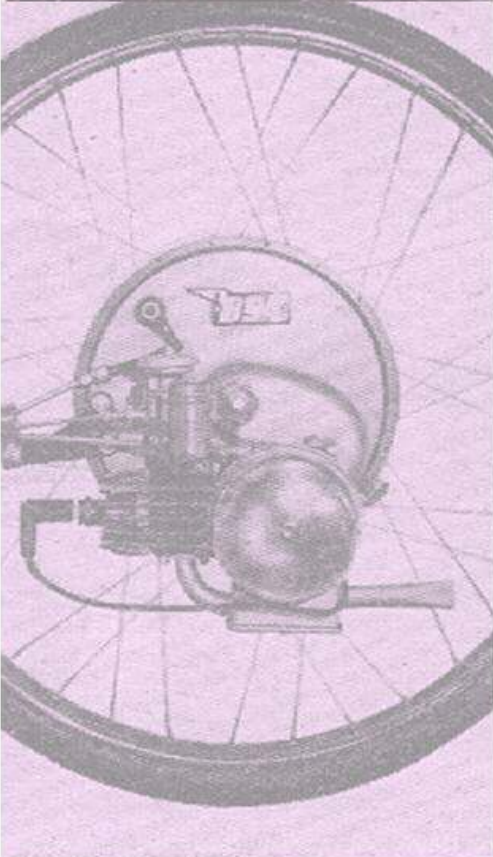
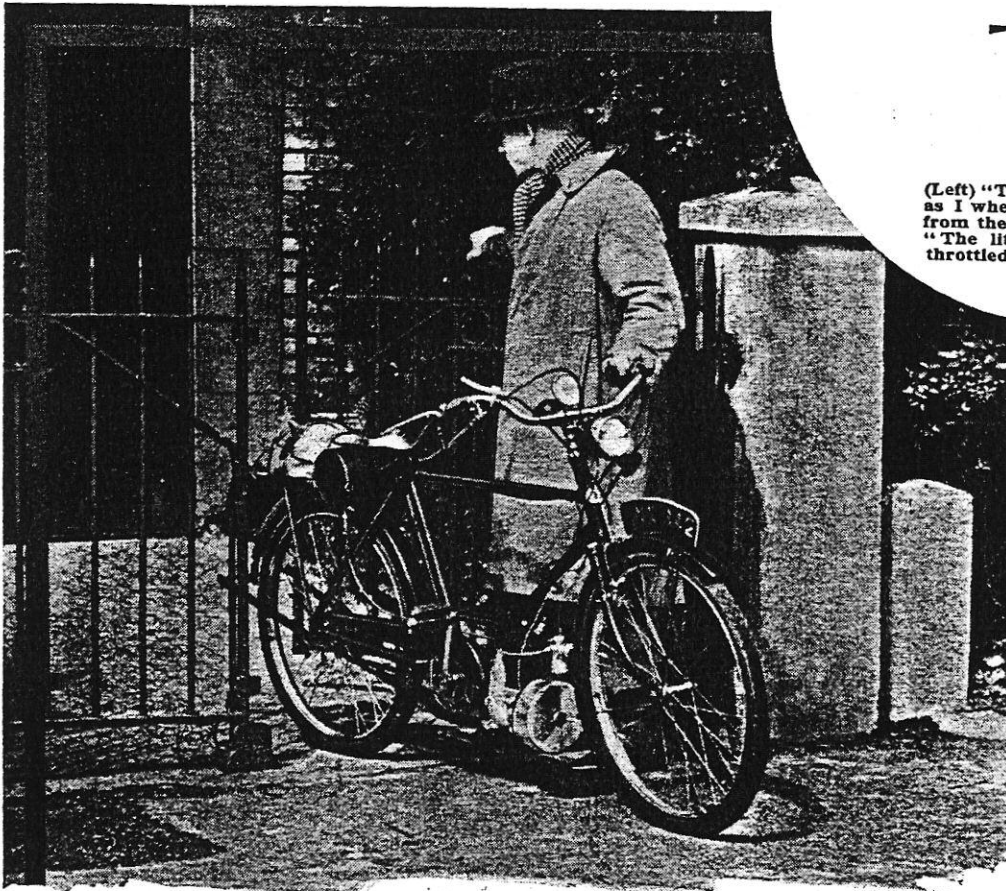


# IceniCAM Information Service



# To the

(Left) "The sun was shining as I wheeled the Cyc-Auto from the garage." (Right) "The little engine can be throttled down to walking pace"



"ANOTHER penny a gallon on petrol," I read aloud. "Go on," said Michael. "I paid that extra penny when I filled up last night."

"Listen, Michael," I said, "it means that motor cycling will cost me about one and six more a month now. I reckon I could get from home to the coast and back for that amount."

"Walking or cycling?" asked my friend with the suggestion of a sneer. And then added, "A day's effort from you is worth about eighteen pence!"

"Thanks," I replied loftily. "I should neither walk nor cycle. I should go in comfort on a motorised bicycle."

My home is 45½ miles from Brighton. Ninety-odd miles and a swim sounded attractive, particularly as the sun was shining brilliantly on the morning I wheeled the Cyc-Auto from the garage.

### "Pedal" Starting

The Cyc-Auto has a special 98 c.c. Villiers engine, and pedalling gear is provided for starting and "assisting" purposes. To use the machine as an ordinary "push" bike it is only necessary to move the large chain wheel an ¼th of an inch or so over towards the offside and the engine is disconnected, so even the most forgetful—say, over refuelling—need never be stranded.

