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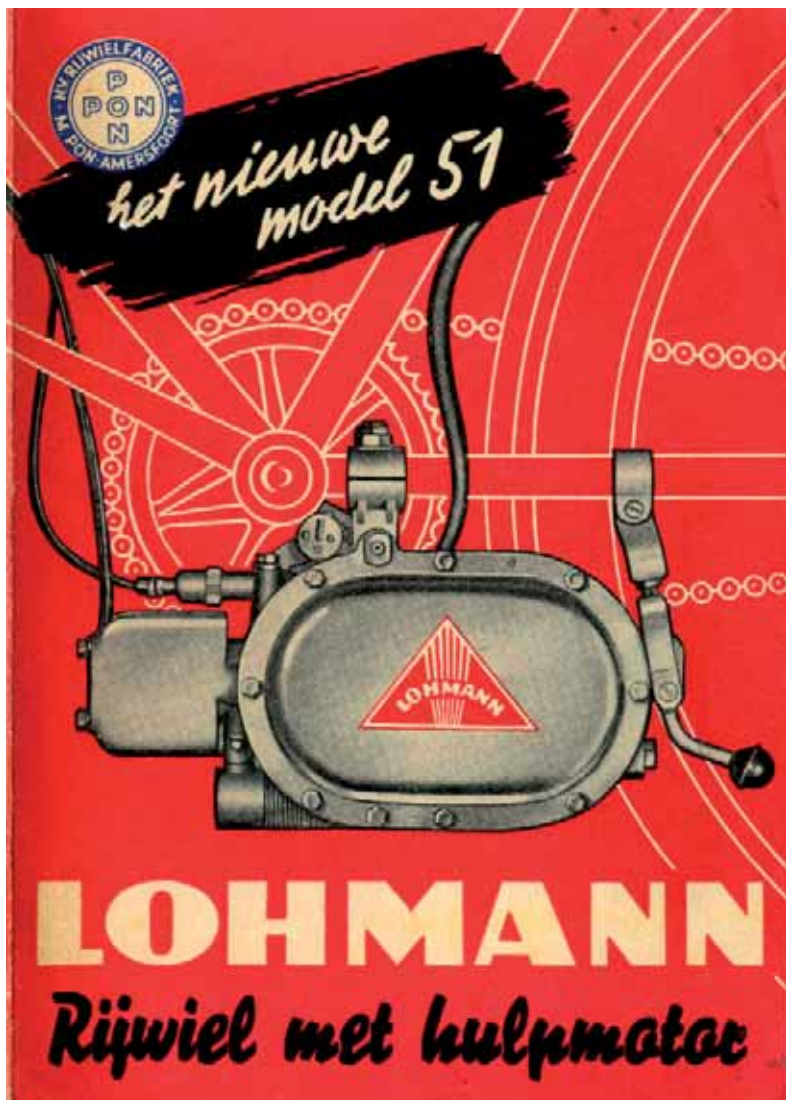
Buzzing Club



Volume 28

Number 5

October 2009



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 previous page).

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 Sjælland's 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 previous page 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 a huge number of photos in addition to those published in Buzzing, as well as many 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....

News from HQ

The NACC AGM 2009. The AGM is upon us once again, the meeting will begin at 11am on Sunday December 6th and is being held in a suite at the newly-opened Cold War building at RAF Cosford Aerospace Museum, TF11 8UP. The museum is clearly signposted off Junction 3 of the M54 near Telford. An outline AGM agenda will be published on the NACC website and should appear in a centrefold insert in this issue of Buzzing.

Transfers- Ray Butcher has asked that when members order transfers by phone or email, they include a contact phone number, because there are often variations in transfers used on bikes according to year of manufacture or model. Being able to phone people to discuss their orders ensures they will receive the correct set of transfers for their particular bike.

Anniversaries: This year there have been a number of important 60th Anniversaries and celebrations- 60 years of the Mobyette for instance, which is commemorated in this issue with 'Birth of the Mobyette, part 2' with some little-known facts concerning the true origins of Motobécane's masterpiece. Another 60th birthday is that of the tiny Lohmann compression-ignition cyclemotor unit, conceived by Hermann Teegen and patented by him in Germany (Pat. no. 934798) on 3rd March 1949 and filed in the USA (Pat. no. 2,583,499) on April 30th the same year. There are a number of Lohmann engines owned by NACC members though sadly few of them appear to run well. Fuel formulation for these engines seems to have become an arcane science, some maintain the best fuel is Belgian lamp oil, others use a mix of paraffin, diesel and/or petrol in proportions that have become a closely-guarded secret. It would be great to see a Lohmann out of a club run now and again, if only to admire the diminutive size and superb engineering of these engines.

**LOHMANN
MOTOR**



Anniversaries contd.

Our good friends in Holland, members of the **Rijwiel Hulpmotor Club Nederland (R.H.C.)** are celebrating twenty-five years of riding cyclemotors and mopeds and publishing an excellent club magazine- *De Gevleugelde Fiets*. The club was founded on 28th February 1984 and has been highly successful, providing a good number of club runs, technical assistance, information and contact with like-minded enthusiasts- just like we do in the NACC! Each year we meet many RHC members at the Felleries campsite and some of those well-lubricated evenings have passed into legend.....The current committee of Dick Kool, Willem van Zeijl, Naud Aenderkerk and Jan Plooster are to be congratulated on maintaining 25 years of club traditions.



News

NEW! North Herts Section; Three members from the Baldock area met up recently and decided to have a run on Tuesdays at 2pm in the summer months, to see how things go. We will be meeting up at The Rising Sun PH, Halls Green, on Tuesday November 10th at 7.30 pm, so if you'd like to find out more, come along and join us. Contact Peter Lawson on 01438 743515 or email Peter Smith at sidperkins@hotmail.com

Little Puchs: Ian Chisholm is not only a Puch Nut but also an enthusiastic collector of HO gauge model railway items. He recently found (on eBay, where else...) correct size moped riders made by Prieser of Germany as accessories for model railway layouts. They certainly look like Puch mopeds and are extraordinarily detailed..



Big Puchs: A recent email from Steve Goode revealed that he bought the entire Moore Large stock of Puch parts- "I had no clue what I was taking on. More recently I've been sorting the stock due to a renewed appetite from enthusiasts. The sorting is a long haul for me, because I wear other hats, including one for John Ashdown's Simson stock and now Tomos bought in the last two weeks, enough to keep me going for the next 40 years!*" See Steve's advert on page 47 for contact details.

NACC Side-to-Side 2010

Missed out on the End-to-End in 2008? Well, this is your chance to become a “Side-to-Sider”, Lowestoft to that sticky-out bit in Wales (Frank, I think it’s called St. Davids Point). So, for a few fun-packed days, circle Saturday 7th August 2010 on your calendar, full details will be published in December’s Buzzing. Can’t wait till December? Phone me, Derek Ashworth on 0771 281 4005 or Frank Brzeski on 0774 206 7025 for further information.



Letters to the Editor



Dear David,

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the birth of the Mobylette and eagerly anticipate the appearance of the next part (*see page 33 of this issue*). Mobylettes caught my attention about twenty years ago when driving through France, ahead of me was an old Mobylette laden down with two large sacks of potatoes. I thought if that little machine can take such punishment it would be good enough for me. On my return I visited a large Mobylette dealer in Worcester, in a dusty building they had about 30 machines stored and I could choose any that took my eye. The model I chose was a coffee-coloured AV3 but unfortunately I’d chose the one machine not for sale because it belonged to the father and held sentimental associations. I offered £100 and the deal was done immediately! I returned about six months later and bought a later bronze model with all the latest luxuries, for sixty pounds. My AV3 (1954?) has cycle-type front brakes and a drum rear, it now runs on black tyres though cream tyres were the correct firmment. I have sought to buy white tyres in the UK and in France but have failed to find any. The machine looks twice the bike with white tyres! Your article added to my appreciation of Mobylettes, thank you.

Frank Ashton

Hello David

Mobylette detectives might like to know of a Museum in France which claims to house a Mobylette prototype (at least it did when I was there in 2002). This is the Musee de l’Automobile Henri Malartre just to the north of Lyon. It has a fascinating collection of about 150 cars including Hitler’s armoured Mercedes and the Citroen 2 CV prototype (1936). There are about 50 motorcycles which includes a 1930 step-through Terrot autocycle and many other interesting small machines. The Museum is recommended by Michelin in the Green Guide for Auvergne and the Rhone Valley, and there is a fair bit of information on the website www.museemalartre.com. Well worth a visit if you are down that way! Regards

John Hawthorn

Run Reports

N.Wilts 2 part Red Bull Run 23/8.

A lovely day we are pleased to report, with Dennis's annual 2 part run with lunch in the middle. No breakdowns thank goodness, all riders had come with us before, David Skinner and Mike Woods on their second visits. John Tylee had a problem with Dennis's AJW Pointer, so borrowed a Mobylette to complete the first section. Dennis did a quick fuel system clean-out during our lunch-stop and John is now the only member as far as we know to use 2 bikes on the same day! The prize of the day must go to Rod Western's superb Puch Monza which is a gem of a bike.



Riders were: Geoff Brooks- Honda Chaly; John Tylee- Mobylette/AJW; Steve Natt- Puch Maxi; Dennis Iles- NSU Quickly; David Skinner- Mobylette; Mike Woods- Honda P50; John Ewart- Honda CD90; Rod Western- Puch Monza.

