

# HORIZONTAL VIEW

The magazine of the Cossack Owner's Club

November/December 2017

The Ukrainian Adventure part one edition



*коли прапор  
розгортається,  
всячина в сурмі*



## Front and rear covers

For this issue the covers are graced with ancient sidevalves and anyone wondering what the difference is between KMZ's K750 and IMZ's M72 can take a close look.

The front cover queen attended the Ural France meeting at St Nectaire and is pictured here sans replica Degtyarev DP28 light machine gun for the ride out.

The rear cover features Richard Fellingham's M72 described by him on page 12. Richard sent me the pictures via a link to their resting place on Google which is lovely because I could edit them and preserve lots of quality without stressing the planet's patchy email system. Nice for the magazine covers.



However, we've needed to rely on scans of intermediate technology for this issue's look back into the distant past, sometimes when the world was black and white, and picture quality then was unreliable. Sorry about that but that's just how it was. Poor Phil Hardcastle, editor of Horizontal View in 1994 had to rely on photocopying and you had to read the text to find out what the pictures were of.

Phil's early nineties productions varied between 45 and 50 pages although he didn't pack it in quite so economically. I must say the contributions file is once again fat and healthy, thank you everybody, and I considered another 4 pages! I expect to again next time. Keep it rolling in please, if you want a bigger magazine, I'm game if you are.

Following our Ukrainian theme the quote is probably the most well known of all Ukrainian proverbs. It's on the front cover in Ukrainian, which I should point out is a completely different language to Russian, because it doesn't make an awful lot more sense translated into English.

What does "When the flag is unfurled all reason is in the trumpet." mean? Perhaps you really have to be Ukrainian to get it. Is it a complaint

that patriotism compromises common sense? Does anyone know, or would like to guess?

Sharpesoffroad, Leicester  
William Green,  
Mexborough  
Steve Hogarth, Banstead  
Matthew Bannister,  
Sleaford  
Andrew Norris, Ipswich  
Antoinette Lawerence,  
Frinton-on-Sea  
Edward Shipway, Lowestoft  
Jason Morgan, Taunton  
Douglas Jackson, Sheffield  
Dr Michael Bleksley, Saltash  
Chris Kinsey, Winchester

**A very  
warm  
welcome  
to.....**



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I forgot to mention that following the discussion

## Tony Jones

at the AGM about the lack of club public liability insurance I am not having an open day at my new unit. The old unit is being redeveloped and we all got the boot. The new unit is in Golborne, Warrington. We have had to clear the old unit in a rush and all our stuff has been piled into the new one. Hopefully by Christmas we will have it all up and running smoothly. *And while we have your attention.....*

Does anyone know anything about the Minsk RTX as made by Neval's? I have just bought an enduro Minsk RTX from Ebay.



It came with a 200 and a 125 engine and a road going 125 engine. The crank cases are different and the road going engine will not fit the frame. The differences are at the rear of the engine where it meets the swinging arm.

Are the internals interchangeable? The 200 engine will need some gearbox repairs and I am hoping to use the gearbox out of the road engine. Photos attached of the two 125 engines to show the differences.



*Confusion on the all knowing internet reveals.....*

"RTX Motorcycles - Designed and developed in England as a leisure bike, the RTX has quickly acquired a loyal following as a low cost, reliable, fun motorcycle. While best known for their Trials bikes, RTX also produces models for Enduro and Moto-Cross in both a 125cc and 212cc."



They were designed and assembled in Britain, from parts manufactured in Belarus, Taiwan, Japan, U.K., Germany, India, and Latvia. They made both twinshock and mono/disc brake bikes. They are definitely British but never seem to have caught on."



## With sadness....

*Neville Mason*

*was probably instrumental in developing the RTX trial bike which still appears in club trials these days. PJB knew him, the following are Peter's words.....*

Recently Val Mason has informed us that Nev Mason has lost his long fight with cancer. Nev was the co-creator of NEVALS with Alan Voase being his partner. They started NEVALS as 'Neval Motorcycles of Hull' as a Cossack dealer in the 1970s, both Nev and Alan were active motorcyclists on road and off. In 1979 NEVALS took over from SATRA-Cossack the importation of the Soviet motorcycles from Russia (Ural M67, IZH Jupiter5), Ukraine (Dnepr MT10 &12) and Belarus (Minsk). Nev worked with the factories in the USSR.

Nev and Alan ran NEVAL for many years and had great success with a grass track Dnepr. Later Nev set up Regent to import, sell and also modify Minsk's for trials, he also made Regent sidecars. Val and Nev 'retired' to France but came back in recent years. Nev made a big impact on the bikes we love today, he will be missed by many. His life story is here <http://www.nevmasonbooks.com>

## Forthcoming Events

*Mike Rowe isn't a forthcoming event but he has some interesting ideas on future possibilities and avoiding the legal nightmare organised club events could be. From the man himself.....*

### Mike Rowe

There are 3 topics I will try to cover here.

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

Letter to the editor concerning my proposal at the AGM.

I proposed that we try to get more involvement of members by organizing a greater number of social events, and therefore my suggestion was that we divide the country into areas, South West, South East, Midlands, Wales, North East, North West, Scotland, Northern Ireland, etc. I am not sure exactly where the borders should be, and I don't think it really matters! If a volunteer could be found from each area to organize at least 1 event per year, this would give members a greater chance to attend something within riding distance from their home, of course nothing to stop any member from far away out of that area attending.

The event could be anything from a meet up at a cafe with perhaps a small ride out to some interesting land mark, to a week long holiday touring the area, basically anything that the organizer thinks would be interesting to other members.

I have put one step forward and made a booking at the Three Magpies for the South West area, so would anyone like to step forward for any other area?

And lastly. Point taken about insurance for organized events. Maybe we as a club

should get this insurance, but then I don't know what is fully involved. (*Loads a money probably!*)

So, how about section in the magazine called "I WILL BE AT..... "

Members simply submit where they will be on a given day and time, Pub, Cafe, Home, land mark, etc. Then other members can simply turn up, meet, and do what they want! maybe they decide to go for a ride, as a group of friends rather than an organized ride out through the club!

Possibly this all needs to be considered by the committee and of course if approved it would need to go on the club website and Facebook page as well.

Maybe it would be a good idea to have a chat on the phone before putting something down in writing for the magazine, so my phone number is 01454880892, if no answer just try again later!

*Public liability is a terrifying thing and whether a bunch of mates are public or not is a possible question for debate. As far as I know personally loosely organising a meeting point should be fine so if anyone else "WILL BE AT....." let me know and I'll tell everyone!*

*Tony Jones collected a few more punters for Arbalet's ride to the Ukraine recently, an event organised by them and presumably insured by them too taking public liability into account. Retrospectively this is a good example of Mike's idea in practice.*

*We featured Mike's perspective of the trip a couple of issues ago including his disorganised detour. How did the rest of Tony's mates get on? Well.....*

**Tony  
Jones**

I have bought parts from Arbalet, Ukraine for many years and I even met up with the owner, Alenka Miroshnyk and her brother Sergei at a show in Poland where Nidgy and myself bought a van load of spares from her.

In Autumn last year Alenka advertised that she was organising motorcycle trips around the Carpathian mountains in Ukraine. Her idea was to rent motorcycles out and then offer them for sale at the end of the tour.

Its been a while since I had a good long ride so I asked her if she was willing to organise a tour for riders with their own motorcycles. As we were later to hear many times, "Everything is possible."

She organised a seven day, six night tour starting in Lviv and then riding down to the Carpathian mountains. Eight hardy souls signed up for the trip. We arranged the dates so that we could also take in the Moto Veteran Bazaar in Lodz, Poland.

Mike Rowe, Colin and Dan were riding all the way there from Bristol. Dan was with Mike but only as far as Poland before returning home. Because of other commitments the rest of us set out a week later. Krzysztof took two combos and two solos on his car transporter, Jason, Bill and Penny flew over to Warsaw and myself and Marcus drove over in my camper. The meeting point was to be at the Hotel Gorski near to Piotrkow Tribunalski, just south of Lodz.

Marcus and myself met up with Mike's group on the Germany-Poland border. Mike had had problems with broken spokes in his bikes rear wheel and I was able to bring a spare wheel for him.

by the Germans in WW2 to hide special trains inside. It was one of two and the other had been made into a tourist attraction. This one was completely grown over and it was very spooky riding all the way through it in complete darkness apart from the bike's lights.



Visiting a wildlife sanctuary in the Polish forest.

Over the weekend we all piled into my camper to drive to the Bazaar. This was the sixth time that I have been to this event and it was as good as ever. Its hard to explain just how many soviet machines and how many parts are available.



