



# The New Zealand AJS & Matchless Owners Register Inc.

**July 2025**



*Yes it is a hazy old photo, yes it is someone we all know, and yes it is on his first bike, which you can read a little about inside. We all had our first taste of freedom on our first bike, sometimes it incurred parental wrath, always, in your Editors case, it involved parental worry. But we survived and are the richer for it.*

*Ahh! the glorious freedom.*

*The same bike, but here we see the homebuilt swing arm rear suspension. The Matchless factory did a similar job, just removed the original rear sub assy and bolted up a swing arm in the cheapest way they could. In doing so they stole the march on most other marques.*



**UNDAMPED TALES FROM THE NATIONS JAMPOTERS**

**A bi-monthly publication for New Zealand Register members**

**[www.jampot.co.nz](http://www.jampot.co.nz)**

**Articles for the September 2025 edition to the Editor by 20th August please**

## *IMPORTANT, PLEASE READ*

At the 2026 Rally and AGM both the President and Secretary roles are up for new faces. Our Register rules state that these positions are for a tenure of three years and at that AGM the three year period for both is up. We need people to step up to fill these roles, without this happening the register will cease to exist. Please think about offering yourself for one of these tasks.

Whilst the role of Editor is not bound by this three year rule, I will be putting down my 'pen' at the 2027 AGM. The register, being a national organisation, relies to a large extent on a bi-monthly magazine to act as 'glue' to keep members involved. Again please think about filling this position. If I am still alive and kicking, probably fairly feebly, I will be coming up to my 81st birthday and feel it is time to have some younger blood dripping over the pages.

*Mike*

### **Photos from the International Jampot Rally**



This is a picture of a UK Pothole. You will notice the resemblance to the potholes we have here in New Zealand. A further reason to blame colonialism for the ills that befalls our small nation. In the UK such things, when encountered are worthy of discussion, hence the park-up alongside to facilitate the conference.

Note the bikes are in a queue!



'Locked' up for security purposes on one of the Isle of Skye rides

# THE PRESIDENTIAL RAVE....

*Greetings fellow AMC addicts.*

We wait with bated breath for the hopefully, positive announcement of the 12 month WOF's.

The Cook Strait Ferry circus continues, hopefully no disruptions for Mainlanders heading north for Jampot and Norton rallies. Not a good maintenance record to date for these vessels and replacements not yet ordered, let alone the keel laid.

Currently we are in the process of switching banks from Westpac to Taranaki Savings bank (TSB), due to the exceedingly poor performance from Westpac. The transition should be complete by the time you read this newsletter. You will be advised of the new TSB accounts in due course, so for those of you who have preloaded internet banking details, please remember to reset details in your payees list or your money may disappear into the ether.

**Tales of the shed** : Not much to tell, plenty of garden work and work on son's micro beer brewing equipment gizmos absorbing time away from the important stuff. Only being on light duties, I'm working on suitable valve coil spring set up for the G85. A tad frustrating getting the right fitted length, poundage and rate, still a work in progress. Measure three times, cut once being the voice from somewhere in my childhood workshop training. (so far only one beer from the brew shed! didn't touch the sides.)

Couple of front page photo's are of a 17 year old youth when my hair was a bit darker and more of it, and my '51 G80, having dispensed with the rigid back end, rebuilt the engine which I managed to start first kick after the rebuild. (tough on schoolboy lawn mowing and scrub-cutting wages) and the repainting of the swing back end (which had been scrounged up from under a house plus nice jampots for \$5 off a '55), all the red bits painted. The bike was all black, but schoolboys legs in shorts tended to get a bit scorched after summer sun had worked it's magic on the black painted petrol tank. The painting of bits and tank, pinstripping by hand, was done by a schoolmate (turned out his talents as a true artist were foretold – Paul Hartigan – thanks mate), spraying done on his mother's clothesline (Brolite lacquer), silver base and many, many coats until desired colour achieved. Wasn't long after that we ended up semi 'Chopperising' his 6T sprung hub in the loading bay of the art gallery, (He had connections in the art world already, as neither of us had a decent shed, more painting on the clothesline). The G80 (Rego 922 FI) was sold off mid restoration back to rigid to help fund my Mk3 Commando in 1988. – if anyone is in possession of it, give me a call, may be to your advantage (no I don't want it back! My vision is bad enough to not require the assistance of un-sprung vibration). The G80 did well under the beating of youth, the flogged out separate float chamber carb was tossed out in favour of a new 30mm Concentric – what a changed bike to ride! it could pull 50mph in 2<sup>nd</sup>, but vibration suppression was not fully understood in my teens, (the head steady MUST be firmly attached to the top tube, and oval holes in engine plates just won't do), I recall a trip from NP to Tauranga, the bike arrived a bit lighter, several items having shed themselves on the way due to various items having vibrated undone (no Loctite then), the clutch hub (CP box) spline that was brazed into the chainwheel decided to separate a little way up the Kaimai's, (sight of a big hill must have been daunting) – found a garage and re-brazed the ring back into place. Picked up all the wayward parts on the way back, (we had a car in the group to carry the parts). I learned a lot of what not to do in those formative years!

Weather has lived up to expectations for this time of year- much variation, just need to seize the opportunities as they arise. All the best, be safe and keep the rubber side down.



**PK**

PS enough of my stories - Where are yours ?? Love to hear the escapades good, and the woes!

## THE EDITORIAL SOAPBOX AND SECRETAIRIAL SCRIBBLINGS....

Oh Dear! Here it is nearly halfway through the month and I have not put a thought down on this page. Somehow my workshop has got rather busy over the last few weeks and in between the myriad of silly little tasks my keyboard time has suffered.

The latest lump to arrive is a friends '76 Triumph T140V. Things were going rather well on a club ride some months previously until a rather large 'Clatter' emerged on the sound waves from the engine. The bike was trailered back to its home and sat in disgrace for a month or two whilst my friend attended to the chores associated with a lifestyle block.

