

The

**Buzzing** Club®



Volume 40

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April 2021

*Easier Speed*  
*Speedier Ease*

WITH THE  
*Teagle Cycle motor*  
IDEALLY  
SUITED  
FOR LADIES OR GENTS MODELS  
AGENTS —

The advertisement features a central illustration of a man and a woman riding bicycles on a path. Above them is a large, stylized eagle with its wings spread, rendered in a reddish-pink color. The text is arranged in a classic, elegant layout, with the main headline in a large, flowing script. The bottom section includes the product name 'Teagle Cycle motor' in a similar script, followed by 'IDEALLY SUITED' in bold, uppercase letters, and 'FOR LADIES OR GENTS MODELS' in a smaller, bold, uppercase font. The word 'AGENTS' is at the very bottom with a horizontal line.



The National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd.  
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**General enquiries via email; please contact [hello@thebuzzingclub.net](mailto:hello@thebuzzingclub.net). Items for the June 2021 magazine to be sent to [editor@thebuzzingclub.net](mailto:editor@thebuzzingclub.net) and reach Dave at Buzzing Production well before Friday 14th May 2021, as by that date 99% of the magazine will be finished.**

The Teagle cyclemotor engine, made by an agricultural-engineering firm in Truro, Cornwall, was never originally intended to power bicycles. It was designed to be a power-unit for a long-arm hedge-cutter, which is why all Teagle cyclemotors are fan-cooled. It proved to be a robust, reliable cyclemotor, though few seem to have survived and you seldom see one out on a run. The Teagle company however has survived and thrives to this day, making a wide range of agricultural machinery, including gigantic Titan 20 cubic metre muck-spreaders.....

## Club Information

### Membership

Membership of the NACC in the UK costs £18.00 a year. Associate Membership is £3 in addition to the full membership fee. European membership costs £20.00 and the rest of the world £25.00 per annum. Application forms are available from Membership Administration (see previous page) or downloadable from our website [www.thebuzzingclub.net](http://www.thebuzzingclub.net) - click on "Join the Club"

### Dating and Registration

The current dating fees for club members are: £10 (£20 for non-members) for a certificate supporting an application for an age-related registration, £12.50 (£30 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** and 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 **0333 207 6293**.

### Library

Dave Beare can supply copies of material held in the NACC Library (contact Dave for a copy of the Library List, see previous page for his details)

### Website

[www.thebuzzingclub.net](http://www.thebuzzingclub.net) Our website has up-to-date news on upcoming events, a regularly-updated events calendar and news of section & club activities. Next time you're on the 'net take a look.

## Events Calendar

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. Application forms can be downloaded from the NACC website. Events organised at short notice (min 28 days), apply via email or in writing to Events Secretary Bob Jeffcoat to ensure issue of a permit. Details will be posted on the NACC website. **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 £3 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 payment.

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At the time of writing we have enrolled 52 members. Any paid-up NACC member can join, contact Nick or Phill with your membership number to be added to the Facebook site. You can't see what's on the group pages until you have done this. Lots going on, so do join in!

One beneficial side-effect of the November 2020 to February 2021 lockdowns was that it gave the new Librarian a lot of spare time (too darn cold to play in the garage/workshop!) to start digitally scanning a virtually complete set of Power & Pedal magazines donated to the Library. The set starts with the very first issue of December 1952, from then on into the 1960s, by which time it had become Power & Pedal with The Scooter, cyclemotors having all but disappeared from the market. 250 new scans have now been added to the list

items available, which now runs to 3,603 folders, many with multiple-page manuals, spare-parts lists, road-tests, adverts and other items of interest. Many documents can be sent digitally via email, or in the case of larger folders, by WeTransfer. Documents can also be printed, in which case a charge for photocopying + postage is made.

Part of our 40th Anniversary celebration package - landing on your doormat together with June's issue of Buzzing - is a booklet (left) looking back over 40 years of history of our club, with a timeline, many unpublished photos of events, historical reminiscences and a 40th Anniversary windscreen sticker! We'll also include a couple of our tri-fold leaflets to keep in your backpack in case, while you're out on a ride, a random pedestrian accosts you to ask for details about your group and/or bike.



## Chairman's Chat

*Hello Members,*

*At last, we are seeing a light at the end of the tunnel as the PM's roadmap leading to the end of lockdown restrictions slowly gathers pace. It is said to be "irreversible", but I wouldn't hold him to that because the brakes can be re-applied if the science suggests that it would be wise to halt a rise in the numbers again. We must continue to follow the guidelines in order to regain what we are all hoping for – the ability to meet up and ride our machines again! This, after all, is why most of us are in the NACC, isn't it?*

*Technology has helped many of us during the last year, with programmes such as Zoom enabling us to keep in touch with our nearest and dearest – not to mention working from home and Committee meetings. I confess that computers and I are not natural buddies and I struggled at first but familiarity has bred content and video calling is now second-nature. However, there's no substitute for face-to-face contact and tinkering with machinery is still hugely enjoyable.*

*Time in my garage has helped me to retain a vestige of sanity. I've recently prepared the red Tomos Standard for an MoT and riding it from my storage workshop to my garage reminded me just how well it goes and how much I've missed hopping on it and going for a ride for the sheer pleasure of it. It spent most of its life in the garage of a motorhome before I found it at a Stafford show so it's got virtually no miles on it, something that I am slowly changing!*

*My other bikes are waiting patiently for their turn on the road. The Tomos Racing's new clutch has settled in well after a few miles and the fleet has been joined by a beautiful Raleigh RM6 in that lovely metallic red colour. The compression is down so it needs an engine overhaul but a phone call to one of our regular advertisers should have the parts on my doorstep in no time. The lady from whom I bought it is keen to see it back on the road as it was her dad's bike, so it'll be with me for some time.*

*That's all from the Hot Seat for this issue. Stay safe and keep those engines ticking over.*

**Nick Devonport**



## Obituary: Bev Crook

1944 - 14.1.2021

Many of you may have heard of the passing of our old mate Bev Crook in January after a year-long battle with cancer, I'm sure we shall all miss him. He was a great lover of old two strokes of all types, always friendly, always cheerful, always helpful. I first met Bev at a Stowmarket meeting of the old East Anglian Cyclemotor club in 1986. I had just finished restoration of a Berini cyclemotor and as I was wrestling it from the back of my estate car, Bev came up and said "Want a hand with that mate?" There started an enduring friendship. Over the years we attended many runs with the EACC, NACC, VMCC Magic Wheelers and British Two Stroke Club including jollies to Comines in France, and to Ostende for the Vintage rally there. Bev was also an avid Royal Enfield enthusiast, MZ owner and supporter of classic racing.



Bev served an apprenticeship as a tool-maker, and became a very skilled engineer. With his knowledge of tuning all his machines went a lot better than they should have done. He could never resist "just cleaning the ports up a bit", although I think it often went a bit further than that! In his youth he acquired a Trojan Mini-Motor, and this was the first cyclemotor he restored. Over the years I knew him there were many more, although he would never put an exact number on how many machines he actually owned. If he ran out of storage space he would just build another shed! We would chide him about the number of projects he had on the go, saying he would need to live to 150 to finish them all. We often met at the Kempton Park autojumbles, where he would purchase spares to replace the spares he knew he had but couldn't find. Quite recently he found a Cyclemaster engine he had forgotten about in a drawer in his spare bedroom!

