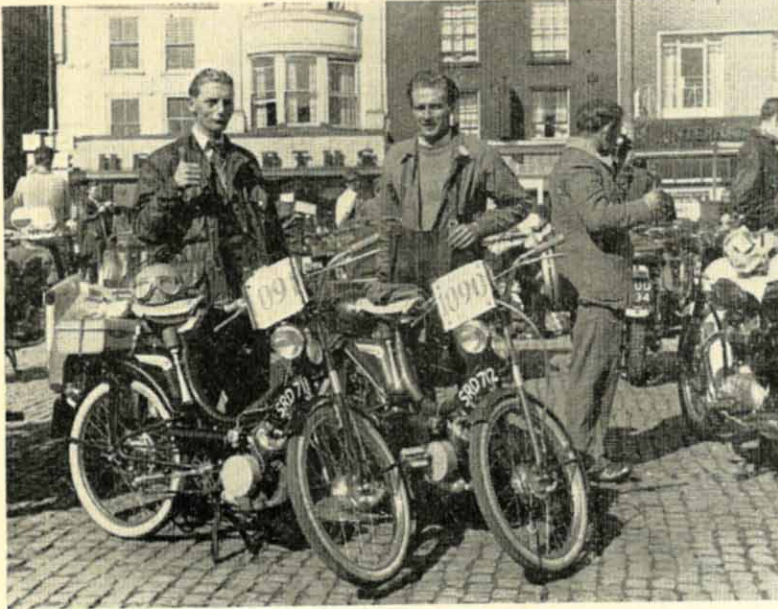


The

A.C.U. NATIONAL RALLY

by
competitor

I I 2 8



F. J. Wallace (left) won the special award for under 50 c.c. machines on his Paloma. With him is A. F. G. Hunt

"YOU start from any control point and just travel 600 miles to Great Yarmouth, taking in as many controls as possible on the way". That's what my friends told me a few weeks before the rally. Now I know that it is not quite as simple as that. I worked on the route with a couple of friends and between us we covered dozens of sheets of paper with calculations, until one of us finally sorted out an exact six hundred mile route with 35 controls to be visited.

I started from Monmouth, travelling there Friday night. On the way to Monmouth I had trouble with my scooter, a 147 c.c. Peugeot, which began mysteriously to stop. In spite of attention, this continued throughout the rally, and lost me valuable time. An hour before the start, rain was falling steadily, and my spirits fell with it. However, it stopped before ten

o'clock and I was off in bright sunshine to Ross-on-Wye, my first control. A dash into the garage, card stamped, mileage entered, sign the visitors book, and away again.

Through Hereford, Ludlow and Bridgnorth controls, I said things which should never be said to any young lady scooter, as the engine

The Auto-Cycle Union's fifteenth annual rally was held over the week-end (July 18 & 19) when 1147 competitors converged on Gt. Yarmouth from all over the country.

Congratulations to:—

BIRMINGHAM LAMBRETTA CLUB who won the RAC Diamond Jubilee Trophy.

G. BIDDLE, (Lambretta) for best performance in Class A. 125 c.c.

H. J. PARKER (Peugeot) for best performance in Class B (up to 250 c.c.).

F. J. WALLACE (Paloma) for taking the special prize for under 50 c.c. machines.

A. SPIERS (Peugeot) for the manufacturers award and to all those moped and scooter riders who were awarded gilt, silver and bronze plaques, and certificates of merit.

On page 527 there appears an account from the Birmingham Lambretta Club of their experiences.



Competitor on
Itom awaits
results. He was
awarded a
Certificate of Merit

died on me again and again. Dirt in the carburettor? Air in the fuel line? I ran some petrol off, blew into the petrol tank, and even changed the plug, but all to no avail. Suddenly she started running better, and on to Kidderminster I rushed, missed the turning off and found I was lost, in company with Sheila Minion of Derby, on a Bella. Together we sorted out our route, with the help of some passers-by, found the control, then on to Birmingham.

Here I feared trouble, but my route proved a good one, and it was very well sign-posted too, which is



H. Parker, with his Peugeot. He won the Daily Mirror Challenge Trophy for best scooter performance

more than one or two of the other controls were. My scooter was now going really well, so I pushed on South at full throttle, much regretting that I could not spare more than a glance for the magnificent countryside around Stroud. Here another wrong turning took me twelve miles further than was necessary, but at Bristol I was just up with my time schedule. Phew, this was flat out scooting, pushing the scooter to the limit all the time, and wondering how long the

Four members of the Wood Green DKR Scooter Club move away from check-point No. 91. Three of these riders were awarded gilt plaques



pace could be kept up. No signs of tiredness yet, just a bit of back-ache. By the time I reached Shaftesbury at nine o'clock, there was half an hour in hand, so over the road into a fish shop for a quick fish and chip supper. Saw Andre Baldet and his Vespa G. S. team in here, and at frequent intervals along the route.

Through the night stops at controls were longer to relieve stiffness, though fortunately it was quite warm. As London came nearer, my spirits rose progressively, and a cup of tea and biscuits at Reading was much appreciated. Through a strangely silent London at three thirty a.m. and on towards the finish. It was very difficult to stay awake when the sun came up—made me feel very drowsy. Another Peugeot rider, Hugh Blacknell, went to sleep and drifted off the road forty miles from home, but carried on with only cuts and bruises. A detour to the special test, and I found myself on a queue of dozens of machines waiting for an antiquated chain-operated ferry, at 2/6 a head. The queue for the special test was even longer, but our control cards were specially stamped in case the delay caused us to be late in. The special test was to drive at an average speed of 27 m.p.h. over an unstated distance.

A large crowd and a square packed with machines greeted me

at Great Yarmouth, at one minute to ten. I felt very weary and seemed to ache in every joint, but was very happy to have finished the course. 370 marks on my card, which turned out to be the top marks obtainable when the list of finishers was posted. Seven and a half gallons of petrol used, and an actual 642 miles covered. Hard work for my scooter, but she stood up to it valiantly and really went like the wind. (Her internal trouble incidentally, was carbon—she badly needs a decoke). I still feel short of sleep, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything.



A night re-fuelling stop at Andover, where a Model C Peugeot is topped up

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