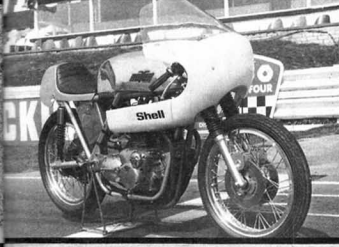




America's Dick Mann leads limeys John Copper and Ray Pickrell (750 BSAs) around Oulton Park's American Match Race (above). Giacomo Agostini (below left) leads the 1970 TT on his 500 MV. 1971 will be Ago's last TT. Two of the youngbloods, Barry Sheene (250 Yamaha) and Jim Harvey (Kirby Metisse) (right) get it on at Brands Hatch. The Seeley framed Boyer Trident (below) makes an interesting contrast to the work 750 Triumphs. The iron head Harley (left) may be quaint but it does well in AMA racing. How will it match the British 750s?
 Photos: Jim Greening, Nick Nicholls.



re
pi
w
—
Ti
te
in
ch
bi
C
w
na
re
an
m
cu
we
re
im
FL
in
un
ing
se

fit
its
are
of
ble
ex
inc
int
75

suc
750
and
Suz
the
Hor
proc
T50
r-e-
and
(Bra
but
their
Cha
prod
spec
W
voya
late
surv
critic

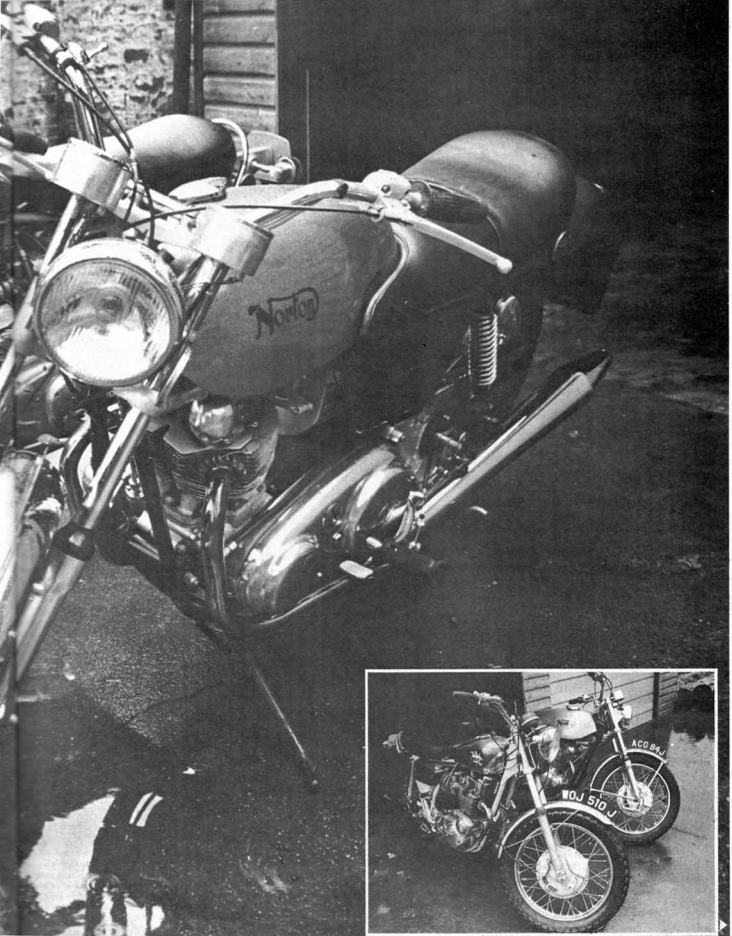


GIANT TEST

NORTON COMMANDO v. BSA ROCKET 3

The Best Laid Plans Of Mice And Men . . .

