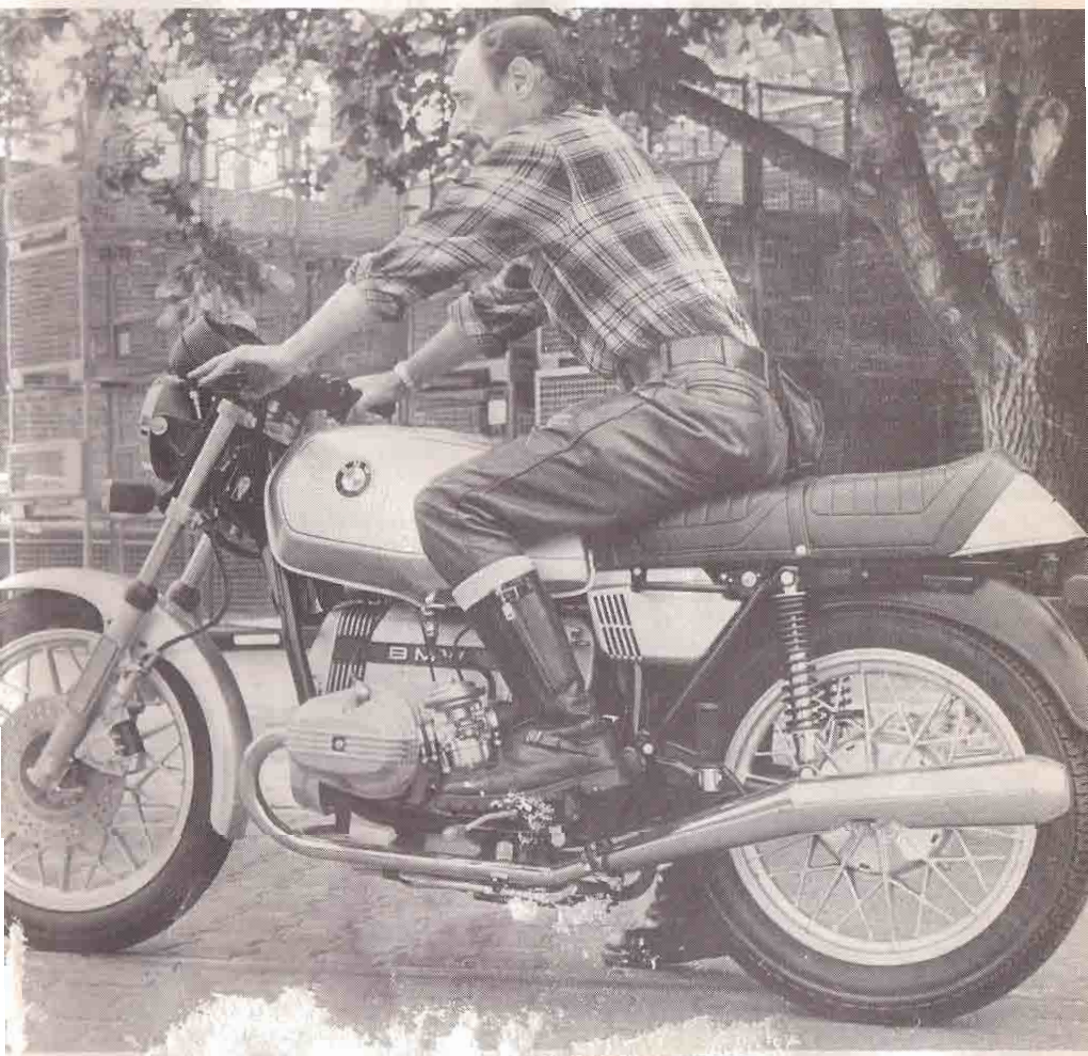


the journal of

August 1978

THE BMW CLUB



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ISSUE 322

AUGUST 1978

BUT 'ANGELS' DON'T PLAY WITH TRAIN SETS:

On and around my desk at work are various accoutrements which bear little or no relationship to the profession which keeps me occupied for at least eight hours of most days. Not pictures of 'the wife' or a bottle of brandy, but items which in moments of stress transfer my thoughts to foreign parts or to pondering the thoughts of various philosophers. Behind my table of labour are pinned some cuttings carrying quotes attributed to a number of speakers whose ideals I think worth consideration. Two of them are the following:

'The trouble with youth is it's wasted on the young' (G B Shaw)

'The day you grow up is the day you realise that you never do' (E R Laithwaite)

Both come from the mouths of highly respected thinkers in the adult world and yet both highly respect the institution of youth.

I had never tied up either of these statements with motorcycling or motorcyclists until one morning whilst sat at my desk browsing through a copy of 'Motorcycle Rider' the office cleaning lady who was flopping a duster round my resting elbows asked 'Will you never grow up Geoff, you and your motorbikes?'

That question has joined the list of quotes, and satisfactorily for me says why I pinned up the first two originally.

Almost certainly those three quotes considered together account for most motorcyclists, who despite statistics reach maturity, being such a tolerable bunch. If that office cleaner only realised what she was missing by having 'grown up'. What a virtue, to be a responsible adult and still retain some carefreeness of youth.

..... and some of us still have fun with train sets as well. GW



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
- WESTERN:** The Caldicot Community Centre, Newport Rd,
Caldicot, Gwent
- SOUTH EAST:** The Fountain Inn, Barming, Maidstone, Kent
- LONDON:** Spencer Arms, Lower Richmond Road, Putney
- OXFORD:** The George Hotel, Littlemore
off A4142 south of Oxford
- EAST ANGLIA:** The General Arms, Little Baddow,
Nr Chelmsford, Essex
ALSO: The Golden Star, Duke Street,
Norwich

An informal meeting of members takes place on the 3rd Sunday of each month at The Hawes Inn, S. Queensferry, SCOTLAND, around 12 noon.

- AUGUST:**
- | | | |
|-------|--------------|--|
| 1 | LONDON | Natter Night |
| 2 | EAST ANGLIAN | Meet at Golden Star, Duke Street, Norwich 19.30 |
| 5 | OXFORD | Visit Yeovilton Air Display, Somerset. Meet at Frying Pan Cafe, on A303, west of Sparkford, 11.00 hrs |
| 9 | SOUTH EAST | Natter Night |
| 12/13 | MIDLAND | Camping Weekend : Forest of Dean |
| 13 | NORTHERN | Meeting Lowton 14.00 hrs |
| 13 | WESTERN | Cwymarn Forest Drive, Gwent |
| 15 | LONDON | Natter Night |
| 18/20 | NORTHERN | Camping Weekend, Ravenrock Farm, Wycoller, Nr Trawden Colne, Lancashire. (see Section News for details) |
| 20 | EAST ANGLIAN | Run to Thetford Forest Picnic. Meet on A134 Thetford-Kings Lynn Rd, first picnic area on the right 13.00 |
| 20 | SOUTH EAST | Visit to Chilham Castle, Kent. 5 miles S.W. of Canterbury on A252. Meet 14.30 hrs by gates |
| 20 | OXFORD | Meeting at The George and run to place of interest 14. hr |
| 23 | SOUTH EAST | Natter Night |
| 25/28 | NATIONAL | CAMPING WEEKEND AT THE GREEN CARAVAN AND CAMPING SITE, WENINOR, NEAR BISHOPS CASTLE, SHROPSHIRE
(SEE PAGE 22 FOR DETAILS) |
| 25/28 | NORTHERN | (Non-Campers) Social weekend, Bryn Du, Llanberis |
| 29 | LONDON | Natter Night |
| 30 | EAST ANGLIAN | Meeting, Generals Arms. |
- SEPT:**
- | | | |
|-------|---------------|--|
| 6 | SOUTH EAST | Natter Night |
| 6 | EAST ANGLIAN | Meet Golden Star |
| 9/10 | INTERNATIONAL | BMW Rally, Lonely Farm Leisure Park, Saxmundham, Suffolk |
| 12 | LONDON | Natter Night |
| 16/17 | MIDLAND | Camping Weekend |
| 17 | EAST ANGLIAN | Treasure Hunt (Details to follow) |
| 17 | YORKSHIRE | Lakeland Run. Meet Ambleside Car Park (Opp. Library) |
| 17 | NORTHERN | Meeting with Yorkshire Section at Ambleside |
| 20 | SOUTH EAST | Natter Night |
| 23/24 | NORTHERN | Social Weekend, YHA, Hawes |
| 24 | OXFORD | Jim Kentish Slide Show |
| 26 | LONDON | Natter Night |
| 27 | EAST ANGLIAN | Finals of Photo Competition, Generals Pub |

