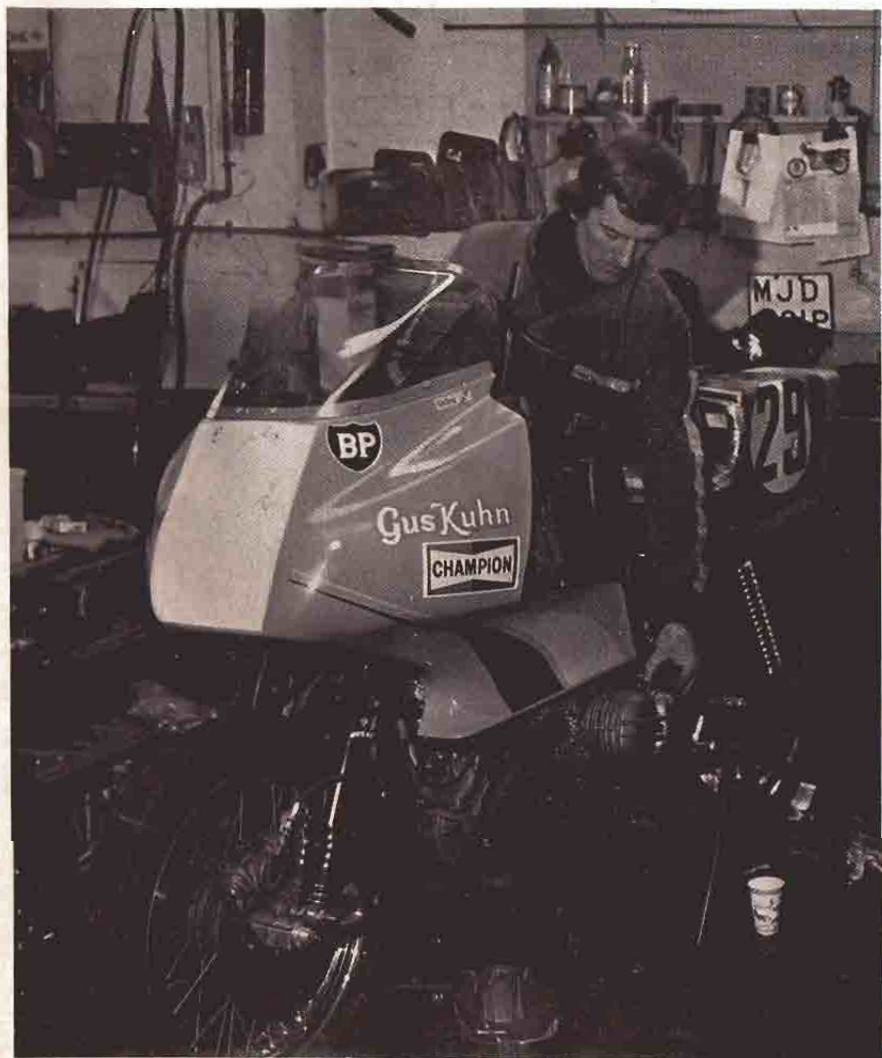


the journal of

JUNE 1977

THE BMW CLUB



national officers

PRESIDENT: George Saunders, 7 Aldborough Court, Chingford Av. London E4
SECRETARY: Fred Secker, 13 Naverne Meadows, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP12 1HU
Phone: Woodbridge 2164
TREASURER: John Wood, 85 Stourton Avenue, Hanworth, Middlesex
SOCIAL SEC: Pete Gowland, 65 Camden Road, London NW1
SPORTS SEC: Alan E Dean, 139 Haigh Moor Road, Tingley, Wakefield, Yorks
TOOL HIRE SEC: K Sanders, 31 Slough Road, Iver Heath, Bucks
PRESS OFFICER: H Kennard, 31 Hanover House, London NW8
VINTAGE SEC: J R Lowes, Bowbury House, Ashbourne Road, Kirk Langley, Derbyshire
Phone K Langley 334
EDITOR: Geoff Wilson, 4 Scaur Close, Lazonby, Penrith, Cumbria CA10 1BT
Phone Lazonby 584

& section secretaries

NORTHERN: A Moores, 71 Westwood Street, Accrington, Lancs BB5 4BL
Phone Accrington (0254) 392302
YORKSHIRE: B Cook, 23 Branch Place, Leeds LS12 5PT Phone 790908
MIDLAND: K Wells, 8 Field Close, Houghton on the Hill, Leicester LE7 9GS
Phone 0533 417744
OXFORD: J Gibbs, 4 Cherwell Park, Old Marston, Oxford
Phone Oxford 722761
WESTERN: T Fielding, 24 Blethwin Close, Henbury, Westbury-on-Trym,
Bristol BS10 7BH Phone Bristol 504487
LONDON: N Williams, 8 Folkestone Court, Newmarket Avenue, Northolt, Middx.
SOUTH EAST: G Diplock, 19 Mountford Road, Kemsing, Nr Sevenoaks, Kent.
EAST ANGLIA: R White, 23 Queensland Drive, Colchester, Essex.

ISSUE 308

JUNE 1977

editorial

It is, I guess, inevitable that anyone's interests, no matter how diverse will at some time come together and be discussed as one topic. A less expensive, but no less absorbing hobby than motorcycling in which I sometimes dabble is the study of dialect and slang; mainly local north country, but comedian Mike Reid has brought into all our homes the cockney rhyming slang. Hence, thinking bikes and dialect the other day, when comparing a youthful 125cc Yamaha (in my garage for servicing) and my much abused /5 BMW, to my mind came the phrase 'All things bright and beautiful' BMW. Don't think GW is becoming senile, it's just that a more common form of slang passed my lips when the chain had to be adjusted, a Phillips Head screw gave up under the strain of an impact driver and an 8mm dia brake adjuster with a 4mm hole down the centre understandably broke off, etc. etc.

The roadworthiness of the Yamaha, or rather lack of it, shook me, and made me think a new line on rider safety. In a very rural area where density of riders hardly demands a shop which sells bikes within a 20 mile radius, where do the youngsters go to obtain advice and service? The answer is becoming clear - nowhere! They don't get serviced regularly, and it is like manna from heaven when a BMW owner 'that breed of rider whom lesser mortals deify', comes into the area, and is expected to perform the miracles of a celtic Kel Carruthers. However, if this example of Japanese torture is typical then ensure that if you are in Cumbria being hounded by an FSIE thrasher, then show him a clean pair of Metzlers or let him pass, because the chances are his only brakes will be the platform soles of his fashionable boots. (If his boots aren't as fashionable, chances are his brakes will be adjusted).

Continues on Page 5



Will Section Social Secretaries please keep Pete Gowland informed of events as they are arranged

diary of events

where the sections meet

NORTHERN:	Catholic Church Hall, Lowton, Nr Wigan 2 miles east of M6 on south side of A580
YORKSHIRE:	A E Autoparts, Legrams Lane, Bradford on east side of west circular road
MIDLAND:	Venue varies - see below:
OXFORD:	The George Hotel, Littlemore off A4142 south of Oxford.
WESTERN:	Old Tipling Philosopher, Chepstow Road, Caldicot, Gwent.
LONDON:	The Spencer Arms, Lower Richmond Road, Putney, London
SOUTH EAST:	The Fountain Inn, Barming, Maidstone, Kent.
EAST ANGLIAN:	Cricketers Public House, Danbury Common

JUNE:

1	SOUTH EAST	Natter Night
4/7	NATIONAL	Rally at Bridgend Caravan Park, Wooler, Northumberland. From south A1 take Coldstream road A697. Before bridge in Wooler turn right into Brewery Road. Park 50 meters on right £1 per tent per night.
7	LONDON	Natter Night
12	NORTHERN	Meeting Lowton 14.00 hrs
15	SOUTH EAST	Natter Night
19	YORKSHIRE	Visit Belvoir Castle, 7 miles west of Grantham. Meet carpark 13.00
19	WESTERN	Visit Dodington Park, meet 14.00 hrs inside grounds. Take M4 to turn off 18 onto A46 s/p Stroud. Entrance 400yds from turn of
21	LONDON	Half yearly AGM
26	NORTHERN	Visit to John Bacon's Farm, Kirkby Hardwick, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts
26	MIDLAND	Day run to Ely Cathedral. Meet at Watford Gap 12.30/13.00 or Cathedral entrance 14.00 hrs.
26	EAST ANGLIAN	Wipsnade Zoo. 9.00 Ongar Motorcycles. 11.30 Wipsnade.
26	OXFORD	Talk by Bob Tucker & John Curtis on RAC/ACU Training Scheme at the George at 14.30 hrs.

