



Horizontal View

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As always, please appreciate that most of us are working, looking after family or even riding and working on our motorcycles when you contact us for advice or support.

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Paul's Pistons

Paul Codling

After the wall fell we couldn't get parts for our Russians before the modern, oriental entrepreneurs got going. I remember Gary Carroll, the then COC spares secretary, announcing that he could get two stroke pistons made for something like £55 each complete with rings, circlips and gudgeon pins, if he ordered lots. Back then, that was a lot of money. Anxious to secure a future for his Voskhods, and the Jupiter 5 he owned, our man Little Trevor took Gary up on his offer and ordered boxes of them in two rebore sizes. I bought the contents of Little Trevor's garage a while ago and with it, his Voskhods, his Jupiter 5 and his new and unused pistons. We have something of a quality nightmare going on with Eastern Europe's parts suppliers at present, who stock mostly and sadly useless Chinese parts. Finding these hangovers from the past was a fascinating result. Were they any good?

They were made in Australia by JP Engineering Products



whose agents in the UK were, and still are, a company called F W Thorntons. Thornton's website lists car, truck or tractor engine components only, but I'm sure they'd still listen to special requests as Gary's was.

In the same way that there's a universe of

different sorts of cheese, to cater for a huge spectrum of tastes, there's a universe of different aluminium alloys too, a thousand different applications for the use of. The spectrum of piston quality varies from exotic, through simply expensive, to normal everyday road use, past cheap, into Chinese and then completely useless cheap Chinese. The percentage of silicon is the major difference but copper, nickel and magnesium make a difference too and are all subject to cost cutting.



I know Trevor didn't have a clue what eutectic or hypereutectic alloys are and I'm sure crankshaft geometry didn't occur to him either so I think he simply sent Thorntons an old piston for JP to copy. Was it a Voskhod or a Jupiter? Cossack Club folklore will tell you they're both the same but that's not strictly true. It was all so long ago nobody can remember who said what to who and the pistons came back wildly oversize with no gudgeon pin offset. Twenty years later, we're on our own as far as instructions or specifications are concerned. In the interests of science I thought I'd get a battle scarred Voskhod barrel rebored to fit one of the mysterious JP pistons to see what happened. Luckily, Voskhods don't need gudgeon pin offset.

It's perfectly possible to rebore little single cylinder engine barrels on a lathe but you need a very rigid set up to prevent tool deflection turning a tapered bore down a long

hole, and on a two stroke, bouncing over the ports. For that reason I asked my mates at Green's Motorcycles in Beccles, who own a real (rigid), dedicated boring machine, to do my rebore.

£60!!!! Is that how much a rebore costs these days? Apparently it is. Next time it'll be eBay for a second hand boring head then. The next surprise was, in spite of Green's being well respected and unquestionably competent, the 0.08mm skirt clearance I asked for, uncertain of what JP pistons are made of, was lost in translation. I ended up with the usual 0.05mm, which is the normal, nice Japanese piston tolerance. Was it OK? No chance!

If I was careful I could ride about 3 or 4 miles before the piston expanded enough to jam in the bore. Notice I didn't say seize? That's not what happened. The engine started to slow, ran rough as the heat got to it then ground to a halt for a few minutes, then as long as it was only once or twice, off it went again almost instantly. Once it's critically swelled up a couple of times, you've scaled an exponential curve and more heat makes hot hotter faster. A flask of coffee for some lengthy roadside contemplation helps then. Strangely the piston became polished but didn't melt and once it had cooled down, appeared to be fine with no other evidence of distress. Whatever aluminium alloy this is expands lots but has a very high melting point.

Unfortunately I'd set the ring end gap to fit this bore so I was reluctant to hone looser. The shiniest polished patch on the piston was around the gudgeon pin hole. You'll see from that the JP piston has much reinforcing where the



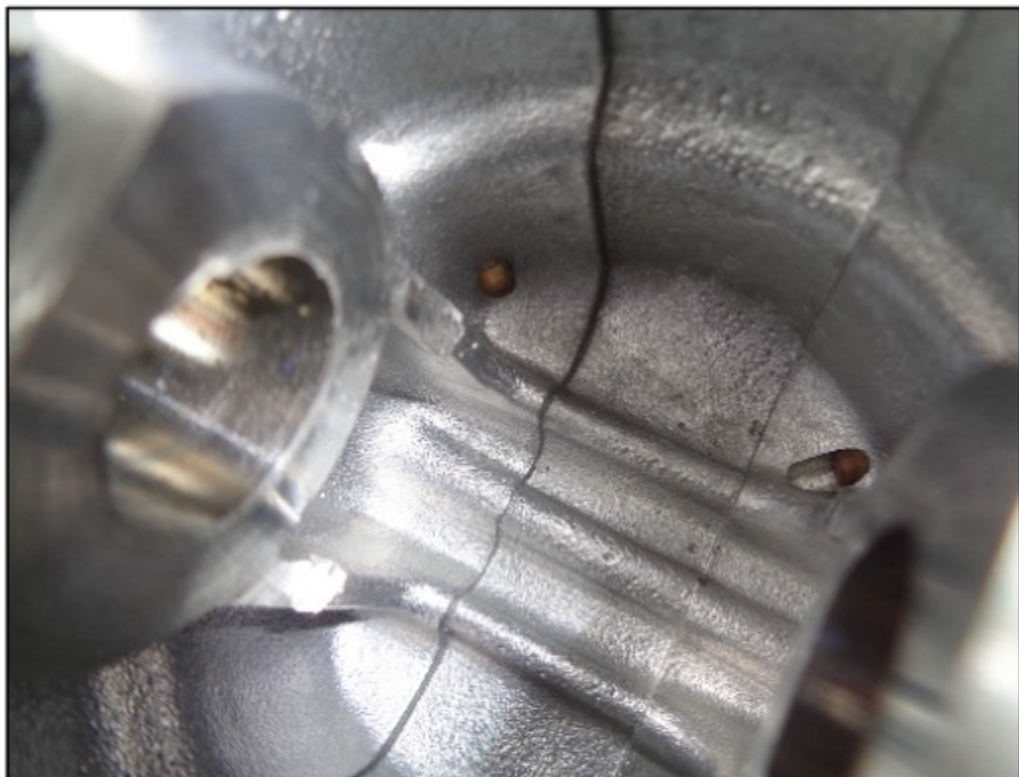
standard one doesn't and the volume of aluminium will expand more rather than less. Notice also the standard piston's cut out space around the gudgeon pin to allow for such expansion,



JP left, Standard right. Round pistons usually have this. Normally it's that or an oval grind but the JP has neither. I filed one but that didn't help very much.

On to plan B then. This was to rough up the surface of the skirt with very coarse emery, to make it easy for bedding in to polish wherever it liked without generating too much heat. The rough surface finish reduced quickly to a shiny surface. This worked spectacularly but I had to do it several times. I can't tell you what the piston looks like now because taking it out again isn't necessary. It's the best fitting piston a Voskhod's ever had!

