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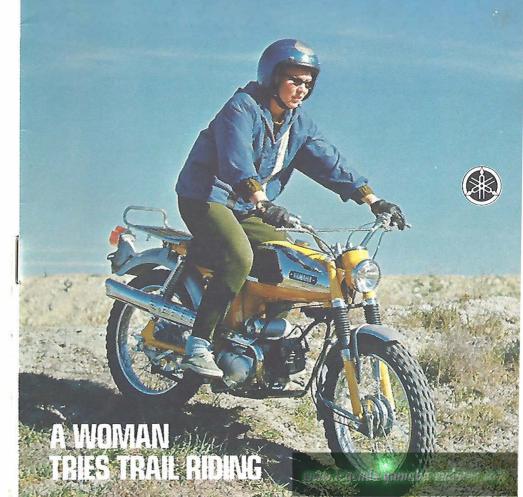
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YAMAHA WORLD

Official Publication of the National Yamaha Owners' Club

MARCH 1967 PRICE 50^c

QUEBEC TO L.A. ON 100cc's YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INSURANCE



Without a doubt the most comprehensive book ever published on the subject has just been released by Yamaha International Corporation. Written by Jim Jingu and Don Gately, both highly respected in the motorcycle field, this profusely illustrated, large, colorful volume covers every aspect of sport riding except outright competition.

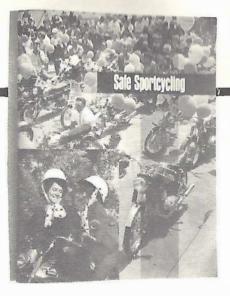
The approach is one of straightforward common sense. At no time do the authors talk down to their audience. the assumption is that every reader is of roasonable intelligence and is sincerely Interested in preserving his own neck and furthering rather than hindering the growth of the sport.

William T. Borry Jr., In his introduction to the book savs. "Common Sonso Tips for Safe Sportcycling is, in my opinion, a highly compatant treatment of safe riding tips that should be read by overyone who intends to ride a sportcyclo".

Boginning with a brief history of sportcyclos and a review of the embarrassing accident statistics the book prograsses through equipment safety checks, tips on huying a used bike and proper two whooler attlre to the more norlous appoots of two whooler safety.

Covorod thoroughly are the basics of loarning to rido and there is material horo that evon the most experienced motorcyclist can re-read to his advantago.

covered in a most interesting and pictorially informative manner. Pictures and captions clearly define the hazards most frequently encountered, some not Yamaha owner



so frequent ones, and how best to avoid them.

Also given thorough treatment is the not too frequently discussed subject of propor riding in the dirt. Many a novice has come a cropper by harboring the mistakon notion that riding in the soft stuff is just like payement. Hill climbing and group country riding are also disquantod with the common sense do's and don'ts clarified for every rider.

The book will soon be available for ovory now Yamaha purchaser since it will be packed in the crate when the machine leaves the factory. Present owners will be able to pick up copies of the book at their nearby friendly dealer's place of business and there will be free copies available to all members of the Yamaha Owners Club.

Others interested in obtaining this book, and we cortalnly recommend it The subject of defensive riding is for all riders, may obtain free copies by writing to Yamaha Owners Club, P.O. Box 60094, Turminal Annex, Los Angeles, Callf, 20054 You need not be a

YAMAHA WORLD



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AVAILABLE FOR MEMBERS. ENGINE ILLUSTRATIONS AND SPECIFICATIONS.

Members of the Yamaha Owners' Club may now obtain large exploded views of the engines of their special interest, complete with specifications and parts numbers at no charge through their club.

These detailed views are printed on heavy stock suitable for mounting on your garage wall.

While not intended as a suggestion that you do all your overhaul work

vourself (remember the best friend your Yamaha has is your Yamaha dealer) these illustrations will serve to better acquaint you with the wonderful innerds of your beloved scooter.

Send your request, specifying the engine drawing desired, to Yamaha Owners' Club, P.O. Box 60094, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054. Be sure to include your name and address and zip code.



Straight talk from the Editor



by James E. Jingu

In this issue of YAMAHA WORLD, you will find the details on formation of Yamaha Owners Clubs. I stress the plural here because the National Yamaha Owners Club is basically a center of communication for all the individual clubs—where the action is.

A National organization is highly necessary to give direction and a united sense of purpose. BUT, if the membership was limited to such a geographically spread out body, there would be no reward except that of membership per se. The word 'club' implies a closely-knit group of people with the same interests. To be closely-knit, naturally requires being in the same place at the same time. So, local

Yamaha Owners Clubs, acting in concert with other clubs and the parent organization, are the real body of the National Club.

Certainly you can belong to the National Yamaha Owners Club without being a member of a local group or participating in any group activities, but the great thing about being a part of a cycle club is the chance to share interests and increase your cycling activities. If you like cycling, you like to use your machine. The planned and impromptu activities in which club members indulge, bring you far more chances to use and enjoy your Yamaha.

These things, and many more excit-



ing details are covered in the story a few pages over. However, I'd like to speak of some of the less selfish reasons for belonging to the Yamaha Owners Club.

The Club should obviously serve a worthwhile purpose as well as being a social, fun organization.

Most of us feel better if we are contributing something to the community. We don't generally think much about it, but this is the basic reason for the Boy Scouts, YMCA, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Twenty-Thirty and so on. We may never sell Campfire Girl Peanuts or collect old newspapers for the Salvation Army, but our membership, attendance and support of any such organization actually improves our community. The mere existence of these groups, even if they don't produce conspicuous results, helps build a better place to live.

This isn't to imply that the Yamaha Owners Club should be a do-good body devoted to fund raising and charity. It is merely that the Club, because of members adherence to its principles will help build a better image of motorcycling and motorcyclists. This will certainly make wherever you live a more pleasant place to operate.

For far too long, the fractional percentage cycle groups have created the biggest impression. They have produced the image. And, the tendency for the newcomer to any sport is to gravitate toward the nearest activity. If this is an unhealthy activity, (as far as the huge majority of us is concerned), we all suffer. So, by providing the center of activity, the Yamaha Owners Club can strengthen the healthful sport of cycling and diminish the chances of the new owner becoming allied with the sort which gives us all a bad name.

As a member of the Yamaha Owners Club you can introduce your friends and new bike owners to the real sports; guide them into safe riding habits; help them select the proper accessories; use your experience to bring them more pure enjoyment having a bike.

