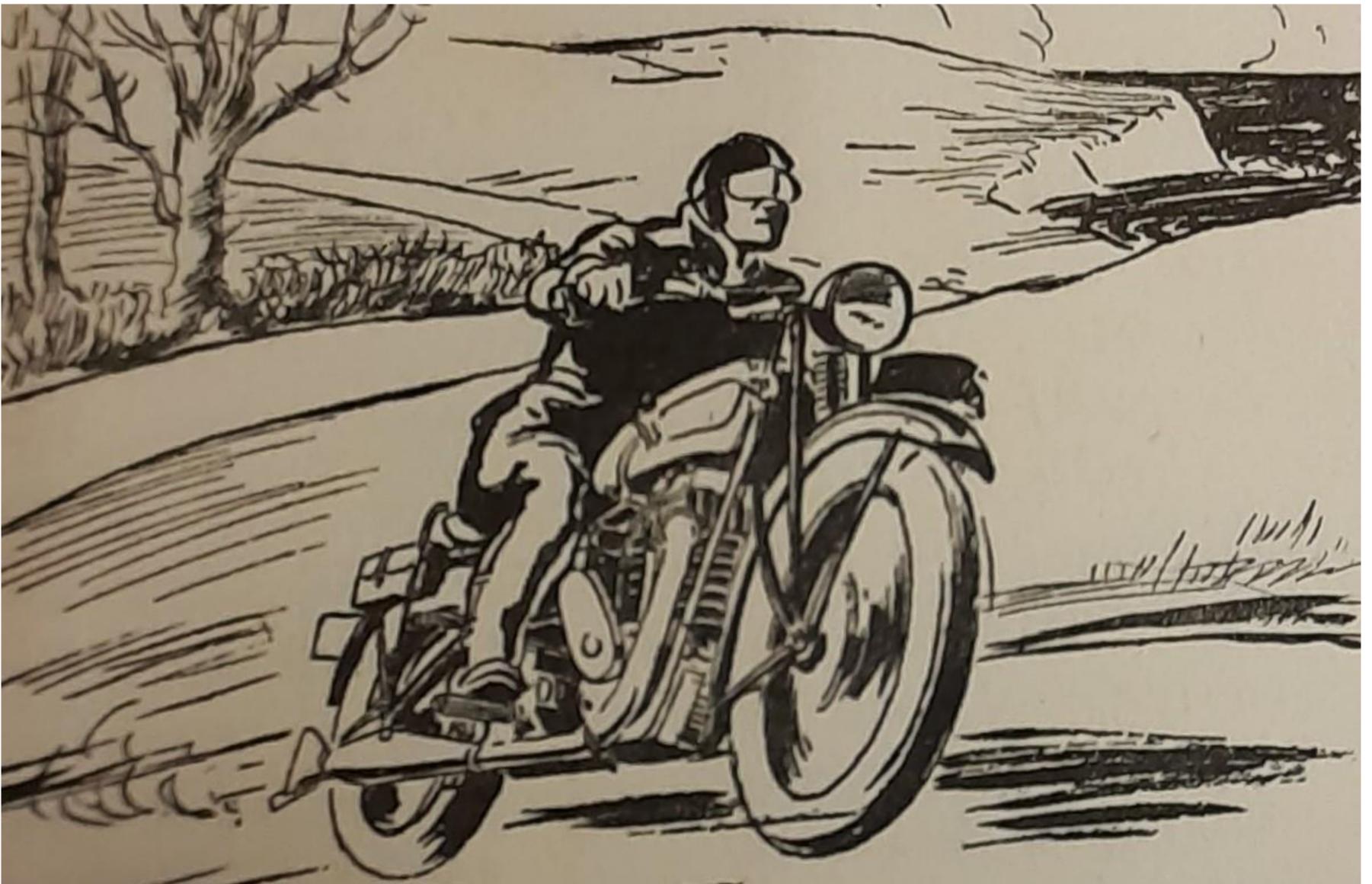


# BEDS VMCC NEWS

**KEEPING YOU INFORMED DURING LOCK-DOWN**

## Things are starting to change, slowly



### EDITORIAL

It's been a busy week so far for me and my bikes – 109 miles on the '47 3T Deluxe, 144 miles on the '53 Thunderbird and 130 miles on the '39 Speed Twin – and it's still only Thursday. Part of that mileage was finishing the scouting for the navigation event (see Section News), and another part was on the extremely enjoyable midweek run, led by Don. Riding around it's clear that more "venues" are opening up (pubs & cafes – but not Shuttleworth), providing suitable destinations for a solo or small group ride, grab a bacon sandwich and a cup of tea, and help these struggling small businesses. My experience so far is such that I feel perfectly safe where there is plenty of outdoor space; indeed, we are now including such places as the end point of the midweek runs – completely optional, of course. I shall soon be sending instructions for the navigation event (see Section News) which should provide everyone with the opportunity for a ride. Please feel free to share it outside of the section, e.g. one-marque owner's clubs.

Many thanks to this week's contributors: Robin, Neil, Nige, Bob, Will, Brent, Gordon and Richard – how about that for a team effort, especially as, at one point, I thought we were starting to run out of steam. The usual appeal: please keep the contributions coming.