JULY:

29	EAST ANGLIAN	Meeting 19.00 hrs
29	SOUTH EAST	Record Night. Avmour Blue and Motorcycle
1/3	MIDLAND	Camping Weekend at Whetton Mill. 9 miles north of Ashbourne on A515 turn left for Alstonfield at New Inn, follow signs for Whetton Mill. Support Midland Camping Weekend.
1/3	LONDON	Natter Night
5	LONDON	Natter Night
10	NORTHERN	Meeting Lowton 14.00 hrs
13	SOUTH EAST	Natter Night
17	YORKSHIRE	Visit to National Air Museum - Details to follow later
17	MIDLAND	Day Run to Melbourne Hall, Melbourne, Derbyshire. Meet outside Hall at 14.00 hrs
17	EAST ANGLIAN	Severn Valley Railway. 8.00 Ongar Motorcycles. 10.00/10.30 Watford Gap Services M1. 13.00 Bridgenorth Railway Station.
19	LONDON	Natter Night
22/24	NORTHERN	Camping Weekend in support of Hill Climb Lupton, Kirkby Lonsdale.
24	WESTERN	Visit Ros & Brian Gwinnell, Hillberry, Madams Wood, Painswick, Stroud, Glos 14.00 hrs. From Gloucester take B4073 Painswick rd entrance is approx $\frac{3}{4}$ mile past Kimsbury Hotel on left
26	SOUTH EAST	Natter Night
27	EAST ANGLIAN	Natter Night 19.00 hrs
31	OXFORD	Doc's Day, Wendover
31	SOUTH EAST	Shuttleworth Collection, Old Warden Aerodrome, Bedford

Diary of Events Continued

AUGUST:

2	LONDON	Natter Night
5/7	MIDLAND & LONDON	Combined Camping weekend at Ranksborough Hall, Langham, Oakem, £1 per night
5/7	SOUTH EAST	Support London & Midland Camping Weekend
10	SOUTH EAST	Regulation Run 20.00hrs
14	SOUTH EAST	Portsmouth Submarine Museum. Details only from South East Sec.
14	NORTHERN	Meeting Lowton
14	EAST ANGLIAN	Picnic in Forest of Dean. 8.00 a.m. Ongar Motorcycles. 12 noon Severn Bridge Services.
16	LONDON	Natter Night
20/21	NORTHERN	Club Run
21	YORKSHIRE	Visit Staithes, Nr Whitby. Meet at Staithes by Harbour - 12.00 hrs
24	SOUTH EAST	Natter Night
24	WESTERN	Visit to Maritime Museum, Bute St, Cardiff 14.30 hrs. Follows docks signpost on entering Cardiff.
26/29	NATIONAL	To be decided
28	OXFORD	Natter
30	LONDON	Natter Night
31	EAST ANGLIAN	Meeting 19.00 hrs

section newsNORTHERN NEWS

From John Groves

Since our last meeting the weather has improved. We went to Llandudno and as always were made most welcome by Peter and Maureen Johnstone. There are few places where motorcyclists can go and feel at home as soon as they enter the place. Once again thanks to John Yates for organising everything.

However all motorcyclists were certainly made welcome at the BMF Rally. You will be glad to learn that as the Rally moved further away from us this year, to Peterborough, the Northern Section was certainly well displayed on the Rally site. Many of you who did not attend helped to portray the spirit of club life as part of our picture gallery of events. We don't apologise for making the BMW club tent look like a Northern Section benefit, but we would have welcomed some competition from other sections. We are thinking about next year now, and would welcome ideas and offers of skills.

Our next venue is the National Camping weekend on 4/7 June at Bridgend Caravan Park, Wooler, Northumberland. Gather your camping gear, and for those of you who don't camp have a try, you never know, you might like it.

We hope to have a good contingent of you going to the International Assembly as it may be the last one on the Island! However as the Island loses status in the eyes of racings governing body, this year will see perhaps more solo BMWs racing there than for many a long year.

The following weekend finds us at the opposite end of the Pennine Chain in Nottinghamshire. If you think your brakes or *handling leave something to be desired*, then come and pit your reactions against the wobblers and weavers in John Bacons vintage collection, yes, you can ride a lot of them

LICKIN 'N STICKIN - 25 JUNE at home of Ken Wells - address page two

COPY DATE 15 JUNE FOR AUGUST MAGAZINE - EDITOR & WIFE PACKING A FEW THOUSAND MILES IN THROUGHOUT JULY

OXFORD NEWS AND SOME OTHER VIEWS

From Jack Gibbs

Nice to have four extra pages in the April Journal, for which we thank several new contributors and our Editor Geoff. Readers letters are always enjoyable, especially the controversial ones, but the most far reaching, was that of John Lowes our Vintage Secretary. Pre 1955 BMWs are scarcely true vintage, however, those of the Earls fork type era have come and gone and, as far as preservation counts will soon be in the same category. It is just co-incidental that two of us attended the Velo Owners Club AGM two weeks ago and the whole afternoon was spent endeavouring to ensure their machines live on. The problem was unresolved, but the clubs 2000 members yes 2000 - who pay £7.50 membership fee will attempt to sell £4000 shares capital to launch its own manufacturing company. I would think £25,000 would be the minimum capital but this serves to illustrate the problems our own Club may face in the not too distant future.

Now to our April meeting. George Mendoza brought along another electronic egg head from the Harwell Atomic Energy Establishment to demonstrate the radio amateur bug. Its fascination soon became evident and continued for two hours. Most surprising was the small cash and technical requirement to enjoy world wide friendship. In fact the total cash outlay is less than that for a telephone installation. Thereafter the outlay depends on the depth to which the bug has bitten. George M. will provide further information upon request.

It was nice to have several members from the south east pay their first visit while en-route for home after attending the IMTC AGM at Stratford on Avon.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Circumstances beyond his control have prevented Tony Merrit from organising the section meeting advertised to occur on Sunday 26 June. Instead we will meet at the George as usual at 2.30 p.m. Bob Tucker and John Curtis will give a talk on the RAC/ACU motor cycle training scheme.

The Vintage Club's Banbury Run is on 19 June. This is a cavalcade of motor cycle nostalgia with machines manufactured between 1900 and 1930. They leave the main car park in date order starting at 10 a.m. Known competing members are brothers Frank, 1919 'H' model Triumph and Geoff Crump on same model but two years younger. Ian Clark and dad will enter their 1925 Excelcior.

31 July is a star event - Doc's Day at Wendover.

You will all be pleased to know that Jack's print is now 50% smaller than in the last Oxford News I received from him which bares witness to the success of his eye operation and is evidence of him taking delivery of a super pair of 'goggles'. We hope the improvement continues at the same rate Jack..... GW

Where are they now ?

Ex- London Section member Gil Davison is with the Rhodesian Police helping to patrol the S/Africa/Rhodesia border at Beitbridge.

