

HORIZONTAL VIEW

The magazine of the Cossack Owner's Club
November/December 2018
The Swirling Mists of Time edition



“Hey Mum,
when I grow
up I wanna be
a sidecar
pilot!”

“Don’t be silly
dear, you can’t
do both.”



Front and rear covers

This issue's front cover features PJB on two wheels with half a sidecar body and a youthful Alan Davies on three wheels with two. Alan is in 1991, somewhere called Lofthouse.

Tales of the Unexpected's Phil Inman is seen through both the lens of Dave Cox's camera and the side of the intense red COC gazebo, against the brilliant sunshine of the 2018 AGM. For those of you with an interest in such things the resulting colour surrounding Phil's silhouette, as photographed, is almost pure red on the RGB scale, consequently so are the covers. You'll find lots of Dave's eye views of the AGM scattered throughout this issue, including the main picture on the front. Check out the picture right. After this, what else can you say?



The outfit is Tony Jones' Wasp motocrosser, now re-engined with a 750 Ural since the very special Dnepr competition motor in it during its Northcote tenure wore out. I discovered at Stafford that it was built in Russia by some sort of special development institution outside Moscow, not in Kiev. We wondered if this special race engine became the prototype for the 750 Ural with which it shares a spooky number of features. Maybe more on this later.

The inside rear cover is as much art as it is motorcycles. Top is John Tickell's lovely and beautifully lit Planeta engine with Pekar K68 I carb, which was apparently a huge improvement, see page 9.

Bottom is Serenity, cruising at exactly 70kmh, adventurously composed by Lovely Hazel, see page 12.



The outside of the rear cover is Jim Turner enjoying one of the hundreds of cups of tea downed in the heat at the AGM this year, see page 6.

A warm welcome to...

Gary Blanchard, Wirral.
Ken Vickery, Ashton-under-Lyme, Lancs.
Nick Elliott, Titchmarsh.
Chris Bruce, Thatcham.
Russell Bruce, Daventry.
Richard Mabbott, Nottingham.
Ian Morris, Heysham, Lancs.
Heather Asquith, Blackpool Lancs.
Oleksandr Dereschchuk, Farnborough, Hants.
Rafael Wierzelewski, Cambridge.
Rob Woolley, Sidmouth, Devon.
Daniel Blackwell, London.
Steve Pymm, Penrith Cumbria.
Mark Broadhurst, Doncaster.
Robert Kalfas, Epsom.
Mark Winter, Hexham, Northumberland.
Steve Lambert and Penny White, Frome Somerset.
James Tipping, Humberside.



Politburo

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Forthcoming Events

Epping Revival 2019 We are keen to offer your Motor Cycle Club members **complimentary entrance fee** to exhibit their vehicles at the **Epping Revival** on 6th and 7th July **2019**. The event will be held at Historic North Weald Airfield in Essex and comprise of Heritage Aircraft and Warbirds, Classic Cars and Motorcycles Vintage Fashion, Period Dress and Music from the 20's, 30's and 40's, WWII Re-enactment groups and their Vehicles, Food and Drink Festival, Funfair and Children's Activity Area. **Media 10** is the company behind The Ideal Home Show, Grand Designs and **The Queen's Coronation Festival at Buckingham Palace**.

There's a pdf available explaining the event in more detail and with a lot more pictures of what to expect. Ask and I'll send it to you.

21/23rd December 2018 Yeti hunt extreme!
Of course there's Christmas but it isn't going to be this good.

This year, to celebrate the 7th Yeti hunt we are going back to basics. Back to the original concept as thought up by myself (Robin Davis) and Tony Simmonds all those years ago. A field in an isolated location, with nought but a serviceable toilet and the highest chance of SNOW. In true Yeti hunt tradition, the scouts have been out, and Tony and Bynnzi have located and secured a site that fits the bill.



It shall be at the head of Swaledale in North Yorkshire. And is at the home of Amanda Owen, the Yorkshire shepherdess and her family. The scouts report back that Amanda is intrigued why a bunch of ageing motorcyclists would want to endure all that Swaledale can throw at them at that time of year but is happy to welcome us with open arms.

Bring your own ale and food as there is no cozy pub, just a barn in which to congregate around Bynnzi's wood stove, proper! I am assured that the camping field is reasonably level, next to a stream, and accessible over a stone bridge or through a ford we have a barn available to us

with ample seating. And a single, but serviceable toilet. Fees are 5 quids a night.

There is bed and breakfast available at the farm and also a shepherds hut to let. Arrangements for these to be made directly with the farm. Details and directions can be found on www.yorkshireshepherdess.com Or from Bynnzi Yorkshire MZ section rep Bynnzi@gmail.com

Winter day meet on Sunday, January 20th at the '**Silver Ball Cafe**', in the village of Reed near Royston Hertfordshire postcode SG8 8BD. On the northbound side of the A10. 4.5 miles from Royston and approx 5 miles from the A10/A505 intersection. All welcome to attend from 10.00am onwards.

David Greenwood usually organises this annual event. However, David may not be available on the day so Stephen Wood has kindly offered to take over as the organiser. We look forward to seeing you there. For more info contact Stephen 07534456642 or baldybiker@sidecarclub.org or David, 07775525591 and davidjgreenwood@hotmail.co.uk

Ural France will hold their bi-annual mega rally somewhere near Arras in North East France on September 22nd 2019. That's all we know so far. Mike Rowe is already getting excited by this and it's within easy reach of the COC enough to turn it into something of a club adventure. See November/December 2017 Horizontal View page 9 to find out what happened last time they did it at St Nectaire.

Monsieur Lapin with our very own David Rodgers set out on a tour of the Volcan D'Auvergne National Park, with around 200 (!!!) other outfits.



No date has yet been set for this because it depends on finding a weekend on which the maximum number of committee aren't already busy. However it must be pointed out that the same offer of half price camping, subsidised by the club, is in place for next year as it was for last. When adding the numbers up you'll see that the saving of £18 for the weekend

**2019
AGM**

is comparable to your membership fee. So come to the AGM, get your money back, sort of!

This issue of HV was very nearly four pages longer but with winter approaching I made the decision to save some of your input, for which I am eternally grateful by the way, for the January/February 19 issue. Four more pages is of course more work for me but I'm up for it if you are.

Four more pages?

The last race meeting of the 2018 season was only a few weeks ago, another reason the extra four pages had to be postponed, and my head has only just stopped spinning. The 2019 season started in the van on the way home with the engines cooling down in the back. In case anyone's interested, pictured below are Ten Pin Racing's Steph and Graham. Eventually Steph missed the CMRC Post Classic 125 championship by a single point and Graham won the F750 by lots. The picture was taken just after he'd broken the lap record at Mallory Park. The Cadwell meeting was particularly sweet for a 43 second win, yes that's 43 magnificent seconds, in the rain, in a five lap race which only lasted a little over ten minutes anyway. I'm impressed even if you're not!



So, the next issue will feature the return of Greenwoods Gallery, at the 2018 AGM and wherever he goes in the meantime, along with Michael Wadsworth's "Cossacks of Rutland". The Chris Drucker Archive resumes with Russian motorcycles' profile in the newspapers and Avtoexport's attempt to make Minsk look good.

Steven Waller's recently acquired Minsk and his unregistered IZH 49 project will be in,

including something of the struggle to register it and PJB's progress in engaging with DVLA and the FBHVC to smooth future applications.



There'll be gear ratios, Voskhods, an abundance of John Tickell's Planeta, the actual official business of the AGM, some internet mysteries David Greenwood found and some he didn't, the John Nash experience, the October Stafford show report from Carl and there may even be space for more Alison. She stood no chance this time. Keep it coming please Ladies and Gentlemen, if we have to have four more pages next time it'll be my pleasure. It's a wonderful problem to have!



Mark Avis bought a lethal box of MIG wire the other day which threatened to kill him the instant he opened it.



Here are some pictures of my recent purchase, another IZH. The bike was all complete and running when I got it but needed quite some work. I rebuilt the engine, new crank, bearings, oil seals, dynamo, piston, gearbox parts, wheel bearings, brake shoes, fork bushes and seals etc and lots of other parts. I'm not going to restore this one just keep it as it is. I don't get this oily rag or patina thing but I must admit I do like the look of this one. Again a really nice bike to ride and goes rather well too!

Mick Smith



on the bike. I made my own pannier racks and fitted world war two ammo boxes which belonged to my late father in law, also some flashlight bags. I will have this one done soon and I'm looking forward to riding it. Fingers crossed with DVLA registration. Will keep you posted!

This (*below*) is my 1977 CZ 250 enduro that I restored about five years ago. It took me years to find one as original as this. My father brought me one in 1977, I had it for around a year then sold it. Always had good memories of it and in later years tried to trace where my old bike went but had no luck at all. Luckily I found this one which had been stored since 1979 and was a fairly straight forward restoration. Managed to rebuild my own wheels, took me ages to do mind. It's a great little bike to ride and is surprisingly nippy!



Mick mentioned the oily rag, patina thing because we touched on that, swapping emails about the blistering speed he seemed to be able to achieve a result from his projects. I'm sure his 56 was on Ebay only a few weeks ago, it's the one Tom O'Brien wanted! Opposite is the military style Planeta he mentioned in the last issue, about to embark on restoring it. He says....