*"Buy a lifestyle block and watch your life style go down the gurgler",* a truism if ever there was. He eventually removed the primary cover, found little untoward and replaced same. Upon starting it up the clatter was still there, plus zero oil pressure, so he rang me. He again started it while I watched and as there was no oil pressure on the gauge, a bright glow from the oil warning light, plus a loud clatter, I turned off the ignition and we made a plan. Quite a simple plan really, we would pull the motor to pieces and see what was wrong. So the bike was delivered to my shed and we pulled it to pieces and we did find what was wrong. The crankshaft had broken into two separate pieces at the junction of the timing side web to big end journal, right where the large screwed sludge trap plug was, the start of the separation was from the centre punch the factory had performed when the plug was screwed in. "They all crack there" said the man who is now making a new crank. So my workshop is now filled with the many pieces of a rather dead T140, of course the broken crank is just the start of a jolly good look at things that may also have shown the effects of fifty years thundering around our roads. A couple of pinions in the gearbox were somewhat secondhand, seals and bearings, gaskets, rocker pins, it all adds up and the conrods and pistons did not escape either, as the pistons had clouted the underside of the head as things flexed about in the lower reaches of the motor. We did discuss the idea of getting a used crank, but as it would be of similar vintage, probably down to the last undersize and likely to break in the same manner a new item was settled on. We are fortunate that a chap in Napier is set up to make these and has done in the past, I used one of his cranks in a T140 I built for myself a few years ago. He has also made AJS and Matchless twin cranks, along with Norton, BSA and Moto Guzzi ones too. All one needs is a wallet and all can be provided.

Our local classic club has a Wednesday ride once a month where we head off and look at all sorts of things. Over the years we have looked at collections of mopeds, car restoration businesses, alloy boat manufacturers and wine bottling emporiums, many motorcycle collections have also been visited. This month we re-visited a chap who is in the last stages of getting his own designed aircraft to the test flight stage. This guy has restored Model T fords, Model A fords, refurbished and repaired many different aircraft, in short he is a very clever gent. The sort of chap that just when you think you are reasonably smart you visit and realise how silly you really are. His property is across the road from the local Hastings Aero Club, so he opens up his fence and taxis across a no exit road to the airfield. Of course the beauracracy in our land cannot possibly have any vehicle, non-registered, crossing the road, so he is charged something north of \$500.00 p.a. for the ability to do this! It probably took several meetings and many sheets of paper to allow this.

And now to some Register stuff.

Your Treasurer has been locked in a battle of wills with our bankers, Westpac, who, not surprisingly, are proving to be somewhat less than helpful regarding making changes to the signatories of the Register. This is not an unknown phenomena, as our local HB club had similar issues with the same bank. It seems that most, not all, but most banks, do not want clubs such as



ours as customers. We don't take out loans, we change signatories, as different people are elected to office, in short we create work and they don't make any money from us, so they don't want us. We will be changing our bankers in the near future, so please be aware that this will happen. All details will be in the magazine and communicated via email, so you will need to change things if you have any auto payments set up.

You will also see a questionnaire on page 2 relating to future rallies. This is an attempt to better tailor rallies for members who may be feeling the effects of a large number of birthdays. Please give it some thought and respond, it is your club and the whole idea is to make things enjoyable in our lives.

Back to the shed. Having spread my friends 'Bonnie' all over my workshop, it is only to be expected that a totally different and additional project is also being undertaken, the hunt for an elusive 'Rattle'. The last issue showed my somewhat dead G80 on the roadside halfway through a club run. The cams fitted were a pair of SH items, which I hoped would have produced a good solid mid-range basket of 'GO'. This proved not to be the case as all the performance took place at the top end when the poor thing was having it neck well wrung. Some considerable effort was spent ensuring the valve and ignition timing was as close to perfect as could be, but still all the grunt was at the top end. As a twenty year old this may have suited me, but as my eighth decade is lovingly folding me in its arms, a slightly more forgiving nature is desired.

I had a set of 'H' cams in my collection of 'Stuff' so these were fitted and at the same time I gave the old girl a rebore, as those following me complained of a WW II Tirpitz style smoke screen whenever the throttle was rolled off.

Assembly went sort of smoothly, once I had re-read all the instructions for using my fancy magneto timing light thingy-wotsit. A couple of kicks and life was once more restored. A little bit of a rev and a 'Rattle' from within became evident, nice quiet idle, but a sniff of throttle and this clattering assailed my ears. "Must have left a tappet loose", so that was checked, "Nope", "Wonder if it is the auto advance or its little drive chain?", "Nope". Consultation with our Onekaka Guru gave a couple of places to check. Off with the rocker box, nothing hitting anything there. I then pulled the head off to see if there was rattle in there to be found, "Nope". I then took the barrel off and re-measured the piston clearance, exactly as it should be. I ran the motor and loaded up the magneto drive chain which would have taken any backlash in the exhaust cam gears out, "Nope". (*The motor was fitted with a new crankshaft gear when I originally built it and there has not been too many miles since then*). I checked the end float in the 'H' inlet cam when I installed it and it is minimal. In short I am flummoxed, confused, puzzled, frustrated and any other similar mental condition. I have a second set of 'H' cams to try and as soon as the 'dead' Bonnie is able to be moved off the lift 'Plonk' will take its place. The motor was quiet with the SH cams, Arrhhh! The bugle sounds, the battle rages, does anyone know of a good shrink, I feel PTSD is about to engulf me.

As I pen this I am attempting to recover, in a financial sense, from a visit to my Optometrist. The passing of years has left little in my body untouched, including my eyes which have not escaped the ravages of time. During the last few years the word 'Cataracts' has become part of my vocabulary when discussing the various and many afflictions that have been visited upon me. Today I had it confirmed that they have not gone away, but I am still too sharp eyed to qualify for our health systems assistance, apart from this, I need a new set of lenses to gaze at the world through, in an attempt to only see one of things that are only one. The relief that this issue may bring to many is a realization and acknowledgement of my failing visual prowess, I have increased the font size to hopefully assist members who also struggle not to walk into things and drive at night without hitting things.

