

IND

25

AUGUST 1952 35c

CYCLE

"World's Largest Monthly Motorcycle Circulation"



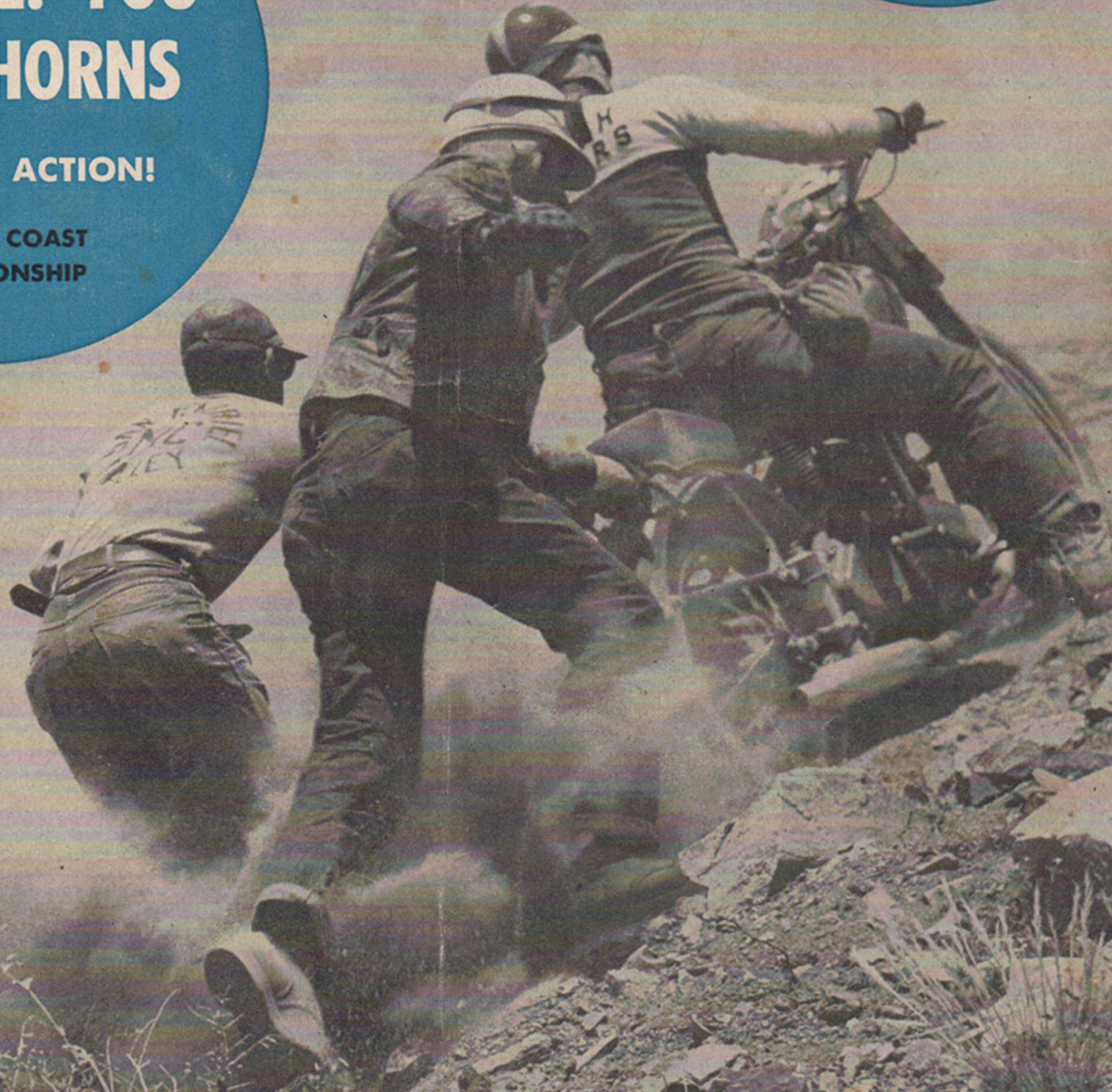
THE STORY OF
FABULOUS JOHNS!
ALL-TIME GREAT

In This Issue:

BEWARE! YOU GREENHORNS

PICTURES! ACTION!

PACIFIC COAST CHAMPIONSHIP



MILWAUKEE MISSILE CRACKS A HUNDRED

Harley-Davidson riders win..



All Six National Class "C" Hillclimb Championships

(postponed from 1951)

45" EXPERT

Windy Lindstrom, Harley-Davidson
Sam Arena, Harley-Davidson
Monty Montgomery, Harley-Davidson
Adolph Schwarz, Harley-Davidson
Time: 7.74 sec.

80" EXPERT

Roy Burke, Harley-Davidson
Dick Austin, Harley-Davidson
Monty Montgomery, Harley-Davidson
Sam Arena, Harley-Davidson
Time: 7.44 sec.
Fastest time of the day

45" AMATEUR

Bill Bohlin, Harley-Davidson
Jack Bloomquist, Harley-Davidson
George Reed, Harley-Davidson
Mel Griffith, Harley-Davidson
Time: 12.85 sec.

80" AMATEUR

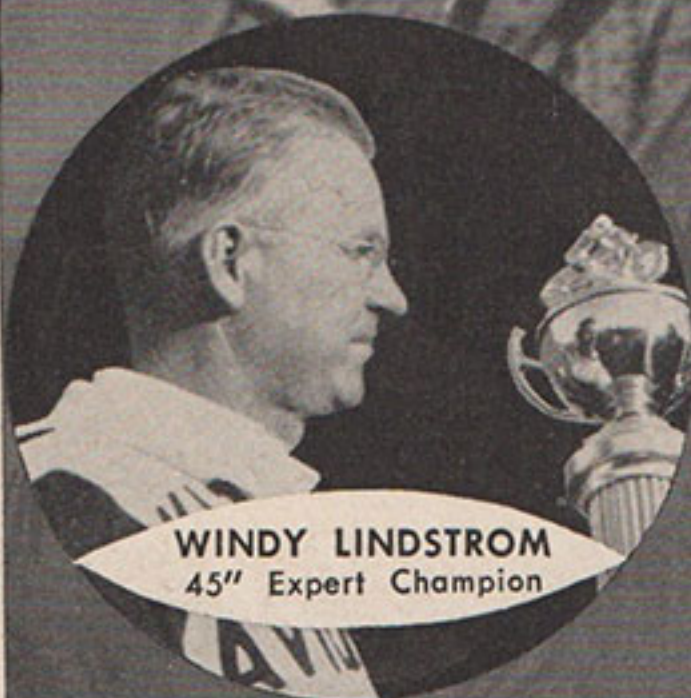
Bill Bohlin, Harley-Davidson
Bill Kovack
Rex Betz, Harley-Davidson
Frank Lannoo, Harley-Davidson
Time: 9.09 sec.

45" NOVICE

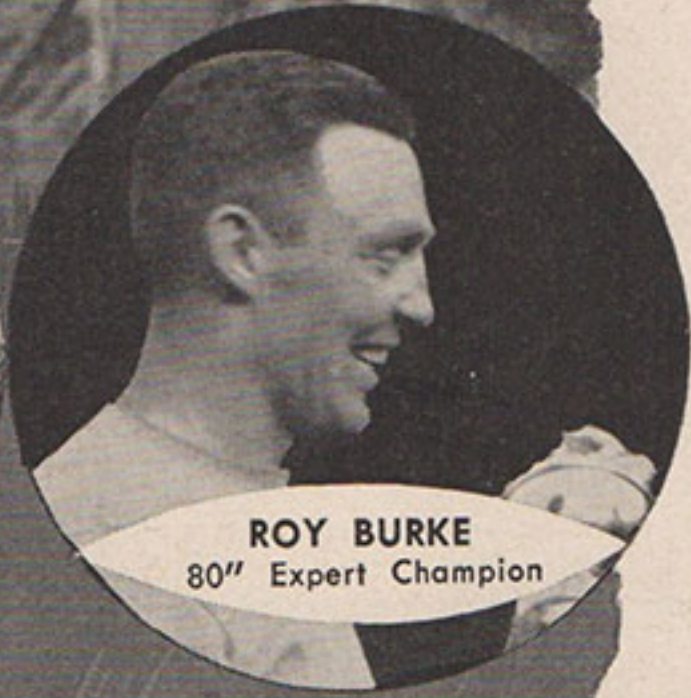
Aubrey Isham, Harley-Davidson
Victor Ascenzi
Bill Henry
R. V. Bernheisel, Harley-Davidson
Time: 8.36 sec.

80" NOVICE

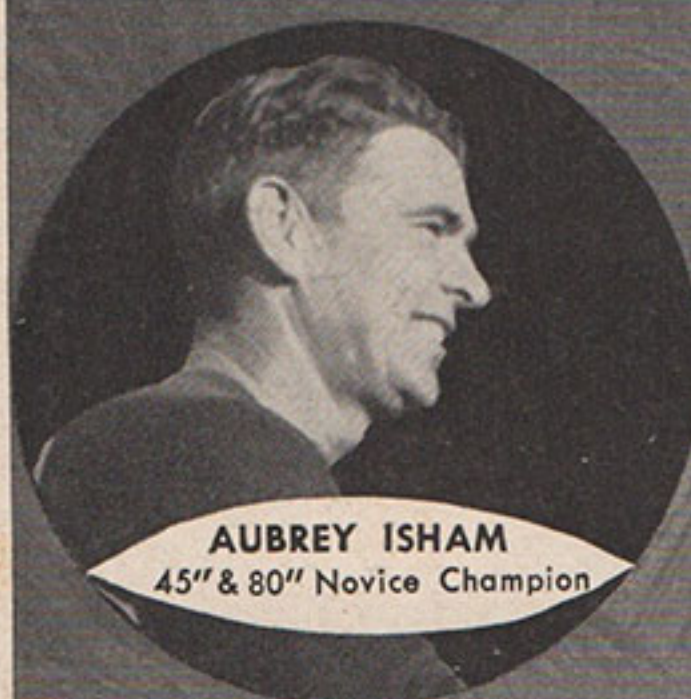
Aubrey Isham, Harley-Davidson
Stan Schmidt, Harley-Davidson
George Bass, Harley-Davidson
Eugene Moore, Harley-Davidson
Time: 8:80 sec.



WINDY LINDSTROM
45" Expert Champion



ROY BURKE
80" Expert Champion



AUBREY ISHAM
45" & 80" Novice Champion



BILL BOHLIN
45" & 80" Amateur Champion

Out of a field of 35 top-flight entries, four Harley-Davidson riders took the six National Class "C" Hillclimb Championships at Lewiston, Idaho, May 4, 1952. Bill Bohlin of San Jose, Calif., and Aubrey Isham of Oakland, Calif., each rocketed to a pair of *double* victories in the Amateur and Novice divisions. "Windy" Lindstrom, also of Oakland, and Roy Burke of Milwaukie, Oregon, are the new Champs in the 45" and 80" Expert classes, respectively. Burke also posted the day's fastest time with his winning ride by roaring up rugged Mark Means hill in 7.44 seconds. Twenty-one out of 24 places were earned on power-packed Harley-Davidsons. Here, again, is dramatic proof that you ride the champion of performance and dependability when you own a Harley-Davidson.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.

Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

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ART DIRECTOR—Al Isaacs

ADVERTISING MANAGER—Ray Bowles

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Gordon Behn

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COVER This is an average rider? Storming "Impossible Hill" was often a three man job. The old formula of "I'll help you, if you'll help me" usually worked, but occasionally the party of the first part was rewarded with a goodbye wave from atop the hill. Only a cyclist could invoke so much sheer enjoyment on his brethren. A highlight in the Greenhorn Endurance Run.

... Photo by Tommy Amer

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BY THE TIME YOU HIT page 10 you'll be eye-deep in Greenhorn pictures and probably too engrossed to notice the fancy photo credit given to the guy who shot them. Tommy Amer (the guy) who has been mistaken for everything from an American Indian to a Nepalese Gurkha, is rightfully by birth a Chinese-American, served as a still photographer for the U.S. Army Signal Corps in the tangled jungles of Northern Burma during the last world conflict and was therefore well qualified to cover this year's Pacific Coast Championship Endurance Run. Prior to his service in the Armed Forces, where he gained popularity for subjects ranging from Lord Mountbatten to luscious Ann Sheridan, Tommy owned part interest in a service station and still insists that his heart is back with the gas tanks. Whenever his pictures were out of focus or overexposed, Amer would shrug the matter off to his C.O. with, "What can you expect from a gas station attendant?" Our only regret is that we cannot print all of the many wonderful action and human interest shots taken by this good natured and skilled little descendant from Canton, but we'll try to make up for it with plenty of future coverage by Amer, that is until *Post* or *Life* pick him off. Incidentally, after chasing the acrobatic Greenhorners over 600 miles in his Mercury sedan, Tommy punctuated the three day hitch with: "Burma was never like this!"

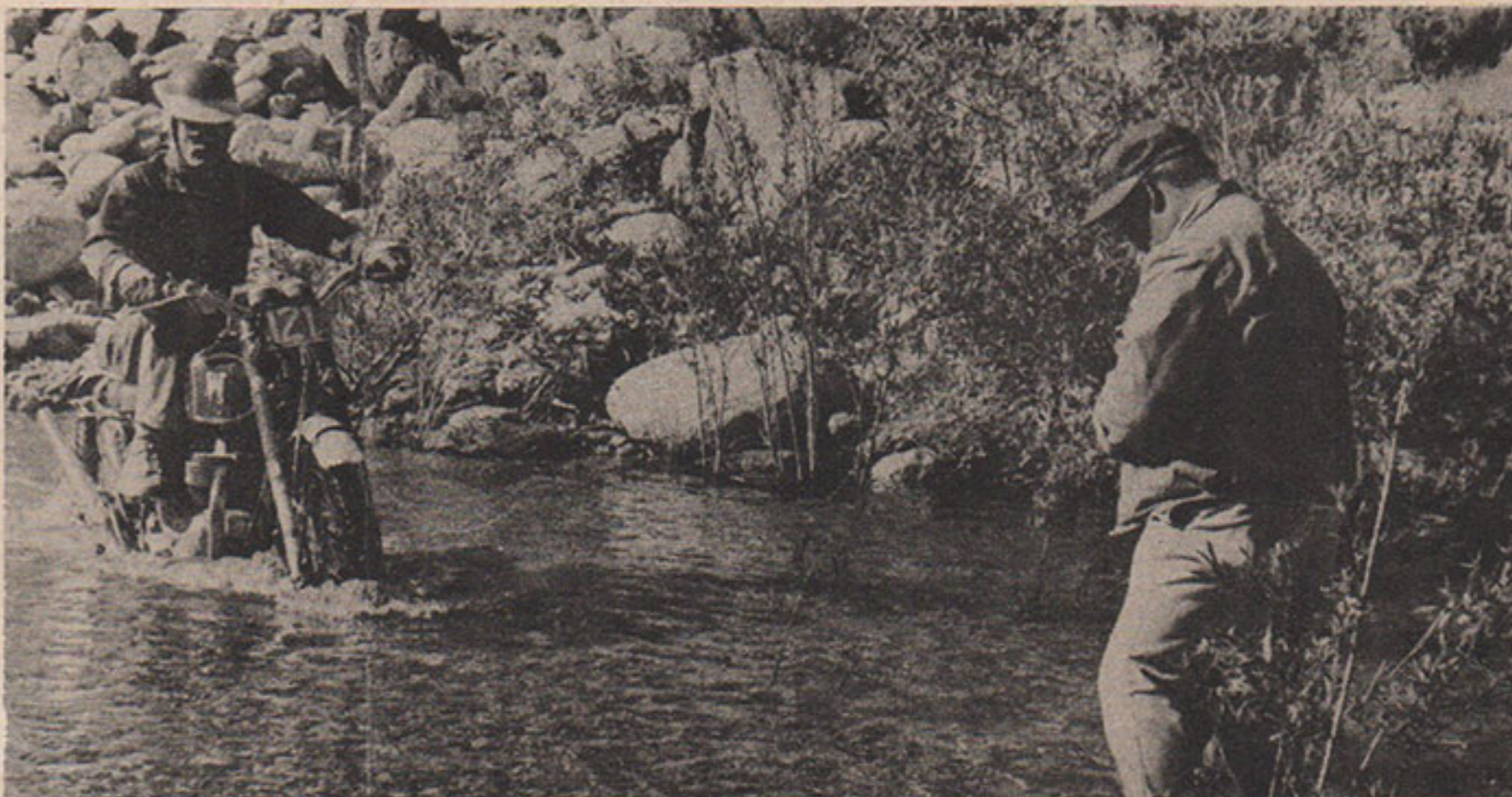
While on the subject of top contributors, we'd like to extoll the talents of one other, Jim Earp, descendant of that famed frontier marshal, Wyatt Earp. Jim comes on for the first time in *CYCLE* with a real blood and thunder saga of racing as 'twar in days of yore, the unvarnished (and uncut) tale of that one and only, fabulous Don Johns. You'll like Jim Earp's colorful style, and with added hues from such capable period racers as Fred Ludlow and Blick Wolters, and that grand chronicler, A. F. Van Order, acting as pit men, you can bank on the facts being rugged but right. Let us know if you'd like Earp to continue his search for old time greats, bringing them into blazing action on *CYCLE*'s new eight page insert.

Right in line with the good of our sport, we owe a round of thanks to a couple of nice people: Denis McCormack and Bill Johnson, respective presidents of the Eastern and Western Triumph distributorships. On

the heels of last month's news of the big Catalina movie, soon to be released by the Pasadena distributor, comes an announcement from the Baltimore concern of another film on the 1952 Daytona Beach Racing week. Taken by Hal Speer of New York, the Daytona reel covers the racing preparation and views around Daytona preceding the actual race and finally the beach classic itself. Several copies of the movie are now ready for loan to interested dealers and motorcycle clubs, their only obligation being to mail the film promptly to the next person on the list. In making application for loan of the film, interested parties are asked to make several dates starting at an early date and running on into next Fall, for convenience of booking. Easterners should apply to the Triumph Corporation, Towson, Baltimore 4, Md., and those in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and west thereof to Johnson Motors, Inc., 267 W. Colorado St., Pasadena, Cal.

Who walked in from the East the other day but Johnny Knapp, competition rider and representative of the Rich Child Cycle Company, East Coast distributors for BSA. Finally it came out: After reading about the BSA landslide at Catalina and the top speeds attained in successive *CYCLE* road test reports, Johnny just had to come out and see where these West Coast bikes find all that get-up-and-go! "Is it the climate?—You know, you Westerners ride a lot differently, than we do back home . . . and what about that 'hands off at 102' business. You shook the timbers of a lot of the boys around Detroit when you ran that one." This was the sort of meeting that we need more of—the East with the West. Johnny had his share of sticklers to answer and I think he felt a little less dubious about our monthly reports after learning that the tests are open to the public. With the summer months at hand, how about more of our Eastern travelers making a pit stop at 5959 Hollywood Boulevard?

Don't fail to pick us up next month for another exciting race through cycle history with the next all-time champ as portrayed by Jim Earp, plus a new slant on protective clothing for motorcycle riders by Bob Behme. Both stories promise a wealth of good reading and practical information. By the way, don't look for that regular old column "Speaking Cycle"—you've just read it.

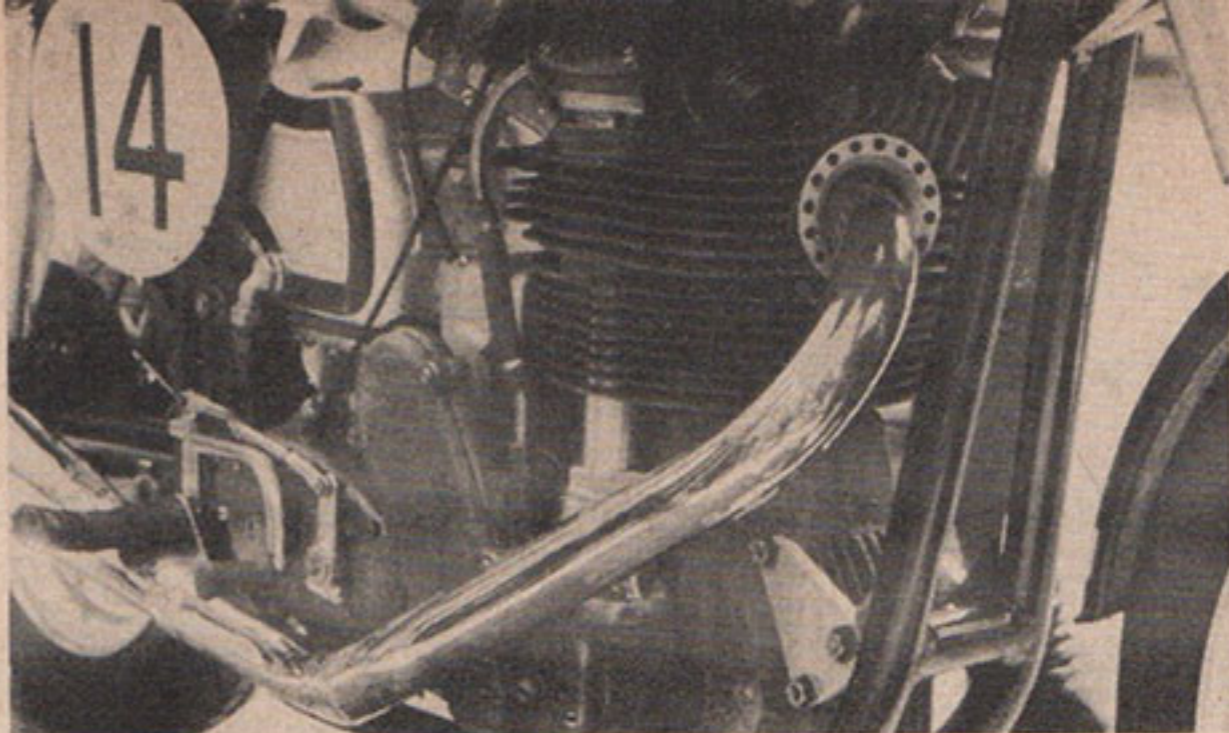


Hold it! Tommy Amer wades into the 1952 Pacific Coast Enduro for top photo coverage

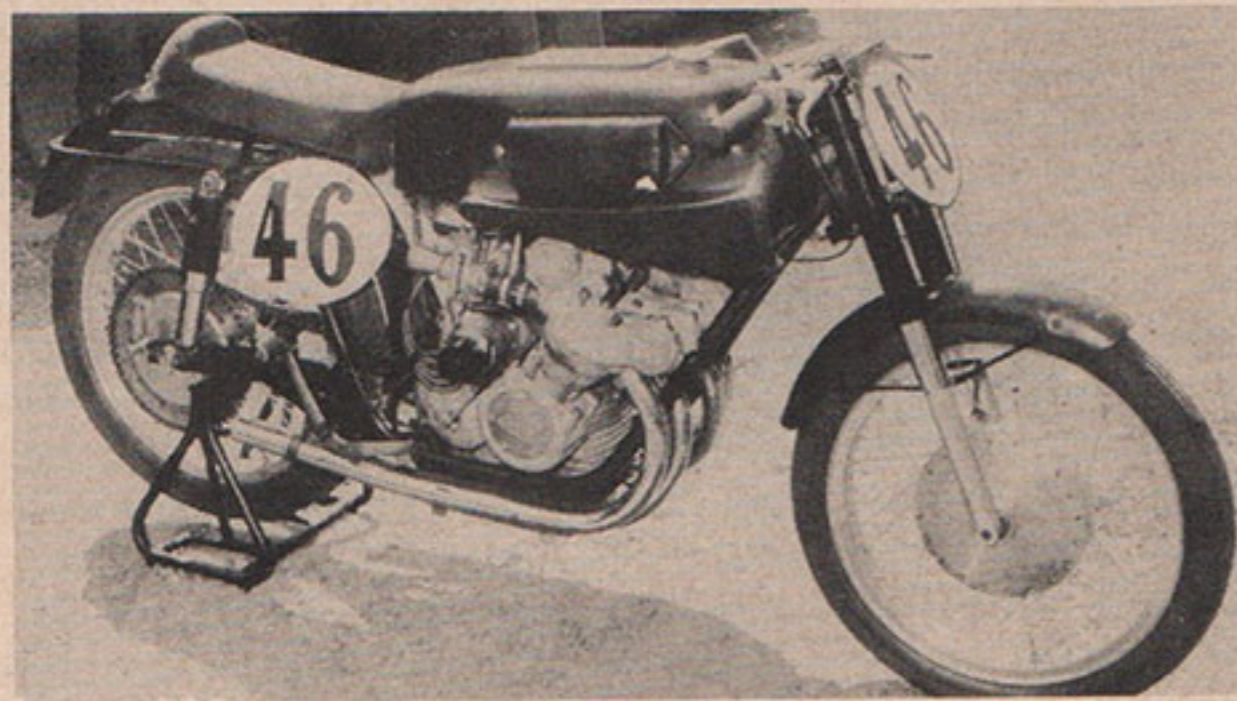
Bombs Over EUROPE

The Latest Implements of Combat
Are Explosives on Two Wheels

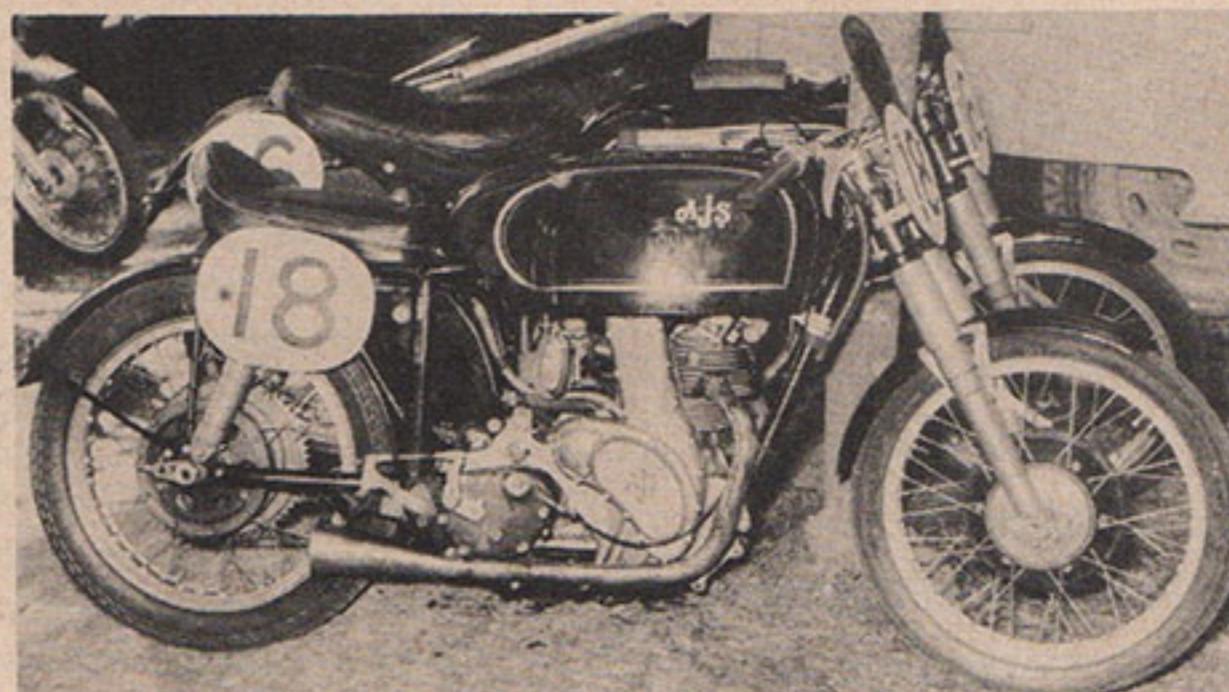
PHOTOS BY KURT WÖRNER



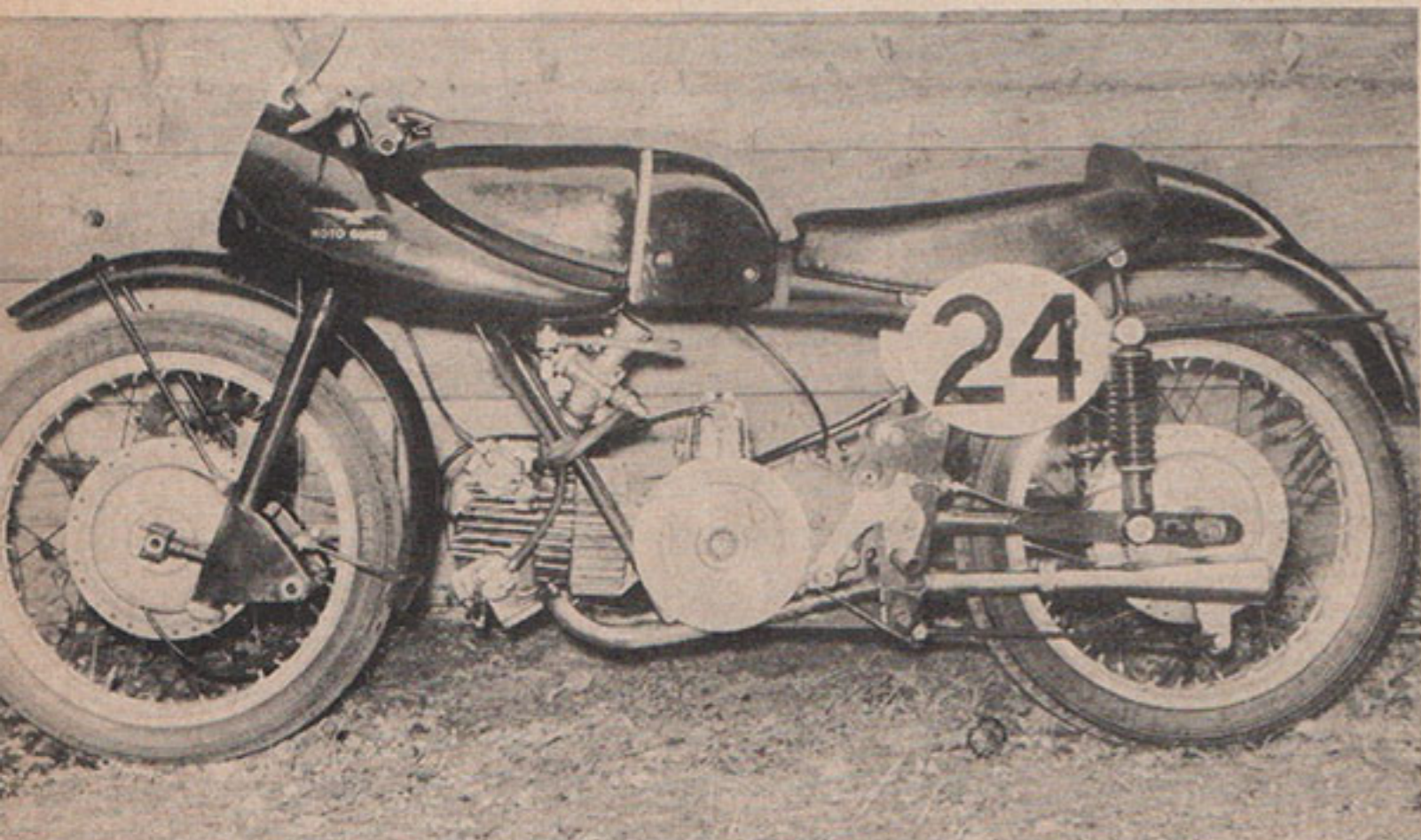
TOP, Norton "Featherbed"; increased finning around the vertical shaft tube, a new mag with stationary coil and rotating magnets. Rear brake, now cable operated, is transferred to the off-side



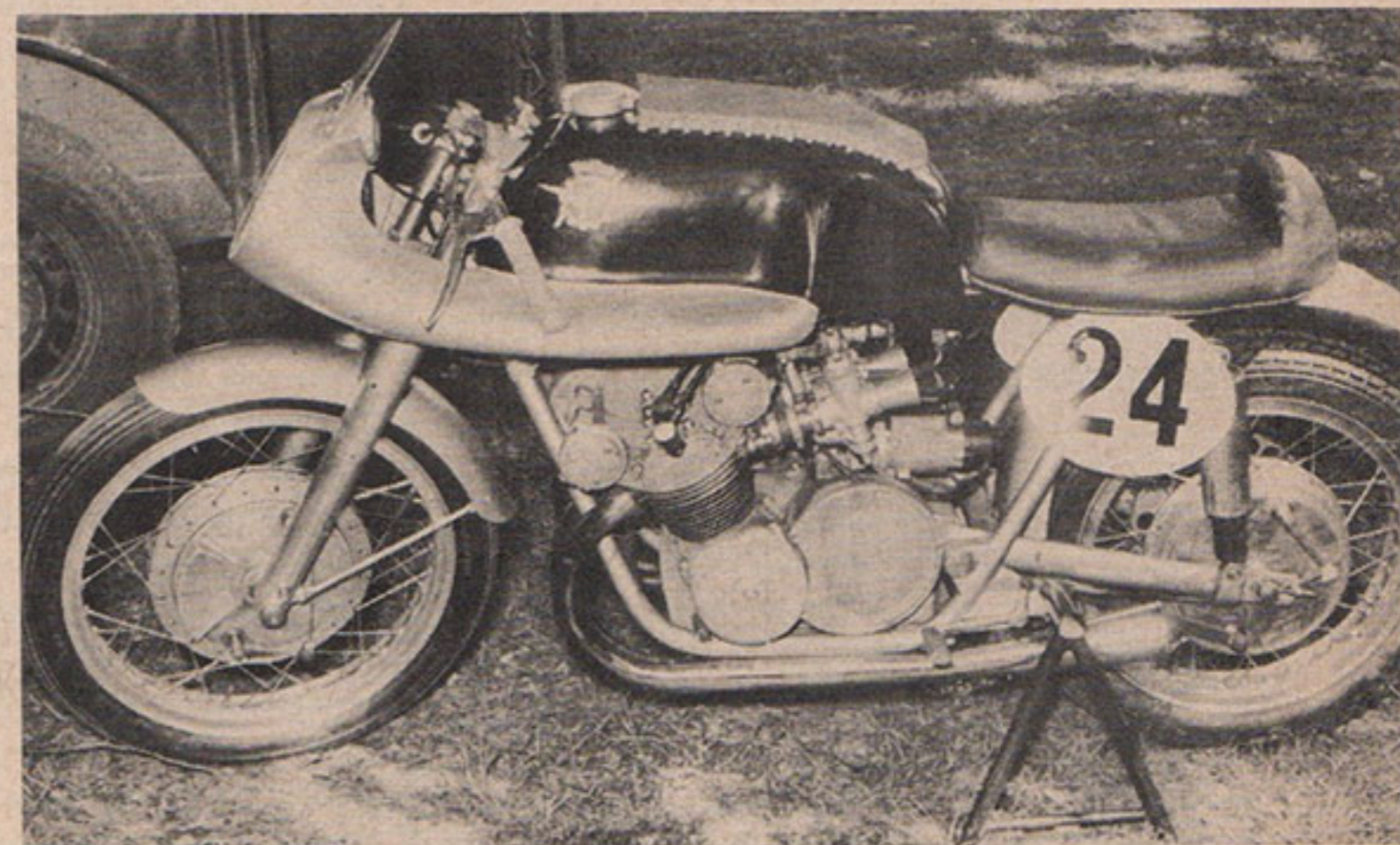
ABOVE, Gilera 500 four-cylinder mill sets crosswise in frame and looks much the same as the MV Agusta, since both were designed by the same man. Far advanced at its inception, this machine has needed few changes for maximum speed, is always a challenge



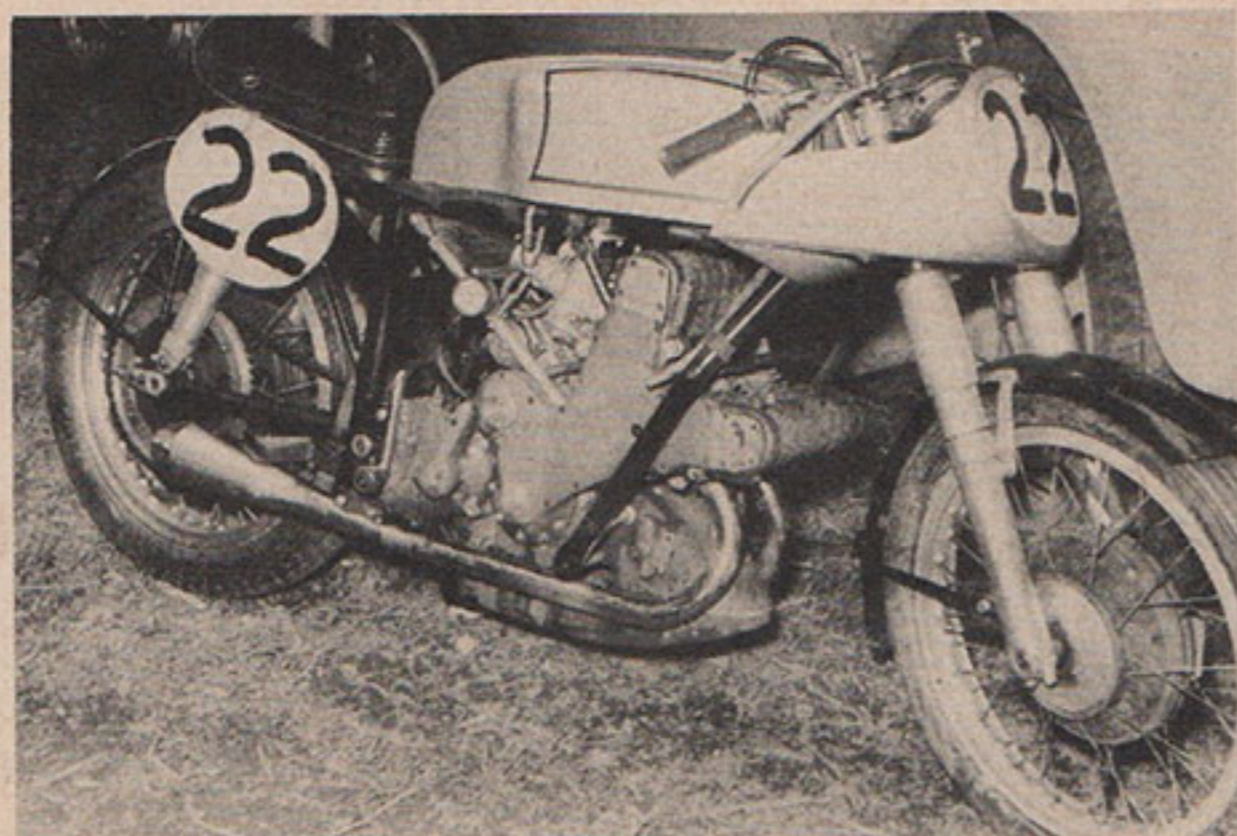
ABOVE, AJS 350 (21 cu. in.) is a two-port, three-valve triple camshaft unit. Chain drive from camshaft operates single, large inlet valve. A spur gear on inlet camshaft operates a layshaft which, by means of bevels, actuates two smaller exhaust valves



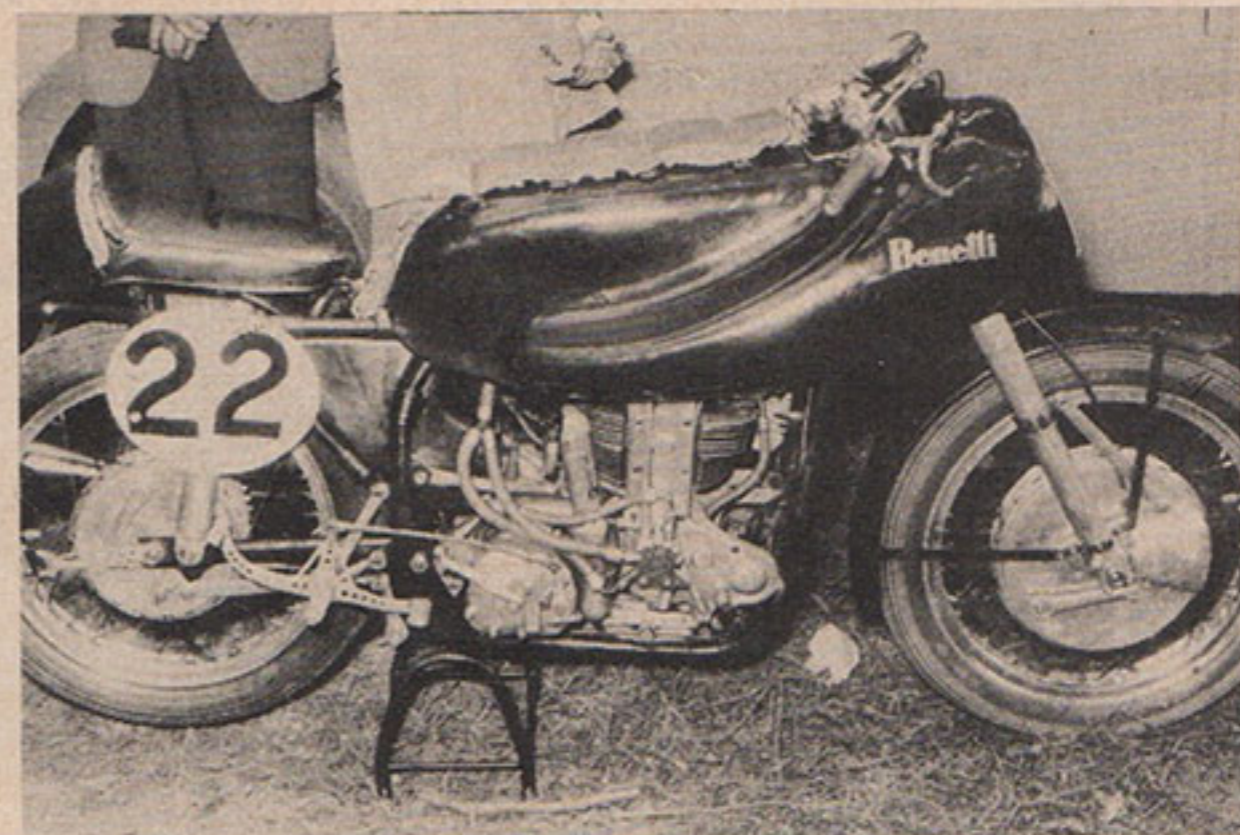
ABOVE, Moto-Guzzi 250 cc (15 cu. in.) horizontal single has been energized with dual overhead camshafts and four valves. The 15-incher now boasts a swinging arm rear suspension similar to the Astore road model sold in America. Main difference over last year's model is in frame. Note unusual angle of twin carburetors



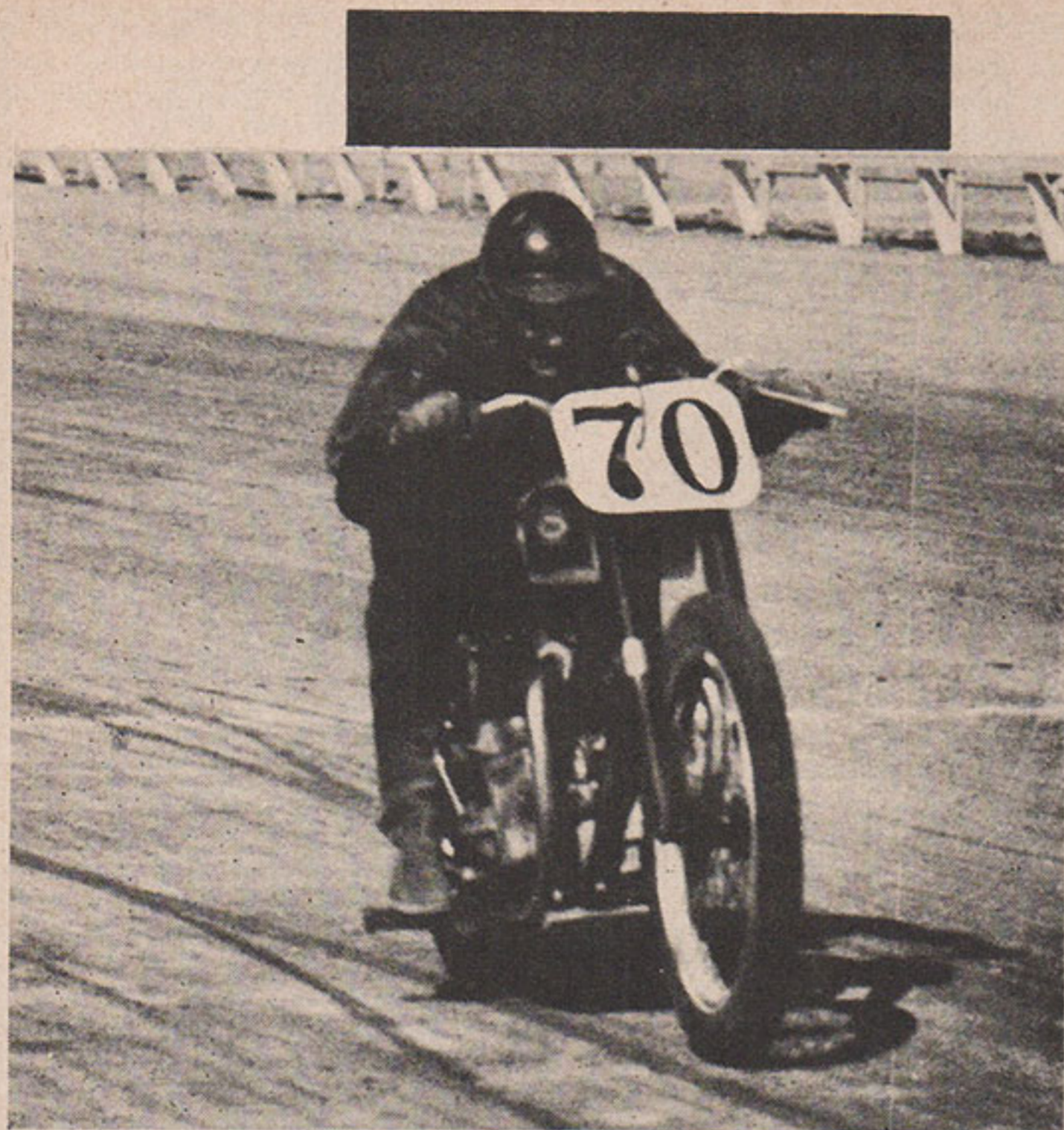
ABOVE, MV Agusta 500 cc four-barrel is considerably altered and looks a potent power plot. Chain has taken place of shaft drive and telescopic springing is fitted at both ends. A five-speed gear box is simple in operation. New trend in tank streamlining, a head fairing, houses the rev counter and supports tiny shield



AJS 500 cc twin has complete new look. The Y-shaped engine, with much less finning, is housed in a shorter frame at about a 45 degree angle. Twin carburetors are fed from single float chamber. Lubricating oil is now carried in sump while the near side saddle tube serves as a container for rear chain lubricant



Benelli 250 cc single will be a great opponent to Moto-Guzzi this year since Guzzi has elected to concentrate on the 250 class. This new race breed has a double overhead camshaft engine and a frame very much like the Norton "Featherbed." Here again is latest tank design, gigantic brakes. Motor rpm claimed 12000



*Seventy -
Seven
Percent!*

BSA

"STAR TWIN"

And at Daytona! SEVENTY-SEVEN PER CENT—or ten out of the thirteen BSA "Star Twins" entered in the 200 mile National Championship race finished—six of them among the twenty boys who took home the folding money. Sixty-one of the one hundred and two machines of nine different American and European makes failed to finish, which indicates the severity of the test.

BSA "Star Twins" thus proved conclusively the ruggedness of their construction and the high degree of their speed and reliability. Truly "The World's Best Vertical Twin."

SEE—Dodge City Results

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West Coast Distributor
HAP ALZINA
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 Oakland, California



RIDER WRITINGS

CYCLE Readers, motorcycle riders and fans everywhere. This is an appeal for funds to buy my old Racing Cyclone in order that this motorcycle will be preserved so that future riders may see the motors of yesteryears. This is the first time I have ever asked a favor of the motorcycle riders or the dealers. If you care to contribute to this worthy cause you may. The Cyclone could be exhibited at the dealers, shows and at race tracks.

I am asking Bob Greene of CYCLE Magazine to take charge of the contributions. Anything you care to send will be welcome.

Yours truly, Don Johns
(Johns' famed old Cyclone mysteriously disappeared at the height of his career. Now after many years, Don has tracked it down in his typical "never say die" sort of a way but lacks the funds to reclaim it for posterity.—ED)

Dear Sir: I purchased my first machine in 1914 (a 1912 Pope). In those days we could do little "cow trailing," having only one speed and a free clutch. . . . I now ride a Norton 18, and regardless of my 185 pounds, it holds its own very well in that kind of riding. I believe few machines besides my Norton have scaled as many high peaks in Southern California, or crashed as many miles of sage brush. I try to get in hill climbing, sand riding or cow trailing at least once a week. Although I am past 57 years old, I still would rather ride than eat and feel that motorcycle riding has greatly improved my health and is adding many years to my life.

Lawrence H. Brown, Riverside, California
(It seems that there are enough active riders fifty years old and more to form a regular "After Fifty" M/C in each district. Let's hear from the vintage readers.—ED)

Dear CYCLE: I was very pleased to read of the latest exploit of my "American Cousins" in the sphere of motorcycling activity—namely road racing. The report of the Del Mar race has excited considerable interest here on the British Columbia coast, as there are several active clubs interested in hard surface racing. These clubs boast a hardened core of dicing addicts who have already acquitted themselves well in the airport perimeter and paved hill climb (up Grouse Mountain highway) races. . . .

Over here in North America there is boundless space for an excellent circuit to train riders for the Continental Circus. Earning rates are high; fuel, spectators and money for organization are all plentiful. . . . I would propose a five mile per lap minimum over a natural course—not a typical American concoction of large radius, high speed corners joined by ever longer, higher-speed straights, which are billiard table smooth—but a rider's circuit where even that wizard from St. Helens, Lanks, would need to have a go at the corners before he could size up his line, and a race that is a race with a minimum of one hundred miles. This would force the tuners to learn to balance tuning to stamina, which must be learned before one can ever hope to compete upon even terms with Continental riders. For rider skill improvements and better knowledge of tuning for that particular circuit, the record after five years or so should be near 85 mph. As you note, 85 mph is a comparatively slow lap for a well tuned and ridden 500 cc machine. The explanation is naturally that this course twists like a drunk snake and allows only a few momentary bursts of maximum speed. Such a course would place a premium upon braking, roadholding, maneuverability, acceleration and the ability to take a "canning" on the machine's part and a definite accent upon rider ability.

Ray Hancock, Vancouver, B. C.

CYCLE: A correction for Don Watkin's article, "Draggers Dream" from June CYCLE. His speed shift will fit the 1937 models. It was in 1939 that Harley gave out with the odd gear box.

It sounds good though, but won't there be some clashing gears?

Eldon Sheffield, Kermit, Texas
(Right, the 1939 Harley had neutral between second and third rather than between first and second as in all other years. They say no clashing gears with this arrangement since part of the foot lever travel controls the clutch as well as the shift.—ED)

Dear CYCLE: At the suggestion of some of the participants in the occasion pictured, I am sending you a photograph covering an event new to San Francisco motorcyclists. While it is not a sporting event we believe it may, in time, develop into something locally at least, along the line of public relations.

