

1966

CANADIAN WINS CORD RUN

by Ron Jackson

Fine weather, a record entry and 335 miles of rugged trail riding made the Canadian Championship Enduro a smashing success. Bill Sharpless of Toronto demolished the remainder of the 132 starters to take first overall with an excellent 36 point score. Bill is a Corduroy veteran he has ridden 11 of the 14 Corduroys since 1953 and this is his second win; the last time was in 1955.

The run started Saturday morning September 10 from the grounds of Gold Rock Lodge, Coboconk Ontario. Starter Basil Jackson despatched 130 solo riders in five classes and two sidecars. Two riders left every minute starting at 8.01 a.m. The entry included enduro veterans and newcomers from three provinces and nine states. The Victoria Motorcycle Club of Victoria B.C. easily won long distance honours by fielding a seven man contingent in spite of the 6500 mile round trip. Saturday's route card covered 220 miles - almost nine hours of rugged going with only a 59 minute lunch break at Bancroft. The schedule called for a 24 mph average all day except for the first 20 miles in the morning and again after lunch where 30 mph was required.

The morning gas stop was at Apsley at 68 miles. Up to this point the run was not too difficult with four sections of trail each about five miles long joined by narrow winding sand roads. Sharpless cleared the first five checks with a loss of only one mark. John Penton of Lorain, Ohio, last year's winner lost only three points but damaged his hand and the front wheel of his Husqvarna such that he was unable to ride on Sunday. Also hot on the trail were G. Pacholke, three and Bourdon, Denney, Lohrer and Slater with four point scores.

The lunch stop at Bancroft after 112 miles and two more checks. The route included two dandy 10 mile long trails last used in the Corduroy five years ago and evidently little used by anyone else since. At noon Sharpless' score was five followed by Penton and Pacholke eight, Goulet and Denney 10 and Lohrer 11. In the sidecar class Simpson/Johnson were ahead of McLoda/Miller by 57 points to 59. Despite these good scores, the morning run was far from easy; 32 riders did not reach check 9 the first check after lunch.

Checks 9 through 12 were used to cover a 30 mile stretch of almost continuous trail near Tory Hill including the Irondale River crossing shown in the pictures. These four checks cost Sharpless 11, Penton 13, and Marczi and Goulet 16 points each.

After check 12 there were 14 miles of open road leading through Haliburton village to a rugged power line section which was also part of Sunday's run.

The final 30 miles of Saturday's run included four rough trails joined by short stretches of open road. The last five checks were hard on score cards as the riders began to tire from the day's steady pounding. At the day's end Sharpless' total score was 23 followed by Penton 35, Goulet 36,



Walter Lohrer of Erie Pa., keeps his feet dry in the Irondale River

Photo by Peter Jackson

Denney 44, Lohrer 46, Marczi 47, Pacholka 49, Kussmaul 51, Oelfke 60 and Bourdon 61. Both sidecars finished; the McLoda/Miller team had a narrow edge over Simpson/Johnson, 237 to 244. There were plenty of casualties however, 62 riders or just over half of the entry were out by Saturday night. One of these was Larry Bastedo of Hamilton who fell hard near the end of the day and suffered a broken leg and shoulder. Hard luck indeed since Larry was very close to the top in the hotly contested B Lightweight class at that point.

Saturday night at Gold Rock was very quiet by traditional Corduroy standards. For most of the riders dinner in the Lodge and a few trips through the steam bath completed the day's activities.

Sunday morning was another ideal day, clear but not too hot. The run was shorter, 134 miles but definitely not a road run. However, it did permit a more lieisurely 9.00 a.m. start. The morning run of 78 miles included the 5.6 mile run up the old Bobcaygen settlement road to Ox Narrows. This stretch includes the beaver dam, popular with spectators and shown in some of the photographs. Best score here was Sharpless - 5 minutes late.

By the noon stop at Carnarvon Sharpless had a total score of 30 followed by Goulet 48, Denney 58,

Kussmaul 65, Marczi 68. The sidecars were through; McLoda/Miller did not start Sunday morning and Simpson/Johnson ran two checks and retired.

The Sunday afternoon run covered 55 miles of trail including the final 30 miles of Saturday's run. The '66 Corduroy wound up in traditional style with a tough eight mile long power line trail down to the final check just outside Norland. Unfortunately the results of the last check had to be discarded because of a timing error. The layout crew were particularly disappointed because this check should have added at least eight points to each riders score.