Our tireless Membership Secretary and delightful partner in his life are attempting to invade the borders of the US of A as we read this, hopefully their trip is filled with laughter and adventure. I am sure we will all hear of some of the exploits upon their return. Enjoy the experience you two.

So the Middle East has further embroiled itself in a serious punch-up. You have to love the political rhetoric that the world's leaders spout. The somehow elected head honcho of the USA, 'Trumpeted' that he vetoed the Israeli plan to 'take out' (kill) the old cleric with a funny hat who is Iran's leader, as it would possibly "Destabilize the region". Destabilize the region? This is the part

of the world that has been at each others throats since time began!! The two main protagonists, supposedly worshipping the same God, but with some fundamental differences that now constantly involve a jolly good Donnybrook. We have one lot, Israel, dropping bombs, launching air-to-surface missiles at sites all over the country side of Iran. This is the Iran that has vowed the total destruction of Israel and have said so for years, plus are now developing nuclear technology that may well be used to fulfill this desire to do so. It should not come as any surprise that Israel is taking this rather seriously and targeting the military hierarchy and any sites that are likely to be involved in producing and developing this nuclear stuff. In return for this bombardment, the powers that be in Iran are launching waves of drones, missiles and other nasties at anything they can within the borders of Israel. Israel considers it is fighting for its very life, so has the resolve of a lioness protecting her cubs. Iran's leaders and the theocracy they have imposed just doesn't like anyone that doesn't believe in the same God, the same way they do, or women who dress and look like women.

This is stable?? Taking out a leader will destabilize things? Anyone who is unfortunate enough to live in this area, I am sure will testify as to the current stability of life there!! There is no solution, there never will be. Man has this deep seated desire to believe in some supernatural being of many differing names, each individual thinking that their belief is the only 'true' one. Until we abandon all of this nonsense we will never have any chance of living in harmony with one another. The whole world seems to be in a mess at the moment, it's a bit like the crankshaft in Johnny's Bonnie, it's broken.

In our little corner of the world we will feel all of this, firstly at the petrol pump where the oil companies hike prices at the first sniff of any change to the 'norm'. That will lead to freight cost increasing, so anything that involves a truck, aircraft or ship will also see a cost rise. A quarter acre section with a good garden and a sheep that one can kill occasionally, is a dream that once was a reality and had an awful lot going for it.

Domestically life has literally taken on a different twist. The plug hole in our bathroom vanity has gone all "bugger-up". It is one of these fancy things that has a push to shut, push to open plug. Sadly it has become a push to throw away, it's broken. The suggestion to my dearest that she reverts to a bucket in the centre of the floor was not met with approval, but violence involving the bucket was mentioned in her response. I told her the bucket would not fit there. The vanity unit has four drawers that have some magical method of release. I am not good at magic, so they have remained un-released, resulting in my appreciation of the course in contortionism that all plumbers must attend and obtain a pass mark in. I removed the easy bits of the waste pipe, but then came to a standstill as the large nut that secures the actual plug fitting is difficult to get at. I need a 45 mm tube spanner, I haven't got a 45 mm tube spanner, nor has any plumbing merchant, tool supplier, friend, living being in Hawke's Bay. I do have a 1-3/4" socket, (close enough to 45 mm), but it is not deep enough, so I became engaged in cutting it in half, inserting a short length of tube, then visiting a friend who not only welded it up but also provided a cup of tea. Now I was able to finally remove the old plug and fit the new one. The removal of the original unit, surprise, surprise, revealed that I had purchased the wrong replacement, "Oh Jolly Hockey-sticks"! Back to the plumbers merchant and with a bit of a grovel I was able to swap things, then I needed some silicone to seal things, the tube I had found on my shelf demonstrating its full functionality by becoming solid, probably about three years ago, another \$19.00. Finally it is all back together, does it leak?? The morrow will show! Paying a plumber the fat end of \$400.00 to do this may well have been a much easier option.

The day was rounded off by a fellow Matchless single owner requesting my opinion on the condition of his Burman Gearbox. He arrived with the thing covered in crap and oil, I consider this the height of mechanical rudeness, clean things up when taking them to someone else to examine. One would have a shower before visiting a proctologist, would one not? I bit my tongue, then pointed out all the areas of gear teeth that had gone through the hardening. He thanked me and departed. "It's seventy years old Sir".

So another full day with very little accomplished apart from a new plug in the vanity, tomorrow, a wonderful word, is looking promising for some further deep investigation into the 'Rattle of Plonk'. Be prepared for loud swearing if it agains eludes me.

*Mike*

## OUR MAN ON THE SPOT, CLIVE TURNER...

Life has been very busy for Hilary and me since the last report. In May we met up with my son, who lives in Canada, and spent 2 weeks touring the Canadian Rockies. Spectacular scenery which I would suggest, (*cautiously in case the Editor uses his red pencil*), rivals, if not out does the wonderful views in the South Island. (*your Editor agrees, the Rockies are indeed truly spectacular*). Three days after we returned, Hilary was off to the Isle of Man for a walking holiday and I met her for a further week's holiday on the mainland, (*The Manxies*



*don't like the term Mainland, being an independent lot*), when she returned. This left too little time for me to finish the repairs to the Black G11CS before we set off, right at the beginning of June, for the International Jampot Rally (IJR) which was held on the Isle of Skye, Scotland, this year.

Now the 2024 IJR was to be held in Luxembourg and was beside a river, unfortunately heavy rain in the days before the rally, and during it, resulted in the camp site being flooded to a level of about 3 feet during the course of the first evening. I had broken my G11CS on the way, broken rear chain which damaged the crankcase, so was in the car, and just got it off site before the flooding. So you can imagine that many of us were nervous as the rally approached and the forecast, after a long dry spell in the UK, was for rain right up to the approach to the rally and throughout it. Fortunately the site was beside a sea loch rather than a river so we were hopeful.

