

MOTO GUZZI

News Express

The Ontario Guzzi Riders - 2018 Summer Edition - N° 9





ONTARIO GUZZI RIDERS

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COVER PAGE

Moto Guzzi California II
And the Brighton Wheel

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MOTO GUZZI

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Hello again,

The advantage of being an editor is that you are not disconnected from your friends even though you are not riding. Last year was not bad and by the end of the season I had planned to attend all our rallies as well as those American events nearby. Life has a funny way of throwing you a curve ball which hits you right in the face

when you do not expect it. And here I am... Grounded...

This month is quite interesting. We have two main events going on and both are great get together. Our summer event hosted by Nick Adams and a Vintage event located in Paris... Too bad I cannot be with you guys... OK, sorry about this intro, for technical difficulties out of my control this newsletter could not be delivered in times... Talking about Nick, in this issue you will find an article he wrote a few years ago. Sometimes I wonder which road he has not been on...

As you all know having a job and preparing a newsletter do not always work well together. The publication schedule got screwed up and I am doing my best to bring it back to its normal pace so we could still have 4 newsletters and 2 special editions per year.

Our dear friend Elizabeth is back from her trip to Italy and hopefully we will have something to read about in the fall issue.

This month, I met Fred Kolman, the owner of Wheelsport in Ottawa. My kind of guy with lots of stories to tell. Expect an article on him because he agreed to meet again and talk about his motorcycle life...

Till next time... Ed.



Pat Castel is known for his involvement with the MOA organization as well as his Editor position in many past and present club newsletters. He began riding five decades ago and spent his youth surrounded by BMW, Moto Guzzi, BSA, Motobecane and Peugeot motorbikes and remains as much in love with motorcycles as when he first got his first 49cc Mobylette.

Phil's column



Hello once again,

After a slow start we are now well into the riding season and I hope that you are all enjoying some good riding.

The last few weeks were pretty busy for me.

As I mentioned in the last newsletter, the Memorial Day weekend saw 40 or 50 Guzzi riders attending the 40th and last Moto Guzzi rally in New Cumberland, West Virginia. We all had fun, and the weather was good, during daylight hours at least, but it was sad to know that we wouldn't be going there anymore.

The town always made us feel welcome, but the town itself seems to be shrinking, along with the rally attendance. After Bucky Bush, the original rally organizer died, the rally has been put on for 13 years by the New Cumberland Volunteer Fire Dept. and there just doesn't seem to be the enthusiasm to keep the rally going any longer.

The weather was always a big variable, sometimes hot, sometimes cold, usually wet, but even so, it was always a good rally to start the season. In the early days there would be upwards of 300 attendees, and the several MGNOC National rallies that were held there usually saw around 500 people show up.

The next weekend, June 1st to 3rd, nine of us gathered at Clear Lake in the Rideau Lakes, for a weekend of riding around some of the best roads in Ontario. These are Nick Adams' stomping grounds and I've been doing quite a bit of riding in that area myself, so I ended up leading the group around a route suggested by Nick.

Nick usually rides alone and I think leading the 18 or so of us last year gave him nightmares, so he politely declined our request to lead this year! Being at the front of a group is not my usual position, but we didn't take too many wrong turns and everyone managed to keep up and apparently had a good time, so it wasn't too bad.

I managed to provide some comic relief when I overtook a police vehicle, but no one in the group seemed inclined to follow my lead in that respect, strange...

On the Saturday evening we had a fabulous steak dinner provided by Chris and Wendy who run the Clear Lake Cottages where we were staying, and Nick came to enjoy the evening with us, as did Elisabeth

For the past twenty years, Phil Tunbridge has been the man behind the Ontario Guzzi Riders club. His dedication and commitment to the club without forgetting his involvement in the annual rally, allowed for the club to survive and grow.



MOTO GUZZI

ONTARIO GUZZI DEALERS

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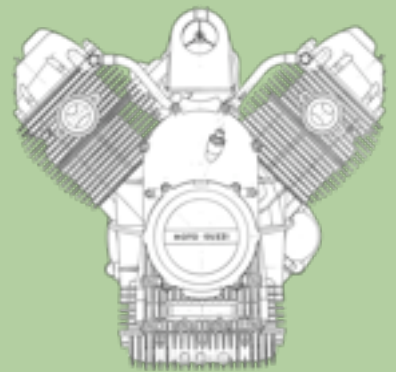
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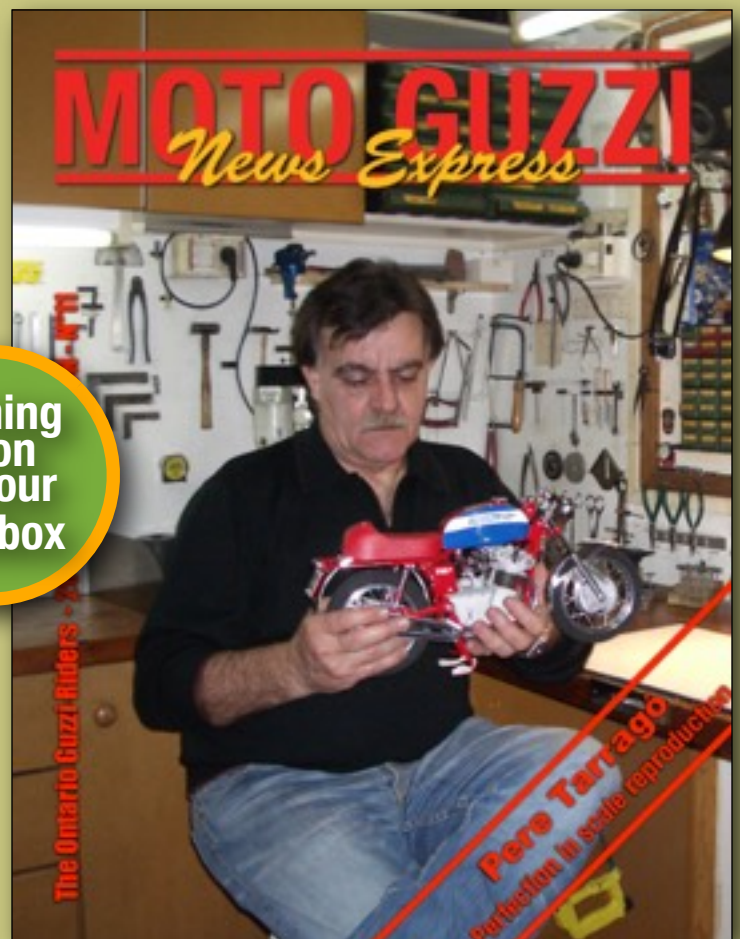
Joy, riding her new V7 Special shortly before heading over to Italy where she rented a V7 and toured around northern Italy, including the Moto Guzzi factory in Mandello del Lario. Anyone out there jealous? I know I am!

Then the weekend after that, was the Western New York rally, in Westfield KOA, on the shores of Lake Erie. Actually, the rally is held in a vineyard next to the main KOA, just a short walk from the KOA facilities. The rally is organized by Joe Casey the MGNOC rep for Western NY, and is a great family affair, but evenings around the campfire can get a bit rowdy with the Casey family! Around a hundred people registered for the rally where there is always a strong Canadian contingent.

Unfortunately there was no Guzzi representation there this year as the local dealer has switched to Triumph and apparently they didn't want Guzzis and Triumphs in the same showroom. In previous years I had test rides on various models and it was specifically because of these rides that I bought my V7.

The weather was pretty good for most of the weekend with only a light drizzle on the Sunday morning to make tent packing a miserable affair. Luckily it cleared for the ride home, for some of us, anyway, and another great Guzzi riding weekend was over.

If you missed out on any of these events, there are plenty of Guzzi rallies left, notably the Adirondacks rally in July, the Michigan rally in August, the week before the Great Ontario Guzzi rally in Lavigne, the weekend before Labour Day weekend, so hopefully we'll see you at at least one of these events, meantime hope you enjoy some great Guzzi riding!





NEWSLETTERS

MOTO GUZZI

HOP!

**NEWSLETTERS
ALREADY
PUBLISHED**

First Edition

Spring 2017

Summer 2017

Fall 2017

Winter 2017

Spring 2018

Summer 2018

*and three
Special Editions*

MOTO GUZZI
News Express

MOTORCARS
Special



18 THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT MOTO GUZZI

by Aaron Miller

Moto Guzzi was founded on March 15, 1921, and has been making sweet motorcycles ever since, which officially makes them the longest continually-running European bike manufacturer.

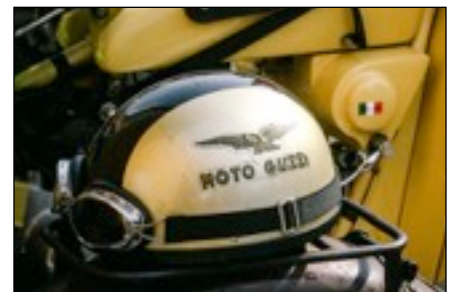
You probably know they've made some incredible cafe racers over the years, but they've also made a sweet V8 race bike and powered a couple of cars to land speed records.

We did our homework and found 18 things you probably didn't know about Moto Guzzi.



1. Moto Guzzi was started by two WWI pilots and their mechanic who spent their time on the ground daydreaming about motorcycles.

Soldiers stereotypically talk about what they'll do "after the war," and in this case it was two pilots and a mechanic daydreaming of starting their own motorcycle company, wherein one would design the bikes, one would race them, and one would pay for everything.



2. The eagle on the logo represents one of the founding trio.

Giovanni Ravelli was the racer of the trio, and he died in a plane crash just after the war before they could form their company.

Carlo Guzzi and Giorgio Parodi then paid tribute to their fallen friend, making the logo from the Italian Air Corp's eagle in his memory.



3. It wasn't originally called Moto Guzzi.

The original name was GP, for Guzzi-Parodi, but the Parodi family had a very big (and very public) financial stake in the shipping industry, and wanted to distance themselves just in case.



4. They used the first engine they ever developed for 45 years.

It was a single cylinder unit, and they used it, albeit with various modifications, for nearly five decades.



5. Carlo Guzzi's brother rode a bike to the Arctic Circle, proving that their new chassis was worthy.

In 1928, he rode from the factory in Italy to the top of Norway in four weeks, solidifying the success of their new "elastic" frame setup.



6. The Isle of Man Time Trial is one of the most grueling, legendary, and prestigious races in the world. They won both classes they entered in 1935.

Moto Guzzi won both the Senior Class and the Lightweight Class with Stanley Woods riding.

7. That senior class race almost led to the original "Dewey Defeats Truman" moment.

Woods was 26 seconds away from the lead heading into the final lap, and breezed past the pit area even though his team was waiting for him. He somehow not only finished, but set a new lap record and won by four seconds. By the time he crossed the line, photos of the other guy (prewar legend Jimmie Guthrie) were already en route to London to hit the newspapers.



