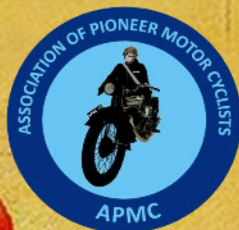


THE PIONEER MOTOR CYCLIST

Association of Pioneer Motor Cyclists.
Founded in 1928 Incorporating the
Pre 1914 TT Riders Re-union.



September 2021 No. 193

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EDITORS RAMBLINGS Geoff



The front cover shows a situation which would be frowned upon today, a probably lit pipe dangling inches above the petrol being poured into the tank. I was once going to pour petrol into my nephews bike. He was holding the funnel. Then I realised that he had a cigarette between his fingers holding the funnel. When I commented on what he was doing, he said it's not a flame, it won't ignite the petrol.

It's been a strange summer; continental temperatures followed by heavy rain and thunderstorms. I hope our friends are O K after some of extremely wet weather they have suffered. Property prices will be going up in the hills and vice versa in the valleys. Recently when looking for a quote for house insurance, I was asked if we were in a flood area. I remarked that if we got flooded, the Cheshire plains to our West, would be under 500 foot of water. Riding in the Peak District on a foggy day, you can ride up a hill and find yourself on a sunlit island; overlooking a grey misty sea with several small islands poking up in the distance. Makes navigating a seldom used route, more interesting.

Once when riding down the M5 on my BMW, I hit a very dense fog. Cars were blasting down the outside lane at at least 70 mph. I dropped into the inside lane about 50 feet behind a fairly slow HGV. When anything got too close behind me, I signalled and dropped onto the hard shoulder, then got back into the inside lane when they had passed. Probably illegal, so what. I left the M5 at the next slip road and continued my journey on A and B roads.



These sheep seemed quite concerned when I turned up on a Bushman.

Nice bike but I couldn't put up with the sound when on the over run on long downhill stretches. Bing ,bang, bong. It had to go.

NEW MEMBERS

The following have recently joined us. We welcome them and look forward to seeing them at some of our future functions and events.

P2417 Peter Peschken from Germany. Started riding in 1961. Has participated in events all over Europe since 1982 mainly on twin and single cylinder Wanderers, and his fathers 1927 Puch 220 cc. One journey was to back to the Place of Birth" Frankfurt-Chemnitz, Wanderer factory. Member of the VFC, VMC and Sunbeam MCC.

C2419 Mario Steffanelli of Newcastle, Staffs. Started riding in 1972 On a Honda P50 as a cheap and quick commuter, just better than a bicycle. Then a Lambretta LI 150 in nice red. On one holiday in 1975, I rode the Lambretta all the way to the potteries I then swapped to a Honda 400N Superdream/ This was short lived and I was soon riding a fabulous Moto Guzzi B50T3 in Black. Break of 25 years then back on a Aprilla Shiver 750 GT.

C2420 Gordon Horner of Manchester. Started riding off road, at 5, then on the road at 16.

C2421 Trevor Scott of N. Ireland. Started riding at 4 off road, then on the road at 16

C2422 William Gary Fleming of N Ireland. First bike was a Honda C50, in the fields, then a Yamaha FS1E on the road in 1976. First club was IRL Motorcycle Road racing Present club, Scott Owners. Started road racing on a Minarelli 50cc at 18 then progressed to a Yamaha TZ 350. Now have a 1928 Scott Flying Squirrel.

P2423 Clifford Ernest Bowman of Northampton. Started riding in 1946 on a 1936 248 P & M Red Panther. Then 600cc Scott and Brooklands Morgan. Vincent 1000cc and sprinted with sidecar. Panther Owners Club Now VMCC Scott and Douglas. Raced and sprinted Vincent and Scott Interested in all M/C events and in Drawing Motorcycles.

A2424 Steven Waight of Suffolk, First bike a Yamaha FS1E in 1983. Clubs Sunbeam Owners Fellowship, Sunbeam O. C., Marsten Sunbeam.. Lots of riding, ex army, now 12 classic bikes,

P2425 George Harold Smith of Kent. First bike was a 1921 New Hudson off road at 10 years old, then an Ariel Leader in 1963 and been riding ever since. Present clubs, VMCC and Sunbeam MCC

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LOT PREVIEW

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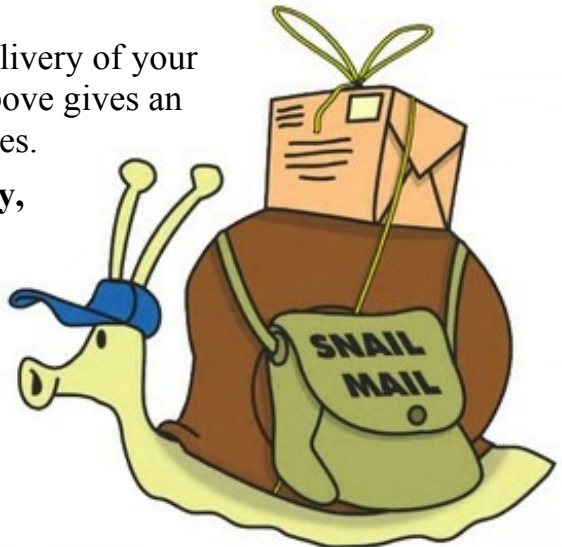
LATE DELIVERY OF THE 2021 JUNE MAGAZINE

The APMC has for many years used the Royal Mail Pre Paid Invoice system. The PPI reduces the postal cost to the APMC but has a procedure of some 30 stages before the magazine is handed in to the Post Office for distribution. Funds must be in place at the APMC Royal Mail Account prior to any posting. Our Treasurer is advised by our Mailing Officer of the funds required to cover the cost of the imminent mailing. He was advised on the 26th May 2021 that £50 should be paid into the APMC Account topping up our balance to cover the June postal charges, this he did. The Mailing Officer then contacts Royal Mail for confirmation that sufficient funds are in place. The Royal Mail said that even with the £50, APMC were in debt to the tune of £22.73. Clearly an error had occurred. They had invoiced for two deliveries on consecutive days! The Mailing Officer contacted Royal Mail, explained the situation and expected a prompt response and credit of funds taken in error. Royal Mail were adamant that two postings had taken place yet could only produce paperwork for one! After numerous contact with various departments, it took until 26th July when confirmation was received by text that the enquiry had been investigated and that within the next three days the funds taken in error would be credited to the APMC account.

So, our apologies for the late delivery of your June Magazine but I trust the above gives an indication of where the blame lies.

Bob Badland APMC Secretary,
and for my sins **Mailing**
Officer.

*NB. It's unlikely the APMC will be using Royal Mail again and plans are in place for an alternative courier. This fellow on the right may be quicker



A PHOTO FROM THE PAST

This photo was taken on 20th August 1995 at the APMC Tea Party near Liphook, Hants. 1995 President, Jim Kentish with Geoff Murdoch on Jim Hammant's 1948 AJS 7R, which was ridden by Geoff in the 1948 Junior TT, finishing 37th and 4th in the Senior TT. Jim fell in practice and failed to start.

From Jim Hammant's collection.



Dear Geoff,

Here is a little snippet of information that you like to use:-

In the 1950, I worked for Godfrey's, the motorcycle agent in Great Portland Street in the West End of London and as such had a long-standing connection with BSA. On two occasions, motorcycles were sent to be used in West End shows.

One was a C10L and other a C11G. Both were supplied to be driven under power onto the stage. The system used was accepted by the London authorities. Both machines had pre mono-block carburettors, bottom feed with the supply union blocked off and no petrol in the tank. The removable top was drilled, a plunger

fitted, and the chamber filled with cotton wool. To start the engine the top was removed the cotton wool filled with petrol, top replaced, the plunger pressed and the kick-starter used. The engine would start and machine driven on to the stage but not off. One of the theatres involved was the Palladium I recall.

