

HORIZONTAL VIEW

The magazine of the Cossack Owner's Club

September/October 2018

The cultural compatibility edition



Front and rear covers

Many thanks to Kris Platek for the photo of the sweet Planeta on the rear cover, discovered at Founder's day at Stamford Hall, and for bugging up the precisely ordered geometry of the front cover. There's probably some artistic reason for taking glamour photos pissed like this but I can't think of one. The front cover is the only page on which we can afford the space to accommodate it. However, the art in it makes that hardly a problem and her loveliness makes it hard to believe she's Kris' sister. The only family resemblance I can see is the overalls!

The black roundels are COC stickers also designed by Phil Rushworth and available for £1.50. See page 4 for the others.

In the bottom left you'll find a snap shot of the Druid's Temple visited on the ride out from Middlesmoor on page 16. Lovely Hazel wanted to see this because it's called "Druid's" temple but it has no religious significance at all. In fact from the look of the phallic looking plinth in the centre, stone altars sacrificing virgins for the use of (or virginity at least!) and adjacent dark chambers in which to occupy them, it looks like there might have been another reason for building it. And in the bottom right, a thing to stir the loins of every adolescent Soviet bloc youth.

Inside the rear cover Mike Smith looks justifiably proud of his beautiful Planeta and resting peacefully on the campsite behind The Crown in Middlesmoor, before the wind, is Russell Johnson's 750 Ural outfit.

I'd like to personally apologise to Michael Wadsworth for chopping up his carefully organised account of his visit to Middlesmoor and using only some of his pictures. I couldn't fit it in whole. We sort of hijacked an MZRC event by invitation and having done so discovered it to be a marvellous idea.

The COC AGM will have been and gone by the time you read this and with luck there will have been some discussion on swapping event dates between the three East European owners clubs officially. Wouldn't you like to turn up to a Jawa/CZ rally on a Jupiter and make their 634s look boring? You'd be welcome to I'm sure. They are of course cold war competitors. They've been ignoring Serenity for years!

I see we have three new members in East Anglia. If you'd care to get in touch gentlemen, an email or two could get you in here!

A warm welcome to...

Robert Webb, St Albans. Herts. Richard Gull, Ipswich Suffolk. Colin Williams, Radstock. Nick Egdell, Lancaster. Luke Prigmore. Suffolk. Tim Kirby Hants. Brian Roberts, Staffs. Stephen Waller, Co. Antrim. Lee Jerrett, Kent. Dennis Martin, Lincs. Vic Adlard, Leics. Tom O'Brien, Derbys. Derek McCallum, Scotland. Glen Kapoor, N. Yorks. Steve Virgo, Glos. Shane Newman, Suffolk.



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Facebook because everyone does it, don't they?

www.facebook.com/cossackownersclub

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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 remaining classic show at Stafford County Showground this year is on October 13/14th. Comrade Carl on page 2 knows about these.

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

Of particular interest to us are October 21st, which is Red Oktober Eastern Bloc Vehicle day and November 11th which is a combined military vehicle and remembrance day.



David Greenwood has this to say about November 11th 2017....."They seem to appreciate when we attend and place us right at the front and several ask about the club. Other members with Military or look-alike combos are very welcome to attend. The owner always asks me to spread the word.

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.

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

How posh is that? PJB said "Just keep the grease off the waist coat!"

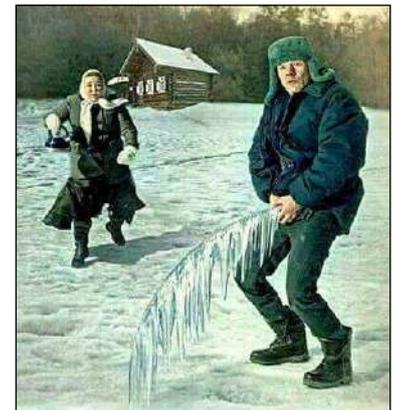


There's a pdf available explaining the event in more detail and with a lot more pictures of what to expect. If your thing is dressing up like a Soviet Squaddie and cruising the field on a camouflaged Jupiter, Bob French, you need to be there! Ask and I'll send it to you.

Further to the huge success Bynnzi's MZ Yorkshire camp was, he's pushing his luck with this.....

The MZRC Yeti Hunt Camp. All Cossackers welcome. **21/23rd**

December 2018 Yeti hunt extreme!



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

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

Bring your own ale and food as there is no cozy pub, just a barn in which to congregate around Bynnzi's wood stove, proper! I am assured that the camping field is reasonably level, next to a stream, and accessible over a stone bridge or through a ford we have a barn available to us with ample seating. And a single, but serviceable toilet. Fees are 5 quids a night.



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



Bynnzi's and Tony Simmond's outfits checking out the venue, in the easy summer sunshine.

We will be at.....

Lots of people will be at Dent. 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 2018 Autumn date is October 12th-14th.

There is every reason to believe the Phil Rushworth laptop and bed sheet picture show

will be there. Load all your adventure pictures onto a memory stick or CD and bring it to enthral the whole rally. Sadly this clashes with Stafford.

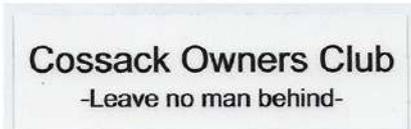
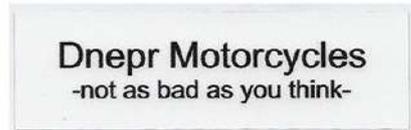
Mike Rowe in September. A similar weekend to the 3 Magpies, on Friday and Saturday nights, 14 and 15 September 2018 in the Forest of Dean. A camping or if you must, motorhome event. It's at Cherry Orchard Farm who also do B&B. www.cherryorchardfarm.co.uk

The farm is situated on the B4231, 1/4 mile north of the village of Newland and 3 miles south of Monmouth. There is a pub just 5 minutes walk down the road. www.theostrichinn.com

The Friday will be arrival, then the evening quite relaxed possibly a pint and a meal at the pub, and no doubt "bike talk". Saturday a ride among friends through the Wye valley, either a northerly or southern route still to be decided. Sunday after breakfast and begin the ride home.

The range of humourous, Phil Rushworth designed COC stickers are now available from Phil Inman, our regalia commissar, sensibly priced at £1.50 each or £2.50 for a set as pictured below. For Ural pilots, Urals aren't as bad as you think.

Oi! Wanna buy a sticker?



Vostok motorcycles have left Ebay having fallen foul of some of Ebay's rules and regulations. Their new on line shop is vostok-motorcycles.ebid.net but it's not fully operational as you read this. If you want to check on the continued availability of precious Russian motorcycle parts or on Chris Tomes' wellbeing try vostokmotorcycles@gmail.com He assures us on Facebook all will be well in the future.

Vostok Motorcycles

The Chris Drucker Archive

Unfortunately poor Chris is laid up with something wrong with his muscles and off work with not much to do but think.

There is some danger that he might find the time to dig out some of his Minsk's, engage with DVLA's registration process now that they're old enough to be historic, and tax free, and actually put one back on the road.

However, as always the archivist's lament is that things aren't the way they were. For those who don't remember, or don't care, that's fine, but for some of us progress hasn't been progress at all.

Go on then Chris, get it off your chest.....

I am sure that our youth was far, far and away more fun and I just caught the tail end of the good old carefree days before the nanny state and elf n safety bullies gained the upper hand.

Now on the road I have difficulty passing crawling cars on my Enfield Bullet as the traffic is compressed by Bus, cycle lanes and every few yards there is yet another endless line of keep left bollards etc, plus the cars themselves have grown fat to accommodate side impact kit and side (not Wing) mounted mirrors and I have just attended a speed awareness course (saved 3 points!) as I passed a camera I forgot about at 36mph in a 30 on the Enfield.

At 16 I jumped on a 50mph 50cc Moped by buying a licence from the Post Office, I was able at 17 (had I wished) to buy a 92mph RD250F Yam and in 1980 I passed my test by riding round the block 4 times in each direction, what's not great (and affordable) about that? All this killed by the 1st August 1977 sloped ban to a fancy looking death trap that struggled to 30 MPH, then the 1981 12 horsepower 125 restriction with a years ban if you did not pass your 2 part test in (I think) 2 years time.

When I was 17 I could not afford an RD250F (that came at 19) but my Thames Ditton dealer Comerfords (known by some as Connalots !) had brand new RS125DX Yams for £359.00 on the road, with my 1977 Honda SS50 (4 bhp!) as a PX I became the proud owner of a New S reg bike, pulled up outside my local Paper shop and was verbally accosted by an elderly granny, probably late 70's age wise who lectured me on how we youth were spoilt rotten these days, had

it all and how her generation had nothing compared with us!!! All this from a total stranger out of the Blue in early 1978, all I could do was stammer out, but that's not my fault!

When you think of her age she would have known people who went to the trenches of WW1, then there was the flu pandemic of 1918 which killed a quarter of the population of the USA, the Hitler War and constant bombing raids, well yes I was just a snow flake really!

However I feel so Sorry for the Present day Snowflakes, They (in my soft southern Liberal environment of Surrey) are given new cars at 17, you do not see them at bus stops! They always go to uni, even though its just a jumped up local polytechnic.!!

They are obsessed by selfies and there twatter, f#ckwhit (Face book) rating/'friends'. They fly on cheap short haul flights all over the place, almost like I would have taken the bus to my local town, take gap years, eat out, buy expensive junk food, expect new furniture in their digs, (I bought my first furniture in Junk shops, and still have some of it!!!) they believe that Brexit will lead to world war 3 (what about the U.N.?) if we have a prolonged period of gales or any other type of weather, it's global warming etc. Parents actually Invite their Male/Female friends for sleep overs (Bunk Ups!)

Why they have never had it so easy at such a young age, just wish they would stop moaning about their lot and grow a stiff upper lip, spine etc, any one dies and they all enjoy mass grieving as a sort of hobby.

Those who grow up and buy modern superbikes for mega money tend to be RUB's (Rich Urban Bikers) car driver first, motorcyclist last so I class them as bikers however I am a motorcyclist, I got my first 2 wheeler in May 1977 and reluctantly got a car licence in May 1982 for a driving job, for me there is a large difference between modern bikers and motorcyclists like me, like night and day!

On the other side of the wall however, far removed from the soft, southern Liberal environment of Surrey, our Soviet contemporaries were limited not by rules and regulations but by the availability of hardware. Chris sent me an interview with the management of LMZ published in Round Up magazine which

is the state sponsored glorification of everything motorised and manufactured in the USSR. It reads as if they made it all up and the names of the people whose heads seem buried in the Soviet sand are probably as unrealistic as their belief that centralised state control is a comparable thing to a free market economy. Were they isolated from the truth by Avtoexport?

