



The Enthusiast

A MAGAZINE FOR MOTORCYCLISTS

JANUARY
1944

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MOTORCYCLING *to the* **BOWLING TOURNAMENTS**



BY NELLE JO GILL

THOUGH the motorcycle miles we travel these days are greatly restricted, nevertheless, all of us have a lot of happy memories of pleasant trips taken in the good old days. Such was my trip three years ago to the Women's National Bowling Tournament in Hollywood. Now, there was a trip that had all the thrills and adventure one could ask for. I was accompanied by my friend, Eleanor Stanton, who is as enthusiastic as myself about bowling and motorcycling.

On a morning late in April, after considerable preparation, we set out from Columbus, Ohio, aboard Lotus Blossom, my red and chrome Harley-Davidson 45. The saddlebags were jammed full and a large suitcase was securely strapped to the luggage carrier. Most important of all, a new sport windshield had been installed, and was serving its purpose very nicely. I would advise anyone contemplating a long motorcycle trip not to fail to install one

of these windshields. This was my first experience with one, and I can recommend them very highly for protection against wind, sand and rain.

Eleanor and I were dressed identically on the day of our departure. Each of us was wearing black breeches, black satin shirts and black boots. We kissed everyone we knew goodbye, even to our dog "Buster", that shows how excited we were about our approaching trip.

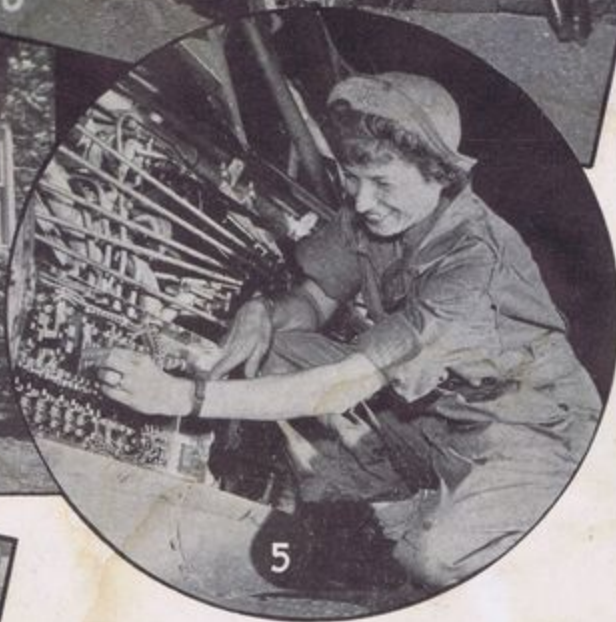


Barnstorm

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Leaving Columbus, we headed west on Highway 40 and, having loads of time, we stopped at Greensburg, Indiana, to visit with Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin. When we started out again they rode with us as far as Indianapolis. We had the oil changed at Johnnie Morgan's Harley-Davidson store and after a short visit we resumed our journey. We then rode on to St. Louis where we shifted from Highway 40 to 66. From that day on, our mileage rolled up fast. We found St. Louis a beautiful city, noted for its magnificent buildings, soldiers' memorial, zoo and beautiful parks—especially Lucas Park with its Sunken Gardens.

From St. Louis we found the scenery beautiful to Tulsa and Oklahoma City. We enjoyed the zoos, parks and lakes of this well known city. The Oklahomans are mighty friendly people. Then the rains came! We were plenty wet when we arrived in Amarillo, Texas. To make matters worse, I tried to dry my boots and the heat from the registers practically burned the soles off, and they had to be resoled in a hurry. In the meantime, we had met Eldon Beer, the dealer. We also met R. M. Mitchell and Eddie Gamble



1. The girls and two newly-made Colorado friends pose for their picture at the 1941 Tournament in Los Angeles. 2. Nelle Jo receives greetings from Milwaukee's Acting Mayor John Bohn on her trip to Milwaukee for the 1942 Tournament. On the left are Tournament officials Emma Phaler and Maurine Clasen. 3. Eleanor and Lotus Blossom. 4. The Charles Pinckards of Albuquerque. 5. Nelle Jo is now a hard-working WAC at Minter Field, California. 6. Eleanor at Grand Canyon entrance. 7. Nelle Jo snapped while home on furlough in Columbus, Ohio. Lockbourne Army Air Base photo.



who work for Eldon. We had dinner with them and their wives, and spent a most enjoyable evening. We stayed a couple of days in Amarillo visiting our new friends—and looking over their clubhouse, which by the way, is a very nice one.

Then one bright sunny day, we shoved off for Albuquerque, New Mexico, taking pictures and enjoying the beautiful scenery along the way. At Captain Egert's place, 75 miles from Albuquerque, we stopped to take pictures. Just as we were about to leave a couple on a blue 61 OHV pulled in. They said, "You two gals sure have been cooking with gas. We've been trying to catch you for two days." They introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Jack Eaton, who were Chicagoans on their way to make their home in California. We rode on together into Albuquerque. Unfortunately they were in a big hurry, and so they left us the next morning, and we have never heard of them since.

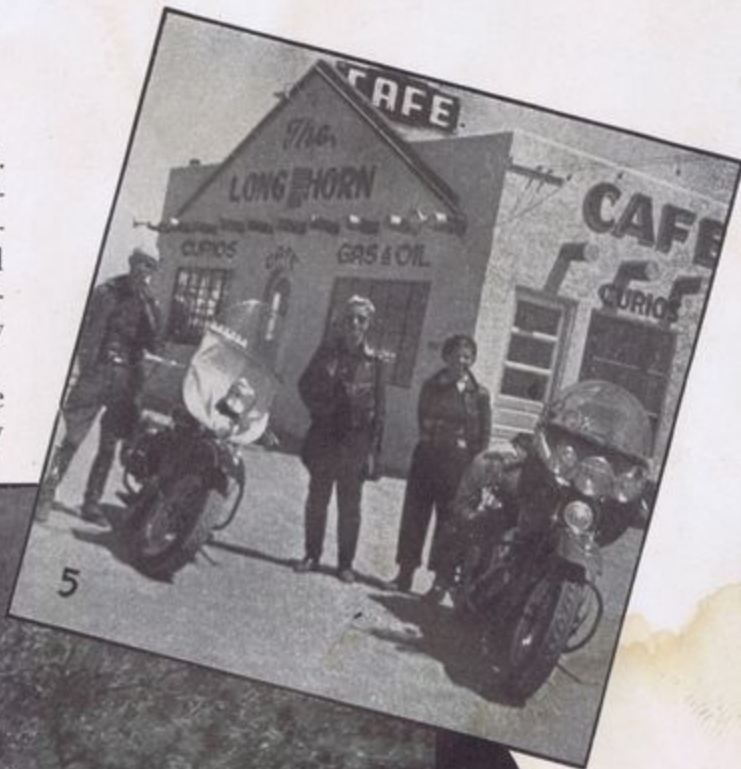
Charlie Pinckard, the local Harley-Davidson dealer and Mrs. Pinckard in-

vited us to attend a meeting of the Motorcycle Club. We did and had a swell time. They have one of the finest clubhouses, a real tribute to the progressiveness of the members who built every bit of it themselves.

On the highway again, heading west, we rode leisurely along, drinking in the strange sights. We saw snakes, eagles, jack rabbits, prairie dogs and, best of all, the little sweetheart of the desert—the burro with its long tangled hair. We stopped on the desert at Salome, Arizona, noted as an exceptionally advantageous spot from which to view the sunrise. The following morning, we saw the sun come up in all its splendor—a magnificent sight indeed. While in Salome, we believe the entire population of 250 came over to our Harley-Davidson and inspected us. But

they were really friendly and hospitable. We shall never forget the gorgeous coloring of the Grand Canyon and its immensity, nor the beauty of the Painted Desert, nor the fascination of the Petrified Forest. Arizona's highways are really marvelous and her scenery unmatched.

Halfway across California, we rode into a great canyon where a terrifically



1. The archway tells its own story. 2. Nelle Jo dons Indian head dress. 3. Frank McCartney welcomes the girls to Los Angeles. 4. They meet a burro! 5. Eleanor (center) and the Jack Eatons' snapped at Captain Egert's place. 6. Nelle Jo surveys magnificent Grand Canyon. 7. Good old Texas! 8. Desert scene!

hot gale was blowing. We were traveling about 65 when the hot blast hit us, and before we were through we were slowed down to 15 miles an hour, but we struggled along and won.