Kind regards,

Norman Devonshire P1527



I HAVE THE EQUIPMENT

A tale from the late Harry Lindsay

After the last war, we had a few good grass trackers in Ireland. Amongst them, we had Ernie Lyons and Terry Hill. A little later we had another few of the same build- big strong fellows-mostly farmers. Amongst that group was Willie Harris. Willie campaigned big bikes. They included 500 JAP's and big Gold Star BSAs.

Now Willie got them going very well and it was generally accepted that his pal Neville McConnell had a big part in mixing up a brew of alcohol that produced more power than was normal. Neville was affectionately known amongst the lads as "that cute hoor".

In due course, we found his secret source. It was due to Neville's interest in fishing. The west of Ireland was and is a great area for fishing and Neville with years of experience had got very friendly with a west of Ireland man who was a gilly and who knew all the best places for good trout. Apart from that ability, this old boy had a reputation as a really quality poteen distiller- the finest of alcohol.

Accordingly Neville, during tranquil hours of casting fly's over the western lakes introduced his gilly/distiller to the thrills of grass track racing and such was his ability to stimulate the imagination, that he had the distiller promising to produce a drop of the stuff that would leave the rest at home.

This did happen, Willie continued his victorious way and it appeared at one time that all his competition would have to wait their chance until Willie qualified for the old age pension.

Now producing poteen was and is a highly illegal procedure and every Christmas the customs people make a big effort to round up the best-known producers. Amongst them of course was the most famous of them all, Tadgh, Willie's supplier, through Neville.

So traps were set, police patrolled the heather, and in due course Tadgh was set upon and apprehended.

Now Tadgh had not any actual alcohol liquid on the site when the law arrived but he had all his paraphernalia, still, measurements, pipes, gas bottles etc. The presentation of Tadgh as their prize catch, who had evaded them for years was performed in front of a new attractive lady judge on her first circuit.

The young lady was determined to be tough.

"How do you plead?" She enquired from Tadgh.

"Not guilty"

"I cannot accept that plea in view of the evidence."

"They didn't find any of the stuff."

"No, but you had all the equipment and accordingly, I am finding you guilty."

Tadgh looked around the courthouse and, as his eyes swept around, Neville swears he slipped him a wink.

"Well, your worship if that is sufficient evidence to find me guilty I could ask you to clear my guilt entirely and also charge me for rape."



The young judge was astonished at this request by the seventy five year old.

"Do you submit to me now that you are guilty of rape?"

"Well I suppose I am, after all, I have the equipment!"

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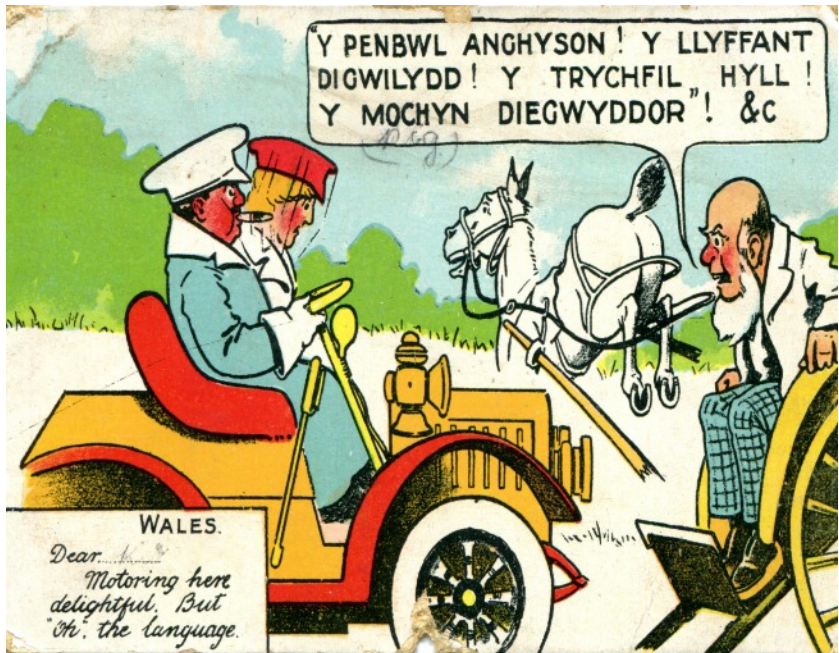
A mixture of good quiet back roads, with lots of twisty bits and a few fast straights for good measure. Plus a couple of small single track lanes linking one back road to another. Very little main roads other than crossing at various junctions. A pleasant day, dry and bright, warm but not excessively hot. Went past lots of lovely big country houses and chocolate box cottages, all with beautiful gardens which were well tendered and watered. Stunning displays of flowers and shrubs, some giving off a strong scent as I wafted past. Virtually no traffic, and only a few solitary bicycles. Back home now, relaxing with a cold chibuli or three, while listening to the satisfying tic - tic of the engine as it cools....



Nick Dulk

This post card is from 1908. Can any Welsh speaking members translate what the bearded gentleman is saying.

I translated it on my computer, but it didn't make any sense in English.



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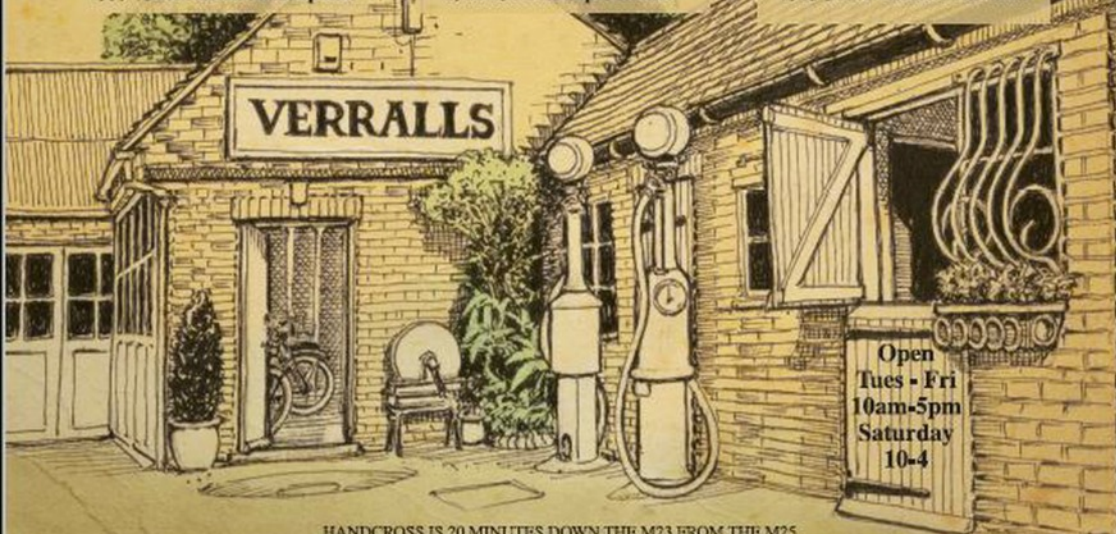
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This is the story of an ordinary man's life with the toys he loved best

Continued from June issue.

I was walking down Holborn one very hot day, considering that hell could not possibly be worse than London in high summer, when I saw, in the window of the Service Company, 'IT'. The 1915 Sun. I was glowing with a radiance like an electric fire as I patted my tank, pushed on my bars, and turned my wheels into the London street.



