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NOVEMBER 1952 35c

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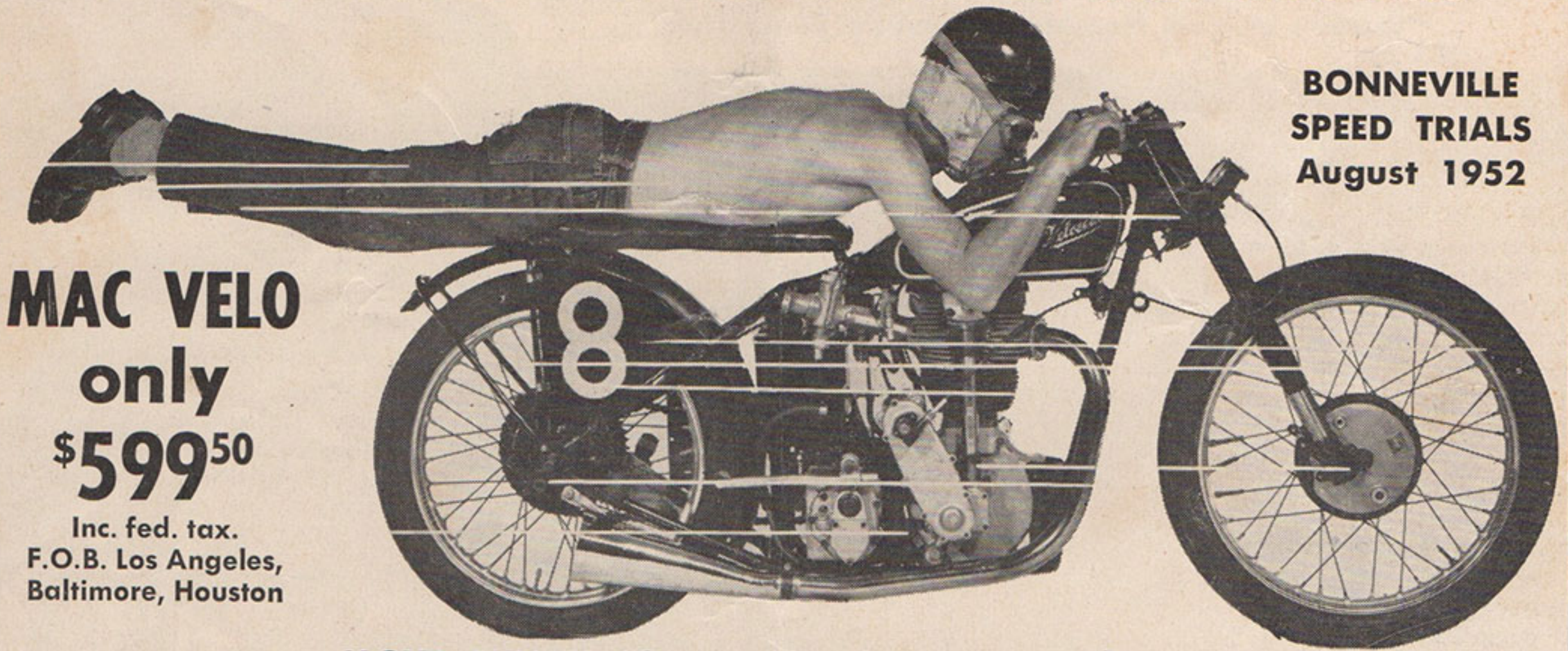
Jack Pine "Torture"

National Track Championships

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SPEED TRIALS
August 1952**



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TWENTY new records for GUZZI

BY GIOVANNI LURASCHI—EDITOR OF
LA MOTO MAGAZINE, ITALY

Italian Firm

Now Has 108

Victories in
Its Pocket

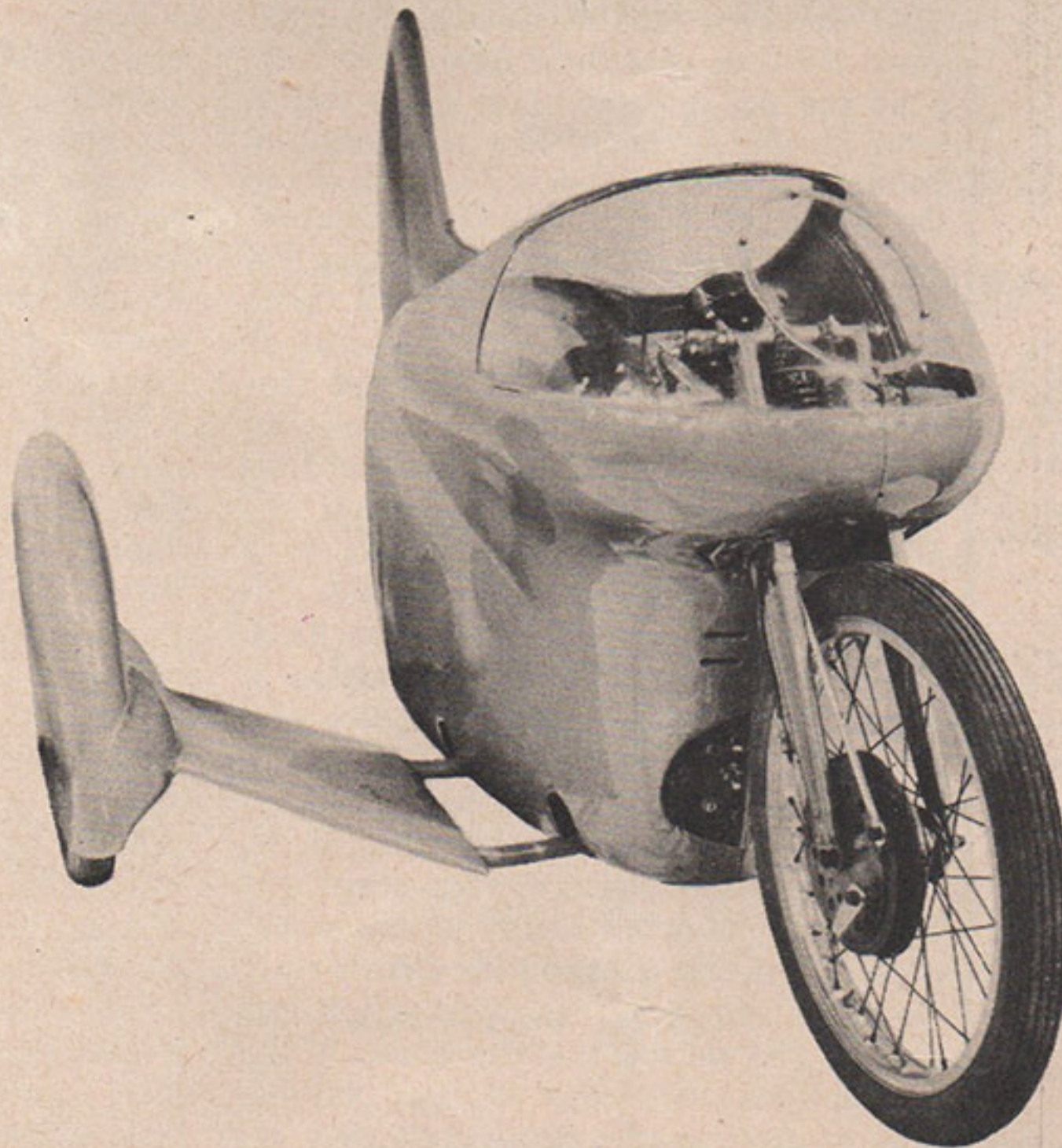
PERHAPS THE STRANGEST racing figure ever to face the world is that of Gino Cavanna, born in the small village of Piacenza, in the Po Valley about 45 miles from Milan, Italy. Only a year ago the sports papers announced that Gino was to trade his leather racing togs for the Franciscan frock of a friar, to leave the noisy motorcycle world for the silence of a monastery. But Gino Cavanna has not yet renounced his sport and despite his really religious nature, he seems to prefer this world of sinners, for while the communion will be short a saint, Moto-Guzzi's record list will be all the longer.

During his career, wherein he has obtained recognition as one of Italy's best sidecarrists, Gino found time to build a special three-wheeler which caused near revolution in racing circles. Cavanna's specially constructed rig features a third wheel that is joined to the motorcycle by flexible couplings which allow all three wheels to move in unison—in short, a flexi. Because no actual sidecar body was fitted, it was necessary to make provisions for the passenger to ride within the closed shell behind the pilot. Since the combination was so unusual and because of the near solo speed and subsequent racing successes that followed, other competitive sidecar riders revolted, declaring that they would never race with Cavanna and his special machine. To quiet the dissension, racing authorities forbade Cavanna to race his fast but unusual creation. There is no doubt that if he had been permitted to continue on the tracks, that this phase

of sidecar racing might have gone off on a new tangent.

Faced with disappointment and failing health, Gino Cavanna disappeared from the tracks, only to show up for his successful attempt at straightaway riding. This dark-haired, middle-aged, medium-built man has just recently broken no less than 20 records, contributing his share to the 108 world records of all classes that are now pocketed by the Moto-Guzzi motorcycle firm, somewhat of a record in itself.

Since the FIM (Federation International Motocicliste) does not acknowledge the 250 cc (15 cubic inch) class for sidecar achievements, the records of such speeds begin with the 350 cc (21 inch) class. Sidecar classes are divided into 350, 500, 750 and 1200 cc groups, corresponding to 21, 30.50, 45 and 74 cubic



World sidecar records went berserk when Gino Cavanna's 15 cu. in. Moto-Guzzi was unleashed for straightaway run that upset speed marks from the 15 to 74 in. class

inch. If a new 350 cc record is established and is faster than the 500 cc mark as well,

RECORD RESULTS:

PREVIOUS RECORDS	MPH	NEW RECORDS	MPH
CLASS 350 cc			
134.76	1 Kilo. flying start	137.38	
69.55	1 Kilo. standing start	72.92	
93.77	5 Kilos. flying start	127.82	

134.76	1 Mile flying start	136.98
77.00	1 Mile standing start	84.57
93.77	5 Miles flying start	125.79
88.80	10 Kilos. standing start	116.80
90.67	10 Miles standing start	108.57

CLASS 500 cc

103.71	5 Kilos. flying start	127.82
103.09	5 Miles flying start	125.79
96.26	10 Kilos. standing start	116.80
98.12	10 Miles standing start	108.57

CLASS 750 cc

123.58	5 Kilos. flying start	127.82
103.09	5 Miles flying start	125.79
96.26	10 Kilos. standing start	116.80
98.12	10 Miles standing start	108.57

CLASS 1200 cc

126.06	5 Kilos. flying start	127.82
110.54	5 Miles flying start	125.79
105.57	10 Kilos. standing start	116.80
104.95	10 Miles standing start	108.57

then this speed is acknowledged as the new record for its own class and the one above it as well. And so, Gino Cavanna, having won 8 victories in the 350 cc class, has also set up four records of the 500 class, four records of the 750 class and 4 more in the 1200 class.

An interesting sidelight to Cavanna's success is the disappointment encountered by Britisher Noel Pope, who recently had such bad luck during his speed attempts on American soil. After just establishing new records at the Montlhery track in France, the 10 kilometer standing start sidecar class with a 998 cc JAP machine at a speed of 106 mph,

Pope learned that Cavanna had wiped out the same record with a speed of 117 mph on his 250 cc Moto-Guzzi. The speeds recorded by Cavanna are so high that there is a difference ranging from 2 to 34 miles per hour over the old marks, demonstrating the terrific power of the Guzzi single. Since there are no suitable highways in Italy, all of the speeds listed at left were made on the German roadway between Monaco and Ingolstadt.

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40 WORLD AT A GLANCE

COVER Blackie Bernal's pusher recoils for another shove at the 40 cubic inch Class A American speed record. After seven days of storming the traps, Blackie's hopes hadn't dimmed and it was only on the eighth and last day that his determination was rewarded in full when an average speed of 144.338 was recorded. All of the five records made this year have now been approved by E. C. Smith, AMA secretary, marking another milestone in speed. photo by Bob Greene



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WOE BE UNTO the cyclist in the state of Wisconsin who chooses a motorcycle between 100 and 300 pounds. Since 1947, it has been a law of this state that any motor-driven cycle falling in this weight class shall be so equipped as to not be able to exceed a speed of 35 miles per hour. So that there can be no mistaking their intentions, the Wisconsin law makers have gone even further, defining that this shall be the maximum speed of said vehicle "with 150 pound rider on dry, level, hard surface with no wind." This ruling, obviously aimed at motor scooters, hits pretty low for a lot of lightweight riders, when it has been proven beyond a doubt that motorcycles of almost any weight can outstop any of our modern cars, in many cases the distance being exactly one-half that of an automobile. Since the moment this fact was brought to life, CYCLE Magazine immediately went to work compiling what we hope will be the most factual, up-to-date report on motorcycle safety that has ever been attempted. The undeniable facts and figures should be in your hands within the next month, or no later than two months should additional time be necessary. We hope that many will be able to use this material to advantage in combatting similar unjust restrictions and distorted publicity, the likes of which we have all seen in certain isolated instances. Until the time that these figures are compiled and put into print, we invite you to write for a copy of the May 1951 editorial on motorcycle safety as it was analyzed in the State of California. Unfortunately, complete copies of this magazine are not available, since our supply of back issues has been drained by a flood of requests on this very subject. It is good to know that so many riders take such an energetic interest in the safety of our sport and we know that with the publication of the aforementioned article, the exposé of a monstrous untruth will be successful.

Much to our disappointment, the deadline for this month's magazine makes it impossible to bring you the complete coverage of the International Six Day Trials, but you have our promise that it will appear in full in the December issue. F. H. Baer, our new Austrian correspondent who did such a thorough report on the recent Alpine Climb, is covering for CYCLE readers again and we're expecting a first-rate review. The old rule that the winner of the International Six Day Trials becomes host at next year's competition was revoked when England, last year's winner, in a sportsmanlike gesture, transferred this honor to the post-war runner-up, Austria.

This small country in the heart of Europe, therefore, was host in the 1952 Six-Day grind; the first five days leading through the mountainous region of the 5,000 foot passes of Styria, the last day featuring the obligatory speed test on the super highway (Autobahn) near Salzburg.

Western Germany, participating during the past years, but not in the main event, was expected to send a strong national

team this year, with cycles and riders severely tested during recent races, of which the Austrian (International) Alpine Trial was one of the hardest.

The Belgian Motorcycle Federation, according to a recent announcement from Brussels, has decided to stimulate national production by awarding a prize of \$1,000 to the designer of a Belgian-made motorcycle capable of either winning an international race or of coming within one minute of the winner. Apparently the Belgians feel that their reliable FN motorcycle could stand a little spurring on, but, whatever the case, the outcome should be interesting to watch. Imagine the shuffle that might take place should a comparable amount be tossed into our sport ring.

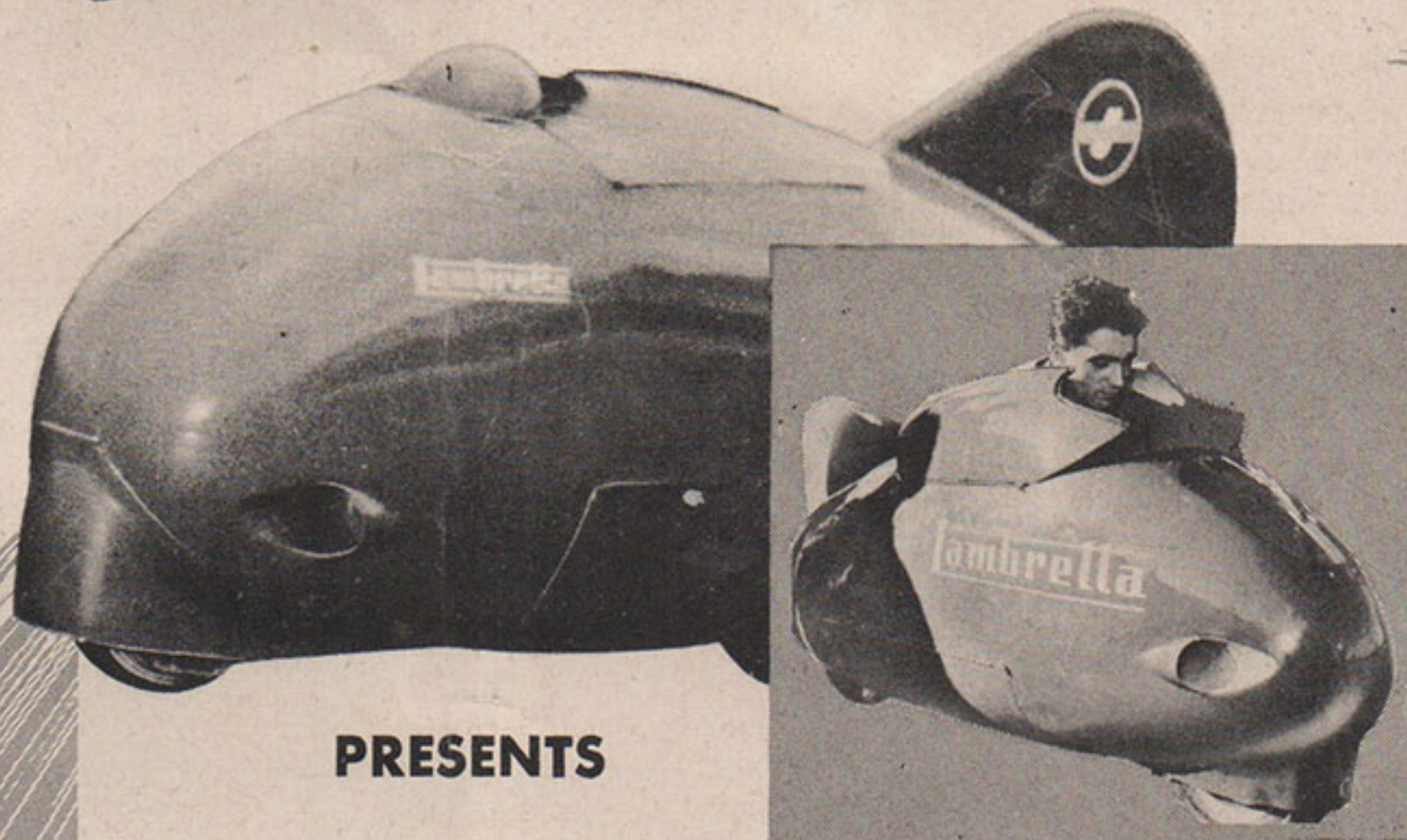
Other news from across the sea states that a 40 cubic inch Triumph using an experimental S.U. carburetor (standard except for a taper needle of new design) has achieved 155 miles per gallon during a recent economy test by the manufacturers of the machine. The test carburetor provided a lean mixture only on small throttle openings, so that above 40 mph the engine functioned normally with no reduction in top speed. Triumph's managing director, Edward Turner, who arranged for the experiment and acted as one of the three test riders, stated that a 10 per cent loss in efficiency was calculated due to weather conditions. Running over an undulating 10-mile circuit at speeds up to 30 mph, the only other deviations from standard practice included the fitting of a slightly higher gear ratio and higher tire pressures. We also understand that since the Thunderbird test by this magazine, when the first S.U. carburetors were fitted, that greater mileage is being reported by local riders; several facts being learned by the West Coast distributor from the discussions and subsequent adjustments made during the CYCLE report. You may recall that while our mileage figures were good on this test, they were not at that time considerably greater than those reached with a standard Amal; acceleration and ease of starting being the high points of this latest addition in carburetion.

Even more honors have just been heaped on England's (the world's, for that matter) most famous motorcycle racer. Geoff Duke has been awarded the highly coveted Segrave Trophy for "upholding British prestige before the world" by winning eleven road races during the 1951 season. Duke is the first motorcyclist ever to receive this award, just as he was the first of his lot to ever be titled England's top sportsman a few months back . . . a terrific credit to our world-wide fraternity.

Hope you will excuse the absence of pulp paper from the eight page insert of the December issue, for although the soft tissue did have its advantages (a darn good book to have along on a picnic), the photographic reproduction wasn't really the greatest. So, next month we'll be back on uniform stock—yep, those letters to the editor are pretty potent at that.

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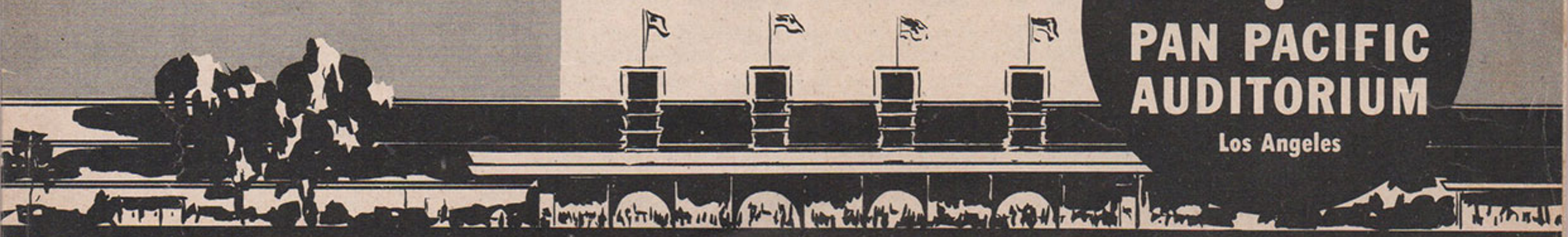
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Los Angeles 28, Calif.

7
Exciting Days and Nights

NOV. 10-16

**PAN PACIFIC
AUDITORIUM**

Los Angeles





RIDER WRITINGS

Dear Editor: No tinned over cycle for me as described in your September issue. I want to be able to see what I'm riding and be able to make simple adjustments easily. I think they went too far when they tinned over the front and rear wheel on the big twins. Make them better mechanically I say, but forget about the streamlining; motorcycles don't need it, as cars do, to sell.

Dwight Micaneck
Lynch, Nebraska

Dear Bob: I couldn't stand it! I started to write a letter, ended up with an article, so here 'tis and mayhaps it can be used. I still say the Courtney design is good, and whether you like it or not, sooner or later our bikes will have to show something of modern style trends. They may not lend a thing to performance, but neither does a new Nash add a damned thing to the engine, and I refuse to think that fish-tails on a Cad make that 190 horsepower any more "horsey."

Bill Smith

Los Angeles 36, California
(Bill's "letter" that got out of hand appears on page 37—"Comment on Courtney."—ED.)

Editor: Got the Sept. issue yesterday and reading over the "Revolution in Design," a new type cycle built by Ray Courtney, the article brought back some fond memories of yesterday.

About 1930 or thereabouts, he built such a streamlined job, and brought it over to the Harley-Davidson factory, with either his lawyer or press agent, and I rather imagine that his purpose was to sell the idea to the powers that be.

Most of the big wheels rode that job, during the two days stay, and some were loud in their praise. It was painted red, with black trimming, and the power plant was a somewhat modified Henderson four-cylinder motor, in order to fit in the frame. Both the front and rear ends were sprung and the instrument panel was built into the handlebars, and it sure was neat appearing. I don't believe that it was as modernistically streamlined as the present "Enterprise," but it really was an eye-catcher, and I felt sorry for the owner who no doubt had to answer the same questions over and over again when he parked, after a ride. From what I was told, that machine was too far ahead for the day and that's what happened to a lot of other vehicles, the products of a lot of thinking, building, and eventually—the grave, for the want of "public acceptance."

And so—that brings us to the motorcycle in question—should they streamline

them too? My answer would be an emphatic YES.

Carl R. Griesbacher
West Allis, Wisconsin

Dear Bob: This is just an offhand expression of my reactions to the recent meeting of the hot rods and motorcycles at Bonneville Salt Flats, sponsored by the S.C.T.A.

At the outset, I should mention that those entering motorcycles for speed trials are most grateful to the members of the S.C.T.A. for permitting us to run along with the cars.

It is unfortunate that these events are not more widely publicized, as it is only relatively few that appreciate what is being achieved on the Flats by young men who undertake the business of tuning and preparing stock motor cars and motorcycles to achieve great speeds. The fast cars and motor bikes represent the utmost in ingenuity and skill by young men who are in dead earnest, and I think you will agree that even engineering staffs of the various factories would benefit by being present at these meets.

My congratulations to the S.C.T.A. for the well organized event without any serious mishap. I know that our own staff of mechanics have learned a great deal by being present at the Flats in tuning motor bikes for top speed, reliability, etc.

I should say in conclusion that I have never met a better bunch of young men of the best type who really know what they are about, and I do hope they will never be confused with the hot rodder or motorcyclist who, on occasion, is criticized by the public generally.

Bill Johnson
Johnson Motors, Inc.
Pasadena, California

Dear Mr. Flanders: I am lucky enough to have a friend in the States who sends me the monthly issue of CYCLE (a grand magazine) in which your advertisement appears. If you were the originators of the cowhorn or buckhorn type handlebar, I would like to congratulate you on such a great step towards motorcycling comfort.

As you well know, here in England only a "standard" type of handlebar is available and the "thought or sight" of cowhorn style bars is scorned. Photographs appearing in the CYCLE Magazine of machines fitted with your cowhorn bars impressed me as they appeared to seat the rider in a more natural and comfortable position. From then on I hunted high and low to get a pair, but the motorcycle shops scorned me for wanting a pair of bends such as you produce. I was met with such remarks as "Why not stick to your English bends—those unsightly cowhorn bends are ridiculous!" Not taking heed of their remarks, I had some tube steel shaped to my liking and, after a spot of chrome plating, I fixed them on. The change of position, increased comfort, etc., amazed me; they were even better than I had imagined. To give you an idea of increased comfort with the standard British bends, I traveled 299

miles non-stop and finished with a severe backache. After fitting my copy of the cowhorn, I did 350 miles non-stop with only a trace of fatigue! Both of these quoted trips were carried out on the 7.44 cubic inch Tandon with cruising speed only 35 miles per hour.

This only leaves me to say good luck to your fine company. My only regret is that we are unable to buy your excellent goods here in the U.K.

C. D. Carman, Esq.
Essex, England

(This letter received by Mr. Earl Flanders, of the Flanders Mfg. Co., is one of several that have been received lately, indicating that our "sit up and beg" bars (as Mr. Rand refers to them in the article "A Limey Wants to Know") may not look quite so ridiculous at that sticking out of Mr. John Bull's gloved mitt.—ED.)

Dear Mr. Greene: I am enclosing snapshots of a tandem seat motor scooter I built last summer, which gives me a lot of fun and causes quite a stir when it is parked.



I made the entire frame myself and used a Cushman front wheel brake and fender. The hinge on the front shock system is mounted in rubber "a '46 Ford sway-bar bushing." The two coil springs are Cushman. The engine is a Wisconsin AKN of six hp, a Mercury automatic clutch and the front wheel brake is the only one on it. You just have two controls; a twist grip gas throttle to start and control speed and the hand brake lever. It is good at hill climbing and does a little over 30 mph. I have had as many as five on it at one time.

August Dobert
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Sir: In your last three issues you have carried stories about "Blick" Walters, Don Johns and Joe Petralli. To an old-timer, these were very interesting and 99⁴/₁₀₀ percent true, which in these days of modern reporters is just unbelievable for real truth.

The Petralli story was swell. However, his old buddies call him "Potatoe." The Don Johns story was 100% and O.K. Of course, I don't know Don too well—only that he wants to write "My Autobiography."

Now, we have established Joe Petralli as Mr. Motorcycle, but who gets No. 2 spot? . . .

I nominate Otto Walker of Oakland, California. I have not seen Otto for over 30 years, but on March 17, 1915, as a

(Continued on page 9)

MY **BSA** GOLDEN FLASH

defeated engines up to 74 cu. in. capacity and enabled me to win the Class "A" Hill Climb Championship, Muskegon, Michigan, 1952.

Carl Buck



**TWENTY-ONE MODELS
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from 7½ cubic inch to
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There were only 148 who survived the first day's competition, but the storm which broke across Michigan Sunday presented even worse conditions.

Included in those who yielded to the conditions was Joe Gee, the defending champion from Columbus, O. Gee's machine was dunked Sunday, and Monday he encountered mechanical troubles that forced him to withdraw.

Another Columbus rider, Lester Parker, finished second to Piasecki. He had 798 points. Herb Johnson of Flint, Mich., was third with 795. Others in the first 10 were:

Fourth, Millard Reynolds, Stanton, Ala.; fifth, Burt Cummings, Flint, Mich.; sixth, Clarence Ray, Montgomery, Ala.; seventh, Marvin Tutler, Dearborn, Mich., 775; eighth, Sal Scribe, Hartford, Conn., 754; ninth, Claude Goulding, Saginaw, Mich., 748; tenth, Don Pink, Bronx, N. Y., 715.

Stan Capell, Olmstead Falls, defied all the handicaps to successfully defend his championship in Class A Sidecar event. He had Ellis Clement as a passenger, finishing with 445 points.

Second place went to Stanley Stevison, Jackson, O. (Paul Stinson, passenger), 408; Miles McLoda, Amherst, O. (Bud Weigel, passenger), was third with 252; and fourth place went to Fran Dean, Souderton, Pa. (Stanley McPherson, passenger), with 220.

A Michigan rider, Don Peitetsch, East Detroit, led the Class B Solo field home with 551 points. Ray Moore, a Lansing man, was second in this section, having 530 points. Other finishers: Francis Dietrich, Fort Wayne, Ind., 412; Farley Bouts, Dewitt, N. Y., 282; Dan Cupp, Burt, 177; George Rollis, Pontiac, 101.

Nobody finished in the Class B Sidecar event. Corky Salisbury, Schiller Park, Ill., had the best mileage with 230.6 when he had to withdraw. Arch Melville was his passenger.

And there were no finishers in the 125 cubic inch entries, either. In the "A" Division, Leroy Winters of Fort Smith, Ark., had the top mileage of 430.2 and in the "B" Class Raymond Bezdek, Mentor, O., was tops with 347.8.

Jack Pine "Torture"

High wind, hail and falling trees compete in National Enduro

Reprinted from
Columbus, Ohio Star

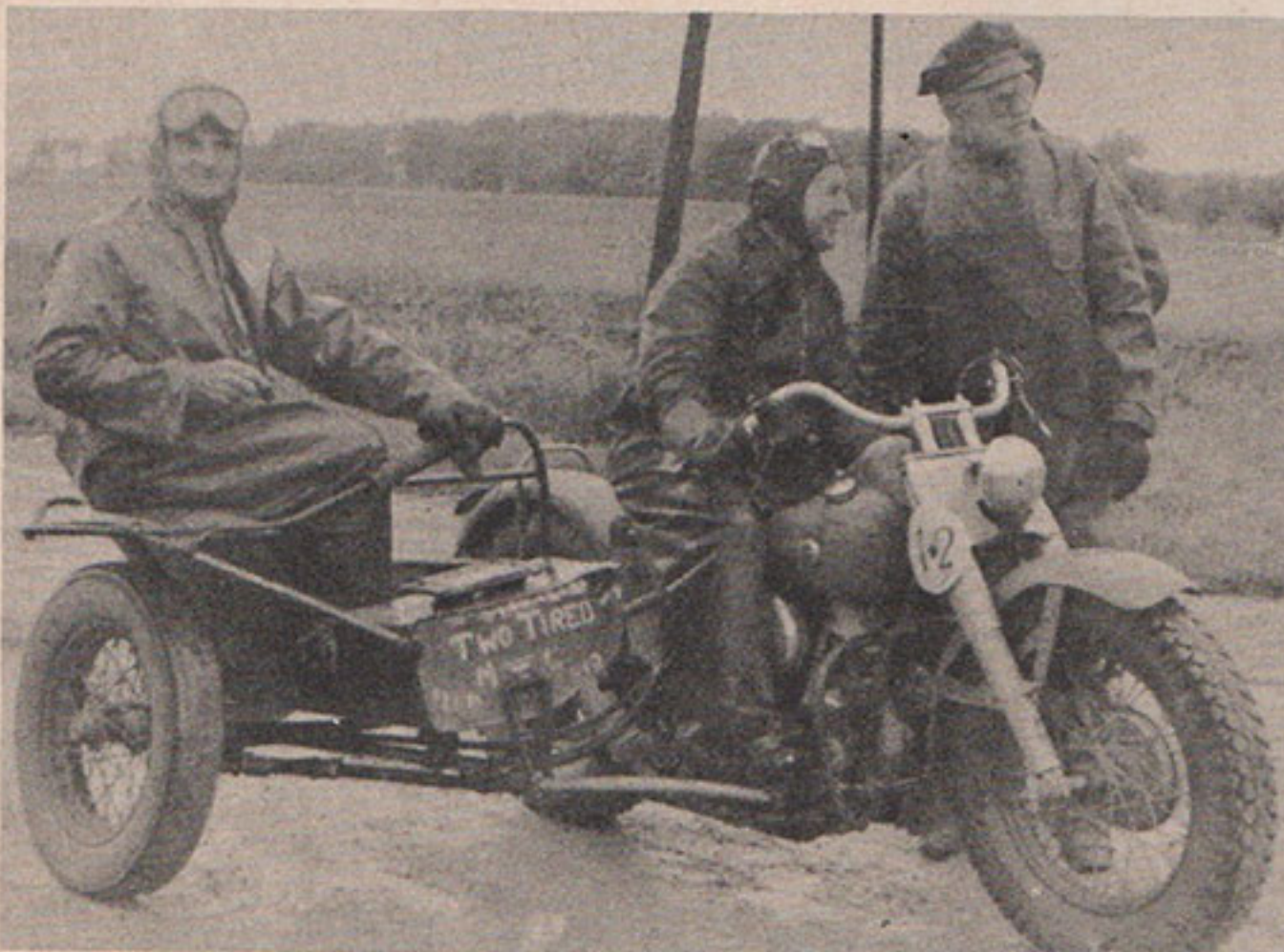
FRANK PIASECKI, of Toledo, O., riding a British-built BSA single, conquered the worst weather the National Motorcycle Reliability Championship Jack Pine Run has ever known to win the 1952 title over Labor Day.

Piasecki came home with 859 points, the lowest winning score in years, but rain, high wind, hail, high water and falling trees helped a record entry of 339 riders to a scanty 46 finishers.

There were no serious accidents along the 500-mile round-trip trail to West Branch, but many machines suffered mechanical damage and had to withdraw.



At the treacherous Rifle River, Lester Parker, 2nd Class A, '52 Triumph Trophy, dodges spectator. 46 out of 339 finished. 13 out of 28 class A finishers rode new Har-Dav. K models



Class A sidecar winner, S. Capell, from Montgomery, Alabama, chats with pathfinder Oscar Lenz. Capell lost 555 minutes somewhere along the way. Lenz had to cut out much of storm-raided and flooded course



Although cup held by Frank Piasecki dwarfs his collection of others, most important of all victor's take is battered cow-bell perpetual hanging from his B-34 BSA. Frank's score was 61 above next highest man

RIDER WRITINGS

(Continued from page 6)

complete unknown, he won one of the greatest races ever held in this country—the Vanderbilt Cup Race at Venice, California. Word for word this story alone would make a feature. From 1915 until Joe Petrali came along, almost 10 years later, Otto Walker was “king.”

(Unfortunately, the name and address of the writer of the above letter has been lost. We would appreciate his getting in touch with us, as he appears to have valuable information on the subject of old-timers that is so hard to get.—ED.)

Dear Sir: I would like to call your attention to the photo you printed in the August CYCLE. Your caption states the Honda Dream is a shaftdrive machine, but a rear chain guard is clearly visible between the rear spokes.

I believe you have one of the finest mags and at the present time it is my only connection with a truly fine sport.

Robert J. Weiner
Memphis, Tennessee

(They're making those drive-shafts in the funniest shapes these days! Ah-so, please to accept our humble pardon.—ED.)

Dear Boss: We made a terrible mistake.

In the story of Fred Ham, we printed that he wore a groove “a few feet wide and several feet deep.”

I meant to say that the groove was “one foot wide and several inches deep.”

My intention was only to point out Ham's consistency during the ride, not to bury him.

Jim Earp
Hollywood, California

(Think you've got an option on errors? Try to read the caption on page 19 of last month's mag. I left out the word “release,” which should have followed the word “compression.”—ED.)

Dear Mr. Greene: Re: Velocette L.E. Please don't insult your readers by telling us that reversing the grounded side of the storage battery will reverse the current flow through the battery, and thereby reduce corrosion!

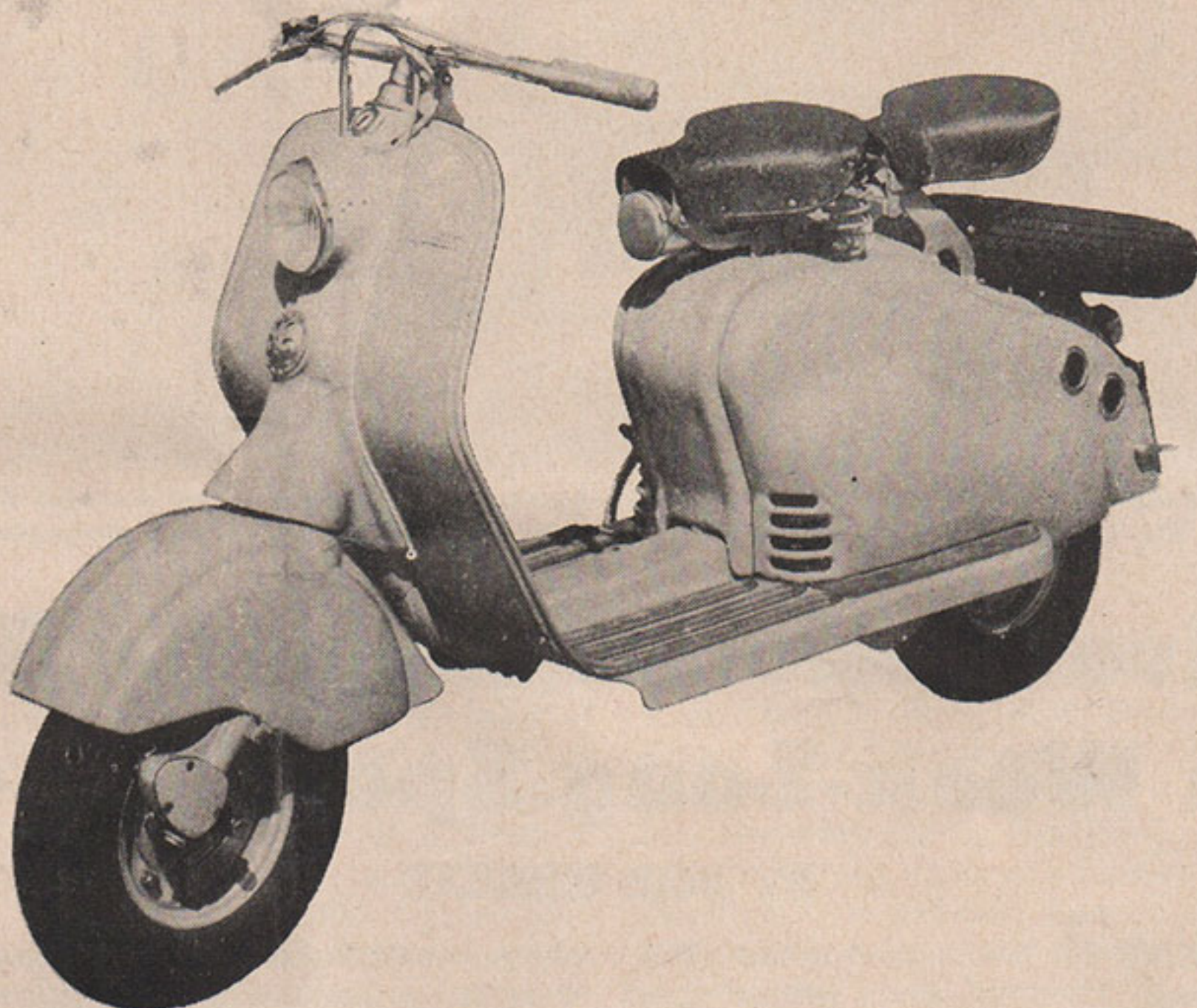
We enjoy your magazine, and especially the test articles on new machines. However, please leave the electrical analysis to electrical engineers.

M. T. Baer
Field Engineer
Philco Corporation

(It was not my intention to imply that just any machine can be equipped with a “reverse polarity” system by merely turning the battery around. The entire electrical system must be built with this in mind. However, such things do exist and were used as far back as 1937 in the Cord automobile. Several of the newer motorcycles are using this technique now, such as the new Ariel Red Hunter that was tested last month. Nevertheless, thanks for the sparks and enthusiasm.—ED.)

(Continued on page 38)

**WORLD FAMOUS
FOR PERFORMANCE . . .**



Lambretta

3-Speed Gearbox—Direct-Drive Transmission

**Now Available for
Western Distribution**

**See the
Lambretta
at the
MOTORAMA**

**See Program
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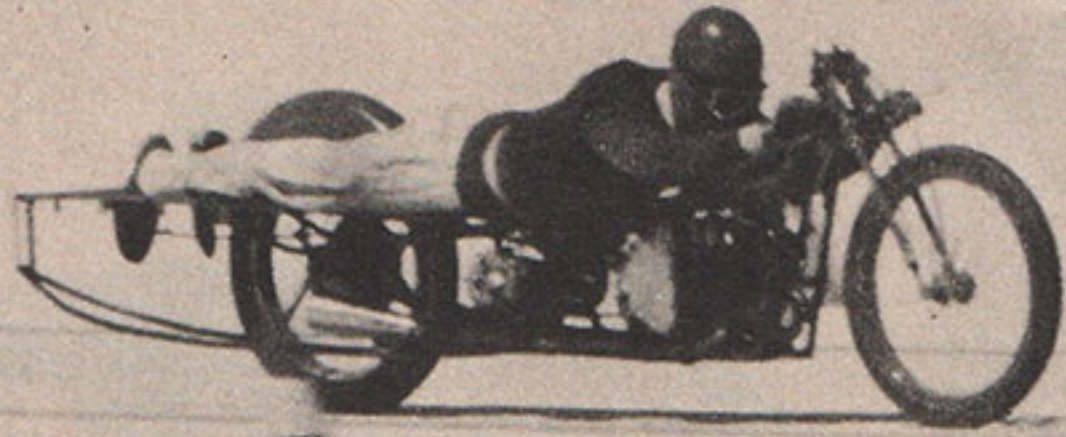
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BONNEVILLE



Is that man awake? About only time Bud Hare got to lay down was during his trips through traps. Rest of time was spent stewing over Triumph which eventually set new American mark

Five National Records Hit in Week-Long Speed Meet

BY BOB GREENE

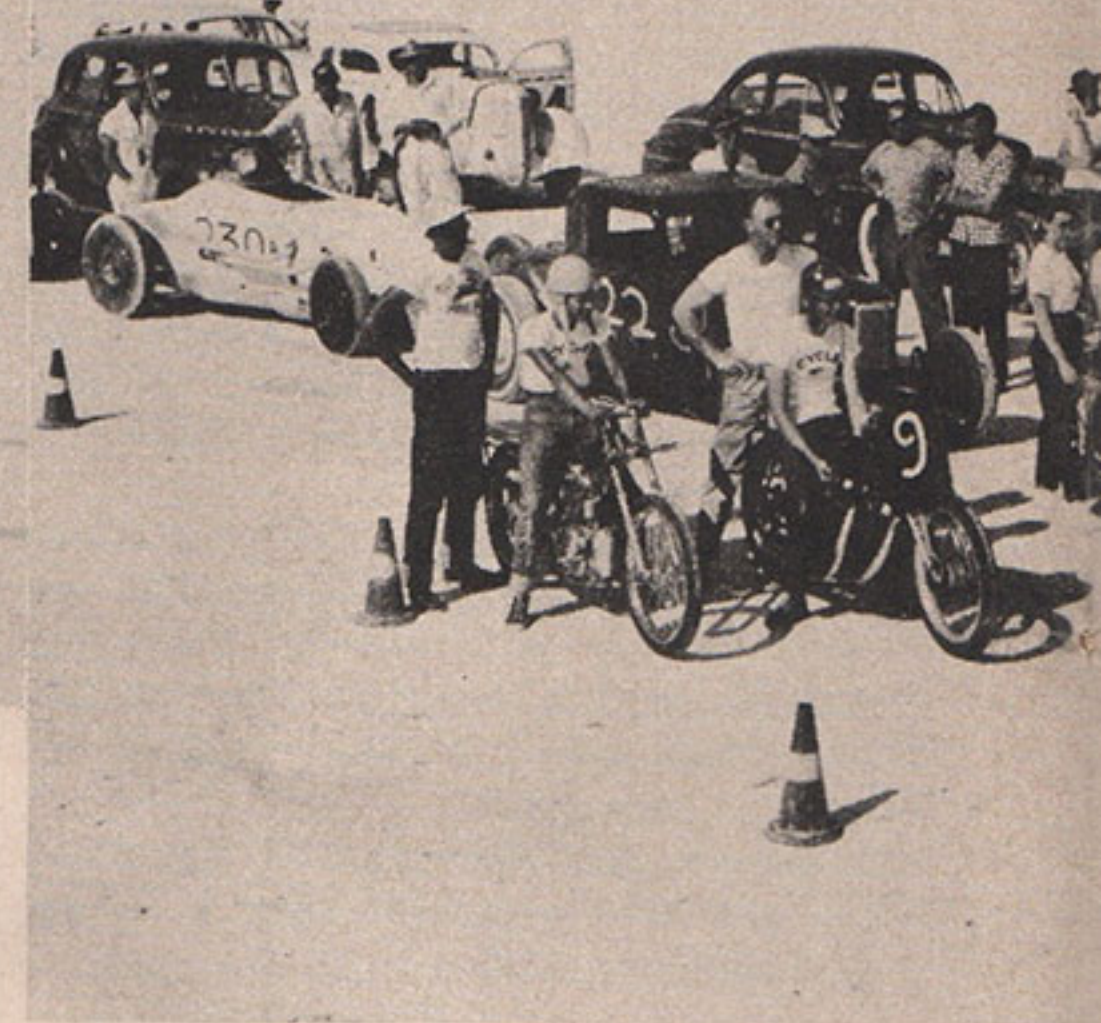
THERE IT WAS—dead ahead—Wendover, Utah, mountain rimmed speed arena of the entire world. All night the lights of the Hudson had been punching holes in the darkness, searching for this wide spot in the road, a tiny border villa serving as operations base for the surrounding salt bed. It was my first trip to "Bonny" and, as the car swept over the ribbon of barren Nevada roadway, the sun's first rays lit up the flat white basin that sprawled below in an eerie welcome. This was Saturday and the next day was to mark the end of the week-long meet sponsored annually by the much to be admired hot rodders' Southern California Timing Association. Already the newspapers back in L.A. had carried word of the fastest time established by Clausen and Hood's Harley-Davidson at 168.77 mph, but the boys had by now packed up and high-tailed it for home leaving behind them mixed recollections of comedy and

You're looking at the fastest motorcycle in the U.S.A., C. B. Clausen and Bud Hood's 80-plus Harley-Davidson which turned over 168 miles per hour on a one-way run. Actually this is somewhat of a world-wide accomplishment since bike was both un-blown and un-covered

disappointment; for although they had gone faster than any motorcycle recorded on American soil before them, they knew from the beginning that the pay-off would only be in personal satisfaction since there was no unlimited speed class in the U.S. motorcycle rule book. With the best meals in Wendover coming out of the trunk of jovial Bud Hood's Cadillac, it was a sad day when the Brute stuck up and put an end to it all. Savvy little Bobbie Kelton was sitting in for regular rider Louie Castro at the time and the clocks were registering better than 160 mph when the big overloaded Harley engine locked tight, throwing the bike into giant broadslides from first one side then the other. With skill and confidence rare to his years, Kelton hit the clutch, uncoupling the powerful twin, and coasted the white behemoth to a standstill.

