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The

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The National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd.
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(The suffix (D) above indicates a Director of the NACC Ltd. company)

General enquiries; please contact hello@thebuzzingclub.net. Items for the April 2022 magazine to be sent to editor@thebuzzingclub.net and reach Dave at Buzzing Production well before Friday 18th March 2022 as by that date 99% of the magazine will be finished.

Cover image: Front cover of the December 1936 Peugeot vélomoteurs brochure. French vélomoteurs were roughly equivalent to our autocycles, coming into being as a result of a Ministry of Public Works decree of 28th May 1926 which created a new category of two-wheelers - the BMA or *bicyclette à moteur auxiliaire*. Riders didn't need a registration document or take a motorcycle test, a recognition of existing problems in rural areas and cities where impecunious people rode bikes without licences, registrations or even insurance, wasting inordinate amounts of police time catching them!

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 - click on "Join the Club". **Our bank is the HSBC, sort code 40-47-11, account no. 52867664, for payments and renewals by BACS transfers.**

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, 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 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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Chairman's Chat

I'm writing this on a cold and rainy late December day. There are jobs that need doing in the workshop – the AV89 has just had a top-end overhaul and needs setting up, hopefully with a carburettor which is less incontinent than the old one and a mysterious knock on the RM6 that I rescued from a lady who had had to relinquish her storage will probably be cured with a bit of work on the engagement pinion. They can wait until the weather warms up a bit but they'll get done in time for the 2022 riding season. My aim is always to rotate the bikes that I use so that they all get some exercise but inevitably I have my favourites which come out to play more than others.

I hope that you all had a good Christmas and New Year. For a while, it was looking like a quiet Christmas day in for me and the cat but a series of negative lateral flow tests cleared the way for a get-together with the Lady Isabelle's family in Broadstairs. It was good to see everyone after what seemed like a long time apart. The best thing about it for me was that everyone was so ready to relax after our dinner that no-one suggested getting the board games out. Result!

What is in your plans for this year? Restrictions permitting, there should be an interesting list of events to attend with the machines that have benefitted from our winter tinkering and it'll be good to meet up with friends again. The show season kicks off with Shepton Mallet at the end of February. Rod Western is coordinating this one again, aided and abetted by the usual gang. See some of you there!

Nick Devonport

News from HQ.

This issue of Buzzing was sent off to be printed before our AGM took place on Zoom on Saturday 29th January, so we'll publish a résumé of the important points discussed in April's issue.

We're hoping to be able to organise our postponed 40th Anniversary celebration and National Rally sometime this summer and are monitoring the Covid-19 situation carefully. If it does take place it seems likely that those attending will need to be prepared for a greater degree of self-sufficiency than in previous years.

Treasurer Liz informs Buzzing that by using BACS payments to renew memberships we have saved club funds £44 in bank charges during November. BUT we are still receiving cheques, which cost the club £51.20 in charges the same month! Please, please use the BACS payments system to pay your renewals - details are on page 3 - as bank charges to clear cheques have risen astronomically since October last year. Thank you!

Obituary - John Lycett

With the passing on 9th November 2021 of John Lycett, the Club has lost one of its founder members. John, Stan Greenway and Robert Pearce got together in 1970 as the Magic Wheelers. As we saw in the 40th Anniversary publication, this became the VMCC Cyclemotor Section from which the Club grew in 1981. John was the son of a Warwickshire headmaster and on leaving school served an engineering apprenticeship, an interest which stayed with him throughout his life. He became the managing Director of Thwaites, the dumper truck manufacturer in Leamington Spa. He had a lifelong interest in motorcycles and was a Vincent enthusiast.

John was well-known in BSA Three-Wheeler circles and he rebuilt one with a Hotchkiss engine from a pile of junk. His interest in our low-powered machinery saw him rebuild a Clark Scamp, developing a replacement for the notoriously weak starter pawl in the process. I met him in the 1990s when I had a day off from my wife's chemistry conference in Warwick and he showed me the results of his labours, a work of art. Further evidence of his ingenuity and enthusiasm can be found in the December 2004 issue of Buzzing which carries the story of Project X, a cyclemotor that he built, again from scratch, using a Moto Guzzi engine and a BSA frame that the company had designed for cyclemotors, principally their Winged Wheel. (see page 18)

When John lived in a small Warwickshire village, he used to host a motorcycle gathering at his home and on the village green. He was known for his gentleness and his willingness to help others in the hobby, frequently making one-off replacement parts on his lathe.

Below: John on the left, with Stan Greenway on the right, at the first cyclemotor-only run in 1976



The NACC owes John a huge debt of gratitude for getting the Club off the ground in the early days and we send our condolences to his family.

Nick Devonport.

Obituary - Richard Davys-Jones 1952-2021

On 22nd November 2021 the world lost a true character and a lovely person when Richard passed away suddenly at the Royal Shrewsbury Hospital. Richard had been my friend for some 40 years. It was our shared love of motorcycles and motorcycling that initially brought us together and cemented our friendship thereafter. Our annual trips to the Classic Bike Show and the Classic Mechanics Show at Stafford became something of a pilgrimage over more than 30 years. Richard loved drooling over the immaculately turned-out motorcycles on show, particularly any Manx Nortons, and rummaging through the autojumbles outside. The NACC stand was always a must so that Richard could pay his yearly subscription and then enjoy a long natter with the affable John Burgess and to look at the many and varied members' bikes on display.

(Photo Shropshire Star)

Richard had a very happy childhood growing up with his two brothers, David (of David Jones Motorcycles, Newtown), Hugh and younger sister Sarah at their home near Guilsfield. Good use was made of the large garden with an assortment of old motorbikes always needing fettling and persuading to keep going. Following agricultural college, Richard was for many years a gardener at Powis Castle, retiring to run his own gardening business for a few years thereafter.



It was on his C90 that Richard and I (as a guest on my 1949 BSA B31) joined the Wirral Wobblers' Welsh Mountain Challenge a few years ago, on a tremendously enjoyable run around the Llangollen area including a crossing of the infamous ford and ascent to the World's End peak. Resting a moment at the top, Richard looked at some of your club members on smaller machines pedalling for all they were worth up the last stretch before the summit and decided then and there that he had made the right choice of NACC eligible machinery! I must also mention Richard's greatest and proudest achievement, after his family, and that is the Forden Classic and Vintage Bike and Car Show which was Richard's brainchild. He ran it for 8 years, raising many thousand of pounds for Forden School and local charities. Richard never missed an opportunity to publicise the show – indeed Richard's sister Sarah joked at the celebration of Richard's life, to much appreciative laughter, that if he had been with us he would probably be handing out flyers for the show!

Despite living with cancer for nearly 10 years and undergoing a lot of treatment, Richard always tried to maintain his normal cheery disposition and I never heard him complain once. Undoubtedly it was the love of his wife Sarah and children Joe and Emma who helped him through until the end. I was proud to form part of a funeral cortège of classic motorbikes, cars and split screen camper vans which accompanied Richard on his final journey from Welshpool to Shrewsbury Crematorium on December 11th.

Goodbye my friend, we will all miss you more than words can say. **Colin Edwards**

More News

Below are the answers to Brian Murdoch's December Quiz. Hopefully you got some of them right!

MOPEDS MADE FROM AROUND THE WORLD.

