



Quarterly Quest

April 2010 Vol.16



East London & Essex Section
News Letter

An Unusual Motorcycling Experience!

In past articles I have written just about everything I can think of about the AMC lightweight singles and have also branched out into articles about the AJS Stormer and the current Chinese AJS. So when President Roy says to me, “what have you got lined up for the next “Quest?” I wonder what on earth I can write about next. My knowledge about heavyweight singles and twins is at best average and far less than almost everyone else in the section it seems, but as I have never even ridden an example of AMC’s heavyweight singles or twins, let alone owned one and as I just get bewildered by all the talk of yearly changes that took place, of which I am not aware and for the most part cannot even see, there would not be much point in me trying to write about them. So as neither a heavyweight single, or a twin seems likely to be making an appearance in my garage at any time soon and as not enough others have written articles to fill the pages I thought why not write about something which some of you may remember from the past but which others might never have heard of - my now departed Moto Shifty..... A what!!!! – you might well ask.

A Moto Shifty is an Italian motorcycle manufactured in the late 1970s and early 1980s. If you have visions of Italian motorcycles as being elegant creations then forget it, this one was pig ugly (and therefore straight away appealed to me) and consisted of a specially built frame with Laverda (as fitted to the 750cc twins and early triples) front and rear ends and running gear. This was powered by a complete 900cc Fiat 127 car engine and gearbox set across the frame, the whole engine being topped off by a glassfibre “turtle shell” where a petrol tank would normally be (the fuel tank was under the dual seat). The great weight was not helped by a large car sized battery being mounted over the gearbox on the left hand side but which was needed to balance out the engine overhang on the right. This all added up to a total weight of around 640lbs, considered a lot at the time (and still is by me) but funnily enough there are quite a few bikes heavier than that on sale now. I remembered reading a favourable road test on a Shifty by Dave Minton in *Motorcycle Sport* in 1978 where he thought it would make an ideal sidecar bike and even though it was hugely expensive when new I must have kept that in mind because when in 1995 I was looking for a replacement sidecar bike and saw a Shifty advertised in a magazine I knew it was meant for me. A negotiating phone call resulted in a deal involving two of my existing bikes and a wodge of cash and the Shifty was all mine. Little did I realize just what I had let myself in for.

A frosty October day saw Kevin O'Brien taking me and two of my bikes in his van, to Battersea and a rendezvous with the Shifty's owner. It was a good job that there were three of us as we were all needed to heave it into the back of the van and Kevin and I were wondering how we would fare at the other end when we had to unload it. However all was accomplished without injury to us or bike though neither of us would want to try the experience again. The left hand exhaust pipe was in the way of sidecar mountings, so Dave Slater did an excellent job modifying the exhaust manifold so that I just had an exhaust pipe on the right hand side instead of both sides. Then, after a couple of short runs to familiarize myself with the bike and its very awkward foot gear lever which was still using the car's "H" type gearchange and needed a treble jointed foot to operate, it was off to Unit Sidecars in order to have it attached to my sidecar which had already been delivered there. This gearchange, which Dave Minton reckoned was quite good because neutral could be selected from any gear and could soon be mastered (not by me it couldn't), gave me an interesting experience on the A12 during my trip to Unit Sidecars when, at 70mph, I changed into what I expected to be top gear only to find that I had got second while in front of a lorry that I had just overtaken. The engine with its massive car flywheel didn't take kindly to that. It was one of those mind expanding experiences which meant that I never again tried for top gear unless I had plenty of time to juggle with my foot and there was no-one else in sight. Otherwise I stayed in third and to Hell with the fuel consumption.

With sidecar attached and a nice smooth run home I was looking forward to the first run out with our new outfit. With Pam in the sidecar we headed off down the A12 again. Nice sunny day, silky smooth rubber mounted engine, everything going fine and not a care in the world. We turned off onto the A120 towards Dunmow and a few miles further on – "what's that cloud of smoke behind me.....bang!!!" the gearbox exploded, all of 41 miles covered. The householder whose drive entrance I had swerved into was quite sympathetic and only a little concerned about the pool of hypoid oil which had been dumped through the gaping hole in the gearbox casting onto his drive. He even let me use his telephone to call the breakdown services. So from what had been the makings of a good day out we returned with a financial disaster.

