

The

Buzzing Club®



Volume 41

Number 2

April 2022





The National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd.
A company limited by guarantee.
Registered Office: 5 Sandy Lane, Codsall
Wolverhampton WV8 1EJ. South Staffs.

Committee Members & Contacts

Chairman & Regalia Nick Devonport (D)	28 Bridgeside, Deal CT14 9SS, Kent 07833 623630 ✉ nick_devonport@hotmail.com
Treasurer & Secretary Liz Butler (D)	Rose Cottage, 5 Sandy Lane, Codsall, Wolverhampton WV8 1EJ 01902 842198 ✉ rterry526@btinternet.com
Club Historian & Membership Enquiries. Rob Hirons	30 Rose Way, Stoke Golding CV13 6HG ✉ robert.hirons@outlook.com
Machine Registrar, dating certificates and V765. Phillip Wright	18 High Lee Grove, Flockton WF4 4FG 01924 962056 (6-9pm only) ✉ phillwright163@gmail.com
Membership Admin. PFP Print Ltd.	The Street, Chattisham, Ipswich IP8 3QE 01473 656023 ✉ info@printingforpleasure.co.uk
Buzzing, Webmaster & Librarian. Dave Beare (D)	Treddol, Chirbury Road, Montgomery SY15 6QW ✉ editor@thebuzzingclub.net ✉ hello@thebuzzingclub.net
Events Secretary Bob Jeffcoat (D)	72 Glenthorne Drive, Cheslyn Hay, Walsall WS6 7DD 07876 338759 ✉ nippybob@talktalk.net
Transfers & Publicity Ian McGregor	34 Copperfield Ave, Uxbridge UB8 3NX 07753 167595 ✉ i.mcgregor688@btinternet.com
Data Protection Officer Phillip Wright	see Machine Registrar above.
Committee members	Hon. past President David Casper (D), Alan Hummerstone

(The suffix (D) above indicates a Director of the NACC Ltd. company)

General enquiries; please contact hello@thebuzzingclub.net. Items for the June 2022 magazine to be sent to editor@thebuzzingclub.net and reach Dave at Buzzing Production well before Friday 13th May 2022 as by that date 99% of the magazine will be finished.

Cover image: The front cover of a Villiers factory brochure, extolling the virtues of the Villiers Junior engine when fitted to a pre-war autocycle. The "half an hour in ten minutes and no fatigue" refers to the time saved by using an autocycle as opposed to a non-powered bicycle. A report on one of the earliest autocycles, the Raynal, can be found on pages 18-22.

(Cover image courtesy of Ian McGregor)

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. Our BACS account name is The National Autocycle and Cyclemotor Club Ltd - please use this title.**

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.

The views expressed in articles and letters contained in Buzzing magazine are not necessarily those of any officers or members of the National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd. Any information, including advice and suggested modifications contained in Buzzing has not been tested, checked or approved by the National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd. Before acting on any such information you should obtain appropriate technical advice and if necessary have the work carried out by a professional motorcycle engineer. The individuals listed as marque specialists do so in good faith on a voluntary basis and the Club cannot accept liability for the consequences of any information provided by them. Save as required by Law, the Club cannot accept liability for any loss or damage resulting from the use of any information contained within Buzzing or any other publication by the Club. "NACC" and "The Buzzing Club" are the UK registered Trade Marks of the National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd. under Nos. 2539025 and 2544773. All rights reserved © 2021. All content copyright of respective contributors. Articles, photos etc. published in Buzzing may also be posted on the NACC website and recorded in the NACC archive. No reproduction of any kind without written permission of the NACC Ltd.



Chairman's Chat

It's nice to see the evenings getting lighter, even if the days aren't getting warmer at the moment. We can get to Bike Night in the daylight, even if the low sun is a challenge and it won't be long before we can get home before darkness falls. This dictates a bike with half-decent lighting which rules out a few of my steeds and, although I'm enjoying it immensely, using the new 125 seems like cheating when I should be flying the flag for the moped community!

The Club had a good stand at the Bristol Show at the end of February with over 20 machines on display. The judges liked what we'd done, too, with three prizes finding their way to our bikes. Have a look at the report and photos which appear on pages 14-16. A bike show is a great way to see what the rest of us have got tucked away in the shed and they present opportunities to stock up on consumables for our projects. Occasionally a new bike will follow us home and it will come as no surprise to those who know me that it happened to me at Bristol. The Suzuki Roadie isn't a common sight on the roads these days but there's one in Deal now. I'm looking forward to getting to know it but buying it means that something has to go – space, as always, is at a premium.

Speaking of shows, don't forget that Stafford is just around the corner. We've got a good selection of bikes lined up and I look forward to seeing some of you there. Could someone please remind me to keep my hands in my pockets this time?

Nick Devonport

News from HQ.

We have had a few problems with bank's security systems rejecting BACS membership renewal payments which do not agree with the exact wording they have on file. The full title to use when sending a BACS payment is "The National Autocycle **and** Cyclemotor Club Ltd." Do not use the symbol & - it won't be recognised. P4P have advised us there is no need to return your renewal reminder slip if you pay by BACS. To avoid confusion with similar or identical surnames please always add your membership number when renewing by BACS.



Condensed minutes of the 2021 AGM, hosted on Zoom.

Twenty-two members attended the 2021 NACC Ltd. AGM on Zoom, including eight committee members. The use of Zoom saves the NACC considerable costs in holding an AGM. Items listed on the agenda for discussion included approving the minutes of the 2020 AGM – approved – and there were no matters arising from those minutes.

Club Officers reports for 2021 had been circulated to attendees prior to the Zoom meeting. Some points raised were the absence of runs and gatherings due to the Covid pandemic and social restrictions, with just 31 permits issued in 2021. Regalia sales were also hit by the lack of shows. However, membership numbers were up! 151 new members signed up to join the NACC, despite a relative lack of events to attend. Finances remain sound thanks to Liz's efforts, though the extension of every membership by 4 months at the beginning of 2020 cost the club income around £8,500, spread between 2021 and 2022. P4P Print Ltd. have been truly heroic in printing and dispatching Buzzing on time despite very few staff being present on site, occasionally just one, and their management of our membership has been exemplary.

Item 6, approval of the revised Articles of Association and Byelaws was deferred. The committee concluded that we need to seek more professional advice before finalising those amendments, which will be circulated to members and presented for approval at the 2022 AGM in January 2023. The existing NACC committee and directors of NACC Ltd. were unanimously re-elected en bloc.

A few interesting points were raised in the general discussion after the agenda items had been dealt with, including when, where and how we might hold the postponed 2020 40th anniversary celebration and National Rally. The committee discussed this at the March 5th meeting on Zoom and we have confirmed the dates - Friday 1st to Sunday 3rd July - but unfortunately we cannot use Wolverhampton Rugby Club as they are doing drainage work on the pitches, so no bookings.

We're planning on holding the event at a rural campsite near Telford and Shifnal; Ted's Hunger Hill Camping, Hunger Hill Farm, Sheriffhales, Shifnal TF11 8SA, as it has a large grass area with loos and a shower block. It will be a self-catering weekend as there are no catering facilities on-site, and we'll have a run out each day on some routes we've used before on previous Nationals. We have advised Ted that we could have around 25 campers plus day-visitors for the runs. Cost is £20 per head per night for camping and you need to book directly with Ted on 07807 798288 or info@hungerhillfarm.co.uk. When booking please say you are with the NACC cyclemotor group for the national rally. Any updates will be posted on the NACC website and in June's Buzzing. Contacts for more info are Nick on 07833 623630 or Dave on 01686 669811.

More News

Our good friends in the Rijwiel Hulpmotor Club in the Netherlands have confirmed the Stramproy cycle-motoring weekend is definitely going ahead this year on 10-11 September, after a lapse of two years due to Covid-19 restrictions. A much-reduced event was held in 2021 but this year's will include long runs on cycleways and minor roads on both the Saturday and Sunday. Stramproy is situated on the eastern edge of Holland, close to the German and Belgian borders. It is a trek to get there but so worth it! This year's theme is cyclemotors outriggered on the side of a bicycle.

Marque Enthusiasts:

It has been a few years since we updated this listing, largely due to a lack of volunteers! If you have a comprehensive knowledge of a particular make and model of cyclemotor, autocycle, moped or other small NACC-type machine and would like to help others in their quest for information on "how do I do.....?" then please help!



We have a well-known volunteer for Mobyette Marque Enthusiast, Brian Aplin who recently retired. Brian has said he'd be prepared to answer Mobyette-related questions by phone, between 9am and 12 o'clock only, on 07572 856694. His insider knowledge of Mobyettes, acquired from 50 years of selling Mobyettes and spares, is second to none, so if you have a problem, call Brian. He is busy most afternoons so call him in the morning, and no, he hasn't any spares for sale.



The EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE

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

Dear Dave,

I enjoyed Dave Stevenson's above entitled article appreciating his writing style and opinions, however, in keeping with Dave's own comment that, 'other narratives . . would be equally valid', he invites, alternative suggestions, hopefully also, permitting some author's licence.

