

"And not a word to the others that I'm going back to school, understand!"



WE CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE COMPETENT STEWARDS UNLESS THEY ARE MADE TO PASS A WRITTEN TEST • THE MEN IN CHARGE SHOULD JOIN OUR

'School for STEWARDS'

AND SIT THE SIX TEST PAPERS FOR SPECIAL "STEWARDS DIPLOMAS"

Principal of the School: Professor Payne

STEWARDS from all parts of the country, and for that matter all those of you who have at some time or another fancied your luck as a steward of a meeting, are welcome at the newly opened "School for Stewards." Principal of the School, Professor Payne, greets all of you who aspire to a more thorough knowledge and understanding of the rules and regulations that govern our sport, and trusts that you will join his General Knowledge classes and sit a series of Test Papers he will set each month. There will be six papers in all, two a month and each is worth ten points. Stewards are invited to send in their answers to the papers and the Principal and his staff will go over them and award appropriate marks. When the term ends in October, they will give their final summing-up and will award special printed diplomas to the star stewards of the classes. These diplomas, it is hoped, will be officially recognised by track authorities everywhere. Results of each test paper will be given the following month.

TEST PAPER 1

Answer all of the following questions and remember, be concise yet factual. This paper is worth ten points, and should be sent to "School for Stewards," 15 Locket Road, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middlesex, not later than Friday, August 15th.

(1) In the first lap of the last race of an important league match, rider A falls and leaves the track. A pile-up between the other riders follows. Would you, as steward of the meeting, order a re-run, thus making the heat a new race. And is rider A entitled to ride in the re-run?

(2) Is it in your powers to insist

that any rider participating in a heat wears a helmet?

(3) The tapes fly up. The four riders leap into the first bend. You notice that one of them has part of the tapes entangled about him. Would you exclude him from the race on the assumption that he has touched the tapes? If not, then what would your reasons be for not doing so?

(4) It is raining heavily, and prior to the start of a league match, both team managers approach you. One wants the match to continue, the other does not. What course of action would you take, and why?

TEST PAPER 2

Write a short article (200-300 words) expressing your views on one of the following:—

(a) Are there too many petty regulations and rules creeping into cycle speedway?

(b) What measures can we take to encourage more people to take up stewarding?

(c) Do you consider the present system of bend stewards adequate and worthwhile?

(d) A steward should never retract his opinion after giving a doubtful decision. Do you agree?

(e) What are the main duties of a steward?

This paper is also worth ten points and should be sent to "School for Stewards" at above address not later than Friday, August 15th. Results and best entries will be published next issue.



By the time you have finished the special General Knowledge course at the "School for Stewards," this is how you will be: Firm, unbiased, fearless, respected and thorough. And this is our artist's impression of the model steward with all his qualifications.

— and here are the markers of your papers:

Graham Payne. Editor, "Amateur Cycle Speedway" and Principal of the "School for Stewards."

Roy Bullet. Features Editor, "Amateur Cycle Speedway."

James Prentice. Chief reporter, "Amateur Cycle Speedway."

T. B. McLeod. Leading Northern steward. Has officiated in several matches as: 1951 "Mars" Ride Championship semi-final, "New Chronicle" National Championship semi-final, London v. Manchester, Manchester v. Bradford, Manchester v. Birmingham, Lancashire Cheshire, Manchester Knock-out Trophy final 1950, Manchester Riders' Championship of 1950 and 1951. Mr. McLeod has also held many administrative positions.

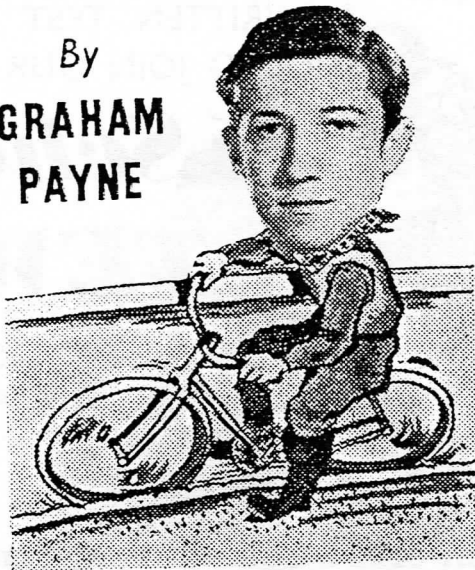
FIRST WINNERS of M.A.E.T.s (Meritorious Award of the Editor's Tongue), my own special "Oscar" for the worst performance in each round of the "National Trophy" can now be announced. In the first round, winners are **Stepney Pirates** who lost to **Poplar Penguins** by 21-75. Second round: **Chiswick Comets** who lost to **Tooting Tigers** by 22-74. Third round: **Bushey Aces** who lost to **Yiewsley Racers** by 20-76.