8. Moto Guzzi was basically the Ferrari of motorcycle racing.

Making bikes that were so much lighter and more agile than the competition, no one else could keep up in the twisty bits and they wound up with eight World Championship riders, six constructor's championships, and eleven wins at the Isle of Man.



9. They built the world's first motorcycle-specific wind tunnel in 1950.

Since it was a full-scale tunnel, riders could go inside and optimize their high-speed riding positions. It was a revolutionary step in motorcycle racing.



10. Oh, and that wind tunnel? It was a modified version of a design by Gustave Eiffel. That Eiffel.

It also had an instrument called an alcohol-filled micromanometer, which apparently was not for detecting when Wee Man from Jackass was nearby.



11. They made a blindingly fast V8 racing bike in the mid 1950s that was decades ahead of its time.

The Otto Cilindri was fast enough to top 171 mph on road courses in testing. That number wasn't seen again until the 1970s. Unfortunately, it did not have too much success in racing; it was too fast for its own good, and even the best riders in the world were afraid of it, lest they crash.



12. And that V8 was the most beautiful V8 ever made for a bike.

Like most Italian performance engines, there's no denying it's raw sex appeal. It's gorgeous, but the



15. They built a Moto Truck.

You've probably seen the Ercole before. It's basically a bike with a truck bed, for agricultural purposes.



18. It was once owned by the same company that made the iconic DeTomaso Pantera.

In 1973, DeTomaso purchased the parent company of Moto Guzzi and continued to own the group for the next 27 years.



13. They built the Batmobile before Batman was even a thing.

This is the Nibbio 2. It was built for the sole purpose of setting speed records around Italy's legendary Monza race track. It succeeded, and led to something even wilder.



16. The Italian motorcycle and scooter industries were extremely sensitive to turf wars, as Moto Guzzi found out.

The Italian motorcycle and scooter industry was somewhat political, and Guzzi was all set to produce their own traditional small-wheeled scooter, until one of the scooter companies threatened to make a motorcycle to rival Guzzi. Both companies agreed to back down, and neither went through with their plans.




14. Guzzi also powered this car to land speed records.

It's called a Stanguellini Colibri. It had 29 hp but only weighed just over 600 pounds, and was so aerodynamically slick it topped 200 kph and set all sorts of European land speed records.

17. Moto Guzzi did, however, make a large wheeled scooter as a workaround.

Basically, the traditional scooter makers didn't think it was a threat, and the larger wheels meant it was easier to ride over potholes and cobblestones.

The Gear Ring



I am not into biker jewelry, but still admire what Ben Hopson & Glen Liberman have created. This stainless ring features six micro-precision gears that turn in unison when the outer rims are spun. Very fast forward thinking. A good piece of conversation wherever you go. Available for purchase in four standard US ring sizes: 9, 10, 11, and 12. Lifetime warranty. \$165.00, (watch the video on their web site)

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DID YOU KNOW?

It's a little scary to think how much rubber is actually in contact with the road when you're riding your motorcycle; not a lot.

We put our trust in the few square inches that prevent us from sliding. Today's tires are a magnificent feat of engineering, and for that we have to thank pioneers like John Boyd Dunlop, André Michelin and Charles Goodyear.

Although Goodyear, from New Haven Connecticut, is credited with vulcanising rubber in 1839, the man who first invented and patented the pneumatic tire was Robert William Thompson, the eleventh of twelve children of a Scottish woollen mill owner. After moving to Charleston USA at the age of 14, he returned two years later and taught himself Chemistry. He was still only 23 in 1845, when he patented the pneumatic tire.

His tire had a number of small inner tubes inside a leather casing that was bolted to the wheel. One of the great advantages of this was that the tire still performed even after a puncture.

This sounds primitive now, but the alternative in those days was a steel rim strapped around a wooden wheel by a Wheelwright. The word 'tire' is derived from the function of this steel rim; it was designed to tie together the wooden spokes of the wheel.

The American spelling of 'tire' was used in Britain along with 'tyre' to describe the outer rim of a wheel, but was discarded in the 19th century, probably because some patent documents contained the latter, although 'tire' was still in use to describe the metal variety.

In 1888 John Boyd Dunlop invented a tire with one inner tube, but the solid tire was still being used extensively. When a cycle race in Belfast was won by a bicycle with Dunlop's pneumatic tires, people began to sit up and take notice. One of the drawbacks of this tire was the difficulty in removing the inner tube, and in



1890 CK Welsh invented the inextensible lip, which was to become the basis of modern tire design.

In 1895 André & Edouard Michelin introduced the first pneumatic car tire. The story goes that at the time that they were running a rubber factory in Clermont-Ferrand, France, a cyclist who was having trouble with his pneumatic tire appeared at their premises. It took an eternity to remove the tire which had been glued to the wheel. After it had been repaired, it had to be left overnight to dry. The next day, the tire failed within a few minutes, but the brothers were inspired to come up with something better.

In 1903 Goodyear patented the first tubeless tire, but it took until 1954 for it to reach production. Other notable advancements were the first pneumatic aircraft tire in 1906, and the introduction by Goodyear and Dunlop of pneumatic truck tires in 1919.

In 1911, Avon began to produce motorcycle tires.

In 1946 Michelin came up with the radial tire.

In 1972, Dunlop dispensed with the inner tube altogether, although BF Goodrich had introduced the tubeless tire in 1947. BF Goodrich also offered the radial to the USA in 1965.

In 1974 Pirelli introduced the wide radial tire.

So the next time you're cruising along on your bike, think how much nicer it is with that few square inches of rubber, rather than a steel band. Ride safely.

STOLEN DAYS

by Nick Adams



*The ice covered Ottawa River above its
junction with the St. Lawrence River*

Canada is blessed with thousands of miles of empty roads which seem to wind on forever through forested hills and between still blue lakes. Between May and September, cruisers, full-dress two wheeled road yachts, street bikes, dual sports and crotch rockets ply these roads, as riders pack in as much road time as the seasons and road conditions will allow. Congestion simply isn't part of the landscape. It is motorcycle heaven.

Unfortunately for those of us that get their vehicular pleasure on two wheels, Canada also has winter. With the exception of the lucky folks who inhabit the coastal parts of British Columbia (disparagingly referred to as "Lotus Land" by those who live in the rest of the country), where it is possible to ride all year round if you don't mind getting wet, most sensible people hang up their leathers in October, push the bike into the garage, throw some fuel stabilizer in the gas tank, put the winter tires on the pickup truck and abandon all hope of riding again until April or May. Snow and ice covered roads, and temperatures which stay well below freezing for weeks at a time, discourage all but the most foolhardy or suicidal from attempting to ride.

But I did say 'most'! For some of us, waiting four or five months to ride again is too great a strain on our mental health. We watch the weather forecasts and constantly check the road condition reports, searching for those rare and magical days when the roads are bare and dry, the air temperature doesn't feel as though it needs to be measured in degrees Kelvin, and the skies are cloud free. These are the stolen days: the few days in each winter when it is possible to ride without landing on your ear before you reach the first corner and the danger of life threatening frostbite is minimal. They are as rare as hen's teeth, but when they arrive, its time to shovel the

snow away from the garage door, wheel the bike into the bright sunshine, and see if the old girl will start.

Those first few prods of the starter cause grunting and spluttering as the gas reaches the carbs, and the crankshaft tries to drag its way through 20/50 as thick as treacle, but finally the bike grumbles to life and settles reluctantly to a steady idle as the oil begins to thin. My 1972 Moto Guzzi Eldorado is cold blooded even in the height of summer, so I leave her on a fast idle while I assemble my riding gear for the attack on the winter roads. People make much of the side-to-side shake of the Guzzi V- twins, as if its something less than desirable, but really its part of their undeniable charm. Its as if she's breathing in anticipation.

Gearing up is quite an operation. My winter protection consists of two sets of long underwear and various shirts and fleece jackets, all squeezed into my fully quilted and lined riding suit. Forget about leather riding boots - you'd be flirting with frostbite. For this kind of riding you need to stuff your feet into a couple of pairs of wool socks inside fully lined Arctic winter boots. Not stylish perhaps, but effective. A balaclava under the helmet helps to stop the forehead from freezing and helps seal around the neck. Snowmobile mitts help keep the frost out of the fingers. Heated grips? You've got to be kidding!

The weather reports promise mild conditions for the next few days, with sunshine most of the time and perhaps a few brief rain or snow showers - nothing much to get excited about. More importantly, the official Quebec road reports indicate that all the major highways between Ontario and the lower St. Lawrence River valley are clear and bare. I quickly fill up my panniers with extra clothes and enough tools do a complete road-side tear-down, strap on my emergency sleeping bag, blankets and four-season hammock, and hit the road.

Before I bought her my Guzzi had last seen the road in 1985. Between 1972 and 1985, she was ridden all over the North American continent, usually, and somewhat bizarrely towing a substantial camper trailer, complete with electric brakes controlled by a twistgrip on the left handlebar. To achieve this trick, her owner had welded a 3/8 inch steel plate to the rear of the frame, and affixed a standard tow ball just behind the passenger seat. Other, less robust motorcycles might have been twisted out of shape by this kind of treatment, but not the loop- frame Guzzi, second cousin to the Ford 9n tractor!

Steel plate and ball hitch, plus homemade rack.



It's a peculiar arrangement, but since I also tow a (much smaller) trailer from time to time, I see no reason to change it. It's all part of the evolving patina of her character. I further modified it by welding on a couple of hollow rails which now support a detachable rear rack. It may not be pretty, indeed some might say it's downright ugly, but it does the job. The previous owner had also fitted an external oil filter to keep the old girl cool while dragging the trailer around. It uses a spin-on filter compatible with just about all GMC V6 engines, so I can get them at virtually any corner garage.

After 32,000 miles of hard use, the Guzzi's original chrome lined barrels started to flake so the previous owner had large bore cylinder replacements installed, increasing the bore from 83 mm to 88mm and displacement from a nominal 850ccs to just shy of a full litre. When I bought her, she had 37,000 miles on the clock.

Even though he stopped using the Guzzi in 1985, her first owner had cared enough to make sure that she was stored properly, so when I bought her in October 2007, although she was running roughly from gummy carburetors, and had perished tires and saggy springs, she was more or less good to go. Over the last year I have changed a few cables, replaced the brake shoes and tyres, upgraded the lighting switch, added new points, rotor and ht lines, renewed the carb jets and needles, and replaced the fork springs and rear drive seal. This all counts as routine maintenance, and in the 19 months I have owned her, there hasn't been a time where she was ever more than a couple of hours away from being ready for the road. Since she has been in my hands, I've added another 12,000 miles - all without a whisper of mechanical trouble.

Oil filter - standard GMC filter available everywhere.



