


sponsored by the **SUNDAY MIRROR**

Official
Programme
20p

WEMBLEY STADIUM

15 September 1973 7p.m.



**WORLD
SPEEDWAY
TEAM
CHAMPIONSHIP**

BRITISH LEAGUE DIVISION ONE TRACK DIRECTORY

BELLE VUE

Zoological Gardens, Hyde Road,
east of Manchester.
Manchester 12 5PT. A57, approx. 5 miles
Telephone: (061 223) 1331
Saturdays — 7 p.m.

COATBRIDGE

Clifton Hill Park, Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.
Telephone: Coatbridge (0236) 21865
(race days only)
Fridays — 7.30 p.m.

COVENTRY

Coventry Stadium, Rugby Road, Brandon,
near Coventry CV8 3GL. A428, approx. 6
miles south-east of Coventry.
Telephone:
Wolston (0203 35) 2395/6/7
Saturdays — 7.30 p.m. Mid-week 7.45 p.m.

CRADLEY HEATH

Dudley Wood Road, Dudley, Worcs. off
A4100, approx. 10 miles north-west of
Birmingham.
Telephone:
Cradley Heath (0384) 69008
Saturdays — 7.30 p.m.

EXETER

County Ground Stadium, Church Road, St.
Thomas, Exeter. Off A30, approx. 1 mile
west of Exeter.
Telephone: Exeter (0392) 51478
Mondays — 7.30 p.m.

HACKNEY

Hackney Wick Stadium, Waterden Road,
London, E.15. Between A106 and A115
approx. 2 miles north-west of Stratford.
Telephone: 01-985 9822
Fridays — 8 p.m.

HALIFAX

The Shay Grounds, Halifax, Yorkshire. Off
A629, approx. ½-mile south of Halifax town
centre.
Telephone: Halifax (0422) 62201
Saturdays — 7.30 p.m.

IPSWICH

Ipswich Stadium, Foxhall Road, Ipswich,
Suffolk.
Telephone: Kesgrave (047362) 3640
Thursdays — 7.45 p.m.

KING'S LYNN

The Stadium, Saddlebow Road, King's
Lynn, Norfolk. Off A47, approx. 2 miles
east of King's Lynn.
Telephone:
King's Lynn (0553) 3743 and 3753
Saturdays — 7.45 p.m.

LEICESTER

The Stadium, Blackbird Road, Leicester.
Off A50, 2 miles north of Leicester.
Telephone: Leicester (0533) 62518
Tuesdays — 7.45 p.m.

NEWPORT

Somerton Park Stadium, Somerton Park,
Newport, Mon. Off B4237, approx. 1 mile
east of Newport.
Telephone: Newport, Mon. (0633) 73030
Fridays — 7.30 p.m.

OXFORD

Cowley Stadium, Cowley Road, Oxford.
B480, approx. 2 miles south of Oxford.
Telephone: Oxford (0865) 7796 26
(race days only)
Thursdays — 7.45 p.m.

POOLE

The Stadium, Wimborne Road, Poole,
Dorset. A329, approx. 1 mile north of
Poole Town Centre.
Telephone: Poole (0201 3) 3020
Wednesdays — 7.45 p.m.

READING

Reading Speedway and Greyhound Stadium,
Oxford Road, Tilehurst, Reading, Berks.
A329, approx. 2 miles north-west of town
centre.
Telephone: Reading (0734) 26085
Mondays — 7.30 p.m.

SHEFFIELD

Owlerton Sports Stadium, Penistone Road,
Sheffield, S6 2DE. A61, approx. 2 miles
north-east of Sheffield.
Telephone: Sheffield (0742) 343074
Thursdays — 7.45 p.m.

SWINDON

Abbey Stadium, Blunsdon, near Swindon,
Wilts. Off A419, approx. 4 miles north of
Swindon.
Telephone: Blunsdon (0793 72) 333
Saturdays — 7.30 p.m.

WIMBLEDON

Wimbledon Stadium, Plough Lane, London,
SW17 0BL. Between A217 and A218,
approx. 1 mile north of Tooting Broadway.
Telephone: 01-946 5361
Thursdays — 7.45 p.m.

WOLVERHAMPTON

Monmore Green Stadium, Bilston Road,
Wolverhampton. Off A41, approx. 2 miles
south-east of Wolverhampton.
Telephone: Wolverhampton (0902) 51935
Fridays — 7.30 p.m.

Race days detailed above are each
track's normal weekly race day. This does
not imply that the track stages a speedway
meeting on that day every week throughout
the season. Unless otherwise indicated in
the Fixture List, tracks staging a speedway
meeting on a day other than their normal
race day will also start at the above times.



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPEEDWAY

By Nelson Mills Baldwin
Chairman Control Board

Sport is a healthy hobby. Sport brings about international understanding. These are exceptionally well-used cliches. But—it seems to me—there are very few sports which comply with either of them in this day and age.

And Sports which fit into both categories are so rare that, off-hand, only one springs to mind—Speedway.

One constantly reads of mob violence at soccer matches, crowds on the pitches of cricket grounds, betters whistling at fight referees and golf and tennis professionals throwing their clubs and rackets about. Speedway, an odd instance or two apart, is remarkably free of this.

International sport brings about understanding, the second of our cliches. I doubt if any sport can produce a better record in this respect than Speedway, where Russians, Poles, Czechs, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Australians, New Zealanders and British riders regularly meet in top-flight competition and the arguments, other than those settled in straightforward competition on the track, are few and far between.

Above all, Speedway is a growing and booming sport and one which an entire family can enjoy. A man can take his wife and his children to a speedway meeting, knowing that all will have a happy, exciting and wholesome evening's entertainment, without worry of being molested.

Speedway is Britain's most rapidly growing sport and the reasons are not hard to find.

On which note I would like to welcome you all tonight and, in particular, our riders, officials and spectators from overseas—from Sweden, from the USSR and from Poland and the representatives of the FIM. And our thanks for their continued co-operation to the Sunday Mirror; the British Speedway Promoters' Association; the Speedway Riders Association; and Wembley Stadium Limited.

In happy mood at speedway's annual pre-season get-together are King's Lynn skipper, Terry Betts; England team manager Charles Foot; and Control Board Manager John McNulty (Photo by Ron Ockenden).



It's time you joined us!

In the complex world of motoring you *need* the help and support the RAC can give you—both on the road and off.

To the driver of today we offer an up-to-the-minute, personal service with the experience of more than 75 years behind it. Isn't it time you joined us?

Find out how the RAC can help you with service on the road, legal aid, insurance, home and foreign touring and many other aspects of your motoring.

You can obtain full details of membership from any RAC patrol or your local office.



The Royal Automobile Club
83-85 Pall Mall London SW1Y 5HW
Telephone 01-930 4343

MORE THAN 75 YEARS SERVICE TO THE MOTORIST



THE SUN DOESN'T ALWAYS SHINE ON PROMOTERS

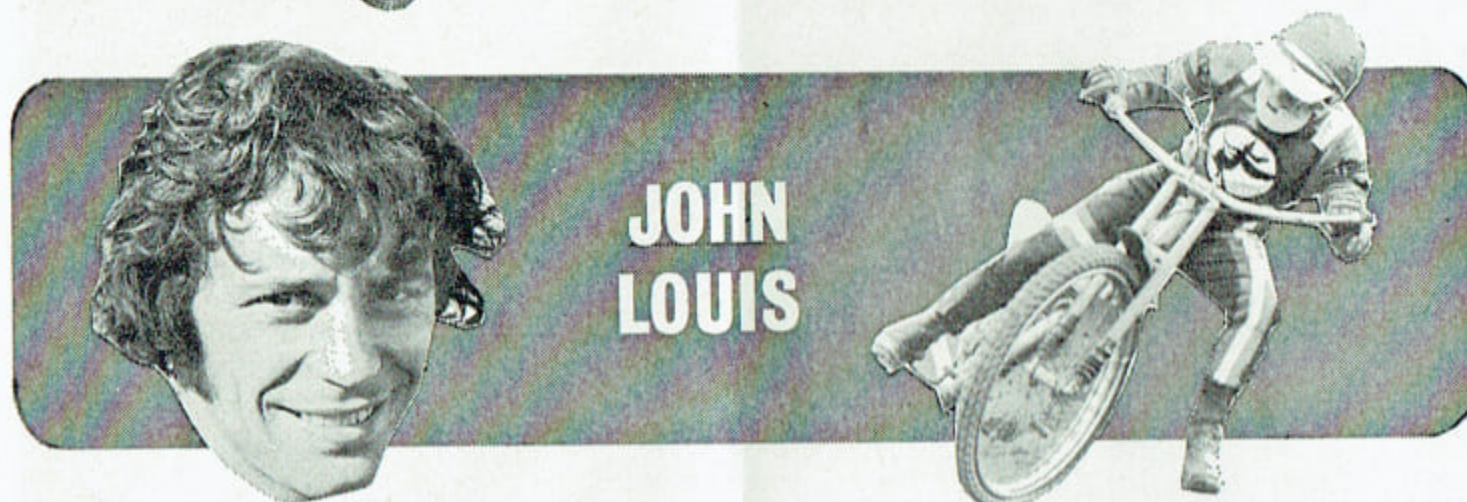
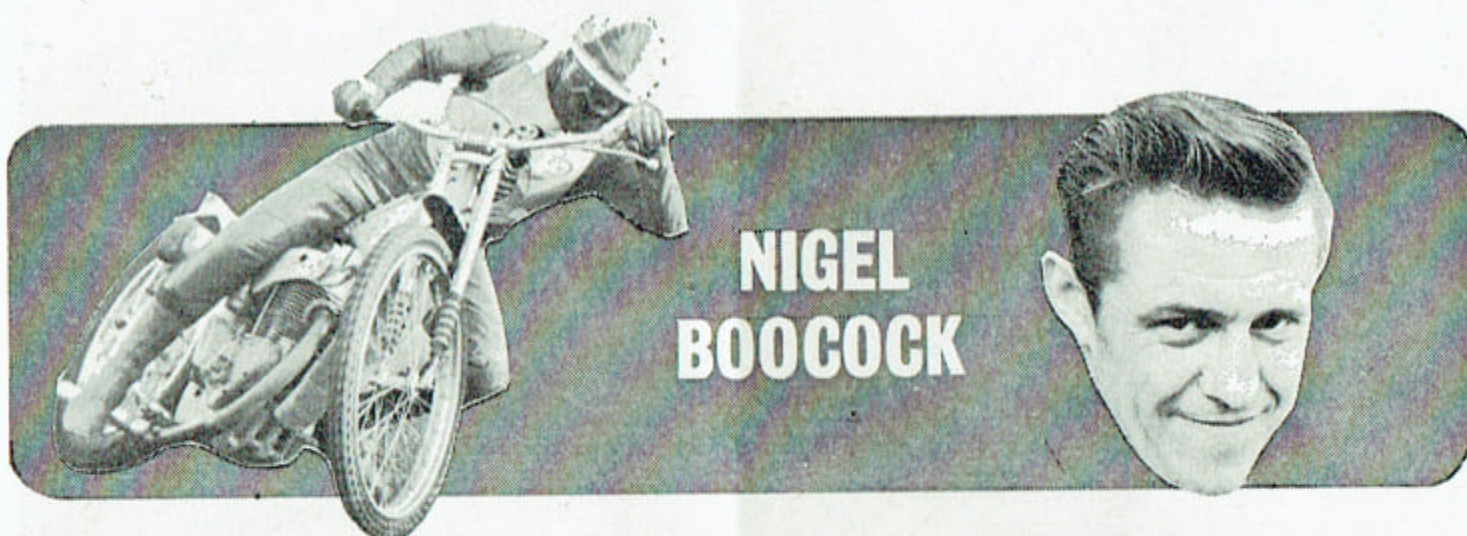
By Reg Fearman

