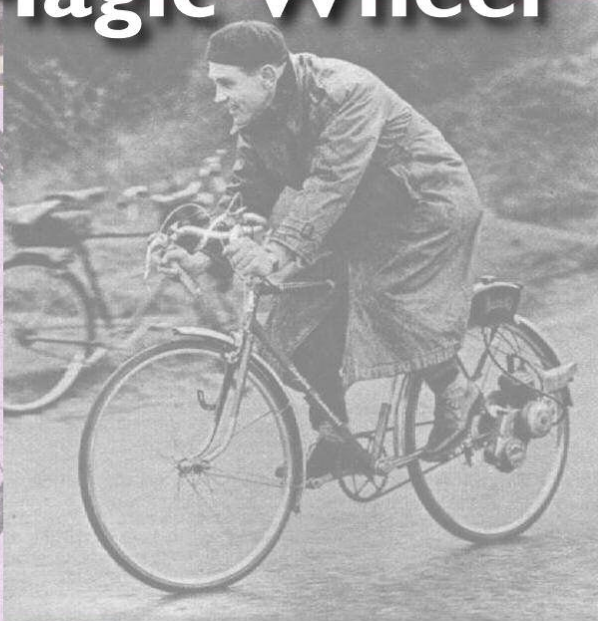
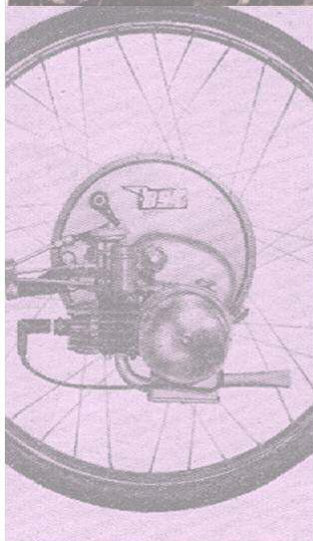


IceniCAM Information Service



The Magic Wheel



The

Magic Wheel

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR CYCLEMASTER AND CYCLEMATE OWNERS

Vol. 3. No. 1.

APRIL, 1955

Sixpence



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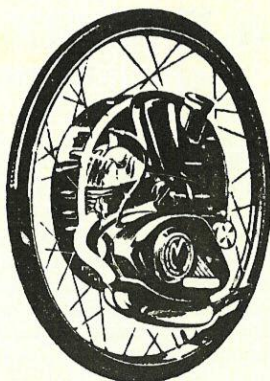
Cyclemaster Dealers' and Traders' enquiries for agencies welcomed

IRON TRADES MUTUAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.

Head Office : Iron Trades House, 21-24, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1

VOL. 3
NO. 1

APRIL
1955



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THE MAGIC WHEEL

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR CYCLEMASTER AND CYCLEMATE OWNERS

*All communications should be addressed to
Cyclemaster Ltd., 38a, St. George's Drive, Victoria, London, S.W.1.*

Mr. Butler Strikes Again

JUST WHEN we were hoping that there might be some good news for us in this year's Budget, it was announced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that as from January 24th all motor units suitable for attachment to pedal cycles (and this includes both the Cyclemaster and the Cyclemate) are subject to a purchase tax of 25 per cent.

And the reason? To bring cycle-motors into line with pedal cycles and motor cycles, which are similarly taxed.

What does this mean in practice? It means that if somebody is contemplating buying a Cyclemaster, he has to think first of all the various taxes he will be required to pay. First of all there is the "road tax", the fee he pays when he registers his machine. In most other countries of course no such licensing is necessary for a power-assisted bicycle up to 50 c.c. but here the principle seems to be that the road user must be soaked at all costs, so on goes the tax.

Next, there is the tax on petrol at 2s. 6d. a gallon. We know that the

Cyclemaster gives you good value on that score but it is nonetheless galling to think that one should be able to get more than two gallons for the price that is paid for one.

Then there are the other expenses that crop up occasionally. Ferry charges, because the bridge which should have been built out of road taxes is still a dream of the future; tolls that will be levied when the new roads are finally constructed; all these things add up, and all of them have to be paid because the various governments of this country have treated the road user like a criminal.

Now on top of all that the would-be owner has to consider purchase tax. Since the Cyclemaster is primarily designed for those people who want personal transport at the lowest possible cost, it is probable that he finds the extra money hard to find. Yet it will be but a drop in the ocean when it arrives in the Treasury. Here surely was a case where an anomaly could have been allowed to continue.

The Reason Why

By The Editor

RECENTLY WE RECEIVED a letter from a keen Cyclemaster owner who lives in Leamington Spa. She was kind enough to pay us some very pleasant compliments about this magazine and she went on to say: "It seems such a long time (and it *is* a long time) since I received the last issue. . . . But please, Mr. Editor, have you ever considered (or has no one ever asked) publishing the magazine more frequently? Say monthly?"

Well, the fact is that lots of people have asked this question. Indeed, quite a large proportion of the letters we receive contain a similar request. Naturally, we are very pleased to hear that you enjoy reading the magazine so much and we should like to be able to publish it more often. We should enjoy doing it (because it's an enjoyable task) and there seems little doubt that it would be appreciated by all those who read it in its present form.

Controlling factors

However, there are factors which control the publication of this magazine which make such a scheme very difficult, and unless one has actual experience of journal publishing it is hard to see the reason why. So we have decided to tell you about these factors in the hope that you will be able to appreciate our position.

In the first place Cyclemaster Ltd. belong, as a firm, to the British Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers' and Traders' Union. This they must do in order to be able to exhibit their products at the annual Cycle and Motor Cycle Show in London. Now, this Union, like most others, has its rules. And one of the rules is concerned with the publication of journals.

Any journal which deals with the product of one firm, as *The Magic Wheel* does, is considered by the Union to be a "house magazine" and therefore subject to the rules which they lay down for house magazines. These stipulate

that no other member of the Union may advertise in this class of journal. That means that some of the very big firms who spend money every year in advertising (makers of tyres, bicycle frames, electrical equipment, accessories and so on) are not allowed to advertise in this journal even if they want to. And many of them do want to.

Printed at a loss

"Well," some may say, "So we don't have the magazine packed with advertisements that we may not be interested in. So much the better." That may be the case with some readers, but it certainly isn't with the publisher. A journal of this type cannot pay its way unless it has some advertising. The price that you pay for your copy does not cover the expenses of blocks, paper, printing and editorial. It does not cover the overhead costs of staff and offices and so on. In fact, each copy of *The Magic Wheel* is actually printed at a loss, even with such advertising that we are able to publish.

Out of our control

Now if we were to publish more frequently those losses would be increased and the costs would have to be axed; with the result that you would get much inferior value for your money.

So you see it is not really within our control at all. We can only go on publishing quarterly and hope that one day the Union will relax its rules towards a journal which is not in the usual sense a "house magazine" but one of public circulation so that we can give you what you ask for. In the meantime, you can still play your part by supporting the magazine as much as you can by renewing your subscriptions promptly and by sending us a letter or an article once in a while so that *your* magazine really represents *your* interests.

THE THINGS YOU SAY!

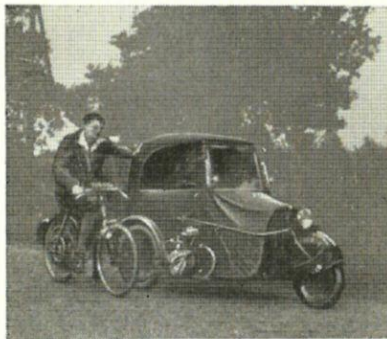
We receive hundreds of letters every week, and they are all dealt with promptly by post. Most of them deal with matters of interest only to the owners concerned. When points of general interest are raised, the letters, with brief comments, will be set aside for publication in this feature.

A Friend Indeed

Dear Sir,

While Cycl mastering to work the other day I came across an invalid chair with the owner in difficulties. After one or two preliminary tests I decided the fault was too deep for me.

How to get him to the nearest garage? The solution was this. With the cycle in one hand and pushing the invalid chair with the other I managed to get it rolling and was able to jump on my machine and start the engine.



I came up behind him again just in time to catch the chair still rolling. Then, pushing hard on the pedals to help out the motor and with one hand on the other vehicle we very gradually increased speed. I managed to push the chair, with a 14-stone invalid inside, to a garage about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away.

