

# **THE PIONEER MOTOR CYCLIST**



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



***December 2020 No. 190***

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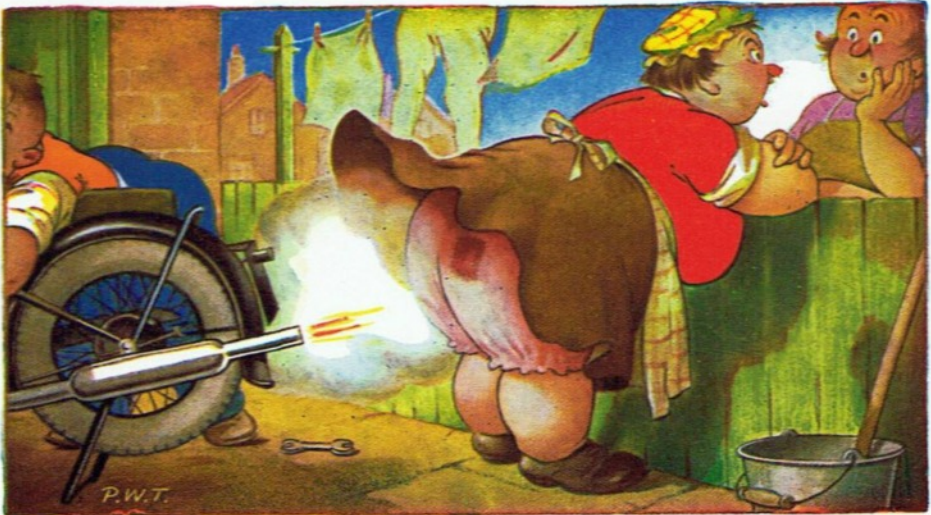
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*"Graham fair puts the wind up me  
with that motor bike of his."*



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## EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS *Geoff Davies*



We welcome our new Treasurer, Richard Rees from Burton on Trent. Full details on page 2. If you have not paid your subs yet, then make him happy by paying as soon as possible.

Just had a bit of sad news, George Spence, from Coventry, who joined us in August, passed away in October. I have no more details. We send our sympathy to his family and friends.

Have any of you got out on a ride during all these troubles. I've done one or two, and it doesn't half cheer you up. You are socially distant when on the bike and when you meet friends you still keep your distance. No rules broken, no contamination, and you go home with a smile on your face. Honda had a slogan in the 70's, "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." It was totally wrong, it correctly is, "You meet the nicest people on a motorcycle".

The cold spells have sent me back into the workshop. I have a theory that gravity is stronger year by year due to climate change. That's why I have difficulty getting my bikes onto the centre stand. Never had this problem in the past. Solved it by brazing an extension onto the L H stand foot so that I can put extra leverage with foot pressure and I don't have to use much lift at all. I had to bend some of these extensions a bit to clear frame etc. A bit of hit and miss engineering, but it works. Done my Honda 400, Norton ES2 and Matchless G80CS. Just got to fix the AJS 18S, but that should be a copy of the Matchless. They were all done while attached to the bikes, so I had a fire extinguisher either side of me while I lit up the torch.

AJS now done. Things happen faster when you are locked down. I'm running short of workshop jobs. Must not do that, or I will be roped in for indoor jobs.

*Here is a photo of the Matchless modified stand.*



### IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

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## **FROM FOOTY PLAYER TO ACCLAIMED AUTHOR, and a bike racer in between.**

Scan a baby-boomer bike nut's book shelf and you'll likely see the name Vic Willoughby. His works included Classic Motorcycles, The Racing Motorcycle, Winning Racing Engines, Exotic Motorcycles – A Tester's Privilege, Classic Motorcycle Engines – A New Perspective and Motorcycle Chassis Design – Theory and Practice.

Willoughby was technical editor of leading weekly magazine, The Motor Cycle from the 1950s through to his retirement at the end of the 1970s. His articles were often accompanied by wonderful diagrams drawn by fellow staffer Laurie Watts. One of his plum jobs was testing Isle of Man TT-winning bikes on sections of the Mountain Course. With the long IoM summer daylight, this often occurred the same day as the race.

Moto Guzzi's Giulio Carcano was one of Willoughby's engineering heroes. Walter Kaaden of MZ two-stroke fame was another.

Willoughby was a race reporter as well and huge fan of Bob McIntyre, the first rider to lap the IoM at 100mph. He told this scribe Bob Mac's attitude to the TT was 'I didn't come here to f\*\*k around' and that John Surtees' father Jack would try to tell journos how to write their stories. He attended the 1980 Easter Bathurst meeting, where he told the crowd at the post-race function that motorcycle racing wouldn't have produced the characters it did unless it was dangerous. (Two riders had died at the during the meeting, Ian Dick and Rob Moorhouse.)

Victor Harold Willoughby was born in London in 1914 and initially worked as an office manager. He said it hurt him that as a “strapping lad, playing association football, I had to learn to type...”

He began racing before World War II, riding a Velocette KTT 350 at Brooklands, where he lapped at 100mph. It was a trek just to reach the circuit. The diminutive Willoughby would push his machine to the nearest station, take a couple of trains to Weybridge in Surrey, and then hoof it again to the venue.

One of Vic’s favourite stories was of a man he met one day at Brooklands. “This guy was fascinated as I worked on the KTT,” Willoughby said. “He was much older than me, but he looked envious of my enjoyment. He’d had money in his younger days, but he had wasted it on wine, women and song. He said to me, “Do it now; because you’ll never be able to turn the clock back to do something you really wanted to do.”

In 1948, Willoughby joined the famed Continental Circus, after a fellow racer told him European organisers paid starting money. He raced in Europe for three seasons. Vic marvelled at the enthusiasm shown by the organisers of the more distant races, recounting how he lived on French bread and tea for days while he and Bill Petch drove an ex-Canadian Army van from Belgium down through France to Barcelona, for the annual race at Montjuic Parc in 1949. “We’d buy a bread stick in the morning and start eating from opposite ends as we drove! When we reached Barcelona at 2.30am, someone from the organising club was there to meet us and put us up in a four-star hotel,” he said.

Vic. Willoughby talked of the camaraderie of riders, including Australia’s Harry Hinton Snr, loaning bikes to their mates to ensure they could collect their starting money and the great times in general.

“If you won, you had a slap-up meal; if you had a bad run and went broke, you hitch-hiked home.” Vic explained how at the end of the season, bike clubs from across England would send representatives to the channel ports to ask returning riders to talk about the European scene at their meetings. That grounding led to Willoughby writing stories for The Motor Cycle using the pseudonym Lone Wolf, eventually earning a staff job under famed editor Harry Louis – whose key piece of advice to his new hiring was “marshal your thoughts”.

**Vic. Willoughby died at his home on the northern fringe of London on 16th November 2000.**

*Tales of Continental travel in the late 1930's by Eddie Knight (our past treasurer's father). This is the final tour.*

## **LOG BOOK NOVEMBER 1938** - Eddie Knight

### **Wednesday 2nd November**

We have made a log before so I guess I must keep the ball rolling. I should have caught the 12:55 pm boat on Tuesday, November 1st but was too late, so had to go on the same time boat next day, which I caught in good time. Arrived at Calais and decided to ride to Arras and stay at a hotel which we stayed at before. Arrived at Arras (incidentally it had rained all way from Calais) hunted around for half an hour but our previous hotel could not be found. I was feeling terrible by then, and looking worse as I was smothered in mud and manure from the filthy French roads. I stayed at a decent hotel but they could not supply me with any food, so I had to go out to find a restaurant and had a really good feed. Had a jolly good room and bed at the hotel and soon fell off to sleep. At 2:30 am in the early morn, I was awakened by loud bangings and rattles. I had not mentioned that my room overlooked a huge railway junction. They were shunting and that finished my sleep for the night.

### **Thursday 3rd November**

Started off about 9:30 am - still raining. Staying at Longwy - good food but rotten bed. I shall be in Germany in the morning so hope for better luck there. I must say I'm feeling very lonely and wish I had finished my holiday when Tom and I were here before.

