

What I Rode in 1920 .-

over ivory pulleys. For competing in trials or for reporting a trial, for high-speed touring, and for general audacity it is at the very top of the tree. Incidentally, it is very cheap to run. It does not break or shed any of its parts. Its fuel economy at speed is equal to that of many engines when they are pottering. As its wonderful cylinder never distorts, it asks for very little oil. Criticisms are quite hard to find. I can only suggest that the foot brake linkage is unnecessarily awkward, and that the nuts ought to be locked. The idea of the footrest mounting is good, viz., that, as it is clipped to a single tube, the clip can slip round in a toss, instead of bending or breaking; but the securing nut is hard to get at. The long plated exhaust pipe looks lovely, but does not come away or go back very easily at decarbonisation times.

The Norton was followed by a machine of very different type—the Scott. I planked down the £,10 extra for 3in. Palmer cords, and found the option wortlethe price. I have never ridden a more comfortable machine. Next to its extreme comfort, the main slogan of the Scott is its safety. On bad going it is easier to steer and better to balance than anything else I know, as Clarence Wood's feats in the Six Days must have suggested to every beholder. I was prepared to find it slow, and I doubt if I ever got better than 45 m.p.h. out of it-I mean a real 45, which is quite as fast as many speedometered fifties and fiftyfives. But on the road it is not an easy machine to leave, even for a Norton; you don't have to take corners so cannily on a Scott as is wise on other machines. It wants a little coaxing to start from cold; it doesn't register record gallon mileages; but I mean to have a Scott for part of every year until Anno Domini reduces me to an electric bath chair.

Big Single and Baby Two-stroke.

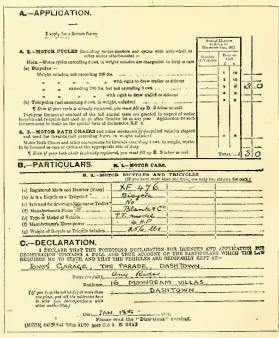
Then came a B.S.A. I did not know that a singlecylinder could develop so much power. Where the average single is getting a trifle feverish on its bottom gear, the hefty B.S.A. is still slugging calmly away on second. I never unearthed a gradient which could bring her down to first, which I used solely for starting purposes or where the surface put such wind up me that I wanted to climb dead slow. And talk about substantial! The B.S.A. is built like a tank, and is fundamentally incapable of fracturing anything, whilst she creates the pleasant impression that nothing will ever wear out. She struck me as the utilitarian machine pur excellence-the very 'bus for the hard rider, who goes a long way in any weather, and isn't sure whether he will ever be in a position to buy another machine. Of course, she does not sit up to a speedster, though she can on occasions touch forty with a sidecar. Her weight renders her a little lumpish to handle till she begins to move. But you need never sell her unless you are capricious enough to desire variety for its own sake.

When winter set in, I began to hanker after a baby two-stroke, and as I was already familiar with the pick of the oldsters, a baby Cedos came along. A very pleasant change, too, after a series of heavyweights. Kick-starters are well enough, but there is a certain joy about being able to push start on a I in 8 grade without serious exertion. This little two-sroke

deserves to be much better known. It is in the same class as the best of the older makes. Economical in petrol and oil, it is well run in at the factory, and doesn't want a lot of humouring when it is new. It two-strokes down to very low speeds on the flat, and its sostenuto never changes to staccato when you ask it to help itself not too speedily down a light gradient.

A Flat Twin's Qualities.

Through most of the above period I was also running one of the new A.B.C. solo mounts. In one sense this magnificent 'bus disappointed me. On the one hand, it was not quite as good as the original hand-made experimental models rushed through after the Armistice in 1918; for it was a great deal heavier, and the engine was a little less smooth at small throttle openings. On the other hand, the springing was not equal to that of the defunct 1914 model. When I recovered from these initial disappointments, I fell in love with it, as all users must have done. It is one of the very few machines which is equally satisfactory for gentlemanly work of a utilitarian character and as a hogbus, pure and simple. Potter along at legal limit, and nothing will carry you more smoothly. Essay a scrap with a road-burning pal, and he will not get the better of your A.B.C. Its acceleration is a thing apart. As racers measure acceleration on their heartless instruments at Brooklands, there is probably little or nothing between an A.B.C. and a Norton. If you are in a Joe Beckett sort of mood, the heavier punch of the single will certainly be more reminiscent of Moran's famous "Mary Ann." But if you want a jump plus refinement, and prefer to sense acceleration in terms of wind pressure rather than of roar and rattle, why—open the throttle of an A.B.C. with a slam. I know no finer motor cycling sensation than a good scrap over hilly roads with this 'bus, especially when corners and grades make you work the gear lever hard.



THAT LICENCE—HOW TO OBTAIN IT.

Part of the Inland Revenue licence application form of interest to motor cyclists. It will be seen that the particulars asked for by the authorities on this form are very few more than those required under the old system. The form is filled up as representing the application for licensing a standard 4 h.p. solo mount.