<u>OCTOBER</u>	3	LONDON	Natter Night
	4	EAST ANGLIAN	Meeting, Golden Star
	4	SOUTH EAST	Natter Night
	7	MIDLAND	Day Run to Goose Fair, meet at AA Offices, Carpark, Derby Road, Nottingham 13.30 hrs
	8	EAST ANGLIAN	Run to Suffolk Coast, Meet on the sea front at Abeburgh 12 noon
	15	NATIONAL	ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, MERIDEN
	15	YORKSHIRE	Country Run, Hawes Car Park 12 noon
	15	NORTHERN	Meeting, Lowton 14.00 hrs
	17	LONDON	Natter Night
	25	EAST ANGLIAN	Annual General Meeting, Generals Arms
	28/29	NORTHERN	Llandudno social weekend
	29	OXFORD	Meeting, The George
	31	LONDON	Natter Night

Section News

NORTHERN:

From Bill Madeley

If ever a one day event epitomised motorcycle club life as it should be, happy, carefree, nostalgic and absolutely enjoyable, then our annual day out to John Bacon's farm is the event. Our day there in June was once again the most successful day event of our social calendar. The welcome and hospitality afforded us by the Bacon family, and the atmosphere created by them and the many club members who were milling around the 'Bacon Track' and poking in the innumerable sheds, filled to capacity with motorcycles from the 1920's to the 1970's made the day into something that will be remembered with affection for many years to come.

One of our members, by name Gus Moody, has been offering us an open weekend on his land for over 12 months now. I'm glad to say that we have at last been able to take up his offer. We have nothing as lavish in mind as the celebrated Jim Kentish weekend, just a good old Northern hospitality camping weekend, with an emphasis on day visitors; if you can make it both days all the better. For the more adventurous among us, there is a mouth watering attraction of a private hill climb on Gus' farm road. I have heard a rumour that a certain Northern member has asked Gus if he can stay for a week, so as to get some practice in before the rest of us arrive!! You are coming, I thought you would, the date is 18, 19, & 20 August. The address and directions are as follows: Ravenrock Farm, Wycoller, Near Trawden, Colne, Lancashire. If you are travelling north, take the ring road round Colne, as you come off the ring road the Wycoller sign is almost immediately on your right travelling towards Keighley.

For more years now than I care to remember, we have been visiting Bryn Du hostel in Llanberis, and I can honestly say that never once have I failed to enjoy myself there. I have always thought of it as the ideal place for a motorcycling weekend with its free and easy atmosphere, no restrictions at all on coming or going, and nothing cheaper at £1 a night. All you need is your food, which of course can be purchased in Llanberis village, everything else is provided, but you can bring your own sleeping bag if you prefer. And to cap it all, the surrounding roads of Wales must be the supreme motorcycling roads of the British Isles. To get there take the first turning left after John Brown's climbing shop which is on the main village street, turn right at the top of the hill, Bryn Du is immediately on your left. The date is the August Bank Holiday weekend 26/28 August. In the past we have been honoured by many other section members attending this weekend. I hope to see you all again.

(Shame on you fellow Northern Section Members. There is a good Youth Hostel near the National Camping Weekend site - same weekend! GW)

MIDLAND:

From Ken Wells

The Midland camping weekend held on 9, 10, 11 June was supported by 12 campers, 14, if you count the Dutch couple who joined us enroute for Scotland. Two new members joined us camping, Mike Anson and wife and family, and Archie -----?, (sorry Archie, no offence, I can't remember your surname), hope you join us every camp. Besides the campers we had no fewer than 21 day visitors; too many to name, however, Alan and Jo from East Anglia, who are always welcome, and new members Nick and Lynne, Nigel and Maureen. Nigel is manager of TT Leathers shop in Nottingham and looks forward to any members who wish to visit him, I think a discount is available.

This was the second visit within a couple of weeks to Ranksborough Hall, which is on the A606 Melton Mowbray to Oakham road, just outside Langham. On the last occasion we had 22 campers, 6 of these joined us from the London Section. What a weekend that was, two down with sunstroke, two down with sunburn, one down with 'flu, and one who lost his trunks in the swimming pool, however I have promised not to reveal his name. The Manager of this site hopes we will use it as often as we wish and allows us to use the private club on production of the BMW Club membership card.

One of our members celebrated his 21 birthday on 10 June and I am sure all who know Peter Roze will join me in wishing him well, only four years to go for cheaper insurance. Thanks for the beer Pete.

I hear Brian has bought himself a boat, I also hear that there's no truth about his walking on water, although he has been practising!

The campsite for the Forest of Dean is about 5 miles East of Monmouth A4136. From the north A4136 leave the A40 and goes through Mitcheldean to Coleford, turn onto B432 at Berry Hill. See you there I hope.

OXFORD:

From Mike Warrilow

I mentioned the BMF Rally last month saying that the club tent had attracted members for the Oxford Section, but I didn't realise that it was as many as 21 until the cheque for that amount arrived. Looks as though it pays to advertise, or could it be quick thinking by the Club tent organisers, putting female personnel behind the des? Clever fellows some of our members.

Although Jack Gibbs retired his post as Secretary, you can imagine, if you know Jack that he still likes to be involved in the section. It was he who organised the trip around the Oxford Colleges, but three days before the event he was taken into hospital for a minor eye operation and couldn't make the event. However Martin Cole received the booking form for the guide from him and we decided to supply the Ploughman's lunches; 30 would be ample we were assured. Mistake number one.

We arrived at Littlemore to find early arriver Preston and gang waiting, he greeted me with the news 'we've got 29 people coming from London'. I didn't believe him, but there was and members kept arriving until about 50 bikes were milling about 'The George' car park. Doc Wynroe seemed happy dishing out tea by the pot full so I left him alone. Now this is where you try to look harassed, embarrassed and generally at a loss and ask the ladies in the crowd for volunteers to cut up the bread and cheese etc. No problem; about 10 of them armed with knives, plates, guns and shovels offered their services. What a good job they made of the lunches. 45 were scrounged out of the 30 allowed for, mind you I didn't realise that you could get a pickled onion cut into twelve portions.

We left on time to be led into Oxford by that brave fellow Terry Kelsey (got his name right this time I hope). Nobody seemed over excited about our tour until I found our official guide, she was gorgeous. The sudden interest in the tour was amazing. Pete Gowland managed to hustle his way to the front of the party for the whole of the tour which lasted for a very interesting two hours; taking in only part of this historical complex of colleges. Not a moan about aching feet, the

groans seemed to come when the guide left. Anyway it turned out to be a successful day. Many thanks to the ladies for their help and of course the visiting sections from London and East Anglia.

I have heard that Jack's operation was a success and that he is at home and has to rest for a few weeks.

WESTERN:

From Trevor Fielding

First to report some past events. Fourteen members went to the Avon Tyre Factory visit at Melksham in April. I did not attend this evening due to preparing a club stand at the Bristol Motor Cycle show, but I gather all who went had a very good evening.

The Bristol Show held at the Exhibition Centre organised by dealers in Bristol on the Saturday and Sunday was my first venture into having a place on the BMW Dealers stand which was the largest there. It was certainly a very interesting exercise. I set up a table at the back of the stand with posters, magazines and badges along side the new BMW machines on show. It created a lot of interest and got our name in front of the many visitors who came along. Among them some Western Section members appeared from time to time and they did help out while I had a short break at the bar. My thanks to them and to the BMW dealers in Bristol, Manager John Morse, Martin Savickas Sales Dept, Mike the Service expert, Chris Parrott Manager of BMW Newport, for an entertaining two days, and for the cups of coffee and drinks. As a final result we gained some new members whom I was pleased to meet.

Our next event on a Thursday evening was the visit to the Gwent Constabulary Traffic Department at Croesyceilog, Nr Cwmbran. Ten members turned up and Mike and Geoff showed us around their H.Q. with a look at the control room that covered the county of Gwent, the museum, the transport section, a police patrol car, the BMW motorcycles, and a large garage with the spoils of loot (a large quantity of stolen bikes in bits). After a good tour around Mike and Geoff took us to their social club for some liquid refreshments, a few jars of ale went down well. My thanks to both for their hospitality and for a very interesting evening, and we hope to see them again.

Looking ahead the Section's Winter meetings will start the second Sunday in October at the Caldicot Community Centre.

Still our Section membership grows, and we welcome Mr W Aldrige of Throop, Dorset, Paul Bennett of Bristol, Keith Blundell of Cleobury Mortimer, Mr B L Davies of Trench, R F Eves of Exeter, G D Ferdinand of Westbury, J R Hatch of Cheltenham, Alec Jones of Downend, Bristol, Glyn Jones of Bedwas, P N Brandram Jones of Kings Capel, H M Knight of Longford Neath Abbey, C Leighton-Thomas of Bath, N Miller of Sidmouth and Colin Pye of Weston S. Mare. So our section membership is now over 70, will it top the 100 in the future, time will tell.