Sure you could carry this out as an individual, but as a member of a nationally recognized club and one which has things going on in the neighborhood, your words and actions will have much more influence—and you can deliver on your promises.

Every Yamaha Club member should be an Ambassador for two causes; safe, intelligent operation of a cycle and more use and enjoyment of it.

You will find your local Yamaha Dealer ready and anxious to help in the formation of a local chapter which will make these two objectives possible. I suggest you contact him and become a prime mover in getting organized.

It will be a pleasure, I assure you.

A WOMAN TRIES TRAIL RIDING

...or, a funny thing happened on the way to the kitchen.

by Barbara Braverman

Motorcycles have been in and out of my life for the last 12 years. Some in the garage on two wheels, some in the kitchen in a basket. We've had street bikes, and TT Bikes, road racers and dragsters, desert bikes and bikes for riding only on streets running North and South, or so it seemed. But I had never learned to ride a motorcycle. With all the equipment in and out of the garage, it took the Newport 50 to get me hooked. When I saw the automatic clutch, I figured they weren't going to get any simpler, so I'd better try. Much to the delight of my children, I mastered the thingand discovered something in the process. It's fun!

Not too anxious to mix it up with the traffic, yet wanting some place to ride, I would try to get my trusty 50 hauled out to Willow Springs along with the TD1B's. While the boys were taking hot laps around the track, I vero, tegends hamaha em

would get in some desert riding. So what if I did stick to the dirt road and just ride up and down the hill behind the track? I was in the desert, and I was riding, and I was happy in my ignorance.

Then last week, I had my first taste of real desert riding. My husband

brought home a 100 single and said now I could find out what it was all about. We decided to make it a family affair, and give everyone a day off. My day off began the night before, after everyone else was in bed. Like any good army, the troops around here travel on their stomachs, and a day in the desert calls for ample provisions. So I fried the chicken, made lots of iced tea and packed the ice chest.

The day was gorgeous. Clear and bright—but a little windy and cold. We headed for Willow Springs, since the area surrounding the track offers a variety of conditions. They unloaded



the bikes, and away I went (up and down my favorite road again). I was doing alright too, until my pushy husband decided it was time for advancement—right up the side of this rock strewn mountain. This proved to be my downfall, and I mean that most literally. I thought I was well protected, as far as clothing was concerned. I had dragged out the old, warm clothes—was wearing my gloves and helmet. But my first contact with desert brush proved me wrong. First time in my life I wished I wore the leather pants in the family. There's nothing quite so jarring as that first fall, and you feel so ridiculous laying there on the ground. I must admit it was all rider inexperience. I was so busy trying to pick my way between each rock and piece of brush, I sort of forgot about using the throttle, and collided with the hill. It was quite an embarrassing lesson, followed by some patient explanation about using more power when going

up a hill. There was nothing to do but get up and try again. With all your kids standing there watching, you'd better not turn chicken.

My next lesson consisted of learning to stand up on the pegs. As per instructions, I found this to be a much easier way of going over bumps, and really felt more in control. I was learning I could go over the rocks with no ill effects; this way I could keep my eyes on the path ahead. I was actually making progress.

We took a break for lunch. By now the wind was really blowing, and there we were with gallons of iced tea. No one told me it might be cold in the desert. It sure was a shame to get out of that nice, warm helmet too. Until now, I had never thought of helmets in any other context than that of a safety measure. Now I found another purpose. While I took a well earned rest, the fellows were busily carving their way up the side of a dirt hill—no big thing—I wasn't terribly impressed. However, they decided I should try it. and the hill grew right before my eyes. It loomed as a wondrous thing indeed! To all estimates, the hill must have been at least five feet high. My husband, turned slave-driver, told me all that was necessary was to merely point the wheel straight and turn it on. I made a few false starts. It seemed like a lot to co-ordinate as I had to head for the hill, shift into second and pray, all at the same time. Much to my surprise, I made it on the first try. But this crowd won't let you rest on your bruises and they waved me back again. They doubtless knew the first time was a fluke. Well, I blew it, and landed in the dirt, completely off the bike, but still holding onto the handle bars. After all those rocks, the freshly churned dirt was a soft and forgiving spot in which to land. By now you imagine those strong, willing gentlemen rushed to my aid and comfort. Not on your life they did. They stood with hands in pockets, shouting instructions for my next move. Well, blessing whomever you bless for designing an electric starter, I gave the button a push and got up and over the top on my own. It was quite a relief to clear the hill, and manage to get through the ditch on top without falling down again, and I was pretty pleased with myself.

All in all, I took that hill about six times. And by the end of the afternoon, I was sailing right along, not exactly a threat to the pros. but I sure was having a ball. Eventually, it got sort of boring for the kids. They were waiting to see good, old Mom fall her way across the desert, and here she was, staying upright. They decided to switch to mountain climbing. There were plenty of rocks to scramble around, and a good sized hill to tackle. I haven't seen many mountain climbers decked out in motorcycle helmets, but it seems logical gear to an eleven vear old boy.

After all the hard work, it was time for a little fun. I traveled up and down gentle slopes, over ridges and rocks, first following and then leading another rider. Nice and easy. There's a wonderful sense of freedom riding like that. You're in control, dependent on no one else. By now shifting and braking and slipping the clutch have become automatic enough that they don't require concentration. No traffic to contend with—no thought of unfinished work at home—just ride. It's not like driving a car, body english doesn't help much there. For me it's much better than riding a horse, they usually pick their own path, and I don't have much to say about it. But the Yamaha didn't care if I was an amateur, and I always got to choose my own course with it.

By now my friend had started up the hill—with me in easy pursuit. But a little learning is a dangerous thing, and how well I learned the merit of that old saw. Gradually the broad, gentle slope grew steeper, and the trail grew narrower. By now the lead rider was far ahead, thereby not a witness to my growing uneasiness. I frantically looked ahead to see where I would be able to stop and turn around. That hill started to look straight up and down to me. I kept hoping there would be a flat spot where I could stop, and I could see that it just went up and up. Panic set in, with indecisiveness playing a large part, and my problem was suddenly resolved. I executed one of my now famous falls. However, this one had to take honors as the most spectacular of the day. There I was—sprawled half-way up this mountain, with a wounded motorcycle. I had broken part of the brake lever when I fell. Well, I felt like an utter fool, with my loyal fans watching from below. They really were too far away to be of any assistance, so there was just no chance for outside help. From where I lay, that hill looked even steeper going down. But since that was the only way, I put down the fleeting urge to walk back, and started picking up the bike. It took a little doing, but I was determined. I tried to remember all the things I'd learned so far, but if it hadn't been for that electric starter again, I'd surely have given up. One push of the button and it fired. I found going down wasn't as bad as it looked, but I took it slow and easy.

