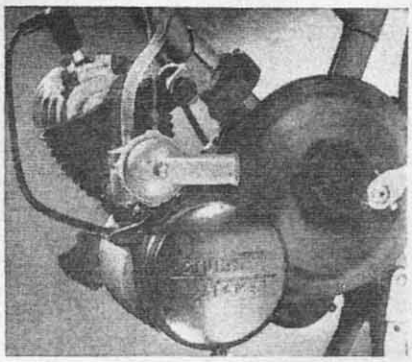
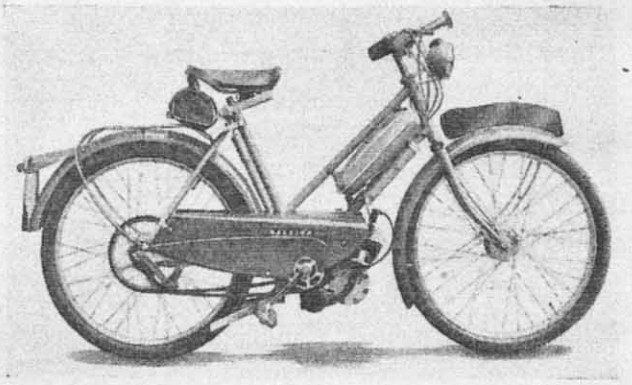
RALEIGHS PRODUCE A MO-PED

Attractive "Down-to-a-Price" Machine From Famous Manufacturer.



(Left) The first Sturmey-Archer motorcycle engine to be produced since 1933. It has Lucas flywheel generator equipment and Amal carburetter and drives the countershaft by belt.



(Right) The first Raleigh example of two-wheeled motor transport for over a quarter of a century—the 1959 mo-ped.

WITH the introduction, today, of a new 50 c.c. two-stroke mo-ped, Raleigh Industries, Ltd., of Nottingham, return to the world of two-wheeled, powered transport; and another aspect of this "return to the fold" which brings nostalgic thoughts to those who remember affectionately the pre-war Raleigh motorcycle, is the name borne by the power-unit of the newcomer—Sturmey-Archer.

The design philosophy behind the new machine—which sells complete at £48 16s. 6d. (inc. P.T.)—is interesting: following considerable market research, the makers drew up a specification which has resulted in a reliable machine with a reasonable turn of speed and the simplest possible mechanical parts. The use of a clutch has been deliberately avoided, and, apart from the normal pedal-cycle brake levers, the only control is the right-hand twist-grip which, when rolled back past the throttle-closed position, doubles as a decompressor control. Thus, the rider merely pedals off, and once 5 m.p.h. is reached, the grip is slowly rotated and the engine starts. Closing the grip stops the engine and operates the decompressor, so that the engine turns over with minimum resistance. In the event of engine failure or lack of fuel, pulling a small stud on the pedal crank disconnects the drive, so that the machine can be ridden as a pedal-cycle.

No suspension is fitted, front or rear, but, despite this, a member of *Motor Cycling's* staff who was the first technical journalist to ride an example, found that the comfort was extremely good; in addition, the handling, road-holding and braking properties were judged to be outstanding, and the little engine produced lusty power, despite a very well-silenced exhaust note.

Finished in a pleasing, soft shade of grey, with the transmission shielded by pressed-steel panels, the machine features an open-type, brazed, tubular-steel frame, which carries a 6½-pint capacity petroil tank (having ½-pint reserve) between the twin front down tubes, well clear of the rider's shins.

The engine, which has a bore and stroke of 38 mm. by 44 mm. respectively (49.9 c.c.) is of conventional two-stroke type, with small, deflecting cut-aways on the flat-topped piston and an overhung crank, supported on massive roller bearings. There are twin transfer ports, a chromium-plated top ring is used and the compression ratio is 6 : 1. The maximum power developed is 1.3 b.h.p., at 4,300 r.p.m., and the drive is by V-belt to a countershaft, thence by a heavyweight rear chain, which operates separately from the pedal-crank chain. The three engine mounting points are fitted with Metalastik bushes and the Lucas flywheel generator, which also supplies power for the lights, is supplemented by additional, parking battery equipment. The carburetter is an Amal instrument, and the saddle is by Lycett. The luggage carrier shown in the illustration above is a standard fitting.

In large-scale production, the Raleigh will be backed by a wide-spread dealers' network and abundant spares. Maintenance courses for mechanics are being run at the parent factory, so that this very practical newcomer, with its respected name, will be well supported by easily accessible and reliable servicing facilities.

THE MOON WAS DOWN - - *Continued from previous page*

miles. As it was, I shot wide of him over the grass triangle at the lane's end and there was a grinding crash from below. But instead of stopping, the Reliant bounded ahead, its throttle rod bent till the pedal was flat against the floorboards.

