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The

Buzzing Club®



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General enquiries via email; please contact hello@thebuzzingclub.net. Items for the December 2020 magazine to be sent to editor@thebuzzingclub.net and reach Dave at Buzzing Production well before Friday 13th November 2020, as by that date 99% of the magazine will be finished.

The front cover photo of this issue is our late Chairman, Ray Butcher, riding his Honda SGX50 scooter on the 2015 NACC National Rally. Ray died on 31st July, his obituary is on page 7.

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 the Membership Secretary (see previous page) or downloadable from our website 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 Sjællands Veteranknallert Klub Denmark and the British Two Stroke Club.



Club Insurance

Full and Associate members of the NACC can benefit from our Footman James NACC Insurance Scheme, offering a range of policies to suit Autocycle, Cyclemotor and Moped owners, including those riding sub-50cc machines on full car licences without a motorcycle licence or CBT. Please quote your membership number when contacting **Footman James** on **0333 207 6101**

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

<http://thebuzzingclub.net> Our new site has up-to-date news on upcoming events, events calendar, club activities and shortly a new forum. 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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Obituary: Ray Butcher 8/9/47 - 31/7/20

Ray was a true “gentleman” in every sense of the word. Throughout his time as Chairman of the NACC, whether chairing Committee meetings or hosting an AGM, Ray was always prepared to listen to arguments for and against any proposition. He was calm, reflective and rational, never losing his equanimity or sense of humour - whatever his personal view on a subject - while others around him might be losing theirs.

He saw through biased opinions with honesty and could weigh pros and cons even-handedly. He listened, thought through what was going on and would give a reasoned judgement. While he was in hospital in late June he managed to participate in a committee Zoom meeting, despite undergoing treatment for his illness, and made his views known to us.

Ray had a collection of high-quality small and large bikes and was a regular participant at NACC National Rallies.

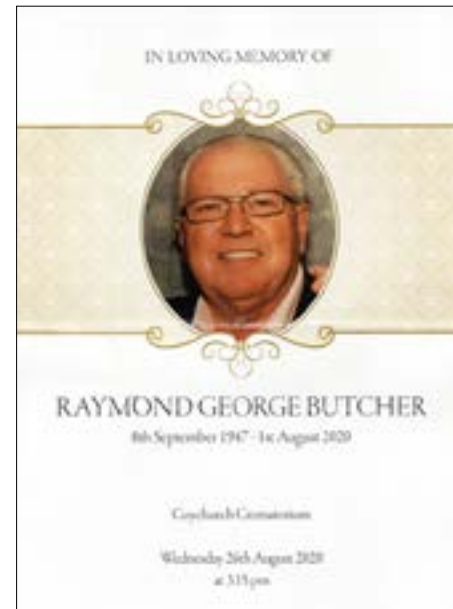
He often rode out with members of the Vale of Glamorgan Section on the (usually cold & wet) St. David’s Day Dawdle, as well as the VMCC Cyclemotor Section’s Welsh Run from Abergavenny, accompanied by his many friends from the NACC and VMCC.

Ray was born in Cardiff in 1947 and completed his education there. On leaving school he joined a local company, John Williams Windows, manufacturers and fitters of double-glazing units, learning a great deal about the trade, such that he started his own business at age 23, Ace Windows, in partnership with a friend. The business was successful, if demanding, and may have sparked Ray’s interest in using his engineering talents for his next venture, as a self-employed locksmith, which kept him busy for the rest of his working life. He was married and has one son, Steve.

Continued on the next page.



(Ray is seen above left, with Bob Jeffcoat at Stafford, October 2019, photo Nick Devonport)



Steve Butcher wrote the following poem for Ray’s cremation service:

**I’m an individual person;
I’m not to everyone’s liking,
I’ve never claimed to be.
I’m an individual person,
That’s just me.**

**I’m not here to be a follower,
I’ve never claimed to be.
I’m an individual person,
That’s just me.**

**I’m an individual person,
For better or worse,
My persistence and stubbornness
Is surely my curse.
I’m an individual person,
That I can say for sure.
My love, strength and value
Is surely my cure.**

Music played at the service: Gimme Shelter/Rolling Stones; Have You Ever Seen The Rain & Bad Moon Rising/Creedence Clearwater Revival.



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.

Dave,

Something other members might be interested in; I've created CAD files of the Cymota backplate, engine plates and fuel tank, and had a set replicated for me (pictures below). I'm happy to pass the files to anyone who wants to get a set laser-cut or my professional welder friend could make up more if required. If anyone is interested they can get in touch. I've yet to fit a cowling to the backplate as I don't have one but I've had an offer of a loan to copy from and the measurements are within a couple of mm, so hopefully no fit issues. Next step is to make a cowling...unless anyone has one, however poor? Thanks to Nigel Pearson for loan of originals to scan. Regards, **Alex Meek**. alex@team-meek.com

(Alex has already tested his Cymota engine, jury-rigged to a modern bicycle, right. Below is his repro fuel tank.)



Right -the repro Cymota engine mounting plates.



Right is Alex's repro engine backplate.

Dear Dave,

The front cover of the August 2020 "Buzzing" showing a picture of the short-lived BSA Dandy brought back memories of an encounter way back in the mists of time.



We had just bought a brand new Wimpey semi-detached house on a building site and ours was the first house sold. As houses were completed, new neighbours arrived. Outside my house was a pile of bricks that had just been delivered, surrounded by cement mixers and piles of sand. Two doors up, Roy moved in, with his BSA Dandy. Roy knocked on my door one evening and asked if I knew anything about two strokes.