I, along with my fellow West London section members, decided that the route to the Isle of Skye, which was about 650 miles, involving mostly motorways, was not appealing, so we would tow our bikes on trailers. For me this is an unusual decision and perhaps an indication of the years catching up. A new car with tow hitch intended for a caravan required some alterations to the trailer and light board but we got there. Our journey there was uneventful, which cannot be said for John and Liz Bradford, who attended your Jampot Rally this year. Six miles from the rally site one of their trailer wheels came off and the trailer ended up running on the hub. The wheel disappeared into the undergrowth and the 4 wheel nuts were nowhere to be found. He used his spare wheel and 2 of the nuts from the other wheel. Meanwhile David Rice, who has attended a couple of your rallies, towed 2 bikes with a modern Mini and suffered a blowout in one rear tyre on the car on the motorway. Seems the inner edge was down to the canvas but fortunately they were run flat tyres and the only reason he knew was because the car system told him!

The Rally itself turned out to be excellent, with good meals laid on, excellent entertainment, rain only at night, and some fabulous rides with more than 70 bikes. My red G11CS behaved well after it got over the wet-sumping induced by 2 days and 650 miles on a trailer although the clouds of smoke it produced on first starting were about the only thing to beat the midges. Many of the attenders sported green face nets, so that we looked like a bee keepers convention. Looking forward to our annual UK rally when we are back up to the North of England, I may even have got the Black G11 CS running.

Regards

*Clive Turner*

*A couple of Clive's photos are on Page two*

# THE ECHELON BULLETIN...

*You will note a new face to the right, Mick Warmington has taken over the editorial reigns for the Echelon Bulletin, allowing Chris a well earned rest.*

Hi everyone,

Here we are again, another month has loomed up seemingly without notice. The weather continues to be reasonably dry and warm so there is still opportunities for more bike riding, which hopefully you have been taking advantage of.

Our meeting at the Northcote Tavern seemed to be off the radar for most last month. I could not attend, as was the case for most everybody else. Chris and Robin, accompanied by Nick were the only attendees! It raises the question once again, should we move our time to a daytime meet? I know quite a few are in favour as it would negate the need to travel in the rush hour traffic and for some, to be driving at night. Like many motoring clubs, we have for the most part, become a group of retirees for whom meeting during the day would be more suitable. We do, however need to consider the workers amongst us. Please give us some feedback on this.

Our last Sunday meeting was attended by 8 riders who enjoyed a pleasant lunch and chat at the Swanson café. The weather turned a bit nasty in the early afternoon, but I think all riders got home dry. Glen was riding his newly acquired BMW tourer, and also sporting a new Hi-Viz vest which inflates automatically once it has sensed (I don't quite know how) that you and your mount have parted company. A good bit of safety kit Glen, which I hope you never have to test out!

*Mick*

## *Old Skool Drags -.Saturday 17th May.*

The 'Old Skool Drags' is a well organised event run by Bernie Smith and Orb Morby and one not to be missed! It is open to pre 1949 cars and pre 1969. Bikes. This year saw 20 bikes competing - if competing is the right word. Bikes of all sorts were set loose down the quarter mile strip at the drop of a flag. Every rider who went down the track came back with a big smile on their dials (unless they broke down) No times are taken, you just line up with another bike and go for it - magic! I'm still smiling.

There were some beautiful cars too, most with that un-muffled V8 roar. Fees for the weekend were \$45 each. This included campsite and dinner on Friday night plus breakfast and lunch on Saturday. Entry for Racing was \$60, this paid for the ambo. The sights and sounds were wonderful!! I never thought I would get to hear Ken Campbells V8 Indian running, but I have now!

Our crew set off from Inia Taylor's for Meremere around midday Friday to set up camp in time for dinner and a few beers. Fog started to roll in around bedtime and was still there in the morning, delaying our start time until we could see the end of the track. Great fun was had by all who participated and spectated. The atmosphere, I felt, was akin to our sorely missed Pukekohe. The gathering of like-minded people and general joy of being there is like a tonic that lasts for ages. No red tape, no bureaucracy, just fun! Line up with another bike, wait for the flag to drop, give it a fistful and try not to wheel stand. Hopefully this marvellous event will grow as many have commented on the great feeling it generated - The most fun you can have with clothes on!



Our team consisted of:

Inia Taylor - 1930 Rudge & 1931 Norton DT on methanol - piloted by me.

The 'Jamton' Manx Norton powered by a JAP speedway engine- Piloted by Rudi.

Chris Steadman - 1948 BSA 350 B 31 XB

Barry Dean - 1940 BSA 350 Silver Sport.

Clint Jones - Royal Enfield 530

Clive Tear - 1960 Matchless 650

Peter Borthwick provided transport for Inia's bikes plus moral support. Clint took the award for Best dressed rider. Rudi won the award for fastest Single.

*Chris Le Grice*

# *THE BORTHWICK PAPERS, A CONTINUING SAGA OF HUMAN LOVE, LUST, DRAMA & MAYHEM*

## **What has been happening in the Pedro house hold of late?**

Sanding, lots of sanding.....is Pedro building a boat? NO! I'm re - painting my tanks, one on the Triumph and one for the CSR.

I found that eyesight is an important function of this process. Those who are blind tend to miss obvious flaws in the process. Being a one-eyed SOB has introduced some problems. What I thought was a perfect finish at undercoat stage, turned out to have more potholes than state highway sixteen, once I sprayed the silver top coat on. More filling and sanding- just to keep in practice - and off I went again! I did this twice, then finally got to a point where I was sort of happy with the finish. Everything was masked up for the blue and diligently sprayed.

