



Horizontal View

The magazine of the Cossack Owners' Club

September October 2025

The New Guys edition - number six



CONTACTS

President: Peter J Ballard

Committee

Peter J Ballard

Machine Identification and Registration

idadreg.cossackownersclub@gmail.com

Secretary: cossackownersclub@gmail.com

Tel: 01225 891634

Rally Co-ordinator:

Vacant Please volunteer - contact Peter Ballard

Joint Editors: Horizontal View

Nick Tucker

family.tucker@gmail.com

Tel: 01522 539331

Andrew Mutter

andrewmutter@yahoo.com

Tel: 07775890815

Membership Liaison:

Paul Codling

paulcodling@mail.com

Non-committee Supporting roles

Treasurer: Phil Inman

Tel: 01780720420

coc.iman@mail.com

Membership Secretary & Regalia sales

Gina Inman

Tel: 01780720420

membership@cossackownersclub.co.uk

Show Organiser: Carl Booth

Tel: 01253720327

comradcarl01@mail.com

Webmaster www and FB moderator

Dave Cox

kamuro@hotmail.co.uk

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

Index

<i>A Marvellous Story</i>	page 3
<i>Three Magpies</i>	page 6
<i>A Rocker Cover Improvisation</i>	page 9
<i>Rust be Gone</i>	page 14
<i>Sovek Ignition</i>	page 15
<i>One Chair to Rule</i>	page 18
<i>Shocking Shocks (cont)</i>	page 21
<i>Events and Camps</i>	page 22
<i>Little Trevor</i>	page 21
<i>Regalia</i>	page 26
<i>Gasket Paper</i>	page 26

Front cover

Alex and friend John in his specially adapted Ural Dalesman - story on page 3

**CAMBERLEY HONDA
CENTRE**

Cossack

**Motorcycles from Stock
597 LONDON ROAD,
CAMBERLEY — 31282
(Main A30 Nr Blackwater Bridge)**

A Marvellous Story of Friendship, Engineering, and the Open Road

Andrew/Alex

This is the wonderful story of a Cossacker named Alex, who recently bought and converted a Ural sidecar outfit to accommodate his disabled friend, Ian. What makes it truly remarkable is that Alex undertook the entire project himself—drawing on a lifetime of engineering experience and a deep, enduring passion for motorcycles. Alex comes from a strong engineering background. By trade, he’s an aircraft engineer, having started his career in aviation. By the age of 30, he made a bold shift into the oil industry, eventually founding his own oil distribution company, supplying lubricants and

related products to garages and the motor trade. At one point, he even ran a filling station—a practical businessman with a talent for systems and machinery. When the oil market began to shrink, Alex didn’t sit still. He pivoted into hazardous waste disposal, developing new systems to tackle a growing environmental need—always evolving, always embracing the next challenge. Despite changes in career and family life, motorcycles have remained a constant. In his youth, Alex rode regularly—drawn to the freedom of the road. Over the years, he collected classic bikes such as the BMW R25, Matchless G9, and BSA C15 —bikes that speak to his mechanical mind and his love for vintage engineering. Though there were times when family responsibilities took priority, the passion never faded. During one of those quieter periods, Alex met Ian, a





few years older, through shared experiences of family life, children, and all the middle-aged milestones that bring people together.

Their friendship grew strong through a range of shared adventures—from microlighting and amateur dramatics to family holidays and long conversations on the road and in the air.

As time passed, Ian began to face mobility challenges that made it harder to enjoy the kind of activities they once shared—especially motorcycling. So, Alex did what any true friend would: he set out to find a solution. Motivated by the simple idea of once again riding alongside his best mate—not racing, just enjoying gentle 50-mph rides through the countryside—Alex began planning a sidecar conversion.

He contacted Tony Jones, Secretary of

the Cossack Owners Club, for advice.

Tony, who has helped many Cossackers over the years, knew of a Ural Dalesman for sale in North Wigan. He accompanied Alex to inspect the bike, and together they decided it was just the right machine for the job (this is the sort of benefit a club can bring!)

Alex then called upon his trusted network of skilled engineers. Ian Rhodes, a respected motorcycle engineer based in Stockport, handled the maintenance and mechanical side of the project.

Meanwhile, Tony of Trojan Engineering, also in Stockport, took on the most challenging part—modifying the sidecar for accessibility and road legality.

Tony adapted the sidecar with ingenuity and style. Using early Land Rover door hinges—perfectly suited to the agricultural look of the Ural—he cut and



hinged the nose of the sidecar so Ian could step in backwards, settle comfortably, and have the nose securely closed. There's even room for Ian's wheelchair at the rear.

The result is both highly functional and beautifully engineered. The paintwork and finish are exceptional, attracting admiration wherever the bike goes. Ian is absolutely thrilled every time they go out, and the joy of sharing the road together again is clear to see.

Looking ahead, Alex plans to trailer the bike to France, where he spends part of each year. The vision is a simple one—ride through sunflower-filled countryside, stop for coffee at the local PMU bar*, and enjoy the freedom that biking has always offered. This project is more than a machine. It is a tribute to a lifelong friendship, a display of engineering skill, and a testament to the creativity and

generosity of spirit that runs through the biking community. We hope to see this remarkable machine on display at Stafford—it deserves recognition, not only for the quality of its craftsmanship but for the story it tells about love, loyalty, and the open road.