### **Friday 4th November**

Luxembourg. I sat in my hotel and listened to the Luxembourg announcer on the radio say that it was fine here. Liar, it was raining like the devil. Came into Germany and had the misfortune to take the wrong road into forbidden territory. After being detained for about one hour the Police very kindly escorted me on my way and found me a jolly decent hotel. A good dinner, a short walk, then to bed.

### **Saturday 5th November**

I must put my thinking cap on as I'm writing this on Tuesday night, 8th November. I reached Heidelberg Saturday afternoon and again made the acquaintance of our good English-speaking friend Willi Reinig. He gave me a wonderful reception. We had lots of wine and got to bed about 2 am.

### **Sunday 6th November**

Rather felt the effects of the night before but had a very busy day. In the afternoon, I went with Willi and a lot of new friends to a football match. A

little different to ours, but quite good sport. It was a draw. We came back to the 'Gasthof Baren' for tea (or beer) and the Burgermeister (Mayor) came in and I was introduced. He made a speech for me. Willi interpreted and I replied in English. There were about 50 people present. We then drank the health of the German and English people.



*Eddie with Ludwig Weber astride Eddie's BMW in Heidelberg*



*Outside the Gasthof Baren with the Weber family*

In the evening, we went to a dance. There were about 40 couples there. We had to pay 50 Pfennings to go in and they put an indelible stamp on your arm to prove that you had paid. A friend paid for me. We drank quite a lot of wine and cherry brandy. Two girls asked for the honour of dancing with the Englishman, which I gave them. One chap asked me to do him the honour of kissing his young lady. She was quite nice, so I did. I had to say goodbye to all my good friends that night as I was leaving in the morning. I felt very sad as it was like leaving home.

### **Monday 7th November**

Got up about nine. I was having breakfast when a friend came to take some photos before I left. Eventually got away at 11:15 am. Nothing eventful happened and I stopped at a place called Deining. It looked all right outside but the place was awful. I had to have candles to go to bed with. They charged me five Marks.

### **Tuesday 8th November**

Got up at 7:15am. Away soon after eight. It was freezing cold but it was alright when the sun came out at midday. Stopped at a decent place for lunch at Passau. While I was in there someone pinched my ignition key and I had to pay half a mark for a new one. Tonight I'm staying at a decent hotel in Amstetten, which is almost 80 miles from Vienna. Tomorrow I shall go to

Vienna and stay for a few days. It will make a pleasant change not to ride for a couple of days. It is 9:30pm. I am going to sleep.

### **Wednesday 9th November**

I am in Vienna and what a fine city it is. It will take a fortnight to see everything worthwhile here. It is very cold and there is an open-air ice-skating. I shall have to have a go at that. Would like to mention the trams, which run all over the city for miles. You buy a ticket and you can keep getting on and off the trams again with it so long as you keep going in the same direction as when you started. There are English films shown here I must go tomorrow.



### **Thursday 10th November**

Wandered around seeing the sights etc. In the evening, I went to see a film in English called "The Ice King" with Sonja Henie. Went with two young friends - one who can speak English very well. Got back to the hotel very late and the chambermaid opened the door for me, in her nightgown.

### **Friday 11th November**

Had a very enjoyable day with a young lady (Susi Singer) who is an artist and speaks perfect English. We went sightseeing then we had tea at a nice hotel and went to the cinema to see an English speaking film "In Old Chicago". Had supper together and more talking. Left very late and had to catch a taxi home.

### **Saturday 12th November**

Left Vienna. Rode very hard and arrived very early in Munich. Put up at a jolly good hotel, had a long walk, then to bed.

### **Sunday 13th November**

Left Munich very late. It was a beautiful day in places with the sun and sky like summer but at times, it was so misty that I was forced to ride at 15 mph and was frozen stiff. Stopped and adjusted my tappets, and reached a very good hotel near the German frontier at Kiel. There is dancing but I have a headache so I am lying in bed. I can hear the band and it sounds very English which reminds me; the gentleman who runs this hotel speaks better English than I do. I will try to get up early in the morning and I would like to get home about Wednesday next.



### **Monday 14th November**

I have decided to stay on here another day as it is such a good hotel and I have a few marks left, which I must spend as we are not allowed to take money out of the country. I have walked a very long way and have seen some wonderful views of the Black Forest, also the ruins of a very old castle here at Oberkirch. I must remember to recommend this hotel to the RAC. Hotel Obere Linde, Oberkirch.

### **Tuesday 15th November**

It is another very beautiful day, just like midsummer. The sun is very hot but the only thing is the days are very short. It does not get light until 7:30am and is dark again by 4:30pm. I am having some very nice walks but I'm feeling lonely. The owner of the Hotel speaks perfect English but of course, he is very busy with his work. It is very strange, but I have not seen a single English person since I left Dover.

### **Wednesday 16th November**

Left Oberkirch just after eight this morning. The weather is getting bad. Soon leave the German and French customs behind. After I left Strasbourg, it was very foggy. This cleared and it poured with rain. I am in a filthy state again. Called on our friends at Hermonville. They were very pleased to see me and I had a very good lunch. I am staying tonight at the Hotel de France in Cambrai. I have done over 320 miles in bad weather and feel very tired. I have ordered supper to be served in my room then to bed early. I will get to Calais as soon as possible in the morning. Maybe the RAC can fix me up to sail, then I shall be home tomorrow and very pleased I shall be. The BMW has behaved wonderfully the whole trip although I have well and truly caned it. It is miles ahead of any other machine I have ever ridden.

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## **WORDS OF WISDOM**

*Sex is like air. It's not that important unless you aren't getting any.*

*Always remember you're unique. Just like everyone else.*

*Never test the depth of the water with both feet.*

*If you think nobody cares whether you're alive or dead, try missing a couple of mortgage payments.*

*Before you criticise someone, you should walk a mile in their shoes. That way, when you criticise them, you're a mile away and you have their shoes. .*

*Give a man a fish and he will eat for a day. Teach him how to fish, and he will sit in a boat and drink beer all day.*

**FOUR OF EVERYTHING** Jim Hammant

One of everything can be bad enough when one is renovating a pile of rust, but get four of everything and you have got real problems. I have always enjoyed renovating, if that's the word for rejuvenating piles of rusty bikes, as much as I enjoy riding them. Having completed a veteran Triumph I was looking for another bike to keep me out of mischief during the winter months. I say mischief, which in the days I built these bikes it was in fact a therapy. Having to deal with the public all day was a fairly good way of getting one's self 'up tight' and to be able to go and be yourself for an hour or two helped one return to sanity again. So much so my workshop, out of earshot at the bottom of the garden was christened "Heaven ", you can I am sure guess why.

The person I have previously purchased a veteran Triumph from, had a collection of bikes stashed away in old lock-up garages. As he had a few "desirables" I would call in periodically in the hope I might just be lucky. I wasn't, but would I be interested in a Square Four? He was not sure, which is not the best of starts is it.... I've just bought it in Liverpool and it is on it's way down I'll give you a call when it arrives. He did know it was complete, it had a chair attached and that it had been in its present location for a number of years.

The call comes and I agree to go and see it as soon as I can. When I arrived, the chair had been taken off and the bike at first sight did not seem too bad. Smothered in oil, not an uncommon factor with a British bike, the chrome was all pretty bad and items like the pipes and silencers were well past it. OK, how much? £50.00...no way. I have had to pay to get it down from Liverpool...hard luck! This gent had been around a day or two and was more than able to deal with an irk like me. Luck was on my side though, as his young son "opened his mouth "by saying it was intended that his father would renovate it but as it had stood on the jetty for two or three years, he thought better. I left saying I could not afford it, not so far from the truth in those days. I purposely stayed away for a couple of weeks and by chance bumped into him at a club dinner. Was I still interested, yes but...? £15.00 was the best I could do. He turned and walked away. That's the end of my dream of having a Square 4 gone. Later that evening he came sideling up to me and said what about £35.00. sorry it is too much. This time it was my turn to walk away. I had guessed by now that he wanted to shed it and here was a likely character. Wait a minute; I'll take £30.00.... I give you £25.00 and that's it. He accepted.

