

HARLEY-DAVIDSON Enthusiast

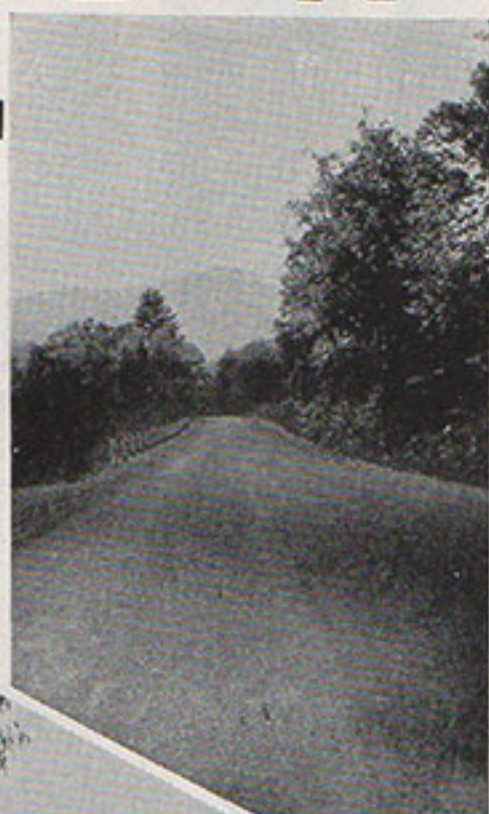
APRIL 1934

5 CENTS



Summer

A N D A

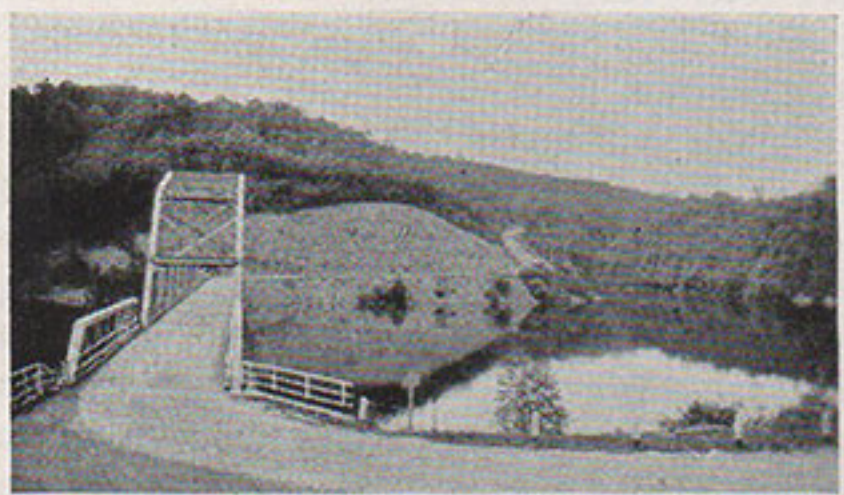


YEAR ago we tried the camping trick, carrying wife and luggage in the sidecar, but last spring we got to wondering how it would be to do it solo. We both prefer solo riding to sidecar travel, and if we could work it . . . well, a trial trip (not camping this time) to Iowa and back gave us a thousand miles to find out how the Lady liked rather long tandem rides. We found that moving the spring clips further forward under the tandem seat gave Martha a little more leverage on the springs, and made it a little easier for her light weight.

You perhaps may think that a solo motorcycle is no way to go camping, because you can't carry much. But we say that a solo outfit is THE way to go on such a trip, because you can carry all you need for ordinary trips, and do it with very little expense. And what is more fun to ride than a rarin'-to-go solo job? And it should be really easy for you fellows who are riding one man to a motorcycle, for you'd have less to carry and more space to use for carrying it. Maybe you'd be interested in knowing how we

rolled things up. Most of the duffel found its place in a roll across the handlebars. A little home-made strap iron luggage carrier was bolted to the tool-box bracket and fastened at the back to the cross bar of the handlebars. This carrier was just high enough to hold the pack off the twin headlights of the 1930 "45," for that's what we rode. The pack that went on there was made up something like this: A pup tent, with stakes and folding poles, made a roll about 30 inches long, and only a few inches in diameter. Two blankets were folded to the same width, various incidentals such as camp axe, fishing pole, extra articles of clothing, the razor and toothbrushes, a piece of mosquito netting big enough to cover the open end of the tent, etc., were placed as compactly as possible on these blankets, using the pup tent roll as a "core." These were all rolled up tightly together. Then the whole "shebang" was wrapped in a 6' x 8' canvas tarpaulin, and our jackets (if it was too hot to wear them) placed on top when this roll was strapped tightly on this front luggage carrier. Incidentally, the camera was fastened on top where we could get at it easily. All this made a roll

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



By BOB YOHE



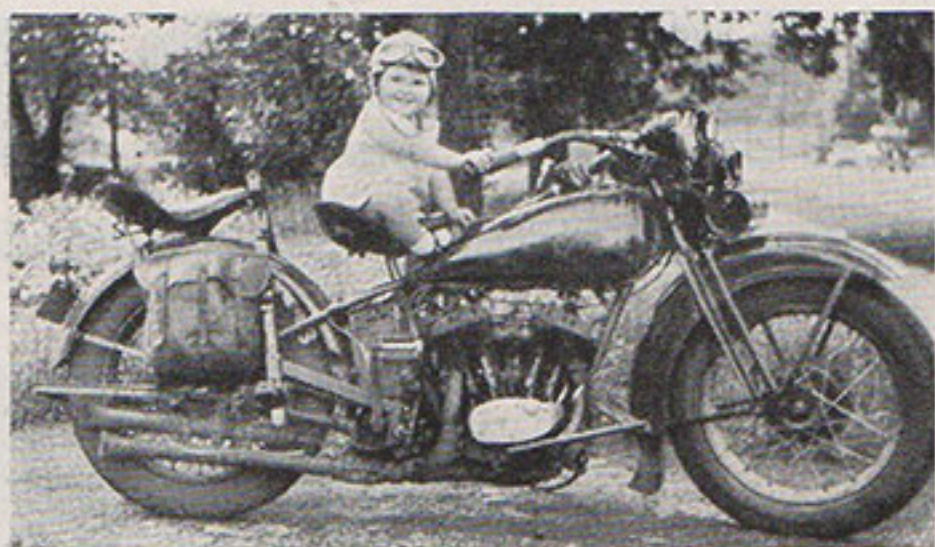
Bob
and
Martha

about as long as the width of the handlebars and less than a foot in diameter. Such a pack doesn't bother you in riding on most roads—for tough going it is a little bunglesome, but I know from experience that it needn't keep you on the concrete all the time. I've taken that "45" with just such a pack quite a few thousand miles, including a jaunt over the loose gravel roads in the northern peninsula of Michigan, so I know it'll ride that way. As for the rest of the stuff—two saddle bags, hung from the frame of the tandem seat, held the cooking kit, the canteen, small cocoa tins for carrying flour, oatmeal, etc., and other supplies. Those saddle bags hold a lot. The raincoats were rolled in a little pack and strapped across the rear fender just above the tail light. And there you are. You could drape another pair of saddle bags over the front fender if you wanted to. We didn't find any need for that. If you are going into a cool climate, a set of fleece-lined "heavies," or fleece-lined sweat pants and sweat shirt will do more good in keeping you warm than an extra blanket, and will be just as easy to carry. Of course, you all know what to wear while you ride.

It was just a few days after the 4th of

July when we left Delaware, Ohio, and headed up to Akron, the old stomping ground, to say so-long to the gang there and to give the "45" the final "once-over." The speedometer at the start told us that the little motor had a past of 28,365 miles. Among the "in-laws" to whom we said "so-long" at Akron, there's the little niece, Margaret Miles, who is so good-looking that I just can't help showing you a snapshot of her, as she posed on the motorcycle.

Our first destination was Ithaca, New York. But we were in no hurry, and there were several things to see on the way. Martha had yet to see her first mountains, and was all thrilled at the prospect. So we ambled along through Warren, Ohio, and into Pennsylvania at Sharon. Along here we began to find a few hills. And here we found a good smooth road. Up and down, over and around and before we knew it, we were in Franklin, where beautiful residences hid in the deep shade of immense trees there in the valley. A thrilling ride out of Franklin took us up the side of a hill where far below the river and the houses by its side appeared tiny and distant. We felt like we were flying through the air. A few more very pretty,



"Among the in-laws to whom we said, 'So long,' at Akron, there's little niece Margaret Miles."

hilly miles, and we wound down again into the valley of the Clarion River, across the water of the peaceful, man-made lake, and up again into Clarion. The afternoon was wearing away when we arrived at Dubois. "Time to start looking for a snug place to camp," we said, so we bought a few necessary supplies and turned north up the valley between rocky ridges that the axes of men have stripped of their great trees, and where, unfortunately, systematic reforestation has not been carried out. A few miles north of Dubois we found a fairly clear space by the side of a little

pond, and not far from a spring of cold, sparkling water that came from the side of the hill. The pond was the home of a colony of beavers, who had taken advantage of the scrub birches that had come up along the stream, and built their dam only a few yards from the highway. The attendant of a filling station a short distance away was quite talkative. "The beavers play around there about sundown," he said, "and over there by that bare place on the hill is a salt-lick where we often see deer just about dusk." We pitched the tent a few feet from the edge of the pond, and soon had a couple of steaks sizzling in the pan over a tiny fire. Suddenly, "C-r-rack," came the resounding smack and splash as a beaver, only a little way from the shore, slapped the water with his tail. We were being spied upon. We almost forgot those fragrant steaks in our efforts to catch a glimpse of Mr. Beaver. But the steaks and "spuds" went their usual way, and we then spent some time watching the beavers about



"A solo outfit is THE way to go on such a trip," say Martha and Bob.

their business. By this time the sun had gone out of sight, and darkness was slipping up out of the east. We turned our eyes toward the salt-lick. It was getting too dark to see distinctly, but . . . "Look—something moved over there."

Morning came, and before long we were packed up again, and had the "45" on the trail once more. At the top of Boot Jack Hill, we turned to the northeast on a short cut that brought us out on the Roosevelt Highway near Coudersport. This road was a little bumpy, but the scenery was worth taking a few bumps to see. We rode under towering, heavily-forested mountains, or along roads that seemed to take us away out over the deep, narrow valleys that nestled between the mountains far below us. Not far from Emporium, several small boys waved at us, and held up a string of trout for our approval. From Austin, we followed up a

little stream in a narrow ravine. Here we saw the ruins of a concrete dam, tumbled and jostled out of place by flood waters several years ago. Then we went down and down to the very bottom of another of those quiet valleys, and we were on the Roose-

velt Highway.

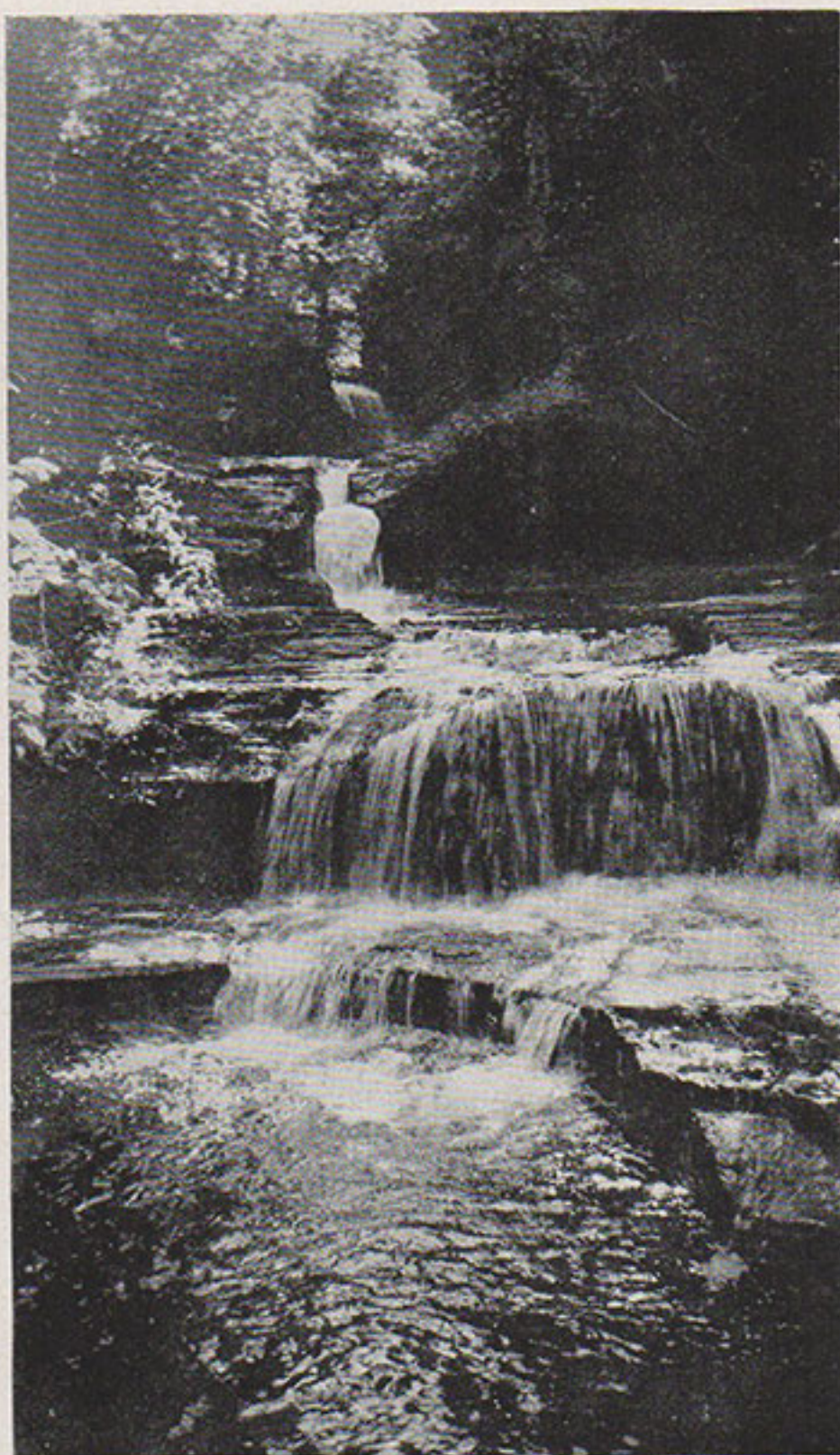
We followed this highway as far as Troy. The day was clear and bright, but away to the north was a dark bank of clouds. We left the highest of the hills behind us, and found ourselves again in a country where agriculture held sway. At Troy we turned northward under a grove of big shade trees, on a road that gave us a few more bumps, and headed for New



The complete pack was mounted on the handlebars as shown. Martha is hiding behind it.

