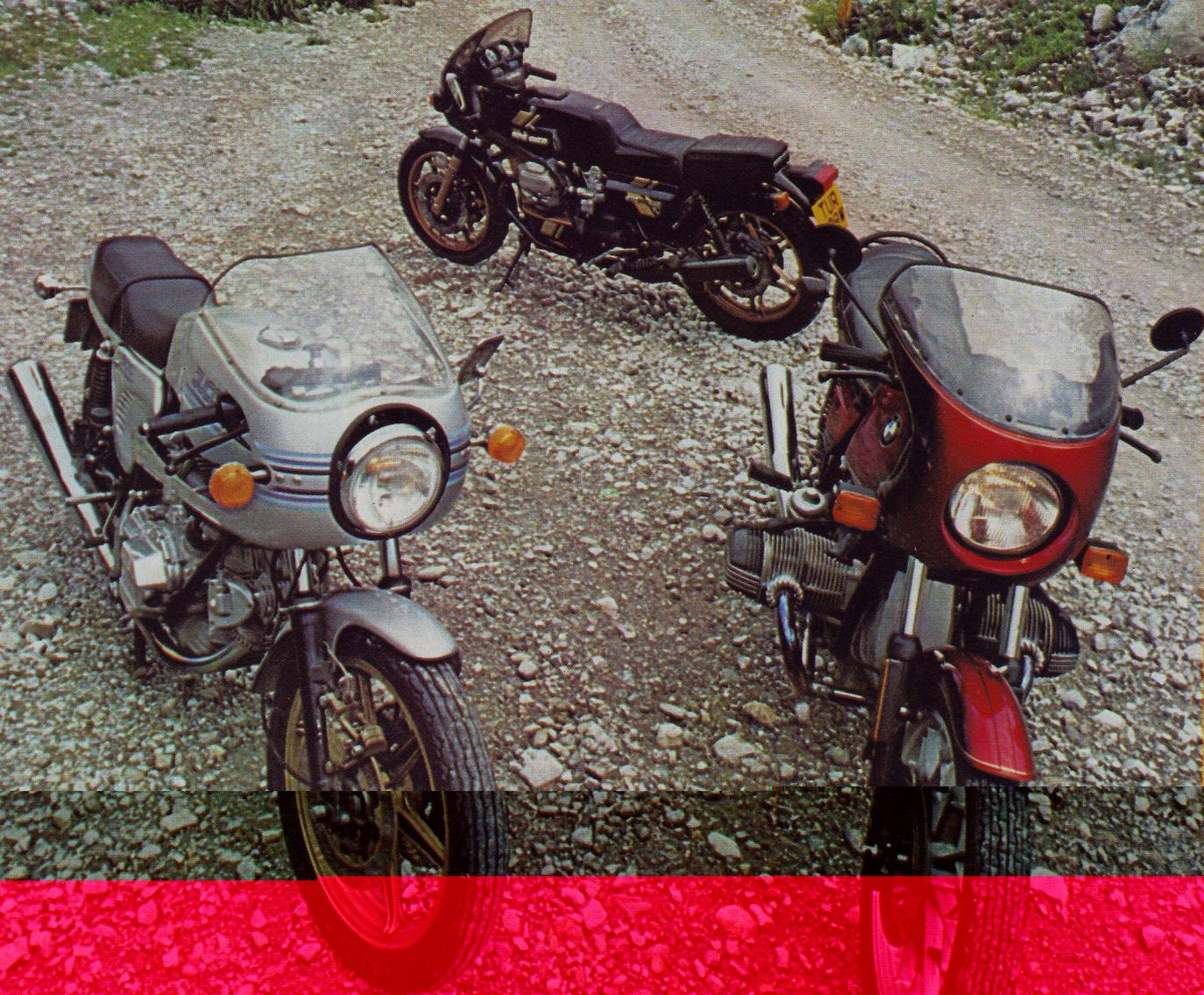


The last of the big bangers bop down the boulevards



BMW R100CS

THE IDEA OF BMW MAKING A street racer out of their somewhat traditional flat-twin doesn't seem right, does it? We've all read reports of how well the big 1000s can eat miles, loaded with enough camping equipment to keep a boy scouts' troupe in beans and mash for a month, and still deliver the essential excitement ingredients which makes up real motorcycling. And I've ridden enough miles — on my own 75/5 and other test bikes — to know that BMWs can be hustled along twisty country lanes at a rate which'd embarrass many would-be hotshots. But BMW, the factory, offering a street racer?

Well, fact is, it isn't such an uncompromising balls-out single purpose bike as Ducati's 900SS, a bike which was designed as an over-the-counter proddy racer anyway. BMW's R100CS has the same 70bhp @ 7000rpm motor as that fitted to the RS and RT models and its street racing image comes from its lower weight of 441lb dry, 22lb less than the super-smoothie RS and 4lb heavier than the unfaired, unencumbered plain ordinary R100 (which has the 'slow' lower compression ratio motor). Plus the CS has

the bikini handlebar mounted fairing that used to grace the '05, and its main drive ratio is slightly lower than the other 1000s at 2.91.