Bev was a great raconteur and would regale us with tales of past escapades, such as the racing Bantam, tuned with advice from Mole Benn and Peter Hogan, that he put together when he was first married. This was assembled in his spare bedroom. When he was trying to get it down the stairs he, er, lost control - the Bantam hooked on the stair carpet and descended on its own, peeling the carpet back as it went! We understand his wife Linda was not pleased. On a personal level, Bev was a great friend to me, giving my family much needed support when I was in hospital with heart trouble a few years ago. For the last 10 years or so a group of us including Bev would meet on a Thursday for a breakfast at various greasy spoons. Our meetings won't be the same without him. Bev leaves partner Marilyn, three sons, Colin, Alan and Neil, and ex wife Linda. **Andy Day**

## Obituary: Jack McAloran 8.7.1932 - 14.4.2020

My father Jack was a lifelong member of the Buzzing Club and he always enjoyed the magazine dropping through the letter box so he could rummage through the for sale and wanted sections to see what tickled his fancy. As we are approaching the first anniversary of my father's passing, I thought writing this piece for a magazine he loved would be a fitting tribute to honour his memory.



From an early age my dad always had a fascination for anything mechanical or electrical which resulted in him having a big interest in all forms of transport. He was a precision engineer with many years of experience and no challenge was too small. He enjoyed having a Jack Russell dog at his heel while enjoying his other pastimes of hunting, wild fowling, fishing and tying flies. When I was growing up, he had sheds around our home packed full of auto-cycles and motorcycles that he had been collecting for years. Some of them cost him £5 to £7 which was probably quite a bit back in the day. The first one he passed on to me was an ABJ with a two speed Villiers engine which don't seem that plentiful today. Some of his favourite models were Excelsior, NSU and Suzuki.

Over the years he spent a lot of his time in his workshop carrying out all types of repairs to road bikes, race bikes and various types of engines for anyone who called at his home. He worked right up until the young old age of 87 - retirement simply wasn't an option! Even in his later years he restored a lot of his bikes which he then was able to enjoy at weekends travelling to various parts of Ireland attending road racing events in the North and South.

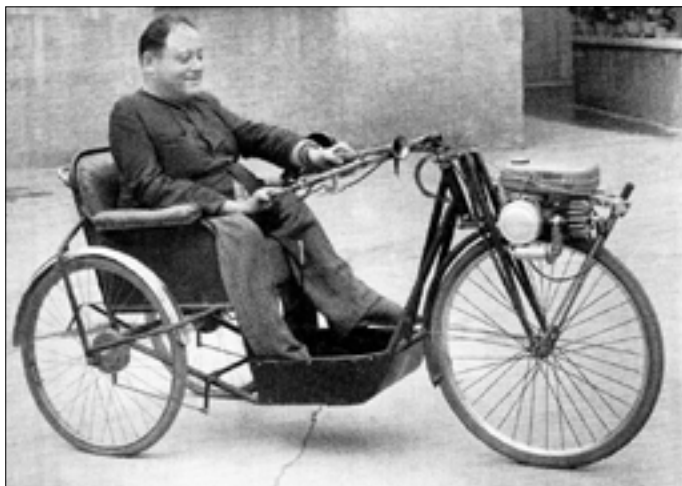
In recent years he devoted most of his time to caring for my mother who had dementia until he himself took unwell. Sadly, in April 2019 dad was diagnosed with oesophageal cancer. He fought hard and despite completing his radiotherapy and various other treatments he eventually succumbed to the illness and he passed away peacefully at home with family by his side on the 14th April 2020. He is sorely missed by his family and the motorcycle fraternity alike. **John McAloran**

## Help Wanted!

**Hello Dave**, after spending many, many years restoring motorcycles, mopeds, autocycles etc. I have finally found one that is beyond me and has tested my diagnosis and restoring skills. The bike in question has a 32cc Cyclemaster engine fitted. I bought this engine from someone who says he fully restores these engines, alas in this case it was not so, amongst other faults it had no HT at the plug. I paid a professional to overhaul the magneto for me, but upon return, still no HT. All credit to this restorer, he had the magneto back again, contacting me a few days later to say he could find no issues with it. So somewhere down the line I must be missing something. I have spent the last week or so fitting, removing, fitting, reading, pedalling and now these 74-year-old legs are protesting like never before. Do you know of anyone in the club who might be able to tell me what I seem to be overlooking? I like to stay environmentally considerate so a trip to the canal is out of the question. Best regards, stay safe. **Trevor Jones**.

## News

**Colin King** sent in a photo from the Trojan Museum Trust of a Mini-Motor powered invalid carriage.... "I would think that a fully-able person might well become disabled after a couple of outings in one.. but would ask Father Christmas for one if I thought there was a chance!" The Mini-Motor unit looks to be a very early Italian-made one (fuel tank pressing in two halves) before Trojan began manufacturing in Britain in 1948. One question - how did he start it!



Committee member Rob Hirons discovered that Peter Lee-Warner's Power Pak Synchronomatic NLT 443 might still be around as a new V5 was issued in 1996! Peter's trip began in March 1953, when he set off from London to ride to Australia "to look it over." Part-way there, he decided to continue round the world, flying to San Francisco, riding across America and taking the Queen Elizabeth liner back to the UK. He covered 13,000 miles without any major breakdowns. Does anybody know the owner or whereabouts of Peter Lee-Warner's Power Pak NLT 443? It could still be out there somewhere...

# The EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

The club does not hold itself responsible for the opinions of its correspondents. Please send all items to Dave Beare, contact details on page 2, and please include your name and address.

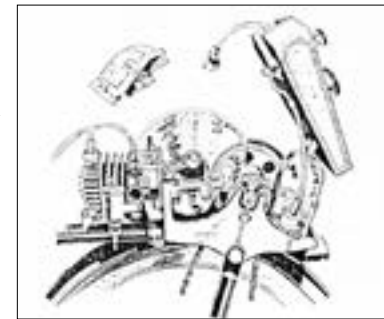
**Dear Dave the Ed,**

Thank you so much for placing the advert in the February issue for my late husband David's books, they sold quickly. It was so nice to chat to the several members who phoned to enquire. I very much enjoyed hearing their various stories and anecdotes, especially the man who was restoring the Bown his father had owned from 1950. Apparently my husband was not alone in his love for Bown. Thanks again to you and your members. **Gillian Neal**

**Dear Dave,**

I really enjoyed reading the article by Derek Langdon on restoring the Simplex and I think I am correct in saying I'm the one who supplied the second engine referred to in the article.

Sometime back I visited the Cycle Museum in Warrington with a dealer friend and we were allowed to have a look around some of the areas not open to the public. It was there I found the remains of Simplex engine, which remained in my garage for a number of years, I kept looking at it trying to think of ways I could do something with it. I even got you to put a picture of the engine in the Buzzing magazine but it all came to nothing. As I was getting nowhere with engine I decided it was time to part with it and sold it to Derek. I'm pleased that Derek has managed to sort it out and get it running on a bike. **Norman Tidd**



**Dear Dave,**

The Chairman's Chat comment regarding the younger generation not riding older machines reminded me that each February in the past four years I have taken my four mopeds to a local infants school for a "Show and Tell" hour. This came about because during the first term of the new year the curriculum includes the subject 'Transport through the ages'. When a teacher asked pupils if they knew anybody who had old cars that could be shown at the school my grandson put my name forward. A teacher contacted me and asked if I could take a moped to the school to show the children.