This one was in a bit of a state when I got it and was first purchased as a spare parts bike but I felt it was too good to dismantle so as you can see I have restored it, I can't replace much more



I have a Suzuki 650 bandit in good condition (see photo) I'm very interested in a Ural, don't mind what model, an





older one would be preferable I would like to exchange the Suzuki for one if anyone is interested.

Email paulcodling@mail.com if you'd rather have a Suzuki Bandit than your Ural and I'll tell Mick.



At the risk of 56 overload, John Tickell found this beauty on a Polish IZH forum where it's been restored with obsessive originality in mind, with spectacular results.



The worthy content of the picture above is the 1958 GAZ truck, what Chris Smith calls "proletarian clothing" and the lovely blend of art AND business he wanted to share. The ladies are collectively called Blitz and Pieces and presumably they sing. The photo was taken by Chris' friend Victoria Flint who you'll remember from Alice and Chris' outfit in the November/ December 2016 HV.

And on the subject of glamour.....



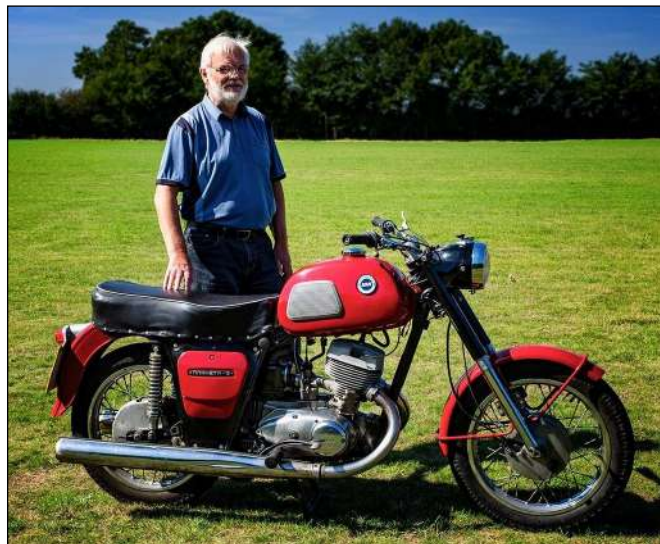
The number plate on the light coloured car reads "Old time Russia". I've no idea what event it is.



The AGM tea party



From the top left we have Mike Stevens, Jim Turner then David Greenwood. Below them we have Russell Johnson and Alan Davies. Below them are Mike Rowe, Peter Ballard, Paul Codling, Tony Jones and Alan Davies again. At the bottom are a proud looking John Tickell, not drinking tea and lastly myself, about to. The AGM minutes will be published in the next issue of Horizontal View



because there's lots of far more interesting stuff available for this one and unlikely to be as much in winter.

Sadly Lovely Hazel couldn't be at the AGM which gave me an opportunity to take the test mule out for her first weekend out. This turned out to be something of a problem. Originally the plan had been to nail something together to run well enough to test a few things I wanted to try and I expected to have to limp along with an oil burning, over heating, fluffy flat spotted pile of junk, nursing it on the point of seizing for the whole 200 mile trip. This would make selling her easy and therefore clearing space for the next project would be assured.

Unfortunately, in spite of Chinese cylinders and Japanese carbs full of all the wrong bits, she's a joy to ride. In fact during the journey back from the October Stafford show, in the dark and pouring rain, she chopped at least half an hour off the journey time by growling along smoothly in the cool humidity at goodness knows speed. Even soaking wet I enjoyed that. Russell asked "Is it a keeper then?" Hmmm?



The 3.5 to 1 final drive has confused the wobbly speedo, there's no light in it anyway and the only sensation of progress is an engine which still seems to be revving its tits off. In conversation on the stand at Stafford the consensus is that the Dnepr as a breed is a little stronger than a Ural where it counts and although all the official specifications are identical, David Angel thinks the two are not the same in reality. The higher gearing still doesn't require changing down for empty roundabouts and the heave away is impressive. Have I accidentally built something good? Hidden in a box, buried in Trevor's shed on page 11 we found a rare and precious 3.2 to 1 final drive which Trevor had built (badly) but never used. Mark Avis on page 12 was excited by this but I'm afraid my test mule gets it first.

Opposite top, Mike's under his MT9 again but this time before the spokes actually broke. Since then he's had his wheel rebuilt by Central Wheels, at the Stafford show and this time it looks good.

Phil Inman watches a hidden PJB, in the



process of adjusting his sidecar mountings. I'm not sure whether he was trying to make the sidecar wheel lift easier or stop it. As he pulled onto the camp site we noticed a peculiar whistling noise. At first PJB assumed Charlie the off road Ural had blown a head gasket. Collectively we enthusiastically engaged in the spirit of true camp site engineering and considered what to make a new one out of and someone remembered Frey Bentos pie tins.

These were made of aluminium and thick enough to use in a single sheet, essential to squash down evenly and therefore not create a weak point to blow away through. Had Frey Bentos replaced their quality packaging with some cheap, flimsy Chinese alternative? We were certain they would and therefore a trip to the nearest supermarket was needed to find out if anyone still used suitably robust packaging.

An argument developed because although we were going to buy it for the tin, we weren't going to throw the pie away so we should get one everyone liked. It didn't have to be steak and kidney, someone wanted blackberry and apple!

Fortunately, before the mission to the supermarket was underway, PJB disappointingly discovered

one of his Amals was loose. Stricken bikes are the best rally game ever aren't they? Oh well, I was looking forward to the sport.



In case you didn't know, Pekar are a brand of Taiwanese carburettor if you're lucky, Chinese if you're not, and their K68 is fast becoming the established choice to replace all the old Soviet K60-67 series carbs as well as the ancient 35 and 301. That's because they're easily available and cheap. And the problem with that is? Well.....

Pekar



What we have here is the same quality issue which affects almost everything available for our old Soviets these days in that punters need to be careful not to expect too much from the Chinese copy of the Taiwanese copy of the original spec supplied to the Russians in the first place. There seems to be a drift toward a second hand market flooded with bikes rebuilt with awful quality parts which could destroy the reputation of Russian motorcycles and leave them untouchable by a motorcycle trade unable to make a profit out of servicing them. But then, perhaps we are these days nostalgia based and part of the classic world for that. One thing is going to push prices down, the other will inflate them. Oily fingernails anyone?

Getting technical then, it has been said that the Pekar has no proper air correction system and therefore cannot be adjusted effectively. It's true that some people have loads of grief having bought some but some people get along fine. Serenity has a pair which perform faultlessly, so there must be something spooky going on!

Serenity's carbs have "pekap" cast on them, which means they were fitted by the factory, in 2000 in her case. Those for sale on the internet have "pekar" in latin letters but some don't have anything.

Mike Rowe bought some and since then he's suffered the carbon footprint of a Ukrainian steel

works. He brought a sidecar full of various carburettors to the AGM and thought we might experiment, pictured opposite.

Predictably we dropped a small part in the grass.

At the time Mike's carbs were fitted with 190 main jets and close examination revealed that although there's no drilling from the atmospheric side of the venturi through to a chamber including an atomiser tube around the needle jet, which you'd expect to see on an expensive carb, the jet is not flush with the floor of the venturi but sunk into an air space. It's that which facilitates premixing air in the petrol and is fixed at the point of manufacture. It's a possible problem without accurate quality control.



We didn't have alternative jets then so in the interests of science we moved the needle clips and spent a happy ten minutes tuning with a screwdriver until "Seems alright to me mate."

On the way home Mike's fuel consumption improved to better if not actually bearable. At home he hit the internet. He found this.....



Carburetor	Transportation means	Engine	Conditional diameter of diffuser (mm)	Diameter of mixing chamber (mm)	The capacity of fuel jet (ml/min)	Mass, is not more (kg)	Overall sizes (mm)	Drive of the starter
K68 A	the motorcycle IZH-6.113-03	IZH-6.113-03	28	31,5	250	0,55	77,5*81*155	Manual
K68 D	the motorcycle "J- Jupiter "	IZH-105	28	31,5	250	0,55	77,5*81*155	Manual
K68 I	the motorcycle "the IJ- planet	IZH - П5, -7.107-10	32	35	280	0,55	77,5*81*157	Manual
K68 M	the motorcycle IZH-.902	IZH - 6.902	32	35	320	0,55	77,5*81*157	Manual
K68 P	"Lynx"	440.76, 440.93	32	35	370	0,55	77,5*81*144	Manual
K68 T	"Ural" Motorcycles	IMZ- 8.128	28	31,5	220	0,55	77,5*81*189	Electric
K68 U	"Ural" Motorcycles	IMZ- 8.123	28	31,5	190	0,55	77,5*81*189	Manual
K68 H	motorcycle "J- chopper"	IZH- 6.113-05	28	31,5	240	0,55	77,5*81*155	Manual

It's from the official Pekar site in Russia. Sorry it's hard to see but it would seem Russians use

the Pekar model code to order their carbs. After translating the rest of the site Mike discovered that Pekar recommend the old square bodied K65 for older flat twins and for more modern Urals and the MT11, you're expected to need a K68U. That's significant because Pekar don't supply a range of jet sizes or alternative needles for people who like to fiddle.