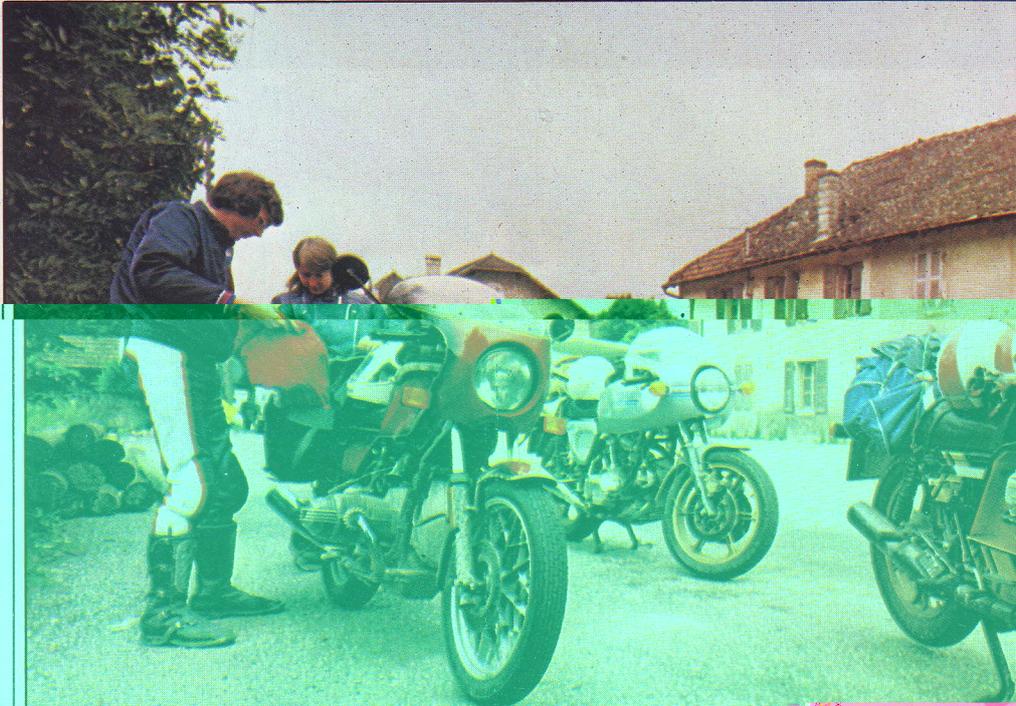
When the CS was launched earlier this year BMW said it was to be available only in one colour — black — and wire spoked wheels would be fitted, so it was with some surprise that when I turned up at their Bracknell HQ, a red smoke test bike with cast alloy wheels was presented. Apparently, the red is the one colour option (sounds like someone's marketing dept binked out, and wire spoke wheels were proving too expensive as an exclusive extra when the rest of the range uses the high pressure die cast alloy type. All the same, this spec doesn't sound much to qualify as a street racer — even on the last row of the grid — but the main changes for '81 are to things which will have aggravated subscribing owners in the past; some changes affect the ride, some ease of maintenance, and the rest reduce the weight of the engine/transmission unit.

Anyone who's ever replaced an air filter on a BMW will appreciate what a giant step in common sense the new black plastic airbox is.

Instead of fiddling for half an hour with the old aesthetically-pleasing but annoying alloy casting, you now pop four spring clips to undo the lid which reveals a flat paper air filter which lifts out leaving the carburettor 'elbow' inlet tract in situ. Now it's a five-minutes-if-you're-fumbling job. BMW recommend replacing the element every 10,000km (6,200 miles) unless riding in dusty conditions. Cost: £6.52 inc VAT.

Next, that other regular job — setting the twin contact breakers — has been eliminated with a Bosch contactless pulse generator using Hall Effect amplifiers and an integral centrifugal advance/retard mechanism. Advance begins at 1500rpm and by 3000 it's fully advanced to 32 degrees BTDC.

Thumbing the red starter button on the right 'bar and hearing and feeling the distinctive Bee-Em tickover beat — you can almost sense the sideways energy creation — you then appreciate the change of location for the choke lever. It's now on the left 'bar above the switches and has three positions: full on, half on and off, all easily set by a flick of the thumb. As you engage gear,



the lightened clutch operation is a mere two 'finger' job on the 'doogie-snaped' Magura lever. However, clutch engagement is still pretty sharp; this and the accompanying rise up of the suspension are what first time riders usually comment upon.

There's no mistaking what bike you're on once you're moving — no bland across-the-frame four ever sent out power pulses as huge and emphatic as the BMW's. Previous 1000cc BMW test bikes have all seemed to smooth out their engine's low rpm vibes at around 3000 but the CS's threshold was between 3500-4000. Even then, the mirrors' images would become blurred when rolling on the throttle in the higher gears.

This change for the worse may be an inevitable result of lopping 8½lb off the combined single plate clutch/flywheel assembly in an effort to make the rpm rise and fall more responsive to the throttle.

It's a completely new clutch which though still a single plate car type dry unit, is now 165mm diameter across the plate instead of the previous 180mm. I first thought this'd reduce the service life but, apparently, the actual driving area of clutch lining is only 1.2mm thinner in diameter. The plate lining material is still 6mm thick, same as on the old clutch, while the driven plate is thinner, smaller and perforated to save weight. The flywheel isn't really a wheel any more but a three spoked cross holding the starter ring; that's still the same diameter.

Add this quicker motor with the other major weight paring of 6½lb from the cylinders (by substituting gsnikal plated bores for cast iron liners in the aluminium cylinders and you get the fastest accelerating BMW we've ever tested. It clocked a standing start ¼-mile elapsed time of 12.96 seconds — the first time we've had a



BMW dip below 13 seconds. Sounds a bit slow when compared directly with some big 1 second Jap multis but remember that's a track figure which is only an indication of the maximum performance available. On the road, it's a different story. We'd expected a fairly rollicking top speed, too, having seen an indicated 127mph on some, er, unofficial test strips but unfortunately intermittent rain and intermittent action

Guzzi (replacing last year's floating calipers) but retain their own stainless steel drilled rotor. However, they've opted for metal based disc pads instead of Brembo's usual asbestos-based

the deception and that it was, in fact, a sharp, off-camber, steeply-inclined 90-degree left and we were completely off line, heading for the Armeo which my poorly adjusted headlamp had

of the CS's suspension is the most noticeable. Certainly, METZELER's suspension is a very good one, but it has a slight bias towards the front. The CS's suspension is a very good one, but it has a slight bias towards the front. The CS's suspension is a very good one, but it has a slight bias towards the front.

found a bed, bottoming the suspension. Normally, this sort of behaviour is the result of a very soft spring, but the METZELER's suspension is a very good one, but it has a slight bias towards the front.