The year must be around 1985/6/7? Not long before the wall fell and exposed LMZ to the ruthless inhumanity of global capitalism. Read this with your preconceptions intact and it's quite sweet really, quaint even, but sinister at the same time, even though it's only mopeds.

A "mokick" by the way, is a moped you kick start instead of pedal into life and pictured right, just so you know, is a Verkhovina, LMZ's old model.



Karparty means Carpathian in Russian and Ukrainian, and others. Verkhovina, or rather Вєрховина, is a town in the Carpathian foothills in West Ukraine.

The Lvov Motor Works: Renewed Programme.

Mopeds and children's bicycles labelled LMZ are well known in all corners of the earth: In the Netherlands and Australia, in Argentina and Saudi Arabia, in Ireland and Nepal. Today may be the right time for an account of the works because its production programme has been renewed from top to bottom over the last two or three years. Our correspondent, B.K.Tikhonov, visited the works and met its managers.

B.K.Tikhonov The Lvov motor works today is one of the largest USSR manufacturers of mopeds and children's bicycles. One wonders what it was like in the early stage of its existence and what products it turned out considering that there were no mopeds at that time.

V.V.Ovcharuk, Director of the works: Our plant was first mentioned in the mid 1920s in the records which are kept in the Lvov archives.

What did it look like at that time? A small primitive workshop employing twelve or fifteen workers and producing nails, horse shoes and other small metal wares. It had remained that way until the 1940s. The plant's evolution really started after the war when people's power had been finally established in or region. It first manufactured goods for farming, such as carts, drills, mobile shops based on the GAZ51 truck. We began making motor vehicles and bicycles in 1960. The first product in this line was a bicycle with a mounted motor. About 30 various models have been introduced since then, including motor bicycles, mopeds and mokicks until the present day Karparty, a mokick of a completely new design that fully complies with the requirements of today's world market.



We started manufacturing Zaika children's bicycles ten years ago and they quickly became popular in the USSR and in some other countries. Today we are making collapsible models Zaika-3, Zaika-3m and Zaika-3-Luxe. The demand for them is so great that we are unable to meet it in full. They are manufactured, therefore, according to our drawings by plants in two other cities, Tashkent and Chernovtsy.

We have been producing the Evrika collapsible bicycle for teenagers since last September. We have no doubt that it will be in great demand both inside and outside the USSR.

B.K.Tikhonov: Of course, you take into account the state of the art in the world and the constantly changing market demands?

V.V.Ovcharuk: A careful study of foreign experience in motorcycle and bicycle making and of the market situation is a must for export growth. The office of the Chief Designer and Demand Research Service deal with this at our



plant. We always compare every new model with the best products offered by other manufacturers on the world market. And only when its performance is equal to them or better, is the model put into production.

By polling trading organisations, by participating in exhibitions and by way of direct contacts with buyers we research the current market and forecast the prospects. We work particularly intensively with prospective buyers talking to them at exhibition-sale events, mailing questionnaires to a large number of persons, and keeping in touch with 400 owners of our mopeds and mokicks, who share their impressions with us and pass on to us their wishes and recommendations. Using all this data, the Demand Research Service makes forecasts, both short range and long range. We consider long term those forecasts which are chartered for a five year period as we do not think it practical to plan for a longer term since it's hard to foresee all the possible changes in the situation in the more distant future.

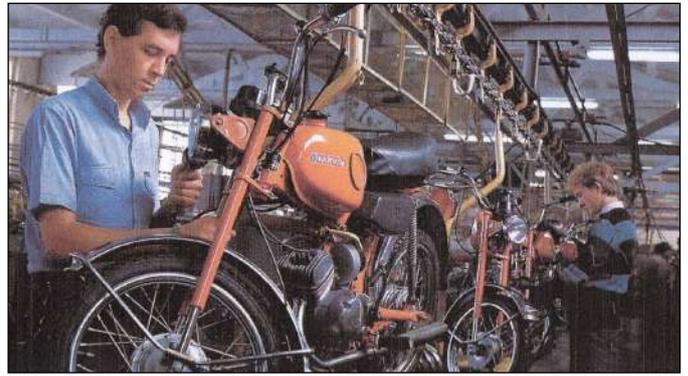
The buyer always expects something new, fresh and original and we intend to live up to these expectations. We have modified the moped model three times over the last three or four years. In 1983 and 1984 we changed entirely the whole range of children's bicycles. We shall keep to this rate in future too.

Quality comes first.

B.K.Tikhonov: Tell us, please, how the LMZ ensures constant improvements in the quality of its products?

M.G.Vanivsky, LMZ's Chief Engineer: We use all levers to ensure high quality production. Great attention is given to the quality of raw materials and components coming to the plant. All materials are carefully analysed in the works' central laboratory. The components are tested on special beds. And every engine (from Riga) is tested twice. The second time is during bench testing of an assembled moped.

The quality control system also includes such an element as the author's supervision which is carried out by the offices of Chief Designer, Chief product Engineer and Chief Metallurgist. A special commission selects a couple of samples off the assembly line once or twice a week and checks very carefully all the units and



the quality of assembly. All this is in addition to the regular inspection service. The latter has standard specimens of the products at all its stations and our quality inspectors do not allow the least deviations from the standard in the products submitted to them. Our system of quality control is being updated all the time and it works well.

In house machine tool building and robotics.



M.G.Vanivsky: A product is good if the manufacturing equipment is good. We turned to two main fields in order to secure highly efficient production, in house machine tool building and robotics. Our plant has a facility where special purpose equipment designed by our own engineers is fabricated. Why do we need this? The use of a universal machine in a mass production environment would have meant great losses both in the volume and quality of the products made. While I can perform only one operation on this machine, a special purpose one enables five or six operations to be performed. Designed for specific operations with specific parts, the special purpose machine tool ensures a much higher accuracy and does not need to be attended all the time. You will be told about this in detail by V.S.Zhovkva, our Automation and Mechanisation Manager.

V.S. Zhovkva: The backbone of our current machine tool stock is multi operational automatic



machines specialised in making parts for mopeds and bicycles. Each of these is equipped with an automatic loading bin. A worker loads it with a large number of blanks to guarantee the machine being supplied for many hours. The bin orients the blanks automatically before they enter the machine's work area. The parts are unloaded automatically after machining. Thus we were able to create stations comprising five or six automatic machines attended by one worker.



Today we fit mini computers to machines. Improved versions of electronic control boards are installed. Now each of them controls twenty to forty operations performed by several machines simultaneously but soon they will be able to control 100 to 150 operations. No 1 item in our programme was forging as the most tedious and injury prone. The modern worker, of course, does not like such a wearisome and uninteresting job.

In the mid 1970s we made the first manipulators which fed sprockets (that's what it says!) into forging and incandescence areas. Our presses today are equipped with robots. Some of them have two arms. How do they work? A robot takes a billet with one hand while its other hand at the same time removes the previous workpiece from under the die. Then the first hand places the blank under the die of its press and the other hand puts the previous workpiece under die of the next press. This is how a whole line operates producing parts for silencers and fuel tanks.

In order not to tie humans to the presses (!) we entrusted the function of workpiece supply to vibrating feed bins where a worker simply pours in blanks anyhow and his job is finished, the bin itself orients the workpiece and hands it to the robot. We also use robots for painting and some other functions.

Our electroplating department is also an example of a highly automated production. It has seven automatic transfer lines. A human operator only hangs the parts which move in a closed ellipse and return already chrome plated to the starting point where a worker removes them from the conveyor.

B.K.Tikhonov: What is the worker's attitude to the automation of production?

M.G.Vanvinsky: They welcome these processes being aware that they do not risk losing their jobs since there has been no unemployment in the USSR for over half a century. The only future in store for our workers is more highly skilled, interesting, creative, less tiring jobs. Compare for yourself: a forger becomes an operator or setter up of a robotic station. And our people readily agree to retraining for a more prestigious and better paid occupation. As a result, the output of mopeds and bicycles is growing, their quality is improving, and production costs are going down. Automation plus mass production is all there is to it with regards to the relatively low price at which Avtoexport sells our products on the world market.

Karparty: An entirely new model.

B.K.Tikhonov: What made the plant create an entirely new moped or, rather a moped instead of continuing to upgrade the previous base model, the Verkhovina, widely known in many countries?



V.V.Nakonechny, Deputy Chief Designer: We will be frank. True, the Verkhovina was still in demand but it no longer satisfied us in many respects. Engineering developments, some of them suggested by buyers, required embodiment in an entirely new model. If you now try to compare the Karparty with the Verkhovina, you will come to the inevitable conclusion, they practically have nothing in common.

B.K.Tikhonov This comparison would obviously allow many of our readers, well

acquainted with the Verkhovina, to get a better idea of all the advantages of the new machine.

V.V.Nakonechny: Well, begin with the appearance. The silhouette of the Karparty was designed jointly with the Leningrad branch of the All Union Research Institute of Industrial Design bearing in mind ergonomic and aesthetic requirements. Please, note that the mokick's frame is definitely arrow shaped giving a streamlined look to the machine. As compared to the previous base model, the Karparty also has a more attractive styling of the fuel tank, silencer and side plates covering the electrical equipment.



The new mokick has a more comfortable saddle with a wavy surface, which is a substantial plus when riding in hot weather. The Karparty's frame is much tougher and sturdier than the Verkhovina's. It used to be made of one tube. Now it consists of two tubes that stand a little apart with plate spacers welded between them. Thus, the structure became stiffer and, besides, its weight was somewhat reduced.

A special damper on the rear wheel hub softens considerably the dynamic impacts in taking off, gear shifting and braking. It protects the transmission from premature wear. The fuel tank has been fixed in a new fashion. Now the frame has two shock absorbing bushes where the tank is fixed with clamps (it is mounted rigidly at all other points). So the hydraulic shocks are fully compensated.

The Karparty is provided with a new engine having pointless ignition and a kick starter. Its torque is greater as compared with the Verkhovina, i.e. the pull also increased. As a result the machine can easily negotiate uphill slopes.

The piston group has become much more durable and the crankshaft has been stiffened more. The engine used to be shut down by means of a decompressor built into its head. We have eliminated this unit. Its function is taken over by the emergency ignition switch.

The gearbox has been strengthened considerably due to hardening gears' teeth. Plain bearings in the box have been replaced with ball bearings. The clutch is of the three disk type with a cast inner drum, an undoubted improvement reinforcing the whole structure.

The new silencer is much more efficient than that of the Verkhovina. Although shorter than its predecessor, it ensures a lower noise level. In the near future the noise will be reduced further, this will be done by using a new inlet section already developed and tested.