CHOOSE THESE MOPEDS NAMES, THE FIRST LETTER IS GIVEN AND THE NUMBER OF REMAINING LETTERS AND WHERE IT WAS BUILT.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|------------------|
| 1. A 7 (MORE LETTERS) | GERMANY | ANS. ACHILLES |
| 2. A 6 | FRENCH | ANS. ANNINTO |
| 3. A 5 | BELGIAN | ANS. AVAROS |
| 4. A 4 | NETHERLANDS | ANS. AVROS |
| 5. C 7 | MEXICO | ANS. CARABELLA |
| 6. C 4 S 4 | ENGLAND | ANS. CLARK SCAMP |
| 7. C 6 | SWEDEN | ANS. COLIBRI |
| 8. D 1 B 4 | ITALY | ANS. DI BLASI |
| 9. J 2 | DENMARK | ANS. JET |
| 10. J 4 | ITALY | ANS. JOLLY |
| 11. M 3 | GERMAN | ANS. MARS |
| 12. M 5 | SWEDEN | ANS. MONARK |
| 13. P 4 | ITALY | ANS. PACER |
| 14. P 3 | AUSTRIA | ANS. PUCH |
| 15. S 5 | GERMAN | ANS. SIMSON |
| 16. T 4 | YUGOSLAVIA | ANS. TOMOS |
| 17. F 4 | GERMAN | ANS. FLINK |
| 18. F 3 | ITALY | ANS. FOXI |
| 19. B 6 | GERMAN | ANS. BISMARCK |
| 20. A 5 | SWEDEN | ANS. APOLLO |
| 21. B 3 S 3 | FRENCH | ANS. BABY STAR |
| 22. D 6 | ENGLAND | ANS. DUNKLEY |
| 23. I 9 | ITALY | ANS. INTRA MOTOR |
| 24. K 2 | FRENCH | ANS. KID |
| 25. L 4 | TAIWAN | ANS. LAZER |
| 26. V 7 | GERMAN | ANS. VICTORIA |
| 27. K 8 | ENGLAND | ANS. KINGSBURY |
| 28. T 4 | GERMAN | ANS. TROLL |
| 29. S 4 | ITALY | ANS. SMILY |
| 30. F 5 | GERMAN | ANS. FALTER |

I HOPE THIS QUIZ WILL KEEP OUR MEMBERS BUSY OVER WINTER, AND I WISH ALL THE COMMITTEE AND MEMBERS THE BEST FOR 2022 SEASON.

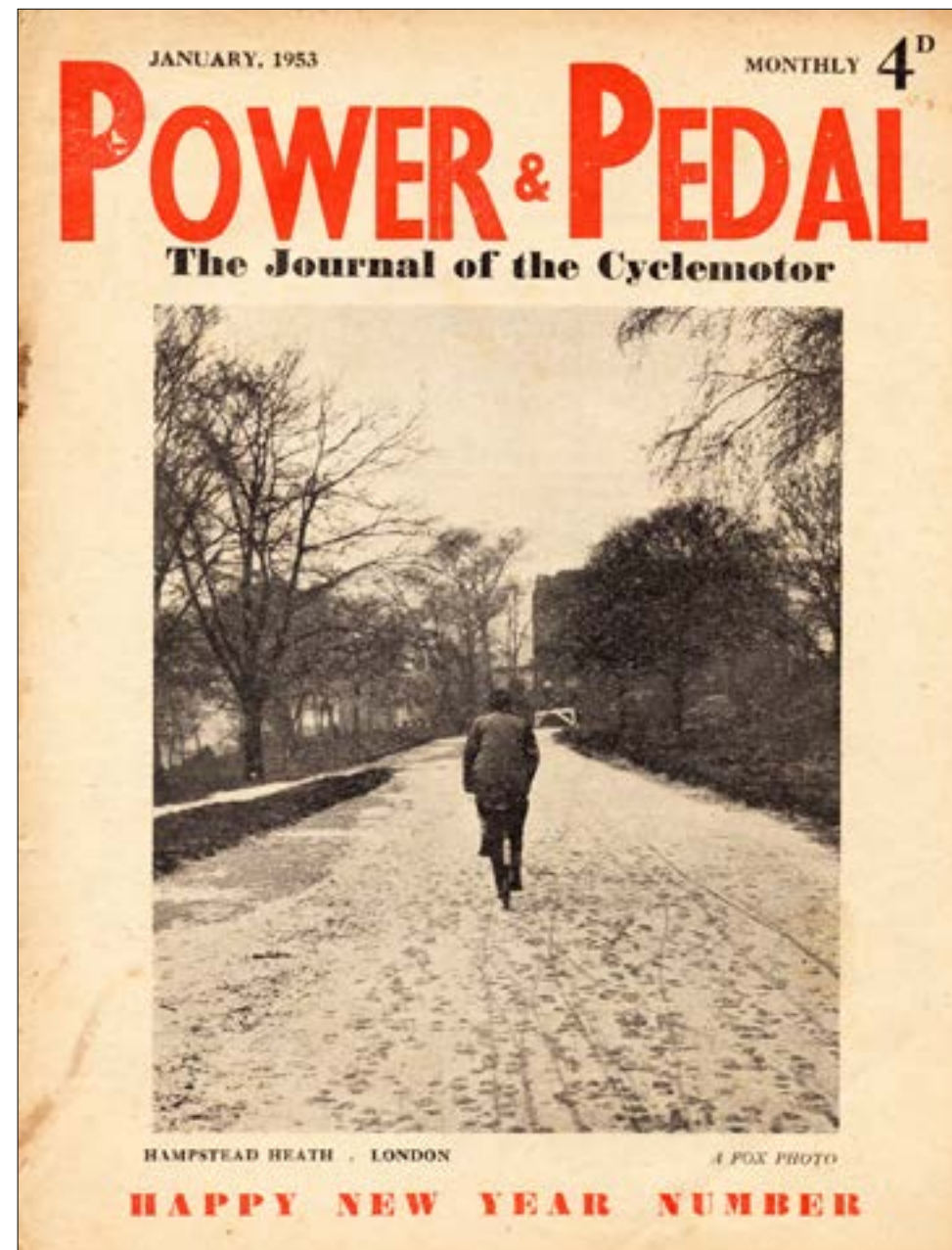
Wonderfully evocative photos from 1960 of Halfords displays in Birmingham, with grateful thanks to Michael Morris.



Below: the Raleigh RSW16 displayed when new.



An appropriately cold, wintery cover photo from the second ever issue of Power & Pedal magazine, January 1953, seventy years ago bar one year. Happy New Year to all our readers, lets hope we can get some events and rides going in 2022!



N. Ireland Ards Peninsula Run

Ray Dunwoody

With a relaxation of Covid restrictions in the autumn of 2021, a new normal life beckoned for all of us, which I suppose we will have to get used to as we are now getting the wheels turning again. My first run out for two years was held in glorious sunshine on 26th September, with a total of thirty participants and our regular recovery team consisting of Alan and Betty Gillespie, who were only needed for one bike which suffered a punctured rear tyre.

Our assembly point as in the past was The Moat Inn, Donaghadee which has a fair-sized private car park where cars and trailers can be left. Most of the group will have and enjoy lunch there on the return. Some members travel quite a distance to attend the run and this year we were accompanied by a few guests on 60s Japanese machinery such as a lovely SS125 Honda, a 1964 C90 recently restored and an early original 1960s Honda 50. Two of these gentlemen each having an old Velocette Venom and the other a smart collection of early German machinery. Of course, we had five of our stalwart members with New Hudson autocycles, a 98cc Excelsior twin port (photo top next page), a Trojan Mini-Motor (bottom this page) in lovely order and a beautifully restored Suzuki 50 with high level pipe. A few later small cc Hondas helped to make up the numbers.



Time to leave and starting the run took us directly on to the lovely coast road, passing all the big detached properties with sea views, before heading inland and a small climb before levelling out - which is the landscape for most of the run.

Unfortunately, these roads don't enjoy proper maintenance and are inclined to have more than their share of potholes. But upwards and onwards, looking at all the lovely houses and breathing that lovely country air and the smells from farming. The barley had all been harvested so the roads were covered with the muck from tractor tyres being carried in and out of fields.



A turn right at the National Trust Ballycopeland Windmill led us onto better surfaces again for a few miles as we cross main roads, while trying to stay on minor roads. We zig-zag across roads and turn left from the Ballycastle Road, which is nowhere near the town of the same name, then onto the Mount Stewart Road bordering the National Trust property bearing that name. I usually put a bit of distance between myself and the group as I have a vantage point where I take a photograph of everyone as they pass. Turning left here at Ballyboley crossroads lets us drop down to our first stop in Carrowdore village. Coffee and

facilities are available in the local Spar here, it gives the lads and ladies a chance to catch up as it has been two years since we've seen each other.