The other problem (He means there's only two?) is weight. My original flimsy Voskhod piston with pin and rings is a lightweight 236g. The industrial strength Australian assembly is a 295g lump, making it 59g heavier. According to common sense, that much is going to cock up the balance and stress the rod. However on a single, there's always some up and down or front to back vibrate left because you can't perfectly balance something which goes up and down with something which goes round. It depends on your installation how much of which vibrate you accept. Did anyone back at the Kovrov Works care? Voskhod cranks don't look like



they've been individually balanced. Gotta get the next 10,000 units out to appease The Soviet Bureau of Crankshaft Manufacturing of course! It's not ridiculous to wonder therefore, when an extra 59g changes the balance, if it might actually make it smoother. Simply for the art in the experiment, the JP piston is in as heavy as it came out of the box to see what happens. So far, at a gentle running in pace, it doesn't feel a lot different. Given how well this piston coped with what felt like a terrible trauma, apparently unscathed, it's probably going to last forever. At first I was a bit worried about the bronze ring pegs pressed into holes simply drilled in the pistons with no special casting to support them like there usually is. However if the alloy expands as much as it seems to, it'll nip the ring pegs with a vice like grip.

Later, when everything's settled down and flat out for hours is possible with the last nip up nipped ages ago, I'll measure the skirt

clearance to see if it's what I wanted. I'm planning on using these pistons in a twin cylinder Jupiter. I thought I'd play with a cheaper, single cylinder Voskhod first.

A reminder from the Treasurer and the Membership Secretary

Lloyds Bank are changing all Club and Society bank accounts. This means that from Jan 2025 we, as a club, will be paying charges on the club bank account. There is to be a monthly charge but also a charge when we deposit cash and cheques. (Electronic transfer will not be affected)
In order to save the Club money please can people who usually send cheques use BACS or PayPal.

Details for BACS:

Bank: Lloyds Bank

Account Name: Cossack Owners Club

Sort Code: 30 93 83

Account Number: 01268026

England to Australia Part 3

Malcolm and Eileen Perrins
The final chapter

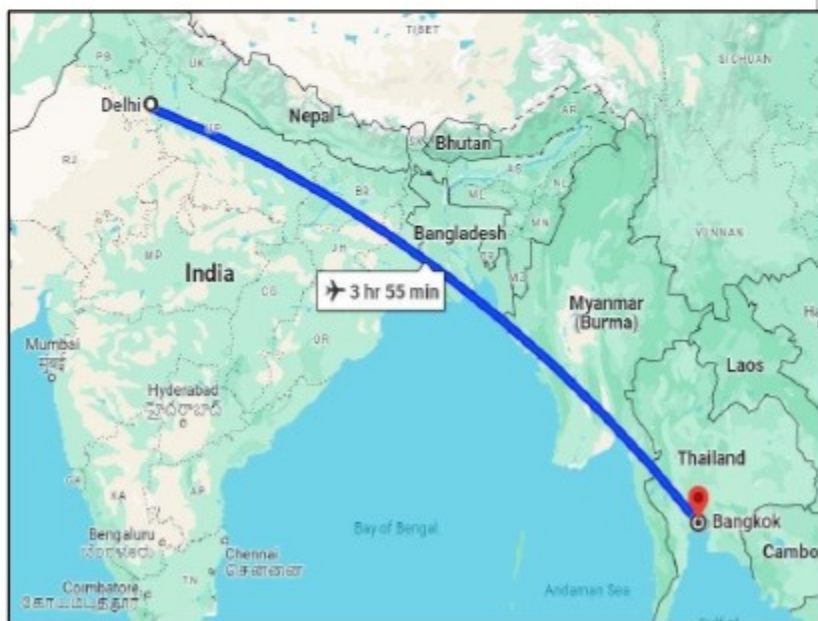
Saturday 14th October. Coach to Agra didn't turn up again, so we got the money back and tried to go by train, but the train was full, so we have reserved seats for tomorrow. We went on an 8-rupee sight seeing tour of Delhi, which was interesting, went to the Red Fort, a Hindu Temple, Ghandi's Tomb and memorial museum and an international Doll Museum plus the Qutb Minar, which is a minaret from ruined mosque and is now a World Heritage site. We also passed the Parliament, the Embassies and the India Gate. Arrived back in Connaught Circus about 16:30. Bought a leather bag, as the zip in our blue bag had burst. Had dinner at the campsite, then talked to Gorg and Elisabeth, the Australian bloke and French girl that we had met in their white Kombi before.

Sunday 15th October. Up early again this morning and got the "Taj Express" train to Agra, after some confusion with the seat numbers everyone settled down. Arrived in Agra about 1100 and went off to see the Taj Mahal, it is really beautiful, there are four tombs, two that were originally hidden under the Taj building. After the Taj we went to the Red Fort and then the Bazaar, not particularly interesting. Got

back to the station early and managed to get a seat on an earlier train back to Delhi, arriving back about 2000. Tomorrow, we have to go to the Thai Embassy to get visas for our stopover in Bangkok.

Monday 16th October. Went to the Thai embassy but had to leave our passports there and go back tomorrow. The visa cost was 40 rupees each, so we then had to cash a traveller's cheque at the campsite. Washed the orange bag, then went to the Poste Restante, where we had a letter from Jane. Sent postcards and a letter to Lewis. Also managed to get Eileen's sandal fixed and Eileen bought a useless pen.

Tuesday 17th October. Went to the Thai Embassy again to collect our passports and visas. Then just sat around and slept until about 18:00. Had lunch at the Union Restaurant off Connaught Place. Left the campsite about 18.00 and went to the bus stop to wait for the Airport bus. Spent a lot of time at the airport sorting out clothes etc so that we wouldn't have to pay excess baggage. Also had to change another £10 travellers' cheque to pay the airport fees too. We are now on the plane waiting for our dinner!



Wednesday 18th October. After a lovely flight on the Thai Airlines Orchid Service we arrived in Bangkok, Thailand time of 0600. Sorted out the luggage so we only need to carry one rucksack, then took the Airport bus to the Privacy Hotel. A Czech guy was also on the bus, so he came to the Privacy with us. We were lucky to get a room, although it is about 90 baht, per night. It is very clean. Has a dressing table, wardrobe, desk, bedside table, telephone, air conditioning, free soap etc and clean sheets and towels. In the afternoon the Czech bloke, Jan came with us to the AUS office to see about our flight, only to discover it is fully booked, but the girl booked us on that, but also a flight on Monday, because she thinks we should be able to go on that flight.

Eileens sandals broke on the plane and her feet were hurting all day as she was wearing new shoes she had brought from England. Had a good Chinese meal at the restaurant in the hotel. Then went to sleep as we had not had enough sleep the night before.

