

HORIZONTAL VIEW

The magazine of the Cossack Owner's Club
January/February 2018

The Ukrainian Adventure part two edition



Travel can also be the spirit of adventure somewhat tamed, for those who desire to do something they are a bit afraid of.

Front and rear covers

In 1934 Ella Maillart travelled to Turkestan and the Tien Shan mountain range with two couples she met in Moscow. She visited Kirghiz, Kazak and Uzbek peoples. Carrying her huge backpack she returned to Europe on her own, travelling through the southern Soviet Republics still unstable in the aftermath of the Muslim uprisings bloodily put down by the Red Army. She travelled without permits, crossing borders by avoiding troublesome checkpoints.



That's only part of one epic in the life of a serial adventurer. If you need to know more try www.ellamaillart.ch Heroine is too small a word! Our front cover quote this issue is hers.

Mark Avis described the main picture on the front as the only flat bit of road for 20 miles and the small one as grave decoration in Romania. Was the dead man an enthusiastic motorcyclist or an unlucky one? The second part of his Ukranian trip is on page 13.

The rear cover is entirely from the eastern internet and to my mind very eastern in character. The challenge for the covers is to find pictures which contain content the right shape to look right and this being the second Ukranian Adventure edition, Dneprs they had to be.

Only a Russian could attempt glamour sitting on a Dnepr stuck axle deep in mud. How did she get there? Her shoes don't look anywhere near muddy enough.

The dude on the page with her owns that Dnepr doesn't he? He gave me the impression he lives with it, loves it and cherishes it. Is this real Dnepr life?

Girls in Russia mend their own much more than western ladies do. Feminist indignation weathered, I still think that's true. Overalls, oily gloves and a pretty smile, how lovely is our rear cover this time?

For this issue we've

featured lots of archive material and the associated pictures are necessarily poor quality, scanned and scanned again from ancient photographs and prints. Many of the rest have been taken with practical considerations in mind under circumstances available at the time rather than as art and although they're informative and vital, they're perhaps not so pretty. Blowing them up too big doesn't make them look better!

For this reason, and the need to pack our bi-monthly fun into these 34 pages, I've resorted to mostly small pictures again in spite of that being the source of past complaint. Sorry if that was the wrong decision.

I treat all contributions as precious and although sometimes I wonder why a particular picture might be interesting, I know it is to whoever took it and therefore the club might find it so too.

Keep it coming anyway you want ladies and gentlemen, but spare a thought for lighting, background and the eye of the beholder. Our covers await the spectacular and the inspiration to see it from behind the lens!

Politburo

President & Technical Advisor Peter Ballard: 01225 891634. pjb.barnend@icdonline.co.uk

General Secretary: Tony Jones: 01942 605949/07504 700522

cossack@blueyonder.co.uk

Treasurer: Phil Inman: 01780 720420
coc.treasurer@mail.com

Membership Secretary Gina Inman 01780 720420

membership@cossackownersclub.co.uk

Show Organiser: Carl Booth: 01253 720327
comradecarl@mail.com

Webmaster: Dave Cox: 01794 884492
info@russianmotorcycles.co.uk

Regalia: Phil & Gina Inman 01780 720420
regalia@cossackownersclub.co.uk

Magazine editor Paul Codling 01508 520890
paulcodling@mail.com

Facebook because everyone does it, don't they?

www.facebook.com/cossackownersclub

This magazine was printed beautifully in Leeds by Thistle Print Ltd, Unit 6, Aston Court. 01132040600 www.thistleprint.co.uk

Forthcoming Events

Dear Cossack Owners Club,

I am motorcycle PRO for the Motor Cycling Club, Britain's oldest sporting motoring club. We are best known for our three classic trials, the 'Exeter' in January, the 'Land's End' at Easter and the 'Edinburgh' in October. For more about these challenging events visit www.themotorcyclingclub.org.uk or Google MCC Trials and watch films on Youtube. We cater for cars, motor cycles, outfits and three wheelers.

I've just been watching exploits on Ural outfits in Siberia. Impressive stuff. Why not persuade some of your members to have a go in our trials? We have had one or two Ural outfits entered before. They could easily manage Class O, the entry level class, or even have a go in Class E in the main trial. Under our rules however, sidecar wheel drive would have to be removed/disabled.

If any of your members were interested I'd be glad to provide further information/signposting.

Roger Bibbings.

Stafford The two classic shows at Stafford County Showground this year are on April 21/22nd and October 13/14th. Comrade Carl on page 2 knows about these. He's also manning a stand at **Event City in Manchester** on March 22/23rd.

The Ace Café runs all sorts of bike and car events pretty much constantly all through the year.

Of particular interest to us are **March 4th**, which is the Sidecar, Trike and Three Wheeler day, **March 18th**, which is the Overland and Adventure Travel Bike day, **June 17th**, which is Polish Bike day and **October 21st**, which is Red Oktober Eastern Bloc Vehicle day.

The address is Ace Corner, North Circular Road, Stonebridge, London. NW10 7UD and if you want to know what's going on throughout the year ring Linda Wilsmore on 020 8961 1000.



This takes over the Fenland village of

The Fenman

Wimbotsham in Norfolk, just, on August bank holiday Monday. Our own Fr Alan Davies is on the organising committee and so you know what to expect, Here are Jim Turner's K750 and Steve Melton's Soviet Knight present in 2017. Engineering enthusiasts will appreciate the



Lomax, I think it's called, pictured below. The Citroen 2CV engine in it used to be a



favourite alternative to the capricious and periodically reliable Dnepr and we've seen a couple of converted Russians over the years.

Will there be a Cossack Owner's Club Presence at the Fenman next year? Fancy a stand Carl? I know it's a long way from St Annes!

We will be at.....

David Greenwood. Sunday, January 21st, 2018. 'Winter Day Meet' at The Silver Ball transport cafe. On The A10 (northbound) in the village of Reed, near Royston Hertfordshire, SG8 8BD. Approx 5 miles from the intersection with the A505, and 4.5 miles from Royston town. From 10.00am onwards. More info contact David Greenwood, davidjgreenwood@hotmail.co.uk. or 016285 28866.

Knowing David this will be a sidecar thing, so if you fancy a cup of tea and a chat about those, be there!

Mike Rowe. The Three Magpies weekend is back on the calendar for next year, it has been provisionally booked for 2 nights Friday 18th and Saturday 19th May 2018. It is a camping or caravan / motor-home, event held at the pub with good campsite facilities in Sells Green, Wiltshire, see the website www.threemagpies.co.uk The Friday evening will just be a social get to meet the others evening. On the Saturday maybe a ride out to visit some local attractions, if a consensus decides on that. Sunday is a pack up and head for home !!

Lots of people will be at Dent. See page 8. This is really a general motorcycle camping weekend with Vince Briers keeping Cossack Owner's Club members informed, making it the perfect meeting point for us.

The campsite is at Deepdale Road, Dent, LA10 5QT, Sedbergh. Phone: 015396 25277

To give you southerners some insight into the rugged terrain you'll enjoy check out this little bit of Google Earth. That roadless space just south of the site is sixty square miles of wilderness.

There are roads of course, single track mostly and gated ones in places. If the sun shines it's a joy to be there.



The picture below is from a Russian automotive enthusiasts web site (I think) and it was taken inside the looted KMZ factory in Kiev. Thanks to PJB for finding it.



There'll be some more pictures and a little story about what went wrong next issue.



Binnzi sent this picture, of a Ducati? Or is it a Condor, made in Switzerland for the Swiss army using a Ducati engine? Whoever owns it obviously had faith in it's electrics having just ridden it through the ford. Or did they, is it still running? I can't see any steam. No one poses their motorcycle in rugged scenery to make it look like it's in an adventure do they?

This is part two, the mechanical adventure.

**Tony
Jones**

If you read part one you might have thought that five bikes and nine people had a mechanically very uneventful ride to Poland and Ukraine. We had our fair share of problems but all the bikes made it in the end.

Dan was riding his K750 outfit and on the way through Germany the little end bush went on one side. He whipped off the barrel and fitted a new bush that he just happened to have in his parts box. He also had problems with charging. The bike was difficult to start but ran OK once started. He rigged up two torch batteries to give the coil an extra boost for starting and then switched over to the normal battery once the engine was running.

I should have known that there were problems with my 2002 Ural 750 Dalesman when I bought it. One clue was that it was 15 years old but had only done 950 kms. The other was in the name given to it by the last owner and painted on the nose of the sidecar, 'Spitsandfartsandsplutters'

It was my fault entirely for not spotting the problem earlier because the only run the bike had before loading up on the transporter to go to Poland was to the MOT station and back. As soon as I started using the bike properly the reason for the name became apparent. Every time that I backed off on the throttle the engine would cough and backfire.

We had reached Rakovets in Ukraine before I found out the reason. It was all down to the rotor on the electronic ignition system. There is a little tab washer that locates the rotor onto the camshaft. The two flats on the washer had worn, or had been machined badly in the first place. This allowed the rotor to move back and forwards just a little and in doing so alter the ignition timing.

As luck would have it I had brought a spare ignition system along and the tab washer from that seemed to solve the problem. The engine ran really well all the way through the Ukraine but then started playing up again after we left Slovakia. Then we found that the rotor was moving up and down on the camshaft because there wasn't a spacer washer behind the rotor. A washer was found and now the spacer and rotor are locked in place with bearing lock.