story: Mark Williams photography: David Cobbold/Marie Webb/Jean Baudrant

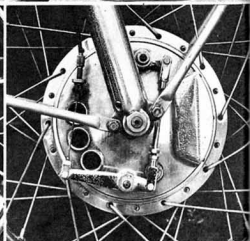
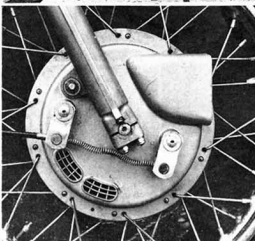
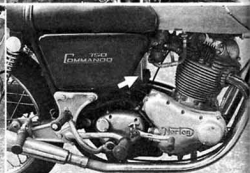
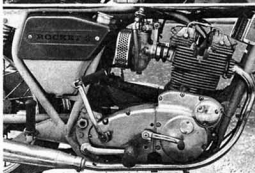
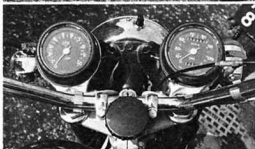


THE ORIGINAL IDEA WAS to take the biggest capacity models from Britain's two largest factories for 1000 miles of hard riding, followed by a week's potting around town, in order that we might present an objective report on all the characteristics of these two master roadburners. Late last April, after six weeks of nailing we still weren't sure that both bikes were going to be available and had already started ringing round private owners and importers of foreign machinery. But eventually we got The Word from both factories and breathed a sigh of profound relief.

So David Cobbold drove his own Mark I Commando down to Andover to pick up the Norton, only to learn on arrival that the bike in question had been shunted into the back of a lorry the previous evening. Whilst boss Service Engineer David Hudson and his men were straightening out the Commando, David took time to chat to Racing Development engineer Peter Williams and take some happy snaps of the new factory 750 racer that was being worked over in the race shop. It is fitting that Norton should return to works racing with a machine as distinctive and good looking as the Manx racer was in its day. Already the 750 has made good account of itself in its first few races and the pundits who wax optimistic about the future of the sport now that both BSA/Triumph and Norton are running works teams, may well be proved right.

After a day of tinkering the Norton was finally ready and so too, after a swift belt down the M1 playing cat and mouse with the surprised driver of a Sunbeam Tiger, was the big Beezer. So you can imagine that after getting the thing all together at the last minute we regarded the sun that shone the next morning as we set off for Scotch Corner and points north as, something of a good omen. That wasn't the half of it.

The first thing one has to understand about these bikes is that they are specifically high speed touring bikes and, with the possible exception of the bigger BMWs, unsurpassed as such. We were planning to zoom up to the West Coast of Scotland, tour round there for a couple of days, then come back to London via the Lake District and there are few bikes that one can contemplate doing this sort of trip on without having some sneaking reservations about reliability and/or rider comfort. I had made several journeys of this length in Britain on 500 and 650 twins and my faithful old 440 Victor Special but none of



Top: Family snaps outside the Baudrant home. Detail pics below feature BSA on left and Norton. Steering damper and Continental headlamps are Rocket features Norton might do well to copy. Both bikes' instruments are legible and well lit. Valve gear is accessible on Rocket-3 despite front mounted oil cooler. Racing style pivoted bar

actuates slides on BSA's three carburetors — rubber mounted to eliminate vibratory de-tuning. Commando's air cleaner (arrowed) houses 12v power socket for radio, shaver etc. Bottom pics show BSA's dual alloy fork stanchions and spongy 2-LS front brake next to Norton's shinier and more efficient set up.

these machines imbued me with the same sense of Rightness-For-The-Job as these two 750s.

For a start neither powerplant is overworked at the maximum legal cruising speed of 70 mph: the Norton ticks over at a mere 4 thousand revs, whilst the BSA is hitting about 4.2. But despite their similar capabilities in this respect they were different in every other. On the BSA you feel like you're sitting astride a rather torquy dynamo; it has much of the weight of the Harley-Davidson and goes round corners in a similar but smoother and more refined manner than the Harley and has more usable power. At almost any cruising speed it rides with a minimum of vibration (thanks partially to a rubber mounted handlebar) with a slight rough spot about five and a half grand (85 mph). It also feels good — like very sturdy and safe — the type of motorcycle you feel you want to ride long distances on.

The Commando, on the other hand, is something else again. It is a lighter and more tractable machine; its usable power coming in as low as 2 thou, which means you rarely have to drop a cog from top to third when cornering on main roads or riding in town. It is, however, a much cob-ier bike than the Rocket and this means it has jerkier acceleration and is slightly more tiring than the BSA after long stretches of riding. Whereas you have to put your confidence in the BSA if you want to corner at high speed and let it take you around corners, which you can do after a little practice, the Norton, over 40 lbs lighter than the BSA, can be laid into corners as more of a physical action. Despite, or indeed, because of the quite different riding sensations inherent in these bikes, they will appeal to any serious and appreciative rider of high performance motorcycles. I myself, though I have reservations which will be aired later on, prefer the smooth grandeur of the BSA to the chunky power of the Norton.