The K65 is supplied with a 165 main jet and the K68U with 190. There are important differences in compression ratio, valve timing and noise and emission control between old and newer flat twins. If you simply order a new carb from our internet suppliers for a Dnepr you should be careful to order it for the correct model Dnepr and make sure it's a real Pekar and not a cheap Chinese copy. What should you do if you really want a K68 for your old Ural or Dnepr? I mean you can just re-jet it can't you? I did and I'll tell you here that Serenity, with her M66 camshaft and North Star silencers, runs K68s with Mikuni 160 main jets. I told Mike this and pointed him at Allens Performance, the nations premier Mikuni and Keihin suppliers and stockists of a huge range of jets. How complicated was that?

The trouble is there are two methods of rating jet sizes and neither Mikuni or Keihin stick to either. Sometimes the jet number simply refers to the bore size of the hole in it, but sometimes the number is the measured flow rate of fluid through it. Mike's first attempt at ordering jets for Pekar carbs foundered on Allen's reluctance to assume Pekar's numbering system meant anything similar to common sense.

Their man, distracted by his professional accountability, wanted to know above all else if the Pekar number related to flow rate or bore size because if it meant flow rate, the liquid used to determine that could have been anything and the test procedure and conditions were completely unknown. Not sending the original jet's dimensions as in length, width and thread size or even sending the original jet as a pattern did any good until we measured the bore size ourselves with a makeshift bore gauge, discovering it to be about 1.00mm. We sent that and a man called Steve found it.

Measured properly by Steve the Pekar 190 turned out to be 1.03mm so he sold Mike two pairs of jets, one slightly smaller and one slightly smaller still. The danger is that running slightly lean is worse than running very lean in that the

heat generated by it can build up unnoticed until disaster strikes. In the coming months Mike will watch his spark plug colour and his fuel consumption, leaning his Pekars off from the K68U's smoky 190s in 0.09mm (ish) increments until he approaches something like economy without compromising his outfit's performance. Watch this space.



Warning! Pictured right is the miserable quality, avoid at all costs, cheap Chinese copy K68, which you'll notice doesn't say "pekar" or "nekap" on it. It says K68 and И on the other side, cyrillic for I, making it specifically for a Planeta 5. This particular example was bought new on the Naran Tuul market in Ulaan Baatar for the equivalent of £3.50. Be thankful you have a choice, since the Russians left Mongolian Planeta pilots have only the Chinese to keep them running, that and the resourcefulness, ingenuity and determination they're famous for.



There's art in coping with destitution, where the polar opposites of good and bad and their value in terms of money doesn't matter. Then life is all various shades of adequate and success an intensely personal achievement.



You'll notice the undrilled recess in the intake which looks like a lack of air correction system and the little brass plug in the slide. There's a spring loaded plunger behind this which stops the needle flapping around and wearing out the needle jet. Yes it's copied, cheap and will probably fall off, but charmingly clever as well.

Mike Rowe gets about a lot these days and consequently he gets in this magazine a lot too. He was solely responsible for organising an "I will be at....." in The Forest of Dean in September, more of that in a few pages but first, because we were there, a little more about the complicated philosophical phenomenon of value.....

Voskhod piece

Some of us will remember Trevor from Hereford, with affection I hope. He pretty much attached himself to Peter Stroud, our then membership secretary, who looked after him at rallies. When I first met him he rode a Harley and fell off it regularly, much to the amusement of those already assembled on a hundred rally fields. His first involvement with the COC however was with a Voskhod which he bought in 1996. It's pictured below at Dent in 2000, either having just arrived or about to leave. Hereford to Dent is a long way on a Voskhod, especially when you know that Trevor had no real idea how his Voskhod worked. Sadly Trevor's health means his involvement



with motorcycles has finished and he hasn't ridden one for ten years now. The fact that he still owned a shed full, an attic and his brother's garage too, worried him to the extent that he had to hand the responsibility of them to someone else before it affected his health further. What's it called Matt Woodward, "Visual noise"? That's a good term to describe the agony of indecision sufferers have to endure. We were camped 15 miles from Hereford the weekend after Trevor made the decision to let go of his past life.



Pictured above is how his Voskhod landed in the editorial garden, dust encrusted, corroded and incomplete. I'm sure some people would tear it apart and embark on a no holds barred, vapour blasted, re-chromed, powder coated restoration of just another Voskhod, painting it up far shinier than the Kovrov Works ever did. Perhaps they'd replace all the bearings, rebore it, fit electronic ignition and then take it to a show on a trailer. The parts are cheap enough, why not? Maybe they'd keep it for a while and then lose interest when the next project caught their eye and stick it on Ebay. Of course that's fun and a perfectly valid way to enjoy a motorcycle, but there wouldn't be much left of Trevor.

This scruffy wreck has provenance. It's been a COC member since 1996, possibly longer and tales of it are still recalled on rally fields and in pubs where those who know Trevor meet. It hasn't been quickly screwed together by a Latvian desperate for a few classically nostalgic quid, it's a whole COC experience, history in fact. Anxious to preserve that I started it just like it was and found the reason behind Trevor's stories about its chronic unreliability. Voskhod ignition is direct, not a magneto but served by a 45w alternator and a little bakerlite box under the tank without a battery. This one developed only half the output it should have.

The timing side main bearing was rusty and



although the Voskhod is a bit of a rumbly fin jangler anyway, it was obvious that needed attention from the yards of play in it as it warmed up, too much to leave.

As I write this Trevor's Voskhod is up on the ramp in the shed on its way to being repaired rather than restored. The idea is that its transition from abandonment to its return to the road will be seamless as if its lost years were simply a part of its journey. You can't buy provenance or patina, you earn it. It can't simply be replaced by buying another one which gives it a value other than money and a calming influence on an economy concerned with nothing else.

See that pictured right? Trevor did it. It's an essential part of the feel and personality of his lovely weathered Voskhod. Real Voskhods, back behind the wall, would all have been like this. That necessity translates into our privileged Western lives as a sort of inverse cool, an art in running a motorcycle without the stresses and responsibilities of a consumer based economy, or one depressed enough to oppress us.



Guess who this is, riding across what was called the old rectangle at school in 1977? There was a school bus, but for 6th formers this was infinitely cooler!



Did we mention resourcefulness, ingenuity and determination?

Mark Avis

On the way back from the Dragon Rally last winter in the snow my bike started making very unhappy noises, and delivering sporadic big thumps through the bars and footrests with an accompanying sudden drop in revs. It got me home, but it seemed likely that I had a dead main bearing, and this is how it turned out. The cage from the rear one was in pieces in the sump, and every now and then all the balls would end up on one side, and momentarily try to lock.



On getting it apart however, this turned out not to be the biggest problem. The left hand gudgeon pin had two big cracks in it (one marked in red on the photo below), and I was lucky it hadn't broken up and wrecked the top end. Somehow though, it had tried to escape through one end of the piston, badly damaging the circlip groove. The rest of the piston was pretty good, so I didn't



Mark Avis took the above picture. "I was sorting out some photos and stumbled across this one which I took at a VMCC rally this summer in Cumbria. I thought you might be able to use it, with a kind of caption like 'Flat twins, for men so cool, they don't need to try'. It's always reassuring to spot older role models who give one the sense that it's worth carrying on..." / sorted out some photos too.



want to scrap it. I'm not good enough at alloy TIG to risk blobbing up one end of the piston and always putting the pin in and out from the other end (though I might try to find someone to do this if the fix I have attempted doesn't last). It turns out that model makers and people who race VW Beetles make PTFE buttons to restrain their gudgeon pins, rather than try very small circlips (modellers) or risk circlips getting out at high revs (VW racers). Neither of these sets of users need long term reliability, so it remains to be seen how long my button lasts. Some prewar bikes used alloy or bronze buttons, so I suppose I could try that too, I have a lorry piston somewhere I could cut up for the fancy alloy.

I'll keep this mag posted on how long it bears up for. Good job it's so easy to get the head and barrel off.



I don't know about you dear reader but I'm impressed and looking forward to future progress reports. Back to the concept of alternative value systems then, the route of working in an economy, disposable income and buying a new one just doesn't provide the same thrill somehow. It's those mutually exclusive, polar opposites of art and business I so love to carp on about.

**I was
at.....**

The second of Mike Rowe's invitations to meet him at some camp site somewhere took place in late September at Newland, near Monmouth in the Forest of Dean. Even without the opportunity to meet Trevor in Hereford it would have been worth the 200 mile ride from Norfolk for myself and Lovely Hazel to camp with Mike and Graham Butler at Cherry Orchard Farm and spend a couple of evenings in The Ostrich, the village pub.

Having posted the invitation in Horizontal View John Nash knew about it, told his mates and we spent our evenings in their company too, meeting some club members bypassed by the north/south divide traditionally splitting our club.

The club now has public liability insurance so the careful wording of such invitations is no longer necessary and we can enjoy each other without

fear of the legal minefield modern accountability is. Below is John on his Chang Jiang, just arrived outside The Ostrich. On Friday night John forced his poor unfortunate step daughter Evie to endure an hour or so in the pub. I think she thought she was simply going out for a ride in his outfit. Never has anyone looked less interested in talking about motorcycles.



