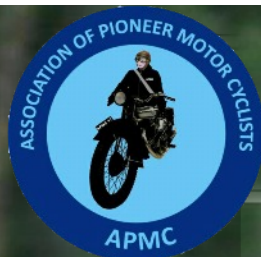


THE PIONEER MOTOR CYCLIST



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

How fast!



200 mph

see page 8

March 2020 No. 187

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*"We're on our way
 to the APMC
 Annual General
 Meeting, Tuesday
 7th April.*

*"Hope to see
 many of you
 there."*



**FULL
 DETAILS
 PAGE 6.**

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EDITOR'S RAMBLINGS *Geoff Davies*

While I am doing this, I keep glancing through the window at the storm blown trees, the pouring rain. We moan about the English weather but I feel sorrow for our friends in Australia. I went out for my traditional ride on New Year's day, very cold but dry. I've done this for over 35 years and only had one day when I got no further than the end of the lane before turning back. One mile in total, but it had to be done.



But it's not all doom and gloom as you must have noticed. The Sun has come out and covered the Earth with colour. Some of it has spread into our magazine, so here is my 1924 Coventry Eagle outfit, being ridden at Banbury in 1994, by my friend, and new member, Friedrich Faber from Austria, The bike will be displayed on our stand at April's Stafford Show.

Most photos covering past events are in Black and White So why not send me a clear colour photo of your favourite bike and we could have a section devoted to members bikes. A few words explaining why it's your favourite, will help.

All photos returned within 5 days.

Hello Geoff.

I was sorry to read of the passing of Ken Boulter, with whom I rode a great many miles in the 1990s. The photo is from 1994 when we had just reached Land's End 6 days after leaving John O'Groats. L to R ; Ken Boulter on his 1937 250cc Ariel Red Hunter. John Guppy 1931 Ariel Model B and me on a 1969 BSA Victor. Ken was a wonderful person to be around, as indicated in Frank Mace's excellent obit. One story not mentioned, was taking a Yacht that had belonged to Queen Victoria, from Marseilles to Switzerland, for a Swiss millionaire. Accompanied by his business partner, Rollie, it took them 2 months along the River Rhone and associated waterways. Much of the time they were waist deep with poles trying the re-float the hulk, plus constant conflicts with the authorities, even having to saw off one of the masts to clear overhead bridges. Sic Transit Gloria, if I remember my school boy Latin correctly. Best Wishes **Ken Mellor**



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.

C2404 Andrew Walsh from Sutton Coldfield. Andrew has held a licence since 1973 and his first bike was a Raleigh Runabout. He describes himself as mechanically useful. His first and only club was the VMCC.

P2405 Friedrich Faber from Austria, Started riding in 1966 on a 1953 M33 BSA. He acquired several bikes, mostly British and has taken part in many veteran competitions with some experience in trials and motocross. Friedrich is a member of the VMCC, AJS & M/less Club and the LE Owners Club.

P2406 John Guppy from Hastings. John has had a licence since 1968 and his first machine was a 1914 Triumph veteran. He has been riding motorcycles all his life and is a member of the VMCC, Sunbeam MCC, Sunbeam Marston MCC and the Ariel Owners Club.

P2407 Brian Amies from Little Haywood, Staffs. Brian's licence dates from March 1969 and his first machine was a 1963 80cc Suzuki K10. Apart from about 8 years when his children were small, he has been riding ever since. His first club was the VJMC and he is a member of the VMCC, and the Clifford Arms Classic Club.

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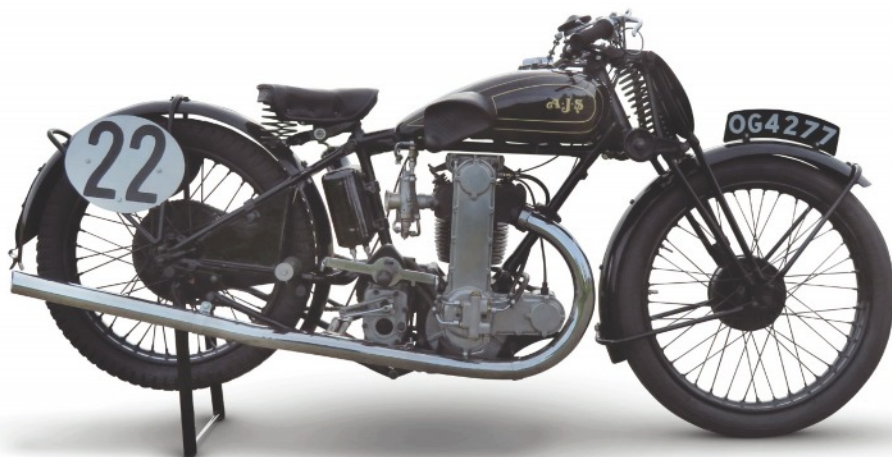


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Notice of the Association of Pioneer Motor Cyclists

2020 AGM.

Please note that the Annual General Meeting of the Association of Pioneer Motor Cyclists will be held on Tuesday 7th April 2020. The meeting opens at 2.00pm. This year we have a new more Northern venue; the Norton Juxta Twycross Village Hall, CV9 3PU. As ever this is an important meeting with an emphasis on two major changes within the Association. If you can spare the time please attend; come and join in the discussions and meet your President, Chairman and Committee Members. Nomination forms for any of the Association's officers are available from the APMC Secretary Bob Badland; Email badbobland@hotmail.com or phone 07 825 840 677. Nominations should reach the Treasurer (address in the Magazine) before the 24th March 2020. The nomination must be proposed, and seconded in writing and carry with it an assurance that the nominee is willing to stand. Please note that Emails are not acceptable for this purpose.

AGENDA FOR THE AGM

- 1 Welcoming address by the President.
- #2 Opening of the meeting by the Chairman and Chairman's Report.
- #3 Apologies received for absence.
- #4 Read and approve the minutes of the 2019 AGM.
- #5 Matters arising from those 2019 AGM minutes.
- #6 Blue Book revisions
- #7 Honorary Membership Secretary's report including an update on recent joining criteria.
- #8 Honorary Editor's report.
- #9 Honorary Mailing Officer's report.
- #10 Honorary Regalia Officer's report
- #11 Honorary Treasurer's report (balance sheet etc) and notice of resignation.
- #12 Introduction of the Association's proposed new Treasurer.
- #13 Elect the Association's Honorary Chairman.
- #14 Elect the Association's Honorary Treasurer.
- #15 Elect the Association's Honorary Editor.
- #16 Elect the Association's Honorary Membership Secretary.
- #17 Elect the Association's Honorary Mailing Officer.
- #18 Elect the Association's Honorary Regalia Officer.
- #19 Elect the Association's Honorary Secretary.

- #20 Elect new committee members (if nominated) and / or re-elect existing Committee Members if no nominations have been received.
- #21 Awarding of Club Trophies.
- #22 There is no AOB at the AGM.
- #23 Closure of the Meeting by the Chairman.

After the meeting the Committee look forward to socialising with Members over tea/coffee, followed by an interesting and amusing talk from our President regarding the trials and tribulations in setting up his Honda Six Racing Team and displaying the fabulous Honda Six in all its glory.



WHITE PEAK WANDERING

Thursday 7th May 2020

We hope to see you, enjoying like-minded company and our lovely countryside once again. Come on, in, or whatever, it's your choice - Start 10.30am-1100am. The Engine Room Cafe, Hulme End, 1.7m south of Hartington. Plenty of parking for vans or trailers.