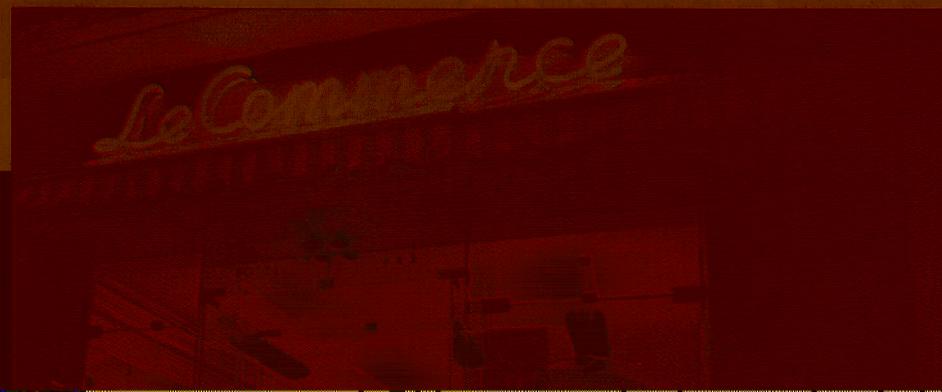
compress the suspension and thus reduce ground clearance, left hand bends need careful lining up. Perhaps this was exacerbated by the truly excellent and most wonderful new road tyres of the decade (hah, it is only 1981) fitted: Metzeler ME11, front, and ME77, rear. We first encountered the severe grounding problem a half-hour after disembarking the P&O ferry in Boulogne; we were in a hurry because, as usual, a cock-up in international time zone understanding meant we arrived in France at 11pm which is not a good time to find a hotel. After several abortive attempts at small villages, we decided that Abbeville, the nearest big town, was our best hope and Getting A Move On was the mode. Overtaking a truck into what appeared to be a gentle, uphill left turn of the sort I used to think I was pretty hot at, my brain suddenly realised

provocation. They bear little resemblance to Metzeler's of a few years ago which had a good wear-rate but not much stick, these new tyres are part of a complete Metzeler revamp but should not be confused with the 'Sport' series. The Sports are ME77 and ME99s but in soft compound; they are available for street use and we'll be reporting soon on their suitability.

The CS's ability to be flicked through bends is slightly at odds with its excellence as a tourer though I'd prefer a different fairing for that role. Considerable mileage was clocked on the main A6 Autoroute south of Paris, in both directions, as a means of getting to our destinations without completely busting the *Bike* subsistence budget. For the sort of high speed cruising possible on such a road — where, even if you're holding a steady 100per, there are still Porsches and

from the test track's electronic timing gear meant we came away with a mere 116.8mph recorded. Our usual hectic schedules meant we were unable to re-arrange a test session.

And it certainly was a hectic schedule: during the two week test period we logged over 3000 miles on the CS, a figure which should indicate

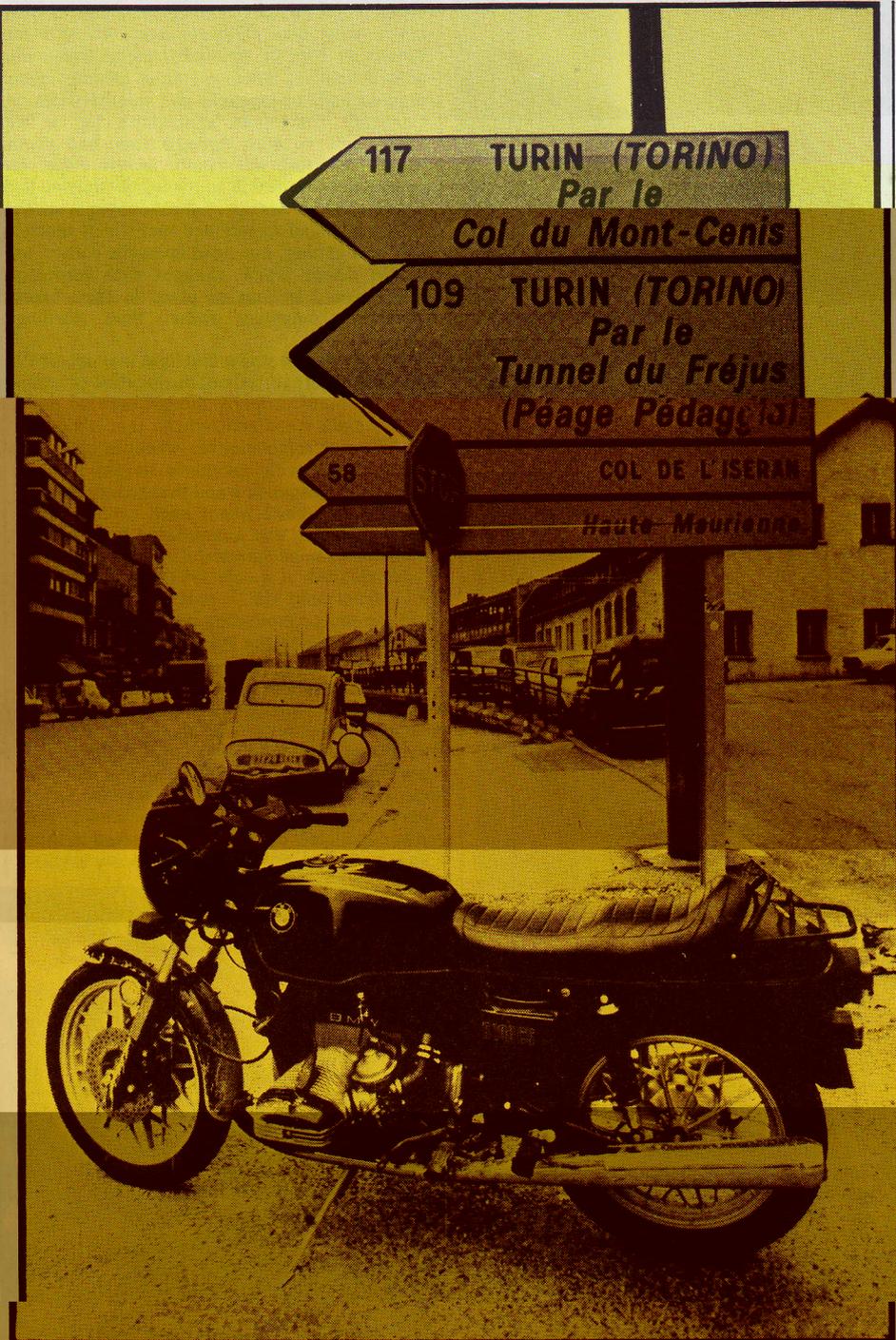


Mercedes arriving in your mirrors at regular intervals — a frame mounted fairing giving full upper body streamlining is essential to ease the fatigue otherwise created by wind-blast. The little CS fairing took some of the wind up to around the 90-100mph range but sustained 100-plus wasn't on. These are slightly ridiculous speeds in over-policed Britain where many motorists and almost all bureaucrats think that no rider/driver is competent enough to sustain that kind of speed — funny, in these days of European standardisation, that we're so far removed from the French, Germans and Italians in this respect. Whatever, the CS's bikini also provokes a most un-BMW like weave at over 100mph which reinforced my dislike of hand-lebar gubbins.

