

HORIZONTAL VIEW

The magazine of the Cossack Owner's Club
September/October 2016



The brave don't live forever but the cautious don't live at all!

Front and rear covers

On the front cover for this issue we have the happy smiling faces of club secretary Tony Jones and famous TV personality as well as club member, Henry Cole. They're both aboard the scary off road Wasp, now engined with a 750 Ural instead of the very special roller bearing cranked Dnepr it was born with. Why they are is explained by Tony on page 3.

The strangely dressed cartoon lady is present simply because she's colourful and happy about being drawn with a Ural badge. The quote is not really a quote at all but rather a comment on our apparent dislike of adversity. Phil, ankle deep in the club marquee at the Red Star on the other hand, loves it as the inspiration for all the best stories.

Web master Dave Cox's epic record of his Ural M66 restoration is coming to an end soon and the rear cover is blessed with the beautiful blueness of his efforts. This is as big a picture as Horizontal View can offer and should look lovely on Steve Lowry's man cave wall.

Having become used to the idea of a rear cover on the inside as well we'll carry on in spite of the Red Star Rally having been and gone. What else was everyone doing that weekend?

In 1980, in a letter to Horizontal View, Len Clay wrote of the way of clubs in general and in particular about the forthcoming AGM. He said.....

"Having been a chairman of another body or some years, I have the utmost sympathy when you speak of a handful of members staring at the committee across a row of empty chairs.

Let me tell you what I think! I think that the membership, who contribute just a mere membership fee, depend on the committee to keep us in touch with one another and give us a warm feeling of belonging to a fraternity."

Quite! I know lots of Russian motorcycles remain as projects for a long time and camping in the rain is uncomfortable, but if you don't go to rallies or the AGM, the only contact you have with the club is the magazine. Surprisingly, in 2016, a large number of people still prefer to have a paper copy rather than a digital one.

I'm going to resist the temptation to reduce the size of this magazine when I feel isolated and my in box goes quiet and suggest that perhaps we should focus on ourselves as well as our motorcycles. 300 people must be doing something! What? Share it with us, treat our magazine as a literary camp fire.

A warm welcome to.....

Richard Major, Radstock, Somerset.
Julian Mauro, New Milton Hants.
David Element, Burry Port, Camarthenshire.
Martin Bibby, Market Harborough, Leics.
Nathan Sleat, Andover Hants.
Alexander Walker, Edinburgh.
Richard Gull, Ipswich, Suffolk.
Ben Ash, Ledbury, Herts.
Robin Stevens, Leeds West Yorks.
Wyatt Wyatt, Bexhill on Sea, East Sussex.
Chris Tomes, Cambridge.
James Jennings, Matlock, Derbys.
Claire McCabe, Dunfermline, Fife.



I bet you can't wait!

Politburo

President & Technical Advisor Peter Ballard: 01225 891634. pjb.barnend@icdonline.co.uk
General Secretary: Tony Jones: 01942 605949/07504 700522
cossack@blueyonder.co.uk
Treasurer: Phil Inman: 01780 720420
coc.treasurer@mail.com
Membership Secretary Gina Inman 01780 720420 membership@cossackownersclub.co.uk
Show Organiser: Carl Booth: 01253 720327
comradecarl@tiscali.co.uk
Webmaster: Dave Cox: 01794 884492
info@russianmotorcycles.co.uk
Regalia: Phil & Gina Inman 01780 720420
regalia@cossackownersclub.co.uk
Magazine editor Paul Codling 01508 520890
paulcodling@mail.com

Robin Stevens

New member Robin, in response to our usual request for an introduction sent in

Hi, these are a couple of pictures of my recently acquired Ural Outfit. The frame has been extended to accept an 850cc Reliant engine. It runs well, but seems to be under geared, so I will change the final drive to 10:35 and hope that this improves things.



I have had motorcycles for about 50 years, and enjoy a motorcycle combination more than riding a solo.

You might be interested to know Robin that in 1980, the best special award at the BMF Rally was won by Keith Greenaw who elongated a Dnepr frame by 8" to enable the fitting of a reliant engine. He used the Dnepr gearbox and a pair of Honda 90 petrol tanks on the rear mudguard. It cost him £800 to build and the whole thing was painted in bronze hammerite.

There seems to have been some dismay from the owners of some very nice competition, the PA announcer calling the award "A bizarre choice".

The pictures of Robin's outfit are such a small file size that I can't make them bigger and although I have a picture of the BMF winner, that too is of poor quality. You'll have to guess what a reliant engined Dnepr looks like, or send in a picture of your own!



Henry Cole explained

Here's Tony.....

I suppose that it was a little unfair of me to send you that photo without giving you the back story. For those of you without tellies or who live in the wilds of Norfolk (*that'll be me then*) the passenger on the sidecar is recent new member Henry Cole. Henry produces programmes for't telly. One of the progs that he makes is called The Bike Show. A wide range of motorcycling topics are covered. He is fast becoming the Fred Dibnah of the motorcycling world.

He also produces Barn Finders and similar programmes where he searches through barns and sheds and in my case a warehouse looking for hidden treasures.

His team contacted me last year and eventually a film crew turned up. They took away several items for a programme called Find it, Fix it, Flog it. These will be aired on Channel 4 at the end of August. He must have enjoyed himself because he came back to do a second programme.

Whilst he was at my place he showed a keen interest in Soviet motorcycles especially sidecars outfits. Shortly afterwards I was able to point him in the direction of a K750 outfit. He must have liked it because he has since gone out and bought an MT12.

Henry thought that Soviet sidecar outfits merited a programme all of their own. I went down to his studios with the Dnepr grass track outfit. We had a pleasant day messing about with bikes. At sometime in the future the programme will be put out on the telly. I think that now would be a good time to invest in a Soviet sidecar outfit because there will probably be a rush to buy them after the show is aired. Get ready to print off more membership forms.

By the time you read this television will already have escalated the second hand value of every wrecked, rusty Russian outfit in the land when the public at large find out what they've been missing, maybe. Having said that I still don't get it. Three wheels? Isn't that an odd number?

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

Steve Wilkinson

I'm Steve Wilkinson (47 years old), I passed my test 16 years ago and owned a large variety of motorcycles from a Honda NSR250RR to a BMW K1100LT. I currently own a Suzuki GSXR1000, a Honda CB400 (the 90's "Big One" rather than the classic) and have a Suzuki Bandit based hard tailed chopper in bits which I'm hoping to get around to building in the next year or so. I currently don't have a Cossack but I am planning on buying a Ural solo from one of my friends in the very near future hence why I wanted to join the club.



So we retire in doors for the buffet being served & refreshments. Had a good chat with Paul, the editor for "Horizontal View" (Cossack Owners Club) he had just been given archive material concerning the COC and he kindly allow me a evening of "browsing"

Strange things happen in this part of Cheshire like the ART OF WORM CHARMING!! So CLICK on this site for this world event <www.wormcharming.com>

Worm Charming

After the Red Star Rally it seems appropriate to include in Horizontal View a report of Michael Wadsworth's trip to the Jawa/CZ club's AGM bash, simply because he's a member of the COC too. Away you go Michael.....

Its the weekend for the Queens 90th birthday celebrations, however the part-timer worked Thursday & Friday so most of Saturday morning was spent doing the weekly shop and only stopping for Lad & Dad to have coffee, a elephant foot & custard cake break.

By midday I was able to get a way for another night under canvas! (do I have problem Dr Sigmund Freud?? <www.freudfile.org/>) with weather forecast for the weekend being sunshine and showers!!

My next pm appointment was at the Jawa CZ Owners 40th National Rally at Willaston, near Nantwich at a sports club site. Very nice short cut grass ideal for camping, yes just like a billiard table, tent up & then time to check out the bikes for judging. Took a few photo's for "Wolfgang Of Hamburg.

RAIN STOPPED THE JUDGING that even included the cricket match being play on the sports ground.

Sunday morning I am woken by the BEATING RAIN on my canvas tent, so start counting the beats & nod off again, then next moment its 07.45pm just right for full a English breakfast in the club house.