A few words about the electrical equipment used in the mokick. Its stable operation is ensured with a 45w generator (the Verkhovina's generator had a power of 15w). The new machine has been given a stop light connected to the rear wheel brake, a new head lamp with better lighting characteristics, a new tail light and a new antidazzle switch. As you can see, the Karparty is truly a new machine from the frame to generator and from engine to stop signal.

B.K.Tikhonov: You have told us about the base model of the Karparty mokick. But your plant also manufactures some of its modified versions. Tell us about them, please.

V.V.Nakonechny: We have two of them so far. Karparty Sport. This mokick has the front wheel shield cushioned and the silencer with a protective screen raised to the level of the upper wheel rim to increase its cross country capability. The diameter of the front wheel is enlarged to 19 inches and the rear wheel has a diameter of 16 inches. There is a tubular handle or stirrup between the tail light and the saddle instead of the carrier so as to make it easier to lift the moped by hand.

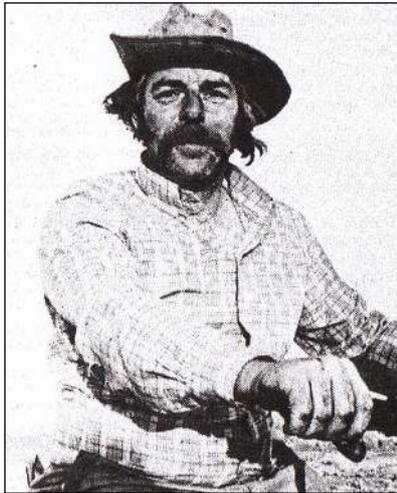
Karparty Yuniior is a version for cinder track racing and is equipped with a much more powerful engine (14bhp) (*Where did that come from, Minsk?*)





Believe it or not I found the above very old model Verkhovina on the internet actually with a 125 Minsk engine in it, with less brakes and suspension than a Minsk!

Pictured right is Fred Wells. You could say that if he hadn't, someone else would have but the fact remains that he pioneered the sale of Russian motorcycles in the UK and had to deal with the realities of business with Avtoexport from a Western point of view first. Did anyone we know meet him? Chris Drucker found this, from Bike Magazine around May 1981, perfectly titled.....



An Oasis in a Desert of Dealers.

“He spends most of his time at the flying club.” Says his son Jim, voice crackling from the other end of the line. “Maybe you’ll find him there.”

Maybe indeed. He’s certainly a hard man to pin down is Fred Wells. An hour later, after a quick snort up the motorway, I’m at the said flying club, breathless but exhilarated, asking the receptionist to point out to me the man of my quest. “Fred? He’s only just gone out.” She says helpfully, “So if it’s an hour’s lesson, he’ll be back in three quarters of an hour.” See what I mean about him being a hard man to pin down? “He’s learning to fly?” I hazard naively. “No, he’s the instructor.”

Well blow me down wiv’ a feather. Fred Wells, motorcyclist extraordinaire, a flying instructor!

And not only that, as I find out later when he’s back on terra firma, large as life, sitting opposite, unfolding his life with motorcycles for my elucidation and delectation, no, not only that, I say, but *chief* instructor at the flying club and more or less running the place to boot.

Fred “Oily” Wells is a big genial man, eyes twinkling from above a bushy grey whiskers. His long and varied association with motorcycles started way back in wartime days, before he was called up, when he bought a second hand 500cc Norton for thirty bob (yes, a mere £1.50 in decimal coinage) which he had to push home. Petrol being in short supply those days, well there was a war on after all, poor Freddy had to run his bike on whatever fuel he could lay his carburettors on, eg paraffin, ether, stale beer.

Called up to the Royal Signals in 1944, Freddy was posted to Catterick where the biking fraternity, which included Geoff Duke, looked after the bikes of the Royal Signals Display team, and I daresay stole the odd shot when team members weren’t looking.

In 1945 he was sent to Italy and, chance being the fine thing it seldom is, he landed among a herd of impressed bikes, about fifty in all, which he and the lads were able to ride round and on which our Fred had his first taste of motorcycle competition. But the bit of dirt track racing which he did in Italy was, in his own words, “amateur, very amateur”. Fred was demobbed in 1947 and bought an OK Supreme minus gearbox for £3. To this he grafted a BSA gearbox and went grass tracking.

“I was skint.” He recalls. “I had to push it to the meetings or get up early before the police were about and ride it there, though I could usually get a tow home.” In 1953 Fred had what he sometimes euphemistically describes as a “bad prang”. For two years he was strapped up and unable to ride. However around that time stock car racing was becoming more popular and, never to miss the chance of a tussle on the track, he decided to give that a try.

At his first meeting, an international against the French, the opposition tried to knock him out of the race and in retaliation he KO’d their first and second men. “From then onwards,” he recalls with a grin and perhaps just a hint of pride, “I was the big bad villain of stock car racing. I had to get police escorts out of the grounds.”

By 1955, "I was beginning to feel a bit better by then." The power that he had decided to get a bit of organisation into stock car racing and Fred had decided to get out. For the relatively hefty sum of £30 he bought a second hand Royal Enfield Bullet and he and friend Alf Hagon set about the delicate business of tuning the machine. "It was a bloody good bike. I qualified for the national grass track championships on it. I used it for the odd road race meeting as well."

Then followed a period of sidecar racing. Fred built his own Vincent engined outfit with adjustable banked sidecar. Unfortunately this rather ponderous machine wouldn't go round corners without the front wheel reaching for the sky, so he built a lightweight JAP engined outfit which he soon converted for adjustable banking. "After three meetings it was unbeatable, so it was banned." Banned? Good Grief, why? Fred shrugs wryly. "Not in the spirit of things." He mutters.

After a time spent in sprinting and achievements including building what he claims was the first double engined sprinter in the country, a blown, fuel injected 1000cc Triumph which due to an ignition fault never actually finished a run, and clocking one or two world sprinting records, Fred pulled out of motorcycle racing altogether.

His participation in motorcycle sport is now restricted to helping his son Jim prepare his (Jim's that is) bikes for racing, and his participation in motorcycling itself involves looking after his (Fred's that is) bike collection, which includes such worlde goodies as an unregistered 1935 side valve Triumph 350 which he rescued from a barn in France, a 1941 Indian V-twin and a 1970 Velo which he bought in almost brand new nick from the police.

Most of these are stored at his shop in London's East End, where Jim Wells spends his days tuning racing machines, reconstructing old Brit iron and buying and selling ex-cop Triumphs and Nortons, now getting a bit thin on the ground, and BMWs. Fred looks slightly bemused when I ask him how he started out in business. "I started with a yard," he says after a moment's retrospection, "then I bought a shop."

For three years Fred Wells held the UK concession for Russian bikes, IZH, Voskhod, Ural, Minsk. "They drove me mad," he says with not a little passion. "I think the main trouble is

that they're built for Russia, not this country."

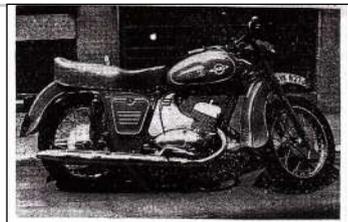
However, partly to promote the little sought after Russian machines and partly out of that futile spirit of whatever it is that sent Ted Simon and Paul Pratt wandering round the globe, Fred decided to take a Ural outfit across the Sahara. He built the bike himself, he says, out of old bits and pieces lying around the workshop, "All the rejected guarantee spares" and so on. "You have to build your own because they're so badly put together."

Despite the dubious source of the bits and pieces the bike was built from, in the fourteen days it took Fred and his friend Mike Harper-Smith to get from London to

Lagos, via Marseilles and Algiers, the bike never missed a beat. On the other hand, Harper-Smith's outfit broke down repeatedly.

The actual crossing of the Sahara took ten days. Service stations not being too frequent in the desert, Fred's main hassle was carrying a grand total of 42 gallons (yes, 42!) on board. Apart from the relatively small quantity in the normal fuel tank, he had the stuff in tanks on the back, in the panniers and in a special tank welded to the front of the sidecar after the nose had been cut off.

As those of you who have read Jupiter's Travels will already be abundantly aware, large stretches of the desert have no roads as such. Would be travellers have to follow vague markers, with a hope and a prayer, and trust God or their luck that they don't lose their way before the next water hole. "There's drums or heaps of stones every kilometre." says Fred. "You keep them to one side of you. There's a made up track as far as Tamanrasset, then a stretch without. But the worst bit is the African roads. They're rutted, pot



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holed, indescribably bad. After the first 50 miles you think nothing can stand it." Luckily for our intrepid travellers, some things can. "If you go at fifty it's not too bad," Says Fred, "but you can't turn." Deep ruts make changing direction little short of impossible. You go where they go or you don't go at all.



One result of this inability to turn, also noted by Mr Simon if my memory serves me right, was that poor Fred hit a camel, and with such force that he killed it outright. Neither the bike nor its rider was too badly damaged, however, and they made it to a nearby village where so covered in bits of camel was our hero that the villagers were sore afraid. "They thought I was about to die." says Fred, which in a way was just as well, for if they'd realised he'd killed a camel someone would have wanted paying for it.

After the trip Fred gave the bike back to the Russians, who wanted to show off the Ural that had been across the Sahara (bet they never mentioned it had been made out of bits and pieces scavenged from the workshop dustbin) and when he got it back he sold it to a guy who rode it to Australia. "That was the toughest, most long suffering bike I've ever seen."

Since then Fred Wells has been across the Sahara again, this time in the company of Ray Lock and Clew Hughes (the latter of Coburn and Hughes fame) riding Yamaha DT175 trail bikes fitted with flat section sidecar tyres to skim over the soft sand. And the indefatigable man hopes to do it yet again, this time on a four stroke solo, probably that 350 side valve Triumph, he says. Now that *would* be something. His immediate hopes, however, are pinned on the Paris-New York air race on June 14 this year. "We're going to win that." He growls with a look in his eye that tells me he knows something I don't.



Apparently the engine in the new Jawa single is based on the Shineray XY400. According to Bynnzi "Shineray seem to be the new Rotax. It seems that power no longer comes from the barrel of a gun. The rise of the Chinaman moves steadily forward."

Bynnzi

*This is interesting alongside David Angel's professional point of view. **Living with the Chink.....** (PC outrage acknowledged!)*

The last weekend in April saw me wending my way down to South Wales to attend an MZ club meeting in a pleasant village called Cwmdru. This was my first opportunity to assess the Chink, a Mash 400 scrambler which I bought on a whim, and with the sole purpose of pissing off Mrs B apparently. I had ridden him for a couple of weeks but this was the first time I would put any distance on him.