NORMAN GUEST, Norfolk Board Chairman, announces that a magnificent cup has been handed to him for competition between his county and **Hertfordshire** every year. **Ken Cooper**, of Hertfordshire, expressing his thanks, exclaimed: "We'll be oop for the Coop."

ROY BULLET, "A.C.S." Features Editors Editor, is planning a special article on "The **Smiths of Cycle Speedway**." He has collected hundreds of riders whose name is Smith, but realises that he must have missed many. Anxious to make this coming feature as authoritative as is possible, he wants all **team managers** to send him a list of their riders whose name is Smith, together with the following information: Full Christian names, number of rides this season, approximate number of points scored, and any special achievement this season.

TAKE IT FROM ME

By
**GRAHAM
PAYNE**



archs, Bispham and Norbeck, all from Blackpool; and Marine Aces from Fleetwood.

A **GRAND DANCE** was staged recently by the **South London Racing Club** and many famous personalities were present: Winifred Atwell, Reg Trott, Ronnie Moore, Trevor Redmond, Rodwell Twins and piano-accordionist Roy Bannister. Highlight of the evening: a cycle speedway challenge match between Moore, Trott and Redmond. First prize went to Reg Trott—a lady's brassiere!

Managers should write immediately to: "Smiths of Cycle Speedway," Roy Bullet, "A.C.S.," 15 Locket Road, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middlesex.

I AM informed that a **North-West Fylde League** has been formed. Teams who have so far joined include Marton Flyers, Marton Mon-

THE ANNUAL General Meeting of the **London Amateur Cycle Speedway Association** held recently had a higher attendance than before, and it is hoped that this is a sign of awakened interest in the administrative side of the sport. Officers elected: W. Wotherspoon, Chairman; C. Lewsey, Vice-Chairman; Miss N. Goody, Secretary; Mrs. A. Akester, Treasurer. Committee: H. Hudson, E. Longhurst, A. Owens, T. Sweetman, V. White.

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"Germany calling—cycle speedway has arrived!"

R.A.F. BOYS IN GERMANY FORM CAMP TEAMS

IF any of you awaiting your call-up papers for the Royal Air Force, I wouldn't worry so much, there is always the chance of your being posted to Germany, to R.A.F. Camp, Wildenrath.

For this very picturesque station, only eight miles from the Dutch border, are running their own cycle speedway teams—six in all—and have a neat 114 yards sand track near the billets.

The enthusiasm is so great among the airmen, that the possibility of extra teams is enormous, the six already operating are: R.A.F. Regiment (25 Squadron), R.A.F. Regiment (24 Squadron), Catering Section, Technical Section, Fire Section and Signals Section. They are lucky enough to have many old riders stationed there, among them Dixie Dean (ex-South Harrow Greyhounds), Rockey Bell (ex-Cradley Heath Cubs), John Kichham (ex-Rolvenden Blues), Ron Percy (ex-Lewis Rocks), Bill Bruce (ex-Robroyston) and Stan "Tiger" Blackwell (ex-Battersea).

It was really through the efforts of Blackwell that the officers of the Camp allowed the teams and track to be sanctioned. Whilst stationed in England, prior to his posting, Blackwell almost formed an R.A.F. team at R.A.F., Halton.

The Wildenrath circuit was officially opened recently. At the first meeting was a Best Pairs Championship. Present was the Officer Commanding, Group Captain J. E. Johnson, D.S.O., D.F.C., famous ace pilot of the Battle of Britain days. Winners were Stan Blackwell and Ray Hyam (Catering Section) with 24 points, runners-up Rocky Bell and Dixie Dean (R.A.F. Regiment) with 19 points. A Camp Match Champion-

FIRST SHOTS FROM GERMANY

These two photos were sent from the R.A.F. camp at Wildenrath, Germany. The sport has yet to pass its first flush of youth out there, but we can expect "big things" in the future. Top picture shows the start of a practice heat. Left to right: A.C. Roney, L.A.C. Edge, Cpl. Blackwell. The starter is L.A.C. Dean. Bottom picture: L.A.C. Edge oversliding on one of the tricky bends of the camp's 114-yard track.



SECOND ROUND OF Roy Bullet's FIGHT AGAINST THE USE OF THE WORD :

Skid Kids

YOU will remember that last month I launched an open attack against that abominable slang term "Skid Kids" which is so often used to describe riders these days. I also suggested a few alternative words and asked readers to join in my "Postcard Poll" to decide the one they considered most apt.

ship was staged next, with Blackwell beating Ferguson in straight runs. Later, Blackwell successfully defended his title against Sgt. Witham.

As well as the six section teams mentioned above, there are two camp representative teams formed, known as the R.A.F. Vampires and R.A.F. Meteors. They soon hope to travel across the border to meet various Dutch teams. Each team has its own rider N.C.O. in Flight—Sgt. Jowett (Vampires) and Sgt. Witham (Meteors).