It is understandable that in an accident involving a 12 month old bike, the machine condition may be overlooked. Perhaps it shouldn't be; 12 months without maintenance can certainly produce a lethal mount, and after all the lad has to get to work somehow but I can get you a 12' field gate made or a puncture repaired in a tractor tyre. GW

YORKSHIRE NEWS:From James Clegg

Twelve bikes and sixteen people turned out for our April meeting which was a visit to Caernarvon. We arrived at the Castle car park at about 12.30 after a fairly uneventful journey except for the usual rain, fog and Sunday morning drivers. After we, the pigeons and the seagulls had had our lunch we all went on a tour of the Castle and spent a very pleasant hour looking round the museum and armoury and climbing (well, staggering in some cases) up the various towers and taking in the panoramic views over Caernarvon and the Menai Straights. Some of the party decided to head for home straight away after our visit, while a few of us decided to have a stroll and take in the sea air.

On

Our homeward journey we encountered a rather fast moving spare tyre which it seemed had decided to make its own journey home. After mounting the pavement it re-bounded off a telegraph pole in our direction. I gritted my teeth and welded my hands to the handlebars and waited for the expected collision but, with my usual luck, it just missed us and also narrowley missed Howard who was following in my wheel tracks and eventually came to rest in front of the third machine of our party. The rest of our journey home was, thank goodness, uneventful.

To the four Nottingham lads who turned up, thanks very much for coming. Hope to see you on more of our runs.

Our next meeting is on 19 June with a visit to Belvoir Castle, 7 miles west of Grantham. Meet at Castle car park 13.00 hrs.

P.S. Don't forget our Natter Nights, last Tuesday in the month at the British Oak, Dirker, Wakefield.

MIDLAND NEWS:From Brian Lowry

The Easter weekend at Watchet heralded the start of the outdoor meetings. At 6 a.m. Thursday Sheile and I set off for Watchet in optimistic mood that perhaps the weather down South would be warmer and brighter than at Long Eaton. However the rain and snow storms on the way down soon dashed our hopes. We took possession of our van at around 11 a.m. and sat down huddled round the one-candle power heater and awaited the arrival of other members.

The majority of club members arrived on Friday and then followed the train of events described in Pete Gowland's column.

After the bonfire on Sunday we had a film show in our caravan. Thanks to Don Fear for his home-made brews it turned into a drunken early morning. That well-known boozer from Derby, Dave Williamson, proclaimed to all that while Don poured it he could drink it but later found that fesh air and Fear ale do not mix. If anyone knows the whereabouts of a 'big black blonde' please contact Dave Williamson urgently

Monday saw the departure of most club members and the rest of Don's ale!

The cultural visit to Shrewsbury on the 24 April was well attended with some 26 members enjoying the hospitality of Bob & Margaret Clayson, who provided all with hot drinks and snacks and also arranged for official guides to take us round this historic town. Even though I had been on the last visit with the same guide, her knowledge and enthusiasm coupled with the bright sunshine made it a most interesting and enjoyable tour followed by lunch in a local restaurant. Then back to Bobs, with him giving a death defying display on a MOPED, nearly losing a most important part of his anatomy in the process. Ian proved he does still have a Bee Emm, and I promise to do the same for the future.

Brian wrote more, but to save duplication I left the Easter camping details to Pete Gowland GW

LONDON NEWS

From Bruce Preston

It's been an out and about month for the London section starting with the very well supported camping weekend at Watchet and finishing with the equally well supported BMF Rally at Peterborough. We all thoroughly enjoyed Watchet, the snow was quite warm, the caravans even warmer (once we had a variety of heating implements going) and the campers froze. No doubt that the film show was a success but that, too, was a chilly one. Poor Alan Hills had a disaster when his flywheel came undone at speed and by the time he could stop the holes were not quite as BMW intended them. A helping hand from various section members got the bike, Alan and Christine home with the minimum of fuss though and all he had to do then was gaze glumly at the pieces.

Big event in June must be the IoM Assembly, open to all but run by the club and offering what must be the greatest gathering of BMWs in the UK. Fred Secker has once again excelled himself with prizes and, with the Green Ginger providing the kind of music that many of us like it must be a swinging evening. The big question is, will Brenda Preston win the raffle for the eighth consecutive year?

If you are around the London area during the summer try and drop in at the club room on clubnight, we'll be pleased to see you and these days you'll even get a sandwich.

WELL ALL CAME TOGETHER AT WATCHET

From Pete Gowland

The Easter weekend at Watchet was again a success with 17 vans and as many campers. Let's hope it's 25 next year.

Gordon & Ivy Diplock arrived at seven on Thursday evening to find that some members had arrived before them, which did lead to some confusion with the vans. Most members arrived on Friday and in the evening we had a get together in my van with cheese and wine. The wine being donated by Tom Stephens. With the wine not lasting long there was only one thing to do and we did it. We passed the plate around, which came up with over £10 and taking over Bruce Preston's motor and forcing a protesting Bruce to drive us to the nearest off licence we bought more refreshment to keep us going for the rest of the evening.

During Saturday members spent the day walking or riding in the Somerset countryside and in the evening watching a film show, put on by my Midland mate Ian Barkway. The film show took place outside my van and Ian had acquired some good films. Just one thing to add, Ian had the screen outside the van and the projector inside projecting out through the window (nice one Ian).

On the Sunday a treasure hunt brought out the competitive spirit with the route worked out and run by Peter & Adrienne Gosden. It went a bit awry when one of the helpers copied Exter instead of Exford onto the Route Card and some members ended up doing over 90 miles instead of 29. I hope they liked their run to Exeter. The winner was Dave Cooper on a 75/6 and second was Barry Wilson in a Ford Transit. The Ford Transit was later useful to get Alan Hills and his sick 90S home.

On the Sunday evening we had a bonfire on the beach, which I must say Tom, Gordon and I worked very hard to build with some help from one or two Midland members who collected one or two twigs. At the bon fire 25lbs of bangers were eaten along with 5lbs of spuds. Monday was a lazy and get out of it day.

So ended a good weekend with a promise from the site owner that the BMW Club is always welcome at his site.

FOR YOUR DIARY

An International BMW Rally on the 10/11 September is in the initial stages of organisation.

Looking Back with Bruce Preston



Looking through some photographs the other day I discovered a shot of my daughter taken on my first club run to Beaulieu. She was just ten months old at the time and now she is approaching her twentieth birthday ... It made me realise just how long I have been involved in the BMW Club and I started thinking about those early days.

That was in the summer of 1958 and the BMW Club had just one section, the Headquarters, based in London. It boasted a mere 80 members, but that Beaulieu run attracted over a third of the total membership, so perhaps the BMW owner of twenty years ago was even more enthusiastic than his present day brethren? Today, if someone turns up with one of the new /7s he is bang up to date, but then the elite were boasting the new Earls-type R69S and R50 and 60. The best I could run to was an R67/3 and Steib that had cost me £225 at MLGs. I remember, that not long after, the crankshaft needed replacing and it set me back £8.10s and I had to get a bank loan to cover the cost of the repair. I still have the bill.

President at that time was Charles Radford, who was reputed to have a BMW badge sewen on his pyjamas! He owns a guest house near to my home and I still see him occasionally. Herbert Kennard was the editor; he is still Press Officer so he has put in a good term of office. He must have been one of the most erudite editors that the club has ever had and his fame as a road trialer went far beyond the club. He ran an R26 that didn't have a throttle, just an on/off switch, and to navigate for him was a never to be forgotten experience. He appeared to know someone who lived in every street that the trial visited and never got lost. Bob Rilling was secretary, he, like Charles Radford, had owned a BMW since the 1930's and such was the size of the Club that every renewing member got a personal letter from Bob. He also joined us in road trials but, unlike Herbert, never took it seriously and was not averse to stopping for his sandwiches if he came over hungry, even if it did mean losing an award. He was forced to retire because of arthritis but we still hear from him sometimes and he is a life member of the club. Social secretary was Ron Perkins, later to start his own BMW repair business and Sports secretary was Reg Thompkins, the only one that we have lost touch with. It was a very different club in those days and myself and another young rider who had just joined, by the name of Keith Sanders, were about 100 years younger than everyone else. It is a different story today!