40 mile scenic route into the Peak District and finishing at the Devonshire Arms in Hartington for lunch. BUT, do let me know, if you will be joining us, I need firm orders for lunch at The Devonshire Arms by 4th April..

Contact me for More info. Bookings, Menu.

David Helliwell. Email, fingertipdave@outlook.com Tel, 01298 812753



THE RUN OF "SOMETHING STRANGE"

Tour and Pub Lunch

Thursday June 11th 2020

Starting at Woodmancote, Blythe Bridge Bank, Kingstone. 3.5 miles south west of Uttoxeter, and 2.5 mile south east of the A518. ST14 8QW

Plenty of parking for cars and trailers.

Meet at 10.00 -10.30. Start run at 11.00 am, Lunch at new pub The Shrewsbury Arms in Kingstone village

Contact Pat. Robotham, if coming, no later than 1st June.

The pub lunch details will then be sent out,
patrick.robotham@googlemail.com 01889 500479

HOW FAST !! Anna Sasiak P2356

I am delighted to be part of the Association of Pioneer Motorcyclists, even though I am merely a Companion member having only passed my motorbike test 43 years ago. Hoping to graduate to full “Pioneer” status in a few years but for now, as one of the younger members, I am trying to push boundaries while I can.

I was a late entrant to the sport of motorcycle drag-racing where I currently race as part of the Santa Pod Run What Ya Brung challenge. This has led me to my latest adventure, joining the 200mph club. I decided that I would try to ride at 200mph by 60 years of age and I achieved this only a year late at 61.

In 2017, I was at the Straightliners Awards picking up my Pendine Land Speed certificates for the 50cc Land speed records that I currently hold, when I learned of a turbo charged Hayabusa 1300 that was a proven 200 mph bike, and was also for sale. I had just received an insurance payout from when my son wrote off my dream car that serendipitously matched the price of the ‘Busa. It was a sign! A week later, the Busa was mine and into storage it went.

Fast forward to 2019 and I started to practise riding the Busa at Santa Pod. I had been used to riding a GSXR Suzuki 1100 with added Nitrous Oxide but this was whole new level of power, opening the throttle made the rear wheel instantly spin up on tarmac and I did 155mph on the quarter mile dragstrip from a very soft start.

August 2019 and we are up at Elvington airfield for one of Straightliners’ Top Speed Tuesday event, where I got up to 193mph whilst battling the infamous Elvington side-winds.

Waiting to go.



Then at the Straightliners World Wheelie Weekend where, armed with a new set of boost settings and some words of wisdom from Sean Mills at BigCC racing I got it up to 198mph. This was too close to give up and the last throw of the 2019 dice was the October Top Speed Tuesday where, after the start from hell, and on an overheating bike, I finally nailed 201.713 mph. On the way to this achievement, I had a memorable experience, when the side winds pushed me across the seat, out of the protection of the fairing and the wind knocked my left foot off the footpeg at about 180-190mph. Luckily, my drag racing experience meant I was able to roll-off the throttle and slow down just enough so the change in momentum allowed me to swing my foot back onto the peg, and then settle in to start really slowing down. Slowing down is often the most dangerous part of a high speed run.

While I am incredibly proud of my achievement in riding at 200mph, I did this on a powerful modern motorbike with very good suspension and brakes, whilst wearing armoured one-piece leathers, back protector and a state-of-the-art crash helmet. This gives me a whole new level of respect for those early speed pioneers, doing high speeds on rigid framed bikes with far less braking power and wearing what appear to be woolly jumpers and puttees to complement their pudding bowl helmets.

Venue: Elvington		Date/Time of Run: 15/10/2019 12:47:45	
Class Leader		Jack Frost 230.081 mph	
Rider Information	Run Details - Run No: 2		
Name: Anna 	1/2 Mile - 187.628 mph		
Number: 25	Mile/Flyer - M		
	Direction -		
	Terminal Speed -201.713 mph		
	Position - 3rd		
		STRAIGHTLINERS www.straightliners-events.co.uk	

Done it! And here's the certificate

Anna and the Editor would love to hear of other members' speed adventures.

A tale from Alan Broderick, 20 years ago.

I NEVER LIKED CARRYING A PILLION

If your passenger was a fellow motorcyclist you could feel him riding the bike for you, which was very disconcerting, and a non-motorcyclist uttered suppressed gasps of terror at even the calmest of speeds and gave a muted cry and sat upright if you were cranked over for even a gentle bend. If he was a big heavy lad this was quite dangerous, as the bike refused to lean over and, if it could have spoken, it would have asked angrily, "Make your bloody mind up, will you?" Girls were much better, as they were usually quite fearless - you cannot say 'ignorant'; 'innocent' more like. They sat calmly and never seemed to notice any small (or large) errors in your riding skills. When dual seats came in, they were even better, being closer to the rider and not remote on a pillion, nicely snuggled up to you.

The best pillion I ever carried was Iris, the girlfriend of my oldest friend, Norman. You just did not know she was there. Iris was a five foot two pocket Venus, who weighed only seven stone and never spoke a word of alarm or rebuke when in full flight. A lot of people broke their hearts over Iris, but she stuck to Norman and eventually married him. On New Year's Eve last year, as everyone embraced and kissed at midnight, Iris, a little more roly poly now, but with the same warm and comfortable personality, released me. I gasped, "Gosh Iris, still as soft and squishy as ever." She loved this rather clumsy compliment, for some reason.

Many girls who were good on t' back o' f bike, relaxed and comfortably seated, had a touching trust in the skill of their pilot, even though his friends knew him as a rather reckless chap behind whom none of them would be keen to ride. The girls froze and got soaked without complaint and the married ones, returning tired, wet and cold from some Sunday jaunt, would turn to and prepare a hot meal, whilst their husband soaked in a hot bath. (*Times have changed – Geoff*). Many of them were just as knowledgeable on the mechanical features of motorcycles and could hold their own in a technical discussion, but tactfully kept quiet when arguments about the respective merits of side-valve, overhead valve or cammy jobs raged. They were grand girls and certainly not just motorcyclists' molls.

A few were less patient with their husbands. One enthusiast bought a new Tiger 100, and before taking it out, stripped it and re-chromed every part. He then set off for a fortnight's tour of the Scottish Highlands with his wife on the back, and it rained heavily every day. Home again, he received an ultimatum. "I'm never getting on that thing again. It's the bike or me. Get rid of it".

A beautifully spoken, expensively dressed and scented woman bought a Lambretta from our shop and asked for it to be delivered, and a lift for herself. Both our pick-ups and the big van were out, but she accepted a ride on the back of our old BSA 600, with the scooter in the commercial box. She lived in the 'Nob Hill' area of Poole, and as we rode down Constitution Hill, crashing and rattling over the bumps, with the wind whistling and a magnificent view over Poole Harbour, she held me tighter and cooed in my ear: "I find this not unpleasant." I must have been the only person who did not know that the lady was Poole's most expensive tart, known as Shanghai Lil, whom only the Chief Constable, the Vicar and wealthy businessmen could afford.

An eighteen-year-old nurse had the face of an angel but weighed 18 stone. She complained that her DKW Hobby scooter, "kept cutting out". We all rode the scooter, and it never did. So I took her out on the pillion, and it did cut out. "It must be her," we said, puzzled. Close investigation showed the body was flexing under her weight, and touching the coil's LT contact. We moved it out of the way and told the delighted nurse we had found an obscure electric fault.

