



Quarterly Quest

October 2008 Vol.9



East London & Essex Section
News Letter

The 2008 Jampot Rally at Launceston, Cornwall. Colin,s View

Being that in order to rent one of the cottages close to the rally site we had to take it for a fortnight in order to cover the middle (rally period) weekend, Pam and I decided to make a holiday of it as did Alan and Jackie Jennings as well as Alan and Margaret Earl from the Kent section, who had two of the other cottages. So it was that we all arrived in glorious weather the weekend before the rally. However it was not to last and after the first couple of days it degenerated to the extent that on the Thursday when it was intended to do most of the setting up, it was raining steadily for the whole day. It was fortunate indeed that all of the others (except Pam and I – who didn't realize that we would be also doing some work on the Wednesday) had managed to get our control tent up on the Wednesday afternoon during one of the drier spells, as it made things a lot easier when we had to get the final things sorted out on the Thursday morning. So, despite the terrible weather on Thursday we at least were ready for the arrivals to shelter in the dry and enjoy a hot coffee or tea while signing in. We could also feel sorry for the poor souls who were struggling to put up the main and catering marquees in teeming rain and getting soaked to the skin in the process, providing hot drinks for them and even for the caterers themselves at some periods.

It was around midday when the first arrival turned up, our own Vic Sayers, who had ridden down that morning and had fortunately managed to reach Devon before the rains engulfed him. Even so, his waterproofs had failed the rain test somewhere between Exeter and Launceston and he had suffered that dreaded feeling which we all know so well as that cold spreading dampness informs us that all hope is lost of a comfortable end to the journey. Although the terrible weather led us to think that not very many would bother to turn up on the Thursday it actually seemed that more decided to come that day as a trickle became a steady stream of arrivals. The regalia was already selling well, so well in fact that by the time we “closed up shop” on the Thursday night we had already sold out of medium size polo shirts – and the rally hadn't even officially started by then.

Friday started with yet more rain, but soon settled in to showers punctuated by dry spells with even some occasional sunshine as the main bulk of the rally visitors arrived. In the control tent we were kept very busy booking people in while Margaret Earl did an excellent job of selling the regalia and husband Alan kept the much in demand tea urn topped up for immediate use by all and sundry. Somewhat to their surprise Graham Eaton and Dave Nichols found that they were taking out the Friday afternoon run unassisted by local knowledge. Graham set off with the marshals while Dave led the actual run some minutes later. 76 riders went out for the run and fortunately the weather remained dry throughout. In the control tent we knew that Graham had arrived back by the smell of burnt oil which drifted through the entrance as his G15 was smoking badly on its left cylinder. Meanwhile the regalia had still been selling remarkably well and we had run out of several sizes in both sweatshirts and polo shirts by now. I was also starting to get a bit edgy about carrying some £7000 pounds around in my pocket, which seemed only a little more secure than having it bulging out of a biscuit tin in the crowded control tent. So about 3pm Chris Read ran me to the bank where, clutching said

biscuit tin and dressed in my best army surplus clothing, I handed it over to the counter for paying into the Club account. Back at the site and it was a wait for the caterers to get the evening meals underway then, suitably refreshed, it was a case of continuing to deal with the later arrivals until most people had started to drift into the bar, or were scattered around chatting before closing up the control tent for the night, with our section's bikes safely ensconced inside away from the Cornish weather.

Somewhat surprisingly Saturday started out quite dry and after breakfast in the marquee the Saturday run assembled for the "off". Graham decided not to take his ailing G15 out this time and intended to investigate it later. Chris Read went out in his Range Rover prior to the run leaving in order to ensure that the roads were clear and this time I counted out 177 riders taking part and they left in sunshine, for what was to remain another dry run. Shortly after the run leaving, in the control tent, I had a visit from the very concerned organizer of the "paintball" ground on the opposite side of the road from where we were. It seemed that on the Sunday they were holding a horse dressage event and he was most concerned that our Sunday run would not leave the same way (via the very narrow lane past his ground) that they had on the Friday and Saturday. It seems that neither he, nor the Rugby club, knew that the other was holding a big event on the same weekend. So it was a case of altering the start procedure for the Sunday run. While the run was out Graham and I had a look at his G15's Norton motor to see if we could cure a major oil leak. We tried a few things but, disappointingly, were not able to even improve matters, let alone effect a cure. During the day people had been asking about the autojumble and, looking at the programme of events we had dutifully said 4 pm as stated. However, once the run had returned they all descended like a plague of locusts on the stands, well before 4pm and by the announced start time most of it had probably gone – quite a bit of it to Alan Jennings and Dudley Woods it seemed.

