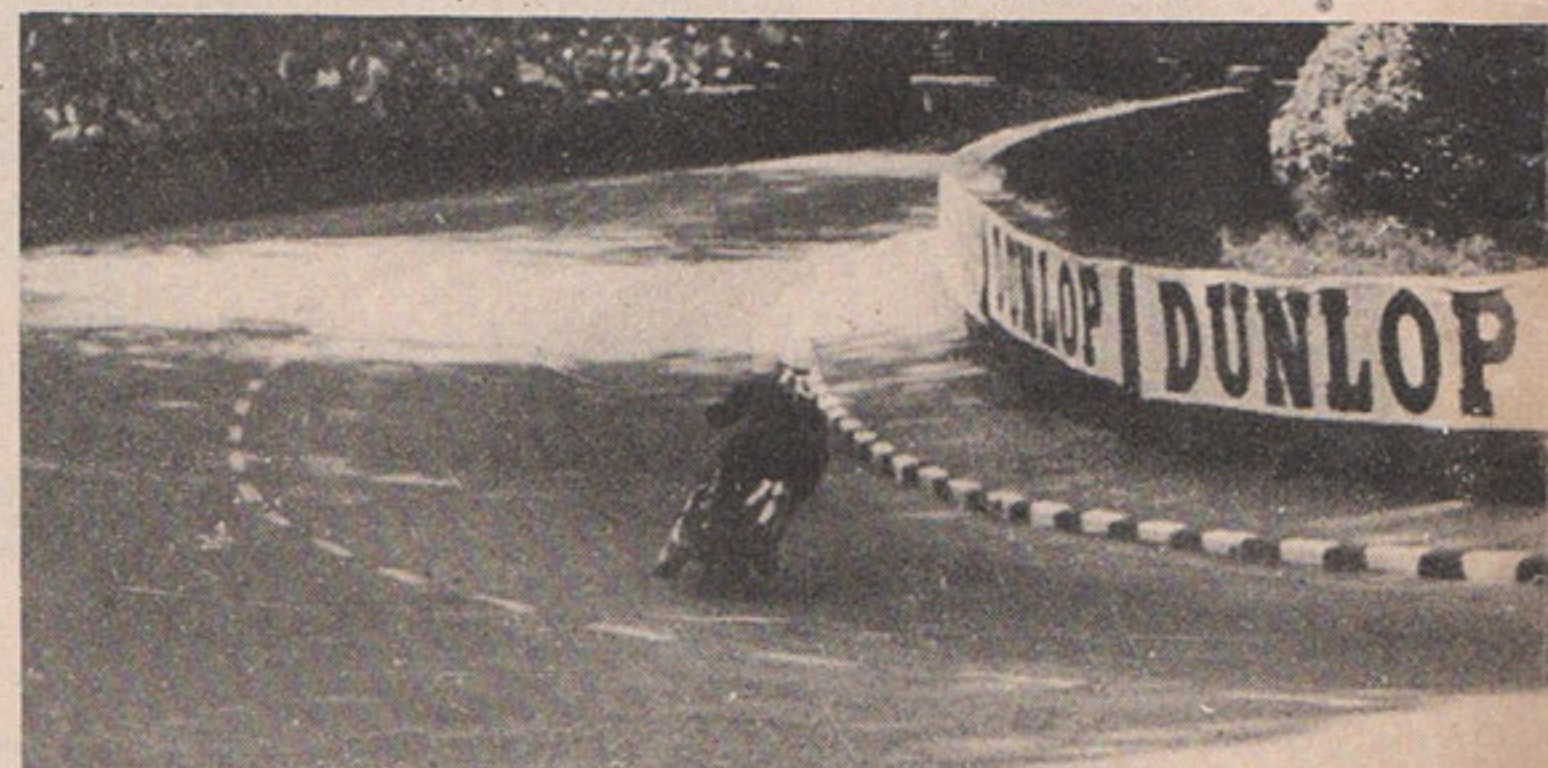
7:30 A.M., Monday morning: I departed by train to Ballacraigne with the fixed intention of walking back along the course over the seven miles to the start. After covering four miles, the last man in the Junior race passed me in the low lying smoke from Union Mills. A fascinating four miles they proved to be; watching the narrow ribbon of rubber deposited on the road with each lap, stopping at the sharper corners to snap a rider, or

dawdling past an open window listening to Graham Walker's excited voice describing the race over the radio.

Back at the stand my Scribe is hurriedly scribbling. Geoff (pronounced "Jeff") Duke, 1st lap from a standing start, was turning 89.75 mph, being 2 mph faster than the Australian vet and one-eyed wonder, Harry Hinton, who was second. Lockett was running 3rd, Doran 4th and Brett, on the Norton team, 5th. Second time round the "Duke" has a clear minute's lead after having breezed by at an all time record speed of 91.38.

The third circuit brings several changes to

BELOW, A lone clubman leaves Braddon Bridge bends in the 500 cc race for stock bikes. Note the dark trail of rubber left from hard second gear acceleration through this typical corner







Geoff proves he has an eye for the girls as well as the road. This particular roadside distraction is pretty Pat Reid, 19 year old daughter of the Manx Grand Prix secretary

the leader board. "Australian Harry" stepped off at Laurel Bank and has injured his knee and hand. Mr. Hinton has been off several times before but usually bites the dust in a graceful fashion. His set-back leaves Johnnie Lockett behind Duke while Jack Brett has passed Bill Doran. Incidentally, both filled up on this lap. Bill's stop of 24 seconds was seven more than the Norton jockey. Armstrong and Featherstone both move up one with Hinton's retirement and the position is as expected. Practice times had given a pointer that the Works Nortons had the edge over the AJS team.

Meanwhile, Duke's progress is typically Duke and he holds a three minute lead. He is lapping the slower riders while others, tempted by his rapid progress in passing, open the taps and realize that a certain amount of the speed is from the machine.

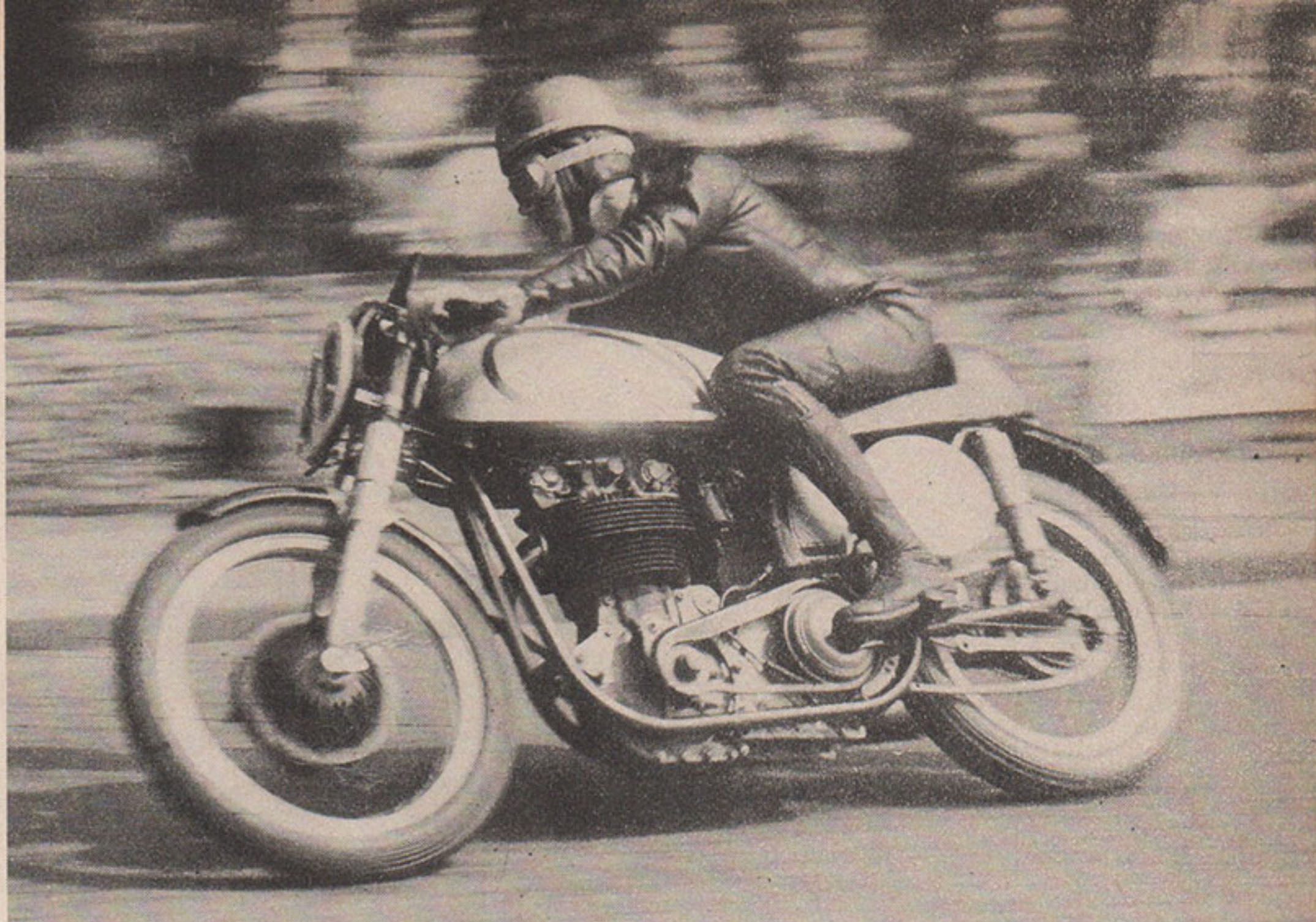
The race is almost over and it seems Norton 1st, 2nd and 3rd; AJS 4th and 5th, with Lomas, the first Velo, in 6th spot. Not so, however. Reg Armstrong breaks a chain, pushes and coasts three miles and a well earned 4th becomes a hard earned 23rd.

**RESULTS**

Rider and Time	Machine and Speed
Geoff Duke 2 hr. 56 min. 17.6 sec.	Norton 89.09
Johnnie Lockett 2 hr. 59 min. 35.0 sec.	Norton 88.25
Jack Brett 3 hr. 0 min. 22.4 sec.	Norton 87.87
Mick Featherstone 3 hr. 3 min. 35.8 sec.	AJS 86.32
Bill Lomas 3 hr. 4 min. 5.6 sec.	Velo 86.08
Bob Foster 3 hr. 4 min. 51.6 sec.	Velo 85.7

**THE JUNIOR CLUBMEN**

Thousands of spectators lining the 37 3/4 mile course were still busy discussing the morning's Jr. International between mouthfuls of lunch from hastily packed baskets when, at 2:30 P. M., 76 everyday riders on



Punching his Norton for all she's worth, Duke reaches 91 mph and told to "slow up." On the fifth of 7 lap event, pit signalled "save the engine a bit." In the Jr. he averaged 89.90 over 265 hard miles

perfectly standard road machines set off to show their paces in groups of three at fifteen second intervals.

Club rather than brand name rivalry, is the order of the day, and first victory is captured by the Club of Southern England when, from a standing kick-start, K. James produced a new lap record of 76.55 mph. Their joy was short lived, however, for in the second lap he was delayed at Hawthorn Inn for 20 minutes and ultimately became 41st and last to finish. B. Hargreaves, Douglas, second fastest opening lapper, also struck trouble and was shown stuck at Kirk Micheal. This let 18 year old B. Purslow into the actual lead that he never relinquished. Several of the 31 non-finishers took a toss and one, unfortunately, died from his injuries after crashing at the Bungalow.

**RESULTS**

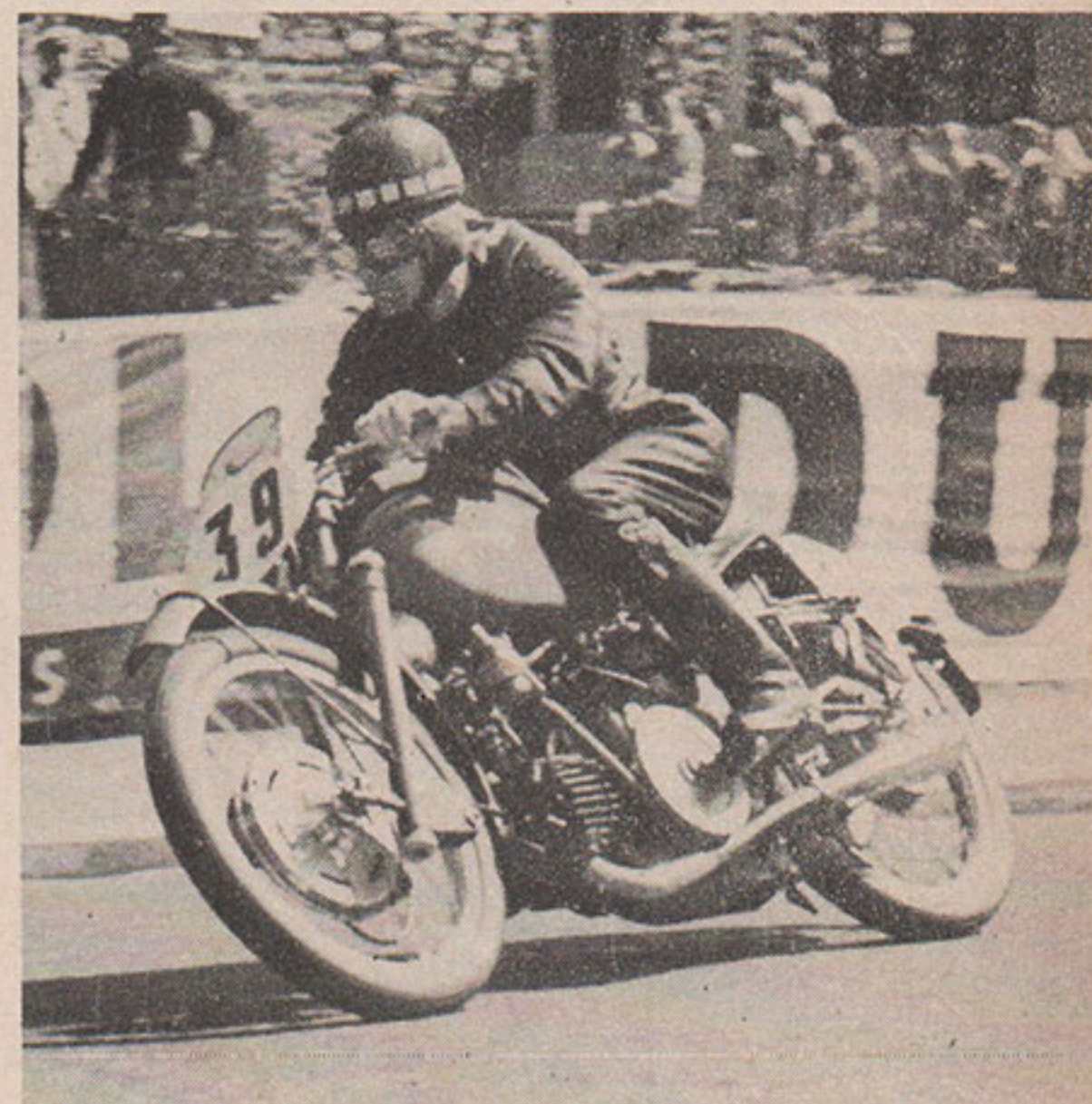
Rider and Time	Machine and Speed
B. Purslow 2 hr. 0 min. 10 sec.	BSA 75.36
G. Read 2 hr. 56 sec.	Norton 74.87
G. Draper 2 hr. 1 min. 10.8 sec.	Norton 74.73
D. Bradshaw 2 hr. 1 min. 33.2 sec.	Norton 74.51
D. Farrant 2 hr. 1 min. 48.4 sec.	BSA 74.35
P. Carr 2 hr. 2 min. 42 sec.	Norton 73.81

**THE 125 CC LIGHTWEIGHTS**

Eighteen riders came to the line for this first "Tiddlers Trophy" ever run concurrently with the 250 cc Class and raised the eyebrows of those who scorn the ultra lightweights. So fast were the Mondial "Knock-

(Continued on Next Page)

**RIGHT, Eighteen year old Bryan Purslow won Junior Clubman's TT on BSA 350 Gold Star and set new record, averaging 75.36 mph, for BSA's third successive win in this Junior event**



ABOVE, Italian Lorenzetti snarls by on a Guzzi. 36 year old Tommy Wood, Moto Guzzi, set new record average of 81.39 mph in Lightweight TT to beat Italian favorite Ambrosini by 8.4 sec.

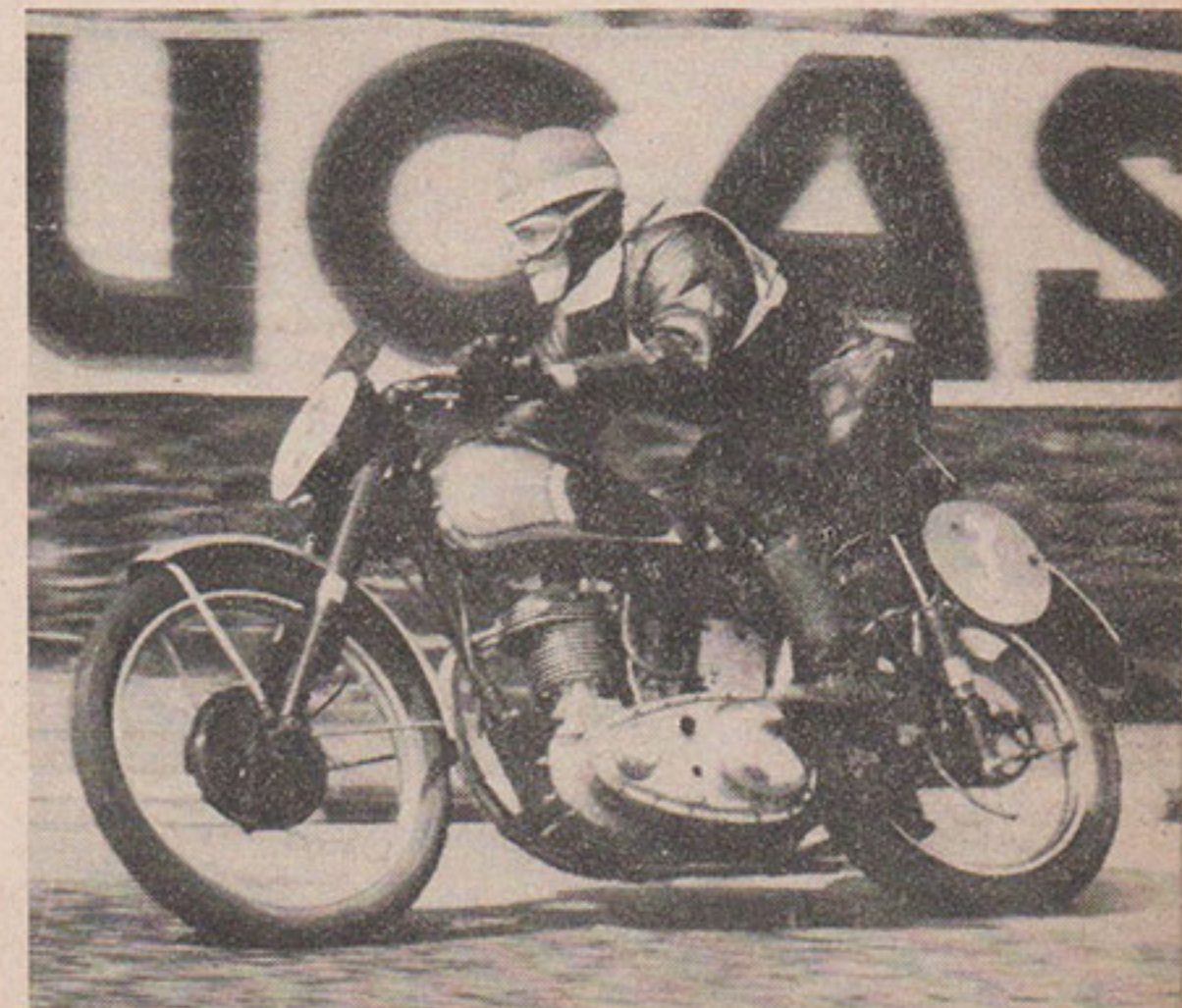


Photo by "Motor Cycling"



ers" that they would have taken 6th, 7th, 9th, and 11th spots in the larger class; even the Spanish and British two strokes put up unbelievable performances. Though the event was of only two laps, credit must be extended to the manufacturers who have wrapped up such good things in so small a parcel. Les Graham, the fastest away in this class, fluffed his gear and put the revs up to the skies on the only MV and a minute later it died on him at the bottom of Bray Hill.

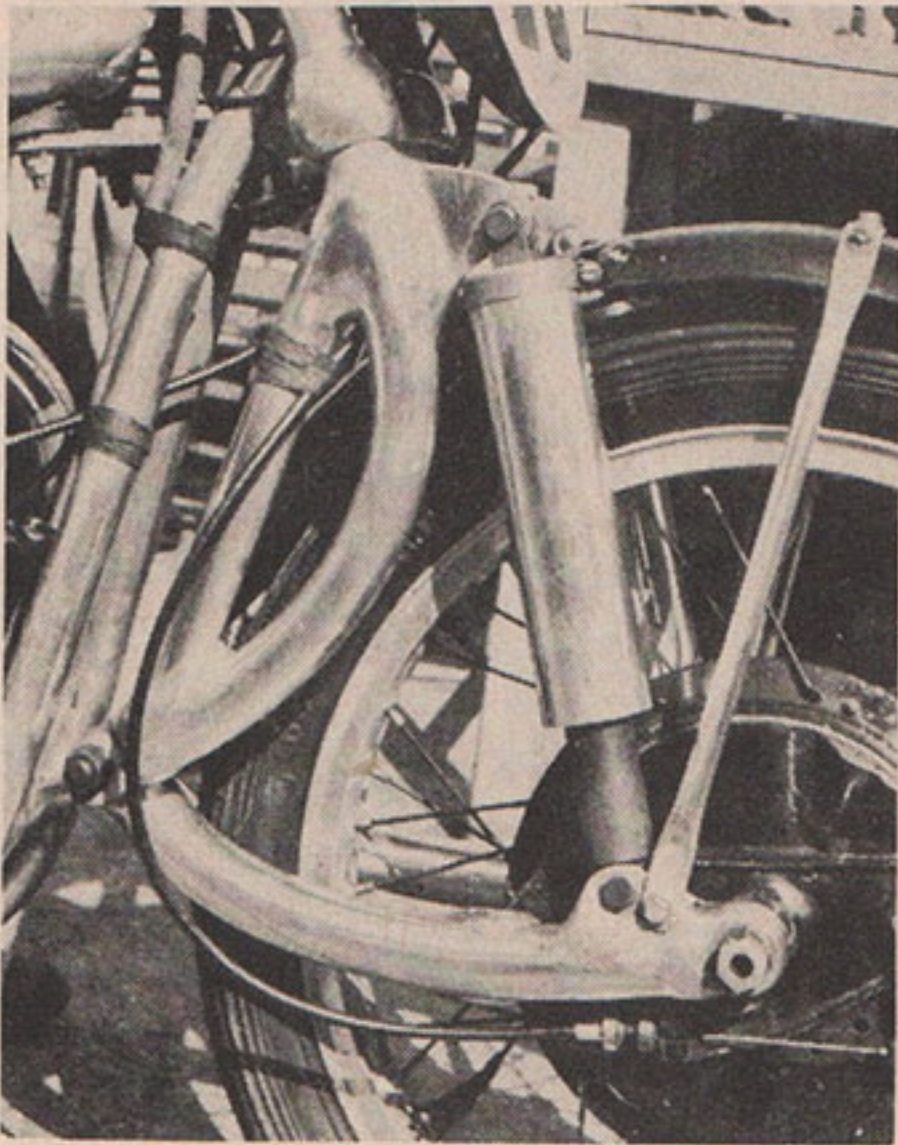
Positioned at Ballaugh Bridge between the 16th and 17th milestone, I was not surprised to see that the double camshaft 125s had already passed a few of the slower pre-war British 250 machines, having seen their performances at various internationals last season.

If anything, the small machines were more spectacular than the 250's in their airborne antics; the Montesas without exception making rear wheel landings that were alarming.

At Ramsey Square for the second lap I took particular note of riding positions and road holding. A simple sway in the saddle seemed to alter the course of the small machines with the narrow tires.

#### RESULTS

Rider and Time	Machine and Speed
C. McCandless 1 hr. 0 min. 30 sec.	Mondial 74.85
C. Ubbiali	Mondial

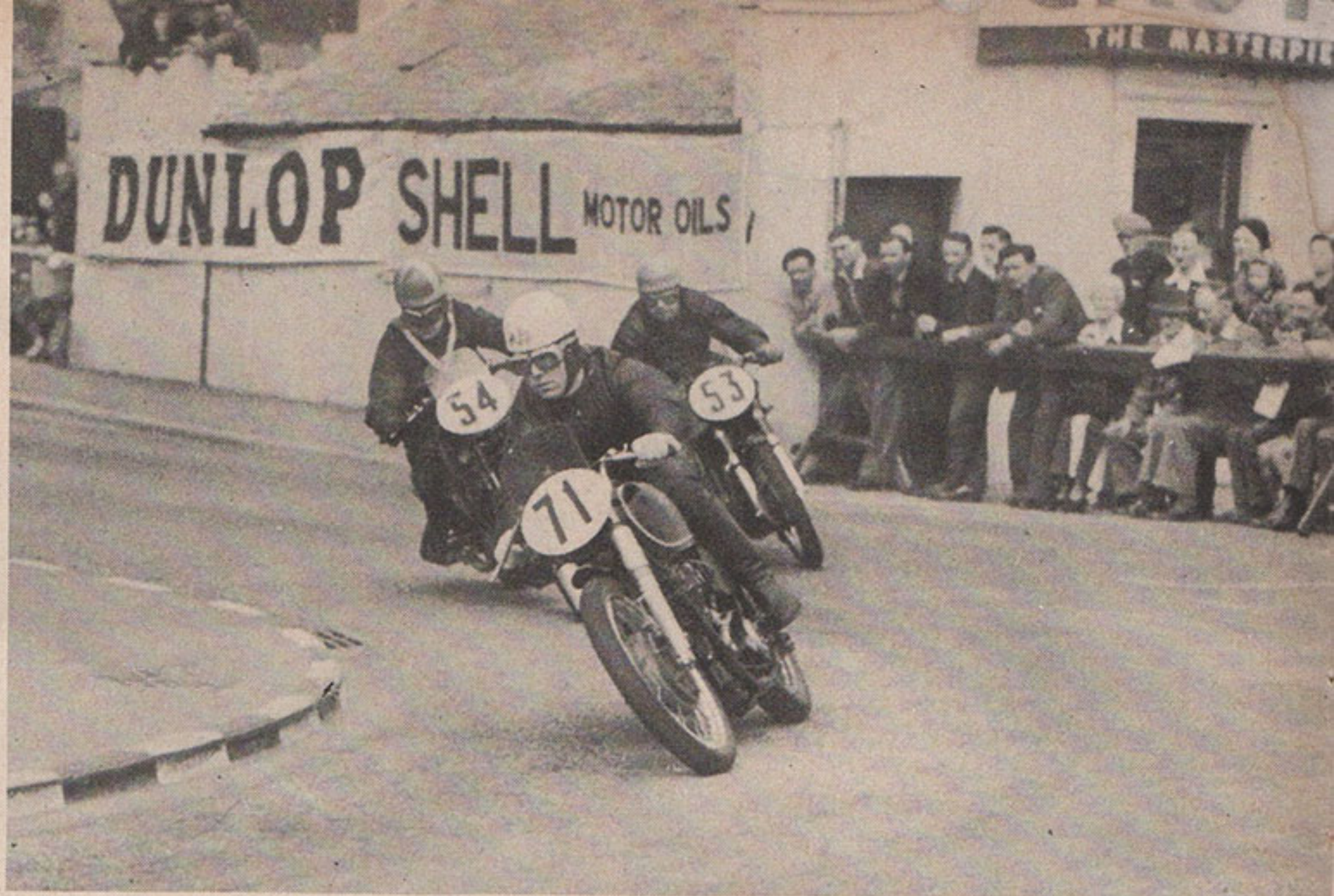


No, this bike didn't have a "head-on"! It's just the possible shape of things to come in the form of Charlie Salt's new trailing link front suspension system on his alloy frame BSA twin

1 hr. 0 min. 52.4 sec.	74.38
G. Leoni	Mondial
1 hr. 3 min. 19.8 sec.	71.52
N. Pagani	Mondial
1 hr. 4 min. 36.6 sec.	70.08
J. Bullo	Montesa
1 hr. 11 min. 21 sec.	63.46
J. Lloblet	Montesa
1 hr. 14 min. 1.4 sec.	61.18

#### THE 250 LIGHTWEIGHT

Following a record 2nd lap by Fergus Anderson at 83.70, this event was won by the ever popular Continental Circus rider Tommy Wood, who, like Fergus, relied upon an Italian Guzzi. Though six of these fast machines were entered, one was not meant to go. Maurice Cann, the owner, had crashed in practice and broken a finger but handed over the machine to Harry Hinton who came to grief in the Junior on Monday. It is well known that the Italians produce the goods



Riding under one roof, Mick Featherstone (71), A. K. Howth (54) and Charlie Brett (53) bank through a downtown intersection during the Junior race. Duke was first rider to lap in this event at over 90

in this class and a lone Benelli ridden by Dairo Ambrosini seemed to be the only likely challenger to the Guzzi.

Fergus Anderson is quite a large man for a 250, but despite this, he had soon taken a 42 second lead over second place Tommy Wood and 26 others during the opening lap. He literally flew down Bray with wheels hardly touching the ground and sped through the fast bends to the slower right hander over Quarter Bridge. A couple of quick gear changes while opening taps, and away to the tricky S bend through Braddan Bridge and then to the almost blind corners at Union Mills. Through Crosby Village and on to the sharp right hander at Ballacraigne after having jumped at the Highlander, Greba Bridge and just before Ballacraigne.