Pack up my WET TENT and then ride about for 4 miles to "Gibby's Emporium" a breakers for Jawa/CZ <<https://www.facebook.com/gibbysemporium/>> in fields at the back of the emporium a ex-Prisoner of War Camp for Italian/ German POWs.



For those who don't know Gibby is the Jawa/CZ club's man to see about second hand parts and project opportunities. He's not on their committee but he's no less essential.



The Jawa/CZ club also have a web master called Bobb Negus. He owns this.....



It's from 193? and powered by a Villiers engine.

Forthcoming events

The Cossack club has its own Facebook page, "like" the page and keep up to date with what's happening. To get there try www.facebook.com/cossackownersclub

Stafford Motorcycle Mechanics Show is at Stafford County Showground on October 15/16th. Comrade Carl is organising our stand as usual. If you'd like to display your bike and experience the show from far more than an ordinary punter's perspective, as well as get in free, contact Carl on 01253 or at comradecarl@tiscali.co.uk The last issue of Horizontal View featured just how good these shows are, on the front cover.

The weekend does involve some camping but not necessarily in tents. Stafford County Showground is a sea of caravans, campervans and mobile homes from all over Europe.

Those of you discouraged by camping should accept that sometimes the sun shines.



This is Phil Whitney's experience. He says.....

"Attached is a photograph that you may consider suitable for "Horizontal View". The caption could be something like; "Cossack camping as it should be. Showing the Cossack flag at a Sunbeam (one of my other bikes) Owners Fellowship meeting at Devils Bridge near Aberystwyth. It caused some interest and one or two people were thinking about getting a Ural."

Don't you want to buy a tent?



Above is an "engine in the middle" Viatka, because Russian's didn't like the Vespa style ones falling to the right. Below is a custom, hard tail, bobber IZH49 under serious admiration.



These are Minsk Wildcats photographed in 2010 apparently. A few minutes bouncing round the internet reveals that they were sold in the USA as play bikes which means they were pretty much useless for anything other than blasting round the garden. Although some Americans have big gardens!



were cursed with, sorry, had the opportunity to enjoy. On the same site I found a 1970 Minsk for sale with only 3, yes that's 3km on the clock. How about this.....



The wildcat above was pictured at 4.35pm presumably, because it isn't dark, in a very interesting workshop. Is that a green Chang Jiang in the corner?

How about a blue one? They seem to be powered by the later five port version of the 125 engine similar to that fitted in the Regents we



Is this beautiful or what! It's the nature of the internet to disappoint and exasperate those of us unlucky enough not to be in the right place at the right time, oh well.

Transliteration system

Russian	English rendering	Russian	English rendering
Аа	a	Рр	r
Бб	b	Сс	s
Вв	v	Тт	t
Гг	g	Уу	u (pronounced oo)
Дд	d	Фф	f
Ее	ye	Хх	kh
Ёё	yo (short o)	Цц	ts
Жж	zh	Чч	ch
Зз	z	Шш	sh
Ии	i	Щщ	shch
Йй	y	Ъъ	” (hard sign, not pronounced)
Кк	k	Ыы	y
Лл	l	Ьь	' (soft sign)
Мм	m	Ээ	e (eh)
Нн	n	Юю	yu
Оо	o	Яя	ya
Пп	p		

I found this helpful list in a pack of old Horizontal Views and magazine cuttings someone gave me which had been collected by a previous club member. It'll come in handy for impressing passers by who ask "What on earth is that?" when they discover your Russian motorcycle parked outside the shops. Practice reading the side panels so you can confidently tell them in a real Russian accent.

Not only that you can make stupid jokes like this.....



Рига-мортис

Russia's first book of etiquette was published by Empress Anne in 1718. She had revolutionary ideas about good manners and wanted to keep up with European standards of good taste.

Entitled "The honest mirror of youth" the slim volume advised discerning Russians how to use a knife and fork, when not to spit on the floor, not to blow their noses by applying a digit to one nostril while blowing down the other one and not to jab their elbows into their seating partners during formal dinners, nor place their feet in guests' dishes while dancing on the table.



Ural M66 Starting, successfully!

For this issue we have plenty of space for Dave to really make some solid progress, back in 2003.....

After I stopped sobbing down the phone Chris suggested that I wait for a few weeks until he was due to be in Southampton, then he could have a look and try and see what the problem was. The one thing that we were worried about was that the timing could be 180 degrees out, not really a problem if it was, Chris rebuilt the engine, I would just break his fingers. So, I left the bike and went onto other vital work, such as checking the inside of my eyelids for holes, you know, important stuff.

I had a phone call from Chris one evening to say that he was at a friend's house near Southampton and if I could get the bike to him he could have a look. So I loaded up the bike on the trailer and borrowed 6 ratchet straps to secure the bike on the trailer and off I went. As you have seen in the previous sections of this rebuild I have taken great care on the paintwork, and now I have to put it on the trailer and drive it 25 miles. Of course I was a bit apprehensive about it so I took great care in strapping it down. I was doing fine until I got close to the bottom end of the UK; I was rapidly running out of road and would soon be driving over water, so I phoned Chris for the final directions. What I didn't realise was that the road I have to go down was one of the type of roads that has been repaired 500 times.

The bumps had bumps on top and ruts had ruts. I carefully drove down the road and in the car all seemed OK as the suspension took out most of the movement. I looked in the rear view mirror to see the poor bike leaping up and down. I slowed, so did all the traffic behind me. You could almost hear what they were thinking and calling me!!! All of a sudden I saw the bike lean to one side and a strap fly over the top. This had an immediate reaction from both myself and the other drivers following me. I stood on the brakes 100th of a second after all the other drivers did. I think they could see this very blue bike sitting on their bonnet and the look of sheer terror or the face of the driver directly behind me was something to see.

Of course, there was no danger of that happening as I had made sure there was no way the bike could fall off. What I was worried about was that the strap ratchet might have hit the paintwork. Fortunately it didn't but it made me and other drivers give a great deal of attention to the now long forgotten 'Highway Code' distances from each other. Fortunately I only had to go a few hundred yards, so no damage had been done.

After various deliberations on why the bike would not start I left the bike with Chris and went home. After a few days Chris rang me and said he had found the problem. It was the back-plate on the points, it was bent, enough to touch the front plate as it turned. Consequently the points were shorting out on every turn. Easy problem to solve once you've found it.

Remedy: Solution 1 (emergency)

Take out the points and dismantle. Place back plate on flat steel surface, hit with (Russian essential tool No. 1) - large heavy hammer. Once plate is flat reassemble and refit, problem solved.

Solution 2 (Best)

Replace entire point's assembly.

Its always embarrassing when someone else finds out what's wrong with your bike, I looked for days checking all the usual known faults, and I think that is the problem, you only think of the normal things and not anything that could be out of the ordinary. I was almost convinced it was the timing that was wrong, I had checked the points earlier and made sure the gap was correct, the contacts were in good condition, the springs were all attached and the condenser was all right. Those done the points were now out of the equation in my mind. But I must admit I'm not the sharpest tool in the box when it comes to engines.

I now had to go and collect the bike, so once again I set off to the bottom end of the UK, I was getting a bit worried while driving as I realised I was again getting closer the Isle of Wight chapter, and there are some very strange Russian bike owners there, but we try not to talk about them very much.

Loading up the bike again on the trailer I made sure that it couldn't move on the return journey. I used all the straps and a few lengths of good ole

rope, that bike was going nowhere. I was doing quite well most of the way back, I kept looking in the rear view mirror to make sure all was well.

I was on the approach to the M27 flyover when all of a sudden there were blue flashes and that 'O Shit' sound of the Police siren. I quickly

looked at the speedo and saw that I was not speeding, only 40mph in a 60 limit, the lights looked alright, I was



driving on the correct side of the road. I thought of the trailer lights, but there were no indicators on the dashboard to say the lights were not working. I looked at the bike and thought it had moved slightly but I wasn't sure.

I pulled over and the police car stopped behind me, I hate the part where you stop and sit in the car, they don't get out either and just sit there, (I reckon they're waiting for you to panic and make a dash for it). The wait can seem forever, anyway they got out their car and I got out of mine, I stepped from a nice warm car into 2 degrees below in shirt sleeves. I was shaking from cold and anticipation I tried to say calmly, "Good evening Officers, what's the problem", but the word 'Officers' was replaced by 'Oscifirs' for some unknown reason, they either didn't hear me or decided to ignore it, so I blamed that bit on the cold, and said to them "Cold tonight isn't it"?