In 1956, the Montague Motor Museum was opened at Beaulieu. Motorcycles only to begin with, as they had to be displayed inside the Great House, cars only appeared later. I had a 1923 side-valve Sunbeam which I had bought from a greengrocer in Boscombe for £15. He obviously thought I was mad; the bike had belonged to his father and had been unused for 20 years. It started easily and ran strongly - "Nowt wrong with magnetos." It was original, with a rudimentary pillion, and we went to the opening of the Museum. For the first and only time, my wife complained. That pillion was of postage stamp size and unsprung. Were the flappers of 1923 a tougher breed?

"What luxury", my wife said when we next went out, on a swinging arm Matchless with Woodhead Munroe shock absorbers. A 250cc Maicoletta was to her liking as well. It was as fast two-up as it was solo, very comfortable and steered like a Manx Norton. The petrol lubrication gave no trouble, but, it had a useless six-volt electric start, and no kick-start. Most unlike the Germans to be so slipshod, particularly about a heavy scooter.



SPECIALISTS IN VETERAN, VINTAGE, CLASSIC AND THOROUGHbred MOTORCYCLES

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1912 550cc Two Speed Scott



1912 500cc BSA



1914 350cc Douglas Model U



1927 1000cc Brough Superior Pendine



1929 500cc Norton Model 18



1931 500cc Ariel Model VF



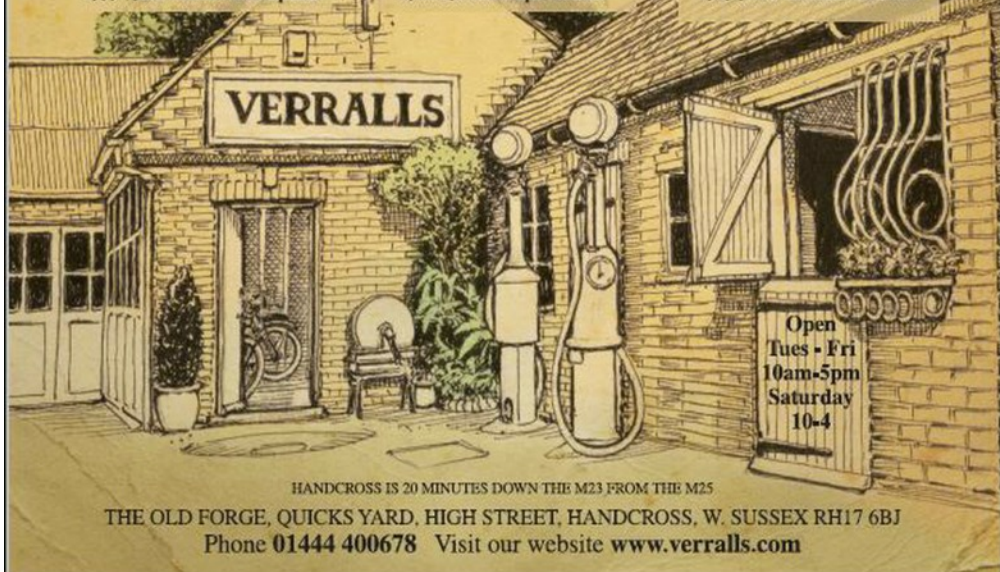
1959 750cc Norton Manx Special



1960 650 BSA Super Rocket



1965 500cc Velocette Thruxton



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COLOMBRES RALLY *Ian Kerr MBE*

Once upon a long time ago a Spanish motorcycle club called MC Piston started an event that was to become known as the Colombres Rally, named after the small Spanish village it was based in. Located on the coast in Northern Spain, it was easily accessible each October, thanks to the excellent Brittany Ferries service into Santander, and it became very popular with the classic bike fraternity who wanted to enjoy the twisty motorcycle roads that abound in the Asturias region, and Picos de Europa. Eventually it became too large and relocated to Santander. As a result, it lost the appeal of the open roads it once had, as people did not want to ride in suburbia on old machines with many riders deserting the annual event. However, a new club called the Moto Club Indianos, actually based in Colombres, was formed to bring back all the elements of the original rallies that everyone found so enjoyable. Unlike their forebears, they not only looked at the good points, but they went out of their way to improve on these elements and do their best to eradicate the not so good points. Believe me, having taken part in the previous events, the Indianos events are the five star version in comparison. Now in its eighth year the 'Rally International Motos Clasicas' to give it its correct title, is now backed by the FIM the sport's governing body, as well as the Austrian Motorcycle Federation and is a regular on Spanish TV such is its appeal and high standards.

A Spanish classic bike publication has now dubbed the event the 'Daytona Bike Week of Spain'. A real tribute, but not totally accurate as there are now two events run consecutively by the same team. Riders with more time available are now able to enter the 'North of Spain Rally' the week before, based further south to enable riders to see more of Asturias and how much it differs north to

south. Based in Parador de Corias, located in the Asturian town of Cangas del Narcia, the five star hotel state run hotel was in fact a monastery and provides a spectacular base from which to explore. Despite the diversity of the scenery, it provides the same superb motorcycle roads carved into the hillsides, providing challenging riding as well as superb views and chances to see some of the real Spanish culture.

Although the bulk of the entry has always been British, it is now attracting riders on classic bikes from all over Europe and its fame has spread to the



other side of the world with an Australian enthusiast present this year, intending to bring back even more of his compatriots next year!

Diversity for riders is matched with the same, when talking about the machines, as despite the age limit for machines being capped at 1988, there is



plenty of diversity to be found from early British machines right through to modern Japanese classics. With daily routes of just over 100 miles on mainly sun kissed roads and with scenery similar to the Alps or the neighbouring Pyrenees, participants are treated not only to riding challenges, but also stunning views of the real Spain as opposed to the Costa's further south. Talking of challenges, there is now the option of taking part in the 300 mile event on the Friday prior to the hill-climb and auto jumble on the Saturday followed up with a classic motocross on the final Sunday. The one-day 300 mile event is not a race, in fact it is based on a 30mph average with secret checks to prevent you speeding or course cutting. When not riding there is plenty to do and see as well as many good restaurants to check out like 'La Para' which is now the hub of the event and one that provides a free drink to riders at the end of each day! With full back-up facilities from the organisers and the support from the very motorcycle friendly people at Brittany, in not only getting you there safely, but offering discount to participants, it really is the only place to be in early October and putting a few more miles on bike in warm sunny conditions before the winter gets a grip! A number of this year's participants were first timers, but all stated that they would be back next year to enjoy the camaraderie of like-minded individuals who actually



want to use their bikes on empty roads in favourable weather conditions.

If this sounds like you kind of event keep an eye on the website for next year's entry dates and more information on the new touring element, because this is fast becoming the 'must do' Spanish event and definitely one for the 'Bucket list'! www.motoclubindianos.com

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

LOG BOOK 1938 August

Saturday 6th

I arrived at Victoria Coach Station at 7pm on the 6th of August, and Eddie rolled up with the BMW about 7:30.

We made

Sittingbourne and decided to stay the

night there. Our task now seems to be to discard a large amount of superfluous luggage. We walked around Sittingbourne until 10:30, then went to bed, but not to sleep, as it was so hot.