I agreed to take my four bikes to show, a 1948 Francis Barnett Power Bike 50, a 1953 Power Pak and two Raleigh RM Runabouts. The majority of the children show real interest in the bikes and pass comments such as they look heavy, they are ugly and uncomfortable. Some find it difficult to grasp the concept of a push bike with an engine bolted on the back. But then I get some interesting questions, like how fast do they go, how far do I ride them etc. I think if owners and users of such machines keep youngsters interested and informed, be it by direct contact or via shows and rallies, the youngsters may take up the banner and keep them running. It is with regret that, due to school closures, I will not be taking the bikes to show the children this year. **Stephen Burwell**.



## My First Moped

The first photo is of my old dad Roy, sat upon the little Mobylette in our back garden, it must have been about 1967-68. He sadly passed away last year. The other photo is me, and as you can see from the grass, I've worn it away by constantly riding round and round, much to my Mum's discontent.

I was on my way to school one summer's morning when one of our neighbours, Mr Hutchinson, lifted his garage door. I caught sight of what looked like a motorbike stood close to his garage wall, so I said "what's that?" We started to natter and he told me he would consider selling it, but not to me. He would however consider selling it to my father. I told him Dad would be home from work at 5.30-6.00pm and that we would both be down later.

I don't think Mr Hutchinson thought too much about it, but as soon as Dad got in I pestered him to take me round to the house. He was as pleased as I was when he saw it. The bike was all-black then and a little bit rusty, but all there and it started up so easily. Dad bought it for me, but my Mum went mad, saying I was too young. Dad wouldn't have any of it and let me keep the Mobylette.



sitting on it brings back all those happy days. He is on our kitchen table with me every day - "Happy Days, Dad" - I've always loved old mopeds, from the very first little one to this day.

## Steve Pownall



My uncle Sid, who lived next door but one, was a model-maker for a local shop called Curtiss's. He provided the red and cream Valspar paint we repainted it with, and it looked good.

I had it for many years and just looking at the photo of him

## A Tomos Tale

Along with many Club members, I'm a fan of the Tomos brand. We see beyond the Littlewoods catalogue bike image that tarnished the brand and know what a delight a well-sorted Tomos can be. I currently own three: a 2013 Revival, a 2003 Standard and the subject of this article, a 2014 Racing 45. This is the bike that gets most use and it's been on several runs in the UK and France. It's had a couple of mishaps and bears a scar on the fairing that makes it look like it's lost a fight with Zorro but remains a firm favourite.

Whenever I am asked about them, I say that they give their best when you ride them like you love them, not like you've stolen them. The reason for this is the clutch, which does not appreciate rough handling. It's fine for everyday use but thrash it and you'd better be prepared to get the tools out. Fortunately, spares are readily obtainable from YPV Spares in Ipswich, Tomoshop in the Netherlands and several others.

The Racing 45 was pressed into service on the Headcorn Aerodrome run a couple of years ago. On the Saturday ride we visited the Bredgar and Wormshill Light Railway, a fascinating playground for a wealthy eccentric and his buddies who like to play trains. The route took us up Hollingbourne Hill, a ferocious ascent which tested the mettle of young (Lawrence Herring on a Cyclemaster) and not-so-young (Neil Howells on a Bown). We didn't need the official defibrillator for the latter but it was a close thing! The poor Tomos also suffered and the smell of protesting clutch lining was unmistakable.

I continued to use it regularly but the gear change was definitely not right. It would struggle to change and switch between gears unevenly. After a bit of online research, I decided to try a jammer clutch from the Dutch supplier - not cheap but it got good enough reviews for me to take a chance. Dismantling the side of the engine was easy and the old clutch came out to reveal the mess in the photo (next page). No wonder the bike was struggling!

## Nick Devonport







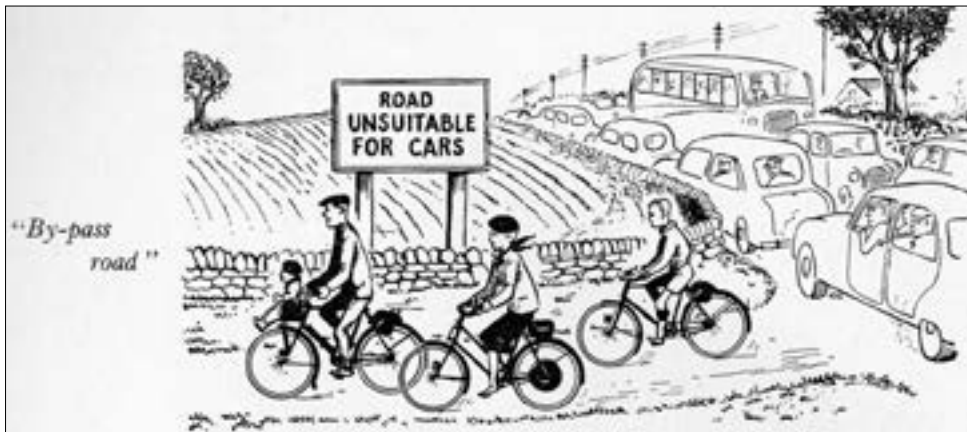
The new clutch needed considerable filing to make it fit and when it slipped onto the splines it wouldn't spin freely. I gave it up as a bad job and returned it - a rogue batch, I suspect, from correspondence with the seller.

The cavalry, in the form of Ian Strangward, rode to the rescue with the recommendation of a Cardiff company called Industrial Friction Materials. This third-generation firm is a major player in the world of brakes and clutches for enormous machinery but John Price puts the same enthusiasm

into the little jobs. We discussed my problem and I sent both clutches for re-lining. It only took a day to strip off the old corks and replace them with a synthetic material containing brass thread. John asked how I wanted the power delivered - at low revs or higher - and skimmed the air gap between the two clutches and the drum to suit my request. The charge for both clutches was a very reasonable £160 all in. In my excitement to get the bike back together, I forgot to take photos but it went together smoothly with a new cover gasket fitted to cleaned mating surfaces and a charge of fresh Ravenol ATF type F. Early impressions are encouraging. The tinny clanging of the original set-up has gone and the Tomos takes off smoothly, the gear changes becoming smoother as the new parts bed in. I haven't tried Hollingbourne Hill again but it's nice to know that the new clutch will probably see me out! John at IFM can help with clutch and brake re-lines so he's worth contacting if you have something obscure that needs reconditioning. Give him a call on 029 2049 9111.



Cartoon from *Power & Pedal*, September 1957.



## Cubs in the Year of the Plague

Phil Nuttall

Twenty twenty has been a strange year in many ways and has provided a whole new vocabulary for most of us. We found that being locked up was actually 'lockdown', that physical separation was 'Social Distancing', that Corona was not a type of beer and that exponential means 'quite fast actually'. All this was 'totally unprecedented' in the year that Phil's nuts fell off in the middle of nowhere. Through it all the step-throughs ploughed on and continued to get us safely home from every trip that we managed to squeeze in between two periods of being locked up and subject to the arbitrary rules for physical separation that were imposed.

Our riding year began in what, with hindsight, was a glorious time of freedom in early January when China was having a minor problem with yet another of their strange viruses which we were assured could be ignored as it would pose no or, at worst, a very minor risk to us. We had an excellent run of over 100 miles covering a great deal of the Peak District from Ladybower to Holmfirth and then via Holme Moss summit to Glossop for 'brunch' and Buxton to Matlock before turning for home. The weather was unseasonably warm and sunny giving no hint of the bleak days to come. One other strange feature of this run was a high level of roadkill - mainly squirrels but with several badgers and rabbits - possibly a dark warning of things just around the next corner.



