



The NZ AJS & Matchless Owners Register Inc.

December 2021

Richard Clark and his 1947 Matchless



The bi-monthly newsletter for NZ Register
Members

www.jampot.co.nz

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1. Log in to www.facebook.com
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- The 'signup' button takes you to our website, www.jampot.co.nz

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President's 'RAVE'

Dear Members

Thanks to a timely reminder from our hard-working Editor (thanks Grant!) I have put pen to paper. As you can see, I'm over Covid and have commenced "staring it down". Either that or I have suffered a rare side effect from vaccination.

The Committee recently held a conference call with Mick Warmington and the 2022 Jampot is well underway, and it appears likely to go ahead. Once you receive an entry form, please send it away ASAP. It is understandable that some members may be nervous about going so numbers may well be down. If you do plan to attend, make sure you have your vaccine certificate printed off or on your phone.

I hope eventually Covid will become like seasonal flu, and we will all learn to live with it. I was hoping to tour Northland after the Rally, but I think another cruise around the South Island would be preferable and safer. Note the Norton Rally is the weekend before Jampot and is at Port Waikato so it's possible to attend both.

Our finances are in good shape and here is a snapshot from today:

Operating Account \$11,981.54

Rally Account \$3231.86

Investment Account \$11,131.70

Next year sees my term up as President. It is not an onerous role and I hope some of you are thinking of standing. We don't have a position of immediate past president, but I can assure you that I will provide support and guidance if needed for a new President. We are lucky to have Murray as the "glue" holding everything together as Membership Secretary.

All the best, stay safe

John Welch



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Membership Secretary

Hi All,

The latest membership figures are as follows

New Zealand Members 172 and 5 Overseas Members

We have lost a few over the year due to either old age or sale of bike and no longer interested. There have been a steady amount of AMC Machines for sale on Trade-me and most seem to sell quickly. If you sell a bike, mention the AJS/Matchless Owners Register to the new owner as a way of injecting new blood into our Club. From our website a son has inherited his Dads AJS 500 and has no idea how to start it. Thru an email from our club secretary, I contacted him and have arranged to call in to visit in Timaru just before Christmas and give him some help and he is keen to join our club.

Our Positive Earth Rally to Reefton on 4th December saw many register members attend from Timaru, Blenheim, Nelson, and Wellington. 31 bike and 40 odd people. Most of us met up at springs junction for a combined ride thru the Rahu saddle to Reefton. We all stayed at the Old Nurses home and the Lady who runs it is also a chef and cooked us all a fantastic Saturday evening Dinner. Lou and I stayed in Reefton Sunday night also, so we didn't have to ride home in the Rain on Sunday, but the rain on Monday was just as plentiful all the way back to Golden Bay.

Neil Manchesters newly acquired Matchless 650 was running beautifully after he had rebuilt it- good work Neil.

Merry Christmas everyone and see you all at Clarks beach in March

Murray McLean

Membership

Fees

For the 2021-2022 Year

\$45.00 for printed copy of newsletter for individual or family members

\$35.00 for emailed copy of newsletter for individual or family members

\$60.00 for commercial advertising member

Commercial advertisements are in the newsletter and on the website with a link to either your email or your website address.

Membership is renewable 31st March each year.

Memberships not renewed by 31st July will no longer receive a newsletter. You can pay up to 3 years in advance. Members who have not renewed by end of April will be sent an invoice for payment.

Renewal forms are available from the website www.jampot.co.nz

If you have any enquiries contact the Membership Secretary:

Murray McLean

Ph: 03 525 7024

For sale

PVL Electronic magneto with twin coils (can be used with single coil).

Suit Lucas replacement, standard 35 mm centre height.

Came as part of new engine package, but is unsuitable for kickstarting, was tested very briefly, required rolling start.

Magneto was replaced with standard type magneto. These mags were developed by Andy Molnar in conjunction with PVL.

Contact Peter 027 455 2025



OUR MAN ON THE SPOT CLIVE TURNER

UK Rep report Dec 2021

It's difficult to know how relevant my report is for the situation in NZ as I have not seen a NZ register newsletter since June 21, not sure if there has not been one or if I have been missed off the email. So, apologies if I write something that is a repeat of my last report which I think was in August and apologies to Grant if I am late with this report but without a newsletter as a reminder it has gone out of my head.

