

# HORIZONTAL VIEW

The magazine of the Cossack Owner's Club

May/June 2018

The Beast from the East edition



Even in Siberia  
there is  
happiness



## Front and rear covers

I nearly picked "Any idiot can face a crisis, it's this day to day living that wears you out." for this issue's pearl of wisdom from Anton Chekov, but Siberia seemed an appropriate reference considering our late winter weather. In it on the front cover are Phil Rushworth and the "Ice Maiden", featured on page 6.

Chekov seems to have begun writing for financial gain to support his family after his father became bankrupt but his developing artistic talent encouraged him to throw himself into it alongside establishing a career as a doctor. His output was prolific and although tuberculosis eventually caught up with him aged 44, it could be said he wrote himself to death!

On the subject of fiction meet Alison on page 17. If she isn't an incentive to fill these pages with something else I don't know what is. She'll be back if there's space so photograph those projects, write up those adventures and recall all those memories. Only you can stop her!

The inside rear cover is graced by gloomy looking pictures of Phil's Dnepr and Mark Avis and friend, left that gloomy in spite of the possibility of adjusting the brightness of contributions in Photoshop because they look so heroically cold.

The outside rear cover is another attempt to sell you a Ural. This time a "Solo Classic" without the aid of dancing girls! The website address for those interested is Russian, but does that mean the advert is Russian too? I'm afraid I can't tell you.

David and Anne Greenwood won the magnificent looking trophies on page 12 and the main picture is George Boyd's gorgeous, unrestored 1969 IZH Planeta 2, on page 8.



## A very warm welcome to.....

Mike Ward, Reading, Berks.  
Thomas Barrett, Kirbyunderdale, Yorks  
David Madams, Tavistock Devon.  
Richard Jones, Dawlish Devon.  
Brian Dickinson, Linlithgow west Lothian.  
Ben North, Swindon Wilts.  
Mike Ryan, Barrow in Furness, Cumbria.  
Joe Thompson, Reading Berks.  
Richard Kite, Launceston Cornwall.  
James Dickinson, Wallingford, Oxon.  
Phil Royle, Preston Lancs.  
Freddie Weaver, Corsham Wilts.  
Ian Rogers, Skegness, Lincs.  
Dan Millington, Wellington Somerset.  
Jonathan Vaughan, Wolverhampton, W. Mids.  
Andrew Smith, Wakefield, W. Yorks.  
Gary Stacey Retford, Notts.  
Mark Taylor, Rotherham, S. Yorks.  
Jez Watson, Todmorden, Lancs.



## Politburo

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## Forthcoming Events

**Motor Cycling Club**, Britain's oldest sporting motoring club, are best known for our three classic trials. The 'Edinburgh' in October is still to run this year and Roger Bibbings thinks you three wheeled adventure sport boys would love it. However anyone game for a laugh should visit [www.themotorcyclingclub.org.uk](http://www.themotorcyclingclub.org.uk) or Google MCC Trials and the watch films on Youtube. Contact Roger from the website if you fancy it.

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

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



Of particular interest to us are June 17th, which is Polish Bike day, October 21st, which is Red Oktober Eastern Bloc Vehicle day and November 11th which is a combined military vehicle and remembrance day.

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

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

**Fenman August Bank Holiday Rally** is held every year at Wimbotsham right on the landward edge of Norfolk. See page 12 of the last issue, March/April in spite of whatever it might say on the front cover, for Fr Alan's offer of hospitality. Yes you can camp in his garden!

**[www.bathfestivalofmotoring.com](http://www.bathfestivalofmotoring.com)** is all you really need to know. No, there's no phone number on the poster opposite.



**Coventry Motofest June 2/3rd.** Here's Lee Holt with a beautifully polite invitation.....

I am contacting you with an invitation. It would be greatly appreciated if you and your members would consider attending this years Coventry Motofest. This is an invitation to come and display your bikes at the country's largest free to attend automotive festival. It takes place in the heart of the city on the first weekend of June. We have static displays from classic car and motorcycles clubs and owners in the open spaces of the city centre. There is also live action and demonstrations on a section of closed ring road. This year see the event have real racing in the form of timed trials around a street circuit. There is also a live action arena with drifting and other enthusiastic demonstrations. In fact we have something for everyone young and old 2 or 4 wheeled, taking place all over the city. We would really love it if you would consider being a part of it. As a club registered to display you get to be right in the heart of the bike section. There is also the option for individuals to register to attend so membership to a club or organisation is not a requirement of attending.

If you wish to attend please go to our website. [www.coventrymotofest.com](http://www.coventrymotofest.com) Should you wish to find out more then please feel free to email me Lee at [lee@coventrymotofest.com](mailto:lee@coventrymotofest.com) and I will do my best to give you all the information you require.



**AGM** This takes place over the weekend of 31st August to 2nd September at Rutland Caravan and Camping, Park Lane, Greetham Rutland, LE15 7FN (Off the B668, just north of Greetham and not far from the A1, follow the Rutland Caravan and Camping signs).

On the subject of costs the committee received the following from Phil Inman, the holder of the club's purse strings.....

“Cost of camping at Greetham should be £18 per unit per night (tent and campervan/ motorhome same price). This is double the cost-per-person at Wing Hall where we have camped for the last couple of AGMs. Some of us spoke briefly a while ago about the possibility of subsidising each attendee's camping costs, which we can certainly afford to do since income consistently exceeds expenditure, and the fees at Greetham might well dissuade some from attending. Indeed, the mention of a subsidy might get a few more members out of the woodwork, so to speak. I would suggest we aim to make attendance per person no more expensive than Wing Hall.”

How about that, are we good to you or what! So there's absolutely no excuse for confusion, the AGM will cost you £9 per night, that's **only £9!!!**

## EASTERN BLOC VEHICLE WEEKEND

Fri 11th - Sun 13th MAY 2018.

Here's Richard Hemington.....

Events organised by the Wartburg Trabant IFA Club UK are open to all classic vehicles designed, or sharing pedigree with those built, behind the Iron Curtain. Not only do we have road runs through spectacular Welsh scenery, but the option to take in trains, boats and planes as well as a nuclear bunker too! This event is based on scenic Llangollen, Denbighshire, in north-east Wales. From where I live, Llangollen seems like the other side of the world (as might Colchester seem to someone from Llangollen!) but, like our 2017 event in Lincs, it is only an hour or so away from much of the Midlands.

**Interested?** Contact [events@IFAClub.co.uk](mailto:events@IFAClub.co.uk) or Richard Hemington, 24 Recreation Road,

Colchester, CO1 2HE, Mobile: (0049) (0)7736 962572:



More about the IFA bash was posted in the last issue but unfortunately it clashes with the season's first rally in Dent. Also tragically, so does this.....

## 14th EASTBLOCK RALLY

Visit from the 10<sup>th</sup> of May until the 13<sup>th</sup> of May 2018 the Eastblockrally in Holland!



This rally is special for riders of motorbikes made in Eastern Europe, like: CZ, MZ, SIMSON, DNEPR, EMW, ISH / JUPITER, JAWA, MINSK, PANONIA, SIMSON, URAL, WSK and VOSKHOD, but also other types / brands very welcome

This rally will be in the province of Friesland in the northern part of the Netherlands, Families on motorbikes are welcome, because on the camp-site are facilities for children! Take a look at: [www.seedykstertoer.nl](http://www.seedykstertoer.nl). The adress: Zeedijk 8, 9073 TN Marrum (province Friesland/ the Netherlands).

Wietse Veninga sent me the invitation telling me anyone with a Facebook account can search Oostbloktreffen, Eastbockrally in Dutch of course, and check out previous events. This is what they looked like.....



John Currah went in 2014. How much fun that was is featured in Horizontal View, July/August 2016 edition, available to view on our website.



## We will be at.....

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

**Lots of people will be at Dent.** This is really a general motorcycle camping weekend with Vince Briers keeping Cossack Owner's Club members informed, making it the perfect meeting point for us. 2018 dates are May 11th-13th and October 12th-14th

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

Here's the internet.....

"Whilst fishing on the Dee at Dentdale in the 1840s, William Armstrong saw a waterwheel in action, supplying power to a marble quarry. It struck Armstrong that much of the available power was being wasted and it inspired him to design a successful hydraulic engine which began the accumulation of his wealth and industrial empire.

He was an English industrialist who founded the Armstrong Whitworth manufacturing concern on Tyneside. He was also an eminent scientist, inventor and philanthropist. In collaboration with the architect Richard Norman Shaw, he built Cragside in Northumberland, the first house in the world to be lit by hydroelectricity. He is regarded as the inventor of modern artillery."

Sadly I discovered that the Whitworth in Armstrong Whitworth is not the famous Joseph Whitworth, standardiser of the British thread. Joseph is a joy to research and although he was a contemporary of William's and also a prime mover in the development of Victorian technology, the two men were never in business together.

Joseph is buried in Darley Dale by the way.

**Mike Rowe in September.** A similar weekend to the 3 Magpies, on Friday and Saturday nights, 14 and 15 September 2018 in the Forest of Dean. A camping or if you must, motorhome event, they also do B&B at Cherry Orchard Farm! [www.cherryorchardfarm.co.uk](http://www.cherryorchardfarm.co.uk)

There is a pub just 5 minutes walk down the road. [www.theostrichinn.com](http://www.theostrichinn.com)

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

Further details to be announced nearer the time, but one to put in your dairies now.

**Bynnzi.** Yorkshire section 40th anniversary spektakliar camp. (*This is the Yorkshire MZRC section presumably, same as on page 10*)

Listen up puppies. The Yorkshire section anniversary spectacliar summer camp is at Middlesmoor Nidderdale. We will be in the camping field behind the top Crown pub. HG3 5ST. Dates are 27th to 29th July.

Large site with toilets and showers with distant views of an area of fantastic natural beauty. One pub The Crown is easy staggering distance, with the next pub The Crown (!) only a mile away, but a mile downhill! Lots of walking fantastic biking roads and no snow guaranteed. 6 quids a night. Be there or be elsewhere. Any queries to Bynnzi at [Bynnsi@gmail.com](mailto:Bynnsi@gmail.com) or txt me on 07980837005.

David Cox has become the club's human

## Facebook

interface with the ruthless and inconsistent world of digital media. He's more than just our website manager. By the time you read this our original Facebook page with its group of happy friends will have disappeared and the new one should be restoring our on line community as our followers discover it. Apparently Facebook's rules don't allow the club as a collective organisation, only as an individual. That'll be David Cox then.

