

# ***Canadian MOTORCYCLING***

**Canada's National Motorcycle Publication**

**40 cents**

**November 1968**



**Corduroy International Trial  
Scramble-Copetown  
Internationally Speaking**

W SHARPLESS  
62 CASSANDRA BLVD UNIT 9  
DON MILLS ONT



# ***Canadian MOTORCYCLING***

**Official monthly publication of the Canadian Motorcycle Association**

## ***EDITORIAL***

Ontario has just introduced regulations which make it necessary for all used vehicles sold in the province to have a certificate of mechanical fitness. This certificate which lasts for 30 days must be signed either by a licensed mechanic or a licensed dealer.

Private sales as well as those by dealers are included in the regulations, which are aimed at weeding-out unsafe vehicles from the highways. Motorcycles are, of course, included in the regulations and as these came into force on November 1, you must have this certificate if you plan to license a used machine which you have bought since that date. Copies of the procedures for testing the motorcycles are available to licensed mechanics and dealers from the Department of Transport, Queen's Park, Toronto 5.

Other provinces may follow this procedure in the future, and of course if you sell a machine from another province into Ontario the regulations will apply.

The end of the year brings elections and the Annual General Meeting. This year they will be held in B.C. at Vancouver on December 15. It is difficult for an association in a country as large as ours to avoid becoming too centralized in one area. The Board of the CMA has taken this into consideration in their arrangements for the AGM. It has certainly been true in the past two or three years that the percentage of membership and competition growth has been bigger in B.C. than in any other province, although the largest actual number of members is in Ontario, probably because that is where the largest number of motorcycle registrations are recorded.

We would like to see CM extended, expanded and improved next year, and would appreciate any constructive suggestions from our readers. There are some limitations in what can be done with an association magazine, but we can all feel proud of the fact that we have such a monthly publication as CM, one that can be shown to the general public to give them an idea of our sport and why we enjoy it so much.

## ***Canadian MOTORCYCLING***

Vol. 25 No. 11 November 1968

Published monthly by the Canadian Motorcycle Association. Box 100, Islington, Ont. 416-233-7159  
Deadline for all copy 10th. of month preceding publication.

### **Editorial Staff**

Editor Mrs. Eve White

Advertising Accounts Mrs. Ruth Duff

This month's contributing editor:

Eastern Ontario: Dick Leeson

Subscription and membership \$5.00 per year, single copy 40 cents. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ontario, for payment in Toronto.  
Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publisher.

Printed in Toronto by Olympic Printing

## **CONTENTS**

### **FEATURES**

Corduroy International Trial	Page 3
Production Racing	Page 9
National Championship Scramble	Page 10
Klaus Grundler Benefit	Page 14
Internationally Speaking	Page 16
Le Circuit	Page 22
Sehl Show Stateside	Page 24

### **DEPARTMENTS**

People & Products	Page 25
Round the Regions	Page 29
Editor's Hot Line	Page 33
Classified	Page 34
Happenings	Page 34