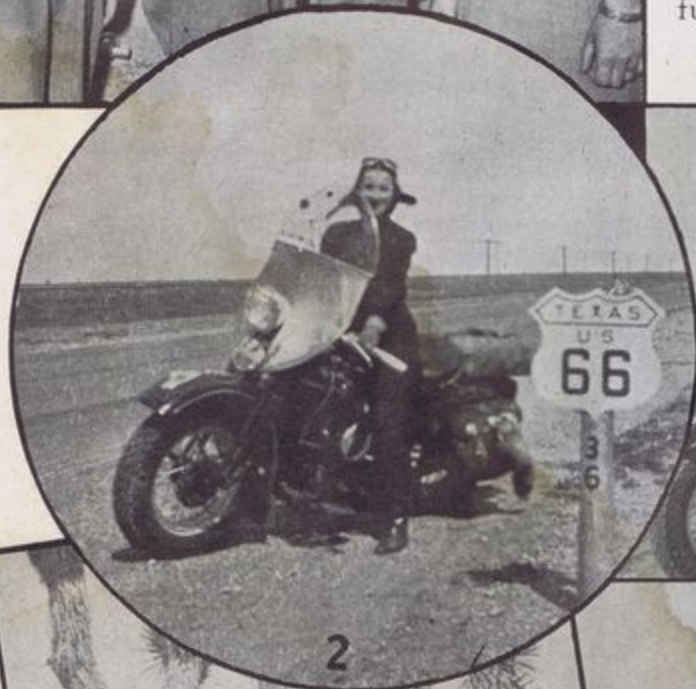
Soon we arrived in the pretty town of Pomona, where we met the Harley-Davidson dealer, Harrison Reno and his wife. They treated us royally and we lingered there a couple of days. During this time, Mrs. Reno, on her motorcycle, escorted us around Pomona showing us the sights.

The following day we rode on into Los Angeles and rode directly to the Vogue





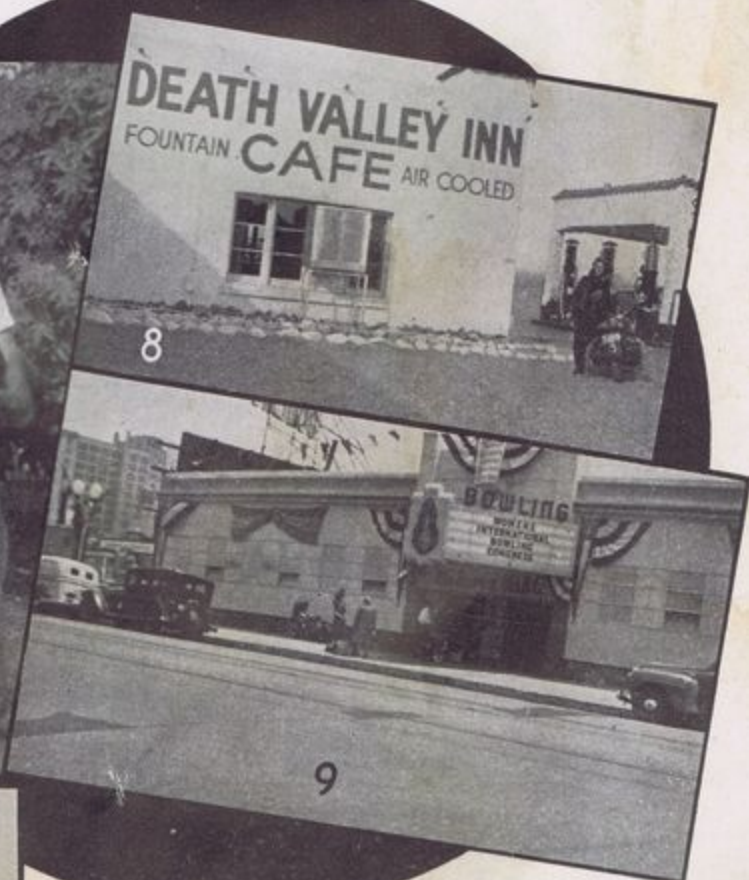
Bowling Alleys where the Tournament was being held. We were right on time too. We literally rode our Harley-Davidson right into the midst of everything as we rolled over the curb, across the sidewalk and into the lobby. We were greeted by many bowlers, movie folk and numerous Ohio girl bowlers who had arrived in California earlier. We had turned a dark brown from the sun and wind but we didn't mind our appearance because we were so glad to be in Los Angeles. Lotus Blossom behaved beautifully, purring like a kitten all the way.



1. The climax—they meet Clark Gable! 2. "Good old Highway 66 which we followed for many a mile." 3. Inspecting a lonely desert tree. 4. A good coat of tan had been acquired by the time they reached New Mexico. 5. The picturesque Painted Desert. 6. Harrison Reno, left, Harley-Davidson dealer in Pomona, California, and his mechanic. 7. Salt Lakes' famous Mormon Temple. 8. Where the air really needs conditioning. 9. Vogue Bowling Alleys — where the Tournament was held.

As much as Eleanor and I love bowling, we must confess that we didn't expect to knock down too much wood in the Tournament, but we did all right, though maybe we could have done better, but we were too thrilled and excited by all the dazzle and glitter around us. Opening night was truly spectacular. Numerous Hollywood stars led by Maureen O'Hara, Ray Bolger, Fanny Brice and Jean Parker were introduced to the visiting kegelerettes. The stars were all dandy sports and friendly. The climax of our trip, of course, was meeting Clark Gable and having our picture taken with him.

Mr. Fred Stone, Jr., was very nice to us. He showed us around the entire city. The Civic Center made the deepest impression. We even had the opportunity to do some deep sea fishing. One day, we met several girls who showed such great interest in bowling that we quickly became good friends. Two were movie extras and one a reporter for the Los Angeles Blade. They took us up into the mountains to their cabin. Did the five of us have fun! Oh yes, we also had the



honor of being the guests of Actor Leo Carillo. He has a beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

We met Harley-Davidson dealer Rich Budelier and his manager, Frank McCartney. The following Sunday, we attended a motorcycle race at Long Island and met a lot of riders. As far away visitors, we were called to the Judge's stand and introduced to the crowd. Then we

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Doing his bit as a patrolman for the Clark County, Nevada, Sheriff's Office is Dealer Earl West, on the left, of Las Vegas. Shown with Earl is Patrolman Elvin Hitchcock.

Officers Wm. C. Phillips, left, and Alwin Becker of the San Diego Police Department are shown on their Harley-Davidsons. Sandbags add a wartime note to the picture. Thora Eigenmann Photo.



Police Departments Get New Harley-Davidsons

WARTIME America, with its bustling factories, crowded streets and strained transportation facilities has placed many additional burdens on overworked police departments. With their forces seriously undermanned, Chiefs are meeting the situation by making maximum use of their motorcycle equipment. Large areas are frequently patrolled, gasoline and tires are conserved and fewer men are required to do the job. Following are listed some representative cities and communities from among the 137 departments which have to date qualified for new Harley-Davidson police models. We regret the lack of space does not permit our listing all the departments: Anniston, Montgomery, Ala.; Phoenix, Ariz.; California Highway Patrol, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Denver, Colo.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Washington, D. C.; Daytona Beach, Jacksonville, Orlando, St. Petersburg, Pensacola, Fla.; Atlanta, Ga.; Boise, Idaho; Rock Island, Ill.; Indianapolis, Valparaiso, Ind.; Burlington, Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Sioux City, Iowa; Wichita, Salina, Kans.; Louisville, Ky.; Monroe, Shreveport, La.; Attleboro, Malden, Mass.; Flint, Jackson, Highland Park, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; Biloxi, Miss.; Carthage, Hannibal, Kansas City, Mo.; Fremont, Omaha, Nebr. Belleville, Delaware River Joint Commission of Camden, E. Orange, Elizabeth, Hudson County Boulevard, Irvington, Newark, Perth, Patterson, New Jersey State Patrol, New Jersey.

COVER PHOTO

A HIGH degree of expertness is demanded of the men who ride motorcycles in the Canadian Army. Long hard hours of practice and painstaking attention to the smallest details help greatly in developing their riding skill and as a result, Canadian Army riders are widely known for their ability. Our cover photo shows a number of riders in training at Camp Borden, Ontario. The Canadian Army uses Harley-Davidsons extensively. Photograph from Canadian Army through Acme.



