



Firstly some apologies !

Freddie George will not be at all disappointed if someone else agrees to be Treasurer as his offer was very much an 'if no-one else will do it' proposal.

As far as I know nobody was turned away from riding at Cadwell because they did not have their DVLA licence with them. This is a new requirement since the circuit was taken over by Brands Hatch Leisure. If I had been paying more attention to the Morini Riders Club magazine or had bothered to read the confirmation of entry properly when it first arrived I would have had time to include a warning with the AGM notice. Fortunately I was able to let Geoff know the night before at the 'Blue Bell' so that Claudia could fax him his.

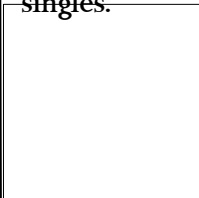
Members outside the UK will not have received 28 days notice of the AGM or a renewal form. However, all members paid up during 99/00 should receive this issue as a final reminder and a renewal form will be enclosed for those who have not already been sent one.

Definitely time for a more efficient Secretary I am sure you will all agree. Seriously, continuing as Secretary and Editor is not an

option for me so if you want the Gilera Network to continue turn up at the AGM ready to volunteer !

David's item regarding the plans for new big bikes and 'Gilera Lifestyle' marketing make me wonder what the future holds. I can't see a 'factory club' of the Triumph or Harley variety being the slightest bit interested in keeping older machines on the road. Apart from sporting the odd Gilera logo on a shirt or cap I can't see most of our members wanting the kind of bike that you need to buy a load of accessories for to make it 'individual' or purchasing anything just because it bears the magic word.

I still own a Morini, and I suspect that I will always keep one of my Gilera machines, but if I were in the market for a new 'big' bike next year it would have to be a Voxan. Interesting to see that Honda Motors latest TV adverts make such a point about their car engines. I can see the logic of a 'four' rather than a V-twin so as not to compete with the TPG investment in Ducati, but why not build on what Gilera have always been most famous for off the race circuit - high quality sporting singles.

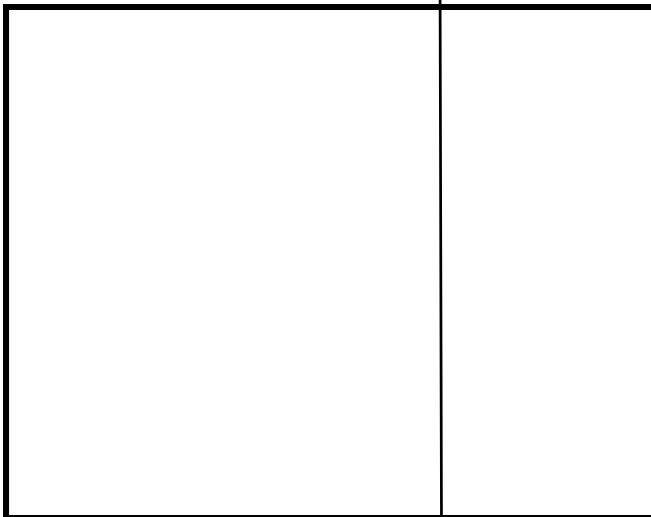




BMF SHOW

Nordies made up the majority of the machines on our stand this year, but I believe it was the highest turnout of bikes so far. Our pitch was in a totally different area this time, but being next to the 'Wall of Fear' and the bungee capsule ride seemed to bring plenty of people our way. The club area down at the other end of the show ground seemed a bit quiet in comparison.

Significantly one or two one-make clubs stayed away this year including the Morini Riders and the Moto Guzzi Owners. The event does seem to become more and more an open air



'sale' of end of line gear and accessories each year, but we gave out several membership forms so it was worth attending the Saturday. Gary Cooper whizzed his Runner 180 FXR down for the day and took the photos which you see here. Robin Sims made a flying visit and decided after a close examination of the D207 GP tyres on Ian Calvert's Saturno that he had definitely made the right choice for the new boots on his Nordie.

Ged Gilligan had photos hot from Italy of all the incredible historic machines at the big rally. Dick and Kay arrived on Saturday evening almost direct from Arcore full of stories about the 'Revivale Internazionale'. Dick's XRT had shown 'character' in two departments. Not content with a knackered sprocket carrier bearing it kept pressurising the cooling system and filling the expansion tank. These two problems necessitated a leisurely pace back. A long discussion of the possible causes followed as Dick was convinced that his painstaking top end rebuild should have solved any question of head gasket trouble. He decided he was going to try a higher pressure radiator cap or increase the loading on the spring in the existing cap to discourage coolant from making an escape. We await with interest a report back .

A bunch of us went to sample the flesh pots of Peterborough but settled for a pizza followed by a 'quiet' pint instead. Heeding a warning from security we had managed to squeeze an amazing number of machines into the marquee. Mike and co. kipped in the back of David's hire van whilst he took advantage of the five star accommodation provided in my 'Camelot' camper.

Given the rain overnight we elected not to take part in the cavalcade of clubs having heard from David about the incredible clinging qualities of wet shale !

Mike Riley returned from the

autojumble with tales of battered Nordie plastics at amazing prices - the full set of brand spanking new ones I have in the loft must be a better investment than any amount of dot-com shares !

Several members dropped in on Sunday just to chat or in some cases renew their subscriptions. The weather was pretty grey and unpleasant, but it never rained really hard. Surprisingly the constant trample of feet on the grass didn't seem to produce the instant liquid mud which I remember from previous wet BMF shows. The traffic on leaving was amazingly light as the two day strategy had succeeded in evening out the attendance.

PSF

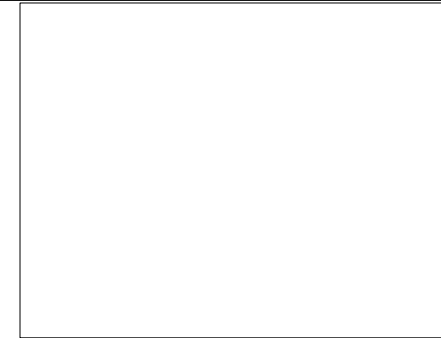


Over the past few months I have been fitting a few upgraded parts to my Runner. The first was a new rear suspension unit, the second was a large front disk brake kit. These were fitted in time for the BMF show and "Great London Ride Out".



The new rear suspension unit is made in Italy by a company called RMS. The unit has a progressive spring, adjustable pre-load and 10 position adjustable damping. Once fitted I adjusted the pre-load so 25% of the suspension travel was taken up when I was on the scooter. As for the damping adjustment, I'm still experimenting with it but the central setting is about right for me. The stability of the Runner has improved considerably by keeping its composure when going over bumps and feeling less vague when cornering.