...As we swept round Holkham Hall the AV32 spluttered and stopped and needed a bit of TLC, soon on its way again only for Carl's ultra reliable PC50 Honda to refuse to start. We tried to get a photo of this rare event only to find that Carl, as cameraman of the day, had temporarily misplaced his camera. Proceeding further onto the Holkham estate the barriers were being erected for a concert by Mr E John of Watford the following weekend. Further round the estate we arrived at the obelisk and a view of a 2 mile straight, ideal venue for the ECP speed trails. After descending the straight we looped around and headed to Wells next the Sea, parking on the Quayside car park. Wells is a small town on the North Norfolk coast, it once was a port but the grain store and its gantry is now a posh apartment block, It does have a small fishing fleet, a huge Dutch fully rigged barge which doubles as a floating café and plenty of pubs and restaurants. We stopped for a couple of hours, enough time for a visit to the shops, pub and café and to look round the harbour.

Right, now that's what I call a straight...two miles of it on the Holkham Hall Estate



The promised rain was now arriving and, waterproofed up, we returned to the A149 coast road to return to Weybourne, Keith's New Hudson leading the way, Luke's Levis again having taken a five minute head start. The remaining riders all following along behind.

The rain at this point becoming heavier and the AV32 and Neil's C100 Honda suffering from belt slip and shorting HT lead respectively, the Honda after some impressive backfires. At the second enforced stop we were passed by Luke who had somehow, from leading the group off, relegated himself to being last in the line...Whilst staying on the same route and not being passed by anyone! The planned ice cream stop in Blakeney harbour was postponed as it was now a dash back to the campsite and dry clothing. All arrived safely back at camp - Dave Watson, unwilling to push the Corgi up the hill again, had borrowed the ECP Honda Novio hack for the day so arrived with everyone else.

I think everyone had a good time, they said they did, but they might have just been very polite. Plenty of scope for future rallies in this area with local Lifeboat and Motorcycle museums to visit and more great Norfolk scenery. High points of the weekend; Carl breaking down, Luke not breaking down, The Honda Express challenge, and being able to have a social evening with other like minded Nut,Nutt,Nutter,,,,,Enthusiasts.

Runners and Riders; Dave Arnott- Motobecane 51V and Honda P50; Tony Austin- Mobylette AV32; Carl Squirrel - Honda PC50 and Novio; Ray Hatt- Puch; Roly Scarce- Honda PC50; Brian Hastings - Bown Autocycle; Keith Ashby- New Hudson; Luke Booth- Levis 80; Dave Watson- Corgi and Honda Novio, Motobecane X1 for trips to the toilets; Mark Gibb- Honda PC50 and Novio; Neil Ridgeon- Honda C100 and the prize Honda Express.

Up early on the Sunday with a quick run to Hestrud with Ian for their *vide-grenier*. Nothing much to tempt a pair of cyclistmotorists but a pleasant wander round the town to shake off the cobwebs of the night before. After breakfast we made our way to Sars Poteries where a smaller than usual autojumble yielded a chain guard for Ian's Francis Pelissier cyclemotor but sadly no rims or tyres, all of which will be needed if he is to achieve his goal of riding it at the 2010 event, thereby winning a bet with Dave Casper... A delightful reporter, Frédérique, from La Voix du Nord interviewed a couple of us for an article in the paper and struggled to comprehend what we were doing and why we were doing it.

Lunch in the Salle de Fêtes, to which some bright spark saw fit to bring a spectacularly ugly dog whose testicles became the focus of conversation and attempts at photography, was followed by a 50-odd kilometre run with regular regrouping stops. This proved to be an effective method of dealing with the tendency of some national groups to scream past everyone else causing mayhem and accidents. We were favoured with glorious weather but warned about some of the riding conditions as gravel had been washed onto the road by recent rains. The course was well-marshalled and a patchy back-up service was provided. The half-way drinks stop was – Felleries camp site!



Some rather impractical riding gear, gravel-rash anyone?

Back at the Salle for drinks and prize-giving, I was called to the stage to explain where the Peugeot moped that I'd given as the raffle prize came from. I'd found it in the barn of a house in Guéret that I'd visited in the course of helping a friend to buy a holiday home and the owner had said that it would be taken to the tip unless I wanted it. How could I refuse? It was won by Sylvie Bré but passed on to a Frenchman who will hopefully restore it for next year's run. Other prizes to the British: Renate Hele for her RM5 and Maurice Drew for his Motom, a real show-stopper and well up to his usual standard. Next year, we're back nearer our usual slot in the calendar – Sunday June 6 2010- see you there.



Above- Nick finally gets his hand into Céline's cup.....to pick the winning draw ticket!

Right- what riding at Rando Cyclos is all about-empty roads & good company.

Below- one of the participants at lunch



Below- Bob and John Redding give it some leg in front of the town hall at the Solre le Château shindig on Saturday night.



Coast to Coast encore...

Further to last issue's report entitled "Three Honda PC's Up My Bottom" or something like that, a fine photo of The Three Shepherds (and you thought it wasn't Christmas yet..) is included below- showing some of the hazards encountered *en route*, plus a few others.



Above- the loneliness of the long-distance Wisp rider.

Left- Why are they looking like that? Keith Morrison and Peter Crowder decide they are long-lost brothers after a surfiet of beer at St.Bees, following the 2009 C2C.

Below- ready for the off, Derek Ashworth gets going.



John Wells Classic Bike Run 19/7.

Mike Wood

Sunday 19th July saw a break in the wet weather for a windy but sunny day for the annual John Wells Run starting and finishing at Freshwater Camp site near Bridport. Over 130 motor cycles turned up of which a dozen, which were under 100cc, rode the short route through the West Dorset countryside. With a coffee stop at The Shaves Cross Inn the route managed to avoid the steepest of Dorset hills but some LPA was needed on a few occasions. Roy Best came up from Exeter with his Honda Novio but otherwise it was the usual suspects on Honda P50, Yamaha MA50, Mobylette Luxamatic, Vespa Ciao, Honda C90, LE Velocette, Puch Maxi etc. At the finish Roly Moores turned up with his Model T Ford pick-up with an unidentified Villiers engine auticycle on the back, and much to everybody's amazement, he managed to start it and ride round the field. The whole event raised £1300 for the Air Ambulance.



Above- Roly Moores' incredible Model T Ford pickup with auticycle, both of which ran. The Ford is fully road-legal.

Left- the low-horsepower bikes complete the course.

National Rally, Sacrewell Park 23/8. Nick Devonport

The weather gods were definitely on our side this year, the sun shining on the righteous cyclemotorists gathered at Sacrewell for the annual get-together. Members started arriving on Friday night to make a weekend of it and there was a good handful present when I arrived at lunch time on Saturday with the Poirier strapped to the back of the Peugeot. I was tent camping once more, back to basics. Getting my priorities right, I checked my machine for fitness for purpose before pitching the tent. One machine that caught my eye was Peter Crowder's Cyclomaster with the engine mounted within the frame and driving the rear wheel via a series of chains and a 14-speed hub. I'll leave Peter to describe his machine in greater detail (*see full report on pages 000 of this issue*) but suffice it to say that I couldn't master it, possible because I was all too aware of the chains thrashing round perilously close to my nether regions. There's also the distinct possibility of a hell of a belt to the inner thigh from the HT lead. Brave man, our Peter.

Right- Nick's Health & Safety nightmare- all the way from Deal!

Below- Sylvia Norton actually cleans and polishes hers!



There was an afternoon run to the Nene Valley Steam Railway, a few miles from the camp site. There are two ways of approaching the railway centre, one takes you along minor roads in relative safety, the other has you battling with the traffic on the A1. All well and good if you're in a vehicle able to keep up but not recommended for underpowered two-wheelers so the advice was "FOR F***S SAKE AVOID THE A1!". Taking the brown tourist signs to the railway, I found myself leading Roly and Dave down the A1, mercifully only for two junctions but a very scary experience. We recovered over an ice cream in the café before finding the safe route back and getting the kettle on. Machines changed hands and many riders swapped machines for test rides round the site. Saturday night saw us grouped around the bbq and sinking the odd jar or two and having a raffle for prizes donated by Classic Bike magazine, Morris Oils and Footman James. I was grateful for the anaesthetic effects of a bottle of wine because the ground beneath my tent was very firm!

National Rally, Sacrewell Park contd.

Sunday was the main event and a field of some thirty-plus bikes were placed under starter's orders by John Lipscomb. The first casualty occurred before we got off the grass when one of the chains on Peter's Cyclenmaster let go. This was soon fixed and he didn't have long to wait before his next problem, a puncture. Nevertheless the machine flew around the course through the countryside to the lunch stop at Rutland Water. Brian Norton had discovered that he didn't have enough hands to keep an unruly route holder in check and to operate his bike at the same time and had collided with Sylvia on a bend, knocking her off. Other casualties of a mechanical nature included Luke Booth's Levis-powered trade bike. The Poirier's performance fell off due to a sticking rear brake but made it back to the site.

Thanks to John Aston for driving the course several times looking for waifs, strays and casualties and to John Redding for planning the route. It was a great weekend with a good turn-out under blue skies and a hot sun. What more can a man ask for?



home. Right- trying to find that elusive new part

Above left- a nice Moccyc looking for a new



Borders Classic Bike Show 12/13.9

David Flye

A great weekend with many visiting riders out. Thanks to David Eyre (Bown Springer), John Aston (New Hudson autocycle), Ian Chisholm (Raleigh Wisp - many memories of Twiggy!), and Andy Shaw (Cairns Moccyc) for showing their machines, and for assistance with the stand on Friday. Thanks also to Josie Stanley, and Ian Harris for their work, and to Keith and Glyn for good company and "advice (?)". The new NACC emblems and photos made a good impression and we illustrated the new section motto "Buzz'ard or pedal" with David Eyre's artwork on poloshirts. A few visiting members sought advice, and a "mystery" object from Colin Godfrey, was finally recognised on Sunday by a visiting scooter club as an early Vespa or LD exhaust. Thanks to all who called in, it was great to have a chat, and we hope to see you again next year. **The Shropshire Buzz'ards**

Barford Fun Day 13/9.