Dipping my sleeve in the fresh paint was not planned, nor was the insect that landed then failed to execute a take-off. This brought about more feverish sanding and cursing, a bout of crying as rain came in the next day, and a lot of self-doubt as to why I do these things. A few days later, the weather warmed, the sun came out, and the compressor fired up. The final coat of colour was applied!

Ten minutes later, a sense of gloom descended on me as I watched the paint bloom. This is a good thing in flowers but not a good thing in lacquer paint. The nice blue now has a white haze over its surface, yes you guessed it.....more sanding...

While I've been performing this farce, I've also got the Triumph motor back in the frame, and I'm desperately trying to remember where everything goes, double checking to make sure I have got things in the right place and right order and procrastinating over start up just in case I've missed something!

I went for a lovely ride with the Grumpy Old Men last Thursday to get oysters and chips at the Puhoi store. We went up Sixteen onto Westcoast Road, then turned onto Ahuroa Road. It's a mix of seal and gravel, normally quite good but this time it was tricky, low sun angles made seeing the road surface on some corners bloody hard and potholes just leapt out of the ground in front of you, some pot holes were so big you had to drop down into them and ride round like the wall of death getting enough speed to exit them.

The scenery is fantastic. They are still working, fixing slippage from cyclone damage.....probably it was Cyclone Bola the way Transit NZ works, but the new bits down toward Puhoi are a dream of twisties. It was a cool morning, so the sun and lack of wind at Puhoi was appreciated.

**THE BLOODY STORE RAN OUT OF OYSTERS!** This was a calamity, it would seem that the oysters supplied from Matakana are off the menu due to toxic waste from sewerage overflow, the council are upgrading sewage systems which should be completed by 2028 ( add ten years and a budget blowout of 500mil). So, oysters may become a rare commodity at the Puhoi store. After a feed of fish and chips, we left south on highway one to Waiwera and took the back roads through to Waitoki, ending up at Liberty Beers in Helensville for a well-earned ale!

Cheers **Pedro.**

*A couple of images from the 'Old Skool Drags'*



Pit area in the parallel universe of Old Skool Drags, a view from the 'other side' of what really went on.



Ken Campbell's V 8 Indian

## LOOKING AHEAD

None of us are getting younger, some of us are actually getting quite old and wise too! but some of us are finding the physical side of life a bit of a chore sometimes. To this end some discussion was prompted by a questionnaire forwarded by member Brian Perriam, as to what a Jampot Rally five years out could be, to best cope with this aging process.

By no means will this set of questions cover all the variables, but if members respond to it, it can provide some guidance for future rallies to tailor them best to members needs. Don't be shy, fill in the spaces as best as you can. The whole idea is to make future Rallies as attractive to all as possible.

1	Your age (Today) Please	
2	Were you riding your Jampot bike in 2020	
3	Were you riding at the 2020 Rally (Nelson)	
4	Did you ride your bike to the 2020 Rally.	
5	Were you riding your bike regularly in 2020's summer.	
6	Were you riding your Jampot bike in 2025	
7	Were you riding at the 2025 rally (Motueka	
8	Did you ride the bike to the rally.	
9	Were you riding your bike regularly in 2025's summer.	
10	Would you have attended a local rally	
11	Do you anticipate you will be riding in 2030	
12	Do you anticipate you would be able to attend a 2030	
13	Do you anticipate you would be riding your bike to a 2030 rally (assuming the rally is within your normal	
14	Would you prefer to drive to the 2030 rally	
15	Should the rally event be more flexible and include	
16	Does the current Friday evening - Sat event - Sunday	
17	Could you suggest any improvements to the format	
18	What type of accommodation best suits your needs. Dormitory with shared bathroom/toilet; Cabin with shared bathroom/toilet;	
19	Have you joined Jampot in the last 10 years	
20	Have you become unable or unwilling to attend ral-	
21	Any comments you wish to make	

Please forward your responses to the above to Brian Perriam, who has offered to collate them. His contact details are:-

Address	998 Dunbars Road, Haswell, Christchurch, 8025.
Ph	022 090 1413
Email	brianandtam@icloud.com

## MEMBERSHIP MAN MUTTERINGS....

Hi all from the cold wintery South Island.

Thanks to all of you who have paid their yearly subs especially those who paid for more than one year. Unfortunately 25 odd haven't renewed, despite 3 emails, so I guess we will have to wait and see who contacts me when no more newsletters turn up.

Louise and I leave for USA early July for a month, hoping to escape the winter, but I remember saying to myself last year when I rode into Las Vegas at 55deg F, that I would never complain about the cold again. How the memory fades!

Don't forget to book your accommodation in New Plymouth for next years Rally. We are halfway thru this year already.

My workshop has seen renewed activity on a 500 AJS engine a member dropped off for some love, well a long time ago, and I have finally made a start so my pet engineers in Nelson will get some machining work this week. This coincides with a Norton that was imported to NZ in the 90's that I'm trying to get vinned and the 3<sup>rd</sup> time its done the Takaka to Nelson shuffle and it wont be the last. Got to love the NZTA.

Parts sales both new and used are going well. I love it when someone calls me and says "I know you wont have one of these xxxxz's, and I say how many do you want?"

Enjoy the winter, Regards,

*Murray*



We welcome new members Jodi Ward from New Plymouth and Dave Hadlow from Whangarei to our folds. Write a story, send a photo of your bike, ask for help, we mind not, it is your magazine and we would love to hear your stories.



Three rays of sunshine on a winters day in Onekaka

**WITH MIRTH AND LAUGHTER LET OLD WRINKLES COME**

*William Shakespeare*

# THE LOST BOYS SYNDROME

An alternative title could be “How to really get lost due to progress”. Many years ago I was queuing for an InterIslander crossing in my car, heading to attend a family funeral, where I would meet up with my nearest and dearest, as she had flown down a week earlier. I wandered along to a group of motorcycles and started chatting to a couple, who turned out to be Polish and had hired bikes for a fortnight to tour our country. We chatted and I offered some suggestions as to where they may like to go and what to see when they got ‘Darn Sarf’. I also offered accommodation, if they may have needed it, as they headed back up to Auckland and then Poland, we lived in Waipukurau at the time. A week and a bit later I received a phone call asking if accommodation was still available, my answer was yes and I gave them our address. “That’s fine we have GPS”, (*this is now considered one of life’s institutions*), “we will find you”, and as the ferry was due to disembark at 3.00 pm we planned to see them around 7.00pm. Not so!

