

# ***Canadian*** **MOTORCYCLING**



30 cents

**NOVEMBER 1967**

## ***in this issue***

**August Gold Cup Races**

**Indian Summer Races**

**Scramblers in B. C.**

**1967 Motorcycle Show**

**Canada's National Motorcycle Publication**

W. Sharpless Unit 9  
62 Cassandra Blvd  
Don Mills Ont



## SIDE CARS

Pos.	Rider	Machine	Laps	Time
1	L. Herrmann, Niagara Falls	BSA	5	10:19.0
2	K. Zans, Fort Erie	Triumph	5	10:28.3
3	J. Edyvean, Toronto	Triumph	5	10:29.4
4	H. Wolters, Maryland	BMW	5	12:20.0
5	W. Campbell, Niagara Falls	Royal Enfield	3	

## CANADIAN MOTORCYCLING

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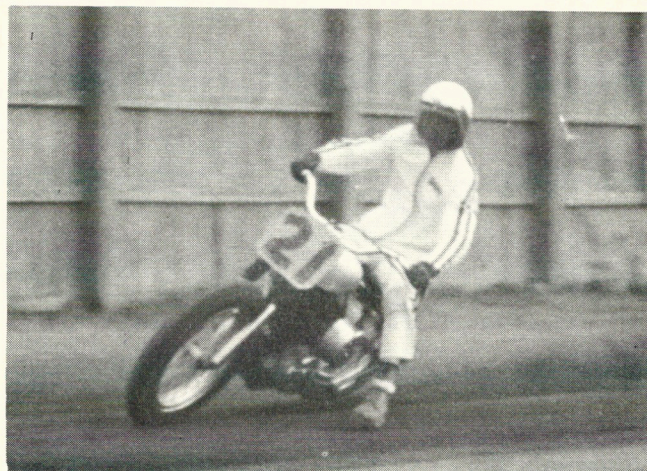
## COVER

Top picture, taken by Lorne McIntosh shows Ron Wheatley on a Honda S90 leading the 100 c.c. class at Ottawa's new scramble course.

Ron White's shot shows Corduroy Enduro winner, Bill Sharpless and his Bultaco about to take off on the second day's run. A full pictorial report of this national championship will be in the next issue of CM.

# NEXT MONTH

## National Championship HALF MILE, BELLEVILLE



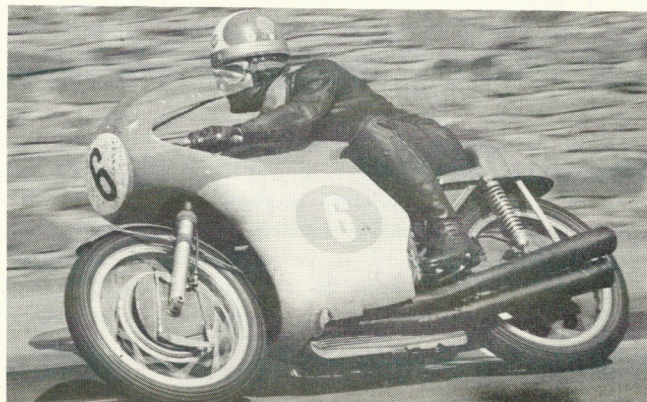
Dave Sehl. Photo by Gary Sherman.

## National Championship CORDUROY ENDURO



A. Stueck & H. Malone. Photo by Ron White.

## World Championship GRAND PRIX OF CANADA



Giacomo Agostini.



# CORD RUN #2

1967  
Story - "Sunset Strip"  
Illustrations - Don Sinclair



Entry in and confirmed - work on bike all week and get it ready-not like last year when I'd never touched it at all. Re-assemble from the ground up, using my 200 parts to replace parts Larry had taken for his Yamaha six day job, set up a speedo.

Friday night arrives and the bike is ready. Danny has serviced it, and I'm all ready for a fine Corduroy Enduro. Just before we go, lets fire it up and hear the sweet sound of a 250 Matador. Kick. Kick. Kick. Whats this? 3 kicks and not going yet? Incredible! Finally it runs. Hmmm. Not going too well. Try it down the street. Oh, its just got a "junk" plug in it? Replace it with a new one. Little better. Check timing. OK Hmmm. Still not good. Sadly, I confess it would be useless to take the bike to the Cord in this condition. I'm out of a ride. Sigh

Wait a minute! Danny, do you see what I see? A stock, semi-new 100 c.c. Yamaha trail job. Would I dare? Larry'll kill me. (Heh heh heh, but he's in Poland, my fiendish side whispers.) Oh well, who wants to live forever. On the trailer she goes, after a quick 2 minute "preparation" check, and away I go.