Carl Squirrel

Just down the road from the Norfolk Showground we had been invited to attend the charity Fund Day at Barford which was raising funds for the Lymphatic Cancer Fund and Macmillan, another good Pedalers turnout saw 16 machines lined up, which despite the blustery overcast day caused considerable public interest. There was a car boot sale going on and the Pedalers were quick to grab the bargains including a Raleigh Runabout manual, tools, boots and many other moped related items

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We had planned to do a road run but no one had thought to sort out a route !; however our saviour turned up in the form of the well travelled local man Keith Ashby and his equally long distance New Hudson Autocycle, after a quick look at his map he led us out on a superb 25 mile ride taking in the River Wensum valley and a village named Fustyweed ! We had the customary pub stop at Lyng for lunch and a pint before heading back to the starting point. Apparently during our ride out we had several other NACC members visit the display - which was being safeguarded by Barrie & Jean Brasted - including the New Zealand End to Ender Brian Spooner, we are sorry we missed you Brian but hope you enjoyed our machines, Jock and Nathan Cross also popped in but had also left by the time we returned.



Once again another enjoyable day for everyone and we have been invited to return to next years event which will probably be held in May. Thanks to Keith for the imprompto road run route - a superb job !! and to Barrie & Jean for looking after the stand whilst we were out Pedaling.

Riders who went on the Road Run : Keith Ashby - New Hudson, Mick Sudds - Honda Camino, Mark Gibb - Honda C100, Roly Scarce - Honda PC50, Dave Watson - NVT Easy Rider, Carl Squirrel - Honda PC50. Static Entrants : Mark - Honda C50L & Ariel 3, Dave - Nippi Trike, Puch MS50 & BSA Winged Wheel, Carl - Le Mobchop, PC50 Sidecar & Yamaha FS1-E, Barrie & Jean Brasted - Raleighs RM6, RM11 Super Tourist & RM12 Super Sports, Tom Thumb Honda C100.

Norfolk Gala Day 6/9.

Carl Squirrel

Continuing the resurgence of the NACC in the Norfolk area; we recently had three events in Nelson's county within the space of fifteen days ! The Harleston event will be reported on by Mick Sudds and it has been left to me to report the events of the 6th and 13th of September. The Norfolk Gala day was another roaring success for the East Coast Pedalers plus two members from Granadaland - Derek Ashworth and Andy Speake with their superb New Hudson Autocycles, 24 machines ranging from a Sinclair Electric cycle attachment to a Yamaha Sports moped were on display. Members of the public were admiring the machines and asking questions all day long, a couple of machines were offered to us, I took up the offer of a one owner 1970 OHC PC50 which will keep me busy over the winter months. As if the machines didn't create enough interest we also had a "Scrapheap Challenge " ongoing as Terry Keable used the time to fix his GYS Motamite (acquired 6 days before at Harleston) to a BSA Folding paratroopers bicycle, the old boy did well and was seen riding it around the car park at the end of the day; he was suitably rewarded with a large Ice Cream courtesy of the other Pedaler members !

The spirit of the NACC was summed up by a sweet little old lady was seen looking yearningly at Terrys Raleigh RM1, it transpired that she used the same model to commute to work for years, she was astounded to see one lined up in our display, her husband had a Camera phone with him but (like so many of us !) had no idea how to use it, eventually Debbie figured it out and took a picture of the lady with the RM1 so she could show her relatives, both her and her husband went away smiling and their parting words were "see you all here next year " !



A lovely day for everyone, hopefully it will be repeated next year.

Exhibitors were: Debbie Doy - Yamaha FS1-E, Barrie & Jean Brasted - Raleighs RM6, RM11 Super Tourist & RM12 Super Sports, Terry Keable - GYS Motamite, Raleighs RM1C & RM6, Alkro Bylight, Frank Brzeski - Ducati Cuccilio, Trojan Mini Motor, Derek Ashworth - New Hudson , Andy Speak - New Hudson, Dave Watson - BSA Winged Wheel, Cyclenmaster, Berini, Norman Lido x 2, Martin Wickner - Norman Nippy, Brian Lilly - Hercules Cyclenmaster, Sinclair Electric Attachment, BSA frame (ongoing project), Paul Stevenson - Rudge, Carl Squirrel - Le Mobchop, Hondas PC50 Sidecar & Dutch spec PC50.

Mick Sudds was helping on the stand and David King also spent some time with us.

South West Lincs Run 13/9.

Vince Shreeve

An over-cast morning did not bode well for our 3rd and final run of 2009. Despite the clouds, a variety of mopeds and a very nice Vespa Scooter arrived, and after tea and biscuits (thank you Melanie) 6 riders departed from Woodlands drive, heading towards the picturesque Vale-of-Belvoir countryside. After an initial fuelling problem with my Puch MV50 the journey to the Dirty Duck public house was as uneventful as it was tranquil. The route I have devised uses roads which are seldom used by other motorists, this allows for a very relaxed riding atmosphere.

After suitable refreshment we set our compass for home. Unfortunately Michael Green's New Hudson had other ideas! A snapped throttle cable was quickly diagnosed; the solution? Wrap the inner cable around your finger and ride! Well done that man. The rain held off and a spirited ride home followed, with the Puch proving the dominant marque!



A big thank you to all attendees this year, we hope you will join us next year for some more two wheeled fun.

Riders and their bikes; Vincent Shreeve Puch MV50, Peter Lawson Mobylette, Michael Green New Hudson, Dave Ostler Raleigh RM8, John Green Honda C90 & Mark Bailey Vespa 150 Super.



South Hants 1st Autumn Run

Michael van Asten

My wife Til and I were over from Holland for our annual visit to this country, to go to Netley Marsh and Beaulieu, as well as visiting friends and relatives. There was a lot to see at these auto and motorcycle jumbles and is was great to see our friends and relatives again. It happened to be that this was the same weekend the South Hants Run would take place. Having read this in Buzzing, we decided that we wanted to join on our Honda SS50Z that fits nicely in our van and that will also carry us around comfortably.

(contd. next page)

South Hants 1st Autumn Run contd.

On a lovely Sunday morning, September 13th we arrived at the Sir John Barley Corn Public House, Cadnam, for joining this run that took us through some of the finest spots in the New Forest. Through woods, mainly leaf trees with meadows and cattle, alternating with heather and a couple of hills, we went. Small villages, cottages, and cyclists show that there are also human beings in this part of the world apart from us. We had a stop at a place where a Portuguese regiment was based during WW I, that had left behind a huge fireplace after it left this country. Its job was logging wood instead of joining the other forces in Europe's trenches!

Before we left the pub, all of us were given directions. There was only one minor imperfection, but thanks to Michael(?) Green on his Frances Barnett motorcycle no one ended up at Land's End, and all of us returned safely. Most striking are: the friendly atmosphere; the discrepancy in speed between some riders; the green Citroen 2CV and the green Velosolex; and the fantastic Ariel 3's roadholding; the fantastic lunch in the pub after returning. Other people and their cyclemotors were Bryan and Sylvia on James Autocycle and Puch Maxi, Ben on HondaX, Mark on Puch Maxi, Edward, Tim, and Alan on Velosolexes, Mike on Ariel 3 and Roger on a lovely NSU Quickly.

Many thanks to Mark Hunt, Bryan and Sylvia Norton for organising this fine run. And who knows, we will meet you again the next time, either in the UK or at Sars Poteries in France. Also may, many thanks to another very kind NACC member elsewhere in the region, who helped me with a Spryt autocycle engine for my brother. This is what clubs should stand for: helping each other with our fantastic pastime. *Best regards, Til and Michael van Asten*



Wobbling Granadaland

Ted Bemand

Earlier in the year an informal run involving Granadaland and the new Wirral Wobblers took place. The ringleaders, sorry the organisers of this, Eddie Dewe, Marcus Hasted, (in the top hat!) and Jim Bartlett decided to set up another exploratory meeting with Derek Ashworth's Granadaland guys. Our meeting place this time was the famous Architectural salvage store near the village of Tattenhall in Cheshire. Every possible artefact from the past is stored and for sale here, (hence the bowlers and top hat!). We spent a wondrous half hour or so here, (a return trip is definitely planned). Then we 'decided' (democratic lot on Merseyside) to visit the ice cream farm to test the products, (along with half of Cheshire on the one day that the sun came out in August...). finally we ended up at Sutton Water Mill, after which we made our way back to our respective homes.

Linking has shown it is possible to get a viable assembly of machines out together. Next year a formal programme will be promoted, a coast to coast is one idea....must get your Solex fettled up Mike!

(see next page for photos)



Left- the three organisers of Wobbling Granadaland.

Below- an interesting array of machinery ready for the off.



I Remember When....

David Warham

(continued from August's Buzzing, with David about to set off on his first long trip with the Puch MV50D)

I was just contemplating leaving quietly without disturbing my grandmother, when she appeared at the back door in a hairnet and housecoat and insisted I return to the kitchen for a good breakfast - wise old bird my granny. I must have sat like a cat on hot coals at the kitchen table and virtually wolfed my bacon sandwich in a single bite and tried to make good my escape by leaving half a mug of tea - not a chance! I spent the Friday night at my grandmothers but was almost too excited to sleep and awoke far too early. I crept downstairs and out of the back door to prepare the bike. I wheeled it out of the workshop and repacked the luggage once more as it would not fit through the doorway with the panniers fitted. The little moped was gleaming and even the tyres shone as I'd buffed them up with boot polish. I taped the route sheet I had prepared to the handlebars. I had traced the map from my fathers AA book of the road and highlighted the route I was to take in red. carefully laid out in the kitchen was my helmet, gloves and second hand green wax cotton jacket I had picked up at a charity shop - I was ready.