The other main problem that I had was with the charging system. The 500 watt alternator packed in and on stripping we found that something had broken free in the front of the alternator. This had then battered the cooling fans back until they were rubbing against the coils and breaking them. I always wondered why this type of alternator was called 'the hand grenade'.

To get the bike back on the road we took the drive cog off the alternator and ran the ignition on battery discharge. To help out the battery we disconnected the brake lights and I didn't use the starter motor, indicators or lights. The bike did 260 kms and was still going strong before I had the battery charged.

We intended trying to find another alternator on the way to the Slovakian border. When we stopped at a cafe to repair a puncture in Kris's bike we came across a young man who knew someone in the local village who could help. Our new friend travelled 7 kms to meet us and then guided us back to his village. At his motor cycle shop he was certain that he could find me an alternator but he wanted 1750 Hryvnia, about £53, up front. With some misgivings but with Pavel's insistence that everything would be alright, I handed over the money. Our friend sent someone to get the alternator and a few minutes later they sent an MMS picture back. Unfortunately it was of the older 150 watt alternator. After explaining that it was the wrong alternator I was relieved to get my money back without any problems.

When I met up with the rest of the group they said that they had found a hardware shop in the town with an alternator for sale. When we found the shop it had a display cabinet full of motorcycle parts and sure enough there was an alternator. Unfortunately it was the same one that the motorcycle guys had tried to sell me. This time the price was only £35. Kris assured me that he could make it work so I bought the alternator and a separate regulator box.

We didn't have time to fit it there and then so I did another 300 kms on battery discharge. In Preshov Kris wired up the new alternator to the regulator box and bingo I had a charge again. This only lasted for 100 kms before the charging stopped again. The battery got down to 8.9 volts but the engine was still running. Kris took the battery and found a local farmer who charged it up overnight. The last 300 kms were done without lights which are supposed to be on

at all times in Poland. Two bikes ran ahead as blockers in case we saw any Police patrols but as luck would have it we didn't see a single one. A later dismantling of the alternator revealed that the wires from the coils to the pickups had snapped.



On the ride over the Tatra mountains the bike ran out of power. This was down to a split in one of the rubber carb mounts. Some super glue from a local garage and strong tape solved that problem.

Below. Temporary wiring for new alternator.



Mike had a similarly challenging ride. As mentioned before his bike broke six spokes on the way to Poland. His spare wheel was fixed with spokes that we found at the bazaar. Whilst we were at the Hotel Gorski he mentioned an engine misfire. When we took the front cover off the engine we found that the metal cover over the points had dropped down and it had be battered by the advance and retard unit. The AR unit was well battered as well but the bike was still running. Luckily he had brought along a spare ignition system which solved the problem.

Left. Battered ignition system.



Mike had been complaining that the gearbox kept jumping out of third gear. Kris pulled the gearbox apart and found that some shims had been put in the wrong place stopping the third gear fully engaging. The third gear syncromesh was worn badly. A third gear was found at the bazaar and Kris fitted it in the courtyard at the back of the hotel.

Below. Gearbox rebuild behind the hotel.



When Mike was riding across Germany on the way back one of the rear wheel spokes pulled out of the rim. He found a very helpful man who welded up the spoke hole and re drilled it free of charge.

Kris and Bill both had punctures and lots of spokes loosened off on Bill's rear wheel. Two of Bills wheel rims split quite badly and he had to borrow my spare wheel. The brake pads on Bill's front wheel wore down to the metal. We couldn't get the correct Brembo pads so whilst we were at the hardware shop where I got the alternator Kris got some pads that nearly fit and some double sided tape. He taped the new pads onto the old ones and wired them together for extra security. The brake worked perfectly after that.

The only problem that Jason had was a smoky engine first thing in the morning. He had replaced the valve stem seals but thought that new rings were needed.

Kris's bike, which was the tattiest of the lot, ran faultlessly until two miles from his parents home. It was so hot that his carb vapour locked and he had to leave it at the side of the road. It started up first time after it had cooled down.

In the end everyone made it back home in one piece. Many thanks must go to Kris who sorted out most of the problems and to Marcus who got stuck in with glee everytime there was a breakdown.



(Or the failed assassination of Comrade Carl)

Stafford in October

Friday setup day as usual we had a new place on the balcony under the clock. When I arrived there was already 3 bikes on display, so the stand stuff was placed there. Next to the camp site, easy to find, with Tony and the big red gazebo, greetings were exchanged as I erected the fumigator tent with a new version of the burner. The mark 3 constructed by Kris early that morning with the club logo cut into it which illuminated when burning.

Then to get the 3 bikes up to the stand a long push as they weren't running my Ural being the heaviest to move



especially up the ramp. In the end all bikes were in place we had 8 in all with 3 not being able to come due to a sailing race, a holiday infection and a wedding. That night BBQ and beer as usual with a great fire and camaraderie. Paul was the final one to appear at night with his combo.



investigated by Tony).

The day went well with lots of interest being shown to all our bikes and everything associated with the club. We had a good cross section of bikes on display with a 2 stroke section consisting of Tony's RTX 125, Matt's Minsk military, Kris's WSK and Mike's Riga moped (could be a larger section next time as I met a few members who wanted to display theirs). In the big bikes area a lot of interest was shown to Bill's Voyager 720cc which stood out all shiny. Ken's Dnepr K750 was another one that was of keen interest to people looking so old. We only had one combo this time, the assassin's bike in black and my Ural M66 30s style (which found a new home) all together a good show of the club. We even got a couple of new members, the weather played ball all weekend so it was nice to look around the jumble. Spotted was some Russian bikes for sale, a Jupiter 3 and sidecar which needed a lot of work for £350 and I think one of our members got it for a rebuild (watch this space), then a Voskhod at £600 in need of major work, a K750 Dnepr also in need of work at £1900 and a Minsk which I never found, this shows stuff is arriving at the show for us not just British and Jap.



Saturday arrived and as Paul was taking his combo up he offered me a lift with the few bits in his sidecar so me on the back pillion a quick reverse and over it went sidecar in the air him and me underneath. We couldn't move and all he said was "is my indicator bent". When righted we had another go all OK till we hit the ramp. Up it goes and I slip off the seat and decided to walk after that (all conspiracy theories to be

Night was spent as usual but I wonder if we should have our own bottle bin with the amount found in the morning. Sunday was a weird start with a dance and music session from Matt doing the waltz and foxtrot to 60s pop round the vans and tents. Except for this it continued as before and soon it was all over for another 6 months so

see you all next time same place in April for "Assassination 2" coming soon.

Bikes displayed: Tony Jones RTX trails, Matt Woodward Minsk, Mike Stevens Riga 13, Bill Green Ural Voyager, Kris Platek Ish 49, Paul (ninja) Greensmith Ural Dalesman, Ken Sutton Dnepr 750, Comrade Carl Ural M66, Helpers Phil Rushworth, Phil and Gina Inman and Lez.



Although Comrade Carl organises the club presence at the Stafford shows, any trouble he causes is insured for by the organisers of the show itself. Is he a public liability? Well yes but should that be a problem, it won't cost us anything. Forthcoming events on page 4 are those organised by someone else and posted there for this reason.

I will be at...

Does this mean we can't organise events? No, but without public liability insurance, we would be ill advised to. See Mike Rowe's comments in the last issue.

Lots of people "will be at....." Dent in May and October and although we've posted Vince Brier's contact details in respect to this, he doesn't actually organise anything, he'll simply tell you how to get there or not to if there's a problem.

Dent 2018

Apparently the Dent camping weekends run to a time honoured formula everyone in the northern half of the club knows about. This is they're simply there on the weekend after the May day bank holiday and the second weekend in October, making the 2018 dates May 11th -13th and October 12th-14th. cossackvince@gmail.com for directions.

Why should you go? Well, some of us are thinking about making more of the weekends

and bringing along something in the way of entertainment. On that subject here's.....

Phil Rushworth

A few weeks ago I was contacted by Daniele, the daughter of my Lithuanian friend, Sarunas who I have known for 22 years now. Sarunas helped me with Project Bike Swap which was me riding a Hinkley Triumph Adventurer to Lithuania and swapping it for an MT16 plus a sidecar full of spares and riding it home back in 2005. See Horizontal View 2011 for the full story. Daniele is studying film at Norwich University and asked if she could come and make a short documentary about Project Bike Swap and the C.O.C.

Daniele came up on the train on Monday and I picked her up in the combo. Surprisingly she had never been in a sidecar before. We got back home and discussed what she wanted to do. We watched On Any Sunday and some other bike films, mostly classic



competition stuff, Scottish Six Day Trial etc. I never thought I'd find myself sat at home with a young woman going through my DVDs and saying stuff like "Can we watch this sidecar motocross from the 1980s?" and "Can we watch the 1950 Ilkley Grand National trial next?" The next morning she interviewed me at home on the settee and I told the story of why did I like Russian bikes, how I brought the combo home





and what my friends and family thought about it. It was raining out so we went (in the car) to see Tony Jones who is in the middle of moving all his bike stuff to a new unit, but made time for us to come and film the bikes and be interviewed. On the way home we swung by Mark Avis' who was also a bit busy, but made time and showed us his diesel bike and shed. I had primed everyone that we might be round for something like this, but as I wasn't sure exactly what Daniele had in mind and she was only up for a couple of days and it was all a bit weather dependent anyway, I couldn't make any hard plans.

