

A Thrilling Yarn of Motor-Cycle Racing at Brooklands

By ELMER K. ARTER

THE FIRST CHAPTER On Brooklands Track

Saturday morning on the Portsmouth Road. It was too early yet for the famous highway to be crowded with motoring week-enders or those who speed along its polished surface to Brooklands Track. There were a few motor cyclists wending their way to the great racing rendezvous, competitors in the big 200-mile race which was to be held that day, and among these roadfarers were two seventeen-year-old riders on small twin-cylinder machines which were identical in appearance—twin twins in fact, and owned by twins, so it is not difficult to understand why they had come to be known as the "Twins' Twin Twins."

Donald and Ronald Harvey aspired to become famous racing men; their friends knew this and could not understand why they had chosen Exelda machines, which had done nothing worth while in the world of speed. They did not know the twins had invented a supercharging device that would considerably increase the speed of any motor cycle, and that the Exelda happened to be one most suitable for their experiments.

Their father was a motor-cycle agent in the south of London; of late the business had suffered several setbacks, due to an accident to the head of the firm, and to the fact that

the twins were not sufficiently experienced in financial matters to carry on during his absence. Due to this the Harveys had lost their most important concession—the Moonstone Agency, which had passed to their greatest rivals. This meant that all orders in the district for the popular machine were lost to them, and few would look at the Exelda which Harvey senior was endeavouring to push.

Only that week Mr. Harvey had told his sons that the 200-mile race would about "put the lid on everything." "The Moonstone is bound to win," he had said. "For all your optimism I can't see an Exelda doing anything."

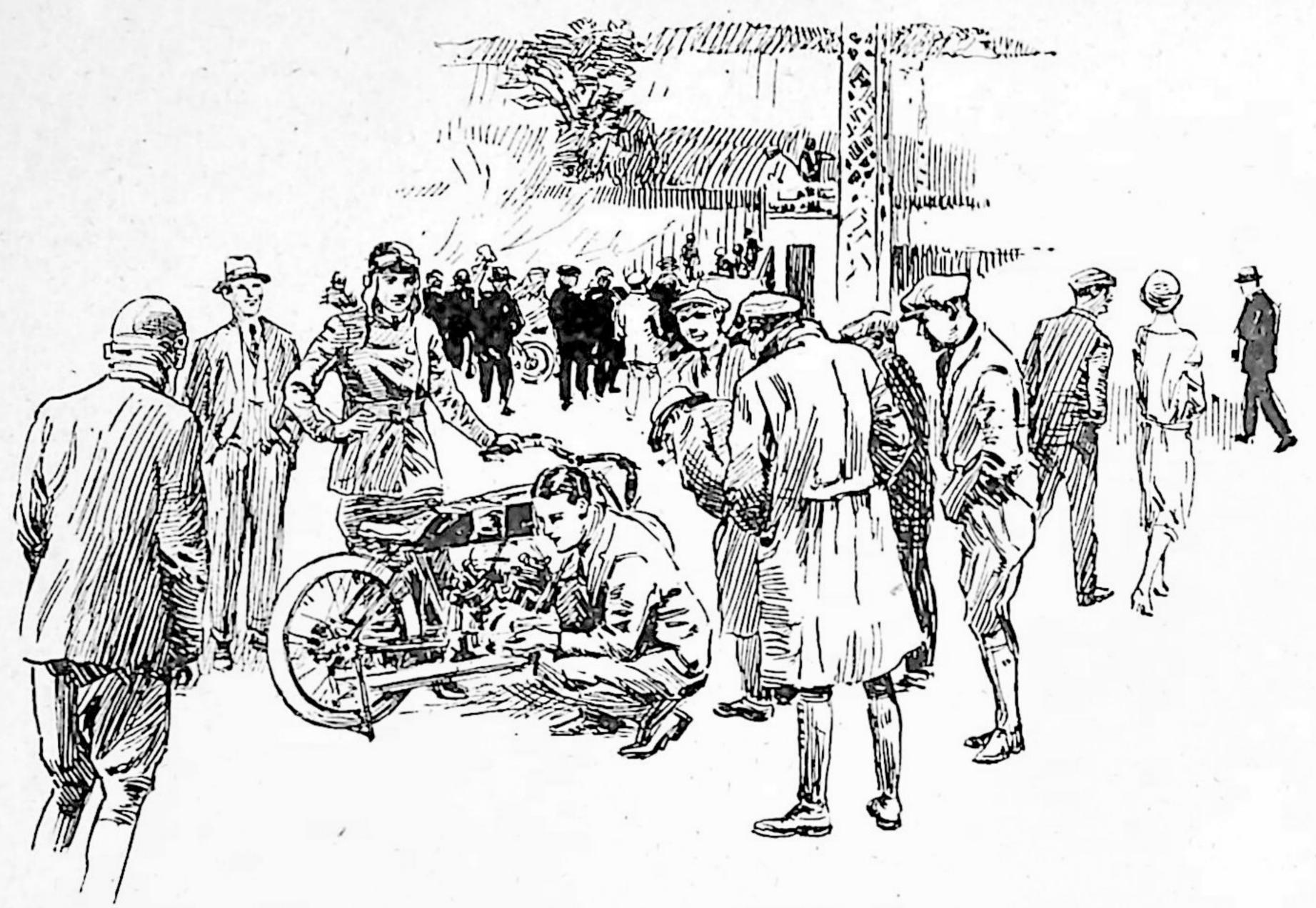
"But if it did, father?" Donald had asked.