While TUC is reported as unknown, surely at least some identity must have been discovered to declare he died intestate. However, I can't simply agree that he [she?] would have been as unlike us as it is possible to be, and in the absence of that knowledge, let us just imagine; As one gets even older, particularly in the current climate, it concentrates the mind, as Dave rightly points out on how our own characters may in our absence be perceived in the future, merely by the sight and condition of our remaining powered two-wheelers, that have outlived us. In fairness to TUC, we are not told of any major or dangerous bodes to his RE/MM combo, the used, dirty and oily description given, if found on such as an ageing Brough Superior, or other example of elderly exotica would surely be classed as the beloved patina and only add to any monetary value.

Also, whilst I fully appreciate and congratulate Dave on his novel registration plate mod, albeit the cut-down size is no doubt illegal, without its accompanying explanation in the future it could well be construed as some form of cheapskate 'make do and mend' exercise and be subject to unfair criticism. I'm sure there must be some kind of algebraic equation that would allow us to establish unknown missing detail from available accepted proven evidence. But not knowing it, I can only surmise, compare and offer my own motorcycle influenced experiences.

No doubt, like other club members, my first proper, decent and legal motorcycle was the only thing I was personally responsible for at the age of sixteen. It was my first love and interest, and was cleaned, polished and pampered as much as it was ridden. When the replacement larger, faster and more powerful example was acquired, that too received the same attention and had more money spent on it corresponding with my increase in income. And so it continued until life responsibilities and requirements changed.

My genuine 1965 Thruxton Bonneville and it's thirteen associates at the time all went in exchange for the means to acquire a mortgage to purchase a house. I'm quite sure the same *raison d'être* applied to TUC relinquishing his Vincent Black Shadow or was it a Rapide! Even the humble Bantam I acquired as part of my money raising exercises, being the latest smart B175 model represented too much associated collateral and was replaced by one pound ten shillings worth of Francis Barnett Plover - in the year of decimalisation.

Such was my situation, one day, when I attempted to inflate the FB's rear tyre I got covered in French chalk and realised the valve had detached from the inner-tube. I surmised as the valve was 180 degrees out of place this hadn't just happened, so as the old hard Dunlop Universal felt the same when I rode it the short distance home deflated [the tyre not just me] I continued riding it, gently, the 30-mile return journey to work the remainder of my shift-work week. (contd. next page)

Personal transport was also supplemented by use of my mother's Puch Maxi before I came by a Mobylette, whose description would make TUC's combo sound 'concourse'. Now my later life is country related, despite the clean shiny now valuable examples kept in storage, my preference is for 'Land Rover type' less fussy utility machinery, hence my MZs and ex Army Armstrong, all of which are kept in pristine unwashed dirty and apparently neglected but usable condition.

In conclusion, I would therefore respectfully ask that any future perception of my abilities, income or intentions be judged on a picture of my Thruxton or my pampered gold and black machinery, NOT, in the absence of a RE/MM combo, on the Fanny Bee or moped.

Yours most respectfully, **Phil Rich**, Shropshire.



Help wanted

A French cyclemotor enthusiast, Emmanuel Thevot, has contacted the NACC in the hope that someone can help him. He has just rescued a Trojan Mini-Motor which he wants to restore and run, but it is missing the whole exhaust system, can any member help him locate a replacement exhaust? Much appreciated if you can, and Emmanuel writes good English so no communications problems. His contact email is: emmanuel.thevot@orange.fr

MOBILETTE
1/4 TON PICK-UP

MOBILETTE ELECTRIC CAR

2 Wheel Drive — 4 Batteries
4 rear springs, removable fenders, steel and flame
2 head lights, 2 rear lights, 1000 cc. 1/2" Drive and back
brakes and front parcel shelf.
Sturdy and comfortable approved body
No expensive or complicated machinery to repair
Runs on easy maintenance, quiet and efficient, electrically
propelled vehicle.
A very good mode of transportation for business,
shopping or pleasure.

Overall Length 36"
Rear Height 30"
Load Space 36"x37"x17"

*America's Finest New
and Efficient
Low Cost Transportation*

• LESS THAN \$1.00 PER MONTH TO OPERATE
• FOURTEEN YEARS IN LONG BEACH

Manufactured By
MOBILETTE SALES AND SERVICE
214 East Seventh Street, Long Beach • Phone 4-0770

Manufactured By
MOBILETTE SALES AND SERVICE
214 East Seventh Street, Long Beach • Phone 4-0770

The current preoccupation with electric vehicles, two and four-wheeled, is not a new phenomenon - most taxis in New York at the turn of the 19th century were electrically powered.

The brochure seen left dates from the early 1960s and advertises low-cost electrical 'buggies' possibly based on golf-cart technology. "Fourteen years in Long Beach" California, where the climate is ideal for these completely open cars or 1/4 ton pick-ups.

Page opposite - a 1954 ITOM Tourist (no gears) & Astor moped (three gears) advert; see the Bristol Show report on page 15 and pages 44-45 for the reasons why!

micromotori a rullo
48 cc. - 2 tempi
senza ingranaggi

Esperienza decennale
Assistenza immediata

MODELLO
TOURIST

MICROMOTORI ITOM CICLOMOTORI

MODELLO
"ASTOR"
con cambio
a tre marce

Serietà e garanzia di lavorazione
Prezzi di assoluta concorrenza

Modelli con trasmissione a catena senza marce oppure con cambio a tre velocità

ITOM - TORINO - Via F. Millio, 41 - Tel. 31286
Concessionari in tutta Italia

Bristol Classic Bike Show

Autocyclus

The 2021 Bristol Show at Shepton Mallet was postponed then cancelled, as the Bath & West Show-ground was being used for a Covid-19 vaccination centre, so we were all looking forward to this year's event. Rod Western was in charge of paperwork and organising it again - on light duties as he'd had major heart surgery last year. He produced a fine display of no fewer than 22 bikes for visitors to admire and, being one of the first shows post-restrictions, it was very busy both days.



John Aston's superbly restored Mobylette AV32 (foreground above) was in front of a rusty wreck, a great Before and After display. Next left came Paul Flowers 1982 CS50 Suzuki Roadie, a nice little ex-District Nurse scooter. Then we had Nick Devonport's 1972 Poirier Manulette 3-wheeler invalid carriage, powered by a Mobylette 93D dual variator engine with electric start, followed by Rod Western's 1985 Mobylette 51V, an acquisition from France with electronic igniton and reed-valve induction which apparently goes like stink!

Because of the size of our stand we had a walk-around centre display which allowed visitors to closely inspect the models we had on show. Front row from left to right were John Hemborough's fine Gilera Trial 5v, then an unusual machine - Alan Burton's well-restored Peripoli Giulietta Super Sport 50 with a Franco Morini engine. Next was Geoff Warren's Power Pak Synchronomatic, a typical 1950s British cyclemotor fitted to a rod-braked Raleigh frame. Ian McGregor's extraordinary low-mileage 1956 Her-cu-Motor came next, as featured in the December 2021 issue of Buzzing. Then we had Ron Pitman's 1952 Cyclemaster on a baker's boy delivery bicycle, the wicker basket was

full of enticing loaves of bread! Behind the front row were two of John Burgess's fine restorations: a 1957 Ducati M55 moped powered by a Cucciolo engine - Ducati were moving away from clip-on engines to proper mopeds by the late 1950s. Next was a superb 1964 Ducati Piuma 48, bought as boxes of bits and restored over 3 years, it won Best Cyclemotor/Autocycle in Show! Yes, we know, its not a cyclemotor or autocycle, but that was what the judges awarded...

Continuing our tour of the stand, next we come across Bryan Norton's Sun autocycle, bought as a basket-case in 1977 but used regularly now. It was one of two autocycles on display, the other being John Burgess's 1945 Norman painted in RAF Bomber Command colours, which won Best Autocycle at the October 2021 Stafford Show.

Hiding in the corner was a fascinating machine I've never seen before - Roger Knight's 1951 Itom Tourist fitted to an Itom-made bicycle, both in superb original condition (photo next page).

Continuing along the other side, next we had Ray Hill's excellent Suzuki Trials bike, followed by another of John B's finely detailed restorations (2013), his 1967 Kerry Capitano with a Minarelli engine. Alongside was another Kerry Capitano, Dave Godden's 1965 version in 'working clothes,' as used on numerous NACC runs over the years. This was followed by Bryan Norton's 'work in progress' 1958 Berini 32cc M13 "Egg" cyclemotor in a proper Dutch frame with splash-guards everywhere. Next up, my 1956 Mobylette AV37 with drum brakes, variator engine and telescopic forks, the last of the curved-tube frame Mobys.

Another Power Pak, then Joe and Jenny Skinner's immaculate 1959 Gilera Giubileo 98cc (right) which won second place in the Continental machines class. Nick also won a Highly Commended rosette for his Poirier invalid carriage, so all-told the NACC stand won three awards. Great show guys! And a big thank-you to Rod Western for setting it all up and attracting such a wide variety of machines for the stand.



A selection of photos from the Bristol Bike Show.