Sunday 7th

We didn't have a very good night last night, as the heat was awful. Gave up the attempt to sleep at around 5am and carried on with our planning. We had a jolly good feed of bacon and eggs before setting off in the rain at 10am. We arrived at Dover about 11am and hung about for some time. Made the acquaintance of Basil (or "Fatty") and his sweetie who were going touring, very optimistically, on a New Imperial. Went on board at 1pm and sailed at 1:30pm. Able to ride on board this time. Very good crossing. Arrived Dunkirk at 5:15pm and took the bike off at 6:15pm. Very quickly through the Customs, and then away at 6:30pm. Fatty was going to follow us as far as Bergues, where he would turn off for Paris, but we had lost him ere we had gone two miles. The run to Arras was very uninteresting, except for the performance of the BMW on the stone setts. On the pillion, no shocks could be felt, and the road-holding was excellent, in spite of the load on the rear. We reached Arras at 9pm and found a small place to stay. Had a jolly good feed of tomatoes, beans, peas, beef steak and bread, washed down with red wine, and then went out into the town where a fete was in progress. Dancing was going on in the place to the strains of a band. We were too shy to risk our meagre French, so we remained spectators. We retired at 11pm, and, after discarding a vast quantity of bedclothes, went to sleep.

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Monday 8th

Arose about 7am and had breakfast of coffee and bread, butter being inedible. Paid bill of 52 francs which amounts to about 2/11 each for dinner, bed and breakfast. Started away about 9:20am and came across vast stretches of agricultural country to the Marne. Stayed a short time in Reims where some English OTC's were **inspecting the Cathedral of Notre Dame**. Just outside Reims a fairly large area of the battlefield has been preserved and a tank lies there, half buried in soil. Had lunch at a wayside restaurant and a very good lunch too. We put away a bottle of vin blanc, so I had to ride the BMW.



Scrapped all the way to Chalon sur Marne with a Rolls, then he took another road. Continued up the Marne to Joinville, and then to Gray and Besancon. We intended to stay in Besancon, but all the hotels were "complet", so, after spending ages hunting for one, we carried on towards Pontarlier. We had almost given up hope of finding a bed and I was reconciling myself to sleeping by the roadside when we stopped at a wayside café. The good lady here used the telephone with success and procured a bed for us at a small place back near Besancon. Had a good supper and then to bed.

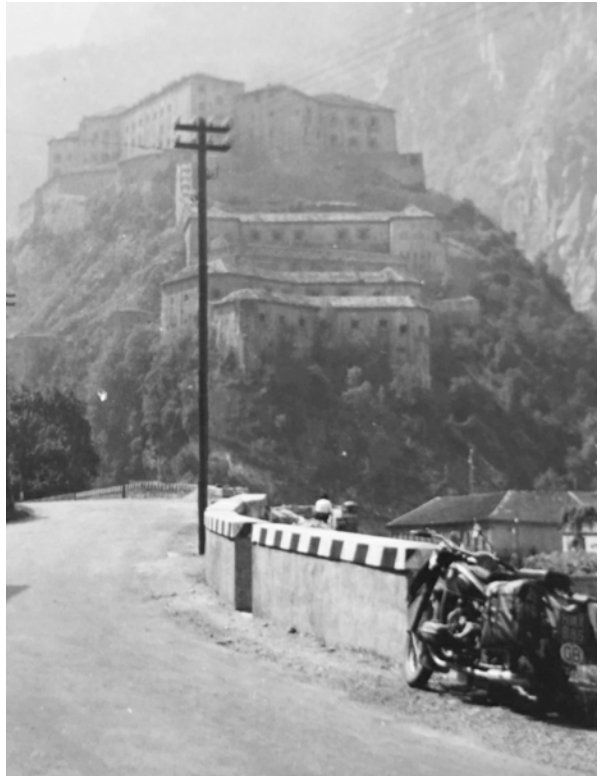
Tuesday 9th

We rose at 7:30 and had our coffee and bread about 8am. We did a few jobs and set off at 9am. The bill for supper, bed and breakfast came to the enormous sum of 37 francs. From Besancon we climbed up over the Jura mountains - a gradual climb over wooded and partly cultivated hillsides interspersed with numerous gorges. We dropped down into Pontarlier where I bought a hat and we sent some postcards. From Pontarlier to the frontier the road runs along the sides of deep gorges. We had no trouble at the frontier except that we had to pay about 1 franc to the Customs officials. We continued then to Vallorbe over undulating country. We had lunch at Vallorbe, and a good lunch too. Potato soup, sausage, potatoes, carrots in

white sauce, coffee. We had a conversation with a Swiss who had lived in London for a long time and who spoke English very well. He had been in Spain recently, and only returned a few days before the war started. We then continued to Lausanne, but, like all the bigger Swiss towns, there seemed to be more tourists than anyone else. So, not honouring Lausanne with our presence for long we passed on through Montreux and Veytaux to Aigle. I should mention that we were greatly impressed by the beauty of Lac Geneve, but unfortunately it rained, so we did not see it at its best. From Aigle we started going up into the mountains. They didn't look very terrible then, but as we climbed for mile after mile without reaching the summit, we realised how high the mountains were. The road climbs steadily all the time - never really steep, but with innumerable hairpin bends. As we approached the summit, we saw a few snowdrifts and, at the Hospice St Bernard, quite a lot of snow remained. The road surface on the Swiss side was rather bad, and through the tiny mountain villages, which cling to the hillsides like flies to a wall, it was very poor. We soon passed the frontier post on the Italian side and descended on a good, well surfaced, road to Aosta. Dusk had fallen as we reached Aosta, so we called in at the Albergo Cavallino Bianco and were fortunate in finding that the maid spoke French, another French and German, whilst the cook had been to British Columbia and Alaska, even over the White Horse Pass! We had a very good meal and retired to our beds at 10pm.

Wednesday 10th

Had a good night and rose at 7:30am. Had coffee and rolls, and left at 8:30am. The run down the Aosta valley was particularly fine, with enormous mountains on every side and torrents dashing down the valleys. The countryside was flat from Aosta to Torino; we missed our way in Torino and had to go back. Eventually we



regained it and had lunch near Moncalieri. The host and hostess had spent a long time in Germany and spoke French and German. They had a very nice daughter, and Eddie and I both fell for her and she gave us a photo of herself. Returning to more mundane things, we had yards - or miles - of spaghetti, salad and coffee. We then continued to Alessandria where we drained and refilled the sump. That, with 10 litres of petrol, cost 55 lire. We climbed over the Aligurian Appenines **passing this Monastery**, then dropped down to Genoa. Our first impression of Genoa was bad, as there are many factories along the road side, but, as we reached the centre of the city, we found it was a fine, well built, city. We saw a fine sign, Alberghi Stagione and went inside. We waited for five minutes, then were greeted by an old, old, man with an enormous tummy, who seemed to be all alone. He spoke a little French, and we got a room in a building which seems at one time to have been a very fine house, as there are marble floors and beautifully painted ceilings. We had to go out to dinner, and we had a very good meal. With ragout, beefsteak and salad and vin blanc. After a stroll, we returned to find the old man waiting for our money, which he wanted before we went to bed. We are now in bed, and about ready for a night's sleep, but the rest of the people in Genoa seem to be just waking up, as there are people talking, walking, sweeping, cars and motorbikes dashing around and a hundred and one noises.

Continued in the June issue.



