

The

Buzzing Club



Volume 28

Number 1

February 2009

3 modèles

Pour l'usage de tous

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PANTIN

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AUTOMATIQUE
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P.V. 10,000
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Mobylette

la bicyclette motorisée



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Please send an SAE (an IRC from Europe, 2 IRCs from outside Europe) if you need a reply when writing to Club officers. General enquiries via email, please contact info@thebuzzingclub.co.uk Buzzing is published on the 20th day of February, April, June, August, October and December. Articles, letters & adverts for the April 2009 issue of Buzzing should reach the Editor at the address above by Friday 20th March 2009.

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Club Information

Membership

Membership of the NACC costs £9.00 a year plus a £3 joining fee for new or lapsed members. Application forms are available from the Membership Secretary (see page 2).

Dating and Registration

The current dating fees for club members are: £7 (£10 for non-members) for a certificate supporting an application for an age-related registration, £12.50 (£17.50 for non-members) for processing a V765 application. Contact the Machine Registrar for details, please send an SAE.

Affiliations

The NACC Ltd. is a member of the **Federation of British Historic Vehicle Clubs**, we have corresponding agreements with; the Register of Unusual Microcars, New Zealand Classic Scooter Club, the Bermuda Classic Bike Club, Rijwiel Hulpmotor Club Nederland, AML GC17 in France, the Sjællands Veteranknallert Klub, Denmark and the British Two Stroke Club.

Club Insurance

Full and Associate members of the NACC can benefit from our Footman James NACC Insurance Scheme, offering a range of policies to suit Autocycle, Cyclemotor and Moped owners, including those riding sub-50cc machines on full car licences without a motorcycle licence or CBT. Please quote your membership number when contacting **Footman James** on **0121 561 6222**.

Library

Alan Hummerstone can supply copies of material held in the NACC Library (contact Alan for a copy of the Library List, see opposite for his details)

Website

The NACC website **www.thebuzzingclub.co.uk** is updated frequently and carries all the latest news. It's well worth a visit as there are many photos in addition to those published in Buzzing as well as video clips taken on events, not to mention access to the vast and comprehensive on-line NACC archive.

Events Calendar

Don't Forget!

If you want to organise a club-permit event and wish information to appear in Buzzing in time, please write to the Events Secretary at least 2 months prior. From Jan 2009 organisers should ask Bryan for an application form. Events organised at short notice (min 28 days), apply in writing to Events Secretary to ensure issue of a permit. We'll publish details of a short-notice event on the NACC website as publishing deadlines may make it impossible to advise members via Buzzing. Signing-on sheets must be returned within 14 days of holding the event. The rule for riding on NACC events is **no membership card- no ride**. Those who cannot produce a valid card have to pay a day membership fee. All participants must personally sign the official sign-on sheet issued by the Events Secretary. Events shown in **BOLD** on the next page are official NACC events, those not shown in bold are non-NACC events which may require a day membership, unless you have dual-nationality....

From NACC H.Q.



Editor's Desk Those of you with time on your hands and a bunch of screaming grandchildren (children?-we're not *all* that old...) downstairs over the Christmas holiday period and didn't log on to the NACC website at www.thebuzzingclub.co.uk missed a real treat. It's not there now, but Dolly put up a great seasonally-decorated front page, with Christmas lights winking, some poor bugger about to be lunched by a polar bear, Santa with his sleigh & reindeer, Dolly the Skiing sheep and a trailer towed by a moped with a decorated tree, accompanied by an appallingly off-key electronic rendition of Jingle Bells. Fantastic, so tasteless, just what Christmas is all about.

Members with long memories will recall I published part 1 of Eef & Nanda's Great Adventure, a trip to Britain from Holland by Puch mopeds, in February 2007's Buzzing. Sadly Part 2 never appeared because of disorganisation on my part, not because Eef & Nanda hadn't sent it in. Part 2 should finally appear in the near future, apologies all round.

Dave

Dolly's Pen Whilst on the subject of our ever-improving website, we are now offering all sections of the NACC their own web-page for Section News updates. Take a look at what is already there to see what is suitable, it can be updated whenever you wish. Apart from advertising your own section you can also use the page to inform members of upcoming events at short notice. Contact- info@thebuzzingclub.co.uk. We have also been experimenting with an internet-based forum where NACC members can exchange ideas and information or even just chat- the digital age's answer to the village pump. The forum will go live shortly and for the time being will be restricted to NACC members only. To join in, log onto our website at www.thebuzzingclub.co.uk and fill in the on-line form with name, address & membership number..

Dolly

Show Co-ordinator At the NACC committee meeting on 10th January we welcomed new committee member John Aston who has taken on the role of Show Coordinator. John has a lot of experience in helping set up and run NACC show stands and will be responsible for overall planning of high-quality displays at Shows where the NACC will have a national Club presence.

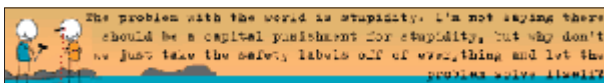
Dear Members

My name is John Aston, I have taken on the role of Show Coordinator for the NACC and am taking this opportunity to introduce myself and tell you about the new events we will be doing for 2009. We will be organising NACC club stands and displaying members machines at the VJMC show at Uttoxeter, the VMCC 1000 Bikes at Mallory, and the Classic Car and Bike Show at the NEC Birmingham in November. The Bristol and Stafford Shows will continue to be organised as they currently are. Finally, don't forget the NACC National Rally August 21st/22nd/23rd at Sacrewell Farm. More details will be made available for all these events as soon as they are available, in the mean time please feel free to contact me if you need any more information.
Regards

John Aston

From the Library Amongst the usual bits, and pieces coming in, we have received a large cache of Mobyette material, both historic, and technical, which was part of the A.A. technical library. I am grateful to everyone who has generously donated material for our use, but stuff which is also interesting to read through makes the busy librarian's job a pleasure.

Alan Hummerstone



Seen at the Shows (Stafford, Oct 08)

In November 1952 Model Engineer magazine (vol 107 no. 2688) published an extraordinary photo of a prototype cyclemotor engine displayed at the Model Engineer Exhibition by the Myford Engineering Co. Ltd.- the Myford twin. The primary objective of the Myford twin display was to demonstrate what could be done in the way of advanced engine construction with the aid of a small Myford M.L.7 workshop lathe. Considerable expense must have been incurred because the engine comprised many machined castings, though unfortunately the display engine was fully sectioned to show internal workings and would never have been a runner. No technical details regarding capacity or dimensions were made available at the time, though rumours persisted for years after that several sets of castings had been made and would be sold as either the ERM or Jones cycle-motors.

At the Classic Mechanics Show, Stafford, in October last year an engineering company had on display what was claimed to be a Jones twin cyclemotor engine- and indeed it looked very like the Myford of 1952, albeit with many minor differences and not sectioned.



This engine is now listed on Peter Smith's website at www.autocycles.co.uk and appears to be for sale. Properly sorted, it would be a unique & powerful unit..



Letters to the Editor



Dear David

Well, here's a little story to tell...My sister-in-law's mother was a girl of the Cyclemotor era and rode a number of beasts including a Mini-Motor, BSA Dandy and other wonderful marvels from our preferred era... I think there is a fair chance that her daughter will read the *[Stinkwheel]* book from cover to cover and enjoy the Mini-Motor section in particular...could you write "Happy Christmas to *****, I think ***** should buy you a Mini-Motor immediately, Best Wishes, etc." or some such similar taunt... Incidentally (on an excruciatingly minor point) all the big end bearings that Philip and I have seen on Cyclemaster crankshafts are of the "crowded roller" type. Both dominant (and highly respected) magazines of the time got it wrong in their reports dated 22nd June 1950. The Motor Cycle reported that "caged needle-rollers are employed for the big-end", while Motor Cycling maintained that "the connecting rod...has a 17mm unbushed roller bearing big-end". I have a view that all were of the crowded roller type... I seem to remember that Roger Warton used to list a needle roller bearing when he ran Cyclemotor and Autocycle spares, but did he really mean crowded roller? Has any member seen a Cyclemaster crankshaft with other than a crowded roller arrangement I wonder?

Anally yours,

Peter Crowder

Dear David

In the chapter on the Tailwind in Episode 2, there are good pictures of John Latta at his home on Shootersway Lane here in Berkhamstead, half a mile from where I live. I often wonder if my father knew anything of John Latta via our motorcycle business here- he may well have done- but I shall never know. I'll try and get the photographs and a brief write-up in the local paper, it might jog someone's memory.