Well done, Alex.

Contact Information

Alex - alexanderjohns1942@btinternet.com

Ian Rhodes Ltd - irhodes1@virginmedia.com

Motor Engineer & Mechanic

0161 480 1082

Tony – Trojan Engineering

- trojanengineering@yahoo.co.uk

Fabrication of Steel and Stainless Steel

01225 765 859

07808 062 656

** "A PMU bar is a classic French café where you can enjoy a drink and place bets on horse races through the national Pari Mutuel Urbain system."*

Three Magpies, a Tiddler, and an Octogenarian

Philip Whitney

I have camped at the Three Magpies quite a few times. Previously, this was with my Ural, which I sold to a club member—and was reunited with at the campsite. It was a pleasure to see it being used and enjoyed. This time, I decided to go on my little tiddler: a 175cc Voskhod. I made a board to go on the carrier to support the long green roll I made back in 1970, when I lived in Malta, to go on a motorcycle camping trip with my wife—travelling through southern Italy, Greece, and Crete. That makes the bag older than the bike!

On Friday morning, I loaded (perhaps overloaded) the bike with all my camping gear and left home at about 10 o'clock.

All went well at first, following my usual route via Farnham, Surrey, then north around Basingstoke with one junction on the M3 to the A339, and then north again to the A4.

It was when I reached the A4 that things began to go awry. I took the turning one before the A4 off the roundabout at the junction with the A339 at Newbury. I realised my error immediately and turned into an Aldi car park to turn around. The car park was too crowded for a U-turn, so I stopped the engine and got off the bike to manhandle it into position. But then—it wouldn't start.

I wheeled the bike into a safe parking space to contemplate the problem. I thought perhaps there was a whisker of carbon on the spark plug. I opened the toolbox—but it was empty. No tool roll. I had stupidly assumed, without checking,



that it was in its usual place.

As I was on the edge of Newbury, I thought there might be somewhere nearby to buy a plug spanner. I asked several people. Most didn't know anywhere, but one suggested Halfords—over a mile away, nearly on the other side of Newbury. He gave me very clear directions.

I didn't want to leave my crash helmet and leather jacket on the bike—they were a bit too tempting—so I carried them. They quickly became a burden. By now, it was about 11:45. After a long walk, I found Halfords—but it was on the other side of a dual carriageway, separated from me by two sets of railings. A bit further on, I found a roundabout where I could cross safely.

At Halfords, I bought a plug spanner and a small wire brush, and set off back—walking slowly, as the arthritis at the base of my spine was playing up. Back at Aldi, I removed the plug. I had never seen such a clean plug from a two-stroke—it looked like one of those textbook images of a perfect spark plug. I put it back, and the bike started immediately. By this time it was 1:30, so I got out my sandwiches and vacuum flask and had lunch.

I set off again, but a little way along the A4, the road was closed with a diversion sign. I turned off, expecting more signs to follow. No such luck. I carried on for a few miles, but still no guidance. The road took me under the M4. I turned westward in what I thought was the right general direction, hoping to find another route under the M4. This led me into a maze of tiny lanes and places not on the map. At one point, I had to turn around when the road ended at a twelve-foot-high fence—I assume part of a military establishment. After trundling around at 15–20mph for

more than an hour, on an impromptu tour of West Berkshire and East Wiltshire, I finally found myself in Lambourn—on the map at last! From there, I made my way to Swindon, then south to Marlborough and the A4 again. Now on familiar ground, I continued through Devizes to Sells Green without further trouble.

I arrived at about quarter to six, only to be told that the meal at the Three Magpies was at six o'clock! I quickly unpacked and threw up my tent with the help of a couple of kind souls who saw how tired I looked. I went to the pub, only to discover they had just started taking orders—so no need to have rushed.

After a good meal, I returned to the tent to sort things out, then went back to the pub for a drink and a chat.

I went to bed early and rose the next morning to relax for a few hours before a light lunch. At 1:00 p.m., we went on a ride to local places of interest, brilliantly organised and led by Peter Ballard. Our



first stop was the canal near Devizes to look at the 29 locks at Caen Hill. After exploring and taking photographs, we had refreshments before moving on to the Atwell Wilson Motor Museum—a very interesting place that even had a Voskhod motorcycle (though not the same model as mine).

After quite a long time there, and still not having seen absolutely everything, we visited a church built entirely of wood. It was fascinating—not very large, but likely it didn't serve a big congregation, as it didn't appear to be near a village. We were invited to “buy” some homemade preserves and make a donation. I bought some apple chutney. From there, it was just a ride back to camp.

A great afternoon—thanks, Peter!

Later, I cooked myself some supper, and after eating, returned to the pub for another drink and chat.

Over the weekend, I kept thinking about what caused the breakdown. Clearly, the fact that it recovered just by cooling down suggests overheating. But what exactly overheated? The engine was still free, so it wasn't seizing. Perhaps the carburettor got hot and caused a vapour lock—that's a possibility. Overheated electrics is another. But I wouldn't expect a complete recovery lasting the entire rest of the journey and the following day. On the way to Newbury, I had been pressing on—doing about 50mph. After the breakdown, and the next day, I kept the cruising speed between 45–50mph, and all was well.