Thursday 19th October. Had breakfast, then went to find sandals for Eileen, but spent all day and didn't do much else. Eileen did find one pair, but her feet kept slipping out of them, so bought some alternatives. They were not too expensive about £3.00 for both pairs. Also, the bus fare was cheap, 1 baht for any distance in the city. We went to the National Museum, but it closed at 1600, but maybe we will see more tomorrow.

Friday 20th October. Found a much cheaper restaurant last night where Eileen had a banana split and Malcolm had a chicken sandwich. We went there for breakfast this morning, then caught the bus into the city and went to see the Royal Barges Museum, there is still a lot of flooding around and we had to take off our shoes to see the barges. Had Thai soup for lunch at a small café, then went to the AUS office to see if we can fly in the morning, but they said we would have to phone them in the morning to see if there had been any

cancellations. If not, we will have to wait until Wednesday. We are now well in the tropics at about 15 degrees north of the equator, that is why it is so hot and humid with lots of jungle type vegetation.

Saturday 21st October. We rang MAS airline this morning and they said go to the airport. After some difficulty finding the right bus, we arrived at the airport at about 1145 and were told to wait until 1230 on standby. But eventually we were allowed onto the plane, it was a very small one, Malaysian Air Services, but meant there were plenty of window seats, so managed to get one, only 6 seats across the plane, also drinks are free. Had two good meals and plenty of drinks. The plane stopped at Jakarta to pick up more passengers, but we didn't get off.



Sunday 22nd October. Arrived in Perth at 0200, went through passport control and customs without any problem, then stayed for the rest of the night in the airport lounge. Took bus into city then arrived at Travelmates, in East Perth. It is very basic but clean and only \$A3 per night each. We could also get a weekly room for \$A17.50 each which we will do later, but we have to go to the bank tomorrow to get money and shopping with Ian an English guy who we had met on the plane. Weather here hasn't been too hot, more like England really (so far). 1st Day of our 28-day anti-malarial tablets.

Monday 23rd October. Walked into the city today and opened an account at the National Bank and one at the Town and Country Building Society. We drew money out and bought food, which wasn't much more expensive than England, and perhaps cheaper.

We went back to Travelmates and the lady there said there was a room available at 1 Brewer Street, East Perth. So, we paid \$A35 deposit and \$A35 for one weeks rent. We have moved in now, its just like a student house we have our own bedroom with storage space. A shared kitchen, big living room with TV, bathroom and WC. Gas and Electricity are included, so that is good. Tomorrow, we start job hunting.

Tuesday 24th October. Not much luck today. Malcolm went for a job as a salesman, but all the wages are on commission, so that doesn't sound too good. We both went to the Princess Margaret Childrens Hospital to see about domestic jobs there and filled in application forms. The bloke said there probably be some temporary work for Eileen for one month, which sounds hopeful. We went to a pub that was advertising for staff, but they said they wanted someone to train as a cocktail waitress. Malcolm has an interview at 1330 tomorrow. Eileen will phone some more hospitals.

Wednesday 25th October. Not too much luck again. Eileen has hurt her foot somehow and couldn't walk very well on it. Went to the Commonwealth Employment office again, nothing there. Tried ringing more hospitals but couldn't get any reply. Came back here for lunch. Malcolm saw the guy about the selling job but sounds better than selling encyclopaedias. He doesn't get paid, except 25% commission of what he sells (carpet cleaning services) so he will have a go at that until we can get something else. Hopefully he will earn something that way, and still be able to look for a job in the mornings. Posted letters home and a letter to Jane.



Three beautiful Urals at the Norfolk'n'Good camp last September

UK Sidecars

Registration, MoT, Insurance- are you legal?

Peter Ballard

There have been quite a few new owners and some existing owners of sidecar outfits that have found out too late that their outfit is not legal to be used on the roads in the UK. Some take note, some ignore - this is just advice.

But first we note again UK DVSA

Construction and Use Regulation 93.

No person shall use or cause or permit to be used on a road any two-wheeled motor cycle registered on or after 1st August 1981, not being a motor cycle brought temporarily into Great Britain by a person resident abroad, if there is a sidecar attached to the right (or off) side of the motor cycle.

There are a few misconceptions:

1. BUT "It has a UK registration". The DVLA will register a motorcycle if it has enough evidence to do so including (this is not an exclusive list): make, model, year, serial number on frame or plate. There does not need to be any mention of a sidecar on the V55/5 application for registration, as in UK law a sidecar is still an accessory not a motorvehicle. The motorcycle can be registered under that old and now very rarely used term of 'Motorcycle Combination' and there also is a box to tick on the form requesting LHD or RHD though that box is

not linked to the class of 'Motorcycle Combination'.

It is always the responsibility of the person making the registration application to ensure that the motorvehicle is legal to be used on the road. DVLA are not concerned if the lights or brakes do not work for instance, they will still issue a registration.

A V55/5 application for a UK registration supported by the COC goes to the COC's



dedicated officer at the DVLA, and if he notices that the sidecar is on the right then he should pass that information onto the clerk who will process the application and once registered the clerk should then notify the successful applicant that the motorcycle and sidecar can not be used on the road. There have been historical cases where the clerk has refused to issue a registration as the sidecar was on the right that the owner knew was illegal. So the owner took the sidecar off and reapplied. DVLA clerk now happy, then owner did guess what? The DfT (Department of Transport that DVLA report to) was contacted by COC, DfT clarified the situation and stated that the DVLA have no authority to



above and right French registered right hand sidecar



left 'flipped' lefthand

the motor vehicle is legal to be used on the road. Worst case, owner/rider has an outfit with the sidecar on the illegal right hand side or Mitas 3.75x19" Speedway NHS "Not for Highway Service" tyres or a motorcycle frame that has been cut and rewelded: then the rider loses control under

refuse to register a motor vehicle if they believe it would be illegal to be used on the road, refusal to register for illegal sidecar has not happened since.

I have supported applications for registrations with the sidecars on the right, as the owners were taking their outfits to mainland Europe to their second or retirement homes. No issue with DVLA. Easier to register in the UK then convert registration to eg French or Spanish registration rather than applying from scratch in the EU.

2. BUT "It has a MoT". The MoT is primarily a check on safety and emissions. So includes such as brake condition and performance, steering, tyres, lights, exhaust emissions & noise etc. It does not check if the motorvehicle meets UK law, that is always the responsibility of the owner. So a MoT station will carry out an inspection of a motorcycle and sidecar with the sidecar on the illegal side and issue a MoT.