Manchester Bike Show

Traditionally the stand at Manchester in January was a combined Wobblers/Buzz'ards one but this year John Burgess took the stand on his own to display some of his collection. A few photos:



Above left: John's superb Ducati M55 moped, successor to the Cucciolo clip-on, at least the M55 has a rocker-cover! Above right: Mercury Dolphin scooter - "John claims it makes a better sofa than a scooter!" Other bikes on display were: Victoria Vicky 2-speed moped, a 1952 Cyclomaster in John Player Special colours, a 1945 Norman autocycle in Bomber Command colours, the 1964 Ducati Piuma seen at Bristol, a Honda PC50, a Bown autocycle, a Kerry Capitano and a Honda 90 Cub. John won Best Unrestored Classic for his Kerry Capitano. Photos courtesy of Peter Moore.



Raynal was one of a great many bicycle component manufacturers clustered around Birmingham in the early part of the 20th century, where innumerable small to medium-sized workshops produced all manner of items necessary for assemblers to produce their “own transfer” makes of bicycles. The company was established by Sr. Luis Piñeda and is first mentioned as a manufacturer in 1914 at 41-43 Fleet Street, Birmingham. In the same year the company producing a simple 269cc Villiers-powered light motorcycle with 2-speed Albion gearbox, but unlike others confronted with WWI Raynal dropped motorcycle production altogether.

Bicycle production continued into the 1920s. It all went rather quiet until 1934, when The Motorcycle & Cycle Trader magazine published an interesting report entitled “Raynal’s New Premises” which told of Raynal’s move to the old Morris Commercial van and truck factory in the Soho

area of Birmingham. This area within Birmingham could be called the power behind the Industrial Revolution; it was where Scotsman James Watt made his revolutionary steam engines - featuring a separate steam condenser which tripled work output per ton of coal - allowing much smaller engines with lower running costs to be sold to factory owners, who profited enormously from this new technology.

The Raynal company name was still little known as it had specialised in making bicycle frame sets and frames for others to badge with their own name, evidently successfully as in the first months of 1934 Raynal had equalled the whole of their 1933 output, according to The Motorcycle & Cycle Trader. “The active management of the company is now in the capable hands of Mr A.B. Jackson (founder of the ABJ motorcycle business), a particular feature of the concern’s activities is the vast amount of export business transacted”. So, Raynal was probably exporting large quantities of frame sets to local assemblers throughout the Empire, especially to New Zealand, Canada and South Africa, as well as own-badge machines to countries such as the United States.

Around 1935 Raynal moved to premises on Woodburn Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 21, and became involved with George Herbert Jones’s prototype of a power-assisted bicycle.

Mr. Jones contacted Villiers about prospects for his design and the company decided to collaborate, realising a new market for single-speed 98cc autocycle engines was opening up and, for a company advertising itself as “the largest motorcycle engine manufacturer in the world” (which it probably was), wanted a piece of the action.

Villiers already had many components for the Junior engine lying around in various parts bins, they just needed to make a few new castings to create a successful and hopefully profitable new autocycle engine.



The Jones autocycle prototype had a 98cc engine which incorporated the pedals and pedal shaft within the engine, keeping them well forward and in the best position for pedal-assisted power cycling. The Wallington-Butt designed 1934 Cyc-Auto adopted this layout for the same reason. George Jones’s bicycle-like frame had no conventional bicycle bottom bracket.

Villiers soon realised that the engine they had developed with Jones was over-complicated and would be costly to manufacture, so they simplified the design, removing the pedal shaft and pedals from the engine and returning them to the cycle-frame. Thus the Junior autocycle engine was born, looking very similar to the first Jones unit. In use it proved sufficiently powerful that pedalling was very rarely required, thus lessening the need for a well-placed bottom bracket. Legend has it that Raynal thought it had an exclusive deal with Villiers for the supply of Junior engines but Villiers probably doubted Raynal's ability to manufacture autocycles in sufficient volume. Villiers covertly contacted Excelsior, who had been using their engines since the 1920s, to offer them the new Junior autocycle engine. Raynal duly launched their new autocycle in 1937, the Auto, with Motor Cycling magazine picking up the story in the September 15th issue.



“A very rare thing is the arrival of a completely new make of motorcycle, so the news that the Raynal Manufacturing Co. Ltd. of Birmingham has introduced one is all the more welcome and encouraging. The machine is of the power-assisted bicycle type, marketed in one form only, at £18 18s. Four of them will be exhibited on Stand 21 at Earls Court. A cycle-type open frame is used, with tandem-strength fittings and taper stays. Although very sturdy it is quite light in weight. Springing for the front fork is arranged by fitting a single laminated spring and adjustable shock absorbers are included.” This suspension was inherited from the original Jones prototype without modification.

The report continued, having noted features of the Villiers Junior engine: “The finish is excellent, carried out in black and cream and gold with chromium plating. Frames, forks, mudguards and so on are all Bonderized before enamelling”. (Bonderizing, also known as Parkerising, is a phosphate conversion coating process for protecting steel surfaces from corrosion). “The rubber-mounted fuel tank is finished in cream with gold lining and transfers. It is claimed that this good-looking little machine will do 30mph and will average 140mpg. The annual tax, of course, is a mere 12s. 6d.”

The Raynal Auto, being the first Junior- powered autocycle (Excelsior announced their version, the Autobyk, in 1938), set the pattern for many companies who followed with their own autocycles. George Jones and Raynal therefore probably influenced the design and construction of many subsequent machines.



On the 26th May 1938 The Motor Cycle published a road-test of the new Raynal, entitled “On the Road with a Raynal”, in which ‘Ambleside’ put the autocycle through its paces. “During the last few weeks I have had in my stable a 98cc Villiers-engined Raynal- and a very interesting little job it is. It has several unusual features, chief of which is a sprung front fork (above). There is also a clutch, normal pedalling gear and a back-pedalling brake which is designed to avoid accidental application when the engine is in use”.

“On machines of this type a sprung fork is generally considered a luxury, but at the speed of which the Raynal is capable, it is very nearly a necessity. A short, laminated spring is employed, which allows a fore-and-aft movement of the fork blades. This movement can, to a certain extent, be adjusted by tightening or slackening the shock absorbers.”

The back-pedalling brake referred to was a normal drum brake but operated via a mechanism attached to the bicycle pedal-shaft and had an interlock which, when operated, allowed the Raynal to be wheeled backwards without operating the brake. The Motor Cycle noted that “The brakes are in keeping with the excellent standard of the rest of the machine.”



“[The brakes] are both light in application and efficient in use. The rear brake in particular is surprisingly powerful; it is applied with the right foot through the medium of the pedals.” ‘Ambleside’ was also impressed by the autocycle’s performance. “The maximum speed of the Raynal is between 28 and 30mph and it can be ridden on full throttle for mile after mile without the engine showing any signs of tiring. I have ridden the Raynal on several occasions between my home in North Surrey and the office, through some of London’s densest traffic. By train this journey takes me 45 minutes from door to door. By road, a distance of some 13½ miles, it usually takes me 35 minutes on a fast solo. On the Raynal it takes only five minutes longer.”

By late 1939 the price of a Raynal had risen, so the company introduced what would now be called a base model of lower specification selling for less. The De Luxe (in fact the original model with sprung forks) cost £22, while the ‘Popular’ made do with ordinary bicycle forks, no rear stand, a plain black exhaust pipe, no tyre pump or tax disc holder and was priced at £20 10s.

In November 1939 the old Villiers Junior engine was superseded by the more powerful Junior-De-Luxe unit, but this was a straight swap without need for frame modifications, so Raynal began

selling both models with the JDL engine.

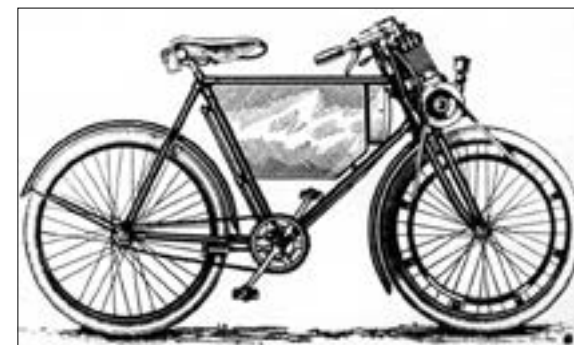
Unfortunately by then World War II had started and Raynal, like many other autocycle makers, halted production for the duration, resuming again in 1945.

The Popular was the only model available, though it had been upgraded with girder forks from the pre-war De Luxe. In 1947 the Popular was renamed the De Luxe, though without any improvements to the specification, and continued in production until 1950, just after Villiers introduced the new 2F autocycle engine.

Raynal had by then run out of old-stock JDL engines and was not inclined nor could afford to undertake a frame redesign to accommodate the 2F unit, so called it a day.

Full Circle 2 (from the archives 10 years ago) the late Frank Farrington

Within the next two years swarms of Mosquitos arrived from Liverpool. They were sold by Bob Sergeant of Moorfields, a short street leading down from Exchange Railway Station. Mr. Sergeant (never Bob to his face) was a devout man who held prayers for his staff in the spares basement every morning. He was a pioneer collector of motor-bicycles from 1898 to 1903, the first ‘clip-on’ era. Werner (right), James, Clermont-Garrard, Coventry Eagle were amongst the unrestored machines in his private collection. In the 1940s such machines were worthless. Sergeant saved many from suffering the same fate as garden railings during the war.