Sincerely

John E Cyster

Letters- contd

Dear David

I'd just like to introduce myself as a new member of the NACC and to thank everyone I have spoken to so far. Years ago when growing up, I had a 1970s Eye Spy book on cars which carried a description of "bicycles fitted with small petrol motors." Ever since then, I have been very interested in what these were. As a keen cyclist, this seemed like a fantastic idea, although I never came across any until I visited France. As a Thames Valley area member, my first event was the Silchester Saunter last September and what an inspiration it was. I bought my first bike, an S3800 VeloSolex in April 2008, and was delighted to meet Tim Bunting and another Solex rider from Surrey (sorry, cannot recall your name) & swap notes. It was also a pleasure to briefly ride Tim's machine on that day.

Since then, my collection now includes a 32cc Cyclemaster, yet to be assembled, a 38cc Garelli Mosquito and just now, a barn found 25cc Cyclemaster in bits with a good bike (with faded plates) to fit one of the units too.

I am thrilled with my VeloSolex and hope to get plenty of use out of it as soon as the weather allows. It has already been to a few local shows here in West Berkshire where it has attracted a lot of interest and positive comments. I would be very interested in hearing from any members who may have restored or keep a 38cc Garelli Mosquito. Keep up the great work with the club and Buzzing.

Regards,

Jonathan Sayers [fencer_js@yahoo.com]

Dear David

Would any NACC member be prepared to lend me an original Cyclemaster rear wheel rim? I'm exploring the idea of making a small batch of new rims and need an old rim as a pattern. Many thanks.

Keith Walker 01543 579914 (Cannock)

Dear David

I am touched by the number of people showing interest in my Itom project reported in the December Buzzing. I am pleased to say that registration went without a hitch, and the machine took part in it's first event on New Year's day. It went very well, showing great promise, but stopped after about five miles. It started immediately when I got it home after the event. I haven't yet had time to sort out what I am sure is only some minor problem of the type one would expect from an engine which probably hasn't run for fifty years, I should imagine it has a doubtful ignition coil. The performance was very good, faster than your average cyclemotor by some margin. I am looking forward to some fun with it throughout the year.

regards

Alan Hummerstone

Letters- contd

Dear Paul

My husband Martin has just purchased what I can only describe as his best 'toy' ever. I didn't realise someone could get so passionate about a bike with an engine. Yes, he has just acquired a VéloSoleX. It appears that not only has this new passion, but two of our grandchildren feel the same. It was "Grandpa, Grandpa please take us for a ride". The enclosed photos show both girls together on Grandpa's bike, riding along our private lane.

At least I don't have any trouble finding him at the moment, of course he's in the garage tinkering with the bike!

Diane Gould



No, never too late nor too early to start enjoying bikes with tiny motors. The smiles in the photos above say it all!

Certificate awarded to the NACC by the Land's End-John O'Groats Association, thanks to the sterling efforts of all those who rode the End-to-End run last year. Not only that, the Club was awarded the Cock o' The North Shield, presented by Alex Rintoul, for completing the journey on ridiculously under-powered machines of less than 100cc's. The shield is inscribed "National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club End-to-Enders 2008" and is on display at the Troorak Hotel in Torquay. Go and have a look if you're down that way.



Latest News

Cottenham Yester Year Run.

The 2009 Cottenham Yester Year Road Run takes place on Sunday 19th April, NACC members have attended in previous years and its been good fun. Each year we've had an enjoyable day and the event has raised around £10,000 each time for MAGPAS (The Mid Anglia General Practitioners Accident Service), a Charity that provides equipment for doctors who give of their time voluntarily to attend road accidents and other emergencies where specialist medical help at the scene can often mean the difference between life and death.

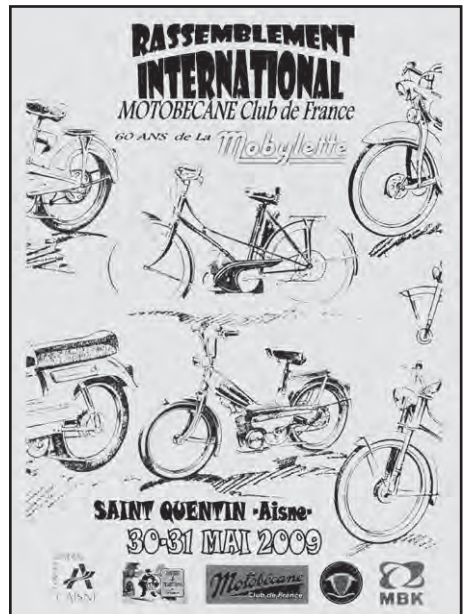
The run starts and finishes at Cottenham Village Green (about 7 miles n. of Cambridge) & takes in a number of the villages in N. Cambridgeshire where short stops are made to collect donations, The brass band does their bit and riders/drivers are plied with tea and cakes at most stops. A lunch stop is made at Over Village Community Centre where Sausages, Mash, Yorkshire pudding and veg are the fare, returning to Cottenham Green around 3.30 when there is a static vehicle display (attendance optional) and fair. The event attracts around 300 vintage/classic vehicles of all types. Two wheel machines go first and a Cyclemotor/autocycle/moped is an ideal machine on which to do the run. Bookings should be made direct with the Yester Year Event Entry Officer. David Smith, 14, Narrow Close, Histon, Cambridge CB24 9XX. Telephone 01223 237296. If you attended last year you will automatically receive an application for the 2009 run. Hope to see as many of you as possible on 19th April. I will be very pleased to see anyone on the day; whatever club they may belong to or no club at all. If you want to know more please either contact me- alancourse@yahoo.com or 01223 245843, have a look on the Cottenham Road Run website. **Alan Course**

Sixty years of the Mobylette!

This year sees major celebrations in France to mark the 60th anniversary of the first Mobylette model, launched in 1949.

The Motobécane Club de France in association with a number of sponsors, including MBK, successors to Motobécane under Yamaha's ownership, are organising a major rally over the weekend of 30-31 May at Saint Quentin, a couple of hours down the A26 autoroute from Calais.

For more information please get in touch with NACC club Secretary John Lipscomb, contact details on page 2.



Carborundum coated rollers

Derek Langdon had the great good fortune (and with help from a keen eye) to have found and bought the remains of Reg Bury's old Tailwind Mk2 (KPX 541) at a recent VMCC Founders Day. It is certain that this was Reg Bury's machine because, on dismantling and cleaning the engine castings, Derek found the very small figure 1900 stamped into various parts. This is the engine number given by Reg Bury to West Sussex County Council on Form R.F.1/2G, Application for Road Registration, processed on 9th July 1948 and which is reproduced on page 140 of Stinkwheel Episode 2 in the Tailwind chapter.

The two-speed stepped aluminium roller was originally covered with carborundum grit but, with a history of serious road use and the passage of time, the binding agent had cracked and lifted in several places. Derek has found a company willing to re-apply a carborundum coating to the roller and this has been successfully carried out, though not as yet tested on the road.

The work looks of good quality and a variety of grades of grit were offered as samples for, before recoating took place. Contact- Porcher Abrasive Coatings, Nursery Road, Riverside Industrial Estate, Boston, Lincs PE21 7TN or phone 01205 356666.


A Solex in glass!


News from Belgium via our good friends of the Solex Club de Belgique- a talented artist by the name of Christine Steyaert is making the most beautifully detailed miniature Solexes in extruded glass filament. A glass Solex is only made to order, the price is 65 euros and it measures 19cm long (about 7.5 inches) by 12cm high (about 4.75") and can be had with a glass or wood base, 21cm x 8cm. The glass Solex looks superb, only one fly in the ointment, Christine is not prepared to guarantee delivery intact to the UK. However, there is a way....Club Solex de Belgique members usually attend Rando Cyclos at Sars Poteries every year and could be persuaded to bring an ordered glass Solex to the rally, for delivery to an NACC member, who could bring it back, hopefully in one piece! Further details, contact Christine Steyaert, Malakofflaan 6, B-3970 Leopoldsburg, Belgium, or by email to christine.steyaert@telenet.be.



Celebrating 60 years of Mobylettes on page 14- and this is how UK sales finally ceased on 15th May 1978, in a letter from Motor Imports to all their dealers.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

 **MOBYLETTE** The World's Largest Selling Mopeds. Sole U.K. Concessionaires

 **MOTOR IMPORTS CO. LTD.**
700 Purley Way, Croydon, Surrey CR9 4QX. Telephone: 01-681-2811. Telex No: 94 88 60
Our Refs: GAP/JS

THE MOTOR IMPORTS CO. LTD.
15th May, 1978
22 MAY 1978

TO ALL MOBYLETTE DEALERS

We regret to advise you that we shall not be importing Mobylette mopeds in future - a decision which has been taken very reluctantly after careful consideration and by mutual agreement with Motobecane.