That evening there was entertainment in the marquee and it seemed that "Elvis" had been resurrected once more, for the benefit of the AJS&MOC, although the smoke that accompanied his arrival did nothing to help the environment. Pam's back was playing her up badly by this time so we didn't stay till the end, but it seems we missed the best part. Throughout the evening Alan and Dudley had been steadily working their way through a bottle of whisky (celebrating their autojumble purchases perhaps!) with apparently some interesting results. As I wasn't there till the end though you will have to ask someone else about it, although not Alan or Dudley as I doubt that they can remember anything.



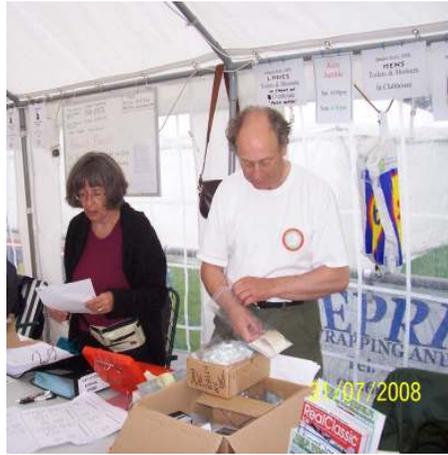
On the Sunday morning Graham was still not sure about using his bike to lead out the marshals again because he didn't think that he could trust it. Roy took it out for a run in order to give his opinion on it. While he was away I was chatting to Graham outside the control tent when I heard this twin cylinder bike being given some "stick" along the road. "Sounds like your bike is on its way back", I said to Graham, as the revs rose ever higher before Roy eventually appeared back with us and pronounced it as seeming OK. I think that Graham decided that if the motor had stayed together after that then it should finish the run, so he took the marshals out as planned and indeed it did finish the run – and collected a commended rosette at the mid point judging as well.

For the start of Sunday's run we had a surprise visit from a motorcycle policeman. Surprising because Chris Read's initial approach to the police authorities met with complete indifference. However, perhaps because someone in a senior position had suddenly realized that there was two large events taking place on opposite sides of a relatively small road and had second thoughts in case any problems might reflect badly on him, this chap was, very fortunately, here and held up traffic on an awkward bend for us while the entire run got away (176 riders this time, with another 20 or so joining up at the half way point in Bude). While waiting for the run to leave I watched various horseboxes and trailers making their way down to the dressage event. If we had come out the same way as the previous days then there would no doubt have been absolute chaos. With this patrolman's help everything went well and the run was not fragmented. He then took a shorter route than the run, to the half way stop at Bude, to see everyone in – good for him, his help was welcomed. Although this run also started in sunshine it was only to last for the first half. The rain started as they left on the return trip and just got heavier all the time, such that they all arrived back in a fairly soggy condition. However, everyone still seemed to be in good spirits and had enjoyed themselves regardless. One thing we did notice in the control tent this year was the continuous demand for the charging of mobile phones. Having rigged up an extension board at one stage we had three phones and a bike battery on charge, so we provided a worthwhile service there and something which was obviously needed as there is not much opportunity of charging a phone battery when you are sleeping in a tent and have arrived on a bike with a 6 volt system.

I have to admit to giving the AGM a miss and so didn't see Roy get voted in as the new President of the AJS & MOC, but we all knew about it at the evening gathering when Chris Read gave a very good "winding up" speech and announced Roy as the Club's new President. That night's entertainer was a re-incarnated Roy Orbison, who I personally preferred to Elvis. I hope that he wasn't too distracted by the mass of paper aeroplanes flying between the various tables throughout the latter part of the evening – boys will be boys I guess and I have to own up to being one of them.

And so a good rally came to an end with everyone leaving on the Monday morning and the weather staying dry enough for us to get everything packed away by soon after midday. While packing up, Pam was chatting to one of the caterer's, who said that they were very surprised at the age range of those attending the rally and to find that they were still partying well after midnight, also at just how far some of them had travelled to be there. They had done one bike event previously and that was a Hells Angel memorial event which more conformed to what is usually portrayed as the stereotypical biker event and nothing at all like our lot, who obviously knew how to really enjoy ourselves. As Pam said to them, we were probably more typical of a bike event than any stereotype and people usually do have a good time, with families as well, at such events. Despite misgivings about the weather and distance the rally was a success and the vast majority enjoyed themselves. Although Launceston was a fair distance next year is only in Kimbolton, Cambridgeshire, well within day visit distance, so why not come along and be part

Photos By Vick



Are Tank Sealants Worth Using.