FOR the average speedway fan it's two hours a week. Two hours that begin when the march is played and the track staff take up their positions. For the speedway promoter, unless he wants to lose the fans on the terraces and possibly his riders and staff, it is often an eighteen-hour day, eleven months a year.

I wonder just how many members

of the public realise what a small part in terms of time the actual running of meetings takes up. Certainly it is the most vital two hours. The show is instant, mistakes and slip-ups rarely

Reg Fearman, Chairman of the British Speedway Promoters' Association, and Nelson Mills Baldwin, Chairman of the Control Board. (Photo by Ron Ockenden).



**BRING YOU THE LATEST
INSIDE NEWS AND INFORMATION
IN
Motor Cycle News**

**All the results, and up to-date league tables
Plus big match reports and pictures.**

**For full story and pictures of today's match
get MCN this Wednesday**

promoters

go unnoticed (immediate attempts are made to rectify those that do happen), but this is only the result of the mass of work and planning that takes place behind the scenes and much of it in the close season.

During the season itself there is little chance of a break. The day of the meeting is taken up with preparation for the racing and often the track needs plenty of attention. Either it needs to be watered or, more often this season, it has suffered too much from the elements already.

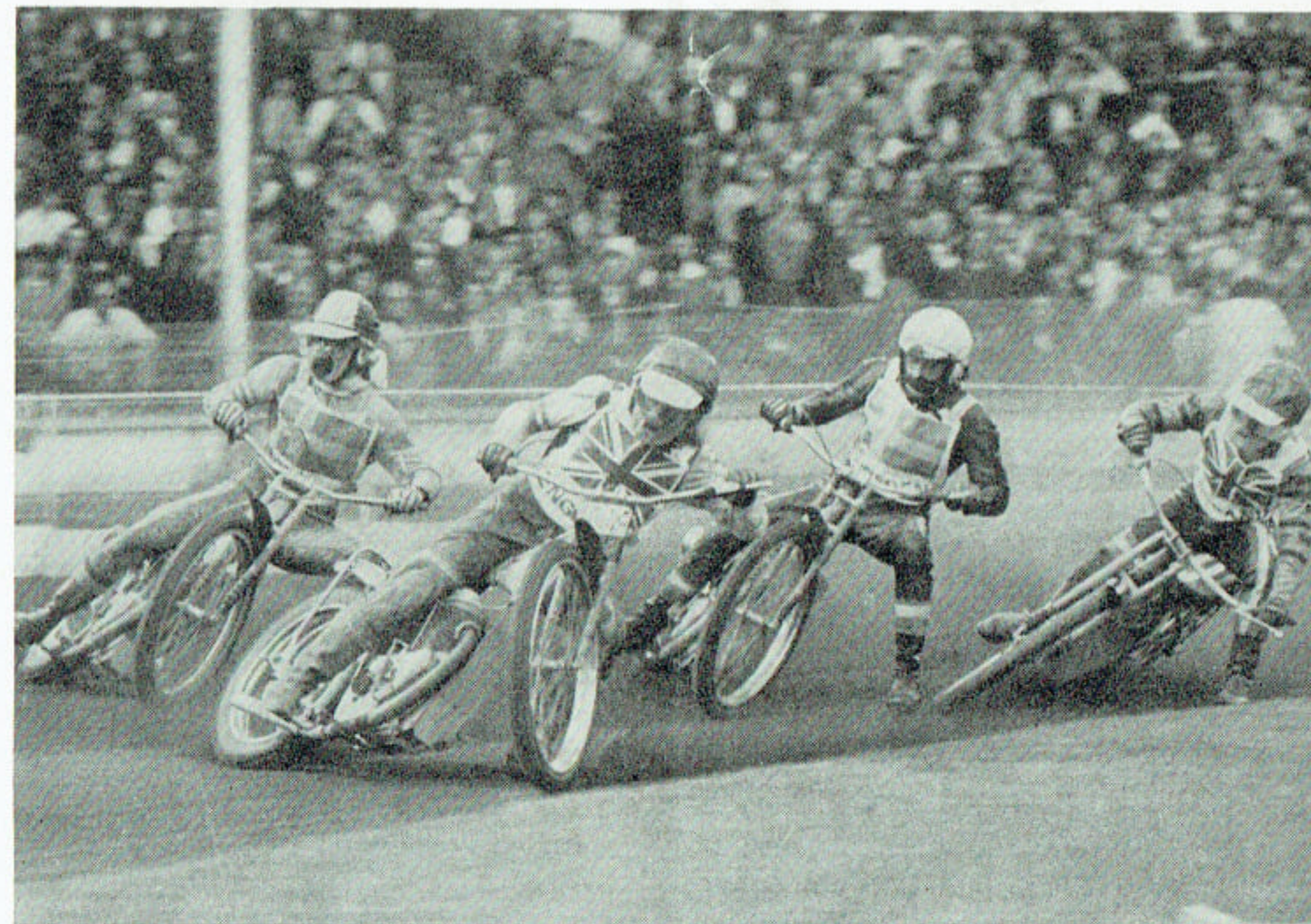
The Press over a wide area has to be kept up with the slightest change even at the last minute. Presentation during a meeting is vital or the crowd will get bored and possibly not come again, if there are long delays. One must be sure that staff are doing their

respective jobs since the chain is only as strong as the weakest link.

As soon as one meeting is over preparations begin for the following week. The track has to be prepared again, and faults in it rectified as far as possible. Teams have to be worked out with the visitors, maybe a guest rider has to be fixed up and if you have a Swedish rider in your team you need to be a part-time travel agent.

Press releases have to be composed and despatched, the programme must be written, compiled and edited and of course the riders have to be paid—with the varying rates, introduction of VAT and the cost of living percentage, a degree in mathematics might soon become a necessary qualification to do this before long.

All of these jobs are simple enough and not too time consuming, if you get a free run at them. But the telephone brings forth a never-ending stream of enquiries.



It's Sweden versus Great Britain as Pete Collins narrowly leads Tommy Jansson, European Champion Anders Michanek and team-mate John Louis. An exciting action shot from the camera of Alf Weedon, of "Speedway Mail". Alf is also responsible for the other thrilling action pictures which appear in this programme. Other photographs are by the RAC's Ron Ockenden.

**The most perfect lubricant
money can buy**



**Synthesised HydroCarbon
based engine lubricant**

promoters

There are meetings to be attended too. They can be company meetings, General Council meetings at the BSPA, Management Committee meetings, Speedway Control Board hearings and so on, a never-ending list.

If your team hits a bad injury patch whole days can disappear fixing up guest riders or 'phoning around the world to try to get replacements.

