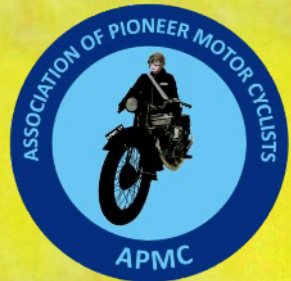


THE PIONEER MOTOR CYCLIST



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



September 2020 No. 189

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EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS *Geoff Davies*



The front cover shows a Dispatch Rider on a Norton 16 H, leaping across a damaged bridge to get important messages back to HQ. You may think that this side valve Norton, used in 1939-1945

would struggle to achieve this feat. My first road bike was an ex WD 16H, which struggled to bounce up a kerb. Here is Richard Mummery at Shorncliff in 1961, on a girder fork BSA M20; well in the air, proving it could have been done. Read his story on page 18.



I need more stories like this one; of members activities in the past, especially as no one has been very active in the last few months. We begin to wonder when it all will end. Listening to all the 'experts' is confusing. They all have different views, so whose advice do you take. I'm playing it cautiously and not taking too many risks. My workshop has not been so tidy for several

years. I'm finding things I can't remember buying or making. One was a special puller for removing the half time pinion on a Norton twin. Made by me and clearly labelled. I've never done any major work on a Norton twin, so why did I make it.

Sorting through my assortment of home made pullers, I came across one of the most useful things I've made. It's a tool for removing the sprocket off a magneto. Get a small 6" tyre lever, bend it into the shape shown in this photo. You will need some strong heat to do this. To use it, undo the nut and unscrew it until it is just proud of the shaft end, hook point 'A' over the sprocket, point 'B' rests on top of the nut, then tap, not too heavy, on top of point 'C', and the jobs a good un'.

"You're always losing things Geoff. Now you can't find neutral! You should have put it where you could find it."



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.

P2412 George Spence from Coventry. George's first driving licence dates from 1953 and his first bike was an LE Velocette. He was a project engineer at BSA-Triumph from 1969-1974. He restored a 1926 HRD in the 1960s. He did the End to End on it in the early seventies. George has been 'touring, riding and messing about with Vincents' for 60 years. His first club was the Antelope Coventry and at present he is a member of the Vincent Owners Club and the VMCC.

P2413 Stephen Cox from Waterlooville. He passed his test in 1970 and his first bike was a 1956 250cc BSA C12. From 1973 to 1976 he supported a friend who rode in Southern England club races. From 1976 to 1982 he just used a bike for work, then family took over. He is now interested in older British motorcycles, but also newer Japanese machines. His annual holidays are touring in Northern France on a modern bike with a group of friends. Stephen is an active member of the Waterlooville Motorcycle Club.

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Dear Geoff.

The recent articles on Bob McIntyre's 100 MPH T.T. lap jogged a memory. At one time the VMCC Taverners Section held a Cleaning Day at Stanford Hall on the Sunday before Founders Day. It was a chance to get up close to the machines and sometimes see them in action up and down the drive. In about 1976 we as a family decided to go to the Cleaning Day, me, wife, two young sons and dog, all on a 1949 BSA M20 with child/adult Busmar, from our home in the Cotswolds. Just the other side of Rugby we had a flat rear tyre, not only was it flat but split on the wall just above the wired edge. I cut a good piece of inner tube and stuck it inside the tyre using a new tube to get the tyre inflated. On arrival at Stanford hall I asked about getting a new tyre. Sunday afternoon, no chance. Just as I was considering how to get the family home, Titch Allen appeared with an aluminium wheel with tyre saying "Have this to get you home." The tyre was inscribed with paint "Bob McIntyre 1957 First 100mph lap of I-O-M T.T on a Gilera" (or words to that effect). The old M20 flew home and the next weekend it was returned at Founders Day.

Regards, Darol Baker

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1914 350cc Douglas Model U



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1929 500cc Norton Model 18



1931 500cc Ariel Model VF



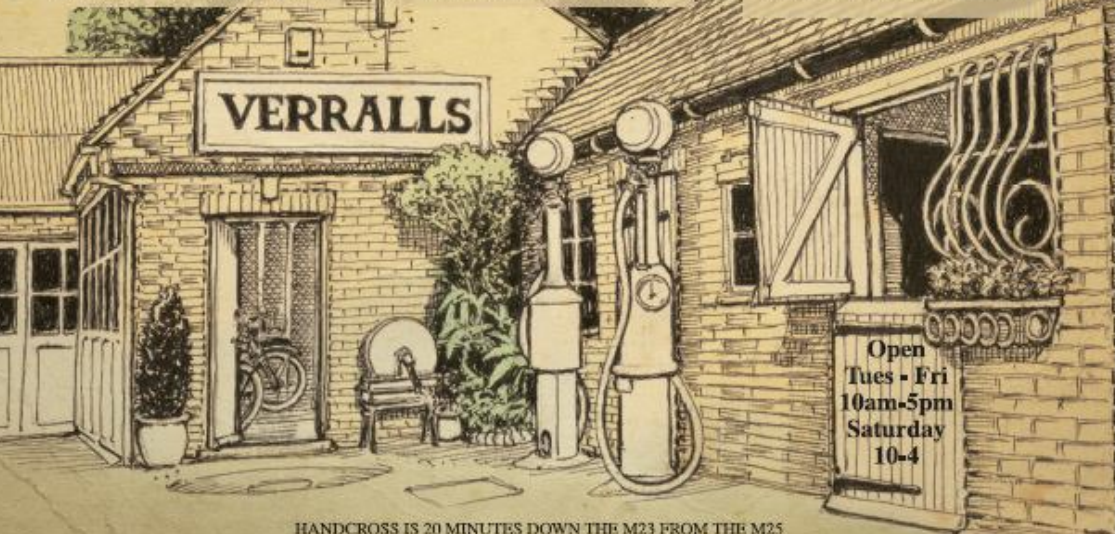
1959 750cc Norton Manx Special



1960 650 BSA Super Rocket



1965 500cc Velocette Thruxton



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Tales of Continental travel in the late 1930's by Eddie Knight (our treasurer's father) and Tom Robinson. This is the third part of the August 1938 tour.

LOG BOOK 1938 15th - 18th August

Monday 15th

We had a bit of trouble getting our travellers cheques changed today as it was some sort of a public holiday. We finally found a travel bureau where the boss had come to do a spot of work and he was able to let us have a 40 marks, which allowed us to pay our bill and go on our way. We missed our road at Spittal and went away up into the mountains. We didn't discover our error until we were 20 km away and had to return. However we were somewhat compensated by the beauty of the country we passed through, with pine clad mountains dropping sharply down into the lakes. The roads here are very bad - untarred and in many places impassable. However, a lot of work is being done on them, so I suppose they will be good, one day. We regained our road at Gmund and went on our way more or less rejoicing. The countryside here is the wildest of the wild stark mountain ranges, pine clad lower slopes and roaring, tumbling streams. From Gmund to Sankt Michael - the road climbs sharply and steadily for mile after mile, dropping slightly to Sankt Michael, and then climbing again and finally descending to Untertauern. We saw many cars stuck on the hills, which are very steep gradients up to 1:4 being quite common, with atrocious surfaces. From Radstadt to Salzburg the road is level and has a fairly good surface. Salzburg has a very fine Castle and is a quaint old town. Here we joined the autobahn, as we wanted to get nearly to Munich. We did 100 km in one hour which wasn't bad going - an average of 60 mph. Left the autobahn some 20 km from Munich and stayed the night at somewhere, a small town, or rather, a large village. The local Gasthaus had no rooms but the owner was able to put us into the room just down the street, so we had our meal at the Gasthaus and then wandered down to the room. We had to pay rather well for our meal, but the room only cost two marks each.