I wheeled the heavily laden little moped out of the side gate and into the front garden, thankfully it burst into life easily and I headed off with a wave to the twitching front room curtain. I didn't get very far as the motor died at the end of the street; in my haste I had forgotten to open the petrol tap. I was a bit wobbly pulling away from rest with the heavy load on board but soon got used to the bikes handling characteristics after all it was just like a bicycle but with some assistance. The early part of the route was well known and I had no cause to read the map.

I was surprised how fast the little bike was, it would easily put the tiny speedo needle against it's stop past the 40mph marker. Not too soon I was out of town and it's restrictive traffic lights and roundabouts and heading on slightly familiar cycling lanes and heading for the Yorkshire Dales. After the first patch of open road, I pulled into a lay-by to inspect the plug colour. I was nervous about seizing the piston given that the main jet size was based on the recommendations from the Dutch article and untested. It was a deeper brown than I had wanted indicating the mixture was a bit too rich. I extracted my old tobacco tin of delicate spares that included several jets and unclipped the float bowl from the carburettor. I tipped the fuel back into the tank as was surprised to see just how much had disappeared - clearly running too rich. I replaced the tiny jet with the next size down, replaced the float bowl. My hands now stank of petrol and the 2 stroke oil mixed in with the petrol left a greasy film on my skin. I sacrificed my clean cotton hankie and made a mental note never to return this to the wash basket for fear of my mothers retribution. I restarted the bike and headed off once more.

The bike was even perkier with the leaner mixture and we zipped along with the wasp like exhaust note, and within the hour we had covered nearly 37 miles. By now he roads were much smaller as I had planned the route through the back roads studiously avoiding the busy trunk road systems. Following the route was

becoming problematic as sign posts didn't always provide the answers I was looking for, but with youthful sharp eyes I was able to read the small road map from the bars unaided by glasses.



● You will be surprised to see how easy it is to start up an M.S. 50 V. You can choose one of three possible ways of doing it: first of all you can start up by means of the pedal from standing position—quite the professional touch—as for heavy machines. But the engine must be out of gear. The second method consists in putting the machine on its stand and operating the pedal. We would recommend this method of starting especially for cold days. The third method consists in switching to one gear, pulling the decompressor and starting out as in the case of a bicycle. After a couple of hundred feet, release the decompressor and M.S. 50 V will start up without fail.

The next main town I hit was Preston and once again the stop/start wobble routine was practiced at every set of traffic lights and road junctions. I was keen to get through he town and out onto the open road once more. With Preston behind me I knew that it would be open roads from this point onwards and it was time to take a break and check over the bike once more. I pulled off the road into the entrance of a field that was very wide and obviously made for a large farm equipment. I strode about stretching my legs, the useful thing about a moped is the fact you can keep your legs moving by using the pedals - all the motorcycles I've ever ridden since have caused me to limp after dismantling whilst my legs recovered their load bearing status. The bike engine was very hot and I noticed some of the 'heatproof' paint had flaked off the previously chromed exhaust pipe header I decided to let it cool for a bit before pulling the spark plug for inspection. I strode about looking around and spied a small dirt track leading into the woods opposite. It was closed off by a single chain strung between heavy posts with the sign dangling in the middle - 'Forestry Commission - Private'.

I took a walk over and hopped over the chain. Shortly down the road was a clearing to the left that was obviously used as a loading/parking area, the track was made of broken up old road tarmac loosely scattered and rolled into place. To one side of the open area was an old cable drum of large dimensions, laid on it's side. It had clearly been used as a lunch table by the last bunch of workmen who had been here as plastic crates and sawn logs were arranged as stools around the outside - excellent place for a brew up. I returned to the bike and pushed it across the road and under the heavy chain parking up next to the makeshift table. the uneven ground made it difficult to keep the bike upright on it's little centre stand and I resorted to leaning it against the drum table. Extracting my little brass folding primus stove was difficult as it was packed deep in the bottom of the panniers not intending to be used until the camping gear had been deployed. It's easy to forget how difficult to use these things were, I carried both paraffin and meths fuels for starting and running in little plastic bottles but soon enough it was roaring away with the little kettle on top.

Whilst the water was heating I returned my attentions to the bike and pulled the spark plug - to my surprise the colour was good with just a tinge of tan to the white ceramic. I was afraid it had been too lean and was eating away my piston crown. The gearbox oil was still showing full and was nice and clear and even the tyre pressures were correct. there was a little grease staining on the lower fork legs that had leaked from the springs (there wee no dampers so I had loaded the springs with grease as the manual had recommended). Overall the little bike had performed really well and even my home made luggage carriers were holding up to the luggage weight. I had made the necessary joints with 'snap rivets' which were essentially solid metal pins bashed into shape with a hammer and dolly and I was afraid some would work loose on the trip.

Road Tests of New Models

49 c.c. Puch MS 50

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The kettle whistled and I added the tea to the pot and sat back admiring the sounds and sights of the woods around me. the road was little used so no traffic noise could be heard. I had rationalised that there would be no forestry workers today as they would have been here

already and were unlikely to come out to remote places for part days work. Once the tea had brewed I realised I had no milk apart from the powdered stuff so had to mix a small amount in my plastic mug before adding the hot tea. It was like nectar, the adrenaline of this mornings departure had brought on a little dehydration and I consumed the entire pot in short order with 2 slightly crumbled digestive biscuits.

Still; there was no time to dawdle as I still had 70 + miles to go before my destination campsite in the Yorkshire Dales and I had wasted over half an hour on this tea break. I repacked the gear making a mess of returning the paraffin to the bottle and by now my once immaculate cotton handkerchief was looking decidedly ruined. Pushing the bike once more under the heavy chain at the entrance was far more difficult as it was uphill this time but soon enough the little Puch was zipping along with the throttle against the stop and the speedo needle off the scale. I was rapidly becoming confident on the little bikes handling and was carrying a lot of speed through the winding lanes nearly coming a cropper at one point when a large mound of gravel appeared in front of my wheel whilst leaned over fully. I resolved to back off from full throttle cornering. (to be concluded in December's Buzzing)

Big Betty- Bigger Buzzing

Colin King

Big Betty , the long time slumbering Motamite has been out and about this summer and has most likely covered more miles this year than in the previous 58 having been rested in a shed shortly after leaving the shop with its obviously less than impressed new owner. The old dear does seem happy to have a warm exhaust and be breathing in some fresh Wiltshire air but has had her difficulties of late . We have some new neighbours that have a long term rebuild project that they are tackling themselves and often gather on the scaffolding to see what might be causing the strange sound as whatever it is struggles up the hill past their house. They are nice people and smile as the various contents of my shed puff and wheeze by, until last week. After a lovely sunny run around the local lanes and villages Betty was running well even climbing the stiffish gradient of the hill outside our house, then, nothing . The old girl stopped without warning 20 feet from our gate and right opposite the scaffolding and assembled neighbours.

This is where the peak on a Corker comes in handy, with a tilt of the head the gallery of viewers had disappeared leaving no one to see me push the Motamite past and into the shed. A couple of days later and with some spare time the plug was checked and a large whisker found, whisker might well be an understatement as this one was so large 'moustache' might be a more accurate word to use . The plug was cleaned and Betty started up with enthusiasm.



A week later and with eyes firmly set on the always enjoyable VMCC Cyclemotor Section run at Duns Tew, the old dear was taken for a minor romp around the vale to convince both machine and rider that all was well. As indeed it was, until once again on the incline outside our house and with the neighbours assembled on the scaffolding the old girl took a turn for the worse, not the engine this time but a problem with her rear end, she had gone spongy.

(contd. next page)

Big Betty- Bigger Buzzing contd.

Once again Betty was dismantled, the Corker tilted as we walked the last couple of yards home. Back in the shed I watched as the last hiss of air bade farewell to the rear tyre. Now with this type of machinery it is possible to feel sorry for them rather than the upset caused by modern machine failure. They are not crucial to your life merely your leisure, so no need to get to hot under the collar ,” blast it “ does suffice on such occasions. This phrase was to be modified later whilst struggling with the multiplicity of tin parts involved on full chain cases. With the Duns Tew run the following morning and a dreaded chain case involved in removing the wheel it was decided to simply pull out the section of punctured tube with the wheel in situ and patch it, all made easy as a large Rose thorn marked the spot. The patch was stuck, tyre inflated and all made ready for the early morning start .The Sunday looked set fair as far as cyclemotoring was concerned but my early arrival in the shed was greeted with the sight of rear end droop from the Motamite, another puncture. So with the prospect of a days cyclemotoring abandoned the chain case was dismantled and after almost 3 hours and heated “ discussions “ with a dozen bits of tin, during which time cycle motoring seemed to be the most aggravating of pastimes Betty was made ready for another day.

This episode had landed me with a spare day and with the weather fine a visit to the Golden Fleece at Wilcot seemed a very good substitute for the lovely refreshments laid on at Duns Tew. With a couple of hours to go before a Sunday lunchtime Guinness the box of old Buzzing magazines was hauled out and nostalgia dipped into. It was interesting to see the growth of the NACC and its magazine by comparing the earliest Buzzing to the latest edition. I became a member in 1994 and my first Buzzing was No 4, Volume 13, 1994. I did a direct comparison with that edition and the latest being , No 4, Volume 28,

2009. The following shows the ever growing popularity of the NACC and the growth of Buzzing magazine. Volume 13, 1994 had just 28 pages against Volume 28, 2009 with 48 pages. As far as Section News is concerned the 1994 edition had 6 entries, the 2009 had 25. The results for run reports was 3 for the early edition and 6 (with others held over due to lack of space) for the latest edition and for those interested in such things that early edition weighed in at 34 grams the latest a whopping 89 . A glimpse of the events calendar is another indication of the healthy state of the NACC and VMCC Cyclemotoring Section. With barely a weekend available for any of the new and enthusiastic sections to squeeze in a new event it would seem that interest has never been higher in this the charming cough and splutter end of powered transport.