Walking to the back of the trailer my heart sunk as I saw the remains of a ratchet strap that was broken in half, I had obviously lost one. One policeman looked round the trailer, car and finally the bike while the other spoke to me with all the usual questions like; where have I been, where am I going, is that your bike? At this point I would have loved to have said "well I be blown, where did that come from" but I stopped myself just in time.



"Why have you stopped me" I asked holding my breath, and he told me that one of the ratchet straps had broken and the bike moved slightly. Unfortunately when the strap broke, the ratchet was on the outside of the trailer, under tension, it flew backwards 50 yards right onto the front

bumper of the police car - ouch!

It turned out they weren't too worried as both of them looked at the bike as one said to the other "There, I told you it was a Ural". This produced very low mutterings from me, they were more worried about the bike than their car, and it was only a small dent in the front anyway, and didn't really look out of place with the other dozen or so. I thought they may be in competition with other police cars to see who could collect the greatest number of dents in one shift. The interest point was definitely the bike as they were asking the normal questions. In the end I had to say to them, "Can I go now, I'm freezing". Their closing suggestion was that I get some new straps, and they said goodnight.

When I started the bike, one of the problems I found was that the original coil produced as much electricity as a glow-worm. As with the K301 carburetors, the Russian coil is rough and soft on the outside so you don't lose your grip when throwing it away (apologies to all three of you who love the K301 carbs). So, I ordered the next best thing from Chris Smith formally of Speedway Motorcycles, (who has been practicing his 'cool walk' so he doesn't look out of place wondering the streets of Saauff London, who says the Yamaha twin coil is wonderful for the job – excellent - sold!

Now I have the coil, where the hell do I put it? - Sorry, I didn't quite catch that, what was that I heard you say?

It's a shame really, it won't fit in the space where the old one was as it is too long, and so I looked for a place where it would fit. There are several places where it could go and one was under the seat as there is now a large gap, but it would be difficult as the high tension leads that were fitted were slightly too short, and if it was fitted there the leads could possibly get in the way of things, especially my feet. I don't really want to put it there as that area may come in useful later for other things. Of course the best place for it is under the fuel tank and the only place I could find was directly over the timing cover, I was going to put it over the generator but the space would have been too restrictive.

To be able to secure the coil I had to make two brackets, one was attached to the top engine mount and the other to the steering damper anchor point on the frame. The brackets are only

made of stainless and not too thick, I thought that the whole thing would float around but when the nuts were tightened the assembly is quite solid.



Now that the coil is attached I am now at the stage where connections must be made, so seeing that I have all the manuals, my thought was to consult the M-66 manual for the wiring diagram. To someone who does not have a great comprehension of the electronic language, it became apparent very quickly that the diagram is bloody useless and I am going to have to do this the hard way.

Note: When this is finished I will be placing an updated version of the wiring diagram in the manual, one that even I can understand.

I have been saved slightly because also in my collection I have the M-66 Colour Illustration book and in it is a very good diagram on wiring, it's one of those wiring diagrams for idiots, just what I need. I am going to put this one in the manual.

Most of the wiring has been reasonably easy, especially the generator, lights, coil and brake lights, you know the easy stuff. I have now come to the switch in the headlight and all of a sudden it has become confusing again. I looked at the switch intensely for quite some time, and then tried to connect some wires and found that it was all wrong. I was looking at the wiring diagrams in both of the manuals I have and trying to figure it out, but couldn't. Of course, total frustration then sets in with all the usual things like - it's everyone else's fault except mine, the book is wrong, the wires are the wrong colour, I have the wrong switch. Or is it just a mid-life crisis?

As they say in 'Who Wants to be a Millionaire'; call a friend, and so once again help came. It turned out that it wasn't all me as both wiring diagrams show a completely different view of the switch, where you had to look at it back-to-front. It's like the old trick of mirror writing, you need to look at the bloody diagram in a mirror and then the wires went in the right place. The only trouble was the writing was wrong, ah well, you can't have everything. Once the errors of my ways were pointed out it was OK, and we got the sparks flowing mostly in the same direction as the diagram said.

Once most of the wiring was complete, I had a feeling of great satisfaction when I connected the wires to the battery, as there were no tell-tale shorting sparks from the terminals as they touched. I allowed myself a small smile, an only a small smile, I felt like if I shouted 'YES' it works, in front of it the damn thing would catch fire or something. So I went in the house for a cup of coffee, shut the door and when I thought the bike couldn't hear me, then came the 'Yes, I'm bad', I can do the electrics - easy!!!! But I only said it very quietly.

The battery clamp on the original was designed for a much larger battery than the modern ones you get now, so another bit of modification is required. I have the original clamp and to be quite honest a baked-been-can is stronger and less flexible. So I have filed that part in the R & D section (rubbish & disposal) and again I have raided the stainless steel draw, which I must say is now getting smaller by the week.

For this part quite a long piece is required as I have to start from the bottom connection up to the top of the battery, then across the width of the battery then up to the original securing plate. Using the format that the original piece was styled in, that is the clamp is held under the battery plate with a steel rod. As the steel rod will do what most Russian bikes like to do best (rust), I have replaced it with brass. If you are going to attempt to do the same, keep in mind that stainless steel and brass do not like to be soldered together. I took all my powers of persuasion to get them to understand that they will be stuck together if they liked it or not. In the end I won.

The strap needs to be quite wide as I intend to stick a Ural badge on it at some point, it should make it look quite good. To put a final touch to it



I have used a brass wing nut, of course highly polished at the moment, so I may have to lacquer it eventually.

I carefully marked the stainless with a pencil exactly where the various bends would be and when I was satisfied that they were correct I proceed to the bend the steel across the marks. When it was completed I was a bit confused to find that all the bends are crooked. The word 'plonker' suddenly went through my mind, but then I thought that I'm not that stupid so I placed it up against the battery, and it fitted quite well. This really confused me and I started to look for a reason. I sat there for some time just looking at the bike and it suddenly occurred to me that when I stripped the bike down I commented that the battery plate was unusually close to the 'Doughnut' and maybe at sometime the frame may have been adjusted. The battery plate is as straight as Elton John's bum and trying to read the 'battery level', well ! I'm not going to do anything with it now and I'm sure that it may well be a talking point when it's out.

There seems to be a shortage of 6 volt Ural horns in the world, and no matter who I try, the last one was sold a couple of weeks ago. So, I have fitted a Dnepr horn for the time being, it makes a funny sound when the button is pushed and when travelling at 30 mph somebody may hear it about 1 second before the bike uses their bum as a parking space, but it works.

Before I can start the bike I have to sort out the near-side exhaust and side stand, if I leave it as normal the side-stand touches the exhaust and hangs down. I couldn't understand what the problem was until I went into thinking mode with a few cups of coffee and just sat on a box and looked at it. I went over the problems I've had with this side of the bike;

1 – The exhaust would not fit at all, why? The new silencers pipes I bought are the more modern ones, therefore are slightly thicker. When placed into position the sidecar ball joint

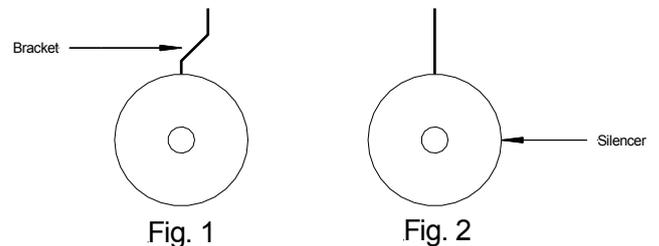
got in the way, this I thought at the time was strange and it should have fitted but it didn't.

2 – The exhaust pipe when placed into position was hard against the side-stand bolt which put it out-of-line.

The only way to get the new silencer into position was to cut off the rear sidecar ball joint to allow the silencer bracket to sit flat against the frame where the



rear footrest is attached. This now was starting to look better but I could not understand why I had to do this, but I carried on anyway. I now refitted the exhaust pipe and silencer and tried it again, yes it was fine, but now I still can't get the side-stand to work.