Dave and Barbara then departed for their Winter Sun break but were forced to rush home as ferry ports were closing rapidly and with little warning. By mid-March it had become clear that the 'innocuous' virus was nothing of the sort and was about to go on a rampage of illness and, sadly, death which no-one (especially those who should have known better) had taken seriously or prepared for. Those of us deemed to be of limited value were placed under house-arrest from the 23rd of March to the 11th of May. Many were ill, many died, businesses were ruined and mental and physical health suffered. On a trivial and selfish note, much overdue repairing was carried out but no riding was allowed. Fortunately for those under house arrest and lucky enough to have a garden the weather was glorious but sadly the best spell of riding weather in years was lost.

Eyam was where we tested ourselves and the little bikes on a quite difficult unsurfaced road. Fortunately, the most severe sections were on a downhill stretch and no clutches were harmed but brakes (and nerves) were tested. We stopped for a physically separated picnic on the natural viewing area outside the Covid-closed Barrel Inn at Breton enjoying sweeping views to the south. A notable feature of this run was the large number of elderly hooligans on high-powered motorbikes and in sportscars, who had apparently forgotten most of their road-sense and seemed intent on refilling ICU beds. We managed to avoid them.

July's run, again warm and sunny, took us further west than we had been for some time. We met at the Ladybower Cafe mobile catering van and then rode via Tideswell and Millers Dale to a stop in the village of Earl Sterndale, close to the Staffordshire border, for our now-traditional picnic on the green outside a Covid-closed pub called The Quiet Woman - the inn sign depicts a woman without a head ("Soft word turneth away wrath"), the story being that a previous landlord had beheaded his wife to stop her nagging! Apparently this ploy had the desired effect but he was subsequently hanged - so not a good plan after all.

The village is also notable for having the only church in Derbyshire damaged by a targeted bombing attack in WW2. We met a very friendly chicken (photo next page - "*Phil can still pull the birds*") who begged bits of picnic - you meet the nicest people on a Honda. We rode home through Bakewell which was packed with visitors intent on ignoring the travel and other restrictions that were in place. As we were running a little early we stopped at an open, but outside-service only, pub for a 'swift half'. I realised that this was my first drink out in 2020.

Somehow we managed to avoid August and our next run was in early September. This one truly was unprecedented and we visited places previously unexplored. The objective was a visit to a Moto Guzzi parts distributor in Slaithwaite (pronounced Sloughwitt) an old, surprisingly quaint ex-mill town in the Colne Valley area of East Lancashire. Our route from the usual meeting place at Ladybower (no cafe again!) via the - appropriately for us - Last of The Summer Wine town of Holmfirth and a return leg over the impressive Wassenden Head Road with views as far as the three peaks of the Yorkshire Dales, we had our picnic at a car park in an area of outstanding national beauty then Stalybridge, Marple, Glossop and home via Snake Pass. A total of 111 miles in sunny, warm, clear but very windy weather.



October saw us have a change of meeting place at Malin Bridge on the northern outskirts of Sheffield then via the beautiful Loxley valley with a short, quite mild off-road expedition towards Ladybower. It was immediately after the off-road adventure that Phil's nuts fell off - a problem that made a great deal of "Must Be Terminal" engine rattle which caused a great deal of head-scratching before a diagnosis was eventually made. We decided to shorten our run fearing the imminent demise of the previously reliable engine and had our picnic on the now closed Mam Tor road close to the Odin Mine in Castleton. The engine had now cooled sufficiently to allow a more detailed examination which to our relief revealed that one of the nuts which holds the exhaust to the cylinder head had completely disappeared and the other was loose allowing the holding collar to vibrate wildly while the engine was running. The remaining nut was tightened and the run continued via Winnats Pass and twisting, narrow lanes to Bradwell and home.



And shortly afterwards (4 November - 2 December) we were all locked up again for another four weeks. Our planned November run was cancelled. The weather was cold and wet, unlike our first lockdown. We resorted to hiding in cold workshops - tinkering with various, generally frustrating projects - at least the loose and missing exhaust nut problem was resolved and all were correctly tightened this time.

In early December Dave suggested that we should have a final run of the year. I looked at the weather forecast, wavered, refused and finally agreed that this would be a splendid idea. And so it proved to be. The proposed route was following beautifully surfaced, single-track roads winding through the beautiful Loxley Valley. The weather was cold and damp and the run was consequently shorter than usual with no picnic, just a very welcome take-away paper cup of hot tea. We parted to take our various indirect routes home with a promise to meet up next year when the virus will be gone, the roads smooth and every day bathed in warm, gentle sunshine.

Strange stats for a stranger year:

Number of runs	7
Number of lockdowns	2 (3 months)
Total mileage covered	596 (longest 117, shortest 60 miles)
Total time out	35.75 hours
Overall average speed	16.7mph*
Breakdowns	1 (Phil's nuts)

\* Average speed last year was 11.7mph. It is unlikely that the cubs and owners, now a year older, are faster, just that the opportunities to enjoy lingering over coffee and cake were far more limited.



**1.Preamble:**

In the October 2020 issue of Buzzing, NACC member Derek Langdon put in a request for a suitable lubricant for the exposed primary gear train drive and chain drive on his 1919 Simplex Cyclemotor engine. This engine develops about 1 Horse Power. I realised that the request had wider application to other NACC machines than just the Simplex cyclemotor. I contacted Derek and offered to undertake some research to find potential solutions. Derek had tried a proprietary PTFE based lubricant solution but it did not have lasting properties. Something more robust was required.

**2. Preliminary work:**

A brief requirement specification was devised, given below, to canvass the lubrication industry:

- Must be applied to a pre-cleaned surface in a standard fashion;
- The machine will be stored in an unheated workshop and / or garden shed;
- Must be able to work in all UK weathers, wet or dry, or a mixture of the two;
- Must not exhibit “fling off” in use to either plaster the machine or the rider;
- Not exhibit Health and Safety risks as an applied lubricant; and
- Be suitable for use on NACC machines.

**3. The Candidate Solutions:**

Manufacturer	Title	Remarks
BP / Castrol	Chain Lube Racing	Aerosol applied – see other notes
Fuchs / Silkolene	Pro Chain	Aerosol applied Graphite lubricant
Morris Lubricants	Chain Lubricant	Aerosol applied, Naptha based and tacky
WD 40	Chain Lubricant	Aerosol applied Chain Wax with added PTFE
Motul C4 White	Chain Paste	Paste in a tube + brush applicator
XCP	Chain “Lube”	Aerosol applied non sticky film
S Doc 100 White	Chain “Lube”	Aerosol applied

**4. Other Notes and Observations:**

**Health & Safety, salient issues:** The solvent used in the aerosols is toxic. Rubber gloves and face masks are required for protection etc. Use outside if possible. Avoid applying the spray to clothing. Once the solvent has evaporated and the lubricant has hardened the lubricant may not be toxic. Data sheets are available from suppliers, with other advice on the can.

**Surface Preparation before application of the lubricant:** Each supplier offers its own aerosol based brand for this purpose. However, Fuchs has suggested the use of a cloth impregnated with white spirit and/or acetone to remove old hard residues. “Masking off” adjacent areas before applying the cleaner or the lubricant is suggested.

**Lubricant application:** Once the pre-cleaner has dried, the lubricant can be applied and about 20 minutes should be sufficient. However, Fuchs suggests leaving it overnight for best results. It is essential that thick layers are avoided as a small quantity is sufficient and the applied thin film will have “anti-fling” properties;

**Corrosion protection:** Most lubricants listed offer corrosion protection including salt spray. “O”, “X” and “Z” ring chains will be protected. See advice on the can.

**Not recommended:** Those solution that are wax-based or tacky as abrasive particulates could become embedded in the applied film causing in-service damage.