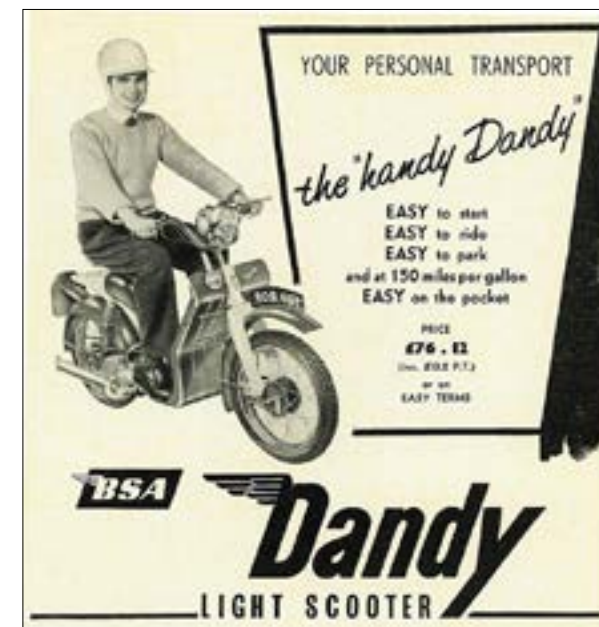
The Dandy apparently lacked power and would I know the cause? Did I? Of course I did, I owned a BSA Bantam D3! He obviously considered me cool, owning such a machine. Spanners out - head off and a de-coke carried out, together with a good poke in the exhaust pipe. All put back together and the Dandy fired up with an improved crackle.

Back in those far-off days and being a bit skint, it was a question of digging the front garden to a fine tilth and sprinkling grass seed, then pegging out miles of string across it to keep the birds from nicking the seed. The bloke between Roy and me was a bit of a swank, his seeded lawn and string presentation were far better than ours.

As I was the main-man in the evening's engineering endeavour, would I like to test the said machine? The road opposite went around a block so I went anticlockwise, then back up our road. Enough distance to test the Dandy's improved performance!

Off I went (no helmet in those days) and made a fast approach up our road in the gathering twilight.

As I approached at a good speed to initiate a dramatic arrival I went for the brakes - you've got it - the rear brake pedal wasn't there! My left foot was pressing on nothing... The front brake, now doing it's best, putting the machine into twitching- bronco mode, and the pile of bricks loomed straight ahead.....



I managed to aim for my dropped kerb, shot over Swank's seeded lawn and then across Roy's. As I came to a dramatic stop I was towing two lawn's worth of string and pegs, not to mention the tracks left by the Dandy. I was expecting Swank to appear at any moment to remonstrate, but he didn't. Roy and I then spent a good hour under the cover of darkness raking, pegging and re-stringing. Lessons learned; 1) Don't show off. 2) Always check location of foot brake. (Why did BSA put the brake on the right for the Dandy - who knows?) 3) Always plan an escape route. The next morning I was pleased to see our nocturnal gardening had covered up all trace of the Dandy experience and Roy was pleased with his increased power machine. Regards, **Alan Budd**

Dear Dave,

I mentioned [*in an email*] that I'm now down to one cyclemotor, the best cyclemotor made, the Ducati M55. I bought it in 1985 and only ever seen one other at the 1000 bikes rally at Brands Hatch. I found it at Southport, one owner, with original bill of sale. People get mixed up with the original Cucciolo, which are plentiful. I was lucky enough to speak to a Britax salesman who told

me only a limited number like mine were imported. They fitted the M55 engine to the later moped. Regards, **Jim Waller.**

The photo left is of Jim's Ducati M55 with Webb forks. Below is a copy of the original invoice from Hesketh Cycles at 137 Roe Lane, Southport



The cost of fitting the Ducati M55 engine to a bicycle, plus the Webb forks and various accessories like a speedo, lights, a new saddle, number plates and a tax-disc holder, was £61 6s 11d. Quite a lot of money for 1955 - the Ducati M55 was introduced in June '55. The moped Jim refers to is the Ducati 55E from 1956,



seen left. It featured a pressed-steel backbone frame with the M55 engine unit.

News

A correction: Richard Bennett's report "Laundry May Be Late" in August's Buzzing was entitled "Rev. Richard Bennett." Richard points out he isn't actually a vicar though his article was submitted by 'The Flying Vicar.' This is his nickname, after having marshalled at a Goodwood Revival meeting dressed as the real Flying Vicar, Father Bill Shergold, founder of the 59Club at his church.

Dave Watson provided the answer to the June 2019 front cover conundrum of what, where and when. The photo is of patrolman Johann Mueller in Hamburg, with his police dog Astor in the sidecar. Mueller was given the moped to replace his bicycle but Astor could no longer keep up, so the sidecar was made for the dog. Thanks Dave!

(Photo courtesy Popular Science July 1955 & Walneck's Classic Cycle Trader, May 2002.)



Help needed!

Can anyone help me with the dimensions of the three clutch pushrods for a 1940 Villiers Junior de Luxe engine please? Dave Millington - email dave-millington@hotmail.com

I wonder if anyone can help with coating cyclemotor drive rollers with abrasive grit. I am sure that several members can give good advice. Perhaps an article in Buzzing would help others? Thanks, Ian Harris. email sunbeambod@hotmail.co.uk





The Quickly suffered from niggling problems, mostly caused by mechanical inexperience during assembly. My father suggested I buy a new Honda 50 instead as I needed reliable transport for work.

With a loan from the bank of Mum and Dad, a new E registered C100 was bought and, although mine was the last of the push-rod models, it seemed incredibly advanced and sophisticated after the Quickly.



On the left I am on my new mount, wearing a Littlewoods anorak topped off with an Everoak Corker helmet. I nurtured that Honda, religiously, changing the oil every few hundred miles. It paid off because the little bike carried me for 30,000 miles over a six year period, when I moved up a Honda CD175, which is still used. Happy days!

Thanks Ken and Jim for sharing your memories of youthful exploits on two wheels. We probably all started our motorcycling lives on something very second-hand and unreliable, it was all we could afford at the time. My first mount was a ratty VéloSolex S2200, soon followed by a Lavalette-engined Paloma moped (photo next page), which I fitted with drop handlebars, a dual-seat and rear-mounted foot pegs. I thought it looked very cool like that....

As sold, the Paloma was restricted to 30kph (18mph) by fitting a small-bore carb and inlet pipe, plus an inlet-port restrictor ring. The ring was duly removed, a big-bore carb and inlet pipe were bought and from then on it went much, much better. I soon got busted for doing a lot more than 30kph, by two traffic cops in a VW Beetle....Ed.