3. BUT "It has insurance". So an insurance broker has accepted payment of a premium and issued a Certificate of Insurance against an insurance company's policy statement, but is it always valid? It is always the responsibility of the owner/rider to ensure that

heavy braking for a pedestrian crossing and the absolute worst happens. Police road traffic collision investigation team gets involved of course and spots the illegal tyres and notices the sidecar on the 'wrong' side and the modified frame so considers the applicable laws. In the meantime the injured party sues the rider for 'life changing' injuries, rider passes claim to the insurer, it is a Big Claim. Police issue their report stating the tyres were illegal and the sidecar was on the illegal side and frame seemed to have been modified so charges will be brought against the rider. Insurance company then declines the claim against the rider by the 3rd party as the motorcycle was illegal; who pays? The 3rd party may be able to claim compensation from the Motor Insurers' Bureau (MIB) if they've been injured or their property has been damaged because of an uninsured driver, this includes cases where the driver has broken their policy conditions such as the vehicle was not legal to be used on the road.

All the above is only advice, owner/rider can take note and decide what to do as always.

P J Ballard.

Trailers towed behind motorcycles.

There has been confusion over the width of sidecars that can legally be towed behind sidecars. The laws are in the Construction and Use regulations, the two that are relevant are Regulation 8 and the later restriction Regulation 84. Below are both the regulations edited to show the directly relevant text.

Statutory Instruments 1986 No. 1078 ROAD TRAFFIC The Road Vehicles (Construction and Use) Regulations 1986

Regulation 8. The overall width of a vehicle of a class specified in an item in column 2 of the Table shall not exceed the maximum width specified in column 3 in that item.

1	2	3
Item	Class of vehicle	Maximum width (metres)
8	A trailer drawn by a motor cycle.	1.5 m

Regulation 84 No person shall use, or cause or permit to be used, on a road a motor cycle

- (c) drawing behind it a trailer with an unladen weight exceeding 254 kg;
- (d) with not more than 2 wheels, without a sidecar, and with an engine capacity which does not exceed 125 cc, drawing behind it any trailer; or
- (e) with not more than 2 wheels, without a sidecar and with an engine capacity exceeding 125 cc, drawing behind it any trailer unless—
 - (i) the trailer has an overall **width not exceeding 1m**

They all do that sir.....



On my return from a splendid ride on my MZ TS150 green lane bike, affectionately known as "Little Stinky," I decided to take the high road from Ilkley over the hills to Keighley.

The route isn't particularly arduous, with the only challenge being the raised berms placed at intervals to prevent erosion. I was riding alongside my chum Carlos, who was astride a CZ125 Sport. We had an absolute blast, navigating roads with grass growing up the middle and encountering no other traffic.

As we approached the first berm heading up to the moors, I was traveling just a tad too fast. Upon landing, the shock proved too much for my near-side suspension unit, which promptly

gave up the ghost. Suddenly, it felt as if I was sitting directly on the rear tyre, with all damping completely gone.

Carlos, who has a habit of riding a little too close for comfort, nearly had an intimate encounter with my suspension spring. As the unit exploded, the spring shot past his left ear at considerable velocity, prompting an involuntary expletive, before landing 50 yards behind him.

After stopping to inspect the damage and sharing a few choice words, we realized that there was no chance of fixing it on the spot. So, I rode home gingerly, mindful of my bad back and the unnerving noise coming from the rear tyre rubbing against the inside of the mudguard. Back at the bat cave, a quick rummage through my box of spare bits yielded a couple of suitable replacements. In under 30 minutes, the repairs were complete.

Little Stinky lives to ride another day—thank goodness!

Bynnzi

Finland on Serenity with Hazel

Paul Codling

Christopher Jones was born in Harwich in 1570. He married Sarah Twitt in 1593 when she 17 years old. She brought to their union her family's wealth and shipping interests but died in 1603, allowing Jones to marry Josian Grey, who was also from a seafaring family. The town of Harwich makes much of the fact that Jones was a Harwich man. You can visit the house he shared with Sarah. A visit to the quayside museum would leave you with the impression that The Pilgrim Fathers' epic journey began here, but it didn't, Mayflower's did.

In 1611 Jones moved to Rotherhithe in London with Josian and the first four of their eight children, but by then his business dealings in Harwich had earned him part ownership and captaincy of Mayflower. He used her to ship wine from France and Spain back to London for a living until 1620 when she was chartered by The Virginia Company for a transatlantic trip. Jones only had

permission from the English Crown through The Company of Merchant Adventurers to land in Virginia, but that's not what happened.

The Pilgrim Fathers have overshadowed the trip because of their undoubted contribution to history, but of the 102 passengers, not including the 30 of Jones' crew who went with the ship, only about 35 were the dissident "Separatist" religious Puritans who met Mayflower in Southampton having sailed from Leiden in Holland on Speedwell. It seems



Mayflower was chartered entirely commercially, her passengers embarking in London and the tiny Speedwell was bought and paid for in Holland by the Separatists, cheap. The two ships were to sail together,



but Speedwell leaked consistently and those on board transferred to Mayflower shortly after setting sail.

Constant delays and problems forced the expedition to leave dangerously late in the sailing season and by the time they could, the passengers had already consumed too much of the provisions aboard the ships, which there was no money in the adventure to replace. Someone suggested Speedwell's Master poked holes in his own ship to avoid starvation and death in America, if they got there.

For a while the weather was good but then it wasn't. The prevailing Westerly storms slowed Mayflower to a crawl and often her sails were down to prevent the fierce winds blowing her masts off. The crossing took two months with the 102 passengers cramped on the gun deck, a five foot deep, dark, wave lashed prison offering each passenger a living space big enough to sleep but not stand up in. Remarkably only one soul was lost, but another was born on board.

Mid ocean, the worst of the storms broke Mayflower's main beam. The crew, in despair, thought all was lost, but one of the passengers had bought a "jackscrew" intending to use it for building his house in America. They screwed Mayflower back

together with it, but unable to sail South against the wind, they had to settle, literally, in Massachusetts with an illegal licence they made up on board, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Here's William Bradford, eventually a Governor of Plymouth Colony, on leaving Holland.....

"Truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting. To see what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound among them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each heart."

We put Serenity, easily as feminine as Mayflower, on a car ferry. From Harwich you can choose an overnight crossing in a cabin to The Hook which gets in early in the morning, just after breakfast on the ship. Worried about missing it by sleeping in? No problem, they wake you up with a bright and happy jingle, played loud enough on the ship's PA system.

Queuing for ferries is a thing. Fortunately it wasn't raining, yet, but we knew it would. This would be our trip's first embarkation late in the day in a queue of modern, digital motorcycles for which stop/starting with semi warm engines and high charging thresholds with the lights on would be no problem at all.



Up the loading ramp at a crawl with a grabby clutch and a ton of camping kit? At least we won't have to fight for space on a rat infested gun deck.