### **COVER**

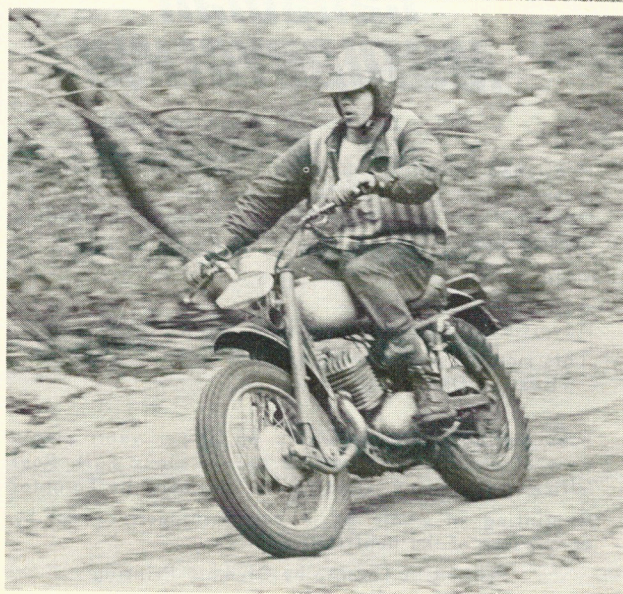
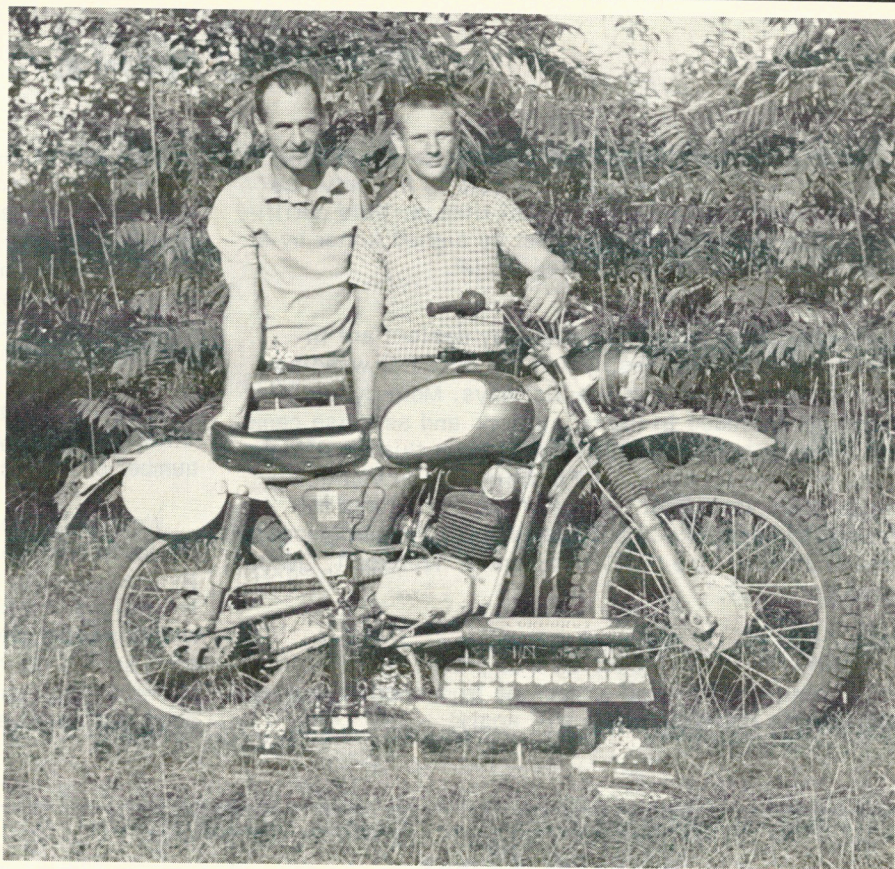
John Mileham of Georgetown is bow-waving through the Irondale River on his 500 c.c. Triumph during the Corduroy International Trial. He was first expert in the heavyweight class.

*Photograph by Ed Cunningham.*



# **CORDUROY** **INTERNATIONAL** **TRIAL**

BRITISH EMPIRE MOTOR CLUB





Top left: Leroy Winters, Fort Smith, Arkansas, Premier award winner and Tom Penton, Amherst, Ohio pose with one of the Penton machines and 'THE LOG'. Middle: Checker Don Cruickshank can find little wrong with John Penton's time. Right: Bill Sharpless, 1967 winner was best this year in the special stages on his 250 c.c. Bultaco. Middle: Dave Latham, Harvard, Mass. speeds on his 250 c.c. Greeves. Right: Sunday morning start with Dan Joslyn, Lansing, Mich. on a Honda 90, Earl Morain, Amherst, Ohio with 125 Penton and Howard Hartke, Buffalo, N.Y. with 360 Husqvarna.