The Midwife-The Birth-The Infant. The Story of the Thames Valley Group. Colin King

The cover of the August 1997 edition of Buzzing came in a faded shade of violet and featured a monochrome photograph of Peter Crowder cornering at speed on a BSA Winged Wheel. Inside could be found several pages of bargains in the For-Sale section and a pair of articles by Dave Stevenson informing us about LUSTY LINDY and MY FIRST TIME. However, on page 8 in Section News and with the heading BERKS-HANTS-SURREY, was a short article by Lorraine Carter suggesting that there “seems to be a lack of a local group” and that she was “aware of about five Cyclemotorists who might partake in a gathering.” This was great news as, although I had been living in London for many years, the area Lorraine was talking about was “home” - the place of my first 23 years.

Within a couple of weeks Lorraine, Derek, Bernard and I had our first get-together at the Shinfield Bottle Bank and, after a short run, the Thames Valley Group was formed around a pub table - a setting that would provide many happy hours in future years. In December of that first year the four fledgling members of the new bright and breezy cyclemotor group donned festive fancy dress and cruised our catchment area. It was all great fun and from then on we regularly bimbled our happy way around the local lanes and great were friendships formed.

(cover photo courtesy John Tickell)





Autojumbles became truly exciting places to spend a Saturday, but we needed to spread the word and expand into the unknown world of an event. We wanted an entry in the NACC events calendar.

The four of us (left to right - Colin, Lorraine, Derek & Bernard) had come together from various angles. Lorraine and Derek had been involved in many aspects of motorcycling but had just discovered

cyclemotors. Bernard over the years had owned several machines but was now trying to collect an example of every cyclemotor that appeared in *The Pitman's Book of the Cyclemotor*. I was living in London with a lock-up garage that only provided enough space between the front of the car and tea-chests full of junk for something very thin. It was to be a BSA Winged Wheel.

So, we would organise a run, it would be aimed at cyclemotorists, but anything old would be OK. A suitable route with a suitable pub as a venue was found and in the August edition of *Buzzing* we proudly announced our first event - it would be called *The Silchester Saunter* and held on Sunday 13th September. Silchester is the site of a Roman settlement, so a trophy was constructed with that in mind. A plastic beaker was filled with resin and, when ejected, the cone shape was fitted with a pair of mannequin ears and a Roman coin Araldited to it. Barbara's steady hand inscribed "Friends, Romans & Countrymen, lend me your ears" around its base. The TVG had a run and a trophy to be presented to a cyclemotorist for any reason we chose.



Sunday 13th September was a damp day, we sheltered under a tree in the New Inn carpark and hoped somebody might join us. Never has a car towing a small trailer been so exciting as our first participant arrived, then another and another. We started to dream of double figures and a foggy memory believes we might just have achieved that. We would do it all again the following year and, flushed with success, I built a route round my childhood haunts that became *The Odiham Run*.

1999 was a big year for us with a *Silchester Saunter* in September, preceded by *The Odiham Run* in June, which also would have a trophy, in fact two. These were made from a pair of display mannequin hands holding a spark plug, sprayed in Gold [Rover] paint and fixed to a polished wooden base. There would also be a dedicated T-shirt with a cyclemotor theme that would be given away in a free-to-enter rider's draw. The NACC honoured us one year by holding the AGM at this event.

In amongst our own runs we attended runs put on by other sections, the VMCC Cyclemotor Section and, being brave souls, attempted the Coast to Coast on a Trojan Mini Motor, Cyclemaster and Cyclemate.



Over the years we built up a loyal gang of cyclemotor enthusiasts, including such luminaries as Phillipa Wheeler, Tony & Yvonne Brown, Margaret & Tim Bunting, and of course Cyclemotor Familia the Hummerstones. Alan and Robert were key in my early cyclemotor interests. The Winged Wheel that I had bought in the mid-90s was reluctant to liven itself into any sort of usable motion. So, desperate to hear and see such a beast in action, I visited Ladbroke Village Hall on the day of the VMCC Cyclemotor section Cyclemotor Banbury run, organised by "Mr. Cyclemotor" Stan Greenaway, and sure enough there they were - cyclemotors and autocycles that actually started and even moved. Well, most of them.

One in particular refused to start, a Teagle. Onboard was Robert Hummerstone who, like the rest of the riders there, I had never met before, but it was a significant moment. All of the other machines had started and set off on the run while Robert, a biggish lad, continued to pedal back and forth in front of the hall, attempting to start the reluctant Teagle. What struck me was he was smiling the whole time this machine was being awkward. I remember arriving back home and telling Barbara what great people these cyclemotor enthusiasts are, it's a memory that still reappears when one of my beasts is being awkward.



We soon became very involved with our machines and other riders. We visited and exhibited, had Cyclomotor BBQs and celebrated Millenniums, Centenaries, anything else that gave us an excuse to burn 2-stroke mix, even the Kop Hill Climb.

Being cyclomotor-centric and understanding the limitations of small engines and bicycles, we paid great attention to the routes chosen for our runs. Roads had to be quiet and flat. The route instruction sheets in as large a print as would allow a single sheet of A4 to be used. Instructions must be concise. The pub venue must serve reasonable food and have a car park that vans and trailers would not overflow. The method of route instruction sheets was chosen over a follow-the-leader system because we thought there should be a little bit of pioneering spirit, though on occasion it did result in certain riders getting a little bit lost.



The Thames Valley Group never had any hierarchy and all ideas which might improve our group put forward at the monthly meetings were welcomed. A Half-Way Cafe was added to the mid-point of our original Saunter. A catering tent was erected by the roadside and a table with cloth and vase of flowers would add to the array of home baking to be enjoyed. The legendary Derek Carter bread pud was always a favourite, even though in some circles it was known as a Gaviscon Slice. Derek often manned the tea-urn dressed in pinny or tutu.