Though motorcycle miles are rationed these days, clubs can still get together and have fun. Look at these happy smiles displayed by members and friends of the Milwaukee Motorcycle Club at their Hallowe'en costume party.

Home Front Club News

MILWAUKEE MCY. CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.—In view of present war conditions we are unable to do as much riding as we would like to, and so we are therefore confining our club activities mostly to social events like parties, smokers and general get-togethers where we can discuss the days when rubber and gas were plentiful. About 15 of our members are now in the armed forces and on certain nights the members meet and write letters to our absent pals and these are really appreciated. Whenever some of the boys come home on furlough they generally show themselves at the club rooms and if there is time we throw a party for them and how! We are all hoping that peace may be just around the corner, and again enjoy the world's greatest outdoor sport.

Carl Griesbacher.

VALLEJO MCY. CLUB, Vallejo, Cal.—The V. M. C. is still riding and still adding members. Among our newer members are Bill Kowalski, formerly of Connecticut; Gene Jackson; Eddie Dorris of Kansas City, Mo.; Roy and Lee Lavrar from Oklahoma. Maybe some of you fellows way east o' here will know our new members. Dorris is going to Kansas City soon and may see some of you riders there. Our club activity contest has ended with the team led by Lionel Deal, Road Captain, ahead of the team of Stan Snyder.

As a reward, the team of Deal will be the guests of Snyders tail-enders at a dinner. Snyder's slouches will get the boner trophy!

One of our new members from Vallejo, Dean Reis, earned the sissy badge by his excellent portrayal of how not to start a 74 with a spring clutch! He wound her up and it went right out from under him! He'll know better next time. Our Messenger Service for Civilian Defense is moving along a little slow now but the organization policy is beginning to prove its value. Any rider passing through Vallejo is invited to stop and see us.

Ray Costa.

ELECTRIC CITY RIDERS, Scotia, New York—More enthusiasts report to THE ENTHUSIAST. On November 1, 1943, riders of Schenectady, New York and vicinity organized the Electric City Riders Motorcycle Club. We have forty-five active riders and are proud to be organized 100% A.M.A. holding charter No. 542.

We have had some very enjoyable activities since the founding of our club. Among these have been a splendid endurance run, at which members of the Amsterdam Motorcycle Club were our guests; an important talk on safe riding practice and the A.M.A. safety program by Mr. John Splittgerber; and a party which featured some entertaining motion pictures made by Mr. Splittgerber at past motorcycling events.

Our enthusiasm runs high, despite present day conditions which limit our riding activities considerably. We all look forward to the day when once again we can point our handlebars toward the far away places and pursue the horizon.

Carl J. A. Pevko, Secretary.

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WAUKESHA MOTORCYCLE CLUB, Waukesha, Wis.—It has been a long time since our club was last heard of in THE ENTHUSIAST, so this is just a line to let you know we are still hanging on. Membership has dropped down to where it hurts, but the die-hards that are left are determined to stick and see it through. We are engaged 100% in war production and wish to extend a hearty greeting to former members now in the Armed Services.

The last meeting which was held at the "Benders" residence, was a huge success. Members were treated to a venison steak supper. Lloyd proved to the gang that he still has a steady trigger finger when he shot the deer in northern Wisconsin. Bobbie (Mrs. Bender) produced a supper which disappeared as if by magic. It tasted so good that it's a shame we can't have a treat like that at every meeting.

So long for now. Be seeing you soon.

John Lewis, President.

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MAUMEE VALLEY RIDERS MCY. CLUB, Toledo, Ohio—Here are some interesting items from the local club's bulletin "Home Check." Club member T/Sgt. Spook Zehner found time recently to scribble an answer to us from somewhere in England. We hope to get more interesting news from Spook in the near future. Cpl. Lymon A. Kennedy, stationed at Fort Belvoir, Va., wants some letters from the members. He says he is quite satisfied at his Post which is about 16 miles from Washington, D. C. He has seen a lot of the country, but he still likes Ohio best. It seems that he is just a home-grown Buckeye. Wally Worf reports from the Pacific that he likes his island so well he is never going to leave it. Chet Gibson states that he is a member of the Air Borne Troops and is planning a little pleasure jaunt to Bonnie Scotland. Jackie Farver writes that the Air Borne Troops are the same old infantry—you still have to walk even after you land. Glenn Gibson has gotten to be quite a cook, Army style. With him it's a case of when it smokes it's cooking, and when it's black it's done. Jim Borer's Seabee outfit is playing poker with five dollar bills now as that is the only kind of money they have. Eddie Lovell writes frequently.

We had a nice long letter from Lt. Gordon Keene and from Lt. Andy Locken. Lyle Campbell is taking in the sights in California. Swede McGee was only 35 miles from Andy Locken for 15 months and didn't know it until he received the second issue of the "Home

Check." The Nitchke Brothers, Gene and Paul, are home on short leaves. Gene is a pilot in the Ferry Service and Paul is now an air cadet. Received a very nice letter from Jim Borer somewhere in the South Pacific. He writes that bananas are plentiful and the coconuts are so thick they are a bother. "Don't ever believe those things you see in shows about those island gals," he says, "because they don't look like Dorothy Lamour even in a grass skirt." Larry Lancaster writes that he is "getting the old urge again to drag a machine through ditches and mudholes. There is some wonderful country around there for endurance runs. I bet it would make some of the old gang cuss." Eddie Jablonsky gets his mail in care of the Fleet Post Office at San Francisco. Congratulations are in order to M/Sgt. Speedy Faulk. He has informed us that he is an air cadet at his old rating. He says if the war lasts long enough he will be a pilot, and we hope that isn't too long. Our club is holding up its end by trying to have social events. Of course, they're not as good as the old runs and races, but they will serve their purpose 'till you boys come back home. That's all—see you next month.

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SAN FRANCISCO MCY. CLUB, San Francisco, Calif.—Autumn was certainly in the air with the azure blue skies backgrounded against red and yellow fall leaves and a touch in the air that called for just a little added clothing here and there. The official runs were just about over, but the spirit of motorcycling still prevailed among the group of friendly motorcycle riders. Due to war conditions, we had been advised there would be no annual gypsy tour this year. Our members, along with others who are away fighting for us, felt as though a get-together of some kind should be held. Arrangements were made with the Diablo Motorcycle Club of Concord to hold our get-together there in conjunction with them. Most of their members, by the way, are in the Service. Those who remain at home pitched in to help us get things ready; and on the appointed day, October 10, we all got there for a day of fun. Everybody had a blue ribbon as a souvenir in remembrance of the occasion. Three trophies were given out during the course of the afternoon.

The Diablo Club members served sandwiches and liquid refreshments which our members really appreciated. About 5:00 o'clock we posed for a group picture which appears in this issue of THE ENTHUSIAST, and we all took off for home feeling that we had enjoyed a perfect day.

The following Sunday found us invited to a spaghetti feed at Ring Point put on by our good friend Mr. Honson who really appreciates the sport of motorcycling. He presented a trophy for top man in the field meet. Can you imagine cooking spaghetti and making

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MOTORCYCLING'S PIN-UP GIRLS!

• For the exclusive benefit of all motorcyclists far or near, at home or abroad, ashore or afloat, on land or in the air, we herewith present motorcycling's very own pin-up girls. These pictures were made expressly for THE ENTHUSIAST by Hyman Fink, staff photographer of Photoplay Magazine. At the top is Linda Brent who gets sawed in two each night in Orson Welles' famous "Wonder Show" of magic for service men in Hollywood. Linda, incidentally is a genuine motorcycle enthusiast. Below is Marlene Dietrich who hopped into the saddle directly from the set of "Three Cheers for the Boys". Marlene likewise appears in the Welles magic show. The Harley-Davidson belongs to John Fulton whose picture appeared on the back cover of the November issue.