It has become increasingly difficult in recent years, especially in the face of the fall in demand for mopeds generally, coupled with ever increasing operating expenses and fluctuating foreign exchange rates, to run a viable operation.

However, we have limited stocks of most models which are offered at the very favourable current rates. Retail prices also remain unchanged despite recent increases throughout the 'Trade' thus presenting a very attractive and competitive position for Dealers.

FULL WARRANTY COVER WILL BE GIVEN ON ALL MACHINES SOLD

THE SPARES POSITION IS UNCHANGED AND SUPPLIES WILL CONTINUE TO BE READILY AVAILABLE FROM NORMAL SOURCES

Thank you for a pleasant business association which we hope to continue through the supply of spares, and unfortunately for a limited period while stocks last - with mopeds.



I.T. Clarke
DIRECTOR

<u>For Mopeds</u>	700 Purley Way, Croydon	Tel 01-681-3911
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J.W. O'Brien

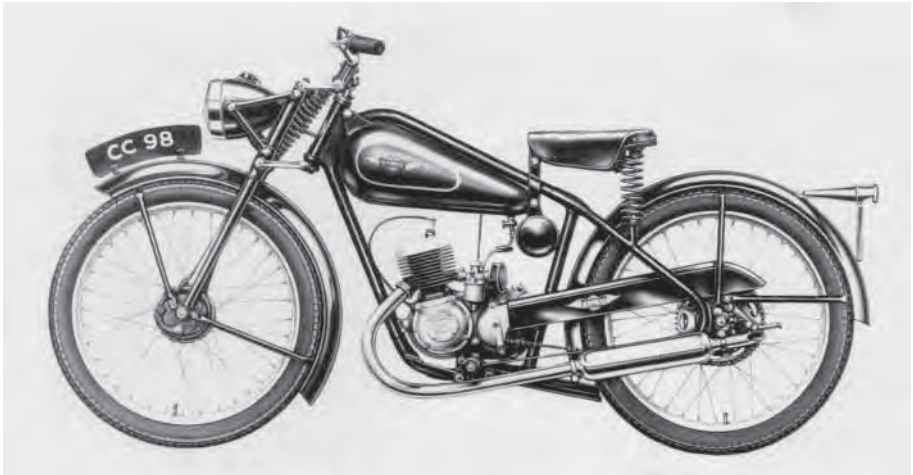
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How I got into mopeds

Glen Brown

I thought readers might like to hear the story of how I got into mopeds! I've always been interested in two-wheeled transport and on my 17th birthday I was given a 1952 James Comet, which to me then was fantastic. We went everywhere together, even to Devon from Middlesbrough for a week's holiday. It might not sound too unusual to have a James Comet when you're 17, but you may need to know I'm only 30 now! So you see it was quite strange to have a James when all your mates are on Honda and Yamaha 125's.



After a year I upgraded to a James 197 which had been my Grandad's from new, and since then I've had numerous bikes up to 350cc's and enjoyed them all. Unfortunately last August I was taken ill and found I couldn't ride my bikes as the clutches were too heavy on them, so I called my mate to see if he had a moped I could borrow for a run that was coming up, going over the North Yorkshire moors! "No problem" said my mate, "come round and have a look at". He has quite a selection of mopeds, so round I went and opted for his Puch MS50- being on the large side, I decided manual gears would be handy. Off I went on the run, with a smile from ear to ear. "This bike's great fun" I said, "I want one now". "It's done the Coast to Coast several times" he told me, so after a couple of weeks I started looking for a Puch MS50, but couldn't find one anywhere. Then along came a Puch Mexico with a 4-speed foot-change and the same fan-cooled engine as the MS50, I went to see it and fell in love with it right away. Since then I have bought a couple more mopeds and hope to do some of the Club runs this year, including the renowned Coast to Coast. I should have gone back to small bikes like these ages ago! Great mag and on what I've seen so far a great club.

Excelsior Autobyk- in need of a tool-box!

Stuart Metcalfe

One hot sunny day in 1983 I was on my way to Littlehampton on the Sussex coast with my wife and two daughters and we were all looking forward to a day on the beach. Now, I am not a great lover of sitting on the beach and making sandcastles for the children, so perhaps subconsciously I was not particularly looking forward to the day as much as the rest of the family. However, we were on our way driving down the A29 and had just passed through Pulborough to Watersfield where on a sharp bend there was an old forge that was selling 'antiques'. What caught my eye was this old motorised bike propped up outside. It turned out to be a 1939 Excelsior Autobyk. I had always liked small engined two-wheelers, probably because I trusted myself (and still do) on these rather than on bigger 'faster and more dangerous' bikes! I pulled the car up with strong mutterings from the family as to "Why are we stopping here"? I bought the bike and went on to enjoy my day on the beach looking forward to picking it up later.

I collected the bike the next day along with a spare engine and was pleased with my purchase. At the time I was 39 years old, running a business with little leisure time, so although I rode the bike up and down the road a few times over the next 22 years I never did get around to getting it officially on the road. In 2005 when I was into my 60's it dawned on me that if I didn't get the bike on the road and start riding it I never would. So I purchased a new ignition coil, two new tyres, cleaned out the petrol tank and hey presto I had a usable bike. It went through the MOT, although the brakes weren't brilliant and would only slow the bike down rather than stop it. I subsequently improved the bike by fitting new Bowden cables with nylon inserts, new brake shoes and making sure that it is reliable. I do like my bikes to be reliable and mechanically good with all their bits and pieces but if their condition is oily rag, as this one is, that's fine. What wasn't fine was the fact that this bike was missing its tool box and I wasn't happy with that. So I needed to find one and this came about in the summer of 2006.

A friend rang me to say that the brother of a friend of his in Okehampton had died and that it was thought that the bits and pieces in his garage were parts of an autocyce and everything was going into a skip. I told him not to let that happen. He said that he would get his friend to e mail me some pictures and this happened in the nick of time. I could see from the two photos that it was the remains of an Excelsior 'Autobyk' distinguishable by the toolbox and if nothing else I had to have the toolbox. In short this kind gentleman took the trouble to put all the rusty bits in his car and deliver them to me in Reigate on his way home from Okehampton.

My first thought was to clean up the toolbox, paint it and put it on my bike to complete it. This I did and my intention was then to advertise the other parts in Buzzer so someone in the club could make use of them. As I looked at the rusty pile it dawned on me that there was almost a complete bike, so perhaps I ought to rebuild it! It was missing a few parts but the big bits were all there albeit in a rusty state. The frame was straight, the tank looked ok, the wheels would clean up, it had mudguards and it came with two engines albeit both in a rusty and corroded state. They did look grim! It was missing handlebars, chainwheel and cranks, rear stand, bottom bracket spindle and saddle but that was about it.



However, I realised that I could end up spending a fortune resurrecting this bike so I decided to try and do it cheaply. I did pay to have the frame and tank shot-blasted as stripping by hand is such a tedious job. The forks were the type with the rubber band suspension and the pivot bushes were so worn that the bike must have been almost impossible to ride. If I remember rightly the original pivot pins used were 3/8" BSF bolts (0.375")



On measuring the wear in the bushes, I decided to ream them out to 10mm (0.393") and use 10mm bolts. I didn't have a reamer so I carefully used a 10mm drill bit, winding it through with a hand wrench. We still have a local ironmonger near by so armed with a micrometer I was able to measure and select the most suitable bolts for the pivot pins. These worked a treat and with new rubber bands the suspension was as good as new ! The next problem to overcome was renovating the very worn mechanism that adjusts the cycle chain tension and carries the chainwheel spindle. It was so badly worn that the frame had deep scars where a chainwheel had rubbed. The worn pivot pin was discarded and I reamed out the two fragile looking lugs to suit a 3/8"BSF bolt. I just happened to have a 3/8" reamer.

That really was as far as I could go regarding the mechanics until I found a chainwheel and cranks, pedals and handlebars. I had been looking on eBay for a few weeks for these items but nothing came up for sale. While I kept looking on e bay I also decided that I would go to the local amenity tip to see if that had anything to offer. I became a regular visitor to two local tips and managed to collect a selection of spindles, cranks, pedals, handlebars and chainwheels but alas not one with the required 36 teeth. I must say that the guys at the tips were very helpful and allowed me to forage. I do think that they felt sorry for me as I would arrive on a very rusty NSU Quickly that looked awful. As the time passed while looking for the needed parts I painted the frame and tank using Hammerite black smooth. To clean the inside of the petrol tank I used some gravel that I had collected from a freshly re surfaced road, swilling it around in the tank.