Their GPS took them from Dannevirke, in the dark, to Webber, Wimbledon, Porangahau and finally to our place just out of Waipukurau on Porangahau Road. They arrived at about 10.00 pm, their eyes out on stalks, absolutely shattered, having slavishly followed their GPS systems instructions. My take from this is not to depend on some supposedly clever electrons, a book with maps being far more reliable.

Some 14 years later, just the other week, I fell foul of another of life’s institutions, the New Zealand Postal Service. Having purchased a further 500 postage paid envelopes to mail out copies of our local club magazine, I had a debit of \$1,300.00 sitting on my credit card. The day of the purchase I mailed the receipt to our club treasurer, who lives some 20 Km away. Today as I write this it is 12 days later and he has still not received the letter. I have had deliveries from the UK and China on my doorstep within 6 days of order placement. I went back to the stationary shop and have now physically taken a copy of the receipt to him. It seems here is another service in our country that is broken.

The tale does not end there tho’. As I left the shop with the copy of the receipt in my hot little hand I thought “I wonder if the GPS system has improved”. I knew how to get to where I was heading, but I pressed the buttons, entered the address and pressed ‘GO’ I was taken on a most circuitous route up onto Napier’s Marine Parade, running parallel to the Pacific Ocean on my left. I then ignored a succession of instructions to turn left into the water. A total of seven times I was asked to drown myself. Giving up on its attempts to kill me, the system sulked for the next six Km and finally did deliver me to the address I wanted. In spite of all this inefficiency, apparently it is still my fault for being a grumpy old man!!

The early days of a horse drawn milk cart where the horse knows where to stop without being told and just moves along as the milkman furnishes houses with their requirements of ‘Gold Tops, Blue Tops and Cream for Sunday dinner’ has yet to be beaten so it seems. ‘Artificial Intelligence’, the new buzz word and “The Future of Mankind”, has some fairly steep hills to climb before it can even reliably direct us where to go so it would seem. (*how smart bombs hit their targets is a complete mystery*). Our slavish dependence and increasing reliance on electronic gadgets to my mind is dumbing down our natural intelligence. I recently spoke to a delightful lass who was in her last year at high school, she was unable to read the time on my analogue watch. A further example was when I ordered ten copies of ten pages to be photocopied, the lass could not work out the total number of copies!

Rather lightheartedly I describe myself as a ‘Luddite’, which is born out by my inability recently to use my mobile phone to operate a washing machine at a campground, I was rescued by a most helpful Megan Briggs. We like to think progress is being made, but is it really? Are we not just changing the way we do things which seems to have as many ‘Fish-hooks’ as benefits, resulting in confusion reigning supreme.

*Mike*

## A WORD FROM THE WISE

*When you sit next to a niece at a wedding and nudge her and whisper, “You’re next”. Don’t be surprised when she then sits next to you at a funeral, nudges you and repeats, “You’re next”.*

*The first computer in the world was owned by Adam and Eve, it was an Apple.  
One byte and it crashed!*

## THE CANTERBURY BLEAT...

We are in winter now and fast approaching the shortest day and morning frosts have been around for a while, I have covered my lemon tree just in time. Not the best weather for getting the motorbike out and I must admit it has been a few weeks since I have been for a ride, and now I find I have to get a Wof.

We have been getting good attendance at our monthly meetings at Tavern Harewood, but it has been a while since any activity has been organised. With Matariki almost here we will have a few members attending the pre '85 classic bike show at the Pumphouse. Last year a number of us went along and bikes were displayed both inside and outside the building and thanks to the prevailing Christchurch easterly wind I remember that it was bitterly cold outside.

We have a mid-winter lunch at Leithfield scheduled at the end of July and hope for a fine day for the 40 minute trip there.

I regularly receive Facebook posts and photos of past UK motorcycle events of my generation which to me was a golden age. My nearest motor racing circuit in those days was Crystal Palace in South London, but due to safety concerns, racing ceased in 1972 and Brands Hatch in Kent became the closest track. Familiar names at that time were John Surtees, Mike Hailwood, Bill Ivy, and Phil Read. For speedway we would go to Wimbledon, again in South London, where riders like Ole Olsen, Ove Fundin, Barry Briggs, Ronnie Moore, Ivan Mauger and Peter Craven were regular competitors.

*Terry Lewington*

## Replica or real, Burt's Indian is always a crowd puller



# Trials and Tribulations of a Matchless Owner

Jampot Rally, Motueka, 28 February-02 March



I said farewell to the Jampot rally members this morning (Sunday). I started this article in the afternoon. I'm now lounging on my chalet's veranda in the shade, as I'm staying an extra day. There's a slight breeze (phew). At the moment, it's 28 degrees in the shade. The view to the sea is fantastic - especially sunrises.

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## 2025 Jampot Rally looming

I had better get on with removing that oil leak from between the inner gearbox case and the main case. Easy-peasy according to the manual. But wait a minute. What's this? Remove gear box from bike. No, I'm leaving the gear box in the frame. There's nothing wrong with it. Hmm, this is taking while. Outer case off just fine. Inner case... 'Bash from behind.' Hard to do when gearbox is in the frame. None of my manuals talk about removal of outer and inner cases whilst the gearbox is in the frame. Online also no help. Time for a lie down.

I mention my problem to a friend. 'What I do...' my ears pick up. 'What I suggest you do is to remove the clutch cover dome, and then the adjuster nut. Grab a flat punch and tap on the clutch rod to push the inner case off.' So, I did, a few solid whacks and the inner case was off, great!