Bryan

### *IN THIS ISSUE*

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**TWO TALES OF  
SIDECARS**

## Section news & local events

### MIDWEEK DAYTIME RUNS



Midweek runs continue every two weeks and have proved very popular with those who have joined in.

The next run will take place on Thursday, 30<sup>th</sup> July. To sign up and get details of the start time and location, please contact Bryan either by email: [bryan.marsh@btinternet.com](mailto:bryan.marsh@btinternet.com), or by telephone on: 01525 877585 or 07309 731191.

We have lifted the restriction to six people. This week there were eight and the follow-my-leader system still worked well. We also now try to finish at an outdoor café so we can get a cuppa and have a chat. We also vary the start location to allow us to head off in a different direction each time.

### BEDFORDSHIRE NAVIGATIONAL EVENT



**If you get this far, you've misread the instructions**

The navigational event mentioned in the last issue is almost ready to go and should be sent out within a day or so.

The intention is to provide an incentive to get out there and ride, either on your own or with friends of your own choosing. There are twenty-five locations to choose from, evenly spread across the whole county. The idea is to select a number of these locations to cover in a day, or just a few hours if you prefer, and ride to each of them - effectively joining the dots on a map. You can, of course, go out on as many days as you wish to visit as many locations as you wish. There are no real rules.

As evidence of your visit you answer a simple observational question at each location. The questions are straightforward and relate to a spot

at that location that is easy to find, and where it is safe to stop, commonly churches or village halls. OS grid and what3words (should you know what that is) references are given to make it easier still, although I don't guarantee that I haven't made any mistakes.

Those submitting their answers by a closing date will feature on a roll of honour. Sorry, no awards or prizes.

If popular, this could become annual; there are lots of villages in Bedfordshire.

### FLITWICK CAR & BIKE SHOW – 2<sup>ND</sup> AUGUST



*Ellis Billington writes:*

This year's Flitwick Car & Bike show is going to be held - but in different locations. I have spoken to the Swan Public House in Flitwick, and they are willing to put on a Sunday lunch at a special price of £8.00 for bikers and friends. The choice is Pork, Turkey or Beef at the price of £8.00. They have asked could we make the order by Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> July. Their telephone no. is 01525 754777, or send a text to 07944 044 003, ask for Steph or Chris.

The address of The Swan is Dunstable Road, Flitwick, MK45 1HP.

The date of the show is Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> August, and there is NO entry charge. It would be good to meet up again for food and company.

[This sounds like a good idea and a great way to meet up, without the full-blown show. I'll be there – Bryan]

### SAND AND MOTORCYCLES



*Neil Cairns writes:*

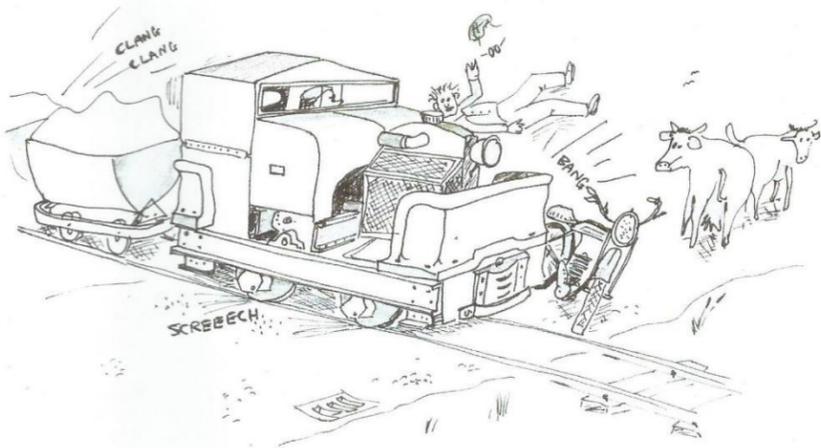
This year's 'Sand and Motorcycles' show will be held in Pages Park, Billington Road, Leighton Buzzard, LU7 4TG, on Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> September, 10am to 4pm.

There will be trade, charity and club stands, cafe, tea and coffee stalls and depending upon social distancing being reduced, 'Drive a Steam Loco for a Fiver'. Bring a 'puck' and remember to keep your distance! [see next page]

## *Sand and Motorcycles – the story behind the odd title*

NEIL CAIRNS

Leighton Buzzard Railway and motorcycles have quite a story. The very first recorded accident on a LBR level crossing was on Hockliffe Road at 10am on Tuesday the 14<sup>th</sup> September 1920, about a year after the railway opened. It was a brand-new Triumph 500cc single, two-speed machine ridden by Mr. Algernon Ried of Leighton Buzzard High Street. He had been looking at some cows in a field as he passed them. Suddenly he became aware of a sand train crossing the road in front of him and ran into the steam locomotive. He was thrown off and landed in the cab of the locomotive pulling the skips; bruised but unhurt. The motorcycle was dragged down the rails and smashed to bits. This was a story in the Leighton Buzzard Observer newspaper on the 20<sup>th</sup> September of that year.