After a year's membership I offered to take over the Social Secretary's job and Keith Sanders became Sports Secretary. It was the start of a friendship and co-operation that still continues, and with the older hands making us youngsters welcome, we arrived just in time to cash in on the boom in BMW registrations and within a year the club membership had doubled. I kept everyone busy indoors and Keith did the same outdoors. After six months as social secretary there came a complaint 'for heavens sake let us have a clubnight free to talk'. With film shows, guest speakers and road trials every other Sunday the BMW owner was being worn out. In those days road trials were very popular and the R lilies Bill had not made it all but impossible to run a trial. There were no speed limits, either! The club ran what was said to be one of the best road trials in the South Midland Centre to which we were affiliated and an entry of over 100 was not unknown.

A year later Herbert Kennard retired as editor and, as no-one else would do the job I sort of 'offered'- it was easier to fill the social secretary's post. First I had to learn to type (I never did) and then learn some of the difficulties of being

editor. It was 1960 and the club's membership was continuing to grow. Within a couple of years it would reach 500 and we knew that we had a real club. At about the same time a large gentleman from Leicester came up to me at a club outing at Worcester and wouldn't put me down until I had promised to support his plans to form a Midland section. Until then London had been the hub of the empire and we debated long and hard about risking a section in the provinces. That man was Ken Wells, who we now know never takes 'no' for an answer and before long Eric Moffat's pub at Kegworth became the first 'out of town' meeting place. He sold lovely beer and I was very sorry when he retired to the Isle of Man. Many was the night I slept in his bar.

By now the Earls type BMs were gaining the upper hand in the membership list and those of us who still rode the old type felt almost persecuted (Inow had an R51/3 that would go just 10,000 miles before the rear main spun itself to pieces. That was before they learned to put in a separate housing). The problem was the handling and I seemed to spend most of my life picking bits out of the cylinders after unscheduled excursions into the grass while trying to keep up. The consolation was that anyone following me was even more terrified by the antics of my bouncing rear end.

I think that the Western section came next and my good friend Clarry Williams set about putting Bristol on the map with an enthusiasm that was impossible to resist. Meanwhile, up north, another good friend who we have unfortunately lost touch with, Dick Cookson did the same thing for Rawtenstall in a quieter but just as effective way. That meant that almost every Sunday there was a club event on and I expected to do 6,000 miles a year supporting club events and reporting them in the Newsletter I had to go myself for no one else would write about them for me.

Then there were the long distance trials, and the high speed trials, and the section 'beanos' and the social weekends and camping weekends and AGMs that never seemed to go as smoothly as we had hoped. If the editor asks I will do some more looking back next month, if he doesn't I'll do it anyway.

<p>*****</p> <p style="text-align: center;">ISLE OF MAN</p> <p style="text-align: center;">INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">T.T. WEEK</p> <p style="text-align: center;">14 JUNE 1977</p> <p style="text-align: center;">GLEN HELEN HOTEL</p> <p style="text-align: center;">17.30 - 24.00 hrs.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Music, Dancing, Refreshments</p> <p>*****</p>	<p>*****</p> <p style="text-align: center;">WESTERN SECTION</p> <p style="text-align: center;">visit to</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DODINGTON PARK</p> <p style="text-align: center;">19 JUNE 1977</p> <p style="text-align: center;">meet 14.00 hrs inside grounds</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Leave M4 at Junction 18, take A46 s/p Stroud. Entrance 400 yds from turn off</p> <p>*****</p>
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the well laid plan

You recall that the two W's limped back from the Elephant Rally with a slipping clutch. The reason ... the hastily installed R75/6 motor (extricated from a crashed bike) had an overfilled gearbox. It was apparent that the previous owner not having the container to pur from into the vertical filler hole had leaned the bike over onto one cylinder and FILLED the gearbox until it came out of the filler hole. Hence every time the bike was at rest oil weeped out of the box and onto the the clutch.

MORAL: On a /6 or /7, if oil runs from the filler hole when you check the level, IT'S TOO FULL..... GW

Racing Lines

The '77 GUS KUHN endurance racers (SEE FRONT COVER)

What follows is the editors resumé of an interview given by Vincent Davey to Tom Stephens especially for the BMW Club, on the subject of their 1977 endurance racing BMW's which are fitted with a leading link fork designed and produced at Manchester University.

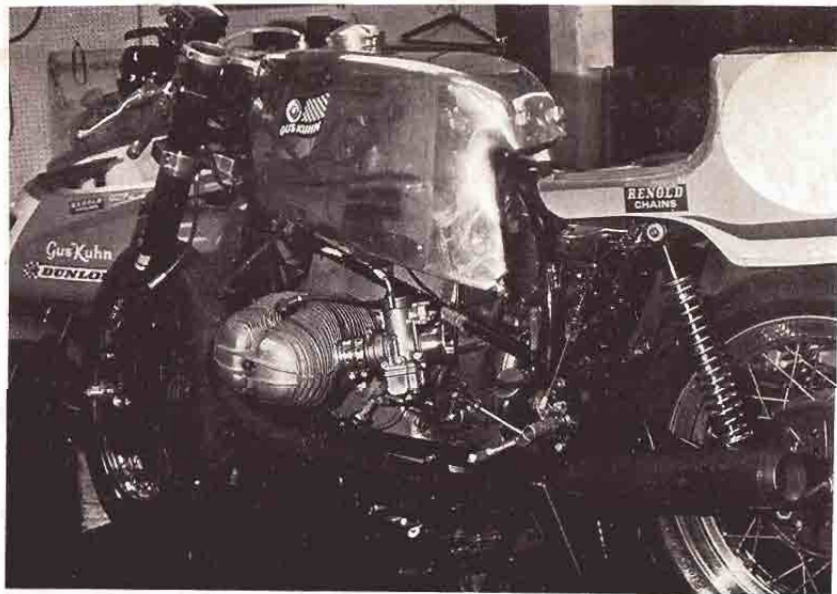
Mr Davey is a Director of Gus Kuhn Ltd and the chief of that Company's Racing Shop

Some of the information is from Dave Sleat, the race mechanic

The bike as a whole is basically a 900cc engine mounted in what started out as a short wheelbase frame. From the photographs you will see that the frame is somewhat non-standard, the most notable change being the bracing bar between the front down tubes and the rear duplex above the swinging arm mounting. The engine breaths through standard R90S carburettors but the breath is speeded on its way via re-designed valving and gas flowed heads. The power is transmitted to the road through Dunlop low profile racing tyres. However, the most blatant deviation from convention on this machine is obviously the front fork, fitted in an attempt to harness the BHP produced by the motor.

The impressions given are as a result of fairly short tests in minor races at Brands Hatch and Cadwell, but since the interview the bike has been raced in the Zandvoort 600 miler in Holland.

The basic fork is a product of the engineering research laboratory of Dr Roe at Manchester University who supplied the girder (from steering head to link bearing) and the swinging link, but the brake caliper plate has been fitted in the Gus Kuhn workshop. With this type of fork the caliper plate must be designed to move relative to the girder and it is mounted on its own bearings.



It is generally accepted that teledraulic forks are simple to produce and inferior to gas or oil filled unit obtainable from say Girling or Koni; the type which we all have fitted to the rear of our bikes. With similar type units at each end the front and rear units can be matched to work in sympathy with each other and a large choice of damping characteristics, spring rates and unit lengths are available. These units are quickly interchangeable to suit the demands of various race circuits as is already the practice in the car racing world. The fork trail angle can also be altered by altering the angle of the link.

..... the brakes are better !!