I remove the offending gasket, wipe grease on both sides of the new gasket, so that the it can move a smidgen if needs be, and Bob's your uncle. Next, I do the same with the outer gasket. Then I poured oil into the gearbox. Will it, won't, will it, won't it. Not a drop. Next, I put the gearbox through its paces, to coin a phrase. Yay, no oil weeps after a decent spin around the Bays (of Wellington).

## Next up the battery

Battery flat. Battery put on charge. Then I notice the arm has fallen off the ammeter - that's not right. I discover an old Wipac one. In it goes. Oh no! Putting the lights on I get a negative reading. Promising. Start the engine, I get a negative reading. Old ammeter biffed into the bin. I've no idea why I ever kept it.

I'd charged battery, but with the pilot light and tail light on, the battery was dead flat in no time at all. Clearly something was not right. I recharged the battery. That didn't take long! Reconnect battery, having first cleaned bullet point terminals. Turn head and tail lights on. Battery flat in 15 minutes. That's not right. I pop into my local motorbike shop to buy a battery. "May"! they tell me. But I need a battery now. Even if the shop did order a battery, and even if it was available, it is considered 'Dangerous Goods', so it would take a few days to arrive. I ring one or two other shops. No go. There are suitable batteries. But they are all out of town. I rang a friend who suggested I go to JCARS to purchase a couple of 6v batteries. Wire in parallel to gain 9 amp hrs. Then I spot a 6v, 12 amp hr battery. I buy it. It's too long but it is fully sealed. I tip it onto its side. Bingo. I'm in business. I jam a hunk of wood into the side area where the old battery partially sat. Lights, camera, action.

Charging? What to do about the charging, or lack of it. The regulator. A quick test. I start the engine - all is well, the points move as you'd expect, then I turn the lights on and start the bike. My worst fear. The generator (dynamo) gives a negative 'charge'. It's off the Richter Scale. (*They know about Richter Scale events in Wellington! Ed*) That's not right! I've already cleaned the commutator and the brushes. So, what's up? I could run around like a headless you know what. But the day before I'm catching the boat? No thanks.

## It's 27 degrees in the shade

I visited Nelson on the Monday. I'm off to see a friend near St Arnaud. I finish this article sitting in the shade at a small park. It's 27 degrees in the shade. A breeze has sprung up. This is better than stopping and starting on the road as the traffic crawls past. Yes, it's after 3, and schools are definitely out.

***Crafted by Pierre Woolridge. Started in Motueka, completed in Nelson. 4 March 25***

# **Trials and Tribulations of a Matchless Owner** cont.

## **Post script**

I charge the new battery, then go for a ride. The Battery goes flat! I did however, notice that for the first 1/4hr or so the battery was being charged. Wires tested, bullet points replaced. Armature and bearings are OK – new 20,000 miles ago. Battery recharged again and spoken to nicely. I even polished its terminals. Regulator bench tested. The regulator is regulating. I ride off into the sunset. Like hell. What's left to fix/replace? I order a brand new field coil.

Buttering up the bike. I also order a brand new chrome petrol tank. I know, I know, being a 1957 bike, it should have a painted tank with bolt on chrome side panels complete with red beading. But a red and chrome tank looks so smart...



PPS. At the same time, my Trident was also misbehaving, Sigh. It would run on 3 cylinders and then, randomly, become bored with the idea. Starting become problematic. But don't worry, I will not bore you. Well not too much. Battery OK, coils OK, spark plugs OK, leads OK. Hmmm. I look back in time. Electronic ignition is the likely cause of "will I, won't I" run today. Circuit board and black box installed 25 year ago. But, here we go. Rotor/magnet installed 40 years ago. Wow! Better than a mechanical advance/retard unit. I replace both. Brumm, Brumm.

***Crafted by Pierre Woolridge. Started in Motueka, completed in Nelson. 4 March 25***

Our Jampotters across the ditch are holding their next rally at Wagga Wagga NSW. Any of our members thinking of going should probably get their skates on to secure accommodation. Please note the phone numbers are Australian phone Nos. you will need to add things on and face West when making a call.

**Next AJS & Matchless Down Under Jampot Rally.**

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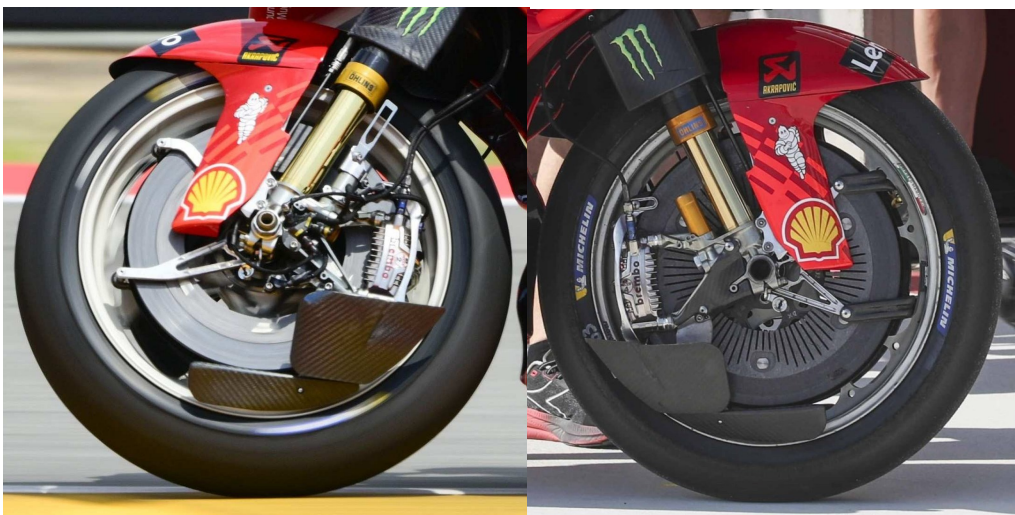
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## IN THE FAST LANE

Those of us who glue themselves to the TV screen where all is revealed as to just how fast really fast bikes and riders can travel in the many circuits of the world, yes I'm talking about Moto GP, can learn a lot with a bit of careful thought. I for one marvel at the skill shown by the participants as they defy most levels of cognitive behaviour, circulating at ridiculously high speeds. In the rarified air that all this takes place in the margins are minute. In a twenty lap race someone circulating a mere 0.2 seconds slower will end up 4 second behind at the final flag. 4 seconds is the length of most main straights, a county mile in Moto GP terms.