At the moment, Camp Champion is Corporal Blackwell, but he exclaimed: "That's only because I used to ride back home. Some of the others are new to cycle speedway. They will soon catch up, you'll see!"

This "Postcard Poll," which ends on July 1st, is proving one thing at least. It is clear beyond a doubt that "Skid Kids" is not wanted and is considered by most to be nothing more than a slur; a slighting remark against riders everywhere.

Latest positions in the Poll are as follows: (the first-mentioned is the name of the alternative word, following it the number of votes it received):—

Cycle Speedsters	275
Cinder Cyclists	203
Pedal Speedsters	168
Speedway Cyclists	125
Junior Speedsters	42
Skidway Riders	18
Skid Kids	0

Votes are still coming in to this office and the final placings will be made known next issue. If you have not already voted, we want you to send us, on a postcard, your vote for (i) any of the above listed alternatives, or (ii) one new suggestion of your own.

I REGRET to have to announce the death of Les Wilman, who, it will be remembered, was captain of the now disbanded London team, White City Racers.

CLAY HILL ACES' new signing, Eric Brewer, has, at the time of writing, ridden seven matches, but has already scored over 100 points.

FOR NEW READERS.—Professor Maxman had been found murdered in his London workshop. He had formulated a new metal nick-named "Maxatom" which, it was claimed, could withstand the direct blast of an atomic-bomb. He produced a small quantity of the metal and made it into a large silver trophy. His son, having been left his father's entire estate and workshop, decided to give the Cup (known as the Maxman Trophy) to the London C.S. Control Board for competition. Two individuals, Loomis and Philips, working for "foreign powers," found out about the Trophy and take steps to secure it. In the first round for the Maxman Trophy the Ragged Racers are against league leaders Melbury Monarchs. Inspector Calverly, father of Rory Calverly, the captain of the Ragged Racers, is out to track down the murderers. The police copy the Trophy and announce that it will be just about to make his exit when young Barney Plowman of the Racers skids round the track and leaps from his bike on to Loomis's shoulders. The two of them struggle on the ground. NOW READ ON. . . .

Concluding our Cycle

"CAPTAIN OF THE

THE LAST H

apparent that the engine had gone dead. The car would not start. Loomis went berserk. Stumbling, he hurled the Maxman Trophy to the crowd, and swerved out into the road.

The approaching car was unable to stop in time. The driver desperately wrenched at the wheel. Loomis threw up his arms. The collision came with a whine of screeching tyres, a stifled cry, then silence.

The Show Must Go On

Chief Inspector Calverly was addressing the crowd through the speakers half an hour later.

"... and there you have the whole story, ladies and gentlemen. Loomis is gone and his associate Philips has confessed to the police. They were both agents for a foreign power anxious to secure the formula of Maxatom which the Professor has cleverly concealed in his Trophy. By the way, the Trophy on view this afternoon was not the real one, but a dummy made by the police. This is of solid silver and, if the original is needed at the laboratories, it has been agreed that tea in London will race for this replica. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I would suggest that this afternoon match continue as those concerned took such pains over preparation. Good luck to both the teams—a may the best one win. Oh yes, one point. Young Barney Plowman of the Racers is quite unhurt, and although a trifle shaken, will be in the Race line-up."

backed towards the entrance gates only a few yards away. A black limousine skidded round the roadway outside the track and screeched to a halt at the gates. An anxious face poked through the near-side window. Loomis saw that it was his associate, Kon Philips.

He grinned. "Only just in time, Philips. Throw open that side door and get ready to pull the kid in."

Suddenly, the loud speakers round the track crackled and burst into life. The voice of Inspector Calverly boomed out: "I'm calling your bluff, Loomis. If you harm that boy you'll do more harm to yourself. We're coming to get you."

Loomis stopped in his tracks. He cocked his revolver and held it high at Barney's face. He saw the circle of riders around him move forward; saw their determined faces; their clenched fists. "Keep back, you fools. Keep back. I'll let him have it, do y'hear?"

Philips called out from the car impatiently. The car door was open. The engine spluttered noisily. On a sudden impulse, one of the nearby riders sprang forward. Immediately the whole group launched themselves at Loomis. The crowd waited for the shot. It never came. Loomis, his bluff called, threw Barney in the path of the others, spun round, and raced for the waiting car.

But Philips was now scampering out and waving his arms. It was soon

BARNY PLOWMAN, eighteen-year-old second string of the Ragged Racers felt his left arm wrench above his shoulderblades; felt the sweat pour down his face. He was lying, face downwards, on the cinders of his home track and over him, gripping his arm, knelt Poul Loomis.

The vast crowd who had turned up for the first round match for the Maxman Trophy between the Racers and Melbury Monarchs were strangely silent. A thousand white faces were turned towards the struggling rider who had now been jerked viciously to his feet by his powerful opponent.

