

VMCC Warwickshire Section Newsletter

news letter No. 32

April 2022

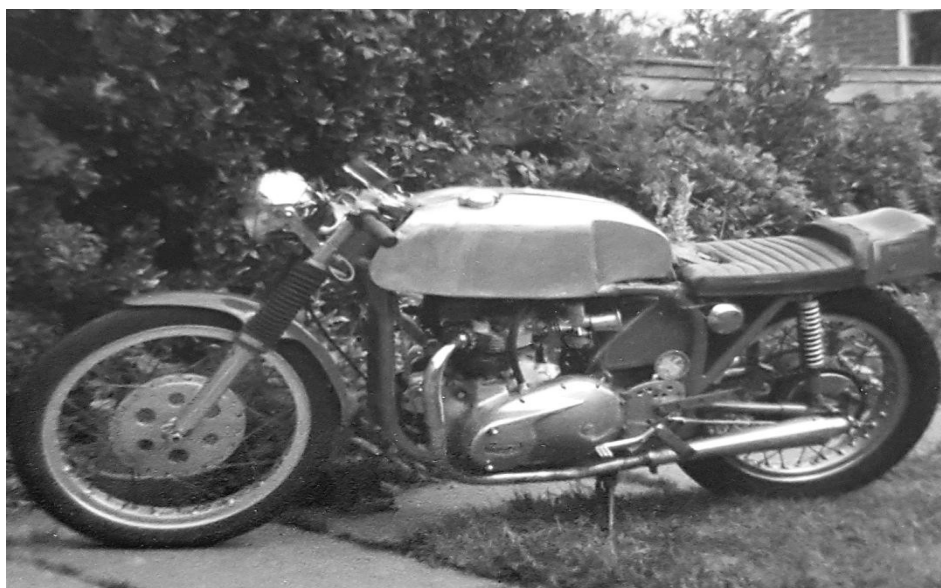
Hopefully by the time you read this the weather will be more 'Spring-like' and less Wintery. I was perturbed by the lack of material to fill the pages of this news letter. However following my plea I received several great articles. So a big thank you to those members who answered the call. I will not be able to include them all this month so I will include them over the next month or two. **However** I can never have too much material so please continue submitting items for inclusion. New events have been added to the events calendar on pages 10 and 11.

Chairman's Chat

The nuts and bolts of the problem..

Recently, I needed some Allen Bolts for a project in the shed, or should I refer to them as 'Socket head screws' because the ones I needed had to have a lower profile head. After studying up on these popular fasteners, I came to the conclusion that what I actually needed was 'Socket head button screws' - the type with a low, mushroom profile head. And after much research on suitable suppliers for my 'Socket head button screws' I toddled off to Brocol engineering supplies in Binley, Coventry. I was greeted with a proper trade counter, and more importantly, a very patient assistant who certainly knew more about nuts and bolts than I will ever know. After counting out 20-odd Socket head button screws and bolts, I asked if they sold split pins for brake clevis pins..... and yes they sold those loose...so I had 20 of those as well! Oh, and can I have that small handled $\frac{1}{4}$ ratchet spanner, and do you sell individual size drill bits...? At one stage, I was worried that this might turn into a Two Ronnies sketch. So if you do need any general engineering supplies, Including taps, dies, abrasives, lock tight and not forgetting 'Socket head button screws' give Brocol of Binley a go...just don't ask for four candles. Stay safe...David Kendall

Kicking off this edition an article from our newest committee member David Barnes.



Starting Out.

It was the latter part of 1977, I had passed my motorcycle test on a '71 oil in frame BSA 250 (hence the name Beesa Dave, still stuck to this day), I had been into Brit bikes for awhile as my mate had started on, and still had, a Bantam D10 and his older brother had a T110. It was around this time Neil, a mate of mine, said he knew where a Triumph 650cc might be for sale if I was interested. Silly question really. The next night a visit was made to the sellers house in the Binley area of Coventry. The bike was wheeled out from the garden and I noticed that only the engine was Triumph the rest was Norton....you've guessed, it was a Triton.

A big 5 gallon alloy tank dominated the red wideline featherbed frame, the engine a 68 unit twin carb bonnie motor with a quaife 5 speed gearbox fitted, alloy wheel rims, rear sets, road holder forks, it was sold really before being fired up. After the seller gave it a quick warm up yours truly had a test ride on it and surprise, I owned the bike for the next two years.