Some people I've met think I should restore her to showroom condition and not expose her to salt-covered, rust inducing roads, or thrash the living daylights out of her on the highway, to which I say, "She's not a Holy Relic" (or "bugger off" depending on what kind of mood I'm in that day). Classic bikes were built to be used. They were not designed as toys, only to be ridden when the sun is shining, the chrome is gleaming and you have the matching, logo emblazoned leathers. At just shy of 50,000 miles, I figure the Eldorado has many thousands of miles of life left in her before she needs some real work. She'll certainly outlast me. As with many bikes of her vintage, her brakes are abysmal, but you learn to ride accordingly. Her handling is perfectly up to any riding I feel like doing, and I have yet to scrape any of her parts, and that includes her sidecar mounts (for when the weather really gets bad) which you would think would be the first to touch. As for comfort, even though she does her share of shaking and vibrating, I have had no trouble logging 500 mile days.

Once I've clunked my way up through the gears, -and yes, everything they say about the agricultural nature of Guzzi gearboxes is true - she settles down to a steady rumble and by late morning a couple of hundred kilometres have passed beneath our wheels, I've crossed the Ottawa River which is still jammed with ice, and entered the Province of Quebec. My plan is to see how far east I can get until the weather deteriorates again, so I skirt behind Montreal and join the north shore of the St. Lawrence just west of Trois-Rivières, spending the first night at a motel strategically located down-wind from the malodorous pulp mill.

In the morning, we burble along comfortably as we head down Highway 138, hugging the north shore of the river with the road pretty much to ourselves. Although the Montreal - Quebec City corridor is busy, most traffic sticks to the four-lane Highway 40, which also parallels the river, but just a little further to the north. This part of Quebec contains numerous small scenic villages, grand churches and architecturally interesting stone farmhouses, many of which have their origins in the seventeenth century. The stamp of the old French Seigneurial system is still plainly visible in the strip layout of the fields, which stretch from the edge of the river to the road, and which resemble flattened English ridge and furrow.

Even though the roads are completely clear, the amount of snow lying in the fields has been steadily increasing the further I travel east and north. I pass one cemetery



Typical Quebec church in the St. Lawrence River valley

where the tops of the gravestones are only just visible peeking out above the standing snow. In other places, the road-side snow banks are four or five feet high. The Guzzi's big screen keeps me out of the wind, and while the air is on the coolish side - hovering just one or two degrees above zero - I find I am good for two or three hours at a stretch between breaks. Fortunately, there is an unwritten national law in Canada requiring a "Tim Horton's" donut / coffee house at every crossroads - or at least, that's the way it seems - so there is usually somewhere to stop and warm up for a few minutes over a mug of coffee and a sugar and lard laden fritter.

Beyond Quebec City, we enter the Charlevoix Region, the landscape becomes wilder, the Laurentian mountains crowd along the north shore of the river, and settlements are fewer and further between. The highway rises steeply across the heavily forested rocky shoulders of the mountains - at one point rising to 2440 feet above sea level - and falls into deeply glaciated valleys with metronome-like regularity. Having never ridden a Guzzi with the 850 engine I have no point of comparison, but in its current state, my bike has prodigious torque at any revs. On these roads, a slight opening of the throttle in top (5th) gear, has the bike roaring uphill with no evidence of complaint or strain. On the downhill stretches, the brakes are barely necessary as the engine scrubs off any excessive speed.



Cemetery near Trois Rivières.

Highway 138 comes to an abrupt stop 117 miles downriver from Quebec City and about 200 miles into my day. A bend in the road suddenly exposes views of the Saguenay Fjord and before I'd really taken that in, I was gliding on to the ferry on-ramp.

The Guzzi attracted plenty of attention from the crew and passengers on the ferry, although because my French is limited to a single phrase: "Je ne parle pas le français", I couldn't tell whether they were laughing in admiration of the machine, or at the daftness of its rider. One fellow, who fortunately did speak English, looked long and hard at the bike before declaring that it was built like a car. He wasn't the least bit surprised to hear that various Fiat and VW parts (starter, generator, distributor etc.) can be used as substitutes for pukka Guzzi parts, since they all picked from the same parts bin.

The small village of Tadoussac (population 855) lies on a headland on the north side of the Saguenay Fjord, where the waters of the Saguenay River mix with those of the St. Lawrence. This part of Quebec is one of extremes. Tadoussac, which was founded in 1600, is both the oldest continuously occupied settlement in Quebec and the oldest French settlement in the Americas. The St. Lawrence River, which has been tidal since Trois-Rivières is astonishingly large - about 16 miles wide at this point - and the Saguenay Fjord, the most southerly in Quebec, and one of the longest in the world, extends inland through the Laurentian Mountains for more than 60 miles. And as if to cap it all off, the area is well known for the prodigious



Highway 138 between Quebec City and Tadoussac. Its best to keep an eye out for moose, which are common and huge.

numbers of whales which feed in the rich waters at the junction of the two water bodies. Beluga, minke, and the enormous fin and blue whales can often be seen in the area. Needless to say, I didn't see any!

I had been a bit disappointed to find out that the road between Tadoussac and the town of Saguenay didn't closely follow the north shore of the fjord, but instead followed a route to the north, well inland from the water. I shouldn't have been! Highway 172 should be on everyone's list of 'great motorcycling roads'. It bends, twists and loops between high wooded slopes, past sheer rocky outcrops, it skirts lake shores and follows rivers and creeks along its 78 mile path between the two communities. Other than the road itself, there are very few signs of human activity and only a handful of houses. I don't know what it would be like to ride on a modern sport bike, because with all the frost heaves, the road surface can be a biter.....unsettling, but if you enjoy bumbling along at sane speeds, it is unequivocally magnificent.

I first noticed a few wisps of late afternoon cloud as I filled up with gas at the only gas station on the road. The group of snowmobilers near the pumps gave me some astonished looks before blasting off up a snow covered side road on their machines. It may have been this that started me thinking about the weather. The previous night's forecast had shown a thin vertical band

of storms moving east across the map towards Quebec. So far, I was still to their east, but I knew they would catch up with me sooner or later. I had been planning on staying in Saguenay but as I rode across the bridge into Chicoutimi, I decided to beat it south to Quebec City before the weather struck.

From the amount of snow lying in the forest and along the side of the roads, it was clear that any storm hitting the Saguenay region at this time of year was bound to come as snow, and snow would leave me completely stuck until the highway crews had time to get the roads clear and bare enough for two wheels again. That could take days. Quebec City lies 110 miles due south of Saguenay, so enjoys a slightly milder climate. Perhaps, if I was really lucky and got a move on, I could get there before the storm hit, and if not, there was a good chance that any precipitation might only fall there as rain. By this point, my tally of miles for the day was edging close to 300, but since I could still feel my backside, another two hours in the saddle wouldn't be too hard to bear.

Highway 175 runs due south from Saguenay to Quebec City through the 4885 square mile Réserve faunique des Laurentides wilderness area. The highway is in the process of being converted to four lanes, so enormous rock cuts and construction camps line what is otherwise a beautiful route. Apart from a single gas station /



Covered bridge to nowhere, between Tadoussac and Saguenay

restaurant at about the mid-way point the area is an uninhabited wilderness of rounded mountains, forests, lakes, rivers and valleys which have been protected since 1895 and a wildlife reserve since 1981. Fortunately there was little active construction and few other vehicles on the road, so I gave the Guzzi a little more throttle, cruising well above the speed limit.

As the daylight faded, the sky clouded over, and I noticed the first specks of rain on my visor about 30 miles north of Quebec City. At least, they were rain specks while I rode in the valleys, but every time the road rose up over the shoulder of one of the mountains, the rain turned to ice pellets which rattled on my helmet and windscreen. By good fortune, the precipitation stayed light, barely soaking the road and not accumulating as anything slippery or solid under the wheels. You can imagine my relief as I swung the Guzzi under the well lit portico at the Comfort Inn, switched her off, and went inside to register.

Even before I opened the curtains in the morning, I knew something had changed. There was a heavy softness to the light squeezing through the gaps, so I wasn't particularly surprised to find a good dusting of wet snow covering the bike and everything else within sight. The tv weather channel promised that the temperature was gradually going to rise through the morning, but with slush on all the roads for miles in all

directions, there was no way I was going anywhere for a few hours.

By 10AM, the snow had stopped falling, and while they were sodden, the roads were no longer snow covered or slushy, so I strapped my gear on the bike, settled my account at the front desk and set out for home. Hoping to leave the urban area quickly, I joined a major through-way. I had hardly wound up through the gears when the bike spluttered, coughed, then cut out altogether. I coasted to a stop right where two sections of the highway joined, leaving me surrounded on both sides by heavy morning traffic, throwing up spray in all directions from the wet roads. Damn! The distributor

Quebec City, late March 2009



and HT lines were dripping water, and when I cranked the bike over, I could see sparks tracking across the surface of the distributor cap.

As a sixteen year old, I had once abandoned a 1950 Panther 600 single at the side of a Scottish road when water got in to the electrics, only to be called up by the cops a couple of weeks later with the command to collect my perfectly good, fully functioning bike from their nice dry storage shed. From that youthful experience, I had learned that one only had to wait long enough for the engine heat to dry the electrics and I could be on my way again. As long as I didn't get creamed by the traffic streaming by me on both sides first - that is.

The bike had no sooner struggled back to life when a Sûreté du Québec Ford Crown Victoria pulled up behind me, blue lights flashing. It didn't take much High School English for the policemen to make it politely, but abundantly clear to me that they though I was a complete idiot to be out on a motorbike on such a day. Nevertheless, after checking my papers to make sure I wasn't a Hell's Angel who had somehow escaped the province-wide crime sweep reported on the news that morning, they handed me my papers, suggested I

get on to less heavily travelled roads, and wished me well.

Throughout my time talking to the police, the Guzzi had been idling steadily as if nothing had ever been the matter, so by the time I started off again, the electrics were good and dry. Apart from a couple of splutters a few miles down the road, she ran flawlessly for the remainder of the trip.

Thirty miles west of Quebec City, I reached the trailing edge of the weather formation that had brought the snow, the skies cleared, and the temperature gradually rose until it was well into the single digits above zero and feeling positively mild. Since the bike was running well and the roads were becoming dry, I joined Highway 40, steamed through the middle of Montreal on the expressway, and stayed on the four lane highway virtually the whole way home. The Old Bike Lover in me thinks I should be nursing the 36 year old bike along gentle back roads instead of thrashing her down a major continental arterial road. But the Practical Motorcyclist in me realises that the old Guzzi is just as much in her element droning along the highway at 75 mph for hour after hour, as she is bumbling along backroads at barely above an idle.