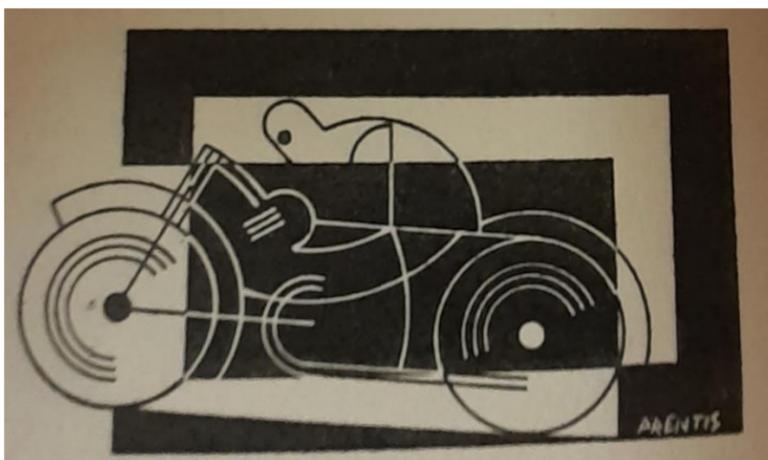
The 'cartoon' shows a 1935 diesel loco, rather than the ex-WW1 0-6-0 steam loco he hit. [Neil drew this years ago, and deliberately drew the wrong one to 'annoy' the anoraks in the Railway's Society. Tut-tut!]

In 1964, the television series 'Emergency Ward Ten' staged an episode with Arnold's locomotive No 3 colliding with a motorcycle on the Eastern Way crossing; the injured rider requiring hospital treatment. In the booklet available at Pages Park station, "**Dobbers and Loco Drivers in the Sand**", where retired employees of the LBR tell their stories, one story is of three maintenance men who used old motorcycles to get to the sand equipment to repair and service it. This was in the late 1940s, continuing into the early 1960s, the second-hand motorcycles being purchased by Garsides Sand from the Camden Motors garage in Lake Street, Leighton Buzzard. They were well-worn 1937 models, being two BSA M20s and one P&M Panther model 100. Harry Lathwell (M20) was the maintenance foreman and his two men were Reggie Web (M20) and Freddy North (Panther).

So, the LBR has quite a background that includes motorcycling in various forms. One can just imagine what a rough time these bikes had ridden around the sand pits off-road. They were totally worn out by 1961 and thrown into an unknown pit as scrap. Pete Lathwell now in his 80s, George's son, who was also a Garsides maintenance man, relates the story in that booklet.

'Sand and Motorcycles' has its own Facebook page where you should check for any alterations to the show arrangements:

[www.facebook.com/SandAndMotorcycles](http://www.facebook.com/SandAndMotorcycles)



## The page 3 girl



SPECTRE assassin Fiona Volpe (Luciana Paluzzi, aka Bill Ivy when riding) & BSA Lightning with front-firing missiles [Thunderball, 1965]

## A bit on the side...

RICHARD CHAMBERS

Sadly, I never really got to enjoy the fun with a motorcycle and a sidecar. Ages ago, about the time my Bantam was replaced with a 500 AJS single, me and various mates used to congregate at a house in Clophill that had a huge outbuilding full of old British bikes, mostly not worth much at all in those days; end of life for them I suppose.

There was a sprung hub Triumph 6T, minus its chair, that we used to thrash out of the village, round the right hander, over the three bridges and then turn around at the junction with the A507 near Beadlow, and back. This could just be seen from the house in Clophill so we couldn't cheat, and the fastest time obviously was the winner.

Also, there was a 600 Matchless jampot twin and sidecar. My pal was a burly market gardener who was never allowed a motorbike by the family but had the use of the family Cresta; well, he could chuck this outfit about better than anyone. So, of course, Muggins was cajoled into having my maiden ride on this thing and so, with that pal in the chair, off we went, handlebars flapping to and fro, and me giving it some in the gears. We came to the slight left hand bend where somehow I didn't just go straight on but off at a tangent, up the bank, through a hedge where the whole lot rolled over and settled on a potato clamp, and me just missing a set of harrows... amazingly neither of us was hurt, only my pride.

Unbeknown to us, my passenger's mother was looking out of her bedroom window and, of course, not saying she was a nosey old so-and-so, but she had wondered what all the fuss was up the road when all the gang were retrieving the outfit from the field. All was revealed when Trev came home with the arse out of his trousers, and a typical rollicking ensued.... and I had to hand over a Velocette MAC engine as compensation for the wrecked outfit, also just to rub it in.

Some years later another friend decided to give me treat when he gave me a lift to our club night in Stotfold in the sidecar on his A10. Clearly, the idea was to impress me with his handling of an outfit... well, he did manage to put the wind up me with some crazy moves, sure enough, and more so to his brother-in-law who was behind on his Venom and who told him, in no uncertain words, what a "bleep" he was.

Once down at Snetterton I was asked to passenger in the chair on a 650 Triumph kneeler just for that meeting, call me a wimp if you want but the answer was a definite no.

I think I may have missed out on something there, but then it's never too late.

## *Renewable & Vegetarian! Relining a Jardine Clutch*

**ROBIN BRAITHWAITE**

The Braithwaite motorcycle started out in life as a single geared machine in 1912. Over the years there were many changes; a Jardine Mk17 four-speed gearbox was fitted sometime between the wars and this article is primarily concerned about how I set about re-corking the multiplate dry clutch.