The occasion was the first San Francisco and vicinity Mass, Communion and breakfast, arranged exclusively for motorcyclists and their riding friends, at historic Old St. Patrick's Church, Mission Street, in downtown San Francisco. Following the Mass, breakfast was served to the riders in nearby St. Patrick's Youth Center. The entire affair was arranged by the Pastor, Father Leo Powleson, who made us most welcome. Father Powleson, like others who do not ride,

was just a bit skeptical at first about such a gathering—but his interest grew quickly, and it is announced that he wishes the event to be an annual affair.

We feel sure that any similar gatherings by other riders at any churches of their choice would greatly improve the respect the general public would have for our sport.

A majority of the group pictured have indicated an interest in future Sunday rides during which the group will stop along the way to permit church attendance. If there are any riders in AMA District 36, interested in such activities write Bob Vaughn, 51 Lisbon Street, San Francisco 12, California.

Bob Vaughn, San Francisco, California

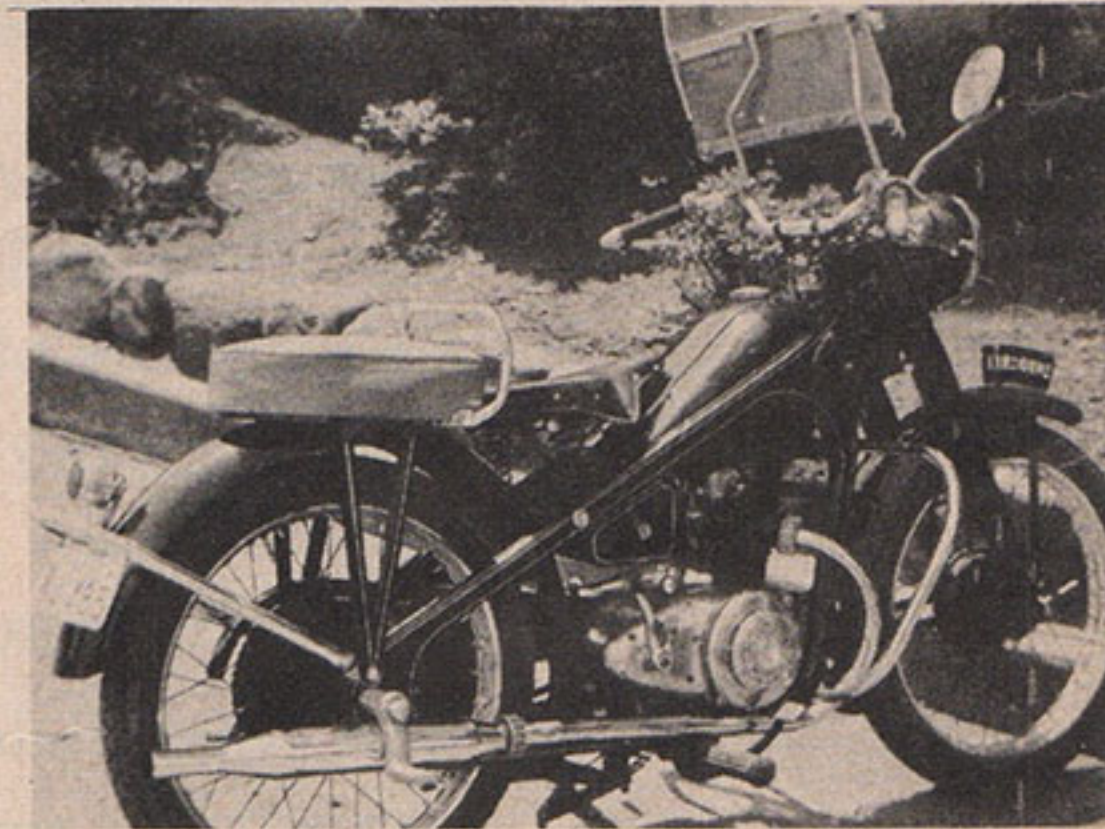
Dear Sirs: I thought you might be interested in the progress of Japanese motorcycle manufacturers, so I am sending you a few shots that were taken at random.

In general, I find the progress they have made here significant. From virtually nothing, they have developed a comprehensive motorcycle industry that is right up in the front as far as research goes, and in some fields—carburetion—they are more advanced than we. Of course, most of their machines are copy work, but a large number of originally scaled machines are in use, too. Their industry turns out about four dozen different types including copies of the Ariel twin (sprung) and the big Harley side valves. The metals are of good quality; the workmanship good, but simple.

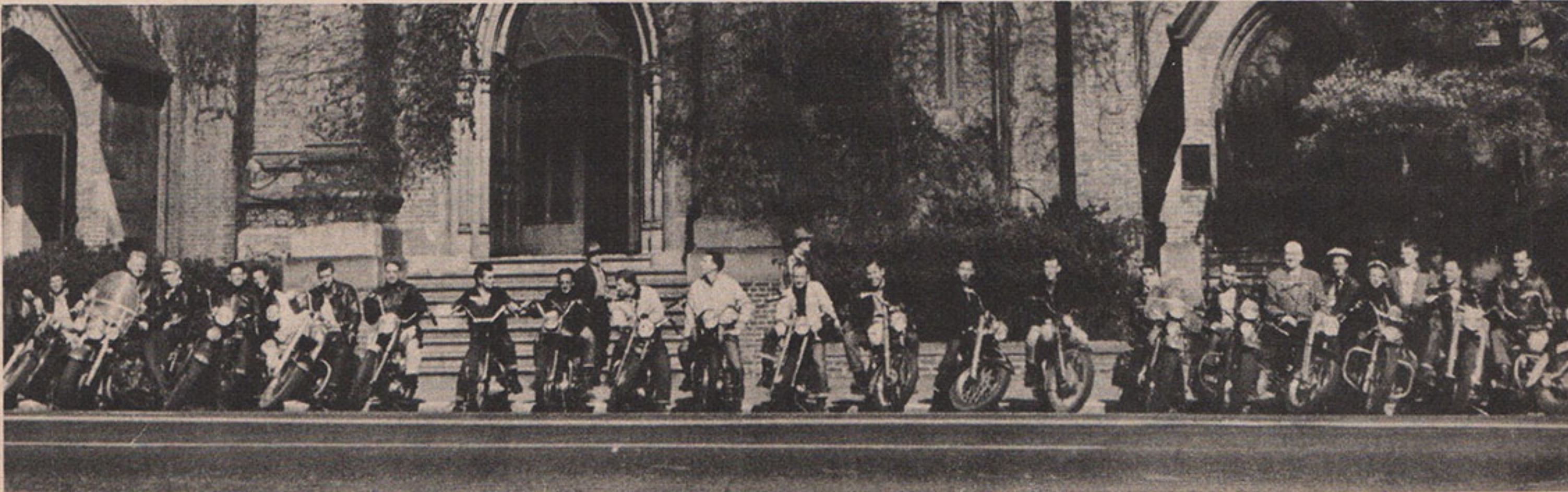
Naturally, the machines must fit the people. Consequently one finds many 150 cc ohv sprung machines of beautiful finish, all over the country. Also there are many motorcycle trucks including semi and dump truck models. For instance, did you know the Japanese made a replica of the Meyer-Drake engine here, for a fraction of its U.S. price?

I certainly enjoy your magazine, and it's one of my main contacts with back home.

(Continued on page 8)



One of the best-made machines in Japan is the Honda Dream, an OHV 150 cc shaft drive



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The MAC is a full-sized motorcycle, light in weight—Ideal for Dirt Riding. Has plenty of Ground Clearance—Beautiful black and chrome finish with gold striping.

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(continued from July issue)

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Harry's Motorcycle Shop
El Paso, Texas

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"The new MAC really does have the pep. The boys like it fine."

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Phoenix, Arizona

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M.E.M. M/C Sales & Service
Louisville, Kentucky

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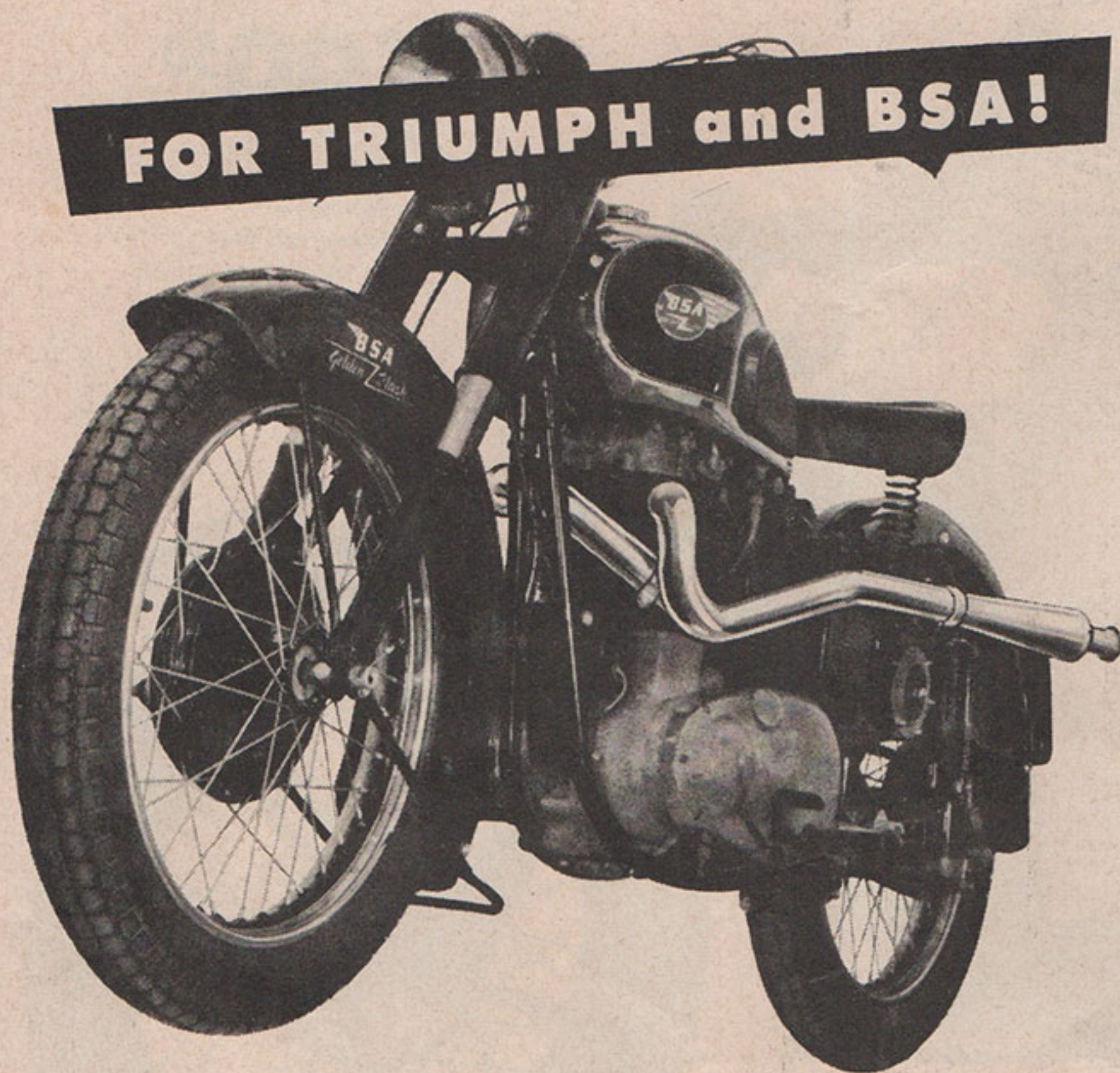
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SUPERIOR
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FIRST AGAIN WITH

Cross-over Exhaust

FOR TRIUMPH and BSA!



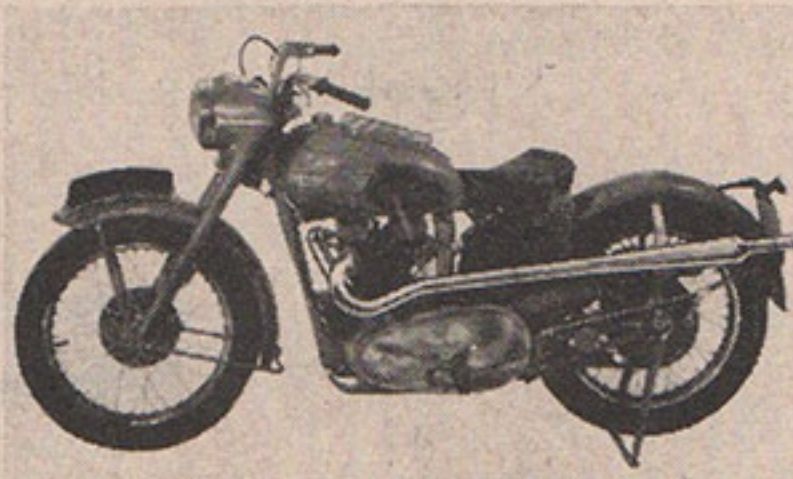
OUTSTANDING "LeBARD" CHROME CROSS-OVER EXHAUST FOR BSA IS ANOTHER SUPERIOR WINNER!

This efficient and handsome exhaust was originally custom-built by "Aub LeBard," famous California competition rider. System consists of a smooth flowing custom-formed exhaust pipe extending from right exhaust port across front of engine and inside of frame, and one smooth curved hi-flow pipe from left exhaust port to muffler on left side. 1 3/4" exhaust tubing used for less back pressure. Popular muffler (shown above) is Superior's 3" Megaphone type with removable baffles. Model 3M255 available for A10 Golden Flash, A7 & A7 Gold Star from your Superior dealer (less muffler).....\$29.85 complete

Free catalog to dealers

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RIDER WRITINGS

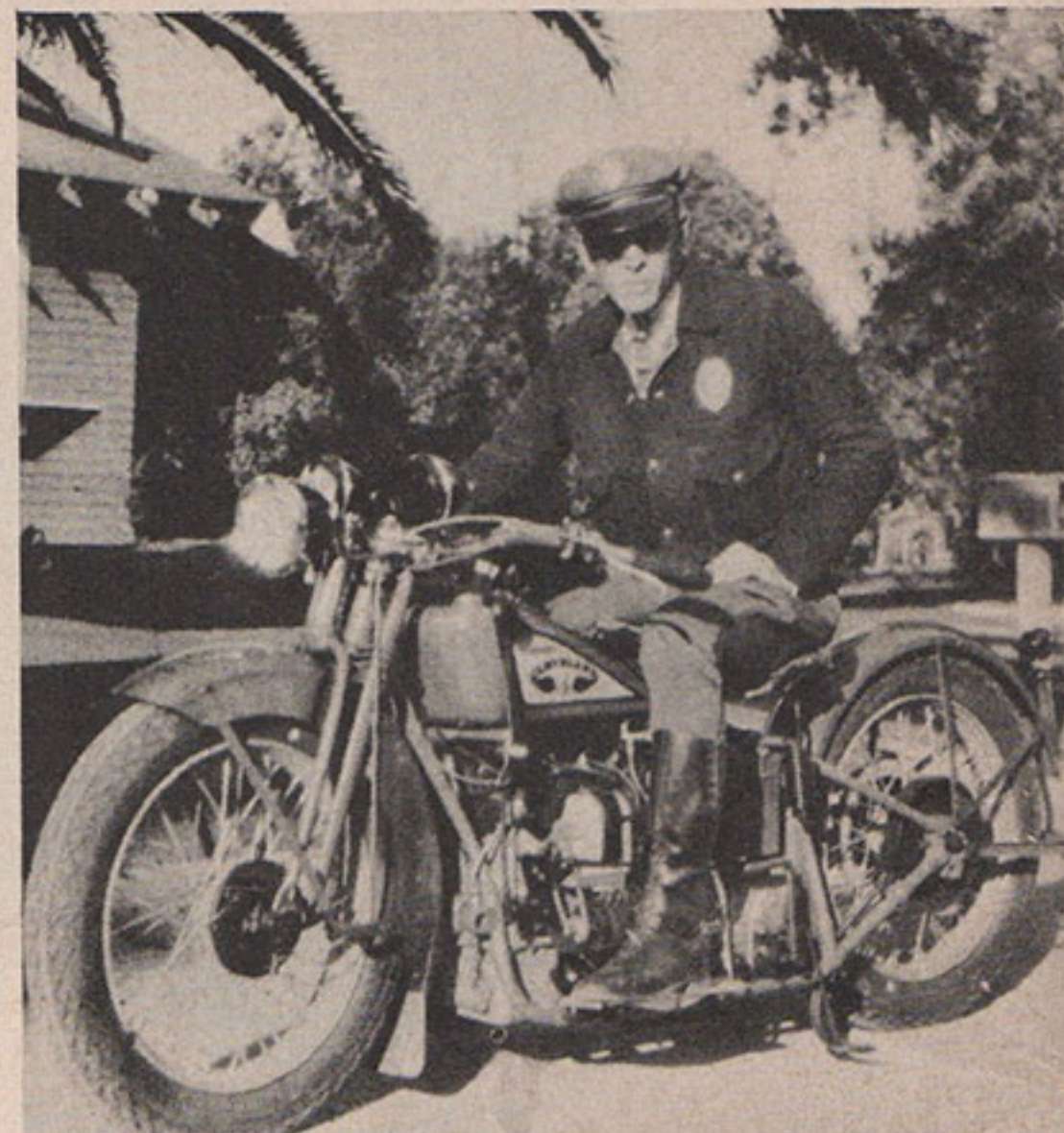
(Continued from page 4)

I hope you will put more big pictures in it—even a double page spread (since Barnett seems to have quit). How about some road tests on some different machines instead of the same old line up. How about the Scott, Douglas, or Indian Papoose?

I notice the boys are finally going in for road racing. With sufficient pageantry, Catalina should eventually outshine Indy. I personally have always thought the best place in America for a road race was Highway 1, between Monterey and San Luis Obispo. This narrow winding 90 mile road has no gas stops in the way, frequent climbs, dips and 180 degree turns, not to mention magnificent scenery of cliffs between forest and ocean. P.F.C. Vaughn M. Greene, Co. G 34th R.C.T.

Sir: I am an old motorcycle rider, who started as a kid on a 1907 Thor, and having retired after riding for 23 years as a traffic officer, your magazine still holds my interest.

How times have changed. Sorry I did not keep more photos of my first motors. Enclosed is a picture of my four cylinder 61,



made by the Cleveland Manufacturing Co. of Cleveland, Ohio. This was the last of the Clevelands and came out in the fall of 1928 as their 1929 model. They had made a 45 cu. in. four cylinder and a 61 cu. in. four in 1927 but both had high frames and seat positions. For the 1929 model, the frame was dropped as well as the seat, so that with the rider in the seat, the lowest portion of the seat was 24 1/2 inches from the road. The bulk of weight was below the axle line and, because of this fact, the unit would caster out of a turn just as a well aligned car will today. The Miller Company, father of today's Offenhauser Motors, were supposed to have worked over the original design so that they turned over 100 mph. Motor pictured here did 92.7 and 93.2 both ways through a 1/2 mile trap in 1929. Compression was high too, high for even Ethyl gas of that day and plugs were not up to the gas. Army airplane type BA-B4 plugs would last about 1500 miles if speed was held down, but would blow up in 20 miles at speed. Motor weighed 430 lbs. ready for the road and was the finest handling two wheeler I ever owned (owned 19 in 31 years of riding). Kept this until 1933 because of its good qualities but finally disposed of it. This motor sounded like two Ariel twins going down the road, side by side.

H. B. Polinghorn, Riverside, California

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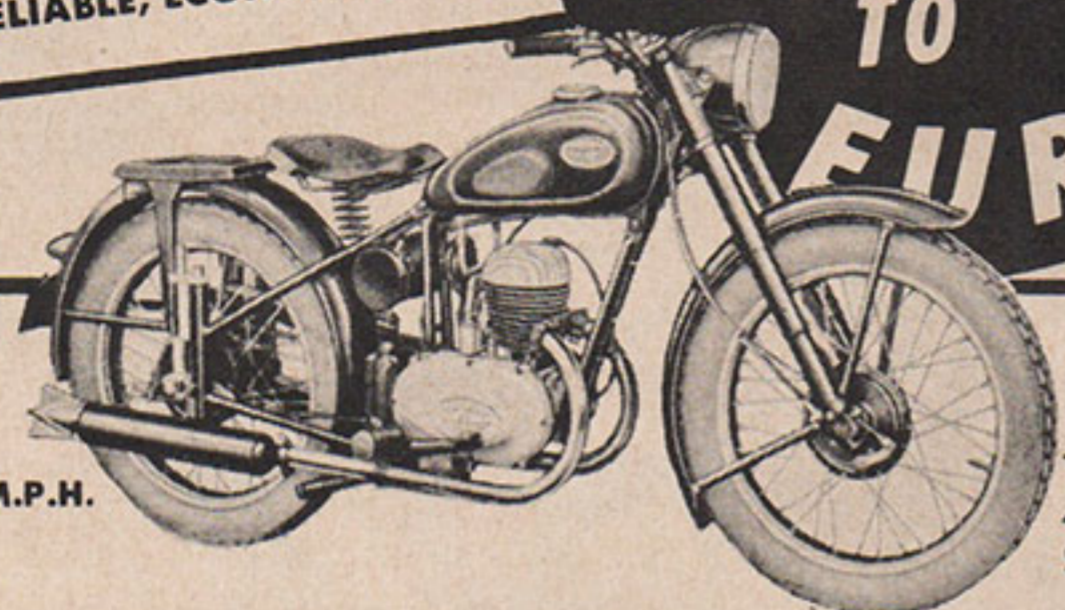
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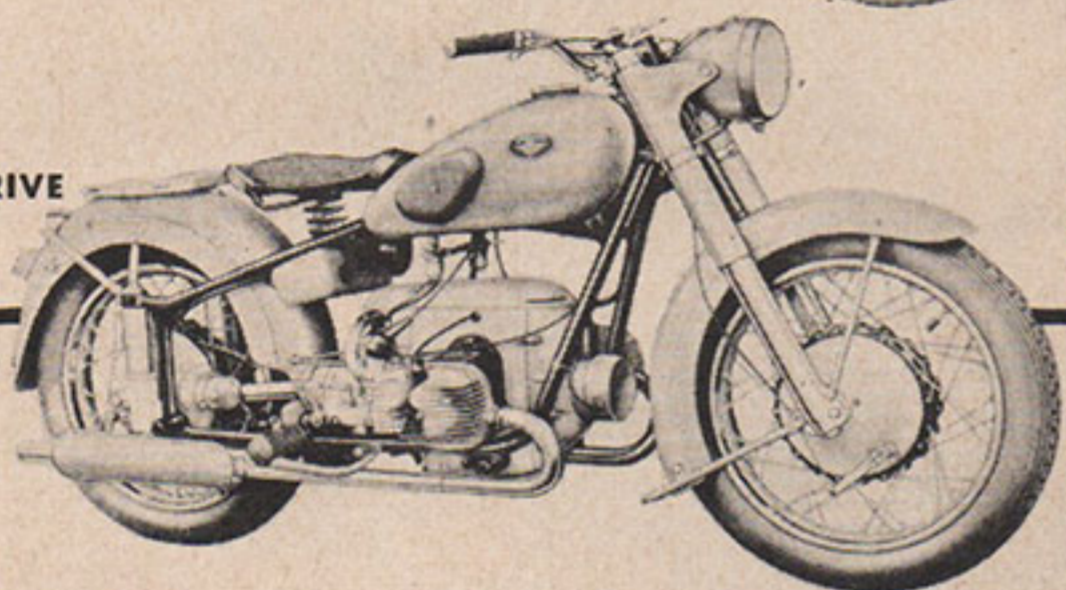


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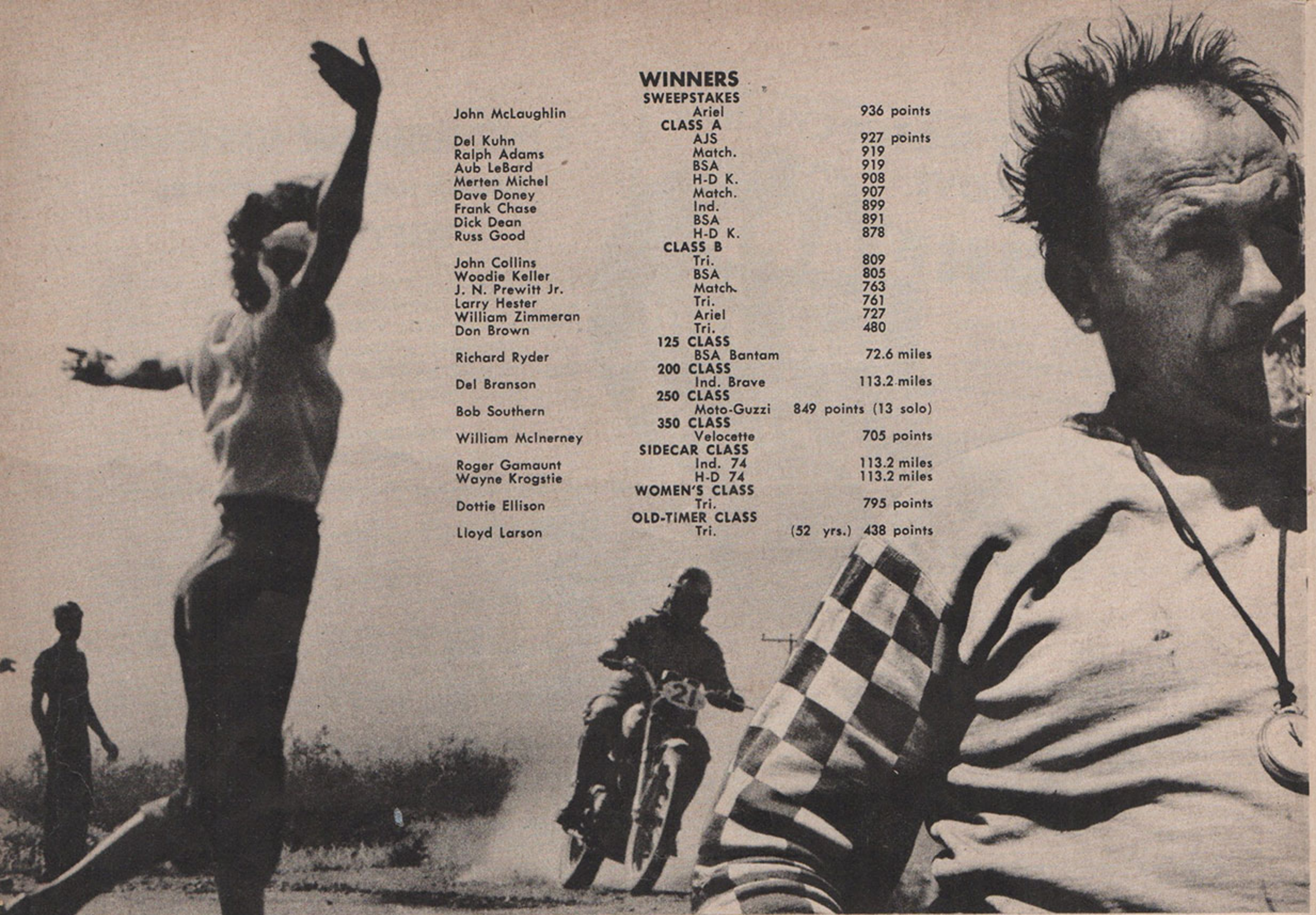
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WINNERS SWEEPSTAKES

John McLaughlin	Ariel	936 points
	CLASS A	
Del Kuhn	AJS	927 points
Ralph Adams	Match.	919
Aub LeBard	BSA	919
Merten Michel	H-D K.	908
Dave Doney	Match.	907
Frank Chase	Ind.	899
Dick Dean	BSA	891
Russ Good	H-D K.	878
	CLASS B	
John Collins	Tri.	809
Woodie Keller	BSA	805
J. N. Prewitt Jr.	Match.	763
Larry Hester	Tri.	761
William Zimmeran	Ariel	727
Don Brown	Tri.	480
	125 CLASS	
Richard Ryder	BSA Bantam	72.6 miles
	200 CLASS	
Del Branson	Ind. Brave	113.2 miles
	250 CLASS	
Bob Southern	Moto-Guzzi	849 points (13 solo)
	350 CLASS	
William McInerney	Velocette	705 points
	SIDECAR CLASS	
Roger Gamaunt	Ind. 74	113.2 miles
Wayne Krogstie	H-D 74	113.2 miles
	WOMEN'S CLASS	
Dottie Ellison	Tri.	795 points
	OLD-TIMER CLASS	
Lloyd Larson	Tri. (52 yrs.)	438 points

John McLaughlin wins three day battle for Pacific Coast Enduro Championship on an Ariel Single

THERE WASN'T a blessed mile of pavement in the run and all the big boys knew it. They were also quite aware that the 30 mph clip for the 412 mile course would be impossible to hold. Such "hotshoes" as Art Fournier, Leonard Lawton, Art Sarnow, Frankie Clark and P. A. Bigsby dotted the lineup of 35 starters. The scene was Saugus, California, 1926, start of one of the oldest motorcycle endurance runs in American history. Art Sarnow emerged the victor in this first cross country demonstration of speed and endurance. It was always a race in the early days, for the schedule was kept just out of reach of the best rider, being jacked up each succeeding year as talent, equipment and roadways improved. Sarnow's win, 26 years ago, wasn't surprising, for it was on a pleasure cruise to his uncle's ranch near Greenhorn Mountain that Art and several of the aforementioned riders had first conceived the idea of a Greenhorn run.

The original Los Angeles Motorcycle Club manned things up until 1932 when they disbanded, turning the reins over to the Pasadena M/C, who sponsored the event for two years before it was taken up by the Los Angeles 45 Club. During the war years the Greenhorn slumbered until 1946, when it was awakened once more by the Pasadena group, who now promote this longest, if not biggest, of endurance runs. Up until '46

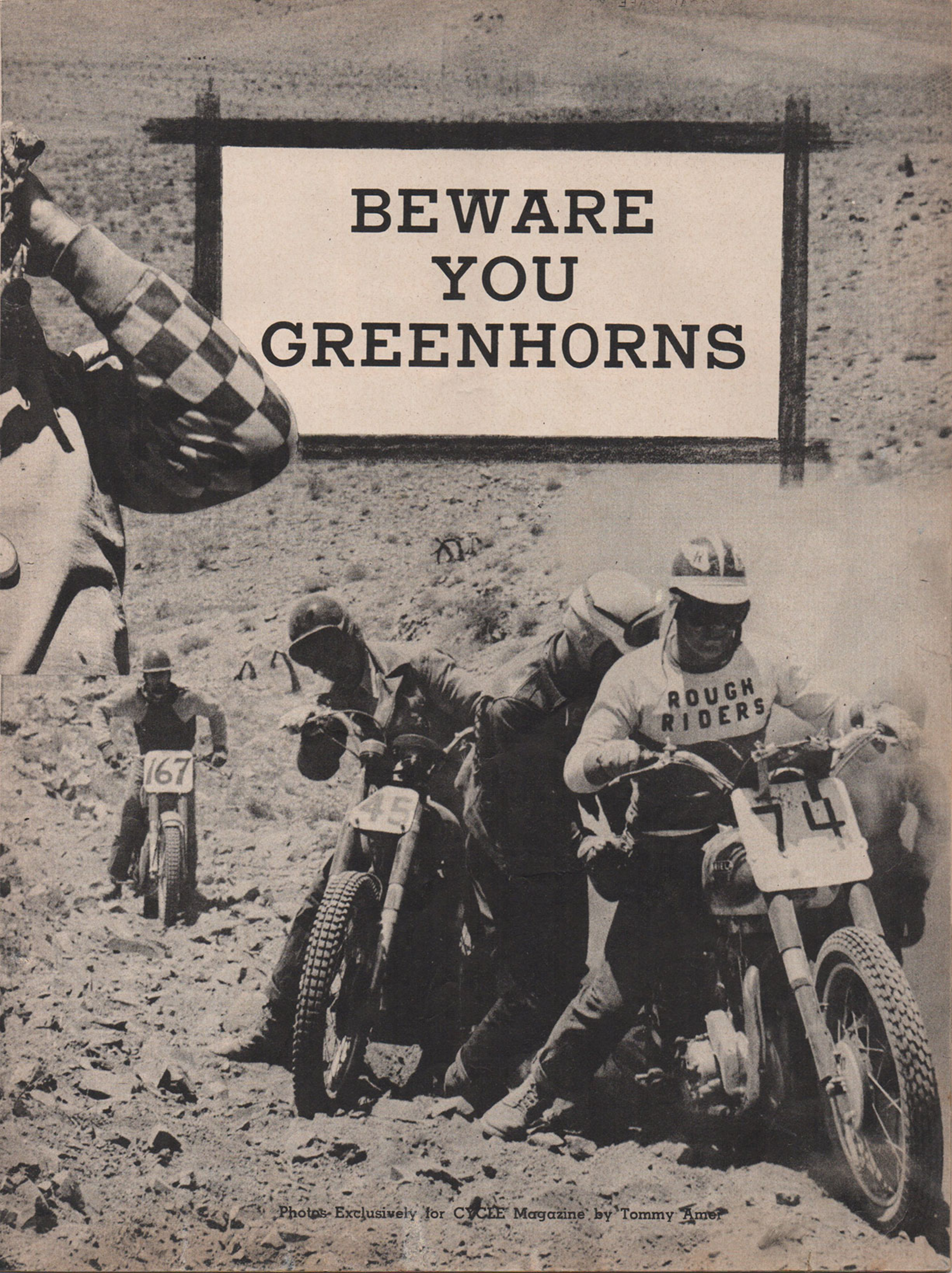
the course had never been altered and at one time the schedule was fully 10 mph over the maximum state speed limit. Only one fatality has been registered in the entire history of the run.

Although P. A. Bigsby and Del Kuhn are the only three-time winners, the original ram's horn perpetual trophy is reported still in the possession of Bruce Pearson, pre-war winner. Bigsby, original entrant who competed in 13 consecutive events, never placing lower than fourth, states the only thing that keeps him from riding today is the lack of a machine.

From this 12-hour dawn to dusk race, which at times embraced as few as 13 contestants, has grown the three-day Pacific Coast Championship. Answering the P.M.C.'s challenge, 244 average riders turned out for the 1952 run, 48 of them eventually muscling their way over the 600-mile route. The extra third day took its toll, slashed the finishers from a usual $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{5}$ of total entries. Another bold departure from convention was in the new checking system used this year. Each rider carried his own time card in an envelope taped to the tank, exchanging it at the noon and night checks for a fresh one. Upon entering each station, the checkers pulled the card out, initialed it, entered the time and sent the rider on his way. With this method, all the cards could be assembled at the end of each half day and a running score maintained. As each weary saddle slapper creaked over the finish line, at the end

of the third day, it was only necessary to add the final six-hour score to that of the previous two days; the last tally being made in a matter of a few minutes. More innovations greeted the boys at the known checks for practically none were manned—the only indication of a known check being a limed circle and corresponding card with the check number inscribed. Secret checks, however, were another matter, and they were spotted in such appropriate places that they cost Winner John McLaughlin 64 points.

If it is any consolation to those who couldn't climb Rattle Snake Hill, the Pasadena Club has learned one lesson well; no more impossible hills. It was here that the largest group of single riders heaved their last. Although the pilot team was barely able to grind its way over the 200 yards of soft, rutted and boulder splattered hill, their climb was made under (you should pardon the expression) ideal conditions. By the time the less fortunate reached this section, added obstacles, in the form of riders drooped wearily over their bikes, were blocking the way, making a clean climb almost impossible. Strangely enough one of the smoothest ascents was made by 52-year old Lloyd Larson on his Triumph Trophy model. This is the Larson whom doctors gave "a year to live" in the beginning of 1951 (see September '51 CYCLE); this same life expectancy has been awarded the pilot team by this year's Greenhorners should there be a reoccurrence of "Impossible Hill."



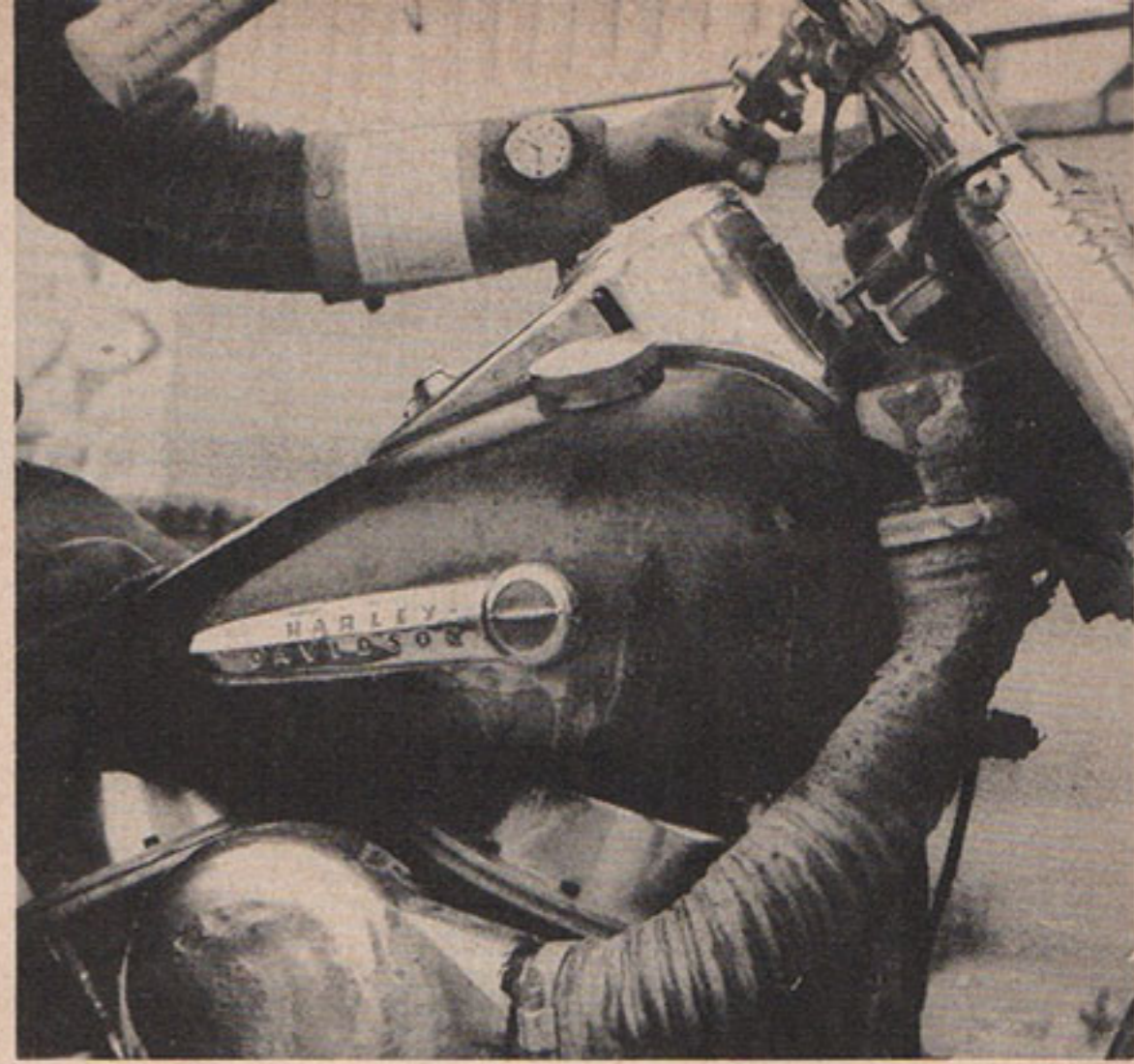
BEWARE YOU GREENHORNS

Photos Exclusively for CYCLE Magazine by Tommy Amer

BEWARE YOU GREENHORNS



"There's a long, long trail a-winding . . ." Come the dawn these weary lads will once more be on the trail after spending their first night at early day nugget town of Red Mountain, now almost deserted except as a layover for desert travelers. This was the first three day Greenhorn



Howard Angel's arm was center of attraction, wore leather gauntlet holding schedule and watch. Air cleaner was sealed off with grease lined snorkel tube



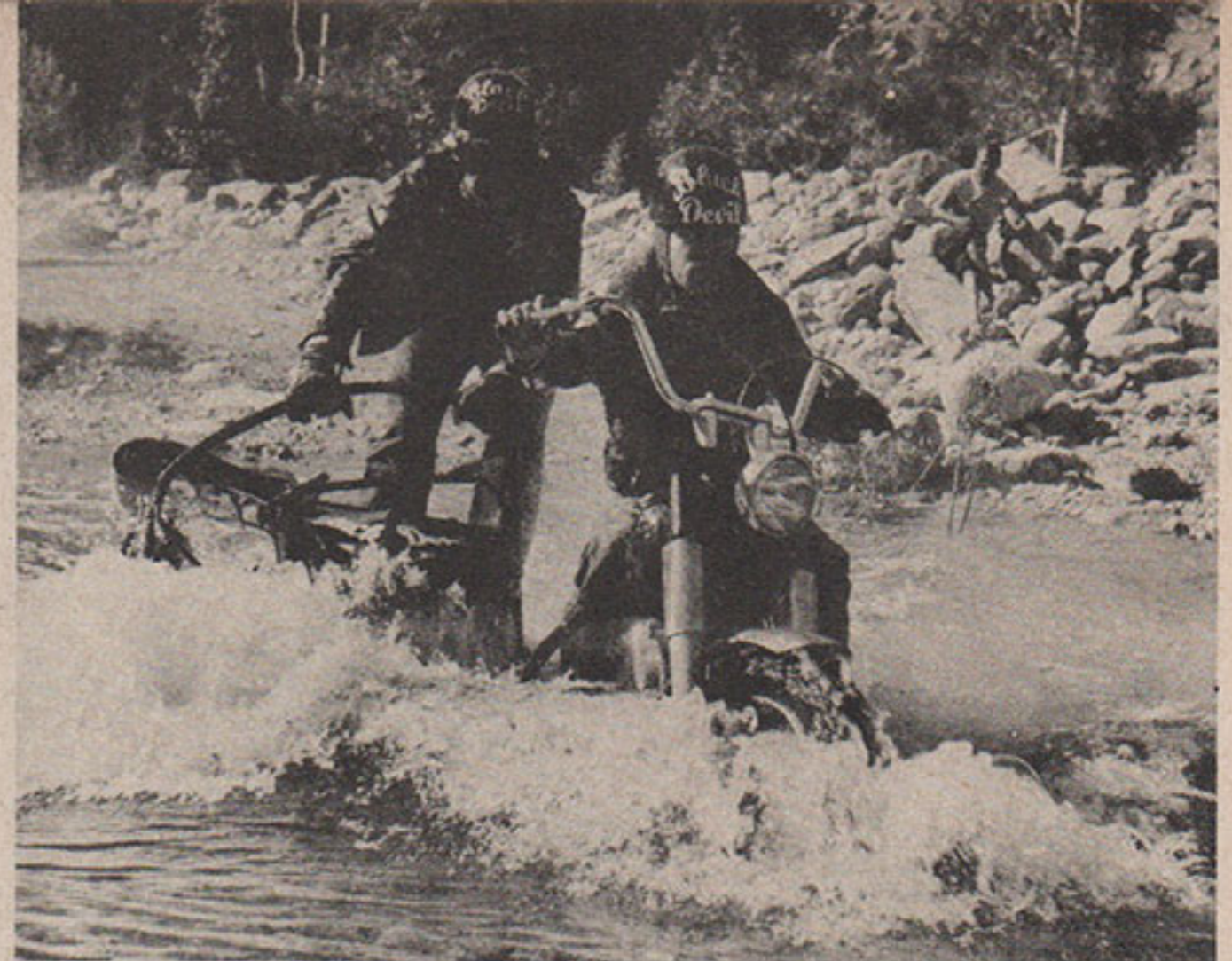
ABOVE, Riding barely ten minutes ahead of the first man, one pilot was caught laying extra precaution signs at a dangerous water crossing, rode in number three spot for a while. Throwing lime is Doug Smith, Bob Greene

LEFT, "So long, honey. Watch those right hand corners but for gosh sakes beat that Indian hack outfit." Good natured sidecar crews had to detour "Impossible Hill" after several tries but continued on. Indian hack won



LEFT, Bob Daly is little bigger than a minute, but all determination. Despite a terrific handicap, Bob covered entire 600 miles of torture riding a big overhead Harley-Davidson! Bob has to continually pull on right bar, says it's usually not as tough as it would seem

ABOVE, This is it—"Impossible Hill," tagged by the many who never topped it. Pusher, Louie Mass, helps a Jester keep his happy state of mind while rider in foreground seems to ask "Could this be the way?" Hapless lad behind prays for strength and traction



With confidence and a good sense of balance, feet could be kept dry. Several water crossings were thrown in, some nearly two feet deep. Note spare pair of goggles around neck and built up boot soles for sliding

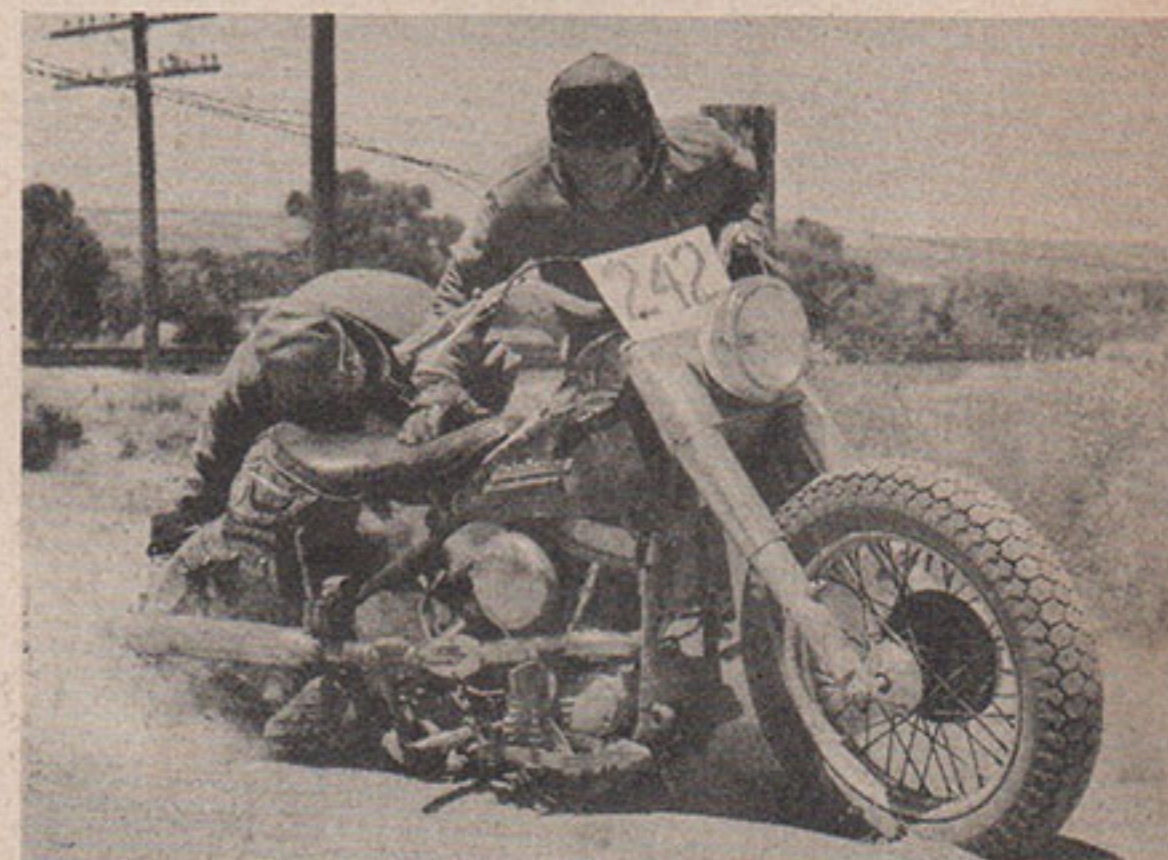
Crew of the good ship "Black Devil" tried for a quick crossing. A check awaited on the other side. Sidecar handrail also serves as a roll bar. Although taking second place, these boys were towed across finish line



Immobility—a common condition on "Impossible Hill," about 200 yards long; no run at bottom



Some went alongside the course to skirt the traffic jam, but the boulders were even bigger



This couple rode all three days on one bike: Bragorgos and Lavender fresh from Arkansas



Long blue shadows and thistle sharp appetites precede Wes Westlake's early breakfast at Red Mountain. Memorial Day run actually lasted three days, averaging about 200 miles each day. Both night stops were here in this balmy desert town. Many riders and followers slept out under the stars



Floyd Burke takes a tip from the girls, accepts lip service from Fay Roden



Here they come—two of the Albuquerque boys who always do a sensational job on the hills

RIGHT, Frank Chase stumped the checkers with his "Chout," an Indian Chief in a 101 Scout frame equipped with Vard hydraulic forks and Warrior gas tank. Frank placed second in 1948. He and his business partner, Max Bubeck, haven't missed a Greenhorn in six years. Both place consistently high





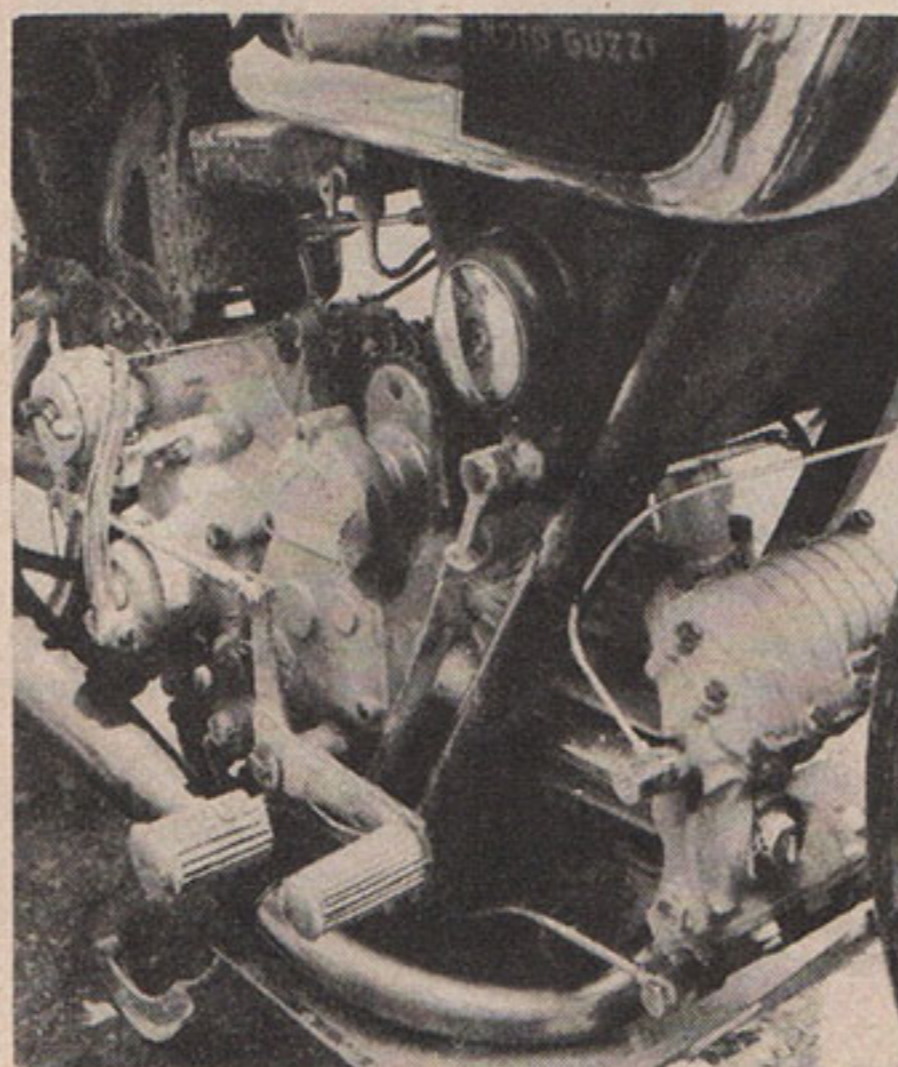
The long ride home seemed to have more ups than downs. This sandy 500 yard climb called for full throttle in second gear and a final stab into low near the top. Ironically, contrary to the sign, there wasn't a rock on the hill, and luckily, only little pushing was necessary