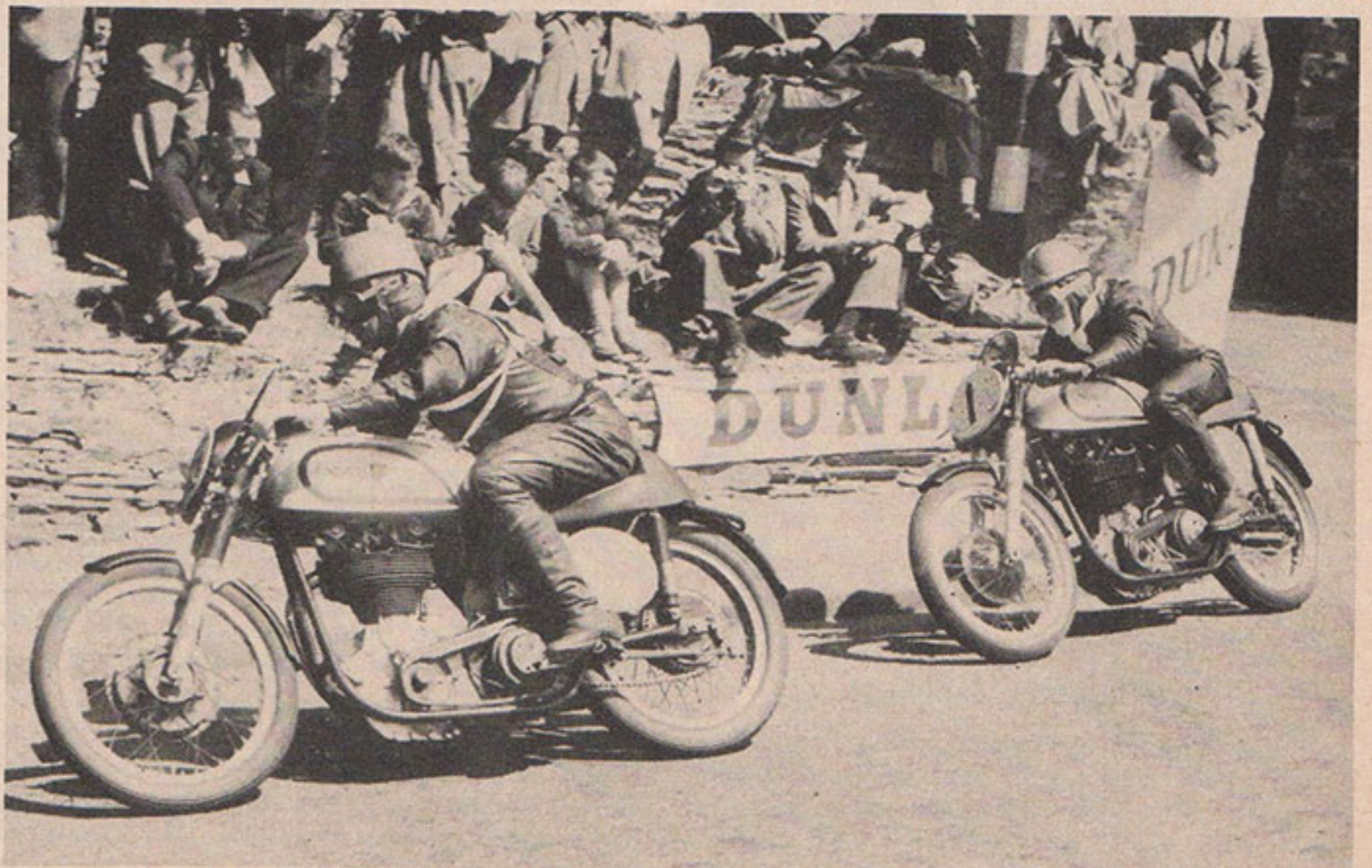
Safely past the hotel, he screamed north to Kirk Micheal, passing Laurel Bank with its well respected left and right, then a couple of left-hand terrors at Glen Helen, a right at Craig Willy's and ten miles have sped by under flying wheels. Through the Esses at Handley's Corner and full bore he

dashes down Barregarrow, a couple of fast bends, then meets the right hander at Kirk Micheal. From here the bends are ironed out a little and he takes an almost direct line through them. The left hand turn into Ballaugh Bridge seems to have gotten an extra twist while he throttles down to take to the air, hoping to change direction slightly right and so be in line for the road towards Ballacrye Bends without correction. Soon he is speeding along the Sulby Straight and making for Ramsey where he will turn south and head for the Mountain and home.

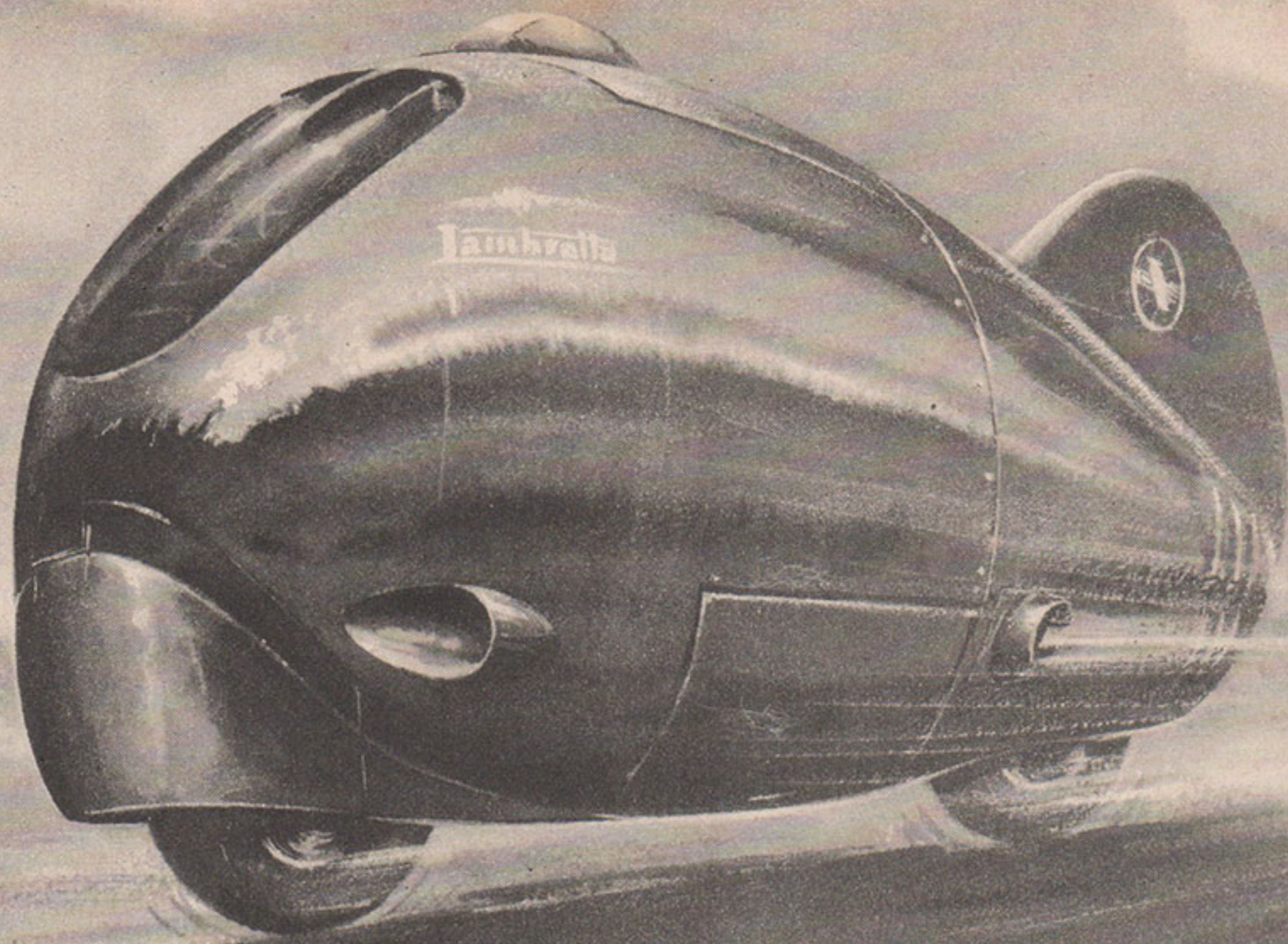
That first lap was an Anderson record at 27 min. 15 sec. or 83.05 per and his second lap even better. But what has happened . . . word comes through that Fergie has retired at Ballig Bridge with engine trouble. A terrific struggle now develops for 1st spot that was handed over to Tommy Wood who has but a three second lead over Ambrosine, and even the announcer cannot make up his mind who has the lead.

(Continued on Page 28)

BELOW, The "Duke" pits his Norton against that of T. McEwan in the big Senior tussle, setting a new average of 93.83 mph and touching speeds of 130 mph. His time was 2 hr., 48 min., 56.8 sec.







## **121 MPH! — ON A SCOOTER**

**MORE DETAILS ON THAT FABULOUS 7½ CU. IN. ITALIAN LAMBRETTA**

THE HIGH SPEEDS recently reached with a 125 cc Lambretta are the result of a combination of the coefficients involved in the study of a record machine: power, minimum wind resistance, minimum rolling resistance, enough comfort for the driver, easy driving.

Although other arrangements for the driver position might have proved more advantageous for a streamline effect, they were rejected because tests showed that the vehicle was rather unsteady at certain speeds.

Also on such special machines it is necessary for the pilot to feel tied to the vehicle as much as possible and to have the possibility for a prompt re-establishment of balance by a slight displacement of his body.

The engine cooling air intake, exhaust pipe, and good windshield visibility were particularly cared for in order to keep to the fluid vein and not alter the streamlining of the machine. It is to be noted that at the speeds reached, 90% of the power developed by the engine is used to overcome air resistance, which accounts for the great care used in solving streamline problems. Tests carried out using woolen threads showed a perfect stream flow on every point of the vehicle body. A good road holding at any rpm was ensured by convenient distribution of the loads on both wheels, with an all-around combination of the characteristics of the front and

back suspensions, which is particularly important at high speeds, and by the application of a good hydraulic shock absorber to the rear suspension. It was not necessary to use ballast to alter original load distributions. Tail proportions were also studied in detail.

By all these provisions it was possible to reach as a product of the main section in square meters for the resistance coefficient, the very small value of approximately 0.09, and in spite of this the position of the driver was comfortable enough and such as to give him full confidence in the bike. As a reference let us mention that during tests, a speed of 121.50 has been reached with a 13.5 hp engine.

In order to reduce the rolling resistance, special ribbed tires were adopted, specially made by Pirelli for high speeds and high inflating pressures. The question of the small 3 x 12 tires rotating at 2300 rpm was certainly not very easy to solve. The balance of the wheels was given particular attention. Also the air resistance to the wheel rotation was reduced by special provisions which proved simple and efficient, though ensuring the wheel a sufficient steering angle.

Of course, the secret of the high speed realized depends mainly on the engine assembly. No special engine was adopted, but simply the well known standard 2-stroke Lambretta engine, air cooled, counter-current

scavenged-single piston—2.042 in. bore—2.278 in. stroke—7.51 cubic in. capacity, lower than the maximum allowed. The most substantial difference was represented by the application of a super-feeder on the side which is normally taken by a magneto flywheel, this having been eliminated and replaced by a common breaker connected to an accumulator battery and a high tension coil. The cylinder, piston, connecting rod, and 3 speed gear box with handlebar control are similar to those of standard or competition engines, with the only exception of the ratios which were adapted to the higher speeds. For instance the clutch assembly is perfectly standard, only a disk was added. No special material was employed for the engine.

Cylinder and crankcase cooling is ensured by two ducts which take the air from the front and send it to the cylinder properly enclosed. The cooling proved very efficient and better than expected. Thermic degree of the Marelli 300 B spark plug, which had been adopted, shows that no great thermic stress was imposed on the engines.

Along with symmetric distribution, great power was obtained after long and careful tests, the likes of which had not been reached before with this type of engine. Yes, Lambretta engineers have gone a long way to answer those who ask—how fast will a scooter go?



At the beginning of the 1950 racing season, even the San Jose, California fans were asking "Who's this Headrick?" When Larry won a tight duel with Paul Albrecht to capture the 20-mile national championship at Bay Meadows, the West Coast riders and on-lookers stopped asking.

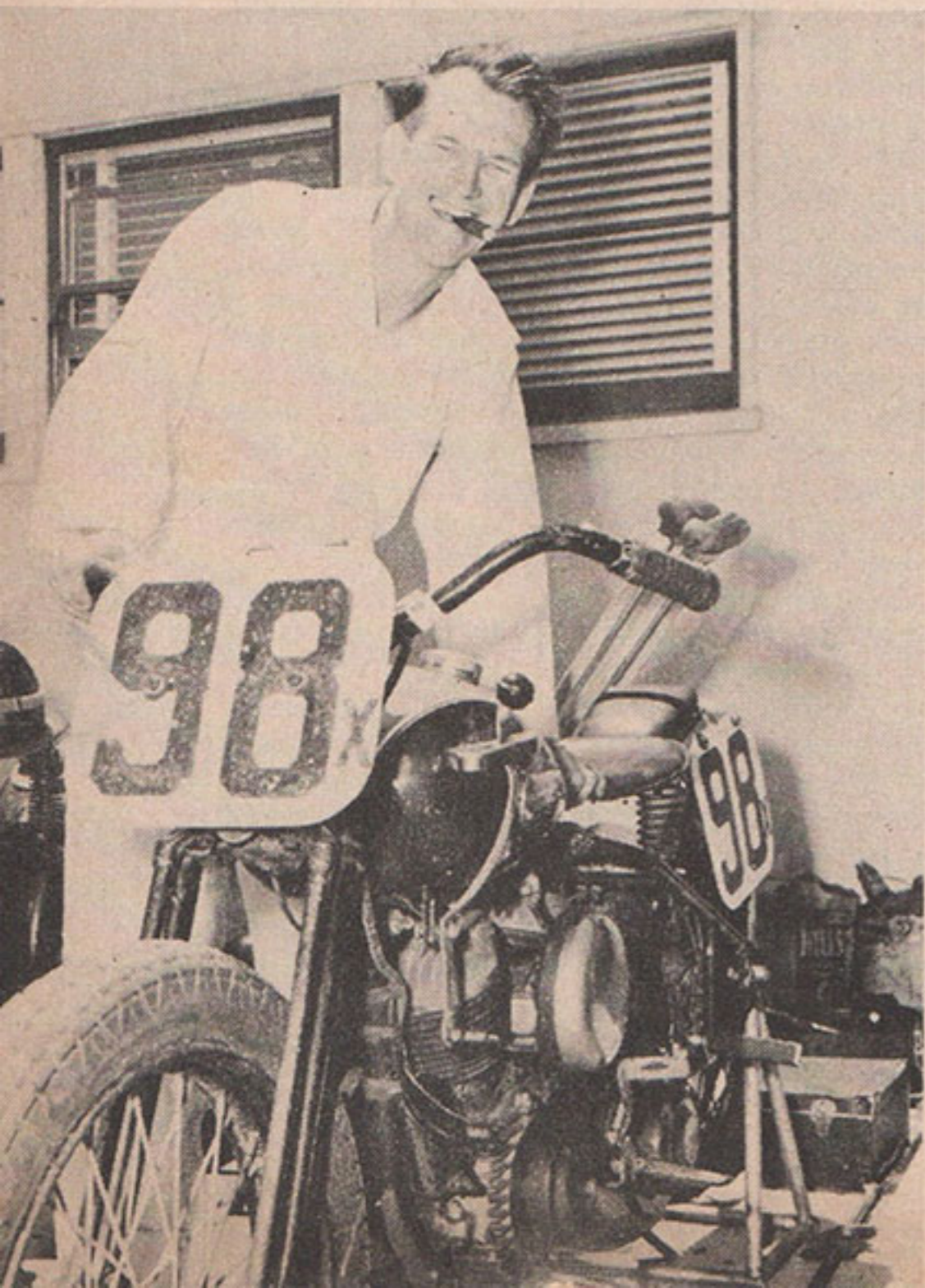
Eastern citizens swallowed that same question when Larry calmly annexed the 15 and 25-mile national championships at Milwaukee and Springfield, respectively. Eyes bugged as the bright, young flash from the West totted up the impressive total of 61 firsts, 25 seconds, and 13 thirds to round out his season. The AMA was sufficiently impressed to award motorcycling's highest competition honor to Larry—the cherished right to carry number 1 into competition during 1951.

Co-workers and fellow riders agree that number 1 couldn't have happened to a more deserving guy. Since his first race, a TT in 1945, Larry has worked steadily upward to his present spot. Things don't come easy for him—he trains and studies for a race as conscientiously as an actor studies a part. He neither drinks nor smokes during the racing season, gets plenty of sleep, and eats wisely and well. His job as a mechanic, at the shop of sponsor Tom Sifton, gets as much or more attention than racing because he knows the large part played in his success by the uncanny skill of his boss.

At home, the shy, 30-year-old champion relaxes with his wife and four children. Success has gone to the bank rather than to his head—the only visible evidence of his position is a new car. In relaxed moments Larry has earned the nickname of "Sleepy," a misleading tag for the holder of the 5, 15, and 25-mile world records.

For the first few races, number 1 did all right. It was warm-up time on the tracks near San Jose, and the machine and Larry were both set to stay right on top. Then, at Belmont, Larry's prep school in riding, number 1 got caught in a slight melee one Friday evening. The bike is now back in action, but Larry caught his third bad one in a short career on the track. Since that Friday, Larry has picked up another skill—crutch-hopping. If his broken leg heals smoothly, next year will find fans pointing from the stands and saying knowingly, "That's Headrick."

AMA competition rider No. 1 pitches in to help teammate Joe Leonard win 20-mile amateur title



# GOING AROUND IN CIRCLES . . .

WITH LARRY HEADRICK, AMA RIDER NO. ONE

AS TOLD TO GENE JADERQUIST

Photos by Pat Corner and Jim Wheeler

I CAN TELL you how I've been winning. I use the best machine and keep right side up. That's just about all there is to it. All the tricks in the book won't push a sluggish engine past sharply-tuned competition on the long straights of a one-mile track. It's mathematically impossible to beat a fast machine with a slow one.

The best a rider can do is drag the best out of his machine. This is done by practicing, practicing—racing when you can, watching experts ride, and listening to them in bench-racing sessions. But don't carry this imitation too far—it may cost you a race and possibly an injury.

That happened to me in Tulare during time trials for the half-mile in 1945. Sam Arena was racing that day and as far as I'm concerned, Sam is the greatest. Just watching him go around a track has always been enough to freeze me. It was seeing him ride one race that persuaded me to take up racing myself. Sam knew how I felt and he used to help me out with advice when I needed it. On this particular day in Tulare, I was nervous waiting for my time trial. I walked over to Sam and asked him how to ride the course. He saw how jumpy I was and he offered me some advice I've never forgotten.

"Just remember," he said, "that other guy's machine is made from iron—just like yours. And the other riders are made of skin and bones—so are you."

That gave me some confidence, but I still wasn't sure about the course, so I pointed to one of the corners and asked when the proper shut-off point would be. Sam headed out for his trial and told me to watch him and shut off a little earlier.

Sam hit that course like a jet pursuit. I stuck near the corner, watching carefully as Sam headed toward me. Without a moment's hesitation, he went into the corner flat-out. I was a little puzzled but decided that Sam knew what he was doing. When my trial came around, I headed for the same corner with complete confidence. Not till too late, did I feel the rear wheel sliding out of control. Up toward the fence I went, fighting to stay on the track using body english and everything I had.

I might as well have tried to talk the machine around that corner. Half-way through, my right foot met the fence, and twisted around till it faced backwards. I did no more racing while I sweated out that broken leg. It wasn't Sam's fault at all. I should have known I wasn't as good as Sam Arena, but I followed him faithfully and imagined that I could keep up with him.

In any race, cornering is one of the most essential skills. The wide, gradual bends of a mile course require different techniques than

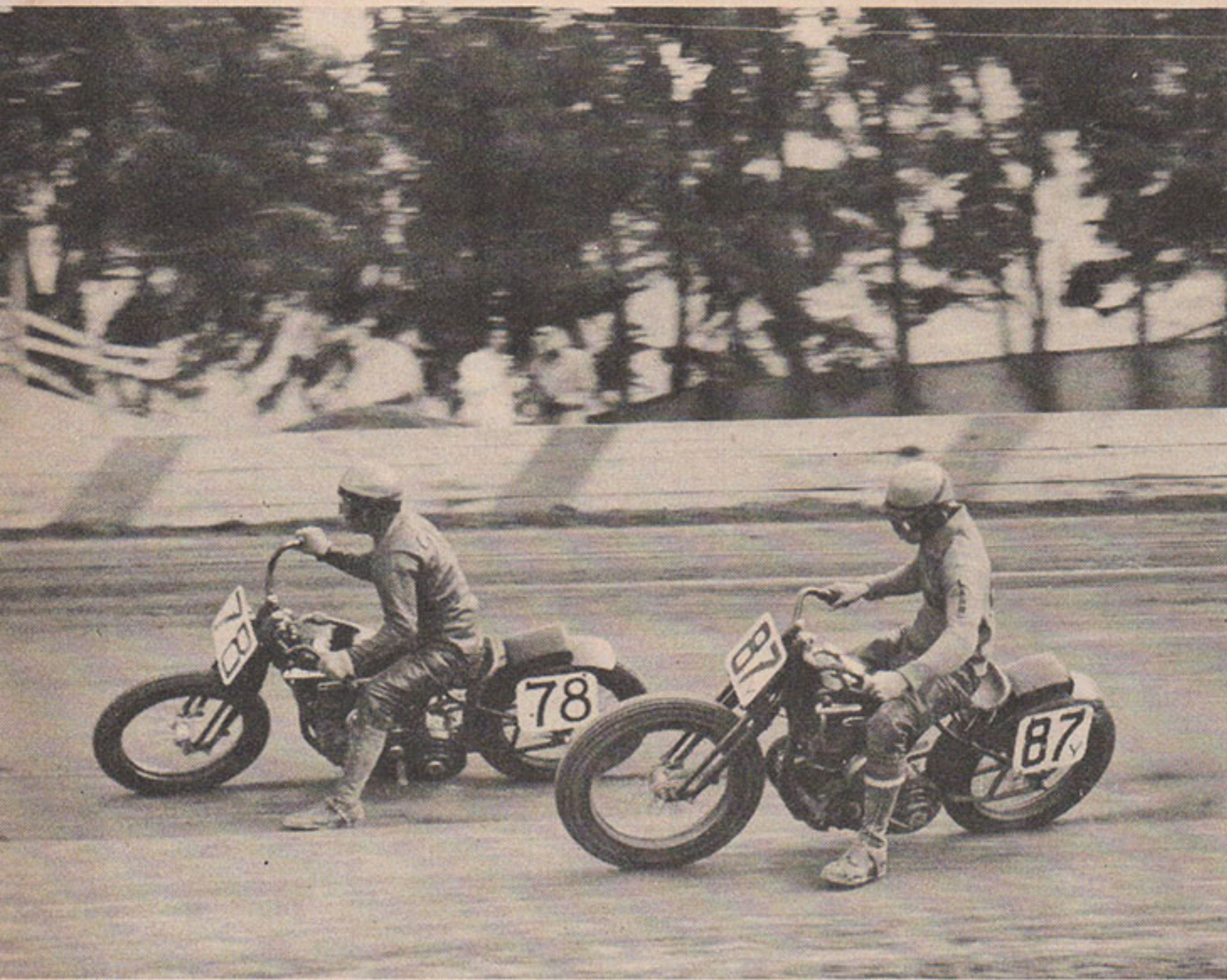
the tighter circle of a half-mile or the sharp kinks in a TT. When I start a turn, I shut off as slowly as I can, trying to keep the wheels tracking firmly. There isn't much point in spinning the rear wheel. Then, on the way out, I turn on slowly, still keeping that rear wheel under tight control. Just as I come out of the curve, my bike is aimed off the track slightly. As soon as I can straighten without losing speed, I do.

The most important advice in the corners, of course, is to stay on the rubber-plated path near the pole. This path is laid down by the rear tire of every machine in the race. By the end of the day, it is hard and smooth as a section of new pavement. Speed increases as the rubberized section hardens, because traction becomes much better. To have any chance to win, it is necessary to glue yourself to the hard path. You've all seen what happens in a corner when somebody tries to pull out to pass? The man who pulls out slows down as suddenly as if he had been pushed in the face with a strong headwind. This happened to me at Stockton once. I powered my way into the corner to pass the leader and swung out—and was rewarded by hearing the engine rev up above safe limits as the rear wheel spun on the soft surface. By the time I brought the bike back under control, I was in fifth place. On the way into the corner I had been second.

All passing should be done in the straight. Stay where you are on the corner and follow the hard-rubber line. When you reach the straight, it is safe to pull off the rubberized section onto the softer dirt. If you know you can pass on the next straight, turn the throttle on before the man ahead of you in the corner does. When you get to the straight you'll find that you have added momentum and you'll be picking up speed faster than the man you want to pass. If your peak is slightly higher than the man you're passing, you'll gain momentum on him enough to pull slowly around. If, however, he shows a burst of speed there and beats you to the next corner, drop back behind him rather than hit the soft part of the corner fast. You can do your passing later.

The start is not a matter of win or lose, but don't get caught out of gear when the flag drops, as I did in one of my first races. In a mile race, there is little advantage in getting to the corner first because all the passing is done in the straights. What you want is a solid, even start that will send you along with the pack. Last year at Bay Meadows, I started dead last and still managed to come through to first place by the fifth lap. Kenny Eggers started slow this year but that didn't keep him from coming through to stay in the lead after the third lap.





Larry's style, one of the most unusual to be found, looks stiff, unnatural as he hunches forward in turns to help break traction for slide. Compare angle of bike, forks and body to Paul Albrecht's

With a Harley, move up to the line in low gear and wind your engine up while the starter is checking the line. When the flag comes down, pop the clutch. The rear wheel should spin in the dirt for an instant, then catch. At that point, your engine will lug down. You should be sitting on the rear fender for traction, right foot on ground pumping you along to help the engine overcome the inertia.

Once you start to accelerate, wait for engine peak before shifting to second. Then run up to maximum revs in second and move to high. At this point you should be in the first curve, picking up speed. You're now through shifting for the rest of the race.

On the straights, it is often a good idea to ride on the rear fender and flatten your body along the gas tank. The combination of maximum traction and minimum wind resistance will help you get the best out of your machine. Little guys like me (I only weigh 130 pounds) and Kenny Eggers (140 pounds) need to shift weight constantly to keep the rear wheel held down for acceleration, but the light weight pays off in better speed and power. Unless those rear tires take a beating, you're not getting enough traction. I've had to reverse a rear tire during a meet because it was getting smooth on the left side. Front tires last forever—in fact some riders prefer a slightly worn tire to a new one for the front.

As I said in the beginning, the machine can win or lose for you. Pamper your engine as much as you can. For example, if you find that you're holding a commanding lead, let up a little and save your power for the last-minute push of the competition. And, if you can, learn all about the engine you're using. You'll not only be able to handle your bike better, but you can take care of yourself at a race meet. I once had to ask Tom Sifton to fly to Portland to rescue me when I had serious engine trouble just before the Pacific Coast championship 25-mile race.

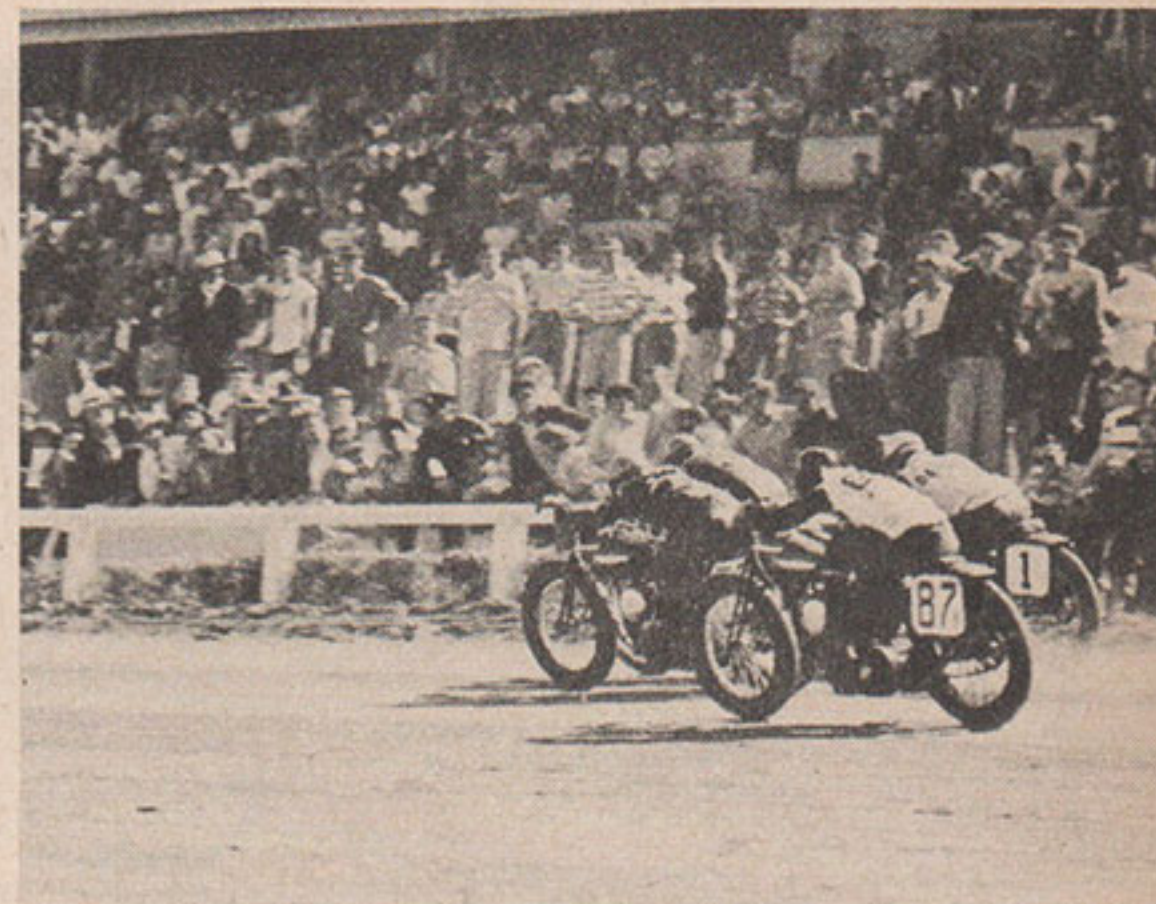
You probably won't get a chance to choose your sponsor and tuner—he'll choose you. I had the very good luck to catch Tom Sifton's eye, and it is through Tom that I had my success last year. If I go back to racing

next year, Tom is the best man I could work for. Nobody has yet built a better mile-track Harley than my old machine—the one Kenny Eggers is riding now.

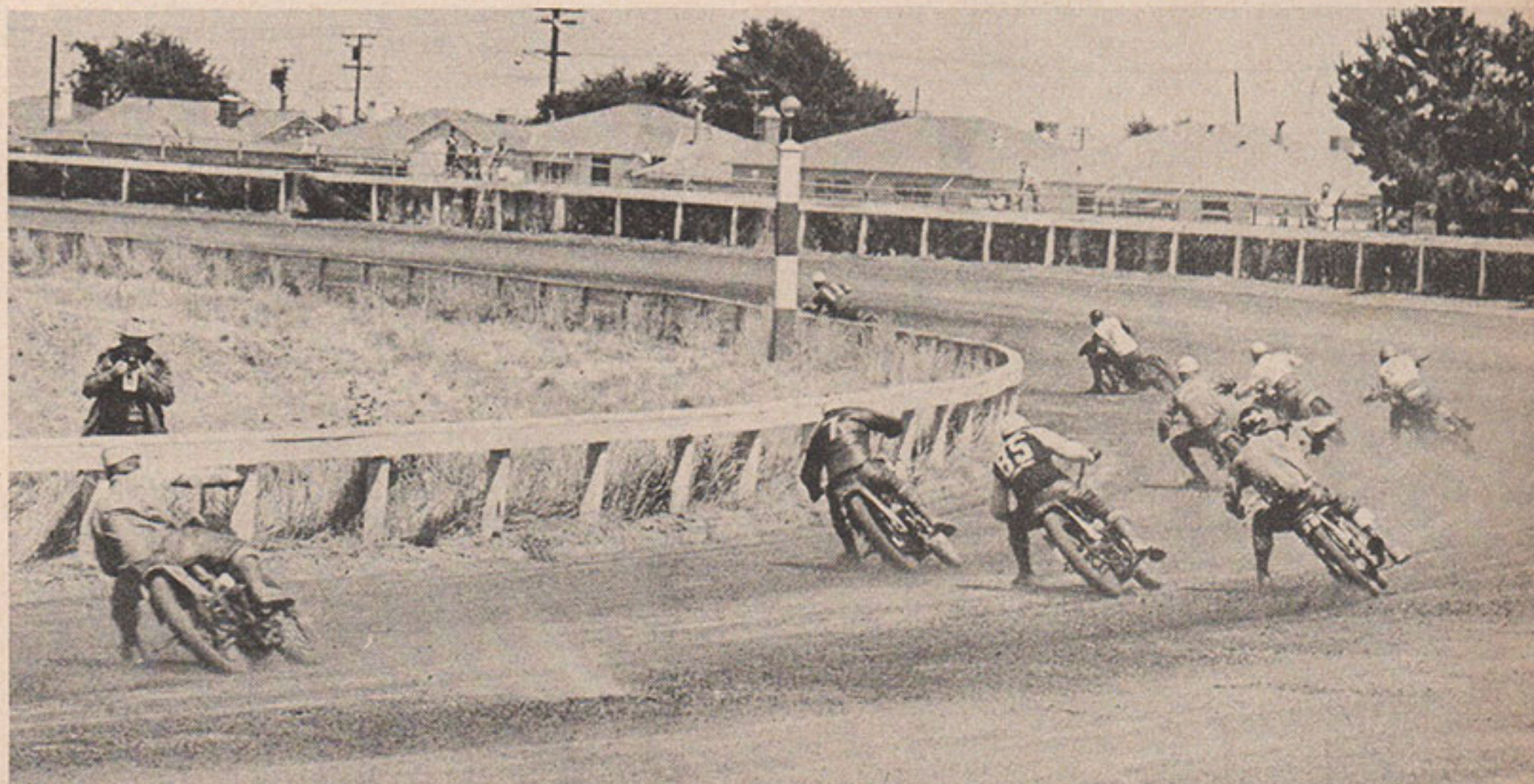
Clothing is important, too, though most track riders wear the same thing. I learned one thing early—a sweater can burn like a torch when you go down. So I always wear a leather shirt under my jersey. Gloves should be soft, pliable, loose; something you can feel the grips through. If gloves are too tight you can't close your hands easily and your control will be stiff and uncertain. Boots are a major item. If I hadn't worn laced boots, I'd have had a compound fracture of the leg this last time. Field boots are too loose to give proper support. Spend the extra money and buy a pair of best-quality high, laced, leather boots. Extra money can wisely be spent on the best crash helmet you can buy. Whenever you need a crash helmet, you need it badly.