On Sunday morning, I woke, had breakfast, and broke camp. I was away by about 10:00. Unsurprisingly, I did not plan to return via the A4. Instead, I went south from Devizes on the A360 to the



A303—now a high-speed dual carriageway—then joined the M3 as far as Basingstoke, before heading south to Farnham, then onto the A31 and home. A longer, but faster, route than the A4. I got back about 1:00 p.m.—a three-hour journey, just as expected. That's about the same time as the other route would have taken, without the breakdown and diversion. Despite the rather boring high-speed roads, I kept the speed under 50mph, and the bike absolutely sang along—with no problems starting again when I stopped for petrol. The overall petrol consumption was about 70 miles per gallon, which I thought was pretty good for a two-stroke carrying a heavy load.

In retrospect, perhaps I should buy a satnav!

Happy Riding,
Philip Whitney



PJB trying to connect a spare battery to his M63 outfit - now where does that pink wire go?



Peter awarding Jimmy a prize for Best Bike - a Jupiter 3



Richard's European Traveller Dnepr MT10-35



Andrew's Ural Dalesman - apparently, it's the closest Paul has ever got to riding an outfit



Mike's MT9 in a lovely shade of blue



Paul's Dnepr MT9, "Pandora" - because he is scared to take the lids off, is leant against a handy tree



Jimmy's Jupiter 2, with Jupiter 3 engine, with a cheap Chinese carb for a four stroke 125 from eBay, which works astonishingly well

Billy's Rocker Cover Improvisation

Andrew Bilton (aka Billy)

As any Ural rider will tell you, half the fun is making it up as you go along. Breakdowns aren't setbacks — they're just unscheduled opportunities for roadside innovation. And no one embraces that spirit more than Billy.

On the way to Dent, somewhere along the A1, Billy's rocker cover decided it had had enough and bailed. The first clue? His foot started getting suspiciously warm. The second clue? Oil. Lots of oil. All over his boot. And all over his poor mate riding behind him, who ended up looking like he'd been baptised in crude and was off to audition for *There Will Be Blood 2: The Sequel*.

Never one to panic, Billy sprang into action. Enter the hero of the hour: a Tupperware box. Sadly, Tupperware doesn't currently offer a line for vintage Russian motorcycles, and the fit was — let's say — aspirational.

Unfazed, Billy popped into Morrisons, grabbed a few more plastic tubs, and began custom fabrication using gaffer tape, bungees, and sheer force of will. A quick raid of the local hardware shop added silicone bathroom sealant to the mix (choice of colour: panic grey).

Still lacking a gasket, Billy sacrificed his beer box for the cause — which really shows commitment, as most of us know that beer is *vital touring equipment*. Oil consumption at this point was somewhere between "mild leak" and "Exxon Valdez." Billy had to top up every





bike safely home at 2:30 AM — roughly when most breakdown services switch to voicemail. In the end, it was the full Ural experience: oil, tools, tape, camaraderie, and a healthy sense of humour. If there were a medal for roadside ingenuity, Billy would be wearing it right now — probably held on with a bungee cord and a dab of silicone.



10 to 50 miles and coast downhill like he was competing in an economy run. Still, spirits remained high.

Upon arrival at Dent, the cavalry arrived. Tony Jones (*note Tony again coming to the rescue - our well experienced and resourceful secretary*) sourced and posted a proper rocker cover and new nut. Billy extended his stay to await the Royal Mail, who presumably had “urgent Russian motorcycle emergency” marked in red. Lacking the right tools, Billy boddged the new parts on with a few extra washers and some creative spacing — and it worked a treat.

But wait! There’s more.

On the way home, just when he thought it was safe to go back on the motorway, Billy’s Boyer spark booster packed it in. This kicked off a multi-truck relay across the M66 that eventually saw him and the



Rust Be Gone: Cleaning Scabby Motorcycle Tanks!

Andy Binns

Motorcycle owners know the frustration — you lift the fuel cap on a bike that's been sitting for a while and spot the dreaded flakes of rust. Left untreated, tank rust can clog filters, damage carbs or injectors, and eventually lead to fuel leaks. But thanks to an unusual but highly effective trick shared by MZ rider **Andy Binns**, restoring your tank could be easier (and cheaper) than you think.

The Toilet Cleaner Trick

Andy recently shared his go-to method for deep-cleaning corroded and rusty fuel tanks, and the results speak for themselves:

"I've had fantastic results using this method to clean out rusty motorcycle

tanks," Andy says. *"I poured in two bottles of Harpic Power Plus 10x strength toilet cleaner, then topped up the tank with water to make sure everything was covered. I left it for about a week to let the solution work on the rust and grime."*

But that's not all.

"After soaking, I used an orbital sander to agitate the tank — but make sure you remove the sandpaper first! The vibrations help shake loose any remaining debris stuck to the inside walls. Once I emptied and rinsed it out, the tank looked almost brand new inside."

Who knew toilet cleaner and a power tool could bring an old tank back to life?