The bike was very fast, handled very well and created a lot of interest (police interest as well) where ever I went on it, the downside in those days was I had to keep an eye on it or it would of easily wandered off. It took me to various rallys on the south coast, a great weeks holiday in Weymouth, Mag helmet protest runs (remember them) in London and Birmingham but as time went on even though I still owned the little BSA , the Triton remained the mainstay for commuting etc and was becoming unreliable due to the ignorance of youth in routine maintenance and so in 1979 it was eventually replaced by a 1975 Kawasaki Z1b 900cc replacing both Brits but that story is for another day.

The seller in this story became a Brit biking mate and even though we lost contact through families and mortgages etc as most of us seemed to do we met up again a few years ago and with his persistence I have become a member of the Warwickshire VMCC and the sellers name is...

As next week I am taking part in my 6th consecutive Coventry to Brighton Run I thought you might like to read my report on my first one. This was the first to be run after it was revived by the Midland Section.

The 50th Coventry to Brighton Run on a classic 50cc Suzuki

Ever since I took my newly, lightly restored 1970 Suzuki AS50 for its m.o.t. 4 years ago and heard about the 160 mile Coventry to Brighton run I have looked forward to 'doing it'. so when it was announced that it was being revived I was up for it. My bike has always been a bit temperamental so I did my best to get rid of the gremlins, with the help of a couple of 'old school' self employed motorcycle mechanics who sorted out in minutes the faults I'd spend hours looking to rectify.

As the day approached I ran the recently re bored bike as much as I could to run it in and check it out for reliability, which I'm pleased to say was perfect up till the Thursday prior to the run when the engine stopped a couple of miles from home. Luckily it was outside a Honda Car Dealership and a mechanic who happened to be walking past, offered assistance. It transpired that he owned a couple of classic Japanese bikes! We soon traced the fault to the battery earth wire which was quickly sorted. The next day It packed up again! I traced this fault to the positive battery wire. I replaced this no



problem. The following morning saw me arrive trepidatiously outside Coventry's wonderful Transport Museum (of which I am a Friend). Much to my consternation I discovered that mine was the only 50cc bike on the run! - I had been led to believe that there would be several. It turned out that they had all had second thoughts and had arrived on larger machines. The 100+ bikes covered all ages right from a 1920 Clyno right up to a few very modern bikes, not eligible for any of the awards to be presented after that evenings meal at our hotel.

So we were finally going! We were due to leave in age order (the machines not the riders) but I had some days previously expressed my concerns about getting left behind so the excellent organiser Bob Badland said I should slip away as soon as the formalities had been completed. This I did and was off to Banbury and a little way beyond, along A and B roads, to our first arranged refreshment stop, The Deddington Arms. I had of course been overtaken by most of the other entrants by the time I got there but the little AS50 was running well. So far so good! 35 miles down, 125 to go.

The next 45 mile section along A and B roads as well as little lanes took us around Oxford through delightful countryside, on through the wonderfully named Christmas Common then crossing the river at the lovely Henley on Thames. Our lunch stop was at The Waggon and Horses in the village of Twyford. I was again one of the last to arrive, but hey! What the heck. I was enjoying every minute and the little bike was behaving faultlessly cruising

between 35-40 mph. I had one or two little detours en route due to my navigational deficiencies but not to worry.

After a nice lunch and a shandy in the sunshine, it was on to the next scheduled 35 mile section. More delightful villages came and went then it all went a bit fraught as I missed a turning and ended up going round Woking town centre.....twice! I was put in the right direction by an amiable man who was warming up his classic Ferrari and who's totally perfect garage I could see into where he had a classic Ford Mustang! After this long detour I arrived at the final en route stop, Tillings Corner House, a.k.a. Newlands Corner Café, after most of the bikes had left! So after just a quick loo visit, a mug of tea and a bun I was back on the road.

The final 45 mile leg took us through the villages of Shere, Bentley Copse, Ewhurst and onto Cowfold and Henfield. The final section took us over Devil's Dyke, along a wonderfully undulating road with viewpoints where you could see for miles. The little 50 went chugging up the hills as I went down through the 'box, then whizzed down the other sides. Finally, some nine hours after leaving Coventry, I entered Brighton and arrived at the meeting point on the front. Only 3 bikes there, all the rest had gone to the hotel by then. So after a few quick photos I set off along the prom, bathed in sunshine as the whole route had been.