The Cycl master then bore me on my way to work as fit as a fiddle, while I sat back with aching arms and legs. Just another good deed of the Cycl master—one of Man's best friends.

Long Eaton. E. W.

(Our readers can see E. W. carrying out his gallant rescue in the picture. You know, there ought to be a medal for people who do nice things like that. Ed.)

Odd Number Plates

Dear Sir,

It has always been a matter of regret to me that when I licensed my Cycle-master for the first time I was not given one of those interesting number plates that one often sees articles about.

There must be some of your readers who have Cycl masters with interesting number plates. I wonder if anyone has CM something? Alternatively, there are the other combinations which make up words. For example, there is what I call the "family favourites" like DAD, MUM and POP. Can you tell me if any of your readers have been lucky enough to get an interesting registration?

London.

H. R. H.

(Well, if any of our readers have managed to get number plates that catch the eye, they have kept very quiet about it up to now, for I know of none. Perhaps this letter will prompt them to write to me.—Ed.)

A Manual of "Tips"

Dear Sir,

If I may be so bold as to make a suggestion about the compiling of your journal, I wonder if it would be possible to have the "Tips Worth Remembering" on one page? That is, taking the last page of the book on both sides instead of being interleaved with advertising matter. In this way it would be possible to detach one page instead of two to put into a loose leaf manual so that the tips could be easily referred to, for those of us who are not so good at remembering.

Blackpool.

G. H. A.

(Thank you, sir, for a very good idea. As you will see from this issue, your suggestion is being put into operation immediately. Far from considering it "bold," we are always interested to hear readers' suggestions about the magazine.)

A Motorist Converted

by John Marlowe

I AM A MOTORIST. I was going to say "of long standing" but that seems the wrong way to describe many years of sitting behind the wheel travelling the length and breadth of the country. You see, my job entails using a car and I suppose it is true to say that almost half my life is spent in it. Certainly more than half my working day is, and then there are trips to the cinema in the evenings, shopping with my wife at weekends and perhaps the odd run out on a Sunday to visit friends.

All this is without considering my annual holiday, which is always spent touring somewhere in Europe.

You may have begun to think by now that I am a slave to my four wheels. Well, I suppose in a way I was at one time, but all that is changed now.

Personal Transport

It began one day last summer. It was one of the few days when the sun was actually shining. Its golden rays slanted across the breakfast table making me feel very much at peace with the world as I sat there reading the latest cricket scores.

But suddenly the voice of my wife broke in on my happy pre-occupation.

"You know, it's all very well for you" she said.

"What's all very well for me, dear?"

"Well, all this going around by car. Umpteen years now you have had one and you very rarely go anywhere without it. Hardly walk a step all week." She sounded a little upset.

"But my dear, you know I have to use a car for my job, and you also know just how much of a nuisance it is to me to be without it. Why, when it goes in for service, or something packs up on me, I am like a fish out of water. You surely don't begrudge me the means to do my job efficiently?"

"Oh, I don't begrudge it you," she said, "It's just that I feel I would like some form of personal transport for

myself. You know what a long ride it is to the village by bicycle and when I have the shopping to carry it becomes quite arduous."

"I suppose you want a car, too?" I said, "Well, I can tell you right here and now that we cannot possibly afford to run two cars on my salary. I envy the man who can these days."

"Oh, I realize that all right. That's obviously out of the question. All I want is a motor for my bicycle."

I felt considerably relieved. "Well, that should be easy enough. But do you think you'll be able to control the thing?"

"Yes, I think so" my wife replied. "Mr. Fincher down at the shop says they are very easy to use. He says that if I can ride an ordinary bicycle I can manage the engine as well quite easily."

"I suppose he knows. But will it really make all that much difference? After all, you have used the old bike so long now, I shouldn't have thought it would be worth all the trouble and bother. All the expense of having it converted, then tax to pay and petrol to buy and so on. It would soon be quite an expensive luxury you know."

My wife laughed. "Oh John, really! You are so out of touch with things sitting in your old car. The Cycle-master, which is the engine which Mr. Fincher wants me to have because he says it's the best of the lot, can be fitted very easily and hardly costs anything at all to run."

100 miles to the gallon

"Maybe. But petrol has just gone up again you know. You'll need to do something approaching 100 miles to the gallon. You must remember that your Mr. Fincher has to be a bit of a salesman to sell these contraptions to someone like you."

"It seems to me that I have to be a salesman to make you see reason John," my wife answered. "The

Cyclenaster will double your economy figure—which I agree is important—and at the same time save me a lot of hard work in pedalling, which is more to the point.”

“All right—you win.” I said. “Ask old Fincher to fix you up and send me the bill.”

And that was that.

Three days later I drove home after a long day and wearily closed the garage doors, savouring the thought of a comfortable evening in my favourite armchair. But it was not to be. As soon as I was inside the house my wife reminded me that I had a committee meeting of the angling club to go to.

“Oh, that’s a nuisance” I said. “and I have put the car away too.”

“Take my bicycle” she said, and I thought I could see a mischievous twinkle in her eye. “The meeting is only up at the Nag’s Head. It will be quicker than getting the car out.”

“No thank you. I’m not puffing all the way up Bincote Hill. I would rather walk” I said.

“But, you silly, there is no puffing to it now. Don’t you remember that you said I could have a Cyclenaster?”

“Oh yes. Well, perhaps I’ll give it a try.”

To tell the truth, I was a little apprehensive about whether I should be able to manage the machine. It was many years since I had ridden a motor cycle and I was afraid that so many journeys in a car, where I was not required to exercise my sense of balance, would have taken the edge off my senses, so that I would find the thing embarrassing.

So, when I had had my meal, I went out with plenty of time to get to the local and told my wife that I would probably walk. I had planned to have a trial run before deciding whether to use the Cyclenaster or not.

Smooth as you like

Well, I suppose there’s no need to remind you, who are all Cyclenaster users, what a thrill that first ride was. I wheeled the machine out, pedalled a bit and let in the clutch. Away we went as smooth as you like, and never a worry about balance or being in full control.

The boys of the club were surprised to see me. In the first place I have a



Ever seen one of these before? Yes, it's a Cyclenaster rickshaw. It was designed and supplied by Nareshchandra and Co. who are the Cyclenaster dealers in Nagpur M. P., India

reputation for always being late for committee meetings and in the second they all said I looked healthier than I had for years with a wonderful glow in my cheeks. I soon told them the reason and they all thought it very funny that I, a confirmed and staid car-user, should suddenly rhapsodize on the qualities of the Cyclmaster. For rhapsodize I did. I was full of it, and they even had a job to make me stop when they wanted to get on with the meeting.

To cut a long story short, I will tell you what you will have all guessed by now: I am a confirmed Cyclmaster fan. From that day on I used the machine as often as I could and there are lots of things which appeal to me particularly because I have this background of always having ridden around in a car.

First of all, I find that the open air and sunshine I can collect while riding the Cyclmaster are far better for me than being cooped up in a car all the time. I know that this applies more in the summer than the winter but you must remember that I can choose when I use the machine and therefore I do not take it out if it is pouring with rain or snowing.

Then there is the question of parking. It is a sore point with us motorists, especially the business variety, that one never seems to be able to park *where* one wants to *when* one wants to. Not with a car that is. With a Cyclmaster it is a different kettle of fish. I can pop it into any little unoccupied corner. I use the machine quite often nowadays when my day's run is planned around the local area.

Then there is the handiness of the machine for short trips. That last-minute dash to the pillar-box to catch the last post; the jog to the corner shop for the cigarettes that were forgotten; the trip round the corner to see a friend a mile or so away. For all these the Cyclmaster is ideal. It's not far enough to warrant using the car and it's just too far to walk without beginning to feel that it's an inconvenience.

There's another reason why I like it too. As I said before, I am a member

of the local angling club, and of course I spend quite a lot of my weekends fishing. Now in the past I used to go by car to the part of the road near where I wanted to be and walk from there. Now I go on the Cyclmaster and travel along the riverside paths until I find the very best spot. No more putting up with the second best because I cannot get where the good fishing is. I can go just where I please. And if that isn't an advantage over a car I don't know what is.