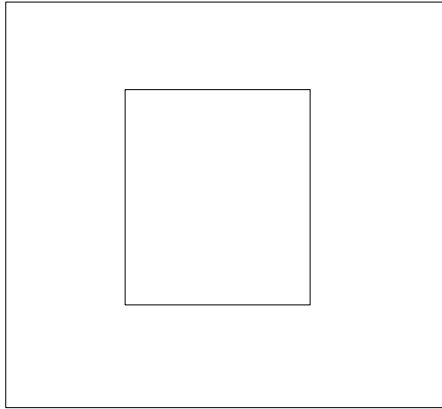
The disk upgrade consists of a large 250mm dia. stainless steel fully floating disk made by Malossi and a calliper bracket made by PM Tuning. A set of Kevlar EBC pads were also fitted. The braking power was immensely increased, there was also an increase in brake feel with the common spongy Runner front brake lever now feeling very direct and progressive.



I will go through the fitting of the suspension unit and disk kit in detail in later Twist & Go articles.

On Saturday 20 May I travelled down to the BMF show. My Runner was on the Gilera Network stand for a while until I left for a ride down the A1 to London. I stopped overnight at a Travelodge on the A1 ready for a 9:00am meeting at Hyde Park in the Serpentine Car Park. This was the starting point for the fourth annual "Great London Ride Out". The ride out is open to anyone who has a scooter and goes from Hyde Park to Southend. This year the predominant scooters were the older Lambretta's and Vespa's as usual, but there was also a very noticeable number of Runners. The group of scooters (about 150) left Hyde Park after a heavy rain shower, about 10 minutes into the ride out heavy rain started again. Due to the heavy rain and very poor riding conditions and the fact that once again my Runner's rear drum brake had become soaked and useless (the first time this happened was during the ride to Matlock at the Spring Gathering) I decided with quite a few others to abandon the ride to Southend.

By Gary Cooper



Well, I am glad to say that the Morini Riders Club luck with the weather returned with a vengeance for this year's Cadwell bash. As I approached the Blue Bell on Thursday evening the skies were clear and the forecast was fine and dry for the weekend.

I managed to let Geoff Woodcock know about the 'licences issue' in time for him to phone home to arrange for his to be faxed to a friend of the licensee who lives close to the pub first thing the next morning. The other Gilera riders there were also MRC members so they were already in the know. Despite the best of intentions I stayed later at the bar than I had intended (but not as late as most of the others).

Friday morning was a little grey to start with but by the time I started to unload the Norturno and GFR in the Cadwell paddock it was looking like being a really hot day. I quickly checked with the other Gilera folk as they arrived and to my relief found that one way or another they were all in possession of the necessary paperwork. Robin Sims soon turned up on his Nordie keen to try out his recently fitted Dunlop 207GPs in earnest. Judging by the state of those on Ian Calvert's Saturno he was unlikely to be disappointed with the grip.

This year we were not able to provide scrutineers or sighting lap marshals. After some delay scrutineering was quickly completed by courtesy of North Leicester

Motorcycles. Since Cadwell has been taken over by Brands Hatch Leisure everything is far more formal than it used to be and we were given an official briefing in the cafeteria. I particularly like the advice to "breathe round the corners". The briefing led us to believe that Cadwell would be laying on the sighting laps so it was a bit of a panic when they asked us where the 'instructors' were. This problem was solved by using the circuit car - certainly no doubts about course familiarity there !

I elected to go in the Morini/Gilera group rather than mix it with the big stuff. In fact Ian Calvert reported that some of the 'fast' group were lapping slower than some of 'us'. As far as I know there were only two 'offs' all day which fortunately hurt only the riders' pride. One featured the pilot of a Hyabusa who it appears applied too much of that awesome power after only a couple of laps whilst the tyre may have not been properly warm.

The Norturno definitely handles better with the 110 front tyre (Dragon 'Evo') and the steering damper wound right off. It was steaming on well down the back straight - right up there with the fastest machines in the group. The GFR was more fun than I had expected, somewhat slow to get into its stride away from the club hairpin, but making up for it by flying round Charlies '2' in fine style. The Gooseneck and Mansfield also suited it and I believe I even touched a peg down at one point.

By the last Morini/Gilera session it was really hot and as I braked for Park after several laps the front brake on the GFR felt a bit spongy. As I went down to Mansfield the lever came right back to the handlebar. Fishtailing with the back wheel locked I just had to go straight on up the 'escape road'. After a couple of minutes to cool down the brake was functional again. Back in the paddock a close examination confirmed that the fluid was well past its sell by date and must have boiled.

PSF



The Morini Riders Club Year 2000 Celebration Track Day will take place at Three Sisters Circuit, Bryn Road, Ashton in Makerfield, near Wigan, Lancashire, on Friday 18 August. Camping will be available at the Seven Stars, Chorley road, Standish.

Prices will be low, i.e. £20 for Morinis and £40 for others. Entry forms will be sent out as soon as I have them **(as long as they don't arrive while I am on holiday !)**.

WANTED

Small (125cc to 250cc) GILERA or other similar Italian machine, preferably early model, to restore, which is complete and original. (Incomplete and non-original bike might be acceptable).

Also seek original early Gilera "Saturno" or 300cc Twin. Modified or altered bike might suit.

Please telephone Norwich (01603) 789156 (answerphone if out: leave message for callback) or try 01603 505438 evenings. Alternatively 0773 756630 any time.

Freddie George

A few lines

Just a few idiot lines in case you have a shortage of contributions. First of all let me state that luckily I had a totally misspent youth and consequently missed out on all the dirty greasy things that people do to their motorcycles.

This lack of practical ability and the wish to finance any greedy rip-off dealer in the vicinity has become a pain. The name "Gilera" prompts the teeth-sucking syndrome and various animated vocal responses that end up as two bold statements.

1. Nah mate: Won't touch it. Nice looking bike though. Always fancied one meself.
2. That will be expensive. Italian exotica you see. Can't get the spares.

Well the spares are available and the name Bob Wright springs to mind. Excellent service and good genuine advice. Finding someone reliable to carry out the work is another matter.

When I acquired my Nordie I had it Dyno checked and the valve clearances done by Stan Stevens at Brands Hatch. This meant 49 BHP at the rear wheel and highlighted the poor state of the cush rubbers and the need to utilise high RPM as the power was developed at 6-7000.

On acquisition I also splashed out on joining the Gilera Network. The best investment yet. The info provided pays for the subs immediately. There are many tips that are worthwhile pursuing. The tip on the oil filters was ideal. A Renault 4 filter costs 23 FF at Carrefour in Calais. This means more frequent filter changes for the Nordie. Many thanks to the guy who forewarned about the plastics cracking. How right he is. The tip about the modelling sheet comes in handy. I note that a few good men are experiencing problems starting. My NW suffered from this if it was left for a period of days. I can only think that this is due to fuel evaporation,

leakage or sticking float (misspent youth agin). I lack the moral fibre to investigate any further, however, a good battery is essential and the bike will fire up on 2-3 short attempts.