To be a part of it log on to Facebook and search CossackOwnersClub just like this as all one word with three capital letters.

## Phil "Sub Zero" Rushworth

I'd been waiting a long time for this. Since the last lot of snow in 2010

actually. A decent amount of snow. For those of you who don't know, I have a Dnepr MT16, the two wheel drive one. However, this isn't the automatic go anywhere thing that people often assume. It has a diff, which means if one wheel is spinning, the other one gives up. There is a diff lock model, but mine's not it. You can see the blanked off casting where the selector goes I (I know someone who has one and think I might have first refusal if he ever parts with it) I'd already been for a spin round locally, but fancied a bit further afield, so I rang the Ice Maiden to see if she was interested in a ride through the Trough of Bowland to Ingleton and back.



She was, so the next day I dug out some handlebar muffs that I've had for ages and never used and some blankets for use in the sidecar. The muffs went on ok, but they are just generic ones and really wanted my hands to go in them at a slightly different angle. As a result I kept turning the left indicator on unwittingly. I picked up the Ice Maiden at Clitheroe and after persuading her to put a load more layers on, tucked her into the sidecar and we set off. The wind was blowing the dry snow and ice particles in my eyes and it was really painful without goggles. So I put them on. Out of Clitheroe, through West Bradford and over Grindleton Fell. The roads were mostly ok with some sort of tarmac strip visible. Once over the Summit of the fell, the snow got a bit thicker, with drifts where it had blown through gates and gaps in the walls.

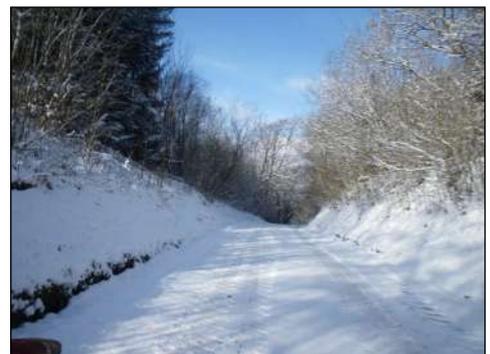
Down the other side and up Harrop Fell. Then the engine died. Just like that. I checked the main fuse. Ok. The neutral light was on, so battery can't be that bad. I checked for a spark,

nothing. Nothing on the other plug either. I took the timing cover off and had a look at the electronic ignition unit. ('cos that's all you can do really, isn't it, look at it.) I poked at the connections which all seemed firm enough and pondered my next move. The Ice Maiden looked on, unperturbed, from the sidecar, showing polite curiosity. I contemplated the worst case scenario of abandoning the thing at the farmhouse we had conveniently come to a halt at, and walking the six miles back to Mum's and didn't fancy failure on that scale. I put the plugs back in and gave it another try. Luckily it fired up.



After a quick discussion with the Ice Maiden, we decided to continue, but a shorter route. However, by the time we reached the next junction, (left for curtailed route, right for 'Plan A') I'd had a little think and decided that as the engine cut at the exact moment I changed gear (Weird right?) I had probably accidentally caught the kill switch somehow with the handlebar muffs as I moved my hand. Another brief discussion with the IM and we decided to continue on to Ingleton. When we turned off the Slaidburn road to go past Stocks Reservoir and Gisburn forest, it was like entering Narnia, with frost and ice clinging to the bare trees and dry stone walls. The road was totally white. Steering was a bit vague going down the hills and the wheels a bit spinny going up the hills, but we kept moving.

On the decent to Hasgill Beck there was a bit of a corner and we didn't make it, slowly gliding into a banking and some bushes, We easily reversed out, I took the





handlebar muffs off, because they were starting to get on my tits, pointed the bike in the right direction and continued. The other side of the dip was the steepest incline yet, but we slithered up and out onto open moorland with good views of Pen-Y-Gent and the Dales. We stopped at the summit for photos and then down off the moors, through Keasden, Clapham Station, all well covered in compacted snow and ice, and finally popped out onto the A65, which was totally clear of snow. Five minutes later we rode into Ingleton, aiming for Inglesport cafe as we were both ready for something to eat and a brew.

Within 50 yards of the cafe there was a builder's truck blocking the road with a bloke unloading a load of breeze blocks with his HIAB. Close enough to smell the cafe. I could have squeezed through the gap if there hadn't been a bollard there, Grrr. He didn't take longer than he had to and was soon off and away. We chugged round the corner and piled into the cafe.



A veggie fry up and cup of tea later, we were back on the road. The bike was covered in icicles and built up snow. We headed back via



Bentham (The way I usually come back from Dent, if anyone knows it) A bit of excitement on the way involved a car coming the other way who stopped when he saw us, but I think I may have grabbed the front brake and we slid into a hedge for the second time that day. Better than hitting a car, who needs that kind of hassle? I waved him past and I reversed out of the hedge.

The roads around Bentham were clear until we headed out onto the moors again where we proceeded with caution over the iced over roads. There was one bit with a long climb that was had a good coating of snow. We took it at a run and slithered and crawled our way to the top. Every now and then the wheels would find some grip and we'd lurch forward a bit more. The bike definitely handles better in the snow with someone in the sidecar, even better with someone on pillion. The next bit of excitement was a blizzard, visibility went down to a few yards, but didn't last long. I tried to park the bike in a snowdrift for a photo, but we just slid through it, so kept going.

Eventually, we arrived in Slaidburn and the roads seemed to improve a bit, we rode round to Newton in Bowland, over Waddington Fell, where we saw a stuck Land Rover. It looked like it had slid into something and had a bashed alloy wheel and a flat tyre. Once over Waddy Fell the road was fine as they keep it well gritted due to the trucks coming and going from the quarry. I



dropped the Ice Maiden off at her house and had a brew, before going round to Mum's for my tea.

When I got there, I noticed all the spokes were loose in the back wheel. I thought I'd felt a bit of vibration occasionally as we rode along. That must have been it. I set about putting the spare on with the help of Mum's neighbour and his trolley jack. The spare was as bad as the rear, due to it bouncing around in a horizontal plane, probably. So I swapped it with the sidecar wheel. I went home the next day and took the rear wheel round to the local bike shop for tightening and truing up. I put on my spare set of wheels with knobbles on them, so I can still play about in the snow.

I fancy an expedition to the Lakes sometime when it snows heavily. Tackle a few of the higher passes, or at least see how far I get.

*A day or two later, quick before the snow melts.....*

Saturday I went for another spin round in the snow. This time with the knobbles on. First port of call was Bill Toland's house to see if he fancied it, but he wasn't in. Tyre tracks on the drive though, so maybe he was already out and about. I went round a few friends I've not seen for a bit and on the way back from Hell City Brian's spotted a farm track with virgin snow and a big drift. I charged up it and promptly came to a halt. Only axle deep too. I blame it on not having a passenger. I tried to reverse out for a second run at it, but just spun the wheels. I dug a bit off snow out from under the wheels and tried again but no real improvement. I tried that forward/reverse, forward/reverse, rocking backwards and forwards thing, but that didn't help either. In the end I dug myself out with the tool box lid and borrowed a load of rocks off a dry stone wall and put them in the sidecar.

Oddly, it was easier to do a 5 point turn and ride out forwards than reverse. Probably down to weight distribution or something. I put the rocks back where I found them on the wall and went round to Angie and Paul's for a brew. Tried to



enlist a passenger for the next day, for a second attempt, but on waking up on Sunday it was raining. Another batch of snow gone.

*Oh well, never mind. Basking in the spring sunshine however it's.....*

## George Boyd

In the last issue, noticing George's address was local in the new member's list, I asked him what he rode. He emailed to tell me not yet, his Jupiter 2 didn't run in spite of being posted on Ebay as a runner.



Intrigued, I discovered it was within walking distance of my laptop and couldn't resist troubling him for a few pictures. Intrigued further and self interested to the core I asked if he'd mind trying to start it. So we did, eventually.

George knows the charging system is faulty but we discovered the ignition switch had been emergency wired just to power the coils, for Ebay presumably, and the battery, once connected was constantly draining.

Between terms at Uni' George has replaced the tyres, relined the brakes and bought a new carb and points. He looked mightily impressed when the engine worked. It sounds OK. I think he was somewhat relieved!

This is a 1969 Jupiter 2 and has the pressed steel wheel hubs the same as the 56, which might be original or not. PJB will be interested in that. Is that a Lithuanian number plate? There isn't a UK one yet. So you know what you're up against if you want one too, it sold for £1,200.



Lovely Hazel owns a Jupiter from Lithuania too and hers, in spite of being slapped with horrible army matt green paint on the outside, is in spectacular unmolested condition inside.

This is her ignition switch which George will use as a pattern to put his wires back where they're supposed to be later.



## THE SIBERIAN RIVIERA!

17th of March and Met Office have again issued an amber

weather warning for snow/sleet/ice coming direct from Siberia, which seems just ideal for the "Sidecar Day Rider" to head east to the Siberian Riviera with its so bracing air and a head wind of minus 6 wind chill factor! At this time of year you will find the Siberian Rivera on the Lincolnshire east coast and my destination of Wainfleet in Lincolnshire, UK.

MZ and Gespanne just finished a "Tour of Duty" at Check point Charlie.

My own transit visa of 01.07.1975. for the DDR! (right)



On my sidecar I notice that LED lights don't melt snow and ice! (right)



Time for the "Day Rider" to ride west with the east wind/snow showers blowing me back home! (above left) To Commissar Charles for organising this very cool treffen! Grosses Dankeschon.

## Michael "few words" Wadsworth

Michael's Siberian Riviera was in fact the "Booze up in a Brewery" event organised by the Yorkshire branch of the MZRC, hence the proliferation of those. Alan Davies mentioned this, and the brewery tour offered, in the last issue of this mag. Here are some of Michael's pictures of the brewery museum I suppose it is. I know Alan in particular is interested in breweries.



Apparently this is a stationary engine. Yeah, when aren't they? Note the thermocouple on a wire connected to what must be a temperature gauge on top of it, oil temperature?



I too have a DDR transit visa, from December 30th 1989. Myself and my then girlfriend were hitching to Berlin for the monumental party promised to take place there on New Year's eve. The wall had fallen and we wanted to soak up the history and celebrate with the rest of what felt like a new Europe for a new decade and beyond.

## Transit Visa

It took three sleepless days and nights to arrive in Berlin on the afternoon of December 31st with the city packed, the restaurants bare and no chance of a bed anywhere. If you were German you could pass freely through holes knocked in the wall by souvenir hunters, hard at work carrying away sacks full of it. Foreigners had to go to Check Point Charlie.