*Photos by Ed Cunningham and Ron Jackson.*







In 1968 the British Empire Motor Club Corduroy Enduro became the Corduroy International Trial. The new look in cross country competition under FIM rules got a big boost from the 220 riders who entered the event at Coboconk Ontario on September 7 and 8. The winner after two days and 332 miles of rugged cross country going was Leroy Winters with a score of 9 route points and 237 bonus points. A veteran of the International Six Days Trial, Leroy travelled 1600 miles from Fort Smith, Arkansas to win the Corduroy on a 125 c.c. Penton. The winner of the Best Opposite Class was Warren Peck of Stow Mass. on a 500 c.c. Triumph with 10 route points. The top Canadian rider was John Mileham of Georgetown Ontario who won the Expert Heavyweight class with 11 route points, riding a 500 c.c. Triumph.

Under FIM International Trials rules, a rider is not penalized for arriving at a route control early but he is not allowed to leave until his scheduled time. Also the route controls are further apart - about 25 miles (or one hour) on the average. These changes eliminate the precise clock watching characteristic of regular enduros and were enthusiastically received by the majority of the riders. The Special Tests which included timed hill climb and cross country tests and an observed trial section were another innovation. Bonus points are awarded on the basis of the special tests and these are used as tie breakers in the event of a tie score on route points. The special tests proved to be particularly popular spectator points. The best Bonus Point score was turned in by Bill Sharpless of Toronto with 287 points out of a possible 300.

The run started Saturday morning from the grounds of Gold Rock Lodge in the Haliburton Highlands of Ontario. All of the nearby summer resort accommodation was filled with an overflow crowd of 500 riders and spectators. Starters Basil Jackson and Dave Daniel launched over 200 riders in seven solo classes and one sidecar. Three riders left every minute starting at 8.01. The entry included 88 Canadian riders from Ontario and Quebec and a large contingent from 13 US states, out to beat the test laid out by Ron Jackson.

Saturday's route covered 172 miles with a 45 minute break for lunch in Haliburton. Special tests included the Expert Hill Climb at Tory Hill and the Observed Trial at the end of the day's run. At the end of the day four riders still had zero route scores;

Warren Peck, Bob Maus of Valhalla N.Y., Bill Sharpless and John Mileham. Winters, the eventual winner lost two points. The route was not easy though; only 99 riders were able to finish within the one hour late limit. For most riders Saturday night wound up with dinner, a steam bath and early to bed.

Sunday was another ideal day, clear and cool. The route mileage was 160 which permitted a leisurely 9.00 a.m. start. The morning run to Wilberforce included a rousing 5.3 mile cross country special test. After lunch the route lead north up the Burleigh road and west across the Peterson in a tough twenty mile long section with a required average 20 miles per hour. John Penton of Amherst Ohio had the best time here - 63 minutes or three minutes late. The two "roads" were built more than 100 years ago as settlement roads and are now in the process of being re-opened as hiking trails.

After the afternoon gas stop at Minden, the run finished down a familiar power line trail to Norland. The last section was tough enough to put several riders over the one hour late allowance which denied them credit as official finishers. Included in this unfortunate category was Lucy Stratton of Pittsford Michigan, the only entry in the Powderpuff Class.

The riders trooped back to Gold Rock and the steam bath then had dinner while the scores were totalled. The trophies were presented later in the evening. There were 71 official finishers; each them achieved something to be proud of and will receive a "Corduroy Finishers" crest.

The British Empire Motor Club wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Les North for their usual fine effort in handling the overflow crowd at Gold Rock. Thanks also to Bill Hastings for the PA and the films and to the checkers and scorers who contributed to a memorable weekend. Special thanks are due to the Welland Motorcycle Club who handled all of the arrangements at the hillclimb.

## OFFICIAL RESULTS - SEPTEMBER 7 - 8, 1968

### PREMIER AWARD

Leroy Winters, Ft. Smith Ark. 125 Penton 9 points (237 Bonus Points)

### Award: BEMC Corduroy Log - Best Opposite Class

Warren Peck, Stow, Mass. 500 Triumph 10 points. (254 Bonus Points)

### Award: Clare Heard Trophy - 100 c.c. Class

First: Tom Penton, Amherst Ohio 100 Penton 21 points.