For the riders it was back to Gold Rock for more steam baths and a welcome dinner. For the scoring team it was just the beginning. However by 11.00 p.m. they published the final corrected scores and the trophies were presented. There were 47 stalwart finishers; each of them achieved something to be proud of. Many of them received trophies, since there were 27 trophies in all and all were won by riders who finished except for the sidecar champions. Bill Sharpless was a decisive winner and a very worthy Canadian Enduro Champion for 1966.

The British Empire Motor Club wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Les North and the staff at Gold Rock for a fine effort in handling the overflow

crowd at Gold Rock. Thanks also to Bill Hastings for the many interesting films and the good morning siren. Thanks to Canadian Cycle and Motor, Suzuki Distributors and to Bill Thompson for the handsome 100 c.c. Class Championship Trophy. Thanks to Derek Browne of Toronto Honda for the sidecar champion trophies. Thanks to the staff at the Powderhorn and the Tom Cats for the many special effects. And finally thanks to all the checkers and scorers - they did a fine job in making the '66 Corduroy a memorable weekend for a record number of riders and spectators.

RESULTS - FINISHERS

Grand Champion: Bill Sharpless Toronto Ont., 250 Bul 36 points

Best Opposite Class: P. Goulet Lansing Mich., 500 Tri 61

Sidecar Champions: Simpson/Johnson Illinois, 55 HD, 222 miles

100 c.c. Class (26 starters)

1. F. DeGray Thompsonville Conn., 100 Herc 314 points
2. F. Kolman Ottawa Ont., 100 Bul 343
3. R. Heaston Ft. Wayne Ind., 90 Hon 364
4. B. Maiers Lansing Mich., 90 Hon 365
5. R. Newman Haslett Mich., 90 Hon 440
6. G. Taylor McGregor Ont., 90 Hon 562

Expert Lightweight (20 starters)

1. H. Denney Huntington Ind., 250 Gre 65
2. W. Lohrer Erie Penn., 250 Gre 69

3. G. Pacholke East Lake Ohio, 175 Hon 71
4. R. Kussmaul Lansing Mich., 200 Tri 74
5. R. Marczi Welland Ont., 250 Bul 87
6. D. Aldrich Ft. Wayne Ind., 250 Gre 100
7. S. Scirpo Hartford Conn., 250 HD 125
8. D. Brice Union Lake Mich., 250 HD 130
9. D. Comstock Wesleyville Pa., 250 Gre 140
10. E. Stein Dayton Ohio, 250 Bul 145
11. G. Lipsky Coventry Conn., 250 Puc 273
12. P. Bradley Farmington Mich., 250 HD 300
13. L. Cornwell Erie Pa., 200 Bul 315

Junior Lightweight (51 starters)

1. B. Hircok Victoria B.C., 250 Gre 155
2. L. Brooks Dayton Ohio, 200 Bul 157
3. M. Shinnors Buffalo N.Y., 250 Bul 193
4. E. Hills Victoria B.C., 250 Gre 212
5. G. Murray Wellington Ohio, 250 BSA 215
6. G. Ruff Brampton Ont., 250 Bul 249
7. M. Morain Amherst Ohio, 250 Hon 256
1. M. Brett Brampton Ont., 250 Bul 308
9. A. Napier Dayton Ohio, 250 Bul 368
10. W. Smith Smithville Ohio, 250 Bul 371
11. D. Wilson Markham Ont., 175 Bul 382
12. S. Timbres Victoria B.C., 250 Gre 384
13. J. Davis Victoria B.C., 250 Gre 441

14. D. Biletnikoff Wattsburg Pa., 250 Gre 523

Expert Heavyweight (13 starters)

1. P. Bourdon East Hampton Conn., 500 Tri 87 points
2. J. Mileham Georgetown Ont., 500 Tri 92
3. N. Oelfke Grand Blanc Mich., 500 Mat 96
4. M. Cutler Dearborn Mich., 350 Mat 125
5. G. Tanner Galt Ont., 500 Tri 143
6. T. Davis Union Lake Mich., 500 Tri 167
7. B. Irwin Cornwall Ont., 650 BSA 260

Junior Heavyweight (17 starters)

1. D. Feltenberger Conneaut Ohio, 500 148
2. P. Puhakka Willowdale Ont., 500 Tri 169
3. L. Beattie Oxford Mich., 440 BSA 182
4. H. Gunnison Louisville Ky., 500 Tri 258
5. R. Rivier Cornwall Ont., 500 BSA 495

Gold Rock Team Trophy: Tom Cats MC Sharpless, Mileham, Marczi.

