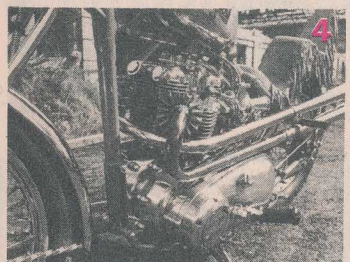
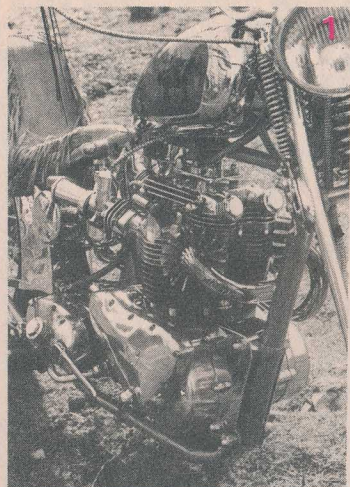


“More power. More, more power.”



*Superseries*



Apehangers, a peanut tank and a mass of chrome used to be a pretty common formula for a chopper ten or so years ago. After that, things got pretty wild; heavy moulding, long front ends, freaky paint jobs and anything else you care to mention came and went and came again, and a lotta folk have never been able to make their minds up since as to exactly what they like.

Not so Mike Greaney; he's been running this machine since 1970 and apart from a few external alterations it's looked much the same all that time. Biggest visual change was to swop a 12-over girder for the current set, based on Ariel forks, with a mild 1 3/4 in. stretch. There have the dual advantage of adjustable damping and a pair of outrigger re-bounce springs to cut front-end hop and,

*1 Timing cover is only stock item on 761cc mill; head-steady is fixed under pressure from frame lower rail to keep head and barrels on cases.*

*2 Short Ariel girder up front and Dunlop K87 4.50 x 17 out back give Igor a lean an' hungry look.*

*3 Suede King and Queen seat is supported by sissy bar twisted from 1/2 in. square rod. Shotgun tailpipes were rolled from brass sheet.*

*4 Take a close look at that primary — it's 1 in. wider than stock to cover owner's Synchro-flex belt drive conversion.*

combined with a 2 1/2 in. stretch in the back of the frame they keep the bike low and manageable.

Which, in this particular case, is a pretty sensible outlook, since most of the work Mike's done to his bike over the years is the kind you can't spot from the kerbside. Right now the engine must be one of the highest-tuned Triumph mills burning British blacktop, every component having been worked on from the specially made PAC Engineering (of Horton) one-piece, long stroke crank to the 32mm inlet tracts in the 9-stud head and the K2FC racing magneto.

The cases are machined to give clearance to the crank and a pair of Boyer camshafts which operate the valves via Thruxton tappet blocks, followers and push rods. Morgo barrels, together with the extra 2mm of stroke, bump the capacity up to 761cc and 10:1 pistons top off a complete bottom-end, rods and pistons balance job done by Wessex Racing Developments of Swanage.

Precise balancing of all components together has played a great part in eliminating engine vibration — so too has another of Mike's unseen mods which is probably a unique innovation on a street motorcycle this side of the pond. Disenchanted with having to constantly adjust primary chains and never successfully sealing the case, he set about designing a toothed belt drive on the lines of the American Phase 3 set-up for the big Harleys.

Being a 'freelance' engineer kinda helped a bit as both the engine and clutch drive gears had to be machined from solid aluminium billet and the clutch was then fitted with a steel liner to accept stock plates. The belt itself

was supplied by Synchro-flex and being 45mm wide required a wider case than the original; you wouldn't notice it unless you took a tape measure to the primary, but a 1 in. band of alloy has been welded to the inner case, drilled and tapped to accept the stock outer cover.

Drive chain stretch and lube problems were overcome simply by fitting an Izumi chain with sealed rollers and the last oily headache, mist from the engine and oil tank breathers, was solved by routing the pipes into the carb bellmouths.

The amount of time and attention to detail that Mike has lavished on his bike — he once spent 27 hours non-stop turning Igor's 150 stainless dome nuts and engine studs — has resulted in the best running Triumph he's ever known and he regularly proves the point to Jap bike jockeys who figure a run against British iron is a foregone conclusion. Even so, he can't put his finger on exactly why he loves the beast, just that after an affair lasting eight long years he couldn't bear to part with it.

"It's my bike, it wouldn't be right to see somebody else riding it now," he said, throwing a leg over the machine, instantly at home behind the 21 in. high bars. He hesitated, leg poised on the kick start:

"I can't explain it, but this is where it all begins." The motor crackled into life, I caught the scent of Castrol GP from the twin straight pipes as Mike wheeled around and then, in almost the same instant, was gone in a blaze like some wild, unguided missile. And above the roar of that crazy, charging chrome vision I heard the pilot cry, "More power, Igor, more power..."