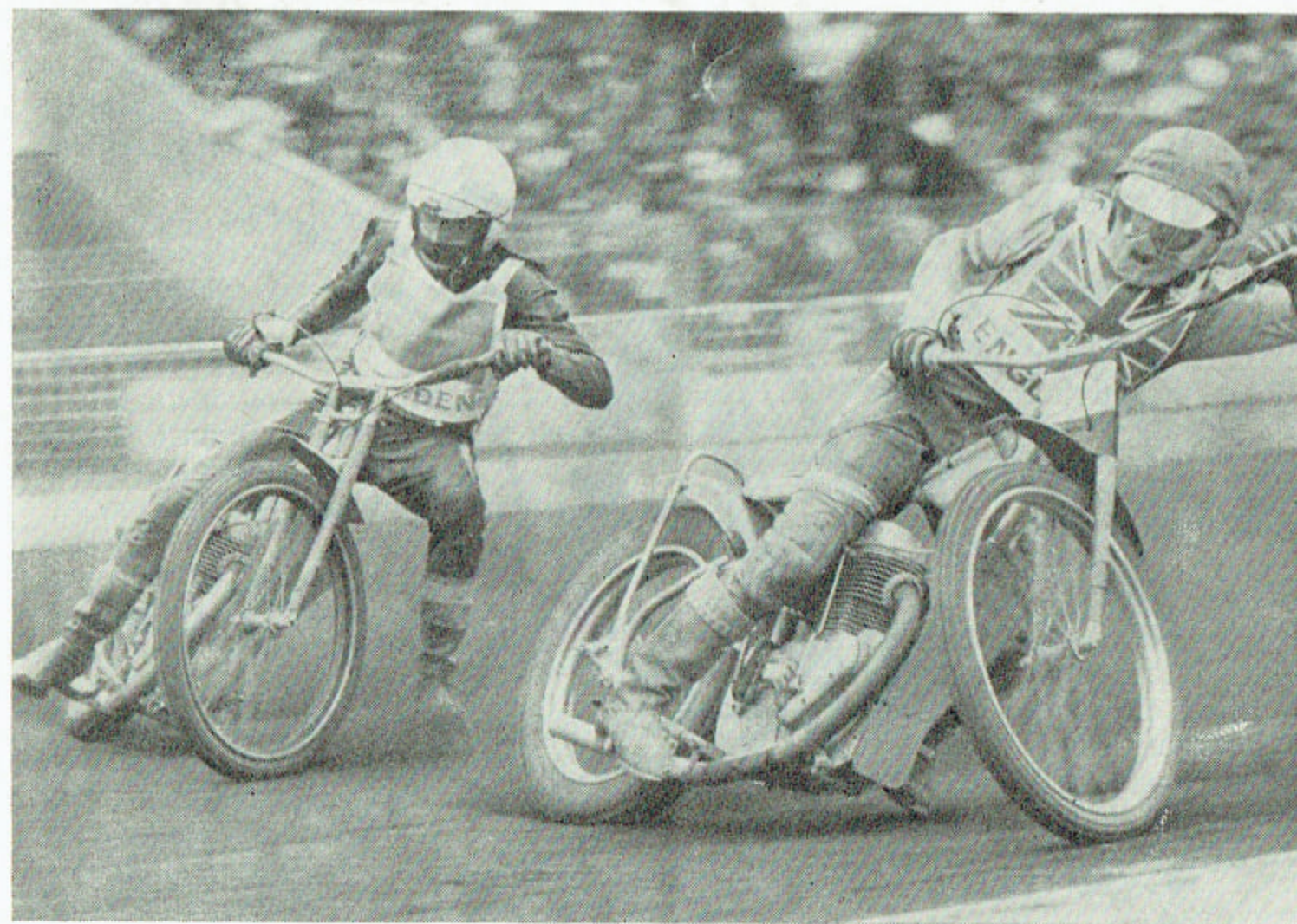
Then, of course, as in any business there are accounts to be dealt with. No amount of wishing makes them go away. 1973 has seen the advent of Value Added Tax and not only does this affect admission prices but almost every detail. For instance, a packet of crisps sold in a bar carries VAT, but if sold outside it is exempt. It all adds up to calculation and work from the promotional side.

Apart from November when most of us take a break in what sun remains in the Northern hemisphere, it is but a short time before we get back into harness to start planning for the next season.

A quiet time you may think, but with rider control, that never-ending list of meetings to attend plus that most thorny of all—stock to be ordered, staff to be engaged, and a hundred and one things to be planned and thought out before the tapes go up at Easter, time flashes by so quickly.

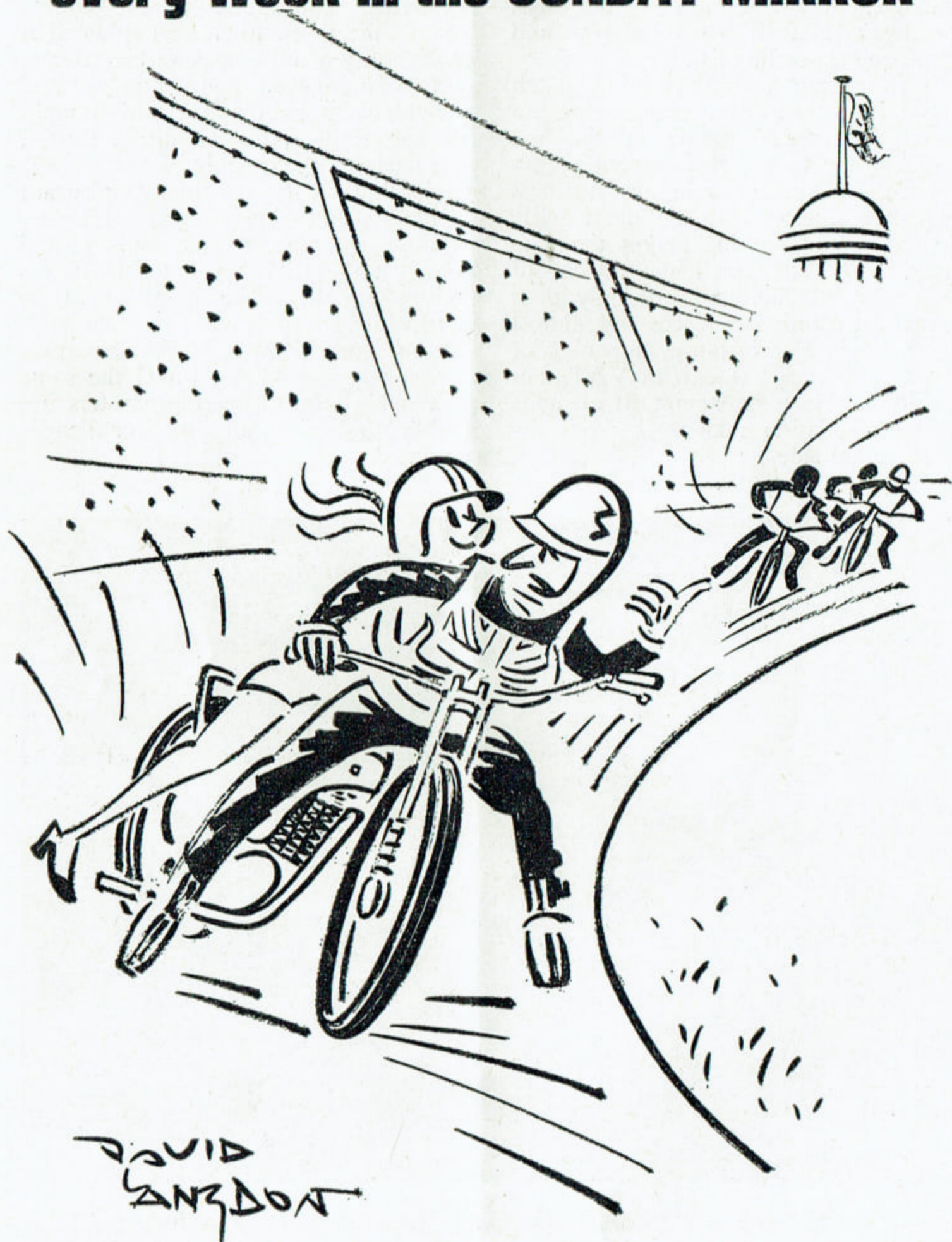
Working with so many pleasant people and making contact with new enthusiasts both in this country and abroad and striving for team success does after all, make it all seem so worthwhile.

I am sure there are very few promoters who would not travel the same path again. Professional promoters are unable to resist all the challenges presented.



A sight which looks like becoming ever more familiar on the speedway tracks of the world. Sweden's Anders Michanek, who this year has fulfilled the expectations of those who saw in him championship material, locked in battle with the rider generally regarded as England's brightest young hope, Peter Collins.

LAUGH WITH DAVID LANGDON
every week in the **SUNDAY MIRROR**



"THEIR ruddy girl-friends haven't insisted on coming along just for the ride!"



**A FEELING
IN MY
VODKA.....**

By Don Clarke
Sunday Mirror Columnist

SWEDEN 6, POLAND 4
ENGLAND 3, RUSSIA 0

These are not Soccer results, but the state of the World Team Cup Final as these four teams challenge for honours in tonight's fourteenth staging of the event.

And I have a very strong feeling in my vodka that once again Russia may be tailing tonight's field, whilst the Great Britain team is notching a hat-trick of wins.

Looking back into the history of this event shows that Sweden started like rockets when they made the Final their possession in 1960, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1967 and 1970.

But over the past two years it is Great Britain who have ruled the roost—and not before their time.

Consider the fact that it is this country who have been the masters teaching the Continental pupils, and I wonder why it has taken us so long to show our power in the World Team Cup Final.

Not that our record is all that bad. Just take a look at it: three wins, four seconds, five third placings, and once tailing the field.

Although the event was inaugurated in 1960, it was not until 1968 that we managed to notch our first win through Ivan Mauger, Nigel Boocock, Martin Ashby, Barry Briggs and Norman Hunter.

In 1969 and 1970 we finished runners-

up in Poland and Sweden, before a fighting squad comprising Ivan Mauger, Jim Airey, Ray Wilson, and Barry Briggs proved an unbeatable nap-hand in Wroclaw in 1971.

Just to prove that their win was no fluke Mauger, John Louis, Terry Betts and Ray Wilson pushed Russia into second place, at Olching, West Germany, last year, and the British Lion roared again.