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C2C- The Short Way Back

Peter Crowder

Cyclenmaster fetishist Peter Crowder attempts to buzz his 14 speed 43cc “Rudge Multi” Cyclenmaster through the Lake District and the Yorkshire Dales on the 150 mile trip back to lower Wharfedale from St. Bees...

The 2009 Coast to Coast was superb. More than 50 riders successfully coaxed an eclectic mix of elderly Cyclenmotors, Autocycles and Mopeds over the Pennines from Blackhall Rocks near Hartlepool to Whitehaven, some 144 miles distant, accompanied by their cheerful support crews and vintage outriders. As elated participants dispersed from the harbour in Whitehaven on the Sunday afternoon, hangovers long since blown away by the spectacular landscape of the Coast to Coast route, David Casper and I realised that we were not alone in wishing to extend the weekends festivities by staying overnight in nearby St. Bees. We checked into a farmhouse B&B and freshened up, and then Dave Watson and I strolled down to the glinting shoreline, contrasting the contents of our respective sheds and reflecting on the magnificent weekend run. We popped-into a local hostelry to, er, “cool off” on the way back and then met up with Sharon and Martin Wickner, David Casper and the PC50 assault team: Chris Richards, Norman Kinnish, Keith Morrison and their regal supporter, Mark Dalton for further refreshments and a memorable evening meal at The Grange.

The following morning over breakfast we plotted a route back to my home village, packed our kit and wheeled-out our bikes from the farm stable where they had slept overnight. David Casper awoke his gorgeous Honda Dream 50, whilst I revived my Cyclenmaster-powered Rudge bicycle, sporting an amazing 14 speed German hub laced to the original stainless steel rim and a long-stroke, big-bore Cyclenmaster engine displacing 43cc.



C2C- The Short Way Back contd.

The idea of a multi-speed bike was born precisely 60.3 miles into the 2006 CTC. That year I was riding my 16cc Cyclemaster, which ran beautifully between 15 and 25 mph, but on the gradients beyond High Force with the engine permanently out of its power band and with its poor rider (me) pedalling like buggery, cramp finally set in. Raising myself from a kneel as I lifted the engine out of the hub before slotting in a 32cc unit, I heard and felt the tiny thud of sheep poo, bouncing off my trainer having just tumbled from my exposed knee, where a greeny-brown spot remained. Gears I thought, definitely need some gears. Over the winter of 2007/8 the multi-speeder came alive. The 16cc engine with its 1 inch bore was rubber mounted amidships with its 11 tooth sprocket driving a 45 tooth countershaft sprocket, spinning on (but not driving) the pedal crank. A solitary bicycle chain took drive from a second countershaft sprocket with 16 teeth to a 3 speed Sturmey Archer hub fitted with a 30 tooth cog. I ran the bike for about 800 miles in this form, completing the 70 mile Sad Ol' Gits run that May with the tiny-engined machine able to traverse hillier terrain than a standard Cyclemaster, but still requiring plenty of LPA on the slopes approaching the famous Squires café near Sherburn. The solution? Even more gears of course...with the 14 speed Rohloff Speedhub in the frame, fitted with a 25 tooth final drive sprocket, the 16cc bike would now climb a 1 in 6 hill at 4 mph in bottom gear and yet still top 25 mph in top on the windless level. Whippee! CTC 2008 here we come! Days before the 2008 CTC however, disaster struck! My 9 year old son, Oliver saw me weeping in the back garden and came over to see what the matter was, presuming that someone had died. The little engine has shed a circlip I sobbed, scoring the bore and wrecking the piston. He frowned at me strangely then looked relieved, gave me a hug and trotted off happily to make me a cup of tea.



Above left- rider's view of controls, with clocks for speed/distance/averages, cylinder head temp. and rev-counter from a racing kart. Note fork braces and front brake cable conversion.

Above right- first incarnation of Rudge Multi at the 2008 National Rally

Left- the extraordinary Rohloff 14-speed hub gear with two different size drive-sprockets.

Refreshed and rational if still a little sad, I returned to my shed and reluctantly slotted-in a lightly tuned 36cc engine, putting in a few miles to bed things down before the 2008 event the coming weekend. With the over-bored engine fitted however, I was soon very far from sad. Propelled by a more powerful motor, the Rudge Multi was a revelation and very quickly the smallest-capacity-Cyclenmaster disease which had infected me for three years was rapidly displaced by the urge to build the biggest! With a few extra cubes and a bit of tuning, I reasoned that it might even be possible to ride amongst the beautifully put together autocycles adorning NACC club runs, a nonsense which was of course blown asunder days later as the JDL's and 2F's steamed by at will, although the Multi and I were able to enjoy riding with the pack.

So with the 2009 CTC approaching and the desire for a little more pace, in went a 38 x 38mm (43cc) motor. The 2mm overbored barrel houses a modified Tomos piston, carried by a 1mm oversize small end bush. The crankshaft meanwhile has been stroked by 6mm, necessitating the lifting of the cylinder, widening of the crankcase mouth and the installation of a 2mm thick copper head gasket which doubles as a cooling fin. Whilst the engine has indeed been ported, the state of tune overall is relatively conservative since the engine also propels a conventional Cyclenmaster and therefore needs a wide spread of power. The exhaust and transfer port timings have been increased by 30 and 12 degrees respectively to 160 and 122 degrees and the port sizes have been somewhat enlarged. The disc valve opens 125 degrees BTDC, closing 177 degrees later to give a duration 51 degrees longer than standard and with the inlet tract, accurate slot and crankshaft web port all opened-out and a compression ratio of 8.9:1, power output a little over double the 0.6hp of the 25cc donor must be at play, even with the standard carburettor and exhaust fitted.

Right- transmission side at Sacrewell in 2008.

Back at St Bees, we bid farewell to Dave Watson who was heading back towards Alston on his single speed NVT and prepared for the off. My rucksack was loaded with a minimalist tool kit, a pair of 2 Litre lemonade bottles full of 28:1 premix, a 50ml bottle of 2 stroke oil, a tissue and some highly flammable oil-soaked waterproof trousers. "It's a tinder box!" joked David Casper "don't crash the bugger anywhere near me!" With the Rudge on its aluminium Shuresta centre stand I pulled on the petrol tap connecting the 750ml drinks bottle masquerading as a fuel tank to the conventional B.E.C. B1 carburettor, engaged the clutch and twirled the pedal crank to spin the countershaft (and hence the engine) via a freewheel. The lusty Cyclenmaster chimed-in. Oh yes! I whipped in the clutch, twisted the right handlebar grip to select a midrange gear, jumped on, retracted the stand and then fed in the clutch. Whooooo! We were off, heading south round the coast road under clearing skies, with stunning views of the bay.



Swooping round the coastline, the mid-engined format showed its merit over a standard Cyclemaster and I left an aromatic trail of Silkolene Comp 2 behind for David to follow should he fall out of earshot of the rasping exhaust. The bike was running perfectly with no sparks yet jumping across to my wedding tackle from the HT lead terminal, positioned bear millimetres from the action and with 4,200 miles of “development work” under the Rudge’s 1 3/8” Michelin tyres I was fairly confident of making it home.

We stopped briefly near Ponsonby to brim David’s Dream 50 petrol tank and then pressed on through Muncaster, passing the castle before turning off near Broughton in Furness on the quiet, but very hilly road leading east to Coniston via Torver. The Scenery was breathtaking. The fells were bathed in sunshine, the day was warming up and the bikes were running sweetly; what a trip. I pulled over to remove my riding jacket, stuffed it into the tinder box and glanced down at the cylinder head temperature gauge. The instrument, which is commonly fitted to microlight aircraft, is triggered by a sensor under the spark plug and offers advance warning of incorrect ignition timing or fuel mixture, which is useful when running tuned engines in the sheltered environment of a standard Cyclemaster wheel hub, saving many a seizure. 210 degrees Centigrade, perfect.

We paused for breath in Coniston, downing a swift half of Bluebird XB outside a sun-drenched pub and then snaked uphill through the hamlet of Hawkshead Hill before descending to Hawkshead village. There was no sign of Peter Rabbit on the road as we swept past the famous Tower Bank Arms and Beatrix Potter’s cottage in Near Sawrey and we climbed on to Far Sawrey before dropping down to the ferry over Windermere. I topped up the fuel – again! Prior to the CTC I had become accustomed to getting 30 miles from the 1/6th gallon tank, even with a very revvy 25cc unit installed. But bolt upright at about thirty with the 43cc engine slurping away, 22 miles (130 mpg) was about it.

A steamer chuffed past the landing stage, the sun shimmering off its wake as a light, warm breeze played on the leaves of the verdant, treelined shore beyond; it was idyllic. Glancing at the bike I noticed a somewhat less than idyllic dribble of oil running down from the metal crankcase seal on the drive side of the motor. Sealant at the ready tomorrow I thought. We wheeled the bikes onto the ferry and chatted to some bemused Harley riders on the crossing over to Bowness. They were quizzical about our bikes, our journey and ultimately I suspect, our mental wellbeing, but we were unconcerned; this was fantastic! We climbed up to Crook and then descended to Kendal. On parts of the subsequent drag up towards Sedbergh, I was down in 5th gear although the wide choice of ratios made it possible to hold the engine in the power band whatever the gradient. With four lower gears in reserve and weighing-in at just 59lbs, some 10 lbs less than a conventional hub-humping Cyclemaster, it was becoming clear that this was a bicycle that could ascend pretty much anything without pedal assistance; a feature which had enabled my weight to grow by a counterbalancing 10 lbs during the past year to a manly 14 stone!