Serenity attracted admiration from the travellers in the Harwich ferry queue, especially when Hazel announced "We're going to Finland." That's not as precarious a certainty as a windblown transatlantic trip to Massachusetts in 1620, but still a fun challenge missed by a push button BMW. I find, before I get into it, before I've eased into a trip's casual reliance on Serenity's integrity, because she was fine yesterday and the day



before that and the day....., I enjoy the thrill of mild anxiety. It's not worry or dread, it's the realism in an awareness that she's 50 years old. We're going to make it back, of course we are, but events yet to unfold are the



adversities certain to make the stories we'll tell later colourful, and so much more than recalling uneventful would be.

The sky was heavy and threatening rain when we docked in Holland. I thought maybe we'd ignore the autoroute, the ferry to factory network of commercial truck routes which Europort feeds. We rode into Rotterdam looking for a little road East, somewhere gentle and quiet. Then it rained, harder and harder and harder until we slipped back onto the autoroute hoping to escape the weather faster. It hardly ever rains hard all day. Isn't the worst of it just a few hours and to keep going means that sooner or later, torrential will ease to the relief of steady drizzle? Maybe, but not today.

After more than 150 miles in it my boots were full, continental Europe's paper money was soaked to pulp in my jacket pockets and still the deluge crashed down. We couldn't use the Satnav on Hazel's phone, which would have died in an instant if she'd exposed it to such a drenching. Glasses steamed up immediately if we tried to see through those and maps sagged limp like wet, disintegrating tissue paper if we tried to read one.

Holland was flooding and rain in the puddles bounced half a metre high so that Serenity ploughed through a wall of water all the way across. Humidity? Mid summer it wasn't cold and whatever space there was in the air not

rent by falling water was saturated with vapour sure to condense on everything. "Wet" is too small a word for Holland that day.

A bloke we met on a petrol station forecourt in Hengelo asked us to follow his car so he could show us a hotel just up the road. They had one room left, and a tumble drier. Sorry for making mess of their



reception, we apologised to their receptionist for the water dripping out of us while we filled in the paperwork. "Oh don't worry about that," she said, "You're not the first today." She pointed out where the floor was awash where other motorcyclists had already stood.

In the restaurant later, Hazel discovered the goats cheese salad was a mighty feast but only after it came with the chips in peanut sauce and mayonnaise she ordered too. It kept her quiet and impressed while we watched the news on Dutch TV, from all over Holland where Dutch people paddled in knee deep lakes where their gardens used to be. Apparently floodwater closed the autoroute near the German border. I was impressed by how a 50 year old Ural can run pretty much underwater all day and love every minute of it, and wondered if a storm tossed Mayflower was wetter.

Short of time, we chose to nip across Germany on the autobahn but around Bremen and Hamburg it was snarled up solid for miles. It often is. Germans drive up the central reservation and close the gap between the inside lanes to leave the subsequent gap between the outside two for emergency vehicles racing to the scene of whatever incident has stopped the traffic. I knew this but I forgot it was necessary until the Germans glared at us, horrified by my disobedience. Contrite, I parked like they did to wait.

Later, while queuing for the ferry to Helsinki at Travemunde, a Finnish lady pulled up behind us on a Kawasaki. We swapped stories and I asked her if doing the

emergency lane thing in the event of an autoroute traffic jam was necessary in Finland too. She said "Traffic jam? We don't have traffic jams in Finland."

Our holiday was pegged in time to the weekend of the Finland Ural Club's Ural Roikka Rally and the Travemunde ferry fills up very quickly. By the time our decision was made we'd missed a cabin and were reduced to the agony of reclining

chairs which hardly recline at all, packed in tightly with no leg room, for two nights. I enjoyed the fantasy that because the ferry sails all the way up The Baltic, taking 30 hours to do it, it would be something like a cruise ship, with comfort and entertainment, but it's just a car ferry, scruffy and small. The not reclining chairs were impossible to sleep in. I had nightmares about Mayflower's rats and mid Atlantic storms, but all The Baltic offered was gentle but relentless rain and nothing to see through the gloom.

Fortunately we opted for Finnlines' "meal package", an all you can eat festival of gluttony of two breakfasts and an evening meal with wine on tap. Not like the miserly rationed larvae and bacteria poisoned subsistence of 1620.

Helsinki is spread out along a complicated coastline of inlets and rocky offshore islands and Finnlines lands up the Eastern, expanding end of suburbs, industrial estates, supermarkets and marinas. Our plan was to find our apartment then make an early start the next day, assuming the 400km up Finland to the rally site at Kaustinen would be a good day's ride. However, queues at Helsinki's traffic lights were never more than a few cars long, the traffic on the autoroute was sparse and as Finland's population dissipates as it tends to North, there was often no traffic at all. Ever ridden up a motorway in the middle the day all on your own?

We pulled into a roadside stop near Scharbeutz, on the Baltic coast of Germany, with long queues for the monolithic, stainless steel toilet block. The car park was choked



with trucks manoeuvring through the crowds and hoards of children wailed in misery at having to get back in the family car and cook in another snarl up as more trucks thundered past. Scharbeutz by the way, is a seaside holiday where you have pay to enjoy the

will sell you a key to unlock one per hour. In the UK, if you use The Ordnance Survey's detailed twists and turns, we have 11,000 miles of mud, rocks and sand to choose from. Going to the seaside for 85 million Germans means hiring a beach chair in sun spots like Scharbeutz.



beach. We were offered free beach tickets with our campsite fee, but only for access to a particular few metres of it. Each clearly defined, individually charged section of beach has its own beach chair hire business, which

In contrast see Tranquility (pictured on page 14), taken in an empty car park somewhere in typical Finland. Hazel disappeared into the surrounding woodland for the usual roadside relief and returned enthralled by the proliferation of unfamiliar wild flowers and insects. Apparently there was a coiled snake, basking on a rock in the sunshine. Those plants she's holding, everywhere in Finland, are a special treat in the UK. We carried them 3,000 miles, all the way home from here, but by the time they arrived a month later they'd gone to seed which Serenity sowed on the way.

Finland was so easy we arrived at Kaustinen on Thursday, with most of Ural Club Finland not yet there.

.....Mike had been there all week!!



A Little Bit About Thug Bikes

We're based at the historic WW2 RAF OTU Rednal Airfield and started Thug Bike in 2017. We specialize in

motorbike servicing, tuning, and restoration. Our services include all types of mechanical work, engine and transmission repairs, electrical work, paint, powder coating, and chrome—delivered to the highest standards. Check out our pictures and posts on Facebook! Just search **Thug Bike England Ltd.**

We named our shop *Thug Bike* after the Buell X1 Lightning. When I rode it while working for Harley-Davidson, I said it was a "thug of a bike," and the name stuck.



The DAF bike was built at Kooter Browns in Stoke on Trent around 1983 by Ray Everitt. Norton Commando front end. Fibreglass rear mudguard. The petrol tank is off an old British bike, half oil, half petrol. The sidecar in the background is a British one with a hand-made rocket-style box. The bike had twin Amal Concentrics on it and a 500x16 alloy rim on the rear.