At that time, I had done very little riding, except on the few machines which really good friends would entrust to me, and, even in my exalted state, was not fool enough to try conclusions *ab initio* with London traffic; so I started to push my treasure to Waterloo station. I found this very hard work indeed as I plodded along in the gutter under a July sun, and it is some indication of my state of mind that I was only thankfully relieved when a most unlikely looking character standing on the pavement, said to me, en passant, "Why don't yer take the bloody belt off, yer fool?" The character was right, too; the Sun and I arrived at the station practically at a canter. I bribed a kindly guard to let me travel in his van with my treasure, so that, on curves, it should fall on me rather than the floor, and I spent the entire journey rushing from one side to the other, interposing my person between my precious machine and disaster.

Duly decanted at the home station, I filled the petrol tank at the nearby garage (the Sun had proper pump oiling instead of a recipe), replaced the belt, and set off for home. The oiling system was by pump with no sight feed, and I had been instructed to depress the plunger every five miles or so, when it would rise under spring action and deliver oil to the engine; I duly depressed the plunger, which rose as advertised (the salesman had told me the oil tank was full) and it was not until I had covered some distance, still in a sort of heavenly come at this first ride of my own machine, that I became conscious, via legs and nose, of great heat, that I had the sense to stop and inspect the engine. The cherry-red cylinder quickly informed me of the fact, which, of course, I should have checked, that the salesman was a liar, and that the oil tank was bone dry.

Plunged, in a manner of speaking, from the summit of Everest to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, I took the belt off once more, and weeping copiously, pushed the rest of the way, acutely aware that anyone but a halfwit would have

checked the tank anyway. Once home, I deluged the engine oil (I had a five-gallon drum all ready) and tried my luck. In fact, all went well, and it is a great tribute to that gallant little engine that it bore me no grudge, and for about a year, carried me around for many thousands of happy miles.

For its day, it was a good little lightweight; single-gearred, of course, with a proper magneto, tank-controlled, and a deflector-topped piston, which, for some reason which baffles me, never whiskered plugs as do the modern flat-tops. The dreadful bars were soon substituted with a pair of semi-T.T. from a Douglas and footrests for the boards; and the current girl-friend, as a bait for future pillion rides, presented it with a cast white-metal figure of a Speed Nymph. In retrospect, I feel the Nymph was a little out of place; top speed of the Sun, quivering in every limb and with following Force 9 gale, was about corpulence suggesting advanced pregnancy, which probably explained everything. I soon found that the machine ran a lot better without its large cast silencer: and as the pipe discharged vertically downward, my passage along the largely dirt roads of the day produced a sort of Wild West effect; one half expected to see stage coaches or large herd of buffalo emerge from the immense dust cloud which hung for miles on a still afternoon in my wake.

But, although relatively trouble-free, the little machine was pitifully under-powered, I forget its capacity, except that it was small, and the engine probably needed a rebore. It was, easy to paddle off two up, but after a time, the girl friend, whose originally delicious ankles were noticeably thickening as a result of walking up hills up which the Sun refused to carry her, began a muted agitation for something more powerful; and although, as will appear later, I lost her in the end, at that time her opinion carried weight.

It was probably coincidence, but just about then, I was being considerably annoyed by a newcomer to our village, who used to come stonking past the Sun at the rate of knots, accompanied by a most glorious noise. Not that stonking past the Sun was, per se, a very notable feat—a good man on a pushbike could do it—but it was the contemptuous air of not really trying that formed in my mind a determination to acquire this machine, if at all possible. So, on a suitable occasion, outside a pub, I sidled up to the stranger and, in a manner of speaking, pushed the boat out. The machine in question was a

3½h.p. (500 c.c.) racing Singer, once the property of the famous Stanley, slightly detuned for road use and fitted with a long-forgotten device called a Phillipson pulley, a very sinister piece of mechanism which was to play a dramatic part in my Life. The forks were rigid, and the bars



curved forward and down in a most dramatic manner, the grips terminating at wheel-spindle level: there was an excellent Bosch magneto and an archaic carburettor known as a Senspray, with a cylindrical, horizontal throttle barrel, which was a standard fitting on the Rudges of the time. The owner displayed a coy reluctance to sell, which I, much too late, realised was an advanced form of salesmanship; the more I pressed him, the more sticky he became, until, in a lunatic frenzy, I agreed to pay him sixty pounds for a thing worth about half that sum. Mother sold the rest of her jewellery, and at last I, too, could stonk around the countryside with a glorious noise.

The quality of the noise was accounted for by the fact that the exhaust was straight-through; but, as the Surrey police were a little touchy on the subject, I made two holes in a cylindrical oil tin, painted it a neat black, and slid it over the end of the pipe, thus acquiring the look, with none of the drawbacks, of a forty m.p.h., but a closer inspection of the lady revealed a degree of a silencer; and I now looked forward to years of thundering and majestic progress. Only it didn't turn out quite that way.

To begin with, the rigid forks and dramatic bars were not tops for comfort. As regards the bars, I either had to present the top of my head to the accident, or acquire a crick in my neck which, after a few miles, made an accident seem positively desirable; the forks were certainly rigid. If you ran over a postage stamp, you could tell easily which was the gummed side, while a major obstacle, such as a dead match, threw the whole machine bodily into the air.

However, I had made my bed, and, since all my money and all Mother's jewellery were exhausted, I must lie on it. There were certainly compensations; the engine, which had a steel piston drilled to a creditable imitation of best Brussels lace, and a fairly high compression, was fast for its day, and the Cowey speedometer (nearly as accurate as the famous Bonnilksen) would show seventy plus in suitable conditions. A second-hand pair of Druid forks made it at least possible to stay on the machine instead of being permanently semi-detached, and, for a time at least, it was fun to ride.

So began, for me, the Golden Decade, that wonderful time between 1920 and 1930, which will never come again.

We bought our petrol from garages which stocked only cans (red for Shell, green for Pratts and yellow if you wanted benzole mixture) and the attendant would cheerfully open a fresh can for half a gallon and slosh it in with a funnel, making some cheerful comment on your bike, an attitude highly unlikely today. The price, after the initial inflation of 1919, varied around one and something a gallon and pumps, hand-worked, of course, were only just

beginning to appear. Each week-end, there were huge, spontaneous gatherings of motorcyclists at the well-known venues, such as Wisley Hut, Newlands Corner, and Frensham. We would park our machines anywhere and circulate, admiring or criticising each other's mounts; perfect strangers proffered a run on their machines; similarly, you offered your own (there were no insurance difficulties then) and never once did I hear of a bike being stolen. Had such a thing happened, I think half a dozen of the faster men would have leapt to horse and run the offender down; but, to my knowledge, it never occurred. In this way, I rode dozens of machines for short period; and what machines they were. There were the beautiful five and eight horse Zeniths, with the lovely Gradua gear, which opened and closed the pulley flanges and at the same time moved the rear wheel back or forward in the fork, to take up belt slack, so that you pushed off in low gear (around 7 to 1) and gradually opened the throttle, at the same time winding back the coffee-grinder handle so that the revs dropped and the speed went up, and you were doing around seventy on a gear of $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, with only the wind roar and the gentle phutterphutter of the big V twin beneath you, and the small, recurrent click of the belt fastener on the pulley.

These were the direct-drive Zeniths; later they tried a clutch model, which was not a success, because the countershaft was forward of the engine, so that all the chain slack fell into the sprockets and made a terrible noise which even a heavy cast alloy chaincase could not silence; and the clutch was like the business end of a candle. There were the Rudge-Multis, whose gear did a similar job in a slightly different way, the rear wheel having a moveable belt-rim flange, which, controlled by a side lever, opened and closed in phase with the engine pulley. Many people preferred this to the Gradua, but I always loved the Zeniths, though, alas, I never owned one because they were too costly for me, and by the time I could have bought one they had dropped the belt drive, and became just another run-of-the-mill chain driven twin.