Club News » » »

(Continued from page 10)

salad for 100 hungry motorcyclists? Well, it was accomplished in perfect harmony—and was it good! The blind run, a club run for boys only, completed the final official run of the year. Perfect score awards and activity plaques will be presented at our annual banquet. To wind up the 1943 riding season, we went to Casa Rando Ranch House at Nicasio for a turkey dinner. Dancing, field sports, and a baseball game were the highlights of the day. Now that the open road is forgotten during the winter months, we turn all our activity into social affairs at our clubrooms, 3249 Mission St. We held a Hallowe'en party there, which was in the form of a box social. The best decorated box lunch sold for exactly \$14.00, so you can readily understand that our girl members really know the art of decorating. There will be a Christmas tree party the 16th of December with plenty of candy, nuts, and refreshments for all, old and young alike, and with the usual exchange of gifts. So with our social life about ended for 1943, we look forward to the election of officers for 1944—with one thought in mind: All to strive for a bigger and better year. We extend our heartiest greetings for a happy holiday season to everyone everywhere.

Ginger Holbrook,
Recording Secretary.

TUMBLEWEEDS MCY. CLUB, Brockton, Mass.—Our annual dance was a howling success with Bill Coti furnishing the first four letters. The writer was asked at eleven in the evening by the aforementioned William if the orchestra was ever going to get there. All the while he was seated on a big bass drum from which came the booming accompaniment to the

San Francisco Motorcycle Club members now in Service will get a great kick out of examining this picture of the big get-together staged by their Club on October 10, at the headquarters of the Diablo Club. News of the event is on page 10.

rest of the band. Poor Sparky will never get that pint if it has to pass through our secretary's hands. Road Captain Hans Josephson put out his best in a cross-country run for the boys and it really was good. It seems he knows all the sylvan lanes and clover fields for miles around which the other boys appreciated learning about. Mr. Carlson won the high score with Mac's girl, Monty, Bill Coti and Hans himself winning prizes. Bozo Snyder is now working on the railroad. Bucket-seat McCarthy is still wheeling taxis around Boston. Ted Wynot and the writer were skunked on a recent deer hunt in New Hampshire by Wilfred Peloquin, the Harley-Davidson dealer. Wilfred bagged a nice big buck right under our noses. We also ran into the Portsmouth Harley-Davidson dealer, Frank Morris, on the trail of a deer up in that country. We'll come bouncing back again with a play-by-play account next month of more shenanigans.

Jack Pierce.

CROTONA MCY. CLUB, INC., New York City—The usual "Big Noise" around this time of the year would ordinarily have been the famous Crotona Midnight Run. But with this war going on and our best lads outdoing themselves for Uncle Sam, all we can do at home is to keep the home fires burning. Ralph Sherman, who was at Pearl Harbor on the infamous 7th is still going strong. The last we heard from him he was in Australia. Sgt. J. C. Miller, if you please, is still around various parts of the South Pacific—probably looking for a race track to limber up a bit. Ivor Walcott is a Seabee someplace where he can still

go swimming. Gordon Smith is still in Iran and has grown a most extraordinary beard. Dick Maughan is stationed in New Jersey with a "big gun" outfit. Lou Hoernig popped in the other day—the same old Lou—stationed in Texas awaiting orders. Artie Chapman has just joined the colors and is now in Camp Dix. Donald Pink is up in the Alaskan Defense Command. Russ Aveney is in Sperry's Experimental Department. Walt Cammann is still at his old job. "Happy" Haberman is still very much the same except that he is in the State Guard. Bob Dunkly is helping spread oil around—literally and actually. He is helping people convert to coal when there is no oil and back to oil when there is no coal. Reggie Pink is making millions of little pieces for the war effort.

Green Streaks.

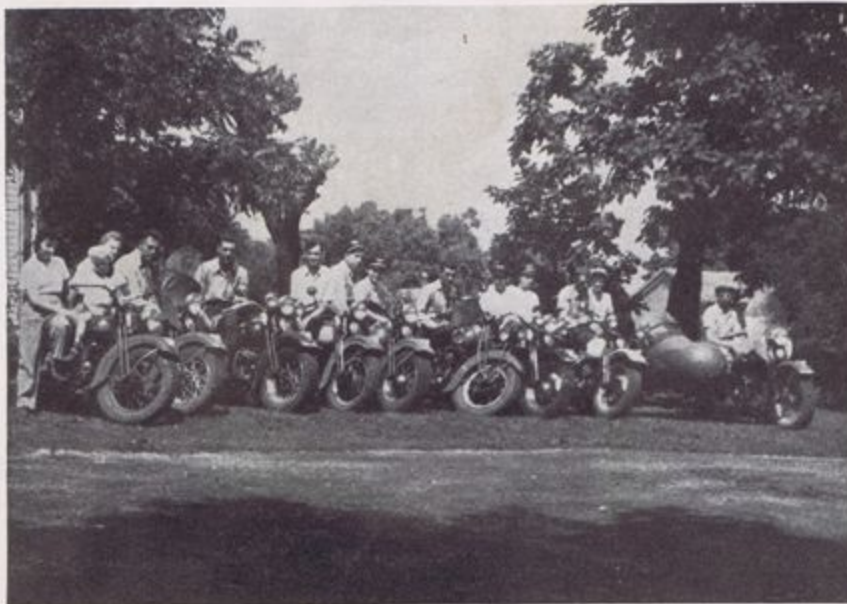
MODESTO MCY. CLUB, Modesto, Calif.—With a great deal of solemn ceremony on the morning of November 7, Leonard Andres, our popular Harley-Davidson dealer, carefully extricated two competition motors from the mothballs, brushed off the dust, and a stray spiderweb or two, for a run to Hospital Canyon. There Gene Andres of the U. S. Navy and Chet Hanchett, motorcycle instructor at Santa Ana, proceeded to run a few "bugs" out of the motors. Cooking the chili beans for 50 or more persons is not as difficult as getting together enough ration points for the ingredients. After carefully rationing her own ration points, Gladys Andres begged, borrowed, and cajoled enough points from the members to make the chili bean feed a grand success. With buns, pickles, and beer as complements, the lunch was a grand tribute to a darn good cook. Chet Hanchett was the winner of the first prize in a short "slow race." Roy Andres of Stockton took the second prize, while Gene Andres had to content himself with third. Ronny Hanchett

and Gladys Andres were the prize winners of the girls' blindfold race.

Every one of the members is saving gas points for a snow run in the near future. We are extremely lucky in living so close to the two ranges of mountains. We can take our choice of snow in the Sierras to the east or picnics in the coast ranges to the west. Pretty keen for us, huh? Harry Crosthwaite shipped out of New York for "Somewhere" in November. We have not heard from him yet. Jim Felkins of the U. S. Navy is in Hawaii. Vic McFarland was home on furlough. He is automotive instructor for the U. S. Army. Charles Noble has finished school in New York and is now stationed in Missouri. Don't think that the boys who for one reason or another have stayed home are not doing their bit, because we are. Ben Sloan is truck driver for the Modesto Fire Department. Leonard Andres and Roy Markese are volunteer firemen. They are also at the disposal of the Civilian Defense. Former State Highway Patrolman Tony Silva, who is an honorary member of the club, has been promoted and I believe he is an inspector of Radio Division at Sacramento. Tony, we are sure proud of you. We miss you but still rejoice in your promotion. The "Old Guard" of the M.M.C. are surely scattered over the four corners of the world. There are 27 of our members in the Armed Forces. We almost forgot to mention that T/Sgt. Alfred Ruddell and Pfc. "Harpo" Marks are in the air force at Stockton. See you next month.

M. Reis, Acting Secretary.

HOOSIER CRUISERS MOTORCYCLE CLUB, Connersville and Rushville, Ind.—We wish to introduce ourselves to the club world and to readers of THE ENTHUSIAST Magazine. Our club was organized last August 14, 1943, and is the first club ever in this community.



When Pvt. John Ducey, Richmond, Illinois, came home on furlough, fellow Nite Riders rode over to John's home to give him a royal welcome. John's letter appears on page 21.

We have an A.M.A. charter and all of our thirty-four members are A.M.A.

Our officers are Lawrence Porter, president; Dorse Langston, secretary; Lawrence Smith, treasurer; Harold Valantino, road captain and referee. We have obtained a site for a club house, and are going to build it ourselves as time and material permit.

An abbreviated turkey run was held the Sunday before Thanksgiving. The turkey being won by Chet Wilson. We plan to make this an annual affair. The club activity contest was won by George Winkler, first, and Harold Caldwell, second.