May I now come to the point that prompted me to write this article. You know how it is when you read the Motorcycle Guides how you compare your experience of a machine to that of the reporter. For this I quote very roughly:

Flash Italian Styling - Yup
Crap Gearchange - Yup
Brilliant Handling - Quoi! Not on mine
The Only Supermoto to do the business - Yup

As you can see broad agreement except the handling. My bike has lovely big sticky tyres and it has always handled badly. I have now solved the problem and it was so simple I could have cried.

I have reached that stage of life where self preservation is paramount and like other things I take all the precautions. Checking my tyre pressures is the first check I make before every journey. I check both tyres are at the recommended setting as per handbook and manual.

Number 1 son bought me, via Father Christmas, a digital tyre gauge. If you do nothing else take my advice and BUY ONE! For two years I have relied on my hitherto trusted barrel pump with gauge. What a Waldo. For two years my tyres have been underinflated by 5lbs per square inch. How lucky I was to have survived. My sweet Italian beast and beauty now handles superbly and it now fulfills its promise and I no longer guesstimate entry and exit from corners. My life has been transformed as has my technique.

I may be 50+ but I am still a child at heart. I am XXL and can thoroughly recommend the Tee shirts and caps. Well done Les.

£ Dave Biggs



NORDWEST

Blue/blue, '93 L reg., 10,000 Kms.
Recent new Hi-Sports, battery 7 cam belt.
Very clean condition. Mature owner last 5 years. Rotor puller, manual & alternative gearbox sprocket.

£2350

Possibly swap for Ducati Pantah or other Italian bike of similar value.

David Frith 01492 530908
(N Wales)

Misc. Northwest Bits

Due to the recent theft of my bike I have the following items for sale:

Immaculate stainless 'ARROW' exhaust, to give your Nordie that 'fruity' sound, and pump up the power. Done very little mileage, and at half the new price. A bargain at **£125**

Nordwest fairing panels, front right, front left, & both rear side panels, in 'fair' condition, light blue/dark blue & fully stickered up. **£125**

Gilera workshop manual detailing the Northwest, RC600 and Saturno (as supplied by Bob Wright) in ring binder. **£15**

Nordwest owners handbooks, one full colour glossy card, the other B&W detailing service schedule and running in. **£5** each.

Nordwest sump guard, original part in silver. **£10**

+ other bits and pieces, give me a ring!
Nick 07971598128 (Tyne & Wear)





The Last Waltz

Day 1 - Sunday 5th September - "No Regrets" Continued...

Once on board I can enjoy my favourite pastime of watching and observing my fellow travellers and the other passengers from the security of my barstool. Being a trucker by trade, these are my first victims of ridicule after the aforementioned bikers. British "TRIR" drivers all tend to be northerners, Scottish or Irish as the Cockney (Duckin' & Divin') version is lost completely beyond the environs of the M25. Like motorcycling there are few young drivers. Most are around 50 and conform to all the usual lorry driver stereotypes (although probably not true at all as most of us claim to be Radio 4 listeners) and all have ambitions to be Elvis in another life. Their foreign equivalents are cool (as cool as can be associated with their garlic Gallic Latin charm), wear shorts, have gigantic moustaches, silly T shirts, clogs or flip flops, still smoke Gauloises and are loud in their own company and I am so envious of these real voyagers as I have always wanted to be a continental trucker for 30 years, and now have to do these moronic motorcycle trips at my own expense each year as a poor substitute.

Next up for character assassination are the "Dordogne Set", primarily 60 year old English Tory couples who drive Volvos or Range Rovers, whose children have grown up and left home so they are financially solvent, dress in Alec Guinness shorts, check shirts and sandals with expensive jogging apparel for the ladies, sport all year tans, drink G & Ts, talk loud, bragging about their French houses and wine knowledge while

devouring the Daily Telegraph but are still proud to be British and insist in communicating in miles, old currency, degrees Fahrenheit and all values of a lost empire. Running parallel to these are the 30 something shower, equally right wing, these Jonothans, Tobys, Sarahs and Gemmas sport designer couture, the odd tattoo, pierced navels and pony tails, converse via mobile phones in Sloane like internet dialogue and naturally drive 600 series BMWs or Suzuki Jeeps but in reality are all boring software specialists or P.As for dodgy South African banks in the City.

The final people in this section (I'll save the rest for the return journey) are the unfortunate inebriates. These are the luckless victims of redundancy and deprivation of the last 20 years, again predominantly from north of Watford who go on ferries to buy their (and your) duty free allocation of drink and cigarettes to either consume immediately or take back to Liverpool or Leeds in overweight vans to hawk round the streets and boot fairs to try and earn a living of sorts. They have no desire to sneak out and enjoy the pleasures of a foreign country and it is doubtful if they ever will.

Mind you most of the above would have noticed me and wondered what a person attired in 1974 get up could find amusing in such a varied audience. Still, fed and watered I slept comfortably underneath the stairwell dreaming of the adventures still to come.

Day 2 - Monday 6th September - "Bonne Route"

Disembarked Cherbourg at 07.00 am, still dark and sultry so I had to wait until sun up (lights totally useless on Gileria) before venturing into the centre for a continental breakfast in a cafe overlooking the quayside and psyche myself up for the journey ahead. I got lost coming out of the town as usual but was soon on the road south towards Avranches in hot sunshine which further into Normandy turned into

dense Scotch mist. First coffee stop at Coutances, then within a couple of kilometres another pause to see if I would don the dreaded oversuit, but it miraculously cleared into further hot sunshine which would stay with me for the next week or so. Petrol taken on board near Fougères still sticking to the back roads prior to lunch at a remote picnic area high with rural farming odours in this Brie cheese producing area. A hot final leg to Cholet was elongated as I was coned into following the bypass to the sign-posted campsite. For country that had only one roundabout 25 years ago, (Arc de Triomphe), France has gone roundabout mad with at least a dozen or so orbiting each settlement and they continue to breed continuously. Each one has the same priority as in UK but had the opposite 'Prorite a droite' (right hand priority) until a few years ago, so all the old duffer drivers still pull out in front of you without looking, and you have to take immediate avoiding action on the adverse camber which is usually covered in diesel from similarly excited trucks. In future, on a motorcycle, it is advisable to aim for the "Centre Ville" route through towns as this avoids "repetitive circular syndrome", is usually quicker and more educational.

