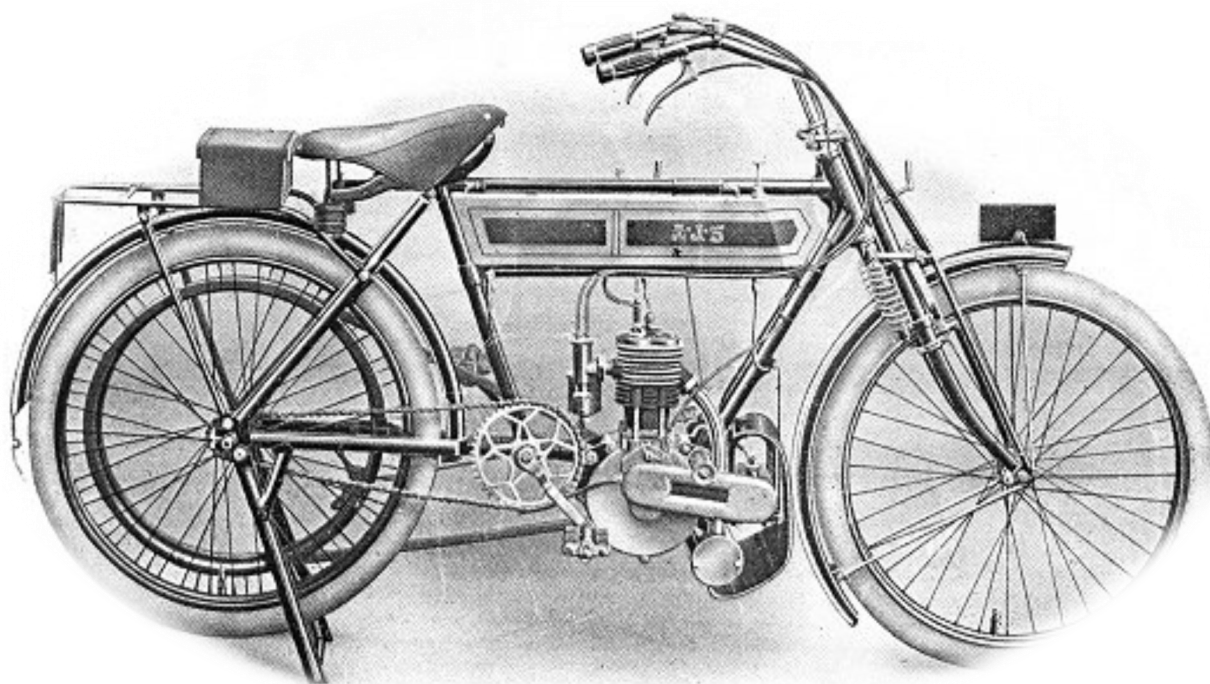




# **The New Zealand AJS & Matchless Owners Register Inc.**

**January 2025**



*AJS Motorcycles.....Where it all began.....In a shed in Wolverhampton.....part of the Stevens Screw company. The first attempt at a motorcycle was a Mitchell engine cobbled into a BSA bicycle frame. This proved to be the genesis for the four brothers, Harry, George, Albert John (Jack) and Joe to build their own engine under the watchful eye of father, Joe Snr.*

*The motor proved to be a success and was used by several companies as the power unit for their creations. The chief user was Wearwell who fitted these motors to their heavy duty bicycles. Wearwell went to the wall in 1909 with the result that AJS motorcycles was born, using their own frames and motors*

*The bike above, model 'A', was a 292cc side valve machine, a road going version of the competition machine entered in the 1911 IoM TT. The rest is history.*

## **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 March 2025 edition to the Editor by 15th February please**

## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NORTHLAND TOUR



John Welch discovers the harsh realities of life when one become fiscally dependent on others. Swabbing decks and becoming a 'Busboy'.

Below left:- "We've gone about as far as we can go"!



The Northern Echelon team enjoying what they do best, eating a good meal, and then heading out of Raglan after enriching the locals pockets.



## THE PRESIDENTIAL RAVE....

Greetings for the Festive season ! I hope you are managing to retain sanity around this silly season as folk rush around willy nilly. Hope the Christmas / New Year brings some joy and new toys to the shed .... Also family gatherings and friends to catch up with. I honestly do not know where the year has gone, or is it the slowing down of septuagenarians which makes the time appear to go faster?

The discussion and concern regarding the proposed changes to motorcycle registration costs is to the forefront with all of us. This will hit us in the pocket if the proposed changes are put through. (*It has just this week ,12/12/24, been announced that the charges are to rise dramatically, so the issue is over as far as the Govt is concerned. Ed*). I would encourage all to voice your concerns, and participate in any protest rides to help get the message across to the powers that be.



Pierre has been leading the charge with the constitution revision, the committee will review and discuss this in order to provide a copy to all prior to the AGM.

Tales of the shed : No new tales to divulge at present, somehow, all available time has gone into domestic chores, a week in Rarotonga and a couple of short caravan getaways and having some barnacles removed of the melanoma kind. The melanoma was not conspicuous, and in fact accidentally removed when excising an scc, a light greyish large freckle appearance directly adjacent the scc, and not actually noted at inspection time by the specialist ! only noted by the lab folk, so back for a wider/ deeper chop. If in doubt, get a 2<sup>nd</sup> opinion, catch it early.

A 650 AJS I have been working on for a friend refuses to breathe life, save for a few pops and bangs, given up kicking it due to a twinge in the back persisting despite visiting the bone cracker.

Rally time is looming fast, please make the effort to get your entries in soon.

All the best and good cheer for the festive season to your families, be safe and keep the rubber side down.

**PK**

*Dear Editor*

*The Vintage Engine Restorers Auckland in conjunction with the Franklin Vintage Machinery Club are organising the inaugural Franklin Heritage Weekend to be held on the Saturday 8th and Sunday 9th March 2025 at the Pukekohe showgrounds. We would like to extend an invitation to the NZ AJS & Matchless Owners Club to join us for the weekend. Entry forms and information can be obtained from the Secretary of the club, details below.*

*Should you need any additional information, do not hesitate to contact me on 027 487 3090.*

*Regards, Paul Rhodes, Secretary - VERA, M: 027 487 3090*

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

Well I sure as hell tempted fate in the previous issue with my crowing about how 'Plonk' has become a lot less bloody minded about starting. The tale of woe on page 17 has assisted in exorcising the raw memories for me and maybe bring a smile to the rest of you readers, yes I know we have all been there before!

A couple of weeks after this particular event our local club organised a pre '70's run. The memories of asking 'Plonk' to rise to the occasion with nothing being done to it since it was pushed into the shed in disgust after its previous episode of cantankerous behaviour saw me trundle out my 1957 Dominator 99. This bike is a doddle to start, normally no more than a couple of prods on the pedal and a healthy bellow emanates.

The patron saint of 'Smug', Machiavelli, the cause on many a poor boy's downfall, seems to have taken up residence on my shoulder, or is it that Irish philosopher Murphy? Which ever one it was, struck a deep blow, as when I gave the bike a kick, a shaft of pain shot up my right flank and told my brain, "This is not a good idea". Recovering my equilibrium I again gave the bike a kick and predictably the same message, but with greater emphasis, raced around my body. This time I heeded it and went and had a lie-down. Was it the final dig from the G80? Or was it a result of twisting myself into strange positions as installed a new light fitting? Whichever it was, I am now taking a leaf from Pedro's book and doing nothing for a few days. Sometimes I don't get this 'nothing' finished and am forced to carry on doing 'nothing' the following day, but my body is slowly improving. Here's hoping!