"If it won, this business would be saved," replied Mr. Harvey. "If the Moonstone gets it, I reckon we may as well put up the shutters. If you can only get a place, it won't be so bad. But, my dear lads, it is expecting too much; the Exelda is not a racing machine. It's

reliable enough, but no one living will make it faster than a Moonstone."

Ronald and Donald exchanged glances. They had not yet told their father about the results they had obtained with their supercharger.

"I should like to see the Moonstone beaten," Mr. Harvey went on, "if only



When the twins arrived in the paddock at Brooklands, other racing men gathered round and examined Magog with interest. (See this page)

because of the shabby way they treated me when I was laid up, but if the Success gets it we shall be no better off. A J.A.S. win might help us a little; we can still get them, and the

people over the way can't."

So as the twins sped down to Brooklands they had plenty to occupy their minds. They had only made one supercharger and this was fitted to Donald's machine, which he had re-named Magog. It was Donald who was to ride in the race and, as they cleared Esher, he signalled to his brother to open out-for the satisfaction of proving that his machine was the faster. Except for the supercharger, the twins' twin twins were identical in every respect; in fact Gog, Ronald's mount, had been slightly the faster in normal time. It was when Magog had increased its speed by at least ten miles an hour on an early morning trial run that they realised that their experiments were leading to a useful end.

When the Harveys arrived at Brooklands more than one mechanic smiled. Some of the men, aimlessly wandering about the paddock, were unkind enough to pass disparaging remarks, but the crack racing men knew from experience that there was always a possible winner in an unknown machine. So they examined Magog with interest.

One by one, other entrants for the great race arrived in the paddock, and then with their mechanics wheeled their racing machines down to the depots near the starting line. The majority passed by the twins without a glance, but some just smiled or nudged their companions. It was such a joke for two practically unknown boys to enter a machine like the Exelda, which, it was known, was too slow to win an important race.

Slowly the minutes passed towards the hour of starting. Magog was all ready for the fray, and its rider sat by its side. Members

of the public, press representatives and officials were now taking up their positions in the grandstand, Press box and elevated timekeepers' box, according to the parts they were to play.

"Come along," said Ronald presently,

"let's get on the line."

So the twins moved down the track to the starting line, where several of the twenty-six competitors had already taken their places.

"Hallo!" called someone in the grand-stand. "There's one of the twins' twin twins. It's Magog! Say, that's the Exelda that won the acceleration test in the Lupton Cup Trial. She's got some pep has that 'bus—the first Exelda to ever have any!" Then, turning to his friend: "There are two of 'em, you know—Gog and Magog, owned by twins named Harvey, those two boys with her. Donald is going to ride."

"Are you nervous?" Ronald was asking anxiously, scanning his brother as he sat

motionless on his silent machine.

"I shall be all right when once we start," answered Don. "It's this beastly waiting that upsets one."