This time we headed back up to Ballyboley and for a change on to Greyabbey, famous for the Cistercian Abbey which dates back to 1193AD and was founded by Affreca, a Manx Princess who was married to John de Courcy, an Anglo-Norman invader. This takes us up a short hill and levelling out as we head for Ballywalter and our second stop overlooking the harbour. Time for the flasks and pre-packed lunches to come out and for the few who enjoy a break out of the saddle. Scotland can be seen quite plainly most times and there was a lovely sea breeze filling our lungs. I live beside the sea and can never see me living anywhere else, lucky me.



After giving the members with the 'nosebags' time to consume their lunches, we had to fire up the machines as lunch was waiting for the rest of us at the appointed time. I am someone who does not like being late, so off we go straight to the Moat Inn where we said goodbye to friends and enjoyed our lunch.

I went home to get the memory card into the laptop and post the photos taken, get the paperwork sorted and write a few lines for Buzzing magazine. Today was so enjoyable - with friends, weather and incident free. A big thank you to all who attended today and enjoyed the special friendship and bond that motorcyclists enjoy everywhere.

Headcorn Aerodrome Run

Nick Devonport

After the cancellation of the Headcorn Run in 2020, it was good to be back at one of our favourite venues for the 2021 gathering. Inevitably, things had changed a bit. The NHS had been using the car park for a mass vaccination site and a throughput of 700 cars a day had left it looking like a battlefield. This was appropriate, because hot on the heels of that came a military vehicle show which added considerably to the ruts. We had a poke around one of the military exhibits that had been left after that show, a very interesting tracked personnel carrier. The aerodrome management had also taken steps to recoup some of their recent losses and a pay-on-exit car park barrier had been installed, operated by a token or, in our case, a remote fob. It didn't cause too much bother, although I nearly caused a couple of headaches when the barrier dropped a bit prematurely!

After a bit of field engineering to persuade Russel's RM6's pedal chain to stay put (right), Saturday's run was a short ride through the lanes to visit a chap who has a live steam Gauge One railway in his garden.

Adam Houghton had invited some of his friends round to play and we spent over an hour admiring the layout which runs on an elevated track for hundreds of metres with bridges, signals and miniature figures adding to the interest. Some of the locomotives are remote-controlled and kept their owners fit as they followed them round the track, keeping an eye on their expensive investments.



The track crosses a lake and a slight uphill gradient was causing some concern for one chap whose loco appeared to be distinctly breathless. He wasn't looking forward to wading in to rescue it.

The lunch stop was in Frittenden at the Bell & Jorrocks pub where we were pleased to note several new benches so there was no danger of anyone falling off rotting furniture this time. We used the drop-off system again with me in a fetching blue tabard (Isabelle says that it suits my grey hair!) and Paul Ryan bringing up the rear.



We usually try to combine the Sunday run with a visit to the Norman Club's end-of-season meeting at Willesborough Windmill near Ashford. As a local man, Paul R had (been) volunteered to lead us from the aerodrome to the windmill through several beautiful Kentish villages including Pluckley.

Everything was going smoothly with regular regrouping stops until we reached the outskirts of Ashford, when an unscheduled stop for a plug change left two of us on mopeds and the chase car wondering where everyone else had got to.

We found Russell at the next junction but with very little local knowledge between us and two satnavs giving conflicting advice, we were a bit confused. The situation was compounded by the "fuel shortage" (no need to

panic – B. Johnson) which led to panic-stricken drivers causing gridlock in the town and we gave up any hope of seeing the windmill gathering. Russell had more of a clue than the rest of us so he led us back to the aerodrome, despite the fact that he'd packed up his camping gear for the trip home. Cheers, mate! The rest of the pack drifted back in ones and twos after the return plan also went Tango Uniform and the decision at the debrief was that we won't be touching Ashford again.

Thanks as usual to everyone who came to the event. They were: Matt Baldwin – City Monkey, Malcolm Caulfield & Karin Humphries – Suzuki VanVan, Paul Debnam – Lexmoto Arizona, Nick Devonport – MBK Club, Russell Germain – Raleigh RM6, Rob Gill – Raleigh RM6, William Gill – Tomos Racing, Mike & Renate Hele – Bond Minicar, Roger Hodgson – Honda SH50, Terry Martin – Suzuki FZ50, Ian McGregor – Honda City Express, John Redding – Batavus GoGo, Keith Rutledge – Bown Autocycle, Paul Ryan – Norman Nippy, Marino Palermo – Batavus GoGo, Will Standen – Bond Minicar, Maurice Wellard – NSU Quickly, Blake Yeomans – Piaggio Zip, Robert Yeomans – Durkopp Diana.

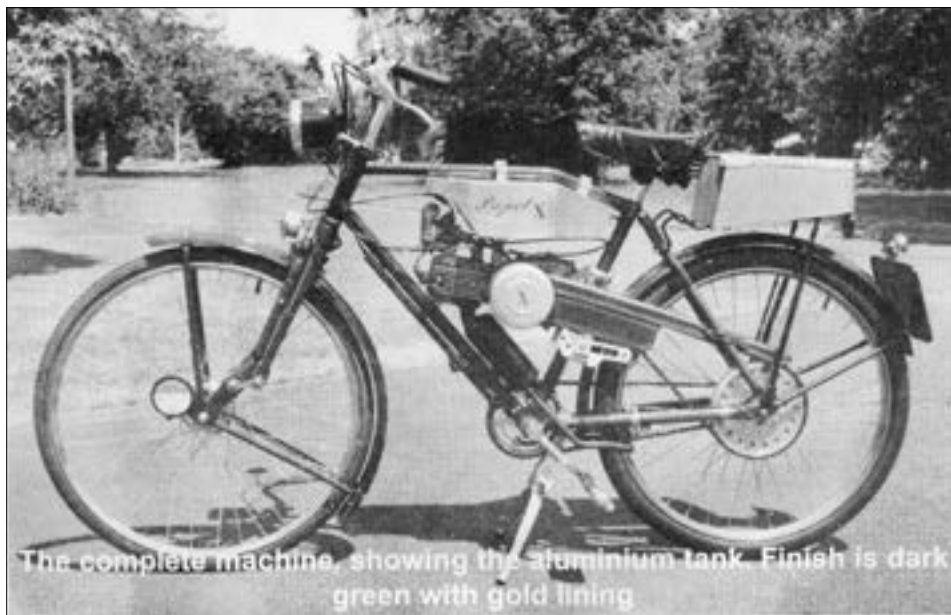
'The Tale of Project X'

the late John Lycett

"In 1986 at a bring and buy evening at my local VMCC section, I was attracted to a small 2-stroke engine a gentleman had brought along for the auction. When it came up for sale there were a few derisory bids of a pound or so, so I offered a modest bid of £15 and it was knocked down to me. Talking to him following the sale, he told me it was an engine that had originally been considered for the NVT Easy Rider, but rejected in favour of a Moto Morini engine, which has a pedal shaft bearing cast into the rear of the gear case.

It turned out that the engine is a 49cc single-speed Moto Guzzi unit. There is no engine number, just "Moto Guzzi CH" stamped on the crankcase. After subsequently talking to Alistair Currie the then-Moto Guzzi Marque Enthusiast, he kindly lent me some details of the Moto Guzzi Chiu moped, which first made its appearance at the Milan motorcycle show in November 1973. This shows a similar engine fitted into a neat little moped with 16 in. wheels, manufactured until 1976, but to the best of my knowledge, not sold in this country. The engine appeared to be shop-soiled, but as far as I could tell, was unused.