Poul Loomis surveyed the scene around him. He was surrounded by a circle of riders and officials, most of them anxious to move forward, and who would have done, but for the revolver Loomis was pressing into Barney's back.

"Keep back," Loomis's voice was cracked and throaty. "Or I'll finish the boy off."

Barney struggled and kicked, but found he was in a vice-like hold. "I'm going to walk out of this place and with the Maxman Trophy." Loomis continued nodding towards the gleaming trophy by the edge of the grass verge. "And remember, one move from anyone of you and I'll let the kid have it!"

He dragged Barney to the verge, bent over and retrieved the trophy and

GLASGOW IS STILL ALIVE AND KICKING

GLASGOW'S most successful season is well and truly under way (writes **BOB DEVINE**). Those who thought the sport was doomed in Glasgow are very much mistaken. So far, South and North of Glasgow Associations have been formed, although riders and officials are looking forward to the time when a merger will be made between these two bodies—probably in August.

The South of Glasgow Association (of which I am a member and am therefore mainly concerned) is offering keen competition between the four teams south of the Clyde. Readers not aware of the many problems confronting the sport here may be of the opinion that there is nothing outstanding in running a league of four clubs. When it is considered that former associations have had no co-operation

from local authorities—it is no wonder that little enthusiasm remained for the sport.

Now for a survey of the clubs in South Glasgow. **CRAIGHTON EAGLES**, Scotland's veteran team, are present league leaders. Led by Pete Bell, the Eagles expect great things from their line-up, which include Jim McArthur, John Peacock and Alec Young. **CAMPBILL KIWIS** are closely challenging the Craighton supremacy and are skippered by spectacular Sam Fraser. Tom Dawes and Duncan Patterson are two others who are the backbone of this team. **REDHILL ROCKETS**, last year's Renfrewshire champions, are shaking the established stars and are fulfilling the promise shown by them last year. Stuart Armstrong is in command, ably

supported by Bob Cochrane and F. O'Hara. Make a note of 14-year-old Don MacFarlane, he is of the same material as legendary Bill Ritchie and may prove to be even greater.

POLLOK STARS, the baby of the league, have as riders, with the exception of myself, all first season riders. As yet the Stars are unpredictable, but it will be no small wonder if the team finishes well to the first. Captained by Bob Thompson, other mainstays are Alan McColl, Tom McNeills and Gerry Hollywood.

Next month I trust the North Glasgow Association will give a survey of their teams, which include: Lambhalls Lions, Everad Eagles, Glasgow Glen Hawthorn Flyers, Dennistoun Stars and Medwyn Monarchs.

speedway thriller . . .

RAGGED RACERS

AT DECIDER

"Good old Barny!"

"Give 'em the works, Barny!"

Barny, standing in the pits, his face dirty and bruised, gulped as he heard the crowd's roars. He was so full, he could not express his happiness. Rory, Racers' captain, moved over to the corner of the pits where his team were busy making last-minute adjustments to their machines.

"Lisen, fellers," he snapped, "something's happened. They're all with us tonight out there—they're shouting for us, and I don't know about you, but I've got a queer sort of feeling that this is our big chance; this is where we break our hoodoo and show 'em what the good old Racers can really do. What do you say?"

Billy Best, the Racers' poker-faced heat leader, glanced up from his machine. "You were skipper of the team when we used to win match after match," he said shyly, "and you're the boss tonight, Rory. By heavens, I've got that same ruddy feeling that we're gonna win!"

At that moment, the pits marshal was shouting out the names of the riders in the first heat. Rory and Barny for the Racers; Bob Hazzard and Jim Mysen for the Monarchs. Hazzard and Mysen were already cruising towards the starting gate amid terrific cheers of excitement from the home crowd; but when Rory and Barny emerged from the pits a thunderous roar greeted them from every section of the crowd. Barny threw a quick glance across to Rory and gave him an encouraging wink. Rory just smiled. Had he winked back, he would have forced the tears that had flooded into his eyes.

The Racers' fans were mad with delight. The Racers, after seven heats, were leading 23—19. Rory had smashed the track record in his second race and he and Barny were the most brilliant pairings of the match. But by the thirteenth heat the Monarchs had pulled into the lead at 38—40. Three heats to go and still anybody's match!

In the next heat, Barny was away in front followed by Hazzard, and Hazzard, in a desperate attempt to overtake Barny, lost balance and fell. Rory swerved to avoid him and crashed into the centre verge on to his head. He remained strangely still. The race finished with a 3—2 win for the Racers. The score, with two heats left: 41—42 to the Monarchs.

The first-aid attendant saw to Rory where he lay, and Rory's father, still at the meeting, was told that it was only slight concussion. When Rory



(Above)

Rory Calvery, captain of the Ragged Racers. (Right) The collision came with a screech of brakes, a whine of tyres, a stifled cry, then silence. (Bottom) The mask-like face of Poul Loomis, agent of a "foreign power."

came to, the fifteenth heat had ended in a 4—2 win for the Racers, making the score 45—44. The result depended on this final heat!