1972 Moto Guzzi Eldorado

Engine	Transverse V-Twin
Bore and Stroke	88x78mm
Capacity	949cc
Horsepower	Originally 64 @ 6500rpm, now unknown
Compression Ratio	Originally 9.2:1, now unknown
Carburator	2 Dell'Orto VBH 29
Petrol Tank	4.85 gallons (22 litres)
Charging System / Ignition	Marelli Generator, 12v coil, Marelli Distributor - automatic spark advance
Lubrication	Wet sump, crankshaft driven parallel gear pump, gravity recovery.
Transmission	Flywheel mounted, dry, twin driven plates. 5 speed constant mesh gearbox. Shaft final drive.
Frame	Steel "Loop" frame, with additions.
Brakes	Twin leading shoe front, Single leading shoe rear
Wheels	4"x18" Borrani Aluminum Rims
Dry Weight	548 lbs
Fuel Mileage	55-65 mpg
Top Speed	Haven't a clue, but over 10

Within a few days of returning to Ontario, another storm system drifted through, the province was once again blanketed in snow, and the bike was again languishing in the garage. I dallied briefly with the idea of bolting on the sidecar for a while, but in the end decided that since I'd been lucky with my three stolen days, I had better be patient for a while, at least until the road crews had done their work and the tarmac was bare and dry once more.

Spring will be here soon. The snow banks have almost gone, the robins and geese are back in the sky, and its only a matter of time until the sport bikes and cruisers are back out on the roads, and there is no longer any need to hunt for those stolen days - until next winter.



Nick Adams and 72 Guzzi, March 2009



IDENTITY

Name: Tim Whittle
Birth year: 1955
Address: Fonthill, On
Country: Canada
Email: timonbik@gmail.com

CLUB

Position: Member
Member since: 2016

MOTORCYCLE

Brand: Moto Guzzi
Model: Breva
Year: 2008

My first real exposure to motorcycles came as a 14 year old. A friend of mine's father bought a Honda stepthrough and unbeknownst to him, my buddy and I would dawn helmets, hop on the bike and ride around town until that fateful day, while on the way back from getting an ice cream cone at Avondale Dairy, we were stopped by the police. Due to our young age, no charges were laid but I will never forget my mother, "What will the neighbours think, a police car parked in our driveway". Little did she know that both of her sons would become local police officers and patrol cars would be a rather common fixture in that driveway. Also what she didn't know was that I was hooked, motorcycles were destined to occupy my garage for the better part of my life.

Fast forward a couple of years and that same friend now had a Triumph Bonneville 650. Another buddy had a Suzuki X-6 Hustler. No licences were had but we'd push them to the mall parking lot to appease our parents, then take off from there.

At age 16 I joined the Canadian Forces Reserves and started to earn a little of money. To make matters worse, one of the guy's in the Regiment has a BSA Starfire. I'll never forget that bike, bright orange with lots of Chrome. After working all summer I now had a little money in my pocket so a motorcycle purchase was in order. After a lot of whining my mother finally relented. She had been dead set against anything to do with motorcycles. I would later find out that a childhood sweetheart of hers was killed riding an Indian Scout.

I scoured the papers and found a suitable read affordable bike, a 1970 Honda CB175. \$325 later it was mine. Doing burnouts in the driveway, I crashed it into the wall of the house. The side stand sunk in the grass



and it fell over bending the handle bars. The electrical system crapped out while I was in the middle of my M/C road test necessitating a second attempt but by October of that year I was a licensed rider. There was no holding me back now.

I will never forget the freedom of hopping on that bike after school and riding out of the parking lot. Some of my fondest memories of riding were on that bike, as anemic as it was.

A year later I would purchase my first new bike, a 1973 Kawasaki 250 Triple. This would be the first of many triples. I now had enough bike under me to leave town and a trip to Ottawa from Niagara was planned. My mother forbid me to go unless I bought enough life insurance to bury me, so off to the insurance agent I went. This is when I found out about her childhood sweet heart. My buddy and I did the trip to Ottawa and many others. A Yamaha 90 Enduro would provide winter transportation.

I'd sell those bikes to buy a car to go to university but somewhere I'd find a used 350 triple, ride it for a few years then trade it in on a 1977 Triumph 750. Sold the Triumph when I moved north to Timmins for work. More snowmobile country than motorcycle country but while on patrol one day, I found another used 350 triple at a church garage sale. \$125 later I was back motorcycling. I'd sell it to a childhood friend and buy a 1979 KZ 1000ST. This was probably the best motorcycle I'd ever owned. I rode the wheels off it for 2 years but a pregnant wife would put an end to my gallivanting for a few years. I sold it taking a Yamaha Exciter 250 on trade which was also sold off when my son was born in 1984.

I would not have a bike for the next few years but in 1992 I came across an almost perfect 1971 BMW R75/5 for \$900. Who could refuse. It was a toaster model with a Windjammer fairing and Craven bags. During this same period I would take the OPP motorcycle course and become the motorcycle instructor for the Niagara Regional Police Service. Unfortunately in June of 1994 an inattentive driver would run a stop sign and I "T"boned the Beemer into the car. I didn't even get a chance to apply the brakes. The only thing that saved my life was that I was going fast enough and I was riding a tall enough bike that I catapulted over the car landing in the ditch. I would be off work for 16 months while undergoing a number of surgeries to repair my left arm and hand.

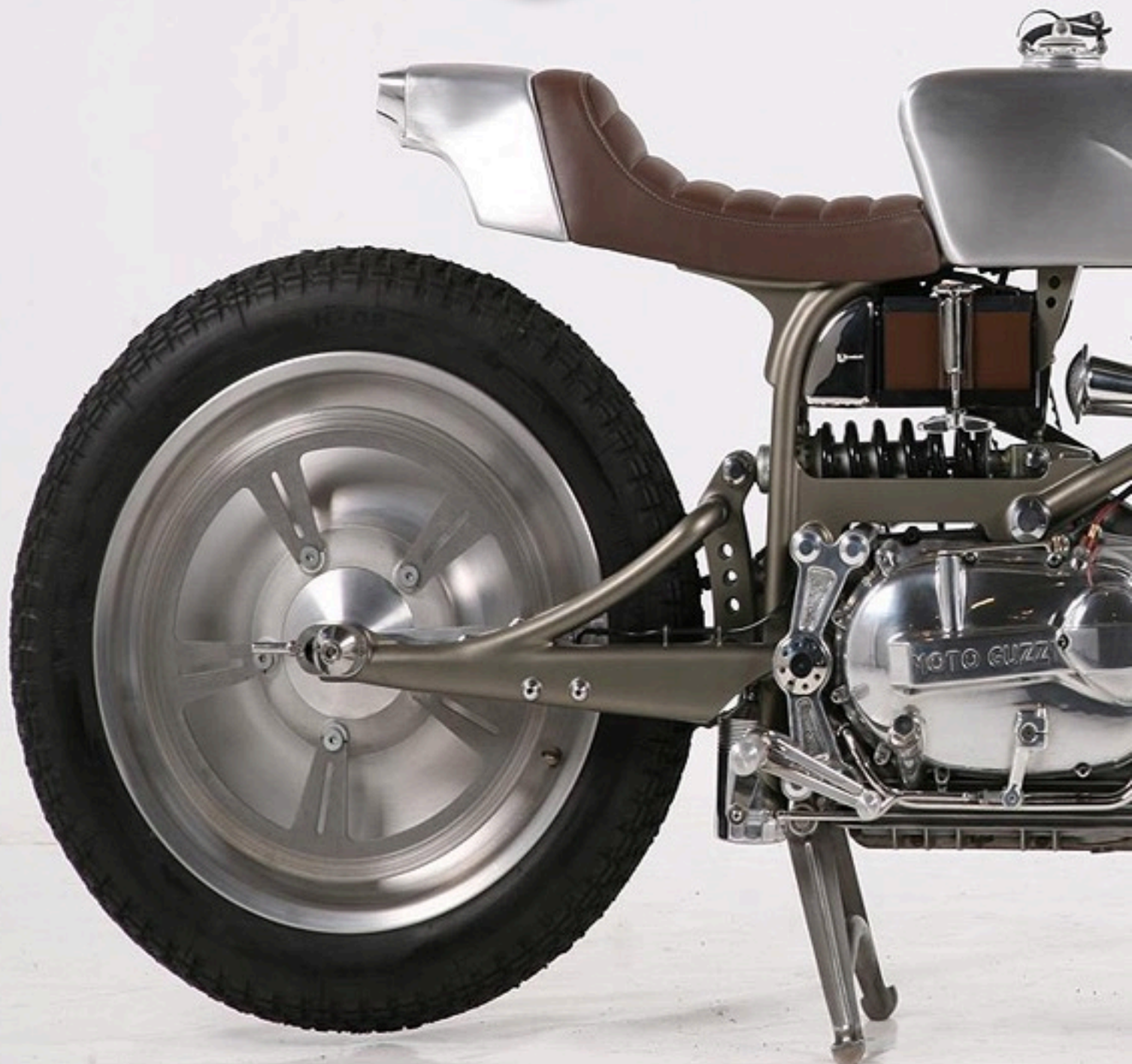
Despite this setback I continued as the motorcycle trainer for the service and rode on occasion for work but did not own a bike for a number of years. Once afflicted, the bug never leaves. The yearning for 2 wheels never left. It was just transferred. As part of my rehab I started riding bicycles and for 10 years I focused on riding bikes of the pedal variety. One year I put on 10,000kms, more than I did on motorcycles in some years.

Every spring I would get the itchy throttle hand and in 2006 I succumbed to the urge, purchasing a Kawasaki KLR 650. Probably should have never sold it but in 2008 I came across a great deal on Ebay for a brand new Ducati Multistrada 620 in Pittsburgh. Bought it and sold the KLR. The Ducati was a fantastic bike and I'd ride it for several years but again an inattentive driver would pull out in front of me. This time I would almost get stopped to minimize damage to myself but the bike was deemed a write off. Fortunately I had just bought a Honda NT700V so was not bikeless.

The following spring once my thumb healed I started riding the Honda but it was too heavy to put on the back of my RV to take south in the winter so the search for a lighter bike began, enter my foray into the world of Moto Guzzi's. The Brevia 750 was perfect. Light, powerful enough and affordable but also quirky. Totally opposite to the Honda. I rode it for a winter in Florida and I was a fan. I had the "Guzzi Grin". I had planned to ride it again this winter in Florida but family commitments kept us north this year. I still own the Honda and the Guzzi and have recently purchased a Victory Touring Cruiser. Now if I can just figure out a way to affordably insure them all.

Ride safe.