So, in the UK we are currently running at over 40,000 new cases of covid a day and have been over our summer. Most regulations were dropped following a "Freedom Day" in July and the emphasis is now on getting everyone double and triple vaccinated. It would appear the hospital admissions are primarily amongst the unvaccinated, although those of us who have been vaccinated can still catch it but apparently less severely. On the political front it now appears that last year when we were in the most severe lockdown and Xmas was cancelled, members of staff at No 10 Downing Street were having a Christmas party. Boris Johnson is becoming mired in sleaze as one moment he denies a party happened the next there is video evidence of his staff talking about it the next day. It appears to be one rule for those in power another for the rest of us.

Well, we finally managed to get a rally organised in the UK in October 21 our first for two years. A hundred or more of us attended our Alternative Rally renamed for this event the Autumn Rally. The history of the Alternative Rally is that it began in the 80s because people were fed up with our main rally becoming a caravan and trailer event instead of a camping one. The Alternative was held in October because back then you could tax your bike for six months in April and it would expire at the end of September and the all year-round bikers then had an event, they had to ride their bike to and camp. So, this rally was renamed the Autumn rally as it was more akin to one of the NZ rallies and was held in a caravan site. Some hardy souls did ride and camp, I am afraid that Hilary and I rode there but splashed out on a nice centrally heated caravan as our accommodation. Age catching up with me I am afraid.

Indeed, age is again in play for the photo. It's my G11CS after a bit of off roading a few years back. I have stopped riding off road, following a bit of trouble when riding a chalk gully in the rain. I managed to break my ankle, the smaller bone, but did not get it checked until 5 days later, walking around on it painfully all the time. Never was much good off road anyway so I stick to tarmac now. I have fitted road tyres instead of knobbles to the bike and what a difference it makes at higher speeds, the bike is much quieter and actually goes in a straight line without the handlebars vibrating!

Happy Christmas to all in New Zealand and hopefully a better 2022. The UK Owners Club will be 70 years old at the end of January and we are celebrating at the Ace Café on the North Circular where it all started. I will take some photos for the next newsletter.

Clive Turner



The Canterbury "Bleat"



With the warmer weather sometimes evident here in Canterbury a small group of club members sometimes gather for a spontaneous morning or afternoon ride around the local area; our latest venture was a sunny November morning ride around the Port Hills.

Meeting outside the Princess Margaret Hospital the three riders arrived almost at the same time and as we parked the bikes and dismounted, the driver of a passing truck stopped across the road and wandered over to investigate our machines. It transpired that he was Polish and had a friend who was creating a collection of photographs of interesting motorcycles and their riders, and he was on the outlook for likely candidates. During the ensuing conversation he told us that his father in Poland rode an old MZ, a make that was probably unfamiliar to us, and he became quite excited when I told him that I also owned an MZ. He happily departed with a contact number, and we then commenced our leisurely ride over the Port Hills on relatively quiet roads, stopping for a pleasant morning coffee at Motukarara before making our own way home for lunch.

Terry Lewington

A little History for Canterbury Section

Photo taken a couple of haircuts ago by Brent Sheridan of Terry Lewington (Front) on his 1952 G80 followed by Gavin Law on his 1958 model 20 dated 20/10/2013.

This was on one of our local club runs while crossing the Selwyn River at Coes Ford on a low bridge fairly recent installed to assist motorists from getting stuck in the river.



THE ECHELON BULLETIN



Join us every second Wednesday of the month

Season's Greetings to all Echelon members and their families.

Well, this is the last bulletin for the year as we don't normally meet till February and discuss the results of the classic racing at Pukekohe.

This year however blame covid, there will be no spectators at this year's Classic Festival. The competition will still take place. So, I guess the next Bulletin will be March with a write up of the 2022 Jampot Rally.

Talking of 'write ups' I have Mick Warmington to thank for this write up of our Xmas Party. Our end of year gathering was held once again at Barry and Linley's lovely property at South head. 16 of us slouched on the back deck & enjoyed the wonderful views out to the Kaipara Harbour, pleased with the opportunity to be able to socialise and enjoy the company of others for a change. Lunch was a combo of shared plates and the usual delights coming off our host's BBQ. After lunch some who could still move had a wander around the lovely garden, a few pulling up a chair on the lower deck with a beer in hand, to enjoy the balmy day, the peace and tranquillity and the vista beyond. Before we knew it the afternoon had moved on even if we hadn't and it was time to leave, but not before the obligatory poke around Barry's interesting workshop (the envy of us all!), and a look over his collection of interesting bikes and cars. A lovely day was had by all. Thank you, Barry and Linley, for opening your home to us once again and for being the wonderful friends and hosts that you are.