Parked in front of Graham's Ural is Denis' BMW engined outfit and we were visited on the camp site by this, below, a Moto Guzzi Nuevo Falcone.



Ginger, Alan Oakes that is, unnecessarily cut the bottom of the cover over the otherwise external flywheel away so he could watch it spinning. Somehow that makes sense.

As we talked his lip, stung by a wasp on the way, began to swell up, contorting his features. The unsympathetic might have taken a picture of him then but it looked so awful we were all gravely concerned for his wellbeing. I think he was fine.

Right, Mike, Graham and Lovely Hazel enjoy the Wye Valley at Symmonds Yat, our Saturday ride out lunch stop. Serenity chases Mike on the way to Hereford below that.



As an experiment Mike's two "I will be at....." weekends were a spectacular success and anyone else who wants to try it should be thoroughly encouraged.



In the pub John maintained that once you'd rebuilt a motorcycle it became an important part of your life and would therefore be an awful wrench to sell. Yep, art and business yet again! John's experiences with doing that are helpfully featured in the next issue of HV.

Thought you may be interested in my 1964 K750 restoration. Currently rebuilding the Sidecar. Here's some pictures. Paint is an original WW2 military olive drab that a local paint shop still had on its archives. Three days preparation for top coat, including, full strip back to bare metal, anti rust coating, etch primer, high fill 2K primer, 400 to 800 wet

Shane Newman

and dry guide coat sanding, 2K top coat olive drab.

How simple is that? I'm sure there's a lot more cleverness to it.



We are of course keenly interested to see how the rest of it turns out, please Shane!

I just wanted to point out that there seems to have been a misunderstanding on page 19 of Horizontal News. (September/October 18) It's a confusion of Steve's somewhere along the line. The person David Angel is talking about is in fact Steve Lucker and not myself. Also any pictures I have sent you of my bike, I can assure you are of my bike. Steve Lucker himself has told me the story of his Lambda sensor.

Steve Wood

Yours, Shocked, horrified and misrepresented of Hertford, with a perfectly cared for Lambda sensor thank you very much.



Rescuing a rusty Russian is certainly loads more fun

Richard Powis

than the serious and crushing responsibility of owning a Vincent. As a productive alternative to investment here's Richard's.....

Jupiter. Like many other Cossack Owners, I have become a habitual reviver of less favoured, less glamorous artifacts which, at one time, would have been cast into the scrap metal bin or left to rot away in a hedgerow or ditch. Of course, in these (apparently) more affluent times, even a mere hint of a carcass bearing one of the great legends, Norton, Vincent, Velocette and others, will be snapped up on ebay for an amount many of us would have been glad to have earned in a year!

Of course, it follows, like a dog follows its owner, now that most of the goodies luxuriate amongst other treasured investments, cosseted in those warm and well lit annexes of bijou mansions with leafy addresses, there springs up a group of potential buyers with similar aspirations but lacking in the means to realise them. Nevertheless, they are eagerly pursued. And, suddenly, those piles of despised detritus, could be turned into euros. Of course, I fell for it and had one such piece of discarded Soviet ephemera delivered, at nearly midnight, to our front door.

It hadn't looked quite as forlorn in the picture, but, as I grasped the handlebars to assist in off loading it, they were worrying loose in the top yoke. However, in the gloom of late evening, it did, at least, appear to be more or less complete. And, by any other standards, it was cheap. Where else can you find a forty year old bike for less than £500? And, yes, I had assembled a BSA M20 from barely more than a basket of rusty engine parts (incomplete) and wheels plus a frame and made it all work nicely (eventually!). And, yes, I had rescued most of a Dnepr and sidecar from someone in Northumbria who had extracted it from a ditch. I rode it to work and back many times, as a supply teacher without ever having to strip the engine. (At least, not completely. And not all at once!) So, this shouldn't be too difficult, then, should it?

Well, here it is, just as it came. The engine runs, I was told. It has compression. Yes, it certainly had compression. Not all that much, but compression it was. However, a rudimentary

examination, the following day, revealed a larger number of replacements or missing items than I had expected. Exhaust pipes: so badly bashed in as to be useless. Very expensive! Swinging arm spindle moving in its frame lugs. Chain and sprockets ground down with the sand it had been ridden in. Snow guards missing. A thick layer of greased sand and mud covering all vital exposed parts. Etc....



So, dismantle everything and put all the tinware into a dustbin full of strong caustic soda and leave it there for as long as it takes. This works, comrades, and it is cheap! Nearly every bit of paint and rust is left in the solution and only a little rubbing down prepares it for the first coat of primer. First mistake here. Brushing cellulose of an exact factory colour (more of this later) was supplied by our local car paint shop. It goes on perfectly with a paint brush. Trouble is that the undercoat does not! Much rubbing down required and even now I can still see the brush marks on the front mudguard.

Yes, I heard you! You will have noticed, as you have, no doubt, already flipped through this copy of HN before reading my treatise, the colour scheme is Jupiter 4, with black surrounds to the panels, black headlamp and blue tank. Sorry, but I just don't like the Billy Butlin look. (Too many years living at the seaside!)

However, just as I thought the Spirits had had it in for me and I would be obliged to send large wads of euros or dollars eastwards for pipes and silencers, I spotted one of those occult ads on Ebay. (By "occult" I mean hidden, not sinister or mysterious.) You know the kind. The advertiser has no clue as to the identity of the machine but just bungs it on anyway. No one else had seen it. No one else bid. A complete Jupiter three, minus carb, was mine for just over a ton. Yes,

one hundred and two pounds! Not only that, it was just one hour away, in the Breckland of East Anglia. The engine was seized but the exhausts were undamaged, though a mite rusty. Oh joy! It was worth it just for those, but, to my further delight, the rear mudguard, the frame itself, the shocks and the front forks, (shrouds excepted) were all in far better nick than mine. So, in that fine tradition of Autolycus, the collector of unwanted trifles, I had enough parts to make one good bike! (Well, yes, I had to buy new points, chains and sprockets, plus a few other second hand oddments from a kind fellow member.)

Now, I have mardled away too much. I will confine myself to a summary of items that will be of help to others who become entangled with the produce of Izhevsk Motorcycle Plant. The Electrics.....

Six volt is OK if all connections are perfect and earth continuity maintained. Indeed, with the aid of a cheap Ebay 6v battery, the engine did start and, surprisingly, the dynamo worked. Red light out, lights up when revved. I transplanted the engine into the frame from the Breckland, (damaged lugs, remember) and selected the better of the two wiring harnesses. Every point has now been double earthed with a separate wire to overcome corrosion and loose bolts. I re-tinned the wires which connect to the main switch and fitted led bulbs to the head and rear lamps, to save strain on the dynamo.

Main switch:
principal cause of electrical failure on IZH bikes due to badly fitting screws in connectors which vibrate loose and allow the wires to disconnect. Can be very puzzling when engine cuts and dynamo light goes out. Easy to suspect points, regulator or fuse, as I did once on a dark night. I have prepared my spare switch with soldered in tags which I will swap one day. Contact on main switch makes uncertain contact. Make sure it is clean and not touching



anything it is not intended to. Spring is weak, so some bending etc may be necessary. Instrument holders are integral to the switch which means special shrouded bulbs must be found. Fortunately, Klsykmoto of Poland have these in stock, along with nearly everything else for IZH, if their webshop is accurate.

CCCP indicator unit will never work properly. Buy a tin can type one from your local dealer. It only requires three of the four leads. I can't remember which just at this time but it is easy to work out by experiment.

CCCP headlamp will only ever glow faintly. Save your life and fit any decent new or second hand reflector and use led light. Some slight modification may be needed but most modern units should accept the conversion kit included in the package the bulbs come in. I have not ridden my bike yet but the headlight gives a brilliant, clear beam when only drawing from the tiny battery.

Do NOT touch the regulator unless there is absolutely no alternative. Surprisingly, CCCP regs and dynamos on IZH machines usually work as long as the commutator and brushes are clean and ALL connections are re-made, clean and secure. I have checked the voltages on mine. Regulator cuts in at just under 7 volts and dynamo gives around 7 to 8 volts. I have not checked it at high revs yet. If the regulator is cutting in at around 8.5 volts, it should need no attention. Much more voltage and it could boil the battery and damage other components. Check with your original IZH manual for the exact figures because it will also tell you how to adjust your regulator by bending the flimsy steel tags which tension the springs and how to reset the contact gaps. As said previously, this is not to be recommended. It is easier either to fit another reg or to buy one if the excellent electronic devices that the vintage owners use.

Ignition points are adjusted separately on Jupiters. This is a total pfaaf and needs great patience and a suitable method of holding a dial gauge to check the timing. I may write another article describing this in future. (*Please do.*)

On my Voskhod 3, which was a 12v non battery type, I bought a contactless system with new generator and solid state reg (Sdelyano B CCCP) which worked amazingly well. I cannot vouch for similar units sold for Jupiter 5 but

some people report superb results. However, for converting 6v systems, a new Jupiter 5 wiring harness would make the job a lot easier. Again, surprisingly, the 1977 dynamo commutator on mine is in excellent shape. Even the brushes are still at their full length. Brushes are cheap and not worth running down to a fag end, so I have a spare set for mine. Cycle Parts.....