The Italian-designed Mosquito was a lovely little engine but, like the Vincent Firefly, too expensive for ride-to-work peasants like me. I recall Mosquitos performing briefly down Moorfields in front of the news cameras (probably Pathé). A Mini-Motor also appeared in an article about the new “Transport for the Masses.” Apart from a comedy film starring John Gregson as a vicar on a dubbed back-firing Cyclemaster, all film-footage of that era seems to be lost, unless somebody knows better....



BSA Winged Wheels and Ducati Cucciolo were rarely sighted on my travels. The former were beautifully made but too late on the scene to gain a foothold in the market. The 4-stroke Cucciolo was even more expensive but totally outclassed clip-ons in speed and reliability. Only one was in use in my locality, appropriately owned by a tool-maker.

There was much talk of roller-drive design amongst my pals which was better, a straight-cut steel roller, a wavy-grooved

version, or one coated with carborundum compound? We teenage technologists discussed various types with great fervour over a lemonade at Bert’s Chipshop. An innocent age, you may gather.

In my own limited experience the standard steel straight milled type slipped in wet weather, wearing quite badly within a year. My father’s gloomy prediction that a composite roller would wreck a tyre in an afternoon proved unfounded. I have failed to find documentary evidence to



support my recollection that replacement carborundum rollers for Mini-Motors were on offer at the time. I acquired one, perhaps made locally for dealers Bob Sergent or H.F.Brockbank of Southport

FILLING UP: Garagemen hated the cyclemotor breed, I recall to this day the look of utter disdain on attendants' faces when filling my stupid little tank-cap oil measure. Few garages had two-stroke oil dispensers, oil came out of huge tanks filled with Castrol XL or XXL. The garageman turned on a tap and held a pint can underneath, which was invariably coated internally with grit and dead bluebottles. Petrol pump metering was a bit hit-and-miss, half the fuel went over your saddle and rear tyre, which didn't help if you already had a slipping roller. In my locality there were still a few hand-pumps left, slowing the process even more. Meanwhile, back down the queue the local Terry-Thomas-type spiv impatiently pomped the horn of his Jaguar MkV saloon.

SARTORIAL ELEGANCE: My friend Windy's tuned 25cc (later 32cc) Cyclemaster engine had a homemade megaphone the size of a candle-snuffer. It sounded wonderful but it didn't go any faster. Indeed, you could hear him coming up the A59 for three minutes before he came into sight, a dot on the horizon crouching over the handlebars of his Hercules pushbike. Windy wore what was then termed a 'ski-cap' in the adverts, a sort-of oilskin baseball hat long since out of fashion. My clothing consisted of a WW1 Sidcot flying suit (Named after inventor Sidney Cotton. Image courtesy The Vintagent) and Biggles-type leather helmet. I wore a pair of my mother's old gloves, which for some reason best known to the manufacturer had fur on the outside and no lining at all on the inside.



Both suit and gloves became sodden in wet weather- we must have looked ridiculous. Not to be outdone by Windy, I fitted a straight-through steel pipe in place of the Mini-Motor's admirable cast-alloy silencer. Unfortunately I'd forgotten my route to work passed the Britannic Assurance man's house. He was not pleased at being woken up by Windy and I howling past like a swarm of killer-bees every morning and threatened to cancel my policy.

SHORTLIVED: Cyclemotors were not on the scene for very long. Broadly speaking, 'clip-on fever' was over by the mid to late Fifties. The life of a Mosquito was not much longer than the parasite after which it was named. One stalwart near Wigan did a weekly 160-mile round trip to The Lakes with fishing rods strapped to his 36cc Berini bike, but this was quite exceptional.

Ten miles was the average daily mileage. Rare makes like Bantamos and Cycluids became rarer still within only three years. There were two factors which defeated the cyclemotor as transport for the masses, one of which I'll come to shortly. Firstly, it has to be said, they were fragile. Manufacturers hadn't reckoned on the average cyclists' mechanical ignorance. Many struggled to mend a puncture let alone adjust contact-breaker mechanisms. Owners were not were not engineers or instrument makers, they were farm workers, painters & decorators, or midwives in the case of our Auto-VAP owning neighbour.

Piston-ring replacement was advised at regular intervals, ignoring the fact that most cyclemotorists possessed little in the way of tools other than a blunt screwdriver, a pair of pliers and a set of those clumsy pressed-steel toolkit spanners which were neither use nor ornament. Dire warnings about not using *proper extractors* fell on deaf ears. Owners preferred to prise off their flywheels with tyre-levers (and still do). That other factor? Well, if I just say "NSU Quickly," that's sufficient explanation for most.



The new mo-ped (originally hyphenated thus), first introduced in 1953, was fast, clean, looked stylish and knocked the socks off our antiquated autocycles. Diehard cyclemotorists like me realised our days were numbered.

PART TWO

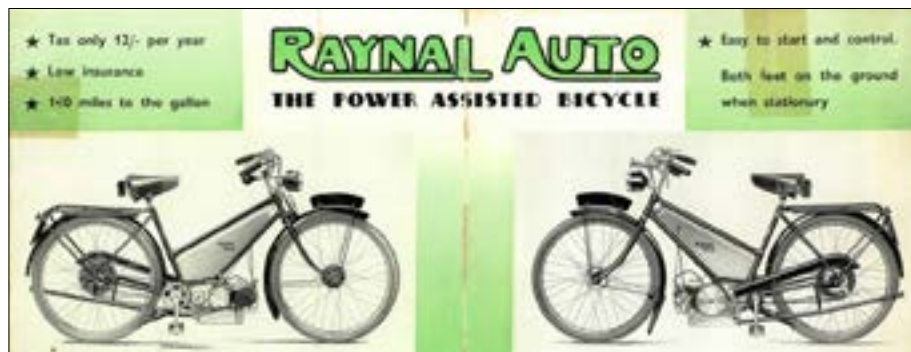
Life returned to normality in the 1950s as the population began to recover from the War. I saw a pomegranate in a grocer's shop window and wondered what it was. Mens' suits were

obtainable again, albeit on Hire-Purchase. Television was now the in-thing. Whole families and neighbours crowding around a flickering 9-inch cathode ray tube. Cars were not freely available yet, but there was the option of an old motorcycle or a cheap moped for the working man.

I yearned for more power. The faithful Mini-Motor was exchanged in a straight swap for a 350cc OHV Levis, a good deal you may think. Not so. The motorcycle was carted home in several wheelbarrow loads and I was once again without transport.

INVENTIONS OF THE DEVIL? Around this time my father - he who hated motorcycles - bought a Raynal autocycle. Dad had chest problems due to working in the mines as a boy and found the daily stream-train journeys traumatic. Our family doctor rode a push-bike on his rounds, as did the insurance man. He advised Dad to emigrate or buy a motorbike to get some air in his ailing lungs.

The Raynal cost £5, very second-hand. Unfortunately, its acquisition only worsened matters due to frequent plug-whiskering, the 98cc Villiers rarely completed a three-mile journey without at least one whisker. Heavy pedal-assistance began to tell on Dad. He tried every possible oil/petrol/sparking plug permutation, all to no avail. The last straw came in the shape of the Ultimate Non-Whiskering Plug, father's invention. I wrote about this in *Classic Mechanics* some years ago so I won't repeat the whole saga. Suffice to say that the new plug, disappointingly, developed an even bigger whisker in the first hundred yards. Father buried the poor Raynal at the bottom of the garden. Lest anyone should harbour thoughts about digging it up, the site is now 'developed.'



I went through a long phase - fifty years almost - of motorcycle ownership. Scotts, Broughs, racing Nortons, 7R AJS and dozens of other exotica came my way. Lingering there however, always at the back of my mind, were fond memories of my Minimotoring days. Road conditions changed. The Swinging Sixties swung for those who could afford to be fashionable. For the rest of us mortals, mortgages were nigh on impossible to obtain and money seemed tighter than ever. I now plodded to work on an ex-Army BSA M 20, costing £28.10s from Dawsons Motors of Nottingham.

One last word on the infamous Raynal. Before its untimely demise I borrowed it to go to a night-school session at Wigan Tech. My Levis (Miller) dynamo had packed up so I was desperate. After I'd gone about eight miles on the Raynal I began to wonder if Father had imagined his problems when the Villiers came to a spluttering halt.

As I write these words it occurs to me that younger readers may never have experienced the whiskering phenomena. As mentioned previously, most garages dispensed straight Castrol XL and XXL from cans in the 1950s. The big breakthrough came with Castrol Two-Stroke Self-Mixing oil, Filtrate ditto and then a mysterious additive called *Bardahl*. The latter was mixed in much smaller proportions than the usual 16 or 20:1 and didn't need an energetic shake-up like a cocktail. Trouble was, cyclemotorists were a conservative lot and didn't trust the resulting 'thin' mixture, so they either added an extra dose for good measure or stuck to 'straight' SAE30, bluebottles and all, from the garageman's green can. Thus whiskering continued to plague us Brits for years. I am reminded of that bygone era every time my lawnmower (Villiers powered- what else?) fouls its 18mm Lodge plug with the grass half-cut and glowering thunder clouds overhead.