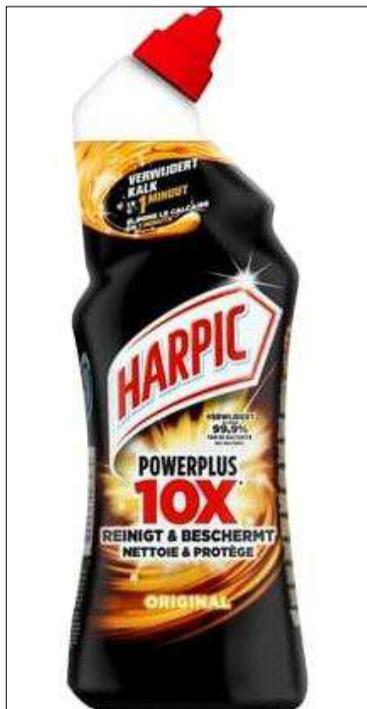
Why Tanks Rust in the First Place

Petrol tanks, especially steel ones, are prone to rust — but why?



Here are the main culprits:

Condensation – When a tank isn't full, warm days and cool nights can cause moisture to form inside. That water settles at the bottom and starts the rusting process.



Water Contamination – Water can enter through low-quality fuel, worn-out fuel caps, or general exposure to damp environments.

Long-Term Storage – Bikes left unused for months often suffer from stale fuel and moist air inside the tank, accelerating corrosion.

Ethanol in Modern Fuel – Ethanol is hygroscopic, meaning it attracts water from the air – increasing the risk of internal tank rust.

What Rust Can Do

Rust isn't just cosmetic. Over time, flakes of corrosion can break off and:

Block fuel lines, filters, and carbs
damage injectors in modern bikes
Lead to pinhole leaks if corrosion goes deep enough

Prevention Tips

Once you've cleaned your tank, here are a few ways to keep it rust-free:

Keep it full – A full tank has less air inside, reducing condensation.

Use a fuel stabiliser if storing your bike for a long time.

Check the fuel cap seal to prevent moisture from sneaking in.

Consider a tank liner for extra protection (after cleaning and drying completely).

Here are a couple

Red-Kote Fuel Tank Liner

Type: *Single-part polymer coating*

Features:

Ethanol-resistant

Bright red colour makes it easy to see

Sticks well even in tight tank designs

Tank Cure

Type: *Epoxy-based*

Features:

Sold in full kits with cleaner and etch

Strong against ethanol-blended fuels

Final Thoughts

Andy's method might be unconventional, but it's simple, affordable, and works. If you're dealing with a rusty tank, this could be the trick that saves it. Just remember to **wear gloves, work in a ventilated area, and rinse thoroughly** before refuelling.

Have a mechanical trick of your own?

Let us know – we're always keen to share clever garage hacks!

Sovek Ignition Questions

An email conversation between Mike Rowe and Mathew Reeve from Windmill Motorcycles

From: Mike
To: Mathew
Subject: Sovek Ignition Questions

Hi Mathew,

Hope you're well?

I bought both the light and the magnet Sovek ignition systems for my MT-9 — either from you or possibly from Chris Tomes.

I'm not the best when it comes to electrics, so I've got a few questions:

- *Do these ignitions only work with the Sovek coil, or can any dual-output coil be used?*
- *What should the coil's ohms reading be? Does it matter?*
- *For the plug leads, should I be using copper wire or silicone?*
- *And what about plug caps — should they be resistive or non-resistive? If they're resistive, what resistance should I use?*

I'm currently running NGK BP7HS plugs, if that helps.

Lately, I've been intermittently losing spark, though I've got solid power up to the ignition module — so I suspect the problem is somewhere downstream from there.

Any advice would be much appreciated. Cheers,

Mike

From: Mathew

To: Mike

Subject: Re: Sovek Ignition Questions

Hi Mike,

Not bad, thanks — hope you're doing well too. I'm a bit worried about the shop at the moment, as my last stock order seems to have gone on a mystery tour around the world! Hopefully just a one-off...

Regarding your questions:

I've only ever used Sovek coils myself. In theory, another dual-output coil could work, but some (especially LED-type coils) may not give you the same wide working voltage range that the Sovek-supplied coil does.

Coil Use and Care

One thing to watch for: **triggering any coil without a connected HT (high tension) path** can shorten its life. So always make sure the HT leads and plugs are connected **before** you power up the Sovek system.

We all used to check misfiring cylinders by pulling plug caps off — but doing that forces the HT current to find another path, often damaging the coil. Old Ural/Dnepr coils had spark safety gaps for this reason, but unfortunately, most modern coils don't.

The **latest Sovek coils** measure around **1 ohm** across the low-tension (LT) terminals. The **magnet type** systems were originally supplied with higher-resistance coils (around 3–4 ohms), but they're now usually paired with the 1-ohm type as well.



If you're having spark issues, try running a **direct feed and earth from the battery**. The LED type Sovek modules can operate on **very low voltage (below 5V)** — but only if it's **constant**. If the ignition works fine when powered this way, then there's a bad connection somewhere in the normal wiring (switches, grounds, terminals, etc.). In my experience, faulty modules are rare. I've sold over a hundred, and the only defective one

Leads, Caps, and Plugs

Sovek supplies **resistive, carbon-core silicone leads**, but I personally use and recommend **copper-core, non-resistive leads**, with **5k Ω plug caps**, and **Champion L82C** plugs in Dneprs (L86C in Urals and K750s).