(I'm glad to see Mr Norman Miller has once again joined our ranks, I've tempted him for long enough G.W.)

EAST ANGLIAN

From Roy Gravestock

On the evening of Wednesday 31 May, a strong smell of mothballs hung over the Essex countryside as numerous BMWs were taken out of their winter wraps for the first dry club night this year. Attendance was the biggest yet, augmented by a contingent from the South East Section, who came to see what happens North of the Thames.

4 June was the day of our Sumpscratchers Rally, which proved to be a very hard fought event. The prize-winners were as follows:

- | | |
|-----|---------------------------|
| 1st | Terry Staplehurst |
| 2nd | John & Penny Milner-Smith |
| 3rd | Tony Hampston-Baugh |

Last Qualifer Ron Hunter

The first two prize-winners were in fact equal on points, and the tie-breaker had to be decided on the basis of furthest-cleanest (and we don't mean the last one to get his bike dirty)! The margin would have been greater, but Terry made a slight miscalculation, waited for 15 minutes just before a control, and then clocked in 5 minutes late. It was a particularly good performance by John M-S in second place, as he overcame a great psychological barrier and actually rode through the fords, instead of making major detours to keep his Lester wheels dry. Tony H-B was an award winner for the second time, and he wants to get his own back on Bob and I by organising an event for us, and taking us through all the deepest muddiest fords he can find. The prize for the last qualifier (which was the prize he was aiming for) after many trials and tribulations went to the Derri-boot kid himself, Ron Hunter (that's the older one). In fact it was a good day for Derri-boots, winning three out of four awards!

Apprentice tester Eric Lording, decided to investigate the abrasive qualities of concrete with the rocker cover of his RS, and also the water resistance (or otherwise) of leather trousers, both tests being carried out in the middle of Great Leighs ford. Damage, other than to his pride, was slight.

Annie Redman enjoyed the first ford so much that she plotted a route round the block and crossed it again. Unfortunately she then failed to find any of the checkpoints!

An awe-inspiring sight was provided by the team of Chris Boon and Phil Curry, who loaded Chris' bike to the tune of 32 stone (sorry that should be 203 Kg on a BMW) However the load was reduced to a mere 14 stone (89kg) as Phil preferred to wade across the fords rather than risk staying on the pillion seat.

We were glad to see that Jim Egginton (and his bike) had fully recovered from his hedge-bashing excursion, and that the rally was rather less eventful for him.

Anyway, to the competitors mentioned above, and to David & Linda, Mike, Trevor, Hugh, Glen & Susy, and Alan, we hope you enjoyed it - we sure did!

Final thought - thank goodness it didn't rain for the preceding week - because when we recided the route after some heavy rain we couldn't get through any of the fords.

The other news this month is that we've arranged an additional meeting place - on the first Wednesday of each month at the Golden Star, Duke Street, Norwich. This is obviously mainly for the benefit of our Norfolk and Suffolk members, but we hope some of our southern regu lars may like to ride up there from time to time. By the way, the Golden Star is an oasis in the Norfolk desert of Keg beer, serving only beer from the wood.

Finally, yet another reminder about our Photo competition. Entries to Bob or myself before September please.

YORKSHIRE:

From James Clegg

It's funny how people moan when it's raining, but at the first sign of hot weather they remark 'Well, it's too warm for me!' This seemed the case with our Iron-bridge meeting on 18 June. Jennifer and I had a lovely ride down. I was a little disappointed with the turnout, especially on such a warm day, but even so, a fair cross section of members braved the heat. The museum itself covers quite an area and to do it justice you need to spend a full day there. We unfortunately had only time to visit two parts of the museum, Blists Hill Open Air Museum and the Coalport China Museum. At Blists Hill you not only have a static displays but a working example of a steam engine pulling a cart up from the mine 300 feet below. Coalport China Museum is still a working concern where all the old crafts are still used. Many thanks to Messrs Dugeon & Wilde (Mary, Roy and Tony) who gave up their spare time to act as guides. Hope the foots better now Roy.

Our August meet (13) is a run to Robin Hoods Bay and refreshments and natter

courtesy of Dave and Doreen Bramwell of Loftus, Salturn. Meet Car Park, Robin Hoods Bay at 1.00 p.m.

Just something now to get members thinking. The other day I overheard part of a conversation between two members of another well known club which went as follows: 'Oh well, I used to be in the BMW Club but they never did anything'. People should remember that the Committee are not part of a magic circle and cannot conjure up things at the drop of a hat so, for the coming year's calendar let's have your ideas for both good runs and places of interest to visit.

(How right James is, any Club is as good as it's members, for 'BMW Club' read 'I' or 'we' and think again. I suggest you thrust a diary of events in that fellows face James and ask him to justify his statement. GW)

SOUTH EAST

From Ruth Verrall

Our visit at the end of May to the East Anglian Section was very pleasant, enlivened by the viewing of the pictures that go with Kidge's lecture on 'How to uproot telegraph poles with your RLOORS in three easy stages' which I understand will soon be available on cassette and record.

Speaking of a good crowd (was I?), I can't help wondering why we haven't got support like that in the S.E. Section. There are more than enough members on the book to make it possible, but when it comes to Club nights and runs - where are you all? However, so long as our hard-core supporters enjoy the events we provide - and I think they do - I suppose the Committee can be satisfied.

The afternoon at the Singleton Museum was fairly sparsely attended, though helped by some London faces, but the ancient houses were great fun to clamber around, and all the walking on a fine warm day helped Ivy and Gordon get rid of the bruises they'd just caused by christening the 800 - no serious damage thankfully. Our thanks to Tony for the tea and cakes, and also for the pub with the grub.

Kidge was quite right about the roads around Rye, and he certainly showed us how it should be done. Since the rest of us don't have his vast Nurburgring experience, however, we were happy to watch him go whilst following Pete Beaumont at a more reasonable pace, something for which my near-bald rear tyre was distinctly grateful.

Our run on 20 August will be to Chilham Castle in Kent, where they have falconry displays and yet another Battle of Britain Museum for those interested. It's a pretty little village with 'tea-shoppes' and pubs, so should be a good run for a summer Sunday.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE BMW CLUB
THE MANOR HOTEL, MERIDEN
SUNDAY 15 OCTOBER 1978

I hereby give notice that the Annual General Meeting of the BMW Club will be held on the aforementioned date. Any items for inclusion in the Agenda should be notified to me in writing by 1 October 1978 giving name of proposer and seconder
F. Secker, General Secretary

earwigs log

Approaching the outskirts of Lido di Jesolo on the eve of the FIM Rally, alone, toward dusk, in drizzle, I was brought to a halt by a large hoarding at the side of the road. It announced, in several languages: "MOTORCYCLISTS OF THE WORLD - YOU ARE WELCOME HERE!" Whilst smoking my pipe I wondered why such a greeting should give rise to an emotional warmth in me. Was it because some of us have been conditioned to the point where we ever-so-slightly believe the generalization that as motorcyclists we are a somewhat undesirable section of the community and therefore the message I was facing was a pleasant jolt? Or was it just that I was cold, hungry, tired and a few miles back had been on the verge of a punch-up with a garage forecourt attendant whose airline appeared to deliver a pint of water with every two psi, and I was at the end of my journey? Answers please to Eric Potts.



On my way home from the FIM Rally I stopped to see friends at BMW Bonn, stayed the night because the next day they were to receive their first 450 (R45) - the first 650 to follow mid-July. I watched it being uncrated, even the car mob gathered to have a look. After preparation in the workshop, I was honoured with first ride as they knew I had to leave for home. Don't ask me for a road test - the registrati on plate had not arrived from town and I was therefore only able to ride it on the perimeter road of the BMW complex. As there are no drastic changes from what we are used to, it is obvious that when looking at the machine comparison with immediately previous models i.e. /7 models; is unavoidable. I very soon came to the conclusion that generally, money-saving ideas in manufacture were prominent, however one must here guard against being conservative in thinking that everything was better before, merely because of familiarity. The whole steering head assembly is simplified with a rather unsightly square plate under the headlamp (smaller) into which the winker stems are crimped. Front mudguard has a

slight valance but no stays (as 'S' models hitherto). Indicator lights, except winker indicators (separate l & r) are in the rev counter. Prop stand seems flimsier than previous - and stays out. Clocks are larger, with green faces. The brake fluid reservoir for the front stopper is now mounted on the right handlebar - a la Nipon - so presumably it is no longer possible to adjust for small hands. I liked the shape of the tank (only one tap) and also the new seat. The engine looks a little smarter with some additional ribbing on the forward sides. The cast alloy wheels (both 18") look good and are standard. However, most importantly, to me anyway, was the ride. Although only 5cm shorter than its big brothers and not much lighter, it handled like a bicycle. Fork angle has been changed slightly. I was truly astounded at the controllability at very low (walking) speed. Going a little faster it became evident that the suspension is far better than anything I'm used too.

