

OCTOBER 1965 ONE SHILLING AND THREEPENCE

scooter

AND THREE WHEELER



SOMEONE once said that disappointment is an occupational disease of journalists. Time and again they are encouraged to expect something rather special, only to find nothing special at all, just the same hackneyed ideas disguised by exaggeration and puffs. One particular phrase which I shy away from most violently is "biggest and best" for by now it has all the flavour of a family joke, and a bad one at that. Yet in jotting down



The flag is down. M. McKenzie (104) and P. J. Chapman (112) let in their clutches to roar away from the starting line at the sprint event at Jurby Airfield.

With their eyes on the finishing line $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away, R. W. E. Crook (5) and J. R. Ronald (7) start their first run.

1965 ISLE OF MAN RALLY

THE FINAL WORD

BY DENNIS DALTON



these personal comments on the 1965 Isle of Man Rally it is the one phrase which keeps springing to mind, so let me use it—strictly at its face value. Anyway, half of it is pure fact.

This year's Rally was the biggest by far. And all those with some experience of previous events agreed that it was indeed the best. So there you are, a neat, tidy label which will please the organisers, and after all, it is what they deserve, particularly Kenny Radcliffe who was suddenly landed with the job of Clerk of the Course as a result of the untimely death of Stan Wardell.

Kenny's performance (there is no better word for it) at the prizegiving on the final Saturday night seemed to crystallise the week's enthusiasm, and competitors and spectators rose to applaud him, his assistants; indeed, anyone remotely connected with the Rally. Kenny was fortunate. Clerk of the Course is a stinker of a job. Generally if all goes well nobody notices. On the other hand, if things go wrong . . .

Long after most of the other details of the 1965 Rally have been forgotten, I am willing to bet a year's sub. to STW that the eleven Swedish lads will be remembered. Not

only were they excellent riders (among other awards they gained four golds and a silver in the Manx 400), but they were first-class ambassadors for Sweden.

All the lads said that they hoped to be back next year, and it occurs to me that with a little encouragement many more Continental riders could be persuaded to take part. Perhaps Bob Wilkinson and Ian Kirkpatrick, now that they are on the Rally Committee, could drum up interest in the Continental clubs.



(Above, left) Although Lambrettas and Vespas dominated the field in the Manx 400 several other makes were represented, including seven Maicos. Here one of them is seen at the Glen Helen check-point.

(Above, right) A competitor in the Manx 400 wheels right in Parliament Square, Ramsey.

(Left) The Squadron d'Elite was won by The Clansmen of Glasgow—W. Shirlaw, W. S. Thomson and R. T. Young.

There is no doubt in my mind that it was the whole-hearted support given to this year's rally by Bob and Ian that resulted in the record entry, and both were on hand all week assisting their club members.

Bob also did an excellent job with the BLOA rally control van by providing commentaries at the various events. This was particularly welcomed at the start of the Manx 400 which was watched by many holidaymakers. Bob also did his stuff at Druidale and the sprint at Jurby Airfield. As regards the latter I would go so far as to say that without Bob and Ursula, his wife, to announce competitors' times as they completed their runs, the meeting would have been a pretty tame affair. It was only natural that each rider wanted to know how well he had done, and his club mates wanted that information, too.

At the sprint I think that many people were surprised at the absence of electronic timing-equipment. With an entry of 107 this event was no tin-pot affair, and the sort of equipment used by motorcycle sprint-clubs would have been fully justified.

Finally, the concours. The organisers made a mistake by not arranging for the judging to take place during the field events as in previous years. The site chosen, a small tarmac area behind the Villa Marina, was far too small for the large entry and proved unsatisfactory for both competitors and judges.