I loaded my camping gear up the evening before departure and immediately was wishing for a good sized rack to strap things to. The bike has bungee clips but the saddle being made for the eyes rather than the arse is not really man enough to strap things over. Also the rear indicators being mounted under the seat meant that my throw over panniers were uncomfortably too far forward and in danger of being obscured by my tent. No real problem as I redesigned the back of the bike in my head as I was riding, and filed the changes in the to do section of my bonce.

The bike has an electric start, something I have not had for a small dogs age. And it is very good, just a short application of the button has the bike burbling on a steady 1500 rpm. Fuel is squirted in by means of fuel injection, something I have never had before and it does the job admirably. Though I have found that being bereft of a choke the engine needs a couple of minutes ticking over to warm up otherwise it tends to be a bit lumpy.

It's all a learning curve and as with anything else there is always a knack, sadly I don't yet have the knack with the kickstart. Always nice to see a kicker as well as the power boot, but until I fathom the way with it I have found that the lever is only useful for hanging my smalls on after rinsing them through when camping. The bike does look good and rides nicely, only being let down by the rubber. The tyres, made by a



company called Yuanking (!) have much in common with the Pneumants which were the original fittment on MZs. Like them they are as predictable as a lamb in a hedgerow. But these can be changed and the seat which is the most uncomfortable thing I have ever sat on can be moulded to offer cossetting comfort to my ample arse.

Another niggle is that the forks are harder than a lesbian from Keighley, but I am hoping these will ease with maturity. Over all I am impressed with the quality of the thing considering that it cost only slightly more than a return train ticket to London.

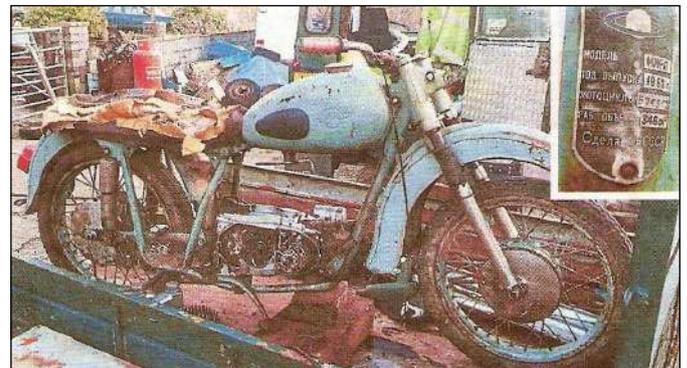
The trip to South Wales went off without a hitch and the Chink plodded staunchly through the adverse weather which we threw ourselves towards. The rain only stopping 30 miles from our destination where it had been sunny all day. Obviously. Tent up, tea in hand and fighting off the tyre kickers. All weekend little crowds kept gathering round the Chink, pointing and pontificating all generally with a positive take on him.

The Saturday was spent driving round the military roads on the Brecon Beacons, and while on manoeuvres we doubled the mileage that was on him when bought him. Bit of a shock to him I suppose, covering all of 600 miles in the first year. Then doing the same in only 2 weeks, not been out in the rain till I bought him either! Can't understand someone buying a new bike and not riding it, but if you only go out in sunshine then they were lucky to clock up 600 miles.

Sunday, pack up say toodleoo and piss off on the return leg. Same old same old but in the dry this time. Seems to be a happy little bike chuckling away through his two into one exhaust ,and hills don't faze him. Quite pleasant bimbling along at 30/40 mph but will reach the heady speed of 80 if you are daring enough, it's

a sit up and beg riding position so don't want to be doing that for long though. The most comfortable speed for fast roads seems to be 60 so that will be it then. 60 mph with a bit left for the odd overtake.

The total round trip came in at 650 miles and didn't I know it, my bum resembled that of a baboon it was so sore. And that was with the added comfort from a sheep's fleece. So first job will be sort the seat then the indicators and a rack. The tyres will get changed when needed so I will live with the eccentric handling for a bit. He's not a big drinker and managed 75 mpg which I am happy with, in fact I'm pleased with the overall package. Still a gamble but a better return than I could have hoped, the future will tell. And if the injin does go tits, a replacement is available new for 500 quids! Don't ya love those Chinamen.



David Greenwood found this, above, in Old Bike Mart. It's not the Planeta they advised, it's a 1963 IZH 56 and it was a gift from an employer to his employee! Nice to see such things still happen.



As you know, we've screwed together the worst of the parts in the garage full we bought as the overall Dnepr project

RFH 184R

Надежда

as a sort of interim, quick and easy instant progress without bothering with paint. The idea being to test various assemblies now, so we know if they'll be OK for the real deal when the time comes. Originally the plan was to sell poor Cinderella on cheap when her job was done.

However, she's turning out to be far more than the sum of her parts and I've been mildly astonished by her charm and to be honest, sheer competence. I rather like this, below.



So how are those scandalously cheap cylinders doing then? Well, pretty good actually. The last nip up was hundreds of miles ago and I've become confident enough to get the throttles open and check out the carburetion, necessary because we have Mikuni carbs from a ??????, probably some Japanese two stroke twin. Not a set though, we have two left hand ones, with the choke knobs on.

I met David Rodgers in France last year and he had some from a Yamaha RD 350 LC which he claimed fitted with no jetting changes at all. How remarkable is that? At first mine seemed fortunately close and CTB (Component Testing Bitch) ran tolerably well. Then as the settling cylinders allowed, speed revealed all was not quite right.

Two stroke needles are different and our mystery Mikunis don't deliver anywhere near enough petrol on a light throttle and far too much further up. For the time being we've compensated for this by running the needles as rich as possible and fitting tiny main jets, which I just happen to have (What? Buy some!!!) and from just above idle to about half throttle CTB

loves it. Isn't risking lean as the throttle opens a bit dangerous? You'd think so, especially with those dodgy cylinders but for some reason this Dnepr engine pulls so well so low down that even with the extra high final drive gearing, the throttle's never open anywhere near the danger zone. Fuel consumption, and believe it or not, oil consumption too, seems to be beautifully frugal.

Are the brakes crap? I mean they're single leading shoe and they're all bad aren't they? As ever there is something the accomplished skinflint can do.

Have you ever had that horrible spongy feeling where the brake feels soft and even creaks when you squeeze it hard instead of braking? This is because sometimes the shoe's leading end can wear more, under more force from the operating cam, leaving the trailing end thicker. When this happens the trailing end begins to hold the leading end off the drum and the spongy creaking is what should be braking force trying to bend the shoe.



The fix is to file away some lining material from the trailing end of the shoe, as much as half its length if you like, bringing the leading half into full contact with the drum so all the cam's pressure acts where it counts most. Filing away shoe area might seem a stupid thing to do. However, strange but true, it works!

CTB feels much more like a Triumph twin than a Ural and I'm amazed how different their personalities are. It's not just the British pattern silencers is it? Strangely they vibrate differently.

So far the welded up drive shaft splines are still welded up and the new go faster Ukrainian final drive gears are meshing smoothly and quietly with no signs of catastrophic cheapness at all. I've changed the oil twice now, not wanting to leave the debris from the initial running in to

begin the process of running out early! After two oil changes, there are hardly any sparkly bits.

Mark Avis welded his drive shaft splines up on holiday in Romania and, always looking forward to a complete solution to an engineering problem, had this advice on fitting high ratio gears.

Mark Avis

My FD set in the diesel bike is 32:10. The pinion is too big to go through the hole in the shoulder cast into the FD box, against which the strange-and-hard-to-find double-row pinion bearing rests. This shoulder turns out to be important, because it is part of the arrangement for determining the desired backlash between the pinion and crown wheel.

As the pinion moves into the box, tooth-meshing clearance decreases, and as it moves out, clearance opens up. So too far in and it'll whine, heat up and chew. Too far out and it'll whine, rattle and maybe shear a tooth. One can use shims on the pinion shaft either side of the double row bearing to determine where the pinion ends up, *relative to that shoulder* Shims between the pinion and the bearing move it in a bit. Shims on the other side ensure that the FD shaft pulls the pinion gear tight against the double-row-bearing-inner and removes all the end-float, when you bash that cotter pin through to attach the drive shaft. No end-float - we want to know where that pinion IS. The big (LH thread? - oh, my memory...) castellated nut holds the double row bearing hard against that shoulder in the case. If we must, we can shim that bearing back off the shoulder offering another route to determining where the pinion is - more on that later.

My problem with opening the hole (hacking by hand with a file, as I remember) in the case to accept the big pinion, was that I was only left with about 1mm of shoulder. This is OK - as far as fits go, 2mm small on that diameter is way past interference and into 'not going to go in', which is what we want. But unfortunately the outer race on my double-row bearing was quite heavily chamfered on its OD - so it 'missed' that little locating shoulder and slid too far into the box, before finally catching it.

To get round this, I had to turn a thick steel shim with a 'hard' corner on the outside to catch the remains of the alloy shoulder, and a curve on the

inside to match the chamfered outer bearing race. This put the pinion who-knows-where, so I then bought, or made, or found, loads of pinion shaft shims to move it around as described above until the backlash was right - phew, situation saved.

Subsequently, I read of a guy who filed (!!) 10 slots in the shoulder which were big enough to take the teeth on his pinion gear, but which left 10 in-between-y pokey out bits to locate the bearing. He would have had to screw that helical gear into the box - but hey, it seemed to have worked. Having left my opinion-forming days behind me, I now get paid to find out the hard way how bad I can be on a Bridgeport, so if I were doing another I might set it up on a rotary table and use a small slot drill to cut 10 slots in that shoulder. At home, I dunno - maybe some kind of dremel thing and a good bit of careful marking out?

Could we have saved our final drive splines? John Tickell wondered if we might.....

Optimol

Now I may be talking rubbish as I don't have a flat twin but read your piece about spline wear with interest. In another life I used to run BMW K100's which were noted for rear drive spline wear, I never saw the problem. It was proven that the spline did not slide in and out due to suspension movement and in fact was static when measured with a dial gauge. The wear was thought to be caused by the cyclic hammering on the spline due to only one Hardy Spicer joint. Being worse as the shaft angle increased. The solution, or best to say help, was to grease the spline with a special white BMW grease. Castrol also make it. 'OPTIMOL' Just a thought, John.



In the Russian's case, surely the rubber doughnut ought to handle the suspension movement and if it does, a loose one would be better than one which gripped the drive dog posts tightly? We only get sliding splines to make assembling the swinging arm easy. The side valves, with their plunger suspension, don't have them, or the problem with that stupid circlip to hold the drive dog in the right place.

What's the Yorkshire section of the MZRC's rally at Middlesmoor doing in here? There were as many Russians as there were MZs, mostly because most of the attendees turned up on modern bikes. It's important to discover that we enjoyed the MZs as much as they approved of us.

Wild Weather Weekend

Bynnzi brought this beauty, below, in a van, excusably, because he bought the soon to be essential marquee in it too.