York State. Before long we were in the shade of that cloud bank we had been watching. We wondered if we could get to Ithaca before it did. Our road took us along parallel to those great wooded ridges that extend down from the Finger Lakes region, and right near one of these ridges was Elmira, New York. We stopped here to trade our Pennsylvania map for one of New York. Up in the air, a little to the north, were several aircraft, circling around lazily like great hawks looking for prey. As we came closer, we saw that these were gliders, getting ready to try to capture a duration record. One of them succeeded in doing this just a few days later. They certainly were neat little craft. Further toward the horizon, the black and threatening part of our rain-cloud seemed to tell us that if we wanted to get to Ithaca nice and dry, we'd better start twisting things. Then—joy, bliss, oh rapture!—we found a most beautiful, inviting concrete road waiting for us. Smooth as the proverbial billiard table, and with wide sweeping curves, it was just what we had been wanting. Around came the throttle grip, and the little hand in front of me left the 40 and went past the 50, past the 60, past the 65, and hovered around the 70 mark. Come on, you storm—if this road lasts all the way to Ithaca, you'll have to blow some to get us wet! We roared up the hills and slipped swiftly down again. We leaned around thrilling curves. Curses! There was a fellow with a powerful straight-8 taking up space! A little open stretch, and we were ahead of him, again battling to beat that storm. We tore through Newfield almost before we knew it was there, and soon, below us in the valley was Ithaca, still several miles away, and just a little dim in the first drops of the sprinkle. Now the drops began to hit us, but if we could hold this speed, we'd make it yet. Then a highway sign flashed into view with the sad story: "Warning—concrete pavement ends." We slowed down for the rough, slippery macadam road, and in a few seemingly endless miles splashed into Ithaca, damp, but not soaked, for it really hadn't rained much yet. Soon we were dry and comfortable at the home of Martha's uncle and aunt, and didn't care how much it rained.

What scenery there is in that region! If you enjoy seeing lakes, woods, neat farms, orchards—if you like to hear the rush and roar of streams dashing through



In a ravine at Newfield near Ithaca, New York, Bob and Martha found this beautiful cascade.

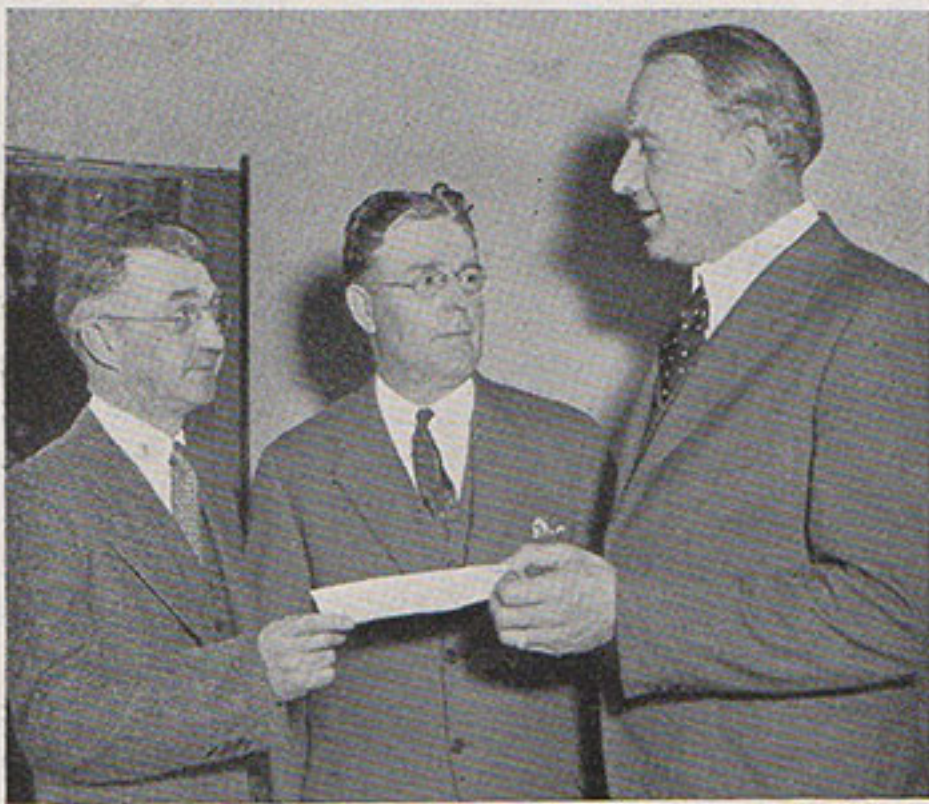
rocky canyons and tumbling over high cliffs—if you enjoy riding where one time you're in a valley, looking up at scenery that surrounds you, and where a few minutes later you may be on a hill high above all these beautiful sights as they lie stretched out below you—then head your motor toward the Finger Lakes region. We couldn't see all there is to see in our short stay, of course, but I'll tell you a little about some of it. There's a little ravine that begins to cut its way through the rocks near Newfield. We decided to try the stunt of following this stream through its canyon. There were cascades and water-falls from two inches to twenty feet high; there were round, deep pot-holes; there were wide, shallow riffles and narrow, churning channels. We scrambled and clawed and splashed and slid for nearly a half-mile through these constantly changing, but always beautiful surroundings. Martha didn't do all her

(Continued on page 16.)

Motorcycle Squad Helps Rochester, N. Y., Win \$5000 Sinclair Safety Award . . . Rochester Police Department Using 15 Harley-Davidsons . . .

A GAIN a city with a Harley-Davidson-equipped police department has distinguished itself by winning a national safety contest. The Police Department of Rochester, New York, is \$5,000 richer because of its safety efforts. A check for that amount went to the Rochester Police Benevolent Association recently, because Rochester won the grand prize in the national traffic safety contest sponsored by the Sinclair Refining Company. The presentation took place at a noon luncheon meeting of the Rochester Safety Council of the Chamber of Commerce on February 15.

Frank R. Teahan, Rochester agent for the Sinclair Refining Company, made the presentation. The check was received by Police Chief Henry T. Copenhagen and was turned over by him to Andrew J. Kavanaugh, president of the Rochester Police Benevolent Association. The transfer was witnessed by such dignitaries as



Chief Henry T. Copenhagen receiving the five thousand dollar Sinclair Refining Company award from Frank R. Teahan, Rochester Sinclair representative. Center, former Chief Andrew J. Kavanaugh, president of the Benevolent Society, who took over the award.

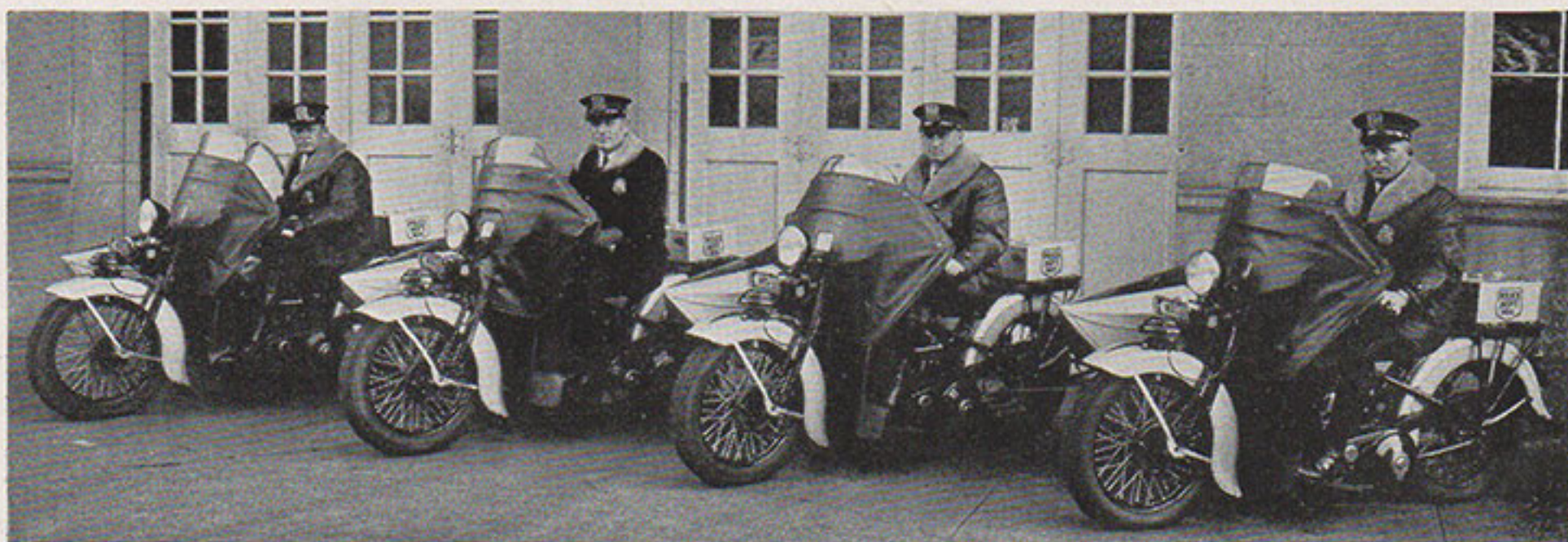
Mayor Charles Stanton of Rochester, President George E. Francis and General Secretary Maurice H. Esser of the Chamber of Commerce, Public Safety Commissioner Walter P. Cox and some 45 members of the Safety Council of the Chamber of Commerce.

Rochester was entered in the Sinclair Refining Company national traffic safety contest by the Safety Council of its Chamber of Commerce. Immediately upon entering, the Safety Council sought the cooperation of the Police Department and other agencies and started a campaign of traffic safety education, which extended throughout the contest year ending October 1, 1933. This campaign included weekly police reports relative to traffic accidents, injuries and deaths, traffic arrests and convictions and the acts of pedestrians and motor vehicle drivers which resulted in the most serious accidents each week. These reports were printed in Rochester's daily papers each week and were commented upon editorially.

The Sinclair Refining Company award is the third major contest won by Rochester, New York, in the last five years. In 1929 it won the Motor Equipment Association banner for being America's "safest city" in a contest which had for its goal the greatest number of "man-days" free of traffic deaths. In that contest period Rochester passed 62 consecutive days without a traffic death. This total, multiplied by Rochester's population of more than 328,000, gave the city a total of more than twenty million "man-days."

Rochester in 1932 was entered in the National Traffic Safety Contest sponsored by the National Safety Council. In this contest various educational, engineering and enforcement features of accident prevention work were considered. Rochester won the bronze plaque for the city within the population class of 250,000 to 500,000 with the best all-around safety program.

The department is at present using 15 Harley-Davidson Police Motorcycles, sold by F. L. Zimmermann, president of the Rochester Harley-Davidson Corporation.



Left to right: Officers Carl McDowell, Louis Dunkak, Frank Elliott and E. E. Olson, who comprise the newly-formed Omaha Courtesy Squad. They use 1934 radio-equipped Harley-Davidsons.

"Courtesy Squad" Instructs Omaha Motorists in Safe Driving Principles

ON October 24, 1933, the City of Omaha, Nebraska, passed a "safety ordinance," creating a Board of Safety and making compulsory the semi-annual inspection and approval of all motor vehicles regularly used on the streets of Omaha. Inspections are made at Official Testing Stations authorized as such by the City Council. The inspection covers braking, lighting, warning and visibility facilities. The testing stations furnish all vehicles passing the required tests with "inspected and approved" stickers which are purchased from the City Clerk at twenty-five cents each. The money collected from the testing stations is credited to the Omaha Board of Safety. The testing station is authorized to likewise make a charge of twenty-five cents for each sticker. The vehicle-owner is, in effect, paying the twenty-five cents directly to the Board of Safety. The testing station receives nothing for making the tests. No charge is made if the vehicle fails to pass the tests.