And now a story from Young Terry Bracey

Malcolm Brown's Papakura reminiscences stirred a memory of one of my more brain less motorcycle episodes. It's the early 1960's and I have got a new MSS Velocette. With impeccable Velo handling I was able to stand up on the seat. I thought I was pretty good!

One afternoon after work a fellow apprentice and myself got hold of a 7/6 bottle of Special Reserve Port from the Crown Hill vineyard, Milford. We spent a convivial hour in my mates old Chev forming an opinion of said port. This was not savouring the port along with some blue vein cheese after a good meal. This was "chug a lug" straight out of the bottle.

Feeling "no pain" we were going along Shakespeare Road with my mate in the Chev behind me. Sure, enough I hopped up on the seat and promptly fell off. My mate nearly ran over me!

With the throttle set the Velo cruised along the road until the gentle camber took it over a vehicle crossing, through somebody's front gate and lay thrashing in the flower garden until it stalled. I picked myself up, more or less pulled myself together and knocked on the door. Of all the houses in Milford this was one where one of my sister's snooty university friends lived. There was I tattered, bleeding and drunk. My sister's friend looked at me with an expression on her face as if I was a dog turd she had trodden on. Her comment. "Ooh its Terry Bracey". I went back a few days later and repaired the gate. I did not try the stand up on the seat trick again. There was a sequel: Years later I was working, as an electrician, on a building site in Mt Eden. There were some Post Office guys there installing their wiring. One of them, who at first I did not recognise, came up to me with the comment, "you crazy bastard. Last time I saw you, you were lying on Shakespeare Road".

Transpires he was the father one of my high school mates.

Terry Bracey

(As previously printed circa 2001)

GOOD THINGS TAKE A LITTLE TIME.

Brian Carkeek in his last 'Echelon Report' had some very kind words to say about my 1926 AJS G5. I thought I might elaborate on the story of how I first came by **Him** (yes, he is a him & affectionately known as Albert the AJ)

I would first like to say though, that without the help of many others, the restoration would never have become a reality,

Norm and Lynda Maddock for all their advice & help in locating parts. Ken Campbell, whose extensive knowledge and engineering skills were indispensable, Steve Raffills, again who's engineering expertise in the big end department I couldn't have done without and the support and encouragement of my friend and fellow 'flat tank' owner Russ Meil.

It was close to 23 years ago. Jeanne & I, together with a friend, rented a house in Woolston, Christchurch. The property was huge, long and narrow with numerous sheds and out-buildings along the length of it. So huge in-fact that we returned home one day to find a strange man corralling a horse in the back yard!

I asked him what he thought he was doing - his reply: "*your landlord said it was ok*" After assuring him it definitely was not ok and to please take neddy and leave, he grew a little agitated. Jeanne at this stage seeing the rising tension from the kitchen window, released our two German shepherd dogs from the house. They ran madly around and around the man and his mount like circling Red Indians, scaring the wits out of both of them. The last I saw of that chap he was in hot pursuit of his horse bolting down Linwood Ave!

Anyway, our new landlord said to us "*the sheds are full of old junk, there's nothing I want so you can leave it where it is or chuck it out if you wish.*"

As it turned out, he had bought the house as a deceased estate and the army had to be called in to rid the sheds of explosives the previous owner had stored in many of them!

One wet, cold Saturday morning, shortly after moving in, I awoke early, sprang out of bed & heaven knows why, went into the back yard, and began to fossick. It wasn't long before I had un-earthed an old motorcycle, languishing under a sheet of corrugated iron behind the very last chicken house at the back of the property. Excited by my 'fortuitous' find I raced back to the house demanding my flat-mate get out of bed poste-haste to help me drag the bike from its hiding place so I could more easily survey my new acquisition. This done I hosed it down to discover it was an AJS of unknown year and in a very sorry state. I knew nothing of the marque except that my big sister's boyfriend had one many years earlier (a 650) on which he once took me for a ride around Hamilton on the back accompanied by all his bikie mates. I was 13 at the time & very impressed! He told me AJS stood for 'all junk special'