At this time I worked at Kooters doing Custom Paint. We were all members of The Chosen Few MC Happy days.



I've been riding and rebuilding motorbikes since 1974—it's been a lifelong passion. We can service and repair any make or model.

My interest in Cossack, Ural, and Dnepr bikes began in the 1980s when I worked at Kooter Browns in Stoke-on-Trent. The owner had an OHV Cossack with a British sidecar chassis and a DAF flat twin engine

(Vario Matic), which we had great fun riding. Around that time, I also put an OHV Cossack through a dry-stone wall—but that's a story for another day! Currently, Helen and I are working on a 1963 K750. Originally, we planned to create a BMW Wehrmacht replica, but since this one is 100% original, we've decided to preserve it as it is.

We also specialise in petrol tank restorations, using electrolysis and rust treatment before sealing with the best liners available.

We're open from Tuesday to midday on Saturdays, and the kettle is always on! Cheers, Red & Helen

thugbikeengland@mail.com



The Italian Futurists and Motorcycles

Many of you know that I have an art background and have obviously studied Art history in my time – I thought you would like to know about a group of Italian artists who were effectively the Italian Cubists (aka Picasso etc) so here is a synopsis

The Italian Futurists were a group of artists who loved speed, technology, and chaos. They were the first (and only) modern art movement to focus on motorcycles. While they also celebrated cars, planes, and trains, the motorcycle remained a special obsession for them.

The Futurists were fascinated by the idea of speed and noise, especially the feeling of riding a motorcycle, something that later artists didn't really explore, even though motorcycles have been celebrated in writing, photography, and film over the years. Futurism began in 1909 when Filippo Marinetti, after a near-fatal car crash, published his *Futurist Manifesto*. The manifesto called for a break from the past, celebrating technology, speed, and even war. It quickly made waves across Europe, sparking a whole new way of thinking about art and society. Marinetti's ideas were bold and aggressive—he envisioned **a world transformed by machines, where distance and time no longer mattered.** (Paul C says How much like riding a Ural does that sound!!).

The Futurists were more than just painters; they were poets, sculptors, and performers who experimented with new ways of creating art, like *words in freedom* and sound poetry. They wanted to capture the energy and chaos of the modern world. Artists like Giacomo Balla and Fortunato Depero used machines, motion, and speed in their work.

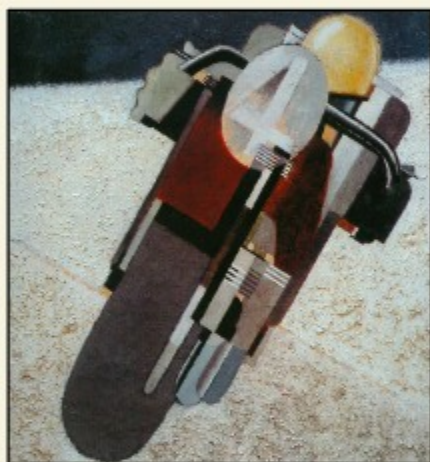


Depero's 1914 painting *Futurist Motorcycle* even looks strikingly similar to the Batcycle from the 1960s *Batman* TV show.

However, the Futurists' love for violence and militarism eventually tied them to Mussolini's Fascist Party, which led to their downfall. While they influenced graphic design and modern art, their political ties overshadowed their artistic achievements. By the late 1930s, the movement faded, as its radical ideas were suppressed by political pressures, marking the end of Futurism.

source - *Art and the Motorcycle – The Futurists*
Paul d'Orléans 2018

Depero's 1914 painting *Futurist Motorcycle* below
Batcycle from the 1960s *Batman* TV show above
Ivo Pannaggi's Painting 'Centauro' right
Roberto Marcello Baldessari's 1916 painting
'Motociclettista Urbano Velocita' below right
1924 Gerardo Dottori *motociclista* bottom right
Futurist motorcycle bottom middle



A Selection of Camps, Rallies, and Runs for 2025

You are strongly advised to check with the organizers for terms and conditions before setting out! If any readers know of a camp, rally, show, or run that is not listed here, please let the editors know. We would also welcome pictures of past events to liven up the list. The list will be revised for every issue with more details as we receive them.

Cossack Owners Club events are in BOLD and italic.

Derbyshire Easter Egg Rally

18th–21st April 2025 at Bamford and Thornhill Recreation Ground, Derbyshire, S33 0DA, run by the South Yorkshire Sidecar Club. Search for "**Sidecarland events 2025**" on Google for more details.

The International Classic Motorcycle Show

26th-27th April 2025, Staffordshire Showground ST18 0BD. Contact Karl if you would like to show your bike; details at the front of the magazine. Search for

"International Classic Motorcycle Show Stafford 2025" on Google.

MZ Riders Camp

2nd-4th May at Haworth Farm, Skyreholme, Appletreewick, North Yorks. This is a farm campsite with traditional (dated breeze block) facilities. It is a 20-minute walk into Appletreewick, which boasts two pubs. Good scenery and river walks, a great motorcycling area. All Cossackers welcome. For more info, contact Bynnzi at 07980837005 or bynnzi@gmail.com.

Spring Dent

9th-11th May 2025 at Conder Farm Dent, Cumbria, LA10 5QT. The Dent weekends don't have a dedicated organiser - they are a well established twice yearly pilgrimage!

Annual Rally - West Midlands Sidecar Club

16th–18th May 2025 at Aston Cantlow, Warwickshire, B95 6JP. Search for "**West Midlands Sidecar Club rally 2025**" on Google.

JUMBORUN in Altenhof am Hausruck

Saturday, May 24th, 2025. Sidecar and trike drivers will meet between 10 a.m. and 12



p.m. in the center of Gallsbach. The ride to Assista in Altenhof begins at 12 p.m. (motorcycles without sidecars are not allowed). Announce your arrival by email to office@ural.at.

Brugge 21e Zijspantreffen Sietekaristen Ut't Brugsche

29th May - 1st June 2025. Search for "**Brugge Zijspantreffen Sietekaristen 2025**" on Google.

Three Magpies Rally

30th May - 1st June at Sells Green, Wiltshire SN12 6RN. This site has been in use since the 1970s. The area offers a pub with good food and drink, outdoor seating, a large rally field, and interesting local attractions, including walks along the Kennet & Avon canal towpath.

MZ Riders Camp

6th-8th June at Askrigg Camping, Main Street, Askrigg, Leyburn, North Yorks. This is a farm site on the outskirts of Askrigg with composting toilets (not as bad as they sound). A five-minute walk into the village, which was featured as Darrowby in *All Creatures Great and Small*. Three pubs and a brewery with a taproom! Fantastic motorcycling area. All Cossackers welcome. For more info, contact Bynnzi at 07980837005 or bynnsi@gmail.com.

Forest Glader Rally

13th-15th June 2025 at Sheldon, Cullompton, Devon EX15 2DT. Search for "**Forest Glader Rally 2025**" on Google.