Big question uppermost in the stadium tonight is whether we can add a third win—a hat-trick—to our World Team Cup Final belt?

I think we can.

With Leicester's Ray Wilson leading the team, and aptly aided by Exeter's Ivan Mauger, Belle Vue's gutsy little Peter Collins, and King's Lynn tear-aways Terry Betts and Malcolm Simmons, our squad will take a lot of stopping.

Our greatest threat may come from the Swedish contingent.

I still remember the hidden resentment of the Swedish team when they lost the Daily Mirror International Tournament Final to England, in July, through a controversial run-off between Sweden's Anders Michanek and England's Peter Collins.

They sportingly accepted the Stewards' decision, but it must still rankle that victory was snatched from their grasp.

(Continued on Page 15)


JAEGER-LECOULTRE

GENÈVE




"MEMOVOX"

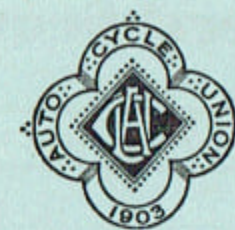
wrist alarm watch

JAEGER-LECOULTRE

92, Oldfields Road, Sutton, Surrey W6 8BR

Model No. E871

As worn by the present
World Champion Ivan Mauger
and also to be presented
to the 1973 World Champion.



To-night's Timetable

- 6.15 p.m. The Band of the Grenadier Guards
to by permission of
7.00 p.m. Colonel N. Hales Pakenham Mahon,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding the Regiment.
Director of Music, Major Peter Parkes, L.R.A.M.,
A.R.C.M., p.s.m.
- 7.00 p.m. Introduction and parade of the riders.
to
7.20 p.m.
- 7.20 p.m. World Team Championship. 16 races. There
to will be five-minute intervals after races 4, 8 and 12
8.50 p.m. to allow for riders taking part in consecutive races.
- 8.50 p.m. Deciding races if necessary.
- 8.55 p.m. Presentation of Championship Trophies.
to
9.10 p.m.
- 9.10 p.m. Marching display by the band of the Grenadier
to Guards.
9.25 p.m.
- 9.30 p.m. Five races for the Moët et Chandon presentation
to to the Victor Ludorum.
9.55 p.m.
- 10.0 p.m. Presentation to the Victor Ludorum.
Times subject to adjustment.

Officials of the meeting

<i>F.I.M. Steward of the Meeting</i>	...	W. PIETRZAK
<i>F.I.M. Referee</i>	...	J. M. WHITAKER
<i>Judge-Timekeeper</i>	...	P. B. RYALL
<i>Measurer and Fuel Examiner</i>	...	E. A. WOODS
<i>Starting Marshal</i>	...	F. LAWRENCE
<i>Chief Pit Marshal</i>	...	G. GREENWOOD
<i>Machine Examiner</i>	...	W. KITCHEN
<i>Medical Officer</i>	...	D. H. CAMPBELL, M.D., ch.B.
<i>Medical Consultant</i>	...	Professor E. S. Watkins, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S.
<i>Clerk of the Course</i>	...	D. H. Delamont
<i>Secretary of the Meeting</i>	...	J. McNulty
<i>Announcer</i>	...	David Hamilton
<i>Press Officer</i>	...	Ernie Brown

PERMIT No. SP 346

Track Licence No. 73/40

Length of track 378 yards

Meeting is held under the International Sporting Code of the
F.I.M. and is sponsored by the *Sunday Mirror*.

**BETTING IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED AT ALL
SPEEDWAY MEETINGS**

Individual Riders' Scores

SWEDEN		Team Manager: Arne Bergstrom				
		1	2	3	4	T
1	Bernt Persson	1	2	3	3	9
2	Bengt Jansson	3	F	2	1	6
3	Anders Michanek (c)	2	3	3	3	11
4	Christer Lofqvist	1	2	2	0	5
17	Tommy Jansson (Reserve)					

POLAND		Team Manager: Roscislaw Slowiecki				
		1	2	3	4	T
5	Pawel Waloszek (c)	0	0	0	0	1
6	Edward Jancarz	1	1	0	0	
7	Zenon Plech	0	3	0	2	5
8	Jerzy Szczakiel	0	0	0	0	
18	Jan Mucha (Reserve)					

GREAT BRITAIN		Team Manager: Len Silver				
		1	2	3	4	T
9	Ray Wilson (c)	2	3	2	1	8
10	Malcolm Simmons	2	1	3	2	8
11	Peter Collins	3	3	3	3	12
12	Terry Betts	3	2	2	2	9
19	Dave Jessup (Reserve)					

U.S.S.R.		Team Manager: Guennady Fomin				
		1	2	3	4	T
13	Alexandr Pavlov	X	1	1	3	2
14	Vladimir Gordeev	2	1	1	3	7
15	Vladimir Paznikov	1	2	1	1	5
16	Valeri Gordeev	3	0	0	1	4
20	Grigori Khlynovskii (Reserve)				2	2

Event 1

Letters in brackets indicate gate positions (a)—Inside (d)—Outside

Heat No. Time	USSR Red	Pts.	Great Britain Blue	Pts.	Poland White	Pts.	Sweden Yellow & Black	Pts.
1 76.2	14 Vladimir Gordeev (d)	2	12 Terry Betts (a)	3	5 Pawel Waloszek (b)	X	4 Christer Lofqvist (c) Tommy Jansson	1
2 67.6	13 Alexandr Pavlov (c)	X	11 Peter Collins (d)	3	6 Edward Jancarz (a)	1	3 Anders Michanek (b)	2
3 70-	15 Vladimir Paznikov (d)	1	9 Ray Wilson (b)	2	8 Jerzy Szczakiel (c)	0	2 Bengt Jansson (a)	3

Heat No. Time	USSR Red	Pts.	Great Britain Blue	Pts.	Poland White	Pts.	Sweden Yellow & Black	Pts.
4 68.2	16 Valeri Gordeev (c) GRIGORI	3	10 Malcolm Simmons (d)	2	7 Zenon Plech (a)	0	1 Bernt Persson (b)	1
5 69.6	16 Valeri Gordeev (b) GRIGORI	0	9 Ray Wilson (a)	3	6 Edward Jancarz (c)	1	4 Christer Lofqvist (d) T. Jansson	2
6 69.6	15 Vladimir Paznikov (c)	2	10 Malcolm Simmons (b)	1	5 Pawel Waloszek (d)	0	3 Anders Michanek (a)	3
7 70.	13 Alexandr Pavlov (a)	1	12 Terry Betts (b)	2	7 Zenon Plech (c)	3	2 Bengt Jansson (d)	0
8 71.2	14 Vladimir Gordeev (b)	1	11 Peter Collins (a)	3	8 Jerzy Szczakiel (d)	0	1 Bernt Persson (c)	2
9 71.4	13 Alexandr Pavlov (d)	1	10 Malcolm Simmons (c)	3	8 Jerzy Szczakiel (a)	0	4 Christer Lofqvist (b) T. Jansson	2
10 71.00	14 Vladimir Gordeev (a)	1	9 Ray Wilson (c)	2	7 Zenon Plech (b)	0	3 Anders Michanek (d)	3
11 70.8	16 Valeri Gordeev (d) GRIGORI	0	11 Peter Collins (b)	3	5 Pawel Waloszek (a)	1	2 Bengt Jansson (c)	2
12 72.3	15 Vladimir Paznikov (a)	1	12 Terry Betts (c)	2	6 Edward Jancarz (b)	0	1 Bernt Persson (d)	3
13 70.6	16 Valeri Gordeev (a) GRIGORI	1	12 Terry Betts (d)	2	8 Jerzy Szczakiel (b)	0	3 Anders Michanek (c)	3
14 71.6	15 Vladimir Paznikov (b)	1	11 Peter Collins (c)	3	7 Zenon Plech (d)	2	4 Christer Lofqvist (a) T. Jansson	0
15 71.6	14 Vladimir Gordeev (c)	3	10 Malcolm Simmons (a)	2	6 Edward Jancarz (d)	0	2 Bengt Jansson (b)	1
16 72.00	13 Alexandr Pavlov (b) VICTOR KRIFOMOV	2	9 Ray Wilson (d)	1	5 Pawel Waloszek (c)	0	1 Bernt Persson (a)	3

Additional races to decide ties

17								
18								

Moët et Chandon Champagne Presentation for the VICTOR LUDORUM

Riders and riding positions identified by helmet colours:—
R=Red (Inside), B=Blue, W=White, Y/B=Yellow and Black

	No.	Name	Remarks	Colour	Points	Result
Heat 1 Sweden	1	Bernt Persson		R	2	1st: R W
	2	Bengt Jansson		B		2nd: R
	3	Anders Michanek		W	3	3rd: Y/B
	4	Christer Lofqvist	to Jansson	Y/B	1	Time: 72.6
Heat 2 Poland	5	Pawel Waloszek		R		1st: W
	6	Edward Jancarz		B		2nd: B
	7	Zenon Plech		W		3rd: R
	8	Jerzy Szczakiel		Y/B		Time: 72.4
Heat 3 Great Britain	9	Ray Wilson		R		1st: W
	10	Malcolm Simmons		B		2nd: R
	11	Peter Collins		W		3rd: Y/B
	12	Terry Betts		Y/B		Time: 71.8
Heat 4 U.S.S.R.	13	Alexandr Pavlov		R		1st: W
	14	Vladimir Gordeev		B		2nd: B
	15	Vladimir Paznikov		W		3rd: R
	16	Valeri Gordeev		Y/B		Time: 72.4

	No.	Name	Colour
Heat 5 Final (Colours will be drawn)	Winner: Heat 1	3	MICHANEK
	Winner: Heat 2	7	ZENON PLECH
	Winner: Heat 3	11	PETER COLLINS
	Winner: Heat 4	15	VALERI GORDEEV

Victor Ludorum: Y/B MICHANEK
2nd: W ZENON PLECH
3rd: B PETER COLLINS
Time: 70.6

Regulations

A rider who breaks the tapes will be excluded and not replaced. The champions will be the team scoring the greatest aggregate of points for the meeting. In the event of a tie for first, second or third place, a deciding race will be held immediately, between the teams concerned, each being represented by one rider nominated by the Team Manager.