So when a double world champion struggles to find the elusive 'feel' he needs and drops a few tenths per lap behind, it is a bit of a disaster. This is what we have seen so far this year as the two Ducati factory team riders do battle on arguably the best bikes on the grid. One rider has got things sorted and is consistently the fastest rider on the track, breaking lap records and doing an awful lot of winning, he has made a couple of silly mistakes and fallen off, but has a comfortable lead in the world championship points table. His team mate has struggled all season so far as he searches for this 'feel' he requires. There is little doubt that he is capable of being a serious contender for honours, but so far this 'Feel' has eluded him and he is well behind his team mate in the points table. Both riders have the same bikes and are both supported equally by the factory. Settings on the bike are to their individual likes and wants, yet there is this difference, why? one would ask.

Fortunately we are all individuals in this world and being so have differing ways and means of processing information, in this case it is the information the bike is feeding back to the rider as they circulate the track. They can feel when a tyre is on the limit of adhesion, they can feel when the tracks grip changes due to temperature. These are sensations that us mere mortals can only dream of, but to these guys they are real and tangible. Very small changes can make a difference in 'feel'. At the last race suddenly the team mate who had been struggling all year found his 'feel' back once more. The journalists who frequent the Moto GP paddock to a man picked up this story and started a serious bout of sleuthing and it turns out the change that made the difference seemed to be the size of the front disc brakes. The discs are changed to suit the particular circuits demands, ranging in size up to 355 mm diameter and with differing cooling and mass characteristics, it seems the heavier versions gave our man the feel he was lacking and there he was back up at the front of the field, having finished the previous outing out of the points down in 12th place.



What does this tell us? It tells us the very fine margins between winning and being an also ran. It matters not if one is driving a F1 car, a Moto GP bike or a Sail GP catamaran, the differences are very small. no one comes up with a 5% increase, they celebrate if they find a 0.5% one.

Those of us who ride bikes on the roads today and who have a selection of machinery in their shed, do notice the difference between a 1950's bike and a 2020's machine, there have been one or two improvements over the last 70 years. What we see on the Moto GP bikes today we are very likely to see on the showroom floor tomorrow. We can thank this sort of competition for developing sticky tyres, disc brakes, suspension that works and motors that keep going without a weekly fiddle. The old adage "Racing improves the Breed", probably was first uttered at a horse racing event many years ago, but it is true today as it was then.

*Mike*

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**WHAT YOU END UP LOOKING LIKE**



**JAMPOTTERS**

**AFTER PUTTING ANTI-SEIZE ON 2 BOLTS**



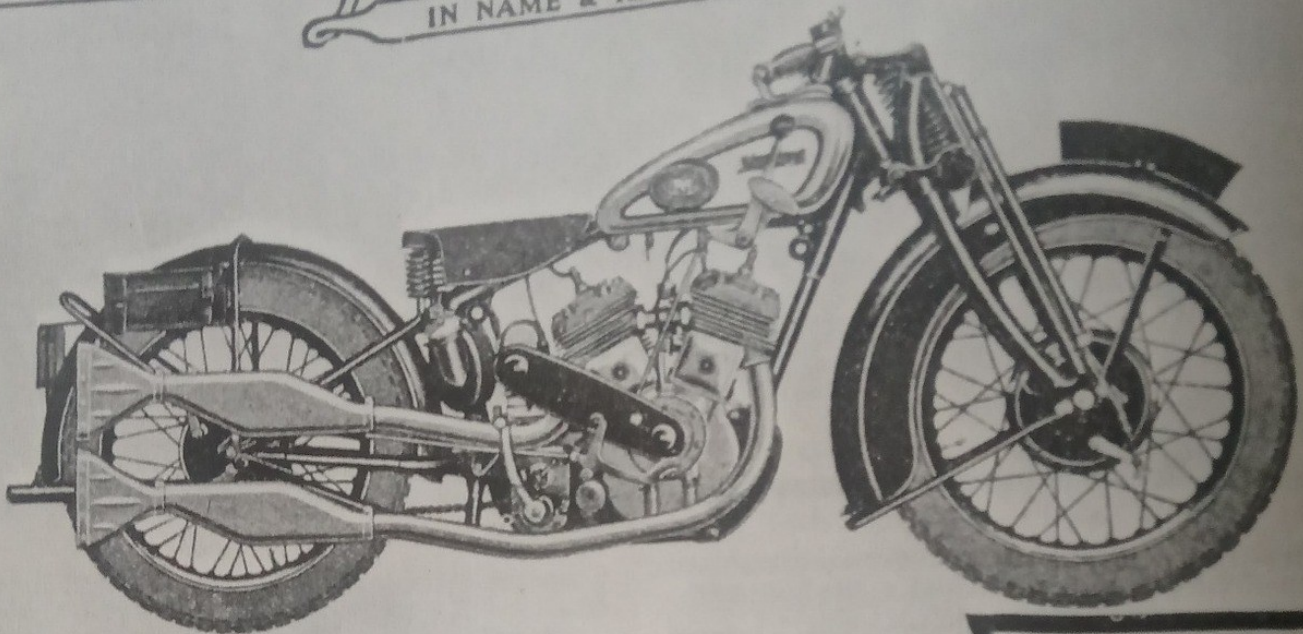
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**INTO THE SUNSET**

JANUARY 2ND, 1930.

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