In keeping with my Autolycus principals (and meagre bank balance) I have selected and re-used the best parts from both bikes. I cannot be sure which of the four wheels are on the bike now but I fitted new bearings the two I used, cleaned the brake drums and checked the spokes for tightness.

Again, in the eastern bloc spirit, I re-enamelled the rims with black Coo-Var, a product not unlike Hammerite but infinitely superior (and a little more expensive). It goes on beautifully with a paint brush and needs no undercoat. By carefully wetting the brush in 2k thinners, it can be drawn over the damp Coo-Var to remove all the ridges and bumps, leaving a finish that compares well with spray. It also has rust curing properties, so sand-blasting to bare metal is not essential.



Unlike Voskhods and Dneprs, the fuel tanks on IZH models are made of a fairly heavy grade of steel sheet and do not leak. I have repainted one of mine in one of the darker shades of blue that IZH were permitted to use. Just to make this clear, my Breckland rescue had been finished in that darker shade and I had that reproduced, so it is an original colour; just not the one the first bike came in.

Remarkably, both sets of forks have no play in their vertical travel. This could be down to both machines having been abandoned before many miles had been covered. Also, the Breckland machine had died, apparently, before anyone could hack it around sand pits, as the other had been. They had just left it under a leaky drain pipe, having lost all patience with the wiring (evident from the ill informed rewiring attempts) and allowed the gearbox to fill with water. I am ashamed to tell you that I just ran a wire brush over it all and sprayed it with the blue paint, using my 1948 Petter powered compressor. (I hate spray painting because I usually get it on everything, including the compressor itself, me, the garage floor and walls etc.)

Yes, I know the fork legs are rusty, but they work. A little rub with wire wool will be enough to make them respectable. 130 to 140 cc of non foaming oil, such as jack oil, automatic transmission fluid (ATF) or (expensive) motorcycle fork oil poured carefully in through the top nuts will be sufficient to lubricate and damp the action.

Be aware, if you are unfamiliar with Soviet bikes, the top nuts on the forks are not just to keep the dirt out. Unlike British telescopic forks, which they resemble superficially, they support the full weight of the bike and rider at the front end as the springs are attached to them, as are the damper rods. When assembling the forks make sure that both of these items are properly attached and that the threads, both on the nuts and on the internal surface of the fork stanchions are in perfect condition and are tightened to the correct torque value. (BSA, Triumph, Matchless and Norton have externally mounted springs, underneath the headstock, covered by shrouds. Weight bears on the BOTTOM yokes as against the TOP yokes on Soviet bikes, by virtue of that fine thread I mentioned above.) Chain and transmission.....

I replaced the rear chain with a standard 520, found on Ebay. The front sprocket was supplied by Chris Tones, as was the rear, but I took the risk of up gearing to a 22 tooth front as the bike is to be used solo. The bearing in the sprocket carrier was renewed (6205) as were the aforementioned wheel bearings. (6203); all from Ebay suppliers. (SKF or Challenge.) I used sealed bearings, motorcycle quality, for the sprocket holder and for the brake plate side of the wheels.

The primary chain was obtained from someone's surplus stock, $\frac{3}{8}$ pitch duplex, as for BSA B40. Both chains are British made and easily obtainable. Postage is much cheaper and quality probably superior.

The clutch would not disengage, so I checked out the push rod. On the Jupiter, due to its extra width compare with the Planeta single, has a two section clutch pushrod with a 5.5mm ball in between the two sections. I have replaced mine with a 5mm as 5.5 was not available but I would advise hunting for the proper size if you can get it. (Klasykmoto advertise them, but they are, of course, in Poland, so you may wish to include a few in your next order.) There should be NO single ball bearing between the secondary pushrod and the clutch adjuster, in the clutch centre itself. The spin is supported solely on the 5.5mm ball within the pushrod housing. Make sure that it has plenty of grease when assembling.

The clutch drag can be rectified by turning the spring adjusters on the outer thrust plate (sorry, no pictures of this) until the plate itself lies level when the clutch handlebar lever is pulled. If it is "on the hump" the clutch will drag and make for a difficult gear change. This applies to most multiplate wet clutches, which can be a pain if the grooves the plates slide in are notched badly. Fortunately, mine is not too bad, as is the spare one in the seized up engine. I have cleaned them up with a file before today to stop them sticking, on the old British bikes. (Burman are the worst to sort out when they are many years old.)

I made a spring adjuster by filing the curved end of a tyre lever until it was straight then cutting a notch in the centre of the flat section to accommodate the studs in the centres of the spring adjusters. It serves as a notched screwdriver but with more guts.

There is no tension adjustment on IZH primary chains. Some Youtubers have made up a tension slipper to take up the slack. I do not think it is worth it as, by the time the chain reaches that point, it is just as well to replace it. Remember, the distance between the engine sprocket and the clutch is very short, so slippage is unlikely. The chain is more likely to break from excessive wear or to dig out a groove in the chain case. I have re-used the original rubber chain protectors from the spare bike. They are

still fairly flexible and undamaged.

Engine and Carburettor..... I have not stripped the engine from Lithuania. In spite of the obvious abuse the bike had been through, the engine runs. It would only tick over for a minute then splutter out, at first. Re starting was almost impossible. I made use of my somewhat dubious deductive logic, by check all possible causes: points, condensers (replaced with some of a similar value), plugs, (renewed), battery, (charged). Eventually, I stripped the carburettor, cleaned it and inspected the flat, brass slide. It bore the marks of repeat battering against the slide, making hemispherical dents or wear marks. This allows air to be drawn down through the top of the carb, spoiling the vacuum and weakening the mixture as you open the throttle. Fortunately, the spare bike still had a slide attached to the end of its throttle cable. Once in place on the "new" bike, it now starts and runs easily.

Wear on throttle slides is not easy to spot. Look carefully, in a good light, at the slide's surface which is nearest to the engine. That half round mark is a sign that it needs replacing as it no longer fits as it should. This applies to both round and flat slides. Make sure, especially with non standard carbs, that the slide has the correct cutaway section for your bike. This must face the air filter and is critical for the correct mixture at early throttle openings.

Dual Seat..... I admit to some bodgery here. Both seat pans were rotten and when I unbolted the rear mudguard section from each one, the bolts either snapped or stripped. Not wishing to risk the seat pans on offer at Vostok, as they are Jupiter 5 type and I do not know if they will accommodate the 3 mudguard, I stripped off most of the rust from the least worst pan, prised out the captive nuts and replaced them (Ebay again). Some judicious glass fibre work, with steel inserts for extra strength, resulted in a



coarse but serviceable base. Fitting the Vostok replacement seat cover, (no holes for the pillion grip) was tricky, using some nice vintage style bifurcated rivets, especially as I had to allow for the extra thickness of the reinforced pan, but I think you will not notice too many creases in my picture on the previous page.

OK, so it's not a concourse job, but it is respectable enough to ride around. Thanks to the kind assistance of Peter Ballard in supplying a dating certificate, I am able to apply to the DVLA for it's official Baptism as an Historic Vehicle. There will be more of this in later editions, when I hope to be able to report on this Jupiter's riding qualities.



My earlier J, in the 1980s, was attached to sidecar and handled perfectly. Once I had overcome the electrical problems, it was a pleasure to ride and compared very well with some of the old British sidecar plodders, though the light weight could surprise me on corners. (Concrete block in an empty sidecar! Essential.) I have yet to experience riding one solo. Most Soviet bikes I have owned and ridden solo, had a tendency to roll over too easily when cornering and to need constant steering correction to go straight. We shall see.

Richard asked for the following footnote to be included. Condenser values: 22microfarad (m/f), 450 to 750 volts. I trawled ebay and found condensers for 2CV but any with these values will function as long as they have means to attach and will fit into the housing cover. Do not discard the 'W' shaped fitting on the original as it can be re-used to attach the replacement to the dynamo. You will save £££s on postage from Eastern Europe. (Mine work!)

I must thank Richard for the work which went into his article but I have to say a lot more work was necessary before I could fit it in here!

Originally he sent it in some advanced, hi tech, futuristic Google Cloud format from the ether and nothing here in the editorial office could touch it. Thankfully he re-sent it as an email but conversion from the original format made extricating its components for building into Microsoft Publisher quite exasperating.

NB. *Please send text as an old fashioned, intermediate technology email and attach pictures to it, don't embed them in the text. That way I can edit free from the hidden nightmares swapping formats always is. Having said that, if the salesman down your local computer shop has convinced you the cloud is the only way forward and you've signed up to letting Google exclusively harvest your data, send it anyway if that's all you have. I'll cope somehow.*

Richard himself observed "Yes, I believe you are right in saying that, once Google have control of their users, they are captive consumers and are not encouraged to share any of their data with competitors unless it suits Corporate intentions. It seems we are unaware of the global war which is being fought without our full consent and in which our own interests are not considered. The whole corporate IT space acts like a group of unconscious organisms, each competing for its own survival in much the same way that living systems have adapted and evolved, but in a far less intelligent manner. They are totally dependent on their human hosts for nourishment and energy in a parasitic fashion but have not yet developed their own self awareness and, quite possibly, never will need to.