A full fairing might also improve the fuel economy at high speeds — a factor of the difference between ordinary roads and autoroute, I filled up at Tournus just before rejoining the A6 north and then spent the next 40km calculating that the last tankful had lasted for just under 200 miles, working out to an average 49mpg over a range of hills that'd required much swapping between third, fourth and fifth gears to maintain a high 70s mph average. It'd also been the split between the CS and the other two bikes since we'd decided we were stopping too often for each other. (Y'know the sort of thing: 'Shall I put my waterproofs on?' Ten minutes later: 'Oh, it's started raining...'). Next time we saw Brecon and Jim was while lunching at an autoroute restaurant poised right above the north bound carriageway; they streamed underneath gaining a lead of 25 minutes.

At the same stop, we filled up again — for the second time on the autoroute — to learn that 90-100mph cruising drinks fuel at 39mpg. Then it was through the toll booth which lifted 27 francs from us, and joining the heady rat-race of Citroens and Peugeots vying for the right line round the Paris Periphique. In case you've never been there, Paris has a sort of south and north circular but instead of the ridiculous excuse for a ring road we have around London, the Periphique is non-stop and very fast — at least, it is usually but this summer they've started road-works on the 'Paris Est' loop which we'd hit and got stuck in on the way down. Naturally, to me at least but then I'm often accused of taking my motorcycling too seriously, it seemed obvious to take the non-roadworked 'Paris Ouest' route on the return. As we cruised in the outside lane surrounded by other motoring hooligans all doing 75mph, we spotted B&J intent on circumnavigation of the French capital. They'd taken 'Paris Est', missed the admittedly poorly signposted N1 turn-off, and were doubling back to the south.

This incident did at least provide entertaining thoughts for me when we did hit traffic queues through the Paris suburb of St Denis but more tangible excitement was to follow. It was a classic scene, I thought romancing to myself; realising we were ahead of our fairly lax schedule and were within striking distance of catching a ferry back to England four hours



they were still, and cornered with perfect precision. It sounds loopy, as though I'd swallowed a bottle of awful autoroute red wine with that awful autoroute meal, but we'd already ridden so many miles that day that everything the bike did, I could sense immediately and make the



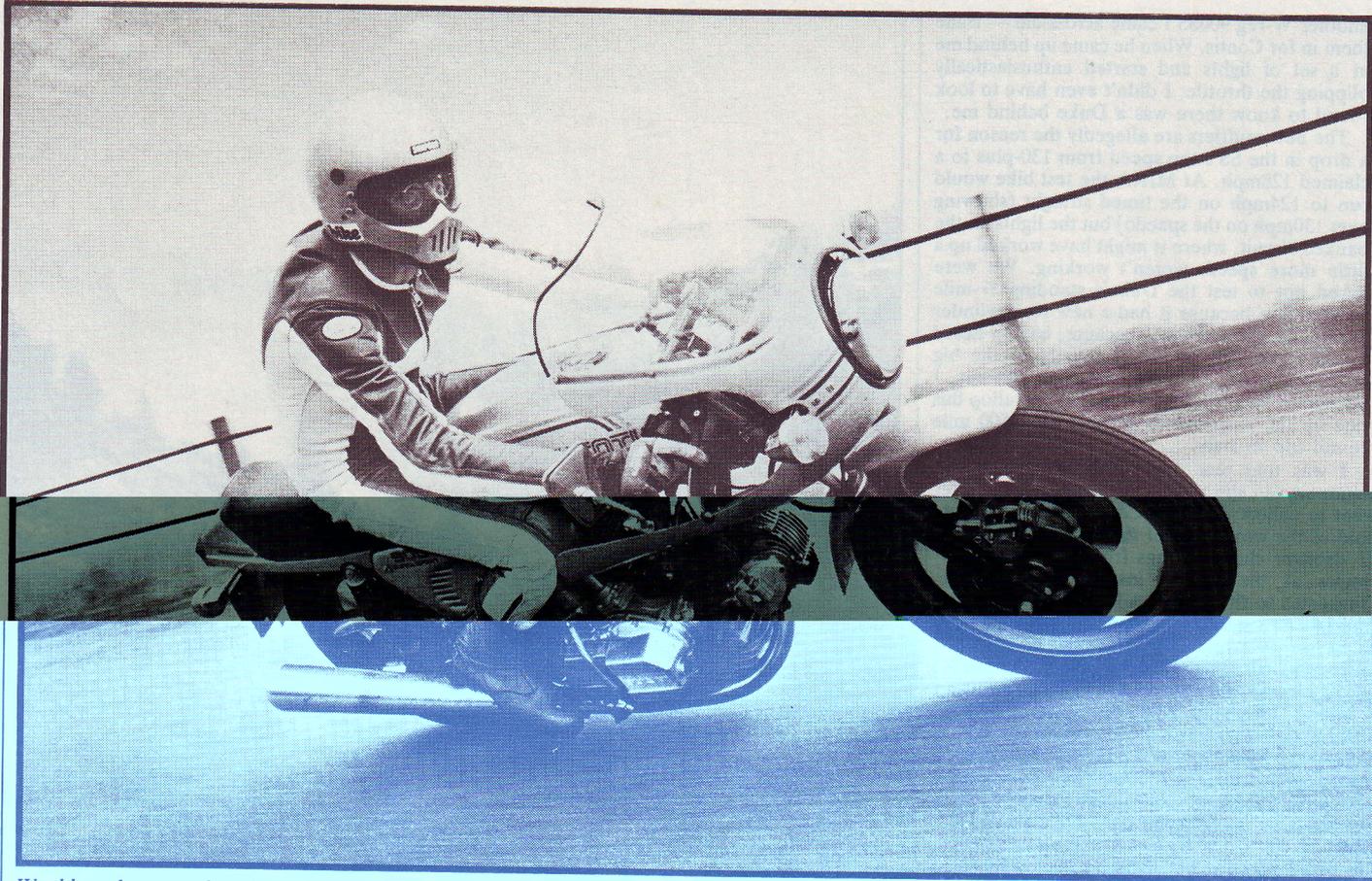
Above: With the top of the new air filter box removed — see clips — the flat paper element is easily replaced.