When I reached the bottom of the hill, I retired for the day. I mean, it wouldn't do to get too good, and show up all the fellows. Besides, I was tired -and no two ways about it. But we'd all had a great time, and I learned that there is more to desert riding than up and down my road. Even my falling off had improved. We were all tired, chilly, and ready for home. But it was a good feeling, like I'd really done something. I guess a good indication of our day is the fact that everyone is ready and raring to go again. Even me, just as soon as I get rid of the black and blue marks from this trip.

GUEST TEST

Yamaha World is deeply indebted to the Publishers of Cycle World for the following road test article which appeared in the March 1967 issue of that excellent publication.

More Muscle For The Road Rider

ROAD TEST GRAND PRIX





The big race among Japanese motorcycle manufacturers as to who would have a quality 350cc machine in the U.S. has finally been won by Yamaha. Factory designation is YR1, but to Americans the name Grand Prix will undoubtedly become more meaningful and easy to remember. Obviously Yamaha in its heritage, the Grand Prix reaches a new level in attractive styling. The general appearance is similar to the now popular 100cc twin introduced last year; in fact, public reaction has encouraged Yamaha to pattern two 1967 machines along these lines.

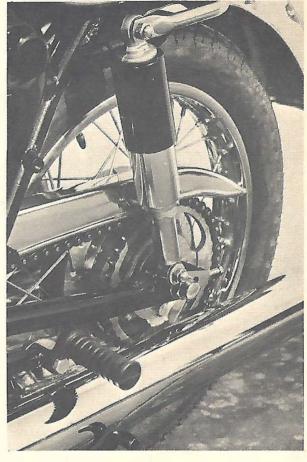
The gas tank has a slight decrease in capacity, about one-half gallon less, but what it does for good looks in general makes up for this minor sacrifice. Also, the side panels housing such things as the oil tank, tool box and air cleaner are faired to match the gas tank styling.

These, however, are all sheet metal changes and, while expensive to bring about, do not affect the total motor-

cycle as much as engine modifications. It is in the engine that the Grand Prix is really different from any Yamahas seen previously. Immediately obvious is the square shape of the new cylinder finning. Closer inspection will reveal a large circular hump on the rear of the primary drive cover. This hump is to allow for a gearbox mounted clutch; something very new for Yamaha.

Previously, Yamaha used an engine speed clutch mounted on the crankshaft that performed well enough even under the punishment imposed by racing—when fitted to the TD series. There are disadvantages, though, with an engine speed clutch because of the high speed at which the plates are revolving. Most important to the rider is that it has a tendency to grab or snatch when trying to get underway. If the clutch is mounted on the gearbox mainshaft, it is turning at a fraction of engine speed, depending on primary drive ratio. In the case of the YR1, the primary drive ratio is 2.87 to 1, so if the engine is turning





2,000 rpm, the clutch is turning less than 700. At these lower speeds the clutch is much more predictable in operation, and the design engineers are faced with fewer problems dealing with surface speeds and peripheral velocity, so the clutch will have a larger diameter if it is mounted on the gearbox.

In practice, the clutch is much smoother than on previous Yamaha models, particularly when starting away in low gear. On older Yamahas, the rider might have felt that the engine was peaky, which, in fact, was mostly due to the clutch. Now, with better engagement, plus additional

displacement, the YR1 is a much more pleasant motorcycle all around.

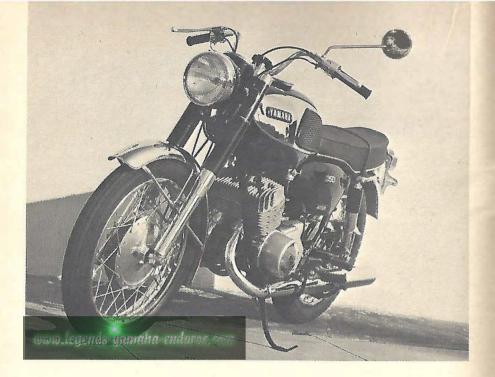
Understandably, with a new engine, the gearbox internal ratios are quite different from what we are used to on a Yamaha. First gear is sufficiently low for any situation that a touring rider might encounter, even while carrying a passenger. Spacing through the intermediate gears is quite satisfactory, but the gap between fourth and fifth is unusually wide, and if the road is not level, or if it is uphill, it is necessary to take engine revs high in fourth to ensure being up on power in fifth gear after the change. We have noticed this in several Japanese ma-

chines tested lately, and the reason is that riders will be using third or fourth gears most of the time, but under favorable conditions, fifth can be used as an overdrive. At most legal highway speeds the engine is loafing along; for instance, 65 mph in fifth gear is less than 5,000 rpm. This means longer engine life, greater fuel economy and, most important, less fatigue on the rider during long periods in the saddle.

Two-strokes usually suffer from a high level of carburetor intake noise, and in the past, Yamahas have been quite bad in this respect. The YR1, however, is almost completely without intake noise. A washable paper

air cleaner element is used for filtering and does a very effective job of
silencing as well, even under full
throttle conditions. The engine did not
leak oil during the whole test period
and the rear of the machine, which
often collects an oil film, particularly
with two-strokes, remained completely oil free.

Although the YR1 has conventional Japanese positioning of foot controls, with the gear shift pedal on the left, there is provision for changing to right foot shift without the need of an external crossover system. At present, a plastic plug blanks off a hole in the right-hand side of the gearbox. This



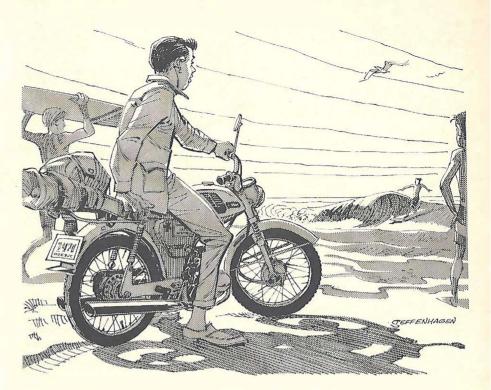
is a welcome feature for American riders, particularly those who learned to ride with the shift pedal on the right. For new, inexperienced riders there is still merit in having the brake on the right. The rear brake pedal is unusually short for American size feet, but this is the only thing about the whole machine that is small. In all other respects, the YR1 is a full size motorcycle and will easily accommodate a six-footer with no trouble.