In reference to Alan's little joke casting doubt on the irrepressible Charles Hancock's ability to organise a piss up in a brewery, it would appear that he can!



By the time we got there in the early evening the flood of humanity had overwhelmed the East German border guards and the soldiers stood back bewildered as we walked into East Berlin with no paperwork, passport checks or any attempt to challenge us. Our transit visa was for the corridor from West Germany, not for the East itself, but by then, the world having changed that afternoon, it didn't matter.

## And on the subject of humour,

I know this isn't funny, it's a catastrophic personal disaster of course. Good job it wasn't a valuable Russian eh?



We were right under the Brandenburg Gate at midnight. At around four in the morning we walked to the Bahnhof to sleep on the platform hoping to catch the first train out with no ticket. That didn't seem to matter either.



When you get to our gudgeon pin circlip exchange on page 16 you might be forgiven for thinking myself and Mark suffer from obsessive, almost autistic attention to detail. I'm OK with that! I hope he is, it's an interest in engineering thing.

**RFH 184R**

**Надежда**

It's not just commitments elsewhere which slow progress with the editorial Dnepr project, it's overcoming the devil in the detail at molecular level and the same considerations Mark's been forced to cope with also affect it. For this issue's report it's more about big end nuts and pistons I'm afraid.

Firstly, check out how shiny my small end bushes are.



You'll remember from the September/October 2017 edition of HV that we were

astonished by the quality of the machining in the gudgeon pin bosses of our new Ukrainian, or possibly Chinese pistons. As explained then, the trouble with such a poor surface finish is that the roughness is rubbed off very quickly during the bedding in process and the eventual, stable diameter of a such a mutilated, sorry, machined bore is somewhere much larger than the measured one at quality control, should there be any! Sadly no one knows how much larger it'll end up.

After matching gudgeon pins, pistons and rods in January/February HV (Yes, the real one.) we discovered that the pins were a tight fit in the small end bushes and a very tight fit in the pistons. This gave us the opportunity to polish the bushes to make the pins a nice light sliding fit in them. The theory being that movement in the small end could be handled entirely by the small end bearing enabling us to get away with a sort of fixed fit in the pistons which might not be sensitive to the poor machining if it was fixed enough.

Would you believe good old Solvol Autosol turned out to be the perfect grit size to control stock removal during polishing? I'm confident

the beautiful, silky smoothness of the bearing is going to stay like that without developing yards of rattle. Then of course we had to force the gudgeon pins into their holes.



The instrument above facilitated that. Yes that's a length of 12mm threaded rod because no matter how much heat I used, the pistons would not expand enough to allow the pins inside them easily. I had to crank my puller nuts up every "thou" of the way, making me out of puff and sweaty by the time I'd been effectively brutal.

In order to push the pins in straight under so much force, so they wouldn't jam in the soft brass bushes, I had to use a guide in the opposite boss to hold the threaded rod in line, in the left boss above. The pins are so tight I was tempted not to bother with circlips, just like that Mark Avis is trying to do, but put some in anyway, just in case.



By the way, the tags on gudgeon pin circlips should point up and down, so their constant acceleration in use doesn't make them wiggle and break off.





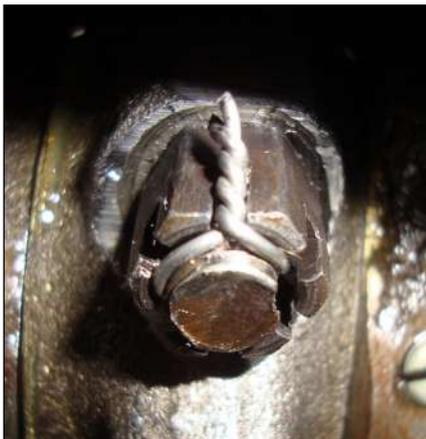
Pictured above is the ring gap. What ring gap? Yes, quite! Anything under about 0.015" here will have the rings digging a hole in the bore when they expand with no where to go. I inherited a set of recently rebored barrels once which had been only run in the garden a couple of times. These had a deep hole in the barrel wall next to the end gap because without one, the rings had sorted the problem out themselves knocking several thousand miles off the life of the bore.

The ends of the rings need to be rubbed off with an oil stone to fit. They're cast iron and very soft so it doesn't take long.

While the oil stone was out I rubbed off the base of my big end cap nuts too because this happened, right. Can't get the split pin in? The options are leave the nut looser, (who dares do that!), crank it up well past snapping torque or polish off a little metal under the base to move the point it does up to.



Then you can do this, right. Instead of a cheap Chinese split pin from Wilco or Screwfix we have aircraft quality stainless steel lock wire. Only a short bit so it's not too heavy.



I feel I ought to point out here that the only reason all this dodgy scamming is necessary is because most of the parts available for this rebuild have been nowhere near original quality and so bad that we've had to resort to less than professional, competent engineering to get them in. It's all in the name of a bit of mechanical fun.

Until I'm satisfied it actually works I'm going to have to implore **don't try this at home folks!!!** Meet me on the stand at Stafford at some point and be amazed I got there.

*David of course gets everywhere normally but he's off to a slow start for 2018.*

## Greenwood's Gallery

Due to illness and poor weather we had to miss the Dragon rally in North Wales and the Sidecar Day meet at the Ace Cafe on March 4th. I sold my Dragon ticket to Mike Rowe who suffered from broken spokes on his Dnepr while on his way home.

We did, however, attend a rally over the Easter period in Yorkshire. It was the South Yorkshire Sidecar club 'Diamond Jubilee rally'. They are proud of still being in existence after being formed in 1958.

Our Ural won the 'Best Outfit Award'. We were surprised at this as there were some posh outfits like Honda Blackbirds, Pan Europeans, Vmax Yamahas with expensive Dutch made sidecars. They did seem surprised seeing us reversing out of a muddy field while they were struggling to push theirs backwards!



We also won the Long Distance award (for the UK) being 185 miles from Buckinghamshire to Barnsley. My wife Anne was also roped into judging the children's Easter Bonnet competition, she also presented the award.

As Easter was early this year the weather was not good, but nowhere near as bad as predicted by the forecast. Good Friday had no rain and Saturday only light drizzle.

We are looking forward to Mike Rowe's event at the 3 Magpies and we have also booked for the IFA Llangollen event.



I bought the bike in February 1997 in Tashkent, Uzbekistan while my wife and myself were working with the UN office there. It was one of 6 in a freezing basement of a general hardware shop, all exported from the fairly newly independent Ukraine in 1994. Quality control at that difficult time was terrible

## Mark Anstey

would recognize us and wave through, especially with addition of UN stickers on the sidecar.

I am sure there will be some twists and turns on the registration road but honestly after various experiences trying to register the Dnepr here in France it will be a relief I think to deal with a system in my own language and not dependent on whims of French Functionaries (even their Uzbekistan counterparts were less arrogant.)

The bike was imported to France by a Belgian company direct from Uzbekistan, and they were also meant to complete all importation and registration requirements. However, they failed to even customs clear it and I had to do that myself. Beyond that I hit a brick wall as there was no possibility to get a certificate of conformity from the manufacturer and due to age I could not bypass this by registering as a "classic". Hence the decision to try in UK.

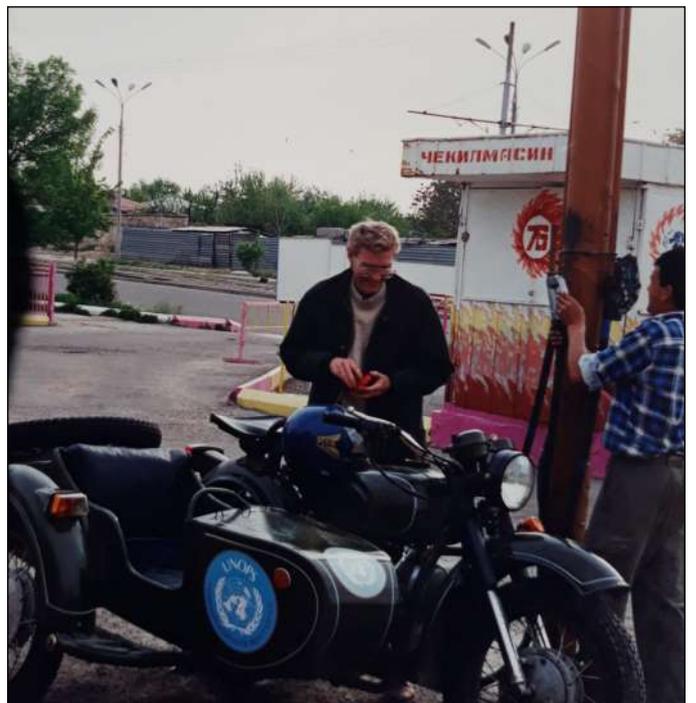


Motorcycling in Uzbekistan was a lot of fun in 1990's when roads were virtually empty of cars and the "eccentricity" value of being a foreigner on a motorcycle could get you a lot of interest and support (and charm the predatory traffic police who being mostly rural recruits had fond memories of motorcycles). Someone once gave me an entire Ural gear box to replace mine (fortunately Dnepr and Ural gear boxes are interchangeable) when mine disintegrated on the road to Samarkhand.

Sadly, in about 2006 the security services decided motorcycles were a terrorist security

(reportedly many of the Dnepr workers had not been paid for many months) so it took a whole day's cannibalization of bits off all 6 to get one running. Even then she broke down on the way home and had to be towed by my wife's driver in his Lada Zhiguli. However, once the many manufacturing faults were ironed out she proved a very reliable runner and was the exclusive family transport for many years.

I think its true to say she was the first foreigner owned motorcycle in Tashkent and as all motorcycles were viewed with great disrespect in the city (as transport for the rural proletariat!) I was initially stopped by traffic police at almost every junction. Though it was quite fun seeing their faces when I produced foreign ID and UN accreditation, it got a bit tiresome. Fortunately, within a month or so we had got so familiar they





threat and they were banned from city centres. But I think that was recently lifted following death of previous president.

As a place to visit or tour I think it's still pretty frustrating probably from bureaucratic side. Individual tourists of any kind still find it a



complicated process, but feasible if you're willing to be patient. I met a few German and East European guys touring through. Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan, much easier on that side of things but roads much better in Uzb. If anyone has some plan to go, I still visit for work, so could probably do some digging on practicalities.



Here are a few pics of the Dragon Rally, which for some mad reason I attended in N.Wales on 10-11 Feb. The weather was OK going down on the Sat, but in the evening it started to rain, then blow, then hail. It was a bit heavy... a lot of tents and bikes went over!