Difference to my life

Oh yes, the Cyclmaster has made a great difference to my life and I certainly wouldn't be without it now. And of course, in terms of value for money it appeals to me particularly. It's cheap enough to run, and on top of that I get a feeling, every time I use it, that I am in fact saving money.

Everyone knows that a car is expensive to run. The original cost is high; the running costs mount alarmingly, and the rate of wear in a car being used for a lot of short runs is frightening. So, you see, all those little trips I do with the Cyclmaster are saving me money. To me it's not an outlay, it's an investment.

However, through all this picture of brightness and joy there lurks one shadow. Where my wife and I used once to squabble about who used the car at the weekend, we now bicker over who has the Cyclmaster. Still there is an obvious solution. I shall have to get one of my own.

ON THE COVER

Zanzibar—a word that conjures up the mystery of the East and visions of a civilisation which is out-of-touch with modern means of travel. But not in this part of Zanzibar, for Mrs. Perin P. Bilimoria keeps abreast of the times with a Cyclmaster. Our cover picture was taken at the arch near the High Court in Zanzibar by Mrs. Bilimoria's son Dady.

Railway Charges for a Cyclemaster

ALTHOUGH WE KNOW only too well that some enthusiastic Cyclemaster owners cover long distances on their machines and never dream of using any other form of transport, it is probably true to say that the many owners who wish to tour in some part of the country which is renowned for its beauty spots get to the area they wish to explore by train, taking their machine with them. Then, having reached their "centre of operations" they can use all the time at their disposal riding in the district of their choice.

Pillion Models same rate

When it comes to taking a Cyclemaster on a train, there seems to be some doubt as to how much it is going to cost. Well, it's quite simple really. The machine goes at the same rate as a motor cycle which does not exceed 120 lb. in weight—providing of course that it is not so weighed down with camping equipment and luggage that it exceeds that weight limit. Owners of pillion models are charged at the same rate too. Now obviously, you will want to know just how expensive that is going to work out.

There is not room here to reproduce the full table of charges, but if we quote a few examples for average distances it

will give a good idea of what to expect. There are three different scales: if you travel with the machine it goes at the company's risk and that makes one scale; if you do not travel with it, it can either travel at your risk or at the company's, so that makes another two scales. It is least expensive if you travel with the machine and most expensive if you send it unaccompanied at the company's risk.

For some examples. If you go with the machine between 15 and 30 miles it costs 5s. 1d.; 75 to 100 miles costs 11s. 3d.; 200 to 250 costs 19s. and over 300 costs £1 6s. Over the same distances an unaccompanied machine at your own risk would cost 7s. 7d.; 16s. 7d.; £1 8s. 5d.; and £1 19s. 1d. respectively. At the company's risk those same distances would cost: 9s. 11d.; £1 1s. 11d.; £1 18s. 1d. and £2 11s. 11d. respectively.

Extra for Isle of Wight

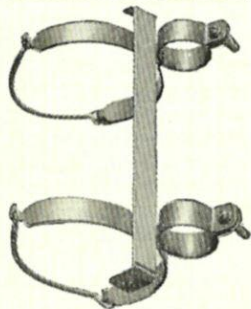
These charges do not include conveyance between the mainland and the Isle of Wight. In addition there is a special rate available if you buy a return passenger ticket. Then you can buy a ticket for your machine at the single rate company's risk and it can do both journeys with you. But, at your own risk.

Cyclemaster Spare Fuel (Petrol) CARRIER

Due to the reluctance of some Petrol Station Attendants to serve small quantities of petrol and oil there has arisen a strong demand by Cyclemaster owners for some simple means of carrying a spare supply of petrol. To meet this we have designed a simple and inexpensive device to hold a Quart Tin which can be easily fitted to any part of the bicycle frame. It is made of strong strip steel with grey coloured finish. Price (without tin) 3/8 (4/2 post free Container Tin (1 Quart) to fit Carrier 1/6

Available from all Cyclemaster Dealers
or from Cyclemaster Ltd.,

38a St. George's Drive, Victoria, London, S.W.1



Ken Wharton does a "road test"

THOSE OF OUR READERS who follow motor racing will probably recognise immediately the rather light-hearted gentleman who is riding a Cyclmaster in our illustration. For those who do not go to Silverstone, Goodwood and the rest, let us say right away that it is the well-known racing driver Ken Wharton, who has made himself justly famous over the last few years by driving with great skill and tenacity such cars as the B.R.M., the Cooper-Bristol and (this season) the latest type of Maserati.

Mr. Wharton is also distinguished among those drivers who participate in hill climbs by having won the annual hill climb championship for this country the last four times.

On top of all this dashing about at hair-raising speeds, he is the proprietor of a large garage in Smethwick, near Birmingham, so he has to be interested in slower and more mundane forms of transport as well. Indeed, though the Cyclmaster is probably one of the slowest vehicles he has ever ridden, his remarks about it were very far from being contemptuous. He said that he was really amazed at the flexibility of the engine, particularly the power that was still available when the motor was turning over very slowly.

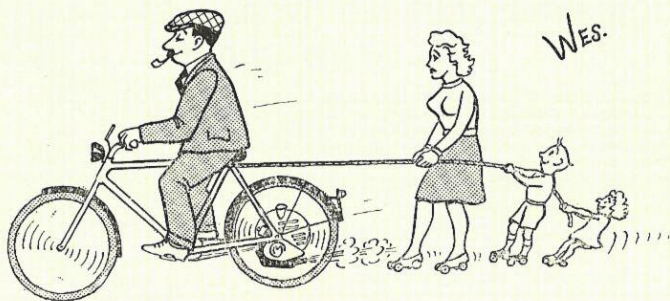
I asked him whose bicycle it was that he had borrowed for his "road test" and he told me that he had found it in



Picture by courtesy of "Motor Racing"

the paddock at Goodwood. Thinking that it would be a good idea to see how it went, he "appropriated" it and went off round the paddock, where our photograph was taken. Afterwards it turned out that the Cyclmaster was the property of another man who knows a lot about internal combustion engines, both for fast and slow vehicles—the chief mechanic for Bob Gerard, another well-known racing driver.

Just a light-hearted incident between races, but it does help one to realise that those who have a very wide experience of all kinds of engines and all kinds of vehicles have considerable respect for the Cyclmaster.



The Cyclmaster Clutch

ONE OF THE GREAT advantages of the Cyclmaster engine design, is that a very efficient clutch is incorporated. This means that the drive from the engine to the back wheel can be disconnected or reconnected quite smoothly at any time. Because of this, there is no need to move the engine away from the wheel, as is the case with the usual type of roller drive engines.

With this latter type, there is an ever present danger of slipping the drive roller against the tyre, with disastrous results to the tyre itself, therefore it is important to keep the roller in constant contact with the tyre at quite a high pressure and stopping and starting must be carried out with the engine drive connected. This necessitates stopping the engine each time the machine comes to rest and pedalling off when restarting. Considerable effort is required in spite of the added engine complications of a cylinder decompressor. In fact, starting up-hill is quite a problem.

Any rider who negotiates heavy traffic, will realise the great advantage offered by being able to declutch and keep the engine running, even when the cycle is stopped. Engine power applied smoothly and quickly through the clutch, together with pedal assistance, enables a very quick get-away to be made. With Cyclmaster therefore, it is a case of engine assisting the rider and not the rider helping the engine.

The operation of the Cyclmaster clutch is extremely simple and its construction very robust so that unless it is

greatly abused, it will perform satisfactorily for a very long period, with little adjustment and almost no service. There are only two bearings in the clutch itself, and these are only in use during the time the clutch is disengaged. In Fig. 1, "H" is the clutch release bearing, and "J" is the centre bush. Their operation will be more clearly understood after the operation of the clutch has been described.

In the Owner's Instruction Book, brief details are given and reference made to a number of circular table mats (actually three) gripped together. One of these represents the centre plate "G," and the other two the pressure plates "E" and "F." On the centre plate are mounted a number of blocks of cork which rotate with it, because they are fitted into slots and project a small amount on each side of the plate itself. Teeth for the primary chain are cut on the circumference of this plate and, through the primary chain, it is connected to the crankshaft. Therefore, the clutch centre plate revolves all the time the engine crankshaft is turning.