We buzzed past Sedbergh, swept under the spectacular railway viaduct at Garsdale Head and charged on across the undulating moorland road towards Hawes, dodging Dolly the sheep’s relatives on the big dipper of a road into Appersett. It was getting pretty hot and my right arm was beginning to glow red below the line of my T shirt. That was going to burn I mused, but at this pace the bike was 30 mpg down on its gentle touring average, so I chose not to rub-in any precious two stroke oil and pushed on.



C2C- The Short Way Back-

Peter Crowder at full tilt on the Rudge Multi during the 2009 Coast-to-Coast run.

Photo courtesy of Dave Ellis of the FS1E club, who also participated on the C2C. The picture appears on their club website with the caption:

“This was clocked at 38mph by Puch Boy....”

We coasted into Hawes with about 90 miles under our wheels, parking amongst the many bikes that are magnetically drawn to this beautiful part of the world. Time for some grub! David disappeared inside the bikers café whilst I sat outside watching a host of other riders giggle round our mounts. David emerged from the café by which time I had been approached by prospective club member, Kate, the rider of a Kawazaki GPz 305. It transpired that she had a very tidy YB100 in the shed at home and that her partner was looking for a Testi. I advised her that Mr Casper had more than one Testi and a Champion discussion ensued. We finished our snap, pointed Kate towards the splendid NACC website, bid her farewell and headed off towards Aysgarth.

Out of Aysgarth we plunged down a bank so steep that as I reached the bottom with the brakes on full, I was still accelerating. The Wrights saddle rivets were stilletteoing my bum, my wrists were starting to get tired, my back was aching and the stiffest climb of the weekend was approaching; this was Brilliant! I sat-in on the long incline of Kidstones Bank leading over to the Wharfedale valley with the bike pulling hard on the steepest sections at 9mph in 5th at 5000rpm. Nothing could stop us. Ooh, just a minute, 250 degrees on the temperature gauge, 270, 290, 300, eek!, We crested the brow at about 1400 feet and began the steep descent into Wharfedale with the temperature gauge registering just over 300 Degrees C., barely 25 degrees below the point where the cylinder head is likely to warp and the piston clearance disappears. Phew! The near static air around the engine and/or the weakened mixture resulting from the steeply angled carburettor, had almost contrived to bake the hard working engine. Hmmm. Must rig something up to overcome that...

We flew down to Buckden and on past Kilnsey Crag and with just 35 miles to go and unable to resist I gave the bike its head. I snicked-up through the closely spaced ratios dipping the clutch to unload the transmission between changes with the rev counter from a racing Kart oscillating between 6,000 and 6,500 rpm. With a light wind pressing on my shapely buttocks and a favourable gradient in front I forced my pudding basin helmet onto the clocks, closed my eyes and held the throttle lever wide open in 14th gear. The revs climbed to an indicated 7,400 rpm, well beyond its power peak and the 2mm rings were perilously close to their fluttering point. We were gasping for a taller gear but with the outskirts of the village fast approaching and the accurate electronic bicycle speedometer registering just over 40mph, almost 6mph above the unassisted maximum, I had a choice. Risk everything to register my record speed or live to tell the tale..? Cowardice prevailed and I tugged hard on the brakes. Oh my goodness! The roller rod operated callipers sent the braced front forks a blur but without actually offering very much in the way of retardation. With the tinder box strapped to my torso and Casper close behind on Hondas finest, the following mornings headlines in the Yorkshire Post flashed before my eyes: "Friendly Ghost Witnesses Kettlewell Suicide Bombing"... Drum brake I quaked, got to fit a drum brake...

Stopping for tea by the river Wharfe in picturesque Burnsall with my resting pulse rate restored, I ran some fuel from David's tank into a bottle containing a dose of two stroke oil and fuelled the Rudge one final time. On we buzzed to Appletreewick, up past Barden Tower, through Bolton Abbey and Nesfield to Ilkley and Otley then over the river Wharfe and immediately left past Dunnis', the finest café in the world and sanctuary for ancient bikers early on Saturday and Sunday mornings. Five miles to go, what a journey! We passed through Pool-in-Wharfedale and then over the beck into Arthington village. I pulled off the old toll road. It was six o' clock. I'd made it. "Cuppa David?" "No I'll get off" said the Chairman and off he sped on the flawless Honda, with a further 17 miles in front of him.

Even though I had not turned a pedal I was tired, I stuffed the bike into the workshop, dumped my rucksack in the yard, cracked open a beer and flopped onto the garden bench still buzzing with the vivid memories of the journey and already planning the modifications shown to be necessary by the 300 mile trip. With a bigger fuel tank, more powerful brakes, improved engine cooling and a more comfortable saddle we might have a machine capable of tackling the fearsome Hardknott pass on the Even Shorter Way Back next year...

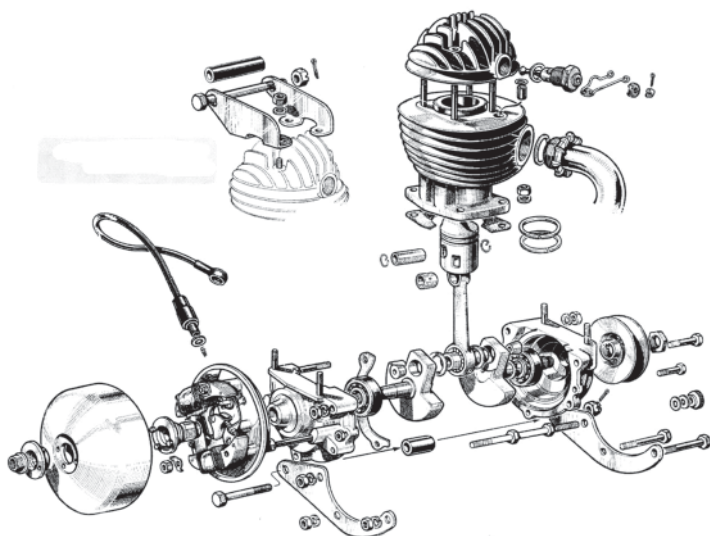


Birth of the Mobylette- part 2 David Beare

On a visit to Motobécane's headquarters at Pantin in May 1946 with a party of Dutch industrialists, Willem Kaptein, one of the factory's biggest motorcycle importers for Holland and Han Harmsze, Editor of Motor magazine, happened upon the abandoned AV2 prototype in a corner. Their interest was immediately aroused as both men could see the potential for such a light, simple motorised cycle in Holland, but postwar customs restrictions rendered importing complete machines uneconomic. However, importing engines was a different matter. Han Harmsze continues his account of the trip: "Therefore would it not be a possibility for a Dutch cycle-frame manufacturer to make a special frame? This category of a bicycle with an auxiliary engine corresponded so well to the limited resources of many Dutchmen and women, it attracted all our attention!"

Willem Kaptein asked Motobécane to prepare a prototype cyclemotor for the Dutch market, based on the AV2, but with a reinforced version of the 1938 BNX ladies cycle frame which could be made locally. The flowing lines of this typical French cycle frame were drawn by Géo Ham aka Georges Hamel, a renowned painter and illustrator who produced many great works depicting aircraft (he was the official French Air Ministry painter) and racing cars in action for the magazine *L'Illustration*. The engine proposed was a modified version of the 2-speed AG22 Poney 50, but mounted below the bottom bracket, with the now-classic Mobylette primary belt and secondary chain drives.

Right- extreme simplicity of the AV3 engine unit. The top end is recognisably derived from the Poney 50 but the crankcase assembly is largely new. It was to remain much the same for over 50 years and 14 million units, a much-imitated design classic.

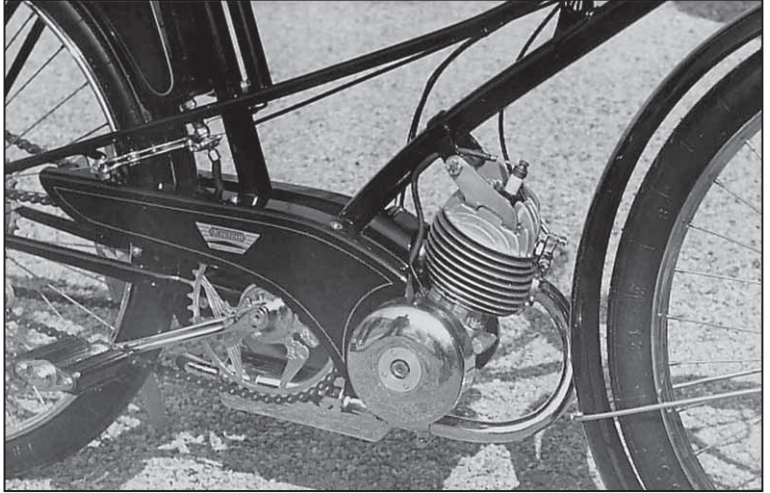


Birth of the Mobylette contd.

Eric Jaulmes and Charles Benoît had created a perfect machine for the average Dutch buyer who was used to heavy-framed sit-up-and-beg bicycles almost universal in Holland in those days. The country was largely rural and small-scale agriculture the main activity, a farmer wanted a powered cycle strong enough to carry a churn of milk. Willem Kaptein's son Jan was despatched to Pantin by train to collect the prototype, which was taken to the Kaptein factory in Arnhem, stripped and repainted black and had Kaptein transfers applied. It was quickly shipped on to be displayed on the Kaptein stand at the 53rd Utrecht Commercial Fair (Jaarbeurs Utrecht) between 6th and 15th September 1949, where the "Kaptein bicycle with auxiliary motor" was offered for sale at the Show price of 375 florins.

Right- superb finish of possibly one of the first Kaptein Mobylette's to be displayed at the Utrecht Fair in September 1949.

Below- early days at the Kaptein assembly plant, with much hand-work in evidence.