Later on, and having moved to Wiltshire, the quiet lanes inspired a new event - the As It Was Buzz - a cyclomotor-only run, was created and joined our other events. No trophy for this run but a specially-designed cyclomotor T-shirt presented to the rider who had travelled the furthest to get to the event. Derek Langdon from Nottingham, with John Burgess and Peter Moore from the northern tundra, often being recipients. Being held on the Saturday before the Sunday's Odiham Run and just a one-hour drive between the two, plus having camping and B&B available, allowed for a complete weekend of simple fun.



(Above, the 2015 As It Was Buzz run)

It is almost a quarter of a century since that first suggestion of forming a Section in the Thames Valley, and the happy times that followed. The TVG still occupies a space in the pages of Buzzing magazine and the runs, although changed in format, continue.

Cyclomotoring in the Fifties

Philippa Wheeler

We cyclomotorists of the 1950s are inevitably a diminishing species. Our world of roads with wet, oily wood or stone blocks and impenetrable fogs live on only in the erratic, gilded memory of octogenarians. Nevertheless, an account from those days of a one person, once-only Acle Cyclomotor Speed Trial exists in an old notebook, the worn cover graced by the stylised M of the Matchless motorcycle marque. Fading pencilled notes in barely-legible writing are where this story starts.

For a woman leaving home respectably in the fifties it generally required marriage, university, a religious institution or possibly an asylum. National Service for young men was fast approaching its end and with it that endless supply of manpower. The senior ranks of the Forces were pondering on just how many usefully gullible male or female members of the public could be persuaded to volunteer to fill the ranks.



My father, a First War naval veteran with a deep loathing both of the military and the sea, shook his head in pained disbelief as I caught a train to somewhere neither he nor I had ever heard of, and where the Queen's Shilling was pressed into my eager palm. A rude and noisy introduction to Service life followed on Wilmslow railway station. Shrieks of simulated rage and abuse harried us as we recruits straggled our unmilitary civilian way up to Wilmslow Park Camp. Our kit was in the back a three-tonner, with our civilian clothes already sent home in a brown paper parcel, last relics of our former lives.

The world of foreign adventure suggested by the recruiting literature ultimately turned out to be a concreted labyrinth sixty feet below a Norfolk meadow, above which Radar heads turned slowly over the field. We were conveyed daily by RAF coaches driven from where we lived, ten miles away at a nearby airfield.

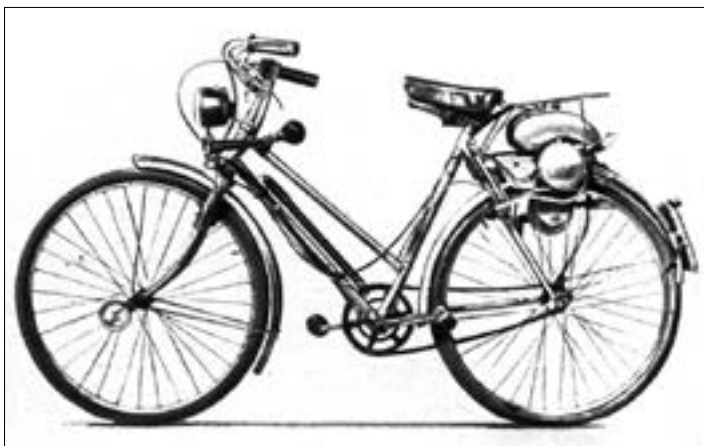


The drivers were two civilian brothers and it became apparent that sibling rivalry played its part in a stern competition for fastest time of the day. I'm not complaining, Henry probably saved my life.

Getting home on leave by steam train cross-country from Norwich to Birmingham was tedious. The answer seemed to be a Bantam. Five and a half hours but a bit less with a following wind. So a bigger bike in the shape of a 1946 Matchless 500 took its place. More parental disapproval. Too big, too fast, and the likelihood was that my riding style would probably lead to tears. Or worse. As it very nearly did when I raced the speeding coach towards a rise in a narrow road. Henry saw in his mirror my impending impact with an oncoming car and braked hard. I just scraped round. So the Matchless and I parted.

Numbers 10 to 12 on Bishop Bridge Road in Norwich were occupied in the later fifties by Ridgeway Motors. Cyclemotors were still an everyday sight on East Anglian streets, but already many languished unwanted on forecourts like Ridgeway's. I bought a very second-hand Power Pak Standard, FCL 977, though like its

Synchromatic successor HVG 314, they are very unlikely to be around now sixty-odd years on. The Matchless meanwhile resided unused on the aerodrome until it could be sold.



Fading pencilled notes record servicing procedures and purchases of Power Pak spares from a shop near Tomblain in Norwich. The Synchromatic seemed to be faster than its Standard predecessor had been, so one evening I rode out to find out, if I could, why?

I chose a mile or two measured from an OS map along that straight flat stretch of the A47 which ends in Great Yarmouth. It was a late evening in June. From Acle village the street lights of Yarmouth could be seen twinkling nine miles away. The wind, a sea breeze, was light. The windmill without sails at Stracey Arms served as one marker, its pock-marked walls mute testimony to the marksmanship of the machine-gunners on departing German aircraft from the still-recent War.



The breeze in my face reduced the speed to a timed 16mph. Downwind flat-out it was a more satisfying 24mph. Before the plug whiskered.

The notebook reminds me that between January and June 1960 the Power Pak carried me almost 1200 miles, quite a chunk of which were two trips from Norwich to Birmingham. I travelled back by train, with the bike stowed in the guard's van amongst the mailbags. Over the same period the fuel consumption was 180mpg and with petrol at 4/6d a gallon on Regular's pay it was cheap, if leisurely, travel. I was a frequent customer for spares though, from gaskets to big-end rollers, all told £4.12s.1d's worth.

It occurred to me recently that I have never been without a cyclemotor from that day to this, though an illness means I cannot ride legally on roads anymore.

Other Power Paks followed in those later years, but none seemed as good as the ones from the years of youth, where the perils of wet tram-lines and greasy granite setts are now almost forgotten. The flattened seat-stays on the 1933 Royal Enfield bicycle, which once belonged to my father and hosted a succession of cyclemotors, are a reminder of Power Pak days past.