The Omaha Board of Safety is authorized to use the money thus collected to conduct a Safety Campaign, all expenditures being subject to the approval of the City Council.

The success of the Safety Campaign depended upon the careful and efficient use of the limited funds available from inspection fees. The question was: "How can we use this money to the greatest

advantage in the way of fulfilling the original purposes of this campaign, namely, 'to cut down the accident death rate upon Omaha streets, to cut down the injury and property damage loss caused by accidents, to educate both motorists and pedestrians to greater care in the use of our streets and to make Omaha a safer city'?"

There was only one answer. The efficiency and effectiveness of the Harley-Davidson mounted officer was well understood by members of the Board of Safety and the City Council. They proceeded at once to give Omaha motorists "their quarter's worth" by creating the unique Omaha Courtesy Squad. It is a "vest-

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Failure to display this sticker brands the Omaha motorist as a careless irresponsible driver, and makes him subject to arrest.

A Jaunt to Calico and Odessa Canyon

By Mrs. John G. Siem



"The size of the graveyard bears witness that Calico was once a well-populated camp."

MOTORCYCLISTS who enjoy the unusual and fantastic in scenery would do well to take a trip to the ghost city of Calico and spectacular Odessa Canyon in Southern California.

Back in the early eighties, when silver was almost double the price it is today under the new deal, Calico was a name of importance in the mining world of the West. With a population of between three and four thousand people and with mines that turned out vast riches in the white metal, Calico was known far and wide.

There is still plenty of color in the strangely variegated hills that gave the camp its name. In Odessa Canyon, only

half a mile east of Calico, the motorcyclist will find an amazing loop-road that leads through a veritable geological nightmare, up and down canyons so narrow that your handlebars almost scrape the rock walls on either side and the sky is nearly hidden by closing walls above.

The trip to Calico and Odessa Canyon is not difficult. It is a trifle less than one hundred and fifty miles from Los Angeles, and one hundred and forty-five miles of it is over splendid paved roads. We took the road through San Bernardino over the Cajon Pass to Victorville and Barstow. Ten and one-half miles east of Barstow, a sign pointing north says, "Calico 3½ Miles." Over the dry surface of Calico Lake, swept by a cloud of white dust, we climbed to the ghost town of Calico that lies on a little mesa at the very foot of the hills at the edge of Calico Canyon.

Calico is a single street of sun-blistered wooden shacks with two or three structures of stone and adobe which date from the days of the camp's prosperity. The hillside above, scarred with dumps and tunnel mouths, bears witness of a tremendous amount of human labor expended there. There are literally miles of tunnels in the Calico Hills.

Across the canyon to the west lies the

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Left—Mr. John G. Siem, the Long Beach, California, Harley-Davidson dealer. Right—" . . . an amazing loop road that leads through a veritable geological nightmare." Mrs. Siem in sidecar.

"Courtesy Squad" Instructs Omaha Drivers

(Continued from page 7.)

pocket" police force, entirely independent of the regular force, composed of four men mounted on 1934 Harley-Davidson radio-equipped police motorcycles. Its object is not to catch motorists after laws are broken or damage has been done, but rather, to prevent law violations and accidents by educating motorists in the principles of safe driving. Normal human beings are, on the whole, law-abiding. Traffic violations are not always the result of disregard for the law; in many cases they are due to ignorance. Courteous and tactful explanations do more to inspire the motorist to careful driving than arrests and fines. However, there are exceptions. Reckless motorists are pure and simple criminals. In the case of these, the squad has full authority to issue summons and make arrests.

The personnel, trained by Traffic Lieutenant Frank Haley, is very well adapted to the unusual nature of its work.

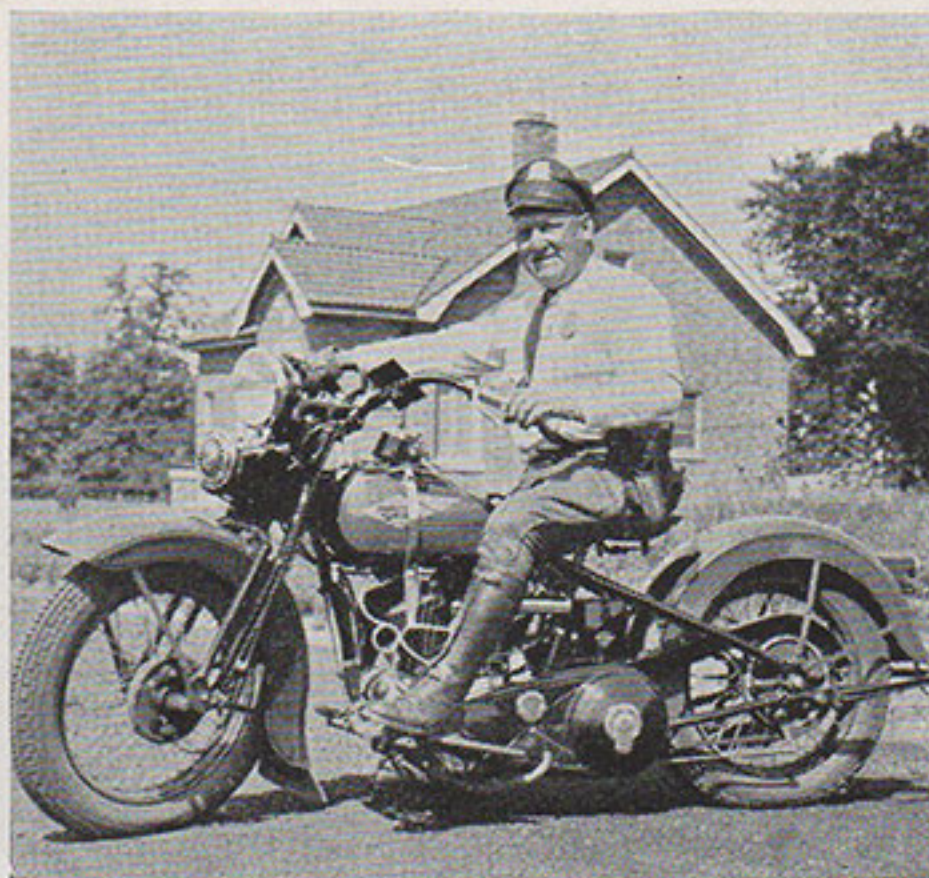
Carl McDowell, 25, was an Army Corporal at Ft. Crook for seven years and is known in Omaha as an amateur boxer. He went to high school at Republican.

Frank Elliott, 23, recently returned from work in a C. C. C. Camp at Yankee Hill, California. He was also a life-guard.

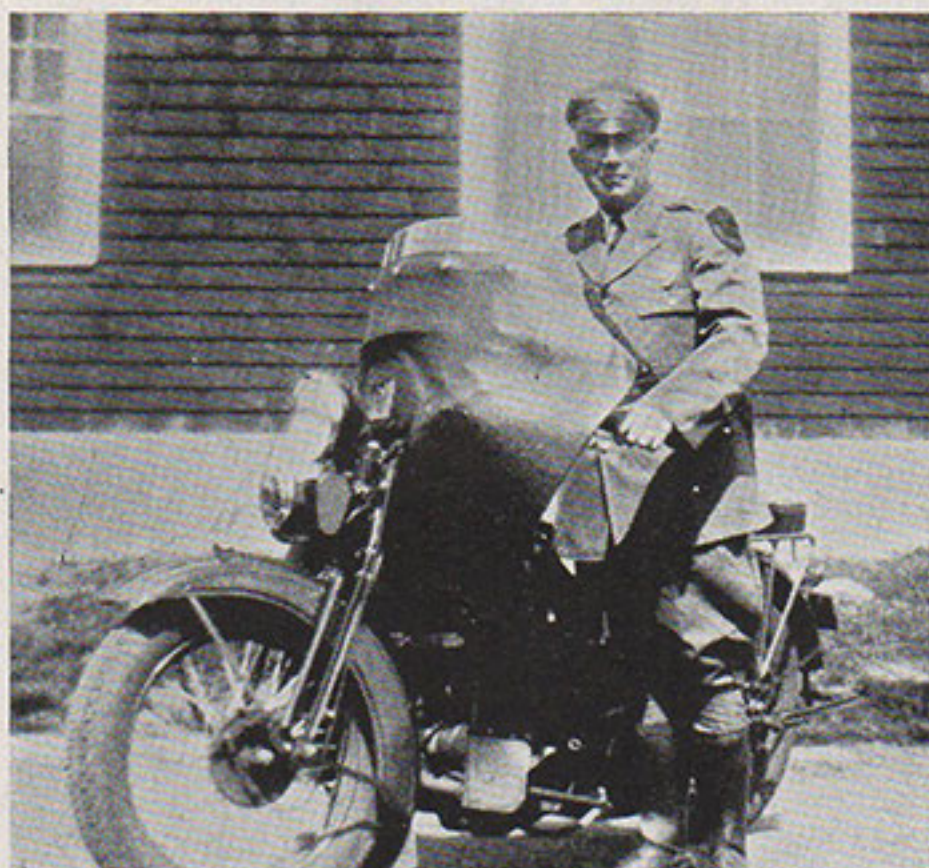
Louie Dunkak, 26, is a professional boxer and former De Paul University, and University of Nebraska student.

E. E. Olson, 28, the only married man on the squad, is a high school graduate. He also studied at a Minneapolis business college and took a course in salesmanship. He worked for five years as a bus driver in Omaha.

With the passage of the "safety ordinance" and the resultant organization of the Courtesy Squad, the City of Omaha has taken a great step forward. Cities throughout the country have their eyes on Omaha, anxiously waiting to see how the experiment is working. Its success seems assured, for the plan is founded upon sound principles. The Harley-Davidson Motor Company is very glad to be given the honor of playing an important part in the promotion of such a worthy project.



Officer Max Guse of the Cudahy, Wis., Police Department, on his 1934 Harley-Davidson.



Officer Roger M. Perkins, of the New Hampshire State Highway Patrol, lives at Hampton.

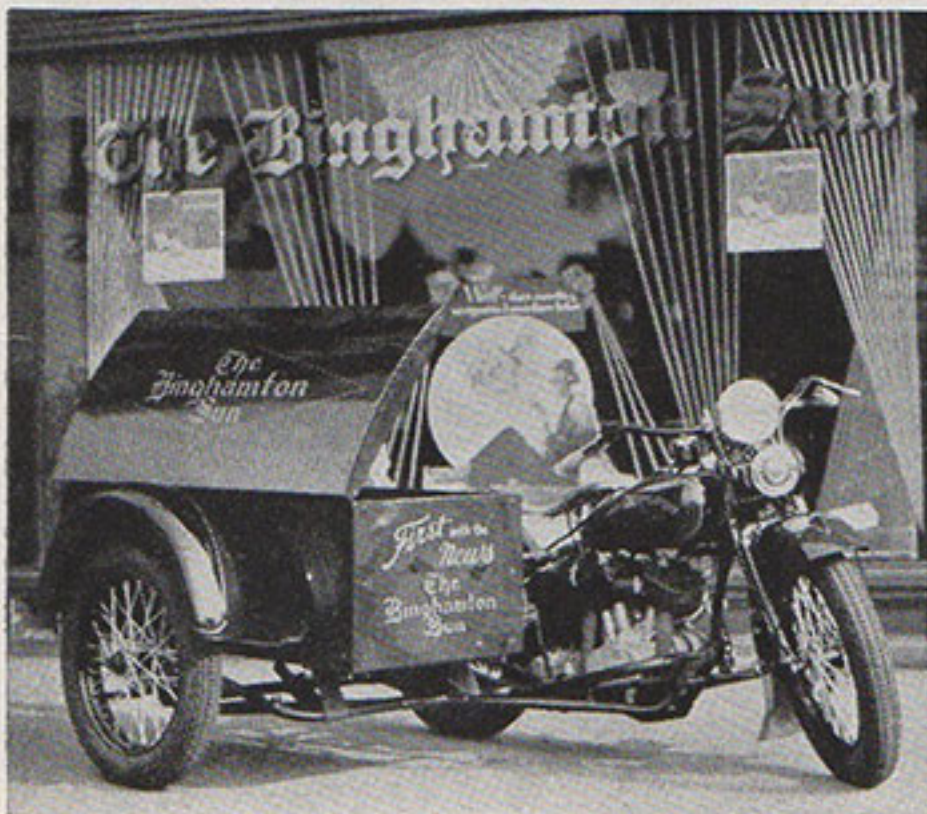


Patty Lou Barker with her daddy, Harry Barker of the Columbus, O., Police Department.