A big man, in plus-fours and with a

perspiration-flecked face, pushed his way to their side.

"Mr. Harvey?" he asked. "We've never met, but I believe you wrote us—I am Leeson, of the Exelda Company. I am not sure that I like your entering an Exelda in a race like this. It's a bad advertisement for us when— Well, the Exelda is not a racing machine, and—"

"As I bought my machine in the usual way, I don't see that you have any say in the matter," replied Donald, resenting the tone adopted by the manufacturer of his machine.

" Of course not, but-"

"Besides, I've not entered the Exelda—if you glance at the programme you will see that it is entered as the Magog, so if I make an ass of myself your good name will not suffer."

"Ah! That's good--"

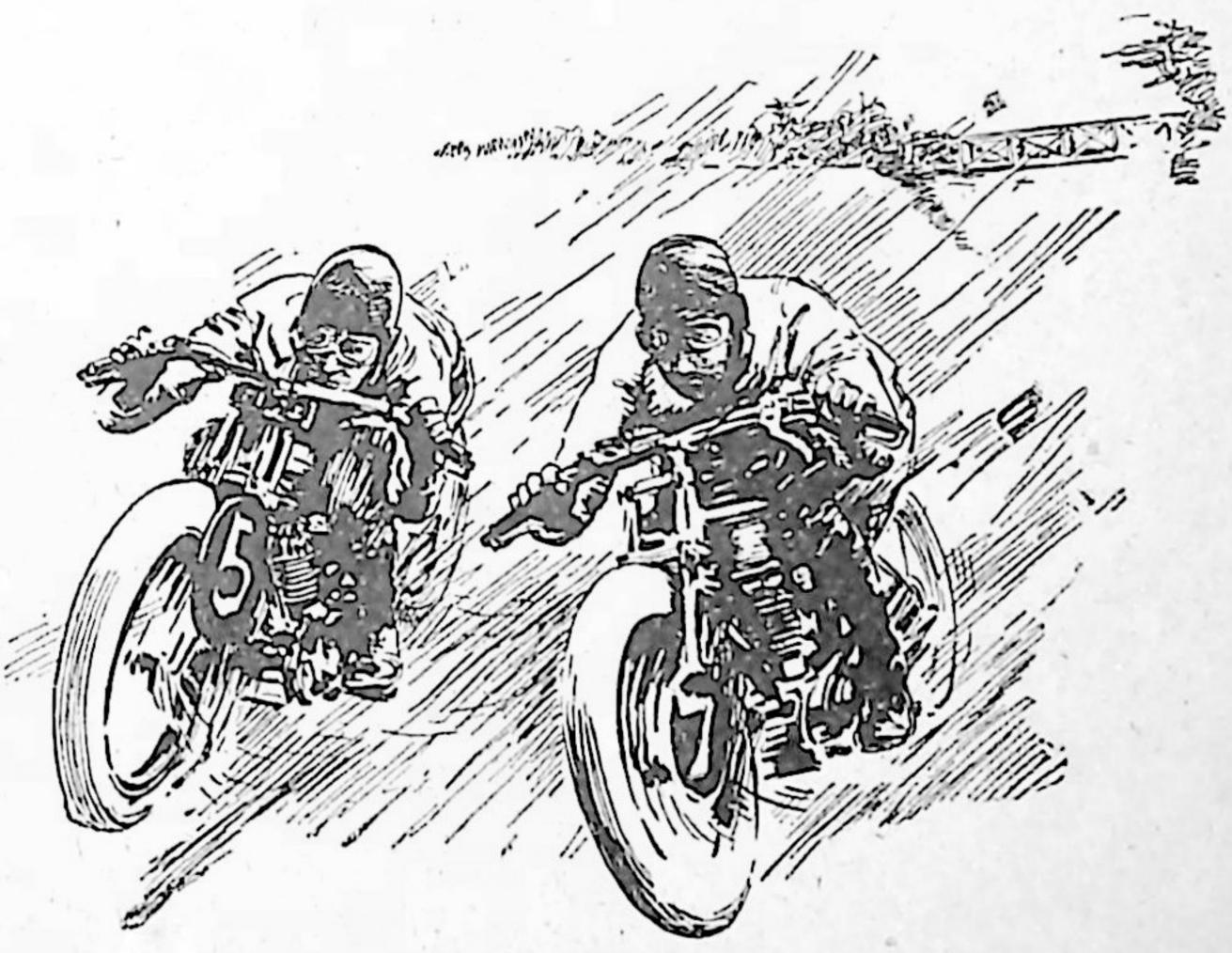
"And if I should win—we will discuss that little patent of ours—the thing I wrote you about."