We have two meetings a month which are preceded by some kind of refreshments. Two of our members have gone into the Army and more are headed that way. We are trying hard to make our club a success so returning service men can look forward to organized motorcycling in this community. More from us later.

Lawrence Porter, President.

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EUGENE MCY. CLUB, Eugene, Ore.—We would like to crash THE ENTHUSIAST club columns to give all readers some information about ourselves. To make a long story short, the old club ain't what she used to be but don't let that throw you. She's still an up-and-coming organization with attendance good enough on Wednesday nights to keep the light bill paid and enough wood for hot stoving.

As our president, Ed Relyea is giving the yellow skunks in the Aleutians some sleepless nights now, we appointed a chairman from among the squirrels present to go on from there and run things on meeting nights. Runs consist of short rides through some of the most forsaken roads we can find which are not far enough from town to strain the D coupon.

The idea of the mean roads is that the fellows can get in as much riding as possible in the distance traveled. All the local squirrels turn out for the run provided it is raining

hard enough and they are native Oregonians. It is nothing to see these boys tank deep in mud looking for some place to ride. We're convinced that the Frankenstein mud monster was born when some Hollywood writer saw Casey Jones emerge from a mudhole. Speaking of mud, we were battling along a muddy road one day when we saw Lyle Metcalf climbing up on a bank, diving into a mudhole. We thought the guy had finally cracked until he rode out of the mud on that mighty R of his.

Some of the boys other than the ones already mentioned who are keeping the clubhouse clean and dry for the fighting members are Otto Purcell, Windy Whittington Smitty, Gordon Davis and the Farmer brothers.

We are proud of the long list of men we have relinquished to the armed forces. Lt. Harold L. Hepner, North Africa; Cpl. R. B. Wise, Sicily; Chief Petty Officer Ed. Relyea, Aleutians; Sgt. Ray Davis, Arizona; A/C Chet Wolf, New York; S/Sgt. Al Townsend, Tenn.; CPT Gene Kupetz, Texas; Pvt. Jack Loomis, North Africa; S 1/c. Ed Jordan, South Seas; RM/16 Clarence Raines, Washington, D. C.; A/S Ronald Byers, Oklahoma; Sgt. Randal Withers, Solomons; Sgt. Bob Kirtley, England; Seabee Paul Heise, Virginia; Capt. Howard Hayworth, Wyoming; Sgt. Jay Brownfield, Alaska; Sgt. Wayne Rebman, Florida; Pfc. Lyle Deffenbacher, Georgia; Cpl. Jimmy Johnson, Oregon; Cpl. Otis McBee, Montana; Pfc. Dan Murphy, England; and Fred Emerson, Oregon.

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WARREN BUCKAROOS MCY. CLUB, Warren, Ohio—Sunday, November 21, we had our annual turkey run which was laid out by the Harley-Davidson dealer Harry Hamilton and Paul Shafer. Twenty-five motorcycles with most all carrying double left the Harley-Dav-

idson shop at 10:30 in the morning with everyone determined to win a prize, especially the turkey. Up until 1:00 P. M. we hadn't encountered any mud, only rough territory and then it began to rain which was all we needed for the fun to begin. This run was in the form of a treasure hunt with tickets being hidden at twelve separate stops on the run. One stop, with tickets hidden in a rock crevice where you had to crawl about ten feet to get them, was a real fat man's misery.

The trail led through the Silica Sand Works which is really tough going with everyone helping the others to tug and push.

The winners were Mickey Vucinich, first, turkey; second place was won by Fred Kostelak who got a duck and John Heagle took a chicken for third place. Three former riders now in the service were lucky enough to get home on furlough enabling them to enter the turkey run. They were Marine Cpl. Jack Robinson, a veteran of the Guadalcanal campaign and also veteran of the Jack Pine and Columbus Endurance Runs. His brother, Richard Robinson, and Pvt. Melvin McGrill were the other two servicemen to enter and we were mighty glad they were here to go with us. Sgt. Norman Zettlaw also home on furlough from Tacoma, Wash., was unable to attend because of a big dinner given him by his relatives.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the Run and here's hoping each and every rider now in the service will be back and eager for our next Turkey Run.

Marion Hamilton.

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PEORIA MCY. CLUB, Peoria, Ill.—Our annual chicken fry was held on Sunday, the 7th of November, as planned. The affair started out with a secret little party that the Auxiliary had planned without letting any one of the men know about it. When the tables were all set except the two cakes, each of which had five candles, the reason being the Aux-

iliary was celebrating its tenth anniversary, everyone, except the Auxiliary members, was ordered upstairs so that the finishing touches could be put on things. When the old cow bell was sounded, everyone came down the stairs slowly, double file, and all seemed to be amazed at the wonderful layout that was staring them in the face. There was a short talk given by Mrs. Donald Mack, centering around two of the charter members who are doing a lot toward the Auxiliary affairs. These two are none other than Mrs. A. O. Walters and Mrs. Harold Walker. They got a big hand as well as the Auxiliary did as a whole for doing such a swell job putting this affair over.

We had a card from our old friend Dave Woodward last week. He is well even if he is a prisoner of war in Germany. All of you fellows will be glad to hear that he is OK. Our chicken fry expert is recovering from an operation on his competition leg. He was in misery the day of the big fry but he carried on just like always. Do you know who I mean? Well, I'll tell you, it was none other than A. O. (Bruce) Walters to all of us fellows. The fry would have been sadly interrupted if he had been unable to be there. We send our regards to Gerald Kiesow who sent us a nice card last week stating he gets *THE ENTHUSIAST* each month. The picture which will appear in the *AMA NEWS* shortly of our club house does not do it justice because the weather was bad and, after all, it's only the outside you see. The interior decorating job was done by Bert Strasser and his wife, a job we are all proud of. They deserve a lot of credit.

John T. Hughes, Secretary.

* * *

INDEPENDENT MOTORCYCLE CLUB, Cleveland, Ohio—I was the President until I enlisted in the Navy two months ago. Please



Dealer Jos. Blasius of Idaho Falls, Idaho, put up plenty of good ack-ack on his goose hunting trip into the Grays Lake country. He got his limit the first day.

DAVIDSTORMERS.CO.UK



send me my copy of THE ENTHUSIAST to address on the envelope.

Our Club has 35 members in the Armed Services of the country. We started the summer with five acting members. We signed up new members all summer until we had 30 motors on the road every Sunday. We had two bang-up Wiener Roasts to start off the summer. Then we threw one amateur time run of 60 miles. Gasoline shortage held the run down to 10 riders. The two gallons of oil for first prize went to Wally Hill and Abie from the Great Lakes Motorcycle Club. Second prize to Bob Green from Independent Motorcycle Club and third prize went back to Great Lakes—Harry Poorman and Kitty Cad. We rode every Sunday until the 15th of September when we held a get-together at Bob Schelosky's uncle's farm. It was a bang-up success, cost the Club \$105.00 altogether with prizes for both riders and their lady-friends. George Kug took most of the prizes with Bob Green coming through again and winning the TT Race. This is one Club that just keeps getting bigger and bigger and when the boys come home from the fighting fronts all over the world, they will find the Club intact.

Elected a new president when I quit, namely, Paul Renko. He will keep the Club going with Bill Schindle's help. We do have a time getting the fellows down to keep the Club-house cleaned out. We held a Halloween Party on the 30th of October and it cost the Club \$180.00. That was raised by having a big Raffle among the members. The party turned out to be a huge success. The president didn't show up on account of he went out Saturday afternoon and celebrated his going away and slept through the party. Everybody showed up at the Club meeting Sunday with a big head. We hold our meetings on Sunday at 1:00 o'clock to take care of swing shift workers. Any of you riders who stop in

Introducing four Canadians now on active duty with the Canadian Army overseas. Left to right are Bill Rollingson, Lethbridge, Alberta; Tom McGuire, Edmonton; Bill Foster, Edmonton; and Norton McCallum also of Edmonton.

Cleveland, stop in at our Club Rooms at 5365 St. Clair Avenue and we will try to show you a good time.

Karl Stone A/S.