It was duly placed in "Heaven ", but being unable to start work on it, I had a scratch around it to see what it was really like. First shock was having removed years of oil and grime the outer and inner primary cases had been split from apex to breakfast time...I wonder what else I'll find.

I do my bikes in parts, I usually remove the motor and box then sort out the cycle parts ready for painting, then move on to the motor and box. When I came to removing the motor, just about everything was solid. The salt air, Liverpool's special, had eaten into everything. I had omitted to mention it was a Mk 11, the all ali' motor version. Trying the manifold nuts showed just how bad the corrosion was. I cut down a 50 gallon drum, filled it with paraffin then immersed the whole motor in it. It was there for over three months and even then a fair amount "of persuasion" had to be exerted to dismantle it. After much deliberation, especially with the rear suspension, the cycle parts were ready for painting and the motor was finally stripped...oh dear. It looked as if it had never had an oil change in its life, the flywheels had channelled grooves in the sludge in the crankcase, all the oil ways in the cylinder head and rocker gear were packed solid with sludge. This alone took hours to clear. The previous owner had not heard of a decoke! Funnily enough, the bores showed no wear at all so it went back together with just new rings. The shell ends were well past it, as were the valves etc therefore they were all replaced. The primary chain had broken at sometime causing the splitting of the inner and outer primary cases but they had received a certain amount of plastic surgery. It was within my capabilities to run more AN around the weld to be able to build them up then re-contour them. In those days, talking about the 60's/70's parts were still reasonably easy to obtain. In fact, one of our members Bob Metson proved to be a very useful contact.

I kept its original maroon colour, obtained new control, bars, silencers and pipes together with all new fixings and it ended up a nice bike. Lovely to ride, if you were not expecting a sports performance, smooth, docile, reasonable quiet, it was just a repeat of the post war bike industry, in that no money was made available to develop it. So, XHT 418 was re-born again. I disposed of it some years later, it "supposedly" going down under I say supposedly as it appeared in a dealer's showroom a few years after I sold it. I once caned it a bit it did not like it...the rear cylinders overheating, the one gallon oil tank helped, but did not solve the problem. With the model oil pumps that are now available, the Mk 11 would make a great bike

## **BOXING DAYS OF YORE.**

### **Reminiscences of a Young Mike Jackson.**

The Christmas Festering, of course, is a wonderful occasion for folks and families, especially youngsters, but it's highly interruptive for wintertime Trials and Scrambles.

Thank Goodness for Boxing Day, I hear you say, for there's often been plenty of m/c sport – some of it fairly frivolous – traditionally held on December 26th. Reflecting today, about a bunch of Boxing Days t'wixt 1964 – 1970, I recall competing in just two events [but competing every year, that is] throughout that whole decade, albeit with the exception of a rather corny Trial, when I was 16, and didn't know any better. This trial, by the well intentioned Fareham Club, fell into the “frivolous” category.

Held on a flat field surrounded by a water-filled ditch, entrants were encouraged to wear fancy dress and/or make their machines look amusing. I remember the owner of a 500T...a bit of a ‘poser’, who wasn't a regular competitor, but simply “rode round” at normal trials... yet never once offered to observe. For this fun-filled Fareham Trial he'd covered the silencer in red paper, to make it look like a cracker, as well as “disguising” both fork legs as sausages, and the wheels as mince pies. Yes, a good effort, but his creativity was utterly lost on your miserable proper type Trial-obsessed young scribe, who rudely laughed out loud when the silencer's wrapping caught fire, and the forks jammed down in the fully depressed bottom position. The Sections, all of them in and out of the same damp ditch, were a joke...requiring more courage [or stupidity] than skill...and caused a handful of drowned engines for several riders.

Thereafter, for the next 4 or 5 years, I always entered the Witley Club's infamous Boxing Day Scramble, held on Pirbright Heath, courtesy of The War Dept [as it then was called]. Witley have long “known what they were doing”, so a good meaty course was guaranteed. The only snageroo though, and t'was applicable to all competitors, was the sheer size of the entry. Oh, and they had sidecars too, which were an essential draw for speckletators. One year, according to MCN's Gavin Trippe, the Witley Club's entry of approx 320 competitors...was a European Record, but it didn't impress many riders, as they were Flagged Off after just two laps of Practise. Another “downside” was that for every race, there were Heats...and the Finals, it seemed, were ever only about four or possibly six laps. Inevitably, when returning from this particular event at Pirbright [for the land was used may times per year, mostly by various London Clubs]. you never felt ye'd “done a

Full Day's work"...unlike after riding in any of those four annual North Hants Club's Winter Scrambles at Tweseldown...which, invariably, were "exhaustipating".

Meanwhile, over the previous two Boxing Days, my brother John had travelled with good friend Ray Russell, to compete in an annual Minety Vale Club Trial, held in the rather remote Wilts/Glos border countryside, approx 12 miles north west of Swindon. This long-running Wessex Centre event was renowned for very muddy Sections, and was masterminded by retired competitor Cec Telling, father of Lawrence who, a quarter century later, rode for the Montesa factory. The trial started from a seemingly quite posh, but splendid country pub – whose name I've sadly forgotten – which was memorable, due to being open from 10 am thru to late afty, a rare occurrence back then. An abiding memory of this event was ordering and consuming a couple of rum and black-currant "tinctures", at the end of the first lap.

By then, the Bar [in which we didn't have to remove our Barbour jackets] was filled with the fine aroma of cigars, helping to add to the tavern's general ambiance. I must also mention that dear Rafe loved this Trial, and would spend most of the day buzzing around the Sections, then back to the inn for a refresher...before later tearing off to phone thru a raft of Trials Results to the [probably-long-forgotten] Daily Herald...who paid him something like 17/6d for each result!

And...that new found confidence provided by the Rum & Black almost certainly encouraged the use of a higher gear on those Sections which'd been Fived or Footed first time round. Other plus factors attributed to this tavern [was it called The Hunter's Inn...not impossible in this sort of area?] was that the Results were calculated on site, and that every Observer was under strict instructions from the CoC, to visit the Bar for a toddy and mince pie, at the point he returned the score cards. Wotta Great Debt we old Trials Riders owe all those Observers...surely the worst rewarded group in the whole of motorcycle sport?

Virtually every Section at Minety Vale was flat-out-uphill-straight-mud, usually with plenty of run-in...2nd gear on any 250, or possibly even 3rd with a square barrel. Another abiding Minety memory is of local man J R J Webb (HT5 Ariel), flat in 3rd, feet up, on a slippery uphill slope [located on rising ground at the end of a lengthy "furlong field"], but slowly sliding backwards at about 3mph! Entries came in from far and wide; Tony and Malcolm Davis on several occasions, and I'm sure John Draper won it one year on a C15T.



Weren't the conversations – when travelling to trials – lively affairs in those days? Circa 1956/57 Ray Russell, my bro and I, all went together, in an A70 pick-up we'd found in London...for £360. As the youngest of the trio they never seemed to agree with anything about on which I ever banged, other than that we all liked mud so, whereas for many riders a Boxing Day Trial was nothing exceptional, we three firmly agreed that Minety ranked high on our list of favourites. T'other day, back in July, I was returning from Cheltenham, with time to spare, and decided to see if I could find that original pub. Having not been on those lanes for half a century it was quite difficult. Had a bit of a shock, and was slightly saddened when I eventually found it, because it's now an upmarket residence...with roses growing on the wall, precisely where I used to lean my steaming TFS...off which the mud would drip on to the stone slabs beneath, while its pilot downing a brace of R & Bs.

**BUT, as we used to say at Norton: Nothing is Forever! Meantime, I hope ye enjoyed this Boxing Day reminiscence...**



## **ANOTHER NORTON INTER**

I was somewhat amused by Editor Geoff's tale of the Inter Norton he'd restored for a friend in 1990. It reminded me of a time in the late 60s when I lived in Poole in Dorset. My elder brother and I heard of a 500 Inter for sale in Oakdale, a district of Poole, so we went to view it.

It was also a 1953 model in good, though not immaculate, condition. It sounded well and we got the price down to £65. At first I was going to buy it,

but spares for any Norton single cylinder model in those days were difficult to come by, and for Inter's, even more so, as Norton were part of the AMC group which had recently gone bust.