Moto Guzzi Nuovo Falcone
THE RONDINE
by Medaza Cycles



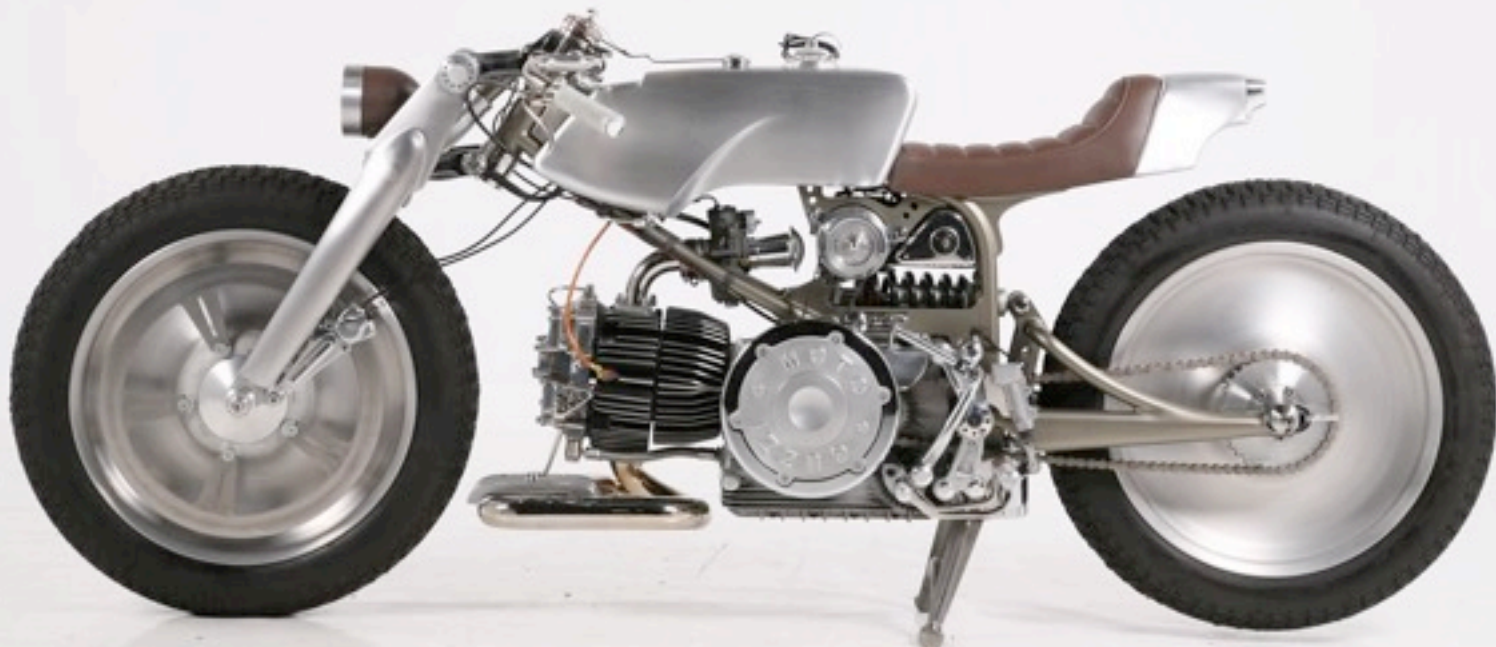
MEDAZA CYCLES is a small outfit based in Cork, Ireland, specializing in one-off hand made custom motorcycles.

Designer Don Cronin works with friends Michael O'Shea and Chris Harte to produce unusual and somewhat unorthodox machines.

Medaza produces just a few machines a year, with a firm focus on craftsmanship and original design.

They're enthusiasts with an interest in all makes of from Aermacchi through Harley to Zundapp!





Posted on May 27, 2013 by Andrew in Café Racer

The AMD World Championship of Custom Bike Building has some pretty big boots to fill. After all, putting the words ‘World Championship’ in your name doesn’t let you do anything by half measures.

They have to throw a net over the entire custom bike scene in order to live up to the expectations. Sometimes this means they can uncover some real gems, but it also means that they do tend to get their fair share of choppers, ape hangers, and billet.

Not that there’s anything wrong with that. But this year, they’ve really taken it to a new level. All the bikes placed in the top three slots are rides we’d be more than happy to have in our garage.

And the 2013 winner? Well, it’s a bike that we’d tear down our old garage for and build a new one just to do it justice. That bike is a Moto Guzzi single mounted in a one-off frame called ‘Rondine’.

Here’s Don Cronin. He runs Medaza Cycles, and is an Italian-loving Irishman who’s just been crowned best custom bike builder in the world.

“I’ve built all sorts of bikes over the years. Yanks, Brits, Japs – but I’ve always had a soft spot for Italian machines. I adopted the moniker “Medaza Cycles” in 2009 after building Medaza 500 (a Morini based chop) for the AMD championship in Sturgis. If we had a philosophy it would be ‘ingenuity before bought’. A lot of the real creativity happens in the workshop after hours when myself and a few good friends work on each other’s bikes as

a kind of social thing. The bikes are built for the pleasure of it, and I hope it shows.”

“I’d had the idea for Rondine for a while but Moto Guzzi flat singles are hard to get hold of and are usually too expensive to break up. The Nuovo Falcone is considered the poor relation of the more venerable Falcone, so they’re a bit easier to source. In standard form they’re ugly as sin, but therein lay the challenge! The donor bike for the build (a ‘71 model) turned up as a project, so fit the bill.”

“The engine rebuild included the fitting of a 580cc piston and compression increase, light weight valves with uprated springs, a modified lubrication system, a custom light flywheel, pumper carb, and one-off permanent magnet alternator. Bar the modified V-Rod wheels and the V-rod swing arm used in the girder forks, very few of the bike’s parts are off-the-shelf items. The frame, tinware, and most of the other components were engineered in house.”

“I’d like, if I could to a quick shout-out to Harisson Billet U.K. who supplied the brake calipers and S+T Steel in Wichita Falls Texas, who produced the rotors. Many thanks!”

And here’s something that put a big smile on our faces. Inexplicably, at the bottom of Don’s message to us, and seemingly out of all context, he finished up with these six seven words. *“Do it for the heck of it.”* Don, for a man that says *“words aren’t my normal medium,”* we kind of feel that you are selling yourself short. And we can’t wait to see what you do next.



The right tool to pack

MOTORCYCLE TOOL KIT : THE BASICS AND BEYOND



This toolkit (\$16 at Harbour Freight) has most of the basics you need, and maybe a few pieces to be left home.

Every motorcyclist needs a toolkit, even in today's world, when a cell phone and a membership of the CAA can bail you out of many predicaments. In Canada, the CAA will tow you home or to a dealership, but in the US, AAA will not tow motorcycles and it will not fix a flat tire. If you're a member of an auto club, check the rules for motorcycles before you get into trouble beside the road.

If you're not a member, or you cannot call for somebody to rescue you, then here's a guide to what you should carry with your bike. You don't need to be able to lap your valves or hone a cylinder on the side of the road, but you should have a basic level of self-sufficiency, with some key tools and the knowledge to use them. Read on:

The Basics

At a minimum, you need tools to tighten up loose nuts, bolts, and screws, along with a few other basic bits to get you out of simple jams.

- **Wrenches** At a minimum, carry wrenches for the fasteners on your bike – on most European and Asian bikes, that's 8 mm, 10 mm, 12 mm, and 14 mm (and possibly 17 mm and 19 mm).
- **Screwdrivers/hex keys/etc.** Take note if your bike has any weird fasteners. For instance, Harley-Davidsons sometimes use screws with Torx heads, and they usually have a massive Phillips-style screw holding down the seat, which requires a special screwdriver. Vintage Japanese bikes can be pretty fussy about requiring JIS-pattern screwdrivers, or you'll strip your screw heads.

- **Tape/wire/zip ties** Handy for securing damaged bodywork, and capable of serving other purposes in a pinch.
- **Fuses**
- **Electrical tape** Wrap a few inches of tape around a wrench handle
- **Flashlight** (or use your phone's built-in light)
- **Tire gauge**
- **Spark plug** Make sure it's gapped correctly beforehand.
- **Spark plug socket** Available on eBay if your local automotive store doesn't carry the size you need.
- **Sockets** Some people bring them, some people don't. They may not be necessary on your bike. Bill Dragoo, a US-based riding trainer who's done adventure riding all over the Americas, says, "If the answer is most fasteners can be handled without them, don't bring them except as backup or for other riders who may have different bikes ... Pick what fits and leave the rest at home." And really, that's solid advice for any basic kit.

Touring Kit

The tools described above will suffice for around-town riding, when you can always park the bike and return with more tools. If you're venturing further from home, you'll need a more comprehensive kit, though. You need to be able to maintain your motorcycle's chain, if it has one. You need to be able to repair and inflate tires.

Chain maintenance

- Rear axle wrench
- Chain lube
- Mini chain breaker
- Master link

Tire changes/repairs

If you have tubed tires, practise changing your tires at home with the same tools in your kit, so you're comfortable using them when you're on the road. Skip the CO2 inflators flogged in the ads in back of motorcycle magazines – buy a compressor that runs off your bike, or use a compact bicycle pump. Tools such as a Pack Jack or Bead Popper can make tire changes a lot easier, but also add weight and bulk to your load, which is why Dragoo says he teaches his students to change tires without these gadgets. His opinion is that, "Some

work fairly well but others don't or do not work as well in some circumstances. A good set of tire irons and hands trained in their use will suffice in almost all situations."

- Front axle wrench
- Air pump/compressor
- Valve corer
- Lube For seating the bead on tubed tires. A bit of dish soap in a small container will work.
- Patch kit/spare tube For tubed tires. A larger front tube will work in a rear wheel, to get you home.
- Tire irons For tubed tires.
- Plug kit For tubeless tires.

Electrical repairs

- Spare bulbs Most bulbs are easily found on the road, but if your bike uses an odd size, bring a spare.
- Circuit tester Dragoo says he packs a sharp, pointed circuit tester that not only helps diagnose electrical problems, but doubles as an awl if he needs to stitch a ripped tire sidewall together.

Off-road/Adventure kit

Heading off-pavement presents its own set of challenges, which should be reflected in your toolkit. Things that are readily available when riding in more populated areas might be impossible to find, or require a long wait. Also, if you're on bad roads or off-road, you're far more likely to damage hard parts like an engine case, so be prepared to repair them.

- Oil Bring at least a litre of oil with you if you're headed into the woods or down a remote road like the Trans-Labrador Highway.
- Oil Filter
- JB Weld SteelStik SteelStik (here) or a similar product can patch your engine and help get you home if you put a hole in the case.
- Strap/rope If you've ever been stuck in a bog, you'll know this is a must-have. Plus, you can use it to tow a bike out of the woods if you know the proper procedure (see riding trainer Clinton Smout's how-to here). Some more wisdom from Bill Dragoo: "There are times when we simply can't get the bike running again. When this happens, a sturdy tow strap is the best tool we can have."



<http://thetooltube.com/ToolTube.html>

You can buy a tool tube to carry equipment, like this one from Adventure Spec, or you can easily make your own.

- Spare parts Before a long trip, make sure wear parts (cables, brake pads, etc.) are in good shape, and if you're adventure riding, make sure levers and other breakable bits are protected by handguards and other armour. But some pieces are still vulnerable; you might be wise to pack a spare shifter and clutch and throttle cables, at a minimum.

Where to buy?