For the real hard-bitten Zenith man, there was the famous "90 bore", with vertical overhead valves, which had the rather disconcerting habit of dropping a valve in on occasions when you least wanted it, because it did the engine no sort of good; but most were content with the J.A.P. side-valve. One enterprising and friendly undergraduate— his name was Cattle, and I wonder if he is still in circulation— fitted his twin with copper wheel discs; he often let me ride this bike, which was trusting of him. Although the eyes of other riders popped out on lazy-tongs with admiration of the lovely machine, I found the wheel discs rather disconcerting in any sort of crosswind, and remember being thankful that I never fell for that Metro-Tyler in 1919.

There were other noble machines, now long forgotten; the fast, splendid Martinsydes, the Lea-Francis, the lovely Leafs, so beautifully finished, the curious Royal Rubies, with long leaf-springs fore and aft, the wonderful 3 h.p. A.B.C., so many years ahead of its time, with its transverse-twin o,h,v. engine, car-type gearbox, spring frame and beautiful satin-black finish, which, if only Sopwith had persevered a little longer, to iron out the bugs which plagued the valve gear and other bits, would have swept all before it. Before it folded, the price went to £170, at which everybody turned pale and went sadly away, in blissful ignorance of a day, mercifully hidden in the womb of the future, when a thousand pounds would hardly buy a machine of equal merit and workmanship.

There were the hardy perennials. Triumph, with the good old Model H, with chain-cum-belt drive, the little round-tank two-stroke, with the unspectacular performance but with, apparently, everlasting life; the four-valve Ricardo model, with the dodgy steering, which killed one or two people because it could break away on fast bends.

The brain children of Pa Norton, side-valve and o.h.v. in their day among the finest in the world; the B.S.A.s, including the funny little round-tank model of 1924, which had a narrow squeak from being made illegal because both its brakes worked on the rear wheel, and which sold in thousands, and the much-loved big Slopers, one of the best pre-war machines ever offered.

The Brough Superiors, in a class apart, because most of us could hardly afford the tank filler cap, let alone the complete machine; and lesser imitators, such as the Coventry-Eagle Flying Eight; the beautiful Marston Sunbeams, impeccably made and finished. There were the immediate post-war freaks, which did not survive, nor deserved to; the Corona, with its hideous dazzle-painted tank; the Redrup radial; the Duzmo, which did achieve some success in the hands of Le Vack, but which was most unhappily named, because most people thought it was a lawn mower or a vacuum cleaner; a host of long forgotten rubbish, all with Villiers or small J.A.P. engines and mediocre to bad performance. There were others, which deserved a better fate; New Imperial, O.K.-Supreme, Calthorpe, Coulson-B, New Gerrard, New Scale, Cotton, Matchless and A.J.S. and Francis-Barnett, though the last three, before they finally disappeared, together with the famous Ariel, existed only in badge-engineering form which bore about as much relation to the illustrious originals as the present Riley to the Riley Nine of glorious memory. Most of them folded and died in the depression of the thirties, for the firms were mostly small and could not stand the strain, though a few, like the brave, unlucky Douglas, and the A.M.C. products, struggled on into the fifties and sixties.

Continued in December issue.

**YOU DON'T STOP RIDING
WHEN YOU GET OLD**



**YOU GET OLD
WHEN YOU STOP RIDING**

THE TRAUB MOTOR CYCLE

In 1967 a plumber was called to a house in a suburb of Chicago USA to repair a water leak. He had to remove part of a wall to do so and behind it, he found a motorcycle. It apparently had



been there behind the wall since 1916 without any of the property owners knowing about it. The Traub turned out to be one of the rarest models of motorcycle ever made and it transpired that it is the only one in existence and likely the only one ever made.

Experts examined it and declared it was brilliantly engineered and that its construction was well ahead of its time. It also didn't take much to get it running after half a century in the darkness and even its white tyres were still in good condition. The engine seemed virtually new, there didn't appear to be a spot of rust on the orange, and butterscotch-brown paint leaving historians wondering who it was that had created this fabulous machine.

Researchers discovered that the son of a previous owner of the house had stolen the motor cycle from the machines owner in 1916. The father was so outraged at the theft that he made his son enlist in the Army. The son then hid the stolen machine behind the wall in the belief that he could uncover it after he returned from fighting for his country. Tragically, he was sent to fight in the First World War battlefields where he perished.

Whilst the identity of the Traub's creator has been frustrating historians for years, we now believe the bike's creator had the name of Gottlieb Richard Traub and that he was born in America but was of German descent. Further research revealed a "Richard Traub" had sent a letter describing his homemade four-horsepower motorcycle to the editor of *Motorcycle Illustrated* which was a magazine of the time in July 1907; he gave his address as North Paulina St, Chicago, USA.

"Dear Sir, Please find the enclosed picture and specifications of a motorcycle made by myself throughout engine and all. I worked on this cycle about one

year, putting in the time only between 7 pm and 11 pm. I also worked on Sundays.

Its specifications are – Wheelbase, 55 inches; tank capacity, 3 1/2 gallons gasoline, 1 gallon oil, sufficient for 125 miles; power, 4 horsepower; bore and stroke 3 1/4 by 4 inches; auxiliary gasoline tank, 1/2 gallon; speed, more than the roads will stand; perfect grip control; throttle and spark motor is geared 3 3/4 to 1; it has a cycle chain with washers and does good service; has never troubled me yet, and I rode all of 1,500 miles."

Enquiries established that the 1910 Chicago census showed that a 27-year-old Gottlieb Richard Traub did live at 1520 North Paulina St., Chicago and he listed himself as a toolmaker in a factory.

Interestingly his 1917/18 WWI Army draft

registration card stated that he was a self-employed experimental machinist. The address turned out to be an attached garage located at the back of his residence at 1520 North Paulina Street and not far from where the bike was found walled up in 1967. The census records confirmed that a Gottlieb Richard Traub worked in an attached garage located at the back of his residence on North Paulina Street and not far from where the bike was found walled up in 1967.

Experts suggest Traub's technology was decades ahead of other motorcycles produced at the time. The machine had a unique twin-brake/single-cam system that has not been seen on any other American motorcycle to this day. Its 80 cylinder V-twin engine yielded a capacity of 1,278cc, which took the hand built machine to 85mph.

Soon after the Traub Motorcycle's discovery, a Chicago motorcycle dealer named Torello Tacchi exchanged his \$700 Suzuki for the Traub which he restored to perfect condition. In 1972 stunt rider, Bud Ekins famous as movie





star Steve McQueen's stuntman purchased the Traub from Tacchi and later sold it to California bike collector Richard Morris. It was then sold to Dale Walksler to add to his 'Wheels Through Time' Museum collection of 240 classic American motorcycles. The 105 year old Traub still gets ridden on a fairly regular basis and Walksler has even had the engine apart to cure a knocking noise that turned out to be a worn out connecting rod bushing.

The components inside the engine appeared magnificent stated Walksler, the pistons were handmade, and they have gap-less cast iron rings. The engineering and machining were simply years ahead of its time. During the reassembly process, the only parts he had to fabricate were the base gaskets. The bike didn't use any other gasket anywhere in the engine. The few "off-the-shelf" parts were a Schebler carburettor, a Bosch magneto, a Troxel Jumbo seat and period wheel rims, which allowed Walksler to determine an approximate date of build at 1916. The Traub's technology was clearly decades ahead of other motorcycles produced at the time. Indeed the unique twin-brake/single-cam system has not been seen on any other American motorcycle to this day. Its 80 ci V-twin engine yielded a capacity of 1,278cc which was absolutely huge compared to other motorcycles of the time. For example, the 1919 Indian Scout was 745cc and the 1919 Harley-Davidson Model W was 584cc. The Traub could also easily reach 85 mph, a speed that was also years ahead of its time.