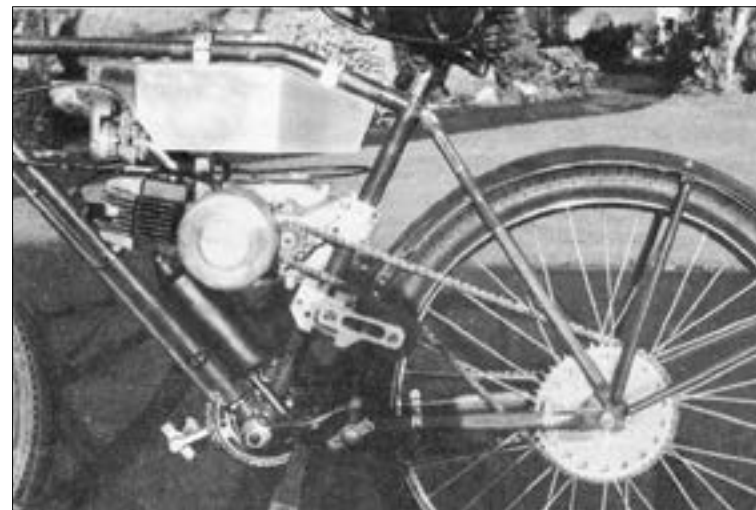
The engine cluttered up the shed for several years, with me looking at it from time to time, thinking that it was a pity I couldn't make use of it, then a friend told me he had a bike frame for cyclemotors which he was willing to do a swap with. We did a deal for an old acetylene trench lamp and £20.



The frame turned out to be the robust BSA one with the Webb front forks that BSA sold in the 1950s complete less wheels for the princely sum of 7gns. Mainly intended for their Winged Wheel, but their advert of the time states that it is suitable for other makes of cyclemotor. There were no wheels but the mudguards were there, the rear one was cut in half with marks on the frame showing that a friction-drive engine had been fitted at some earlier date."

"There was no paperwork, but a rear number-plate bearing a Staffordshire number of 1954.

I had been on many a cyclemotor run in company with much-missed late friend and cyclemotor guru, Stan Greenway. Stan had various cyclemotors, but I particularly admired his Rex, now owned by another cyclemotoring friend, Robert Pearce. I had always thought it to be a very sound machine and a good design as a basis for my proposed cyclemotor.



I laid the frame flat on the garage floor, positioned the engine in it and took measurements so that with the aid of my lathe and vertical slide, I could carve mounting-clamps out of blocks of aluminium. When I had the engine clamped firmly in the frame I made a cardboard petrol tank to suit the gap between the engine

and the cross-bar, then fabricated one out of aluminium using the cardboard as a pattern. I welded the tank together with Lumiweld, which is a marvellous product and brings aluminium welding within the range of the do-it-yourselfer.

The engine had mounting lugs on the top and to the rear of the gear-case, in the rear it was a straightforward case of clamping to the saddle tube, but the top mounting was more complicated. I solved the problem by welding two hollow columns through the tank, so that the cross bar clamp was pulled tight against the top of the columns and the bottom fixing pulled up against the underside by means of 6mm high-tensile studding passing all the way through.

I was not sure what size sprocket I would need, so took a guesstimate based on the Rex but altering the ratio slightly to allow for the more recent design of the engine. I ordered a sprocket blank from 'Sprockets Unlimited', shaved it down to fit between the chain side-plates, and bored it to fit a boss that I had made to fit closely onto the hub, so that it would take the main pull of the chain. I wanted the drive to be taken by the spokes, as it is on the Rex.

How does it perform on the road? Well, I had overdone the gearing a little with a rear sprocket of 48 teeth. I got another blank made with 51 teeth and that seems just fine. It will pull up quite steep hills without LPA, and by virtue of its centrifugal clutch will pull away from stationary without pedalling. I am still running in, but it has quite a turn of speed and looks as if it will cruise at 25mph. Its first real outing was on the VMCC Stan Greenway Run."

(This is an abridged version of John's report in Buzzing, December 2004, photos by John Lycett.)

A Monument to the Unknown Cyclomotorist #4

Dave Stevenson

Heart and Soul

In the first instalment about the Royal Enfield – Mini Motor combo I remarked that one of its oddities was that, although it had such a particular involvement with its original owner, we knew very little about him beyond his connection to the bike whose unusual survival forced us into imagining a character for him. As I re-assembled the bicycle I was conscious that this had changed and the characteristics of the bike itself had become the material from which a narrative about the former owner was constructed. A cautionary note: One day this will be true of your bikes too...



I mentioned one or two quirks of the bicycle in its 'as found' state but to be honest there weren't many clues. The oddest detail, which I have not yet shared with you, was that a front light bracket for a spindle or fork fixing was on the end of the bolt that provides the hinge between the bicycle and the tank. Very odd because any light affixed there would only illuminate the cyclist's upper thigh and buttock and would be invisible from either the front or the back of the bicycle (see photo next page). The front light was still on the bike and fixed to the headset so this isn't a bracket that's been displaced and attached elsewhere for safe-keeping. Could it have supported a walking stick? Was a portable bicycle lamp put on the bracket to be removed to act as a torch? Was this bracket used to fix the missing 'L' plate to the front spindle?



Setting aside this oddity, the strongest salient characteristic of the outfit was its lack of a distinctive character. The Mini Motor is mounted on a rather stolid open framed utility bicycle and whoever did this mounting did a satisfactory job (if lacking perhaps in flair) but we don't know if that was the unknown cyclomotorist himself.

Evidence suggests that the end of the active life of the pairing came suddenly: the tank was left with quite a lot of petrol in it, a battery remained in the headlight, the rear tyre was worn down to the fabric inner and the engine lowering lever on the handlebar was bent so that it was no longer operational. Did the unknown cyclomotorist stop riding after he fell off?

The only obvious maintenance carried out on the bike was the tying together of the spokes in the rear wheel with twine. Mini Motors are filthy things which coat themselves, their host velocipede and often their rider in a layer of stinking black gunge, a Devil's breath of burnt and unburnt fuel, rubber particles and road dirt. Our unknown cyclomotorist almost certainly never cleaned his bicycle in those two years of use. The engine and much of the rear of the bicycle had a solid quarter inch of super authentic gunge on it, never washed since 1953. As I said in the first account of the Royal Enfield, the history and state of the bike suggests to me an aura of eccentricity. Since writing that I have confirmed, through a 'Notice' in the local paper, that the unknown cyclomotorist died intestate and without, perhaps, obvious heirs. That is not conclusive, however, and I may be influenced by an anachronistic prejudice. Collecting combustion-engine powered bicycles in the 21st Century is 'unusual', riding a cyclomotor in 1953 was mainstream.

Whatever my Mum thought, it is not a character flaw or a moral failing to take little care or interest in the ordinary objects of our daily life and it would not be right to construct a pejorative portrait of our man from the carelessness which he lavished on his unloved steed. There is, however, an irony and a disconnect that bears outlining. We few, we happy few, value our feeble machines for their aesthetics, ingenuity, historical context, social commentary and recall of a simpler time. This particular cyclomotor has survived because our unknown cyclomotorist did not give a toss about any of that. Not only could he not be bothered to maintain it, but also when he had finished with it he couldn't even be bothered to sell it or throw it away.

We fetishize the machine but for him it had no existence except as a means of travel and once it ceased to provide that it no longer existed. (Ironical then that these ignored and oxidised remains have likely become our man's only memorial.) Most of the tens of thousands of cyclemotors on Britain's roads in the early fifties probably did get an occasional wipe over with a rag and soapy water but we can be fairly sure that their rider's attitude to them more nearly resembled that of our man than it does our own or that of the small band of contemporary enthusiasts of whose exploits we like to read.

Appropriate then that the unknown cyclemotorist should represent a rider with an entirely pragmatic and uninterested relationship with the motorised bicycle. Difficult, however, on the empathy front as our connectedness to him is through an object for which he himself had absolutely no regard. He is in truth the unknown cyclemotorist not only because we know so little about him but also because we are as unlike him as it is possible to be.