The upshot was, my brother bought the



bike and kept it for many years where it proved to be utterly reliable. I had previously bought a 1959 featherbed ES2 in 1955 for £30 and it was quite interesting to compare the two. Handling was of course near identical but the Inter was much smoother, a fair bit faster, though the engine was a bit tappety. I seem to remember the valve clearance was a rather wide 18 thou.

My brother kept the inter and only sold it to raise money to put his son through university. All he would say later, was that it raised a four figure sum.

This is the only photo I can find of the bike is not good quality, taken in the Isle of Man during, I believe, 1969 TT week. As the number plate is not visible, it could be the one Geoff rebuilt.

*I am sure it isn't, as the one I restored appeared to be in the original factory finish. Geoff.*

Sadly, my brother died in 2007 so I cannot find more info, or to whom he sold it.

Me, I still have the ES2, probably one of the best £30s worth I have ever spent. A plate on the rear mudguard reads, Supplied by Bob Foster, TT Winner. A name most of us would have heard of. *Lightweight winner in 1936 on a New Imperial and Junior winner in 1947 on a Velocette. Never a Norton.*

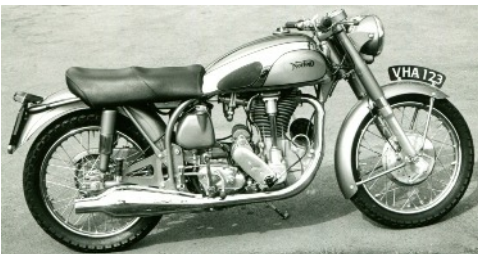
## John Allen

*Since writing this, John has surprisingly found amongst his collection of photos, the one below. This was taken many years ago, maybe late 70s, early 80s, somewhere in the North West. Possibly, St. Helens show, or Haydock Park. My friend lived in Holmes Chapel in the late 70s, so he might have taken it to those shows,*

*Geoff.*

*Late 70s*

*1990*

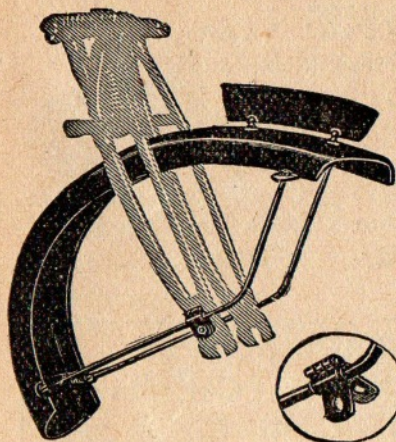




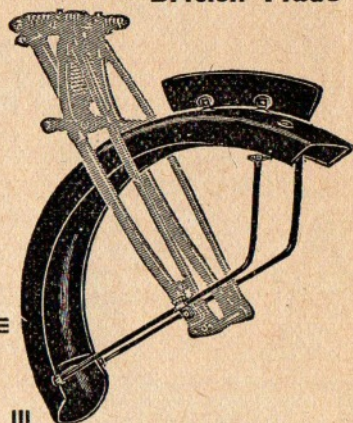
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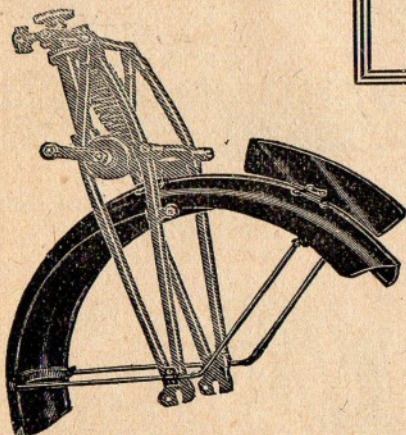
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**E 129** .. .. . **5/3**

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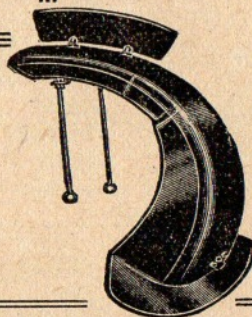


**E 138.** Latest ribbed sports pattern.

5-inch .. .. . **9/-**

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## THINGS YOU CAN FIND ON THE INTERNET

John Knight, our past Treasurer had been searching ebay and came across this 3 1/2" badge dating from the early 70s. He mentioned it to me and I decided to make an offer, and it now adorns my Matchless G80CS.

It originally belonged to J. F. Kentish P1095, who was President in 1995-1996. Are there

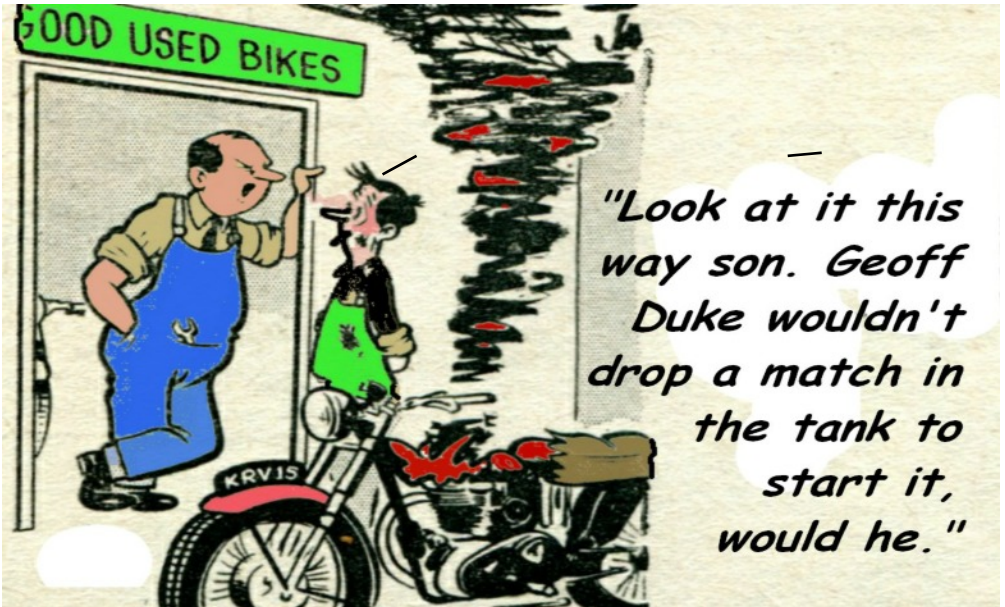
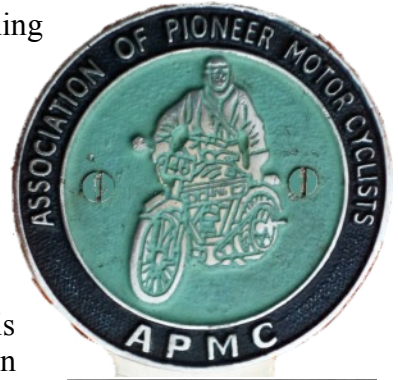


any of our members who can remember him. From his number he possibly joined in the mid 60s. This photo is from 1993.

He was rallying a Morgan in 1937, and rode in the Manx GP in 1947 and the TT in 1951/52

I have just had a look on ebay, and there is another one for sale, but they are asking for £50.00! The same seller is asking £10 for one of our lapel badges.

**We sell them to members for £ 3.00 postage, paid so get your orders in.**



## The Andy Tiernan Classics motorcycle Calendar is here once again.

Mike Harbar is once again the artist & has done 6 pieces of artwork  
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Proceeds from the sale of our  
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(this will updated for the 2021 calendar shortly).



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of classic bikes in the UK



## **A WINTER'S TALE** by Excelsior

From seeing the illustration on the cover of the December Exhaust Notes (The Irish VVMCC magazine.) It called to mind a similar snowy 3-wheeled experience of many decades ago. The story begins at an autojumble back in the mid-1960's which was an uncommon event in those days. It was getting towards the end of the autojumble, the crowd had eased from the midday scramble and stuff had moved quite well. I thought I'd do a final trawl and then call it a day. Autojumbles were quite rare in Ireland at that time, but I was a member of a long standing club with an active vintage section and they were always keen to run an annual event. I was looking for some tinware for my Velo, which I had bought as a basket case and was missing a toolbox and front mudguard.