Surprisingly no evidence of the Traub being reported stolen, exists, nor are there any records or police reports that indicate Traub tried to locate the missing motorcycle, which is a mystery that Gottlieb Richard Traub took to the grave when he died in 1952.

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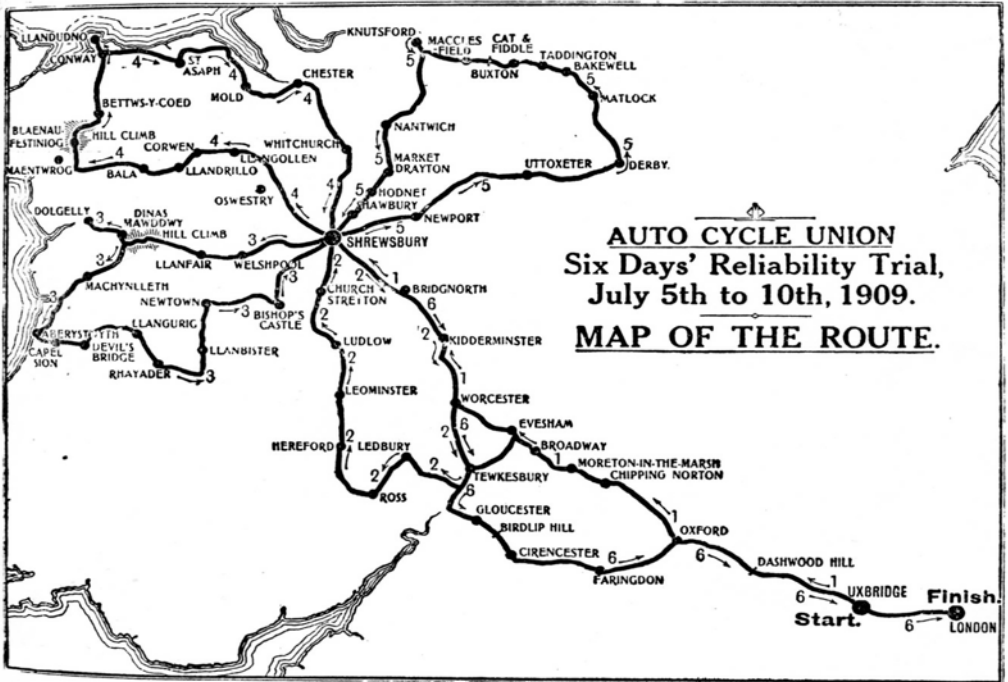
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SIX DAYS, 990 MILES.

This is nothing to anyone riding a post World War Two bike, but not quite so easy for a rider in 1909.



I've picked day five's report, as an example, as it covers roads that I have travelled on, many times throughout the last 65 years.

Report from the Blue Un, July 1909.

Fifth Day. Circular Run from Shrewsbury, through Market Drayton, Middlewich, Macclesfield, Cat and Fiddle, Matlock, Derby, Uttoxeter, Stone, Crudgington, and back to Shrewsbury. 177 miles.

Today's journey was begun in splendid weather, and thanks to Mr. Straight, I was given a seat on the Humber car, which soon caught up the stragglers on the Market Drayton Road. The surface of the roads was excellent, and few riders were seen in trouble. Middlewich was an exceedingly difficult town to negotiate. First of all the men had to turn sharply to the right, and then came an abrupt turn to the left over a very steep and narrow bridge. Near Hankelow, at a sharp corner, we came upon the Zenith and sidecar which had run into the hedge, smashing the sidecar seat, but fortunately doing no further damage. Miller, the driver, successfully patched things up well enough to proceed, and he was last seen at the luncheon stop. Beyond a few corners the

road to Macclesfield presented no serious difficulties, but at Nantwich news came to hand that Tatham (31/2 h.p. Matchless) had broken his exhaust valve some twenty miles away, and was unable to obtain a spare one. After the officials had consulted together the previous night, it was decided to omit the Cat and Fiddle Hill from the list of timed ascents, owing to the gradient being too easy, and with this, I entirely agreed.

So well graded is the pass over the moors that a 2 3/4 h.p. Douglas, driven by an amateur spectator, easily held its own with a 20-h.p. car.



Moreover, the corners proved quite difficult enough under ordinary conditions. B. H. Davies fell and broke his rear brake rod at one corner, and Tatham, who got going later, had a similar contretemps and was put out of the running.

Here, as everywhere, there were a number of motor cycling spectators; in fact, in every part of the country traversed have people taken a great interest in the competition, while the police have been of the greatest possible assistance. From the summit, the road descends into Buxton, and after the climb up to Taddington, it is downhill all the way into Matlock Bath. The ride through the dales was particularly beautiful, the road was in good order though dusty, and, fortunately, there was no rain here, as when the surface is wet it is particularly treacherous. At Matlock Bath, the men had an excellent lunch at the Royal Hotel. Then they proceeded through Belper and Derby to Uttoxeter, Stone. Eccleshall and High Ercall to Shrewsbury. After lunch, several showers were encountered, and about thirty miles from Shrewsbury it began to rain in earnest, and a wet evening set in. To the list of retirements must be added the names of Tatham (who had hitherto lost no marks, and retired through a spill about a mile from Macclesfield), Davies (who stripped a pin in his timing gear near Buxton), Outwin (who fell at a bad corner near Stone in trying to avoid a motor cyclist and a cart), Brice (who in trying to evade a child in the roadway, collided with a wall near Hodnet, not long after the start), and Miller (the driver of the Zenith and sidecar, who up to the time of writing has not arrived).

Have you noticed the difference of day 5's route from that shown on the map?

JOHN KERRIDGE'S MOTOR CYCLING YEARS

Part 3 Continued from June 2021

I took delivery of the Dominator in mid May 1957, KHL265, and what a luxurious ride it was, it held the road like a train on rails, it went quick and it stopped quicker, what a difference to the ES2 which tended to hop around the bends, what I did miss though was the long stroke single cylinder engine, something I still wax lyrical about, nearly fifty years on.

This was the beginning of a long "partnership". One of the first trips on this bike was to the Jubilee T.T. races in the June, this was before the drive on ferries, on arrival at Liverpool we queued up to have our petrol tanks drained, apparently it was considered a fire hazard, then the bikes were craned on three at a time and placed on the deck and roped down as deck cargo, it all appeared full gear again, this time in the I.O.M. to be a slightly dodgy method of loading our precious machines. The experience was well worthwhile, a solid week of motorcycling activities from scrambles and trials to gymkhanas and vintage runs, absolute saturation of a hobby enjoyed to the full. I was full of enthusiasm on my return so decided to join the Halifax and district motorcycle and car club, Alan had joined previously to get into the world of trials and scrambles so I thought that I would see what was in it for me. After joining I started riding in main road trials, somewhere different every weekend, travel to a different venue, ride about a 60 mile run guided by a route card and averaging 24 mph throughout, it doesn't sound much, but it was very exhilarating, especially if one got lost and had to make up time. Besides the weekend runs, on club nights in the summer we had treasure hunts around the district, once again, they were enjoyed to the full, and I gained a lot of knowledge of the district.