Meeting up at the former border crossing.

We had a couple of days to kill before the Bazaar and Kris took us out through the forests and country roads. There are thousands of acres of forests in the area and no one minds bikes being used on the forest tracks so long as they don't go into the trees. We had some good fun ploughing through axle deep sandy tracks but Mike found it a bit hard going on his fully laden combo.

In the middle of nowhere Kris showed us a 300 metre long tunnel structure which had been built



The stuff was literally piled high and we had a good weekend rummaging for bits. Mike bought spokes and was able to respoke his wheel. On the Monday we rode down to Rzeskow for an overnight stay and on Tuesday to the border with Ukraine at Krakowiec. The crossing was a

load of hassle. We forget how spoilt we have become with open borders in the EU. It took us one and



three quarter hours to negotiate all the obstacles. If it hadn't been for Kris, who was able to communicate in Polish, we could have been there a lot longer.

Having crossed the border we stopped at the first service area for currency exchange and to buy motor insurance because our insurances only covered the EU countries. One weeks cover cost the princely sum of £4.

After a bit of a wait, (my fault because I had been texting the wrong number) we met up with Segei and Pavel who was to be our full time guide whilst we were in Ukraine. On the ride across to Lviv the first thing that struck me was the almost complete absence of English. In most EU countries it is possible to decipher road signs etc but in Ukraine the language is so different that it might as well have been written in Martian.

Alenka had arranged a hotel in Rakovets, south of Lviv, for two nights. We were given a traditional Ukrainian welcome with bread, salt and Slivovice. The hotel was set in lovely rolling country side. The rooms were great and the food was to die for.



On the Wednesday and Thursday Alenka had organised a minibus to take us into Lviv for some sight seeing. Lviv is a beautiful and lively old city. Pavel kept trying to direct us to 'touristic' places but we naturally gravitated to the street markets and shops. In addition to the official street markets traders had set up on lots of street corners selling everything from home grown produce and fresh milk to clothing. We bought fleeces and army jackets and other bits and pieces. On Thursday afternoon we were taken to a firing range where we had a choice of firing anything from pistols to Kalashnikovs. Not my cup of tea but something different.

So far the weather had been kind but on Friday it rained all day. The ride down from Rakovets into the Carpathians was wet but warm and the waterproofs did a good job. We were mainly on

the Trans Carpathian highway with its long sweeping bends. Road maintenance is not what we are used to. Nothing much in the way of warning signs for road works and in the whole week I saw only three single traffic cones. One section in particular had had deep ruts gouged out prior to being repaired but they had been left to fill up with water and left unsigned. The first few really tested the suspension and could have been lethal to the solos.

The second hotel at Korostiv had a swimming pool, sauna, hot tub, restaurant and bar and the rooms which were all en suite. We were in between seasons so we were the only guests so we had the place to ourselves. The food and service were great.

On the Saturday it rained again all day as we rode out to a 'touristic' lake which turned out to be little more than a shallow pond with a viewing platform. Still the ride more than made up for it. The road was a single track unmade road through the mountains. At one point traders had set up with wooden cabins selling trinkets, dried herbs, sheep and cow hides and food. The freshly bar-b-qued shishkabab, wild mushroom soup and fruit tea were superb. This was all served to us in a little cabin overlooking a waterfall.

We tried to follow the road through the mountains but took a wrong turn. This brought us to a river crossing followed by a really rutted, steep and muddy track. Bill's bike got caught up on a boulder and my bikes silencers took a good bashing. When we reached a clearing in the forest we couldn't go any further and had to retrace our tracks.



On the Sunday we explained to Pavel that what we really wanted was free riding through the

mountains and not visits to 'touristic' spots. We planned a route that took us well off the highway along another rough road passing by farms and through hamlets. The roads with hairpin bends over the mountains gave us some spectacular views. At the top of one mountain we found a cemetery and war monument to a Ukrainian - Hungarian conflict.



On the way back were intended following the old roads that had been by-passed by the 'new' main road and we took a wrong turn. After a few kilometres we came across road works where diggers had gone down about five feet but left a narrow muddy track to one side. It was touch and go but we made it only to realise about 10 kilometres further on that we had taken a wrong turn. A rope bridge across the river provided a good reason to stop and take photos but then we had to back track to the main road.

The standard of driving, especially by lorries was at times worrying. There were several places when we were forced into the gutters by impatient lorry drivers. Unfortunately we came across one bad accident where someone had been overtaking on a bend and hit another car head on. It was probably a fatal accident because on the way back the Police were still at the scene and flowers had been left at the side of the road.

On Monday we left the hotel and headed south on the Trans Carpathian highway towards Uzhorod and the Slovakian border. At one point we were stopped by the army at an internal checkpoint. Pavel explained that these were common especially in the border regions. Having a guide with us smoothed the way through for us.

The border crossing at Uzhgorod was not as long as the earlier one. Even so most of us didn't get all the required stamps and were turned around to have our paperwork examined again.

Apparently going to one kiosk to have our passports checked wasn't enough. We should have gone to a second kiosk to have our vehicle's paper work checked.

Once in Slovakia we made our way to a winery run by friends of Mike's mother in law. They gave us a guided tour of the vineyard and winery followed by a buffet. Then Mike's brother in law, Joseph guided us to Preshov where we were booked into a camp site for the night. Unfortunately the expected log cabins turned out to be tin roofed, one room sheds containing three beds in each.

In the evening Mike's in laws invited us to their home where we had a lovely goulash and slivovice. Joseph gave a guided tour of his cellars where he kept his home made wine and spirits. Some of us had a little too much slivovice. In the morning we returned to Joseph's house to say our farewells and we were just in time to avoid a real sudden downpour.

We hadn't made any definite plans so instead of staying over for a few days as we had talked about we decided to head back to Poland. The route took us over the High Tatra mountains. The High Tatra's would have been worth the trip on their own and we may go back to do some more exploring.

In south Poland we found a Dom for the night. This was a house that had had the first floor converted to guest rooms. It was clean and had three basic bedrooms, showers and a kitchen. There was no food available but it could be ordered in from the local takeaway. The cost was 50 euros for eight of us so something of a bargain.

The following day we rode through south Poland through the lowlands keeping the Tatras to our left. We made an early hotel stop because of a charging problem with my bike. We had a discussion about visiting the camps at Oswiecim (Auschwitz) as we were in the area. Not everyone was in wanted to visit the camps so the following morning Bill and Marcus teamed up and the rest of us met up with them later.

Then it was one long ride back to Piotrkow Trybunalski and the hotel Gorski. Bill, Penny and Jason stayed at the hotel and after a shower and a meal myself and Marcus set off back to Blighty.

All in all we had lots of wonderful riding and met lots of nice people. Everywhere we went there were children and adults alike waving and smiling. Contrary to all the naysayers and prophets of doom we were perfectly safe in Ukraine and I would highly recommend it for a holiday.



Mike continued on his own gradually crossing Germany and France and keeping us updated via Facebook. There were lots of side tales, far too many to include. Part two will be about breakdowns and over coming them.

*Breakdowns? Well what did you expect! Part two next issue. On the subject of breakdowns here's David Rodgers (in the third person for some reason) in France and another example of a phone call and an email and disorganising a meeting out somewhere.*

As mentioned in Horizontal View the second Ural France rally was held over the weekend of September 22/24th and attracted two riders from the Cossack Owner's Club. Our editor, Paul Codling, came from Norfolk on his M63/66 solo, via Calais. Dave Rogers, from Cornwall, started a week before and came on the Plymouth to

## David Rodgers

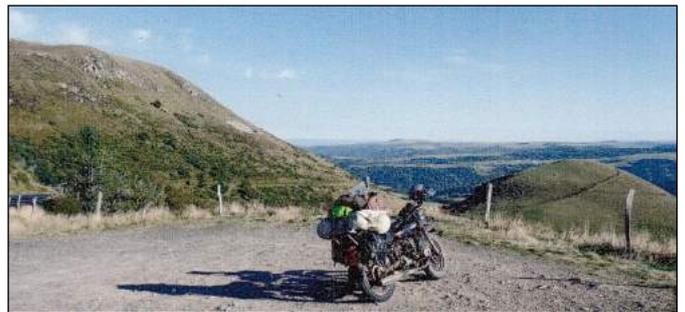
Roscoff ferry. He was on his M66 solo (Grot bike of 2008, Market Harborough rally). He came down the Atlantic coast, looking at WW2 German concrete remains but failed to find the Lorient U-boat pens. He arrived on the Thursday before the event via the Dordogne, camping on route.