"Stand back, please, Mr. Leeson; you are

in the way!" an official shouted.

As the Exelda director went back to his seat in the grandstand, the rest of the competitors were hurrying to the starting-post, and presently twenty-six keen-faced riders had placed the front wheels of twenty-six sleek-looking racing machines on the white line painted across the track.

Donald glanced along the line, and just for a moment suffered a fit of depression. It seemed so hopeless to expect to win against such an array of experienced riders on proved machines. There were sixteen riders on his left and nine on his right; the width of the track at the starting-point did not permit more than a few inches clearance between his elbows and those of his fellow competitors.



Suddenly Don's machine wobbled madly and it took all his strength to regain control. The front tyre had burst!

It seemed suicidal for so many racers to start together, and Donald, for one, decided that in a race which meant encircling the great track seventy-three times, he could afford to allow his immediate neighbours to get away before him, rather than risk a mix-up and a

crash on the starting-line.

"Get ready!" roared an official through a megaphone; and instead of gripping the handlebars tighter, as did many of his contemporaries, Donald seemed more interested in the line of checkers in the open-fronted shed, opposite the timekeeper's box. They seemed to remind him of an Aunt Sally shy at a fair. Each checker stood behind a little square box which, later on, would announce the number of laps covered by the competitor for whom he was scoring.

Donald did not hear the timekeeper counting out the seconds to zero, nor see the uplifted flag which was to signal the start. During those last few seconds the mind of Magog's rider went wandering back to the home, where his mother was no doubt wondering why her

twin sons had gone off so early.
"Five—four—three—two—go!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER Donald Shows His Skill

It was the word "Go!" that brought Donald back to his surroundings. He felt Ronald give Magog a vigorous push from behind. He saw the man on each side of him shoot away, and he wobbled a little in the rear of one of them. He noticed that one man on the extreme left slipped while pushing off, and was wrestling with his machine, which, with engine roaring, was scraping along the concrete on its foot-rest. Then, over on the right, another competitor was running alongside his mount, with an engine which refused to fire.

Donald's engine started at once, but several of the more experienced riders were sweeping up the banked curve under the footbridge—two hundred yards ahead—before he dropped into a racing position and threw open

the gas lever.

Immediately Magog responded; in a few seconds the machine was under the bridge, and sweeping round the curve in the wake of the leaders. At last Donald had started on the long trek of 200 miles—seventy-three times round that glaring white track of two-and three-quarter miles circumference.

So speedy were the crack men that they continued to draw away from the rest of the field, and Donald was falling to the rear. Nevertheless, he did not lose his head; he knew that it would be fatal to force Magog beyond its present speed until the engine

was properly warmed up.

In a short time he was flashing between the replenishment pits and the checkers' shed at the end of his first circuit. He did not see his brother's white face and straining body at the barrier of his depot; Ronald was wondering what on earth was happening to the fleet little Magog to allow over twenty numbers to get ahead of it.

"Gee! Harvey," exclaimed the mechanic in the next pen, "that Exelda of your brother's can shift some. Where did you get the speed

from?"

"Our little energiser," replied Ronald, pleased at this tardy acknowledgment.

