



the sport goes
self.



in front
rs.

Hayes built their own
cycle speedway track. founded a club.

upwards.

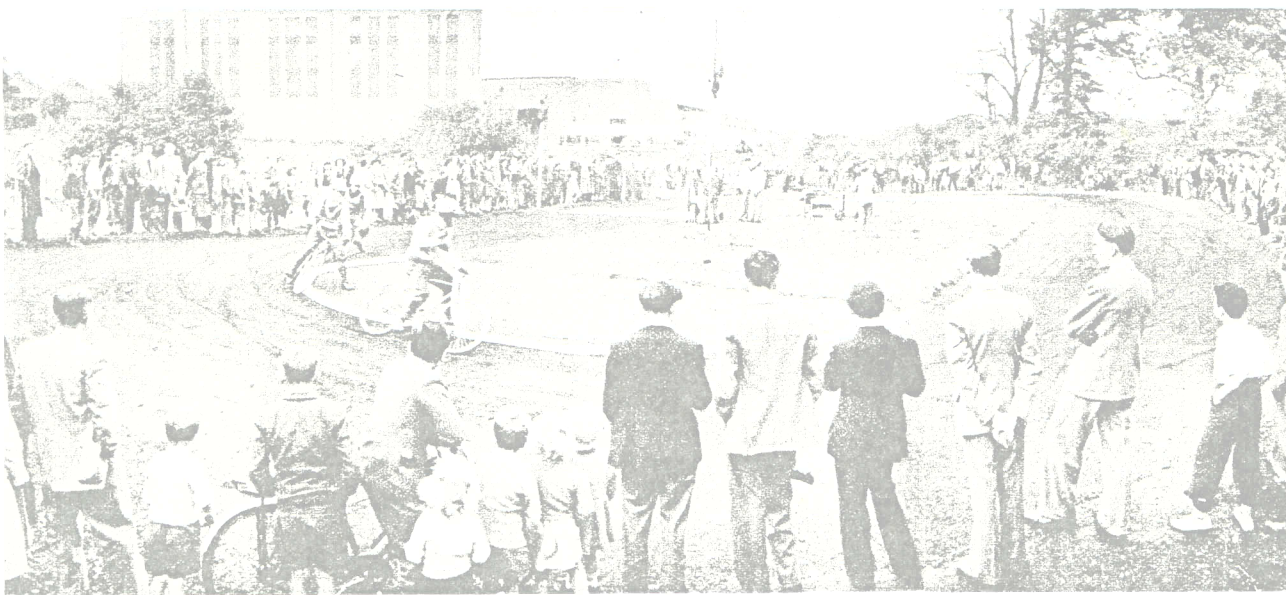
At first it didn't look as if it would do so: and that was a shame and a scandal. You see, when you are between boyhood and manhood and have a hunger for adventure in your soul, you've got to have thrills, and not secondhand thrills at that. You've got to be a sweating hero with clear eyes gleaming out of the streamlined black mask of your face. You've got to go like a bat out of hell, and not on foot either. Machines are the thing.

In Hayes, Middlesex, six such boys foregathered a few months back to make their dream come true. They cut out a track on Cranford Park, and had hardly time to taste it before they were thrown off and cautioned. They scratched their bloody but unbowed heads and tried again. They settled on a bit of bush, which turned out to be the property of the Middlesex County Council. Even so, the lessee had pity on them and allowed them to skin their noses there, until a Common Informer stepped (or crept) in, and the dream ended.

But by now the boys had found friends. Grown-ups came to their rescue. They organised a petition
Continued overleaf



A Pin-up Girl Does Her Job for the Visiting Side
He's one of the Walton Swans and a star in Thames Valley cycle speedway. T
on all the year, excites as much hero worship as motor cycle speedway i



First Round the First Corner Has the Best Chance of Being First Home

That's the way it is in real speedway racing, of course. Here comes Johnny Clark (Hayes Meteors) in the lead. He's intent on staying in the lead for the three laps of the 200-yard-long track that go to a race. The Sunday afternoon's programme contains sixteen of these thrilling



Four Girls Sing the Walton Swansong

In vain they've knitted those green and gold sweaters. In vain they howl: "Come on the Swans! You can't lose the first League match of the season." Can't you!



Disaster on the Edge of the Back Straight

Two Swans come to grief. What's more, it's the second time in this heat. Most teams are much more at home on their own tracks, where they know each cinder personally.



to the County Council and secured over a thousand signatures. Hayes Meteors zoomed into being with club colours of blue and cream, and a place in the Thames Valley and District League. True, the track had to be conjured out of a swathe of suburban jungle. A dozen boys turned up after school and office hours, shifted four tons of earth and laid down cinders, possibly acquired while the quickness of the hand deceived the eye.

There is the track. A flag pole is set up. Pits are hacked out of the surviving bushes. The margins of the hairpin bends are dazzlingly whitewashed. A starting-gate is proudly erected, to be operated by a battery from starter Tom Jenkins' car.

But somehow money has to be made to pay for the smashing cycles and the posh crash helmets, the insurance carried by every rider, the secretary's stationery, and the Cola and cakes for the visitors. No charge can be made for admission. But there are weekly collections (averaging 18s.), a raffle (averaging twice as much, human nature being what it is). There are profits on the sale of minerals, and weekly club fees of 3d. from schoolboy riders and 6d. from teenage wage-earners. With the help of grown-up organisers, the club balances its books. Today the £2 yearly rent is paid, other expenses of £58 4s. have been met, and there is £19 13s. 4½d. in the bank. The dream has come true.

DENZIL BATCHELOR



Up Goes the Starting Gate That is the Pride of the Club
Left to right: Tucker (Hayes), Hunt (Walton), Collier (Hayes), King (Walton). The gate is operated by the battery from the starter's car; and nearly always works.



The Field Straightens Out for the Final Dash to the Line

A Swan leads on the rails. Micky Collier comes wide, and Johnny Tucker hugs the rails. Average age of the victorious Hayes Meteors team of six is 15. Age limits are 12-30. The Meteors once met Stanwell Moorhens (average age 21) in a match. They won. Often there's a talent scout from Wembley watching.