Tuesday 16th

Left Munich this morning. Located the BMW factory with some difficulty and had quite a long conversation with the export and racing manager who speaks English well. There were one or two jobs to be done to the bike so we left it at the works and walked back with our kit through Munich. Was it hot! We had a bit of a job finding a room and finally located one. We washed and changed and then went out to the town. We walked miles and miles and finally we dropped in at a very small cafe for some grub. We had a good lunch

and the total cost was 1 mark 70! More walking back then we bought two English books and read until 7pm when we went out for dinner. Service at the cafe is so bad that the meal lasted from 7:30pm to 10pm. We had to wait over half an hour for our coffee. Walk back to the Gasthaus and so to bed.

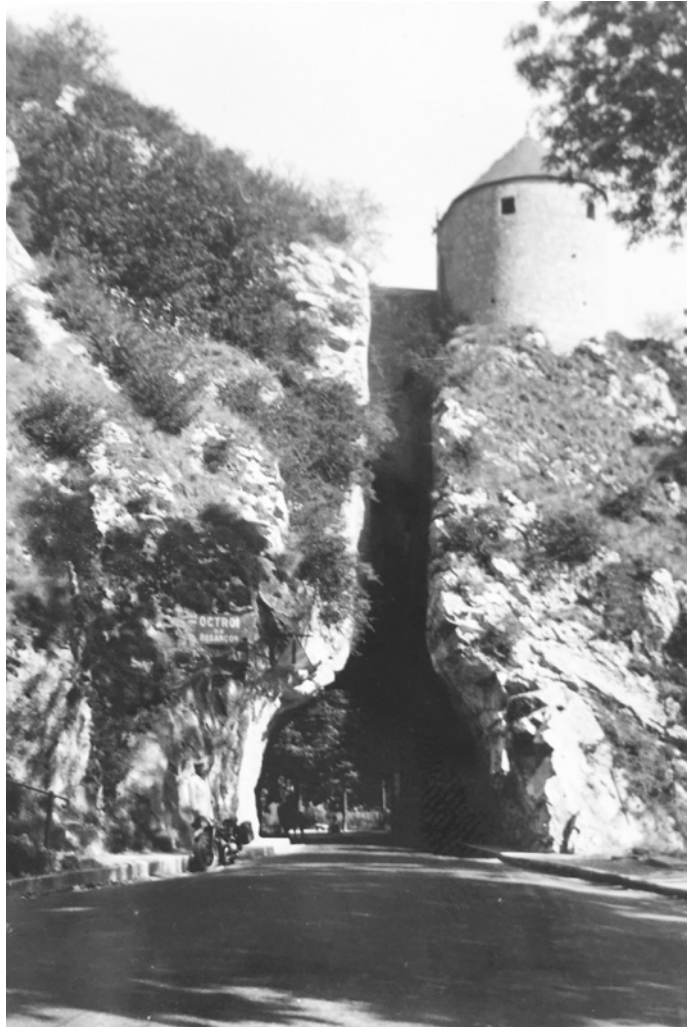
Wednesday 17th

Our breakfast was patchy today - good rolls, butter and jam which is unusual but very poor coffee which again is unusual. We walked round and round Munich putting on time until 2pm. Had some grub at 12pm - the usual Wiener schnitzel mit kartoffeln und salade and paid the usual price for it. Food is pretty dear in Munich except in the poorer places where it is good and cheap. We went down to BMW at 2pm and were told the bike will be ready at 3pm and we got it at 4pm.

We started away from Munich after being shown the way out by a German who had lived at Blackpool for some time. The sun was setting and we were going westward so it was bad going. We decided to stay at somewhere and get a decent room but it was way up in the hills. Had some good grub and went to bed early.

Thursday 18th

Started away about 7:30am. Lovely morning very clear and we can see the Allgau Alps away on the left. Reached Bregenz at 11am and saw some English people from Lancashire. Bodensee was rough with a



strong north-west wind blowing. Crossed the Rhine at St Margrethen into Switzerland at 12.00. Had our lunch at Saint Gallen and it was quite nice to be greeted with Grusse Gott instead of the usual German Heil Hitler.

Worked our way towards the Rhine and Basel. Had a close shave when we took a right-hand bend at about 40-ish. Saw as we rounded it a team of oxen and a cart with a lad on the offside and his mother on the cart. Eddie stood on everything and we slid in a straight line but we hit the lad at about 15 mph and took him a couple of yards on our headlamp. The old woman swore and shouted "Langsamer fahren!" and the lad ran off apparently unhurt but he he'd be pretty sore the next day. We didn't do much damage to the bike beyond a bent mudguard and a slightly ripped pannier bag. Run along the Rhine to Basel and as we were leaving Basel we saw three Manchester lads on Triumph twins who



were on their way to Switzerland. They had left England the last weekend and come down by Luxembourg. When we got to the frontier there were two more English bikes and Eddie knew one of the fellows. We went through the customs together but lost them later as we stayed the night at Remiremont, at the Hotel de Cheval du Bronze, quite good. We had our dinner at a low dump, but good grub and cheap. After we wandered around and listened to the local band play and tried to pluck enough self-confidence to get off with a couple of girls but I fell soft and walked out on Eddie so we went to bed instead.

The log ends here, last pages missing

This appeared in the Empire News shortly after Ed Knight returned from Europe

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th 1938

EMPIRE NEWS

CAUGHT IN SCARE OVER EUROPE

Is Britain Mobilised?

Conditions today in Central Europe, where the people are spoon fed as to happenings in other countries, and really believe that Britain is preparing for immediate war, are described as follows to the “Empire News” by Edward Knight, the racing motorcyclist, just returned from a Continental tour.

RACING “CYCLISTS EXPERIENCES

It is a relief to be back in England and to find my fears un-founded. I cut my tour short because I thought war had been, or was about to be, declared.

People in England do not realise what a state of tension Italy, Germany, Czechoslovakia and Austria are in Streets are crowded with fully armed soldiers Civilians are being arrested ON the slightest pretext. Cars and motorcycles are being requisitioned without any reason being given,

I arrived one evening just outside Bologna, and put up in the local inn. Two uniformed men came in and asked me why I was staying there, and had not gone into the town,

DRAGGED OFF

I tried to explain that I had just covered a long journey, and was tired, but they did not believe me, and took me to the Police Station, where I was questioned and my passport examined. After about 30 minutes, they told me I could stay there for the night, but move on. In the morning, this I did and made my way to Austria.

There I found the people sullen, and far different from when I was last there. I stayed in a hotel at Villach a couple of days, and while there struck up a friendship with a young Austrian, who told me that he and thousands of Austrians are waiting for Hitler to march on Czechoslovakia—he was certain that Hitler would do so—and then they would desert and join the Czechs, In the middle of the night, there was a commotion in the hall. When I went out to see what the noise was about, I saw my Austrian friend being dragged along the passage by four or five storm troopers. One of the hotel porters told me to get out of town, because I might also be suspected and arrested, having been seen talking to the youth. With that, I packed my bag, and cleared out, and did not stop until I was some hundreds of miles away.