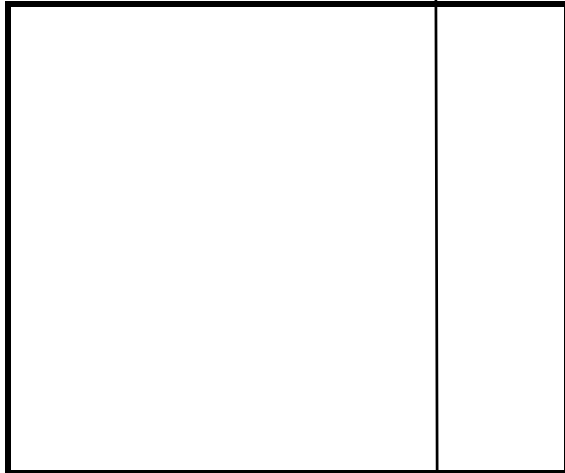
The campsite turned out to be a luxury holiday centre which was predictably deserted apart from the usual 2 Dutch Caravan couples you always find on every campsite in Europe. Tent up and a swim and play on the waterslides preceded a walk round the parkland fishing lake with an aperitif at the sailing club restaurant before returning to the site for a hearty home cooked (by me) tea in the hot fly-free dusk. A "bared to the bone" English couple pulled up opposite complete with a gigantic pizza on their Honda Davidson so I discreetly departed for a nocturnal amble up to the autoroute junction to spot the Norbert & Dentressangle red lorries (French version of Eddie Stobart) - are you a Nobbie or a Stobbie?, (sad man - get a life!). Although the campsite was quiet because the French only go on holiday between Bastille Day (July 14th) and Sept

5th, the adjoining fields contained upwards of 500 gypsy vans and large double wheeled caravans of various nationalities like a great army of invaders ready to pounce. This scene was to be repeated continuously during the journey. Anyway it did not detract from the first of many 10 hour deep sleep sessions.

Day 3 - Tuesday 7th September - "The Gypsy Life"

The alarm was set for 07.00 and I was up right away for a cool misty start to the day which had me taking a shower rather than braving the swimming pool. Departed by 09.00 for a glorious first 50 miles in pastel early autumn sunshine. This was followed by a quick supermarket visit for breakfast of baguette and banana washed down with Orangina. Having lost the map yesterday (it blew away unnoticed from the tank bag. Who needs one anyway after 26 years travelling) I was just following the sun in a southerly direction passing Niort and heading towards Bordeaux. Onto reserve (petrol) out in Cognac country saw me fill up at a place called St Hillaire. The Gilera is a true pleasure to drive. As soon as you get up to 30 mph and top gear you can stay in that gear all day (down to 15 mph) and take every bend, roundabout and gradient without changing. Lunch was taken in a school playground where the pupils were fortified by a cheese baguette and an apple with Evian water compared to the "Wotsits", Twix bars and slush drinks their British equivalents would have devoured in between mobile phone calls, cigarettes and Nintendo games. Bordeaux was soon reached where I found myself travelling in the wrong direction on the Peripherique and had to about turn and keep up a sustained 100 kph otherwise I would have been in San Sebastian (Spain) that evening.

Sorted out and back on the N113 Toulouse road it was now time to find a campsite. This is no longer an easy task in post Mitterand France. Even though the Garonne valley is a prime tourist area the sites are not sign-posted well and help had to be acquired from a "Nicole" at the



the Hun” and her global monetary policies which threw millions out of work (the Poll Tax also in the UK created the underclass of society). Remember when Gorbachev came to power, Tito dying, followed by the collapse of the Berlin Wall, the “Iron Handbag” announced “We could do business with these people”. She did. They now have McDonalds, Sky TV, mobile phones, stocks and shares, at least the top 10% have, while the rest have no more industry, no jobs, constant civil warfare and poverty and

tourist office in Langdon. I was directed to a nearby one only to find it closed for the season. France is 20 years politically behind the UK so is in the grip of rampant privatisation of everything including municipal campsites which used to give admirable service to passing motorcyclists, Colonial camper waggons, Dutch pensioner caravanners and backpackers but only make a profit during the French tourist “window” so they inevitably do not open. The ones that are tend to be hi-jacked by the travelling Gypsy population previously mentioned. At the next village, St Pierre, I paid 18 francs (£1.80) for the privilege of the Romany population paying nothing to enjoy the facilities. These are actually working Gypsies, fruit pickers, all with brand new white Mercedes vans and large caravans complete with satellite dishes (there must be a lot of money in clothes pegs and white heather these days !) and come from all parts of France and Spain although other nationalities were also present. The eviction of Romanies from Eastern Europe and the Balkans were evident but no Irish dominated British type “Pykies” and their scrap waggons who get all the bad press back in Blighty. There does not seem to be any of Jack Straw’s New Age Travellers although these itinerant people and political refugees of the Slav area are expanding due to the decisions of “Attila

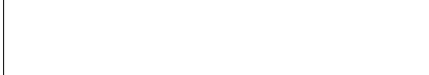
are now giving the UK asylum seeking problems at Dover to which her supporters’ answer is to send them back where they belong.

Despite the intimidating presence of the Romanies it provided a good 2 hours of entertainment and social anthropology education watching them go about their nightly chores as I tucked into another excellent Langedoc meal and my bike, tent and possessions were all still intact the next morning.

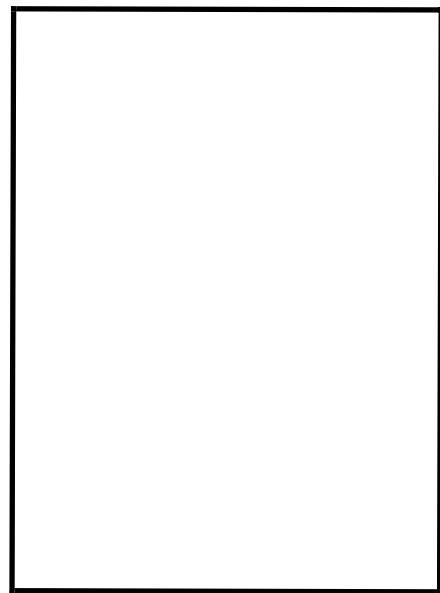
Day 4 - Wednesday 8th September - “Heat and Dust”