Family night at Belmont. Win, lose or draw Larry can always count on these staunch rooters; Mrs. Headrick, Danny, Kathy, Nancy and Judy



Four sharpshooters aim for victory in expert heat. Larry is 87x, Jimmy Chann, 1. Leading are Paul Albrecht and Michigan's Paul Goldsmith



Rounding a corner at Bay Meadows last year, Larry settles down to the serious business of going through the field. By fifth lap, Larry was in the lead, never dropped behind on the way





**ONE YEAR TO LIVE!**

**LARSON PARLAYED A SENTENCE OF DEATH INTO  
A TRIUMPH WHEN HE GOT A TROPHY TO RIDE**

**A TRUE STORY**

As Told to  
Robert Lee Behme

**T**HE AMBULANCE SKIDDED to a stop in front of Lloyd Larson's white frame house in Temple City, California. Its siren was still growling softly. It was an emergency call and the two husky attendants rushed up the walk carrying a stretcher. The doctor met them at the front door. "This way," he said hastily. "It's serious, internal hemorrhage."

The attendants carried Larson out. He was delirious and weak from loss of blood as they put him in the ambulance. The driver screeched the ambulance from the curb, burning rubber, and the siren began to growl again as Larson was rushed to the hospital.

Three hours earlier Larson had been reading the paper at home. Without warning he fell over with a burning pain in his chest. His family physician was summoned immediately and diagnosed his condition as internal hemorrhage. "This is very bad," he told the grief-stricken family. "It can be extremely serious. Even if he should recover, he may have only a year to live."

For a week Larson lay in a hospital bed hovering between life and death. He seemed to have little in his favor. He had spent most of his 52 years building his business, the Harbor Fish Company, into a success. He hadn't found time to keep himself healthy. Constant overwork had caused his illness. There seemed to be little hope for his recovery. "If he does recover," his family was told by the doctor, "he'll have to quit his business. It will mean no activity. All he can do is rest, and even so, he hasn't very long."

Larson's condition began to improve. Three months later he was out of the hospital and was able to sit up in his sunny backyard. For a man who had always been active, Larson found the sentence of complete quiet too much to accept. The boredom of doing nothing was cutting into his nerves. He found himself getting sullen and cross. He felt he must do something to break the monotony.

*(Continued on Page 27)*



# HIGHWAY PATROL

## MOTORCYCLING'S FRIEND IN DEED

By Gene Jaderquist

**EZ EHRARDT** will ride five miles to pin a ticket on a motorcycle without a muffler. When it comes to being chicken about little things, Ez yields to nobody except possibly his co-worker on the special detail, Chuck Pollard. Yet when Chuck was introduced at a race meet this year, the crowd, composed chiefly of riders, applauded so lustily that a rare blush rose to the wind-burned cheeks of the traffic officer. And Ez is on first-name terms with most motorcyclists in the northern California area.

Ordinarily a policy of writing tickets for muffler violations is not admired by motorcyclists. Not so long ago, an often-voiced opinion in California was that the only good cop was a dead or retired one. Highway patrolmen seemed to be making a conscientious effort to cite motorcycles right off the highways and the riders returned the favor by making life difficult for their persecutors.

Admittedly the traffic problems in California are unusually severe. With the highest registration of vehicles in the United States and year-round good motoring weather, the highways of the state are constantly jammed with fast traffic. The major cities have mushroomed into vast metropolitan centers and streets and boulevards handle a steady traffic of rush-hour proportions. Traffic officers have little time for the courtesies of their trade when accident calls keep them busy all day.

Crammed into the highways and city streets with motorists are some 75,000 cycle owners. That this minority needed special treatment has long been apparent to anyone able to read accident and fatality reports. But not until Ez Ehrardt, then referee for AMA District 36, began to fight for his idea of a special detail did wheels turn.

One of the persuasive arguments for the establishment of the detail occurred in Hol-



Photo by Wheel

Warm, summer evenings finds club members gabbing when Chuck arrives. Before showing pictures, he sat in on their friendly club meeting, offered suggestions to help solve club problems

lister in 1947. A crop of 4,000 motorcyclists grew bored with walking the streets of the town and began putting on an uncontrolled stunting demonstration on the main street. All was well—even the townspeople were applauding the stunters—until a machine went out of control and spun into the crowd, breaking a citizen's leg. When local police tried to disperse the crowd, a playful girl motorcyclist sailed a police cap through the air. The disgruntled officer drew a pistol and enraged riders threw him down by the embarrassing expedient of overturning his jeep. At about this time somebody phoned in a riot call to the office of the state highway patrol and events began to march. Soon there were some 30 patrolmen in town, gathered in a group and led by a captain who specializes in riot squad work. The captain was handing out tear gas when Ez intervened and asked permission to talk to the rioters. The captain agreed, went with Ez.

As Ez tells it today, it was the easiest thing in the world. In his years as AMA referee for the district, he had become friendly with members and officials of clubs. He rode his own machine into the crowd at Hollister. When he found a familiar face, he'd stop

and tell the friend to get his club out of town before trouble started. Within minutes, the streets were full of machines going away. In an hour, there was no riot, no trouble. An orchestra began to play in the street and the riders returned in groups, dismounted and began to enjoy themselves.

Of course there was all the national publicity. Ez saw one shot being posed. A photographer paid a rider \$10 to sit amid a confusion of broken bottles (borrowed from a nearby bar for the purpose) and pose with a bottle in his hand, drinking.

A year and a half after this event, Ez got his first go-ahead on the special detail. He was given a car, a motorcycle, a movie projector, and told to set up his own plan. Letters, containing return cards, were sent to motorcycle clubs asking if they would like to hear a speech by Ez and see some movies. And on a foggy day in January, 1949, Ez began his field work.

It was soon apparent that one man could not cover the entire state of California, so another veteran motorcyclist-turned-policeman was called in to assist Ez in May, 1949. Chuck

(Continued on Page 31)

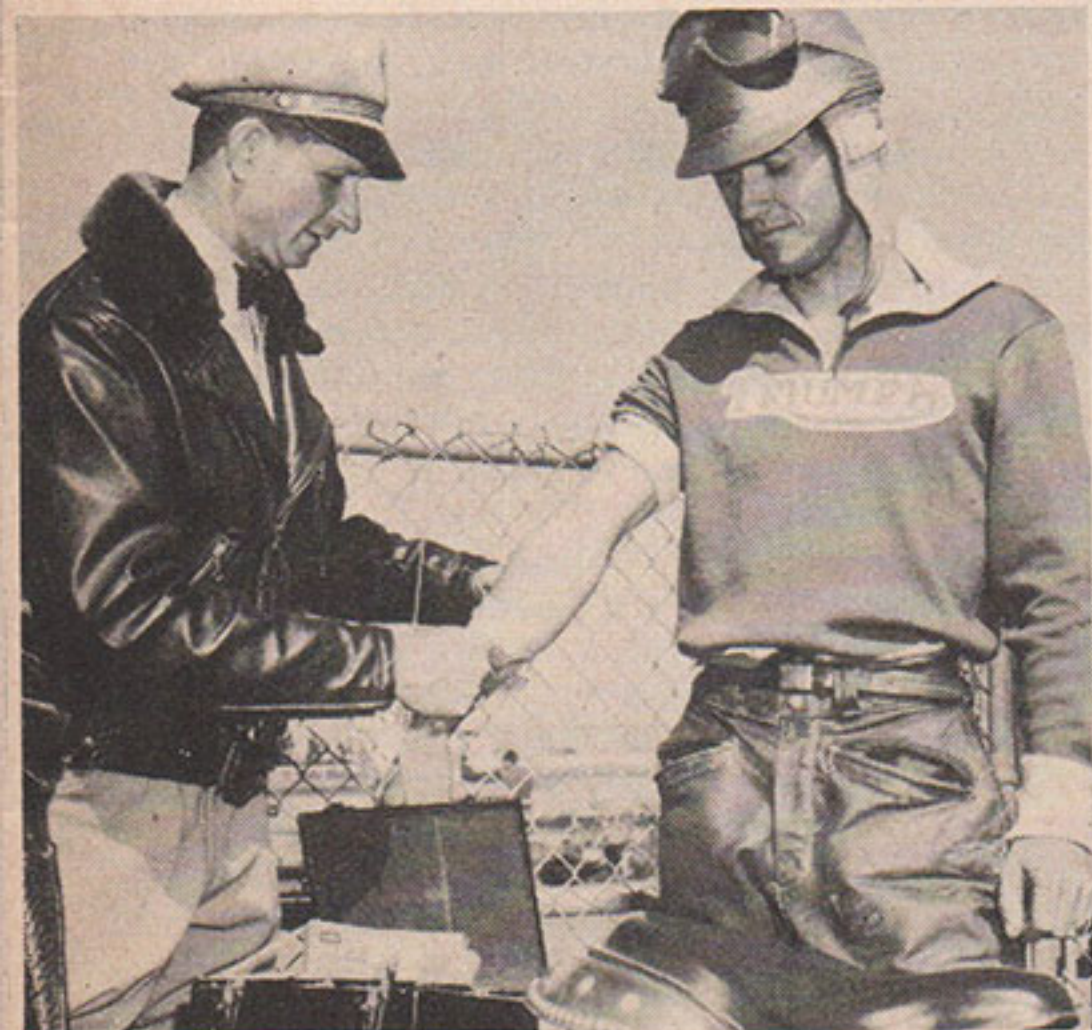
Photo by Chuck Pollard



LEFT, Ez dresses minor wound for Bob Harris at Bay Meadows. First-aid kit on luggage carrier of police bike holds plenty of reserve equipment, is seldom idle during competition events

ABOVE, Jolly Riders, a San Diego, California club, sign safety pledge as Chuck Pollard (far right) beams satisfaction. Club has clean accident slate, is composed mainly of Negroes

Photo by Stan Peterson

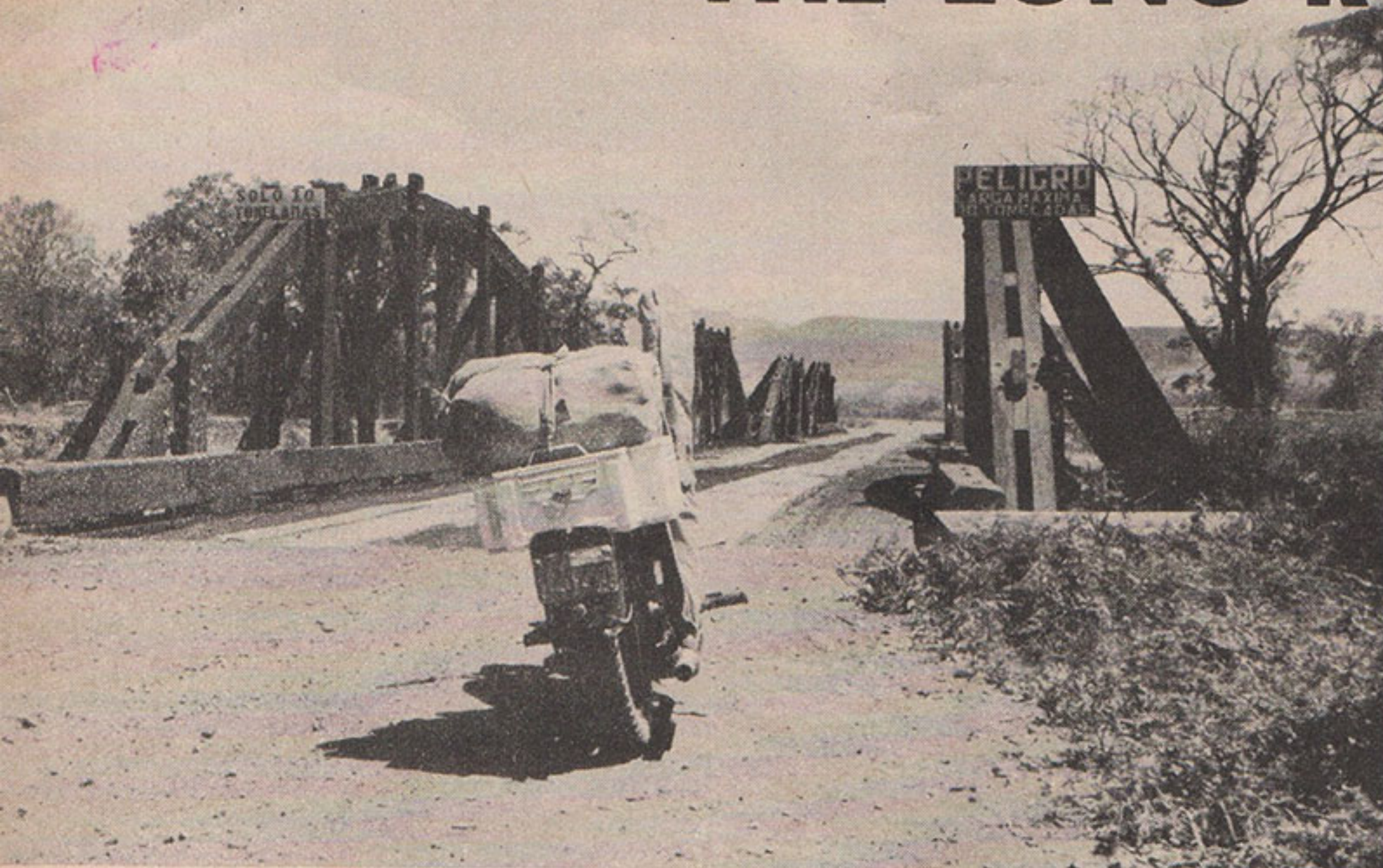




# THE LONG ROAD TO PANAMA

CARROLL, WITH CAMERA AND BEEZER, RECOUNTS SECOND CHAPTER OF HIS TRIP TO THE "BIG DITCH"

Text & Photos by Bill Carroll



Many miles from home base. All of the wooden bridges in Nicaragua bore signs warning of the load limit. Some of them even quivered a bit as the Beezer flew over the loose planks

THE EL SALVADOR motor policeman said, "How can you expect your little one cylinder machine to even keep up with my big twin?" "We'll show you," my companion said.

And so began my first race (legal, that is) with a member of any law enforcement group. While thumping along quietly about ten o'clock one evening we had been stopped by the police for a routine driver's permit inspection. During the conversation, my pillion seatless passenger inquired if I could beat the large police motorcycles. "Of course I could," and a few minutes later the patrolman had been goaded into accepting a challenge. Besides, I suspect they had tired of checking permits and were ready for a little private sport. The bike was rather well loaded with a passenger, two ripe coconuts tied onto the rear fender, and a papaya melon of goodly size in my lap; but when a fire was lit in the boiler room we were ready to go. Luckily, I was able to get the jump on the patrolman, and for the next twelve miles it was a mad scramble through a dark, winding, narrow, canyon road.

Finally the next town came into view with a stop sign for the traffic control station. Almost a full minute later two police machines skidded to a stop, and the riders be-

gan to fire questions at the control station guard as to how long ago we had arrived. Their faces were a study in amazement at the cornering ability of the comparatively small machine, and both eagerly accepted an invitation to ride double.

Motorcycling as a sport does not exist in El Salvador on a large scale, although the roads are excellent and many lovely places are within a short distance of the capital. Only 395 private machines were registered in 1950, more or less evenly divided between American heavys and British lightweights. It is interesting to note that in those countries in which the girls do not ride, few machines are in daily use.

El Salvador is a little country only 285 miles long and averaging 90 miles wide, which made it very easy for me to see a great deal during the month's stay. On one day's ride I visited the most active volcano in Central America, Izalco, whose flames are visible many miles out to sea. It is often called the Lighthouse of the Pacific because of its use by mariners for navigational purposes. Below this thrilling sight rests a small village from which pictures were taken, and some very tasty native fruits sampled for less than 2 cents (US). A few minutes ride further on from Izalco brought me to the beach of Acajutla, and my first experience of swimming in tropical waters. The sea is so warm one automatically reaches for the soap, but large waves constantly remind you to keep your eyes well open.

One Sunday I was invited to visit a large hacienda on the outskirts of San Salvador. Here, in an area 10 by 30 miles, coffee, cattle, corn, beans, and rice are grown under the supervision of an ex-army colonel. He took great pride in showing me the pure-bred stock, his large fruit orchard, and demonstrating the proper method of opening coconuts with a machete. Near noon I was asked what would be preferred for lunch, and just as casually I pointed in the general

The cone in background is El Salvadore's volcano, Izalco, known as "The Lighthouse of the Pacific" from its use by mariners in navigating at night when its flames are visible miles at sea

direction of a nearby chicken. To my amazement a peon ran to the chicken, caught it, and had the head cut off almost as quickly as it takes to read this. Two hours later, one whole chicken and Carroll were face to face at the luncheon table, with the chicken turning out to be a very tasty loser.

My last day in El Salvador took care of mailing films to the states, letters to friends, and servicing the motorcycle. Warnings had been given me about the poor roads in the direction of Honduras, so for the first day I travelled only to pavement's end, spending the night in a little border town called San Miguel. Bright and early the next day we tackled the dirt for a 135 mile ride to the capital of Honduras, and the first trouble on the entire trip; a flat tire, caused by a nail in the street. With nails so precious in Latin America, I'm certain it was the only loose one in the entire country. Even this minor disaster had its private silver lining with the only gasoline station for twenty miles either way being located just 150 feet behind me. One hour and four assistants later the tube was repaired, luggage replaced, a coke poured inside Carroll, and the journey resumed. A little later the frontier forced a stop for a five minute "check out" of El Salvador and a ten minute "check in" to Honduras. The Inter-American Highway from the border was very good dirt, but all sorts of dire warnings and comments had been given me about the condition of the side road to the capital city of Tegucigalpa. A police inspection and traffic control station marked this intersection, and as I checked in a truck load of water pipe pulled out. It only took a few minutes to catch the truck, inquire as to the ultimate destination, and ask him to carry my luggage. Permission was granted, and all the weight I could peel off was dumped on top of the pipe, with delivery at Tegucigalpa promised for the next day about noon.

The next 75 miles of road (the only one, too) into Tegucigalpa was a five hour, first and second gear grind all the way. A good length was not only used by motor vehicles, but the frequent tropical rains turned the roadway into a fine stream bed, leaving deep gullies and large rocks to bump around. I well realize that many riders will feel that an average speed of 15 miles an hour is indicative of poor riding ability. And for sure, I am not among the trials artists; but when the front and rear spring system is continually bottoming and topping, it would stand to reason that any more rapid rate of travel will only succeed in breaking up the machine in very short order. Inquiry in the capital disclosed that trucks with passengers take 12 hours, trucks with large loads 18 to 24 hours for the same trip; and this year the highway is better than ever before.



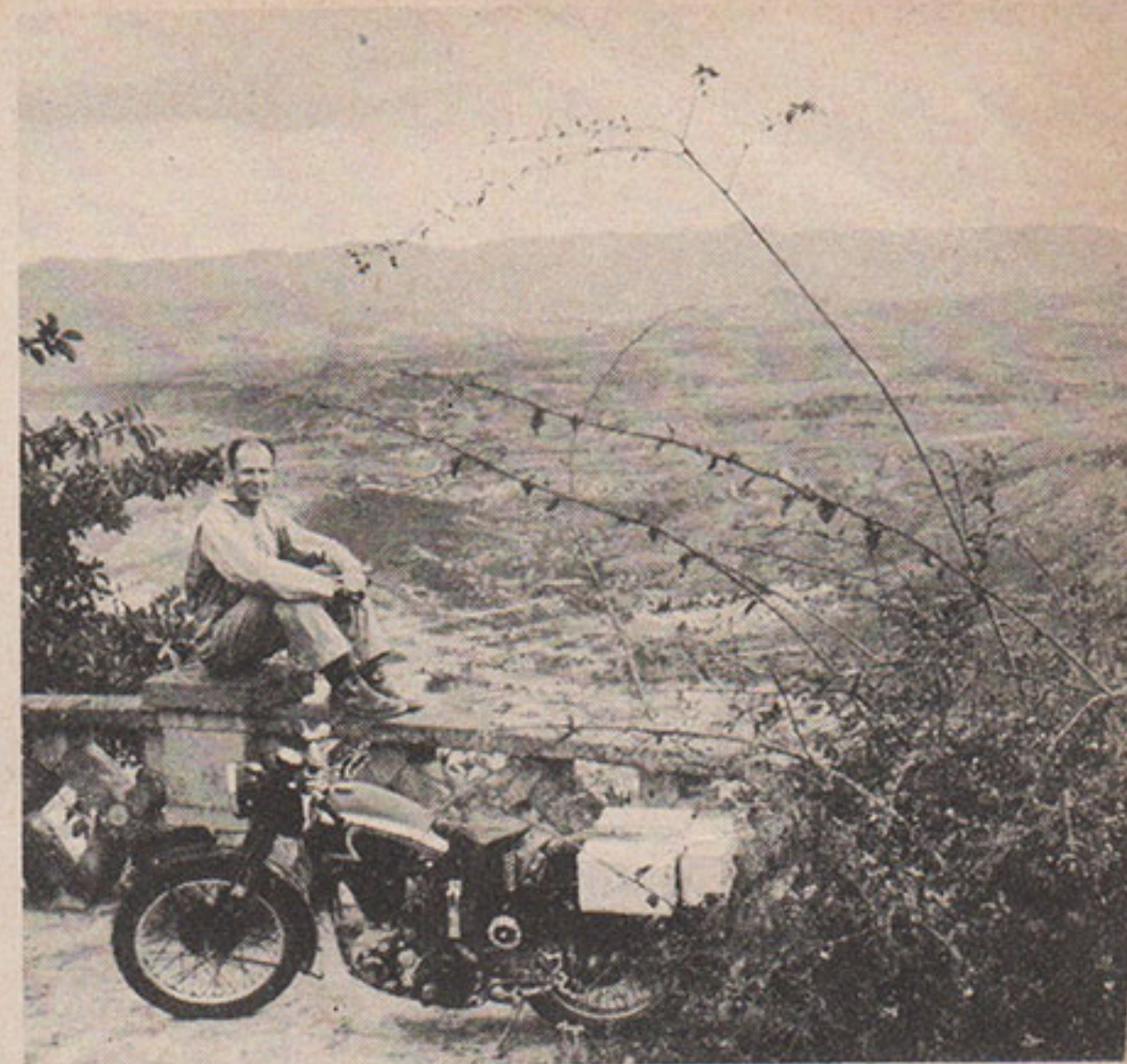


Here is one boy, however, who was very glad to finally arrive at the city limits, ride the country's only paved road (4 miles long) into town, and flop into a nice soft bed that wasn't continually bouncing up and down.

An odd thing about Honduras is the 131 motorcycles registered to private owners, even though there are practically no paved roads at all. Again as in most of the countries visited, there are no sporting events, and women do not seem to have any enthusiasm for riding. Most of the equipment here is either English or German, with a very few of the large American machines used.

At the boarding house a young lady from Mexico always sat with me in the dining room, helping to add a few words each day to my limited vocabulary. One afternoon shortly after my arrival she was taking care of a friend's two months old baby, feeding it at the same table. When I arrived for lunch the comment "Fast work!" slipped out. Every ear must have heard my remark, as the statement was repeated in all conceivable intonations, amid the laughter of the other guests. Later, a local friend took pity on my solitary state and introduced me to 14 female basketball players from Guatemala, who were in Tegucigalpa to play the local champions. The girls were very

minutes we were riding through rolling hills along a smooth one car wide dirt road. Twenty miles of this led to the army garrison village of Somate. On the outskirts of town is an overhead traffic signal operated by the army guard. Should he not like your appearance the signal will change to red and "Stop," while additional guards arrive to await and supervise your entry into town. Apparently we looked rather harmless, as the green light glowed permitting an uninterrupted entry. More inspections, which were passed with flying colors, but the gasoline news was bad. A tank truck which normally serviced the town had not arrived for a whole week, neither of the two pumps had any gasoline left, and all of the local automobiles were stalled. A quick look into my tank wasn't reassuring either. However, I decided to go ahead and hope to make the next town, 75 miles away before running out. My estimate was poor, for on a deserted section of road the thumper stopped thumping. The reserve supply was good for about 15 miles more, but an inspection of navigation charts showed nothing in the next 40 miles except more road. It was no use sitting in the sun, so forward motion began and ceased in the next instant as a huge truck came around the turn ahead. I hailed the driver to a stop,

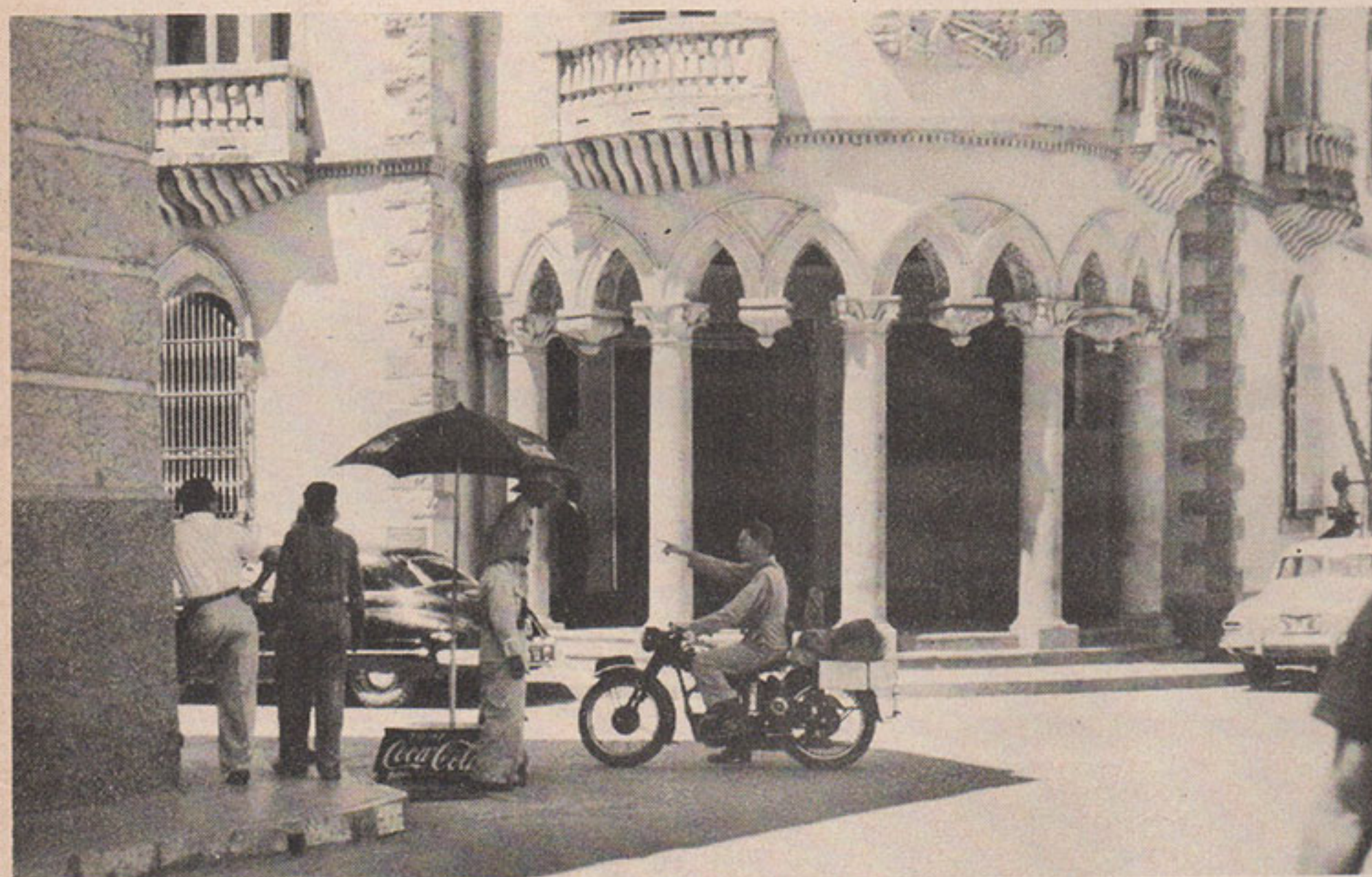


The capital of Honduras is Tegucigalpa, a small city nestling between beautiful mountain ranges. This picture was taken from United Nations Park

saint's statue from the church, parade about town to the music of a brass band, and then return the image to its resting place until next year. Some of the processions took place at night, using portable gasoline generators to illuminate many brightly colored lights carried by children in the parade. While this is going on, the young men and women throw confetti at each other, and make arrangements to meet later at the local theater.

Here another portion of my education was completed. For months during my trip through Central America, large and small signs advertising "Mejoral" have constantly attracted attention. In bright colors and adjacent to "Cola" signs, I just naturally assumed "Mejoral" to be some sort of Latin refreshment, even intending to order some with my next meal in a public restaurant. Fortunately knowledge came before disaster. It seems the product is designed to cure headaches, and is a most potent laxative.

(We leave Bill Carroll in quaint Managua until next month, when the final chapter of his rugged, interesting motorcycle trip to Panama will be told in this CYCLE exclusive—ED.)



This policeman is one of three on duty 24 hours daily in front of the National Palace (in the background) in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. The architecture reflects Moorish-Gothic influence

much interested in my trip and asked many questions, among which was "How many children do you have?" I very carefully explained that I could not be certain, as my seven wives had not written for three weeks. From then on I was definitely on the black list, and had only to come near the girls to cause the conversation to buzz about the crazy American with all his wives.

Leaving the country was much harder than coming in, as I had to get my passport inspected three times by the Foreign Office, the War Department, and finally the Police Department. All completed, the machine was gassed, we were photographed in front of the National Palace, and off again to ride back the 75 miles of national riverbed. Five hours later the Inter-American Highway offered smooth sailing to a small hotel near the border.

Early morning of the next day I presented myself to the Honduras border guards, and was passed through into Nicaragua. Further inspection was completed and in a few

explained my problem, and was deeply grateful when he produced a five gallon can of gas to fill my three gallon tank. Tried my darndest to pay him too, but he would take no money and spent much of his time giving me details of road conditions ahead. My subsequent arrival in Nicaragua's capital, Managua, was uneventful except for riding the wrong way on a one-way street, and sliding to a stop only inches from a lumber truck.