It was unfortunate that both bikes were equipped with the cow-horn bars that are apparently obligatory for the American market and hence for its poor cousin in Britain (ironic, isn't it, that most of the Americans I know who've come to this country to buy a bike and tour Europe, have slung away the stock bars and gotten something more appropriate for free-way cruising?). However, we wanted to test the bikes as they would be supplied to a customer, so wind buffeting and back-ache it was. For the first 70 miles up the A1 we both felt very uncomfort-

able and, at times, even a little unsafe. Eventually we found ourselves getting into it, i.e. making a conscious effort to brace our bodies against the air turbulence, and could sustain a steady 80-85. It was nevertheless possible and, needless to say exhilarating to crouch on the tanks of the machines with arms high above us clutching the handlebars and spurt up to 110 or 115 for a few minutes at a time.

Another feature of both bikes was the inadequacy of their fuel tanks. The BSA's petrol tank has been changed on the new model from the capacious square touring tank of yesteryear to an absurdly small 2½ gal effort; even BSA's yet-to-be-seen 350 Fury has a 3 gal tank. Although gas stations were plentiful on the A1, the Rocket got caught short several times on lesser roads when only the 2½ gal capacity of the Norton, in its not a staggering size tank for a tourer, and a lot of annoying messing about removing the tank and draining the reserve into the BSA, prevented some cold nights sleeping rough on the moors. Apart from this being entirely unfunny, it ruined our plans to assess the comparative amounts of fuel used by both bikes on the trip. The Norton's oil tank, too, though now increased in size, suffers at the hands of hot engine which really needs cooler oil, or at least a means of preventing what oil there is from evaporating away too quickly. In this respect the BSA's forward mounted oil cooler does an excellent job and oil consumption was definitely down on this latter machine. The only drawback as far as the cooler was concerned (except for those worried about the weight of that extra plumbing), was that on cold mornings the engine ran a little roughly for four or five miles until the oil got hot.

Just past the Grantham turn-off we stopped for a late breakfast at the appropriately christened 'Bloody Oaks Service Station'. On returning to our machines we were greeted with a flat front tyre on the BSA and so we cursed about our broken schedule (we had arranged to visit TT Leathers in Barnard Castle about 2.30 that afternoon) and set to repairing what we thought was a puncture. Much dousing in the garage w.c. failed to produce any evidence of a holed tube and it was almost by accident that we discovered the trouble to be a faulty valve core. This little exercise taught us that the BSA centre stand is so placed that removal of the front wheel is impossible unless you have a sturdy fellow handy to jump on

the rear of the machine with all his might, and a large breakfast inside him, to stop the front end of the machine crashing down on the fingers of the poor unfortunate who's struggling to remove the said wheel. In other words; don't go touring on your own unless you're an octopus. The BSA is also, not surprisingly due to its extra weight, more difficult to put on its stand than the Norton although the rupture potential of the Andover machine has only been decreased with the advent of the 1971 range and to the annoyance of those who wish to fit the current model Dunstall exhaust systems, which it gets in the way of.

This lesson learnt and the repair completed, our drive to Scotch Corner and thence on the A66 to Barnard Castle, was broken only for numerous petrol stops (one about every 80 miles) thanks to the apparently egg-cupped sized reserve tank on the BSA. Arriving at the home cottage factory of TT Leathers where we were due to pick up sets of riding leathers to evaluate on our Giant Test, we found the managing director, Len Thwaites, out on business. It appeared no one save Mr. Thwaites was able to sanction the loan of factory samples and so after a quick look around we left industrial TT works and sped across Pawlaw Pike, a dramatic scenario of gentle brown hillside and occasional rough stone buildings, towards the A686 and Allen-heads.