This worked OK and the tank was still water tight afterwards. I finished painting the tank with cream panels added red lining and the transfers. Then my luck changed. A chainwheel came up on eBay as well as a saddle and I managed to purchase both of these for a total of £25. The chainwheel itself was the right pattern but the crank was straight and too short. The saddle was rusty and would clean up, but the cover was only good as a pattern. I had a selection of chainwheel spindles acquired from the amenity tip but even the longest was too short, so the only way forward was to have one made. The bottom bracket bush in which the spindle runs was worn so it needed reaming out. I had to use a drill as that is all I had of a suitable size. I then had a spindle turned to suit the size of the bush.

The chainwheel did not come with its matching crank but fortunately among those acquired from the tip I had some of the right section and length. I did need to extend the chainwheel crank and also bend them both to clear the tank. I managed to bend them cold and used one to extend the chainwheel crank. After cutting the crank and leaving a stub this extension was welded on and the join is barely detectable. The freewheel sprocket was in a poor state but I managed to strip it and with new ball bearings make it useable again. I spent a 'pleasant' day wire brushing the wheels and freeing the spokes of which several broke. I replaced these and trued up the wheels which were in surprisingly good condition. I then just waxoiled them rather than painting them and fitted new tyres and tubes. I had the brake shoes relined. At this point I had all I needed to complete the rebuild apart from the handlebars and the rear numberplate and its bracket, rear stand and tool box.

It was difficult finding handlebars with the correct bend. New 'North Road' handlebars are available but the centre boss is too wide to clear the alloy fixing clamps on the Excelsior, also the reach is too short. I didn't want to buy a new pair of these and then hack them to make them suit and luckily I didn't have to. I was in Southend and came across an amenity site. Now after many weeks of visiting sites locally I found that if I came across one on my travels I couldn't pass it without having a look. As I drove in this one I could see a bike with the bars I needed leaning against a skip. I knew I couldn't just take them! I had to ask the supervisor. He wasn't happy, but I did leave with those handlebars and the shape was right !

I had to cut out the centre boss and add a 4" section to suit the clamps. I did this by cutting a 4" straight section from another pair of bars and sleeving it over an 8" length of 3/4" tubing that I happened to have. I then pushed the two halves of the bars up to meet the 4" insert. I also needed to extend the hand grip part of the bars by 3" and I did this by sleeving another piece of handlebars over another piece of 3/4" mild steel tubing. It was a tight fit. I then took it to pieces cleaned the tubing, and then using the gas hob in the kitchen soldered it together. Welding is stronger but this is strong enough and the chrome is still good.

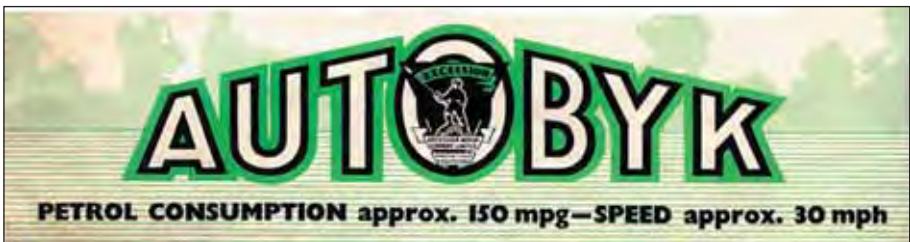
So, with it looking like an autocycle I fitted nylon lined Bowden cables along with new chains. The saddle frame I wire brushed and waxoiled and spent a few evenings with needle and thread making a new cover. This had the bike almost complete but it still needed a number plate and bracket and I wanted it to be 'as the original'. I couldn't locate one so made one out of aluminium. I managed to roll the edge by shaping it over 1/8" dia wire. A bit of a fiddle but it looks OK.

I couldn't find an exhaust pipe and silencer so I made one up from recycled handlebars and some 1 1/2" diam. tubing for the silencer.

I did rebuild one of the engines that came with the bike but decided to use a spare JDL I had as the serial number matches the year of the bike- 1941. I have spend many hours getting this simple engine running nicely and now its ok. I was lucky to obtain a rear stand through the club which is a very useful addition.



So this bike is now rebuilt and complete apart from the toolbox. The whole episode began because I wanted a tool box for my earlier bike- I'm still looking for a tool box ! Being an optimist, I'm sure one will turn up at sometime !



Stink Wheel Memories

Ken Hallworth

(that comforting haze of oil-laden smoke...fifty years on)

So, it seems then (“...non-existent future for two-stroke engines in the EU.” p6, October issue) that yet one more fond memory of days long-gone is soon to be consigned to history. Destined no longer to linger in the nostrils of those introduced to the pleasures of powered two-wheelers way back in the twentieth century. And, to me at least, with such cruel timing too. I will always associate autumn, its mists, its still damp air, with the intoxicating odour of Petroil. That comforting haze of oil-laden smoke. Pop-popping out the end of an exhaust. Stimulating the senses of sight and smell. Confirming that, for the moment, all was well with our chosen mechanical transport.

Cruel timing because, as I write this piece I mark exactly fifty years since straddling my very first powered two-wheeler. Only a humble moped, maybe, but a machine and a moment in time that I had waited and saved for with considerable impatience. Naturally enough, in the 1950s, it was two-stroke engined. My father lovingly showing me how to mix that heady Petroil brew. In a can, in the garage at home- so that one could be assured the operation was correctly and thoroughly completed. No pumped and metered automatic oil supply in those days, mixing it properly was as much essential learning in life, as taking one’s first steps. For me, Petroil would become *the* nasal-association with every November henceforward.

I remember the big day 50-years ago vividly. Arriving home in the dark from my inadequately remunerated daily toil as an engineering apprentice in a Manchester factory, to find the 47cc Sachs-engined beauty delivered and awaiting my pleasure. It wasn’t new, though scarcely used and only a few months old. My eyes had fallen upon it during one of my weekly Saturday pedallings around the motorcycle retail outlets in Stockport; our Cheshire home town, effectively a self-governing Manchester suburb.



It was in Messrs Warburton Brothers we met, whose emporium stood on the London Road, south out of Hazel Grove. Of course, had I been sensible, I should have popped into Howard’s, Stockport’s NSU dealer and ridden away on a Quickly like my friend had already done. But I have never been particularly conventional in the sense of following the crowd. Moreover, even with invaluable parental help, my wallet would have been exhausted in stretching to a basic Quickly “N”. Said best friend had bought an “S”, or “de luxe”, as we knew it and second best just wouldn’t have washed, at all. Anyway, I had an image to hold up at work too.

We spotty apprentices spent our dinner-times (lunch breaks to you southerners) patrolling the under-cover motorcycle park at the works. The allocated area was simply bursting with machines, because this was an unprecedented time for powered two-wheeler sales.

Two or three-wheels, with an engine, had become the affordable desire of every working man and several of the fairer sex too. Not just “enthusiasts” after sport, or a hobby. No, albeit but briefly, motorcycling looked set to achieve its long-stated aim of becoming universally accepted among the British population as *the* mode of personal transport. Anyway, all that is by way of saying that we had plenty of choice hardware to deliberate over – old, new, lightweights, scooters, singles, twins, fours and - mopeds. Naturally, it wasn’t macho to own a moped, but it was Hobson’s Choice, such devices being just about affordable to second-year apprentices. If, that is, great care was taken not to spend a bean on any other niceties of life – any whatsoever! Although mopeds were at the bottom of the pile, there was a definite pecking order among them to be carefully understood and observed, if one wished to preserve credibility among one’s peers.

Single-speeders, automatic clutches, spindly bicycle-like frame-sets, unsprung front forks, the humiliating need to pedal-off and such-like, were all OUT. Two-speeds or more, manually selected, a hand clutch, kick-style starting through the off-side pedal and a speedometer (Wow!) were all unquestionably IN, backed preferably, by rear springing of the swinging-fork kind. Plunger frames were old-hat and only NSU could get away with an unsprung rear end. Why? Quicklies “N” and “S” were ultra- reliable don’t y’know, therefore soundly engineered and, who could afford a Quickly “L” anyway– end of explanation.

So, when I stood in Warburton’s showroom that Saturday morning, my mind was easily made up; the lovely Achilles Lido had to be mine. What a machine! It possessed all the must-have features plus, real style. Not just any old style, Italian style. All put together by German engineers, a winning combination if ever there was one.