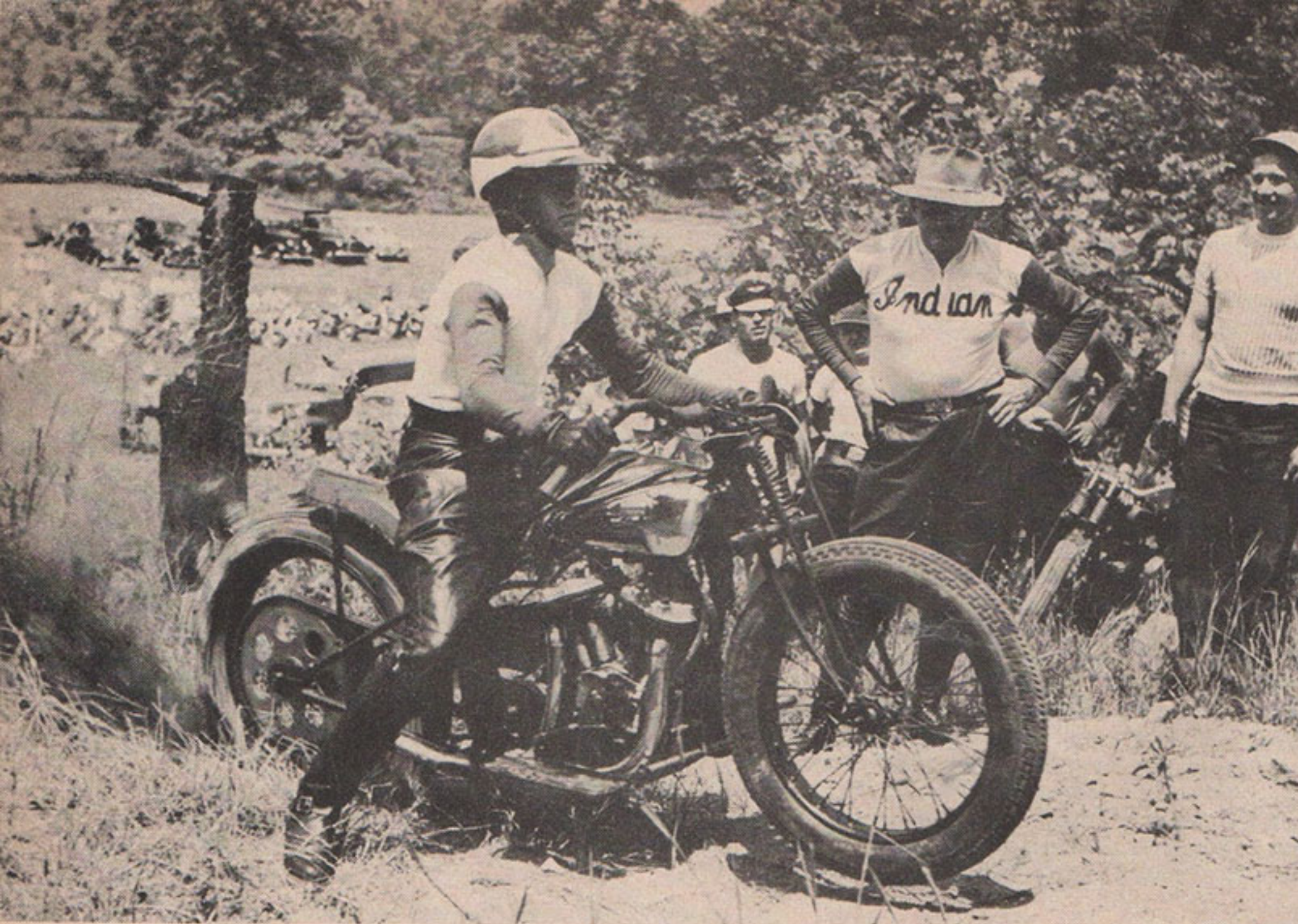
Managua was in the midst of Holy Week celebrations, which complicated my search for housing, as most hotels were full. Finally a suitable room was found, the motor bumped over the sidewalk through the lobby and into the patio for my stay. Here in Latin America, religious holidays are very important, and the people do not approve of motor vehicles being used during the Holy days. Water and rocks were thrown when I did attempt to ride the machine. The religious processions themselves were interesting as the various groups take the patron



This was one of the rivers I successfully navigated, but my water filled boots forced me to halt to drain them of the excess cargo



LEFT, Gordon Mitzel getting under way at the pits, keeps his eyes on the top of the hill



ABOVE, Howard Mitzel, "Old Man of the Mountain," and another old timer of the slopes, Ori Steele, swap by-gones. Ori retired in 1935, at one time he was National Champion. He now lives in Allentown, Pennsylvania, and never misses a climb. His formula for victory on the hill, like Mitzel's, is "gear your motor right and ride straight"

## OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN TAKES HONORS AT FREEMANSBURG, PA.

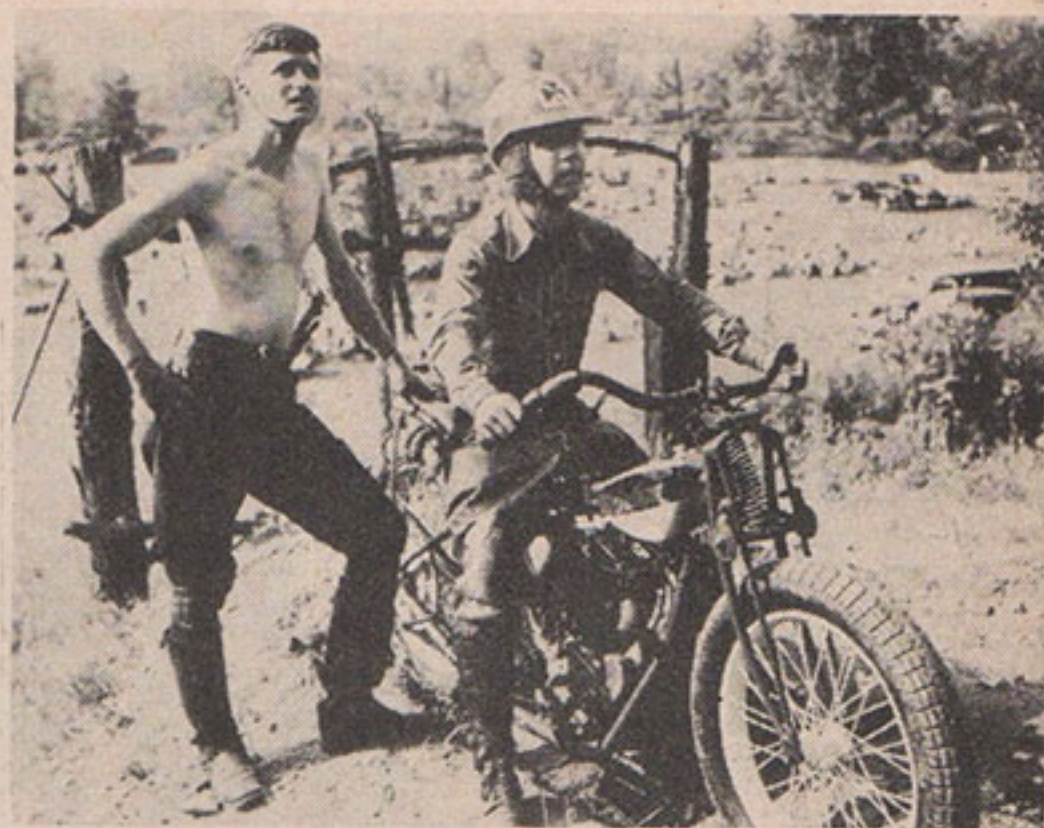
Text and Photos by Wallace Driver

THE TWO-STAR Freemansburg, Pa., Hill Climb on June 17 was sparked by the inspired riding of "The Old Man of the Mountain," Howard Mitzel, veteran competitor from York, Pa.

Mitzel, past National Hill Climb champion, took the 74-cubic-inch Class A final in 14:52 for 415 feet. This is far from his

best time for Freemansburg; he holds the hill record with a time of 10:39, set in 1949.

Mitzel has been riding for over thirty years in climbs throughout the East and Mid-West. He is known as a fearless, hard-driving rider, out to win in every event he enters. His son, Gordon, 18, is following in his father's footsteps, making the thrilling sport



ABOVE, Buddy Cosgrove, reported to be the smallest rider in hillclimbing, waits impatiently for the signal. 114 pound Buddy won a second in the B climb with a run of 360 ft.



Fifty-four year old Howard Mitzel, riding over thirty years, helps eighteen year old son Gordon tune his 45 Indian for second attempt at hillclimbing. Howard holds record: 10:39 for 450 ft.

of hillclimbing just one big family affair.

Freemansburg was Gordon's second climb. He had poor luck on his attempts, and placed out of the money in the finals, managing fourth place in the preliminaries with an ascent of 400 feet, just short of the top. Gordon's first climb at Newcastle, Pa., on Memorial Day brought him a third place.

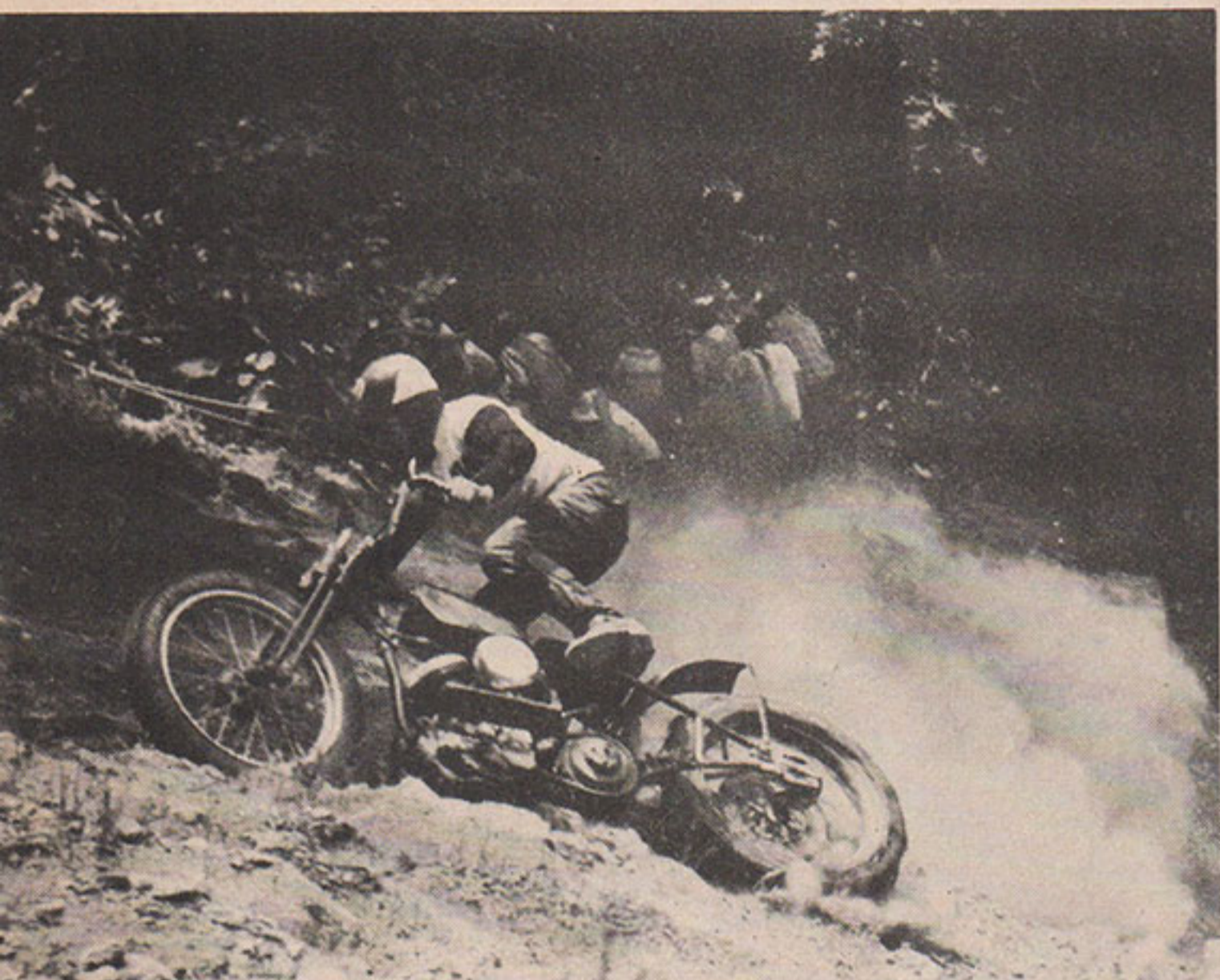
"The Old Man of the Mountain" is very modest about his achievements over the past three decades. While he has "one or two little tricks" which he politely declines to reveal, he has several suggestions for neophytes who want to try the challenging hills.

"Learn to ride straight, and gear properly for the hill," are Mitzel's prime maxims. Practice and experience are the only way these things can be learned. Probably the biggest secret in the Mitzel formula for success is his knack of steering with his body rather than with the handlebars. He rides the motor as an extension of his body, swaying his center of gravity as the path curves, and moving forward on the cycle as the angle of ascent increases.

For Class A events Mitzel usually uses a specially adapted 61-cubic-inch Indian motor with boosted compression. He prefers the 61 to the 74 because the lighter motor has a faster stroke and develops more speed. He does, however, occasionally use the larger



**RIGHT, Bob Nichols bails out at 275 ft. A safety strap on rider's wrist automatically pulls the plug on handlebar mag switch when he falls off**



**ABOVE, Phillip Rockwell, Hornell, N.Y., spills his special Harley-Davidson at 335 ft. This ride placed Phil third in the 45 cubic inch final**

machine. A neatly designed trailer accommodates his special 61 inch machine, a 45 inch machine for Gordon, and a spare 74 inch Harley Davidson.

A trucker from York, Pa., Mitzel really enjoys the game, and is very popular with the crowd. He often takes a second ride when his first has sewn up the prize. At Freemansburg he took such a run in the Class A finals in response to the demands of the crowd, spilling with a complete somersault about halfway up. This was the final and most spectacular spill of the day, and fortunately resulted in no injuries. He is a careful rider and has been remarkably lucky through the years, his only serious injury being a compound fracture of the leg in 1938 at Akron.

A few other tips from the champion rider advise that the fork be checked often to see that it is not too loose. Tires should not be too hard. And finally, if you spill, says Mitzel, get away from the machine fast.

Mrs. Mitzel is a charming woman who has not quite reconciled herself to the inherent dangers of the sport, but tolerates it without argument. She regularly goes along to watch her two men, and cheer them on. She points out that her husband, through practice and careful riding, has suffered few injuries.

The Freemansburg climb is 415 feet long, with an angle of climb of approximately 65 degrees. It is a treacherous run, with rocks and loose dirt testing the skill of every rider. Several neat curves add to the difficulty of the climb, and only the best, most aggressive riders get to the top.

The June meet was distinguished with two father and son teams, Howard and Gordon Mitzel and Jimmy Raupaugh Sr., and Jr., of Cumberland. Two brothers, Buddy and Eddie Cosgrove, also of Cumberland, competed.

Five contestants entered the Class A event, with eight riders in Class B. They split a purse of \$350.



**ABOVE, Boulevard of broken dreams. Many a slope shooter never saw top of winding Freemansburg, only about 40 viewers made the hill**

#### RESULTS

74-cubic-inch Class A preliminary—Howard Mitzel, York, Pa., 14:52; Buddy Cosgrove, Cumberland, Md., 14:58; Jimmy Raupaugh, Sr., Cumberland, Md., 14:88; Pete Ubelacker, Rochester, N. Y., 15:77.

Finals—Mitzel, 12:68; Ubelacker, 12:80; Lloyd Corriere, Easton, Pa., 20:79; Oakley Downey, Chester, Pa., 390 feet.

45-cubic-inch Class B preliminary—Eddie Cosgrove, Cumberland, Md., 15:58; Robert Nichols, Chester, Pa., 18:10; Corriere, 18:15; Gordon Mitzel, 400 feet.

Finals—Jimmy Raupaugh, Jr., Cumberland, Md., 14:43; Eddie Cosgrove, 360 feet; Corriere, 360 feet; Paul Rockwell, Hornell, N. Y., 335 feet.

**RIGHT, Eddie Cosgrove flushed a few fans from brush. Jimmy Raupaugh went over top in 14:43**

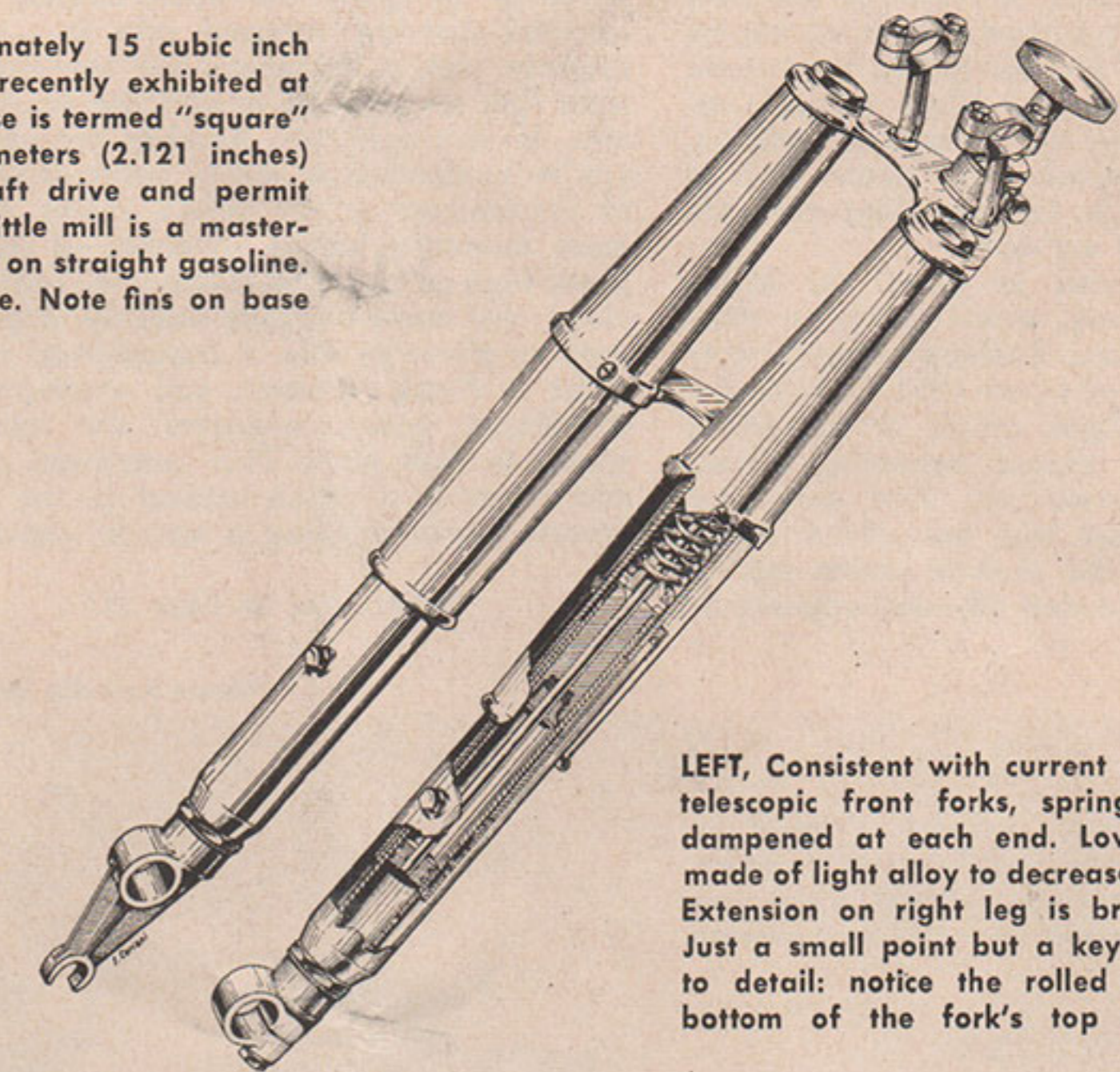
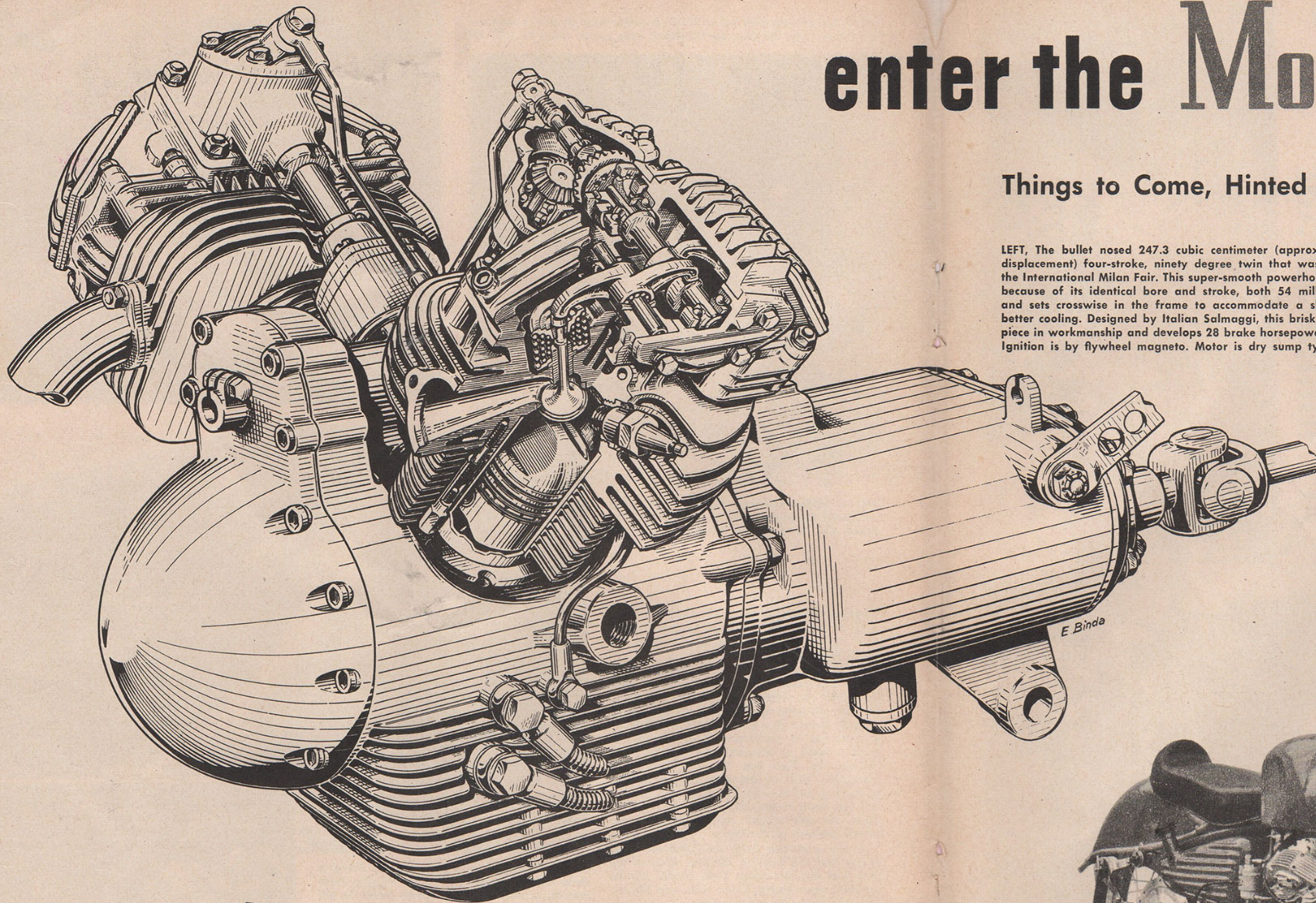




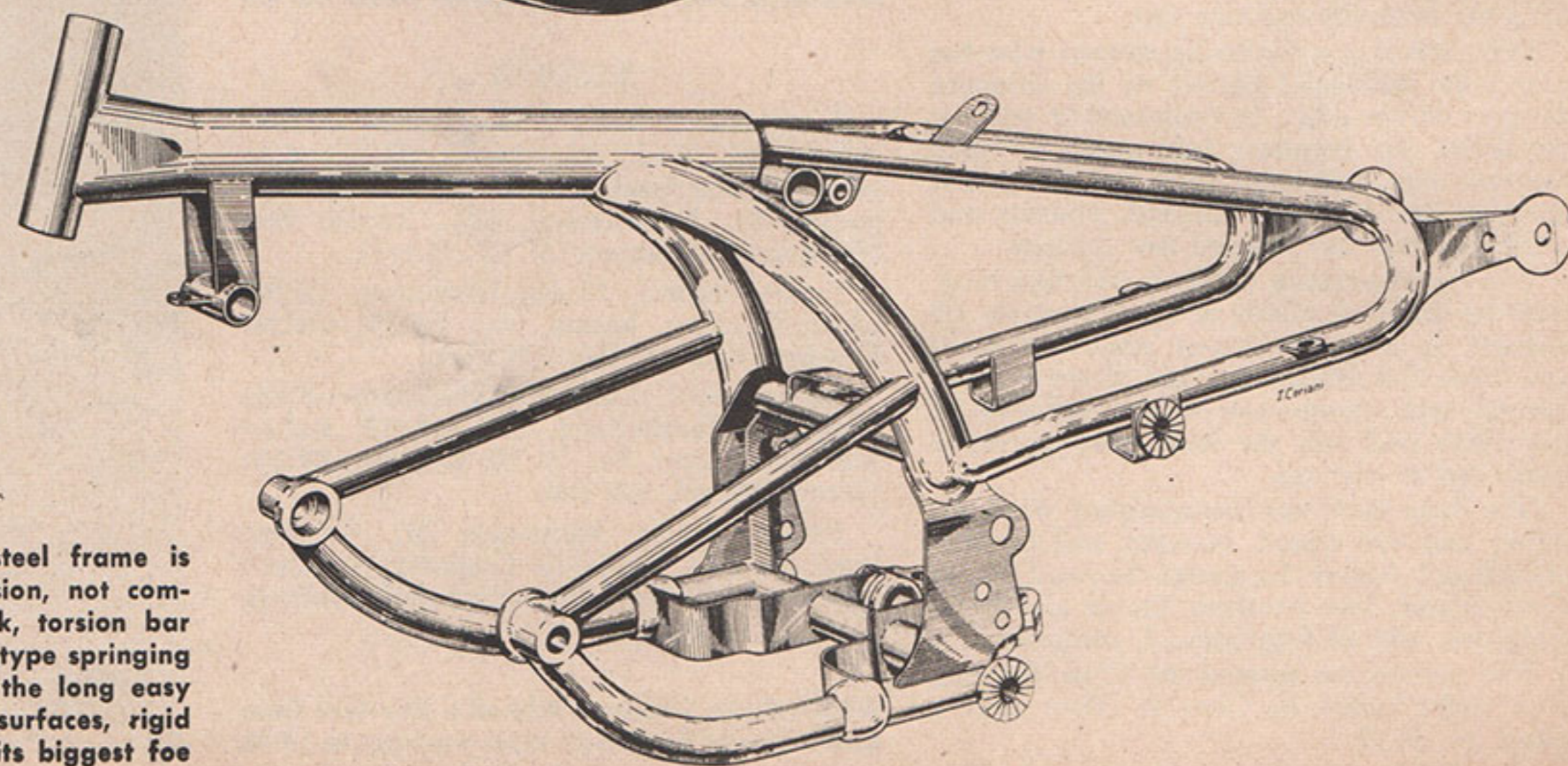
# enter the MotoLambretta

## Things to Come, Hinted in Dazzling Racer from Milan

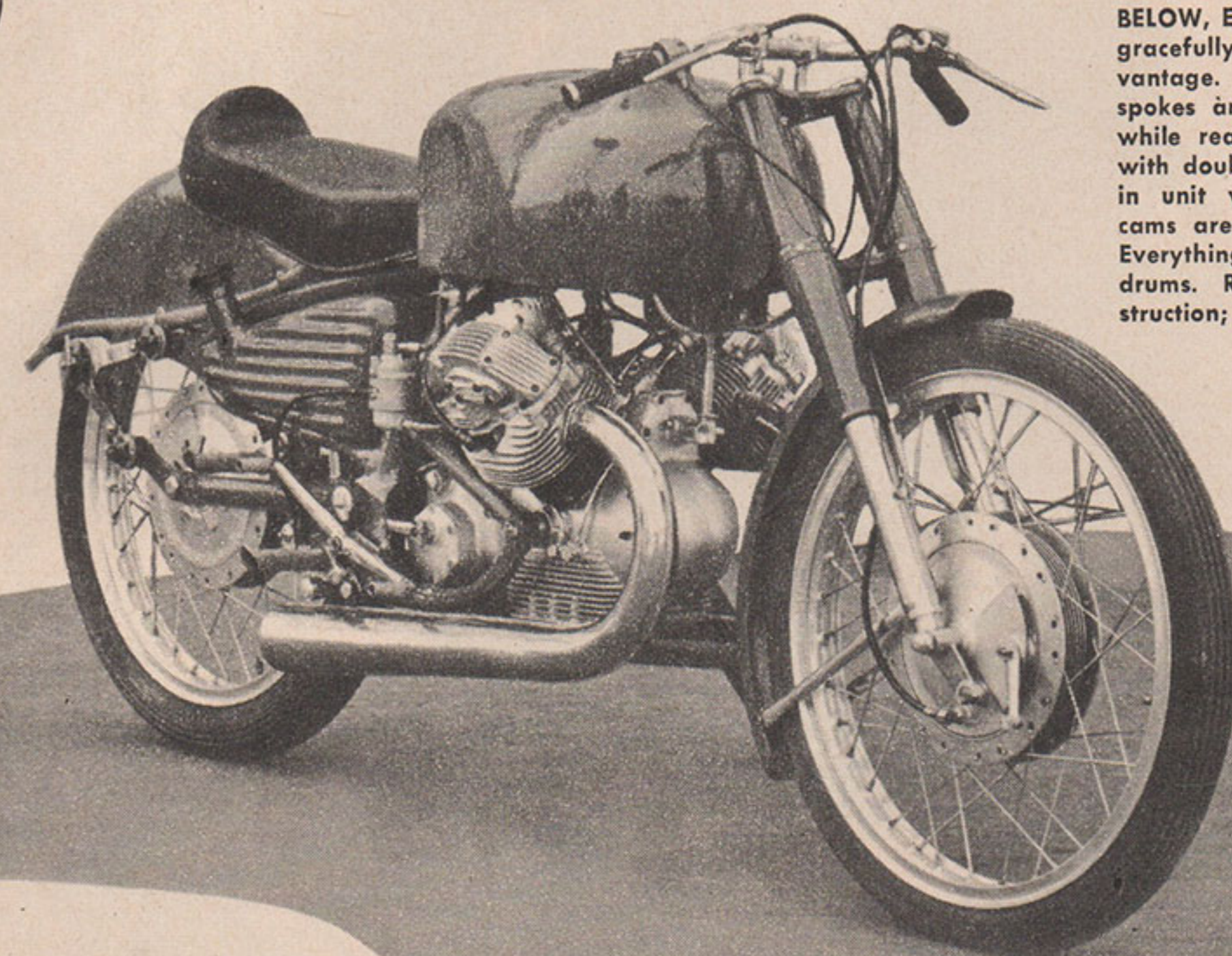
LEFT, The bullet nosed 247.3 cubic centimeter (approximately 15 cubic inch displacement) four-stroke, ninety degree twin that was recently exhibited at the International Milan Fair. This super-smooth powerhouse is termed "square" because of its identical bore and stroke, both 54 millimeters (2.121 inches) and sets crosswise in the frame to accommodate a shaft drive and permit better cooling. Designed by Italian Salmaggi, this brisk little mill is a masterpiece in workmanship and develops 28 brake horsepower on straight gasoline. Ignition is by flywheel magneto. Motor is dry sump type. Note fins on base



LEFT, Consistent with current design are tubular telescopic front forks, spring loaded and oil damped at each end. Lower fork legs are made of light alloy to decrease unsprung weight. Extension on right leg is brake plate anchor. Just a small point but a key to their attention to detail: notice the rolled edge around the bottom of the fork's top dust cover tubes



RIGHT, Weird looking tubular steel frame is compact and rigid. Rear suspension, not completely shown, has swinging fork, torsion bar with friction shock absorber. This type springing is becoming popular because of the long easy travel it allows. Large bearing surfaces, rigid members assure lateral rigidity—its biggest foe



BELOW, Even its bulging 5.8 gallon gas tank is gracefully contoured to the rider's best advantage. Wheels have large light alloy hubs, spokes are short. Front tire is 2.375x21 inch, while rear is 3.00x21. A five speed gearbox with double foot control and selector is bolted in unit with engine. Shaft driven overhead cams are ball-bearing mounted, pressure fed. Everything is finned to the skies, even the brake drums. Rims are special racing alloy construction; straight-wall sides to increase stress



# THE EAGLE IS A THRIFTY BIRD

CUSHMAN'S LATEST IS AUTOMATIC,  
EASY, AND ECONOMICAL

By Bob Greene — Editor

"TOPS IN LOW cost transportation," is the by-word of the Cushman Motor Works at Lincoln, Nebraska. Of course, economy is a high factor in the modern lightweight field and, in view of the new Cushman Eagle's comparatively small engine displacement, 17.79 cubic inches, your tester was ready to accept the bike's reputed immunity to gas and oil without a question. From a rider's outlook other factors such as safety, performance and handling ease are of equal interest I am sure.

