

The

Buzzing Club



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News from HQ

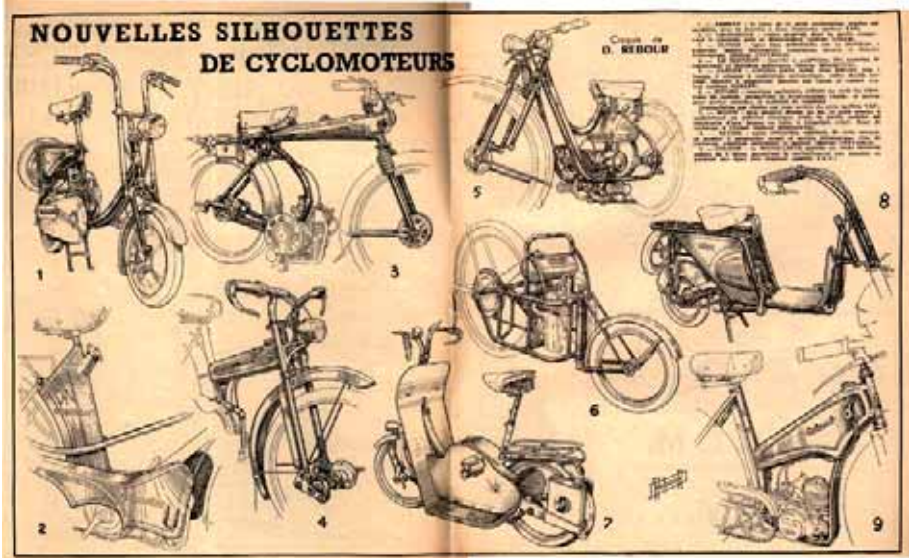
Chairman's Chat; As it's almost the end of the riding year, except for a few hardy types vainly trying to shake off their Hangovers, it's time to say a big "Thank You" to all those NACC Sections and individuals who have given up so much of their time and energy to organise the events that we all participate in and enjoy so much. So, on behalf of all club members I'd like to say many thanks to you all and we look forward to a repeat in 2010. On behalf of the committee may I wish you all an enjoyable Festive Season and safe riding in the forthcoming New Year. **David Casper**

From the Library; We have had a considerable increase in the number of request for library information and help over the last couple of months, many from new members. It is a pleasure to be able to assist with some of the quite ambitious projects some of you are undertaking. I wish you all good luck, and I hope we will see some of these machines up, and running in the New Year. We have had a fair amount of very interesting stuff sent to us from a variety of sources, including a number of prototype drawings. Scanning some of the items may take some time, however it is well worth the effort as the increasing number of folk with access to broad band has made it possible for us to share quite large amounts of data electronically without the cost of printing and postage. Please keep sending in the odd pieces of tiddler information you might have, as it could just help some desperate soul in his/her hour of need. **Alan Hummerstone**

Buzzing Production; I've more or less mastered Adobe InDesign technology (the old dog / new tricks problem) and will now include photos with adverts in the For Sale and Wanted sections. I know others have done this for ages, but we got there in the end.... Pictures should be at least 200 dpi resolution and about 600kb file size. For the Luddites out there, a printed photo is OK, I can scan these, but image quality won't be brilliant. If you want your photos back, please send with an SAE. It just remains for me to wish you all a very pleasant Christmas and here's looking forward to a New Year full of great events- the 2010 Side-to-Side, the renowned Coast to Coast, the Pedalers Breck Farm camping weekend, Derek's eighteenth (come of age at last!) Granadaland Hangover Run and the NACC National Rally (probably held at a new venue in 2010), to name but a very few. 2009 was a record-breaker for the number of Section activities and Runs; our club continues to grow and improve every year so we're look forward to another great year in 2010. **David B.**

News

A short while ago Netherlands NACC member Henk van Kessel sent us a link to a French website called "If it's Rusted, it's Mine!" run by someone called Pablo, who restores and repairs antique furniture. He's also a cyclemotor and moped nut, into box cameras, 1:87 scale toy trains, Galina radios, oscilloscopes, Odhner calculators, and drives a Fiat 127. Interesting man! He's scanned a large number of adverts and drawings (including a substantial number of good ones by Daniel Rebour) from French motorcycle magazines dating back to 1949-51 and they are all posted on his website at: www.rusted.free.fr/Documentation%20moped.html For all you early post-war French cyclemotor enthusiasts, it's well worth a visit, for example a new clip-on unit introduced for 1950- the Vampire- got to have one of those for the name alone! Then there's the Pitard, a motorised trailer clamped to the cycle rear spindle which drives the rear wheel by chain...wonderful imaginative stuff.



Further News from the Continent: The Solex Club de Belgique's webmaster, Jean-Paul Leclerc, has posted a large batch of photos taken at the Sars Poteries 2009 event, which can be viewed at: <http://www..solexappeal.be/index26.htm>. Many of the pictures obviously feature members of the Belgian club on their various mounts, but that's the interesting part, they ride a lot of machines we seldom see in this country. A visit to their website is well worth it, I had a good look and came away convinced I really, really wanted a Kreidler Florette!

Cry of Help! from the USA: John Anderson from Napa, California is the lucky owner of a 1956 16cc Pranafa Playboy mini-scooter made in Germany, for which he is trying to find parts. John asks "... do any of your club members know of any sources of parts for these scooters, or even a complete scooter? I would greatly appreciate any help you can give me". It looks a fascinating machine (see photo opposite), so if anybody can help John, his email address is: boardjo@sbcglobal.net.

NACC Side-to-Side 2010

Sunday 8th August 2010 is the confirmed starting date of this 2010 event, Lowestoft to St.David's Point on the west Wales coast being the preferred route, our routemaster Stuart Metcalf has been up to his neck in Ordnance Survey maps and says four days are needed. Details of route, overnight stops and backup will shortly be sorted. So, just fill in the entry form that will appear in February's Buzzing. PS, our caravan-sized back-up trailer needs towing, can you help? All expenses paid, if so, then Frank would like to hear from you. Need more information? Phone me, Derek Ashworth on 0771 281 4005 or Frank Brzeski on 07742 067025.

Roger wins...

Long-time NACC stalwart and NSU Quickly guru Roger Worton was awarded the "Most Interesting Machine" trophy at the Buckingham Railway Centre Vintage Vehicle Rally back in the summer, for his very rare and superbly restored ex-Wehrmacht 1943 NSU Quick autocycle



New NACC Regalia

The club has recently had produced some great new T-shirts and sweatshirts, in tasteful black or blue, with vivid red club logo (see right, stunningly modelled by Mark, or is it Ray Gibbs?) featured prominently on yer manly chest. Sizes available are from Medium to XXL, T-shirts come in black with red logo and lettering, sweatshirts come in Navy blue, also with red logo & lettering, and they are of a more generous cut than the T-shirts. Prices are; T-shirts, £6 plus £2 post and packing, sweatshirts are £13 plus £2.65 p&p. Available to order by phone from Liz Butler on 01902 842198 or write to Liz at Codshall (see address & email details on page 2 of this magazine). And Liz says please to remind everybody to remember to put Ltd. on their cheques whenever they are paying for something from the club.

So it's the NACC Ltd. OK?



Letters to the Editor



Dear David,

Very interested in the story of Sturmey Archer hub gears in the October 2009 issue of Buzzing. As a point of interest I have a large stock of new spares for SA gears, should any members be interested. Please note I am not a trader. **Arthur Smith, 77 Altham Grove, Harlow, Essex CM20 2PJ. tel 01279 433452**

Hello David

“How to avoid the SORN trap!” How many of us have or will get caught for failing to declare SORN on one of our vehicles? As you know it is so easy to do if they are laid up for a number of years and the reminder arrives weeks before you are able to declare it SORN. I understand why they have the system to prevent tax evasion, but enthusiasts such as ourselves can get caught out. The solution simple. Pick a month that is easy for you to remember, say for example January. All you need to do in early January is to re-SORN any bikes that are already currently on SORN so they all run out at the the end of December. This makes life so much easier even more so if you able to do on line or if posting you save on postage. This way you are not relying on the reminders, you do all of them in one go. Well done for all the hard work that goes into producing Buzzing and the committee members who run the club. **Doug McMahon**

Dear David

Big pat on the back for Tim Shields having made his solo London-Paris-London trip on a VéloSolex [October Buzzing] .If memory serves me correctly Tim is a man of journeys with an extra dimension. A couple of years ago when a businessman paid a fortune to become the first “civilian” astronaut and head for the moon , Tim decided on the perfect contrast to that multi-million dollar trip. He travelled from John-a -Groats to Lands End using a multitude of local bus services to zig zag his way the length of the country . In it’s way a performance as much as a journey. Well done Tim, keep up that spirit . **Colin King**

Dear David

Congratulations on producing yet another excellent, informative and well-illustrated edition. As a veteran regional journalist who earns his corn editing a weekly Scottish newspaper, I flatter myself that I have an eye for a decent publication. Buzzing has gone from strength to strength under your editorship and, in my opinion, is the best it has ever been during my membership of NACC (approximately 12 years or so). Keep up the good work.