It suddenly occurred to me that the side-stand was not the original but a made-up one that someone has welded onto the frame, and not in the correct place. It should be part of the engine support and a bit shorter, as you can see from the picture it's clearly not correct. It started to dawn on me that this frame was never a solo frame but one intended for a sidecar which never had a side-stand. This explains why the silencers would not fit, but still doesn't get me out of a problem. I can't cut off the side-stand and re-weld it, which would screw up the paintwork so another solution had to be found.

To get it all to work I needed the whole exhaust system to move nearer the frame so the side-stand would retract, to do this several more brain cells had to be employed, and put to work on the task whilst mowing the grass and other non-

thinking jobs. The only thing that I could think of was to adjust the bracket holding the silencer. As you can see by the small drawing I cut the normal bracket fitting as in Fig.1 and straightened it Fig.2, this now allowed the silencer and exhaust system to get about an inch (25mm) closer to the frame, thus allowing the side-stand to retract properly. In doing this the exhaust balance pipe also had to be shortened by the same amount. Problem solved, and it would take some looking at it to see the difference.

Now that the exhaust was completed the bike was ready to fire-up. All the checks were done, fuel in the tank and oil where it should be and not leaking out the bottom, I was ready.

Key in the slot, fuel tap on, cold start levers up I moved the engine until the compression was right and then pushed the kick-start down. To my amazement it started and ran quite well, but a bit lumpy, I let it tick over for a while to let it warm up then adjusted the tappets which were ticking slightly. Now it was running I was able to get the timing right by moving the assembly around with small taps on a hammer and a short bar. When the timing sounded right and the throttle could be opened without misfiring I tightened up the screws.

All seemed well until I heard what sounded like small beeps, I listened to the engine and it didn't sound like it was coming from inside, I looked at the back and the front of the bike but couldn't figure out where the noise was coming from. I wasn't until I sat on a box to do some thinking when the sound became clearer, it was coming from the horn.

I turned off the engine and had a look at the electrics, so first thing was to press the horn button, nothing, not a beep. 'That's odd' I thought it worked before, why wouldn't work now? I tried disconnecting the wires and making a better earth but it still never worked. An hour passed and I still could not get it to work and I was about to give up when I knocked the kick-start lever and happened to press the horn button in desperation and it worked! Not particularly well, just a small beep. You can't imagine what went through my mind at that point only to say that the horn was 'close to death'. It came to light that when the points were closed the horn worked and when they were open it wouldn't. This happens because the live wire to

the horn is also the live for the coil, I just could not understand why it was doing it, and the only way I could think of avoiding the problem was to make the horn a completely separate circuit.

I was about to create another circuit and had to take the wires off the horn to sort it out. At some stage I replaced the wires on the horn but got the wires back-to-front, so I thought. Press the button and the horn worked, surprise, surprise, start the engine and NO BEEP, brilliant!! The wires were on the wrong terminals and the horn was acting like a resistor and beeping as the current from the coil was going through it. If I find the person who crossed the wires in the first place, I'll give him a right kicking - ouch!!

Now everything was working it was time to take it out on the road (on its way to the MOT of course). I drove it through the village and back again and it felt a bit stiff but alright and a small smile again came across the face.

Do you remember what it felt like taking your bike out for the first time? Quite exhilarating - yes?

After a few days of running the bike it was time to get ready for the F2 Madhatters rally, it would be an 87 mile test run for it, or as I called it the 'Slug Run'. My top speed would be 40 mph all the way there and I had to go onto the A34 for part of the journey. For those of you who don't know this road it can be nose to tail all the way at a speed of 70 to 80 mph, and that's on a weekday.

The police love this road when they put speed cameras up, it's like fishing in a bucket with a net, you can't miss. The trouble is that they can't just book one car for speeding as they are all doing the same speed and the poor old camera can't pick out individuals, so I expect they book about 10 cars at a time, easy money.

I now have a bit of a problem; with the outfit it is easy to put everything in the sidecar.

You can't do that with a solo, so I struck upon the idea of making a



Oostbloktreffen, part two

luggage rack that could be removed when I got to the site. I do not want a luggage rack to be permanently attached to the bike as I think that it takes away the attraction of the bike itself so, out came the trusty welder and with some steel strips bought from B & Q, I made a rack that could be secured reasonably easy. It wasn't great looking but practical. I also had one of the 'Pilot type brief cases that I don't use anymore so I attached it to one side of the rack.



It took some time to figure out how to do the job and make it stable as well, I didn't want to use clamps or anything like that so I hit on the idea of using large nylon cable ties to attach it to the bike.

To stop it moving around I welded two lugs on the front bar, as you can see where my finger is pointing. The rack would be cable tied at these points and prevent it from moving. The weight of the tent, air bed and other bits on the top will keep the rack down as well as the bungee cords that will be used.

In the final part, yes the final part, finally, Dave gets there! The Three Magpies that is.



The Saturday morning dawned bright and warm. The main event was a run out to Dokkum to watch the "old timer" rally for vintage cars and bikes that tours all 11 cities in Friesland. In fact, Oostbloktreffen is always timed to coincide with the rally, so if you go next year, you'll get a chance to see it. There must have been over 70 bikes in the convoy from the campsite, taking back roads through sleepy villages into the centre of Dokkum, where we parked up in the main square, one of the check points for the rally. Following breakfast provided courtesy of the Dutch MZ club, it was time to look at the vehicles. Hundreds of vintage cars and bikes take part in the rally, many of the participants dressing in period costume too. I have posted Paul a number of photos taken, so hopefully you'll get a feel.



After the rally had departed Dokkum (apart from those cars and bikes that had broken down), some of us had a boat trip round the canals of Dokkum. It's not the most picturesque of Dutch

towns, but it was a relaxing way to spend an hour. By now, it was also baking hot, so time for an ice cream before heading back to the campsite.

More organised shenanigans on the Saturday night, namely a barbecue. When I say a barbecue, I mean a barbecue is provided and you buy meat to cook yourself. The packs of meat are pretty generous, a pork chop, beefburger, sausage and two chicken sates, so Jane and I shared one between us, which coupled with the rest of the beer and some more medicine seemed to hit the spot nicely. Sadly, no more Danish sing songs that evening, but the sheep and frogs made up for it.

We had a slightly more relaxed start on the Sunday morning, as we had all day to travel the length of the Netherlands to catch the overnight ferry to Harwich. Even though his ferry was on the Monday, Steve was keen to tag along, as he wanted to avoid a repeat performance of his trip to Oostbloktreffen. I was quite glad to be on motorways, for a change, as the airflow was just about enough to stop us overheating.

We headed due south towards Arnhem, as I wanted to see the “bridge too far”. As we arrived in the outskirts, Steve started to gesticulate wildly, as his Harley was already on reserve after 90 miles or so, and he was concerned about running out. We pulled into the first petrol station we found, and normal service was resumed.

As it happened, our arrival in Arnhem coincided with a cycling race through the city, which meant that a lot of roads in the centre were closed. We still managed to ride over the John Frost bridge, but unfortunately couldn't stop to take a decent photo. We pushed on for another 10 miles or so to Nijmegen for a drink stop. The cycle race had started here earlier in the day, and there was still something of a party atmosphere, but we managed to get parked up in the centre for much needed refreshments.

I had promised Steve a visit to Heusden, “A sleepy little town” in my words, on the banks of the river Maas, for a bite to eat. Cars parked everywhere as we rode in should have told me something was wrong, it turned out to be the last day of carnival, and the place was packed. We still got parked in the main square, next to the dodgems. Steve has open pipes on the Harley,

and being a considerate chap, had crawled through the narrow streets at low revs. Seconds after we arrived, half the Dutch chapter of HOG seemed to turn up, and they all thought it was a great idea to vigorously blip their throttles, even when putting their bikes on their stands: never mind.



Working on the basis of which restaurant was furthest away from the noisiest fairground ride, we ended up in a pancake restaurant, and the food was very good. As we still had loads of time to catch the ferry, we had a wander around the town for a while, before a final drink in a typical bar, then off.