Given its age, John Jardine's clutch is a marvel: I have worked on complex aircraft for most of my working life and this clutch is not unlike a modern multiplate aircraft brake unit, comprising a series of rotors and stators which are compressed together to generate friction. Working in a similar way, the Jardine clutch has two double-sided corked friction rings, and a third friction ring unit which is also the primary chain sprocket and clutch housing. The sprocket / clutch housing drives the other two friction rings using mortices in the housing and tenons on the two cork friction rings. There are also four plain disc plates, two being double-sided and two are single sided to make up the outer and inner plates. The plain disc plates transmit power to the gearbox through six sleeved and spring-loaded retaining bolts. A thrust rod, running through the centre of the gearbox primary shaft, actuates the outer plate to separate the clutch components against the pressure of the six compression springs. In all, 48 cork inserts provide 96 friction faces, giving a total friction contact area of around 58 square inches!



**Corks showing their age; large bits fell out as the clutch was dismantled**

Although not particularly worn down, some of the cork inserts were showing the signs of age-related deterioration: all were loose, and some disintegrated as the clutch was dismantled. Until August 2019, the last time the motorcycle was in regular use was in 1959, making the original corks at least 60 years old; my guess is they were a lot older than that! The Jardine clutch (like others) cleverly uses a renewable source of friction material: the holes in the cork plates are  $\frac{3}{4}$ " - the same size as the internal bore of a wine bottle neck. The

quality of the cork is important: reconstituted corks or those ghastly plastic things are no good unless you plan to do the job more than once a month and enjoy the smell of melted plastic. You need good quality corks made from virgin cork bark and, a bag of grade-A corks from my local homebrew shop cost less than a tenner!



**Trial fit of a whole cork – trimming to size in this state was awkward. Later attempts suggested that corks should first be cut into equal thirds**

I removed just one cork so I could work out how to fit and trim a new one. Soaking softens cork but, despite what others may say, **do not** boil them for, just like most other vegetable materiel, cooked cork is softer than raw cork! When immersing the corks for the clutch rebuild, I used a few drops of detergent to break the surface tension: this facilitates better water penetration and makes them more malleable. I trial fitted a whole cork but soon discovered that cutting it down to size after fitting was awkward. I later used a scroll saw and cross-cut the corks into equal thirds.



**Improvised compressor**

After immersion for 12 hours, I recommend wrapping a strip of tin can around the side of one of the cork sections before placing it inside the open jubilee clip. The will tin slide against itself and stop the jubilee clip worm-body from damaging the sides of the cork. Using a cordless drill, set on its lowest torque setting, and with the jubilee clip worm-body held securely in a vice, tighten the clip until the cork is compressed to just over half of its original diameter. The cordless drill usefully speeded up the process. Take care not to overtighten your improvised compressor or the cork fibres will be crushed beyond their elastic limit; some experimentation with drill torque settings may be needed here. Leave the cork in this compressed state for a minute or two. This performs two functions. Firstly, it wrings out a large percentage of the water and secondly, it pre-sets a temporary dimension which should hold just long enough for you to press the cork into the hole.

The next bit is the tricky part as it needs to be done swiftly. Using the speed of the electric drill, open the Jubilee clip and remove the cork. Peel off the strip of tin and, without delay, press the cork into its receptacle hole. A little manipulation and wriggling will be necessary, but it should fit without too much fuss. I found the flat edge of a wide-blade screwdriver pressed on the side of the cork helped ease it into the hole. Don't take too long or the cork will swell to the point where you may start to damage it. All things being equal, you should have successfully pushed the cork into place and, with a bit of wriggling back and forth, the cork should be centralised with an equal amount poking out each side of the plate. The correctly fitted cork should be ever so slightly domed on each side. First hole done, only another 47 to go!



**“Reflection with a pint!”, Thirsty work this. My late father’s Polaris beer mug looking at its best with come lockdown home-brew**

I placed the completed plates in a warm place for a day to allow the corks to fully swell and dry out. Once dry they were gripped tightly in their holes and were ready for trimming to their final thickness. I had no figures for this dimension but, measuring up the available space in the clutch housing suggested that the corks should be around 5/64” proud of their receptacle plates.

I’m lucky to own my grandfather’s 1887 Barnes treadle lathe. Another piece of family history - the lathe was a second-hand purchase in 1911 for £12 and my grandfather used it to make bespoke screws and bolts used in the engine. It’s great that, more than a century later, it’s still being used for the same purpose today though, my grandfather might be impressed if he knew I also use it to make aircraft parts!



**Relined and ready for reassembly**

My original plan was to machine the corks with a sharp chisel with the chuck running at top speed but, having watched a bit of YouTube video, I was unimpressed with ripped and chipped finish. Once the disc was trued up in the chuck, I ran it at just 30 rpm and faced the corks using a hand-held sanding block. If you don't have access to a lathe, then I did find that sanding by hand on a large flat surface is quite do-able but it does take much longer and extra care is needed to keep everything even. The second disc received similar treatment in the lathe, but the third, which is also the sprocket and clutch housing, posed a bit of a problem. Whilst the exposed corks on the gearbox side of the housing were simple to sand down to size, the corks on the inside of the clutch housing couldn't be trimmed using the same technique. Without the ability to machine these faces, I made a simple setting tool made from a bit of alloy plate. The end of the plate has a cork-wide notch cut 3/32” deep, enabling each cork inside the clutch housing to be precisely set to a height of 3/32”. These corks were not sanded in the expectation that the mushroom domes will quickly wear flat when the clutch is put into service. With a wet finger in the air, I guesstimated that this should result in a final dimension close to the required 5/64”.