Pit stop for a little lovin'. Martha and Dave Doney still got it bad, evidence that it takes more than gas and oil to bring a guy home after a tough day in the desert



"Dem hand bones connected to de arm bones," and Dottie knows it! Stiff digits, family of three and girls' trophy awaited Dot Ellison at finish

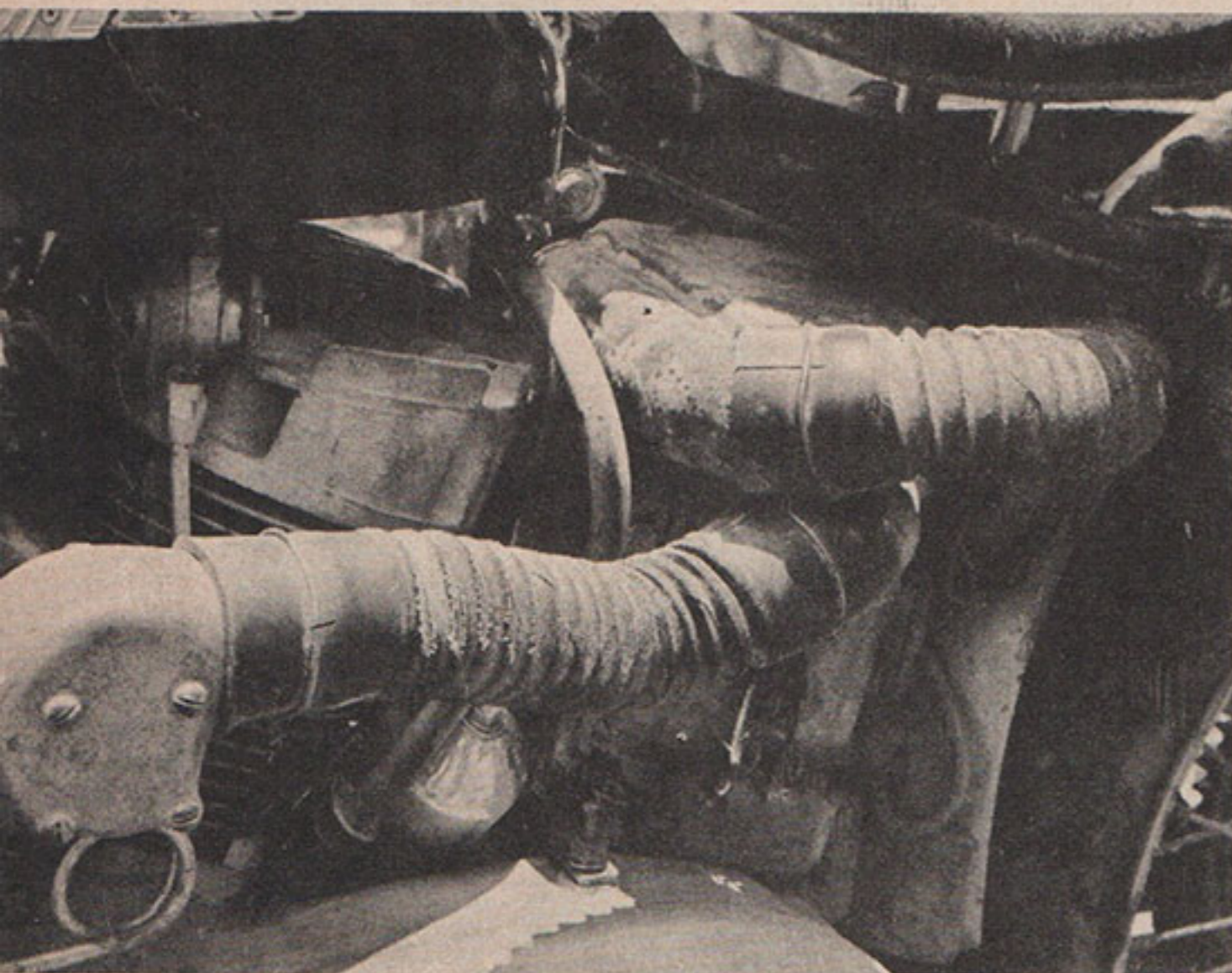


Without doubt the cleanest bike finishing the run. Fire engine red Moto-Guzzi was first 15 incher, amazed all by running 13th in big class

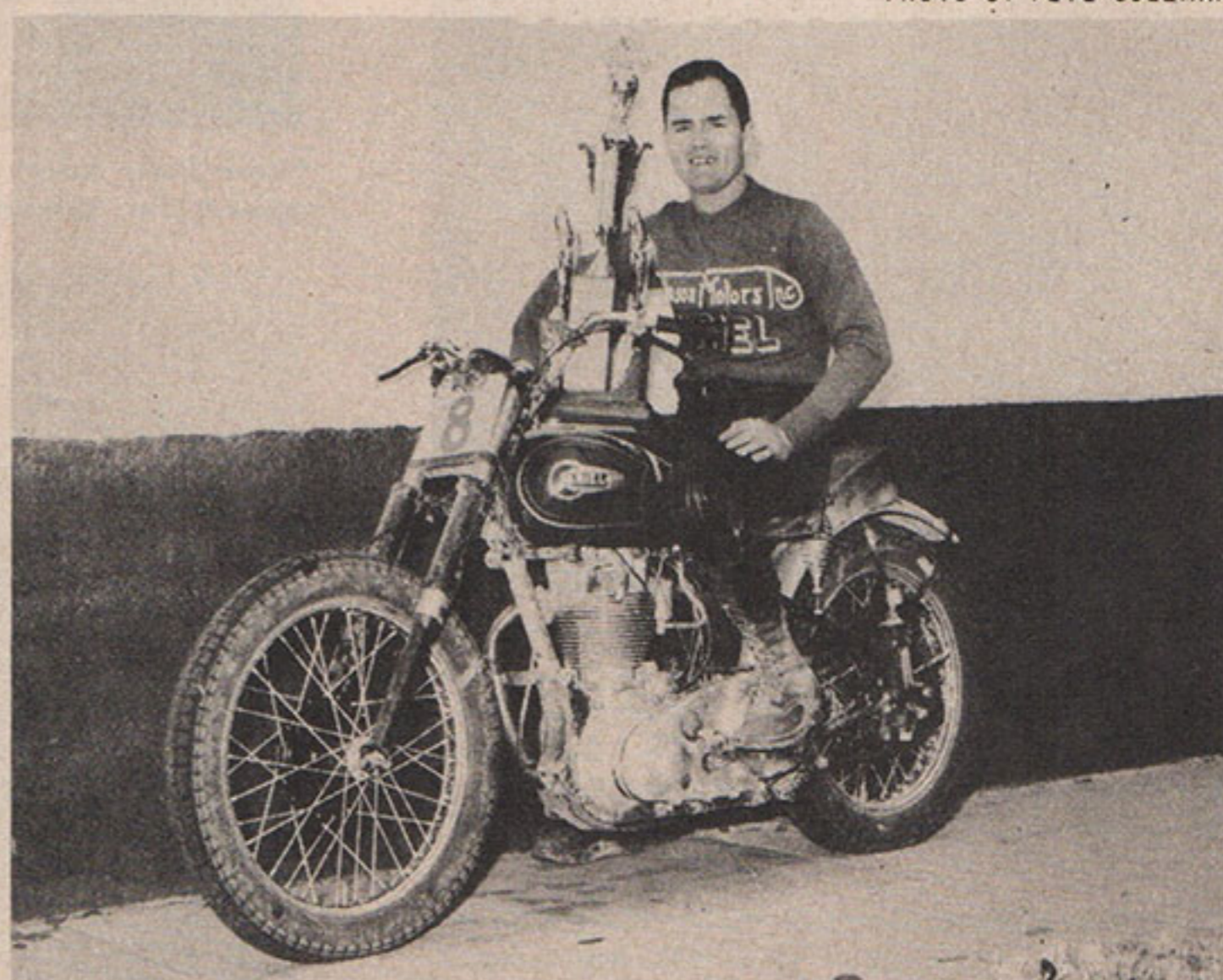


Lloyd Larson, 52, subject of the story "One Year to Live," CYCLE, September '51, was oldest finisher, boomed over "Impossible Hill" unassisted

PHOTO BY PETE COLEMAN



K model Harley-Davidson equipped with army surplus oil bath air cleaner which occupies former position of tool box. Not all engines can handle such restricting, but very efficient, cleaners



Hail the victor. John McLaughlin and the huge Perpetual Trophy donated by Johnson Motors of Pasadena, gracious host of all entrants. Mac whisked his Ariel (VHA) alloy Red Hunter over the 600 miles with a loss of only 64 points

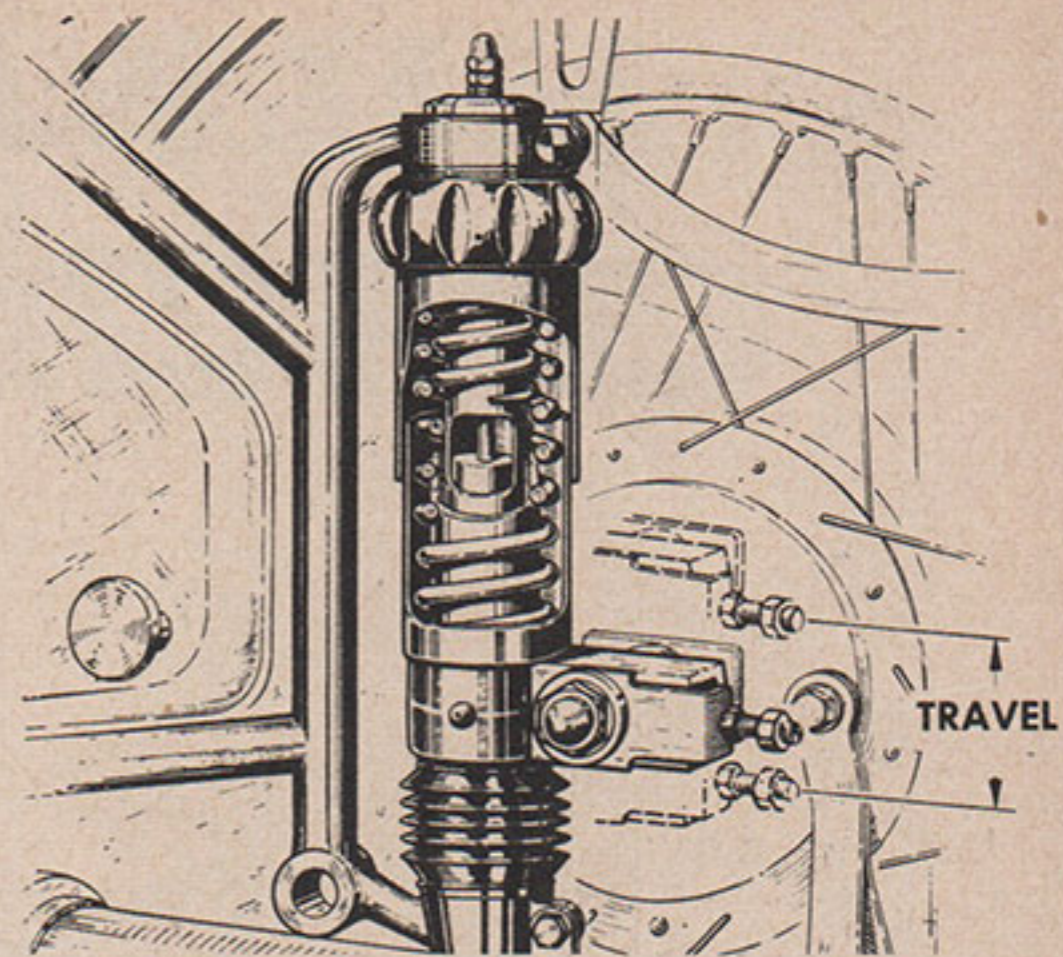
state of **SUSPENSION**

● new german adler ● carl jurisch springing

By George L. Glaser

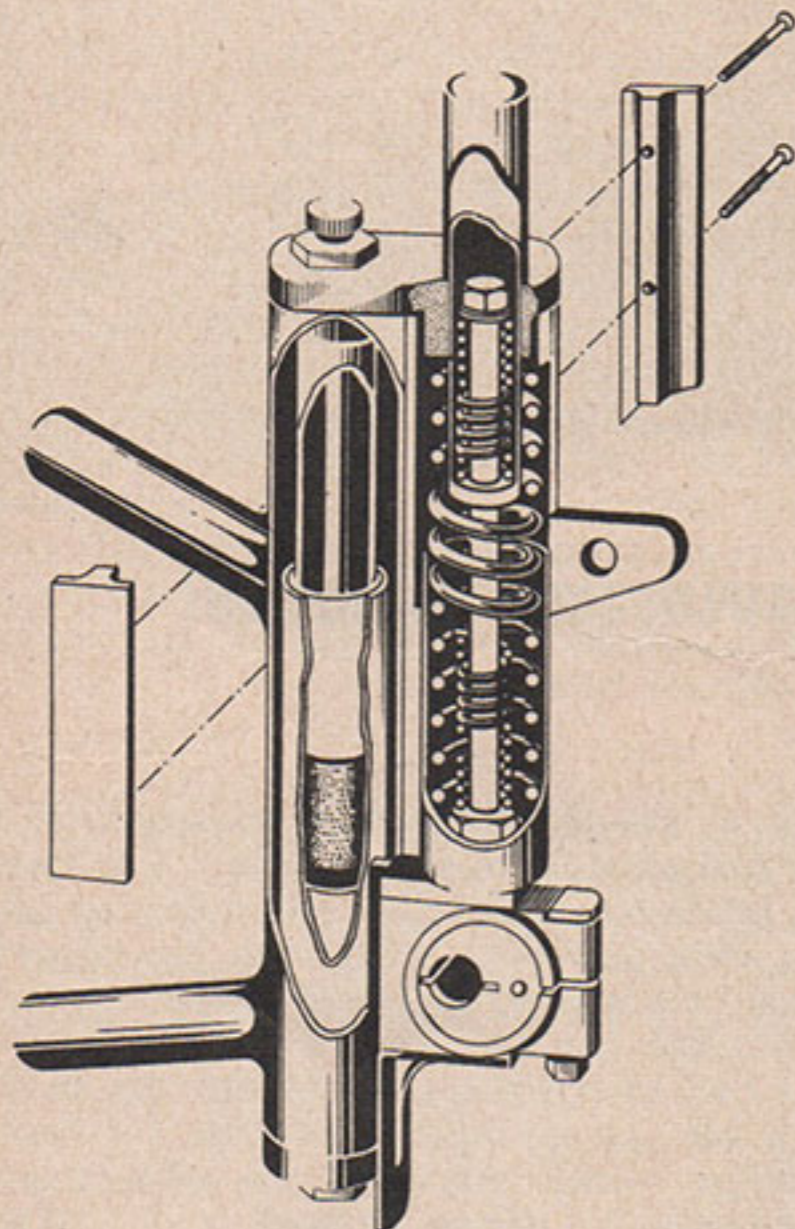
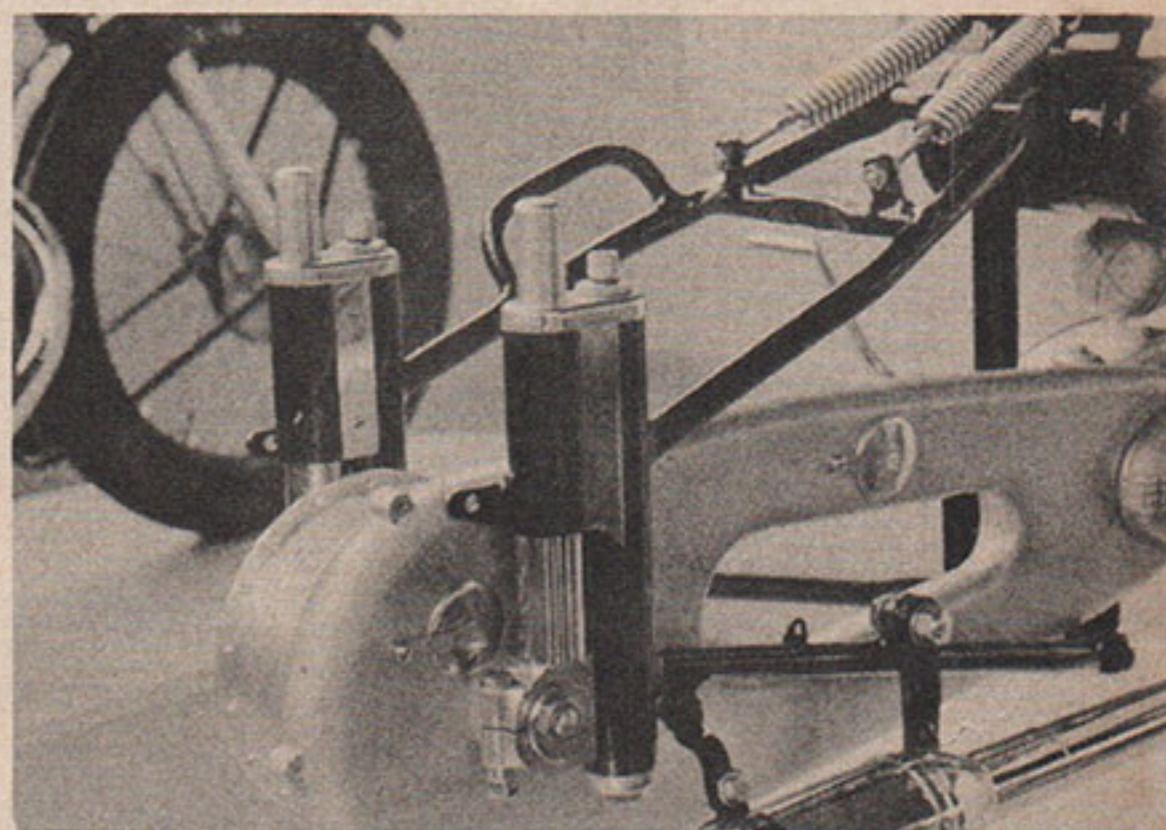
REPORTS OF MASS VICTORY in the difficult Seven-Mountain race held in Germany draws our attention to the very successful little Adler M100 Single. Out of 115 riders finishing this crucial climb, only 26 received awards, four of which were the original Adler entries representing a 100 per cent achievement. Various other endurance tests such as "Across the Westerwald," and "Winternight Drive" have branded the Adler M100, M150 and M200 as rugged, habitual winners. The foregoing victories are doubly impressive since it has been only within the last few years that Adler revived its pre-war motorcycle business. Aside from staunch reliability, the Adler line offers a flowing design and a novel system of suspension, front and rear. Front springing may be classed as the swinging link type with the wheel working against a wound flat coil spring in conjunction with friction type

shock absorbers. Rear suspension contains two separate conventional coil springs on each side into which a telescopic hydraulic shock absorber has been fitted. To adjust the rear spring for any type of load or road merely means that the rider select the proper tension by dialing a large selector ring atop the unit, all of which can be done from the saddle. Many parts between the single and twin cylinder jobs are interchangeable. All surfaces of the intake channels have been machined rather than merely cast. Frames have been produced with the thought in mind that the engines can be enlarged from 200 cc to 250 cc if and when the German motorcycle tax structure should favor larger displacement engines. While establishing modern assembly line methods to enable them to produce 1,000 units per month, this Frankfurt firm needs adequate outlets for their product. Could America be on their list?



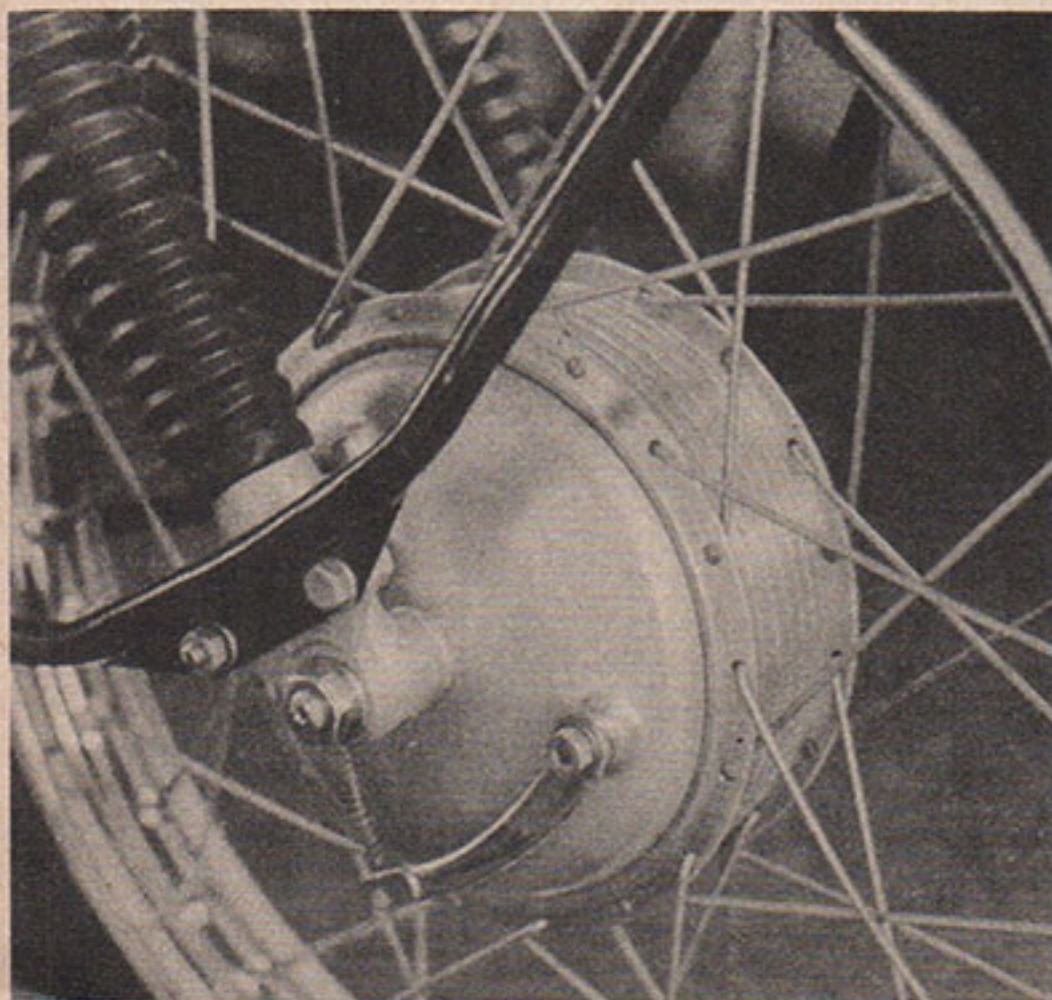
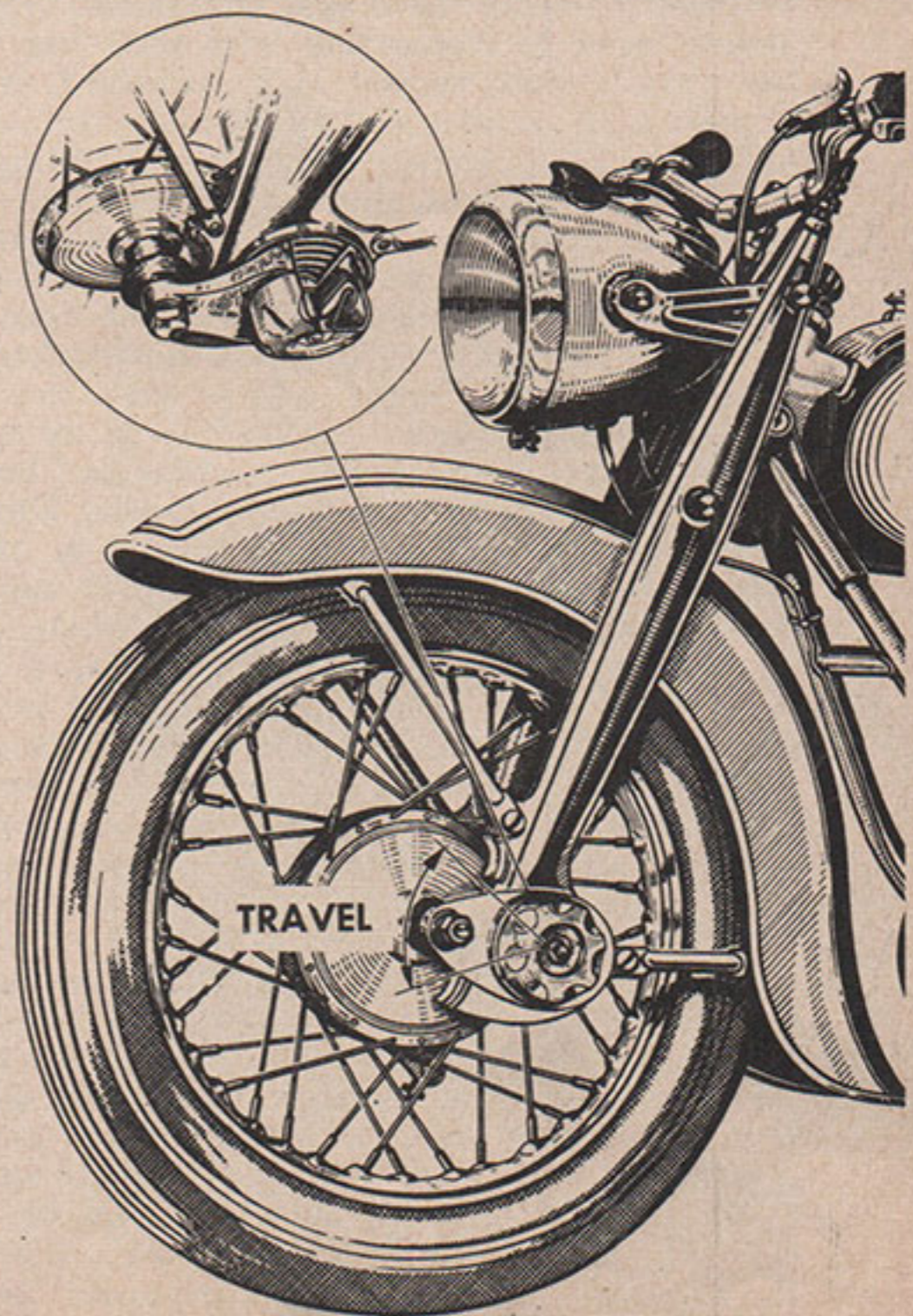
Having had their finger in the "popper" pie since 1900, and having produced just about everything of a mechanical nature from typewriters and office machinery to motorcycles, qualifies the Adler firm as capable of fabricating some pretty staunch merchandise. Almost obliterated during the last world war, Adler has turned from the manufacture of automobiles to their first love: motorcycles. The novel, adjustable rear suspension unit above, described further in the story, is evidence of their latest effort

RIGHT, Another example of German resourcefulness by Carl Jurisch of Nürnberg, an accessory chain case for motorcycles with suspended rear wheels. The new case is made from stamped aluminum, two halves being bolted up water-tight with a rubber gasket between. Most important was the sealing of the case's connection with the transmission housing, this area being the centerpoint of the rear wheel's movement. A vertical slit in the housing contains two connecting nuts from the chain case, which are fitted into roller bearings. A rubber gasket seals the pivot area. Two circular windows in the case's outer side allow easy greasing and adjustment



LEFT, An entirely new rear section for motorcycles has been developed by Carl Jurisch, consisting of two vertical cylinders. The one farther front is welded to the frame, housing the telescopic shock absorbers, while the rear cylinder contains the two-spring suspension in its upper part, and the rear axle mounting in the lower part. A horizontal arm from the spring cylinder's top plate reaches over to the frame welded cylinder, activating the shock absorber. The second (rear) cylinder has an eccentric plate in the lower arm, serving as a chain tightener

RIGHT, One of the most unusual front springing devices is used on the Adler, which is made in four engine capacities: 100, 125, 150 and 200 cc. All use this same wound-up band spring (much like a clock spring) in combination with adjustable friction type shock absorbers. Adler machines are two-stroke with front, rear springing



LEFT, The Jurisch aluminum accessory brake drum is finned on its outside for better cooling, and has a diameter of seven inches for motorcycles with engines exceeding 25 cubic inches piston displacement. Bikes equipped with this brake are said to out-perform any four or two wheel vehicle of any size, weight, and speed

MILWAUKEE MISSILE CRACKS A HUNDRED

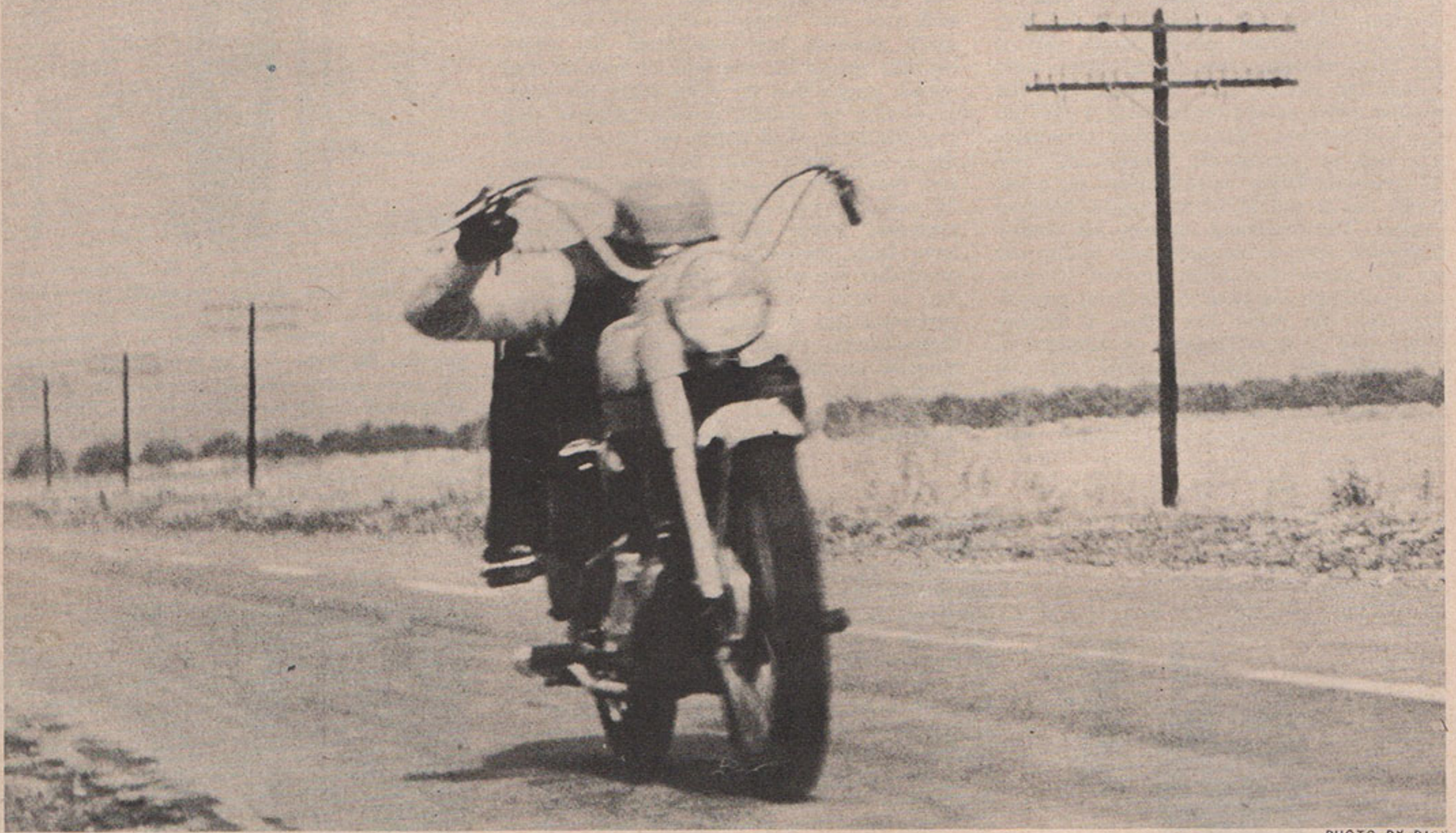


PHOTO BY RICK

The Sultan's magic carpet never rode like Harley-Davidson's K model

By Bob Greene, Editor

LIKE MANY ANOTHER, you may have taken Harley-Davidson's new K model for a spin around the block, made a few quick mental notes in comparison with their big twin or your favorite buzz bomb, then stepped back undecided. Now that the fire and brimstone of another CYCLE test have subsided, several clouds of indecision have cleared. Some of the findings were definitely not news. Take the ride for example. Regardless of what school of rear suspension you follow, few will disagree that the K stands second to none at ironing out the bumps. The bike's acceleration in a quarter-mile, as originally guessed, was good, but not sensational. At this point my first impressions went haywire and it all started with the tenth-mile drags and top speed tests.

But before wading in, let's go back to the beginning, to the plant in Milwaukee, where the test machine had been picked off the production line and shipped to Los Angeles Dealer Rich Budelier expressly for our scoring. By the morning of the K's baptism in speed, the mileage registered over 550 and, although she could hardly be tagged as "broken-in," everything seemed to be running freely. For verification and comparison, a local demonstrator K model with 1400 varied miles in back of it was ridden out to the speed strip by Dick Hutchins, sport rider and employee of the L. A. agency. Within a few anxious minutes the trap was established and the markers spotted. The clockers (photographer Eric Rickman and ad manager Ray Bowles) were soon in position at right angles to the center of the tenth-mile section and the new 45 was drawn back down the road for its first shot at the clocks. As the revs on this new 45 began to mount on approaching the trap, my earlier conclusion on handlebar length was confirmed. Even the slightest pressure on the bars was reflected in a weave of the bike—just too much leverage for this size machine. Within a few seconds the first trap marker ballooned into sight, that was the signal. The shift lever was raked smartly up for the last time as I slid back off the seat, pulled my feet up out of the draft and over the taillight, got as light on the bars as possible, then tucked the left arm in against the top of the tank. The little job was moving

now and the feeling was good: steady and with surprisingly little vibration. Before the clockers had a chance to translate the 3.8 seconds time into mph, the K was headed back towards the trap through which it had just sped, then went bounding lazily over the plowed field paralleling the highway to where the time keepers stood. "Almost 95 the first trip—not bad but we'll do better!"

Apparently that first blast had blown the cobwebs out the stack, warmed the engine oil up a bit and quickened its pulse for from that point on, speeds began to climb. Although no adjustments were made (not even in carburetion), times dropped to 3.7, then 3.65 and finally 3.64 seconds for the tenth-mile. The last time, figuring out at 98.9 miles per hour, was repeated for good measure. It was then that we decided to run Budelier's demonstrator through. It had a break-in advantage and comparison would be interesting.

Dick Hutchins volunteered to pilot the second bike that had been brought along impromptu and soon withdrew for the run that was to amaze us all. Within a few minutes he had flashed past at 100.5 mph, using a crouched riding position while seated in the saddle. Efforts to tie his time didn't pay off, my speed still pegging around 98; the obvious difference being his 20 pounds lighter weight. The ice was broken, we were hitting steadily around the century mark with two machines and this with full stock equipment (for all practical purposes), including an air cleaner. (Only deviations from standard were a Flanders quick twist throttle with a one-fifth turn and a Beck 3.50 x 19 rear tire.)

Even more important to some is the wallop a bike packs from a standing start and here we're going to have to slip a little farther down the scale. Although the K turned in a very creditable figure for the tenth mile acceleration, it faded somewhat on the longer drag test because of its inability to keep buzzing in second cog. The same characteristic showed up in first gear during the tenth mile drag, but could be compensated by an early shift to second, which carried it through the shorter trap. Not so on the quarter mile, however, for after beginning to splatter at peak revs in low, she would start "shooting ducks" long before maximum efficiency in second, making

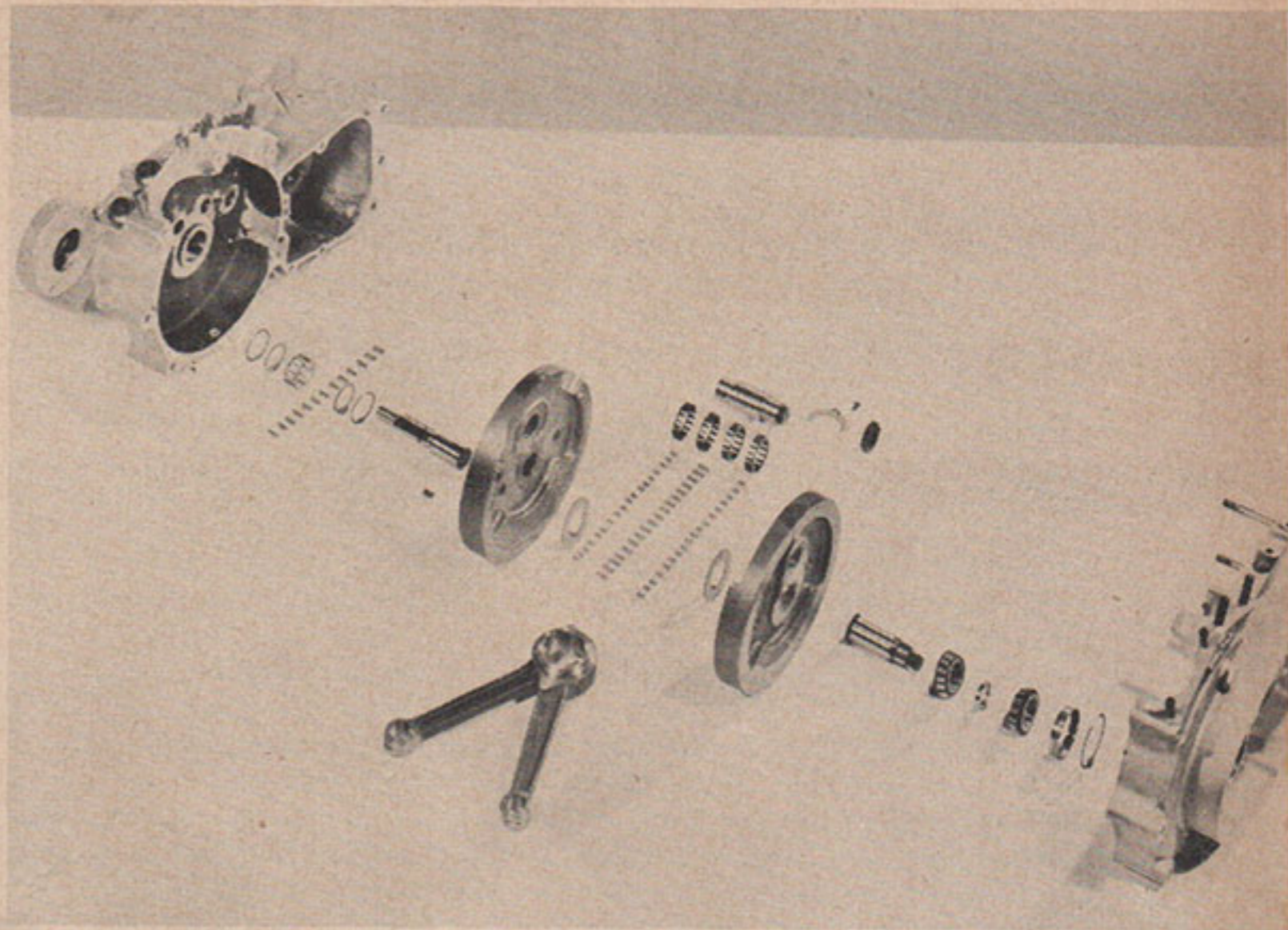
a forced entry into third gear and a consequent drop in power.

Especially noticeable during the acceleration trials was the improvement of the Flanders throttle. The original mechanism has an unforgivable amount of free play in its action and gives a very deceptive picture of the engine's performance. The accessory throttle was adjusted to have no perceptible play and although one-fifth of a turn is a bit more radical an action than I personally prefer (one-quarter turn seems a good medium), the change made a night and day difference. While such an item may be small in the opinion of some, here is an example of how deceiving it can be. My first ride on a K with stock throttle gave the impression that there was an excessive amount of whip between the driving chains and sprockets, that the new shock absorber spring on the engine sprocket might have been too weak. We now know that the lurch was caused by sloppy throttle action for with the revised arrangement, power delivery was smooth and fast and could be turned on full without breaking a wrist. Our only other deviation from stock, the fitting of a larger rear tire, was a step in the right direction but it seems that an even larger rear boot would be more desirable yet.

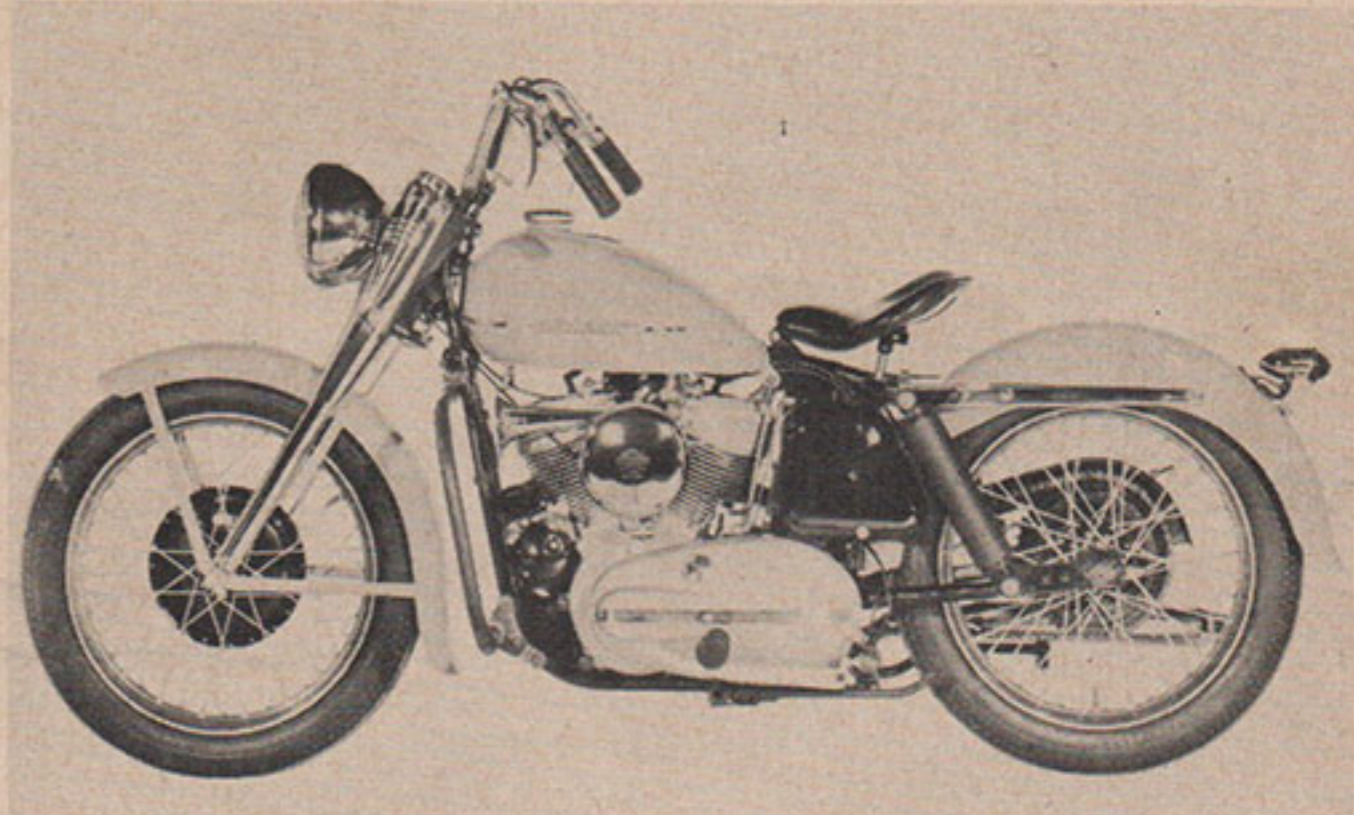
Without a doubt, the K's biggest ace in the hole is its swinging arm rear suspension. There isn't a two wheeler sold in this country that treats your posterior with more respect. Many machines ride comfortably by motorcycle standards, but here is one that is a challenge to the auto industry. Some provision will have to be made, however, to accommodate heavier riders, for the seat itself (not the rear suspension) bottomed too easily. Heavier seat post springs should be optional for anyone weighing over 180 pounds. Although the recoil of the rear shocks would handle hard dips without bottoming, counter-recoil was fast with little control. This can best be demonstrated by raising quickly out of the saddle while the cycle is parked on the sidestand. A metallic knock will be the result. With more control on the counter recoil, any tendency of the rear end to pitch following recoil would be minimized. Important construction features are its adjustments. By turning a cam at the bottom of the rear shocks, spring tension can be made light or heavy to suit road conditions or rider's weight. To easily compensate for any wear in the swinging arm journals the arm's shaft is mounted in tapered Timken roller bearings and can be kept snug indefinitely.

Chances are, your first time out on a K you'll swear its gearing is too low. That was my impression before the top speed tests. Fourth cog is the most surprising of all for it is almost as smooth at 9 as at 90 mph. It's hard to believe that any twin will lug down to such a snail's pace without roughness then run up around the hundred mark in the same gear. Exhaust muffling has been intelligently engineered, emitting a healthy but inoffensive sound devoid of any sharp crack. Back pressure seems to be very small. Engine noise was little more if any than the big overhead Harley but still reasonably quiet, being considerably less noisy than the old forty-five. The engine ranks among the cleanest as far as oil seepage. The rubber mounted oil tank itself remained especially sanitary due to a new cam locking cap with screw and wing nut.

(Continued on next page)



Laying it on the line, we find an all roller bearing lower end in keeping with Har-Dav. custom—expensive but giving maximum durability. Rods and main bearing are now huskier. Transmission, engine cases are integral



External grace is a compromise between a road and sports model. Primary chain can be adjusted quickly by moving adjusting shoe with a flex wrench inserted through inspection plug in case. Engine stayed clean

An experienced mechanic can have engine unit out of frame in 45 minutes, cases split in another 20 minutes. The new arrangement is easier to overhaul and requires fewer special tools than the old 45 set-up

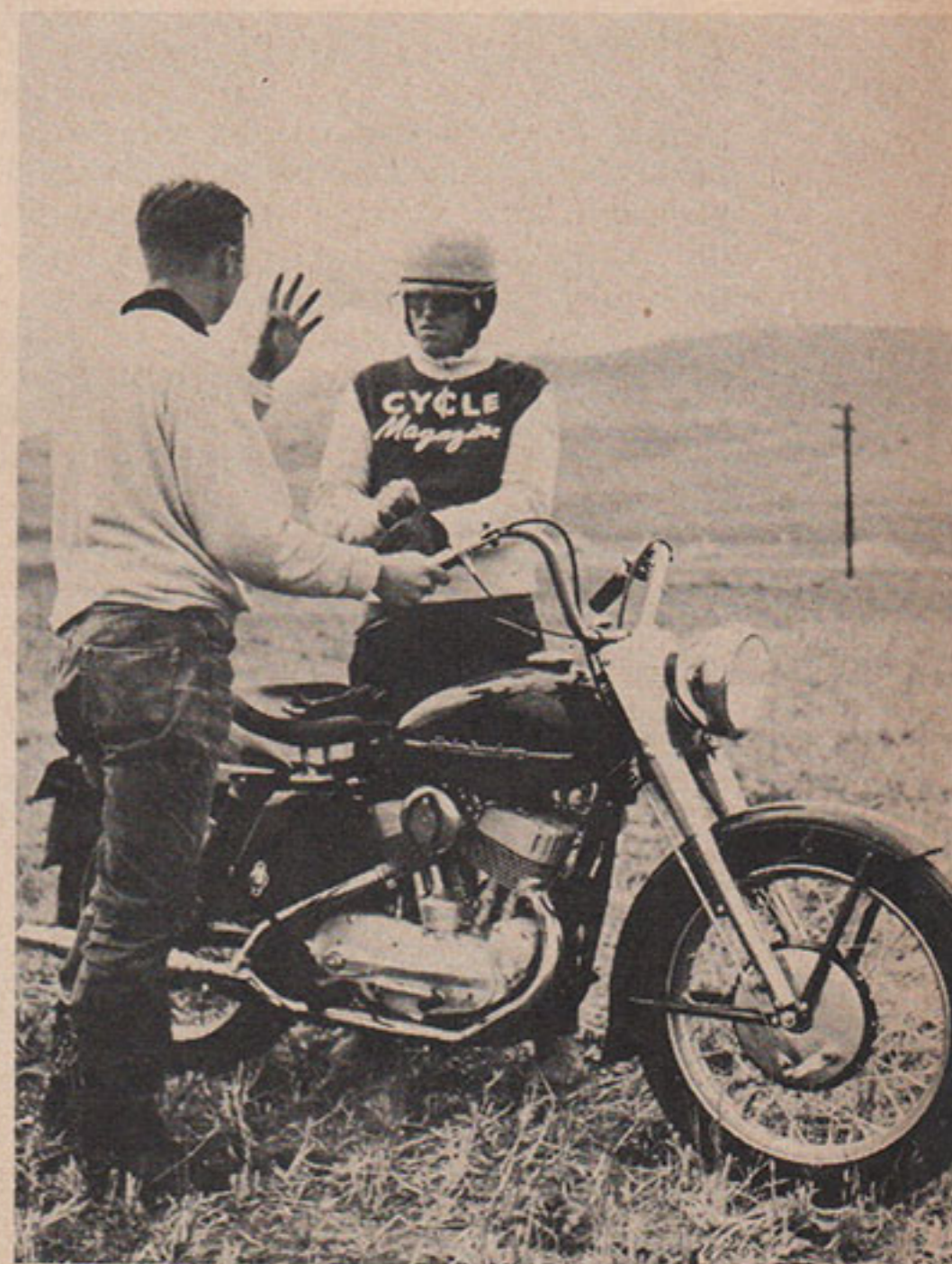
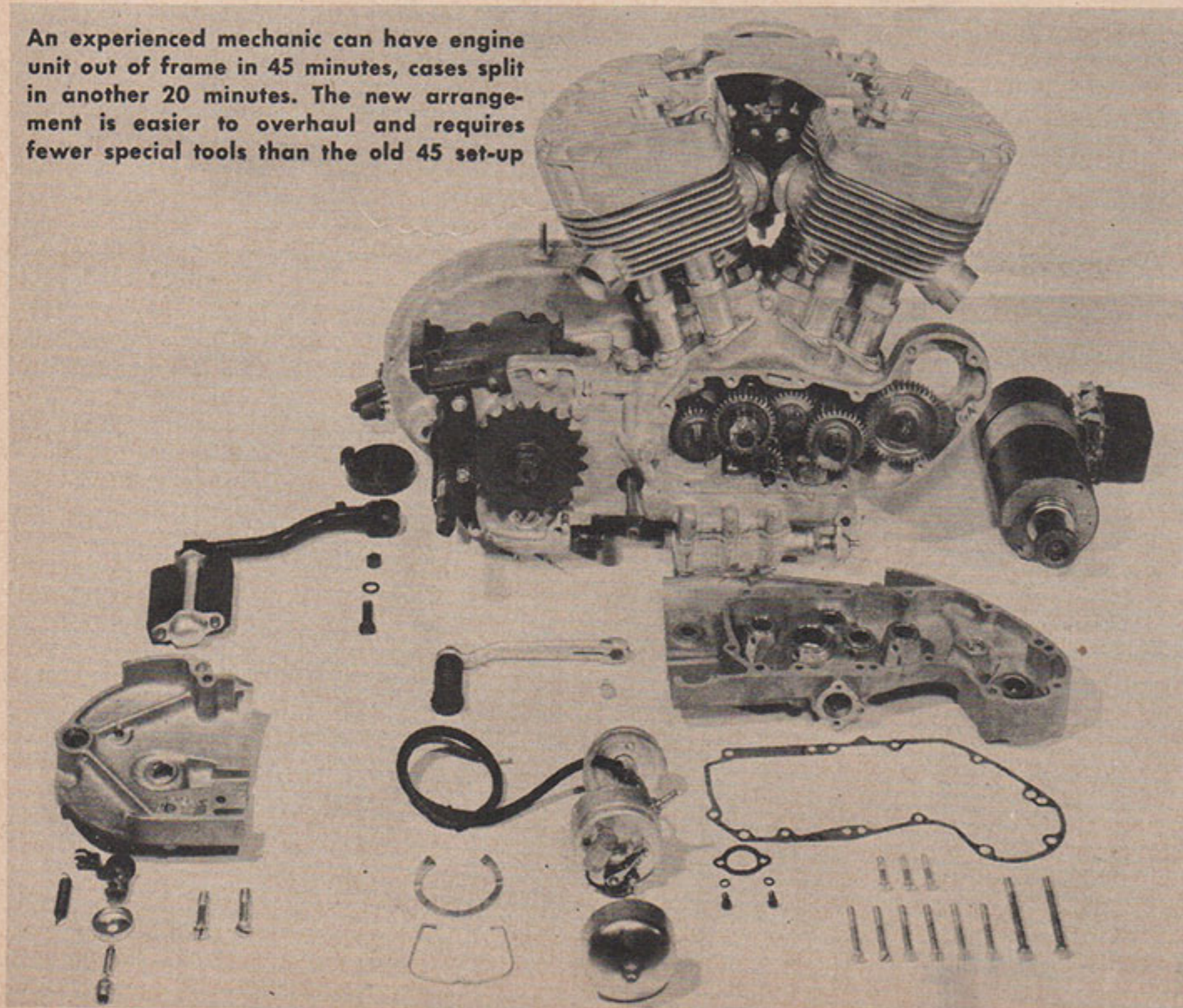


PHOTO BY RICK

Dick Hutchins gives a last minute verbal adjustment to that large nut on the end of the handlebars. Stiffening rear spring gives about one inch more road clearance

Shifting is a breeze on the K. Clutch pull is smooth and easy and the foot shift operation is second only to that of one other bike tested by reason that it requires a little more lever travel and pressure. With either of these gearboxes it's nearly impossible to miss a shift. Finding neutral was about average. The strong feature with the new Harley-Davidson gearbox is that the machine can be started in any gear merely by holding the clutch. If the engine should stall in any gear it is not necessary to find neutral to restart, just pull the clutch and kick her over and you're back in business.