The Sidecar Soiree

24th-27th July 2025 at Petruth Paddocks, Labourham Drove, Cheddar, Somerset, BS27 3FS. Search for "**Sidecarland Sidecar Soiree 2025**" on Google.

COC AGM

31st July-3rd August at Talybont-on-Usk, Talybont Farm Camping, LD3 7YJ.

Annual Rally - Federation of Sidecar Clubs

22nd-25th August 2025, Southam, Warks, CV47 2DG. Search for "**Federation of Sidecar Clubs Annual Rally 2025**" on

Norfolk 'n' Good

5th - 7th September at Woodhill Camping, East Runton, NR27 9PX. Also known as Nelson's County, Norfolk is a fantastic holiday destination. You can extend your visit and explore miles of unspoiled coastline, beautiful countryside, forests, and heathland. You'll find internationally important nature reserves, birdwatching opportunities, easy walks, and the chance to visit fabulous seaside resorts. A great weekend to finish off the summer! Last year saw over 25 bikes and outfits attending.

Eleventh European Ural Meeting

5th-7th September 2025, Burg Piberstein, Helfenberg, near Ahorn in Upper Austria. Search for "**European Ural Meeting 2025**"

West Midlands Sidecar Club - 7th Autumn Gathering

5th-7th September 2025 at Century House Campsite, Scarisbrick, near Southport, PR8 5HZ. Search for "**West Midlands Sidecar Club Southport 2025**" on Google.

Bujaleuf 6e Rencontre Européenne de Sidecar

26th-29th September 2025. Search for "**Rencontre Européenne de Sidecar Bujaleuf 2025**" on Google.

Autumn Dent

3rd-5th October 2025 at Conder Farm Dent, Cumbria, LA10 5QT.

The Classic Motorcycle Mechanics Show 11th-12th October 2025, Staffordshire Showground ST18 0BD. Search for "Classic Motorcycle Mechanics Show Stafford 2025" on Google. Contact Karl if you would like to show your bike.

MZ Riders Camp

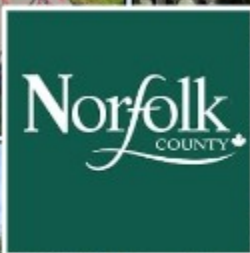
10th-12th October at The Sloop, West Haddlesey, Selby, East Yorkshire, YO8 8QA. A campsite behind a quirky pub on the side of the River Aire. No showers, but there is a toilet and water. Good pub many more pubs in Selby, a short cab ride away. The Towton War of the Roses battlefield is also nearby. All Cossackers welcome. Contact Bynnzi at 07980837005 or bynnsi@gmail.com.



My travel log 13th to 18th September - in Norfolk camping between Sheringham & Cromer at the Norfolk'n'Good Cossack Owners Club camping weekend weekend - Here I am in my NORTENT



We had loads of visitors from the local area, well done Paul and Hazel for getting them there



All the Cossacks are at the Mickleburgh Military Collection-what a great museum



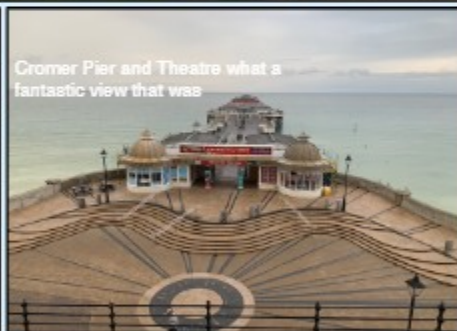
I was brave enough to test out my Ural on the Tank Assault Course



We even had a visit from Panther Man



Look at those powerful Yamaha outboard motors at the Cromer Lifeboat Museum



Cromer Pier and Theatre what a fantastic view that was



Monday morning and it's a brunch at Grumpy's Cafe in Earsham



My last stop is Sutton Hoo, a fascinating place that tells the story of Anglo-Saxon life. It's recently been made into a Netflix film, The Dig. If you ever get a chance, go and visit, it's marvellous

Norfolk Roamings
I got an email from Michael Wadsworth about his Norfolk trip last summer—very envious! Michael, let us know your plans for next year. Loved how you tied it with the Norfolk camp, and I was especially jealous of your great tent! Sutton Hoo is a great place to visit.

Regalia

The Club is delighted to be able to offer a wide selection of both clothing and other useful items. Phil & Gina Inman hold the stock, posting items to you when ordered or placing a special order with the embroiderers to be sent directly to you.

So, what sort of things are available? The usual T-Shirts, hoodies, sweatshirts and beanies. There are even a few polo shirts. Also Buff-style neckwear, keyrings, badges and stickers. Everything bears the Club Logo and some things are also available with the Star Logo. You can see from the pictures the variety of colours available for the clothing. Just as a point of interest, Phil wears a club zip-up fleece all year round, especially through the winter, and is now into his third, having worn the previous ones out! That's quality and warmth!

We look forward to hearing from you.

Prices are kept as low as possible as the Club only wants to cover costs plus postage, not make a mint out of you guys. price includes PP

T-Shirts:	£15.00
Polo Shirts:	£18.00
Sweatshirt:	£23.00
Full Zip Fleece:	£27.50
Hooded Sweatshirt:	£25.00
Beanie:	£10.00
Neckwear:	£6.50
Key Ring:	£6.50
Ural/Dnepr Round Tank Stickers	£2.00 each
Ural/Dnepr Gold Stickers	£1.75
COC Cloth Badge	£5.00
COC Pin Badge:	£5.25

Various Random Fun Stickers £2.00 for 4

To place an order either use the website: www.cossackownersclub.co.uk/shop and PayPal Email: coc.inman@mail.com with your order then we can arrange payment. Or use Snail (Royal) Mail:

COC Regalia, 1A Sycamore Road,
North Luffenham, Oakham, Rutland



Cossack

A New Membership with the Cossack Owners Club

Dorian Cole

So, I've taken the plunge and re-joined COC, having last been a member back in the 1990s. My introduction to Dnepr and Ural machines happened in Catford – I used to walk past Speedway Motorcycles after finishing a nursing shift at Lewisham Hospital. The crew at Speedway found it amusing that I was a male nurse, and we often exchanged good-humored banter.

The Russian bike guru Chris Smith (RIP) thankfully convinced me that a Dnepr was the bike for me, and soon, I was the proud owner of a magnificent MT9 solo. Chris was convinced the bike had a previous life in a Soviet-era "Wall of Death" circus show, and who was I to disbelieve him?