With these points in mind, the Milne brothers of Pasadena, world champion short track stars and local Cushman agents, were asked for the loan of a new 1951 Eagle single. During my pre-flight course at the Milne shop, the cycle's unique operating characteristics were pointed out. First and most unusual to someone who has ridden before is the fact that the throttle twists out to accelerate and in to shut off—just opposite to

the conventional. To a new rider this switch would be no obstacle but the veteran grip twister will cut many a fancy dido for the first few miles I assure you. Not having an opportunity to query the manufacturer, it is assumed that the reversed grip is a safety measure, since a beginner's first reaction in a tight spot seems to be to pull the throttle in and, in this case, off. Another feature that can be interpreted as one of safety as well as of convenience is the bike's ability to remain motionless while in either of its two gears, high or low. This is due to a centrifugal clutch that doesn't engage until the engine is sped up above an idle. A conventional clutch pedal is fitted, however, and overrides the centrifugal action whenever the operator wishes to shift gears. This centrifugal clutch also serves as a circuit breaker in the drive system, thereby making it next to impossible

(Continued on Page 25)

Photos by Felix Zelenka

"... so we went to the mountain." End of the line was determined by Eagle's automatic clutch. When going is unbearable, clutch kicks out, rear wheel stops, and useless wear and tear avoided







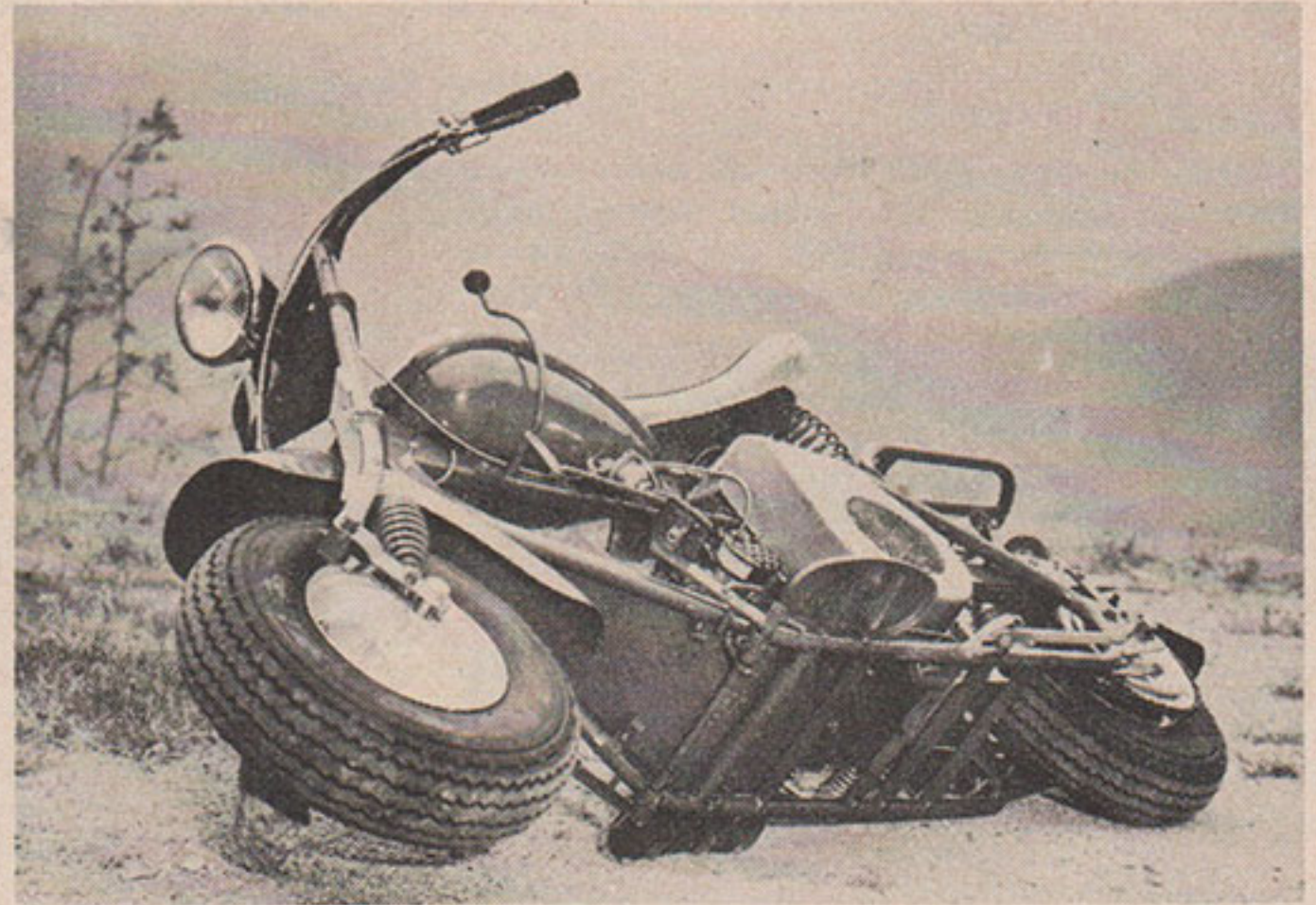
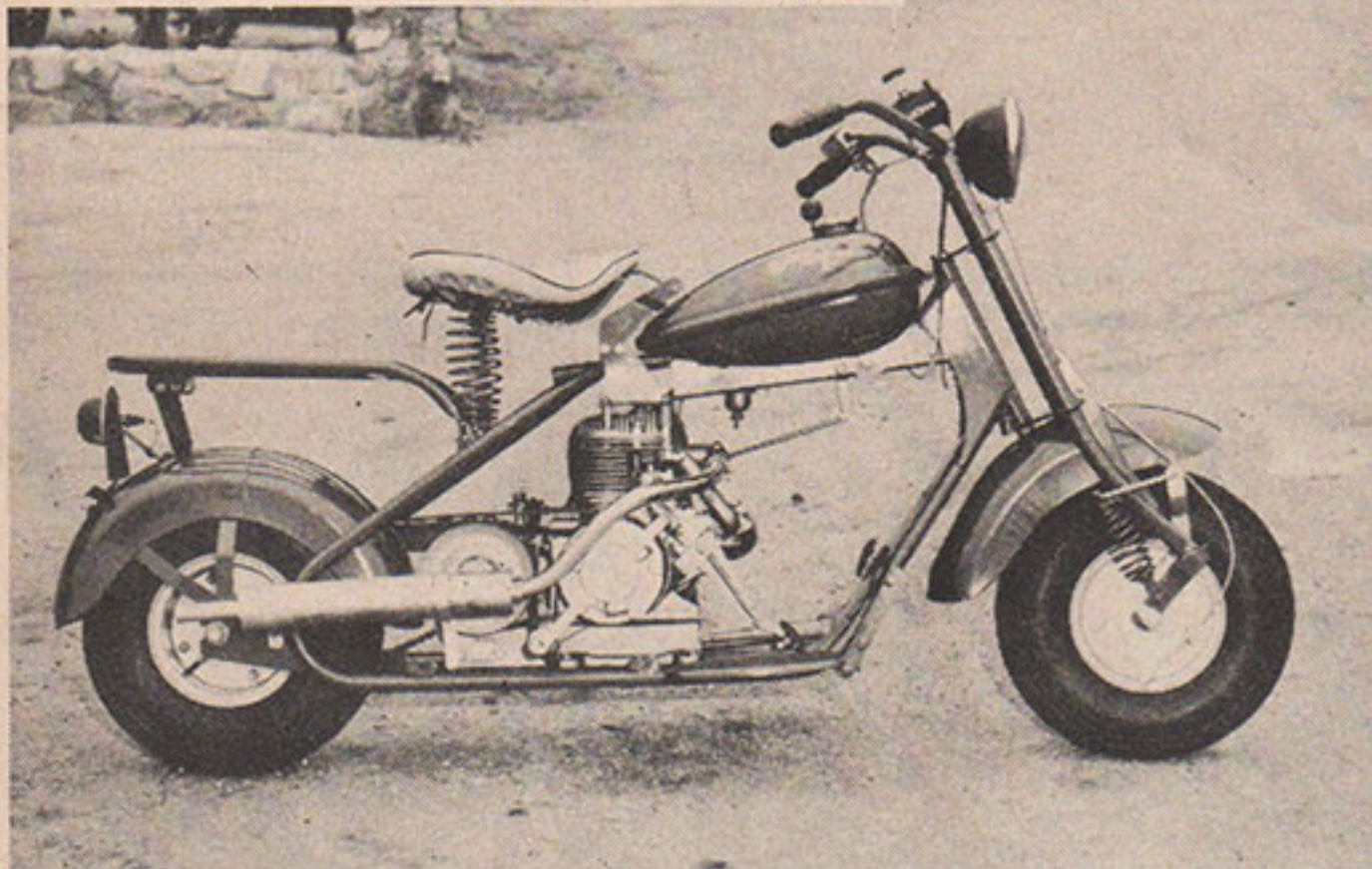
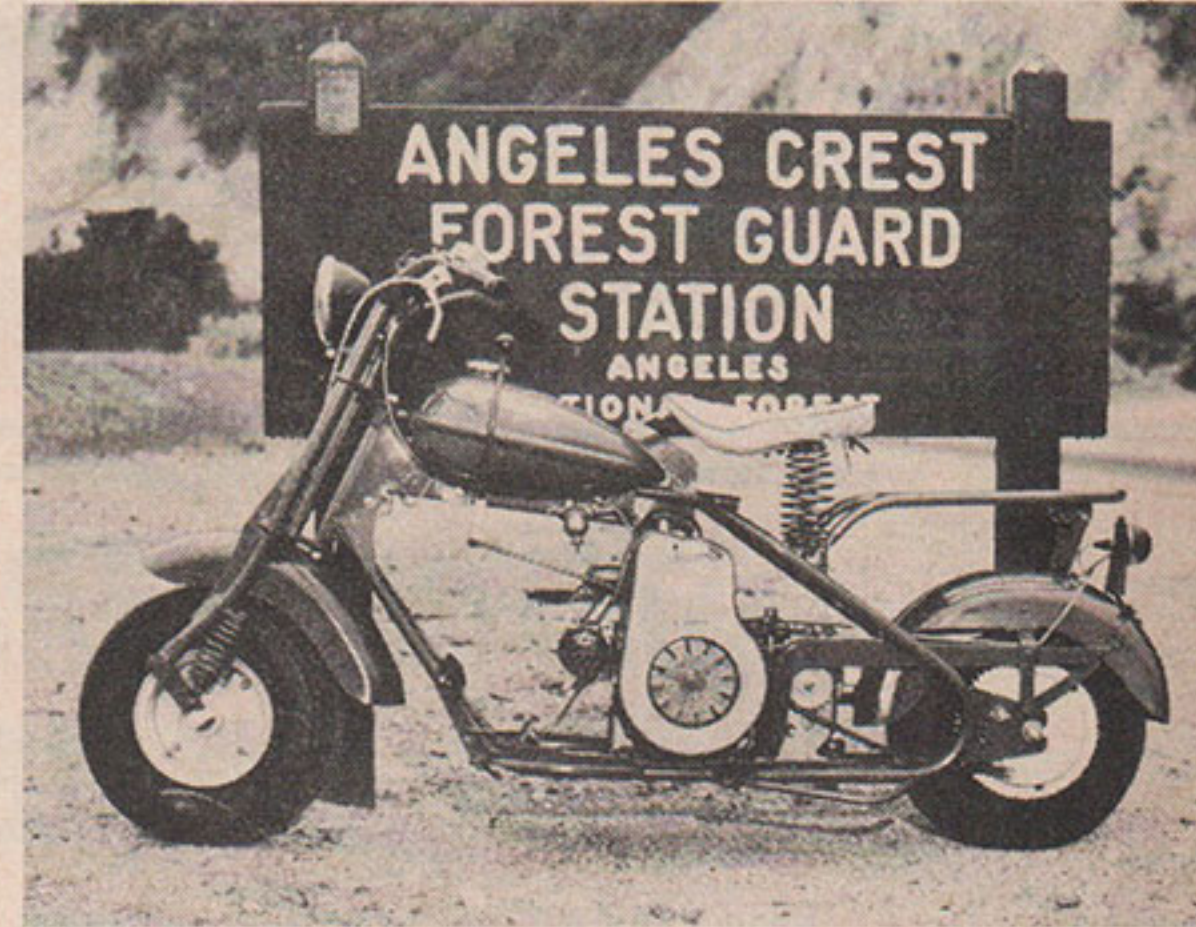
LEFT, Cornering under full sail showed steering to be very sensitive and best done by leaning into the turn with cycle rather than remaining upright and whipping bike about beneath rider

BELOW, Cushman's "Husky" four-stroke single cylinder engine is partially covered by an air scoop with circulating fan. All steel tubular frame is electrically welded. Transmission is two-speed sliding gear with left-hand shift

LEFT, Doing what usually comes naturally was a bit out of place on Cushman's economy bike but was added to sound out structural weaknesses. Rough treatment didn't faze forks, frame, wheels

BELOW LEFT, Centrifugal force operates what can be termed automatic clutch. When motor revs up, plates are forced together. Lime above front wheel is left over from Greenhorn Enduro

BELOW RIGHT, Underside construction is clean, rugged. Nearly all engine and transmission weight is above frame line, a few inches below axle height. Floorboards are non-folding type



## General Specifications

**ENGINE.** Camshaft: Drop forged steel—gear driven. All cam and bearing surfaces hardened and ground. Valves: 1¼ inch diameter—silichrome steel valve seat inserts intake and exhaust. Lubrication: Oil capacity one quart. Positive action piston pump, centrifugal pressure to connecting rod bearing. Carburetor: New Tillotson—horizontal type—adjustable. Cooling: Extra large flywheel fan forces air over cylinder and oil sump. Air cleaner: Large capacity—dry type. Ignition: Wico flywheel magnet—lifetime Alnico magnets. Starter: Foot type—located beneath tank. Gasoline tank: Two gallon capacity. Cylinder and crankcase: Cast as an integral unit from selected materials. Cylinder head: Aluminum—large cooling fin area. Bore and stroke: 2⅞ by 2¾ inches. Piston Displacement: 17.79 cubic inches. Piston: Aluminum alloy heat treated—super fine finish. Piston rings: One compression, one oil scraper, one ventilated oil control. Main bearings: Adjustable—tapered roller. Connecting rod: Heat treated, drop forged steel. Connecting rod bear-

ing: Precision type, steel backed—babbitt-lined inserts. Crankshaft: Drop forged steel with integral counterweights—all bearing surfaces precision ground

**LIGHTING.** Generator: Full Cushman Permalite. Built as an integral part of the magneto. Head light: Tilt beam with 32-32 candle power, prefocused bulb—ample light at all speeds. Tail light: Twenty-one candle power—visible from rear and sides. Illuminates license plate—reflex type lens

**BRAKE.** Type: Two shoe—cam operated—internal expanding on both front and rear wheels—operated independently of each other. Drum: Diameter 6⅞ inches. Lining: Heavy duty 1⅞ by ⅞ inches. Shielded: Entire braking mechanism shielded from dirt, sand and water

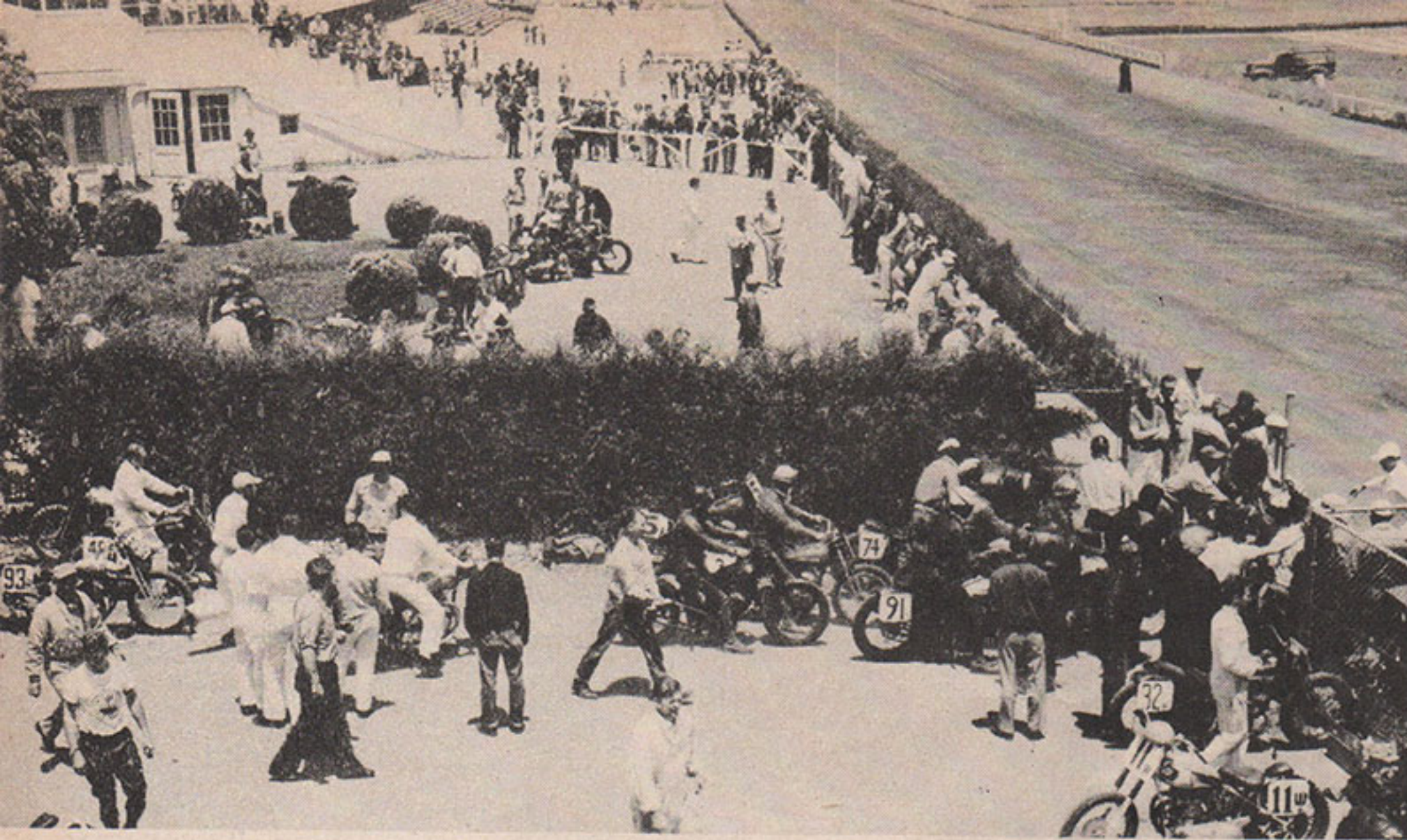
**DRIVE.** Primary: 20 degrees wedge angle narrow V-Belt operating on pressed steel pulleys. Final sprockets: Accurate machine cut steel—case hardened. Extra long life. Final chain drive to rear wheel: Top quality—½ inch pitch—⅝ inch

wide—conventional roller type construction  
**CLUTCH.** Type: Automatic engagement. Centrifugally activates single disc with manual release for shifting gears. Bearings: Heavy ball thrust release bearing. Needle roller idler bearings

**WHEEL AND TIRE.** Tire and tube size: Genuine Cushman 100. Designed exclusively for proper, easy steering and long life on two-wheel vehicles. Rims: Pressed steel. Wheel bearings: Tapered roller—automotive size—adjustable—weather sealed. Hub assembly: Welded steel  
**TRANSMISSION.** Type: Two speeds forward sliding gear—selective. Gears and shafts: Extra heavy—precision machined from alloy steel. Main and counter shafts: Mounted on the best grade anti-friction needle and ball bearings. Gear shift lever: Conveniently located—left hand position

**MISCELLANEOUS.** Carrying capacity: Driver and one passenger—or driver and 200 pound payload when equipped with sidecar





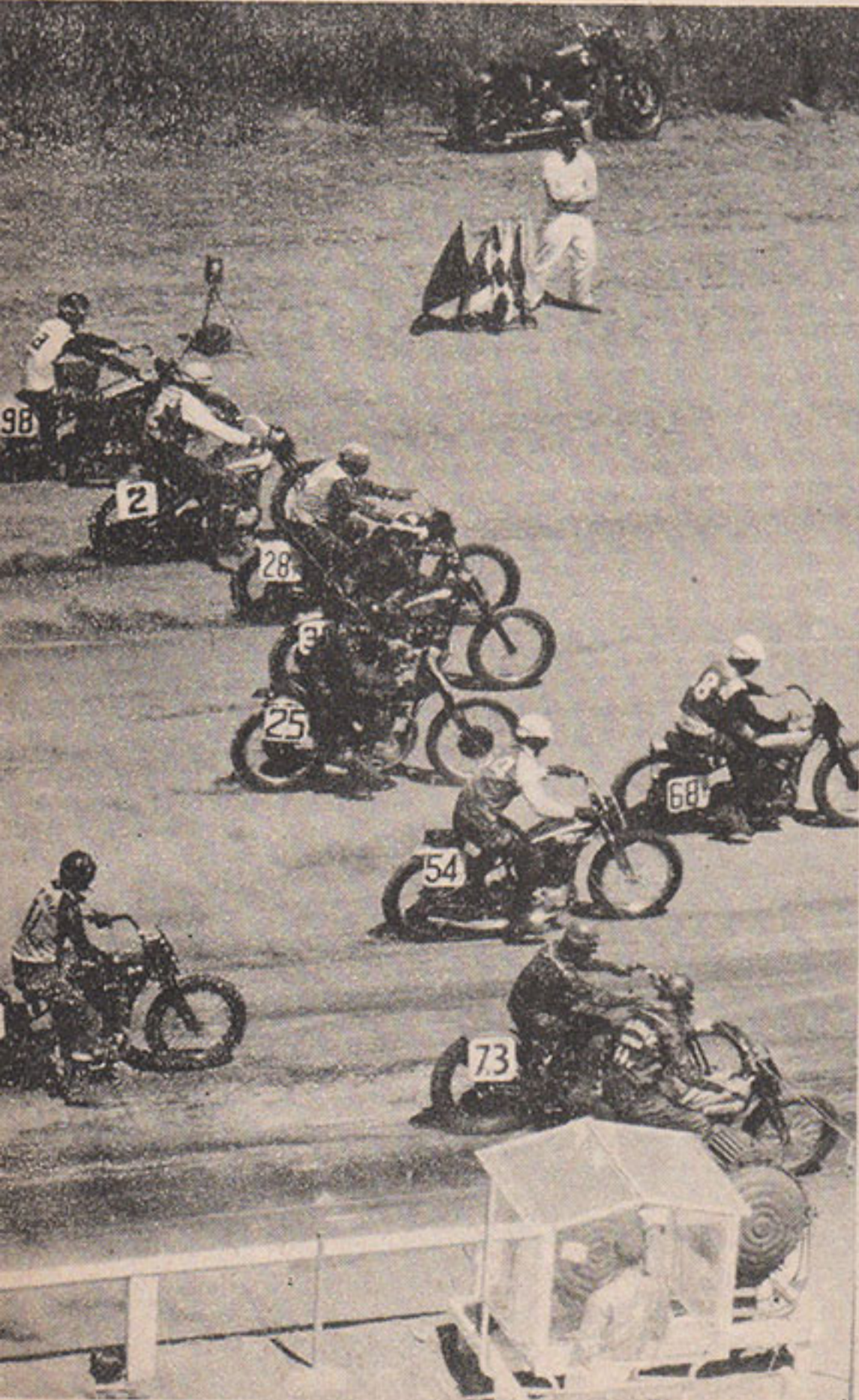
Saturday afternoon: empty stands form background for busy pits. Amateur time trials were only events scheduled for Saturday, but ambitious experts spend day in frantic preparation

## SIFTON HARLEYS SWEEP BAY MEADOWS

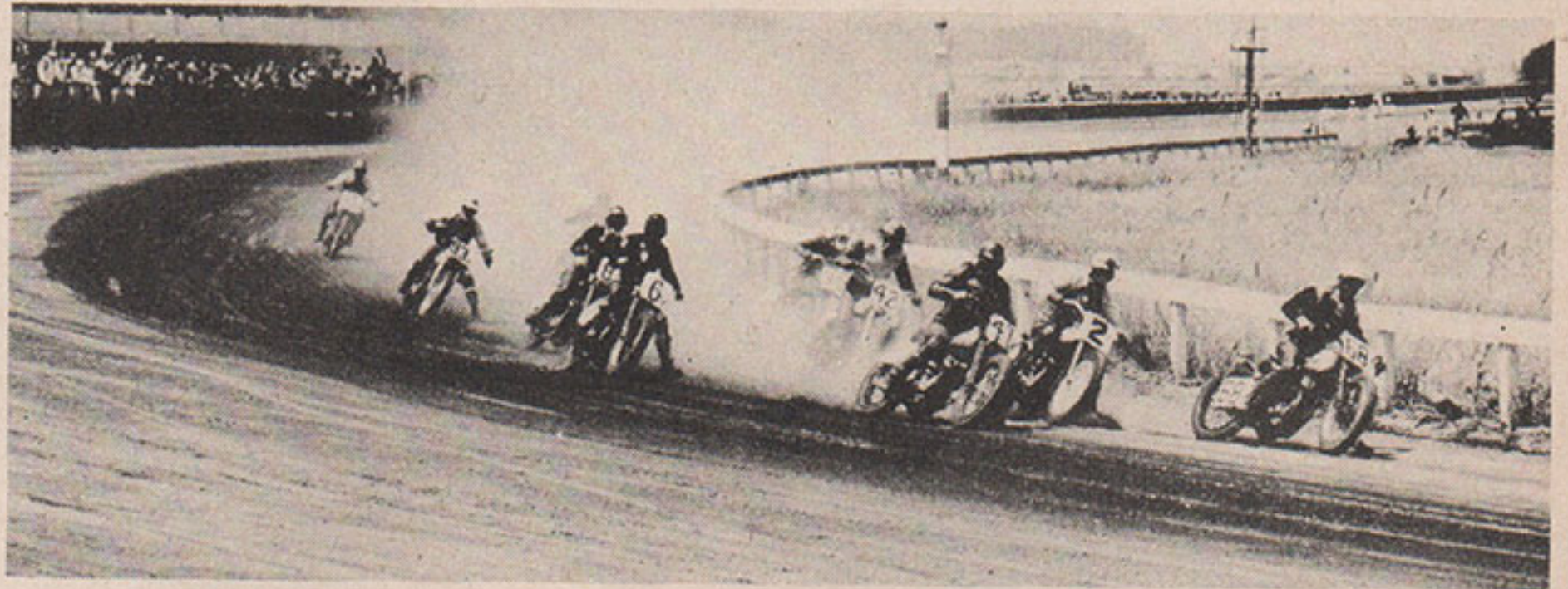
**KEN EGGERS GETS LION'S SHARE OF  
\$7500 PURSE AT \$60 PER LAP**

By Larry Headrick

BELOW, Amateur Main kicks off with ragged start. Joe Leonard, 98x, fought through most of pack to earn coveted title and \$300. 98x is Sifton experimental rig, may compete with "Pig"



BELOW, Away from the post in a cloud, Bob Emler, 41y, Ralph Chadwick, 2y, and John Cross, 68y, all Harley-Davidson 45 mounted, lead the boys off during the fiery Amateur Heat



BELOW, Sunday morning; Dick Klamforth, Daytona title-holder, walks through time trial, barely earns spot in second heat. Then, with pressure on, spurred his Norton, 2nd in heat, 4th in main



THE PIG did it again.

"Just too much machine," agreed the top-flight competition riders in the country after Kenny Eggers rode effortlessly into the national 20-mile championship at Bay Meadows on Sunday, July 1, 1951.

That isn't sour grapes. It happens to be the most accurate summary of the main event on the race card. I heard the same comment last year when I rode the same motorcycle to victory and I can testify to the truth of the statement. Any one of at least half a dozen riders who raced against me in 1950 could have won the race on my machine. The story was the same this year. Kenny is a hell of a good rider, but the other experts who earned starting positions for the main event are the best in the country. There was Jimmy Chann, number 1 in 1950 and two-time winner of the 15-mile championship in Milwaukee. Dick Klamforth, 1951 Daytona 200-mile winner was there for the start. Bill Tuman, national 100-mile champ and Paul Albrecht, U. S. seven-mile champion and second-place man in last year's Bay Meadows race, were both on hand. And there's nothing slow about Bert Brundage, Gene Thiessen, and the rest.

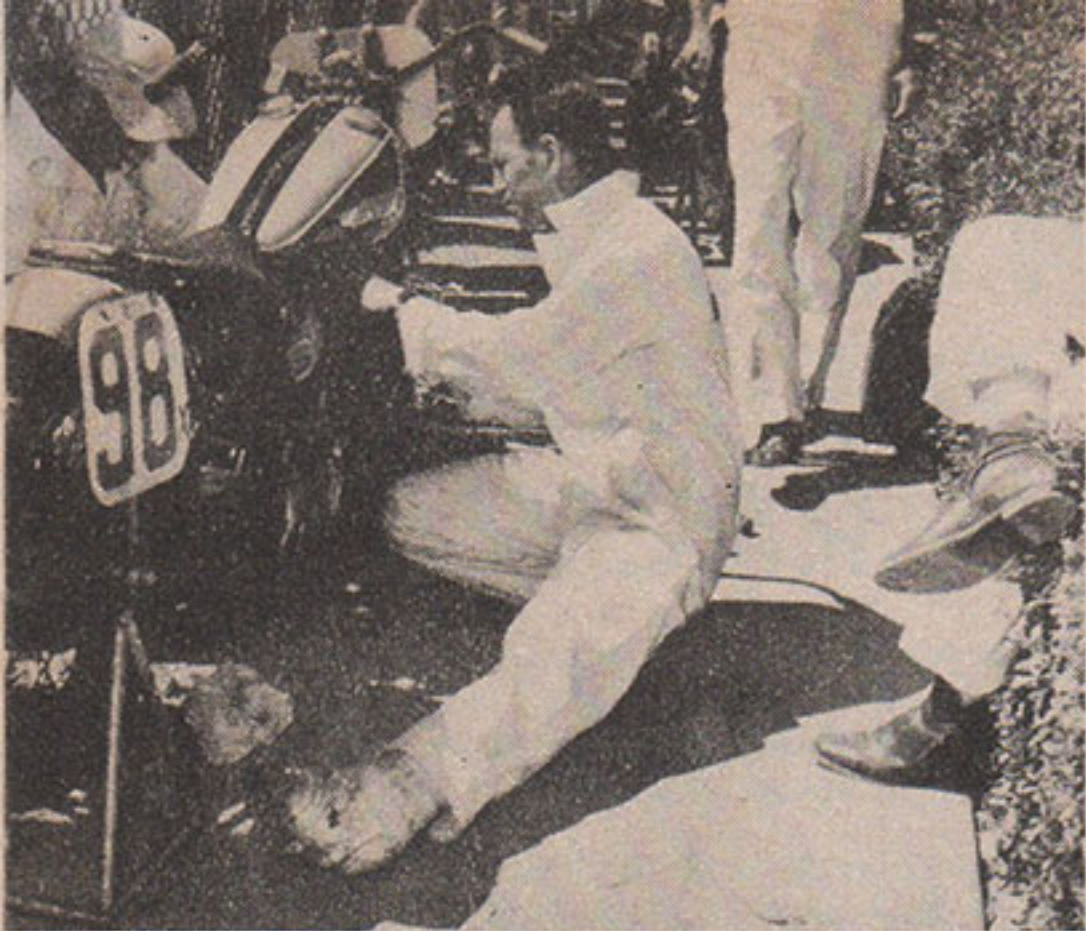
With this kind of competition on hand, the huge crowd of 15,000 stayed glued to the grandstand seats. Some came early in the morning to watch the expert time trials, and saw Paul Albrecht turn the mile in 45.08 seconds on a Harley, closely pressed by one of the West Coast's up and coming riders, Gene Thiessen, whose 45.52-second lap on a BSA was high for the British machines.