(Concludes in the next issue of Buzzing)

The Microrameur

Joost Heesakkers

In order to generate additional turnover, various cyclemotor manufacturers also offered their engines for sale as an outboard motor. The best-known Dutch variant of this phenomenon is the Boatmaster from Berini. After all, the engine part is derived from the Berini M13, the well-known Egg. But Berini was certainly not the only one and certainly not the first. For example, in Germany in the 1950s you could buy the Zündapp Delphin outboard motor, which was derived from the KM48 auxiliary motor. Outboard engine variants were also available for the Rex (above right), MAW (Pfeil) and even the Lohmann.



The Micromoteur (right) was a product of the Labinal company from Saint-Ouen near Paris. It was a roller drive above the front wheel and available in two versions: the "Tourisme" model with 63cc cylinder with 7 cooling fins and the "Competition" model with 75cc cylinder with 9 cooling fins and a larger roller diameter of 63mm instead of 40mm.



The outboard motor was derived from the 75cc version, which is described in the French magazine *La Nature* of April 1926. It is clear that Micromoteur literally means "Little Engine". The outboard variant was appropriately named Microrameur, which literally translated means "Little Rower." However, as a rule, an outboard motor has an extension tube with a propeller at the end, which goes into the water. The Microrameur has an oversized screw, but no tube. The propeller is used as an air-propeller, which pushes the boat over the water as if it were an airplane.

Nothing is new under the sun, because in the 1920s it was the Johnson company that became world famous by converting its Johnson Motor Wheel cyclemotor into an outboard motor. But outboard engine variants of the German DKW cycle motor and the French Micromoteur were also put on the market in the 1920s. The latter in particular is worth further consideration.



With the Microrameur, the Micromoteur motor was equipped with a shorter crankshaft because no roller was needed. The flat flywheel was replaced by a wooden propeller, it is placed in a guide ring (a kind of rim), which is shielded with mesh on the helmsman's side. On the guide ring is a steering rod with throttle and decompressor (below).

The motor is placed behind the propeller, so that the motor is cooled by the airflow generated by the propeller. The whole is rotated on a foot, to be able to steer the boat. The tank is exactly the same as the Micromoteur and placed on top of the guide ring. The whole thing weighs 12 kg.

Just as the Micromoteur was made to motorize any bicycle, the Microrameur can motorize any light rowing boat, simply by attaching its foot to a pad on the back of the boat.



This in itself is a playful thought, but of course far from original.

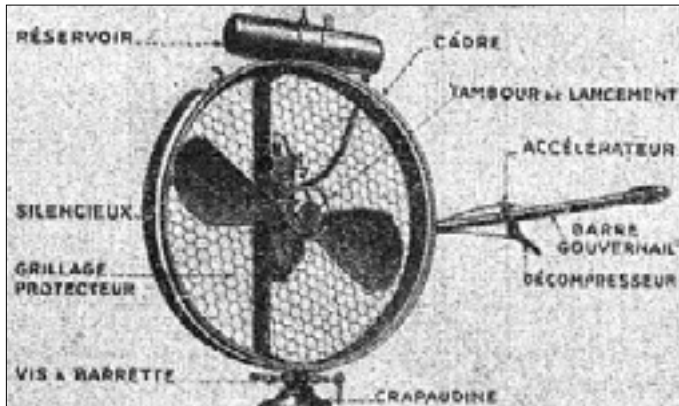


With grateful thanks to Joost for sharing this article with us, it first appeared on the Rijwiel Hulpmotor website.



Below, a scan from the Motobécane brochure covering the Mobylette D52 TT and Spéciale TT all-terrain versions : "For the countryside, for sport and for hunting." Thanks to member Skungheneey.

Where the cyclemotor is figuratively the wind in your back, the Microrameur is literally a wind on your back. It is not fast, a maximum speed of 6 to 8 kilometres per hour is specified. But on the water everything goes a bit slower anyway, because you don't have any brakes either.



Then there are those jokers who think: if you can turn an cyclemotor into a outboard motor, then maybe you can turn an outboard motor into a cyclemotor. For example, the images on the next page show a Microrameur built on the back of a bicycle to serve as a cyclemotor!



In the Future, everyone will be famous for 15 minutes

Phil Nuttall & Dave Stevenson



Seen through the prism of Andy Warhol and Marshall McLuhan, the high spot of 2021 for our two-man mini section, the Peak Park Peripatetics, was meeting 'Villager Jim', a Facebook blogger, on Longstone Edge on 10th August and subsequently, through his agency, enjoying our own 0.15 seconds of internet celebrity. Most of the 300 people or so who commented on Jim's post had fond (and often surprisingly inaccurate) memories of their own relationships with the Honda Cub.

(FaceBook post left and below)

From our point of view Longstone Edge (far right) itself probably played a more major part in our memories of this year. We visited it four times in the eight rides we managed, using it at least twice as a picnic spot. The climb out of Great Longstone is a pleasure in itself as it cuts a neat diagonal up the steep face of the ridge but the views from the various stopping points are spectacular. The wide glacial valley, grazed by herds of cattle, is spread out below with ranks of other hills beyond, cut into neat rectangles by white drystone walls and topped by clumps of distant trees. The Yonderman Café, another frequent visit this year, is just over the ridge and down a twisting road.



Cogitating on how the world has changed with the pandemic (we were not able to have our first ride until April because of the restrictions) I was going to remark that our casual contacts with passers-by on our rides had diminished but looking through my diary to write this I am not sure that is the case. On that first April ride at Longstone Edge we were engaged in conversation by a woman out walking. She gave us a fairly lengthy, detailed and topical back story about how she and her husband were playing slightly unwilling hosts to their son and daughter from London who were staying with them to escape the perils of the capital. She then got in her car and drove off in the opposite direction to where she had said she lived, leaving us wondering what, if anything, was true about what we had just been told.

Probably it would be true to say that the nature of our contact with other people on the rides has changed because everybody, and particularly people our age, are wary of indoor venues and casual contacts. Phil also points out that the usual café where we meet has been closed on every occasion this year 'and that was where we met most of the weirdos'. As a man, not too far off 70, who rides round the Peak District on what is basically an oversized moped, I'm being careful about bandying the word 'weirdo' about.

We had the usual motorcycle conversations. We, of course, met the man who 'used to have a BSA Goldstar' as we do every year. I'm still not clear whether this is one local chap in disguise who hangs around the Peak District ambushing the unwary or a team effort funded by the Peak Park Authority to encourage motorcyclists away from the more popular viewpoints. Others on the same ride met at a café parked on a bridge over the M1 were more genuine characters. The young chap on the Yamaha Tricity (a three-wheeled 125cc automatic scooter) was about to set off on LEJOG and an older man on a large bike who had been widowed at 50 and just recently lost his mother to Covid who was still clearly in grief.



Both Phil and I have partners who were seriously ill at around that age so his obvious emotion resonated. Sometimes one senses a slight tension between those on large motorcycles and the Tiddling fraternity (No Madam, I mean those on smaller capacity machines) and there are motorcyclists of whom it may be said that our initial impressions make us grateful for the silence. Phil, for instance, has still not recovered from our meeting a couple of years ago with the Harley riding ex-miner whose hero (and 'The only man who can save the Country') was Jacob Rees-Mogg. It would in retrospect have been better for Phil's mental health if he had never spoken to us.

There are no hard and fast rules here. We had a long chat with a man on an Aprilia RSV1000 outside the Old Smithy at Monyash this summer and it's difficult to think of a bike that is more the opposite of a Honda 90. Our bikes still attract attention, on one of our Yonderman visits a group on big bikes stood around them chatting and pointing for about 10 minutes (although they didn't deign to speak to us). I think, nevertheless, that our impression would be that the Cub-mania of a year or two ago is calming down. One of our weirdest human interactions this year was riding in the flatlands of the Ouse and Trent where in a small village a woman gave us the most enthusiastic and welcoming wave as we bimbled past. I think we must have been the first human beings without webbed feet and two heads she'd seen all week.

The prize for this year's motorcycle encounter was awarded on our last ride (and Yonderman visit). It was about 4 degrees centigrade, sunny in places not shadowed by the hills, but frozen in the sunless dales. The ride up through Stoney Middleton had passed streams actually steaming in the frozen atmosphere and freezing fog had shrouded the sun passing through the valley south of Hathersage. As the road topped out onto the plateau on which the Yonderman sits it felt like we had stepped out of a freezer into a warm afternoon but the puddles in the car park were edged with ice. Such was the temperature that there were few bikes. A couple of trailies that left pretty much as soon as we arrived (one ridden by a rather short chap who might have benefitted from mounting on stilts) and a Matchless 'Jamptot', 350 or 500cc.



This had exquisite patina, which is French for looking knackered but still working, something most of us experienced in the late 50s and early 60s. As we rather fondly examined it we realised that both its pillion pegs were extended and wondered whether someone had foolhardily braved a very cold ride on the back.

Inside in the warmth, after we had de-frosted ourselves for 10 minutes with the first of two mugs of hot tea, a young man stood up, picked up his helmet and was followed out by a girl also carrying a lid. As by this time the Matchless was the only other bike in the car park it was obvious where they were headed. If I had been him I would have got down on one knee amongst the bacon baps, spilt sugar and discarded sauce sachets and begged her to marry me.

