

LONDON BOROUGH OF BROMLEY
PRATTS BOTTOM



CHUFF·CHUFF·CHUFF·BANG!



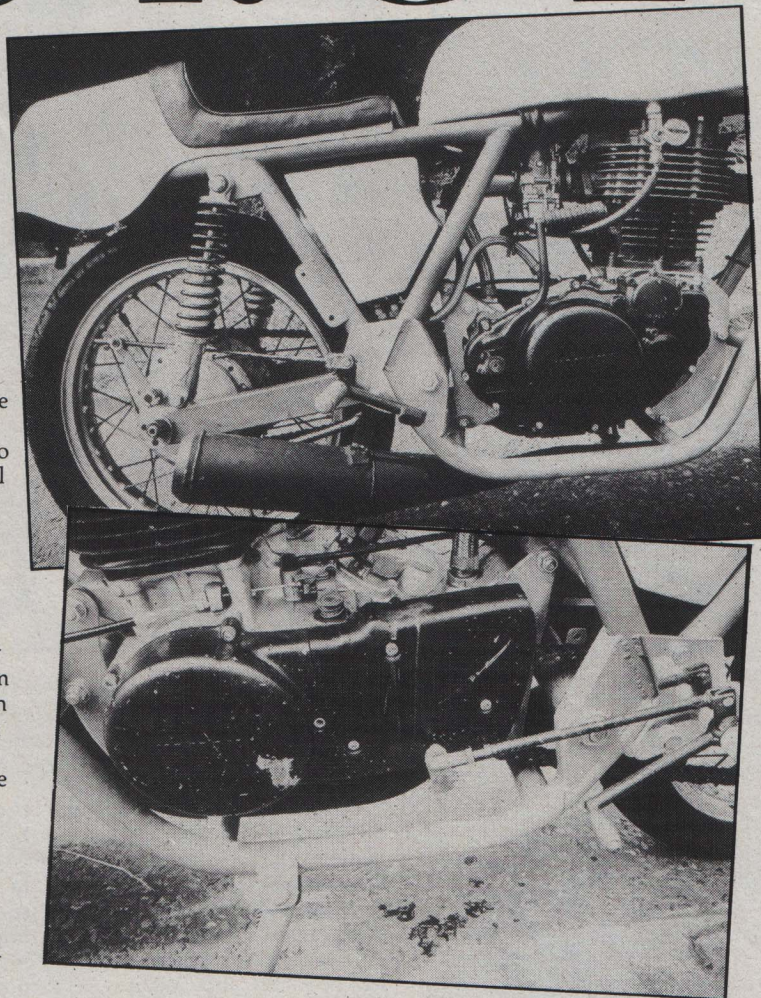
Maitland Racing's Tony Huck builds crypto-throwback thumpers for the unsubtle enthusiast. Willis gets all shook up . . .

BYPASS SURGERY

A cardinal business rule is always giving the customers what they want and Maitland Racing's Tony Huck knows the rules. Huck takes recreational exercise "going quite fast in a straight line", his own way of describing drag bike lunacies. (He also organises the Ramsey Sprint.) As you'd expect from somebody as fascinated with knocking the shit out of multi-cylinder machinery tuned to the edge of extinction with every high-technology aid available to mankind, he doesn't wax lyrical about single-pot plonkers but they are, nevertheless, a large part of his stock-in-trade.

A man of some considerable frankness with an acid line in wit, Tony has difficulty understanding quite why many of his punters bother to give him money for his expertise, bolt-on goodies and big-bore kits when these things are targeted at a selection of Jap singles which he regards with fairly justifiable disdain. But he can't bring himself to refuse their peculiar desires. After all, business is business . . .

Listening to him present his own SR500-based kit special — he had to sling it back together for us, having sold half the original bits to desperately enthusiastic SR aficionados —



More beef in the SR's chassis than any Big Mac but there's also some beef dripping...

is not exactly an experience designed to encourage the jaded tester to sling leg over: "Yeah, it's the epitome of single cylinder, four-stroke, cafe racing romance. It shakes like a pig, it leaks oil, it's grotesquely uncomfortable and it doesn't go very fast. How long do you want it for?"