Prizes

First: The Gold Medal of the F.I.M. The Speedway World Team Championship Trophy, to be held for one year. A souvenir cup. S.Fr. 1,800. Second: S.Fr. 1,200. Third: S.Fr. 600.

The Speedway Control Board thanks

The Editor and Staff of the Sunday Mirror, our sponsors.
Stewart and Arden Ltd., for the provision of official cars.
Moët & Chandon (London) Ltd. for champagne.
The British Red Cross Society.
The Press and PR Division of the RAC for the production of the programme.

vodka

With Hackney's Bengt Jansson having to pull out of their team only a few hours before the tapes went up, England looked to be odds-on winners.

But these Swedes are born fighters, and I think every British fan at Wembley would admit that they were terribly unlucky to have been deprived of the honours.

Lead by Reading's Anders Michanek, who will be supported by Cradley's Bernt Persson, Hackney's Bengt Jansson, Poole's Christer Lofqvist and Wimbledon pin-up boy Tommy Jansson, and our lads will have their hands full to contain these battlers.

Now what about Poland and Russia? Poland's four successes in this competition have been gained three times in their own country and once in West Germany.

Although they promise great things on the Continent, they never quite reach the same heights when riding at Wembley.

Naturally they will be out to notch a fifth title on their belts, and although I anticipate them putting up a tough struggle, I cannot see them pegging back Great Britain and Sweden.

The Russians have yet to win the World Team Cup. Like the Poles they appear to possess the talent, but when it comes to the crunch their Cossacks crumple.

They did not qualify for the World Team Final until 1964, and it was this year that Igor Plechanov startled the Western world when he finished runner-up to New Zealand's Barry Briggs in the World Individual Final.

I remember the Russians' World Cup Final debut, at Abensberg, Germany, only too well.

Travelling arrangements to the Continent those days were something of a hit-and-miss affair.

Having opted to travel with the British team I began to have my doubts about the caper even when I arrived at Southend Airport at the ungodly hour of 2 a.m.

Having just completed a twelve-hour stint at the *Sunday Mirror* I cannot say I was full of the joys of living when I met up with Barry Briggs, Ken

McKinlay, Nigel Boocock, Ron How and Brian Brett.

They had been riding that night and had made their ways to Southend where we were regimented by British team manager Ronnie Greene, then the Wimbledon boss, on to a Dutch transport plane.

With six machines loaded into the machine, and our only other contacts being the pilot, navigator and stewardess, we settled down to what we hoped to be a peaceful journey.

It was not to be. The plane had only reached 10,000 feet on its climb to Munich Airport when it was discovered that the heating in the plane had failed.

The British boys, feeling fatigued after a night's racing and a long haul to the airport, had all thoughts of some shut-eye shattered as we sat shivering our way to Germany.

Arrival at Munich couldn't come too soon, and at 5.30 a.m. a bleary-eyed British contingent staggered into the airport restaurant where brandy and coffee helped to dispel the cold, chill light of a German morning.

Another two hours' wait for transport to take us 60 miles to Abensberg certainly didn't improve our tempers—particularly Ron How who is a terrible traveller.

Relief came with the arrival of our convoy at Abensberg, where we staggered into the hotel for a couple of hours' sleep.

But even then our luck was out. The British lads had hardly rested their heads on their pillows when a burly big German came crashing into the hotel demanding that they appear for practice within half-an-hour or they would be ruled out of the meeting.

I wouldn't dare repeat the comments of our lads at this demand, but to their credit they dragged themselves down to the circuit where over 5,000 fans had paid to watch the practice.

Needless to say, our boys were practically falling asleep when they went to the tapes three hours later.

Sweden romped home with 34 points; Russia finished second with 25, whilst we managed a creditable third place

(Continued on Page 22)



ON THE AIR TONIGHT...

Television and radio personality David Hamilton, a real speedway enthusiast, will be on the microphone tonight and, with the help of old speedway hand, Ted Sear, will be keeping you up-to-date on the progress of what should be a spine-tingling contest.

(Photograph by courtesy of Thames Television).

Greybeards can recall a time when speedway was largely dominated by England and Australia with occasional intervention from cheeky Americans like Sprouts Elder and Jack and Cordy Milne and the even more occasional Dane like Morian Hansen. Times have changed and speedway boasts more than two major powers. Taking a look at the situation below is a long-time speedway observer, television commentator and columnist of the "Speedway Star" . . .

WORLD'S MAJOR POWERS PARADE

By Eric Linden

NOBODY — but nobody — loves anybody tonight. The world's four major speedway powers are on parade and they all have special reasons for wanting to knock four different kinds of bells out of the others.

The riders representing the nations may well have changed in the past few years. All of us are switching more and more to the bright young things who are challenging the established boys for the team places.

In Britain we figure we have a great crop a-coming when we look at the likes of our principal prospects. Only four men can take up the team places and the selectors' medicine cabinets are littered with old, used, empty aspirin bottles.

Well, look at what they've had to go through to find the best four, and the most effective reserve.

They've had to whittle through the established stars of the Ivan Mauger, Terry Betts, Ray Wilson, Martin Ashby, John Boulger, Jim McMillan ilk.

They've had to ponder on the hoo-ha and the lessons learned and the form before, since, and after, of John Louis — central figure in the last big night at Wembley. That was the final of the Daily Mirror International Speedway Tournament when he was sensationally dropped from the Great Britain team against the Rest of the World.

They've had to ponder about the omission of Nigel Boocock from that entire series; whether Bob Kilby might be fit enough after his cartilage operation; whether Malcolm Simmons shouldn't join the ranks of the automatics.

And when they got that lot in some semblance of order, then they could have a go at fitting in the young up-and-comings who were banging on their door.

Just four places plus one reserve to fill, so how do they evaluate the claims of Peter Collins, hero of the England win against the Swedes in that "Mirror" tournament? And what of the other young brilliants?

Sheffield's Reg Wilson and Bob Valentine; Cradley's Howard Cole (maybe not a teenager but hampered by injury from claiming a rightful International place in the sun); Tony Lomas (with a new lease of life since joining Exeter).

What of Alan Wilkinson's high rating in the "Mirror" tournament? He only rode twice but he was our third highest in the averages. Was he ready for the big time?

Would wee Dave Jessup be fit enough, match fit that is, following his long lay off? You have to remember that Dave rode for Wembley during their league career and if anyone knows this

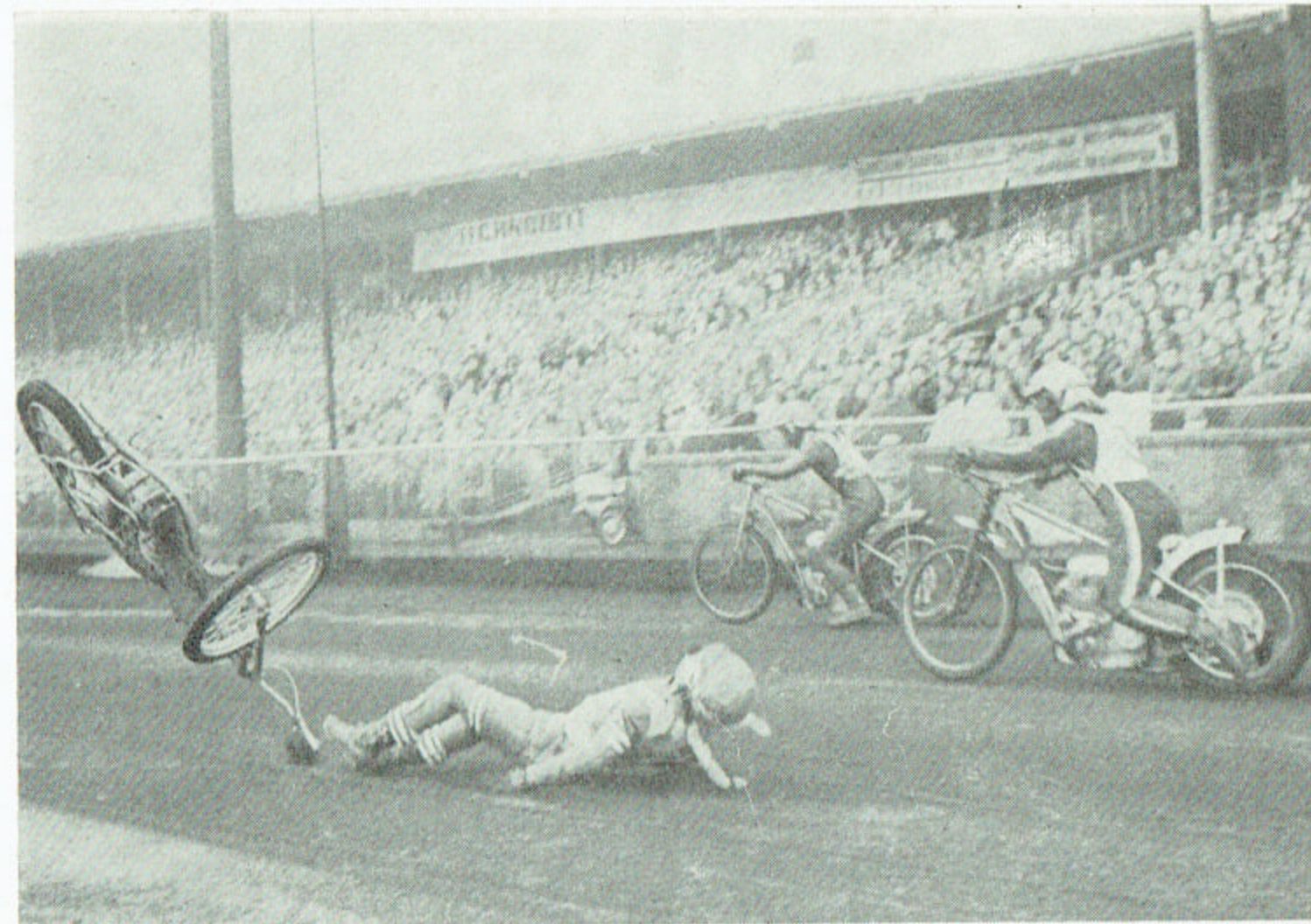
SPEEDWAY AT ITS MOST EXCITING...