From the "Seems a bit much to me" files ("NZTA has now confirmed \$786m has been spent on road cones and TTM on state highway maintenance and capital works over the past three years. "Importantly, this figure does not include expenditure by local councils on local roads").

Above is a direct quote from NZTA on 20/11/24, \$390 per household!! If we add in the amount, (unknown), spent by local councils, the figure will surely be well over a billion NZ\$. Now I am not for one second rubbishing the use of these warnings where they are needed, but I have, as I'm sure most of us have, seen so many cases of absolute overkill as our 'woke' society has gone totally overboard in the use of these things. It is just nuts, and has been for many previous years. To my mind it is a two-fold case of one, treating the public of New Zealand as if they have no powers of reason and two, a flagrant example of 'arse covering', so some little beauracrat in a Team' can smugly point out that it "Wasn't us". The good news is that the current Crown Minister responsible is reigning this rubbish in. I shall look forward to not seeing these cones every couple of metres for eternity because someone cleaned a ditch out two days previously. Halleluia!!!

This edition has been well 'over subscribed', a big 'Thankyou' to all who have contributed. I have omitted the contact details to fit all the content in, don't fret they will return next edition.



*Mike*

### Letter from United Kingdom

*Hello down there. I am the Archivist for the GB AJS&MOC and I am trying to collect as many of the Jampot Rally badges as I can for display at our HQ. What I was wondering is if anyone Downunder has any spare ones or if you could put an advert in your Magazine and on your website asking if anyone has any to spare.*

Regards, Charles : [archives@jampot.com](mailto:archives@jampot.com)

## THE CANTERBURY BLEAT...

Just a couple of weeks to Christmas and the end of the year, it is scary just how fast time passes.

Previously I have mentioned that my G80S had developed an annoying vibration and I had investigated the fuel tank mounting in an attempt to reduce it. The mounting bolts have always been pinched tight, which I now realise nullified the effectiveness of the rubber buffers. I have always wondered why on other people's bikes these bolts are securely wired, whereas there is no provision for this on my bike.

However, I decided to slacken off the bolts a little to let the rubber buffers do their job and see what happened – a comedy of errors. I very soon discovered why these bolts should be wired, when two of them went missing! I then found that the bolts were non-standard and oversize, probably because at some time in the past the original threads in the bottom of the fuel tank had been stripped. With a little help, replacement bolts were obtained and all four then modified with an appropriate hole drilled to allow for the wiring. The end result is good, but the hassle involved in getting there was totally unexpected; nothing is ever as simple as you think.

Following the successful club run to Hororata earlier in the year, Alex Stevens organised a ride to Diamond Harbour for members of the Canterbury section, expecting more settled weather in December. The Saturday morning meeting point was Princess Margaret Hospital car park, situated to the south of the city, and fortunately the day was a warm and sunny 24 degrees for the 6 bikes and 3 cars participating. The route initially took us around the foot of the Port Hills to Tai Tapu, and then we meandered along some quiet rural roads to Motukarara, where we turned off to climb Gebbe's Pass and then drop down the other side to Teddington. From there we wound our way along the Banks Peninsular coastline with its interesting climbs and turns through Charteris Bay and Church Bay to our destination, Two Thumb Brewery, Diamond Harbour, where we reconnected with our car companions making a group of 13 for lunch.



For the return ride we re-traced our route back to Teddington where we then continued along the coastline road to Governors Bay and turned off this time to climb Dyer's Pass, and then drop down to Princess Margaret Hospital, our final destination.

It has been a while since I have ridden to Diamond Harbour and I had forgotten how beautiful the scenery is and how enjoyable it is to ride on the undulating roads. Thanks to Alex for organising a most enjoyable day out.

I would like to take the opportunity to wish all readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

***Terry Lewington***

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

The weather here is strange, cold one minute, warmer the next, but raining. Now I have a confession to make. Following the death of my mother at the ripe old age of 101 years last year, I have used some of my inheritance to buy a new car. A hybrid automatic with all the bells and whistles. Reversing camera, warning bleeps if you get too close whilst parking, flashing lights on the mirrors if there is someone in the blind spot, heated seats, even heated steering wheel! But travelling around London, which is pretty well all restricted to 20 mph. I have tended to use my G3L, well, it is now quite a contrast when I do so. Fortunately I have recently changed the fork springs for the correct ones, second-hand from the club, which has at least freed-up the front suspension, as it's rigid at the rear. 1948 vehicle one day, 2024 vehicle the next. So no outings at the moment, just an occasional ride when it's warmer and dry and usually at a plodding 20 mph to protect my licence from further demerit points!



Work in the garage is slow, as I have no power and very little daylight, but today I have managed to get the engine from the black G11CS out of the frame in order to get the crankcase welded. I think there will be a fair bit of work needed on the engine before it all goes back together, as there is evidence of blow by and the compression was not that good recently.

I can now say something about the UK club spares scheme having previously been restricted by a Non Disclosure Agreement, which the club had signed with a company when we began negotiations for a possible sale over 2 years ago. At the club's October meeting, following some concerns about both possible options, the committee decided not to progress with negotiations at this stage and keep the spares "in house" for the present. The situation may be re-visited in the future should conditions change in the classic bike scene, the spares scheme operation, or any alternative arrangements. Our commitment remains to secure the future of our bikes through the availability of spares as far as we can and to develop new lines to ensure this.

Well, Happy Christmas and New Year to you all, and I will try not to be jealous that you will be in 2025 13 hours before the UK. Well actually not that much before Hilary and I, as we are flying out for our annual visit to the grandchildren in Australia on the 31<sup>st</sup> December, and expect to enter 2025 somewhere in the air on the way to our stopover in Singapore.

Kind regards to all

*Clive*

### Here's a tip from racing experience (not mine )

When shortening up cables , don't cut the nipple off . Just heat the nipple enough to let it slide down the pre cleaned free length .

When the nipple is in position, slide it down a bit , apply flux and tin the cable . Slide the nipple into position and hold inner cable in the vice while you flare the end with a dot punch .

Wrap a piece of card around the cable below the nipple and hold this in the vice, this will eliminate any heat loss and ensure a good strong joint .

Don't forget to keep the job clean or solder will fail.

*Chris. Le Grice*

# THE ECHELON BULLETIN...

Farewell to our dear friend Linley Dean.



Many members attended Linley's funeral last month to say goodbye to a dear friend and long-time member of the Echelon.

More than 20 motorcycles escorted Linley from her and Barry's home in South Kaipara, via some of Linley's favourite riding roads out west, to the service in Henderson.

Many stories, both funny and sad, were told to celebrate Linley's colourful life, her beautiful nature, her smiley face and her willingness, along with Barry, to help and support others. It was a lovely service, a fitting tribute to her, and also to Barry for his unwavering support throughout Linley's long illness. We will all miss you Linley.



Last month we met on our usual Sunday at the Swanson Railway Café. 8 members turned out for a pleasant chat and a nice lunch, before teaming up and departing for home, via various favourite roads the west has to offer. The day started out threatening to rain, however I think everybody got home safe and dry. Good to see new member Robo there too.

Unfortunately, Nick turned up to the café early, 10.00am rather than 11.00am, so left thinking nobody else was coming. A pity we missed you Nick. Don't forget the Swanson café is our new default meeting spot (at 11.00am) unless we have organised a ride elsewhere, in which case it will be mentioned in the bulletin and also on Whatsapp/Whatsup/Whatever!