Brakes are adequate, especially the front. Some of our testing was conducted in the nearby mountains and, despite hard downhill usage, we did not detect brake fade. The suspension, both front and rear, is quite firm; this we like. There has been a trend towards ultra soft suspensions on touring machines, but the firmness and steadier handling of a stiffer ride is more important.

The rather massive tubular frame is undoubtedly one of the leading contributors to good handling; all major stress areas, such as steering head

and swing-arm mounting, are heavily gusseted. Twin front downtubes extend under the engine and rise rearward to the top of the rear suspension units. The gusseted swing arm is mounted inside the cradle side members. Although standard practice a few years back, sidecar mounts are quite unusual these days. However, the YR1 has a mounting point on the left front downtube. (But being on the left means that it is on the wrong side for sidecar use in the U.S.) The low first gear ratio and new clutch make the YR1 a satisfactory machine for light sidecar duty.

An instrument panel is faired into the headlight housing as on previous Yamahas. It contains a speedometer, rev counter, neutral, discharge and high-beam indicator lights. The lower fork crown has a built-in anti-theft lock. Handlebars are high and comfortable for extended touring, although smaller bars would have increased performance figures slightly.



The diary of a 100 Twin owner's trip from . . .

QUEBEC TO L.A.

by Peter Gibbons

Last summer I decided to visit California and find out what 'surfin' was really like. In preparation, I bought a luggage rack for my Yamaha Twin Jet and this carried a tent, sleeping bag, and some clothes. I also carried \$200 in American currency. Thus, my diary begins . . .

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1966:

I left Montreal at 9:20 A.M. EST. I was all rested from a long night's rest. My "Ymaha" 100 Twin Jet had undergone a complete check-up at Daytona Motors here in Montreal, and I was ready for my long-anticipated trip to California. I arrived in Toronto at

6:00 P.M., and there I stopped for my first rest of the day. I was very tired, but I felt that I had to keep going. At 7:00 P.M., I left Toronto and wanted to reach Windsor, Ontario, before retiring for the night. The night was very cold, and I thought I would not make Windsor that night.

When I was but 100 miles from Windsor, my chain came off the sprocket, and I had to stop to fix it. While I was fixing it, the Highway Patrol on Highway 401 stopped and asked me what was the trouble. I explained to him, and at the same time asked him if I could sleep on the side of the road. He said I could.

I took out my sleeping bag and retired for the night at 11:00 P.M. I was very tired, but I could not sleep because of the cold, and also because of the noise of the oncoming transport trucks.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1966:

I got up at 6:00 A.M., and finished fixing my chain. It was 6:30 A.M. when I set out again.

A few minutes after I left, one of the baffles came out of my muffler. I concluded that it could not be repaired, and I had to keep on without a baffle. At first the noise was driving me crazy, but after awhile, I got used to it. I reached Detroit at 10:00 A.M., and I stopped to have breakfast.

After breakfast, I took Interstate 75 to Toledo, Ohio. At Toledo, I took Highway 24 to Fort Wayne, Indiana. I reached Fort Wayne at 3:00 P.M., when a terrible lighting storm began. I stayed in Fort Wayne until the storm had passed. At 5:00 P.M., I had supper and I left Fort Wayne for Indianapolis. I reached Indianapolis at sunset.

At that point I was extremely tired, and my body ached all over. At that point I thought I would not make it to California, and I felt like going back home. I stopped for the day at 9:30 P.M. in a small town called Brazil, Indiana. That night I stopped in a motel because I feared it would rain. Even though it was very hot in my room, I slept like a log.

SUNDAY, JULY 10, 1966:

I got up at 9:00 A.M., and I felt refreshed and not tired at all. I left the motel at 9:30 A.M.

When I reached Terre Haute, Indiana, I was arrested for speeding, but the police were kind enough to let me off with a warning. The day was very hot and I could not cruise at more than 50 mph for fear of overheating my engine.

I reached St. Louis, Missouri, at 1:00 P.M. The temperature at that

point was 110°F, and my engine was overheating. I tried to get some new plugs for my bike, but I could not find any in local garages.

At 3:00 P.M. I decided to stop for the day because my bike needed new plugs. I visited the Meramec Caverns (where the temperature is always 60°F), and I camped there for the night.

At this point I was getting used to hard riding on the bike, and I was not tired at all.

MONDAY, JULY 11, 1966:

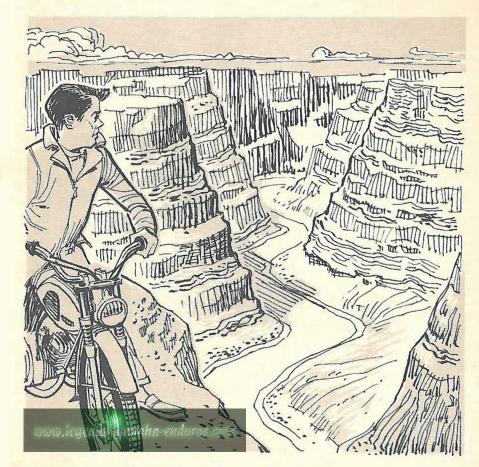
I left the Meramec Caverns at 6:30 A.M., and kept on Route 66 to Springfield, Missouri. When I reached Springfield, my plugs were all worn out, and I bought two sets at the "Yamaha" dealer. Since my bike was too small to take the "Will Rogers" turnpike, I had to make a detour to reach Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

This was another very hot day, and all I did that day was drink water, and I did not have a bit to eat. I reached Oklahoma City at sunset, and there I met a man and his wife who were returning to Los Angeles. We talked for awhile about California, and then we left en route for California. I was not tired at all, and I kept on riding to a small town called Shamrock, Texas.

It was then 2:30 A.M., and that day I had ridden a total of twenty hours for 721 miles nonstop. This was to be the longest day of my trip.

TUESDAY, JULY 12, 1966:

I left Shamrock at 6:30 A.M., and I reached Amarillo, Texas, at 10:00 A.M. After Amarillo, the top speed of my bike was but 45 mph due to wind and altitude. When I reached New Mexico, all I could see was the desert, and the sun was beating down upon me without mercy. I reached Albuquerque, New Mexico, at 5:00 P.M., where I met a couple in a panel truck from Louisiana who were going to Las Vegas, Nevada, to get a job. I followed them to Gallup, New Mexico, and



there we had supper together at the Gallup Ramada Inn. They stayed there for the night, but I told them I had to keep on.