As my dad waved his faithful Ever-Ready torch around, lighting the gloom of that early November evening, I turned on the Petroil tap, depressed the Bing’s cold-start plunger, fingered the decompressor and swung hard down on the offside pedal, the Sachs motor fired and we were instantly enveloped in that comforting haze. I can still smell it now; two-stroke Petroil with just a dash of November – a concoction that retains its hold, fifty years on.

VMCC Southsea Saunter Nick Devonport

My first run of the New Year was with the VMCC at the Southsea Saunter, colleagues decided that they could do without me for the night shift and a leave chit was duly signed. Gone are the days when I have to apply for such things from Mrs D who is in the process of becoming the ex-Mrs D.

Mike and Renate Hele had kindly offered me a bed for the night which saved me taking the camper and we saw the New Year in over a glass of wine. We met in the car park of the Toby Carvery and soon machines were being warmed up for the off, which was more than you could say for the riders on such a bitterly cold morning. Ian McGregor's Raleigh-mounted Itom made encouraging noises and managed a few yards of forward progress before succumbing to carburation problems. Mike's JLO-powered Eysinck Renate tandem had problems with perished rubber in the tyre valves but he managed to persuade enough air to remain in the tube to make the journey viable. By this time we were the Last Men (and Woman) standing so took a short cut to the car park on Southsea sea front where Ken Marsland and his team were waiting for us with ginger wine and shortbread, a welcome warmer.



My Poirier invalid trike with the Sachs engine proved popular again with everyone returning from their test drive with a grin on their faces and a determination to own one. I sense a business opportunity here but have no plans to sell it - unless Mrs D's legal team have other ideas, of course! Ken is an authorised guide for Portsmouth Historic Dockyard and had wangled a group entry to the HMS Victory compound where we lined up for a photo shoot.

Southsea Saunter contd.

The ship is in a fine state of preservation and I hope to be back later in the year for a proper visit to the Dockyard. We left for the journey back to the Carvery for lunch where verbal sparring with hostile and stressed bar staff was on the “specials” board. Makes a change from the usual over-priced eat all you can fare, I suppose.



Above- Mike Heale's fabulous ILO-powered Eysinck Renate tandem, warming up on the stand

Thanks to Ken for organising a superb day out and to Mike and Renate for their hospitality. Nice to see friends from far and wide doing what we do best - coaxing madcap machinery into life in freezing cold conditions!*****

End to End Encore-

(contd. from Dec 08 issue)
Martin Wikner

Day seven, Carlisle to Glenrothes 130 miles via the dreaded Edinburgh ring road and the Forth Road Bridge. This as it turned out was uneventful even with the major “A” roads we all had to traverse. However you put it, this was a fun adventure but certain aspects of it cannot be described as safe and riding around the Edinburgh ring road was one. It seemed like being on the busy M25 on a moped, not conducive to a long life. However we all survived and arrived safely at our destination. We were over halfway now but the end was still a long way off. We had now been joined by Stuart’s wife Jill who was going to follow us for the rest of the route. We were also joined by Sherwood Grimshaw from the Yorkshire area.

End to End encore-

This evening (day seven) was a larger social event because the Granadaland guys who had gone on ahead joined us at the hotel on route home. Day eight to Aberdeen everyone was well into the routine and no problems to report and guess what the sun had started to shine the sea turned blue the views were great and guess what, the rain suits came off. The hotel was not in the most salubrious of areas of Aberdeen and it was advised that we should put the bikes under cover, but where? In the pub of course. It seemed like a good idea at the time but as the evening wore on the smell of petrol pervaded the whole pub. Any inspecting Fire Officer would have gone mad and closed the pub. I've retired from the Fire Service now so who cares. Alan was up early and moved the bikes out and fumigated the pub a bit with fresh air spray.

Day nine to Inverness was another fine day and the run was good 106 miles a group of the riders stopped off to say hello to one of Brian & Gill's relatives where I understand cake and a drop of whiskey was served. Upon arrival at the hotel Frank reported that the Cucciolo was not running well the problem was eventually traced to a faulty magneto coil connection with the HT lead a potentially terminal problem. Happily this was fixed with some delicate soldering with Alan's remarkable gas powered soldering device. So Frank's bike lived to be ridden again. I must say there were those who never thought Frank's bike would even make it this far, me included, but the replacement wheel and Franks never give up approach kept the bike running. A pleasant evening meal followed with everyone on a high, we were nearly there.

Day ten the scenic road to Wick, this was the mountainous coast road where we went from a thick sea fog on the mountain road to beautiful sunshine a thoroughly enjoyable day it was all coming together at last. Most of us stopped at Wick- however Derek, Andy and Alan rode on to John O'Groats and Dunnet Head just for the hell of it. Another enjoyable evening at the Wetherspoon's pub in Wick followed. A tinge of sadness as this was to be our last night together before a parting of the ways. Day eleven just the 17 mile run up the road to John O'Groats easy peasy and it was a blast most people going flat out all the way. Oh and guess what, it was raining again, yeah but so what, us lot, we could take anything!

So that was it, a really great adventure that Sharon and I would not have missed we both enjoyed it, yes all of it, and I am sure I can speak for all the participants. This was a one off event that will not be repeated, and we have the badges to prove that we did it, oh and the polo shirts. And well done Frank for organising because it 'aint easy to get this sort of event off the ground. Oh and one question Frank, what are we doing next?!

Riders were: Frank Brzeski- Ducati Cucciolo, Derek Ashworth- New Hudson, Sharon Wickner- Easy Rider DX50, Martin Wickner- Honda PC 50, Peter Moore- Puch NV 50, Alan Eden- Bown/ Honda Dream, Andy Speake- New Hudson, Brian Spooner- Puch Maxi S, Stuart Metcalfe- Excelsior Autobyk, Terry Keable- Raleigh Runabout, Sherwood Grimshaw- Honda C90/110
Support crew were: Bernard & Christine McCoughlin, Gill Spooner & Jill Metcalfe

End to End, Tales of the Unexpected

Peter Moore

First off, there was Derek's 70th birthday on Tuesday 12th August. It was a surprise to him – but it must be true 'cause it's in print now! What wasn't unexpected was that the event would actually take place. Apparently there had been doubt in some quarters (or so the whispers have it), but not here. Over five years of loose association (it's the best kind) with Frank and Derek and having through them been able to experience a number of Coast to Coast runs, and the Isle of Man Trip, I was never in doubt. That the visible organisation and planning would be minimal but sufficient, and would change many times right up to the Off, I expected; but the essentials were always there – transport, accommodation, and backup. Knowing that we had a fixed start and finish point each day, with bath, food, and bed was totally reassuring and allowed us to enjoy each day's travel, wherever that may take us. Something I didn't expect was Alan Eden's excellent travel arrangements to the Start, and from the Finish which saw me delivered to my own front door at five in the morning by chauffeur driven taxi! Far beyond expectations! A big thank-you to Alan.



Puch-riders Peter and Brian Spooner at the second Severn crossing. photo Terry Keable

There were the Bridges. By Day Four, the Gentlemen Riders had self – selected themselves into a group of four (Brian Spooner, Terry Keable, Stuart Metcalfe, and me) but on leaving Portishead, Bristol, we had mislaid Stuart and he had the atlas on which we had blithely come to rely. So Terry, Brian and myself found ourselves in a retail and industrial desert to the North West of Bristol, desperately trying to avoid motorways and thus curving South West to Severn Beach. Even Brian, by then deep into his UK cold and having lost his voice, croaked that he knew we were going the wrong way, for as he said, “we don't do headwinds”! But before turning around and meeting up with Stuart on the A38 at Thornbury we had a beautiful view of both Severn Crossings taking the M4 and the M48 into Wales.

On the previous day, we crossed Brunel's suspension bridge at Clifton. Traffic was busy, there were road or bridge works and therefore cones on the bridge which discouraged stopping to admire the view, and the engineering and construction of the bridge itself. Although the bridge is so well known from photographs, what I hadn't appreciated was the depth of the Gorge, and I had a fleeting appreciation of the sheer arrogant, conceited, but ultimately justified confidence of the man who could stand on one side of this Gorge, at the top of a sheer cliff and say "yep, - I can throw a bridge across that"! Then there was Scotland. Yes, I know it sits on top of England somewhere above Carlisle, but it's got Bridges. Oh yes, there are some beauties. We crossed the Forth Road Bridge toward the end of an interesting and preferably not to be repeated ride on Day Seven, in rain and heavy traffic, so I didn't dare lose concentration on the riding in order to look over to the Forth Rail Bridge to the right, so that was a small disappointment. But there were plenty more bridges to come. The Tay crossing into Dundee, and the three Firths Moray, Cromarty and Dornoch on a beautiful sunny morning out of Inverness, each long, low and beautiful in their setting, curving low and graceful across open vistas of shallow water, and hills in the distance.