The rest of the journey was uneventful, dropping Steve off at a hotel close to the Hook of Holland, before making our way to the ferry. Even the run back from Harwich to home on the Monday morning was dry!

So we enjoyed ourselves yet again, and barring mishap, or really bad weather, will be there next year (25th to 28th May 2017 – put it in your diary).

Got that? 25th to 28th May 2017.

What doesn't come over in my write up is how sociable Oostbloktreffen is. As well as the chat on the campsite itself, there is a large café onsite where much swapping of stories takes place, and it is very bad form not to join an occupied table – they will welcome you, and almost certainly speak perfect English, not to mention fluent bullshit!

Many thanks to John Currah for that. It's polite while swapping tales of wild adventure round the camp fire not to spoil a good story by sticking to the truth, but try not to diminish the imagination of others by going too far.

Red Star Rally

Is there something wrong with our club? Here's what happened at Fleet Hargate from Club secretary Tony Jones.....

I am not the most literary amongst us but as the organiser it should be up to me to write up a report

The Red Star Rally this year was a bag of mixed fortunes. On many levels it was a great success on other levels it was a bit of a disaster. The Anglia Motel was probably the best venue we have ever had for this rally. The rally field itself was large enough to accommodate two or three times the number that turned out and it had a good, level grassed surface. The on site transport cafe was open from 7am to 9pm and it provided an enormous range of meals and snacks. There was a motel attached for those who didn't want to camp and the showers and toilets were perfectly adequate. The owners could not have been more helpful and they virtually gave us free reign to do what ever we wanted to do. The club house and bar area were clean and comfortable and there was a wide choice of ales and other beverages. We didn't make use of it but there was a large marquee for our use if we wanted it.

On the negative side the weather over the weekend was very mixed. On Friday there were strong winds and I saw Dave Angel's tent being blown over whilst he was still in it. On Saturday morning there was a downpour of near biblical



dimensions. The rally control tent ended up under four inches of water and even those sheltering in the marquee got wet feet. Unfortunately we needed about 130 visitors to break even and we didn't quite get 100. This was very disappointing as the last three Red Star rallies have averaged 225 visitors. The treasurer has reported that we made an overall financial loss on the event.



There has been much speculation about why the rally was so poorly attended. There was plenty of advanced notice and advertising and the site was reasonably centrally located. The feeling is that perhaps camping weekends are going out of fashion. Still you should never let one setback stop you from ploughing on.

Rally goers started arriving on Thursday and there were several tents already on site when I turned up to set up the control tent. We had visitors from as far away as the south coast, Glasgow and a few from the Netherlands. One visitor took two days to ride up on his MZ125 from the New Forest. That's commitment for you.

There was a steady trickle of visitors on the Friday and a few arriving on the Saturday. Normally the organisers arrange a ride out on the Saturday but we did things slightly different this time. Instead of having one massive ride out Phil and Gina identified several places of interest and they produced a very professional pamphlet giving directions from the rally site. After the Saturday morning downpour there was glorious sunshine and many visitors took the opportunity to have a ride out.

Saturday nights entertainment started with the usual raffle draw. Thank you to all those who brought items for the draw. Tickets were in such demand that we ran out. I ended up selling my

tickets only to find that there was a winning number in there. I hope you enjoy the fleece whoever you were. The raffle was followed by a talk from round the world motorcyclist, Austin Vince. This was slightly spoiled by a heckler who had a little bit too much to drink.



I have suggested that the rally should be changed to every two years apart instead of the current four years apart. We took a show of hands and everyone present was in favour of a Red Star Rally being held every other year. Fool that I am I have volunteered to organise the next rally.

I'd like to thank Phil and Gina for the loan of a PA system, organising the pamphlet and all the other help that they provided. We could not have done it without you. For one reason or another I didn't get around to taking any photos so I hope that a few have been sent in. Lets hope that the next one is more of a success.



Red Star pictures were provided by the irrepressible Phil Rushworth who had a wonderful time in spite, or because of, the weather. He didn't say what the above picture is about. Is it a towing a broken Chang Jiang with an outfit thing? All the way back to Holland presumably. Does anyone know why?

As your magazine editor I'm amazed by the deathly silence after the Red Star. I expected to be swamped with tales of adversity, adventure and drama. I thought the funny side of wet weather rallying would inspire those who suffered billowing tents, water filled electrics, carbs full of mud and soggy sleeping bags to share it all with us, having cheerfully survived the challenge. All I can say is it's a good job Phil, Phil, Gina and Tony went!

Sadly I couldn't be there, my racing commitments meant I had to be on Angelsey and if you thought your weather was bad I can tell you ours was worse! Racing was abandoned on Saturday afternoon because the wind was gusting so hard the rain couldn't land.

On Sunday morning a request was broadcast over the PA for marshals because not enough were left after their accommodation had been blown into the sea that night. The circuit's bins were packed with the wreckage of a hundred tents and awnings and those of us fortunate to have a sturdy van to sleep in didn't through the noise of the hurricane outside.

Our beautiful Triumph exploded in a mess of twisted iron and aluminium paste at Cadwell Park in June and by the miracle of money we had it back on the grid in time. Only three races were run on Saturday morning and Graham scored our first win in one of them, following that with two second places on Sunday.



We went to the next meeting at Donington feeling good, and so did the Cossack Owner's Club!

In my obviously tainted opinion this was the most spectacular event the club has ever been involved in. When else have we ever been able to rub shoulders with the fast and famous, bask in the sunshine thrilled by the sound track of exotic racing engines and go for a blast round one of the world's best strips of tarmac, ever?

I know we're all busy and real life responsibilities chain us to the floor but I must admit I'm baffled by how passive our membership is. How could you miss this? Here's Tony Jones again.....

Donington Classic Festival

The Classic Motorcycle Festival at Donington Park is now firmly established as one of the biggest classic bike events in Europe, with 500 racing machines on track over the three day weekend. The racing is organised by the Classic Racing Motorcycle Club (CRMC) with the emphasis on thoroughbred Grand Prix machines. In addition to the racing, the Vintage Japanese Motorcycle Club held a motorcycle show in the Exhibition Centre, with numerous club stands providing hundreds more bikes to savour. A big ride out around the circuit was organised for the display bikes during the Sunday lunch break.



We were offered a place in the exhibition hall with free camping and free entry to the racing for any member displaying his machine. Five members plus a guest on four machines attended. I took the Dnepr grass track outfit with Kris Platek as my ballast. Gary Netherleigh took his M63ish combo and brought along his friend Mark. Mike Stevens was on his Dnepr combo and Matt Woodward brought along his recently rebuilt 750 Ural combo. Unfortunately Comrade Carl had to pull out at the last minute so we didn't have the gazebo, hot water urn, biscuits and banners that we normally have.

We had been allocated enough space for about nine machines so we had plenty of room to spread out. This worked very well because without all the banners and picket fences that

most of the other clubs had the public was able to walk around and get a good look at our machines.



We had visits from several celebrities over the weekend. Sammy Miller, former trials rider and road racer who now owns a motorcycle museum in the New Forest chatted with us and showed a lot of interest in our machines. Steve Parrish, former road racer took time off from his commentators job to visit and he asked if he could take one of our machines out on the parade. His intended passenger would be Steve Baker, American Grand Prix racer. I offered the use of the grass track outfit but word got back that Steve Baker was not at all sure that he wanted to passenger a grass track outfit around a road racing circuit. In the end though he came to visit us and agreed to give it a go. Your esteemed editor, Paul Codling was working in the paddock all weekend on two racing machines but he found some time to come and say hello.



The highlight of the weekend had to be the parade. The organisers put us at the front probably to slow every one down. It didn't quite go like that. Steve Parrish and Baker were on the front row on my machine with Matt and



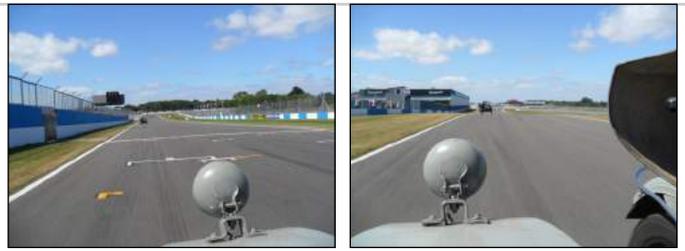
myself on their left. Mike was on the second row with Kris passengering and the Gary/Mark team were next to him. The pace car was behind us and the rest of the field behind that. Just before the start I asked Matt if he could manoeuvre to the right of Steve Parrish when we got going so that I could get some action shots. No such luck though as Mr Parrish was off like a shot. After half a lap he was just a speck in the distance. I was told that he did over cook it on one bend and did a bit of grass tracking.