It was on the Enfield that I had my only serious accident on two wheels, an over-the-handlebars in a Norfolk lane during an ill-judged and impromptu race with a Cylemaster-mounted National Service airman. Half a century later, with the Enfield now a respected participant in a Veteran Cycle Club event, I was in conversation with Doug Pinkerton of that well-known Midlands family of cycle-builders/collectors/repairers. The Enfield stood against a wall in the courtyard of Hartlebury Castle when Doug remarked that the Enfield "must have had a bit of a clout." He pointed out the backward rake to the forks, a consequence of that accident fifty years earlier, something I had never noticed. Power Paks? Gone, but certainly not forgotten!

Images courtesy Mortons Media Archive and the NACC Library.

Cyclomotor History #2B VéloSoleX Autocyclus



Above, an image from Jacques Tati's 1958 film *Mon Oncle*. Jacques Tati is on an early swan-neck VéloSoleX, with actor Alain Bécourt, playing nine year-old Gérard Arpel, on the carrier.

In September 1955 the old swan-neck frame was replaced by an all-new, largely bolt-together frame of steel pressings, only the round-section main tube being welded to the steering head. The 49cc engine unit remained unchanged for this new 660 model, which remained in production until April 1957. A slightly more ephemeral model followed, the 1010, which had a short 17 month life-span from April 1957 to September 1958. It was the turn of the engine to receive improvements. A new cast-iron cylinder featured Schnürle tangential transfer ports, together with a simple domed-

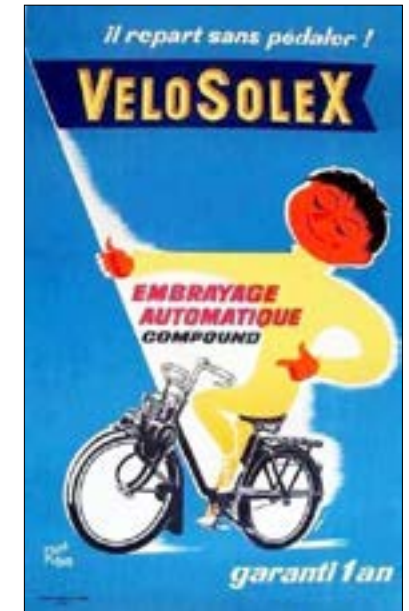


top piston which replaced the previous deflector piston, and a new exhaust with the silencer attached to the front mudguard stay, increased power output to 0.6bhp at 3,000rpm. Despite the short production run, 378,000 Solex 1010s were made.

From September 1958 the new 1400 model took over, featuring smaller 19 x 1¾ wheels and improved brake calipers. The smaller wheels - seen left in Saigon-reduced the overall length by 8cm (3¼in) and made a 1400 a half kilo lighter. This model only lasted just over a year, until October 1959, with about 307,500 made. Major improvements followed in October 1959 with the new 1700.

Until 1959 a Solex rider had to stall the engine when stopping, using the decompressor to restart, which a hot Solex sometimes wouldn't. Mennesson & Goudard were well aware of this problem, so the successor to the 1400 was the 1700, fitted with a centrifugal "Compound" clutch, which used one pair of shoes for starting and engaging drive. Headline is "Restarts without pedalling."

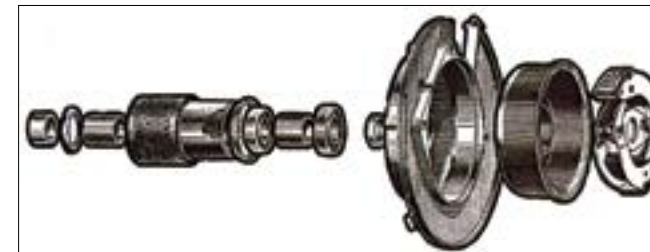
The inclusion of a clutch entailed a redesign of almost the entire engine, from new castings to a new crankshaft. Because the engine could now idle while stationary it became necessary to include some form of fan cooling to prevent the cylinder from overheating in town. This was achieved by casting fins round the outer face of the magneto flywheel, drawing in cool air and blowing it across to the cylinder. The fuel tank was also made wider to balance the engine visually, and now held 1.4 litres.



◀-1 is the piston, 2 the crankshaft, 3 the new clutch and 4 the magneto flywheel. The green part is the roller/clutch drum.

The new 1700 clutch was a revelation for old-model VéloSoleX owners, who could now sit stationary in traffic with the engine running, drawing away with just a couple of digs of the pedals. Power was also increased, up from 0.6bhp of the 1400 to 0.7bhp, still at 3,000rpm. Weight had increased due to the extra machinery for the clutch, from 27.25kg to 28.5kg.

As expected, the 1700 proved very popular indeed, with approx 500,000 being made up to June 1961. Engine numbers ran from 1702029 to 2202000. New VéloSoleX models seemed to have been launched in one to two year cycles, so in June 1961 yet another new version was introduced, the S2200, production starting with engine no. 2202001





Advertising for the S2200 made much of the fact that not only was it a *bicyclette qui roule toute seule* but it would now *monter toute seule* - willingly climbs hills. The S in S2200 stood for *Surcouplé* - with more torque. This was achieved by opening up the inlet port to 7mm so the engine breathed better. Not only that, the spark-plug had migrated on top of the cylinder-head instead of sticking out at the front, so the air-filter housing now covered the plug too. The cover was painted steel instead of shiny alloy. Power remained the same at 0.7bhp, though at the lower rpm of 2,800. Another improvement was linking the throttle to the RH brake lever, so when the brake was applied it decelerated the engine. The decompressor stayed in place.



Improved VéloSoleX models continued to be launched by Courbevoie. After just over a million S2200s had left production lines by October 1964, a successor appeared the same month, the S3300.

Improvements this time were to the frame. Gone was the old round section main tube, in its place was a rectangular-section welded tube, while the rest of the frame was a bolt-together Meccano set of steel pressings. The new rear stays were joined by an entirely new saddle arrangement, pivoted at the front and suspended by a single large spring. No more thinly-padded bicycle saddles! The new S3300 saddle assembly was also adjustable for height via extra bolt holes in the folded steel stays attached to the saddle, instead of a bicycle-style saddle tube clamp.