At Camping le Vignet, in St Nectaire, the organisers were expecting 160 sidecar outfits and 250 people. There were certainly masses of sidecar Urals and only two Brits, both on solos, *us!* Most were the new sidecar drive, fuel injected 750 machines. You can't own one in Britain! There were a couple of M67s, the 650 with alternator electrics and one early 750 side valve, which was the oldest machine.

The campsite was fine, with sit down loos and even paper provided! (*This is France, remember?*) Other sites provided no loo paper which used to be a common French feature. Paul had a soft roll, Dave had vintage hard variety in his camping gear from the 1960s, Izal medicated!

There was a tented assembly area with seating for at least 150, decorated with the flags of the participating nations, even a Union Jack, though the organisers couldn't find the Stars and Stripes for an American from Germany.

There was a run out on Saturday by tulip style route card. David Rodgers' bike was suffering from some ignition problem, so he had a sidecar lift with a Monsieur Lapin, who said he was not particularly fond of carrots and the nickname was for some other activity. Dave reported the Lapin 750 engine was very quiet and responsive with carburettors as opposed to fuel injection used by most, apparently from the USA. The gearbox however did sound rather clunky on gear changes.



The site at St Nectaire is in the French volcanic area, with the remains of volcanoes and lava peaks, some lakes and interesting roads.



There was a ceremonial dinner, a large stew of something! Several Ural agents and the European importer from Austria were introduced. A group from Finland won the furthest travelled award, having come via Spain and Portugal. Dave Rodgers was the oldest rider and received a pair of Ural handlebar muffs to keep his pinkies warm.

The trip home was fairly uneventful, though many campsites were closed. Dave had previously broken a clutch cable and both stands had failed which made a suitable wall essential. Door to door mileage was 1458.

The next rally is scheduled to be in Austria, where the importer hopes to sell lots of spares, though to be truthful, not many tools were seen being used.

*On the subject of not many tools being used, pictured below is Mr Rodgers himself.*



*David eventually discovered this.....*

The contact breaker cam was loose on the driving yoke and had been pushed round to a retarded position. I



had a contact breaker assembly in my spares which had also come loose previously. I has moved the cam round to the advanced position and treated it to the hammer and punch. The two parts seem to be just pushed together with no key or pin to hold them in position.

## St Nectaire



I think it was intended to take a group photo of the Ural France rally in the picturesque town of St Nectaire but the difficulty of marshalling 160 outfits coherently in the small spaces available turned out to be a bit of a cat herding exercise.



The Ural France website hasn't been updated yet so whether or not the definitive shot was achieved in the end we don't know.



Mr Lapin is pictured above with his ballast for the day about to leave the site for Le Grand Boucle, the long way round, navigated by Dave.



It's an insight into the developed market modern Urals are sold into that the Lapin outfit, despite it's rugged, adventure rigged appearance, came on a trailer towed behind a very plush motor home. Lots of them did. In fact almost all the outfits present were new models, beginning to

look strangely unfamiliar to us out of touch Brits. This is what the front of the engine looks like these days.....



We met Neil Thomas who despite living in France for many years still has an English accent you can hear a mile off. He's a Ural dealer amongst other things and sells around 35 Ural outfits each year. Most of his customers were in St Nectaire for the rally. Fancy a ride round France on a new Ural? Hire one then!

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Yes there was another one on the other side and the website suggests there could be one of these, right, in it. This looks like very much like a Moto Guzzi piston to me but there doesn't seem to be too much technical info available, at least not to anyone with a primitive grasp of French. Google translating what there is tells us.....



Carburetors are long gone of course, having been replaced by these little silver things.....



"We perform performance improvements according to the needs of the users and within the framework of the law. We know how to calculate distribution diagrams, realize camshafts, special forged pistons, realignments, cylinder head repairs, etc. Consult us.

We carry out the complete restoration of all twin and single cylinder with great care, lateral or tumbling. Important work of metrology, repairs with parts of high technology."

Check out the tiny starter motor! Strangely, or perhaps not, many of the modern capitalist driven machines are emblazoned with old Soviet imagery in spite of the shed loads of disposable income necessary to buy them.



Such a proud boast is accompanied by pictures like this.....



The picture of the engine at the top of this page comes from www.est-motorcycles.com who are also Ural dealers but with a difference. Opposite is one 500cc cylinder on their own personal Ural.

In keeping with Dave Rodger's observations none of the beautifully new outfits at St Nectaire broke down but there was still plenty to do to the few older traditional models.



Above is one of the serious travellers from Finland in pieces to repair a broken universal joint.



The Finns came equipped with a comprehensive workshop but no grease or oil and seemed to think repairing it when it breaks is maintenance.

Their wheels featured spokes made out of bars like huge nails pushed through their rims then welded on their hubs.



These still came loose, which they would, because there's no provision for adjusting the tension as the nail heads fret against the rim.



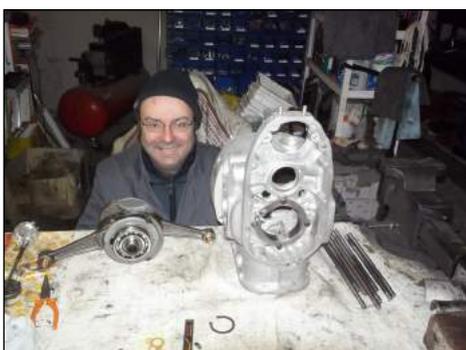
I at least am going to assume these people know what they're doing, even though assumption is the mother of all f—k ups, because elsewhere on the site Google translate says it tells us.....

"We regularly offer mechanics courses for beginners as well as experienced: we deal with all problems, in a convivial atmosphere and now legendary. They take place over a weekend: please read carefully the forum in which they are announced. You can come with your motorcycle or your side."



The man with the charming smile will be your instructor perhaps?

It all looks beautifully new!



Although development in Irbit continues to improve the Ural product and the proliferation of them at St Nectaire is an indication that their efforts are much appreciated, Rodger's Wreck surpassed every single one of them as the embodiment of traditional Uralism and in my opinion was easily the most interesting experience of the whole weekend.

I left before Dave fixed it and heard it run only briefly but I have to say it is charmingly original and the engine sounds delightfully sweet!



After the Ural France rally I spent the night at my sister's campsite a short distance away and left on Monday morning expecting some rain. Deluge isn't half of it! Between Montlucon and Moulin the rain was crashing down so hard it was mixing with the steam off the road, the trees, passing trucks and hanging in the air. Visibility was almost nothing. At 27c it was like riding in a dishwasher. I've not ridden through humidity like it.

I missed a turn and found myself heading into Moulin centre so I bumped up onto the pavement to hide in a bus shelter, thinking I'd check the map. That turned to soggy mush as soon as I pulled it out of the pack and trying to see through glasses was foiled by the clouds of steam off the engine and billowing out of the exhaust pipes, filling the bus shelter opaque. I couldn't have read the map anyway.

I can't believe Serenity kept running drenched like that but I was soooooo thankful she did, she loved it!

## Richard Fellingham

I bought the bike earlier this year, my main interest is in the Ural combination. I never knew that IMZ existed until I started to look for one, which I did for about a year finding a few across the web. My partner has a history in military vehicles stemming from her father, so I was guided via the military vehicle trust to the bike I have today.



The deal was nearly not struck, although I heard the engine running, the vendor refused a test ride saying that a previous potential buyer caused some damage. After deliberating I went ahead with the deal. In the following months I set about fettling, gaining parts from an Estonian website. Had a fair few problems along the way,

main one being starting, causing the kick start to break, having to remove the gear box to repair twice. Electrics weren't all that good either, but after the addition of new leads, plugs, coil etc had it up and running. Fuel system was really clogged up with dirt, added some road legal tyres. Had to re-do most of the lights wiring which is now all functional. Yesterday redoing the kick start yet again due to the constant kicking, having now sorted its minor faults, starts virtually first time, restarts after stopping almost as quick enabling me to have a good old ride around to test out. As a friend from the Indian riders said, "Welcome to the world of vintage motorcycles", his 1942 military scout currently having similar troubles. So all up and running can't suss why the horn doesn't work, need a spare wheel which I will be chasing soon and ready to show. Many thanks for hearing my story, regs Richard.

someone in the club.



I bought someone else's Voskhod project. Frame has been powder coated He has had new rims spokes and tyres . Pity rims and tyres are wrong, you could flog the tyres I suppose. I bought second hand forks and silencers for it.