You can buy a lot of the basic tools at your local Canadian Tire / Wal-Mart / Princess Auto / whatever. Many motorcycle-specific tools are available at good prices at Rocky Mountain ATV. However, if you're after high-quality tools, Motion Pro, Best Rest, and the Aerostich catalogue are good (but spendy) places to look.

Carrying it all around

Most bikes have a small storage compartment where you can shove some small tools (a tool roll helps keep things organized).

If that's not enough space, you can add storage. Some cruiser riders opt for the handlebar bag, which lets you carry a small toolkit. Dual sport riders often use a tail pack to carry the essentials. A fender bag is a good place to carry tubes and tire irons.

Many adventure riders, with their bigger toolkits, will opt for a tool tube, often strapped to the front of the skidplate or under the rear fender. If none of these options works, you can always get a backpack with built-in tool storage. Just make sure you find some way to bring your kit with you – the best toolkit in the world does no good if it's miles away at home.



New Bike Review

Moto Guzzi 2017 V7 III Stone

THE NUMBERS DON'T COUNT, IT'S THE FEELING THAT MATTERS

By Phil Tunbridge

The thing I like to impress most upon people who haven't ridden one of the later V7s is that they are not small bikes - they are just not big bikes. My 2017 Stone is the same size as my 1977 leMans, and that was considered a BIG bike in the late 70s. The new V7 IIIs may not have as much power as my leMans, but they certainly have enough to be very entertaining and can easily get you into trouble with the Boys in Blue if you are not careful!

In 2016 I test rode a V9 Roamer and a V7 Stone II back to back at the Western New York Guzzi Rally. I liked the engine and gearbox of the V9, but not the aesthetics or ergonomics, in other words, how it looked or the riding position. The V7, on the other hand, looked good, was comfortable and a lot of fun, but I was underwhelmed by the power.

Now I have ridden Guzzis for more years than I care to admit, but for some time I was seriously considering deserting the Guzzi fold and buying a Triumph. They

had reduced the horsepower of the Triumph Street Twin from previous Bonneville models, but they had also reduced the weight and increased the torque and the rider reviews really impressed me and everyone said it was a blast to ride so I was seriously considering buying one.

I hardly ever do anything in a hurry, a combination of being lazy and being a founder member of the Ontario Procrastinators Club (well, I would have been if I could have gotten around to it) so I was still thinking about the new Triumph when Guzzi announced the V7 III. I know spec sheets don't tell the whole story, but I was certainly not expecting a V7, with a whopping 5% horsepower increase and exactly the same torque as previously, to change my mind about the Triumph. Until I rode one at the 2017 Western New York rally.

At 6ft and 240lb, I'm not usually considered small, but I didn't feel at all cramped on the bike and the engine pulled strongly from start to finish. The test bike was set

The bike in it's original form with only the Guzzi rack and GPS added.

The 320 front brake and 4 piston Brembo caliper work well, even with the bike loaded with camping gear.



up in a hurry and the clutch was not properly adjusted, which also affected the gear change, but I decided then and there that I would buy one.

Motorcycle magazine put both a V7 II and III on a dyno and came to the conclusion that, despite the factory claims, the III had 6.3 horsepower more than the II and 4.5 more lb.ft of torque, but the main difference is that on the II the torque hits its peak at around 3000 rpm then tails off, whereas the III keeps on climbing to 4900 rpm, and I'm sure this is why I felt so much difference in the actual riding.

Ever since the "small block" engines were designed in 1975, they have utilised a Heron head design where the cylinder head face that mates with the block is flat and the combustion chamber is in the top of the piston. The valves are parallel with the cylinder centreline, and although this design does have some advantages, volumetric efficiency is not one of them and they are difficult to tune for increased horsepower. I don't honestly know, but my guess is that they are not too good for emissions either, because to get the engine through the new Euro 4 standards, they reverted to the "old" 2 valve hemispherical head design.

Apart from the engine, there are a few minor differences between the V7 II and the III.

The rake and trail have been reduced, resulting in quicker steering and the seat has been lowered, but I'm not sure what else has been changed. It would appear that the Stone has been "cheapened" to reduce the sale price. The most obvious is that there is no chrome anywhere on the bike, everything is matte black, and of course, the marketing types are spinning it as a new, hip, look.

There is also no tachometer, something that I've heard a lot of complaints about, but with the gear indicator, the nature of the Guzzi engine, and the flashing red light, I honestly don't miss it. The flashing red light. Much has been written about it, most of it incorrectly. When the bike comes out of the factory, the light flashes at a low 4500 engine rpm. Most reviewers do not seem to have taken the time to read the owner's manual to find out that it is that low for the break-in period and it is resettable, by the rider, to a more reasonable level. I have also read reports of jerkiness when pulling away and changing gears. It turns out that this is due to the traction control and easily fixed.

*With the Tracy Designs fairing and Corbin seat. The seat gets lots of attention and compliments.
The Stebel horn is mounted on the downtubes under the steering head.*





Here you can see the Twisted Throttle LED lights mounted on special brackets under the fork brace.

ABS is now mandatory in Europe, even though there are still a lot of riders who would rather not have it. Me, I'm sitting on the fence on that one, but the traction control, presumably included because it uses much of the same software as the ABS, is another matter. 48 horsepower at the rear wheel and we need traction control? I don't think so. The TC has three settings, level 2 is default and the most intrusive. Level 1 is a little better, but for normal, non-jerky gear shifts, level 0 is what we want. If you use levels 1 or 2, the computer remembers what the last setting was, but if you turn it off, level 0, it doesn't remember it and you have to reset it every time you turn on the ignition. Annoying, but actually quite easy and it only takes three seconds and you can do it when riding.

All V7s now come with a multi function display and several "idiot lights" in the speedometer. The lights cover the ABS, the TC, and the usual engine, fuel and turn signal lights. They are LED lights and can actually be seen, even in bright sunlight. The multi-function display, controlled by the "mode" switch on the right handlebar, shows odometer, trip meter, day trip meter, the engine run time since the trip meter was reset and the average speed, the average fuel consumption, the instant fuel consumption, the temperature, the time and the TC setting. There are ten settings, but the scroll only goes one way, which can be annoying if you want to return to a previous mode. The gear display does not work in the odometer mode for some reason. I like to know the time when I am riding without having to scroll through all sorts of other functions, so I included an LCD clock on the little switch panel I made to mount beside the speedometer. There are also various warnings which may come up on the screen when necessary. Also an option, is to have a unit installed which will give a bluetooth connection between the bike computer and a cell phone to show various engine functions.

So my bike came with the clutch properly adjusted from J & R Cycle, in Stayner, Ontario. Instantly, the gear shifting was perfect, no notchiness or clutch grabbing at all. Unfortunately, in the first week after I trailered the bike home, the weather was typical summer 2017, rain and more rain. That weekend however, we had a group breakfast arranged in Muskoka, and I had a chance to really try it out.

The bike was performing well all weekend but a small problem was soon noticeable. On the right side of the engine there were traces of oil leaking from somewhere. This was initially thought to be from overfilling the

engine due to misleading information in the V7 shop manual. J&R are new to Guzzis so I really couldn't blame them for actually reading the shop manual and thinking that it was correct, but after cleaning out the breather system a couple of times and changing the oil at the first service, the problem persisted. Eventually, after much trial and error, the leak was traced to an improperly sealed cylinder stud. John figured it out and fixed it before the 2018 riding season really began and now, after several thousand kilometers I can say that it is leak free.

I have made a few additions to the bike over the past few months. From riding the bike last year I was a little concerned the wind blast on my chest would make long distance riding uncomfortable and began looking for a small fairing. The problem was solved when my friend Glen gave me an old Tracy designs fairing which, together with a Corbin seat, has made long distance work much more enjoyable. I also added a supplementary fuse box so that I could run heated grips, a heated jacket, a decent horn and running lights. A 200km ride on a cold day in March with the jacket and grips on full showed the inadequacies of the stock electrical charging system, so a battery monitor, in effect an LED voltmeter, was also installed. 270 watts output from an alternator in this day and age is really not good enough and there is no excuse for it when the one on my Quota puts out enough juice to keep the jacket, grips, lights and GPS running all day long. I also installed a Guzzi rear luggage rack to which I can clamp a larger rack when I need to carry camping gear. Some additional LED taillights and brake lights round out all the additions so far, but I expect to add some aftermarket mufflers in the near future and also a centre stand.

Speaking of centre stands, this also brings me to another pet peeve, every motorcycle should have one. Also, Guzzi has not changed the design of the rear hub/cush drive for the last 35 or more years, and basically this, coupled with the lack of a centre stand, means that if you have to get the back wheel off at the side of the road, you'll have to call a tow truck or lay the bike over on its side. The first time I had to get the back wheel off to change the tire, I was appalled at the procedure required. Come on Guzzi, you can do better than that!

Small annoyances aside, I have been having lots of fun on this bike. My first trip, with full camping gear of a large duffel bag on the rear rack and soft saddlebags on the rear seat, was to the Guzzi Rally in New Cumber-

land, West Virginia, a distance of 625 km., accomplished in one day with one stop for gas and food. A couple of times when I was cruising down Hwy 11 in Ohio I looked at the GPS to see that I was cruising at an effortless 80 mph. or close to 130kph. With full camping gear, cruising at speeds between 110 and 130 kph I was getting gas consumption figures of 4.2 L/100km, or 56miles per US Gal.

When I got home from West Virginia I realized that the Pirelli rear tire wasn't going to last much longer and tried to get a set of radial tires. Continental seem to be the only manufacturer that lists radial tires in the sizes required for the V7, but unfortunately no one seemed to have these in stock at the time, so I opted for a pair of bias ply Continental Go tires.

I managed to get these delivered and installed before the next weekend which was spent riding too, from, and around the Rideau Lakes with a group of Ontario Guzzi Riders. Lots of spirited riding and one tank of gas yielded 390km before the low gas light came on, and the new tires seemed to handle the curves just as well as the Pirellis.

The following weekend was the Western New York Guzzi Rally in Westfield, on the shores of Lake Erie. A short ride compared to the previous two weekends. Altogether, over the course of the three weekends, I rode 3600 kms with no complaints. Two of the weekends I was carrying full camping gear, but the bike went as far and as fast as I wanted while still returning great gas mileage. With the new engine the bike pulls very well and it is now possible to overtake cars and trucks in the classic Guzzi fashion - just open the throttle and go - no thinking about it, waiting for the right opportunity and changing down a couple of gears. The previous V7s were good bikes, but with the new cylinder head design they have hit upon a winner and I'm sure they will be very popular; two of my friends have already bought one and are very happy with them.

This shows the luggage rack for camping gear clamped to the Guzzi rack. Also visible are the small LED lights around the license plate. Two are connected to the taillight, two to the brake light. They are small but very bright. Also visible is the small panel inside the fairing with an LCD clock and switches for the grip heaters and running lights.



Moto Guzzi V85 adventure bike is getting closer

The Moto Guzzi V85 adventure bike is apparently moving closer from concept to reality.