Considerably less fortunate was Tommy Smith of Turlock, California, who crashed

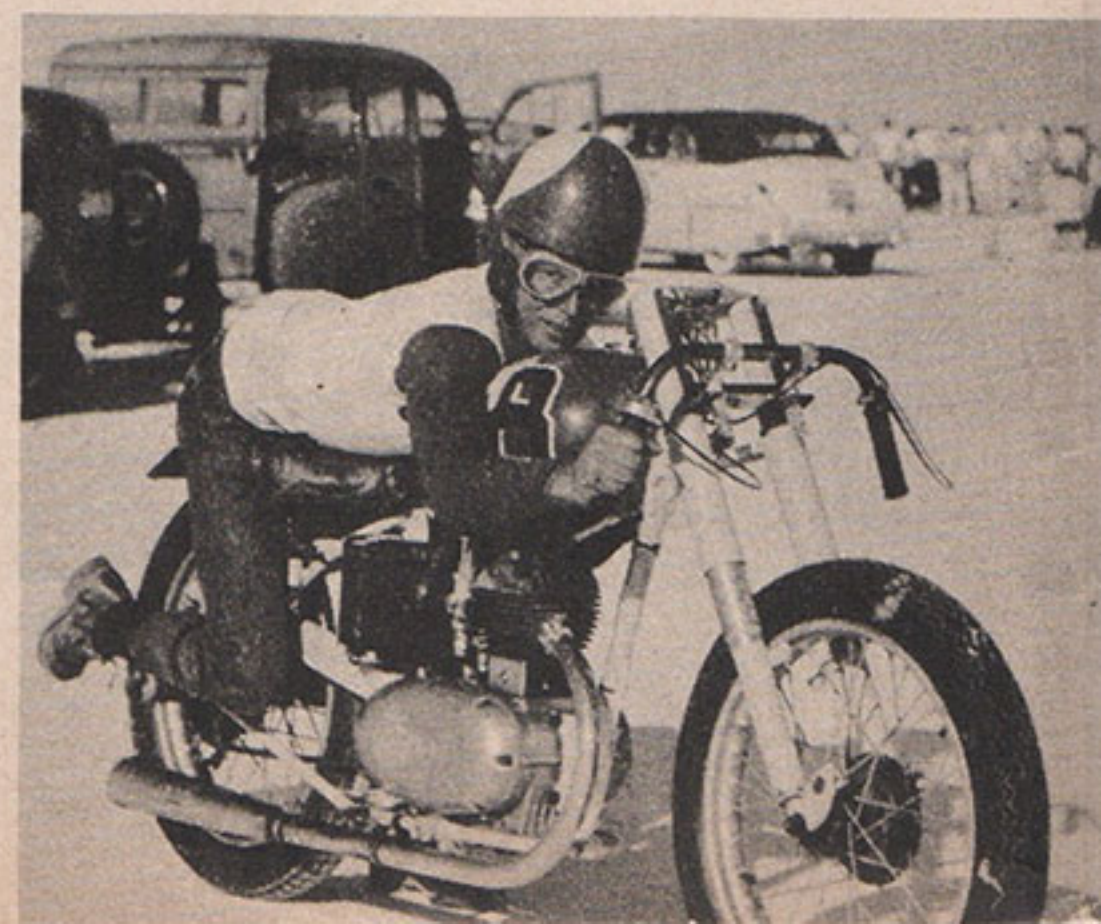
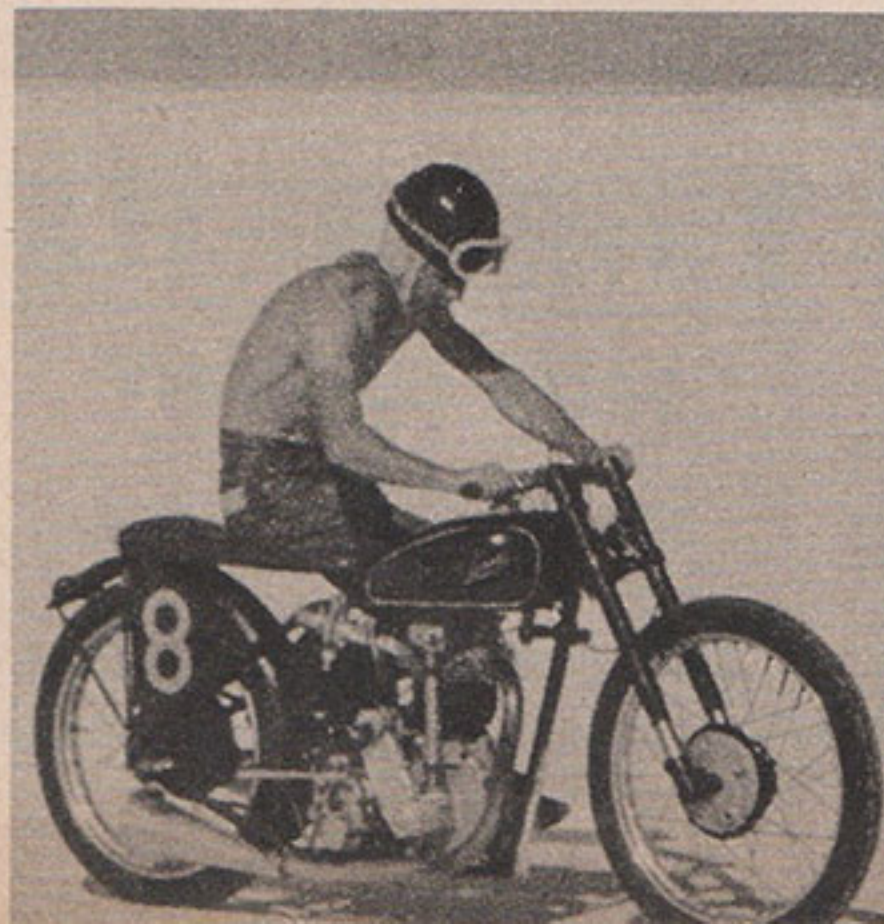
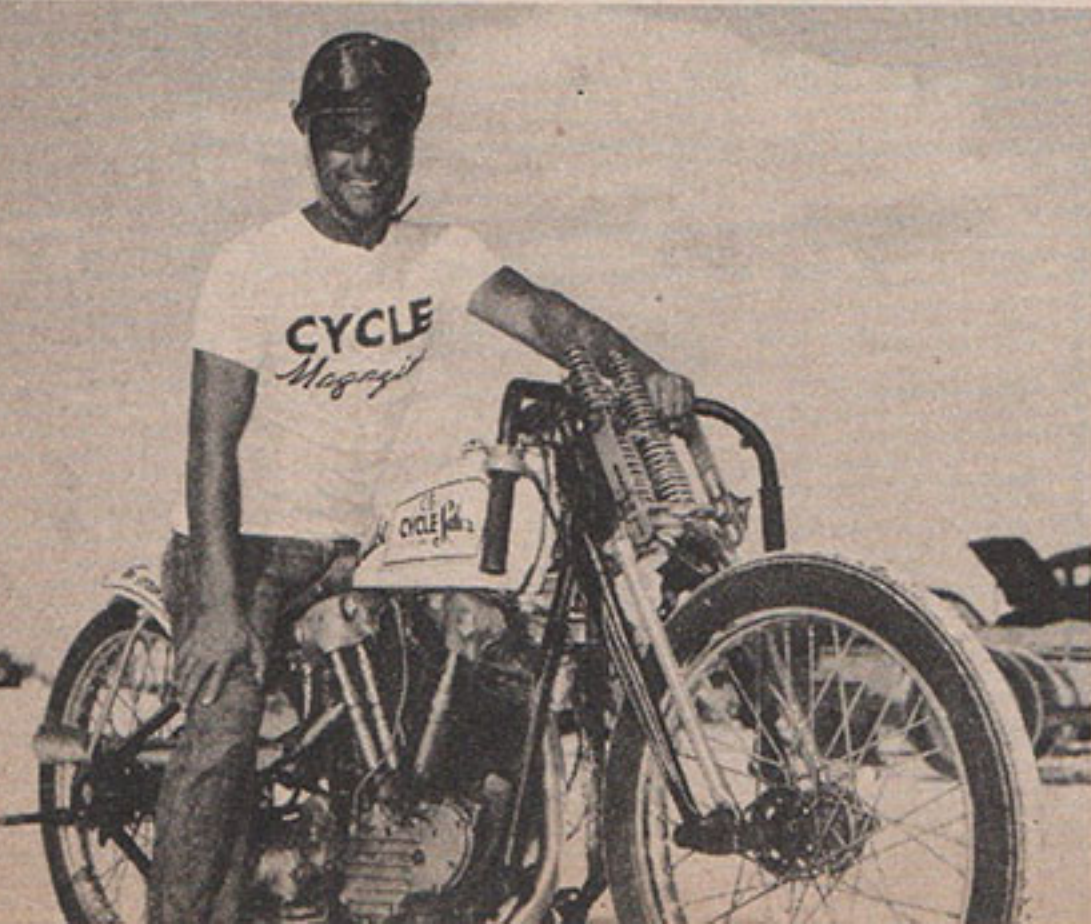
Another phenomenal machine and rider was Lloyd Bulmer and 21 cu. in. Velocette which hit one-way stride of over 125. An example of Lloyd's self-reliance is shown. Although his single was as hard to start as most, Lloyd had no pusher, used running bump start unassisted



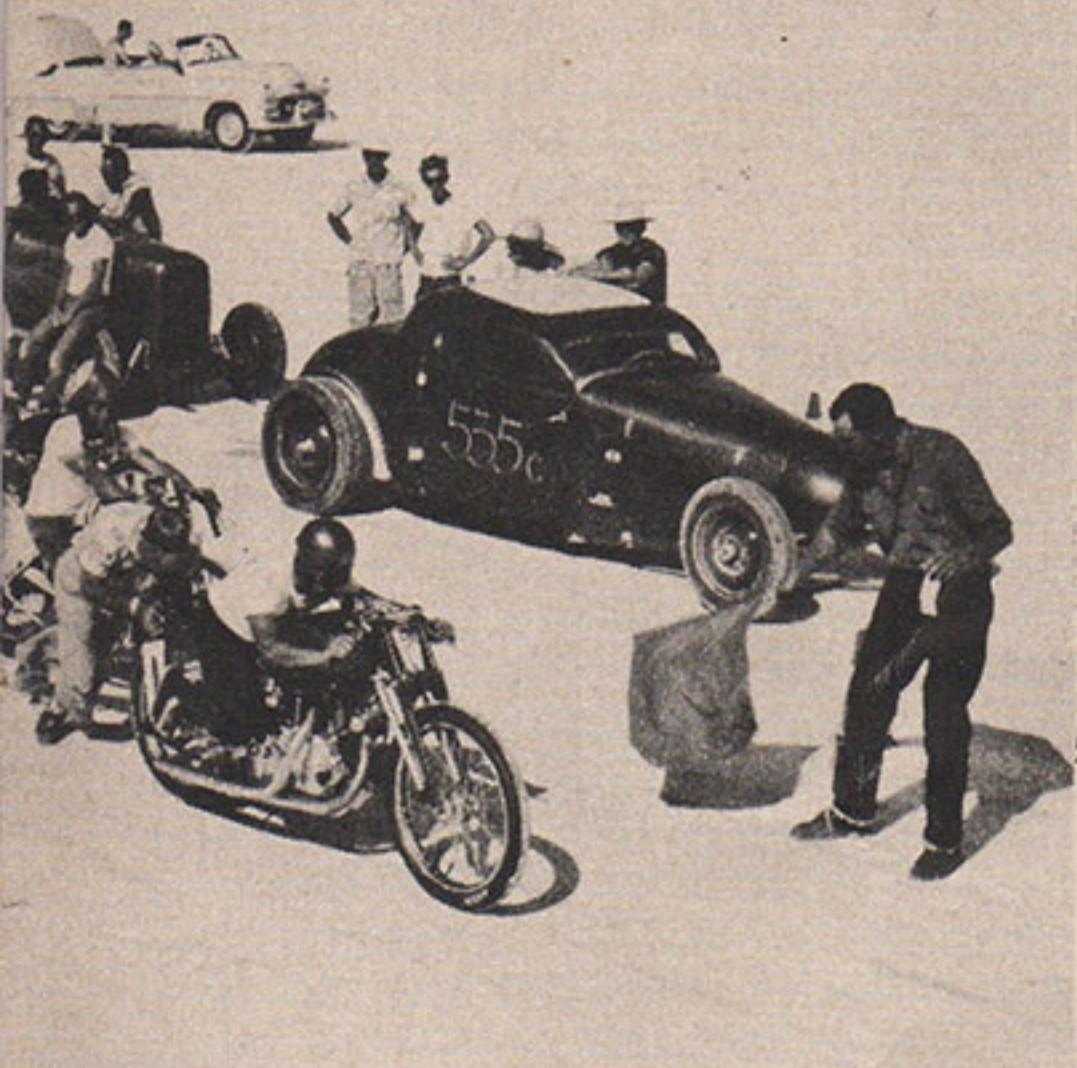
Photos by Eric Rickman, Bill Johnson and Nels Nelson

in at nearly 140 mph while tooling Blackie Bernal's Triumph Thunderbird over the bleached white salt. Tommy, too, had of course left by now, but the story of his ride was still fresh in the minds of those who had witnessed the spellbinding spill. When he had finally stopped grinding bodily across the salt, Tommy arose and waved to the crowd that he was all right before sinking back to the ground. With all activities suspended during the ambulance's four hour absence, Smith was rushed to the hospital where he was reported in need of a few skin grafts. As unpreventable and unpredictable as these two incidents were, each one caused the hot rodders' perfect score at Bonneville to totter for a few moments. Fortunately, their reputation and our boys came out on top. Blackie Bernal's Triumph emerged with only a slightly dented tank and had been banging away unsuccessfully all week at last year's 40 cubic inch Class A record

"This is the way I did it," quipped Del Branson as he flowed himself onto the 15 inch Indian Brave that was first to establish a record in a brand-new class. Delbert, an Indian fan from way back, advises future contenders they'll have to shoot lots higher next year



under fire



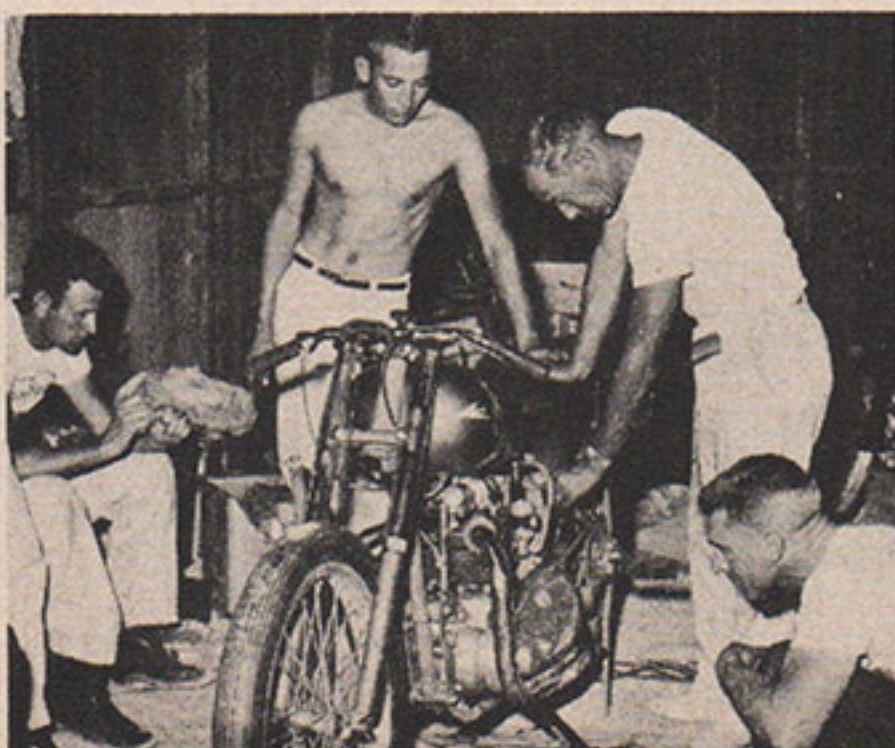
With SCTA boys looking on, one of first to score was Marty Dickerson with his beautiful blue Vincent. While possessing many similar traits, the average hot rodder is quieter, more mechanically minded than the cyclist

established by Eugene Thiessen on a BSA.

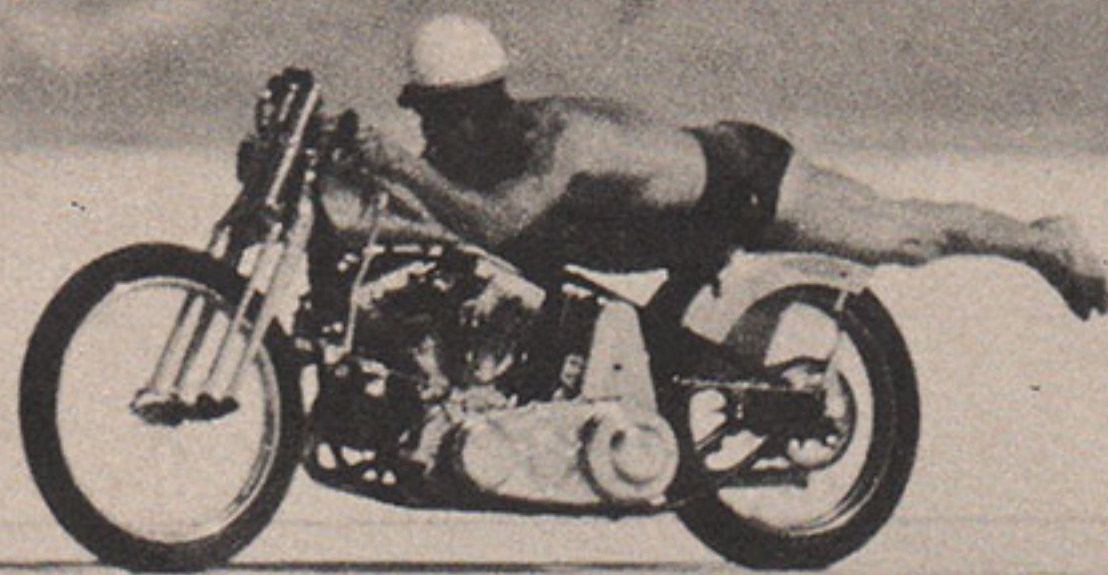
The salt had been under fire five days at this point and four national records had already been hit. Smallest of the group was actually a brand new 15 cubic inch class established by Delbert Branson on an Indian Brave. Looking very stock compared to most of the speedsters, Delbert's red and yellow single touched over 87 mph for his best ride, averaged out at 80.62 for both ways and went home running, much to the pleasure of Nels Nelson, Indian's West Coast representative who was on hand at all time, helping wherever possible and reflecting great interest in the meet. We look for a real jump in this class next year, possibly another 10 notches. Delbert claims he's only scratched the surface.

Little bigger than Branson's mount, but considerably quicker, had been Lloyd Bulmer's sensational overhead cam 21 cubic inch KSS Velocette. Bulmer, however,

... and far into the night! Bus Schaller came close to realizing his desire to do big things with a Thunderbird Triumph after only a year's experience with this particular bike. Just when it began crackin' good (148 one-way on the eighth day), the bike stuck up on him



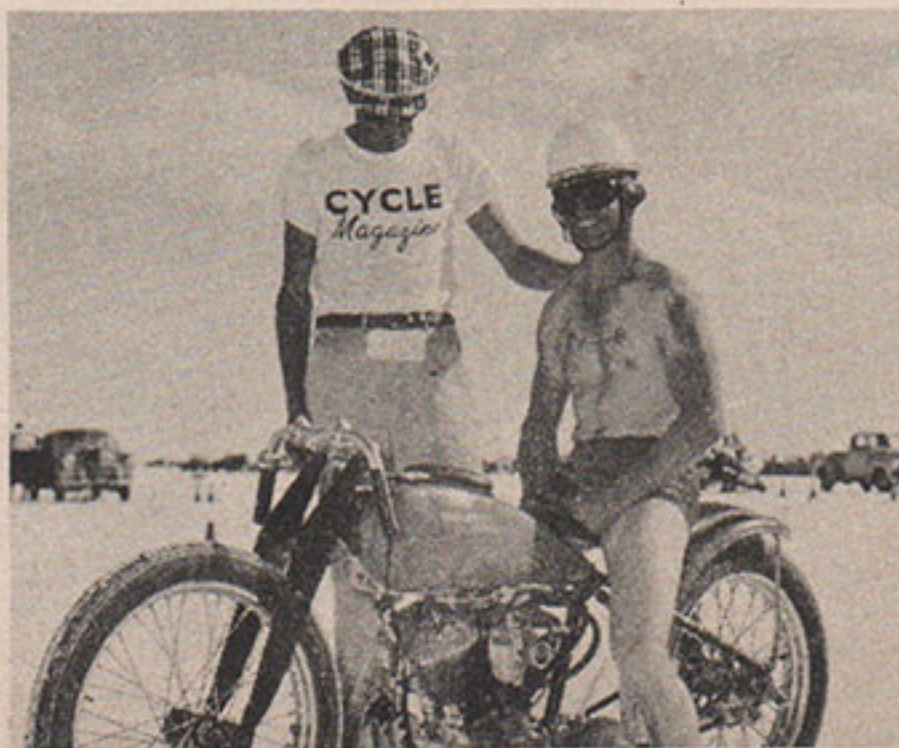
Jack Dale loves to go, rides anything he can lay hands on when not running his own rig, usually pumps more revs out of whatever he undertakes. Shown on Shaller's blown Harley



was running in the more tolerant Class A group where modifications in compression, fuels, etc. are permitted. Lloyd's mark of 120 mph (119.87) was none the less remarkable when it is remembered that hardly a decade ago the 30.50 Class A speed was 112.63 and the 74 inch Class C best was 120.74. While Bulmer had bumped his own national record up 14 miles over last year's figure of 105.69, he still earned the title of "hard luck boy" of Bonneville. After running through the traps at over 125 mph, he wheeled around, made his return trip only to find that the clocks had failed to record his second ride (it being necessary to run both ways within 20 minutes' time to establish an official average). Shortly afterwards, his piston began to stick when, out of fuel, he had purchased a strange mixture from one of the other entrants. Not realizing the trouble at the time, Lloyd replaced the scuffed slug and went at it again. Once more the Velo began to bind and this marked finish for Mr. Bulmer for, although long on patience, he had run out of pistons by the time the real trouble was spotted.

Short lived was Rich Richards' Class A 30.50 record of 129.76 on a Triumph Tiger, for while he was three mph better than Bud Hare's speed of last year, Rich-

CYCLE ad manager and rider of some 20 years, Ray Bowles, acted as AMA referee during eight-day speed spree. His job was a constant one, okaying equipment for safety, measuring winning bikes, answering multitude of questions. Shown with Jack Dale and 45 Harley-Davidson

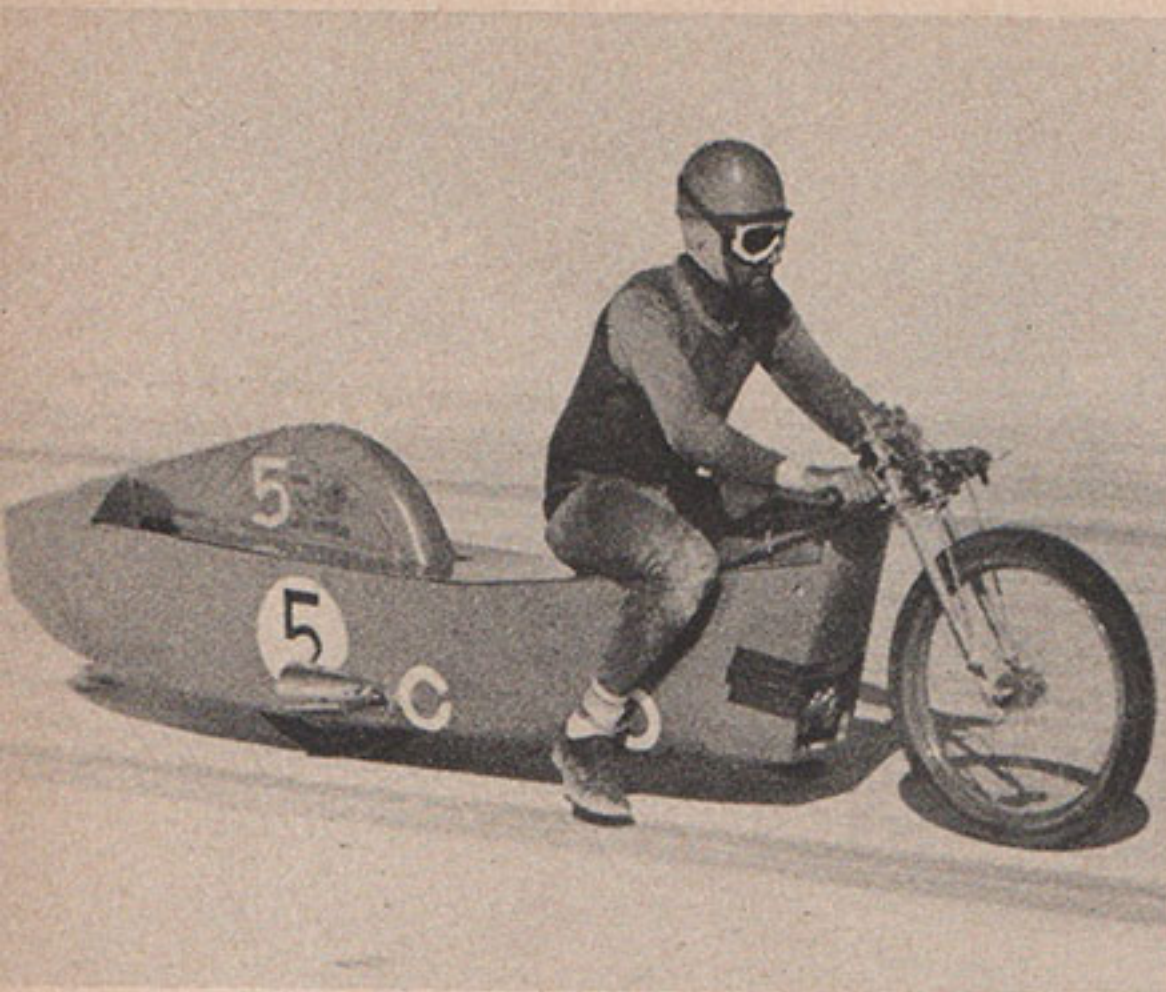


ards' glory was doomed three days later by . . . you guessed it, Bud Hare again. Rich, a hot rod convert from Duarte, California, might have stayed over to better or defend his title had it not been for the fact that when referee Ray Bowles took a peek under the Triumph's bonnet, it was found that the rods had grown (from the high revs) causing the pistons to slap away at the heads. Similarly, it must be remembered that most of the engine failures at Bonneville were not the result of one or two short blasts. Many of the boys put as high as 300 miles of peak revving on their machines during the seven day period, the equivalent of thousands of miles of normal riding, and it is remarkable that as many of them left Wendover in running condition as they did.

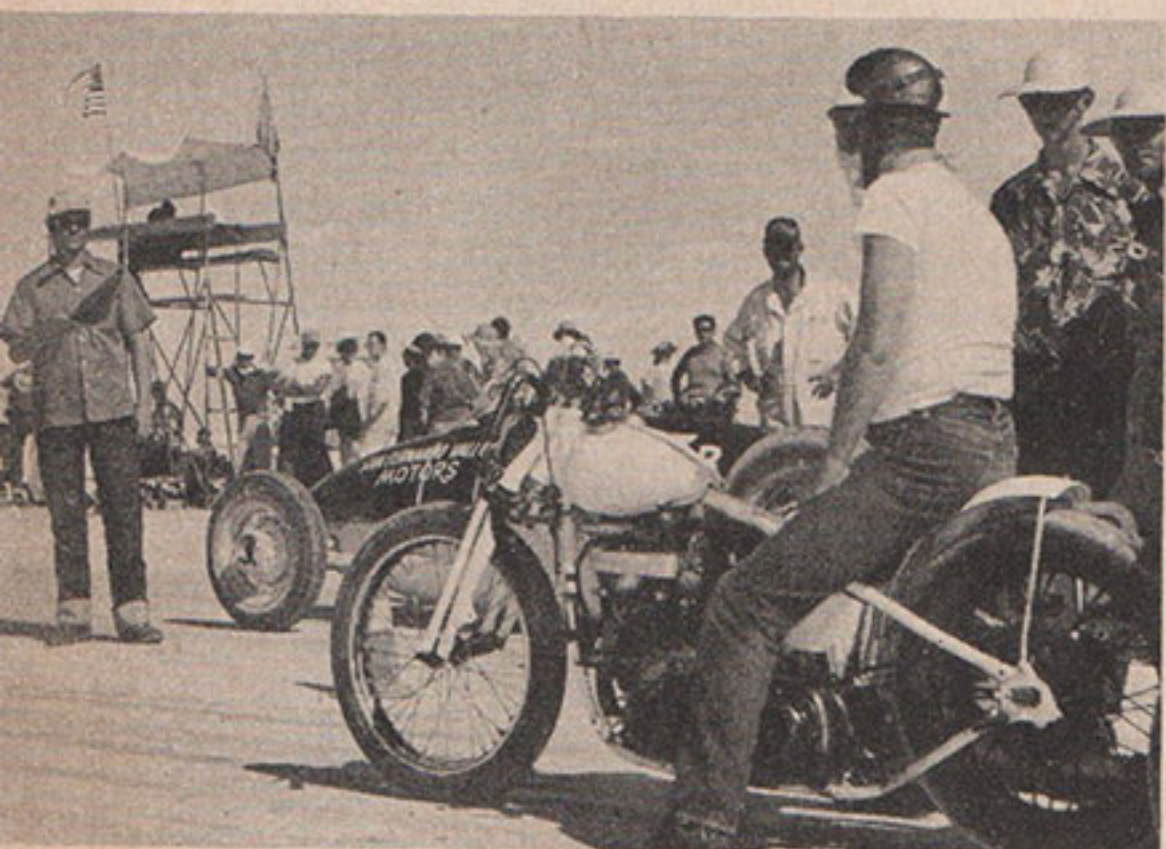
An average of 141.72 mph placed Marty Dickerson in the winner's row on the last official day of the trials. Although he had captured the title in his first few runs, Dickerson monotonously added about .03 mph on each succeeding day. It is suspected that spit and polish have a lot to do with the way Marty's Class C 61 cubic inch Vincent skims over the salt; for if the interior of his beautiful opalescent blue twin is nearly as immaculate as the outer
(Continued on next page)

Long red underwear, crash helmet and bedroom slippers were all the vogue. The thin cellulose tape, while aiding in body support, was primarily used to keep clothing from ballooning at head-long speeds of near 150 mph. Some of the machines, too, wore a fancy garb





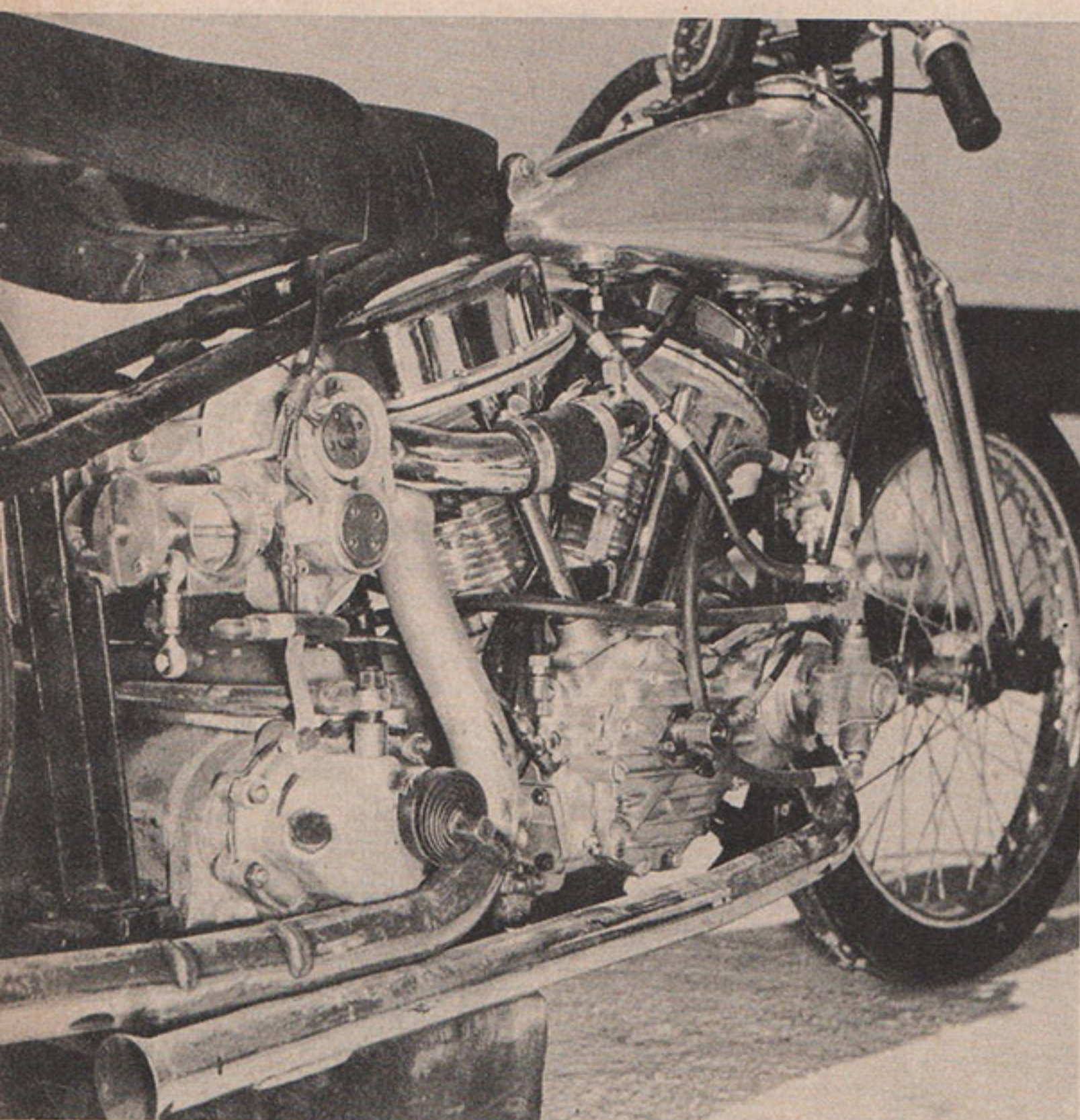
ABOVE, Before the show-down, Bud Hare ran his 30-inch Triumph enclosed, jerked cover off when he sensed victory at hand and set the new Class A time. Parallel twin engine lies on its side. Front forks are type used on short-track bikes, may be changed in future



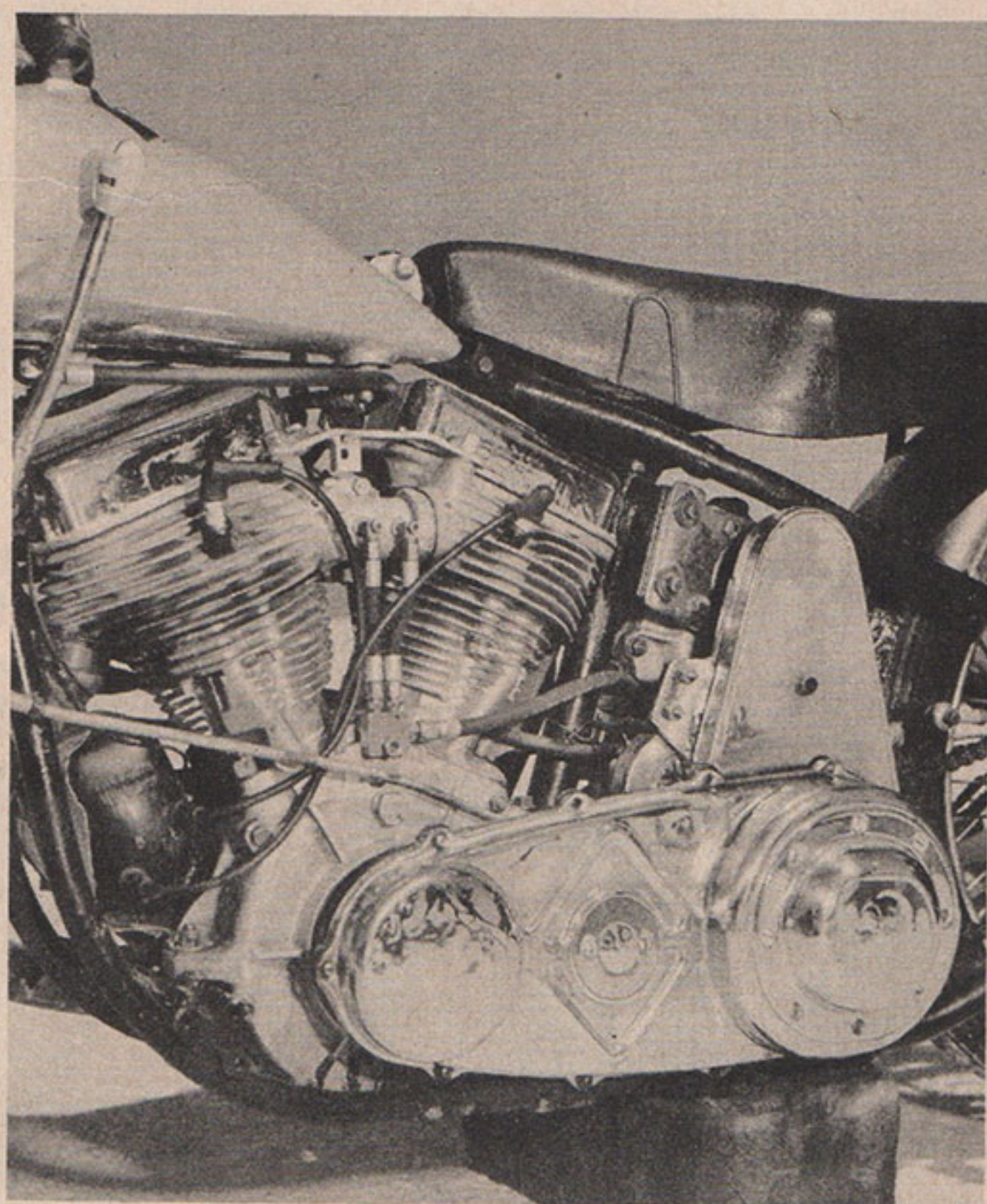
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surfaces, his best one-way time of 144.98 is no mystery. Before he turned a throttle, Dickerson spent hours priming and checking his speedster that was to dwarf the 131.9 mph record set by an Ariel four at last year's gathering. That Marty had learned a great deal from Bonneville on his first trip up is evidenced by the fact that he was able to extract 12 more miles per hour over his 1951 attempt.

That's the way the top men stood on the final Sunday of the SCTA meet. Seven out of the twenty invitational bike entries had failed to show up at all. Of those who did arrive but failed to qualify, Sandy McGregor was probably in the highest spirits when, after blowing the engine of his 74 inch Harley-Davidson while gunning for the Class A record, he rolled out his 61 Class A Harley and made a one-shot of 140 mph. Knowing that he couldn't possibly have qualified on the return trip for a crack at the present 61 Class A mark of 156, Sandy packed up and headed for home, pleased as punch that he had built the fastest 61 cubic inch Harley that ever existed. One of McGregor's class competitors, Joe Simpson, was plagued with trouble, finally went home beat on the fourth day when the mag on his Vincent went out and couldn't be repaired despite Joe's desperate 200 mile trip to Salt Lake City and back in search for help. In this same group was Jim Hunter with a 61 Harley stroked to 80 inches. Jim, like Clausen and Hood, turned a terrific one-way speed

LEFT, Ready, bud? An inquisitive starter points the lucky flag at the fastest 61 Harley ever clocked. Built by Sandy McGregor (standing at extreme right), this Class A fuel burner was nevertheless short of the Class A and C 61-inch records now both held by British Vincent twins



Undoubtedly the most awesome piece of machinery in American cycle-dom is Bus Schaller's 61-inch supercharged, fuel injector job with its maze of exterior plumbing. Blower sets at back, injector up front



Fuel line from rear of seat post tube feeds into junction block, visible between cylinders, then up through individual flexible lines to intake manifold, which receives its steady blast of air from the supercharger

(150.75 mph), but never tried to average it out with a return ride since there were no provisions in the AMA book for an 80 inch (or unlimited displacement) class. Should the unlimited class ever be approved, Hunter's Harley, using a single carburetor engine mounted in an Indian Scout frame, will be a steady contender. Mike Tucker, another arrival who failed to hit the jackpot, finally climbed his Indian Class A 45 cubic inch V twin to 117.64. Neither he nor Jack Dale (Harley-Davidson 45 V twin), both with Class A machines, came near Dale's Class C mark of 123.52 mph average set at last year's Bonneville. Dale's Harley, while using the same basic engine as in 1951, was fitted with new frame, tanks, etc., but it seems that Jack is going to have to work out a new combination now that he has started juggling fuels.

Early Sunday morning the rumor went out that Bill Johnson, West Coast Triumph distributor and true speed and sport enthusiast, was going to hire timer Otto Crocker and ambulance driver Jack Purdy to stay over one more day. The cost would be high (\$100 for the timer, \$50 for the ambulance), but nothing near what it had cost Johnson last year when he went up strictly on his own the week following the meet (\$2200 for officials, their equipment and sanction fees). This time the equipment was already there and set up and it would be comparatively simple. Simple, that is, except for actually establishing the contemplated new records.

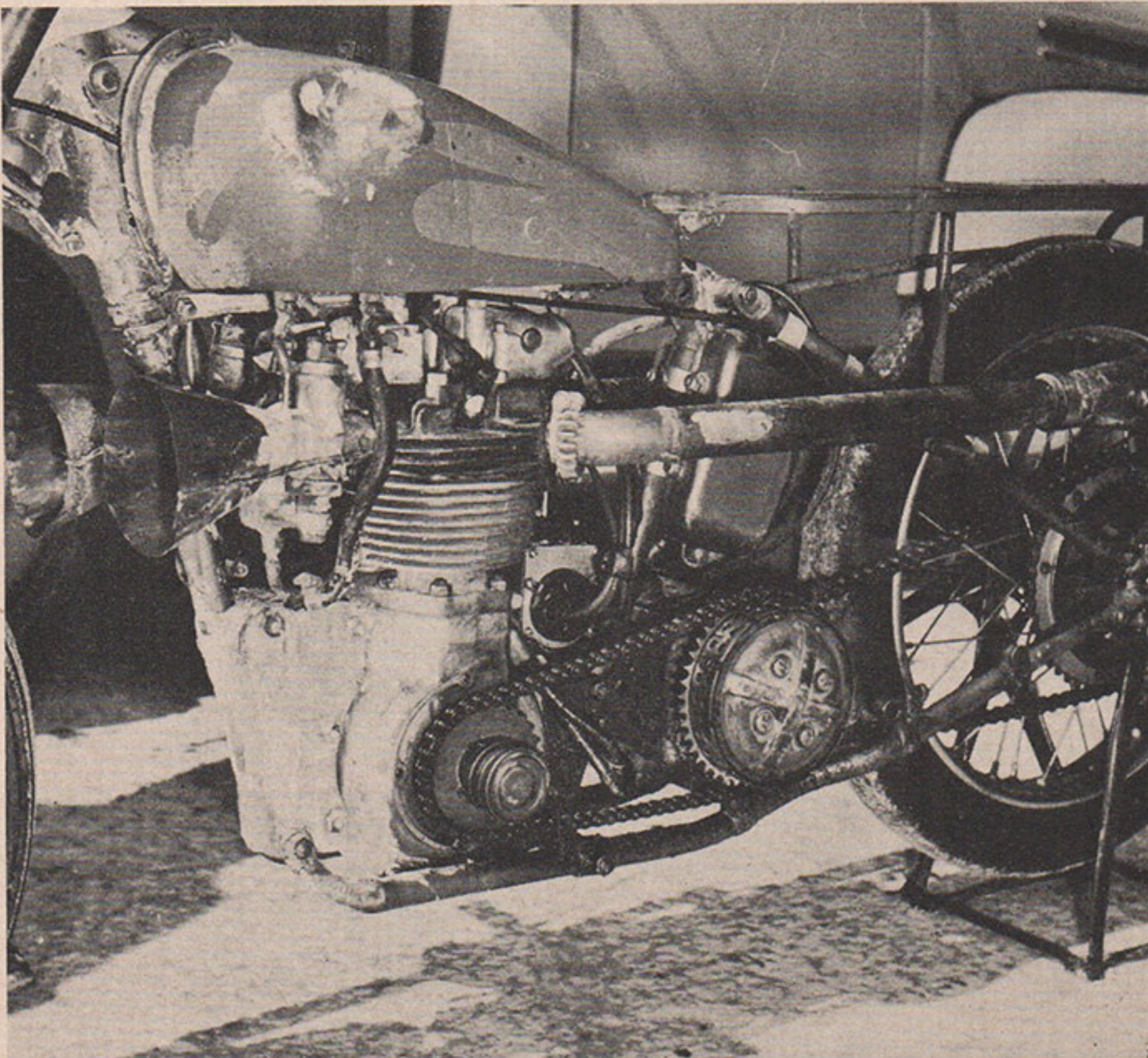
So, Monday morning the Johnson party, consisting primarily of Bus Schaller, Jack Dale, Bud Hare, Blackie Bernal and Bill Johnson, took over the exclusive run of Bonneville. Bus Schaller was to supply the main 40 inch Class A contender, a Triumph that he had been running throughout the previous week but had thus far been short of success because of ring troubles (failing to seat). Bus also had several other machines of his own on hand (80 inch Harley, 61 in. supercharged injector Harley and an Indian Warrior), but, as usual, was so busy working that he found little time to spend on all but the Thunderbird. Jack Dale, while unsuccessful with his own machine, had been wringing more mph out of several of the other bikes through his sensitive ear for engines and his ability to crawl under the paint so was asked to pilot Schaller's "Bird." Bud Hare's "oddest of all," laydown, semi-enclosed Class A 30.50 Triumph had been creeping closer to Rich Richards' record all week and Bud was sure that, with a full extra day of uninterrupted sailing, he could cut the mustard. Blackie Bernal was the last one chosen for the Johnson party. His Class A Thunderbird with "about face" heads had been jumping between 127 and 148 and looked promising enough.