It would be disingenuous of me not to add that this narrative is, of course, constructed from my interpretation of my perceptions of the state of the unrestored Royal Enfield bicycle. Other narratives formed through the medium of other consciousnesses would be equally valid. We each have our own unknown cyclemotorist.

The rest is easily told. Once the bike was unchained from the garage roof and its tyres were re-inflated it was necessary to make a few adjustments. The rod brakes performed better than I expected although an emergency stop will require the assistance of stout boot soles. The gear hub was a little grouchier than I might have hoped but it has had many new parts inserted and will probably settle down. The three gears engage well. The adjuster nuts of the motorcycle style rear wheel chain tensioner are masked by the Mini Motor's engagement hoop but are probably an improvement on the more usual bicycle rear drop-outs. It is a debatable point whether adding a cyclemotor to a bicycle destroys its essential character or gives it its heart and soul. With my Dad's Rudge there was a regret about losing the qualities of a competent bicycle but with the Royal Enfield it felt as if the bicycle was incomplete without the motor.

Attaching the engine was straightforward once I had made up an inner spacer tube for the tank bolt. I'm not clear whether I mislaid this or whether it was not there when I dismantled it. If it was run without it, it would have increased roller slip and vibration and no doubt the unknown cyclemotorist's disenchantment with his machine.

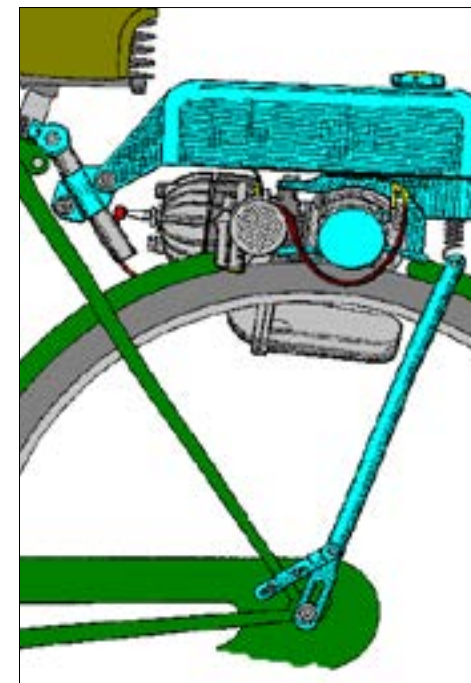


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When the original engine is restored I will be interested to try the grit roller in the wet. Adjustment of the position of the engine over the tyre is explained in the Trojan handbook. The roller needs to be central over the tyre which is achieved by loosening the engine front clamp on the swan neck that is clamped to the saddle tube. The roller needs to clear the tyre by about 1/8 inch when the lever is disengaged. This is achieved by a combination of the angle of the hoop attached to the rear wheel nuts, the angle of the rod bolted to the quadrant plate on the hoop and the height of the lower spring clamp bolt on the rod.

Once this is done the roller can be lowered onto the tyre and clamped with the engagement lever and the tank checked for levelness front to back. It should be roughly horizontal in this position. If it's not, prepare to go back and start again. Both my engines, I note, laterally lean slightly to the offside where the engagement mechanism is located. This could be the effect of the pull down being on that side but I suspect by rotating the clamp on the saddle tube a tiny fraction and adjusting the swan neck to tank clamp by a similar fraction in the opposite direction it might be possible to correct this. I don't think the unknown cyclemotorist would have bothered but I may be maligning him.

As explained in the first article about the Enfield I was not allowed to retain its original registration.



I've tried extending this advice to the number-plates, buying obviously new, shiny pressed-aluminium plates to contrast with the shabby chic of the bicycle. The rear number-plate will be the original but bolted to the centre will be the modern plate so that fractions of the first and last letters and numbers will peek out from underneath. This is meant to represent not only the old and new identities of the bike but also my anger at having one essential part of its identity forcibly changed. Kevin always describes this anachronistic coupling as 'crisp' but I'm not yet wholly settled on the plan because to me it looks like a ruddy dog's dinner.



From here the B6449 climbs 300 feet to just before the crossroads with the A629 at Four Lane End (known locally as 'Fours'). It's a rural road with three distinct slopes, one before Silkstone Common and two with a shallower gradient in between leading up to the high point. The second two gradients make one long hill about half a mile in length with the two more severe slopes kicking up slightly towards their ends. It provides a good test for a cyclemotor because the power tails off on each section and then the slightly steeper gradient offers a test of both the motor and the rider's aid to it. Before deciding whether to do LEJOG I thought if the Rudge could make it up there with my assistance we would be in with a chance of succeeding and I would opt in. At the time the Rudge engine was in its original state and I thought when I later tested the spare engine (now on the Royal Enfield) it was probably slightly more powerful.

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There are a few little adjustments to make: the Suresta stand needs some packing between it and the bottom bracket stays to lift the bicycle and make it sit more securely, it needs a bulb horn fitting and the brakes and chain require further fettling. Then it only requires the re-fitting of the original engine to return it to its state in the early 50s. The tank however is full of the most horrible stuff and I'm not sure quite how I'm going to clean it. I'd fixed on Oxalic Acid but from what I read it's necessary to get the gunge out first because the reaction of the acid with the rust only really cleans the inner surface. What horrors await me inside the engine I do not know as I'm still scraping Mini Motor guano off the exterior. It still turns and has compression although the rubber on the spark plug lead has completely perished. It might be that with the electrics renewed it is in running condition. I haven't decided yet whether to strip it or simply get it running for a more authentic feel. I am hopeful, although you may be less so, that it all comes together in #5.

[illegible]

Some years ago I bought an unused and unidentified roller-drive engine that turned out to be an ABJ Auto-Minor, a cyclemotor that apparently never really took off and then sank without a trace. The Cyclemotor Bible (The Stinkwheel Saga, Episode 2) says that “to date there are no known survivors.” [There is now!]

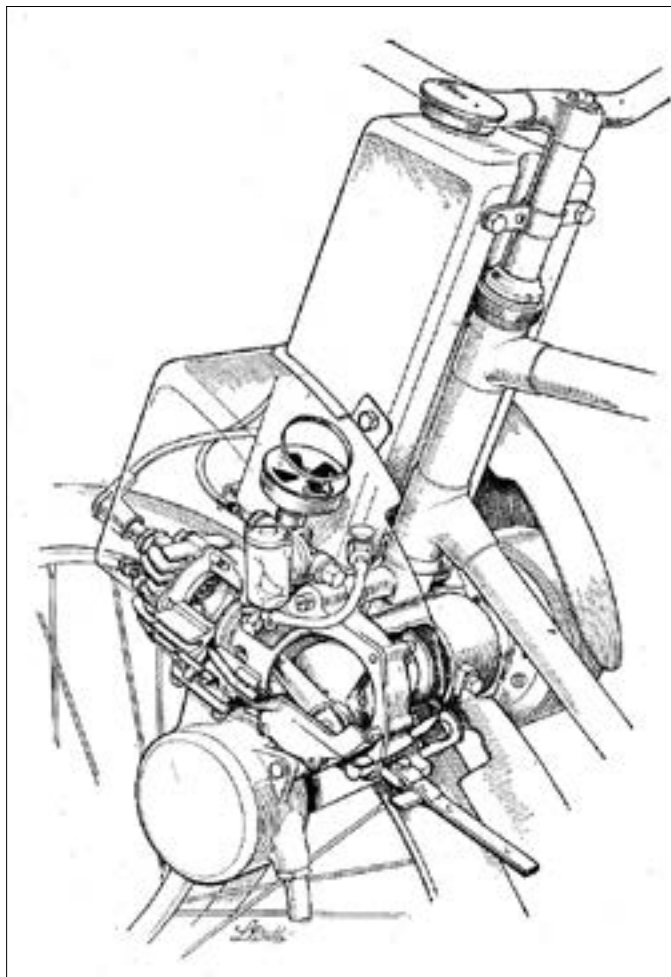
The Poor Tormented Frame:

21

This was due to overtightening of the mudguard bolts. The chain-stays were squashed aft of the bottom bracket - overtightening of the stand? - and there were many smaller dents to deal with.