Neither bike is obviously a runner Both are U.K. Registered and on SORN. I'm not looking for big money but I don't want to take them to the tip. 07480 191519

*Editorial comment. I'm resisting making Roger an offer myself for three reasons. Firstly, I don't think I should abuse my position as reader of for sale adverts before anyone else, secondly, because the shed here is already rammed and I'll be 120 years old by the time I've fixed it all, and thirdly because I don't really believe he'll dump a lovely Planeta down his local recycling centre. However I'm seriously hoping someone else will buy it to save me from temptation!*

*Did John Tickell email me some time ago to say he found IZH's two stroke single an object of fascination but was worried about doing business in Latvia? This could be just the thing. All the fun of mechanical grief but no paperwork.*

*Assuming it hasn't deteriorated since Roger took it apart it looks at least as good as anything you'd risk from Latvia anyway, and UK paperwork as well!! See overleaf.....*



Selling two of my three Russian bikes, 1980 Planeta 3, 1979 Voskhod, neither are a pretty picture!

## Roger Adams, for sale.....



I've ground to a halt with Planeta as parts I've bought don't seem to fit. Bike stripped so it's flat pack! Engine has had new Piston, clutch, but this is where I'm having problems (long story). I don't want to chuck it if it can be of use to

Hi! I have just joined the owners club. I own a few

## Richard Sharpe

Russian bikes, 2 IZH 56s and a k750. I have a close personal bike I used. I raced it at dirt quake this year. I didn't make it onto TV and the gearbox went in practice. The first race I had to pull of in 3rd gear and fell off on one of the corners. I have attached pictures of when it was in Latvia and now, plus the entry to the race track. Thanks Sharpesoffroad.

*I had to ask "Dirt quake, what on earth is that? You seem to be lining up with some scary looking competitors." Richard answered with, "It was on TV. I was supposed to be racing against Carl Fogarty before I fell off."*

*A quick look at the inevitable [www.dirtquake.com](http://www.dirtquake.com) tells us "DirtQuake is an alternative motoring festival that encourages a diverse blend of bike fans, dirt racers, millennials, grease monkeys, celebrities, custom shop designers, speed freaks and weekend warriors to celebrate their shared love of motorbikes." It seems to be a sort of less than serious, celebrity Run What You Brung thing on a speedway oval, apparently there are plans to do it again next year.*

*Maybe it's a little like the "The Mile" we featured last issue in Forthcoming Events? It looks like a bit of a public liability nightmare to me!*



For Sale.. or Swap WHY... two K65 Carburettors off my Dnepr MT10 with lots of spare carb' "bits" - enough to do many rebuilds!. (don't need as had two Amal carburettors kindly put on by Dave Angel), but the K65's run as well as expected.

## Faebhean Kwest, for sale.....



Also.. an electronic ignition kit from a Dnepr - as fitted by Bob Searchfield in the '80's!



Make me a silly offer (to cover postage) or swap for anything interesting.. (a Brough Superior would be acceptable!!)



## Greenwood's Gallery

I would like to thank the committee for organizing an enjoyable weekend. I think the turnout was good which included day visitors, weekend campers and also my wife Anne and I who stayed in a local B&B.



The weather stayed warm and dry including the ride to and from the site at Wing near Rutland Water. I liked the new 'posh' club tent which housed most of those members who attended the meeting.

The club run was also well attended but as often happens we lost a few at the back. Although they did catch up and we all arrived at Gina Inman's new café together.

Mike was on his Blue Dnepr outfit which he had recently ridden to Ukraine and back. Mike did suggest at the meeting that he hoped our club would hold more events. Mike had spoken to a member who had not rejoined due to lack of events. There was a discussion about insurance. However I do hope the committee consider Mike's request. As we enjoyed everyone's company and would like to meet up again before the next AGM.

There was a discussion about not having any future AGM's. I think it will continue as it is but also ask for comments via the club web site. I personally would like it to continue as I enjoyed meeting everyone.

Graham Butler was having misfiring issues with his Ural and at one time we lost him on the club run. I later met him at a sidecar rally in Market Harborough held over the August Bank Holiday. He said he had experienced more trouble on the run home from Wing Hall and limped home on



one cylinder. Since Wing Hall, we attended the National Rally of the Federation of Sidecar clubs. We met Graham Butler there and it was after he had fitted new Russian carburetors to his Ural. This has completely eliminated the misfiring problems which he encountered at Wing Hall. Graham has also fitted fuel filters. My first photo below shows a very nice Suzuki 750cc kettle with Steib sidecar.



It is unusual (second photo) to see a Ducati towing a sidecar!



The sidecar section of the BMW club held a rally at the 3 Magpies. Graham Butler and I decided to attend as we like the site. It was well attended but mainly by invited clubs. The club run was to Wasp Motorcycles. Mark the

proprietor showed us around and my photos show some of the work in progress. Wasp are hoping to manufacture a small batch of sidecars in the future.

The run took us across Salisbury plain where tanks were being exercised. We had to be careful as they suddenly crossed the road in front of traffic! Evenings were spent in the pub where we tried the local beers. Thanks to Keith Thomas (BMW sidecar section organiser) for organising the event.

I hope the Cossack Club return to this site in the future. If so we look forward to it. *(Mike Rowe's on the case!)*

1st photo below, leading link forks (for sidecar use) ready for delivery. 2nd photo, Metisse frames to suit a variety of engines ready for delivery. Note: Wasp are sole manufacturers of Metisse frames.



## Philip Whitney

Wing Hall was a great weekend and I think a good time was had by all. I certainly did. The 150-160 mile run there was uneventful for me apart from the nail biting ride between two lines of stationary or slow moving traffic for a mile or more (it seemed much more) on the A1. The way back was a different story. Nearly half way home there was a snatch, as if I had applied the front break, (which I hadn't) and then the front wheel started to shimmy. Not frightening, but not nice at 55-60 mph. I stopped. It was obvious something was seriously wrong with the wheel bearings. The A1 with traffic coming past at 70 mph and no hard shoulder was no place to investigate the problem, so I rode slowly to the next junction which was fortunately only just over half a mile away and got off onto a side road and round the corner into the safety of a super market car park. I tried to get the spindle out to investigate the problem, without success. So I telephoned my insurance company for a breakdown truck.

The next day, after getting home I tried again to get the spindle out. No joy. So I took the desperate route of cutting the ends off the spindle with a metal cutting disc on an angle grinder. Once the wheel was out I could take the hub apart and found the remains of the friction melted bearing shown in the photograph below. So be warned, check and grease your wheel



bearings. But does anyone know why is there no grease nipple on the hub so that it is possible to grease them without having to take everything apart? Its there on all the other bikes I have owned.

However I discovered it is just possible to get a suitable drill to near the middle of the hub without removing any spokes, but only just, and

it means the hole is at a slight angle. I had a little practice drilling and tapping a hole at about the



necessary angle in a bit of small diameter scaffold pole. Yes the nipple would go in despite being at a bit of an angle. Drilling the hole was fairly straight forward after a vigorous wallop on the centre punch. See picture above. Tapping the thread was more difficult because there is no space to turn the tap handle. So I ground the square end of the tap to a hexagon so that I could use a socket from my set of miniature socket spanners to turn it. This achieved the desired result and now the hub has a grease nipple, pictured below. Now all I have to do is repeat the process on the rear hub.



to the Wolf, it's a 1999 model that was only registered last year and is currently showing 2000km.



I collected it from Stourbridge and Rode it home to Yorkshire a trip of 110 miles. Since getting it home I have refitted the standard bars which I think suit it better. I'm looking into getting some different rear shocks to firm up the rear end and a pair of fork gaiters, the spending won't stop there but it will do for a start.

My name is Bill Green a life long biker with over 42 years on the road, I've owned a vast array of bikes from humble Velosolex up to Goldwings with everything in between. I still have a nice collection of bikes that has recently had a Ural Voyage added. For those who don't know it is similar

## Bill Green



Hopefully I'll meet up with some of you soon, I'm planning to go to the Stafford show so maybe it will be there.



In the last two weeks of August 2017 I joined my Polish friend (who we'll know as A or 'Our Interpreter') on an epic 11 day sidecar outfit tour of Poland and Ukraine, with diversions into Romania, Hungary and Slovakia. In grasping for suitable superlatives to describe this unlikely set of circumstances, I neglect 'once-in-a-lifetime' as I also joined him last year for a tour of Poland. As last year, my girls (Ciara 12, Fiona 10) came too, joining A and two of his kids to make two crack sidecar teams. Unlike last year, he couldn't lend me his BMW outfit (he was going to be riding it) and so I had to supply my own bike to connect to his spare sidecar once my bike had reached Poland on a flat-bed truck. This bit was arranged with the help of Kris Platek at Eternia Works who is a friend of our own Tony Jones, and who some of you may have met at the odd Cossack Club rally.