*Chris, Mick, & Pedro*



## Now it's December and this is the Ho, Ho, Ho, Season's Greetings Bulletin to all members and their families.

Our last meeting at the Historic Northcote Tavern was different from normal as we were seated outside due to the lovely weather! 12 members enjoyed the usual conviviality of our regular get together under the sun shades of the garden bar. The following Sunday 10 of our number met at the Swanson café for a nice lunch and a chat. After lunch we peeled off for the ride home via various favourite scenic routes and roads. The day was sunny and a nice time was had by all. For those we don't catch up with again this year, have a safe and happy Xmas and New Year!

Sadly we had recent news that our old friend Jimmy Wilson passed away on the 19<sup>th</sup> of November. Jimmy was a retired chief engineer, latterly of the Cook Straight ferries and prior to that he worked on oil tankers. He was also a keen supporter and volunteer on the William C. Daldy, our only surviving Steam tug on the Waitemata. Jimmy rode with us on many occasions, he had a wicked Scottish wit, you never knew if he was joking or serious – usually the former, I don't think he did serious!

Jimmy passed away at the Pukekohe 'Possum Bourne Refugee Camp' as he liked to call it, but known to most as the Possum Bourne retirement home. He was 91 years old.

RIP Jimmy.

PTO

## **Hobsonville Pt meet. February 16<sup>th</sup> 2025**

We are planning a meet at the Hobsonville Pt wharf, together with our friends from the BSA club. This will coincide with the Farmer's market held there every Saturday and Sunday. The idea is to have as many bikes on display as we can ( we have a designated area set aside for us) to raise interest and awareness of our classic machines. We will be able to get food and drink at the many excellent street food vendors, cafes and of course Little Creatures mini brewery.

Please put this date in your calendar, and let's get as many bikes down there as we can! More details to follow next year.

## **The Annual VVCC New Year's Day Fish And Chip Run to Kaiaua**

Meet at The Jolly Farmer pub in Drury at 11:00. am ( what day was that again??)!!!!

### **A POSSIBLE WAY TO START STOPPING**

With the gearbox firmly in place ,the model 31 CSR is ready to roll, however, arresting forward motion has now become a goal for me, to that end I am investigating the possibility of fitting a twin leading shoe brake to the front wheel. There will be purists who may be horrified at an upgrade of this type but this bike has had a number of modifications by previous owners so it will never be true to type. I have been given a front wheel hub from a Honda which is the metric equivalent of seven inches. The drum diameter surface is two millimeters smaller and the brake pads are wider, but I think they can be milled down to fit. Stay tuned for more escapades or rants in Pedro's life and times!

On a different note, I rode my new bike down to Raglan with one or three members of the Echelon on Saturday the 23rd. My self and Friend Gary met Micky, Brigid and Noel at a gravel siding just off the Te Atatu off-ramp at ten in the morning. We then proceed down the 'damn motorway' to the Drury service centre to meet Maurice, Will and Chantelle and Andy.

After gassing up, (Damn! I was so sure I had a full tank before leaving home! Dementia is setting in early), we headed back out onto the now 'dreaded motorway, ' then leaving it at Nikau Road, just over the Bombay Hills and on to SHW22. From there life became a sweet journey through back roads, sweeping left and right corners, enjoying the cool and sometimes damp atmosphere. ( I checked the weather maps! - there wasn't a hint of rain predicted - So what was this wet stuff?). A slight detour of 20 km's took us to the Nikau Caves Café for a light lunch. Home cooked, fresh from the oven, sausage rolls mm mmmmm, I can close my eyes and smell them still! We could have continued on to Raglan from there, however someone amongst us balked at the thought of riding on a gravel road.....wasn't me! So we backtracked and carried on to Raglan via Noel's pre-planned route.

The campground at Raglan is modern, clean and very well thought out. We had two bunk rooms booked for three of us., whilst Gary, Will and Chantelle had tents, roughing it! ( Good Lord! do the elderly still do that?). Dinner was pizza and fries, found at the local pub, all washed down with some very fine ale. I slept the night through, which for me is an unusual experience.

Waking early ready for coffee and breakfast, we packed and rode into town, to one of the many cafes, had breakfast, then hit the road at nine-thirty. The plan was to head to Thunder Valley Motocross Park for morning tea (and some of their lovely lemon shortbreads and brownies) then ride to Mercer and out through Hunua, to East Tamaki where we met the VCC riders post rally BBQ at what can only be described as 'man heaven.' It was a workshop in an industrial area, owned and operated by Malcolm, full of lathes , milling machines and a couple of CNC machines. There were race bikes on the walls, a room chock full of goodies, awards and dedications to the God of Speed. Hand-made Velocette engines and other crafted parts were fondled and ogled over by the masses (sigh!) The perfect end to a perfect weekend.

*Pedro*

### **A short note to add to Pedro's story:**

Noel had originally planned the weekend as an 'SOS' ride ( sounds of singles). The turnout on the day was: Noel and Brigid on their 1970 Harley Sportster, Will and Chantelle on a BMW, Andy on his Indian Cruiser, Pedro on his New Royal Enfield, Gary on a Honda CB 500 X and myself on my Triumph T 100. Oh well... maybe next year Noel!

The day was a little murky and drizzly, so some caution was required. However on one wide sweeping left hand bend we were met by a manic driving what I think was a Nissan Patrol -I can't be sure as it is just a big, black, frightening blur in my mind! He ( I assume it was a he!) was pushing the vehicle to its absolute limit...and beyond. The vehicle's body was leaning over the wheels, straining against the laws of physics, the huge tyres were roaring in an attempt to keep traction, I could see in that split second, they were slipping horizontally over the road surface, failing to keep the vehicle on a safe trajectory, forcing him over the white line. In short I thought I was going to die together with my fellow riders behind me! Somehow we survived, but it really does show you how, no matter how careful you ride, there is always some idiot out there, lurking around the next corner. *Be alert out there!*

The ride back was an absolute treat. The day was beautiful, the roads were dry and pretty much traffic free, and the corners in the opposite direction an absolute pleasure and no idiot coming at us from the other side of the road on a blind bend! 270 miles covered over the weekend. Thank you Noel for your good planning of the route, and comfort stops along the way.

*Mick.*

# SOME EXPERIENCES (MAINLY BAD) OF TIMES PAST WITH AJAYS AND MATCHYS

*A story from 'Recycled' member Bruce Heyward from Reefton.*

I bought a G3L project in the early 80's which both graced my shed and spread oil on the local roads around Hope (Nelson) for a number of years. I was at that time a member of both the Jampot and the Nelson Classic and Vintage mob. My older son, Doug, used this bike to obtain his full license, and although he had a BSA B25, (*later to become a Tribsa*) at the time, he was in the habit of borrowing the G3L whenever he thought fit (*as sons do!!*) On the last occasion that this happened he was riding through Stoke, enroute to Nelson City when a traffic light turned orange, at this point he opened the throttle to release the whole 20 odd horsepower. Unfortunately an elderly gent waiting to turn right in a Hillman Avenger also took off. Result-- Doug spent a night or two in hospital with cuts, bruises and concussion after landing on the road behind the Hillman on his head, fortunately the hardest part of his body!! The old boy stepped out of the wreckage of his car, unscathed, despite his engine and gearbox being relocated in the area of the back seat. The rear end of the Matchless was used to help make a replica trials bike which I later sold to someone at Governors Bay.

The same lad, a year or so later was returning from work on my '54 18s when the down tube parted company from the headstock. Apparently, handling is not improved with the crankcase sliding along on the tar seal!! Top marks for stopping right way up!!