A brief pause to admire the view at the Dornoch Firth Crossing - photo Terry Keable

Oh yes, Scotland has hills, some of which we found! Which brings me neatly to SARS. This is the usual abbreviation for Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome – and indeed there were occasions on which Terry and Brian were sufferers (the rise out of Stonehaven, and the Berriedale Braes being two examples), but in our case SARS meant Stuart's Alternative Routes – one of which was the rise out of Stonehaven. There was nothing wrong with Franks daily route, indeed it was a reliable fall-back every day, and was the basis on which Stuart played his variations. It seemed that he saw it as his daily challenge to find some interesting diversions, and oh boy did he succeed!

(Continued next page.)

End to End, Tales of the Unexpected -contd.

We were delightfully lost in Cheshire on Day Five before meeting up with Frank at Cotebrook for a social event, on Day Three we arrived at Portishead without hitting either the severe weather or the steep hill of which several autocyclists complained, and every day in Scotland we detoured at least twice per day! In part this was the reason why we arrived each afternoon up to two hours after everyone else! But we stopped – for tea and muffins, ice cream, musical interludes (Terry playing a stranger’s £1500 English concertina with a Ceilidh band in the Town Square in Montrose), oh and “comfort breaks” disguised as “appreciating the scenery”.

We stopped for lunch, in mid afternoon (again no hurry) in Urquhart on Day Nine, but this was planned. What was unexpected was the reception and hospitality offered by Liz and Craig Robertson who welcomed eight people into their home six of whom they had never met before! I suppose it was no surprise to find Frank already there tastefully attired in cerise and lemon, filling his face and sampling the single malt. My only claim to their hospitality was that Liz is the daughter of the cousin of the mother of the wife of a man whom I had met for the first time only nine days previously! Also unexpected was to sit in the Highlands discussing the writings (Secrets, Lies, and Democracy) and philosophy of Noam Chomsky a matter of a week or so before the global collapse of Capitalism! I think Craig was sad to see us go – he likes a good discussion!

And there were the people – especially Brian. An unexpected delight, an accountant from the other side of the world, whose very bearing, whose every gesture, movement and sentence is considered beforehand; a father, a grandfather, a man surely viewing the sunlit uplands of later life, who decides to give in to impulse and let out the little boy inside and come for a ride across England and Scotland with (as he put it) a group of friends he had not yet met! Brilliant! His slow smile transformed him and his quiet quips had to be listened for, but were worth the attention.



The Gentlemen Riders pause on the way to Montrose- photo Terry Keable

Oh, and the bike. I had no expectations of it, and it exceeded them comfortably! A Puch MV50 2 speed in hideous orange (complemented by the cast-off jacket also in hideous orange which I wore throughout), bought off eBay in April and dug out from the back of the garage and MOT'd in late July, it was serviced and prepared in the sense that I cleaned the fuel side and the exhaust side out, but left the ignition alone, test ridden for all of 30 miles before the Off, and which suffered from a wall of crackling at high revs. which I now grudgingly accept was due to too much oil. Two autocyclists told me at the start that that was the problem, but I'm still too grudging to name them! Nothing broke, it always started, and smoked its way reassuringly from start to finish. I bought a couple of bits from Dave Evans, and a tyre and tube from Tony Etherington, and both men deserve a mention for their good service.

There are of course many, many more memories, but most of all what I take away from this trip is the friendships made. Because I did not have much time to anticipate the trip, I did not expect to make such firm friendships which are capable of being put aside at the end of it, but which will be there to be taken up again somewhere else in the future, just where we left off. For that I thank, Frank, Derek, and everyone else who contributed to the best couple of weeks of the year!

What shall we do next?

P.S.- a couple more things overheard by the End-to-End Mole "There are no hills, just a few ups and downs" (Craig Robertson of Urquhart, advising on the route from Inverness to Wick) and "That was a good screw we picked up in Leyland, Peter" (Stuart Metcalfe referring to the headlamp bracket repair- allegedly).

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OOOer! Too Deep, or Not too Deep?...that is the question.....whether it is nobler, (in the mind), to drive one's steed into the murky flood, and risk being trapped with the engine stopped again, or, by posing as a wimp, let some other silly sod try it for size, instead.....Which is what is passing through Keith Walker's mind as he contemplates the possibilities of getting soaked for a second time on our recent "Walker's Wednesday Wrinklies Wrun"....I tried this one and finally spluttered to a halt, halfway through in 15 inches of water!..... **Bob Jeffcoat**

Not the Hangover Run

Martin Wikner

Fourteen hardy souls turned out for the first East Coast Pedallers "Not the Hangover Run", held on the 28th December 08 at the Swan Public House at Ringland, Norwich. It was a bitterly cold day but at least it was dry. Mechanical problems were not far away however as Frank Brzeski's Cucciolo spat its dummy out of the pram before we were underway, internal gearbox problems were diagnosed. Frank headed home for a replacement bike only for this one's tyre to explode once inflated, a replacement inner tube was soon fitted. No route sheets for this event, the route had been marked out with a bunch of fluorescent NACC marker arrows, placed along the route the day before. It happened they worked out well, without the usual bunch of riders congregating at road junctions discussing which way to go.

There seemed a reluctance to set off as the warmth of the pub and hot cups of coffee were more inviting than frozen fingers at the controls of various assembled bikes. However the East Coast Pedallers are a double hard crew so off we went mindful of the ride briefing that there would be a lot of mud on the farm roads as we were in the middle of the Norfolk sugarbeet harvesting season. Half a mile into the 20 mile run Terry Keable's End to End Raleigh Runabout's engine cried enough after attempting the only hill on the run. Broken piston rings were suspected (lucky that didn't happen in the Scottish Highlands, Terry). With this being a run with no halfway stop everyone settled into little groups determined to get the run completed before anyone got to the stage that a frozen extremity might fall off! Everyone appeared to avoid the worst of the mud although the bikes were a trifle grubby upon their return. On our return to the pub car park Terry had already removed the engine from the Raleigh in preparation for its rebuild. Everyone else made it back without mishap except for Frank who had to abandon Big Percy at some farm and hitch a lift on the back of Steve Cobb's Yamaha. And so into the Pub with its beckoning big log fire a pint of beer and a nice lunch, that's what these runs are all about.



Runners and riders: Dave Arnott Motobecane, - Dave Watson, Mobymatic, - Terry Keable, Raleigh Runabout RM6, - Roly Scarce, Honda PC50, - Carl Squirrel + Deb, Puch Grand Prix, - Neil Ridgean, Raleigh Runabout RM6, - Sam Smith (day member) Honda Novio, - Mick Sudds, Honda Novio, - Martin Wikner, Mobyette, - Sharon Wikner, Honda PC50, - Mark Adams, Saracen/Campeon, - Frank Brzeski, Ducato Cucciolo & Trojan Mini Motor, - Steve Cobb, Yamaha XT 350

Long distance award: to Mark Adams from Derbyshire with his Saracon Mountain Bike fitted with an ingenious Italian Campeon 33cc engine. Bike I would most like to take home: Mark Adams's Saracen it's brill! And Steve Cobb's Yamaha XT 350 (I've always liked them). Wreck of the run: Franks Cucciolo and Big Percy!

Not more of the Hangover Run.....



above: Pensioner rides a New Hudson, Cyberman prefers a James

The Magic Wheelers (it is better to pedal hopefully than to arrive) Dave Beare

In recent correspondence with NACC member John Lycett we were reflecting on the lack of true cyclomotors on Runs these days (there are still a small number of honourable exceptions!), many section event fields are now largely composed of mopeds. Nothing wrong with that either and I'm just as guilty, but John was remembering when the first organised runs took place the field was almost entirely composed of clip-on cyclomotors. After some delving in his archive he came up with a couple of wonderful photos and a reprint of the VMCC Golden Jubilee issue from December 1996, which includes information on the beginnings of The Magic Wheelers club-within-a-club, which continues to this day in the capable hands of Alan and Robert Hummerstone, Alan being our Librarian and Chairman of the VMCC Cyclomotor Section.

One pioneer is sadly no longer with us- Stan Greenway, who contributed so much to cyclomotoring back in the 1970's.