Mike Rankin (Fife)

(Blush! Blush!)

Run Reports

Headcorn Airfield Rally 27/9.

Nick Devonport

Headcorn is developing into a two-day event as the years roll by and when I arrived mid-morning on the Saturday there were already two motorhomes there and three riders about to set off for a scratch run to a local car museum. The Booth Collection of Morgan Cars housed at Falstaff Antiques in Rolvenden proved to be a winner with Mike, Renate and Terry, three microcar as well as cyclemotor enthusiasts, but they failed to keep the owner, Chris Booth, distracted long enough to liberate one. Back at the airfield I'd pitched the tent on the back of the car, my new home-from-home following the sale of the camper van. The sale was inspired by the realisation of its' limitations caused by my upgrade to Partner and Family 1.1 (available in all good divorce courts running Windows Vista Professional) and plans are already afoot to acquire a caravan for future family holidays, something that was always denied me under the old regime, the excuse being that "we're too young for a caravan!"



The Gill brothers arrived en masse but regrettably sans microlight as the nights are drawing in and there wouldn't have been enough daylight for William to fly home safely. We welcomed a couple of new members, non-riders but with interesting vehicles – one a Husky kit car made of a Ford Escort and several sheets of 8 x 4 MDF. The other was a UMM Alter, a Portuguese ex-military 4x4 with Peugeot and Jeep underpinnings. Somehow a rather smart Rolls Royce sneaked in under the radar but there was no sign of a bike trailer attached to it and no oily rags or two-stroke oil on the seats so we assumed he wasn't one of us. Also in the car park was a home-chopped Austin A35, an open-topper with no sign of a hood. Other members arriving were the Rutledges with the Mini Motor and Daves Arnott and Watson fresh from Norfolk via Kempton Park autojumble as was Ian McGregor, arriving later in the day. Dave Casper called in on the way home from a break in Normandy. Two hot-air balloons provided entertainment as they were unloaded and readied for take-off. One was up and away in double-quick time but the other struggled under the weight of a generously-proportioned lady who required a helping shove from three blokes to pour her into the basket. There's never a fork-lift truck around when you need one, is there?

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Headcorn Airfield Rally contd.

Headcorn on a fine Saturday is always buzzing with activity and a stunt plane kept the crowds pleased while parachutists floated from the sky – some landing more accurately than others who faced a long walk back to base. There was an exotic Russian aircraft being put through its paces and several microlights, too. Marvellous free entertainment. At the end of the day the pilot of the parachute plane was given his head and buzzed the tower and the car park before landing for a final time. Noisy sod. A chill descended in the evening and we headed for Wings bar, a very friendly establishment housed in one of the old wartime buildings still standing on the site. Ian spotted the piano and gave it a good work-out in spite of it needing a good tune-up. Fed and watered, it was back to the camp through the fog and into bed.



Above- Keith Rutledge's Mini-Motor on it's way to rescue yet another steam-radio! Left- Terry Day's fabulous little 50cc four-stroke Moto Morini.

(all photos Nick Devonport)

Sunday morning didn't so much dawn as crept up on us. The airfield was shrouded in a blanket of fog and still cold. The morning held the promise of warmth to come, however, and as the fog cleared the airfield came to life. I met a terrified man in the car park, waiting for the balloon crew to arrive and whisk him and his wife to wherever the capricious winds would take them. He'd bought the flight for his wife's birthday and was regretting his decision. Bacon rolls and croissants from the Gill Field Kitchen fortified and warmed the early risers while other participants rolled in. Signing-on completed and membership cards inspected, 25 riders left the airfield, heading for lunch at the Wild Duck, Marden Thorn. Despite thorough route planning and each rider being in possession of detailed instructions and a map, it was a case of Follow the Poirier as my French trike led the field out of the car park. Ken was an early stopper on the La Française Diamant but he was collected by Richard Layton, kindly providing sweeper services in his camper. We caught up with them at the pub but not before another unscheduled stop caused by a carb full of water on the Poirier. It was going well until I lifted a rear wheel in a bit of enthusiastic cornering, presumably tipping several years' worth of condensation into the fuel pipe. It lost power on a very narrow back lane and held us up while I drained and washed out the float bowl.

We were virtually the only customers at the Wild Duck, a very pleasant pub in the middle of nowhere. A nearby house that had featured on Grand Designs was a talking point and after lunch it was off to Brattle Farm Museum, a return visit by popular request. Brian and Anita, the owners, have been collecting farming by-gones, tractors, cars and commercials since the seventies and his restorations are first class. Unfortunately Brian's health is in decline and his last planned restoration – a 1930s Trilox invalid carriage – was exhumed over a lorry chassis by the brute strength of several members of our party. Exploration of the site revealed Rolls-Royces, buses, fire engines, various commercials and horse-drawn carriages. Some showed evidence of current use and displayed valid tax discs. Renate Hele's RM6 snapped a throttle cable at the museum and completed the journey in the recovery van. Richard certainly had his work cut out and we were glad of his services.



Above- Mike Hele's pocket rocket, a 50cc Yamaha YB100, while in complete contrast (right) is Ken's lovely *dans son jus* La Francaise Diamant, a French diamond indeed.



The return leg to the Airfield was another back-lane run, only crossing one major road. Unless, that is, you have problems with "TL into Ayleswade Lane BEFORE MAIN ROAD" and overshoot, completing the last two miles on a very busy A274. Memories of my National Rally error which found three of us on the southbound A1 surfaced, but nobody died.

Back at the airfield, more croissants were pressed on us by the Gill Brothers Catering Services as prizes were awarded to Dave Arnott (furthest travelled), Maurice Rogers (regular supporter) and Renate Hele (bike I'd most like to take home). This last prize was awarded despite the breakdown – just drop it round to my house next time you're passing please. So, to the riders - regulars and new faces whom we hope will become regulars - and support, a very big "thank you" for turning up and making the weekend a success.

South Hants 1st Autumn Run (reprise)

Martin Green

Brian told me that he operates on ish time, 10ish, 11ish, etc. It is quite natural to the pedaller to operate on ish time. Operating on more an exact time schedule being a bit too demanding for such light machinery. So we met at the Sir John Barleycorn at ish time. I thought it was a brave location to meet, just off a dual carriageway link between 'A' roads and the M27, but the pedallers were not fazed, they took it all in their stride. Eleven of them arrived from all over, well, Europe really. Non-locals that I managed to spot were Bev Crook from Buckinghamshire on a Honda Express. He did not ride it all the way from Buckingham, but transported it in a 4 wheeled vehicle. He had this shrewd idea of amalgamating the run with a camping trip to the New Forest. Good idea Bev. Then there was Tim from Hove, another transport genius. His bronze Solex was occupying the passenger place of a bronze Citroen 2CV. Apparently this stood for 2 horse power (2 Chevaux Vapeur) and some could achieve 0 to 60 in less than a day! He said that he had transported 2 pedal powered vehicles using this technique in the past, with his partner travelling on the back seat behind the driver. The European contingent was represented by Jill and Michael from Holland. They were riding a Honda SS50 and an Ariel 3.



Beside these exotic machines we had Bryan's 1952 James Autocycle and Sylvia's very nice red and white Puch Mini Maxi. Roger was on a green 1956 NSU Quickly, he has owned the Quickly since 1963 when he used it for commuting to and from work. He "retired" it in 1966. Despite being unused for 40 years, and left outside for 15 years, it started first time in 2004. Roger has used the Quickly for gentle pedaller runs ever since.

Above- Tim Bunting travels in Gallic style, a 2CV with a Solex as passenger. Right, Bev Crook on something really small.... (all photos courtesy Martiu Green)

The most common mount was the Solex. We had 3. Edward's 1974 version had been stored for over 30 years and, as is surprisingly common for these elderly two-strokes, started first time when he came to use it again. My mount, being a throbbing 197cc Barnett, was a veritable superbike compared to the other machinery present. Faster than a speeding pullet, more powerful than a steaming pudding, can leap tall hills in a single gear, etc.



So I decided that I would take on the job of sweeper, and stay at the back. I thought this had other perks as well, like I would not have to read the route sheet, I could just follow the bike in front. Wrong! But I am leaping ahead. When we had all signed on and Brian was happy that no more were going to turn up we started our bikes. The weather was generally clear and sunny, but with the odd heavy cloud passing over head. Deciding upon waterproofs, or not, was a difficult choice. I copied everybody else, and we trusted to the weather forecast. After a warm up ride around the car park we were ready for the off. So we left the Sir John Barleycorn in a light blue haze that highlighted the shafts of sunlight and was accompanied by the distant sound of coughing.