When I dismantled the gearbox it was obvious why the trouble had occurred as the design for taking the drive for the gearbox sprocket was crude in the extreme. It was obvious that they had done it this way in order to make it easy to adapt the car gearbox with minimum effort and expense, but it was never going to be suitable for its purpose, not what you would expect on a bike that was so expensive when new. I handed over large amounts of cash to a local engineering firm to make me a new shaft in harder metal, plus a modification of my own which tried to spread the load, while my brother did an excellent job of welding up the shattered alloy gearbox casting. With all the bits back together again I tried it out on the road and we even managed a few local runs with the outfit, although another problem was starting to rear its ugly head by then.....rear spoke breakage. As those who have seen it will know, my sidecar outfit is quite large and heavy. The Laverda rear brake drum on the Shifty was a huge twin leading shoe device which left room for very short spokes of only about two inches or so. I had wrongly assumed that the shorter the spokes then the less likely they would be to break with the side thrust. Apparently it is the reverse and the shorter the spoke length the less the flexibility and so the more likelihood of breakage and I was breaking quite a few.

One amusing episode while I had it on the sidecar though was when I took it to one of our section visits to support the open day at the school of one of Roy and Karen's children. During the parade of our bikes I took four children round in the sidecar. After that I had a queue of children building up to have a ride in it and I couldn't get them out as they all wanted a ride, rather to the annoyance of the announcer who wanted to get on to the next event. A sidecar, it seems, still has a sort of magnetic attraction for children. However, these short runs around the county showed me that even with my modification there was no way that the drive arrangement was going to be strong enough to pull the sidecar on a long journey. By now I was thoroughly disillusioned with the Shifty, it had cost me a fortune by then and it had proved useless for the purpose that I had bought it for. So, tantrum time, I took the sidecar off and stored it away in the garage for around five years. As for the Shifty, I decided that I would use it as a solo until the gearbox broke again – then scrap it and cut my losses, or perhaps even look at putting some other power unit into it.

Strangely enough the gearbox never did break on me while I used it as a solo. Not that I did any vast mileages on it or thrashed it in any way, but it held together without giving the same signs of stress that the sidecar imposed on it. It is often said (in road tests) about heavy bikes, that you do not notice the weight once you are moving. This is true, but most of us have to stop sometimes and move the stationary bike around, then you notice all the weight not least when you try and put the bike on its centre stand. The Shifty needed two people to put it on its stand, one to do the pulling and the other to support the balance. I found this out the hard way, in my own drive. While trying to do it on my own I got caught at the critical balance point and the bike went away from me. I had no option other than to let it go. I was so furious with myself for trying what I knew I couldn't do, that I rushed to the other side of the bike in a rage and lifted it back up, then having calmed down a bit wondered how on earth I had managed to do it. I never tried it alone again. Fortunately the frame shape had prevented any damage at all to the bike apart from a scratch or two.