Hard Luck Trophy: Larry Bastedo

Top left: The boys from B.C. with Ben Hircok of Victoria standing second from left... who are the others, Ben? Bottom Left: The sidecar champions, Simpson and Johnson from Illinois on their 55 Harley
Photos by Peter Jackson



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THE CORD RUN OR

1966

"WHAT HAVE I GOT INTO" by 'Sunset Strip'

Well, I'd finally made it. After promising myself for the last many years that I would ride the Corduroy Enduro, here I was, watching the others leave on Saturday morning and waiting my turn to go. My preliminary preparations had consisted of a brief run down on enduro procedure from Larry Bastedo - who has become very competent at this sport - and the most inadequate bike preparations that have ever been made for this event (due to simply lack of time).

Now as an enduro rider - man - I'm like the same as my leathers - GREEN! I've ridden one or two small events and thought I knew a little about them. Hah! Live (?) and learn. I'd had a few people ask what number I was riding and had received the rather conflicting remarks about how lucky I was, - it would be easy to follow the trail, and - how unlucky I was, - how deep the mudholes would be.

Well, its my turn, I sling my sack of tools over my shoulder and away I go to the starting line. Checked off, counted down, and lets go. My, what a pleasant morning for a ride. I head down the highway at a moderately rapid pace humming a little tune. Sput. Bang. Crack. No, thats not the tune, its the darn bike. Well, well, I've gone 4 miles and fouled a plug. Cut the throttle back and forth and finally it clears up, without stopping, and away we go. Well, man, I'm really on the ball, right on time at the 17 mile mark and sput, bang, etc. Bike rolls to a stop. Well, its just a little ol' plug, please. I'll whip out my tool kit, get my special plug wrench, and oh yeah! Plug wrench is too big to go between the coil and the plug. After about 20 minutes fiddling I get the plug out and peer at it expecting the tell tale flak. Nothing. After a further 20 minutes found the trouble. No condenser lead wire. Ever try to join two ends of wire together thru a little window an inch long? Anguish. I twisted the ends together with some needle nose pliers some kind soul supplied into a horrible mess, gummed the whole thing together with plastecine, and would you believe it worked and held together all week-end?

By this time I was about 2 hours late and trying to make up. I gain on the road and lose on the trail. Lunch stop - maybe for all those other guys - but not for me. By about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I was going to die and then was afraid I wouldn't. (My forks had lost a retaining bolt which put one leg dry and eliminated the damping, like thump, thump, thump.) I finally saw daylight ahead and a turn scheduled on the route sheet. Oh heaven, a road! Would you believe, a right hand turn into another trail. Doggedly - some people would say stupidly - I kept on. I have never been this tired in my life! Every bone in my body aches, and I feel so sorry for my poor little Matador. Now into a hydro line route. I hit a big rock and go you-know-what- over teakettle. I think maybe I'll just lay here - but then

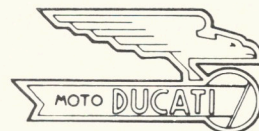
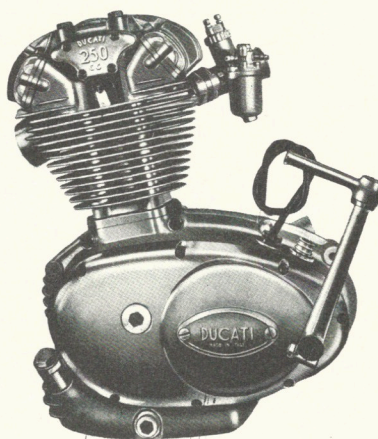
again maybe I'd better not - bears, you know. So I pick up my bike and weave on. Its about 6 pm and I see another rider up ahead who has been "misplaced." We sort out the route between us, and press on. We head into a bush trail and after 1,000,000 miles, were're still in the bush, its pitch black, and no doubt all sorts of ferocious beasts are a-prowl. Halp! It must be salvation, - this guy (I later find out it is John ? ? ? ? ? from B.C.) has a light on his bike and we stagger our way thru the bush looking for arrows, looking for clues and finally, a road. Back at the camp, exhausted, hungry, stagger into the restaurant where we tear into our supper. Boy, Food. First I've seen since 7 am. (Also hear the bad news that my buddy Larry has dinged his leg and shoulder when a gravel road jiggled, and Larry didn't.)

(Incidentally, when Marilynn and I got back from seeing Larry at the hospital in Minden, there stood my husband, still in leathers, watching the movies with glazed eyes, swaying gently back and forth. I think a gentle push would have sent him toppling. "Oh well, you finished, anyhow" says I. "Yeah," said Jim ruefully, "it finished me, alright!" - Butch.) Down to "heaven"-the Sauna hut - we go, and feel all the aches and pains and soreness melt out and slide away. Then, to bed.