You're using NGK BP7HS plugs — that should be fine too.

Troubleshooting Tips

The Sovek ignition draws current only **very briefly**, so bad connections can be hard to detect. Voltage may look fine when measured, but it can drop just at the moment the unit needs power. In extreme cases, this can cause the unit to turn on and off rapidly — resulting in continuous sparking.

I had a Ural recently that would misfire after a few miles. It showed a good voltage at the Sovek, but the issue turned out to be two poorly crimped terminals on the ignition switch!

I've seen had an internal wire come loose, which stopped the LED from lighting.

Points vs Electronic Ignition

Points-based systems are less sensitive to poor connections because the coils used are higher resistance and draw less current (though for a longer time). Still, a bad connection will affect performance no matter what system you're using — so it's worth finding the weak link.

I hope this helps — feel free to save or share this info with anyone else who's having similar issues.

Best regards,
Mathew

**Mathew Reeve can be found at
Windmill Motorcycles
Windmill Farm
Benenden Road
Rolvenden, Kent
TN17 4PF
07973 601519**

windmillgarage@hotmail.com

Windmill Garage also advertises on ebay

One Chair to Rule Them All

This heavily edited and shortened article is from *Motorcycle Mechanics* November 1976 and it is a writer's attempt to evaluate motorcycle-sidecar outfits by riding them over a grueling 250-mile course (nicknamed *the Minuet*), which they'd previously used to test mopeds and lightweight bikes. However, none of them really knew how to ride a sidecar rig — and that's the story: a chaotic, comical, and surprisingly insightful journey into sidecar life.

RUNNING three three-wheelers over a combination of motorway, main road and Yorkshire lanes proved that motorcycling still exists for the family man. The price is over-developed arm muscles and a spiritualist's ability to tell what lies around the next corner!

The Minuet is our private long-distance challenge: 250 miles of mixed misery and joy, starting in the windswept Fens, climbing over the Lincolnshire escarpments, cutting through the Dales and across the Pennines, before turning for home. It's not a race, but it is a test of machines, of riders, and of patience. We've tackled it on everything from buzzing mopeds to puffing lightweights and family cars pushed harder than they deserve. But never before had we tried it on sidecar outfits.

None of us were sidecar veterans. Our entire skillset could be summed up as: accelerate through left turns, brake through right turns, and pray the rest sorts itself out. The first outfit was a Honda 500T with a Lawson Engineering glass-fibre chair — sprightly enough, but





inclined to drift across the road whenever a crosswind took a fancy to it. The second was a Honda 750 with a Monza chair — bigger, heavier, faster, and with a taste for keeping its pilot on the alert at every junction. Both were essentially solo bikes with a bolt-on appendage, and both made sure we knew it.

Then the Cossack 650 arrived, and the mood changed.

Here was a machine born to haul a sidecar. No pretence, no compromise. The heavy tubular frame looked like something that could carry a plough, the suspension was sturdy enough for a farm cart, the brakes were linked to keep things steady, and the gearbox had that slow, definite clunk you'd trust to still be working after the next ice age. The engine didn't so much purr as deliver a slow, confident thump — the mechanical

equivalent of a big dog warning you, "Careful now." You didn't ride it so much as direct it. From the first pull-away it was obvious: the Cossack wasn't fighting its chair — it was working with it.

Through the open, exposed Fens, the Hondas had twitched like nervous horses at every gust of wind. The Cossack, sitting lower and broader, simply shouldered through. The gearing encouraged a steady, unhurried pace, but it never felt laboured. First gear was low enough to make pulling away with a passenger and luggage a relaxed affair, and third provided a willing cruise without fuss.

The Lincolnshire Wolds brought the first real climbs, and here the Cossack dug in without complaint. The Hondas demanded constant gear changes, but the Cossack's torque made progress

almost leisurely. On the steepest 1-in-4 gradients, it grumbled in a deep, mechanical way, but it never faltered. Steering, inevitably, was heavier to the right and lighter to the left — sidecar physics don't bend for anyone — but the feedback was steady and predictable. The linked brakes meant even sudden stops were drama-free, without the sideways lurch that could turn a passenger's smile into a frown.

Then came the Dales — narrow lanes edged with unforgiving stone walls, cambered bends that seemed to want you in the ditch, and sheep with a death wish. On the Hondas, the sidecar wheel had a nasty habit of lifting abruptly, a surprise that raised heart rates and tightened grips on the bars. The Cossack, by contrast, gave fair warning — a gradual lightness rather than an airborne jolt — allowing time to correct. It

Here, the Cossack settled into its rhythm. Pick your gear, keep the throttle steady, and let the torque do the rest. On descents, the engine braking carried most of the work. The brakes themselves weren't sharp, but they were honest — and in sidecar terms, that's worth more than raw stopping power.