Actually, once I started using it as a solo I quite got to like it. Being a large bike with a long dual seat it was comfortable for two of us although the seat sponge did start to feel a bit plank-like after about 80 miles or so. It was quite a long way forward to the handlebars and this combined with the wide seat front did make “paddling” the bike around in the road a bit awkward when this needed to be done. However, it cruised comfortably, the engine seemed stress free at all legal speeds and with its rubber engine mountings there was a complete absence of vibration. The twin Brembo disc brakes at the front stopped the bike reasonably enough although they felt a bit “wooden” and with the weight of the bike they needed a firm pull if a quick stop from speed was needed. I did find that the smooth engine was a bit deceptive where speed was concerned and I sometimes tended to arrive at a junction or roundabout somewhat faster than I had intended. The long wheelbase, great weight and the trail of the forks together with the flywheel effect of the heavy car flywheel combined to make a slow steering bike, a Honda Fireblade it wasn't!. This meant that you had to set up your bends well in advance and the bike certainly let you know if you got it wrong as making a quick change of direction half way through a bend was out of the question. However, doing it right and cruising serenely through a series of bends gave a great sense of satisfaction and also meant that you could keep the dreaded gearchanges to a minimum because the engine was very flexible. It did mean though that you could not ride it as you would most other bikes, even classic bikes as those still have quicker steering than the Shifty, which was more akin to one of the large cruiser style bikes. This meant that riding in company with other bikes was not a very happy experience as whenever a bend was reached I always wanted to be traveling at a certain speed at different times to everyone else. I found this out when I took the Shifty on a section run out to Bradwell Power Station one year. Both Dennis Fox and Alan Jennings noticed that I seemed uncomfortable at times and this was certainly the case, which was why I took my own route home.

What really made me part with the bike eventually though was something that I have not yet mentioned. The electrics used were also those from the Fiat car design that the engine had come from and there were exposed connections, circuit boards and open fuse boxes anywhere, even the speedo was open to the elements and just covered over at the top with a clear plastic cover – which didn't stop the water from the front wheel being thrown up inside it. Everything ever said about Italian electrics is true, if there was even so much as a cloud in the sky I daren't take the Shifty out. One section event Pam and I took it to was to the Countess of Warwick show one year. Although it was mostly sunny there was a tremendous downpour while we were there. The Shifty actually did start afterwards and fortunately the sun came out and started drying the roads, so we managed to get home without trouble, but I was terrified that we would have an electrical burnout for the whole of that journey home – and we probably would have done if it hadn't stopped raining. This very much limited the use to which the bike could be put.

I wanted it for touring but was frightened to use it for any real distance in case it rained while I was out. My Honda CB500 did everything the Shifty could, only weighed half as much and I didn't worry at all about the electrics on that when it rained. So when I needed space in the garage and something had to go the Shifty went to the next heroic owner who fancied a challenge. It's funny, but writing this now and remembering the Shifty's comfort and smoothness I am thinking that perhaps I should have persevered with it and tried to improve the electrics. Then I think of that crude gearbox conversion, that exposed speedo and other bad design faults with the bike and know that is just "rose-tinted" nonsense. It was an interesting (but expensive) experience but that is all. With all that I spent on that bike I could have (and probably should have) bought an immaculate Matchless G15 and still had



change left.

Ally Pally 2010

In 1969 my parents drove me in their Morris Minor saloon to London and dropped me off at my new 'digs' in Muswell Hill, which was to be my temporary home for the first year of teacher training. Like all youngsters leaving home for the first time I was quite homesick for at least a week, but quickly adapted to life in the 'Swinging London' of the late '60's, going on to have three years of not a lot of study but plenty of partying! In that first year my journey to college was on a single-decker 'W3' bus (thats the route not the vehicle model), and it took me past the majestic Alexander Palace, which in my semi - permanent overhung state I failed to appreciate for its majestic architecture and splendour. Little did I know that forty years later I would be returning to 'Ally Pally' for my first visit to the impressive 'Ace Cafe Motorcycle Show'. To cut a long story short I had a fantastic day out looking at not only classic bikes but also an incredible array of modern machinery including some incredible custom machinery, some of which were literally out of this world and my particular price bracket. I thought the 'icing on the cake' were the polite and pleasant sales ladies who did their utmost to detract from the static exhibits (and some of whom will hopefully appear in next year's club calendar), but I hadn't reckoned on the temptation of what lay ahead cleverly concealed amongst the excellent East London & Essex section's display of AMC machinery. As I admired each bike in turn I secretly hoped something would be for sale, for I had the proceeds of a recent Morris Minor Traveller sale burning a hole in my pocket, and I felt the need to spend (those who know me will know this is not an unusual occurrence. My friend John and I turned to admire the last bike, a replica 1951 AJS 18CS, and gasped in sheer delight; it was 'For Sale'. Now I quickly sensed that John was more than a little interested in the CS, so whilst he circled the bike making meaningful noises and trying to conceal his excitement, I approached the owner, agreed a price and (as quick as I could) shoved a cheque in his hand. Now John is a good mate and I have promised him first refusal should I ever wish to move the bike on, but in the meantime it has pride of place in my workshop, and I can't wait to have a spin on it. So all in all a great day out with a very successful conclusion. I shall return next year, and who knows what I might bring home, or is that just wishful thinking. Know what I mean Roy? ***Dave Speck***