"That Exelda won't hold up at that speed," said someone behind the pen. "What dope

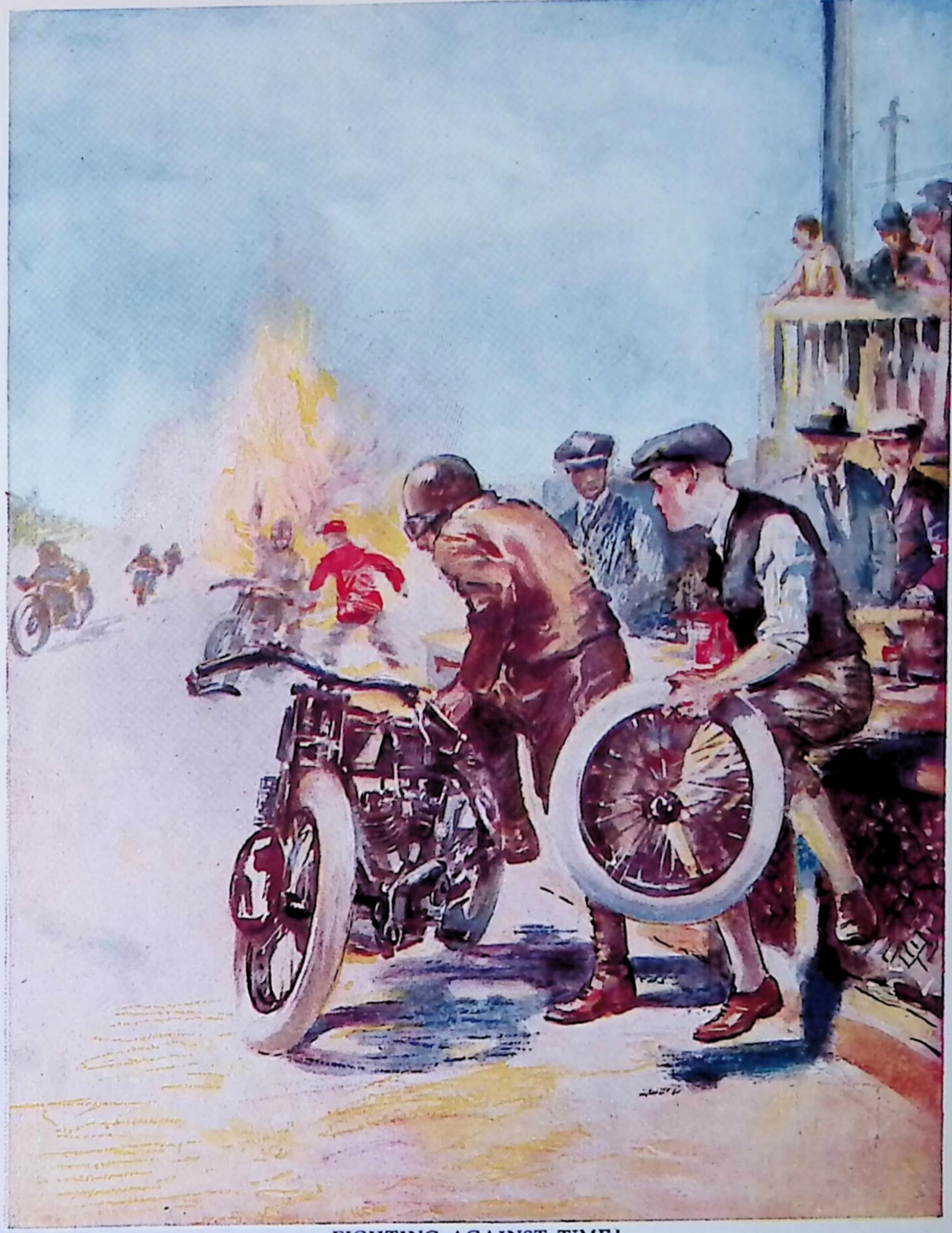
is he using? Dynamite?"

Ronald glanced across at the checkers and numbers, just as two of the leaders flashed by at the end of their second lap. Of course, it was too early to take any notice of the scoring, but Ron knew that it was not uncommon for a number to be slipped, so he meant to keep his eyes open, to see that his brother was credited with his full score.

By means of the indicators, those in the grandstand and pits could see that no fewer than three of the twenty-six riders had failed to complete the first circuit. The early stages of a long-distance race always weeds out the inferior machines, if their riders endeavour to

emulate the pace set by the leaders.

By the time the competitors had covered half a dozen laps, four were out with mechanical troubles, and their machines, with wrecked engines and gear-boxes, had been wheeled back to the workshops in the paddock; a fifth bike was at its pit, with its rider and mechanic frantically changing a buckled wheel, and a sixth man was on the far side of the track with a burst tank.