Unless we, the human hosts, who could be seen as victims, viewed from some perspectives, use our own ability to see the wider consequences of our actions, we could find ourselves obeying the senseless commands from that machine intelligence simply because we do not recognise that it is only a perverted extension of our own fallible nature. ("Computer says.....")."





The picture above has cropped up several times in various COC publications and slideshows. It was taken by PJB and he remembers the year to be around 2000 but not who the lady is. He knows it's David Angel's bike and the picture's here again because David's efforts to find his very first Ural have at last succeeded. There'll be more of the tale in a future issue.

David on the other hand thinks the date was some ten years earlier. He says "I have no idea who the lady riding the bike is in the picture. It was taken at the 3 Magpies during my ownership, but I don't know who she is. (I did drink a lot back then, so much of this time is a little vague)" The picture above he sent to explain why "years and places from that era are difficult to pin down." Well, reprinted from a 1992 issue of Horizontal View here's.....



Jayni Anderton

Nestled in the depths of the Severn Gorge, near to Ironbridge lay a convenient sized field close to the picturesque River Seven and in walking distance of a few ale houses. This was the site for the Friday 13th Rally, organised by the West Midlands and Shropshire branch of the Cossack Owner's Club.

Mid afternoon on the Friday we the organisers (Kevin, Steve, Simon and myself) went to the site and put up our tents. As there were no toilets or water on the field we took along a toilet tent and about 10 gallons of water, (*seriously!!! In 2018*)

then we scooted off and put up the COC signs to direct people there. The weather was brilliant sunshine and very warm.

Some people had already arrived when Simon and I nipped back home to meet others and eat a meal. When we returned there were even more, some just dropping in for the evening, however at least 8 people camped on the Friday night.

Saturday dawned brilliant with sunglasses in need. People came from as far afield as Surrey, Ernie and son David, Wales Spot and Ginett, Nottingham, Alan, Paula and son Robert. The boys were helping with new arrivals. By about 1.00pm everyone was together to go for a ride about to Bridgenorth. Ginett and myself had left earlier to meet people from Yorkshire who, as well as performing at a surprise party that afternoon had mentioned they may be able to provide live entertainment on Saturday evening. By 2.00pm we were all in the Railwayman's Arms on the platform of Bridgenorth Severn Valley Railway. No lousy or overpriced beer here folks! Purely by chance The Flying Scotsman and The City of Truro came into the station while we were there. A lot of COC 'ers appear to be train fanciers as well. Oh! And then some Russian guys from Kiev came up and gawped at our bikes. Time to move again, we rode to Much Wenlock and then round to Ironbridge, so my new young friend Dave could walk on and touch the Iron Bridge. Back to the campsite.

Bobbie, that's Kevin's lady, had cooked up black eyed bean curry with pitta bread and vegetable samosa, all for £1.00 including paper dish and plastic spoon. It didn't hang about long, everyone got fed and it was wonderful grub, many thanks Bobbie.

As dusk fell Gil, who won the best bike at Ashbourne this year, said his farewells and set off for Newcastle under Lyme. 10 minutes later he was back, his lights had failed. The people from Dudley with an amazing outfit and trailer and two kids, and a kid sized motorbike had a very useful attachment to their parasene (?) bottle, a bright light. After a bit of collective tinkering Gil says "cheerio" again. 15 minutes later he's back again, the lights have failed again. While we suggest that it might be an idea to stay the night and are sorting out spare blankets etc, there was a big crashing sound....

Oh no! Oh dear! Gil's bike on soft ground, on its own had fallen over. It didn't seem to be Gil's day. The cure all? Down the pub. At this point there are about 28 people and a good handful of children. Some visited from the Jawa Owner's Club. We are all sat about in this pleasant beer garden, yes in September, but sadly at about 10.00pm there was some slight drizzle. Many of us stayed outside anyway. Some of us strayed to a pub over the river via the footbridge.

Closing time and beyond we collected round the campfire that we'd built in the afternoon and the hospitality punch was offered, about a gallon and a half, main ingredients vodka, home made wine, and orange juice. This put most people to bed soundly.

Sunday morning, another even sunnier day. Bobbie and Kevin have egg sarnies on offer for breakfast at only 30p. The entertainers had turned up at the end of the evening and gone to sleep, but they woke up early and after mugs of tea proceeded to sing and play guitar and recorder for us all. The children loved it, so did the adults, quite a few were joining in and clapping rhythms, a really lovely way to have breakfast and pack up the tents. This rally the tents formed a natural circle, instead of the formal line where people at each end are miles away from each other, might be worth bearing this in mind for other COC rallies?

Finally many thanks to all who came along. The singers John and Susan from Yorkshire, who are not COC members but I don't think anyone minded, Bobbie for the super grub, all who helped in the fixing of Gil's bike, the local pubs, the Ironbridge Museum Trust for letting us use the camp site free of charge, Simon for supplying the punch, maybe myself for supplying the cleaning the porta-loo and providing water in carriers. We hope to make this an annual event the second weekend of September, with games and awards, but may move to a larger site a few miles away. Watch for adverts in the newsletters!!!

Confusingly the picture of Jayni on David's bike accompanying the rally report is captioned "Jayni Anderton riding someone else's bike at Callow Top Farm in 1990 (In between the showers). This was the venue for that year's Red Star Rally apparently. Also printed in this edition of HV were the minutes of the 1992 AGM, during which several interesting points

were raised. Some things change, some things don't appear to. Did you know that in 1992 the club membership was still around 300 and defied the efforts of those concerned to do anything about it, the club was still considering changing the name of the club and still rejecting the idea as unnecessary and Charles Hancock hatched a plot to bring spares in directly from Russian factories instead of relying on Neval, the demise of the Soviets making that a possibility.

Our club is in the zone now where our founding fathers are reaching a ripe old age and sadly we've lost a few recently. I'm too young to have known them so here's PJB, in good health I hope, writing in memory of

Mike North

Dr Mike North passed away peacefully at home on 3rd June 2018. I found out from another (friendly) part of the Soviet bike community that he had passed away. Mike qualified in 1978 as a Doctor, the year after I qualified as an engineer, so we were very similar ages. Mike worked in and ran a GP practice for around 30 years in Essex. Mike was very active in the club in the 1970's riding a Ural M63 solo with significant cosmetic changes such as tank, seat, mudguards that transformed the style of the bike. Mike stopped working on bikes, he told me later, as he needed to keep his hands clean for the patients - now that is dedication. Mike will be missed. His bikes though have been passed onto other like minded enthusiasts so they live on.



I found something called the AIM, Association of Independent Motorcyclists, at whose 1980 committee meeting Mike represented the COC. The AIM seems to have been a body comparable to the BMF which in 1980, they'd fallen out with over something, oddly enough.

Here's PJB again.....

I knew Malcolm personally back in the 1970's when I was an engineering student at Hatfield, but sadly only kept in touch in the recent decades with emails and letters. Malcolm worked behind the scenes in the early 1970's to set up the Ural Owners Club UOC, to support the owners of the Ural M63 imported by Fred Wells of Manor Park East London, Fred also soon also brought in the Jupiters and Voskhods.

The UOC had its first meetings in Stotfold at The Chequers, then its first rally in the Forest of Dean in 1974. I joined the UOC around then with my M63 outfit.



Malcolm was the first secretary of the UOC and editor of the first club newsletter, he then continued as secretary for a few years. I still have those publications! When Malcolm left the running of the club to others he still turned up at the club rallies and AGMs on various motorcycles including BMWs and Harley Davidsons, no counting for tastes! In time the UOC evolved into the Cossack Owners Club, this was soon after SATRA took over the importation concession in 1974 and chose the 'Cossack' brand that ran until 1979 when Nevals took over.

Malcolm was well involved with the vintage section of the BMW club in recent years, some similarities



there then! It is only with the efforts of enthusiasts like Malcolm that we have such a successful club forty four years later and still going strong! I soon lost touch with the other UOC committee members of those halcyon days as they moved onto other bikes and interest including Andy Holderness, Geoff Richardson, George Daden and George Bodaly, but I guess they also have a few decades behind

Malcolm McNair

them! Thank you Malcolm, we owe you a great debt of thanks!



And sadly for Peter the act of remembering continues with.....

Nev Mason

Neville Mason, died October 2017. I went to the funeral near Hull and met some of his old friends and of course Alan, his one time business partner.

I first met Nev' in 1977 when I was a temporary motorcycle fitter at SATRA working there as a summer job after graduating; un-crating MT9s, Jupiter IIIs and Voskhods to be sold as Cossacks. Nev and his business partner Alan had visited the SATRA site in Carnaby to see the Cossack business. Neville Mason was the Nev' part of Neval Motorcycles, born and brought up around the Humber estuary. He was a self taught in his engineering, business and writing skills. Besides being a great MX rider he teamed up with Alan Voase, the Al' part of Nevals, to form Nevals of Hull as a motorcycle shop and Cossack Dealer in the 1970's. They majored on the 125cc Minsk, then in 1979 when SATRA pulled out of the Cossack brand, Nevals took over and imported and sold Ural M67, Dnepr MT12 and MT10/11, IZH Jupiters and Planetas working from various premises. Nev and Al split for a while then Nev set up Regent making sidecars and selling the Minsk again. Alan then continued with the Neval business from farm buildings in Seaton Hornsea, North Humberside until the 1990's. Nev worked with the Minsk factory in Belarus to develop a trials bike based on the Minsk but with a 220cc two stroke motor. Nev had some writing skills and besides writing his autobiography wrote some short stories, both published. Nev and his wife Val retired to France with their son but they had

to return when Nev's health failed, in time he passed away in the area he knew so well all his life. We owe a lot to Nev for his passion for these bikes we still love, thank you Nev.