Friends told me I was out of my tree. "*Put it back where you found it*" they said. 'No.'. I declared "one day will ride that their machine". And so, my association with the marque began. Sometime later I found several parts of an Indian Power Plus hidden behind the wood pile in the woodshed. Deciding there was more of the AJS than the Indian, I swapped the booty of what I now know to be very rare Indian parts, for much needed AJ S parts. I started asking around, dropping AJS into the conversation wherever I could to see what it turned up. I read books, put ads in papers all over the country, pestered people, attended swap meets when and wherever I could and dreamed that one day I would ride the bike in all its former glory. We moved around quite a bit for the following few years, so the bike and a growing number of parts were moved about in tea chests, stored at parent's houses, in-law's houses, under beds etc., and so it went on for another 18 years or so. In the meantime, Jeanne and I raised a family, bought and built houses & moved and settled in Auckland, together with the tea chests and an R8 acquired along the way. (Also, from Christchurch.)

Five or so years ago I decided the time was right for the restoration of the old boy to begin

It was by no means an easy task. I set no time limit and just progressed as time and money allowed. There were many setbacks, some expensive, all very frustrating!

Apart from a few minor adjustments needed here & there, I'm pleased to say that the job is done, and the results are pleasing. There were times when I wondered *"is it worth it?"*

When I look at that bike now, I feel proud of what I have achieved. I remember all the interesting people I have met along the way, yes some would have to go into the 'bastards I have met' category, but all were characters in their own way, and most were pleased to help get another old AJ on the road.

I think of people's garages, sheds and workshops, some amazingly cluttered and disorganized but harboring some treasures and often that much needed but elusive part.

I remember all the swap meets I attended over the years, & the butterflies of anticipation for what I might find, there, and the nice weekends away as a family, attending those gatherings. I think of the house where it all began and the fun times we had (even though the section flooded every time it rained hard for a day or two meaning I had to keep all my bike stuff high off the shed floor to keep it dry!)

Mostly I remember the day I kicked Albert into life, the garage filled with thick oily smoke and acrid paint fumes burning off the cylinder head, he was running like the proverbial 'bag of arseholes'... but what excitement! The whole family rushed into the garage to witness this illustrious, albeit noisy and smelly occasion.

And of course, if it wasn't for that fortuitous find all those years ago, I wouldn't be a member of this club and be writing this now!

The answer to the question therefore is...Yes! of course it was worth it!

I still check out old sheds & basements when the opportunity arises. Just in case. Jeanne always says *"you've had your time"* ...I suppose she is right, but I 'll still keep looking!

Mick Warmington



My early adventures on two wheels

My early adventures on two wheels began in the late 60s. Vehicles were few and expensive, these being the days of import controls and a need for overseas funds to purchase a new vehicle so used car/bikes etc were what we had to choose from. All overpriced and from necessity still on the road well past their use by date. As a student, having qualified for my car, then motorcycle license in 1966 I craved the independence of my own transport. This was unfortunately to be an Nzeta scooter of 175cc 2 stroke unbridled power which diminished as the exhaust port surprisingly quickly coked up. Being my first motor driven transport, my purchase inspection was not that thorough, and I missed the bodge job that had been affected to hold the headlight in place. This had been drilled through the over front wheel fuel tank and luck saved me from a motorised fireball. These scooters were made in NZ from imported components from Czechoslovakia and were well equipped. I discovered it had electric start when turning the key anti clockwise, no more kicking for me.

My real motorcycle riding began when I started work and could finally afford something better. A 1967 Norton 650SS, hmm just a little beyond my then skill set however what a motorcycle to have in your late teenage years. I survived that period and of course regret having sold such a great bike.

Sense intervened for a brief period but peer group pressure, brain fade and just plain lust for the most beautiful motorcycle available, I raised the funds and purchased a new 1970 Norton Commando 750 Roadster. Now this was a serious motorcycle. In the company of like minded friends who rode a mix of Kwaka 500. Suzuki.

Commandos, BSA we all learnt to ride. A weekend trip to Wellington, down on Saturday back Sunday was the norm.