...the only thing on the CS's title was a strange

The CS responded almost with as many thanks

...the only thing on the CS's title was a strange

The only thing on the CS's title was a strange



Would you buy a used car from this man? Would you let your daughter marry him? Would you tell the world about his motorcycle? — *since unique*

DUCATI DUSS

precise manner. It's the extent to which it achieves this aim which makes it probably the best roadgoing superbike in the world.

Left from Bologna with a half-hour to spare, leaving B&K to their sight-seeing tour of Paris. The smattering rain skin on outer thighs was probably inevitable with the high mileages we'd been clocking relentlessly over the previous few days and is no reflection on the BMW's comfort ratings. They must still rank among the top three (Healeth first, Suzuki GSXR1000 second) now that the first aid kit has been relocated from under the rider's seat to the rear lamp. An hour after clearing Dover customs we were back in South London lining up the pizzas and Peroni beers we'd missed in Italy (not another bike cock-up but the dire consequences of eating a homemade black cherry flan which postponed further eating plans for a couple of days). The last bit of the ride up the M and A2 was the only part in darkness, apart from that very first night in Asheville, and the BMW's H4 90 watt

BORES WHO ASSAIL YOUR EARS WITH tires stories or tiresome questions at traffic lights are obviously a hazard of this job but the fit on a CX200 who chased me up the Ervee Road deserves some kind of prize for epic factlessness. I was going to buy a Panath the other week but my mate put me off, he squeaked. He told me Ducatis were antique — nice antiques — but antiques. Do you think yours is an antique?

His mate was entitled to his opinion but asking a bloke on a brand new 900KS whether he thinks it's an antique really is asking for a bunch of lives in the mesh. Had the three grand's worth of what is generally considered the ultimate superbike been mine, I would have been tempted to into the fourth year all over the

headlamp, now correctly adjusted for Britain, sent out a penetrating spread of light that even my tired eyes could cope with.

A good night's sleep later, back in the office and comparing notes. I couldn't help thinking

how often I'd been to see over the (S)har the app (which I mean) a bit of a left-handed (in the good) it was the kind of bike which really summed up the complacency of the BMW's.

Of course, the Ducatis and Moto Guzzi are quicker and as good, if not better, handling equally, they're far more demanding and forgiving to ride. I do think what a bike it'd be if BMW could let their designers' hair down and produce a honest, go-kart street racer with short travel suspension, powerful, rock-me-if-you-dare brakes, outrageous styling and even quicker motor — it'd be quite an experience.

— *Dave Calderwood*

wasn't, I made do with roaring up the road as loudly as the Silentium mufflers would permit, casting muttered aspersions upon yon antique merchant's midget brain.

Arriving at my home a mile away but of course, I was a bit late. I'd noticed the (S)har the app (which I mean) a bit of a left-handed (in the good) it was the kind of bike which really summed up the complacency of the BMW's. I could see how, when viewed from the rear, it was a bike designed to be a small car, the (S)har the app (which I mean) a bit of a left-handed (in the good) it was the kind of bike which really summed up the complacency of the BMW's. For bash, I thought as I leaned down to tighten yet again the left-hand pillow (lowest, CX Map had simply mislabeled it).

The Super Sport is no antique. What this is a low tech bolt-on a world where high tech is all the rage. It's as starkly functional as a step-therm or a CZ commuter, only the function it's really dedicated to is going very, very fast in a very

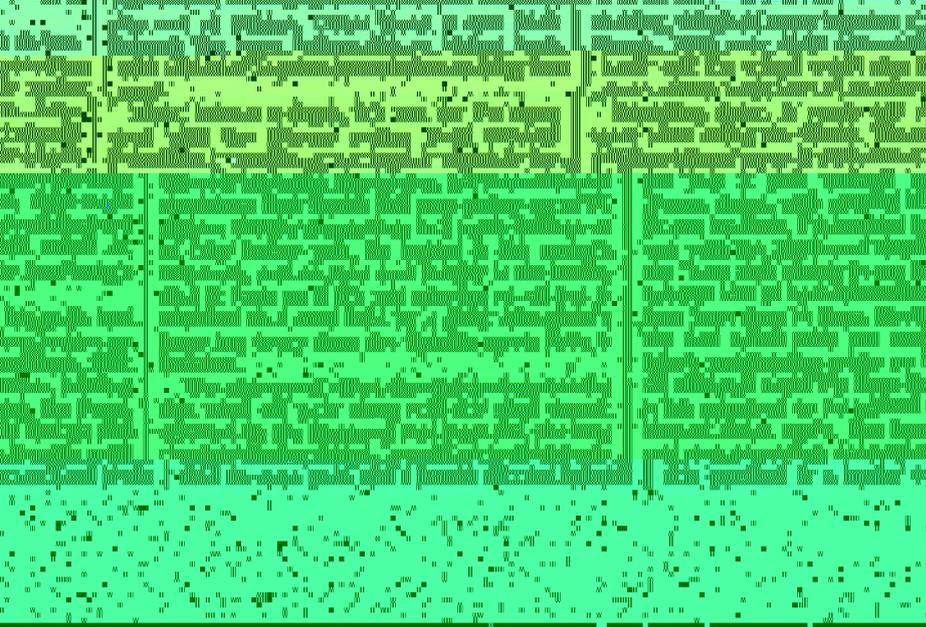
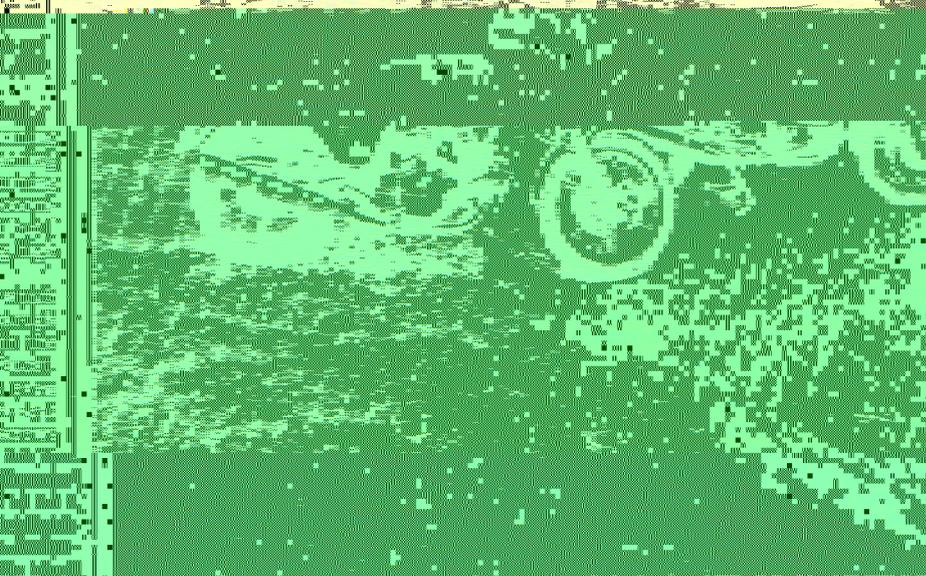
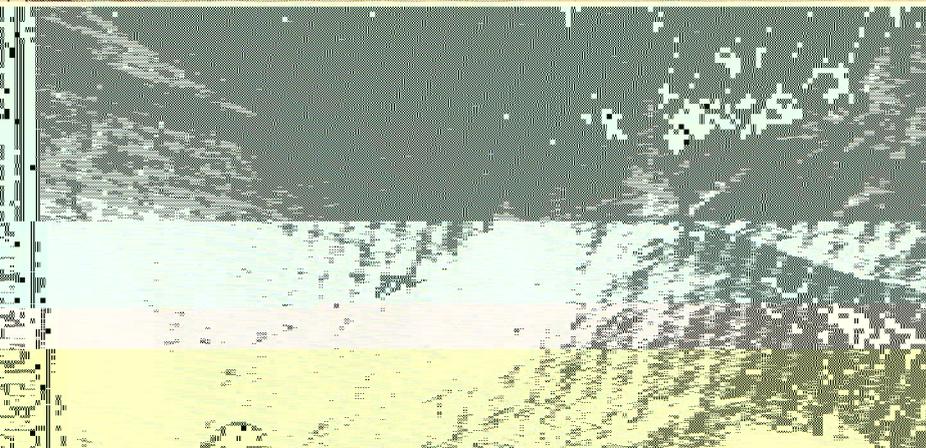
Even the famed and feared desmodromic valve gear which opens and closes the valves positively instead of using springs is not as fascinating as it looks and, according to bike's own RP McMurphy, can be owner-adjusted with little more than practice, determination, systematic workmanship and a set of empty yogurt pots. Mind you, if you believe McMurphy, you'll believe anyone. Whether desmo gear is really a necessity or simply the incarnation of a beautiful engineering idea is a matter of debate.