Rory sprang to his feet. "I've got to ride now," he muttered. They tried to hold him back, but he was gone. In the pits he grabbed his machine and with Barny rode out to the gates. The Monarchs had nominated their best combination, Hazzard and Mysen. Rory rubbed his aching forehead. The Racers needed only a 3—3 in this heat to win the match.

Up went the tapes. Hazzard and Mysen were away perfectly, followed closely by Barny with Rory—his head throbbing violently—in last place. With two laps to go, Hazzard, in second place, overslid and went down in a shower of cinders. Barny and Rory were unable to swerve and in a second the three of them were lying on the track. The race was not stopped, and Mysen, now well in front, tore madly for home.

Barny was first up. He called out to Rory and then leapt on to his own machine in hot pursuit of Mysen. Rory tried to pull himself up, but collapsed again. He could hear Mysen coming round behind him and, on looking up, saw to his horror that Hazzard had retrieved his machine and was after Barny. Lightning flashed through Rory's brain. If he didn't do something fast, the race would end in a 4—2 for the Monarchs, and give them a 48—47 victory.

He leapt to his feet, swung machine round and sped after Hazzard. All the while, Mysen was just behind him, but Rory was never lapped. He heard the crowd roaring and guessed that Mysen and Barny had finished. Both Hazzard and he had three quarters of a lap to do.

Into the second bend from home Hazzard went wide and Rory gained some ten valuable yards. Now only four yards separated the two riders. Hazzard hung grimly to the white line in the last bend and smiled to himself as the finishing line sped into view, nearer with each second. He heard the crowd roaring and eased into the centre of the track to cross the line. Even as he did so, a rider and machine hurtled by to gain that all-important white line by inches. Rory was there. The Racers had won the match 48—

Thus the Racers started their triumphant pathway back to fame. My story ends. As I write, the final of the Maxman Trophy has yet to be run; but the two finalists are known: Tooting Tigers and—yes, the Ragged Racers. Some match that will be! Some match indeed!

Hoskins Helps Teams

THAT rip-roaring promoter Johnnie Hoskins is on the war-path! His latest experiment, since taking over at West Ham Speedway, is to stage 14-heat cycle speedway meetings inside the stadium prior to the commencement of the motor speedway programme.

In a letter to the Editor, Johnnie said: "Our first meeting is between Poplar Penguins and Warwick Lions. Instead of using the whole track, we are using both ends of the Stadium with two heats going on at the same time, so instead of racing right round the track, the riders will only be racing about 100 yards around each corner. If this experiment proves successful, we shall have several other meetings. We are also giving the riders a mass start race at the interval."

Good old Johnnie—first again!

FURTHER to the story of the R.A.F. lads in Germany (in this issue) we have received news of the first all-German team. They race—wait for it!—in a cemetery at Munchon Gladback on a 180-yard earth track. They race on painted road machines with paper flowers on the handlebars.

Our correspondent informs us also that the first race he watched was between nine riders over twenty-five laps. Three similar heats followed and then, after a welcome break, the winners raced each other, also over twenty-five laps. The winner was a six-foot lad of fourteen years and his friends adorned him with a wreath of flowers (in a cemetery as well!). The last seen of them was a procession down the main road accompanied by popular songs. They race only on Sundays. On the whole, a very grave affair!

OUR Lancashire reporter, T. B. McLeod, tells us that from a national point of view, Manchester area hopes for as good a season this year as last year. So far, Cheadle Hulme Rangers lead the way in Division I with a maximum twelve points from six matches. They are three points ahead of Hyde Rangers and Chorlton Aces. The four promoted teams, Adwood Boomerangs, Crofts Bank Terriers, Wythenshawe Devils and Brinnington Stars, have yet to get accustomed to Division I racing.

In Division II, seasoned campaigners Lostock Pegasus and Burnage Bees should be close rivals for championship honours. Newcomers to league racing, Bredbury Bees, Denton Diamonds and Salford Stars, will all have something to say in opposition to this, and indeed, Bredbury have already sprung a surprise or two.

In the League Knock-out Trophy, Lostock Pegasus have reached the Division II Final, and meet either Burnage Bees or Denton Diamonds in the Final. Both finalists, together with all the First Division teams, compete in the Division I section of the competition later in the year. Lancashire finalists of the National Trophy are Carrs Wood Hunters led by Brian Moston. I see that Roy Bullett has tipped them to reach the final. Rye Aces (Sussex) toured the City recently and a report of their encounters will be detailed in the next issue.