You should have seen the look on my wife's face when she saw a bright yellow Yamaha instead of a black and red Matador. "Well, the Bul wasn't running right, and this was just sitting there", I said lamely. So away we went, Dad in Law, Son, Wife, Gord Wyatt, and a bike I had hardly ever ridden, and with 2 min. preparation, off to Cord Run #2.

Aroused as usual Sat. morning by the gentle sound of DYNAMITE AND POLICE SIREN we staggered up to breakfast at 6 a.m. After a delicious breakfast with

excellent food and service, the route card was prepared, and small attention was given to waterproofing. Gord insisted he should try it out by riding in the lake, but I wouldn't let him, (thank goodness!)

Up to watch the others take off, my turn came about 8:50 a.m. Pushed the starter button (heaven, man) and pulled up to the line. Mr. Jackson waved me on, and-off to who knew what. All went well for many miles with no check going into the first trail (darn, should have been early) but one at the end (darn, should have been earlier!) Tearing along, trying to come out of the trails on time, not making it but enjoying myself, with only some minor plug and electric trouble to plague me.

Down one looong trail, I feel the terrible feeling of a wobbling wheel, which indicates a flat tire. Boy, its gonna be a long walk. Stop and have a look. Tire not flat, wheel not breaking up, hmmm. Must be my imagination. Finish the trail (late) and hit the road trying to make up time. Wobble wobble slew slew - what the h--- it is flat. I get the bike stopped, and check again. No flat. Well dam, something wrong. And then I see it! The swinging arm bolt is just 2" away from falling out on the road. I knock it back into place and think. Oh, I know. You just take a nut off someplace its not really needed, and put it on the swinging arm bolt. Ha ha, pretty clever, eh? Would you believe - there is NO other nut of that size on this motorcycle? I grab the vice grips and after wrapping end of bolt in tape, clamp the grips to the end. Heh, the biggest nut ever used on a bolt, those vice grips! They'll surely bounce off, so tape the grips to the exhaust pipe. You know, it was still there when I got back that night?

Arrive at the lunch stop, after a trip down a trail which was being rained on - man, didn't know ordinary dirt could get THAT slippery! - just in time to gas up and go. Borrowed a big hammer and put the exhaust pipe ring nut back on - it had also fallen loose 3 or 4 times during the morning. Away I went, back on time. Well, thats better! More trail again, and I'm getting late again. Dive down a twisty, sandy, narrow road trying to make up time. The bike quits. Change a plug, lots of spark, but won't go. Know it can't be, but better check anyway. Off with the gas tank cap, and sure, lots of gaaaa - what the h---s this? Almost out of gas!! The tank must have a leak. Switch on reserve and take off.

Arrive at the check point some late by now but with only 20 miles of the day left. "Have you some extra gas?" "Nope" Gak. Its only about 10 miles to the nearest gas stop, 7 miles of it off the course. I ride the three miles and check the tank, and with 15 miles to go to the end, can't possibly make it, so head for Gooderham. The miles crawl by, 2, 4, 5, stop. Out of gas. This surely means I'll be a DNF-er. I trudge wearily down the road, looking to find a phone or gas.