Unfortunately, even low tech supercydes can't forever evade the grasping hands of our bureaucratic tows and masters and this year the little men in shiny shoes have done for the SS's wonderful but very loud exhaust note. Once there was a time when the booming bark from the twin Conis was the ideal thing for starting the wits out of dozy, dope-smoking Renault Four drivers up the High Street, and when Quaddy was a scruffy reporter with a bent CB200 the sound of an accelerating Desmo was seductive music to bored ears.

It's a shame that the (S)har the app (which I mean) a bit of a left-handed (in the good) it was the kind of bike which really summed up the complacency of the BMW's. To live up to their name, the richness of the old (S)har the app (which I mean) a bit of a left-handed (in the good) it was the kind of bike which really summed up the complacency of the BMW's. Keeping the SS within current noise regulations is, of course, debatable and it would be advisable to keep away from ministry men with noise meters, especially if you should decelerate quickly beneath the quickly detachable pairies on the end of each muffler. This makes the SS a major source of noise pollution though I'm told it does little for performance. On balance I'd ignore the stamped employment on low end torque given by the Silentiums and do what the guy on

another W-reg 900SS I came across did — trade them in for Contis. When he came up behind me at a set of lights and started enthusiastically blipping the throttle, I didn't even have to look round to know there was a Duke behind me.

The new mufflers are allegedly the reason for a drop in the SS's top speed from 130-plus to a claimed 128mph. At MIRA the test bike would run to 124mph on the main straight (showing over 130mph on the speedo) but the lights on the banked circuit, where it might have worked up a little more speed, weren't working. We were asked not to test the Duke's standing 1/4-mile acceleration because it had a new rear cylinder



safety. Or at least staying alive a couple of extra days.

All this would be a little less useful than a one-legged man at an arse-kicking party if it were not for the brakes. The triple Brembos were ferocious stoppers even when they were being showered with fuel surging out of the tank during crash stops from 124mph at MIRA. On the road, they provide every kind of feedback

tiny hesitation in the throttle response was noticeable when cracking on the power around 4,000 revs but by the time we reached Italy it

would fluff noticeably when powering away from midrange; the problem stayed with it until it went back to Coburn and Hughes. It appeared to be a carburettor fault but it didn't affect response from higher speeds.

tion to get to your destination and ease the screaming muscles and stabbing pains from a bum battered by hours in the saddle, when consciousness narrows right down to the unwinding strip of tarmac ahead of the front wheel.

Truth be told, I was enjoying myself almost as much as if we'd only popped out for a Sunday

MOTOGUZZILEMANS II

battery size to a 32ah item which shouldn't be so badly affected by cold weather. Air-assisted suspension is now featured throughout the range but the valves on the shocks and teles are notoriously resistant to attempts to get air past them and Coburns had set the pressures fairly high in advance because they knew we'd be loading up for the trip to the Stella Alpina.

The system should work well because the air you put in goes into sealed rubber chambers like, er, super-thick condoms which act as a spring against the damping oil. The advantages of such a system are that you don't have to worry about blowing any seals (the Paoli shocks on a Monza we tested happily withstood 120psi on one occasion) and the only place they may leak is round the valves.

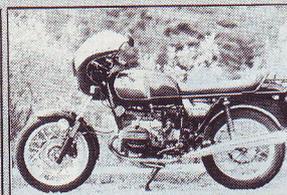
Unfortunately the whole idea falls to pieces when faced with adjustment because most British garage air lines, bicycle pumps or pressure gauges simply don't make an effective seal against the Schrader valves; the gnat's burp of air you put in to get the recommended 35-45psi just comes straight out again. There are ways of dealing with the problem, ranging from carrying round an appropriate O-ring to bung into airline connectors, to investing in expensive pumps specially made for air suspension systems, but I left well alone and put up with the bumps when the Le Mans wasn't loaded.