A Tale to tell

In 1959 I swapped an army surplus No.18 radio set with a pal for my very first Matchless; a rusting G3LS, pushing it proudly the two mostly uphill miles home. Sadly, upon coming home from school two weeks later I discovered that my mother, strangely lacking vision, had given it to the rag and bone man as it 'made the garden look untidy'. I had never even managed to start it. I vowed I'd have another.

Forty five years later, in August 2004 I spotted an ad for G3LS in the local free paper and decided instantly that my time had come. I was certain it was the most beautiful Matchless I had never seen, so I phoned the bemused owner who agreed to drive it the 6 miles to my house to save me the embarrassment of falling off it in his drive.

I used to ride two-strokes in the 60's: A remarkably economical Bantam as my daily transport to work as an apprentice mechanic (fuelled with petrol 'left over' in the milk churn we kept in the 'pit' for draining customers' tanks, mixed with Castrolite 'left over' in the oil cans). There followed a 197 trials DOT followed by a Greeves Hawkstone, carting it to events on a BSA M20 with a plank sidecar until Husqvarnas and works bikes began to overtake me. It was mid 60's when en route to a scramble at Aldershot with the Greeves on the plank that a particularly unexpected foray into a front garden via a privet hedge near Guildford made me review my lifestyle. Nothing of course to do with the gorgeous Olive Dewberry's amorous cooperation with my pal with a TV rental firm's Minivan, in its weekend 'pulling' trim of bullet holes in the windscreen, tiger tail hanging on the filler cap, and a mattress and Woodpecker cider in the back. Perish the thought.

Cash paid, and with the seller departed I lusted at its macho Jampots, the voluptuous deep black tank, the shiny castings and the Plumstead perfume wafting seductively from the hot parts. Eat your heart out Olive Dewberry; this beats a 20 minute cuddle outside upstairs at the Youth Club hall, scratching my birthday Ingersoll watch glass against the brickwork, oh yes.

I knew from the AJS and Matchless Owners' Club (AMOC) dating Certificate that following acceptance by 'Mr Challis' the A.M.C. factory tester, my G3LS was released from the Plumstead factory and delivered to the Tozer Polad Shipping Company at Southampton on May 5th 1954, for shipment to the police force in Rhodesia. It was repatriated to the U.K. in 1995. August 2004. We have now covered about 31000 miles together.

I allocated the weekend to 'Starting the Engine' and since it proved easier than I had expected I ventured into a series of sorties, constantly circumnavigating the block, until stopping at a 'T' junction for the umpteenth time, a gardener approached me menacingly with his hedge trimmer to ask if I was lost. These circular trips were intended to provoke any problems and to get used to riding again. I now know the pointlessness of these circumnavigations as bikes usually die in the rain, at night, miles from help, and where there's no mobile signal.

However, Marigold and I had enjoyed an harmonious 5000 gleeful miles together until returning from the Hampshire Jampot Rally in August 2005 when she seized almost solid on me, and again in December, accompanied by a loud clattery rattle around the timing side nether regions. Club members sucked depressingly on their teeth (mostly plumbers, builders and electricians), shuffled this way and that, and canted their heads close to the source like blackbirds on a newly mown lawn whilst they diagnosed the source of the noisy bottom end as anything from broken piston rings to excessive camshaft end float, cracked cam followers, or less helpfully, sprouts. I rode almost every day and was reluctant to take her off the road but decided in February '06 that I ought to investigate since a planned summer camping 'big adventure' to the International Jampot rally in Holland and then perhaps through France and Spain would be asking too much with a noisy bottom end.