Towards the back of the hall, I came across an old chap with a few bits and pieces still to sell. It seemed to be 30's stuff and included things like a flying helmet, gauntlets with an enormous cuff, goggles with a lens missing, old plugs, some electrical bits. We got chatting and he turned out to have amazing first hand experience of motorcycling in the 20's and 30's. Used to have a Royal Ruby flat tanker among other things, and had traversed the Dublin and Wicklow mountains with his pals between the wars. He was a well spoken chap and said his family always had bikes and cars at home in Wicklow, along with their horses, the cars driven and maintained by "staff". He had lost family members in both wars, a brother dispatch rider at Montecassino in Italy during the Allies advance through Italy and a couple of uncles at Paschendale in 1917. He didn't have any Velo stuff, unfortunately, but was keen to sell me some of the gear. I settled on the gauntlets and the flying helmet, as I already had a pair of Stadium Mk 8 goggles, and a chamois face mask, remember them? Must have been the most unhygienic items known to man, absorbing hours of breath on long runs on cold days. Not the kind of thing you'd like to borrow.

Moving on to the early 70's we used to get decent snow falls, in the days when the ozone layer was still intact. It was the thing to do on snowy week-ends to set off up the Dublin mountains to see how far we could get through the snow. I was running a BSA A10 and sidecar at the time, which had come from France with the sidecar on the right. Made for some interesting experiences for the passenger when overtaking, but we managed. Anyway, my pal Patrick and myself, decided to see if we could make it through the snow up to Sally Gap and on to Roundwood and back by the coast road. I used to carry spare gear in the nose of the sidecar, some items hadn't emerged for years, which is where the flying helmet and gauntlets had ended up.

So after Sunday dinner I picked up Patrick and we headed off up by Kilakee and the Featherbed towards Kippure and on to Sally Gap. We could just about make

out the road through the snow, so managed to stay out of the bog. The outfit slogged on with its Dunlop K70 providing sufficient traction and Sally Gap was reached shortly before sundown. Swinging left, the snow started as we headed down by Lough Tay towards Roundwood. I've always thought that Lough Tay, with its dark peaty water and creamy coloured beach looks like a lake of Guinness, which is probably appropriate, as it is, or was until recently, owned by the Guinness family. Anyway we were getting steadily wetter from the snow and finally reached Roundwood village in the dark, around 6pm. The Roundwood Inn beckoned with plates of Irish stew and pints of Guinness.

Around 8pm and suitably revived, we decided to make tracks for home. As my gloves were saturated with melted snow I resurrected the gauntlets from the sidecar, and snugly equipped, headed east towards the Wicklow road. The snow was a complete white-out with the 6v lights reflecting back from the snow but sufficient to provide some level of illumination, more to be seen by than to see with.

Crossing Calary Bog, we swooped downhill through Rocky Valley, sliding a bit on the bends then came upon a coating of black ice where a stream had burst its banks. The outfit slewed across the road going from lock to lock and heading towards a stone gateway. Things were out of my hands at this stage and I wondered where we were going to end up. I was suddenly conscious of powerful arms taking control, wrenching the bars from my grasp, forcing the outfit to obey and opening the throttle. She found some grip and lurched to the right, squeezing past the gate pier and into the driveway. If the sidecar had been on the left, Patrick was a gonner. In fact if the gates had been closed, we'd have both been gonners.

After we had recovered ourselves, we had a look around to take stock. The bike and intrepid crew were OK if a little shaken. The only damage was to the gauntlets which were in shreds with the stitching burst on each finger, even though we hadn't hit anything. Looking around to see where we were, I noticed that the name of the property was Eagle Hill, which was where the old guy at the autojumble hailed from. Could he have played a role in our survival? Judging by the state of the gloves it looked like they had given their all, maybe there were two pairs of hands in the gloves at the critical moment. I placed them back in the nose of the sidecar and never saw them again as they were still there when I sold it.

We made it home alright that night, and I repeated the exercise with other friends in subsequent years, but on solo Earles-forked BMW's which are really cut out for snowy conditions, low and torquey, with decent lights. The flying helmet I still have, waiting for an appropriate bike, or airplane.

**Excelsior**

## FOR SALE

**Don Morley** has decided that he must finally part with his beloved 1965 BMW R60/2 which he has owned for 22 years, but can no longer get it on or of its stand, or kick start it.



It's a two owner bike and in superb glistening unrestored conditions, is 100% original other than for S/steel exhaust system and crash bars plus a period Craven pannier set (also has a period windscreen which he used to fit in Winter but take off in Summer) .It has been featured in numerous books including his own BMW book published by Osprey and he also has

everything else , such as the original bill of sale, handbook, workshop manual, original tool kit, original flashers (Not fitted as they were vulnerable to being knocked off) etc, it's current mileage is Circa 59,000 miles

**Asking price £9000.**

**Don Morley. Email [don.morley@ntlworld.com](mailto:don.morley@ntlworld.com), Tel 01737 763765**

## FOR SALE

I don,t know if anyone is interested but I want to sell several cars and bikes. I am a big fan of Yamaha and a Serrrow, XV 750,XS 850 are to be sold. There are also a MK V Douglas ,a model H triumph and grandad's Cathedral Precision. Could we get some real interest?

**Jeff Calver**

**Email - [greta@atherton.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:greta@atherton.freeserve.co.uk) Tel - 01938 43114**

## **AN ENGINEERING ANATHEMA** Pat Davy

The Motorcycle combination or outfit is an engineering anathema. or if you feel that is a little strong. it is most certainly an engineering compromise, but then so are the majority of engineering solutions. I spent most of my time in industry trying to find engineering solutions with the least amount of compromise. Having said all that heavy stuff, outfits can be tremendous FUN. They certainly require a much longer period of adjustment for a rider to become proficient and the most dangerous time is when you think you have got the knack. That's when it will bite you just to put you in your place. I suppose because of the long learning curve I find an outfit more involving than riding a solo. One is constantly reading the road ahead as left handers are usually taken in a gear lower than right handers and throttle balance is crucial. There are many other aspects to riding an outfit, but this piece was intended to tell of just a few of the outfits in my life so here we go:-

My first outfit appeared early in my motorcycling life, and was brought about by a need for a racing transporter, an extremely grand title for what was a heap of junk. The Mill Room foreman Ted Jones at the Andre Rubber Co where I was apprenticed had a 500cc Triumph single and side car chassis rotting in his front garden. I cannot remember the year or model, but it was certainly pre-war and very tired. £2.00, I recall, sealed the deal. I got it running and got home – what a steep learning curve that was with no body on the chassis and the first outfit I'd had ever ridden the side car wheel spent more time in the air than on terra firma, hence the saying 'more firmer, less terror!' The poor Triumph gradually lost the little power it possessed and on stripping the engine the piston rings were found to comprise 1/8” cubes of shiny cast iron. It went down the dump but the chassis was salvaged.

The second bike to be harnessed to the chassis, which by now had gained a layer of scaffold boards covered with rubber sheeting courtesy of my employers, was a 350cc ex WD 350cc Ariel WNG with a broken frame. The twit who had owned it had removed the engine and gearbox then sat on it emulating George Formby in 'No Limit' by bouncing up and down. The frame top tube waved a white flag at the seat lug. I took the frame home in two pieces. Thank God he had not got inside the engine! I did not pay any money for the bike this time but swapped a model aeroplane for it, sound a good deal? Well he probably got the better half of the deal as the model was (are you paying attention John Goodall) a control line speed model powered by an American McCoy19 glow plug motor that, at the time, was very rare and highly prized in England. The fact that the bike was largely dismantled

the opportunity was taken to 'do it up'. One Saturday when on overtime I strapped the two halves of the frame to my back and cycled into work where I braised a previously prepared plug into the seat lug re-joining the frame halves. The ride home with a now complete frame attached to my back was perilous. The cycle parts were painted Post Office Red the signature colour of all aspirant special builders who learnt better when they matured. The engine was stripped and tune, or so I thought. Not knowing anything about cams at that time I did not realise that the military WNG cam had about as much lift as a 30" A cup bra. The outfit went quite well up to 40 and from there on it suffered from asthma. However, it served quite well dragging me back and forth to Brands Hatch with the 7R on the side, being used for daily transport with a sack of gravel from the Hogsmill Brook nailed to the boards as ballast and even taking me and my mate with camping gear to France for the Le Mans 24 hour Race

There was an interlude of solo only riding until I was courting Ann when I bought a bargain priced Vincent Comet & Steib via an advert in Exchange & Mart. It had been laid up unused for quite a few years and on the way home down the Kingston By Pass I opened her up. The wonderful stream of sparks, red hot carbon disturbed from its long slumber, that trailed from the silencer had caused following traffic to keep a safe distance. This did not go unnoticed by a speed cop patrolling the A3 on his Triumph Sprung Hub Speed Twin with fire extinguisher in the leg shields. He pulled me over and was disappointed to find that when I stopped so had the pyrotechnics so his fire extinguisher was redundant. He let me off.