Gary managed to pull ahead of Matt on the start/finish straight and we trailed just behind him for a lap and a half. Matt had the advantage though because most of the bends on this circuit a right handers and Gary's machine is left hand drive. As Matt got used to the track we gradually hauled Gary in and kept just ahead of him for the remainder of the 'parade'. Meanwhile Mike was someway back on his 650 Dnepr. He had already loaded up his camping gear and Kris had to perform acrobatics on top of the sidecar whilst urging Mike to go faster. He was using the cylinder head as a foot rest and managed to melt one shoe sole.

We can certainly claim to be the only club that had 100% of the stand's bikes out on the track. Also as we were ahead of the pace car we were the only machines that were racing as opposed to parading. *(How impressive is that?)*

The weather over the weekend was perfect and we had two pleasant evenings around the bar-b-que just chatting and passing the night away. Why not speak to Comrade Carl and join us next year. Tony.

Opposite is real Russian three wheeled race action described by Tony as the "hauling in" of Gary Netherliegh. Crisis? What (mid life) crisis.



You couldn't quite catch Steve Parrish and Steve Baker then Matt?



Inside the fence

Team Icewatch faces an uphill struggle against George Hogden Rusling. He's an ex BSB rider and so smooth you can't see how he can glide through the turns as if they were hardly there at all. We qualified second on the grid for the first race on Friday but George disappeared over the horizon again and again and again. He won not just the F750 class all weekend but the open 1300 as well and by Sunday afternoon he was so tired he couldn't race anymore.

Without him the race was ours but it wasn't easy and Graham had to fight for it, eventually besting

the 750 Ducati of Swedish ex 250GP star Gustav Gustavsson (Or something like that) by a whole second.

“Is it supposed to sound like that?” Lumpy pistons, wild cams, a light weight crank and an empty exhaust pipe make the Icewatch Triumph a festival of noise, vibration and oil consumption all on it’s own.



Look closely and you’ll see that the Honda MT125 pictured artistically by Tony Jones below was supported by Neval Motorcycles.



Icewatch also has an interest in the 125 race but ours is called a Post Classic which means we have a reed valve. It’s not in the same class as this bike and so I can’t tell you how it went because I wasn’t looking. Who is this man?



Guess what the fiendish racket this made sounded like!

Lovely Hazel’s page

On the subject of famous round the world motorcyclists and drunken heckling at Cossack Club events, Lovely Hazel remarked “If Ewan McGregor had been speaking I’d have made sure he shut up!” and she didn’t mean Ewan McGregor!!



Slapdash Rally Oatcakes.....

Incredibly delicious on the go energy food.

In a big bowl mix 2 cups of porridge oats, 3/4 cup of unrefined sugar, 1 cup of wholemeal flour, 1/2 cup of nuts and seeds of your choice, a big pinch of salt, 1/4 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda, 1/2 cup of sunflower oil, 1/4 cup boiling water or a little more if necessary.

Mix really well until it’s slightly sticking together. Lightly grease a large baking tray. Scoop out approx 1 tablespoon of the mixture, roll into a ball and flatten onto the baking tray. Space them out as they may spread.

Bake in a preheated oven at 200c, 400f, for 15-20 minutes until golden, leave to cool then place in an airtight container, take them to a Cossack Club rally and pass round the camp fire.

Lovely Hazel says you can use white flour and white sugar if you’re an unhealthy light weight.

Her personal choice of nuts and seeds is linseeds, poppy seeds and hazel nuts, of course.





There has been some debate about whether Horizontal view's pictures should be bigger. Yes that would be lovely but in the editorial opinion big pictures make the mixture of text and images look ungainly and limit the content of our magazine. Therefore some quite clear, well focused and professional photography sometimes gets sacrificed for art. The impact of an image doesn't necessarily depend on the technical competence of the photographer and sometimes the blurred capturing of a moment like this is evocative, spectacular and precious. The internet is awash with beautiful pictures of motorcycles, but nothing half this good.

The photograph featured above is just such an image. Check out the lean angle, the load on the rear suspension and the horizontal smoke bursting from an engine that surely must be absolutely flat out. Notice the ace bars, the leopard skin seat cover and the colour coordinated bulb horn. This is the youthful Chris Drucker, period hooligan and hero and the bike is his Minsk, at the time, when it really was his pride and joy.

If ever a picture defied a thousand words to describe it, this is it, fantastic!!!!

The Chris Drucker Archive

Just Sent a Pic of self being young and reckless riding a Minsk, Yag676S with no helmet to illustrate earlier story about iffy brakes, after all riding a bike with Zero front brake and an instant lock up rear brake means that sans helmet is a very minor risk in the scheme of things really! Its not the first time I rode a Minsk with no helmet either, Xmas 1979, got very, very, very pissed at the Xmas meal, blacked out before even getting to starters and was lobbed in the coat cupboard, many hours later came around to find the meal finished everyone including my lift gone and the hotel staff almost finished clearing up.

Staggered to work but the building with my key, jacket and only helmet was locked, so went home by bus, returned next day sober and sans lid to collect my bike with a spare key as I did not like leaving bike there over the Xmas break, Good Ole Mum drove behind me to protect me from nasty car drivers as I rode 4 miles at 30

mph home, any faster and my eyes watered so badly I could not see!

On the way I passed 2 police stations and of course had to ride the bike back to work after Xmas hols sans lid which got me called many names by car driving cotton wool wrapped dummies at work (the same ones who lobbed me in the coat cupboard!)

His memory jogged by the mention of home made brake linings in the last issue Chris remembered this.....

I had a sense of Deja Vue with that IZH Wavy Line Brake shoes made of Lino as I had a Minsk Factory version with my number 1 Minsk YAG 676S back in 1980.

The Front brake of YAG never worked at all while the rear one locked up instantly meaning my forward progression was normally in a non Police roadcraft series of swerves as Morris Marinas and Austin Allegros would pull out on me at 1 mile distances!

Finally I saw an Electronic metallic Blue Minsk in Denis Heaths breakers locally (known as the graveyard) this had hit something hard and the twisted remains of front Fork and wheel were next to the engine casing! I had already bought the carb off it which was a good improvement over the pre electronic one, so went back to buy the front hub as magazines said the newer front brake was good, however Denis was not there, instead I had to deal with his father, not very much different to Harold Steptoe's Dad really, He was nicknamed the green grocer and always asked way to much for things while perpetually rolling his own.

Still I asked to buy the drum and he asked for £5.00, how much!! I exclaimed in horror, I only want the Drum, I repeat. He insists it's £5.00 with a mangled Tyre and wheel rim, I suggest £2.00 for drum only, he can keep the tyre and sell it on if he wants for £5, but he would not budge so empty handed I left.

Next day a look through the door shows me Denis is there, in I go, remove the drum, pay £2.00 to Denis and head for the door which opens to reveal the Greengrocer who's eyes bulge as he sees what I have and glares at me as I leggit down the road. That must have caused a hell of a family row!

I could not however get my front wheel off the Minsk until I got the bike off the stand and used massive brute force to drive out the spindle. Once out it showed lots of fork oil, swarf and brake linings put on in the Minsk factory by a total vodka soaked idiot with no hands. The linings were riveted to the shoes so that there was plenty of light between shoe and brake lining, plus worse, the rivets were not in properly and were proud of the brake lining gouging great furrows in the drum!

Needless to say the new drum laced into the old rim by an expert (not me!) was a vast improvement for day to day use, however still not safe in an emergency.

Then I had an idea for further improvement, Ferodo race linings as done by 2 guys out in the sticks, sent off a spare pair of shoes and back by C.O.D. post (how I used to buy spares from Neval's, wonder how many posties got mugged? we are not allowed to collect any money today lest that happens!), fitted and ran in the brake linings very carefully.

