

(3). TITLE.:- MOTOR CYCLE GRAND NATIONAL.

Picture.:- It's a mass start. As they dash for their machines they have the knowledge that they have 30 miles of swampy moor to cover.

They don't all get away to the kick, but when they do, they stir up the mud and make the air thick with fumes.

It's hard, very hard, going ! Not a bit of a joy ride ! Because it's a Lancashire versus Yorkshire affair, they call it a Battle of the Roses ! Never was a race --

--so badly misnamed; for it always seems to --

--take place in the worst weather we can produce. Nothing is more remote than roses on the moor, to-day !

Crowds climb the hill in anticipation of thrills. They get plenty of excitement for their effort. Some of the struggles they see are --

--very, very strenuous. Many of the machines are, for the nonce, push bikes, more than motor cycles. If it wasn't for the human element they would be buried in the mud. So they struggle on and on.

Then they come to "Windy" Corner; so-called because there's an ambulance station just opposite, for any rider who tries to turn the corner before he reaches it !

The race is for The Ashes Challenge Casket, which has been won by Yorkshire each year --

--until now, when W. Hey wins for Lancashire.