I had two offs, both under 50kph in town, basically being dumb but one serious crash successfully assisted the then Harbour Bridge Authority of the day to understand executing a U turn in a Land Rover Gipsy in front of an accelerating motorcycle is not sensible. A compound fracture was the result and suddenly riding a bike did not seem so sensible. I overcame this hesitancy to join my friend on a trip around the South Island on what were superb roads. Our route took us down the West coast, sleeping rough in the Buller gorge, through to Wanaka in torrential rain for new year where we met many other riders some of whom were on their standard transport, Vincent Comet and Rapide. The commando ran well except for my header pipes continuously working loose, clutch cable breaking, and a rear wheel bearing failing when nearly in Dunedin. It had been assembled dry. My good friend was riding his Suzuki 500T so he had absolutely no problems and did not suffer from posterioritis after only a few Ks. I rode the Norton until 1974 as my only transport so cold and wet was just part of the experience. At this point it was sold to help pay for my OE and it was not for many years later that I once again succumbed to the thrill of two wheels.

I purchased a 1951 Matchless G9 which looked great (fully restored yeah rite). This ran briefly for a couple of club runs until I decided to change the oil. This turned into a white metal recover operation that was trapped in the case filter. My dream of riding regularly disappeared and the usual constraints of time, money, mortgages etc helped me push the G9 to the back of the garage where it has languished ever since.

Time has moved on and I am fortunate to have a few more bikes in various states. Some running, some nearly running and some I really want to have running. Time is now on my side due to retirement, so I am running out of excuses. Currently I ride a Moto Guzzi Classic 750 of 09 vintage that is very reliable, comfortable and suits my ridding style. Since its purchase I have taken a number of the Ride Forever Acc sponsored courses that have helped undo some of my bad habits. I can highly recommend these and in some cases they are free.

I am working on the repair of my 1954 Matchless G80s that has continued to surprise me with the number of unrealised problems when purchased and focus on the refurbishment of my 1972 Commando Fastback. Yes, I fell into that trap again and although it needs quite a lot of attention, I am looking forward to having it in the house as a work of art between rides.

Classic motorcycle riding is I think an adventure in enjoying a return trip, taking deviations and meeting others who enjoy the preparation, restoration of machines from a less technical high-performance time. I have been very fortunate to have a wonderful wife Viv who has indulged my impetuous purchases and put up with the clutter of yet to be realised works of art. I am indeed a lucky man and look forward to Viv accompanying me as pillion when ready to.

To finish a quote.

Whilst a Norton can be unapproachable if we AdJuSt our expectations, we can enjoy a Matchless riding experience.

Cheers

Brenton

A Curious Tail

In my last ramblings, I talked about how my Matchless had thrown me down the road, just south of Waitomo, at a cost to me and the bike. I concluded “The bike is having a bit of R & R, where a local bike shop is doing an insurance assessment, whilst I have a lot of R & R at home. Nevertheless, shopping has commenced! As I can’t ride bikes, I might as well look for replacement parts.”

Well, little did I know, it would be months before the bike arrived home. The insurance company agreed that I could do my own repairs (as I had in the past when a man crazy for McChucks had drove into my Tigress scooter). But then they insisted that the damages be assessed and priced before they would arrange for it to come home! Assessment done, estimated costs completed, work started on my bike. But wait moment, I’m meant to be doing the work. Insurance company said there were to options: I pay the firm for the work done or I pay the firm to complete the work. Well, I went back to the insurance company saying there was a third option: they keep to their side of the agreement. Insurance company said there had been an internal stuff-up. They would arrange for the bike to be delivered to my place and pay for the work done so far.

That more like it I thought. But no, the farce continued. Waiting, waiting, waiting. I ring the transport company. Arrr, yes, they say, when our man went to pick the bike up last week, they were told the bike wasn’t ready. I ring the insurance company; no, they were not aware the bike had not been picked up! “I’ll ring you back.” They rang back, apparently the motorbike shop was concerned that they had not been paid for the work done. Hence the no pay no bike. Tough but there it is.

I’m given a date for when the bike is to be pick up. Excitement mounts. But wait a moment, I’m getting ahead of myself. Yes, sir, the bike has been collected, but it is at our terminal awaiting delivery for when we next do a run to Wellington.

These are troubling times. In the meantime, we have another lockdown, which delays matters. Finally, the phone rings, will I be home on blah, blah? Well, I ask you!

Time lapse? Just under **four months!** What a debacle.



Me, Worried About Excess Oil?