Reassembly was straightforward and, after riding the motorcycle up and down the road outside my house enabled some minor clutch cable tweaking as the un-faced corks bedded in. Everything settled down very quickly and, without further adjustments being required, the final result is an incredibly smooth and benign clutch.



**The assembled Jardine Multiplate Clutch showing the outer plain disc and retaining bolts.**

After several short outings totalling about 50 miles, I popped the clutch apart to see how things were getting on. I particularly wanted to see how the corks that hadn't been machined had fared. All I can say is I couldn't have done a better job myself – they were a fraction over 5/64” and almost completely flat. All the other cork dimensions were still 5/64”. The job cost less than a tenner to do and, by the look of things, it should be years before it needs doing again.

Friend and fellow enthusiast, Chris Davey, had been advised to modernise his 1934 Velocette clutch with a more up to date friction material. However, I think my efforts inspired him to have a go at relining his clutch with original cork material. Although the corks were a smaller diameter (these modern clutches just can't handle the power of a Braithwaite!) the process was similar, as were the results. Some say that these particular Velocette clutches are a bit of a pig, but Chris, who is in the know, would say that perhaps, Some just need to understand the pig!

To me, the whole exercise was thoroughly enjoyable and satisfying experience, and I am left wondering why anyone would want to “upgrade” their clutch with modern friction material when renewable and vegetarian is definitely in vogue!

## Keep off the grass...

GORDON HALLETT

Like most lads in the 60's, my enthusiasm for sporting prowess was high, but, unlike most of my mates, not for kicking or throwing a ball around a field.

It's 1961. An apprentice, aged 17, a member of the Stevenage & DMCC, with my second road bike, a '37 Mk 2 KSS, wanted SPEED. The club was to promote Grass track racing; well, I've ridden all sorts of bikes round fields, so that sounds easy... and the quest for a mount began.

I first modified(?) a MAC, went around and around fields in earnest, but had trouble staying on it. Then the chance of an outfit came up - an Ariel frame with a Rudge, bronze-headed, engine which, I was assured, was a TT rep; but I didn't know or care, it was a runner with a box of spares, complete with sidecar. Now I was the dog's do-dahs.

Cammy Velo sold, put the MAC back on the road, fix a sidecar chassis to it with a lump of channel welded on it; problem solved. Lift the front wheel of the "racing outfit" onto the channel, secure, and I have a transporter.

I found a fellow apprentice mad enough to go in the chair and, after a lot of practice, we were ready!! With the first meeting at a crop-spray airstrip at Rush Green, near Codicote, in a few weeks' time, we really thought we were; big mistake!!

Two days before THE day, my passenger cried off, but some guy at a local motorbike shop stepped in; why, I have no idea. You must remember what it was like in your teens: take on the world, up for anything. I was, but boy, was I naïve.

THE day. In the pits, "get yon bike t'scrutineers", I heard. Hell, what's this? So, after many adjustments, tightening etc., and two visits to the scrutineers, I scraped through. So, I lined up on the grid with two fellow club members, and what seemed like another 50 outfits for the scratch race.

No, I got it wrong. There were 100 outfits, at least, that came past me - and some of them looked identical! Still, I crossed the line under my own steam, last; but happy as a pig in you-know-what. The handicap race was much better - the whole field passed me, bar one, but my passenger later informed me "never again".



Definitely not Gordon

The next meeting told a similar tale, but with a passenger who enjoyed it; strange lad. Our third meeting, my first in the wet, did not go well. Engine seized, it looked like a mud hut; the Castrol R in the tank was bubbling, why were most of the others ok?, I asked. Ah, they run on dope - dope, I could just about afford to put best petrol in mine.

THAT was the end of my grass track life, outfit sold as it was, and the MAC ran me around for a couple of more years till my next adventure. [to be continued...]

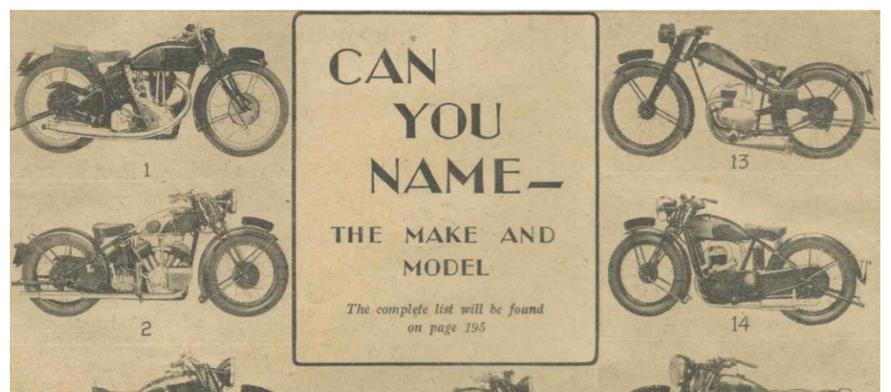
## 'A Topsy Tale about Zeniths'