Braking and handling were both very good in respects to front and rear suspension. Eight-inch brake drums do a smooth progressive slowing job but a larger rear tire would have helped the 45 to come closer to its big brother's stopping figure. The bike handles very lightly in a corner, goes in and comes out without a tug. It is indescribably different due to full springing, but not the least bit objectionable; more just a matter of getting used to its feel. The stock bars weren't conducive to vigorous cornering, but were quite comfortable for straight travel.

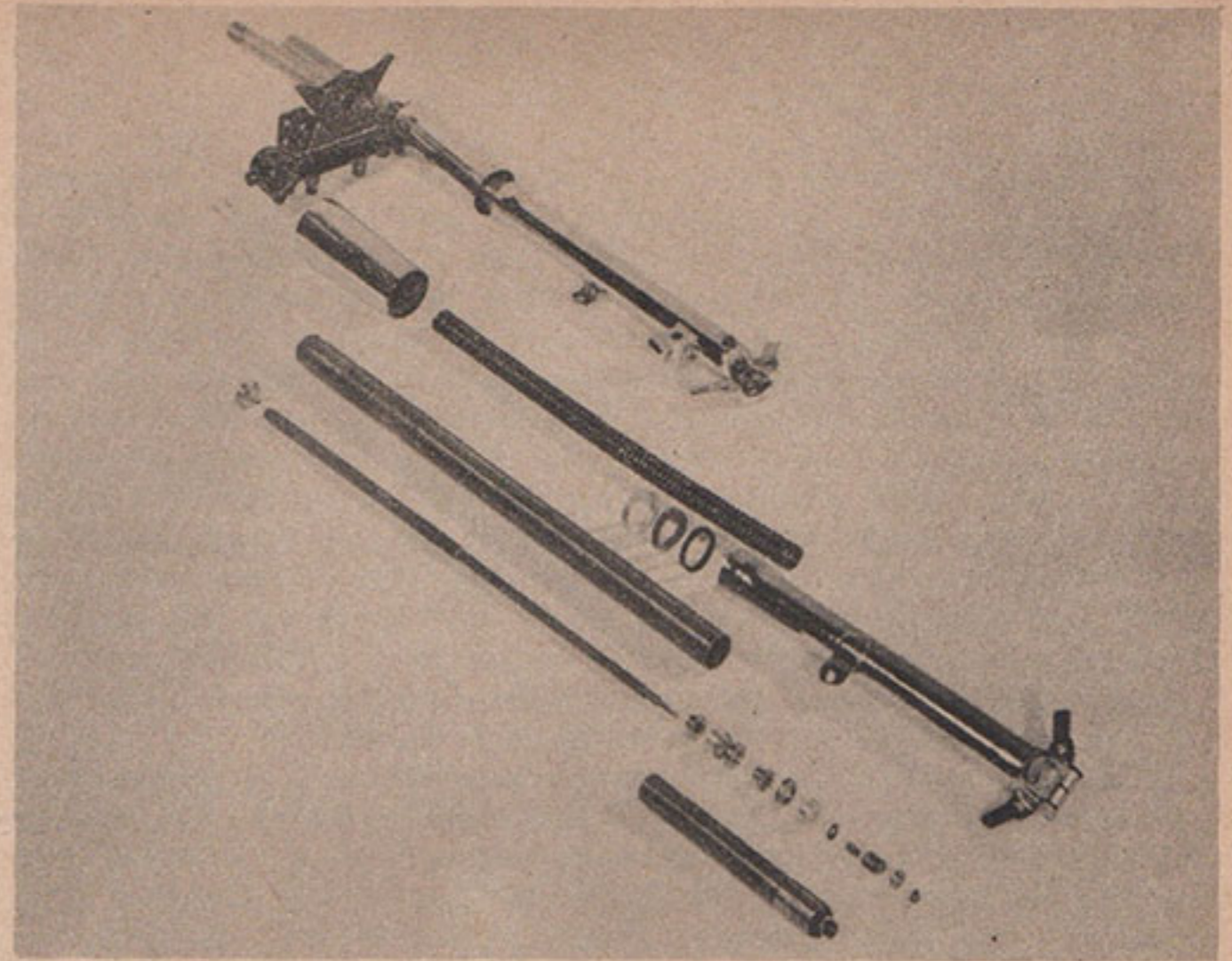
At certain speeds a vibration would come into the seat then suddenly disappear. The sensation was somewhat the same as riding on a hard knobby tire and kept me guessing for some time. After a while the cause was found to be a vibration that would set up in the rear fender then travel up the seat post to the saddle. The speedometer was very inaccurate at top speeds and difficult to read at any speed because of its small size and inadequate calibration.

Price too high, you say? True, it doesn't go for peanuts,* but then the more you look at the K, the more refinements meet the eye. Aside from the already mentioned swinging arm rear suspension there is a unit constructed engine and transmission. Other smaller points of sale are such things as folding foot pegs and full width ball bearing pedal fitted on the kick starter. The mesh pack air cleaner is instantly detachable; no unbolting. Thick, top grain cowhide covers a generous layer of sponge rubber on a saddle that has dual seat post springing to minimize wobble. The headlight, a regular sealed beam unit, is packed with all the illumination you can ask for with generator and oil warning signal lights built in its shell. That messy battery that usually nibbles away at your pants leg has been thoughtfully tucked out of harm's way between the tool box.

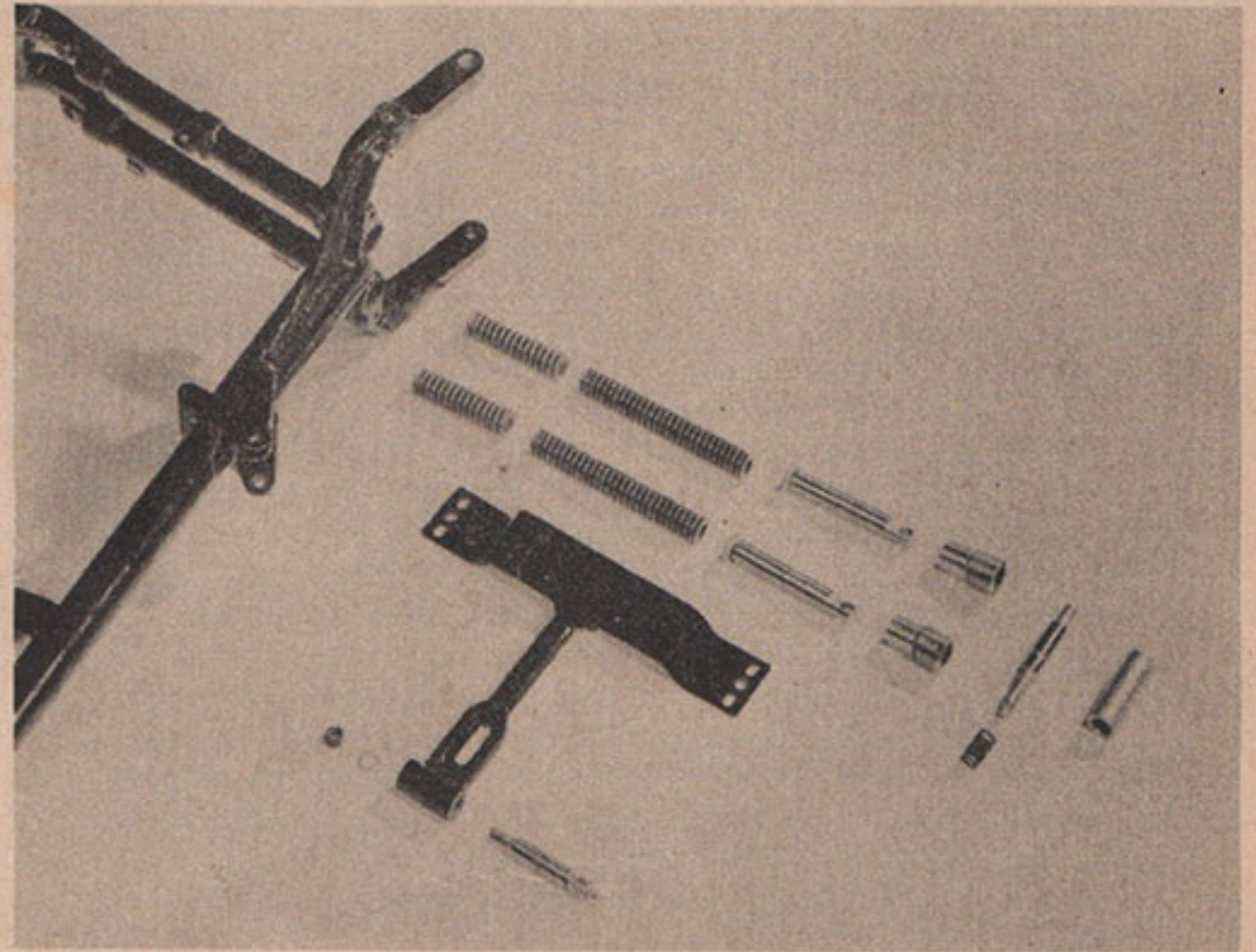
Separate locks are provided for headlight and ignition. You can lock this motorcycle. Rubber mounted handlebars, eight-inch brakes, front and rear, triple heavy duty cabling to brake and clutch levers and an automobile type trumpet horn complete the most notable extras that are built in as standard equipment on this job. Slated for immediate production are a number of new accessories for the K rider including a square molded plastic saddle bag fitted with regular suitcase type latches, a stylized windshield and a custom buddy seat.

While buttoning up another month's test, one reflection predominates—the more I ride the K, the better I like it. It is a little short on suds in the lower gears, but not to any great extent, as you will notice by the performance summary. It is a fast cruiser with plenty of tops and is long on those little extra things you always hope for, but seldom find, in a present day bike. As far as speed is concerned, don't let that quiet exhaust note fool you. Just swing a leg over number 52K1023 or 52K1945 (motor numbers) if you are around L. A. sometime and let your editor hear the results.

* \$997 plus tax and license at Los Angeles, Calif.



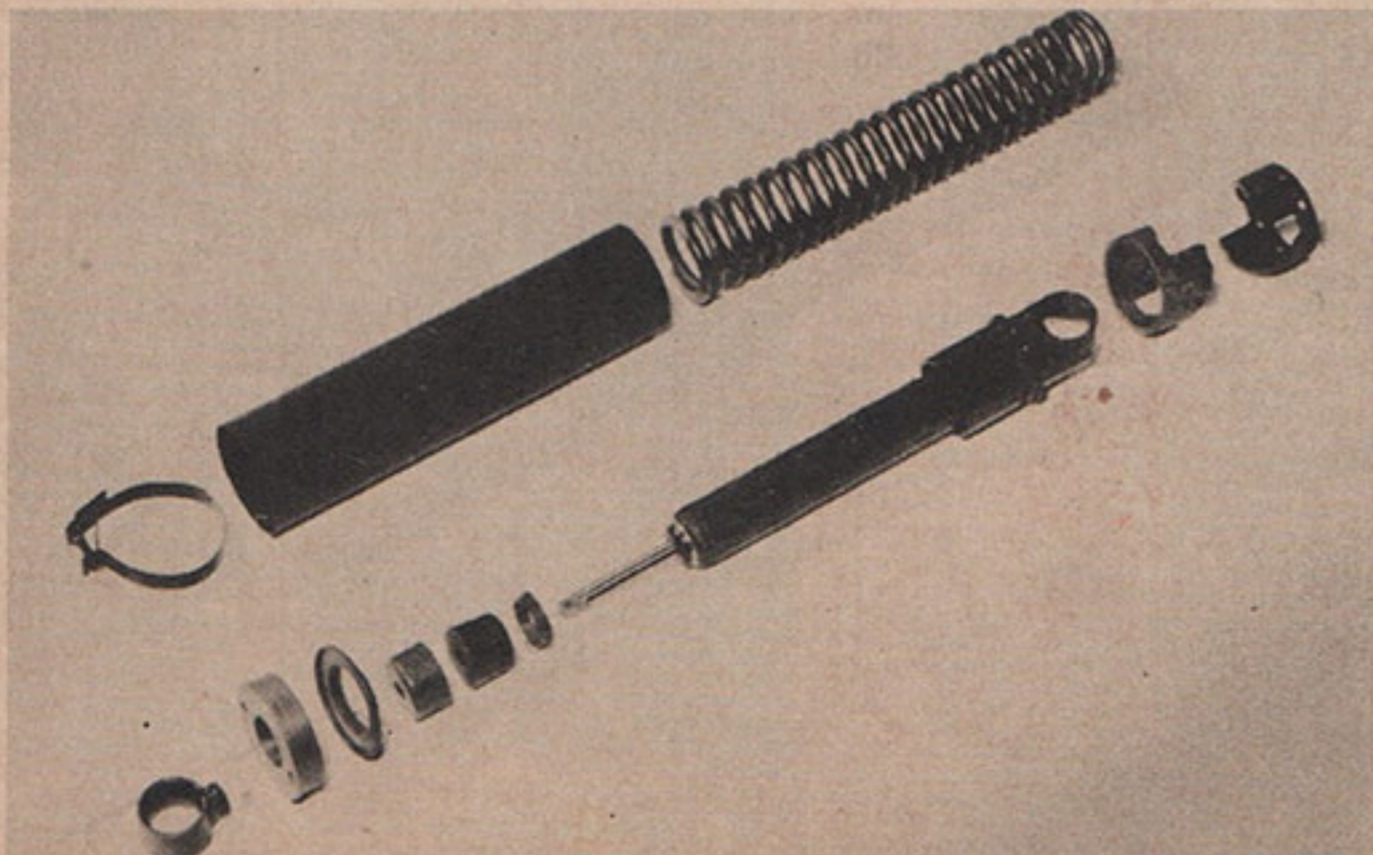
Telescopic and hydraulically damped, the K model front fork gave no trouble during its 850-mile test. Here are the components of comfort and good steering. A heavier weight oil was used for the rougher phases



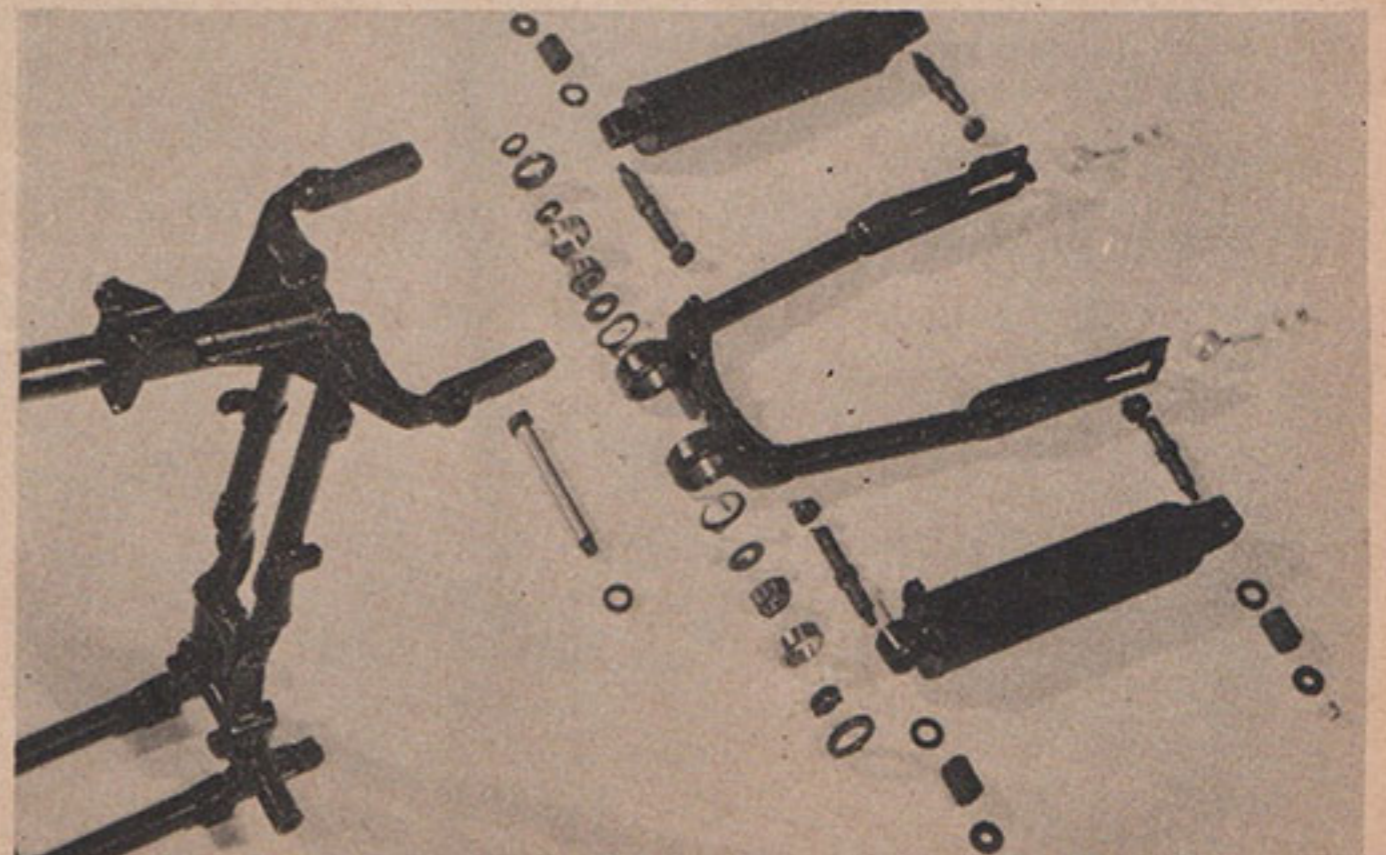
Seat posts and frame assembly showing double, progressive springing. These springs bottomed. Stiffer springs are needed for heavy riders. Temporary stiffening can be had by shimming up seat post tube bearings

PERFORMANCE SUMMARY

Acceleration		Maximum in low	45 mph	Mileage	
1/10 mile drag (8.29)	43.4 mph	Maximum in second	60 mph	Town	45.7 mpg
1/4 mile drag (16.86)	53.3 mph	Maximum in third	81.2 mph	Braking	
Slow Running		Maximum in high	98.9 mph	From 25 to stopped, rear brake only	39'7"
High gear without snatch	9 mph	Turning Circle	Minimum diameter	From 25 to stopped, front brake only	27'3"
				From 25 to stopped, both brakes	15'2"

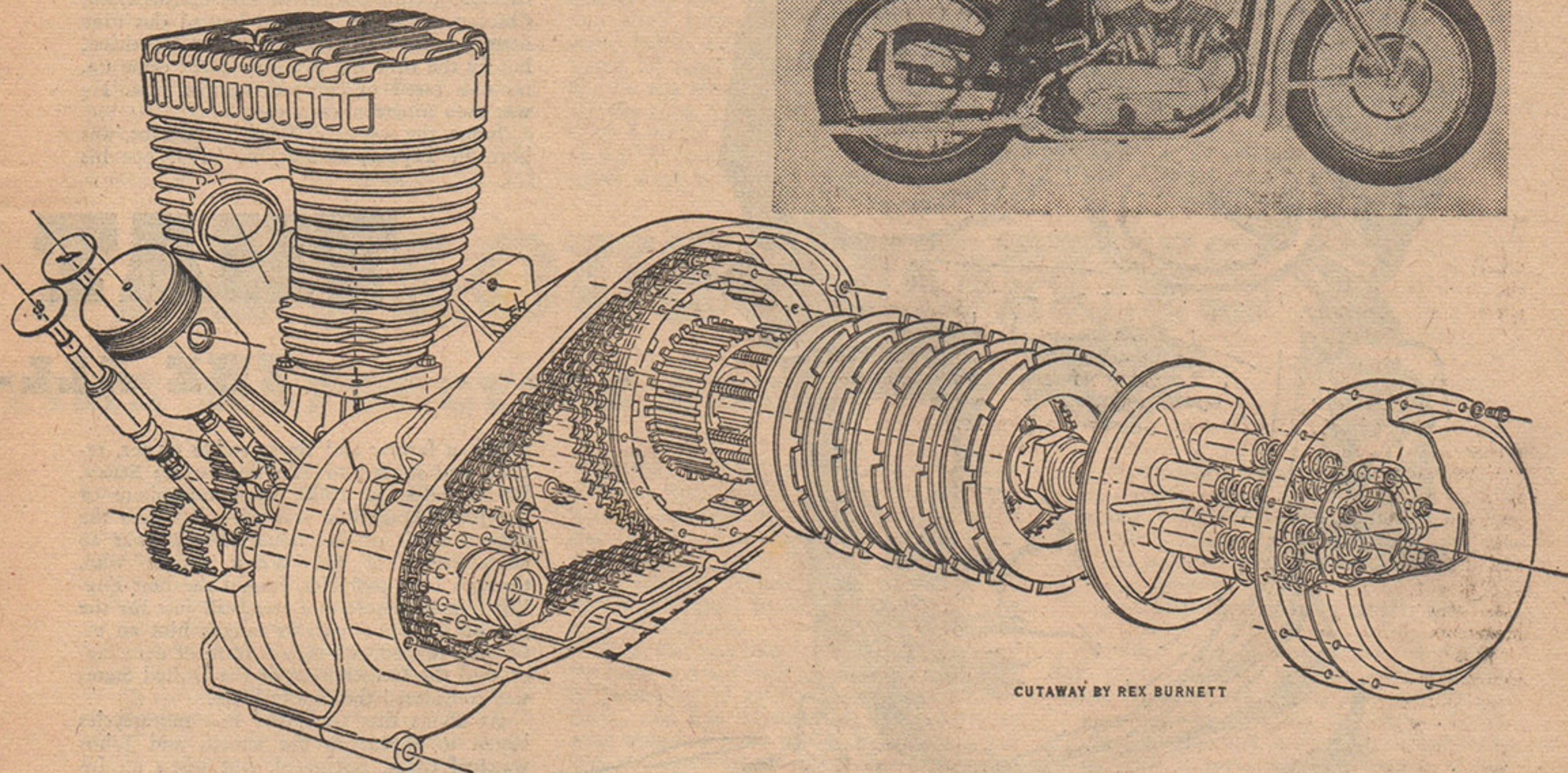
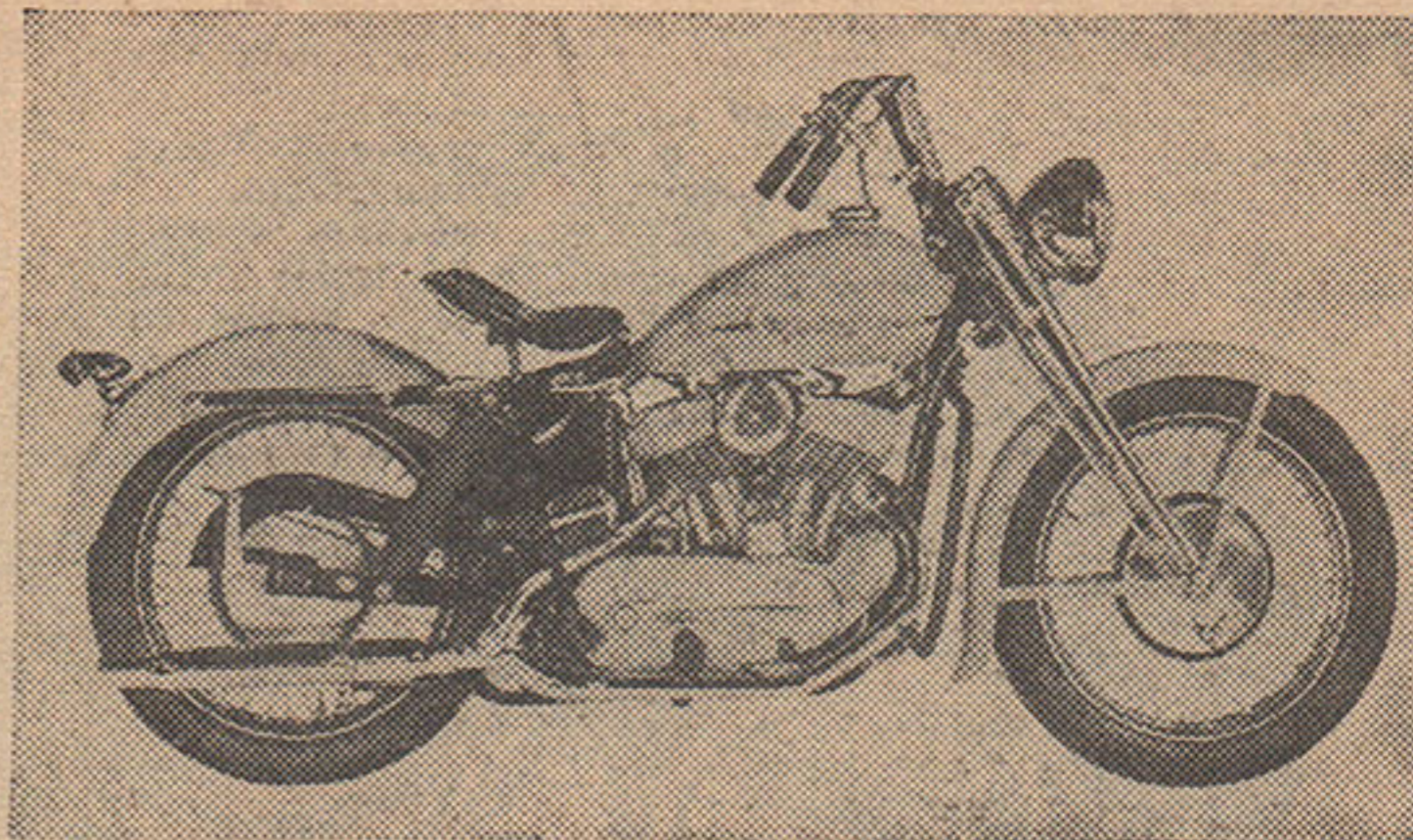


Rear spring and shock absorber unit. Spring is easily stiffened for heavier weight or rough riding by turning cam sleeves to high side of cam



Note rigid framework and tapered roller bearing pivot. This bearing can be made to compensate for wear by simply pulling up on adjusting nut

Cast steel flywheels are exceptionally smooth, having a semi-polished appearance. Left side of mainshaft is tapered with tapered roller bearing in engine case to offset pull of spring loaded primary sprocket. Surface of primary chain adjusting screw is stellite faced to minimize wear. Head and cylinder faces are machined so accurately that no head gasket is used. Heads are "Bonneville" type, considerably recessed, allowing piston to work well up into combustion chamber. K runs at higher rpms than old 45 model



CUTAWAY BY REX BURNETT

Cylinder wall oiling under pressure has been introduced for greater cooling, less wear. Massive transmission gears and shafts have been enlarged to practically same size as the big twin gears. Hold down studs in head are equally beefed up as is large four-footed top motor-mount. Although primary case is an oil bath type, the clutch is sealed off

GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE. 45 cu. in. side valve motor. Air-cooled, four stroke, V-type twin cylinder; $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 compression ratio. Removable aluminum alloy cylinder heads. Enclosed valve gear. Low expansion aluminum alloy, cam-ground, double slot pistons. Cylinder bores honed and parkerized. Deep cylinder fins extend around intake and exhaust ports for proper cooling. All main bearings retained roller type; double tapered Timken bearings on the sprocket side. Linkert carburetor. Motor develops approximately 30 horsepower. Bore, $2\frac{3}{4}$ ". Stroke, $3\frac{13}{16}$ ".

LUBRICATION. Circulating lubrication system with gear-type pressure pump and gear-type scavenger pump with pressure feed direct to cylinder walls. Transmission and front chain lubricated by oil supply separate from engine. All other bearings Alemite-Zerk fitted.

TRANSMISSION. Har.-Dav. four speed. Incorporated as an integral part of crankcase casting. Sliding dog clutches. Large, rugged gears for durability. Constant-mesh design. Foot shift, hand clutch.

IGNITION AND LIGHTING. Two-brush shunt, voltage controlled generator, storage battery, spark coil, circuit breaker. Easy starting and waterproof. Large, sealed ray headlight with prefocused 32-32 candlepower, double filament bulb. Generator and oil pressure warning lights incorporated in the headlight. Electric, trumpet-type blast horn.

DRIVE. Motor to transmission by $\frac{3}{8}$ " pitch triple chain running in oil bath and adjusted by stellite-faced sliding shoe. $\frac{5}{8}$ " pitch single-row roller chain to rear wheel. Engine has compensating sprocket.

GAS TANK. Extra large, welded heavy gauge steel gas tank with center filling cap. Capacity: $4\frac{1}{2}$ gals., with reserve in addition. Reserve controlled by two-way gas valve with fuel strainer.

OIL TANK. Welded heavy gauge steel oil tank. Capacity: 3 quarts, with provision for filter. Oil tank has screw-down provision in cap.

FRAME. Double loop, silver brazed tubular steel. Heat-treated steel head, seat post cluster, rear support arms and axle clips.

FRONT FORK. Telescopic, hydraulic. Load is transmitted by long helical springs supported and contained in main tubes, hydraulically dampened by oil of high viscosity index. Hydraulic stops are provided in both recoil and cushion positions.

BRAKES. Fully enclosed, front and rear brakes with molded anti-score lining. Cast iron rear brake drum. Front drum of steel. Front and rear brakes 8" in diameter and 1" wide.

HANDLEBARS. Seamless steel tubing. Rubber-mounted Buckhorn type. Neoprene twist-grip controls for throttle and spark, fully enclosed.

WHEELS AND TIRES. Drop center rims. Cadmium plated spokes. Knock-out type axles. Ball bearing mounted. Goodyear or Firestone tires, 3.25 x 19, 4 ply.

SADDLE. Suspended on two seat posts. Each post incorporating a helical coil spring, form fitting, bucket type with foam-rubber padding, covered with soft, genuine leather.

FINISH. All surfaces to be painted are treated to resist rust and corrosion. Available in Persian Red, Rio Blue, and Brilliant Black, Metallic Bronco Bronze (at extra cost). Chrome and stainless steel trim. Frame in Black Enamel.

TOOL KIT. Swing-out type, tool box is mounted on frame and contains a complete set of all necessary tools. Makes for quick accessibility to battery.

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT. This model available soon with saddle bags, windshield and double seat, at extra cost.

REAR SUSPENSION. Swing arm type sprung by means of two helical coil springs and controlled by means of two hydraulic, automotive type shock absorbers, all encased in royalite covers. Pivot point of swinging arm is supported by preloaded Timken bearings.

MUFFLER. Designed to reduce back pressure and has resonating chamber to produce low note. Inner tube and end bells of heavy gauge steel. Chrome plated finish.

INSTRUMENT PANEL. 120 mph speedometer, ignition and light switch incorporated in the top part of the front fork cowling. Each switch incorporates a tumbler type lock.

CLUTCH. Harley-Davidson multiple dry disc with bonded-on clutch facings. Left hand operated.

GEAR RATIOS. Top, 4.77 to 1; 3rd, 6.21 to 1; 2nd, 8.74 to 1; 1st, 12.37 to 1, engine sprocket 30 tooth, clutch sprocket 59 tooth, counter shaft sprocket 21 tooth, rear wheel sprocket 51 tooth.

WEIGHT. 450 lbs.

OVERALL LENGTH. 85 inches.

OVERALL WIDTH. 31 inches.

WHEELBASE. $57\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

GROUND CLEARANCE. 7 inches.

SADDLE HEIGHT. 31 inches.



Story by Jim Earp

Illustrations by Charles Doe

THE GENERATION that fought the battle between the motor and the horse came along while memories of the last Indian wars were kept vivid by aching bones of fathers and grandfathers that would signal a warning of approaching storms; while odds and ends of the blue uniforms of the Spanish-American war were still worn in the streets by discharged veterans; while seething disquiet in Europe warned of the day when the Kaiser's legions would march on Paris.

Law and order had been established and the two-gun man was a thing of the past, but the West still suffered from growing pains, and a quick right hook, a heavy-toed boot, or a good stout club were as much "nine parts of the law" as possession. In Manassa, Colorado, a tough, surly young kid, Jack Dempsey, started battling his way up out of the streets toward his first ring fight under the name of Kid Blacky. At that time another battler, Don Johns, weighing in at about sixty pounds, began his preparations to enter the arena of the motorcycle racer although,

at that time, it was yet to be formed.

When the arena had been formed and Johns finally entered it, he was already enormously skilled and ready for the toughest competition. He proved that point to everybody's satisfaction when, as a rider totally unknown outside of California, he exploded into the national headlines by riding the fabulous Indian "No. 21" at Los Angeles and breaking all existing amateur records from two to twenty miles. In addition, he tied Seymour's record for the mile and broke the world championship record for two miles at 1:23 $\frac{1}{2}$ (stop watches in those days were graduated in fifths of a second rather than in tenths or hundredths). He toured the twenty miles in 14:23 $\frac{3}{4}$ or 83 mph.

From that time on, he was known as the man to beat wherever he raced, and the old-timers who knew him and raced against him agree that if he wasn't the greatest dirt track racer of his time, and perhaps of all time, there never was anybody around who could prove it. Fred Ludlow, another of the greats

who raced against Johns and still rides a motorcycle daily with the Pasadena police force, says, "He was tough. Oh, man, he was tough! And good. You just couldn't beat him on a dirt track as long as his machine held out. The only way you could beat him was to knock him off his bike—and then you had a first-class fight on your hands after the race." By 1912 Johns had established such a reputation that he won the two-mile national championship at Hawthorne track, Chicago, all alone. He had battled out nine firsts in that meet against stiff competition, but by the time the two-mile event came up, no one cared to compete against him. He was then nineteen years old.

Johns, the son of a Welsh immigrant, was born in Topeka, Kansas, in 1895, but his

THAT THE ALL-

father, a farmer and livery stable owner, retired and moved to 725 So. Spring Street, Los Angeles, in 1900. The atmosphere of the Johns household was pervaded with the rugged spirit of individualism that was so characteristic of the Welsh people who, through long centuries, fought the best English armies almost to a standstill just for the fun of it. Johns' parents taught him an especially rugged, self-reliant form of democracy, and the Constitution of the United States was considered the family bible.

At about that time, the first motorcycles began to appear in the streets, and Johns watched them, fascinated. But when an Indian agency was opened across the street from his home by C. W. Riden—the peer among Los Angeles motorcycle agents—and became a "hang-out" for all the boys of the neighborhood, Johns "caught the fever." He spent every free moment from then on loafing around the shop waiting for the slightest chance to scurry to the assistance of any motorcyclist who drove in. No task was too menial as long as it would serve as an excuse to "bum a ride." "Sometimes they would let me ride, sometimes they wouldn't," Johns told us, shrugging philosophically. "But over a period of time I learned to ride—I was so small I had to mount the machine on a step ladder."

Johns apparently learned fast, for when the first race for Motorcycles alone was held in February of 1907, on the horse track of the old Agriculture Park (now Exposition Park and the site of the Coliseum), C. W. Riden offered an agency Indian for Johns to ride. The excitement of the preparation mounted as the entries were announced. Skinny Collins, president of the Los Angeles Motor Club, was to ride a five hp twin Peugeot. Gal Blalock entered with a five hp twin H & H, designed and manufactured by Billy Hoag of Los Angeles. Paul Derkim was also to ride. Johns remained in a fever of anticipation as the day of the race came up, fussing around the machine and biting his fingernails.

But when the meet actually got under way, the F.A.M. ruled that Johns was too young to ride. He had to stand on the sidelines and watch Charlie (later known as "Fearless") Balke win the first novice race on the same machine Johns was to have driven. Although over forty-five years have passed, the disappointment of that day still shows when Johns speaks of it. "They meant well, I suppose—nobody wants to see a kid get hurt. But Harry Smith rode a Torpedo and he was

only a few months older than I was. His father, C. L. Smith, had the agency for those machines, and I lost out on politics. Later we became sort of friendly enemies, but I had him pegged in my mind from then on."

The race that day was marked by being the first time a mile a minute was run on a one-mile horse track. The highlight of the day came when Skinny (Mile a Minute) Collins ran five miles from the standing start in five minutes and fifteen seconds—a blistering pace in those days and with those primitive machines.

Just the tires they used on those first cycles were frightening. Actually, they were bicycle tires of the non-clincher type with a high raised tread of live rubber running in a strip around the center. The diameter was 1½

Balke on a 30.50 Thor IV, generally cleaned up all the amateur races, while DeRosier mopped up professional honors.

Of this period on the sidelines, Johns has little to say. "I wasn't racing, but I was learning all the time. I didn't consciously imitate anyone, though Balke and I were like brothers. Like everybody at that time, I was developing my own style. I never would change my own way of doing things at anyone else's suggestion. I might change my style, but I did it in my own way. I was bitter, all right. I had taught Graves to ride and he was already racing. But I was coming all the time. I knew that when my chance came I would be ready. I was always going ahead. I never overstepped myself, but I never went backwards."

and DeRosier, at the Los Angeles Motor-drome at 35th and Hooper, in March of 1912, a hooking match developed at ninety miles per hour and Jake went down. He was picked up for dead, but later regained consciousness. His leg, however, was broken in several places and would not heal. After several operations Jake "The Fox" DeRosier died peacefully in a hospital late that fall.

To the riders of that day, the "real stuff" was just part of the game. You took it and you dished it out without any particularly hard feelings or malice. The competitive spirit of the riders seemed to show some of the "Glow and the Glee" of the old cowboy toast quoted throughout the West while respectfully regarding a glass of "red-eye" held at arms length:

FABULOUS JOHNS

TIME MOTORCYCLE GREAT

inches for the front and 1⅝ inches for the rear. There was no tube, and the tire was shellacked to the rim to prevent sliding under power. For additional security, the rear tire was taped to the rim in nine places. The tire was gone within five miles.

Such refinements as high octane gasoline were unheard of, and the quality of gasoline was measured by a hydrometer. Sixty gravity gasoline was considered good; but for racing purposes an 84 gravity gasoline could be purchased in sealed five gallon cans and mixed with standard gasoline to about seventy-two gravities, which was considered the ideal mixture.

This was what many still consider the glory age of motoring. Everybody of note in the field was an experimenter and designer of sorts—almost any effort was a first. It was a time of creation and mushroom growth. High compression heads were impossible because the rough fuels of the day were demons at pre-ignition under the best of circumstances, and spark plugs only seemed to live for a chance to burn up when they were most needed. But everything was tried—even special fuels. Many drivers had chemists prepare formulas to use at the tracks; although only one man, Andrew Thompson Wilson (who is always mentioned by his full name), an enormous, red-bearded gentleman, was successful then. He raised the speed of his Merkle five to seven seconds to the mile with a savage mixture of picric acid and ether.

These must have been bitter years for Johns watching less promising riders gain invaluable racing experience, but he used them to advantage by working at Ridsen's agency and riding whenever and whatever he could.

During this period Jake (The Fox) DeRosier arrived on this coast. He had already established a reputation around New York as a bicycle rider and promoter long before he switched to motorcycles. He helped promote several races in 1908 and 1909 at the old Ascot Park at Slauson and Avalon, which were distinguished by the famous match races between himself and Paul Derkim in which Derkim was defeated every time.

Johns immediately fastened himself to DeRosier doing odd jobs (like sweeping out the grandstand), picking up valuable tips, and, when practice runs were made, borrowing a cycle and taking a run or two himself under the critical eye of "The Fox." At these meets Morty Graves (later known as "The Old Master") on an NSU, and Charlie

At the old Tri-City Track, near San Bernardino, Johns finally got into his first race. All the top men were at Salt Lake, and it was "a sort of punkin center meet." Johns rode his own 30.50 Thor IV to wins over Ray Peck and Jenkins (who later built the Mormon Meteor) in the five, 10 and 25 mile strip stock affairs.

With that one race behind him, he entered the meet at Ascot Park promoted by DeRosier in September of 1910. By this time Graves, Balke, and Ray (Gentleman Ray) Seymour were seasoned trade riders, while Johns still had his reputation to make. However, Johns already had become a fairly seasoned amateur just by constant practice, and generally won any of the 30.50 events he entered. In addition, in the mixed 61 and 30.50 races he fought his way to second behind Balke in one race, and third behind Balke and "Crazy Horse" Verrill in another.

Racing in those days was not the gentlemanly sport it has become in modern times. It was a rough and tumble affair full of flying fists, elbows and, consequently, teeth. The crowd paid to see a brawl as much as a race, and Los Angeles pointed out with pride that the western drivers were the roughest of the lot and, further, had introduced most of the good old eye-gouging techniques.

A clipping from the magazine *Motorcycling*, of June 15, 1914, entitled "Tricks of the Game by Balke and Others," proudly announces:

Balke, Graves and Seymour were the first to introduce bumping, hooking, and elbowing into dirt track racing, regardless of what may be said that Jake DeRosier was the first. The real stuff in competition was pulled off first out on the Pacific Coast in the year of 1909, and about every rider of any prominence today who goes up against such men as Perry, Balke, William Goudy, Graves, Joe Wolters, Don Johns, Dave Dinney, Red Armstrong, or Paul Kickipoo Warner, chief of the Yam-Yams, may expect to get an elbow jammed into his eye if he gets too close to the firing line. They all do it, and while the referee and the public may not always see it, the real stuff is there just the same. . . .

So it becomes apparent that motorcycle racing then was not for boys. The game was played to the hilt with no holds barred. In one of the famous match races between Balke

A vinegaroon jumped on a centipede's back,
And he looked at him with a glow
and a glee.

He said, "You poisonous son of a ———,
If I don't get you first, you'll get me.

So when Johns, sixteen years old, weighing around seventy pounds, and standing about four feet ten inches tall, was racing against Graves, Balke, Seymour, "Crazy Horse" Verrill and such competition and *winning*, it is apparent that his stock of the "real stuff" was not inadequate either. It must also be remembered that he considered Balke his closest friend at that time and admits learning more from him than any other single rider.

Johns' big chance came up as a result of a group of "sort of accidents." Balke, Graves, Seymour, and Ward, all members of the Indian amateur team, were officially listed as trade riders: as such, they were permitted to accept salaries from the Hendee Company, the tire companies, chain companies and such; and to accept merchandise or diamonds as prizes; but under no circumstances were they permitted to accept cash prizes. Then, just as the Hendee Company felt it necessary to attempt to break the records from one to twenty miles held by Graves on a Merkle, the F.A.M. referee, Charles Fuller Gates, who was, according to Johns, "the disqualifyinest man in the business," learned that illegal cash had somehow found its way into the pockets of all the amateur riders of the Indian team. He frightened the whole group to such an extent that they all stampeded and turned professional.

Hendee got a little panicky then as all attempts to run against the Merkle records were handicapped by Hendee trousers down around Hendee ankles, so they began beating the brush for miles around in an effort to locate a competent amateur. Then everything started happening at once. The greatest Indian of that time, old No. 21, was protested before the competition committee of the F.A.M. on the grounds that it exceeded the class displacement of 61 cubic inches. So the Hendee Company wrote to Jake DeRosier in Oakland, where he had been riding No. 21, ordering him to find an amateur if he had to grow one, and to run No. 21 in the time trials. Immediately after the trials the machine was to be sealed, shipped to New York and examined by Dr. Thornley,

(Continued on next page)



Fabulous Johns

chairman of the F.A.M. competition committee, so that the matter could be cleared up "once and for all." DeRosier scooped up No. 21 and Hap Alzina as his amateur, and took off for Los Angeles.

In the meantime, however, Balke, in Los Angeles, had received identical orders from the considerably flurried Hendee Company and had snatched up Don Johns as his amateur. Johns was running another great Indian machine, No. 23, at the Motordrome and beating all existing records in practice laps. When De Rosier arrived and the dust and shouting settled down, they found themselves with Hap Alzina, Don Johns, and Briggs (who had drifted in from some place) all loudly proclaiming themselves the hottest amateurs in the world.

DeRosier, mopping his brow, finally settled on a one mile contest between the riders. Alzina turned the mile in :45 $\frac{1}{2}$; Briggs did :46; and then Johns spat on his hands and scorched the boards at :41 $\frac{1}{2}$. But No. 21 was considerably harder to hold than No. 23. Johns could control it for one mile but doubted that his arms would last the entire twenty. So it looked like he was to lose out anyway, but, at the last minute someone thought of installing stock spring forks on the racing machine. That did it. On April 7, 1911, Johns shattered all amateur records from two to twenty miles.

Immediately after the trials, the officials wrapped No. 21 in yards of wire and sealed it until it was absolutely tamper-proof. The machine was shipped to New York where Dr. Thornley, odds and ends of representatives from different factories, and visiting firemen from all branches of the motoring world, subjected No. 21 to the most exacting examination and proved its displacement to be 60.85 cubic inches. So Don Johns' record was declared official among great bursts of legalizing oratory, and Johns was a national celebrity on his way up to the top.

As a point of side interest, No. 21 was then sent to the factory for overhaul and a general trimming up; whereupon, it was crated and shipped to England. At the track at Brooklands, England, Jake DeRosier ran the machine against Colliers on a J.A.P. in three heats for the championship of the world. Jake won the first heat, blew a tire and fell in the second heat, and finally came through to win the third heat to become the first champion rider of the world. And the 7-hp, 61 cubic inch ported No. 21 was the first championship motorcycle.

Incidentally, the word "ported" in those days did not refer to an enlarged intake system, but to an auxiliary exhaust set-up. In the trial and error experiments of the manufacturers who were in such a desperate race to perfect an efficient motor, every conceivable trick but the right one was pulled out of a hat to make motors run cooler. An idea that prevailed for a long time was that the exhaust was not being discharged fast enough, so a ring of small openings about $\frac{3}{16}$ inches by $\frac{5}{8}$ inches with radiused corners was cut through the cylinder walls just above ring level at the bottom of the stroke as a supplement to the standard exhaust valves. When the rings cleared those ports at the end of the power stroke, flaming gasses rushed out with a hideous clatter. They caused beautiful fireworks at night, charmed spectators with pure noise, kept the riders' legs blistered constantly, and just generally pleased everyone; but the engines still ran hot. With their minds set on exhaust as the cause of overheating, it was years before they discovered

that all they needed was a thicker cylinder wall and more adequate finning and the heat would dissipate itself.

But to the surprise of everyone the ported motors, although they ran just as hot as any other motor, were several seconds to the mile faster than any other machines they could construct. They scratched their heads, shuffled their feet and finally decided that this, too, was a result of prompt disposal of the exhaust. Once more they galloped down the wrong trail and could not turn around.

Actually, the ports functioned as a sort of supercharger. At the bottom of the intake stroke, the rings cleared the ports while there was still a partial vacuum in the cylinder and air rushed in. This allowed them to use a richer mixture and, of course, with more gasoline burning, they developed more power. Later they enlarged the intake system, closed up the ports and went faster still.

And yet, hindsight is easy. The manufacturers did very well. Even now, with all the advantages of the shift, the clutch, the throttle, octane gas, and reliable plugs, to mention a few things, we generally agree that Billy Huber was moving right along when he covered one mile on the dirt track at Langhorne, Pa., in 39.459 seconds. But in 1914 the machines had improved to a point where Johns could sometimes run the mile on the unbanked and generally chopped-up horse tracks of that time in 42 seconds flat.