PRACTICAL AND ECONOMICAL



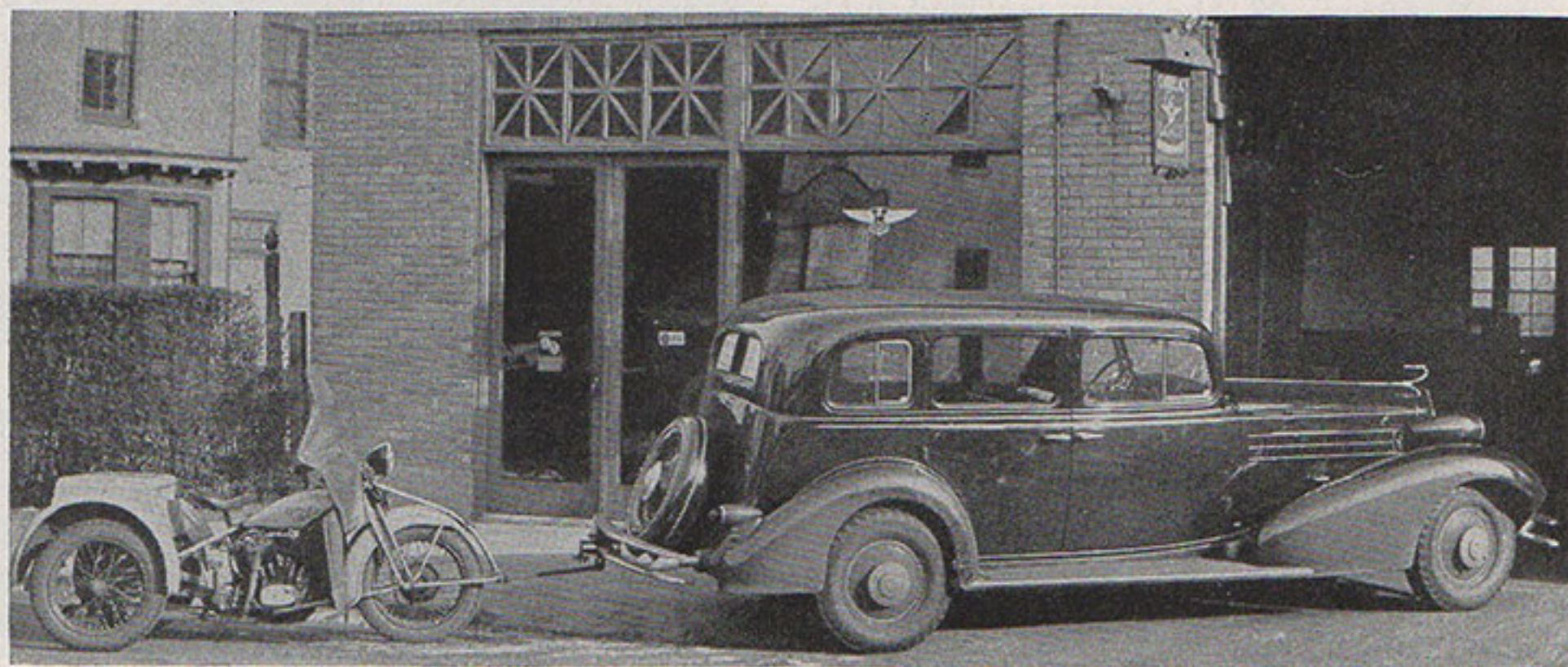
These boys know what "super service" means. Orville Warwig (left) and Wilbur Hein (right) drive these commercial jobs for Standard Motor Parts Co. of Hackensack, N. J. (Skinner Photo.)



"First with the News." The Binghamton (N. Y.) Sun does it with a '34 Harley-Davidson.



H. Grey and the commercial job owned by the Portland Envelope Company of Portland, Ore.



Patrons of Peter's Cadillac-La Salle Company of Hackensack, N. J., appreciate the rapid pick-up and delivery service made possible with the Harley-Davidson Servi-Car. (Skinner Photo.)

How to Organize a Motorcycle Club

PART One of this article, which appeared in the March ENTHUSIAST, explained the preliminary steps to be taken in organizing a motorcycle club.

The object of the first social meeting was to "sell" prospective members on the idea of forming a club, by showing them that group activities can and will increase the pleasures and benefits of motorcycling.

The First Business Meeting

Now you are ready for your first business meeting. You may act as temporary chairman. Remember that you are setting a precedent; the future conduct of members at meetings will be determined by the standard you set at this time. Therefore, insist firmly but politely, that there be complete silence. There is much work to be done in a short time, and if your first business meeting is to be a success, you must be one hundred per cent business-like.

Adopt a Constitution

The constitution is the backbone of the club. It determines, more than anything else, whether the club will be successful or not. With this thought in mind, a model constitution was drawn up by persons experienced in the organization of motorcycle clubs. When completed, it was submitted to Secretary E. C. Smith of the American Motorcycle Association for approval. It is now in use by successful motorcycle clubs throughout the country, and we do not hesitate to recommend it to you. Copies may be obtained by writing the ENTHUSIAST Editor. Ask for "Model Constitution Folder."

Each article of the proposed constitution should be read, discussed and voted upon separately, so that there can be no dispute after the constitution has been adopted.

Elect Officers

If your club adopts the Model Constitution, you will have to elect the following officers in the order named:

President, Vice-President, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, Road Captain, and Five Directors. This makes a total of eleven officers who would constitute the Executive Board.

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"Above, the leaning walls almost meet and the narrow road wriggles through below."

A Jaunt to Calico and Odessa Canyon

(Continued from page 8.)

dwelling place of the permanent residents of Calico. The size of the graveyard bears witness to the fact that Calico was once a well populated camp. The wooden boards that serve as tombstones, scorched brown by the desert sun and scoured by the blowing sands, are rapidly becoming illegible. One grave boasts a little roofed structure over it—pathetic shelter for the uncaring sleeper against the pitiless suns of summer.

East of Calico the road winds for a short distance along the base of the hills and enters Odessa Canyon through canyon walls that at first are almost sulphur yellow and barren of any growth whatsoever. A sign admonishes you to keep to the right where the canyon forks. An amazing sight greets you just ahead. The formation changes abruptly to walls of reddish rock, pockmarked with a thousand holes. The road leads to an apparently impassable wall of rock which opens up just wide enough to admit our Harley-Davidson. Above, the leaning walls almost meet, and the incredibly narrow road wriggles through below.

Alternately widening and narrowing, the road climbs through the canyon where the ore was shot down through wooden chutes into a high mesa at the summit of the hills. Then we turned through the west fork of Odessa Canyon which proved equally as spectacular as the east fork.



NATIONAL GYPSY TOUR

JUNE 24th

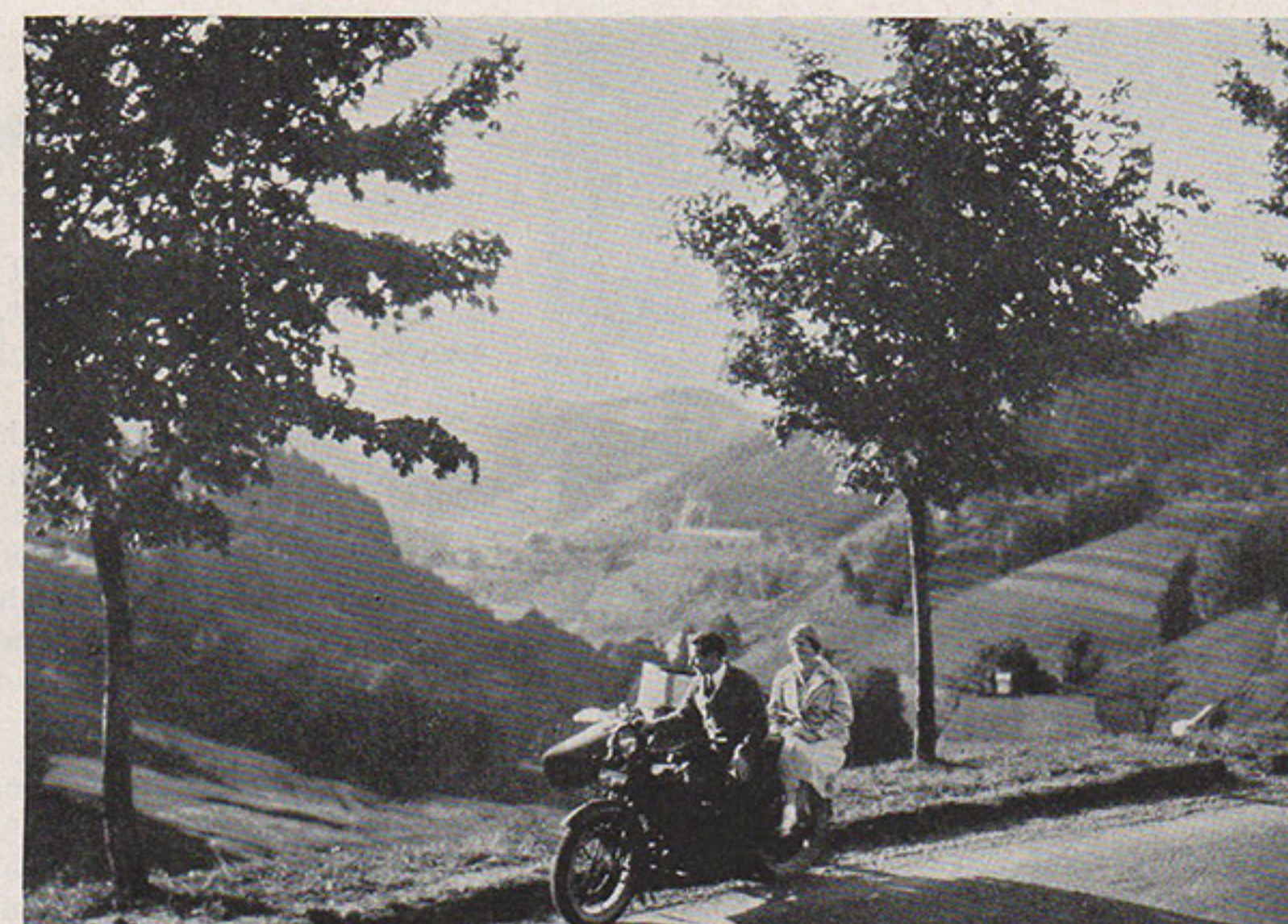
SEE YOUR DEALER



Hold 'er down, buddy. Frank Mensl and passenger straighten out a curve on the Marienbad dirt track, Czechoslovakia.



On February 22, motorcyclists from all over the country paraded through Jacksonville streets escorted by Jacksonville motorcycle officers. The occasion was the now-famous Jacksonville Road Race which was postponed to February 25.

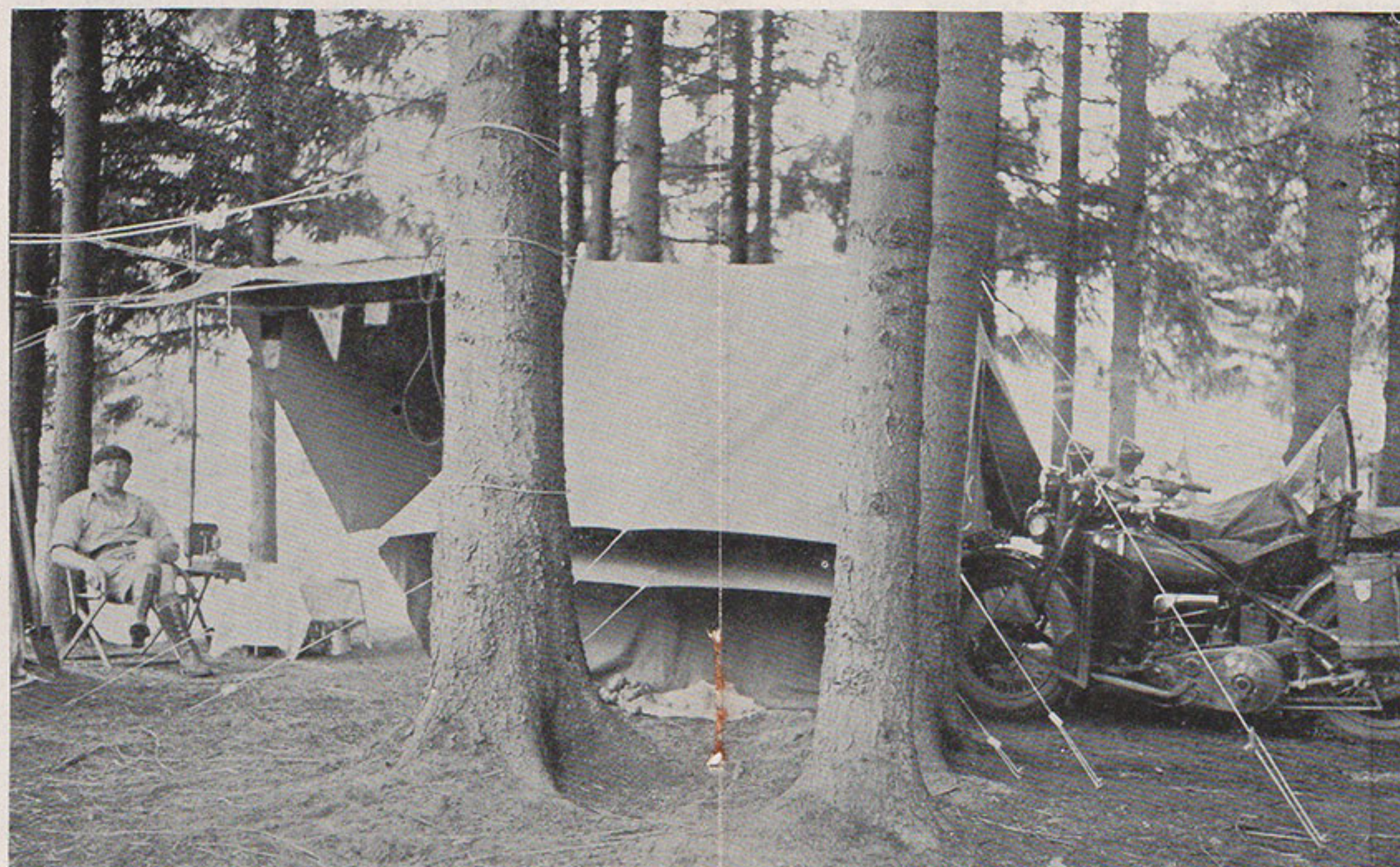


Alfred Kess of Schramberg, Germany, took this photo of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rebholz, on the pass between Triberg and St. Georgen in the Schwarzwald.