I began by stripping the timing side with the engine still in the frame, hoping for a simple fix. That would have been a triumph of hope over experience. I discovered in the

course of the investigation that the inlet cam had been fitted with the wrong markings lined up. Perhaps this was why she wouldn't go faster than a scary and insecure 45 mph. In fact I discovered later on a club run that the speedo was reading 22 mph slow at 45: Little wonder then that I found negotiating the local gravelly lanes 'at 30 mph' a bit challenging. However, the cause of the rattling was a wrecked timing side axle bush



which had allowed the pinion to erode some of the oil pump plunger drive splines, producing a 'hit and miss' movement of the pump. In addition, I found that the end of the circular pump guide pin had been worn to a 'D' shape significantly reducing the stroke of the plunger, and therefore the oil flow. The reduced oil flow had contributed to the piston seizing and rapid wear of the timing side axle bush and camshaft bushes. Upon rotating the crankshaft axle I noticed that the timing side pinion was wagging 10 thou out of concentricity with the centre-line of the axle and I could also lever the axle up about 40 thou within its bush. It seemed that someone had attempted in vain to remove the pinion from the axle with a puller for a Scammel truck and had bent and cracked the end of it. Evidently there had been excessive eccentric wagging going on; much like section clubnights.

To lighten the engine prior to removal from the frame I took off the head and barrel, whereupon yet another undocumented feature came to light: One gudgeon pin circlip had fallen out of its groove and accompanied the outside of the piston up and down the bore for long enough to have created a superfluous two-stroke transfer port in the cylinder wall



With trepidation I separated the crankcase halves. The silver and gold-speckled sludge in the bottom of the crankcase would have set up a Klondike panner's pension fund. It was also obvious from the shiny circular gouges on the inside face of the drive side crankcase that the flywheel had been rubbing against it, and an assortment of 6 steel washers and spacers of varying thicknesses had been placed on the drive side axle to try to prevent this. These washers were deeply grooved and worn razor thin at the edges.

The drive-side axle splines were severely distorted and both main ball bearings had not only been loose on their shaft but the outer races had been turning in the housing. I fitted a new drive side axle with Loctited new main bearings, replaced the bearing spacers and big end rollers, had the barrel rebored and obtained a new piston & rings, camshaft bushes, timing side axle and a pal made a new timing side bush in aluminium bronze . I scrupulously poked and blew out the oilways, nooks and crannies, oil tank and pipes, and rebuilt the engine with surgical care. Various Sussex section sympathisers called round to drink my tea, stumble over carefully marked tins of parts, mix up small components, fondle valves, pushrods and springs, put them back in the wrong places and generally delay progress with their help. Having spent four years as a Rolls-Royce and Jaguar apprentice in the motor trade and also having been persuaded by my first wife to give up throwing the family fortunes at a string of “Winter project - easy restoration - suit enthusiast” classic cars (she lacked vision, sadly), I am still quite familiar with ‘old-world’ engineering. I prefer to use open-ended or ring spanners rather than sockets since the length of a spanner is a hint to the appropriate force to be applied to the various sized nuts whereas a socket ratchet handle or bar is the same length for all sizes; cylinder head, carburettor, crankcase bolts, rocker cover etc., since there is little official torque data available. However, the ‘Noted Experts’ aka the Grumpy Old Men of the AMOC Jampot ‘Help’ forum have always been patient and helpful whilst good-naturedly dispensing humiliating common sense, and inhibiting any ‘bodge’ instinct in my impatience to get riding again.