Now the moment of truth, to test the brake I rode along an empty town centre road at 15/20 mph and grabbed a big handful of brake, suddenly a loud crack and I found the rear end of my Minsk trying to fly over my head, front wheel locked, stopped bike poised elegantly in the vertical plane, my arms braced against the little fizzy clipons it wore while for several seconds we remained frozen in the vertical. Slowly, then quicker the rear end came back down to ground without going over my shoulder!

Dismantled the front brake to find a shattered front brake plate, took it to Peckett and McNab in Twickenham who pointed to poor quality/faulty brake plate with manufactured flaws and advised me that a replacement might be no better so I went back to standard Linings!

And on the subject of his obvious hooliganism pictured on the previous page.....

Also You may have to explain to today's politically correct people that this kind of serial idiocy was actually very normal and sane back then as every body did it when a camera was pointed at them.

Did they? My inbox awaits anyone else who'd like to own up. It's OK, your parents won't see it.

Peckett Mcnab as mentioned by Chris are still in business but these days their major interest is supplying race parts for Triumph triples. The mighty Icewatch Triumph is in fact full of their parts. Next year, if all goes as planned we'll have one of their chassis kits as well. Never mind years of international racing success, if they know about Minsk's, they must be OK!

Bethan Lang

The Autumn 1980 issue of Horizontal View featured a profile of the then editor who I mistakenly assumed to be male. Was it in response to a questionnaire the club asked members to complete? Here's what she said.....



There may have been an error in the last issue of Horizontal View. Chris remembers this.....

Just opened last weeks post and found the club mag, liked seeing the reproduction of ye olde H.V. from 1980, seemed like yesterday really!

There is one problem I think, this worthy person Bethan Lang who edited HV, to use 1976 fizzy kid speech (least the ones I knew!) its a Bird mate! I could be wrong but a little stirring of grey matter says it is not a he but a she.

I've never met Chris in person but I feel he seems to enjoy a life full of adventure and challenge. Are motorcycles dangerous? You don't even have to ride one!

One of my Council garages flooded with raw sewage in January 2014. I did not know, but the council did not pick up the phone and tell me either, so in September when I visited it after a heat up cool down type situation all summer it was like a bacterial warfare Lab!

After 10/15 minutes in the garage trying to work out why all the boxes of books were sodden and the furniture had huge lumps of bacteria inches deep clinging to the bottom foot of it, I got very ill. Eventually Amoxilan 500 cleared it up some 4 months later, then my wife Louise got the first cat. Slight difficulty breathing noticed, then the 2nd cat, plus I bought a couple of thousand old (1968-2000) probably mouldy MCN and Motorcycle weekly which led to massive chest pains and blocked airways. Hence I decamped to Mums to get away from it all, back today and see if the drugs will stave off the cats and my old paper collecting habit!!

Two exclamation marks Chris? I think you need four!!!! You'll be thankful to hear that Chris' fleet of Minsk's were unharmed.

POSITION ON COMMITTEE: Editor of the Magazine.

WHAT IT ENTAILS: Reading, 'Riting, 'Rithmetic. Reading and deciphering your letters, writing editorials and assorted articles, getting the whole lot typed up and then pasting up and the general artwork of the magazine.

BORN: Yes definitely. 10th October 1953.

OCCUPATION: Research Biochemist, which means I try and find out what causes diseases that have names that I can barely pronounce.

STATUS: Single, but I have a rabbit that is very dependant on me.

DISTIGUISHING FEATURES: Short (very), built like a minature Geoff Wheel (Welsh International Rugby Forward) but cuddly with it.

BIKES OWNED: Cossack Voskhod II and Suzuki Hustler.

REASONS FOR OWNING A COSSACK: It seemed a good idea at the time. My boyfriend owned it, when he got his Norton he put it up for sale and nobody would buy it, so I did. (Obviously?)

MOST DESIRED BIKE: Any bigger bike— like a Ural or a Norton, but it must have a 24" inside leg, so my feet will touch the ground.

MOST HATED BIKE: Suzuki T250J, 'cause it won't start, any suggestions, or better still offers of money.

RECORDS HELD: Shortest committee member. Only person to get to Peterborough 1978 with a Voskhod. Actually I went in a U-sidecar, my pillion passenger went in a D-sidecar and the bike went in the back of a van. After trying to repair the Voskhod, we eventually got home on the end of a tow rope.

AMBITIONS: To own the best looking Voskhod this side of Minsk.

Does anyone know if Bethan achieved her beautiful Voskhod?

Drallabski Reteplovitch

Also published in the Autumn 1980 issue, this strange tale of the standard and misinformed dysfunction our reputation suffers could possibly have been made up.

The morning came (lets face it, it usually does!), I looked out of the window, dull sky and drizzle, super. There, outside in the road, was my 36M LARU, only delivered to my house the night before.. The previous owner said it needed attention, but for £7.35, I didn't worry. I opened the front door, leapt out and tripped over my brother's Honda! As I got nearer my bike I saw the two pools of petrol in the gutter, being constantly refilled from the carbs, at least they won't need flooding. I shan't (?) even have to turn the fuel tap on. So, that's what he meant by easy starting!

I stuck my electrical screwdriver in the ignition switch, the light glowed, just, oh the brake light switch had jammed on! I opened the throttle and prodded the kickstart. It promptly kicked back, ripping my jeans to the knee. (*I'd be encouraged by that.*) Try again, and again, screw driver fell out, tried again, it started. It didn't sound much like a BMW, but then a BMW ignition key costs more than my LARU's key.

The oil system was a total loss system I was told. It either went down the valve guides, past the rings or simply leaked! I pulled in the clutch, CRUNCH. Ah, first gear...OK, I thought, this is it, I was off down the road at the start of the ultimate in motorcycling experiences.

GRIND, second gear. I couldn't find third gear. I think he said the teeth are all in there somewhere..... CLUNK, fourth gear, oh the joy of motorcycling! At a left turn coming up, brakes on. Oh G.....! They don't work (anyway, what's the use of brakes, they only slow you down) So I leant it into the corner and nearly fell off, the bars wouldn't turn, worn out and notched head races. I negotiated the corner in three wild swerves, narrowly missing a Suzuki 250 owner, never mind, I'll get him (*Not her,*

Bethan's didn't start) on the way back! Suddenly the engine went all weak and stopped.

"Ignition" I said to the black cat on the pavement, who promptly walked off with his head in the air. Tools out, break handle off screw driver to get the two cover screws out. Sure enough, the base plate had slipped. I put it roughly right and started the engine, then adjusted it's position to suit. The tin cap flew off and the spring clip got all mixed up with the flyweights, springs and things.

With a bit of work with a brick and a pair of pliers it was all working again, just. Off I went again with a nice blue smoke trail behind me, up to 50mph.

The ignition light suddenly came on. "Oh! A loose wire." I said to myself, unconvincingly. I wasn't going to look in to that dynamo. I think the bike wanted me to stop as the LH cylinder plug lead fell out of the cap, easy to fix that one.

Oh well, back home I suppose. I gave chase to the Suzuki 250 but my balance pipe fell off and got caught up in the rear wheel before flinging itself at a passing "Gold Thing". Never mind, nearly there. I overshot my house as I couldn't stop in time. I parked it next to a Yamaha FS1B and went inside.