It was in July of 1957 that I took my other weeks holiday and decided to go down to Cornwall to meet up with my sister Brenda and her husband John, I went down and stopped the first night at Newquay, the following day I spent in and around the town, and in the evening I heard that there was to be an impromptu Jazz session on the beach so with nothing better to do spent a couple of hours on the beach before going back to my digs. The next day I headed further south and west stopping at St Ives where I met up with Brenda and John for a couple of days, before I continued on a south coast tour heading for Angmering in Sussex where my Uncle and Aunt lived, I called in at most of the resorts on the way, stopping another night, this time at Torquay, but wasn't impressed, another resort I wasn't impressed with was

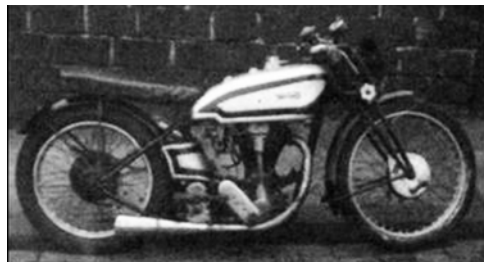
Bournemouth the day after, I got to the town and went downhill for what seemed to be miles looking for the seaside, I was unable to find it so turned around and continued on my way east reaching Angmering later that day, I spent a couple of nights there, then returned home, it was a long way but worth it. The Dommie averaged 75 mpg on that little jaunt, it sounds a lot but that is what it did.

It was this type of long distance riding that led me into entering The Rotherham White Rose Night trial, this was a Yorkshire centre A.C.U. event, it consisted of starting at Rotherham at 10.00 pm, at minute intervals, then driving at an average speed of 24 mph for 200 miles, finishing at Scarborough. Check in at the finish, then we turned around and drove back home. As a navigator I recruited Eric Atkinson the club chairman, we made a good pair on all my long distance runs. On the first one in 1958, we managed 2nd place in our class, winning an ashtray, I thoroughly enjoyed the night driving, especially as dawn was breaking. On our second White Rose night trial, I won a cigarette lighter, and the third one in 19601 won a pewter Tankard. After that one, I think they stopped having them.

It wasn't long before the bike had 30,000 miles on the clock and it needed a bit of maintenance, so I stripped it down, fitted new main bearings and big ends, re-ground the valves and fitted anything else which was needed, re-built it again, now it was good for a second spell of 30,000 miles.

Somewhere about this time, petrol rationing was being talked about which would have effectively stopped most of my activities, so I looked out for another old bike to obtain the petrol coupons from it to use in the Dommie, which would keep me mobile, so bike number seven was obtained.

This one was also a Norton, but this time it was a 1936 racing International, 350CC OHC number BMO386, girder fork, rigid back end, and it cost £25. I only used it short distances as it didn't run very well and I had only bought it for the coupons anyway. I sold it shortly afterwards for what I paid for it, and regretted it ever since. It would have been worth a fortune nowadays, but I still have the unused coupons somewhere.



Also about this time I bought bike number 8, once again, it was cheap and I bought it at the beginning of the winter and have no idea what I paid for it, not much though. This one was a Triumph speed twin MPP275, 500 cc

vertical twin, ex Police and had been involved in an accident, the front forks were slightly bent. It had a patent Triumph sprung rear hub and that had very limited movement, about 2" as I remember and it was dark (Amaranth) red. I managed to straighten the forks

In 1958 the first bit of motorway was opened, it was the Preston by-pass, so the bike was christened at the first opportunity, we steamed along merrily going south along the new wide dual carriageway with a final burst of 98mph on the stretch approaching the Preston exit, it felt like we were flying, on leaving the Motorway we stopped to take stock, and found that the silencer was flapping about in the breeze, so with a bit of Bailing wire and a bit of steady riding we made it safely back home. By this time I decided that it was about time for another engine overhaul as it had now done about 65,000 miles and enough to work but they couldn't keep the damping oil in so it was a bit lively at the front end.

After painting it light blue I found a cheap chassis and fitted my old box on it from the 16H, lo and behold instant transport, I ran this over a winter in the ice, snow and slush, again enjoying the third wheel immensely, I eventually sold this at a profit to a young tearaway who never re-taxed it when the tax ran out. Some time later I had the police knocking on my door, apparently he had been observed speeding and been followed, but had escaped down a dirt track, silly fool, and I never heard any more about that one.

Continued in December issue.

THREE RIDE A BIKE OVER NIAGARA FALLS

Three French aerialists rode a motorcycle 1,800ft (540m) across a cable crossing Niagara's Whirlpool Gorge. Henry Julian Rechatin stood on the motorcycle, his friend Frank Lucas drove and Rechatin's wife Janyck swung from a trapeze below during the cable ride shortly after dawn on Wednesday. Their crossing, 175ft (52m) above the swirling-waters, on a cable normally used for a tourist aerial car, taking park police by surprise.

Just a few feet from the starting point, the cycle reached a point where the wire had been spliced and the motorcycle could not pass over the bump. Rechatin climbed down, to the wire and lifted the front wheel, which slipped from his hand. It took several anxious seconds for him to right the bike. Rechatin then climbed back to Lucas' shoulders and continued the ride until a point near the end of the cable, when the cycle lost its traction and he again had to dismount. The aerialist had to use a rope to pull his two companions the last few yards. *Papua New Guinea Post-Courier 6 June 1975.*

A TALE OF LONG AGO

No one in his senses pretends that we, who have grown old, really had a better time than you moderns of today, when it comes to full-blooded adventure with motor vehicles, be they two, or four wheelers. But we did have fun of a different kind. For example: we, a fat, cheerful friend and I, had acquired a Rex motor cycle which, among other atrocities, had its silencer cast in with the head.

This was way back in 1904 or 1905, and it is better not to explain how we got that machine. But in order that both of us should enjoy this excitement, we also acquired a large wicker-basket chair sketchily mounted on certain tubes, themselves attached to two cycle-type wheels fitted with pneumatics, the whole called a "trailer." This contraption was attached to the seat pillar of the motor cycle and, in theory, trailed along presentiment that the noise was not created entirely by the engine, which certainly rattled a lot.

In those days, I was supposed to be at University College, London, during the day, and in the care of a majestic great aunt for the rest of the time. Motor vehicles were one of her pet aversions. She lived on the fifth floor of a block of flats just off the Finchley Road. Consequently, our pet machine was stowed in the ground-floor coalhole appertaining to that same flat, that being a place to which we hoped no "lady" would go.

The trailer was more difficult. On an occasion when we thought the Rex was fit enough for real adventure, we arranged to start before dawn, which brought us flat up against the problem—what to do with the trailer?

Our solution was to put it in the hall of the actual flat, which meant waiting until the aunt had retired to bed and then dragging the contraption gradually up all those stairs. I shall never forget the way time crept along while I made conversation with an aunt who showed no signs of retiring. The situation was complicated, because, until she did retire to bed, the fat friend had to walk up and down, up and down, outside, a thing he found so irksome, that he would give whistle signals that attracted the attention of the old bag-of-bones, who was notably nervous of burglars.

I must add that he could not come in, for he was persona non grata, on account of a small incident. He and I had seen a man start his machine by running with it, dropping the exhaust lifter, and then springing lightly on to the pedal. This we endeavoured to imitate. The engine started all right, even accelerated; in fact, so well that we missed the pedal, ran with incredible speed, then fell, machine and all.

Unfortunately, the aunt arrived unexpectedly just as we were wiping off the gore in the bath and endeavouring to darn a pair of new trousers, in three places. Still, I fail to see what the row was about. They were our trousers, anyway, and the blood would come off if you rubbed long enough. There was no real need to give such a vivid presentation, the angelic monitor to the Garden of Eden, or to throw "Fatty" out so haughtily.

But, at last, peace reigned and we set to work. The trailer reposed next to the hat stand, and "Fatty" taking care to step in unison with me, reached the bedroom without disturbing the female dragon.