Eventually reaching Czechoslovakia, I was questioned and searched at the border and told I must only take certain routes. Everywhere I went I was asked whether the British were mobilised,

Armoured cars were running along the roads. Motor cycles were mounted with machine guns, and trenches were being dug. In one place, I had to ride across planks of wood which were laid across the trenches. Little boys were drilled on the streets, and practically every man was in uniform. It was then I came to the conclusion that war was imminent. I made my way back through Germany and here, things were similar to Czechoslovakia.

WITHOUT QUESTION

I nearly lost my motorcycle in a little town near the Black Forest. I had gone into a shop to buy something and when I returned I saw a un-uniformed man examining my bike. When I told him the machine belonged to me, he told me I was lucky, as all the natives must hand over their machines without question to any ununiformed man.

A few minutes later the same un-uniformed man stopped a civilian riding a motorcycle, made him dismount, and went off on it himself. I went up to the shopkeeper, who was standing by, and asked If the man would get it back. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "If the soldier took the name of the person from whom he borrowed it."

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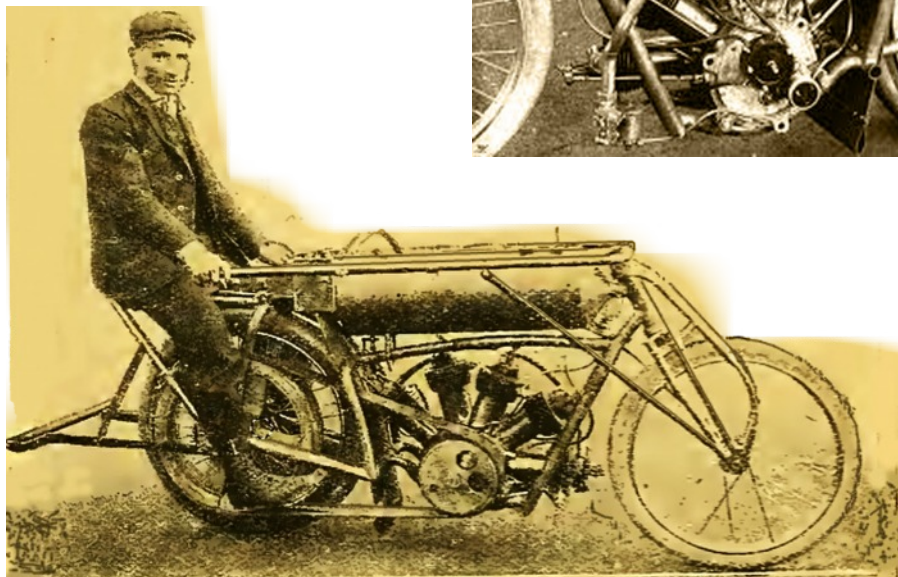
A FIVE CYLINDER MOTOR BICYCLE

The Motor Cycle, June 1908

This Esnault-Pelterie five-cylinder engine is designed and built in France. The engine has several very distinguishing and clever features, principal among them being the method of attaching the connecting rods to the crankshaft. Combined inlet and exhaust slide valves are situated in the top of the combustion head. The bicycle engine has five cylinders staggered round the crank chamber in the same way as the seven-cylindered engine. One carburettor serves the whole five cylinders. It is the lightest engine for its power yet constructed for a motor bicycle.

The designer of the motor bicycle has cleverly utilised the space occupied by the crankcase, and has dished a large flat-faced engine pulley over it. The back belt rim is of wood with wooden arms, and should allow the flat belt to obtain a good grip of the pulley face. The weight of the engine is 60 lbs only, length of wheelbase 3 ft. 5 in., diameter of front wheel 28 in., rear wheel 30 in. The ignition is by plain coil, and make and break contact, and the distributor is the larger of the two cases seen on the side of the crankcase in the picture.

The machine is, of course, intended for pacing purposes, and with its aid, a French cyclist hopes to beat the record by covering 100 kilometres within 1 hour.



A TALE FROM THE 1st WORLD WAR Archie Beggs

While not being a member of the APMC; I get your mag, second hand from my pal Kenny Crawford, who rides my veteran Sunbeam in the Pioneer Run. I am already in too many clubs, spending a lot of time in "Sunbeam matters" and only riding in the summer on the 1928, 350 Sunbeam when I can get someone to hold it as I climb on: most embarrassing.

*I thought some recollections of the old days might do to fill some space as lockdown has stopped things. **So here goes.***

In the 1950's, I used to go over to the Island for TT week, with my 1928, model 90 Sunbeam, staying at Curpneys in Douglas, where many of the vintage bike riders lodged. One of them was a real hard case, chap on an RAF P&M, who used to get up at six in the morning and go for a swim in Douglas Bay.



This is a mid 1910's P & M RAF outfit, and could have been what was being used in this tale.

He told me, that at the beginning of the 1914 war, riders joining up could take their own machines with them. They were marshalled at a depot, and were to drive to the embarkation port in stages. They were billeted in the local school on the first day. They were in the charge of a newly commissioned Lieutenant Davies, anxious to exert his new authority at every opportunity, and whom the riders regarded as a "pig of a man".

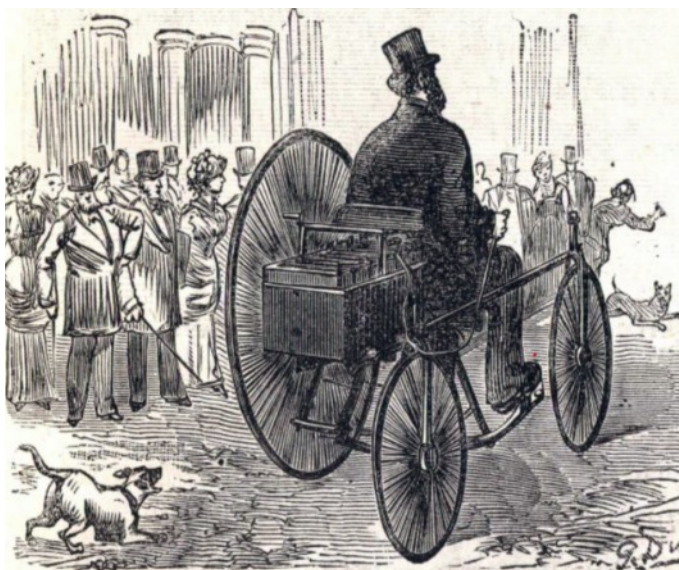
The time was in the depths of winter and on starting from the depot in the morning, most of the bikes could not get going, as the oil would not flow, being too stiff. He, and his pal, being "old hands," had gone to the chemists shop and bought some methylated spirit to thin the castor oil. This delay forced the Lieutenant to send them ahead to arrange billeting and overnight parking. He asked the police about this, and they offered the police station yard. Locked up securely there was no need to mount sentries overnight in the cold. The Lieutenant was annoyed, as he had no excuse to order sentries out in the cold. When the batch finally reached the embarkation point, they

were all stood on the deck of the boat. The Lieutenant was parading about on the quay showing off his status and collecting salutes, before returning for another group. Someone called out "Three cheers for Lieutenant Davies"; and they all spat over the side.