Johns' luck then ran out at the Tri-City Track at San Bernardino. He was racing in almost every event and doing very well until the five miler came up. Johns and Ray Peck roared by the referee while they were engaged in a vigorous hooking match. The referee immediately disqualified Johns and later, feeling the fault was equally divided between the two riders, disqualified Peck. But after the race the referee incautiously came over to remonstrate with Johns. His tone proved to be a little too arbitrary and fists started flying. As Johns puts it, "I didn't come off second in that contest." But the victory was hollow, for Johns was barred from racing for six months.

During his suspension one of those miracles turned up that was common during the leap-frog development of the motor vehicle. The Excelsior, formerly known and trusted as an enormously handy, reliable, and generally dull machine, began beating all competition on the tracks. It was as if the Plymouth or some such family car should suddenly turn out a model that would out-run the Jaguar XK120 or the Allard. At about that time Jake DeRosier and Balke wired Hendee Company to tell them that No. 21 and No. 23 were already a thing of the past and that faster machines were needed. In a burst of apparent loyalty, Oscar Hedstrom fired both of them, declaring that there *couldn't* be anything faster (although he actually went to work and developed the big-base, eight-valve ported Indians that Eddie Hasher and Ray Seymour rode to break most of the old records).

The booming Excelsior Company snapped up both DeRosier and Balke, so when Johns' period of suspension was up, he went along too. His first job was to run against the Indian speed records, and in practice laps on the board track at Playa Del Rey the day before the time trials, he ran the mile in :37 $\frac{1}{2}$ and :37 $\frac{1}{2}$. When one considers that those motorcycles were little more than bicycles bolted to a motor, those speeds—almost 97 mph—are a little chilling. But on the day of the trials a wind came up that "would snatch fillings from your teeth," so the best speeds were impossible; however, Johns managed to do the mile in :39 $\frac{1}{2}$. The previous record set by DeRosier was :41 $\frac{1}{2}$, so Johns again found himself holder of an official world's record.

For a time then the Excelsior had things

pretty much its own way. Johns toured the meets throughout the country and, by winning against national competition on the dirt tracks—the one mile dirt track was always Johns' strongest field—established his reputation and developed his skill to a point where any of the big factory teams would be delighted at a chance to hire him.

The Illinois meet where he won the Illinois State Championship and took the two mile championship with no competitors has already been mentioned. He did well at big meets at Milwaukee and Detroit, although the 7-hp and 61 cubic inch, ported Excelsior that was the company work-horse, was showing signs of coming apart at the seams. In addition the new, eight valve Indians were showing considerable muscular superiority over the Excelsior.

At Hamilton, Canada, on the Queen's birthday, Johns entered a meet for the Canadian national championship; but the Excelsior just would not perform well until the 20-mile event came up. Barrett won the championship in the five and ten mile events. Don Klark from Detroit (who later took a shipment of Packard armored cars to Russia and was summarily shot one morning as a German spy because the cars would not start) took the 15-mile event. But the Excelsior finally put out a little work and Johns slammed around the 20-mile distance to take home that much of the Canadian championship, at least. His prize for that achievement was a three karat diamond which he mounted on a watch fob. At that time there were a few wrist watches in circulation, Johns reports, "but people who wore them were considered a little queer or something." The diamond was later cut off the fob by some lucky pickpocket in a street-car on State Street, Chicago.

After leaving Hamilton, Johns returned to Chicago and was watching the board track races at Riverview Park when Dave Kinney fell and "loaded" himself up with a new batch of splinters. Johns took Kinney over to the doctor on the fair grounds and was holding his arm as the doctor removed the splinters. The next thing he knew, he was on the floor with his face all wet and the doctor bending over him. He informed Johns that he had fainted.

Johns says that he was extremely embarrassed by the whole affair. It was the first time any such thing had happened to him, although, in a few later instances when he saw people hurt, the same thing happened.

But at the time, he thought little about it. He was having considerable trouble with the Excelsior people over proper servicing of the machines. F. Ignaz Schwinn had taken over the company and the policies had changed. Johns never did like to "tinker around with motors" and Schwinn refused to spend the money necessary to hire good mechanics and keep the machines of his racing team in good condition. Graves and Balke had already left for the same reason and returned to the Indian stables. So Johns quit the company and came back to California.

Just after he won the hill climb at Whittier, California, he learned that the doctor at Riverview had reported his fainting spell to Johnson, manager of the track and a member of the F.A.M. racing committee. Johnson took the matter up with Dr. Thornley, still the head of the committee, and, on the grounds that a man who had tendencies toward fainting spells or any such seizures was not safe around a race track, Johns was barred from racing for life.

At that time, though, the F.A.M. was already very deep in hot water. According to reports of the old timers, western (or as they called it, "coast") racing was treated like an unwashed step child and discontent had reached such a point that the entire racing fraternity of Washington and most of

Oregon pulled out of the F.A.M., organized an independent governing body called the Western Federation of Motors, and began staging their own meets. The movement rapidly spread south toward Los Angeles. At about the same time, the Western Federation of Automobiles pulled out of the A.A.A. Since such illustrious names as Barney Oldfield became members of the W.F.A. and the W.F.M. could boast of such motorcycle riders as Don Johns, Hap Alzina, Dud Perkins, Red Armstrong, Otto Walker, and Skinny (Mile a Minute) Collins, the races on the Coast grew into major events overnight.

In addition, both the F.A.M. and the A.A.A. were so torn up by internal conflict that they could not agree among themselves. Enforcing their regulations on the west coast was out of the question. Dr. Thornley, who was apparently of a rather dictatorial disposition, although no one ever questions his integrity, was finally ousted and Donovan took over as chairman of the competition committee. However, rather than wait for all that to come about, Johns joined the W.F.M. and started making plans for a campaign.

Johns decided that at this time he had served his apprenticeship as an amateur and entered the W.F.M. meet August, 1913, at San Jose, as a professional. He was then riding for W. H. Whitsel, the biggest Excelsior dealer in Los Angeles, who, fortunately for Johns, was not cordially inclined toward Schwinn and the Excelsior factory either. But Johns had been riding on the rough and tumble tracks throughout the country for two years by this time as a member of factory teams, and there was little on the West Coast that could compare with him. He won the Championship of the W.F.M. in spite of several breakdowns, and continued preparing for his battle with the F.A.M.

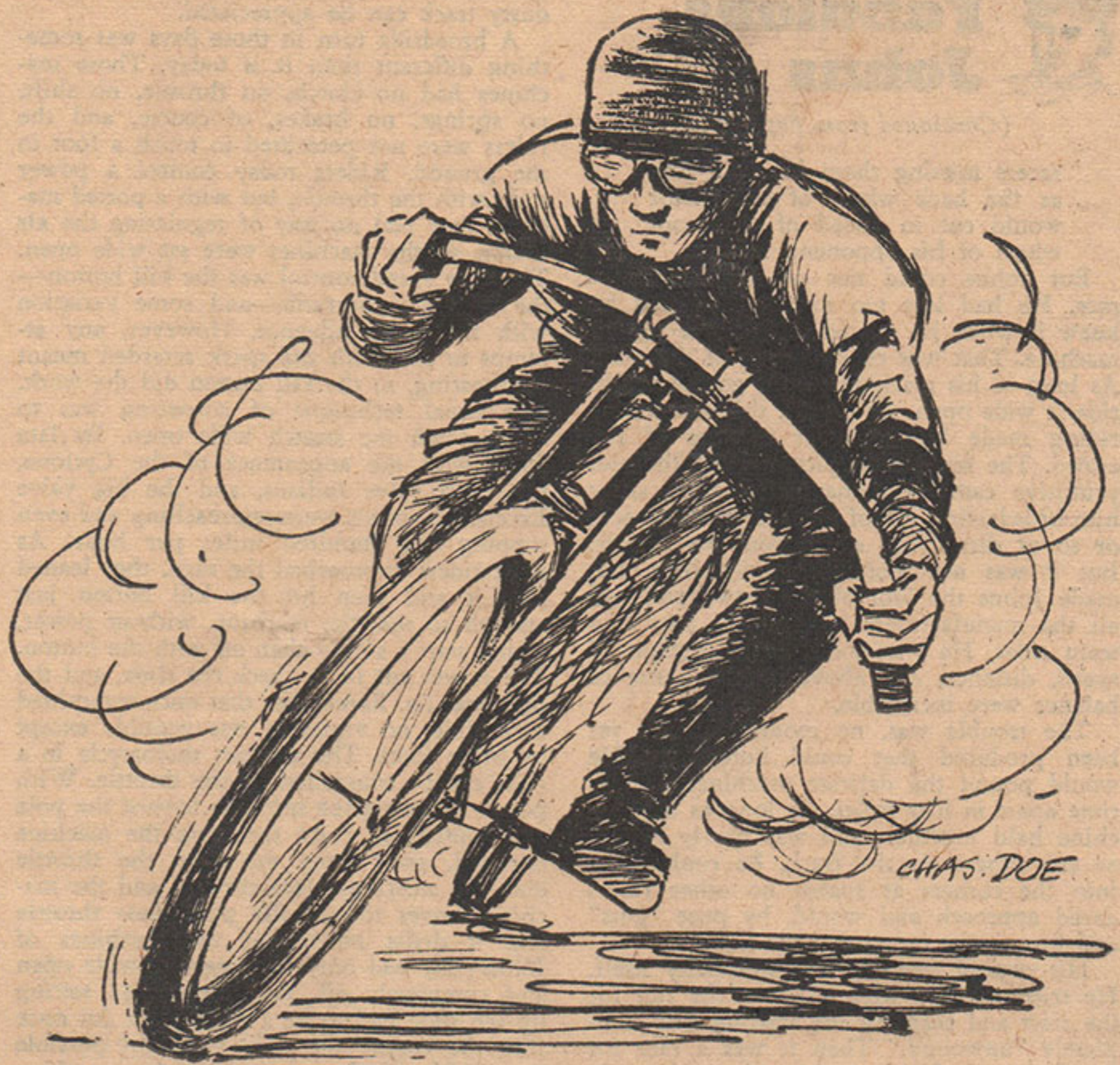
He organized an army made up of his personal friends and took it wherever he went. The more permanent members were: "Towhead" Coffee, "Big Red" Frank, Bill "Sing Fat" Church, Earl Lipps, "Shrimp" Hepburn, "Hindu" Indus, "Medium Red" (name forgotten), "Little Red" Brown who was also known as "Attorney" Brown because of his love of arguments, and Menasco, who later developed the Menasco engine.

The army was a loose jointed organization, but it proved itself enormously effective against the "local dogs" (local riders) and the many self-appointed "Little Czar" referees who were to be encountered throughout all the small meets on the Coast.

Johns never paid his army anything. They foraged their way up and down the country "riding the blinds" from one meet to the next purely as a labor of love. When they all dropped off the train at the outskirts of a town, Johns would go looking through the flop houses to pick a suitable room. (According to Johns they were flop houses as often as they were rooming houses. "We went where we felt comfortable," he explained.) One of the officers of the army always went along on those inspection tours, and his was a grave responsibility. He had to test the carpet for softness and insulating qualities. For only three men could sleep in a bed, and the rest of the army would have to "ride the Brussels" that night.

Fred Ludlow remembers these days very well. "Johns was the darndest fellow," he said, shaking his head. "He wouldn't buy a train ticket and go to a meet in the normal way. He saved his expense money for more lively things. He would gather up his army, catch some train at a water stop, bundle himself and everyone else into the blinds and, you know, he would beat everyone else to the meet. And he didn't need that army for my money. He was quick as a cat and strong as a bull."

With the army putting on a show, and the



F.A.M. too weakened by the conflict to dare a display of force against a popular rider, Johns entered the F.A.M. meets at Ascot Park in October of 1913. Most of the people in the business on the Coast were for Johns, and referee Percy Powers was an old friend, so, with quiet backing from the army, Powers felt safe in accepting \$2.00 as entrance fee in the F.A.M. It was not a victory by any means, since it did not have the backing of the all-powerful competition committee; however, Johns entered every race he could get to.

With his relatively wide experience in the all-out battle tactics of the factory teams behind him, Johns organized an unofficial team of his own made up—among others—of Fred Ludlow on a stripped stock Indian, Montgomery on a strap drive, 4 hp Excelsior, and "Blick" Wolters on a Henderson. Johns traveled then with two 7-hp, ported Excelsiors.

They were the scourge of the "punkin center" meets like the one at Lordsburg, California. An organization of "local dogs" there hewed a one mile dirt track out of a field and from time to time would get up some fine purses thinking, of course, to win them all themselves. However, under F.A.M. rules, they could not refuse to accept an entry. So Johns and company habitually descended on the track to take home all the money. The motorcyclists at Lordsburg puzzled long and hard in an effort to discover some remedy for this depressing state of affairs and finally abandoned racing entirely.

There were a few minor rumblings from the F.A.M. as Johns continued his racing on the Coast, but any effort to bar Johns from the track had to be executed at the last by some local official. That was not healthy. At Bakersfield, for instance, one referee who had heard of Johns turned up at the track with two guns strapped on. He stomped into

the pits walking tough enough to crack paving stones and started to lay down his own brand of law. The army simply moved in and looked. "Whereupon," Johns remembers, "he became very friendly and took us all out to dinner at Sam's 'Gusher' Cafe."

A clipping covering that Bakersfield race shows that Johns was the hero of the day although he never did win a race. Everything went wrong, and every open event went to Stokes. In the hour race the jinx still persisted when his stripped stock Excelsior caught fire. As the clipping tells it:

Don Johns may . . . be termed the hero of the day. Throughout the entire day he rode against odds and in the end saw his chances for winning the hour race go up in smoke when his Excelsior motorcycle caught fire within a few minutes of the finish of the great race.

He proved himself to be a nervy and desperate rider at all times, and when his machine was ablaze he stuck to it and dragged it from the speedway, out of the way of the other racers, while the flames were lashing at his face and hands and burning his clothing. No sooner had he put out the flames on his ruined motor than he was astride another bike, this time the noted Excelsior which has broken so many records. Back again on the track he rode like a demon and gave the greatest exhibition of motorcycle riding that ever has been seen here.

Johns was like a fiend on wheels. He cut the corners seemingly with no thought of the great danger that lay in a collision. At every turn he would pass another of the other

(Continued on next page)



Fabulous Johns

(Continued from page 23)

racers missing them, barely a foot as the back wheel of his motor would cut in ahead of the front wheel of his opponent. . . .

But Johns could not possibly win that race. He had lost too much time—and he knew it when he started out on the second machine. That was characteristic of the man. As long as his machine would go, he would ride it wide open. Of course, this sensational riding made him a great favorite of the crowd. The few action pictures that the old, primitive cameras managed to catch show him broadsiding out of a corner with an acre or so of dirt flying away from his wheels. But it was not merely sensationalism that made Johns the idol of the crowd and had all the manufacturers bidding for him as a team rider. He was good. His judgment of speed, distance, and above all, his sense of balance were incredible.

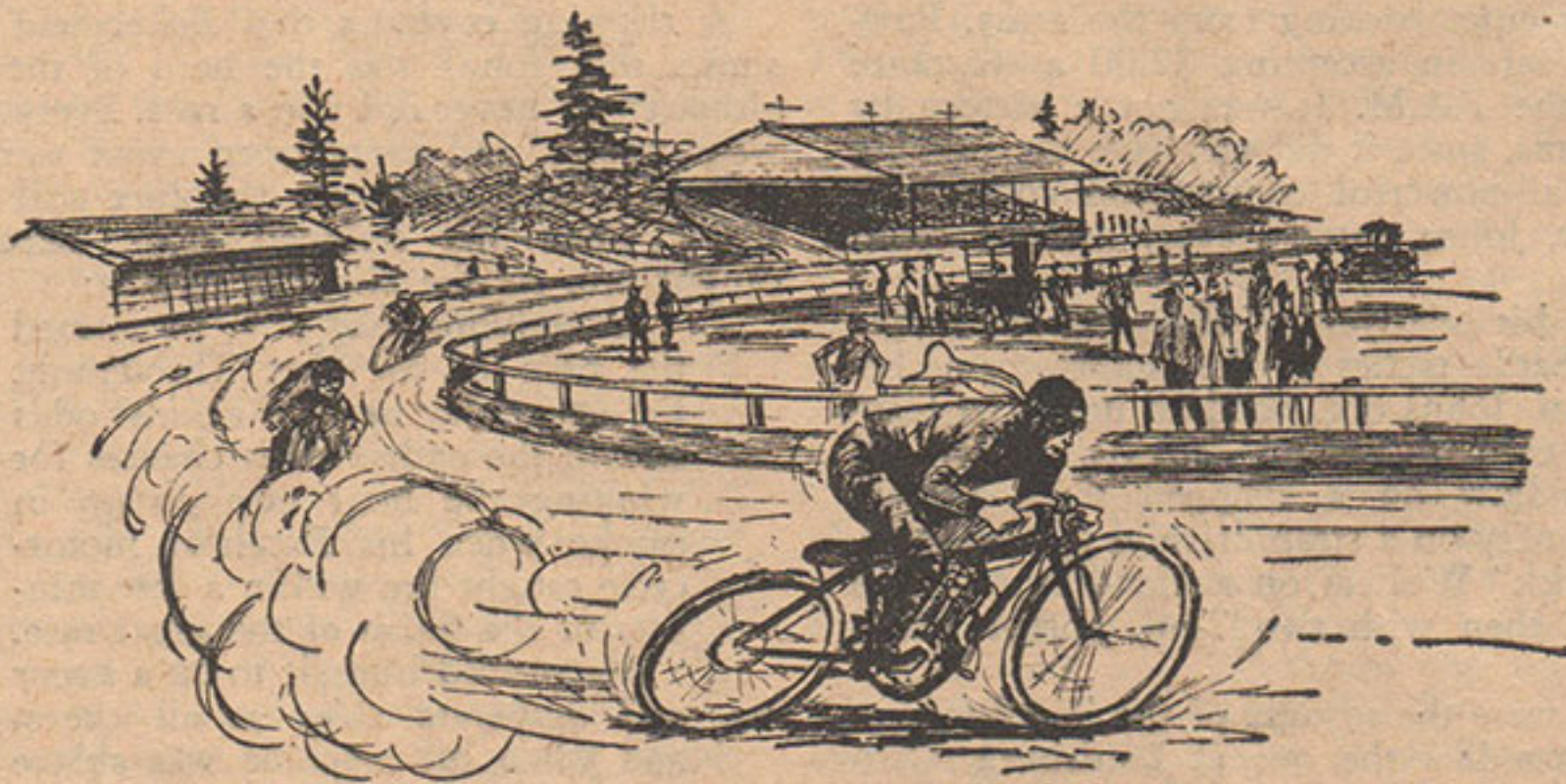
The trouble was, no motorcycle had yet been produced that could hold him. He would pound the delicate machines of that time apart in fifty miles. As long as the machine held together, and was nearly as fast as any others on the track, he could blast into the corners at speeds no other riders dared approach and would, by pure "guts" and fury, move out to lap the field.

His overall strategy was simplicity itself. He tried to drop back a bit at the run for the start and then hit the starting line completely "unwound." Then it was a race for the first turn. If his position from the pole and the condition of the track permitted, and he hit the turn first, the box corner was ideal. That meant approaching the turn wide, broadsiding to position for a straight run across the corner, and then broadsiding again to come out on the straight. Since the slow,

the effects of a violent turn on a really dusty track can be appreciated.

A broadside turn in those days was something different than it is today. Those machines had no clutch, no throttle, no shift, no springs, no brakes, of course, and the riders were not permitted to touch a foot to the ground. Riders today control a power slide with the throttle, but with a ported machine they had no way of regulating the air intake, so the machines were set wide open. The only speed control was the kill button—the magneto short-out—and some variation with the spark advance. However, any attempt to run with the spark retarded meant overheating, so the kill button did the work. The usual technique of cornering was to come down the stretch wide open. By late 1915 with the appearance of the Cyclone, the eight valve Indians, and the big valve Excelsiors, speeds were approaching and even topping one hundred miles per hour. As most riders approached the turn, they leaned into it and then hit the kill button just enough so that the machine, without power, would start a slide—then off with the button. The power cut in to check the slide, and the fight was on. Remember that once committed to a slide, no variation was possible except by brute force. The modern motorcycle in a slide can be controlled by the throttle. With power thrusting the machine toward the pole and centrifugal force throwing the machine outward, away from the pole, the throttle does the steering. More throttle and the machine moves toward the pole. Less throttle and it drifts away. But the machines of Johns' day had only two speeds—wide open and completely off. Positioning and setting up the slide had to be a precise art, for once into the corner the only variation possible was achieved by throwing the machine around with weight and muscle. If a driver hit the kill button while the slide was on, of course, he would be very lucky indeed if he had time to pick himself an especially soft-looking section of the fence to tear out.

But Johns, of course, had his own char-



horse-drawn water carts with only one sprinkler spigot could not hope to wet the track down—the dust was dry twenty feet behind them on a hot day—Johns' wide-open box turns generally moved half the landscape up into the air. The riders behind him after one of those sensational turns might grope their way out of the acres of suspended dust to see Johns positioning himself for the next turn.

Of course, just a simple broadside might be adequate under most circumstances. Look at the picture of the Portland race. Notice that Johns has jumped completely away from his nearest competition, Otto Walker. Bear in mind that that is the first turn of the race and that the Portland track was still wet, and

characteristic way of doing things. He scorned the aid of the kill button and threw himself into the slide by brute strength. His favorite handle bars were only 14½ inches across, so the force necessary can be appreciated by any rider. He ran his machines wide open in and out of the turns.

Fred Ludlow enjoys talking about the time he watched Johns trying to teach Flickenstein—one of the top board track riders of that time—how to ride a dirt track. Johns was telling him to keep off the kill button—that it wasn't needed. Flickenstein looked dubious. Johns would leap on a machine and demonstrate in a roaring turn around the track. "See," he would shout over the roar of the machine. "No kill button."

Flickenstein still looked dubious.

Finally they talked him into trying it. Down the stretch he came, wide open, motor roaring, and, when he reached the turn he simply continued right straight on past it. At the last minute he apparently abandoned all hope and vanished in a cloud of dust as he fell just before hitting the fence. Ludlow and Johns fumbled through the dust and located Flickenstein beside the machine, dazed, torn and bleeding but, miraculously, not seriously hurt. No words were wasted on sympathy. "Dash dash blank!" Johns shouted. "You cut it off!"

"I couldn't turn," was the plaintive reply.

Flickenstein, after that experience, specialized in board tracks exclusively.

This all-out riding technique, as Johns himself now admits, lost many races. The pattern of meet after meet is set rigidly; Johns would take all the events under twenty miles and then enter a 100 mile or an hour race. About half-way through the long event, Johns' machine would succumb to the pounding and some slower, more cautious, rider would win. The Dodge City 300 miler of July, 1914—the Indianapolis of motorcycles—gives us a good example. Just before the meet, the Indian team pulled an eight valve ported machine from the crates. This was something new—even to the rugged team competition—since the big, fast machines were not built for endurance meets and slower machines were generally used. However, the plan was for the eight valve to set a pace that would kill off the other competition. The Merkle team had exactly the same idea. Excelsior was asleep at the switch.

The trick worked. The pace set by the eight valve during the 50 miles it held together generally tore everything else apart, including the Merckles. Johns, of course, charged right into that competition and at about 70 miles most of the components of his Excelsior parted company. Even the gas tank fell off. The race was won by a stripped stock "Sports Model" Indian with a clutch, foot boards and all the trimmings at an average speed of 68 mph.

Ray Crevitson was Johns' nemesis and mortal enemy during the later years. He was a very smooth, calculating and extremely skillful rider. Even Johns admits that he was "very good." He would quite frankly exploit Johns' riding and play the probabilities. The method was to move right up behind Johns and ride his pace for lap after lap. In those days of limited horse power, that was very important. A man riding pace was sucked along in the wake of the rider ahead of him, and his motor was not working nearly as hard since he had very little wind resistance to fight. In addition, "running the pace" was possible. The sly rider would drop back about ten feet or so, then blast up the tunnel of low wind resistance left by the front rider and at the last minute swerve aside and pass him. Even with a slightly slower machine, he could hold the lead for a second or two. If everything were timed right, that second out in front could even be attained at the finish line for a win.

Crevitson became a master at pace running. According to Fred Ludlow he would hang on Johns' pace for lap after lap in the long events even if his machine were faster. The method was enormously practical. He would be sucked along while Johns fought the wind and heated up his motor. Crevitson's motor, not working too hard, stayed cool. From time to time he would run the pace and shoot past Johns for a few feet, and Johns could never know just when he might open up in a serious bid for the lead. Crevitson had very little to lose. Johns usually sucked him far out ahead of the other riders, so he was certain of second place money. And by keeping Johns constantly working at maximum speed trying to shake

him loose and to keep him from running the pace for a win, there was always a good possibility that Johns would blast into a corner too fast and fall, or that his motor would blow up.

Even when, toward the last, the two men were teammates for Indian, there was no love lost between them. Johns always accused Crevitson of hanging on the pace waiting for Johns to fall. "Running for blood money," as Johns called it—with Johns furnishing all the blood. But no one can blame Crevitson. The old-timers agree that that was the only way to beat Johns. On a dirt track, with the machines being equal, he just had no competition.

It was not merely a matter of "guts," although Johns rode with a savage fearlessness. Once, for instance, when an oil line broke and he had used up about 10 pairs of goggles that could not be kept clean with the oil and sand sticking to them, he rode 15 miles with no goggles at all. When the machine finally blew up completely, and he pulled into the pits for the last time, blood was running from his eyes and he was nearly blind. Blood vessels in his eyes had been ruptured by the flying sand. But, as we said, courage, or recklessness, was not all of it. The men who raced against him hold him to be the most skillful dirt track rider of his time, and that is about all there is to it.

By 1914 Johns had improved to such a point that the Excelsior could not hold him. "I was master of the machine—it could not master me," Johns said. So when the Johns Manufacturing Company, makers of the fabulous Cyclone, contacted him, he felt that he had finally found a machine cut to his measure. The Cyclone had appeared on the board tracks and made a good showing, and the Johns Company chose Johns to introduce it to the dirt tracks.

The racing Cyclone was a 7-hp, 61 cu. in., ported machine with a 56 inch frame. It had overhead valves, a single overhead camshaft, and every moving part turned on Swedish S.K.F. self-aligning ball bearings excepting the wrist pin. The wrist pins were pressed into the rods, and turned in lugs that were bolted through the roof of the piston. The two valves per cylinder were operated by a rocker arm that was yoked to the valve stem to eliminate the wiping effect of usual valve action. The $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch valves were set in the hemispherical combustion chamber with the plug hole exactly between them. It had 14 ports, $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{5}{16}$ inches, with radiused corners, at the bottom of the stroke. At ring level 32 holes $\frac{1}{32}$ inch in diameter were drilled around and through the cylinder wall, and a cover was welded over them with a fitting for an oil line. Oil was forced through the holes by a gear pump throwing about one gallon every fifty miles to lubricate the rings. Rods and bearings were splash fed by a hand gun that squirted oil between the flywheels. Later Johns made a dirt track 48-inch frame for the cycle to his own specifications.

Johns states that this racing Cyclone, so far ahead of its time, would stand against the machines today if fitted with a high compression head to take advantage of modern fuels.

The unveiling of the Cyclone is one of Don Johns' most cherished memories. The Hendee Company, thinking he was still with the Excelsior, offered him a spot on their team and, actually, threatened him by pointing out that he would have no chance against the new eight valve Indians. The meet, at Stockton, California, was to be run for state championships in the five mile (Hendee Trophy) and 10 mile (Sperry Trophy) events. On the day before the races, Johns unpacked the Cyclone and waited for Skinny Collins to come around on his fast eight valve Indian. Johns just rode slowly along-

side him watching the satisfied smile playing across his face. Then as he recalls it, "As we started out of a turn, I just unwound that Cyclone. The first thing they saw down at the pits was the rear wheel coming at them out of a cloud of dust. Collins immediately retired to the pits and informed Hap Alzina that he had a stomach ache."

Johns and the Cyclone pretty well chewed up the races next day, and threw the crowd into such a frenzy that they almost tore the machine apart to take home souvenirs. Johns says that in addition to being the hottest thing on the tracks at that time, the Cyclone had a deep, bell-toned roar that "was pure music." The Indian stock dropped to nothing at that track and Kendall, the factory representative, took orders for 250 machines.

The Cyclone held up somewhat better under Johns' violent riding, but he still rode beyond its capacities. Newspaper clippings covering races all over the United States bulge with frantic adjectives trying to describe the sensational riding Johns did on the yellow Cyclone. At Dodge City the crowd went wild when Johns rode a two mile time trial in 1:14. That is about 97 mph on an average and Johns says the Cyclone was doing 107 or 108 mph on the straights. Almost every race during the time he rode the Cyclone turned into a recital of smashed records.

From modern standards, the meet at the Phoenix state fair in November, 1914, is especially interesting. By virtue of having won the three day Los Angeles-to-Phoenix race in a Bear Cat Stutz, Barney Oldfield had been declared the champion driver of the world. (Louis Chevrolet, driving the first Chevrolet, placed second in that race and immediately sold out to General Motors.) With a great amount of flurry and publicity the papers took up the coming meet in which \$1000 was offered for the fastest mile of the day whether made by a "horse, airplane, or baby buggy."

Oldfield already held the track record at 48 seconds and was sure no one would beat it unless it was himself. Dr. Boido, a local man, brought up the subject of Don Johns and the Cyclone, and finally needled Oldfield into a bet: first, that Johns could not beat 47 seconds; and, second, that if Johns or anyone else did, Oldfield would beat the *new* record. Another interesting entry was Lincoln Beechie flying a Curtis pusher type airplane powered (as nearly as Johns can recall) by an eight cylinder, Vee-type Curtis engine. By the time the meets got under way, the publicity of the big name entries and excitement brought on by news of the wager had the whole state of Arizona in a dither.

Oldfield watched pop-eyed while Johns hurled the yellow Cyclone around the track in a record shattering 46 seconds. Beechie was hardly in the race. Johns cannot remember his time exactly, but thinks it was around fifty seconds. Oldfield was disgraced. He was driving a 300 hp direct front wheel drive, four cylinder Christie. It boasted an eight inch bore and an 11 inch stroke. But even that cavernous displacement did no good, for Oldfield could not even match his precious record and his best time turned out to be :48 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Johns covered himself with glory.

In light of the radical nature of the Cyclone, it is unfortunate that the Johns Company could not stay together. The overhead camshaft alone might have been enough to change the whole history of American motorcycling if the factory had continued operation a few years longer. But it just seemed to fall apart. Johns stated that the top men were so busy fighting among themselves that they couldn't build motorcycles. In his own words, "Well, there they were—four Swedes at loggerheads, with me caught in the middle. So I left them."

The Hendee Company had been after

Johns for over a year. In fact, some of the old-timers believe that they were responsible for quashing the F.A.M. ruling that banned Johns from the tracks. In any event, Thornley was ousted and Donovan came in as head of the competition committee. At one of the Sacramento meets in 1915, Johns had a vigorous quarrel with a referee who ended up trying to bar him from the track and swinging the old "barred for life" ruling like a club. Johns gathered up Big Red, Little Red and Jack Green, and the whole affair was cleared up when they invaded Donovan's office on the mezzanine of the Sacramento Hotel. Their methods may have been slightly unofficial, but Johns was an officially accepted member of the F.A.M. from that time on.

So Johns returned to the Indian team in August of 1915 and remained with them until he left racing entirely. His riding was as sensational as ever, but the machines were still too frail to hold him. At Bakersfield, in the 100 mile open race of 1916, for instance, Johns took the lead immediately and broke every world's record from two to 15 miles, touring the fifteen miles in 11:15. At the 35 mile mark, he had a lap on Morty Graves, a lap and a half on Fred Ludlow, and two laps on Tice. But the distance jinx caught him again and the top tank broke open throwing oil over everything. Johns, of course, retired and Graves took first.

By this time Johns says racing was beginning to become work. It was no longer a thrill to approach each turn. A race was only another race. The "Glow and Glee" were gone.

But he was still riding at his best form and wide open. At Overland Park, Denver, Colorado, in 1916, Johns entered the 50 mile event, and took the lead immediately; but before long the condenser seemed to weaken. The motor would run well for a while and then sputter along at half power. When the machine *was* functioning, Johns was going full bore, taking the very soft, dusty corners as hard as he could, in box turns. On one of the more vigorous turns the front wheel buckled, the forks bent, and over he went. Johns was unhurt, but the machine was a mess. Henderson, the factory representative, surveyed the crumpled Indian sadly and remarked, "I guess we never will build a machine tough enough to hold you, Johns."

But the Hendee Company and the other big manufacturers like Harley paid out around \$100,000 a year to support racing teams. In those days that was *money*. In addition to advertising benefits Hendee wanted to find out just how to improve their machines. The work that Johns and the other drivers did in demonstrating just exactly where a motorcycle could be torn apart under stress is directly responsible for the sturdy, reliable Indians and Harleys we ride today—36 years later.

Johns was still as fearless as ever before. He would ride a motorcycle anywhere, against anyone, and on any track. For example, he *deliberately* stopped off at the Tucson, Arizona fair to ride in their meet a *second* time. To the surprise of the whole team the year before the Tucson event turned out to be a 48 mile road race. The track made one brief swoop in front of the grandstand and then took off across the cactus patches on a scraped-out road.

In 1915 Morty Graves was being towed to the fair grounds on the cycle he was to race and immediately found himself hanging on with everything he had—including teeth, according to Johns.

"Slow down!" Graves shouted to the man doing the towing. "This is too rough."

The man looked back, startled, and said, "Well, Blazes, son! This is the smoothest section for miles around—including the track. Maybe you don't want to race here."

(Continued on next page)



Fabulous Johns

Graves thought it over for about one or two seconds and replied, "You're right. Turn around and take me back."

But Johns installed spring forks on his machine with the cut-off button on the handle bars, and won the race.

When he returned in 1916 of his own free will, he found that the local motorcycle club had slyly barred any out-of-state entries. However, the fair commission got up a purse and Johns put on a demonstration ride to end all demonstrations. He already held the track record from the previous year, but this time he demolished all records by touring the brutal course at an average of 80 mph. Johns feels, however, that the *real* record of that day was established when he took off from a little bridge over a culvert and soared 120 feet through the air. He estimates that he was about twelve feet from the ground and declares that every tooth in his head was loose for a week. There were no springs on those cycles—only spring forks.

Then he loaned his racing Indian to Elly Wilson, a local rider who had no machine of his own and was only watching the race, and Wilson surprised even himself by performing like a master and thoroughly trouncing all the "local dogs." Johns left feeling quite pleased with himself.

But by late in 1916 the war in Europe was in full swing. America was still out of it, but the war fever was mounting and everyone expected a declaration of war at any moment. American industry was tooling up for production of defense materials, the U-boats were sinking large numbers of the ships that took the products to Europe, and all the motorcycles that America could produce found a ready market on delivery abroad.

So racing was almost through until after the war, and the last meet where big teams and "name" drivers appeared was at Phoenix, Arizona, November 13, 1916.

At the beginning of the race the Indian team quarreled. Crevitson and Kinney formed a separate agreement to split the prize money between them. Johns and Graves, infuriated, made the same agreement. Graves' machine was very slow, so Johns handled all the short ones—and did it well. He took the one mile event and established a new world's record for the five mile event on that type of track at 3:57—the previous record of four minutes flat also being held by Johns. When it came to the 10 mile event, Johns had trouble.

"Crevitson and Kinney thought they could out-hook and out-manuever me and right at the starting line, with one on my right and one on my left, they tried to pocket me. I caught Kinney with a back hand and threw a couple of good hooks into Crevy and took off. The referee saw the whole thing and later he told me I did a good job. Kinney followed about a quarter of a lap behind me all through the race, and when I came around the first time, I saw Crevy leaning up against a fence with a glassy look in his eyes. I just toured a casual 10 miles in 8:12. Didn't even know the Ex. team was in it."

Johns chuckled and went on, "Graves rode the hour event. I would have gone that one too in spite of our plans—my cycle was running well—but I had fallen the day before in practice and sprained my ankle and shoulder. I was all in. Crevy rode a very fine race—did 73¼ miles in the hour for a world championship—but Kinney just stuck to Graves' pace with a lot more steam, figuring to pass him in the last lap for second

place money. But I noticed the starter getting ready to put up a flag for the next to the last lap. Well, there's no such flag in an *hour* race—the race ends when the time runs out. Kinney was expecting the flag too and planning to pass Graves at that signal. I walked over to the starter and explained things to him. So Kinney steamed by in Graves' pace with a happy smile on his face—there was no flag, and the race ended in the back stretch. Kinney didn't even know it. So I evened the score and saved myself \$150."

Johns laughed happily, "That Kinney was one mad Dutchman."

Johns was out to win, as he was expected to be, and he was better at it than anybody else; but the Belmont Track meets in August, 1916, perhaps shows the spirit of competition in a clearer light.

The track, to begin with, was a murderous irregular affair shaped like a "D." There was one long straight and then a long turn, a very short straight and then another turn. Every turn, Johns remembers, had a slightly different radius. The weather was hot and the track was so dusty that even the practice runs were dangerous. The dust flew up and just seemed to hang there forever. There was a lot of talk—especially from the Harley people—about calling the race off; but they finally settled for a standing start. When Johns got under way, he managed to hit the turn first in a desperate bid to get away from the

FLASH!

AN AMERICAN Harley-Davidson 1000 cc motorcycle, piloted with skill and daring by a Belgian police officer, won the annual 1,500 mile race that cuts across the Western Europe frontiers, linking the Belgian town of Liege to the Italian industrial city of Milan, and back again.

Only 22 of the original 53 finished the gruelling international competition. British, Belgian and American motorcycles varied between the 250 cc Sarolea and Omega to the powerful Harley-Davidsons with which the Belgian police are equipped.

dust and broadsided all the way around it. When he came around again the red flags were down. He went into the dust very slowly, but couldn't see a thing. In those days you never knew who might try to "pull a fast one" by waving a flag, so Johns shouted to ask the officials if they would pay him for the race. They refused, so he kept going. Finally they agreed to pay him for a win, and he stopped. Then he learned that Bill Brier, "a fine boy from Milwaukee with a wife and three children," had missed the turn and continued straight on. If the course had been standard, he could have felt his way around, but he had lost the pole and crossed the track to pile into the fence. He died a short time later. Johns immediately asked that all his prize money be sent to Briers' widow.

Big time racing was finished for the duration of the war after the Phoenix race. When Johns got back to Los Angeles, he received a letter from the Hendee Company announcing that as of January 1st, 1917, the team was disbanded. All the big companies dropped their team activities at that time.

There was one local event of minor importance, and Johns made a 24-hour endurance run that added 89 miles to the old record, but then Johns married and settled down to learn the oil business with every intention of leaving the racing game for good.

His reasons sound simple. "I had intended

to race throughout 1917, but the war came along to prevent that. I had been thinking of quitting for some time. I was always interested in the oil business and wanted to make a career of it. Now you take the racing game. While I was in it, it was still a game most of the time. Toward the last, though, it was becoming work. A guy only has about two years at his peak, and then he goes stale—and he starts thinking too much. He is still good—experienced—but he won't do the things he used to do. No, you only have about six good years—two or three coming up and a couple at your peak, and the rest of the time you're going down."

But Johns wasn't quite through with racing. In July of 1918 a Red Cross benefit meet was staged in Grand Island, Nebraska. The town was the greatest horse and mule market of the United States, so it boomed during the war and the crowd at the meet was huge. The Hendee Company asked Johns to ride for them, and he accepted.

At the track they unpacked two machines—No. 50 and No. 78—that had been stored since January 1st, 1917. Things generally went a little wrong at the start. Hillard, a rider on the Excelsior team, had a nasty fall; his goggles broke and filled his face with glass, and his foot got caught under the crankcase of the sliding machine and ground his ankle to the bone. In addition, Johns was coasting into the pits on the morning of the race, going very slowly, when suddenly the machine just slid out from under him. He was very surprised to find himself on the ground. He wasn't hurt much at the time but later his knee started swelling badly.

A gas line on No. 78 broke before the 25-mile event, so Johns never did get onto it. They sent a man into town for a new gas line and ran all the automobile events and played the band to hold the crowd until the machine could be repaired. Johns was so embarrassed that he asked them to start the race without him. They would not consider it.

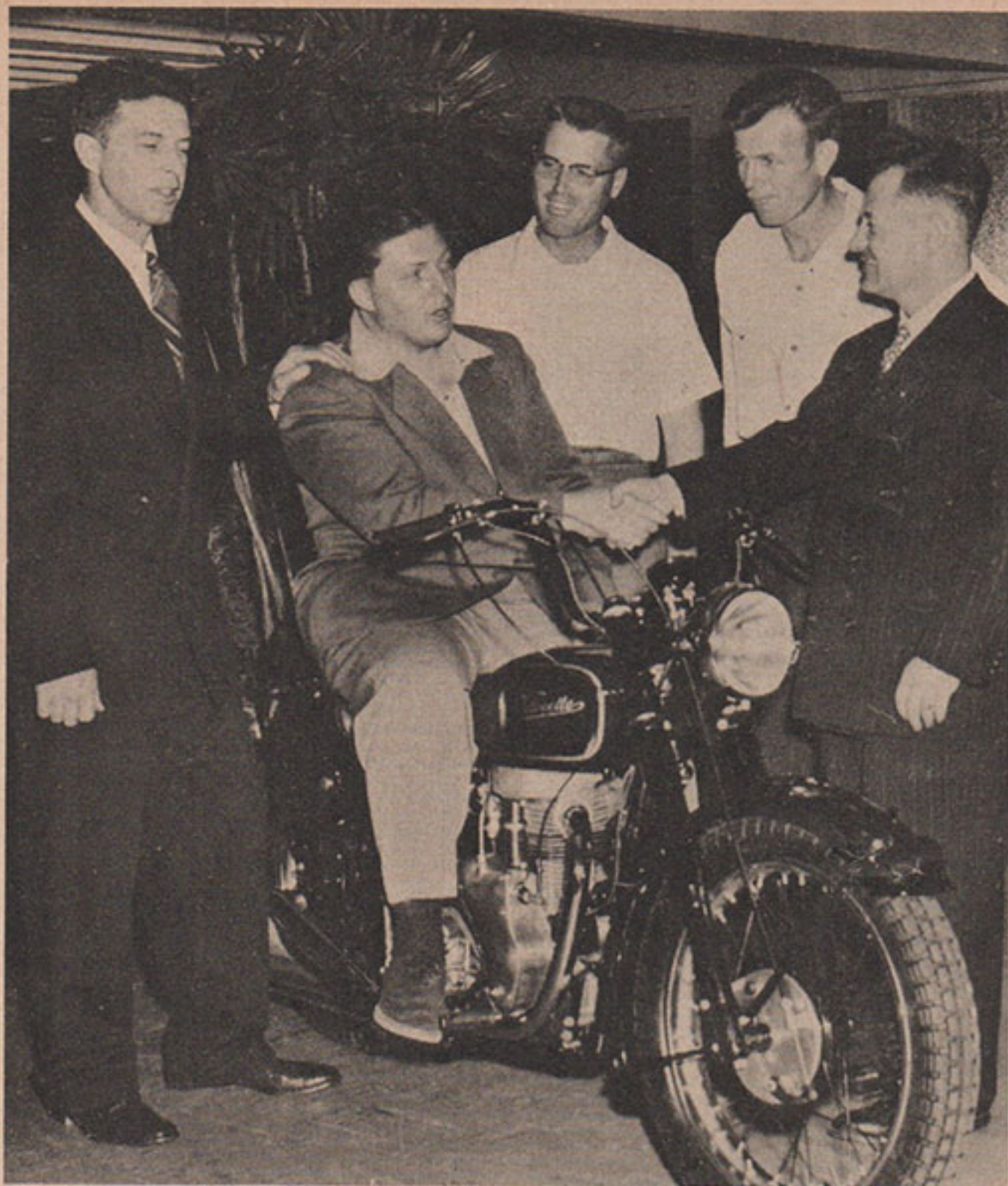
Finally the race started and Johns assumed the lead immediately. But the tires had been stored so long, he was afraid of them. He raced very carefully and had no trouble until, at about 75 miles, a very good rider on an eight valve Harley began to challenge.

"He was very persistent. I don't know his name, but I remember he had a marvelous mustache. Well, I wasn't going to lose that race because of old rubber, so I got this fellow in the back stretch with a couple of good hooks and sent him picking corn. He never was closer than a quarter of a mile from then on.

"I continued then driving as carefully as I could and watching the fabric start to show through those tires. I probably used my head more that day than I ever did before in my life. Then at 99 miles I began running low on gas. With about a pint of gas sloshing around the flat bottom of that four gallon tank, the engine started missing. That guy with the mustache would have won for sure, only right then he broke a rocker arm and I took the event . . . I even went an extra lap after the flag to cinch it . . . I was glad to see that one end. I was out of shape and my hands were so blistered that I couldn't sleep that night and had to call a doctor."

Johns returned to California then and settled down to learn the oil business. His travels took him all through Arabia, South America, and Mexico. He tried several branches of the business, but finally specialized in designing tools, which is the trade he follows today.

"When I quit motorcycles," he explained, "I quit for good. I hardly noticed one in the streets for 15 years. I put that business aside like a child does a toy—or a man a woman. Just put down 'Don Johns. Raced from August 1909 to July 4th, 1918.' Adios Amigos . . . !"

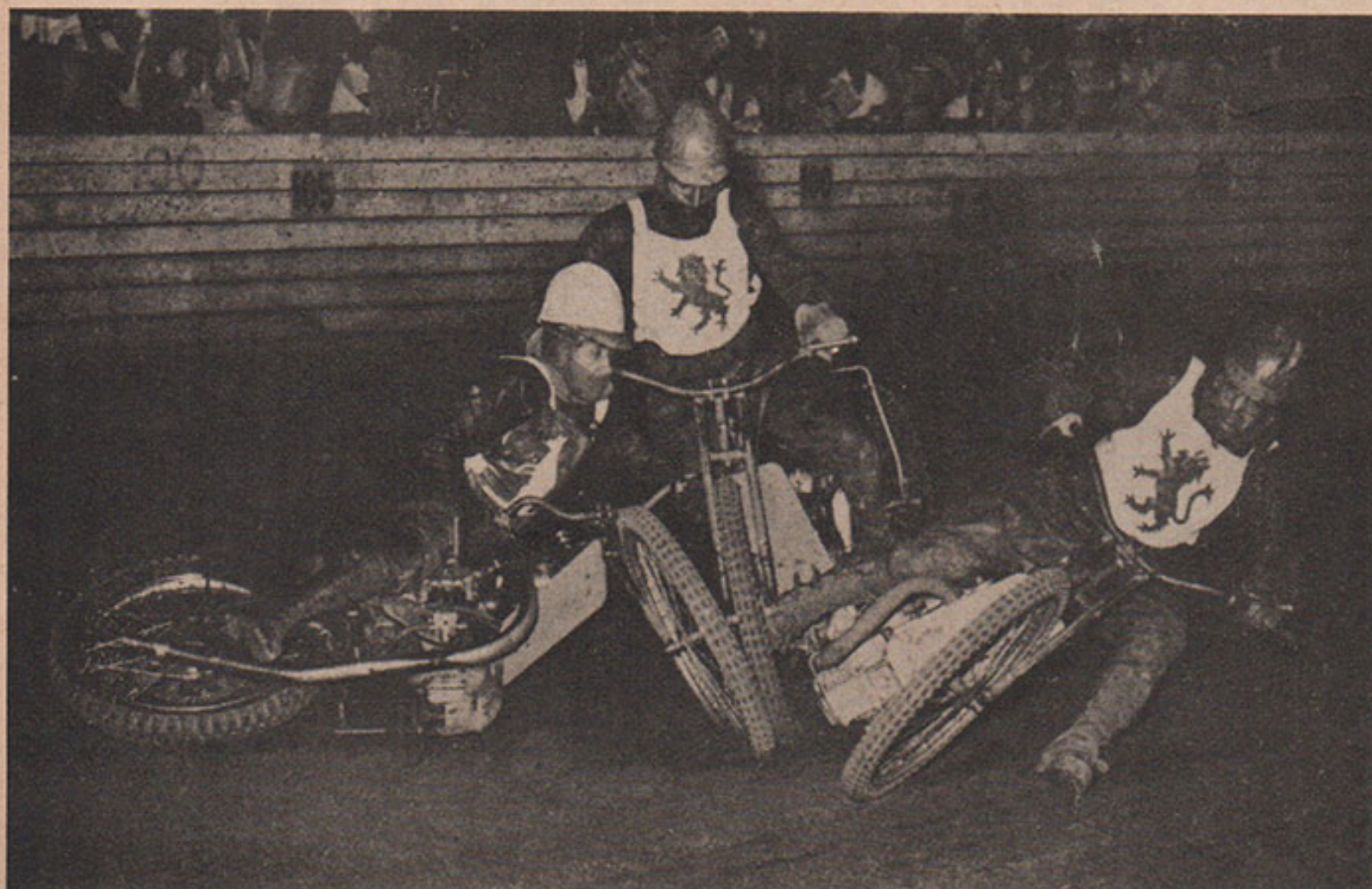


Ken Kay, seated, rides off with new Velocette MAC and best wishes from Lou Branch, U.S. distributor. Earl Flanders, handlebar king, left, and Trojan Leather Co. (not present) gave other prizes

CYCLE SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST WINNERS

- | | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Ken Kay | Sherman Oaks, Cal. | Velocette MAC motorcycle |
| 2. Ernie May | Los Angeles, Cal. | Trojan leather jacket |
| 3. Bob O'Donnell | Hamilton, Ohio | Trojan leather jacket |
| 4. Glen H. Richard | York, Nebraska | Trojan leather jacket |
| 5. Carl W. Herrmann | Perham, Minnesota | John Bull tire |
| 6. Betty Ann Jereney | Glens Falls, N.Y. | Flanders battery |
| 7. Robert R. Sadler Jr. | Norfolk, Virginia | Flanders handlebars* |
| 8. William R. Glover | No. Hollywood, Cal. | Flanders handlebars† |
| 9. John Chislett | Elgin, Illinois | Flanders handlebars† |
| 10. Magdalene Mayhak | Schiller Park, Ill. | Flanders handlebars† |

*with controls †without controls



Aussie Bill Longley goes down under to chop a couple of blokes from the kingdom in an England vs. Australia test match at the Sydney Sportsground Speedway. Cyril Roger is caught in the middle

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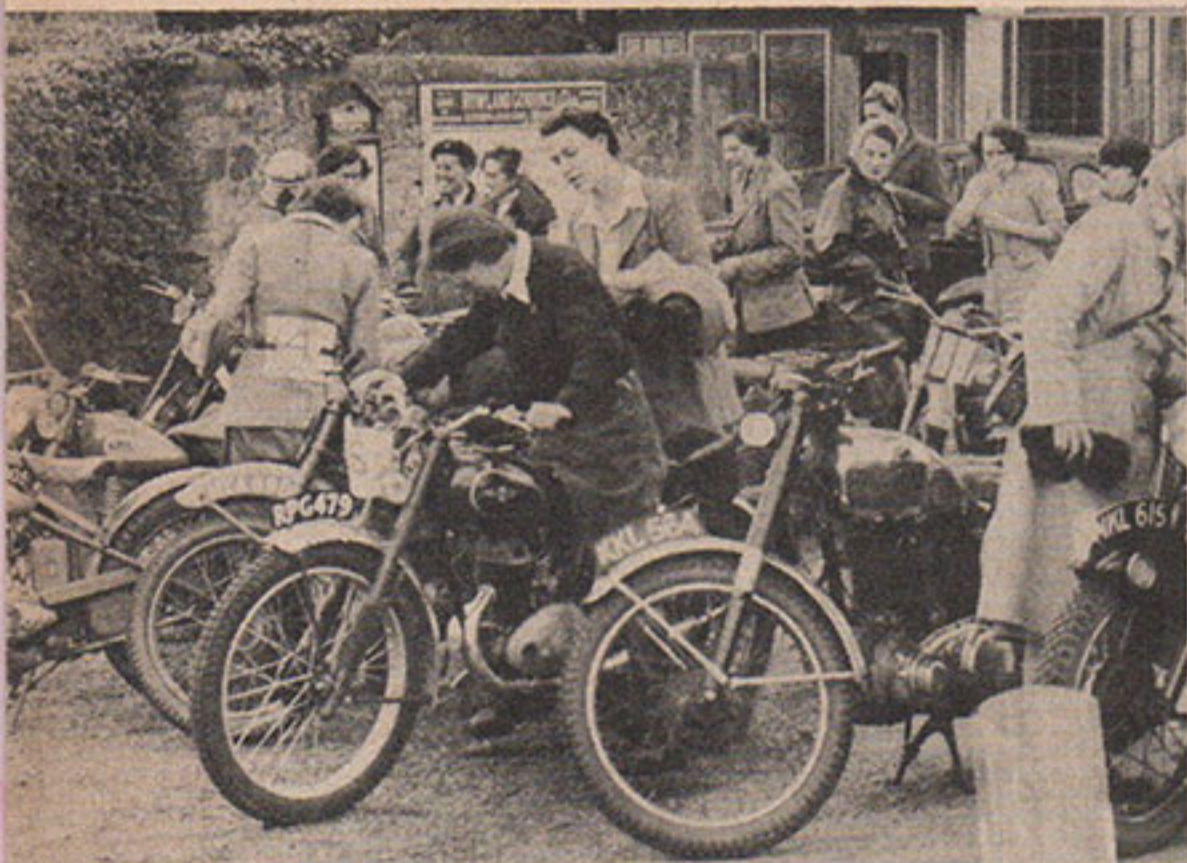
PALLEY SUPPLY CO 2263 E. VERNON AVE. Dept. **CY-8** LOS ANGELES 58, CALIF.