First crack out of the box, Jack Dale whistled past the clocks on Schaller's 40 inch "A" Triumph at around 136 then racked up for a check-over. Meanwhile Bud Hare rolled his 30.50 Triumph out and hit 138.142 on a practice run. In frenzied excitement, the boys at the clocks ran down to tell Bud what he had done and hold him for a return run to set the aver-

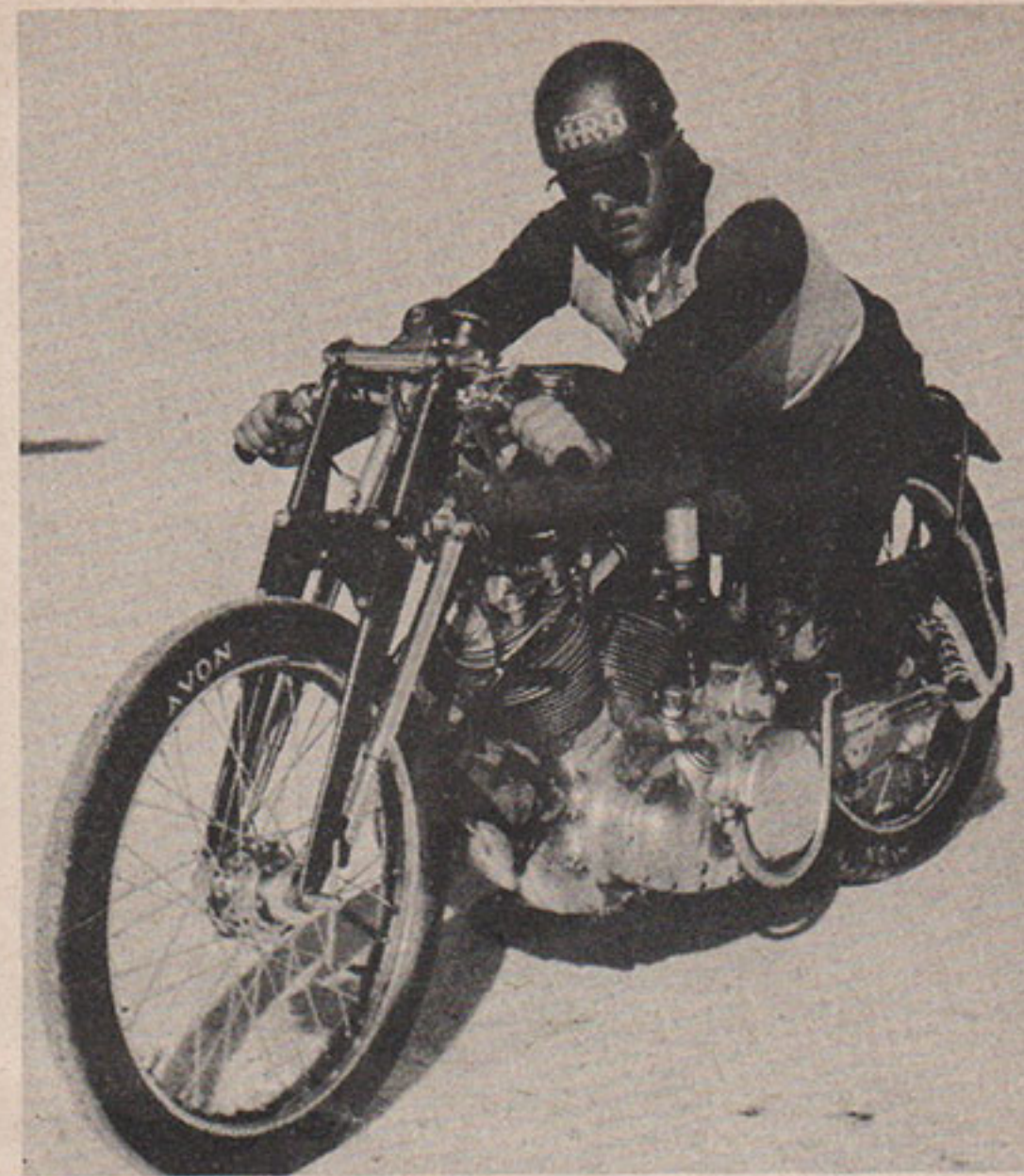
age of 134.597 that now stands as the new Class A 30.50 record. Following this, Schaller's rig went out again, turned another speed somewhat short of the mark and returned to the pits. By then, Blackie Bernal, who had been hitting close all week, rammed his 40 inch Triumph down the traps, returning at a speed of 146.10, with still another run down at 142.57 to lift the Class A level to a 144.338 average. As an anti-climax, Bus Schaller, who had now been given an even higher hurdle to scale by Bernal's performance, saw that he would have to pull out all the stops, poured large quantities of nitro down his "Bird's" gullet, set little Jack Dale on top of the charge and lit the fuse. By the time Jack hit the end of the mile trap he was probably going as fast as he had ever gone before in his life . . . 148 mph. It looked as though he might wipe out Bernal's record, but good. Little did Schaller or Dale realize that their job was just on the verge of blowing, for that's exactly what it did on the way back.

It was about noon now and already two new national marks had been added to the previous week's five victories. Since Richards' 30.50 Class A claim was overridden by Bud Hare on the extra last day, this made a total of five new records during the 1952 Bonneville, not bad pickins' when it is considered that each machine was privately owned, tuned and financed.

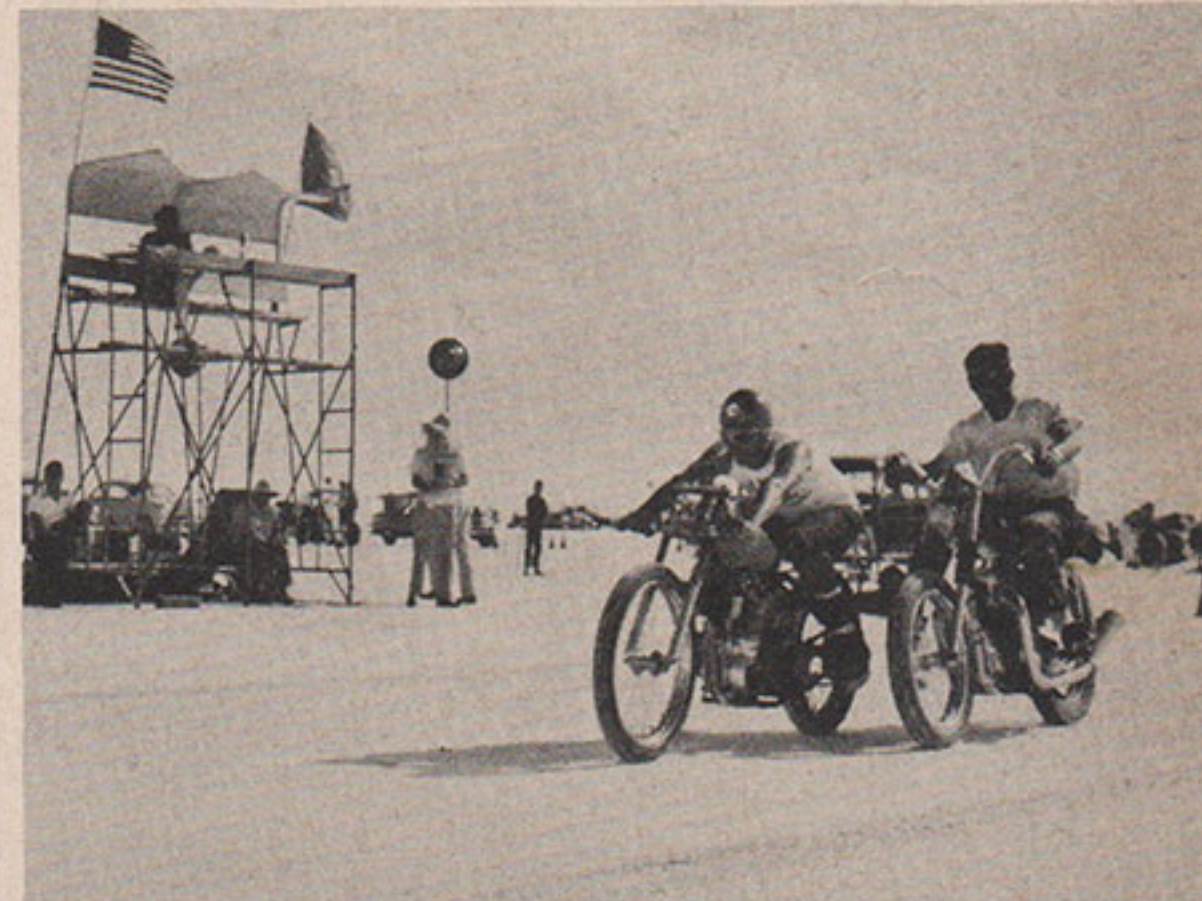
What will another year at Bonneville produce? Who knows—let's just hope that the generous hot rodders' Southern California Timing Association that has succeeded in building such a prestige event
(Continued on page 38)



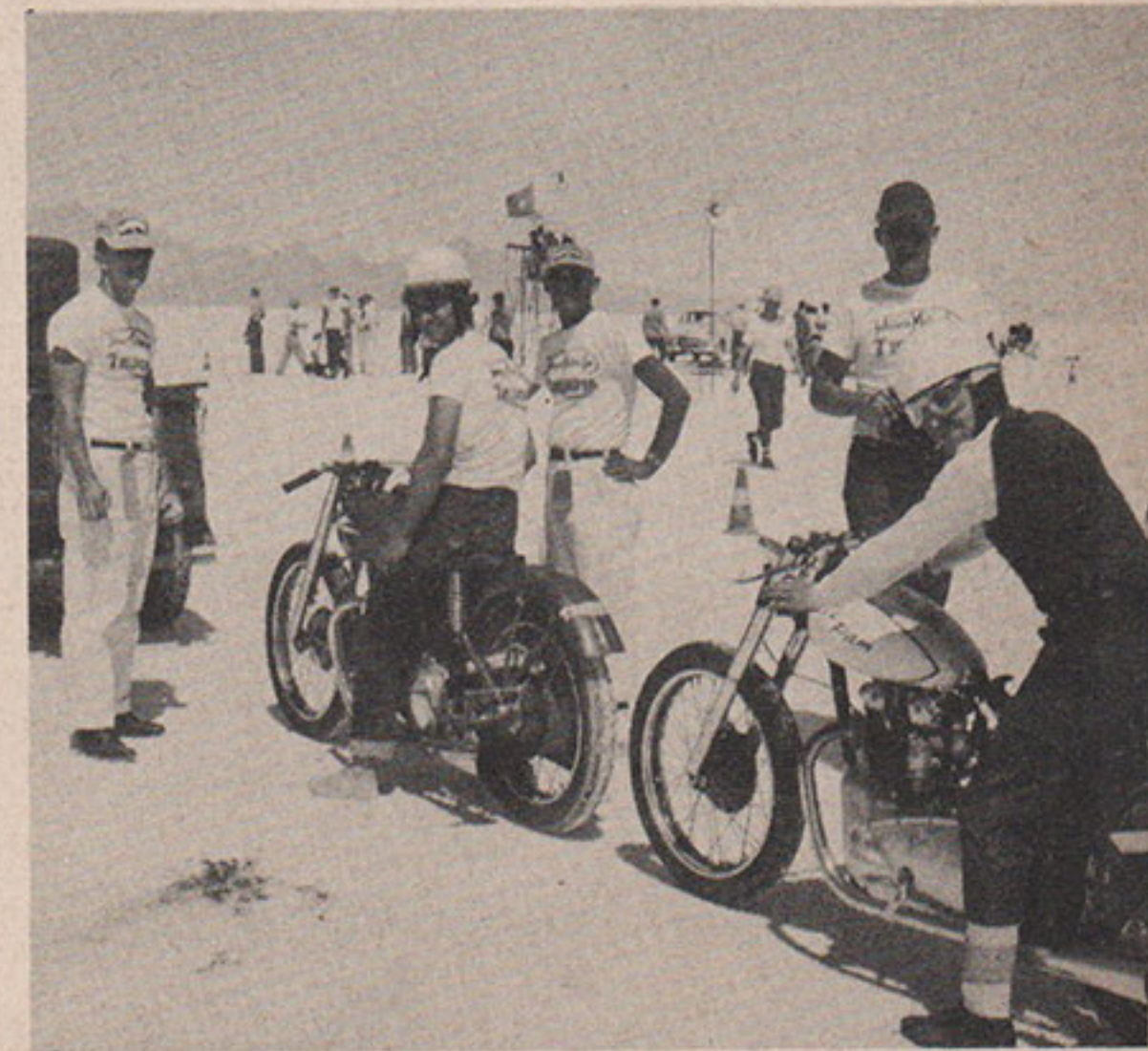
More individual touch is Blackie Bernal's Thunderbird with reversed cylinder head. Obvious advantages are ram-jet effect on carburetors and minimizing of back pressure by straight exhausts



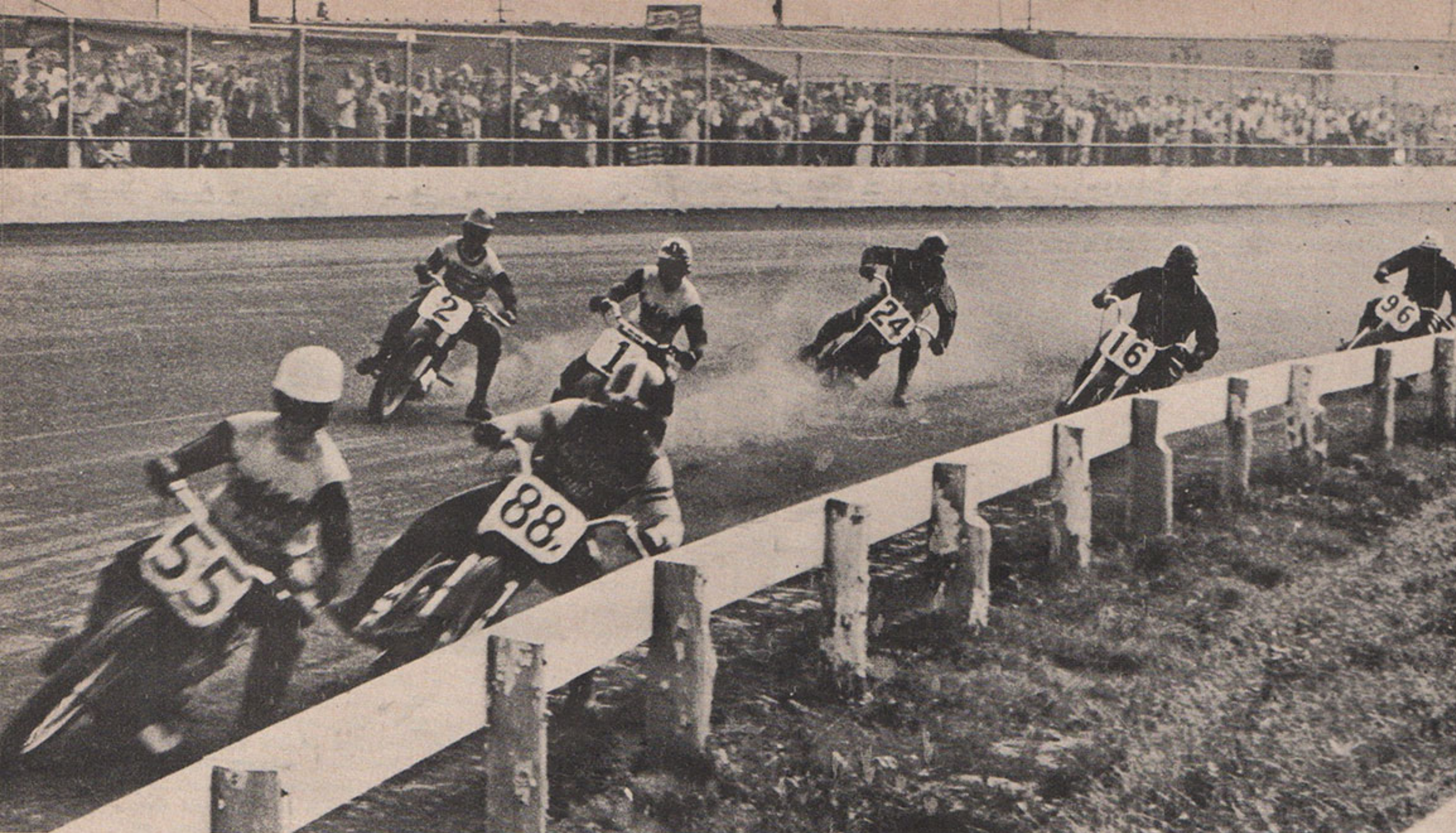
144.98 on a Class C Vincent—Dickerson's amazing one-way ride! Special exhaust pipes prohibit right-side kick starter on ex-1948 Rapide model. Bike had 30,000 miles before reworking, now has front cylinder head on rear barrel so that combustion chambers are identical; both carbs on left side. Biggest concession for speed is absolute reduction of friction in every conceivable spot. Lightning cams and carbs are used, rods and flywheel are polished, in addition to usual speed tuning



Blackie Bernal chugs past the starter's stand



Two hot "Birds" fall in for a trip east. Jack Dale and Rich Richards gave boys a real go

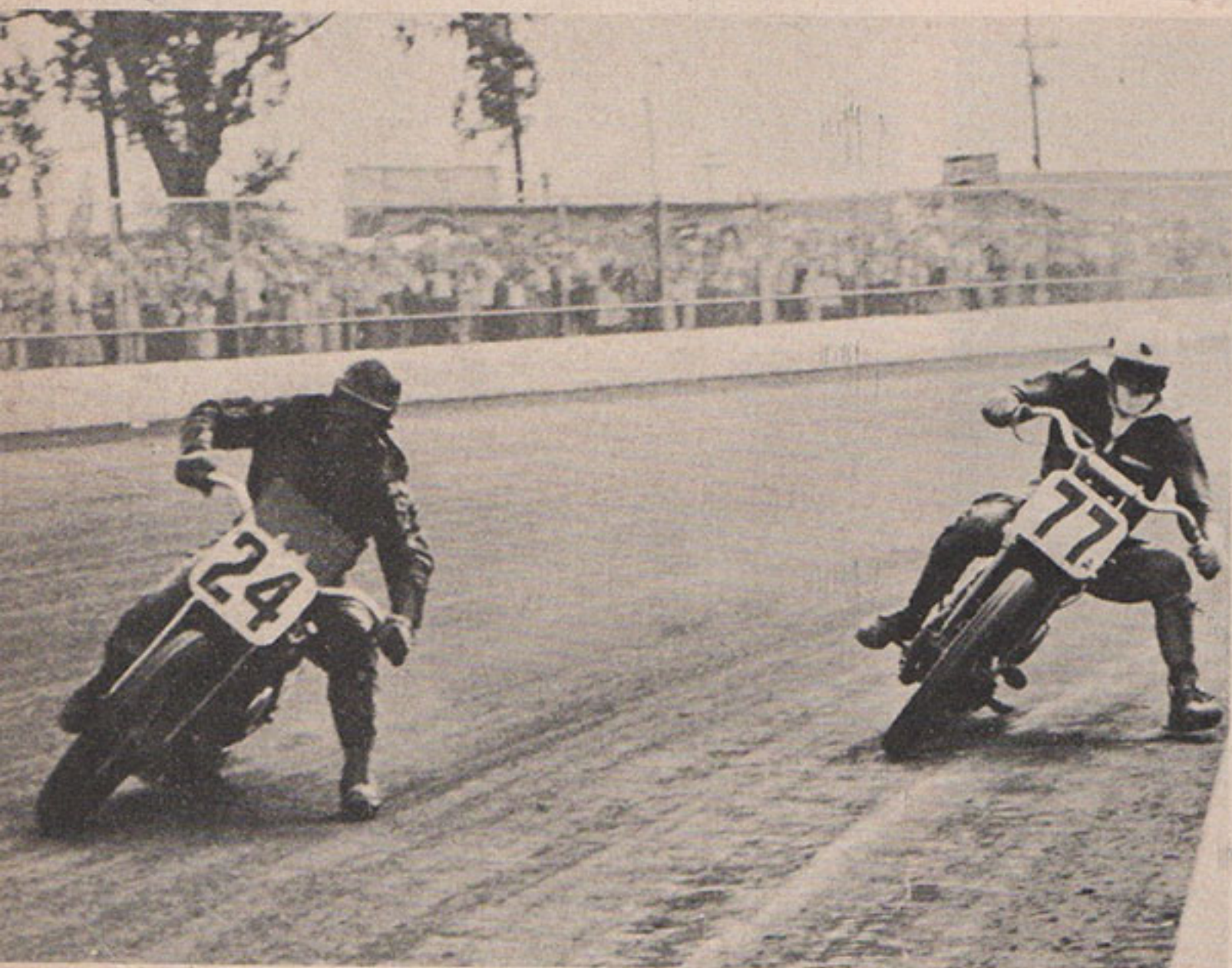


Don Hawley (No. 88x) puts the pressure on in the corners. He needles Ernie Beckman while Klamfoth, Hill, Brigance, Chann and Smith give chase

ANOTHER SCALP FOR INDIAN

Ohioan, Bobby Hill, overpowers Syracuse National on prewar Scout

text & photos by Slim Glowka

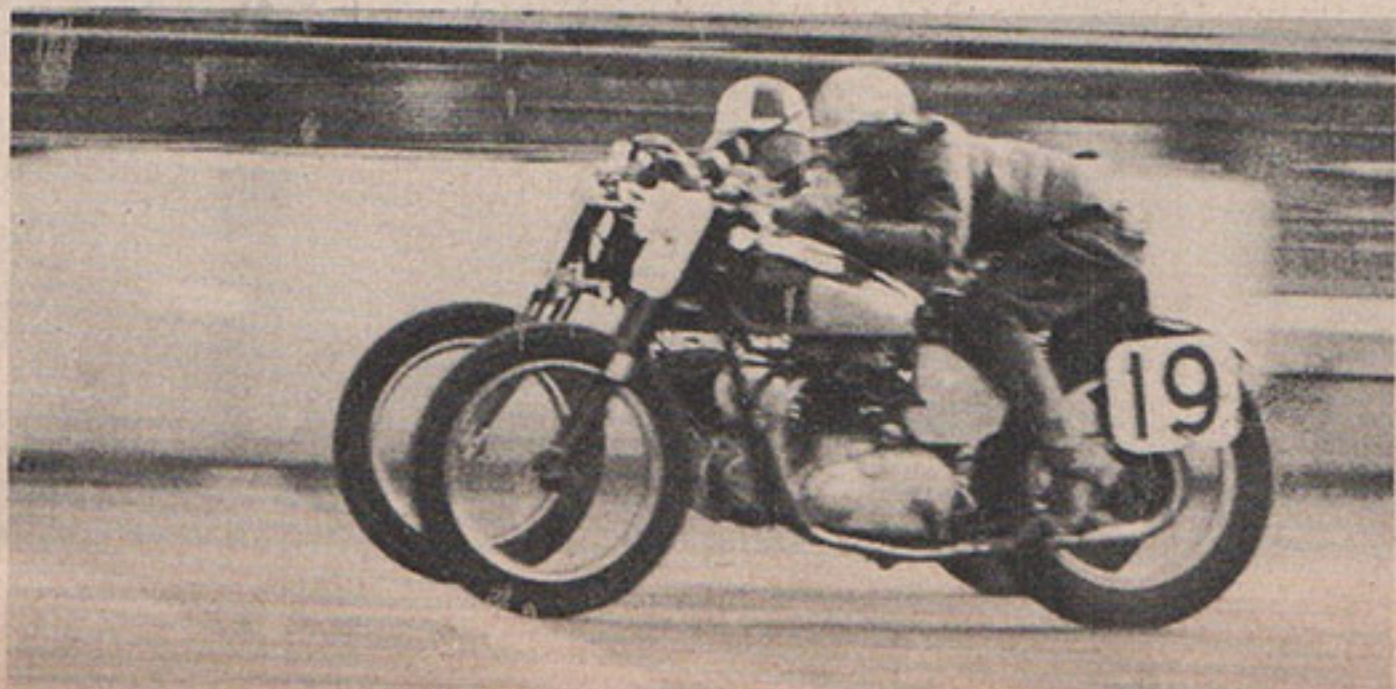


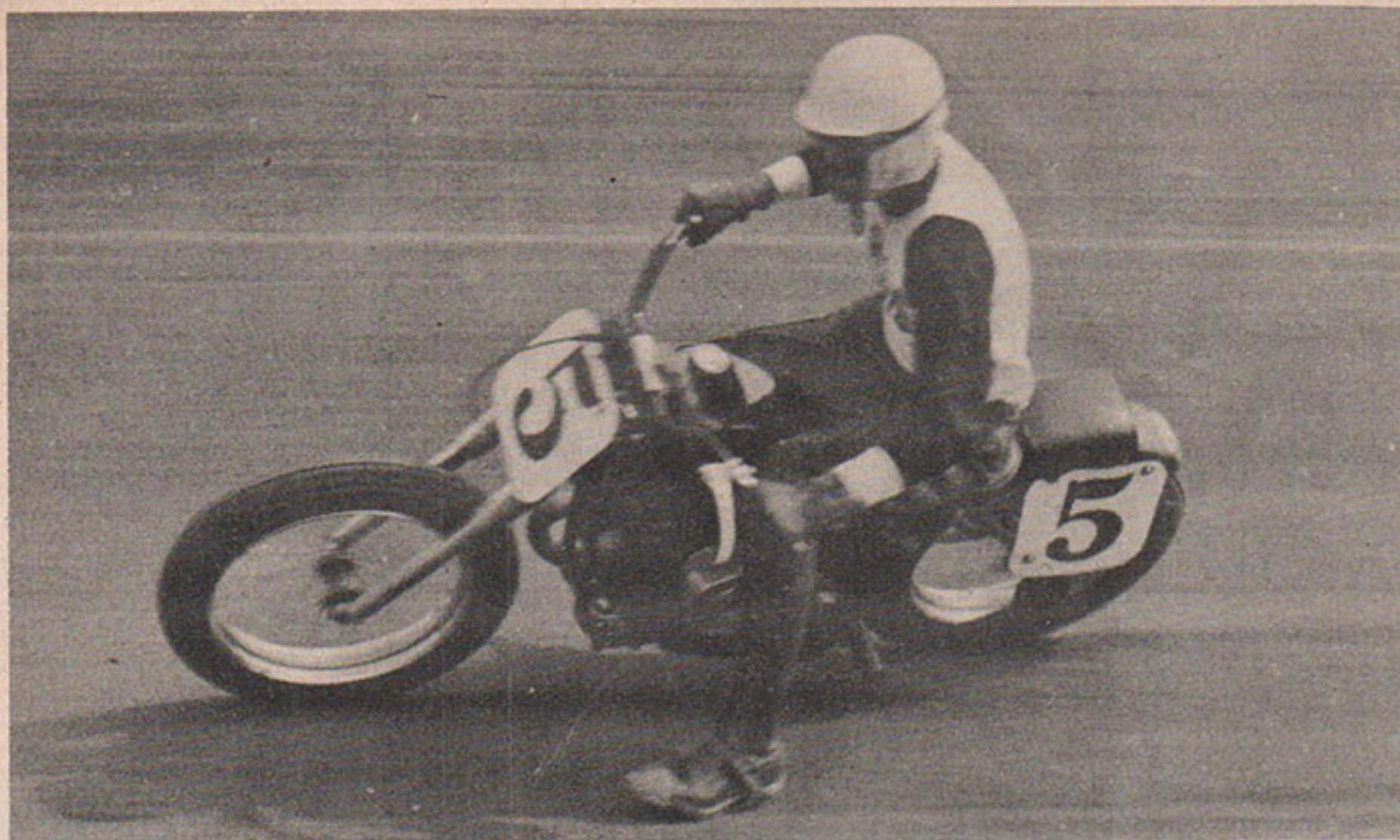
ABOVE, Buck Brigance again (No. 24), this time in a dual with Sid Swan. They took 3rd and 4th in 10-mile Expert heat in that order



ABOVE-RIGHT, The 10-mile National Champion, Bobby Hill, and his wizard of tune, Dick Gross, who still startles them all with his "vanishing Indian" V twins. Others in the background are Indian factory representative, Walt Brown, and the Syracuse dealer, Dave Grosser

RIGHT, No. 19, Warren Sherwood, and Al Peterson, although not in first four of 10-mile Expert heat, battle as viciously as though they were going for first and second spots. Hill's time for this event, 7:25.91





Chet Dykgraaf hails from Grand Rapids, Mich., had one of the neatest looking bike and trailers. Others came from as far as Ft. Worth, Tex. to compete. Several K models were entered

TWO LITTLE INDIANS with plenty of horsepower ran off with most of the wampum at the New York State Fair 10 mile national for one mile tracks. Averaging better than 80 miles per hour, 30 year old Bobbie Hill of Columbus, Ohio, sped to victory as the hot shoe artists returned to the fairgrounds after an absence of many years. Not since the days of Petrali and Ludlow have Syracusans seen such a daring exhibition of speed.

18,000 spectators witnessed Hill, on his old Indian Scout, set the fastest qualifying time of the day at 43.12 seconds for the one mile oval. He then came roaring home well ahead of the pack to take his 10 mile qualifying heat. Hill thus annexed his third national crown of the year. Earlier he won the 200 mile championship at Dodge City, Kansas, and the 10 mile championship for half mile tracks at Springfield, Ill.

Don Hawley, Triumph riding Californian, skimmed the oval in true California style leaving the spectators gasping as he broad-slided his Triumph twin only inches from the fence to take the second qualifying heat.

With the combined roar of horsepower and spectators filling the air, Hill was third screaming into the first turn, trailing Hawley and Ernie Beckman of Battle Creek, Mich., as the throttle twisters took off for the 10 mile National.

On the first back stretch Hill passed Hawley, but the California hot shoe artist made up ground on the turn to again take the lead. They alternated for the first four miles with Hill moving ahead on the straightaways and Hawley regaining the

advantage on the turns with some of the most daring broad-sliding that has ever been seen. Coming into the turns, a small blanket could have covered them.

At the start of the fifth mile, they were tied crossing the starting line, but then Hill wrung more pony power from the grip of his screaming red-skin, slid neatly into the first turn ahead of Hawley and started pulling away. Building his lead up to 60 yards in the next five laps, Bobbie Hill loomed up as the dust-covered 10 mile national champ.

Time for the National was 7:28.60 seconds for an average speed of 80.5 miles per hour. Actually, this was not as fast as Hill's 10-mile victory in the qualifications when he averaged 81.32 miles per hour, but it was enough to keep ahead of the rest of the war party.

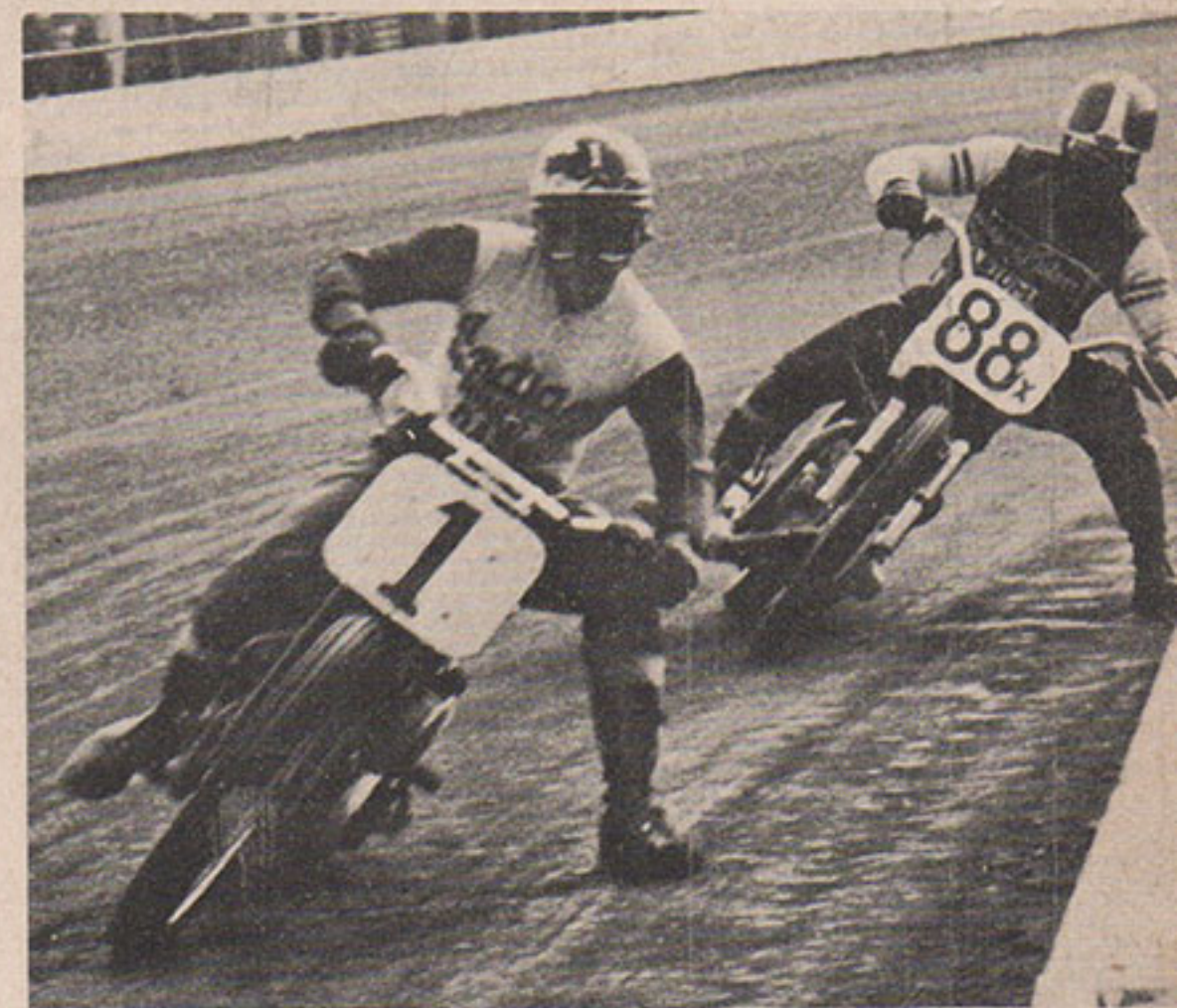
Jimmy Chann wound up in third place in the feature race trailed by Gene Smith, Buck Brigance, Rod Burkhart and Dick Klamfoth.

Riders eliminated from the feature dropped back into the five mile consolation events. Fastest of three of these races was turned in by Earle Givens of Akron, as he copped the second five mile event, in 3:56.24. Givens won in handy fashion over Warren Sherwood of Cornwall, N.Y., and Dick Beaty, Charlotte, N.C., the second and third place finishers.

The final consolation event of the day brought four different pilots in the lead at different stages of the race. Dick Beaty finally grabbed first place in the fourth lap, heading Eugene Theissen and Earl Givens across the line in one of the most thrilling races of the year.



Ohio chain-lightning, Dick Klamfoth, wasn't up to usual voltage this day. Placing 3rd in 10-mile heat, Dick slipped to 7th in National; Hill and Hawley putting on the big show



The big wheels at Syracuse were these two. Note the difference in riding styles as Hill (Indian) tends to sit more upright while Hawley (Triumph) leans in with his bike



ABOVE, Mechanical "bang-tails" bolt at whip of starter's flag in expert 5-mile consolation. Scene of mad flight was New York State Fairgrounds. Norval Goodman, Har-Dav., won

BELOW, Gene Thiessen's shooting Star chases Dick Beaty's Tiger through one of the heats. Both wound up in separate 5-mile consolation events; each taking second in separate races



Don't hang up those bars—not until you've tried the DOT Scrambler

WILDCAT ON

By BOB GREENE

Editor

The greatest on hills! By far the most powerful 197 that I have ever ridden, the Dot was absolutely amazing in its climbing and pulling ability. Engine is hopped up, weight is down

THERE'S A TIME in this strange business of testing when things get a little confused, when you've put the screws to so many bikes, sopped up stacks of factory brochures, tabulated miles of specifications and drawn so many conclusions that you're not just sure where one machine ended and the other began. The only explanation for this tester's dilemma is the fact that so many motorcycles are attempts at a compromise, a strive for balance between, say, smoothness and power, economy and performance, comfort and handling.

There are no compromises on the 197 cc, two-stroke Dot Scrambler. It's a choppy riding, raucous little so-and-so, and if you've got an ounce of sporting blood in you, it'll win your heart the first time you open its ports. Here is the firm that makes little pretense at luxury and flowing lines but, brother, if you're looking for lots of fun and checkered flags, climb aboard

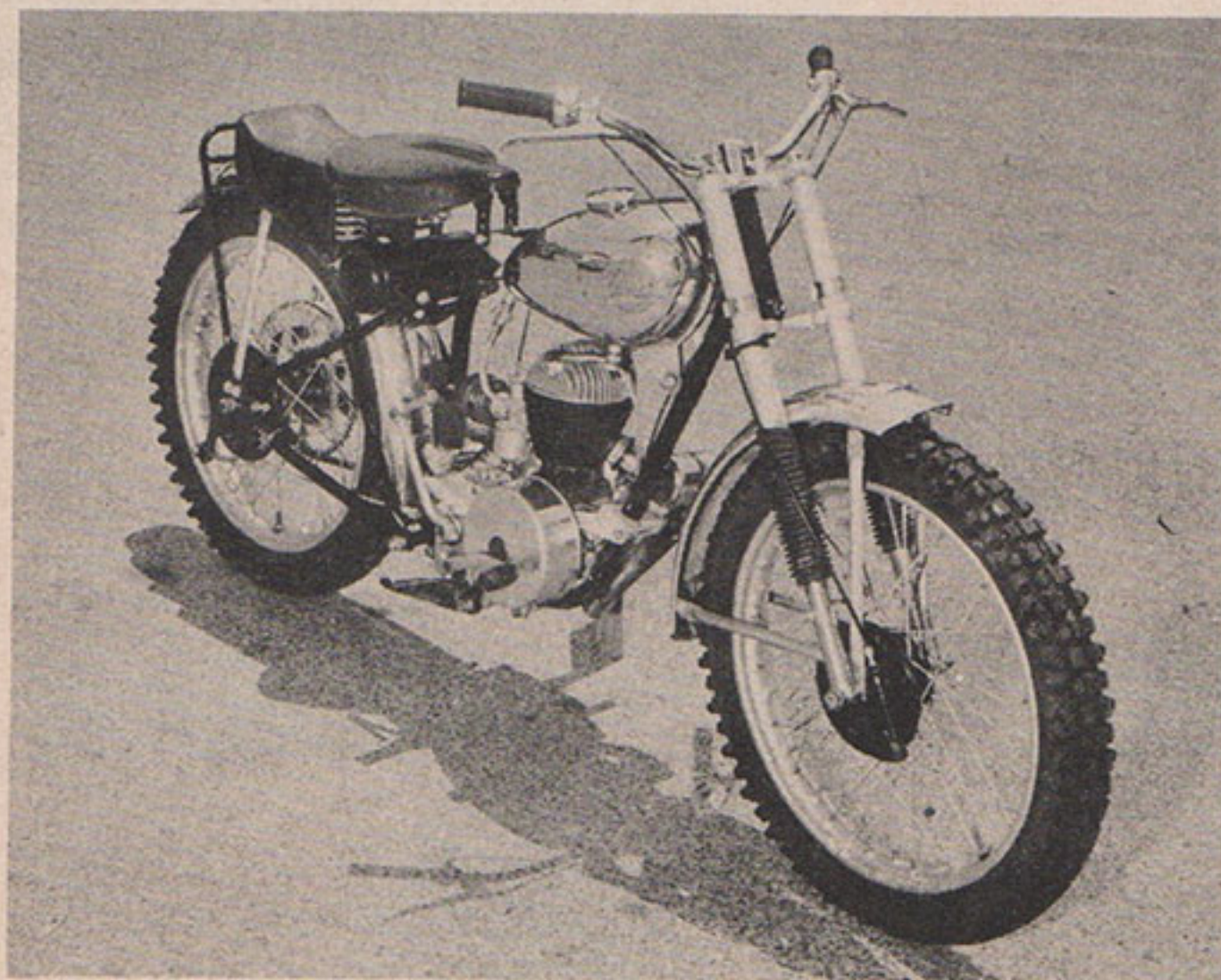
their specialty . . . I did and I'll not soon forget it!

The following report is prejudiced, just as I'm sure you'll be five minutes after you grab this little bull by the horns. But before going overboard this trip, and lest this exuberance should give any feeling of pulling punches, we're 'fessin' up right now . . . trouble was had . . . a broken compression ring. It's almost certain that, knowing what we have since learned about two-stroke fuel mixtures, this gland ailment could easily have been averted. It's liable to happen to the best of bikes however and our experience could possibly save many a two-stroker trouble in the future, but more about this after a bit.

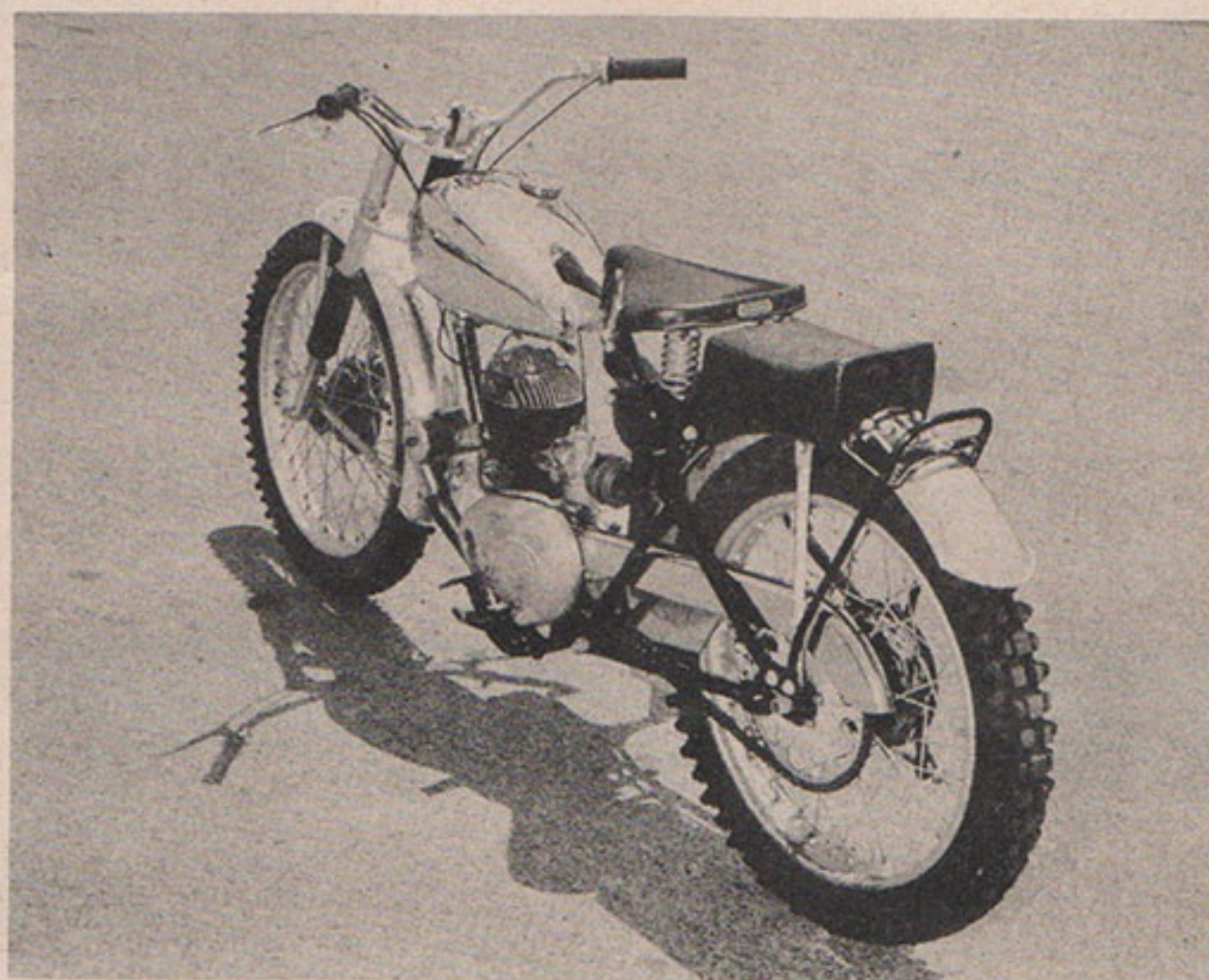
Since the Dot is a full-vout scrambles model there was no concern about lights, speedometer and other little niceties that simply have no place on a scrambles rider's check list. Confident and proud of

their new acquisition, the Caspary brothers, Herb and Louie, West Coast distributors of the Dot, topped the bike up with pre-mixed fuel and bade me, "Git for the hills." Three stabs at the carburetor tickler, a short romp on the kickstarter with the throttle at about a one-third opening, and I almost jumped over the handlebars as the tiny mill screamed to life—what a roar! The short chrome exhaust pipe and silencing box give no cause for concern about excess back pressure and it was with tongue in cheek that I made my way cautiously past streams of traffic and preoccupied (or deaf) motorcycle police to the outskirts of town where the Dot could strut its stuff in the rough.

Having had far too little experience with two-stroke engines, it was difficult at first to know just where to begin comparing the Dot with other machines, bigger ones especially, so a moderately steep dirt



Gobs of traction and quick steering add to Dot's allure. Strictly for the sporting gent, this baby is tailored for action. The same bike in Trials trim includes lights, full-length exhaust pipe and suitable Trials gearing



Either Scrambles or Trials models are wired for direct lighting sets. Weight distribution is 47½% front, 51½% rear. The Dot, like so many of the 197 cc and smaller machines, lacked sufficient front brake surface

slope was selected for the first attempt at soaring. This same hill had been used in other tests with 30 and 40 cubic inch machines and was no special challenge providing at least a 20 foot run at it could be taken. Quite by accident, I misjudged in cutting across to the clearing below the hill and found myself at the very foot of the blasted thing. Rather than circle back for a run at it, the Dot was gunned from scratch and was soon driving over the top with power to spare. The wave of reactions that followed this first climb is a bit difficult to describe, coming somewhat in this order and growing in intensity: First thoughts of disbelief were dispelled

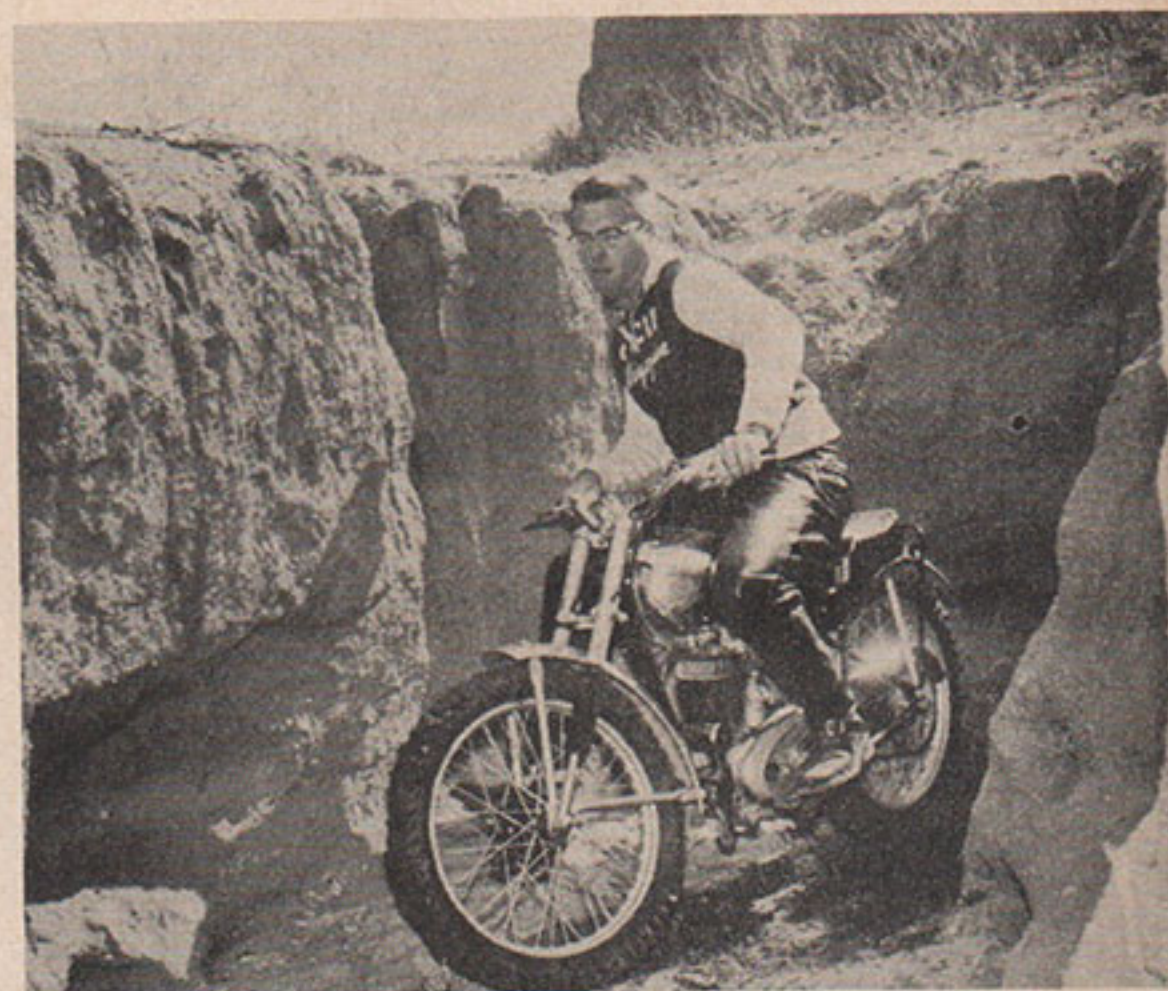
startling when fully and instantly tapped. The fact is that it normally comes on in such a way, building up gradually, but quickly, rather than bursting forth uncontrollably, that the tire takes hold and increases its traction just short of slippage. The feeling is much the same as being geared to the side of the hill—one that I've never quite had before on any other machine. You undoubtedly have hit hills harder, gone up them faster and shot higher in the air, but it's doubtful that you'll ever climb with a more progressive sure-footedness than you'll find in the Dot.