In six months we had rattled the Vincent to bits the final straw being when the large alloy idler wheel in the timing chest lost its teeth. I came to the conclusion that the Comet was probably inferior to a B33, Red Hunter, MSS or Big Bullet. Later experiences with Vincent twins has led me to conclude that the twin is much more than twice as good as a single Comet. I have had a Shadow both solo and with a chair and a solo Rapide and I hold them in high regard. The Comet went but I kept the Steib in stock propped vertically in a corner of the garage it offered the storage space equal to a small wardrobe and quickly filled with bits that will come in handy.

***Further tales of Pat's trials and tribulations will be in the March 2021 issue.***

***I believe the arrival of the sidecar was an engineering bodge of the highest order, so that a gentleman could travel the highways with his chosen lady-friend by his side. Not stuck in front like a ships figurehead, or towed behind in a cloud of dust. Editor Geoff.***





This is another attempt at making a bike snow friendly. In an effort to boost sales, Indian produced this odd kit that could be attached to Scouts or Arrows. This particular machine is held in the Lyman & Merrie Wood Museum of Springfield History in Springfield, Massachusetts.

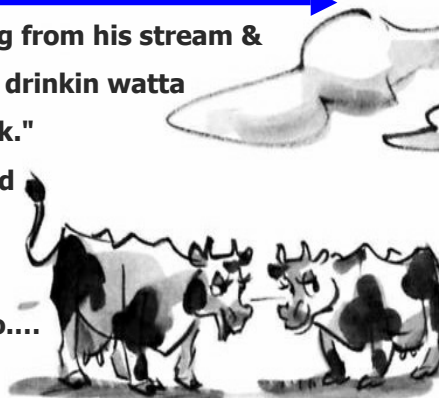
*I wonder if it was a success; it looks more practical than some of the contraptions I've come across in the past. A important consideration in engineering was, "if it looks right; it generally is right, and if it looks wrong; it is almost certainly is wrong."*

*Geoff.*

A farmer in Yorkshire sees a bloke drinking from his stream & Shouts: "Ey up cocker, tha dunt wanna be drinkin watta frum theer, its full o hoss pee an cow muck."

The bloke says: "Sir, I am from London and a member of Parliament. Can you speak clearer, I don't understand your accent?"

The farmer replies: "If.... you.... use.... two.... hands.... you.... won't... spill.... any."



# Cambridge Vintage Auction



## Cambridge Vintage Auction

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*Thanks again to Panther Owners Club for this tale.*

## **EIGHT RIDE AGAIN (or Finland the long way round)**

### **Part 2 Dave Helliwell P238**

We next headed for Latvia, where we bought coffee and biscuits – sold unwrapped from big boxes – at a shop on the border and refrained from having a pee due to the sign outside! We stopped at a workman's cafe near Riga for lunch, where service was instant and the food excellent and cheap. We were heading north close to the coast and Andy found and booked us onto a seaside campsite - reached by a horrible washboard surface dirt road about 5 km long. When we got there, Dave Thornber had to be lifted off his bike. Horrible. To cap it all, the restaurant was closed although, we had been assured food was available. Andy offered to prospect for the next campsite, rumoured to be 4 km further on, so I went for a paddle in the Baltic, which was surprisingly warm. Then we carried on the dirt road, but it was much easier going, to Meleki. It had obviously been a big site with a common room and other facilities once upon a time but it had been let go so all there was a single tap and a long drop earth toilet but it was in a stunning location by the sea and to me far better than the theme park type sites we had to use. Food was found only a short walk up the road at a Gasthaus where we met Gintz, our Latvian member who brought us some Latvian delicacies and came back to the campsite to admire the bikes.

Next morning we crossed into Estonia and came off the main road, stopping for lunch in Tori, a village with a fine church and a George and Dragon statue.

**It was a nice morning but in the afternoon the skies darkened and it absolutely poured, thunder, lightning – we sought refuge in a bus shelter.** When it finally eased off, we had water in magneto problems and before we could all set off, it started pouring again. Eventually we reached a small town, Rapla, and from the Tourist Information board found a



hotel with a campsite. Perhaps our wet and bedraggled appearance put them off - they didn't want to know us. Back into town and followed signage to “Uncle Joe's” guesthouse where they took pity on us and found us all rooms -complete with saunas and under floor heating where we could stop and dry out. We ate in an “Irish pub” five minutes walk away.

Next morning was dry and we had an easy run to Tallin where we'd booked an apartment. We spent the afternoon looking round Tallin – an absolutely fabulous city. We were booked on the Helsinki ferry at midday, Thursday. It should have been simple but closed roads had us going round in circles until we went down a closed road, round a barrier and into the port. We got away with that but then Ruth nearly got arrested for jay walking!

We hit Helsinki in the rush hour and it wasn't helped by kamikaze pedestrians, but we were soon out onto quiet roads with noticeably considerate drivers and we found a lovely campsite at Loviisa beside a sea loch where everyone spoke English and directed us to a restaurant along the shore with excellent local food. **From there it was a short run to Imatra where we arrived late morning in pouring rain to a very warm welcome. We'd made it!**



*Drying out again.*



## A LOTUS MOTORCYCLE



Certainly one of the most extreme modern motorcycles on the planet, a rare example of the otherworldly Lotus C-01 from 2014. With a look conceived by Daniel Simon, creator of the light cycles in the film *Tron: Legacy*, the bike unmistakably shares the same design DNA of its cinematic counterpart.

Comprising a chromoly trellis tube frame covered with a 12-piece carbon-fibre shell, the bike is given its brawn by a 175 hp, 1,195 cc KTM V-twin engine mated with a 6-speed transmission. And the super cycle surges forward on carbon-fibre wheels (19-inch in front, 17-inch at the back) manufactured exclusively for the model. Other cutting-edge componentry includes a cast aluminium swing arm, an upside down Sachs fork, Öhlins rear suspension, and Brembo racing brakes.





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1927 1000cc Brough Superior Pendine