After fording the River Wear at Stanhope and cruising along nostalgically through West Gate and St. John's Chapel, scene of my teenage trials riding exploits, we passed the scheduled turnoff towards Carr Shields, our destination for the night, and toiled about a bit along un-signposted side roads until we finally ended up at Thorstle Hole, Phil Vaughn's farm at Limestone Bray. The farm turned out to be the most refreshing hodge podge of ducks, goats, cats, good people and hairy children that one could imagine. Most of the people living there have forsaken the daily grind of the big cities and are getting back into a more composed reality and trying to get a living from the land. The only thing that marred our night there was a lack of running water — it hadn't rained for several weeks — which meant drawing some rather "thick" spring water. A reccé down at the farm, revealed a depressingly low water line as well as some splendid natural sculpture where centuries of river-flow had eroded the

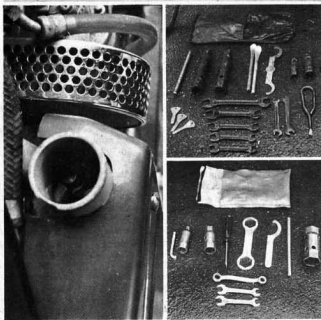
limestone to strictly geometric proportions. We also plotted a number of amusing trials section and promised ourselves a return trip with more suitable machinery, during which we could try them.

As if to reward our pilgrimage to the river the night before, a gloomy mist and a steady down-pour greeted us the following morning as we tightened up our chains, aligned the BSA's wheels and set off for Scotland. By the time we'd travelled the 9 miles of densely misted moorland road to Haltwhistle (more petrol required), we were pretty wet. On reaching Carlisle we squelched round town purchasing extra waterproof clothing and film for David's camera, much to the amusement of the incredulous townspeople. Our aim as we left Carlisle was to travel the 110 odd miles to the Gourock ferry at Greenock by means of which we'd reach the highlands and islands of the West Coast. But that was before we knew it was going to rain.

I am told by more permanent members of the motorcycling press that testing motorcycles over long distances in the rain is not recommended; not only do you get unpleasantly wet, but you also discover things about the wet strength of certain manufacturers' electrical components that it can be embarrassing to talk about.

However, having publication and return - it - to - the factory deadlines to meet, we were hardly in a position to turn back in the face of a little water. It must be said that out of choice I too would not ride a machine at high speed in the driving rain, gusty winds, and the company of large fleets of surfing lorries. - It is therefore to the immense credit of both BSA and Norton that they can produce powerful machines that can function with optimum safety and efficiency in near waterlogged state.

After the first 20 miles or so of the A70 feeling increasingly wet and miserable at 60 mph, we both realised at the same time, I think, that we could hardly get any wetter and so we increased our cruising speed to 70-75 and hung on for dear life. In fact there is perverse pleasure to be derived from riding at speed soaked to the skin — try it in a bathing costume! The full face mask I donned for this part of the run gave reasonable visibility and the very excellent Dunlop K81s fitted to both machines ensured a degree of confidence I hadn't expected on roads that would have aquaplaned my old Victor. We just belted on like formation water skiers wrestling with the handlebars as the wind caught the bikes, stopping only for



petrol at Elvanfoot, about 50 miles from Gourcock. Here I discovered that the zip of my leather jacket had become swollen out of shape and out of action by the water, which was instrumental in prompting us to reconsider our plans. After a series of lunatic remonstrations with telephone operators apparently unable to give me a transfer charge call to London ("Yes that's right, London, England... Arsenal For The Cup" and so forth) and some more successful connections to the Telephone Weather Man, we realised that our Scottish sortie would have to be aborted. As rain was forecast for at least another 36 hours, it seemed unwise to risk pneumonia when faced with the prospect of stony refusals from remote landladies unwilling to accept two hairy Neptunes on motorbikes into their bread and breakfast emporiums — to say nothing of all that impressive scenery wasting away behind a misty backdrop.

So we rode back along the A70 to Carlisle where we took the incredibly straight and deserted A595 to Whitehaven where David had friends with central heating and warm baths. Here, we reasoned, we would be near enough the Lake District which would enable us to test the machines on varying types of terrain, without being too remote from civilisation. Conditions on the A595 enabled us to reinforce — at speeds of 95-105 mph — our admiration for the wet roadholding abilities of both machines, as well as the water resistance of Messrs. Lucas' electrics. We arrived at the rather majestic manor house of Jean and Christine Boudrant, David's friends in Whitehaven, only to learn that the master was in London and his wife was at the pictures with the Au pair girl and her boyfriend.