At the end of the war, he was posted to an airfield in England, situated in the countryside, and several miles from the nearest railway station. There was a visit from an Air Marshal, and it snowed and froze so much, that no planes could take off, nor wheeled vehicles navigate the roads. After a couple of days, the Air Marshal was getting impatient. He volunteered to get him to the railway station by riding in his P&M outfit. It was a marathon struggle, but he got the outfit to the station. The air marshal climbed out of the sidecar saying, "I expect you are pretty cold, Airman." - "Yes sir." - "Well, you should get yourself to the station buffet and get a cup of tea." and walked away without even giving him sixpenny tip.

ELECTRIC MOTORCYCLES & OTHER MATTERS.

In the VMCC's June journal, there was an interesting item, telling us of the Belgium, SOCOVEL electric motorcycle. It wasn't the first, that was probably in 1881 when Monsieur Truve, from France, fitted an electric motor and battery to a British 'James Starkey Tricycle', as seen on the right. Batteries came in 1800, from Sr. Volta in Italy, and usable electric motors in 1820, from Herr Jedlik in Austria. The first electric powered vehicle may have been a boat in 1839.



SHAKESPEARE, and what might have been the first motorcycle.

Was it in 1601 that Shakespeare had it in mind when writing Twelfth Night' that his hero, Antonio, should arrive on the stage creating astonishment by

riding a speedy machine and dressed as a medieval hooligan. He might have got these strange ideas from the works of Leonardo de Vinci, who was well known for creating views of machines from the unknown future, with no mention of how they would be driven. Possibly someone in France had the idea of 'French Fries in the 12th century, well before the potato was brought to Europe. Who had the daft idea of thinking you could talk to your mate in Australia whilst lying in the bath.

Someone from the New Victoria theatre in Newcastle, Staffs, had the idea that Shakespeare had intended Twelfth Night to have a futuristic machine. They set to in 1991 to include Antonio riding a motorcycle onto the stage dressed as a Hell's Angel. The original plan was to use a Harley Davidson. Health and Safety soon put a stop to that. I was asked by VMCC member, the late John Humphrey, who was responsible for stage sets and props, if I had a frame to lend him. Purely by chance, at founder's day in 1990, I had picked up a drag racing rolling chassis.



This photo with the two ladies astride, shows most of the details. Someone passing by enquired if it was double knocker powered.

However back to the point. John took it away and used his

skills to make wooden tank, engine etc. which covered the starter motor and 24V battery from a JCB excavator. Complete with bars, levers and seat, it looked the real thing. Ready for dress rehearsal, time to try it out. The New Victoria is a theatre in the round, so a ramp was put either side of the stage for Antonio to ride up one ramp, accompanied by a recording of a Harley, stop in the middle, and say his lines, then ride down the other side.

This is where a design fault took over. The bike was set up so that slowly pulling the clutch lever in started the motor, and the bike went up the ramp

at a controlled speed. However, when Antonio, who did ride bikes, got to the top, it all went wrong. His instincts, as a biker, told him to pull the clutch lever back to the bar when he wanted to stop, which he did. This put full power to the JCB starter motor. He never stopped in the middle, just shot across the stage down the ramp, and crashed straight through the restaurant doors on the other side. Them JCB starters are powerful things. Eventually the system was sorted, doors repaired and ready for opening night. I was there; it went perfectly, most people thinking it was a genuine Harley, helped by a sound recording of a real Harley,

Below is the review from the local newspaper.

Paying homage to the sixties.

.MAN, that Dude of Avon would have freaked out..

Malvolio in yellow loon pants, strutting his stuff with a mike stand a la Mick Jagger.

But then this is no ordinary "Twelfth Night". This is an acid and incense fuelled trip back to the swinging, psychedelic, Shakespearean 60s.

This is lilyria, Lady, or it might be Nirvana, or Strawberry Fields.

This version in the era of altered mind-states, changing values, and unisex — when you can't tell the girls from the boys.

Thus, Viola takes the guise of a eunuch to serve the Duke Orsino.

Much more, though, it is a celebration and festivity, a homage to the culture of the 50s. Original rock music, played live by the company, in full hippy regalia, conjures up the magic of The Byrds, Dylan and acid rock.

Hilarious little liberties are taken with the text along with touches of Fab Four lunacy and nostalgia aplenty.

Antonio becomes a Scouse Hells Angel; Feste is a Donovan-esque song poet dropout; and is a brilliant comic portrayal of Malvolio, tricked into a ludicrous Rolling Stones homage. If music be the food of love, let the band play on. Turn on and tune in to the New Victoria Theatre's "Twel

I eventually got the bike back and had it on display for a short while. We named it, the 'New Victoria'. Again, many didn't realise that it was a wooden shell. Finally, JCB asked for their battery and starter motor to be returned. It was dismantled and the rolling chassis was passed on.

The photo shows my late friend, Harry Preston trying it out. He complained about the poor brakes, but these weren't needed. Pull the modified clutch

lever in, the motor stopped and there was no 'drive'. You just had to remember to cut the power switch before releasing the clutch lever, or you were off under full power, which Harry forgot a couple of time.

He was well known in North Staffs for thrashing the life out of home built SV Norton, and was quite disappointed when I would not take it on the road.



A SOLDIERS LIFE COULD BE A HAPPY ONE

Richard Mummerie's tale from the 60's.

In 1959 I at the age of 21, I was called up to do my two year National Service. In December, I reported to the Queens Own Royal West Kent Depot to start my training .After completing that I joined the 1st battalion, at Shorncliffe near Folkstone; who had just returned from Cyprus .I was put in the M.T. Section, did routine work truck driving. Now the M.T. section had ten BSA M20s, the girder fork jobs. Whilst in Cyprus, they had a motorcycle team and had done quite well in competitions, and were keen to continue in the UK. The team was made up of a regular sergeant and two N/S boys. Before joining up, I rode in trials on a 197cc Norman, so I was very interested.

Thursday afternoon was sports time, and the bikes were taken out for fun. After several weeks, I was allowed out with them, and I had some good fun. As time went on the two N/S boys got demobbed, and I managed to get hold of one of the better bikes, 49YE22, and I managed to keep it throughout my service.

In June, I rode in the Home Counties trial and won runner up novice. Yipee. In September, the battalion went up to Stamford, Norfolk, playing soldiers with live rounds for a month. Stamford is a large training area, just outside Thetford. On the journey up, I and two others did convoy escort duty, very hairy, no motorways, lots of junctions. Once there, there was very little for

the M.T. to do, so I was playing hide and seek to keep out of the way. We had been there about two weeks when I was told to report to the M.T.