Present in the MZ gazebo are COC people Lovely Hazel, Tony Simmonds, Russell Johnson, Ron Hall and Jo, Tony's wife and long time MZ club stalwart. Note gas powered hot water urn ensuring constant easy tea and coffee, until it ran out of gas.

The Yorkshire section of the MZ riders club camp at Middlesmoor was a huge success, thanks to 55 staunch rallyists braving the unseasonable weather. We even had a visit from Santa who in the off season swaps his sleigh for a Ural outfit, Rudolf for a Jack Russell and travels the length and breadth of the land spreading gruff good cheer. There was a good

More Bynnzi

representation from the Cossack owners club with amongst others their illustrious magazine editor Paul and the lovely Hazel travelling up from Norfolk. The furthest travelled was SAWWS rep Robin Davis from South Wales, although the distance he travelled was like popping to the shops for him as he is used to riding vast European distances.

I am a member of the COC as I know are other MZers and I hope that we can lure them to more camps, we have a lot in common. There was even a scooterist, a lone ambassador from a local scooter club which I invited. He was the only one who didn't have a problem playing with bikers! How 70s is that? I may wear my leather jacket next time I attend one of their functions.

We congregated under and sometimes held down the small marquee which was erected "just in case" as we celebrated the occasion with port and cheese. The section which is legendary for their hardy members camping in all weathers and actively seeking out snowy campsites in inhospitable corners of our wonderful county (we have a camp the weekend before Christmas but I think Santa may be too busy to attend that one) managed to have a winter rally in the middle of summer.

When the small group of erectors arrived on the Thursday prior to the meeting the mercury was close to bubbling and the marquee was put up in 33 degrees of scorchio. However the long spell of hot weather chose this very weekend to have a laff. Half an hour after completing the task the weather turned biblical and we were sheltering from a tropical storm where we had previously sought shade. The rain was so heavy that the scenery disappeared as if sheathed in fog and conversation was impossible.

Then there was wind, raging up the valley in gusts which threatened to undo our hard work and lift the shelter like a kite with a tail made of fat bearded bikers. This was the way of the weekend, "just in case" turned into "thank fek we brought it" and when I left the site, disassembling the marquee in the rain, the temperature was 14 degrees of not quite so scorchio.

The run out on Saturday was fortunate only to have occasional gusts of hurricane and was through 50 miles of loveliness finishing at a Druids Temple built as a folly in the early part of

last century. Only being completed by the addition of a visitors center and cafe 4 years ago. Although their offered selection of delicacies including watermelon cake and courgette with aubergine cake almost scared off the customers. Out of a sense of duty I sampled the one which included both of my most avoided/hated vegetables and managed to scoff it all without a gag reflex. I can report that it was just like a dry carrot cake. Small Paul took the challenge of the watermelon, and was on a sugar rush long into the night.

The run returned to camp to find 8 peeps holding tight to the marquee with one hand whilst holding a drink in the other. We riders got our own drinks and joined in the fun. It was good to see that the unspoken 70s clothing theme had worked. With no effort at all you could imagine that you were back in the glory days. True, no one had made the effort to dress up. But that is zed cred for you, most people were wearing clothes from the past out of thrift and parsimony. And so to the pub!

The wrath of the bar keep seemed slightly muted, his threat to evict any rallyists who dared enter in a skirt came to nought and kilted men mixed with others in shorts long into the evening swapping tales of derring do and tales of tosh in equal measure.

I hope that a good time was had by all, I know that I enjoyed myself immensely and along with Jo Simmonds who is responsible for starting the section all those years ago, and Tony her husband want to thank everybody who made the effort to come and helped to make this special camp such a success. Any one can organise a function, but they are crap when no one comes.

On a slightly sour note, this event was made possible by the hard work of a few and financially by a gratefully received donation from an anonymous member. There was no financial input from the MZRC on a national level, it was asked for and refused. If a celebration of 40 years doesn't warrant a little bit of fiscal assistance from the club coffers what does? I'm not anticipating



a gold watch when I pass on the reins of Yorkshire rep. Cheese, Bynnzi.



Above, Saturday evening's downpour refracting a whole rainbow above the other side of Nidderdale.

Below, Bynnzi's run out's lunch break in Masham Market Place. Masham is the home of Theakstons brewery, an establishment dear to his heart. There doesn't seem to be many bikes here but the rest were modern and parked further along the market place where they appeared to be of little interest.



The run out was spektakliar and even though it's hard not to be in North Yorkshire, Bynnzi should be applauded for it. I noticed a phenomenon, but I could be wrong, where those on the run out with loads of modern power tucked in behind him anxious not to be left behind, making him think everyone was keeping up OK. I had Serenity flat out in second up hill occasionally, trying to keep up, that's never happened before!

Below is Tony Simmonds' rain splattered instrumentation, remarkable for reading 61,286km, a high mileage these days. Maybe a contributing factor to the ride out's pace was the fact that no one came out with us on an outfit. We'd have snarled up Yorkshire's winding lanes if they had.





Above, Ron Hall and Monty (look closely) in Pateley Bridge. They stayed on the campsite Sunday night to wait for the weather to improve because they could. Ron's retired now and enjoys month long trips out connecting up rallies on consecutive weekends. How cool is that?



The MZ Trophy above deserves special mention, Michael Wadsworth chased it down the motorway. Michael said of it "Its the last Saturday of July which sees me leaving home at 13.15pm in the afternoon riding north via the M1, M18 onto "The Great North Road" the A1 and in the distance I spotted a lone M/C rider with a ray of camping gear lashed on the bike and this could only be a MZ Rider. The model was a MZ ES 250 however its was taking me a long while to catch up with this rider with the MZ now well over the legal speed limit! (My BMW rev counter showing way over 5,000 revs!) When I do get close I notice its Harry the 2-Stroke Tuner. (Harry rides a Ariel Arrow trails bike in classic trails)"



Right is not just a picture of Serenity leaning against yet another stone wall. You might notice the stressed tent, arranged in line with the inevitable Yorkshire gradient, set up to give myself and Lovely Hazel a comfortable sleeping attitude. Fortunately the Saturday afternoon hurricane blew in that direction and the addition of a few extra ropes saved it. Some people weren't so lucky and not even camping next to a wall helped.



Apparently Tony Simmonds did what he could while we were on the run out, replacing everyone's tent pegs almost as fast as the wind blew them out. In spite of that we lost a couple!

Monty the Jack Russell thought hanging on to the marquee by the skin of his teeth was a brilliant game, more fun than the ball he insisted everyone played with.

In case anyone's interested Michael sent me the link to the Burgundy Classic ISDT which looks like this, below.



Harry the Two Stroke Tuner had just been in it. The event website says "We hope to gather in our Burgundy vineyards amateurs coming from many places in Europe. Last year, the British batallion was significant but we strongly hope it will be reinforced this year by our friends from Italy and probably also with those coming from Swiss, Germany, Belgium and Netherlands.

We offer two days of riding in the heart of the Burgundy wineyard, without any spirit of

competition, for those who own any off-road bike **launched before 1974**, and able to be used on open roads.” Nearly as much fun as Bynnzi’s ride out!

We featured the Jawa/CZ club last issue because I went to their big weekend out, being a Jawa/CZ club member too. I was amused to find myself indignant to overhear John Woods, their magazine editor, compare IZH’s Jupiter with the Czechs by calling it ugly, unreliable and undesirable, in jest I hope.

The new Jawa four stroke single we pictured believing it to be Steve Wood’s bike, ‘cos he sent the photo in, was in fact David Angel’s. He pointed that out and

**David
Angel**

The pictures of the Jawa OHC shows my bike and not Steve's. What Steve failed to mention (or you chose not to pass on) is the reason for the fault light to illuminate and the subsequent bad running. EFI systems have a sensor in the exhaust (new Urals have two). In simple terms this sensor looks at the oxygen in the exhaust and compares it with a base line reading from the air outside of the exhaust. To allow the comparison there is an air bridge via a filter to the outside world. Steve blocked the filter with blue tack as he mistakenly assumed water might get in the filter. Fortunately the ECU realises that the information from the blocked sensor was clearly nonsense and turned the light on while reverting to the unmodified get you home mapping allowing Steve to ride the bike 20 miles to his dealer (me) so it could be fixed. OK it didn't run perfectly like this but it also didn't leave him stranded and was far from crippled. A similar problem would be experienced if an owner of the 40 year old carb model you mention were to block the vent in the float bowl with blue tack thereby removing atmospheric pressure as a base line for the jet system in the carb. On the wider subject of EFI in general, most cars have had EFI systems complete with oxygen sensors since the mid 1990s, this is not new technology, it's not even that difficult to understand, There are many 20 year old cars driving today with EFI systems that have covered 200000 miles or more. Motorcycle regulations lag well behind car regulations, but the introduction of Euro 4 emissions has heralded the death of the carburettor. Manufacturers are faced with a straight choice, comply or stop selling in pretty much every developed economy. I love the

simplicity of carbs and I was fairly horrified when the first EFI Urals arrived, but I recognises that for a manufacturer to survive it has to comply and no amount of sticking my head in the sand and pretending it's all rubbish will change this.

This'll be a case of a bike having trouble with its owner rather than the other way round then.

Also at the Jawa/CZ rally was Tom O'Brien who rode there on his CZ472. For those of you baffled by Czech model numbers it's a 471 with a 350 engine, pretty much the same as in the 634 I rode there on. Although in the 472 it has a 12v generator which would make it 632 engine in a Jawa. We agreed that compared to a Jupiter, or the IZH 56 Tom really fancies, a CZ is faster, smoother, more reliable, easier to ride, handles better, stops better and is more economical than an IZH, but worse, a concept John Woods might not appreciate.

Since then myself and Tom have swapped emails on the abstract quantity of charm and its effect on perceived value, while at the same time watching an object of outstanding beauty exceed the value in money we felt it deserved on Ebay.

Some of that charm of course is because the 56 is rare and exotic in the UK, something those astute East European vendors maintain by only posting them on Ebay one at a time. It'll take them years to work through the shed loads waiting their turn in barns and warehouses all over the Baltic states! So is an unregistered, worn out piece of industrial folk art worth a four figure sum, even if it was an ungainly, smoky slug when it was new? It would appear so!



Pictured on the previous page is the 56 the late and sadly missed Trevor College sold me many years ago. It came from Eastern Europe, it's not registered and yes, as a method of transport it's useless. Tom asked me to let him know if I ever wanted to sell it. That's just not going to happen! One day it'll be a sweet project and one I'm looking forward to already.

The first email to land in the editorial inbox from Doug was titled "Jupiter", because that's what he thought he'd bought, from an antique shop.