Four of our rides this year were suggested by destinations on the VMCC's Waypoint Rally. The club had their territorial sections give co-ordinates for three local landmarks to which members could ride and send in their photographs to the club as a way of continuing activity within Covid restrictions. It's not an original idea, Motor Cycle Sport and Leisure or another of the commercial magazines used to run a similar competition. Not all the sections' choices were particularly inspired but it gave a different structure to our rides from the cafes that usually form our stopping points. One factor that surprised us a little was quite how many miles were clocked up circulating places that we felt were rather close together. Three of our four waypoint runs ended up over 100 miles and one was abandoned when it was clear that to continue would promote discord in our respective households. This ride provided one of my favourite moments when, somewhere between Earl Sterndale and Ilam, we discovered a gated road that ran through farmyards and across fields, hardly more than a track at times, past an open drift mine entrance dated 1862. We re-commenced this ride the following month to trace 'Mermaid's View' an unlikely seeming destination in the landlocked Staffordshire Moorlands. Higher, more rugged and less popular than the main area of the Peaks we are particularly fond of this region.

We rode out of Longnor to the south west on quite a pleasant sunny day and climbed through ascending lanes for about 5 miles until we found ourselves skimming the bottom of low lying clouds and then, climbing further actually riding up into a wet mist. Mermaid's View did not exist in such conditions we discovered but we did locate the former Mermaid Inn, deserted and surrounded by the enveloping fog (right). The ride up had been strange but the return was exhilarating. As we dropped out of the cloud the sun was still shining over the panorama of hills and it felt almost as if we were descending from a flight, which brings me to the most interesting of the local waypoints.



Pollington Airfield Memorial Garden (below) is north of Doncaster and never having heard of it we decided it would be worth a visit. Again it is down some very small rural roads and rather prosaically on the edge of an industrial estate, albeit one which still has one of the huge hangers used to house bombers during the second world war. 892 airmen lost their lives flying out on missions from this spot and the garden commemorates many of them by name, often the entire crew of downed aircraft appropriately listed together on their memorial plaque.

After a while the very ordinaryness of the comings and goings of the contemporary businesses emphasized the extraordinary horror of the noise and fear of the long flights and the terrible destruction they visited on those below. This contrast was reinforced by the rest of the ride beyond Goole up the Trent through villages and countryside for which the term 'sleepy' seemed hardly quiet enough.

Phil's home improvements have often provided a background to our miniature section but this year, apart from a one week delay after the easing of the first and most restrictive period on the 29th March owing to a 'patio reconfiguration incident', they have not really impinged.



The (only near) breakdown of the year goes to... (sound of distant fanfare) Phil's clutch. After one of the rides in the middle of the year the said component began to develop slip and on the following excursion caused a few anxious moments and a slight shortening of the route. There was talk of spare engines and even, if my memory does not deceive me, of paying someone to change the plates. Disclaimer: I relate this merely to demonstrate the possible seriousness of the situation rather than to endorse the suggestion that Mr Nuttall was ever likely to part with coin of the realm for this purpose. When I had the little contretemps with the C90 and loose engine bolts, unkind aspersions were cast about the quality of oil I was using in the engine. Mr Nuttall avowed that he bought the most expensive type of oil for the annual changes and hinted that his greater reliability record was down to his willingness to spend money where it mattered. This coming from a man who, when he has no second-hand tyres in his extensive current stock of spares, buys hoops made of plasticene and recycled rubber bands with which to encircle his rims felt like a stern rebuke.



Obediently, for my most recent oil change I eschewed the recycled chip oil available in our local car spares store and purchased full-priced stuff from Halfords. You can imagine my chagrin when a couple of rides later Mr Nuttall recounted that he had solved his recent clutch problems by draining off the liquid gold in the engine and replacing it with a cheaper lubricant devoid of all the expensive additives that make clutches slip. Happily to date the Yamaha's clutch has not lost its grip and I comfort myself with the fact that in the midst of his clutch despair, not quite sure whether the slippage would allow him to continue the ride or return home successfully, Nuttall proved true enough to character to assert that despite the difficulty of the circumstances he would be trying to keep the ailing clutch going until the bike had done 19,000 miles, presumably even if he had to push it the last 300 or 400.

Phil replies: Ask anyone who is a participant on any motorcycle internet forum what the most contentious topic is and the answer will, almost always, be OIL (closely followed by TYRES). When I arrived at my local Halfords store to buy frighteningly expensive Castrol semi-synthetic motorcycle oil for my annual (which nowadays seems to coincide with 1,000 mile) service I was shocked to find it 'Closed for Pandemic Reasons' according to a hand written notice on the door. I then went another ten miles to a local motorcycle shop and asked for oil suitable for my C90. The shopkeeper insisted I needed fully synthetic oil to protect my obviously highly-stressed/fragile engine!

He then quoted an acceptably low price which I happily accepted for a litre of Motorex Fully Synthetic 'Oil of Switzerland'- rather a surprise as I have never seen an oil well in Switzerland. I paid using the now ubiquitous 'tap-and-pay' and was shocked when I got home to find that I had either misheard or been quoted a price about half what I actually paid – changing 'acceptable' to 'extortionate'. I used it anyway, pleased with the protective and performance enhancing benefits on offer. All was well on our next run until a fast run down an A-road when I tried to keep up with the flying (4-speed) Stevenson Townmate. After our picnic stop at Longstone Edge I was pleasantly surprised to find how little kickstart resistance there was when I re-started the engine but unpleasantly surprised to experience significant clutch slip when setting off on the steep gradient. I got home and really didn't worry too much about it. However, on our next run, matters came to a head when we climbed Winnats Pass out of Castleton and, with the engine revving like a mad thing, I achieved a speed of 3 mph.

Things looked bleak and, as reported, I feared that clutch re-lining or even reserve engine fitting would be called for. One post on one forum (out of many suggesting a burnt out clutch) hinted that fully synthetic oil may not be a-good-thing. I thought this might be worth a try and changed my hardly used, expensive oil for Putoline Straight Mineral 20/50 and achieved almost instant relief. So problem solved and now well on way to 20,000 miles. On the plus side the fully synthetic oil hardly burnt away on the two runs whilst mineral oil disappears quite quickly – particularly when Townmate chasing but I don't know what to do with my unused half litre of expensive oil. (Above - a massive omlette if he crashes?)



(Could I be so bold as to suggest stacking it with the out-of-date, part-worn, 'NOT for road use', North Korean Army Surplus tyres which you are also 'saving for a rainy day' when, I have to warn you, the perished, rock-hard rubber will be absolutely lethal in the wet? - Dave)

Phil's Stats: (2020 in brackets)
 Number of Runs: 8 (7) 3>>100 miles
 Total Miles: 735 (586)
 Total Time Elapsed: 47 hours (36 hours)
 Average Speed: 16 mph (17 mph)
 Lockdowns Preventing Riding: 3 months (3 months)

In summary we are going further more slowly which sounds reminiscent of the old Yorkshire recipe for a long life: 'Sit quietly, go nowhere, do nowt. It'll not make you live any longer but it will seem like a flipping eternity.'

Cyclmaster - The Magic Wheel

Bill Danks

My Dad, Bill Danks Senior, was fussy about his toolbox and in those days young William was not the most tidy of individuals. Probably with that in mind, on my 13th birthday, Dad presented me with my first toolbox, a set of rudimentary tools and his faded pre-war copy of 'Motorcycles and how to manage them'. I read it from cover to cover, studied all the illustrations, and awaited a project upon which to test my new found knowledge.



My first project was to re-time the ignition and restore the performance of a Royal Enfield motor mower used by the local Whitehill Cricket Club. Yes Whitehill had its ups and downs. Well the ancient mower was a move in the right direction but it wasn't a proper motorcycle so I looked for an alternative and lo and behold it arrived in the form of a lowly 98cc Villiers powered James Autocycle. Alf, the owner, was the local Co-op insurance man who collected his dues every Wednesday and then pedalled frantically to zoom up the hill before returning the following week for further collections.

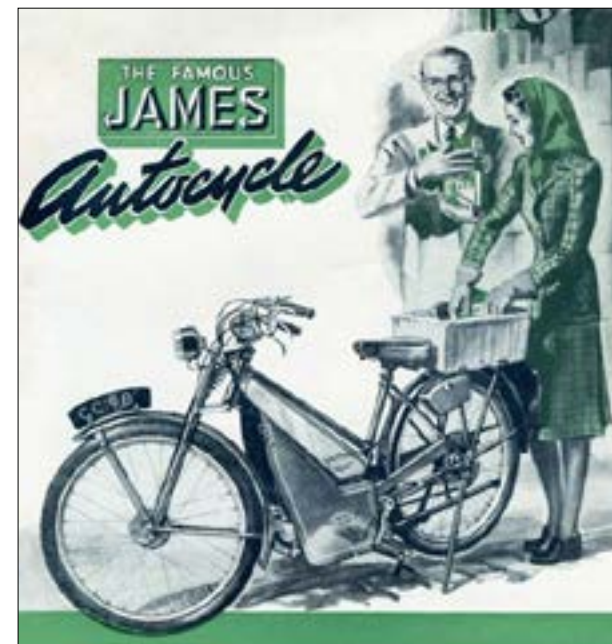
'Zoom' was a relative term with respect to Alf's James for I noticed, with some amusement, as the power melted away, Alf would leap from the machine to scamper alongside the James to overcome the effects of gravity. Hello thinks William, we've been down this road before, so I asked Alf if I could have a look at it and resolve his problem. He was more than willing, left the Autocycle, and borrowed my push-bike to complete his collections.