It is estimated that some 3000 Kaptein Mobylette AV3's were sold at the Utrecht show alone, with buyers having to put down an immediate deposit of 50 florins, delivery being made by mid-1950. The Kaptein Mobylette was an instant huge success.

Willem Kaptein's vision and Motobécane's engineering skills produced the most universally-accepted design of "motorised transport affordable by everybody" that took cyclemotor markets by storm, the Mobylette was exactly the right machine for the time and Motobécane became the world's biggest manufacturer of two-wheeled transport as a result. The name Mobylette became "Mob" in French and a generic term for any cyclemotor or moped, though there is some dispute over who originally coined it. One claimant was a Mr Jan Verbruggen who worked for Kaptein and spent some time with relatives in France, where he learned French. During a stay in hospital he mulled over names for Kaptein's idea of a powered bicycle and combined the words MOteur and BicYcLETTE to form Mobylette. A visiting uncle, Piet Verbruggen, told Willem Kaptein of this idea and it was promptly adopted, but there's no written proof of any of this- Motobécane probably claimed it was their idea all along!



Above- a picture from de Fietsmotor magazine 1950.

With grateful thanks to Henk van Kessel & Peter Langemeijer for information and images and to Patrick Barrabès & Motos d'Hier magazine for certain photos and portions of this text.

A Year on a SoleX

Kevan Shaw

It wasn't until the tax disc reminder fell through the letterbox that I realised that I had been using my Solex as my principal means of urban transport for a whole year! It was last spring when I discovered that my bicycle had terminal cracks in its aluminium frame that I started to think how I might replace it. A friend of mine had been using an electric bicycle, however he lives in London, a city of moderate slopes unlike Edinburgh. So with fond memories of the fleets of Solexes that filled my childhood holidays in France I started to investigate what had become of these slightly whacky machines. The internet is such a useful means of investigation that I fairly soon got to grips with the history and mechanics of these beasts and, inevitably, started to watch ebay to see what was available. I quickly won a very cheap if somewhat incomplete 2200 from 1962. When I got it home it was clearly a candidate for full restoration and was happily not as incomplete as it looked. So I set about stripping it to its component parts, severely annoying a neighbour by spending a whole Sunday with a wire brush on an angle grinder stripping it back to bare metal. This was followed by painting it in Hammerite antirust primer and black paint. Mistake, this paint is just too soft for a bike, it has scratched and chipped very badly.

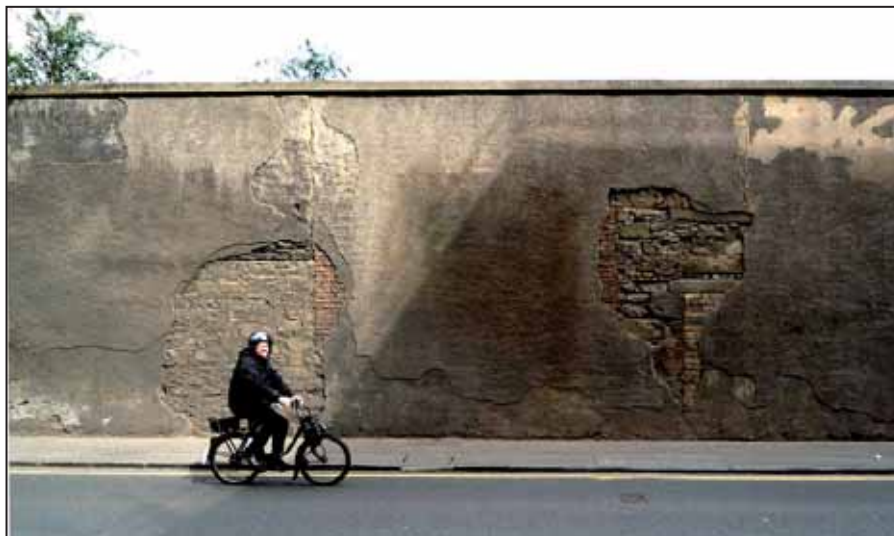


The search for spare parts started with an advert on Gumtree. This turned up a Solex mostly in pieces that looked like a treasure trove of parts so doubling my investment into 3 figures I acquired this as well. When I started to look at what I had I realised I had one of the rarer varieties, a Motobecane built 4600 export model that had been sold new in Edinburgh. The envelope that came with it contained quite a lot of history and the original English manual! This discovery promoted a quick re-think as this machine definitely did not deserve death by parts so I borrowed what I needed pro-tem and started to buy expensive parts from France to get both machines going.

The 2200 was first out the blocks after several weeks work, I got sufficient feel for piloting the thing around the yard then headed for the MOT station. They looked confused. The tester went down the list of things to test filling almost all the boxes N/A then decide to test the brakes. . . It all went fine until he set the brake dynamometer in action, it threw him and the bike off quite violently! He decided the brakes worked without further testing and handed me a ticket! Next job was getting it registered, as with most Solexes in the UK this had been bought on holiday in France and never registered. Having crossed swords with the DVLA earlier in the year registering a self built car (another longer story!) I was reasonably prepared for this and, with NACC dating certificate, MOT and insurance certificate was given an "age related" number.

Initial experiences were mixed. I had a couple of annoying problems, the first was the rear forks. These were a bit bent and off the bike when I got it, unfortunately the preferred their bent position jamming the back wheel against the mud guard. The solution for this was to build new forks from 20mm square tube with 2mm plate for the wheel mounts, thus equipped I found that I was using the Solex daily, commuting to work and for all trips around town. Now, as well as lots of hills, Edinburgh is blessed with many cobbled streets. Currently we are also blessed with the mother and father of all roadworks while they install tram lines. The Solex is excellent for moving in and out of traffic jams and really annoys BMW drivers by consistently passing them at traffic lights after they have zoomed past me between them.

The cobbles are an entirely different matter. In the dry they impart a frequency of vibration finely tuned to loosen Solex nuts and bolts. The result has been the loss of two rear light lenses, one engine cover nut and a number plate. It is also necessary to tighten up the fork bolts pretty much weekly. The vibrations also play havoc with the rear mud guard causing both of the bottom struts to fail and also a crack to form from the edge of the mudguard to the hole for the rear lamp wiring. It is also interesting negotiating roughly laid negative camber corners as the Solex will choose its own line no matter where you point the handlebars.



When the cobbles are wet Solexing becomes a real white knuckle experience! Rain renders the front brake pretty useless. My 2200 fortunately has an aftermarket rear drum brake. Unfortunately it is larger than a standard Solex brake and is easy to lock up with potentially amusing results! So apart from stopping, or not, variable directional control, forward progress can also be restricted with reduced friction between the galet and tyre or tyre and road requiring careful throttle control and more pedaling than usual. However this has not been enough to discourage me. Of course the year has not been without incident. The galet on the original engine decided to disintegrate. The short term solution was to put the engine from the 4600 onto the 2200, a matter of a few screws however the throttle control was not compatible so there was some lack of fine throttle control with this arrangement.

A Year on a SoleX contd.

Trying to sort the galet was a bit of a problem as the 2200 has a pressed together assembly. After a couple of failures I eventually got a second hand clutch assembly. In the meanwhile the Solex was knocked over while parked resulting in the breakage of the plastic tank on the 4600's engine and the necessity to cycle home! This exposed another fault, the pedal crank bearing was shot. This time the 4600 was not able to donate the necessary bits. When I took the bearing apart it was worn distinctly oval though with a lot of metal left I stuck it in my lathe and trued it. This required a new crank, slightly oversize, again made in the lathe, an afternoon's work. The petrol tank was a write off so this was temporarily replaced with the one from the 2200.

Re-uniting the 2200 engine and frame was eventually achieved and the return of proper throttle control and the realisation that the 2200 engine had more power than the 4600, probably attributable to the cleaning and re-timing during the re-build after changing the clutch assembly. Since then life has been simple. Daily use and thankfully infrequent fueling has lead to reliability but lack of a fuel guage and no reserve has lead to a couple of embarrassments. I have recently made a carrier for a Solexine can that now travels with me tripling my range, not that I would fancy using all that fuel on one trip!

The 4600? It has been treated to a full strip and re-spray and has been largely reassembled. It was several boxes of bits so I expected there to be a lot missing or beyond use. As I have put it back together it has proven to be pretty well complete and even lightly worn so even the original cables are being re-used. Right now it is waiting for me to sort the engine and get it MOT'd. And then there are the remains of 5 very incomplete solexes of various ages bought on impulse on ebay . . .



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London to Paris (and Back) by VéloSoleX

Tim Shields

In the spirit of adventure (or due to the likely onset of madness) on Friday 17th July I departed Parliament Square, London, on my VeloSolex. Destination: Paris and the Arc De Triomphe! It's fantastic to think how far you can go on a machine that usually takes you to the corner shops. However, to dispel any notion that this attempt could end up lasting weeks, I had given myself the arbitrary aim of arriving in the French capital within twenty-four hours of leaving London. It was with this in mind that I crossed over Westminster Bridge to the mid-day chimes of Big Ben and the start of my Solex adventure.

Day 1. London to Newhaven (Distance 69.7 miles, Average speed 9.29 mph - including stops)

Though apprehensive of riding through the capital's muddled and congested streets, Clapham Common was reached soon after 1pm and by early afternoon enough progress had been made to warrant a fuel stop. Passing through the south London suburb of Mitcham I pulled into a Texaco garage, where the pump duly refused to work. 'In case you do a runner' came the voice from the forecourt loud speaker, 'you need to come inside and pay first'! Unfortunately, trying to explain to the shop attendant that I wasn't sure if the tank would take eighty or ninety pence worth of fuel, and that the engine was highly underpowered for committing a crime on didn't make any difference. Riding alone with no 'mod cons', such as van back-up, I had brought along enough tools to try and cope with every eventuality, including re-plumbing the kitchen sink! However, with luggage, tool bag and an assortment of spares, the concern was that all this additional weight was having a detrimental effect on the structural integrity and performance of the machine.