Passengers were impressed. The chair was roomy, comfortable, and, with its decent wind protection, a dry place to be. The boot swallowed luggage like a hungry postman's pannier. At day's end, our passengers climbed out with their limbs and tempers intact — not something every sidecar outfit can guarantee. Fuel economy averaged about 38mpg, which was more than fair given the Cossack's size, weight, and the terrain.

By the time we rolled back into familiar roads, the verdict was clear. The

Lawson-Honda was nimble and fun, the Monza-Honda stylish and brisk — but the Cossack was the one we trusted. It didn't dazzle with speed or finesse, but it felt composed and capable throughout. It wasn't a motorcycle with a sidecar stuck on — it was a three-wheeled travelling companion, solid, dependable, and entirely at home on a long day's haul. The Minuet hadn't beaten it, and it hadn't beaten us. And on this course, that's high praise indeed.



never gave the feeling it was plotting to throw you into a wall just for fun.

Across the Pennines, the wind has nowhere else to go, so it comes for you.

This is praise indeed, even in 1976, people were rating our Soviet bikes! Thank you Richard Warham Settle for sending this in for the mag

Shocking Shocks further advice from Peter Ballard

Hi Editors,

Great magazine as always. I'd just like to correct and offer some further advice on, the recent item about damper rebuilds.

The advice given was to use a multigrade mineral engine oil of viscosity 20W/50. Unfortunately, this is the wrong oil for a damper. It is far too viscous, and multigrade engine oil is specifically designed for engines.

Although the "20W" figure refers to viscosity at 40 °C, it is measured on a different scale from that used for hydraulic oils — which are the correct type of fluid for dampers.

For comparison (from Guide to Hydraulic Oil – Lubricants for Industrial Equipment I Crown Oil):

- A 20W/50 engine oil has a kinematic viscosity at 40 °C of around 35–80 cSt.

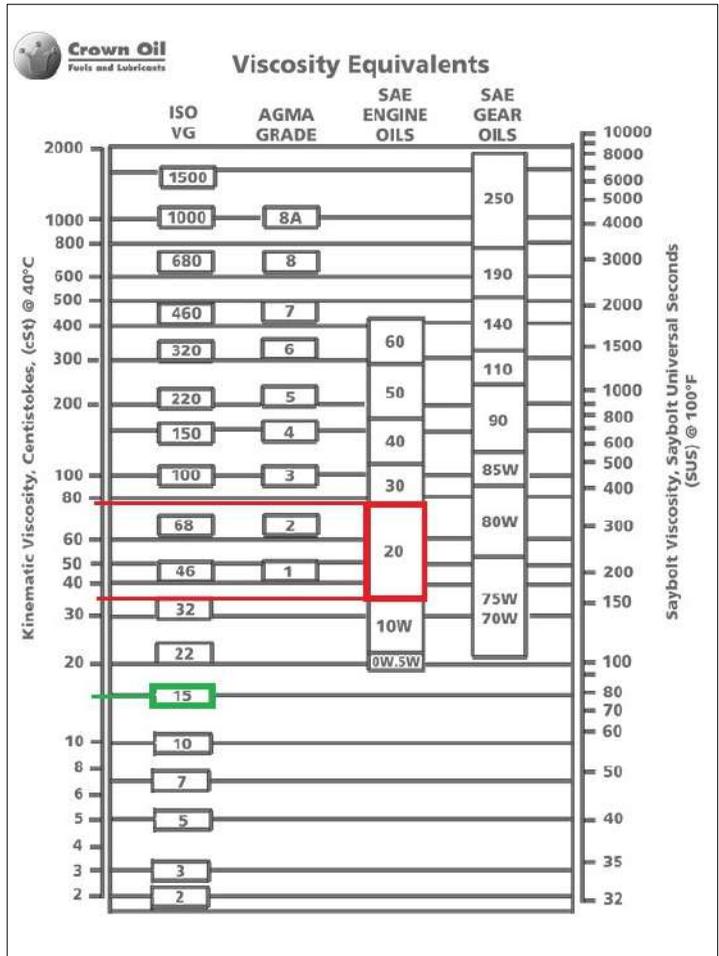
- A suitable damper oil, such as ISO 15, has a kinematic viscosity at 40 °C of around 17 cSt.

Hydraulic oils in a range of viscosities are readily available, since similar grades are widely used in motorcycle forks, from

ISO 5 up to ISO 30. If the damping feels insufficient with ISO 15, then either move up to a higher viscosity grade, or adjust the relief valve spring preloads to achieve the required damping.

Attached is a useful chart showing the relationship between straight hydraulic oils, engine oils, and gear oils, and how engine oil grade "20" compares to hydraulic oils.