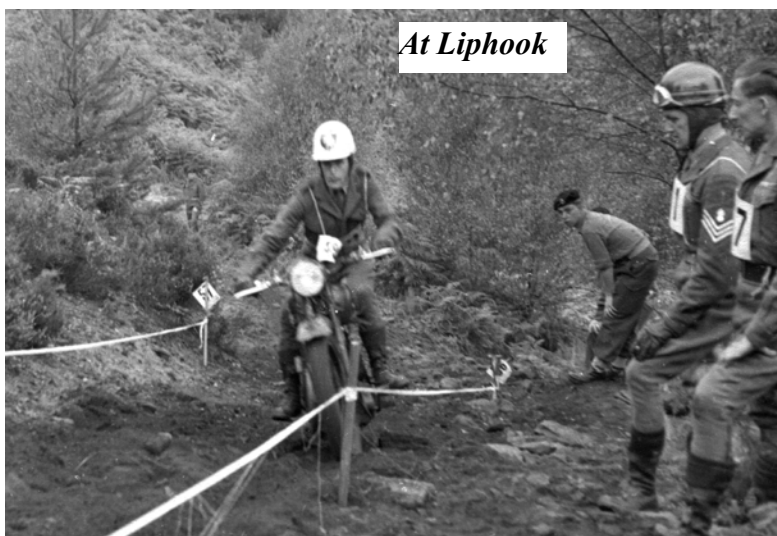
Officer. I attended, fearing I had been found out in getting up to mischief, but he told me that I had been selected to ride in the Army motorcycle

Championships at Rhyl in Wales and to get practicing, On the

following Friday, myself and Cpl Fred Potts, set off with a one tonner and two bikes, for Wales. The trial was super. Saturday was road and forest tracks, with a special off road test in the morning. I had a very enjoyable ride with no problems. Sunday consisted of about twelve trials sections. It had rained hard in the night and made them very slippery. Bearing in mind, we were all riding M20s with road tyres, I managed a second class award. When I reported back to the M.T. Officer, he was pleased and gave me immediate leave. Now, amongst my kit, I had a Sten gun, nobody wanted to take care of that, so I rode all the way down the A 11, through the Blackwell Tunnel, on



Me, Fred Potts Cpl, (Wings) Weston



At Liphook

my own with the damm thing. Got home, hid the bike in the shed and buried the gun in the garden. On the Thursday, the battalion were back home and I reported for first parade. That was the end of army trials that year. The next year

20

1961, we had a team in the Eastern Command Championships. It consisted of a night map reading road trial and on the Sunday, off road trials sections .I won it,,we won the team award and also one of our team got best novice.

Later in the year, I rode in the Army Championships in the Liphook,Aldersot area. Again, all on M20s, although we did have some Marines riding Triumph TRWs. No improvement on previous years, again only managing a second class award.

Now this is where some old soldiers can help. I only have the award, no programme or paper work of the event. I have a couple of photos, but that's all. Can anyone help, as I would like to be sure of the location and who I was riding against,,so I can put my house in order.

That was my last army trial. I consider I lived a charmed life, riding a motorcycle whilst in the infantry.

I was asked to do a photo shoot to promote sport in the army, so I spent an afternoon, doing various stunts.

Remember this was on a girder fork M20. After a while the camera man said, "Can you get the bike in the air."

Well, there was a flat area with a very steep bank rising about 40 ft. I charged at this and he got the enclosed shot. I was several feet in the air and

came down with an almighty crash into a Hawthorn bush. I was later told, that they would not use any of the photos as they hadn't realised the bike was so old.



This is Richard copying the trick of the rider on the front cover. We know how Richard ended up; but what happened to the 16H Norton!

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GO FASTER NORTONS

Much of my motorcycling life has been spent rebuilding and riding and sometimes competing on the likes of big Vincent's and Broughs mixed up with rather a lot of Norton's wonderful 'Cammy' models and hence it is hardly a surprising the 'Cammy' Norton article featured by Editor Geoff in the most recent wonderful APMC magazine, really caught my attention..

It was not a very accurate article as rather a lot of the claimed annual model specification improvements during the late 1930's never actually happened, especially as the outbreak of WW11 got ever closer, nonetheless , and despite a few flaws, I still much enjoyed reading it as it also brought back some great personal memories.

Norton's 'Cammy' engine machines developments and intended eventual production runs however very often failed to go exactly to plan and the 500cc C.S.1 (Camshaft 1 and CJ 350cc Camshaft Junior) using Walter Moore's 'Cricket Bat' single overhead cam engines were themselves good examples of this. Moore's new engine had been specifically designed so it could slot more or less straight into the by then, well proven ES2 Chassis, without alteration, a factor which was much aided by its cambox being sufficiently offset it quite easily cleared the old ES2 frame's top tube, and at least initially the 'Works' entered C.S.1's were a massive success..

Almost from day one Bert Denly covered over a hundred miles in a hour on one of the 1927 development bikes at Brooklands and Alec Bennett won the Senior TT with a new record average speed of 68.41 MPH, less well remembered however are the performances of his team mates including a certain Joe Craig and the great Stanley Woods.

Woods had in fact led Bennett throughout most of the race and was leading by over four minutes before having to retire because his C.S.1s clutch failed, this sort of transmission failure would go on to almost continuously blight the C.S.1's racing future as basically what had been the old ES2's Sturmey Archer three speed gearbox and clutch was never quite up to the job of coping with this later more powerful OHC engine..

In a way it might even have been better had the C.S.1 Norton not been rolled out to race in such as that 1927 TT as it was arguably still very underdeveloped but luckily it was not yet all over for the C.S.1 as one of the 'Works' riders mentioned earlier then persuaded Dennis Mansell who was a Norton Director to pay him to move over from Ireland so he could join the Bracebridge Street factory's Development Department.

He of course was Joe Craig who joined in 1928 but much more about him

later. Meanwhile the smaller 350cc CJ version did not enter production until 1928 and was never as successful as the 500, an example of which for instance amateur rider Percy (Tim) Hunt used to compete with and win an award in the 1928 Scottish Six Days Trial, but then crossed over to the Island with the same bike to not only win the Amateur Senior TT on it, but to also break the Islands then absolute lap record with it at 71.05 mph.



Don Morley's 1928 CS1 just after he rebuilt it in the mid 70s

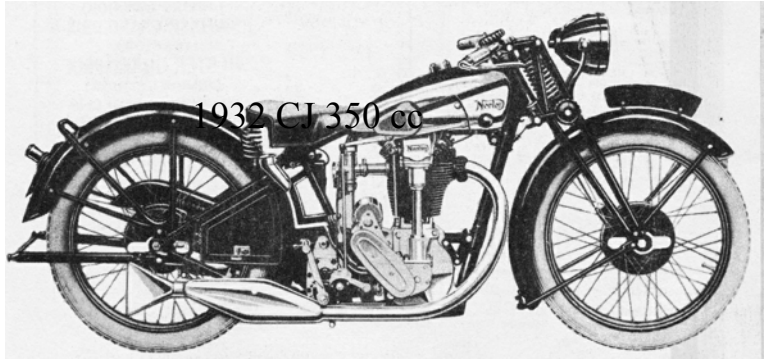
Tim's was not alone incidentally when it came to trialling the C.S.1 and CJ models as in fairness to the Walter Moore 'Cammy' engines I should add both 350 and 500cc versions were incredibly successful when built as trials rather than as road race bikes with Norton works riders like Graham Goodman, Jack Williams and even the immortal Norton Director Dennis (D.K) Mansell himself long being almost unbeatable in the then UK National Trials.

Getting back though to road racing and Joe Craig, he was in fact tasked to work with Walter Moore on the continuing 'Cricket Bat' C.S.1 and CJ engines further development and by all accounts both men got on very well. Craig also continued to race himself, certainly up and until Moore suddenly left Nortons employ to join NSU, and took his OHC engine and its patents with him.

Craig then teamed up with Arthur Carroll and the pair then who came up with

what truly would become the immortal Norton 'International' with its all new chassis and fabulous Arthur Carroll design OHC engine, though history has never really recorded exactly who did or designed what, and so although the engines design credit has always gone since to Carroll I have always believed it was very likely much nearer a 50/50 effort.

Whatever. This then became the basic engines design as almost forever after nurtured, updated, modified and re designed and breathed over by just Craig, and as



introduced for 1932 public consumption went on into 'Manx' form, and as one could also argue which also eventually helped towards Nortons downfall because Craig eventually stuck with it for far too long.