Other changes included a larger semi-rectangular headlamp, plus the rear caliper brake was replaced by a 70mm drum brake to provide better stopping power, which was always slightly marginal with previous models, especially if the caliper brakes weren't adjusted properly. The fuel tank was slightly enlarged at 1.55 litres and was now made of black plastic with a plastic screw-in filler-cap, instead of the old black-painted brazed steel tank with a zinc-alloy cap. The engine unit remained exactly the same as the S2200.

The S3300 (right) lasted from October 1964 to May 1966, by which time around 517,000 had been built.

From May 1966 and engine no. 3,800,001, the S3300 was replaced by the longest-lasting of all Vélosolex models and the most familiar one nowadays: the S3800.



Built for twenty-two years in France, then a few years in Hungary, plus an unauthorised carbon-copy made in China, the S3800 (bottom) became the most popular SoleX of all. Around 1,114,600 were made by VéloSoleX until Motobécane took over Messrs. Mennesson & Goudard's ailing company in 1979. Motobécane scooped up VéloSoleX as Solex sales had declined dramatically through the late 1960s and into the 1970s. Motobécane in turn produced 70,000 units under the Motobécane and MBK marques. The reason for such a decline? The old-fashioned looking, slow, black Solex had become deeply undesirable in newly-prosperous France. It was still cheap to buy, economical to run and reliable, but nobody under the age of 50 bought one. In the public's mind, its image was of an old guy pattering slowly to a grim factory in some dismal northern industrial town, Gauloise in the corner of his mouth, his elderly SoleX still carrying him to work every day as it had for a decade or more. VéloSoleX had been caught in a trap of its own making. Because a SoleX was cheap to buy, to run and reliable, few new ones were being sold to replace older models which were being ridden until they fell apart. Owners using them weren't well-off so didn't buy new ones, and younger riders simply ignored the old-fashioned SoleX.



The S3800 received a few improvements in its long life; different colours, a twist-grip throttle, non-reversed brake levers and a larger rear light. Occasional new models (Pli-Solex, Micron, 5000) made little difference to plunging sales and the end finally came in November 1988. It was accompanied by much media grieving which revived some interest, but it was too late and a post-war French icon was lost.

(Grateful thanks to Franck Méneret for many images and information from his book *Le Guide du VéloSoleX*.)

Villiers 2-Speed Cycle Gear Robert Bruce-Schwatt



The brochure reproduced here shows the 1903 Villiers two-speed gears. It is not a *derailleur* system as it is essentially a chain gearbox and as such is an interesting dead-end in bicycle gear design. Puzzlingly complicated to fathom and very heavy, the Villiers two speed was a product of the age, though when production was started and ceased is uncertain.

There are four sprockets, two upper (firmly attached) and two lower (free to rotate independently of one another). The inner gears carry the main chain. The outer gears carry the short secondary chain. In low gear, the upper inner gear drives the wheel. This of course turns its attached upper outer twin and thus the short chain, but these aren't connected to the inner lower gear riding on the main chain, so they play no role.

The key is that pulling the control cable pushes plungers into the lower gears, locking them together. The inner lower gear, turning with the main chain, is now firmly connected to the outer lower gear, which now powers the short chain. The short chain carries this power to the outer upper gear, which now overpowers its inner twin and drives the wheel. Why doesn't this jam as, in effect, two sprockets of different sizes, both carrying chains, are trying to drive the same wheel? Because the secondary chain and outer gears are producing a higher gearing.



The original gearing being activated by the inner upper sprocket alone now just freewheels as it would on an ordinary bike that is rolling downhill faster than the rider can pump.

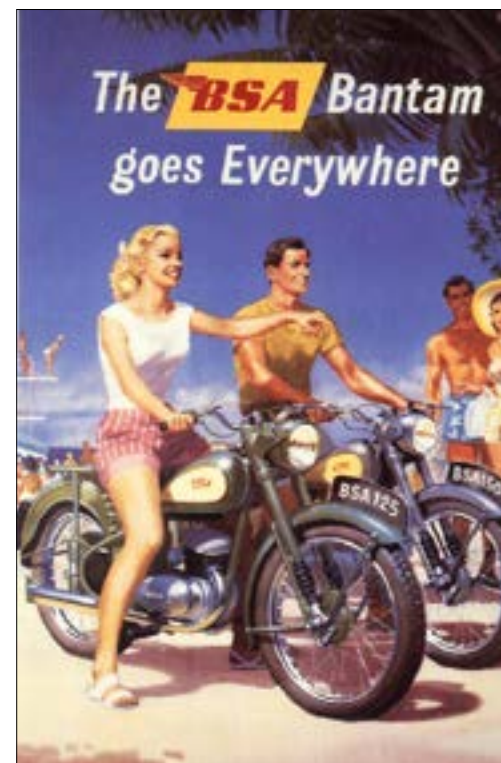
Really weird!

But as I'm happy with where I am, what I've got and especially who I'm with; there is nothing I would wish to change or escape from. I make no apology for this and don't envy or criticise anyone else for his or her life choices and values, no matter how different to my own. So, good luck wherever your gentle rambling or immense expeditions take you.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN – SELLING THE DREAM – CLASSIC BIKES AND OLD NAILS.

I suppose it all began when I was about 6 years old with a pedal-along Corgi – not a dog but a child's version of the real motor-powered Corgi which was a civilian evolution of the none-too-successful, folding, lightweight bike developed for paratroopers in World War 2. My introduction to motorised travel was because my Dad rode a Cyclomaster-powered bicycle to his job as a boilermith/fitter at the local ironworks. Discarded Cyclomaster motorised wheels frequently came in the scrap sent for melting down – he fished them out and ran them until they blew up and then replaced the now genuinely “scrap” wheel with one of his many ‘recovered’ spares which were hung on six-inch nails in his shed. At the peak I seem to remember at least eight wheels hung up awaiting final destruction. I would occasionally “borrow” his Cyclomaster powered bicycle for a brief (very illegal) ride out.