## Mark Avis and the Dragon



The odd 3 wheeler thing is a Dutch vegetable delivery trike. I've seen bicycle versions of these in Amsterdam, and I think moped ones, 20 years ago. This was one of two with CG125-alike engines in them. They were the stars of the show for me. The Dutch can be picky about registering modified vehicles (something I gleaned in the diesel bike scene) so I imagine these ones must have been powered from the outset. One even had a compressor and lorry air horn.



I met up with Tony, Mark and Chris who join us at Dent, and also Bynzni to whom I chatted while he thought about getting out of his tent. A lot of friendly people go to this rally, I imagine even the guy on a Black Shadow combination would have spoken, if I'd worked out who he was. Something about companionship in adversity.

I rode home with Our Interpreter via Porthmadog and a mountain bothy he was checking out for a future Scouts trip. There's a pic at Ynys-y-pandy slate mill, which is very much worth a visit if you like industrial history, and there are abandoned underground workings one can get into nearby if you like that kind of thing (I do). It's good for scaring the kids and recalibrating their risk-o-



meter!). My bike was running really bad, and here I finally found the loose wire where the coil picks up its 6v supply from the back of the horn. Made for a less-than-smooth run over the high single track road from Prenteg, which is also very much worth a visit. I've wasted lots of time here tracing and walking the routes of long abandoned slate railways, in earlier summer holidays with the kids.

Going home we went high again, and the snow came down. My headlight (it works!) uses a 12v LCD bulb with a 6-12v dc boost converter. This is a miniature inverter which is good for about 4A, enough for LED bulbs.

The bike started making really horrible noises, and it transpired I had lost a main bearing. Still,

it got me home, through a really nasty hail-in-the-face-in-the-dark slog back down the A55.

Maybe I'll write-up the rebuild, as something interesting also happened to one of the pistons and gudgeon pins. Rather glad this did not fall apart last summer in Ukraine!

*Later, Mark sent me .....*

I have a circlip problem in one piston, and I've heard of racers using Teflon buttons pressed into the ends of the gudgeon pin and doing away with the circlip altogether (I think Scott used brass or bronze ones, pre-war). Any experience? I'd like to know more about durability and lifespan.

*I had to say.....*

You can coat things in teflon but it isn't a material you can make things out of. You can coat aluminium in teflon, like piston skirts are these days, or rather someone with access to an industrial coating process could.

AMC used phosphor bronze buttons instead of gudgeon pin circlips right up until the end in 1967 in the G2/G8 lightweight singles. Durability isn't an issue as long as the contact area is enough to spread the light stress of the weight of the button touching the cylinder. There's no real sideways force pressing it that way if the small end is straight. Our Dneprs get in trouble with the gudgeon pins bouncing against the circlips because the small end is pissed and each power stroke leans on it. Do you have this?

I made a form tool with a square end once. It was a sort of tiny boring bar for a milling machine. I used it to bore internal O ring grooves in shaft housings held on a rotary table but it would have done for re-machining gudgeon pin circlip grooves. You could do this to cut square section grooves for stamped circlips instead of wire. The flat sides of these might handle the force of an errant gudgeon pin, particularly if they were a tight fit. They do this job in gearboxes. Centre finding the hole is very important here. Buttons might be easier.

The draw back of using buttons is they're heavy and revving enthusiastically makes them come loose in the piston. The bronze doesn't expand with the aluminium if you put them in that. Pressing them down the end of the



gudgeon pin is better but then they have to be longer and even heavier!

Some car engines, O series Leyland and Vauxhaul/Opel for example, use a gudgeon pin pressed into the small end of the rod in an interference fit. The bearing then is the gudgeon pin boss in the piston. You can't use high silicon content race pistons for this because it's not such a good bearing surface provider, unless you coat it in teflon of course!

Mark said.....

I thought that, but this was a direction suggested by IC engine modellers who can't use circlips small enough in their 1:12 models of a Deltic etc etc. Maybe it's a nomenclature problem, I bought a stick of this, but have not played with it yet.

I thought about bronze or ali too, but plastic will be light and also a little elastic, for retention in the hole in the pin. Well, we'll see I guess! I need to put my crank on V-blocks on the surface plate at work and see how pissed the small end is, unless it was the cracks in the pin which created creep and an end load.

"The draw back with using buttons is they're heavy and revving enthusiastically back of using makes them come loose in the piston." OK, this is a Ural.

Yes please, please, please write up the rebuild Mark, with lots of pictures. The Avis Ural is one of the stars of the Cossack Owner's Club, we love it and care for it as much as you do! It'll be like visiting it in hospital!!

Mark mistakenly, or perhaps not, sent these two pictures.



There're a bit fuzzy and unfortunately were too late for April publication. He said.....



"The UK version of this is broken up for the time being, but a continental (RH sidecar) version is extant in

Poland - he used it for our summer 2016 trip around Poland while I was on his BMW. I rode it for a bit - it took some getting used to, but performed very well. A. rode it fast, off-road (effectively forestry tracks), with two kids and camping gear, which was a little beyond my own experiments with it on a smooth bit of tarmac. It even rode OK for a couple of hundred miles with a rather shredded rear tyre which had run flat for a bit and wouldn't go back square on the rim"

**WANTED SIDECAR**, of the type that would have been fitted originally to my 1975 Ural M66 (with opening boot, bottle cap wheel etc) in sound or restorable condition. Please contact Michael on 01483 275143 or michaelggilbert@btinternet.com Thanks.

## Wanted

**WANTED WHEEL**, for a 1966 K750 Dnepr. This is the alloy hub type with the external grease nipple so you can squirt grease all over your brakes shoes if you overdo it. If you've got one to sell call Bill Heyfield on 077905 19955.

Private adverts in Horizontal View are free but now we know there's a 1975 M66 and a 1966 K750 out there. Would you like to tell us about them Michael and Bill? Maybe just a picture and word or two in support?



How fast is this? (Above) We're not talking mph here. It doesn't matter how powerful the engine is if the suspension can't keep the rubber on the track. PJB knows how to do that and this is his idea of fun.

## PJB



## Alison Wonderland

I'm not real, none of this is. In winter contributions to this lovely little magazine get a little patchy I'm told and rather than reduce the number of pages, which would not be interesting at all, I'm filling in the spare ones, which might raise a smile somewhere. There aren't any pictures, sorry, you'll have to imagine those like I do!

Kate isn't real either of course. She's my oldest and most faithful imaginary friend but I have to admit she's cursed (Or rather I am!) with an unfortunate sense of humour. It gives our relationship something of a competitive unpredictability and after all these years I really should have learnt to see through her wickedness, but she still catches me out.

The joke between us, the ever present undercurrent in our friendship is that I'm a prissy, privileged princess, which of course I'm not, and she's, well, unconcerned with finery we'll call it.

Two apparently unrelated disasters happened in my life recently. The first was Kate passing her motorcycle test. I knew she was taking it because she kept on about it but I thought it was only because she was making some sort of feminist protest, an "If he can I can." thing. She would do that.

It's because our menfolk have made us racing widows. On the weekends when they're actually doing it their consciousness ascends to the Zen like level of concentration at which we don't exist. They love it deeper than I'm sure we understand. Kate thinks owning a motorcycle is something like doing it too. "I've always wanted one." she announced when I suggested she hadn't.

The second disaster was alcohol related. Oh how I wish I could resist temptation. We were playing cards one night and the betting was fuelled by a couple of bottles of wine. Betting drunk is a wild thrill and escalation feels so much fun. You never want that final hand, you raise the stakes just to keep the game going, to postpone the anticlimax of winning or losing until someone is going to get slaughtered. I can see how such irresponsibility can become addictive. By the time the cards are poised to deliver their fatal blow the risks we've taken are often terrible. I'm afraid to admit we bet forfeits.

I let Kate, at her playful worst, talk me into trying to escape from a potentially humiliating losing streak by promising I'd go camping if I lost again, and worse than that, with her! My husband roared with laughter when the cards betrayed me. After the euphoria of recklessness I felt sick. They wouldn't let me bet again. Apparently I deserved the consequences of my own foolishness and Kate didn't want to let me escape this time.

In between the game that fateful night and calling in my debt, Kate hit Ebay armed with her new motorcycle license. She disregarded anything expensive, shiny, modern and useful and bounced around random searches waiting for something to "call to her". The trouble is Kate's boyfriend is a mechanic and she thinks that's a skill which might rub off on her. The bargain basement end of Ebay is a dreamer's delight. It was lovely to see her so happy.

Inevitably she set off across the country driven by her boyfriend in his van to pick up her new toy from some East European bloke who'd been unlucky enough to only get one bid, Kate's. The reason no one else was interested became obvious when she got it home. She led me out to her boyfriend's workshop and unveiled it, singing herself a fanfare as she pulled off its cover with a flourish. I don't know why she covered it up, I thought it would get the tarp' dirty.

It kept her busy, I'll say that for it. I thought she'd buy a small bike to start with but it was huge. After she cleaned it she uncovered a sort of quaintness. It looked very old but she assured me they all looked like that, even the newer ones. "Isn't she lovely?" Kate cried. I answered "No." deliberately and thought "She?" At the time I'd never have thought "She" would have anything to do with me.

"Oh yeah." I thought as Kate excitedly told me she'd joined a thing called the Cossack Owner's Club. She discovered that "She" wasn't Russian as we first thought but made in the Ukraine where parts could be bought at unfeasibly cheap prices. Months past during which I listened to progress reports on how "She" was coming along, possibilities for fixing "Her" problems and Kate trying to pronounce "Her" peculiar name properly with hardly any vowels in it. I even had to read Kate's little club magazine when it arrived. I humoured her because while she was

distracted, wearing her boyfriend's overalls, up to her armpits in oil and rust, we weren't going camping. Happily I let her disregard her boyfriend's advice knowing if she insisted on wanting to do everything herself, "She" would remain safely dormant, an awful mistake I'd discover later. We, that is her boyfriend and me, let Kate get on with it, bless her. I've never seen anyone glow so radiantly with pride and self satisfaction the way Kate did on the day "She" burst into life for the first time.

Shortly after that we were due to lose our menfolk to their mechanical mistresses on another racing weekend. Sometimes we go too but sometimes we let them enjoy their irresponsible fun free from reproach. Kate had insurance, registration and everything by then and I'd had time to reconcile the morbid dread that that I might be called upon to enjoy "Her" as well with it being a necessary consequence of my position as Kate's friend. However I didn't quite understand why I should be thrilled by the forthcoming events page of her latest magazine. "Look!" she said, pointing at it.