Be that as it may Norton's racing successes with the new Carol/Craig developed engines plus re vamped chassis became legendary, for instance kicking off with a 1-2-3 Victory at that years TT and Jimmy Simpson raising the TT lap record to be the first rider ever to lap at over 80 mph, whereas at Brooklands Bill Lacy smashed the hour record with 110.8 mph.

Easy to forget among such successes the 500cc C.S.1 and 350cc CJ Models also continued on in production right up to WW11, but with sort of mismatched Cammy engines now mostly of the Carroll design, but with what I would describe as being the old Moore cylinder head with its smaller bore horizontal inlet port (rather than the Inter's downdraught), and although few sold they were still highly successful as trials bikes.

Among many other major victories Jack Williams for instance won the 1933 Scottish Six Days trial on just such a machine, he Mansell and Vic Brittain (Johnny's father) also scored Trade Supported National Trial win after win, and often used the full 'International' spec models instead for the likes of the Pre War International Six day Trials, such as happened in 1935 when Great Britain took overall victory with the Norton riders winning individual Gold Medals.

Don Morley's Norton tales continue in the next issue.

CATCHING THE RACING BUG Part 2 Roy Robertson

I had long been invited to go and race my bike in New Zealand now I could! Before that a completely new top was sourced, the heads from Australia, the forged pistons and the ceramic plated billet barrels from the UK. I had also discovered Titanium and a supply contact. This “magic” metal is hard to machine and needs great care but when you hold the lightweight finished part in your hand the satisfaction is Huge. Working slowly round the bike I made crankcase studs, cylinder studs and every other thing I could possibly make in my now much better equipped workshop. All old second-hand or donated stuff but fit for purpose. The bike finally ended up weighing 340lbs dry. With the bike now running again after the rebuild, it was back to the racetrack. Initially the performance was disappointing but with the help of another racers advice, to jet down and retard the ignition because of the new “squish”, the full potential was released with 93.8 bhp at 6300 revs at the rear wheel.

My next event was the 2003 “Classic Bike” Speed Trials again. This time I hoped to use a full fairing. Again, I got lucky as when reading the magazine in the bath (as you do), I spotted an advert for a copy of the “Super Nero” fibreglass dustbin fairing. This was exactly what I wanted, and was unused in the guys loft. Getting it home, a very good friend was not impressed with quality of the fibreglass and volunteered to make a stronger lighter copy. With this fitted, it was off to Woodbridge again. With the steering lock severely restricted and the extra weight of the fairing, the bike's steering, even with extra pressure in the tyres, it felt much heavier as I trundled down for my first run ever with a dustbin fairing. With the vast expanse of runway and a mile to the timing lights, I eased away gingerly. As I wound up through the gears, my confidence grew as the bike felt quite stable, so perhaps a bit foolhardy, I got my chin on the tank-cap and opened the throttle wide and watched the revs rise to 6000 and 158 mph. To get a little bit more distance the landing light area was used, and the next run was 162.7 mph average over the flying quarter with side wind gusts affecting the run. Worried about overheating while waiting to do my final run, my pit crew volunteered to push the bike to the start and bump it when ready.

However as I approached the speed trap marker boards the bike started wag its tail perhaps started by a gust of wind. It was all getting too exciting and I must have eased the throttle, as the exit speed was only 158, mph. My disappointment turned to delight, when I was told my average over the quarter mile was 166.05 mph. Wow, to get this I must have been doing over 170 mph at some stage. Anyway, with a new record that was enough

excitement for one day.

To see what a difference the dustbin would make over a standing quarter I took the bike with both fairings to the VMCC sprint at Barton Stacey. The answer was the times were very similar at 11.5sec but the best terminals were up from 121mph to a surprising 131mph.

At Brighton, I set my quickest ever at 11.13 secs and 125mph with the weight of the dustbin helping keep the front wheel down.

However, at Detling for the VMCC Practice Sprint, after the second run over just 200yds with a speed of 103mph and 7.013sec, I tried to turn in to the



parking area, went on full lock and fell. The dustbin was then removed and has been hanging in the shed ever since.

Getting ready for NZ now took precedence with crates to make, flights to book etc. Fortunately, some guys from the Classic Club were also going which was a great help and our bikes along with John Surtees and Sammy Millers bikes were all going in a container by sea. Also the costs of all of this apart from the flight were subsidised. To add the icing on the cake, an expatriate mate from Brighton, now worked for the shipping company and offered accommodation in Auckland.

With loads of practice time and my bike flying and reliable, I was able to mix it with the front-runners on the Pukekohe race weekend, finishing a best of third against their methanol fuelled. Then, by courtesy of the NZ Vincent owners, I toured North Island and then went to Australia on the way back. What fabulous places and friendly people.

Back in the UK, my first meeting of 2004 was the CRMC Brands where during practice a tappet adjuster stripped. All those race miles in NZ, and it strips just sixty miles from home. Being determined to race I drove home to collect all the parts required to fix and do paddock rebuild., When I arrived

back I found my first race had been red-flagged and was being run at the end of the day so I didn't even miss a race. In both races, I was off the back of the grid but in the first race being race fit from NZ helped me work my way forward to 4th. In the postponed race, I again worked my way forward into the Lead but ran wide on the last lap and finished a close second. With good results the following day, I went home really happy.

This didn't last as at the next meeting at Lydden I had a spill and was just getting up when an unfortunate following rider hit me. We both ended up in hospital, he broke his shoulder and I had broken ribs and a punctured lung.



After this, I was never quite as competitive again and at nearly sixty began to slow down. 2007 saw another race meeting in NZ with more time spent touring.

Over the next eight

years, I enjoyed my racing but had lost that edge. However, I did manage to stay upright, and by 2015, new restrictive rules for the following year forced me to retire from competitive circuit racing. My last meeting was the CRMC Brands, my favourite circuit where my bike won the "Scrutineers Award". Well, I was Seventy years old! Since then I have done a few "play days" and the Brighton Speed Trials. What the future holds in the lap of the gods but the bike is ready to go again.

As you will have read, I could not have done this and been successful without the help of my many friends and even people I did not know.

Many Thanks to you all.

Roy Robertson

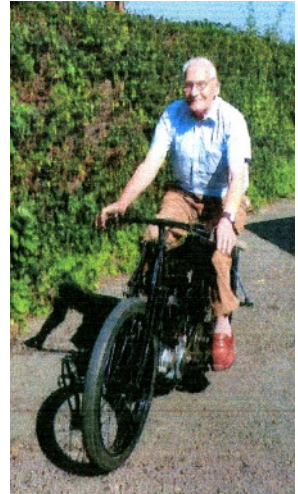
1920 AJS TT prototype

The year 1921 was a historic one for AJS, as the Wolverhampton firm took the top four places in the 350c Junior Isle of Man TT - and then Howard R Davies won the 500cc Senior race on his 'junior' Ajay for good measure. This major success wouldn't have been possible without the work that was put into the AJS machines that sped their way around the Island the previous year. After achieving first and second in the 1914 Junior TT, AJS must have been champing the bit to repeat that success after the First World War. " the 1920 event, AJS rider Eric Williams, winner of the 1914 Junior TT, was quick out of the gate, with a first lap average speed of 51.36mph. Eric retired on the third lap due mechanical problems, leaving teammate Cyril Williams to take the lead and retain it, despite on the last lap, experiencing gear trouble at Creg-ny-Baa and having to push the machine to the finish line and still winning by 10 minutes.