The bike has a frame of essentially Rickman pedigree, knocked up by Tony out of what he denies is gaspipe. This is complemented, possibly, by a box-section swing arm of his own manufacture. Front suspension, wheels, brakes and wiring harness come straight from the standard Yam. Fuel and oil tanks are alloy and the traditionally-styled seat unit is glass fibre, all made up for and supplied by Maitland Racing. Although this engine hadn't been subjected to the ignominy of a radical Maitland big-bore kit, its performance and bad habits had been modified by imposition of a rather large Amal carburettor. It exhaled through an exhaust system of pure Huck provenance (the boy also turns an honest quid or several by dyno-developing and marketing aftermarket pipes) which was quieter than one would have predicted . . . but not *that* quiet.

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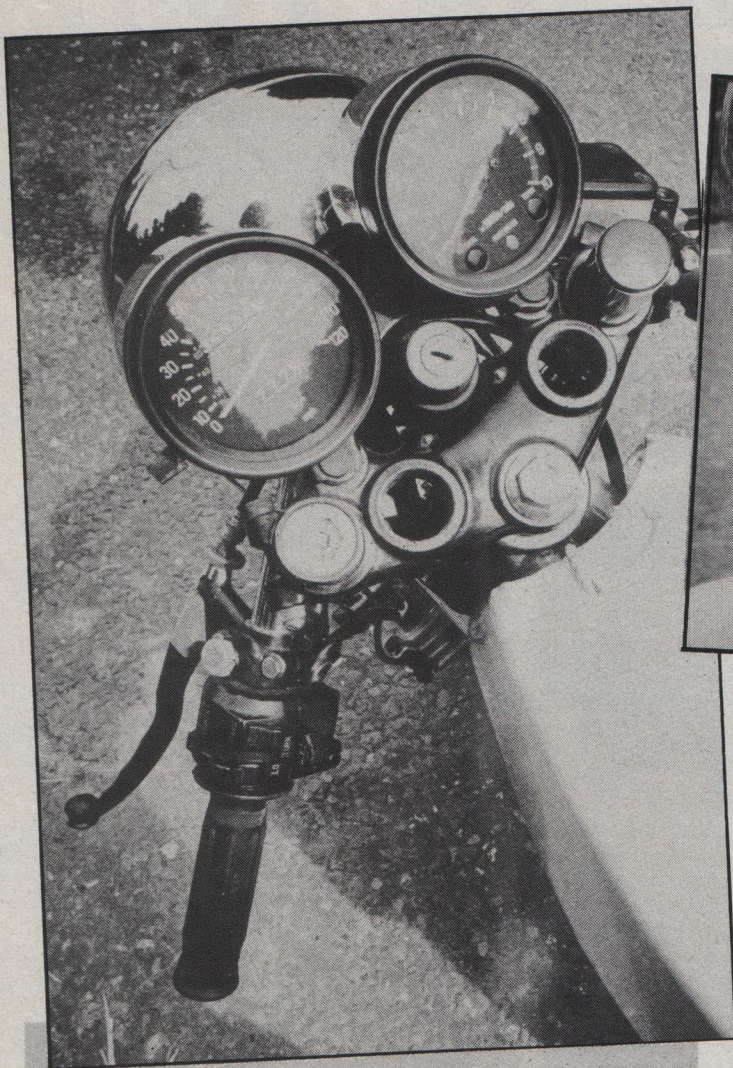
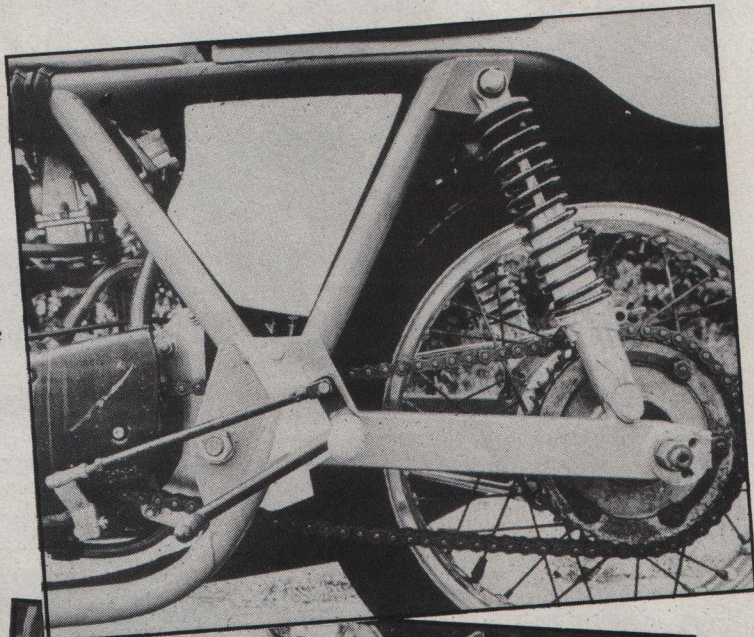
Back to the romance and cutting a sharp profile round the North Circ . . . Vibration wasn't a trait unknown to the SR and, like any primarily unbalanced motor, tuning makes it worse. In this case, a cruelly hard bum perch, solidly mounted, spun-alloy, rear-set pegs and clip-ons ensure that the rider absorbs the romantic totality of every tremor. Never mind, racing Nortons were far worse . . . Oil leaks are directly attributable to this interesting feature, too. The feed and return unions on tidy