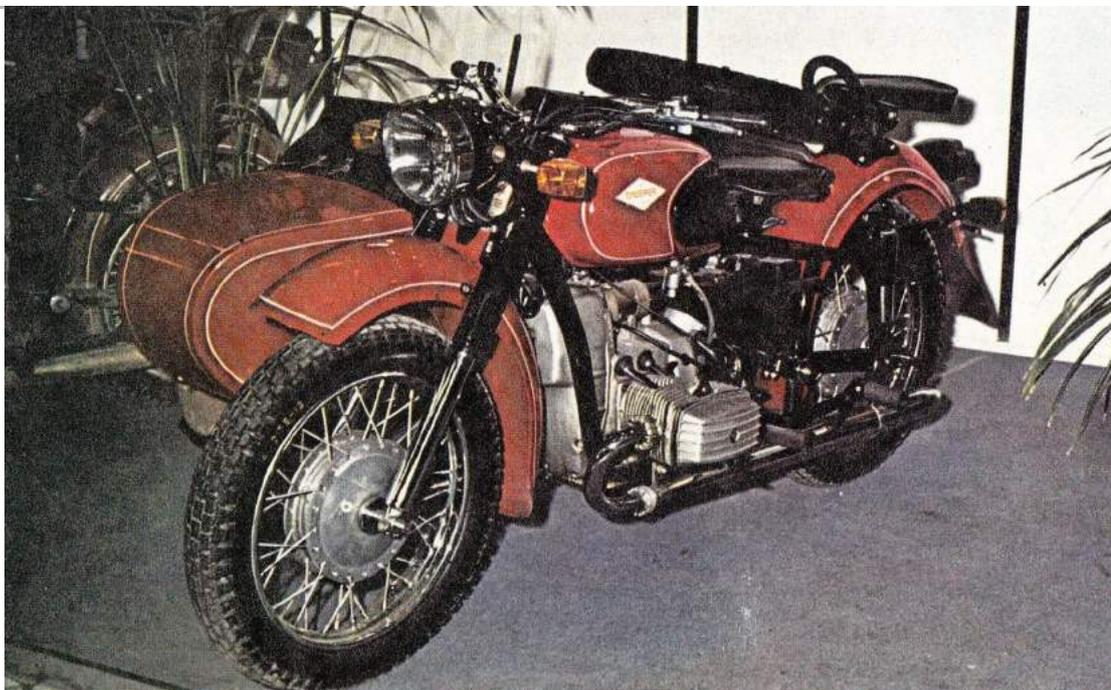
Just then, the moped owner came out, saw my LARU and burst into hysterics. My faithful steed then fell over and crushed his machine into the road, so it had feelings after all!

Anyway, a bike's only what you make of it. I can't make mine out at all! Whoever made mine ought to spend a few years of concentration somewhere, or perhaps it was Ma Volga's off day at the Unsatis Factory where mine was made.

If their bombs are like their bikes we have nothing to fear.

I wonder if instead of Russian motorcycle owners suffering trouble with their bikes, it might be the other way round!





Engine: 650 cc, twin-cylinder four stroke, horizontally opposed cylinders. Bore and stroke 78×68 mm. Compression ratio 7:1. Max. power 30 bhp at 5000 rpm. Two K302 carburetors. Forced lubrication. 6V/65W electrical system. 6V battery.

Transmission: primary transmission utilizes gears, secondary transmission uses prop shaft and universal couplings. Dry, twin-plate clutch. Four-speed gearbox. Hand-operated reverse. Kick start.

Frame: duplex cradle.

Suspension: at front, telehydraulic fork; at rear, swinging fork with adjustable shock-absorbers.

Wheels: front and rear 3.75×19.

Brakes: 200 mm front and rear.

Tank capacity: 4.6 gallons.

Weight: 418 lbs.

Performance: max. speed approx. 83 mph.

Price: £589 including VAT

Concessionaire: Satra Belareus Ltd, Canada Road, Oyster Lane, Byfleet, Surrey

Manufacturer: V/O Avtoexport, Smolenskaja-Sennaja Pl., 32/34, Moscow

Steve Hames

In Autumn 1980 Steve advocated the use of IZH's heavy weight Jupiter combo as an offensive weapon.

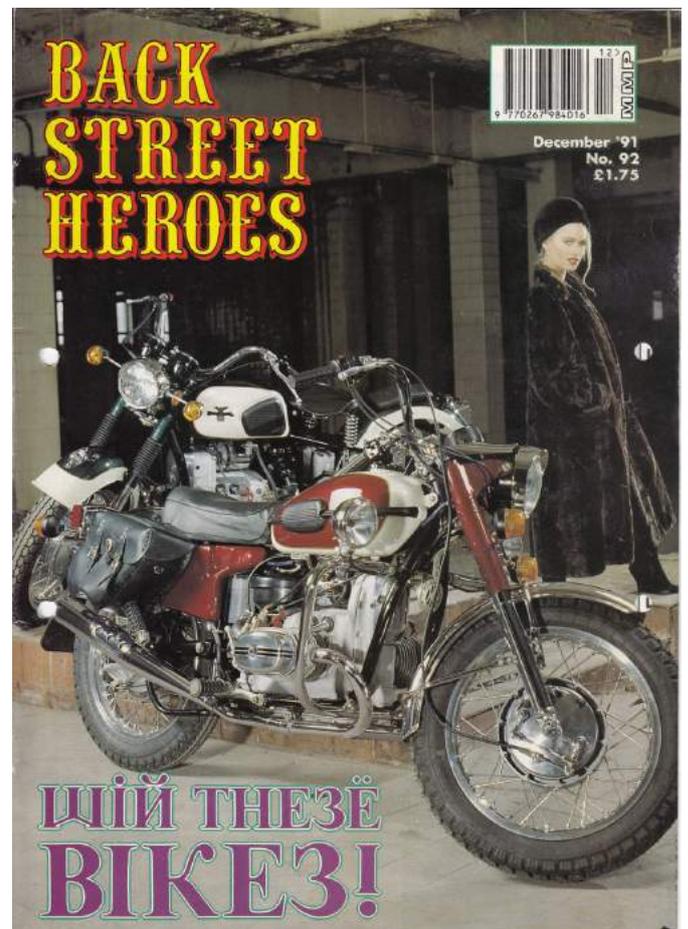
I ride a Jupiter combo, with off side sidecar. I find it quite safe. The people who do not like them are car drivers, they see a bike come along and think "It's only a bike", until they pull out in front and see a sidecar heading for them. It's nice to see panic on their faces for a change.

On my solo I've had many a near miss, but not on my combo, however while parked my sidecar has been pranged 4 or 5 times by idiots in cars, but revenge is sweet fir I get only a scratch while they get broken indicators, and a dent. They don't expect sidecars to be that strong, up in the USSR.

I have recently heard that crash helmets in sidecars may soon become compulsory, has anyone else heard of this? How about car drivers having compulsory seat belts, crash helmets, roll bars, wing and door mirrors. Why should motorcyclists be the only ones told what to do and wear?

He signed off his rant with "Safe riding." (!!)

Anyone remember this?



Established regalia page



Full & Half Zip Fleeces - £25.00 to £26.50
 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



Regatta Dover Fleece 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. There is also the clubs web address (www.cossackownersclub.co.uk) 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") Chest to fit.

You could of course wear nothing but not only is that impractical, How is anyone going to know you're a club member?

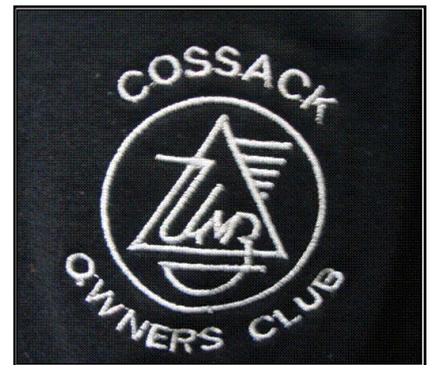


Baseball Caps - £9.00 Adjustable band at back, supplied in Black or Blue. One size fits all, choice of either the standard club logo or the star logo. **Woolly Hats - £8.50** The woolly hat is the knitted type and again with either club logo. This is an essential bit of kit for any club member. Standard Club Logo or Star Logo.

Our thanks to John Harrop, his grandson Jake, Phil Rushworth, Phil and Gina Inman, Lovely Hazel, Matt Woodward and Carl's ornamental Jupiter for posing.



**Club Umbrella
£15.00**
Golf sized brollies
in two types with
COC logos on 2
panels.



**Hooded Sweat Shirts
£20.00 to £21.50**
These are normally on an
order only basis.



*For some reason I
find this image so
sartorially soviet it's
funny. "What ever
do you look like my
dear?" Quick Phil,
sell her a sweat
shirt!*

*At least it isn't an
oily Wartburg!*

Editor's note. Consider this an appeal for contributions. If you don't send stuff in, you'll just have to put up with what I like!!!