THE following teams urgently require challenge matches. Would-
Page Eight

THEY THOUGHT OUR PROGRAMMES GOOD

HERE we reproduce one of the many letters we have received praising the cycle speedway programmes we have to offer all teams:

Sir,—We recently received a supply of your programmes and now enclose postal order for a further supply. We usually sold only ten programmes, but with yours, our sales have more than trebled and last night we sold forty-five. We would like our order executed by return if possible, for you can see how urgent is our call.—W. G. White, Hon. Sec., Grandpoint Cycle Speedway Club, 65 Church Street, New Hinksey, Oxford.

In these days of strict paper rationing and high cost of printing, club officials are finding it increasingly difficult to produce a really tip-top club programme that can be sold for only a few pence and yet still further their own club funds.

However, here is some good news! *Amateur Cycle Speedway* is now able to supply all teams with well-printed, attractive programmes on high quality gloss paper with appropriate blank spaces in which spectators can insert riders' names, etc. Approximate size of these programmes is 9ins. by 6ins. Prices (including postage) which allow a very reasonable margin of profit to the clubs who purchase (the programmes will sell like hot cakes at 2d. each!) are:

250 for 13s. 6d. 100 for 6s.

Club officials are invited to order their supplies for the coming season immediately (cash with order) or send a stamped addressed envelope for sample to:

AMATEUR CYCLE SPEEDWAY (DEPT. PROG.)
15 Locket Rd., Wealdstone, Harrow, Mdx.

WHITELINERS



be challengers should write direct. Coombe Aces (and Coombe Tigers Grass Track team), E. W. Elliott, 1 Beverly Avenue, Coombe Lane, London, S.W.20.

Combeinteignhead Lions, Ron Vaulter, Elmfield Cottage, Combeinteignhead, Newton Abbot, Devon. (Challengers of the Lions please note: There's a slap-up Devon tea after the match!)

THE Welling Wings (Kent) opened their new track this season. Barry West, Don Baldry, Fred Pallett and Bill Forsyth form the nucleus of the side, with good support from Vic Duffy, Fred Groves, Derek Keeling and John Lumley. The Wings were formed in 1949 when they became North-West Champions. Prospective riders wishing to join the Wings should contact: N. R. West, 10 Littleheath Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

THE Hawbush Hammers, riding in the Second Division of the East London League, have, in their manager, J. Southam, a veteran at the helm. They are a most enterprising team, having Malcolm Craven, the England and West Ham speedway rider, as President and Johnny Guilfoyle, also West Ham, as Vice-President.

They have put up three cups for competition among their riders—the Hawbush Hammers Trophy, the Match Race Championship and the Hammers' Individual Trophy.

One of their most outstanding riders is Brian Bond, supported ably by R. Gumbleton, J. South, A. Hawkins, A. Craven and L. Collings.

Continued from col. 1, page 1

Aces and has twice ridden in the National Trophy Final.

But I think that once they get to the final, they will find the Tooting Tigers just a shade better. Compare both teams' points average: The Tigers have scored 186 points for, with 101 against; whilst the Hunters have scored 185 for, with 102 against. As I said, just a shade better.

Yes, I know a lot can happen in the next few months, but I'll stick my neck out. Perhaps it's a long shot to say the least, but Tooting Tigers with Carrs Wood Hunters as runners-up, get my mid-season vote. The rest is up to them—and the gods!

THIS month we introduce you to **TONY STONE**, our "Newsy" Parker. He's a well-known figure around the tracks and he sees and hears more "inside gen" than any other man in the game. And now Tony, over to you. . . .

Vicar says 'No' to Aces

SO the new vicar has neither the time nor the inclination to foster the interest of his younger "flock" in Enfield! Clay Hill Aces are to lose their track for this reason, after being granted unlimited use of the flood-lit circuit at Clay Hill by the previous vicar, who has now left the area. A great pity, for future churchgoers are moulded from the youthful organisations which have, in the past, been the mainstay of parochial progress in suburban areas.

"PERKY" MONARCHS' MANAGER

TOM ARCHIE, Black Lion Monarchs' manager, walks around these days with a permanent smile on his face. And he has every reason to be so perky, for the Monarchs are going great guns. The Monarchs have a formidable line-up this season and I must look in at their Plaistow track one of these days.

"FLYING" TONIGHT!

FRIEND FORREST, of Everard Eagles (Scotland), tells me that he got hold of a copy of "A.C.S." by chance and he thinks it is great. He complains, however, of the apparent difficulty in getting adequate supplies. Don't worry, pal, rally the clans in Scotland and if your order is large enough, we'll send it by the Flying Scot. Send your order to our Subscription Dept., 15 Locket Road, Wealdstone, Harrow, Middlesex; also the news of Glasgow. We'll be only too pleased to publish your activities—that goes for you other teams as well!

LONDON'S IN GOOD HANDS

VIC WHITE, E. Longhurst and C. Lewsey are among the officials of the newly-formed County of London Control Board, so we should expect big results from their organising abilities. Ernie Longhurst has brought along the Poplar Penguins—one of London's strongest teams—whilst Vic White will be remembered for his riding and management of the Warwick Lions.