The little engine is so docile that it can be throttled down to a walking pace. And if you have to stop in a traffic block, two digs on the pedals with the compression release raised will get you under way.

When I left home the engine—a new one and there-

fore a bit "stiff"—was, of course, stone-cold and I found the easiest method of starting was to "scoot" off. Afterwards I used the pedals on all occasions.

As soon as Mitcham was left behind I said good-bye to traffic. It is a long time since I was on an arterial road on a weekday morning, and an almost deserted Brighton road was a new experience. Someone ought to suggest staggered week-ends as the logical sequence of staggered holidays!

About 18 to 20 m.p.h. seemed the happy speed of the Cyc-Auto. The engine buzzed away pleasantly while I admired the greenness of the hedges and trees and imbibed the fresh morning air.

When the engine is running on light throttle it is almost noiseless, and there is no four-stroking or spluttering in the carburettor. Thus I was able to zoom down Reigate Hill at just under the legal limit and note how the model-handled over bumps. There was no appreciable discomfort—and I could even ride hands-off without feeling that I was a daring young man.

The level crossing at the foot of the hill was taken fast, and I found the sudden jarring of the handlebars rather disconcerting. I was weighing-up the pros and cons of a spring front fork when I caught up with a cyclist. Naturally, the conversation concerned the Cyc-Auto and I mentioned my views about rigid forks.

He said he couldn't see the need for a sprung fork.

# Coast and Back, Is. 7½d.

"Perseus" Rides a Cyc=Auto to the Sea and Back—and Learns a Lot About the Capabilities and Economy of a Motor-assisted Bicycle

"You get used to the bumps," he added, "and in any case you should take level crossings at a reasonable speed."

There was something in that; and perhaps my critical thoughts were premature, because I had not ridden a cycle very far for many years.

We took the long hill before Handcross on three-quarter throttle at about 12 m.p.h., and I found a malicious pleasure in grinning at two cyclists who were walking with their machines.

But their turn was to come, for less than a quarter of a mile farther on the engine coughed and refused to pull. There was plenty of petrol in the tank and the tank tap was clear, so obviously the carburettor had to be dismantled. There, sure enough, was the cause of the trouble. The little filter in the fuel-supply orifice was choked with dirt.

I dismantled the carburettor by undoing one nut! On such occasions we really appreciate simplicity.

Along we buzzed again until we came to the spot where a huge mechanical excavator is at work on the construction of the new Brighton road. The excavator clanked and groaned, but worked with surprising speed, loading lorries with earth and rubble.

About a mile farther on a man was spraying the kerb of a finished section of the road with white paint. I stopped with the idea of examining his sprayer and the J.A.P. engine which operated the compressor; he seemed equally interested in the Cyc-Auto.

This road-man knew all about Villiers engines,

because they are used on some of the compressor plants. "Never any trouble," he said. "I sometimes clean the plug when I think of it like, but that's about all."

Apparently he could spray about a mile of kerbing a day. It seems reasonable, therefore, to suggest that the kerbings of all our main roads should be whitened regularly.

The road became a concrete artery; a speedway. Most people make no mistake about this. Whiz, whiz, whiz, went the cars. It would have been better, I thought, to have selected a more winding road. I could have gone through East Grinstead and Lewes, for instance. But these things are always thought about too late.

The pylons loomed up and I wanted a cigarette. Along came an ice-cream man, and having sold me some chocolate, he talked about the possibilities of a Cyc-Auto-*cum*-ice-cream barrow!

"I could double the length of my round," he said. "I wonder whether the boss would take kindly to the suggestion." I wondered, too!

## A Little Assistance

The sun disappeared, and a cold wind sprang up as I approached the front at Brighton. A swim did not appeal, so I decided to tour slowly along the Madeira Drive and then go up to the Downs.

The road up to the Downs is steep, and for the first time I had to assist the engine. I found it was better to obtain a throttle setting equivalent to the engine speed rather than use full bore when pedalling.

After wandering around for some time I had tea and started for home just before six o'clock. The chill of the evening made me appreciate the gauntlet gloves I had thought to slip in my pocket before starting.

The run home was accomplished with only one stop for fuel. On the steepest part of Reigate Hill pedal assistance was required, though only for about 75 yards. The average gradient of the hill is about 1 in 11—sufficiently steep to make the majority of cyclists walk.

A fill-up with the Cyc-Auto means half a gallon of fuel and two measures of oil taken from the spare tank. Incidentally, this small oil tank is a boon; you can purchase oil in, say, gallon quantities and take advantage of bulk prices. Thus a fill-up costs about 1s. 0½d.

We were back home by half-past nine, and I worked out the cost of the trip just so that I should be prepared for Michael.

One half-gallon of petrol had taken me 57 miles over give-and-take roads, and at times there had been fairly strong head-winds. Hence the journey had cost about 1s. 7½d. That was near enough to prove my point.

"You seem rather pleased with yourself," Michael said when I met him the next morning. "What's the matter?"

My moment of triumph had arrived. "Cyc-Auto'd to the sea and back yesterday," I replied, casually. "Had a most comfortable and enjoyable ride and the cost was 1s. 7½d.—only 1½d. in excess of my budget!"



A glimpse of "Perseus" and the Cyc-Auto at Brighton