Wednesday was better weather and I fired up the Dnepr, which I'd had to hurriedly make roadworthy and MOT for Daniele's visit and we went on a run out from Oswaldtwistle, over Pendle Hill, through Clitheroe, into the Trough of Bowland to Ingleton. As luck would have it the sun was bright and behind us all the way, making ideal filming conditions. At Bernie's Cafe we had a quick meal, then back through the Trough a different way, stopping at Mum's for tea before going home and poring over some of my old photos of trips to Lithuania including one of Daniele as a baby with her mother which took her by surprise.



Thursday was time to return to Norwich, but I parked the bike up in Accrington town centre and

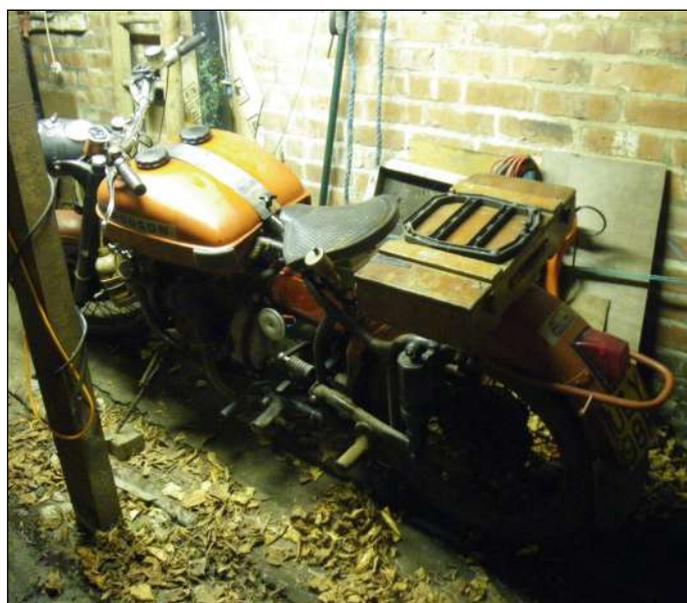
Daniele discreetly filmed people looking at it. I'm sure you all know the kind of thing I mean. One short ride to the train station later and I saw Daniele onto the train.

Daniele says the 15 minute short has to be ready for the 14th of December. At the last Dent Rally, Mark took a projector and his holiday pics of his trip to Poland and beyond, I took some of my adventures and we showed them in the barn on a sheet hung on a washing line. It was good fun as there was some old garden furniture to sit on and it was under cover. The small audience seemed to enjoy it too, so come the spring rally, details of which

appear in this august publication (that's august as in respected and impressive, not August the 8th month) There may well be a Cossack Owners Club Motorcycle Film Festival of which Daniele's film will be the Main Presentation

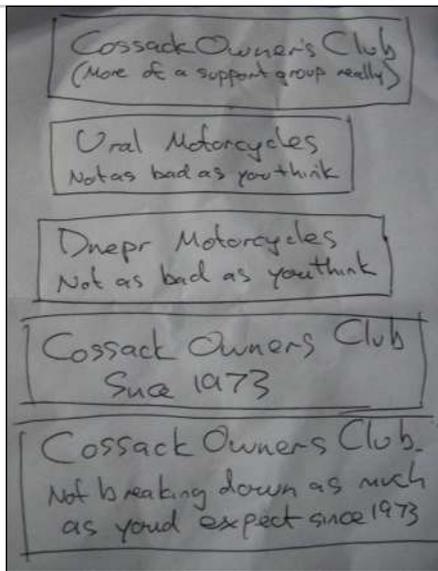


Feature. I also thought I'd bring some other motorcycle related films and documentaries and show those too. 'Cos lets face it, the weather is never brilliant and it will be under cover and out of the wind. If anyone else would like to bring something more or less relevant, either on DVD or memory stick we can show that too. (Subject to everything working out and no unforeseen 'k ups).



Also from Phil we have this suggestion.

He sent these possibilities for stickers to Phil Inman who said "Phil tells me he can get sheets of vinyl stickers made up very cheaply locally and wondered if this might be a direction in which the Club might be interested in going." Then he said "Replies seem to indicate agreement that this is an idea worth pursuing. I guess Phil Rushworth's idea is to have professional graphics rather than his handwriting! I think it would be a good thing for the magazine if you could use it to get members to contribute ideas, although I suspect Phil's original idea was to just keep it simple and get something done locally. If you let me know your thinking, I'll contact Phil and keep him in the picture. Hopefully, he won't think his idea's been hijacked!"



There you go then people. It looks like we're going to get some stickers made. Is that an opportunity to engage the club's collective sense of humour or what?

Richard

Richard who? Dunno mate! Sometimes I can tell from the email addresses but not this time, unless his surname is Bananarama! Here he is concerning the registration of his IZH 350.....

I have attached some photos of the bike when I got it. I have already started to take it to pieces. It's in solid condition, everything is good, needs stripping and respraying.

I have no documents, not even a receipt, paid cash but should be able to get one off the bloke if needed. It's been painted a couple of times by the look of it, thick black paint and I haven't managed to find the frame number with my wire brush yet, do you know where it might be?

Got VIN plate and engine number. DVLA told me it wouldn't need an MOT but I can get it tested when it's finished.

I'm not that good at paperwork, better with engines! Are these also pictures of Mrs Richard?



There are two interesting points to make here. Firstly IZH didn't stamp their frame numbers on the frame itself at the time but relied only on the VIN plate on the headstock. If you don't have that little aluminium plate you don't have a frame number, which is a problem for the registration process because you have no means of precise identification.

Secondly DVLA will no longer require an MOT for historic vehicles after May 2018, bringing the MOT in line with historic taxation. This means one less hoop to jump through to complete the ever evolving imported vehicle registration ordeal.

PJB has produced a latest guide to help you which is available from himself or your editor, details on page 2.



Greenwoods Gallery

This year the Remembrance day and military vehicle day were combined at the Ace Cafe. Usually, there is a good turnout of bikes. Like BSA sidevalves from the war used by dispatch riders. Harleys with rifle holders on the front forks. Sometimes even a Zundapp wartime sidecar outfit.



However this time the entry was poor, a few jeeps and mine was the only bike. My first photo shows the line up of vehicles. My second photo shows my wife Anne standing next to our Ural wearing the medals of her recently deceased father.



On the last weekend in October, there is a sidecar and three wheeler racing weekend at Cadwell Park. We usually attend along with friends. The racing programme caters for all classes from classic, modern, Morgans even scooters with sidecars.

The weather was cold but it stayed dry until right at the end of the day on Sunday. An interesting class is for K100 BMW's. The idea is to make the class affordable. Sidecar must be

detachable, wheels and forks must be standard. It is very competitive and entertaining to watch. See below.



The Morgan is JAP powered and No 57 is in fact a scooter.

The eastern bloc day at the Ace Cafe had a reasonable turnout of vehicles. The day was cold but dry. We met John Denny, Graham Butler, a few MZ owners and the owner of a very nice CZ 250cc 2 stroke twin. The owner pictured with his bike had rebuilt it from a pile of scrap. He had spent a long time searching for original parts. Especially items like the stop light switch. The bike attracted a lot of attention as it was very well done.



We attended a local sidecar club event. It was a day meet near Aylesbury at a steam train heritage centre. There was an interesting



leaning sidecar outfit hauled by a Honda Pan European. It was a 'Steaming day' so the entrance ticket included a train ride as well as entrance to the many displays and museum.



John Denny, pictured bottom writes.....

"We have here the sole representation of the revolution at the Ace Café."

Referring to the black Ural, "Would this stretch your imagination" meaning the black Plymouth and "I am certain that is the front wheel." concerning the picture of his garden in which he remembers there being a motorcycle!!! Really? How long ago?



Back in the shed, the editorial MT9 continues to intrigue and fascinate.....

RFH 184R
Надежда

Plastigauge is a squashy plastic substance which comes in long thin strips for putting in your bearings to check the oil clearances. Pictured right is what it looks like before you torque the big end caps up.



Above is what it looks like afterwards. The thing here is one of the rods I have a choice of gives an oil clearance of 0.75mm according to the little chart you get in the Plastigauge packet. The other three are tighter at 0.60mm. That's interesting isn't it? That seems a little on the loose side if you ask me but this is a Dnepr so it's probably OK. Heavy oil it is then. Swapping the shells around made no difference so I seem to have a rogue rod. Good job I checked.

Both the big end journals are perfectly round and exactly the same size. You can still see the



pattern in the surface where the grind wheel skidded back in Kiev! This is remarkable because at some point something happened.



Right is the nose of the crankshaft where it goes through the front main bearing housing. Oh dear! Plain bearings live or die on oil pressure and this isn't a very positive way of delivering it to the big ends. This depends on accuracy of manufacture and a little wobble in the main bearings can quickly negate that. I have a choice of two bearing housings but both of them are a scuffed up. The trouble is the oil is pumped here first and crankshaft oil pressure depends on not losing too much out of the gap between the crank and the bearing housing.