A rally would take place in Yorkshire. "A rally?" I asked. Kate told me that would be a sort of meeting of enthusiasts who'd ride there and camp for weekend together. My blood ran cold as she casually used the word "camp" to explain what she had in mind. The rally site wasn't just in Yorkshire, it was in North Yorkshire. "It snows until June up there!" I cried. She grinned at me plainly thinking "So?" "Oh you sow!" I thought.

Kate wanted me to endure three days of hell, out in the open, exposed to the brutal North Yorkshire climate and the agony of riding there on a motorcycle comforted only by the hopelessly inadequate resources I could pack into a tiny rucksack. "Complain all you like, you're going, you lost the bet remember?" she said gleefully.

All the storage space on the back of Kate's motorcycle was needed for our tent, sleeping bags, painfully thin foam mats and just enough cooking facilities to make tea with, and her clothes. She wasn't restricted to rucksack capacity on her back because there wouldn't be space between us for one. If the weight of mine made me uncomfortable it would be my own stupid fault for packing too much. Kate didn't say that but I knew that's what she thought from the joyful way she broke the bad news to me.

The boys left for their race track on Thursday, leaving me with Thursday night to decide on what to squash into my rucksack to enable me to maintain my appearance and hopefully repair it when we got there. I had to abandon so many essentials it was heart breaking! I'm not a motorcycling virgin. I've been caught out in the rain, frozen rigid late at night and cramped in agony for hours. My husband was my boyfriend then, when such a thing felt like adventure. I waited for Kate on Friday morning in my kitchen, trying not to melt with the back door open dressed in sexy thermal long johns, jeans, a woolly fleece, a woolly jumper, a woolly vest and T shirt. I hoped I'd still be able to move enough to get my bike gear with armoured knees and elbows and a one piece water proof suit over the top when she arrived. "I want to get going." she'd told me, meaning we weren't having a cup of tea first. I was required to just climb on and off we'd go. Getting there would take all day, oh lovely!

"Is it supposed to smoke like that?" I asked, hoping "She" might break down before we were too far from home to think "Oh well, never mind." and get a taxi back. "It's degreaser burning off the engine." Kate shouted over the clattering it made, her voice muffled inside her helmet. "That's a shame." I thought. While she turned "Her" round in my drive, I forced my tightly packed limbs into my riding kit, struggled to get my swollen rucksack on and when Kate eventually ended up pointing the right way, I clambered on.

The last time I rode a motorcycle I hugged my boyfriend, tucking my knees and elbows in to streamline myself. Even in his slipstream I felt the rush of wind around us as we accelerated past the other traffic, keen to have it out of our way. This time wasn't like that. "She" had wide rubber saddles instead of a little foam perch and mine had a handle for some reason. The bike wobbled as I wriggled to make myself something like comfortable. I could see where we were going over the top of Kate's head and my rucksack rested on the tent behind me.

We bumped off the pavement outside my house and once on the road, Kate opened the throttle and the wobble settled down as we picked up speed. Somewhere around walking pace Kate crunched "Her" into second gear and a little later into third. I'm not sure but I think we must have achieved almost 25mph when Kate stamped the

gearbox into forth. There weren't any more. At this point during my last motorcycle experience we were already breaking the law with more gears to come and I was thinking "Oh my god!" by the time we hit top gear. Kate worked her way back down the gears for the junction at the end of our road. After the several sets of traffic lights and the roundabout or two necessary to clear the city and get out on the open road I understood why we'd need all day.

Trucks, buses and cars thundered past us on the bypass and I ran through my checklist of things to bring, not because I could have done anything about something I'd forgotten, I just thought I'd pass the time. "She" made lots of noise and roared along sedately. Kate's long black hair thrashed and twisted between us outside her jacket in the gentle 40mph breeze. She hadn't bothered to tie it back like I had mine. "You'll pay for that mate." I thought and because she was Kate I thought "Ha, Ha!"

I couldn't do anything about the weather either but I'd checked the forecast anyway in the futile hope that a good one would make me feel better. 50% chance of rain and the occasional thundery shower it said, which made me wish I hadn't looked. For the first hour of our ride the blackest clouds were somewhere else, somewhere on the horizon unlikely to trouble us. My husband had tried to console me by telling me "It's only three days." with a smile on his face. At two days and twenty three hours I didn't feel too bad, at least it wasn't cold, yet.

At first "She" seemed happy with Kate's instructions. When something happened to disturb our monotonous cruise like a turning vehicle ahead, Kate shut the throttle and "She" slowed but usually not enough to need a gear change. After the road was clear "She" resumed her raucous progress cleanly as Kate opened her up again. I was worrying about clouds when we met Lincolnshire's first tractor. I thought we'd been shot at! "She" protested as we slowed to tractor speed behind it and I saw Kate look down as if she might see what caused the loud bang. Two or three more followed and even from the pillion I could tell we didn't have enough power to overtake the ambling tractor when the opportunity arose. We pulled off the road into a convenient lay by after a few hundred yards of coughing and banging and "She" died. I'd remembered my AA card, we'd be fine! Ominously Kate didn't seem to be disappointed.

"Get off." she shouted when we'd rolled to a halt. "Easier said than done!" I thought, stiff after a whole hour forced by my heavy clothing into one position. Kate took her gloves and her helmet off, put "Her" on her stand and began to unstrap the tent and our mats off the back. "What are you doing?" I asked. I took my helmet off too so I could talk to her and she said something about "points". By then I was looking for my phone in my jacket pocket. One phone call would have us homeward bound in the comfy cab of a recovery truck with "Her" on the back having made a noble but predictable effort no one could be ashamed of, wouldn't it? Kate said it could but it wouldn't and wanted to clean "Her" points, whatever they were. "Do you know how?" I asked. Sadly she did.

In the pack under our mats Kate had stashed a bag full of tools and I was horrified to discover they were exactly the right ones she needed as if she knew the points would get dirty. Together we lifted all half a ton of "Her" onto her main stand so Kate could crawl round the front of the engine. Amazed I watched her take the cover off and poke about inside with the instruments from the tool bag, burning her fingers because we didn't have time to wait for "Her" to cool down. Kate never swears, not like I do, not even then! "Wow, how about that!" I thought when Kate put her considerable weight behind a full bodied swing on the kickstart, and "She" responded.

"Keep her running!" Kate shouted and made me hold the throttle as she repacked the tools, as if "She" might stop and Kate would have to start again. She took over once her gloves and helmet were back on so I could put mine on too and soon we were negating the point of urgency in the traffic again.

The dear old A17 isn't known as the road of a thousand caravans for nothing. We couldn't catch them of course but they keep the overall speed of the traffic down to something more appropriate for us. There are plenty of field entrances and side roads I thought we might escape into should Kate's points cause any more trouble. However, soon it wasn't "Her" but me who needed to stop.

"Didn't you go before we left?" Kate shouted over her shoulder. I'd poked her in the side to make her pull over somewhere with a high hedge but she seemed reluctant to stop the

engine so I could explain I had but it didn't matter now, without having to scream it at her. "Go on then, quick!" she shouted. I'm sure she put me under pressure on purpose. While I struggled to extricate myself as necessary from my cumbersome clothing, under cover behind the hedge, Kate revved "Her" up on the other side to remind me to hurry up, and attract any available attention to concentrate my mind, like she would. I cursed her while I was doing myself back up then it all suddenly became quiet.

This time we had a problem with a carburettor and Kate ordered me to help her lift "Her" onto the main stand again so she could take it to pieces. She called the big puddle of smelly petrol on the floor under it a "flood". "I can see that." I thought. Off came the tent and the mats again and this time the tool bag contained carburettor fixing tools. Kate blew through the pipes and orifices, lost some vital part in the grass it took us ages to find and made that my fault because I carelessly stood in her light while I wondered what she was doing. My heart sank as we sifted through the tiny undergrowth for the little shiny thing which would save us from camping here, by the roadside. "Oh no Princess, you're not getting away with it that easy!" Kate laughed when I waved my AA card at her, certain common sense would prevail. By the time we were ready to get going again Kate needed a trip behind the hedge too but I noticed she did so without the urgency she imposed on me.

As our day on the road progressed it settled down into something like predictability. Somewhere around every 45 minutes we needed to stop for petrol, because floods occurred quite regularly, coffee and the consequences of drinking lots of it and "Her" frequent capricious behaviour. Kate and her tool bag overcame it all eventually and breaking down on the A17 became almost pleasant. I enjoyed the tranquillity of birdsong down a leafy country lane compared to the intrusive racket "She" assaulted our ears with out on the main road. 45 minutes was as long as I wanted to endure the rubber saddle for anyway.

Early on, each time "She" stopped I dared hope that sooner or later, the problem would be worse than Kate had the resources to fix and I'd be spared the ordeal of camping but as we found ourselves further from home each time, I began

to long for getting there, anywhere, as climbing back on board began to fill me with dread.

Breaking down on the A1 was profoundly unpleasant. Most of it isn't motorway so it's OK to do that but the noise of the traffic thundering past spoilt Kate's concentration. She didn't seem quite as enthusiastic as the afternoon wore on and stopped cheerfully trying to encourage me by maintaining that the journey was the destination, the part we should be enjoying. I kept my mouth shut when I wondered if the destination would be worse, so as not to distract Kate or stress her humour, noticeably failing after the 6th, or maybe 7th problem. We lost count somewhere north of the M62 junction and I prayed the 8th would be on the A1M, M for mercy, where Kate would have to concede and her only option would be my AA card. As capricious as ever, "She" kept running for that and saved her next stroppy outburst for the middle of Harrogate during rush hour, the bitch!

Kate explained that the effort of blasting down the motorway at 43mph had caused the cylinders to overheat and now the heat had soaked into those bloody minded carburettors while we were slogging, slowly through the town. At least "She" stopped right outside a chip shop. We should have been at the rally by then, but we weren't. We had no choice but to eat our chips on a bench while "She" cooled down on the pavement in front of us, in the rain. It was bound to happen.

The chip shop wasn't a restaurant but we couldn't have eaten in because Kate stank of petrol and oil and after spending much of the trip working on "Her" she was filthy. In spite of failing to help much I felt I shared her industrial aroma and felt as uncomfortable as she looked. "Look mate," I said as we sat side by side, comrades in adversity, "You've proved your point, I'm cold, wet and weary, just like you wanted, can we go home now please?" I found the AA card again and my phone and thumbed in the number intending to demonstrate that one more touch could save us. I promised I'd camp later, anywhere she wanted, pleading with her to make the deal which would rescue her as well. She smiled, brushed her damp hair off her face with a grimy, chip greased hand and said "No chance!"