D. Frewtrel, of Birmingham's Kingstanding Monarchs, shows us a "Norman Parker" slide. Below we see why Norman can do it easier!



WHERE'S OUR STEWARDS?

WHAT about this Board of Stewards which it was hoped would be formed last season? I have witnessed, on many occasions when visiting tracks, dissatisfaction on

stewards' rulings, and these unfortunate disputes always leave a bad taste in my mouth. A steward selected from an authorised body would undoubtedly officiate in an unbiased manner. Anyway, I strongly advise all stewards to join the "School for Stewards" which starts in this issue.

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Regular monthly copies of "Amateur Cycle Speedway" will be certain to reach you promptly if you post off either of the forms below NOW! Once you have made your order, turn to page 11, and join the Readers' Association.

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Continued from col. 3, page 1

But for two teams, an almost identical list in each case! Now whilst you appreciate that it is inevitable that some teams will meet the same opponents on more than one occasion we feel sure that to keep the National Trophy "alive," the organisers should decide an alternative method for running this competition.

Under the present system, county teams battle it out between themselves and the county champions meet. But too often the county champions are the same each year (last year saw ten county champions who were also champions the previous year) which seems to suggest that the same teams go on to the final, whilst the smaller teams stand very little chance of ever succeeding out of the third or fourth rounds.

Perhaps readers would care to send us their suggestions for a better National Trophy, one that will encourage more and more teams to participate in 1953.

KEN — CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS

The Russell Eagles (Herts) is Ken Cooper's present team. Ken is second from left, back row.

For the first time, the full story of KEN COOPER, the only rider in the country to be twice captain of England, is published and related by:

JAMES PRENTICE

KEN COOPER, JOVIAL HERTFORDSHIRE RIDER, WHO CLAIMS THE UNIQUE RECORD OF CAPTAINING ENGLAND TWICE ALTHOUGH HAVING RIDDEN ONLY ONCE FOR AN ENGLISH TEAM, TOOK UP CYCLE SPEEDWAY BY ACCIDENT.

Back in 1945, when dogged by severe attacks of asthma, he was advised to take up an open-air recreation. He has never regretted his choice of cycle speedway racing, for this vigorous sport provided him with the perfect, natural cure.

Ken is one of the few remaining pioneers of the sport. He is a born rider, and has captained more teams than he cares to remember. At present in between his racing, he is kept busy in his newly-acquired position as Press officer to the National Control Board.

Unusually modest, I found it rather difficult to extract from him his own story; a story of grit and determination, and which I will now relate:

It is April, 1945. On a hot, dusty Saturday afternoon, Mill Hill Red Devils are against Boreham Wood Diamonds in a challenge meeting. The Devils' 60-yard mud track is unusually deserted. There are no spectators, save for a couple of mongrels too busy racing themselves to bother with the four, queerly-clad youngsters astride dilapidated cycles who are lined up behind a stretch of elastic across the track.

The elastic flies back, and the four



riders leap forward into the bend and battle for the lead in seventy-odd seconds. Breathless and tired they discard their bikes and squat on the grass in the centre. Somebody laughs. "Keep it up, Ken, that's another five-one, thanks to you!" Ken Cooper tears of his gloves and grabs at a nearby water-bottle. "I guess that's enough for me today," he grins. "That was my eighth race this meeting and my legs are getting stiff."

Eighth race—a mistake? No. This was 1945 and until the sport became of age, anything was liable to happen and often did!

In those days, Ken was undisputed champ. He scored twice as many points as anyone else and won the Hertfordshire Individual Championship in 1947. Later he formed a Mid-

dlesex and Herts League and boldly challenged the East London Test Team. The fact that his team lost by 30 points did not dishearten him. His team challenged Southend the following year and won at Rayleigh by twelve clear points. Ken went on winning races and topped it all by winning an inter-county championship at Kingsbury, where he beat many of the South's best riders.

Thus he found he had ridden himself into the England Test Team to meet Scotland in 1949. The selectors did not hesitate to nominate Ken as captain of England in the International meeting planned to be staged at New Cross. Ken, anxious not to be late for this big occasion, rode to New Cross, on his machine. It was pouring with rain all the way and he found, on arrival, that the meeting had been cancelled owing to lack of transport for the Scotland team. So Ken never rode, although he had been capped for his country.

It was only a matter of time before his style and manner earned him yet another place in the England team, and once again he was captain to race against the powerful Dutch touring team at London's Empress Hall in 1950. This, in his own opinion, was his greatest thrill. Although Holland beat England 49—47.

Ken at present rides for the Russell Eagles, who are, at the time of writing, league leaders. Brother Pete is also in the Eagles' line-up.