By far the most striking change is the black/gold paint job. Not to everyone's taste perhaps but it certainly looks special when you get close enough to see that the black is really a very tasty, subtle gold-flecked metallic. Only we Brits can buy black and golds, but although it was simple enough to think up the colour scheme, it was another matter entirely getting it applied to the Guzzis. Apparently, Alessandro De Tomaso includes colours among the long list of product details he wants to be personally involved with and although the factory agreed with C&H (for it was their idea) that black and gold would be truly amazing and wonderful, everyone had to wait weeks for the elusive Mr Big to be tracked down and say 'Aright, it's a hokay,' before the factory paint boys could go into action.

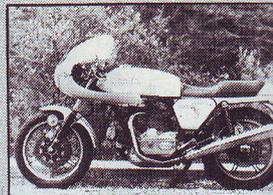
The plush paint job completes a softening of the Le Mans' styling, started by the change of fairing on the first MkIIs. MkI's, you'll fondly remember, had that tiny flyscreen and a red and black paint job so reminiscent of horny Italian sportsterism that Bill Haylock's prose threatened to burst into flames any moment when he tested one back in that hot August of '76. The bigger fairing and the introduction of a clock on the MkIIs began to hint at a sports/tourer role, although the narrow seat was still there to trap the unwary.

Let's face it, the black/gold is a long way from being the debut of a soft, squashy land-cruising Le Mans but the new touch of *richeesse* definitely suits the bike's image of a sportish bolide for those who can afford something special. I mean, shoving a motor directly descended from WW2 light troop carriers into a 59-inch wheelbase frame and expecting the result to scamper through twistery in a blaze of brain-cell killing response is a bit like trying to make a powered-hang glider out of tarred felt roofing and a spare Gold Wing engine.

In fact, my initial reactions to the Le Mans (bearing in mind I was bottle fed on Haylock's copy) were consternation and an awful dismay at the thought of wrestling the thing to Italy and back. Wrestling was the word for it on my first ride from Luton to Reading. The twistgrip



**BMW
R100CS**



**DUCATI
900SS**

Engine
Bore x stroke
Capacity
Compression ratio
Carburation
Bhp @ rpm
Max torque @ rpm
Primary drive
Clutch.....
Gearbox.....
Electrical system

Lighting.....

DIMENSIONS

Wheelbase
Seat height
Overall width
Ground clearance
Weight (with 1gal fuel)
Fuel capacity

EQUIPMENT

Indicators
Electric starter
Trip odometer
Steering lock
Helmet lock
Headlamp flasher
Others

CYCLE PARTS

Tyres
front.....
rear.....
Brakes
front.....
rear.....

PERFORMANCE

Top speed
prone.....
sitting up.....
Standing 1/4-mile.....
Speedometer error
at indicated 30mph.....
at indicated 50mph.....
at indicated 70mph.....
Fuel consumption
overall.....
ridden hard.....
PRICE (inc. VAT + Car Tax).....
Guarantee.....
Supplied by.....

ohv flat twin
94 x 70.6mm
980cc
9.5:1
2 x 40mm Bing CV
70bhp @ 7000
56ft/lb @ 6000
Direct
Single plate, dry
5 speed
12V 28AH battery,
280W alternator,
breakerless coil ignition
60/55W H4 headlamp

57 1/2in
32 1/4in
29 1/2in
6 1/2in
450lb
5 1/4gal

Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes

Cockpit fairing, first aid kit,
tyre pump, anti-theft cable lock

3.25 x 19in Metzeler
4.00 x 18in Metzeler
2 x 260mm discs
SLS 7.9in drum

123mph (est)
116mph (est)
12.96s/104.8mph
26.7mph
45.4mph
65.2mph

49mpg
39mpg
£2995
12 months/unlimited mileage
BMW (GB) Ltd.,
Ellesfield Avenue,
Bracknell, Berks.

ohc V-twin
86 x 80mm
864cc
9.5:1
2 x 40mm Dell Orto
n/a
n/a
Gear
Multiplate, wet
5 speed
12V 14AH battery,
200W alternator,
breakerless coil ignition
60/50W H4 headlamp

60in
32in
27in
6in
443lb
4gal

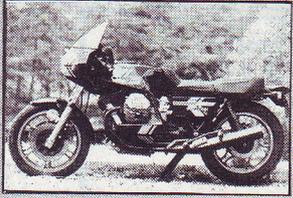
Yes
No
Yes
Yes
No
Yes
Yes

Half-fairing

3.50 x 18in Pirelli
4.25 x 18in Pirelli
2 x 280mm discs
280mm disc

124.5mph
121mph
12.8s (est)
26.5mph
45.7mph
63.8mph

50mpg
48mpg
£3129
12 months/unlimited mileage
Coburn & Hughes,
53-61 Park Street,
Luton, Beds.



MOTO GUZZI LEMANS II

ohv V-twin
83 x 78mm
844cc
9.5:1
2 x 36mm Dell Orto
73 @ 7300
n/a
Direct
Single plate, dry
5 speed
12V 32AH battery,
200W alternator,
c/b coil ignition
45/40W headlamp

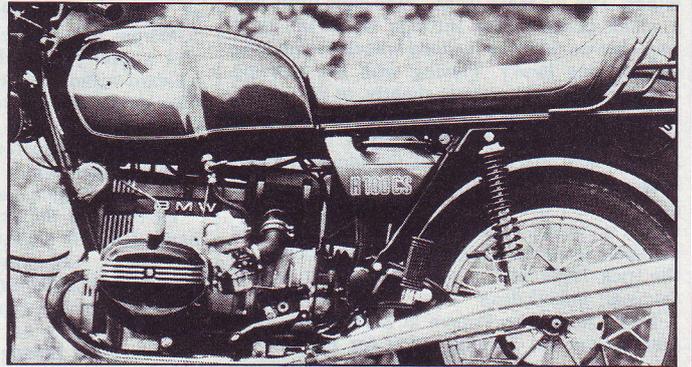
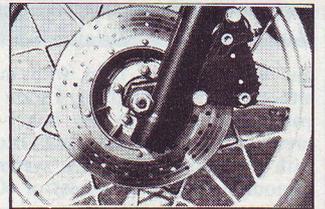
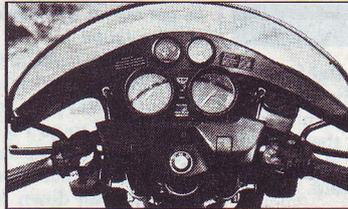
59in
29in
28in
7in
476lb
5gal

Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes
No
No
Full-raising, 'inlined' brakes

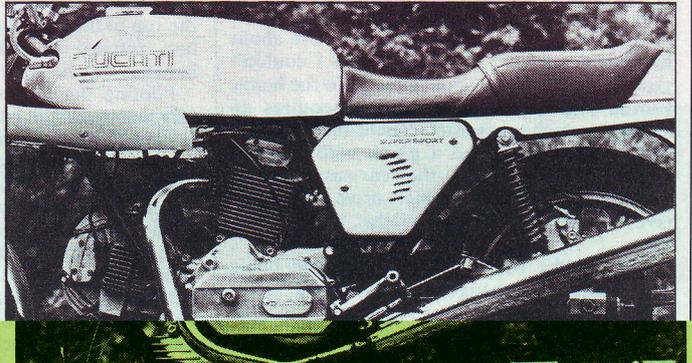
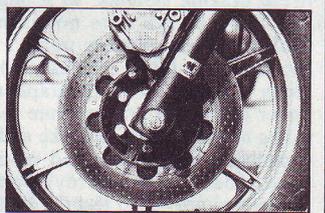
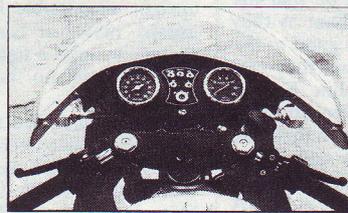
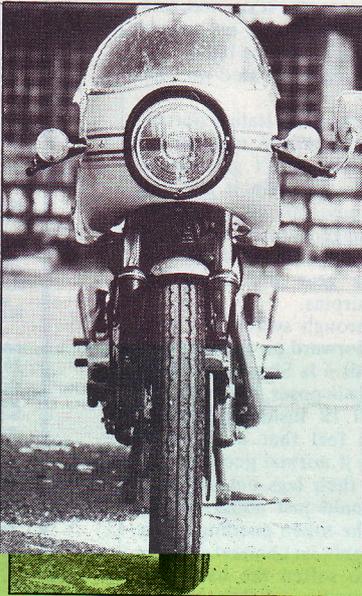
3.50 x 18in Pirelli
4.25 x 18in Pirelli
2 x 300mm discs
260mm disc

125mph

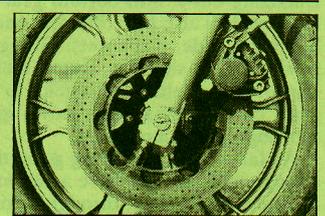
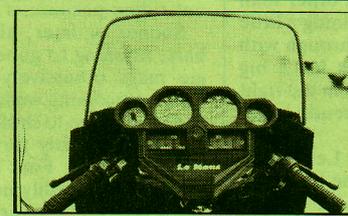
BMW R100CS



DUKATI 900SS



II



MOTO GUZZI LEMANS II

put up a spirited fight with my right wrist, although it was something I soon adjusted to. If you don't adjust to the heavy return spring pressure from the 36mm Dell'Ortos, there's a kit with an alternative return system, though the rumoured price is in excess of 60 quid.

Cornering wasn't an inspiring experience either. The Le Mans went round slow turns like a plank being swung through water the hard way, due to the low leverage of the steering. Playing with the steering damper improved matters slightly, at the cost of making the Guzzi wobble more in sweeping bends taken at 60 or more. As if this wasn't enough, the effectiveness of the famous linked braking was seriously not up to its usual standard (well, I had to stand 'ard on the pedal to make it work) and there was more stoppo available from the unlinked front disc than from the trick 75per cent at the front, 25 per cent at the rear, linked discs.

Now, A Certain Person at Moto Guzzi concessions has a thing going for the test Le Mans and he has expressed a dislike of viciously fast braking systems. It could be that of

to get out of the way of Jim, whizzing up behind on the Duke.

Dropping a couple of cogs would punch the Le Mans forward when the rev counter needle hit the 5,500-plus interest zone but if Dave decided not to go I'd end up treading heavily on those brakes. Acceleration below 5,000rpm is deliberate rather than startling and although it could be run down to about two grand in top, the Guzzi pulls away pretty slowly. Fast cruising at 85-90mph put the Lemon in the 4,500-5,000rpm zone where it began to wake up a little

and wopping open the throttles sent it surging forward without hesitation to well over 120mph. The Veglia clocks are no longer the inaccurate toys they used to be and the test bike's speedo may even have been under-reading over 70mph, so the 125mph which so readily appeared on the blast to Boulogne was probably a true speed.

Heading up the first sets of zigzag mountain bends towards the 8,600 foot Galibier pass, the Le Mans' lazy power delivery and low end torque were a blessing in the hairpins where the instant clout on tap from the 900SS needed

careful handling on the poorly-surfaced turns. Jim was also having to run wide on loose or greasy-surfaced corners to keep the Duke as

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the time I'd reached the Italian border. The Duke's clutch riding is very good. Anytime the clutch is engaged, getting the Duke into gear is a cinch. The Le Mans' clutch display is self-explanatory with the only warning the Le Mans gauge has is a warning light which is lit when you have to engage gear and stays lit whenever you're in the mountains.

Driving the Guzzi through Switzerland the engine was a little noisy and the seat was a bit noisy. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned.

As the Guzzi was a bit noisy, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned.

was getting steadily nearer at a constant 90mph and I was pretty impressed with the Le Mans as

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enough to give shaft drive a bad name but when it came to peeling through series of Alpine bends tarmac'd with petrified Surf, powering through hard smoothed out the bumps and ripples as if by magic as the driveline extended the shocks.

Jim rode the Le Mans the first 500 miles from London and I took over from him, secretly planning to get back on the Duke as soon as

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...the Duke as soon as possible. The Le Mans is a very good motorcycle, and I was very impressed with it. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned. The engine was noisy, but not being a real noise lover, I was not too concerned.