1929 500cc Norton Model 18



1931 500cc Ariel Model VF



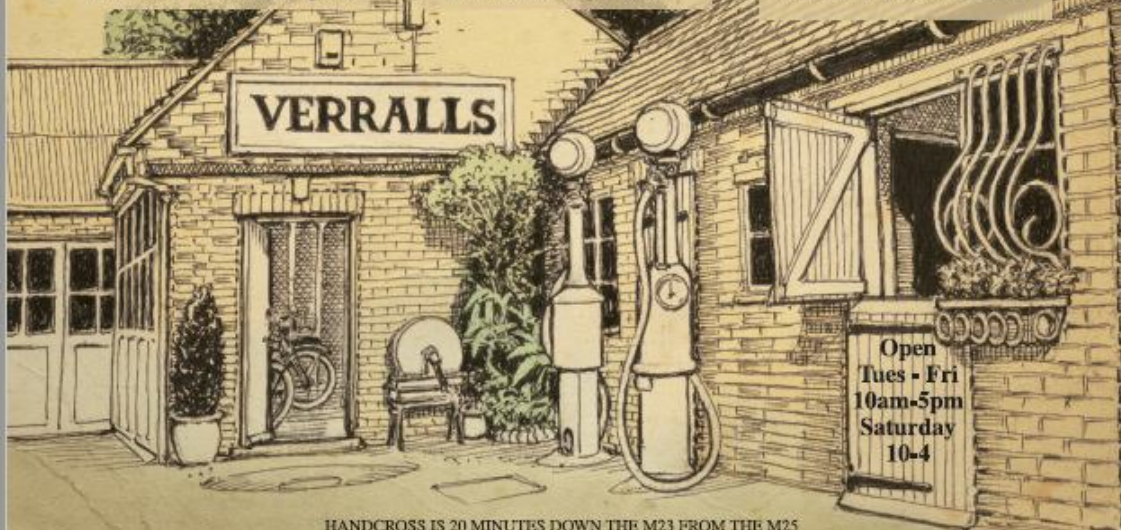
1959 750cc Norton Manx Special



1960 650 BSA Super Rocket



1965 500cc Velocette Thruxton



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## GO FASTER NORTONS

**Don Morley's tales, continued from Sept Issue.**

The continuing history and development of the road and road racing International machines had become a bit more difficult to chart though by the Mid 1930s with Norton often listing the intended specifications for the following seasons machines at the traditional September International Motor Cycle Shows at Olympia in London, but then later not actually going into production with what they were showing

There is much resulting confusion about this including within the article in The Pioneer Motor Cyclist No:188 and much of the confusion also comes from the very obvious fact Norton always needed their own 'Works' team riders to win so were never going to offer Joe Public the chance to buy and race anything too close to the specification of the actual factory bikes, hence a ever increasing gap between the 'Internationals' sold for road use, those others built to order specifically for racing, and the increasingly special 'Works' bikes themselves.

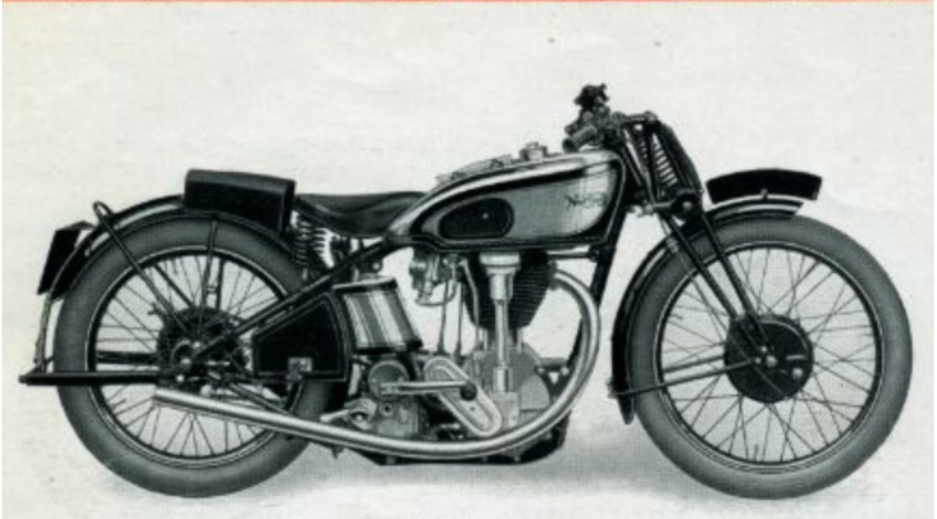
The differences were not massive to begin with during the early 1930's when the buyer on could specify it was for racing whence the machine would be supplied with a straight through exhaust pipe, larger fuel tank (3.75 gallons for the 350 and four gallons the 500), and obviously no lights. And as it did not have lights it did not need a battery either, so the racing versions also had a much larger capacity wrap round oil tank filling the area where a roadsters battery would have been situated.

The biggest single variance in those early days though was with the gearbox and its internal gear ratios for with the racers not needing a kick start mechanism it meant they could have a full four close ratio gears, whereas to allow for a kick start the roadsters could not, and incidentally this remained true right up to the very final 'Featherbed' Inters which also had to settle for a low and almost trials like wide ratio bottom gear, then suffer a big ratio jump to a close 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>. and 4th.

From 1935 the specifications between road, race and 'Works' Inter's got ever greater to the point where rather than as had been listing the Internationals as being "Can also be supplied in racing trim" Norton's changed tack and in addition to what might be called the ordinary Inter's finally offered a out and out racing only version which at last owed much more to the factory's own works team race machines than anything on offer previously.

As a aside I managed to go half shares with a friend and buy one of these

## INTERNATIONAL MODEL NORTON TO RACING SPECIFICATION



1935 Racing International's during the early 1950's and used it on the road. It went like stink but leaked Castrol R from its cambox like no tomorrow, indeed the Torrey Canyon had nothing on it and my then girlfriend, now my wife of 60 years, was not much amused when her dresses got ruined after riding on my bikes make shift pillion.

Hardly surprisingly there were still big and continuing differences for instance with the 'Works' bikes soon after gaining a double overhead camshaft and electron conical wheel hubs, Alloy top ends and rear springing also appeared on the factory race bikes years long before on any Inter you could buy and soon after the full racing specification Internationals also disappeared altogether from Norton's annual catalogues (after 1936).

though these machines were rapidly growing apart Norton's year on year September Show catalogues still used to add in small print under the pictures of the ordinary roadster Internationals that buyers could still order these machines in racing specification whereas the proper racing bikes were hand built instead in Norton's Experimental Department, and for whatever it is worth I rather suspect there were few of them, and probably only available to such as a few sponsoring dealers plus the likes of Francis Beart and Bill Lacy.

All of the genuine racing models continued with the old style soldered up



'Pie Crust' fuel tanks throughout whereas the over the counter Internationals became ever more civilised with smaller capacity all welded and chrome plated fuel and oil tanks with painted on panels.

Come the 1938 Isle Of Man TT Harold Daniell smashed the TT lap record with a by then double overhead camshaft 500cc Works bike but the Pre War development stories end was near for very soon after Norton announced they were withdrawing entirely from racing to so they could concentrate on military work with WW11 then so

very obviously approaching and meaning in turn them switching to building thousands of WD side valve 16H's rather than OHC race bikes.

Norton's famous works team riders were now thus also all out of work but then things suddenly all changed again when at the 1938 September Olympia Show Norton's very unexpectedly announced they were going to re introduce out and out, over the counter, but hand built in the experimental department racing specification 'Internationals' for 1939.

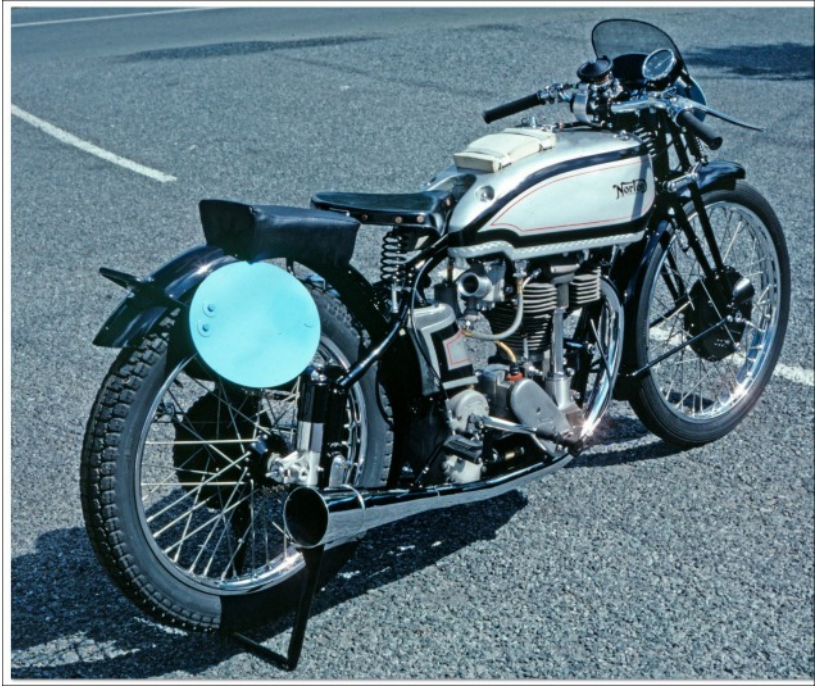
The very rare brochure pictures (as I hope reproduced here) showed them as still being single OHC as opposed to the 'Works' bikes DOHC but beyond that it did briefly look as though Norton were finally going to offer Joe Public the opportunity to be able to buy something really quite special, however yet again what actually then happened was quite different to what was said in 'The Pioneer Motor Cyclist No 188.