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FIGHTING AGAINST TIME!

Quick work at the repair pits in the great 200-miles race at Brooklands

what would seventy-three laps do for the to change the wheel.

twenty-one who remained?

dropped out, and Donald Harvey was lying eighth—two full laps behind the leader. At fifteen laps he was ninth, and the leader—Lee Clinton on a Moonstone—was still increasing his advantage.

Competitors now began to pull up at their depots for fuel, and Ronald expected his brother to do the same, but he dashed by on the far side of the track and hung on to the rear wheel of Lee Clinton's Moonstone, now three laps to the good.

"Your brother can't last at that pace," panted a rider at the next pit to the white-

faced Ronald.

"Lee Clinton is not out to win," ventured a mechanic. "He's just setting the pace to crack up those silly enough to try to keep up with him. One of the other two Moonstones will win this race. Where are they lying now?"

"Fifth and sixth," someone answered.

"Not a twin will finish," prophesied another mechanic. "Three are out. The Exelda leads the rest at the ninth place. Say, Harvey! I should like to bet your brother doesn't reach half distance."

"Don will not only finish," replied Ron quietly, "but he'll finish well up. He hasn't let her out yet. Wait a bit, and you'll see

what Magog will do."

Donald did not intend to stop for fuel until the twentieth lap, but at the eighteenth, to Ronald's consternation, he toured in with a flat tyre, shooting past a machine that was in flames just by the grandstand.

Before the Magog had stopped at its pen, Ronald had Gog's rear wheel outside and had

leaped over the barrier, tools in hand.

"It will be Gog and Magog, 'after all," grinned the amateur mechanic, as his brother swung himself off his machine and yanked it on to its stand, while track officials rushed by to extinguish the burning machine a score of yards away.

The time had come for the twins to put into practice the results of their rehearsals at wheel changing, and with clock-like precision Ronald passed the proper tools and lent his

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The first six laps had taken a heavy toll: aid, with the result that three minutes sufficed

"I'll fill up now," said Donald, as he At the end of ten laps, two more had, tightened the last nut. Ronald vaulted into the pen and handed out the petrol tin, as Don opened his patent filler cap. Up-ending the can, he took from his brother a special tool like a dagger, with which he stabbed the bottom of the can, to admit air to replace the petrol. Almost instantly the fuel was transferred to the tank, and the patent cap was locked with one hand, as Donald slung the empty can into the pen with the other.

> To fill up and change a wheel, Donald had taken less than five minutes, but it had cost him more than five miles. He was off again with a roar, just as Lee Clinton ran in for

petrol, five laps ahead of him.

To anyone who had not witnessed a 200mile race, such a disadvantage would have been decidedly discouraging, but Donald had noted that, the last time Lee Clinton passed, his engine had lost some of its sharp bark, denoting that its tune was deteriorating.

A glance at the scoring-board revealed many blanks, showing that the terrific pace was beginning to tell. Although five laps behind the leader, through retirements, Donald was now in the sixth position. One of the Moonstones had come in for good. It was not Lee Clinton he feared—he had guessed that the Moonstone star was out to break the others up and let in one of his team. Probably the crack rider had not reckoned on the possibility of one of his two colleagues going out, too.

Round and round the giant track the sixteen survivors raced, few knowing their positions, but Donald had the satisfaction of passing Lee Clinton, and later lapping him. He now knew for certain that the Moonstone crack had completed his task. The leader at the fortieth lap was an unknown rider, named Smith, mounted on a Success. The second man was the record-breaker Shortman, on a J.A.S., then came Cortland, on Moonstone III., and Hepwood on a Sioux, with Harvey less than half a lap behind. But Donald was thinking of those immediately behind him two more J.A.S. riders and a well-known longdistance racer on an Azana.

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Magog was going better than ever, with a good reserve of power for the concluding stages. At the fiftieth lap he was third, with only Moonstone III. and the J.A.S. ahead of him. But the Fates had decided not to let him have a straight run. On the fifty-second lap he got into a wobble, which nearly unseated him: a rider whom he had just overtaken had to make a wide swerve to avoid him. Donald knew that the tyre of his front wheel had burst, and he pottered round the rest of the track and pulled in to his depot.