"What on earth is wrong with you! Are you

enjoying this?" I cried. "Are you?" she asked. I didn't need to answer her. She read "No, of course not!" from my astonished expression and said "Good." Sometimes I really do wonder why we're friends.

Then she explained there was absolutely no way that "She" could go home on a truck. Kate found the idea of living with her boyfriend's smugness unbearable. According to her the only reason he'd wanted to help her with repairing "Her" was to demonstrate his superiority in the masculine world of motorcycle mechanics. The cost of failure wouldn't be a simple "I told you so." but months of humiliating, subtle and unsaid reminders of how wrong she'd been to disregard his offers of advice.

"Well I'm with him on that one!" I thought, "You deserve that you stupid cow!!" I wanted to say but the weight of the rain was splashing into my chips and I had to run for cover under a nearby tree. Carrying my helmet, gloves, rucksack, phone and chips with me left my AA card unguarded and in a moment of pure malice Kate pulled it out of my inadequate grip. I thought she wanted to hide under the tree with me. She ran over to the road and dropped it through a drain cover where the flood now coursing along the gutter washed it into oblivion. As she returned to the bench for her soggy chips I thought "How could you do that!" and stared at her bewildered. She joined me under the tree giggling as if she'd just perpetrated the funniest joke ever, I was speechless. "I hate you!" I thought.

Trees always look like cover out in the rain but all they actually do is condense each hundred smaller raindrops into leaf sized bucketfuls. Soon these had penetrated my hair and I felt every one slap into my scalp and down the gap between my jacket and my waterproofs behind my neck. They soaked into the gloves I'd have to put back on making them even colder and wetter than I was already. My chips were cold too by the time I finished them. After the rain had eased off to a steady downpour Kate thought "Her" cylinders would be cold and tried to start her while I noticed my toes had begun to go numb. "Don't go, don't go, don't go." I prayed. My next escape route would be my credit card for an attempt at B&B, I promised myself I'd be more careful with that, but "She" let me down.

"C'mon, let's go!" Kate shouted through the

steam billowing out of the exhaust pipes. Our embarkation procedure had been finely honed after so many stops and I knew what to do, I just didn't want to. "C'mon!" Kate shouted again, pretending to be irritated by my reluctance. "We're losing the daylight." she called.

I got dressed and held the throttle while Kate ruggged up too. While she discovered getting dressed wet really was slower I looked at the coloured lights next to the speedo. My role was to keep the engine revving so the red ones went out. Sometimes if I carelessly let the engine slow down they came on and Kate told me off for that. This time one of them stayed on and I had to make "Her" rattle and vibrate lots to turn it off. Kate looked at me as if I'd done something wrong. "That's what you said to do!" I complained.

The rain had cooled the air down and I felt slightly shivery as we set off in the traffic, both less heavy after our break. By the time we cleared Harrogate the rain had almost stopped but the hills of scenery we're not used to in Norfolk were shrouded in mist and low cloud.

I've driven through here many times, or been driven I should say, smoothly and effortlessly swept past how pretty it all is in the comfort of my husband's lovely modern car. This time however my mood, the weather and the shadows created by the topography made Yorkshire feel horribly bleak. My bum was numb, I was suffering from some sort of cramp in my right hip and the noise "She" battered my ears with as Kate was forced to abandon speed and drop down to 3rd gear for the longer hills made my head ring. I felt dirty, clammy and trapped. "She" broke into violent fits of misfiring as we struggled up the inclines making Kate rely on the lower gears more and more.

We left the last possibility of any civilised comforts for hours, shops, pubs, food or a bed, in Settle and turned off the main road onto what felt like riding up the side of a mountain. "She" protested, reducing Kate to 1st gear as my saddle drummed and throbbed and the racket from the engine foiled all her attempts to shout some explanation at me. She twisted sideways out of the way to show me the flickering little red light I wished I'd mentioned in Harrogate. It was dusk now and it showed up ominously bright. I noticed "She" didn't appear to have lights on. We made it to the top of the next hill allowing

Kate the relative tranquillity of 2nd gear. "Not charging, no lights, daren't stop." she screamed. I wanted to scream back what I thought of the miserable futility of carrying on and breaking down up on the moors in the dark compared to the easy and obvious joy of turning round and getting stuck for the night in a town full of buildings and no campsite, I mean it was downhill wasn't it? Kate didn't hear me. (?)

If it hadn't been so misty and damp up on the moors I'm sure "Her" cylinders would have melted as Kate thrashed her to within an inch of her mechanical integrity, revving her harder and harder to keep the essential red light flickering instead of glowing permanently. If that happened it was only a matter of minutes before we were finished. I think that's what Kate shouted. She had time to fill me with even more dread by telling me we were nearly there which made pressing on regardless somehow worthwhile. She couldn't afford to worry about me, needing all her concentration for peering into the gloom ahead to keep us between the dry stone walls, at 15mph! I was terrified. Aching and cold, pummelled by the noise and vibration and certain we'd end up lost in a ditch full of rocks and sheep juice, I couldn't believe I'd die such a wretched death if we didn't make it.

Did we? I might be back!

### **Prevaricating around the bush.**

What have I done? All I did was buy a bike, not an expensive bike or a fast bike. Just a cheap as chips Chinese slugger.

But this was the one, the camels back up till now so strong and unbowed has finally snapped. Mrs B generally so placid and forgiving, a Brough in a world full of Hondas, has turned savage. Asking, no demanding, that I now reduce the number of bikes I own. Seems that 6 is too many. I was just getting into the swing of things, admittedly I have bikes that don't get ridden as much as they deserve. But they do get out every now and then, and they reside in centrally heated luxury while they are resting. Choices to be made, obviously the new one all shiny magnificent and unsullied must be excused.

## **Binnzi**



Always a sucker for the underdog I have bitten the bullet and procured a Mash Dirtbox (dirt star) scrambler with a view to trying to run it into the ground. To prove/disprove to all the naysayers/realists what a Chinese bike is capable of. I bought him from a naysayer, who being embarrassed to admit to riding a Chinese bike fitted with Honda badges! I am hoping that they fall off soon. Anyone remember Jap crap? How things change.

My theory being that it will need to be really shite to be worse than the last 2 new bikes I bought. These being a Royal Enfield 500 bullet in trails trim. This while being a lovely bike burnt more oil than any stinkwheel and was rebuilt 3 times under warranty. Sadly with no improvement. Prior to this I bought a spanking new Dnepr outfit from Nevals in Hornsea, this was so bad that I only improved it by stuffing it into a cavalier (car) and ending its sorry existence.

So, what about Orange, my MZ ETZ outfit? Not being ridden at the minute due to another mishap with the sidecar mountings, but under repair. (It has been said that the miles I do and the way I ride it have something to do with these all too often cases of metal fatigue. How is that possible?) He can't go as most of my winter rallying and European travelling is done on him, and how else will I transport my fold up wood stove and beer for the masses?

The Yella fella, my MZ ETZ solo, he can't possibly go. True he spends much of his time hogging the radiator in the garage, but he starts first kick when I get the urge to stretch his legs and causes a huge grin to split my otherwise austere countenance as we throw ourselves at the elements with the soundtrack of a crackling expansion pipe echoing round the Yorkshire

## The Chris Drucker Archive

dales. And any way he was my first MZ and you never forget the first time.

My MZ ES trophy? He would never win any beauty contests with the strange angular beak of a headlight melded into the petrol tank in what the East Germans mistakenly saw as style. He's ratty and rusty and shows most of his 46 years but is reliable and guaranteed to start a conversation if I feel the need to converse with a grey beard or two. Also being of an age he no longer needs an MOT or road tax so it would be foolish and indeed cruel to discard him.

My Condor? The same age as the trophy so the same argument re MOT etc. And also the only bike I have bought twice. I bought one as a puppy and made the mistake of letting it go. Only realising the error of my ways when he was no longer at my beck and call. So having retooled on the Swiss motorcycle front it would be daft to make the same mistake again.

So it comes down to my little adventure bike. Another MZ (suprise) a TS 125, badly painted army green with jacked suspension and knobbly tires. I really love this bike, it is everything a motorbike should be. When I ride the green man the world is my lobster, the horizon stays the horizon for eternity as I zag and zig down byways never before explored. Leaving a delicately scented trail of 2 stroke fumes and only the hint of a tyre track to betray my passing as he weighs less than a gnats gnacker. Agile as a pushbike, I can lift him up and turn him around if I needs be by only flexing my little finger. He is my go to bike for smiles, he is my go to bike for miles, and for this reason it's the little green man who needs to go.



If he is there lurking at the back of the garage I am guaranteed to move everything out of the way to get him out for an airing. I have tried before to park him behind obstacles with a view to me favouring another bike, but it never works. So for this reason he must go, if he stays I will never master the joys of my mandarin scrambler. Decision made? Possibly, but there is room in my lock up, and I have never found it wise to be hasty! Watch this space!

I have come across a copy of Round up, the Russian hardback/core book of products published to advertise the wonders of the USSR, it must date from 1972 or 3. I have photocopied onto ordinary A4 paper in colour the moped, motorcycle range, is this of any use to you? Plus there is a 1982 road test of the Ural from Revsmotorcycle news ( OZ! )

On a purely Anorak take of the Minsk I note that by 1975 my Minsk had different hubs to this bike and then (in an exited voice! ) that my bike does not feature the slight rearward curve of the lower bottom front mudguard ( yes I have run out of things to do! ) plus the ignition key is not in the side of the headlamp mount brackets but probably in the red ( not black! ) headlamp.

Also Indicator lenses are much deeper, tail light different and finally the decadent western pinstripes on the tank and panels finished me off having to take a powder at such giddy making Rocket age industrial forwards jumping tech, whatever next, the moon?

*I must admit to having chopped the following reproductions of the original Round Up pictures. This is because they're very much promotional material and feature the motorcycles against a backdrop of typically sunlit (!) Russian scenery, presumably to encourage purchasers to buy into the obviously idyllic Soviet lifestyle.*

*Although birch trees, long grass and roadside bushes are an important part of motorcycling in Russia, I've concentrated on the display models at the heart of the marketing.*

*First, here's the Minsk Chris wishes he owned.*



*This model is the MMVZ-3111. I think we got the M-115 which might explain the differences. Did you notice it appears to have 19" wheels in the specs Chris? The Avtoexport text says.....*

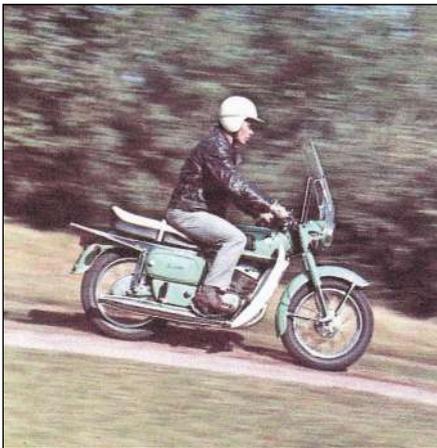
*"This new light weight motorcycle is designed for a wide range of purposes, both business and pleasure, in varied road conditions. It is economical, simple to service and operate, and quite dependable. Rear view mirrors, signal arms and soft suspension make for safe and pleasant driving.*

*Its light construction, up to date tank shape, excellent craftsmanship and large number of chrome plated parts give the motorcycle its elegant look."*

*Excellent craftsmanship? Good job the tank shape is up to date! No wonder Chris loves it!!*

*Next, the mighty Voskhod.....*

*The original of the picture right showed a distant Voskhod passing a tall hedge blurred by the rapid panning necessary to keep the bike*



*sharp. What's left of the hedge doesn't quite give the same impression of speed, you'll just have to take my word for how fast these things are! Here's Avtoexport again.....*

*"This is a new model of light weight motorcycle turned out by the V.A. Degyarev Works in Kovrov. This two stroke roadster is designed to run in various road and climatic conditions.*

*On the Voskhod 2 the shape of the front mudguard, the handle bars, tool boxes and luggage carrier been improved, making the motorcycle quite attractive. (Achingly gorgeous is you ask me.)*

*The engine is reliable. Even in forth gear it provides stable performance at a speed of 35kph. (That's what it says!) The new telescopic fork and rear suspension make for smooth driving and good stability at high speed.*

*The motorcycle is equipped with a new A.C. generator and ignition without batteries, which greatly increases its reliability and simplifies servicing." Wow, soooooo sexy eh?*



*And on the subject of sexy, here's arguably the most beautiful marriage of industrial aesthetics and sheer common sense since consumerism foiled the Victorians. Yes, it's IZH.*



*In praise of them Avtoexport said.....*

*"The IZH Planeta 3 and Jupiter 3 are new roadster motorcycles manufactured by the famous Izhevsk Engineering Works. Compared with the previous models they have more powerful engines and are more economical to run. The engine cylinders are better cooled now thanks to the increased finned area and larger heads, which is particularly important in countries with a hot climate. The running gears of these two machines have also been improved.*

The suspension has been softened and the front fork stroke increased. These changes, plus the new shape of the handlebars and the clutch automatic engagement mechanism have made driving easier on any roads.

Both models are equipped with high capacity batteries. The front and rear turn indicators make for safe driving on busy roads.

The gearbox parts have been unified to make servicing easier.

The IZH Jupiter 3 can be equipped with a modern sidecar of original design. For the comfort of the passenger the roof of the sidecar can be moved forward to open it. The wheel of the sidecar is fitted on an adjustable hydraulic shock absorber. The sidecar is equipped with a foot brake controlled by the driver (*sensibly*).

The elegant lines and attractive paintwork and chrome plating make the IZH Planeta 3 and Jupiter 3 handsome modern motorcycles."

*I couldn't help noticing the front wheel is pictured spinning but the rear clearly isn't. Is there some artistic reason for that? Pictured below is an Avtoexport hunting trip with a sporting rifle casually propped up against the sidecar centre stage. A nice touch when you consider the other reason IZH are famous is of course because they make guns, including the most famous, or notorious, gun ever!*



*And finally for this issue, the much loved and maligned Ural. Avtoexport were about to start flogging the M66 version in 1973 with an oil filter, wider big ends and a larger inlet valve to distinguish it from the current M63. None of that is mentioned in the Round Up text however. All they had to say was.....*

"This motorcycle's main features are high speed, practical design and good road holding.

The M66 is stable at all speeds and extremely manoeuvrable. The machine is simple to service, all its parts being easily accessible. The motorcycle carries three in comfort. On request the sidecar can be equipped with a windshield."



*It always strikes me as significant that before we knew, before the wall fell and the internet let us take a good look behind it, Russian motorcycling appeared to mean Urals and Dneprs. As far as production figures go, IZH, Degyarev and Minsk blew Irbit and Kiev out of the water. The two strokes were far more important to Soviet life on wheels than those big expensive flat twins.*

*Do we think Avtoexport might have been surprised we didn't want them? Until now that is! Here's Chris on Round Up, Avtoexport's noble attempt to climb over the wall.*

I know very little about what went on behind the Iron curtain, but I had seen a book called Round Up published by Avtoexport, it is a sumptuous affair, hard backed, gold finish covers with a white corporate globe emblem embossed large on the cover, on opening up we find a gold ribbon page marker with a round card 'beige gold' tag with that emblem on one side and contact details for 'AVTOEXPORT' and then the address in Moscow with telex and phone numbers.



The title page in the bang on trend grey of today (I think this edition is 1972 or 1973) apart from boasting AVTOEXPORT Round-Up Special Issue goes on Inform us, Cars, Buses, Trucks, Special-Duty Vehicles, Motorcycles and Bicycles, Garage Equipment, Technical Servicing.

The next double page spread shows large 3 storied offices next to a 6 lane road with little traffic compared to today and an impressive Doric columned older building adjacent to the offices of AVTOEXPORT lending dignity to the photo spread. The following double page spread has a splendid colour photo of a tile world map with dozens of green dots, either side of this colour map is a long (proudly so?) list of countries sold to starting at Afghanistan, finishing at Zambia, oh look there's my country New Zealand and yours Great Britain (are we allowed to use 'Great' today or is it U.K.!) all together there are 74 countries sold to.

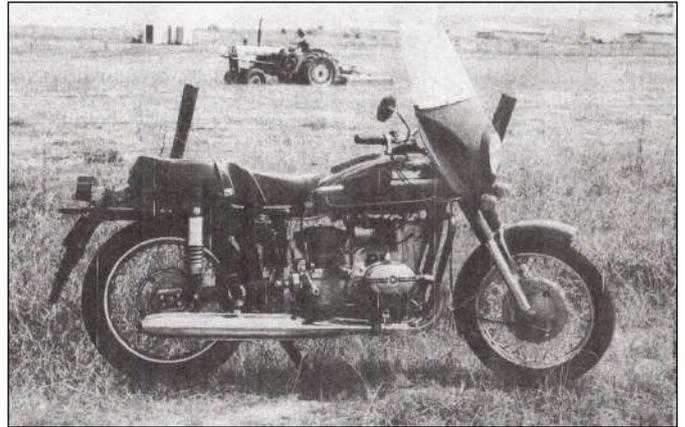
Over the page we have a page and a half picture of cream Moskvitch cars being finished off at the AZLK production line, (these cars were built at 2 plants, in 2 different locations!) with this comes several pages of grand targets that have been spectacularly met in an ongoing 5 year plan, no less! and plans to exceed this in a sunny Soviet future talking of the planned target for the USSR's output of 2,000,000 Automobiles by 1975.

The text points out that the purpose of the Special Issue of Round-Up is to acquaint its customers around the world with the basic program of what is available to be exported. Then follows pictures of the range of cars at the Brussels Auto Show, in workshops in Finland, finally it starts individual full colour pictures of each car range, the rear engined Yalta ZAZ has 3 colour pictures and brief text on a double page spread, turn over and it's the Moskvitch's turn, 14 pages and 8 models later its Lada etc. You are taken through every kind of Bus, truck option available, I never knew there were so many options of snow removal equipped lorry, fire pumps, ladder trucks, desilting, decontamination trucks!, sewage, street cleaning, cement, frozen goods, sand spreading and so on, not to mention trailers galore.

Finally the motorcycles and then loads of pushbikes galore followed by garage equipment, car washes, hydraulic lifts, jacks, presses and toolkits, socket sets suited to the vehicles. Then more articles and colour photos claiming 2,700 workshops giving great service around the world to buyers of Soviet machines and that AVTOEXPORT runs training seminars to teach Soviet tech to garage mechanics in some countries.

208 pages with loads of colour pictures! I found mine on Ebay, I think it cost £28.00 and was in the UK. However there are a lot of jokers abroad who price them north of £100.00 and at present there is one available in Russia for £175.00 so I had to wait a couple of years for this one to pop up in a G.B. bookshop on auction rather than a buy it now rip off price!

*Chris also sent us a reproduction of a ride impression from Australian Magazine Revsmotorcycle news, as an insight into what Avtoexport would be up against perhaps. It's headed "Well... It's got loads of personality."*



*Typically John McDougal, the scribe charged with saying something nice about it, approached it with a journalistic view impaired by indifference to the aforesaid personality and a complete lack of any sense of fun at all. Here are a few highlights from the consequent credibility assassination.....*

Anyone brought up in the present age of convenience, raised on McDonalds and Japanese motorcycles would brand the Ural 650 a failure. Nothing, repeat nothing, is convenient or easy on this bike. The controls are heavy, it is difficult to change gear, almost impossible to put up on the centre stand (without burning your hand anyway) and it's dead slow. On the other hand, the Ural is around \$1000 cheaper than the cheapest conventional 650 shaft drive machine available, the Yamaha XJ650, and a lot less than half the price of the BMW R65. As well, this "living fossil" of a bike, this "blast from the past", can actually provide good, cheap, reliable, no-frills transportation, once you get used to its idiosyncracies.

The basic mechanical specifications have not changed much thought, and the 647cc flat twin has a bore and stroke of 78x68mm, but increased compression ratio of 8.5:1, and pumps

out a breathtaking 27kw at 5,600rpm. Fuel is supplied by a pair of K-301 carburettors, which share a massive oil bath air cleaner.

There is a new 12v electrical system with the generator still mounted exposed on top of the crankcase, while the points are behind the cast timing cover at the front of the motor. The alloy castings on the motor are very crude looking, with file marks and bumps, but they don't seem to leak, which is more than can be said for the carburettors.