After patiently trying to explain to the two bemused babysitters that we were *not* motorcycle bandits planning to rob the house on the pretext of seeking refuge from the storm, we were cautiously allowed into the large kitchen, where we stripped off and changed. Two hours later Christine and the others returned, profuse though unnecessary apologies were made, motorcycles were wrapped up warmly in the gentleman's mooring house, and baths were finally taken.

On Saturday morning it was still raining persistently but we optimistically set to and washed away the vast amounts of road dirt that the bikes had collected from the wet roads. This routine cleansing and the light maintenance which followed, yielded a few interesting points about both machines. The Commando, which has a non adjustable chain oiler fitted, had a much slacker chain than the BSA which boasts a neat screw-type adjuster for its chain oiler, located just inside the oil tank filler tube. We also compared tool kits supplied to both machines and realised that almost enough equipment to accomplish a complete engine strip-down (including the thoughtful provision of two spare spark plugs) was hidden away in the glassfibre Fastback of the Norton. However, although I have learnt to live with the fact that my '71 Victor came completely without tools, BSA should really do better with a bike that costs nearly £90 more than the Commando and supply something better than the spartan and poorly finished tool kit that rests behind the Rocket's battery case. It also appeared that the polished finish on the Norton had held up best to the corrosive qualities of our good British road sludge; although we had no Solvol Auto-sol at our disposal to do the job properly, a quick rub with household metal polish produced a slightly more glowing shine on the Commando than on the BSA. Indeed the Rocket with its light grey frame and dull alloy wheel hubs is not the easiest bike to maintain as a clean machine.

As we completed our toilet Jean Baudrant arrived, crumpled from his overnight drive from London, and invited us to spend the rest of the weekend with him. He also suggested a visit to a nearby beach where we might take some pretty pics of the bike against the stormy coastline and we happily agreed to both his invitation and his suggestion. In the meantime we set off into Whitehaven to buy film and visit the local motorcycle emporium, Messrs. Lloyd Bros., where Trevor Lloyd supplied me with a weatherproof Belstaff over-suit and some oily stuff for the rather thirsty Norton. Trevor Lloyd regaled us with yet another sad chapter in the saga of how Japanese machines, with their good looks and firm delivery dates, were outselling British bikes in this neck of the woods and tempted us with a beautiful BSA Metisse roadgoing racer that he has for sale. However, Japanese supremacy or no, the big Rocket-3 could not have attracted more

Top: Different degrees of lean as Norton leads BSA down Heanster Pass. Below left: Screw inside oil tank, right: BSA's chain lubrication. Right: Norton's tool kit is clearly superior to that of the BSA shown below it

SPECIFICATION

	BSA ROCKET -3 750	NORTON COMMANDO 750 FAST BACK
Engine type	OHV parallel three	OHV parallel twin
Bore & Stroke	67mm x 70mm	73 mm x 89 mm
Piston Displacement	740cc	745cc
Comp. Ratio	9:1	9.9:1
BHP at RPM	58 at 7500	60 at 6800
Gear Ratios overall	(1) 12.15 (2) 8.42 (3) 5.95 (4) 4.98	(1) 12.40 (2) 8.25 (3) 5.90 (4) 4.84
Clutch	Single plate, diaphragm spring, Dry.	Multi-plate, diaphragm spring, Wet.
Carburation	3 x 27 mm Amal Conicentric	2 x 30 mm Amal Conicentric
Oil system	Dry sump with cooler	Dry sump
Air Filtration	Paper element	Paper element
Ignition	12v Battery & coil	12v Battery & coil
Lighting	Alternator	Alternator
Wheelbase	56.25 ins	57 ins
Curb weight	465 lbs	422 lbs
Instruments	Speedometer, tachometer	Speedometer, tachometer
Brakes, front	8 ins x 1.62 ins	8 x 1.25 ins
Brakes, rear	7 x 1.25 ins	7 x 1.25 ins
Tyres, front	4.10 x 19	4.10 x 19
Tyres, rear	4.10 x 19	4.10 x 19
Fuel tank	2 1/2 gals	3 gals
Price, inc. tax	£666.00	£595.00
PERFORMANCE		
MPH/1000 RPM	top gear 15.7	15.75
0-60 mph	6.0 secs	5.5 secs
0-100 mph	12.87 secs	13.00 secs
Standing 1/4 mile	14.1 secs (102.4 mph)	13.12 secs (101.6 mph)
Actual Top Speed	128 mph	116.4 mph
Fuel consumption (Approx)	41 mpg	43 mpg
Braking distance from 30 mph	39 ft	34.7 ft

attention from the local bikers if Marianne Faithfull herself had been resting naked on the pillion seat.