Dnepr main bearings are not fed oil like they are in a Ural, they just hope they'll get splashed a bit sometimes by oil flung off the crank. To be honest I'd rather have a Ural for that reason.

The damage to the crank could have been a front main bearing failure or debris from a failure somewhere else. From here the oil goes to the centrifugal oil filter and it's a measure of how well that works that none of the bits got past into the big ends. We hope that the oil pump has enough spare capacity to make wasting pressure here less disastrous. I'll measure that later. The only way I can see of repairing the damage is to sleeve the crank and then bore out the bearing housing to fit the sleeve, but only if I have to.

Did I tell you the pistons don't weigh quite the same? Well before I make a problem out of that I thought I'd measure the weight of the small end just in case there was a significant difference there. That's what's happening opposite. The small end reciprocates where the big end revolves and the middle of the rod shares a bit of both. Measuring the small end like this means we find out the mass which will be added to the weight of the reciprocating piston, the idea being to put the heaviest piston on the lightest rod and save a bit of fettling.

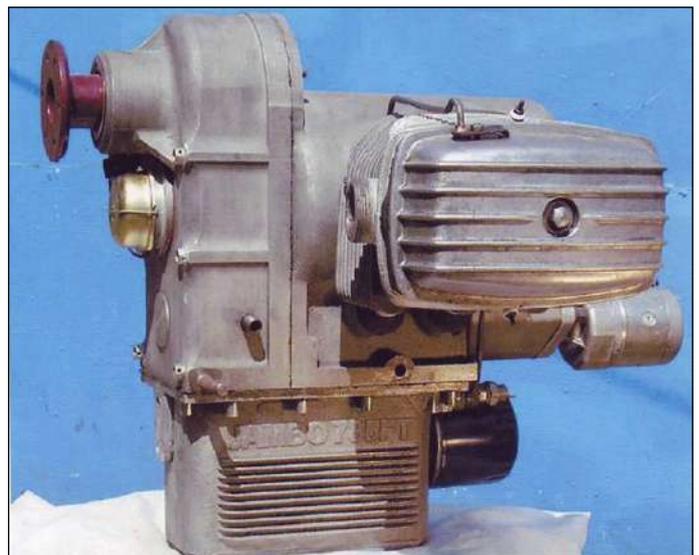


Both small ends measured like this are the same, how about that! Dnepr rods look rather agricultural but there must be some care taken somewhere. I'm going to dare to suggest that the evidence of grinding over the oil hole in the small end is where metal has been removed to get the weight right, but I could be completely wrong. This is a stroke of luck because the differences in diameter of the gudgeon pins and small end bushes made me put the biggest pin in the biggest bush, then worry about how heavy they were.

Now we know which rods, which pistons and which gudgeon pins we're using. I wonder if the crankcases are any good.

I think this might be an aeroplane engine.

What is it?



It seems to be upsidedown with the camshaft underneath and could be a special using only Dnepr heads. Anyone know?

I met a man at an airshow once who asked me if I knew where he could get 7 Dnepr heads because he wanted to make a radial engine. (!!!)

Following on from last issue's getting to Ukraine, here's being there.

Mark Avis

First impressions, Ukraine is obviously more poor than Poland, and the far west appears to be a neglected corner of a big country. There are still a lot of Ladas around, and nearly all the heavy transport is Russian, Ural, Zil and Kamaz lorries, some Uaz and Gaz trucks etc. Bikes are a different story, mostly it's Chinese scooters and CB125 clones, with eastern block offerings limited to IZH two strokes in more remote places. In our whole time in Ukraine I saw, in passing, two sidevalves which might have been K750s, and that was it, though A. thought he saw a solo Dnepr MT** at one point. We were to find out later that there's almost no interest in Dneprs and that folks weigh them in as they're worth so little, which is perhaps why Ukrainian suppliers of parts into western Europe are able to make a profit since their raw materials come very cheap.

We pulled up for a picnic lunch and I decided to strip a carb, and as it came apart I had a flash of inspiration, remembering Bynzi's write up of his Elephant rally epic. Didn't he have an air leak at the inlet stub? The carb was clean, but I had replaced my aluminium carb adapters (allowing me to fit K68 carbs to early heads) with some I made in nylon, to act as heat blocks and stop me boiling the fuel in the carbs in the high temperatures of the eastern European summer. These worked fine, but being a bit compliant proved difficult to keep up tight to the head. A bit of heaving on a screwdriver and some high temp silicone, and I was running on two for the rest of the trip.

While I was fiddling a guy pulled over on a nice old Jawa. I was able to point and smile and shout triumphantly 'shesht tri cheteriye'. A good

job it was not a 638 as I seem to have a mental block about the Russian for '8'. Then Our Interpreter turned up and a proper conversation ensued. The bike had all sorts of nice mods, MZ switch gear, a soviet era rack and pannier frame, a big handlebar fairing which had cracked and been beautifully stitched up with fishing line, and some Metzeler tyres which must have put the guy back a large number of Hryvnia. It's an odd thing when the inverted snobbery (I confess it) associated with the eastern bloc bike scene in the UK meets the real thing in the East, and Our Interpreter commented that a few hundred miles



West our new friend would probably jump on a Harley and never think about two stroke oil again. Whatever, it was a nice shiny old Jawa.

The roads were pretty bad, and they were later to get much worse. But suddenly they got very good indeed, a brand new surface, not even lined yet, no traffic, and empty Ukraine stretching as far as the eye could see. I was really glad I was running on two, and we made good time to a police check point. (There are lots. You have to stop, look deferential, and do what you can to stroke the ego of the underpaid plod who is giving you disdainful looks. You might have to help him out if he can't read the Roman script on your passport, GB is 'Veliko Britannia'). Then the money from Lviv city council ran out, we moved into a new local authority area, and the roads got really bad again.

Maps of Ukraine (at a reasonable scale of 1:300,000, the whole country comes in at something like 1:1,000,000, it's huge) show long distance routes which in the UK would class as forestry commission tracks from which the Rambler's Association would have done their best to ensure your legal prohibition on a motorbike. Many of them might have been





tarmacked in Soviet times, some still have patches of surface every few hundred meters, some have stones the size of bricks laying around all over them, some still have rusty Armco along the edge of a steep verge to remind you that fast road transport was once here, but is not at the moment. Some have a road 'surface' with a peak-to-peak amplitude of about a foot, whose undulations are sometimes smooth and somewhat sinusoidal (where heavy lorries have pushed thick hot tarmac into deep ruts, which are present even on 'fast' major routes with two lanes in each direction) and sometimes more like a wheel destroying square wave. Wise advice was given to me before the holiday, 'never drive into a puddle in Ukraine. You have no idea how deep it is, or how precipitous the edges'.

We went off road (well, on road, you know) for a while and were soon in farmland. Ukraine is poor enough that lots of unpromising steep gradients are under cultivation, and the whole scene looks like the kind of 1970s 'Britains' farm set I loved as a kid, which itself must have been based on a UK farm scene which disappeared in the 50s and 60s. Small farms with a wooden house and barn, rusty tin roofs, maybe a small tractor, maybe a horse and cart (long low wooden V-shaped thing with two car wheels on each end), maybe such a cart with a moped engine on it, maybe such a cart pulled by a rotavator. Proper hayricks, made by hand with wooden pitchforks. Small kids (out of school for holidays? For good?) herding cows with bells round their necks ('cos their horns don't work). Poverty is sometimes well ordered, picturesque and at least ostensibly happy, one's response to it is complicated, probably romantic and patronising, and tinged with a certain amount of middle class guilt. It is certain that people here are making a much better job of

running life on a tight budget than many people manage in the UK. Stall holders at tourist places were generally gracious and dealt patiently and courteously with our kids, who noticed the difference. Like Poland (in fact like all the countries on our travels) people kept the place very clean. But what do tourists know?

Ukraine was part of the USSR proper. The Soviets never managed to get very far supressing the church in Poland, though of course they tried, and the RCs formed an important core of Polish national identity and resistance. But in the USSR the church more or less disappeared, which makes it all the more surprising that it is now full of newly built Catholic and Orthodox churches, shrines, and convents and monasteries with resident religious orders. As a religious man I am perhaps predisposed to optimism about such things (I wish it would spread to confidence in my welding), but here there is also a dark side. Nationalistic struggles with an apparently religious character are familiar to us from the Troubles in NI, but what happened in this part of Ukraine, then eastern Poland, during the latter parts of WW2 make Belfast's tragedy look like a fight in a pub. Poles were driven out in a burst of Rwanda style machete powered ethnic cleansing, as some Ukrainians tried to prepare the ground for the mono ethnic state they hoped to create if the Germans and Soviets exhausted themselves in a war of attrition with no winner. All agree than many tens of thousands of Polish men, women and children were murdered. If you want to know more, google 'Stepan Bandera' a controversial Ukrainian hero.