RECOLLECTIONS Part 1. Neville Barham

This is way back in the early to mid '50's and I was on a 350cc Ariel, solo, A friend of mine, James, also solo Ariel mounted, and I used to go to Grass Track events in the South Midland centre, it became a regular ride out for us and others, on a Sunday, when ever a meeting was on at Stokenchurch at High Wycombe or Northaw near Potters Bar, amongst others, they all became popular for riders and spectators alike.

Inevitably, James, reckoned he wanted to try grass track racing, in those days bikes like 1937 -40's Ariel's BSA's or Norton's etc didn't have the Collector ' appeal that they have today and to a certain extent a lot of the people we knew had a spare engine or frame lurking in a corner, I had a spare 1937 engine, a twin port with one port blocked off but no mag. James, with his Ariel, had a spare frame and gearbox but no forks or wheels, all coming together he said,!' Let me borrow your engine, I won't blow it up!' So just to

further his dream of becoming a 'Grasser' I said okay. After all, it was my engine and I had stake,

One day he turned up at my house on a decrepit old S. V. BSA sidecar outfit! I can't remember where he got it but the engine sounded good and that was all that mattered, complete with a body held together with wire through the woodworm holes. His idea was to rob his solo Ariel of the wheels and magneto, use my engine, which didn't rattle like his, and generally bodge a bike together for racing, I recall a smaller tank being found somewhere as well, I think it was of an N.S.U. Quickly. Eventually after a lot of work with help from friends in the Kensal Rise M. C. C. it all got finished and looked about right with knobbly tyres, alloy guards and a sprung seat.

One problem soon arose, how to transport this lump about? We hit upon the idea of a 'float', a few people used them though there were also vans and trailers, essentially we took, or rather crumbled, the woodworm eaten body off the B.S.A., it had served its purpose, we kept the alloy sides to make number plates and chain guards etc. and hunted about for long boards to make a platform to go on the chair chassis, Someone in the Vagabonds M. C. C. whom I knew, said that there were some old church pews outside a Chapel at Botany Bay, near Enfield. Sounded too good to be true and after a quick lash up of ply and sand bags to hold the chair wheel down he set off with me following on my solo, Now, I don't know how he managed it, the chair wheel was in the air more often than not, and he even succeeded in demolishing a hedge on a vicious left hander when the outfit didn't make the corner. I will always remember that incident; there was a pub, just a few yards up from the corner, with locals outside, foaming pints clasped in hands, discussing the ways of the world. There they stood, jaws slack with amazement as this wildly out of control outfit rapidly demolished the hedge and rose garden on the other side of the road, I can remember stopping and helping James drag the sorry looking heap back onto the road, with not one of the pub goers coming to help us and no-one coming out of the house. May be the drinkers thought it was all part of the evenings entertainment, I don't know. We pulled the handlebars straighter than they were, kicked a footrest back and eventually got going to the Chapel, we weren't misled, there they were, four pews, out in the open, all shiny from being polished by a thousand trouser seats.

We got two seats on the chassis, roped down, then he said, 'Will you ride pillion back with me to unload? It's ok; the extra weight will hold the chair wheel down'. To say I was a bit reluctant is understating it, especially as

James had used the chair as a bulldozer, it looked just a bit bedraggled with grass and bits of hedge sprouting from odd places, but, we set off after parking my 350 round the back of this Chapel, figuring it was safe on Church ground!

The ride back home was fraught to say the least, the 'swan neck' started to bend and the 'ball joint' by the back wheel was loose, the straight seat tube fitting under the seat and our left legs were the only objects stopping the bike from collapsing onto the pews. It was hardly surprising considering what it had been through really. The plot went round left-handers a treat, though right handlers were a proper bugger. When we got back to my house my Father took a dim view of the whole escapade, "That's what you get for pinching religious artefacts" or words to that effect after I moaned about the handing of the outfit. I reckon he knew what had gone on because he asked James how he liked sidecars? It seemed to take ages to sort the sidecar fittings out to James satisfaction I thought he was being fussy to an extreme! But it worked well enough when ridden up the road.

To get back up to Botany Bay and recover my solo meant scrounging more plywood and more rope off my Father, with the promise of LOTS of beer from James if I would sit on the ply and not think too much about life after death! It was the most frightening experience to date! My first at being a sidecar passenger. What would have been the out-come if the police had been around I hate to think.

Arriving back at the Chapel to collect my 350 we encountered a chap standing where the rest of the pews were, looking a bit flustered and asking if we knew anything about these missing seats? ' Not us, we've come to fix the bike ' So, after a chat about me parking the Ariel up on 'holy ground' and the reduction in numbers of the pews he said that the four were supposed to go to another Chapel up the road, 'Where will people sit now' he asked, James, not being very religious, joked that you will have to run two shifts for prayers or sit on one another's laps! The caretaker wasn't impressed. We changed the plug on the 350 to back up my tale of ' it just stopped' and rode back to my place. Afterwards James reckoned he would have loaded the two remaining pews on, if no one had been there and made a proper strong platform. Later on, I asked him if he had ever driven a sidecar before all this. You can guess his answer, NO! Afterwards, for all that, I got my beer, at a pub called 'The Spotted Dog ' at Neasden, with a crowd from the Kensal Rise Club, making sure I drunk every drop!

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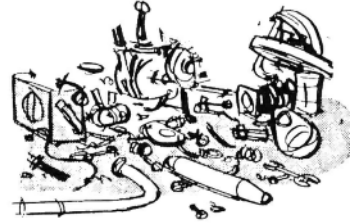
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Battle of the Motor Cycle *June 28 1905*

Some curious evidence was given at Leigh, Lancashire, on Monday, when Mrs. Elizabeth Snailham, of Risley, charged her husband Edward Snailham, with persistent cruelty.

Defendant, though only earning 37s 6d per week, kept a motor cycle, on which he dashed about the country, and frequently it was alleged, came home intoxicated and thrashed his wife.

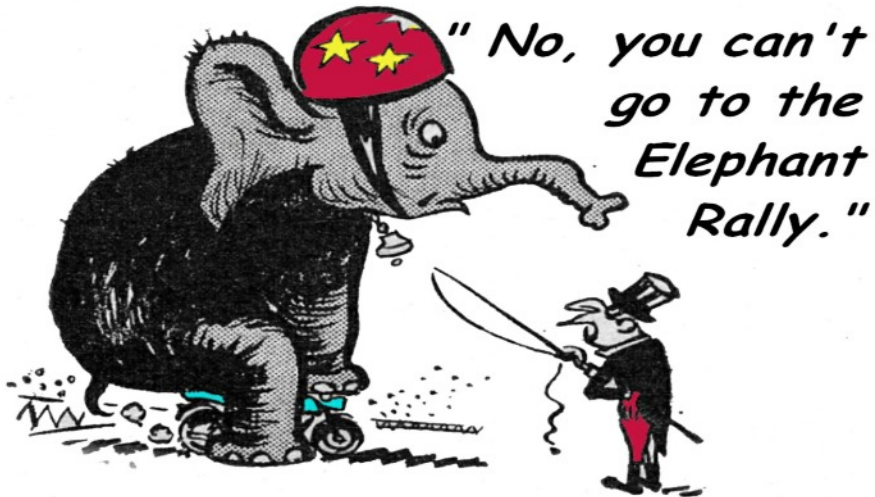
Complainant, in cross examination, admitted that she had tried to pull her husband's motor-bicycle to pieces, and pitched portions of it into the hedge, but had never stuck pins into the tyres.