**FOLLOW THE
ACTION
WEEK BY
WEEK**



IN THE

**Sunday
Mirror**



"Plech on the deck" was the caption the photographer applied to this picture of Poland's sensational star Zenon Plech, taken in Poland. It's an unusual shot—most of the time his opponents only see the rear view of the young Pole as he scoots over the finishing line.

track, he does. So, for that matter, does the enthusiastic enigma, Bert Harkins. First or last Bert rides like it is vital for him to bust a gut in every race. Even allowing for the fact that you can never bank on him being first or last, might enthusiasm such as his—particularly towards his old track—be just the secret weapon to have in reserve?

And what of the two opposites, Barry Thomas and Pete Smith. Barry has hit the top quickly. Pete has built up to it over the years. Both are very, very good.

Very, very good—but is very, very good, good enough? The answer is "No". For this match you have to be superb.

Because it's a match of revenge. Revenge divided into two separate battles. Us and the Swedes. Russians and Poles.

Anders Michanek summed it up on behalf of the Swedes at an impromptu,

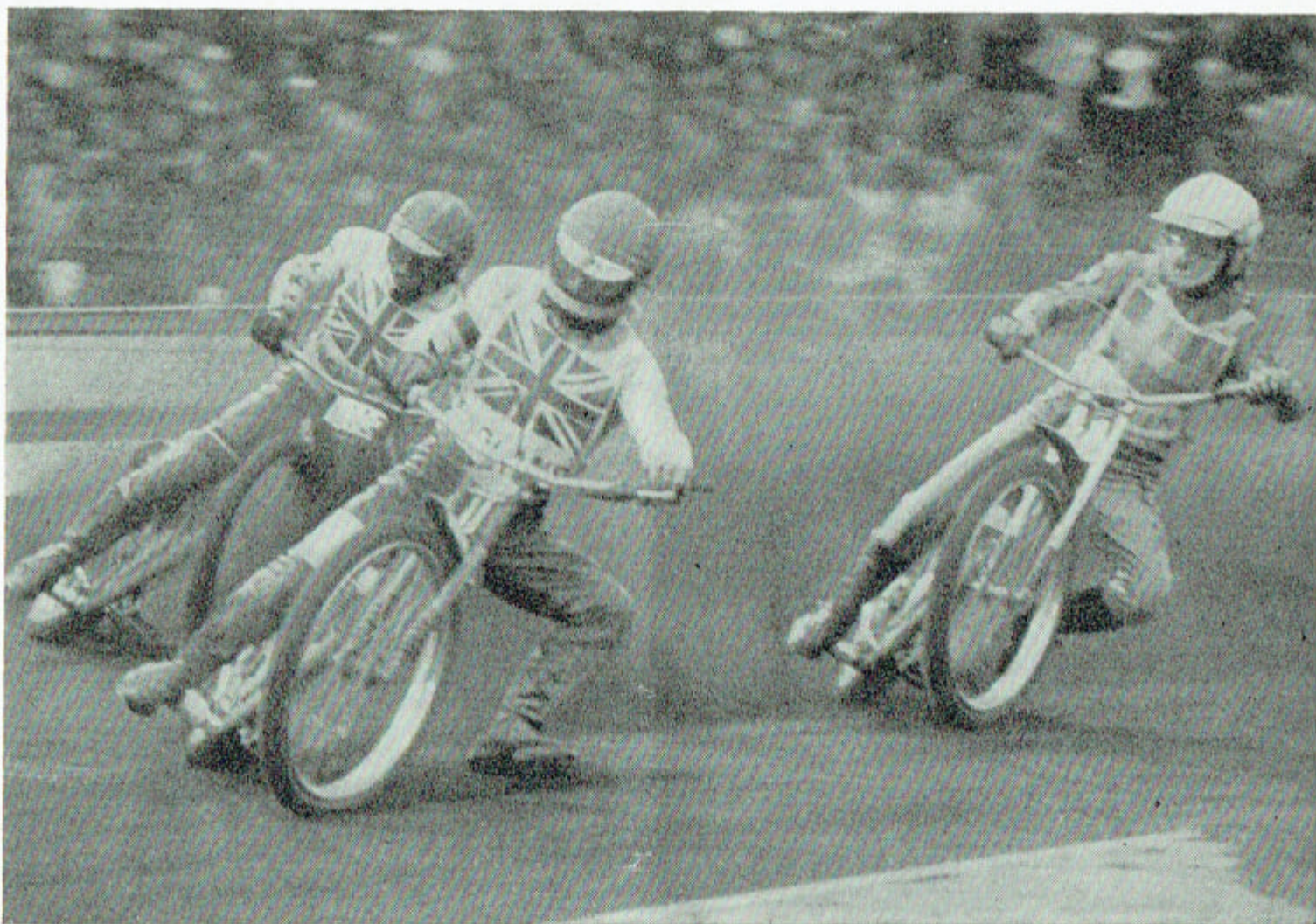
after-meeting party I got lumbered into throwing a few months back.

"It is Wembley," he said. "I think we can win. We ride Wembley well."

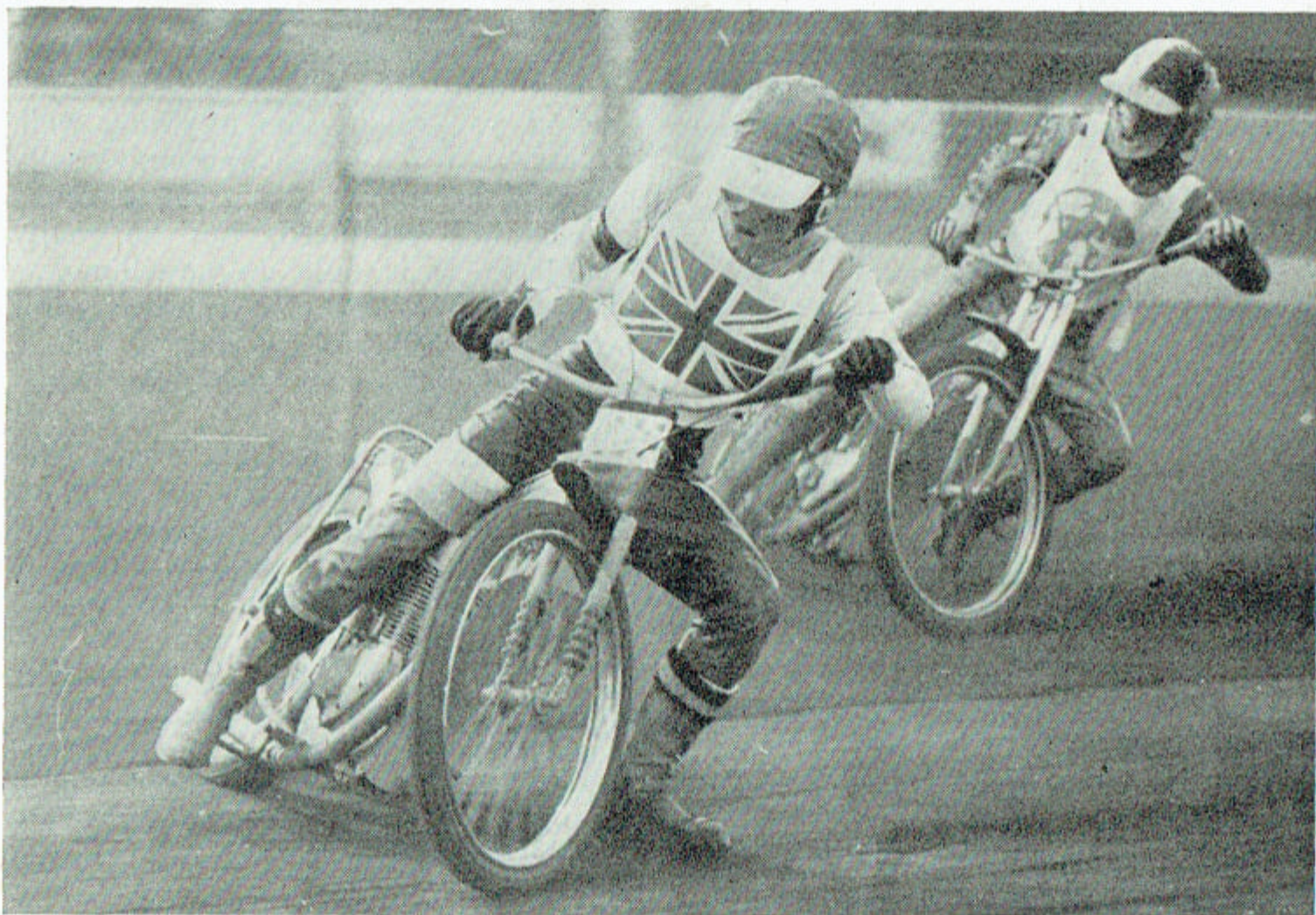
Mind you Mich rides anything well. He may not yet have been universally accepted as one of the greatest riders Sweden has produced, but he really should be. It is only an unwillingness by some to accept the obvious until it has been obvious for half a decade that holds back such complete recognition.