* * *

WEST ALLIS MCY. CLUB, Milwaukee, Wis.—We start out our 1944 ENTHUSIAST news for the home front by giving the whereabouts of our good members in the Service. Cpl. Strizic, the first man to answer his Country's call from the Club after spending 23 months in the Canal Zone is now wheeling a 2½-ton truck around Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Cpl. Harold Wikel is in the Engineer Port Repair Ship Company. He was stationed at Oakland, California, but was last heard from at New York. Erving Wikel, father of Cpl. Wikel and a grandfather of Harold's two-month old baby boy says that a grandfather isn't too old to fight for his Country. Wikel, Sr., is waiting for a call from the Navy which he hopes to enter as a seaman, 1/c.

M/Sgt. Charles Lakosh did all right for himself in receiving his stripes as Master Sergeant in about eighteen months' time. You will find Sgt. Lakosh at Camp Sutton, North Carolina, where he is in charge of the 691st Sta. Engr. Equipment Co. Cpl. Vernon Lowell is at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. Cpl. Gilbert Schubert, known to the club as our "grease monkey," left Camp Meade, Maryland, to attend a motor school at Atlanta, Georgia. We all know that the hard working Gil will make the grade with the best of luck from all your fellow members, Gil old boy. Cpl. Johnn Warren is still improving his knowledge on aircraft and can be found at Cochrane Field, Macon, Georgia. Cpl. Cliff Swanson and Pfc.

Fred Vertcnik are still traveling together and are now at Nashville, Tennessee. LeRoy Radloff and his twin in motorcycle life, Geo. Arendt, are still together at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. Pfc. Vincent Panka can be found at Woodward, Oklahoma. Pvt. Joe Lutz was last heard of as a truck driver at Camp Roberts, California.

Cliff Jensen is at Ohio State University, pulling everything out of his head but his hair in order to make his grades in an 18-month engineering course which the Government has allotted him. We are all pulling for you, Cliff. Merlin Meneau, our Coastguard member was last heard of at a Diesel School somewhere in New York. Pvt. Harold Barac, a member liked by all, is the only one at present from our Club on foreign soil. Harold is spending the winter in Iceland. A/S Johnny Etier is on his last lap as an Air Cadet so it won't be long when we will have to call him Lieutenant. May all your grades be good ones, Johnny. He is at San Antonio, Texas. A/S Al Versnik, an outstanding member, is about two months behind Johnny as an Air Cadet. We all know that Al is studying hard to come out of school with a flying degree. Al is at Clinton, South Carolina. Pfc. Edward Wichner, a good guy and a member who can't be beat, is at a Marine Base in San Diego, Calif.

George (Bud) Anderson, S.F.3/c, the oldest youngest member of the Club is a Seabee down at a Seabee Base in Mississippi. Carl John Miller was the last boy to leave and also took to the Seabee duties and is at Danisville, Rhode Island. This ends up the membership of the West Allis Mcy. Club in the Armed Forces. These boys are the most highly hon-

ored members of our Club. Recently home on a furlough was Cpl. Cliff Swanson. Cliff spent a short time with the Club.

Our outstanding meeting for the month was the one of November 18. We had a little get-together with former members of the Club and had members of other clubs with us. The president and all the former presidents of the Club took part in this gathering.

Two former members, Walter Haupt and Ralph Montgomery were both given decks of cards. A little gift was given to Bob Borkin-hagen as the youngest member of the Club. The two oldest members of the club, old man Sweda, and President Geo. Rellatz each got a cane. The guest of honor was Commander John W. Ciscel who received a gavel with which to conduct his civilian defense dispatch unit meetings. The speakers of the evening were L. C. Sagemueller, Master of Ceremonies, Leon Hibler, coach of West Allis High School and Commander Ciscel. The gathering was topped off with the showing of moving pictures of some of the past club picnics and club events. Refreshments were also served.

Herb Siegfried.

* * *

PARK CITY MCY. CLUB, Bridgeport, Conn. —Happy New Year! And let's hope this war is over soon so we can all get together again. We are beginning our eleventh year as an A.M.A. club with 135 members, 33 of whom are in the Service. New members taken in last month are Andrew Farkas, Julius Farkas and Russ Kirby. Club member George Brown joined the Air Corps.

It certainly has been cold and the boys have been hugging the stove in the club rooms every night and the pool table is kept busy. Carl Back and Martin Wallo are last month's pool champs with George Benway and Bruce Clark second. The bowling team has won three more matches and next month they will roll it

As the Nazi armies "advance toward their rear according to plan" in Italy, they systematically blast bridges and roads. Allied trucks and other vehicles are shown fording a stream somewhere in Italy. Signal Corps Photo.



BARNSTORMERS.CO.UK



Presenting Pfc. Dolores L. Hamilton, Motor Transport Dvn., Camp Patrick Henry, Newport News, Virginia. Dolores is the daughter of our Pittsburgh dealer, S. C. Hamilton.

off with the girls' team. Letters have been received from Harry Johnson, Anthony Sorrentino, Tony Mastriano, Joe Dziedzic, Jimmy Zacharias, Paul Miazga, Harry Deming, Wally Matyka, Darwin Kovacs, Charles Strenkowski, Andy Petro and Louis Maietto who are all in the Service.

We have also received letters from Dick Carver of the Akron Aces, Archie H. Dedman of the Lexington Eagles of Kentucky, Tony Fardella of Fergus Ontario, Joe de Alba, Jr., of Texas and Arthur M. Ritz of Buckley Field, Colorado. We guess this club is known all over the earth by the mail we receive, but keep it coming riders and friends, the address is 277 Noble Avenue, Bridgeport 8, Connecticut.

Castonguay has lined up ten of the members for a racing team after the war. Our club was enriched by a \$20.00 gift from Cyril Mullins, a local undertaker, for saving his two hearses and three limousines at a fire. Yours truly, along with Carl Abbondolo and Steve Gaglione were the members who drove them out of the fire. The blackout of the city has been over for a month now and all the town is lit up like a Christmas tree again and it sure is a pleasure to drive at night now. Members have been busy scraping the paint off their headlights. Mayor Jasper McLevy was elected again. This is his sixth term in office. Jasper is a good friend of the Club and a good mayor too.

S/Sgt. Harry Johnson writes that he was put on K.P. duty for having his shirt off after 6:00 P. M. Cheer up, Hank, it won't be long now before you can keep it off for good if you want to. Carl Wallins, Carl Matkowski have their machines in the paint shop. Bob Graham and Anne Vittoriosa don't care how cold it gets, they are out riding every time they can get some gas. William Perry is working nights and buzzing his two hacks around in the day-

time. Ricardo Tittle is still looking for another crossbar to put more lights on his motorcycle. Russel Steiz is looking for a sidecar. Carl Abbondolo and Joe LeBarber are still riding their soup jobs to work, snow or rain can't stop them. John Paul has put his fast racing machine away for the winter. Elliot Morse is putting on weight after his operation. J. Wakeman Hill still rides down to town every Tuesday night to attend the State Guards. Al Hildebrandt rides home every weekend. Martin Wallo drops in to the Club every Sunday night to do a little practicing on the pool table and also does Charlie Bouffard. Reginald Britton is on the road for Sikorskis. Paul Miazga writes that he likes the Sea Bees very much. Tony Mastriano is doing very good for himself at Camp. Anthony Sorrentino, I mean Sergeant, is doing very fine in Florida. Sgt. Whitney Holland was home last month for a few days from Texas. Wally Matyka writes he is stationed in the best place in the world. There are plenty of girls he says. For your information, he is in the state of Pennsylvania. Frank Majansik was held up by a couple of bandits who stabbed him and he was in the hospital for three weeks but he is OK now.

Herb Hansmann, Secretary.