Doug Shortland

I am looking at the IZH Jupiter manuals you have, I think that mine is the Jupiter 2, but I am not sure. I will attach photos in my next email, could you please send me some information as to what to look for? I have had this motorbike for about a week, the previous owner knew nothing about it, and I am struggling to find much information about it. I know for certain that it is an IZH Jupiter 350CC, but that's about it. I also believe that it has a NOVA document with it, saying that it's a IZH 350CC from 1963?



I've got the picture. Well, it looks as if you've got most of an IZH56. It's not a Jupiter, these are twins and yours is a single.

The VIN plate is corroded, but the number on it is R7166. It's definitely a twin, but that's all I can really confirm.

Ancient wisdom dictated that singles had twin exhaust pipes because they had two exhaust ports to blow the gas either side of the frame, thus providing even



cylinder scavenging. IZH copied DKW, who were German and at the cutting edge of automotive technology, circa 1936!

Your engine has bore and stroke dimensions of 73x82mm making it a slow revving, long stroke slogger.

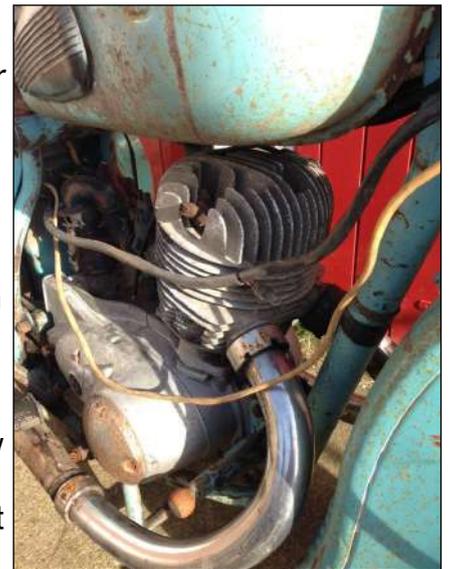
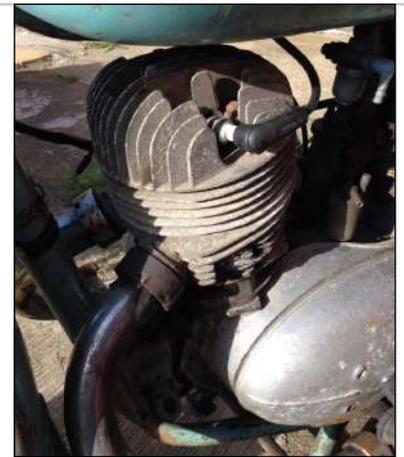
Although this gives a capacity of 350ish it only develops around 11bhp and the 56 is very slow. Having said that the crankshaft is a mighty lump and ambling along gently down quiet country lanes enjoying the flywheel weight will be a delight.

I bow down to your wisdom, why else would it have twin spark plugs and exhaust outlets on it... Because it's Russian.... Obviously slow for me isn't a problem, 12 years of scooter worship has taught me that

I took the IZH to the local show last weekend, it went down well. It held its own along with a lot of rare machines! Do you happen to know how difficult it is to get a carb cover for the 56? SHMBO is already most of the way to unimpressed, but as always, I am always in the shit, it's only the depth that varies.... Apparently, I'm now known for walking past it and grinning stupidly... I guess it comes with owning one??

At the time Doug wasn't a member of the COC, I hope he is now. He said.....

I lost a hard fought battle with the DVLA and Vespa club of Britain, over a UK scooter a few years ago (it lasted 4 years), it turned out that the Vespa club had no real interest in assisting me... To put it bluntly, they couldn't be arsed to assist me properly.



Mick Smith

Me and a friend of mine were looking around for an unusual motorcycle resto project. My friend purchased a 1976 Jupiter and decided he wanted to build a combo, so he found a Planeta with a detached side car for sale in the UK. We split the cost and I became the proud owner of the worst restoration project I have ever taken on. I will say to start that although the bike was complete I do think that maybe kids had got hold of it or it may have been wheeled off the edge of a cliff or hill, that's not a joke!

To start with both exhausts were badly dented, the petrol tank was badly dented and looked like it had been dropped on the filler cap as the tank dipped inwards, both mudguards were split and dented, the forks were bent and totally worn out, the front wheel bearings were so badly worn the front wheel nearly touched either side of the forks, the fork shrouds were dented and split but the head lamp was OK! Both wheels were buckled and had flats in, the handle bars were bent, the centre stand was bent and twisted, the side stand was bent and the mounting had been welded up badly. The brake pedal was bent, all the foot rests were bent, the swing arm bushes were shot, the seat base had been welded up so many times it looked like a patch work quilt. The side panels were dented and rusted out at the bottoms. The lower fork yoke was split the head set bearings had broken up and got between the head stock and steering lock and had worn a groove so bad I would consider it dangerous.

I had to bush the front brake plates because the brake shoe operating cams rocked around. I also had to bush the brake pedal. The wiring was shot, the levers, switches, cables, head lamp rim, rear light, speedo, regulator, chain, sprockets, brake operating rods, rear shocks, pet tap were all shot also nuts and bolts were badly rusted. The brake shoes were on the rivets.

There are numerous other resto details that would take ages to go through as you can imagine? The engine is another story I don't know how an engine could run for so long to get so worn. Well I had to buy another Planeta to use as spares. And had quite a few parts left over so I am now building another Planeta in army trim and it is looking good. I have salvaged a small amount of parts and I am using them on the new resto. I have owned dozens of

bikes over the years all kinds and I must say this Planeta puts a smile on my face, a cracking motorcycle in my opinion, very simple comfortable and sedate.

I encouraged Mike to write all that down, to give all you eager Ebay punters some idea of what to expect! He said.....

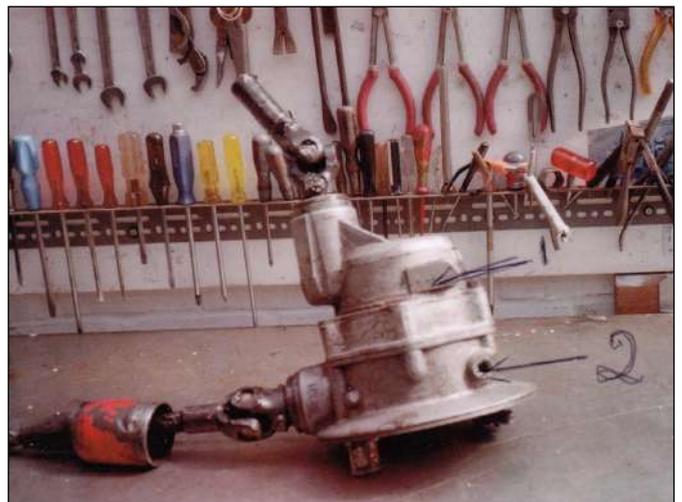
Some of the members of the club may lose the will to live reading about it! I would be happy to part with some gold bars for a frame and log book. I seem to have got half a bike left. I want to restore this one and I have a theme in mind. I am going to restore it into a very simple army style theme, no chrome, nothing fancy.

If anyone has a registered IZH chassis or significant parts thereof, let us know. It could end up looking like the inside rear cover.

John Denny

Anyone who gets out and about will know John Denny and his BMW powered Dnepr outfit with one of those complicated looking differential sidecar drives. Nothing's gone wrong with it but he thought it might and stripped the box to check.

The pictures are of differential drive which had funny noise. Nothing found that would indicate any failure. The only question is why does the oil from drive to third wheel transfer to drive from

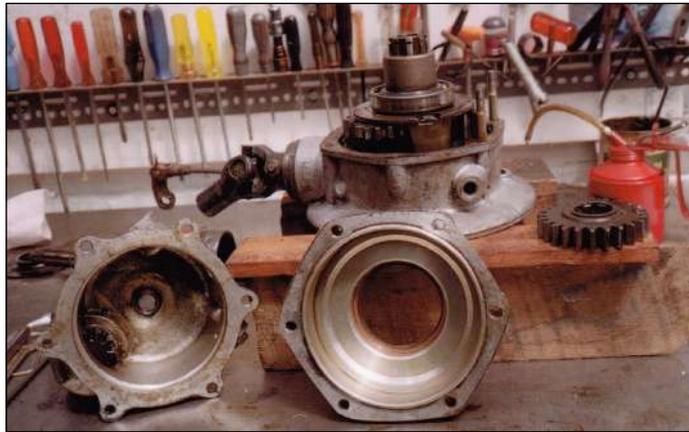
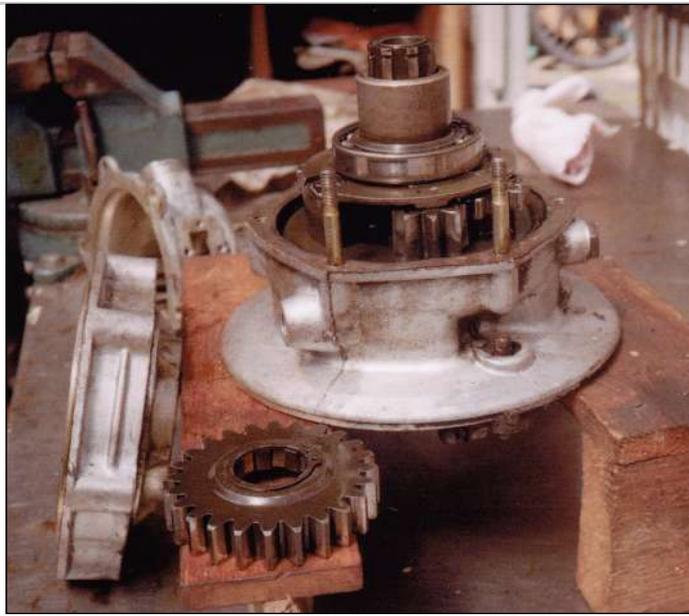


gearbox. They are filled to different levels, oh dear. *If anyone can cast any light on why the final drive lubrication appears to be unorthodox, please do.*

I've always wondered what the guts of these things looked like. The simple solo rear drive

Kris Platek

On the combined subjects of buying projects from Eastern Europe and the internal mechanics of Dneprs, Kris took these pictures of a K750 allegedly “restored” in Poland.



Kris thinks the play in the worn crankshaft, full of oily sludge, allowed the piston to hit the head. Maybe the piston lost a few lumps and that ended up in the sludge traps.



causes enough trouble, having a diff' in it too seems like asking for it to me. It's a bit like a huge industrial, heavy metal watch!

Below and right. The Polish bikers at Ace Café packed full. I was the only Ukrainian representative. The Polish air force are still advertising for Spitfire and Hurricane pilots. The band and drummer were of a volume clearly communicating with Krakov or Warsaw, or maybe Brussels.