Stan wrote as follows in the VMCC Golden Jubilee issue:

“In 1966 I was given a Mercury Cyclomaster which was immediately restored for getting to work and a few pleasure trips. Having been a VMCC member since 1961 with a 1912 Scott, I would like to have ridden the Cyclomaster at occasional events, unfortunately it was merely 12 years old and was not eligible. I therefore joined the British Two Stroke Club, which did recognise such machines and enjoyed many of their events, including participating in the 1967 ACU National Rally to achieve a ‘Certificate’ for covering 350 miles in 24 hours and was awarded their premier award- The Meeten Trophy. In 1970 I met two ‘good friends to be’, John Lycett and Robert Pearce, both budding cyclomotorists, after joining forces for evening and weekend social runs: in true British style and on John’s inspiration a club was formed- The Magic Wheelers. John designed a unique and stylish buttonhole badge, a small batch of which was purchased with mutual funding. The Magic Wheelers by word of mouth expanded to include such pioneer members as Doug Whittaker, Rory Sinclair, Tony Twycross and Bob Light, to name a few”.

“By 1977, when our machines became eligible for the VMCC, invitation events were arranged via the Warwickshire Section. These proved so popular that in 1978 I organised and publicised the 1st National Cyclomotor Run, held in Southern Warwickshire. Surprise! Surprise! Over 20 cyclomotors turned up and there was talk of forming a Section. This happened in 1979 and at the Inaugural Meeting Doug Whittaker was appointed Chairman and myself as Secretary. We were to be named the Cyclomotor section, but to this day (1996) we are more familiarly known as the Magic Wheelers and continue to wear the original design Magic Wheelers badge.”



Alan Hummerstone remembers him: “I was very fond of dear old Stan, we both worked at Fords for years, Stan at the old Eaton axle plant at Leamington Spa, where he was a process engineer in the foundry, while I was a production supervisor at the heavy truck plant at Langley. Although I had fitted many of his axles to lorries, our paths never crossed at work. Stan also spent twenty years as a scout leader, as I did, so we had a lot in common. He was very generous with his machines, and spent some time trying, with mixed results, to teach me how to drive his 1899 Century Tandem. Stan also ran Dy-Nic plating from his home after he retired.”

Above- Stan Greenway with the ex-John Latta Tailwind JRO 989 . (photos this page courtesy of the VMCC)



An historic photo, left, of the first formally organised Road Run with 23 riders in the car-park of the Little Chef at Long Itchington, on the way to Southam. Date is almost certainly 1977 and, apart from two autocycles, the entire field is composed of cyclomotors. Faces are difficult to recognise but John Lycett is 4th from right, Richard Rosenthal next, two down is Doug Whitaker, Stan Greenway just to the left of the LH tree with Bob Curry on his left and at the far left-hand end are a youthful Andrew Rodham & Andrew Pattle, who apparently rode Cyclomasters all the way from Suffolk to the event. If you participated in this run, please let Buzzing know where you are in the picture!

photo Bob Pearce?

Golden Eagle cyclemotor- Who's the Daddy?

Cyclenut Peter Crowder contrasts the Golden Eagle Cyclemotor with his favoured breed:

Four years ago I read in *Buzzing* about Frank Auton's Herculean triumph over the UK vehicle registration system and eagerly awaited news of how Frank's inspiring creation would perform on that year's NACC Coast-to-Coast. Sadly nothing further was reported, so when at the 2008 National Rally I was offered a chance to borrow the rare bird that had been seen swooping round the fabulous Pennine Challenge run earlier in the year, I simply couldn't refuse the opportunity to see how it went.

In some respects the 2-stroke 25.4cc GZ25N Komatsu Zenoah engine at the heart of the Golden Eagle is quite sophisticated. With a bore and stroke of 34mm x 28mm, the engine is charged by two distinct venturis. The first, measuring 9mm in diameter conventionally feeds the crankcase with fuel/air mix, whilst the second of 8mm feeds neat air into the top of each transfer port via reed valves. This design sees that under meaningful engine load the scavenge process is led by neat air which is ultimately the most likely to be lost through the exhaust port; very clever. The stated compression ratio is 8:1 and ignition advance is given as (an unlikely) 35 degrees at 7000rpm. The result, says the manual, is an engine with unusually low emissions and excellent economy. Peak power of 1.2 horsepower is claimed at 7,500rpm with peak torque at 6500rpm.



The engine drives a 400mm diameter polymer pulley attached to the spokes of the rear wheel. The drive ratio can be varied by changing the size of engine pulley, three of which are supplied, whilst the toothed drive belt linking the two is lightly tensioned by way of a ball-ended lever...

Who's the Daddy? contd.

...operating a set of jockey wheels. Wheeling the “Legal Eagle” out onto the old toll road leading to Harewood, it was clear that despite the engine being mounted above the rear wheel like a Power Pak, Mini-Motor or Cyclaid, the machine was very well balanced and with the engine itself contributing less than 7 lbs to the 69lb all-up weight, in no way top-heavy. It was cold. Very cold in fact. Whose idea was it to test a Cyclemotor in November? I pumped the bulb on the carburettor, drawing 50:1 synthetic mix from the 650ml blow-moulded fuel tank, pulled on the choke, gently opened the lever-type throttle and tugged on the recoil starter as if starting a strimmer. Result!



I threw my leg over the seat, pointed the front wheel towards Arthington church, opened the throttle fully, applied a bit of LPA and we fluttered off. Up to 17mph, the automatic clutch could be felt juddering slightly, but as the speed increased, the automatic clutch engaged fully and the incredible smoothness of the all alloy over-square engine and forgiving belt drive could be fully appreciated. This was good, very good in fact. The exhaust note would not have pleased Power and Pedal, but to my ear it was crisp and purposeful!

We buzzed past St Peter's church, dropped down to a sharp 90 degree left-hander and banked round it with the Continental front tyre and Chenn Shin rear gripping perfectly, accurately guided by the heavyweight full suspension Raleigh bicycle. Stooping down past the Nunnery at an indicated 35mph with my 1940's headgear pressed firmly against the panoply of electrical equipment mounted on the handlebars, I felt like Harry Potter riding Buckbeak the Hippogriff in Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Askaban. Whooooooo! Approaching the Harewood estate, we surprised a Red Kite, many of which frequent these parts. Who's the Daddy I thought as the Kite flicked its rudder-like tail and wheeled away.

Although I knew that the engine was fan-cooled, I couldn't stop myself from adopting my usual gait; left foot up to allow cool air to more freely reach the Cyclemaster engine that wasn't of course there.

Who's the Daddy? contd.

As we settled back to a relaxed 25mph cruising speed I began to imagine myself wafting into the pub car park in Bassenthwaite on day 2 of the NACC Coast-to-Coast, spiritually aligned with older machines. I drifted back into reality and at the bottom of the lane prepared to turn left over Harewood Bridge into North Yorkshire. I gently pulled the brakes and promptly skidded to a halt yards from the junction. Blimey, this has got talons! Peeping down past the telescopic front suspension I spotted a cable-operated disc brake and glancing behind, a powerful Vee brake. Whilst now superseded by hydraulic disc brake systems, compared with the roller rod affairs to which I am accustomed, these brakes are seriously good. We hopped over Harewood Bridge and headed north towards Harrogate. I could feel the weight of my tool-laden rucksack bearing down on my back and asked myself whether I need have brought my entire Cyclomaster toolkit along, given that nothing was likely to go wrong with the Golden Eagle and that most of the contents were Cyclomaster-specific. The gel seat and full suspension were however proving incredibly comfortable, ironing-out potholes that would have had a Cyclomaster owner reaching for the painkillers and it was clear that this was the perfect machine for riders with dodgy backs who wish to attract sniggers from initially astonished onlookers.



Climbing the long, 1 in 12 ascent towards Follifoot, with the engine revving at half its 10,000rpm limit, it became apparent how flexible the engine is and we crested the hill at 18mph without once twirling the pedals. Swooping down into Kirby Overblow flat out with the engine *just* 4-stroking at its rev peak, we hit a bump that would probably have buckled an unsprung wheel and whilst the front telescopics and rear monoshock simply deflected upwards, absorbing the bump perfectly, an expensive-looking aluminium bottle containing spare fuel was catapulted from bike,

describing a beautiful arc before nose diving onto the road, reducing its capacity somewhat and altering its aesthetic appeal.



Coasting further downhill to Dunkeswick revealed one of the few minor irritations. Unlike a machine with a manual clutch which can be withdrawn for downhill coasting, either with or without the engine running, the Golden Eagle proved not to be a happy coaster, slowing on the steep descent with the throttle closed and feeling quite rough in so doing. Opening the throttle slightly cleared the roughness completely, but added great excitement to the left turn at the bottom of the hill. Winging along the flat, windless road to Otley, the Golden

Eagle, burdened by a prone, but rather portly rider veritably soared up to 31mph and I wondered if we would be capable of 34mph in the same conditions if assisted by the tallest "Highway" gear that was nestling amongst the untouched spares in my workshop. I had been warned that the "Strato-charged" Golden Eagle was a tad thirsty but it was not until we were flying back from Ilkley after completing 25 miles that the tank finally ran dry.