If I can't ride (and this also coincidentally lasted for some four months), I can do simple repairs, ones that do not require shoving and pushing. My Trident has been weeping oil from one end of a rocker shaft for some time. Messy, but it'll keep. But wait a moment, the gasket under one of the rocker boxes, has given up the ghost. There's definitely oil on display. Time to replace the gasket and fix the rocker box.

Then I thought, the bikes done well over 80,000 miles in my hands. It was purchased with a worn-out crank, amongst other items, so who knows how many tens of thousands of miles it has done. I know what, I'll buy a couple of brand-new rocker boxes and a couple of bushes for the shafts. Then I thought, bugger it, I'll buy the lot, rocker boxes, O rings, bushes, shafts and rocker arms (there are 6 of them). Expensive stuff, thinking.

Here's to a New, Improved Next Year

Over the Christmas period, I'll be reassembling the top-end of the bike. Then I'll work on the Matchy. I mean, what else can one do, Cemetery Circuit racing cancelled. Burt Munro Festive cancelled. Classic club rallies cancelled. Super Bike round 1 at Ruapuna and round 2 at Teretonga cancelled.

But our Wellington Classic Club still managed to hold its Christmas BBQ the other night. And thankfully, our Jampot Rally is on and so I believe is the Norton Rally, and then there's the remaining Super Bike races Hampton Downs (March 5th and 6th) and Bruce McLaren Motorsport Park. Maybe after our rally, I might drop into the races at Hampton Downs. Things are looking up.

Here's to our Aucklanders. Thanks.

Season's Greetings and see you all at our Jampot Rally.

Penned by Pierre Woolridge

Café Scrambler Project

Gents, some of my friends have asked about the Cafe Scrambler project. It is done and here is a short video.

<https://youtu.be/ZXOMc8IgCvo>

This "bike" was the first AMC machine I bought. Purchased in the early 1970's it was quite tattered, with a badly repaired frame and little original sheet metal, but was fun, and has been around my shop for many years.

Only a few original bits "came forward" to the finished project; the serial number is now on refurbished iron barrel cases, the Jampots rebuilt, most of the magneto parts were re-used, the Doherty throttle assembly retained, the old license plate, and the hand lettered gas tank. Much was fabricated or heavily modified.

Mr. Larry Curry, Tacoma, WA lettered and striped the tank, after pulling an old paper pattern out of a stack of old patterns he had made punching holes in scraps of old heavy paper shopping bags and using a pounce bag to mark the outline. I watched as he limbered up the oddest brush I'd seen, mixed the colour on a old artist's pallet, and did the whole job freehand as I watched. I hope everyone can someday watch a master, pin stripe something. It is magic!

It's been a wonderful summer, in a fabulous life.
Stay safe,

Dick Casey

Recorking a clutch plate on a 350cc CP clutch.

The photos are self-explanatory, suffice as to say we boiled the corks for about 10 minutes to soften them up first before trying to insert them and then dried them out for at least 24 hours before trying to reduce them.



Before Oil soaked and burnt.



After.



Corks in place ready for next phase



Most important phase aligning plate perfectly in chuck.



Its easy to take too much or not enough



This job was taken on after pricing new clutch plates which you can only buy in a bonded state at a large cost when compared to this method at 17c per cork. To my knowledge cork inserts are no longer available.

Martin Salter

Hello members my name is Richard Clark,

I thought I should put something together about my old 47 G3L for the Newsletter after re-joining the group- 25years since I was last a member.

The story begins in Auckland 1993 with a “friend of a friend” mentioning he had a 350 Matchy in a million bits which he had bought a few years previous from a scrap dealer in Whangarei....and did I want to buy it for the huge sum of a dollar a cc?

Details were vague... original this, missing that... not sure about those bits...etc.

A week later and \$350 poorer I was the owner of that pile of bits-which promptly got pushed into the corner of the garage and given the “1 day” tag.

Roll on 1995 and recovering from a major accident involving a Norton Commando vs tree I began to tinker with the Matchy.



Early 96 and the rebuild was in full swing in the middle of the lounge. Zinc plating, chrome and 2 pack paint was all go.

First day I had her running was 6th of June 1996 (easy 1 to remember with D Day).