Upon arriving outside our hotel, just off the sea front, I met Bob and a few others who warmly cheered my feat of completing the run without the bike missing a beat! To cap the day I won a cup for the smallest bike to complete the run. I found out that half a dozen bikes did not make it without problems, but they were well assisted by the back up van from Allen House, driven by the very helpful Ian Botham (no, not him).

I am already looking forward to next years event but maybe on a bigger machine, although it is tempting to try for that cup again!

Barry Heath. April 2015

footnote 1: This article was first published in the old style VMCC journal, July 2015

footnote 2: I did the next 3 years runs on it with never a problem. The third time I even rode up through London to the Ace Cafe, then home up the A5, without it missing a beat. A day later I rode it up to Barrow in Furnace.....but that's another story.

Memories from the Virgins.

A vivid memory with a warning from Geoff Booth

It is more than a few years ago when the Warwickshire section used to meet at the Virgin and Castle Public House in Kenilworth, aka, "The Virgins" but my Father, Peter, used to take me along as a youngster on occasion to selected club nights. To set the scene, for those who have not experienced the pleasure, the allocated room was approached via a set of stone steps to take one below ground level and into a dimly lit room with multiple support pillars, all sharing the load to hold up the structure above. This made an ideal venue for a bring and buy, where the punters had very little chance of eyeballing the questionable item being auctioned with any level of effectiveness, but, we were told back in the day, as we still are, it is "all for club funds" so it does not really matter what one is bidding for (remember that, next time the auctioneer (probably Richard Woodcock or

myself) is trying to wring a few pennies out of a crowd of unresponsive club members; blood and stones and all that!).

Anyway, the particular night under discussion here was not a bring and buy, it was a guest talk from a technical chap at Loctite, famous manufacturers of a range of engineering adhesives. My age at the time now eludes me, but I was “not quite a teenager”.

This was a most entertaining evening – the chap was knowledgeable and I, as an aspiring engineer, was interested in what he had to say, doing my best to be a “sponge” and soak it all up. He got to the bit about cyanoacrylate adhesive and I quote, paraphrase, rather than verbatim, but you’ll get the idea: “all this hot air about sticking skin” “it is all a fallacy, one simply needs to understand how adhesive works and understand its failure mode and there lies the answer; look, I will show you”, at which point, he opened his adhesive, put a great splodge on his first finger and brought his thumb into firm contact, holding it there for the prerequisite “few seconds”

“See” he quoted, “well and truly stuck. People panic because they try and pull the bond apart in tension, which is completely wrong, all one needs is an implement to put the joint into peel, a spanner like this is ideal” and with his other hand he waved a nice shiny spanner, which he then offered the edge of the shank up to the adhesive bond and deftly eased it up and down. “see what I am doing? I am putting the bond into peel, which is a primary failure mode for any adhesive bonded joint, look, as I move the spanner, the bond is coming apart....”

Sure enough, after a few deft spanner “wiggles”, the finger and thumb were separated.

Suffice to say, as someone who had discovered the perils of so called “super-glue”, I was more than a little taken by this, so during school, the following day (yes, once more, not paying attention in my lessons), a plan was hatched for an after school experiment.....

As soon as I got home, I grabbed the adhesive, went into the garage, applied a generous amount of adhesive and brought respective thumb and first finger together, opening up the cantilever toolbox and peruse the open ended section whilst the bond cured.

Absolutely stuck, and suitable spanner selected, I set to, to work on my “put it into peel” technique, just like the man from Loctite had so ably demonstrated. Absolutely nothing (apart from a slightly nauseous feeling).

I tried all combinations; more pressure, less pressure, more rapid spanner wiggle, less spanner wiggle, change of spanner, saying words of doom, reflecting on what exactly (I thought) the chap had said.... Absolutely nothing. No adhesive failure whatsoever, (just a heightened level of nauseous feeling). With panic slowly setting in, along with thoughts relating to what my Dad would say when he got home from work, I persevered for what seemed ages, but, absolutely no sign of bond failure – damn the Loctite Man!

The final resort was to sneak back into the house, help myself to one of Dads razor blades, retreat quietly back to the garage and physically cut the bond apart, bit by bit. I ended up with half a thumb on my first finger and half a first finger on my thumb, along with very sore bits in between!

The moral of the story? Do not deliberately apply Loctite cyanoacrylate adhesive to skin and thank heaven for loose razor blades from the time before all these silly integrated disposable designs were placed on the market.