Brimming with confidence I dived for the ignition timing, but to my disgust it was spot-on. The motor started easily but it sounded a little breathless when revs were applied so back to my manual for more inspiration. I came up with the curse of all two strokes, a blocked exhaust system. I dismantled the system and found you could not have pushed a pencil through it, the poor little thing was choking itself to death. Armed with rods, chisels, hammer and drills I removed the offending material, refitted the system and, as William was well under riding age, Dad took her for a successful run up the test hill.

Confidence restored, I awaited Alf's return the following week, which he did, but not on my cycle. He did not get on with my 'new-fangled' gears and had swopped it for a cycle which suited his mature years! An agreement was reached whereby Dad would drive over to Alf's, swop bikes, and in return for my services, Alf would give, yes, give me a motorcycle!!!

This offer was too good to be true and to his credit Dad went along with the scheme so, armed with our toolboxes, he and I motored over to Harbourne. Alf was not at home but was found and extracted him from his 'local', returned to his home and were ushered into his back garden.

An unforgettable sight met our eyes, for against every available vertical surface leaned a lightweight motorcycle. Sadly they were in various states of disrepair for Alf had neither the skill nor the inclination to repair his noble steeds. Mindful that we needed to transport two machines I opted for a Cyclmaster and, re-united with my long lost bicycle, we returned home. My Uncle Frank ran a fast 32cc Cyclmaster.



With a passenger in mind he adapted a BSA Winged Wheel fuel tank to accept a pillion seat and, loaded with fishing gear, we would motor out from Birmingham to one of his favourite haunts. Amazingly, it rarely needed LPA (light pedal assistance). Would my example cut the mustard?

My motor was a non-runner and locked-up at the same point when I turned the flywheel magneto by hand. I removed the spark plug and magically the lock up had disappeared. On inspection the plug's electrodes were crushed together and it dawned on me that Alf, in his ignorance, had fitted a long reach plug, and there had been a coming together. I fitted a short reach plug, up she fired and away we went.

I stripped the motor but found nothing untoward apart from a slight depression in the piston crown. I dismantled, polished and refurbished the cycle parts as part of the rebuild. The little Cyclemaster looked a picture and ran superbly around Mum & Dad's scrambles course - sorry - the garden.

Alf was delighted and actively promoted my achievements in his local pub to such an extent that one of his associates wished to buy the Cyclemaster and were WE prepared to sell it to him. Well, after due consideration, a promise of a share in the sale price and the offer of another machine from Alf's collection, a deal was done. Dad delivered the Cyclemaster to Alf's local in Harbourne, the guy zoomed it around the car park to the delight of the assembled public bar and Alf, ever the salesman, sold him an insurance policy on the spot. Dad and I drove home with £12 and an Excelsior Autobyk.



The Excelsior was a deluxe model fitted with the two speed Goblin power unit which started first time and ran beautifully, however the back-peddalling brake mechanism with missing and the rubber-band front suspension had collapsed, certain failures for the newly-introduced MOT test. Armed with a borrowed parts- book from Wheelers of Northfield, an Excelsior agent in the 50s and a bag of tools, I cycled off in ever increasing circles to source the missing items from the scrapyards and motorcycle dealers around Birmingham.

My replacements cost shillings but the knowledge of who and where I could find my future needs was priceless. Dad solved the rubber-band crisis as an Austin employee. He simply walked into one of the engineering stores dotted around Longbridge with the distressed examples and walked out with three sets for 'test purposes'. The Excelsior was stove-enamelled for some reason which did not make sense for a bread and butter autocycle, it polished up a treat, and was swapped for Trojan Mini-Motor.

The Mini-Motor refused to start even when pedalled furiously but would fire up if I squirted neat fuel through the plug-hole. Still on a steep learning curve, I came across the words 'lack of crankcase pressure' from my text book, so I bought and fitted a new set of crankcase seals and piston rings and the Mini-Motor was restored to its former glory. The Mini-Motor was part-exchanged for a Royal Enfield Flying Flea with a blocked fuel system and lack of sparks and yes, from personal experience, the motor was perfectly happy running backwards! Finally a lovely little post-war 125cc Francis Barnett Merlin appeared with a slipping clutch and in desperate need of sprockets, a new drive chain and brakes.

As I was approaching my 16th birthday I contemplated keeping the Barnett as my first road bike but was seduced by sight and potential sound of a four stroke Tiger Cub languishing in a neighbour's garden. I'd made £60 profit from my wheeling and dealing activities with Alf and that just about funded the buying, restoration (the big end had gone), tax, MOT test, and insurance of my newly acquired Triumph Tiger Cub.

Yes, I'd moved onto bigger and better toys but I'd never forgotten that little 32cc gem. That little bike taught me a lot, was my first experience of self-propulsion and possibly started a passion for two-wheelers which has lasted over 50 years. As a long standing VMCC member, a number of cyclemotors had literally landed on my doorstep but I had never admitted to my dalliances with these contraptions until I became aware of hushed whispers taking place amongst other VMCC members and it appeared I was not the only one mucking about with these pieces of nonsense.

In fact these guys were members of a secret society, the National Autocycle and Cyclemotor Club, a small but elite clique which buzzed these silly devices around the countryside on Sunday mornings. Their enthusiasm was infectious so I joined their society. At the time of joining I owned a Cymota, a Trojan Mini-Motor and a Raleigh Runabout and rapidly acquired an NSU Quickly and a Honda Camino, but a Cyclemaster eluded me. I seriously thought I had missed the boat but, while at a coffee stop on a South Staffs Buzzing Run, in idle conversation the topic of Cyclemasters popped up. That well known raconteur in Buzzing Circles, John Burgess, bless him, had recently acquired a Magic Wheel and wondered if I would like to take over the project as it was of little interest to him. You bet I would John! So, with some trepidation, I motored up to John's premises to view the object of my desire. I was not to be disappointed for yes, she was rusty and distressed, but basically she was complete. It was love at first sight and I whisked her away to my workshop in Kidderminster. Previously, John had a stand at the Cleobury Mortimer Show, six miles from my home in Kidderminster, and was offered the Cyclemaster wheel by a gentleman from Highley which just happens to be four miles up the River Severn from my home.



I intended the Cyclemaster to be a Winter Project but, just as suddenly, an oily-rag 1950s Triumph sports cycle popped up and enthusiasm got the better of me. The Cyclemaster's spokes were broken, the motor needed a little end bearing, piston rings, main bearings and seals. The exhaust system was completely blocked with carbon which must have choked the poor little thing to death and required an immediate de-coke. All these problems were rectified, a coat of gloss black paint was applied and with careful assembly she looked stunning. She looked good but would she perform as expected?

Well, she started with ease, ran very sweetly and climbed most hills without LPA even though fitted with the smaller 25cc motor. How it did that still ceases to amaze me for the piston is smaller than an egg-cup and my weight has risen a staggering 50%, from an 8 stone wringing-wet 14-year old in 1960, to an overwhelming 12 stone 70-year old. My Cyclemaster is an amazing little device. She turns heads, is fun to ride and most importantly has that Smile Factor. Yes, it has taken 55 years for The Magic Wheel to turn full circle.

From the archives: another old-fashioned British 'parts-bins' moped, put together by someone intent on stemming the flow of imports from "The Continent." A no-hoper if ever there was one...

348
CYCLING, November 3, 1958



The "Talbot" at a Glance

Maximum Speed		20 m.p.h. in 20 sec. from 100.
Engine	1.2 H.P. in 20 m.p.h.	1.2 H.P. in 20 m.p.h.
Weight		
With tank	11 lbs.	10 m.p.h.
Frame	11 lbs.	10 m.p.h.
Seat	11 lbs.	10 m.p.h.
Wheels	11 lbs.	10 m.p.h.
Head mounted lighting	100 W.	

Engine: Trojan two-speed; 12 mm bore x 42 mm stroke; 2.4 H.P. at 4,500 R.P.M. 1.2 H.P. at 3,000 R.P.M.

Clutch: Active engaged gear; manual on (disengagement feature); lever control; lock and release; foot gear; no clutch release; foot gear; foot control.

Frame: Reinforced steel tubes; steel rear end; 10 mm diameter; front fork.

Tank: 1.2 gal. capacity.

Appliances: Head and tail lamps; tail drum; horn; bell; horn; horn; horn.

Wheels and Hubs: Front hubs of steel; rear hubs of aluminum; pneumatic tires; 1.25 in. x 3/4 in. Dunlop spurs.

Fastenings: Bolt heads; (screws; rivets); cast nuts; lock washers; pins; washers.

Finish: Gun blue and black; with enamel top coat and chrome-plated details.

Weights: 11 lbs.

Makers: H. J. Talbot and Son, 7 Cross St., Lower Norwood, London, S.E.11.