The pressure plates are mounted so that a smooth flat surface of each faces the cork of the centre plate. When the clutch is engaged, the springs "D" exert all their pressure on the pressure plates, which then grip the cork with just the right amount of pressure, so that even if the engine is working at maximum power, no slip takes place and all three plates revolve together.

The outer pressure plate "E" is attached to the clutchshaft by means of a nut and two driving pins, which are in the clutch centre hub, which in turn, is keyed on to the shaft itself. The inner clutch plate "F" also slides on these driving pins; therefore the two plates at all times revolve with the clutchshaft, on the outer end of which is mounted the clutchshaft sprocket. This sprocket is connected by chain to the wheel drum so that all the time the cycle is in motion, the clutch plates "E" and "F" are revolving. It can now be seen that as long as the clutch is "in" or "engaged,"

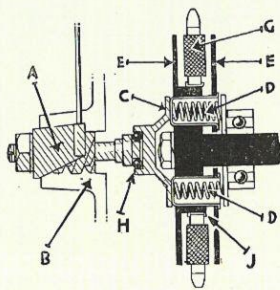


FIG. 1.

the plates "E," "G" and "F" revolve together; therefore, the engine crankshaft revolves at the same time as the wheel itself. This means that with the clutch "in," either the engine drives the wheel or the wheel causes the engine to revolve, so that the engine can be started up. The arrows on the illustration "Clutch In" (Fig. 2), show how the drive is transmitted from the centre plate, through the clutch mechanism, to the clutchshaft.

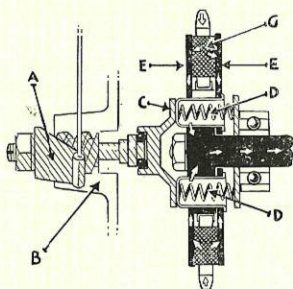


FIG. 2.

The other illustration "Clutch Out" (Fig. 1), shows what happens when the handlebar lever is lifted. The tension on the inner wire is exerted on the lever "A" and this is raised, which in turn causes the operating nut to rotate. Its rotation puts pressure on the release

bearing "H" and the clutch release plate "C," so compressing the springs "D" and moving the plate "F" to the right. There is then no drive between the centre and pressure plates. During this time, the release bearing "H" is under pressure, but as the release plate "C" revolves with the clutchshaft, it operates only during starting up or coasting. The centre bush "J" is also only in operation with the clutch "out," and the work it gets depends on the difference in speeds between centre plate "G" and the pressure plates "E" and "F."

When the clutch lever is released slowly, the plates come together, then there is a progressive increase in pressure and because of the contact being made between smooth steel plates and oil impregnated cork (remember the clutch runs in oil), the drive from the engine to the wheel is taken up very smoothly. As final release of the clutch lever is made, a very small clearance between the release plate and the spring cup, is obtained. This small clearance ensures that the springs exert their full pressure on the pressure plate "F." It is for this reason, that there must be some free movement of the clutch lever. Easy means of adjustment are provided and details given in your Instruction Book.



Here you see the City of Edinburgh Cleansing and Lighting Department taking delivery of their first five Cycle-mates. A number of Cyclemasters are also used by the City inspectors. These machines were supplied by S.M.T. Sales & Service Co. Ltd.

A Holiday Tour in Northern Scotland

by G. C. Whetton

THERE IS A LOT to be said in favour of spending a holiday abroad. One has a complete change from one's daily routine and there is a definite sense of adventure as one sets foot in another country. However, there is no need to leave Britain's shores to experience these feelings. You may have thought of going to France or to Switzerland, but have you ever thought of visiting Northern Scotland? I did, and last summer I spent a most enjoyable fortnight there with "Nellie" my faithful Cyclemaster.

The attractions of this part of our country are many. It is almost wholly as nature made it, and for one who likes peace and quiet amidst the most magnificent scenery, it is hard to beat.

I decided to spend my holiday at two different centres, Lochinver in Sutherland, and Torridon in western Ross. Letters to the respective Post Offices brought me addresses where accommodation was available, and soon I was looking forward to the long train journey northwards.

Thankful for portability

Almost 24 hours after leaving my home in Worksop the mail train to Wick pulled up at Lairg, the nearest station to Lochinver. It was raining hard, and Lochinver was 48 miles away. However, once a day a bus runs between the two places, and with "Nellie" in the luggage compartment, I climbed aboard, thankful for the portability of my machine.

West of Lairg is an area of desolate moorland and if the scenery wasn't very attractive, the procedure on the bus was a novel experience. The driver acted as paper boy, postman and milkman, to the scattered homes by the roadside.

The scenery improves around Oyckell Bridge. There is a gentle climb up to 536 feet, and then the first of the peculiar mountains of Sutherland comes into view. After following the northern shores of Loch Assynt, the road follows the River Inver, to the sea at Lochinver, which is an ideal centre for exploring the country between Loch Broom and Kylesku Ferry. This area is characterised by a remarkable series of mountains. Isolated, they rise steeply from the surrounding area of low rocky hills, and have beautiful names like Quinag and Stac Polly.

Sandstone mountains

It is in this type of country that the Cyclemaster has an advantage over the larger type of vehicle, which would encounter great difficulties on the rough narrow roads. Also, the machine can be left by the roadside whilst points of interest are explored on foot.

A short walk on the North shore of Loch Inver will reveal a beautiful panorama. Behind the village, which is at the edge of the loch, rise the sandstone mountains. From North to South their names are Canisp, Suilven, Cul More, Cul Beag and Stac Polly. Suilven is perhaps the most remarkable of all. Sugar-loaf in formation, when viewed from East to West, this mountain seems to pop up at every turn of the road.

The twisted birch

For sheer scenic beauty I would thoroughly recommend a day's run as follows. Take the road from the village and follow the River Inver until it joins Loch Assynt. Here are spectacular views of the massive mountain Quinag, on the North. There are lovely views down the loch, one of the best being from the bridge near Loch Assynt

lodge. With Ben More Assynt as a background is a little silver birch, almost in the water, bent and twisted by the wind. A wild road to Kylesku Ferry branches off at Skiag Bridge, whilst on a little headland into Loch Assynt stands Ardreck, a derelict castle.

Turning South the road passes Inchnadamph and the little Loch Awe, with its wooded islands. Twenty-one miles from Lochinver the Ullapool road turns off at right angles. It is a narrow road, though the surface is quite good. There are grand views of Sulven and Canisp across Cam Loch. After passing through the crofting villages of Knockan and Elphin (where there are gates across the road), the mountains of Cul More and Cul Beag come into view. About six miles from Knockan a branch road to Achiltibuie turns off, and soon beautiful Loch Lurgainn comes into view.

Stac Polly, although only 2,009 feet high is quite a mountain, towering up steeper and steeper to its pinnacled summit above the loch. Above the head of Loch Lurgainn is a delightful place to have lunch, where you can sit

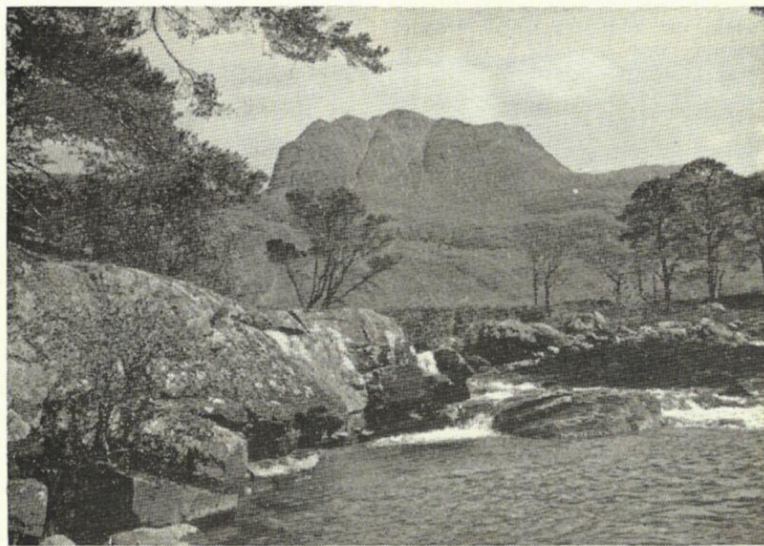
and watch the shadows of clouds sweep over a beautiful and deserted landscape.