"Are you a competitor?" asked the marshal, gazing rather haughtily at my vehicle. Surely he didn't think I was lying on my back to count the stars as I tried to push the rod back into shape!

Lights checked O.K., we set off again, but with no throttle control below about three-quarter revs., things were a little tricky. Renewed attempts to straighten the rod were fruitless; downward changes tended to elude the synchromesh and efforts to control the engine speed by cutting the ignition produced a series of bangs which threatened to call out the militia.

A few miles of these hopeless goings-on and I suddenly realized how ideally the Reliant had been designed for just this situation. Remove the engine cover and the carburetter quadrant would lie within easy reach of the passenger's right hand. So with Roger responding promptly to shouts of "down" when I wanted to slow or to change gear, we trundled on: not so fast, but fast enough to make up a little of the time we'd lost.

However, with 30 miles gone, the marshal at the next signature check eased the situation even more by lending us an elastic band which, stretched between the carburetter quadrant and the bonnet clip, was strong enough to return the engine to quarter revs. without manual aid. But lest his action should lead to our exclusion and him being drummed from the club for giving outside assistance, I decided not to mention it.

Despite having to shout above the clatter of the uncowled engine, Roger kept right on top of his job. We noted the next collection times at several rural post boxes which formed inanimate route checks on the way; lost one mark at the brake test, a simple free-wheel, stop-astride-line-B affair where we lacked the advantage of a single starting prod; and zig-zagged our way towards the final check, where we arrived eight minutes late. Eleven marks to the bad—not that I knew it at the time. But hard though she'd been, my bad fairy at least had a journalistic sense of the fitness of things. She foiled us again on the post-check acceleration test and left us, appropriately, with a final loss of . . . exactly 13 marks.

Not too bad, considering. Out of 78 starters, 47 had finished and only 20 of them had lost fewer marks than we. Venables at least was happy. He claimed to have been afraid that we might win, which would have left him in the embarrassing position of having to omit us from the awards. Because that marshal had been right; we weren't *really* competitors at all.

It's just that I happened to be collecting material for a lecture to the National Coven of Necromantic Numerologists on the occult aspects of thirteen.

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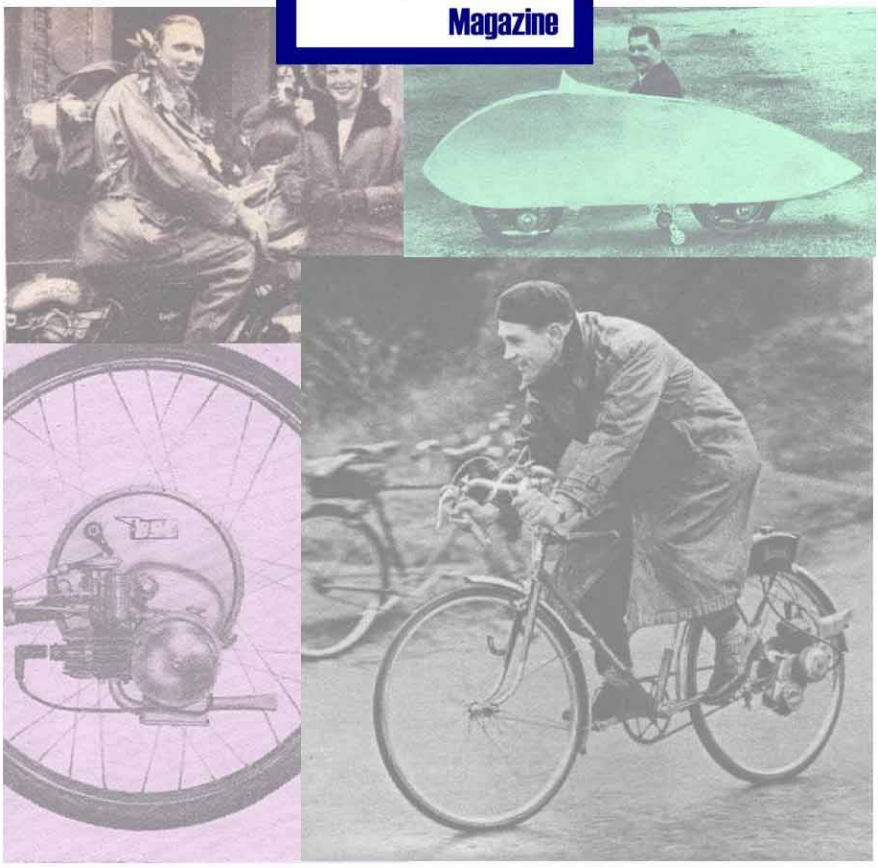

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