As some of you may remember I had a problem on a retune trip from kettering at last years open day with a fuel blockage that was fixed by the road side, well I thought it was fixed until I used the bike for this years trip to the countess of Warwick show. When after 6 miles the bike started to cough and splutter and would not accelerate. A quick look found the same problem block filter at the carb



but this time it was not rust but bits of what looked like resin. Once cleaned (just as Dave N arrived to see where I had disappeared to) I was back on the way, Only two do 500 yards when the same thing happened. So off again with the banjo and a quick blow through the pipes and a good prod with a stick down the banjo

spigot and off we set . Whilst at the show we had a good look inside the tank only to see like Jelly fish type things floating around . You can see from the photo what was removed from the tank once home and all this came out of the filler hole. Are Tank Sealants worth the risk?

Roy

Bonham's Auction of the Brian Verrell collection.

When I looked at the president's copy of the auction catalogue, I spoke with Roy and we decided to go. Matchless Pat had also viewed the lots on the Sunday and asked us to bid on a number of lots, but not to go over his maximum.

On entering the salerooms in Bond Street, I registered as a buyer, getting paddle number 571. We met Colin Seeley and had a discussion on various subjects, then viewed the lots. The only Matchless was a 1914 Matchless 7hp Model 8B combination, in good order but Pat suggested that it had the wrong forks!

Roy and I went for a sandwich and one cup of tea and one coca cola in a small café, parting with £20.00 for the privilege.

The auction started at 2.30 pm. The first lots being the brochures, then the accessories and spares. Bidding was quick with many items reaching 2 or 3 times the estimates shown in the catalogue.

For example:

Lot 8, 1913 Matchless range brochure @ £ 168.00
 Lot 39, Quantity of Matchless range brochures @ £ 312.00
 Lot 42, 1933 Matchless range catalogue @ £ 264.00
 Lot 277, 1914 Matchless 7hp Model 8B @ £ 29,900.00
 Lot 264, 1927 Zenith/Jap 8/45 hp @ £177,500.00
 Lot 267, 1939 HRD-Vincent Rapide series A @ £214,800.00

All of the above prices include the buyer's premium.

Sadly we did not win any of the items Pat wanted. Roy has a nice batch of Chronometric speedo's and rev-counters of which he may be persuaded to part with some!

I bought a Klaxon Horn (New), a silencer and a set of AJS-Matchless girders from 1939. These we had to carry home on the train, the carrier bag having broken.



All in all a good day out.

Dudley

MISTER BISTER'S RATTLE

Months ago Grahams CSR developed a rattle, but only when it gets hot. “Can you hear it ?” asks Graham. “ Don’t worry about it,” says Vic, all twins rattle when they’re hot, it’s probably only a bit of wear on the cam followers or timing gears”.

Everyone was asked,” What do you think it is?” All the answers were different, but none of the answers included big ends. “If it was a big end, it would be a knock not a rattle”, said Vic, a “and it would be worse when you first start up, before the oil gets round”.

Anyway, months and loads of miles later, Graham, who was convinced it was big ends, (paranoid because of what happened to Alex on his way back from the 2007 Jampot), asked me “Would you have a look at it for me, coz I don’t know anything about AMC’s”. “Yes”. Says Vic, so Graham rides it over to my place and I set about it with the spanners.

Engine out of the frame and on the bench, I start stripping it down, carefully washing and checking each bit for wear as it comes off, heads off to find more coke than combustion chamber! “we’ve got a bit of an over oiling problem” , . I thought. (By the way, at this point, Graham had told me not to strip the heads, just clean them up.)

Barrels off, rings off, check ring gaps in cylinders, they ranged from 38 to 50 thou, should be no more than 30 MAX.Pistons off, split the crankcase, wash the crank assembly in petrol, check big ends for play, if any. Well----- I could actually move the rods up and down on the journals, there was at least 25 thou visible movement, “How could it still have been running”. I thought. Normally if a big end starts to go, it’s only a few miles before it’s gone!



Sorry Graham, you were right and I was wrong.

So now it's regrind crank, new shells, rings and a new drive side main bearing, as the outer race was broken and had migrated into the engine and worn a nice groove in the side of the flywheel, and the rollers were knackered too.