No Dull Moments For the Harley-Davidson Fan



Ruth Kilbourne and Dale Fuger of Lincoln, Neb., have thrilled hundreds with their stunts.



With the coming of summer, hundreds of motorcyclists will go "back to Nature" for many days of that care-free, healthful life in the great outdoors. Mr. J. Collart of Brussels, Belgium, is showing us how it is done.

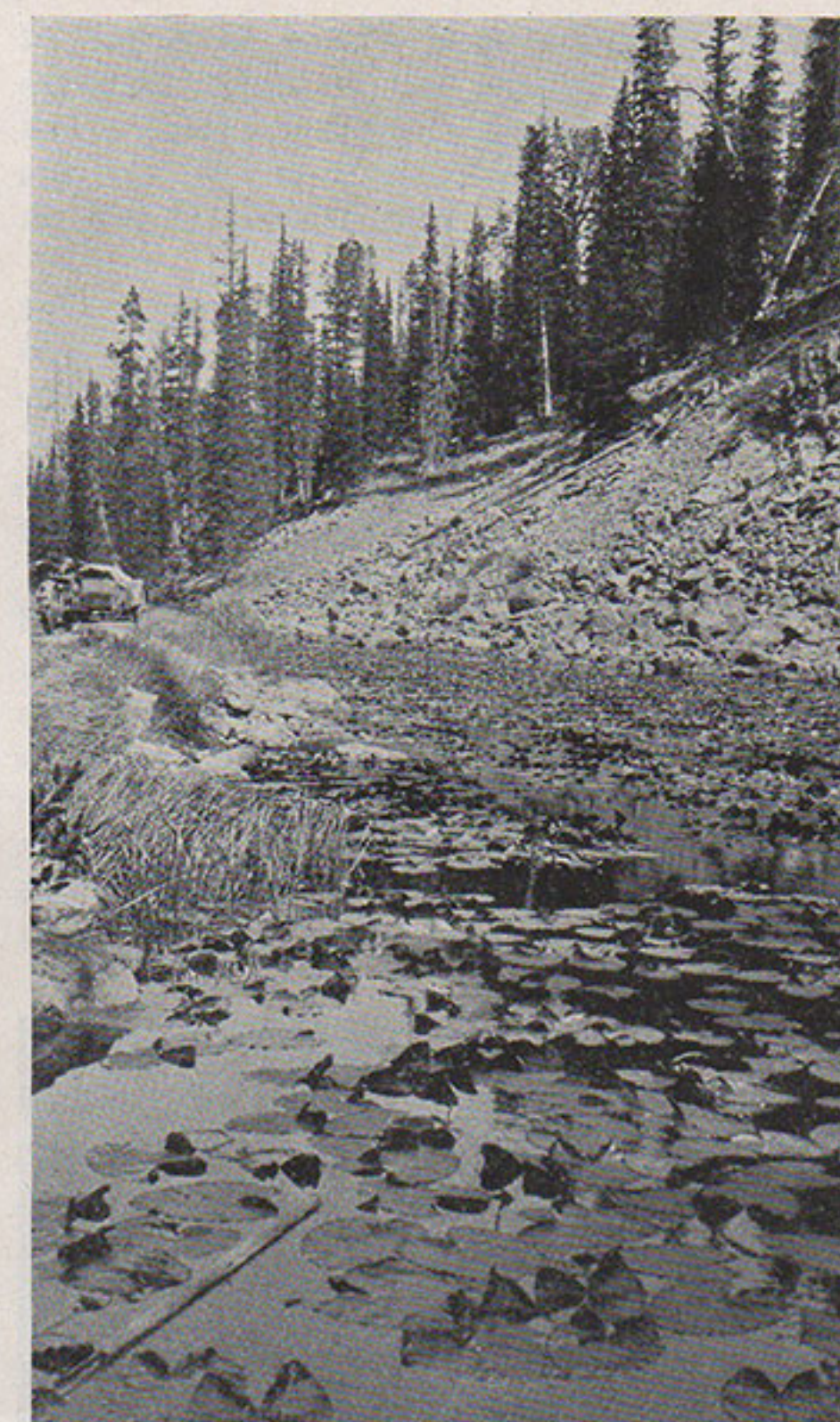


Photo taken by Albert Post of Gilmore City, Iowa, while on a trip to Yellowstone Park.



Members of the Vallejo, California, Motorcycle Club. Taken on a run to Putah Creek, Calif.

SPRING is here! Birds are singing, trees are budding, I fell in a beautiful warm mud puddle Sunday and a robin dropped a "bomb" on my new helmet. Oh, boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

It's quite a job to get down to business this time of the year, but there's a lot of news for you clubbers in this pile of paper on my desk, so I guess we'd better get goin'.

* * * *

A Hare-and-Hound Chase is a lot of fun in the daytime, but at night it's more fun than an insane asylum picnic. Ask the boys who rode in the Waco Motorcycle Club's Night Hare and Hound Chase on March 10th.

Permission was obtained to use a plot of ground about 165 acres in size and covered with trees, stumps, rocks, hills and mud. Alfred Blackwell was the Hare. To catch him the Hounds were to retrieve a handkerchief which was tied to the back of his motorcycle by a slip-knot.

At 8:30 P. M., when it was good and dark, the Hare was let loose and given a three-minute start. Then the merry chase was on. The Hare was allowed to turn out his lights, but he was required to keep his motor running so that the Hounds could listen for him. The Hounds could turn off their motors, but had to keep



These sicklers are employed by the Harrisonburg Motor Express of Harrisonburg, Va.

CLUB

their lights burning. What a merry chase it was and a pretty sight, too, with the headlights bobbing up and down in and out among the trees.

The chase ended when the Hare started up a hill that was a bit too soft and steep, and dug in. Boyd Graham came up alongside and snatched the hanky.

Following the chase the club had a wiener roast. That's what we call an evening of fun. Try it, you clubbers.

* * * *

Following a suggestion made by A. M. A. Secretary E. C. Smith, the Harrisburg GWAKS and the Mechanicsburg Motorcycle Club, both of Pennsylvania, combined to form the Harrisburg Motorcycle Club. As a result of this combination, motorcycle activities have increased greatly.

A resume of their activities since April 1933, when the new club began, reads like an almanac. The club is best known because of its part in the famous T. T. Races held at Penn-Harris Airport in 1933.

On January 7, 1934, they held their Second Annual A. M. A. Rally which was attended by E. C. Smith and 300 riders and friends.

Officers of the club are: President, J. C. Roth; Vice-president, Leonard Sulak; Secretary, John Taylor; Treasurer, John Stabnau; Road Captain, Ted Feasick; Club Referee, Leroy McCann and Best Member, Martin Forrer.

* * * *

The Chatham Motorcycle Club of Savannah, Georgia, is mighty proud these days. Both Bremen Sikes and Ralph Edwards of 200-Mile National Championship Road Race fame are Savannah boys. And when you see a picture of any of these road race boys with sweaters that have C. M. C. on them, you know they're from the Chatham Motorcycle Club.

April 13th has been tentatively set as the date for the club's annual election and banquet. Among the guests will be Vivian Bales of Albany, Georgia, an honorary member, who rides to Savannah every year to attend the affair. Three gold stars for Chatham—yessir!

NEWS

By HAP HAYES

Here's what we mean by ACTION. The Beaumont Texas Black Cats are going full steam ahead. Their program for February included the following:

Sunday, the 4th—A day of sports at the club grounds—baseball, football and polo.

Wednesday, the 7th—(Meeting night) Closed Club Run.

Sunday, the 11th—Sanctioned Secret Time Run. (Won by Jess Mazzu. Second—Herbert Harms; third—Woodie Ward.)

Wednesday, the 14th—Ziz-zag Run and Wiener Roast.

Sunday, the 18th—Sanctioned Economy Run. (Winner—Griffin Kathcart; second—Hardy Jones; third, Herbert Harms.)

Wednesday, the 21st—Theatre Party.

Sunday, the 25th—Closed Club Run—160 miles.

Wednesday, the 28th—Coffee and Cake Party in the woods with music and entertainment furnished by home talent.

Boy, oh boy, there's a live bunch for you.

* * * *

What? Texas again? The Houston Motorcycle Club recently held a super-elegant banquet at the Mexican Inn Restaurant in Houston. Twenty-six members and two guests were present. And how they enjoyed that Mexican dinner—beans, rice, tamales, spaghetti, encholidas and dessert. Six new members were welcomed into the club. They are: Misses Juanita Carl and Betty Watson, and Messrs. Joseph Evans, Russell George, Wayne Watson and Tom Collins. Later the new members were initiated at Herman Park where the club re-assembled for further entertainment.

Plans are going ahead for the Gypsy Tour which the club is sponsoring this year. That's going some, Houston!

* * * *

And now for a little sample of that dandy little bulletin, "The Cleveland Motorcyclist," published by the Cleveland Motorcycle Club of Cleveland, Ohio.

"Womenproof (Wimpy) was given the run-around by his girl friend on the night of February 14, 1934 A. D. (after dinner).

"Boy! You should hear our orchestra. Are we good! All we need now is a steam



These are the throttle twisters who keep the wheels rolling around La Crosse, Wisconsin.

engine to keep time with. Who has a good steam engine for sale cheap?"

Nice stuff, Cleveland!

* * * *

The Warren County Motorcycle Club has a new club house. Recently they held "Open House." Guest speaker was Earl S. Eckel, prominent motorcyclist and aviator, who used to race at the Newark Velodrome back in 1911 and 1912. Mr. Eckel was accompanied by Mrs. Eckel, who is also an ardent motorcyclist. She purchased her first motorcycle in 1911. Both Mr. and Mrs. Eckel were made honorary members of the club. A membership drive resulted in the addition of six new members. Sign 'em up, Warren County!

* * * *

The Dallas Motorcycle Club of Dallas, Texas, is making a big hit with the public and the police these days. At a recent meeting they completed plans for a safe-driving campaign involving both the members of the club and the general public.

Figures show that these Dallas boys practice what they preach, for of the 325 motorcycle riders in Dallas, only eight were involved in serious accidents during 1933. And they are going to do even better in 1934. Three gold stars for Dallas!

(Continued on page 18.)



Here are a few of the boys who boost the sport of motorcycling up around Ripon, Wisconsin.

Summer and a Harley-Davidson

(Continued from page 5.)

sliding on her feet, and she was wishing for a pair of galvanized tin pants once or twice.

Then there was Enfield Glen just a few miles away. This is better known, and lots of people come to see it. Well-built steps and paths take you through a very narrow, deep cleft in the rock, much different from the other ravine we had just seen. A little farther down, the stream made a leap over a cliff—it almost took the breath away from us to watch it.

We had a picnic supper that evening on the shore of Lake Cayuga, and later, from the heights near the campus of Cornell University, watched the sun reflect its last rays from the waters of this long, narrow lake.

The next morning we said goodbye, took a last look at the lake and valley



Babbling brooks of sparkling, crystal-clear water are numerous in the Green Mountains.