So Gog's front wheel quickly took the place of Magog's, and the machine was, in truth, half-and-half-the twins' twin twins embodied in one sleek racer, fit to win the great race, in spite of the fact that there were twenty-one more laps still to be covered, and that there were several good machines

in front.

The spectators now began to get excited, and the bookmakers were revising the odds they were offering.

The positions of the leading machines at

the fifty-sixth lap were:

1. Smith (Success). 2. Shortman (J.A.S.).

3. Cortland (Moonstone).

4. Hepwood (Sioux).

5. Elton (J.A.S.). 6. Maze (Azana).

7. Phillip (J.A.S.).

8. Harvey (Magog). 9. Little (Great Auk).

10. Winton (Fallow).

THE THIRD CHAPTER All Out!

SEVENTEEN laps to go!

Ronald was almost in tears at the delay caused by the burst tyre, but his brother was off again with a roar.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the mechanic in the pen next to Ronald, "that Exelda can shift.

It's improving every lap."

In two minutes Donald was round again, hot on the heels of the Azana, which was a lap ahead; before they were out of sight, those in the grandstand saw the Exelda catch and pass the other.

excitedly, and stop-watch experts began to "clock" him.

The next time round he passed the J.A.S., and was visibly reducing the gap between him and the Sioux.

"He's lapping at eighty!" cried the man with the stop-watch, and the mechanics were leaning out of the pits like figures in a Punchand-Judy show.

All eyes were now on the Exelda and the crouching brown figure that seemed to be part of it.

"He'll never catch Cortland," prophesied an expert. "He's got the speed, but he's left it too late."

Out on the glaring track Donald rode his hardest-yet with restraint. He was riding with his head; he knew the limits of his engine, and went the limit, but not a fraction beyond. Lapping at over eighty miles an hour, he exceeded this speed as he swept off the banking, his engine screaming, so that the reports of his exhaust—nearly four thousand a minute—became a continuous note.

One by one he caught the men ahead of him and passed them until, with six laps to go, only Smith on the Success and Cortland remained in front. The Moonstone manager at the pits hastily rigged his signalling board to show the leader his position. He thought Cortland was not aware that the Exelda was creeping up, but the crack's expression, when he again passed the pits, told the pit mechanics that his engine was losing tune. He was all out past the grand stand when Harvey hurtled by and got ahead.

Donald was still a lap behind, with four laps to go. To win he had to cover eleven miles in better time than Cortland and Smith could do

in a little over eight.

It was all out now! He could not longer spare Magog's engine or his invention. So far he had not had the supercharger in full operation. His only chance to win was to turn it on and leave it on, and trust in Providence that it held up for four laps.

As he mounted the banking under the members' bridge, he pressed the supercharger lever along its quadrant, and the Magog "Harvey's going ahead," someone shouted leapt forward with startling increase of speed,

so that Harvey found himself riding perilously near the top of the banking.

He swept on to the railway straight like a bullet from a gun. Smith, streaking along at the top of the Success's speed, and thinking that the race was as good as won, saw the Exelda shoot ahead as if the race had just begun, and they had not yet got into their stride.

Harvey's heart seemed to stand still. He had never had the Magog all out before, and inside twenty seconds he discovered that steering was far from ideal at speeds over ninety miles an hour. For seventy laps Magog had steered without effort, but now it required all his strength to control the screaming machine, and he found it necessary to hold on like grim death, lest the machine got out of hand.

A long-drawn-out "Oh!" escaped the crowd as Harvey swept by at nearly a hundred miles an hour.

"Gee!" was all Ronald's contemporaries could say.

"Did you ever see an Exelda go-like that!"
hoarsely whispered someone near the Exelda's

manager, to his discomfort.

"Harvey's done miracles," said another.
"He's made an Exelda go—the one I had used to break at the steering head—as rotten as a carrot! The Exelda people can't make a motor-bike; they ought to employ Harvey as designer—"

"Cortland's finished," yelled a marshal, whose duty it was to patrol the track in case of accidents. "He's over by the aeroplane

sheds with a crocked engine!"

Smith swept by, now only half a lap ahead of the Exelda, but still going well.