All this throws a bit of light on the current war in Eastern Ukraine and Putin's pronouncements to be protecting ethnic Russians from fascist elements in Ukrainian politics. Though looking like a transparent pretext for maintaining Russian political and economic influence, it's a weird pretext to use if you don't know the history of the area. Since the Ukraine's historic oppressors (or perhaps colonisers, if you want to be more PC about it) were Poles and Russians, then their national myth elevates heroes who have fought against these oppressors. And who fought against Poles and Russians more effectively than the Third Reich? So it's not unusual to find swastika graffiti, and in one town we even saw an outdoor night club featuring swastika disco lights. This is all eye opening stuff for a quiet living, left leaning engineer from a rich, stable island nation. It promotes the

worrying feeling that this might be an unavoidable consequence of friction between different cultures. It makes one re read Enoch Powell and wonder if the multicultural UK can do better.

Righto, back to motorbikes. Lots more off road riding brought us on our bumpy, sidecar scraping (scrapping?) 1st gear way to a logging town I'll call 'The Valley of the Izh' yea, though I bounce through the V. of the I, I will fear no ill, whose streets were utterly torn apart by the huge Ural Hiab 6WD logging trucks and trailers pulling what, 30, 40? trees out at a time. We drove, slowly, up a long road towards the head of the logging operation, as there Our Interpreter had planned a day's hill walking to visit a WW1 Polish military monument. In the end the slow going got to us, and the heat killed the BMW starter motor necessitating an epic struggle with its kick start for the rest of the holiday. Worse, the top shook off a bottle with 2 litres of oil in it, which went all over one of the tents and Our Interpreter's sleeping bag. As we did our best to clean up and retain a sense of humour, he commented we would be oiled up like ancient Greek Olympians. In my mind were those black and white 'Athena' posters favoured by certain girls I knew back in the day in Essex, featuring some oiled up half naked muscle man with a tyre under each arm (or sometimes holding a baby, if I remember correctly). But did he smell of multigrade like we did?



We were now camping in a forestry area which felt like an industrial estate at times, populated by working men in overalls and army surplus gear, with logging artics going by late into the night. If they thought we were mad, they were nice about it. There was a hay barn that the kids had fun sleeping in, and a stream to fill water bottles. Next morning we caught what I think was a UAZ 3303 dropsider up the valley, in such

a hurry (Our Interpreter hailed it, we jumped on) that we forgot to take any water. The road was hugely rough, and the only thing to hold on to, which felt like it might not fall off, was the board behind the cab; so after bouncing around helplessly for a while we held it tight. The driver got out to put it back into gear at one point. The journey was a riot, but no kids were lost.

After a hot day's walking we returned to the HQ of the logging operation looking for a lift back down the valley. It seemed



we'd have to wait an hour or so for the 'bus' taking the loggers home, but this turned into 2, then 3. One of the older guys turned out to have been in the red army in Poland in the 70s, and got chatting to Our Interpreter. He then wandered off and returned with bread and condensed milk for the kids, which went down well. A kettle was filled repeatedly with drinking water which was also much appreciated. Eventually the bus came. It was a 4WD lorry with a kind of square box on the back. There were a few windows in the box, some of which were glazed. Inside there was a wooden slat floor, and benches which went from wall to wall, over which one climbed to find somewhere to sit. So we sat in there while our new friend seemed to nick produce (sour cream, to drink?) off a woman who was also waiting for the bus to leave, to give to us. Which is another good reason to learn 'I think I owe someone a few quid for something here, but I don't know who, can you explain?' in a few languages.

From here we were heading for our Eastern most destination, Kaminiets-Podolski. This ancient town was about the furthest S.E. point of pre war Poland, far enough that it had been occupied by Ottoman Turks at one point in its history. Here was our only night not fly camping, we stayed in a Catholic hostel sited in the ruins of a former Dominican monastery which is very slowly being pulled back from the brink of collapse, to which it had descended during 45 years of communist suppression. I only saw the repaired bits, to have wandered around the rest would have been fascinating. The whole town is steeped in history, and is at that interesting point

which my town, Manchester, was at 20 years ago. Then, most of the old buildings were derelict, and it was a time before developers had turned the mills into flats; before they fell down of their own accord. I guess that in Ukraine this process will be much, much more protracted, and that more may collapse before something can be done with it.



Above. Back garden, Kaminiets. The yellow pipes are all over the former USSR, gas pipes.

Talking of collapse, my sidecar wheel was showing major signs of distress. All the spokes were loose, the rim was badly bent, and the outfit showed an alarming tendency towards rear wheel steering on the slightest unevenness (hah) of road surface. This meant total attention on the part of the rider and a kind of crazy handlebar boogie which felt like a novice kayaker flailing at the paddle while plummeting, out of control, down steep rapids to an uncertain fate. There was quite a lot of groovy, steering hip action too. I tried to stay loose, man, and think of John Travolta or (again, from my adopted town) the Bee Gees, but a couple of times with the bike wheels down a rut in the tarmac on an adverse camber and turning right, the bike decided to go right even harder. It got a bit frightening.



This turned out to be mainly due to loose taper rollers in the bike rear wheel, which was hard to get at due to luggage, but the sidecar wheel was so bad we decided to replace it. An interested passer by pointed us to a market in Kaminiets where there was a stall selling bike bits (amongst a thousand others selling everything

from shampoo to kittens in bird cages to...you name it). No (Jawa, for a Velorex sidecar) wheel but a thin smoking man with a moustache turned up and tempted Our Interpreter to join him in a car. They went off not to see his puppies, but his bike breakers. I thought he was a 'fixer' but he was the main man, and back came Our Interpreter clutching a useable wheel. We paid a UK price for a wheel in that kind of nick, which was fair as we were 1200km from home and they knew it! This was the main point at which my lack of Russian would have made things almost impossible, not just much less friendly / interesting, but on a reliable bike, maybe even with fascist imperialist EU+ breakdown cover, maybe someone could do this without needing the language. You do need to learn to read the alphabet, though.

And now back home through Romania, a bit of N.E. Hungary, Slovakia and Poland back to Piotrkov. The Romanian Carpathians are beautiful, I don't know, like a huge Lake District (without lakes!). You could go there if Cyrillic was too much of a problem to attempt the Ukrainian version. Route 18 in northern Romania was under massive assault from road builders all at once, one long red light / green light contraflow. It looks like it will be done by next year and it will be brilliant, loads of alpine passes. Men in Tyrolean hats. Hardware shops where someone in a brown coat pulls things from a huge ancient wall full of wooden drawers with brass handles, and smiles indulgently as you try to pay 6 quid for a toilet roll costing 6p. I'd like to go back. Hungary, heavy duty border at night. Our youngest got a tick bite. Starting to realise we are one breakdown from a missed flight and very aware that there is now a huge degree of backlash in the splines on my drive shaft, and will it let go as I try to overtake something in the dark? Long driving





days. Slovakia, climbing in scrap T34s in the Valley of Death (Google it, a must see for half-man half-biscuit fans, the battle that put the 'Dukla' in 'All I want for Christmas is a Dukla Prague away kit'). Nightmares about being in any kind of running tank, anywhere, let alone one which fires anything, let alone one in which one is being fired upon.

Getting lost in the dark in Poland. Finding each other again. The Ural developing a more pronounced engine speed whine. Using a LOT of fuel, and perhaps a litre of oil per 1000km (more when I ran out of SAE40 and started on the Ukrainian SAE20). But still going, 85kph all day long. And home, after 2400km.

Our Interpreter still had to drive his family back to Manchester in his people carrier. It took him 30 hours. We got a train, and a plane, and were home again. Bike returns sooner or later on a Polish truck. I must try to remember all the faults I noted which need looking at. Car valve mods look reliable, though Polish custom made Ural / Dnepr valves (which we discovered via a guy who races a Dnepr Outfit, check out Kolyaska.pl, Google translate is your friend) may be an easier / cheaper route to avoiding Chinese ones which apparently don't last very long, I'll report back. What a trip.

Yes it really does say "Trabant" on the sidecar mudguard. How about this, captured at an Eastern Bloc rally in Holland.....



Here in the HV office we're nothing if not adventurous so we checked out Mark's advice.

www.kolyaska.pl

Here's a few pictures from this site to give you a taster of what's on it.





I know nothing about this at all, except that this too is Trabant powered, ring d' ding ding!

You'll remember from the last issue we featured Slick's memories and some of his old photos and assumed you'd all know it was him in one of them.

Slick part two

In case you didn't, this is all Slick from here on...

Oh, the person sat on the Lada Riva is me in my mid-20's, I've STILL not 'grown up', STILL have my hair in a Teddy Boy/ Rockers quiff and STILL wear jeans and t-shirts and go to Rock'n'Roll gigs/ Weekenders! (On the odd occasions I 'dress up smart' for any reason, it's in a Drape)!



I bought this white(ish!) Soviet Knight in early 2016 (after about 5 years an 3 different Reliant trikes!). It was pretty dire but I did it up, hated the fact that in the time it took to start I could have WALKED to where I was going and sold it to someone with more patience than me! (Even made £200 on it)!

The black Dnepr Combo was a 'one previous owner' bike, owned 1992/93. Handled a treat, amazing what a difference having the chair on the proper side makes!



The Soviet Knight was also a 'one owner' jobbie, as tidy as it looks, owned around 1995/96.



This was my first (and only) brand new bike. Bought new from Neval (price was about a grand I THINK) around the late 80's, had the Reg. (for North Humberside) of "HRH", nowadays would probably be worth more than I paid for the BIKE!