A view from the top of Owl's Head, Vt. Willoughby Lake and Long Pond in background.

from the hill above the city, and started on the ride that ended that night at Storrs, Connecticut. At Owego we crossed the Susquehanna River and followed that stream to Binghamton. It wasn't long after we left Binghamton that we were climbing gradually along the Delaware River. At Delhi we left the river and went on up into the Catskill State Park. We rode through the mountains, where many years before the time of Harley-Davidsons, old Rip Van Winkle found the little men playing nine-pins. Nowadays, the rumble and echo may still be heard, but it's the rumble of thunder-storms, for which New York City may be thankful, because a large portion of the mountain region that we passed through sends the water of its swift, cold creeks and rivers into New York's reservoirs, and eventually through a great tunnel to the city itself. We passed the Ashokan Reservoir, and went down again to the Hudson River at Kingston, just in time to drive onto the ferry boat. Beyond the Hudson we continued our way through lower hills, while the deep blue peaks of the Catskills were still visible far behind in the western sky. Dusk was settling down as we turned eastward from Canaan, Connecticut, and wound through the lower reaches of the Berkshire Hills; but here on the smoother roads of the Wooden Nutmeg State we found it comfortable to travel faster. Little towns winked past us—then the lights of Hartford appeared in the valley ahead. At Coventry we took the left fork of the road to Mansfield. Here a sign pointed to the right: "Storrs, 2 Miles." At the site of Connecticut Agricultural College we stopped and asked a few questions, were directed out along a rough, narrow country road, and soon found my old "sidekick," Bob Will, at home in his cottage, Poppleton Lodge.

The Lodge, drowsing in the shade of great maple trees in the "back-woods," was loafing headquarters for several weeks. We made expeditions to the sea, where we swam and got wonderfully sunburned. We came back to the lodge with enough of the most delicious lobsters (caught at Long Island Sound by the "silver hook" method)

that ever grew to satisfy the hungriest of throttle twisters. We swam frequently in the cold water of Ravine Pond, near the Lodge. Bob took us sailing in his "bob-tail" dory on Columbia Lake when squalls were blowing, and we easily out-sailed every bit of canvas on the lake.

We decided that the best way to really appreciate what the mountains were was to hoof it up a few of them. We began on "Camel's Hump," one of the highest of the Green Mountains, located just south of the Winooski River between Burlington and Montpelier. We started the hike at an elevation of 1420 feet above sea level on the east side of the mountain. We packed our supplies in the knapsacks, took a big drink from the spring, and started up. But we were tenderfeet, and there's no use denying it. We climbed, rested, climbed and sweated. But always we worked and struggled up and up and marvelled at the way the little "45" motor responds to the touch of the throttle and scampers over the highest and steepest hills, but I never before really appreciated its power and pep. I certainly wished that I could have just a tiny fraction of that horsepower to inject into those tired legs of mine. We made this 3½-mile climb at the rate of about one mile an hour, and reached the summit just before sundown. We were 4083 feet above the level of the ocean now, and the lesser peaks of the range were spread out below us, although some of the others—Mt. Ellen to the south and Mt. Mansfield to the north—looked down upon us. Other mountains rose far to the eastward beyond quiet valleys—doubtless the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Some of those distant peaks to the northward were Canada's, while the rugged Adirondacks defined the bumpy



On the "Long Trail" descending from Camel's Hump. Going down is work, too.

western horizon, many miles beyond the shining waters of the beautiful and historic Lake Champlain. We were well up on the roof of New England. It was worth the climb.

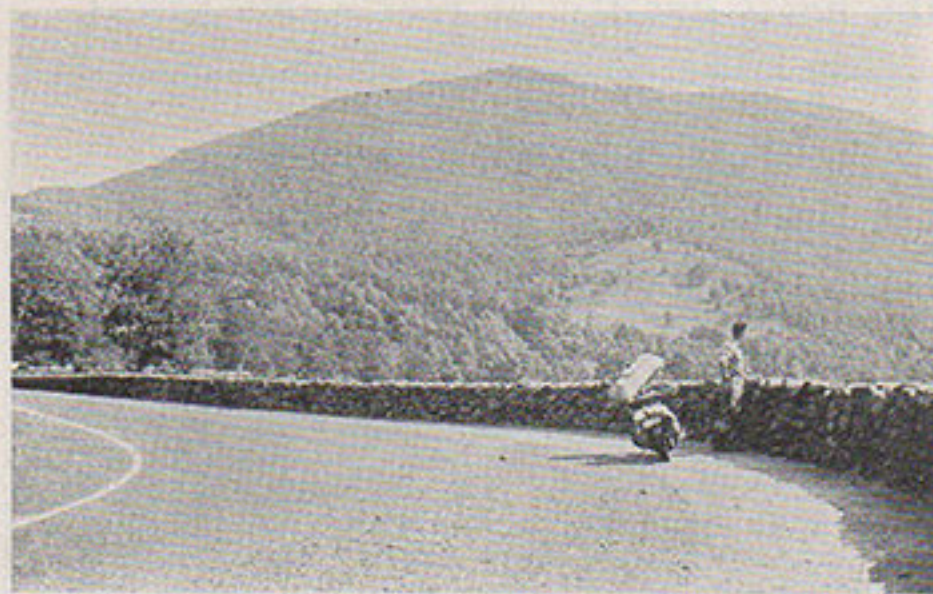
After we had a good look, we descended below the timber line, where we "camped" for the night in a little cabin placed there by the Green Mountain Club for

hikers like ourselves.

Morning and sunrise found us out to see the sights. Up on the summit we leaned against the wind and watched the mists hanging calmly in the shelter of the valleys. The pancakes were made and promptly consumed; we loaded up the packs, and were on our way down, this time taking the "Long Trail" north toward the Winooski River. That descent from the Camel's Hump was a beautiful five miles—good scenery most of the way—but it was real work. Near the bottom, we separated and took a plunge in pools of a roaring mountain stream. If you want a cold bath, pick out a nice mountain stream, and hop in. Br-r-r! But you'll feel better after you come out and get dry. We had hoofed it over our first mountain, and we were ready for a rest.

Our next climb was the Owl's Head, near Willoughby Lake in northeastern Vermont. This was an easier and shorter trail, but not as travel-worn. The mountain is wooded all over the summit, but from several places on the side just below the top we were able to catch sight of the

(Continued on page 20.)



A beautiful, well-kept road with wide, sweeping curves. Taken near Blue Ridge, Virginia.



New Accessory Catalog Ready

During the next two weeks we will send out the finest and most complete catalog of motorcycle accessories, clothing and supplies that you have ever seen. It contains many brand new items that everyone wants to know about. Watch for your copy as you will surely find it interesting.

This up-to-date catalog, showing present-day prices, is going out to every rider on our mailing list. We want every motorcycle rider to have one, so, if you or one of your rider friends fails to get your copy, send for one. In countries outside the U. S. A. it is necessary to send us ten cents in U. S. postage, or by international money order, to cover costs.

Every rider will find it desirable to purchase Genuine Harley-Davidson Accessories when he needs anything in this line. Every item we sell has to meet our very exacting standards before it can be approved and added to our line. In Genuine Harley-Davidson Accessories you get the finest quality, at reasonable prices.

This Month's Cover Picture

Springtime! We all know what it means to the motorcyclist. All the energy and enthusiasm stored up during the long winter is straining within him, waiting to be released. The open road is calling.

Our cover picture features Harvey Haase of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Elmer Brown of Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin, in a springtime setting on the Sheboygan River. Our thanks to Harry F. Minnick of Milwaukee, who took the excellent photograph.

CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 15.)

Bill Carpenter, the enthusiastic Harley-Davidson dealer at Lancaster, Ohio, has undertaken the organization of a new club to take the place of the Forest Rose Ramblers Club which disorganized recently. The new club is to be known as Bill's Fairfield Flyers and will be composed of motorcycle riders of Fairfield County, Ohio. There are many motorcycle enthusiasts in the close-lying towns of Pickerington, Basil, Baltimore, Thurston, etc., who are real boosters, and will welcome the new club. Bill has had a number of very attractive emblems made. These will be given to every rider who signs up. A weekly mailing will keep members posted on coming club activities.

Although Bill already has a club room above his store, a club house is being built. The first twenty members to sign up before April 20th will be charter members.

April 20th is the date set for Bill's Big Open House Party where there'll be moving pictures, food, beer and general whoopee. "All Fairfield County motorcyclists are welcome whether they have invitations or not," says Bill. Be there.

* * * *

Blue River, Wisconsin, is on the club map. Officers of the Blue River Motorcycle Club are:

Captain L. T. Kincannon, Co-captain Robert Hendricks, Secretary M. M. Kincannon, Treasurer Errol Higgins and Roadmaster Harlon Eaton. Go to it, Blue River!

* * * *

On Saturday, March 10, the Milwaukee Motorcycle Club, assisted by the Ladies' Auxiliary, promoted a public dance which was attended by about two hundred people.

Among those present were Miss Marie Braner, Secretary of the Girls' Auxiliary of the Aero Motorcycle Club and Fred Radatz, Secretary of the Aero Motorcycle Club, both of Chicago.

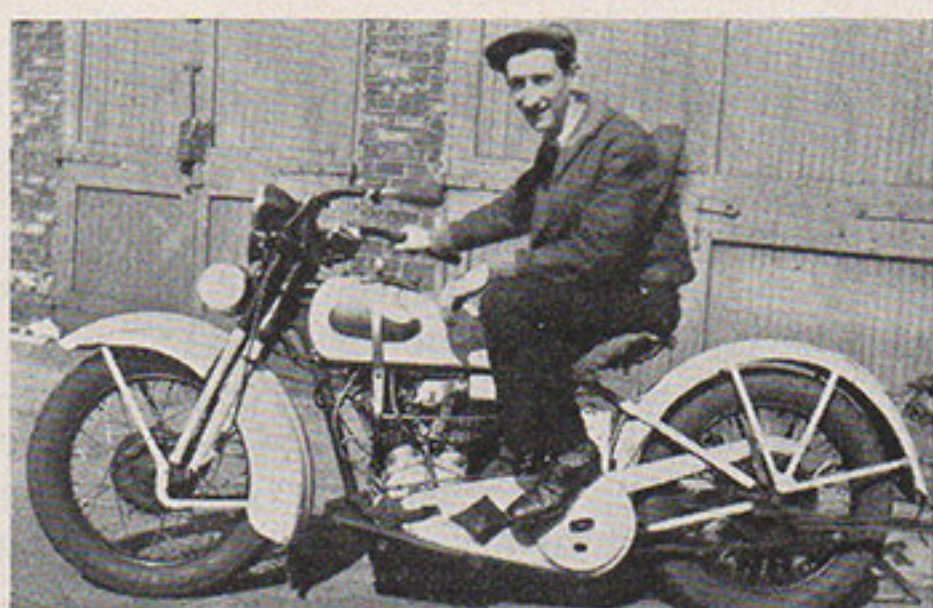
On Sunday the 25th, the club promoted a Spring Opening Run. Carl Griesbacher took first in the sidecar class and Jack Markovich won the solo class. Leo Connors won a bag of oats for starting a dandy five-acre grass fire. You nasty man.

(Continued on page 20.)

ENTHUSIAST PHOTO GALLERY



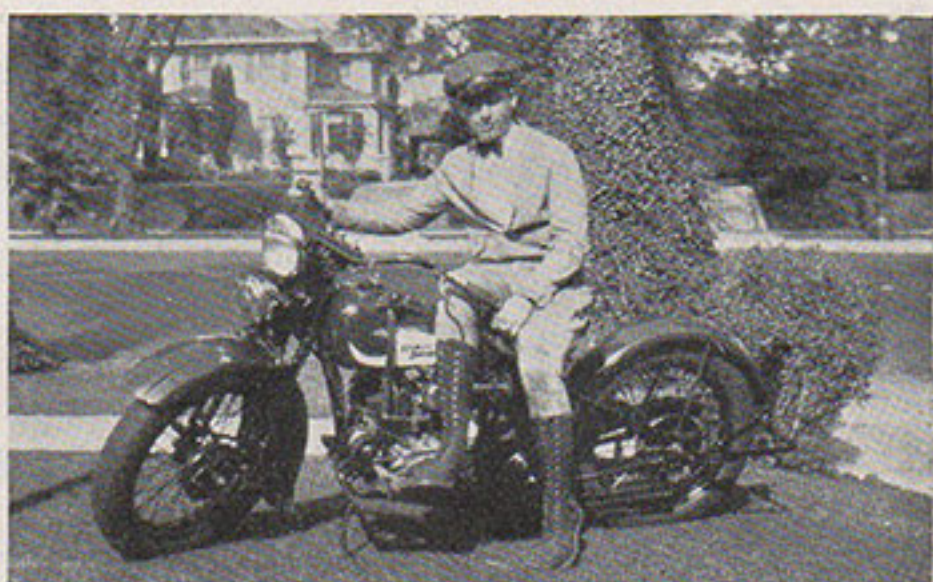
Harold Smith (left) and "Humm" Madden, aviator, both of New Glasgow, N. S., Canada.



Hello George! This is George Powell of Chicago, Illinois. Notice the smile of satisfaction.



Hey, you clubbers! This is Mac McClanahan, the president of the Peoria Motorcycle Club.



Tom Logsdon, Hollywood, California, is very pleased with the performance of his '32 "74."



A. D. "Smoke-'em-up" Thomas, who, we are told, is the speed-demon of Clarendon, Ark.



Raymond M. Kobayaski and Y. Ono of Paia, Maui, Hawaiian Islands, with their trusty 45's.



None other than Mr. William Sokovitz, who burns up the roads around New Castle, Pa.



T. E. (Kingfish) Holbrook of Winterville, Ga., gets around in a hurry with his '32 "74."

CLUB NEWS

(Continued from page 18.)