Near the western end of the loch is a little promontory from which the precipitous western face of Cul Beag (2,523 feet) is well seen. From above the brilliant blue water a bright green belt of low grassy land changes to a mauve-green tint, impossible to describe it is so beautiful. The green gradually disappears and the summit of the mountain is a breathtaking pale purple. On the south side of the loch rise the jagged teeth-like peaks of Ben an Eoin, whilst all around the road are scattered huge sandy rocks, littered with a riot of gorse.

“ Unbelievably bad road ”

A few miles further on, an unbelievably bad road to Lochinver turns off and climbs a pass at an altitude of just over 400 feet. After a short distance the surface improves, though it consists largely of two tracks in the sand with grass growing in between. This is one of the most attractive stretches of the road and in places calls for something more than “ light pedal assistance ”!

After crossing the River Polly the road climbs at a one-in-ten gradient



This excellent picture from Mr. Whetton's collection was taken from Grudie Bridge, and shows Ben Stioch in the background

and a series of lochans occupy the eastern side of the road. On the west side rise the now familiar rocky hills, and I would thoroughly recommend anyone to leave his cycle and climb to about two hundred feet above the road. From here is a view that is, to me, outstanding in a land of beautiful views. The rough and tumble hills across the road give way to Loch Sionascaig. This oddly-named and oddly-shaped stretch of water has no roads or tracks to its shores.

Behind the loch rises the splendid mountain of Cul More (2,786 feet). Although Suilven holds the palm for its remarkable shape, I think Cul More is perhaps more beautiful. At any rate, the view of it across Loch Sionascaig with its tree covered island, amply repaid the journey to Lochinver, and I treasure the colour picture I took of this delightful landscape.

Our road, bumpy and rough, gives a glimpse of Suilven, a lovely shade of purple, above the sandy road and dark green woods. The sea at Ernard Bay is the next attraction. We skirt a corner of the bay, the road clinging to the hillside, with blind bends and an extremely rough surface. All around are rocks and gorse, with views seaward, to the islands in the bay.

Attraction of Lochinver

After leaving the sea, there is a very steep climb (unfortunately the road is so rough that it is impossible to "charge" at it) and a dangerous drop, with sharp bends, to the River Kirkaig, and the border of Sutherland. Now the road improves and undulates for the final four miles to Lochinver. The total distance is about fifty-three miles. Take all day for this run if possible.

The attractions of Lochinver are numerous. The sea coast is rocky and the River Inver superb. It tumbles down to the sea from Loch Assynt, with low hills all around. It is rocky, with almost continuous rapids; the banks are covered in trees which exhibit every possible shade of green. It is very easy to ride to Skiag Bridge

and the summit of the Kylesku road, and to follow the path up to the summit of Quinag, with its dark purple cliffs frowning on all below.

All too soon, my week at Lochinver came to an end, and I commenced my journey down to Torridon, by way of Lairg, Dingwall and Achnesheen. It was quite late when I passed Achnesheen with the sun settling in the west. From the rather bleak Loch Rosque I climbed to the head of Glen Docherty and, rounding a bend, Loch Maree came into view.

" towers almost vertically "

Luminous yellow clouds covered the tops of the higher mountains and the whole length of Loch Maree was visible as a silver ribbon, dotted with islands.

I made my way down to Kinlochewe, where the road to Torridon forks off. For three miles there was a beautiful surface, but after that came the roughest ride I have ever experienced.

Torridon is situated at the base of Liathach, an enormous mountain which towers almost vertically above the village. Down it rush many small streams of ice-cold water. It is from these that the few houses draw their water supply. A few yards away from the rock-strewn base of the mountain, is the tidal Upper Loch Torridon, across which rise fine mountains.

This is a district entirely different in character to that around Loch Inver. The mountains, although still very steep, are grouped all around, and not isolated as are the Assynt hills.

Too much for " Nellie "

From Torridon one can ride along Loch Maree, with fine views of Ben Slioch (3,217 feet) rising sharply across the water. In this area is one of the most difficult gradients in the country, the climb to the summit of the Applecross road at 2,054 feet. Full of hope I tried to conquer this hill, and along the lower part of the climb I did quite well. However, as the surface was very loose, and there are some spectacular drops on the left hand side, anything over 10 m.p.h. was out of the question.



This is a view of Stac Polly across Loch Lurgainn

About half-way up I stopped and had lunch by a stream.

Off we went again. Owing to the combined efforts of the wind and steep gradients I had to pedal hard. About 1,700 feet up I had to stop to let a car pass and, unfortunately, try as I might, I could not start again. However, I had a grand ride down, with views of Skye and the island-studded sea between.

If you are prepared to push your cycle a bit, it is a grand run to Diabaig, a tiny fishing village, reminiscent of those in Cornwall. From above the coast there are wonderful seascapes embracing northern Skye, and Lewis and Harris, the latter some fifty miles away.

For those who like to walk, there is a splendid fourteen-mile tramp round the mountain of Liathach, which has gigantic cliffs on its northern side.

As you will no doubt have realised by now, the roads in this part of Scotland are not particularly good. Furthermore, petrol pumps, like inns, are extremely few and far between. Therefore I would impress on all the necessity to overhaul the Cyclomaster thoroughly before visiting this area, and to make provision for carrying extra petrol.

As Achnesheen, and back, is forty miles, I was thankful for the carrier I had made for my petrol can.

The cost of such a holiday with a Cyclomaster is not at all excessive. I found that £5 per week covered an excellent standard of accommodation. The rail fare may well be the most expensive item, though those with sufficient time could ride up independently. As there is practically nothing else on which to spend money apart from petrol, about £13, not including fares, would suffice for a fortnight's holiday.

As the weather is notoriously fickle in Northern Scotland a good waterproof coat is essential. In showers, it is often possible to shelter in the lee of a convenient rock, but it is important to realise that anything can happen. In June last year several mountains had quite a covering of fresh snow.

Photographers would be well advised to take ample supplies of film. For them this area is a paradise, particularly to colour enthusiasts.

So there you are. If you want a cheap holiday amongst the most glorious scenery, my advice is try the "Far North."

Love Story

by Stanley Preston

TOM STOOPED to pull out the petrol tap of his Cyclemaster. He was a lean, muscular, fair-haired, clean-cut, firm-jawed young man with a half-smile playing around his lips—in fact, from his appearance you would think he had just stepped out of the pages of a glossy woman's magazine.

Actually he had just stepped out of his suburban home and was setting off to work in the city. As he mounted the machine and pedalled off, he felt the usual thrill of satisfaction as the engine started, and a few seconds later, with the clutch gently engaged, he was smoothly purring along the road.

You would reasonably assume that Tom should have been quite contented with his life. He had plenty of friends, a happy home, a good job, and a Cyclemaster. But Tom, for some unaccountable reason, was not happy on this pleasant sunny day in England. (As this is fiction, I ask you to imagine "a pleasant sunny day in England," even if you cannot remember one).

Gaspers' Mount

Being of the glossy woman's magazine type, Tom was not given to analysing his feelings, hence the "unaccountable" unhappiness. But the discerning reader (which means you) will immediately sense that Tom is heading straight towards the region of romantic love, whichever way his Cyclemaster wheels appear to be going.

About half-way along his route is a hill which, being so formidable, is known locally as Gaspers' Mount. As Tom approached the foot of this hill, he got the same feeling of relief that he had always had since becoming a Cyclemaster owner. For Tom had earlier been an ordinary pedal cyclist and for years had struggled, panting and straining, to reach the top. Now, everything was different; the Cyclemaster steadily but surely carried him to the top and over the brow. Then,

at just under half-throttle, he travelled along about three-hundred yards of flat road to the City Road junction.

As he waited to enter the City Road, he heard among the sounds of the traffic, the unmistakable sound of another Cyclemaster.

... And then he saw her: she was regally poised, eyes intent on the road ahead, her curls fluttering in the breeze ("bewitchingly" thought Tom). She came past very slowly, on a brand new Cyclemaster.

Tom forgot his road sense, even forgot who he was or where he was going. He merely stared, trance-like, after the vision.

The road had become clear for some moments before he was able to collect his wits and move off. Although he automatically drove along at half-throttle towards his work, his mind was filled with the vision. He suddenly felt his unaccountable unhappiness disappear, to be replaced by a ridiculous, equally irrational excitement.