On the outskirts of Lewes this issue became all too apparent, when a commuter on a Brompton

(fold-up bicycle) pulled alongside before overtaking with ease whilst going up a hill. In a bid to save further embarrassment and improve my average speed for the rest of the journey, I decided to jettison several of the heaviest items into a passing hedge (for collection on my return). With the load a little lighter I arrived at the Sussex port town of Newhaven by 7.30pm and the vital connection with the overnight sailing to Dieppe.



London to Paris (and back) by VéloSoleX

Day 2. Dieppe to Paris (Distance 132.8 miles, Average speed 11.54 mph - including stops)

After an uneventful night crossing and quick disembarkation from the LD Lines ferry, I made the fateful error of taking a wrong turn on the outskirts of Dieppe. With a collection of paper maps I had prepared a route that mainly took me along minor roads, and whilst these are safest to use they have the downside of often being difficult to find. Spending twenty minutes getting lost in a sprawling housing estate at 4am had not been part of my plan, and as I become increasingly disorientated within its maze, I thought I might be stuck for some time. Thankfully, after negotiating enough cul-de-sacs the odds turned in my favour and I made my escape, much to the relief of the local residents and their barking dogs.

There is something quite liberating about rejecting modern life's intoxicating desire for speed, comfort and convenience. With the top speed of the Solex residing in the Edwardian era, you have plenty of time to discover and appreciate things you would otherwise never see. Normandy is a fantastic place for riding, and with the engine merrily purring, the sun rising over the countryside and the occasional whiff of Pain au Chocolat fro passing



village bakeries, the experience could not have been finer. Eight hours on from leaving Dieppe, Poissy and the outer suburbs of Paris came into view along with my first breakdown. Thirty minutes by the side of the road, and with a new inner-tube patch attached to the front wheel, I was able to continue. Paris, like London, is a nightmare for traffic or getting lost and as I edged further towards its centre I became conscious of the goal for arriving by mid-day was slipping away.



By the time I reached La Defense I found myself behind schedule and inadvertently entering one of those notoriously fast underpasses (that are best avoided). Twenty-six hours since departing London, I made it to the Ave. de la Grande Armée and then onto the cobbled roundabout surrounding the Arc de Triomphe.

Stopping briefly in the middle (before the gendarmerie had a chance to move me on) for a quick photograph and a celebratory kiss from my waiting girlfriend (who sensibly had arrived by Eurostar train earlier), much to my relief I had made it. *Vive le petit Solex moteur.*

Today the Solex is a rare sight in France (apart from visiting the MBK Solex shop on St Micheal Boulevard, Paris) I only chanced across three other bikes during my entire four day trip. However, long after their heyday they are still regarded with some affection by passing folk. As though reunited with a forgotten family heirloom, when stopping in town centres people would regularly point and exclaim with a smile 'ah... le Solex'. Two days recuperation in Paris was followed by the return trip to London. Apart from two more punctures and the throttle/brake lever falling apart on London's South Circular road, the return home was a much more leisurely affair and as successful as the outward trip. Thank you to all who gave me advice and kind messages of support in planning and during the ride itself. Particularly the owners of the B&B in Dampierre en Bray, who stayed open for my late arrival yet still made me feel most welcome.



(Congratulations Tim for your extraordinary and successful exploit !)



Les Amis du VéloSolex 65 Bryan Hollinshead

Chers Amis

That rare and comparatively expensive Solex, the Pli-Solex, has made a re-appearance in the UK. I was well aware of the one owned by NACC member, the late Gordon Huxtable, the bike is now in the possession of a new owner and back on the road. Another one was up for sale on ebay for an asking price of 650 euros. This one, although at a glance seeming complete would require some work to make it presentable. I must admit that although living in the land of its birth I have never had the opportunity to examine one of these rare beasts, of which only about five thousand were said to have been manufactured. However, as the engine numbers run concurrently with those of the 5000, no precise numbers can be give for the number produced. Their price makes one hesitate about adding an example to tone's collection.

Winter is approaching at the end of a summer in which all the bikes in my collection have had usage and have performed quite well. Unfortunately the tyres on my 330 have reached the stage where they are completely worn out which means a search which will probably end up by resorting to remanufactured ones which I gather are all that are currently available.

Apart from that, decarbonising the much used 3800 should be all that is necessary. The question now arises - what will be the winter project? Yes, I know that I have said that I have an example of each generation of the Solex other than the Micron which is even rarer than the Pli-Solex but recently I've been sorting through the various bits and pieces lying around and have wondered what use can be made of them. I have dragged an 3800 frame, complete except for the handlebar, from its hiding place beneath the bench. A pair of stainless steel mudguards obtained from somewhere in the past, enough spare bits and pieces as well as engine parts seems to open up the possibility of building another Luxe model in red to complement the white one I have already.

Whilst paying my customary visit to Jean-Pierre's workshop a few day's ago I noticed that he had an almost new Black and Roll model inside. I had seen one or two at a distance in the past but this was the first time that I had been able to look over one in detail. The finish looked good and I approved of the useful additions in the form of a front drum brake, electric horn and stop light. Its claimed maximum speed of 35 kph was another point in its favour. As most Solex owners will be aware these models are only assembled in France using components manufactured in China However, I had heard tales of its unreliability due to lax quality control. This one which seemed almost new, was in for repair due to a failed big end bearing and as such was not a very good advertisement for a bike which cost almost eleven hundred euros new.

Some owners, myself included, may have found difficulty in obtaining the screw in type of bulb as used in the headlight of the later models. The 3800 Export model uses a flat base bulb which is common to most cyclemotors. To substitute this for the screw in type you must carefully separate the reflector and lens of the headlight and insert the new bulb from the front keeping it in place by a few drops of Superglue. Replace the lens and solder the lead from the switch to the side of the bulb.

And so, as is customary at this time of year, I congratulate those who have had a successful season's riding and offer my commiserations to those who have been less fortunate.

Bonne route à tous **Bryan**



Sturmey Archer- Hub of the Universe DB

Most of us during our mis-spent childhood or youth have used and abused one of Messrs. Sturmey Archer's hub gears whilst riding a bicycle. Many have probably wondered what went on inside that mysterious shiny hub with the tiny chain coming out of a hollow spindle nut and thin cable attached to the handlebar control. Some of us have also made agonising contact with the crossbar on discovering a 'neutral' position between gears during a change up or down while standing on the pedals. The more adventurous of us probably had a go at dismantling a Sturmey-Archer hub out of curiosity as to how it worked or in the firm belief that we could improve things, aged 13¾ and armed with absolute self-confidence, complete mechanical ignorance, a screwdriver and a pair of pliers.

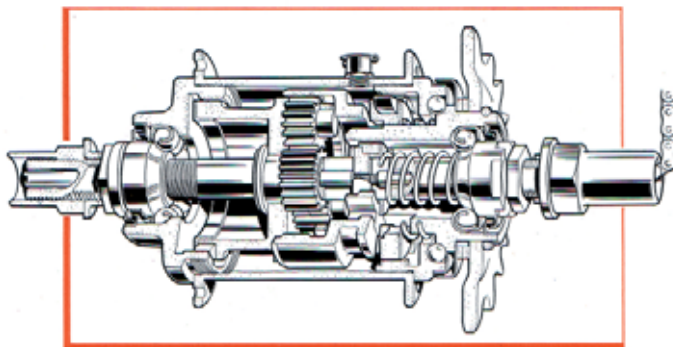
A Sturmey-Archer hub gear (and there are a great many variations to the basic design as we shall see) is a highly sophisticated piece of micro-engineering that can withstand decades of misuse, lack of maintenance and still function tolerably well. We all know what it does, but how does it do it and who was responsible? The answers start in the late 1890's, so we will plot the history of Sturmey-Archer hub gears first before having a good look at the technology and finally the scandalous story of corporate greed and financial manoeuvring by a private equity company created to take over SA, which resulted in a viable business with a one-hundred year history being dismembered for profit, the hollowed-out shell ending up in the hands of Taiwanese engineers who, thank goodness, value and appreciate what they have inherited.

Popular sport or leisure cycling dates back to the late 19th Century after the advent of the Safety Bicycle with equal-size front and rear wheels and direct steering, a design usually attributed to J K Starley and his Rover bicycle of



1885. This sounded the death-knell of the speedy and popular but unwieldy “Ordinary” (called the Penny-Farthing by urchins and guttersnipes of the time), that had seen off the primitive and slow boneshakers and velocipedes. The need for some kind of variable gearing to assist a cyclist up hills had long been recognised and many engineers tried to fill this gap, from the fairly successful Collier bracket-mounted 2-speed gear of 1889, or Bostel and Loosley’s Shaft two-speed of the same year, to the unsuccessful Wood and Moss gear. Most of these were heavy, cumbersome and difficult to use mechanisms.

In desperation, makers of ‘Ordinary’ front-drive bicycles turned to a novel epicyclic hub-gear, the Crypto by Messrs. Shaw and Sydenham, which gave a 50% higher gear and allowed a reduction in front wheel size from, say, 54” to a more rider-friendly



36”. This only postponed the inevitable and, despite ever-decreasing wheel sizes and pneumatic tyres, the swansong of front-drivers was the small-wheel Crypto Alpha Bantam of 1898. One legacy remained- ‘the Crypto principle’ became a generic term for epicyclic gears. The first recognisable epicyclic cycle gear seems to have been Scott & Philpott’s of 1878, others were; Kirkby, Pierce, Harvey & Paddock and Shaw & Sydenham’s Crypto, to name a few. *(to be continued)*

Written with a great deal of help and kind permission of Tony Hadland, author of The Sturmey-Archer Story, published Dec 1987 ISBN 0 9507431 2 7