Yes this 1938 for 1939 production machine was catalogued but most likely as pure wishful thinking and so in fact with the likelihood of War looming ever closer not a single one of those as catalogued race machines was ever made,



*Don Morley's 1937 Norton Inter at Peel during 1970 TT week.*

however Norton instead slightly relented on the race team front and loaned their former stars the by then BMW style Tele Forked and plunger rear suspension 1938 race winning bikes to use as private



entrants in the 1939 TT.

History of course records however that come June it was the Supercharged BMW's that did the winning rather than Norton. Worse it was also not just the very first foreign Senior TT win, but Norton had also been so very soundly beaten but also beaten by products from the very country most by then knew we would soon be at war with. And Norton made a somewhat amazing new announcement

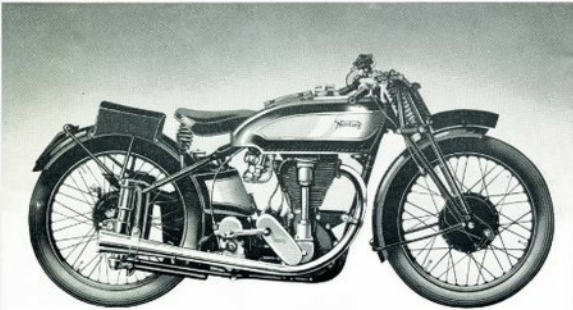
Gone was the 1938 for 1939 Racing Internationals of which I claimed earlier none would ever be made, and instead they were they said going to build a VERY limited run of much more special plunger rear sprung 350 and 500cc race bikes which they were going to make available to just a handful of fancied few selected entrants for the September 1939 Manx GP races.

Was it because Norton's were so soundly beaten by BMW back in June? We will probably never know. However this time build them they did and what's more these so few much more works team like especially built race bikes were no longer being called 'Internationals' either, but instead they were officially announced as being 'The Manx Grand Prix models' .and that new title of course soon got shortened down to 'Manx'

Rather than them building the bikes in the ill fated 1938 for 1939 catalogue form Norton also went much further than anyone then might have anticipated



## RACING INTERNATIONAL MODEL



This is a machine specially designed for racing. Every detail of the specification is of the utmost importance and includes the following:

**ENGINE.**—Every engine is built and specially tuned in the Experimental Department. Each engine is bench tested and has to pull a pre-determined load before being passed out as suitable for building into the complete machine. An aluminium alloy head and barrel is fitted as standard; an electron crankcase; B.T.H. racing magneto is incorporated with T.T. remote control carburettor.

The well-known NORTON Spring Frame is employed; dual-plated petrol and oil tanks—capacity of the petrol tank, 4½ gallons approximately. In the case of the 348 c.c. machine, petrol tank capacity approximately 3½ gallons. Quick-lift filler caps are used; straight through exhaust pipe with resonator is fitted; cone type front brake with aluminium alloy brake plate. Dunlop racing tyres; long handlebar levers; racing footpegs and rear stand; chainguards; special racing postbox without kick-starter, incorporating three-plate special clutch.

### PRICES:

348 c.c. Model... **£115:19:6**      490 c.c. Model... **£123:9:6**

The Unapproachable  
**Norton**  
REG. TRADE MARK  
 The World's Best Road Holder

Price Thirtynine

for other than them as said earlier still having single rather than DOHC engines plus Webb girders rather than tele forks these few hand built production bikes were otherwise built to very near full works racing specs with Alloy cylinder barrels, massive square fin cylinder heads, plunger rear suspension, and quite unique to this handful, reverse direction rear stand

Post war it was long thought none of these mere handful of machines had managed to survive and in effect they were eventually forgotten but in a twist to the story one



in fact had and it had never left the Isle Of Man for its rider Harley Deschamps crashed badly during the race suffering terrible injuries which in turn meant him having to spend many months recovering in Douglas's Noble's Hospital.

Long after War broke out poor old Harley was still there, and by the time he when he was finally able to be re patriated the historic Norton did not go with him, instead it was just dumped in a I-O-M shed and long forgotten, that is until my dear old friend John Flood got wind it existed and many more years later also finally managed to buy it exactly as it was still in its as raced, crashed, badly damaged condition.

John was a paraplegic himself having broken his back and lost the use of his legs in a racing accident but had the upper strength of a Ox and so sometimes commenced its restoration. We had it finished just in time for if I recall correctly was the 1982 TT when we also managed to contact its original and only rider Harley Deschamps who by then we were delighted to discover was also fully recovered, and so we of course then invited over to the Island.

One of my pictures shows Harley on the Norton with John Flood in his wheel chair holding a picture of Harley on it in the paddock and taken just moments before he set off on it in the 1939 Manx Grand Prix. Contrary to The Pioneer Motor Cyclist No 188 neither it or any over the counter Pre WW1

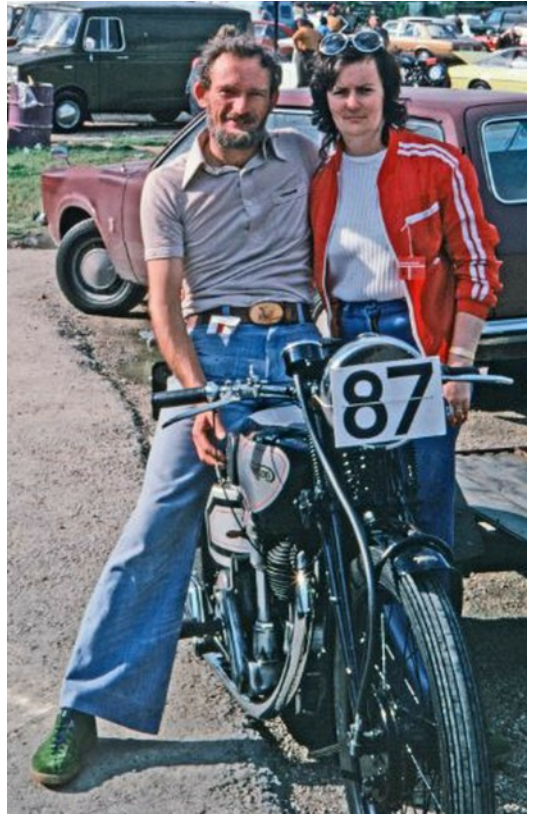
International ever left the factory with Tele forks, though Norton's did do



another mock up catalogue for the hoped for 1940 Olympia show showing the Inter range so fitted, but a bit like the earlier mentioned 1938 for 1939 Racing Internationals none ever went into production. As to my own Cammy Norton bikes over the years? Frankly I never much liked



the C.S.1 though it was quite quick of the mark as a three speeder at the traffic light GP's when I used to use it daily to go from home up to London and Fleet St, but my favourite was always my 1937 350cc Inter which even my wife liked to go on as long as she was wearing leggings as it too knew how to leak. We rode it to the Island on numerous occasions along with two other great trials riding friends whose Scott and Royal Enfield were more oil tight than mine, so I used to get up before them each morning and move our three bikes round so my beloved Inter's overnight oil patch was under either my dear old long departed friend John Lockey's Scott or Bryan Amos's Royal Oilfield rather than my Inter. All Happy Days and memories from my 51 years of attending the TT races



←—————→

### ***MORE WORDS OF WISDOM***

***If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything.***

***Some days you are the dog, some days you are the tree.***

***Good judgment comes from bad experience ... And most of that comes from bad judgment.***

***A closed mouth gathers no foot.***

***There are two excellent theories for arguing with women. Neither one works.***

***Generally speaking, you aren't learning much when your lips are moving.***

***Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.***

***Never, under any circumstances, take a sleeping pill and a laxative on the same night.***

# Merry Christmas and Hoping for a Happier New Year