But Mich is not the only Swede who rides Wembley well. They all seem to like the track. And my opinion is that they are even more confident riding it than on any other circuit in the world. Including their own.

Tumbled from their lofty heights and having to look up, instead of down, at the rest of the world's great speedway powers, the Swedes needed a shot in the arm, or any other place likely to get them back to the top of the pack.



Ray Wilson (Leicester) and Terry Betts (King's Lynn) get together to block out Sweden's Bernt Persson in an England v. Sweden struggle (above). The classical style of all three riders is repeated below with this time Persson giving chase to that other star of the King's Lynn team, Malcolm Simmons.



powers

They figure they got it with the selection of Wembley as this year's venue.

Look at what's happened since they slipped Great Britain an uppercut in 1970, beat us by a clear nine points, 42-31, with the Poles and the Czechs nowhere in the running.

In 1971, at Olching, we finished top and the Swedes bottom. At the same time the Russians pushed the Poles out of second spot. In 1972 at Wroclaw we finished top and the Swedes finished bottom. And again the Russians pushed the Poles out of second spot—in Poland too!

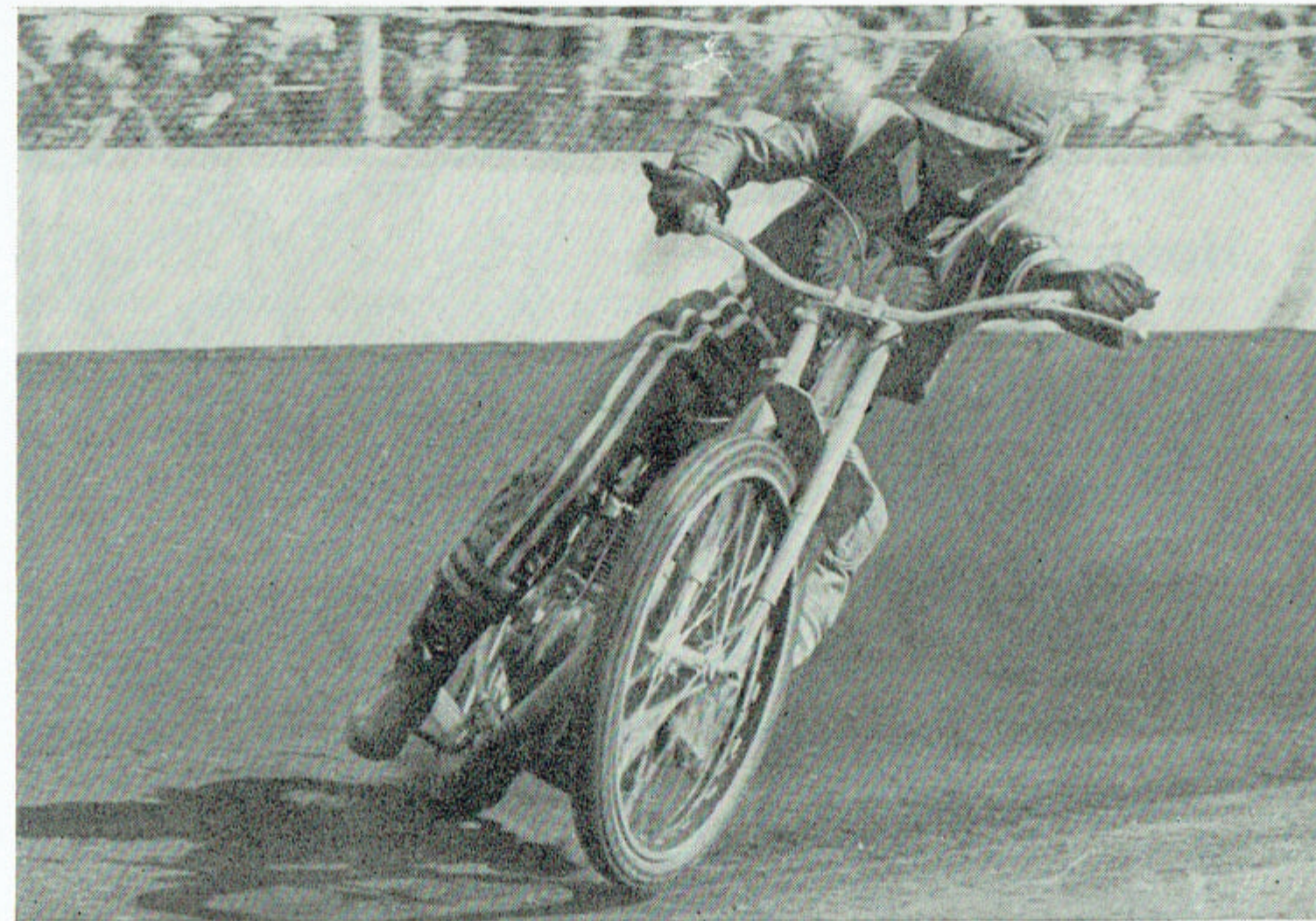
Then came this year of grace and we all know what happened here at Wembley in the "Mirror" tournament. England beat Sweden on a technical knock-out, that's what.

We won after the match was drawn 39-39. We won with our match race nominee Peter Collins sitting on his backside after a fall for which Anders Michanek was adjudged to be responsible, and for which he was duly disqualified.

Did he fall, was he made to fall, or was he pushed? That question raged around Britain and Sweden long after the event. Not even television really cleared it up. The one thing that was without doubt was that it was a hell of a poor way to finish, no way to decide.

The deciding can take place tonight perhaps. Regardless of how the Poles and Russians make out, or whether either of them springs a surprise and heaves the pride of the Western World's top twosome out of first spot, the Swedes will still be intent on doing better than us.

The "Mirror" tournament spelled it all out. After two bottom of the table slots the Swedes came back to Wembley



The man on whom so much rests for Poland—Zenon Plech—in rather more accustomed manner than he is seen on Page 19. Plech is one of the new breed of Continental riders who have ensured that the British and Commonwealth and Scandinavian stars can no longer count on easy wins when they venture abroad.

vodka

with 21 points, Poland tailed the field with sixteen.

The Russians were cock-a-hoop at finishing runners-up in their first stab for World Team Cup honours, and celebrated in typical Russian style after the meeting.

The Russian team manager was a tough cookie, and a great "throw-it-back in one gulp" vodka drinker.

But he met his match in Scotland's Ken McKinlay.

The Russians produced four bottles of vodka, and we managed to put forward three bottles of Scotch whisky.

The Russians decided to drink the whisky, whilst we had to cope with the vodka.

That wasn't bad. But it became a nightmare when the Russian manager insisted in serving full tumblers of the stuff.

But Mac beat them at their own game. As the Russians threw back their glasses, Mac and I were craftily pour-

ing half of ours down a hand basin.

It therefore came as a welcomed relief when manager Ronnie Greene insisted that we left the party if we hoped to catch our plane home to England.

I know that F.I.M. regulations now insist that only pure methanol alcohol be used in international meetings.

I only wish that the same regulation had applied to riders and a Pressman at that Abensberg caper in '64.