It was not long before I had settled down to the steady 17mph, the cruising speed of the Solex. Quite relaxing on a 197. I was soon concentrating more on the local animal life than the route we were supposed to be following, or the widening gap between us and the rest of the peloton. This is not a totally unreasonable thing to do in a forest, as animals can be a threat. Especially the larger animals, like horses, donkeys, pigs, various breeds of cattle, occasional deer, etc. who wander or leap about the road looking for tasty morsel or piece of grass to chew. It was at this stage that the driver of the vehicle in front stopped and expressed concern that we may not be on the route. I then realised that we were on our own, and had lost the rest of the peloton. Fortunately, I had brought a map, unfortunately, I could not read one. The Solex rider was experienced in this sort of thing and soon developed a 3 stage cunning plan. 1. Read the route ahead until you spot a village. 2. Find the village on the map. 3. Ride there by the shortest route. We put this plan into effect and successfully arrived at the village where we continued along the prescribed route. After a few more kms we were surprised to be suddenly overtaken by the rest of the peloton. But not as surprising as it was to the peloton to be overtaking us!

I thought I was a quick learner, and I thought I had learnt from my earlier experience. So I decided to keep the peloton in sight. After a little distance this meant I had to overtake the tail end Solex in order to keep the peloton in sight. Like an Apache following a wagon train I kept a safe distance from the mounts and saw



the turnings they took. I then decided to go back for the trailing Solex so that I could shepherd him home. But could I find him? No, I could not. Unbeknown to me, he had developed mechanical problems and had devised another 3 stage cunning plan. He was using a short cut and pedalling back to base. In my sweep of the route I collected another lone Solex, so decided to shepherd him instead. He was well experienced at route following and used the route sheet. But this did not stop us getting lost. Somehow, we ended up on an ever decreasing minor road, then track, and eventually, someone's drive.

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South Hants 1st Autumn Run contd.

We made our way back to the main road and, after not too long, back to base. I went to report a Solex missing only to be told he was in the pub! What a relief that was. Everybody was signed off successfully. Brian had arranged a room at the Sir John Barleycorn and everyone had a nice lunch before departing home. I congratulate and thank the organisers for a great run in a great part of the country. (Martin Green is Editor of the British Two Stroke Club magazine, The Independent)



Harleston Fun Day 31/8

Mick (Soapy) Sudds

August bank holiday Monday at the recreation ground here in Harleston saw the NACC (East Coast Pedlars) once again support this annual event with a magnificent turn out of riders and machines. The old English oak trees at this venue provided the perfect location to set up our static display and was a welcome area to take refuge from the hot sunny weather. Added to this the shady canopy provided by the trees provided an excellent backdrop and more than fitted the mood of the day. The static line up assembled by the Pedlars amounted to 22 machines although at times it was decidedly more and at one time 28 machines were counted. Some of these were 'interlopers' from a few other clubs who thought they would join us for awhile out of the sun and in the shade. As we are all enthusiasts and 'bikers' we welcomed their company strange how a 750cc Triumph looks out of place next to a New Hudson (or is it the other way round!)

All too soon the morning had passed and around midday 12 riders and machines set off for the run out around the Norfolk and Suffolk border with a gentle 18-mile jaunt. The Swan Inn at Hoxne just over half way on the run was the venue picked to enjoy a drink and meal and the assembled riders were most impressed as there was a beer festival-taking place at The Swan Inn on this particular day.





Above and above right- the South Walians take a break to warm up, and the new signing-on arrangements and access drive to the farm. Also lotsa different Hondas, the mount of choice for many on the 100-mile run these days. At least they're reliable... Ray Butcher's nice old New Hudson is quite a contrast. (photos DB)



Devon Section Country Life display 20/9

Roy Best

It was decided last year to have a display of a few bikes to fly the flag for the club at the World of Country Life vehicle rally organized by the Westcountry Classic Car Club. Over the last couple of months much interest was shown to have a club display which brought in 7 members displaying 12 bikes which gave us an impressive line up. On Friday The World of Country Life hit the national news headlines with the announcement that the centre had been closed with an outbreak of the Ecoli bug in the children's farm petting area. Gladly this was only to be a partial closure and with frantic work by the Westcountry Car Club in contacting entrants and the local media, word got around that the rally was still on for Sunday. Members and families had turned up in good time to sort and display our machines with James's a little lost in Exmouth who arrived in good time.

As I have mentioned before this is a terrific place for every one to come and look around, also one of the best kept place's around. The displays of country life and vintage vehicles including steam are all working with many going to shows in the area, all being restored to a top class finish. Looking forward to next year, 19th September 2010, one for your diary, also a big thanks to The World of Country Life and the Westcountry Car Club.



Those displaying bikes were Des & Irene, James, Roy, Terry (new member), John, Steve, with partners and friends. Bikes displayed were, Mobylette, Raleigh Runabout, 2 cyclemasters, Tomos, Excelsior Consort, Garelli, Francis Barnett Powerbike, NSU Quickly, PowerPak, Berini and Teagle.



La Solexine XI in Cornwall 4-11/8

Sue Andrew

The members of the Crash Box and Classic Car Club of Devon have been involved with the Association Bretagne des Vehicules Anciennes (ABVA) for a number of years and reciprocal visits have taken place. The Solexine is in its 11th year, and the second time that England has been chosen as the venue. Members of the CBCCC were co-opted into organising this year's tour in Cornwall. The Solexine is a tour of an area using Velosolexes. In France the Solexists like to camp at the municipal campsites found in most towns, so in Cornwall rugby clubs were the designated stopping places.

The riders arrived at Plymouth along with the bikes on a trailer and two back up vans, one a Citroen H van sporting a Michelin man and a Solex bike above the drivers cabin. After a coach ride to Truro Rugby Club for the first nights' camping, they tucked into the excellent two course evening meal provided by the club. The tour took them to Helston RFC for two nights, then on to St Just RFC for three nights, followed by one night at Redruth RFC, a night at Saltash then the ferry home. Most of the route was on minor roads to make the most of seeing the beauty of Cornwall.

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La Solexine XI contd.

There's a very laid back approach to daily events and within a short while of leaving camp the first 'arrêt pot' takes place. Somewhere around 11.00am the convoy stops, admires the scenery, opens up the H van, and sets up tables bedecked with pate, cheese and bread, and of course wine. Early on in the tour, they ate the oysters they brought with them from France. Lunch was guaranteed to be at least an hour long affair followed by another arrêt pot in the afternoon. Something miraculous happens overnight when the petrol fairy descends on the campsite and fills all the Velosolex tanks so they are ready for the off the next morning. Of an evening there was always a BBQ set up and large communal tent, about 36' x 24', where everybody eats... after aperitifs, of course!



Some of the antics at the "Concours d'Elegance"! Obelix was there too... Above, riders take a well-earned break with the H van mobile canteen/ back-up vehicle, a brilliant idea.

There were many memorable rides, one being from Penzance. After showing them the real St Michaels Mount (!) at Marazion, an enormous hill between Newlyn and Mousehole sorted the men from the boys and likewise the femmes from the filles. The stamina of these riders is quite phenomenal and they are willing to have a go at anything. Fabulous weather made the ride from St Just to St Ives as perfect as it could be and the cream tea at Tregenna Castle was fabulous. There were times when the chatter around you made you think you were in France and remembering to ride on the left was sometimes a challenge! Back in St Just, the mayor laid on a civic reception and, having just returned from France, knew that wine rather than tea was the order of the day! The bikes parked outside the Town Hall looked very impressive in the sunshine.

It is the tradition that a 'Concours d'Elegance' takes place one evening. Concourse to most of us means immaculate condition. Not in this case! The riders dress up in a weird selection of costumes and perform short acts with the bike as the centrepiece. Many of the 'acts' were pertinent to France, and the English amongst us still have no idea what was going on. But that didn't stop us joining in! A total of about 390 km (about 245 miles) were covered during the tour, which is quite amazing as it seemed that most of the time was spent eating and talking. There appeared to be very few breakdowns but 'Dr Solex' was always to hand to solve any problems. I broke three spokes in the rear wheel and the front mudguard bracket. Not discovered until I returned home, this shows the durability of the Velosolex. The camaraderie and generosity of the French riders amazed me yet again and anyone with a Velosolex or any cyclemotor/moped should grab the opportunity to go on a tour with them in England or France to get the maximum buzz out of riding their bikes.