Finally Marigold was out of theatre and onto the ward, ready to enjoy some gentle convalescence back in society. However within a few miles on the first post-rebuild run I was dismayed to find oil dribbling out of the top of the magneto chain cover, running over the mag, engine, my boots, exhaust and my father-out-law’s new red brick drive whilst we drank coffee and shared thoughts on the cause of the oil leak and the unpredictability of women, as you do with an ex Father-in-Law. Once home I removed the mag chain cover and found the housing full of oil. I started the engine with the cover off and oil oozed steadily from the exposed end of the exhaust cam spindle. After much head-scratching, dismantling, scrutinising and growing doubts about my spannering capabilities I had a Eureka! moment when, after much finger-miming of shaft and bush orientation and not a little muttering I spotted that the new long outer exhaust cam bush had been manufactured incorrectly with the oil-throwing helix cut clockwise. The shaft within it turned anti-clockwise, (more mime gestures and ‘Budgie on a perch’ antics), thus instead of screwing the oil back into the engine it enticed the oil along the shaft and into the outer mag drive housing where it was carried up by the mag chain and out of the top of the cover. I was mighty thankful that I didn’t have to split the engine again to replace the bush with a correctly made one. “Funny that”, said the supplier. “You’re not the first one to complain”. Complain? Ah, so it was my funny fault then.

Following the intensive cleaning and rebuilding, and since the inside of the engine was shining like a tanner up a sweep's backside I decided to change to 20 / 50 multigrade oil.

A sure way to set the Grumpy Old Officionadi dentures clicking is by raising the 'Which oil?' issue on the Jampot 'Help' forum. I have convinced myself simplistically, as one does when confused, that since modern multigrade is a detergent oil it holds particles in suspension until they are trapped by a supplementary modern cartridge filter, as opposed to the single original felt and gauze filter installed in the Matchless oil tank. I was advised that using detergent oil without a cartridge filter and a thorough strip and clean of the all the components and oilways is likely to scour up the mature sludge and keep it grinding away at the engenitals.

I never got around to fitting the supplementary filter. However, I chose multigrade for three main reasons: a) the rebuilt engine was spotless inside, b) I use the bike all winter when in low temperatures even straight 30 seemed like treacle and too slow to circulate. (This may have been due to the reduced efficacy of the damaged oil pump), and c) I wanted an oil that I could obtain easily for oil changes and topping up whilst south of Dieppe.

I change the engine oil and clean the felt filter in petrol every 1000 miles (roughly every six weeks) without fail, believing that clean oil, whatever its grade, is a key factor in maintaining a sweet engine. In winter I only top up Marigold's oil to the 'Low' level, since with a full oil tank the oil never properly warms up on short trips or through the lanes. It even takes about 30 miles in winter for my half tank of oil to warm up at all.

At the beginning of April '06, on my 61st birthday, with the bike fully fettled, new tyres and the relined brakes (curiously less effective than the old linings) I decided it was time to pack in my job and realise a dream. I was somewhat hastened to this conclusion by my retired Yorkshire farmer neighbour who, casting his eye over the result of my rebuilt front porch exclaimed with the Reaper's smile: "Thar's made a grand job o' thart porch. It'll see thee out". Hoping to achieve my dream before the collapse of the porch I resigned my job and two days later packed a grip, and my six basic 'T's: Tent, tea bags, tin opener, toilet roll, toothpaste and tobacco, plus sleeping bag onto the shiny new rear carrier from Andrews Engineering, stuffed the camping hardware; cooking pot, stove, torch, mug, KFS, spares etc into a pair of borrowed throw-over panniers across the rear of the dualseat and set off for the Dover - Dunkirk ferry. Careering along almost uncontrollably with the handlebars oscillating enough to nearly dislocate my shoulders I came to the conclusion that something was amiss, as with only 400 yards on the clock I had to stop and restow all the gear as far forward as possible. This cured the problem completely, although there was virtually nothing on the nice new rear carrier and I had just enough room to sit between the bundles behind me and my tank bag in front. My precious equipment stayed snug and dry for the next 3600 miles and in serviceable condition for the International Jampot in Holland.