She was still in sight, and gradually Tom found that he was getting nearer. For a moment his mind worked logically and he realised that her speed was slower because she would be "running-in" the engine. They were well towards the City Centre when he passed her. For a while he could hear the sound of the engine, but after a few turnings in the busy streets, he realised she was no longer following the same route.

The beginning

Such was the beginning of Tom's romance—a lover's beginning that would have no significance in the ordinary way of things, but which to Tom, transformed as he was, became a sign; an indication of a possible path to happiness.

The next day he climbed Gaspers' Mount, rode along to the City Road Junction, and waited, this time for nearly ten minutes, until he heard the

sound of the girl's Cyclmaster. After watching her pass, he allowed at least three minutes to go by and then set off, very slowly along the road, keeping about one hundred yards behind.

In his mind was one thought: a hope that her Cyclmaster would break down, and that he would play an important part in the moments to follow. They were well into the city when she slowed down, and stopped. Tom's heart leaped—this was it—his chance—it would probably be a minor difficulty—perhaps a stoppage in the feed pipe to the carburettor or something like that.

As he reached her, however, she suddenly wheeled the Cyclmaster across the footpath and along a passage leading into a yard at the rear of some offices. As Tom stared along the passage, realising that she had simply arrived at her place of work, he felt he had been cheated and that she had gone out of his life, without even a backward glance.

Suddenly he felt ridiculous waiting there, with the engine and his heart ticking over. So he set off again, quite gloomily contemplating what seemed to him such a barren future.

Ever-diminishing hope

For the next few weeks Tom's behaviour became set in a queer pattern. He would climb Gaspers' Mount, travel along to the City Road Junction and wait, sometimes for as long as twenty minutes, just to hear the sound of her Cyclmaster, which was rare music to Tom. Then, as she passed along the City Road, he would doggedly follow her, keeping a discreet distance behind, waiting with ever-diminishing hope, for her Cyclmaster to break down. But always, day after day, week after week, she would arrive safely at her office.

Tom was in despair: as time went on he lost the courage to try any other approach. Everything depended upon a breakdown, and on him being on the spot at the right moment.

One morning, he was a little later than usual, and on reaching the junction was undecided whether to wait, wondering if she had already gone past. He

turned his head aimlessly to the left, and nearly fell off his Cyclmaster with amazement! There she was, just a few yards along the City Road, bending down to examine the rear wheel.

Joyfully he surged round the corner, and with a great show of surprise, noted her difficulty and pulled up to give assistance.

She seemed very grateful and relieved as he dismounted and advanced towards her.

"It just stopped!" she said, with disarming perplexity.

Destined for each other

Tom manfully got to work at finding the fault. He tried just the usual checking, including a quick look at the sparking-plug. Then he gave the machine a test and the engine bubbled into life, first time. Whatever it was, he had cleared it up. He felt very proud.

Then he asked, with his tongue firmly wedged in his cheek: "Do you come this way regularly?"

The conversation that followed was of the usual kind in such circumstances—short unfinished sentences, apparent trivialities discussed; a tentative groping towards each other with words spoken and left unsaid. But during those few moments they both somehow knew that they were destined for each other—that someday they would be able to share their infinitesimal petrol costs . . .

* * *

Some months after their marriage, Tom remarked, in a reminiscent mood:

"Lucky your Cyclmaster broke down that day . . ."

She smiled, secretly at first, then began shaking with irrepressible laughter.

"Tom dear—you don't really believe the Cyclmaster broke down, that morning? I was pretending, darling, hoping against hope that you'd stop . . ."

Which confession made Tom reflect (not unhappily however) that although you can trust your Cyclmaster, you can never, never trust a woman.

Impressions Cyclematised

By Aries

YES, I'VE DONE IT! I've fiddled myself a ride on a CYCLEMATE! Not only that I actually had the use of it for several days. It was a thrilling and interesting experience I can tell you. So, because I know that your interests are roughly the same as mine (well, as far as little things that make a purring noise and have a nice curved exhaust pipe on the side are concerned) I thought I would suspend my learned dissertations on riding practice for a bit and tell you how I liked it.

If you were to ask me if the Cyclemate felt very different I should say no. But on the other hand if you asked me if it was the same as riding an ordinary Cyclemaster machine I should say no again. The fact is that although the general behaviour of the machine was similar to a normal Cyclemaster there were several new features, and all of them, in my opinion, good ones.

Riding Stability

Perhaps the thing which impressed me most was the riding stability of the Cyclemate. The combination of the engine slung amidships on a good solid frame, the large balloon tyres and the very comfortable saddle, made up a machine which gave me an excellent steady ride, even over some very bumpy roads.

Then of course there is the large capacity tank. I liked the feeling of having half a gallon of juice and I was particularly impressed by the reserve switch. This gives you an extra eight or ten miles of riding after the main tank has given out. It serves as a reminder of the state of the tank and prevents that laborious pedalling to the nearest garage.

The handlebar layout is good too. The right hand controls the twist-grip throttle and the rear brake; the left hand looks after the front brake and the clutch lever. This latter combination takes a little time to get used to, but when you have done so it all comes very easily. And the fact that you have

the powerful back brake on the right where it can be applied as soon as you close the throttle makes the machine feel really safe. And no wonder, for those hub brakes really are something. I wish the people who talk airily about power-assisted cycles lacking braking power could try a Cyclemate. It would soon alter their views I can assure you.

Lovely Colour

And one cannot talk about the Cyclemate without, sooner or later, coming to the point of the appearance of it. Those of you who saw it at the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show will know what I mean when I talk about its lovely colour. I asked somebody who should know what colour it was really (I meant of course what shade of green one would find it listed under in a paint catalogue or one of those glossy house beautiful magazines). I felt somewhat squashed when he told me it was Cyclemate green!

Well, it's quite right of course. There is no other green like it; not in my experience anyway. And for those who have not seen a Cyclemate yet I will tell you that it is a lively glistening green which seems to have a silvery metal touch in it.

For those interested in the more practical side of things, I should say that the fears which I have occasionally heard expressed about there not being room to pedal if need be when the engine is placed where it is are entirely without foundation. And the reason why is very simple. The left hand pedal is cranked slightly to avoid the engine cover and in this way pedalling is quite as easy as on any other machine. It took me a little while to become used to the wider spacing of the pedals, but after a couple of starts I found I was automatically placing my feet further apart.

So there it is then; a machine which has all the qualities of the Cyclemaster and a little extra thrown in. I'm convinced it's a winner.

JUST TICKING OVER... By The Idler

WELL, WINTER IS OVER and spring is with us once again. No doubt there are Cyclemaster and Cyclemate owners throughout the land planning their holidays awheel even as these words are being written. Let us hope that having had a very poor summer last year and a pretty stiff winter as well we shall get a little more sun this time.

Talking about the rigours of the winter reminds me of one interesting little sidelight that struck me during the last few months. The practice of coating chromium-plated parts during the cold weather seems to be growing more and more popular. It has reached the stage now when, in London at any rate, it is quite common to see a car or motor-cycle with pink, blue or green parts. For most of these coatings are tinted one colour or another and quite honestly I think they very often improve the appearance of the vehicle they decorate.

One gets so used to seeing a mass of plating around the front of a car that when a stream of them go past none seems to catch the eye by any particular feature. If, however, one comes along which is pink where it should be silver, the effect is, to my mind, very refreshing. In fact I have often wondered why the manufacturers cannot produce coloured plating on new vehicles, so that there is a pleasant contrast between the plated parts and the rest of the body.

Now for all I know there may be some readers who wouldn't part with their chromium for anything. But perhaps there are also some of my followers who like to see something different, too. I should like to hear from anyone who has tried out the idea on their Cyclemaster and also what sort of reactions they have had from other people.

Mr. G. W. Cathersides of 59 Allington Road, Gillingham, Kent, tells me that he is collecting all the back numbers of *The Magic Wheel* and now has the full set with the exception of issue number two, which appeared in July 1953. Unfortunately, we have run out of that number. Has anyone a spare copy that they could pass on to Mr. Cathersides?

* * *

Another cheap place to stay if you are going to the west country. Mrs. D. Pickerell has written to say that she would be glad to accommodate up to 6 people at a time at 10s. a night, bed and breakfast. The address is Langwin, Stapehill, Wimborne, Dorset, which is on the main road between Ringwood and Wimborne. A very pretty area too. Both Mr. and Mrs. Pickerell are Cyclemaster owners so you will be among your own kind!