12th Silchester Saunter 27/9

Colin King

Here in the Thames Valley our little band of chums have, over the years, been increasingly concerned about the landlord situation at the New Inn Stratfield Saye- it's the venue of the TVGs Silchester Saunter. It has been mentioned before but why is it that we have had a different landlord for each Saunter? We have thought deeply about this, do they leave straight after the event or beat a hasty retreat as soon as they hear our arrival is imminent ? The question has never been answered, so with 11 saunters and 11 landlords under our collective belt it was time to find out and solve this 11 year mystery, but we couldn't because the pub has closed down . The lingering question now is could a landlord not be found because of us, was it the blue smoke, was it the oil drips?

We may never know, but oh well and hey ho, Gilbert found another pub, the NEW INN at Heckfield. An attractive old rambling pub with decent car park, a landlord at ease with club events and the venue just a short hop from the traditional route calling for only minor adjustments to the route. With a new venue we had a little spring clean with Lorraine & Derek finding a new leafy glade for the Half Way Café, with the added luxury of rustic seating in the form of some very large old tree trunks that had been placed in just the right position for us. The Café is a very popular feature with a good array of home baking in evidence and a steaming urn for rider lubrication.

On a late September day of extraordinary sunnyness and skies of blue the old myth about the Silchester Regatta was laid to rest and a happy day was had by all, especially Andy Crook who became so enamoured he joined the NACC on his first outing .

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12th Silchester Saunter contd.

Our Thanks go out to Gilbert for arranging the day and making it such a success and providing the commemorative Saunter Cap for the riders draw, it was won by Mr J Tylee. Thanks to Dougie for providing the sweeper and the staff of the Café in the form of Val, Bob and Derek.



A special thank you of course to the landlord and staff of the New Inn Heckfield for looking after us all so well and hope very much we will be allowed back next year for our 13th Silchester Saunter. You see we have this rather strange desire of wanting to see the same landlord twice, in which case the 13th Saunter could be a unique event .

Riders & machines: P. Beagley- Douglas; H. Beagley- Honda; L. Carter- New Hudson;
A. Hummerstone- Itom; P. Jones- VeloSolex; A. Day- Excelsior; B. Crook- Honda X;
A. Crook- Puch Grand Prix; P. Lawson- Moby; B. Norton- Sun; S. Norton- Puch Mini Maxi
P. Royston- Honda Camino; B. Goodwin- Jawa; J Burton- N S U Quickly;
J Iles- N S U Quickly; J Tylee- A J W Pointer; A Hyland- James; J Hawthorne- Mobylette;
M Hunt- Puch Maxi; I Trelease- VeloSolex; S Hobbs- Lambretta; D Cooper- Coopermatic;
T Bunting- VeloSolex; C King- Motamite.

Terry's "Ultimate Sundae " Run 9/08

Carl Squirrel

As East Coast Pedaler events have been a bit thin on the ground recently we thought that we would look back at one of our events that went unreported but which reflects the superb year that we have had both in the fine weather and the wonderful fun that has been had at all of our events in 2009.

On another glorious day the Pedalers met in a deserted car park in the small Suffolk town of Wickham Market, our friends from "across the water" ie Norfolk once again turned out in large numbers to support Terry's "Ultimate Sundae" run. Unfortunately Terry was resigned to recovery duty as his broken foot had not healed so he was unable to ride a normal machine, he was offered the use of Dave Watson's Nippi Trike but after a test ride around the car park he politely declined! This meant we had two support vehicles as Richard Layton had also turned up and volunteered his services - did they know that Frank and his Cucciolo were coming !!

It was left to local man Brian Barley to lead everyone out onto to the route, after a little confusion at the Easton Farm Park turning a plan was formed whereby I would leapfrog to the front of the pack and stop at every major junction and shepherd the following sheep in the right direction, this worked well until whilst waiting for Frank the others got ahead and unbeknown to me had taken a longer route than was marked on Terry's route sheet !



This meant that Frank, myself and both recovery vehicles arrived at the Hungry Horse lunch stop in Claydon sometime before the majority of the riders, all arrived safely however and we all enjoyed a good meal "Al Fresco". Memories of the End to End run came flooding back as Terry and Frank had the biggest Ice Creams I have ever witnessed!

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Above- what Terry's Ultimate Sundae Run is REALLY all about- how many calories is in one of those?!

Right- the ex-Nick Devonport Honda Nippi trike, now owned by Dave Watson, possibly one of the most lethal invalid-carriages ever devised, a sort of powered plastic bathtub but without the convenience of plumbing.



Terry's "Ultimate Sundae " Run contd.

Runners and Riders: Debbie Doy - Yamaha FS1-E, Sharon Wikner - Monkey Bike, Dave Watson - Nippi Trike, Brian Barley - Tomos, Mark Gibb - Honda C50L, Mick Sudds - Honda C50LA-E, Frank Brzeski - Ducati Cuccillo, Roly Scarce - Honda PC50, Martin Wikner - Monkey Bike, Carl Squirrell - Puch Grand Prix.



ECP Lieston "Final Fling" 16/10

Carl Squirrel

Yet another great turnout for our 3rd visit to the Leiston Long Shop museum and their Final Fling annual event, Mark Gibb had excelled himself organising everything, we were given pride of place in the exhibiting area, and the paying public showed considerable interest in our little machines which were a massive contrast to the huge steam driven machines there. Being a very local event most machines were ridden to the venue, Colin Clover had four machines on display and rode all of them to the site - damn clever these Pedalers you know!

Altogether we had 22 machines on display and new member Barry Lewis was very impressed and is looking forward to adding his NSU Quickly and Mobylette to the line up for next years Pedaler displays.

Many of the machines remained on site under the watchful eye of Ray Gibb whilst we went on the ride out to The Poachers Pocket in Carlton for the mandatory Pedaler Lunch Stop, some of our more 'senior' members were able to tell us a few yarns as apparently the Poachers Pocket was a regular haunt for many of them in their youth; we were wondering why Rod



Fryatt was sitting all by himself looking misty-eyed in the bar and it turned out he was reminiscing about 'lock ins' which were a regular feature at the pub in years gone by !

A nice ride back to the museum followed and it was an impressive sight seeing the riders and machines snaking around the many bends between Saxmundham and Leiston, being 'tail end Charlie' I can vouch for the effectiveness of the new East Coast Pedaler reflective jackets being worn many of the riders.

All in all a great day for everyone, thanks to Mark for arranging our presence at the Museum and to Richard Layton for acting as recovery driver - he got lost on route but still had time to enjoy his Rabbit pie at the Poachers.

The Flingers were: Debbie Doy - Yamaha FS1-E, Mark Gibb - Ariel 3. Honda PC50, Colin Clover - James, Sun, Raleigh Wisp & Honda Novio, Terry Keable - GYS Motomite, Raleigh Runabout, Dave Watson - Honda PC50, Batavus No-Go, NVT Easy Rider, Dave Arnott - Victoria Vicky, Honda P50, Rod Fryatt - Honda PF50MR2, Neil Ridgeon - Honda C100 , Barry Lewis - Honda C90, Ray Gibb - Honda C100, Carl Squirrel - Honda PC50 Sidecar.

Day Members: Val Dearsley - Yamaha Jog, Tommy Bailey - Honda C90 special, Charlie Ridgeon - Raleigh Runabout, Michael Rolph - Velocetter LE150, 'Nod' Rolph - Raleigh Runabout. Recovery driver: Richard (just call me Mark Thatcher).

2nd Devon Dipper Run 1/11

Roy Best

It looked like it was going to be a wash-out for the running of our 25mile Dipper Run, with the weather forecasts predicting very heavy rain with high winds over Saturday night. The forecast was that the rain and winds would come over night and start to clear up by about 10am leaving a gusty but dry day to follow; we expected that the rain would be with us for the day, gladly the forecast was spot on. As Sunday morning arrived the phone started to ring with people checking if the ride was still on and also asking if it was still raining in Exeter, with plenty of reassurance that everything was going to be OK people started to arrive to unload and looking for the kettle.

Arriving also was homemade tomato soup and other tempting morsels to be devoured later in the day, Margaret, Janice, Rosemary and Theresa starting to set up to feed everyone later in the day. Sadly not every one was able to come but we still managed eight riders with Stan doing the trailer. John Rowe turned up with two VeloSolex just in case one wouldn't start; I had my Novio and PowerPak ready but decided to take the PowerPak to show how well the bike coped with club runs. James came on his Honda Melody sporting a bright yellow spray job, Nick with his Honda 90 fitted with an 110cc race engine and keen to show how he could do wheelies on take off. This bike he rode down to Spain last year with some friends after putting it together from spares. John Glanvill with his Runabout and Des with his Francis Barnett, Geoff on his newly acquired Puch and Ambrose with his Tiger Cub completed our line up of assorted machines. Leaving on time and in good cheer as the weather now was not bad at all and also quite warm, we went on our merry way. There were some odd lanes that had a lot of wet leaves so a bit of care had to be taken at times but in general very good, the bikes went well with no work for our back up man Stan apart from carrying my front mudguard home.