At the time, I was working as a public health nurse/health visitor and needed to carry rather large baby scales around Sydenham, Catford, and Lewisham. So, Chris sourced me a sidecar and expertly set up my outfit. After a couple of lessons on how to ride with

a chair—practiced in the car park at Catford Dogs—I was on my way. Of course, it wasn't long before I inadvertently lifted the chair and had several panic attacks, but with the scales and a bag of sand as ballast, I became less of a public nuisance. A few years later, my nursing career had progressed, and I no longer needed to haul baby scales around. I sold the MT9 as a solo to a friend, returned the chair to Chris, and moved on to other horizontal twins—namely a BMW GS and an ST1200. Missing the unique joys that only an



My MT9 in Sydenham modeled by two of my children circa 1999

outfit could bring, I later managed to source a K750 side-valve outfit in military green, which I ran until I moved to Sri Lanka. I eventually sold the outfit to a good friend, mechanic, Russian bike expert, and owner of AG Motorcycles – Al Green.

Fast-forward ten or so years. I've retired from nursing, left the NHS, and emigrated to Ireland with my Irish wife. I'm currently riding a Triumph Speedmaster. I've considered upgrading it, but I can only conclude that it's a bit... boring. I need the kind of excitement that only a Dnepr or Ural can provide—like having your fuses shake to pieces on the motorway and scrambling to find a metallic sweet wrapper on the hard shoulder to jury-rig a temporary fix!



Here's my migration journey, with my Triumph in tow, awaiting the ferry to Rosslare.

Near where I live in Wexford, Overlanders of Gorey are selling brand-new Ural outfits. Don't get me wrong—I think these new machines are things of beauty—but my cardiovascular system couldn't cope with the price tag... €30,000 in Ireland... *gulp!*



Gems from the history of Sovlet Block Motorcycling
Hints and tips for continental touring

Whatever your political persuasion This article from the Guardian made me laugh. I've tracked down the bike and I think it's a CZ 250 from 1975 - the story is quite endearing!

Diane Abbott writes:

'In the summer of 1979 we went on a camping holiday in the south of France. We travelled by motorbike and, Jeremy (*Corbyn*) being Jeremy, it was a socialist motorbike, an East German model. It broke down regularly on our trip south, which I found rather irritating, but lovingly repairing his motorbike by the side of the road was Jeremy's happy place. When we reached the campsite I perked up. As well as enjoying the French countryside, I was looking forward to some delicious Gallic cuisine. I was horrified when Jeremy unpacked his motorbike saddlebags to reveal a week's supply of instant macaroni and other processed foods. After much discussion back and forth, I was able to argue for at least one restaurant lunch.'



The Guardian 25th September 2024

CZ was founded 1919 in Strakonice. Although it originally started out manufacturing weapons, in 1932 CZ produced its first Motorcycle. During the 1950s, CZ joined forces with the "Jawa". During the 1960s and 1970s, CZ mainly manufactured bikes based on two Models: The 125/175 single-cylinder, and the 250 twin-cylinder machines.

Federation of Sidecar Clubs

Winter Meet 18th
Silver Ball January 2025



Dear Editors and HV readers.

Andrew: thanks for sending out and contacting members about the annual Silver Ball day meet. This is always held on the 3rd Sunday of January. However, this year I left it to my co-organiser Stephen Wood this is because I could not commit to my attendance due to ongoing illness in my family. An admin error led it to be held on a Saturday (18th of January). However, there was still a good turnout from sidecar clubs but not many from Cossack, MZ etc.

I did manage to make it but not on a bike due to my wife not being well enough to travel in our sidecar. There were some superb bikes and sidecars at the meeting. I am sending a few photos of interest. Andrew Mutters Ural outfit is very tidy and smart, a good buy from David Angel from F2 Motorcycles. The annual event should return back to the 3rd Sunday in January for next year. Hoping to see you all at the 3 Magpies.

David Greenwood.



This magazine was beautifully printed in Leeds by
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Leeds, LS13 2AF

01132040600 www.thistleprint.co.uk

I wrote this poem about Paul and Hazel's trip to Finland using Chat GPT. Paul didn't think much of it but permitted me to publish it anyway. He says that he can make a better poem! This will be published in the next edition of Horizontal View.

Andrew

A Finnish Road Trip

*Paul and Hazel, minds alight,
Set off with Serenity, through day and night.
A Soviet bike, old and proud,
Roars to life, through the cloud.*

*The road unwinds, the sky is wide,
With every mile, they feel the ride.
Through hills that rise and valleys deep,
They share their dreams and secrets they keep.*

*The sun sets low, the stars appear,
Each passing moment, crystal clear.
With laughter shared and stories told,
They chase the horizon, bold and gold.*

*And then, one morning, as dawn unfurls,
They get to Finland, through mist and swirls—
A land of forests, lakes, and skies,
Where northern winds in silence rise.*

*The world may change, but still they roam,
Together, they make the road their home.*



A plea from the editors

We are always looking for contributions to make this magazine the best it can be! If you have experiences to share about fixing your motorcycles, technical insights, historical information, or memorable rides and camps, we'd love to hear from you. We also welcome photographs, illustrations, jokes, historical facts, and anything else related to motorcycles. Your contributions help bring this magazine to life, and we very much appreciate your continuing support.

Please send any articles, photos, or other materials to the editors. You can find our contact information on the first page of the magazine.

Thank you for your continued help and support.

Nick Tucker and Andrew Mutter
Joint Editors



Front Page - Ural and Dnepr sidecar at Salter Fell - Peter's M66 with sidecar drive from an MT12 in deep mud - i think he nearly got through!!

Back page - Fortunato Depero's 1927 Futurist illustration - More Norfolk Roamings Pictures - A beautiful Minsk M1A - A lovely Ural M62 - An illegal not for road tyre from an article to be published in the next edition.

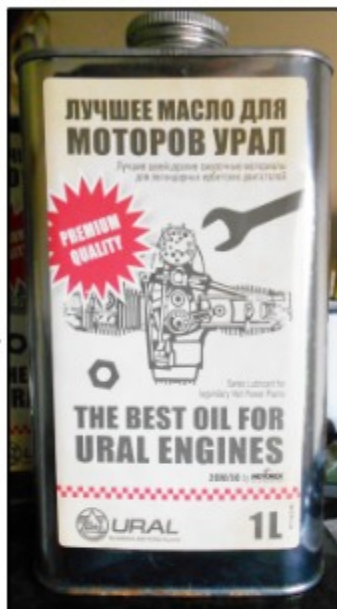
The real deal!!!!

This is real, IMZ factory oil, recommended by the current Ural distributor. It's a 20W50 mineral oil made by Motorex in Switzerland.

I won it in the special bag feeling contest at The Ural Roikka Rally in Finland last summer.

What's that? We all had to feel a sealed fabric bag containing a peculiar mystery object which we had to identify. Some were Ural parts but there were all sorts of other things consistent with the Finnish sense of humour.

Paul Codling



A Warm Welcome to our New Members

- Robert Goodman, London.
- Alan Roberts, Merthyr Tydfil.
- Richard Rodbourne, Barnsley.
- Gareth Toombs, Atherstone.
- Trevor Wilson, Bournemouth.