The Treaty City Motorcycle Club is one of the young clubs that is making good progress. The club was started in July, 1932, by R. C. Flatter.

Every year they put on a Thanksgiving party to which the parents of members are invited. That's a great idea. Let the folks know what you're doing. Bernard Colville, the Harley-Davidson dealer at Greeneville, is a member of the club and takes part in all club activities. The club will soon be getting its A. M. A. Charter. * * *

The Courtier M. C. Cadets of Irvington, New Jersey, are making a tour of the U. S. A. this summer, and they're coming to Milwaukee to visit the factory. You're welcome at any time, boys. And that goes for the rest of you, too.

12-Hour Class C Race at Atlanta, Georgia

WHILE the now-famous Jacksonville Road Race is still the main topic of discussion among motorcycle fans throughout the country, plans are already under way for a twelve-hour Class C Event to be held on the one-mile Lakewood dirt track at Atlanta, Georgia, early this summer. The exact date and prize money have not been announced, but will be given in a future issue of THE ENTHUSIAST.

Class C competition has become very popular in the past few years, due, to a great extent, to the efforts of the Southeastern Dealers' Association which promoted the 200-Mile National Championship Road Races of 1932, 1933 and 1934.

How to Organize a Motorcycle Club

(Continued from page 11.)

Vote for one officer at a time, starting with the President, accepting three nominations for each office. Distribute ballots, one to each member, and have him write his choice on the ballot. Collect the ballots and tabulate the votes.

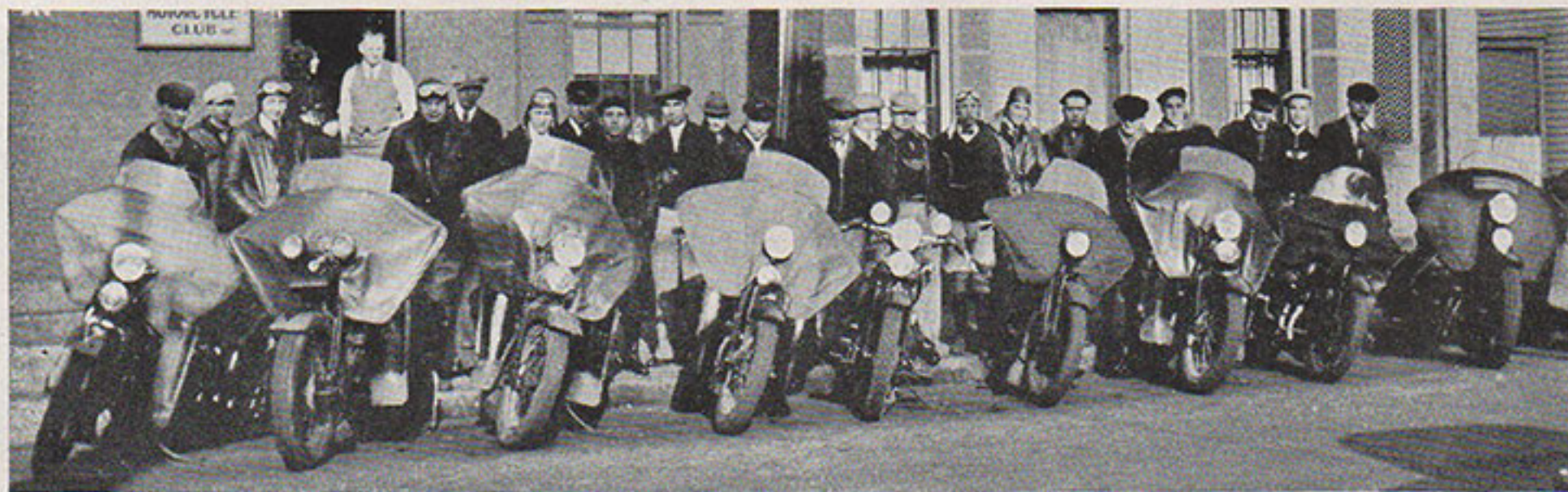
Your club is now complete as far as organization is concerned. If you have not yet found a permanent club-room, that is your next problem. After your club gets in swing, you will want to apply for an A. M. A. charter. Both the club-house problem and the A. M. A. will be discussed in later issues of THE ENTHUSIAST.

Summer and a Harley-Davidson

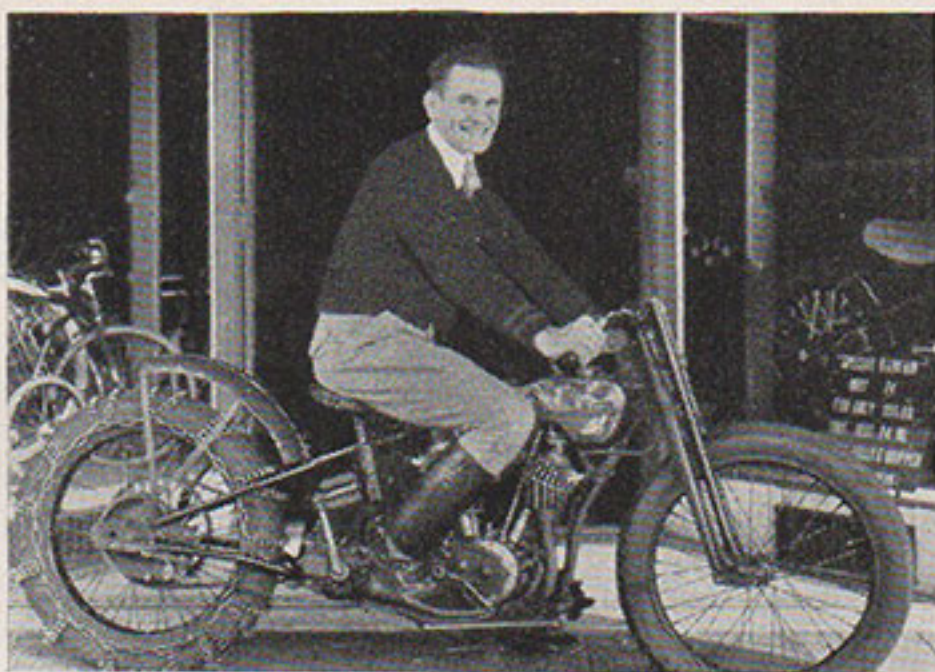
(Continued from page 17.)

woods and lakes below us and of the mountains around.

Our last ascent was Mt. Spec, in Western Maine. There is a fire lookout stationed on Mt. Spec, and it was the lookout's trail that we climbed to the top of the mountain. And that trail doesn't do any fooling around on its way up; we guessed it to be thirty to forty-five degree inclines for the entire two miles, with about one level stretch something like twenty feet long to let you ease up. From the summit off to the southwest we could see Berlin, New Hampshire, on the Androscoggin River, and below us in the valley we could make out the road and a few buildings. Aside from these things, there was little evidence that we were in an inhabited country. (Cont. in May Issue.)



The turnout tells the story. Judging from this picture, the Greater Cincinnati Motorcycle Club are a bunch of live wires. The occasion was a Secret Time Run, promoted by the club.



Joe Herb, Merced, California, winner of the 21-inch Expert and 45-inch Class B events at Glendale, California.



Miss Freda Fourei of Bloemfontein, South Africa, handles this big "74" like a veteran.

Herb and Lindstrom Star at Glendale

Glendale, Calif., March 18—Joe Herb and Windy Lindstrom riding Harley-Davidsons, scored a decisive victory in the hillclimb held here today by winning four first places in five events. The results of the climb were as follows:

21" EXPERT EVENT

1. Joe HerbHarley-Davidson
2. H. Mathewson
3. F. Markwick

45" CLASS B EVENT

1. Joe HerbHarley-Davidson
2. H. Mathewson
3. F. Markwick
4. V. Trent

45" CLASS A and B EVENT

1. Windy Lindstrom ...Harley-Davidson
2. Bob Kellar
3. Joe PetraliHarley-Davidson
4. Byrd McKinneyHarley-Davidson

45" EXPERT EVENT

1. Windy Lindstrom ...Harley-Davidson
(9.4 seconds—new hill record.)
2. Joe PetraliHarley-Davidson
3. Byrd McKinneyHarley-Davidson
4. Bob Kellar

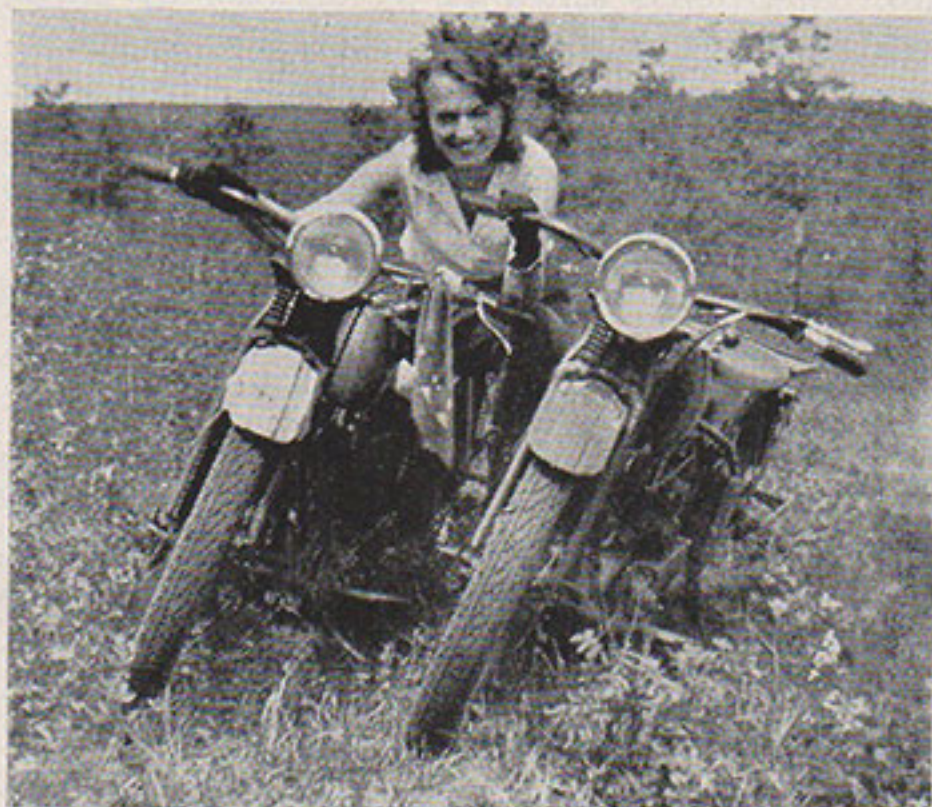
80" CLASS B EVENT

1. F. Schierholz
2. E. Snitzer
3. Wilson

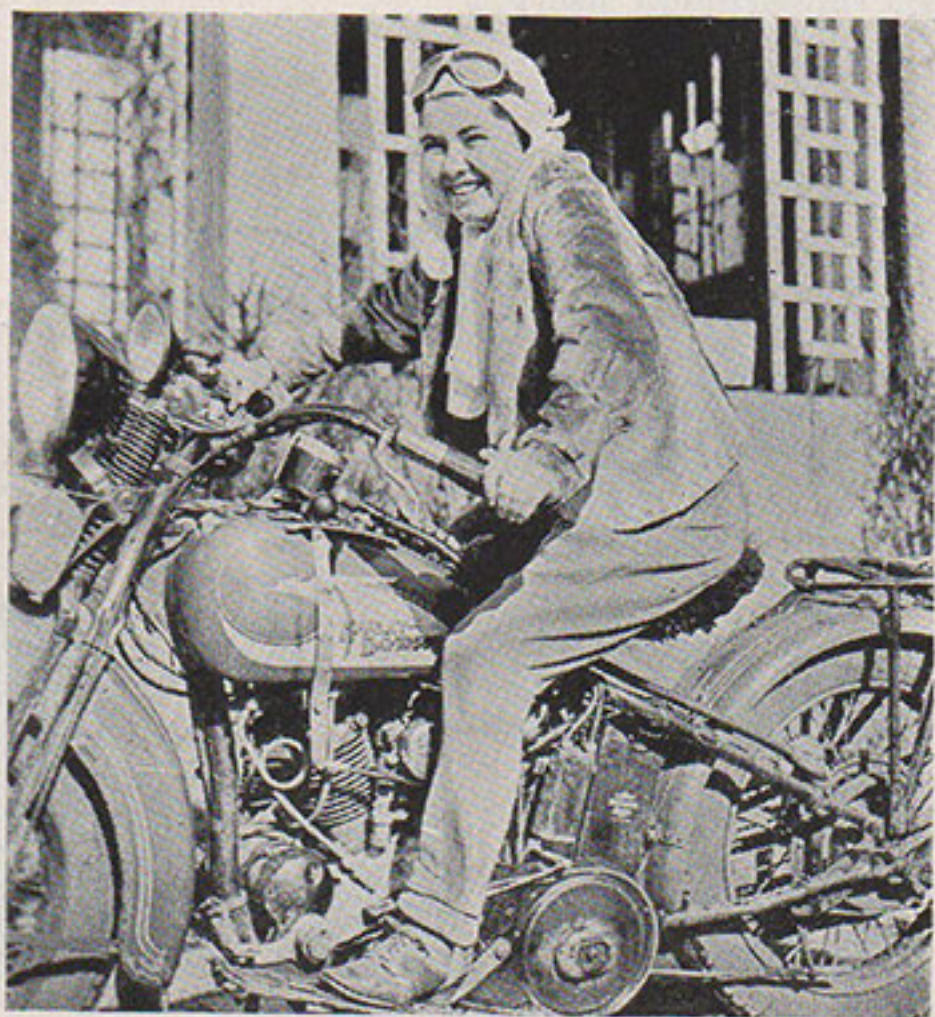
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ENTHUSIAST READERS!