Best regards, Peter Ballard



EVENTS and CAMPS

CAMP HERE NR27 9PX

A 149

CROMER



COME TO - the Norfolk 'n' Good COC Weekend

5th -6th -7th September at Woodhill Camping, East Runton, NR27 9PX It's a family campsite with lovely facilities, on the cliff top on the North Norfolk Coastal Path. *The pitches are £23.60 for two nights with one tent and one person. You can add up to five more people and some dogs for a more money if you want. Book by ringing the campsite's reception team on 01263 512242 and telling them you are with The Cossack Owners' Club and the group reference is 479610. The campsite's website is <https://www.woodhill-park.com> but you can't use the essential group reference on that, ring them. The ride out this year is a gentle trundle down some quiet country lanes, ending up at North Walsham Motorcycle Museum. As with all camping weekends, if you want to pop in for a few hours with a question to ask or because you're just fascinated, or want to enjoy a drink with us in the evening, please do. Contact Paul if you would like more details Paul's email paulcodling@mail.com - it's going to be fantastic!!!!*



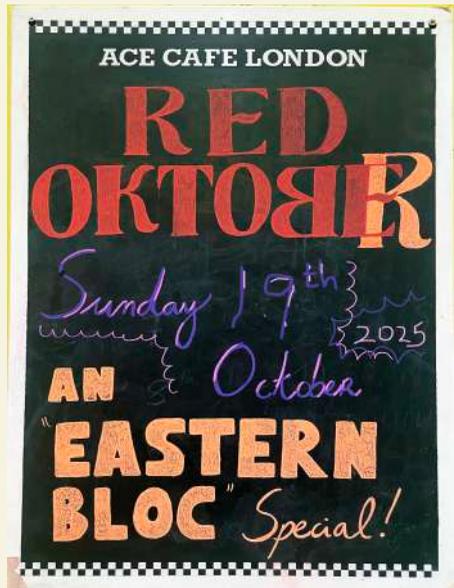
**COME TO - Autumn Dent,
3rd-4th-5th October 2025**

at Conder Farm Dent, Cumbria, LA10 5QT a wonderful event, full of Cossack's and friendly company. Close to a small village with good pubs and great company. It's a great Cossack Owners Club tradition to attend these we understand that it's getting bigger. You are very welcome, come if it's only to visit on the Saturday.



**The Classic Motorcycle
Mechanics Show, 11th -12th
October 2025,**

Staffordshire Showground ST18 0BD,
[https://www.classicbikeshows.com/
stafford/](https://www.classicbikeshows.com/stafford/) please contact Karl if you
would like to show your bike.



**COME TO - Red Oktober Day
Ace Café London Sunday 19th
October**

Last year we managed to get 10 bikes to this annual event at the Ace Café. If you've never been to the Ace, it's on the North Circular and is a transport café dedicated to bikes. An interesting selection of Soviet Block vehicles including cars, army vehicles and bikes. Meet at 11am - North Circular Road NW19 7UD Contact andrewmutter@yahoo.com

A Warm Welcome to our New Members

Stefan Boczek, Crawley, W Sussex.
Thomas Martin, Redruth.

Geoff Rooks, Bradford, W. Yorks.

Jack Salter, Syke House, S. Yorks.

Marc O'Rourke, Poland.

Greg Aldred, Glossop, Derbys.

Catherine Bloxham, Evesham

Richard Simpson, LLanvapley, Wales.

And a couple of people who missed us so much they had to rejoin our merry band!

Joe Schofield, New Ollerton Notts.

Steven McNeil, Nairn, Scotland.

Cossack
IN
BIRMINGHAM
C.B. MOTORCYCLES
212 WASHWOOD HEATH RD., SALTLEY,
BIRMINGHAM Tel. 021-328 1731

This magazine was beautifully printed in Leeds by
**Thistle Print Ltd, Unit 6, Aston Court, Bramley,
Leeds, LS13 2AF**
01132040600 www.thistleprint.co.uk

Little Trevor's old Voskhod

Paul Codling

Attached is one of Little Trevor's old Voskhods. It's his original ride, the one he's famous for breaking down almost everywhere he ever went on. It was in his garage with the Jupiter 5 I sent you a while ago, the bike Mr Gibson from Scotland owns now, dusty, dejected and dismantled just the same. Trevor's garage was an Alladin's cave of mechanical misery, but not catastrophe. The tragedy in it was in how little there was wrong, which I discovered bit by bit, dirty, incomplete motorcycle by motorcycle and box by box of fascinating treasures. Trevor, bless him, had no idea what to do when even simple things like whiskered plugs or dirty points bedevilled him. Voskhods, medieval in their simplicity, are a festival idiosyncrasy but keen to reward the empathic with a

delightful and cheap adventure if you're willing. For example the fussy K36 carb, peculiar in its tastes and functions, needs a delicate touch and at least a basic understanding of "mapping", carburation in three dimensions. The Voskhod pictured is up on the gated road in between Dent and Ingleton in what should be Yorkshire.

On this trip, all the way from South Norfolk to Dent, a 500 mile weekend, the gear selector return spring broke, so I had to lift the pedal back to the middle to keep changing up. I imagined danger in a loose piece of spring, becoming trapped in the gears if it fell off completely. I didn't seem to and I didn't turn back. Voskhod's don't do 100mph and 8bhp isn't going to power an expensive mechanical meltdown is it? I hoped the broken piece might settle in the inevitable oily mud lying in the bottom of the cases, and stay



there. It didn't of course, but only because Bynnsi made me go severely downhill on the way home, at Garsdale at the end of the Coal Road.