Eventually a Raleigh RM1 moped replaced the Cyclomasters and at the time it seemed to have immense power. A group of us embarked on an extensive tuning programme, this mainly involved removing the silencer - giving an apparently massive increase in power that, in reality, was mostly an increase in noise. The moped was used extensively off-road in local fields, re-silenced and returned to the shed. As far as I'm aware my Dad never knew, or if he did he never let on. The Raleigh didn't last long, possibly as a result of poor design, more probably because we abused it so badly.



At last I finally reached my 16th birthday and got a provisional licence. My Dad's apprentice offered me an early, very battered BSA 250 C10 (with speedo in the tank) free if I could push it home, which I did. My mum and dad took one look at it and said the 1963 version of “No way Jose” – to be fair probably the right response and the BSA was pushed behind the shed. To this day I have no idea where it finally went – probably to another of my Dad's workmates or possibly the scrap heap! The upside was that another of my Dad's workmates was selling his 1953 BSA Bantam (YNU 21), which was bought for £15 that I had somehow managed to scrape together. For my generation, the Bantam was the next generation's Honda Cub – a bike to learn on, fall off, repair (usually badly), modify (also usually very badly), pass your test on and move to something bigger. It was also the source of my first (of two in 55 years) motoring conviction – Carrying a Passenger on a Motorcycle while the holder of a Provisional Licence: fine 12 shillings (60p) and licence endorsed. This brought shame to my parents and kudos for me from my contemporaries and schoolmates.

The Bantam received much attention and modification. First to go was the standard silencer that was swapped for a megaphone type producing extreme noise and a corresponding perceived incredible power increase. I now think that these ‘massive’ gains in power resulted from replacement/removal of clogged silencers rather than for any more complex reason. Next came a second hand George Todd high compression head which genuinely did produce a slight power increase, this was followed by an Amal Monobloc carburettor from an ex GPO telegram Bantam - this restricted top speed to around 25mph and was rapidly swapped back to standard. Alloy mudguards, ‘ace’ bars and a “Racing” seat made from an old plank topped with a thin bit of sponge, with half a headlight shell screwed to the back all covered in leatherette from an old armchair completed the transformation - very smart but torture to ride. The best tuning result by far came when I replaced the standard speedo with a 120mph model bought from a local motorcycle scrap yard – this instantly gave a gain of 20mph in top speed and everyone who tried the Bantam was amazed how easily it reached 65mph - probably because of mismatched speedometer drive gearing but I'm sure it must have been correct!

I passed my test on the Bantam and sold it a few months later for £30 to a lad who managed to ride it under a bus within a week. He walked away but sadly poor YNU 21 didn't survive the crash. The replacement was an early BSA C15 that was a worthy but not very exciting ride. It received slight modifications of Ace bars and a Gold Star type silencer, which did make a glorious noise (with twitter on the over-run).

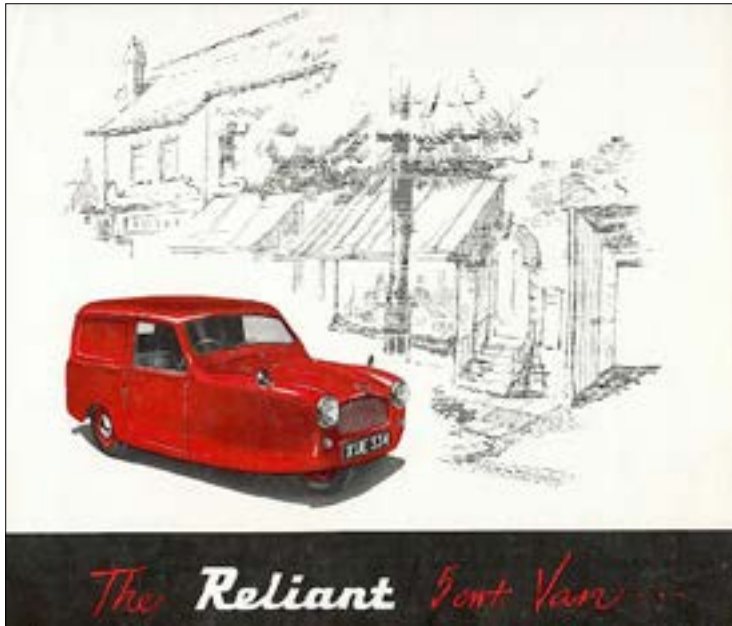


I suppose the one permanent reminder of the C15 is that I still have the scar on my knee from my first big “off”. Eventually its engine failed as a result of putting clean oil into it; this released a load of sludge that relocated and clogged the oilways, causing the big end to collapse.

The C15 was traded in, at my parents’ and future In-Laws’ insistence, against a Reliant Regal

side-valve van. Looking back, these were possibly reasonable fears on their part as by the time I was twenty I had more, mainly motorcycle related, dead and seriously injured friends than the number names of the fallen in both World Wars on our village war memorial. This is in no way intended to trivialise the sacrifice forced upon those young men, who had their future stolen by uncaring and vain old men, but is here to illustrate the very high attrition rate for young motorcyclists at that time.

This began a 12 year period of motorcycle-deprived Reliant and car-ownership which came to an end following the birth of my son and daughter, the death of my mother who had a real fear of motorcycles, and the husband of one of my colleagues needing to sell his Suzuki trail bike to fund the purchase of a gorgeous red and white RD400.



The bribe to my wife was that she would have the car to ferry the kids around and commuting by motorcycle would actually represent a cash saving. There followed a period of modern motorcycle ownership with several highlights and a few lowlights, most of which are irrelevant to this tale.

(Part 2 of Phil's saga will be in the Christmas issue of Buzzing)

An Electric Raleigh RM6

Ken Lewis

I’ve owned this machine for about seven years and used quite regularly, it is very reliable, even if it’s not the fastest bike in town! I purchased the Raleigh with the idea of trying out the electric conversion and it turned out so well that I’ve kept it that way.



I’m not sure what the legal ramifications are with using the frame of a SORNed moped as an EV?



But I have got away with it so far! The motor is from a Sinclair C5, with a 12v lithium battery which cost me exactly the same as the moped, £300. Oh well, you only live once etc.