Did you ever hear the story of the Loctite rep. who was reported missing and eventually got found glued to a toilet seat.....?

Geoff Booth

Strega comes home: a tale of the return of a loved one

I've had a good Morini day and here I am covered in plus gas, degreaser, paraffin and brake cleaner after a big motorcycle cleaning day and dismantling the 100% seized Hydraulics system of a 1979 500 with only limited success. I stink like a polecat's bum and all my clothes have gone straight in the bin, but am I happy? YES How so? you ask, sounds grim, but it's not as I will explain.

In 1979 nearing the birth of my first child Marie (she who had the good fortune to be born with 2 Marie-knees) I thought to trade my 350 Strada for a new 500 recently introduced. I had that bike until part exchanging it at Moto Vecchia in 1985 for a Ducati Pantah that was frankly reliable but disappointing; it just did not have the soul of the Morini.



Along the way the 500 did 50,000 miles, went to the factory in Bologna where it was greeted with much interest due to the strip down and rebuild I did making modifications to enhance the machine in a gentlemanly way, changing the colours and fitting a big Alloy tank by Elbymoto. It won best bike at countless rallies including the Vee Twin rally and of course the Morini club. I called the machine STREGA after the witch emblem on the tail of 500 Morini. Was it supposed to be Gabriella the lawyer daughter of Alfonso Morini who had inherited the factory on her father's death? I still remember the Factory Managers eyes rolling in his head at my question and a big smile, but no positive response.

Anyway, I fondly remember that bike like no other I have sold and often wondered what had happened to it. Somebody once said the new Essex based owner had taken it to the Isle of Man and still had it but when I checked the DVLA data base some years ago, it was not there. Probably recycled into a lawn mower. HUI do a bit of motorcycle based voluntary work, as some may know, mainly for the Vincent club but I am still VMCC Morini Marque specialist. I get a few enquiries only most of which are quite tedious so when Linda took a call and I was very busy (I work from home) I promised to get back to the fellow who wanted me to identify a Morini he had acquired from a "deceased estate". Several days later I got off my derriere and called back. "Oh yeah" the guy said "this Morini is a bit of an odd one it's a Strega Sports". "No such animal I replied" and in true pantomime fashion he replied "oh yes there is" and so it went on as very slowly the penny started to drop. Was the frame red? Yes, and the tank was a big alloy thing in black, was it a 500? He wasn't sure and would get the log book. So, it was confirmed it was a 500 and



now we were getting serious...with trepidation I asked the reg. number. "CJN 903T". EUREKA !! it was my old bike and the log book showed the former owner as ME! Both of us loudly uttered the F word. So I was able to tell the new owner lots about the bike, but he was not that interested and before I got too far he told me it was in the back of his van and was being auto jumbled the next day in Suffolk. Oh what! Having bought a Velocette a couple of days before (heavens knows why the make never seems to light my fire) I did not want another bike BUT how much??

It was way too much; the engine was in bits with a piston and maybe some other stuff missing and it had a broken crank...but with a new one (see below) in the bottom end. I wished the fellow well and put the phone down.

So what happened next? The concluding part of the story will be in next months edition

MY FIRST 650

By Simon Dudfield

I passed my motorcycle test on April the 4th 1974. I had to wait another year for my eighteenth birthday to be able to ride a motorcycle over 250 cc.. We always met in the Volunteer Inn in Chipping Campden on Saturday lunchtimes. About ten of us or so all on motorcycles. My mate Andy Walker was at college in Winchester. He came straight from college to the "Vol". One Saturday he appeared on a lovely BSA A10!. There was much excitement as we piled out to look at the lovely machine he was riding (Illegally of course. He had passed his test but wasn't eighteen). He had swapped bikes with the owner with a view to buying it. Back in the bar he threw the keys to me as he knew I would badger him for a go on it. As I picked up my helmet, another mate said " can I come with you". It was ok'd with Andy. "Don't drop it " said Andy. He knew, like him it was my first ride on such a powerful motorcycle. So we set off down the high street past the Police Station, nice and slow. Then heading towards Shipston on Stour I began to open it up. Blimey, after a Yamaha 200 and the FS1 E before that, it pulled like a train and sounded amazing. It handled really well too.