For the last of far too many past tense profiles of our club's old characters for one magazine issue, here's Patrick Purves on.....

Frank Dougan

Many COC members and former members will remember Frank, who died recently aged 78. Frank was Life President of the (now defunct/dormant?) Ural Riders Association but he was so much more, and it was a privilege for me to have him as a friend.

I met Frank at a COC Rally at Pentney Park in Norfolk. I reckon it was about 1980; I was newly married and had bought, for £250, components of about one and a half Urals and a sidecar, and had contacted him, and with his help on the phone and with parts (especially pistons) which he sent me I had got a combo (Titan) on the road. This was our first longer run together, and Judy and I had a great weekend. Frank was clearly knowledgeable, helpful and kind. I remember he started to recommend a 3:8:9 axle, and as I stood by the bonfire nodding in seeming agreement, he pulled up and said "You don't have a clue what I'm on about, do you Patrick?", which was true, before going on to explain drive ratios to me, clearly and simply.

At that time he and Deanna lived in Bedford, and as time went by Frank's advice on the phone was a tremendous help to me in keeping Titan on the road. My daughter was taken to hospital to be born in July 1985 in the chair, inside her mother, and we used the same procedure in an attempt to induce the birth of my son two years and 6 days later, only to wreck the front main bearing. I was a practicing solicitor, and I helped out with a couple of problems Frank had with Ural owners, advising on the court small claims procedure (the disgruntled rider Frank had helped didn't win), and there was a memorable prosecution in Surrey of an Australian girl who had been charged with riding a right hand outfit registered later than the cut-off date (some Policemen need to get out more). The URA members got some funds together, as Legal Aid wasn't available, and we found the only suitable solicitor in Surrey, who, with some amazing technical evidence including baffling drawings

done very professionally by Frank got the prosecution stopped.

After the Dougans moved to Graizelound, Frank set up a really neat workshop in the back garden. Many Russian bike owners will remember with gratitude visits to the house, and for me the highlights were Frank's open workshop days. In his element, and his blue beanie hat, he would set up, as I recall, something like an electromagnetic rig that sent a metal shaft bobbing up in a highly suggestive manner, which Frank delighted in showing to his lady guests. Tea, cake and some good old British smut. What could be better?

At URA weekend camps here and there, we had the shaggy dog stories, and anecdotes about Air Force life; some of these were hair raising, like the fitter putting a large pane of glass in a hangar roof, standing on some sort of rig, when the hangar doors opened and the fitter went aerodynamic under the glass pane and basically glided down and landed on his feet onto an office building flat roof, before passing out with shock. Flights navigating over the Indian Ocean. The three bits of string that walked into a pub.... Technical advice and parts and modifications were always offered freely and always improved the situation. An engine "Douganised" was a better engine.

There was never any mistaking Frank for anything but a proud Scot. He and Deanna went ballroom dancing, and in one social club, somebody took a dislike to Frank, and in the ensuing disagreement, lost his rag and told Frank "you got banned from Scotland, you did". We were chatting about something else (possibly a land drain) and he mentioned this, so ever after, I taxed him with his status as an exile, never to return to the glens. Alas, this has now come to pass. Frank was a family man, a dad and grandfather and good with children and dogs. He was an engineer, a teacher, good company and a lot of laughs. I am sure many will miss him; I know I will.

Many members and former members do indeed remember Frank Dougan and although Patrick I'm sure really does feel privileged to have known him as a friend, the Cossack Owner's Club doesn't always remember him so fondly. Frank was significant in setting up the Ural Riders Association as a rival club after some discord within the COC. The swirling, and

opaque, mists of time have now obscured what the trouble was but after the break up the two clubs suffered a relationship tainted at best with bad tempered competition and at worst by simple malice!

It has to be said that The URA struggled and eventually faded but its failure may have been instrumental in establishing the Cossack Owner's Club on the happy path of riding Russian righteousness. We can thank Frank for that.

The Chris Drucker Archive here in the editorial office contains several issues of HV from 1981 when Frank was Spares Secretary and his wife Deanna held Tony Jones' current job. Expect a Frank reprint soon.

You'll notice the absence of Obvious contact details in the following adverts. This is because I'm reluctant to publish these in a magazine which will be on line and therefore subject to the attention of the internet's monsters. So, if you want to buy anything, or sell Faebhean Kwest a Dnepr, email me at paulcodling@mail.com and I'll forward you.

For Sale

Side car needs work which includes welding. Also a few spare parts. £1200. Ring or text for more info, photos or to view. Bike is at my house in Ellesmere Port.



Roger Adams' 1969 CZ 453

Bike is UK registered and currently on SORN. I've had the bike nearly two years and have done some work on the restoration. The wheels have been professionally rebuilt with powder coated steel rims. Hubs have been shot blasted and powder coated also brake drums machined with new bearings and brake shoes, new tyres and tubes. I retreated the inside of fuel tank as it was very grotty and clear lacquered the outside (I like it looking its age). Has new number plate and because I'm trying to sell the bike I've bought a new battery for it. I had nine bikes and selling this will leave me with two, which will be more within my budget!!!!



I haven't tried to start the bike but it has compression and gears select. I think I paid £550 for it and spent more than that on it. I'm near Swindon and only home on weekends. If anyone is keen, I'm open to SENSIBLE offers!!!!

A CZ 453 is a 125 but considerably more substantial than a flimsy, lightweight Minsk, or a BSA Bantam. Roger is a club member, on the next page you'll find pictured his Voskhod, NOT for sale, yet.



Karl Shultze's Cossack Jupiter 3. V5 is in my name. Year of first registration is 1980. The engine runs but no MOT. Comes with sidecar which fits to the left side as you sit on the seat.





Faebhean Kwest, wanted, a Dnepr 650 – with or without sidecar...don't mind if non-runner or bit 'tatty' as long as frame OK. *And.* I need for my Dnepr MT10 a LEFT sided sidecar, preferably the military style. Doesn't matter if tatty and needing a bit of TLC as long as basically sound! This is to replace my lovely old Watsonian which was smashed up in France a couple of month's ago.

Email me at paulcodling@mail.com and I'll pass you on, OK?

At the AGM Tony Jones showed me a picture of a beautiful and almost virginal Planeta Sport he intended to buy on the way home. He asked me what I thought of the Mk1, the version in question, so I told him but not discouraged he bought it anyway. Sadly I don't have a picture of it, not whole that is. Here's Tony.....

I bought that bike on the way home. It is quite stunning. The owner says it's a Mk1 but with gusseted frame. There aren't any important faults that I can find. One foot rest rubber is split and the air filter is knackered. Any idea on a compatible air filter? It's a paper tube about six inches long and three inches across. Or should I go for a K&N?

Kris Platek

About a week later Kris sent.....



Our pal has bought Planeta Sport from supposed competent engineer. Got it home and decided to visit me for coffee on it two days later. After struggle to start it fired up and revved high. Kill switch stopped it. In second round of kicking it fired, revved up, kill switch, key off didn't help stop it even plug cap off. Closed fuel tap stopped it after while. Tony came in van and couldn't catch breath for while after kicking marathon. Got tools and back to Tony's for coffee. Engine wouldn't turn over on my arrival. While Tony was brewing up I got head off, when coffee arrived barrel was off. After coffee engine was out. Engineering team means me and my alter ego split crankcases to get crank out. Findings in pictures. Tony will explain rest of circumstances and causes. You pick for magazine what you want.



Apparently the previous owner had fitted a home made throttle cable and the careless routing to the oil pump had allowed it to snag when the steering was turned. It's a worry that it didn't stop until it ran out of petrol, you need a lot of heat for that.





The paint bucket isn't the essential feature of the above photo, the spectacular cleanness of the frame and the unblemished chrome is. Note the front engine mounting. It's basically a shelf on which the rubber block at the front of the engine on the previous page sits. There is only one more mounting, also rubber, at the rear, allowing the crank to shake the engine backwards and forwards. As those two spacers you can see in the block hammer their way into the cases, battering the holes in them oval, the vibration gets worse and worse and worse.....

The solution was to forget rubber mounting and bolt the engine in properly, as in the Mk2. Most Mk1 models are low mileage because it's beyond the pain anyone can stand to ride one very far!!! I've tried it.



Glum busting.

Bynnzi

Monday afternoon and feeling a bit down, being work shy I'm at home preparing a culinary feast for Mrs B and I have run out of a crucial ingredient. Yorkshire caviar, mushy peas to the uninitiated, peas of the mushy variety. The recipe is not a well known one as I have just thought of it, but it's sure fire to catch on. I have been ruminating for a bit about other uses for fish fingers. I know that a fish finger sandwich comes close to epicurean excellence, but there has to be more than just bang 'em between two slices of bread or stick 'em on a plate next to some egg, beans and chips. What about fishy finger pasta bake, ff lasagna, or ff pie? Mmm pie.