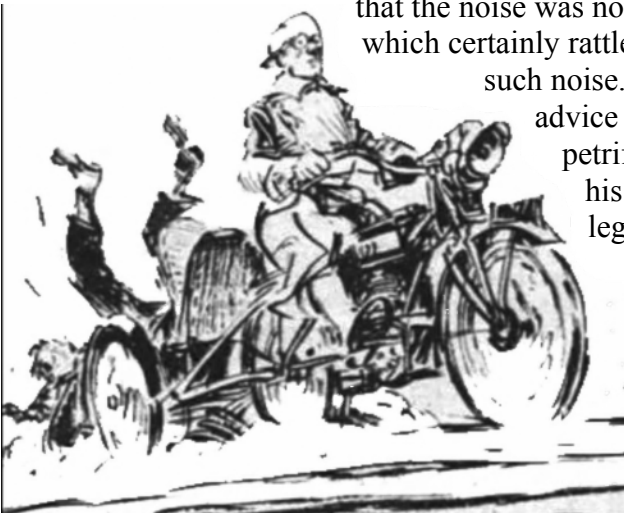
All went well, too, with the getting-up process, and the trailer was moved out to the head of the stairs in triumph. Alas for over-confidence. On the third flight the darned thing, out of hand, plunged wildly down the stairs, and was brought to a stop, standing on the front door of a flat, with a bang that would have awakened the dead. Piercing cries arose within there from who owned the door. Desperation added power to our efforts. Downstairs we went, trailer and all, to hide in the coalhole until the uproar ceased.

Then, and only then, did we push the machine and the trailer to the street and down a considerable hill on the way. However, we had a fine run, each in turn on the Rex, which had to be pedalled up all the hills, while the other sat apprehensively in the basket.

We should have got back just as well if another incident had not occurred. I was riding along happily, playing with the adjustments, when we came to a hill. With my experiments, the engine went so well that it really pulled. True, there was a lot of noise, but we were used to noise. Presently, a presentiment that the noise was not created entirely by the engine, which certainly rattled but had never before made

such noise. When, looking round for advice from the party of the pan, I was

petrified to find that he was lying on his back in the trailer chair, with legs extended vertically, howling and appealing to an omniscient fate. The front attachment of the "basket" to its frame had given, and the chair part revolved 90 deg on its axle. After retiring to a chemist to get sticking plaster

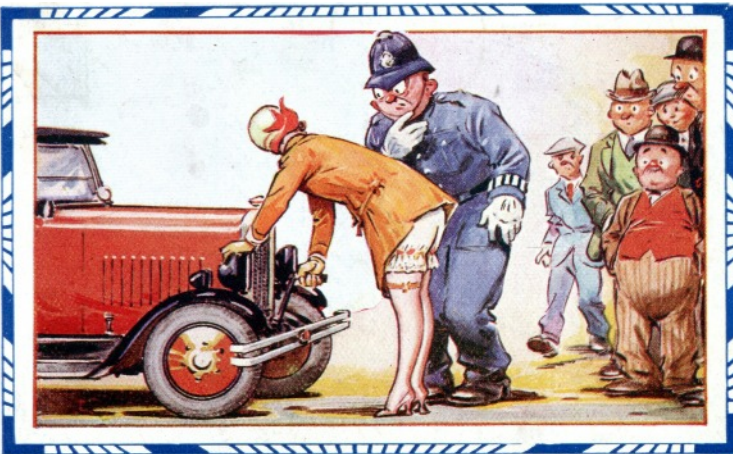


for back of his head, which had been striking the road, we then set the chair in its correct position with cord and gingerly rode home.

Really, grown-up Victorians were very difficult. You would not have thought it was worth sending long letters beginning, " Dear Madam, unless ": but they did, practically the whole boiling building full and the landlord. The particularly maddening part was that my aunt kept asking if we did it, and it was infernally difficult to think up a reply.

HOW A TOMMY GOT HOME IN 1940 - *Ixion*

One of my pals was perishing to see his girl during a spot of leave. He plotted his fuel ration against his normal consumption and the map, and decided he could just reach the home of the beloved; and then he could bring the bus back by train. The tank emptied rather faster than anticipated, and he eventually arrived at dusk at a town eleven miles from Paradise, with a dry tank! He tried to wangle a quarter-gallon at two or three garages, but the owners were obdurate. The last man he tried was equally obdurate, but more resourceful. There was a big tobacconist's across the way. This shop stocked light tin canisters of juice for lighters, holding about a quarter of a pint apiece. The garage man organised a small squad of his employees— boss, typist, foreman, pump-boy, and the motor cyclist. They strolled across the road at judicious intervals whilst the motor cyclist enjoyed a knife and fork tea. The canisters were emptied into the tank, and the journey was finally completed under power. The garage man said he didn't know precisely what was in the canisters, but it proved lighter than Pool! (Pool, I have found, does not ignite at all willingly in the average lighter.)



"You're causing an obstruction Miss!"

"I can't help it Constable... The car won't go."

"I didn't say anything about the car, Miss!"

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It is now many years since I enjoyed my first motor cycle ride. At that time my knowledge of internal combustion engines was derived from an intensive study of all the manuals on

motor cycle engines I could buy, beg, or borrow, but none of my friends possessed one of the machines that at that time represented the utmost heights of my ambition, and I could not therefore put my theoretical knowledge to the proof.

Fortune, however, was on my side, and one day on my way home from the school where part of my work consisted in instilling a knowledge of A.B.C. into somewhat obtuse youngsters, I rounded a corner to find a disconsolate commercial ruefully surveying the various bits of an engine which had been taken apart to ascertain why it would not go, and which were distributed on the ground. Like the amateur watchmaker, he had some bits left over for which no place was evident. Here was a chance to prove my superior attainments. Eventually the whole of the bits were accommodated, and after vicious pedaling on a flimsy stand the engine responded, and as a reward had a ride all by myself for about half a mile each way.

That was the commencement of a long career of devotion to the self-propelled two-wheeler. Nothing satisfied my ambitions until I saved a sum sufficient to equip myself with one of the monsters of destruction, as they are still sometimes considered, and eventually I became the possessor of a $2\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. Minerva, out of which I had much pleasure. After a, quick run and push the machine fired. Tank control forbade adjustment of the mixture so as the mount accelerated I jumped. The saddle was as high as on a push bike, so the leap was designed accordingly. Unfortunately, it was too much so, and I landed right on the far side with the “yoke” right on top, many bruises and a lot more knowledge. I learnt eventually by taking the belt off and practising assiduously downhill, but my confidence was sadly undermined for many years.

Not all the fun has been in my own case. A medico of my acquaintance who claims to have been one of the first half-dozen men to register under the Motor Car Act, 1903. in Co. Antrim, during one summer cycled to and from the seaside. Every time he passed a certain point, he was troubled by a dog, which on several occasions almost upset him. Determined to put an end to the trouble he called on a merchant of his acquaintance and borrowed a pistol

and a few cartridges. It was the local half-holiday, and his friend, scenting fun, decided to accompany him on his errand of destruction.

All went well until they came to the scene of their operations. The canine enemy awaited them, entrenched behind a hedge, and after the doctor passed he charged on the flank. Seizing the coat tails of the passing rider, he removed a mouthful and retired behind the hedge. Mad as forty hatters, the doctor pulled up, and heaving down his machine rushed back just as the dog issued again from the hedge. He presented the pistol into the dog's open mouth and pulled the trigger. It misfired! My friend cannot remember what the doctor said, there was so much of it and it was so much to the point, but it contained some very uncomplimentary reference to the quality of his wares.

Again, in Laura I think it was, whilst chatting with a friend I observed a rider wheel out a new machine with sparkle and glitter all over it. One push the machine fired and the owner stepped on to the footrest which wasn't there. Straight as an arrow, the machine accelerated down the street minus the rider, to end its brief career in a dentist's showcase.