Defendant, who denied assaulting his wife, said that pouring water on her just to cool her temper and giving her a good shaking now and again, did his wife good.

Complainant's sister had said that it was the motor-cycle that caused defendant to go awry, and urged her to smash it.

A separation order, with maintenance of 17s 6d a week, was granted.



We had a magazine returned in December for Barrie Farnell P2296 from Walsall. Does anyone have any information about Barrie.?



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DISCOVER
THE DIFFERENCE

The tale of Stirling Moss in December's issue prompted Mike Jackson to send in the the storey of part of Dennis Poore's motor racing career.

Well known by motorcyclists as a top man in the later years of the British motorcycle industry.

DENNIS POORE

"I came round again to find a pit signal held out with GOON on it."

When John Wyer was looking for drivers for the 1952 season, he invited me to a test session at a little circuit, which ultimately became MIRA. I drove the then new DB3, which I'd never seen before and which looked a very modern concept. I started driving round the perimeter track and after about three or four laps the gear lever came off in my hand. I slowed down as I passed John, chucked the lever out of the car and went on with the job, as there was just enough of the lever left to allow me to change gear. At the time, this was apparently considered a very surprising thing to have done! Afterwards I was offered the job, which I accepted, (although I'd never driven for anyone else before - I'd always used my own cars) but only for long-distance events where two drivers were needed. I didn't have time to do more than the odd event, having numerous business interests. I've run an investment banking business since just after the war, and I also started Autosport, with the late Gregor Grant as Editor.

My first race for Astons was a short one at a BARC Goodwood meeting, where Eric Thompson and I drove the lightweight DB2s. I think John wanted those of us who'd just begun to get used to the idea of the cars, although Eric had driven for Astons before, of course.

The main purpose of my joining Aston Martin was to race at Le Mans. I shared a DB3 with Pat Griffith, but he crashed it in practice and John Wyer replaced it with another DB3 without telling anyone! This was strictly against the rules, of course, and so we couldn't be too upset when the water pump failed after only 31 laps. (I'm afraid I never got very far at Le Mans -about 10 am on the Sunday was my best effort. I never managed to finish the race.)

Having had a very successful experience with the DB2s, it took a long time to get equally successful with the DB3s. We were always short of power - the Jags were 10-15 mph faster down the straight - and at Le Mans, where the straight is of overwhelming importance, Astons were not on even terms until considerably later. They were very much more successful in the Goodwood Nine Hours Race, partly because there wasn't such a long straight and partly



Dennis in a Connaught at the British G P in 1955

because there wasn't the same competition. Astons won all three Nine Hour races and I won the last with Peter Walker, but in 1952, George Abecassis and I retired with clutch failure.

My next race with the team was at Le Mans in '53, when I drove one of the brand new DB3Ss with Eric Thompson. All three cars failed, but we lasted the longest (182 laps), before retiring with valve trouble. Early on, we had a 3/4-hour pit stop due to problems with the valve gear - John Wyer thought I'd over-revved it and he may have been right! Consequently, we were not on the leader-board, we were not on any board at all and it took about six hours to get back that 3/4-hour, even on the relatively slow cars. We'd got back to 13th or 14th place by about 9 am, when the Aston finally petered out.

After the Goodwood Nine Hours (where Roy Salvadori and I retired with a broken con-rod), we went to Dundrod for the Tourist Trophy, where I crashed. They'd re-surfaced the course and the flying stones were unbelievable! Both the lenses of my goggles were cracked and eventually I could hardly see anything. As a result, at Tournagrough, where you go down to the hairpin before going back to the pits, I lost it on the bend as I was trying to pass Ken Wharton. It was a very narrow course and if you lost it, you didn't really have much chance - there was no grass verge to go onto, which was rather stupid, I thought.

I hit the bank and was thrown forward onto the curved windscreen, cutting my eyebrow. A local man sewed it up after asking whether I wanted it done there and then or in hospital. I decided to get it over with, so he did it on the spot and when I got back to London, I learned that he was the ace plastic surgeon in England! I went to see Archie McIndoe, who did all that marvellous plastic surgery on burned aircrews during the war, and when I told him who had done it he said, "You're the luckiest man alive — nobody could have done a better job, not even me!" He'd trained a lot of young men and I'd been stitched up by his ace pupil. It just happened that this man was interested in motor sport and his home was in Northern Ireland, so he'd agreed to stand by at the race in his capacity as a doctor. That was one of the most remarkable things that ever happened to me.

In 1954, I drove the big Lagonda at Le Mans with Eric Thompson, but I never got to drive it in the race because Eric crashed it in the Esses during the first session. That was the terrible year when Astons had all sorts of disasters and both Bira and Stewart crashed the 3S coupes at White House. Bira had the most incredible accident-White House was one of the fastest parts of the course and he rolled the car about five times. It was absolutely stripped of everything - you've never seen anything like it - and he stepped out unhurt!

The Lagonda was an underdeveloped car with a lot of potential, being very fast

in a straight line, much faster than the Astons. I tested it at MIRA where I got quite keen on it, driving from morning till late at night. It did 167 mph through the timing strips there, which was less than its maximum as we'd lost speed going round the banking before the strips. In practice at Le Mans we were getting about 172 mph and I thought we were pretty competitive, although-, -re were problems with the cooling.

I drove with Graham Whitehead in the TT that year and we finished 13th after a very difficult race. Our 3S was a terrible car, there was something amiss with the front suspension and it wouldn't sit down properly.

At Le Mans in '55, I drove the Lagonda again, this time with Reg Parnell. He drove the first spell and I'd just taken over from him when I saw yellow flags appearing all round the course. I couldn't see any reason for this, although Dick Jacobs had crashed his MG at White House and the car was upside down in the road, burning, for something like six laps (which is half an hour at Le Mans) before anybody touched it. I thought this was pretty poor, but I didn't know that about half-a-minute after I'd taken over from Reg the big accident had happened right opposite our pit. It was only when I handed back to Reg again that I heard about the gory story of all the bodies being carried through, and so on, but out on the course I'd no idea of what had happened.

By the time I was ready for my second spell we were going jolly well, a good half a lap ahead of the leading Aston, but then Reg didn't come round - he'd run out of fuel. This was a great disappointment and particularly stupid because Prince Bertil of the Netherlands (who used to come to the race with David Brown's party) had heard on the Tannoy that the car was spewing out fuel on the corners. He never came to tell us as he was at some other part of the course and assumed that we could hear the Tannoy in the pits, which we couldn't. Everything looked alright as the car came past us, of course, but unfortunately, the French Plumber (who had to seal the fuel filler after each fuel stop) hadn't done his job properly and we were out.

Although we were having trouble with overheating and had to drive with one eye on the temperature gauge, I thought we could have nursed the car through to the finish and done quite well, although I doubt whether we'd have kept up with the Mercs! I did one very fast lap in practice, I remember, keeping up with Ivor Bueb (the eventual winner) in the D-type without any difficulty right round the circuit. But in the race we had specific instructions to drive very carefully - we were not to enter the early "Grand Prix" with the Jaguars, Ferraris and Mercedes.

In the final Nine Hours race at Goodwood, the DB3S went very well indeed, and Peter Walker and I won. The rev-counter packed up early on, while Peter

was doing the first stint, but it didn't seem to make all that difference, really -once you'd learned the course; you knew where everything happened, anyway.