It is a phenomenon of all modern high speed bikes with telescopic forks that under heavy braking they shake their heads. This is not the case with these leading link forks, and riders are returning with the idea that the 1977 brakes are far superior to the 1976 ones. However, the brakes are identical and the explanation is that the new forks enable the brakes to be utilised to the full without even the fitting of a steering damper. The bike is very stable under very heavy braking. The forks should surely prove their worth in the Isle of Man where one of these bikes will next be seen racing.

Only 3" - 4" fork travel

The design of a leading link fork necessitates a vast reduction in fork travel, but 3" - 4" of travel on a gas filled unit will give the same degree of comfort as a 6" - 7" on a teledraulic unit, with far superior control and less flexing. The wheelbase of a telescopic fork machine varies considerably between each extreme of travel. The question one must ask is why we demand so much travel at the front but not at the rear.

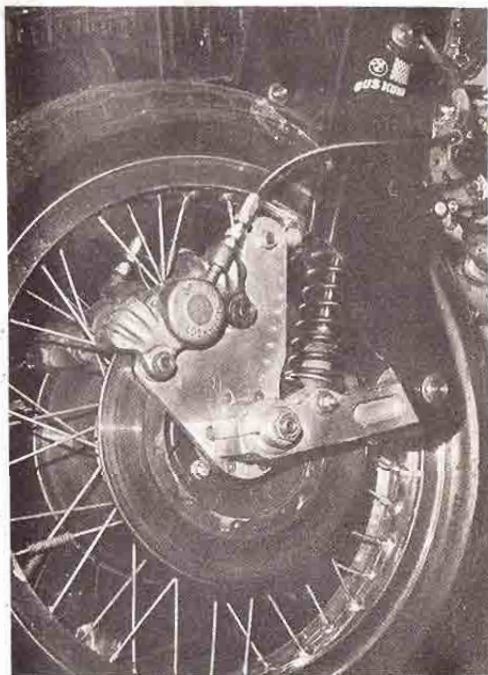
..... but what of the tyres?

Tyres are more critical on a tele-fork model which is very sensitive to tyre unbalance, wheel unbalance and bearing and bush wear. This is not so important with the leading link fork which is far more forgiving

Tried before and died

The leading link fork has never been done really well before, and the ease of manufacture and pleasing appearance of telescopics made them preferable to the not so well made link forks of years gone by. Modern gas filled damper units play an important part in contributing to the success of these forks and these are the reasons why these forks should succeed where earlier leading link forks have failed.

Gus Kuhn Ltd have no commercial interest in these forks and do not foresee them as becoming part of their range of accessories for BMWs. The venture is purely to improve race performance and not to be ignored is the facility



they afford to the 'try it and see' method which has been and still is so important in obtaining correct gearing and rear damping characteristics for specific circuits.

Perhaps by the end of the season the number of race teams that have copied this lead will be a judge of their worth.

technical topics

R27 Problems

for M Hicks

I hope through your journal to get technical advice and find out where I might obtain the parts that I am sure I need. I will warn in advance that the details are of necessity long and drawn out.

Ever since I bought my R27 in 1965 I have been dogged by two faults - burnt points and poor starting. Undoubtedly there is a connection; but I feel there is more to it than that. Unlike most modern BMS it has not got a choke but this is by no means unique although I think a designer is asking a lot of a carb.

When I decided to investigate, starting required running down a slope followed by careful nursing for two or three minutes or I would have to repeat the exhausting exercise. I was interested to know what mixture I was getting so I invested in a 'Colortune'. I suppose that vision is one of our better developed senses but it can be challenging when you have only written instructions. The test was in three parts (1) adjust the tick over (2) rapidly open throttle and allow it to close slowly, (3) run at 3000 rpm. Not test involved full throttle under load conditions, this of course would be difficult unless the engine was on a test rig. It was easy to adjust the pilot; best results being obtained at 'orange' (rich) when the bike was just ticking over and by screwing up the throttle stop until 'bunsen blue' appeared which is correct for normal tick over speed for town use (gen. light still on). I can't give an rpm figure as no counter is fitted.

A word about jets. When I bought the bike it was fitted with a micronic airfilter. When I changed to a metal filter the manual said change the 115 main jet for 120, which I did; but after a while I had built up so much carbon under my rings that the rings had scoured the cylinder and I had to have a rebore. Since then I went back to 115 jets with no undue carbon build up. For the test I tried both jets and I detected no difference for corresponding tests, which is what one would expect as according to Amal the main jet only becomes effective at $\frac{2}{3}$ to full throttle. The cut-away would not be expected to alter and is fixed. I set about checking needle positions. The needle has 4 holes drilled at the parallel end to set the position. For reference I number from the top, so the top hole No 1 if utilised would weaken the mixture. The chart below sets out the results:

<u>Needle position</u>	<u>Rapidly opening throttle</u>	<u>3000 rpm</u>
2	Blue White	Blue
3	Orange, tends to stall	Blue White (original setting as used)
4	Orange	Blue (correct according to chart)

On No 1 position the engine failed at full throttle with either jet in; this was as expected so there is no entry in the chart. Oil was brushed round the carb and no leaks detected. During the tests there was no intermittent flames indicating ignition OK. Also, no bright white flashes indicating that the condenser is OK, which is borne out by separate electric tests as stated below. I had no data to check my capacitor against as I bought a new one.

New capacitor 0-266 μ F D Factor ref: 0-6
 Present capacitor 0-276 μ F D Factor ref: 0-6 I am told this is within limits.

I put my coil on a Crypton testing machine which showed no internal leaks but a possible jump across between low tension terminals & HT.

Examination of the carburettor. There had been float leaks on occasions requiring lapping in, so in order to avoid flooding it was necessary to make another groove 4mm lower down the needle. The slide was a good fit in the body of the carb. although there were signs of wear on the slide but not excessive.

The jet needle was a poor fit in the slide, the hole being found to be 2.8mm dia while the dia of the parallel portion of the needle was only 2.00 mm, 0.8mm play! Maybe the needle should float? I know that on very slow tickover I heard a click that very well could be caused by needle movement, besides on further examination the needle appeared burnished at the point where it left the slide. The rest of the needle did not show wear and on a shadowgraph the working portion of the needle had straight edged tapered slides, no concaving or grooves. The needle jet was 2.65mm. I lost the original pilot air screw which was replaced by one with a hole that admitted air that had not been through the main air cleaner.

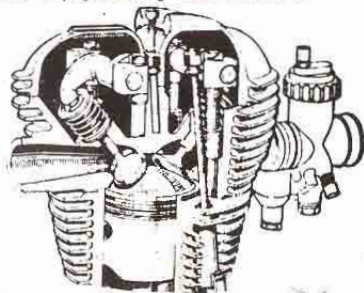
What are my main conclusions from the above?

Well, I will put them in a series of questions starting with the carburettor.

- 1) Are parts still obtainable?
 - 2) When the bike was on its central stand I always noticed petrol dripping from the carbs; I don't think this was always due to bad seating, how high should petrol rise relatives to the jets?
 - 3) if the float needle needs replacing what about the float and if as I stated the needle has been lapped in several times what about the needle seating which is an integral part of the carbs body?
 - 4) Turning to the other needle, if play in the hole in the slide is excessive the wear has taken place in the slide which is softer material - replace the slide?
 - 5) If I replace the needle then should I replace the needle jet which does not appear to be worn although I do not know the original dia? Present dia is 2.65mm.
 - 6) The washers are hard and brittle
 - 7) Come to think of it should I replace the whole carb; if one is available?
- Carburettor details; Bing 1/26/83. Needle Jet 1408. Main Jets 115 or 120.