Introduced at EICMA last year, the V85 got all sorts of people hot and bothered, as it's not just a cool adventure bike concept, but also a really cool retro motorcycle. At least, it looks like it would be—the bike unveiled at EICMA was just a concept machine, with no guarantee of future production.

But, that might be about to change, as patents featuring the V85 seem to be popping up around the world, like these ones on ADVPulse. The patents show a machine very similar to the concept bike that Moto Guzzi originally showed off, meaning it's a lot more likely we'll see that bike soon, as a replacement for the Stelvio.

The Stelvio was V85's previous take on the transverse-V tourer, a 1200 cc behemoth that was still capable of bashing its way through events like the Fundy Adventure Rally. The V85 concept had an air-cooled 850 cc transverse V-twin, which is likely designed to cleverly meet new emissions standards. We'll know more when it shows up, if that really happens.



A KILLER GUZZI

BY DEATH MACHINES OF LONDON





Thirty years ago, a young James Hilton went out for a bike ride with his uncle. The experience was unforgettable, and so was the caution from his father that quickly followed: “Motorcycles are death machines, son.”

It’s our duty to report that James hasn’t just ignored his father’s advice. He’s turned it on its head, and launched Death Machines Of London. This drop-dead gorgeous Moto Guzzi Le Mans is DMOL’s first build.

It’s a remarkable success for a first effort, but the clue lies in Hilton’s background: he co-founded AKQA, a multi-disciplinary agency that works on the Mortal Kombat video game one minute and Rolls-Royce’s website the next.

Even setting aside our brazen love for old Moto Guzzis, DMOL have worked magic on this 1981 Le Mans Mark 2. The classy paint scheme and curious tail section caught our eye first, but the team’s gone a lot deeper than that.

Death Machine co-conspirators Ray Petty and Max Vanoni kicked off with a complete nuts-n-bolts teardown. Every part of the engine, gearbox and frame was vapor blasted, before being subjected to what James calls a “forensic inspection.”





The motor was punched out to 950cc, complete with a polished, lightened and balanced crankshaft, gas flowed heads (done in-house) and all new valves.

DMOL threw in a pair of 40mm Dell'Orto carbs with accelerator pumps, and a lightweight R.A.M. clutch and flywheel. The exhaust system is completely custom, and uses Moto Guzzi 1100 down pipes.

To bring the Le Mans' suspension up-to-date, new internals and air cartridges have been installed in the stock front forks. The rear shocks were dumped for a new set of Hagons, and a set of Pirelli Sport Demons fitted to the original, refurbished wheels.

Moving to the bodywork, DMOL have fabricated a new fuel tank and fairing—both substantially less square than the stock items.





Tucked behind the fiberglass fairing are the original clocks. They've been refurbished and remounted on a bespoke dash, which also incorporates aviation warning lights and main switch from a 1940 Merlin Spitfire fighter. Yes, really.

A pair of adjustable Tommaselli clip-ons rounds out the cockpit, with Domino grips and minimal switches. Keeping everything tidy meant making a new wiring loom—complete with a Motogadget m-Unit controller and a Silent Hektik electronic ignition.

And that peculiar 'airtail'? "It was an idea proposed by the client," explains James, "to provide a refined minimalism, ensuring all electrical components are hidden from view."

The tubed structure terminates neatly in a custom-made LED taillight, encased in the glass from a Land Rover Defender. The rest of the frame's been de-lugged and cleaned up, and also houses a small electronics tray under the seat.

We'd love this Moto Guzzi in any color, but the livery is truly inspired.

There's a hefty dose of raw metal, followed closely by Italian glossy red and Old English satin white. (Plus there's a stunning hand-painted logo on top of the tank.)

If you'd kill for a bike like this, give Death Machines of London a call.

Death Machines Of London | Instagram | Images by James Hilton and David Clerihew



WILDAYS

2018 SHOW REPORT A



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URES Wesley Reyneke

CIAO, WILDAYS! THREE DAYS OF ITALIAN MOTO CELEBRATION

THIS TIME LAST MONTH I was sitting on the stony banks of the Ceno, on the edge of a small commune in Parma. An epic sunset was bouncing off the water and I had a cold beer in my hand, but it was doing little to soothe my sunburn.

Wildays was winding down, and I was sad to be leaving. It's a three-day moto celebration with a vintage folk festival vibe, organized by the crazy cats from Anvil Motociclette.

Ground zero was a top class race circuit: the Autodromo Riccardo Paletti just outside Varano de' Melegari, accessible via a bridge over the Ceno. The Wildays crew packed the paddock area full of custom bike builders, gear and apparel vendors and food trucks.

Bike EXIF had a stand smack bang in the middle of the paddocks, where we had motorcycles from Hookie Co., Rough Crafts, Freeride Motos, North East Custom and deBolex Engineering on full display.

DeBolex revealed two Ducati Scramblers (one 1100 and one 803) that were real crowd pleasers. The 803 was particularly jaw-dropping, featuring a custom tank and a full, hand-formed fairing. Hookie Co.'s 'Wolf'



CB750 also drew stares on our stand, and over on their own stand they had Nico's H-D flat tracker (which he rolled three times), and a rough and ready Honda Dominator, decked out for touring.

Italian shop Alea had a slick Bonneville café racer moving about, and I spotted a sweet single cylinder Yamaha tracker. I wish I could tell you more about it, but the owner didn't speak a word of English.

A handful of manufacturers were present too; Yamaha Italy were running test rides all weekend, and Fantic had their Caballero flat trackers and scramblers out. And since the track was open every day, the sound of four and two strokes flying by quickly became part of the ambience.

Just across from the main arena, in an open field, the Wildays team had carved out a flat track circuit and an enduro course. Next to the field was the river, and more refreshment stations. A makeshift stone roadway would take you across, and on to the campsite and live music area.

I spent the weekend getting around on foot, on motorcycle, on the back of another motorcycle, on a monkey bike, in the Anvil van, and hanging out the

back of an SUV. Mopeds and monkeys were by far the most popular form of transport, and there was even an original Honda Cub EZ 90 zipping around the event.

The crowd was spread out, so it was impossible to gauge just how busy Wildays was. Official attendance reportedly hit 7,000, with 500 riders racing and 70 kids passing through the junior moto school (which was awesome to see).

The campsite was stacked with 200 tents and 13 'glamping' tents—but many folks also stayed in nearby hotels and guesthouses, or simply slept wherever they could.

Calum Pryce-Tidd of deBolex made the trip down from the UK with his significant other, and they shacked up in their van, next to the racetrack. I had the pleasure of dining with them one night; a stir-fry prepared on a portable gas stove, on the grass, next to the track, with motorcycles blasting by as the sun got low.

It's moments like those that defined Wildays for me. And also unexpectedly running into Maarten from Berlin's Berham Customs, and sharing quality American bourbon from a secret stash in his saddlebag. And seeing how far I could ride into the Italian countryside on Fantic's mighty little Caballero Flat Track 125,



or chasing Jacinta of Moto Doll fame through the twisties, on Yamaha's splendid XSR700.

I learnt how to order beer in Italian (properly) from the bar staff. I developed an unhealthy gelato habit. I made friends with travelers from Copenhagen, France, the UK, Australia, Mexico and Germany.

I shared meals with the core Wildays team, who by the end of the weekend had become family. And then I missed the drag racing—because taking your time (and losing track of it) is the Wildays way.

Wildays isn't about a subculture, or being one of the cool kids on social media. It's authentic, unpretentious and filled with men, women and children from all backgrounds—united by a simple love for motorcycles and good times.

I'm already itching to go back.

With thanks to: Organizers Alessandro 'Phonz' Fontanesi and Marco Filios, and their partners in crime, Gian Maria Montacchini and Anastasia Fontanesi; deBolex Engineering, NorthEast Custom, Freeride Motos, Hookie Co., Rough Crafts and Yamaha Motor Europe for bringing their bikes down; Fantic and Yamaha Italy for hooking me up with transport; and papà Phonz for adopting me.

The perils of nostalgia: Older motorcyclists most likely to die in crashes

by Mary Wisniewski, *Chicago Tribune*

When Ron Havens takes a road trip on his Honda Gold Wing motorcycle, he sees a lot of riders like himself - guys over 60 who rode when they were young and are back at it now that they're retired.

And some are not as skilled as they imagine.

"The people our age think we're really good riders and we don't take (safety) courses," said Havens, 73, of Springfield, Ill. "And the bikes are bigger now than what I rode in the '70s - bigger, faster, with more acceleration."

National statistics on motorcycle fatalities show a curious trend: Whereas in 1975, 80 percent of motorcycle fatalities involved riders 29 years old or younger, now the age group with the most fatalities is 50 and older, at 35 percent, according to the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, a nonprofit highway safety research group funded by auto insurance companies. Ninety-one percent of those killed in 2015 were male.

The total number of motorcycle fatalities also has been rising - it accounted for 14 percent of all deaths on U.S. roads in 2016, with 5,286 fatalities, according to the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration or NHTSA. This was 5 percent higher than 2015 and more than double the number from 20 years ago.

Why is the death toll growing among older people? There are a couple of possible reasons, according to transportation and safety experts.

One reason is that they're a big part of the population - there were 76 million U.S. residents born between 1946 and 1964, and they are going to make up a large share of deaths whether it is 1975 or 2015, said Insurance Institute spokesman Russ Rader. People who once had

Steppenwolf's "Born to be Wild" on vinyl have more time and disposable income now, and still like to ride motorcycles.

Rader said the improved economy has meant more overall traffic on the roads, which has meant more crashes for all vehicle types.

Another factor could be that some people who stopped riding when they were in their 20s to start families started riding again in their 50s or 60s, not realizing that their skills had eroded, according to state safety experts.

"We have older operators getting on these huge motorcycles and not being able to handle them. They're getting themselves killed," said Terry Redman, manager of the Cycle Rider Safety Training Program, a unit of the Illinois Department of Transportation. In 2015, the age range with the most motorcycle fatalities in Illinois was 50-54, with 23 deaths.

Similar trends are being seen in neighboring states.

"We call that age group 'retreads,'" said Sarah Buzzell, who manages the

Wisconsin Motorcycle Safety Program, referring to riders who come back to motorcycles after a long break. She said that in 2016, motorcyclists aged 45-65 made up nearly half of the state's motorcycle fatalities.

"People don't realize their skills are perishable," Buzzell said. "They get on the road thinking they can do what they did at 20. Grip strength and balance changes, and people tend not to take that into account."

"If you don't ride a bike for 30 years, you can't just jump on a Harley and go," agreed Bill Whitfield, highway



safety director at the Missouri Department of Transportation.

Operating a two-wheeled motorcycle is generally more hazardous than operating a car, and one way to measure this is to compare actual time on the road.