In case you don't know Ural big ends are fed with oil centrifuged off their main bearings by folded tin sludge traps screwed onto the spinning crank, which only work until they're full. Most Urals don't stay in one piece long enough to fill them and cleaning them out is something which happens at rebuild time.

Old BMWs are like this too and I read somewhere that 50,000 miles is a good distance to leave them.

Like Mike Smith's Planeta, it's hard to see how an engine could run

so long so badly worn to get even more badly knackered. Kris sent me a short film of the timing gear loose on the crankshaft, presumably having worn the key away. It must have sounded awful, for years! We can't share that of course, we can't play movies in a mag!



Something to do with Lord Tebbit apparently.

Hi all. My name is Ken Vickery, I'm 69 and retired. I have owned my 2000 Ural combo for two years and after much fettling it has taken me and my comrade around Russia for five weeks last June/July (only 3 punctures, 2 electrical breakdowns, 1 front brake casing disintegration and the loss of a cylinder (eighty miles on one cylinder through Sweden, how we laughed) due to a coil malfunction; but I still love Yuri, and he got us home. I also own a Harley and a Vespa (sorry!) The picture is of me at 'Ride To The Wall' last year. Unfortunately not me and the bike/sidecar as it is now on my bench awaiting a clutch replacement, yep the clutch started slipping on the return.

KEN VICKERY

I would be more than happy to do a story about Russia. Believe-you-me borscht soup is somewhat over-rated and never ever try Irish stew in Russia/Latvia/Sweden or Finland, countries have gone to war for slighter reasons. By the way I also did the Kerala Province of India in Feb by R-Enfield and that was an experience, so perhaps a future item, that's if anyone is firstly considerate enough to read 'how to enjoy Russia on a beaver-tale pick-up'.



A tale about Russia? Ready when you are Ken. Hope you don't mind, we just had to cover somebody's thumb!!



Greetings comrades, since the ride home from the Stafford show my Ural Voyage hasn't seen much action, it's barely been out of the garage, but very recently I've had it out to add a bit of functional bling in the shape of a shiny front brake master cylinder and matching clutch lever assembly, these have replaced the mismatched original Ural clutch lever and a Japanese front brake. I've also added a few additional rear LED tail lights as



twice on the ride home from Stafford the tail light bulb has failed, so now it has a large stop tail lamp fitted below the original lamp but with only the tail light connected and above the original lamp a multi function top tail plus indicators LED unit fitted, although the indicators have been left disconnected, so now hopefully I'll not be left without a tail light.



My other little project involved removing the large air filter box together with all its attachments and replacing it with a set of individual filters, the engine breather filter cost about £3 and the filters for the carbs were only £2 each, the engine still runs well through the full range but I've still to do a proper plug chop. Hope to see many of you soon at Stafford in October.

Aren't you a bit worried the paper elements in your new filters will soak up water in the rain and suffocate your engine?

Don't tell me, "Ride in the rain?" You'll be fine then!



Although not a Cossack or Eastern Block event readers may be interested in the following. We went with friends to a Morgan training day at Bicester Heritage Centre. After a short briefing, we were allowed out onto the track. You could choose to drive either older models from the 1930s or a modern version.

Greenwood's Gallery

I chose a modern version with a 2000cc V twin engine. The owner sits in with you and explains the functions. The first difficulty I encountered was that I could not reach the pedals! This is a difficult adjustment as the seat is fixed and the pedals have an adjustment, but it is not a quick and simple job. Indeed some owners take it to a dealer for adjustment which then appears to be almost permanent, so not a good idea for sharing the driving with your partner!!



However, I managed with a cushion. I found the clutch pedal very hard to depress, the owner remarked that several others had expressed the same opinion, but he found it okay. I pulled away and the torque was fantastic at low revs and it really shot away fast from a standstill. I did 3 laps and really enjoyed it.

We also put our names down for a passenger ride in a racing machine. Mine was a real racing beast with a 1100cc Jap V twin. It had open exhausts, running on Methanol and a glorious smell of Castrol R! The 3 laps were just like a race meeting with other racers trying to pass on both sides.

Another attraction was a guided tour of the Heritage site. It was an RAF training airfield in the war and the buildings have preservation orders on them. It is also a working airfield for

small biplanes and a glider club. A few wealthy enthusiasts purchased the site and there are now several small companies specialising in all types of vehicle restoration. Any type of work can be undertaken like engine work, upholstery, bodywork, and manufacture of unobtainable spares etc. It was a very interesting and enjoyable day.



Above, David drove this, methanol and Castrol R fumes? You can almost smell the hot iron now!



1998 Moto Guzzi 1100cc California motorbike only 28,000 miles. Easy access 2012 Custom built Hedingham sidecar. Covered less than 2000 miles. Like new condition. Leading link forks, removable hood, new tyres. Illness forces sale. £6999 or reasonable offer.

For Sale



The story is that the owner can no longer ride and his wife contacted David Greenwood through the internet to ask him to help sell the outfit. Anyone interested should contact this

magazine at paulcodling@mail.com and I'll put you in touch. We have a couple of higher definition pictures available.

Brian Roberts

Hi guys, my first Cossack, been the way of Harleys, a few, Triumph, a few, back in the dark ages started on an Ariel Arrow SS. Had my first major accident on that, multiple fractures and a lot of cat gut. It's a learning curve. Did Route 66 on a Street Glide with my oldest lad in 2013. Should of done it years earlier but lack of money etc. But it was a gas. That's it for now. Brian 4260/7, I have a name I'm not a number!

You can't get away with a passing mention of Route 66 round here, you know,

♪ Oklahoma city looked oh so pretty....♪

and all that. I asked Brian to elaborate.

It was great flew into Chicago picked up bikes from Eagle Riders, good company. Rode out of Chicago just ahead of a tornado. It followed us for three days. Yes a lot of 66 just peters out so you ride the I40 which runs parallel. No one tells you your riding the high plains, all the roads are above 5000ft so bloody windy and it's flat. Hanging of a Harley at 90 as you're passing giant rigs is an experience. You drop down for about twenty miles into Death Valley, a week after we rode it, it reached hottest ever recorded. Sitting atop an engine, sweat for fun, lots of stuff to tell if you want it. Santa Monica was a joy.

I pointed out that there are more than a few interesting parallels and contrasts with Russian bikes and Harleys and Brian agreed.

A good tale is always worth hearing. I'll send you another excerpt shortly. The Cossack is now in bits, engine is out tomorrow. Love the basic engineering, any squaddy could mend it. I'm enjoying it. Manyana, Brian.

A good tale indeed! As a club we must have hundreds, write 'em up gentlemen!! The previously mentioned Tom O'Brien is fighting off temptation and his wife's disapproval and desperately trying to resist a scrap IZH 56 until he meets her with whom he's destined to be. Mrs O'Brien must be exasperated to know her husband has form, he looks to the east for inspiration. On the subject of a tale to tell.....

I've just been digging through some pics of a trip me and my wife made to Cuba in 1997 and I found a few you might like.

Tom O'Brien



During our time there we stayed in what were known as 'Casas' (house), this was essentially renting a room in someone's house which at the time was a another income for the families involved. One of the houses we stayed in was in a town called Trinidad in central Cuba, the owner of the house had a lovely green Ural with sidecar fitted, he let me have a little go on it, an experience I remember clearly and sadly did not repeat until you let me potter around the campsite on yours (*Serenity*) at the 2017 JawaCz rally in Derbyshire.

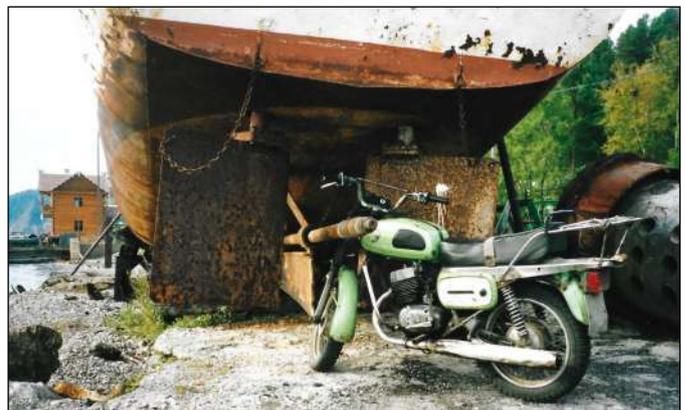
I was into slide photography at the time and the close up pic was taken on a Practica (East German) MTL5 which I still have! To get the image I put a couple of layers of white paper on an LED lamp (low temp), took a digital photograph and cropped it, I have included the original pic I copped for interest. So if anyone has any images on slides they wish to view this seems to be a quick, cheap and surprisingly good way to view them.



Here's a few more scans of pics from a trip a couple of years later on the Trans Siberian railway from Moscow to Lake Baikal and south through Mongolia into China. My girlfriend (now wife) was busy taking pictures of the architecture and general cultural stuff and I would be busy taking pics of bikes, cars, trains and hydroplanes!! How I'd love to go back in time and to that scrapyard!!



lives I have saved and I can't imagine parting with them. *(Is that true love or what?)*



The scrap yard is in Irkutsk by the way.



As a student in the I used to walk past a garden in west London that had a TS125 sitting in it that never moved, one day I knocked on the door and asked the bloke if he wanted to sell it, he laughed at me and said please take it as it would save him the hassle of getting rid of it. I wheeled it back to the flat, pumped up the tyres, fresh fuel, cleaned and set the points, timed it and two kicks later rode it up the street and past the mans house. He was brushing his front garden where the bike had been. I stopped to show him and he almost fell over in shock! I rode that bike for 3 yrs.



She wasn't ever going to be yours Tom, her destiny lay elsewhere and Ebay was only her route to the future we hope she wanted.

Other than financial reasons I also like to find a bike that's on the edge of death as I find the process of saving its life is where the 'bonding' happens! All my keepers are the bikes whose



*Believe it or not
Alison's hooked a few
and it now seems
necessary to let her
waffle on about her
discovery of the ethereal tranquillity of a COC
rally for as long as it takes. I still hope that's OK.*

Alison Wonderland

At school we actually nicknamed Kate "Pig Face", a term of endearment of course and nothing to do with stealing chips. It's one I still love to use. Her rounded countenance, her unfortunate nose and the dark colouring which made her eye lashes obvious gave her a wide eyed expression reminiscent of the Muppet's notorious porcine heroine. However there was more to it than that. Even then Kate did not allow debate and seemed almost indignant if anyone dared to express an opinion contrary to her own. She looked just like Miss Piggy then! Consequently our youthful cruelty sought to undermine an unshakeable self assurance we mistook for arrogance and Kate weathered our childish attempts at persecution with perfect grace. One incident in particular impressed me immeasurably and made us lifetime friends.