No matter where the Scrambler was taken this same sort of traction manifested itself and since it was such a typical "country boy," the Dot was given a steady diet of plowed fields, sand washes and rockery—nothing seemed to faze it. Deep sand was a pushover; the bike being stopped and restarted with hardly any effort. Remember the weight of this machine: 198 pounds! Without the bulky encumbrance of rear springing, the rear quarters are light enough to lift with one hand while steering and throttling with the other, making it an easy matter to walk the bike out of almost any situation should it become necessary. In the very deepest sand the Dot could pull second gear beautifully and at a speed far beyond my expectations. On rough ground the lack of rear suspension was sorely felt but it is doubtful that any springing could compensate for such conditions on a machine of equally short coupling, there being few enough *big bikes* that claim this sort of comfort. No, here is one motorcycle, a specialty model it's true, where rear springing is of little importance since the added weight and resulting effect on clearance would not over-balance the advantage of agility and maneuverability. Like any other Trials or Scrambles model, this one is built to get you into and out of the roughest country imaginable. It does just that in a way that is hard to conceive, but smooth, long action springing is not part of the game; this being left strictly to the individual rider's "knee action." Even the telescopic front forks, while boasting a four-inch travel, leave no impressions of floating on a cloud. The action is there all right, but it's only meant to cushion the blow of some of the more lethal crevasses.

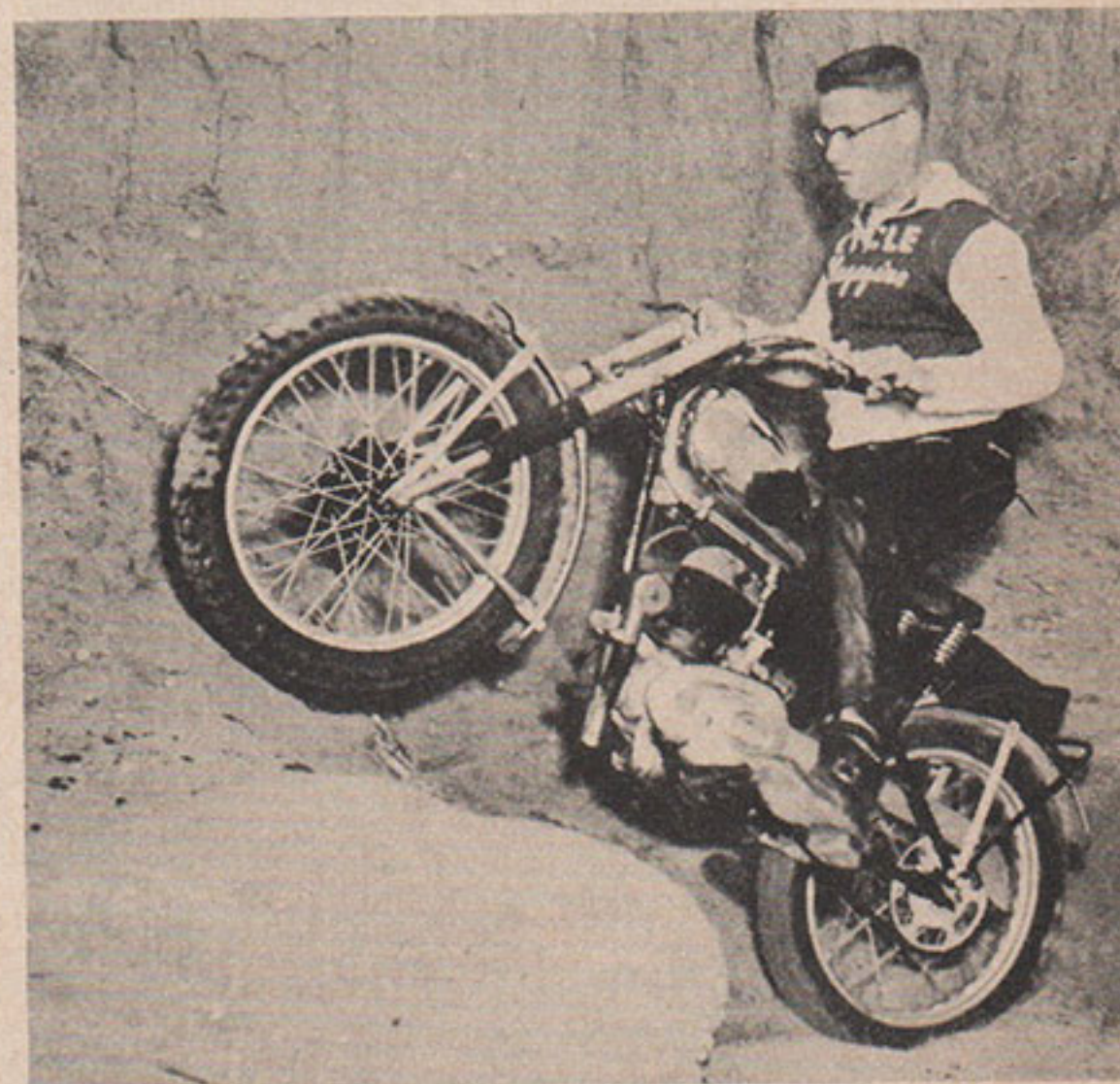
A great deal of the assurance given the Dot rider is of course through his three points of balance, the bars, saddle and footpegs. All seemed to be in just the right places for this rider. The spread and tilt of the handlebars, which might best be described as the "bake a cake" position, were perfect whether the operator worked from a seated or a standing position; the important fact being that *they were never tiring*. Both seats and bars have a wide range of adjustment for height, and the footpegs are the huskiest ever, being bolted down in massive fashion in two places instead of the usual one. You will notice that the frame has had its share of beefing up too, with diagonal shock struts

running from the fore-ends of the bottom rear fork tubes up to the seat stanchions above. Front fork cross-up and head angle seemed ideal for the job whether it was at speed or cautiously picking a path through nature's best. Despite the quick, pin-point steering that has been bred in for low speed control, the bike felt very stable at high speed on pavement. From tip to tip the framework and accessories scream of action. Alloy rims are laced onto oversized brakes with heavy duty competition spokes. Oversized set-screws on each side of the rear axle are the proportions of those fitted to big twins and hold a positive adjustment under the worst punishment. A flexible fuel line and aircraft type lock nuts (used extensively) minimize the effects of vibration. Ground-grabbing knobby tires spin beneath alloy fenders and the rear guard is fitted with a man-sized lifting hook. Both saddle and pillion are thick, tough rubber instead of thin fabric . . . and so it goes.

It's too much to expect a dirt machine
(Continued on next page)



The tighter the spot, the brighter the Dot shines. Its frame and component parts are husky and well braced in anticipation of such territory



A hard pull on the throttle started the front end raising just before the wheel kissed the steep shelf shown. The Dot clawed its way over easily from this point. Dirt spot on front tire shows the point of impact which failed to twist the delicate looking front forks

WHEELS

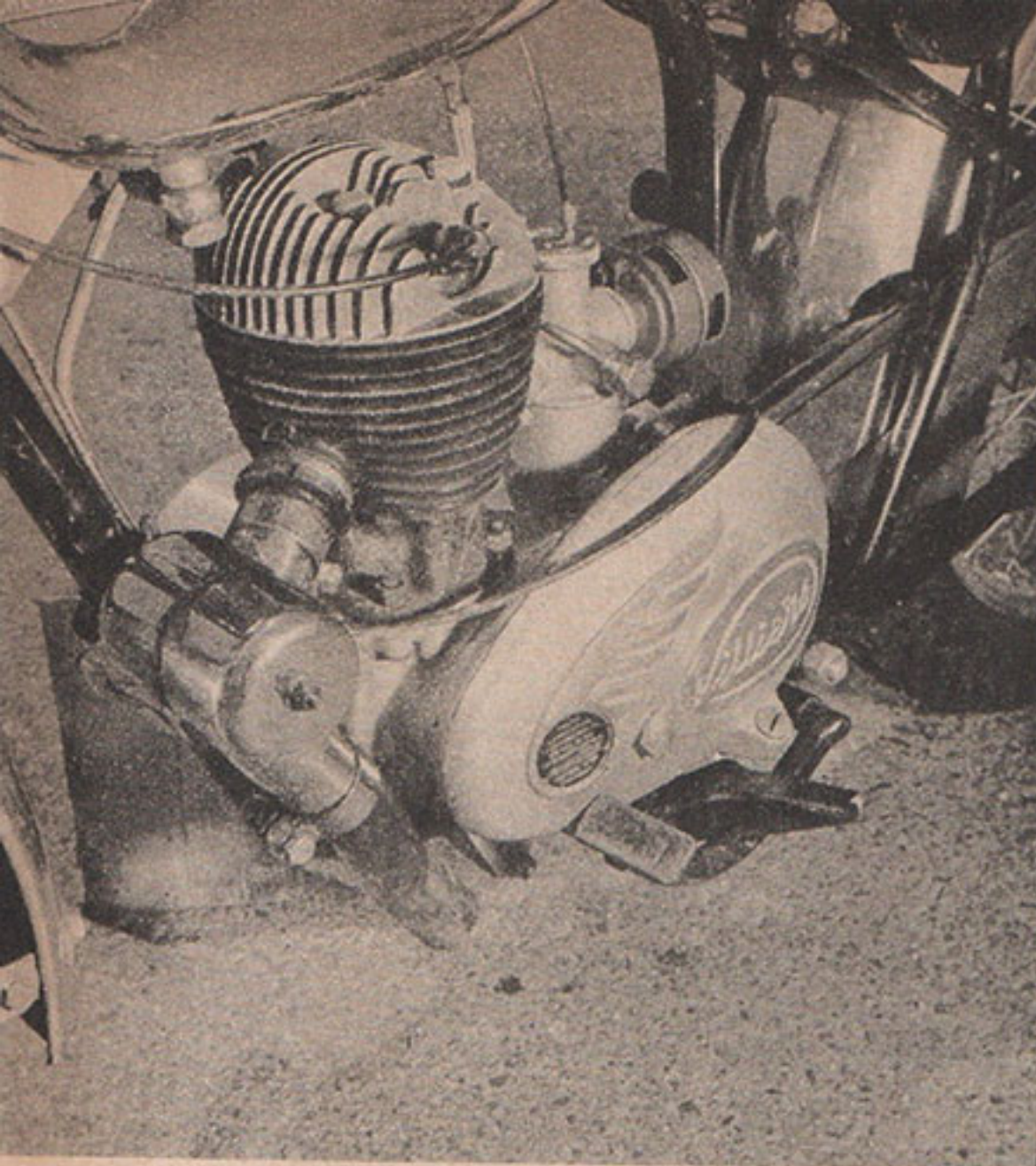
Photos by
JACK CAMPBELL

with a curiosity which, after several tasks of increasing demand, soon gave way to a sense of bold defiance. It's true—the confidence this thing instills in a person is terrifying! You find yourself eyeing all sorts of impossible country with an air of contempt. The secret of the Dot's capabilities lies in its perfect combination of power, gearing and traction.

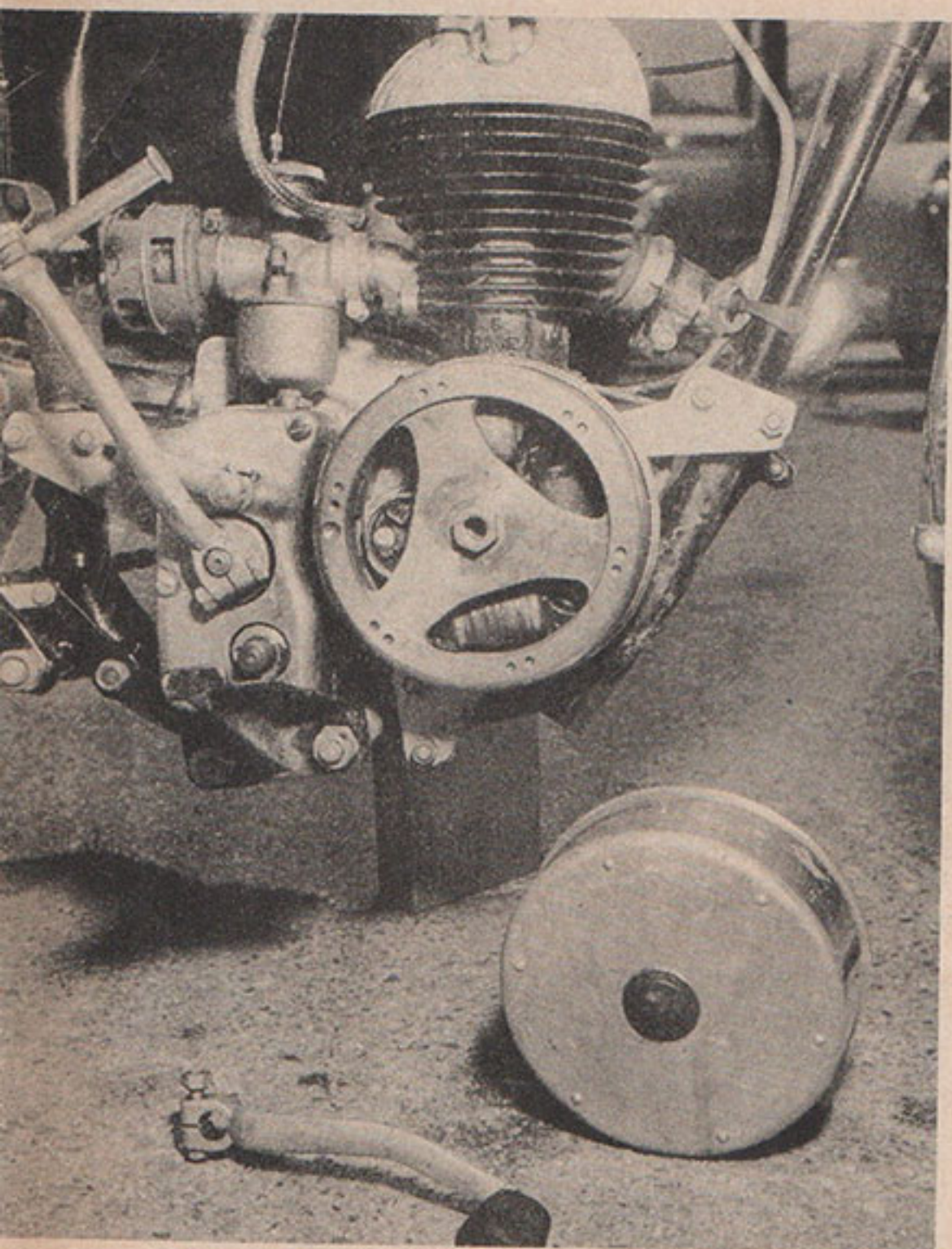
The Villiers powerplant is not a run of the mill 200. It is actually a factory tuned job, the extra cost of which (about \$12.00) is included in the price of the machine (\$475.00*). The difference is well worth several times that amount and would probably cost close to \$40.00 were the changes to be made on a stock machine privately owned. This extra work is withheld from other standard production Villiers engines fitted in most two-stroke cycles, the purpose obviously being a matter of keeping over-all costs down. Performance-wise, the jazzed-up version is far superior in every respect; no drawbacks coming to the surface the week the machine was in our hands.

Greater power and sustained high revs in the lower gears are made possible mainly by boosting compression through modifications to cylinder, head, piston and special porting. A shorter, lighter piston is fitted and a special magneto cam gives longer dwell and quicker snap to the points. To best illustrate the uncanny tractive nature of this tuned mill with a 7.47 to 1 top gearing and driving through on Avon Gripster, it was my observation that the power was enough to pull rider and machine steadily up almost any rideable incline but not violent enough to cause excessive wheel spin (a condition that often besets the rider of a larger, more highly powered machine when extreme care is not taken with throttle manipulation). Do not take this to mean that the Dot cannot be made to break loose on a hill or under a load; its power is

*Plus sales tax and license at Los Angeles, Calif.



Outside half of pig-tail silencing box can be turned to a horizontal position and a longer exhaust pipe fitted for lower speed work. The short pipe shown is very efficient engine-wise, but abnormally noisy for use on public roads



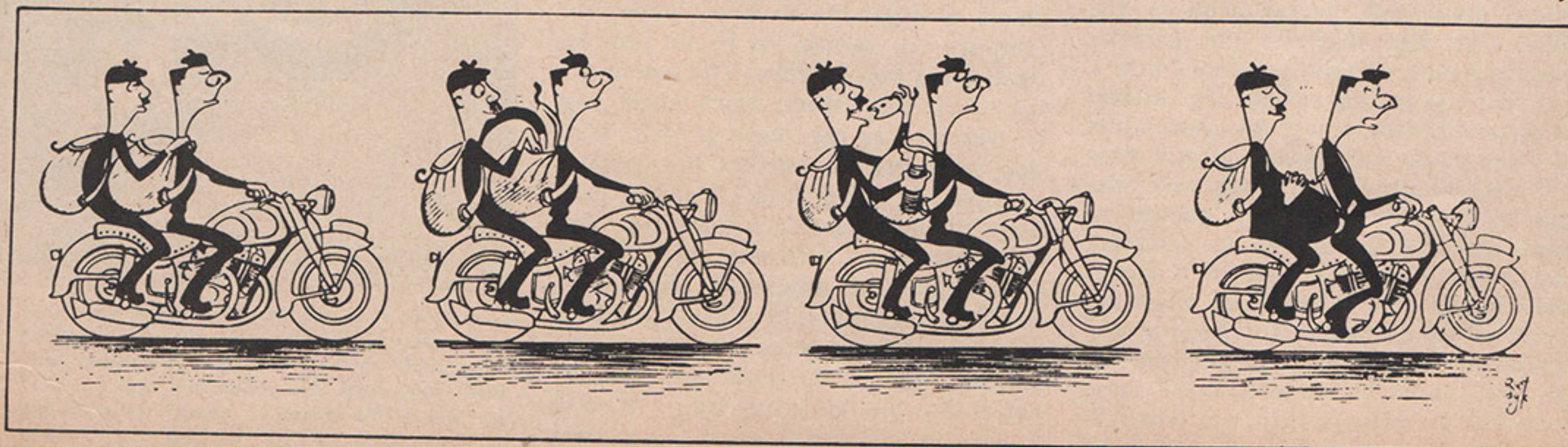
By sliding off aluminum cover, flywheel generator is exposed for inspection. Leads for headlight and taillight wires are in place, ready to be connected. Note heft of footpeg

to stack up with a touring model at maximum speed and braking tests held on a paved surface, but this is our only yardstick of comparison and the results in these two instances must therefore be tempered somewhat. We did learn, however, a great deal about fuel mixtures for high speed work and the whole effort was consequently very worthwhile. From the beginning, this machine had the advantage (actually one that should be afforded any two-stroke) of burning a properly prepared fuel. Since this type of engine (where gas and oil must be mixed in the same tank) has yet to gain popularity in America, there are no provisions in the average service station to properly refuel it and while the situation definitely poses a problem, it can be handled in several ways, depending on the amount of trouble-free service the rider will settle for. For the very tops in performance a high octane, un-leaded 80 octane gas (the type found for sale at any airport) should be blended with 50 weight castor oil, the best source of which we found to be Francisco Laboratories, P.O. Box 12742, Los Angeles 39, Calif. The formula for trials work or comparatively slow riding is recommended at $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of castor oil to one gallon of gas, to be thoroughly mixed before pouring into the tank. If the act of ordering special oil is too much of a chore or if the above mentioned oil is not for sale locally, any good grade 50 weight oil is acceptable and can be used in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}$ pint to a gallon of gas. The difference in performance will probably be unnoticeable except that the castor oil is reported to burn cleaner, forming less carbon deposit around the port openings and allowing more running between decarbon jobs. The only other possible alternate in refueling could be the use of regular pump gas (not Ethyl) rather than the un-leaded high octane aircraft juice and here is where trouble is apt to be encountered, due to the fact that 40% of carbon was found to be lead. The lead in "regular" service station gas has a tendency to cause tiny stringers or wisps to form on the spark plugs and cause fouling. Whatever ingredients you choose, remember that it is important to thoroughly mix them outside of the tank before using. Although it is sometimes inconvenient, I advise refueling your two-stroke out of your own garage whenever possible.

If sustained high speed work is intended, we found it best to enrich the oil content

to one full pint of oil to every gallon of gasoline. For example, at the end of the last top speed blast through the traps using the thinner $\frac{1}{2}$ pint to a gallon formula, the Dot suddenly lost its charge. A plug change brought it around, but the power was a feeble shadow of its former self and after the engine had cooled there was no coaxing it back to life. Later, at the shop, we found that a lack of oil had caused the compression ring to break, leaving a few pock marks in the piston head—nothing serious. The job of changing a ring takes about as long as it does to tell about it. Within ten minutes, the cylinder was off and a new ring had been fitted. Here was the advantage of a two-stroke—no valves to fiddle with. Pull the head, and only four nuts need be removed before lifting the barrel off. The procedure is startlingly simple, one that actually takes far less time than a good Gunking job, and one that even the most inexperienced rider would hesitate to take to a shop to have done. Here is the essence of two-stroke riding: lots of fun with minimum upkeep costs.

As I have just pointed out, ring trouble, the result of extended high speed, was comparatively simple to rectify. Vibration, another inevitable by-product of peak revs, is not so easily coped with. With the throttle held full on in high gear, the handlebar tips vibbed hard and fast and were it not for the fact that this machine will probably spend only a small fraction of its life under these circumstances I would call it an unnecessary evil. Under the broad sense of the term, this affliction could be shrugged off as "poetic license," the manufacturer's right to put the emphasis where it belongs—in this instance, down in the rev bracket where most of us spend our time. After all, it's understandable that when .125 is shaved off the head of a 197 cc engine (estimated variance from stock), and compression is raised from approximately $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 10:1, that there be a bit more tingle in the handling tubes. Otherwise, engine characteristics throughout the remainder of the range were superb. Four-stroking (intermittent firing) at low speeds was hardly noticeable and response to quick throttle openings under these circumstances was immediate and smooth. Could I have asked for more, it certainly would not have been in the way of engine performance. A larger, more powerful front brake is definitely in demand and the gearbox did lose some of its dexterity





"Crop dusting" should be left to the air pilots unless you've got lots of leg action. Dot formula for bounding over plowed fields: ride the pegs

after prolonged, severe usage. While the slight loss of action was hardly noticeable, gear changing at the first of the test was just a bit more crisp with a smoother, more positive selection.

As I see it, there is hardly space or need for a summary. The Dot absolutely amazed me. Records show that it's cleaning house in European Scrambles events even when pitted against machines up to

five times its capacity. The price is right and the bike will go anywhere any other will go. Keep an eye on the first Dot to turn up at the next paved road race with the proper gearing and traction to match!

PERFORMANCE SUMMARY

Acceleration		Speed		Braking	
1/10 mile drag (11.1 sec.)	32.4 mph avg.	Maximum in low	20 mph	From 25 to stopped, rear brake only	38'11 1/2"
1/4 mile drag (21.8 sec.)	41.2 mph avg.	Maximum in second	44.4 mph	From 25 to stopped, front brake only	45'2"
Slow Running		Turning Circle		From 25 to stopped, both brakes	24'11"
High gear without snatch	12 mph	Maximum in high	54.5 mph		
General Mileage	62.4 mpg	Minimum diameter	10'9"		

GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

ENGINE. Villiers 197 cc (approx. 12.02 cu. in.) 2-stroke; 59 mm (2.32 in.) bore. 72 mm (2.83 in.) stroke. Flat top piston, twin transfer ports, single large exhaust port, detachable alloy cylinder head. Flywheel magneto ignition. Three crankshaft journal bearings. 3-speed gear box bolted to engine in unit construction, and driven by pre-stretched endless Renolds chain fully enclosed in oil bath case. Gear change foot operated by a positive stop ratchet mechanism, adjustable for position. Villiers type 4/3 carburetor with adjustable taper needle and large air filter. Plugs: Lodge HH14 or Champion L105 for warming up and pottering. Lodge HHN or Champion L115 for the normally short 4 to 6 lap scrambles. Lodge R47 or Champion LA14 for sustained speed over long distances or for long periods of high revs in the 2 lower gears.

EXHAUST SYSTEM. Mounted close to the exhaust port is a divided aluminum expansion box which is adjustable for angle of the outlet pipe. For trials and road work the high level pipe and silencer can be used. For scrambles the silencer can be removed and the remaining short pipe inclined downwards.

GEAR RATIOS. 56-tooth rear sprocket. Top, 7.47 to 1; 2nd, 10.50 to 1; 1st, 20.0 to 1.

FRAME. Cradle loop frame of weldless carbon steel tubing, brazed into a grease retaining and dust excluding one-piece steering head. Aluminum alloy "3 point" engine mounting. Simmonds lock nuts. Rear frame braced for lateral rigidity and strutted for vertical impact loading of the seat carrying tubes. The saddle mounting is adjustable for height. Each foot rest has a

two point frame mounting, giving true vertical and horizontal rigidity even if the fixing bolts are not securely tightened. There is a lifting handle for pushing and man-handling, and a neat external sprocket tapped to take spare plug with spanner attached. Simmonds lock nuts are extensively used.

FORKS. Giving 4" of movement from normal loading to fully compressed. Robust telescopic forks with forged steel supporting brackets. Sliding legs hard chrome deposited and ground to size. Minimum hardness 950 V.P.N. Fork ends machined from solid with special spindle nuts, giving perfect alignment and quickly removable wheel spindle. Steering races take 1/4" dia. balls (32).

WHEELS AND BRAKES. Chrome wheels built on large diameter journal bearing hubs. Cup and cone bearings are not used on Dot motorcycles. 5" front, 6" rear brakes. Foot brake shaft and clevis pin in self-lubricating replaceable bearings.

TIRES. 19"x3.00" front and 19"x3.25" rear. "Avon Gripster" or Dunlop "Sports" on the Scrambler model. Security bolts are fitted, front and rear.

GAS TANK. 1 1/2 gallon, chromium plated all over, "Push Pull" gas tap with filter inside gas tank. "Smith Petroflex" or "Bardex" reinforced transparent flexible gas pipe.

SADDLE AND BACK SEAT. Dunlop Sports Saddle, adjustable for angle. 3 point suspension on strutted vertical legs with lateral tie bar. Sorbo rubber back seat.

MUDGUARDS, CHAIN GUARD AND LIFTING

HANDLE. Polished "Dural" aluminum alloy mudguards rigidly "sandwiched" between detachable "one-piece" welded strip steel stays and thick aluminum clamping plates. Conveniently placed tubular "lifting" or pushing handle, also acting as mudguard support. Channel section chain guard chromium plated.

HANDLE BARS AND CONTROLS. "Amal" adjustable handle bars 25" wide. Adjustable "bolted-on" levers. "Quick Action" twist grip throttle control, and lever jet needle control. (On the "tuned engine" machines the jet needle is adjusted at the carburetor and not from the handle bars.)

ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT. Direct lighting by fly-wheel generator. 6" head lamp and bracket are quickly detachable as also are the rear lamp and number plates.

TOOLS & EQUIPMENT. Metal tool-box, tool roll and full set of tools, Tecalemit grease gun, tire inflator.

FINISH. All enamelled parts rust-proofed by a Dot special process. Frame stove-enamelled black. The following parts are chromium plated: gas tank, chain guard, exhaust pipe, silencer, wheels, handlebars and control levers, chain wheel and brake rods, etc. (telescopic forks in dull chrome).

WEIGHT. 190 lbs.

OVERALL LENGTH. 74 1/2 inches.

OVERALL WIDTH. 29 inches.

WHEELBASE. 49 1/2 inches.

GROUND CLEARANCE. 6 3/4 inches.

SADDLE HEIGHT. 30 inches.

The Big Ride

ADVENTURE WAS KENNETH NOLAN'S
MAIN DRIVING FORCE, SUPPLEMENTED
BY A TRIUMPH TWIN

By Kenneth Nolan

Illustrations by Chuck Doe



THE BIG RIDE would begin in Riverside, California, and would take us as far east as Yugoslavia and back. A total of approximately 15,000 miles. We had allowed ourselves three months to make this run. For such a ride the equipment, we knew, would have to be just right and the timing nearly perfect.

On the late afternoon of June 13th we rolled. At that time seventeen-year-old Bill Otis was in the saddle of our '51 Triumph Thunderbird. I was crouched down in our new red leather upholstered sidecar. Right or wrong, all the planning was now behind us. All that remained from now on was the road ahead and the only-to-be-guessed-at adventure. To reach New York in time to meet the ship, which would take us to England, was our first objective. So important was this prearranged connection that the thrill of our riding the rig across the entire width of the United States was only secondary. We allowed ourselves ten days to make New York and actually reached there at 11:30 P.M. on June 22nd. The ship sailed at 9:00 the following morning. I made a special request of the ship's captain to place the motorcycle near our quarters so we would have a chance to clean it up before landing in England.

When our motorcycle was swung ashore in Southampton, we were met by officials of the Automobile Association of Great Britain whose job it is to clear all foreign vehicles entering their country. Our papers were in order and within an hour we were headed down the main road to London, burning English gasoline at 60¢ a gallon. English roads were a treat, narrow but well surfaced. Road signs are easy to read and are neatly arranged at all intersections. It is tricky, of course, trying to drive on the left-hand side especially when you are coming into a village, but you soon get used to the feeling of it on the open road. We had even practiced a little along lonely stretches of desert road in New Mexico.

Cycles are so common in England that it is not customary to exchange any greeting while approaching another rider. You

do rate a salute, though, from the officers of the automobile club of which you are a member. These officers are continuously patrolling every mile of England's road, day and night, for the sole purpose of assisting their members. They ride cycles outfitted with a kind of sidecar repair shop. England has two such automobile clubs and it is considered unwise not to belong to one or the other as their service is so complete. Your cycle carries an emblem indicating your association and only officers of that club will recognize you with a "highball." As an example of the complete service which these clubs render: Upon landing in Great Britain you are issued a key that will open any of the small "call in" buildings along the roadside. These phones put you immediately in touch with the nearest office open at all hours and service is generally there in a matter of minutes.

We had just settled down to enjoying riding on a foreign road when the rack we had so carefully designed to hold our two small pieces of luggage gave way. This was near the town of Winchester. The AA had given us a small booklet which contained a complete list of every inn and hotel in every city in the British Isles. We ducked into a small tavern and by telephone found lodging for the night. The telephone operator guessed that I was an American and asked if I was enjoying my stay in England. I assured her I was and thought it very friendly of her to ask. By the following evening the rack was repaired and the Thunderbird was completely serviced. Our decision to make this trip on a motorcycle familiar to Europeans was already paying off in expert repairs.

We arrived there at 10:00 P.M. and remained in London for a few days, just long enough to enjoy the "Festival of Britain" Main Exhibit Building on the bank of the Thames. Then we headed to Dover and caught a small boat to cross the channel, about a four-hour run, during the night. Having had breakfast aboard the ship at dawn, we watched the motorcycle being loaded onto the dock in the small Belgian seaport of Os-

tend. Paris was a good day's ride away. If this fabulous city could be reached before nightfall, we would witness the celebration of its 2000th birthday. At this point our only experience with European roads, of course, was limited to the fine macadam ones of England. Rolling out of Ostend we realized the battle of the roads was now beginning. All of them are well kept and the signs are easy to follow in Belgium. However, we were forced to throttle down because of the frequent sections of rough cobblestones. The counterpart of our "Slippery When Wet" signs are frequent along these roads. This danger is indicated by a triangular sign bordered in red, in the center of which is a black silhouette of a car skidding out of control. This gimmick of directing the motorists by the silhouette method is typical of the road signs throughout Europe. For example, you know when you are coming to a railroad crossing because of a small silhouette of a locomotive centered in a triangular sign bordered in red. You know you are approaching a school zone because the sign shows two small children dashing across the street. A one-way street is indicated by a large red circle with a white line running across the middle. Speed limits are shown by a white circle trimmed in red, with the speed limit in kilometers in the center. Because of this rather simplified method of traffic control, you soon find you can drive anyplace in Europe without becoming a hazard on the road. I have always been curious to know how a European cyclist would navigate our highways while trying to read such a sign as "Do Not Cross Yellow Line When In Your Lane," especially when such a sign is written in a language he does not understand. This same direction is given in pictures on the continent. If you are not to pass in a given area the sign will show the rear end of two automobiles. The one at the right is black and the one to the left is in red. This sign, of course, means no passing.

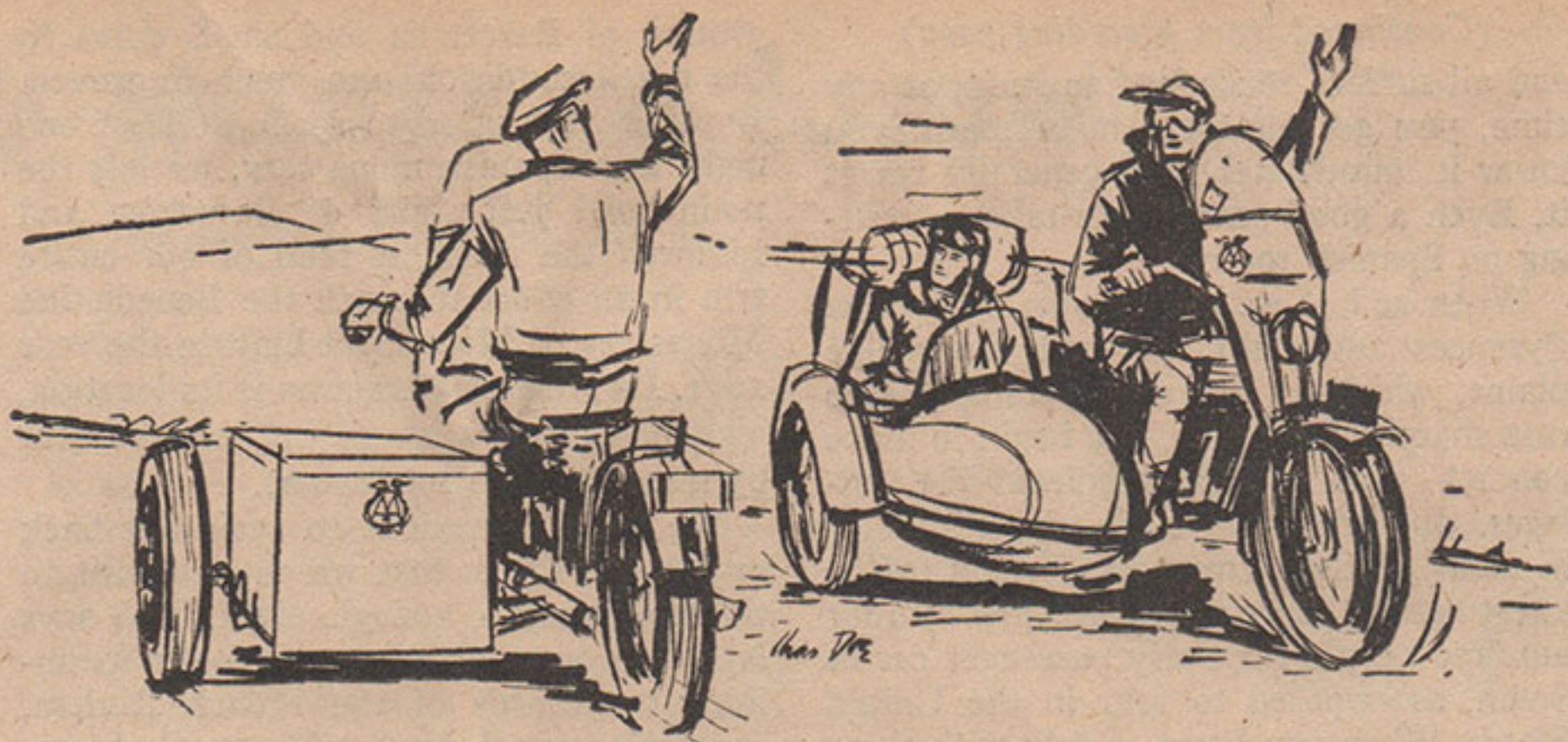
We reached the Belgian border check at noon. Here you must undergo a mild customs inspection. Then you are in

France. If you are headed for Paris you watch the road sign. This may seem obvious, but such road signs are frequent and completely reliable. You become familiar with the highway number as in this country and stay with it until you reach the city. For the most part, French roads are excellent, not the four-lane highways to which we are accustomed, but smooth macadam roads nonetheless. The one exception being the streets and roads within a village or town. Here you find what appear to be chuck holes lined with cobblestones.

When, after a few days on the road in Europe, you begin to settle down, the whole picture of why Europe is different from America, in some respects, becomes clear. Before penetrating these countries by cycle I could never completely understand why, for example, England would make such small, almost toy-like cars, or why cycles were more popular in Europe than in the States. Why, for example, are European roads narrower? Why in America do we change license numbers every year when in Europe a vehicle is issued a number which never changes. Part of the answer to all of these questions is the size of Europe. It is not necessary or practical for the average Englishman to own a large Packard, Buick or Cadillac type of automobile. He does not need this kind of transportation to conduct a normal week of business. The distances he is required to travel are short; in America the reverse is true. Not always Cadillacs, of course, but heavy, powerful automobiles—cars capable of maintaining seventy or eighty miles an hour along tiresome stretches of highway. It is not uncommon for us to do over five hundred miles of pleasure driving during a single week-end, while such mileage in England could put you well into the sea.

Motorcycles are more popular throughout Europe because of their gasoline consumption and because short distances are easier to cover by bike. Men from all walks of life in Europe use motorcycles for their business transportation. I found most Europeans extremely fond of American automobiles. You can buy practically every model of American car in any capital city in Europe, but the Europeans readily admit that our make of car is not ideally suited for their needs. The average European living in a large city does not need an automobile. The average American family living under similar circumstances in this country would feel incomplete without one. This same kind of reasoning applies also to those fond of motorcycles. Every European rider is familiar with the name of Indian and Harley-Davidson. They are interested in them because they are genuinely interested in our American machines and motors, but here too they frankly state that our cycles are too big for their use. I somehow got the impression that many Europeans feel that we, in the United States, make things big just for the sake of their bigness and it was often necessary to explain that our motorcycles were made large and heavy

NOVEMBER 1952



Cycles are so common in England that the conventional "highball" is usually reserved for the roving auto club trouble-shooter with whom you are associated. Emblem serves as your identity

with big saddles to carry us comfortably across the width of the United States. I politely criticized the very motorcycle I was riding for that same reason and in the same breath I complimented them for producing an excellent machine. The English were delighted to know that their machines were popular in America.

We reached Paris in time for the celebration. The city was jammed. Red, white and blue search lights swept across the sky and music and dancing were in the streets everywhere. We had not been in the city more than an hour when we were asked by a French family to be their guests for the night. I will not describe this family in detail, but I will say she was cute and unmarried. After several days of complete rest and relaxation we headed for Spain.

A few minutes out of Paris, on the main road, I saw a motorcycle shop and stopped for no other reason than to see what they offered in the way of extras and equipment for riders. I personally had always preferred to ride a motorcycle bareheaded. Almost every French rider seen thus far was wearing a crash helmet. When I asked about this in the shop, I was told that motorcycle riders in France cannot be insured unless they wear this head protection. Later it was learned from several English riders whom I met on the continent that a similar law would no doubt be

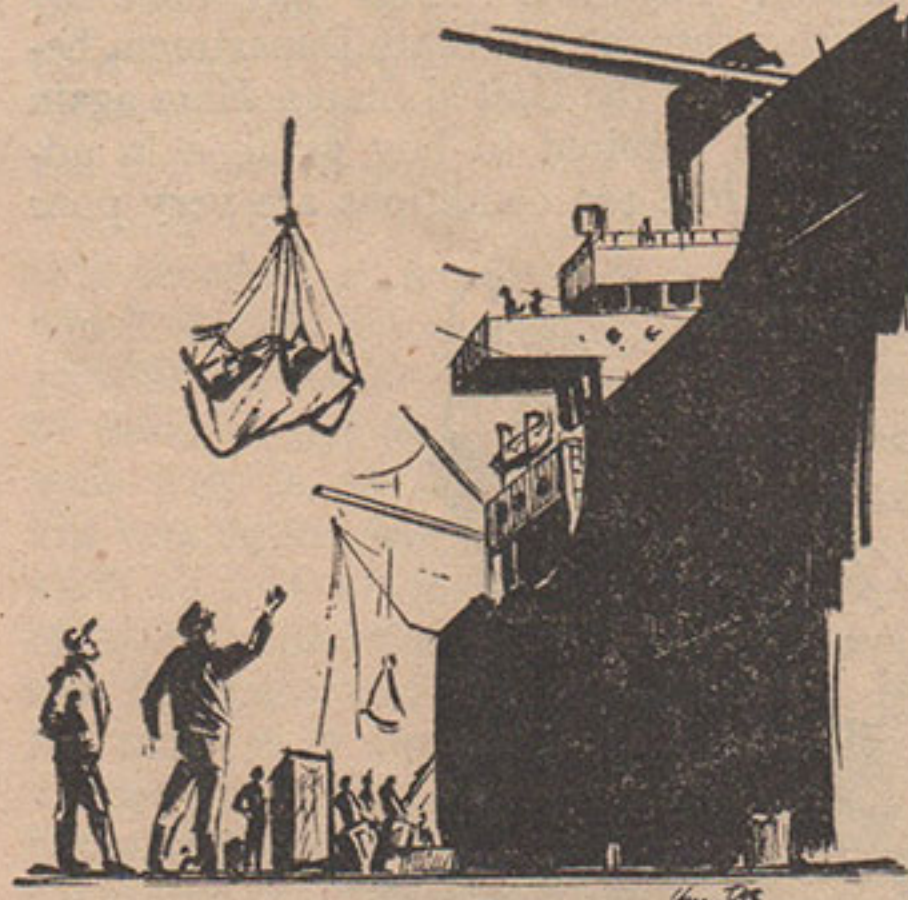
passed in Great Britain. Before leaving I bought a crash helmet for 3,000 francs (\$10.00).

Two sleeping bags were slung on the motorcycle in waterproofed covers and used whenever the weather was in our favor. Our expenses on the continent thus far had been so reasonable that we were staying in hotels rather than sleeping out. It is difficult to say what the cost was for meals and rooms as the prices varied from city to city and country to country. Our expenses were running approximately one dollar a night for hotel and fifty cents apiece per meal. Gasoline at this point was priced around forty cents a gallon. Service stations in Europe are not the large well equipped buildings that we have in this country, but are single pumps.

Before entering Spain we knew that conditions were going to be rough, especially on a motorcycle. We had talked with several riders who had just left Spain and they had warned us about the general situation. The border at this point was marked by a small, almost dry, river bed. Before you are at liberty to motor into the interior of Spain you must first check in at the control station. Here all of your papers are examined. You are registered with the Spanish police and you are required to buy gasoline coupons. We were informed that at no time were we to pay for gasoline. It is mandatory to buy at the control station enough coupons to cover your entire journey through Spain. These coupons were issued in book form. Our only problem now was to figure our exact mileage while in Spain and how many miles per gallon we would get. To overestimate would be costly. To underestimate may have meant running out of gasoline and an unnecessary delay through red tape. After only a short way into Spain we realized that these were the roughest roads on the continent. These roads were particularly troublesome up through the Pyrenees. It has been said that Spain deliberately leaves them in this condition solely to make it extremely difficult for any invading army. Unless you know Spain well, you are inclined to be drawn to Madrid as your first objective.

Madrid is located in the heart of Spain

(Continued on next page)



Cycle and sidecar were lifted from below deck on SS "Homeland." The rig traveled with us and was stowed where we could get at it during voyage. Cost of shipping was \$50 one way

(Continued from preceding page)

and all surface roads lead to it. If, at any time, you get off these main roads, you know it immediately and generally regret it. Even a good automobile takes a beating on Spanish roads.

When at last we came down out of the Pyrenees and onto the vast desert-like plains, which is Spain, the temperature rose sharply. Here, too, you begin to make contact with almost medieval-like villages. Our new motorcycle was an oddity in many of these towns. According to the latest figures, there are approximately four hundred people for every passenger car in Spain, as opposed to four in the United States. When you begin to talk with these people and even sleep in their hotels you soon realize that the poverty is unparalleled in Europe. So poor are conditions around you that you soon find you are becoming depressed. It is possible to drive through Spain without noticing these conditions, but on a motorcycle you are in a position to see more and be closer to the people and the conditions around you. The general cost of living is so low that the average tourist can live very well in the finest hotels. This makes Spain very attractive for tourists. Even the French, who can hardly be considered a wealthy nation, enjoy holidays in the North of Spain, as they can do so more cheaply than they can in their own country.

After a few days' rest in Madrid, we headed next to Barcelona, which is located on the Mediterranean shore, and, therefore, in a much cooler region. Even the main highway connecting these two cities in Spain would be considered a secondary road in the States. In the wealthy play-

ground of Barcelona and small cities to the north conditions are much improved. Because we wanted to spend at least one night in a Spanish monastery, we left the main road just short of Barcelona and followed the roughest road of our entire trip in an effort to reach the Benedictine Monastery of Montserrat built in the year 1031. Its greatest attraction is its location, high on a sheer rock wall, but towered over by massive stone formations.