Our route changed a bit from last year to lose a stretch of busy main rd, instead we went through some more lanes to have a half way stop at the Diggers Rest Pub in Woodbury Salterton for refreshments. I must admit that I did shoot into the pub car park thinking everyone was still behind, leaving some to miss and having to be rounded up by Geoff.



Above- an unusual cross-section of machinery on the Dipper run, l to r, Francis Barnett, Tiger Cub, race-powered 110cc Honda, Power Pak and Honda Melody!

After a good dose of caffeine, use of the facilities also slight tinkering with a couple of bikes we set off on the return journey, this being shorter than the first leg. Near the airport we encountered some flood water which was about 14 inches deep, with John taking the lead with feet in the air we all followed and gladly managed to come out the other end. Halfway back after waiting on a junction for a while me Geoff and Ambrose guessing that others had taken the previous turning carried on back to the finish. On arrival we found the missing bikers having got to the soup first and I'm sure they were on there second cupful and loaf of bread. James came up with an excuse but it didn't ware with us, I did hear John on his Solex was glad of the shortcut.

There was a good spread laid out with the roast spuds and soup kitchen going down a treat with a good brew. The ladies had also lit the chiminea after nicking a pallet from the garage across the road which was a bonus for the afternoon as things turned a bit chilly as time went on. People started to make there way home by about four with Stan and Rosemary seeing out the remainder of the pallet and leaving at six pm. This bringing an end to a great ride as the PowerPak amazed everyone with its performance and every one going home after having a good day.



Shrops. Buzz'ards- Upton Magna Loops

David Flye

Our mid-September run was based on the pub in the form of two loops of 20-odd miles, separated by lunch at the Arms. We had that burst of fine weather which brings out everyone, and the pub and gardens were full. Lanes were dry, and no-one "went missing". Lunch was as enjoyable as ever.

Riders were:- John Aston, Honda CT90: Josie Stanley, Honda Cub 50: Peter Mellor, Honda CT 110: Trevor Jones, Bown A/C: Dave Tipton, Yamaha Townmate: David Eyre, Mobylette: David Flye, Honda Cub 90. Andy and Margaret Shaw, safety team.

This was Trevor's first run on the Bown, and he was concerned that he would slow us down, or delay us if breakdown. Reassured that we all enjoyed gathering round with conflicting advice, (and it happened!) we proceeded at a stately pace, while "Team Honda" went ahead and made sure of our places at the pub. We will be repeating this run In Oct 2010.



Worcs & Glocs first Run 7/11

Jared Whiting

Our first official run took place on the 7th November and despite a dodgy forecast the sun was shining. 5 machines lined up on the start line and at roughly 10am we set off. The Ariel 3 ridden by George Osborn managed to leave the car park but the bridge over the railway proved too much for its poorly sounding engine and he wisely headed back to his very unusual 3 wheeled Ant. The other 4 machines managed the small hump and we started to really gain speed. Roger Watkinson's Cyclenmaster managed to reach a heady 26mph before just 1 mile in its exhaust fell off resulting in unscheduled stop number 2. A multi spanner and a screwdriver soon had the miniature engine running again and we once again set off. The next 10 miles continued without incident. Problem four was when I forgot to inform Roger of a left turn and he sailed past it blissfully unaware. Trying to catch a bike doing 26mph when your Honda Novio's optimistic top speed is 30mph is not easy!



Left- George Osborn has two three-wheelers! The Ant is carrying a sick Ariel 3, which lasted less than a mile....

The next problem encountered was not until a small but very steep hill. The first to the top was the Cyclenmaster, followed by me on the Novio (his is a lot easier to pedal) but unfortunately the Laverdino 2-stroke ridden by Dave Clark suddenly decided to loose drive from the pedals. Still, the wait by the two bikes that had made it was very welcomed by their two exhausted riders. Once we were all operational again the next stop was the pub back in Beckford for a well deserved drink. Most glad of a comfy chair was defiantly Roger who found the Cyclenmaster's saddle a tad uncomfy on its first proper run out. Total length was 21miles.

Right-Jared Whiting putting on a brave face, it was actually reasonably cold which explains his rather puffed out jacket.

Riders were; Jared Whiting,Honda Novio; Brod, Honda city Express, George Osborn-BSA Ariel 3, Roger Watkinson-Cyclenmaster, and Dave Clark-Laverdino 2 stroke



North Wilts Red Bull Run 18/10

Richard Woodbridge

The last run of the year and nice weather but cold. Good to see our Southern visitors in the shape of Mark Hunt and Bryan Norton. Only seven riders which is disappointing, although I can remember a time when if we had seven we thought we were flying! No breakdowns we are pleased to say.

Riders were as follows:

Geoff Brooks- Puch Maxi; Dennis Iles- James 98cc; Dennis Skinner- Mobylette; Mike Woods- Mobylette AV89; Mark Hunt- Puch Maxi; John Ewart- Honda C90

Sweeper car- Richard Woodbridge

Stafford Classic Mechanics Show 17-18/10 DB

John Aston, Josie, Bob Terry, Liz Butler, Ian, Paul and the many members of the South Staffs Section who all helped get the stand together have a real talent for putting on a good show! Yet again the NACC stand was much-visited and at times overcrowded, such was the interest in our machines. Fifteen new members were signed up, a record, it must have been the free tea & biscuits....



Notable bikes were Harvey Spencer's absolutely superb 1959 Mobylette AV33 and his equally concours Raleigh RM1, you seldom see bike of this quality, Glynn Udall's 1936 Walling-built Cyc Auto, recreated from a rusty frame and the remains of an engine, Ken Rowark's 1949 James Superlux which he restored from a frame and several boxes of bits it just over a year, David Casper's desirable 1967 Moto Morini Corsarino 4-stroke/4speed with 8bhp, good for 60mph, Philippa Wheeler's super 1938 Nünberg Noris with 1955 Lohmann Hispania engine, Keith Glover's 1957 Phillips Gadabout and John Aston's weird ex-USAF aircraft-carrier runabout, a Honda CT90 Trial, with 4 speeds & hi-lo ratios!

John Davies brought his superb 1956 German Triumph Fips moped all the way from south Wales, it attracted the Morton's judges attention and won him 2nd Place trophy in the Best Post-War bike category.

Thanks to all who made the Stafford Show such a success again this October



Classic Bikes @ Classic Motor Show, NEC 13-15/11

2009 is the second year that the mammoth Classic Motor Show at the NEC, Birmingham, has featured a Classic Bikes section. No less than six halls were full of some of the most desirable classic cars in the world attracted shoulder-to-shoulder crowds all weekend and it was particularly gratifying that many visited the NACC stand! John Aston, Josie Stanley and the South Staffs members assembled a wide range of bikes and spent most of the weekend fielding enquiries from nostalgia-stricken gents (and ladies!) who all started with the words “Cor, I used to have one of them to go to work on in 19.....!”



Pride of place went to Bob Terry and Liz Butler’s wonderful unrestored Derny tandem which attracted so much attention that Bob commented “if I’d had a pound for every conversation I had about the Derny, we could have gone to the Bahamas for a fortnight’s holiday.” Grateful thanks to all who put the stand together, brought such a high-class display of bikes, attended throughout the weekend and who put up with the



appalling traffic-jams, miles-long hikes from NEC car-parks to the halls, the endless queues and kept on smiling! No less than sixteen new NACC members were signed up and many others were enthused to drag their old moped out of the back of the shed and put it back on the road again.

Une Cause pas Célèbre - Le Scoto

Peter Moore

It's early June, the sun is shining, I'll go to Heskin Steam and Country Fair. I decide to ride the Hideous Orange Puch. Maybe I should rename it The Clockwork Orange, such is its reliability. I roll up. The man at the gate says "the vintage bikes are down there", doesn't ask for money or whether I am an exhibitor, so I putt-putt down to the 'bike area and park Orange at the head of the illustrious line. Going well so far! It's not many years since I first started trailing around 'bike jumbles with my friend Ian when he was determined to build a Bantam Bushman to original Australian, single seat, hay rack on the back, prototype spec.(a task he completed with distinction) and looked with disdainful bemusement on piles of rusty scrap on the floor and wondered "WHY?".

Then the bug bit, I joined the NACC, and all hope was lost! And so today I found myself drawn to a sad, neglected-looking object at the entrance to the Vintage Motor Scooter Club stand. But enough about Dennis, my carer for the day, - this was just the sort of thing I would have hurried past a few years ago, but now – Why haven't I seen one before, what is it, and why, given that I know nothing about it, was it a commercial failure, as clearly must have been the case? So began a worryingly detailed inspection of this little machine, and an even more worrying search for information about it!