Everything taken into consideration, my brief encounter with the R45 made me like it and I think I would still pay the extra money if I had room for a four-fifty. But then, having had a couple of free meals in the BMW canteen, I can't really be expected to be absolutely unbiased. (That's earwig and the 45' on the front cover)



news
from
the **BMF**

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South African Diary

from Dick Fuller

Part way through 1977 when Dick's R60 went sick up in Rhodesia, as often happens he fell amongst helpful local enthusiasts who loaned him an R50 motor

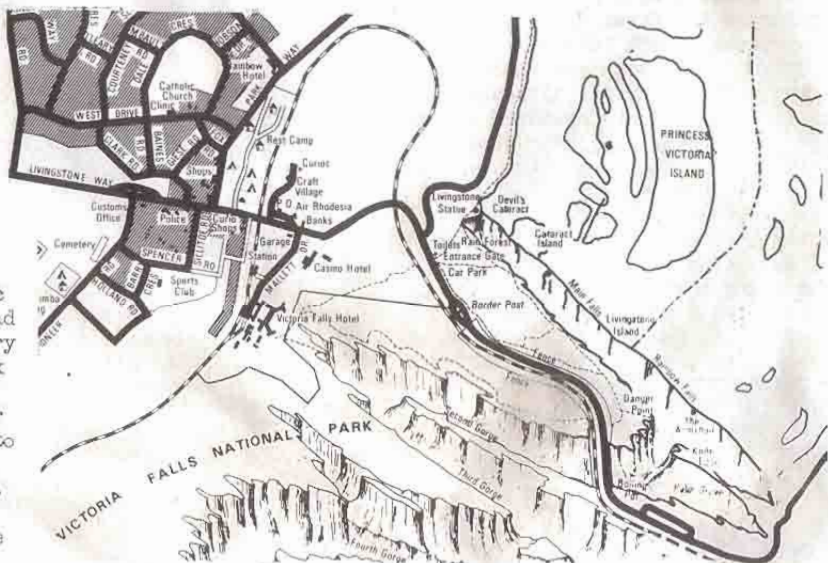
"Finally, some two weeks later, I set off for Victoria Falls with the R50 motor humming sweetly"

Victoria Falls - even now the memory of my first glimpse of them quickens the pulse and moistens the eye. How does one describe such sights and sounds in these days when the most emphatic superlatives have been devalued and debased? Certainly it is far beyond the ability of my humble pen. I stood speechless and spellbound, transfixed by the sensations that overwhelmed the eye and ear, fighting back a lump in the throat, hardly believing that anything could be so magnificent, so powerful, so utterly beautiful.

Twice as wide and one and a half times as high as Niagara, these falls are unlike any other in that the general level of the country is the same above and below the cataracts, the water disappearing into a great fissure or canyon whose precipitous sides are at right angles to the course of the river. Above the falls the river makes a turn to the south before leaping into the chasm spread before it, and within a distance of under a mile below the cataracts the stream is forced to run in no fewer than four contrary directions. The width of the falls is more than one mile, and at the end of the rainy season the Zambesi discharges nearly fifty million gallons of water, some 220,000 tons, into the cleft every minute. The spray created by the impact of such vast quantities of water causes huge, drenching clouds of spray to rise more than three hundred feet above the plain, and these are distinctly visible from many miles away, having all the appearance of smoke from a wild fire. Spray is responsible too for the dense rain forest on the south bank, and for perfect rainbow formations wherever one looks, but its soaking fall to earth can scarcely be heard above the thunderous roar from the depths below.

I could easily extol the wonders of Victoria Falls over reams of print, but you will have realised that mere words are totally inadequate. Let me just assure George Saunders that he would not be disappointed with these rather less-publicised falls.

A week or so after I got back home I thought I'd gone into the oil business, as there was rather a lot of the stuff knocking about the outside of my machine, but some interesting crunching noises from down in the depths belied this optimistic theory. Instead it was necessary for the gearbox to be rent asunder and for bearings, not to mention seals, to be replaced. Reassembly resulted in the



inevitable loss of temper - mine, not the gears' - and my kitchen rang to the frenzy of hammering and banging at 11.30 p.m., the air redolent with threat and oath. I liken the reassembly of the BMW gearbox to trying to close the door of a cupboard overflowing with old junk - it all came out so you know it must go back in, but somehow it doesn't seem to fit. Unfortunately the lads were not available for a Social Workshop, the name we give to a session when the clan gathers to tear apart someone's machine in an atmosphere of unmitigated leg-pulling, unhelpful remarks and bits of motorbike being passed around in roughly equal quantities.

I'd just thrown the gearbox back in when it was time for the Rhino Rally at Eshowe, in Zululand, only about 150 miles from PMBurg. Rubbie had organised an hotel for the weekend in Gingindhlovu, and I won't try to explain how to pronounce that, which was about twelve miles from the rally site along a beautifully surfaced, twisty road, slightly marred by enormous lorries transporting and frequently dropping sugar cane. The R50's pistons were by this time past the running in stage, but unfortunately it suffered somewhat from having the R60's carbs on it, which meant that using more than half throttle was like turning on a 50mph headwind. Returning to Ging. was rather preferable to going to Eshowe due to a difference of 2,000 ft. in altitude. The cops. were commendably tolerant that weekend but they did draw the line at two young gentlemen who managed to record 183 km/h. on a speed trap in the main street of Eshowe. That was on the Friday afternoon, so this sporting pair had no accommodation problems for the weekend - the police provided it.

Some weeks later Stan, possibly concerned that I'd wear out his engine for him if he didn't get it back soon, informed me that mine was ready, so I had to bung along to Bulawayo to collect it. On the way home I paused at Ermelo after eleven hours non-stop, and whilst restoring frayed tissues with a cup of tea got chatting to a fellow from Empangeni on a 750 Yamaha. As the petrol merchants had just closed up for the night, he enquired about my destination.

"Pietermaritzburg", I declared, and he said "no, come off it that's over 300 miles away." It took fully two cups of tea to persuade him that the BMW could easily do that on a tankful, and then he asked where I'd come from. Well, I told him, but I didn't have the heart to slip him the info. that I was running-in as well.

Then of course there was the Buffalo Rally in Port Elizabeth with which I bored you quite recently, but I haven't mentioned that I did a fair mileage towards the end of the year on a 'foreign' machine, the owner of which was, and is yet, I fear, unable to ride due to running himself over with his own car. Honest, I swear it's true! Arguably the best of the modern breed, this Yamaha 750 has some surprising qualities and some infuriating ones. For all its commendable features the chronic transmission snatch caused by negligible flywheel is very tiring, and high mileages aren't exactly urged along by the eye dropper that does for a fuel tank - my car's windscreen washer bottle hold more than that! (Talking about debased superlatives Dick - GW). Ever glad to give old Cyril's bike an airing, though, but I'm bound to confess that afterwards it's always good to swing the leg over the old R60 and trundle off without all the frenzy of these new-fangled contraptions. You can keep your bally disc brakes in the wet, too.

Talking of borrowing machines, I did have a run on Dave's pre-war Ariel 600 side-valve single. Now there's a machine for you! I could go places on a device like that, and it's a pity Dave wants to ride it himself in this year's D. - J. run, unreasonable man. At last, I had my first ride on a Vincent, and I unblushingly admit to having an enthusiasm for the marque stretching back even farther than my love of BMWs. I'd waited thirteen years for that experience and it was well worth the wait; in this respect it recalled to mind my first drive in a Jenson, which fully justified a six-year wait. The Vincent was beautiful, smooth torque abounded, and it was a revelation to have such usable power and quick, responsive handling in a package so small and light. The 65mph bottom gear was quite delightful, too. There's only one snag with borrowing other people's machines,

though, nothing except a BMW - I mean a real BMW with a proper swinging arm at each end - gives you that superb ride comfort, and for this reason it was an especial pleasure to ride Stan's R69S in Bulawayo. What a jolly nice piece of equipment, you know. Not used to riding unfaired machines I drew the line at 100, but the real joy was the way it went singing on and on in the gears.