**5. Preferred choices:**

The preferred choices are suggested below and for best effect used with the appropriate proprietary pre-cleaner identified by the manufacturer: **BP Castrol Chain Lube Racing, Fuchs/Silkolene Pro Chain; and Motul C4 White.** (This latter solution avoids the need to mask off).

Special Note: Local supply problems may well dictate the ultimate candidate choice.

What sort of insect did Vincent make?

BSA made a bike that did not drink RED BULL, how did it get around? (2 words)

What size was Trojan’s motor?

How many wheels on your bike if you had a Wall Autowheel?

Garelli made a moped you wanted to swat.

Phillips made a moped named after what animal?

Who made the Dandy?

What motorcycle is usually in front of sprinting bicycles?

What dog did Brockhouse make? NSU made a Quickly, but what was Normans answer?

Phillips made a moped that was a real live wire, what was it called?

What colour of pigeon was Mitsubishi moped made after World War 2?

What was Triumph’s little scooter called?

Who had a vision when they made this scooter?

“Will of the... “ from Raleigh?

Jawa’s wild horse?

The English version of the small Di Blasi moped, (two words)

James and KTM both looked to the skies at night for this name?

I hope it didn’t. Tube-framed moped made in Germany between 1953-1959.

A Danish rear-mounted 1950 cyclemotor.

Moped sold as a Panther in Germany, what was it sold as in Britain?

USA- made rear mounted two stroke cyclemotor?

(Answers at the bottom of page 45.)

## TYG 218 Update

Dave Watson

What a surprise to see a picture of TYG 218 and read Phil lamenting about selling it in the December 2020 edition of Buzzing. Fast forward to August 2017 when I went to Wellingborough to buy a Norman Autocycle and Cyclemaster in fun-size bits. The seller must have thought I might as well try to sell some other stuff now, and me thinking I am here I might as well buy some more stuff now!

The mighty Berlingo was loaded just leaving room to squeeze a Wisp in that I had bought from chairman Devonport that was being collected at a pre-arranged point just off the M1, him returning south after a committee meeting.



First thoughts were; I would quickly be able to sort this, but how wrong I was. If Phil thought his old-style New Hudson was bodged this restyled was the mother of! Silver paper in the front light for the rusted away reflector, older knackered 2F engine with a barrel from a 1F, carb from a lawnmower, cables bodged, silencer bodged, tank and engine cover mountings bodged, wrong rear light, pedal-crank arm bent, need I say more.....



Three years later, with different wheels and tyres and most of the other jobs sorted (just the lights to wire up) it is now presentable and living a semi-retired life with its retired owner and several siblings in the Norfolk Broads area - (see photo next page).

Phil may not like the next bit! I just want two buyers to start a bidding war on the transferable registration number

and then he could possibly revise his “worst selling decision ever” comment, but that would require an MOT and I don’t go there.



## Make Do & Mend

Paul Hopewell

By way of introduction, I’m a retired machine operator with over 30 years experience working for a turbo generator manufacturer, from machining tiny special bolts through to cathedral-sized components. For the past six years I have been building and equipping a workshop with the express intention of making or repairing one-off items for special/classic/vintage cars and bikes, even machine components.

I spend a lot of time making such components, all ‘one offs’ as a rule, but have to be careful for obvious reasons, so state that these parts are “Not for Road Use, but for Display Purposes only”. I’m now glad to say that I have a ‘toy box’ that would burst forth tears of joy from the strongest-willed ‘Hobby Hubby’ or ‘Jobber Jill’.

The workshop is 4 metres wide by 11 metres long. It has three levels of security, two power supplies, its own wi-fi and more manual machines than a small factory, though nothing bigger than 1½ hp.

**“The worn-out Bianchi Aquilotto drive-roller.”**

The roller is supposed to be a ribbed roller, driving the rear wheel by friction. (contd. next page)





The roller is from a 1951 45cc Bianchi Aquilotto, quite a rare beast in the UK. When this roller was presented to me, the bore and internal spline were in very good order - not so for the outside diameter which was all but worn smooth (below).



In the preliminary conversation and rough measurement, it was presumed that the roller was made in two parts, an inner splined hub and an outer toothed sleeve, presumably pressed on. With no promises made, I agreed to get on with it.

I placed the roller between drifts in my Mk.1 press, commonly-known as an engineer's vice, and after as much grunting as I could afford, I broke out an accessory that should surely break free the bonds of friction between the two apparent components - the blow torch. After a slight change in colour I gave in to investigatory surgery. The hacksaw soon revealed that the two components were in fact one casting. The solution was to machine the outside skin from the roller and reduce the outside diameter to a size that would barely hide the saw mark.

After making a toothed sleeve, I would effectively be able to repair the roller. To hold and drive the roller true to the splined bore and recess, I needed a mandrel...so I made this my first task. The mandrel was made from a bit of 19mm (3/4") bar 125mm (5") long and I turned 4 spigots onto it, two for the roller support and the other two to assist in clamping and re-truing. The hub had a good fit and was soon machined down to 35mm diameter ready to accept the toothed ring. A toothed/slotted ring was the next item on the agenda but I hadn't bought anything special to make it with. As it happened, I had a piece of stainless-steel bar end that fitted the bill perfectly.

The bar was trued up in the lathe and then transferred to the milling machine whereupon a dividing table would provide the indexing for the 23 individual 35mm long holes, copying the pattern, spacing and number of original slots before I removed the last remnants.

Right- turning down the old roller.

The trick with drilling long straight holes in this case was to use a rigidly setup machine and index the work piece under it, while using quality drills. Firstly, I used a 4mm centre drill to spot drill all 23 holes to 5mm deep, then fully drilled through with a 4mm cobalt drill. After this, the material looked like a 23-bullet revolver chamber (below).



Back at the lathe the bore was roughed out to near size. With the inside roughed out, the outside diameter was machined to reveal the 23 new slots, before finishing the bore to 0.3mm (0.012") smaller than the machined hub.

After a 'well-earn't' mug of Yorkshire's finest, the splined hub was cut away from the excess still held in the jaws.

Getting the two parts to stick together is potentially hazardous - the problem is that to get the outer ring to fit on to the hub requires the ring be heated so that the ring expands to a greater size than the hub. A quick pre-test confirmed that the hub should indeed fit the ring. When the time came to unite the two parts, the ring was placed on a metal plate that had already been pre-heated. The ring was then gently heated to a bronze/brown colour and the hub dropped straight in.

Soon, the two parts had grabbed and become one and after a short spin in the lathe it was trimmed and skimmed to size. After a bit of fettling, it looked like new and could be returned to the rightful owner.

Right, the finished roller - My Precious!

I have a YouTube channel and a website. I broadcast on YouTube under the name of 'the shed dweller' and my website address is 'thesheddweller.com' where you can obtain plans, see my workshop etc. Please leave feedback.



## Jacques Tati & Jour de Fête

John Redding is an acknowledged Jacques Tati fan - Tati was a French-born mime-artist, film-maker, actor and screenwriter, who is best known for the wry slapstick humour encapsulated in his work. He made just seven feature-length films: *L'École des Facteurs* (The School for Postmen 1947), *Jour de Fête* (The Big Day, 1949), *Les Vacances de Monsieur Hulot* (Monsieur Hulot's Holiday, 1953), *Mon Oncle* (My Uncle, 1958), *Playtime* (1967), *Trafic* (Traffic, 1971) and *Parade* (1974).