Another 7am start to the day with Scotch mist again which cleared immediately away from the side of the Garonne. Coffee and hot croissants from the nearby boulangerie saw me on the way. Sleep-ins for the Gypsy contingents. For the second day on the trot this is the best 50 travelling miles of the day. Chilly enough to keep one alert and warm enough for some really fast (60 mph) road work through previously uncovered territory. The Arcore is as sound as ever and I am glad it was my chosen companion for this adventure, covering 180 miles between petrol refills and no maintenance required at all so far. A supermarket stop at another village called St Hillaire (every village I stop at seems to be called St Hillaire !) saw the heat come

up and the extra clothing discarded. It was through the agricultural Tarn valley I was now motoring and Agen was soon reached then it was on to Toulouse although making an unscheduled stop for lunch at Castelsarrasin to see the start of a stage of the Tour de l'Aveier cycle race (the amateur Tour de France) before circumnavigation of the large aircraft producing metropolis, almost going to Barcelona this time, as I predictably got lost in the heavy traffic in now oppressive heat. You would think that after 10 years of "doing" 2 laps of the M25 most days courtesy of Christian Salvesen/Asda I would be immune from urban motorway direction problems. Another unprogrammed stop to wipe the dust and insects from my face and visor, a cool roadside bierre next to the Midi canal where I saw the first two bikes on the way to the Bol. 65 miles should have been covered to reach my daily target but on reaching Carcassonne and seeing the magnificent castle ramparts stretching out above the old town prompted me to set up camp there instead. The site was the complete opposite to the ones described earlier - full to the brim with campers, caravanners and hitch-hikers of various nationalities and lifestyles. Tent up right away then it was an hour swimming in the pool, drink at the bar preceding another fine pasta meal washed down with an inexpensive Bordeaux. The temperature was still in the mid twenties as I set out for my evening walk round this amazing fortified town whose castle dwarfs the Tower of London, Edinburgh and Stirling castles combined. The town was by now completely deserted and closed after 9 pm but a drink was eventually procured at a back street bistro, full of English tourists but the threatened route march round the battlements was postponed for another visit in the future. The maniac noise of the crickets in the undergrowth and the hot humid night failed to prevent another blissful sleep after the 4th day of the great Gilera adventure.



NEW GILERAS



H@K and GSM

The new 50cc 6 speed water cooled trail and super moto bikes are now in the shops. They follow the RC600 / Northwest idea in so much as they are basically the same machine one, has trail wheels / tyres/ brakes and the other is kitted for the road.

So what are they like? Well remember that they sell for less than two grand so they are built to a price, but having said that the build quality and finish is generally very good. They are typical off road style with bright colour schemes. Controls are conventional with the kick-start on the correct (right) side. Instruments look good and are easy to read, a large speedo with a smaller rev counter and all the usual idiot

lights.
220mm front disk and 185mm rear.
6 ltr. Plastic fuel tank

This is a bike that started life back in the 1980's as a four speed trail bike. The engine is an original Gilera design although it is now built by "Franco Morini" The engine has appeared in several Gilera 50's including the RC Top Rally (trail), Bullit (big wheeled scooter), Sioux (trail), 503 (sports) Eaglet (custom) and 50R (trail). The four speed gearbox has been modified to give six speeds and it is a very neat job with sliding gears on both shafts.

The whole engine looks tough and well designed, when de-restricted it is claimed to produce over 8hp. One amazing feature is the carburettor, a Del Orto 14.5mm unit that would look crude even if it were on a lawn mower, but don't knock it because it works.

Now a 30mph six speed bike is not the most restful thing to ride so most people are going to want to de-restrict it. I have found out what you need to do but before I explain I should mention the implications of modifying a 30mph moped.

1. If a moped is de-restricted it technically becomes a 50cc motorcycle. It should be re-registered with the DVLA .
2. The bike may not comply with motorcycle legislation so it may be illegal. I think the H@K and GSM are OK, but don't quote me.
3. You should inform you insurance company that the bike has been modified.



4. You must have a licence to ride a motorbike.

So what about the restriction? The exhaust has a Catalytic converter which means that no matter how hard you try you will never make it go supersonic, the Cat' is too restrictive to allow the engine to produce full power.. A non-catalysed exhaust is available and that will unleash full power.

The Cat' exhaust has a hardened steel boss that forms the end where it goes into the engine, that boss has a small hole through it and to de-restrict you need to enlarge that hole. First heat the end of the boss to cherry red and let it cool naturally, that will soften the case hardening enough to allow you to drill it. Now you need to find someone with a large drill, It's much bigger than the normal half inch chuck. Now you will need to re-jet the carburettor.

The carburettor is fitted with a #58 main jet, you will need to use a #60, any Del Orto supplier will be able to give you this. If you buy a non-catalysed exhaust it will come with a washer tack welded into the end, this is easily removed. With this exhaust you will need a #74 main jet.

If you are looking for a cheap way of getting to work this could be worth considering, you just may find yourself enjoying it. Who will be first to take one touring?

DNA

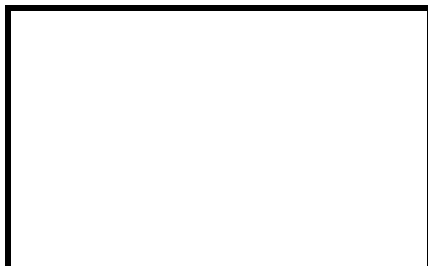
That other new Gilera the DNA is being launched on July 4th at Silverstone.

This is a scooter that looks like a retro bike or is it a retro bike powered by a scooter engine?

It uses the water cooled 50cc engine from the Runner fitted in a sports / retro styled chassis with 14 inch wheels.

Now let's be clear, this is not some mini bike derivative, it is a proper full size

motorbike, the seat height is the same as a Monster and there is a slight similarity in the styling.



Telescopic forks, five spoke alloy wheels, single sided swinging arm (well it's the engine really) 240mm front disc, 200mm rear disc. 112kg kerb side weight.

At the moment it is only a 50 but next year the same chassis will be fitted with 125 and 180 water cooled four stroke engines. The 180 is four valve and is claimed to produce 19 bhp, that should give it a genuine 80 mph top speed, sound like fun?

But back to the 50. It should be on sale late in July and will be available in red, yellow or black. RRP £1999 on the road. What a bargain!

When you buy it is a 30 mph moped but de-restriction can give it a more worthwhile performance. Maybe I will talk about de-restricting this engine next time along with a road test.

Oh yes, I have seen an Italian sales brochure that proudly proclaims on the front in large letters "DNA - Dedicated to Naughty Angles" mmmmm.

BIG BIKE

The project for the 600cc sports bike is still proceeding at full speed. The bike is due to be unveiled at the Milan show at the end of 2001.

It looks fairly certain that it will be powered by the new four cylinder Suzuki engine, which is light enough and powerful enough to put it in line with the other 600

super sports.

Claudio Verner is the guy in charge of the project and he is not just looking at putting another sports bike in the shops, he wants the bike to come with a whole life style package of after sales support and social activity. I think we can expect something a bit like Triumph and Ducati have done where the dealer runs a branch of a factory supported owners club and they will operate local ride outs and events. Ducati have been very successful at race meetings with special admittance and dedicated parking etc. All designed to make the owner feel "special". Are we going to find ourselves competing with a factory owners club like Triumph? The problem with official owners clubs is that they are not going to admit to any shortcoming in the product and they are very reluctant to offer unofficial advice about how to sort problems. If you read the Triumph "Rat" magazine it is almost like an advert, with pages of people happily touring and doing track days interspersed with articles about the latest accessories that are available.