### Lightweight Class

First Expert: John Penton, Amherst Ohio 125 Penton 10 points.

First Junior: Mike Shinnars, Buffalo N.Y. 250 Bultaco 23 points.

### Heavyweight Class

First Expert: John Mileham, Georgetown Ont. 500 Triumph 11 points.

First Junior: Louis Hunt, Eagle Mich. 360 Greeves 51 points.

### Powderpuff Class

First: Lucy Stratton, Pittsford, Mich. 125 Penton 313.4 miles.

### Senior Class

First: Sal Scirpo, Hartford Conn. 350 HD 74 points.

### Sidecar Class

First: A. Stueck-J. Skaradowski 650 Triumph 114.9 miles. Cranston Rhode Island.

### Gold Rock Team Trophy

Penton Imports: L. Winters, J. Penton, T. Penton, R. Towne 76 points.



# CORD RUN NUMBER 3

## OR - I'VE BEEN IN THE SADDLE FOR HOURS AND HOURS

by "Sunset Strip"

Last year, 1967, I had ridden the Cord on a stock 100 c.c. Yamaha Trail bike and had come within a split gas tank of gaining a by now coveted "finishers award." Possibly for 1968 I might have a good enduro machine and after 2 DNF years (excluded for being over 8 hour late tho I rode every back breaking mile) maybe I would do it.

However, as the day grew closer, it became apparent that I would not have a Matador, or DT1, or what have you. Therefore, since I had sent in an entry, I began to prepare my fabulous little Sherpa T for the ordeal. The motor was in good shape, and I glued every nut and bolt together, checked all cables, borrowed good brake shoes from friend Bill Kavanaugh, and prepared to leave Friday evening. I loaded the bike on the trailer, gave a tug on the handlebars, and surprise, off they came in my hands complete with pieces of top fork yoke. Panic call to Bill Sharpless revealed Sonic has a yoke and he will bring it to Gold Rock. Packed up Larry's DT1, and Bob Tier and his DT1 and headed for the hills.

Saturday morning and up bright and early. Breakfast and then to replace yoke and get ready to leave. Some problems with lining up forks-finally completed by strong man Larry-and as I ride up to the start, someone yelled "You're on the line!" Just shut the bike off, and my #7 flips over. Kick the bike twice, leap aboard, and take off to cross the line in the allotted 60 seconds. Everyone got a big charge out of Butch galumphing along behind with my helmet and gloves and some smart guy even suggested that he didn't know who'd get to the corner first, her or me.

Well, at last I'm away. Had agreed to ride with pal Bob Tier, a comparative newcomer to enduros so took my time until he caught up with me, and together we headed into the first bush trail. As I rode along in front showing Bob how to do it (ha) suddenly I was bouncing into a rock off a tree, and flat on my u-no-what on the trail. Murmuring sweet nothings, I picked myself up and looked at my bars which had assumed a distinct road racing set. Decided they must be tightened, schedule or no. We proceeded down the trail with my fender (brand new) wearing a rather unusual shape and rattling merrily. Arrived at check one without further incident to learn we were about 3 mins. late.

During the second section, I missed Bob. I had stopped and was waiting anxiously when another rider came by yelling "he's OK, he'll be along in a minute." I later learned he had CRASHED into a huge boulder was indeed all right and running again. A rather interesting mudhole found Bob crossways on a log in the middle of the water and required some manual lifting on his part to proceed again. The balance of the morning and part

of the afternoon went by uneventfully-then, halfway thru a powerline trail, Bob's throttle suddenly stuck open. Examination showed an almost broken throttle cable and, tho he managed to hook a socket on it and ride back to camp he was out for the event, his first Cord Run.

As the afternoon wore on I began to feel my years and the fact that I had done very little "rough riding" this year. I spent a little more time on the trail-sans bike-and became a little later at each check. However, the end of the day saw me back at camp, through the checks all well inside the one hour disqualification limit, and I was looking forward to my first "finishers badge". Yah!!!