Miss Blackburn, petite brunette, although a newcomer to the sports, handles her Bantam with skill

Babes in the Woods

Text
and Photos
by Ray Biddle



LEFT, Off come windshields, mudguards and headlights as the girls prepare to strut their stuff. Number plates, strapped on their backs as well as bolted to the front of their machines, assisted the checkers in scoring. Girls lack organization for more than just a few events

BELOW, Little lady with big ambitions, Mrs. June Lines, plans to compete on the continent this year in scrambles events, the first being at Geneva where she will ride a DOT. Girls had to ride feet-up, if possible, through mud and water



"SAY, WASN'T THAT A GIRL?" "Naw! You never saw a girl ride like that," replied the other spectator at a recent cross country enduro. Don't kid yourself brother! From the performances being turned in recently, it is obvious that the powder and paint brigade will no longer be relegated to the task of meeting hubby at the checks with a kiss and a gallon of gas. The femmes do, however, seem to be having a little trouble in the organization and promotion of all-girl events and it was with great expectancy that I shouldered camera, pencil and pad to cover the recent All Women's Trial of the London Ladies Motorcycle Club.

I was very surprised to learn that the club had been in existence for 25 years and that every lady motorcyclist who had ever made a name for herself in this country had at one time or another been a member. Miss Lee Marson, energetic and purposeful secretary, told me of some of the difficulties facing a women's club of this kind. "There must be several thousand women riding motorcycles in Britain today," she said. "But of course, not all of them are interested in participating in the sporting side. Those that are interested, are scattered all over the country and it is difficult to arrange an event that will be geographically convenient for all. We are endeavoring at the moment to set up regional branches of the club to cover every area. We now have 75 members and the purpose of the trial is to bring as many together as possible from all parts of the country."

Though the entry was comparatively small, several had come as far as 70 miles to try their skills. It had been decided to hold the trial in two parts. One part in the morning which was road work and the second part in the afternoon to be a pukka sporting trial.

Starting from the Cross-in-Hand Inn in the lovely wooded Sussex countryside, the scene at the start was, at first glance, typical of all trials; motorbikes were aplenty, numbers were being attached and tire pressures adjusted and all the technical details attended to, and yet something seemed strange. There it was. The place was littered with gorgeous creatures! Slim blond types mixed with more muscular ones. Riders mingled with the spectators who had borrowed the family car and came along to cheer the ladies in their neat motorcycle dress.

The morning run consisted of route finding and time keeping over a road course of 27 miles and finished with some special tests. A secret check part-way round cost some competitors a lot of marks and at least one managed to get lost and missed the check completely. As the starting time drew near, the tension increased. With only a few exceptions this was the first trial in which



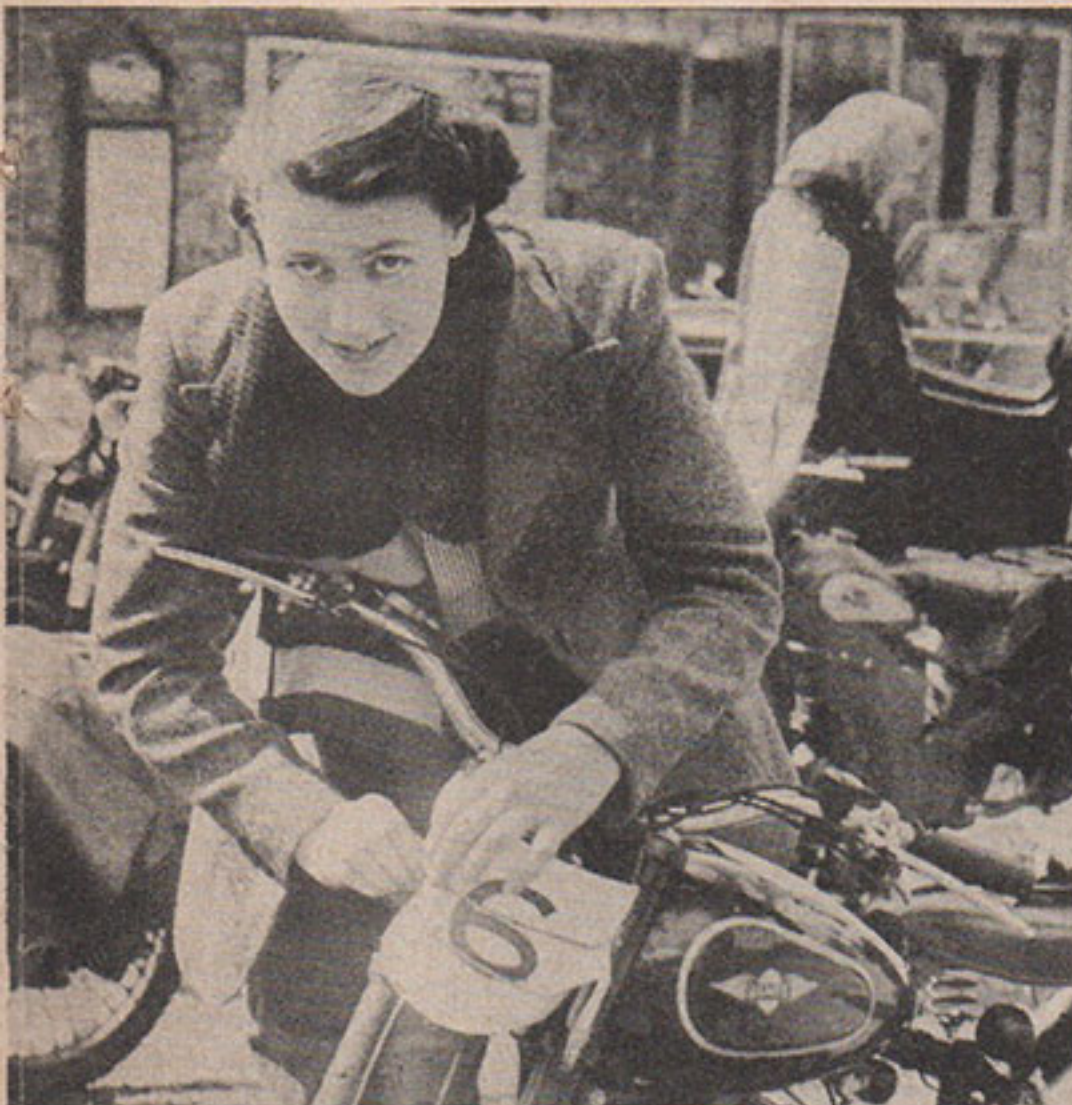
ABOVE, The gentlemanly thing to do in this instance—keep your hands in your pockets, for the males were merely spectators. Miss G. Bull found her standard Norton a little heavy

most of the competitors and some officials had taken part, and all were wondering how things would fare. However, the riders all got off to a good start and the spectators dispersed to various vantage points. One and a half hours later the riders arrived at the point laid out for the special test, which featured first a brake and starting test. Coasting with dead engine over one line down a slope, the girls had to pull up on the second line and then start their engines. The whole thing was timed and most riders carried out the test successfully. Miss Pat Giddings from North London, experienced rider of a BSA Bantam in open trials in company with the men, had trouble in starting her bike, because the time schedule had kept her speed down and the plug was continually oiling up. With quiet fury she took out the offending plug and cast it aside contemptuously.

The figure eight test demanded that riders start from a line, then maneuver in a figure eight and recross the line in the shortest time possible. It is surprising how easy it is to forget how many turns one had made and several riders recrossed the line without completing the last turn of the eight. This completed the road run and after a short break the gal riders remounted and went off on the more hazardous part of the trial.

Laid out in wooded glades and dells were 17 sections that had to be traversed feet-up if possible. In this, Mrs. June Lines, on her trials equipped 350 BSA, tackled all the sections resolutely and lost less marks than anyone else. The sections used were all tough, regular trials material and as the majority of the girls had standard machines the going was rather difficult. A foot deep puddle of water caught everyone; one unfortunate rider falling full length in the deepest part. Regardless of how much trouble they got into (and that was plenty) and no matter how hard they had to push and lift their bikes, they took it all in fun.

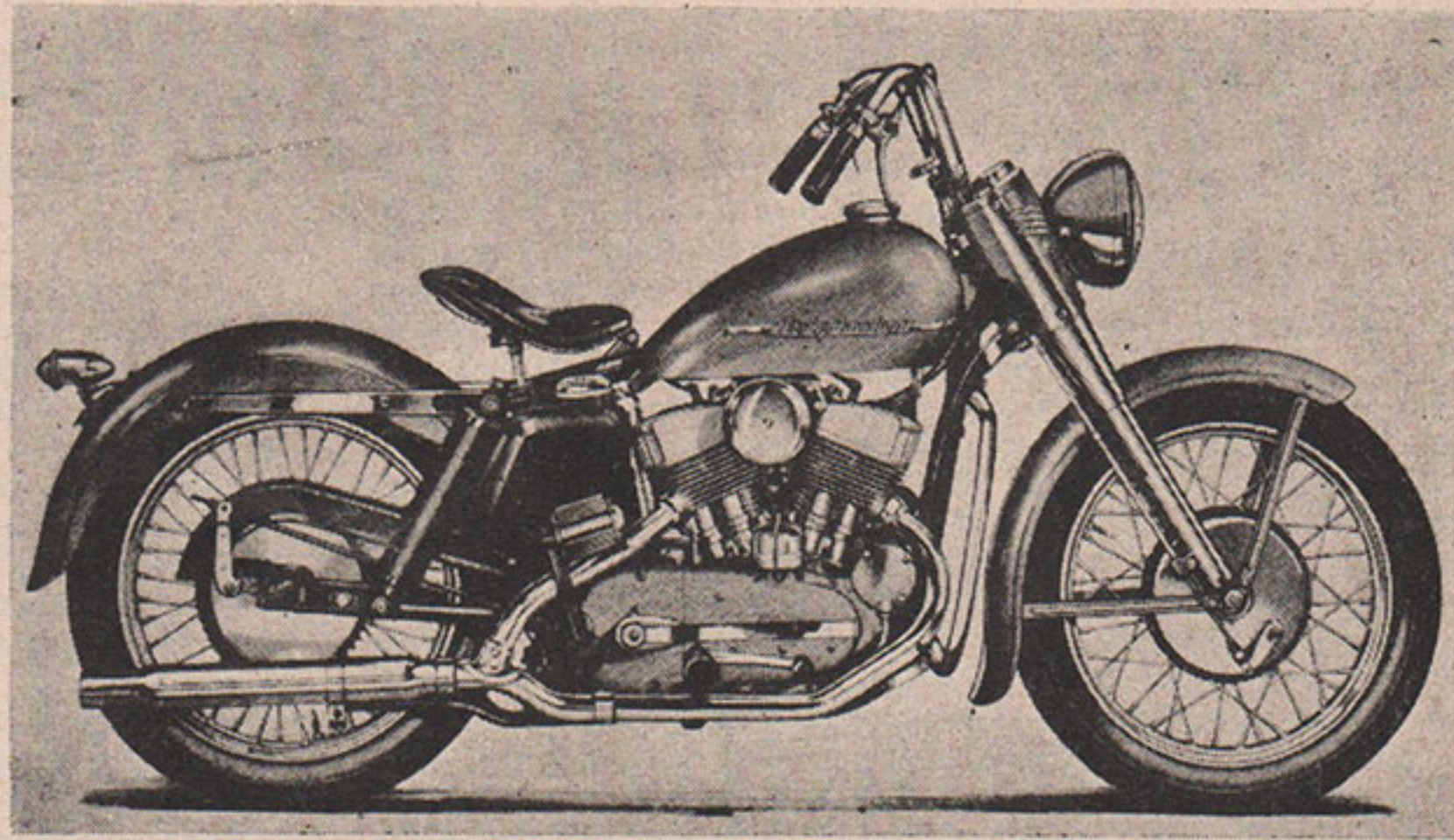
Back at the finish line I heard a story which shows that these girls know all the answers. At one period during the morning the owner of a large car had wedged himself in a narrow lane and was completely holding up the trial. One of the girls soon remedied the situation, however, by offering to guide the unsuspecting driver back down the lane. His grateful smile soon changed to an expression of complete horror because in a very few yards he found himself in the ditch, but, with the way clear. Departing to look for a tractor, the young lady was heard to remark naively, "Well what else could I do, he was holding up the trial!"



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CHARON AWAITS AT BREMGARTEN

Grim reaper lurks in Tenni Turn of Swiss Circuit

Text by Bill Onslow and Rodolfo Mailander Photos by Mailander

A SHADOW HUNG OVER the beautiful Swiss town of Bern nestled amongst the snow capped Alps, for it was here on the Bremgarten Circuit that the great Italian Guzzi Rider Omobono Tenni had raced his last and it was here again, with the organization of this year's first World Championship contest, that fate was about to beckon two more victims.

On the morning of the first race, Italian Sidecar Champion Ercole Frigerio lost his life on the same spot as Tenni and one hour later the young and very promising English rider David Bennett was killed on the same corner. Despite this sad opening of the Swiss Grand Prix, all total and lap records were surpassed in spite of the troubles encountered by the British Nortons in the 350cc class and still worse in the 500 class where the whole team was forced to drop out. The Union Jack was hoisted up the victory mast three times as the English riders climbed the victor's steps mounted in front of the grandstand. The Italian industry drew a winner in the 250cc class with the Guzzi works machine ridden by Fergus Anderson and again in the sidecar race with Albino Milani on a 4-cylinder Gilera, while in the 500 class Bandirola occupied third place with a modified 1952 version of the MV 4; Pagani pulled a fourth with the 4-cylinder Gilera. Although the Gileras proved troublesome, the MVs seemed better than ever. Nortons had trouble digesting the Swiss carburant which burned their cylinder heads badly.

The five new German machines, the 250cc twin and the 350cc three-cylinder, two stroke DKW, and the 250, 350, and 500cc vertical twin Horex left a very good impression, even though it was obvious that some of them were not completely ready. With the return of the Germans to competition, the British-Italian duel has taken on a third partner. Still more potency is given the German threat with word of rapid development on BMW's 500cc job and the coming 125 and 250cc NSUs, all of which have not quite reached the point of international competition.

250cc Goes to Italy

In the 250cc contest the new DKW two-stroke twin and the Horex single with double overhead camshafts were present and a sharp battle was expected between the two-valve Guzzis of Anderson and Ruffo against the four-valve twin overhead cam Guzzi of Lorenzetti and the modified Benellis of Graham and Ciai. However, there was little struggle as Anderson bolted away at the start, holding his lead through to the end, followed by Lorenzetti, who had car-

buretion trouble, and by Graham on the Benelli with the new tank. The DKW two-stroke twin held down fourth spot for 10 of the 18 laps until it dropped out with the same engine troubles that had already plagued its running mate in the third lap; but the Horex arrived eighth. Bruno Ruffo's Guzzi, three time world champ, began to splatter with mag trouble in the 12th lap, while rear suspension failure undermined the Benelli's chances in the 11th.

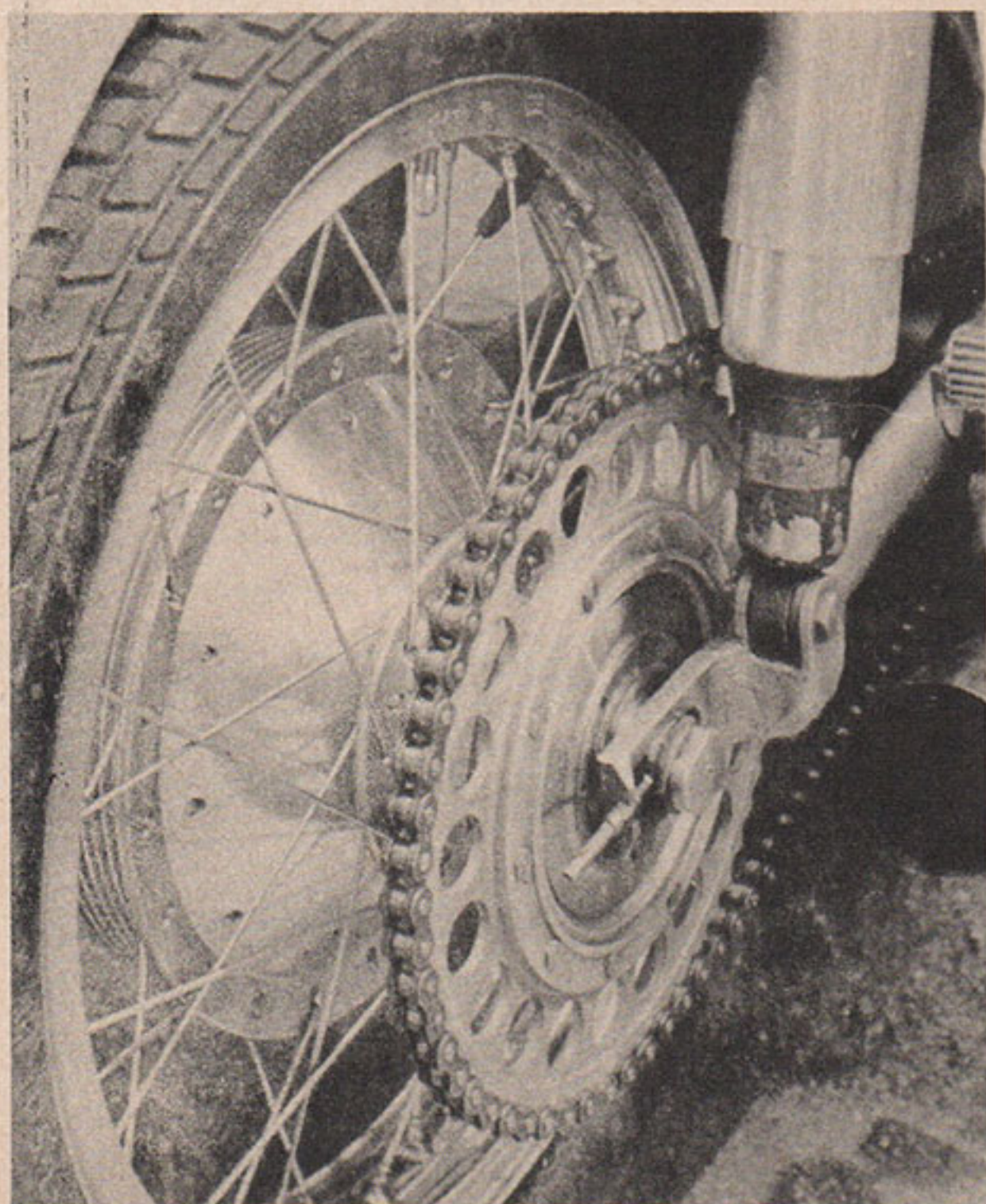
Britain Snags 350 Event

As the afternoon's sun filtered through the beautiful Bremgarten Forest, the 350cc class appeared on the track. As was expected, the Briton, Geoff Duke, went immediately to the front and was never seen by the others except when he lapped them. After 15 laps, Rod Coleman on an AJS was struggling a full minute and 12 seconds behind Duke, while holding down second spot. While the Germans had met a completely Italian field in the 250cc class, they came up against a solid British lineup in the 350 event. The Germans have always specialized in machines of all classes, whereas the Italians and Englishmen concentrate mainly on one class besides the 500. Roland Schnell, designer of the 250 and 350cc Horex brought his 350 job into 16th position while the three-barrel DKW two stoker fell in just behind the leading group and was running a good fifth until it was forced out about midrace in the 11th of the 21 laps. Quite surprising was the domination of the AJS. Although easily subdued last year by the Nortons, they now placed second, fourth and fifth in the 350 class behind Geoff Duke's Norton single, and first and second in the big 500 event. This reversal was due to the Swiss fuels, but Norton's troubles might point to the fact that their engines have been pushed to the limit. On the following morning, before the first race, an Italian delegation paid honor to the great champion, Tenni, and to the automobile ace, Varzi, who lost their lives in the same year on almost the same spot within a few hundred yards of the dangerous Eymatt turn. What a tragic coincidence that two hours later two other companions were to climax their careers on that identical spot and that one of them, Frigerio, was present in the morning when the wreaths were deposited in a nearby field just out of view of the contestants during the race.

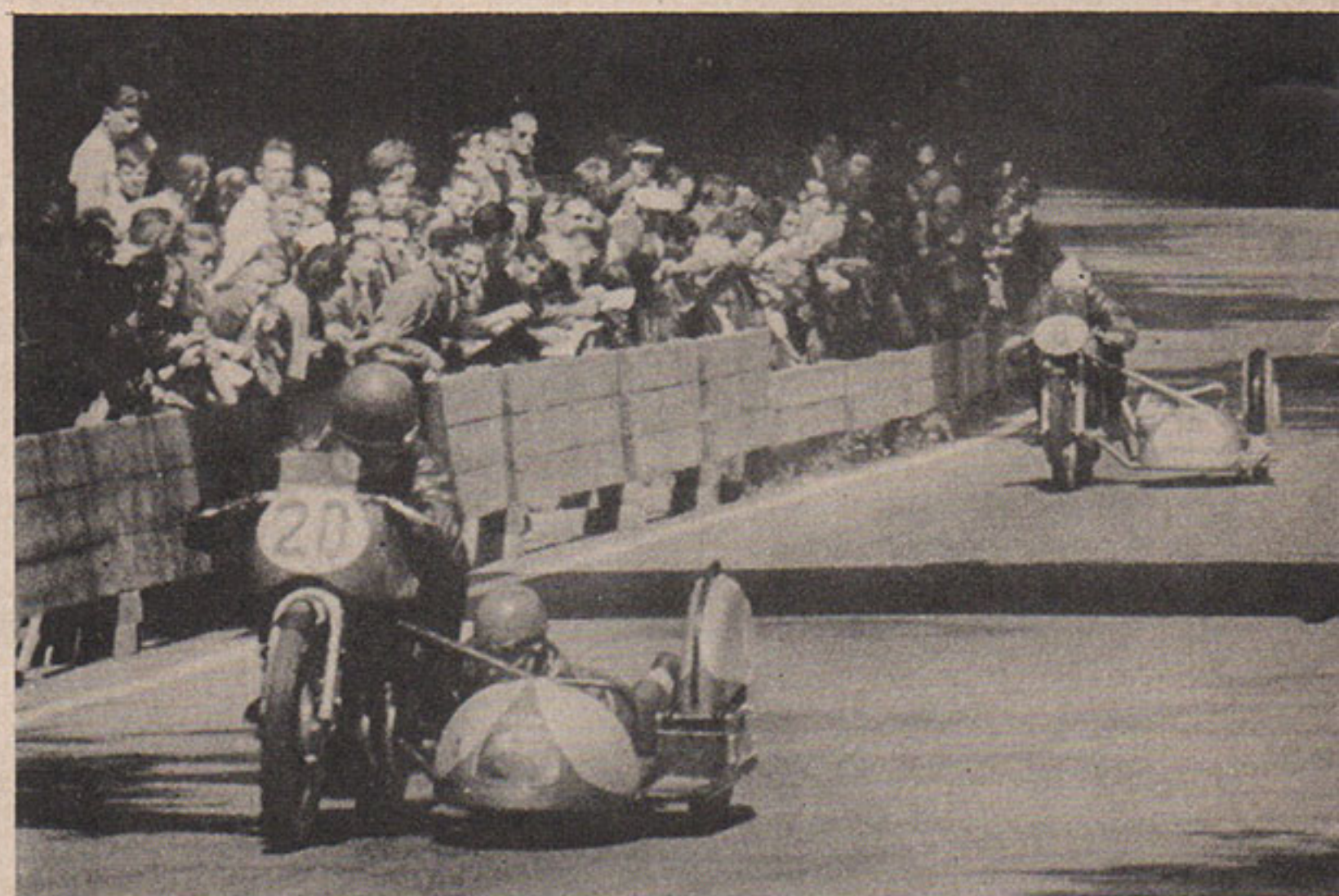
Onslow Calls for the Charioteers

(The following is a personal thrill by thrill account of the sidecar race as seen by CYCLE's British Correspondent Bill Onslow from the floating deck of Jaques Drion's "Featherbed" Norton back.—ED)

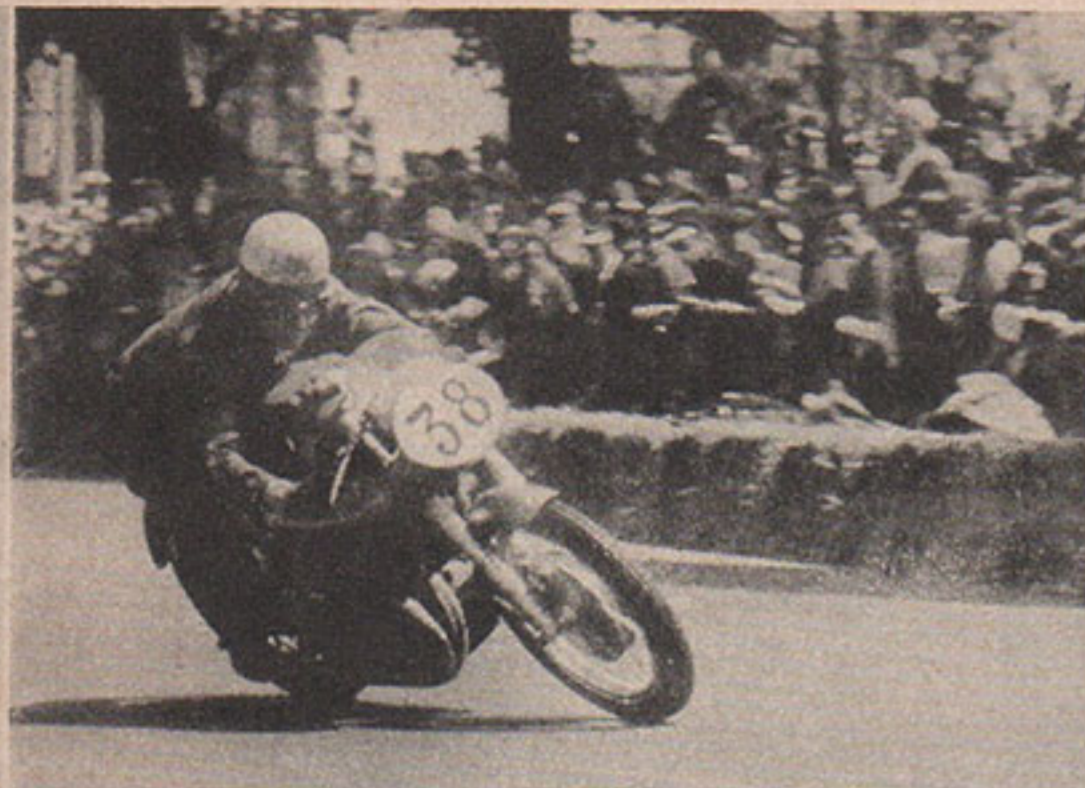
"First event of the second day was the 500cc sidecar race. This I can only describe from my place in the chair of the French driver Drion. Having made the fifth best practice time, we were positioned on the outside of the first line. In front, away to our right, the Swiss champion, Hans Haldemann, held pride of place some three yards ahead. Beside us Milani (Gilera 4) was separated from his teammate, the unfortunate Frigerio, by Cyril Smith with a very quick
(Continued on page 32)



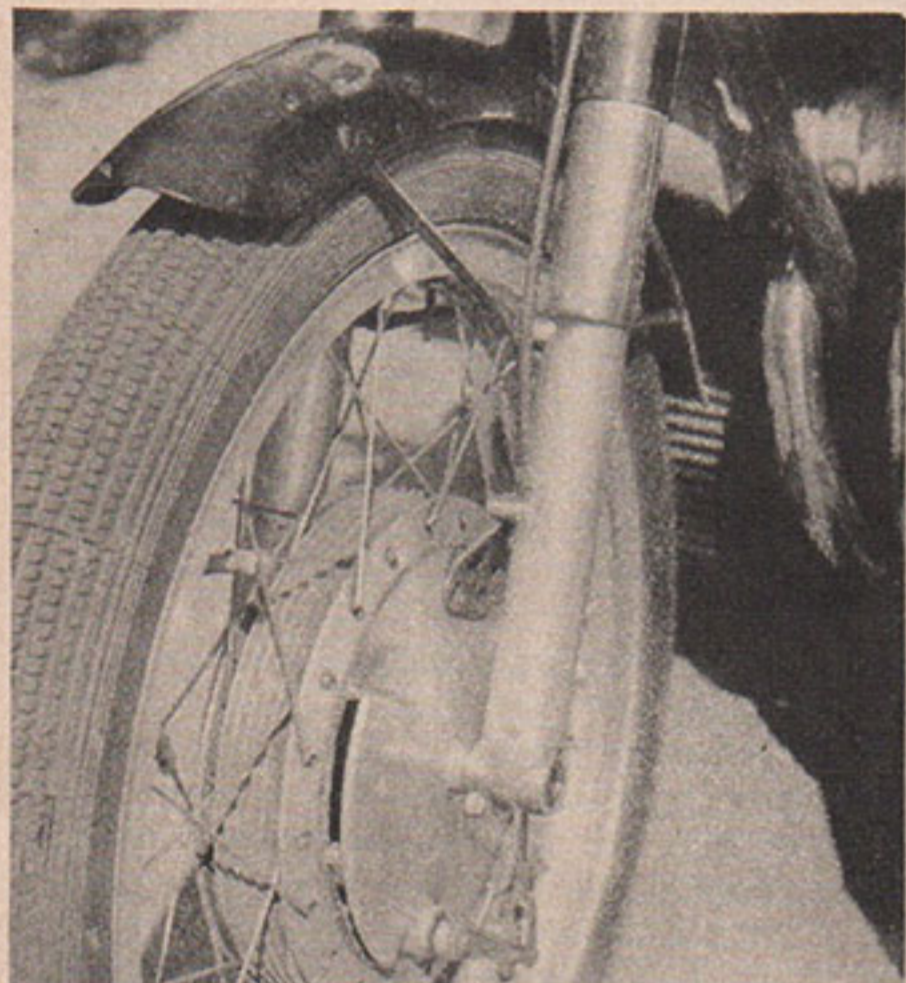
Italian MV Agusta rear sprocket and brake drum are on opposite sides so that heat from the brake is not transferred to the rear chain sprocket so easily and will not reduce chain efficiency



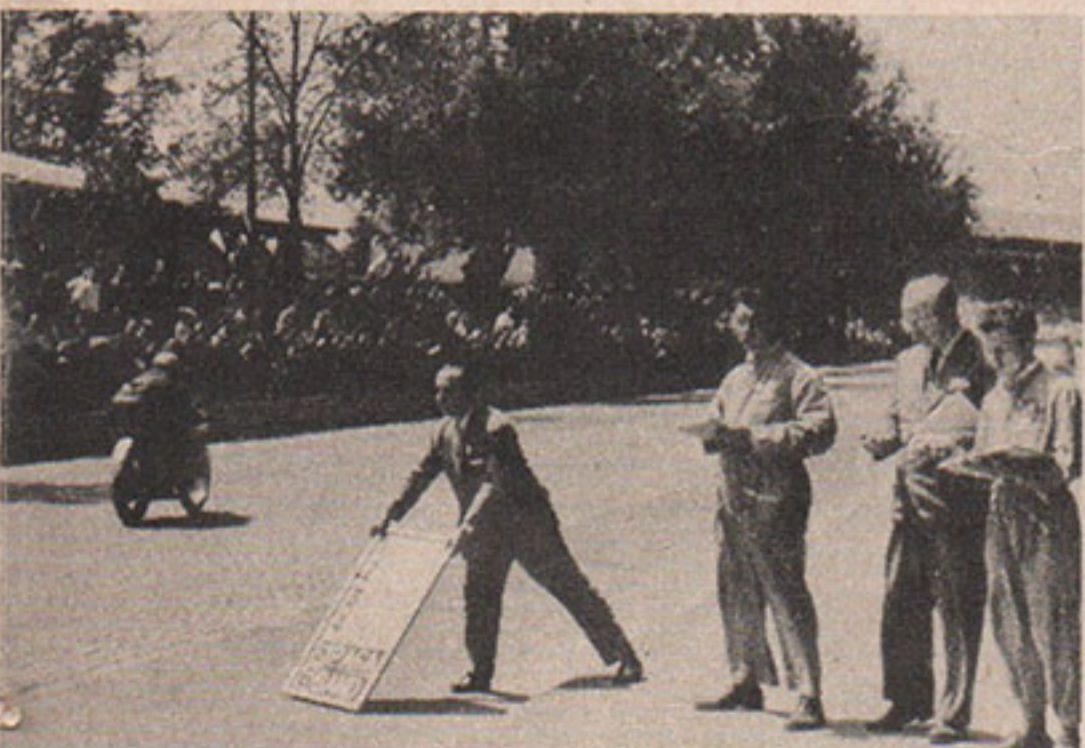
Milani's curiosity was overwhelming—he risked a look for Smith and found him sitting right on the Gilera's fender tip in another mad international duel. This beautiful course has two overpasses on which spectators may cross



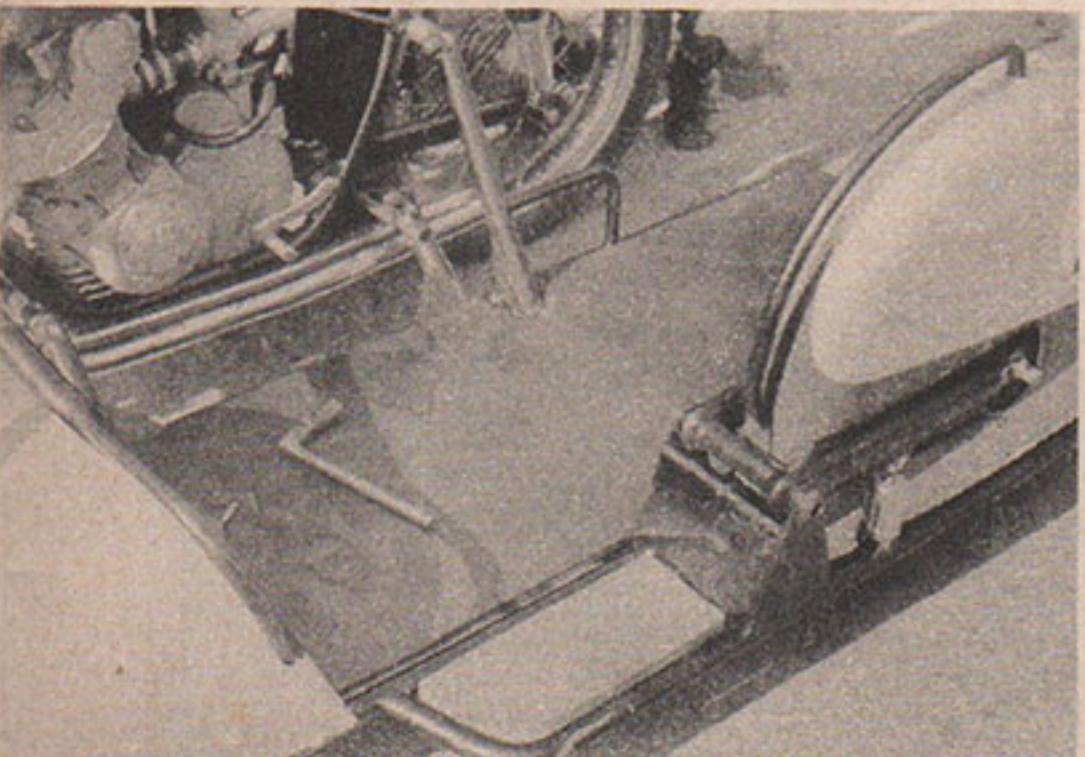
Italian ace, Bandirola, whips the latest MV four through a corner. New version has five speeds, chain drive, telescopic front and rear



Front hoop of the Gilera 500 cc four has full width, ribbed brake drum with wide mouthed air scoops for heat dissipation. Note tire treads

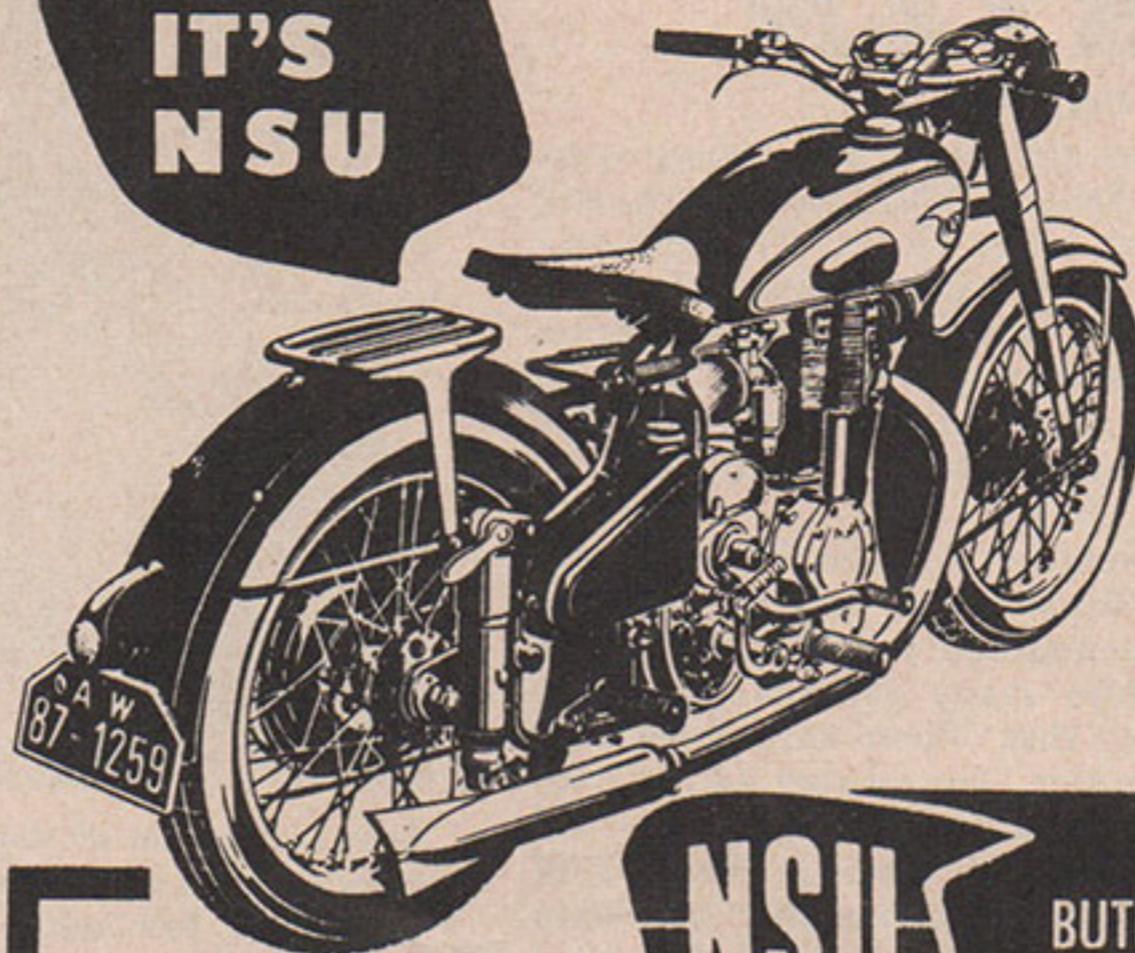


M. V. Agusta personally pulls the strings on his rider, Bandirola, from the pits. Second from right is engineer, Remor, designer of big fours



The Longhi sidecar with swinging arm suspension to the third wheel, the type fitted to the rapid Gileras of Italians, Milani and Frigerio

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CHARON AWAITS AT BREMGARTEN

(Continued from page 30)

Norton. Behind us, 20 colorful outfits presented a pleasing spectacle: black and silver Nortons, blue Belgian FNs, red Guzzis and Gileras, black BMWs intermingled with silver Horex, Triumph and Carru machines. The speakers boomed 'Two minutes—one minute—thirty seconds—twenty and ten.' We pull back hard on compression and gaze fixedly at the starter. At the first quiver of the flag 50 men lunged at 25 machines. Luckily our motor roared into life within a few paces and we rocketed across the course to take the stream of the already departed Swiss champ.

"How others had fared I couldn't venture to guess but suddenly a streak of red passed both us and the leader, as if we were standing still. The shrill scream of the motor announced it to be one of the four-barrel Gilera machines and before many seconds the other Gilera would surely pass. How I wished that Oliver were there with a works Norton to take his usual position, for neither of us with standard 'Featherbeds' could hope to set a pace equal to the red monsters. Glancing behind for the second of them at the end of about two miles I was astounded, yet pleased, to see that a Norton was gaining on us rapidly. Number 8, yes it's Cyril Smith booming along in true Oliver style. A flash and he has whistled past both us and Haldemann and in flying pursuit of the now leading Gilera. I had a last glimpse of them as they rounded the bend before the fatal Tenni curve and was not to see them again till the race was over.

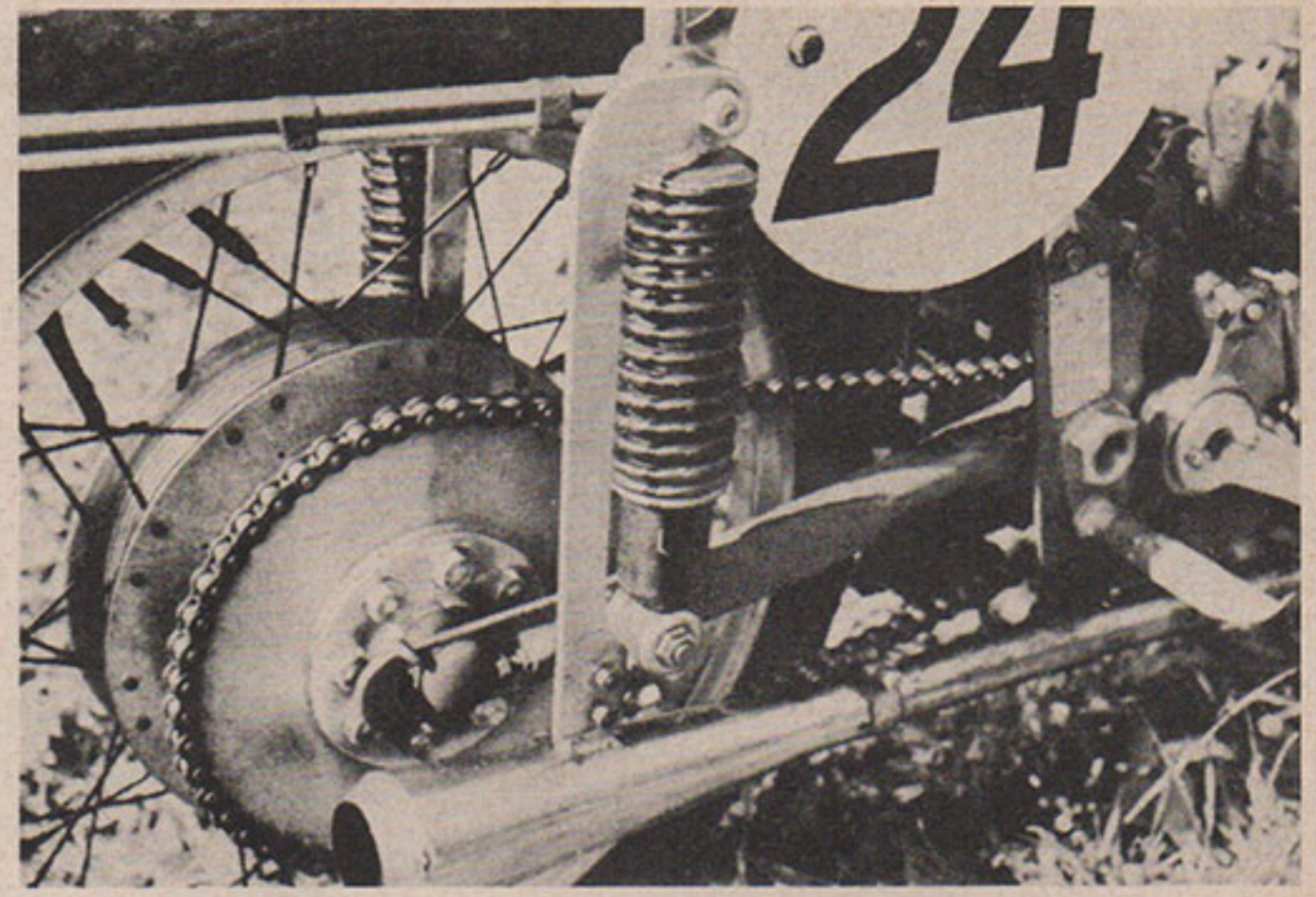
"Retaining the welcome fourth spot for three turns before the relentless Frigerio overhauled us, seemed to me excellent progress. Fortunately for us, poor Ercole decided to pass us in a rather slow right hander which enabled us to take up his wind for the straight. Gummed to his tail, we were wafted past the then third spot driver Haldemann and going faster than ever before. Having covered a whole lap in this fine style, I managed to glimpse our rev counter as I prepared to take to the rear fender for the next right hand bend. Ye Gods, 7,000. We can never last at the pace. Frantically I signaled 'Drop the tow' and thankfully watched the needle fall to more usual figures.

"Already I had noticed the Swiss rider Eggenschwiler halted at the pits, while one of his fellow countrymen, also mounted on a Gilera single, was despondently pushing a machine with a dead motor. Finally in the fifth turn I noticed the Swiss champ sitting on the bank holding a broken chain. Poor Hans, he had worked so hard to bring his machine to perfection. Two other Swiss crews were forced out in the fifth turn. W. Wirth (Gilera) with plug trouble and H. Starkle a spot of mag defection. With those five laps covered we were racing alone. Frigerio was six seconds ahead and the leader over half a minute. Behind us some 43 seconds, the Belgian rider Masuy fought hard to retain fifth spot from the Swiss rider of yet another Norton, F. Aubert.

"With ten rounds gone, Smith was a mere two seconds behind Milani and, indeed, had passed him on several corners only to find the terrific acceleration of the Gilera sufficient to easily wrest back the advantage on a straight. Already the slower riders were being lapped and things became a bit hectic even for us. Three other machines had meanwhile packed the chase.

"Once, in watching for our pit signal, I was amused to see the Gilera signal written thus—1. Milani 2. Oliver 3. Frigerio. Calling at their pit to chat with them at their sad loss, I was able to see that the name *Oliver* is permanently printed on a board that can be slipped into a frame, together with those of their own riders.

"We were, at last, nearing the end of the 16 lap grind satisfied with our assumed fourth spot. I gave a final cheeky wave to the game Italian Prati, who, refusing to give up, had already seen us pass six times. Four other riders had viewed our tail end twice and a further eight had either impeded us for a few seconds, or pulled over to allow us to pass.



Rear suspension of the little 15 cu. in. Moto-Guzzi bomb. Both top and bottom frame stubs are reinforced by a husky connecting link for constant alignment. Full width brake drum and rear sprocket are separate

"Thankfully, and none too soon, we received the flag over two and a half minutes behind the leader, who had pipped Smith by 5.4 seconds. Pulling in, we received the news that we were fourth, as presumed. A minute or so later, information was given that Frigerio, after having set up a new record at 3 minutes 22.1 seconds in the 13th had retired on the last lap. Finally after some minutes, we heard the unfortunate truth. Poor Ercole, a great friend of mine, would race no more. Stunned, I could hardly believe it true for although running only 28 seconds behind him I saw no trace of a crash or crowd.