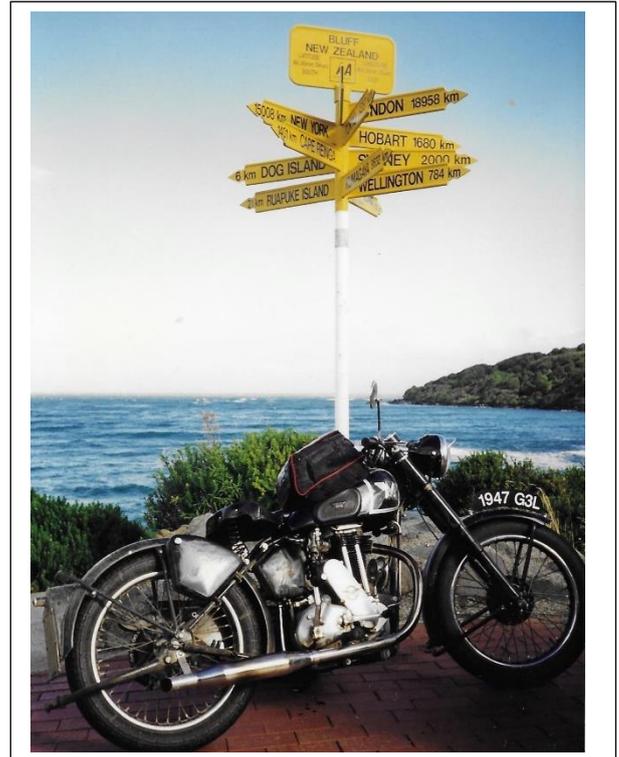
Not long after getting her going I swapped the throttle over to the left side (paralysed right arm from the Norton accident) and began riding her to work as an everyday ride. Many weekends away on her led to the decision to head to the South Island for the 1998 Warbirds over Wanaka air show. Fabulous 2 weeks spent touring the South Island on the old girl made for some great memories.



2003 living in Christchurch for work. I enjoyed doing the Brass Monkey and Waiau wonder rally. I also came up to Marlborough for the International Vincent rally that year and met friends who had come down from Auckland on their Vincent's.

Back in Auckland and now married. In 2005 the unmistakable sound of crying entered the house with the birth of our 1st daughter Madison.

By 2007 after 11 years of riding the old girl from one end of NZ to the other it was time to say goodbye to the old girl as family time took precedent.



I sold her on Trade me to a gent living in Kaiapoi. The last of my other bikes went in 2012.

Roll on 14 years to June 2021.

Now living in Blenheim for 6yr's after emigrating from West Auckland.

The bug was still there to get another classic bike.

Digging through old emails I happened upon the gent in Kaiapoi I had sold the old girl to.

A bit of Google sleuthing and I had a phone number to make contact....

After making contact and being in disbelief that he still had the old girl and now lived over the Hill in Mapua Nelson, the offer was made to buy her back if he wanted to sell.

A week later the old girl was on the back of a trailer and heading back to Blenheim to join the family again!

Richard Clark

G85 replica in progress.

Much work done so far for this total build up over the last 12 or so years, forks rebuilt with new stanchions, bushes, seals and damper modifications, front wheel rebuild with stainless spokes, 19" alloy rim. Rear conical Triumph hub with stainless spokes and 18" alloy rim. Gearbox bearings replaced, gears all in excellent condition. The fun stuff with making engine plates to suit which also carry a centre stand which these offroad models never had and also mount a cartridge oil filter. The alloy centrally mounted oil tank purchased from UK needs some modification to oil line connections and gearbox clearance. Engine is virtually all new components, new crankcase from Murray McLean, new flywheels, shafts, and Carrillo conrod, forged piston, new barrel. Cylinder head and rocker box being pre-loved. Racing magneto has just been rewound by Tim Thearle in Australia. Petrol tank is off a Norton P11A Ranger. Primary cases are off a 1960's AMC single alternator model. Stainless steel Commando guards will be fitted, Mk3 rear and SS Commando front.

End result is a road going machine crossing over between the original lightweight G85 scrambler 500cc single and a Norton P11 750. Bastardised? Maybe, but it'll be fun! and I am not built for offroad riding! Lots of conundrums to engineer a way around, but end result of the challenges will be worthwhile to have another big thumper in the stable.