• • •

TRIANGLE MCY. CLUB, Marion, Ohio—Here's some news about the members of our club and where they're located. T/Sgt. Paul Elsey and Sgt. Roy Russell met in London, England, recently for a 48-hour get-together. Their letters sounded very happy over the meeting. M/Sgt. Tommy Thompson and Cpl. Carl Bolinger are in Africa. The last letter we had from 1st Lt. J. P. Keegan was from Egypt. Sgt. Eddie Hill is somewhere near Italy. The rest of the boys are still in the States as follows: Cpl. Gerald Reynolds, Camp Wheeler, Ga.; Pfc. Red Kull, Keesler Field, Miss.; Pfc. Corea Tubbs, Wilmington, Cal.; Pvt. Marvin LaRue, Camp Edwards, Mass.; Pvt. Carl Jones, Denver, Colo., at Lowry Field. A/S John E. Roupp has just received his pilot rating at Nashville, Tenn. A/C Luther Amrine is in Americus, Ga., where he is taking his advanced training as an air cadet. Luther had a few days home recently to see his wife and new baby daughter. Dick January, our youngest club member, in the Navy has been seeing some action in the Pacific. Sam Vulgamore recently left for the Navy and is training at Great Lakes, Ill. Bill Miller left a few weeks ago to start training

Somewhere in the Pacific, Harley-Davidson owner Ken Howard, Fireman 1/C dreams of his home in Marietta, Illinois, and the good times he used to have on his mount.

for the Coast Guards at Brooklyn, N. Y. Cpl. Chuck Dudley is our only Marine and is a motorcycle instructor at Camp Lejeune, N. C. He just bought himself a 1941 Harley-Davidson with sidecar. Corporals Harold Ault and Glen Dane, Jr., who were instructors in the motorcycle department at Fort Knox have been transferred to other departments. Harold is in the Wheeled Vehicles Department and Glen, Jr., is in the Tanks. Harold was home last week on leave.

To all the boys we want to say we missed you so much on November 14, when Glen and I held Open House for all our riders and friends in celebrating our Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary and also the ending of our twenty-fifth year in the motorcycle business. We had a grand day and received so many lovely gifts, cards and flowers. Glen, Jr., and Harold Ault were with us for the day and we wished many times that the rest of our boys could have been here too. There has not been much club activity going on but the gang still meets every Friday night at the clubhouse. They have put most of the club money into war bonds and will be ready for the race meets and parties when you all get back home. Good Luck and Best Wishes.

"Ma" Dane.

Motorcycling to the Bowling Tournaments

(Continued from page 7)

were asked the inevitable question: "What do you think of the West?" Naturally we could answer "fine" truthfully and with plenty of enthusiasm.



The following week we were escorted out to Victor McLaglen's Motorcycle Troop headquarters. The boys are striking in their black and white uniforms and mounted on similarly colored motorcycles. Our hats are off to them for the difficult stunts and drills they can perform. We have never seen anything to equal it.

The days were slipping swiftly by. They were days crowded with activity—we were always on the go somewhere it seemed. We hated to think of leaving our many friends and also my aunt and uncle, but we were scheduled to be back in Columbus by June 8, for the Charity Newsies Parade.

Regretfully, we pulled out of Los Angeles one nice hot Sunday afternoon, heading north through the desert. Every now and then, we'd stop to take pictures, admire the ever-changing scenery or to examine an object that caught our fancy.

We'll never forget Salt Lake City. It is indeed an attractive metropolis with its fine stores, historic buildings and famous Mormon Temple. We left Lotus Blossom at the Harley-Davidson dealer's for a checkup while we wandered down the street. Who should we meet in a dime store, but five girls from Columbus. What a reunion we had! Later, Eleanor and I went for a nice salty swim in Black Stone Lake and we burned some more—it was like baking with a salty crust. Af-

Motorcycling has a deep fascination for sailors! Here's another of Uncle Sam's Navy men who owns a Harley-Davidson. He is Ray Fischer, S. 2/c, U.S.C.G., Port Aransas, Texas.



FOR **V**ICTORY

Buy **U. S. WAR BONDS**
AND STAMPS *Today!*

ter our swim, we ate dinner, got Lotus Blossom ready and were on our way. It was so simple when we got these unpredictable urges to leave suddenly. Just grab our things, kick over Lotus Blossom and away we'd go—instant transportation—as comfortable and convenient as a magic carpet. We often think back of all we did and how we traveled. It's great—try it sometime, after the war, of course.

The next state was Wyoming—one of the states we always think of when referring to the old romantic west. The Cheyenne Harley-Davidson dealer was very courteous and helpful, and we enjoyed our short stop in this town, famous as the "Granddaddy of the Frontier Days."

Next stop was Denver where we met Dealer Gifford Henderson. He was very good to us. From this mile-high city Lotus Blossom carried us swiftly and surely over Highway 36 to Kansas City. Next day we crossed Missouri and then entered Illinois. After reaching Indiana, we found we couldn't get to Indianapolis so we stopped for the night. Bright and early we resumed our journey. What a beautiful day! Maybe we just imagined it was extra nice as we expected to be home in Columbus by noon. We had to be as the Charity Newsies Parade was scheduled to start that noon.

About 15 miles from Columbus, we noticed a motorcycle approaching. First it appeared to be a lone rider, but when we

came closer we found there were two riders and they were Eleanor's father "Pop" Stanton and her brother Jack. Gosh! were we glad to see them. "Pop" incidentally is one of the Buckeye Club's oldest riders and a grand fellow.

We arrived home in time for the parade and had a marvelous afternoon. It was swell being back in good old Columbus Town even though we did like the West. And that's the story of Eleanor's and my trip to the 1941 Tournament.

The following year, the Women's National Tournament was held in Milwaukee in May. This time I was going alone. I rode through rain from Marysville, Ohio, to Fort Wayne, Indiana. Then it turned to snow—and what a storm! I ate lunch here, loaded my Harley-Davidson with gas and battled my way through Chicago towards Milwaukee. It was as cold on this trip as it had been hot on the California tour.

In Milwaukee, I rode right to the bowling alleys where I was greeted by the acting Mayor of Milwaukee John Bohn, and we had our picture taken—it was a proud moment. My bowling in the tournament was satisfactory, but nothing to rave about. I also had a pleasant visit at the Harley-Davidson Factory. When the tournament was over I headed across Lake Michigan to visit my Aunt, Mrs. Floyd Sauvage in Flint. A week-end there and once again I headed home for Columbus.

All those happy carefree touring days are gone now for the duration. In May, I joined the Women's Army Corps and took my "Boot" training at Ogelthorpe, Ga. Now I'm at Minter Field, California. It's a real thrill to be doing my little bit for the war effort as a mechanic and electrician on planes of all types. But I've not forgotten bowling completely. I was in Los Angeles recently and rolled a game of 245, which won a nice gold pin for me and reassured me that I can still get those strikes. As for motorcycling—there'll be more fine trips when we've cleaned up on Hitler and Tojo.

The Enthusiast

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE FOR MOTORCYCLISTS

Published monthly by

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY

3700 W. Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

Sent free to all factory-registered owners of Harley-Davidson motorcycles. . . . To all others, the subscription price is 50 cents for one year.

Special Note: Be sure to notify us immediately of any change in your residence giving both your OLD as well as your NEW addresses. THE ENTHUSIAST is mailed third class and therefore does not enjoy the forwarding privileges of first class mail.



From the Mailbag . . .

Yearns for Army Riding!

Camp Gordon, Georgia

I am enclosing a snapshot of a group of riders who gathered at my home in Richmond, Illinois, during my furlough. Most of them are fellow members of the Nite Riders affiliated with the Watch City Riders of Elgin, Illinois. We have always been together ever

since I purchased my 1938 Harley-Davidson 61 OHV three years ago. Many a mile have we ridden side by side whether on an old motorcycle, a large one, or a small one. There was never a letdown—just good and happy motorcycle miles. (See photo page 14.)

This summer my Harley-Davidson has served me well with the little care and attention a cavalryman can give it on a training schedule. Seldom do I ride solo and the runs are hard and long. Worst of all was my trip home when the motor never stopped turning for 28 hours save for gas and oil. I'd give my best boots to ride in some hot cycle troop. Maybe my day will come yet. My 61 is far from done, but I'm looking forward to the day when there will be new motorcycles and plenty of gas and tires—the sun will never set twice on me in the same place.

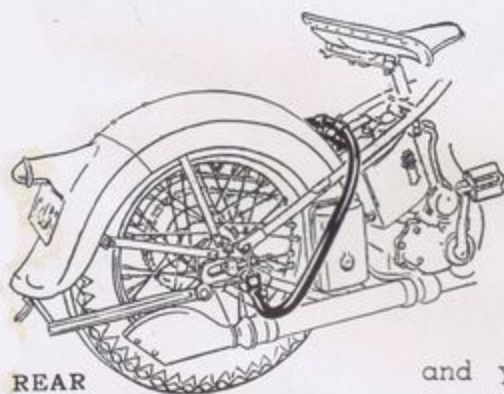
Pvt. John E. Ducey.

. . . .

Dreams of the Day When

Fleet P. O.,
San Francisco, Calif.