Some time after this, younger daughter Sheryl, and I were heading South to a Jampot rally at Eyrewell forestry camp in Canterbury, she on her 72 mph Tiger Cub and me on the 18s with all the baggage of course. Sheryl had been given strict instructions "Stay with me", which worked until Christine from Wellington on a G12? with straight pipes passed us, at which point Sheryl gave chase and the two girls disappeared into the wide blue. "Oh hell", I thought, "better catch her and let her know the error of her ways". Inevitable result--my AJS suffered a broken piston. Daughter Sheryl thought that was quite a joke, the old man on the backup!!

Roll by a few more years and whilst travelling South from Masterton for another Jampot my '64 Ajay 650 seized the crank. Fingers crossed for Motueka !!

About 1992 I decided to concentrate my energies and finances on Panthers and Ariels. Consequently, (*first wife*), Jenny and I left for the Winchester swap meet after work on Friday with the faithful A60 Well side Ute loaded to the gunwales with AJS/Matchy parts and with a Dominator 99 and the old 18s on the trailer. Well, it was around midnight when we arrived at the motel at Templeton, as we had rendered assistance to a fella who passed us climbing the Hundalees, then dropped his Guzzi V50 near the top. We squeezed the Guzzi in between my bikes and dropped bike and rider, both somewhat worse for wear, in Christchurch on our way through. Due to all this the next morning we slept in, and didn't get to Winchester much before 10.00am, by which time people were beginning to leave en masse. Including Murray H from Nelson, (a famous pre unit Triumph restorer), who met us at the gate, and delivered a horrendous bollocking for being so late, as he walked back in beside us as I negotiated the foot traffic in low gear. "F#^\*~+## waste of time, might as well turn around and go home etc etc". In fact it was such a great performance that a hoard of people, still with money to burn followed us in. By midday we left with the Ute empty, the Dommy sold for delivery next day in Chch and the AJS sold for delivery to Palmerston North. My best swap meet ever. Mucho gracias Murray!!!!

PS I have since weakened and bought my current '54 G80 as a project in 2019 (*I think*) Of course it owes me far more than it's value now, but it is a good ride and no regrets.

**Bruce Heyward**

## Condenser Fault Finding

The condenser - sometimes called a capacitor - absorbs current which might otherwise arc across the contact points at the moment of separation. Such an occurrence would not only impair induction, but it would quickly burn away the hard contact points. Slight spasmodic sparking can be detected particularly if as a test, the contact breaker cover is removed with the engine running at night. It does not usually indicate a condenser fault, however if on the other hand the flashover is constant, taking the form of a flame rather than a spark, and starting and slow running are poor, then condenser trouble may well be suspected. An open circuited condenser is betrayed by a white deposit of tungsten around the contact breaker points as well as by arcing. A short circuited condenser cuts out the contact breaker and stops the engine altogether. Another symptom is failing to start when hot, the bike runs fine until stopped but won't restart. Sometimes the bike runs well for say 20 km, then starts misfiring and no amount of tinkering with the carburettor will have any affect.

**Chris Read**

# FROM ACROSS THE DITCH

## RUN DOWN OF THE 41<sup>ST</sup> AJSMOC, 'DOWN UNDER', JAMPOT RALLY.

October 25<sup>th</sup>, 26<sup>th</sup> and 27<sup>th</sup> saw the successful presentation of the 41<sup>st</sup> Down Under Jampot Rally on the Fleurier Peninsular on the South Coast of South Australia at Victor Harbor. Organizers were more than pleased to have had 53 Entrants mostly from the East Coast of Australia with a dozen from the home State.

The weekend began with Entrants CHECK-IN from lunchtime on Friday followed by a brief 40km shake down run to Goolwa and return. From around 5.30 all Entrants gathered in the BBQ area for a Meet and Greet Sausage and Meat Pattie with Salads.

Saturday morning Entrants assembled in the beachfront carpark for the Classic Machine Judging before being flagged away on their 155km journey by our Official Flag Waver Mr. Glen Dix. A scrumptious lunch had been prepared for all at Myponga by the ladies of the local Netball Club. Continuing on through Yankalilla, Normanville, Second Valley, and to Delamere where we turned left and headed back to Victor Harbor.

Our Gala Presentation evening was in the local RSL / Roo's Football Clubrooms at around 6 o'clock where we were joined by local Guest /Dignitaries, the Local City of Victor Harbor Mayor, Dr. Moira Jenkins and MP Mr. David Basham. Others were third generation Stevens family member Colin Stevens and his partner Meredith Spencer from Melbourne. Further to join us we welcomed from New Zealand former President of The New Zealand AJS and Matchless Owners Register Inc. John Welch.

Presentation of Trophies through the evening included some 18 beautiful sparkling glass ornaments together with those Perpetual Awards to be returned. The Monster Raffle took some time to windup with more than \$1800 worth of prizes to sort out. On display was a much talked about 1954 AJS 7R Replica and a 1927 H5 3.49hp AJS. Our 3 course meal catered for by the Hotel Elliott and staff was all one could have wished for. The evening wound up before 10.00pm, as was require in our contract.

Sunday morning began at 8 o'clock with the Annual General Meeting convened in the Kitchen area where all Committee Member were returned with a couple of new Floor Members to join us. At around 9.30am

once more all Entrants gathered at the major carpark to be dispatched at 10 o'clock on their 120km journey through Mount Compass, Ashbourne to arrive at Strathalbyn at midday for lunch provided by the Robin Hood Hotel. A wander up High Street to visit the Gilbert Motors Car and Motorcycle Museum was for all Entrants at a reduced entry fee. The return to Victor Harbor was all in riders own time.

For those with an interest a twilight BBQ was once again provided to entrants rounding up the magic weekend put together by the four Members of the organizing Committee. Thanks, from those who appreciated the whole event were very much welcomed following the exhaustive 15 months preparation. See you all again at Wagga Wagga next year for their presentation of the Down Under Jampot Rally.

**Maureen Kuerschner**



John Welch demonstrating his caring medical side

# HOW IT ALL BEGAN. A STORY OF A G80S

BY JOHN WELCH

My first Matchless was a G3LS, which I found a bit underpowered, so after a few years I was thinking about getting a five hundred. One option was to modify the G3LS but as it had been beautifully restored, I was loath to go down that path.



A G80S came up for sale on Trademe, so my daughter went around to have a look at it and videoed the 80 plus years owner starting it. After due diligence, we settled on a price, and I became proud owner of my first 500 single on 19/3/2013. The seller was a former member of the Register, George Hughie. The previous owner was Neville Guthrie, and it was reported that the bike had been restored in 1991 by one Jim Shipman of Akaroa. Apart from buying the plate "G80S" the bike did not need any significant maintenance, and I have ridden it all over New Zealand. Its last big trip was around the South Island after the International Jampot in Nelson. On starting

the bike in Geraldine, it made some short lived but strange noises for which there were various opinions offered. As it was running well I pressed on. This violated Murray's (McLean) rule which states "When you hear strange noises stop and investigate".

As Pierre and I arrived on the outskirts of Blenheim I suddenly lost transmission. We stopped and played with the clutch, but that didn't help, so it was onto the trailer and dumped at my house in Picton. Those attending the Rally will recall we had a wonderful overnight stay at Te Mahia.

Soon afterwards we went into the 5-month Covid lockdown, so I decided to remove the primary chain case, and I soon found the cause of the lost transmission. The splines on the end of the crankshaft had worn off. I continued and stripped the entire engine down. At some stage I was talking to Bruce Watt (Oamaru) and he had had the same issue but his replacement part promptly failed and he diagnosed the problem as a lack of hardening in the finished product. I took the parts to our local Picton mechanic (Stephan), and he pointed out that the bore was worn and there was evidence of blow by, so it was obviously time for a rebuild. This turned into a protracted affair as another of his clients had blown up his Norton by forgetting to turn on the oil tap!!! (*where have I heard this before? Ed.*), plus he had a lot of other projects on the go.