The story-line of *Jour de Fête* is that of an inept rural postman (played by Tati) who encounters a travelling fair setting up at Sainte Sève-sur-Indre (a village in central France not far from Poitiers) where the film was made in 1949. The postman indulges in too much wine at the fair, then watches a documentary at the cinema marquee on the US Postal Service, which included using helicopters to deliver mail. Determined not to be outdone by the Americans, the French postman devises methods of delivering post on his rounds at high speed, with unexpected and hilarious consequences.

Tati took refuge in Sainte Sève-sur-Indre after being demobilised from the French Army, following the invasion of France by the Nazis in 1940.

*Jour de Fête* was shot simultaneously in black and white and colour, but the Thomson colour system couldn't produce enough film copies, so it was released in black & white only. The colour version has been restored and is on DVD from the British Film Institute.



## Autocyclus

John Redding's enthusiasms for Jacques Tati and France led him to visit Sainte Sève-sur-Indre to see where Tati's *Jour de Fête* was made, after attending the Coupe Moto Légende at Montlhéry in 2000 and before heading for Sars Poteries the following weekend. The central "Place" is seen below.



Tati's second film, *Les Vacances de M. Hulot*, is a superb send-up of Frenchmen and women on their annual August summer holiday by the seaside, lampooning hidebound political & social classes. It was shot mainly at Saint Marc-sur-Mer, a seaside village in the Loire Atlantique region, and the hotel where M. Hulot stayed, l'Hôtel de la Plage, remains open to this day as part of the Best Western hotels chain.





## A Cucciolo on the Isle of Man Philippa Wheeler

It was probably 1993 and the faithful Morris Minor van was standing on Princes Dock on Liverpool's waterfront, amongst the Godly who were about to embark on their annual pilgrimages to the Island for the Manx Grand Prix. A pilgrim wandered over and put his head through a side window. Whass the bike? - looking at my race bike. There's three was the response. His friends, glad of a diversion as they waited for the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company to allow them to board, joined him. So there were three: the Ducati Mk3 race bike and its stablemate, a cruelly-labelled 24 Horas [hours] made by Ducati's subsidiary in Spain, popularly known as the 24 Horrors (left).



Someone had imaginatively tweaked it and, while not quick, it was if anything steadier over the TT Course bumps. The third machine secured against the side was my Cucciolo. The conversation ended abruptly as everyone scrambled to board.

A few hours later and I was driving down Douglas's Prom and up to Onchan. I was lucky in having relatives living up near Signpost Corner so I had the benefit of full board and a garage

to work on the bikes as necessary, and the Cucciolo was the perfect transport to and from the race paddock. Competitors could, for a small sum, take out insurance and travel to and from the practices and race on their race bike, with their race-plate and number serving as a temporary registration.

These were the days of early morning practising which started as it got more or less light. Jean and Dave lived at the top of Wybourn Drive, which was very convenient for an early morning rolling-start with the racers, though I doubt residents appreciated the noise of open exhausts.

Formalities over, I rode the Cucciolo back to my temporary home. All I had to do now was stay on the bikes and do the qualifying laps at the required speed, which was then around 80. You could do it on a five-speed Mk3 Ducati (opposite page photos), but probably not on one of the earlier four-speeders, so after all that trouble and expense it must have been heartbreaking not to qualify. At the best anyway I was one of those who made up the numbers but with never a chance of anything more than finishing the course within the rules.



When the silverware was handed out to the stars at the presentations, we also-rans were given a rather nice enamelled medal bearing the Manx Triskele, the three legs of Mannin, as well as a lapel badge declaring you had qualified to start, some consolation for those who failed to finish. One year tends in memory to merge into the other four of the early nineties.

There was also for a time an annual event called the Lap of Honour for past riders, sponsored by manufacturers like Honda and Moto Guzzi. I think it was on one of those closed-road events that I entered a Cucciolo - engine 265581, I seem to remember. The full lap started from the time-keepers box on Glencrutchery Road but Veteran machines and my solitary cyclemotor were started from the top of the Cronk y Voddy straight and finishing in Ramsey town, thus avoiding the steeper climbs. It was an inspiring sight, watching the Vintage Clubs' best hurtle by before the rope barrier was lifted and we followed in their wake. Conditions were perfect, even a following wind.

The quicker Veterans soon left me behind as the Cucciolo's speed was about 35 until I reached the top of Barregarroo. This corner was always something of a test of nerve on a race bike; a left-hander at full-chat and then a long, steep descent to another but blind left-hander, where all that could be seen was a white-painted wall. You had to believe that if you put the bike in the right spot you would bottom-out but get round. The Cucciolo wasn't going to do that but it needed close attention to the ladies Raleigh Sports bicycle because the digital speedo was showing 50mph, thanks to top gear on the Sturmey Archer and top gear on the motor, effectively giving it an overdrive.

Looking back, I think I felt rather safer on the race bike! The Cucciolo did attract a lot of interest; a later generation found it hard to believe their latter-day rocketships had anything in common with a clip-on, be it ever so ingenious.



## Small Adventures with a Tiny Honda Cub, contd.

Other rides that stand out for me have been over the Humber Bridge (free to motorcycles) and trips to Newark Autojumble. On one of these Dave became increasingly neurotic about his 'disintegrating' engine –subsequently found to be a loose engine-mounting bolt. There have been several memorable trips over the Cat and Fiddle (A537) to the Cheshire/Staffordshire side of the



Peak District - an area that is a particular favourite of mine. At this point I must mention the excellent free pocket size books produced by several Road Safety Partnerships, which list the most dangerous motorcycling roads in their area. These have become to me the Cub equivalent of the old Ian Allen train spotting books and a self-imposed challenge is to ride all the roads detailed. Incidentally, Snake Pass always ranks very high on the list of dangerous motorcycle roads although I think it may

be the victim of data misinterpretation as, in simple terms, the more bikes there are on a particular stretch of road the more motorcycle accidents there will be – it can be scary in places though. Cat and Fiddle held the distinction for several years but since the introduction of 50mph average speed cameras (not a problem for Cubs) the number of bikers and motorists has noticeably fallen. Last time I visited the famous Cat & Fiddle Inn (the second highest in England) it was closed and surrounded by fencing. I hope this is only a temporary closure as this iconic inn is too good to lose.

### COAST TO COAST (C2C)

**483 miles in four days**

I have only actually done one Cub-mounted multi-day trip, which was the Coast-to-Coast run between Hartlepool on the North East coast and Whitehaven in Cumbria. A run, which the NACC organises on an annual basis. This run is held over two days with an overnight break in Alston in Cumbria. As I have no trailer (or more specifically no towing ball) it was decided that the trip would be a home-to-home undertaking. Being a softie, I decided to do this as a four-day trip: Day one was home, North of Chesterfield, to Thirsk, guided as far as the outskirts of York by my son on his scooter. I stayed overnight in an excellent B&B just outside Thirsk. I had a cottage annex all to myself with covered secure parking for the C90 round the back. I had a very good Fish and Chip supper at the local pub all washed down with a couple of pints of Black Sheep Best Bitter and so off to bed early. I had told my hosts that I needed an early start in the morning and that I would be quite happy to forego the second B of B&B. They insisted that I should have at least a small 'bite' to set me on my way. This actually was a Full English Breakfast minus the bread rolls because the local baker didn't open at 6am – Yorkshire hospitality at its best.



*Above, assembling for the 2007 Coast-to-Coast - all photos courtesy of Philippa Wheeler.*

I met Dave at the market place in Thirsk at 7am. He had ridden up from Barnsley, leaving home at 5am. We headed North up the A19 which was fortunately early Saturday quiet. The section past the massive chemical works complex in Middlesbrough where the road becomes six lanes wide at one point was particularly 'exciting'. The traffic was beginning to thicken up by this time and seemed to attack us from every angle. Fortunately we were soon well clear of Middlesbrough and managed to fit in a toilet stop and fluid replacement with coffee for us at one of Ronald's 'Golden Arch' cafes and petrol for the bikes of course.