During the stripdown, I had noticed the black gunge lined chaincase and clutch, not just dirty oil, it was sticky like glue. Take the clutch shock absorber housing apart to find the rubber blocks were not in there, only what resembled blackcurrent jam, hence the gunge in the chaincase

New +0.040 x 5/64" compression rings were unobtainable from anywhere, so the compression ring grooves, (4) had to be turned out to 1/16" to take the more easily obtainable thicker rings.

The bores and pistons were good as it had been rebored not that long ago, so on reassembly, the bores were glaze-busted, and the new compression rings gapped to 4 thou, and oil rings to 6.



You may remember a while back, that when Alex's CSR seized, the engine had been assembled using orange RTV jointing, and it was this that had blocked the oilway in the crank and caused the seizure. Well Graham's engine had been assembled with RTV as well, masses of it, and it was only pure fluke that this was not the cause of his problems. Now that the big ends fit the crank, the oil pressure has increased to all the other bits. So now oil is gushing down the worn out valve guides into the cylinders. So now Graham brings the heads over and I change the valve guides. Graham puts it all back together only to find there is still an "oil in the combustion chambers" problem which has still to be resolved, more later.

Vic.

Italia 4th-7th September

We decided some time ago that Roy and I would visit Milan to see Sergio Gavoni, in order to view the sites he had found for the 2009 IJR. We were also joined by ex President Malcolm Arnold.

Roy picked me up at 5.30 am. On Thursday 4th September for the drive to Stansted, we arrived at the airport and went straight through to security as I had already checked us in for both flights on the Wednesday evening. Unfortunately I had forgotten to tell Malcolm not to take shampoo bottles larger than 100 ml, so two of his were confiscated. We had a full English to set us up for the day, then proceeded to the gate, our flight (Ryanair) left and arrived on time. On arrival at Milan (Bergamo) we collected the hire car, whilst waiting for the shuttle bus, I phoned Sergio to let him know we were on our way.

I set the Sat Nav (Becker German quality) and the lady told us the way, arriving at Sergio's house in the centre of Milan about 45 minutes later. He took us up to the terrace where we had a glass or two of his wine; he makes this at his country retreat from his own vines. We then went to the local brasserie for barbecued steak and a beer.

In the afternoon we visited two Agriturismi (Agricultural tourist farms). The first looked like an army barracks with few facilities, the second was very grand and there were two weddings taking place. Having noted from the comments on their Internet site that it gets booked up 3 years in advance we decided to discount that one as well. Sergio then took us to Vigevano, an historic town, the buildings round the main piazza having been built in the 15th century. We sat down for a homemade ice cream, Roy and Malcolm also had a cup of tea, 'al Inglese' i.e. with milk! We then returned to Milan, got in our car and drove to our hotel, with the assistance of our lady friend!



The next day we were due back at Sergio's for 11.30, due to horrendous traffic and the lady getting the destination wrong we ended up in the wrong place. Sergio came and rescued us; we then proceeded to La Torretta at Borgo Priolo.

La Torretta was situated on a hilltop, with fantastic views all around. We were met by the manager who then introduced us to one of the senior managers whom he addressed as 'Ingeniere'. We had lunch which consisted of Red wine made on the farm, a typical Italian hors d'oeuvres, of Parma ham, melon, salami and a rice salad. The pasta course was penne with smoked salmon and cream, followed by Cottoletta Milanese with green beans (bread crumbed pork cutlet), then fresh fruit. Perhaps this good food may encourage a few more of you to join the rally!

We then adjourned to the bar, for espresso coffee and tea and to discuss the possibility of holding the AJR there in 2009. We inspected the site, gave our thanks and left.

On returning to Milan we went back to the brasserie for a meal where Sergio's uncle Albido Gavoni joined us, he was



the AJS and Matchless importer in the 1940's to early 1960's. He related to us his various visits to Plumstead, particularly one in 1947 when they were developing the twin engine. Jock West having given him permission to visit all the departments, he went into the development shop, where they were tuning the new twin engine. They were having some difficulty, Albido being a silencer specialist, suggested that there was not enough back pressure, so he asked for various lengths of exhaust pipes, then had a hole drilled into the front of the silencer so that a pressure gauge could be attached, they could then adjust the back pressure by moving the silencer backwards and forwards to get the correct pressure.

We then suggested to Albido that he should be the Honary President of the 2009 IJR. We said our goodbyes and returned to our hotel around midnight.