Its Sunday morning, and I don't want to ever get up, but I'm hungry, and beside, I had to pry my Dad-in-law off the ceiling. Kind soul that he is he had arisen first to light the fire for us cowards. He was standing in the middle of the floor when some sneaky

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(guess who) character threw a stick of dynamite or something under the floor of the cabin - right under Dad's feet! Whooee - he is risen! Over to our good breakfast, then with about a hour and a half to go, check over my bike. The oil plug bolt is gone from one fork leg - Gord Wyatt unlimbers the "bolt bucket". Put a lock nut on a bolt about 5 inches too long, turn it into the fork leg, plug the hole with plastecine (great stuff that, kept the bike perking all weekend. Think if I get lost in the bush again, I'll see how it tastes!) Taped the whole mess together with electricians tape, filled the forks with oil - and a way we go. Again.

Sunday's run is not as tough. Secondly, I know a little bit about what I'm doing. I actually zeroed a couple of checks, and was respectably on time for most of the morning. Coming down the last trail just before dinner I see a rough piece coming up and stab frantically for the rear brake. Whaaaaaaa? Gone. I crash in with one clip on bar spinning around out in front like a unicorn. Get things straightened up, tie up the brake pedal with wire and head to lunch. Today I actually have time for soup and sandwich and start out still feeling almost human.

The most interesting incident of the afternoon occurred after my argument with a tree (I lost but without serious consequences) during my travels across a hydro line cut. I was putting along following a well defined "road" and suddenly, after a little curving downhill passage I see a very swampy looking area in front of me which looks about 2 miles long. Bike wheel tracks going in, and a large area of black muck ahead where they had gone thru. In I go. After about 100 feet of this, I inspect the ground ahead - NO WHEEL TRACKS! Horrors! Are they all in quicksand? Am I riding over hundreds of buried bikes? I don't get it! I park the bike, and slog back to find out where they turned off. They didn't. The tracks go to where I am, and stop! If anyone had witnessed what I did next, I'm sure they would figure the event had got to me, that I had Corditis. There I was, down on hands and knees in front of my bike, looking for trail signs - just like an Indian scout. After finding no broken blades of grass or that there stuff, I decided I must have gone the wrong way. Back through the muck and up the hill, and there it was. Should have turned hard right. Yeah, again. Live and learn.

Finally came to the end of the run, not quite as tired as the day before, but only because I hadn't gone as far. At least this time I was within 38 minutes of key time at the end of the day - and with no lights needed, thank you.

This run is fantastical. The places these guys go through on bikes is unbelievable, and I'm positive that the first man through must have a radar equipped machine, because I don't know how he'd find the way otherwise. The speeds that they travel down blind trails full of rocks, holes and heaven knows what, defies the imagination. But let me tell you this - the next time you think you're a real good rider, one that can handle anything, physically

tough, and rarin to go, send in an entry to the Cord Run, and show up at the

end of the second day, 300 odd miles on your speedo, and a smile on your face!

SAFETY'S NOT "JUST A WORD"



Charlie Ingram and Phil Shapcott discuss the safety course with Mrs. Helen Adamson of the North York Safety Council, while the Walsh brothers kit up with their arm bands in the background

On September 10, 1966, the North York Safety Council ran a Motorbike Rally with the help of the Canadian Motorcycle Association and Metropolitan Police.

Information regarding the Rally was released to all news media prior to the Rally date. Flyers announcing the event were placed in all the dealers' stores throughout Toronto.

There was a written test on the rules of the road, a safety check of the motorbike, done by the police and a practical test on a course laid out by both C.M.A. and the Safety Council which included the following:

The contestants were checked on the starting of their bike; they then followed a course that took them through an S turn; then to a Pedestrian Crosswalk after which the course tested them on their ability to control their bikes over gravel, and street car tracks. A left turn test was followed by a diminishing clearance test where the contestant was tested on his response to a narrowing of the course-

(pylons were used to create the closing in effect). Following this, a set of 8 tires were placed in a straight line approximately 5' apart and the cyclist had to slalom in and out of these correctly. The final test was a balance test where the cyclist was expected to ride his bike on the 8" line without leaving the line.

The C.M.A. members did the practical testing. The scores were tabulated for the three tests. The winning contestant was Scott Jamieson of 521 Finch Ave. W. age 19. He was presented with a trophy donated by the North York Safety Council and a \$40.00 cash prize. Runner-up was Stephen Jensen, who won \$30.00, third prize of \$20.00 went to Ian Rothman and 4th prize \$10.00 to Gordon Loomis. Prize money was donated by major distributors in Toronto - Bridgestone, Suzuki, Honda, Yamaha. The N.Y.S.C. felt this event was extremely successful and plan to have another next year. They are indebted to the C.M.A. for their guidance and cooperation.