It's good and bad really. High level factory commitment to the product is never a bad thing but it can end up discouraging individuality and freedom of choice. I wonder if the GeN will survive against a big budget glossy official club. When the GeN started it attracted mainly people who owned the more recent bikes from late 80's early 90's. Owners of older Gilera did not think we had much to offer and I suspect that when people buy the new sports bike they may feel the same if they can join an official club.

Also until now we have received keen support from Piaggio but will that be able to continue in the future?

But I am being a bit negative, I am very keen to see the new bike and a bright future for the Gilera name. Watch this space for further news.

David Champion

STARTER CLUTCH INFORMATION

500 & 600 Singles

First let me explain how the clutch works.

Imagine you are looking at a large Roller Bearing Race from the side. The Outer Race is splined onto the counter balance shaft.

The inner Race is attached to a large gear this connects to the starter motor idler gear. The rollers in the race are not round. They are more or less semi circular. They are too large in diameter to fit in between the inner and outer so they can only fit by laying down slightly. There is a fine coil spring round the rollers which keeps them in contact with the inner bearing surface.

When the starter motor turns the inner race turns and friction with the rollers makes them try and stand up but there is not enough room so they lock against the outer race and make that turn. I hope that makes sense.

Anyway, failure occurs when the rollers become worn too much, or when the outer or inner contact surfaces become damaged. Or most likely when the spring becomes stretched and no longer keeps the rollers in good contact with the inner race.

I doubt if synthetic oil has anything to do with the failures (It was a nice idea but far too simple). The better the oil the better the spring needs to be to ensure a good contact so if you use synthetic oil your clutch may fail sooner as the spring weakens but it is going to fail anyway.

Your clutch will come off as one item. There is actually nothing holding the gear wheel-inner race except friction so pull and turn and it will come out. The inner race contact surface will probably show signs of contact but it should be smooth with no sign of the hardening being worn through or damaged.

Now you can see the rollers, they should be smooth and show no sign of flat spots. Also they should be tight against their cage, if you can shake them about or push them easily away from the inside cage the spring has stretched and is probably the cause of the failure.

You will notice around the outside of the clutch drum there is a rolled over thin metal lip. Use a suitable screwdriver to gently prise up this lip all round until you can lift it off and expose the rollers.

Next remove the large circlip. I do not know why it is there because there is nothing for it to locate in so it does not hold the roller race in, a large washer would work but there must be a reason for it. Word of warning. If you are going to remove the spring put a rubber band round the rollers BEFORE you remove the spring.

Examine the outer bearing surfaces carefully. If the surfaces are un-marked but the rollers are worn you could fit a new roller (center) part to your old inner and outer. This is available for Ducati's separately because their clutch is not a one piece unit. Make sure you

fit it so the face with the arrow on goes on the inside.

Once fitted gently tap the lip back down all round until it is as tight as possible. You should have a perfectly serviceable clutch but don't forget it is up to you and there is no guarantee.

Before you reassemble the bike turn the clutch by hand to make certain that it grips and releases the correct way. The counter shaft turns clockwise when viewed from the left side of engine

There are a couple of bits of good news:

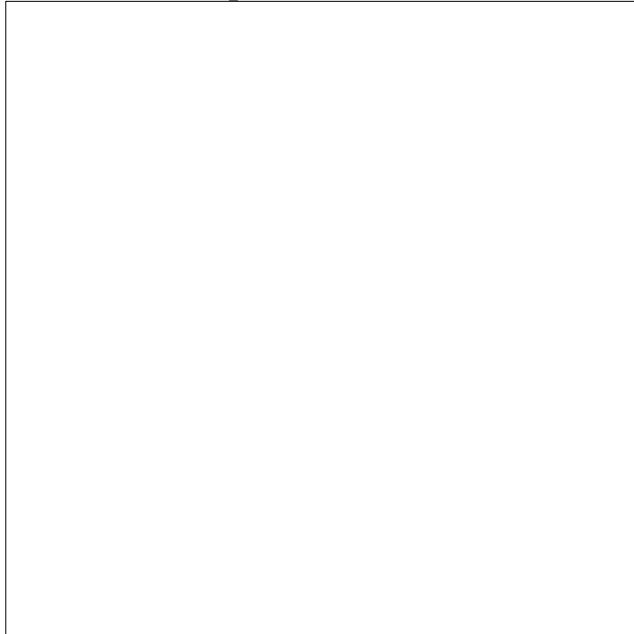
1: Several people have found that clutch failure was due to the spring becoming stretched. This spring is the kind found in oil seals. i.e.; it is a coil with one end tapered so it can be screwed into the other end to form an endless spring ring.

You can use the two springs found in fork seals joined end to end and shortened a bit. This may get your clutch working and only cost £5. I have got favorable reports and it seems to last. The important thing is to check the rollers and if they all look the same you could try the new spring. If one roller looks worn then you will have to get a new clutch.

2: Piaggio still employ staff dedicated to Gilera. I recently learned from one such technician at the Piaggio factory that the original supplier of the clutch units has closed and clutches are now of a better quality from a new supplier. Hooray! I hope that proves to be true.

The Gilera clutch unit is: p/n. 328652 cost £166.80 plus VAT. (price correct June 2000)

Issue 2. June 2000. D.Champion





Simon Roberts

I discovered from reading the latest M&P catalogue that Riky Cross from

- Italy make,
- * Rear Carrier
- * Steel Bash plate
- * Throw-over Pannier bars
- * Tank Bars

to fit a "97 RC600". I quizzed them about the strange model date and as to whether a fitment diagram was available to sort out any doubts. They quickly faxed a reply saying that '97 was indeed the date and that no fitment details were available. My guess is that it's a misprint somewhere and should be "91".

If so, us Nordie boys can fit those nifty Oxford throwovers without further cracking our Airfix side panels. You RC600 heros can cross a desert or two without further cracking yours. The stuff looks excellent, so worth asking after. Anyone with any solid further info, please let us know.



Stephen Harvie

Thanks very much for serialising my Bol D'or waffle. I hope it is not too long but feel free to edit it. **[It's marvellous to have the copy available for future issues - Ed.]**

I never managed to drive to Italy last month for the Gilera Rally in Milan although back in 1992 I visited the old Arcore factory and museum but being a Monday it was unfortunately closed. That was on my original 150cc eventually going as far as Assisi in Umbria via Switzerland and returning back through France via Paul Ricard.

So far this year I have been to the Italian Day at the Ace Cafe, arriving too late in the afternoon, not seeing any other Gileras but witnessed Phil Read exhibiting his MV 4.