As most circles of school friends are we were cursed with a particularly nasty playground queen who enjoyed the sport of bullying a little too much. I'd suffered her attention too sometimes and after giving me a hard time, she disappeared one lunch time, along with Kate, who returned alone. Later we learnt that Annabel, as our circumstantial friend was called, had gone home, too traumatised to face the afternoon in class. "What did you do to her?" I asked, shocked and intrigued at the same time. Kate just smiled and answered "Enough." It has to be said here, Kate hasn't changed very much and I know we'll ultimately be OK, even if I have to endure exasperation to get there!

I remembered the story as we left the pub in an effort to remain philosophical, trying to convince myself that being forced away from the warmth and comfort of the pub's fire by closing time would only be a temporary misery, even if it lasted all weekend and as ever, Kate would look after me.

Predictably the rain was lashing down cold and hard and I put my helmet and gloves back on for the weary trudge through the desolate blackness to the campsite. Kate and her new friends were hardly visible from a few steps behind them and

without their presence to follow I'm sure we would have walked past the site without noticing, it was that dark.

"Don't worry, we'll sort it." she cried after them as they wished us well and disappeared, anxious to be snuggled up in their readily available sleeping bags, their tents having been flawlessly erected in the dry daylight hours ago. We didn't have anything like that. I wanted to curse and complain. I considered pointlessly whining like a three year old and felt so helplessly lost I had no idea what we were going to do. I suppose I should be grateful Kate did.

Apparently there was a barn. We were going to take the bags off the bike and drag them under cover then camp in there, at least until the morning when we could take stock of our situation. Kate said "we" but despondent and cold, I didn't help, I let her drag me too. Was she too drunk to care how wet she was? She was drunk enough to unhook the bungees our bags were fixed with in the wrong order. I think that's what happened. I couldn't see to be sure but something let go with a mighty force and cracked her on the head making her yelp out loud. I resolved to laugh at that later when my sense of humour dried out.

Perhaps I should have tried to drink more and anaesthetised myself too. By the time I'd finished fumbling around blind, trying to make somewhere to sleep out of my bag and goodness knows what, Kate was out, gently snoring blissfully as if sleeping in the day's full on adventure soaked clothes, all of them, was the most natural thing in the world. I lay awake, tortured by my lumpy, makeshift bed. I was so miserable it was funny. With nothing to do but think I closed in on the meaning of life several times before my knackered brain lost the necessary concentration to nail it yet again! I thought about "Her", abandoned out there in the weather with no barn hide in and her dead alternator, time and time again. It's the dreaming thing right? Sometimes I dream about an idea, not an object or its part in some silly, ridiculous act, just a concept, a feeling I can't shake off. I assumed it was that.

I saw the sky lighten at the open end of the barn as morning approached but I missed the rain stop. Had I eventually slept? There were patches of blue sky above the moors when I looked, a beautiful and welcome surprise.

The other reason for recalling the story of young Kate's irrepressible confidence is because I want you to feel sorry for me, not her. As the light improved I could see that Pig Face herself had rolled off her pile of fertiliser bags and the old door she'd chosen and her sleeping bag was soaking up water from a puddle fed by the roof leak she missed. I wickedly hoped she'd be freezing cold and uncomfortable, until lunchtime, at least, when she woke up. Don't you think she deserved that? I left her absorbing icy moorland rain water, thanked the universe that my bag of clean clothes had remained intact and scrambled out of the barn to go find a shower, uphill.

They must be as fit as goats, the people who live here. Apart from the farmhouse I found another, small, stone building at the top of the campsite. Flat East Anglian southerner that I am I was breathless by the time I reached it. It occurred to me that Yorkshire water must need to deliver it at a mighty pressure to get it up there, sort of. The hill top wind howled through the airy little shed of rocks and predictably of course, something like warm water trickled out of the rickety Victorian plumbing. "I'm going to be as hard as nails if I get used to this!" I thought.

Soft water always catches me out. Where I live we wash in concentrated nitrate solution because of all those agricultural chemicals leached into the ground water. Up north, a whiff of soap goes mental frothy. I love that. While I enjoyed it I thought about "Her" and amused myself by realising I felt sorry for leaving her out in the weather, that and thinking we should have put "Her" in the barn and let Pig Face sleep outside! Ha, Ha. Apart from that I didn't give Kate a second thought but wondered if a machine could ever feel. I mean cars and motorcycles do have something, a certain charm which has to be simply a reflection of our appreciation of them, doesn't it? However I can see how old things have more, from a long, adventure filled life that's definitely only theirs.

By the time I was clean and freeze dried by the shower block's gale force draft I'd discovered an empathy with "Her" and thinking of her as feminine strangely felt right. I giggled out loud at the thought of us both suffering the oppression of Kate's careless expectations.

By the time I left the shower block the sun had cleared the top of the moors on the opposite

side of the dale and from the top of the camp site the view was awesome. "Oh Wow! Look at that." I said, with no one to hear it. We'd seen nothing in the dark. Down at the bottom, "She" had attracted a little group of early risers who, even from this distance, I could see were keenly interested in her detail. They heard me approach. One of them was one of Kate's drinking mates.

"Morning." he said. He asked "Sleep alright?" I told him "No." with a smile. When he asked "Where's your friend?" I told him I didn't care and made him laugh. You only have to know Kate for a few minutes to see the funny side of that and he'd had her all night. His friends asked me about what had gone wrong and our white knuckle ride down the dale, obviously already familiar with it and I volunteered that the alternator had stopped, sure of it. Advice and offers of help followed that as if I knew what I was talking about and there was even a chance a new one, or at least one which worked, might be available. Someone called George, still asleep at the moment, was certain to have one in his shed back at home. "We'll have a look later." they said, after breakfast. "Didn't you know?" they asked when I mentioned a packet of cardboard food heated up on a camping stove. There's a full English and gallons of tea in the farmhouse kitchen? Oh joy!

"She" became the centre of attention that morning and Kate, on site later, barely scrubbed up and obviously nursing a hangover, took her place in the centre of it too. We put "Her" on her stand, away from the wall with room to work around her. There were several sidecars on the field and they'd brought not just tons of serious rough weather camping kit but tools as well. Kate's little bag of Halford's finest paled into insignificance compared to the range of professional socket sets, foot long spanners and electrical test equipment eventually scattered around "Her" as "I've got one!" led to yet more from someone else eager to help.

"Maybe it's that....." and "Maybe it's this....." suggested everyone at some point and Kate was asked "Have you tried this or that?" a hundred times. It's the nature of Kate to select advice consistent with her own intentions and I'm sure she dismissed as much valid opinion as she accepted. Soon "Her" petrol tank was off, her headlight hung out, swinging on its cables, tangles of wires dangled in handfuls from her

handlebars and I couldn't see how it was all going to fit back together.

The man with the electrical multimeter caused premature excitement by announcing an anomalous resistance on one of the terminals on a silver box on "Her" right hand side but the resulting conference concluded that other wires on other terminals could harbour the fault as well and the meter reading was inconclusive. Eventually they borrowed a healthy battery from a working bike and measured nothing but 12v with the meter as the little red light glowed. The consensus was 14 would be good. "She" rattled away amidst the baffled crowd. Someone said "That doesn't sound right." I thought "Oh no, the engine's broken too?"

Kate's headache didn't help. After a while peripheral discussions developed on what could be wrong as Kate's apparent willingness to listen deteriorated. I took part in one, with the man who'd greeted me earlier. "Well tell her!" he said when I said I was certain I knew. "She won't listen to me." I lamented. I found a moment's assertiveness during a break in conversation and said "It's the alternator, it's stopped."

The expert Kate had chosen to lead our investigation, who owned the multimeter in question, explained politely that the alternator relied on signals from elsewhere and the silver box and its wiring was the likely culprit stopping them. I started to say I meant the alternator wasn't going round anymore, like when your car fan belt breaks, but Kate ordered me to be quiet, "We're trying to think!" she said, as if she thought I didn't.

More people joined the show, including George, woken from his peaceful slumber by the noise of "Her" engine. He assumed from the evidence of the comprehensive field workshop now collected, that we'd covered the fundamentals and some more advanced diagnostic effort would now need to be applied. You could, if you were very clever, unscrew the cover from the back of the alternator and poke your meter probes onto the actual diodes of the inbuilt rectifier! I think that's what he said. "Wow, that's technical!!!" I saw my rallyist colleagues think. That way each individual diode could be checked.

This was pointless of course because I'd have paid George whatever he wanted for his whole

alleged spare alternator to get us home anyway but the wave of male enthusiasm for something as fascinating as checking "Her" diodes swept any objections Kate might have had aside. Before she realised it was happening someone had picked up a screwdriver and the end of the alternator was off. "Fire her up!" Mr Screwdriver called.

Kate stood on the kickstart pleased the investigation had somewhere else to go and "Her" engine clattered into life but before the meter's probes could be poked in, a murmur of shocked understanding spread around our gathering. Everyone looked at me. "What? What have I done?" I thought.

They pointed out the little tin fan, which should have been spinning so fast I wouldn't have been able to see it, was clearly visible and jumping round a few degrees at a time in spasmodic jerks. I thought "So what?" In fact the "eureka" moment meant the alternator really had stopped going round and I was right. Kate grinned a warning at me. I could see her thinking "Don't you dare be smug!" but I was.

After the alternator had been removed and collectively inspected someone thoughtfully picked it up to show me, her who surely deserved to see, that the nut holding the gear on the end had come loose and the vibration had sheared the key. (?) He demonstrated that by turning the gear with his fingers while holding the fan at the other end still. If "She" hadn't broken down when she did he said, the gear might have fallen off and wreaked havoc by falling into the vulnerable timing gears. I don't know what timing gears are but I was so flushed with pride at having known "She" was in peril of imminent catastrophe I didn't want to spoil the moment by asking. After that I felt as if we, myself and "Her", really were friends somehow, which made me take a genuine interest in her wellbeing. Thinking "It's only a bloody motorbike!" in response to that surprise felt strangely callous.

The entire campsite was with us by then and as one it agreed that the planned ride out that day could easily be diverted past George's house where we could pick up another alternator. Someone offered to give me a seat in his sidecar which I initially turned down but Kate reminded me I'd lost the game of cards that sent me here. Losers don't get choices, that's how our rules are. "You're in that one." she said.....

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")



Regalia

Full & Half Zip Fleeces - £25.00

Product Code: COC-FL. 100% Polyester, unlined. Comes with Silver Club Logo or Star Logo over the left breast. These are great for chilly mornings on the rally field. Normal range of sizes: Medium - Large - Extra Large - XXL & XXXL



Baseball Caps - £9.00

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



Hooded Sweat Shirts £21.50

These are normally on an order only basis.



Woolly Hats - £8.50

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

T Shirts-

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