Clearly bicycle derived (tubular frame, spoked cycle wheels and mudguards, pedals, chain and derailleur, mattress sprung seat), it nevertheless shows features typical of a scooter, but apparently before Lambretta and Vespa defined the archetypes (legshields, footboards, enclosed motor and drivetrain). What drew me in initially was the sight, lurking half hidden amidships, of what was clearly a Mosquito motor assembly, but this was an application of which I was until now unaware. Then I was taken by the originality of thought and the attention to detail which had gone into the design. This little machine carried the remains of a logo on its legshields, being a circular decal with a curly capital Sachs-like S and the name SCOTO.



The worrying later research told me that the manufacturer was Tubauto of Levallois-Perret*, Paris, whose main line of business was the manufacture of tubes (there was a clue in the name!) in large number for car seats. This explained the basic design of the machine around a bent steel tube of 45mm diameter forming a spine on which everything else was dependant. To the front is welded a similar-sized downtube providing the upper and lower bearings for the steerer tube which, as it emerges from the lower bearing, is bent to the left to form a single sided “semi-fork” on which is mounted the front wheel, overhung or cantilevered on a stub axle. Wheel location appears to be



by three small prongs or spigots, plus a hexagonal shoulder on the stub axle mating with a similar shape inside the wheel hub and brake drum (I’ll come to brakes later!) to transmit braking and driving torque (neither of which appears likely to have been great!) with clamping effected by a cap nut with a short projecting crossbar to allow hand tightening or hitting with a mallet or handy stone! At the rear, the main spine tube continues to fall, bending to the left aft of the seatpost tube, again to allow the location and attachment of the rear wheel in similar fashion to the front. One of many details evidencing careful original

thought in the design is the rearward extension of the main frame tube past the rear wheel stub axle to form a neat platform for the carriage of a *bidon* to extend the range provided by the 4l. fuel tank.

Choosing to run the wheel attachments to the left side, dictates that, since the wheels are simply removed, from the right side, the chain, chain wheel and rear derailleur and sprockets must be mounted also on the left, a curious reversal of normal practice. This simple wheel mounting seems to have been a novel idea in 1950, but is now so commonplace in scooter practice as perhaps to be unremarkable. It also enabled the provision of a spare wheel, neatly mounted crosswise off the main frame tube, just ahead of the legshields. Moto Guzzi also adopted this feature at around the same time on their (larger) Galletto, but didn’t go for the overhung wheel mounting. Who had the idea first, I wonder? There are more tubes, of course.

The seat and seat post slide in a tube welded to the spine tube, seat height adjustment being via a quick release clamp; the pedal spindle runs in a “bottom bracket” tube passing horizontally through the spine tube, and there are two delicate but adequate tubular part-hoops curving down to either side of the spine, enclosing or protecting the motor and providing supports for the footboards and legshields. Carefully curved and shaped rod forms a supporting frame to either side of the fuel tank extending to support the rear of the footboards, and a simple rod frame at the rear forms a luggage carrier, hooks for a tyre inflator, and a single sided stay for the rear mudguard.



(contd. next page)



Welded construction on much of the framework will have helped to keep weight down when compared to the alternative of brackets and fasteners, and the contemporary press quoted an overall figure of 30kg. (This seems to be a commonplace figure for BMA's, cyclomoteurs etc of the time – was it a target, and how close did many models get, I wonder?). Aluminium alloy for the wheelrims, legshields and footboards is in evidence, as also is the Duralumin** front chainwheel – a monster, this, with 68 teeth. Clearly it was intended that the rider could pedal home with reasonable efficiency should he need to. The derailleur provided two speeds with a development of 4m 30 for setting off, and a higher gear with development of 6m 90 to help the motor and maintain speed on gradients. Contemporary press suggests that the little Mosquito might need LPA on gradients steeper than 4 or 5% (approx 1 in20). A neat little fore and aft change speed lever is mounted on the top of the steerer tube in the middle of the fork made by the two separate handlebars clamped to it. My fag-packet sums suggest that, at the serious cyclist's preferred crank speed of 60 rpm, this high gear equates to a road speed of about 24 kph, so in theory

Mosquito and rider could work together in perfect harmony!

There are hub brakes front and rear, - tiny, but perfectly formed, and a bicycle type dynamo powered lighting set driven from the front tyre. Wheels are 400x50 (16"). Adding luxury and elegance (to stretch a point) is a 'moleskin' cover over the fuel tank and the nasty mechanical bits, access to which is given via a long zip on either side, thus giving some sound insulation and yet full access when required. This "bonnet" makes up a significant proportion of the line and form of the Scoto filling in the middle bit, as it were, and although not even I could describe the resulting machine as elegant or pretty, I do like the way form follows function, without being obviously "styled".

So, under that bonnet is the heart of this little cyclo-scooter, a 38cc (35x40mm) Mosquito motor manufactured by Ets. Chapuis of Neuilly under licence from Garelli and producing 0.9 or 1hp @4200 rpm transmitted to the rear tyre via *gale*t (duralumin again apparently) in what appears to be a standard Mosquito installation with the roller turning at half engine speed . So perhaps the little Scoto had the beloved Spitfire whine, and maybe that called for the bonnet as suppression?

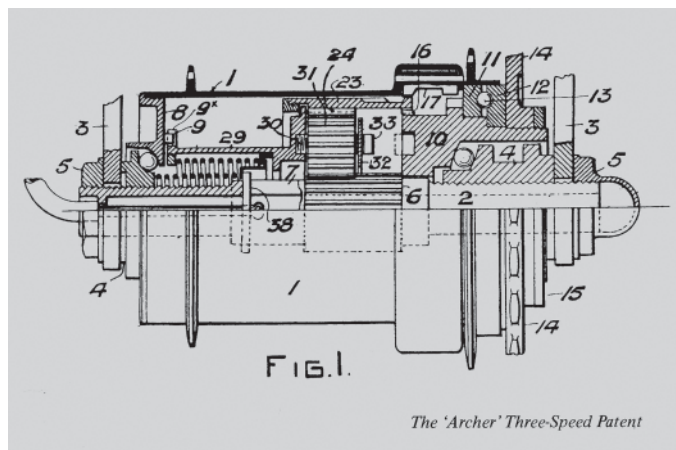
(to be continued in February's Buzzing)

Sturmey Archer- Hub of the Universe

DB

(Continued from October's Buzzing)

A technical breakthrough came about in 1896 when an American machinist, Seward Thomas Johnson of Noblesville, Indiana, patented a compact epicyclic hub gear in which a sliding sun pinion provided two ratios, one for power, one for speed. This gave rise to another version described in Archibald Sharpe's 1896 book 'Bicycles & Tricycles: An Elementary Treatise on their Design and Construction' which illustrated a hub gear similar to Johnson's but with significant differences. Almost simultaneously one William Reilly, a mechanic living in Wellington Street, Salford, Lancashire, applied for a patent (number 6062) entitled "Improvements in Two-Speed Driving Gear for Bicycles" which was granted in January 1897. It became known as the Hub, and was the brainchild of Reilly, the forgotten hero of epicyclic bicycle gearing.



William Reilly was born in 1866 and was likely to have been a descendant of Irish immigrants fleeing the Great Famine who settled in Salford, not far from the Catholic Cathedral there. In many ways his hub gear was similar to Johnson's, the drive sprocket was integral with the gear ring (as are some modern Shimano gears), but there were differences, notably in the use of a full-length hollow axle. Reilly's design was put

into production in 1898 by the Hub Two-Speed Gear Company Limited of Collier Street, Greengate, Salford, no more than 400 yards from where Reilly lived. Sadly Reilly was persuaded to sign away rights to any future inventions of his concerning bicycle gears, something he soon regretted, resulting in him falling out with his employers and leaving shortly thereafter to join electrical engineers Royce, who became Rolls-Royce once the Hon. Charles Rolls got involved.

In 1899 the Hub Two Speed Gear Company applied for a patent (22,342) covering a modification to the gear shifting mechanism, a feature instantly recognisable today- the toggle chain emerging from the right-hand flared axle nut connected to the gearchange cable and lever. It was described by 'Logos' in his 1908 book 'Variable Gears as "just one of those simple and apparently self-evident devices which have made the speed-gear a practical bit of mechanism....nothing so simple, cheap and effective as the flared nut has ever been devised."' It is believed William Reilly designed this innovation but HTSGC claimed it as theirs. The Hub was very successful, though it was initially criticised for being too small and light by engineers steeped in the tradition of massive Victorian ironmongery.