Preparations therefore started well in advance with me looking at my deteriorating M63 and thinking thoughts like 'I can't even get this thing to work and back reliably' and 'why put yourself in the way of such a strong possibility of daily mechanical humiliation, while curtailing the only major bike touring opportunity your friend is going to get for the next 12 months?' These doleful premonitions were heightened by several things going wrong with the bike over two successive Dent rallies, which I used as reliability trials. A burned exhaust valve and seat at Dent Autumn 2016 (replacement with car valves having already been reported in the club magazine), and a third gear which jumped out (again) at Dent Spring 2017, along with a sidecar wheel bearing seizure.

This last problem was resolved with the help of club friends Mick and Phil, and perhaps I might have been more optimistic that in attempting this tour as a kind of team event (and especially with someone as linguistically gifted as Our Interpreter) there was a good chance we could be able to overcome whatever disasters befell us and enjoy it all as part of the experience.

Maybe a good long shift of married life with kids has knocked this kind of 'use it 'till it breaks and don't worry about fixing it until it isn't working any more' mind set out of me, a bit. One tends to be worrying about what happens if the car fails while the wife is alone on the way to xxx or how the kids are going to get from yy to zz if I don't

do qq, but hey, this is a holiday and all pressures are off. Except the big one requiring me and my kids to be present at a Warsaw airport on the day of our allotted flight home, and even that could be resolved with a very unwelcome bit of cheque book engineering if it really came to it.

So, I girded my loins and started preparing in early 2017. Luckily Phil had his Dnepr laid up and was happy to lend me his leading links to copy, as I knew the going in Ukraine was going to be rather rough. Also, of course, this gave me a new dimension of possible mechanical inadequacy to worry about, my welding, and what might happen on a Polish road on a RH bend with a lorry coming the other way and mine (or someone else's) kids all over the bike. So, I tried hard with the forks, and ground them apart a couple of times until everything lined up like I thought it should. They seemed to work, and I resolved to look at the welds, often, though this commitment was frustrated as soon as we entered Ukraine and I blew up the shocker oil seals on the rough roads almost immediately, covering everything with oil thereafter!

At the 2017 Dragon Rally we measured up another R100GS, A's one was in Poland, to see where my fittings needed to go to fool his sidecar. It worked out I could use the top two and the front lower fitting on my frame, but I needed to place another ball fitting in an awkward place just to the rear of the swing arm pivot. I did this using a really Heath Robinson thing hanging on a longer home made swinging arm pivot bolt, with bracing to a frame clamp above and the rear footrest hanger below and behind. It was big and heavy, which was good for my peace of mind. Welding the ball itself on was left for Poland, where we could see if our measurements had worked out, and luckily the farmer who looks after A's bikes there has a big MIG set, as my stick welding really sucks.

After all this, and a gearbox repair with yet another try at shimming it right, I had a working bike and off it went on the lorry in July. All the Poles I've dealt with have been reliable and I wasn't concerned with its successful arrival, but I remained very aware that even a 'fixed' Ural doesn't usually stay fixed for long, and that one continually rolls the dice each time one kicks it over. If you're lucky, the kickstart falls off, and if you're less lucky, a big-end falls apart. Well, it is what it is.

On the big day we got from Warsaw airport to Piotrkov, our start point, by train and there began a two day festival of Polish hospitality with A's family coupled with frantic bike preparations.



Above, forced marriage of partners who have not previously met.

Poland is perhaps one of the more what, western, modernised, familiar, developed economies of those we were to visit? Amongst all that is unfamiliar one is quite likely to ride in a new high speed train or encounter a Lidl or McDonalds on some freshly surfaced town bypass, much as has happened in the more rural parts of Ireland. In Poland, this process has so far not progressed to the point that engineering supply places only sell wonky Chinese tools, and we went to a great place which sells fasteners (all metric) from metal bins by weight, alongside ranges of huge Polish vices with a weird rear jaw which slides while the front one stays put. We also went to a fairly swish car spares shop which sold me an MZ 250 3rd gear selector fork from stock! Our days were spent at the family flat where there is a garage and a small abandoned sub station building which A uses for sidecar storage. Our evenings were spent at the family Jowka, a collection of chalets (nicely done sheds with power, insulation and bottled gas) and tents in the woods some km away, where we ate, and ate, and drank, and ate. And pulled our water from a well and shat in a sentry box covering a hole in the ground, which turned out to be luxurious compared to what we encountered later on our trip.

A 50km test run on the Monday revealed a rather worrying road speed whine which I put down to the knobbly 18" front tyre I had used, since it was the only 18 I had. Other than that it was a case of getting used to the slow, rolling

and laboured progress of a 46-yr old Ural 650 laden with 90kg of me and the same again made of two kids and no camping gear or spare clothes yet. Our Interpreter was kind enough to carry my spares, which weighed a lot and included a spare LH head in case my valve modifications fell apart whose presence guaranteed they did not, of course. I even took a limited range of gearbox internals which were similarly talismanic. We hit some rough roads and some rougher tracks, and I started to get used to not thinking about my fittings and the standard of my welding. At least it looked like a straightforward early failure was unlikely, though where we were on the curve for fatigue failure and how many million stress cycles it would all take, remained to be seen. I have folded up an (MZ) outfit before due to fatigue failure of a fitting, so maybe this makes me more twitchy than most.

Below, under way, want to eat, need to buy a spoon.



The next day saw a lot of bugging about with last minute problems, sidecar alignment, packing and the procurement of a Perspex screen for 'my' sidecar from a guy who does sign writing and advertisements. We didn't get off until about 4pm, labouring under full luggage and with me feeling pretty unsure of myself. First stop involved driving into a dark, dark tunnel, with a dead end. A German WWII bunker which could take a whole train, and hide it from bombers...for what? No one knows. The Eastern front was a hell on wheels about which much information has been lost, and where the presence of occasional Allied war cemeteries with their neatly ordered, familiar headstones (mostly POWs and aircrew this far east) throws into sharp contrast the unknown graves of the millions of Russians, Germans and Poles for

whom no such ceremony was observed. Poland lost 17% of its population in the war, coming second in a race of dubious distinction only to Belarus who lost about a quarter. The stats on war dead listed on Wikipedia are sobering reading indeed.

My bike caught this sombre mood, and when we re started it would only run on both cylinders up to about ½ throttle. My misgivings increased and I started internally running over the nervous self deprecating jokes I had been making that we would spend our two weeks in a layby 30km southeast of our starting point. But Our Interpreter is made of strong stuff and decided that since I could still do 60-70kph, that is what we would do, and that as time went by, maybe the fault would make itself more clear. So that is what we did. I've been plagued by this kind of thing before, once it was a load of crap in the carb (do you know that Essex girl joke?) meaning restricted fuel supply, once a duff plug or cap (I can't remember which), and recently that burnt valve seat leading to low compression which gives surprisingly similar symptoms. I started fretting about the latter, but with rocker covers off I had clearance on all 4 valves, and it was not yet time to pull them off and inspect the seats. I changed the plugs to no effect, and we carried on to find a place to camp.

Fly camping in Poland is like fly camping in Ireland used to be, possible almost anywhere and with no come-back. Generally we aimed as last year to pull up about ½ hour before sun down and set up somewhere not overlooked by houses or a road. With so much of Poland covered by agriculture (in strange, to us, long narrow strip-fields) and forest, finding somewhere to stop is not hard. You just need to remember some water, a bog roll, and have companions (kids) who find woodland excretion an exciting new diversion. It also helps to view touring as a great opportunity for stomach shrinking. Outside of cafes we ate pretty simply, and shared one pot, a couple of spoons and a single petrol burner between us.

Poland is a profoundly Catholic country and visits to churches and monasteries formed part of our itinerary. My friend's family are observant RCs and I am a similarly committed Prod, so this much is normal on our travels. Maybe some schismatic foreigners or less observant Poles had beaten us to our campsite, as in one corner the ground was littered with the prophylactic

evidence of a former nocturnal visit. Later we got pretty resourceful at recycling those objets trouvés we came (ahem) across on our travels, and with thoughts about the bike's lumpy running turning to the carbs, this potential source of latex gasket material was the cause of some humour. I contented myself with slinging them into the long grass and avoiding awkward questions from my youngest.

The next day was hot, the bike was hotter, and we did 400km. Every now and again it would run OK, and then back to one pot for wide throttle, which at least suggested that loss of compression was not the problem. At one point I got a lot of heavy smoking from the breather, and felt like joining in myself. But as we approached the Ukraine border in far S.E. Poland the day cooled down, and we had a quick look at Poland's oil museum. Who knew that Poland invented fractional distillation and hence the oil industry (and global warming), predating Texas by a number of years, and that small nodding donkeys still line quiet back roads in leafy woods.