Neville Bolding Sussex

| <u>January—June 2010</u> | | Venue | Time |
|---------------------------------|---|-----------------|-------------|
| 10th January | Sunday Jumble Witham | | 10.00 AM |
| 14th January | Thursday Club Night. | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 24th January | Section Run | TBA | 10.00AM |
| 28th January | Thursday Club Night. | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 11th February | Thursday Club Night. | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 21st February | Section Run TBA | TBA | 10.00AM |
| 25th February | Thursday Club Night Talk Pat Gill | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 11th March | Thursday Club Night. | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 21st March | Sunday Run To Ardingly West Sussex | J28M25 | 9.00 AM |
| 25th March | Thursday Club Night Bill Hawkins | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 7th April | Wednesday Mid week run | TBA | 11.00AM |
| 8th April | Thursday Club Night. | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 18th April | Sunday Eastern Counties Meet | Sible Hedingham | 10.00AM |
| 22nd April | Thursday Club Night Fish & Chips | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 25th April | Sunday section Run Drive it Day | TBA | 10.00AM |
| 9th May | Sunday Jericho Cottage Bike Meet | TBA | 10.00AM |
| 13th May | Thursday Club Night. | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 21st-24th May | Fri- Mon 2010 International Jampot | Ireland | |
| 27th May | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 29th May | Saturday Open Day Kettering | TBA | 8.30 AM |
| 2nd June | Wednesday Mid week run | TBA | 11.00A |
| 6th June | Sunday Classic Bike show Knebworth | TBA | 9.00 AM |
| 10th June | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 20th June | Section Run TBA | TBA | 10.00AM |
| 24th June | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |

| <u>July-August 2010</u> | | Venue | Time |
|--------------------------------|---|------------------|-------------|
| 4th July | Sunday Section Run To Battlesbridge | TBA | 10.00AM |
| 4th July | Sunday 100 years of AJS Woolwich | TBA | TBA |
| 8th July | Thursday Club Night Kent Section visit | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 14th July | Wednesday Mid week run | TBA | 11.00AM |
| 22nd July | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 25th July | Section Run ACE Cafe AJS Day | TBA | 9.30 AM |
| 6th-9th August | Fri - Mon Jampot Rally West Midlands | | |
| 12th August | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 15th August | Sunday Section Stand North Weald | North Weald | 8.30AM |
| 16th August | Monday Evening Run To Kent Section | TBA | 6.30 PM |
| 26th August | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 29th August | Section Run TBA | TBA | 10.00 AM |
| 9th September | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 12th September | Sunday Classic Bike show Knebworth | TBA | 9.00 AM |
| 15th September | Wednesday Mid week run | TBA | 11.00AM |
| 23rd September | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 26th September | Section run to Battlesbridge | TBA | |
| 1st-3rd October | Alternative Rally | Hampshire | |
| 14th October | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 22nd October | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 24th October | Sunday Change of Clocks Run | TBA | 10.00 AM |
| 7th November | Sunday Remembrance Sunday | Squadron | 10.00 AM |
| 11th November | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 25th November | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 27th November | Saturday End of Season Dinner | TBA | 7.00 PM |
| 9th December | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |
| 23rd December | Thursday Club Night | Squadron | 7.30 PM |

The Next Quarter

April 2010

7th Wednesday Mid week Run
8th Thursday Club Night.
18th Sunday Eastern Counties Meet
22nd January Thursday Club Night. Fish & Chips
25th Sunday Section Run Drive it Day

May 2010

9th Sunday Section Run Jericho Cottage
12th Wednesday Mid week
13th Thursday Club Night.
21st-23rd International Jampot Rally
27th Club Night
29th Saturday Section Run Kettering Open Day

June 2010

2nd Wednesday Mid week Run
6th Sunday Section Run to Knebworth
10th Thursday Club Night.
20th **Sunday Run TBA**
24th Thursday Club Night

Section Committee

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