Turning to the ignition

When my colleague tested my coil he showed me the discharge from a 12 volt coil which was considerably more than from a 6 volt. I would have thought that as both sparks had the same job to do the 6 volt coil would have stepped the voltage up twice as much. Which brings me to what I said in my opening gambit in which I mention points burning. Would not the use of one or other of the electronic ignition systems save my points and give me a stronger spark? The trouble is, do either systems have designs for a 6 volt single cylinder engine? I feel that if I could straighten our my carburation and get a strong spark my starting problems would be a thing of the past. I still have one problem BM wise. I have always used Castrol. In 1965 Castrol advised me to use Castrolite in the gearbox.



Detail of R27 cylinder Head
 The R27 is a 250cc single cylinder model. Introduced in 1960, superceding the R26, with increased compression ratio, 3 piston rings instead of 4 and a deeper piston

readers letters

The Penny Droppeth (perhaps)

For five weary, frustrating years I have been beating my gums (both here and in Germany) at anyone who will listen, with regard to the instability of the BMW ... not for the purpose of 'knocking' the marque as one or two infantile comments have indicated, but to rid our favourite machine once and for all of that monstrosity, the bolt-on sub-frame. Through out, I have been met with nothing but blank incomprehension, vacant expressions plain disinterest and the 'no spik English' syndrome whenever my comments have become too outspoken or controversial.

Now that some of motorcycling's best riders from our own Gestapo have been nearly killed and have accordingly recommended a mass withdrawal of Police BMWs, perhaps someone will sit up and take notice (even if it is only to assess the possible lost revenue!) and we may yet see the birth of a quality one-piece frame which the BMW needs, and deserves. Perhaps too, Dr's Roe and Thorpe (assisted by our own Bill Madeley) of Manchester University, who have been attacking the instability problem from a different angle, will finally receive the recognition and financial backing that is their due. We live in hope.

Ray Swann

'A Bit Short' (Feb. Magazine)

Thank you very much for publishing my enquiry in your club magazine and for your own comments. Several members were kind enough to write with suggestions and I have written to thank them individually.

The problem was solved by reducing the substantial amount of padding in the seat and also trimming the width slightly, this combined with the beautiful weight distribution of the Bee-Emm enables me to get by. (so far!)

I have written to Fred Secker to send me details of the club now that I am a BMW

owner and I am looking forward to a long relationship with both bike and club.

Please accept my sincere thanks.

Phil Noad

Tyke J K B improving

I would like to thank members for showing concern regarding my 'encounter' with a 'Viva' in July last year. The driver of same was a young female student, perhaps studying the 'kamakazi' method of aiming a motor vehicle. Of her and her kind beware!

I note that Barry Cook 'tattled' in a very apt manner during my enforced absence. Many thanks Barry.

Congratulations to James Clegg, who since the section AGM has been permitted to follow in my footsteps, as Social Secretary only I hope James.

I am mending, but slowly, so I must remain a 'magazine' only' member for a while longer. See you all soon.

John Badminton

Good to hear from you John GW

In defence of sub-frames

Further to Ray Swann's 'Europe Revisited'. Before Ray casts doubts on the parantage of the casual labour at Spandau because his rear sub-frame snapped and his opinion of BMWs sank further, perhaps he should have considered if his choice of equipment could have contributed to this mishap.

Our local dealer has told us that in fact it is now known that Krauser panniers mounted on a Krauser carrier do, in fact, place extra stress on the rear sub-frame which can cause it to snap due to the fact that the panniers flex during travelling.

It is also well known that the packing and security of pannier boxes with equal weight in both sides and good fixings to ensure that they do not flex is vital to the good handling of the bike, as campers and people who do long distance touring are well aware

Roy Laithwaite

In defence of Derriboots

I feel it is unfair to condemn Derri-boots as being a bad buy because they have no toe cap. The majority of motorcycle boots fall into this category. I am not saying that boots with toe caps do not have their place, indeed they do, for such events as trials riding and green lane riding, but for general purpose riding, certainly for passengers and certainly for rolling up and carrying in case of rain in the summer they are invaluable. They are warmer and better fitting than wellies and are 100% waterproof, and for £7.50 a time I wouldn't be without mine.

Roy Laithwaite

Contacts Abroad

The magazine of the largest one make motorcycle club in the World is the 'BMW Motorcycle Owners of America', PO Box 74 Newark, California 945-60.

Also, for the touring rider in the USA with us in mind try reading 'Road Rider' obtainable from PO Box 678, South Laguna, California 92677, USA.

Both Magazines are \$12.50 for 12 issues.

From a satisfied customer.

Les Anderson

An enthusiast indeed

First I wish to remark on fork oil. I reckoned I was OK with Castrol fork oil until recently when I used the advised BMW fork oil. I must confess 'tis the real Mackay.

Thank goodness I have now got my 90/6 carbs more efficiently harmonized, although they were just slightly off tune. 'Top Gear' in Livingstone have got the latest tool for the job and the service was A1 so willingly executed.

Do you ever check the end float on the rocker spindle? Next time you check your tappets try a feeler at the end float, but be careful to leave the said spindle free to rotate. Can someone let me know the full address of Boyer Bransden (the electronic ignition people). The place seems to be in Bromley, but where? I can also recommend Champion plugs.

Finally, motorcycling gets more wonderful with each ride and I ride every day. How about the following speedlimits being suggested: 30 mph in towns, 70 mph on other roads 90 mph on motorways. Boy, that would be more realistic and so enjoyable.

Peter Dickson

How about that from a great Scotsman who is well past retiring!!! He rode from Fife to Peterborough for the BMF ^{do.} GW

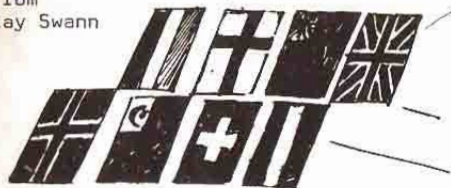
R27 Problems Cont....

In 1973 Castrol advised me to use Castrol XL which I believe is now withdrawn though I have some by me. At the last service, of my valuation, I filled the gearbox with Hypoy, as recommended by a local BM dealer for the final drive. Since then in neutral and other gears, till the engine has warmed up I get the sound of gears being dragged round, and in fact on the central stand the rear wheel does turn when in neutral. I wonder if this indicates something more serious than just too viscous an oil. I will conclude by adding a few more details about the BM although I expect there will be some fact necessary to the diagnosis that I will have omitted. Imported July 1964. Engine & Frame No 382846. Mileage 29,000. Compression test with air filter removed 95 psi gauge. 110 absolute with a compression ratio of 8.2:1 gives in theory an Isothermal of 120 and Adiabatic of 280. I do plan to replace the valve guides in fact and I have them by me; although I would not say the wear was excessive.

Thanking you for any help that may be forthcoming.

The view published in the Journal of the BMW Club are those of its correspondents and not necessarily those of the Editor or the BMW Club Committee

From
Ray Swann



continued

Europe Revisited

The route from Switzerland to Italy leaves the traveller in no doubt that he is leaving civilisation and gracious living behind.

The roads become less than perfect, the surroundings become seedier culminating in a border town which looks as though Cromwell had been through it. A bovine looking oaf with a cigarette stuck to his bottom lip will make several attempts to heave himself off the barrier post and then slouch roughly in your direction, hands thrust deep into uniform trousers which fit where they touch. After blinking owlishly and making some sort of effort to comprehend what it is you are sticking under his nose, this specimen of Italian officialdom will wave a limp arm in an easterly direction and you are through. Not the best of introductions but there again, I hadn't expected anything different ... Italy and I were old acquaintances and I have long held the view that the average Briton who wishes to retain his sanity would do well to avoid this apology for a country whose inhabitants must surely rank (!) as the untidiest, noisiest and smelliest of all Europeans.