Price: £100. 40/- P.T. (Selling elsewhere at 115. 40/- net, P.T.)

TALBOT TWO-SPEEDER

Cheapest production two-speeder in Britain
is latest model from specialist maker

A REALLY rational moped — that is my impression of the two-speed Talbot, the Trojan-engined machine produced by light-weight cycle specialist H. J. Talbot at his works in Norwood. Not only rational, either; at the price of £100 10s. 4d. it is — "knock-down" offers apart — the cheapest two-speed moped on the British market.

Body of the Talbot is a laser-welded open frame of high-quality tube, basically similar to that of the single-speed model which was tested in *Cyclist* earlier this year. Front suspension is by Webb link forks, and the power is supplied by a Croxford-built Trojan two-speed engine, mounted in a slanted position below the front down tube. This drives, by means of a vee-belt, the separate Albion two-speed gearbox, which is carried on a channel-member welded between the top tube and the seat tube, the final drive being by chain. There is independent pedalling gear; a sturdy clutch; and adequate engine and transmission shielding.

The advantages of the configuration are obvious. Work on the clutch or gearbox can be done with no need to dismantle half an engine unit beforehand, and there is thus a valuable saving in labour costs if repairs become necessary. Dismantling, as a cycle, the machine is easy to pedal if the occasion arises, and replacement parts for the cycle side of the machine are standard cycle components, with advantages in the way of availability and cheapness. The British-built engine can be maintained with the greatest facility, since it is accessibly mounted, and the spurs cost less than half the price of equivalent Continental components. The machine is thus ideal for the man who wants a moped that is cheap to buy and run, yet capable of doing a man-sized job.

That, the Talbot most certainly will do! On level roads, it will cruise happily at between 25 and 30 m.p.h., surging up to 35 m.p.h. down-

hill. Top gear can be held down to 10 m.p.h. if the rider wishes, without vibration or transmission snatch, while in bottom gear one can tickle along at walking pace quite easily with the clutch fully home and the engine busily sipping over. Acceleration is good, and it is possible to whip up to nearly 20 m.p.h. in bottom gear before engaging top.

Gear Lever Position

Gear control is by means of a long lever mounted on the right of the top tube, and therefore one hand must be taken from the bars when changes are made. I soon discovered, however, that it was unnecessary to use the clutch when "swapping cogs"; instead, I simply used my left hand to flick the beautifully-positioned lever into whichever gear I wanted. So cunningly has it been placed that there is no need to look for it, and the click-action of the Albion selector mechanism makes it difficult to miss a gear even when making quick changes. Thus the clutch was used only when starting. After that, I flicked into neutral on the approach to traffic stops, and braked to a standstill. To restart I gave a couple of turns on the pedals to get the Talbot on the move, and then tapped the lever into bottom gear to motor away. Emergency stops could best be made by twisting the grip forward to bring in the decompressor, and braking with a dead engine for a first-class halt. And for the form of the thing, though, I also ascertained that the clutch given enough take-up if one prefers to use it for moving away and changing gear.

Comfort on the Talbot is first-class, thanks to a good riding position, soft and well-sprung saddle, and the Webb forks. These were adequate on anything but completely unmade surfaces. Braking was good though — a small point currently receiving the maker's attention

— savage front-wheel braking caused the ridge on the front guard to lock against the cylinder of the engine. Neither brake showed any tendency to cause a skid.

Overall average of roughly 115 m.p.g. was obtained from the machine, used in hilly country. Oil-consumption was considerably better than that of the average single-speeder, but with a rider of Continental proportions was not of the same standard as that of the normal Continental-engined two-speed moped. However, a lighter rider found the pedals superfluous and in any case Talbots offer a unique service in giving a choice of gear ratios, so that the heavier man — or the chap living on the side of a mountain — can opt for a machine with lower-than-standard gearing.

Here, then, we have a machine which comes close to the ideal of a utility model, yet is offered at a price which is more than just competitive. And since the manufacturer has such confidence in his workmanship that the frame is guaranteed for five years the buyer of this "bargain basement" moped knows that he is getting quality as well! — CENTAUR.

MOPED MAINTENANCE HINT

WHERE a two-speed moped has suffered a clutch cable breakage which cannot be fixed on the spot, it is still possible to reach home under power, providing a decompressor lever is fitted. Engage top gear, and — using the decompressor — pedal away! Drop it to start the engine, and when you wish to stop, close the throttle, operate the decompressor, and apply the brakes. In effect, your two-speeder will be a pedal-boosted single-speed machine of the club-class type.

It is also possible to apply a similar remedy in the case of a broken throttle cable. Set the throttle slide adjuster so that the engine runs fast enough to give you a speed of about 15 m.p.h. You can then drive it on this fixed throttle opening, controlling your speed either by means of the decompressor or — better still, if you are fortunate enough to have one — by means of the electrical cut-out button.

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
 - Lapel badge - enamel, silver with red logo £3.50
 - Cloth badge - embroidered sew on with red NACC logo £1.50
 - Stickers - Windscreen, visible from inside glass £1.00
 - Machine, for legshields, top boxes etc. £1.00
 - 40th Anniversary. £1.00
 - Pen - quality biro £1.00
 - Key ring - enquire for machines depicted. Dwindling stocks, not to be repeated! £1.00
- Contact Nick Devonport by email to nick_devonport@hotmail.com, mobile 07833 623630 or by post: 28 Bridgeside, Deal, Kent, CT14 9SS to obtain a postage-inclusive price for your order. Once this has been agreed, please pay by BACS transfer (NACC bank details are on page 3) or a cheque made out to NACC Ltd. - and wait for your postie. Regalia available at selected shows.

WELDING SPECIALISTS

Aluminium – Stainless Steel – Mild Steel

Inconel – Titanium

All welding repairs and fabrications of missing lugs, brackets etc.

Tel Phil on 07976 271151. Email daviscuat42@aol.com

WV8 1QG (Codsall, Staffordshire)

ClassicMopedSpares.com



APLINS STOCK




Mobylette

Website orders only due to increase in parts.

**SOUTH CLASSIC
MOPED REPAIRS**

All types of moped and light machine repairs undertaken in the South, together with refurbishment to any level requested.

FOR INFORMATION
CALL MICHAEL

Tel: 07923 225226

*Price winners at the Classic
Motorcycle Show at Andingly!*

Quickly
NSU QUICKLY SPARES



FULL RANGE OF NEW AND USED SPARES, REGALIA,
INFORMATION AND SERVICE FOR YOUR QUICKLY

Regular stock update, manuals, tools, gifts.
Always happy to help with advice to keep
your Quickly on the road.

Contact Andy and Sue at:
NSU Quickly Spares, Ivy House, Maypole, Hooth,
Canterbury, Kent, CT3 4LN. tel: 07714 781600
email: nsuquicklyspares@btinternet.com
Web: www.nsuquicklyspares.co.uk

Full brochure available from our website. (PDF)

Minimag Co.
Ignition Systems




Coil rewinds, new coils made
Magneto repairs
Electronic repairs and conversions
Remagnetising
Machining services

Affordable prices
Friendly advice always available
Call or email us with your requirements

Minimag Co. Brighstone, I.O.W
sales@minimag.co.uk
www.minimag.co 01983 740391

**CYCLEMASTER & CYCLEMOTOR
SPARES**

HILLTOP SHOP & WORKS 2 Keats Lane Earl Shilton Leicester LE9 7DP	PETE STRATFORD 136 Windley Road Leicester LE2 6TS Telephone: 07708 419776
--	---

Open: Tuesday-Thursday-Friday and Saturday 9.30am - 2.30pm
Telephone first please
email: pete.stratford@btinternet.com
for a spares list send 2 first class stamps with your address

Small French Motorcycles
for Sale contact David Mellalieu

www.motosdemellalieu.co.uk

TONY ETHERIDGE

118 OAKLANDS AVENUE
OXHEY HALL, WATFORD,
HERTFORDSHIRE, WD19 4LW

TEL: 01923-231699

24 HR. ANSWERPHONE
(CALLERS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY)





REGISTERED NO. 58215
CALL NO. 763 5824 18

SPECIALIST IN TYRES FOR VINTAGE & COLLECTOR'S VEHICLES



Footman James

Insurance
solutions for
classics and
more.

At Footman James we understand that every classic vehicle owner is different and with FJ+ enthusiasts can build their policy from a range of cover options including **breakdown, agreed value, salvage retention and spare parts.**

Whether you prefer to transact on the phone or online*, FJ has you covered, including access to our online document portal, allowing you access to your policy documents digitally at all times.

Call our friendly UK team on
0333 207 6293
or visit footmanjames.co.uk

*Online transactions 18+ and does not include Multi-Vehicle or Flw cover. All cover is subject to insurers terms and conditions, which are available upon request. Footman James is a trading name of Footman Underwriting Group Limited. Registered in England No. 4061710. Registered address: 2 Minster Court, Mincing Lane, London, EC3N 1PD. Authorised and regulated by the Financial Conduct Authority. FPA0062176/06/21

Platinum
Insurance
Award
★★★★★
2021 Insure™

Published by the National Autocycle & Cyclemotor Club Ltd. © 2022
Printed by P4P Print Ltd., Chattisham IP8 3QE, Suffolk