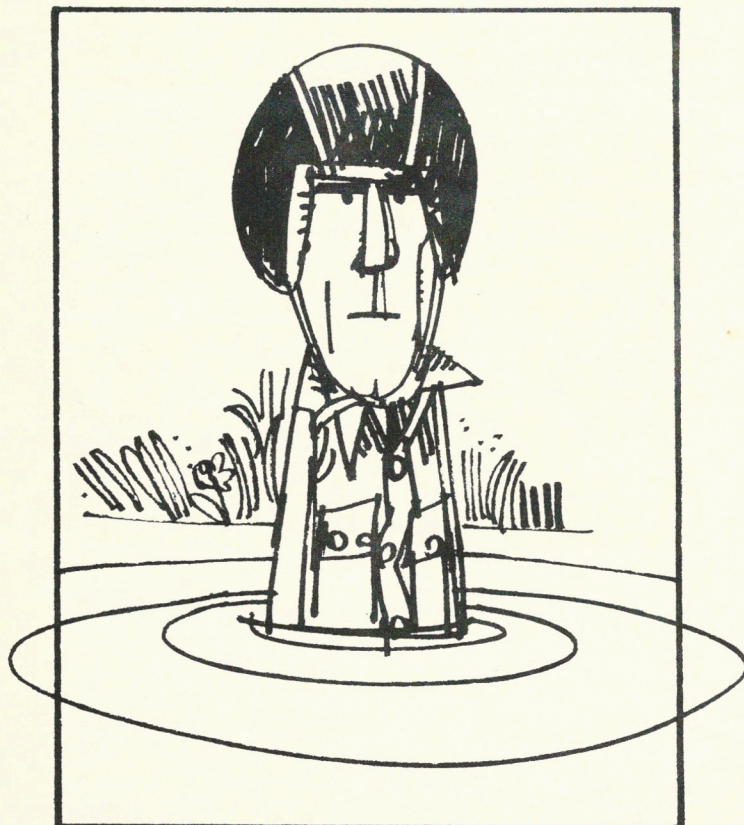
Shortly, a car pulls up and stops. Its an ex-motorcyclist who's interested in my plight. After a brief conversation, he whirls us into town and back with a gallon of gas. I pour it in the tank, and it pours out just as fast. Well, maybe there'll be some left. Ride



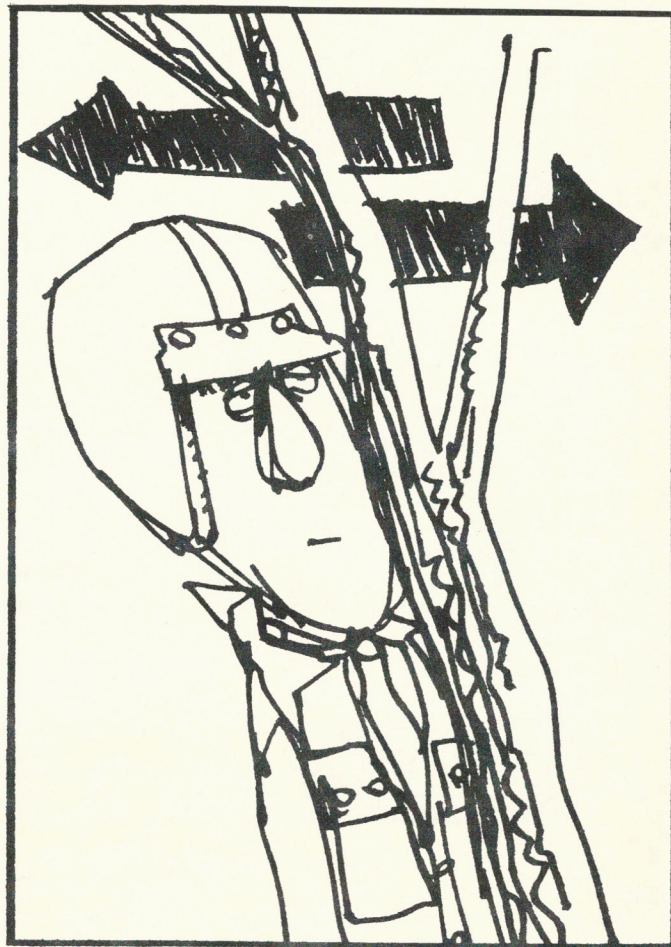
back to the point I left the course and we both look in the tank. He says "Don't try it, its a long walk out".



But I'm still inside my 2 hour limit, so tell him "I've gotta try" and away I go. I ride miles and then need reserve. A check point ahead, and miracle, they have some gas. We pour in a little, and I head into the last bush trail, wondering vaguely why Mr. Jackson "wished me luck". What's this? A sign. "Keep out of water - up the bank." I push, pull, ride, and drag



my poor little hundred up the bank, thinking how glad I don't have to go into the water. Follow the trail for a few feet, around a tree, and look down. OH NO! It leads down into a deep dark looking water hole and out the other side. I can't afford to take chances now, so I get off and walk through.