Aeroquip oil lines get shaken loose, dribbling black gold onto the back tyre with unswerving accuracy. You *know* when the oil's leaking. The handling passes on a tip . . .

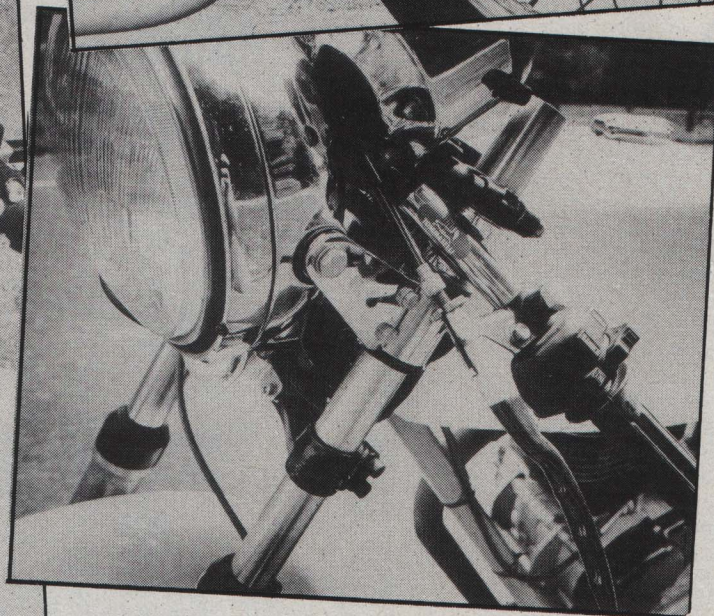
Well, at least the motor's performance causes slight stirs in the sleep that's induced by stock Yamaha SR output and the lump is even capable of exceeding the mystical century. But it still looks and sounds faster than it actually is and, after all, that's what *really* matters. Our attempts to get it

thoroughly stoked up at MIRA were mercifully (in Roland's considered opinion) cut short by tyre lubrication, though. It handles better than any OE-framed SR, which is not a difficult thing to achieve, and it also handles better than any of the classic 'sixties rip-snorters that its styling mimics. Once again, this is not a difficult thing to achieve . . .

hundred quid and some fillings you'd like rattled out of teeth, a visit to Tony's North London workshop wouldn't go amiss. For those of you who only want to make a mess of your engine, he's got silly carbs, hot cams, high-comp pistons, zorsts of varying degrees of legality and all the necessary stuff to make the orifice bigger. He'll be honest with you, too, about



The business end is a long stretch away but looks primitive an' raw



Chainguard? Nah, they're for wimps but the ultra-lightweight (i.e. non-existent) speedo and tacho cables could do with development. Note how front end hangs down stock stanchions, lower than an editorial beer gut in fact

It's arguable that the Maitland SR special is either a frothy piece of motorcycling fun or a dreadful nail. This very much depends, as Tony Huck is well aware, upon one's point of view. Anyway, if you've got a redundant SR, about eight

performance potential. If, however, you genuinely want to go *fast*, he can also front up the tackle to give a 150mph terminal speed in a mere quarter of an imperial mile. Trouble is, that means considerably more than one cylinder . . .

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