If you have a bright, sharp photo which you think would be suitable for reproduction in THE ENTHUSIAST, send it to the Enthusiast Editor. We will do our best to use it. Photos will be returned if so requested. Send a print, not the negative!



Miss Mary Palmer of Edmonton, Alberta, Can., on her 1933 Single. Wonder what's so funny.



Miss Olive Crockett, Glenside Gardens, Pa., is a member of the Glenside Motorcycle Club.

WHY . . . Your Motorcycle Requires Special Oil

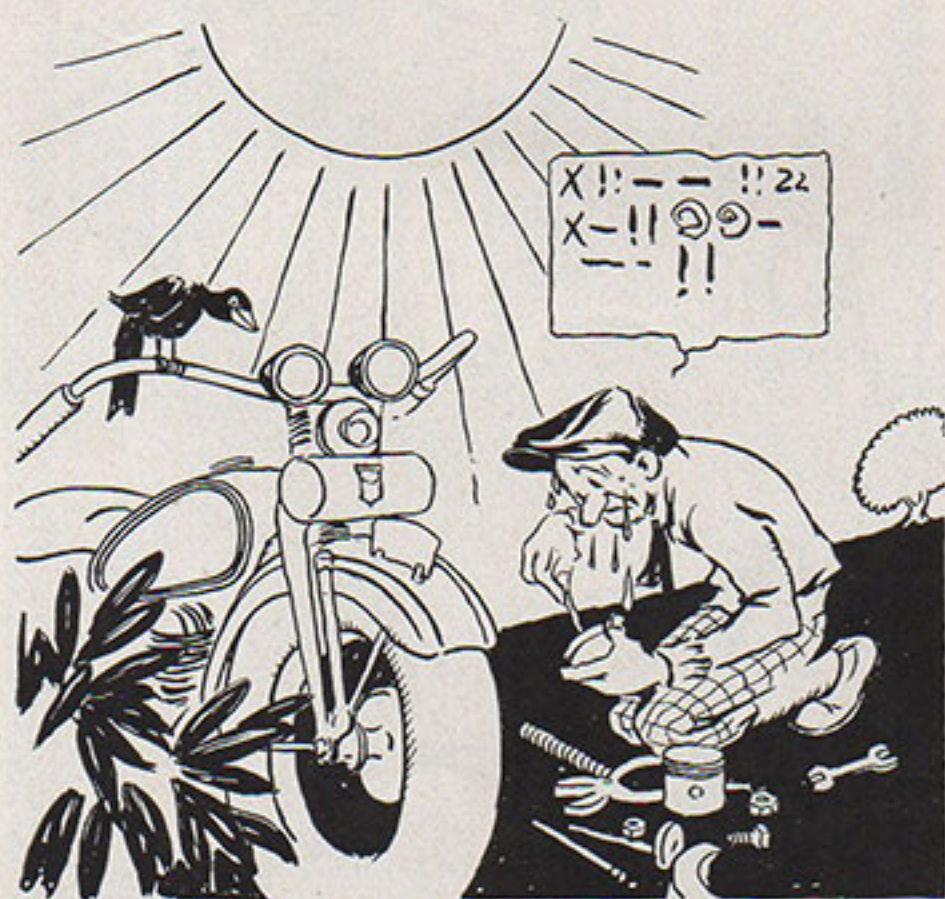
LUBRICATION has always been one of the most difficult problems of automotive engineers. Even with oiling systems developed to their present degree of perfection, a great percentage of unsatisfactory service is due to faulty lubrication.

No oiling system is better than the oil it distributes. Oil, like the steel in your motorcycle, must have the proper characteristics for the particular job it must do. Engineers know or determine by tests, which metals are best adapted to withstand the particular stresses, temperatures, wear, etc., to which they will be subject. You wouldn't want a cast steel Safety Guard or brass cylinders on your motorcycle, because you know these metals won't stand up for those particular jobs. However, both cast steel and brass are one hundred per cent OK for certain parts.

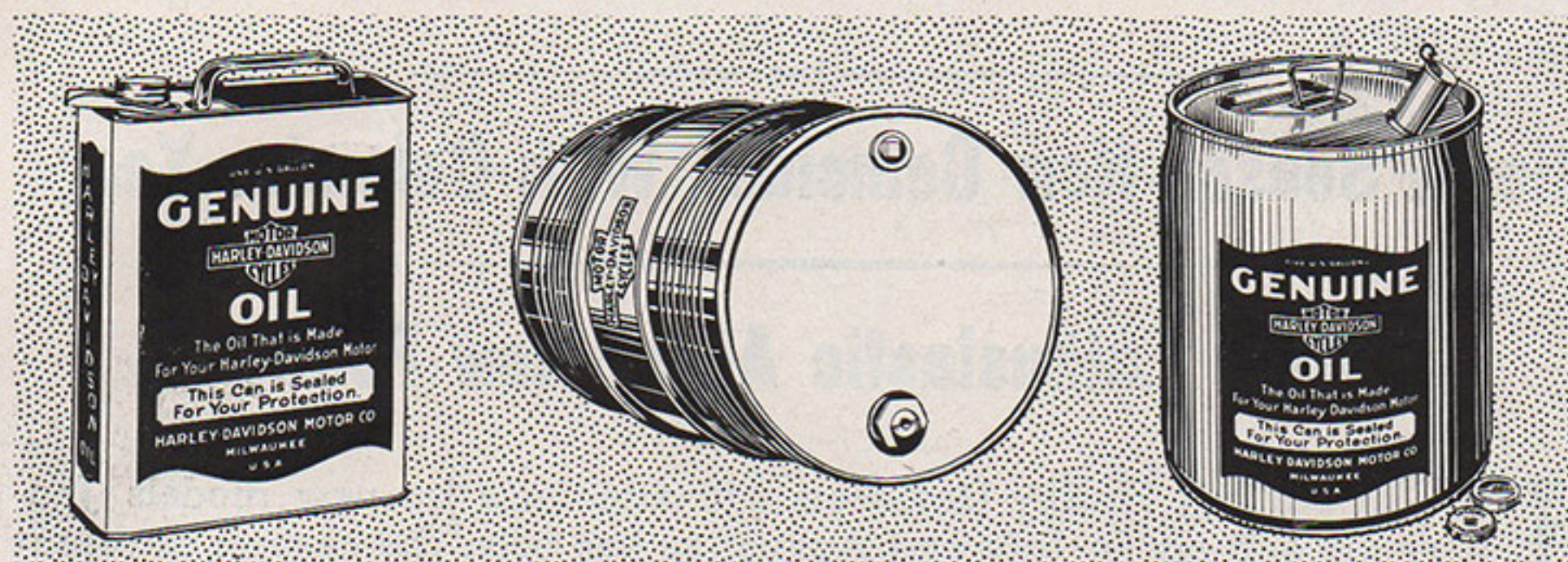
Similarly, a very special kind of oil is required to lubricate a motorcycle motor, although nearly every oil is good for some particular purpose. Harley-Davidson engineers, not satisfied with merely perfecting a highly efficient and dependable oiling system, have gone even farther. By extensive tests and experiments, they have developed an oil especially adapted for use in motorcycle motors.

The motorcycle motor is very efficient, and its power-output is all out of proportion to its size, as compared with automobile and aircraft engines. This power is, of course, obtained from the expansion of burning gases within the cylinders. It follows then, that the motorcycle motor generates more heat per cylinder than the automobile or aircraft engine. This intense heat tends to "break down" or thin the oil so that it cannot form and hold that vital protecting film which prevents direct contact between moving parts. This means friction, and friction means wear and broken parts. Oil has another duty to perform. It helps to cool the interior of the motor by absorbing some of the heat from pistons, wrist pins, connecting rods, cylinders and bearings. That's why only an oil which retains its body under heat can be used in the motorcycle engine.

Oil is classified according to viscosity (thickness), gravity, fire and flash point, pour point and volatility. An oil may be entirely suitable in regard to the above factors and still be unsuited for motorcycle use. The quality of oil is determined, not by specifications, but by the base or crude oil from which it is refined. Harley-Davidson oil is especially refined



For low-cost, carefree motorcycling, use genuine Harley-Davidson oil. The dejected looking fellow at the left used something "just as good." The fellow at the right knows his stuff. He never allows any but Harley-Davidson Oil in his tank. That's why he's sitting pretty.



For your protection, Genuine Harley-Davidson Oil is sold in orange and black sealed containers in one, five, twenty-nine and fifty-four gallon sizes; by the quart at your dealer.

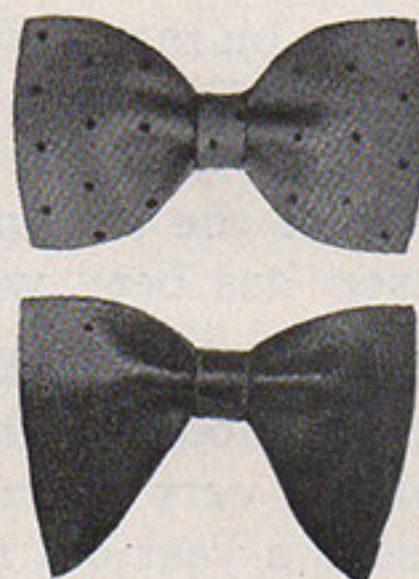
from the finest crude oil obtainable, and is therefore the best oil available in regard to both specifications and quality. It is not sold primarily for the profit derived from its sale. If sold on this basis it would cost much more than it does. As it is, it costs no more than *good* automobile oil. Satisfactory motor oil insures good motor performance at the lowest possible cost to you. Expensive repairs due to poor lubrication are avoided and continuous operation is assured. You can't afford to use any other.

- 11700-X—One gallon can.....\$1.25
- 11701-X—Five gallon can..... 4.75
- 11703-X—29 gallon drum, per quart.. .25
- 11704-X—54 gallon drum, per quart.. .25

Cheaper in your own container.

NEW! . . . Classy Leather Bow Ties

Leather ties can't be beat for motorcycling. They are not affected by dirt or water; they keep their shape indefinitely; they can be cleaned in a few seconds by merely wiping them with a damp cloth. As good, if not better, looking than cloth ties, and retain their good appearance for a much longer time. In two classy styles, the standard bow in color or in black, or the "Pointex" in black. 11029-34 (specify choice) \$.35 each.



SEE YOUR DEALER

Cut off at dotted line and return to Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS . . .

Was this copy of THE ENTHUSIAST correctly addressed to you? If not, clip out this notice, fill in and we will be glad to change our records so that you will get each issue of THE ENTHUSIAST promptly. THE ENTHUSIAST comes under the rules and regulations for third class mail, and will not, therefore, be forwarded to you in case your address has been changed.

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SEASON EXTENDED TO JANUARY FIRST

Model Season Now Coincides With Calendar Year

Riders Enthusiastic About New Policy

HENCEFORTH, Harley-Davidson will announce its new models January 1st and not in July and August as has been the custom in recent years. The practice of the majority of automotive manufacturers will be followed and no model changes in present Harley-Davidson motorcycles will be made until after the close of the present calendar year.

Dealers and riders everywhere are endorsing this new policy with wide acclaim. For a long time it has been felt that midsummer announcements hampered dealers' sales and put a damper on many rider plans and activities. Often, in the anticipation and anxiety about the new models, much of the best part of the riding season has been wasted.

Riders have often hesitated to buy a current model in the spring, fearing that in a very short time it would be classed a year-old motorcycle. Then if they waited for the new models, there were frequent delivery delays and it would likely be fall before they got their new jobs. The situation was unsatisfactory from the standpoint of everyone—rider, dealer and factory. The new policy is a decided change for the better all around.

Of course, this change in announcement policy would not be possible if our 1934 models were not the last word in design and performance. The overwhelming preference the buying

public has shown our present motorcycles is the best proof we can submit that they are not only modern and in spirit with the times, but the best values on the market.

If you own an old model motorcycle of any make you are now in a particularly fortunate position to trade it in on a 1934 Harley-Davidson. The demand for used motorcycles is brisk and your dealer will make you a very liberal allowance offer. By trading now, your new motorcycle will remain a late model all through the riding season and right up to the beginning of next year.

We urge both riders and non-riders to call on your Harley-Davidson dealer and look over and ride the 1934 models. Our dealer will be glad to have you drop in. He will tell you all about them and will show you just how they handle out on the road. Our dealer also has two very convenient Easy-Pay Plans which you may want to know more about.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



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