* * *

At last the Government have taken the bull by the horns and announced a new road programme that is really planned to meet the really frightening situation which exists. The roads in this country were not good before the war and fifteen years of stagnation have certainly not helped matters. Then the vast increases in traffic over pre-war days has further added to the complexities of the situation. But the programme announced in February does seem to be a realistic attempt to clear up some of the worst congestion spots (which are very often the most dangerous spots too).

Of course, the new motorways will not be of so much use to Cyclemaster owners as the new bypasses and road-widening schemes. It is not likely that motor cycles will be allowed to use the big motorways, although it may be decided to allow anything which is

motorised to use them and merely exclude pedal cycles. Either way the cyclist will benefit because even if he is not allowed to use the motorway routes the congestion on other roads will be considerably alleviated, which means that touring will be a much greater pleasure with less threat of being run down by a heavy lorry or fast car.

But I must say here that I cannot approve of the proposal to impose tolls on the new motorways. We pay a heavy tax on petrol; we pay a heavy road tax, which, up to now, has been spent on anything but the roads; we now even have to pay purchase tax on new motor units; why, after all this we should have to pay to use the roads that we have every right to expect as necessary I simply cannot see.

* * *

I have seen some curious types of stop lights in the years that I have been travelling the roads but I must say that one I saw recently really beats the band. It was fixed in the rear window of a car and took the form of a miniature traffic light. When the driver depressed his foot brake the red light went on; when he depressed the accelerator the green light went on; but the intriguing part was the yellow light. I presume that this came up when the right foot was lifted from the accelerator ready to go on to the brake. It certainly gave one a warning of what to expect, though it did seem a little strange at first. I followed the car for some distance in London traffic and found that once I had recovered from my initial surprise the signals gave me a good idea of what was going on up front. The only question in my mind at the moment is whether it is legal to show a green light to the rear. I have a sneaking feeling that it is in fact breaking the law.

* * *

Speaking of signals, I saw another on the back of a car the other day which pleased me. It was a little rectangular box which lit up with the word "Thanks" on it when the driver depressed a button. Probably one would not need to use it very often but I should think it would leave the person

"flashed" with a pleasant feeling of the friendly spirit of his fellow road-user. Maybe I am old-fashioned, but I do think that any little gestures of courtesy that we can give to others help a lot, and if somebody gives way for me or gives me a nice clear signal I do like to show that I appreciate his helpfulness. After all, it doesn't take much effort. And, it's a theory of mine (not exclusively mine either) that a great number of the accidents which occur on our roads are caused by drivers becoming rash and hot-tempered through being held up or discourteously treated by others. So you could say, if you agree with me, that courtesy is in fact a road safety measure.

* * *

By the time these words appear in print Budget day will be on top of us again and only Mr. Butler will know the answers to the questions that everybody is asking. He has already dealt us one bodyblow this year. Let us hope that there will be some little compensation for the purchase tax on new engines in the way of a reduction in fuel tax. Although the Cyclenmaster owner is not as hard hit in this as many other vehicle users, his 2s. 6d. a gallon mounts up the same as anybody else's, even if it does carry him 200 miles. I wonder just how much someone who uses his machine every day pays in petrol tax during a year. Quite a tidy amount I should think.

ANY TIPS PLEASE ?

No, we are not on the scrounge for some extra pocket money. We would just like to hear from you if you have any ideas which you think might be of value to other Cyclenmaster users. They can be on any subject as long as it is connected with the Cyclenmaster engine in one or other of its forms. Tips on riding, workshop hints, advice on touring—they are all welcome. And remember—it may seem to be of little value but there's probably somebody somewhere who will bless you for passing it on. Won't you drop us a line?

SOME OF THE 1,400 POINTS WHERE YOU CAN GET GOOD CYCLEMASTER & CYCLEMATE SERVICE

Many readers have asked us to publish a list of all dealers from whom they can obtain service and parts: that we are afraid, would occupy too many pages. On the other hand, there are many dealers who wish to advertise such service, and here is a list. Dealers who wish to be included can obtain full details from Cyclemaster Ltd.

	Telephone		Telephone
BEDFORDSHIRE		LANCASHIRE (cont.)	
BEDFORD. J. P. Simmons & Sons Ltd., 43-49 Tavistock Street.	67541/2	MANCHESTER, 3. Tom Mellor Ltd., 274 Deansgate.	Deansgate 6181/2/3
LUTON. Dickinson & Adams (Luton) Ltd., Bridge Street.	3535	MANCHESTER, 20. Saxon Jefferis Ltd., 674 Wilmslow Road, Dids- bury.	Didsbury 3446 and 5340
BERKSHIRE		SOUTHPORT. Zetland Garage (Southport) Ltd., 91 Zetland Street.	58148
READING. Great Western Motors (A City Motors, Oxford, Branch), 12-14 Station Road.	3036	URMSTON. Jack Bamford, 114 Flixton Road.	2388
CORNWALL		WARRINGTON. Crabtrees (Warrington) Ltd., Bridge Street.	486
ST. AUSTELL. R. S. Damerell & Son, Whitemoor and High Street, Nr. St. Austell.	—	LEICESTERSHIRE	
DERBYSHIRE		LEICESTER. A. & P. Radio & Cycle Stores, 15-17 Knighton Fields Road West.	32731
DERBY. Kennings Ltd., Queen Street.	40211	LEICESTER. Batchelor Bowles & Co. Ltd., 60 London Road.	60268
DEVONSHIRE		LEICESTER. Reader's, 61/63 Ayle- stone Road.	59554
PLYMOUTH. P. Pike & Co. Ltd., 88 Union Street.	3108	LEICESTER. Smith & Parker, 75½ Narborough Road.	65360
EXETER. B. R. Warne, Bottom of South Street	55108	LINCOLNSHIRE	
DURHAM		BOSTON. Boston Motors Ltd., 56/58 High Street.	3991
DARLINGTON. White Bros. (Dar- lington) Ltd., 205-209 Northgate.	2379	GRANTHAM. Grantham & District Motor Cycle Centre, 6 London Road.	789
ESSEX		LONDON	
CHELMSFORD. County Motor Works (Chelmsford) Ltd., Duke Street, (Opposite Station).	3674/5	EARLSFIELD. A. Gatto, 206/212 Garratt Lane, S.W.18.	Battersea 4364
ROMFORD. Kenistons, Victoria Road.	6283	EAST DULWICH. Bellamy's, 3 Lord- ship Lane, S.E.22.	New Cross 0666
HAMPSHIRE		HAMMERSMITH. Lawson Pigott Motors Ltd., 320/22 King Street, W.6	RIV 4111
ANDOVER. Anna Valley Motors, (Andover) Ltd., Bridge Street.	2344/5	LEE GREEN. Penfold Motors, 2-22 Burnt Ash Road, S.E.12	1202/3/4/5/6 Coppermill 1920
ROMSEY. Davidson's, Bell Street.	2109	WALTHAMSTOW. Jack Nice, 129 Grove Road, E.17.	
HERTFORDSHIRE		MIDDLESEX	
HODDESDON. Norris's, 16 Amwell Street.	3266	NORTHWOOD. Colliver Fisher at Northwood Ltd., 14 Station Parade.	777
NEW BARNET. Lawson Pigott Motors Ltd., 18½ East Barnet Road.	BAR 2353	POTTERS BAR. F. W. Andrews, 6 Hatfield Road.	4410
ST. ALBANS. Grimaldi Bros. Ltd., 188 Hatfield Road.	5595/6	NORTHAMPTONSHIRE	
WELWYN GARDEN CITY. Dickin- son & Adams Ltd., Bridge Road.	32623	NORTHAMPTON. Grose Ltd., More- fair.	31682
KENT		NORTHUMBERLAND	
ASHFORD. C. Hayward & Son, 20-46 New Street.	334	NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. George & Jobling, Farth Street.	23105
BROMLEY. Davis & Hill Ltd., Ravensbourne 101 Bromley Common	2634/5 and 3020	NOTTINGHAMSHIRE	
BROMLEY. H. E. Hills & Son, 481 Bromley Road, Downham.	HIT. 4197	MANSFIELD. W. S. Humphry Ltd., Albert Street.	1205
CHATHAM. The Chatham Motor Co. Ltd., Railway Street.	3413/4 and 45865	OXFORDSHIRE	
DARTFORD. E. C. Bate, 62 West Hill and 32 Lowfield Street.	2748 3548	HENLEY-ON-THAMES. City Motors Ltd., Reading Road.	1115 Oxford 77094
TUNBRIDGE WELLS. Ashplants Ltd., 11 Camden Road (also at Midstone).	1869	COWLEY. Oxford. P. Church, Hollow Way.	
SEVENOAKS. Angus Motor Cycles, (A. S. Herbert), 4-7 Station Parade.	3338	OXFORD. City Motors, Gloucester Green.	2231/2/3
LANCASHIRE		STAFFORDSHIRE	
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BIRMINGHAM, 6. Aston-Auto-Motors, 173/77 Aston Road.	ASTON Cross 3201/2	YORK. North Riding Motors Ltd., Clarence Street.	3220
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TIPS worth REMEMBERING