After a jumpy start, the field leveled out for the first turn. The first few laps were devoted to shuffling positions between riders, but by the fourth lap Kenny Eggers held first place and Bert Brundage was pushing his Triumph into second. Charlie West blew up on the back stretch and was forced to retire early. Gene Thiessen stayed up near the

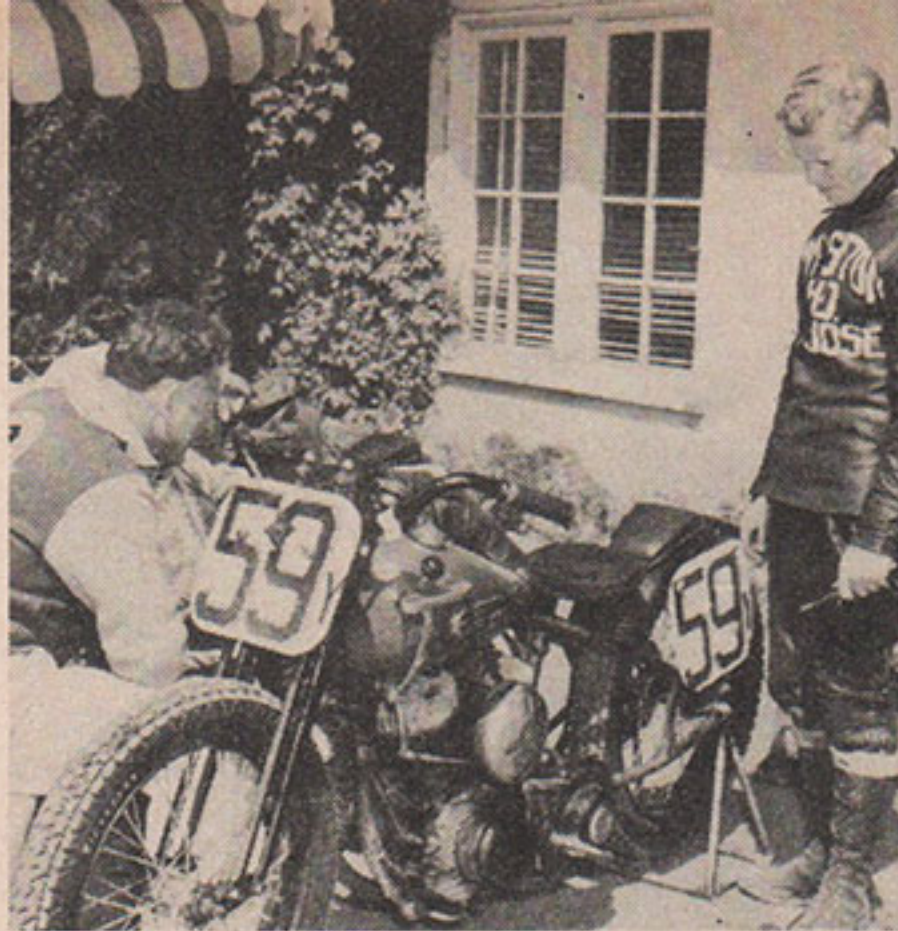
BELOW, Focal-plane shutter stops Joe Leonard in corner, amateur main, catches easy natural style







Larry Headrick squints in concentration as he pulls down Joe Leonard's bike for inspection



ABOVE, The maestro of the super-tuned Harleys, Tom Sifton, demonstrates a point to Ken Eggers

Photos by Pat Corner and Stan Peterson

front for about half the race, but slowly dropped back to sixth, where he finished. To all the watchers in the press box high above the grandstand, it was apparent that Kenny would not be headed, barring mechanical failure or a freak accident. He rode smoothly, without pressing his luck or forcing his machine, seeming to tour the track with all the nonchalance of a Sunday driver. Yet he gradually lengthened his lead, lapped Roy Andres just before the finish. Second-place Bert Brundage lagged Kenny by almost a quarter lap as the checkered flag came down.

This wasn't the only victory for Tom Sifton. The amateur final was won by Joe Leonard, riding one of my old machines with a Sifton engine newly installed. His victory, while not as clear-cut and decisive as Kenny's, was less difficult than most of us had thought it would be. Competition in the amateur was of high caliber, too. Eddie Kretz, who rode as an expert in this year's Daytona, came in fifth on his Triumph. Marion Boring and Ralph Chadwick placed two-three.

Joe's machine, running under number 98x, was originally built to beat the championship bike. But my old number 1 wouldn't be headed by any combination we used, so Kenny rode it again, using 59y as his number. This machine has been worked over so often in the past that Tom now calls it "the pig" with the same affectionate tone he uses to call me "Sleepy." The pig is easily the finest miler on the tracks today. It's better now than when I rode it last year, as is evidenced by Kenny's winning time of 14 minutes 57.35 seconds for the 20 miles. My old record for the track, set last year, was 15:17.40. The new record is an average of just over 80 mph for the route.

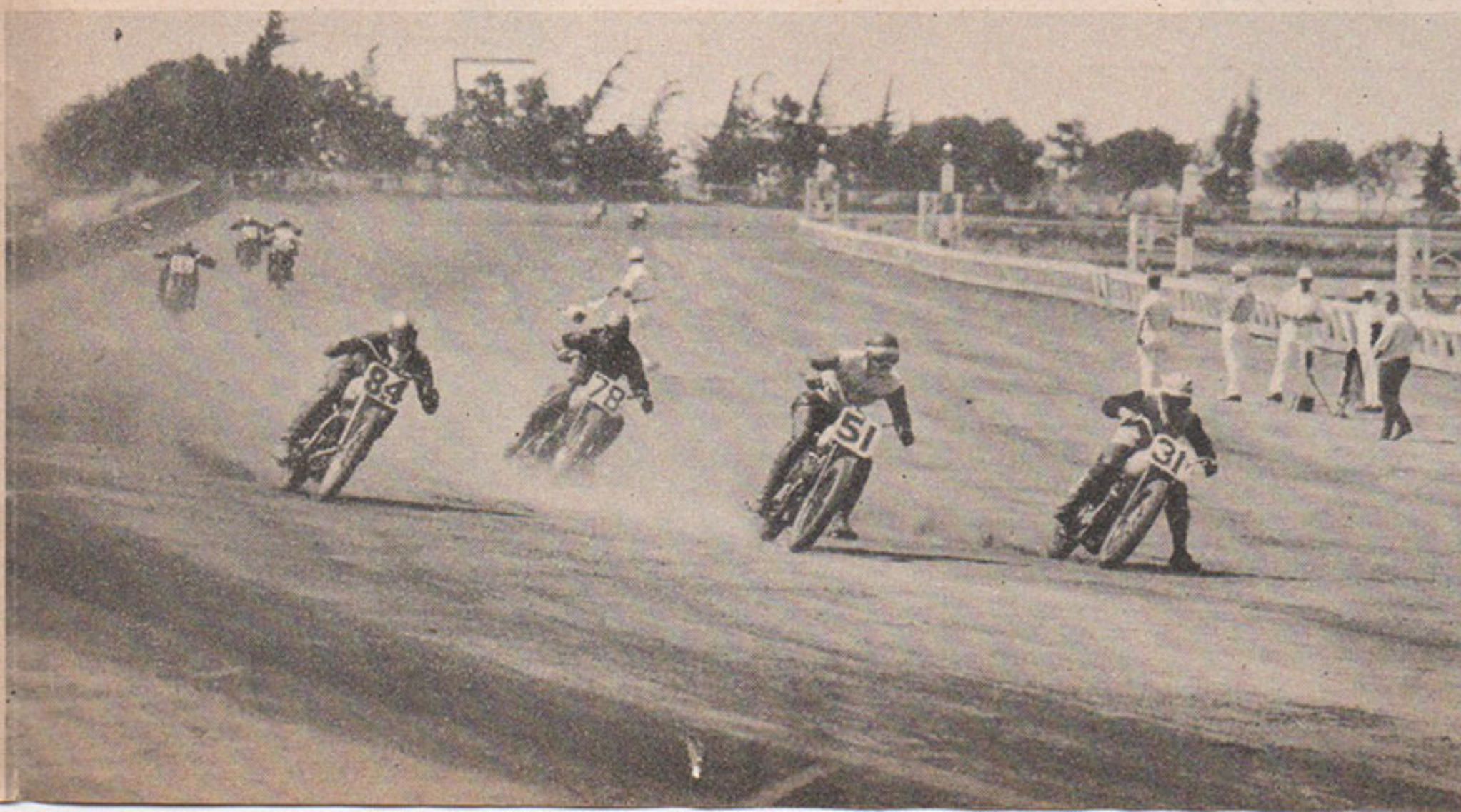
Just what Tom does to a flat-head 45 cu. in. Harley to transform it into a fire-eater is a secret. I've been doing a lot of the work

(Continued on Page 31)



ABOVE, Bert Brundage, Bill Tuman, Charlie West squeeze on a corner, main event. Bert was 2nd

BELOW, How it looked behind Ken Eggers—Brundage, Tuman, West are shown neck and neck



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# ACHTUNG! THE HOREX RACER

LEFT, A top contender for supremacy in German cycledom is this Horex 500. Last year this comparatively young firm developed a very fine 350 cc racer. Now watch their smokes!

BELOW, Hydraulic units at each end have extremely long travel. Streamlined enclosure of rear wheel also holds tool kit and the battery

## PHENOMENAL THIRTY-INCH TWIN DELIVERS THE GOODS—50 HP

By Herbert G. Schwarz

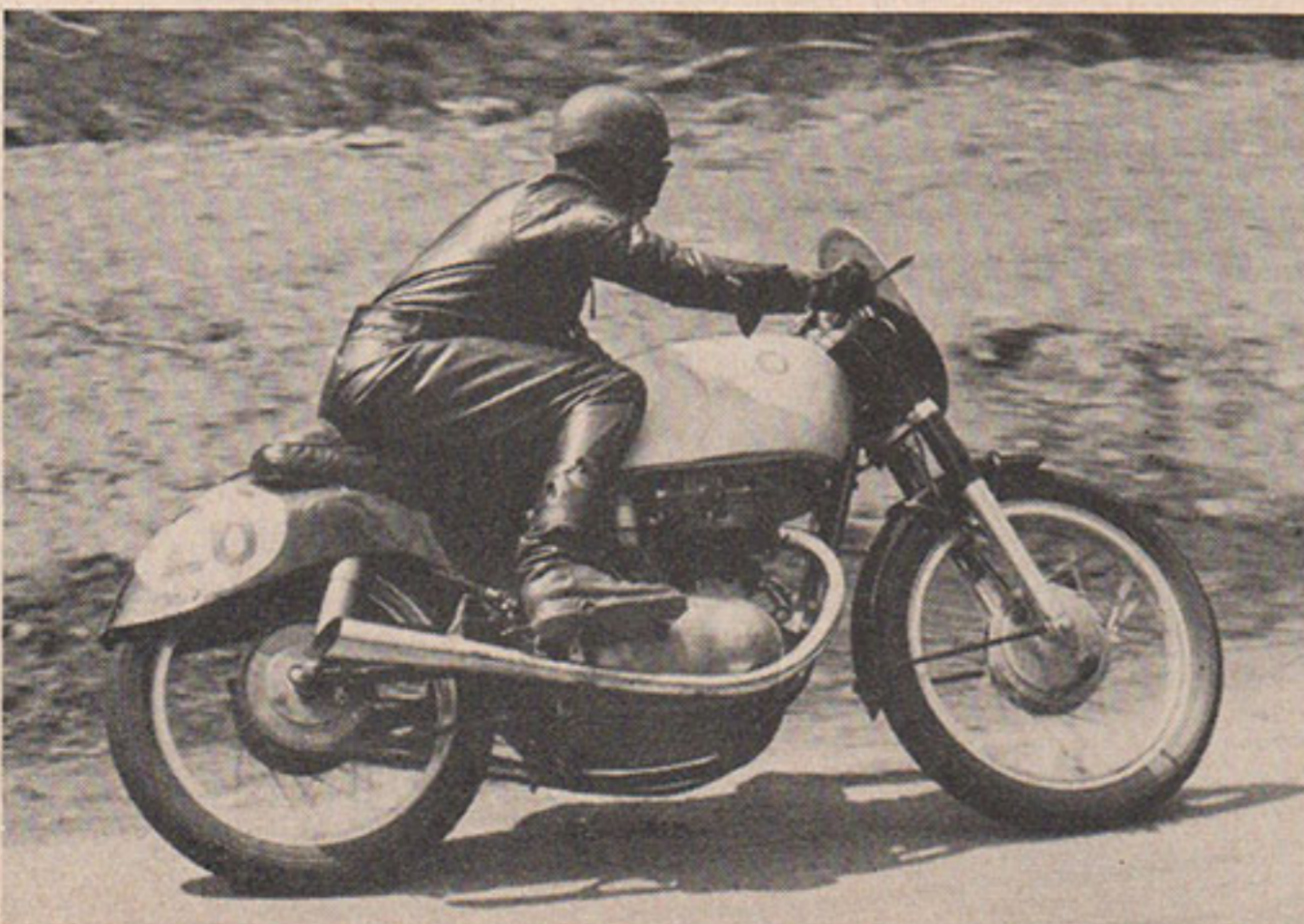
**R**IGHT UP THERE in competition with the "big two," NSU and BMW, is the new racer by Horex. This German firm is not exactly new at the motorcycle game, since they held the German sidecar record during 1935, but only lately have they developed a motorcycle which presents a serious threat to the traditional winners of most inner-German races.

In 1932 the engineers at Horex developed the first overhead camshaft parallel twin in the history of motorcycling. This is the engine which was eventually refined and now appears as the new Horex 500. At first a touring model was marketed, which was good for over 85 mph, thanks to the 30 hp developed by the powerful twin. This "regular" model sports two carburetors, four crankshaft bearings, an overhead camshaft, and a newly constructed transmission.

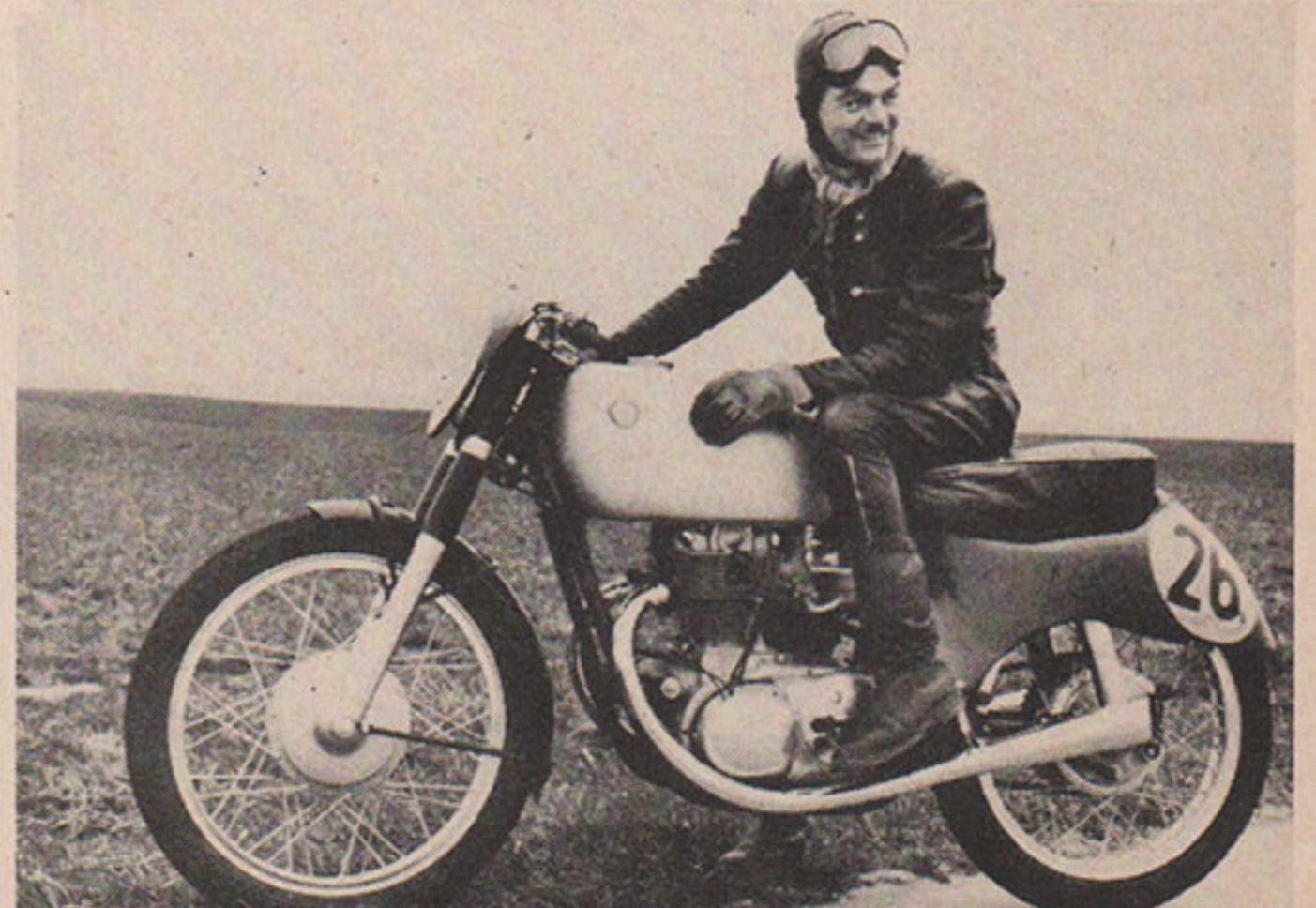
The racer, shown in these illustrations, was originally an experimental job, with improvements added to raise the quality of the touring model still higher. However, results have been so successful that now a sports model is being marketed, which is said to put out over 50 hp at 8000 rpm and easily tops the 100 mile mark.

At present, the company is reluctant to release too much data, but during the recent Austrian Alpine Race, in June, Horex copped the only gold medal awarded, three silver medals and one bronze. Also awarded, for its absolute and overwhelming victory, was a special award, the "Edelweiss." Other tests on the Autobahn convinced onlookers that the new engine will be the surprise package of many sports events to come.

BELOW, Already in action on European racing circuits, the Horex chain-driven O.H.C. job promises to put the torch to competition activities



BELOW, German rider Hugo Schmitz appears more than satisfied with his new mount. Racing cushion, shown, or standard saddle are optional





**EAGLE ROAD TEST**

(Continued from Page 21)

to damage the engine, transmission or drive chain. If forward motion is stopped for any reason, the engine slows down, the clutch disengages and the rear wheel stops rather than spinning needlessly in place. The unit has very much the same effect as the fluid drives employed in today's motor cars and can even be used as a brake when temporarily stopping on a steep hill, as is often required at a traffic light. This type clutch is actually automatic and has many clear-cut advantages, especially when adapted to a machine that is built for a definite purpose, that of safe, economical and moderate transportation. The kick starter pedal is spotted directly in front of the engine and must be operated from the right side of the bike before climbing aboard. Several attempts to start the engine from astraddle the bike, as may have been envisioned by Cushman designers, resulted in a barked knee and a still mill. If the pedal were made wider this feat might be accomplished with considerably more ease and fewer blue knees.

The Eagle's two speed gear shift lever is handily located on the left side of the tank and works from back to front in conjunction with a conventional car type foot clutch.

Two wheel brakes are also standard with a right foot pedal operating the rear, and a left handlebar lever working the front binder.

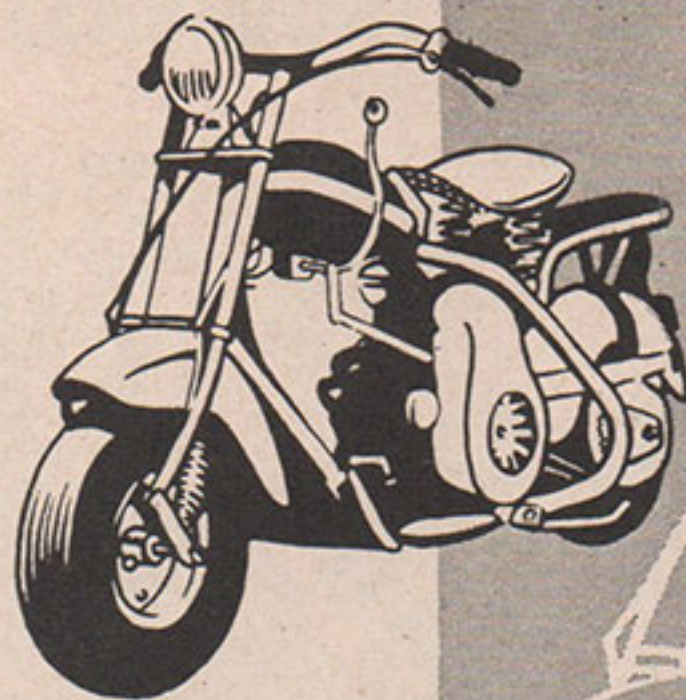
With these brief but necessary instructions fresh in mind I fired up the little red job and pointed her toward the most critical test road I could think of for a bike of this type—the long, steep and twisting Angeles Crest mountain pass.

Within a few miles en route to the mountain I had learned many things. Cornering technique meant leaning bodily with the bike, knees firmly against the tank for best control. With the bulk of the engine weight above the axle line sharp, fast turns were to be watched. Speed on the level was 45 mph, which indicated that the manufacturer's claim of 50 was well within reason once the bike had a few miles under her belt. Travel of the sprung front forks was approximately two inches which, combined with the super balloon tires and coil spring seat, did a surprisingly good job at ironing out ridges in the macadam, man hole covers and storm drain dips.

At the Angeles Crest turn-off the throttle was slammed open and left there. After several hundred yards on the hill (approximate 6% grade) the speed leveled off at near 30 mph and it could be seen that the Eagle was going to mount the crest with comparative ease. We were not blowing off everything on the road but we were holding a good comfortable pace. Cornering was becoming easier by the turn and, after frequent stops for pictures, I found that one kick of the starter pedal was doing the job that had taken several stabs before.

Despite our previous declaration that the Cushman test would be strictly a pavement run, those little dirt side trails that flitted past proved more and more distracting until resistance became hopeless. The Eagle was turned loose on a rutted hill, aviated, bounced and crunched against the earth until it was clear that frame, forks and wheels were able to take a pounding far greater than normal usage would ever subject them to and come back asking for more. This is more than could be said for my right hand now since the throttle was becoming progressively harder to turn and contained too much play. When the rubber grip was removed the mystery was solved. Enough clearance had not been allowed be-

(Continued on Page 34)



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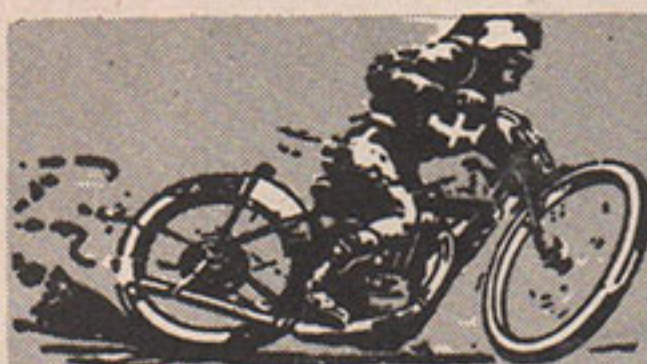
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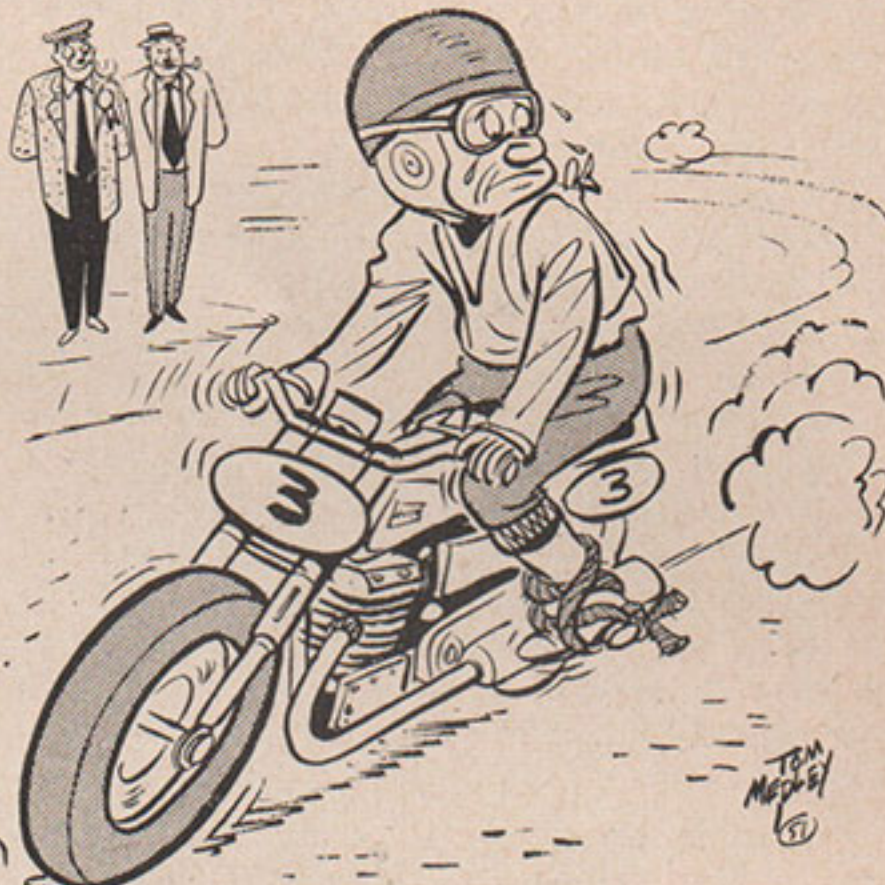
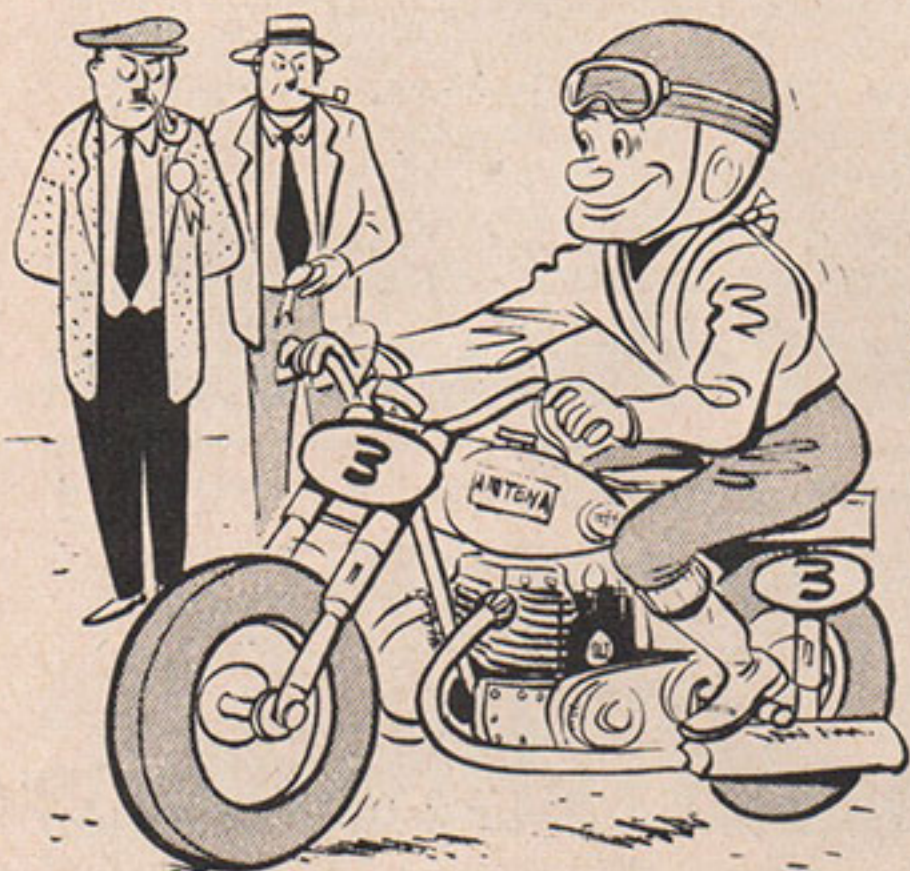
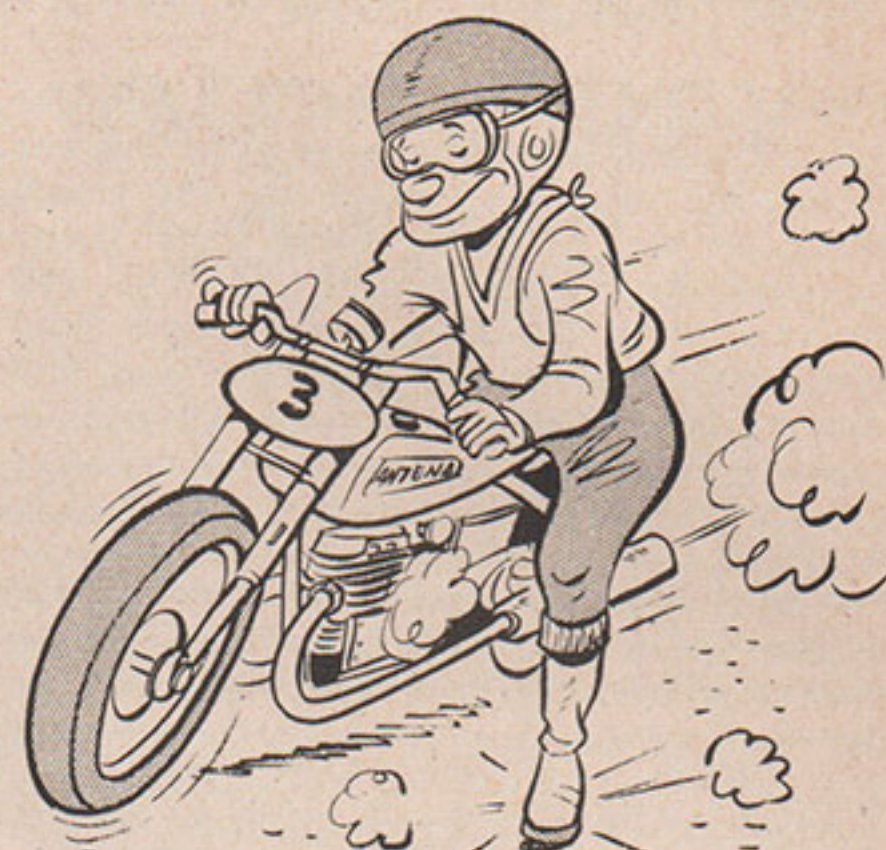
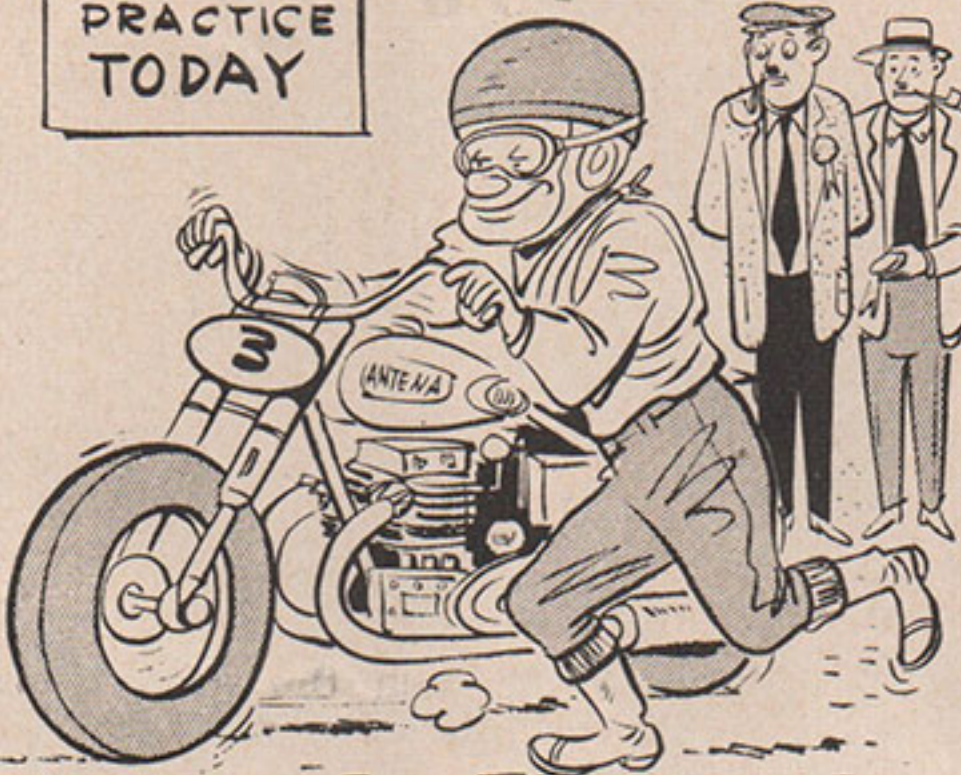
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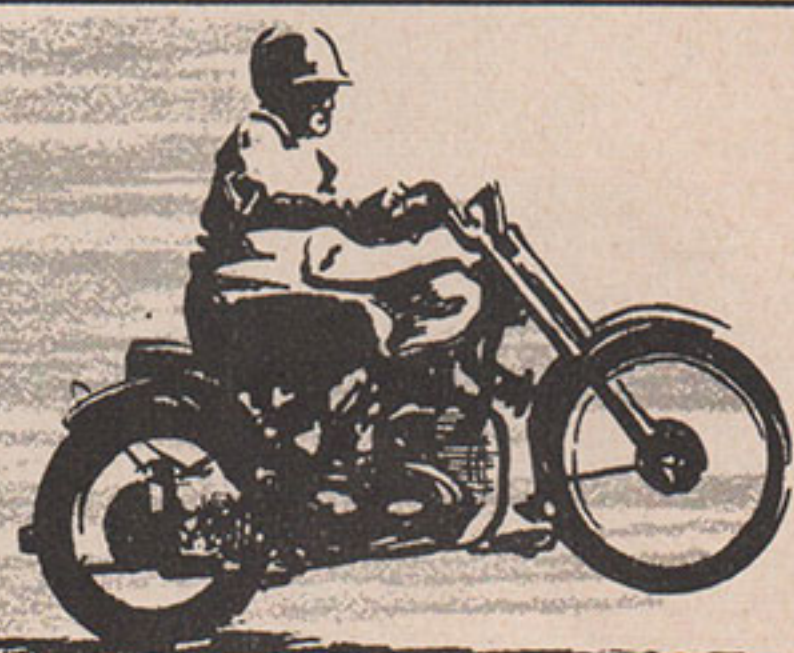


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**ONE YEAR TO LIVE**

(Continued from Page 12)

If it was true that he had only one year to live, he thought, then he'd better start enjoying those fleeting days now. They were one-third gone. He wanted to begin by doing the things he had never had time to do.

