

NACC 2009 National Rally at Sacrewell Farm

The weather gods were definitely on our side this year, the sun shining on the righteous cycleriders 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 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.

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!

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 Cyclomaster 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?

Nick Devonport
August 2009



A bargain, just needs TLC



Another one joins Eddie Dewe's collection



Cairns Mocyc seeks new home



Carl's latest victim



Health and Safety - how not to do it!



Looking for that elusive part!



Sylvia Norton's Show and Shine

Further photos of the weekend are on Dave Wat's Flickr site [here](#)

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