When I lived in Tallymen, there was included in the ranks of the motor cyclists a certain owner of a Douglas. His skill in riding excelled his knowledge of technical detail, which says little for the latter. Consequently, when his Douglas failed to fire at Aaron Point, twenty miles home, he had no option but to push. Through Carlo, the first four miles were flat, and then came the six-mile stretch up the mountain, followed by six more miles of give-and-take road into Burroughs. Exhausted, he left the machine at a house, and sadly tramped the remaining four miles. The local mechanic, on going out to bring the machine home, found it absolutely dry of petrol. The Douglas was on the market next day.

Standing in my pet purveyor's one evening, our eyes were assailed by a super nut demanding petrol. Whilst awaiting the supply, we entered into conversation, as motor cyclists will do in such circumstances (swopping lies, as it is sometimes described). The rider described his resource in cases of difficulty. So far as I can remember, one incident was built round a specially clever repair of a broken piston with the aid of a cocoa tin or similar receptacle. Naturally, we were all suitably impressed with such a superman. Therefore, to our intense surprise, the following Saturday he turned up again—pushing. This must be a very complete smash-up we decided. It was—a spot of rusty water in the carburettor.

As a final, I may relate an incident within my own experience. On a Sunday evening, I was returning home, well laden with the spoils of my visit to a

farm, something like twenty-five pounds, in a kit bag on my back. A violent skid, resulting in an irretrievably smashed pulley, put my machine hors-de-combat. There were no trains; the nearest place I could borrow any sort of a vehicle was fourteen miles away, so I stored the bike and started to tramp. Feeling myself tired beyond normal, I commenced introspection as to my unfitness, to discover that I had in the excitement forgotten the kit bag and had by then tramped ten miles with it strapped on my back. I eventually got to the place where I was known, and got a motor cycle, 1¼ horsepower, the one-horse having been long dead. This took me home on bottom gear at about five miles per hour, a ride I enjoyed more than any during my whole motor cycling career.

The Irish Cyclist & Motor Cyclist March 12, 1924

RE-AWAKENING *Blue Un 1930*

The Simple Tale of a Man who Broke a Resolution — and was Glad.

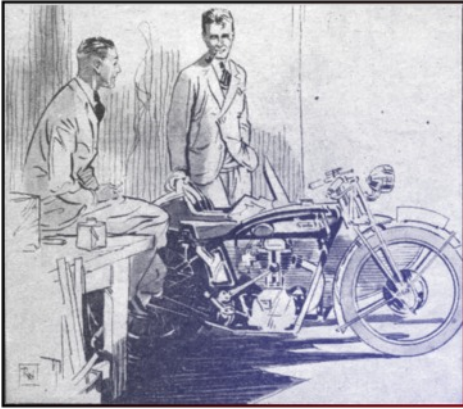
THIS is the plain tale of one who endeavoured to give up the pleasures of motorcycling and devote himself to more sober pursuits. I said it was too messy. I said it was too noisy, too uncomfortable, too fast and too expensive, I said I preferred walking. I sold the faithful four-stroke, put the resulting sum of money in the bank, and spent my weekends in riding in trains and in walking.

I expected to be able to contemplate a steadily rising bank balance, but alas, it was not so! Yea, verily were my pockets emptied like water upon other things. I developed a most unmanly passion for sweetmeats and movies, my chest sagged, my eyes lost their brightness, my nerves went to pieces, and, worst of all, and I found I had nothing to talk about to the boys.

I had always been able to counter the lies they told about averages, for I could double my last weekends mileage and halve the riding time! But now, when they spoke of the state of roads far afield, the joys of new surfaces and straight stretches, and the beauty of distant hills and dales, I felt a stranger, and my tongue vainly spoke of footpaths and bridle paths. "Is it rideable?" was all the comment they made to me.

And then, one day, a good friend came along. "I wish you would give me some lessons in driving," he said, "for I've just bought a Norton and sidecar and want a bit of practical advice." I'm afraid that ... I began, but my friend broke "Oh rot! If an old rider like you can't teach, it is hard luck."

Well," I said, "I'll come round and look it over with you, and point out the



controls, but as for riding, I 'really would rather not."

I did look at the machine. New and glittering, it seemed the acme of eager efficiency; my own beloved old bus brought up to date. I walked round it, sat on the saddle, tried the compression, started up the engine, and found that I had slipped in low gear and was letting in the clutch to ride off before I realised what I was

doing. I shuddered and hastily stopped the engine. "Just drive it round to the quiet roads, will you, old man?" asked my friend, "so that I can practice a bit." I refused point blank. "Quite enough for you to learn the controls first, and this evening, at any rate, you'll not drive it," I said.

So I put him through his drill for an hour or more, and all the time the willing beat of the engine was drumming in my head, seeming to say, out, please just a " Take me short fun! 'I went home, full of thought, and, rummaging in a drawer, I found my driving licence. Marvel of marvels, it did not expire for another three weeks.

Next evening I strolled round to see how the pupil was progressing. ! "Hooray," he shouted on seeing me. The chap who was taking me out to-night can't come; you'll do instead! "He started up the engine, proud of his ability to do so." Come on, old man! "I shoved my hands in my pockets, and felt the sharp corners of the licence. I was lost! I swung the machine out of the gates, away round the offside camber on a nice right-hand bend—always a pleasant sensation to sidecarists—and off we went uphill. Talk of flying! It was sheer effortless movement, a pleasant burble from the exhaust, a whirr of well-oiled chains. Gently I pressed the foot brake. Ah! A smooth but relentless stopping power. All too soon, the quiet roads were reached and my friend proceeded to treat the lovely machine in the shameless way beginners do, until my heart ached for it. At long last, he turned it over to me and suggested a spin into



the country just to see what she'd do. We went Sixty. More! Hush!

When we returned, the proud owner suggested a weekend tour, saying he would like me with him for the trafficky bits, and in the rush of enthusiasm, I agreed. After all, I wasn't driving, I was really only a passenger; so bright and early on Saturday morning I went round, and, behold, the fates were against me! Friend John had been having a practice spin, had upset on a left-hand bend, and sprained his wrist. "We must go," he said, "for I've promised to call on friends at Swanage. I shall probably be able to drive all right: tomorrow I settled into the saddle, and away we voyaged. John's wrist got worse, and all that weekend a shining aluminium sidecar outfit earned the respect of a good many car drivers. Across Salisbury Plain, Whoosh! Rain came, splendid glistening drops beating refreshingly against the face, and the caress of the west wind was invigorating and friendly... The New Forest was our happy hunting ground, and thoroughly did we explore it. The homecoming traffic was thick, but nearly everyone was courteous and careful.

At any rate, I'm saving up from now onwards, and then, if there is anyone with a really hot sidecar outfit, I'll be interested to hear about the price. To think what I've been missing!

Obituary

Jjohn Webber P2259 from Essex. John was a proper motorcyclist who never owned a car. He had the same Vincent Comet from the fifties until about 5 years ago which he used for work, shopping and general knocking about. Subsequently he bought a modern Triumph with an electric start. Alongside the Comet, John had a Vincent black Prince which he use solo for many years with Marie on the pillion attending Vincent events all over Europe and beyond. As he got older and Marie became unwell he added a sidecar to the Black Prince. By profession, John was into printing and publishing which made him ideally suited to be editor of MPH the Vincent Owners Club Magazine a post which he occupied for several decades and was highly regarded by its readers. About 10 years ago when the APMC was without a Secretary, Chairman and other Officers due to simultaneous resignations John responded to my plea for help and volunteered to be Membership secretary. I travelled up to Billericay in Essex to visit him and to hand over all the membership paraphernalia. He willingly took the job on and carried out the duties efficiently until stepping down about 18 months ago because of health issues.. John lived on his own following the passing of Marie about 5 years ago. Another good motorcycling chum gone. May he rest in peace
Ken Brady (Past President and Chairman APMC)

**Hopefully, we may be having
The \White Peak Wandering
in September. I don't think
this Velo will be suitable for
the Peak District.**