A friend found a Bayliss-Wiley bottom bracket insert and I heaved, pulled and levered the frame back into something like the right shape, then set about filling the dents with brazing. I brazed two plates to the standard fork crown with a tube between them for the engine pivot, bushing and reaming the hole to 3/8" for the long pivot pin - made out of an M10 bolt turned down a bit.

I had to raise the front of the frame in relation to the fork crown by making a heavy steel spacer, press-fitted onto the base of the fork stem, with a sticky-up bit on top (technical engineering term!) to accept the ball race. I also had to lengthen the fork stem - or "steerer tube" in horrible modern parlance.



(Above: drawing of the original ABJ Auto-Minor © Mortons Media Archive)

As I hate clips around frame tubes I took the opportunity to add lugs for brake anchors, engine engagement strut, mudguard stays and lockstops. The roller engagement mechanism is simply a slotted steel strip with a wing-nutted clamp bolt. I made a lever with a Bakelite knob. Simply push the lever down and tighten the wing-nut to lock the roller onto the tyre.

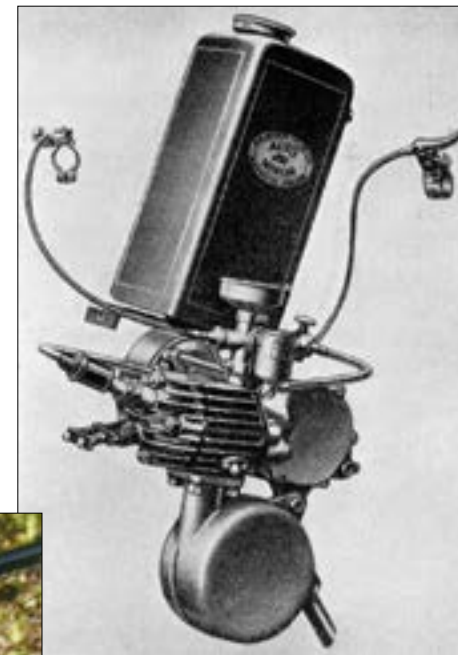
Wheels and Brakes:

I found a pair of hub brakes, the front a very tatty-looking 'British Hub Company' (an excellent brake) and a shiny, unused 'Made in England' for the rear (a rubbish brake until I had the shoes re-lined with modern material). A couple of 26 x 1 1/2" Westwood rims and some 13/14 gauge single-butt spokes completed the wheels.

Water Cooling?

The thing should have a vertical down-draught Amal 308 carburettor with the air-filter facing upwards, to collect the rain?! I simply made a right-angle elbow to use a horizontal carb.

You could be forgiven for thinking that the silencer looks like it's made from the bottom of an old saucepan.....I used a small cylindrical petrol tank which I already had. Although I dislike cosmetic pressed-steel, I felt that it had to have an engine cover as this is its main identifying feature, so I made the 'tin lid' from one piece of steel, adding two bits of brass for decoration. And, perhaps, to save the paint on the tin lid from getting scraped when the bike is leaned on a wall.



Ignition Problems

It should have a Miller magneto, but all I had was a scruffy, incomplete Wico Bantamag. I had to bore the taper to fit the crankshaft and make an adaptor to mount the back-plate. I set the timing with great precision at exactly a bit before TDC. I didn't have a decent Bantamag HT coil, but I found a 6v 'battery' type in a box of oddments, so I used a battery & coil system - with a new condenser - with two gel batteries on the carrier, one as a spare. One battery will last all day and so far the ignition has been reliable.

Engine Features

The cast-iron barrel was bare metal, so I took it off to paint it. I was surprised to find a squish-band head, and that the barrel is only held down by two 1/4" BSF studs, even though the head is held on by four. The piston, clearly marked 'Hepolite', is slightly domed and the transfer ports come out either side of the exhaust port, with brass deflector plugs to smooth out right-angle bends.

On the Road

The carburation was filthy rich at first, so I dropped the needle a bit. It was still rather rich but I put up with four-stroking for the sake of cool-running during running-in. After 350 miles I fitted a smaller main jet and got the needle set about right. After 400 miles I started to work it harder in short bursts.



It has now done 750 miles and pulls well. Maximum speed is about 25 on the flat, with a realistic 20mph cruise. It climbs slightly better than my Synchro Power Pak and is very flexible in traffic. It will rev cleanly downhill to well over 30mph and rarely four-strokes, it does tend to vibrate at 20mph but smooths out at higher speed. Unfortunately, the grit roller is a bit hard on tyres; the first one (Michelin) lasted about 400 miles. The second (Mitas) only 100. The third (Michelin again) is doing a bit better than the first. The roller needs a bit more pressure on the tyre in really heavy rain or on muddy roads, but in the dry it doesn't need to be pushed down very hard.

The overall handling is very good, probably because the engine is light and fitted reasonably low down. The limited steering lock is a nuisance when wheeling the bike around, but less so when actually riding. Fuel consumption is about 170mpg and the exhaust doesn't seem to smoke despite the 16:1 petrol mix. Induction noise is distinctly 'rorty' and it really wails when you whack the throttle open. All in all, a competent cyclemotor, but not an exceptional one. P.S. The block pedals in the photos were of such poor quality that the spindles both bent on the first proper ride! They went straight in the bin.....

Power Pak Minimag conversion Nick Devonport

I've owned my 1952 Power Pak for a number of years and, like many others, it's suffered from ageing coils in the Wipac 90 magneto. It has had a couple of rebuilds and I fitted a battery and coil ignition system in an attempt to make it reliable. However, I was always aware that there are only so many sparks in the 12v 7Ah batteries that are commonly used for the purpose. Although I have a plentiful supply of them (the alarm maintenance engineer who looked after the Customs premises was a good friend and I helped him to dispose of barely-used batteries which were changed regularly), carrying a spare battery on a cyclemotor with limited space wasn't a viable option.



A chance conversation with Rob Hirons about failing magnetos led me to Julian of Minimag in Brighstone on the Isle of Wight. Rob had had a Cyclemaster magneto refurbished and said that he was impressed with the performance of the electronic ignition system that Julian had developed. Looking on YouTube, I found a demonstration of a Cyclemaster with the Valkyrie kit starting up with a push of less than two metres. "Wow!" I thought. "That's worth a try!"

I called Julian and explained my problems. He could help – all I had to do was to send him my magneto and wait. He could have sent the kit for me to fit but I preferred to leave it to the professionals as I'm not overly familiar with the intricacies of the Wipac. Comprehensive instructions are supplied for the confident tinkerer. The magneto came off with a borrowed puller. There was evidence of a previous owner's efforts to remove it with violence and butchery, but there's no substitute for the right equipment when dealing with seventy-year-old metal.

While the magneto was away, I had the fuel tank and mag cover blasted clean and treated them to several coats of Brooklands Green followed by a coat of petrol-proof lacquer and a new vinyl sticker from Classic Transfers.