The holes in my boots are quickly discovered by the gunky ooze, and it tries to fill up my boots before I get out. But I outsmarted it - I ran, and they only got half full. After a few more miles of rock and mud there it is - the last check point. I run out of gas 3 times on the way back to Gold Rock, pushed the bike to a gas station each time, and as happy as I've ever been. Almost "Home" now, and there's my big Buick with Butch and Gord out looking for the lost one. Head into the lodge for a most welcome supper and steam and a good night's sleep.

Up next morning, and I don't feel bad this year, (for an old man who's hardly ridden this season.) We had a good breakfast (where does that boy put it all?) and then make the essential repairs to the Yamey.

We had patched the gas tank the night before with a fibreglas repair kit Gord had scoured the surrounding small towns for, while I inhaled supper. Typical of the country up here, the merchants sent him here and there, each doing his best to help.

Sunday was a much better day, and I even arrived at lunch check in time to eat! Fabulous! Now its afternoon, and only 60 miles to go. Whattayathink? 59 miles of Hydro lines? Not far wrong - and the other mile was mud! Time after time, I came out of a little bush trail onto - a nice hydro trail. This year I was at least able to joke with myself, saying over and over,

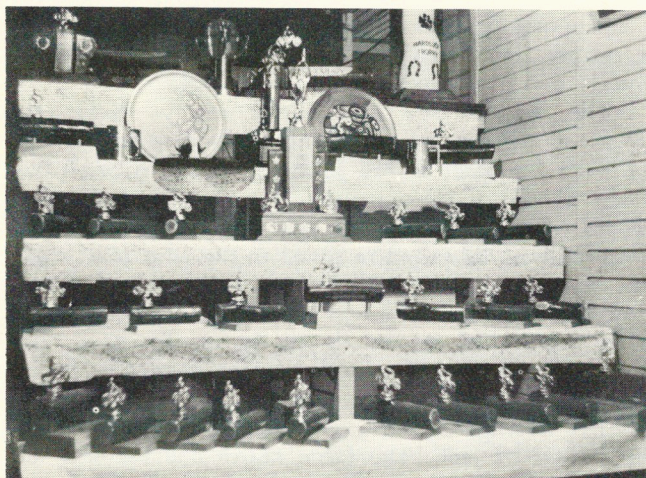


"hiya Hydro trail, where have I seen you before?" (Smothers Brothers should sign that boy. Editor) Following a group of riders who suddenly stopped in confusion at the edge of a dense wood - "Seen any arrows?" one said hopefully. Oh no, not again. Not two years in a row. Oh well, I'll not be alone looking for the route today.

Sure enough, there it was, about 100 yards back, a sharp right turn around a rock with a big red arrow painted on the ground. And so on we went, my experienced enduro riders gradually leaving me behind. Maybe I should try to catch them? Maybe I shouldn't have!

Did you ever ride a 100 Yamaha off a path and over two logs (about the size of railroad ties) eight feet apart at 25 mph? THAT HURTS!! Oh well, let 'em go (after a brief pause for "Station identification"). In due course I reached the last check point some 28 minutes late.

Well, next year I'll do better. Bet you're all saying "why that damned old fool, thought he'd have learned his lesson by now." Well you know the saying, 'there's no fool like an old fool' and God willing, I'll be back next year for Cord Run #3. I'm no enduro rider, and I know it, but until you ride the Cord, see the feats these riders pull off, the panic stops when the road turns without warning, the long hard rides through the tough bush trails, conquered the man and mechanical difficulties that are part of it all - why rider - YOU HAVEN'T EVEN LIVED!!



Basil Jackson checks out a rider on the Sunday morning and meantime the silverware waits in the lodge for the survivors. The log trophies are unique to the Corduroy Enduro.



Two artists, Tom Hodgson rider and Don Sinclair observer.



You can empty out the water if Ron Jackson is there to help, but even he can't soften up those logs.

*Photos by Ron Jackson and Ron White.*

### CMA PHOTO CONTEST

Send your vote to-day for the best photo of 1967. State month, page, identify the one you choose. Deadline Jan. 31, 1968 Box 100, Islington, Ont.