On Saturday evening the result sheets were posted, and I was amazed to find that over one half of the total entry was already DNF. Went back and patted my little T on the tank and set about to make some minor adjustments (chain) and check a few nuts and bolts.

Sunday morning, and to my surprise-don't feel too badly for an old fella. Start out-and am not doing too badly tho having some trouble today without the benefit of Bob's speedo keeping track of my route sheet, 6 miles out of Kinmount I realize I've missed my gas stop. Checking over the card indicates the next part of the run is 60 miles long soooooo, no choice but to go back. As I had come off the trail before Kinmount there was a group of spectators at what I thought was a check. I was late, and everyone yelled "go" so I had not stopped for my receipt sheet.

During the noon stop we were discussing my missing the gas stop and suddenly we realized why. I had actually come into town from the wrong direction, lost on my route card, and has missed the real check. And if you don't think that knocks the starch out of you-try it sometime. I gassed up the bike, with the wonderful assistance of Carl Bastedo's crew-(pretty girl, that Krista!), and rode wearily on my way to the start of the afternoon run. By this time, my hands and wrists and legs were starting to protest against the beating I was inflicting on them. Would I bother to go on? I was out anyway, after the missed check. Oh well, it will be good practice for next year, so guess I'll ride it.

And there it was, 20 plus miles of bush trail-at an average of 20 mph. Rough and tough cross country, rocks, logs, and upside down arrows. I got so tired of seeing danger arrows I felt like screaming. But on and on and on. I had to stop and rest my wrists and arms every few miles. Over two hours and one crash later, I arrived at check 1 outside my one hour allowance-tho it didn't matter anyway. My front fender was bent now and as I hit the sandy sideroad which followed it lay a beautiful pattern of stinging

sand into my goggle-less, bloodshot eyes. I came over the top of a hill and there was a group of kids motioning me to turn left into the bush-a great hairy grabbing of brakes, gearbox and a huge broadside into the bush brought a resounding roar of approval from the youngsters and I grinned happily to myself. The first damn thing I'd done well all weekend!

And finally, into what I knew was the last Hydro trail. Will I or won't I? Well, I guess I'd better. Now my arms are like two sticks of wood. It's actually pain to disengage the clutch and shift gears and I can just open the throttle far enough to keep moving. As I ride along this trail, I think that surely over the next hill will be the check point-with its group of friendly people smiling and telling me-thats the way back to camp. Surface the hill and there they are-the barren, desolate stands of bush and weeds and the narrow little trail leading down into the mudholes as far as I can see. Oh well, the next one will be-and then the same thing again and again. Some cruel individual tried to tell me that it was only 15 miles or so but I think they left the 0 off the end. Fell off again and smacked my shin bone against my steel peg and got up to continue down the trail repeating Bob Wood's motto. "Pain Hurts" over and over. My front fender is broken now and bouncing against the wheel and I'm too tired to take it off-maybe it won't spin around and dump me. And just as I've given up all hope, there it is-the last check point.

I arrive back at camp, stagger off the bike, and good wife helps me get out of my boots and mud caked Barbour suit. As I stumble weakly to the steam house I hear my Dad-in-law mutter "and they do this for fun?". Sit and soak and listen to the chatter from the "supermen"-(I mean it) who are still full of pep after finishing the event.

I don't know how many finished the Cord. Someone said that less than 100 went thru the #2 check on Sunday morning. I do know this Enduro riding is a rough, tough sport. Ask a couple of young fellows who have been scrambling all season about the conditioning required. Machinery has become specialized and a good enduro mount is a great asset to success. There is no more challenging event in the CMA calendar than the Cord run. I think I learned a lot this year-about preparation, the trails, riding required and the conditioning required, and, all being well-I guess next year-I'll be back to try again for my finishers award. Listen! Whats that? Eeeegad, have you ever heard a Sherpa T cry?