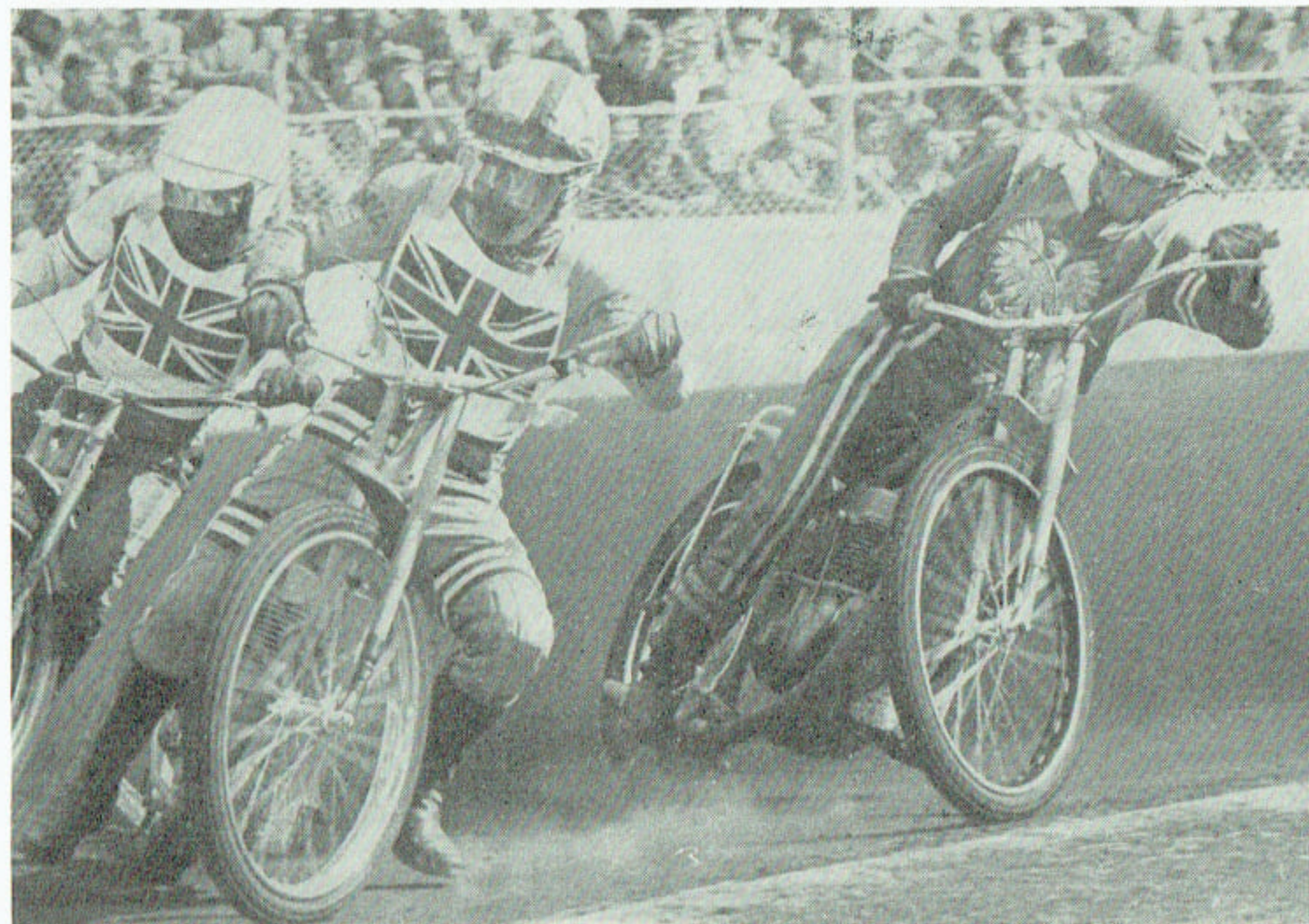
Needless to say, it didn't surprise me one little bit when the Russians could only score seven points, and tail the field, in the following year's Final at Kempton, West Germany.

A lot of vodka has flowed under the bridge since then, and the Russians still have to register a win in the World Team Cup Final.

They finished second to us at Wroclaw in 1971, and again last year in Olching, West Germany.

Tonight could be their night. They have the talent to pull it off.

Yet as much as I admire their fighting spirit, I cannot visualise them stopping Great Britain from scoring a hat-trick.



New Zealand's world champion Ivan Mauger shuts-out Poland's Zenon Plech (above) and overleaf another graphic Alf Weedon shot depicts Sweden's Lofqvist and England's Betts really giving out with the revs.

and zipped to the other end of the table.

As for the Poles and the Russians, they have that same kind of "local" rivalry only worse. Because the Russians and the Poles, by and large, have not really shown the same sophistication about their throttle control. Indeed they have shown that it is possible to ride any track without turning off the throttle. Mind you our tracks have counter-attacked and shown it is possible to ride them full throttle but it is not always possible to ride them thus for all four laps!

That does not mean they do not have polished riders, if the Poles will pardon the unwitting pun. The Polish wonder boy, Zenon Plech, for instance, is far more skilled than some writings would make him appear.

The "wild man", as he was once dubbed, is no real wildie who goes wherever the machine and a big handful of twist grip takes him. He is fast, fearless and shrewd. With the same kind of calculating brain allied

to skill and speed that, say our Peter Collins has, only perhaps Plech is even more advanced than our lad. At present.

Plech may well be the foremost but he isn't the *only* Pole in the pack. Others are coming along just as fast and maybe that throttle-bashing image will eventually vanish, although not as fast as some of our Polish friends have acrobatically vanished from our tracks in the years we have known, and respected, them.

The Russians, with a slightly less flamboyant image (although slightly is the operative word) also have their new wave breaking through. That they should in the last two years have taken a runners-up World Team Cup slot has been overlooked. And yet the astonishing slump in the Russian speedway fortunes was a major talking point.

For them it might be the Gordeev brothers, Valeri and Vladimir, who will lead the upsurge. Certainly we look forward to seeing both gents on the same track when it happens. We have

Rev up.
Take off.
Motor Cycle makes
you live it.

Motor Cycle

EVERY WEDNESDAY



looked forward to that ever since elder brother was banned for a year, following a positive nitro test on the fuel he used in a World Final; and then younger brother appeared on the scene. But nobody in this part of Europe has even seen the two together. We've just had to exist on the reports of the prowess of the brotherly pair.

Reports, too, on how much better were some of the Russians who didn't ride here in the "Mirror" tournament, than some of those who did. I look forward to seeing whether the reports were justified, something that can't be done until the men actually take the track tonight.

I never believe a Russian team when they name it. I don't believe it until I see it. Even then I don't believe it since I don't know whether I'm seeing what they've named or not. And I'm certain their interpreter interprets what he thinks I should have said rather than the intelligent question I did ask. Ah well, it's all part of life's rich pageant!

I went to some length to tell of the problems, or some of them, that faced the British selectors as they fined down the available talent into a four-man-

plus-one-reserve outfit. But the British selectors were not alone.

They had the biggest headache by far, that's for sure. I can't believe any other country has as many riders regularly engaged in competitive racing than we have. Thus we get a bigger horses-for-courses choice and far from ensuring a stronger team that merely makes for the more chances of picking the wrong one.

And it is well known that selectors always pick the wrong team, even if they take the five top men in the averages; or the five men with the best Wembley record; or the five best anything. Well they never agree with the team I choose so they must be wrong . . . to repeat a statement you can hear in any speedway pub or club in the land.

But just as long as they spice the old guard with a little of the new blood; enough to ensure that we win the World Cup without them being accused of playing it safe with only known factors, we can't grumble. Progress in speedway cannot be over-hurried.

It took even the mighty Ivan Mauger about ten years' preparation to become an overnight sensation!

BRITISH LEAGUE DIVISION TWO TRACK DIRECTORY

BARROW

The Stadium, Holker Street,
Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.
Telephone: Barrow (0229) 20256
Tuesdays — 7.30 p.m.

BERWICK

Shielfield Park, Tweedmouth, Berwick-on-
Tweed, Northumberland.
Telephone: Berwick-on-Tweed (0289) 6806
Saturdays — 7 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM

Perry Barr Greyhound Stadium,
Walsall Road, Birmingham B42 1BY
Telephone: 021 356 9883
Mondays — 7.45 p.m.

BOSTON

Boston Sports and Speedway Stadium,
New Hammond Beck Road, Boston, Lincs.
Telephone: Boston (0205) 61175
Sundays — 6.45 p.m.

BRADFORD

Odsal Stadium, Odsal, Bradford, Yorks.
Telephone: Bradford (0274) 20672
Wednesdays — 7.30 p.m.

CANTERBURY

Kingsmead Stadium, Kingsmead Road,
Canterbury, Kent.
Telephone: Canterbury (0227) 61244
Saturdays — 7 p.m.

CHESTERTON

Lyme Valley Sports Stadium, Loomer Road,
Chesterton, Newcastle-under-Lyme.
Telephone:
Newcastle-under-Lyme (0782) 561575
Thursdays — 7.45 p.m.

CREWE

Crewe Speedway Stadium, L.M.R. Sports
Ground, Earle Street, Crewe, Cheshire.
Telephone: Crewe (0270) 56806
Mondays — 7.30 p.m.

EASTBOURNE

Arlington Road, Hailsham, near Eastbourne,
Sussex.
Telephone: Hailsham (0323) 642
Sundays — 3.30 p.m.

ELLESMERE PORT

The Stadium, Thornton Road,
Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.
Telephone: 051 355 2060
Tuesdays — 7.30 p.m.

HULL

Boulevard Stadium, Airlie Street, Hull,
East Yorks.
Telephone: Hull (0482) 23101
Wednesdays — 7 p.m.

LONG EATON

Long Eaton Stadium, Station Road,
Long Eaton, Notts.
Telephone: Long Eaton (0607 6) 2693
Thursdays — 7.30 p.m.

PETERBOROUGH

Peterborough Showground, Alwalton,
Peterborough, Huntingdonshire.
Telephone: Castor 481 (race day only)
Fridays — 7.45 p.m.

RAYLEIGH

Rayleigh Weir Stadium, Arterial Road,
Rayleigh, Essex.
Telephone: Rayleigh (0374 2) 5498
Saturdays — 8 p.m.

SCUNTHORPE

Quibell Park, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
Telephone: Scunthorpe (0724) 5837
(race days only)
Mondays — 7.15 p.m.

SUNDERLAND

Sunderland Stadium, Cleadon, Co. Durham.
Telephone: Boldon (0783-87 7250 and 4196
Sundays — 3.00 p.m.

TEESSIDE

Teesside Speedway, Cleveland Park
Stadium, Stockton Road, Middlesbrough,
Yorks.
Telephone: Middlesbrough (0642) 47381
Thursdays — 7.30 p.m.

WORKINGTON

Derwent Park, Workington, Cumberland.
Telephone: Workington 3844 or 3566
Fridays — 7.30 p.m.

RYE HOUSE

Rye House Speedway, Rye Road,
Hoddesdon, Herts.
Telephone: Hoddesdon (0992 4) 64200
Sundays — 3.30 p.m.



Come to the flavor of Marlboro

Enquiries to: PHILIP MORRIS & COMPANY LIMITED, Pritchard & Burton Division, Factory Road, LONDON E16 2HB. Tel: 01-476 4316

EVERY PACKET CARRIES
A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING