

The compilation of this our first news sheet is in itself a very positive step forward in the development of our club. In the early days of its foundation, the club was just a group of friends, keen bikers, getting together for a chat and a drink: going out to places at the weekend, enjoying the days out all the more because of the belonging to a group. The progression to the club we have today has not been altogether a smooth one but I feel we are fast becoming the organised stable motorcycle club of the area. We cannot sit back complacently though, there is still much to be achieved.

For those who are new to the club, we have a properly elected committee. These members give up a great deal of their time to try to ensure that the club is run advantageously for all members. Most of you are quite content to leave the running of the club to the elected members, but occasionally you may feel you personally have something to say or that you can assist in some way. I shall be pleased to hear from you, verbally or a written note. After all it is your club too.

As you all know, we are affiliated to the B.M.F. (you should all have a membership card). We are also affiliated to the A.C.U., the parent body controlling organised motor cycle events in Britain. We have several members who hold A.C.U. competition licences to race and I hope we shall have a progress report from them.

Being a member of the club does entitle you to discounts on purchases at various establishments in the area. If you are about to part with vast sums of money for cosmetics for your bike have a word with committee members first, you could save yourself the price of a gallon, or so.

As in all successful beginnings, we have tried to put forward information you should be interested in and should know about. We aspire to a regular production of news sheets so written contributions will be welcome on a wide variety of topics.

Read on,

The Chairman.

## OUT AND ABOUT

Think of a dirty word. You have? What funny minds you've got. Top marks for soot, graphite, defecation - insurance? Profane remarks invariably follow when the renewal notice arrives. It is hitting all of us too hard, the annual massive increases are financially crippling and its Hobson's Choice, If you want to ride you pay. There is a way of earning a reduction though, if you want to try.

Harry Varney No. 1 cop rider in the opinion of many of us, has been appointed the regional examiner/tester for the advanced motorcycle test. If you think you are good enough to pass an actual road test under the scrutiny of a 'Class One' let me know. Harry will visit us at the Ganstead and have a talk to those who are interested. The I.A.M. have a reduced premium scheme for those who are successful - each one an individual quote, so if paying out exorbitant sums of money hurts, think about taking the test,

We are buying a bike trailer. Chains snap and tyres deflate in the most inhospitable, god forsaken spots like the top end of Arkengarth Dale - if you haven't been you haven't lived. We sometimes fall off too and things get bent. If you leave your immaculate transport by the roadside unattended for too long, pieces of it are spirited away - expensive pieces. When we have bought the trailer, it will reside at Norman's, so make sure you know his telephone number. We will also have to have, the names and telephone numbers of other samaritans with cars with a ball hitch fitted. The idea is if you need help you will pay the petrol bill only, but you'll be able to repair your bike in comfort of your own technical department.

Just a thought on punctures, we all get them from time to time. I know all prudent bikes carry a little tin with all the necessary bits to stop an air leak but how many carry the means to push the air back in to the tube. I have tried to buy a motor cycle tyre pump but nobody stocks them. I bought a cycle pump, fitted a long connection to fit the air valve, then almost got a hernia trying to pump a jap tyre up. The return spring on the valve was strong enough to double as a spare for the rear shocker. Swapping the jap cores for genuine schrader ones worked wonders - but fit a metal dust cap or the tyre might go down if you hurry along due to centrifugal force or something.

Does anybody need a set of main bearing rollers for an 'A' series B.S.A. 1954? If you've got spares and accessories you need to convert into cash to buy petrol or insurance let us know, somebody might need those odds and ends. I've got a rear carrier for a Kawasaki Z 650 - brand new, never been on a bike. Write your information or whatever down and give it in, don't just whisper it in passing on your way to the bar 'cos we might forget.

Saw a bike overtaking between two lanes of moving cars and trucks - bloody dangerous!

Dave.

Bullet This is not a western nor the colloquial term for polishing your footrest rubbers. It is a word that conjures up misty eyed nostalgia for your dad.. "When I was stationed at El Quantara, or was it Sidi Barrani, we used to ....., " you're heard it all before.

A month ago a pal from Colchester telephoned, could he come to stay - he'd got a remarkable bike to test. (he's a bike tester/writer, you know!) but he wouldn't say what it was. "You'll like it," he says. Imagination ran riot as I worked through the following day. "What could it be? A bee-em, a Moto-Guzzi, the new Heskett, M.V. AGUSTA Arturo Magni?" I could hardly wait to get home. As I rolled up the drive there it stood before me, its 'V' reg. plate gleaming in the sunlight, the epitome of motor cycle engineering and design, the subcontinent's answer to the CBX, the flagship of the marque, India's pride and joy, a Bullet!

For those of you who always pull down the shutters and turned up the stereo the minute you old man begins to reminisce, a motor cycle manufacture with the regal name of Royal Enfield was in business at the dawn of the biking era, before the war even.

After the war, not the Boer War, the last big one '39-45' Enfields' updated a desert chariot with tale front forks, painted it black instead of 'Khaki, and called it 'Model G,' This was an instant success (anyone who has cornered with prehistoric girder forks will explain) so they updated 'model G' with a swinging rear arm suspension, a dual seat, a coat of grey paint instead of black and renamed it - you've guessed - A Bullet. The factory progressed even further in its heyday with 500's and 700's - Meteors they called 'em. Fast they were too, topped 80 m.p.h. I digress. The same old story - complacency, greed, stagnation, liquidation and another '50's bike firm vanished.

Why India decided to resurrect this particular model is a mystery. Perhaps the trade mark of an old cannon brought back memories of Queen Victoria and the British Raj, who knows. Anyhow there it was. To say I was disappointed is an understatement - Arturo Magni to that! Still a bike's a bike for all that, so off Suzi Q. I clambered, heaved the 500 odd pounds of jap sophistication on to its stand and turned to examine Orphan Annie. "Isn't she a beauty?" said the voice emanating from the kitchen. I had another quick appraisal and resisted the urge to truthful reply asking instead about his wife his family and the journey from Colchester. Over a cup of tea, several in fact, the truth slowly emerged. The speeds cable - driven from the rear hub - ceased to rotate making odometer and speedometer purely decorative. Ignition timing seemed to be a little suspect as the shiny exhaust pipe was blued for about a foot from the cylinder head and acceleration wasn't all it should have been. The front brake wasn't too good either. It was at this juncture that I was invited to go for a test run and report my observations on my return.

Rolling the indian-made maid off her centre stand was easy enough but finding the start button was more difficult - there isn't one. The electrics are now alternator, instead of magneto/dynamo so having turned the ignition on I swung down the kick start disdaining the use of the compression lifter. To my surprise the engine fired at once, but was missing on three pots, till I remembered it only had one lung. Now these evil little B.....s have a gear lever where the back brake pedal should be, the back brake pedal under the left foot and the gear lever goes down for up and up for down. Think about it,

Having found first gear, I said a little prayer, eased out the clutch and away we went. The footrests were well back just like rear sets, then I found out they were for a pillion passenger. A quick glance down found the right set, it was like riding an easy rider. I turned right out into the main road glancing down the front wheel. I thought the spindle must have snapped. I turned back the twist grip, the exhaust pipe hammered out the staccato and away we roared - at the same speed. It was a slight incline I must admit, but to have to drop down two cogs is a bit much. Approaching the cross roads I applied the front brake - very good it was - we went even quicker. A desperate jab on the gear lever did not made the rear brake work either, so with heart

Astride two wheels Cont.....

beating somewhat quickly, the rear pedal was located with my left toe and thankfully it worked.

A mile long straight was needed to assess acceleration and top speed - guessed as the speedo was definitely and to pull up before the T junction. Flat out in top, with a back wind, down hill, we reached the awe inspiring speed of approximately 60 m.p.h. Awe inspiring it was too. The whole bloody issue squirmed, twisted, bounced and jumped. The rear suspension I am sure had no damping, just two odd springs. You've seen the unnatural movements a Hindu dancer makes with her head, they have built that kind of movement into the bike's head too.

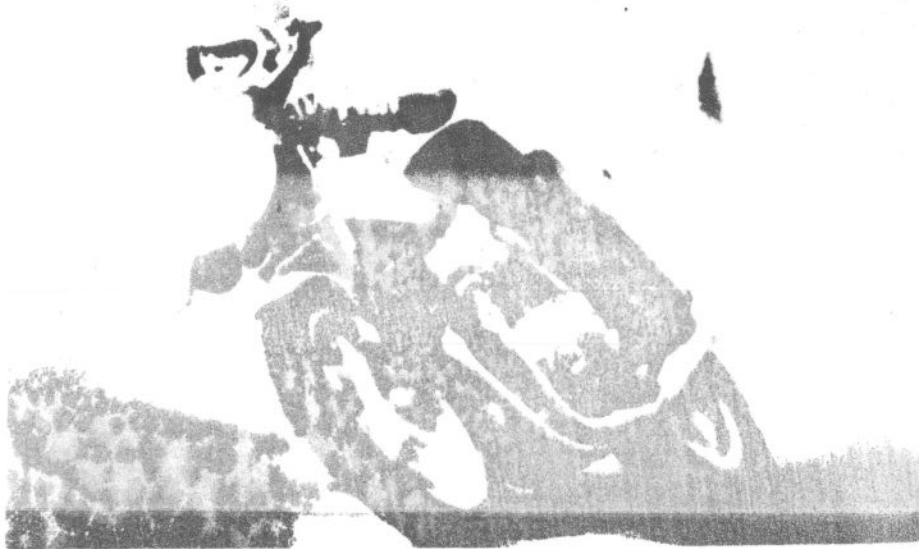
On arriving back home I found that blackbeauty, handpainted in India, was heavy and awkward to get onto the centre stand. The petrol consumption from Colchester averaged out at under 40 mpg; not startling for a 350 cc. The front brake was decoration and there was no mirror fitted. The neutral finder bunged the gearbox into 1st gear, I never used it on the move 'cos I couldn't find it with my foot. The handling was evil, the footrests too far forward, the handlebars far too near and low. I felt I was sitting upon one of those mexican burros, acceleration and top speed were similar too. The price of nearly £900 makes this an expensive antique poor quality copy of what was a nice little british bike. I know, I used to own one.

## SO YOU WANNA BE A ROAD RACER

If one day you just happen to find yourself in a brief momentary lapse of sanity, entertaining death-defying thoughts of dicing with the elements, such as taking up motorcycle road racing, first and foremost you will need to survey the financial aspect of the sport. Simply sit down and assess the total cost, governed, of course, by your own financial status. Having sussed out this major point, your next priority is machine choice, depending in which class you wish to contend. The production class (street bikes) is usually the safest bet for the beginner. However, the bike must be competitive in its respective class. The next step is machine preparation, safety being the main factor. For example, correct choice of racing tyres, suspension, good brakes and a well-maintained and smartly turned out machine and rider. The latter is more likely to attract the missing part of this jigsaw puzzle, the sponsor: the all-important factor without which this sport is very costly and can be financially disheartening, especially for a working lad like myself. The next thing to do is to join an appropriate motorcycle-roadracing club; as well as obtaining the appropriate competition licence application form you will also be required to take a medical examination. Hopefully having passed this examination, you then send the completed medical and licence forms to the ACU. Once this is in the post you should be able to fill in your first road race entry form and send it off to the club in question. Once all the paraphernalia has been returned from the ACU and your club, then you are ready to race, BARRING one thing: transport. Another important factor in contemplating road racing. Usually a semi-clapped out Ford Transit van or something of a similar calibre is necessary, doubtless you will be aware of the maintenance and cost of running a similar vehicle. This means spending even more money. If I haven't already caused premature greying, heart attacks or frightened off any of you would-be road racers, I will now expose your mince pies to a conservative estimate of sporting a Honda CB 900 and a Ford Transit van, for just one year's racing, "£3,000".

Yours truly,  
Bankrupt Road Racer,

PAUL RUCKLEDGE.



## THE SUNDAY EXPEDITION

Our Sunday Runs - no, not those to the loo - the rides/thrash out into the beautiful rain soaked countryside are not supported, by the majority of members. Perhaps this is due to starting too early, people unable to afford the petrol, riders wanting to go at different speeds. This leads conveniently into the point of this piece of Literature.

Perhaps we could have two runs on a Sunday; one group who wish to travel at a sensible pace, and another group who enjoy the hiss of boot leather on tarmac and the visual display of sparks as centre stands get ground down on corners. The general idea would be to have a communal meeting place, no, not the bogs at Pately Bridge - where we could have a couple of pints and lunch, or just a general get together. We could then either travel together from then on, or split again into two groups and go our respective ways.

We feel that we are not getting our community spirit going, because not everyone knows everyone. Club runs are an ideal way of getting to know other members, and perhaps meet other members of the opposite sex who have their own bikes - I'd like to meet one, so if anyone is interested, please \_ \_ \_ \_ \_!

By running two, or maybe even three groups together, we hope to appeal to a broader spectrum of bikers. Many of you don't come for a ride as you think that our runs are too slow. The odd one or two who have been on our runs complain that they are too fast! So we cannot please everybody with just the one group.

So therefore, fellow biker - hmmm, that sounds a bit like communism - if you would like to go for a gentle amble/long run/thrash on one of our Sunday runs, but feel as though you wouldn't enjoy the type of run that is organised, please put forward your views as to which type of run you would prefer, and we shall do our best to organise a run to suit your personal preference.

I hope that we will see a few more smiling faces on our future expeditions out into the unknown - it is unknown, because no one knows where we are going till we get there - not even the road captain!  
But we still have fun.

Tony Fyson,  
Road Captain.

### Technical

#### ALL MEMBERS PLEASE NOTE

Tools are now hired out to members on a daily (24 hrs) basis instead of weekly. No one needs to keep the tools for a week and this system does mean the increasing demand for their use can be catered for.

The tools should be booked from me on a Tuesday, at the Ganstead. They can be collected from me at:-  
Flat 7,  
66 Westbourne Avenue,  
HULL.

A new price list is now in operation giving the hire charges. If you need further information please contact me. ANDY JACKSON

Emergency phone number:- Linda Jackson. Phone No. 224040. Ext. 51  
but only emergencies please.