WILL CURRY

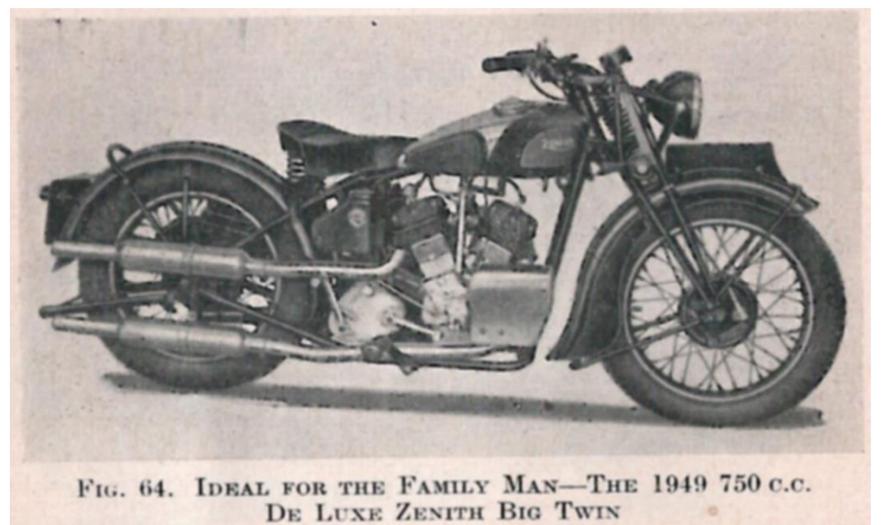
Why 'Topsy'? Well, it just 'grewed' in the original meaning of the expression: growth without supervision or prior planning.

I've been very lucky over the years - at least in motorcycling terms - in that I've been able to indulge my whims. They've all been Ariels, naturally, except that is for the Rapide and the Goldie and the Silk and the scrambles Velo.

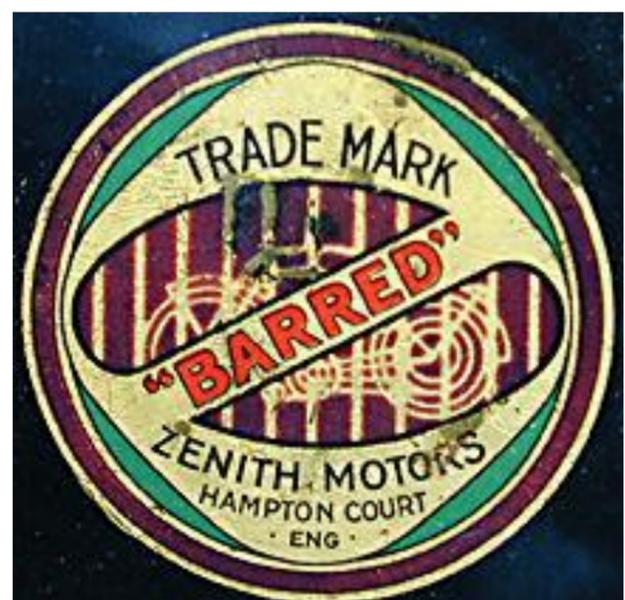
Anyway, the above wasn't the direction I'd intended to go with this episode of keyboard bashing. I'd spotted a Zenith in Bryan's quiz and that had bought an old whim back to mind. Thus, it was toward Zenith I was pointing my efforts. The other end of the alphabet perhaps from my usual Ariel but not without an Ariel connection.



The Zenith is something that has always intrigued me. My first sight of a post-war Zenith came in a copy of Haycraft's Book of the J.A.P. Described as being "Ideal for the Family Man" how could I possibly fail to be impressed?



Pre-Great War, the Gradua gear developed by Freddie Barnes gave Zenith such an advantage that they were barred from some events. Barnes, quite a showman in the George Brough tradition promptly added 'Barred' to the trademark.



A bit more showman ship was the court injunction against purchasing unlicensed copies, something I don't think George ever did.

**In the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE**  
CHANCERY DIVISION.

AN ACTION for an injunction to restrain a certain Firm from infringement, and for the recovery of damages, has been commenced. Purchasers and Riders are hereby informed of the proceedings pending, and warned against buying or using infringing gears, or machines fitted with infringing gears.

**ZENITH MOTORS, Ltd.,**  
of Weybridge, have taken this action for the purpose of protecting their rights to the well known

**GRADUA GEAR.**

The above warning is also extended to Manufacturers.

Between the wars, another point of fascination was the Joe Wright OEC/Zenith affair at a speed record attempt in Ireland.

I've always thought of Zenith as a one-man band, Freddie Barnes being the man in this case. Other one-man band members of the ilk are Ernie Humphries with OK Supreme, George Brough, Howard Davies and Phil Vincent. All these firms produced interesting, perhaps even avant-garde motorcycles. None of them lasted as long as the mainstream corporates such as BSA, Triumph, Ariel, AMC but even these still failed.

The best of the lot? In my opinion, a family concern: Velocette. They made fascinating motorcycles and for a long time and when the end came, they didn't go bust, they quietly paid everyone off and shut up shop.

Anyway, back to Zeniths.

Post-war, they were as good an example of the 'Mighty fallen' as you could wish for in the motorcycling world. Far from being 'Barred' they were distinctly utilitarian. Owned by Writers of Kennington, the Ariel people since the early 30s, postwar at least there was a definitely Ariel look about some of the parts.