I left Gallup at 9:00 P.M. I kept on going to Winslow, Arizona, where I retired for the night.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1966:

At 7:00 A.M. I left Winslow for Flagstaff, Arizona. When I reached Flagstaff it was very cold because of the high altitude (elevation 6,905 ft.). I stopped for breakfast at around 9:00 A.M.

From Flagstaff to Needles, California, the altitude drops from 6,905 ft. to 481 ft.; it was between these two points that I made my best time. It

took me but 4 hours to cover a distance of almost 250 miles. When I reached Needles, California, the heat was unbearable. The temperature was registered at 115°F in the shade. I could not stand the heat, so I stopped in Needles until sunset.

During the afternoon, I talked with a small restaurant owner about my trip, and he was amazed. Later I phoned home and told them I was all right. I had finally made it to California in the record time of 5 days.

It was also at Needles that I saw my first palm tree.

Before supper I went for a swim in order to cool off. I left Needles at 7:30 P.M. and I rode on to Barstow.

It was around 11:00 P.M. when I

retired for the night, and I knew that by tomorrow I would finally reach L.A.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1966:

I left Barstow at 7:00 A.M., and I was anxious to reach the coast.

Before reaching San Bernardino, I had a slight setback. Twenty miles out of San Bernardino there is an 8-mile long hill, called the "grapevine". While going down that hill at a speed of 65 mph, I had a flat in my front tire. I panicked and I put on both brakes on my "Yamaha"; the bike slowed down to 40 mph and then I lost control. I fell off the bike and rolled, and the bike skidded on the brake handle and footrest for 100 feet. I was lucky I was not seriously hurt: all I had was a deep cut in my foot, which was caused because of my wearing sandals, and a few scrapes and bruises on my hands and knees. When I reached my bike I thought the whole front end was finished, but my "Yamaha" had taken the strain. I took the front wheel off and got a lift to a garage to get my flat fixed.

When I was ready to leave again it was 11:00 A.M. When I reached San Bernardino, I had my bike checked at Dale's Modern Cycle. They said the bike was in perfect condition after changing my transmission oil and adjusting my rear chain. The mechanics were amazed I had made all that distance on a "Yamaha".

I left San Bernardino at 2:00 P.M. and got on the Los Angeles freeway. I had never in my life seen such traffic. I got lost in all of these freeways and overpasses, and I finally reached Huntington Beach at 6:00 P.M.

I was amazed by the panoramic view of the Pacific Ocean before me. This was so much more than I expected. I went for a walk along the beach, where I talked to a few surfers. Later I went for a walk on the pier.

At 8:00 P.M. I visited a small teenage nightclub called the "Sandy Cellar". This was the swingiest club I had ever gone into. There I met a few teenagers, and I talked with them all night. They told me they were beach bums, and said they would pick me up in the morning at 6:30 A.M. to go surfing. I agreed and I left them at 11:00 P.M.

That night the beach patrol gave me permission to sleep on the beach. The waves washing upon the shore soon put me to sleep.

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1966:

At 6:30 Å.M. the friends I had made the night before woke me up and took me surfing. Surfing was what I was really looking forward to in California. They gave me instructions on the art of surfing, and after a few "wipe outs" I succeeded in remaining standing on the board. This was an experience that I shall never forget.

At 10:00 A.M. I left them and went on to Malibu. At Malibu I stopped to eat and bought a "terry" for my girlfriend back home in Montreal. Afterwards I rented a surfboard and went surfing for an hour or so.

to be Continued





THE FASTEST DRAGSTER

Bob Braverman's TD1B powered special

Most people think of the TD1B as a road racer. However, this really isn't true. To prove the versatility of this fine engine Bob Braverman put a stock TD1B into a dragster chassis and proceeded to set one record after another. While all of the components in the powerplant are completely standard, the engine has been very carefully tuned. Consistent runs in the 12.30 to 12.40 range are now commonplace. What this goes to prove is that the stock Yamaha engines are not only consistent but ab-

solutely reliable as well. The engine is run 6 to 7 months before any major work is done. In case you're interested, the bike is raced twice a week. And this amounts to about 500 racing miles before the engine is taken down.

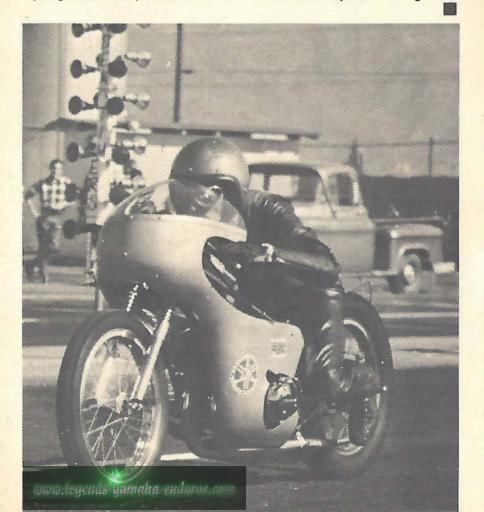
Low overall weight (169 pounds) and high output has made this machine competitive against bikes three times the displacement. At the last A.H.R.A. National meet held in Phoenix, Arizona, Bob's bike won top bike of the meet, and this was achieved by having to run against bikes up to 1200 cc's.

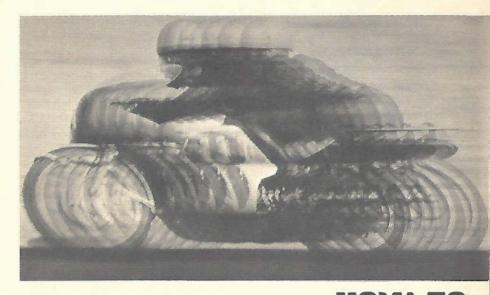
This machine has garnered numerous top awards since it was built a year and a half ago. Not really content with the present performance the engine is constantly undergoing tuning changes. To show just how much the tuning has paid off, the bike was running about 14 seconds flat the first time out. After a month went by, the magic 12 second mark was reached. And from then on, it's been a hundredth here and a hundredth there. Bob is confident this machine will run in the 11 second bracket—and on gasoline. A lot of so called experts claimed you couldn't get a 250 in the 12's, but it just goes to show you never can tell.

There's no telling what the ultimate performance the TD1B is capable of, but at the rate things are going, the ultimate isn't even in sight.