The Federal Highway Administration collects information about the number of miles traveled by different vehicle types from the states. That number can be compared with fatality numbers to see which vehicle types see the most crashes. Per 100 million vehicle miles traveled, about 25 motorcyclists die and 451 are injured, compared with less than one death and 97 injured among those riding in passenger cars, according to the NHTSA. A motorcyclist is less protected than a car driver, and minor errors can lead to bad wrecks.

Patrick Salvi, Jr., a personal injury attorney with Salvi, Schostok & Pritchard, said smartphone use has meant more distracted four-wheel vehicle drivers and created a new source of peril for motorcyclists, who are already less visible in traffic.

The National Safety Council, an Itasca, Ill.-based safety advocacy organization, said about 8 percent of motorcycle fatalities in 2016 were related to a distracted operator, but of those only about 17 percent were the fault of the motorcyclist, as opposed to another driver.

Mark Barnes, 57, a Knoxville, Tenn., clinical psychologist, motorcyclist and author of the new book "Why We Ride," said older riders have slower reaction times, among other worries.

"They're going to be more vulnerable to things that affect all motorcyclists, like getting overheated, getting dehydrated, blood sugar fluctuations," said Barnes, who writes the column "Cycle Analysis" for Motorcycle Consumer News magazine. "They're also going to be less resilient to injuries."

Barnes said riding skills can atrophy even if you just put your motorcycle away for the winter - he had to stop riding for six months while recovering from a brain tumor and had to be careful getting used to the motorcycle again.

Barnes said one problem he sees is that older motorcyclists who realize their skills are lower will not ride as often, which ironically makes them less safe. "When you're riding occasionally, you're always rusty," Barnes said.

Another problem is alcohol. In 2016, 25 percent of motorcycle operators killed had alcohol levels of .08 or

higher, compared with 21 percent of passenger car drivers, according to the NHTSA.

Unfortunately, drinking is part of the culture of some motorcycle groups, said Havens.

"These group rides go from bar to bar, or from winery to winery, or whatever it is they're doing, and then they go home," Havens said.

What can help riders? Transportation experts recommend taking safety classes to get your skills up. Illinois is one of only two states in the nation that offer motorcycle training for free, other than a \$20 refundable registration fee. The program is paid through a portion of motorcycle license plate fees. Redman said about 18,000 people go through the program on a typical year - you can sign up at startseeingmotorcycles.org.

Redman said it is tough to get some older riders to go.

"'Oh, I know how to ride' is the response you get," Redman said. "The really conservative, the really careful people, they know the value of some training and realize that their skills are not what they used to be."

He encourages group rides to arrange meetups at parks instead of bars - with someone going ahead to bring a cooler full of ice water to ward off dehydration.

Redman, 63, went back to riding himself after a hiatus for kids and mortgage, but he rides a three-wheeled model - a Polaris Slingshot. "When we get older, we like to relive our youth," he said.

Also crucial for riders of all ages is good, protective gear, including a good helmet, Barnes said. Helmet use, which is not required in Illinois, saved the lives of 1,772 motorcyclists in 2015, according to the NHTSA. If all motorcyclists had worn helmets, another 740 could have been saved, the NHTSA said.

Barnes said older riders should sign up for gym memberships, as well as motorcycle training, since even sedate riding is a very physical activity and riders need to be in shape.

Despite the risks, riding a motorcycle can be a beautiful thing, which is why people want to keep doing it, no matter their age, riders say.

"It's exhilarating, it's fun and kind of Zen-like - you're focused," said Havens, who owns four bikes. "It's like a trance."

"I love the G-forces of acceleration and cornering and the freedom of being out in the environment, with all the sensory inputs that come with this," Barnes said. "I also love the camaraderie of other motorcyclists."

Bosch plans to use side thrusters to stop motorcycle lowsiding

by Spiros Tsantilas from Newatlas.com

Source material: Bosch

Manufacturers go to great lengths to make their motorcycles as safe as possible and usually the task is handled by electronics, such as traction control, cornering ABS and electronic suspensions. Apparently, no one had thought to employ rockets to help a bike stay upright. Until Bosch, that is.

As every rider should know, there is no such thing as a fall-free

motorcycle. There are too many variables that determine the dynamic equilibrium of a moving two-wheeler, and a good chunk of them are not rider-dependent.

One of the most common mishaps a rider will sooner or later face on public roads is the lowside, which is usually the result of the front wheel losing traction. No matter how well equipped a motorcycle is in terms of safety features, there's very little an electronic sensor can do if a rider tips into a corner too fast, or brakes too much, or simply runs over something slippery mid-corner.

Most of the time and for the majority of riders, saving a lowside is a case of sheer luck and perhaps a little bit of experience; keeping the throttle open is probably the only thing that might save the day if there's enough room for the bike to regain traction.

For Bosch though, there is an alternative approach to saving a lowside, one that is currently examined under the "sliding mitigation

research project" and is compared to a magic hand stepping up to save the spill. The whole idea revolves around using a well-established technology in a completely new way.

For the role of the magic hand, Bosch suggests employing side thrust to counter the bike's slip. Most modern motorcycles are already equipped with sensors that can identify when a wheel drifts sideways,

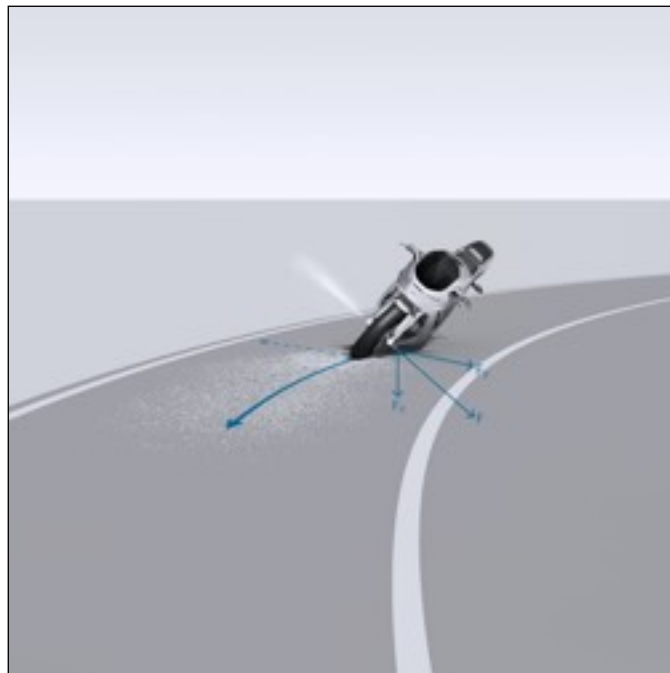
so, when a certain amount is exceeded, a nozzle sprays gas in a direction that will counter the slip, keeping the bike upright and on its trajectory.

It sure sounds a lot like the principle of rocket propulsion, and in this case Bosch suggests using gas accumulators already in use in car airbags. The whole system relies on commonly applied technology, simply rearranged for a new purpose.

There are several questions that come to mind about this idea. Would it require refilling the gas canister after

use? How much would this add to a bike's weight? How will it fare when the loss of traction is not the result of tire running over something slippery, but rather a rider going too fast? Could the attempt to correct the lowside result in turning it into a highside, sending the rider flying?

Although it is probably too early to deal with its practical aspects, the sliding mitigation project seems to be already well on its way and Bosch has a working prototype proving it works.





The new CMG feature, the **Find of the Month**, where they share some of the cool bikes they find on **autoTRADER.ca**. This month, they found a cool '90s-vintage Moto Guzzi SP3, for sale in Forestburg, Alberta.

Say you want a vintage bike, but you want something a bit different, too. You want it to be a reliable, proven design, and you want to be able to go touring on it. Maybe this 1994 Moto Guzzi 1000 SP3 would fit the bill?

This bike has the last generation of the VN motor, which was a solid V-twin in the Guzzi lineup for years, with Nikasil-lined jugs and LeMans III medium valve heads. This was also the first generation of Guzzis that came with proper electronic ignition, instead of points.

The SP3 came with 18-inch wheels front and rear; suspension was adjustable for preload and damping. The SP3 also featured linked braking, an oddity in the 1990s (except for Guzzis).

Of course, these machines also featured shaft drive. The fairing is fibreglass, not ABS, and this seller says the bodywork has been repainted.

Dry weight was 230 kg when this bike was new, and handling was reckoned to be pretty good as a result, when compared to portly touring bikes from other OEMs.

The SP3 is certainly a rare bird compared to other touring bikes of that era, so spares might be an issue, and given the bike's vintage, you know you'll need them

sooner or later. It's hard enough to keep a K-bike, or an FJ1200, or a 'Wing on the road.

But thanks to the Internet, it's much easier to find parts for machines like this these days, and the bike has certainly proven its capability, as the seller lists mileage at 130,000 km; he's taken it all over the US, and even explored a fair chunk of Canada with it.

Depending on your view, that mileage could be high or low. Most riders will never take a bike to a six-digit odometer reading, but the seller says this is his second Guzzi; he sold his first in the early '90s with just under 400,000 miles on the clocks, and he says that bike is still running!

Still, it might be hard to find someone willing to pay \$7,500 for this machine, with that much usage, although the mileage is an indicator that it's been well-maintained.

As this is a tourer, it comes with heated grips, hard luggage (Givi Monokeys, which were fitted as stock), a rear rack, DC power outlet, and a massive windscreen.

The seller also lists an aftermarket exhaust, and he's changed the cam to a slightly sportier aftermarket part, with gear drive instead of the original chain-driven cam arrangement (which probably helps for longevity as well).

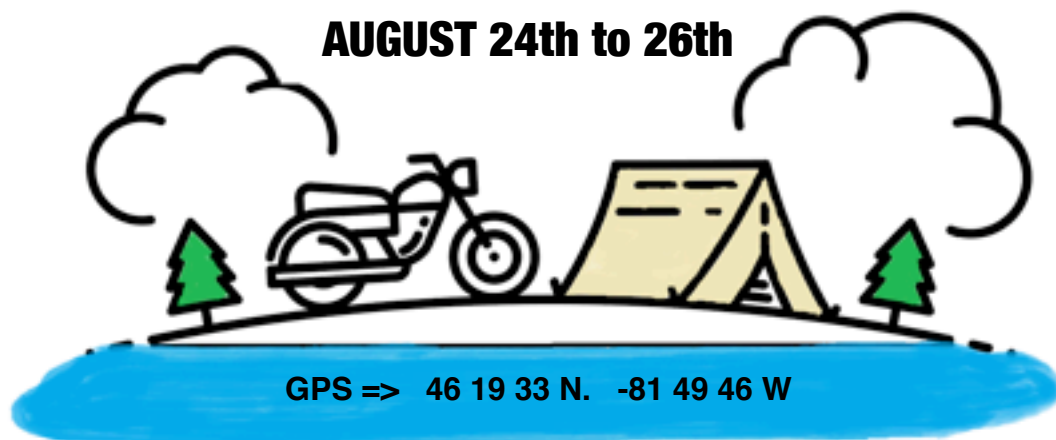


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