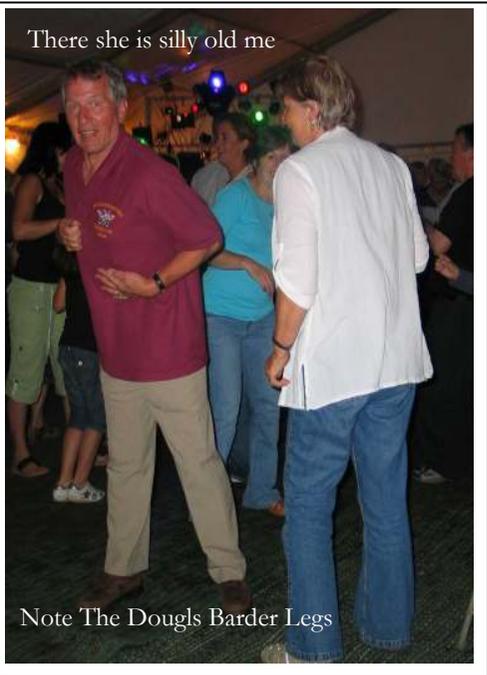
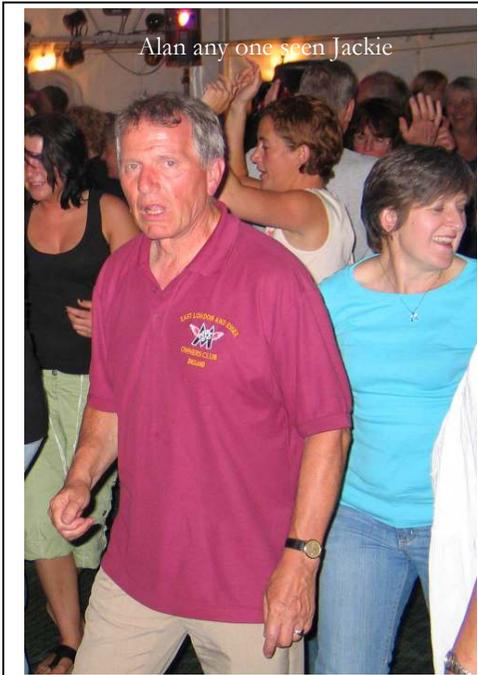
The next day being Saturday, we had a late breakfast at 9.00 am. Checked out of the hotel and drove on the normal roads to Sirmione on lake Garda, so that Roy and Malcolm could see the tourist part of Italy. We looked for a restaurant in the hills, but due to the time being 2.30 pm most restaurants had stopped serving, so we drove to Gardone on the west side of the lake for a plate of spaghetti, Roy and I sharing a bottle of local white wine and Malcolm having a bottle of Guinness.

We then returned to Bergamo airport for the flight home, Roy dropped me off at about 10 past one and proceeded home, this was the end of an enjoyable three days.

Watch the next Jampot for the IJR details.



Photos of the Quarter



Photos of the Quarter



First man to arrive on a bike Vic



North Weald
27th July 2008
Photos By Kerry



July-August 2008

		Venue	Time
6th July	Sunday Club Run To Battlesbridge	TBA	10.00AM
10th July	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
20th July	Sunday British Owners Jumble	TBA	10.00 AM
24th July	Thursday Club Night BAR B Q	Squadron	7.30 PM
27th July	Sunday Classic bike Festival North Weald	TBA	9.00 AM
1st-4th August	Fri - Mon Jampot Cornwall		
14th August	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
18th August	Monday Evening Run To Kent Section	TBA	6.30 PM
28th August	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
31st August	Sun/Mon Countess of Warwick Show	TBA	10.30AM
11th September	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
21st September	Sunday Run TBA		
25th September	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
12th October	Sunday Run TBA	TBA	10.00 AM
9th October	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
23rd October	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
26th October	Sunday Change of Clocks Run	TBA	10.00 AM
9th November	Sunday Remembrance Sunday	Squadron	10.00 AM
13th November	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
27th November	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
29th November	Saturday End of Season Dinner	TBA	7.00 PM
11th December	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM
25th December	Thursday Club Night	Squadron	7.30 PM

The Next Quarter

October 2008

Fri-Sun 3rd-5th Alternative rally Stockcross

Thu 9th Club Night

Sun 12th Section Run TBA

Thu 23rd Club Night AGM

Sun 26th Change of Clocks run

November 2008

Sunday 9th Remembrance Sunday North Weald

Thu 13th Club Night

Thu 27th Club Night

Saturday 29 End of Season Dinner Toothill

December 2008

Thu 11th Club Night

Thu 25th Club Night if you Want

Section Committee

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