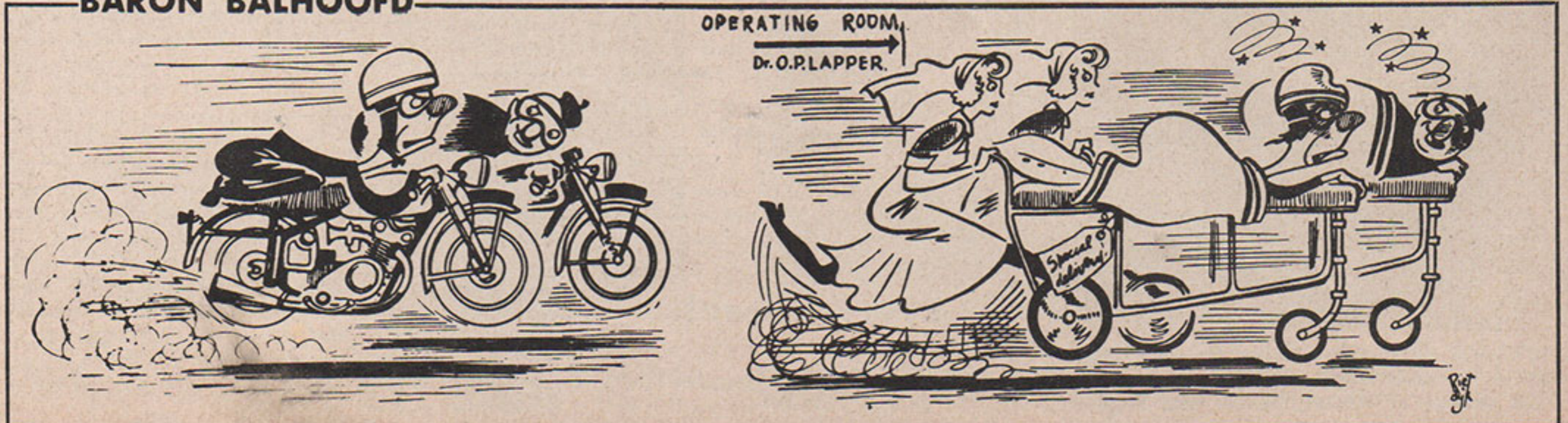
"A feeling of despondency had settled over the paddock area, and the machines that were to contest the big race of the day were wheeled to the line in almost complete silence. Gone was the round of chaff and leg pulling usually associated with the running of a race of such importance. Gone also the interest that riders take in an adversary's machine immediately prior to the start. Fortunately the spectators in the vicinity were unaware of the day's first fatality. Frenzied clapping and cheering as Duke wheeled his machine to that lone place of honor served to break the spell and calm the nerves of the waiting riders."

Brett Saves Britain in 500

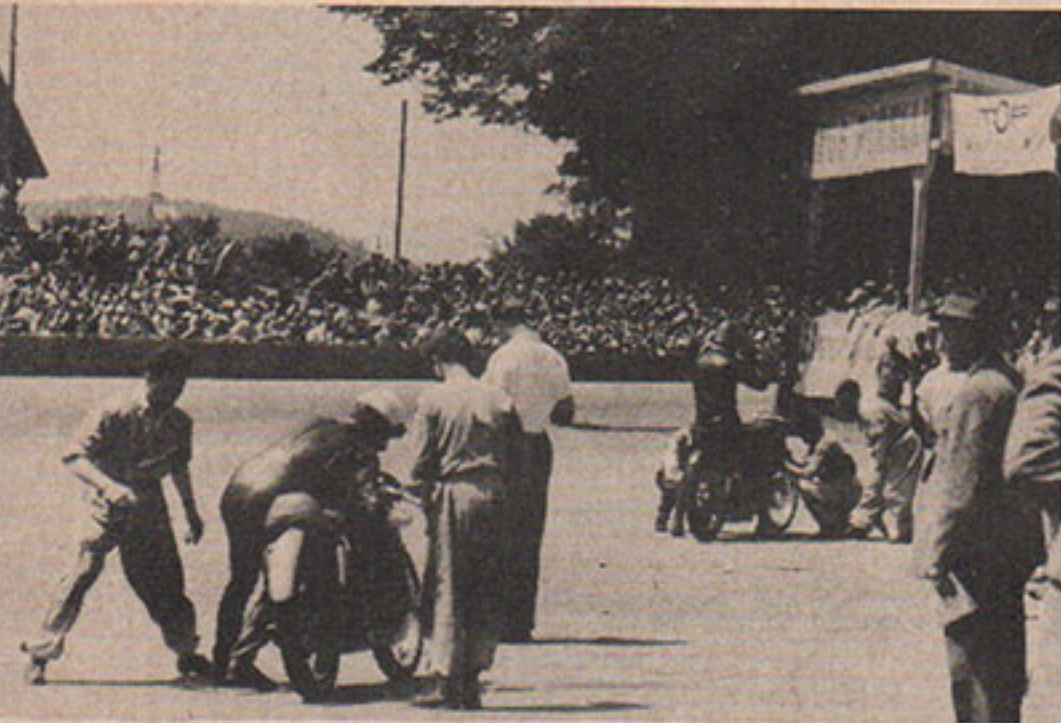
In the 500cc race Duke, as always, took an immediate lead and soon had his 42 second safety margin over AJS riders Brett and Doran, with the promising Norton newcomer Dave Bennett nipping close at their heels. The Italians had a bad luck series with their big four bangers, at times there being two machines at the pits simultaneously. At last, Bandirola, piloting one of the late MVs (employing chain drive rather than their former cardanic drive) chopped Pagani's Gilera for third spot. By now all of the Nortons, including Duke, had fallen by the wayside from the aforementioned carburetion troubles. The same affliction hit Alfredo Milani's Gilera and Less Graham's MV. Bennett engaged in a dramatic fight with AJS men Brett and Doran in the last five laps to save as many points as possible with the last works Norton left in the race. It was during this desperate battle that he came off the road in the ill-famed Tenni turn and crashed heavily against the same tree which had been Tenni's doom.

A few minutes later the race was over and the finishing riders returned to the paddock with tighter lips than usual. Only five riders, Brett, Doran (AJS), Bandirola (MV), Pagani (Gilera), and Coleman (AJS) were fast enough to complete the whole distance before receiving the flag. This result has given the AJS camp a commanding lead in the 500cc championship, but it was easily evident that their camp regretted the winning of points in such a fashion.

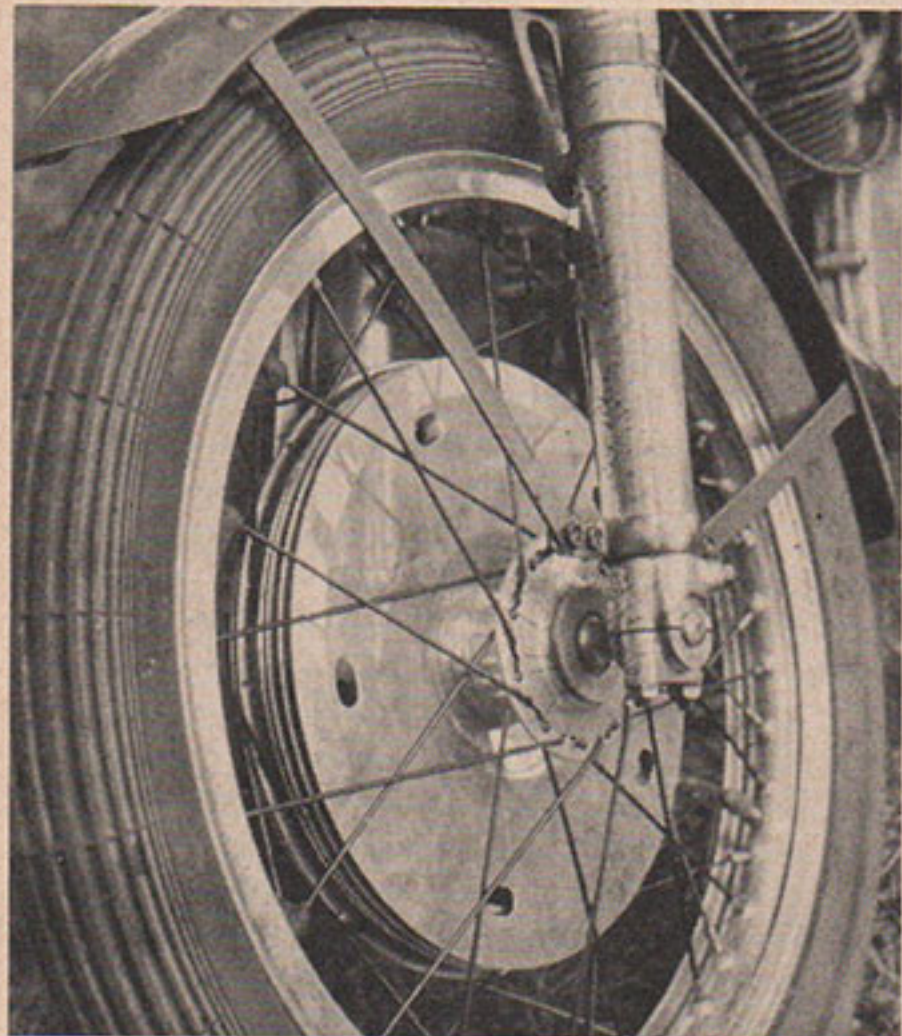
BARON BALHOOFD



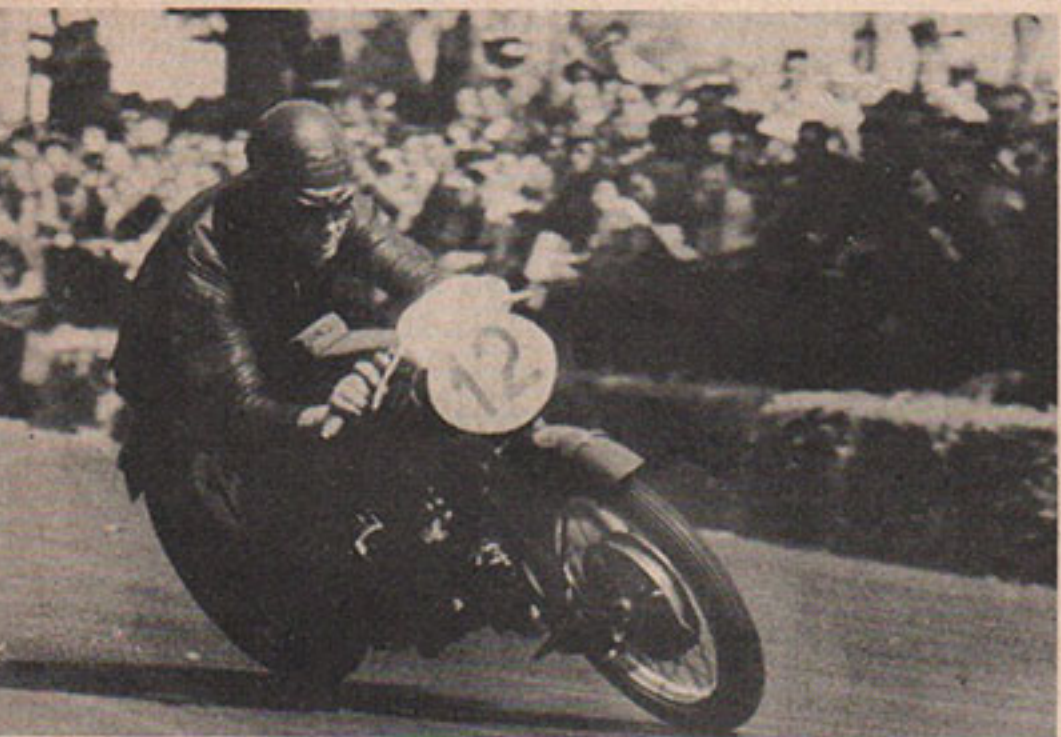
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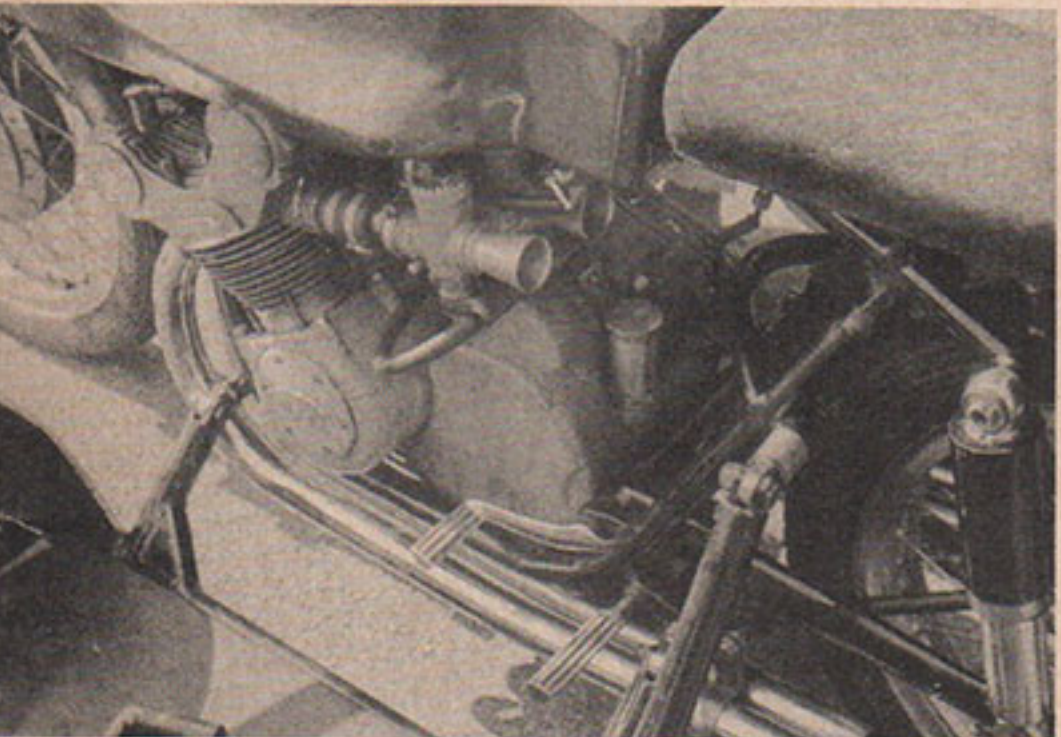
Bad luck: Graham (MV) and Milani (Gilera) both spend frantic moments at their pits at the same time. Huge crowds can be seen in these pictures



Monstrous 250 cc (15 cu. in.) Benelli drum is vented on left, has large scoop on opposite side, a development of high speed road racing



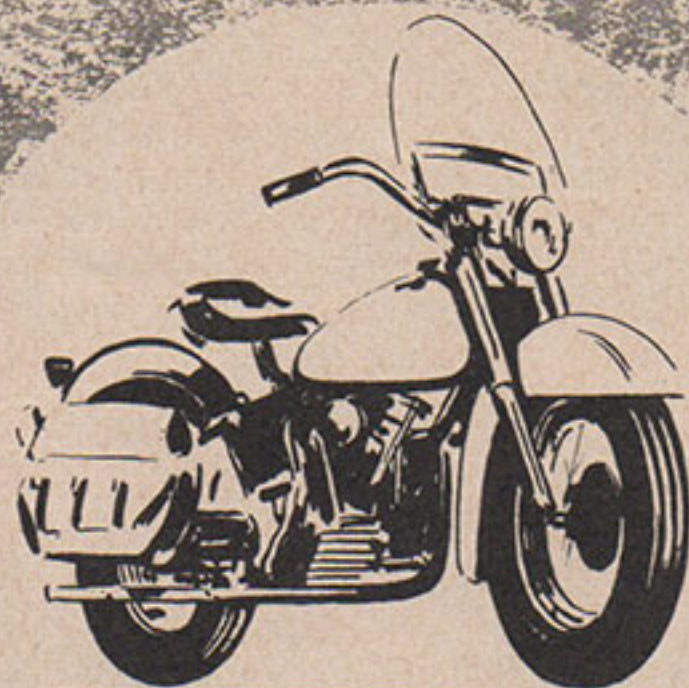
Les Anderson and 250 cc, four-valve, five-speed Moto-Guzzi. Lorenzetti runs a four-valve, four-speed. Ruffo uses a two-valve, four-speed



Sidecar linkage of the latest Longhi hack to the Gilera four is of the simplest design, being connected at four points but still out of the way

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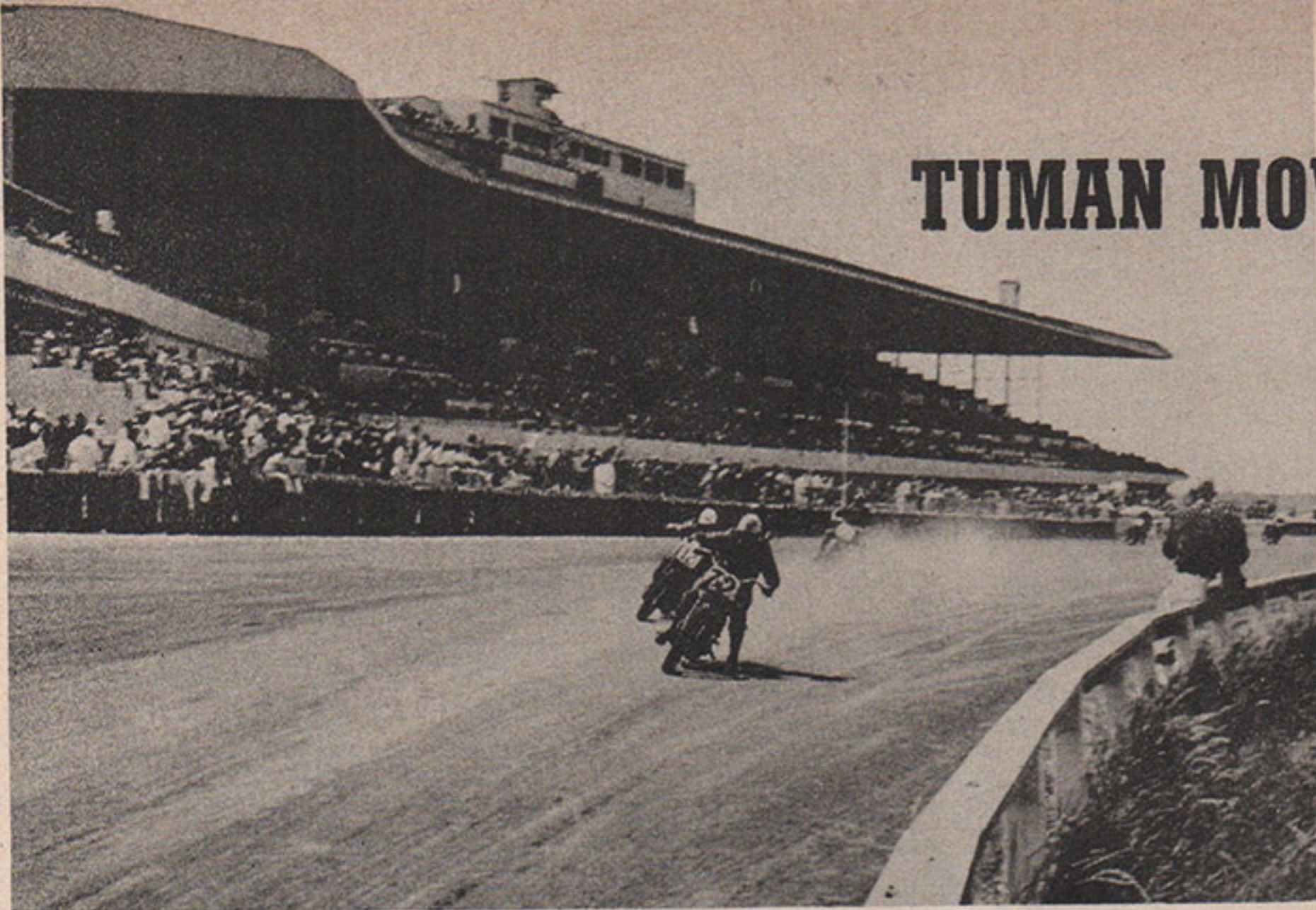
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TUMAN MOWS BAY MEADOWS

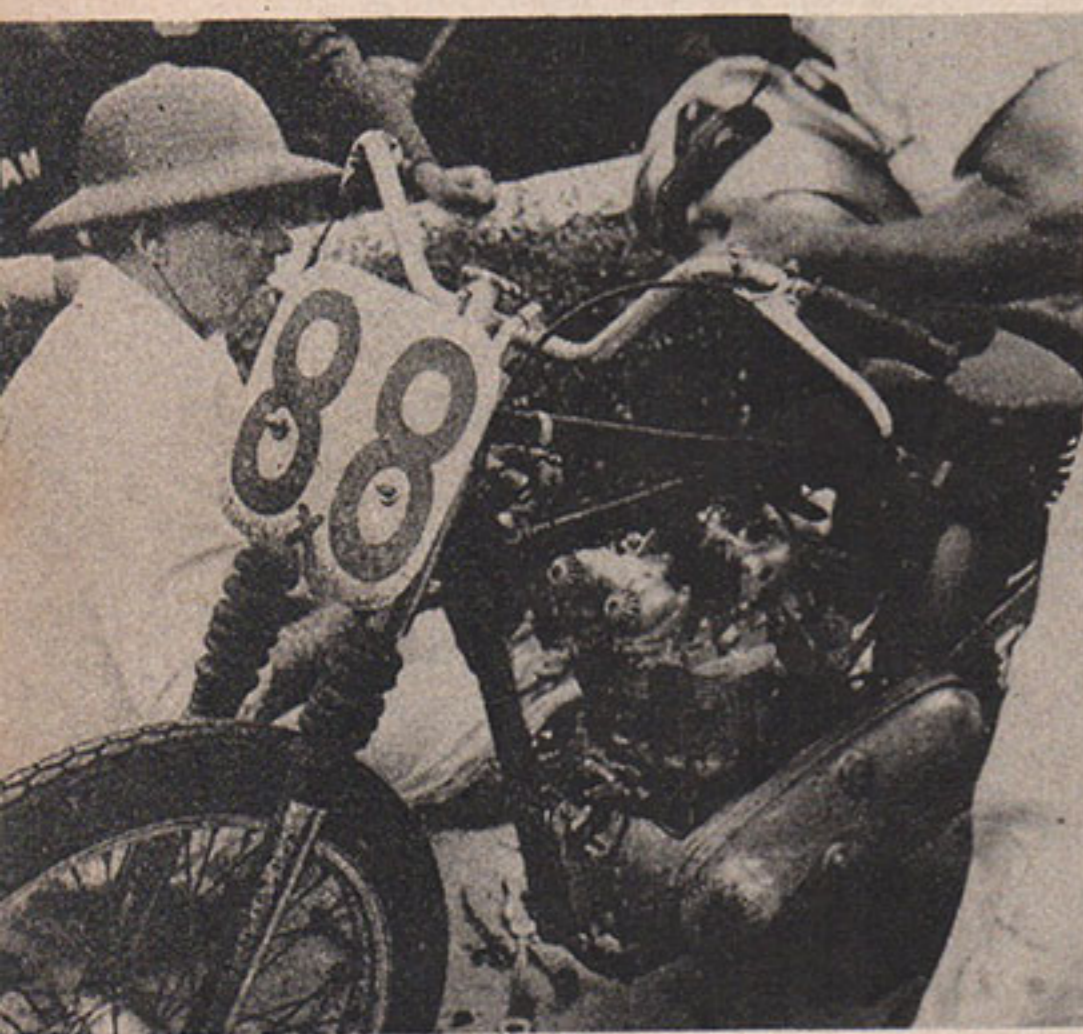
OHIOAN HANGS INDIAN SIGN ON NATIONAL MILE TRACK

by Ray Bowles

Photos by Stan Peterson



Expert amateurs doing their bit to make Joe Hostetler (H-D No. 72) set a pace that's hard to beat



Stringent AMA checks were run on all place winners. Tim Witham, master Tuner for Don Hawley, tears down his Triumph with the help of Billy Eppard so Dave Golden, San Mateo track official can try on the piston displacement for size

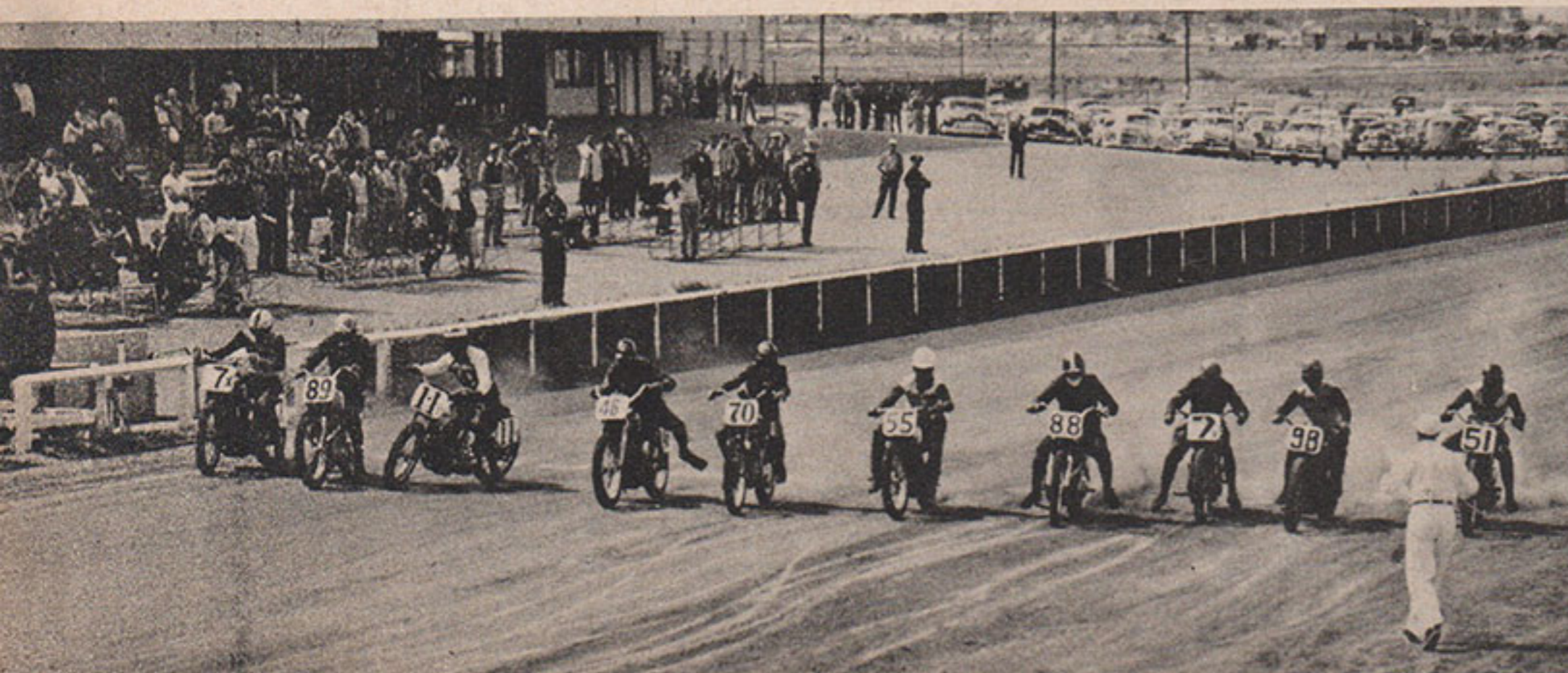


Flanked by San Francisco's colorful motorcycle club, Bill Tuman is telling Ref. Wesser and Dick Gross a joke about the Indian and the Irishman. Roy doesn't get it. Nels Nelson, Indian factory representative, looking over the Ref's shoulder assumes it was a clean victory story

BAY MEADOWS RESULTS—20 MILE EXPERT

TIME: 14-41-91		33	Ed Kretz Jr.	Triumph
51	Bill Tuman	45"	Indian	Indian
78	Paul Albrecht		Har-Dav.	
88	Don Hawley		Triumph	
53	Al Gunter		BSA	
55	Ernie Beckman		Indian	
37	Chuck Basney		Har-Dav.	
70	Eugene Thiessen		BSA	
7	George Cooper		Har-Dav.	
		72	Joe Hostetler	Har-Dav.
		12	Elden Wright	Triumph
		192	Peter Duke	Har-Dav.
		57	Bob Smith	Har-Dav.
		18	Harold Murphy	Har-Dav.

AMATEURS TIME: 7-44-99



ONE LITTLE INDIAN, two little Indians ran off with the trophies and most of the \$7,500 when they made camp at Bay Meadows, the home of the million dollar horse racing plant in San Mateo, California.

The Miami and the Erie Indians, with Bill Tuman and Bobby Hill on board, swooped down from their native hunting ground of Ohio to capture the richest prize the West Coast has to offer.

Hill, in true Erie Indian fashion astride his trusty pre-war Scout, made a warrior-like ride to set the fastest qualifying time for the day; one mile at 43.60 seconds, then he picked up his feathers and ran off like a deer with the first five-mile expert heat.

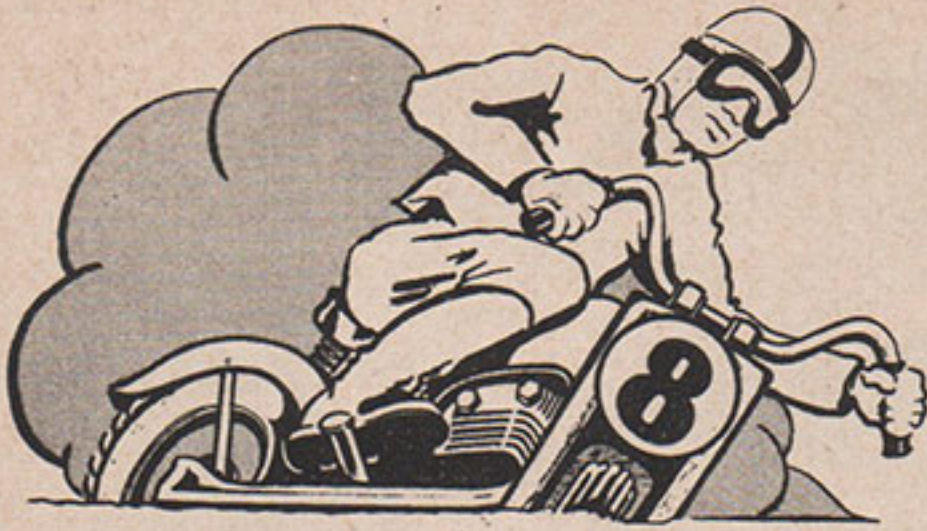
Tuman, to prove the Miami Indians are not second-raters, donned his war paint and rode to win the second and final expert heat.

So with the scalps of all the honorable foes hanging from their belts and their ears ringing from the chant sent up by the jammed-to-the-hilt grandstands, the sound was like war drums beating out "which Indian will win the 20-mile Expert National Championship?" Bob and Bill pushed out to the start.

Indian summer had arrived ahead of time in California. One look at the expert line-up for the main event made temperatures climb in anticipation of the heated horsepower about to be unleashed on this cool and delightful afternoon. In the most hotly contested race yet seen in the West. In typical horse track style, Al Fergoda, the announcer yelled into the mike. "They're off," in time with the starter's flag. Don (Wan) Hawley literally jumped into the lead, only to have Bobby Hill and his Tomahawk relieve Mr. Hawley of his head for victory lane by going into the lead, and a comfortable lead too, only to have the fire burn out in a few laps, pushing poor Hill out of the championship. All the while, another Indian-mounted leader was working his way up to take the number one place and he did well before the halfway mark, stretching his lead to the point where, "that's all she wrote"—Bill Tuman wins 20-Mile National Championship.

Every Indian has its day. The men who made motorcycle history can tell you those days run into years. Don Johns, one of Indian's greatest record breakers of the early 20th century, looked on this day as a spectator, but still with the Indian red in his eye, and with a ready tongue told of the growth and progress of his favorite brand. From Johns' time on, the roster of Indian greats fill many books. The greatest of them all today is Tuman—the champ.

Remember, the race was but half over. The battle for second and third went on. Had it not been for Bill, so far in the lead, this two and three fight would go down in history as the battle of the century. Paul Albrecht fought, and his Harley-Davidson was ready and willing to win this fight. But not until the "All American Boy," Bubbling-over-with-enthusiasm-Hawley, almost had triumph within his grasp. This mad man of social circles and his snarling Triumph Tiger bit and chewed at Paul's rear tire to finally get by, only to have Albrecht and Harley-Davidson go back into the lead at the checkered flag. Don has a fighting heart and a "Withimized" Triumph that is destined to soar in seasons to come.



CROSSED UP

by Bud Hawkins

MOTOR OILS—How about the new detergent additives in lubricating oils? Truck operators report good results with better ring and bearing life, but how about our air cooled, high dry sump motors? We're not interested in sales talks, but do any readers know of any factual experiments done on motorcycle motors that could give us the real word on these new developments in lubrication?

RIDING CLOTHES—Leather riding pants have been standard for 40 years because cows have tougher skins than people. However, leather has disadvantages. It is difficult, if not impossible to clean it properly, it is too hot in hot weather and there is not much room for personal taste in color, cut or texture. A new touch that looks good to us after several months of trial consists of corduroy slacks worn outside of riding boots for leg ventilation. Then the cords are padded in the seat, knees and thighs with snap-in sections cut from cotton quilted mattress pads. These pads are about a quarter inch thick and are the same stuff used for baseball sliding pads. Corduroy is the toughest cotton material made, and the whole thing is washable and cheap. One rider cut up an old pair of boots and made snap-in shin guards out of the old boot tops reversed. The gal in your life can easily sew in the snaps to hold the pads in. This combination is not as tough as leather but is softer, lighter and cheaper and protects against pavement burns about as well as leather.

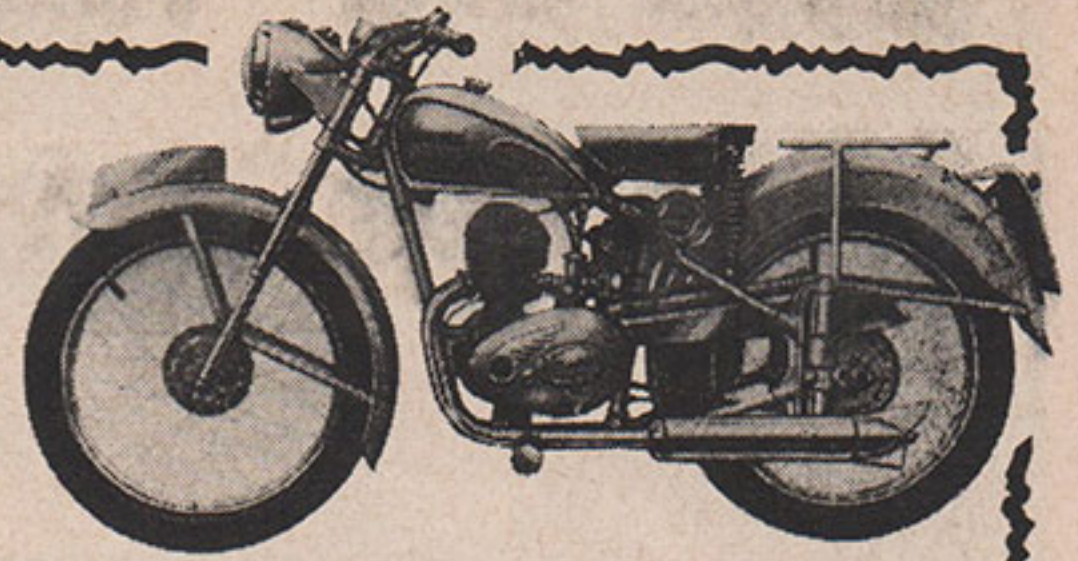
TIRES—Tire sizes and treads, like bar sizes and shapes are subject to wide variations in personal preference. Most U.S. motorcycles have followed the car trend to smaller wheels and fatter tires but many competition riders have replaced the 16-in. wheels with 18s and smaller tires, particularly in front. The European motorcycles usually get changed over to a bigger shoe in back and a smaller one in front. The school of thought represented by the 2.75 by 21 front tire claims that the narrow tread steers easier on pavement, digs in deeper and therefore steers more solidly in dirt, and being larger in diameter, tends to be deflected less by rocks and similar discontinuities. However, high tire pressure is necessary to minimize bent rims in rough going and there is less traction for front braking. 4.00 by 19 is the most common rear size selected when replacing tires on foreign bikes as riding and traction are unquestionably better. However, the number of tread variations available is the only limit on tread preferences. Some seem better in sand, others in mud, still others are preferred for hillclimbing and almost none of the high traction treads are liked on the pavement because of the sudden way they break loose on the curves. Fame and fortune await the designer of a good combination of traction and road tire. This subject of wheels and tires came to mind recently when we encountered a young hotshoe on a Mustang modified with a Bantam fork and front wheel while checking out a new cowtrail.

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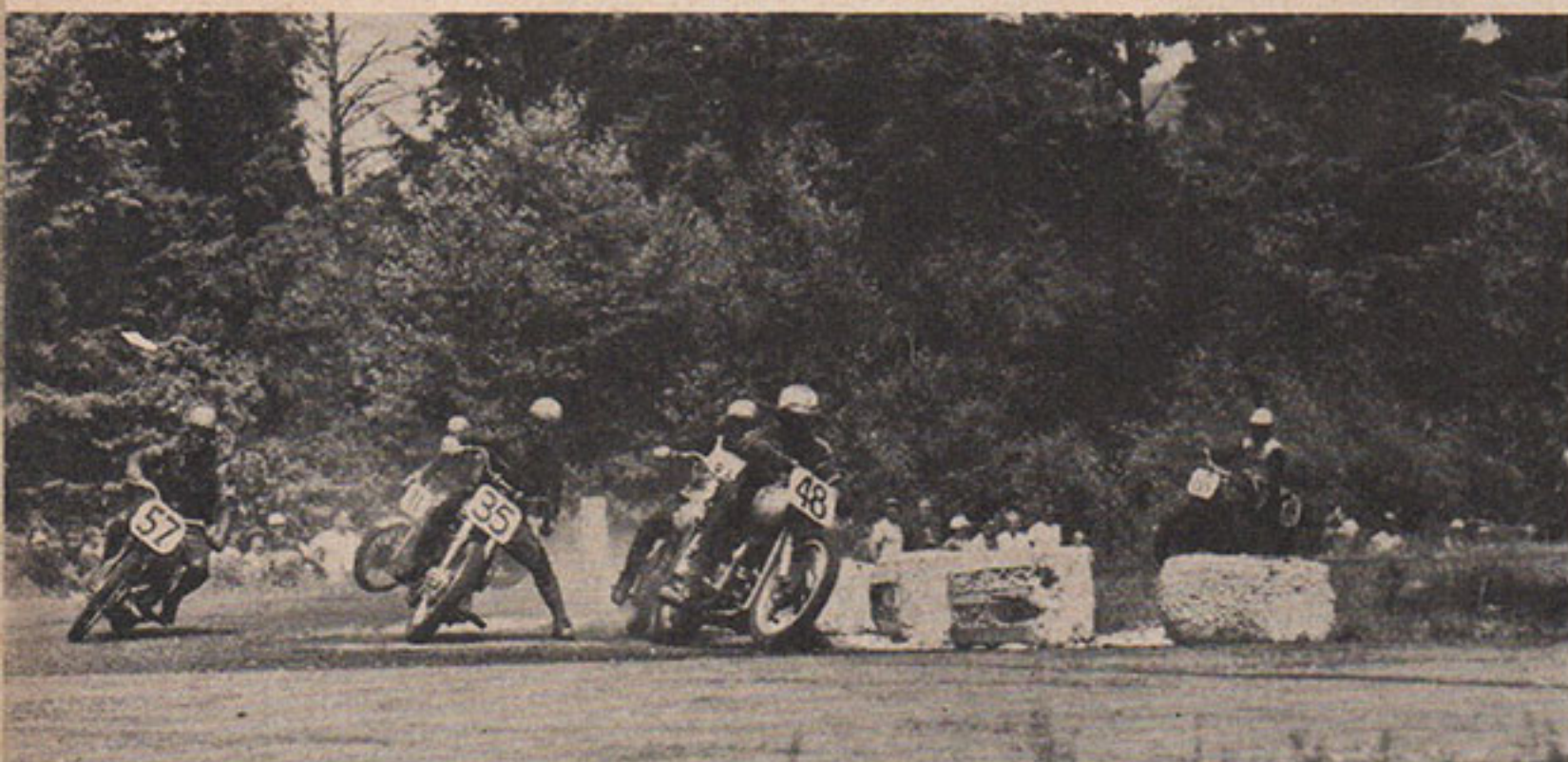
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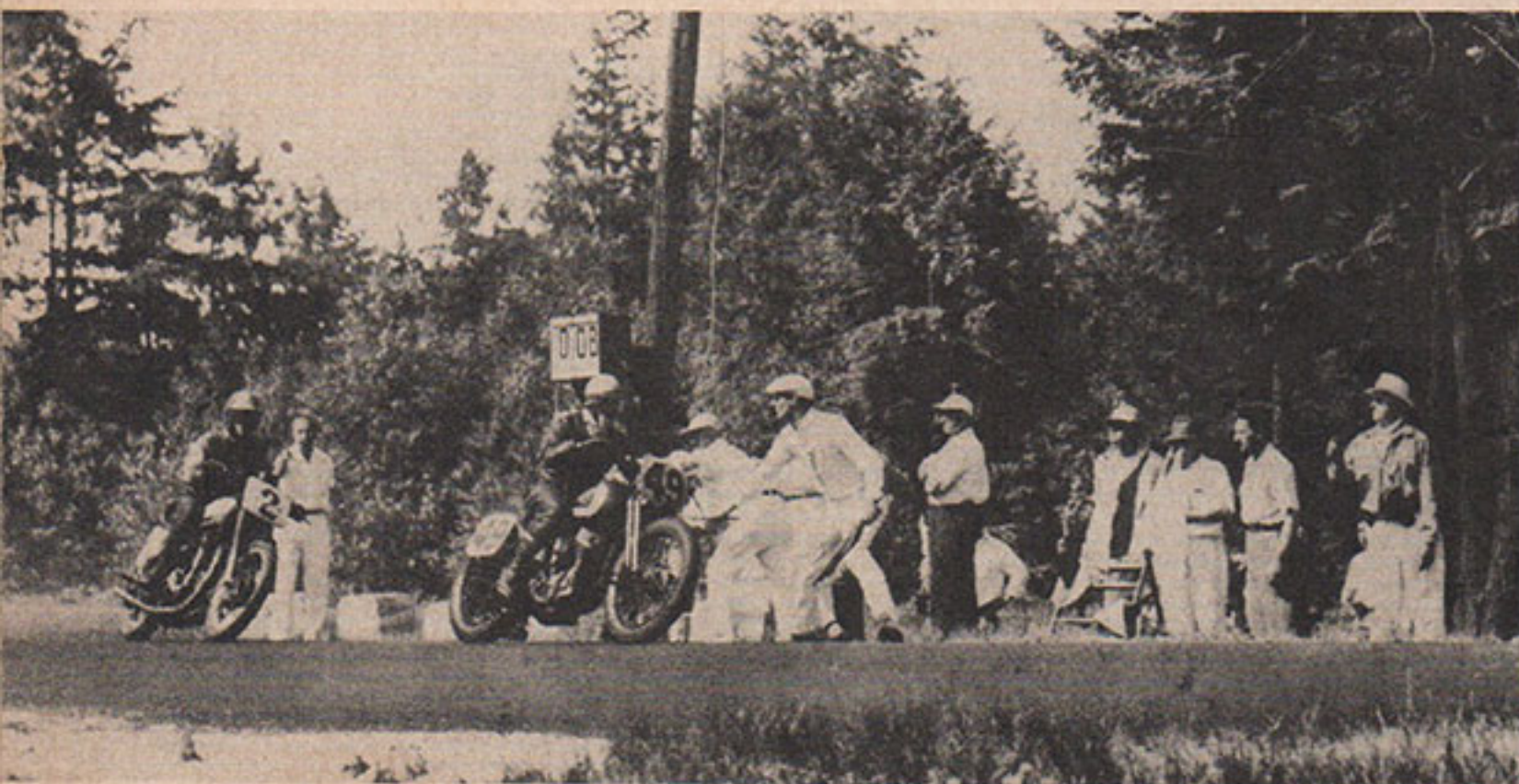
LACONIA

Text and Photos by Chas. Stratton and Rick Harald

NORTON AND TRIUMPH SHARE HONORS



100-Miler—Fighting for space, a pair of Harleys and Triumphs slide around Judges Corner. Robert Boutwell (57, Triumph) Baltimore, Md. goes wide, while Bill Miller (35, H-D), Mountville, Pa. leans out to get the middle. Leon Newhall (48, Triumph), Lynn, Mass. hugs the inside, ahead of George Sabine (44, H-D), Washington, D.C. Boutwell (57, Triumph) eighth. In the background, Ted Boyd (11, Triumph) and Clifford Caswell (88, H-D)



100-Miler—Dick Klamfoth (2, Norton) gets the yellow flag. E. C. Smith, American Motorcycling Association secretary, is standing behind Klamfoth. Al Wilcox of Trenton, New Jersey (Har-Dav.) is on No. 49

UPWARDS OF 15,000 CYCLISTS poured into the Laconia (N.H.) area from all sections of the United States and Canada for the 32nd Annual N.E. Gypsy Tour sponsored by the New England Motorcycle Dealers' Association, and held at the Belknap Recreation Area managed by congenial Fritzie "Red Hat" Baer.

The residents of Laconia and the dealers went all out to make the affair successful. A three day program started on Friday morning, June 13th, with guided tours to lakes and mountains.

Out of 25 entries in the 50-mile national championship road race, Gerald Givens of Norfolk, Va., rode his Triumph to first place for a new track record of 57:23.71. John Armstrong of Springfield, Mass., won second honors on a Norton.

Immediately after the 50-mile championship, riders gathered in the large parking lot in front of the Recreation Building and competed for \$1000 worth of merchandise in the sports events. Mrs. Dorothy O'Brien of Newton, Mass., and a member of the Framingham (Mass.) Motorcycle Club topped the beauty contest and won the Miss Laconia trophy.

Out of many competing well uniformed clubs, the Friendly Riders of Worcester, Mass., led by road captain Nat Thurlow, were judged Best Dressed Club for the second consecutive year. Spectators cheered riders on in the well planned contests that included egg catching, slow races, obstacle races and many others.

Out of 15 dreamboats in the best accessory equipped motorcycle contest, Thomas Hickey, of South Shore M/C, Dorchester, Mass., won the Buegeleisen Trophy, with his lavish 1947 Harley-Davidson valued at \$1500. Competition was keen since last year's Gypsy Tour winner Harold Evens of Lowell, Mass., was there with his 1949-61 OHV valued at \$2100.

Probably the most expensive motorcycle at the Gypsy Tour was the 1949 Harley owned by Montreal visitor Ivan Charbonneau, who has installed 58 lights. He did all the work himself and every light works. It's a hobby with this popular Quebec rider who has his motorcycle equipped with every possible accessory including a radio, a chromed fire extinguisher, and a pin-up girl speedometer needle. Showing their appreciation to the people of Laconia, the New England Dealers' Association presented the Laconia Hospital Fund with a check for \$200 a few minutes before the 100-mile championship road race.

One of the most impressive moments, unnoticed perhaps by all but a few persons, was the appearance of a grease stained motorcycle mechanic from Massachusetts. He shoved a crumpled bill into the hand of Hospital Fund President James P. Rogers and said, "You're doing a swell job and I'd like to help you out," and with that he disappeared in the crowd.

Incidentally, the N.E. Motorcycle Dealers' Association in cooperation with the AMA and Fritzie Baer is scheduling an annual 50-mile motorcycle race and a Class C Hillclimb at the Fall Meet,

September 6th and 7th in Laconia. The entire proceeds will be turned over to the Laconia Hospital Fund.

In a stunning reversal of last year's strong Harley-Davidson showing, British machines this time nearly carried off the top three scoring spots in both races. Dick Klamfoth again copped first place in the 100-mile expert race, taking one hour 57 minutes and 57 seconds to do it—four seconds longer than last year. Bill Miller, 150 winner and Harley veteran, still holds the Laconia record with a time of 1:56.22.

Second place in the 100-miler was taken by Edwin Fisher, Triumph rider from Parkesburg, Pa., who finished a mere seven seconds behind the maestro. In third slot was Alli Quattrochi on a Harley, who beat out Norton-mounted James Gregory from West Chester, Pa. Quattrochi is from Doylestown, Pa.; he came in first at Laconia in 1947.

Three top Harley riders had tuned up spanking new model K's and were obviously hoping to trounce Klamfoth and his Norton. Sid Swan, last year's 50-mile winner and now

RIGHT, The most expensive motorcycle at the meet was this 1949 \$3000 Harley-Davidson

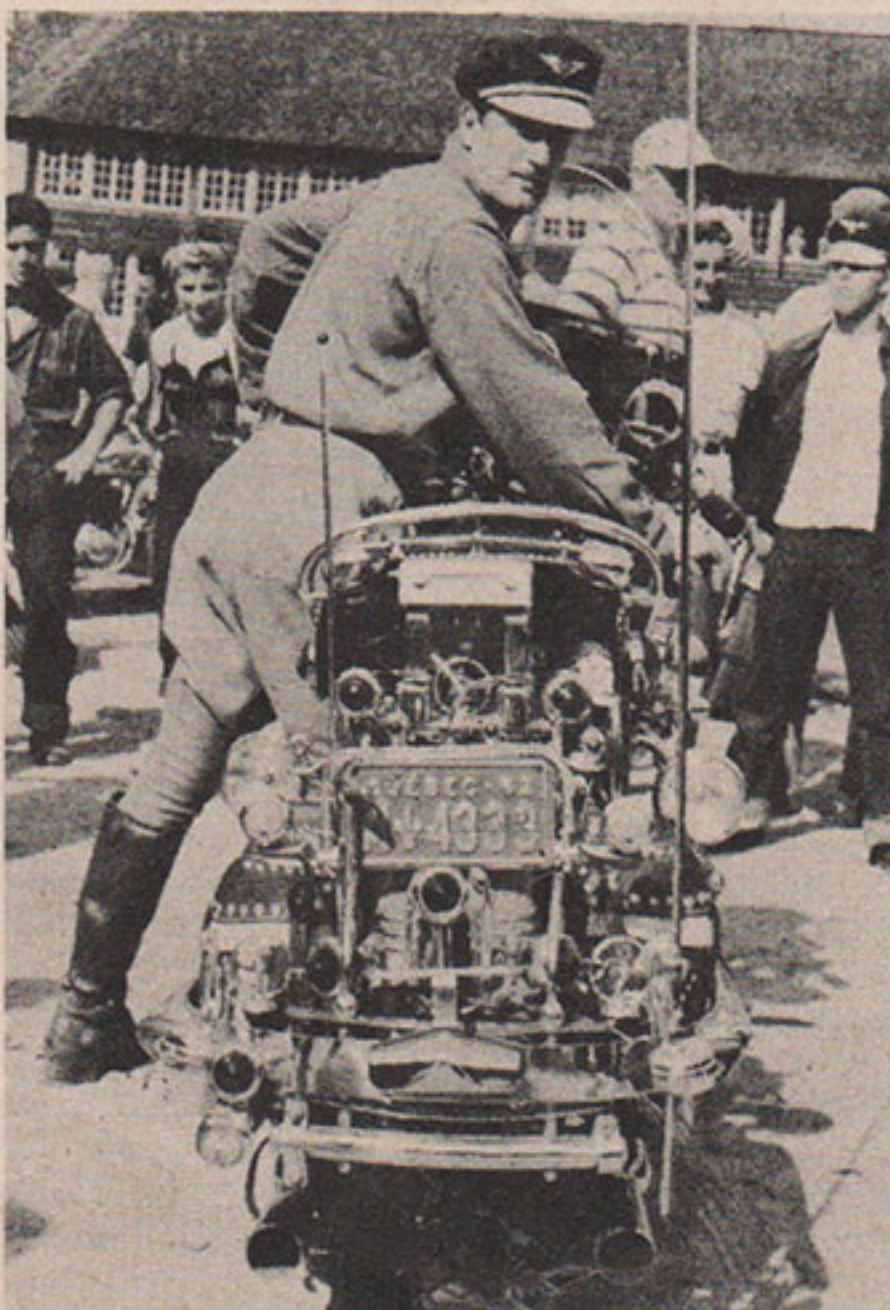
BELOW, There are plenty of camping spots like this one at the Belknap Recreation Area in Gifford, N.H., scene of the Annual N.E. Gypsy meet

promoted to expert rank, was one. The other two were Babe Tancrede and Bill Miller, who placed second and third in the 1951 100-miler.