And since the contentious subject of gears has arisen, I've got R300 worth of new ones sitting in the cupboard waiting to be thrown in. I've finally succumbed to the racket the old ones make. So if you'll excuse me, and I'm sure you will, I'll put aside this smoking typewriter and prepare myself for the unequal struggle ahead. I just hope I won't have to leave any bits out so I can get the lid on.

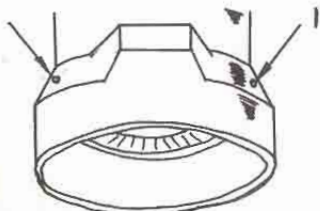
social workshop

A tip on steering head bearing replacement

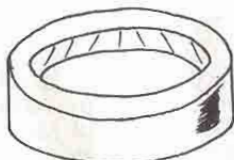
If you ride your BM in any other place than on a motorway you'll need to replace steering head bearings, from experience every 30,000 miles or thereabouts. Theoretically they should be easy to keep in correct adjustment but in practice you need to remove the fuel tank and handlebar damping nuts to allow use of the 'C' spanner. For this reason adjustment is too often conveniently forgotten.

Unlike the earlier models which had plain ball races, the /5 and later series' adopted taper rollers which in common with all bearings that work over only a small circumference wear themselves grooves, especially since they are subject to frequent vertical shocks via the front suspension. The lower bearings are the most susceptible being in line of much of the grime which finds its way past the front mudguard.

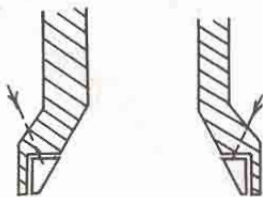
Replacement is a fairly simple job, except for the actual removal of the bearing races themselves. There is so little lip on which to grip the race for extraction that a little bit of what might not come naturally can help a lot. Take a drill as small as possible (say $\frac{3}{16}$ " to the bearing boss in the steering head as shown in the diagrams and use a small punch to drift out the races. When new races have been fitted the two holes can be filled with silicone, liquid metal, plastic padding or the like, ready for removal to make the holes available next time.



Steering head



Bearing Race



Assembly Cross Section

I had struggled the hard way once, but thanks to Jim Moylan, who gave me the tip, never did again. GW

If you know any easy ways round mechanical problems no matter how obvious they may appear let me know. If no one else is interested I will be.

Thanks for the title idea Dick. GW

The views 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

LUGGAGE

LUGGAGE

LUGGAGE

Having consulted many elders and wise men of our Club and drawn a blank I resorted to my local friendly, pretty and resourceful young librarian in an attempt to start this month's exposition on luggage carrying equipment.

The result of my searches was an oral cavity exercising string of words thus - ACRYLONITRILE BUTADIENE STYRENE - yes, you've guessed it, ABS. Learn it by heart and it might land you a job with British Cellonese, the manufacturers of ABS, but more importantly it should kill stone dead your next earnest discussion in the club-room concerning your panniers.

I know nothing of the origin of ABS, perhaps it's one of those materials that went to the Moon before we were to utilise it on Earth, and its properties seem open to proof by experiment since its nature at low temperatures has sometimes been in doubt.

Nevertheless for a number of years, the BMW rider who has everything has not been seen without ABS panniers it seems. Though I hasten to add that in the world of BMW's all too often fashion fights practicality (disprove that if you can).

I write purely from observation when I say that the trend setter of ABS equipment in Britain has surely been KRAUSER ware. Unmatchable in style and virtually

KRAUSER

perfect as a piece of equipment to blend harmoniously with the bike. Being German in manufacture they are perhaps quite naturally almost inextricably associated with BMWs (though Krauser equipment is made to fit other makes). Their panniers are available in two sizes, 35 litre and 25 litre capacity and fit to a frame specially designed to accommodate them. Illustrated aboard MVR 659P are the smaller version cases.



Manufactured by Krauser and marketed under the BMW Moto Case name are the panniers as pictured on the following page, for the rider who will fit nothing to his machine which does not come in a bag marked 'Original BMW Teile'. These panniers are the 35 litre model, and BMW technical department call the material HOSTALEN, not ABS. Krauser panniers lock onto the frame to which they are attached by a neat toggle type catch. They are moulded to fit very close to the bike and as such the 35 litre version is deep enough to accommodate a full face helmet without increasing the overall width of the bike to unmanageable proportions. The size of these cases means that if packed unwisely they can swallow up too much weighty luggage and the capability of their two attachment points to hold a load secure may be a topic for discussion. Many riders use smaller panniers working on the principle that if you have space you fill it. Even so we have heard complaints from members who having overfilled their cases strain the lids and the lid/base overlap, which seems very small for a side-opening box, does not overlap, and in wet weather the inevitable happens.

SIGMA

Styled on the lines of Krauser equipment are Britain's own SIGMA cases. Their latest offerings are the 'executive cases which are still being advertised as produced from ABS though Sigma Motorcycle Products themselves have told us that they are now producing from polypropylene since some earlier



panniers did suffer cracking. Sigma cases feature an inner hinged flap with a map pocket which prevents contents spilling out if the lids are opened with the case on the bike. The side frame fixes to the rear footrest bracket, suspension top and machine frame and adopts the Krauser type toggle fastening for the panniers. At present no rear grid is available for Sigma frames though they hope to produce one and an executive top box in the near future.

We know not the method of manufacture of styrene based cases and so cannot advise on their repair, but Sigma do offer a repair service at their factory in Birmingham.

Denfeld

At this stage we had hoped to feature DENFELD equipment. Denfeld have been manufacturers of motorcycle accessories for many years but have been missing from the

British scene recently, however some new equipment should be available in the next couple of months. Hopefully we will feature it then.

Lastly we look at a rare item of luggage from EURODESIGN, and here apologise for mistakenly placing ED SC60 sidecases on the ABS spike. Photographs are misleading and although from them SC60's look to be ABS they are in fact hand laminated grain finish fibreglass. They embody a unique feature, namely a locking device accessible only from inside

EURO DESIGN

the pannier, and each pannier is fitted with a 5 lever high security cam lock. The double curvature shape of these cases is supposed to facilitate air flow over them and so enhance laden high speed stability, and perhaps they need too since advertising literature tells us that these cases come in two sizes 40 and 60 litres. We would assume that those figures refer to the total capacity of two cases. (Someone please tell me if we're wrong).



In the last three months I've tried to state facts, in the hope that members would supply rider impressions. You must get fed up with me

wittering all the time. Few members have given me chance to extend this series into next month when I had hoped to feature items of equipment made to the requirements of individual riders, and also to publish members' views on what the established manufacturers think we want. Pen, paper and a 7p stamp might rectify that. GW

BMW MOTOCASE PANNIERS



Coincidentally at this time Slocombe of Neasden are offering BMW Motocase panniers complete with frame to fit any model (5 and onwards) for £120 to BMW Club members.

STOP PRESS Remember three months ago we criticised a tank bag produced by TT Leathers International. I reported my impressions to them and they have acted on the recommendations, which I assume other riders must have brought to their attention as well. The mark II design looks far superior to that pictured in June. I'll let you know if it is worth £23; on inspection it looks it. Use will tell.

Readers Letters

A New Dealer

I would like to advise all members in Hertfordshire that Ken Green Motor Cycles of Welwyn Garden City has taken on a BMW Dealership.

The courtesy and attention I have received has far surpassed that of any dealer I have dealt with to the present time.

Members may also like to note that by the time this article is printed, discussions with Ken Green should have secured a 10% discount on spares.

Tony Day
Stotfold

Get Knitted!

After reading the May Journal of the BMW owners club magazine, I noticed a chap on page 23, Mr Peter Dickson, wearing a BMW Jumper. It prompted me to write this letter to ask where one can buy such a jumper or cardigan, or are they home made?

So could you please give me more information about that Jumper.

R Clarke
Eastham

The pattern is on it's way to me I hope. Perhaps I'll print it and give members' grannies something to do for Christmas. GW

The Real Last One

I couldn't help but notice a letter in the April edition of the Magazine from Roy Gravestock and I may be able to confirm or bolster his opinion. For 6000 km now, I have been running a Michelin S41 PZ2 on the front and an Avon Road Runner on the rear, and I've found the combination pretty good, although I find the Avon feels a bit slippery in the wet and also has a tendency to wheelspin sideways in the dry, e.g. from standing start turning from one street into another. It's not a pleasant feeling at all, and I find that it doesn't happen when a more genteel riding style is adopted. In terms of mileage, the Avon is holding out well, although not as well as previous Metzlers. In New Zealand rear tyres cost £35.40 each, so one tends to shop for the best discount, rather than the best tyre.

Paul Clements
Auckland
New Zealand

I know I drew a halt to tyre views a couple of months back, but since these came from New Zealand I've made an exception. GW

POINT TO PONDER

Are BMW really going to go into open competition with the Japanese, and is the flat twin to be phased out?