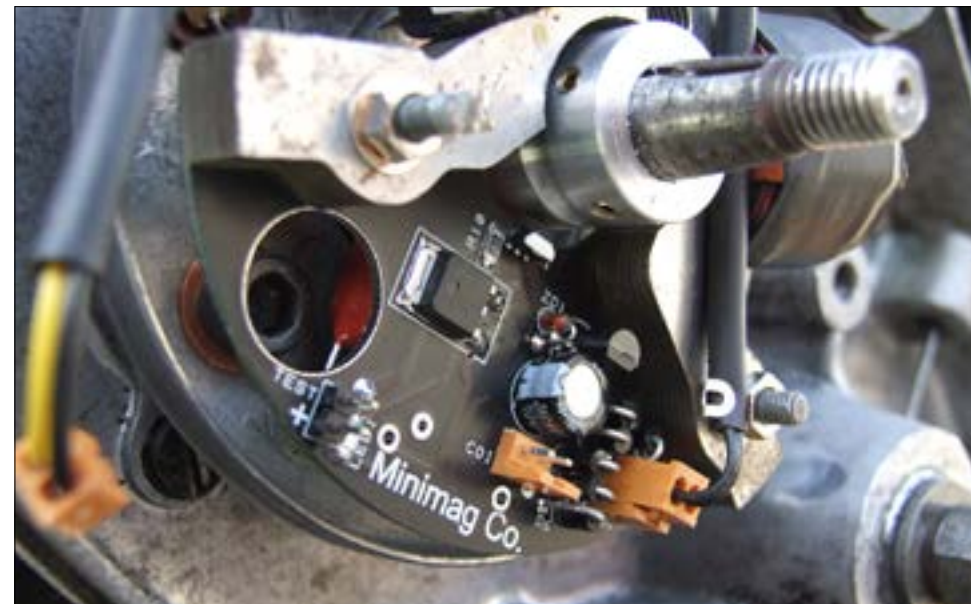


A couple of weeks later, the refurbished mag was returned and I refitted it. The ignition coil is in the HT lead outside the magneto, ideal for keeping it cool, but the lead had to be lengthened to allow it to pass around the fuel tank and onto the spark plug. (An internal coil is available if the lighting coil isn't required.) Julian did this for me and also repositioned the sensor to allow for an anomaly in my set-up. Refitting the mag involved a tussle with the Woodruff key which seemed intent on escaping to the dark recesses under my work bench but I won in the end. The spark is now very healthy and the Power Pak starts and runs well, much better than before. In my battery/coil set-up, I'd mounted the battery on the bike's crossbar in a bag. I'll keep that as a tool box.

Julian has supplied the Valkyrie W90 kit for 6 Cyclomasters, 3 Power Paks and 2 Winged Wheels. There is also a kit for the Miller BS9 and one for the Bantamag magneto. The early "Serama" Bantamag module has been fitted to a mix of machines – Power Paks and Cyclomasters – but this has now been superseded by a CDI system offering significant advantages over the Serama version. The first version will remain available for some time, as will a supply of spare parts.



The cost of my conversion was a shade over £100, a small price to pay for reliability. Most of our machines are the wrong side of fifty years old and although some spares specialists can supply parts, I think that the elegant Minimag solution is worth considering. Minimag Co's advertisement is in the back of Buzzing if you want to see if they can help you.



Moto Vespa Vespino - a short history Autocyclus



The appearance of a rare Vespino for sale in this issue of Buzzing brought back memories of the time I was living in southern Spain during the 1970s. We owned a Vespino back then, it was ridden mainly by my wife Lizzie who found it very easy to start and a good alternative to our car, an unreliable 3-speed Renault Dauphine painted a startling red and known locally as *el tomate*.

The beginnings of the Vespino moped dates back to 1952, when Enrico Piaggio, owner of the eponymous Piaggio empire in Italy, decided to expand beyond Italy's borders into another country - Spain. Spain had just emerged from a bloody civil war, followed immediately by WWII, which destroyed what was left of its poverty-stricken economy. General Franco was dictator-in-charge.

Enrico Piaggio could see that Spain desperately needed cheap two-wheeled transport but local manufacturers lacked the capital to set up production, whereas Piaggio was wealthy by comparison.

A deal was struck between Piaggio, the state-controlled INI (Instituto Nacional de Industria) and the Banco Urquijo, to set up a company to make the renowned Vespa scooter under license in Spain. The company, Moto Vespa S.A., was established outside Madrid and the first Vespa left production lines in 1953. The first decade was relatively successful, though the Spanish Vespa scooter never achieved the universal acceptance that it had in Italy.

Meanwhile, Mobylettes were pouring off assembly lines at GAC in Guipuzcoa, another licensee of a foreign parent established in Spain.



It was apparent to directors of Moto Vespa S.A. that they were missing out on the huge market for 50cc mopeds, rideable in Spain from age 14 without a motorcycle licence but with basic 3rd party insurance. The Vespino was born in 1968. It was a purely Spanish design by Vicente Carranza - a horizontal 49cc two-stroke fan-cooled engine with a centrifugal clutch and belt drive with a variator.



Left, an adapted Vespino used by a knife-grinder on his rounds.

Behind him is a SEAT 850 4-door and a battered 1960s Citroën 2CV AZ van, also made under license in Spain.

(Photo El Norte)

The Vespino engine and transmission unit was a single integral casting and pivoted on the square-tube frame, a single spring on the right side suspending it. The rear wheel was supported on one side only. As could be expected, the Vespino proved to be hugely successful, so much so that a new factory to make it had to be set up at San Blas-Canillejas in Madrid. It was especially popular with teenagers who took to it in droves, encouraged by a teen-oriented advertising campaign.



“Vespino freedom” is the caption above - just what teenagers in the late 1960s and 1970s wanted.



The carburettor is situated low down on the left of the crankcase, feeding fuel to the engine via a rotary valve, replaced by a reed-valve in 1985. Output was 2.2bhp at 4,700rpm but increased to 3.8bhp at 6,500rpm on the reed-valve engine. The fuel tank sat just in front of the engine and fed fuel by gravity to the lower carburettor. Ignition was initially by flywheel magneto, later superseded by an electronic module.

The pedal-operated bicycle chain was enclosed in the same casting as the belt transmission, which could be disengaged in order to pedal the bike if it broke down or ran out of fuel.

The Vespino was launched as a single model, the Tourist with 18in spoked wheels, but new models soon followed: the GL (Gran Lujo) in 1973, the NL (New Look) in 1992 and the Velofax from 1999. In total 1.8 million Vespinos were made during its 32-year life-span.

Moto Vespa S.A. was renamed Piaggio España S.A. in 1996 when Giovanni Agnelli (son of Umberto Agnelli of the Fiat-owning Agnelli family, younger brother of Gianni, CEO of Fiat, and Umberto's wife Antonella Piaggio) took control of the Piaggio empire. He expanded production of all Piaggio's factories but in so doing took on a huge amount of debt to finance the expansion, with the result that in 1999 it triggered a takeover by Morgan Grenfell Private Equity ("Barbarians at the gate" - Financial Times) who wanted to cut overheads to the bone, then sell off Piaggio España to make a quick buck. The closure of the Madrid Vespino factory came soon after, in July 2000.



Above, a new model, the 'Vale' (Spanish for OK) using the Vespino mechanicals, launched in 1981.

Right: bullfighter Antonio Ordoñez on his Vespino GL.

A journalist, Santiago de Garnica, referring to the Vespino's launch in 1968, wrote:

"It was the year that students, (some were realists who were asking the impossible) set fire to Paris; the magician Stanley Kubric gave us '2001- A Space Odyssey'; Russian tanks invaded Prague [to crush the Prague Spring]; Paul McCartney wrote 'Hey Jude' for Julian Lennon as a consolation for the divorce of his parents; while in Spain we felt almost European, or at least 'Euroviewers,' and a baby was born in Madrid by the name of Felipe."

That baby is now Felipe VI, King of Spain.



Full Circle (from the archives 10 years ago) the late Frank Farrington

The War was over in Europe but food rationing lingered on. Everywhere looked drab. Our wrought-iron railings were no more- "Gone to make Spitfires" my Dad commented. Terraced houses glinted in the pale sun of *Double-Summer Time*, when clocks were altered and we lived like Eskimos in perpetual daylight. "Its all to do with air-raids" the old folks said. People dressed the same, scurrying hither and thither like L S Lowry's matchstick men. Ex-WD khaki haversacks were the fashion, tartan-hued Thermos flasks providing the only splash of colour. 'Eating-out' had a different meaning in post-war Britain. (below- Glasgow's Gorbals, © Picture Post/Getty Images)



Mechanised transport was on its last legs after enduring a petrol/paraffin mix to spin-out fuel in the hard times. On the way to school I'd see a lone Morris Eight, various Villiers lightweights, two motorcycle combos and dozens of other rickety cycles like mine. The old A59 road in my part of Lancashire was still gaslit. Tate & Lyle steam lorries used to clank past our door, they took on water from a hydrant just down the road. When the town was by-passed the steamers continued to take the same old route, their drivers looked like real loco men, all oily and sweaty.