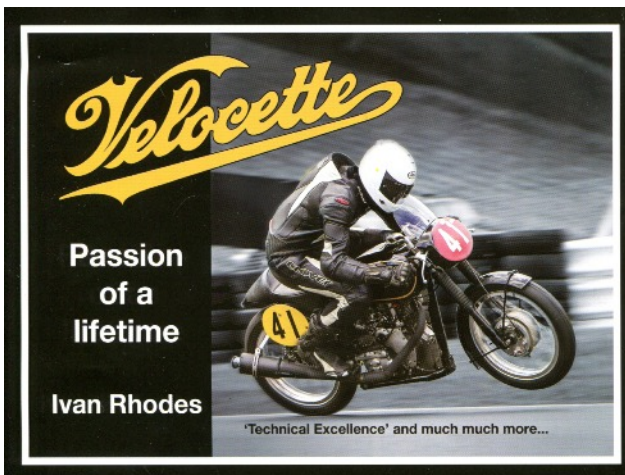


Ivan Rhodes has been putting together this very rare 1920 TT model. The frame is a 1915 AJS

component, Which by all accounts is pretty much the same as the one used on the eight works racers produced for the Junior TT race in 1920.



Ivan has been very busy in the workshop. recently, re-building this AJS, and test riding it down his drive, as can be seen above,. He has also revised his book, "Technical Excellence Exemplified", produced in 1990, to bring it up to date. If you would like a copy; visit the Regalia shop at; www.velocetteowners.com 298 pages crammed with photos, history and technical details.



Thanks to Panther Owners Club for this tale of their travels

EIGHT RIDE AGAIN (or Finland the long way round)

Part One - Dave Helliwell P2388

After some discussion, we decided we were all up for the Finland rally and agreed that if we were to do it we'd do it properly and not go on a sea cruise. (Being from Yorkshire, the cost of the ferries probably swayed us.)

I'd spent the last few weeks readying my 1939 M100 – new chains, proper service, even a bit of paint. Founder's Day was the test run and the bigger gearbox sprocket meant comfortable 50 -55 mph cruising on the motorway. On the way back – disaster! The tank split at the top front seam. My welding man in Buxton couldn't help as it was quarries shutdown week – his busiest week of the year. So, with time running short, I prepared the MSS Velo. Clive, who had been shamed into taking a Panther instead of his BMW, was not impressed!

Seven of us met at the ferry in Hull, we had arranged to meet Andy, who was travelling via the tunnel, at a motorway service station in the Netherlands.

Next morning Martin led us out of Europort using his satnav and miraculously, two hours later we met Andy. After Arnhem, we picked up some nicer roads, which took us into Germany, in the absence of any cafes we lunched at a Subway. It was a baking hot day. We were hot and tired, the bikes were hot, and Alf's wouldn't start so Big Foot Martin gave it a mighty kick – and broke the kickstart lever (a pattern one with a casting flaw!) A push got us underway again and all went well until a road closure on the 214 near Celle. We got totally lost.

Everyone was tired and fed up, we just wanted a campsite. Andy's satnav found us one but there was more confusion when we got there – you can camp there. No you can't! Eventually Clive got us settled - on a holiday-type site at Dummersee. At least they had currywurst.

Martin and Clive were up early and took Alf's kickstart to a local garage where the guy welded it up and it gave no more



Admiring the repaired Kick Start lever.

bother for the rest of the trip. We rejoined our route and had a late breakfast at a bakery cafe with hard-boiled eggs. A steady day's riding, mostly on the 191, brought us to Broock where Andy found us a campsite only three miles away – but he

went past the sign to

it and into the next village – Google maps took us to the owners' house, not the campsite! The locals put us right and we went on a tour of forest roads with great potholes to arrive at a lovely campsite on the bank of the Elde canal. The very antithesis of the previous night, small, quiet and friendly. Joachim and Irina did us a lovely meal, then Ruth and I walked into the village, Kuppeltin, where there was a lovely old church with a wooden spire. We saw quite a few like it in that area.

Next morning a bakers' van brought bread and cakes and Joachim made us coffee. Then we set off by road and soon passed the campsite sign I'd spotted the night before. We continued past Plau See to the Polish border, which we crossed at Szczecinek, a

large busy city with numerous zebra crossings and suicidal pedestrians.

Once across the river we found a bakery for lunch.

It was unpleasant



urban driving for a time and finding a campsite was difficult. We eventually found one, after another lengthy off-road experience, by a lake. They were very unhelpful and wouldn't provide food even though there was a canteen and people were still eating. We went on to the next one. This was concrete holiday apartments dating from the Communist era of the 1950s. I think the warden remained from that time – very belligerent – but his wife sorted him out. The canteen was shut but the women provided us with an excellent scratch meal so they got a good tip! Breakfast was at 9.00 – too late for the Caped Crusader but the warden came out when we started the bikes telling us to stop the noise – did we!! On pleasant wooded roads we came to another road closure at Chojnice. Whist sorting out our route Martin noticed he had a puncture so that took time to fix. Meanwhile we were entertained by a pair of storks and their three clumsy chicks attempting to land on their nest, perched on top of a lamppost. Almost every lamppost in the villages had special frames to enable the birds to build their huge nests. Then we continued on through Poland on long straight roads lined with forests – in fact for the next few days we would be riding mostly through forests. Polish driving was interesting – overtaking towards each other – cutting in amongst us at the last minute and somehow managing not to have an accident. That day we found a lovely campsite by a lake at Malbork and after an excellent meal in a nearby bistro had twilight walk around the fabulous brick built castle.

We left Malbork on nice roads and stopped for lunch at a very touristy spot with an amazing pink church where - shock horror! -we had to pay to park the bikes. We were in pretty rolling countryside but the road surfaces were getting worse, .exhausting for the guys on the rigid bikes. We spent that night in Suwalki, not far from the Lithuanian border. We would never have found the campsite without Andy's satnav; it was tucked away in the garden of a house. The owner was very friendly and had a fridge full of cold beer. We had to walk into town for a meal and there must have been some sort of festival - all the youngsters were covered in coloured powders!

Next morning we were given what was definitely the best breakfast of the trip and set off for the Lithuanian border in celebratory mood. We had to use a big main road to go in the direction we needed but it wasn't too busy apart from the timber wagons thundering past and we lunched at a Subway attached to a petrol station. An easy option when you don't speak the language – you can just point to what you want! At our next petrol stop we looked for a campsite, eventually finding one more than 30 miles away. Of course it started raining and we got the wet weather gear on but it was only a shower and the roads were soon steaming. The campsite was run by a Dutch hippy – very eco and quirky but very friendly. The downside was we had to walk over a mile along a busy main road to get a meal. That morning we continued to head north, into Latvia.

Further travels continued in next issue



SACRED SOIL Ian Young

Back in the 70's, one of my local motorcycle friends suggested than I might like to accompany him on a trip to the Isle of Man. Other than knowing it's association with motorcycle racing, I knew nothing of it's beauty and it's history going back far beyond the background of our own Island. My friends offer was too tempting, so on a warm June day we set of for Liverpool, which gave me the opportunity to get to know my recently acquired 1949 Vincent, which I had almost used all my savings to buy it for £250.