While examining the parts we found an inscription "1991 J Shipman" and a phone number thus confirming the account of the bike being restored by him in that year. I tracked him down on Google and found a picture of him on another bike that he had restored. Jim Shipman 1921-1994 was a retired Carpenter and famous in Akaroa for buying the old light house for \$1 and restoring it.



Stephan finally got the bike ready to run but there was no spark so clearly the magneto needed attention. There is a guy locally who rewinds them, but he is 6 months behind in his work. I finally got the magneto back and at time of writing it is being fitted to the bike.

I have just realised unfortunately that I will miss next year's Jampot because I will be on a 4WD expedition in Central Otago.

*John*

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

## **BREATHING NEW LIFE INTO OLD BODIES**

They Say you make your own luck in this world, Lately, I have been making a right mess of it!

One recent Sunday the Echelon had a ride with the BSA Boys and Girls up to the Port Albert Store. It was a greyish day, but warm with no sight of rain on the horizon, a perfect day for riding. The BSA people were meeting at the Dairy Flat, Caltex, so some of the Echelon decided to meet there. Those of us who live out West thought to meet them at Kaukapakapa. We were therefore a touch surprised to watch a gaggle of BSA's ride past without stopping. It would seem that they did not get the memo. The Echelon crew did stop for us and we caught the rest up at the lookout just before Wellsford.

As the 18S is getting close to terminal in the bottom end department and the '31 CSR is still getting put back together after a gearbox spruce up, I decided to ride the 1977 750 T140 Triumph. I have only had this bike a month or so and there have been issues I have been working through which I thought I had got it pretty well sorted.

The run up was fantastic, the bike ran well, the road seemed relatively free of idiots and the promise of fish and chips at the journey's end put the icing on the cake. We had been advised that due to the number of people riding to the store, it may be prudent to pre-order our meals for Sunday, which I did and paid for. Upon arrival, I went to the counter and advised the owner that we had arrived and were ready to eat. There were a number of silly buggers who rocked up on the day and ordered upon arrival. Silly buggers who then had their meals cooked and served while the rest of us looked on longingly and somewhat hungrily! After everyone had been served, we, the thoughtful pre - buyers, got fed! I was a little miffed at this and voiced my opinion once or twice.

Life however, does go on and the fish and chips were wonderful [ *probably due to the prolonged wait*] The ride home was not as good as the morning ride, as it was during this ride that the 'luck' we make decided to bite me in the arse. I stopped off for a rest while my companions did a horizon job. Things were going alright until I got into Kaukapakapa when the bike started the odd miss at low throttle. By the time I had arrived in Helensville, I was down to one cylinder, hoping- nay praying- that I would get home as my van had been in the panel beaters for two weeks thanks to a lady's parking skills. [ *Was that more luck I made for myself?*] Chris Steadman had come around on Monday to help me sort out the Triumph electrics - and we did! That however, was not the problem, it appears a large quantity of oil was getting into the right hand cylinder, fouling the plug. I'm not sure at this stage what the problem is as I have other fish to fry.

On Wednesdays a group of local Grumpy Old Men gather at the South Head Golf Course Cafe for coffee. There are a few of us who ride, so we usually meet earlier and ride up South Head to Te Rau Puriri Farm Park, chat then head off for coffee. I was a bit short of a ride so I thought I would take the 18s out for a gentle run. It was fun, the old girl was in her element chugging along through the corners.

After coffee I mounted up for the ride home and about a kilometer down the road I changed down to third to slow for a corner, well, I would have, but the gear lever had disappeared! I rode back to the Café, looking on the road as I went, but saw nothing, so headed home slipping the clutch like an automatic gearbox to get up the hills. When it comes time to rebuild the old girl I'm probably going to need some clutch plates [ *damn it*] Was this Bad Luck? Well, I had gone over the bike the day before tightening bolts and had noticed the gear lever was a little loose, so I cranked the bolt up tight and secured the damn thing. [ *I did!, double did in fact*] So, having a number of projects needing attention and with a forthcoming run to Raglan looming up in November, I went out shopping.....

I had a Test ride on a Royal Enfield Guerrilla on Thursday. It was the most fun I have had on a bike in a while, I had a smile on my dial a mile wide, so much fun in fact that I picked it up on Friday, it's not the Colour I really wanted but I figure everyone will get either the white and blue or the yellow and purple.

Just out of the dealers, first gear feels like the brake is dragging, dropped it into second and the damn thing leaps forward like a charging Silverback, with a quiet guttural roar for added effect. It's nuts, not even run in and it flicks through the twisties, charging out of corners and easily closing on speed limits. [ *I did not break them, honest officer!*]. I'm glad I don't live in the city, the temptation to duck and dive in traffic is too much, so much so that I would probably get clipped. It's only going to take a few days to come up with the 500ks for the first service so I have booked my place in the queue for next week.

It has been a real change for me, no kick start, no tickling or fuel to turn on, no manual advance and retard, no oil on the garage floor and so far all the bits have stayed on the bike. Don't get me wrong I still love my old girls but now I don't have to make sure the van is ready and there is no ride anxiety, [ *will I get home,? will I need rescue?*]. That is what I call making my own luck!!

**Pedro**

Footnote: Pedro hasn't mentioned here that he actually did get a ticket - riding home from Linley's funeral. Pushing the Triumph through the rev range to check when the vibrations ironed out! Our smooth talking member managed to convince the cop to reduce by half, the excess speed he registered, both saving him money and another reason he couldn't go out riding - ie -no license!

M.

# *The reality of it all as described by Pedro & Mike*

## **Of Old Bikes and Oily Rags**

Don't get me wrong I love old bikes, the sound, the pulse of the engine and I love the simplicity that can come with them. Old bikes seem to handle well, they look good ticking in the sunlight with the odd drip of oil that lets you know that they're still alive. Old bikes came from a simpler age, one with fewer rules, less traffic and in most cases less braking.

I like tinkering, fettling and wiping a rag lovingly over tarnished chrome. I also like riding them, some can be a challenge, you need to keep your wits about you, listen to their engine and learn to feel the bike beneath you. [*Any of you feeling the bike that's not beneath you may have a problem*]. What I don't like is riding anxiety, that feeling as you ride that says "Will I make it home?". There is no enjoyment in a ride if you need to set the van or car and trailer up before leaving. It takes the edge off the enjoyment.

I know that I'm not the only one who suffers from this - there are others out there who fettle and polish their ancient steeds and then when it comes to an Echelon ride, out comes the new bike, good old reliable, it may have less character but it's safer to ride and it will get me home. [*Providing you don't lose the keys*] (*who are you getting at here Pedro??*) A lot of older bikes only come out if there is a vintage or club rally - and can you blame the owners?

At seventy, I'm missing a few parts and there are things that don't work as well as they once did, running a marathon? - hell even running is out of the question. So perhaps asking a seventy-year-old bike to do it is not really fair. Old bikes deserve to be ridden, maybe shorter rides at a more sedate pace, something in the region of fifty to one hundred miles in a round trip with a coffee break of course. After all, we are not sadists!

I ride one of my old bikes once a week, it's a 45k ride [*mixing my measurements here*], with a coffee stop in the middle, then over Summer we may go out for a longer run of 150 -220 kilometres. [*well I did when the bikes were working*]. Are we nuts for continuing with old bikes? Are we nuts for wanting new bikes?