There was a lot of trouble with lights in that race. The headlights on the Collins/Brooks Aston suddenly started going out at awkward moments and Peter stopped to

investigate, which cost them the lead. I wouldn't have stopped, frankly, because I don't think you really need lights on a course like Goodwood - you can see your way round perfectly easily. It didn't happen to our car, so I was not called upon to prove the point, but I was quite prepared to drive without lights as the circuit was lit up to some extent all the way round, and there was quite a moon, I remember.

Then all the lights went out in the pit area for some reason! I was due to hand over to Peter in a lap or so and I came round to find the place in pitch darkness. I came round again to find a pit signal being held out with GOON on it. I thought, 'Now what have I done - is the race over? Am I supposed to have stopped?' I couldn't think what on earth was going on. Next time round I got another GOON, and still no explanation. Later I learned that because of the fights failure they were telling me to GO ON, but in the darkness that had omitted the gap between the two words!

Finally, Peter and I came 4th in the TT and that was the last time I drove for Astons. I was approaching forty and decided that I was getting a bit too old for all that. Mercedes, Jaguar, Ferrari and Maserati were all there in force and we finished behind the three Mercs, which was quite an achievement. It was wet for part of the time, which was a great help to us as the faster cars couldn't use all their power and I was hoping for a downpour, as there was a great black cloud about, but it didn't happen. Nonetheless, fourth was a very good result for us, in the circumstances.

In that last year I thought the DB3S was a very, very good car indeed. They'd got the handling right and the engines gave a lot more power, although it was not up to the Jaguars' - with only 3 litres to their 3.4, we could never make up for that extra 400 cc. The best Aston I ever drove, beyond a doubt, was 63 EMU, in which Peter Walker and I won the Nine Hour race. Apart from the



The winning Aston Martin DB3S with Dennis on board at the Goodwood 9 hour race in 1955.

broken rev-counter, it was absolutely perfect and went like a dream from start to finish. Funnily enough, it was much more tiring driving at Goodwood than it was at Le Mans, because you're working all the time whereas at Le Mans you have a long rest all the way down the straight.

I've always admired John Wyer. He took things very seriously and was way ahead of his time with regard to organisation, so he was often a bit impatient with officials if they were trying to enforce some stupid rule. He always had a good team of people around him and one felt that one had a good backing throughout, although he had a rough time with some people in the Aston Martin organisation who didn't understand why they were spending all this money for this purpose. However, he insulated the drivers from these goings on. The Aston team wasn't quite like the Jaguar crew, which used to make a point of practicing staying up all night! John always used to take us out of Le Mans to La Chartre, to keep us out of trouble and see that we got some sleep. To take a team of three or five cars to a race with all the drivers, mechanics, time-keepers, cooks and David Brown's social party (which could be a dozen people or more) was a major staff administration effort, and to make sure that they all had places to sleep, eat and work involved much more than just standing around with a stop watch during the race. It was quite a major organisational feat and I thought John and Tottie coped very well indeed. The whole thing was very well organised without anybody feeling they were being unduly proscribed.



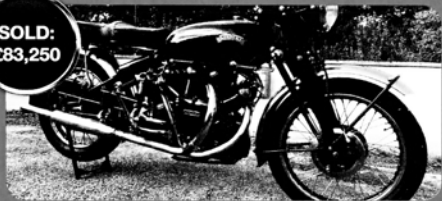
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DISCOVER
THE DIFFERENCE

THE MAKING OF THE GEORGE FORMBY FILM, “NO LIMIT”. Final part..

Continued from December edition.

I got the end of my handlebars tangled in Bertie's leathers, and as a result, we got somewhere off the line, unfortunately this doesn't show up in the film, nor does the fact that I got so close to the monument that I tore the straw bales with my footrest. I didn't think about it at the time but I could have ended up under cameraman and the Lancia. Fortunately, we got away with it, and even more fortunately, the cameraman kept his camera turning. When we stopped somewhere up on Mayhill Monty Banks leapt out of the car overjoyed, saying it was much better than the rehearsal was a great success, so lets go back and do it once more boys, fortunately we were allowed a brief rest period, and me I am still taking that rest.

The system of drawing petrol must have been quite a drain on them, petrol cost 1s.8d a gallon, about 7.5 p now. Most of us had bikes whose tanks held between 2½ and 3 gallons. The minimum amount of money they would give you to get petrol from the pumps was a 10 shilling note, they insisted you signed for it and wouldn't accept any change back as they objected to having coins in the cash box, so our petrol was costing them quite a bit of money, and we benefited from this system. Another economy measure was the affair of the clapped out flat tank Velocette they purchased for £25 that was destined to be thrown from the top of the Sulby Quarry. One fine afternoon everything was ready for the shot, Then they then discovered that they were not allowed to destroy any machine over the value of £20, They went back to the chap they bought it from and asked if he would refund £5 he said he wouldn't so after much haggling they came to an agreement to pay £1 a day for up to 21 days hire plus £20 for the machine, so he got £41 altogether instead of the original £25, It was costing more in the long run and he went on his way rejoicing.

When people ask me what were my impressions of George Formby. To me, George Formby was always all right, he was a thorough gentleman and he was always considerate, and like all great entertainers he never spared himself, he gave of his all. If it hadn't been for the restraining hand of his wife Beryl, he would have been like his father, far too generous and become a soft touch. He was the best star they could have had for No Limit; he enjoyed motorcycling and was a competent motorcyclist, and used to love to ride to from one location to the other on the famous Rainbow.

Although every precaution was taken to present George in one piece, I remember him doing one particularly dangerous piece of riding which nobody else would have wanted to do. Personally, I consider it to be one of the most dangerous things done in the filming; trying to get pictures of him riding up the Cronk y Voddy straight with other riders. In order for the camera to focus on his face, they fitted a solid steel tow bar behind a 30cwt truck; to this, a short eighteen inch extension, attached to the steering head of the bike. Imagine what would have happened if he had pulled the short extension apart. George rode in these conditions and didn't turn a hair, in fact seemed to enjoy himself.

During the winter months recently the B.B.C. did a lot to revive the Formby image, and Stewart Hall mentioned how closely Beryl followed him around. I don't think he appreciated how George Formby, like his father was not very robust, Beryl's presence also helped to frustrate outsiders attempts to take photos, which could have been used for advertising, she was strictly business like. As I said before, we saw little of Florrie Desmond, the longest time she spent with the motorcycle fraternity was at the Grandstand. We never saw her out on the course at all. Just as well she spent most of her time with Cambell Black, as he was killed not long afterwards, on the day of the opening of the main air terminal at Speke.

The principal machines used in the film, have been well dispersed, many of them have been scrapped. The Shuttleworth Snap, which was an AJS, was last heard of in the Southampton area, without its streamlining. The TT winning Rainbow, which was a standard 350 Ariel, which I believe was the first machine to be delivered to the I.O.M. by air. It arrived from London, partly dismantled, by a De Haviland Rapide. How they got it in through the tiny door I do not know. This machine was supplied by Alf Lawton of Castletown, and became George Formby's own property, and joined his resplendent Square Four Ariel. The tricycle, which, reputedly belonged to George Formby's father, remained on the Island, and joined a lot of other vintage machinery in Charlie Murray's collection.