I am writing to thank you for sending me THE ENTHUSIAST. I sure am glad to receive it as I get so much news from it. I let all of the other fellows read it and they all enjoy it as much as I do. One of the boys asked me the other day if we really climbed hills, on our



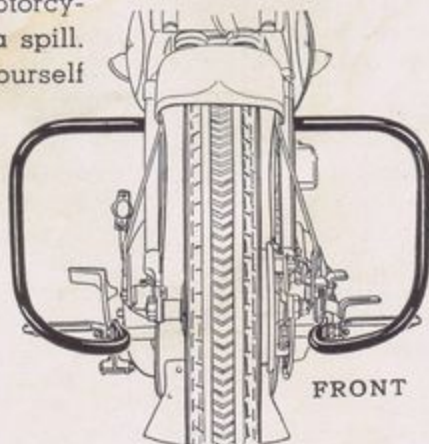
REAR

SAFETY GUARDS!

Harley-Davidson front and rear Safety Guards are the most outstanding accessories ever designed for the protection of the motorcyclist. Unbelievably strong, they prevent serious injury to the rider and damage to the motorcycle in the case of a spill.

You owe it to yourself

and your motorcycle to investigate the wonderful protection these guards can give you. They are sturdily constructed of special tubing and are designed to withstand severe shocks. When your motorcycle is equipped with both front and rear Harley-Davidson guards, it will rest entirely on these guards when lying on its side. Fall in line with the nationwide safety movement sponsored by the A.M.A. Equip your motorcycle with these approved safety features.



FRONT

FRONT SAFETY GUARD (specify year and model).....\$5.50
REAR SAFETY GUARD (specify year and model).....5.50

SEE YOUR DEALER

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.



Navy Officer Ed Relyea, Eugene, Oregon, tries out Police Officer Ernie Lowvring's 74 OHV on Ed's leave. Ernie recalls the old days in a letter on this page.

of cycle events of the past and also of the future which made it a very pleasant Wednesday evening for all. And as far as that goes, we're still keeping the Eugene Motorcycle Club going as strong as we can with the remaining members.

I hope this picture is worthy of publication, for Ed's sake. Thanking you in advance, I remain sincerely yours,

Ernie Lowvring.

Praises the Harley-Davidson 45's

Canadian Army Overseas

Just a line in between rolls to let you know that the little old book is landing here Okay and to thank you for keeping it coming. After I get through digesting it, the rest of the boys do the same, in turn, and as there is quite a bunch of us, it is pretty well thumbled by the time it reaches the end of the line. Judging from the comments and the addresses I have, the factory is due for an avalanche of visitors after we get back. These addresses will be forwarded to you in due course, and as they are all "homes," they are submitted with a view to receiving THE ENTHUSIAST after the war.

The "old reliable" is sure making quite a name for itself and is exceeding its own past swell performances. We are all happy and satisfied with our mounts and get in a good day's work with horse and rider none the worse for wear. On behalf of all the boys in my outfit, please thank all the folks at the factory for helping to keep us rolling. They're sure doing a swell job.

Once again, thanks for THE ENTHUSIAST; and may we soon be able to enjoy it at home in peace.

Sgt. John H. Terry.



motorcycles and I told him that some of us did but then again some of us didn't.

I am looking forward to the day when I can get home and ride my good old 61 OHV again. Where I am overseas, motorcycles are very high. Most of the machines that you see are Harley-Davidsons. I have been on many a trip on a Harley-Davidson and I don't know of a better sport than motorcycling. I saw in the August ENTHUSIAST where one of the boys mentioned that he knew Tommy Hays. Well, there were a lot of people who knew Tommy and they will all say that he was one of the best riders who ever rode a Harley-Davidson.

Wm. Newman Bryant, Jr., S-2/c.

Club Reminiscences!

Eugene, Oregon

Enclosed you'll find a picture of two motorcycle riders, Ed Relyea, Navy officer home on leave and owner of many Harley-Davidson motorcycles before entering the Service, and Police Officer Ernie Lowvring, also owner of a 1941-74 OHV—and a very fast job it is, too. It'll go just 100 miles per hour in third gear and keeps hollering for more and harder punishment, and I know that it will take it or it wouldn't be a Harley-Davidson.

Ed Relyea, before entering the service, was president of the Eugene Motorcycle Club—and what a president he was! When Ed was president of the Eugene Motorcycle Club, I was vice-president of the same club. Every Wednesday evening—club night—the clubhouse would be full of good old motorcycle riders—90% Harley-Davidson cycle riders—and how we'd discuss hillclimbs and all kinds

Recovering nicely from his wounds at Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, New York, is Cpl. George De Ruvo shown aboard his recently acquired pride and joy.

Baristormers.com

"Here I am while touring in Mexico. Snap was taken near Monterrey with famous Saddle Mt. in the background." The tourist is Pfc. Dave Darbyshire, formerly of Lima, Ohio.

Pan-American Travel Dreams!

A.P.O. 724, Seattle, Wash.

Howdy, cycle fans! It's been a long time since the writer has heard from or about any of his former Badger Club members of Milwaukee. Here's hoping some of the lads from back there get to read this. After maneuvers on the Mojave Desert, during which time I was a cycle mechanic, my outfit was sent up here on the Alaska Highway. This country is plenty tough on all vehicles, but I am sure any and all of it could be traversed by my good old Harley-Davidson 45. There are several former Harley-Davidson riders in my outfit, and we all are looking forward to the time when we can see the good old places we used to haunt.

Recently I received a letter from one of my buddies who is in the Navy now. Namely, Ole Alstad, and he asked me to make a 10,000-mile motorcycle trip through this Hemisphere with him after this shindig is over. With God's help and a new 61 OHV job, I am going to help him with that date. Best of luck to all the gang, and let's hear from some of you.

Sgt. Kenneth "Wimpy" Beschta.

* * *

From a Detroit Rider

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

I wish to express my deep thanks to the Harley-Davidson Company for so generously sending THE ENTHUSIAST to us riders in the Army. I have been a Harley-Davidson owner for the past 16 years and I feel that they are the best that money can buy. As a long-time rider of your product, I want to congratulate your company for the fine workmanship which goes into every Harley-Davidson. I am also a member of the American Motorcycle Association. As a member of the Armed Forces con-



nected with motorcycles, I have taught many men to ride motorcycles. Harley-Davidsons have proved their dependability in service where a dependable bike was needed to complete the mission. I am a member of the Road Kings Club of Detroit and a former president of this Club. I am proud to welcome the new and up-and-coming bike riders in the Armed Forces through the medium of THE ENTHUSIAST. Best of luck and happy landings to the boys overseas.

Cpl. Herbert Burke.

* * *

"Those Harley-Davidson Army 45's Sure Take a Beating"

A.P.O. New York, N. Y.

Upon entering the Army, I had to put away my Harley-Davidson 61. It will be three years in February that I have been in the Army, and during that time I have been riding motorcycles steadily both as a rider and as a mechanic. So you can see I have really put a lot of miles on the Army motors. Those Harley-Davidson Army 45's sure take a beating and really stand up. And I can tell you they really get some rough treatment overseas. I have also been all over North Africa. During my time in the Army I have had the pleasure of riding six new machines. Oh, yes, I hail from Sioux City, Iowa, and used to belong to the Soo Cycle Club but moved to Eugene, Oregon, in 1940, so my home is now in Oregon. (I am enclosing a picture of myself.) The name on the machine is "Roamer"—a good name because it really gets around. I average about a thousand miles a week.

Cpl. Robert B. Wise.

The smiling Corporal is Bob Wise photographed in Sicily. In the adjoining Column Cpl. Wise tells about the beating the Army Harley-Davidson 45's are taking and standing up.



Washington, D. C.
November 27, 1943

To the Men and Women
of the Harley-Davidson Motor Company
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I am pleased to inform you that you have won for the second time the Army-Navy Production Award for meritorious services on the production front.

You have continued to maintain the high standard that you set for yourselves and which won you distinction more than six months ago. You may well be proud of your achievement.

The White Star, which the renewal adds to your Army-Navy Production Award flag, is the symbol of appreciation from our Armed Forces for your continued and determined effort and patriotism.

Sincerely yours,

Robert P. Patterson
Under Secretary of War

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR COMPANY

★ ★

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

★ ★

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