Despite the fact that Ken has long since lost that "Under 21" label, I have a feeling that he won't be hanging up his leathers for some seasons yet. Like legendary Jack Parker of the speedways, Ken will just go on and on. . . .

SOUTH AFRICA TO FORM LEAGUES *from Norman Fuller, 'ACS' Correspondent*

THIS month marks the turning-point in the history of South African cycle speedway. A giant meeting is being staged in our Wembley Stadium in order to get as many teams as possible to form a league.

This meeting is being organised by my brother Buddy Fuller and other speedway officials who were greatly impressed by the copies of "Amateur Cycle Speedway" shown them. As it is the speedway close-season we can expect full co-operation from officials. There are mammoth advertisements in the Press, and a broadcast on our radio. We hope to make many hundreds of "converts."

The Transvaal is not the only province with cycle speedway. It has

started in Durban, Natal, where many organised teams are in action.

If the Transvaal League is successful, it will be possible to travel to Durban (400 miles) over weekends with speedway riders by car. Hoy Park Stadium, Durban, the home of Natal Speedway, will also become a cycle speedway headquarters.

Brother Buddy was greatly impressed with "Amateur Cycle Speedway" and has promised to write for you. He is no newcomer to cycle speedway. When he rode for Hastings in 1949, he visited a local cycle speedway track and met Basil Harris in a match race. However, Buddy overslid and broke a finger.

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NEWS PAGE



You can still
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A READER writes: "I want to become a member of your Readers' Association, but I notice that to do so I have to place an order with you for a regular subscription of "Amateur Cycle Speedway." Now I have placed my order with my newsagent, can I still become a member? After all, I am a regular reader."

Of course you can still be a member of ACSRA if you have placed an order with your newsagent. Printed below you will see a special form (and also on page 9). It's as simple as A B C. When joining, just mention the name of the newsagent with whom you have placed your order.

Once you have sent off the form below (or a copy of it on a sheet of plain paper), we will send you your membership number and membership card. Get all your pals to order a copy and then join this grand international club. Very shortly we shall be holding rather unusual and entertaining competi-

tions. We are also thinking of staging a special type of Individual Championship between ACSRA riders whose membership numbers have been drawn from a hat. Join today!

The ACSRA badge (similar to the design at the top right-hand corner of this page, in metal, gilt and enamel with green, gold, yellow and black colouring) is, as we told you last month, priced two shillings. Unfortunately, we have heard from the manufacturers that owing to present-day economies in metals, the badges will take some time to complete. However, you are advised to send in your two shilling postal order (payable to "Amateur Cycle Speedway," crossed /& Co./) as soon as possible as only the required amount can be made.

MEMBER OF THE MONTH

Handed
By courtesy of "DAILY MIRROR"



ARTHUR ENGLISH (THAT'S HIM ON THE RIGHT) JOINS OUR NEW READERS' CLUB!

TOM says

I'VE never had such fun! True, I was battered and beaten twice by Arthur English on the Old Woking Jets' track last month in our special challenge match, but he and I had a rollicking time. It was my shirt against his tie. Well, I lost a shirt and there on the track I took it off, handed it to Arthur and autographed it. Fortunately, I had another underneath.

I was well walloped in the first race and twice nearly went into the wire fence whilst taking those tricky bends. The crowd roared! Still, I didn't fall off. In the second heat, I took one corner at break-neck speed, ran off the track, and by the time I got back, Arthur was in front, tootling merrily along in his long, white jacket, white tifer and enormous, outsize tie.

—From Daily Mirror

ARTHUR says

MUM, Mum, they're roaring for me! Cor, what a time I had last month at the cycle speedways. I got on one of them special bicycles, wrapped me tie neatly arahn me neck and flogged the daylight out of poor old Tom Phillips.

Of course, I went down to Old Woking to meet Tom, not to beat him. We arranged the meeting, as Tom put it, for the good of the cause, to help the youngsters to enjoy themselves in this still young sport which is steadily becoming more popular. Any way, I'm so glad that our effort was able to bring such publicity to cycle speedway. By the way, I would very much like to become a member of your Readers' Association.

I don't know what the devil I'm talking about . . . play the music . . . open the cage!

FREE MEMBERSHIP

I have completed the *first/second order form on page 9 of this issue. (If you filled in the first form, please give newsagents name

here.) I am now a regular reader of "A.C.S." therefore please enrol me as a member of the Readers' Association and send my membership number and card when ready. *I will/will not want badge. *Delete where necessary.

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19

In cool, showery weather at the Beeches Track, Earlham, a Norfolk test team whipped Hertfordshire to the tune of 82½—49½ (writes WOG VICKERS). The Norfolk riders easily outrode their opponents on the wide, sweeping bends, and never looked like losing.

The most spectacular rider was Jeff Dye (Norfolk), who came from behind in each of his races with terrific bursts of speed.

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