CHEF D'OEUVRE 'AUTOROUTE'

Ian
Barkway

On discussing the most exciting and adrenalin rousing roads, mile upon mile of road flash through our minds, such as the Grand St. Bernard, the Gross Glockner, maybe the Brenner Passes, or in our own country the Wrynose and Hard Knott Passes in Lakeland; still further north there is the road through Glencoe. In fact there are hundreds of exciting roads all over this country and the continent. Then I think of my chef d'oeuvre, the granddaddy of all roads too date anyway, it is as Mr Hallwag says "another road, not second class", running north of Titograd skirting the foreboding land of Albania and finishing just north of Skopje.

When leaving the main road thirteen kilometres north of Titograd, it is like another 'B' road, the only difference being that there isn't a straight longer than 100 meters. You are also climbing most of the time for about twenty kilometers until you are at the top of a gigantic range of hills. To the south is the daunting land of Albania. The view is breathtaking and to the west is the Adriatic, with a few of the islands shimmering in the sunlight. At this point most people would be reaching for their cameras, but alas there were many signs stipulating 'Zabrangeno je fotograf', (It is forbidden to photograph). This being the valley separating Yugoslavia from Albania, and in the bottom is a large railway viaduct disappearing into a hole in the side of Albania. Not wanting to end up in either a Yugoslavian or Albanian jail, no photographs were taken of this stupendous view, even though there was nobody around for miles and miles.

On descending this range of hills the road surface finished, and then almost immediately one gets the feeling 'what have I let myself in for, ,..... and how long is the road going to be like this?'

After starting this unmade road, or as it's classified, 'A main Secondary road' we gingerly set off at a snails pace of maybe 15 - 20 kms per hour, then after a few kilometers gaining the experience of knowing which way the Be Emms would lurch under different conditions we gradually upped the speed to maybe 30 kph and on it went, another 10 kph and another 10 kph until we were steaming along at maybe 85 kph. At this speed there was another problem, dust, and in time it was decided that we should travel at 1 to 1½ kilometers apart, giving the dust time to settle somewhat. Also it gave the locals time to recover from the shock of the first Be Emm, going through their village at maybe 20 - 30 kph over the speed limit.

After a while we seemed to accept this was really the only way to travel, unless you like being run off the road by all the jugonauts on the main road that runs north via Vrapce Polje, Kosovska Mitrovica and Pristina to Skopje. By this road two other Be Emms loaded with one girl and two German guys had decided to take an easier road to Greece.

After forty or so kilometers, the loaded bikes seemed to bounce along with the

greatest of ease. After we had covered 52 kilometers of this openair sandblast machine, we had the choice of either making for the mainroad, just 11 kms away at Kolasin, or for Andrijevica 18 kms away. Being gluttons for punishment we carried on to explore this forgotten part of Yugoslavia.

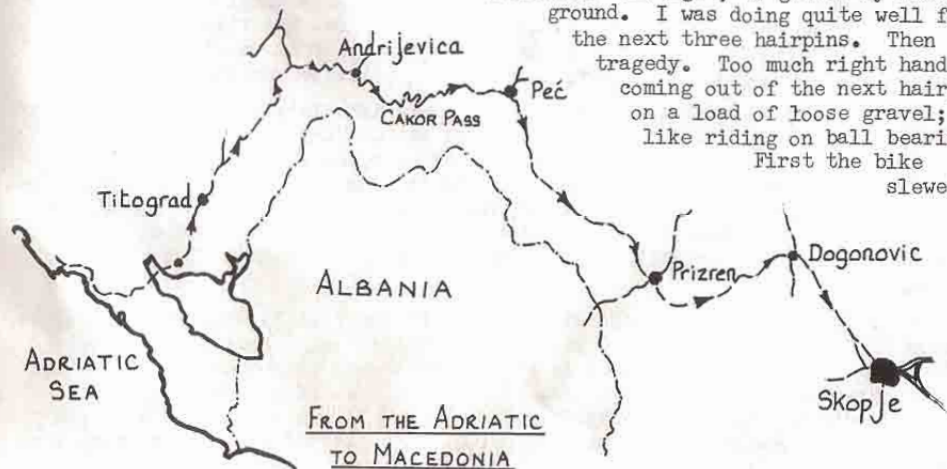
Between Tresnjevik and Andrijevica, at the junction to Murino, is a local buffet. Being clogged up with dust, it was just the chance to try the local Pivo (beer). Was it open? Sure it was. In we both staggered. This must have been the dingy-est of all buffets. Still you don't expect a 'Berni Inn' in the middle of Yugoslavia, do you? There were only four or five tables, and only two other drinkers. We sat down, and out of the back room appeared the 'garçon'. Well would you believe he was the nearest looking person to Adolf Hitler I've ever seen. Then the conversation went as follows: "If H. were still alive today, how old would he be?" "Don't know", was the reply, "But it couldn't be, could it"? We drank our pivo in relative silence, bade our farewells, to our fellow drinkers, and made an exit.

Outside a couple of local lads were hell bent on having their photographs taken with our machines. I had to oblige, and in repayment they cleaned our visors. They then wanted the photographs that I had just taken. I stated that I would mail them on! So if there are any readers going to Andrijevica in the near future, would they do me a favour and take the pictures with them. Also go and have a beer and see for yourselves!

Between Andrijevica and Murino the road is a little more civilised, just hard packed dust with the occasional pot hole, so we soaked up the scenery and the sunshine. This only lasted for about 16 kilometers when the road deteriorated to what Hallwag calls 'IN POOR CONDITION', and he isn't kidding. During this section we travelled up to Cakor Pass, and onto Pec.

After Pec the road improves somewhat. We then started to climb for what seemed to be miles and miles, then appeared a dusty pass transversing the side of this mountain, with left and right hairpin bends. After negotiating about six of these hairpins I decided that it was picture time, as I could see Peter on his R60 coming up the road quite a few hairpins down, leaving a dust cloud behind him. Two or three frames, and it was a hasty departure to maintain my lead and the prime travelling position in the front of the dust. So off I sped, at a greatly increased 'knotage', to gather my lost ground. I was doing quite well for

the next three hairpins. Then tragedy. Too much right hand coming out of the next hairpin on a load of loose gravel; like riding on ball bearings. First the bike slewed



one way, I corrected, and of course it slewed the other way casting me off. Well not really off, I was still attached at two of my minor extremities, my fingers. The loaded Be Emm just laid herself down, very soft and graceful on the gravel road. All I could do at the time was switch the kill button and laugh about it, and I was still laughing when Peter caught me up. I was still in a heap in the middle of the road. After dusting myself, and the bike off, we hauled the laden beast onto 'her' centre stand. On inspection for bent and broken pieces of bike all that seemed to be wrong with her were superficial scratches on one of my new stainless steel silencers, (Sorry Ivan!) and a dented exhaust pipe and I'd completely lost my GB plate that was affixed to one of the Krauser panniers,

On the descent we started coming into quite large villages taking us onto Prizren. All these villages have quite a few shops on the one street that runs the length of the main road, which seem to be selling the bare necessities of living. No such luxuries as dresses or shirts, just the materials to make the clothes from. In another shop bread, not yer actual 'Mothers Pride', but baked in gigantic loaves just sold off in portions as required. Other shops have sacks with their tops rolled down, showing various vegetables, fruits, nuts and root crops. Lots that I couldn't put names too.

The road down to Prizren, which is quite spectacular twisting through the valley, mile after mile can be seen snaking into the distance. On some of the bends there were about ten or so children waving and trying to attract our attention, with anything that they could lay their hands on, such as rocks, boulders, or empty beer cans. On attracting our attention they tried to stop us, and sell us little baskets of fruits or nuts. We found that the only way not to upset these young Yugoslaves, was to flash our headlights, give them a ginormous smile, and a proper wave, not the royal siff elbow version. These young hawkers seemed to like this kind of approach. After struggling along the next straight section, onto the next bend, there, low and behold was another band of hawkers, waving and carrying the on in the same sort of way. Then it dawned on me; it was the same band of kids waiting for us to pass, they had slid down the hill on their backsides waiting for us again.

Quite an interesting occupation, couldn't have been very profitable though as we only saw three or four vehicles all day, and I don't think many of them would have stopped to buy nuts!

Prizren, one of the larger towns on this old road, is also the border for Albania. Albanians can be seen mixing with the Slavs. Mind you it is only a crossing place for Albanians and Slavs, all the rest of us are barred from entering. The Albanians can easily be distinguished by the little white skull caps they wear. There is also an ENI petrol station, which soon spotted, the first all day, we decided that we should fill up both the Be Emm tanks, as it wasn't known where the next 'tankstella' would be found, and what a place to run out of petrol.