It was then that he sold his business and bought a motorcycle. He had never ridden before. It had been something he had put off, but now he had a bike and hoped to go roaring over the hills near his home.

Learning how to ride wasn't hard. The dealer gave him pointers on the fundamentals and from there, it was a matter of practise. The more he rode, the more strength he seemed to have. Each day he went for longer rides until within six months he was having so much fun he wanted a heavier bike and bought a Triumph Trophy.

As soon as he got his Trophy, he tried it out on nearby hills, then headed for the doctor's office. If it was true that he had only one year to live, then it was almost over; but he felt better than he had ever felt. He hoped the doctor would give new hope.

In the doctor's office Larson submitted to a complete examination. The doctor examined his heart, blood pressure and reflexes. After the examination, he laid his stethoscope on his desk and faced Larson. "Larson," the doctor said, "I don't know what you are doing, but you've cured yourself. Stay as well as you are today and you'll outlive me."

That was all Larson needed. He had been keeping his trips close to home in case anything serious might happen. There was no need for that now. He began to branch out. He went on long hunting trips with his bike, spending days in the Sierra's and riding over the Mojave Desert looking for rock samples to add to his growing collection.

The more he rode off the highways hunting and rock collecting, the more he began to compare his rides to the competitions in enduros and hare and hounds. The style was the same, and he wanted to enter.

He began to practise in sand and rock and water to get his reaction to tough terrain more sensitive. In a couple of weeks of constant practise, he thought he was ready. He went in for competition full throttle. Larson rode in meets at Vincent, the Oaks in Mint Canyon, and in the Cactus Derby and Greenhorn Enduro. His first year brought no winners, but a good record.

At the Cactus Derby at Riverside, he was well in front—only two points off at the ninth check—when he hit a double gully and came sailing off. Despite such mishaps, which he feels are a part of cycling, he has been riding his bike every day since.

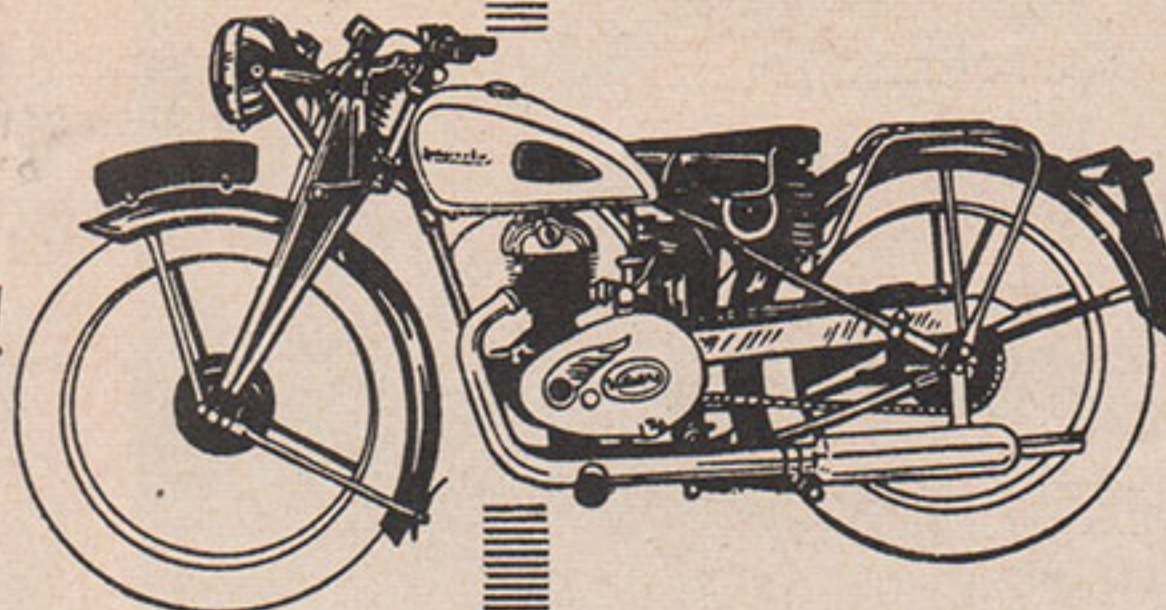
"I've had a lot of fun and literally found a new lease on life," he says, "and I've had only one really bad spill." That spill happened not long ago near Puente, California, where there's a hill called Larson's Hill. He was off to open a new trail. He went down once to mark the trail and check for holes. He felt it was only through careful checking and memorizing that he could make the hill.

At the bottom, he got a roaring start. Dirt poured from the Trophy's rear wheel as he slammed on the power. Soon the top was a matter of inches. When he reached it, he shot over the edge like a jet-propelled bullet. Sailing in space above the top he suddenly spotted the one thing he had forgotten to check. Waiting for him, just over the edge, was a half-buried pile of logs. He clobbered into them like a pile driver's hammer, careened off and spun circles in the sand while Larson thudded full force into the logs.

He picked himself up. He didn't seem to be badly hurt. Both pockets were torn from

(Continued on Page 34)

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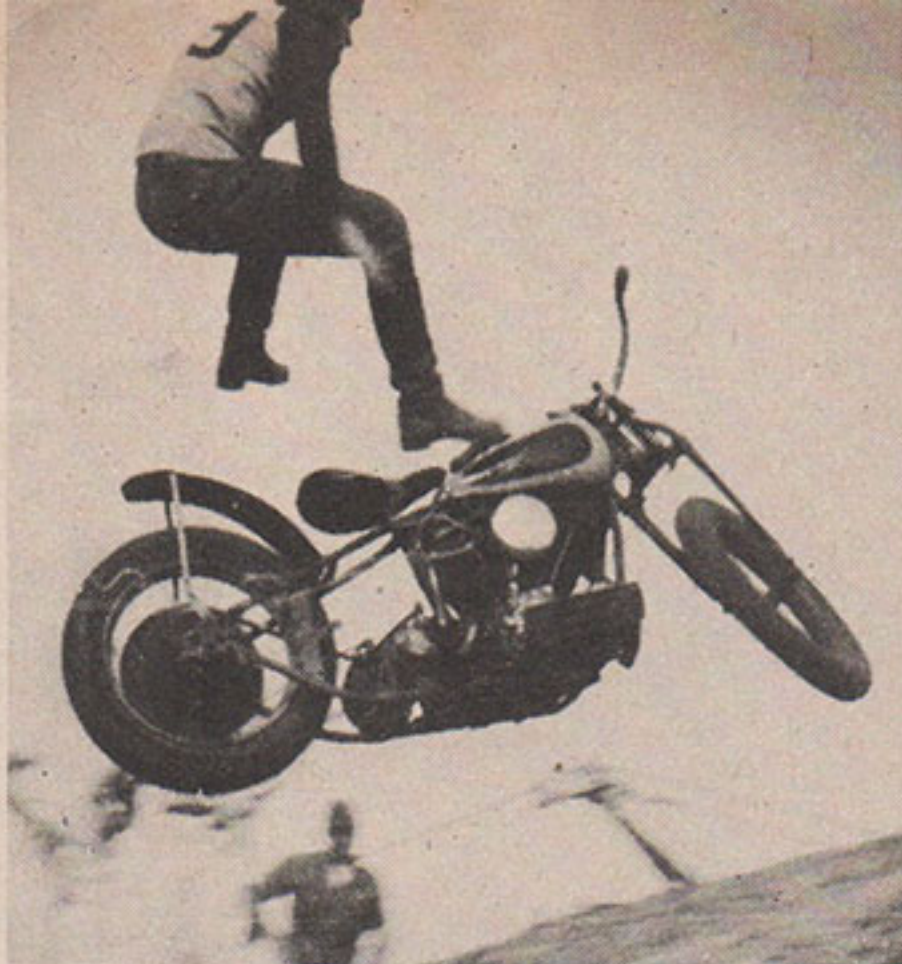
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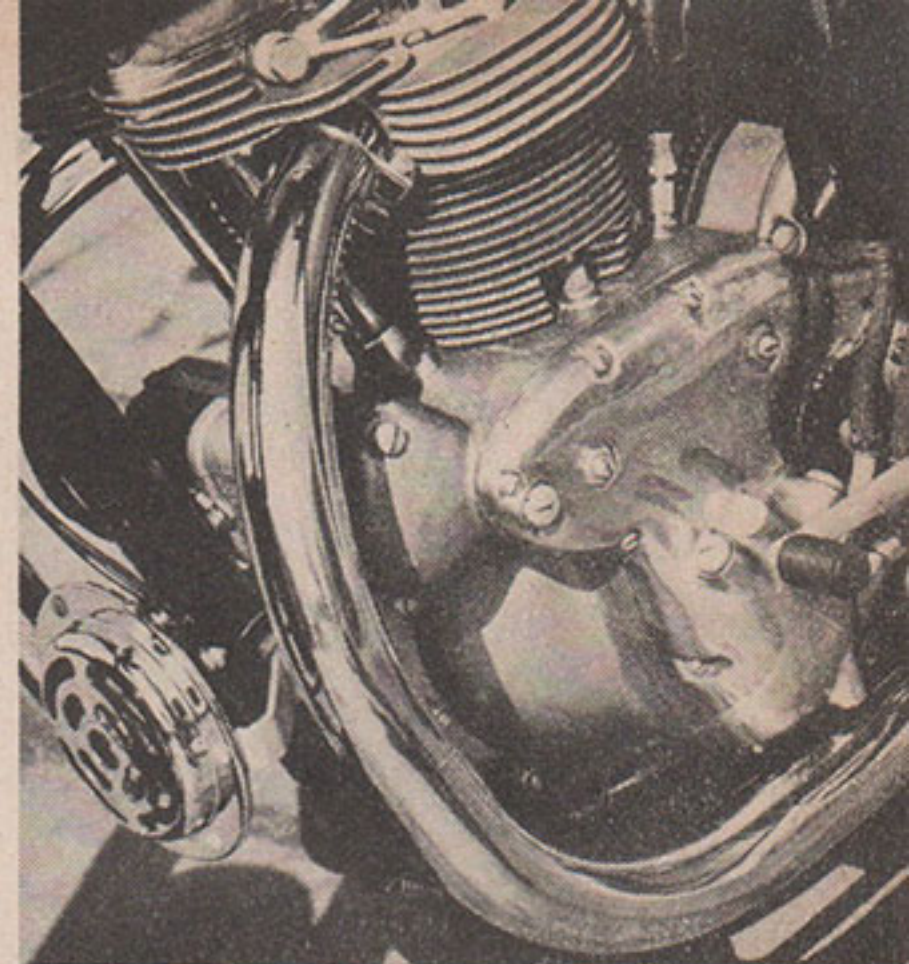




1st PRIZE PROFESSIONAL. Enroute to Crater Lake by Bob Hegge of Portland, Oregon. Rollei-flex, 100th of a sec. at F. 16 with yellow filter



LEFT, HONORABLE MENTION. "Ol 79," Sam Arena goes over the top in a spectacular ride. Photo by Zeke Lasell, Sacramento, Calif., with Kodak 35, 200th at F. 11. RIGHT, HONORABLE MENTION. A sparkling study in metal submitted by Fergus F. Peters of Santa Barbara using a 4x5 Graphic View camera, using super XX film, 25th second at F. 28



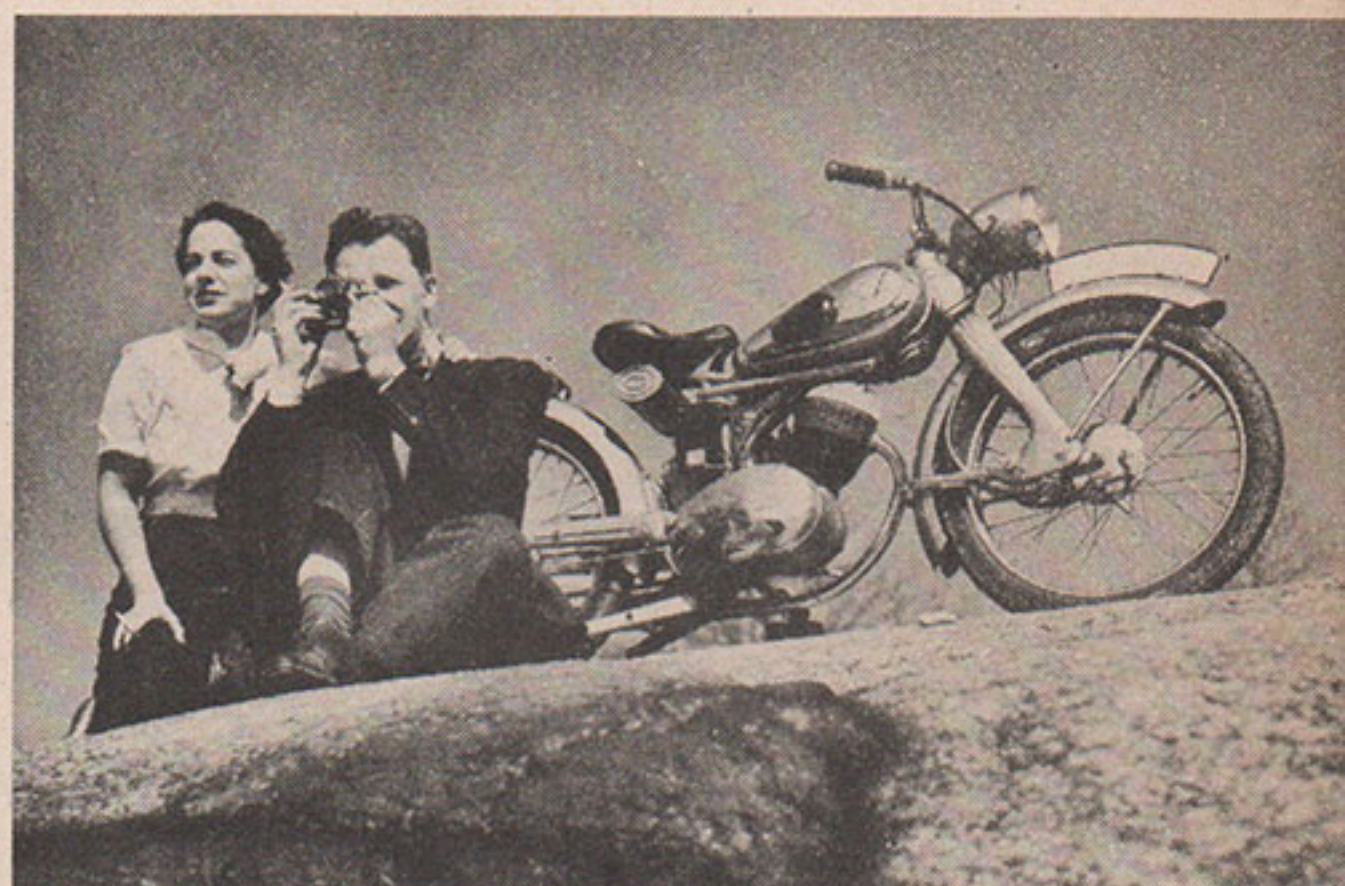
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3. Photographs should include a cycle in the composition. Any number may be sent.
4. Caption all photos in detail so that the judges may fully evaluate its interest.
5. Winners in each class every month will receive \$10.00 in cash. Then, every four months these monthly winners will vie for a \$25.00 savings bond, and at the end of the year the tri-annual awards will compete for the BIG PRIZE of a \$100.00 savings bond.
6. Any one picture may earn anywhere from \$10 to \$135 for YOU. Send them to:

### CONTEST EDITOR, CYCLE MAGAZINE

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1st PRIZE AMATEUR. Titled "Vantage Point" by Hal Speer of New York, using a Graflex with Plus X film, F. 8, 100th second, with K2 filter

### ISLE OF MAN

(Continued from Page 8)

#### RESULTS

Rider and Time	Machine and Speed
T. Wood 1 hr. 51 min. 15.8 sec.	Guzzi 81.39
D. Ambrosini 1 hr. 51 min. 24.2 sec.	Benelli 81.29
E. Lorenzetti 1 hr. 55 min. 0.0 sec.	Guzzi 78.75
W. Hutt 1 hr. 57 min. 48.8 sec.	Guzzi 76.88
A. Wheeler 2 hr. 0 min. 34.0 sec.	Excelsior 75.11
F. Purslow 2 hr. 2 min. 28.4 sec.	Norton 73.95

#### THE 500 CC CLUBMAN'S TT

Still bright sunshine was the order by the Clerk of the weather on Wednesday afternoon as enthusiasts moved to vantage points to watch the Amateurs perform on the 500s. If anything, they saw a finer display of riding than during the similar event on Monday. This race was won by I. K. Arber

Senior Bill Doran proved his "Porkie" Ajay was no pig when it came to speed, averaging 91.44 mph. Horizontal engine permits lower gravity point, huge tanks, better vibration dampening

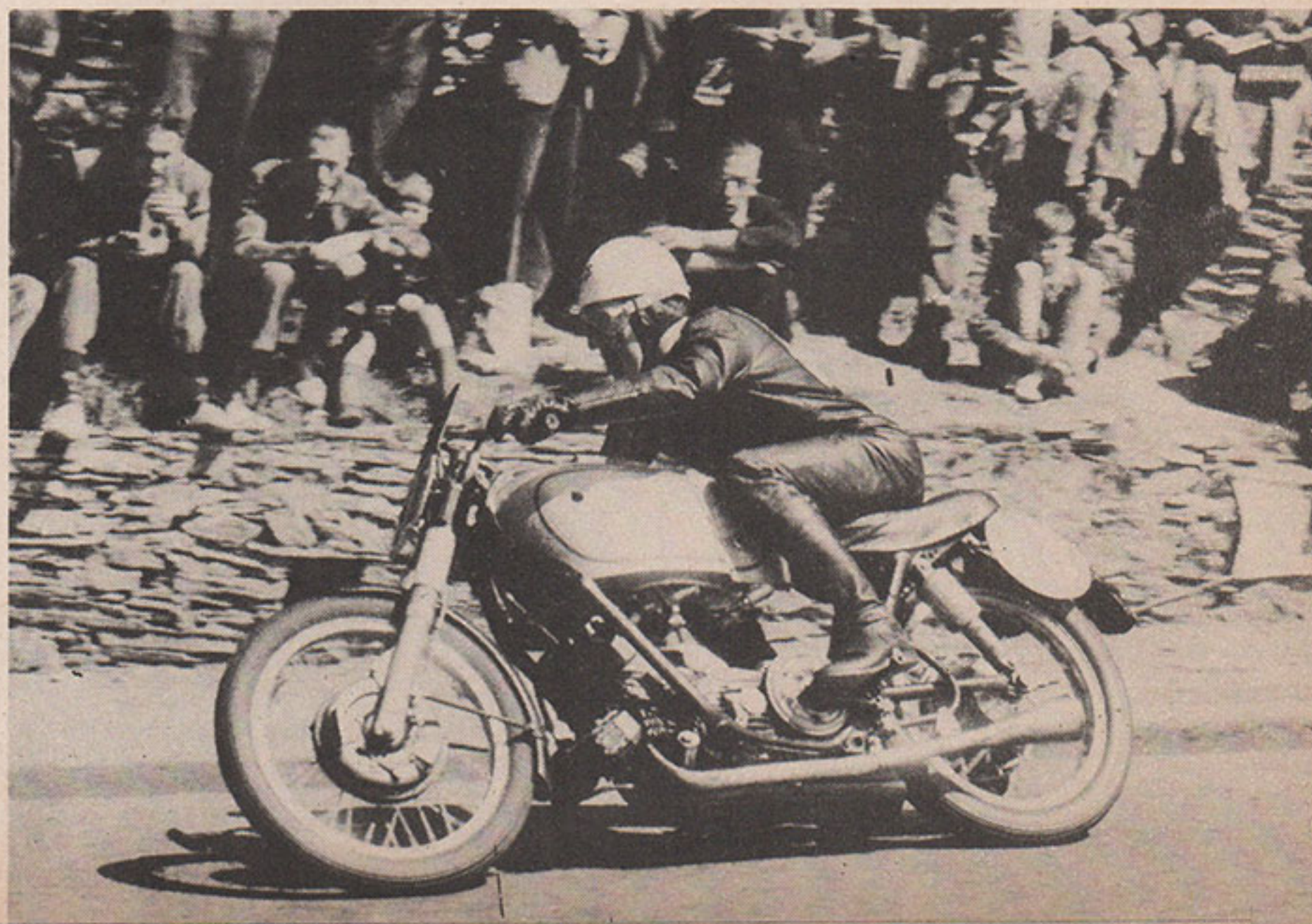
who, despite coming to earth at Govenors Bridge Dell in the last lap, wrestled first spot from B. Wickstead who led throughout.

#### RESULTS

Rider and Time	Machine and Speed
I. Arber 1 hr. 53 min. 37.6 sec.	Norton 79.70

B. Wickstead 1 hr. 53 min. 57.6 sec.	Triumph 79.46
G. Draper 1 hr. 55 min. 17 sec.	Triumph 78.56
R. Ritchie 1 hr. 55 min. 33.2 sec.	Norton 78.37

(Continued on Next Page)





H. Plews	Norton
1 hr. 55 min. 36.2 sec.	78.34
J. Wood	Norton
1 hr. 56 min. 53 sec.	77.83

**THE BIG 500 CC**

With five previous races to whet their appetite, enthusiasts were up early on Friday, June the 8th, in order to book a vantage point at better known points of the course. Many found themselves balked by the hundreds who crossed by midnight boats from the mainland to witness the greatest race in history. A rather cold 15 to 20 mile an hour wind blew in an easterly direction and would assist the riders up the mountain, already covered with spectators huddled together in clefts and gullies to escape the biting wind. Never in history had so many assembled along the mountain course and, since the roads were open, over 6,000 motorcycles and several hundred cars sped over the course.

The question on everyone's lips was, could Duke complete the double and so join the elite or would Graham, MV, or Doran, AJS, pip him on the post. Already in the Thursday evening practice he had knocked 3 seconds off his last year's record lap in flying along at 93.52. However, Bill Doran on the Ajay twin had clocked 133 plus over the Mountain mile and must stand a chance. Graham, astride the screaming MV four, had lapped around the 91 mark and would probably go much faster in the race proper.

From my first lap vantage point with the shivering crowds at the Bungalow, I heard relayed comments from around the course. With 18 non-starters, a field of 81 was left to contest the race. Of these, 26 were astride oversize 350 machines and really stood little chance of gaining the leader board though Reg Armstrong has done this on a previous occasion. From the speaker came news that the fastest starts were made by Duke, Doran and Graham. Duke has passed Kirk Micheal exactly 10 minutes after starting by riding at an even 90 per.

Shortly afterwards the sound of his motor reaches us from the other side of the mountain and in just a matter of seconds he appears round the right-hand bend beyond the hotel. Riding superbly, a couple of body swerves, and he is around the left-hand bend, across the mountain railway track and through the remainder of the S bend. Silence reigns for seemingly minutes, then the field sweeps through sometimes three or four at a time. Les Graham caused a minor panic for, in passing two slower riders in the bends, he developed an alarming tail waggle. Quickly recovering, Graham crossed over to the chosen line from which he had been balked and simply hurtled away out of sight in the fastest departure of the day.

In the quietness between laps the announcer is able to give first lap times and incidents. Duke is definitely in the lead with a speed of 93.14. Johnnie Lockett and Bill Doran are equal with 90.56, one second ahead of Jack Brett in fourth spot. Les Graham in sixth position is but one second slower than Mick Featherstone on a second Ajay twin. Brett, incidentally, has done remarkably well for he made quite a slow start.

Second lap readers are given out and "The Duke" in a fastest lap ever, has created a new record. 95.22 mph. WOW! Lockett has bettered Bill Doran by four seconds but they are over a minute behind the leader.

Duke and several others are by this time covering the course for the 4th time after having refuelled. Times given for him and

(Continued on Page 33)

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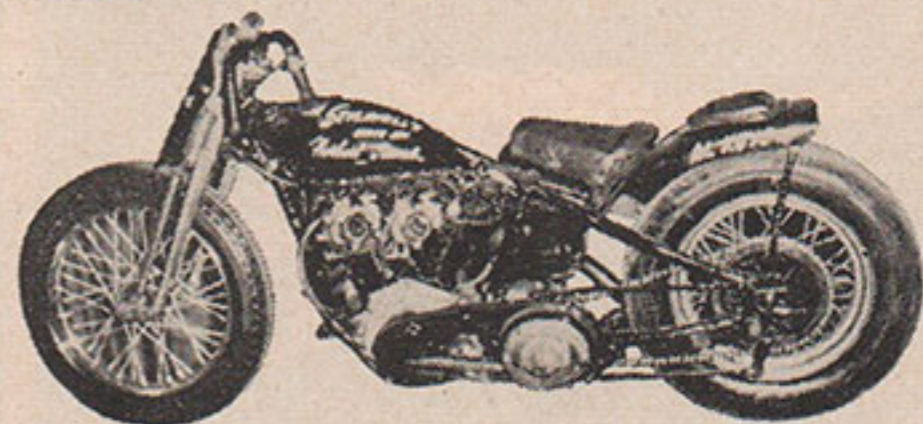
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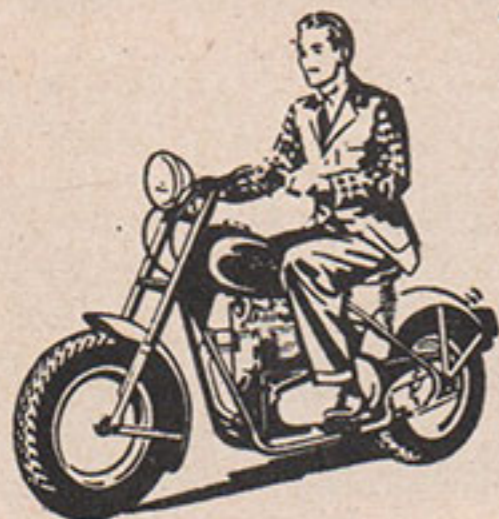
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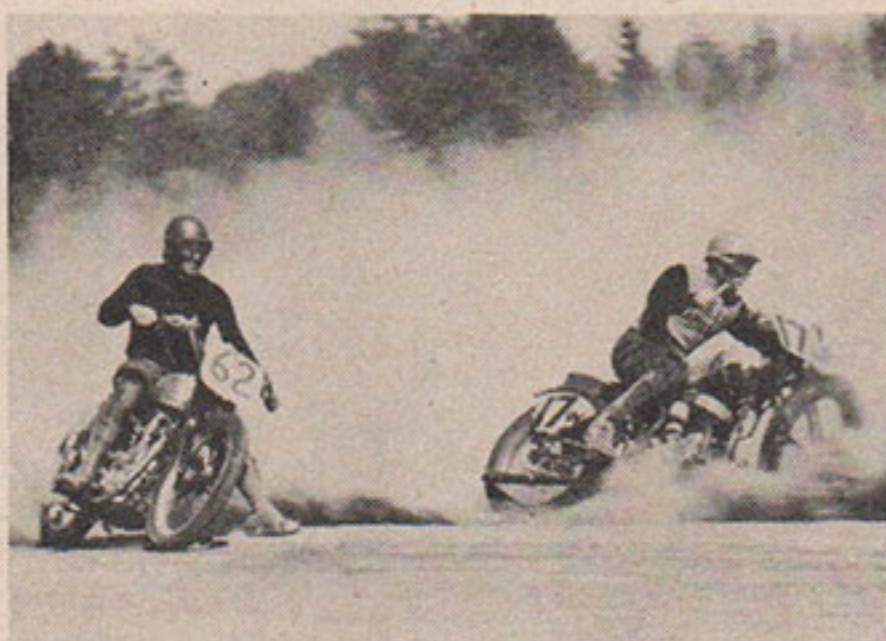
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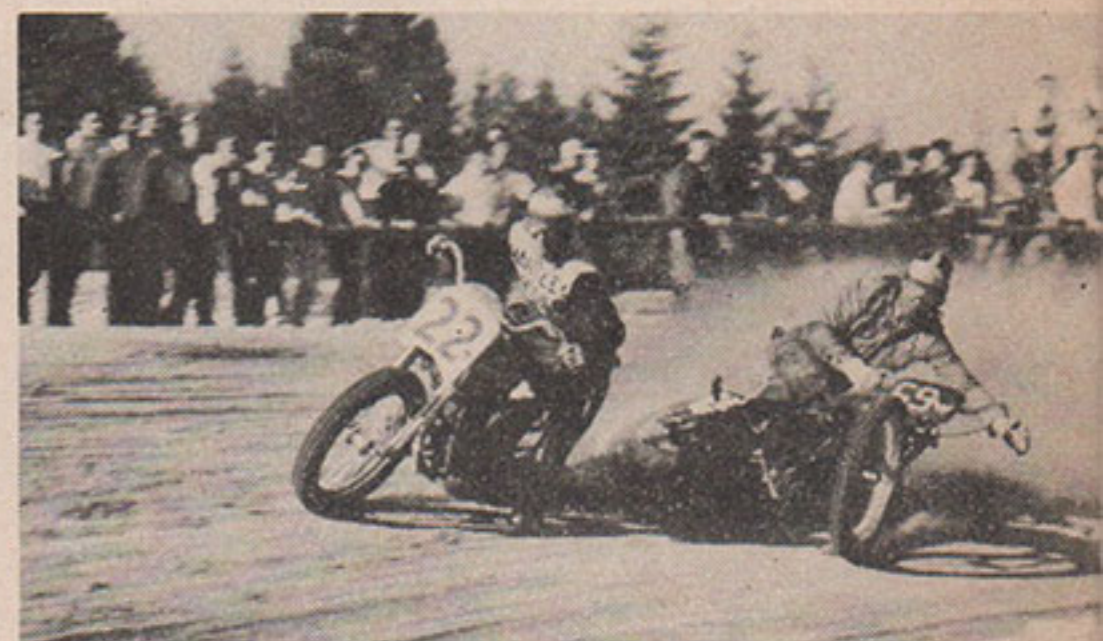
## BOB KNOX MEMORIAL



Lenny Aikins was hot but Red Farwell hotter

**RED FARWELL**, Puyallup, Wash., veteran Northwest motorcycle rider, won the 13th Bob Knox Memorial Day Races in Puyallup, Washington. This makes the fourth time "Red" Farwell has taken top honors in this annual event. His competition this year was Eugene Thiessen of Eugene, Oregon. Eugene had already taken first place in his heat and topped "Red" Farwell in the 1st Semi-Final heat. In the fast Final, it was any man's race, however, "Red" held the jump he got on Eugene at the post, and finished with barely 6 inches to spare.