By this time all the spectators were on their feet, craning their necks to peer along the



An official slipped out on to the concrete, and the winners' flag slashed the air as Don swept over the line. (See page 44.)

broad white track. Harvey went past faster than ever, and someone started to cheer.

It seemed less than a minute before a roar went up, when it was seen that the Exelda was only a few yards behind the Success.

If the two men had staged the race for a spectacular finish, they could not have done better.

Right opposite the grandstand the two hurtled by side by side, and then Harvey slowly but surely crept ahead on his last lap.

The crowd could scarcely contain itself. No one troubled to ascertain the position of the other riders, who continued to pass at more or less regular intervals. They saw—and Ronald saw—an official step cut on to the

concrete, unrolling the winner's flag. And he did not have long to wait for Harvey to be

sighted, well ahead of the Success.

The cheer that went up as the Magog and its rider swept over the line was such as had never before been heard at Brooklands, and the gatekeepers had difficulty in keeping the

crowd on the right side of the fence.

Harvey went on. He had passed the pits too fast to pull up, and it is against the rules to ride on the track in the reverse direction, so he slowed down to fifty and toured round, a little bewildered by his success; unable to think clearly, or to realise that the race was over; and that Gog and Magog, embodied in one machine, had won the great race.

Renewed cheering greeted him as he toured past the grandstand, and pulled up at his pit. He looked around in a dazed manner when a dozen or so enthusiasts pulled him off his machine, and hoisted him shoulder high for the benefit of the press photo-

graphers.

"Where's my brother?" he asked huskily. "He's won this race as much as I have, and-"

The rest of his sentence was lost in the cries of the excited crowd.

Half an hour later, a tumbler in one hand, and a sandwich in the other, Donald sat behind the pits, Ronald standing at his side.

"Those are my terms, Mr. Leeson," said Donald., "We want twenty shillings royalty on each machine fitted with the supercharger-and a hundred pounds, to-day, for the option. If you have not your chequebook with you, it will do on Monday."

"Fortunately I have my cheque-book, Harvey," replied the delighted Exelda manager. "You shall have the hundred for the

option!"

And with Donald's broad back as a support, Mr. Leeson wrote out the cheque, while twenty miles away, on the strength of a telephone message from the track, Mr. Harvey was already booking an order for an Exelda, the turn of the tide in his affairs and the real foundation stone of the present success of the big business the Harveys are building up as a result of the Twins' Twin Twins.

THE END

A SPEED CHAMPION

H. le Vack, here seen on a Brough Superior, is Britain's most famous motor-cycle speedman; he holds no less than thirty world's records. It was on a machine similar to the one shown in the photograph that he covered a measured

at 118.93 miles an hour; this was on 6th July, 1924, and constituted a world's record for

motor-cycle speed.

mile on the Arpajon

Course, in France,

"The Motor Cycle."

Photo

The Song of the Sirch!

With opologies to Tort Hood)

With a quivering, shivering frame,
With an apprehensive frown,
A schoolboy swung on the porter's back
While the dreaded birch came down.
Swish! Swish! Swish!
He swayed on his painful perch.
And still, in a wild and wailing voice,
He sang the Song of the Birch!

Big Hall was packed with boys,
And they winced at every whack;
Whilst the yells re-echoed round,
And the rafters flung them back.
Swish! Swish! Swish!
And the porter gave a lurch;
While the victim's voice rang loud and shrill—He sang the Song of the Birch!

The Head was on his throne,
On the platform of his power;
And the strokes fell thick and fast
Like the first of a thunder-shower.
Swish! Swish! Swish!
(For the tender spots he'll search).
And the victim showed that the spots were found!
He sang the Song of the Birch!

"Your punishment," panted the Head,
"Shall be ample and severe!
In future, my boy, I trust
That a straighter course you'll steer!"
Swish! Swish! Swish!
"Your name you should never besmirch!"
And the victim's song grew shriller still—
He sang the Song of the Birch!

The scene was over at last,
And the birch was laid aside:
"The school will now dismiss!"
The Head, quite breathless, cried.
"Ow! Yow! Groo!"
Yelled the victim, quitting his perch.
And still, in a voice like an Indian's yell,
He sang the Song of the Birch!