I guess the most important thing is that we are getting out there and riding! Does it matter what we are riding as long as we are riding, or is getting oil all over your hands sitting on a shaky stool cursing old British motorcycle designers more important? I have been having so much fun the last two days, out clocking up Miles / kilometres on my new bike, not worrying about breakdowns or bits falling off - just enjoying the road, the scenery and the quiet.

New bikes comply with predetermined noise levels, they have overhead cams and fuel injection! There is no thump, no rattle, no oil on your boots, there is not a rattily tappet to make you wonder if you adjusted them right last tune-up, and fuel is not leaking past a dodgy gate valve or worn float bowl gasket. Just the roar of the wind and the maniacal laugh of an old man enjoying the day. Maybe it's not character-building, maybe the new bike has no character, maybe all you have left is Fun.

**Pedro**

## **Together with pulled muscles and tired limbs**

Pedro's story above twitched a similar nerve in your editors grey matter. My recent dramas, as I have regaled you with in my Secretarial Scribble and other writings, have forced me to miss a couple of recent club rides, as the machinery required is proving somewhat painful to set in motion, so to avoid becoming even more of a 'Grumpy Old Man', I wheel out my 2021 Mt 09 Yamaha and head off on a voyage of self discovery. (*If its alright for the Mayor of our capital city to take time out to discover herself, I guess it's OK for me to do something similar*).

Our local club has two rides during the month where it is expected to front on either a kickstart or a plus 25 year old bike. I don't wish to disrupt this set-up, so until muscles repair themselves, I head off on my 'modern' for a canter around the local hills and vales. My 'modern' has enough grunt to produce a smile, it has enough braking to allow me to wobble around corners at the reduced speed my sense of self preservation demands, the suspension works just fine and it is light and handles like a dream, in short it is a most enjoyable experience to head off and find a pie shop 60 km away, where I can enjoy a lunch snack and then head off and do it all again in reverse. Three or four hour journeys are a doddle and I have spent time in its saddle far longer and not suffered any ill effects, a little different on a 60 year old 'Classic'.

So what does this tell us? As Pedro has written, it opens the door to enjoyment once more. As the years tick by we seek a more comfortable time in our lives, we like a comfortable chair, not a hard kitchen one, a pair of old well worn slippers are infinitely more preferable than hard soled shoes, and so it is with bikes a more comfortable, easy to operate, easy to maintain machine, opens the door to further years of enjoyment.

We can still talk about the older machines in our sheds, we may even ride them on a regular basis, but if we can continue to enjoy motorized two-wheeled machinery by riding something a little less demanding, or more comfortable then so be it. There will always be a place in my heart for the bikes I had as a youth and I still plan to ride them as often as possible. They have provided a raft of memories, and will continue to provide episodes of enjoyment, mostly at my expense I think, but a modern bike is a damn good way to keep the sense of joy and fun going for a few extra years.

**Mike**

# BUSTER, PIERRE AND JOHN TACKLE NORTHLAND

I can't remember who came up with the idea for a tour of Northland, but I know that Buster did all the planning for a ride after the Clark's Beach Rally. This did not eventuate due to Cyclone Gabrielle, so we all kept in touch and finally met up at Buster's home in Orewa on Monday 18<sup>th</sup> November 2024. When I say we, I mean me, Buster and Pierre. I had a few days in Auckland and then stayed with my sister in Orewa. Pierre rode up from Cambridge where he had stayed with a friend. I was on my BMW R850R, and Buster planned to ride his Matchy 500.

Pierre's Suzuki V-Strom had arrived with a weeping front fork seal, so we had to do some first aid with tape and a rag to stop the oil from getting onto the front brake and wheel. This delayed us somewhat and we didn't get to Buster's house until about 2pm which meant we decided on a straight run up the highway to Paihia on the Monday. This was 195 km and meant we missed out on going via Russell and the car ferry. Buster was worried that he would be holding us up, but he was cruising at 90-100 km/hr and that's about right for the terrible roads we were on.

We found the Motel in Paihia where Buster had a "bust up" with the owner who was of an ethnic persuasion and managed to gouge some extra money from us. The next day (*Tuesday*) Buster was happy to stooze around Paihia for the morning, and Pierre and I took the ferry to Russell to have a look round. Russell used to be called Kororareka (*aka "The Hell Hole of the Pacific"*) due to the general level of drunkenness and crime in the early 1800's. (*It reportedly had more Brothels than pubs and there was a lot of them! "What a business, you got it, you sell it, you still got it, that's what I call a business", a quote from Fanny Hillman, Memoirs of a Jewish Madam! Ed.*) We visited the Museum and met some RSA members who were painting the outside of their building. We all met up again at 1pm in Paihia and headed off to Kaitaia (117 Km) where the plan was to stay two nights and spend a day going to Cape Reinga.

Wednesday morning, we got up and found low cloud and drizzle which for a while turned into heavy rain. We got to Cape Reinga (94 Km) and it was overcast with low visibility. After we started walking down towards the light house it suddenly cleared, and the sun came out and it was so hot I had to discard some clothing. Buster grew up in Northland and was able to tell us quite a bit of the history of the surrounding area. On the return leg we called in to the entry point of 90-mile beach, but nobody was keen on riding down the creek. On the way home we called in to a famous pub at Waipapakauri which provided the Officer's Mess for an RNZAF Base during WW2.

On Thursday we rode to Dargaville through the Kauri Forest. (226Km) The funniest sight was 3 vehicles escorting a solo worker who was using a leaf blower to clear the gutters at the side of the road. Talk about pointless! Entry to the famous giant Kauri (*Tane Mahuta*) was closed due to the die back disease. We took the ferry over the Hokianga harbour, and I was embarrassed to have my credit card declined, so had to work my passage by swabbing the deck. The same thing happened at Rawene during lunch, and I had to clear tables to pay for my meal. Thanks guys!!

Friday dawned on beautiful weather, so we started the day with a visit to the Dargaville Museum which was excellent. From there we called in to the Kauri Museum at Matakohu and had lunch. This is one of the best Museums in New Zealand. Leaving here on a high, we were brought back to reality when we hit a terrific traffic jam caused by a tree across the road. Buster soon got sick of idling along at low speed and he disappeared up the inside and we didn't catch up until about an hour later. This experience of traffic jams and the terrible roads makes me glad I live in the South Island. We finally ended up at Buster's home in Orewa. Over a cup of tea, he showed us some photos including one of him doing a speed trial in 1952. I was born in 1952 (I'm now 72) so that led me to speculate that Buster has been involved with motorcycling for so long that he was probably there at the start when Moses burnt up the desert in his 'Triumph'!

On a more serious note, the next time a Rally is held in this area I recommend the Register look at doing a (*pre or post rally*) tour of Northland because the scenery is interesting and although the roads are bad you can still enjoy the experience. Many thanks to Pierre and Buster for the company and to Buster for all his planning.

*John Welch*

## *WANTED; FOR SALE; FREE TO A GOOD HOME*

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Cam to suit same model 1928 Matchless 500cc OHV model V2 motorcycle. It is a gear driven cam, has both inlet and exhaust lobes. Matchless Part no. VE33.

Contact John Coleman [jcandkate@bigpond.com](mailto:jcandkate@bigpond.com) or [nipper.nipper33@gmail.com](mailto:nipper.nipper33@gmail.com)



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## MEMBERSHIP MAN MUTTERINGS....

Hi All,

Welcome to our new Members,

Christmas is almost upon us and we have 10 odd entries for the jampot rally 2025 in Motueka. I know of a lot of members who say they are coming but this needs to be followed up with filling out the entry form and Paying!

Great to see 3 AMC bikes at our recent positive Earth rally in Murchison and a lot of club members. Weather was good, sandflies abounding and the sights and sounds of 65 odd British Motorcycles filled our senses.