Those finishing behind Eugene were Ron



Bernard Coski's spin left Trevor Deeley cool

Tindall, third, and Eldon Wright, fourth, both from Portland, Oregon.

Hub Day, Portland, Oregon, turned the fastest time of the day, followed by Chuck Trantham, Montesano, Wn., and Vern Pugh, Puyallup, Wn.

The Bob Knox Memorial Day Motorcycle Races were started in 1938 when the Knox family put up a perpetual trophy after Bob Knox, 19, was killed in a motorcycle accident, April 11, 1938. The sponsoring Tacoma Motorcycle Club boasts nearly 120 members, has its own clubhouse, track, and eight acre parking area.

## OHIO MUD RUN

**MOUNTAIN TRAILS** and desert roads have no part in our cross-country capers. Give us good old country gumbo and swamps.

Our sixth annual Spring Mud Run started easy on five miles of abandoned mud roads. Of course, we had already prayed for rain, and by now the boys had lost the shine from the toes of their rubber boots, and the fun was about to commence. After a good all night drenching, the Scioto River Bank proved to be more than a navigational problem. As we quaintly put it, this sixteen mile muck-truck separates the men from the boys. Twenty disappeared before the second check.

After much of his stuff things either become boring or impossible, depending upon the individual's ability. So a two-mile stretch of marshy river bank was tossed in followed by a little-used back road and 300 acres of thorn-infested woods and water crossings.



Shaw had too much "hydra," too little "glide"

Wheel tracks indicate what normally might seem impossible. The sidecar operators are still in the running. Route cards still called for a murderous 24 mph schedule.

After sixty-five miles, spirits brightened as the home check loomed up. Someone from the excited crowd yelled, "How many points are you off?" and I muttered to myself, "Points, hell, how did I ever get here?"

## JACK PINE ENDURO

**THE LANSING MOTORCYCLE CLUB**, better known as "Lansing Jack Piners" are busy as beavers making plans for the coming Silver Anniversary of their world-famous Jack Pine Run. Yes, Sir! This is the *big one* they have planned years for, and it marks a milestone in the annals of Motorcycle Endurance runs. The dates for the nineteen-fifty-one event are September second and third, as always, the Labor Day weekend.

Each year since the war has shown an increase in the number of entries, with an all time high last year of 298. A new record for entries is sure to be made this year.

There has been some talk of making this year's Jack Pine a three or four day event, but Oscar Lenz, the Old Jack Piner, who has the job of pathfinding and laying out the course, says it will be the regulation two-day Jack Pine, with a number of special innovations to commemorate the twenty-fifth running.

For information and entry blanks write to, Lansing Motorcycle Club, P. O. Box No. 1296, Lansing, Michigan.

See you all at the Jack Pine.

## ROAMERS' HALF MILE

**THE SPRINGFIELD ROAMERS** again have given motorcycle fans in that vicinity a great show as their six-star event Memorial Day attracted an entry of 111 riders, a crowd of close to 4,000, and the former gave the latter what they wanted to see.

Detroit's Paul Goldsmith won the eight-mile, 16 lap expert final over a star-studded field of experts including double National Champion Dick Klamfoth of Groveport, who has just won the 10 mile National at Richmond, Virginia, the Sunday before. This gave him both of the National Events which have been held this season.



## HIGHWAY PATROL

(Continued from Page 13)

Pollard took the area south of Tulare, including two-thirds of the motorcycles registered in California. Ez stayed north of the boundary line and made the long trips all the way to the Oregon border. During big events like Bay Meadows, Hollister, Del Mar, the two men meet and compare notes.

The bulk of their work is in the individual speeches they give to motorcycle clubs on invitation. Once the project was under way and the word had been spread around, invitations came faster than the officers could work. The speech is popular because it has little in common with the usual pompous lecture given on the subject. Ez and Chuck show movies of races, pictures of recent accidents on the highway (Chuck used to be a photographer for the Highway Patrol), give valuable tips on which offenses are being watched carefully by enforcement officers.

But the most important contacts are made at race meets and sporting affairs. The officers are assigned to these as part of their duties, but Ez and Chuck go a lot farther than the letter of their assignment. They carry stretchers in their cars, extensive first-aid kits. During a Greenhorn enduro, Chuck drove the state car over 20 miles of rough desert to bring back a wounded rider. Another time, he helped carry a Big Bear hound a half-mile out to the highway over mountain trails.

Their help is evident in other ways, too. Police no longer arrive to break up a run by forbidding a road crossing because a compromise has been found. Road crossings are OK if a check point is established on the near side so the crossing can be made by each rider alone at his leisure. And irate ranchers who call to report a two-cylinder herd stampeding across the plains are assured by the area captain that everything is under control.

As far as the state is concerned, the major proof of the new plan lies in accident figures. A comparison between official figures for the first nine months of 1949 with similar data for the same period in 1950 shows that the total accident rate has gone up 8% and the motorcycle rate has dropped 10.5%. Accident deaths for the same periods have risen 1.9% for all vehicles considered together and dropped 24.2% for motorcyclists. Injuries reported give a rise of 8.2% for the state as a whole and a decrease of 9.9% for motorcyclists. These results cannot be questioned, and the evidence points strongly to the work of the two patrolmen as the decisive factor. Despite the rise in the number of motorcycle owners and riders, the accident, death and injury rates have been substantially less than before.

Not all motorcyclists have responded to the friendly approach of the two cops. Diehards won't listen and there are still a few pavement show-offs who get their kicks out of 90-mph games of hide and seek with the law. To help subdue this minority, responsible club members and many independent riders are taking the responsibility of handing out verbal warnings of their own. This cooperation, unusual as it is, is becoming the most effective weapon Ez and Chuck have in their battle against two-wheel delinquency. And the fact that these unofficial vigilantes have volunteered their services is a strong testimonial to the high regard most riders feel for the two cops.

These results have only been accomplished after a staggering schedule of work. Chuck has gone as long as three and four weeks without a day off and Ez has had tours of

(Continued on Page 33)

## BAY MEADOWS

(Continued from Page 23)



on the machine myself, since I work for Tom as a mechanic. I can say that the modifications are not at all extreme. For one thing, AMA rules prohibit any change in the engine dimensions of a Class C machine. Then, Tom has been a Harley dealer for quite a few years and he believes that the Harley is the best machine for a mile race. So the pig is not special from front to back—it's simply the best Class C Harley yet built for the mile tracks. Present plans call for trips back to the East and Middle West to try and repeat the pig's clean sweep of last year, when I rode to three championships—Bay Meadows 20-mile, Milwaukee 15-mile, Springfield 25.

This year's Bay Meadows race was even better than the 1950 affair. Next year, according to a reliable rumor, the purse will be upped to \$10,000. This should bring in more outside competition and better machines. Not that the mechanical competition was poor this year. Dick Klamforth's Norton won a fast second behind Kenny in the second expert heat. Thiessen's BSA has long been touted as one of the best racers on the coast. Bill Tuman's Indian won the first expert heat in only slightly slower time than Kenny's and came in a solid third in the main.

Everybody who watched Kenny ride home first marveled at how good he was in his first year as an expert. Kenny rode at the tracks with me last year, competing in amateur events only, while I rode expert. This year he'll be out to go my record one better, and all of us at the shop want to see him do it. Joe Leonard is the coming rider for next year. His natural ability is exceptional and he loves to ride just as much as I did. He's only 18 now, and his size may eventually force him into specializing in shorter races where weight is no handicap. He isn't too big now, but both Kenny and I weigh less than 140 and that is considered best for mile track work where high top speeds are important.

Next year, watch for much more competition from the English machines. Bert Brundage proved that Limeys have the staying power and now the mechanics and tuners will concentrate on the problem of a greater power range. The pig has matchless guts in the 5000-7000 rpm range, enabling it to get away from corners faster and peak faster. At 7000, we figured that the pig is clocking about 108 with its 5.17:1 ratio. She'll run the span from 5000-7000 in two-thirds the length of the straight and stay at peak until the rider slows down. English machines have trouble taking care of that spread without shifting.

And next year, watch the Bay Meadows program for the name of Larry Headrick. If this leg I broke at Belmont early this year will heal properly, I'll be out there on the track again for Tom, helping Kenny and Joe try to make it another clean sweep.

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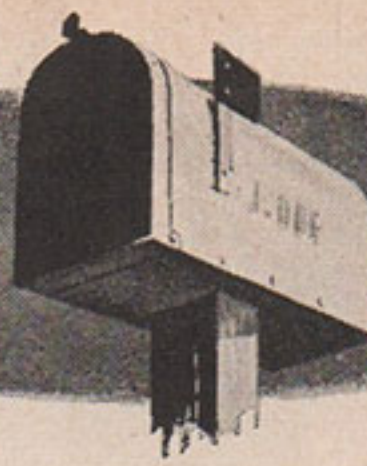
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**RIDER WRITINGS**

Dear Sirs:

Read your magazine every month, enjoy it  
very much, it's full of the stuff I like to  
read.

... I have been stationed here in Germany  
for a little over 2½ years, and have missed  
very few of the top races. This year will prove  
more interesting as Germany has been re-  
admitted to International racing, and super-  
chargers are forbidden. BMW and NSU both  
have a good atmospheric engine ready for  
this season; it is my belief that NSU will  
come out on top. Last year George Meier  
was tops with his blown 500 cc BMW, which  
was basically the same as Henne's record  
machine. I have written several letters to  
different friends in the States telling them  
that Heiner Fleishmann does better than 150  
mph with the 98 BHP 500cc blown NSU.  
This they must have doubted, but gentlemen,  
look at the records now; it is amazing that  
the Germans have gone all out for these  
records. The talk was that Hitler backed  
Henne's record machine; well, there isn't  
any more Hitler. It seems that the Germans  
just have the "know-how" when it comes to  
supercharged motorcycles. . . .

P. S. Yes, I am still riding, own a new 1951  
Triumph Speed Twin, cost—\$440, brand  
spanking new here in Frankfurt.

T/Sgt. John T. McDowell  
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is my check for \$8.00 for back  
issues as checked and 2 year subscription to  
CYCLE. I am subscribing permanently be-  
cause of the road test article . . . would it  
be possible to have a standard form of per-  
formance report to facilitate comparison? The  
use of different maximum speeds in timed  
acceleration tests makes it difficult to compare  
machines. In the BMW test I am puzzled  
how a machine which can accelerate to 58  
mph in 11 sec. cannot be going over 52 in  
quarter mile drag which I understand is  
speed reached at end of quarter mile from  
standing start. The machine could not have  
travelled a quarter mile in 11 sec. without  
exceeding 60 mph, could it? Yet in 11 sec.  
it reaches 58 mph? Either there is an error  
or I fail to understand your terminology.

Robert L. Foote  
Chicago 3, Illinois

(Your confusion is understandable since  
the word "average" was omitted from the  
Performance Summary report in July. The  
BMW averaged 52 mph in a quarter mile  
from a standing start—ED).

Gentlemen:

I was indeed pleased to read the write-up  
on Page 17 of the June edition regarding  
our Pioneer Run. Onslow was right, I failed  
due to lack of time for preparation, but we  
hope for better luck next time.

... As to the magazine, I consider it one  
of the best your country publishes, but I  
would like to see a little more veteran ma-  
terial. Why not a model every month, with  
full details? This would enable us Britishers  
to get right up to the mark on early Yanks.  
Best wishes for your success.

Charles Broad  
London, England

Sirs:

Thank you for CYCLE. I like to keep up  
to date with what other countries are doing  
in the "Improving motorcycles" line, altho'  
not all designs seem to be improvements.  
One thing I should like to comment on how-  
ever. In the May 1951 issue of CYCLE, you  
head the Continental Newsletters "Italian's  
Delight in Mammoth or Mite." We in Eng-  
land can show a "super-mite," if I may put  
it that way, 1½ cubic inches (one and  
seventeen-thirty-seconds), in general use, too.  
I must emphasize that this engine, the "Cycle-  
master," is no oddity, but a good reliable  
engine for cycle propulsion.

Here are some figures: Bore, 32 mm;  
stroke, 32 mm; B.H.P., approximately 0.6;  
engine and road speed, 4000 rpm at 20 mph.  
You will observe that the "Cyclemaster" is  
not so fast as the Motom, but then what  
would you expect from such a small engine.  
It drives by chains to the hub of the wheel;  
most of our bicycle engines are, of course,  
friction drives. They drive a roller pressing  
on the tire, either front or rear tire may be  
used.

Antony G. Bannister  
Cornwall, England

Dear Sir:

First off, I want to say that I think that  
your magazine is really tops!! I can't offer any  
suggestions on how to improve it, unless you  
might put in a little more dope for the novice  
rider that is interested in getting started in  
competition riding. Way out here in the  
tall timber competition riders are mighty  
scarce, and it's hard to find out those intimate  
little secrets about how to rig up your  
machine for racing, etc.

What I want to find out is, where could  
I get some detailed information on building  
a trailer suitable for carrying two machines  
behind a car? Maybe I could get some help  
from some other readers.

Keep up the swell job!

Bill Buhmiller  
Box 381

Kalispell, Montana

(Suggest you double-check Gene Jader-  
quist's "How to Ride" series that has been  
running every month since June 1950.  
Eventually his interviews of top competi-  
tion men will cover every phase of sport  
riding—ED).

Fellows:

Your July issue, which is really a swell  
magazine, is your best yet.

I would like to get some information from  
some of your readers, or, if possible, from  
you. First, can you still get Vard forks for  
pre-'49 Harleys? Second, is there any way  
hydraulic lifters can be put in a '47 Harley?

V. O. Conthron  
Denison,  
Texas

(The Vard Mechanical Laboratories of  
Pasadena have long since discontinued  
manufacturing the Vard telescopic forks  
and no parts are available. It's hardly worth-  
while to consider changing a '47 Harley-  
Davidson over to a hydraulic valve set-up,  
since there are no provisions for oil pressure  
to valve lifters—ED).



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**ISLE OF MAN**

(Continued from Page 29)

teamster Lockett's refuel, 25 seconds apiece. A fresh track memo gave notification that Cyril Horn, Norton, had crashed at Laurel Bank. Unfortunately, Cyril did not recover from his injuries and brought the number of fatalities up to the greatest total in history—six during the activities of practice and racing.

The leaders had by now gone through this point for the sixth time and with deep emphasis a voice boomed out the fifth turn score over the relay system. Leading positions, Duke, etc. remain unchanged. Ron Coleman does not pass our cozy corner in this turn so evidently has struck trouble somewhere.

Minutes of suspense pass before, hurtling down between an avenue of waving programs, we see Duke for the last time; but his approach is definitely slower and he seems in trouble at the bend. Safely rounding it, he glances at his rear tire once or twice as he vanishes from sight. Johnnie Lockett is our next objective and should appear fairly soon but, after an incredible time, it is Bill Doran who really hurtles past like a bomb. If Duke should find his spot of bother (oil on the rear wheel) increase to any extent, AJS may pull out the plum after all. The crowd and, indeed, the field is rather thin by now, so I had better return for a few more slips in order to complete the story.

My excited aide is at the stand with a whole batch in his hand, and together they provide interesting news. A sad tale of broken chains, valves, oil lines and general engine failures have resulted from the terrific pace that has been set. Once again the Isle of Man has proven a devastating test of man and machine while at the same time contributing such a great share toward the riding and engineering technique of tomorrow. Duke has had his day and the Norton camp has proven their salt once more.

**RESULTS**

Rider and Time	Machine and Speed
G. E. Duke 2 hr. 48 min. 56.8 sec.	Norton 93.826
W. Doran 2 hr. 53 min. 19.2 sec.	AJS 91.44
C. McCandless 2 hr. 55 min. 27 sec.	Norton 90.33
T. McEwan 3 hr. 2 min. 26.6 sec.	Norton 86.86
M. Barrington 3 hr. 4 min. 3.4 sec.	Norton 86.11
A. Parry 3 hr. 4 min. 30 sec.	Norton 85.9

**HIGHWAY PATROL**

(Continued from Page 31)

duty that last as long. Sometimes the men use their off time to go to motorcycle events and take pictures for themselves and the competing riders.

So successful has the program been, that Commissioner Clifford E. Peterson has added hot-rod clubs to the list. Each man now has a schedule so crowded that complete coverage is becoming impossible. It seems almost certain that more men will be assigned to make the rounds and prove that a cop isn't necessarily out to build up a record score of tickets just to be nasty.

Even when Ez and Chuck give tickets, they retain the friendship of the recipients. One warning is enough, the officers figure, and they aren't afraid to back up their warnings. They aren't out to buy friendship with petty favors. But if any rider needs help, Pollard and Ehrardt always seem to be right there.

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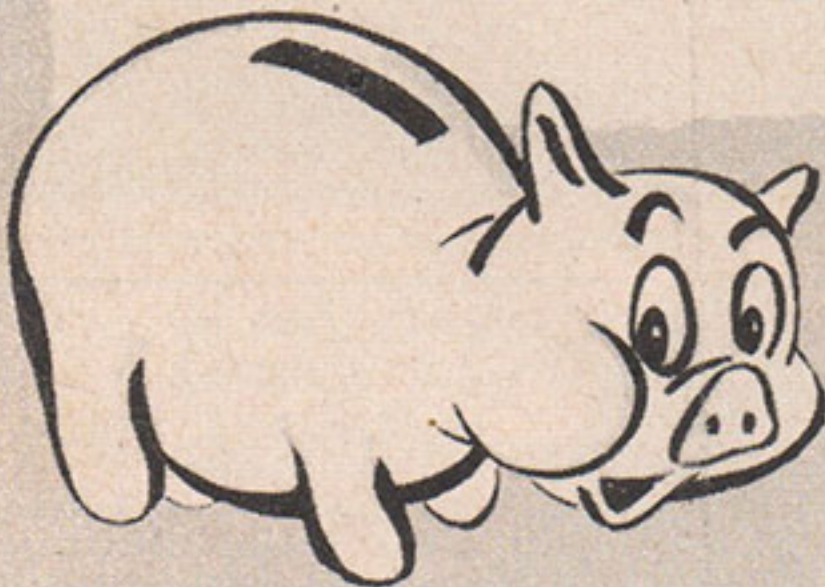


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## EAGLE ROAD TEST

(Continued from Page 25)

tween the grip and a large control screw which had gouged deep into the grip and had gummed up the works. The screw head was filed down to relieve the bind, a kink in the cable housing was taken out by removing it from a securing clamp on the engine air scoop and a 100% improvement was made in the throttle action although the play remained. This throttle design seems to offer much room for improvement by reason of this sticking and excessive play in the control.

Both brakes were in for their share of punishment on the trip off Angeles Crest. The rear shoes worked to perfection, giving a smooth, progressive bite to the "Cushman 100" tire. The front brake was less efficient due to an apparent drag somewhere in the system and had little of the easy action found in the back binder. An advisable improvement here would be the addition of a wider, smoother acting front brake lever, and the insertion of a lube nipple somewhere along the cable housing might also help.

At the bottom of the hill, staff photographer Felix Zelenka, who had run a poor second booming down the hill in his new convertible, suggested that we pause for a well earned smoke and close look at the low flying Cushman. The bike had remained in a pretty sanitary condition with the exception of a slight condensation of oil mist on the primary drive cover. The silver paint just ahead of the first baffle in the muffler had begun to blister. Otherwise, engine performance had improved if anything and no adjustments were necessary. One question remained—what had we proven?

The Cushman Eagle is probably the easiest motorcycle of all to learn to ride since, with its automatic clutch, only the throttle and brake are required to go and stop. It is a blend of rare economy, simple construction, easy maintenance and reasonable comfort at a popular price, \$344.70 plus tax and license, at Pasadena, California.

#### PERFORMANCE SUMMARY

	Speed	
Maximum in low	32.5	mph
Maximum in high	45.	mph
	Braking	
From 25 to stopped,		
rear brake only	39'3"	
From 25 to stopped,		
front brake only	48'6"	
From 25 to stopped,		
both brakes	26'6"	
	Acceleration	
* $\frac{1}{10}$ mile Drag (12.5 sec.)	28.80	mph average
* $\frac{1}{4}$ Mile Drag (26.5 sec.)	33.96	mph average
*Both low and high gears used.		
	Slow Running	
High gear without snatch	1	mph Up
	Turning Circle	
Minimum diameter	13'	
	Mileage	
Per gallon of gas	83.25	miles
	Weight	
With gas and oil	271	lbs.

## ONE YEAR TO LIVE

(Continued from Page 27)

his coat and his pants were torn. His leg was sprained, but he could walk. It didn't seem serious. Rather shakily he dusted off his coat and pants. He dug his bike out of the sand and straightened the front fork. Idly he spun the motor once and it caught with a roar. Mounting the bike, he tore off for another run at the hill.

"This may not be exactly what the doctor ordered," he observed, "but it is more fun than sitting at home."

## LANGHORNE SEPT. 1-2

**OUTSTANDING EXPERT** and novice motorcycle racing stars will converge on Langhorne Speedway, located on U.S. Highway No. 1 between Philadelphia and Trenton, on September 1 and 2 for the AMA-sanctioned 100-mile national speedway championship, a series of novice races and special entertainment designed to make gypsy tours to Langhorne ultra attractive.

Members of the Middle Atlantic Motorcycle Dealers Association and promoters Irv Fried and Al Gerber are sponsors.

Langhorne Speedway, now celebrating its Silver Anniversary, is the world's fastest one-mile speedway, and over its circular course for the past 25 years have raced the cream of the motorcycle experts as well as every great automobile racing star in the country.

There will be special free entertainment at the track Saturday night for all visiting cyclists. Time trials and novice races will be held Saturday afternoon, September 1, with the 100-mile national speedway championship to be decided Sunday afternoon, September 2. The following Monday (Labor Day) has been reserved as a rain date.

General admission has been set at \$2.00 for each day, but those who purchase a reserved seat for the Sunday 100-mile championship will be admitted Saturday merely by showing their tickets. This means two interesting days of action for the price of one.

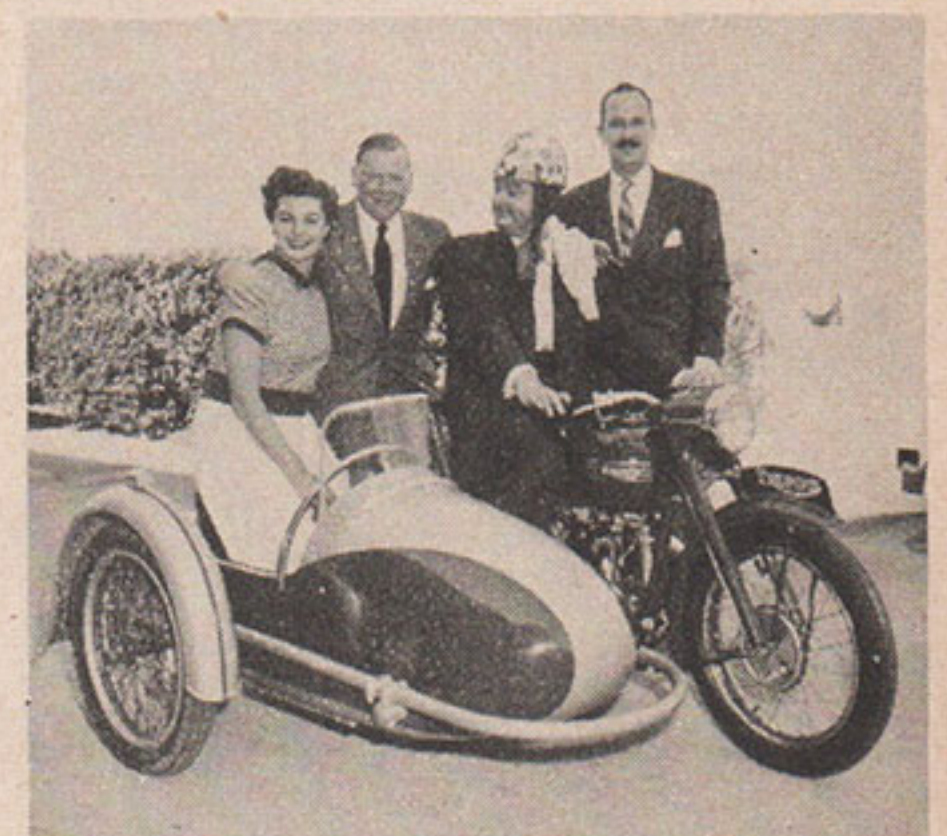
## EUROPEAN BIKES BEING SOUGHT

**PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHT** that several rare Italian motorcycles, including some now in production, will arrive in this country in time for display at the 1951 Motorama in the Pan-Pacific Auditorium next November.

Negotiations are now being carried on by the management of Motorama with European manufacturers to ship several of their more famous machines to this country to be exhibited with the vast array of other motorcycle products already scheduled for display.

The exposition, which will be held Nov. 7 through Nov. 11, will likewise feature many of Europe's finest creations in the automotive field as well as a large roster of outstanding American cars of all types.

Numerous motorcycle clubs already have written to the Motorama office expressing their intention of attending the exposition in groups. Complete details, such as show hours and schedule of entertainment programs, will be announced in October CYCLE.

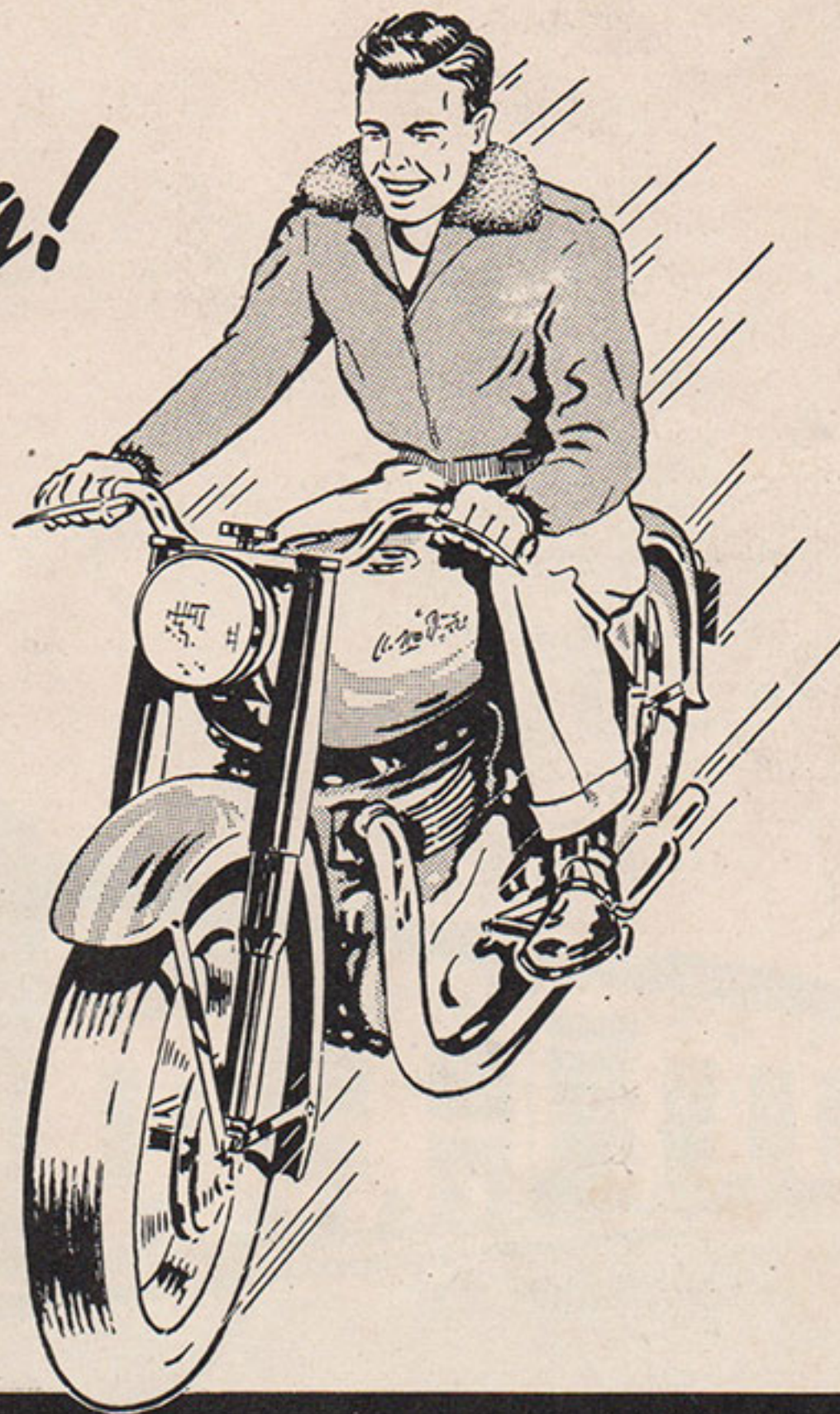


On his recent visit to the United States, Mr. Edward Turner, Managing Director of Triumph Engineering Co., made a visit to M.G.M. studios to renew acquaintances with his friends in the motion picture industry. Esther Williams, Mr. Turner, Red Skelton, and Keenan Wynn



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- 2nd—J. Lockett . . . . . (NORTON)
- 3rd—J. Brett . . . . . (NORTON)

(Subject to official confirmation)

### Isle of Man Senior TT

- 1st—G. E. Duke . . . . . (NORTON)
- 2nd—W. Doran . . . . . (A.J.S.)
- 3rd—C. McCandless . . . . . (NORTON)

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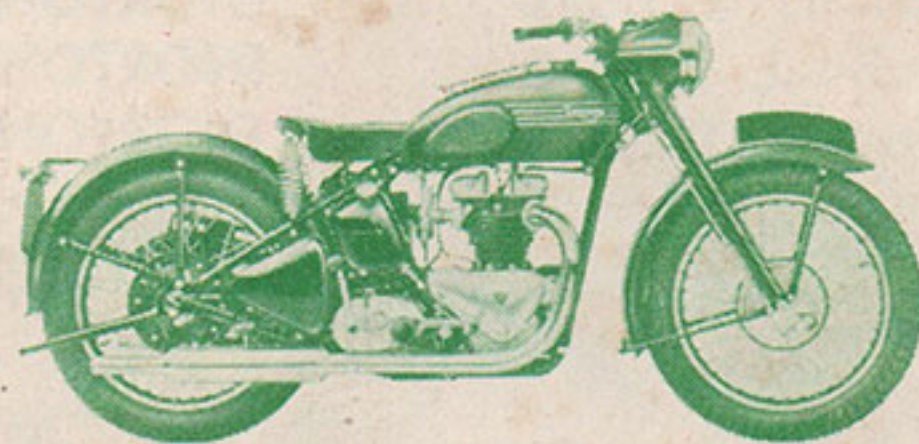
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