We were so anxious to again get back on smooth roads, that we cut our visit to the monastery to a single night. Two days later we were driving along the palm-lined boulevards of the French Riviera, spending several days at Monte Carlo enjoying the French bathing suits and swimming in the Mediterranean. Italy was next. Five days after leaving Spain we were headed down smooth Italian roads for the town of Pisa in which the famed leaning tower is located. While cruising along at approximately fifty miles an hour an Italian cyclist appeared from out of a blind street and stalled directly in front of us. The collision occurred so quickly I didn't even have time to close the throttle. Because of our weight, we held the road and knocked the Italian into a nearby hedge row. He was seriously injured, his motorcycle all but demolished, and we suffered but two broken spokes. We were certain that there would be accident reports which would delay us several days. As it turned out, we were on the road in an hour, no police arrived, no accident reports were made out. The injured man was taken in a truck and nothing more was said. It was not until we continued down the road that I even discovered the broken spokes. We pulled in to a repair shop, and told the mechanic of the accident. He repaired the cycle in an hour, charged us fifty cents and we were on our way.

Near Pisa is located a highway which is the pride of Italy. Built by Mussolini and fashioned after Hitler's Autobahn is this toll road called the Autostraat. At no time do you contact an intersection or stop sign unless you are leaving this narrow two-lane white concrete road.

We left Italy by way of Venice and entered Yugoslavia. This was done by clearing through our State Department before leaving the United States. Here again we were required to buy gasoline in advance. Here too conditions are very poor

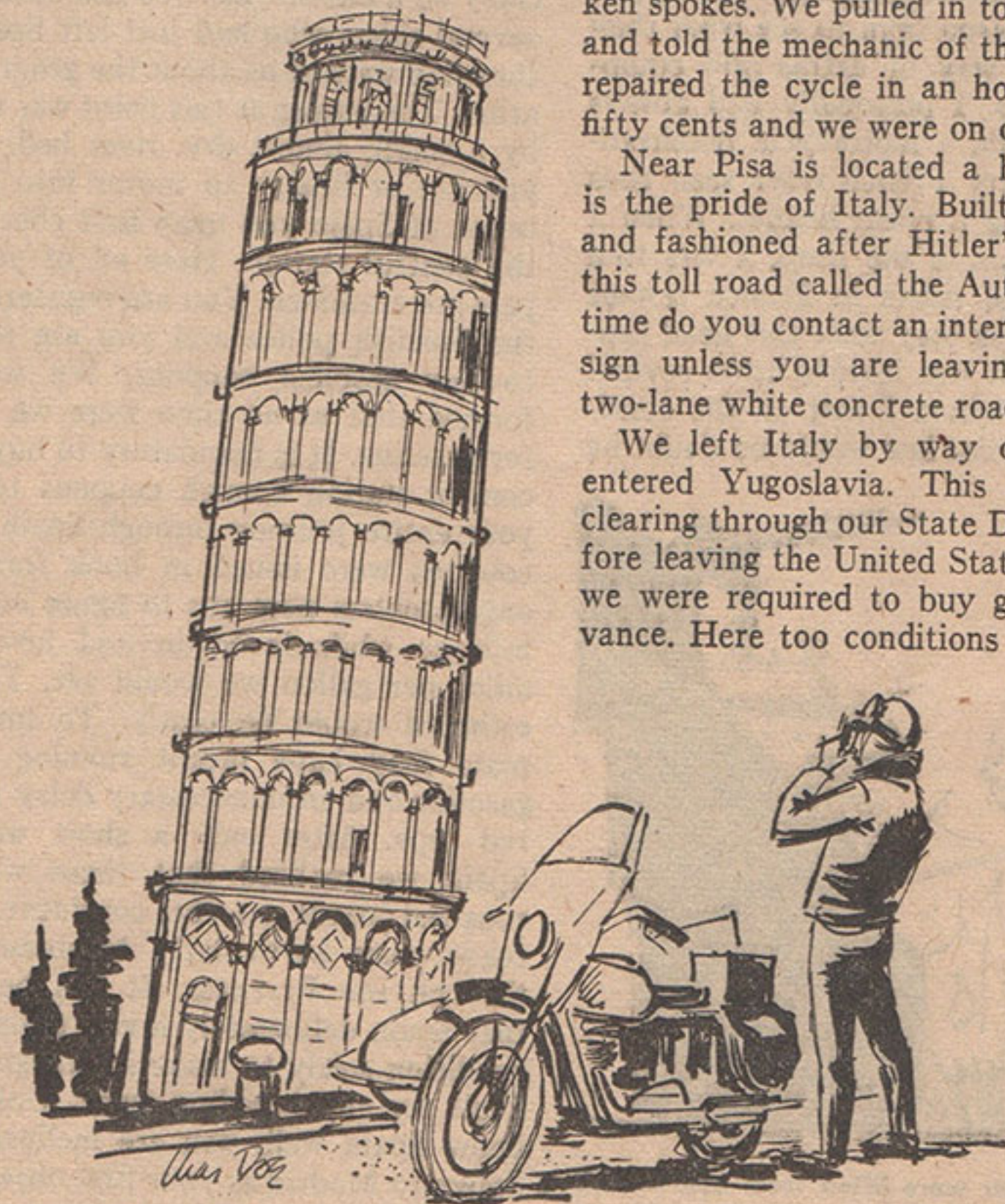
for the inhabitants, but even the finest hotels would be reasonable when compared with American standards. This makes Yugoslavia an ideal haunt for tourists. But because you feel continuously on edge in a Red country, we decided to leave before any trouble developed. You cannot avoid conversing with the people of any country you visit, and we soon learned that certain conversations can be dangerous. Always the element of fear was present during our conversations with the little people of Yugoslavia.

Next we came to Austria. The Austrian Alps and the Grossglockner Pass—a climb of well over 8,000 feet—we would attempt by motorcycle. We crossed this pass in a single day, contacting sleet and heavy snow at the summit . . . this was in August. The rear brake burned out during the descent and we drove on to Munich, Germany, depending solely on the front binder. Before reaching Munich we spent the night in Salzburg, Austria and heard one of the concerts connected with the International Music Festival. Several Austrians will undoubtedly remember this particular concert until their death, for they registered severe shock on their faces as we marched into the plush music hall with our crash helmets tucked under our arms and our leather jackets and boots covered with the dust of their fabulous Grossglockner Pass. From Salzburg northwest to Munich, we were on Hitler's unique highway. The Autobahn is four lanes of white concrete divided in the middle by a parkway. At no time on the Autobahn, which begins in Berlin and spreads out over the whole of Germany like a spider web, is there an intersection or stop sign. All traffic is routed up over ramps and bridges and out into the countryside of Germany. The only speed limit is set by the American Forces in the south of Germany. This highway bears a striking resemblance to the Pennsylvania Turnpike, and even the topography is similar.

The most popular of the German bikes seen, of course, was the BMW. Most of these machines, however, are of the 350 cc or smaller size. Practically all of the big jobs are for export only, which means to date that only in such places as America can you buy the finer German cycles. Because of this superior roadway, cycle riding throughout Germany is a real treat.

In three days we had crossed the whole of Germany and were headed back to Paris. About four hours out of Paris, our bike developed a clutch failure and we were forced to limp into Paris and have the motorcycle shipped by rail to the port of Cherbourg. Because the machine was now crippled, we visited the invasion beaches north of Cherbourg on foot.

August 13th the motorcycle was swung aboard the SS *Homeland* and we sailed back to the United States. The clutch was repaired at the House of Chrome shop on Long Island. With the cycle again in good shape we drove back to California in approximately ten days, arriving in Los Angeles three days behind schedule and with our wallet bulging with \$2.25.

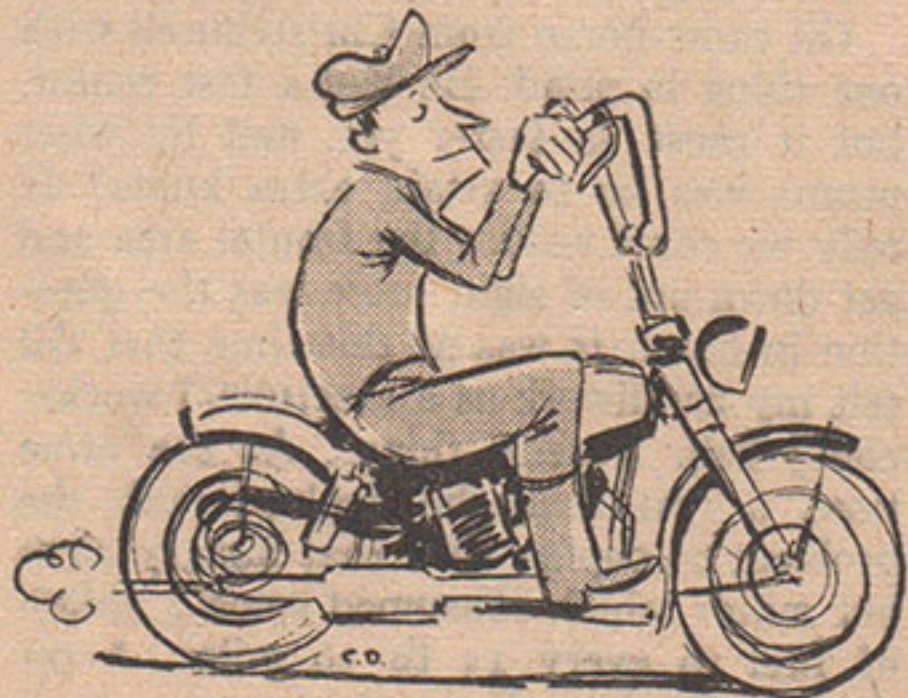


Built of white marble, the Leaning Tower of Pisa is 179 ft. high, leans 15 ft. from the perpendicular. It is said to be constructed so as to never fall, although its lean is unintentional

a limey wants to know...

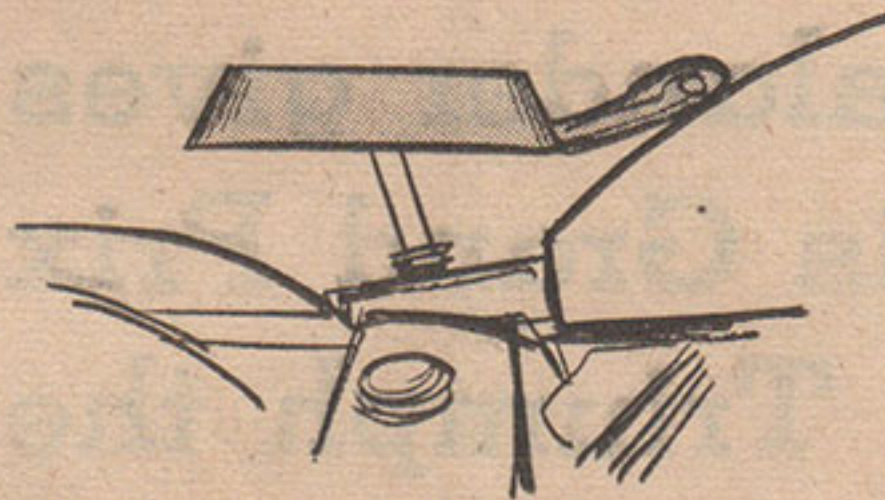
By James S. Rand Esq., Litt. D.

TO THE AVERAGE Briton the term "American" no longer conjures vague visions of a Harold Lloyd-like gentleman complete with heavy spectacles, bow tie, straw hat, outsized seegar and hatchet expression. Well, hardly! Neither do we imagine—if I may remove an understandable load from the minds of my counterpart scribes among you—that the solid gold plumbing of the photoplay set is really general issue throughout the 48 States. Moreover, I believe it is no secret that your cartoonists have long since discarded representations of the average Briton as a sort of well-dressed hillbilly in the late stages of Bright's disease, replete with monocle and too many dentures. Still, it is a fact that some legends persist on both sides. But what, you will by now have mused, has all this to do with motorbikes, racing irons or, to insult the living things with your own horribly deprecatory understatement—"Cycles"? (Which, of course, one pedals along.) I am nearly come to my business of posing you—without one thought beyond gaining information—some questions which have fretted me for years. Firstly though, this line from your own renowned "Reader's Digest" because it has served to finally spur me to the direct inquiry: "Americans—the most advanced people technically, mechanically and industrially." "Technically"? . . . Well, I had heard, for example, that a by-gone British technician called Watt thought up the first faster-than-horse transportation whilst contemplating the steam from his kettle. Also, in the year 1880 a Mr. Edward Butler of this island set forth on his "Petrol Cycle." And, skipping quite a bevy of other notable technicians in order to come more up to date, I had heard that a contemporary one, called Whittle, had to do with jet propulsion. Moreover, a top-ranking U.S. military figure in Korea has just let it be known that he would gladly "swap two tanks of any other national concoction for one of the new British Centurions"! If I might interpose yet another sly one, surely the ink is barely dry on the citizenship papers of some of those leading nuclear technicians churning up the dust of your Arizona desert.



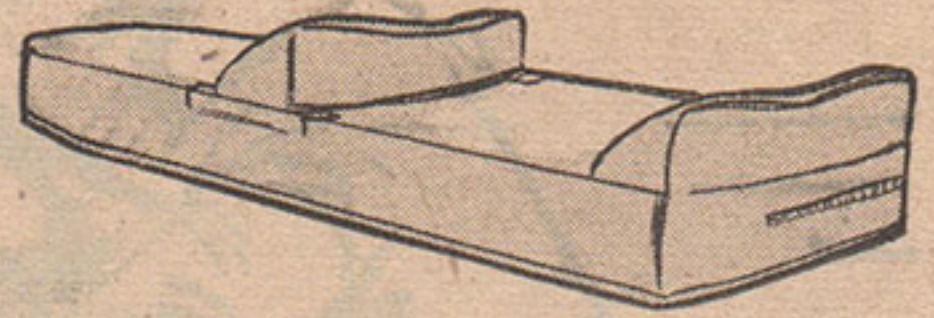
Why buy those awful, antediluvian, pre-1918 handlebars of the "sit-up-and-beg" decor? NOVEMBER 1952

We will gladly escort you to the dais of honor for technical skill—though perhaps ourselves retaining a few caterpillar nibblings from the palm. And we will at once concede your vast industrial prowess, your undisputed pride of industrial leadership by far. But, brethren, at the third strike, the hackles on our British necks are rising fast. For did the man really mean "mechanically"? Can it be that some Americans have never heard of the house of Norton? Breathes there a mechanic with soul so dead who never to himself hath said—Those ones, indeed, are the mechanics! The real and ultimate Bezuzi! Is it possible that some party exists cherishing the fantastic delusion that some mere cycle of say, merely twice the cubic inchage, could live in the greatest, most mechanically tortuous race in the world, with a marque which has won this incredible test a little matter of twenty-eight times? That, brethren, is my first poser. My second is, why don't you come anyway for we would truly adore to have you. My third query comes from the heart, for I



And those strange looking saddles, resembling an inverted frying pan balanced on a stick!

voice it as one genuinely concerned with the kind of figures we of the two wheels cut in the eyes of the trim and slinky four-wheeled operators. Why, then, in heaven's name, do you affect those awful, antediluvian, pre-1918 handlebars; resulting, inevitably, in the posture known over here some thirty-odd years gone as the "sit-up-and-beg" decor? And I do mean for ordinary touring, never mind racing! Turning the 43 luxurious July pages of this excellent magazine—one I may add which is right on a par with our vintage journals—I count no less than 34 pictures of riders in this awful posture. And some with legs thrust positively before them like wax figures lain in armchairs. Leaving aside all such obvious objections as wind resistance, the effect of this attitude upon any European *aficionado* would be about the same as if some noted football hero trotted onto the gridiron wearing high hat and spurs. I do not get it, brethren, for surely you would not seriously expect the winner of your Kentucky Derby to hurry past the post sitting bolt upright—albeit with bended neck—and, above all, with his legs thrust gawkingly before him?



Now take our "Borough" super pneumatic "Float-on-Air" Pullman Twinseat; ah, brethren!

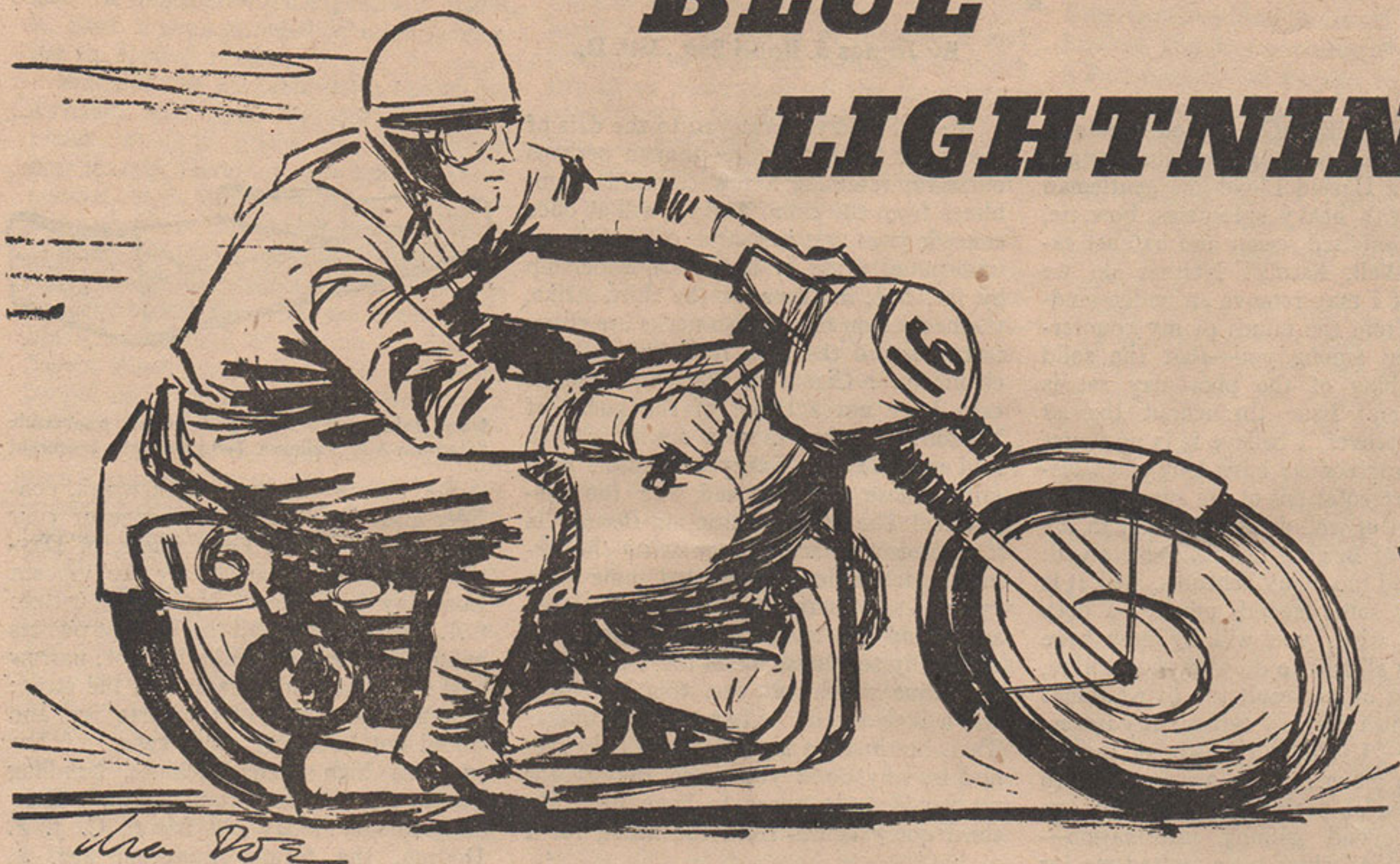
But before you burst with wrath, consider also these words, from one of your kinfolk, Mr. David Lee Olinger, of Dayton, Ohio, and published by the Vincent Company in a recent testimonial letter: ". . . I have asked all the Vincent owners in this city how they like the flat, narrow bars . . . Their answers are all the same: they are most fond of their flat bars and would not have any other type . . . For on such high-speed machines, handling quality is a very important factor." "Handling quality!" My old friend, C. J. P. Dodson, the former Sunbeam ace, at whose name even the ranks of Norton used to spring to attention and touch their caps, had a rather nerve-wracking habit which amply demonstrated the quality of his very short, very flat bars. He used to traverse the TT straights, and even the awful flat-out drop of Bray Hill, with his head lain on his outstretched arm and the other arm tucked behind him to minimize wind resistance. Known as the "pocket marvel," he weighed a matter of 98 pounds. Believe me, brethren, I intend no affront . . . much the contrary. And I'd like to know the answer for, obviously, there must be one!

Finally, camarades, those strange-looking saddles . . . the ones which look like an inverted frying pan balanced on a stick! Do they really work, or is it just that your rear-ends are inured, traditionally, to what would look to be a singularly untender caress? Oh, I'll at once admit that some of ours are still pretty grim, though seating is one of two departments in which I think we shall be showing you really something ere long—something, that is, to wipe the superior smiles from the faces of Cadillac and Bentley owners alike. For instance, the new "Borough" super pneumatic "Float-on-Air" Pullman Twinseat, with separately patented Rider's adjustable backrest and its single-saddle "Magnifico" counterpart. But surely, even our grimmer ones look like, well—saddles?

And that, you will be thinking, is just about quite enough from any "line-shooting Limey." Indeed it is, and so, with arm raised protectively before my face, gentle brethren, I'll forthwith retire and wait the tidal onslaught bravely. For, and my hand is on my heart, really and truly I only want to know.

BLUE

LIGHTNING



A New Zealander gives his Grand Prix Triumph the "New Look"

By FRANK HEYS

THIS MACHINE began its life as a road racer in the hands of Syd Jensen when he brought it home to win the Patea, New Zealand race of December, 1948. On to Waiheke for the TT in which Syd gained second place. Then came the Hamilton 100 with a first place in the Senior. Gil Hitchman took over at this stage and rode it into third place in the Senior Grand Prix of 1949. After that Gil started work on it in earnest.

Lightness in construction spelled extra acceleration to Gil, and it was the winter of 1949 when a serious drilling scheme was undertaken. The clutch sprocket was relieved of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., just like that. Wheels and hubs were drilled, engine plates and all bolts were wasted away. At the same time experiments were being carried out with

Frontal view of the Blue Lightning shows how rider's knees streamline into $6\frac{1}{4}$ gallon fuel tank, while cables, etc., are hidden away. Number plate is incorporated in front cowling

Gil Hitchman held a 1-mile lead in the New Zealand TT at the 60-mile mark. His G.P. Triumph, Blue Lightning, has a total weight of 300 lbs., develops near 48 bhp on alcohol

Illustrations by Chas. Doe

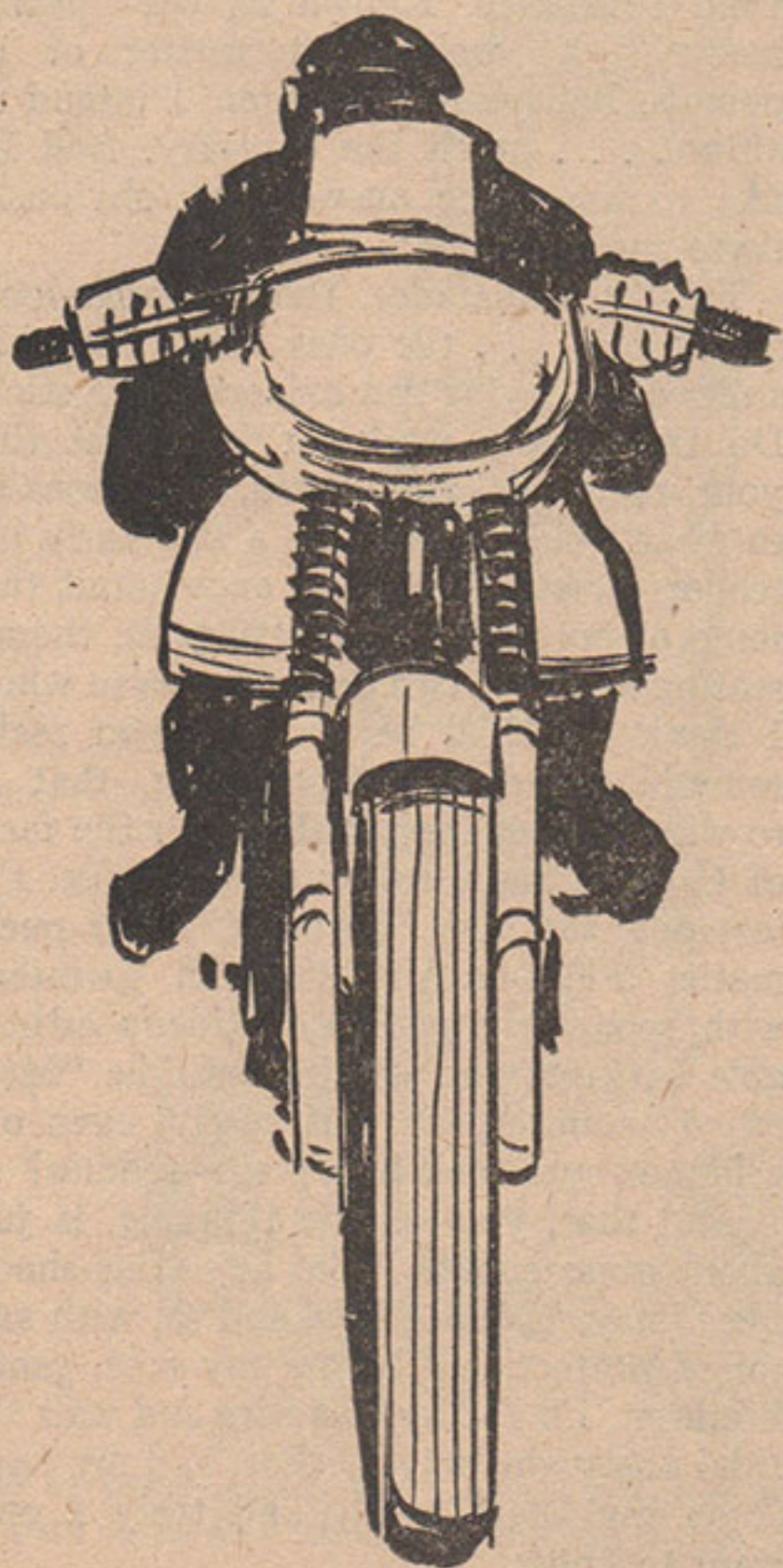
the work and certain modifications were made which accounted for extra revs.

Came Wanganui Road Race at Labor week-end when Gil took fourth place. Next race in line was the TT when trouble with flooding carbs put Gil out in the first lap. Early 1950 saw the running of Feilding Club's Speed Trials, when this machine claimed 121 mph, to win the Dope C. Racing Class, 123-138 mph being reached in early practice runs.

On to the Hamilton 100 of 1950, where for some few laps Gil led the Senior Race only to have a valve collet go on him. Grand Prix, 1950, saw Gil lying in second place only to have a puncture in the rear tire which put him out of the race.

So ended the season of bad luck.

Gil came home from Christchurch with one thing in mind. He had a fast motor, but it must go faster yet, and by what means was he to attain extra knots? If only we could reduce the frontal area and get down out of sight more was the question in hand. It was at this time that Gil felt my handiwork as a sheetmetal worker could help remedy things. At the same time, a real headache evolved with the problem of coping with that hungry alcohol motor which consumed some 1 gallon of fuel to every 15 to 16 miles. A pit stop in the 1950 Patea Senior when well in the lead was partly to blame for the



overslide on the first corner in trying to hold Rod Coleman on his fast Velo.

After discussing the matter at length with Gil, the machine was towed to my workshop where operation "New Look" began. "Chromally" (chrome-moly) handlebars were made to a new design giving us 24½ inches overall as against 27½ inches original, and at the extreme tips we found we could lower them from two to two and one half inches. After a few hours' beating we had a tank taking shape which looked at first a little on the big side. Then the saddle and back fender were removed.

Temporary seating was made on top of the wheel and Gil was perched on that for some time while paper patterns and templates were taken to ensure the right contours, etc. More metal was beaten into shape and Gil was called in every night or so for a fitting. Everything had taken on a rough outline after a week or so of spare time.

Now to begin the long and arduous job of finishing off. This was the big job, for every small dent had to be removed from all metal work. Fittings galore had to be made, including the tank mountings and holding-down strap which was of the same design as that used by Norton on their "works jobs" this year. The front mounting for the tank was similar to that of the 7R AJS and the rear was more of a steady while the strap, which was rubber

lined and made of stainless steel, held the works in place. The rear saddle-cum-guard was mounted on a skeleton frame built of chrome-moly steel, and the rear portion was therefore self-supporting.

The metal pan of the saddle was beaten to the shape of the rider's rear portions to ensure him of every comfort and support during the race which, in the long run, must lend to less fatigue on the part of the rider.

This rear shell was extremely light and very strong. One feature being that there was no need for dangerous number plates flapping in the breeze as they were merely painted onto the rear cowling. Three bolts held this section in place.

The oil tank, which had already seen a season's racing without any trouble, fitted in place very neatly, and was secured to the frame and mounted in rubber again, being allowed to float around freely to lessen the chances of fractures occurring. This is a "must" in regard to tank mountings of home-brewed construction.

Some 100 hours' work had been expended at this stage, and now for the frontal area.

We decided to make the number plate in the form of a cowling which would come back over the handlebars. Instead of having cables hanging all over the bars, they were now completely covered and out of the breeze. A wire screen was neatly mounted ahead of an alloy steering

damper head, and the whole unit was hinged beneath the damper and fixed at the top with an aircraft fitting known as a "Dzus" Fastener, which, when given a half-turn, enabled the front to be folded right out for cable adjustments, etc. Notable feature of the front cowl was that it had embodied in it a fuel tank breather which was coupled by a small rubber tube to the tank.

A primary chain cover of aluminum was fitted to make a neater and more efficient cover to counteract the chances of stones finding their way into the chains.

The front wheel was more fully covered by the fitting of an aluminum guard of longer dimensions to eliminate the rider being sprayed by road grit during racing in the wet.

The machine was nearing completion, having had some 123 hours spent on it.

Now for the color scheme. A lacquer paint was chosen and, after another week had passed, the machine came out looking like something of supersonic quality.

Next day was weighing-in day and she topped the scales at a mere 300¼ lbs., showing that our efforts were not in vain. We had thrown away somewhere in the vicinity of 18 to 20 lbs., which meant a lot. The fuel tank came out being 4 inches lower at the base than the standard tank as fitted to the machine originally.

And that, readers, is the story so far of a very interesting machine.

FAMED ITALIANA CAN BE HAD . . .

THE INCREASING POPULARITY of the Lambretta, well known Italian motorcycle, has resulted in the appointment of a factory representative to cover distribution in the western United States. Announcement of the appointment of Albert Rebel of Pasadena, California, was made a few weeks ago by Guiseppe Lauro, director general of Innocenti of Milano, Italy, manufacturers of the machine. Rebel will be the exclusive factory representative for the sale of the Lambretta in the western half of the United States. To facilitate distribution and to act as a service organization for dealers, Rebel has organized the Lambretta Sales Company, with offices at 324 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, California.

Evidence of the widespread popularity of the Lambretta is shown by the fact that several dealers appointed by Rebel have already made their first sales.

The Lambretta is not a motor scooter, nor a motorcycle, but it is a cross between the two, combining all of the desirable features of both. Rebel uniquely describes it as a motocyclette.

Main features of the Lambretta lie in the fact that it has a direct-drive transmission and a three-speed gear box. It is powered by a two-stroke, single cylinder, air cooled engine with a five HP power capacity. Speeds from 45 to 50 miles per

hour are reported and an average mileage of over 100 miles per gallon. Another radical departure has been made in the streamlined body design which provides complete protection from grease and road dust, a feature which has instantly overcome the objection of many to motor scooters and motorcycles.

Arrangements have already been made to exhibit the Lambretta at the Motorama which is to be held in the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles next month. Along with the display of the Lambretta will be a display and demonstration of the specially designed Lambretta Projectile Motor Scooter, holder of seven world records. The world's record of 125.442 miles per hour set by the Lambretta for the 125 cc class has brought an abundance of praise from motor enthusiasts and has surprised the most skeptical experts.

The secret of the high speeds obtained by the special Lambretta record holder lies in the engine assembly and the streamlined design. No special engine was adopted, but the standard well-known 2 stroke Lambretta air-cooled engine was used. It has a single piston, 52 mm bore, 58 mm stroke, with a 123 cc capacity, lower than the maximum allowed. The substantial difference is in the application of a superfeeder installed at the same position normally taken by the magneto fly-

wheel, the latter being eliminated and replaced by a common breaker connected to an accumulator battery and high tension coil. The cylinder, piston, connecting rod and the 3 speed gear box with handle bar control are all similar to those of the standard engine, with the only exception that ratios were adapted to higher speeds. The clutch assembly is the same as standard except one disc was added. Cylinder and crankcase cooling were insured by two ducts, which, taking air from the front, sent it to the properly enclosed cylinder. Inspection of the Marelli 300 B sparkplug showed that no great thermic stress had been imposed on the engine. The amazing maximum speed reached by the tiny engine during the record test was over 9000 RPM.

A special low streamline shell was designed to fit the Lambretta, keeping the rider and machine very low to the ground, to cut wind resistance, and providing minimum rolling, reasonable comfort for the driver and easy driving.

Since the establishment of this record, Romolo Ferri, driving a similar, totally enclosed 123 cc Lambretta has established seven additional new world records, including the hour record at the sensational average speed of 98.5 miles.

This type of economical transportation is now being used all over Europe and Rebel believes that it will find an excellent reception here in the West because of its cleanliness, economy and silence.

TOP MAN

● ● By Jimmy Chann as told to Bill MacKey

MAYBE IT DOES sound a little like kid stuff coming from a guy that's been racing cycles for as long as I have . . . but by golly, I'd rather win a big trophy than walk off with the cash from a five-star program.

The fellas I travel around the country with sure give me a lot of kidding about those trophies. On a race day, they'll stop around near my rig and holler, "Better watch out for that Chann today, I hear they got an awful big trophy for the feature." Well they had better be on their toes 'cause I'll be out to get it.

The gang tells me I'm a gassy sort of a guy . . . that I like to talk a lot. Well, I do and I'm going to let you know why I feel the way I do about trophies.

I love this business—wouldn't trade it for the world. It's been a long, hard haul getting up here where the competition is best. In fact, it's been 18 years since I climbed on a machine back in 1935 for my first race. Sure, you win money for racing, and it pays your rent and buys your food and fills your tank with gas, but most of the time you can't even remember what you spent it for; it's in your pocket one day and gone the next. Well, I can go home to Bridgeton, N. J. anytime and there they are . . . every trophy I've ever won. My wife, Elaine, and the kids, Neal and Gary, keep 'em shined like they were the day I got 'em.

Here are the three I got for the 25 mile national championships at Springfield, Ill. in 1947, '48 and '49. And here are the two for the 15 mile nationals at Milwaukee in '48 and '49. I can point to another and say "this was won for being voted Most Popular Rider in '49." And that big one over there is for the 100 miler at Langhorne, Pa., in '49. (Had to tote that one all around the country in the back seat of the car for weeks before I finally made a trip home to Bridgeton.)

In 1939, I switched over to Class C and

America's "No. 1" Rider for Three Years Straight Fights Harder for Trophies Than Dollars

Photos by Levi Gordon and Don Horton

have been traveling in this crowd ever since. But it took until 1941, or about six years, before I started taking some heats and even coming close in the features. I can't for the life of me remember where my first win was. (Guess there wasn't any trophy for that one.)

I believe that change over to Class C was the best thing that could have happened. There's something different about our bunch and I credit the restrictions on the machines. We have to race against each other—not against an expensive cycle backed by big money. Most of us own our machines, do the work and the riding, and take the hard luck with the breaks. It's rider against rider in this class. That's important, I think, otherwise cycle racing could get to be too much of a money operation. Then it would be like Indianapolis where a good driver doesn't have a chance unless he has a "money car" under him.

I have managed to take my share of "bad breaks" in competition too. I took first in the 100 miler at Langhorne in 1949, but have sure been jinxed there since. In 1950, I was running first at the end of 92 miles when the chain and sprocket let go. Bill Huber of Reading, Pa., was running second and we were both about two laps in front of the rest of the field. I made a pit stop and changed the chain and got a new wheel and managed to end up second.

Last year at Langhorne, I was running a close second at 80 miles and about ready to make my bid when the tire blew.

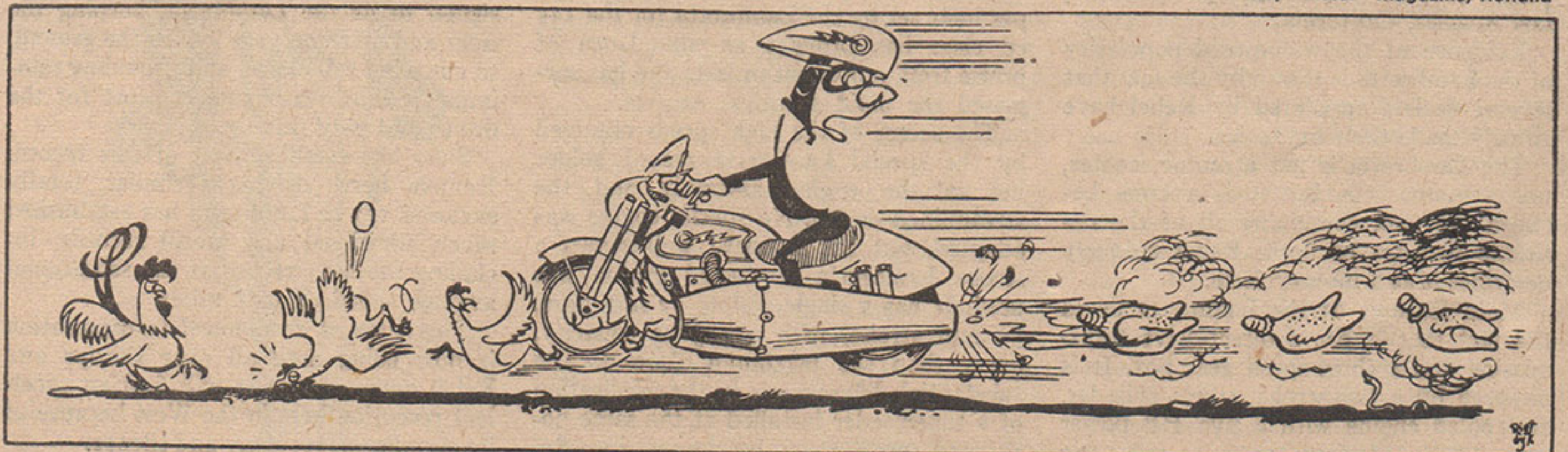
Ohio, and especially the section around Dayton, Columbus and Cincinnati is the center of cycle racing in the United States. They have more programs each week than in any other state. And they'll have three programs on within 100 miles of each other and still draw capacity crowds. They really produce champs in that neck of the woods too. Take Bobby Hill for example. That boy's a real competitor. I'm sort of proud though, that up until the Dayton program I had won four out of five against Bobby. But he took the "big one" at Springfield and copped the 1951 25 mile national championship. That's where he beat me by ten feet and took the "No. 1" that I held for three years.

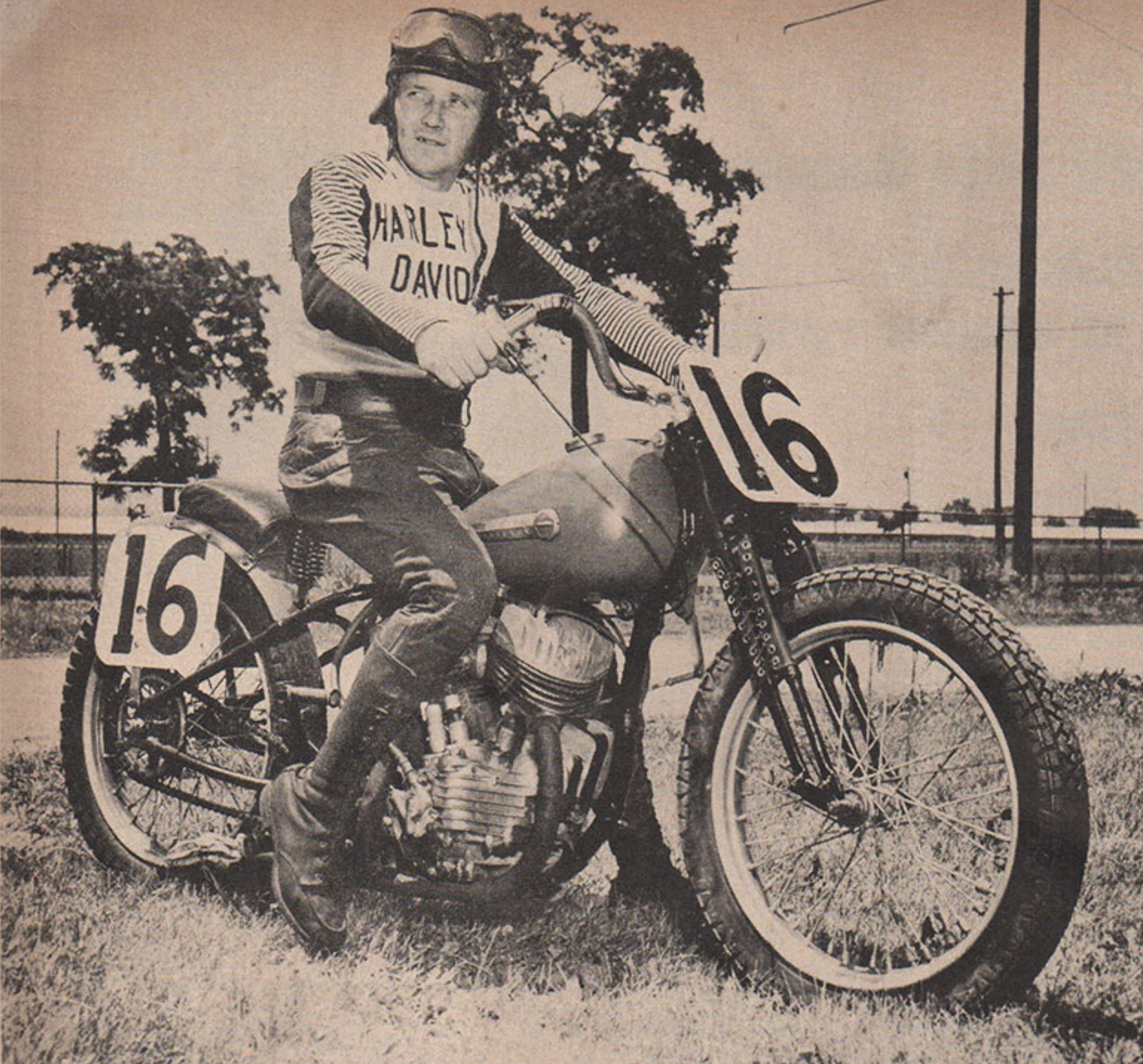
Yes sir, they really produce champs out there. Take Bobby Hill's home county . . . Franklin county, Ohio. This one section can boast Dick Klamfoth, of Groveport City, winner of the 200 miler at Daytona Beach last February . . . for the third time. Then there's Red Bryan of Columbus, 1951's 74 cubic inch national hill climb champ, and Joe Gee of Columbus, 1951 winner of the 500 mile national endurance run at Lansing, Mich. (Joe is also a district referee for the AMA.) Then of course there is Hill, who is this year's champ, and also winner of the 15 mile national championship at Milwaukee, and the guy who set the new track record . . . 9:09:05 . . . for the ten mile national championship at Richmond, Va.

The boys in Ohio really follow the track. They had 164 entries at Columbus alone one week and about 70 were novices.

Baron Balhoofd

Courtesy "Motor" Magazine, Holland





Jimmy favors American racing over European system where high finance may overshadow individual

In Dayton's recent program we had 71 entries . . . and mind you, that was good when you consider there was a top money race going on in New Hampshire the same day.

I don't think cycle racing has reached its peak yet. There is plenty of room left, especially out there. They are really drawing crowds. First of all, the Midwest has good tracks. There are a lot of fairgrounds that double as horse tracks for the trotters so they have to be in good shape. That's one reason why the fair promoters are calling on cycles. We don't dig up the turf and throw the dirt the race cars do. The local clubs get behind an event too.

What about riding style? Well, you know a fella can have the fastest machine on the track and the best racing conditions possible and he'll finish last because he hasn't learned how to sit down.

Most last-placers overemphasize two things: they overlean and they overdrag their foot. I get my advantage by sitting straight on the bike and pushing it over instead of leaning it over. When you're leaning 45 or 50 degrees in a turn, you aren't doing anything but hanging on for dear life. As a result, you can't control your machine. If you sit straight and push the bike over, you don't lose the wasted motion you would use up in just trying to

hold on. Practice will determine just how far you can push, and after a while it comes to you naturally. Sitting straight up will keep you from oversliding in a turn.

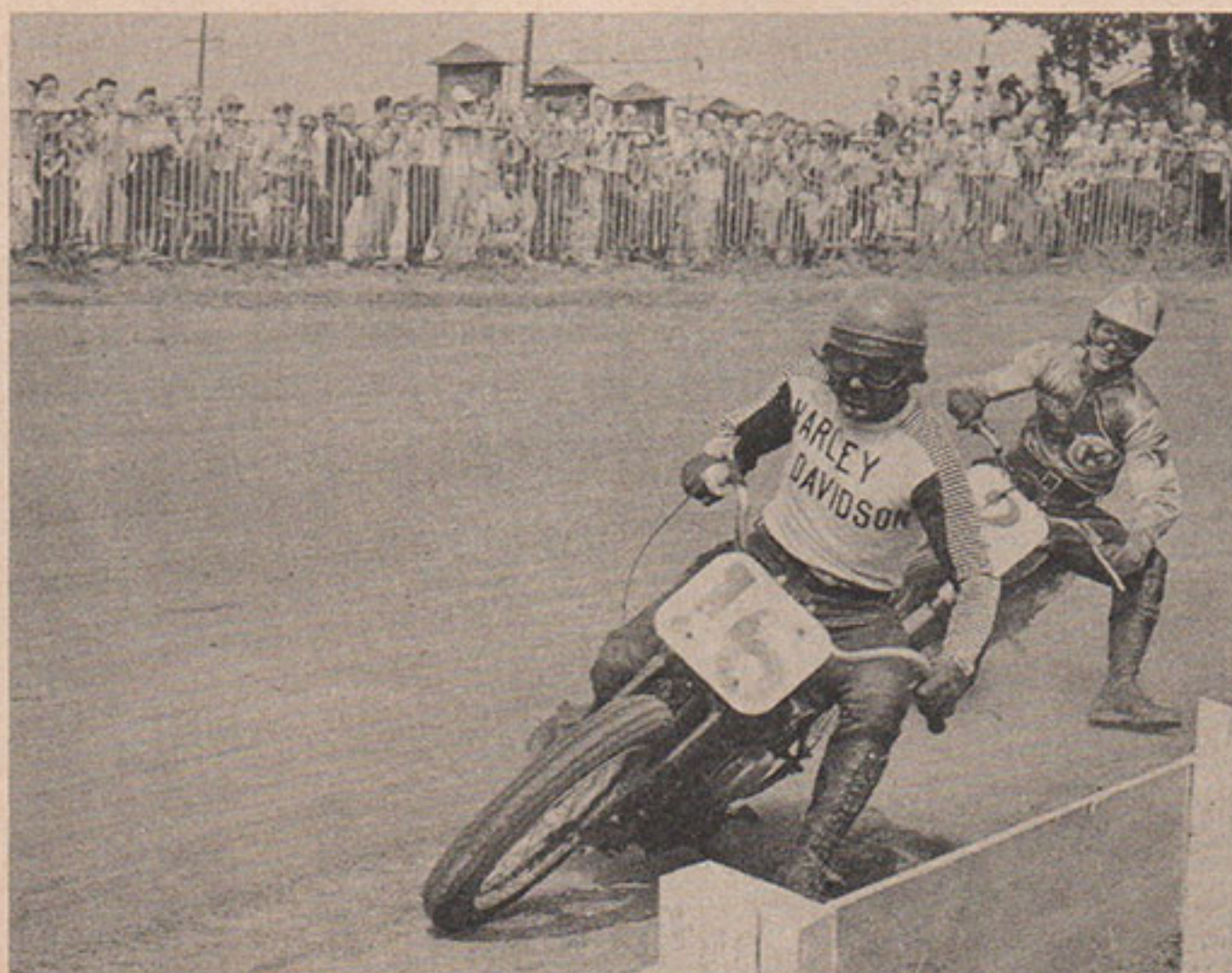
A heavy foot stuck out on the track and dragged all the way around a turn does only one thing as far as I'm concerned—it aggravates the slide. Remember, if you are leaning over, you are hanging on the bike with gravity trying to pull you off; when you drag that foot, the friction is also trying to pull you off. And while all of this pulling from two angles is going on, you're trying to control your machine. It can't be done. Use your foot sparingly only when you think you are pushing over too far. It may look like I drag my foot in a turn, but for most of the time it is just skimming the turf.