On a stretch of road with no side turnings and up a steep hill I opened it up. We crested the hill at 85 mph hanging on. We turned round and headed back before I got too carried away. I just HAD to have a six-fifty, maybe this one. Back at the Vol and grinning from ear to ear , Andy asked " what do you think". My reply was " if you don't want to buy it I do" Sadly the owner decided to keep it after all. Perhaps comparing it to a Starfire made his mind up.

I was eighteen years and one day old when I had bought a 1970 ex-police Triumph Saint and had my first ride on it. It still had the Avon fairing fitted. After two very cold Winters on motorcycles this was one of its attractions. I couldn't afford a car. Great excitement among my mates and had numerous (now legal) requests for rides on the pillion. It was really funny to see approaching vehicles suddenly slow down on seeing a police motorcycle....until they saw it was me. I only kept it for a year. I rode it too

enthusiastically and it broke down frequently. Then one day it caught fire whilst I was riding along in blissful ignorance. A passing motorist beeping at me brought it to my attention.

I traded it in for a GT 500 Suzuki from Sam Cooper of Langley. It was £400 plus the £300 he gave me for the Triumph. Of course I wish I still had the Triumph now. I would buy it back.

It has a sentimental value too, as the weekend after I bought it, I went out on the first date with a young lady who became and still is my wife. We spent a romantic afternoon at Wroughton near Swindon watching motorcycle racing. We also watched racing at Silverstone, Mallory Park, Snetterton and Gaydon, and drag racing at Santa Pod. On one occasion we were going up the entrance driveway at Gaydon when a duty police motorcyclist signalled for me to stop. I was wondering what I had done wrong. So I stopped the engine. He was smiling and said "I can't believe it. I trained on this Saint, and it's still going".

I had the misfortune to have a crash on the Triumph. It happened at the bottom of Stanway Hill. I was going for an interview at Hartbury college. On the approach to slight right and left bends, a car came at me straddling the white lines. I knew the bends well, so



was doing about sixty mph. Evasive action put me in line with a fire hydrant. A direct hit. I flew over the handlebars. Strangely, I could see the sky then the ground appearing from under my feet alternately. Several times, before all I could see was sky. I had landed on my back. I got to my feet, only to see the driver, thinking I was dead and seeing I wasn't, ran to his car and just drove off. Then I saw my stricken Triumph, a sorry sight lying in the road, front wheel smashed, forks badly bent and the fairing all cracked. I was thinking of having to claim off my own insurance. But at least I was unscathed. Just a graze on my chin where I went through the screen. Could have been much worse of course.

The Triumph is still on the DVLA site recorded as currently on SORN. I have the front number plate on my garage wall. I wonder where you are TBF 34J?.

WHAT'S WRONG? 13



WHAT'S WRONG? 12

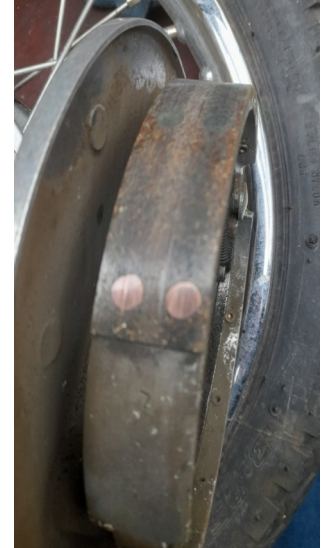


Secretaries Shorts.

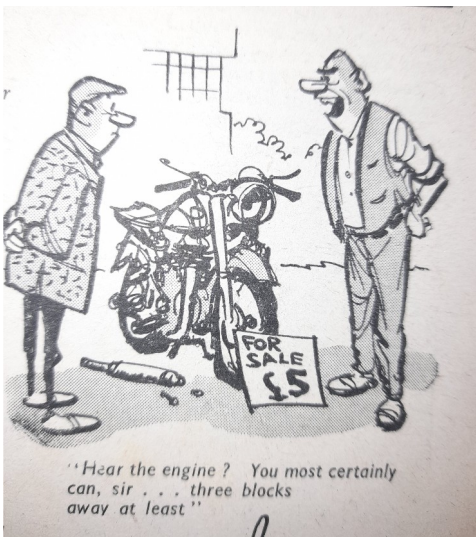
Does anyone have an electric roller starter for me to buy – or preferably- borrow?