At last, the visit of A.T.P. ended. We now missed all the excitement, we also missed midnight trips to the A.T.P. people, who from time to time invited us to the Crescent Cinema to view shots that had been taken a few days previously. Just when it had all become a memory, Bertie and I received an urgent summons to meet Monty Banks at the Fort Anne Hotel. He had come back with a very small staff to do one days work and he asked us to join them. They had with them a small van containing a mystery package, Monty Banks, Shackleton, Webster and one or two others made up the entire party. Early next morning we went to Kirk Michael, where we did a few speed shots and from there we repaired to Ballaugh Bridge. Monty wanted us to try jumping Ballaugh Bridge so we were both in the air at the same time. While we were trying this, he and Shackleton were lying in the entrance to the Druidale Road trying to find just where and how high and just where the highest point of the point of the jump was. Eventually he said he was satisfied, and they then unwrapped the mystery bundle, which was a very solid body of a TT rider made of plaster and wood, they wanted us to ride over it simultaneously. Perhaps they should have got Eric Brown to do it. Shackleton who

was quite a friendly man took me to one side and asked what would happen if one of us touched. I said it would be a spread of strawberry jam on the hedge. Anyway, I wouldn't do anything as hazardous as that unless they made it worthwhile. Anxious to be out of this, I told the boss that I required a fee of £100 to do it. I waited an age before he refused. I often wonder what would have happened if he had accepted. Anyway, we did a few more jumps and they said they would superimpose the body it in the studio. In the summer of 1936, many of us met again at the premier of the film, shown in the Regal Cinema Douglas, and the Palace and Derby Castle Cinema Co. The ATP people generously donated the proceeds to Noble Hospital. In the autumn of 1936, I saw a full size cut out of George Formby on a motorcycle in Oxford St. in London. On close examination, I discovered that the head was George Formby's and the body on the machine was mine, so eventually they managed to behead me after all.

George Formby and Beryl visited the island from time to time. The last time I saw them together was at the back of the TT Grandstand. They had been watching a real TT. George really was bitten by the TT bug. Two things that happened after the film was all over, I would like to mention. It is strange to think after spending a lot of time rehearsing the scene where George pushed into the finish to win the TT, I was destined to do just that in the 1935 MGP, there was a slight difference, George won his race and I forgot to do that part of it. Still stranger coincidence in 1936 MGP, I retired at Glen Helen on Junior day once more. I was sitting in the pub supping a cup of tea when somebody came in and said, your mate Cannell has just fallen of at Creg Willys, believe it or not he had fallen of at the same place that he had fallen in No Limit, they say practice makes perfect.

I've watched No Limit many times in the past, and never thought much about the making of it. We have to thank John Qualtrough, for recording it and transcribing it, for our

OBITUARIES

Les Archer P1917 from Spain.

Former Motocross star LR {Les} Archer, 90, died in Spain on December 18th, having sadly almost fully recovered from a stroke some 18 months previously. Born into a famous motorcycling family Les began road racing in the late 1940s -- alongside father Les, known as "LJ" -- achieving considerable success both in the Island and on home circuits, astride New Imperial, Norton, Velocette and other machinery.

At the same time, young Les was using the latter MOV Velocette in Scrambles, which, on many occasions was 'converted' overnight from its tarmac spec to off-road, by the Archer Dealership's supervisor Ron Hankins. By 1950, Les was concentrating exclusively on Scrambling, for which Hankins now created several very special ohc Nortons, on which Les and Eric Cheney began racing internationally.

In addition to winning countless 500cc MXGPs Les won the overall European Championship MX in 1956, despite all the 'techno-experts' stating how a camshaft engine could not possibly prove as competitive in this ultra rugged sport as a traditionally configured ohv!. Les was rarely seen in UK events during the 1960s, preferring to compete in Europe -- particularly in France -- where he and his unique machine were always a popular attraction.



Les Archer as depicted by Sallon of the Daily Mirror, in the 1957 book, Motor cycling Personalities.



Once out of his leathers he ran a successful sports car emporium in Farnborough, sensibly specialising in MGs and Triumphs, rather than Maserati/Ferrari etc, ultimately retiring with French wife Claire to Calpe in Spain, indulging his passion for boats and the less dangerous pastime of boules. Although a highly competent trials and ISDT rider, it is somewhat anomalous that Les is still not accepted as one of the UK's great all rounder. More importantly though, he will long be remembered as a superb ambassador for motorcycle sport, and for always behaving like Champions should!

Mike Jackson

Colin Seeley P1919 from Kent. Colin passed away 7th January following a long battle with illness. His affinity with motorcycles began learning to ride his father's Vincent Rapide. After taking his licence at the age of 16, he became an apprentice. He was experienced in working on many different marques, while also repairing and motorcycles in his parent's garden shed.

His first race was a one-hour endurance event at Brands Hatch in 1954 aboard a 500cc BSA Star Twin. By 1958 he was riding scramblers for Greeves, before turning to sidecars come the 60's. Bolting a Matchless G50 race bike to a Canterbury racing sidecar, he dabbled in local events before entering the Isle of Man TT in 1961, his first Grand Prix event – and finishing sixth. From 1961 to 1967 he raced in British and world championship sidecar competitions, originally aboard his own machines with Matchless and Norton engines. Before long, he had swapped the single-cylinder Matchless for the flat-twin BMW S54 Rennsport engine. During this period, he achieved a first place at the 1964 Dutch TT and second-place finishes in the sidecar competitions at the 1964 Isle of Man TT and the 1966 French Grand Prix at Clermont-Ferrand.

Following his retirement from competition, he began producing his frames, powering them with AJS and Matchless motorcycle engines and later with engines from Yamaha and other Japanese manufacturers. These frames, both production and race, earned a reputation for their fine handling, with Derek Minter describing it as “the best steering solo he'd ever tried”. They were soon the race bike of choice for privateers of the era. In the 1969 Isle of Man Senior TT, Seeley-framed machines finished third, fourth, sixth and seventh. The following year Tommy Robb rode to a fourth-place finish in the 500cc world championship aboard a Seeley. In 1971, Barry Sheene rode a [Suzuki T500](#) engined bike to win the British national championship, declaring it the best-handling motorcycle he had ever ridden.

He dedicated much of his later life to charity work, establishing The Joan Seeley Pain Relief Memorial Trust in memory of his first wife, who died of cancer. Colin made an impact on motorcycle racing and will be greatly missed.

Alan McBeath sadly passed away a few weeks ago. Our condolences go out to his wife Jill, our past secretary. A full obituary will be in the June issue.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2020

March 22nd, Sunbeam Club 81st Pioneer Run.

April 7th Tuesday, APMC Annual General Meeting. Details page 6.

April 25/26th Stafford Classic Motor Cycle Show. Visit our stand.

May 7th Thursday, White Peak Wandering. Details page 7.

June 1st Next edition of **“THE PIONEER MOTOR CYCLIST”**

June 11th Thursday, Run of Something Strange. Details page 7.

August Rugeley Rural Roads Run. Details to be finalised

September 3rd Thursday, Salisbury Saunter. Details to be finalised

September, International Canterbury Canter. Details to be finalised

October 1st Thursday, North Leicester Lanes Run. Details to be finalised

October 10/11th, Stafford Classic Mechanics Show.. Bikes needed,
Contact Ann Davy, Tel 01283 820563 email p.davy750@btinternet.com.

*"She's a bit of
a cold starter,
but oh boy,
when she gets
warmed up . .*