The museum was already shut for the night but Our Interpreter played the 'let's impress some English tourists' card and a very nice security man with an enormous and entirely stereotypical Polish moustache showed us around the most impressive (and there is a lot here to be impressed by) exhibits. Including...an oil well. Not (looking at you, Black Country Museum's 'coal mine') a fibreglass facsimile of an oil well, or (looking at you, Llechwedd slate mine) something that used to be an oil well, but a square hole in the ground lined with wooden sleepers (which will last a million years in these conditions) with a tripod and bucket on top, at the bottom of which was loads and loads of oil with some methane (?) bubbling up through it.

It was thin, SAE30, not treacle, and brown and smelly, and I felt like bottling a good deal of it to help with the ongoing journey. A bit like taking a bottle of water from Lourdes, but more obviously congenial to the protestant sensibility.

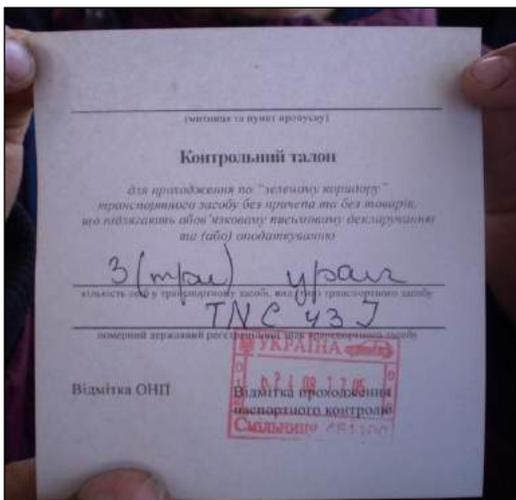
Our idea was to camp just inside the Polish border and go through the next day, and A, seeing an opportunity to pull off the road and camp, took a sharp left. The road was busy and I took a life saver over the left shoulder to be met with a kid's head busy looking forward over the same. This happened again and again, partly as the kids kept swapping around (lots of horse

trading about who was on what pillion or what sidecar, depending on the weather as that on the BMW was more enclosed) and partly because although I thumped their legs and tried to shout encouragement to get their heads out of my view and keep us all alive, I didn't want to dampen their enthusiasm which was plentiful, even in the light of some really long travelling days. The kids really started to gel as a team that night as we got the BMW bogged down to the heads in a muddy rut at the bottom of a steep muddy hill, and it needed both adults pushing, lifting and levering and all the kids pulling on a rope to get it out again.

Kids can tell if you're just patronising them by 'finding them a job' or if you really need their help, they feel good when it's the latter, and we had a great night making some food and getting the tents up in the dark, once it was all over.

The next day we faced the border, and this is a tricky bit if you don't speak Ukrainian, Russian or Polish. I have a few words of Russian, and I can read upper case Cyrillic, slowly. I think this would be a minimum if you were to want to go alone, but it would limit interactions with people to a bit of nodding and smiling and 'kak vas zavut'-ing, and it would sure make finding bike spares a bit of an adventure. Our Interpreter's presence meant we got a lot more chance to really interact with people, and this is after all a big part of travel wherever you go.

For the border itself you need passports and a V5 (the name on the passport needs to match that on the V5) and that's about it.



No one was interested in my green card insurance, but then I was lucky enough not to crash into anything. Nor was anyone wondering if I intended to sell the Ural without paying import duty, it seems. And then we were in. Soviet crap comes home.

*Read all about how Mark's Ural performed in its natural habitat in the next issue.*

I was happy (and amused!) to see my ramblings and photos of the current Soviet Knight in the last issue of the Club Mag, fame at last! (I just hope you don't get too many letters of complaint regarding the fact I can NEVER keep ANYTHING standard')?! I've got copies of the other bikes I mentioned saved onto the computer now and can send them to you for use (or not!) as and when you want them for last minute gap filling! I have taken the liberty of including two of my 'old' c\*rs as well but, in my defence, only because one is Russian and the other is Polish!

*Horizontal View doesn't really have last minute gap filling. We like to think of all contributions as of interest to someone and appreciate the effort profoundly. So here's a bit of Slick's personal nostalgia.....*

Jawa 350 Combo, with flame job using red Fablon (seriously!). About 1995/6. I should be able to attach several vehicle's worth



of photos now, 'the brat' has done some technowizardry with the photos and reduced the number of "mega-pixies" or something so the rest are only about 2MB instead of 6 & 7 EACH like the first two, so here goes!

The FSO Polonez was a nice little estate, had it a year (ish) before I got bored!



Roughly late 1980's. This MZ 125 was found with no engine, on a scrap pile in a scrapyards that had closed down! I 'rescued' it, (by helping it over the fence!) put in a second hand £25 engine and resprayed it for my first wife to ride! (About

'87/'88). I should mention that the 'Log Book' was found in a LARGE pile of others, in one of the abandoned buildings (SERIOUSLY)!

The Jupiter 3 was owned about 1981/82. Had a RIGHT-HAND chair when I bought it but that came off in a few days as I wanted to STAY ALIVE! All I did was spray the tank and side panels and machine a new seat cover (yes, I did it, not the wife)!



The Planeta Sport was a weird orangey-beige when I got it so resprayed THAT!

Interestingly, the rear light, switch gear and other electrics were slightly earlier BRITISH items but seemed to be 'original fitments'? (Owned about 1987/88).



## Bynnzi, can't fix stupid!

This story has no direct connection to bikes other than all people present ride bikes and three of them are members of the MZ riders and Cossack owners club. Also it involves winter camping, an activity close to many of our hearts.

The camping season for me finishes in December and starts in January, always the first Saturday after the new year. For the last 10 years at least it has started with a group of friends going up to Tan Hill (the highest pub in England for those who don't know) having a drink and a chinwag and then camping overnight whatever the weather.

This has included severe frosts and on one occasion we banged our way through snowdrifts in land rovers to find the pub full of people stranded since the new year. There is a famous photo of this event taken by one of our party with myself and chums in it. The pub fell silent as we clumped through the door shaking snow from boots and clothing. They had just finished a radio interview about the tribulations of being stranded for days in a pub(?)

We were the first new faces anyone had seen for a week and jaws had dropped. The general chorus asking where we had come from was met with a nonplussed silence when we answered Bradford. Anyhoo, a good evening was had by all even though the only beer left was John Smiths. During the course of the evening every one of the stranded had sidled up to one or other of our party and asked for a lift out in the morning, this was avoided with the fortunate arrival of a snow plough closely followed by a tellyvisual reporting team. We made a hasty exit while they were setting up their equipment.

This year was no different to the many which had preceded it other than being unseasonably mild. The group made their own way to the Tan Hill some by bike others in Landrovers. Base camp was established on the car park using a tarpaulin stretched over a couple of motors, and the fold up wood stove was lit. The evening flowed nicely into the night time with time spent in the pub and time spent round the stove. And all too soon it was time to head to bed. I slept the sleep of the innocent until at about 5am. The tent was illuminated by flashing blue lights and car headlights, shortly followed by someone



I had the Lada Riva in mid 80's, immaculate condition!

Will send another email with all the 'flat twins next!' Bet you can't wait for that?!

*Space dictates we'll have to. More young Slick next time.*





shaking my tent. The someone turned out to be one of North Yorkshire's finest enquiring as to whether I knew a Cameron Murgatroyd, and if I knew his whereabouts. This was easy, a yes to both questions and the answer to the second being third tent on the left. Turned out I didn't know where he was, the tent was empty. The reason the Bobby was there was because there had been a 999 call from Cam.

Cam is a good lad, and liked by all. At the tender age of 24 he is a veteran of many Dragon rallies and much winter camping. Until this moment I had considered him rational with perhaps an original way of looking at things. Shows how much I know!

For some reason he had got up and gone for a walk! When is this ever a good idea in the middle of the night after taking a drink? And it is never a good life choice when you are at the highest pub in England with 12 miles of nothingness in every direction.

Needless to say things go wrong when you are stomping over moorland in the dark and inevitably go wrong they did. Fortunately Cam had his mobile phone with him and disorientated, lost and lonely made a call to the emergency services, which started the ball rolling. Bobby said not to worry and go back to sleep which wasn't easy when he was back every 30 minutes asking questions.

8am no contact, he is still out on the moor somewhere, search teams had been out since 6 but nothing as yet. One of the main drawbacks was that since the 999 call there had been no contact. The police could triangulate a rough position for Cam from the location of the phone signal, but this only narrowed it down to him being somewhere in a 28 mile circle!