The run to the beach at Drig took us along a very wet and badly made stretch of the A595. In convoy with Jean's rather old but rather breathed on Land Rover and its cargo of Au Pairs and sheepskin coats, we must have made an odd picture slithering around the many twisty adverse camber bends — if there were any locals foolish enough to venture out in such weather and see us. We arrived at the bleak and extremely overcast beach and doubts were expressed, and later proven justified, about the quality of photos taken at necessarily low shutter speeds from the back of a moving Land Rover. However, it was quite amusing, if not a little chilly, churning along the miles of soggy sand. In fact I should say that it was fun on the Norton, with its low speed tractability, and a bit of a lumber on the Beezee, which required excessive use of its single plate, diaphragm spring clutch even though it showed not a sign of abuse. Eventually, of course, the heavier BSA got bogged down and expired. After being heaved out of the sand by David, Alan and Jean, I reluctantly started up again, but only on two cylinders. Cleaning and swopping spark plugs revealed a capricious left hand pot but we could do little to locate the exact cause of the misfire and so David rode home on a bike that handled "like the heaviest 500 twin in the world".

Heartened by the sun streaming through the windows the following morning, one sleepily journalist shrugged off the after effects of too much excellent French food and brandy and made his way to the garage.

We had already eliminated the possibilities of electrical failure on the Rocket — for the other two cylinders were functioning perfectly and carburettor troubles seemed relatively unlikely. So, armed with feeler gauges from the Norton tool kit, I planned to check the BSA's valve clearances and see if there was trouble in this department. By way of a pleasant surprise, I was spared this chore for upon kicking the engine over, it burst into life on all three cylinders. A quick early morning flash round the local lanes to warm the oil up and, save for a slight rough spot between 2600 and 2900 revs, the Rocket was, dare I say it, as right as rain.

Two hours and an incidentally large French breakfast later, Jean took his Rover V8 and led us

along, the A5086 out of Whitehaven toward the stunning scenery of Loweswater, Crummock Pass and eventually the Honister Water and Borrowdale Fells. Some spirited negotiation of the many sudden bends of the A5086 and some lesser lakeland roads, proved the Rover to be a nimble vehicle for its class and instilled in us all a deep hatred for the swarms of atrocious Sunday drivers who determinedly drove at 25 mph in the middle of these narrow roads, with picture postcards of Blackpool taped firmly over their driving mirrors and their direction indicators blanked off.

Both bikes loved the 45-60 mph road work along these lanes. It was hardly necessary to use anything other than top gear on the Norton with its wide power-band, though the BSA was arguably more fun to ride, as it seemed to display better road holding characteristics over bumpy surfaces and gave the rider something to think about as he slipped in and out of third and top gear. Had it not been for the return of erratic firing on the BSA, cured this time by simply blowing through the breather hole in the petrol filler cap, the ride back from our snapping session up the Honister Pass would have been equally as pleasant.

It is worth mentioning, however, that the braking requirements imposed by road layout and the standards of other drivers on our sortie into the Lake District highlighted the inadequacies of the BSA's twin leading shoe front brake. Had Norton's not happened to furnish the front drum of this particular Commando with a clever combination of competition and stock road linings, we might well have found its braking power inadequate too. As it happened the Norton's braking characteristics were superb: just the right amount of 'feel' to set you up for corners with a hard bite close behind it that could stop you very hurriedly if required. For only a few more pence I'm sure that BSA could also have concocted a braking system that would have been less spongy and fade free than it undoubtedly was. Or are manufacturers falling into the trap of building machines that are only safe up to the damned stupid 70 mph speed limit, irrespective of their power output? I hope not.