Gearing was luckily correct from the off with the smallest pulley that Picador sells for the size of belt fitted to the motor shaft and a rather long belt at that, to clear the rider’s feet when pedalling.

The 12v controller is a bit of a home-brew, being a circuit with two transistors in flip-flop mode, driving 3 fets now instead of the original 2n3055 transistors which overheated badly. There are many controllers available from China for little money but they are not at their best on 12v DC as the current is between 20 and 30 amps. Basically any old moped with the classic pulley system is begging for an electric motor. Don't worry though, I am the proud owner of many Blue Smokers, including another RM6! What next - warp drive, I wonder?



The F.K.M. Tricycle Encore

Ronnie Menzies



You may remember Ronnie's article in June's Buzzing (page 38) about his discovery of the F.K.M. pedal tricycle, built during WWII, which he's restoring. Well, he has found a few period pictures of when it was new, presumably with the family and relatives of the Scottish aero-engineer who built it. Keep us posted, Ronnie!



The NSU Quickly Saga contd.

Peter Moorey

A couple of years back the story of my trials and tribulations with what had been my son's NSU Quickly was published in this superior magazine. The machine itself was not the problem, the original front wheel had been stolen (my van was stolen with the wheel inside) so I thought it a good idea to improve the front brake, as we are now in the 21st century and I have high instincts of self-preservation. I wanted to fit the larger hub from the 3 speed model Quickly, mine is 1965, so it had 19" wheels and I was keen to keep it as standard as possible. I didn't want the alloy rim that is fitted to the big hubs as I already had a N.O.S. steel rim, so I bought a hub and new set of spokes, without doing my homework many years ago, and they sat in the shed. When I eventually collected all the parts together (it was completely stripped and stored in a lock up garage) I found on a trial build that the hub spindle was of larger diameter.

Roger Worton was able to supply me with the correct leading links at reasonable cost, he has been very helpful throughout. I first bought from him in, I think, 1997, when I decided to rebuild this fine machine - you cannot rush these things. It was to be a full repaint upwards, not just a bolt back together; however needed the correct speedo-drive, brake cable etc. and to get the wheel built. It also needs to be re-registered, as the original paperwork had been lost or mislaid. I had done the NOVA bit. However, with my health in decline, I abandoned the rebuild and went off at 'half-cock,' as is my wont, and was seduced by an Italian BMC moped.



It was handsome in orange and white, all original, even has the tool container under the seat, running, lights work, horn works quietly, 16" wheels, high handlebars and Italian papers. Love at first sight, and a worthy replacement for my recently departed Ninja, I would be back on the road with a moped.

I sorted the NOVA (am getting to be an expert) but the Covid lockdown has prevented me taxing it. However, I have been unable to find out much about the BMC; it has what appears to be a Franco Morini motor with detachable BMC nameplates on the engine casings. The forks, wheels, mudguards and frame look the same or very similar to other makes of Italian exotica of the time, the plastic floorboard has BMC Motori, Bologna cast in.



I would be grateful if any club members with any knowledge of these could contact me, at suncentral@hotmail.co.uk or telephone 01293 410976, I will ring back.



Rebuilding a Powell Joybike.

Bob Jeffcoat

Bob has updated us before on the continuing restoration of his Joybike, one of three known to exist.

“The picture of the Joybike (right), showing the rear of the machine, is a picture that has never been taken of the 80cc Joybike before. This is the only one that originally had panniers and the broad rear mudguard, and I have now made a new left-hand pannier to match the right-side one.



The original left-hand one had completely rusted away and only one of the two mounting clamps was left. I've now made a replacement, which unfortunately shows up the repaired right-hand one! I shall make a new lid for it to match the left side.

I used a piece of 0.7mm steel sheet from eBay and, following a lot of swearing and cussing, managed to complete it.”

The Perils of Impulse Buys

Ted Bemand

Some six months ago a neighbour, Dave Sandall, who had noticed my regular jaunts out on the Puch MS50, decided to join the NACC Wobblers section and buy a suitable moped. He located a Chinese copy of the Honda SS50 in North Wales, about 25 miles away. I went with him to bring it back on my towbar carrier. But, on seeing it for real he decided that at 6ft +, he was too big for it! Wasted journey! The seller was keen to sell and dropped the price, it was only one year old and 700 miles on



clock. I temporarily lost my normal prudence - for the price of a couple of bottles of 2008 Cristal champagne it could be mine....

My wife had come along for the ride and didn't say NO (Joan doesn't know what Cristal costs!) so it came home on the carrier. First mistake, insurance. Just another bike to add on my classic bike policy? Computer says NO, it is only one year old.

My lame argument, “it's a copy of a classic” didn't wash with the broker. Many Chinese bikes, such as my Whoopsy Woo - a

clone of the Nanfang, themselves Honda clones - are not listed by insurers. Finally, using the Honda SS50 as a type reference, the broker found an insurer. Another shock. I must take out full, normal bike insurance, with no NCB - a classic does not count. The premium was more than my total classic bike cover! Ahh well, at least I should be able to keep up with the other ‘modern’ mounted Wobblers now...

A couple of days were spent ‘fettling’/ gentle polishing as it had been left out in the open all its life. Some typically obvious ‘cheap build’ faults - plastic light fittings broken & taped up - needed sorting, but luckily the Chinese tyres (I use the term loosely) had been replaced by a couple of Avons. On the first Wobblers run, just before lockdown, the bike was a bit ‘growly’ but running reliable enough. I rode 40 miles or so, then suddenly ‘whumph’/wobble, wobble - total back-wheel deflation. I trailered the bike back to Dave Keeling's place where he fitted a new tube.

Not only had the tyre ‘fitter’ not fitted the tube correctly, causing the valve to be ripped out, but he had left out some spacers, causing a wheel bearing to fail. With the back wheel sorted, on the 20-mile ride home the transmission seemed still to be ‘growly.’ It turned out to be loose engine-mounts moving, causing the chain to tighten on acceleration. Other than being over-gearred (40+ in 3rd, 38mph in top) the only real problem was the Chinese seat - it was definitely not designed for British

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