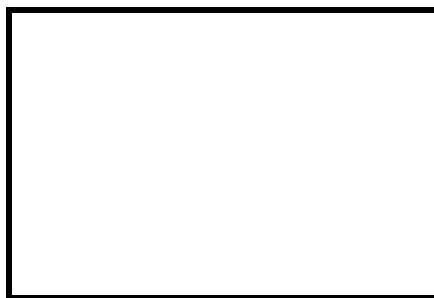
The next weekend I saw Phil Read again when I re-united France's country lanes with the Arcore and travelled to Monthlery near Paris to attend the "Coupe de Legends" GP. This annual event now in its 4th year is a must for the future as all sorts of exotic machinery, Gileras included were on show along with Agostini, Redman, Sammy Miller and a host of former GP stars parading at speed on the famous old banked circuit. If you pre-book you can also join in the displays. There were several old Saturnos and lightweight singles plus 2 or 3 priceless 1950's fours entered while I saw a couple of modern Sats and NWs in the campsite.

The third weekend of my Gilera spring saw me drive up to Edinburgh in atrocious weather conditions to re-allocate the bike to its summer pastures until (if I can't get my Norton running right) it is called into service for this year's great Millennium journeys.

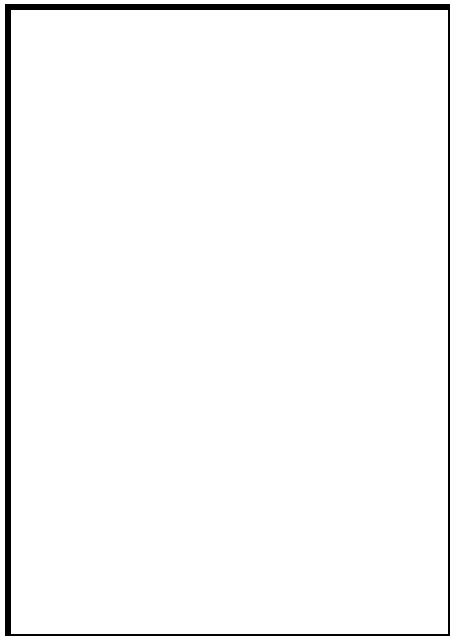
If anyone is interested, John Groombridge (Motorcycles) of Cross in Hand near Heathfield in E. Sussex has 6 brand new (1970s) Gilera 50cc 2 stroke trail bike for sale at £999 each. Ideal for Net members to revisit their youth or those that want a 'Classic' for their kids to learn on.

Hope to get to one of the club meetings some time, but not the AGM as I will be at Spa-Francorchamps for the 24 hours.

PS my Arcore 150cc is still for sale at £500.



*A 'flock of fours at Arcore May 2000
Photo - Ged Gilligan*



Arcore 2000 The Gilera Quest

I suppose the title I've given this piece may seem a little over the top. Especially as three years ago I would never have considered myself to be brand loyal. I still don't despite now owning four Gileras.

The event in Arcore was announced just at the time Kay and I were looking for a substitute for the now defunct bi-annual M.A.G. Euro Demos we'd been attending since 1992. We like to tour abroad but prefer to have a purpose to the journey and a set goal to achieve. The 'Revival Internazionale' provided us with all the essential ingredients for both a good holiday and a winter custom bike project.

The idea was to show up at the home of Gilera with me on my slightly modified XRT and Kay on her Northwest restyled to look like our idea of what the 2000 model could have been, just to see how we would

be received. Of course we would have to ride all the way and camp most of the time to keep the costs down a bit. To add a little spice we determined to be at the Network's BMF stand at the weekend after the Italian meeting. Hull, Arcore, Peterborough, Hull with some sight seeing diversions in between. A trip of around 2000 miles aboard Gilera 600s now that's got all the ingredients of a Quest in my book.

The preparations proved to be lengthy, especially the restyle of the Nordy. Bike projects have a tendency to grow. The more you do the more you want to do. The ideas for the reshaping of the Northwest fairing actually predated the invention of the Quest but had not progressed due to a lack of reason to finish. All that had now changed. The sense of urgency in our house reached panic status as early as February. I shall describe the restyling project separately to this article but nevertheless it was a big part of the quest.

One further source of concern for planning this holiday was trying to confirm that the event was actually on. We asked David and Pete who were reluctant to be absolute because of previous disappointments they had experienced. We decided that we didn't mind whether or not the event happened or even if it was a figment of everyone's imagination as it gave us the focus we needed to get a good project finished. Even so it was a relief when the official advertising was released. Thanks to everyone who sent us stuff, especially Bob Wright who brought back some original posters and entry forms from one of his spares foraging trips to Italy.

On top of the preparation of the bikes I had to create luggage racking for both machines which included working out how to put throw over panniers onto the Nordy without endangering the paint work. I almost managed it using an aluminium sheet shaped and then mounted to accept the pannier attachments, while bridging the bodywork. We had to set off without a trial run on this system. All was fine except for the right hand pannier hook which

rubbed slightly on the bodywork, marking the paint. I expect that another lizard may climb on board and sit over the damage by next season.

Alongside preparing the machinery we also had to plan the journey itself. Living in Hull, as we do, the nearest and most convenient way to leave the country departs from Hull docks daily. It is, however, not the cheapest way to go but when you take into account that you can travel the length of England whilst eating, drinking and sleeping it becomes a very attractive way for Northerners to go south. The ferry's destination Zeebrugge is around 40 miles from Calais so as a starting point for setting off to Italy it's just as good.

In order to make the journey a part of the holiday rather than just a cross country dash we chose to take a week to get from Hull to Arcore but to leave only three days to return. That would put us back home on a Thursday morning leaving sufficient time for recovery and bike servicing before setting out to complete our Quest by showing up on the Gilera stand at the BMF Show on the Saturday. We did not pre-plan any routes expect to decide to ride down France rather than Germany because of the deserted nature of the roads in the eastern regions of France.

The creation, planning and preparation of a holiday is fun but it's nothing compared to the buzz of getting under way. The mixed feelings of excitement and trepidation are the ingredients which bring the whole thing alive. Riding the six miles from our house to the ferry fully loaded and looking intrepid always amuses me especially as I know the bikes will cover the next three hundred miles in the hold whilst we guzzle food and swig beer. The perfect start (and finish) to a motorcycling holiday.

It's all change however the next morning when the ship's recorded messages kick off at six thirty. It slowly dawns on me that there is some serious riding to be done and all on the wrong side of the road ! Yippee ! Ride 'em Cowboy. On previous trips we've

come to this point on the trip with serious hangovers and launched ourselves into the rush hour traffic, trucks and all.

This time we thought it through. We set off on the Saturday evening ferry to arrive bright and early on Sunday when trucks are banned on continental roads. As luck would have it the Monday was the V.E. Day bank holiday in France too so we rode for two days in almost complete isolation. What a restful way to ride. On Monday lunch time it got so restful that we almost failed to cover sufficient distance to comply with our impromptu plans. We stopped for a meal in a small French village at midday and left the totally laid back restaurant at a quarter to three so full of good food that we had trouble climbing back on the bikes. We were definitely on holiday !