Just about all the parts used on the bike came off the Yamaha dealers shelf. Forks, wheels, shifting linkage etc. were installed and so far have proved absolutely dependable. The rear wheel on your '80' is the same one used on this machine, with the exception of the alloy rims.

And what do you do for an encore? Simple. If one is good, then two are better, and Bob is now building a new dragster with two TD1B engines. That should really be something to see.





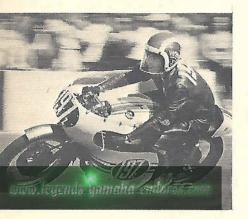
HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH A RACE

Possibly you have wished that you could take photographs like the ones you see every month in major motorcycle enthusiast publications. Well, unless you're a professional photographer or an experienced amateur, your own photos probably leave something to be desired. So in this short article, we will try to pass on to our readers a few tips that should help you enjoy your picture-taking a little more.

Photographing a cycle race is especially fun—and especially difficult. It's hard enough to get a good picture of something that is standing still, let alone moving at 60, 70, 80 miles per hour. Possibly the most important requirement for taking pictures of a race is a camera. Not a terribly expensive one, but an adequate one. This rules out your Instamatic or Polaroid. For catching action on film, you will

need a camera with adjustable shutter speeds—up to at least 1/250th of a second. We recommend the 35mm camera for several reasons, primarily because of its versatility.

An adequate 35mm camera can be obtained for less than \$100. A good used camera is recommended if you're new at the picture-taking game. Unfortunately, your camera is just the basic tool. The normal lens will not be sufficient for your needs in photographing a race, especially if you are sitting in the grandstands or some other restricted spectator area. For getting in close on your subject, we recommend a 135mm or 200mm telephoto lens. This piece of equipment will cost you from \$35 to \$200. Remember, the most expensive equipment will not quarantee a better picture.



There are a few more little gadgets that will help your photos: a light meter (\$8 or \$10), lens shade, and a light yellow filter. These are optional but very helpful. One more necessity is, of course, the proper film. Color film is not advisable the first time, but rather a good black and white film such as Kodak Plus-X or Kodak Tri-X. Plus-X is best for bright sunny weather while Tri-X will be convenient on an overcast day. For more details concerning films and filters. pick up one of the small handbooks offered by Kodak at most camera stores.

Now that you're all decked out and counting your pennies, here are the best ways to make the investment pay off:

1. Shoot with the sun on your subject. Avoid taking pictures into the light; at best it will only give you a silhouette of your subject. Generally speaking, try to shoot with the sun behind you.

2. Watch for areas where the action occurs. Situate yourself at a sharp turn where the bikes will slow down and lean over. If you are lucky enough to get close to the track, great caution should be used. Don't turn your back on the action, you might not know what hit you. Don't sit or kneel down—be ready to move fast, an oncoming bike can do a lot more damage to you 20

than you can do to it. Cooperate with officials and never do anything that might interfere with the race. Never cross the track while the race is on.

3. Focus your lens on the spot where the action is. You can loose a good shot while you're fooling with the camera.

4. Compromise between shutter speed and depth of field. The iris on your lens that controls the amount of light that will expose your film, will also determine how much of the area you are aiming at will be in focus. On vour lens, vou'll find a scale of numbers corresponding to your f/stop number (iris opening.) Learn to use this scale from your camera dealer. Your f/stop number must also correspond to your shutter speed. A speed of 1/500th second is best for "stopping the action" but that will cut down your area of focus (depth of field). Learn which combination is best. This is where a light meter will be helpful.

5. 'Pan' with the action. Follow your subject as if you were taking a moving picture and snap your shutter when you see what you want. Follow through with the movement of the subject after you've shot your picture to avoid blurring.

6. Fill your viewfinder. What you see through the camera can be deceiving; things tend to look closer than they actually are and when you see the picture that you thought was groovy when you took it, you may be disappointed to find a nice bi landscape with some tiny bikes in the middle. It is best to wait until what you might think is the 'last second' before taking the picture.

7. Watch for action in the pack. Don't just concentrate on the leader, you may miss some good action shots of the runner-ups. One rider alone doesn't make as good a picture as several bikes together.

8. Try a new angle. Shoot your subject coming and going. Shoot from a low or high angle when it's possible and IF IT'S SAFE.

9. Carry enough extra film. You won't find film for sale at the track and nobody likes a film leach. If you do not want to stuff rolls of film in your pockets, tape some rolls to your camera's neck strap. And don't waste film—be selective about what you shoot. On the other hand, do not be afraid to take a chance on what you might think will make a good picture—if you get one or two good pictures from a roll of film, don't be disappointed. Chances are that the photo you see in a magazine was the best of a hundred shots.

10. Get a proof sheet. If you take your film to a camera store for processing, specify a proof sheet rather than paying for enlargements of all your shots. This will save quite a bit of money. Study the proof sheet and choose which pictures you want enlarged—and specify what portion of the photo should be printed.

These tips, if followed strictly, will give you some good pictures that you can be proud of. But do not be discouraged if they don't measure up to what you see on these pages. These photos are the result of years of experience and thousands of rolls of film—be patient. You'll learn something with every race. And don't feel bad because you're not down on the track with the professionals, that's their job. Good action shots can be taken from the sidelines and many pros have taken their best shots from well-placed grandstands.

If you come up with some exceptionally good or timely pictures, send tem promptly to your favorite magazine. Address them to the managing editor and include a stanped, self-addressed envelope.

Now, if we have encouraged you to quite your job at the plant and carve out a career in sports photography . . . sorry about that.

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SPRING TONIC

Some tips on preparing your Yamaha for fun.

The dreary long winter days are giving way to bright Spring sunshine and with the change it's time to get busy with making our Yamaha Sportcycles ready for the glorious fun filled days ahead.

In many parts of the country the weather has been so severe we've had to store our machines away from the elements. Let's look first to dewinterizing.

If at all possible, get your beloved Yamaha to your nearest friendly dealer for a thorough check over, lube, adjust and tune. If you happen to live far from a dealer or the roads are still too impossibly impassable there are things you can do yourself.

First check the frame. The running gear and suspension should be gone over, tires should be inflated to the proper pressure and carefully examined for any possible breaks in the casings. All grease fittings should receive the correct application of lubricant and this includes throttle and clutch cables.