In 1902 Henry Sturmey, at the time Editor of The Cyclist magazine, commended the Hub for being light, compact, and offering "reasonably correct proportions" for the ratios. By 1903 he reported that the Hub had "won praise on all hands and we have been struck by the virtual absence of complaint".

(to be continued in February's Buzzing)

I Remember When....

David Warham

(concluding from October's Buzzing, when David was learning the perils of poor road surfaces on his Puch MV50D....)

On another occasion a horse took a distinct dislike to the sound of my moped and became very skitterish. I pulled in and killed the motor but this seemed to make the animal worse, possibly thinking I was now in silent hunting mode somewhere behind him. In future I found it better to pass quickly with plenty of space rather than hang back. The sun was bright and the day hot, being mid July there were many flying insects that now plastered the new helmet and visor, one of which was large enough for me to see coming for what seemed like a long time before actually hitting square in the middle of the visor and bursting with yellow goo. I had to ride with the visor slightly open to gain a clear view before stopping at the next stream crossing to wash off the insect gore - the hankie was now beyond saving!

The sun was bright and the day hot, being mid July there were many flying insects that now plastered the new helmet and visor, one of which was large enough for me to see coming for what seemed like a long time before actually hitting square in the middle of the visor and bursting with yellow goo. I had to ride with the visor slightly open to gain a clear view before stopping at the next stream crossing to wash off the insect gore - the hankie was now beyond saving!

At the town of Settle I parked in the town square where the market would be held and bought a hot pasty from the bakery. I ate perched on a little wall overlooking the square and nearly lost my Coke when the can overturned on the rough stone wall. I kept the bike within sight at all times conscious that losing it to some local teenagers would leave me stranded and six months of hard work would be lost along with all my camping gear.

I make a habit of paying my respects to any war memorials I happen across, a habit instilled by my grandfather when he was alive, who would never talk of his experiences in the deserts of North Africa but it moved me to see him clearly affected by the memories these memorials brought home. Passing Settle the road began to twist and turn with some climbs and descents too. The game little motor pulled like a train although the speedo needle dropped into the 10mph segment at time. I soon learned that heavy use of the front brake with a fully loaded rear end was a bit unwise as the pressed steel frame and forks soon reached the limits of their rigidity and the wobbles would set in. Concentrating the braking to the rear with just a tad of front would keep the whole plot a bit more stable and my descent cornering speeds increased as the little drums started to heat up and fade.

The afternoon sun was clear and bright, more insects fell prey to my velocity and the visor was becoming opaque once again. I pressed on into the stunning scenery of the Yorkshire Dales and made my (hopefully) last stop in a tourist viewpoint car park. I cleaned the visor once more but had to give up trying to light the little primus stove as the wind blew out the meths primer constantly. I made do with water but could not face a biscuit without the necessary tea to dunk it in. Another spark plug check revealed all was well in the engine bay although the tank was looking rather empty; I emptied my reserve bottle of 2 litres reserve petrol into the tank and determined to stop at the next filling station.

As more cars arrived in the car park and disgorged their passengers I became uncomfortable, suddenly the area seemed crowded and children ran about happy to be free and adults unloaded huge picnic's to the tables provided on the flat grassy area. I determined to get moving once again as I was not part of their world and longed to be on my own once more.

All too soon it seemed that I pulled into the entrance of the small campsite and checked into the little wooden shed that served as the site office. It smelled of creosote and was filled with leaflets of local attractions and small tins of beans and Spam offered for sale at inflated prices. I paid my fee and set off for the far corner of the campsite where some trees would offer shade. It was unpopular with the other campers who preferred the large flat open spaces for their caravans and huge frame tents. The ground was lumpy with half buried roots but after careful examination I found a flat area large enough to pitch my small tent. Once again it was difficult to get the bike to stand upright on the uneven ground and I resorted to leaning it against a tree. I always pitch camp quickly, this was a result of boyish competition when camping with my Boys Brigade troop when I would take pride in being the first to have the tent up and kettle on.

Finally I settled into the small folding stool I used to use when fishing, the kettle was heating in the little brass primus stove and the orange canvas tent standing proud and neat and the little moped propped against the tree behind. This would be a birthday to remember for many years. It was only just 6pm but it felt like a week had passed since I left my grandmothers house early this morning. I pulled out my notebook and began recounting the days events in broad blunt pencil, I even punctuated the notes with little sketches of the bike next to the round cable drum table in the woods and the town market square in settle with the war memorial.

With the tea made the stove became available for supper cooking duties and I emptied a can of Heinz Ravioli into the small pot and put it to heat, it was a job to keep it from sticking whilst it heated as the primus gave off a fearsome amount of heat and turning it down low ran the risk of a flame out. I ate straight from the pot with a few Cream Crackers for added substance and dribbled a little sauce onto my notebook. It wiped off leaving a slight orange stain and added some colour to the macabre remnants of my cotton handkerchief. Doing the washing up afterwards revealed some deficiencies in my camping kit as I had neither scourer nor washing up liquid, in the end the pot remained slightly orange and a tad greasy, washing out the handkerchief with my little soap bar did little other than fix the stains in permanently; it smelled nice though.

I returned to my little campsite and turned my attentions to the moped once again. I wiped the ejected grease from the forks and steering bearings, spun the wheels and checked the brakes and tyres for flints removing many with my small penknife. there was a small dribble of oil from the tailpipe indicating that the petrol mix was about right and sufficient lubrication was being provided. Unscrewing the little cup from the bottom of the fuel tap revealed lots of small rust particles, the fine nylon screen had prevented them travelling further down the fuel line and clogging the carburettor. During the rebuild I had done the recommended de-rusting technique of placing a handful of old nuts and bolts in the tank and shaking vigorously for as long as you could - I determined to repeat this action when I returned home.

Overall the bike had proved itself a very capable little machine, the engine performance was just about as much as the rolling chassis could take and my home made racks were still rigidly riveted together. I sacrificed the hankie once again and gave it a thorough wipe down.

By now the sun was going down and this was accompanied by a myriad of small insects so I retreated to the tent curled up in my sleeping bag and made some notes in my book about the things I would need to change for my next trip. I awoke 7 hours later with a flat torch battery and a rather bent notebook, I had fallen asleep without warning. The ground had been hard and I had no mat other than the tough groundsheet for the tent. I added this note to the list in the book for things to change next time. It was still early although the sun was rising and the birds were in full song. The little primus stove was covered in dew as I had left it out in the night and took some time to get it going and a large slug needed to be ejected from the pan before the water could be set to boil for the morning cuppa. Wary of the slug remnants and the still orange tang to the pan I boiled a little water in the bottom of the pan to clean it out. The tea still tasted vaguely of tomato sauce.

I decided to ride more conservatively on the return leg, mostly because I was unsure of how much fuel I needed to return to Settle as this was the last place I had seen a fuel stop. this proved to be more difficult than I thought as the little motor needed to be on song to provide the necessary HP to negotiate the hills. Having refuelled, I then zipped along with the throttle wide open and the speedo off the scale, now keen to arrive home and complete my journey. I have always been like this ever since, get close to home and I'll run the final leg without stopping or enjoying the view or ride. Once into familiar turf the roads rolled by without conscious thought and my mind wandered back to the heady run through the Dales yesterday afternoon. All to soon I pulled up outside the back gate, stood up to open the latch, pulled inside the back yard and killed the motor. It was over. Propping the bike on it's stand I pulled off my rather used looking helmet and went indoors. "Back already?", "wasn't expecting you 'till later" quipped my father from behind his Sunday paper.

"Yes, I'm back" was all I could manage as a response. I was 16years and 4 days old, but very changed from the child I had been at the beginning of the weekend.



Les Amis du VéloSolex 66 Bryan Hollinshead

It is now almost fifteen years since I acquired my first Vélosolex, an early col de cygne model, in a very rusty state. It had a number of incorrect parts including a motor from a 330, wheels and tyres which obviously came from a bicycle and no headlight. Although I had a fair knowledge of motorcycles and scooters my only experience of cyclemotors was with a BSA Winged Wheel bought from a colleague and which had been in his shed for a number of years . This meant that I had a lot to learn. However, after some care, the engine started and ran quite well so I assembled the bike and used it for attending local rallies and general running around. I replaced incorrect components with correct ones as and when they became available. Now this bike is due for a complete refurbishment and, although it will never be a concours winner, it deserves some TLC for having introduced me to the cult of the Vélosolex , an interest which has given me so much pleasure over the past years.