The postwar offering had a Burman gearbox, sidevalve 750 JAP engine and either Dowty Oleomatic forks or Druid girders with a frame and mudguards suspiciously like the Ariel KG rigid parts. I think the machine could well be summed up as a 'Parts bin special'.

I'd wondered many years ago about making my own. Zenith didn't make many and most of those two hundred or so went for export as was the government policy of the time: 'Export or Die'.

I'd some experience of JAP engines. George, the Yorkshireman in our village who showed me the joys of motorcycling and sidecars in particular, had not only the obligatory Panther and sidecar with spare wheel and towbar and, for winter use, a water jacket around the drive side exhaust pipe which fed, via a header tank and thermosyphon, a radiator in the sidecar, but also an 11-50 Brough with Brough sidecar chassis fitted with an old front door, complete with letterbox, as a platform. It was much used for recovering broken-down vehicles, cars as well as motorcycles. Like all Broughs, it was crammed-full with features like the 2-gallon petrol capacity of the sidecar chassis - given you had a suitable length of pipe and a bicycle pump to blow the stuff out with. The engine I don't remember giving any trouble at all, but the magneto and clutch were continual challenges. One magneto doesn't spark a V-twin that well, ask any Vincent owner. When that mag is positioned at the end of a long chain drive in front of the front downtube and in exactly the best place to collect anything thrown up by the front type or directed downwards by the mudguard trouble will not be long coming - 'Begging for trouble with your bowl out'. Despite being advertised as 'Specially made for Brough Superior' the clutch and gearbox were pure Sturmey Archer and struggled with the impressive torque of the JAP engine. We got very good at changing and re-corking clutch plates. A regular visit was paid to Russell's Motors to get plates, corks

and springs. George was on first-name terms with the staff - 'The usual sir?'. Working on the clutch on any sidecar outfit is not easy. Head-down over the saddle is the usual position for such activities. The Brough had one last feature to complicate the operation. At first glance, it seemed to be a good idea. The primary chaincase split horizontally.



Two bolts held the top part on and there was little, if any oil leakage, at least out. Oil from the drive-side main bearing slowly filled the case until the excess began to dribble out of the hole used by the gearbox mainshaft to enter the case. This was necessarily quite large as the primary chain tension was adjusted by moving the gearbox back and very rarely forward. Often the first signs of the clutch being in distress were apparent to those following as clouds of smoke and that characteristic aroma of burning cork and boiling oil emerging from the back of the primary chaincase. Forward progress would soon diminish too. With the top cover removed the clutch springs could be undone and removed, one at a time as soon as they had cooled enough not to burn one's fingers. A bit of rag was essential here to prevent any fumbled parts from disappearing into the depths of the chaincase. The pressure plate then could be removed with a certain amount of fiddling. It helped to get the clutch plates out if the bike was higher than the sidecar - bike on the pavement and sidecar wheel in the gutter. Rattling the kickstart and poking with a small screwdriver usually worked eventually. The clutch could then be reassembled by reversing the process. Changing the plates rarely took more than an hour after which forward progress could be resumed. Recorking the friction plates took much longer.

Anyway, back to Zeniths.

The JAP side-valve should give a 'relaxed' ride without the need for frequent gear-changing. As I hinted before, performance will not be in any way sporting. In modern terms it will be a lightweight with a nicely low seat height and appalling brakes and lights.

I like the look of the 'bike too. The petrol tank is one of the more eye-catching parts of any motorcycle and the twin exhaust system catches my eye as well.



There is an article on this Zenith on the web here:

<https://riders.drivemag.com/features/1950-zenith-big-twin-test-best-kept-secret>

How far did I get with this? Further than a lot my dreams have progressed to date. I swapped a BSA 8" front hub for most of an MT

JAP engine. It was missing a piston, a camshaft and the oil pump, a Pilgrim device.

There was already a suitable frame in the pile at the far end of the workshop. I even had a logbook for the frame although it took a couple of months to find it. The frame was extracted with the aid of my trusty axe. It had been both my father's and grandfather's and still bares the legend 'ARP 1940 THE DEFIANT' on its blade. I don't often go down that end of the workshop. It's marked on an old plan of the property with the words 'Terror Incognito' and there's a trapdoor at the back which I've never opened.

Using some 1/4" plywood I made up some pattern engine and gearbox plates but things did not line up well. Using the original gearbox meant that the rear chain was fine but the JAP primary drive is some 1/2" inboard of where the Ariel primary drive went. Ariels have two drive-side main bearings and the JAP has but one. Moving the JAP over not only looked strange but also moved the centre of gravity further than I cared for. For sidecar work that wouldn't make the slightest difference but solo the bike will pull to that side. Moving the centre of gravity away from the bike's centre line is how you steer a bike after all.

The end of the project came when a KG engine was donated in return for a magneto body. It took about 10 years for me to decide I needed the space more than the project but in the end I passed the Ariel frame and engine on to someone who wanted a 'serious' project. The JAP engine is under one of the benches along with the plywood engine plates.



I'd have been pleased if my special had looked like this one does.

There is an article on another Ariel-JAP on the web at:

<https://www.classicbikehub.uk/Road-Tests/article/Ariel-JAP%20-special>

## *Secretary's Scribbles – Brent's Bit*

**BRENT FIELDER**

Hello Pals,

If you're looking for something to watch, then here are a few good clips of the TT. Nothing too modern, the first is narrated by Murray Walker, if you can ignore the annoying music it's a good watch.