Adding more spice to the entry list was a BMW, the first to be entered at Laconia since the war. Originally, two of the German racing machines were scheduled to enter, but only a few days before race-time the 1938 vintage motor of Stan Myers' machine blew up. This left Joe Tomas of N. Arlington, N.J., to carry the colors alone.

The model K's were putting up a good show in the first half of the race; Miller especially seemed to feel completely at home on the radically new Harley. Long-legged Sid Swan appeared to be doing well too, but old-timer Babe Tancrede was obviously uncomfortable. An experienced hand at sliding the corners on his old Harley, Tancrede hesitated to bank the K over on turns. He sat up in the saddle, his iron shoe barely scraping dirt.

At the half-way mark all eyes were on Klamfoth's Norton and Fisher's Triumph. Starting five seconds after Klamfoth, Fisher



had taken charge and was roaring around the course in record-breaking time. Klamfoth, as usual, was riding Sunday School-teacher style. Blasting along the straights he'd blip the Norton gently into second, idle down to a walk and corner close-in, without taking his foot off the peg in most cases. Once lined up again with a straight stretch, he'd wind out in second, click into third for a longer spell of acceleration, and then snap up into fourth.

By this time Dick was not much more than 50 feet behind Fisher's Triumph. But Klamfoth's pitmen were concerned at his nonchalance; Fisher was not only ahead, he had started five seconds behind the Norton rider. It was in the 52nd or 53rd lap that the young maestro began pouring it on in earnest. His cornering was faster, his acceleration more savage, and by driving the Norton harder he closed the gap steadily. Soon the two riders were hitting the corners together, Klamfoth on the inside, Fisher riding wider. Finally, in the 58th lap Dick passed his rival and, despite some close dueling for the next five laps, the Norton stayed.

Machines continued to drop out. By the 70th lap only 23 of the original 36 were still in, and by the 90th, only 20. It now looked like a Norton, Triumph, Norton victory; Klamfoth, Fisher, Gregory.

That's the way they were flagged in at the 100th lap. But a time check showed Quattrochi and his Harley had changed this by placing third, pushing Gregory into fourth spot.

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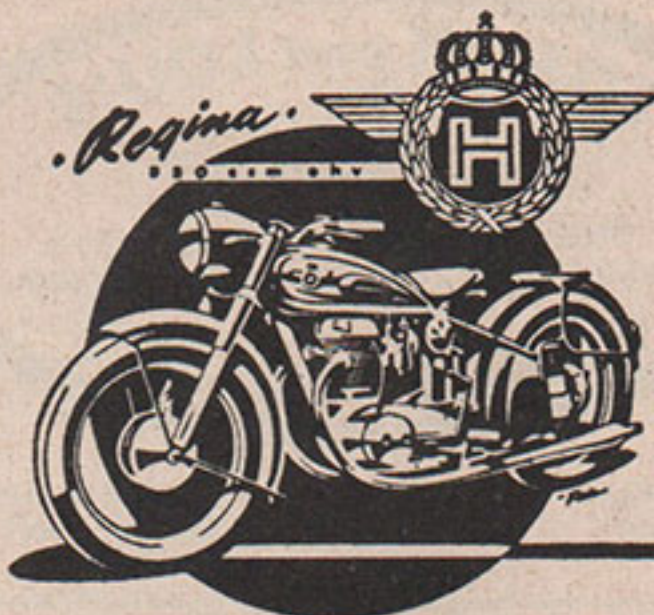
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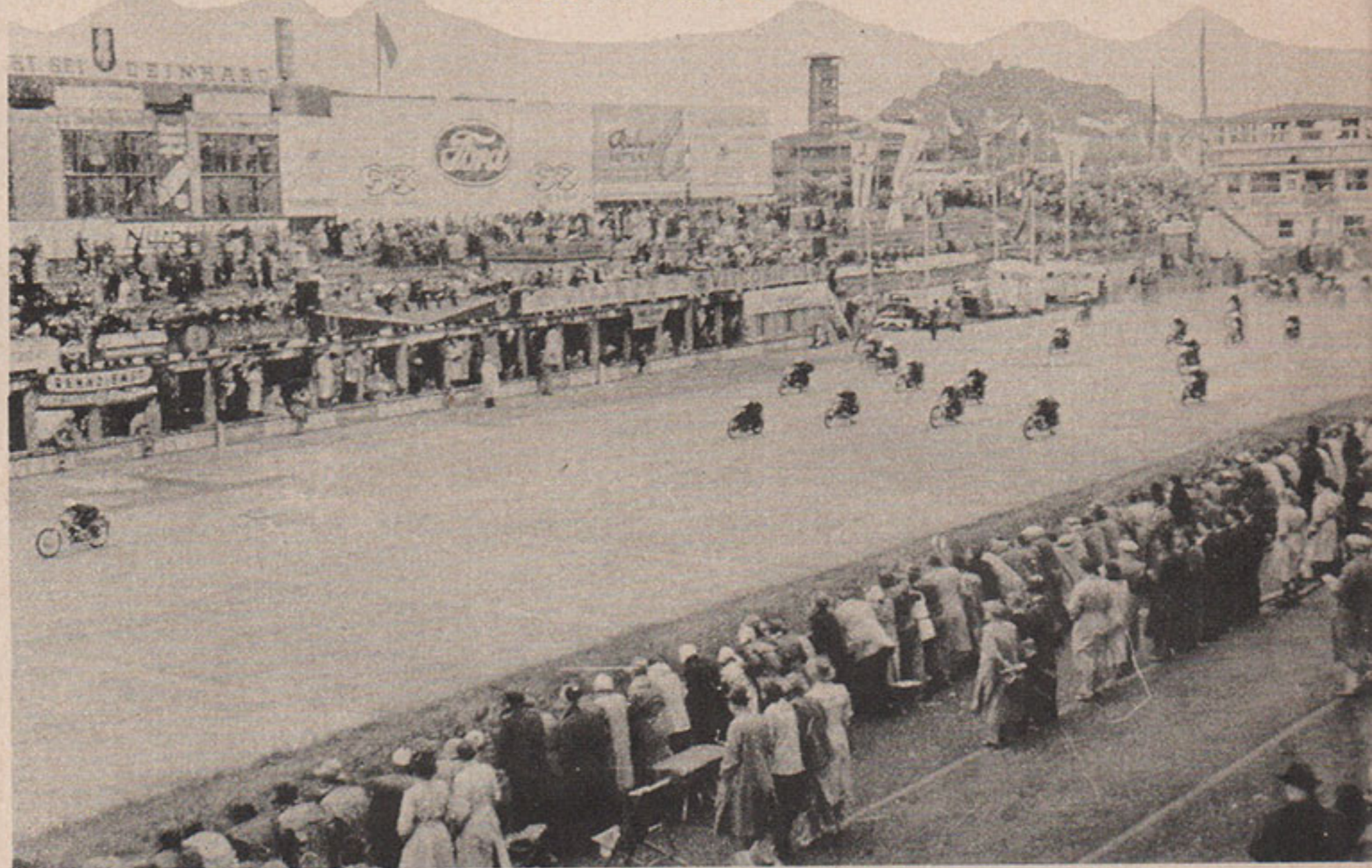


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BY JOHN NANCE



Colombo, first away in 125 event. Motorcycle racing assumes same proportions as our Indy classic

THE FAMOUS NURBURGRING, situated in the highest part of Western Germany's Eifel mountains, is 14.2 miles of snakelike curves and fast straights combined to make one of the world's most fascinating race-tracks. Its twenty-fifth anniversary is being celebrated this year by the running of many races and the annual Eifel Races were spellbinding, a day crammed full of thundering competition. Promptly at 8:00 a.m. the snarl of hot 125 cc models started a series of hub to hub battles which continued almost uninterrupted until noon, when sport-cars and Formula two and three race cars took over until 7:30 p.m.

Years of using a nearly perfect, permanent installation insured wonderful organization

and facilities which were furthered by A.D.A.C. (German Auto Club) Representative Herr Keser, who aided the press in a most congenial manner. The only point not covered by this efficient set-up was the weather, which was threatening and cold. It might be said, however, that the humidity was ordered to aid engine performance, as many records were broken.

A vast field of these small jobs provided some thrilling moments. While undeveloped in the States, this class is very popular here and their performance is fantastic. The struggle was between NSU, Mondial, and DKW. The racing model of the popular NSU Fox with its dual overhead cams, 8,500 rpm's, and 14 bhp has a top speed of over 90 miles per hour. The only Mondial was ridden by well-liked H. P. Muller (1949-51 world champion of this class and current course record holder). His motor too had dual overhead cams, but turned about 10,000 rpm's giving 15 bhp and a speed of approximately 95 miles per hour. DKW was the leader of the two-stroke faction, rotating 10,000 rpm and producing a large but unannounced amount of horses.

The "babies" pushed to a start promptly at 8:00 a.m. with Roberto Colombo stealing the lead, his NSU was closely followed by teammate Daiker. Muller's Mondial pursued them hotly being in turn chased by Hofman on another NSU. Two works DKWs battled each other fiercely for the next slot but without pressing the leaders. The Mondial broke a valve-spring in the last lap, allowing Hofman's NSU to slip up a notch, giving the following results for this five lap event:

Colombo	Italy	NSU	1 hr, 03 min, 54.5 sec.
Daiker	Germany	NSU	1 hr, 04 min, 15.2 sec.
Hofman	Germany	NSU	1 hr, 04 min, 16.0 sec.
Muller	Germany	Mond'l	1 hr, 04 min, 16.3 sec.
Felgenheier	Germany	DKW	1 hr, 09 min, 50.1 sec.



Two special NSU "Foxes" warm up at the start. Air duct reduces hot spot on right side of engine

The 250s proved to be another battle between two and four stroke machines, and the most interesting race of the day. DKW's twin two-stroker has proven itself in recent races as a very potent bike, while NSU's twin (28 bhp at 8,500 rpm and dual overhead

cams) is also very fast, bettering 100 mph. And, of course, one cannot forget Guzzi, Parilla, and the new Horex.

This race, run simultaneously with the 500 cc class, was understandably exciting, with Fergus Anderson (Guzzi), Ewald Kluge (DKW), and Roberto Colombo (again on NSU) bidding for honors. Note the times of this race. It always amazes me how these little engines keep up with the 500s. In the sixteenth lap Anderson was actually running fourth in the 500 class and four 250 jobs beat the time of the third place winner in the larger class.

Anderson, Kluge, Colombo, and Thorn started in that order as the flying Anderson shattered Kluge's records on every lap. Fifth and sixth spots were being hotly vied for by Horex and NSU, the NSU dropping out in the fifth lap as he left a footpeg on a curve. Lap six (one to go) found the same order—Anderson leading by little the screeching DKW. The announcer was going crazy calling the new records and as he was set to yell, "Here comes Anderson" the crowd surged to its feet as Kluge, not Anderson, came into view. Anderson developed trouble which took precious minutes to repair and this allowed Kluge to break his own record for the seven laps, though Fergus was given credit for the fastest lap at 70.9 mph. This was record time up through the sixth lap—what a heartbreaker for Anderson. Trailing in after the leaders were many Guzzis and a Parilla. The results were:

Kluge	Germany	DKW	1 hr, 25 min, 12.6 sec.
Colombo	Italy	NSU	1 hr, 25 min, 40.6 sec.
Thorn	Germany	Guzzi	1 hr, 26 min, 16.7 sec.
Gablentz	Germany	Horex	1 hr, 27 min, 50.5 sec.
Montanari	Italy	Guzzi	1 hr, 29 min, 09.8 sec.

Germans Sweep 350 Class

AJS proved the master here with only a few Velos, a Norton, and a Horex to give chase. Roland Schnell's Horex made a fast start, but on the third lap two Ajays had fought past him. From then on the order didn't change, although it was obvious that the leaders were hard-pressed. Hans Baltisberger turned the fastest lap at 71.9 mph, to take first spot. Interesting to note was the fact that the first 10 places were taken by Germans.

Baltisberger	Germany	AJS	1 hr, 23 min, 48.8 sec.
Knees	Germany	AJS	1 hr, 24 min, 42.6 sec.
Schnell	Germany	Horex	1 hr, 25 min, 01.6 sec.
Heiss	Germany	Velo	1 hr, 25 min, 09.6 sec.
Klaeger	Germany	AJS	1 hr, 25 min, 47.7 sec.

500 and 750 CC Sidecars

Run simultaneously, these events proved typical as to outcome and excitement. BMW dominates the 750 cc event, while Norton and BMW vie for the 500 cc flag. The thrill of watching this always hard fought event is unimaginable. Those boys' gymnastics on the flying sidecars keep your heart in your mouth the whole time. In the 500s a frantic duel developed between the Swiss team of Heidemann and Albisser and the record holding team of Boehm and Fuchs. They exchanged the lead continuously and in the last yards the Swiss boys pulled inches

ahead to take the flag. The well-known team of Jacques Drion and William Onslow had no trouble taking third, but lacked speed to push the leaders. Following these three Norton teams were several BMWs and a BSA.

In the 750 cc class Hillebrand and Barth (also the course recordholders) fought off Muller and Bauer by lapping the course at 65.2 mph, .6 mph under their record, and continued on to take the flag.

Hillebrand and Barth	BMW	1 hr, 07 min, 10.0 sec.
Muller and Bauer	BMW	1 hr, 07 min, 32.9 sec.
Seppenhauer and Wenshofer	BMW	1 hr, 10 min, 13.3 sec.

500 CC

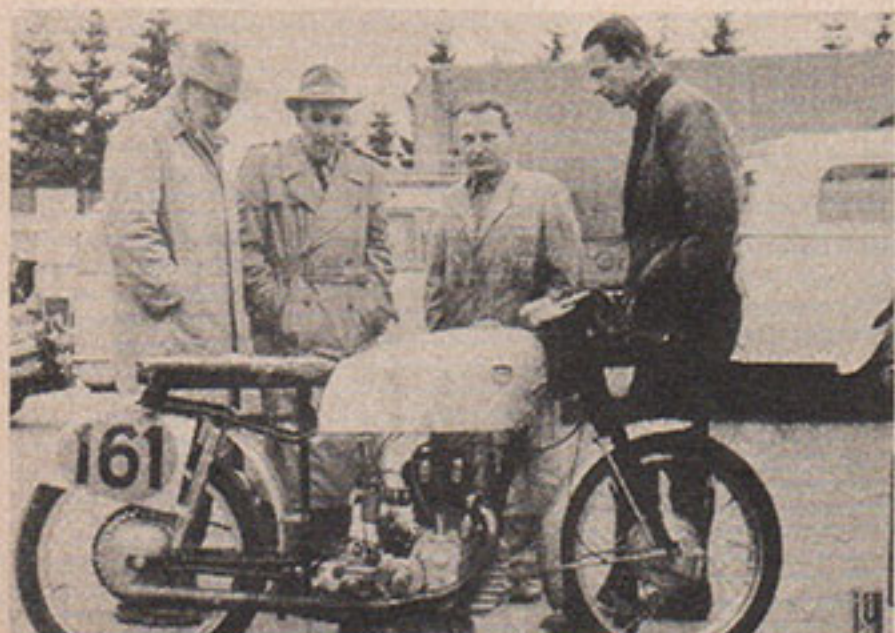
Conspicuous by their absence were the BMW works team of Maier and Zeller. Maier holds the course record for both blown and unblown machines (77.3 mph and 76.1 mph respectively). With the works BMW absent, Nortons were favored to win. Horex entered its new competition vertical twin, typified by huge cooling fins, integral gear-box and crankcase cast in a tear drop shape, and chain driven overhead cams. It is the first German machine of this type, and its 50 bhp makes it quite potent. Only one of these machines left the starting line, but it in very fine style under the hands of Friedel Schoen, who streaked away at the start and led the pursuing Nortons substantially by the second lap. He made the best time of 73.4 mph. But trouble developed, and on the third lap it was the familiar deep-throated "plunk plunk" of the Norton that led the way. Rudi Knees was followed by S. Fuss also on a Norton. Next were several 250 cc machines. Then three BMWs in hot competition with each other flashed over the line. At the end of lap seven the results were:

Knees	Germany	Norton	1 hr, 23 min, 16.6 sec.
Fuss	Germany	Norton	1 hr, 24 min, 31.0 sec.
Eberlein	Germany	BMW	1 hr, 28 min, 12.2 sec.
Ruhenstroth	Germany	BMW	1 hr, 28 min, 36.6 sec.
Duthe	Germany	BMW	1 hr, 28 min, 46.6 sec.

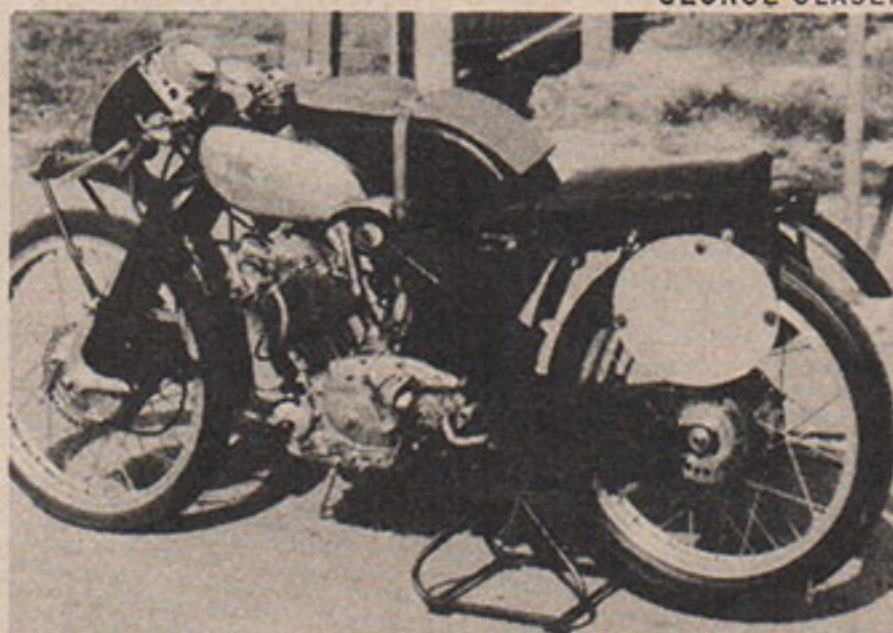
The Horex machines were small in number, but very fast—this marque is on the upgrade in competition. While it is never any surprise to see Norton in top spot, I've heard that BMW is preparing something to dim their light, as well as regain the world's speed record. German engineering ingenuity must not be underestimated. The latest unusual feat is their three cylinder DKW two stroker; two vertical outer cylinders with the third one lying horizontally in between and each with its own carburetor. This marvel turns some 12,000 rpm and should show some fast times in the coming year in the 350 cc class.

Winning riders and machines were led to a stand where they received the victory wreath as their country's flag was hoisted and the National Anthem was played. Thousands of spectators stood solemnly at attention lending a grandeur to the ceremony that certainly lends prestige to the sport. The European attitude towards motorsports places them on a plane equal to the Olympics.

GEORGE GLASER

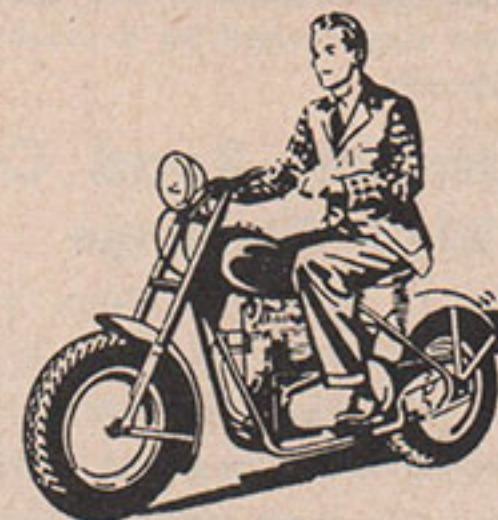


A worked over NSU 125. Holes were drilled to shed weight, even in the steering dampener



Another view of latest 14 hp NSU showing how bulk of rider's weight is carried low as possible

RIDE A Mustang

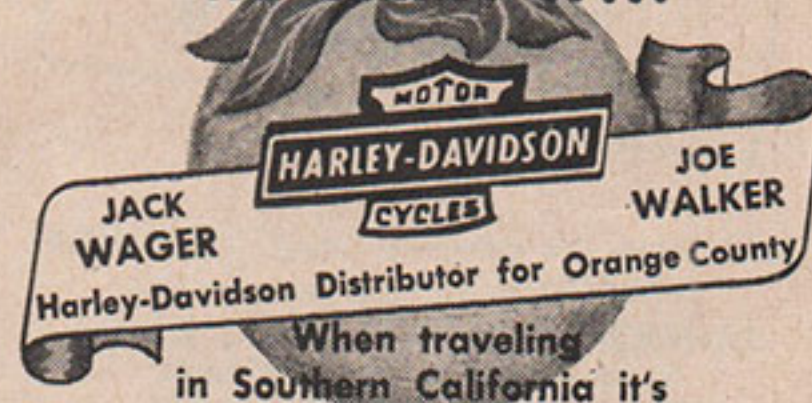


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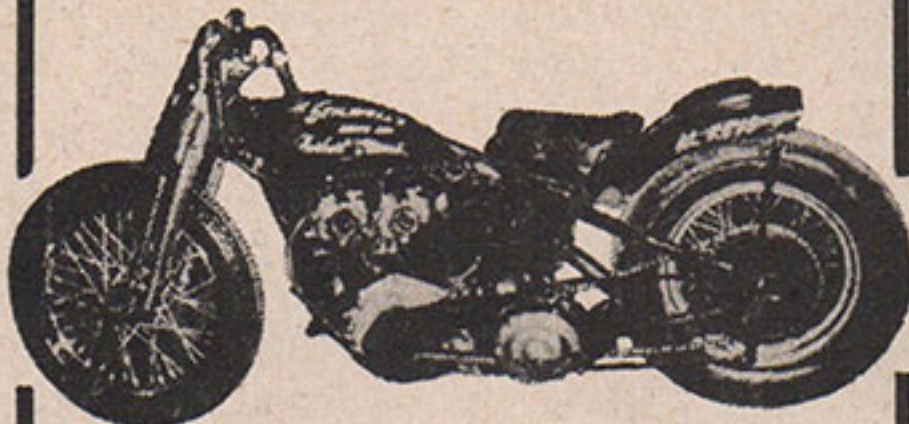
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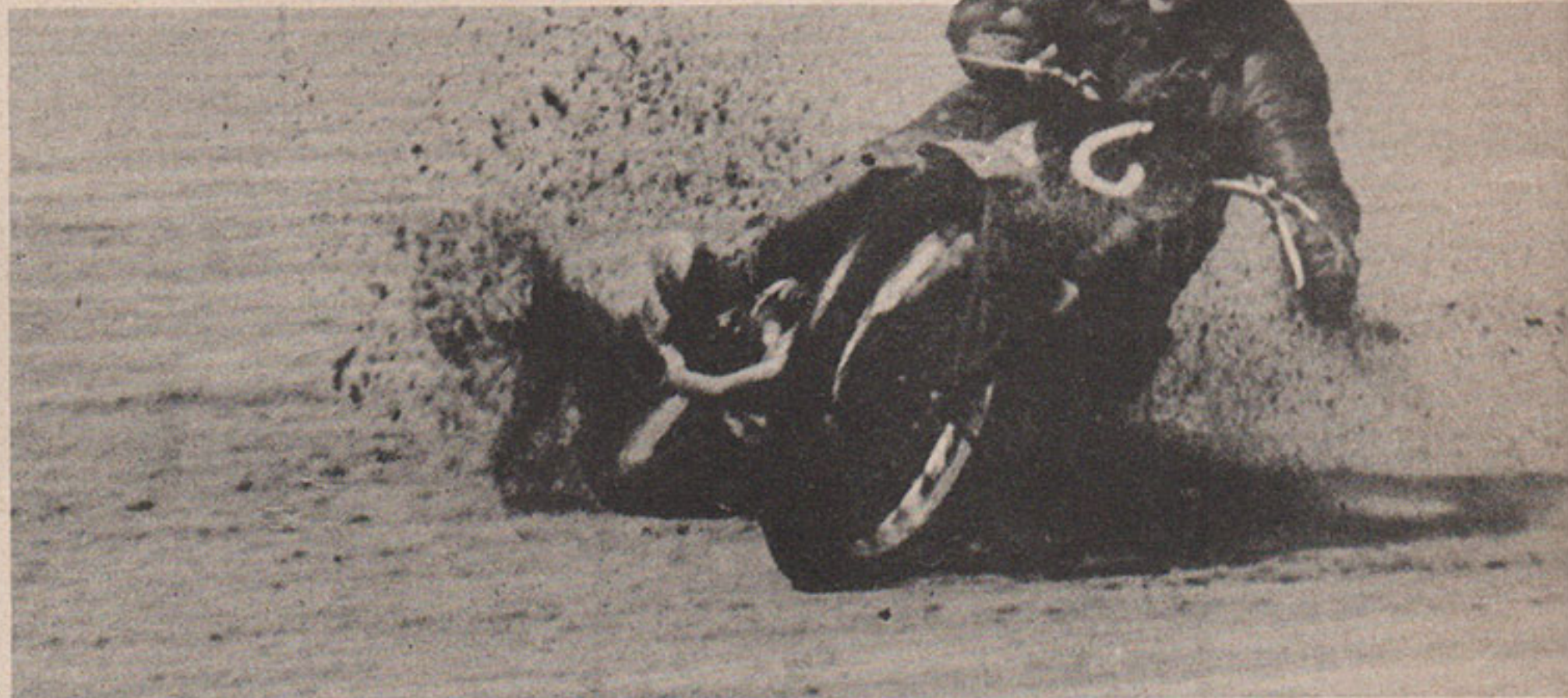
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The WORLD at a glance



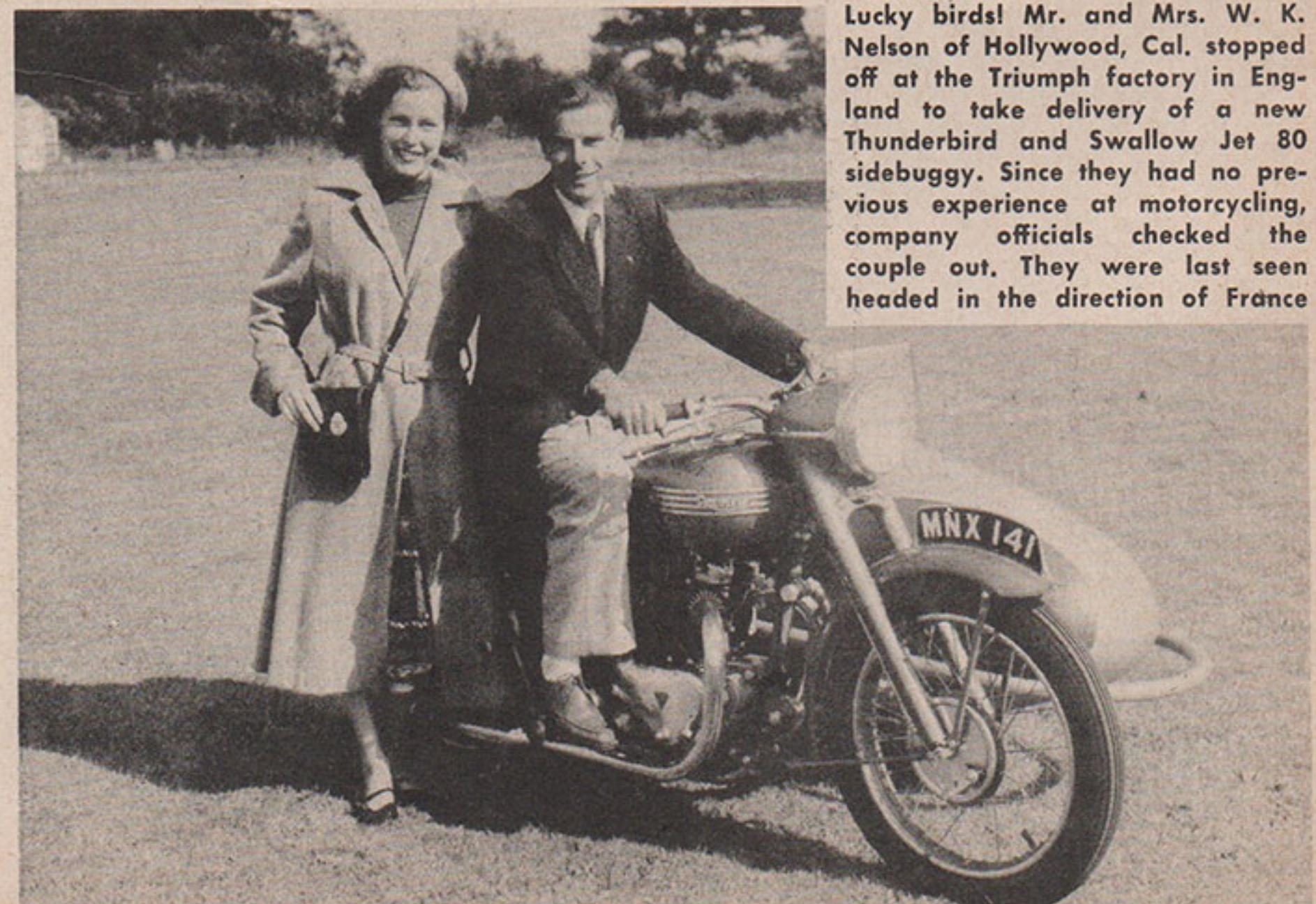
Fred Rist winning the 70-mile Championship in the unlimited event on Pendine Sands, Wales, which he won against 61 cu. in. machines. Fred looks to be falling off but that's just his style



Triumph Tiger rider B. J. Hargreaves wins Senior Clubman's Isle of Man TT at 82.45 mph; fastest lap at 83.04 mph. Three out of first six places went to Triumph. Hargreaves held lead



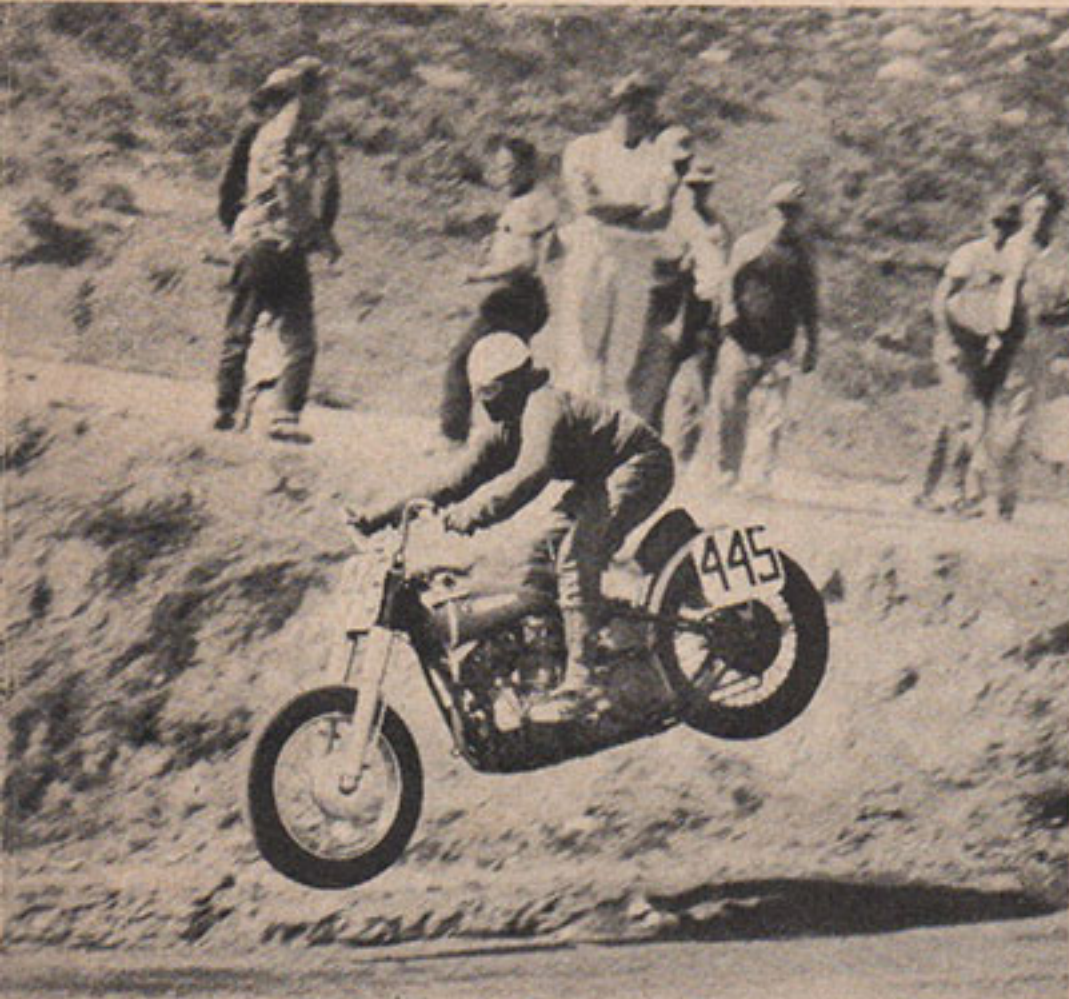
World's largest motorcyclist? 575 pound Bob Gladin and his Vincent at Belknap Recreation Area at Laconia, N.H., scene of the New England gypsy tours. Bob has been riding since '42



Lucky birds! Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Nelson of Hollywood, Cal. stopped off at the Triumph factory in England to take delivery of a new Thunderbird and Swallow Jet 80 sidebuggy. Since they had no previous experience at motorcycling, company officials checked the couple out. They were last seen headed in the direction of France



Johnny Giles, on a 30 cu. in. Triumph Trophy, newest and youngest member of the official Triumph Trials Team (20 years old), in the 1952 Scottish Six Days Trial, won a Special First Class Award



Riverside, Calif. TT races. Crash landing broke rear chain, but rider stayed upright. Kenny Brown cleaned house on a Triumph Thunderbird and "Pappy" Kretz was carted off to the hospital for second time in career—fine Father's Day!



Rodney Flint, age 13, youngest member of the Ace of Clubs M/C, on his first enduro. Rod failed to finish the Devil's Head run, sponsored by Oregon's Mt. Scott M/C, but is one of the best hare and hounders in his neck of the woods continued



These British "Pearlies" from Hempstead arrived at Epsom in modern style on motor scooters. Their job is to entertain throngs of people waiting in line at ticket offices—an old English custom

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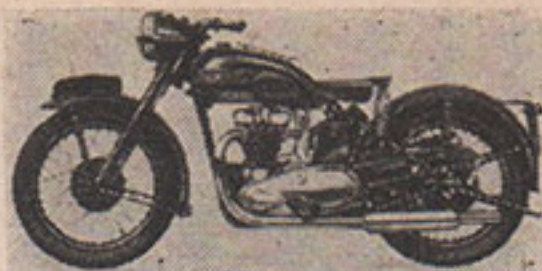
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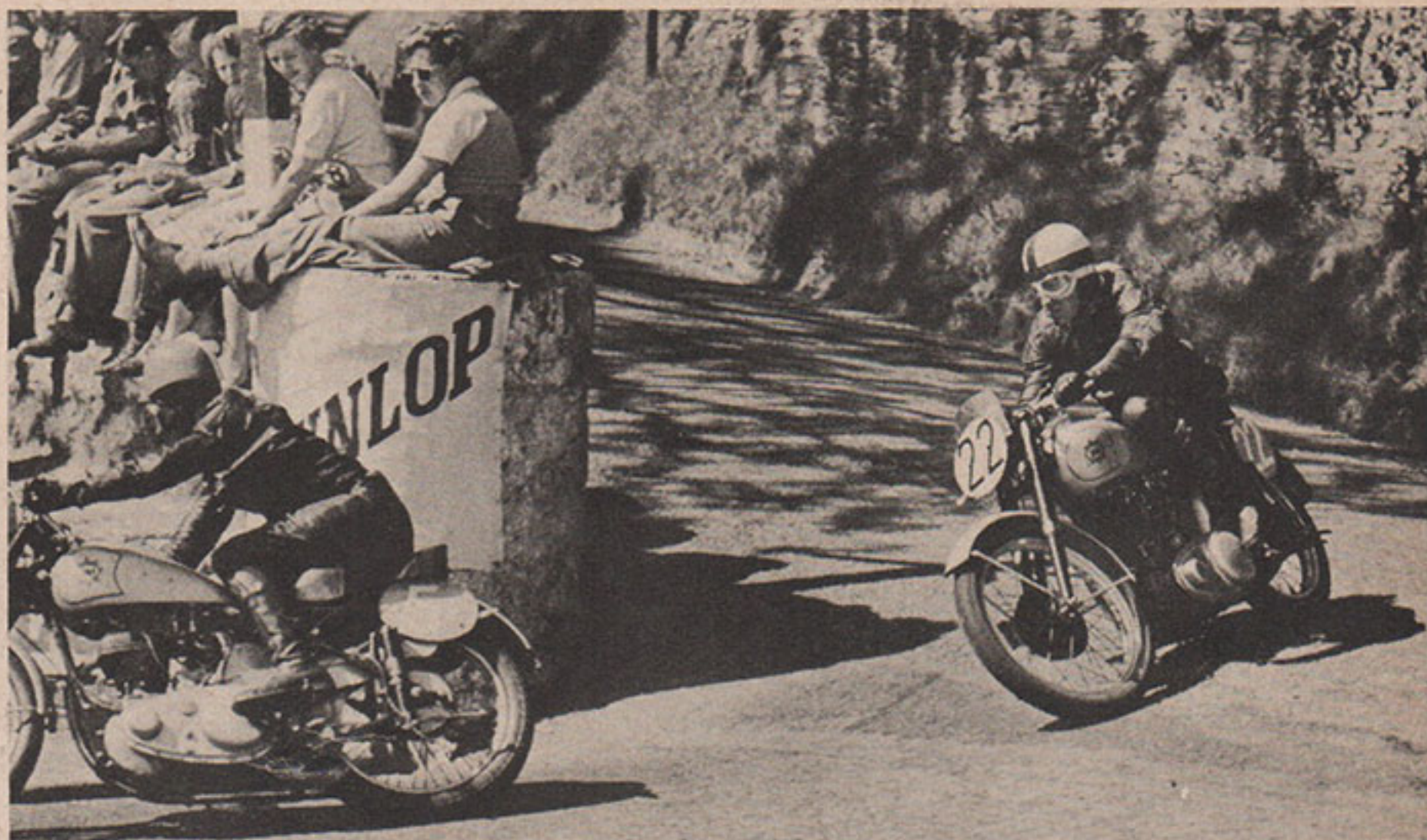
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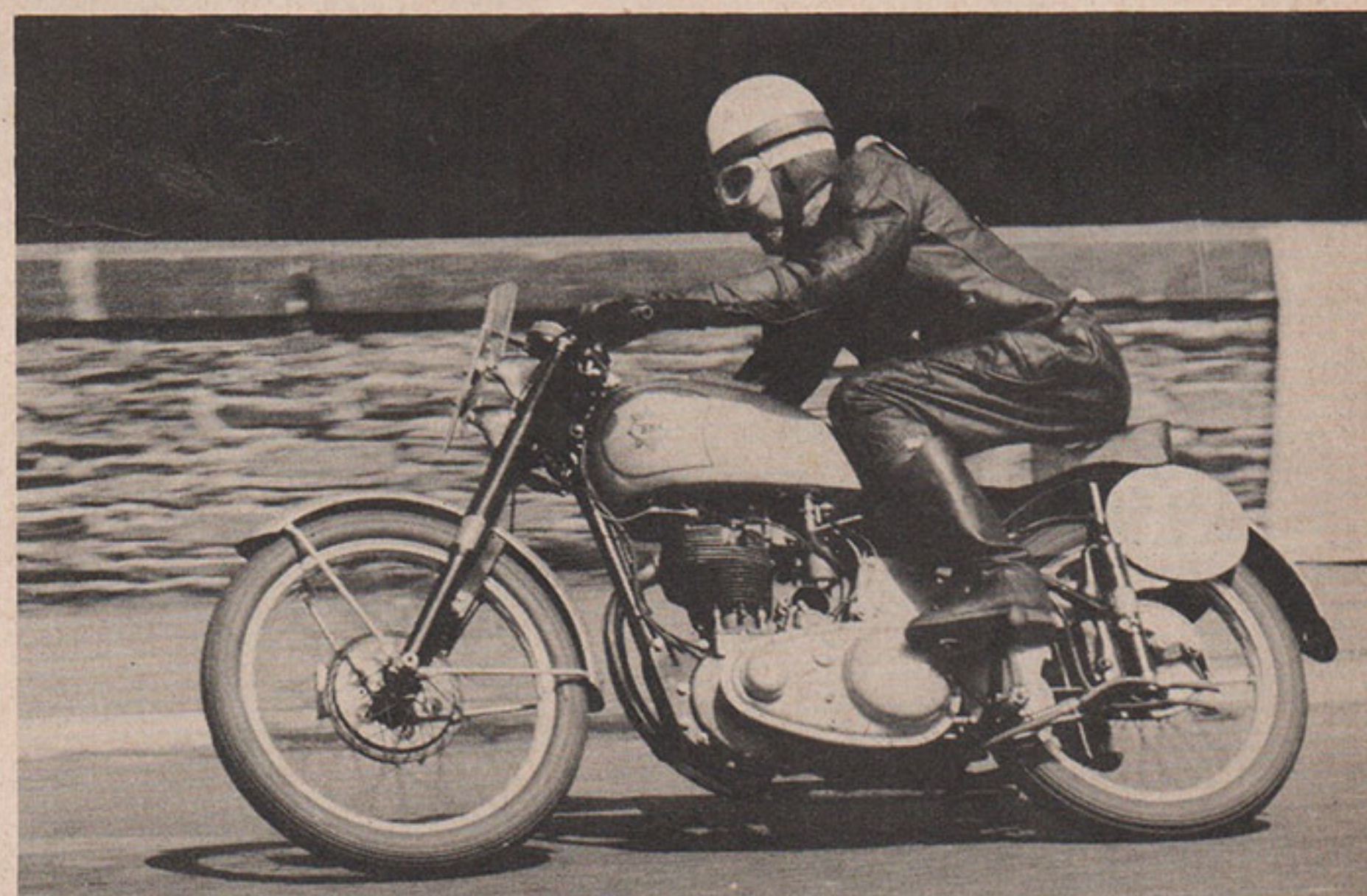
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The WORLD at a glance


23-Year-old Eric Houseley (No. 22), carefully chooses his line around the double hairpin bend at Governor's Bridge, which follows closely on the thrilling 120 mph swoop down the mountains in the Isle of Man TT. Riding a stock Model 348 cc BSA Gold Star, clubman Houseley won the 1952 Junior Clubman's race at a record average speed of 78.92 mph. This is the fourth successive year a BSA rider has won the 350 event. Second place went to Rob McIntyre, also on a BSA, whose record breaking final lap was at 80.09 mph. Seven of first ten places went to this make



They pack the corners tight in Belgium Moto Cross. Belgium champion Marcel Meunier, No. 34



Eric Houseley again, this time accelerating out of Quarter Bridge, was one of the 96 starters in the clubmen's event. The race was over four laps of the famous 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile circuit of the Isle of Man, where every conceivable type of corner is encountered, where the road climbs from twenty to 1,400 feet above sea level within a five mile stretch. Clubman's race allows only stock machines. Mufflers, lights and generators could be removed for the race but all bikes had to be kick started

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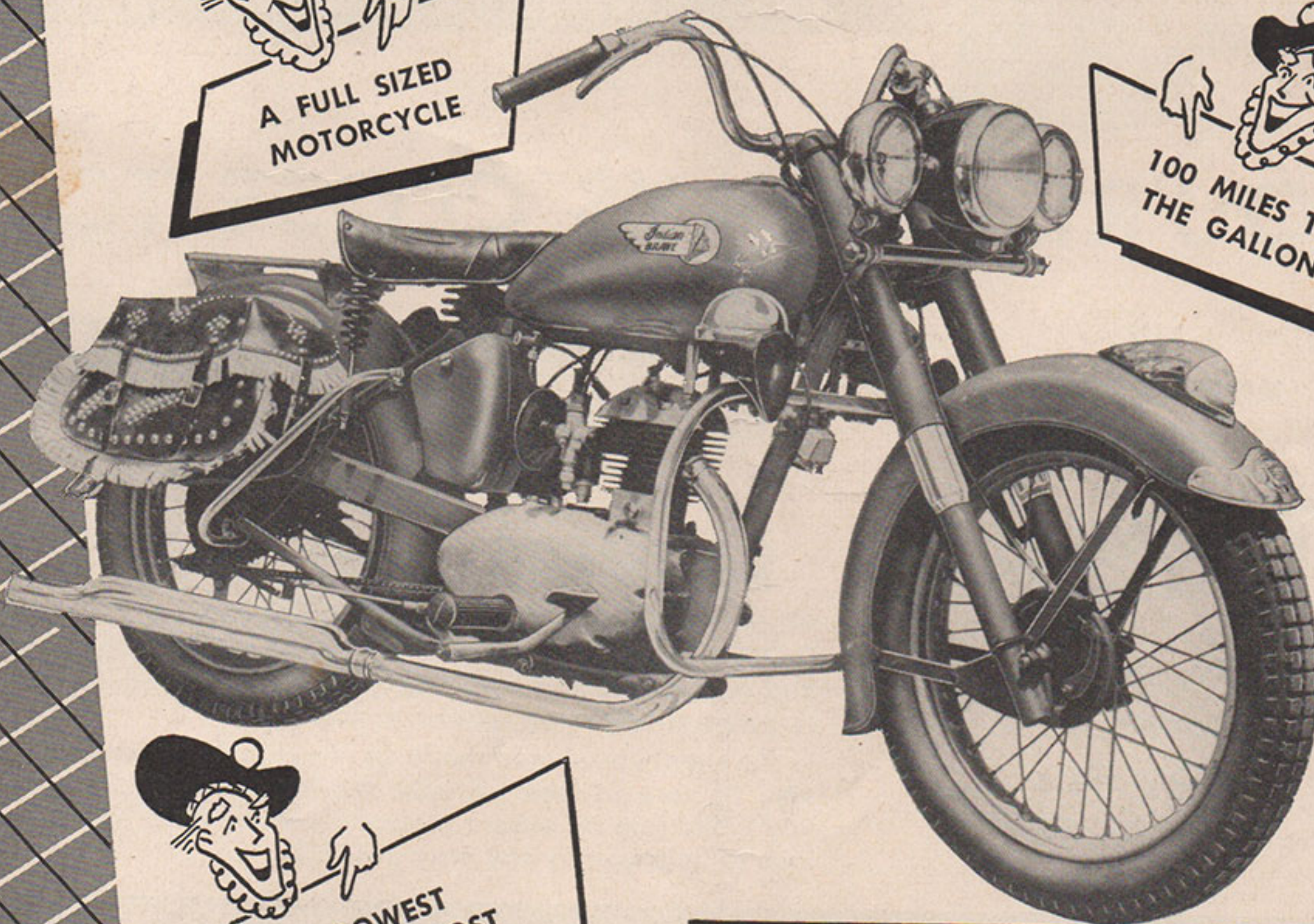
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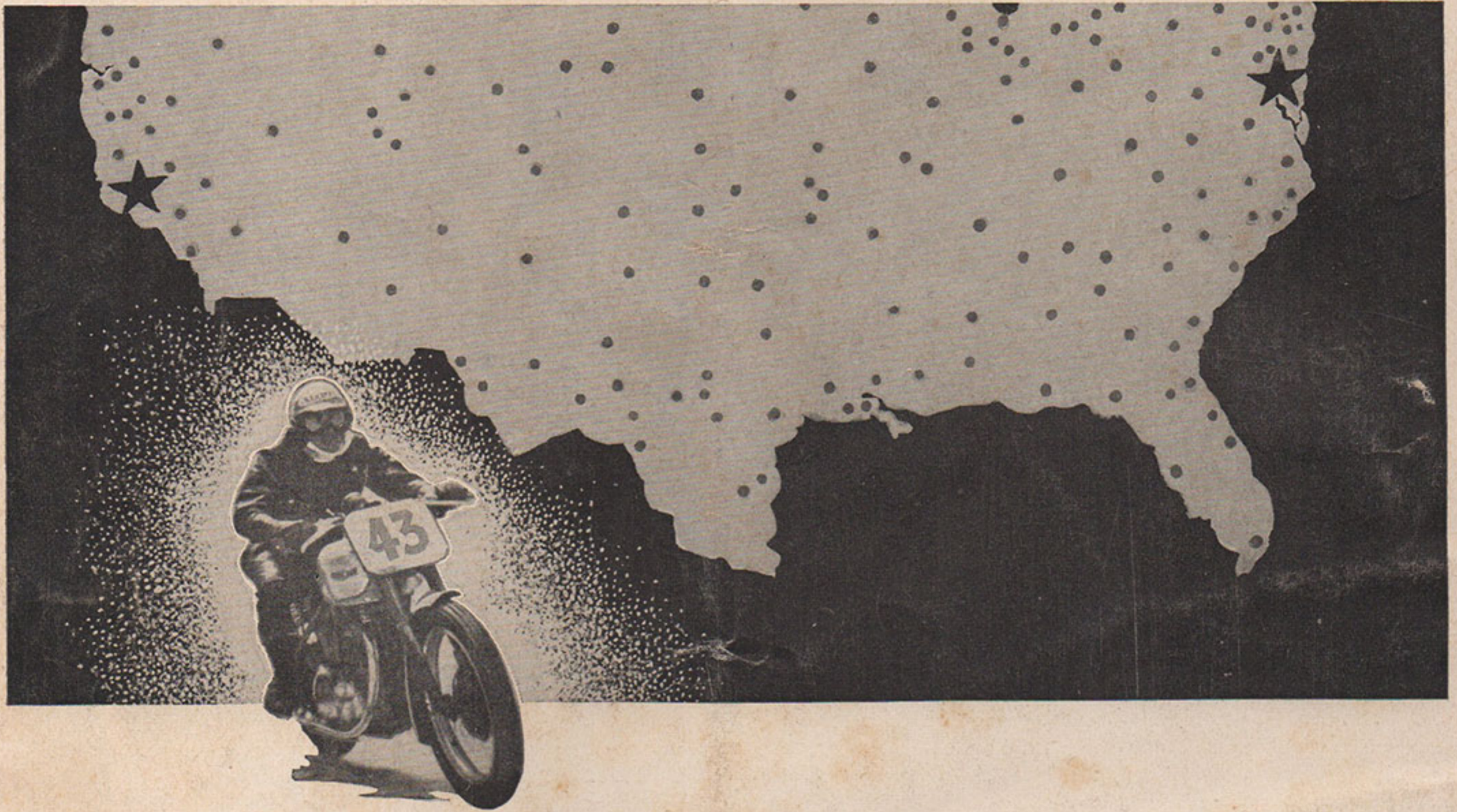
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