At the end of our block the local chimney-sweep parked his 1000cc V-twin BSA combo, replete with box-sidecar and brushes. Not one of our neighbours had a car; a 1920s Lagonda was rumoured to be stored away by a bank manager, but he walked everywhere just like Captain Mainwaring of Dad's Army, catching the Wigan steam train at the same precise time every day.

I began to take an interest in mechanical things. My father came home once in a Daimler Scout-Car, 'on-test' from the Ministry. The lad next door reckoned the *preselectors* needed adjustment. I was impressed by his knowledge. Billy, a few years older than I, had recently gained my respect by getting-up enough speed to overturn a 3-wheeled V-twin James milk van outside our door, no



mean achievement. Sadly, it was fully-loaded and his employment was thus terminated.

Having lost his sole means of transport Billy bought a pre-war 250cc 4-stroke Frances-Barnett 'Stag', the only one I ever saw and the first bike upon which I was allowed to sit.

(Left- housewives shopping for fish in 1948, © Picture Post/Getty Images.

Below- the Post always gets through, © Coventry City Council Library)

I was into aeromodelling, making 'rubber jobs', then progressing to diesel engines when they became available. Most were worn out by the time I acquired them- I recall a Frog 100 with a tall steel cylinder and sparse finning, the 1cc ED Bee which sold in thousands, and one dreadful 5cc K-Vulture with a ball and socket little-end instead of the usual gudgeon-pin, which



soon developed 1/8th inch vertical play. I mixed my own fuel (castor oil 1 part, ether 5 parts, diesel 4 parts as recommended by the famous Col. C E Bowden)- try ordering anaesthetic ether from Boots the Chemist today and see what sort of reaction you get!

FIRST EXPERIMENTS: To us in the UK 'glowplugs' were for wimps, nevertheless a friend acquired an American example of about 10cc, left behind by a GI serviceman from Burtonwood Aerodrome. Collectively, my pals and I couldn't afford sufficient balsa wood to house such an enormous engine so it became the basis for our first feeble experiments into cyclemotoring. This would have been around 1949. We fitted a wooden drive roller off an industrial sewing machine, constructed crude brackets to mount the thing over the front wheel of my pal's bike and were 'in business' as they say. Friction was provided by rubber bands wound around the roller. Was it a success? Well, we had lots of fun but not much traction. Revs and fuel consumption were astronomical.

Going downhill we imagined ourselves to be TT aces like George Formby, flat over the handlebars, engine screaming. On the level the hard-worked engine gradually petered out and heavy pedal assistance took over. The local constabulary regarded us with amused tolerance.

MOBILE AT LAST: In 1952 I was offered a second-hand Mini-Motor. The acquisition of a cyclemotor heralded unlimited horizons, all at 180mpg. In an age when holidaying in Spain or Turkey is the norm, it's hard to imagine the sheer excitement of owning powered transport in those far-off days. Mill-workers saved up to go to Blackpool by charabanc every year, but some older people never travelled further than the next village.

My Mini-Motor cost £2.10s, delivered in a cardboard box to my parents' parlour (one's front room was always called *the parlour* and never, ever used except for funerals). The Lake District, Derbyshire, Anglesey were at last within my reach, but there was slight snag. Even a piffling 49.9cc two-stroke engine had to be covered for Third Party Risks, whatever they were. How was I to go about obtaining that all-important document? It sounded expensive.

Dad would have nothing to do with the whole idea, he said my engine would



ruin an otherwise sound bike, bought at huge expense (about £3 second-hand) when I entered what was then called the Eleven-Plus exam. He disliked motorcycles in general, referring to them as *inventions of the devil*. Fortunately Mother did not share his view. For her, bikes evoked memories of fast pillion-rides to village dances in the Charleston age.

Our local scoutmaster acted as mediator. A pillar of society, he wore cycle clips round his ankles at all times, I often wondered if he went to bed in them. He was a rep for Britannic Life who handled motor insurance, though he could never afford a car himself. Following a protracted interview (more like a grilling) with my mother, who he'd known in the twenties, cover was arranged at £1 17s. 6d. per annum.

To earn his commission on this paltry sum he agreed to keep an eye on my cyclemotoring activities. I was nearly there. The Mini-Motor power unit was already taxed by the previous owner. It seems strange that an auxiliary engine had to be registered, not the bike it powered, but that was the Law. All that remained was to fathom where and how the various Mini-Motor brackets fitted. This took an afternoon. My Mini-Motor didn't have the usual handlebar lever and cable to disengage the drive, just a hand-operated cam mechanism attached to the rear frame loop. I painted the tank in Halfords Robbialac maroon, my first punitive effort at restoration. A provisional licence was obtained from the Post Office (I think it cost five shillings) and I tied cardboard 'L' plates front and back.

Cyclemotors were thin on the ground in my locality, France may have been teeming with VéloSolexes but Lancashire was far removed from the fashionable world of Bardot and Yves Montand. A carry-on-camping couple in shorts and sandals buzzed around our streets on a Cyclomaster tandem, and an old lady (she was probably only fifty-ish) a few doors away had an Auto-VAP with a big wicker basket on the front. There were maybe a dozen assorted Power Paks, Teagles, Mocycs and Cymotas in our market town, Mini-Motors and Cyclomasters ruled the roost, being cheap and easy to fit.

But what of the Lohmanns? Where were they? To a model aero enthusiast this was a dream come true - I avidly scanned publishing blurb about the fantastic 18cc miniature diesel, nodding my teen-age head when they mentioned *variable compression*.

Sadly, I never encountered one on the road. Experts - all my older friends were experts - said they were as temperamental as a Mk 1 Frog 100.

The Mini-Motor exceeded my wildest dreams, taking me to work every day with utter reliability. I even put-puttered through the busy Mersey Tunnel, a salutary experience. Plug-whiskering was the bane of every 2-stroke owners' life, but I accepted it as a perfectly normal occurrence. The only other snag was a bunged-up exhaust port, so decoking was performed monthly. However, as any Mini-Motor owner will know, it's easy to get at the port without removing the barrel. It blew the head-gasket once but I completed the journey with a pencil-thick flame shooting from the gap.

(To be continued in the next issue of Buzzing)



NACC Transfers Contact Ian McGregor on 07753 167595 for availability and prices.

NACC Regalia

Feece (S, M, L, XL, XXL) navy, with red embroidered logo on left breast	£17.00
Polo Shirt (S, M, L, XL, XXL) - black with red trim, logo on left breast	£16.00
Sweatshirt (S, M, L, XL, XXL) - navy with red embroidered logo on left breast	£13.00
T Shirt (S, M, L, XL, XXL) - black with large red logo on front	£6.00
Snood neck-warmer - red with black logo, black with red logo	£5.00
Backpack, 10L, black with red NACC logo, useful for tools and waterproofs	£7.50
Hi Viz Vest (L, XL, XXL, XXXL) yellow with logo on back	£6.50
Cable lock, 1.5m long, quality security for your prized bike	£7.50
Baseball cap, one size fits all	£4.00
Beanie Hat - enquire for colour availability	£4.00
Buzzing Binder - A5 size - black with red logo on spine	£6.50
CD clock, with large NACC logo on face	£7.00
Mug - black with red logo on front and back	£4.00
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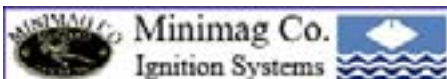
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