Peter Kingsnorth



My 1951 Triumph Tiger 100 by John Welch

My first ever motorcycle was bought in 1972 and it was a Tiger 100 with a fancy paint scheme on the tank, ape hangers and it had the after-market performance kit. It had a sprung hub suspension, terrible brakes and it kept blowing head gaskets. The compression must have been too high. Being young and naïve I paid far too much money for it and eventually sold it for \$150 two years later.

A few years ago, I met Stephan Hodson and we became friends. He runs a small repair shop specialising in British bike restorations. Prior to returning to NZ, he had worked for a TATTS Lotto millionaire in Australia who had unlimited funds to spend on a private motorcycle collection.

One day Stephan told me about a beautiful Tiger 100 that he had restored. His former employer went bankrupt, and the collection was dispersed. Stephan knew that the bike was never ridden by the new owner who kept it on display in his front lounge. This man was moving to Queensland and did not want to take the bike with him so following some discussions I bought it.

The owner was good enough to crate the bike up and ship it to New Zealand which was a relatively smooth process using an agent who was familiar with NZ Customs procedures.

I duly received a call to go to Nelson Port and collect the bike. Armed with all of the paperwork everything seemed to go smoothly and I delivered the bike to Stephan for a check over. The only mistake I made at this stage was forgetting about GST (ouch!). Once everything was set, I took the bike to get a Vin, wof and Rego. This is when the trouble started. The Testing Station could not enter the bike on the LTSA data base because it had not been “border checked”. This process is supposed to take place at the same time as the Biosecurity check, but it hadn’t been done. This was no fault of mine. By the time I had finished dealing with LTSA I was feeling in a really homicidal mood especially when some plonker sent me a critical letter asking, “why was the bike not border checked?” In other words, why had I not made sure that their staff had done their job properly?

Anyway, I was on the road with a speedo showing 7 miles which was all it had done since restoration. When restored it had been hotted up and the original clutch was slipping so after contacting a Triumph specialist firm in the US, we fitted stiffer clutch springs and new clutch plates. Stephan managed to get some extra plates in and that fixed the problem. The next problem was the original carburettor which leaked like a sieve. Off it went to British Spares who had supplied it and to their credit they overhauled it at no cost. In the meantime, we fitted a better carburettor. It now runs perfectly, starts first time and is a joy to ride. The brakes and suspension are typical of that era, and I have learned to look ahead and dodge bumps and potholes.

I have registered it with the VCC, and I look forward to taking it to a Rally in the near future.



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The warmer weather has arrived in Canterbury, making the prospect of taking a bike on the road for a jaunt more attractive. The Sororate swap meet has not eventuated, but a small group rider did manage to make the pilgrimage to Hororata for lunch one recent Saturday, keeping to the quiet rural roads and in warm sunshine the 45-minute ride was trouble-free, and we enjoyed a tasty lunch in the pleasant surroundings of the popular Hororata cafe.

Our latest outing was to Darfield where a model aircraft club held a radio control flying event. All our interested members were invited to attend either on 2 or 4 wheels, but we were all taken by surprise when Rob turned up on 3 wheels with his Can-Am trike. It transpired that a number of our members had dabbled in model aircraft in years gone by, and I can remember catching the train to Epsom Downs (where the Epsom Derby is run) to fly my models. In those days radio control was both primitive and unreliable and was out of reach for me, being still at school. What a different world it is now with amazing scale models and even model jet engines that sound so realistic. Although there was a stiff breeze that morning, a number of models took to the air and provided good entertainment for us, after which we retired to the Darfield bakery for lunch.

A number of spontaneous mid-week rides have also taken place for those of us not restricted by work commitments, always managing to take in a relaxing stop for refreshment and a natter.

Our monthly noggins are held at the Papanui Club every 3rd Monday and are well supported. With the festive season approaching at a great velocity, we are looking forward to the Christmas BBQ (COVID permitting) to end the year.

Terry Lewington



1966 Matchless G15 CSR

My G15CSR had a single concentric on it running great! However, over lockdown I had these twin monobloc's in a box not looking great managed to find enough bits. Ordered 2 new D needles and jets made up some cables and I was in business! The 18-degree angle does present some challenges with float height but got there in the end. I found an original road test which suggested using the choke and no tickling (flooding) and guess what 1-2 kicks every time. So, the first English bike I've fitted chokes to normally the first thing to go! But most importantly other than running really well - don't they look coooool 😁

Graham McMullan