Riding in a straightaway, I try to fender myself as much as possible, keeping as low as can be. I plant my feet just a little in front of the middle of the bike in order to make up for all that weight that's on the back. But you'll notice that I snap to a "straight-sitting" position just before starting into a turn.

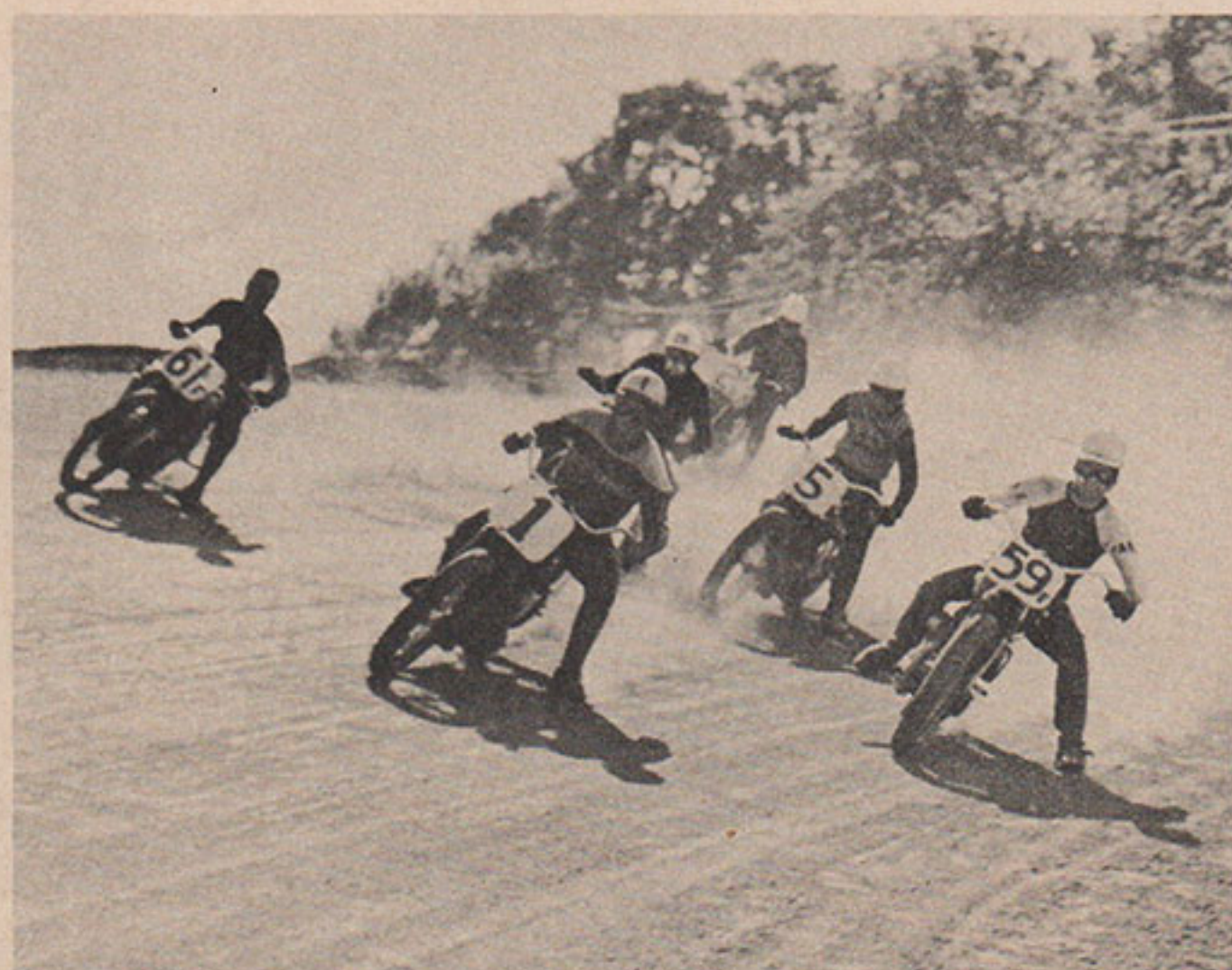
There is one item I might pass on to the novice rider—make the machine fit the rider. For myself, I short-couple the seat, pushing it up as far as I can on the tank. I try to extend the handle bars to the rear an extra couple of inches and also shorten the width between the bars. In my case, it's a necessity. I have very short arms. Without these changes, I'm stretched out uncomfortably across the top of the machine.

Many novices hop on any old machine that doesn't fit their physical requirements, and, as a result, they ride a race in an awkward position that makes for poor control.

It's easy to see why fellas call me gassy. I sure have been spouting off. But heck, if you don't say anything, nobody knows you're around. Perhaps my ideas about racing these darn machines are all wrong. Well, maybe they are, but like I said before, if you love this business you won't trade it for the world.



Chann, on a Harley, and Dick Klamfoth of Groveport City, Ohio, on a Norton, battle it out at the Columbus State Fairgrounds, June 1952



That's the way it went for three years in a row: Jimmy out front. A few minutes earlier, Klamfoth, Hill and Albright had gone through the fence

Triumphs Sweep 100 Mile National

FIRST FOUR PLACES AT LANGHORNE TAKEN BY BRITISH TWINS

BY J. CATTANI

Photos by Gene Shillingford

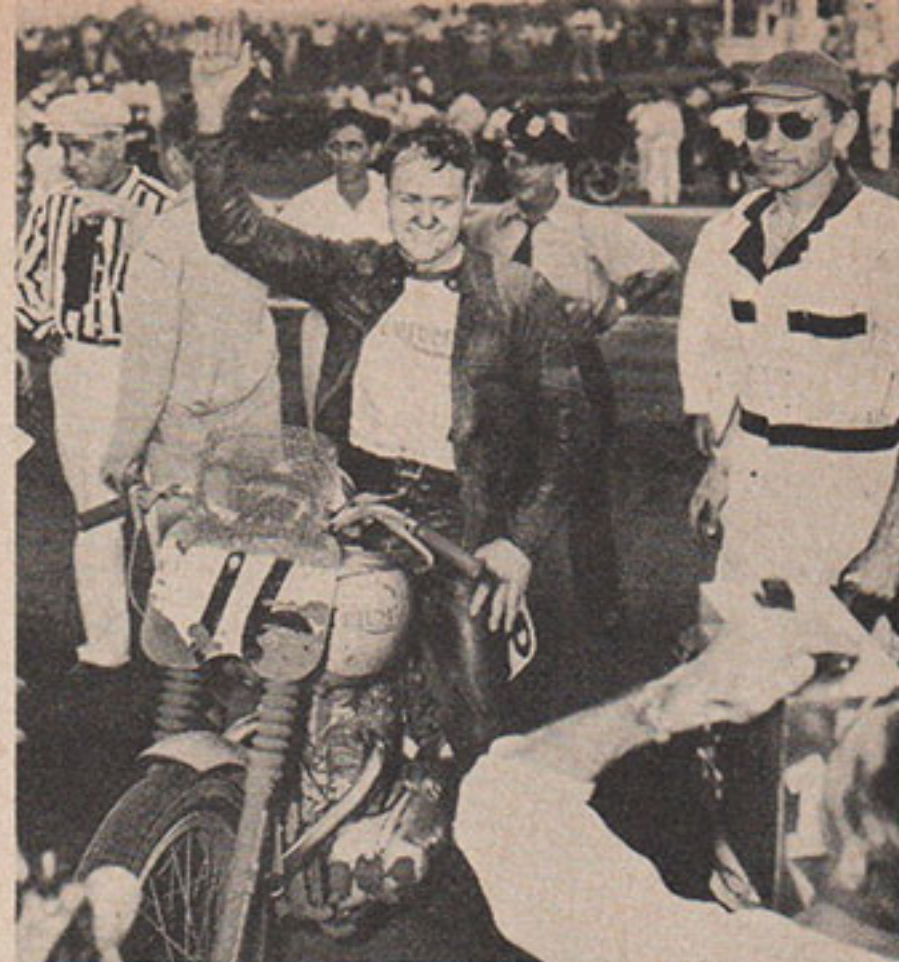
RICK FISHER, Glens Falls, N.Y. wonder boy, riding a 30 cubic inch Triumph twin, stole the 14th running of the 100 Mile National Expert Championship at Langhorne Speedway before 15,000 fans in one hour, seven minutes, 32.82 seconds. Second at the finish and one mile behind Fisher was Gene Smith of Fort Worth, Tex., followed by Dick Beatty, Charlotte, N.C., Don Hawley, Inglewood, Calif., and Alan Davis, Howell, Mich. The race culminated a two day meet for three classes of riders over the famous Bucks County dirt mile track. Sponsored by the American Motorcycle Association, sanctioned by the Middle Atlantic Dealers Association and promoted by Al Gerber and Irv Fried.

Dark skies threatened rain as 34 challengers took the white starting flag. Pre-race interest centered around Billy Huber, Reading, Pa., who had won two straight century grinds at Langhorne, but mechanical trouble forced him back into 22nd spot this year.

Dubbed the "World's Fastest Circular Dirt Mile" the 1952 Langhorne was acclaimed the fastest ever staged. Just imagine a lead changing hands 18 times in the first 79 miles, with Fisher and Dick Klamfoth, Groveport, O., doing most of the swapping. For the greater part of that time, the two speedsters were hardly ever

more than five yards distant.

Al Gunther, Sacramento, Calif., was first to snatch the lead, rocketing over the first lap at better than 92 mph, only to be tagged on the third mile by Klamfoth who in turn passed the lead to Huber on the fifth. Huber was only out of the dust for a short time until Klamfoth had overhauled him again. Breathing fresh air once more, Klamfoth stepped up the pace a bit until Fisher, who had been battling with Huber for second place, fought his way around the leader for another two laps before being sucked back once more by maestro Klamfoth. The Ohio speedster now easily held the lead for the next six miles, for the red and white flag was out. Bill Miller of Mountville, Pa., had slammed into the guard rail and was thrown about 10 feet into the air and another 20 feet out onto the track. Although he had managed to crawl back to the rail, his cycle was lying in the middle of the track and it was not until the 19th lap that the pack resumed full speed. Once again Klamfoth and Fisher see-sawed back and forth for the lead, with the pace mounting higher and higher. During the 18 miles that he led, Fisher was clocked at an average lap speed of 90 miles per hour, with the entire field, except for Huber and Smith, being lapped at least once. At the 50 mile mark

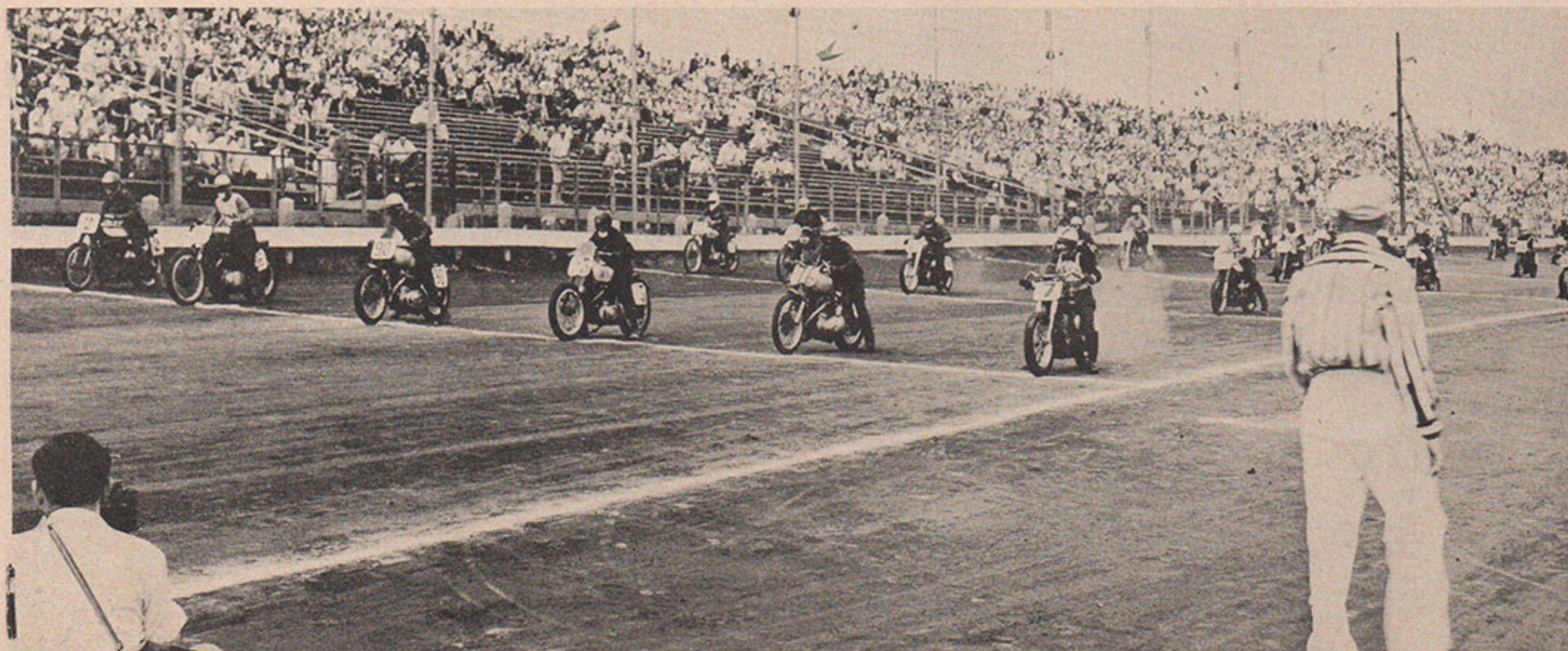


A dirty Triumph—but a good Triumph serves as a worthy victor's pedestal for Rick Fisher

Fisher had chopped two minutes off of last year's record time set by Huber, and it was only when Jimmy Chann of Columbus, O. spilled on the 53rd mile that all eyes were taken from him. Finally in the 75th lap, with Fisher out front, the Klamfoth threat ceased. A flat tire dropped him to the rim. With the Ohio flash gone, no one was in the slightest position to challenge Rick Fisher and his amazing Triumph twin.

RESULTS

100 Mile Championship	
Time—One hour, seven minutes, 32.82 seconds	
Rick Fisher	Glens Falls, New York
Gene Smith	Fort Worth, Texas
Dick Beatty	Charlotte, North Carolina
Don Hawley	Inglewood, California
Alan Davis	Howell, Michigan
Gene Thiessen	Eugene, Oregon
Chet Dykgraaf	Grand Rapids, Michigan
George Sabine	Washington, District of Columbia
Leon Applegate	Burlington, New Jersey
Sid Swan	Farmington, Massachusetts
Claude Mook	Warren, Ohio
Al Gunther	Sacramento, California
Al Wilcox	Trenton, New Jersey
Babe Tancreed	Woonsocket, Rhode Island
Jim Chann	Columbus, Ohio
Tom Morris	Jacksonville, Florida
Dick Klamfoth	Groveport, Ohio
George Bordo	Morgan, Pennsylvania
John Droneburg	Frederick, Maryland
Jim Gregory	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
George Heck	Pottstown, Pennsylvania
Bill Huber	Reading, Pennsylvania
Bobby Hill	Columbus, Ohio
Rodman Burkett	Stony Creek Mills, Pennsylvania
Ed Koch	Hillburn, New York



Start of the hundred with Rick Fisher next to the pole man in the front row. See-sawing the lead, Fisher and Klamfoth both lapped at over 90 mph

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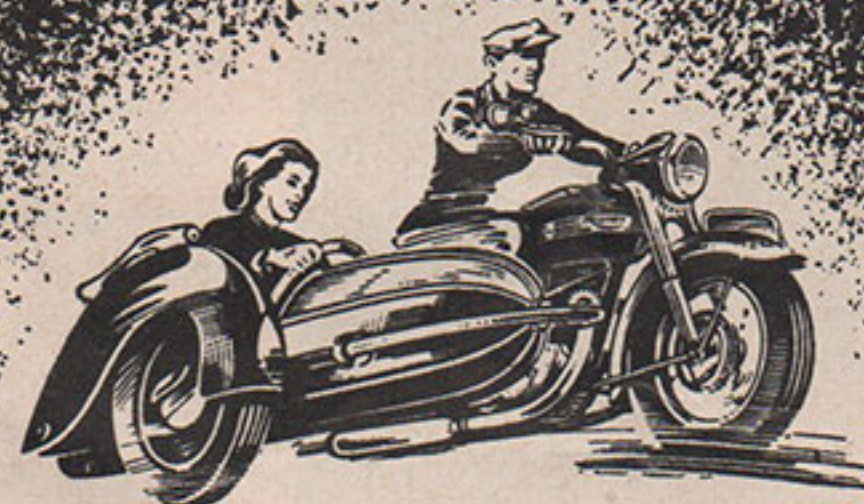
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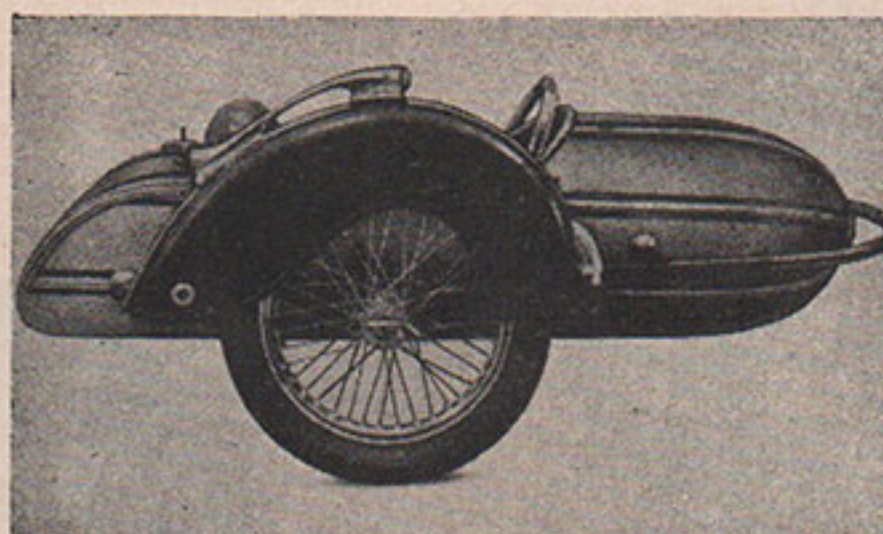
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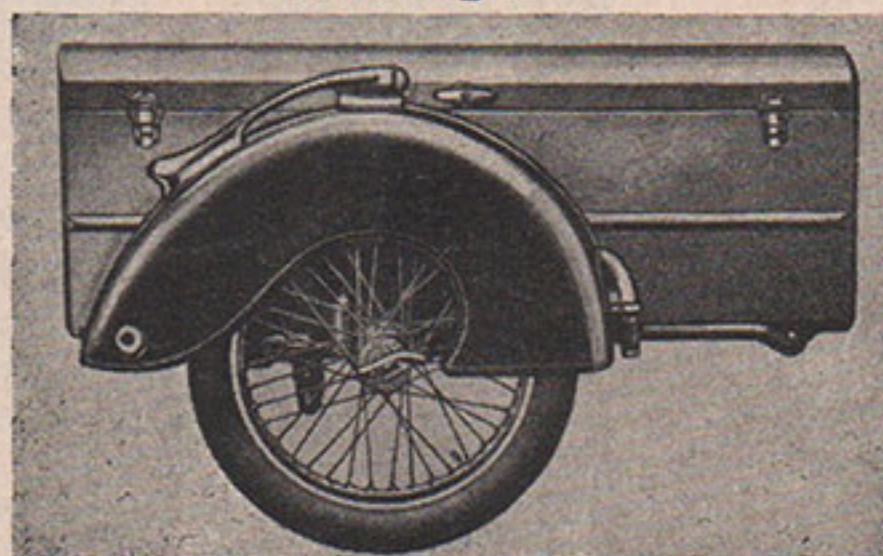
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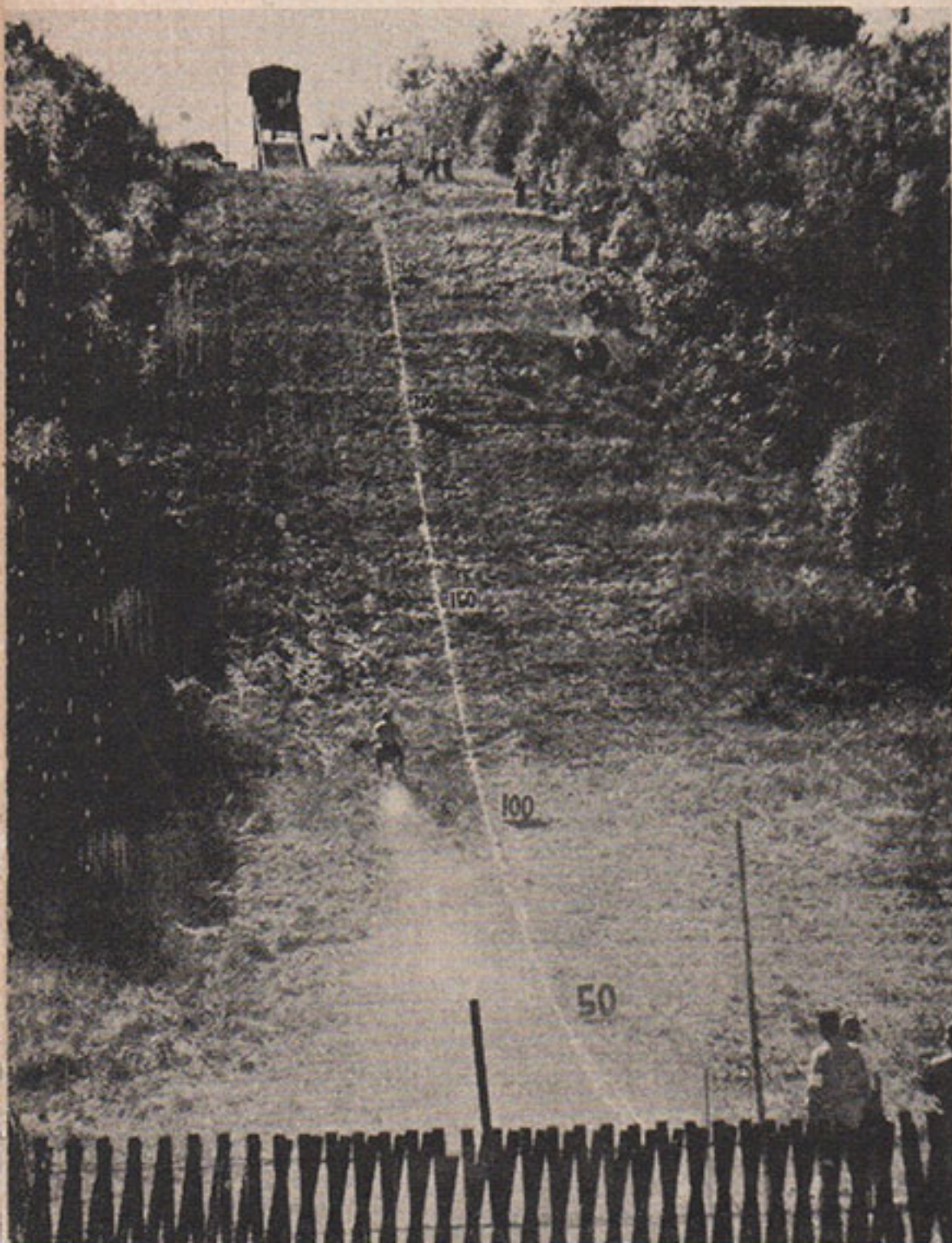
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A little fun on the side



National Championship skiers leave the little house atop the Belknap hill during winter, but when it's hill climbing time, the cyclists reverse the traffic, starting at the bottom

NATIONAL CLASS C HILL CLIMB AND NOVICE RACE FILLS COFFERS OF LACONIA HOSPITAL FUND

text and photos by
CHARLES L. STRATTON

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S famed Belknap Area, near Laconia, managed by congenial ex-motorcycle publicist Fritzie "Red Hat" Baer, echoed for the second time this year (first was N.E. Gypsy Tour in June) to the thundering exhausts of thousands of motorcycles, as race and hill climb enthusiasts wound their way over mountains and through wooded valleys to the two day meet.

Sponsored by the N.E. Motorcycle Dealers Association and sanctioned by the American Motorcycle Association, the entire proceeds of the affair were donated to the local Laconia Hospital Fund. This was a fulfillment of a plan by N.E. motorcycle dealers and Fritzie Baer to show their appreciation to the townspeople for approving of these affairs. This is planned as an annual late summer meet.

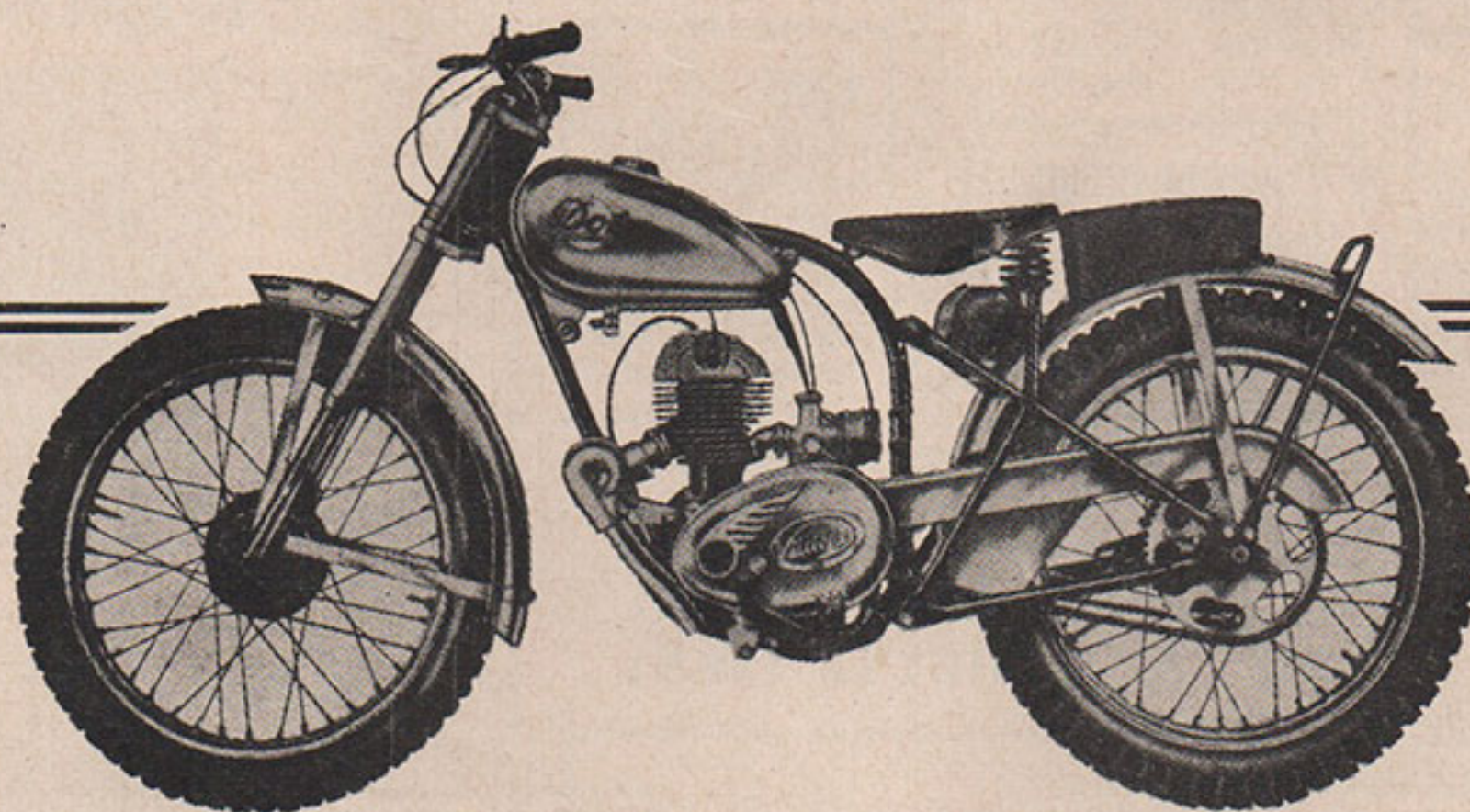
Around the famed one mile road race track up and down the mountainside, 22 year old Johnny Hood of Trenton, N.J., raced his Indian against time to take the 25 mile Novice race held on Saturday. It was nip and tuck most of the way, with young Hood nearly cracking up on a far turn about midway through the race. Skillfully gaining control, he managed to hold the lead and came in 31 seconds ahead of second place winner Berkley Baron of Providence, R.I. Five seconds later Clarence Chandler of Bennington, Vt., swept to third place.

An estimated 2000 spectators were kept on edge throughout the five novice five mile heats run off just before the 25 miler for extra thrills. Riders dropped out throughout the circuit due to mechanical troubles and five were given first aid after race spills. The 25 miler had hardly started before two riders reported for first aid. One cyclist had hit a hole on the very first turn and had rammed another machine. Injuries, however, were minor.

After the afternoon's race events, visitors were given a chance to compete for \$1,000 worth of merchandise prizes in the stunts and other games played on motorcycles. Free dancing at the Recreation Building climaxed the day's excitement.

Ski jumps are usually used only in winter, but at the Belknap Area, ski jumps are used in summer at the mid-July meet where skiers jump on 90 tons of crushed ice, and at the annual motorcycle hill climb where the novices and experts of

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A rider touches the tape on the 65 meter ski jump during hospital benefit National Class C hill climb. 25-mile Novice road race was held on paved course in background the day before

Canada and the United States compete on the slopes of 65 meter Torger Tokle Memorial Ski Hill. The slope is grassy, slippery, tricky, and steep—and just the thing for championship motorcycle hill climbing. The National Championship Class "C" Hill Climb held on the last day of the two day meet attracted 39 entries and more than 4,000 spectators.

Cyclists competed in the following four classes: Novice 45 cubic inch, Expert 45 cubic inch, Novice 80 cubic inch, and Expert 80 cubic inch. Bucking and rearing mounts, flying clods, smoke and backfiring mounts took over as contestants throttled up the hill for \$2000 in prize money.

Bart Baker of Spokane, Washington, Harley-Davidson mounted, set the new hill record of seven and two-tenths seconds for the 300 foot course in the 80 cubic inch Expert class. Dorance Johnson of Moline, Illinois, took the 45 cubic inch Novice in a swift 8:57 seconds. John Martinolich of Oregon came in second in the 80 Expert class with 7:91 seconds and 8:25 seconds and 7:88 seconds in the 45 Expert. Boog Isham of Oakland, California, won the 80 Novice in 7:57 seconds.

Tow methods were improved over last year's. Brute strength was required to horse up downed motorcycles. This year a jeep on a side roadway at the top tugged motorcycles up the slope with rope and pulley. Once at the top, the cyclist rode his bike up over a ramp, down the roadway back to the starting point, thus speeding up the program and avoiding delay.

Another improvement was a large canvas mounted between flagpoles at the top of the ski jump to keep the late afternoon sun out of the rider's eyes.

As riders swung their motorcycles homeward after the last contestant had struggled up the slope, the New England Motorcycle Dealers' Association and Fritzie Baer had realized another step forward in building up motorcycling in the eyes of the public. To show their appreciation to the people of Laconia, the entire proceeds of this annual event is donated to the Laconia Hospital Fund. Through meets like this one, the few blemishes motorcycling has had in the past will be wiped off the record . . . AND FOREVER!



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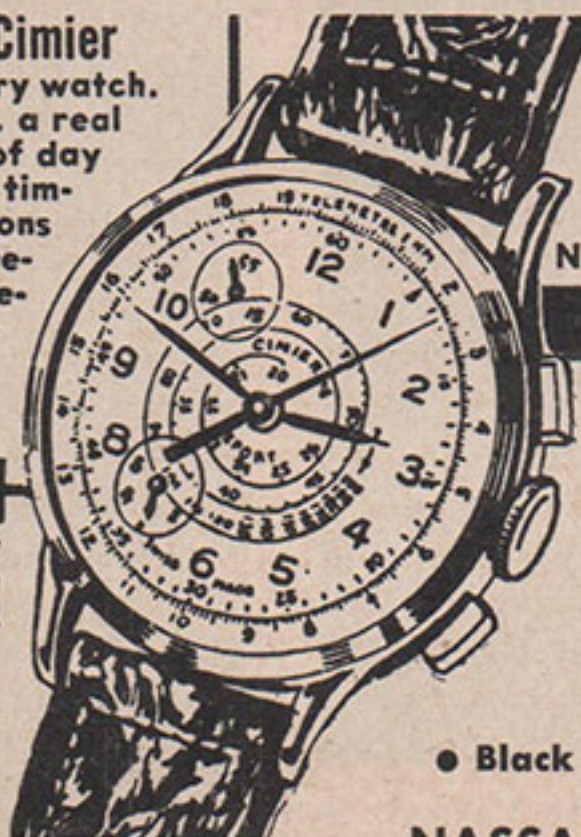
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**"FORTY-FIVES" CAPTURE 15-MILE
FEATURE AND 10-MILE AMATEUR**

By Bill Nichol

photos by
Clair Wilson
and D. Elliott

fans, Goldsmith secured his first major victory in the AMA circuit. His double win obviously places him in the public eye as the rider to be wary of in future meets.

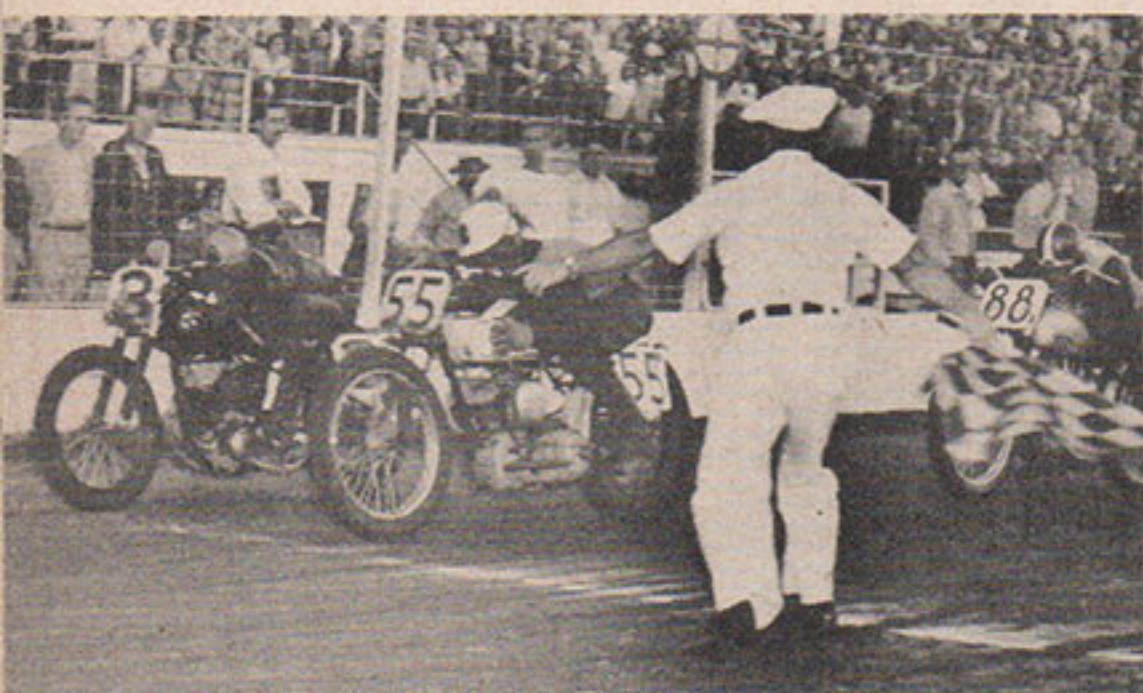
Maurice Burton, Salt Lake City, Utah, also had his day. In the 10-Mile Amateur Final, he took an early lead with his new K model Harley and maintained it easily ahead of the field to the finish line.

Fifth place, was the best Bobby Hill, Indian, of Columbus, Ohio, was able to make. Rated as the country's ace rider, Hill held on to the lead in the feature event for the first three laps, and then slipped back. He swept back into the first slot on the ninth and tenth, only to be passed by Goldsmith, Beckman and Hawley in the home stretch as his mates turned on the pressure for the final dash.

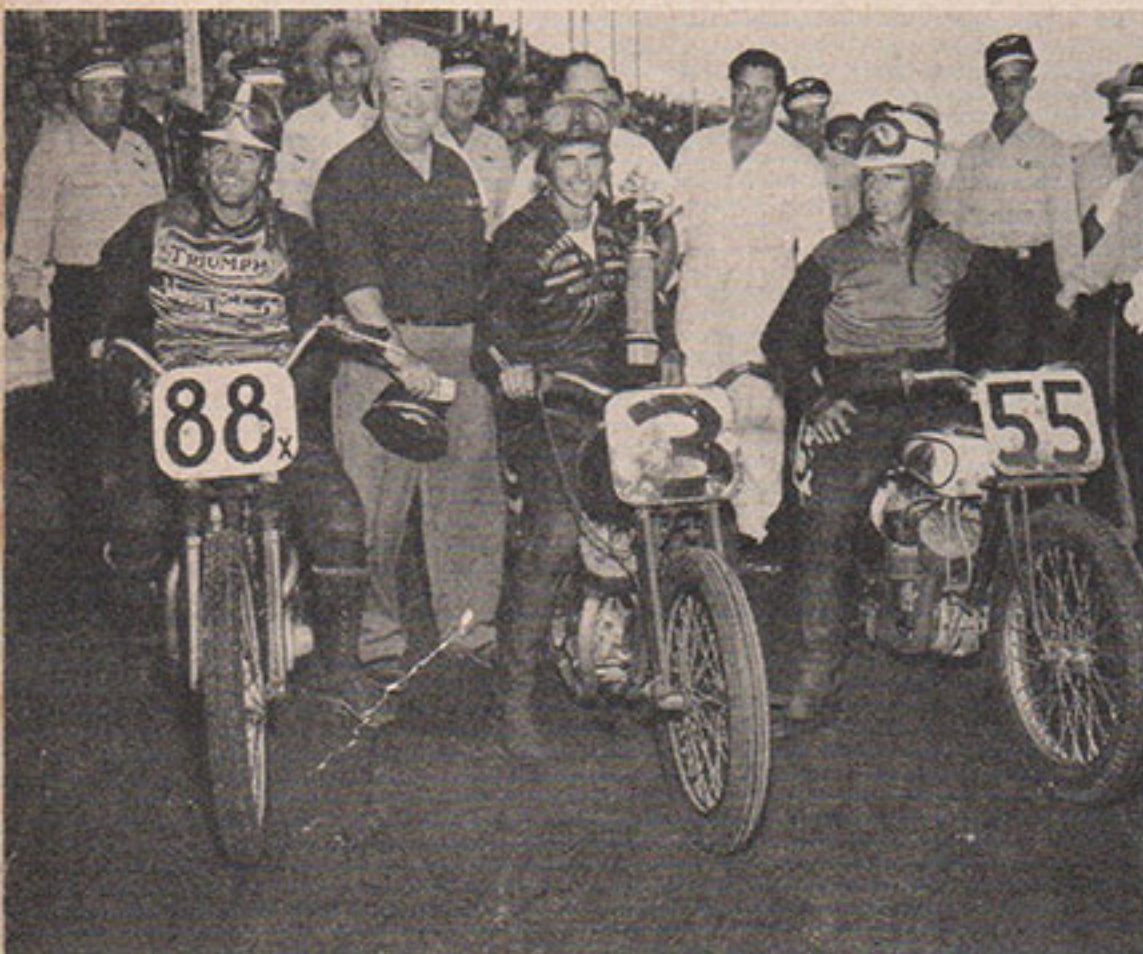
Dick Klamfoth, Groveport, Ohio, another top-shelf rider in the book of motorcycle accomplishments, had an "off" day with his Norton. His misfortune was in failing to qualify. Bill Huber, Reading, Pa., eliminated himself and his Harley-Davidson from the fray as he rounded the south turn in a whirl. All he wound up with was a few bruises, still he no longer found himself among the leading contenders. Luck, or something, ran out too for Bill Tuman, Rockford, Ill., Joe Leonard,



"Alice in Dairyland" (Miss Dairyland), chosen to represent State Fair week, "pays off" Goldsmith



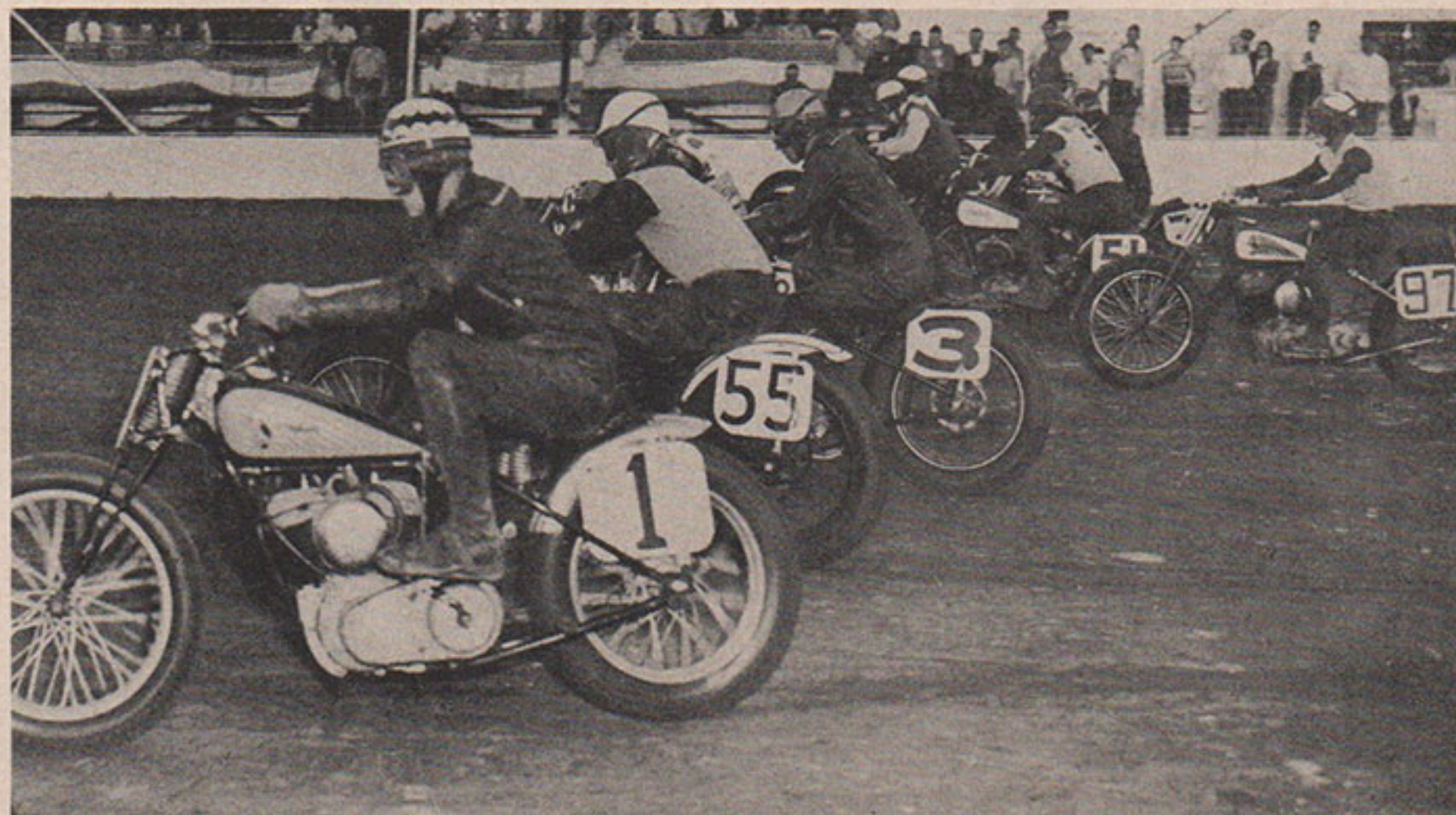
Goldsmith (No. 3) fights for the flag after sensational last lap dash from fourth spot! Beckman was forced to second by less than a wheel length, with only a few feet on Hawley



Winners' circle: Harley, Indian and Triumph in that order. Between Goldsmith and Hawley (left) is Bill Knuth, director of the race

PAUL GOLDSMITH, of St. Claire Shores, Mich., not content with turning in the best qualifying time (44.32 seconds, or 81.25 mph) at Milwaukee's State Fair Park, made a last lap dash to cop the 15-Mile Feature event as well. Rounding the north turn into the home stretch, Goldsmith uncorked his 45 cubic inch Harley-Davidson, shot from fourth position to a photo finish with Ernie Beckman, Indian 45, Battle Creek, Mich., and Don Hawley, Triumph 30.50, Inglewood, Calif., a few yards behind. His time for the championship tussle was 14 minutes, 6.09 seconds, to average 80.89 miles per hour.

Breaking into the winner's circle far ahead of some of the nation's foremost riders, aside from surprising most of the



The big 15-miler is on! Hill, Beckman and Goldsmith, next to pole, display starting technique

San Jose, Calif., and Everett Brashear of Lake Charles, La., inasmuch as none were able to make a showing.

The caution flag went up when Bill Huber flipped over, forcing all riders to reduce speed and maintain their respective positions. As usual, during periods of this sort, when officials are making certain the field is clear before yanking the flag, most of the riders manage to creep up closer to the leaders, while still retaining their rightful places. At any rate, four miles were added to the length of the race, before the riders were given the "go" flag, thus accounting for the slow time eventually turned in on the race.

Bob Royce, Galesburg, Ill., was the only casualty for the day. As he began to navigate the north turn in the amateur consolation heat, his throttle began to stick. A moment later, he was sprawled out flat on his back, 20 feet from his mount, un-



Movie star Preston Foster and his glamorous wife present Burton with bouquet in token of 10-mile amateur final win on a new K Harley. Barney Barker (in white), official starter

conscious. However, he recovered quickly, and was removed to the first aid station, where he was treated for a possible brain concussion in addition to facial cuts and bruises.