Pie it is then, not the pastry version as I am crap at pastry. But like a fish pie with mash, the ff sticking out of the mash at jaunty angles as if trying to escape, a bit like starry gazey pie, a

Cornish dish which has pilchards attempting to flee a pastry crust. So with the filling absconding on the outside what do I fill the pie with but mushy peas. A Yorkshire classic, everyone must have a couple of tins in store just in case. I usually do but at this moment find that I never replaced my stock after I made a particularly splendid musher curry. No probs, will go get some.

I live in Bingley, West Yorkshire, a small market town near Bradford, so there are loads of shops within walking distance which I choose to ignore. Helmet on, jacket on, bike fired up 'n' off we go. Up Main Street past Sainsbury, Aldi, Lidl and Marks and Sparks, then take a right up past Tesco and wait a few minutes at a canal bridge while a boat comes through heading towards Leeds, then up onto Ilkley moor and over a green lane called Keighley gate. This is a great shortcut for me with distant views of brooding moorland. There is a medieval cross in splendid isolation to the left as I drop down into Ilkley, one of many such artefacts scattered over the moor. There is even a stone circle called the 12 apostles just out of sight from the road but only about half a mile away. The track brings me into Ilkley near Booths supermarket. Which I drive past.



I continue down through Ilkley, over the river where I take a left onto a moorland road which takes me round a local beauty spot called Beamsley Beacon. A lovely road which meanders over the fell with only a few houses scattered here and there, and great big horizons to left and right and indeed to the front. This road eventually drops down to join the A59, the main artery between Skipdale and Harrogate.

This is a busy road but surprisingly quiet today as I turn right and head uphill. I only need to go a short distance and then there is a left turn

signed for Storiths, this is a single track road which shadows the river Wharfe passing through a ford, past the Cavendish pavilion backside and eventually takes me to Appletreewick. The Cav Pav as it is known is a Victorian cafe on the Bolton Abbey estate, a starting and finishing point for the many woodland walks in the area.

Left through Aptwick passing the local hosteleries, first the New Inn famous for being the first non smoking pub in England. I recall visiting when I wore a younger mans clothes and being scandalised at having to stand outside for a fag. It's closed this afternoon, but the second pub, the Craven arms has a few people sat outside watching the world go by with a pint. This is a splendid pub, quirky and rustic with a re-created thatched crook barn attached at the rear. A couple of grey beards watch wistfully as I putter past and disappear towards Burnsall where I turn right at the Red Lion, a pub immersed in huntin/shootin/fishin and other ways to kill wildlife, it also offers very good food.

After a couple of miles comes an insignificant left turn, easily missed, through a village called Thorpe and onwards on a single track gravelly road with grass growing up the middle to emerge at Cracoe on the B6265 which I follow to Skipdale, then with a sneaky right left manoeuvre through some terraced houses I cross the canal again and drop down into Morrisons.

After taking advantage of their facilities I buy some cans of peas, more fish fingers and wobble homewards. Left turn from Morris then a quick right takes me over the railway where at the next junction I turn right and wend my way to Connonly, the tree shaded road shadowing the main A629 which I can see at the other side of the valley with significantly more traffic on it. Through Crosshills heading towards Keighley and take the first left past the coop, this takes me down past a fuel station on the left and past Naylor's brewery to my right. The brew house has a tap bar which opens Friday /Saturday evenings selling their very palatable ales.

At the roundabout I go straight across heading towards Farnhill. There is a tunnel which takes the road under the canal here but I turn right before that and crossing the cut again head to Silsden. Here I cross the A6034 and take the road towards East Morton up a stupidly steep hill called Robin Hoods for some reason. I think

about the times I used to cycle up it before I realised that bikes are better with an engine. From here the road undulates above the Aire valley with Keighley sulking in the distance until dropping down into East Morton the turn I took earlier up to Keighley gate is on my left and from here I retrace my route back home.

I push my bike into the garage in a better frame of mind after throwing myself at the horizon for a couple of hours, we have covered 45 miles, and I have my essential ingredients. What would I do without a handy shop?

Well yes but what did Mrs B think of the feast laid before her?



She was overjoyed, especially as it was accompanied with a large gin 'n' tonic.

If you're interested in following in Binnzi's wheel tracks check out plotaroute.com and search Glumbuster for a detailed map of his route. He also sent this.....



After years of inactivity after my meltdown, the time has come to try to finance my motorcycle addiction. So, already having a van and a dog to ride shotgun what better than offer my services as a "man with a van". If it's too big to fit in a car and you don't have a trailer then I'm your man. Garage load of spares, the odd motorcycle, whatever. West Yorkshire based but will cross borders.

Publishing people's contact details is a bit fraught with pitfalls so we'd rather not. Hopefully Bynnzi's project will turn into a real commercial enterprise and be worthy of proper advertising. At this early stage however it's an excuse to help out on a friendly basis if you've bought a motorcycle on Ebay too many hundred miles away or had to change sheds. Email paulcodling@mail.com and I'll tell him you're in need. We don't know how much money he'll want but I'm sure it'll cost you in tea too.

Here comes a letter from a fellow enthusiast in Sweden. Outside my house stands a Dnepr, registration papers says its a K750M. Well to be honest I don't know, what I do know is that it's got a 650cc ohv engine, fuel tank and seat looks like it comes from a MT9/10, and as long as it works fine I just ride it and have a great time.

Stefan from Sweden



When I bought it a couple of years ago it was a running bike but it had some issues that I had to sort out. Laced up some new wheels, total electric overhaul, installed new electronic ignition and now I have done over 2000km since it past its MOT in early July this year.

For me this is a victory, a victory both for me and the bike. You see we are both veterans. The bike since its registrations says it's a 1971 model and I have served the UN in Lebanon, the Balkans and in Kongo.

For me the Victory is that I finally managed to get the bike back on the road, this since I still fighting a war within myself. I'm one of those who unfortunately have been diagnosed with PTSD. So for me to be able to say that I have restored this bike it's also me saying that I'm on my way to restoring myself.

So who knows? Maybe someday I will start up my Dnepr and head over to sunny old England? (Yes it's been a while since last time and I'm dying for a proper pint.)

You can see on my back I'm a member of a club, United Veterans MC Norway, I used to work in Norway and even if I now live in Sweden



I'm still a member, the club house is just over two hours drive away from my present location.

The club is open for Veterans, after a tour serving Norway or Norway's allies you can apply for membership. Most of the members are Norweigan but we are a few foreigners, England, Sweden and USA are represented in the club.



We are very strict on our code of conduct, we are keeping the same attitude and profile towards the society as we did in uniform, so we are not a 1% club and all who served can be members, men or women, no difference.

You might also be wondering about the strange T-shirt I'm wearing? Well to be honest it's my own design. I thought we Dnepr riders needed a Soviet looking vintage T-shirt so I made one.

My fender ornament, (*overleaf*) found it in the woods when I was checking on our horses. After a bit of Googling I managed to find out that it's from a Nash Lafayette 1938. How it ended up in a Swedish forest is still unknown.

I'm out mending the fence for our Welsh Mountain horses and in this pic (*below*) I want you to notice my wire cutter, an AK47 bayonet, good old soviet engineering.



pictures of me working? *Yep, that happens!*



My homemade Top Box. The box is surplus from the signals, I'm a former signal Sgt.



Well after I got the bike MOT approved I went for a 1000km tour in Sweden. When I had 30 km left to be home again all the electrics died. The pic is when I'm trying to figure out what's wrong. Tore the hole bike apart only to find out that it was the ignition lock that had went for lunch. But I got home, I just took a wire and connected the battery straight to the ignition. No lights but I made it home.



The last pic is me taking a break in the sidecar. For some reason there's always a cup present in



Mike Stevens is actually having a lovely AGM in both these photos. The sun was blazing down, Gina's café was open all weekend..... Don't miss next year!



Regatta Dover Fleeced Lined Jacket - £47.00

Product Code: COCJ1. Waterproof, Windproof hydrafort polyester fabric. Fully lined with Thermo-guard insulation. Taped seams, concealed hood and adjustable cuffs. 2 zipped lower pockets.

These jackets are very nice and comfortable and come with the Star Logo on the left breast as with other products. The club's web address (www.cossackownersclub.co.uk) is across the shoulders on the back. Colours: Only in Black with Silver Logo and writing. Sizes: M (40") - L (42") - XL (44") - XXL (47") - XXXL (50")



Hooded Sweat Shirts £21.50

These are normally on an order only basis.

Woolly Hats - £8.50

The woolly hat is the knitted type and again with either club logo. This is an essential bit of kit for any club member. Standard Club Logo or Star Logo.



Regalia

Full & Half Zip Fleeces - £25.00

Product Code: COC-FL. 100% Polyester, unlined. Comes with Silver Club Logo or Star Logo over the left breast.

These are great for chilly mornings on the rally field. Normal range of sizes: Medium - Large - Extra Large - XXL & XXXL



Baseball Caps - £9.00

Adjustable band at back, supplied in Black or Blue. One size fits all, choice of either the standard club logo or the star logo.



T Shirts-

£13.00 Phil and Gina at are the people to see about the current availability of styles and colours. Cloth badges, metal pins and stickers are also available. regalia@cossackownersclub.co.uk or on 01780 720420