The National Classic rally scheduled for the same weekend attracted only 23 entries and was cancelled.

As Mike our Editor has said " We are a bunch of old Motorcycle enthusiasts who just want to ride and not be bothered by the Bureaucracy and compliance thrust upon us by beauracracy", we should closely examine ourselves going forward- THE WRITING IS ON THE WALL!



*Murray McLean*

We welcome new members, Jodi Ward from New Plymouth and Geert Hermesen from Nelson 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.



## *Hawke's Bay Classic Motorcycle Club*

36<sup>th</sup> Taupo – Napier MAIL RUN Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> March 2025

### INFORMATION SHEET

This is the 36<sup>th</sup> year of running this event. It is the intention of the HBCMC to encourage riders to ride their vintage/classic bikes with girder forks and/or ridged frame and sprung saddle over a challenging road with like minded people. In the beginning this attracted 80-100 riders. To achieve these numbers again we require new riders i.e. family, friends and Club members – all need to be encouraged to ride and enjoy these older machines.

There will be a "\$100 Reward" for any pre 1924 motorcycle entering upon completion of the Mail Run ridden or part thereof.

The Friday night meal is at Cobb & Co, Tongariro St, Taupo

Bring your "Gold Card" - sit down for the meal at 7.30pm.

The ride will depart Taupo at 10am from Kaimanawa Street opposite the toilet block on Saturday morning. (*We have had to change to this location due to the redevelopment of the Waterfront*) The first stop will be at the Rangitaiki Tavern on the RIGHT to regroup.

The lunch stop will be at the Tarawera Café with HBCMC providing a "FREE' BBQ. Arrival in Napier around 3pm for a static display outside the Masonic Establishment.

The Saturday night meal and prize giving will be at the RSA, 34 Vautier Street, Napier – Buffet two course meal at 6.45pm.

Please note the new bank account number on Entry Form 38 9026 0269623 01  
Come along and enjoy a memorable trip over the Taupo - Napier highway

Contact Jim Lord for Entry Form and any queries:-

Email: [hbcmailrun@gmail.com](mailto:hbcmailrun@gmail.com)

Phone: (06) 8750391 Cell # 027 3547386

# MY KICKSTART RIDE FROM HELL

*Our local Classic Club has a 'Kickstart and Retro' ride on the first Saturday of the month,*

*This month it was 'Plonk' that drew the short straw, or was that me?*

I guess this can well be described as a bit of a 'woe is me' sort of story, one where no-one can feel as sorry for my current self as me. The fact that it may well be described as somewhat self inflicted, offers little comfort. It is no great secret that I have been struggling with a well knackered back for a good number of years, nothing to do with motorcycling, I hasten to add, rather it all started during a time of my life when my passion for building things that went fast was directed toward sailing and the class of boat was naturally an A Class Catamaran, the fastest single handed yacht class at the time. I built two of these over the years, the second to my own design and had some most enjoyable, if not fruitful years 'Messing about in boats'. It all went a bit wrong in 1993 when I, not my boat, was hit by a Trailer-Sailer and after a lot of discomfort ended up crying "enough" and in 2017 welcomed some serious ironmongery into my body, holding my bum and legs onto the rest of myself. However, by the time this cutting, screwing and glueing action took place I had rediscovered my love for motorcycles, and spent a lot of time and money pursuing this passion. Many specials have rolled out of my shed over the years, the last one being 'Plonk'.

Plonk came into my possession after a much loved friend, Davy Jacks, went to the big highway in the sky, and it is a bit of Davy in its current form, as one never quite knows what it is likely to do, particularly when attempting to bring it to life. Hence this tale.

2024 has again been a shit of a year to put it mildly. A bout of Norovirus, two head colds, each with it's own unique discomfort, a pulled muscle in my back, then some variety when a tendon in my left foot made itself known and induced a few weeks of hobbling, and now my back is 'chatting' to me again. Whether this hobbling caused the muscle in my back to protest once more, I know not, it may have been a series of contortions required to fit a new light fitting into the kitchen, who knows, but the result was that when the day arrived for the November kickstart ride I was somewhat physically compromised. The thought of a kickstart only ride pushed all this into the background somewhat, 'Plonk' was the bike selected.

'Plonk' took a fair degree of preparation this day, part of which involved me pouring about a cupful of oil on the shed floor, then cleaning it up, as I attempted to top up the oil tank, I think I may have to fit the new piston on the shelf, into the motor, as its appetite for oil consumption is akin to that of a two-stroke. The oil tank was finally topped up, the tyres were checked and inflated, riding gear was adorned and all was ready for the off, all apart from 'Plonk' that is. Inducing life into 'Plonk' proved to be exhausting to the degree of despair before it shattered the peace of our neighborhood. Thundering out of my driveway I made haste toward BP Clive, where like minded souls had gathered ready for a jaunt into the countryside.

Kairakau Beach is where we were headed, 120 Km of country roads beckoned as the total ride distance. Back on with helmet and gloves, astride 'Plonk' and then again it was a kickathon to get the bloody thing into life once more. I set off, musing to myself that once it had got fully hot it would be easier to start, so it would not be such a pig when we would come to leave the seaside, wrong! It was again a bloody nightmare, reducing me to an overweight limp rag before mechanical life was resumed. All had waited, curious to see who would win this contest of wills in the salty air of the Pacific Ocean. With relief we departed and bounced our way back up Middle Road to the welcoming grounds of our clubrooms. Never had a couple of RTD's tasted so good beneath the shade of our Walnut tree.

Salt is a great substance, but when it is rubbed into a wound, even a mental one, it loses its appeal. Next to me was Tommo's Norton ES2, a bike that I had built the engine for replacing the original 350 cc lump with the larger 500 cc lump. Time to go and with one lazy swing the Norton burst into life and off he went. Next was Eric on his 500 cc AJS single, two leisurely kicks and it sat there thumping away and carried him away to his place of abode. Now it was my turn and again I needed to kick myself to a standstill before it graced the world with life once more. The 'wound', was both other bikes have had my fingers well over them, I can make their bikes start, why not my own? The salt was indeed stinging.

By this time the bike had become something of a cult hero, an 'Anti Christ' on wheels, as those left chapped and cheered as its raucous bark finally filled the air. All I wanted to do was get home and have a lie-down! Finally the shed door closed and 'Plonk' was inside. My back was screaming after an afternoon of two-wheeled adventure and as I disrobed from my riding gear and donned something a little more comfortable, poured a family sized rum and slumped into my chair, I wondered aloud as to why I do such things.

The issue I'm sure is somewhere in the pilot jet area of the carburettor, once the bike is running it is fine and pulls well, idling is yet to be a state of serenity tho' and this is the area of carburation that affects starting. More shed time methinks. In the meantime I watched the Moto GP Sprint race at Sepang where Peco Bagnaia fell off his Works Ducati and in doing so almost handed the riders championship to Jorge Martin then and there. I wasn't the only one to have a bad day it seems!

*Mike*

## FROM PICTON TO VICTOR HARBOUR, THE TRANS-TASMAN ADVENTURES OF JOHN WELCH AS HE ATTENDED THE AUSTRALIAN AMC RALLY

I first met Brian (Nipper) and Maureen Kuerschner at the International Jampot in Nelson 2020. Brian is the President of the Australian Club. He told me he was also at the very first NZ International Jampot held at Lincoln in 2000. We kept in touch and subsequently I decided to attend their Jampot held at Victor Harbour, about a one-hour drive south of Adelaide.