9am, nothing. Oceans of people arriving from all corners of Yorkshire, Teesdale and further. Six mountain rescue teams consisting of 40 volunteers, search/scent dogs with their handlers and more police than you can shake a truncheon at. All doing something other than what they wanted to do on a Sunday morning in January. I counted 5 rescue Landrovers with two mobile operation units and 14 police cars.

10am the helicopter arrived. This was the second one that had been scrambled as the first had got a puncture or something on the way. The chopper had 1 1/2 hours of fuel and heat recognition technology, it did ever increasing circle searches for 1 1/2 hours, didn't recognise anything warm and had to go.

I was a mess, unable to eat anything and jittery due to all the coffee I had drunk. Everyone else in our group was similar. The police had asked us not to leave but not to try to assist as the last thing that was needed was more casualties. Oh and please don't take his tent down as it may be needed for forensics!

By this time the police had located Cam's mother, visited her house and searched his room thinking that he may have opted for



death by wilderness and that there may be some clue there. I had spoken with her and his dad on the phone and tried to reassure them that all that could be done was being done. It felt like the undertone was WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY BOY! It was me who needed the reassurance, it was me who had invited him. All I could think of was Cam lying dead in a ditch, and it was my fault!

The staff at the pub were being as helpful as they could be with vats of coffee and plates of cake and pie all for free. But you could see the worry in their eyes. Not only for Cam but the first Sunday is their busiest day of the year, they were expecting the imminent arrival of 60 2cv cars coming from Leeds and all their parking was taken up by the emergency services. It was the pretence of seeing these cars that started our trips to Tan Hill, but we had not

thought it through, there would be no cars the night before! The cars generally arrived about 1 pm by which time we are generally long gone and get to see them driving in convoy or parked up in Hawes. This year was a first.

12am a Bobby sidled over to the group "don't say anything yet but we have found him and he is ok!" The relief was like a physical thing, and was replaced by anger at such a stupid action which in its turn resulted in all these people putting their own lives in danger. Cam was found 4 miles from the pub, he had found a fence and his idea was to follow it until he found a path. Sadly he followed it the wrong way, heading further out. The other way would have brought him back. His phone stopped working because not having a torch he had used the flashlight on the phone and flattened the battery! The fell rescue walked him down to a Landrover then drove him back to the pub where he was met by a slow handclap and a paramedic. That was that, after a check up (but not from the neck up) and a bollocking from the Bobby in charge we were free to make our way home. Relieved but baffled as to why anyone can be so stupid and reckless.

I was also embarrassed and proud. Embarrassed because all my life I have been into dangerous pastimes, and have never had need to call out the rescue. And that changes because a friend chose to take a walk at the wrong moment. Proud because I have seen at first hand the things that dedicated volunteers will do for people they have never met. Whether they have placed themselves in danger foolishly or accidentally.

I drove Cam home in silence and chose not to go inside with him, I could imagine the scene, him a grown man of 24 getting the bollocking of his life from his diminutive mother. I wouldn't be surprised if she sent him to bed with no supper! He is still my friend, I will help him whenever He needs me to. But I hope he is embarrassed to his



core and realises just what that foolish decision caused to happen and will try in some way to make amends. Also I will think twice about asking him on a camp again. I also hope anyone who reads this will speak to Cam and prolong his cringing embarrassment.



*This is from what looks to be the Canadian importer's website, which, as with much of the desperation found on the internet, could be complete bollards. However, it reads like fun so here it is.....*

**RTX**



The RTX Enduro is designed and developed in England with final assembly here in Canada using top components from around the world. RTX is one of the top selling bikes in England and is seen competing successfully in many local events.

RTX riders tend not to suffer from ego problems. They just prove that you don't have to spend 5-6 thousand dollars just to have fun on the weekends. With prices starting as low as \$3450, the RTX Enduro gives you the opportunity to ride a new bike at the price of a used one.

With its modern aggressive styling and a price that matches a kid's bike, the RTX Cross, while not intended for serious racing, will give everyone hours of fun playing in the dirt for years to come. Available in 125cc or 212cc, there's plenty of power to get you where you want to go and in style.

*The specifications on the website reveal a Mikuni carb and a bore and stroke for the 212 of 63 x 65mm, both dimensions up from the standard Minsk numbers of 52 x 58. So the 212 is not just a bored out 125 then? This means the crank is different too.*



*Both models feature a 4 speed gearbox and something referred to as a "Reduced primary drive" which might explain the strange casting on the engine in Tony Jones' bike. The plot will thicken when it comes to discovering if RTX used an engine already manufactured by Minsk or if theirs was a special one.*

*The trouble with the usual expectation of 12v from our ancient dynamos is the high charging threshold, a problem in traffic and over a life of short distances. Check this out.....*

## **Steve Ball 6v to 12v**

The system I shall use is a hybrid system that I previously used on another bike. The problem with adapting a 6v dynamo to run at 12v as some of the club members have done is that it needs to run at a higher speed in order to work. Increasing the number of turns on the stator or field winding would sort it but that would be impractical.

Our Dnepr's, Ural's or indeed IZH's have an upper rev limit of less than 5000rpm. With this in mind, 6v dynamo adapted to run at 12v requires running the engine in the higher part of the rev range in order to balance the electrical load. It works but its not ideal.

I will keep the charge system running to 6v, although I will use a solid state regulator which I could make or buy (Google R81 6v electronic regulator, £35 to buy a potted version). This setup keeps the dynamo running reliably and more efficiently. The system then uses what is known in electrical circles as a Buck-Boost convertor to step the voltage from 6v to 12V. It does this with >90% efficiency. My 6v 45w alternator appears to be a 12V 41w system.

Given the lower losses achieved by the use of 12V wiring, i.e. lower losses across wiring and connections plus the fact that load balancing and charging starts lower revs then my hybrid system is far more effective than either the original system or the common adapted dynamo setup. A potted boost convertor rated at 5 to 11v input and 12v output is available via eBay for £28 delivered.

As the engine revs so slowly by today's standards, the ignition system will probably be what is know as a Transistor Aided Contact setup or TAC. It retains the contact breakers but due to the very low current that they will now have to handle, they last forever and rarely have to be touched. The coil output voltage increases significantly and its very cheap and easy to fit. Cost again is probably around £30 although I made my last one for an MT9 for a tenner. It's all good stuff!

I work as a power systems engineer by the way. Specialising in generation. Although most of the units I work on are 20 cylinder gas engines putting out 5000hp and connected to the national grid. My little IZH seems a little 'light weight' in comparison but the physics remains the same.

*Impressed? I am. I asked if Steve had built it yet.*

I have not yet fitted it to the IZH yet as there are so many other jobs to do. The system was fitted to my old MT9 (now sadly sold) and it was also used on wife's CD175 and a 1978 MZ Supa 5. The system worked well in all cases. The ignition also ran at 12V.

One thing that I failed to mention to Peter was the need to configure the ignition switch so as to turn on/off both the 6V and 12V systems at the same time. If this is not done then there is a potential for the 6V to 12V DC-DC converter to cause a slight drain on the battery when the bike is switched off. There are a number of ways to do this. On the MT9 and MZ I used a new ignition switch which was fitted near the battery which switched the battery earth (negative). On the CD I used a 6V relay connected to the original ignition switch in order to switch on the 12V system.

*I have the links to Ebay for the components mentioned, email me if you want them.*

## RFH 184R

## Надежда

The next stage in the resurrection of the editorial Dnepr is to have a look at the new cylinders I introduced in the last issue with a little silly science in mind, barrels first then. The two pictures below are opposite sides of the top of the bore of one of the barrels. You can see that the bore and the liner are not concentric but the chamfer to facilitate easing the piston rings in at the bottom is beautifully so. We can assume therefore that the centre line of the liner, or the bore, is not perpendicular to the cylinder base. Fortunately the error is in line with the small end bearing which should accommodate the barrel trying to force the piston up and down sideways!



The bore gauge pictured is British by the way and shows 3.069", 77.95mm. Down the bottom it read 3.071" which is 78.00mm, adding up the out of round and taper to give a combined error of 0.05mm. Usually something like 0.10mm is knackered, so we're in then! You can also see in this picture how the liner thickness varies at the sides.



Just for a laugh I compared the new pistons with the only available worn Russian certainty, measuring the OD at the skirt below the bottom ring, just above the bottom ring and the crown above the top ring. I had this worry that the cheese they were made of would expand so badly out of shape a seizure was inevitable. Measurements were made at room temperature and somewhere around 130c which is where I could achieve stability with a paint stripping hot

air gun. No one really puts bits of engine in the oven do they? Surely that's a myth! Have you met the girlfriend?

Right, the old Russian piston expands from 77.89mm at the bottom to 78.25 and 77.32 at the top to 78.15mm.