Starting and riding the Ural 650 takes a bit of practice to perfect, even for someone who has actually owned older style bikes that lack electric start and other modern niceties. As with BMWs the kickstart works at right angles to the machine up on its centre stand for ease of starting. This is where the fun begins, because those clever Russians have provided no means for getting the centre stand into position, and it requires some manual dexterity to do so. The normal drill is to hold the bike with your left hand, reach down behind the muffler and push the stand down with your right hand, then steady it with your foot while you heave the bike up. Burnt wrists are an occupational hazard during this manoeuvre.

Both the clutch and gear lever action are heavy, and it's just about impossible to change gear quietly, even after you have mastered the awkward gear lever. As there is no neutral light, it is often easier to use the right side hand lever to find neutral, and even to engage first. The test bike had an unfortunate habit of leaping out of gear, if the particular gear was not very firmly engaged, as sometimes happened when changing down for a corner.

On the flat, the Ural has a reasonable turn of speed, and is quite happy loping along at 80kmh. It is however, unwilling to go over 120km/h, and anything over 100km/h requires a lot of patience, especially if you're riding two up. Hills also knock the stuffing out of the bike's performance, and generally require some noisy downchanging. Despite the Ural's primitive looking frame, the handling is adequate for the speeds that can be achieved, although cornering clearance is a problem. All the suspension units are heavy and designed to cope with bad, unmade roads, and under these conditions the Ural rides well, though once again limited by ground clearance.

A handlebar fairing is fitted as standard to the Ural 650s being sold in Australia as are leg shields, but both are made of pressed steel and are of mediocre quality. The fairing has rough, sharp edges, and the body of the fairing partly obstructs the ignition switch, which is a well waterproofed item mounted on the top left fork leg. However the fairing is effective, and keeps most of the wind and weather off the rider. Stopping has never been a strong suit with most of the Iron Curtain imports, and the Ural 650 is no exception. Despite the new twin leading shoe drum, the front brake requires a lot of effort and provides very little feel, while neither of the brakes is particularly effective.

Ancillary equipment on the Ural is very basic. The switchgear works, but is vague and flimsy feeling, and the throttle could use an adjustable screw stop, especially for warming up the bike on a cold morning. The lights work and the horn is sufficiently loud. Another good thing is the battery isolating switch which is under the seat. Paintwork and chrome plating both appear to be pretty thin, and the bike comes in any colour as long as it is tangerine (the outfits are turquoise).

On a complimentary note, the Ural comes with the largest toolkit this side of a BMW, as well as accessories including a tyre pump and repair kit. Air pressure gauge and grease gun. There is also a spares kit comprising an oil filter, fuel pipe, plugs, piston rings, fuse, swing arm bush and touch up paint!

Obviously the Ural will not appeal to the majority of today's younger motorcyclists, who want speed and swank regardless of price. It is strictly a utility machine and its basic practicality and lack of frills would probably attract older riders who don't care for the flashy appearance (and price) of many modern machines.

*How far did he ride then? I think he only went round the block once or twice. I've noticed all these old road tests are all pretty much identical. Of course they're all road tests of the same bikes but they're all flat, charmless descriptions of the bike's features with opinions which seem to be simply comparisons with other motorcycles. Here's a thing.....*

*When I worked for a Honda dealer we sold lots of sports bikes to people who put them in their garages until the next model was launched, then they'd trade them in. In extreme cases even*

*before the first service was due at only a few hundred miles. These motorcycles were a spectacular technical achievement and genuinely deserved their place as a talking point. That's what our punters would do, talk about them.*

*I discovered that customers would believe that they'd had the experience described in the media which persuaded them to buy that particular motorcycle in the first place, even though they can't possibly have ridden it close to the edges of its performance envelope where the professional riders who tested it lived.*

*Every word the road testers wrote was soaked up as gospel by the masses and each model's reputation, competence and even resale value was carved in stone, or print, as soon as road test examples were released. Here's John McDougal again.....*

In Britain, the Cossacks were imported by an adventurous gentleman named Fred Wells, who rode one with a sidecar across the Sahara to prove their durability. Even he, however, replaced many of the poor quality Russian parts such as piston rings, valves and valve guides with British made items in the bikes he sold.

*And that's all there is about that. We've featured several period road tests and rider's impressions in HV and such a brief reference to what must have been a fantastic adventure seems to be all anyone could be bothered with. The journalist's pen, whether used intentionally or not, is a weapon of immense power and it makes me wonder how much of our lovely Russian's public image is a hangover from a time when Western marketing was a concept Avtoexport failed to grasp.*

*How many BMW GS1200s did Ewan and Charlie sell? Occasionally I'm reminded Fred Wells crossed the Sahara. Why isn't there a book, or a film, or the residue of a marketing campaign in an archive somewhere which should have made a Russian ride as cool as it is now?*

*Our club received an introduction from .....*

Grampian Transport Museum is an entirely self-funding charitable trust that looks to bring the history of transport to life with interactive and climb-on displays and electronic tablets packed

with images, history and even old film of nearly every exhibit in the museum.



Amongst our exhibits is an outstanding collection of 30 motorcycles from scooters and a FS1-E (how fast could the originals really go?) through Billy Connolly's Boom Low Rider, Harleys, a Francis Barnett, a Guzzi, our Triumph Tribute, Ariels, GPZ Turbo through Guy Martin's Tyco Suzuki. Talking of Guy Martin we have a fantastic collection of his from Spitfire Engine to his 112mph World Record cycle.

The museum also boasts a unique collection of Scottish built cars, supercars and sports cars, carriages, a Mack Snowplough, Steam Engines, old commercials and, new for 2018, Its Electric! a look at the history, development and future of electric motoring.

On Sunday September 9<sup>th</sup> we have our 36<sup>th</sup> Grampian Motorcycle Convention that features live music, classic bikes, customs, scooters, trials bikes and racers, trade stands, food, parades and demos, it's our biggest event with around 5,000 delegates.

With some fantastic rider's roads like the A944, A93 and B974, Royal Deeside, the NE250, castles, distilleries and great hotels, camp sites and B&Bs this area and the museum makes a great ride out or holiday destination.

The museum is open every day, between 10am and 5pm until 28 October, adult entry costs £10 and there are discounts for groups, concessions and children. We have the Traveller's Rest Tea Room that is open Daily and there are regular events, visit [www.gtm.org.uk](http://www.gtm.org.uk) or visit our Facebook page.

*We've reproduced this because it's an excuse for a ride out should you fancy one. As ever the journey's the destination of course, even though there's a tea room!*





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



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

**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")

**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.

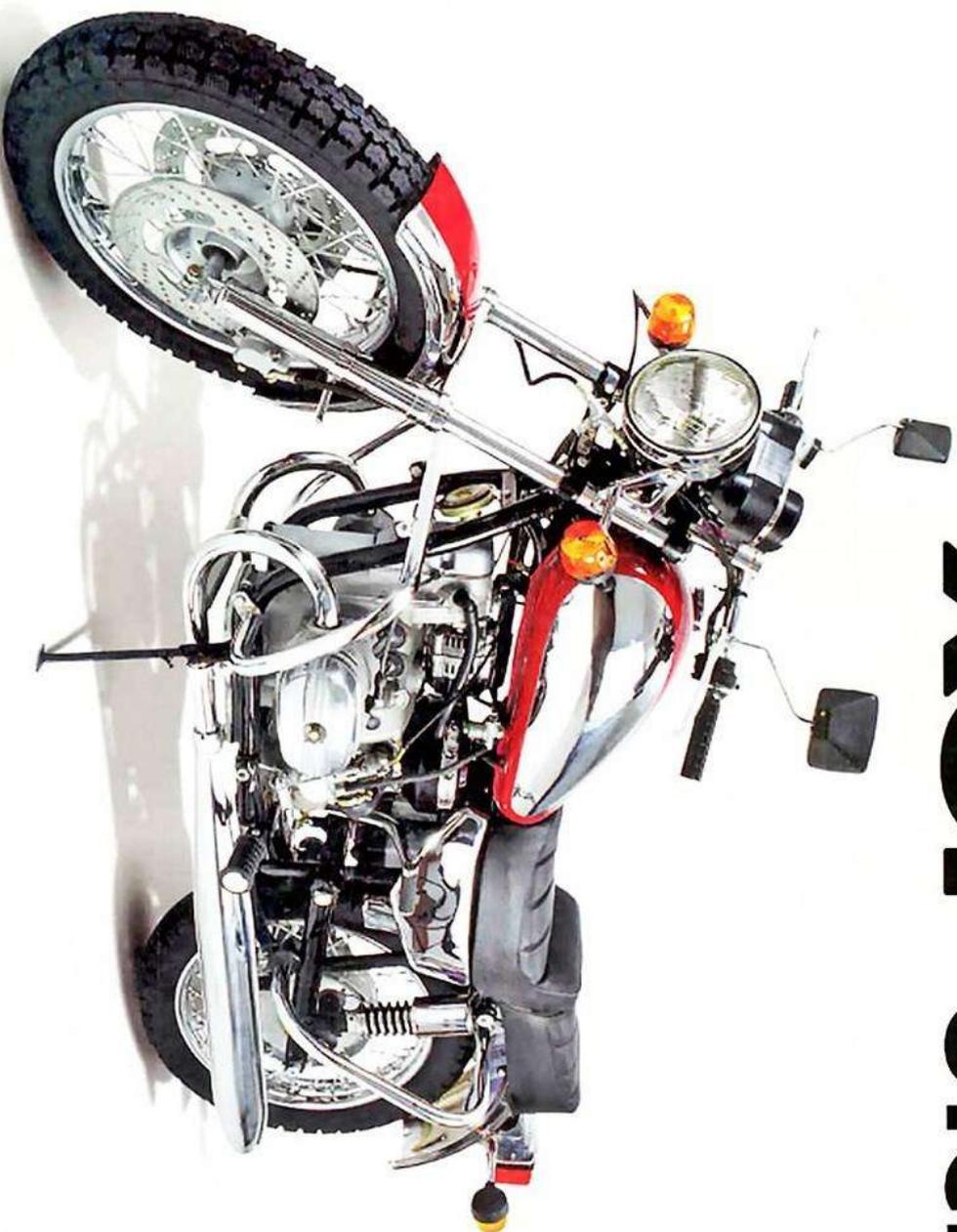


**T Shirts- £13.00** Phil and Gina at [regailia@cossackownersclub.co.uk](mailto:regailia@cossackownersclub.co.uk) or on 01780 720420 are the people to see about the current availability of styles and colours. Cloth badges, metal pins and stickers are also available. If we hadn't run out of space this 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.





# ПОЧЕМУ **СОЛТО?** ПОТОМУ ЧТО **ХОРО** ОТСТАЛ!



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