The Italian driver is appalling, distinguishable from his English counterpart in that he uses his car as a battering-ram with one elbow wedged firmly into the horn button whilst his free hand will discard a never-ending stream of litter and garbage through a window kept permanently open so that he can bellow at full voice at each passing motorist. He is a joy to behold, a source of great wonderment and best viewed from a vast distance! The roads are very poor, with large expanses of cobble, particularly in the towns. Above everything there is a lingering stench permeating from the sewage system which leaves one in no doubt that garlic is the staple diet.

We stopped for the night at a small Hotel just outside Bolzano and woke up in the morning with sore throats .. the shaft of wit had penetrated the windows. After breakfast we hurriedly departed. We made only one more stop, in Bressanone, to get some essential currency and fresh fruit. Three of us guarded the bikes, a very necessary precaution as pilfering seems to be a national pastime. They can strip your bike down to the bare knuckle, have a quick Confession and be up to their chin in spaghetti before you can blink. By now I think even my companions had got the message and we sped eastwards towards our next long stop, Wolfsberg in Carinthia. I noticed one peculiarity in Italy for which I have no explanation. Petrol is very dear at £1.30 per gallon but you can get special reduced rate as a Tourist by purchasing petrol coupons at an AA/RAC office ... the price of these coupons work out at £1.30 per gallon!! Presumably the 'saving' is nullified by administration costs.

Austria is a pleasant and attractive Country to travel through but lacking the majestic splendour of Switzerland. Personally I prefer it during the ski-ing season when the mountains look bigger than they really are. The inhabitants are quite friendly and occupy themselves by surrounding their houses with vast quantities of logs in readiness for the forthcoming snows. The Austrian driver is quite good but quite a bit slower and more precise than his European neighbours .. petrol is a static price throughout the Country, about £1.10 per gallon. You won't complain about the roads. Carinthia is a portion of Austria situated near the Hungarian and Yugoslav borders and not quite as picturesque as the surrounding areas... it does however offer something that is seldom encountered nowadays, namely a genuine friendliness and a definite partiality toward anyone from the UK, whom they seldom

see in this neck of the woods. Our first taste of this came when, upon reaching Wolfsberg, we had to search out the chalet owner's private residence to obtain the key and directions to our appointed home for the next week ... brochure comments like 'situated on the side of a mountain' don't help very much, they all are! I stopped at a housing estate to ask some kiddie the whereabouts of the aforementioned owner, within a flash he shot indoors to tell his parents who immediately informed all the neighbours and within seconds yours truly plus machine was surrounded by what seemed to be the entire neighbourhood, everyone jabbering away and trying to pump the hand of the Englishman.

Ten minutes later, having extricated myself and been pointed in the right direction, I pulled up at the approach to the landlord's domain ... a very large farmhouse guarded by an elephant sized kraut alsatian which looked as though it remembered the war. I wasn't happy. We traded a display of teeth and with a prayer that my leathers would stand the strain, I headed for that far distant front door - that damned hound balked me every inch of the way and it was a very white-faced Limey who finally presented himself on the doorstep. Again that surprising Carinthian welcome! With a cry of "ah! von England!" the attractive dolly-bird who greeted me almost yanked me through the doorway to shake hands with the entire family and smothered me with drinks ... had my wife and companions not been waiting some distance away (from the dog!) I'd have been there yet. The whole family insisted on escorting us the several miles to our mountain chalet, did everything imaginable to make our stay happy and, in conclusion, refused the appropriate final payments. This was typical of the region where even the shopkeepers would leave their customers to give us immediate personal attention, to the delight of the neglected customers would you believe? For the first time since the war, I almost felt proud to be English ... may these wonderful inhabitants never visit these shores thereby retaining their illusions.

Our chalet was large, ultra-modern and situated 2,000 metres up on its own mountain slope around which a family of bambis used to feed each morning and night. It was costing us £84 for the week (again, far less if one avoids the Booking Agency), was within a mile of a small mountain restaurant and had an unrestricted view of the towns, villages and lakes dotted around the wide valley floor, with the mountains of Yugoslavia rising way into the distance. We spent a week here, the weather stayed gorgeous and we forayed into Yugoslavia which is probably the most moderate of the communist countries. The numerous frontier posts leading into Yugoslavia from Austria can be quite a hazardous time-waster for the British tourist who is forever being redirected to the only permissible entry point ... an International Post. We were lucky and found the right route first time - my companions were not and accordingly wasted half a day in back-tracking.

I cannot comment with any real authority on Yugoslavia never having visited it before, and even now barely touching the fringe. Certainly our jaunt down to the beautiful lakeside resort of Bled (Tito's residence) was pleasant enough, the main roads were more than adequate and the residents pleasant enough, exhibiting no signs of being downtrodden or depressed and seemingly reasonably affluent. I noticed a liberal scattering of camp sites (in one instance the site buffet being a golf course restaurant!), food was expensive but clothing and footwear very cheap. English coach parties were strongly in evidence. Apparently it is permissible to vacate Yugoslavia by secondary and non-international frontier posts and this we did, coming out via a very minor mountain road .. definitely not to be recommended if you value your liver and/or machine. These particular roads are smothered with millions of pock-marks, each being filled with dollops of tar, gravel,



sand; dirt and every other commodity one can think of ... I had great difficulty keeping the bike upright and there is no relief until you hit the frontier.

Hungary, and the journey to it, was a completely different kettle of fish. Roughly 110 miles of mediocre roadways through scenicless countryside via the rather barren and depressing province of Burgenland. The inhabitants are very subdued indeed and behave as though the traveller is from outer space. My tachometer gave up the ghost, a garage attendant advised us not to go over the border where an accident or traffic infringement means instant incarceration behind bars and I wished I'd stayed in bed. At the Heiligenkreuz border post the Austrian official told us to 'forget it and go back home'. I'd come this far and I intended to poke my nose over that border and qualify for a Hungarian sticker ... I'd caught the bug! After a long scrutiny from the opposing watchtower, up went the barrier and I went through the gears - fast! I got 50 yards, they materialised from the atmosphere and surrounded the bike ... hard-faced characters bristling with armoury who wouldn't have looked out of place on the Berlin Wall. The Bee-Emm certainly wasn't bullet-proof, it would cost £12 to go any further and there wasn't a lot of daylight left - I decided to go back home and play with my tappets. It took a long time to get out and a great deal of difficulty retrieving my Passport!

Oursojourn in Austria was over and it was time to head in the general direction of home. We left at 6 a.m. on the Saturday morning and I estimated that we would reach Munich at about 11 a.m. where we intended to stay the night. Useful. I wanted to pop into the BMW Works if it was open to talk about my broken frame and I might even have time to see Mike Krauser before satisfying my wife's morbid curiosity in visiting Dachau. We hit a short spell of fog and later had to take a compulsory detour all of which meant we'd be an hour behind schedule ... but I'd forgotten about that damned convoy riding and we arrived at 4 p.m. It had taken 10 hours to travel 210 miles, I was close to an apoplectic fit and the circus had ceased to become a joke ... it was time to part company. After a night's rest my ex-companions headed for Cologne whilst we headed for Dachau and it was here that we came upon the biggest sick joke since the Labour Government ... the approach was signposted 'Welcome to Dachau' followed by directions to the Concentration Camp!! I'll avoid the details our our 4 hour walk-around this commercialised Tourist attraction (!) ... you were either around at the time when these Camps were uncor ked and will know all about them or are young enough to be disinterested. We left Munich during the afternoon and hit the Autobahn for the 300 mile trip to Cologne, wound it up to the 'ton' and locked it there. The bike was going well, in fact a much nicer machine altogether and far more stable two-up than solo. I was beginning to enjoy myself for, despite the obvious faults of the Bee-Emm I would not have wanted any other machine for this kind of riding. There must have been a Rally or Race Meeting somewhere in the vicinity, bikes were everywhere in profusion with BMWs predominating but quite a liberal sprinkling of big Guzzi's and Laverda's. Good hard riders, the Continentals - but of course they have the conditions in which to do it. Their Police are not so obsessed with impeding the flow of traffic as our little lot, nor do they view all motorcyclists with a jaundiced eye as an easy source of additional revenue. I may have been lucky but at no time did I come anywhere near being bothered by Polizei even though I completely disregarded all out-of-town speed limits.