A large group of assorted small capacity bikes had assembled by the time we reached the meeting point to start the C2C. I had a feeling we were looked on rather as wimps for riding such 'large capacity' machines – despite the fact that I had ridden 120 miles and Dave 90 miles completely unsupported to reach the assembly. To be fair, some brave souls were riding 'two-up' on ancient 50cc mopeds, so perhaps they were justified in viewing us as 'Southern Softies'. Conversely, several highly organised teams had arrived in large vans with spare bikes and home comforts – so we could look down on them!



*Above- fish n' chips stop on the way.*





The group set off more or less promptly as and when individuals and groups felt the spirit move them and eventually a chain of riders on a wide range of machines began day one of the crossing. What became apparent early on was that, while many of us have an idyllic picture of Durham as ‘The Land of the Prince Bishops’, in many parts this is true, but many other

parts were showing the signs common to run-down post-industrial areas across the whole of the North. And nobody in power seems to know, care or be interested in addressing this terrible, soul-destroying, wasteful situation. I don’t feel that this can continue for much longer before something explodes in these areas, ignored for so long, making their vote to leave the EU a minor hiccup.

However, the journey soon moved on to beautiful Tees Dale with a stop at High Force waterfall; more a stop for real ale sampling than sightseeing. As we moved off light rain began to fall – I estimated we were only about an hour from the overnight halt at Alston and asked myself “How wet can you get in an hour?” The rain intensified as we travelled and the answer to that question soon proved to be very, very wet. By the time we reached Alston I was soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone. And Alston was largely shut.



Eventually, we found a Tea Shop that was open and had a very welcome hot drink before making our way to our “luxury” accommodation at Alston Youth Hostel. This was my first ever experience of YHA accommodation and I’m sure that had I been 18, rather than mid-60s it would have been fine. The first shock came when the Warden (an appropriate job title) told us that we were in luck because we were in the small dormitory and there were only 8 people in it – EXCUSE ME – have I not got a single room with en-suite?? After selecting our de-luxe bunks and changing into dry clothing, Dave and I went in search of a meal and a drink back in Alston. Most eating-places seemed to be full of C2Cers who had had the foresight to pre-book and there was literally ‘no room at the Inn’. Eventually we found Pie, Chips and Beer at a local pub. When we walked in the locals viewed us with such obvious suspicion that made me think we must have grown several additional heads in the course of the day’s journey. We ate up, drank up and slunk back to our luxury accommodation.

I have rarely spent a less restful night and being locked in a room with seven grown men snoring, talking in their sleep and adding their personal methane contributions to global warming, confirmed to me that I do not ever want to go to prison, in an old people’s home or a multiple occupancy hospital ward. I slipped out of the dormitory as dawn was breaking and had a shower in the communal facilities, where I’m pretty certain I came out dirtier than I went in and acquired a selection of new and previously unknown fungal infections. I went outside into the pale dawn light for some peace and quiet and instantly became the best meal that I imagine Alston mosquitoes had enjoyed for some time. I returned to our cell and packed ready to be off as quickly as possible – I suspect not very quietly or with good grace.



The participants assembled in Alston on the morning of day two in various states of preparedness for the ride west. The route from Alston begins with a long, steep climb to Hartside Café, which claimed to be the highest café in England with spectacular views on a clear day. This may or may not be true but when it’s misty the view presents an excellent opportunity to view, well actually, mist. Unfortunately, last time I visited the café it had been badly fire damaged and its future seems uncertain. The climb to the top of Hartside Pass certainly justified the scorn that those mounted on ancient mopeds had shown us and the power of the Cubs certainly proved to be a boon to those of us who are weak and/or lacking in moral fibre.

The superior brakes on the Cubs were also a major plus point for the descent to the West. Several cyclists were climbing the Western slope, they surely had cause to scorn anyone with an engine – all credit to them and I'm sure they would have enjoyed their overnight rest at Alston Youth Hostel. The remainder of day two of The C2C seemed to pass in a blur of tired travel. My main memories are spectacular scenery as we traversed the Northern Lake District, the lunch stop at a pub where the landlord forced us to sit outside the boundary wall unless we bought a meal from their Sunday menu and the constant quest for toilets and petrol.

The weather also deteriorated as we moved west and by the time we arrived in Whitehaven we had the traditional Lakeland cold drizzle. I had also noticed that as we approached the coast the appearance of the surroundings had, once again, moved from spectacularly beautiful to depressingly run-down, although some parts of Whitehaven were showing positive signs of attempts at revival.



Being on our “powerful” machines we were among the first to complete the crossing and agreed that although we would have loved to stay to welcome the main peloton home we had a long ride ahead of us and time (and hence daylight) was running short; Cubs on fast roads in the dark are no fun at all. Our route out of Whitehaven reversed part of the C2C and we greeted several inbound riders. We began our southerly course across the Lake District, initially using narrow, gated roads but eventually joined the main roads south, which were heavy with holiday traffic. I suppose we maintained a good pace with both our speedometers showing over 50mph at times.

We made a quick stop for a very civilised pot of tea at a Little Chef just after Kendal. When we reached Skipton, Dave turned south towards his home near Barnsley and I went east to my daughter's house in Leeds where, in total contrast to the Lakeland weather, a barbeque was in full swing in the warm evening sunshine. After a most pleasant evening my wife and I blagged a bed and I spent a far more peaceful and restful night than the previous one. Next morning my wife returned home in the car with most of my luggage and I had an easy ride home via Wakefield. The total mileage for the weekend stood at 483.

## Bookworm

The Stinkwheel Saga, Episode 2 v3, David Beare & Philippa Wheeler, ISBN 0-9547363-1-1, first published 2008, reprinted 2021, Stinkwheel Publishing. 244 pages, A4 format with Index, £30 + £4 p&p.

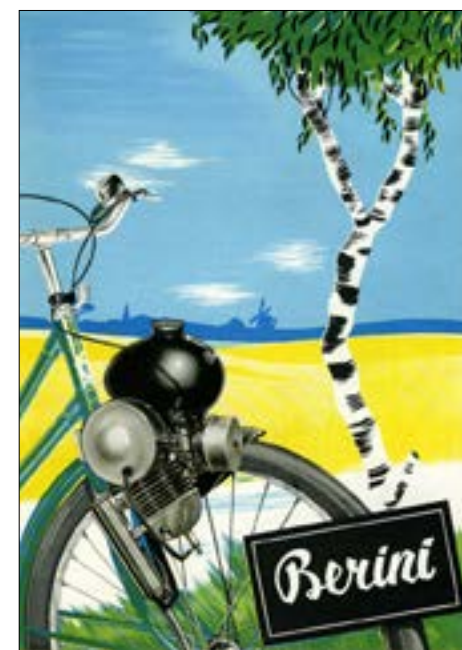


The two Stinkwheel Saga books studying cyclemotors have been around for a long time now; Episode 1 was first published in 2004, the second volume, Episode 2, came out in 2008. Both are now available as updated 3rd edition reprints, thanks to digital printing technology. The text and layout of Episode 2 v3 have been improved with additional information and new images, some of which are now in colour as they were originally. A limited number (50) have been printed, so get your updated Episode 2 v3 while stocks last!

Both Stinkwheel Sagas are now regarded as standard reference works on cyclemotors - high second-hand prices are asked on eBay!