Hmm, 175mpg flapping fairly hard, that's pretty good I thought, I wonder what we can manage going gently? So in went a measured 272ml of fuel and off we glided on an economy run. On a very light throttle with the lead air venturi closed, the engine 4-stroked, so the test speed was fixed at a relatively high 20mph, at which pace the clutch was fully home and the engine was running cleanly. Could the Golden Eagle beat the Wharfedale record - 303mpg on a 4-stroke Ducati Cucciolo and 274mpg on a 2-stroke 25cc Cyclemaster? In a word, no, but just over 201mpg was achieved in the two attempts made, despite the heavy winter clothing sported by its pilot. Given a manual rather than automatic clutch, an ability to lean-off the mixture on small throttle openings and with the highest gear ratio fitted, the Golden Eagle would inevitably have fared better still. On subsequent flights and despite excellent lights, I failed to rise early enough to meet Mac, Don and the Boys at the Café by the bridge over the river Wharfe in Otley. Many an early morning has been spent at this institution, talking about bikes and watching the wildlife and inhabitants stir before buzzing off towards Bolton Abbey on the quiet lanes where cyclemotors rule the roost.



In all we shared 145 miles together and aside from a broken spoke and a slightly iffy engine cut-out button, the Legal Eagle, or Michigan Missile as it might appropriately be called, was utterly reliable. Considering the ancestry of the engine which in various forms powers all manner of horticultural devices, the Golden Eagle is quite impressive. Compared with the delightful creature that is a standard Cyclemaster, the Golden Eagle is faster, smoother, better braked and more comfortable, and yet when it was time to tootle across to my sister's on Christmas day, I chose my Cyclemaster over the Golden Eagle. Why? well, I guess that whilst the Golden Eagle has admirably captured the spirit of the 1950's, and would make a fantastic NACC Coast-to-Coast tool, the Cyclemaster is a design icon and to my biased mind very much still the Daddy.

Footnote: The unflappable Golden Eagle Cyclemotor is available from the USA: www.bikeengines.com

Chers Amis

Firstly may I offer an apology to anyone who sent me an e-mail in the run up to Christmas and did not receive a reply. The hard disc in my computer crashed resulting in the loss of all data including addresses and former e-mails. But the biggest loss was the many photographs sent by various 'Amis' which had proved very useful as references. I should have bought a memory stick which I now have but is a case of horses and stable doors. However, we live and learn. The local MAC agent told me that there are specialists who would be able to retrieve the information on the disc but the cost would be in the region of 1000 Euros !

Sitting at my desk and looking out over the frost covered garden and with the central heating system blowing full blast and consuming oil with a prodigious thirst I'm reminded that it is too cold for a Sunday morning sortie around the lanes. Since returning home after a Christmas visit to England I've only ventured out once on a Solex and even a short ride to the Post Office convinced me that it better to wait until the cold spell is past before trying anything more ambitious. Perhaps a solution would be to try and find a pair of the hand warmers which ducted warm air from the cylinder head to muffs on the handlebar grips. As for carrying out any work in the garage forget it. This is probably just as well as all the bikes are running reasonably well and I've seen nothing to tempt me recently.

I had an e-mail recently from un 'Ami' telling me that his collection of Vélosolèxes amounts to no less than twenty-nine examples. These include all the French models , two Dutch, two German and a 4600 Export model. He tells me that they are not all runners but he hopes that one day they will be. Nevertheless what a collection! If you have not already done so a visit to the website Brian's Solex would be well worthwhile as it contains a considerable amount of information on the Solex motor which is not covered in most books .A simple addition to the ignition circuit is one which I've added to all my later models and this consists of connecting a silicon rectifier diode (P600J) into the circuit. Without going into the electronic theory this addition is claimed to reduce the temperature in the ignition coil at higher revolutions thus prolonging its life . An additional benefit is less wear on the contact breaker. The diode is quite cheap and is obtainable from Maplin Electronics.

While carrying out the work you will be able to check the tightness of the nut securing the flywheel to the crankshaft. Yes, I know that you will all wonder why I'm stating the obvious but I was caught out recently. The 3800 which was given me by a neighbour back last summer seemed to be running quite well and as the previous owner told me that he had rebuilt the engine I left well alone. Tracing the source of a rattle I found that the flywheel nut was scarcely more than finger tight as were the cylinder head bolts so be warned as considerable damage could be done to the engine should the flywheel come adrift. Remember also that the nut securing the metal cover to the flywheel acts as a locknut .

A belated Happy New year to all Solexistes wherever they are, may you all have many trouble free kilometers to enjoy during the coming year and as a bonus find those elusive spares or accessories for which you have long searched. **Bonne Route**

Bryan

Marque Time

The Marque Enthusiasts list returns in this issue with some additions, it will alternate with the NACC Spares & Services Directory.

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. Please do not phone Marque Enthusiasts after 9pm!

Aberdale	David Stevenson, 38a Clifton Grove, Rotherham, S65 2AZ ✉ brownstevebown@yahoo.co.uk
Ariel 3	Andrew Roddham, no12 Belle Wood Villas, Lane 491E, Huanlin Road, Shanghai 200124, P.R.China . ✉ andy@roddham.co.uk
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 W-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
Cucciolò	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, Enfield, Middlesex, EN1 3HR. ☎ 0208 3673897
Cyclenmaster	David Butler, 18 Acorn Gardens, Stirchley, Birmingham, B30 2YW. ☎ 0121 414 0589 ✉ davidg_butler@virgin.net
Cymota	N Pearson, 26 Dale Street, Mansfield, Notts NG19 7DY
Derny	Bob Cordon Champ, 'Highcliffe', 2 Cherry Orchard, Lichfield, Staffs WS14 9AN, ☎ 01543 411154
Ducati	David Casper (see Machine Registrar)
Dunkley	Noël Loxley, Floral Villa, Wold Rd, Barrow Upon Humber, N Lincs, DN19 7DQ ☎ 01469 530678 ✉ noellox@beeb.net
Excelsior Autobyk	Barry Roe, 1 Linden Road, Cresswell, Worksopp, Notts S80 4JT
Garelli Mopeds	David Casper (see Machine Registrar)
GYS Motamite	Derek Rayner (see 'Cairns Mocyc')
HEC	Tony Spicer, 16 Fairfield Rd, Ashington, Pulborough, W. Sussex, RH20 3JZ.
Heinkel Perle	Mike Curteis, Combs Head Farm, Combs, High Peak SK23 9XA.
Honda mopeds	Carl Squirrell, 33 The Knoll, Framlingham, Woodbridge, Suffolk, IP13 9DH. 01728 621096 ✉ cesquirrel@hotmail.com
Italian (general)	David Casper (see Machine Registrar, Club Officers listing, page 2)

Kapitein Mobylette Henk van Kessel, Basstraat 44, NL-5702SH Helmond, Netherlands. ☎0031 492 546710, Henk's website is at www.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 Bob Southgate, Old Car Corner, 15 Sutton Road, Leicester, LE2 6FL.
☎ 0116 221 8656.

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 ✉ trophyr5@tiscali.co.uk

Motobécane Eddie Dewe (see 'Mobylette')

Nasetti David Casper (see Machine Registrar)

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@worton.fsbusiness.co.uk

Ostler Mini Auto Andrew Roddham (see Ariel 3)

Phillips Ken Mettam, 7 Poynton Wood Glade, Bradway, Sheffield S17 4NH
☎ 0114 2356784

Power Pak Barry Roe (see 'Excelsior Autobyk')

Puch Jim Lee, 2 Bramfield Park, Theddingworth road, Lubbenham LE16 9TP
☎ 01858 461386

Raleigh mopeds Rodney Orton, 17 Gray Drive, Swanton Morley, East Dereham, Norfolk, NR20 4PG. ☎ 01362 637889

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) ✉ carat.uk@tesco.net

Vincent Firefly Peter Green, 4 Beaufoy Road, Dover, Kent, CT17 0HX.
☎ 01304 202453

Wall Tony Lloyd, 96 Fairdene Road, Coulsdon, CR5 1RF.
☎ 01737 555413 ✉ aj.lloyd@blueyonder.co.uk

Young Les Sleath, 13 Felstead Road, Stocking Farm, Leicester, LE4 2GQ.
✉ mail@sleath.fsnet.co.uk

Zundapp M J Dowell (see 'Kreidler')