Amateur Final Results

(10 miles—Time 7:37.37)

1. Maurice Burton	Salt Lake City, Utah	Har-Dav.
2. Milt Lassiter	Milwaukee, Wis.	Ind.
3. James Hale	Louisville, Ky.	Tri.
4. Ed Fisher	Parksburg, Pa.	Tri.
5. James Stewart	Worthington, Ky.	Ind.

Expert Final Results

(15-Mile National Championship—Time 14:06.09)

1. Paul Goldsmith	St. Claire Shores, Mich.	Har-Dav.
2. Ernie Beckman	Battle Creek, Mich.	Ind.
3. Don Hawley	Inglewood, Calif.	Tri.
4. Bill Tuman	Rockford, Ill.	Ind.
5. Bobby Hill	Columbus, Ohio	Ind.
6. Al Gunter	Sacramento, Calif.	BSA

Amateur Consolation Race

(5 Miles)

1. Colon Simmons	Fort Atkinson, Wis.	Har-Dav.
2. Jim Kruse	Kenosha, Wis.	Har-Dav.
3. Burl Wendt	Cheyenne, Wyo.	Har-Dav.

First Expert Consolation Race

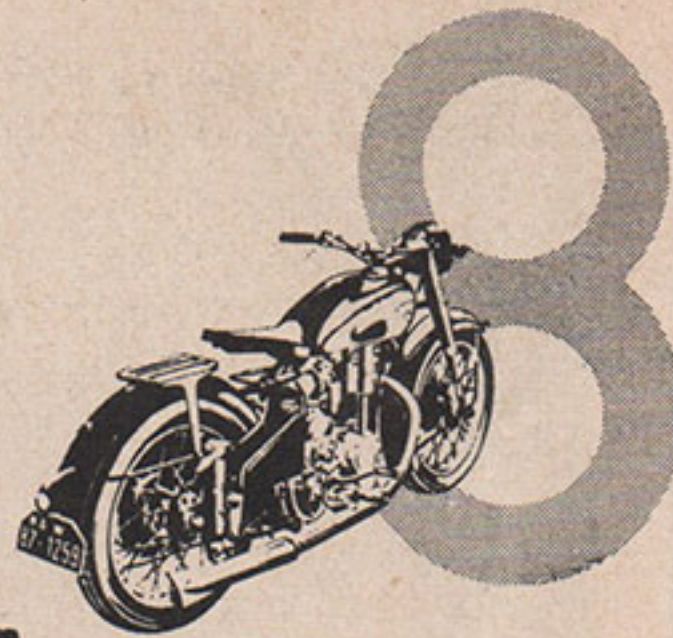
(5 Miles—Time 3:49.35)

1. Paul Albrecht	Sacramento, Calif.	Har-Dav.
2. Dick Klamfoth	Groveport, Ohio	Nortor.
3. Eddie Conley	Evansville, Ind.	Har-Dav.

Second Expert Consolation Race

(5 Miles—Time 3:52.57)

1. Tommy Byars	Beaumont, Tex.	Har-Dav.
2. Lawrence Stone	Detroit, Mich.	BSA
3. Archie Weimer	Chesterton, Ind.	Har-Dav.



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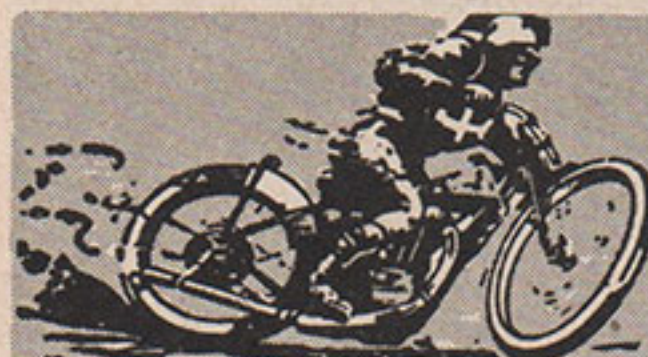
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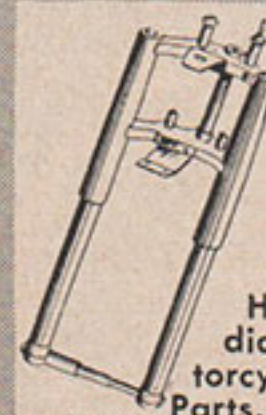
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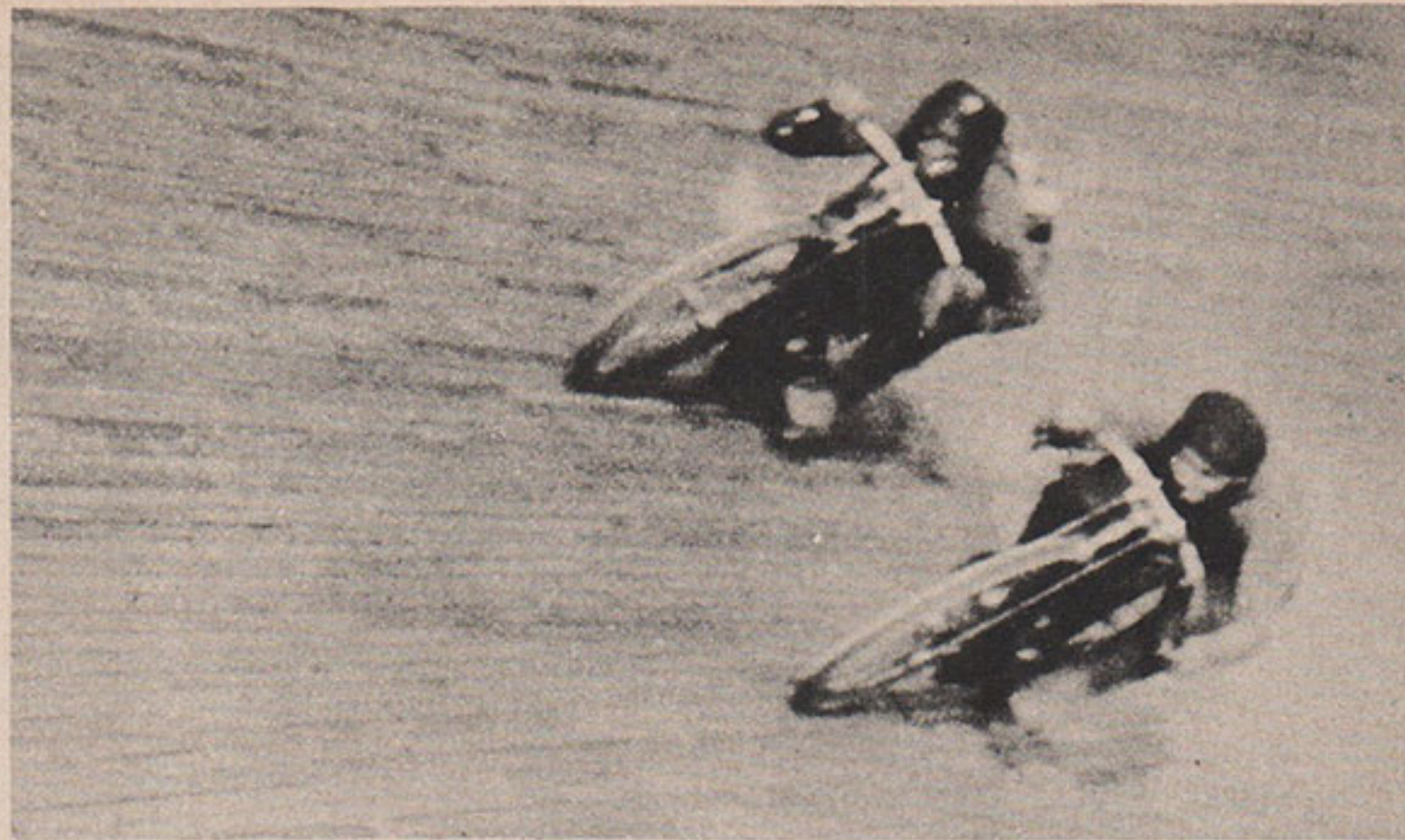
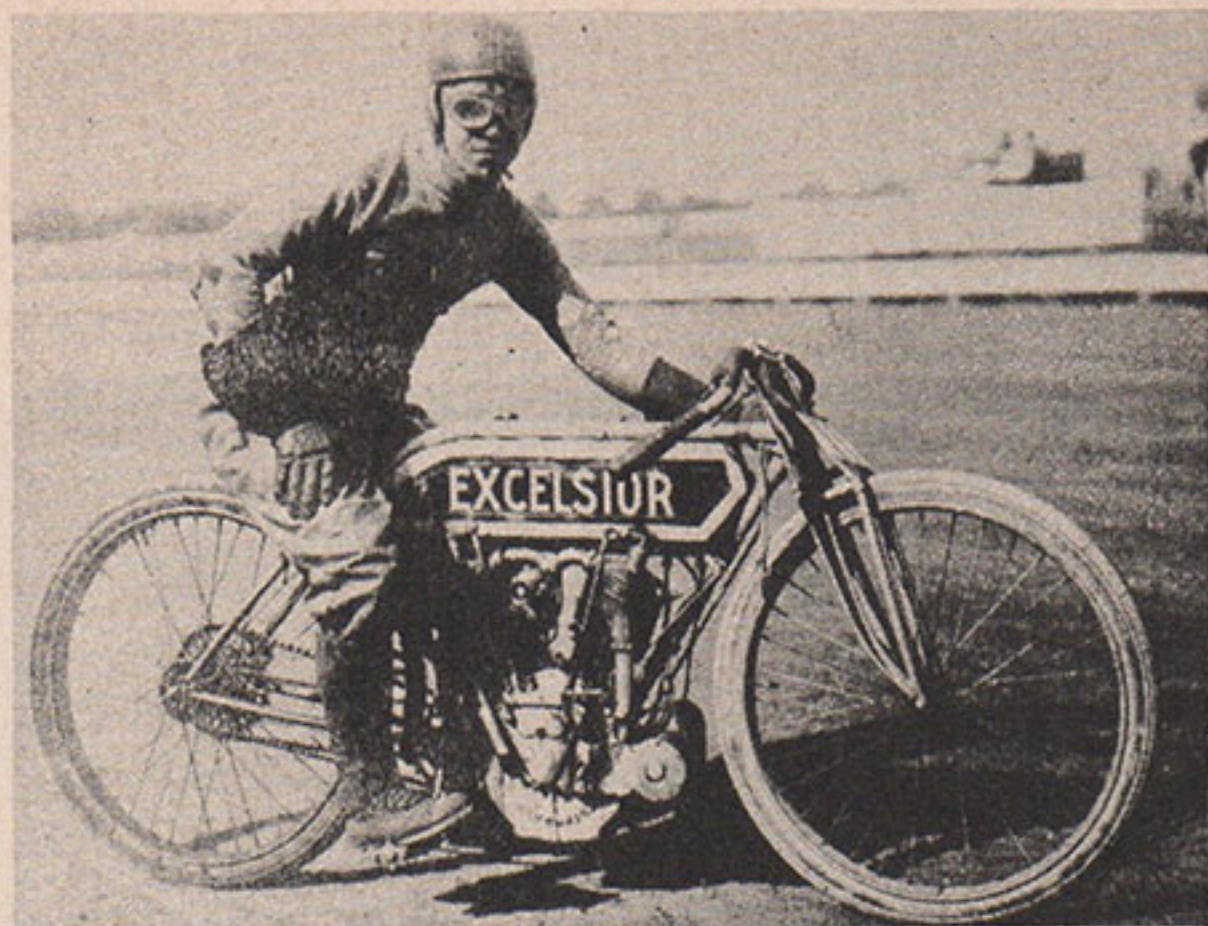
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ABOVE, Carl Goudy, football helmet, gauntlet gloves and all, on an Excelsior at Chicago, 1914. RIGHT, Morty Graves and Al Ward burning up the steeply banked boards on 1910 Indians

TRACKS THE TWO WHEELERS BUILT

By J. L. Beardsley

Photos by A. F. Van Order

CARNIVAL MIDWAYS STILL SELL the thrills of motorcycles riding on a perpendicular wall—with assorted stunts thrown in—but these rickety contraptions are only a faint echo of those great days when the blasting exhausts of Indians, Excelsiors, Thors, Merkels, and Cyclones roared around the high banks of real motordromes in cities from coast to coast in an iron-lunged chorus that injected a new sport of spine-tingling speed into the horse-and-buggy age.

These thrill bowls that flourished before the First World War were permanent quarter or one-third mile circular plank tracks with at least a 45 degree bank all around. With weekly programs of local favorites pitted against publicized stars who toured the whole circuit, and sound

promotion, the old drome sprint programs soon soared to a popularity comparable to the midget auto races of recent years.

Motorcycle racing was born on the boards. When George M. Hendee and Oscar Hedstrom developed the Indian motorcycles from their power-driven bicycles used to pace bike races in 1902.

The opening of the Velodrome, at Paterson, N. J., in July, 1908, marked the beginning of the motordrome era. It was banked 48 degrees and was a six lap to the mile saucer where some real speed could be uncorked. Jake DeRosier and John King, two of Indian's star riders, were matched here in a 10-mile feature at the opening. The winner was DeRosier who was crowned by the Federation of American Motorcyclists as the first

Official National Champion. In a mile against time he sped around in 56 seconds in what the amazed sport writers called "a blur of red."

This was the beginning of a long string of records the great DeRosier, pioneer of speed on the boards, was to set in sensational performances from coast to coast.

Ray Seymour, Morty Graves, and Charley "Fearless" Balke quickly won fame on the old Coliseum boards. Graves, in July 1909, on a Merkel won a six-hour race run in two hour stretches on successive days with riders allowed to change machines. He covered 134 miles in the first 2 hours, and 100 miles in 1:27.

Ray Seymour captured the world mile mark in 47 seconds flat on his Reading-Standard; but the Indian camp recovered it shortly thereafter, when Fred Huyck zoomed around the new Springfield Stadium back east in 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. on opening day.

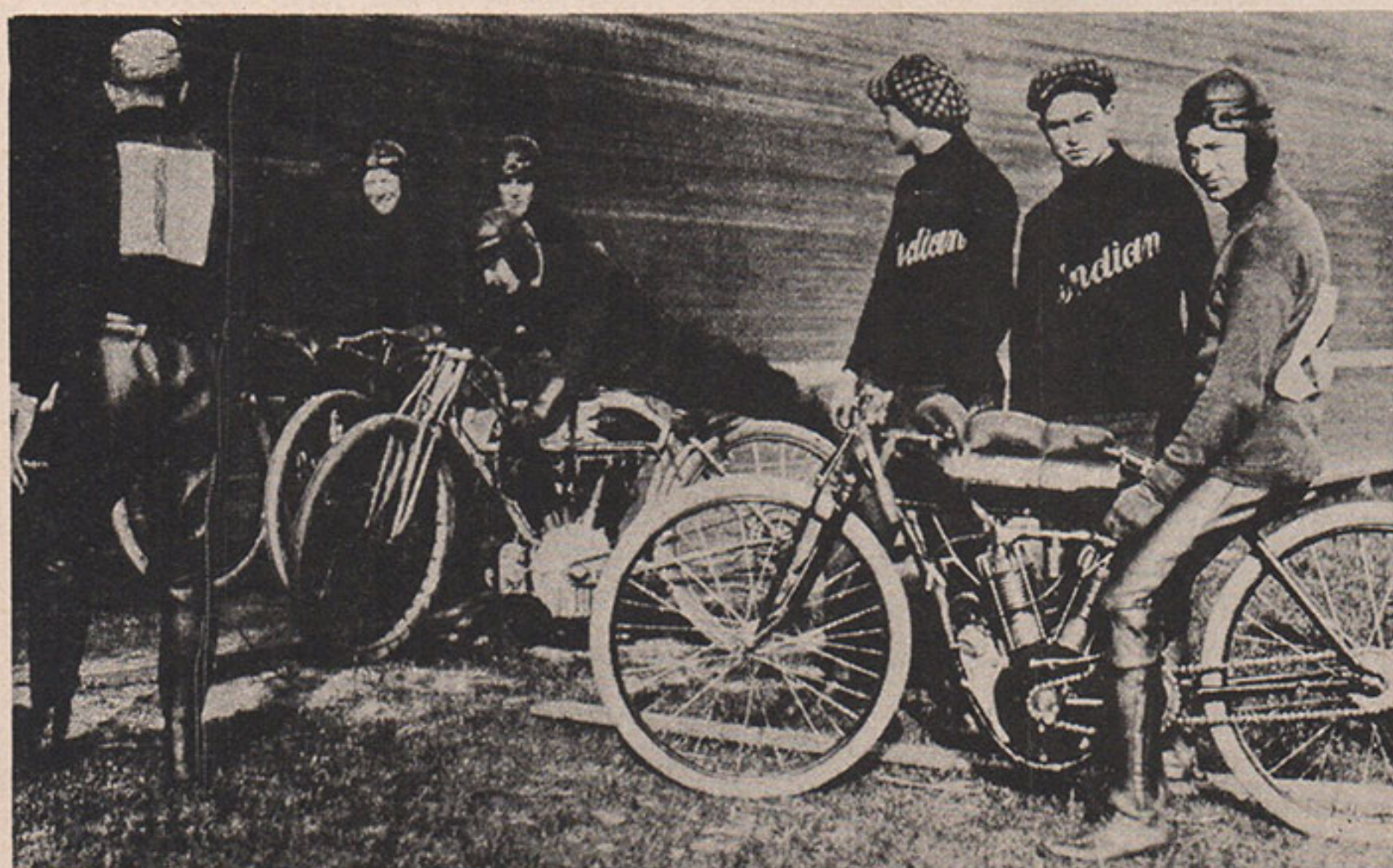
This track remained in the spotlight as Charles Spencer and Charles Gustafson hung up 24-hour endurance marks of 1089 and 1043 miles respectively using but one machine each.

The summer of 1910 saw a lot of activity on the boards. The new $\frac{1}{3}$ mile Wandemere Speedway opened in Salt Lake City, where both national and local stars staged many exciting programs. Jake DeRosier burned up the Los Angeles Motordrome during the winter season with a mile in 42 seconds flat, and held all others to 100 miles.

But the Salt Lake City star, F. E. Whittler, on a Merkel, took top honors at distances from 19 to 35 miles; while his team-mate, Morty Graves, captured all marks under that, excepting the one mile. Then on the last day of the year, Charley "Fearless" Balke rode an Excelsior around the banks at Los Angeles faster than any man ever did from two to 20 miles; but little DeRosier's 42 sec. mile still stood.

The dromes were built for thrills and possibly the fastest time ever turned on one was the 89 mile an hour clip set by Joe Wolters on his new Excelsior at River-view Exposition track in Chicago in 1912.

But the World War cancelled all this progress, and with the passing of the old motordromes one of the most colorful eras in the sport's history was ended.



Morty Graves (No. 1), chides Dave Kinni, Tex Richards and Chas. Suddith (left); Dutch Meyers, right

**GLAMOR, SPEED
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at
MOTORAMA**

**Pan Pacific Auditorium
Los Angeles—November 16**

FEATURING ONE world's champion and numerous American record holders, the motorcycle display in the 1952 MOTORAMA in Los Angeles will be the largest and most colorful ever presented in the west.

The world's champion is a Motocyclette, which is being shipped to Los Angeles for the MOTORAMA showing by the Lambretta Factory in Italy. This tiny vehicle attained a speed of 125.442 mph for the flying mile.

MOTORAMA, which will be held in the Pan Pacific Auditorium November 10 through November 16, will also feature many of the motorcycles which performed in the Bonneville Nationals speed trials in August. Another outstanding exhibit, slated for the show, is "The Enterprise," a \$5,000 creation being brought to the show by its owner, Mr. O. Ray Courtney, of Pontiac, Michigan.

Nearly every manufacturer and distributor of motorcycles or motorcycle products will be represented in the show with elaborate commercial displays. In fact, the motorcycle section makes up a large proportion of the exhibits.

For those whose interests go beyond the motorcycle world, there will be an outstanding display of automotive products including everything from Indianapolis cars to antiques.

Center of the automobile exhibit will be Packard's highly publicized new sports car, the Pan American. The appearance of this machine in MOTORAMA will mark an exclusive West Coast showing.

In the custom field, there will be numerous eye-attracting machines, several of them built of fiberglas in unique and startling design.

The hot rod segment of the show will be highlighted with several of the streamlined creations built especially for the Bonneville Nationals. There will also be an exhibit of the more unusual competition rods which have excelled in drag races.

British, Italian and German cars will predominate in the foreign car division of the show. A new Russian-produced sedan also will be on display.

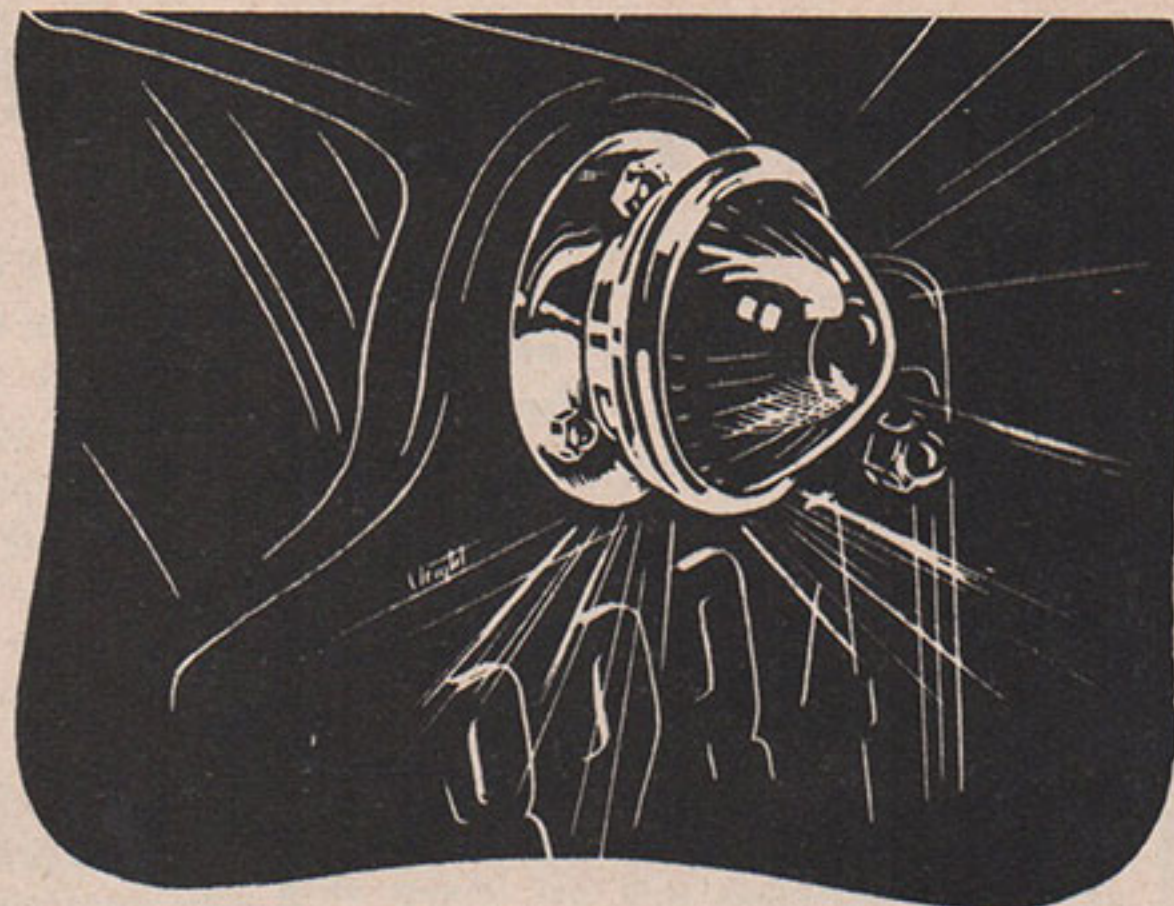
More than \$1,000,000 worth of motorized equipment will be exhibited in this third annual presentation. Motorcycle club members from various western states have already signified their intention of attending the show.

Plans have been completed by the management to accommodate at least 125,000 spectators during the seven-day exposition, which is the largest and most successful of its kind in the United States.

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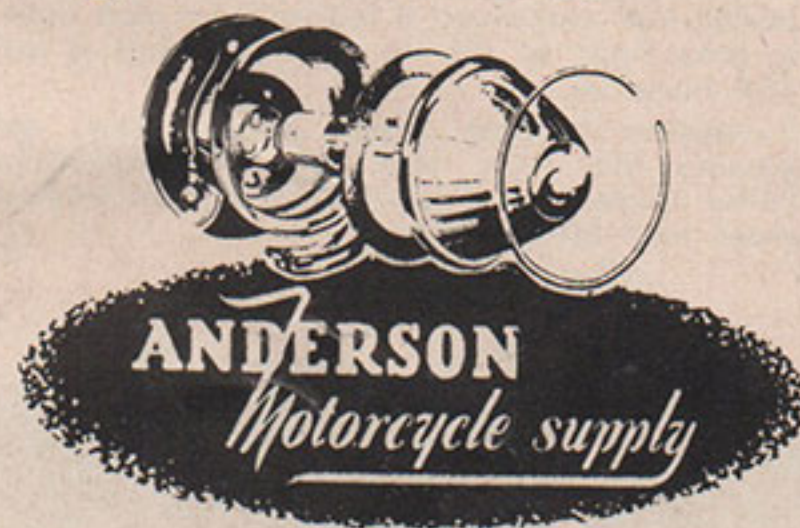
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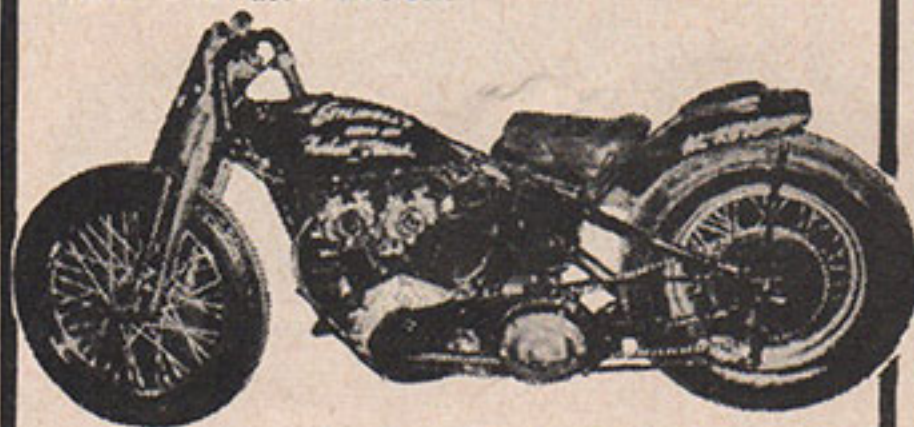
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ROAD RACING GOES NORTH

by Pierce Davies

THE FIRST Northern California pavement race proved to be disappointing in many respects, but at the same time brought to a head many of the problems facing such an event in this area.

Initially, we found that the race itself had been subject to a somewhat vicious rumor to the effect that this particular event was unsanctioned by the AMA. This led to a dismal showing of contenders, and the eighty-four listed on the program were represented by a participation of only fourteen riders.

Because something of a makeshift nature was required to fill the bill, a delay of starting time amounting to almost an hour was required in order that some riders arriving bikeless could scurry home for machines to fill out the program.

The festivities got off to a snarling start at two o'clock. The weather beamed approvingly down on the riders with just a slight wind blowing in from the west. Bales of hay stood ominously at the critical turns following the straightaways where bursts of speed could be expected to provide thrills for the spectators.

Leonard skillfully took the lead in the first heat finding no difficulty at all in establishing a considerable lead over his rivals. We noted with admiration his controlled turns following the straight runs. In contrast to the other contenders, he stayed tucked in for the merest fraction of a second longer before banking into the turn allowing him to pull through ahead of his adversaries. He was followed by Bob Hughes of San Francisco, who distinguished himself by an unswerving determination to stay in there all the way. Leonard made it, however, in the best time of the day: 6:11.12.

In contrast to the first event, the second offered a little closer competition. Garve Nelson of Oakland got off his bike in a manner that drew the first "OH!" from the crowd. At the time of his spill, he and Earl Masterson of Redwood City, on a Triumph, had been jockeying for the lead position, while Bud Brillisour of Hayward, spurring a Harley, clung to third position. Due to a flyer on the part of Nelson on his BSA and a big wobble on one of Masterson's turns, Brillisour rolled triumphantly across the finish line, recording a time of 6:26.75 for the six-lap course.

Billy Meier, a really game racer of San Francisco, took the laurels for the third event. He stepped off his bike and managed to pick himself up, regain possession of his elusive machine and take the race. At the time of his spill he had a comfortable lead over his first contender, Bill Verbiscio of Richmond, on a Triumph, only to have Bill take a spanking good lead on Billy's fall. Meier took out after Verbiscio, closing the lengthy gap and riding this heat out to the melody of 6:20.86.

The track was showing marks of the previous races by the time the three en-

trants of the fourth dicker lined up. Joe Hostetter, entered from San Jose but bearing a Southern California label, pranced out to take the event, but to our eyes all the kudos went to Norman Smith on his lusty BSA. Smith showed nothing but knowledgeable handling of his bike on turns and straightaways. The boy really rolled himself into a ball and burned up the macadam, but still never caught up with the elusive Hostetter. Joe finally wound up the heat with a time of 6:13.73.

Because of the sparse turnout, events five and six were cancelled, which led to the first semi. This display claimed only four contenders, Al Hillebrandt of Daly City, sporting a Harley, having retired. Garve Nelson romped out of the starting line showing nothing but great intentions and wound up quickly by running out of gas, which allowed Bob Hughes' Triumph to rocket out in front. Hughes, having already defined himself in our eyes as imperturbable, took this parade with the same aplomb, racking up a time for the ten laps of 11:22.56. Neil Keier supplied the spectator sport on this round by walking off once and missing the same turn twice. The second semi narrowed down to three combatants after Verbiscio and Hara dropped out on the seventh lap. This left Norman Smith, Carl Accurso of San Carlos riding a "K" and Jim Weiss on another "K" flinging themselves at the macadam. Smith capered right out in the beginning, taking over with an unruffled determination to win. He did. Weiss and Accurso trailed by a good fifth of a mile.

The final array of riders lined up with growling impatience to be off. Down went the flag, and the ten antagonists spewed out in a long line. The race was practically predicted on the third turn when Leonard, holding his robust machine until the last minute, executed one of his beautifully co-ordinated turns which he had performed in the first opus. Barring any mishap, the whole cake was his, and we settled for watching the other men. Meier on his Triumph caught our eye very shortly with his apparently wild bumbblings along the track. He was reckless, but a go-getter, and even after trying for an altitude record on the third lap, still got out for the scramble. For all of it, his brave Triumph stumbled shortly thereafter, and Billy had to retire for shifting trouble.

Hostetter and Masterson followed Meier's suit and dropped out because of mechanical difficulties, leaving the runway open to seven—six, actually, because Leonard had become untouchable. Smith, again riding unspectacularly but with unvarying ease, took second place, followed by Brillisour. In that order, and for the \$400 purse, they slipped past the checkered flag for an official time of 21:47.9 for the ten laps.

Comment On Courtney

By Bill Smith

IF THERE is any reason for the recent earthquakes that have been taking place in Southern California, I would place the blame on the gnashing of teeth in the "traditional" motorcycle circles after having read the write-up in CYCLE, September '52, on the Ray Courtney metallic monster. After glaring at the pictures for a few days, I suddenly found myself picking up the cudgels on behalf of Mr. Courtney and I am now able to wax eloquent on why this five thousand dollar revolution in design has merit, and plenty of it.

When one considers the entire automotive world has been showing signs of simplification of design even in pre-war days, it is rather a shock to look at a vintage 1941 and compare it to a 1952 model; other than the new front springing design, there is little to give the layman or the rider a hint there has been an eleven year gap in manufacture. Actually, take a broadside view of a 1936 make (that was the year someone figured out the speedometer could sit "in" the gas tank, not on it as an afterthought of production), and then compare with a 1952 model . . . well, show me any real progress in looks. But if we carry this changing design further and into a broader field, let us look at almost all forms of transportation. Since the war, we find the railroads have gone all-out for diesel engines—smooth lines, and while operation cost is the main reason for diesels, you will find what steam engines are in use today on crack trains usually have a shell covering their rather unsightly valves, pipes and fittings. On the water, you will find ships taking on extremely simplified lines, and much of these lines are actually mere shells covering the same old pipes, air intakes and exhaust outlets. The new *United States* probably is outstanding in simplicity of exterior design. Get into the automotive field and you can run riot.

We know that the word "streamlined" is vastly overworked, and it can be said the word is changing slowly to mean "functional" rather than speed necessarily. But suffice it to say, the public likes streamlining and, call it what you will, smoother lines will continue to show up in every form of transport, and if for no other reason than that a functionally designed mode of transport is far easier to maintain in looks.

The Courtney dream would have to be ridden to prove that it is satisfactory for the "average" rider, yet it does prove that a motorcycle can look vintage 1952 and not something out of a Floyd Clymer scrapbook. No wonder we riders have to explain to non-riders when we buy a new bike, for there isn't anything to indicate to the layman that we have a redesigned engine. When we buy a new car we want "new looks" and we accept all engine improvements, but when it comes to motorcycles we seem to be content with mere engine changes, important as they may be,

and the looks are accepted as incidental.

Personally, I believe it is about time the motorcycle group started to take on a little of the automotive style trend, especially if the manufacturer is going to continue to produce his engines in separately cast sections, with pipes and lines that do not add any beauty to the bike itself, and make for really difficult cleaning and maintenance. It never ceases to amaze me that we are pleased to have to almost steam clean an engine after a bit of riding in order to have a clean motorcycle. How often do we expect to "Gunk" the engine of our car in order to have a clean vehicle? When one views the still exposed tube frame on a motorcycle, the many places wiring is still on the surface, the dangling effect of brake control cables as well as hand clutch cables, the hard to reach places for repairs or cleaning, then it seems the Courtney dream-wagon may have some merit, and what a break for the engineers if they did not have to design every engine component as part of the over-all looks for the motorcycle.

With some concentration on design, a better baggage arrangement could be worked out, using some of the waste space as a really dust and rain-proof luggage compartment, without having to ride around the country now with something of a holdover from the days of the pony express. Certainly the extra passenger would fare far better on a Courtney type bike, and perhaps we could have a little better battery arrangement, to say nothing of ease of checking oil. And what a joy it would be to be able to "strip" the bike of the outer shell when it came time to do some work on the power plant; think now what you go through to do some work.

Who knows but what a truly new design in America might not give the market that long anticipated shot in the arm? As it stands now, a rider on a 1949 machine has little temptation to buy a new model, no matter how much mileage he may have. I'm all for a little of this Courtney fever to hit, for no matter whether you like it or not, we have only now begun to see functional design in our lives.

Next time you tear some skin off your hands when you polish your chrome oil tank and battery cover, think of the Courtney design, it may appeal to you more than it first did. Next time you spend two hours cleaning and polishing your motor after a Sunday run, think how pleasant it would be to be able to just turn the hose on your bike and wipe it off. And when you have to put the bike on the rear stand to clean that rear wheel and discover chrome underneath that chain grease and dirt mixture, take another look at the Courtney design. It may possibly occur to you that we no longer brush those wire wheels on our cars, although I recall at one time it was said that disk wheels would take all pleasure out of driving and add considerable danger to our highways.

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BONNEVILLE

(Continued from page 13)

within the few short years of their existence will see fit to invite us back again next year. Within two years' running at their meet, the cyclists have done an incredible job, cracked 17 national speed records, mostly ones of long standing, and are just beginning to roll. With the opening of new small displacement classes and possibly an unlimited class for the big twins, we predict that every speed merchant in the world will feel our hot breath on the back of his neck ere long.

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Delbert Branson	15 inch Class C	Indian	80.62

RIDER WRITINGS

(Continued from page 9)

Dear Mr. Greene: From reading a recent issue of CYCLE Magazine, I would like to point out to a certain John Wormley, of Davenport, Iowa, about how he raves over his Indian Brave; well he ought to ride the new German Zundapp DB-202, with or without rear springing.

I would suggest that your cycle men road test the new Zundapp DB-202 and I can assure them that for money, weight, and horsepower, the Zundapp has any Indian Brave beat.

I could name a list of other advantages that the Zundapp DB-202 has, but since this letter is not meant to deliver a sales talk, I shall omit them at this time.

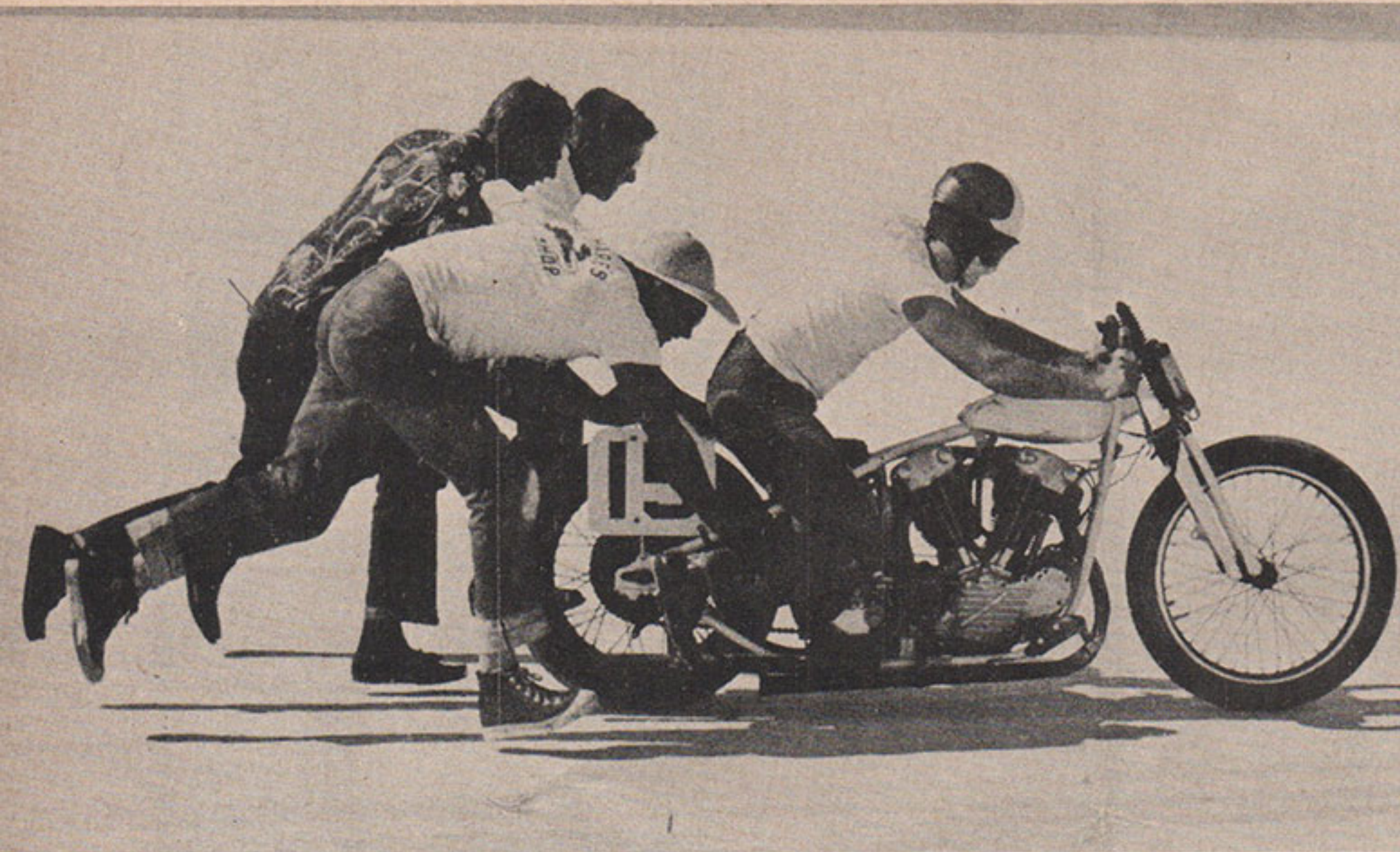
I am writing this letter to you because I have just recently become the proud owner of the German Zundapp DB-202 and am very well pleased with the machine.

Fred S. Murabito
Oswego, New York

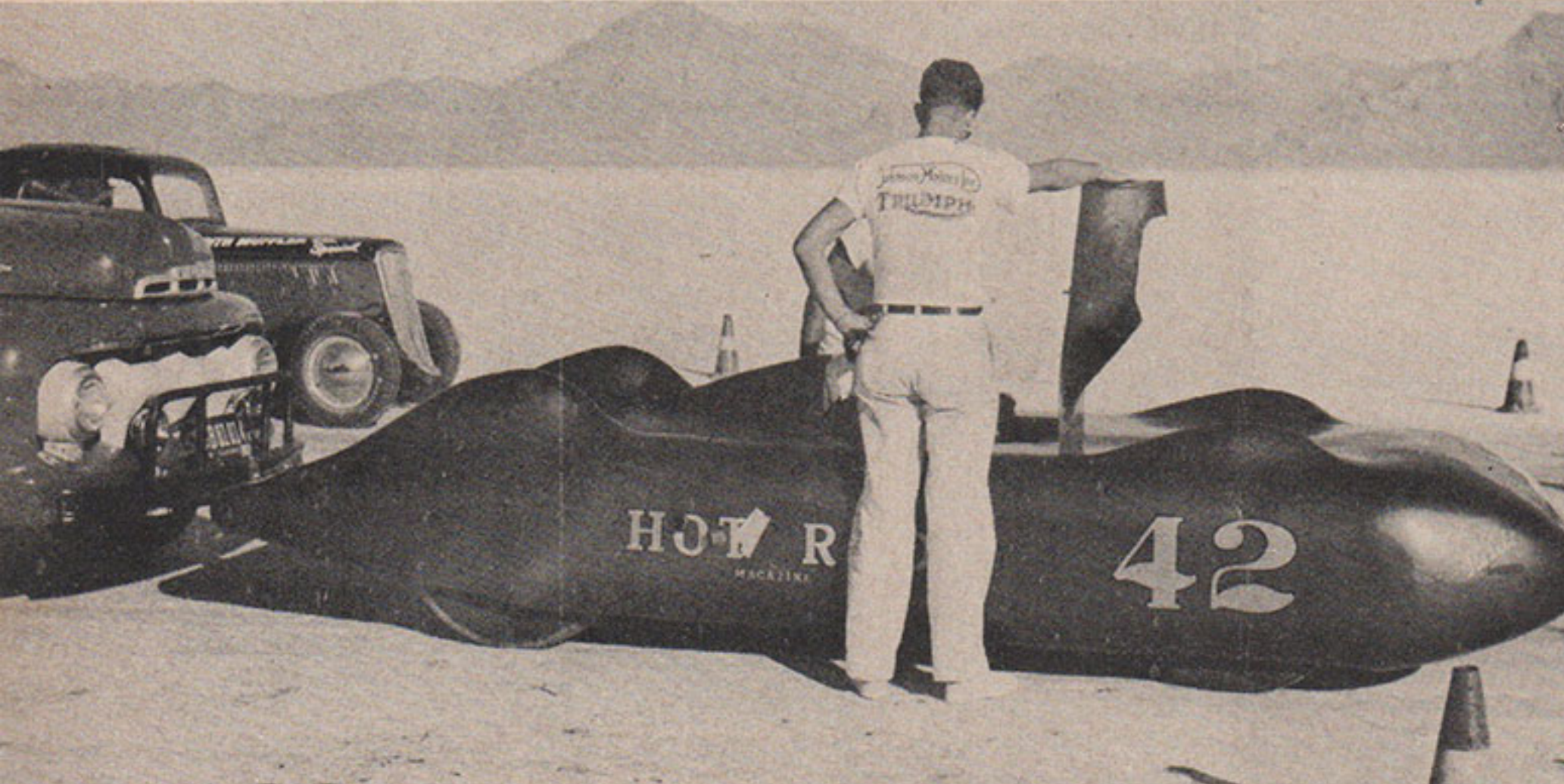
Dear Sir: If Mr. Courtney likes his "Enterprise," that's just fine, but I don't.

The U.S. auto industry has done quite enough in the way of streamlined (?) bodies. Any further comments I could make on the subject are better left unsaid.