by
The Engineering Manager

Wheel Bearings

Because of the great pressure put on the bearing tracks, wheel bearings which have been adjusted too tightly will not last very long. There is a point on the adjustment at which no play can be felt, but there is also no pressure on the bearings, but it takes a very experienced mechanic to adjust them to this degree of accuracy. This is why a check should be made at regular intervals and the bearings adjusted so that some play can be felt.

In the Owner's Instruction Book, we have previously referred to this play in various ways, in order to bring it to the attention of the rider. Measured at the wheel rim, $\frac{1}{32}$ " or as once described, the thickness of an ordinary table knife is correct, provided that some play can be detected and the amount of play is not so excessive that it causes the wheel to wobble or run out of line. This instruction is so important, that we repeat the following which is taken from the present edition of the Owner's Instruction Book:

"When the wheel is in position, check the hub bearings. It is most important that there should be some play, but when you hold the rim lightly between thumb and middle finger, you should not be able to rock it more than $\frac{1}{32}$ ". To adjust, slacken spindle nuts 1 and 2 (Fig. 2), and the nut 'A' (Fig. 1). Turn the spindle 'B' using a spanner on the flats, until the wheel revolves freely with the minimum amount of play. Always recheck that this play is there after tightening nuts 'A,' 2 and 1. Finally, check adjustment of chain from clutch to drum."

One very important point must not be overlooked. However careful you are in making this adjustment, it will be incorrect if you are confused by the

difference between play in the bearings and spring of the wheel drum. Play can best be described as the shake which can be detected without applying sideways pressure to the rim, but spring of the wheel drum will only take place if this sort of pressure is used. Careful observation and little practice will soon enable you to tell the difference.

Refitting the Carburettor

Reference to one of the earlier issues of the magazine, in which we explained the working of the carburettor, will show that the carburettor is carefully designed to give the correct mixture of petrol and air to the engine. Because of this, any air leak into the inlet pipe between the carburettor itself and the crankcase will upset this mixture and consequently, cause bad performance or difficult starting.

In order to tighten the carburettor body on to the inlet pipe, slots are cut into the carburettor body, and this in turn, is then clamped on to the pipe. The depth of these slots is important and they must not come right up to the bottom of the bore for the inlet pipe. If they do, air will be drawn in through the ends of the slots and the performance affected as already described. To ensure that this does not happen, a small area at the bottom of the bore is plain and unbroken, and this part slides over the end of the inlet pipe so making an effective seal. It will easily be seen therefore, that when refitting the carburettor, it is important to push it on to the inlet pipe as far as it will go.

At the same time, we also draw your attention to the importance of fitting it so that the float chamber is vertical. Our previous description of the working of the carburettor, explains the need for this by the use of simple diagrams.

Cleaning the Plug

A year ago, we stressed the importance of correct sparking plug adjustment, but we again draw your attention to this, because we find that some engines returned to us for difficult starting or irregular running, show nothing more serious than the need for cleaning and adjustment of the plug points.

Each time the sparking plug does its job—about 14,000 times a mile—a minute particle of metal is worn away from the sparking plug points. Although this process is very slow, it is likewise very sure, and will gradually increase the gap. In time, this gap will grow enough to prevent the spark from jumping when the engine is only turning slowly, as is the case when starting up.

If starting becomes less easy than usual, check the spark plug first of all. Detach the lead and take out the sparking plug with special spanner. Dry the points and scrape them with a penknife or brush them briskly with a stiff brush. Then reset the points gap .018" to .020", using a Feeler Gauge for this purpose (Cyclemaster Tool No. C.A.21 has feelers for both the sparking plug and contact breaker points gap). If alterations are required, bend only the side electrode. Never attempt to move the centre electrode or the insulation may be damaged.

The new Cyclemaster anti-whiskering plug (C.F. 50) has three tongues on a movable earthing disc, and these tongues should be lightly tapped down, so that the correct setting is obtained. Whilst doing this, the gap with each tongue should be checked in several positions by rotating the disc to ensure that at no position is the gap less than .015", or faulty firing may result. In this plug, the earth disc has some movement to prevent the possible addition of "whiskers," which may otherwise cause the plug to stop firing, or fire erratically.

If the inside of the sparking plug looks dirty, it is worth the extra effort to dismantle the plug, to clean it fully. To take the plug to pieces, the gland nut should be unscrewed from the body so that the insulated electrode assembly may be withdrawn. If the insulation is oily, first wash it in petrol or paraffin;

then with fairly coarse glass paper, remove the carbon deposit and wash again. The plug body should be scraped clean internally with a knife or wire brush, paying particular attention to the earth electrodes. Rinse the plug body in petrol to remove all loose particles and foreign matter before replacing the internal washer, which should be clean and lightly smeared with thin oil. Make sure that it is properly seated before re-inserting the central electrode assembly. Finally, screw up the gland nut and tighten sufficiently to give a gastight joint. Before refitting to the engine, the spark plug gap should be checked and adjusted as already described.

If, when tightened down, the plug is not gastight, replace the sealing washer with a new one.

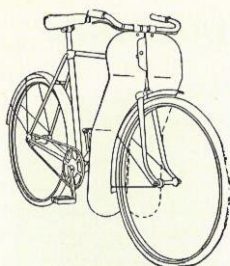
Excessive Fuel in the Engine

In the October 1953 issue of *The Magic Wheel*, we drew our readers' attention to the difficulties which are caused by too much petrol mixture inside the engine, at the same time pointing out that this is often caused by overchoking.

To get rid of this petrol without dismantling, we advised turning off the petrol, opening the throttle wide and then with the clutch in, pedalling your machine for a few hundred yards. Generally speaking, we find that this procedure works very well, but a little assistance can often be obtained by first of all taking out the spark plug and rotating the engine with the plug removed. Two advantages are obtained in this way; they are that the engine will rotate more easily and that more air will be drawn in to clean out the excess fuel.

There is one small point however, which should not be overlooked. After the spark plug has been removed, make sure the seating washer is still on it. If this washer is left on the cylinder head, the air passing out through the plug hole, will probably blow the washer away.

When refitting the plug, you should make absolutely sure that it is tightened down on to the sealing washer.



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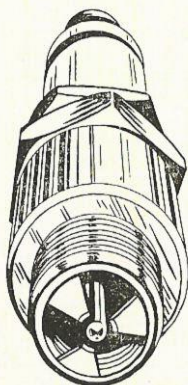
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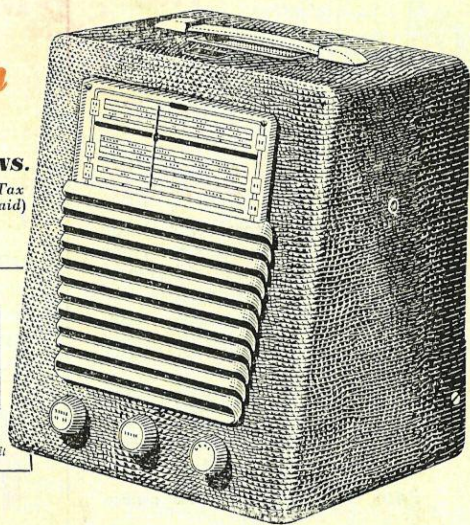
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