I planned to arrive on a Thursday and use public transport to get down to the Rally site, but Brian arranged for his friend Paul Wahlberg, to pick me up and provide transport. Paul was a Fitter and Turner by trade, and I got to see his three immaculately restored bikes. He also has an impressive collection of spares in his huge shed. I helped him load his bike onto the trailer, and along with his partner Liz, we headed south on Friday morning to the Rally site at the Victor Harbor Motor camp. Victor Harbor is at the bottom of the Fleurier peninsula.

After picking up my Rally pack, Brian showed me the bike that he had brought for me. It started first kick, so the omens were good. At 2pm a group of us headed off for a short ride around an old motor racing circuit. The bike was missing a bit, and I was fiddling with the ignition timing and had just got it right when it suddenly died! So, back to the camp we went with the bike on the Club trailer. After some remedial work Paul got it going but it was still running a bit rough, so we decided to leave it for the moment. Brian was mortified but I reassured him that the same events happened at our NZ Rally's. Spending time at the side of the road is a rite of passage.

Friday evening was spent with a meet and greet BBQ and drinks. I met Mark and Gaynor Smidt who had travelled from NSW for the Rally. Mark had two bikes in his trailer, a Trident and a 1965 AJS 650 which he generously said I could ride the next day.

Saturday was an early start with all bikes assembled outside the local pub for judging at 0800. At 1000 we started the ride which was a 150km circular tour around the peninsula through various small towns taking in the Myponga Reservoir before the lunch stop.



The whole time I was in Australia the weather was balmy and perfect for motorcycling. Mark's bike handled well and performed flawlessly. The last time I rode a twin was after a NZ Jampot when I was thinking of buying a 500 twin. At the time the owner wanted \$10,500, and I ended up buying a BMW instead.

On Saturday night it was a short walk to the RSL for dinner and prize giving. I was pleased that both Paul and Mark got prizes for their bikes. Somewhat predictably I won the "Furthest travelled to Rally" trophy. The placemats were all laminated pictures of AMC machines, and we were encouraged to souvenir these, so I collected a few and took them home.

On Sunday morning we reassembled in the same carpark and headed off at 1000 for another circular tour. I followed the group and about 200m from the carpark the bike died and refused to restart so it was onto the trailer. (*There is a pattern starting to develop here! Ed.*). I followed in a backup vehicle to the lunch stop at Strathalbyn where we diagnosed that Mark's bike had a flat battery. During the lunch stop one clever member used jump leads and connected the recalcitrant battery to his car battery and recharged it. Following that it started first kick and took me back to Victor Harbor with no further issues.

Quite a few had gone home on Sunday, but there was a lot of leftover food, so we had a very convivial evening with another BBQ dinner. On Monday morning Paul dropped me off at the airport where I got a rental and had 4 days exploring around Adelaide.

The highlight of this was visiting the National Motor Museum at Birdwood.

I wish to acknowledge the hospitality of my Australian hosts. Brian (Nipper) and Maureen Kuerschner, Paul Carroll and his wife, Mark and Gaynor Smidt, plus Paul Wahlestedt and Liz for transport.



### Conclusions

51 attendees, of whom 33 were riding AMC machines. Given the size of Australia, I was surprised that there were not more people attending, but then again travel distances are huge. Next years Rally is in Wagga Wagga which is a 10 hour, 1000km drive from Victor Harbor. The Rallies shift around by State.

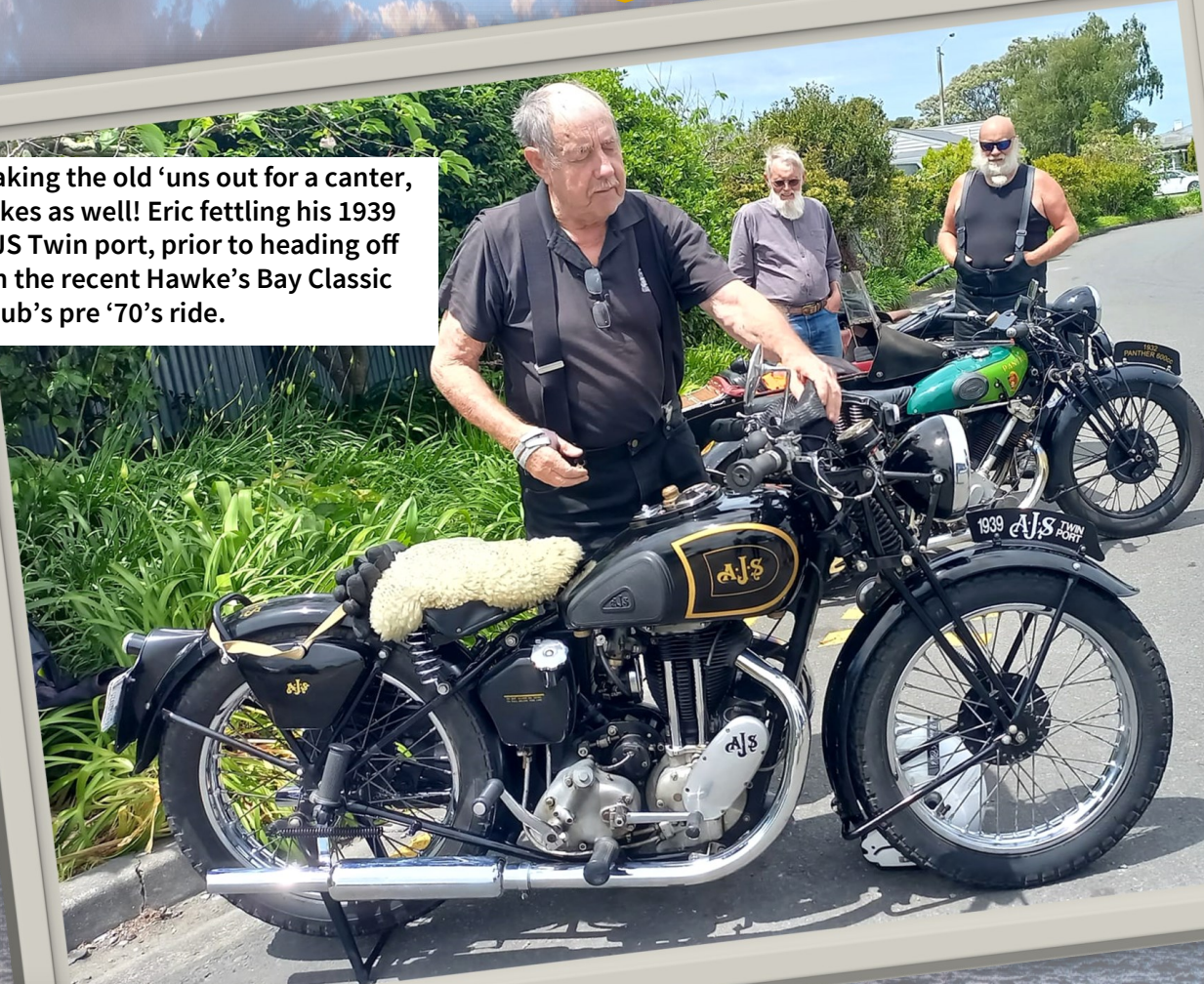
If you would like to attend an Australian Rally, I recommend contacting the Club and the proposal should in my opinion include an offer to reciprocate with a bike in NZ. Australia is only a short flight away and it's a great opportunity to meet like minded people and have a great holiday.

*John*



## INTO THE SUNSET

Taking the old 'uns out for a canter, bikes as well! Eric fettling his 1939 AJS Twin port, prior to heading off on the recent Hawke's Bay Classic Club's pre '70's ride.



Buster relaxing at the Rawene Ferry terminal on the homeward journey from their Northland tour. Story inside, Page5.