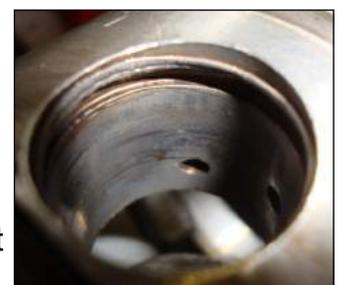
Similar figures for a new one are 77.70 to 78.01mm at the bottom and 77.38 to

78.24mm at the top. This means that both new and old pistons expand roughly the same amount. Phew, that's a relief! The only worry is that the new ones seem to be lacking in diameter at the bottom of the skirt, the worst one being 0.15mm smaller at the bottom than it is just above the bottom ring, which might make it a bit slappy.

Don't worry about the hot temperature being bigger than the bores, the bores were measured cold.

I did borrow Lovely Hazel's kitchen scales however to discover that the new pistons weigh 0.347kg and 0.343kg compared to the original at 0.327kg, so they're a bit of a lump. Worse, the new gudgeon pins are 14g heavier too. There is a procedure for measuring the combined weight of the whole piston/small end assembly and using it means it's possible to balance the reciprocating weight of the top end, on a flat twin of course. Whether the extra mass will overcome the care and attention lavished on balancing the crank (!!!) or not we'll find out later. It might even be smoother. We will find out later because I'm getting confident now.

Dneprs seem to have a thing with gudgeon pins falling out. My old piston has a ring of metal hammered out by a floating circlip. If your piston does too, don't put it back like that.



We didn't have time to take our usual look back in the last issue and this one's a bit pushed too but Chris' toxic biohazard of a garage full of mouldy paper is still alive and well. From it and true to our appreciation of historical political incorrectness we have "Back Page Bird", heroine of Australia's Motor Cycle Magazine circa 1970.

## The Chris Drucker Archive



There'll be Russian content from this very publication next issue.

*We pictured the wrong viaduct.*

Hello Paul, I am reading my Sept/Oct Horizontal View and I've noticed a slight incongruity. In the item about Dent there is a photograph of a viaduct which is identified as Ribblehead Viaduct. If I'm not wrong, you'll find it might actually be Dent Head Viaduct. Two very noticeably different structures.

Hope this helps. Gavin Phillips. mem no 68/5

*I had to say, every little helps! We don't have viaducts here in Norfolk, it's flat. They all look the same to me! We're OK so long as whichever*

**Gavin Phillips**

*viaduct it is looks impressive enough and inspired rallyists to flock to Dent in October.*

But then, while tidying the office, I found this from Chris Drucker. It's the issue featuring the Voskhod mounted exploits of Alan Davies we've already reproduced. Spookily the picture on the front cover according to then editor Phil Hardcastle is of Gavin Phillip's M66.



Would you like to own up Gavin? Is that you packing something on the back of such a pretty paint job? I think you were at Dent at the time. What do you ride now? How about a story?

On the subject of owning up, this 1994 issue features an attempt to squeeze a Citroen GS engine of 1300cc into a Dnepr. Who on earth would try something like that, Peter?

Thanks for printing the article about GUV 501J in the last edition of Horizontal View. One slight error though, the bike featured isn't SMERSH, I will put pen to paper about smersh's latest incarnation soon. The bike featured is called VLAD initially after Mr Putin and Vlad the Impaler but also as a mate asked, does that stand for Very Loud And Dangerous? Will leave the readers to decide.

**Chris Smith**

SMERSH, which is the Russian organisation "Smyert Shpionam" which means Death to Spies, reg no is GUV 502J. Hence one man two guvnors. Will be sending you an update on smersh's latest re incarnation.

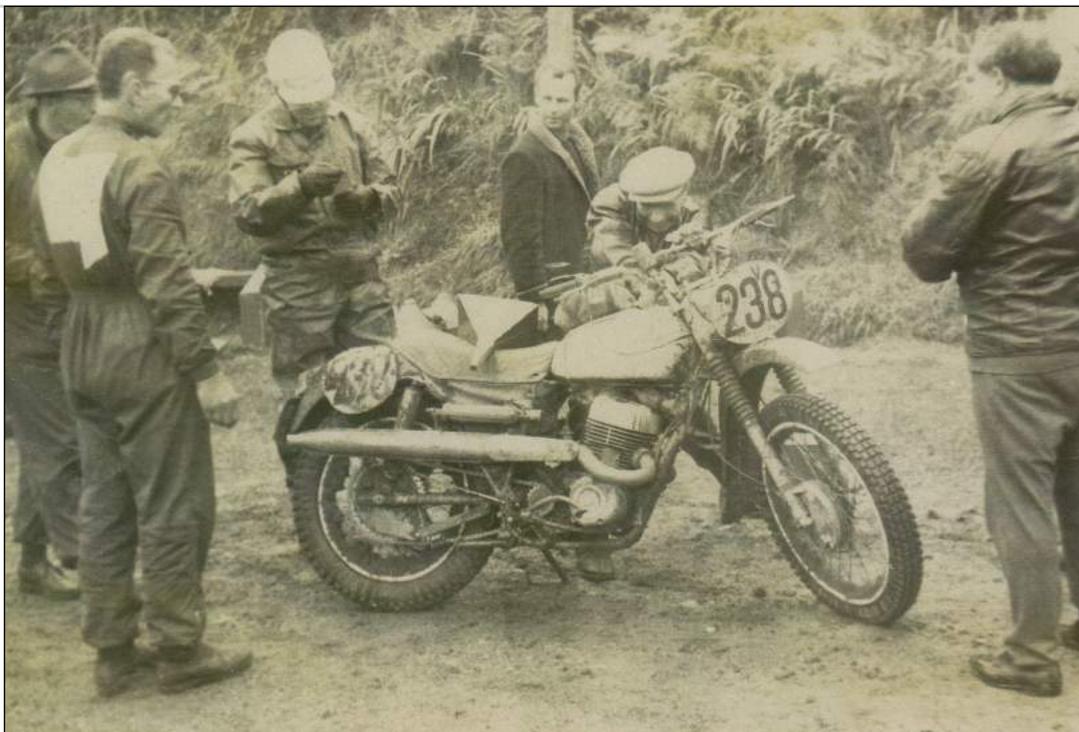
Also currently in the shed is an M72 with electric start M67 being plotted on more than the October Revolution in 1917. Spring 2018 should see ROUPLE out and about and hopefully racing!?

Finally I still work on Londonish based four strokes from the 50s till 2005 models and can be contacted on 07825 215702 or at [george@icmhome.org.uk](mailto:george@icmhome.org.uk)

## Not Chris Drucker

Someone a very long time ago sent me some old photos of the Russian team entered in an enduro event on the Isle of Man possibly in 1966?

I'm profoundly sorry I can't remember who it was because I recently discovered the photos while tidying up the office. I know our contributor didn't know much about the event and donated the photos, telling me he didn't need them back.



You can see the look of delight on everyone's faces as the head finally came off! My neighbours Chris and Roz helping with the early rebuild stages, a proper street party!

## Mark Warrender



Am I right in thinking the Russian team was MZ or Simpson mounted at times? These look very much like IZH to me and yet again, they're an insight into



a fascinating world we know very little of. Watch out for one on Ebay! I wish!!





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

## Regalia



### Regatta Dover Fleeced Lined Jacket - £47.00

Product Code: COCJ1. Waterproof, Windproof hydrafort polyester fabric. Fully lined with Thermo-guard insulation. Taped seams, concealed hood and adjustable cuffs. 2 zipped lower pockets. These jackets are very nice and comfortable and come with the Star Logo on the left breast as with other products. The club's web address ([www.cossackownersclub.co.uk](http://www.cossackownersclub.co.uk)) is across the shoulders on the back. Colours: Only in Black with Silver Logo and writing. Sizes: M (40") - L (42") - XL (44") - XXL(47") - XXXL(50")



### Hooded Sweat Shirts £21.50

These are normally on an order only basis.

### Full & Half Zip 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





**Woolly Hats - £8.50** The woolly hat is the knitted type and again with either club logo. This is an essential bit of kit for any club member. Standard Club Logo or Star Logo.

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

**Baseball Caps - £9.00** Adjustable band at back, supplied in Black or Blue. One size fits all, choice of either the standard club logo or the star logo.



**T Shirts- £13.00** Phil and Gina at [regailia@cossackownersclub.co.uk](mailto:regailia@cossackownersclub.co.uk) or on 01780 720420 are the people to see about the current availability of styles and colours. Cloth badges, metal pins and stickers are also available. If we hadn't run out of space this issue I'd show you those as well. They're on the club website and you don't need to be a member to look.