On getting out of the saddle of the bike, we were immediately surrounded by a profuse gathering of youngsters, most of them without any shoes or sandals. Up charges on anxious looking laddie who asked if we spoke Engleesh? We then went into a question and answers session. All the time he was translating the conversation for the benefit of his mates, who were all looking on open-mouthed. He must have been 'Boss Cocky' next day when he was in his school room and been able to tell his teacher that he had actually conversed in English to English people.

During our conversation I asked this linguist if the road to Skopje was good, he told me that it was 'Autostrada'; good I thought it's only about 80 kilometers to getting the tent up and something to eat. Just around the corner the tarmac of Prizren gave way to hard packed dust. Still I suppose if you don't know any better it must be like an Autostrada. After about 35 kms the dust did give way to a mixture of asphalt, pavé and pot holes. This lasted up to Brezovica, from thence on its pavé to Gabrica.

The heavens seemed to be getting darker and it was only 3.30 p.m. Had we gone through another time zone? No, it was water, not rain, but water - the heavens just opened up. On we gailey went until we got lost in Brezovica. Onstopping to ask the directions to Skopje, the locals were just walking about as if the sun was still shining, just in their summer shirts, with not a care in the world. It was like standing under a waterfall.

On finding the right road, off I splashed with the headlight of the other Be Emm in my mirror. About 18 kilometers down the road with the lightning striking trees, power lines, and anything else that was about, the following light turned off the main road. "What's he up too" I thought, stopping to see what had gone wrong. To my amazement it wasn't a Be Emm after all that had been following me, it was a one headlighted Zastavuz Fiat. 'Where the hell was the missing R60.' Back to Brezovica. Here it was at the side of the road in the middle of this large lake of rain water. He had found shelter in one of the large motorcoaches that we had seen earlier in the day hurtling along the dusty roads. When the rain had eased off a little we found that with all the rain, the HT lead had a dead short thus stopping the motor. We bade adieu to the coach driver and set off for Skopje. Eighty kilometers to go, and I think they must have been the worst 80 kilometers that I have ever travelled on a motorcycle. I was cold, wet and couldn't see a thing out of my visor. The road was full of water, with no white lines; unlit tractors and bullock carts were everywhere, it was still raining and as black as your grannies!

Eventually we made the impressive city of Skopje with it's new skyscraper blocks tree lined boulevards, very ostentatious, but not at this time of day. Few seemed to know where the autocamp was situated, but we were eventually directed to the camp site round the back of the football stadium.

At last the tent was erected. During the recce of the site we spotted our three German friends that we had left earlier in the day; they had taken the main road, we had taken to the hills.



Ian mentioned the 'closed' Albanian border, however the IMTC magazine last month reported some entry relaxations. So if you are down that way why not go knocking. That article should bring back memories to at least fifteen other Club Members with whom I have many times shared memories of crossing the Cakor Pass. GW

WOOLER NATIONAL CAMPING WEEKEND

Despite May being an exceptionally full month so far as club events were concerned and many members energies having been drained long before the national weekend at Wooler at the end of May, thirty three tents made the weekend match our expectations and the weather exceeded them. Elvin Bitchall even admitted that 'BM Club weekends are improving, the best ever!!!' GW



33^{ème} Rallye International F.I.M.



JESOLO, 14-15-16 JUIN 1978



The Official Club party picture. One or two were camera shy; one notable was Alan Dean, but Eric Rosenthal snapped him at the presentations (below)

The BMW Club Motor Cycle Sporting Club is affiliated to the ACU. The ACU is Britain's recognised federation so far the FIM (Federation Internationale Motorcycliste) is concerned, so BMW Club members are entitled to attend any touring event organised by the FIM (and there are many in Europe) the largest being the FIM RALLY.

This year's Rally was held in Lido-di-Jesolo, Italy during the middle of June and 25 club members joined 1,125 other riders from 17 countries. Surprisingly among such a large number those 25 took our Club into fifth placing for the Challenge Austria Trophy, awarded to the club with most members entered at the rally. Alan Dean our Sporting Secretary was presented a very handsome trophy in the name of the Club, we wonder how he carried it home..

As befits our Club all twenty five members were splendidly recognisable in their BMW sun-hats presented to each member by courtesy of the BMW Concessionaires in GB (Thanks to John McDermot for that gesture). Special 'T' shirts were organised by the BMF and designed by Nick Rainey, London Section.

How great it is that we should not only be the largest British Club contingent at this most prestigious touring event on the international calendar, but moreover the fifth overall.

Next year's Rally is to be held at Maastricht in Holland on 18/19/20 May. Start saving, and we will organise a 'Club Run' there perhaps. I promise it will be an event to remember, though it could be expensive. GW



HAD DERRIBOOTS, DID TRAVEL

Ron Hunter's Derriboote Diary for May

- 29 April Took wife to Swanmore via Bournemouth and Southampton Had to go to make sure that Bob had found the way. Enjoyed watching the loonies trying to ride the un-steerable pushbike.
- 269 miles
- 1 May Went to Swanmore again. Wished I hadn't. Chucked it down all day. The Derriboote didn't let me down but nearly everything else did. Got soaked. Broke my cup and had to squelch around to scrounge one before I could have a cuppa. Not a day to look back on.
- 180 miles
- 7 May Club run to Reedham. Nice day and nice pub. A good turn out. Pity Kidge shoved his RS up a telegraph pole on the way back. Spoiled a good day out.
- 245 miles
- 14 May Popped up to see sister in Burton on Trent. Derriboote still needed due to pervasive inclemency of weather. (chucking it down)
- 250 miles
- 21 May Weather improving, decided to show the East Anglian flag to Yorkshire section at Crich. Funny place to have a tramway museum. Beware M1 travellers, the A615 at junction 28 is now the A38. After cups of tea and chats popped over to Snetterton in the afternoon to watch a bit of racing, don't fancy earoling myself, haven't got the boots for it. Went there via Newark and Kings Lynn.
- 387 miles
- 28 May Took wife to Wendover. 45 bikes in Doc's backyard. Wow! Had earnest chat with Doc about suitability of derriboote for him. Think I persuaded him since his wellies have worn out. True. Bags of hospitality, stacks of tea and two sugars, lovely day. Thanks Doc.
- 84 miles
- 29 May The promised trip to Wales for the boots at last. Went to Dolgellau. Had lunch with Cader Idris towering in front and Aran Fawddwy peering over my shoulder. Took some double exposure films and a couple of good ones. Even had a Taff ask ME the way to North Wales. Good weather, traffic fair.
- 427 miles
- 4 June Sumpscatchers Rally. Due to my impeccable navigation won a nice trophy for coming comprehensively last! Went through the first ford and wet my trousers, missed the other six fords so can't be so stupid after all. Eric chucked his RS in a ford and shrunk his leathers. But derriboote did come second and third and the weather was great. Good fun. Next year we're arranging one for Roy and Bob straight up the River Lea! Hope the weather holds for flaming June, look out I.O.W. the derriboote is nigh!
- 142 miles
- 14 June Changed my rear H rated Conti after 14,363 miles! That can't be bad.
- STOP PRESS



Congratulations Bob - nearly 2000 miles in just over a month predominantly supporting Club events. Surely can't be bad. And proof that we don't need to stay at home to make tyres last a respectable number of hours. GW

PLEASE SEND ALL CHANGES OF ADDRESS TO FRED SECKER, ADDRESS ON PAGE TWO

BMW Stateside

A Trailer for a forthcoming article from Club President George Saunders

You might have heard that my recent tour of America came to an abrupt end after only ten days when I had the misfortune to take a tumble which resulted in both arms broken. I am glad to be able to report that I seem to be well on the way to total recovery, but it does mean that any narrative which I might have written on the tour would be very much shorter and consequently even less interesting. What I would like to do instead is to write an article, wearing my 'Associate Secretary for America' cap, on the touring scene in the States and the way in which it differs from this country, as I see it.

There are two other things which come to mind which might be of interest to readers. Firstly, I was told that, shortly after the first R100RSs began to be imported into the States it was found that, with their larger diameter exhaust pipes, they contravened regulations on exhaust emissions. The result was that machines being sent to USA had to be fitted with the smaller diameter pipes used on the other models, with consequent modifications required around the cylinder head. In other words, it is now not possible to buy a genuine R100RS in the States. I wonder how long it will be before similar modifications are made on this side of the Atlantic and we are told it is the latest 'improvement'?