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=daCth-f19j8>

Next are some slightly later ones, ending with the return of Mike Hailwood to the Island in 1978, cracking stuff!

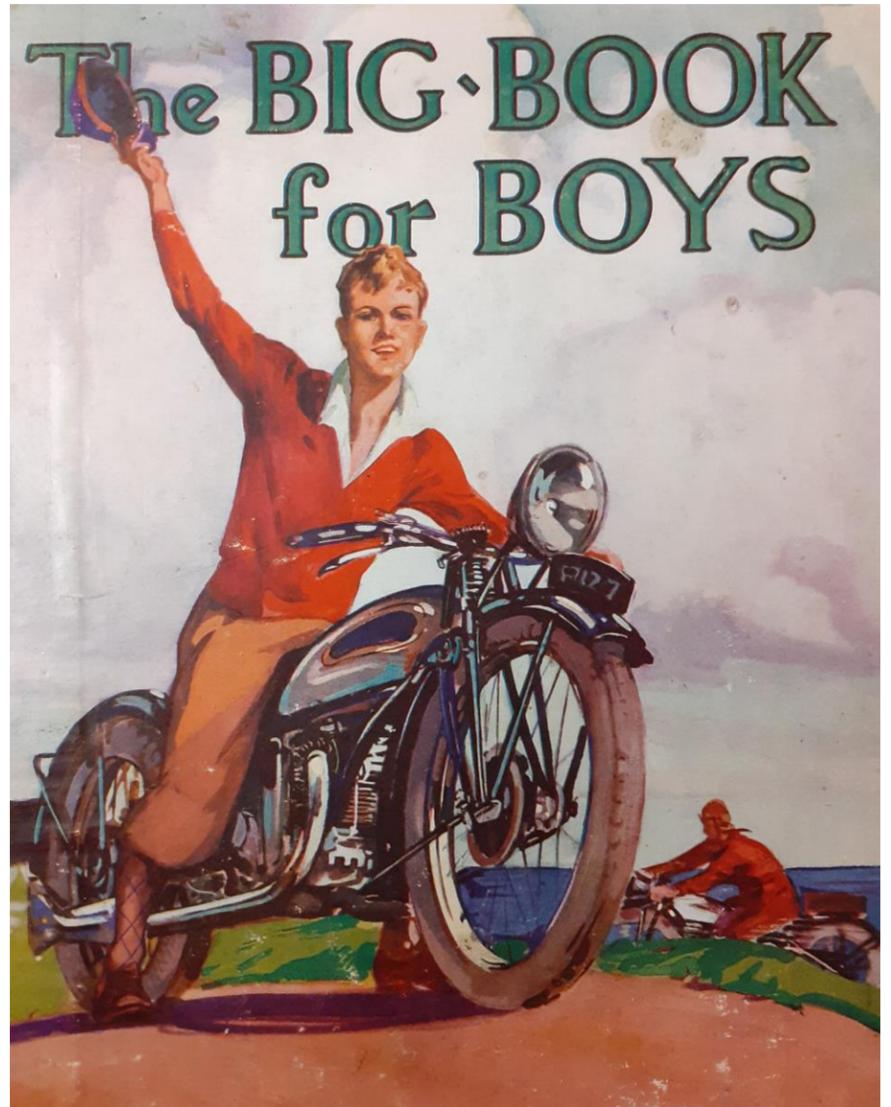
<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=U8t4ILQKAZA>

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=woB5Ht-Zuk0>

Keep well friends.

All the best

Brent



No computer games in 1933

### **SEEN IN THE PAPERS**

**The Autocar, May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1900 (reporting on the 1000-mile trial, whose entrants included a small number of motor tricycles)**

After a two days' sojourn in Cottonopolis [Manchester], last Monday at seven saw us upon the road to Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, and the climb up famous Shap. Anything more unpleasant than the run for the first thirty miles out of Manchester we do not want to experience. Holey greasy setts, varied and striped with tramlines, and frequently accompanied by a side-slip of the eviliest macadam make us wonder if the Manchester AC [automobile club] will ever drive their vehicles northwards by this abominable route. It may be a road after the horse-hauled lorryman's own heart; it is no place for automobiles. Never had any autocars had such a shaking up, and we marvel that many did not there and then emulate the passing of the wonderful one-horse shay\*. It speaks volumes for them all that they reached Preston whole and with their wheels still pertaining to the circular.

\*Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it...  
went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

[from the poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes 1809-1894]

**From the same publication [read on - does this sound familiar?]**

As soon as they are able to secure a battery which with the minimum amount of weight would take storage and run for a period of, say, ten hours it might reasonably be expected that so soon would all large towns, within reasonable distance of each other, have their own electrical installation with charging stations. Electricity would perhaps be the most popular motive power. It is almost free from noise, has no smell or oscillation, is entirely under the control of the driver, and not explosive. Therefore there is no risk to either life or limb, and one is enabled to go almost any distance.

## *From the archive*

**NIGEL COOTE & BOB CULVER**

Mostly from 1989. The last two from the Banbury Run 2001.



Not sure Hoppy (left) has the most appropriate bike!