Episode 2 v3 covers the late arrivals, no hoppers, home-built and ephemeral imports - though many of these were very successful in their homelands - and are of great technical interest. Makes studied are: Cymota, Berini M13, Teagle, Lohmann, ABG-VAP, Tailwind, Busy Bee, Itom, TI Powerwheel, Ostler, ABJ Autominor, Bantamoto, Bikotor, Bugatti T72 and Hudspith Steam Bicycle.

Both Stinkwheel Sagas can be ordered online from: [www.stinkwheel.co.uk](http://www.stinkwheel.co.uk) with payment by cards & PayPal, or post a cheque for £34 (made out to Stinkwheel Publishing) to Treddol, Chirbury Road, Montgomery SY15 6QW, Powys.





## What did you do in the war Grandad? Ted Bemand



### A good question young Jack.

Many years ago your Mum asked her granddad the same question, after looking through his 1930/40s Far East photo album. One of his comments was “the enemy were like robots, just kept coming at us....they never surrendered.....fanatics”.

Today’s enemy does not wear any uniform, like you see soldiers on TV or in computer games, in fact a million of them could hide on the point of your pencil. They sneak into you on the air you breathe and can seriously mess with your insides, really bad guys. This is truly a world-wide war Jack, and you young ones are going to pick up the bill!

### Anyway, I’m rambling on...

So what did I do? Well, your Nan and I couldn’t go to France on holiday or, as it got worse, go anywhere else. No birthday parties with you, or your cousins. No Wobbly moped rides! And daytime TV with a packet of chocolate digestives were thin as we grew fat. But I had a cunning plan.

For years while on holiday I had been ‘promenading’ at *vide-greniers* (street markets) as the French do, and when your Nan wasn’t looking I was buying those funny VeloSoleX mopeds, many of them scruffy and without engines!

One, a very rusty bike, the seller probably found with a magnet, maturing in a canal! At other *vide-greniers* SoleX engines were found - the sellers comment “*moteur blockay*” or “*compression... non*” was a good point for haggling. All purchases were then ‘dismembered’ at the holiday cottage and brought home in the car boot. A good French friend also found a couple of tidy examples, dismantled them and sent them in a tea-chest from Grenoble!



### So, the plan.

With five Solex 3800s to refurbish, a factory like system was put in place. All the engines were appraised, stripped, and assessed for parts - a small note book was soon needed. A shopping list was made and initial orders sent to UK suppliers, but because they only carry a limited range of parts, to a couple of French dealers too. While waiting for these parts the frames were attacked. Note; the registerable frame number on a 3800 is on the down-tube from the headstock to the pedal-crank boss.



Later SoleXes, (made in the 70s) seem to have used a new paint process; it automatically flakes off in sheets as it gets old. So, with only the older machines worth preserving as ‘original’, the disc sander soon had the bare metal exposed on the others, followed by etch primer, primer and black rattle-can gloss. Having used 14 such cans to ‘titivate’ my Dyna Panhard, I was competent in getting the best out of rattle-cans. Assembly of the frames followed and lots of funny shouldered bolts needed to match up the dish/cupped frame sections - good fun sorting this out!



With the engine parts arriving, the first ‘original’ bike was assembled. Note; as all the bikes needed to be NOVA certificated and then on to DVLA for registration, no road testing could be done. I made a rig to mount engines on and ran each one up on the bench. The sale of this first bike pump-primed the parts purchase of all the other machines. Bikes 2, 3 and 4 were then completed. One brave Wirral Wobbler reserved one - seeking a more sedate steed?



For those unfamiliar with the Solex weir carburettor; they either run flat-out, using all of the up-to 1bhp (on a very good engine), or tick over when the front brake is on and a linkage to the air/fuel valve shuts it down to minimum supply. 3800 models have a crude twist grip throttle, a plastic tube with an internal ramp moving a skinny zinc-metal cam pulling the fuel valve cable open, cancelled when brake lever pulled. Calling it flimsy would be a compliment!

Setting up all the cables (they pass through the handlebars) is fiddly, as is correctly locating the many special shouldered bolts that enable the whole motor to slide up and down to meet the tyre - a very French system. I then tackled the 5th Solex, another 3800 - my own UK registered machine, dry stored for 15+ years with a 'blockay' engine. New rings and some re-polishing of the bore sorted this one out. Both my sons-in-law expressed mild, perhaps 'diplomatic' interest in having one of the restored machines and riding with me/the Wobblers - probably wishful thinking!

One hiccup - a French moped parts dealer, (let's call him 'Le Plonker') would just not communicate regarding my orders placed during November/December 2020, finally invoicing me on 4th January 2021! We were now in the Brexit zone... I paid immediately but a month later still no communication or goods, despite many emails from me and from some French friends.



Finally, a poke with a sharp stick (called a Visa dispute) resulted in funds back in my bank within a week. With many parts from dealers now listed as 50% more expensive, plus a postage loading, an extra dollop of VAT and there is still UK tax to pay on arrival, I fear the restoration of classic European vehicles will become far less attractive.

**(Editor) Get off your soapbox Granddad and get back to the tale!**

OK, and now for something completely different. A couple of years ago on my annual visit to the Loheac (Brittany) motor museum's autojumble - a bit like the Beaulieu autojumble - I found a well-abused Mobylette AV42, with 'moteur blockay', so 50 euros bought me many more hours of potential fun! At the same event I found two more Mobylette engines, one being a Variomatic. Not knowing much about the marque I later discovered neither was a direct swap. However, I decided to do a full rebuild on the Vario engine, assuming it would be swappable. Well, so far, no.

Jack.....Jack, wake up boy ....you did ask what I did during the Covid-19 war, and there is more... As well as the Mobylette there is the 1954 German REX, and the NSU 'F', and the 1951 Gitane OH, and a MS50 Puch.....Jack.....Jack .....damn, the boy has gone out to play! (To be continued)

## A Mercury Dolphin

John Burgess

I was interested in Alan Dodridge's letter (Buzzing, February 2021) and thought you might like to see my Mercury Dolphin, bought in boxes of bits three years ago (right) and now finished, just waiting for the seat to come back from the trimmers (below).



I also have a Mercette and a Hermes (below right), plus a rather sad Hermes has also ended its days with me as a spares source (below left).





## The Cymota Mk. 6 - part 2

Nigel Pearson

(Continued from Buzzing, February 2021) Next came the tricky bit. The bearing on the flywheel side was exceptionally tight and took several attempts to draw everything together along the crankshaft. You have to be careful not to damage the HT connection when the two halves come together, and that's easier said than done. Finally bolt on the crankcase door, followed by the barrel and then the cylinder head. Assemble the fuel intake housing and carb and mount onto the side of the cylinder, followed by the transfer port cover to the front of the cylinder and finally the exhaust housing to the rear. (Below, the Mk.1 is on the left, the Mk.6 on the right)



We now have a complete Mk.6 Cymota again (phew). According to Cymota instructions ignition is 19thou BTDC, some others have said it should be 12thou. I have set it by eye and I will let you know the outcome. A quick spin of the flywheel confirmed we had sparks so I am not expecting problems in the electrical department.

The Mark 6 Cymota is a very rare model and I'd love to know if any more have survived. Please feel free to contact me by email at [nigel.pearson@btinternet.com](mailto:nigel.pearson@btinternet.com).

If you have one maybe we could meet up in a field and you could show me yours and I could show you mine. Err, actually, that sounds a bit dodgy, let's just keep it to email. It is now my intention to restore the tinware and then get it up and running.

So until next time, cheery bye. (To be continued)

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