At the camp over at Lons le Saunier at a minute past midnight we heard the rumble of big diesel motors and knew, as we fell to sleep, that in the morning we would have to share the roads with Monsieur Trucker and his white van driving cousins who would definitely be no longer on holiday.

Tuesday turned out to be the day we attempted to cross the Alps. I have couched it in these terms to show that our travel schedules had no planned detail to them whatsoever. In the tent the previous night we had decided to go as far down in France as Grenoble and then to camp so that we could cross the whole of the Alps in a single ride. However, we arrived earlier than we had expected in Grenoble and it was sweltering hot. One public clock/thermometer showed 24 degrees. We wanted to ride just to keep cool but we needed fuel. Cowering under a service station canopy to get some shade we tried to figure out how to head for the hills. We had happened upon a very busy dual carriageway before we stopped and it didn't point where we wanted to go. Only assistance from a friendly local enabled us to get on our way. Inside a couple of hours we were chilling off rapidly up in the mountains trying to outrun a

thunderstorm whilst heading for Briancon, the highest full sized town in the Alps. Sure enough we out ran the storm but we caught up with another and it was getting darker. We crossed the trick twist bits up at the snow line in a cold drizzle. Boy did that slow me down ! Failing to make those bends was not an option for any creature without wings. As we dropped down into Briancon the weather cheered up again giving us a chance to dry out whilst looking for a camp site. They were all closed. We had arrived in Briancon after the skiing season and before the summer season. We were forced to find a hotel, something we were not sorry about. The "Auberge Impossible" seemed like an appropriate place for us to stay and we were correct. A dead comfy room and a seriously tasty meal set us up well for the following day's ride into Italy and thanks to the favourable exchange rate it was well affordable.

As a consequence of our early foray into the mountains we were now going to enter Italy on Wednesday so we determined to go all touristy and visit the lakes area before heading to Arcore for the Revival Internazionale. What we had not reckoned on was the rain. Rain like I have never experienced and it hit us whilst on an Italian toll motorway. We got soaked and lost and to cap it all we had to pay for the privilege. Despite everything and with some help from a friendly pump attendant we found our way to a lovely sunny lakeside camp site on the banks of Lake Maggiore where we managed to pitch camp, dry out and settle in just in time to watch an amazing thunder storm from the safety of our well proofed tent.

As things turned out we weren't as touristy as we might have wanted. The bikes had become very grubby as a consequence of the trip so far and needed a good clean to render them presentable in Arcore. Thursday was hot and dry so I spent most of it sprucing them up using both the polishes I had brought with me and locally bought car wash. Vanity, vanity all is vanity and quite rightly so. We were in Italy !

We did see one tourist attraction, however, a massive statue of a priest. It was about a hundred feet high and stood on a huge pedestal. From the pedestal we got a great view of the lake. It was possible to climb up inside the statue, right into it's head, where you could peep out of it's eyes. Did we get up there ? Nope we went to a pizza restaurant instead.

Friday was a day of extremes. At around six o'clock in the morning it began to rain so hard it woke us up, a little earlier than the cuckoo of the previous morning. We turned over to sleep out the storm. At nine o'clock Kay put her hand out of her sleeping bag into water which was seeping up through the ground sheet. Aagh ! Time to bail out and shelter under an adjacent empty caravan awning. We got away about midday having wet packed everything. Ugh. The trip to Arcore was short in distance but lengthy in time on congested urban roads. The weather was improving and by the time we got to Monza it was scorching. We got a little lost in Monza and were just starting to wonder whether or not the do was on when we spotted a small sign tied to a street pole which read Gilera Revival and pointed right. Yo ! We'd found it. We were in Biassano and Arcore was the next town along. We entered Arcore on a road which brought us straight to the centre of activity for the event. We rode through the main gates of the Chateau and pulled up amongst the preparations. Everyone looked up and did a double take at the sight of two English people on Gileras laden down with kit. The welcome which ensued was top notch. They appeared pleased and impressed. We were chuffed at the warmth of our welcome and that the whole event was looking so stylish. After some short introductions they escorted us to the camp site which was not quite up to Michelin standard but as seasoned British rally bikers the grassy end of a works car park next to the grave yard with one Turdis and no water felt familiar if not luxurious. A polite request at the nearest petrol station filled our water bag and we were sorted. The best thing was that it was red hot and our kit dried out in minutes. It was

time to check-out our bikes' home town.

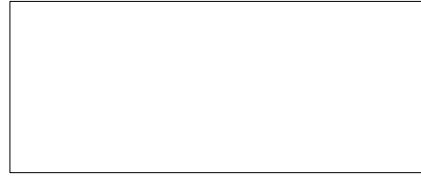
We rode back to the forecourt area outside the Chateau to park our bikes and look around. The word must have gone around as we hadn't even got our side stands down before we were approached by a member of the Gilera club of Arcore who insisted that we follow him to be shown some of the special exhibits for the weekend's show that he had stored in his garage. I was impressed by the privilege of seeing these beautiful machines but my interest is in the newer Gileras so my knowledge of what I was looking at was limited. I hope it wasn't too obvious.

We asked about a restaurant and were given directions which I promptly forgot. After our third pass of Via Gilera, during which we had been waved at and stared at by many passers by, the Gileristi shepherded us to their club house which was next to the event's official hotel. We were introduced to the President of the Arcore Gilera Club and to the production manager of Piaggio who had actually seen the custom painted Runner we did for Piaggio UK. Another preview of more of the show's special exhibits followed. These were mainly later off road and competition machines of which I had a greater understanding. By this time we were feeling like minor celebrities. This feeling was enhanced as we approached the Hotel's restaurant as we were separated from those waiting for a table and taken to the section reserved for the Gilera Club guests, without a word being spoken. After the meal which was top quality and very filling it was back to the tent in the car park. Like I said Friday was a day of extremes.

To be continued ...

Dick Stapley

**The Quest continues in GeN#26
with photos of the epic journey
and historic event - Ed.**



Sunday 16 July 2 pm.

**Towpath Bar, Stewponey,
Stourton Staffs.**

(Junction A449
Wolverhampton/Kidderminster and
A458 Stourbridge/Bridgnorth)

Weather permitting there will be a ride out starting from the car park of the Stewponey at 11 am. This will feature some challenging 'B' roads around the Severn valley before returning in time for lunch.

The same 'Sunday Lunch' should hopefully be available as last year in the Towpath bar.

The meeting should finish by 4.30 pm.

The Agenda will include the following proposal from Freddie George:

That the name of the organisation be changed to "The Gilera Owners Club".



*Rondine Four at Arcore May 2000
Photo - Ged Gilligan*