My Tiger 90 has been undergoing some work over the last couple of weeks. The gaiters were the wrong ones and did not fit quite right and the front brake needed some attention. When the oil was drained from the struts one lot had emulsified due to water ingress- probably during my JOGLE run. The brake shoes had seen better days so I ordered a new pair. These made the lever feel a lot firmer! After the stiff, rain affected, steering during that run I thought I should check out the steering head bearings. They were perfect but benefited from fresh grease. To get at them the headlamp was unbolted.

After the seals had been changed and fresh oil added the struts were replaced. I then found that the headlamp wiring was in the wrong place so all connections were undone so the wiring harness etc could be fed through the yokes correctly and reconnected with one or two alterations. My auto electrician, Gary Vickery (02476 592132) finished the job today. So, subject to a road test, it is ready for the Cov- Bri. Run next week.



I saw this recently in a 1964 edition of 'Motor Cycle' and thought it was worth sharing:



Reading through a pile of them is instructive for me especially some of the advice to readers with motorcycle related problems. And some of the readers tips can still prove useful.

I hope that you are able to attend our upcoming club meeting on Wednesday when Roger Moss will be entertaining us (I have seen him on YouTube) with his tales of racing Scott bikes

In May we are holding our twice yearly 'Bring and Buy' event which is mainly an auction of items donated by members to raise funds for our section. This time however

we are introducing a plant sale as it was felt that it would be useful to members and earn a few bob for the club. So plant up your cuttings etc and bring them along with a wish list of plants to grace your gardens.

In this space could be a free advert for the bike(s) you wish to sell, or the spares that a member needs. Or an item you desperately need. Why not send it to me to include in the next news letter and let 200+ members know.

New events added

VMCC Warwickshire events diary 2022

- More details of these events will be circulated nearer the date.
- More dates will be added when they are finalised.
- Events marked * are for your information and not organised by the VMCC

April 10	Spring Run. THIS SUNDAY. Meet at Long Itch Diner 10.00am for 10.30.
April 13	Club night Talk by Roger Moss.
April 23/24	*Classic bike show at Staffordshire Showground.
May 01	*VMCC AGM National Memorial Arboretum
May 11	Bring and Buy auction and plant sale Kenilworth Rugby Club. 7.30pm
May 22	Rugby Bike Fest Ride in. The Square, Dunchurch 9.15 am.
May 29	*Wings and Wheels. Bidford Gliding Club, near Bidford on Avon.
June 05	Kenilworth Run. details to follow
June 08	K.R.C. Bring a bike plus fish and chips.
June 11	* Daventry Bike Fest
June 12	Breakfast ride in. details to follow
June 18/19	* Banbury Run weekend. British Motor Museum, Gaydon.
June 26	Banbury re-run. Our sections run for all classic bikes following a route from the previous Sunday.
June 27	*Cassington Bike night. We may be organising a ride in.
July 03	*Crich Tramway, Derbyshire, Classic Bike Day. (Barry has been, its good!)
July 06	Chairman's Social. details to follow.
July 13	K.R.C. details to follow
July 16/17	*Festival of 1000 Bikes. Mallory Park. We may have a stand there.
July 23	*MotoFest bike day at Coventry Transport Museum. Booking advised.
July 24	Founders Day. Stanford Hall, Northamptonshire. A calendar highlight.
Aug. 10	K.R.C. details to follow
Aug. 14	Coventry Parade. details to follow.
Aug 28	A NEW EVENT. A DAY OUT AT A LOCAL PICTURESQUE VENUE WITH STEAM BOAT AND STEAM TRAIN RIDES. CLASSIC BIKES AND PROBABLY CARS AS WELL. MORE DETAILS TO FOLLOW
Sept 10/11	* Coventry Motofest. Coventry City Centre. We may have a stand there.
Sept. 11	* Atherstone Motor show. A great day for car/bike enthusiasts.
Sept. 18	*Hinckley Motor Show. Another great day for car/bike enthusiasts.
Sept. 25	Genteel Run. For smaller, slower bikes.

Oct. 12	K.R.C.	details to follow
Oct 15/16	* Classic Bike Show	Staffordshire Show ground.
Oct. 16	Autumn Run.	Details to follow.
Oct. 23	Social Meet.	Details to follow.
Oct 29/30	* National Motorcycle Museum open day.	Free entry but Car park £15! Parking is free for bikes.
Nov. 9	K.R.C.	details to follow
Nov. 11-13	* N.E.C.	Classic Vehicle Show.
Dec. 14	K.R.C.	details to follow

All events are subject to change. Check its still being held before you travel!