The second point which came to mind is one which is the reason why I have delayed changing my R90S for a new bike. Present BMW motorcycles will not run on unleaded petrol, and the number of filling stations in America which do not stock leaded petrol is increasing all the time. Since what the American market demands determines to a large extent what the rest of the world will get, I wonder how much longer it will be before BMW modify their products so that they will run satisfactorily on unleaded fuel?

One other small gem of information which I picked up over there has just fought its way to the front of my memory. The latest gimmicky saddles with the first aid kit in the nose are not imported into the States. I understand those responsible for such decisions in America told the factory they thought the idea that such a small first aid kit would be of any use in the event of an accident was absurd, and that it only served to make the saddle rather uncomfortable. In a country like America where no journey is ever under two hundred miles, an uncomfortable saddle could have a serious effect on sales. My information is that the seats with the first aid kits beneath them will soon be dropped altogether.

That's it for now. I will let you have the article on Touring a l'American as soon as I can.

	<h2 style="text-align: center;">NATIONAL WEEKEND</h2> <p style="text-align: center;">The Green Caravan & Camping Site WENTNOR NR BISHOPS CASTLE SHROPSHIRE Tel: Linley 256</p> <p style="text-align: center;">25/26/27/28 August 1978</p> <p>Local Facilities. Petrol and main shopping at Bishops Castle or Shrewsbury. At Bishops Castle is a pub which makes all its own beer: The Tree Tuns. At Wentnor there is a post office and reasonable store $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from camp site. Pubs at Wentnor, Ratlinghope and Norbury</p> <p style="text-align: center;">o o o o o o o</p>
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mutual aid

WANTED: Full Avon touring fairing. Must be in good condition. write with details and price etc to Alastair Lauchland, 80 Newhouse Drive, Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.

WANTED: Police Type BMW Fairing, must be in good condition. Will pay £50 or part exchange with Avon Dolphin with sealed beam unit (Triumph fittings). Will collect in Lancashire or Yorkshire. Apply to R Hughes, 8 Westminster Avenue, Clayton Bradford, W. Yorks BD14 6SQ

WANTED URGENTLY: R90/6 heads and cylinders with or without pistons. Phone Yoram work 01 488,2161 Ext. 28 Home 01 452 9174

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Enamel Lapel Badge .50p

Waterproof Cloth Badge £1.30

Adhesive Helmet Badge .20p

Available from Richard Appleyard, National Treasurer, (address on Page Two) or at the Club Rooms from Section Secretaries (include a bit extra for postage)

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Brian Andreson, 150 Fleetwood Rd, Dollis Hill, London NW10. 01.452.1426 (eve & W'end)

FOR SALE: RLOOS, immaculate condition, under 5,000 miles, Krauser panniers plus many other extras moving on to RS. Offers please to Ray White, Jay Cottage, Cavendish, Suffolk.

WANTED: 8/25 (3.13:1) Crown and pinion gears for final drive of R60/2; possibly exchange for 6/26 (4.33:1). Apply to Jonathan Taylor, 19a Clarendon Drive, Putney, London SW15. Tel 01.788.7923

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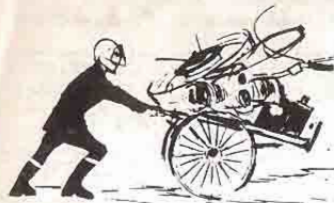
Quality binders in BMW blue with gold embossed lettering, to hold 12 club magazines are now available at £1.75 each including post and package. Orders please (with remittance) to Tony Moores (Northern Section Secretary) 71 Westwood Street, Accrington, Lancashire, BB5 4BL. Any monies received after exhausting our present stock will be held over until the next batch is produced.

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

FOR SALE: 1 pair exhaust pipes for /6; good condition £25. Apply to J Gulliver, 3 Lewis Flats, Dalston Lane, London E8 1NN. Tel 01.254.2171

FOR SALE: Spares for Pre and Post /5 BMWs by fast mail order service. Accessories imported from Germany to your order. Repairs to Pre & Post /5 BMWs by appointment. Contact Bob Porecha, 78 Byne Road, Sydenham, London SE26 5JD. Tel 01.778.3314 evenings and weekends

25% OFF normal retail price for watch repairs. Ray Brown, 3 Louis Road, Lake, Isle of Wight. Tel: Sandown 3393 between 9.00 and 22.30 hrs. If you have any problems obtaining batteries for your digital watch he may be able to help you. All repairs carry a normal guarantee. Ray has just investigated the innards of the time pieces fitted to BMW bikes and reckons he should have no problems repairing them.

mutual aid

FOR SALE: 1965 R50S BMW. Engine recently stripped, new pinnions and bearings throughout, new electrics, S/S silencers, single seat, large carrier, new tyres, tax & MOT March 1979. Open to sensible offers. This bike as 'admired' at Jim's Weekend. Apply to Tony Merritt, 20 The Cocking, Midhurst Sussex GU29 0HQ.

FOR SALE: The definitive HI-FI for the perfectionist. The famous and scarce Advent 201 Cassette

Deck, as used by recording companies for quality control checking. £185.
 Revox A76 FM Stereo Tuner and Revox A78 (Mk11) Stereo amplifier ... these are new replacement units from the Importers and virtually unused. £500 the pair or will split. Pair Rogers BBC monitor loudspeakers (calibration verification certificates), complete with stands £200. Can be demonstrated but not transported Also Beolit 400 VHF only Portable Radio £20. Apply to Ray Swann, 15 Ascham Road Bournemouth BH8 8LY

FOR SALE: Lewis super-bronx leather jacket, black size 44". Excellent condition no badges ever pinned on it! £25. Apply to Mike Gaskin, 8A St Stephens Grove Lewisham, London SE13 5AJ

FOR SALE: Churchgate 'Wedge Shape' full touring fairing. Silver c/w mirrors and clocks, offers around £65. Apply to Roger Daniels, 62 Mynydd Maen Road, Pontnewydd, Cwmbran, Gwent NP4 1NF

FOR SALE: Oil Filters £1.55 each £4.20 for 3. Points £2.75 each. Condensers £1.85 each. Bulbs Halogen £2.75 each. Varta Batteries 15 amp/hr Collected £22.50. Posted £23.50. 28 amp/hr Collected £31.00 Posted £32.50. Please state which model. Apply to Andy Wright, 12 Heybridge, Castle Road, London NW1. Tel 01.267.8110 Evenings and weekends

FOR SALE: 35 litre r.h. BMW motocase (brand new) £35. Apply to Pete Malloy, 86 Woodford Road, Poynton, Stockport, Cheshire Tel 'Poynton 3156

FOR SALE: For pre/5 models: Avonaire full fairing, black, immaculate £80. Lockable petrol cap new £9. Craven panniers (repaired) with carrier £30. Apply to Khalif David, 27 Ravensdale Road, London NW16 Tel 01.800.0242 (evenings) or 01.930.2313 Ext. 202 (office hours)

FOR SALE: R90S 20,000 miles. Good condition, Daytona Orange, extras include Cycle Guard Alarm, Crash Bars, and Pannier Rack. Apply to Venables, 6 Valentine Road, Ilford, Essex. Phone 5545573 £1450 may haggle. (evenings only) (If address is wrong it is because of bad writing - GW)

FOR SALE R80/7 first registered 6 3 78, approx 3,500 miles. Extras - hazard lights, mud flaps. Price on the road today approx. £2,056. Offers around £1,772. Apply to Mervyn Watkins, 8 Tai Capel, Gwersyllt, Wrexham, Clwyd, Nr W₂ales. Tel Wrexham 757967

FOR SALE: 'D' tyre crash bars £15. Apply to P Sharma, 10 Dale Valley Gardens, Shirley, Southampton SO1 6QT

FOR SALE: 'Moto Guzzi California R Reg. 7000 miles, excellent condition 850cc V-twin, shaft drive, triple cast iron integral braking system, absolutely fantastic handling and braking. Black, new metzellers (thanks to Brian) taxed until September £1495 ono part exchange either XT500 or single cylinder BMW 250cc. Please contact Frank Grassi, 17 Cooper Av. South, Liverpool L19 3PW. Tel: 051.428.1825 (work) 051.427.2366 (home)

FOR SALE: Voltage regulator unit for R69S £10.00.

WANTED: Side stand and dynamo cover for R69S. I can also offer DISCOUNTS on craven equipment (panniers, top boxes etc) i.e. carrier, fittings & comp't panniers to fit R80/7 £68 (rrp £80). Apply to Nicholas Robinson, 18 Blackhall Road, Oxford.

WANTED: Krauser or BMW panniers, without frames to fit 80/7. Apply to R. Grant 21 Lomond Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 1BA. Tel 051.336.8741 (9am - 5pm)