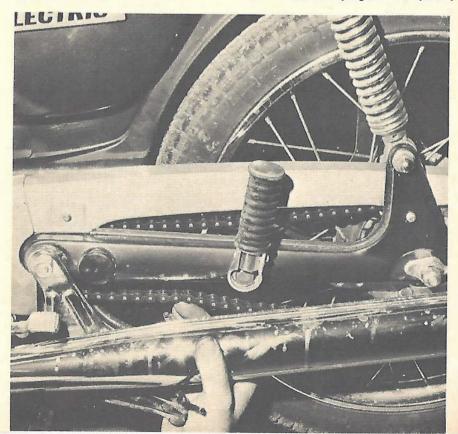
Very important for the bike that has been laid up for the winter is attention to the chain. A machine that lives in areas of rough winters has an excellent chance of developing rust in

the chain links. Remember that each link is actually a bearing and requires lubricant to prevent binding. The chain should be removed from your Yamaha. thoroughly washed in good clean solvent, then, after drying, be treated with the recommended chain lubricant. Never, but NEVER use engine oil on a Sportcycle chain. Engine oil has an affinity for all the dust, grime and grit you can pick up from the highway or road to make a fine abrasive cutting compound to rapidly reduce your chain to rubble. Heavy duty chain lube, available at your Yamaha dealer, is recommended.

In preparation for Spring, this is the best time to start what should be a regular weekly routine, clean and wax the entire Sportcycle. It is presumed that before you put your machine away for the winter you thoroughly gunked the engine so a simple wiping off should be all that's necessary.

If your Yamaha was put away for the winter without first being tuned, now is the time to make sure that all is well before venturing out for that first ride.

Start with the oiling system first, change the oil in the gear box, remove one or both drain plugs and completely





drain the oil. Be sure to replace drain plugs securely before refilling with the proper amount of 30 weight detergent oil. Next for attention is the auto-lube system and this is an item that should always be changed by your dealer, since adjusting the oil pump and bleeding it are quite critical. This is NOT a do it yourself project.

Carburetor adjusting and balancing and ignition timing should also be done by your authorized Yamaha dealer.

If your machine fails to start as quickly as you feel it should, look first to a weak battery. You may have forgotten to remove this important item and stored it in a cool (not cold) dry place. A battery charge may be in order.

Another place to look for possible starting trouble would be in the carburetor sediment bowls. Winter weather invites moisture condensation and your engine performs poorly on watered gas.

With these things attended to, your Yamaha should be ready to give you the Spring and Summer fun you've been looking forward to.

For the Yamaha Sportcycle owner fortunate enough to live in a warmer climate the extensive winterizing is, of course, unnecessary.

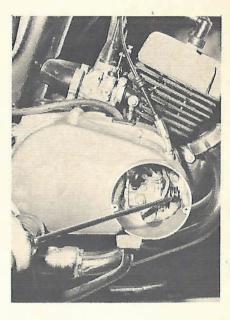
However, winter rains and road film

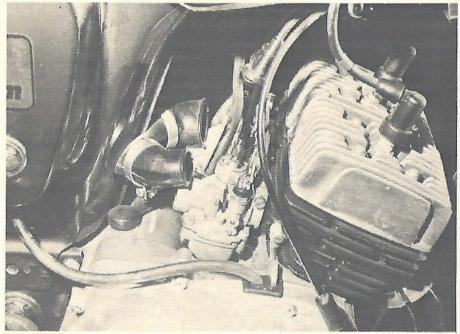
may have made your machine less the thing of beauty than you'd like it. Here's where a generous application of Gunk comes in. There's little to the job, your Yamaha's electrical and fuel system are so well sealed that no time consuming masking of these components is necessary.

Once you've gotten your Sportcycle gleaming with a Gunk washing and wax treatment—and wax all the brightwork too—this is an excellent time to check all nuts and bolts for tightness, controls for positive action, and chain for tension and rust.

Right now is a fine time also to make a resolution, never let your machine get so dirty it takes a major operation to get it clean again.

For a final word of advice. See your Yamaha Dealer! He's the best friend your Sportscycle can have.







Owner's Club News

For almost any activity you can think of, there are clubs. If you want to ski, skin-dive, sky-dive, collect stamps, or what have you, the chances are you can find other people that also like to do these things. By belonging to a club you can expand your knowledge, share experiences and have a wonderful camaraderie which heightens the enjoyment you can get from your favorite pastime.

If you join a Yamaha Owners' Club, you will be associating with other people that own Yamahas, that like them, that have found out the best ways to maintain them, get the best performance out of them, and can give you all kinds of useful tips. With these

people you will be able to plan activities that you and your family will find most enjoyable. You can have picnics, field days, short rides, and long rides (in good weather). You will be able to have movie nights, and perhaps you will think up other fun things to do like treasure hunts or bowling nights.

In addition to the fun you have, you will find that you can receive a great deal of pleasure by working together for the benefit of your club or of others. Thus, you may want to volunteer to serve as a police auxiliary unit or as a forest fire control group. Perhaps you will want to organize a community blood drive for our armed forces, or perhaps you'd like to collect toys and

restore them for underprivileged children.

Also, in numbers, there is strength. If you can present a united front to the law-makers in your city and state, you have a better chance of preventing them from passing unreasonable laws governing the operation of motorcycles.

The local Yamaha dealer is the logical person to form the Yamaha Owners' Club—to offer a place to meet, to provide inspiration, leadership and ideas. However, once the club gets going, there is no reason the dealer need continue assuming the responsibility for the club. The club should be able to elect its own officers and make its own rules—provided these rules comply with the overall principles of the national organization.

Aside from the fun and usefulness of a Yamaha Owners' Club, members will receive for their \$3 annual dues a subscription to YAMAHA WORLD, an attractive membership pin, wallet card, decal and jacket patch.

Since there has been an alarming increase in the number of motorcycle accidents, the Yamaha Owners' Club is dedicated to safety. Each Yamaha Owners' Club chapter should seek out ways to improve the motorcycle accident situation in their area—things

like training classes for non-riders, getting people to keep their bikes maintained as safely as possible, distributing safety literature, etc. Yamaha Owners' Club members must pledge themselves to the following principles of safety:

I will never operate any sportcycle until I have been properly instructed in its safe operation.

I will always wear an approved safety helmet when operating my sportcycle.

I will always ride defensively—assuming that others sharing the road with me may not see me.

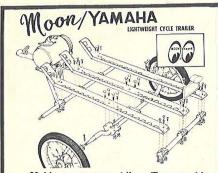
I shall always operate my sportcycle in a courteous manner and try to convey to the public a good image of sportcycling.