As it was the BSA and I only escaped the end - of - the - world when preparing to overtake a lorry on Thursday afternoon on the then dry A1, when the driver, another of those heroes who is unaware of the fact that he possesses a rear view mirror, pulled

directly out into my 70 mph path. The tactics of swerving into what spare road there was to my right whilst simultaneously pumping the stoppers with all my Wettabix fed might, kept me out of the mortuary.

After the Lakes we sped homeward to Chez Boudrant for a delicious if extravagant lunch of champagne and snails in garlic, before preparing our return trip to London. We planned to take the A595 back to Carlisle and thence to Phil's farm in order to take some pics of the valley and its gentle young inhabitants that a lack of suitable film had prevented us from taking three days earlier. After this we'd thrash back along the Wear Valley, through Stanhope and eventually to join the A68 taking us to Scotch Corner. However, time had slipped by unnoticed and at 4.30 pm we realised we had a 350 mile trip ahead of us, like it or not.

Just before we entered Cockermouth the BSA again ran out of petrol. Perhaps it was our annoyance at having to unbolt the Norton tank and mess about transferring fuel that filled our heads with black thoughts rather than concerning ourselves with looking for signposts to Carlisle. So before we realised it, we were well on the way to Keswick along the picturesque A66 and therefore firmly committed to going on to Penrith, taking the A686 from there up the Hartside Pass over Alston and on to Carr Shields via Nenthead.

As we sped up Hartside the inconsistent exhaust note of the Rocket-3 announced that it was Gremlin Time again. Whoopee. Perhaps it was the altitude (joke) or a sticky throttle cable? Either way we didn't bother to stop for light was fading fast and with it the possibility of taking any happy snaps. Nursing this big Beezee along on what felt like 2½ cylinders was not at all entertaining. Going into a bend on almost full throttle, but only on two cylinders, was okay but if the engine chose to suddenly pick up its other cylinder as you were just starting to lean over — omigawd — you were suddenly over the other side of the road feeling a bit of a chump, and a frightened chump at that.

When we eventually got to the farm it was so dark (12 at a 1/15th, for all our photographic readers) and I was so weary just keeping the bike going that I actually got off the machine and kicked it. May the Lord (and BSA) forgive me for my recalcitrant temper. We tried taking a few shots of the farm people, plus two

newly acquired goats and the odd duck, in the headlight glare of Phil's Landrover but, yet again, our efforts were fated when it came to darkness time.

After a lightning half-hour visit we jogged off again, backtracking to Nenthead to take home a chick who'd been visiting the Thrustle Hole community, and reaching Frosterly on the A689 before the BSA, now miraculously restored to three cylinder operation, ran out of juice again. After going through the pantomime with the Norton tank again, we discussed, in a somewhat concerned manner, whether there'd be a filling station open at this time of night (11 pm) between where we were and Scotch Corner (30 miles or so). Fortunately there was and upon reaching it I had another argument with a sub-normal telephone operator who seemed neither disposed nor able to connect me to the great metropolis, before we continued toward the A1. We reached Scotch Corner just after midnight and tried to gather strength for the 250 mile journey ahead as we shivered round mugs of greasy tea. As another platoon of the inevitable small town gangsters and their molls (well that's what they looked like) who seem to travel from tranner caff to tranner caff as if in a restless search for nocturnal aggro, swaggered into this dimly lit juke joint, we climbed aboard our trusty steeds and swept off.

For night driving the Norton's headlamp has a beam which fails to illuminate the correct section of the road in the dip position unless you angle the whole headlamp to such a degree that the main beam position searches for low flying aircraft. In contrast the BSA sports a Lucas Continental unit which not only throws more light on the road than the Norton's fixture, but also requires no messing about with the mounting position. The indicator flashers fitted to the BSA and soon to become standard on the Norton too, were very useful at night. However, unless you move the combined switchgear/lever mount unit nearer the rubber handlebar grips, thereby obtaining efficient use of clutch and front brake levers, the indicator switches fall out of easy thumb reach. Unless of course you have six inch digits. I am sure that simple modifications must be possible to remedy this oversight for I have since ridden a diminutive Suzuki Trail Cat on which exists a similar mounting but no such problem.

General fatigue and the prevail-

continued on page 36