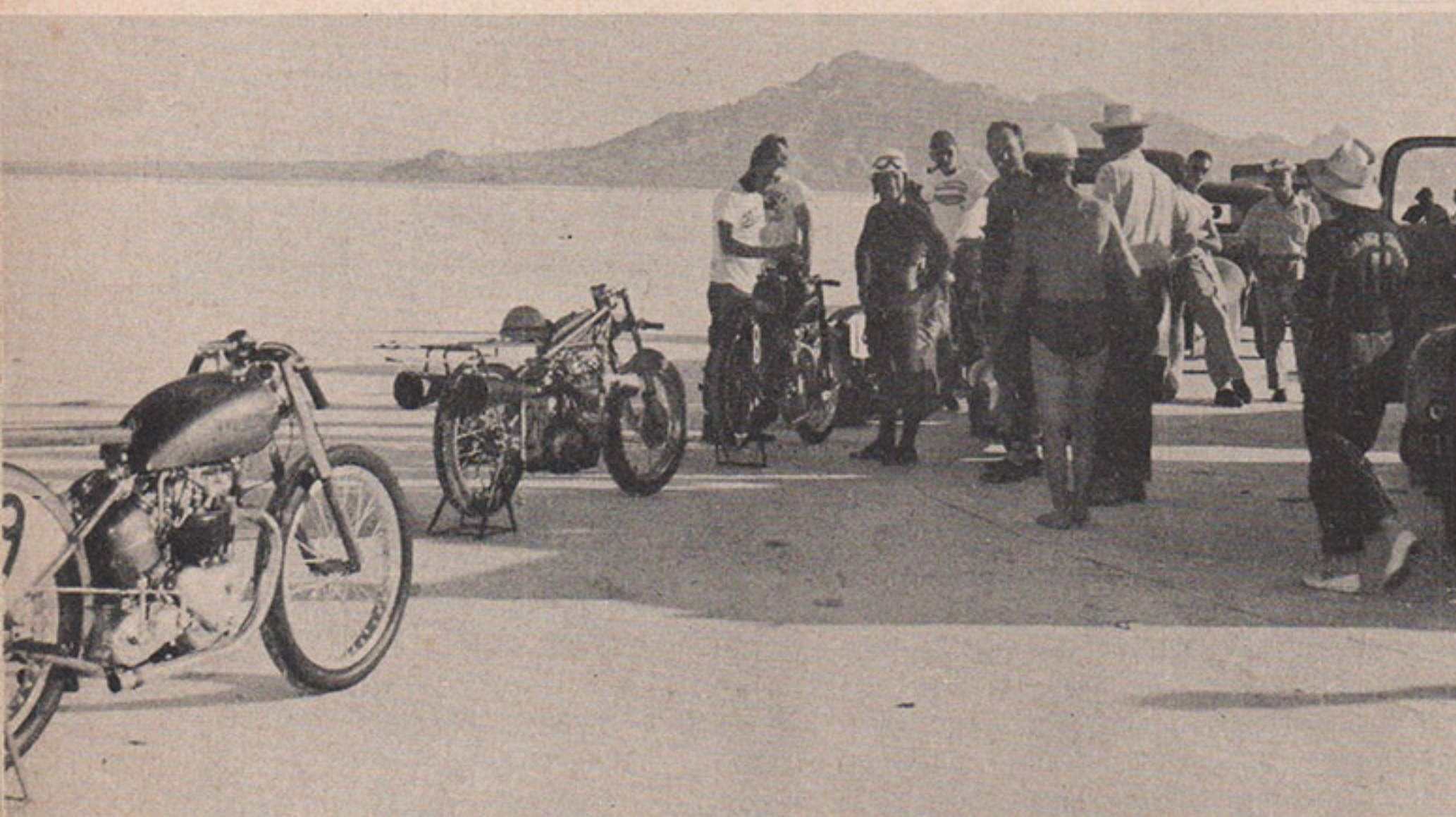
R. O. Nichols
Gary, Indiana



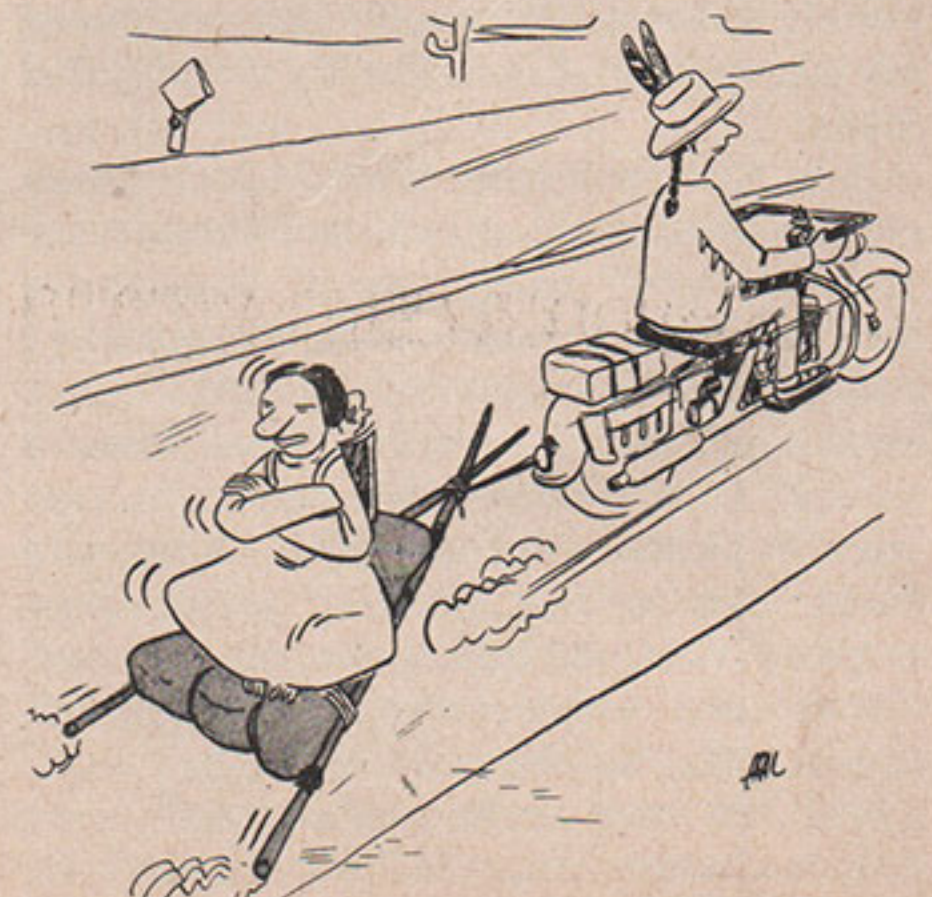
Not streamlined or especially beautiful, but Sandy McGregor-built, Class A 61 Harley-Davidson made a feast on the salt, ate the stuff up at over 140 mph. Sandy first tried for the 74 cu. in. Class A record, but blew engine. He has had great success using an undersize bore, longer stroke



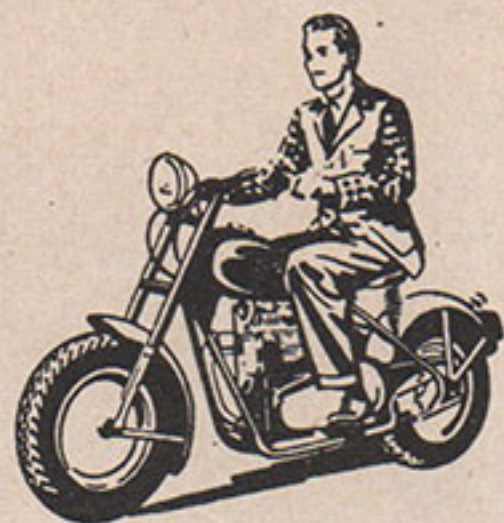
Mechanical phenomenon. Schaller's 80 inch Harley powerplant turned 139 mph in his bike frame, then was pulled out, put in Bill Burke's Hot Rod Magazine, plastic-bodied streamliner and still ran 139 (an official SCTA O class record at 136.90 average); streamlining overcoming added weight



Lloyd Bulmer, Rich Richards, Bud Hare and Jack Dale line up for the big go. As can be seen by flat racks on bikes, most riders preferred flat-out riding style, its dangers being somewhat minimized here at Bonneville since all spectators were kept several hundred yards away from traps



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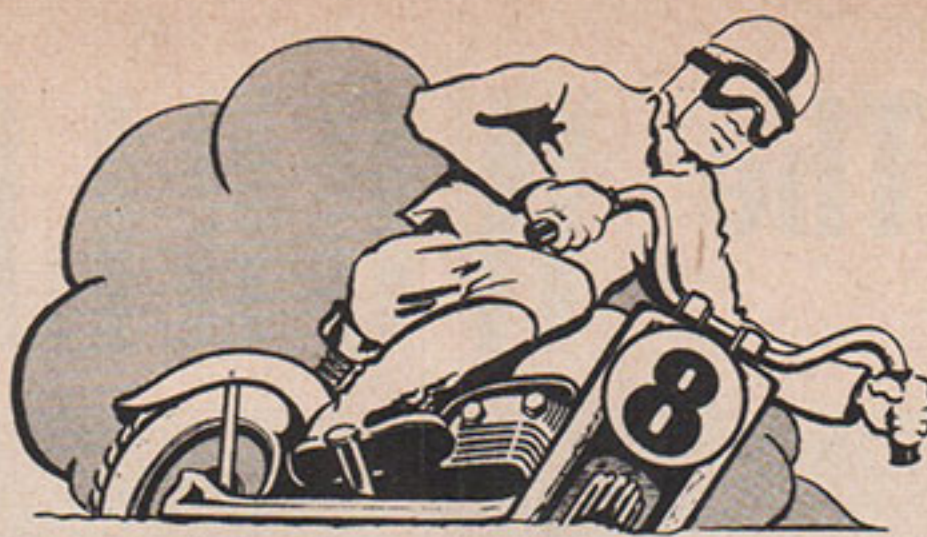
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CROSSED UP

by Bud Hawkins

DRAG RACES. On the subject of acceleration, we might join the big debate on timing drag races. We often see the bike with the fastest time of the day lose out to a supposedly slower bike when they take off together down the quarter mile drag strip. How can this be? The answer is simple. Speed through a hundred foot trap at the end of a standing quarter mile drag bears only a distant relationship to the time it takes that same bike to travel that standing quarter mile. If bikes could be made to accelerate at a constant rate for a quarter mile it would be different; then the speed through the trap would mean something. The only way that the dragging ability of two bikes can be fairly compared is to compare the elapsed time for the whole quarter mile.

Few riders realize how inaccurate present drag timing methods are, particularly where a rolling start is allowed. Pouring it on ten feet sooner can make two mph difference through the short trap at the end of the strip. We have seen some bikes get a thirty foot break over others on this starting point. Let them all start from a stop at a line, then time them to another line a quarter mile away.

AUTOPILOT FOR BIKES. For years there has been a widespread belief that an airplane pilot is a kind of superman who has to think, feel and act in three dimensions at once and therefore has to have more elegant mental equipment than the rest of us pedestrian chasers who operate in only two dimensions. Brother, it ain't so. A well known electronics engineer in the computer and autopilot business says that directing a motorcycle requires several times the skill required to fly an airplane. There are two basic and fundamental reasons why a good dirt hound has it all over the flyboy in skill. A modern airplane is stable, it can fly hands off, properly trimmed. A motorcycle is unstable and will always go down without some thinking mechanism either moving the bars or shifting weight from side to side. The airplane pilot approaches his decisions gradually—he has ten to thirty seconds' time to correct his landing attitude just before ground contact. The motorcycle rider, in a fast dirt turn with his front wheel in a sandy rut and his rear wheel a foot outside of that, makes more decisions per second than the airplane pilot does all day. The brain takes all this data, weighs it, considers it, refers it to memory and experience and then chooses multiple courses of action for the body to apply to the controls on the motorcycle.

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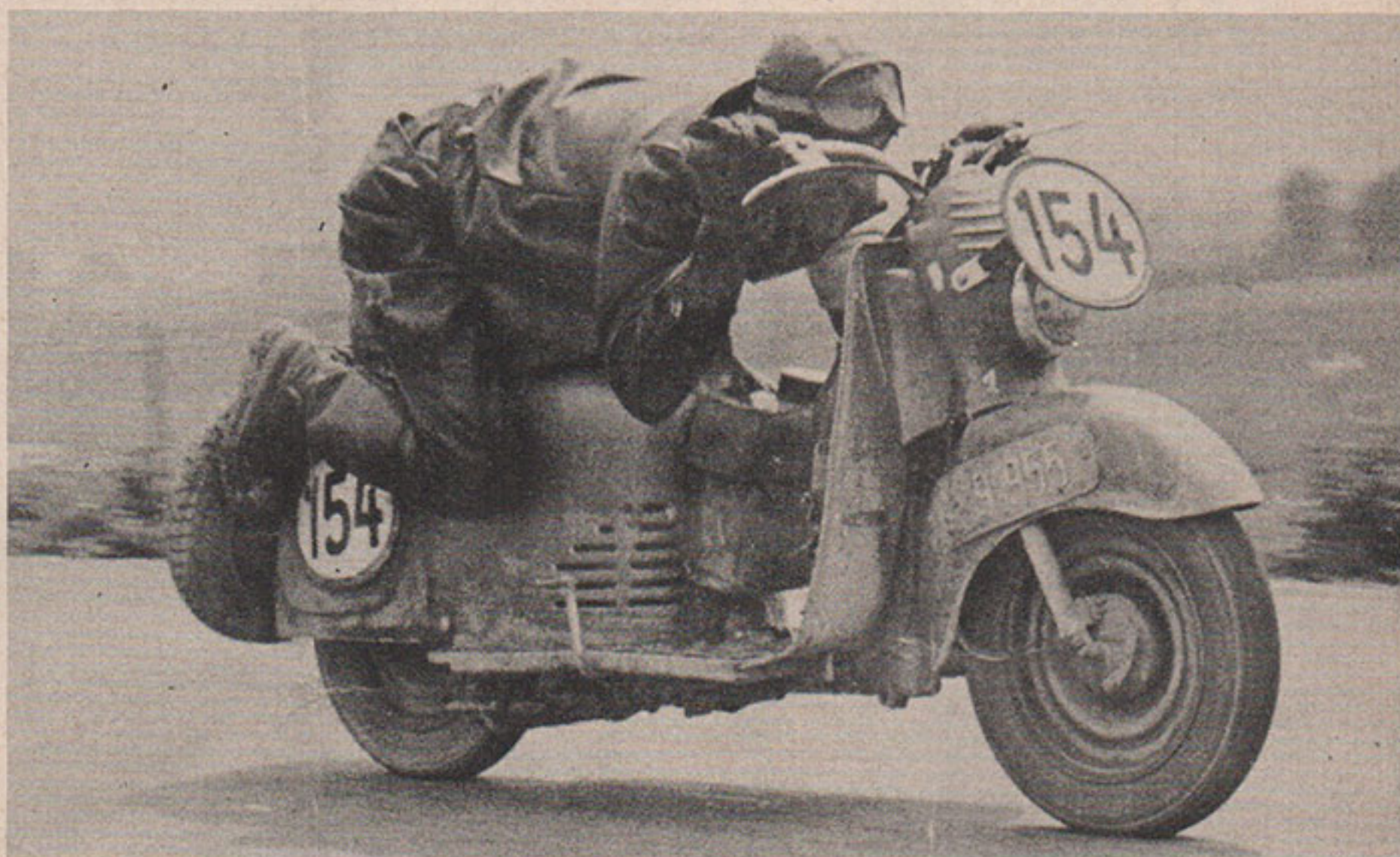
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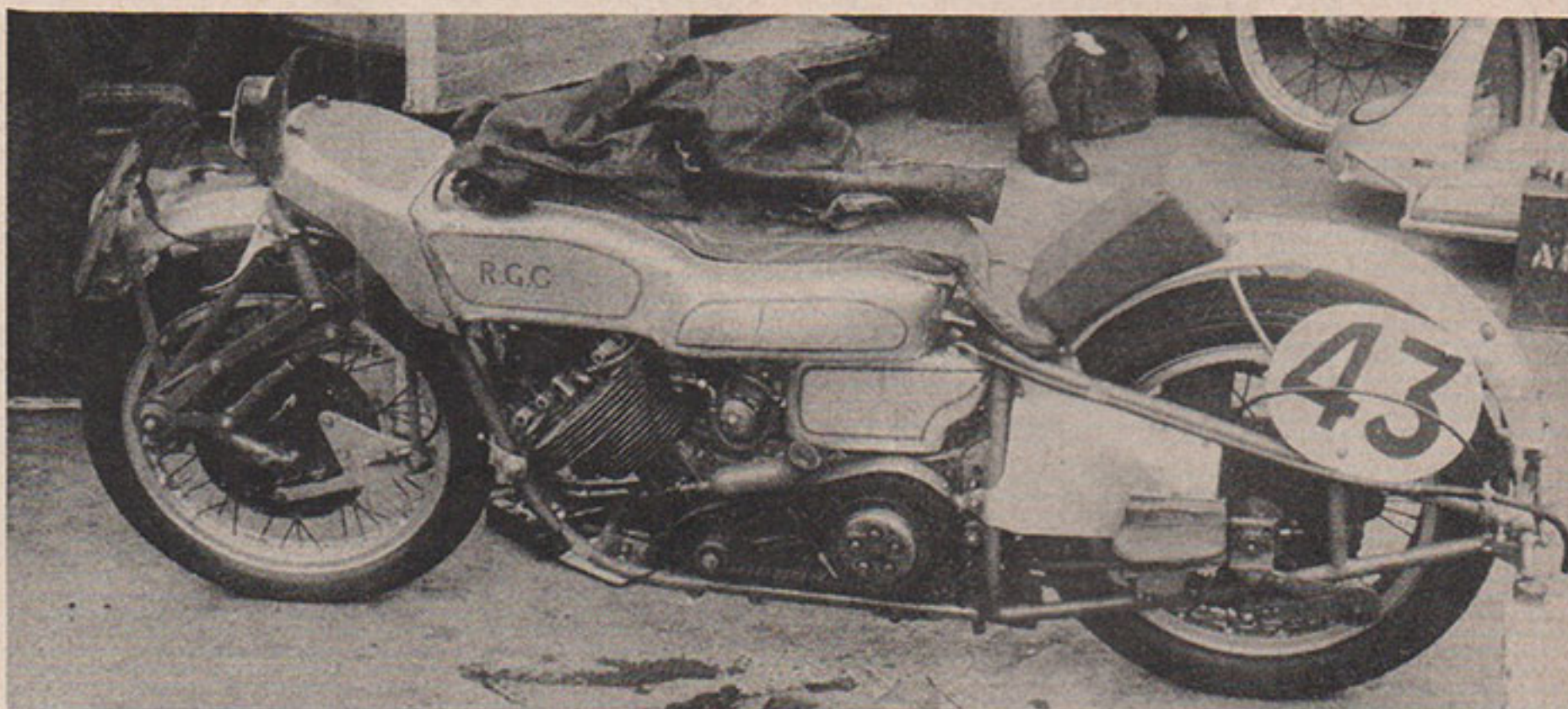
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The WORLD at a glance



Flatting-out on his Puch scooter, an Austrian trials competitor heads for the finish line on the last leg of a gruelling cross-country event where a speed run serves as the final test



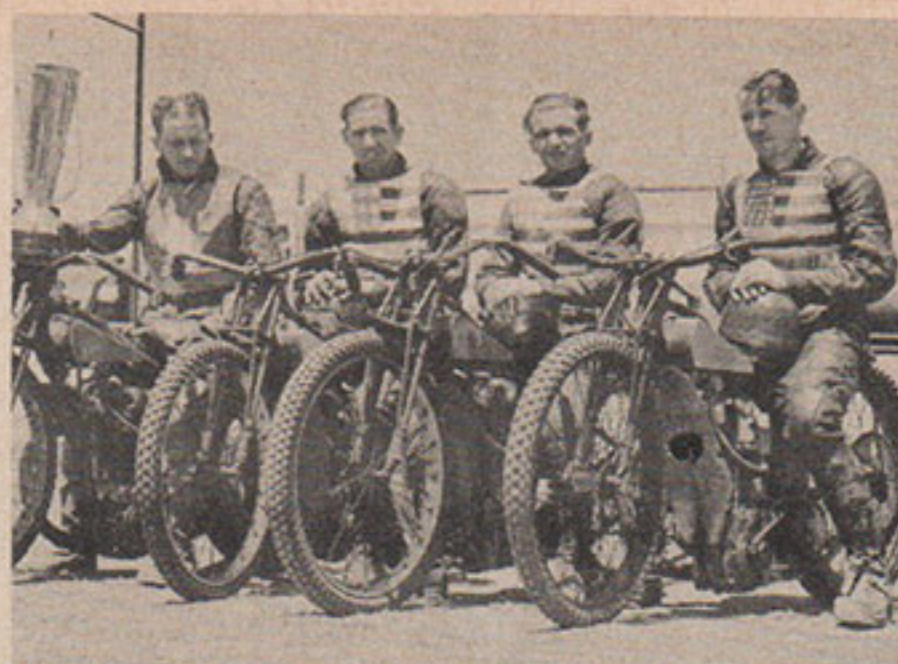
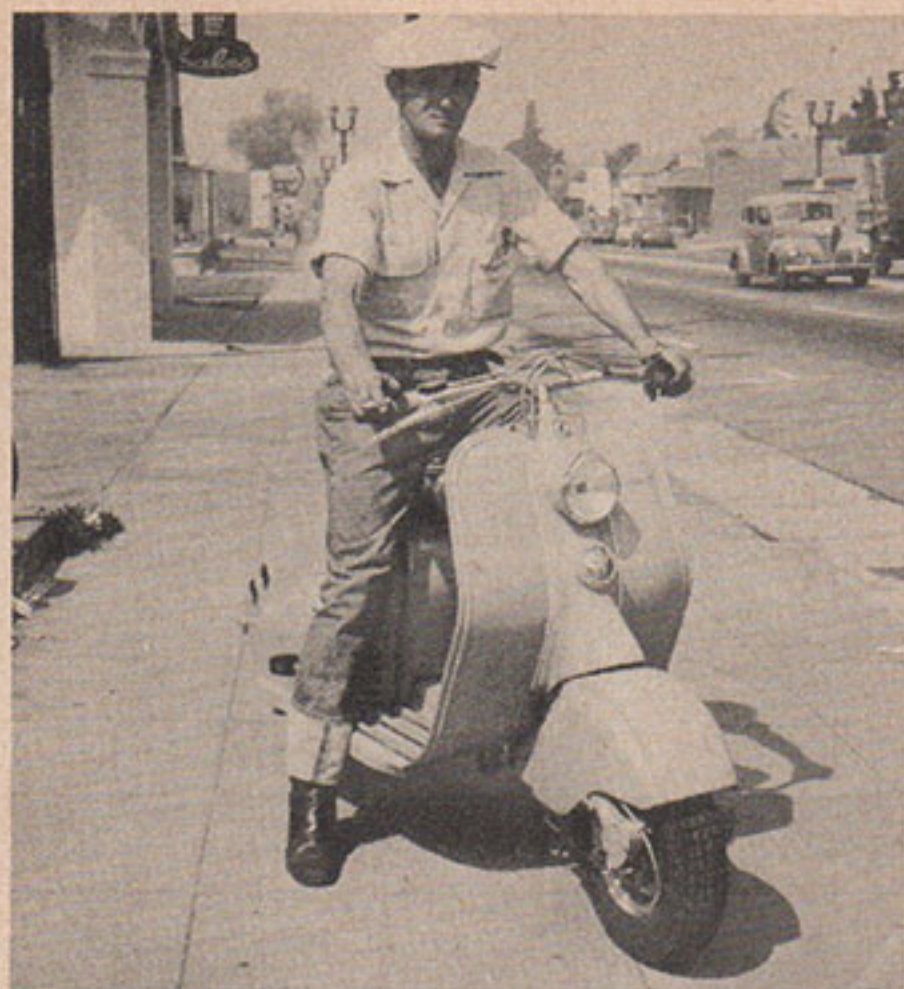
A special entry seen at one of the British paved circuit races was this 348 cc (21 cu. in.) AJS/RGC single driven by W. C. Storr. We won't attempt to describe it. Why spoil your fun!



Towing three reconverted hand mowers from its stern, this 125 Harley-Davidson cuts a 3½ hour job of lawn shaving to a mere 25 minutes. This rubber-tired trinity cuts a 44-inch swath



Mighty Molly Briggs makes a bow wave in competition. Britain's most capable lady rider, Molly was the only girl to finish 1950 International Six Days' Trial, winning highest honors



ABOVE, Those were the good old days (1938), when Cordy Milne, Wilber Lamoreaux, and Jack Milne (right to left) cleaned house on a world tour of short-track circuits. Today, Lammy (LEFT) is still one of America's top all-around riders, has just added Lambretta scooters, Singer cars to his new Glendale, California cycle shop



Before 15,000 spectators at Muskegon, Michigan, Earl S. Buck of Detroit defeated the pick of the nation's hill climbers mounted on 74 cubic inch cycles in the National Championship Class A Hill Climb. Earl rode a 40 inch BSA Golden Flash twin. His time was 8.2 seconds



Cups and kisses for Ken Kavanagh, 28-year-old Australian winner of the British Championship race at Boreham, Essex, England's fastest air-drome circuit. Ken is an official member of the Norton factory team who suddenly rose to fame following lessons by racer, Geoff Duke



With GI gusto, Pfc. Bill Billet of York, Pa., an instructor at the USFA Tactical Command, Camp McCauley, Austria, made an impressive debut in European road racing by finishing third in his first attempt—a 23 kilometer race in Linz. 21-year-old Billet also finished fifth over an eight kilometer at Gmunden against seasoned riders



One of 31 who rallied to Janesville, Wisconsin English Trials was Bob Churchill, shown in a sweat on tricky 8-section course. Sponsored by Bower City Riders, small motor class went to BSA riding Fred Schroeder (also grand champion), while James Walter, BSA, took medium class. Bruce Heath, Har-Dav, won among heavies



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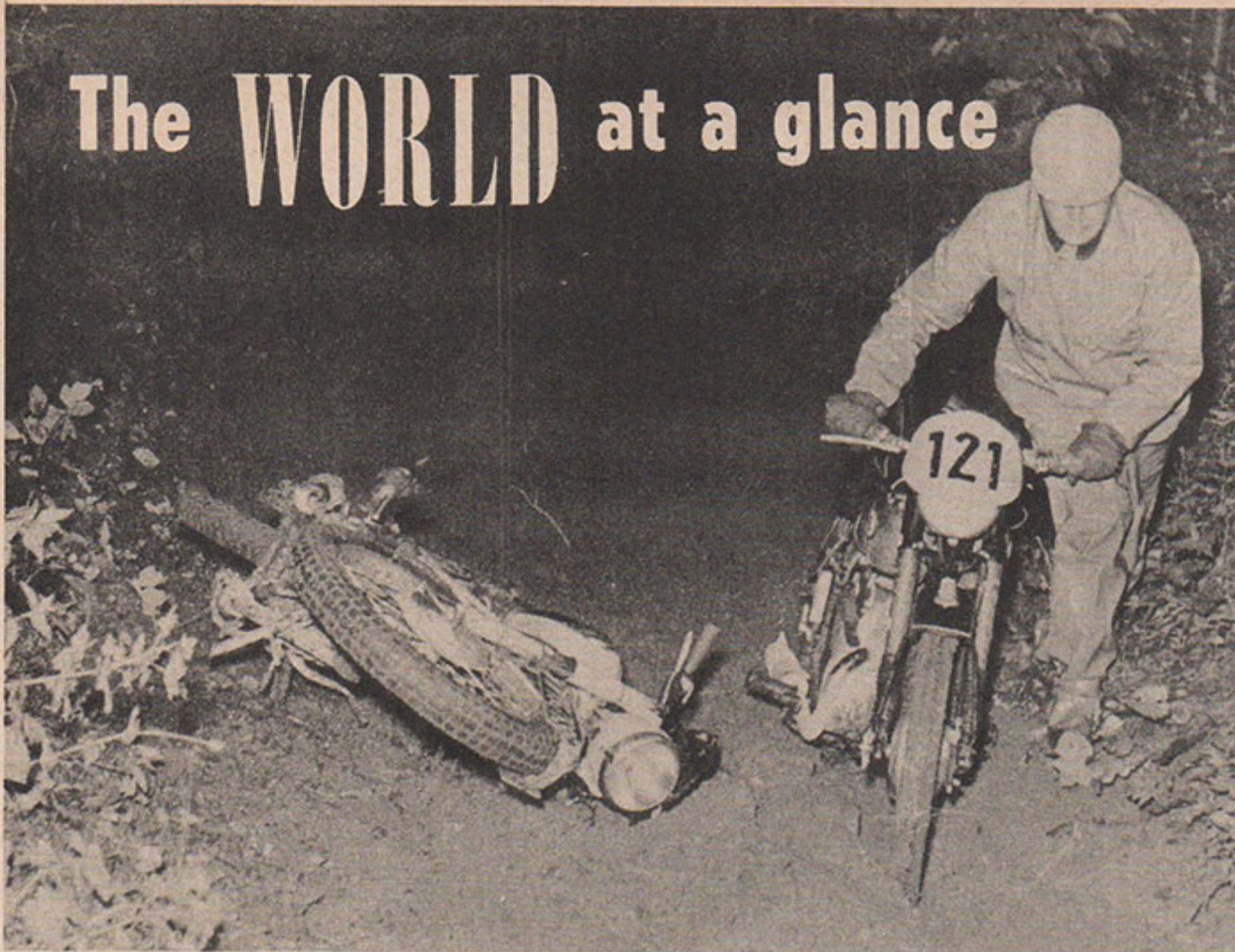
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The WORLD at a glance



Many good riders were counted out in the pre-dawn hours of the recent Alpine Trial held in Austria



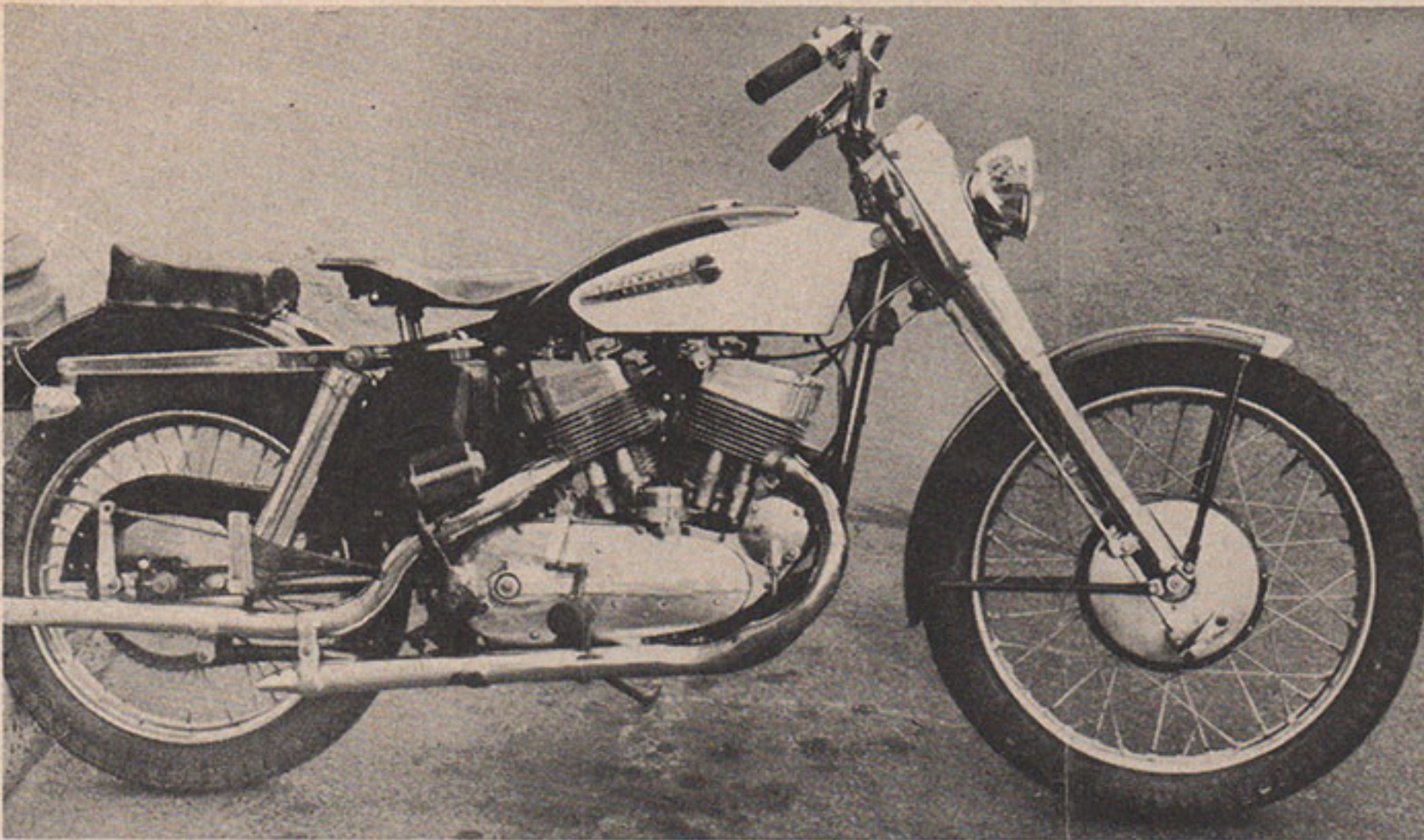
A Puch rider finds that rock-covered mountain turns pose one of the most difficult maneuvers



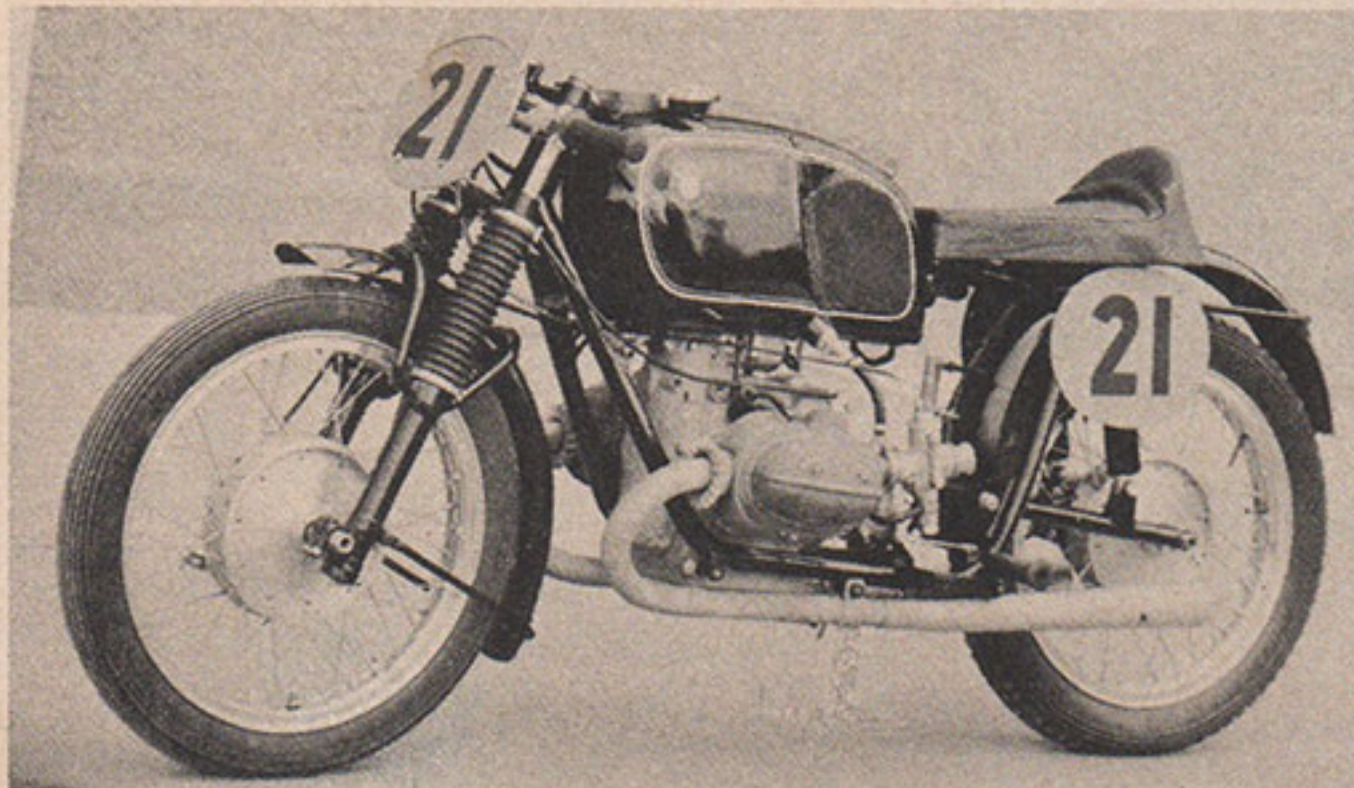
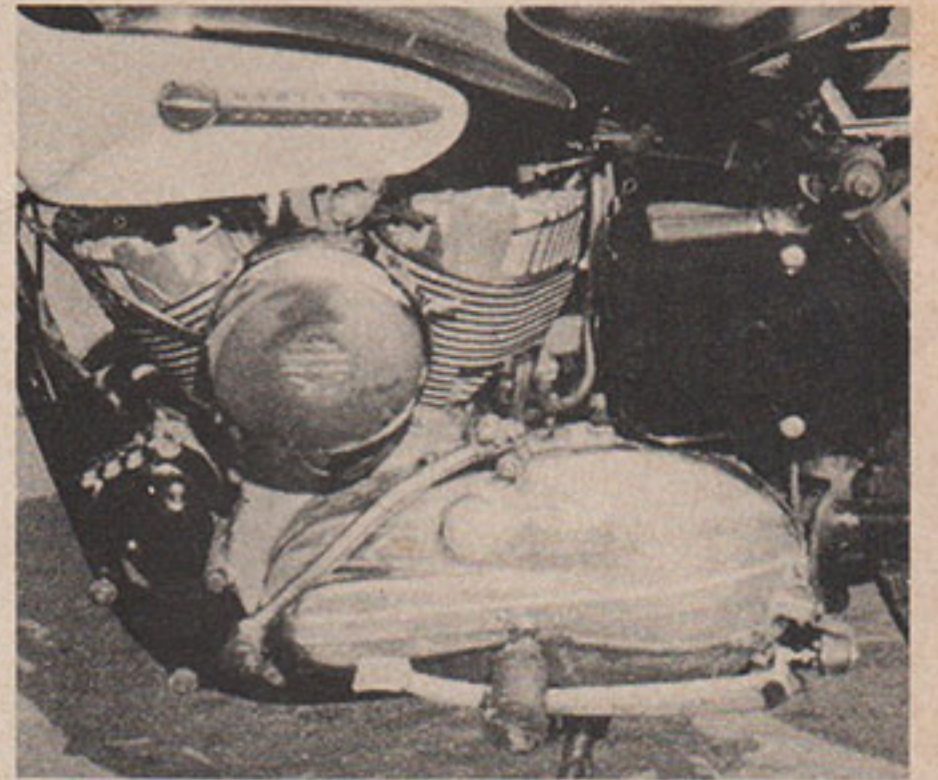
The sidecars are coming! Brains and brawn are equally necessary in piloting big three-wheelers



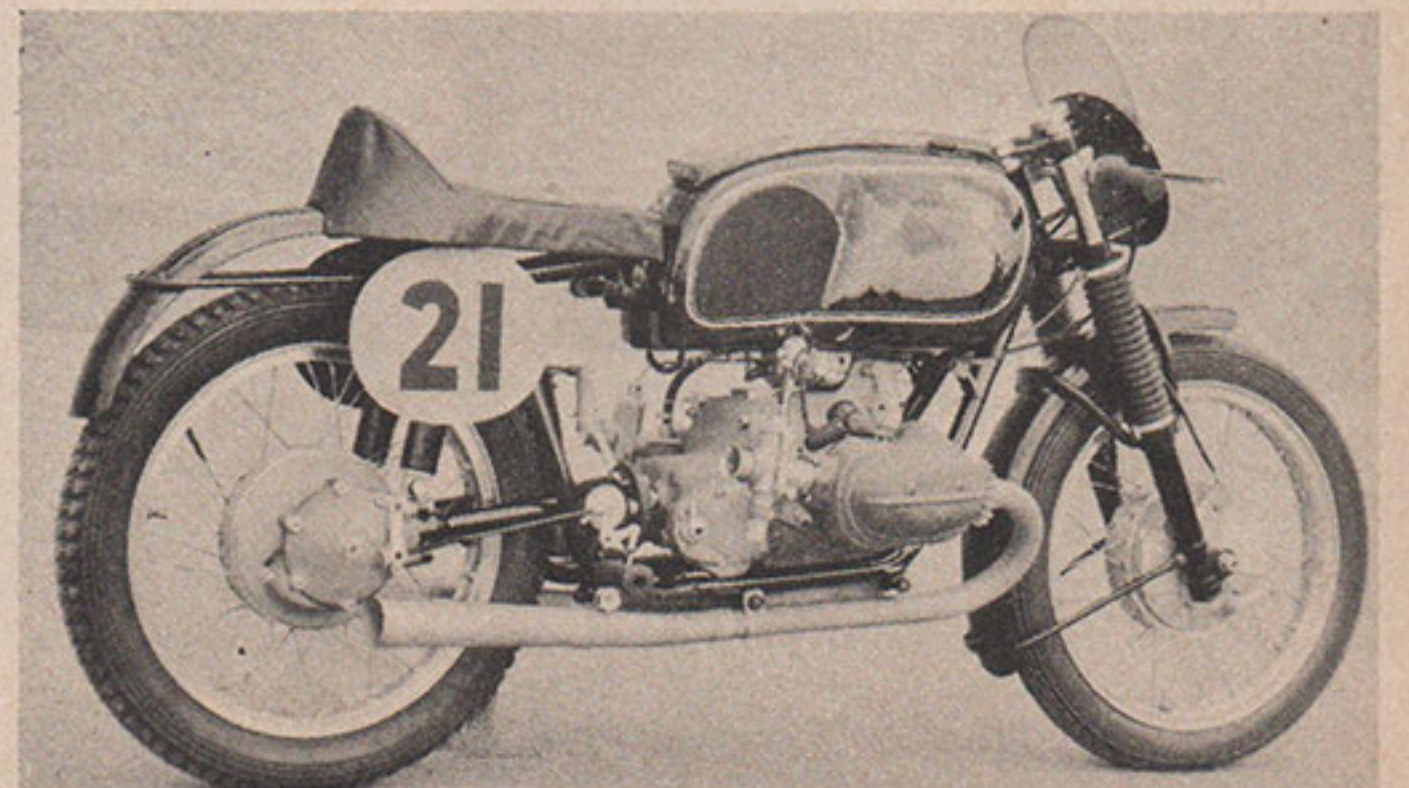
BMW sidecar crew accents the problems that are encountered along muddy mountain passes



ABOVE, Cyclists' leather goods and chopped K models take up most of Ross Langlitz's time. Ross's baby sports a 21x3.00 front wheel and a 19x3.50 rear, both with Avon tires. Other features are 125 Harley front fender, sealed beam headlight, modified Flanders "O" bars, cut-down MAC Velocette gas tank, 125 Harley saddle rebuilt by Langlitz, Langlitz pillion, eight-inch bob job on rear fender, chrome rear shock covers by MCM, twin stacks with removable tips, two under-seat lights replacing stock tail light (one for stopping, the other as tail light). Ross has also mounted standard accessory foot pegs onto bottom of rear shocks. Throttle action was shortened to 1/4 turn. With altered heads and carburetor and a factory racing kit installed, Langlitz reports very high performance, lower center of gravity, reduced weight and all-around better handling. RIGHT, note that foot shift lever has been crossed over to left side, positioned just ahead of rear brake pedal



BMW's very latest smoothy made its first appearance at the Grenzlandring track in Germany where it reached speeds of over 125 mph

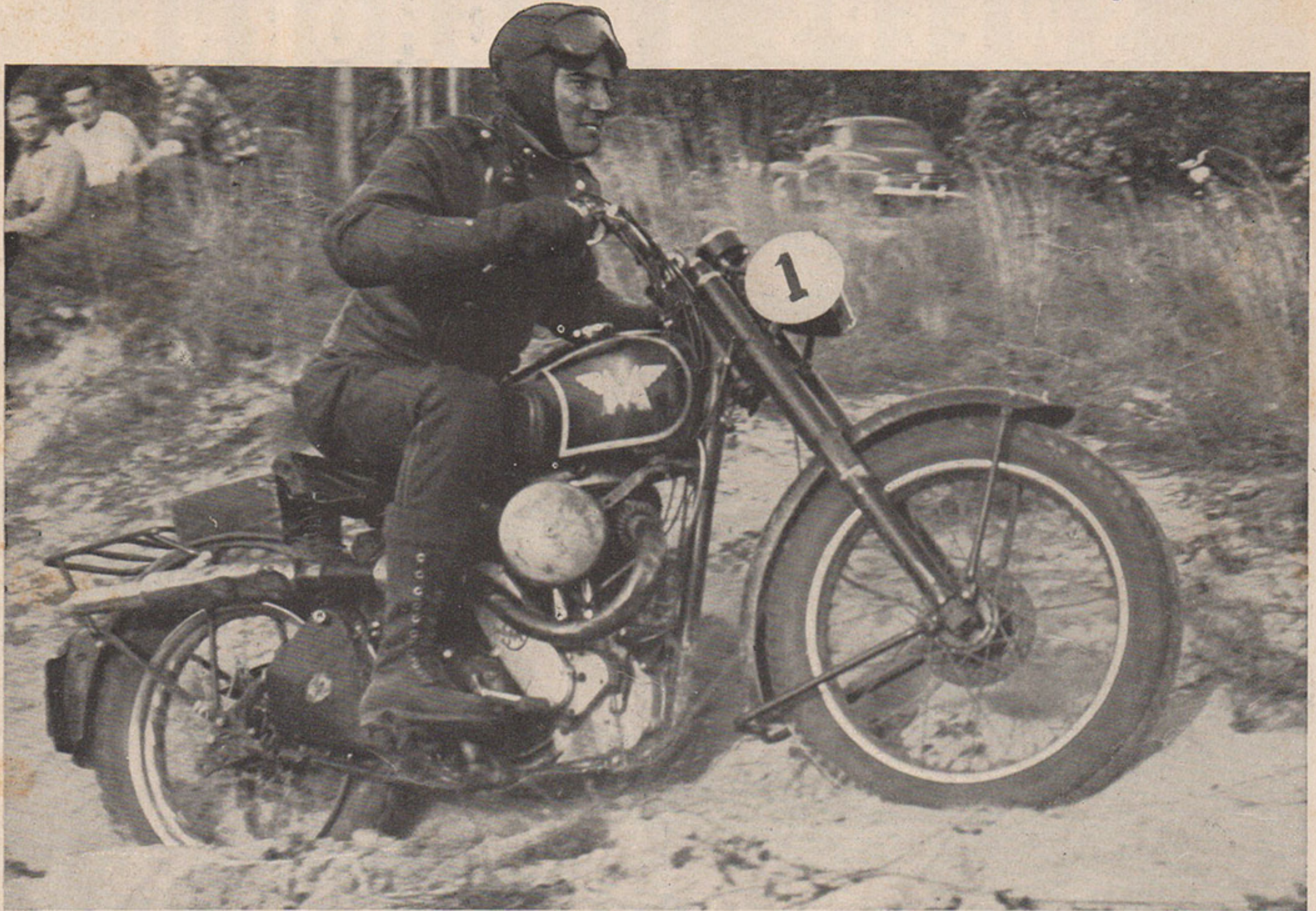


500 cc BMW now has swinging arm frame with drive-shaft enclosed in right side of swinging tube. Engine sets higher for better cornering

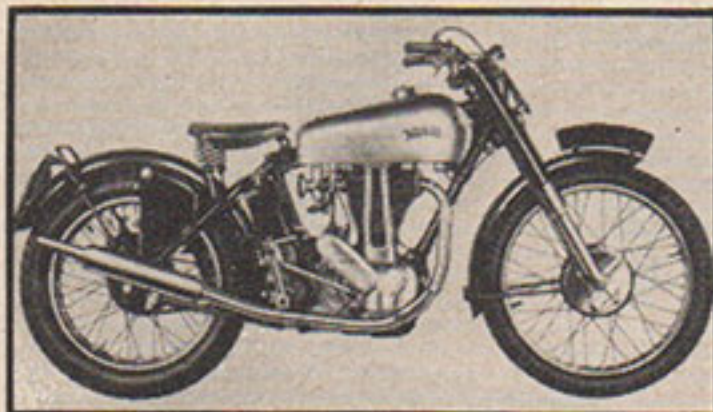
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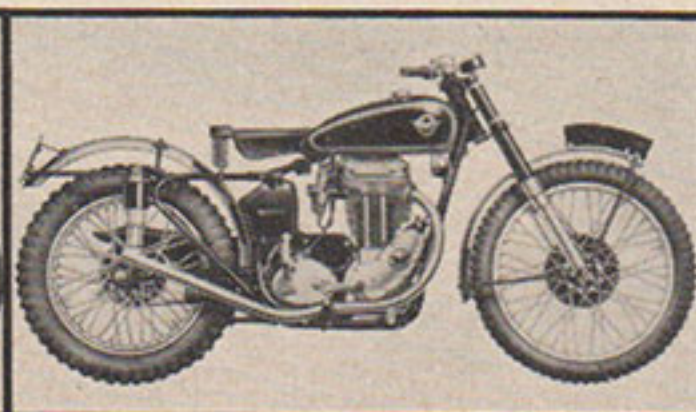
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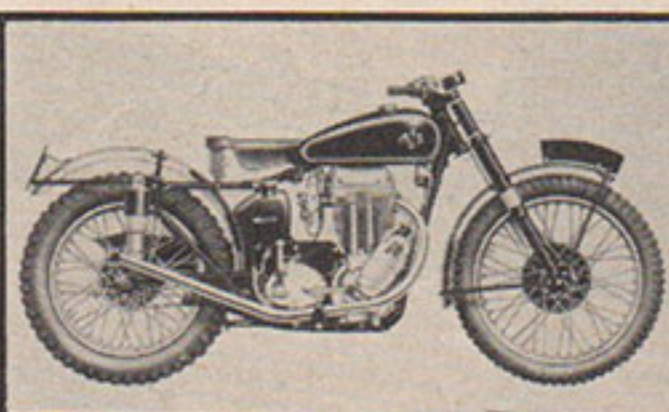
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