That's the lot (Thank God, you must be thinking!). I did have another black Dnepr in early 2000's but I can't find photos of it. A pity really as I had an early Watsonian chair which I'd fitted on that one and used it to take my son to Junior school in! Poor kid NEVER went to school in ANYTHING normal, the sidecar, a Bedford ambulance I'd converted into a camper, an immaculate 20-odd thousand mile Hillman Avenger, a burgundy Vauxhall PC Cresta and a 1972 7.5 Litre Ford Thunderbird amongst a few! Just like my dress sense & taste in music, I've never 'grown out of' my love of 'Russian' bikes or

strange vehicles, all I need now is a cheap sidecar to fit on the Black Pig! Must admit I'd feel happier with a third wheel' as I've spent more time on trikes or combos in the last 15 years than on solos!



Please help Antoinette Lawrence

Maybe you guys know a quick fix. My Dnepr will just about start after many, many kicks, stay on for 30/40 seconds, then die, any advice.? I spent an hour trying yesterday maybe starting it 5 times, and clonking out before I gave up. Hubby tried this morning and this evening with the same thing happening. I also had a huge backfire yesterday which scared the life out of me. Feel like I've been beaten up today my ankle hurts and wrist. Please see attached picture of my baby, oh and my kids ha ha.



Above. My son fell asleep on a journey (no idea how he could sleep next to the sound of a dnepr). Right. In front of our beachfront kiosk called the last fisherman cafe in Walton on the Naze.



I'm down in Frinton on Sea, Essex, do you know any garages or professionals nearby that can help?

Does the club have an untapped pool of diagnostic mechanical talent down on the Essex coast? Email your Editor, I'll tell Antoinette.

Toe less kicks back, Or Travels with Tim.

Bynnzi

He was a miserable sod, there was nothing he could do about it, he just was. It was due to the damage caused in an accident which left him among other things bereft of his big toes. Obviously when this became common knowledge he ceased to be Tim and morphed into toeless Tim and latterly just toeless.

If he could he would, he was a whizz with computers and would come to delve into my box of tricks muttering all the while not wanting any tea and biscuits but to be left alone to tutt and harrumph.

He always left calling me a numpty (amongst other things) and telling me to take more care of my computer, also he left with an empty pocket as he would never take anything for his time. It



When the bike went to a garage before he changed the spark plugs and cleaned the fuel jets and it worked fine for a while, but now its just cutting out again.

Tony Jones passed on the other carbs that would fit my bike which I think is where I will start by ordering those. But I have no idea how to fit new carbs. How do I learn this stuff? I have an interest, but I need the information to teach myself.

seemed this was his hobby he enjoyed it and it made him feel wanted. He was a miserable sod and eventually the damage and complications caused in the fore mentioned accident cured him. He stopped being miserable and became deceased . This is where our relationship changed, not in the way you would think either.

His wife Ann a friend of long standing and always a free thinker said " We're not having a funeral he would hate it" (he would have as well, all those people standing round trying to think of something nice to say about him.) "Come for a curry, he always liked a curry,"

So we did, Mrs Binns and Myself and what seemed like half of Bradford too. The restaurant was packed, it had opened specially and was one of his favourites. Seemed that everyone had thought him miserable (characterful) but liked him for it. And any excuse for a curry!

Anyhoo, samosas scoffed and burping Bhaji breath we gathered while Ann said a few words, she had us sniffing and laughing and remembering the good times (there were some) and then she pulled the jackpot, round came the party bags. You see Tim had already been barbecued and the residue not put into an urn, but nice little candy striped bags! I said Ann was a free thinker, and this free thinking was to take a little bag of Tim with you and shake it about somewhere nice. This appealed to me so I did just that.

The first little bag travelled round the dales with me while I went thither and hither on my bike constantly forgetting to free Tim, I eventually remembered and shook him about a bit in Kettlewell. But I saved a bit. Kettlewell is nice but there are other nice places and it would be a shame to lose a reason to visit them. The remnants travelled a bit more and were finally chucked out at the Tann Hill Inn. Job done.

I was bereft, it was like I had lost a friend. I had become quite fond of carrying that little bag about scattering a bit of dust in a nice place and having a think. So I asked for a bit more!

This was not a problem as he was a big lad and there was plenty left. So off I went again with my jolly little bag, dropping a bit here casting a bit to the wind there. We went to a motorbike rally in the Shetlands, Tim and I, and after driving round the islands for a bit I left him overlooking Sulam

Voe. It's quite a windswept and spectacular view, I think he will like it. I was being parsimonious in my scattering, and managed to chuck a bit out in Dent on the way back, oh and some at Ribblehead, Might even be a little in Horton as well. Can I have a bit more please? Don't know if it's getting a bit creepy but I'm on a roll.



Off to a bike meet in Ireland next and despite all my good intentions I forget Tim and leave him stashed in my sidecar while I have a good time. It's not until I'm back in Wales that I remember.

Anyhoo, Llanberis is nice what with a view of MT Snowden and behind you the lake. So there is a bit there. And later we rode over the Llanberis pass, never seen it so beautiful with clear skies and sunshine so I chucked a slack hand full there too. And now I have run out again, I'm definitely thinking its a bit strange but sod it I'm off to ask for more. I have a meet in Pickering later in the year, so that will involve a visit to Whitby and probably Runswick Bay. Then I have a regular visit to Nidderdale so may drop a bit in Howstean Gorge and on the moors above Middlesmoor.

In the new year I am planning a trip to Germany, never knew his view about Germans, but with the surname Gabriel I can guess. However I won't let that stop me, and then I will probably have to go back to Ireland so I will be able to rectify the earlier omission. On and on it goes, definitely macabre having such a good time with someone's remains, I didn't have this much fun getting rid of my mother, and as Ian Dury pointed out, I did have a reason to be cheerful then. I am secretly hoping there is a builders sack full left.

Bynnzi. Out on scattering duties.



The heading here has no real English translation. It translates literally as sadness but like much of Japanese that's not exactly what it means. If you want to pronounce it "sabi" will do and then you'll be talking about "the beauty or serenity that comes with age, when the life of the object and its impermanence are evidenced in its patina and wear, or in any visible repairs" according to the internet.

寂

A world weary Dnepr or adventure scarred Planeta exudes sabi in bucket loads from every pore, but does a Honda? Does marketing dismiss such sentimentality as undesirable or is "Made in Japan" another example of the eternal clash between art and business.

Pictured for sale below is not the adorable K model CB750 Honda with its beautiful blaze of retina scorching chrome, it's her unloved ugly sister, the F. Designed in the sixties she's soft and gentle and performs her duties with charmless oriental reliability. She's in top gear



at 30mph and after that you just drive her like an Accord without a hint of personality or character to distract you. This makes her smoother than a Minsk, more flexible than a Ural and faster than a Jupiter, but sadly not as much fun as any of them. Someone with an angle grinder could make one of these.



Market forces and her impending collectability dictate that I have to ask for £1900 if you're

interested, then email paulcodling@mail.com.

Fancy this? At the moment it's owned by Matthew Hodder.

**для продажу
(For Sale)**



In 1977 I owned a Minsk. In 2016 I purchased another one, to relive my youth perhaps? Or maybe, having recently lost my Dad, I was trying to regain contact with happy memories.

Whatever the reasoning I had got myself another Russian bike and doubled my fleet in doing so. My other bike is a 1974 Vespa Ciao, moped not scooter. Many other tales are connected with the Ciao but it isn't Russian, nor even vaguely Iron Curtain so no wasp stories here. (Vespa = Wasp in Italian)

The Minsk was advertised locally and I picked it up from a pleasant chap in Oulton Broad. His forte was restoring Ariel Arrows and the Minsk was an oddball for him so he was happy to let it go to a good home. Sold as a runner I



was keen to try it out so once it was offloaded from my friend's trailer I gave it a few prods of the kickstart but didn't expect much of it. To my delight and surprise it fired up and of course I took it for a short trundle to the top of the road.



After I turned around the throttle cable snagged and the revs built up and up. I quickly cut the power and wheeled the bike into the garage.



A little fettling was required to get it to a point when it could be MoT'd ready for registration. The speedo showed only 16 miles and I had no reason to question this at the time of purchase.

The bike showed and still shows very little signs of use so it may have covered less than 20 miles in the last 38 years. The frame, steel work and seat look good but the paintwork had not been improved by a previous owners idea of making the bike look military by painting the tank and side panels matt green using a yard broom as a brush. The finish might be described as 'rustic' or more honestly as awful. It had at some point been blue but I planned to paint it red just like my original Minsk. At some point the air box and filter had been removed along with the chain guard and bellows but all were in a bag which came with the bike.

The throttle cable appeared to be too long or the outer cable was too short. Starting the bike involved a screwdriver in the slot, which should have taken an ignition key, and hoping one had found the correct position. I soon learnt which position got it going and which position would stop it.



Sourcing a new ignition switch proved to be a long, and as yet unfulfilled, search.

Peter Ballard did a great

job of sorting out a dating certificate and confirmed the Minsk as a 1979 model, which means it could be a late Cossack or an early Neval, you choose. In fact it is, of course, and MMBZ 3.115, but you knew that?