On arrival at the quayside, the city seemed besieged with motorcycles and leather clad riders. We soon were loaded and the bikes securely tied down with endless ropes. Some three hours later, the seafront at Douglas came into view, and the excitement level grew as we prepared to disembark. In those days, the first task was to visit the council offices to purchase an Isle of Man Driving Licence for 7s/6d. Leaving the port, we set to find our rural accommodation just outside Ramsey. A lovely ride along the coastal road to this old and charming fishing port. We had arranged to stay with two charming Manx pensioners who had lived their lives here.

I was soon beginning to learn some of the stories of bygone eras of this captivating island, interspersed with a fascinating account of its world identity with motorcycling racing from 1907. The following day I was glued to my seat on walls, watching the TT from various recommended vantage points. I could

hardly believe the racing plus the huge number of people witnessing the event. By now, I was totally hooked on this spectacle and decided to make an early morning trip aboard my Vincent Twin around the TT course. With rising excitement, I set off and was blessed with sunshine. On completing the run my ego was deflated on finishing, to discover my average speed was in the 50s, less than half the speed of the riders in the main races. Totally hooked on the unbelievable atmosphere, I have now chalked up twenty nine visits in subsequent years

I will now make random comments on my enthusiasm for the Isle of Man.

One year, Mike Hailwood had come out of retirement and his skill was such that 60,000 visitors came out to applaud him once again. The breweries nearly ran out of beer during that sweltering June. Another year, Joey Dunlop had decided to travel by fishing boat from his home in Ireland bringing the works bikes. Unfortunately, the boat sank. Frantic efforts resulted in the bikes being recovered, dried out for Joey to be on the start line.

I once rode from Oxford through the night on my 1925 BSA 770 cc twin, plus sidecar. At 2 am, I was forced to stop to warm up my hands on the acetylene headlamp. On another occasion, I was spectating at the famous Quarter Bridge bend. A noisy American saw the VMCC badge on my Barbour jacket. He said, "You should see my collection of old bikes." With that, he produced photos, one of which was my old 1912 Rover, which I sold in 1960. It still had its original registration number.

No trip to the Island is complete without sampling the famous Manx Kippers, best washed down with a pint of Guinness.

One year I took my 1912 P & M. What a mistake, since I had the demand of piloting down the seafront, over the rails of the Vintage hose drawn tram. The island is adorned with vintage railways including the nostalgic one to scenic Port Erin. On one visit, my wife and I called at a pub in the Port of Peel.

Whilst there, a local fisherman entered with a sack on his shoulders and tipped the contents out. Live crabs and lobsters for the drinkers to make an offer. In the 30's, there was a unique campsite called Cunningham's for males only, to stay at.

One year when visiting a local friend, I came out to find a local resident sitting on my bike, none other than Norman Wisdom.

I had two frustrating rides for my annual pilgrimages. First one happened a long ride on a recently acquired 1936 Rudge Ulster when the big end failed, leaving me with restricted riding time. Another time, I was enjoying the ride heading for Liverpool on my beloved 1929 Panther. Making good time for the ferry, I stopped for tea with a friend. Coming to set off, I found the magneto

had seized. Frustration to say the least, as the magneto had just been rebuilt for the journey. This left me option but to borrow a modern bike from my friend. Age has now forced me to fly. My last trip took 50 minutes and we were served a lovely cream tea before landing at Douglas,

Happy days!



FOR SALE

1980's BMW K100 with Boxer RS fairing. Middle of rebuild.

1977 R60 Converted to 900 cc. Middle of rebuild Paint work new, perfect. Many mods including Grimeca 4 LS front brake. New paintwork

All work on these bikes has been to a very high standard.

Owner recently deceased. Contact. Geoff Davies. 01782 550005 or geoffapmc@live.com for further detail and photos. East Cheshire area.

OBITUARIES

Allan McBeath P1681 from Hants. Allan came to England with five other Aussies in 1959, to tour and give mechanical help to Trevor Pound, an APMC member. Trevor was road racing in Europe and England. When not with Trevor, the others bought bikes to ride in scrambles and trials. As they were based in Guildford, they joined the Witley Club. Allan's first scramble at Pirbright was a disaster, due to much high flying, and one bad fall ended in retirement. Having bought Francis Barnett trials and scrambling machines, he spent his allocated Visa time competing when not with Trevor. Allan was in the top three riders in Victoria and rode interstate for Victoria, so a bit of a comedown, when he got here, not to be placed, but great when he got home with his two new bikes. I went out there to ride, and saw why. All Australians who had not been to England, raced veteran 'make do and mend' bikes. Allan was always quiet, but took a lot in and listened. He took a lot in so had a great knowledge of many varied subjects when he did speak. He lived for his motorcycles and riding in his prime. He is missed by me, Jill, and his daughters, Fiona and Lisa, plus many friends and motorcyclists from Australia and England.

Jill McBeath

Sean Whyte P2203 from Dublin. Seán was born in Dublin in 1931. He had an aptitude for all things mechanical from an early age. He left school at 16 to become an apprentice mechanic at Broadstone Bus Garage, gaining

qualifications in auto engineering. He then became a teacher in engineering and technical drawing. He bought his first motorbike, a clapped-out Velo KTT, at the age of 19. A non-runner, and with no money to insure it, he pushed it miles across the city to his home, to be greeted by a less than enthusiastic mother! He discovered motorbike trials, scrambling and grass-track racing at the age of 20 and his younger brother Joe followed him into the sport. Both were competitors in the Irish off-road scene competing on James, Excelsior, and Norton machines. After his marriage in 1961 he took a break from biking. He went back to bikes in 1965, competing on a series of new Bultaco Sherpas, until he retired from riding at the age of 50. He then turned to the vintage bike scene, and began collecting and restoring. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of early motorcycles, especially Norton, but appreciated good engineering from wherever it came—Germany, Italy or Japan. His brother Joe, was also involved in the vintage scene, and they rode in rallies all over Ireland along with son Paul and all of his pals. He toured Europe and the USA on BMWs with his friends. He was a founder member and Past President of the Irish Motorcycle Club (IMCC). In 2000 Seán was the driving force behind the MCUI Millennium Show. One hundred bikes were displayed, ten from each decade, as well as trade stands etc. In 2009 he organised the MCUI End-to-End Centenary Run. Each of the V&V clubs provided a part of the route over 2 days, and 29 finished. He received the highest award in Irish motorcycling, the prestigious, MCUI Meritorious Service Medal in 2002. He was chairman then president from 2008-9, and was awarded the ‘Gold Star’ in 2010. Seán was a gentleman, a sportsman, generous and encouraging to others, kind hearted, dependable and reliable, a craftsman, and well-read. He had been in hospital and contracted COVID-19 and succumbed to this merciless disease. His funeral was an austere affair because of the restrictions; A few IVVMCC members spread themselves around the near-empty church and about 15 followed the hearse on bikes. We send our sympathy to all his family. It was a privilege to know him.

John Garrett

Herbie Fisher P1925 from Surrey/ He passed away in May aged 84. His first bike was a BSA C10, and he was never without a bike throughout his life, owning almost any make you could think of. One of vintage motor cycling’s best is gone. With his tool making experience he was always ready to help with any problems, at the roadside or in the workshop. We send our sympathy to his family and friends.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2020

September 3rd, Thursday, Salisbury Saunter.

September, International Canterbury Canter.

October, North Leicester Lanes Run.

ALL APMC MOTOR CYCLE ACTIVITIES CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

If there is a change in the situation, I will notify as many members as possible, by Email.