We reached Cologne whilst they were in the midst of preparations for a Trade Fair and accommodation was virtually non-existent on both sides of the Rhine. It was wet and we didn't fancy traipsing around the outskirts so buttonholed a couple of Patrol boys for assistance ... as luck would have it, one of them had a girlfriend who owned a Hotel. With a 'follow us' they hurtled off at breakneck speed around the tortuous wet cobble roads of central Cologne, crashing through several sets of red lights en route. I followed with gritted teeth and closed eyes, praying that

my very sick Driving Licence hadn't gone for ever and that Continental tyres would forgive me. We acquired a very nice room which had its own shower and outside balcony overlooking the Cathedral and the Polizei invited us to leave the bike outside their Station. However, the Hotel had access to a lockable underground car park so this was unnecessary. We stayed until early the next afternoon.

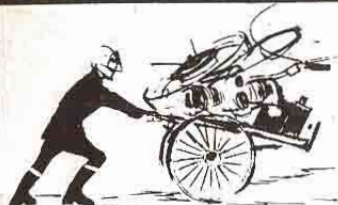
For no specific reason whatsoever Belgium was a country I had always ignored. It came as quite a shock to realise that I had always travelled through or around it and knew virtually nothing about the place - we would rectify this and spend several days there. After mooching about through 'Battle of the Bulge' country for several hours trying to find somewhere interesting, we settled for a little Hotel just outside Malmédy in the Ardennes which seemed very reasonable indeed at £4 per night, excluding breakfast. We were later to find that no quoted price is ever quite what it seems in Belgium the inhabitants exhibiting an almost indecent haste to extract an additional 15% at least as far as we were concerned. Belgium took us by surprise and we were completely unprepared for the general astronomical prices ... it was by far the dearest Country we had visited and I was like an idiot with the galloping dog-rot forever rushing in and out of Banks changing currency. These latter, incidentally, are very sharp and not averse to short-changing you as I discovered on three consecutive occasions and complaints are just a waste of breath. Petrol was the same price as Italy and food was so steep it was almost out of the question ... a bread roll, pat of butter and a blob of jam plus cup of tea £1 (plus the inevitable 15%). The same figure applied to a single portion of chips at a supposedly cheap roadside van. Substantial meals we had to forego entirely. For old times sake, we tried desperately hard to like Belgium but we were on a loser from the word Go. Using the Hotel as a base, we set out each morning at 8 a.m. and branched out far and wide in our search for somewhere or something interesting. We soon discovered that apart from Malmédy, Spa and the immediate vicinity around the Francochamps Race Circuit, there was absolutely nothing left. A boring and depressing country. The people are polite enough but plainly indifferent and disinterested in Tourists. The roads were the worst encountered, inferior even to Italian and UK roads... 'Passage Difficult' means impossible and 'Route Degradé' signifies the approach to a bottomless pit. Their principal Road Signs are hilarious and coincide with absolutely nothing on the map, apparently erected for the sole purpose of directing you up the nearest gum-tree.

We were now thoroughly fed-up and cursing for not going direct to Holland, which had been the original intention. We decided to cheer ourselves up by moving into Luxembourg, another place we had never visited and one we had assumed to be an attractive little Principality like Liechtenstein. It was nothing of the sort. The towns were drab and morbid, the countryside featureless and almost devoid of habitation, the Capital sheer bedlam - teeming with populace and churning out pop music (?) from all sides. It was the final straw - we'd had enough, decided we must be overtired and that rather than continue the tour into Scandinavia we would head into Boulogne and see if we could get a Ferry back to Blighty without too much delay. We made it with five minutes to spare. It was a lousy note to end on but perhaps for the best... Belgium had depleted our finances drastically so we couldn't have gone much further in any event. All things considered, it had been a good tour - we'd covered 10 countries, 4,000 miles and been out there a month. We had been treated with considerably more courtesy and consideration than we would ever find in our own country and we had only really made two serious mistakes (a) travelling with company (or to be more precise, my company we did not know enough about) and (b) going into Belgium. My machine was equipped with the excellent John Wallinger sump-pan extension and I had been glad of the additional oil capacity although throughout I only used $\frac{1}{2}$ litre.. the remaining centre stand spring broke on arrival at Dover!

Ah, well. Roll on this summer!

THE END



mutual aid

FOR SALE: Pair R60/5 pistons, standard, good condition
Will swap for R75/5 piston (one) or sell £10. Will
deliver within reasonable distance. Apply R Bennett
54 Woodlands Road, Lepton, Huddersfield

FOR SALE: BMW R50. Engine overhauled (not yet run in)
£300 ono. Apply A Spooner 54 Reglan Way, Bulwark,
Gwent. Tel: Chepstow 4836 (evenings)

FOR SALE: Belstaff Trialmaster waxed cotton suit; jacket 42", trousers 32" leg;
worn for a total of three hours; cost new £44.26 asking £34. Apply: Rev David
Chapman, 32 Walthamstow Avenue, Chingford, London E4 8ST Tel 01 527 3087

FOR SALE: Handlebar Fairings one for /5, one for /6. £20 each made by Churchgate
Mouldings. Almost new. My son and I are changing to full fairings. Tel Wigan 46880

FOR SALE: R50 year not known, suspect early '50s. Complete engine, transmission
unit, shaft driven gear and plunger suspension unit, carbs, electrics and front
pipes. Willing to swap for pre unit triumph T110/T120 motor, or complete stud head
barrels, pistons and carbs if good, or £45.00 Apply 1 Florence Grove, Skipton Rd,
or after June 8 Potters Drive, Copmanthorpe, York.

FOR SALE: Martin Gould Leathers (BMW) We are now able to supply Custom Made
Leathers to order, prices from £200 plus VAT. Also available complete re-furbish-
ing, cleaning, repairing, alterations and customizing. Please write or phone for
details - Martin Gould Leather, 30 Preston St, Brighton BN1 2HP. Tel Brighton 27488

WANTED: Pair of knee grips in good condition for 24 litre Meier tank (as optional
on Earles Fork models). Please state price and cost of postage via surface mail.
Apply to Dick Fuller, PO Box 1680, Pietermaritzburg 3200, Natal, Rep of S. Africa

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Treasurer - address	Waterproof Cloth Badge - .80	Room from Section
inside front cover	Adhesive Helmet Badge - .20	Secretaries.

If applying by post please include a bit extra for post and package



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120/90 H 18 Block C88A Touring Speed £20.. 00
Further details of these tyres on request

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325 S 19 Rille 12 £14 . 00

325 H 19 Rille 12 , £16 . 00

400 S 18 Block C66 Touring Special £17 . 00

400 H 18 Block C66 Touring Special £19 . 00

Post & Package £1.00 per tyre Brian Anderson, 150 Fleetwood Road, Dollis Hill
London NW10 Tel: 01 452 1426 (evenings and weekends)

PLEASE SEND ITEMS FOR INCLUSION IN 'MUTUAL AID' TO THE EDITOR - ADDRESS PAGE TWO

A FOOT NOTE TO 'EUROPE REVISITED'

For the first time in countless years I received no hassle whatsoever from the
BMW Concessionaires when complaining about my broken sub-frame. They supplied a
new one without demur. Could this be the wind of change or just that they've had
enough of me? I have since heard that a London Dealer has changed no less than
seven sub-frames - all apparently broken by Krauser carriers! Ray Swann

AN IMPORTANT DATE FOR YOUR DIARY.

AGM The Manor Hotel, Meriden, Sunday 23 October 1977 - 14.00 hrs