My son showed interest in what his old Dad was up to so we spent time together tinkering and we sorted out the air box, carburettor leaks and a few other small jobs. Then the fuel tap leaked. Chris Tomes helped with advice and spare parts, although he couldn't provide the correct type of ignition switch despite numerous photos and emails. This wasn't Chris' fault, he just can't get the switch I want.

How many times have you read a description on free ads or auction sites which starts "One project too many" or "I am not going to get around to sorting this out"? Sadly this applies to my Minsk. I am a small chap in his fifties and I have found that the Minsk is heavier than I recall. I struggle to manoeuvre the bike around the shed and garden possibly due to a chest injury sustained courtesy of Mondeo man in 2011. In addition to that problem I do have other commitments, wife, granddaughter, offspring and a fleet of bicycles which take up my time.

With a feeling of unachieved aims I decided I would let the Minsk go to an owner who might actually get it on the road. No one is sure that it hasn't been registered before but time and DVLA will tell. I think that the term 'fast appreciating classic' is applicable to the Minsk. Whenever I talk to classic bike people about it they have a vague idea what I am gabbling on about. In or about 2019 it will reach MoT exemption and the taxation class will change to historic. What more could a learner want?



A bike that no one else has, less common than a Bantam and eligible for membership of a rather fine owner's club. So if potential new owners could just form a queue, to the left of course

Offers of £350 or more to matt.finnish@hotmail.co.uk please.

I finally restored and renovated my Dnepr MT10 which I have had since the 1980's with, over the last few years the very kind and knowledgeable advice from Pete Ballard and very skilled motor engineering from Dave Angel of F2. Dave put a brand new 650cc Dnepr engine in my 'D' and later on I took it back to have him tune up the bike as I'd had a pair of new Amal Carburetors on. Which allowed the engine to breath better, much better MPG (about an extra 10 – 15 to the gallon!). He also fitted his electronic ignition set, highly recommended. The sidecar is a steel Watsonian child / adult

Faebhean Kwest

tacky hardwood on the roof (removing the original removable leatherette roll-up roof) and so I restored this, as well as the seats, interior and the colour is as near as make it as a colour-scheme of circa 1935. The shock absorber for the sidecar frame is from Hagon in Ilford, and they still sell the same type as 80 years ago! That's continuity for you!

Thanks to Pete Ballard's help and Dave Angel I now know how it should sound and look.. I since have had a good ride round on it and



which I have been told by many and various (including VMCC) is a 1930's chair and was the prototype of the later 1950's style. Some fool put a piece of



have got used to people wanting to take pictures of it, saying "my dad used to have one of those." (I sometimes confuse them by saying "Yes, this is it, the one your dad had!"). The determined charioteer is Darcy, who is my fiance's best friend's son's child (keep up..!) and she and her dad both enjoyed their ride round Sussex at the heady speed of 35 – 40mph (steady on!). So... If anyone out there is restoring a Watsonian I can help advise (as Watsonian themselves were quite sadly unforthcoming and I had to both learn on the job and ask myriad Vintage bike people for arcane knowledge!) Drop me a line.

I'm sure the parts Faebhean advertised in the last issue have not been sold, because we forgot to include his contact details! This means the inexcusable sin of repetition has to be committed necessarily and Faebhean's advert is featured in this issue too, on the next page.

For Sale.. or Swap
WHY... two K65
Carburettors off my
Dnepr MT10 with lots of
spare carb' "bits",
enough to do many
rebuids!. (don't need as
had two Amal
carburettors
kindly put on by
Dave Angel), but
the K65's run as
well as expected.
Also, an
electronic ignition
kit from a Dnepr, as fitted by Bob Searchfield in
the '80's! faebheankwest123@hotmail.co.uk



Morris Jones is selling his
Jupiter 3 which he intends to
post on the club website.
Sorry people, that's all I
know about it. If you want a
Jupiter, check out the website or ask your editor,
I'll tell Morris.

Jupiter For Sale

Mark Avis discovered this.....

Gautrek

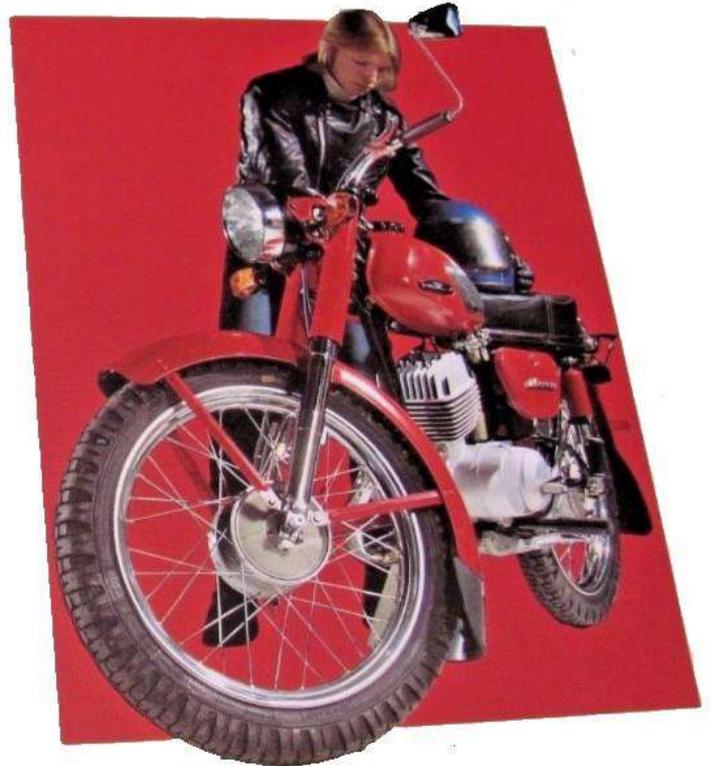
I noticed that Kevin 'gautrek' Alexander's forum
russianbike.co.uk has died. It was never busy,
but there were some good conversations on
there. Is there another one, if not, is it
something that the club might be interested in? I
guess there's some kind of fee to host such a
thing, and someone who likes computers would
probably need to set it up. I wouldn't mind doing
a bit of mild moderating, perhaps.

Would anyone like another on line forum?



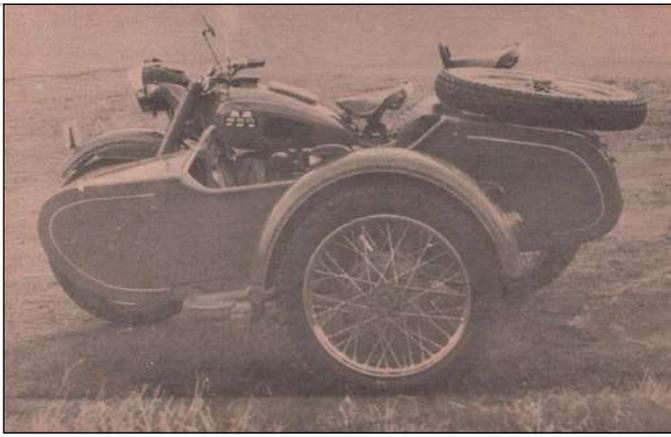
Chris collects magazines
and leaflets and comes
across all sorts of
wonders in pursuit of his
hobby. For most of the
archive in this issue we'll
look back through the monochrome mists of time
in black and white but to start with check out
this from Finland.....

The Chris Drucker Archive



While there's still
some red left, here's
the front cover of
Australia's Motor
Cycle magazine from
where the following
road test comes
from. It reads like
the same journalistic
waffle we had here if
you ask me!!!





It's not very often one gets the chance to sling a leg over a brand new sidecar outfit, not these days when the mini-car had ousted the trusty three-wheeler from public favour. But, thanks to the courtesy of the Sydney based Capitol Motors Group (importers of the Russian built "M" series motorcycles), we were given the opportunity of trying out one of their latest imports, a M650 with sidecar attached.

The prime mover is a 650cc 4-stroke ohv opposed twin cylinder using shaft drive via a four speed gearbox. The mill sits in a sturdy duplex frame with gusseted joints, front suspension is telescopic while the rear end is swinging with hydraulic shock absorbers. Brakes are 8in drum and the wheels, all interchangeable are 19in. Electrics are battery/coil with horn, tail-light, dipper switch 7in headlamp and direction indicator lamps were fitted to this particular model.

A conventional engine of pushrod operated overhead valve design, the twin carb motor has oversquare cylinders (bore and stroke of 78 x 68mm) and pushes out 30bhp at 4,800-5,200rpm. Clutch is 2-disc dry and the four speed box, with changing achieved by a left hand foot pedal, is "clunky" in operation.

Shipped in to test local reaction, the Russian "chair", from our experience, proved that there was a terrific interest in the sidecar combos, and it makes us wonder why local chassis and sidecar builders Tillbrook and J.G.Murphy gave the game away.

During our mid city run we had occasion to park and leave the outfit unattended while we ducked into a sandwich shop. When we returned to the machine we found it surrounded by an admiring throng who bombarded us with questions ranging from "Is it Japanese? Wot'll she do? How much did it cost?" to "Who's the agents?"

How does it handle? Is it comfortable in the sidecar?" To which we answered "No, don't know, \$900, Capitol Motors, beautiful and yes. That seemed to satisfy everyone too.