I shall always be alert to road conditions, paying particular attention to hazards such as holes, bumps, rocks, leaves, ice, sand, etc.

I shall always obey all traffic rules and regulations.

I will never operate a sportcycle that is not safety-equipped with proper lighting, brakes, tires, muffling system, rear view mirror and horn.





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HIGHLAND RENTAL SALES
& SERVICE
Route 30

JOHNSTOWN SHAFFER'S SPORTS SALES, INC. 2340 Franklin Street

KITTANNING
NICHOLAS KIBUK
CYCLE SHOP
N. Grand & Vine Street

P & P CYCLE CENTER
7th & Lehman Streets

MILNESVILLE
PASTORELLA'S SERVICE
STATION
Route 309, Box 3

MONTGOMERYVILLE CYCLE-VILLA ALBRIGHT'S GARAGE Bethlehem Pike Route 309 MT. UNION
KAUFFMAN'S CYCLE
GARAGE
Opposite Greene St. Village

PARKSBURG FISHER'S CYCLE SHOP R.D. #2 Lincoln Highway

PERKIOMENVILLE JOHN MICHAEL BROS. Deep Creek Road

PHILADELPHIA
A & S MOTOR SALES
2208 Market Street

A & S MOTOR SALES 7614 Castor Avenue

PITTSBURGH
M. J. BOHN CYCLE SHOP
2400 Saw Mill Run Blvd.
WORLD OF CYCLES
1008 E. Ohio St.

SHARON HILL
ED LA BELLE CYCLE SALES
Calcon Hook & Hook Road

RHODE ISLAND

PAWTUCKET
PAWTUCKET MOTORCYCLE
SALES, INC.
75 Benefit St.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUMTER EMPIRE CYCLE COMPANY 648 West Liberty Street

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN WHITE DRUG —YAMAHA Super City Shopping Center

RAPID CITY & STURGIS HOEL'S MOTORS

SISSETON BROOKS MOTORS -511 Main

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ABILENE TEXAS CYCLE CO. 2505 Buffalo Gap Road

AMARILLO FOUR SEASONS SPORTS CENTER 2500 Georgia Street

BEAUMONT GOLDEN TRIANGLE SPORTCYCLE CENTER 3615 College

EL PASO RATHBUN MOTORS 5509 E. Paisano Drive SUN CITY YAMAHA 8951 Dyer

HURST SUPPLY CO. 1117 Bingle Road

LUBBOCK BSA MOTORCYCLE SALES 227 Avenue Q

MINERAL WELLS LAYNE'S CYCLE SHOP 1700 West Hubbard ODESSA

MUSTANG MOTOR CO. 2524 Andrews Highway

RICHARDSON LONE STAR CYCLE CO. 624 S. Central Expressway

SAN ANGELO HOUSE OF YAMAHA, INC. 1119 South Chadbourne

SHERMAN CONE'S MOTORCYCLE SALES 1931 Highway 75 North

WACO LARRY'S MOTORCYCLES 1906 Franklin Ave.

UTAH

HELPER
DAVIS MOTORS & SERVICE
127 South Main

KAYSVILLE HY SMITH INC. 180 N. Main

VERMONT

WAITSFIELD ANDY'S SHOP

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON
CYCLE & MOWER CENTER
2429 N. Harrison St.

HAMPTON INTERNATIONAL CYCLES 1921-A Armisted Avenue

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MONTANA

HAVRE
DARRELL'S CYCLE SALES
220 5th Ave.

SIDNEY BI-STATE CO-OP 303 N. Central Ave.

NEBRASKA

FREMONT
VICTORY SERVICE CO.
1600 West Military
NORFOLK

B & B CYCLE SHOP 224 Norfolk Avenue

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LEBANON ANDY'S SHOP Jct. Routes 4289 MILFORD GIL'S CYCLE SHOP 39 South St.

PORTSMOUTH
GOODWIN FEED & SUPPLY
165 Deer Street

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BLOOMFIELD HARLEY-DAVIDSON OF ESSEX 272 Bloomfield Avenue

DOVER SORENSEN CYCLE CENTER 215 E. Blackwell Street

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CYCLE CENTER, INC.
3218 Kennedy Boulevard

KEARNY RAY CATENA TOWN MOTORS 319 Kearny Avenue

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CLIFTON MARINE &
CYCLE CO.
Baldwin Ave. & Rte. 46
NORTH PLAINFIELD
BRISTOL MOTORS INC.
545 Rt. 22

PATERSON FRANK W. SPEER 554 Main St. SOMERVILLE FOURTH DIMENSION MOTORCYCLES 138 W. Main Street

UNION EAST COAST AUTO STORES Route 22

UPPER SADDLE RIVER COREY'S CYCLE 348 Route 17

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ALBUQUERQUE BOBBY J'S YAMAHA SALES 6316 Domingo Rd. N.E.

ARTESIA QUALITY CYCLE SALES 807 S. 1st Street

CARLSBAD QUALITY CYCLE SALES 503 West Lea Street

FARMINGTON
BROADWAY MOTORCYCLE
SALES
419 East Broadway

LAS CRUCES
CRUCES CYCLE CENTER —
WESTERN AUTO
424 North Main Street

NEW YORK

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BINGHAMPTON AUTO FINISHERS SUPPLY CO. OF BINGHAMPTON, INC. 72 Washington Street

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MEADOWBROOK SALES, INC.
294 Uniondale Avenue

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11734 Euclid Avenue
REPP'S MOTOR SALES
3161 W. 25th St.

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS
CEDAR-LEE SPORTCYCLES
2194 Lee Road

DOVER
MATHIAS CYCLE SHOP
Route 2—2 Mi. North on
State Rt. 8

KENTON FAUROT MOTOR SALES 421 North Ida Street

MASURY C & J CYCLE SALES Box 529, Yankee Run

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NEIDENGARD CYCLE CTR.
136 S. Court Street
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HERM BECK YAMAHA
654 High St. at New England

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WISCONSIN

CUDAHY LOUIS MOTORS OF CUDAHY 4918 S. Packard Avenue

EAU CLAIRE EAU CLAIRE CYCLE SHOP 405 Water Street

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CASPER YAMAHA OF CASPER 902 East A Street

NEWCASTLE MODERN ENTERPRISES 130 South Summit

CORRIGENDUM: The insurance article listed on the cover of this issue has been postponed due to recent actions taken by several large insurance companies. The next issue of YAMAHA WORLD will include this article in its revised form.

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