Tim Shields excellent account of his London to Paris trip via Solex brings to mind some similar long distance journeys two of which took place during the early Solex era and both of which are well documented in books relating to Solex history. The first relates to Le Tour de la Mediterranée, a journey of 9,700 kms over a period of four months between November 1950 and March 1951. Jacques Gautho-Lapeyre rode a 45 cc model which was standard apart from the following: the spokes in both wheels replaced by those of a heavier gauge, the handlebar changed to an adjustable one and extra fuel carried in a “nourrice” (*wet nurse!*) mounted in the U of the frame. Not including the weight of the rider the poor Solex was required to carry a total of 38 kgs of camping equipment and other necessities. Apparently Jacques was a top line cross-country runner so he must have been in very good physical condition. He would certainly have had to make good use of leg power. The second Grande Randonnée again took place during the winter of 1950 and was also about 9,000 kms. This time the rider was Jean-Claude Harrari, the Solex a model 330, the route Martinique, Guadeloupe, the Virgin Isles, Puerto-Rico, Haiti and Cuba, the whole distance being covered without a mechanical breakdown. On this occasion the Solex featured a Sturmey-Archer three speed rear hub together with a drum brake, an adjustable handlebar, an auxiliary fuel tank and camping equipment which brought the weight up to 40 kgs. From a photograph taken at the end of the tour the rider seemed well pleased. Bravo Jean-Claude! Incidentally, Should you wish to obtain a similar auxiliary fuel tank as used by both the previous Solexistes they are obtainable as re-manufactured items at a cost of sixty euros. The largest will hold approximately four litres of fuel.

Henry Ford said ,when referring to his Model T, “You can have any colour you like as long as it is black”. I’ve recently come up against this problem when trying to buy some white Bowden Cable to replace those which have been on my 5000 for a number of years and are now showing signs of wear. A tour round the local cycle shops including the very expensive ‘pro’ shop met with no success as apparently only black was available. If further searches yield no results I shall have to buy the black variety and spray it with white paint from an aerosol.

The 3800 Luxe which I mentioned in the last Les Amis as a winter project is now up and running quite well although the fitting of new piston rings would increase the performance even more. There are several items which are not authentic and which I shall have to search for and the bike will never satisfy the purists but may provoke some favourable comments from the “I had one just like that” brigade when parked in front of the village shops..Another year has passed. How time flies. So let me send Season’s Greetings and all good wishes for 2010 to Solexistes and other cyclomotorists everywhere.



Bonne année **Bryan**

Marque Time

Marque Time returns! Would Marque Enthusiasts please contact Buzzing Prod. to update us on any changes needing to be made. If you'd like to become Marque Enthusiast for one of the vacancies below, please contact the Chairman. Marque Enthusiasts are unpaid volunteers, please enclose an SAE with all enquiries. Also, remember that they are not required to supply spare parts; a few of them do help with providing spares but most do not. MARQUE ENTHUSIASTS DO HAVE LIVES OUTSIDE THE NACC- PLEASE SPARE A THOUGHT AND TRY NOT TO PHONE THEM LATE IN THE EVENINGS!

Aberdale- David Stevenson, 2 Foxmire Grove, Dodworth, Barnsley S75 3TT
. stevensonbown@googlemail.com

Ariel 3- Andrew Roddham, 10 Gracious St. Whittlesea, Cambs PE7 1AP
. andrew.roddham@btinternet.com

Benelli see Italian- general

Bernardi Buzz- David Hitch, 8 Scoton Drive, Knaresborough, HG5 9HG. 01423 797808

Bown- David Stevenson (see 'Aberdale')

British Salmson- George Clements, 33a Brunswick Square, Hove, Sussex, BN3 1ED.

BSA Winged-Wheel- Roger Caunt, 11 Shrewsbury Avenue, West Knighton, Leicester, LE2 6JN.
. 0116 212 9101 . roger.caunt@ntlworld.com

Cairns Mocyc- Derek Rayner, 'Invicta', 9 Beagle Ridge Drive, Acomb, York, YO2 3JH.
. 01904 781519

Clark Scamp- Gilbert Smith, 12 Conifer Drive, Tilehurst, Reading RG31 6YU
. 01189 426997

Corgi- Ian Munroe, 25 Decoy Road, Ormesby, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk, NR29 3LG. . 07786 245090

Cucciolo- Hugh Gallagher, 10 Swans Way, Higham Ferrers, Northants NN10 8NF
. 01933 419800 . hughgallagher@bulldoghome.com

Cyc-Auto- Mike English, The Coach House, 2 Churchberry Road, Enfi eld, Middlesex, EN1 3HR.
. 0208 3673897

Cyclemaster- David Butler, 18 Acorn Gardens, Stirchley, Birmingham, B30 2YW.
. 0121 414 0589 . davidg_butler@virgin.net

Cymota- N Pearson, 26 Dale Street, Mansfi eld, Notts NG19 7DY

Ducati- David Casper (see Chairman)

Dunkley- Noël Loxley, Floral Villa, Wold Rd, Barrow Upon Humber, N Lincs, DN19 7DQ
. 01469 530678 . noellox@beeb.net

Excelsior Autobyk- Vacant

Garelli Mopeds see Italian - general

GYS Motamite- Derek Rayner (see 'Cairns Mocyc')

HEC- Tony Spicer, 16 Fairfi eld Rd, Ashington, Pulborough, W. Sussex, RH20 3JZ.

Heinkel Perle- Mike Curteis, Combs Head Farm, Combs, High Peak SK23 9XA.

Hercules [GB] Vacant

Honda mopeds- Carl Squirrel, 33 The Knoll, Framlingham, Woodbridge, Suffolk, IP13 9DH.
cesquirrel@hotmail.com

Italian (general) David Casper (see Chairman)

James autocycle- Vacant

Kapitein Mobyette- Henk van Kessel, Basstraat 44, NL-5702SH Helmond, Netherlands.
.0031 492 546710, info@pantin.nl

Kreidler- M J Dowell, 6 Moor Road, Collingham, Notts, NG23 7SZ.

. 01636 892482

Lambretta- Tony Price, 31 The Close, Sturton by Stow, Lincoln, LN1 2AG.

. 01427 788695. (Lambretta scooters, autocycles, mopeds)

Leopard- vacant

Lohmann- Philippa Wheeler, 2 Cherry Tree Cottage, Llantilio Pertholey, Abergavenny, NP7 6NU.

. fw190a5@tiscali.co.uk

McKenzie/Hobart- John McVey, 2 The Tithe, Felmersham, Bedfordshire, MK43 7JE.

. 01234 781079.

Mercury- Noël Loxley (see 'Dunkley')

Mini Motor- Glen Duff, 17 Chanterelle Highwoods, Colchester, CO4 9RY

. 01206 844378 . glen_duff40@hotmail.com

Mobylette- Eddie Dewe, Penmon Cottage, Ffordd-y-Bont, Treuddyn, Mold, Flintshire CH7 4LS

. 01352 771571

Mosquito- Dave Greenhill, 22 Sovereign Place, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, PE3 6DS

. 01733 897879 . trophytr5@tiscali.co.uk

Motobécane-Eddie Dewe (see 'Mobylette')

Nasetti- David Casper (see Chairman)

New Hudson- Vacant.

Norman- Andy Bawdon, 15 Fairlyn Drive, Kingswood, Bristol BS15 4PU .

andyton@blueyonder.co.uk

NSU Quickly- Roger Worton, 56 Crosslands, Stantonbury, Milton Keynes, MK14 6AX.

. 01908 314797 .roger@nsuquicklyspares.co.uk

NVT Easy Rider Vacant

Ostler Mini Auto- Andrew Roddham (see Ariel 3)

Phillips- Ken Mettam, 7 Poynton Wood Glade, Bradway, Sheffield S17 4NH

. 0114 2356784

Power Pak Vacant

Puch- Jim Lee, 2 Bramfield Park, Theddingworth road, Lubbenham LE16 9TP

. 01858 461386

Raleigh mopeds See Eddie Dewe, Mobylette ME above

Raynal- Keith Flood, Sunnyview, Hinderclay Road, Wattisfield, Diss, Norfolk, IP22 1NF.

. 01359 251234

Sidecars- Ken Mettam (see Phillips)

VéloSoleX- Stuart Hall, 70 Cedar Road, Abington, Northampton NN1 4RW

. 01604 710791 (9am to 9pm) . carart@ntlworld.com

Vincent Firefly- Peter Green, 4 Beaufoy Road, Dover, Kent, CT17 0HX.

. 01304 202453

Wall Auto Wheel- Tony Lloyd, 96 Fairdene Road, Coulsdon, CR5 1RF.

. 01737 555413 . aj.lloyd@blueyonder.co.uk

Yamaha QT50- Rhon Stephenson, 16 Nottingham Road, Burton Joyce NG14 5AE, 0115 9117313

Young- Les Sleath, 13 Felstead Road, Stocking Farm, Leicester, LE4 2GQ.

. mail@sleathl.fsnet.co.uk

Zundapp- M J Dowell (see 'Kreidler')