And the pity of it is, Capitol Motors do not have plans to import more of these machines into the country. Unfortunately, the Russians attach their sidecars to the right of the machine, and of course we here must have them fitted to the left. The problems of relocating the chassis and chair are not insuperable but they are rather costly and the distributors feel the added expense is unwarranted in view of the rather suspect (?) sidecar market.

The sidecar is married to the current transverse twin M650 by a tubular frame, largely rectangular in shape and particularly rugged in proportion. It is attached by two clamps and two tie rods being the means of aligning the car to the cycle. The sidecar itself, is mounted on quarter elliptic springs with hydraulic shock absorber, giving a most comfortable and jar free ride. The 6ft, 4in length and 22in width of the car, is enough to take care of any likely sidecar passenger although because of the original right hand fitting, the passenger entry cutaway is of little use, being on the bike side.



Because of the newness of the machine, maximum performances were not called for, and although we struck a plugged main jet and a loose ignition wire, we were impressed with the machine's honesty and overall reliability.

Although some may hint of BMW antecedents, apart from the opposed cylinders, there is really limited similarity. Design and style are old hat and the paintwork can best be described as austere., but on the credit side, the M650 outfit has a ruggedness of construction and simplicity of design that should ensure years of reliable operation.

The outfit weighs in at some 704lb and the reputed top speed, according to the operator's manual, is 62mph. A particular attribute of the machine while in sidecar trim, is the ease of handling. The long-ish handlebars respond well to a tiller like action and maintaining a direct course around any corner presents little problem. With durable suspension and giant frame, corrugations and crater size potholes are taken in stride with little if any effect on the machine's stability.

The brakes proved reliable and refused to lock-up under any condition but we found pulling up without the brakes an easy matter with the lower sidecar gearing. Starting was usually a one or two kick affair, but again, the relocation of the chair to the left made operation of the straight out kick starter a somewhat difficult affair.



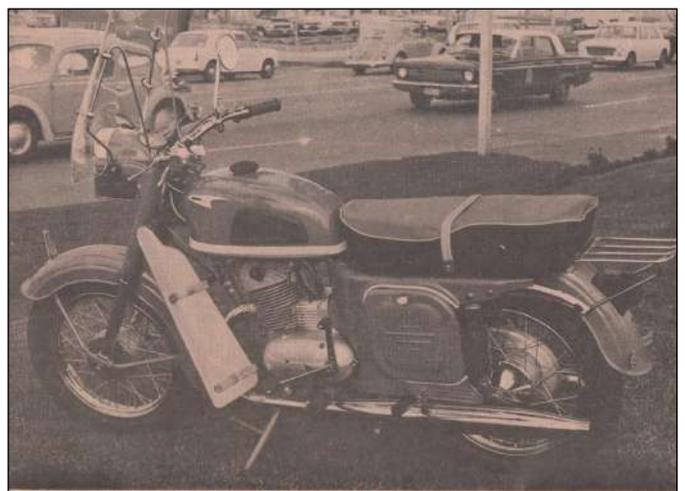
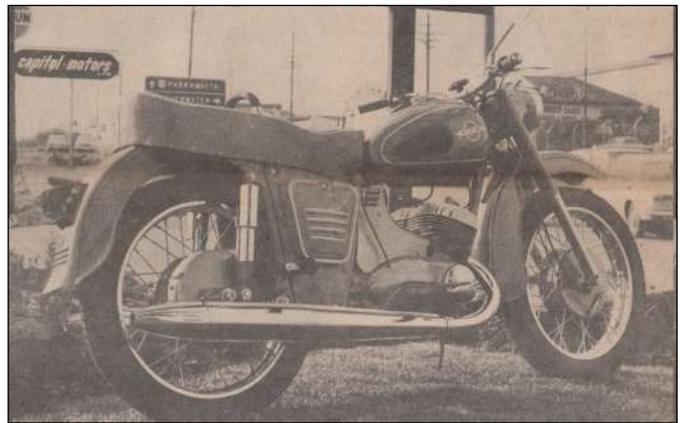
The seat proved less than comfortable. Of the single variety and badly positioned in view of the handlebar length, to avoid sitting on the back of the seat, and directly over the steel frame, we had to adopt a rather uncomfortable hunched riding position as preferable to ending up with a sore backside. Our pillion rider never had this problem, but he did not complain about not being able to tuck in behind the driver and avoid the breeze, so lofty is the pillion rider's perch.

Without extending the machine, we got the impression that the 650 was making light of the extra sidecar burden, although, because of the few miles on the clock, we did make good use of the apparent flexibility of the gear ratios. Without detracting from the machine, we feel sure a prospective owner, with some imagination and perhaps a little inventiveness, would be able to upgrade the outfit's looks from mild to wild.

In our book, the M650 with chair is marked down as highly satisfactory. Not the best outfit we've

ever ridden, but certainly one of the most rugged. At the money, \$900 for this one, it's a trifle on the expensive side, considering the bike itself fetches \$650. If only a local concern could turn out some chassis cars as a sideline maybe we'd see more chairs on the roads, and if you've never tillered a chair you haven't lived yet! Ask any old sidecar rider— he'll tell you.

The Russian bikes have been around for some time now, but judging by the mail we're getting as to the origins of the "M" series machines, it seems as if there's quite a few folk who don't know much about them. To answer the queries, we're including photos of the M175 and M350, and as we've had rides on both machines we can tell you they represent bargain basement buying, coupled with an almost elementary design of basic motorcycle construction that embodies ruggedness and reliability.



It was Tony Jones who gave me the old photos of the Russian ISDT team on the Isle of Man and Morris Jones, unrelated as far as I know, knew that the event had taken place in 1965. He sent me

**1965
ISDT**

"The old photos in the Nov/Dec club mag were taken at the 1965 International Six Day Trial (ISDT) held in the Isle Of Man in September. The clerk of course was Geoff Duke, the course

was 1122 miles long there were two runs a day and they never crossed or duplicated themselves. The island was hit by the tail end of hurricane Betsy at the same time that the event was being run.

There were 299 starters but only 82 riders finished due to the terrible weather. The event was won outright by the East German team who were all mounted on 250 MZs. The Russian team were all riding 250 IZHs but failed to finish, as did many other teams due to the weather. I do not think they would have been allowed to ride MZs or Simpsons because of the politics involved.”



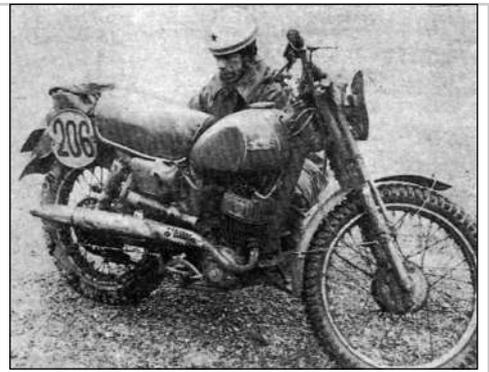
Above. A.Ergorov (It says here!) finished with a bronze. The original caption to this pictures calls his bike an IZH 350.



Right. This is Reshetnik’s bike, presumably also an IZH 350.

Interestingly a browse through old pictures of Russians at the ISDT revealed the photo opposite which is captioned “Soviet rider #206

Nicolaj Kulev gives his hefty 175cc Russian two stroke a quick tune up after a first day of torrential rain.” This was in 1962. Was it really 175cc?



The 1965 event was particularly interesting for taking place as the motorcycling world balance of power was changing. Entries from the Japanese factories included several Honda 90s. Most of us know how good these are off road having tortured one on a hundred village greens at weekends as small boys, although ours were step throughs with those little leading links in the suspension!

The Internet says “1965 ISDT was the event’s return to the UK since it’s visit to Wales in 1961. Any reader doubting of the significance of the event in the national sporting calendar at a time the national motorcycle industry was a key player in the economy can be reassured by the official visit of Denis Howell MP, the British Government’s Minister for Sport, who crossed the Irish Sea to watch what became a wash out.”

It was worse than that. The internet laments “Bill Faulkner, a well known one day Trials man brought the only BSA to the finish, albeit for a bronze after those 343 and 441 Victor style Works machines all packed up, to Britain’s and BSA shame. Bill was quoted as stating that an ordinary bloke had no idea how tough it was.” Bill nursed his private unit B40 BSA home to maintain the glory of the empire, for now.

The East Europeans and Russians in particular of course, probably rode like demons in spite of the conditions because the factory commissars knew where their wives and children lived. A different sort of works incentive!





The Stafford show is all about buying things and therefore it's an ideal opportunity to sell. The available assembled committee and Lovely Hazel were called upon to model at the show once again. Fancy any of this lot?

Regalia



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.

Full & Half Zip Fleece - £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





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.

It must be said here that Comrade Carl's sweat shirt is a testament to the enduring quality of COC merchandise although you haven't been able to buy one like that for a long time. Is it collectable perhaps?

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 regailia@cossackownersclub.co.uk or on 01780 720420 are the people to see about the current availability of styles and colours. Cloth badges, metal pins and stickers are also available. If we hadn't run out of space this issue I'd show you those as well. They're on the club website and you don't need to be a member to look.