The weather that weekend was fantastic. Dent is the perfect base for a hundred jaw dropping walks and rides out, "Oh Wow!" round every corner. "Have you done the gated road yet?" everyone always asks. I thought I would. Out of Conder Farm, you turn right on one of Dent Dale's lanes, all crumbling, weather worn tarmac and rivers of stones. Around a mile or so out there's a red phone box and a triangle of grass where you turn right again and up and down you go. The gates are for sheep, of course, and *must* be kept closed. There's three and they're all on challenging gradients. Outfits are OK, because on your own, you can leave them in gear or parking braked, do they have those? On a solo

you need to find a wall to lean it on, and bump it across the rough grass and ditches to get to it. Side stand? How good's yours? Doing it with a friend is better, someone to hop off and work the gate, like a canal lock.

The ride to Ingleton is spectacular. It's not the imposing, raw rock majesty of the Alps or soundtracked by crashing floodwater through the pines like Norway, it's peaceful.

All the plastic crotch rocket pilots howl along the main road to Hawes, where on Saturdays there's no room to park a credit card. Up here, there's a beautiful feeling of space to think, tranquility so therapeutic one wants to park one's Voskhod in the sunshine and photograph the moment of motorcycling's beauty.

Today, Jim Turner owns Trevor's old Voskhod.



Regalia

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

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

We look forward to hearing from you.

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

- T-Shirts: £15.00
- Polo Shirts: £18.00
- Sweatshirt: £23.00
- Full Zip Fleece: £27.50
- Hooded Sweatshirt: £25.00
- Beanie: £10.00
- Neckwear: £8.50
- Key Ring: £6.50
- Ural/Dnepr Round Tank Stickers £2.00 each

Ural/Dnepr Gold Stickers £1.75

COC Cloth Badge £5.00

COC Pin Badge: £5.25

Various Random Fun Stickers £2.00 for 4

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

Or use Snail (Royal) Mail:

COC Regalia, 1A Sycamore Road,
North Luffenham, Oakham, Rutland, LE15 8JL



Cossack

Gasket Paper Materials

Andrew Mutter

Have you ever started work on something on your bike and then realised that you don't have the right gasket for the job! Sometimes it's helpful to have a few sheets of sorted gasket paper to cut your own. Below is some information about gasket material and cutting your own gaskets.

Gasket paper is typically made from **compressed fibre materials** that are impregnated with a binder to provide sealing and durability. The exact composition can vary depending on the intended application (e.g. oil resistance, temperature tolerance, etc.), but common materials include:

Common Gasket Paper Materials: Cellulose (Paper Fiber) with Rubber Binder

Often called "vegetable fiber" gasket paper- Good for oil, fuel, and coolant resistance- Used on applications like carburettor and timing cover gaskets

Nitrile Butadiene Rubber (NBR) with Aramid Fiber or Cellulose

Offers better oil and chemical resistance Suitable for higher temperature and pressure

Cork-Rubber Composite

Flexible and compressible Good for irregular surfaces Common in valve covers or differential covers

Graphite or Asbestos-Free Mineral Fiber (for high-temp applications)

Often used in exhaust systems or where high thermal resistance is needed

Asbestos is no longer commonly used due to health hazards

Typical Thickness Range:

From **0.15 mm to 1.5 mm**, depending on the application

If you're doing general engine work (e.g. alternator, rocker cover gaskets), a **0.8 mm or 1.0 mm NBR/cellulose gasket paper** is a solid, all-purpose choice. For general use on a motorcycle, **gasket paper thickness between 0.4 mm and 1.0 mm (0.016" to 0.040")** is typically recommended. Here's a breakdown depending on the application:

General Guidance: 0.25–0.5 mm

(0.010–0.020"): Suitable for tight-fitting surfaces, carburettors, fuel systems, and areas with low pressure.

0.75–1.0 mm (0.030–0.040"): Good for engine covers, side cases, and surfaces with slight irregularities.

1.5 mm (0.060") and up: Only use when surfaces are uneven or you're replacing a very thick original gasket — too thick can compromise sealing or bolt torque.

Tips:

Always match the thickness to the original gasket if possible.

Use **oil-resistant** gasket paper (like nitrile-bonded fiber) for engine and transmission areas. For water or coolant areas, use **water-resistant cellulose fiber** or rubber-impregnated materials. If you're stocking up for various jobs, a **variety pack** (e.g., 0.25 mm, 0.5 mm, 1.0 mm sheets) is a practical choice.

Having gasket paper on hand saves time and lets you keep riding. A small investment that pays off every time you open a cover!

What great taste! Here's Samuel at the last Stafford Bike Show, pictured reading a copy of *Horizontal View*. Eagle-eyed readers will spot the front cover image — Peter Ballard's Ural tackling the green lanes in fine style. Inserted alongside is Samuel's own machine, a beautifully original survivor from the 1970s, presented with a lovely patina. A lovely reminder that good motorcycles, like good magazines, never go out of fashion.



The Cossack Club website features a gallery of photographs — sometimes showcasing the inimitable photography of Webmaster Dave Cox — all organised into albums for easy browsing. It's a great way to see **The Past, The Present, and Into The Future** of the club. If you haven't yet been to a COC camping weekend and are wondering just how much fun you've missed, take a look at the *Club Rallies and Event Photographs* section.

For example, if you're based in the South, check out *The Three Magpies* album (from Wiltshire) then make plans to be part of it **next year!**